

Weakerthans

"Sounds Familiar"

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We emerged from youth all wide-eyed like the rest.
Shedding skin faster than skin can grow, and armed
with hammers, feathers, blunt knives: words, to meet
and to define and to... but you must know the same
games that we played in dirt, in dusty school yards has
found a higher pitch and broader scale than we feared
possible, and someone must be picked last, and one
must bruise and one must fail. And that still twitching
bird was so deceived by a window, so we eulogized
fondly, we dug deep and threw it's elegant plumage
and frantic black eyes in a hole, and rushed out to kill
something new, so we could bury that too.

The first chapters of lives almost made us give up
altogether. Pushed towards tired forms of self
immolation that seemed so original. I must, we must
never stop watching the sky with our hands in our
pockets, stop peering in windows when we know doors
are shut. Stop yelling small stories and bad jokes and
sorrows, and my voice will scratch to yell many more,
but before I spill the things I mean to hide away, or
gouge my eyes with platitudes of sentiment, I'll drown
the urge for permanence and certainty; crouch down
and scrawl my name with yours in wet cement.

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