

Hello Saferide, Lund

Two brothers from the south of Sweden came to stay with me. One of them would have gotten my virginity but he didn't know that back then, did he! He didn't know that back then.

He went a bit rough on my poetry, said: there's no chance in hell this will ever grow to be anything. He said: I mostly like Dylan myself. I said: Shocking! Well. Then he said something else, I didn't understand. Because he came from the south of Sweden, he spoke just like a Dane.

You should have seen these brothers! Freckles all over their pale bodies. And when they spoke, they made you feel like summer just broke through though it was fall. They made it obvious I was too young, not interesting at all.

I always wanted to go to their hometown and knock on their door. And say something interesting and revolting that they'd never heard before to make them change their minds, after all this time: Look! There was some cool in me, you know! They probably still won't think so.

And I'm in Lund again, and nothing's fixed that ever was broken. And I'm in Lund again, and I still don't get things right. And I'm in Lund again, and maybe they have grown up and maybe they are here because there's a glow of spring in the hall tonight.