Express Train
By Rolf Jacobsen

Express train 1256 races alongside hidden, remote villages. House after house wanders by, pale gray, shivering. Rail fences, rocks and lakes, and the closed gates.

Then I have to think in the morning twilight: What would happen if someone could release the loneliness of those hearts? People live there, no one can see them, they walk across rooms, in behind the doors, the need, blank-eyed, hardened by love they cannot give and no one gets a chance to give them. What would rise higher here than the mountains—the Skarvang Hills—what flame, what force, what storms of steady light?

Express train 1256, eight soot-black cars, turns toward new, endlessly unknown villages. Springs of light behind the panes, unseen wells of power along the mountains—these we travel past, hurry past, only four minutes late for Marnardal.