

A Series of Posters

Yesterday
is already a series of posters

Even E. Presley
finally became a rickety call of the wild

Today's date
feels like a breakthrough,
but hangs tomorrow as a schoolroom poster,
and nothing can be done about it

The night train
is a peepshow in time,
painkillers scraping chalk
across corneas

I feel sick & hair shirted,
improper,
hailed along on squeaking machine halls,
tectonic through poisonous worlds
with mile-long rolling mills out on the coast
filled with evil;
malevolent from cooling bed
all the way up into smoky traveling cranes,
with shift bosses and crew
that made Teuvo Aalto crazy
under his cowboy hat
when Lilian begged to be forplayed
up against the kitchen wall
on Lilla Strömgatan 3
and America clamoured in my head
and the Greyhound buses carried me
to Bob Dylan's uncle Paul in Hibbing
and the monochrome photographs;
hands burning at arm's length;
ethnology literature stuffed in my backpack;
Avalon Hotel & Sportsmen's Café key points
in Dylanmania's Minnesota;

Rolling Thunder fading eastward

Presently I lay in Northbothnia
under Sapmi's indigenified patchwork,
about to leave
(over the rails, Sami-drummed between lives,
tackling myself as long as I last,
in the borderlands of myself,
among other bordered sentient beings,
transition-shed)

I am a bundle of disjointed phrases
repeated somewhere in the distance

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