



CHRIS HEIN

AND THE BUFFALO GANG



New Brunswick Lady June 1st, 2004 2:13 am

I could tell you that I went down to New Brunswick
And I saw King's Landing Sawmill
But you know that I've never been there
And I probably never will
And if I must, to be your friend,
You might want to find yourself some more pills
Because as I move towards the end
I know I'll never get to magnetic hill.

*Don't you dream of my face
It's something I can't do
I could love this place
But I could never be with you.*

I could tell you that I saw the rocks
When I stayed in Hopewell Cape
And as I speak such words
I just hope you don't catch me on tape
Because while I say I've seen Centennial Bridge
You know I ain't been close to the Miramichi river
And I've never seen Hartland Bridge neither
And anyways, how many bridges can you have?

Chorus

And I could tell that I know this all
From a New Brunswick tourist beer mug
And I saw your number but didn't answer the call
And chose to ignore your tugs.
And I only write this now
Because I'm drunk and all alone.
And in the morning I'll wonder how
I could have considered your bone.

You Don't Belong February 21st, 2003 9 a.m.

You're jogging through car tracks of snow
And scowling hard as ice winds blow.
The sun's long set and you're alone
So nobody's going to hear you groan...

*Hear you groan,
Far from home.*

You don't belong here.

You're a long way from home
And yellow windows are lit warm.
Streets are lined with old town houses
To cradle children and dogs and spouses.

They're not for you.

You don't belong, here.

Drunk and Alone August 17th, 2007 2:13 pm

He shuffled through the dark construction site,
Stiff limbed and slurring under-breath curses
at the caddy who'd sped off into the night,
Leaving him drunk and lost and looking for a fight.

*Just drunk and alone
In the middle of the night.*

In the middle of the 3 a.m. working class hood,
He searched for the residence where he'd been sent
until he tripped over a pile of wood
And ripped open his knee (started to bleed).

His eyes began to sting and stream down the side
As he was reminded of something that had died
And he stared up at the house, half built, dark and alone.
He mumbled, "I wish I could build a home."

The Trees Are Green July 23rd, 2003 7:22 pm

We went out
To Algonquin Park
And stirred the water
It left no mark
So we built a fire
Started with bark
Looked around and found
There was no dark

*The trees are green
The trees are tall
They fall.*

I looked up
My eyes were red
"Will we last?"
I asked. You said,
"See that star."
It's already dead.
Still it shines on
Far above our beds."

*The trees are green
The trees are tall
They fall.*

I waited
For the scene from a book
Where you took me
Said, "Here, have a look.
One day this can all be ours,
Every tree and nook."
My head hung low instead
And snook. I said:

*The trees are green
The trees are tall
They fall.*

Wanting More January 4th, 2006 6:36 pm

Sitting writing books
With nowhere to go.
This café has its hooks
With all these hipsters
And yea, she's got good looks
I'd love her to sit here
But most likely I mistook
A glance for wanting.

*I'm always wanting more.
That's why I'm going poor.*

"What you writing down?"
She asks and comes closer.
I say, "Just what I see around."
She wants a poem.
"Did you note my hair was brown
Before this blonde-do
And underneath this gown
You should know more."

*I'm always wanting more.
That's why I'm going poor.*

*She says she'll read my work
Some night on my site
And help me with the pompous
quirks,*

But she won't take off her shirt
As I have done
And she won't let me up her skirt.
Just let me up your skirt.

*I'm always wanting more.
That's what I'm dying for.*

The Ice April 2009

*The ice
Begins to crack
And cracks - sharp cracks, dark cracks -
Begin to form.*

We took that sled
Across the lake
To the moose
Who never thought that northern ice would break.

We said, "It's thin.
At least it's not cold.
There's the one we saved,
Crossing the road, looking for home.

Roam you roam,
Roam for home.

*Goodbye my friend.
So long, farewell.*

Jet smoke sneered
Across the sky.
We watched the red
River bleeding.

"Why, o why," we asked,
"Is this happening to us?"

Chorus

The drainage ditch
Sucked him in.
Held him like old traps we'd left
For polar bears.

*"The flood, the flood,"
We screamed.*

"This is coming to an end."

Your Soaking Housecoat November 6th, 2003 11:47 am

You're standing on your front steps
In the only clothes you've got left,
Watching snow turn to rain,

Getting higher with each drop,
The gates could never stop
A flood.

In your soaking housecoat
You realize you'll need a lifeboat
To make your planned escape.

You've packed your drugs and maps
And your red hunting cap
In one bag.

No, they can't keep a dead man down.

The phone is ringing still
But you've long lost your will
To argue for your life.

You rip it from the wall,
Though now you cannot call
Charon.

No, they can't keep a dead man down.

The river's pouring in;
This ain't no time for giving in,
But you never learnt to swim.

It was a good try nonetheless,
Though now you know they got the best
Of you.

*Oh, I'm too young to die.
I'm too old to try.
And I don't want to hear them cry.
So I'll just lie here
And watch the drops.*