

The Paper Chase

"Go Fishing"

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We set out in the spring
With a trunk full of books about everything
About solar devices
And how nice natural childbirth is
We cut down some trees
And we trailed our ideals
Through the forest glade
We dammed up the stream
And the kids cooled their heels
In the fishing pool we'd made
We held hands and we exchanged bands
And we practically lived off the land

You adopted a fox cub
Whose mother was somebody's coat
You fed him by hand
And then snuggled him down
By the grandfather bed while I wrote
We grew our own maize
And I only occasionally went into town
To stock up on antibiotics
And shells for the shotgun that I kept around
I told the kids stories while you worked your loom
And the sun went down sooner each day.

The leaves all fell down
Our crops all turned brown
It was over
As the first snowflakes fell
I realized all was not well in the camp
The kids caught bronchitis
The space heater ran out of diesel
One weekend a friend from the East
God damn his soul
Stole your heart
I said "Fuck it then
Take the kids back to town
Maybe I'll see you around"

And so...leaving all our hopes and dreams
To the wind and the rain
Taking only our stash

Left our litter and trash
And set out on the road again
On the road again

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