

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?

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