

Marty Willson-Piper**"O'Stockholm"**

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O' Stockholm
Pale and White
The year is slipping
Out of sight
Frozen waters
Icy roads
Swapped for the winter.
O' Stockholm
Pale and blue
How much warmth
I feel for you.

Water:

The sudden rush and
temptation
Of drizzle on my window
To go out and swim in the streets
With you.
To turn the world into Venice
To let the water shrink me
Let me float in my umbrella boat
With you.
I can see the rain clouds emptying
Little needles leaning to the left
Of you.
And high they fly like burst balloons
Running to the moon
For an airless rest
With you.
I'll slip on the deck of the fishing trawler
Wearing comical yellow
There's fishtails going off like mousetraps,

Nets so many holes yet prisons
Me just in it simply for
The water.
The faces of mountains
Cut with white blood
Stampeding stallions of foam
For you.

To hoof shaped pools
The sparkle of imaginary jewels
That the magician that the
Sun is creates.

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