

## Local bus from Tampere to Helsinki

As I board, the driver  
asks for my passport  
like he already knows  
we will travel to another country.

Along straight highways  
lakes shimmer under power lines.  
Silver birches shake yellow leaves.  
Dark clouds come with rain.

Beside me a young man reads  
*Learning Vietnamese* in Finnish.  
For a change of mood he keeps  
*Naomi Klein*, steady on his lap.

I open the Kalevala (in English)  
to read of other journeys here;  
older ways of seeing this land.  
And learn, in repetitions of three

in case you didn't get it the first  
or the second time around, there's  
a mortal cost to not saying out loud  
the name of the thing that you want.

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