

## **The Weakerthans**

### **"Elegy For Elsabet"**

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So your fields are stubble, garden's done  
Where the scary scarecrow stands  
Sees her holding up horizons with her hands

She's so tired of reading 'Daddy's Lips'  
That essay on a frown  
Watch her memories of human voices drown

Let Horsey Bray break between the thunder boom  
Make grasses' swish meet the cricket ring  
Let every sound consecrate our whispering  
Words that Betta never heard

The back lanes tie the city down  
A mess of dirty string  
Winter dies the same way every spring

As the sky tries on its uniform of  
Turned off TV gray  
And the ways we watched her watch us walks away

Let every rain clatter down groaning streets  
Make footsteps tick, talk to echoed walls  
Let every sound consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard

Let every wind howl and creak the creaking doors  
To rooms that too much has happened in  
Let every sound consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard

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