

Ballads from a Pendolino

I Once had a Lover in Bosnia

Met my lover in Bosnia, we used to share croissants in a wooden boat,
Now, I sipped fine pressed juice, makin' sure my throat doesn't die out,
My fingers stuck together, trying to get them to remove the seal.

Sat in a wooden rocking chair, rocking back and forth, looking at the mountains and cherry trees,
Looked over at the crystalline tide, felt hollow, stomach was empty, nothin' to fill it.

Looked at the doves flyin' up high, chewed on my lip, my eyes crossed,
I tried to make sense of where my love went off to, but there was nothing at all.

I layed in the night sky, right on the edge of the sand,
the water would come up and touch my skin,
it used to feel good, and it will, when I'm with my lover again.

From Holland, with Care

I went on a healthy and earnest bike ride, so when I got to the coffee house I had a good forehead
sweat I could wipe off.

"How do you do?" The clerk lady asked.

I panted a couple pants to get my lungs filled with fresh air, leaned over the counter n' ordered a
baguette,

my finger tendons gently swayed side to side to balance the wide and warm hot cappuccino, n' I
walked to my seat outside,

I thought n, thought, till I could not think anymore.

Looked at the farm market right outside my seat, a man with a rainbow colored hat n bicycle was
enthralled with the bread selection.

A tavern across the street, where a couple middle-aged bald faces got hot-red watchin' footy.

Slowly got back onto my bike, through the rivers, looking past the pink flowers, and arrived at
the park, n' I put the kickstand on my bike.

Saar put out her breasts, arched her back, n' gave a slight hug towards me,
before we laid in the hot sun,

N' she taught me a couple movements, we hopped, up, down, up, down, from the steps, I
watched the golden fountain water move ever so gracefully, I kneeled beside her looking at the
water.

We were both tired now, kneeling over on the hot grass, we stretched, not too harshly, just to
make sure the blood kept flowin' as usual...

after all, we needed our legs, as we biked back into town, she wore a fluorescent orange shirt that blew in the wind.

It was lunch time but neither of us were hungry, so we just stared at each others faces, preparing us for the museum.

Parisian Gates

Opened my red brownstone, roll my skateboard down the road,
roll along with the Seine, it's rolling waves rolling with my skateboard,
I ride all through the town, sweating as I go, stopping for a mango, only when I need it.

Reach the Sacre Cour, n' I finally stop and admire the dusk,
I wear a fresh pink polo, look over to the man with the yellow coat,
take off my shirt n' my tan body blows through the Parisian air,
a couple girls stopped n' stared, but it didn't matter much to me,

Except Januby

Cuz when I told her to meet me at the Parisian gates, she always came,
late at night, eatin' olives on rye, we would talk about old movies and foreign films, n' explored
the different cemetery tombs, both firm with death.

Parents always at business in Denmark,
she would come to my brownstone but not for long,
she would look over me as I slept, n' she carefully tucked the feather blankets around my side.

She blew the candle dry, kissed me on the cheek, told me she'd meet me at the Parisian gates
once again, around 3am.

Swedish Flower Pot

A green embroidered pillow, with a flower in the middle and a soft texture,
lay my resting neck upon it,
the sun peaks through the window just the right amount to highlight the glass coffee table,
and the white rug soft n' nice.

Empty Starköl and cigarettes remained on the coffee table from the night before, still remember
Astrid, Alma, n' Elsa, n' all the others sharing smiles around my couch.

The lighting was dim, as I had slept the day away.

I slowly turned to the side, and I pressed my feet onto the cool tile,

I went to the washroom, and the fancy nozzle sprinkled cool hues of water onto my skin.

Felt fresh again, n' put myself into a soft black collared shirt,
Took my container of snus out n' put in a cool mint,
left the corridor n' walked down the road,
two boys noticed me, n' I gave them my signature,
down the road again,
with my parents for dinner, they return to their cabin across town from me.

Put the key into the door,
back at my home again,
my headache reminded me of the dark foyer,
which weakened my body n' I was off,
quiet, somber, yet the only way I liked it.

Portuguese Grapevines

Woke up with my mouth in a knot,
linen shirt still sweaty, but the collage of pink and green of the quilt always comforted me as I
woke, n' looking at Mary sleep gave me the strength to get up,
woke up around 4, tea kettle, *metallic*, put on my boots, but water on my face, then leave the
cottage – look at Mary from the small wooden window, right outside, with the flower pot
underneath it.

Energetic in the morning, sometimes, the black coffee inside of me, and my pressed pants ready
for work, the European air was cool, I liked it that way.

As my cap kept on n' on, the sun rose, to give birth to the portuguese grapevines,
the sweat on the brim of my cap was always the keeper of time,
N' the more it dripped, the more my eyes ached.

Reached lunch time, lungs a blazin', sometimes a wheat beer, if it was a light day, but it wasn't a
light day, so no wheat beer for me.

Lunch was fixed, Mary outside, sunny, dress blowin' in the wind, she calmly sat next to me, and
ate peacefully, her lips closed together and looking down at the table, delicately grabbing another
piece of bread– I wasn't so delicate, hands too tired I shaked, n' I put sweat on the bread, *slightly
embarrassed*.

Returned to work, not in a rhythm, the buckets didn't sway the way I wanted them to, the horses
didn't listen, the truck didn't start, it was one of those days.

Took off my cap, back inside the cottage, just standing by the green carpet, and the short sealing
with the warm gas lamp, Mary didn't realize I was home yet, too tired to go hug her, I put my
wet cap on the landing, n' kneeled.

My eyes wet, Mary came with juice, we sat at the table calmly for sometime,
managed to fix some soup, n' bathed.

The soft Portuguese air blew on my skin, reminded me of my hard work.

In bed, hands crossed, feet crossed, tired, but well deserved,
another day tomorrow, dreamt of the coffee tin.