

A Spanish Sailor Lost Inland

By : Eilidh Hart

When you see someone on a train, a tube, in the street, wherever and something about them just grabs your attention and fascinates you...that's what this is about for me - people watching. When you make up crazy stories about their life from a tiny detail, the narrator clearly has a wild imagination but no confidence to actually talk. I'd love to hear your interpretations and criticisms! Thanks for reading.

Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Eilidh Hart](http://booksie.com/EilidhHart)

Copyright © Eilidh Hart, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

A Spanish Sailor Lost Inland

He sits across from you in your ballet shoes, his feet tap, the carriage shakes

A shopping bag in his hand - red wine and a meal for two

His hair falling gracefully, just like he hadn't tried at all

Eyes like almonds, deep and dark. An eternity buried right beside

That smile. Or a smirk? Witty, eloquent without words

He could kill you with just a glance, a flash of that mysterious grin

His skin shimmers in the golden glow, a Spanish sailor lost inland

You're wondering; does his breath go steamy on Parisian nights?

Does he have a lover? Does he miss her? What's her name?

How long has he been travelling? Where's he going now?

Is disappearing a lifestyle for him as well?

You're staring right through him, losing yourself in his imaginary life...

He wraps up warm on those frozen nights; scarf, beret, woollen coat

His breath turning to misty smoke under the bright lights of Paris

The mist spirals in fantasy patterns, a dragon playing with emotions

She saw him across the bridge one December night, drawing her like artists do

Thought he was smoking, she asked him for a light

Her name was Marie; she had auburn hair that curled like a fire

She left him in June for a violinist busker, only because he never told her

He loved her. He didn't have the courage, he misses the scent

A Spanish Sailor Lost Inland

Of her hair in the morning, how sheâd hang his paintings in her flat
And her lyrical laughter as they walked hand in hand
Through crunchy crimson leaves in Buttes-Chaumont
How theyâd fall asleep with the window wide open
And synchronise their breathing without saying a word

She left a note; â Je suis d  sol  e, je t   aimeâ on that day in June
And he ran away with a backpack of memories and â-100 to his name
Heâs been running ever since, he ran to Vienna at first
Beautiful women, and beautiful men, seemed to take away his pain
He travelled the seven seas, craving the addiction of anonymity
Only a city could give him, and the love he could only pay for

Heâs come back to Paris, take the metro to the end of the line
Heâs heading off for London in the morning, one last night to dream by the Seine
Londonâs where Iâm going too, to sell my sketches of love to French tourists
Heâs staring through me into the ocean-like void, I know he wouldnât care
The train's jarring to a halt, as does my temporary infatuation, or fantasy
Whichever, it doesnât matter. Just as a dove would signal peace, it remains
Unimportant and lost in a head full of worries â but heâs looking so closely
Into the glass behind me I expect.

A Spanish Sailor Lost Inland

A Spanish Sailor Lost Inland

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-28 17:30:46