

Trolling for Dolors

Bill Freind

Beneath the bridge every talkie blurs, Ingvar. The gloves are grumpy in their hair and spills remain unreticent for the dame who is a cabinet of weeds in the food court, see? And you, master of radish, one who claims to detect, remain oldschool oslo amid the actionable cluing. Portents await a suitable sonja and become meatballs with the poise of an unworking fridge, the jack creaks behind the volvo bogged with lutefisk which you, nordic dick, refuse to suss. These are the sounds of brandnames unhairing. I gave the jesters saps and fedoras, fed them one liners among the cod boats at the bus stop, laughing as at a rockfight among the geysers near reykjavik, then we stopped: trolls and goats in sunwash, film clicking and invisible among clogs as I call dibs on all seen and erst and claim it green.