

# The Weakerthans, Without Mythologies

A soft breeze with the slippery concrete black and full of muddy slush,  
contrasting with the hoarfrost,  
clean and hung on a tunnel of silent shivering trees  
(the ones you said you'd like to be),  
and the birds that screamed at the sun  
now buried deep below the ground,  
beneath the snow, I press my shoulder to this wall between us.  
I know you are behind me and I press my shoulder to this wall,  
determined not to turn around.  
I didn't see you standing,  
still that statue that I molded in my mind to kiss,  
so beautiful you'll never move again.

Someplace far away, at some sad table littered with chipped plates,  
with bad light,  
in 48 frames from a movie on the cutting room floor,  
you said "True meaning would be dying with you",  
and though I wanted to, I did not smile.  
But now I will give up on this wall that I have fought with,  
never uncover meaning behind our rich words.  
If I could I would make you a raging river,  
with angry rapids, supplied with rain,  
so you could always meander  
and forever be able to run away  
without contending with myths wrongly interpreted, with pain.  
A harsh wind.  
A harsh wind.