

Oslo In The Summertime

of Montreal

Oslo in the summertime; nobody can fall asleep, staring out the window from my bed.
At 4 A.M., the sun is up. Look, the sky is peppered with sea birds and with crows all cackling. Up in treten
Heimdalsgate, me and Nina making fun of footballers in Rudolf Nilsen Plass.
I practice my Norwegian on poor befuddled waitresses, who shake their heads completely at a loss.
Oslo in the summertime -- the streets are strangely quiet 'cause everyone's away on holiday. Oslo in the
summertime; Pakistani children play locked inside of the courtyard all day.
Pretty people everywhere, sun-lamp tans and flaxen hair -- just tell the American not to stare.

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