## **The Weakerthans**

## **Elegy For Elsabet**

So the 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's ring.

Let every sound Consecrate our whispering The 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 t.v. grey, And the ways we watched her watch us walk away

Let every rain Clatter down at 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.