Approaching the Magic Number

Views of Hammarbybacken

It’s far too stifling though it’s early in the morning. Everything has a ticking sound today. I don’t know that I’m terribly gracious. Thought is a burden. I slept in a small space.

Skating is an odd activity. It only leads to ice. The air lisps. There’s a crack in the hill. The skiers are well aware. It’s not a race. The dogs take their time. Tell me if it was the white one who growled.

The dark is no darker than the dark. It’s hard to tell. The harbour spreads light. Light a candle and smell your gloves. Remember how children turned round each other. How they’d fit no matter what. It’s another medium. And hopes are dashed.

Standing in an old kitchen surrounded by famous photographs has an attraction. You play along with a type of thinking. The glass approaches the magic number. There is no evidence. But I remember how the ship turned and rammed the Baltic moon.

There’s warm breath across the platform at Slussen. It will arrive in two minutes.

Don’t be confused by the Red Line.
Each vagabond had a place.
The trolls are getting cuter.

Don’t tell me the old town smiles.
If I set sail, do I return?

Jill Jones