

Clandestine, Ottawa

(J. Hamel)

Walking past one,
Do you want to try for Ottawa?
Let's keep heading north,
Where the sun doesn't boil.
Five blocks past falling,
Bricks and caves and signs,
We'll turn around,
It's so far today.
Next night past one,
I say let's try for Oregon;
The steams were lifting from the road.
If we had some dollars,
The bus would take us anywhere.
But then we'd miss
these humid steams and stars.
Trying to sleep,
The walls were cracking with the heat;
And outside,
The paint was sweating off the walls.
And from the roof,
We saw the neighbors were up too,
And they packed their bags to drive away.
Walking past one,
Do you want to try for Ottawa?
Let's keep heading north,
Where the sun doesn't boil.