

Gordon Downie, Vancouver Divorce

What the hell is this?
You said, "It's art, just fuckin' mirror it."
Where did we go wrong?
If not here, where do we belong?
In a shot of sun off an airplane far above her?
In the glint of the foot-burnished manhole cover?
In a light, a sign of one kind or another?
In the gleaming eye of a fighter or a lover?

Sitting here at the Horton's,
so you know this is important.
If not here, then where?
If not now then when?
When a feather's an immovable force?
When the stampede's an obstacle course?
When Ancient Train has hit Ol' Transient Horse?
When we're a Vancouver divorce?

Now that we've hammered the last spike
and we've punched the railroad through,
thought there'd be more to say
thought there'd be more to do.
I love your paintings-don't take your colors away.
I've grown more fearful of them every day.
Swimming up their dark rivers to discover your source,
a source of strange and unrequited remorse.
And I found the end of the world, of course,
but it's not the end of the world, of course.
It's just a Vancouver divorce.
It's just a Vancouver divorce.