

The Weakerthans, Elegy For Elsabet

So the fields are stubble,
the garden is done where the scary scarecrow stands
and sees her holding up horizons with her hands.
She's so tired of reading Daddy's lips - -that essay on a frown.
Watch her memories of human voices drown.
Let horsey bray break between the thunder boom.
Make grasses' swish meet the cricket's ring.
Let every sound consecrate our whispering words that Betta never heard.
The backlanes tie the city down; a mess of dirty string.
Winter dies the same way every spring.
As the skytries on its uniform of turned off t.v. grey,
and the way we watched her watch us walks away,
let every rain clatter down at groaning streets.
Make footsteps tick, talk to echoed walls.
Let every sound consecrate our whispering the words that Betta never heard.
Let every wind howl and creak the creaking doors
to rooms that too much has happened in.
Let every sound consecrate our whispering the words that Betta never heard.