

Countryside Bohemians

Solefald

The train left westwards on a Saturday sunrise
We rode along the linear scaffold
To a fertile sidetrack
Not yet been tamed
By urban architecture
Unknown in a rural village
Tresspassing silent roads
Deserted by television natives
Rows of rusty tractors left behind
To keep the sunset company
We strived the valley sides
Reached the bright blue castle
It appeared in defiant solitude
Spreading scraps of paint
Out on the October sky surface
From inside a giant panorama
Our conversation evolved
To women and witches and sex
We ate the saucy beef
And dark rumanian red
Before nightfall dragged us into its coat
To watch the circular star belt
Wrapping us tightly together
In the pale flame of the parafin lamp
A blue rope lowered onto glowing necks
We entered the circle of branches spread out
Like countryside bohemians
Reeking of whiskey and wool
The knife cut from grey to red
A brotherhood of blood
Dripping down on the heather
And into the soil
We were mystics balancing
On the plunge of knowledge
Ready to fall in ecstasy
Of retire smart stupidity
After a one-night stand
With anima mundi