

Tragically Hip, The "Train Overnight"

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I loaded the variables like masterpieces
from under the germ-led advance.
I saw your compass on a sea of frayed cable
and aspects of vision afloat
in a glance.
and outside the train overnight floodlights
on inexorable sights.

You loaded the variables like acquisitions
from under the noses entranced
you heard some trumpets you thought were
turntables and inklings to listen
dispersed
in a glance.
outside the train overnight contrite the
whistle wails goodnight apologizing like
an ol' dictator might.

Of course we're now travelling by plane
if it's not a Canada of a pain
we'll entertain the idea of train
outside the train overnight bloodlines
wheel-burnished in moonlight a great
candescent white skeleton of flight.

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