

# The Express

Inside The Express a blank canvas  
waited for its oily kiss.  
A very talented painter,  
lifted up his wondering hand and,  
“Knock—Knock.” Sounded the door,  
forcing the brush to floor.  
“Come in,” the painter answered intently,  
just when I was about it and in it!”  
“Or was I out and tried getting in it?”  
For all it meant the door opened with  
it.

A fat bellied fellow stormed inside  
holding a drink remarkably Yellow,  
and in Green the following fellow  
walked behind him, remarkably without the  
mellow.

“Sir. Mr.” The fellow in green panted,  
wheezing all flustered and out of it.  
“You!” The bellied man angrily shouted.  
“Leave us! Go-go and be what—that. A  
rat!”

The green fellow couldn’t complain or  
explain, so bowing his head he conspired  
and left.

“There you are!” The bellied fellow  
walked around,  
Wobbling his belly and his mustachio

all around, as if no one could see it wobbling and shaking about.

“You’re that famous—famous man! From that famous—famous land!”

“Certainly undoubtedly, and most highly probably.” The painter answered, flushed and hushed and certainly rushed by the remarks made by the bellied man.

“Glad to meet you.” The painter mumbled raising his eyebrows of regret.

“Sure you do.” The bellied man answered all bored and kept, “So why’s about this and that about?”

“What?” The painter answered,

“My painting? Well my painting...”

“I’d paint myself a tastier wink.” The bellied man cheered raising his remarkable drink.

“Come—come now Mr painter get us some Bladerbashi drinks!” The bellied man sang jumping around.

“Get us some sensible things like ring cheese and stinky grapes, glad in onion rings. Merry of Bashi and those pretty Bladerlashi winks!”

“I...” The painter stuttered while the bellied bluttered.

“The Express! The Express its all about that not of this, oiled colorish brushes and waste curtains for old kitchen stinky sinks!”

“I didn’t mean it... Did I now. Well I don’t know no ists or isms kid, don’t drag to heart

my turning bits.”

“I’m fine.” The painter lied,  
Smelling the plastered cannister.

“H’m. Well I’m off to drink I think.” The  
bellied man turned around.

Wobbled and wobbled then closed the  
door.

“Kind nice man, yet a plastered  
ponderous man.” The painter pondered,

“Can a ponderous plastered man be a  
kind nice man?”

“Can man ever be kind? That would  
make the better sense.” The baggage man  
answered sitting and scribbling on top of  
the painter’s baggage.

The painter wet his brush in blue and  
thought,

“Clouds and skies the endless blue.

I’d paint it all If I could but I wonder how  
much it’ll take this time to stumble onto  
some other poop.”

“Sometimes its difficult not to be  
plastered, least say nice baggage man.” The  
painter said smiling,

“Sometimes being ponderous makes all  
the sense.” Knock-Knock.” Sang the door  
forcing once again the brush to floor.

“Come-Come.” The painter answered,

“Who will it be this time  
Sir Pom—Tom’s or Tom—Pom’s?”

The green fellow walked In as a Madame  
in red followed.

“Sir. This is great Madame...”

“That’ll be it Sir, the red Madame cut in.”

The green fellow bowed in contempt and left.

“To meet such a talented—talented painter!” The red Madame said, “To meet such an artistic creative man!”

“Glad I’m known to many,” The painter muttered, “Glad I’m known. Really!”

The red Madame walked closer and closer, then stared at the painter the painting and then at the sitting man.

“Would this be your next work of magnificence?” The red Madame wondered staring at the painting, which was just barely speckled with wind kept blue.

“I..I could...” The painter stuttered, “We’ll its more....”

“Such color...Such depth I wonder what it all means, do tell me is it all set?” The red Madame asked, “We’ll I see many things now I think of it... Blue berries and cakes and pies and tables and all kinds of spies!”

“Well yes it usually means what it seems.” The painter smiled smelling certain scents of perfume.

“Do mind me Ms. My magnificence is not finished. Yet,” the painter explained,

“And magnificent or not time it takes quite a lot.”

“Oh.” The red madame understood smiling, “I’ll leave it be then. Thank you a lot!” She walked opened the door and closed

it.

“Blue berries and spies,” The painter chuckled, “Well she got the eye!”

“Could it be that spies eat blue berries?” The baggage man asked, “Or would they eat blue berries to no look like spies?”

“Berries and spies... What about our time running the miles?” The painter asked,

“For all I know I’ll be painting the berries now, as there is no certainty anymore in my time!” Knock-Knock sounded the door, angering the painter once more.

“Come!” The painter angrily spat, “this time I’m the ponderous, I’ll be the chime!”

The fellow in green walked silently inside stood aside and let someone else walk with pride. A tall build man in bright white, wearing even a whiter hat brighter than the sun outside.

“Painter.” The tall build man demanded, “You’re the painter.” The tall man declared.

“Sir. I’m the painter.” The painter said bowing his head, “I sure am.”

“Heard of your works.” The tall build man said walking around, “Heard of your wonders.”

“Very. Honored. I feel,” The painter stuttered, “Mind me did I do something wrong?”

“What is wrong and what is right,” The tall build man said, “I’m sure I can see through that tonight!”

The painter bowed his head again.

“My helmets do adore,” The tall man walked about looking at the painting.

“Provoking, petrifying and powerful. It looks like its well proved.”

“Very pleased. To hear. Sir.” The painter answered stuttering, “Provoking was what I was paving for.” The tall build man seemed statisfied his metals and hat twitched as if pleased in mind.”

“Keep the painter painting. Painting man, “ The tall build man winked and turned around walked away and closed the door in kind.

“Wearing the brighter hat does not provide the brighter eye.” The painter turned around and smiled.

“Usually,” The baggage man answered looking up from his scribblings.

“I guess trains do.” The painter stared and thought then turned around. Brought his brush up again this time in Yellow.

“Hats and helmets and berries,” the painter sang in merry, “They’re all in the same soup in my belly.”

“Knock-Knock,” the door asked, forcing the painter to answer again.

“Yes...!” The painter yelled. The green fellow walked inside and closed the door.

“Sir. Mr. The ride has come to an end. Please prepare to leave our train and be content.” The fellow in green smiled this time, as if he knew exactly what had taken place inside and outside. Whichever way it may have applied.



