

Anchorless

The Weakerthans

They called here to tell me that your're finally dying, through
a veil of childish cries. Southern Manitoba prairie's pulling
at the pant leg of your bad disguise. So why were you so anchor
less? Shoebox full of photos; found a grainy mirror. Sunken che
eks and slender hands. Grocery lists and carbon-copied letters
offer silence for my small demands. Hey how'd you get so anchor
less? Got an armchair from your family home. Got your P.G. Wode
house novels, and your telephone. Got your plates and stainless
steel. Got that way of never saying what you really feel: so a
nchorless. A boat abandoned in some backyard. Anchorless in the
small town that you lived and died in.