

Jane Siberry "The Strange Well"

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One time I saw Canada fall
Through a hole in the sky
I do not know if I was really sad
To see her go

For in her place there was a
Herd of early morning cows
They moved in one direction
They knew where, when, how, why not

There is a strange well I go to
And each time I lean, I look
I learn, I leave, I go back to town
Saying things I don't believe

My words they're just pebbles under water
They rise like flocks of birds
They are discontinued because
The well has overhead and said

Are your opinions not confirmed
Until you tell them to someone
And is this the lonely night not real
Until it has been framed as one

There is a strange well I go to
And each time I lean, I look
I learn, I leave, I go back to town
Saying things I don't believe

I spoke about the rosewood proud
And I said this river is wise
And I said these mountains are all-seeing
Said the well, you must realize

That once again your words
Have pulled the universe out of place
To exist it need not have a human face

There is a strange well I go to
And each time I lean, I look
I learn, I leave, I go back to town

Saying things I don't believe

And sometimes when I go there
And my heart is clear
There are no visions
There are no sounds to hear

Oh, strange well does your voice rise and fall
When I am away
And do your watercolors run
Like they're doing today

There is a strange well I go to
And each time I lean, I look
I learn, I leave, I go back to town
Saying things I don't believe

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