

Ben Wetherbee
FROM A TRAIN TO UPPSALA

A violet coupe wound
up the treelined pavement:
a ripe currant rolling leeward
from the railtracks. Five Londoners

crowed in accents I knew from movies
while the Swedes stole glances
from their upholstered refuge.
In two days I would leave here,

this temperate place
of windfarms and cobblestone,
for Oklahoma's long flat heat.
A bowerbird transfixed

by the Baltic sapphire,
I had crossed an ocean
to get closer to something like home,
an echo of Lake Michigan's

rhythmic surf and a glimpse
of wise deep blue. I was a tourist
away from my own tourist-land,
now a patron of clacking

railcars in a lifelike dream,
now a human mote
in a snowglobe shaken to raise
the riddle of belonging.