

# The Tragically Hip, Leave

"do you mean the attack is routine?" a bird asked of a bird  
"in this context, a concave nest, how do we learn to hurt?"  
"do you mean there's no variation?" watching a dog charge a flock  
of birds exploding in congregation, "why plan when we stop?"

"i don't know, but why suppose it's not the way it should be?  
when you can fly above the great waiting list  
as the crow implies we won't be missed  
we can leave, we can leave, we can leave"

it's a routine flight for this bird tonight  
there's more worms than earth in the afterlife  
where the blind feed the blind  
whispering things like, "on the money" and "bull's eye"

she picks up the little leaves  
where human wrecks are left to seed  
left to repaint their deities  
and plaster away at their villainies  
where there's love and there's hope

"and do you hope those earthbound poets could learn to sing as good as us?  
so we can sit back and enjoy our illusions and our quietus?"

"well, i don't know, but why suppose it's not the way it should be?  
when you can squawk and wait for word from above  
and change yourself into something you love  
when you leave, when you leave, you leave?"