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*(J. S. Bach: English Suite No. 3 in G minor, BWV 808, Gavotte II, Murray Perahia, piano)*

### **Everyday In Jumbleorium, XV (out of the blue)**

Out of the blue,  
all important encounters at the crossroads,  
so brightly lit and contoured in retrospect;  
at the time of travelling seldom accounted for,  
so seldom appreciated as crucial then and there,  
in the storm of daily events,  
only receiving their full worth under the magnifying glass  
of hindsight

Out of the blue,  
Sune walking down Main Street  
at the quick pace of his steady gait,  
his black hair shining in the sun of June 1965  
passing me at the Critique  
- some scattered wooden benches under the foliages  
by the main church of Shitville, overlooking the street -  
on his way down to Gösta's Café on Baker Street  
with Tidsignal; the communist weekly  
tucked under his arm,  
soon to start up my life of letters and music,  
out of the blue

Out of the blue,  
the young woman behind me  
in line for coffee  
at the Greyhound half hour rest stop  
in Breezewood, Pennsylvania, March 1977,  
me heading for New York City and Sweden  
after a futile try for an interview with Bob Dylan  
at his place in Malibu;  
she traveling from her parents in Baltimore  
to her room in Pittsburgh,  
but in 16 months becoming my wedded wife  
in Dallas, Texas; Judith Marian;  
for the longest time the only connection  
between us my address in ink on a Breezewood napkin...  
Out of the blue...

Out of the blue,  
Sture on Main Street in Shitville  
a May evening in 1967,  
returning up to Sweden from Paris,  
deciding to stay in a Shitville ladies' public toilet  
a few months  
until establishing himself more comfortably,  
changing his name to Emanuel,  
influencing me into worldwide adventures  
with his grand example of a practical, pragmatic  
and bold way of taking on the world,  
in a Kerouac / Snyder kind of atmosphere,  
soon enough rising out of his lady toilet impasse  
to his position as a nurse anaesthetist in Saudi Arabia,  
The United States and Sweden,  
three consecutive wives to his credit;  
an incredibly valued all-time friend of mine,  
in everyday contact on the web  
still in 2023,  
my only live common life thread  
all the way back to the Sixties,  
out of the blue

Out of the blue  
on a Koyaanisqatsi day of fall 1985,  
that beautiful woman in the train compartment  
with all the hallmarks of any male's female fantasy  
straight out of a distant world of goddesses,  
forever completely unapproachable;  
her face shining like a sci-fi sun,  
her anatomy speaking to every nerve in my existence  
on that 60 mile ride from Stockholm to Shitville,  
my Red Wing boots from Widforss tapping nervously,  
while, unbeknownst to both of us,  
she was to become ripe  
with a red-headed Emily Dickinson daughter  
full of sentences,  
out of the blue

Out of the blue,

that Karelian cluster of inspiration  
befalling me from behind  
on a union ride to Helsinki aboard Viking Saga  
on 6th December 1984;  
novelist Sirkka Sinikka,  
after one hot Ghostbuster dance in the Gulf of Finland,  
which, swirling the last possibilities off the 3 AM dance floor,  
inevitably lead to my cabin and a thorough erotic overhaul,  
followed back to back  
by a whispering exchange about poet Pentti Saarikoski  
and the Valamo monastery,  
while the other passenger - a fellow union man -  
pretended hard to be asleep as morning broke  
when we sailed past the Suomenlinna sea fortress,  
into Helsinki Harbour,  
commencing a year of intense love & literature  
at Orioninkatu in the capital  
as well as at the Porkkala hut by Lake Saimaa,  
out of the blue

Out of the blue,  
that irresistible song on the radio  
in the bus  
that brought the class back from a school trip  
down to Hamburg, Germany, in May 1965;  
Bob Dylan performing Mr Tambourine Man  
right as the bus rolled off the ferry at the Danish port of Rødby,  
my sixteen years focusing like light through a burning glass  
on what came out of the radio up in the front of the bus,  
the first time I heard the bard from Hibbing,  
soon to become one of the most powerful energies  
of my life,  
out of the blue

Out of the blue,  
Anna rising out of the shadows  
inside the Nallo hut in the most alpine part  
of Swedish Lapland in August 2009,  
asking me questions about certain hikes,  
only to be impolitely prompted by me  
to read the hiking stories I'd published on my Internet site

Sonoloco,  
but standing there again in front of me at the same spot  
in the Nallo hut a year later, without any intermediate contact,  
reluctantly allowing me to photograph her,  
while our acquaintance deepened some the next day,  
when we joined forces on a hike up to the Unna Räita cabin,  
where we had dinner,  
before she left to go back down to Stuur Reaiddavaggi Valley  
and on up the Sielmavaggi Valley towards the Tjåktja hut,  
a few months later penning me a letter,  
and late in December 2010 sending me a mountain story  
that she'd just written about her hike of that year,  
that had lead to our second rendezvous,  
written with such style and grace and depth,  
that I fell in love with her right then between the lines read,  
which I told her,  
and all these years on, I'm writing this on her horse farm,  
way up in Northbothnia,  
where I'm her Wildman, she my Wildwife,  
and where I've taken thousands of photographs of her -  
and though it did take some short story writing et cetera  
in the beginning,  
it sort of was something, anyway, that hit  
out of the blue

Out of the blue,  
Viola stepped out of a movie theater in Björnlunda, Sweden,  
a summer Saturday evening of 1926, just 15 years old,  
spotted by Helge, a farmhand of 22,  
at the time dressed in a military uniform,  
joining Viola home; stopping to chat for a while  
at the porch before they parted,  
not to meet again until a few years later  
at Ullsta Farm in Gåsinge,  
resulting in marriage at 9 December 1933,  
making my own arrival onto the planet  
as a latecomer in Viola's & Helge's string of children  
possible,  
taking The Last Train To Clarksville  
one day in May 1948 to enter the biosphere in February 1949,  
out of the blue

[add-ons can be expected to this]

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