



AT KNUTPUNKTEN, ON MY WAY HOME

BY LUCAS SKALLEBERG

Old man weeping at the station,
while you and I hurry on through space
to endless bucks and good luck charms
to charming looks and licks of desire
to one night here and there, to glow
and burn hotter than a welding wire
to mornings cold as unclothed death
and we rush on to avoid the breath

of an old man weeping at the station,
curled up on a wooden bench,
a hundred heavy tears in his beard,
his face burrowed in rugged hands.
Old man weeping at the station
—did I ask him why he wept?
No, I passed and pulled my jacket
up around my neck, went home and slept.



Shipwrights

The Review of De-Centered English

LUCAS SKALLEBERG *is half American, half Swedish. He grew up in northern Skåne and is now living in Malmö, juggling poetry, music, photography, and carpentry. He is mesmerized by the power of language and by mankind's great ability to use it self-deceptively.*