

Greg MacPherson **"Weak"**

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Weak

At the best of times

There's not much else for us to be

Cross country smiles cutting through time zones

Like thieves in the distance holding ransom in the cold

An incision loud and mathematical

Spin

Every letter's in disarray

Fall over words stretched out in the way

Looking for the truth

Mine is the one with the rust and the chest pain

Stole through the window like the wind through the
back lane

Can't you here the sirens?

We're standing right beside them

Tear up the sidewalk between ambivalence and fear

Ask the dead man, " why do you always sleep out
here?"

"I'm not frozen, i'm only standing very still

Getting old

I'm only standing very still

Mine is the one with the rust and the chest pain

Stole through the window like the wind through the
back lane

Can't you here the sirens?

We're standing right beside them

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