

Poem for Gord Downie

(untitled – fieldnotes)

it's too late
the calendar day your heart
stopped beating has passed
this year
the first year they, we
told your story
tv specials
radio documentaries, as something
done, to be told, because
maybe, it's the closest
they, we, can get to you
again
to your voice
to the heart that grew
songs from wheat kings, made
prairie sky from sinking
city, songs that hoped a man to
drown, a little
to resurface
only human, in time
still living, breathing
intakes, outtakes
your songs
nerve endings, making
electricity light the shadows
of our heart

And we don't last
this life, a dream
we try too hard
want more, think, scream
past time, move fast, still
in what you leave
in each song you left
the knots slip
make life a living thing again
the word ships sail, your wail
comfort, energy, sweet
soul sound we travel now
to you who is no
longer

there

-- **Georgette LeBlanc**
8th Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2018-19)

Translation: Georgette LeBlanc