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Til Oldefar Jens

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Til Oldefar Jens

Copenhagen, November 2008

By
Kelsi Vanada

What would you say,
If you knew me?
Would you be proud
I'm here in your country?
This place you left behind
For love and for the open plains
Where there are no red roofs
No water, no cosy thatched farms
No quaint downtown, no *hygge*

I know –
I've been here too.
You chose the prairie –
Would you be glad
I'm bringing your blood back?
Pleased I could speak to you
In your first native tongue?

Maybe you'd tell me
Not to be attached
Not to undo the work
You cried through – the severance

Or maybe you'd be proud
Of how I've come to know this land,
Which must have lived on
In vibrant green in your mind,
Backdropped by soft-tongued singing
And the flapping of *Dannebrog*
Lit by warm candles
Glowing upon Danish dishes.

And then –
You'd wink (you seem the winking type)
Clasp it to my heart,
And turn my face
To amber waves of grain.