

The 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
Have 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 its elegant plumage and frantic black eyes
in a hole
And then 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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