

Rheostatics, Trying To Praise This Mutilated World

Dave Bidini

Now, try to praise this mutilated world,
Remembering June's long day.
Wild berries grow, sucked through the teeth of a girl.
Just try to praise this mutilated world.

Now, try to praise the recalcitrant sun
When you're riding the paved wave,
The golden breeze, the cement seized in a swirl.
Just try to praise this mutilated world.

Blaze the star. Shake the bar for you.
A sunlit room, I'll go there soon, I know.
But the flashing of the light...
(Yeah,) and the salt that stings the eye...
If it's not over by then...

Now try to praise this anorexic sky
And the soft, sagging blue of its eyes,
The poisoned seas, the ice-cracked trees fail the bird.
Just try to praise this mutilated world.

"The Expected": The sky looks afflicted, a sallow, hairless skull where rain worries itself