

The Weakerthans, Elegy For Gump Worsley

He looked more like our fathers
Not a goalie, player, athlete period
Smoke, half-ash, stuck in that permanent smirk.

Tugging jersey around the beer gut
"l'm strictly a whiskey man"
Was one of the sticks he taped up
and gave to a nation of pudgy boys

Favorites from Plympton's list of
objects thrown by Rangers fans:
Soup cans, persimmon, eggs, a folding chair and a dead rabbit

The nervous breakdown of 68 and 69
after Pan Crap flights from LA, the expansion
A shrink told me to change occupations, I had to forget it

He swore he was never afraid of the puck; we believe him
If anyone asks, the inscription should read
"My face was my mask."