

Weakerthans

"This Is A Fire Door - Never Leave Open"

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Headlights race towards the corner of the dining room.
Half illuminate a face before they disappear.
You breathe in forty years of failing to describe a
feeling.
I breathe out smoke against the window, trace the
letters in your name.
Our letters sound the same;
Full of all our changing that isn't change at all.
All straight lines circle sometime.
You said "Somewhere there's a box full of replacement
parts
To all the tenderness we've broken or let rust away.
Somewhere sympathy is more than just a way of
leaving.
Somewhere someone says 'I'm sorry.'
Someone's making plans to stay."
So tell me it's okay.
Tell me anything, or show me there's a pull,
Unassailable, that will lead you there,
From the dark, alone, benevolence that you've never
known,
Or you knew when you were four and can't remember.
Where a small knife tears out those sloppy seams,
And the silence knows what you silence means,
And your metaphors (as mixed as you can make them)
Are linked, like days, together.
I still hear trains at night, when the wind is right.
I remember everything, lick
And thread this string that will never mend you
Or tailor more than a memory of a kitchen floor,
Or the fire-door that we kept propping open.
And I love this place; the enormous sky,
And the faces, hands that I'm haunted by,
So why can't I forgive these buildings,
These frameworks labeled "Home"?

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