

Weakerthans

"Exiles Among You"

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Her body is a difficult sister, and she loves her,
And hides her somewhere in herself safe from harm.
She's barely coasting into a paycheque, stuck on
empty.
Her blue eyes frozen green in the low-lit ATM.
I need a way to measure the distance.
I need a way to say why,
Out of breath or out of key, her voice resonated in me.
Wish on everything
Pray that she remains proud and strange and so
hopelessly hopeful.
Her body is a difficult sister, and she loves her,
And hides her somewhere in herself safe from harm.
Her night shift is over,
She's writing you a postcard to say that she's okay
And it's raining there again.
My fury's rising faster than bus-fares.
Could someone clarify why there's no structured
narrative?
No neat story-line to explain?
Wish on everything.
Pray that she remains proud and strange and so
hopelessly hopeful.
(Wishes and prayers are the way that we leave the
lonely alone
And push the wounded away).
She shoplifts some Christmas gifts,
And a bracelet for herself, and considers phoning
home.
Has some quarters in her hand.
But she sits down on the sidewalk and bites her bottom
lip,
And spends the afternoon willing traffic-lights to
change.

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