

Lance Anderson

FINDING NEMO

Disney has consigned me to write to you. There's a film of Sydney. You're not in it, of course. It's about fish. But even water has to touch some definition and it's time for a new sensation. I'm sick of sublimated jealousies, of looking at parents and thinking what ugly children. The fuel tank of my Sacred Heart has been punctured before and leaky, but I never thought I'd end up killing coral with my poisonous chemicals, when all I wanted to do was fertilize *everything*.

It's a shame things have to die. Why don't you contact me? We never knew each other but it was fun being close. I still know your breath: loving and damp as a jersey worn out in the rain. It's a shame that mere one kiss didn't shut my mouth proper so that by the time the meal - a real spread! - was over, I'd blurted out the death of us. Like the paralysed practising his legs, Peter: the memory is still always worth it. It's only with the past between us that I wish I could have told you then.

LOCOMOTION

There is no sexiness

in pedalling fast
but at least you don't
have to share a seat.
Well that's your opinion.

On this train to Warschauerstrasse
we might as well be going to coldest Poland
instead of to Susanna's for some pie. I
gaze out examining the half-
mirrored interior scene beside us –
a carriaged twoness with me in it
racing over phraseless signage; You
intent on reading China
warming your Fahrschein
where your heart is, Me

writing far-away lines
intent on winning a bike
when all I can think of is trains. Trains!
My heart lies in trains.
It makes me happy like
even mad people
have a sense of dress
since bowler hats
are hard to come by.
Transport, public - much seat sharing!
I'm all for it.
The way we all treat our destinations
and chat like no one's near us
(or still sit and read like no one's near us).
Susanna bores you I'm sure
you're only coming for the cherries.
So, dear husband of so many years of mine,
where would you
rather go tonight?
I could have packed my bags for weeks,
but I'm still looking for a station.
And every platform
just seems too mundane,
too pedestrian.

At this pace we'll roll out to far worse than Poland and
have to stop in each other's arms
just to get no further,
stranded beyond the safety of a scheduled table
- beyond remembrance until
years later between our tracks
new lovers will sprout
where we started out
in Priesterweg
long ago in
our Enchanted Frost Season.

And one of them
(this time the engineer of the two)
will observe:

*The train that ate coal so well,
stopped too long and rust devoured it.*

THE FERRY TO KADIKÖY

Huddled smokers
backs to the mosques
slide homewards into the dark sea night
carrying the tired day in their eyes
and on their teeth.

The captain drags
another ferry past us
and yet another strip of land.

And from that lonely horizon of lights
as far away as this morning's ride to work
will come tomorrow
our new day
on cranes to haul the sun.

Our seafaring fates are sinking, mates,
on a long chain cast out to sea.

Lance Anderson, 28, went to college in London and lives in Berlin where he is one of the co-founders of the literary magazine Bordercrossing Berlin.