

## Solefald

### "Floating Magenta"

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The train left westwards on a Saturday sunrise

We rode along the linear scaffold  
To a fertile sidetrack  
Not yet been tamed  
By urban architecture  
Unknown in a rural village  
Tresspassing silent roads  
Deserted by television natives  
Rows of rusty tractors left behind  
To keep the sunset company  
We strived the valley sides  
Reached the bright blue castle  
It appeared in defiant solitude  
Spreading scraps of paint  
Out on the October sky surface  
From inside a giant panorama  
Our conversation evolved  
To women and witches and sex  
We ate the saucy beef  
And dark rumanian red  
Before nightfall dragged us into its coat  
To watch the circular star belt  
Wrapping us tightly together  
In the pale flame of the parafin lamp  
A blue rope lowered onto glowing necks  
We entered the circle of branches spread out  
Like countryside bohemians  
Reeking of whiskey and wool  
The knife cut from grey to red  
A brotherhood of blood  
Dripping down on the heather  
And into the soil  
We were mystics balancing  
On the plunge of knowledge  
Ready to fall in ecstasy  
Of retire smart stupidity  
After a one-night stand  
With anima mundi

