

# Gordon Downie, Lofty Pines

It's too hot to sleep.  
Let's gather 'round the fan.  
We can't do nothin' bout the heat,  
so let's just do what we can  
and everything 'll be just fine.  
Just dream of the Lofty Pines.

Well, I dreamed of the Lofty Pines-  
at least what I thought they were-  
standing in the forest after nighttime,  
swaying so cool and sure.  
Sure had never been so wrong;  
sure like the title of the perfect song.

Now for the spectacular part.  
Just then, a pack of matches fell:  
a logo of a tree in a heart.  
They're from the Lofty Pines Motel.  
All the while our dreams were our own.  
All the while that didn't mean all alone.

Well, I gave the editor my pitch:  
a series on our cultural wealth,  
about the "error of catalogues and lists."  
I call it "Why We Fight...Ourselves,"  
If only we had nothing to say.  
If only we'd done nothing that day.

"Je suis nee pour la chaleur,"  
she said, in her Manhattan French.  
"On ne peut rien faire de la chaleur,"  
We'll just have to take that chance.  
We've got world enough and time,  
dreaming of the Lofty Pines.