



# TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE



## *Copenhagen*

It is possible, I suppose,  
that there's an Aussie farm boy  
trapped in the third floor apartment  
of some somber stone structure  
out in the suburbs of Copenhagen,  
but my guess is that he's  
probably still baling hay in Brewarrina,  
and that some evenings,  
after he's home and showered  
and wearing a clean shirt  
and a fresh pair of duds,  
he can't help but think of  
that girl with the straw-blond hair.  
That, much as he loves his wife,  
who's over there at the sink  
peeling the spuds  
and rattling a plastic toy  
to keep their two year old amused,  
he sometimes lets his mind wander  
over oceans, and thinks of her.

And just maybe, as she embraces  
her current partner in Copenhagen  
and feels his weight in their shared bed,  
just maybe she flashes, sometimes,  
back to that night with her Aussie farm boy,  
to their fevered kisses the morning after  
in the front seat of his pale green Landcruiser,  
in the secured parking yard  
behind Brewarrina's Royal Hotel.

When she found that clear Copenhagen apartment,  
was she drawn into an unselfconscious proximity  
with her city's famed sculpture:  
the little mermaid perched there on her rock,  
looking longingly past the ferry boats  
and trawlers and out into the open sea?

### *Sean Scarisbrick*

Sean Scarisbrick. 'Copenhagen'.  
*Transnational Literature* Vol. 5 no. 2, May 2013.  
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>