

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?"