

**KLAUS
HØECK**

**1001
POEMS**

with 18 wordcuts

JANUARY

and so i opened
the new year with a scarlat
ti sonata: the
spirit's champagne and
heavy metal for
every metaphysician
all believers in the ho
ly common life of
everyday and in
the great flintstones of
reality that god has
strewn for all to find

and so i opened
the new year with the queen's pawn
and intelligence
replied to that by
moving its black knight
and i knew that the counter
attack would come precisely
where the emeralds
flashed so wildly and
that i would only
have freedom (my faith) with which
to defend myself

heartland 3/1
the light is dark in the depths
of january
the wood looks like jew
ellery by arje
griest clumps of molehills in the
lawn the daythree hangover
tastes acrid up there
at gravergården
farm the new year is
being ploughed in let us hope
that is a good sign

4 january

5 january

heartland 6/1
the hawthorn outside in its
tattered livery
and my soul inside
in its ageing human bo
dy and its sweatshirt
from last year encased
in seventy per cent po
lyester the christ
mas tree shrivelled on
its way to rue land
fill epiphany

death without doubt was
paying a visit
in the neighbourhood i thought
i recognized it
inside a white o
pel ascona coming from
stillebæk now it was time
to keep a low pro
file without ducking
down too much like you did at
school when you wanted
to get off homework

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et 'my new year's wish to you
is that you may have
to find yourself forced
to work hard to write your po
ems - for how many poets
have not simply been
smothered by their tal
ent their all too precocious
talent' i said with
a small knowing smile

the sunflowers down there
behind store væ
deled have now become so
charcoal cremated and so
terrifying that
i scarcely dare bike
past them even on
this day of epiph
any - they are tonsured monks
of the franciscan order
it is also your
fault tove meyer

and we passed over
into the amethyst wood
where language and re
ality did not
fit like pieces in
that jigsaw puzzle referred
to as 'the world' where they were
not commensurab
le and their rela
tion thus could only
be expressed in poetic
irrational terms

i must confess that
i throw out apples
to the fieldmice in the ar
senals of janu
ary thinking this
to be something rather fool
ish until a friend upon
hearing that remarked
'that really is quite
ingenious - in that way
you're able to keep
them out of the house'

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et 'in my childhood there was
this brand of substi
tute chocolate - cre
mona - which we boys all a
dored more than we did the real
thing so much so that
when the war was o
ver we looked out for choco
late that had the taste
of real cremona'

heartland 8/1
a raw cold without the snow's
duvet of glass wool
the frost now lies in
visible over
the hills like tetrachloride
holes in the writing bigger
than those found in the
number field things i
can't express words i
cannot put on paper with
out help from the dead

we have now entered
a month that is with
out alcohol and rhine wine
lent you might say before its
time a time of car
rots and grated ap
ple for breakfast a
certain abstinence
mortification of the
flesh and heart from the wood's edge:
pheasant cock screech like
a dry martini

9 january

im using this d the worlds edge d im using this
corner as the o corner as the
poems anchora bramble bramble poems anchora
ge to reality n bramble bramble n ge to reality
o o
do not try t t t f yrt ton od
his path here not ev e
t rook t e t e t grakle t
h r thorn n r b h colony h
e eht ylno y thorn y l i grakle e
e s thorn d e s colony
w m r t n e t grakle w
o a e h tt g a h h p colony o
r z l sre h i hh i ier ytin t i o a r
l e i p s oo e g r h s o t stone l
d s g a h rr r ns e f h d
s h p t p nn t r p p ngier s
o t n a a s thorn e e a r h s
e f g d p t s thorn i t i e t e e
d rein h e s g h n r h f d
g l a s daten y n t e ro i g
e etters i here only poetr s h s n l e
h s e n
do not try t sdrow eht ylno er ot even
g
l r
im using this o bramble bramble a im using this
corner as the o bramble bramble i corner as the
poems anchora m n poems anchora
ge to reality the worlds edge ge to reality

the geese down at søn
derlund have by now survived
both christmas and new
year and særslev chair
factory and veflinge
sawmill while the small
fir copse is gone per
haps for the same reason it
once gleamed so brightly
of carbuncles in
the january woods and
of carbon 14

when understanding
is no longer the
organizing principle
for your existence
but rather exist
ence itself which grants you a
degree of understanding
when you have reversed
descartes only then
can you begin to join in
talking of the truth
of the setting sun

perhaps the very
screen i've chosen is on the
one hand too coarsely
meshed to register
the quiverings of
the soul and on the other
hand too finely meshed to al
low the clouds from stil
lebæk to squeak through
it's just possible
the magic square is simply
not up to the job

a new pulping or
der from the publish
ers this time it is to be
'winterreise' that
will end up as milk
cartons i'm beginning to
wonder whether giant e
ditions are not worse
than pulping perhaps
it is better to have the
few hundred books that
manage to survive

heartland 12/1
it is as if the great dreamer
had strewn castor
sugar over the
garden as if kate bush her
self had danced on out
of her video
tape continuing right a
cross the lawn clad in
her gwenevere cos
tume and had scattered
stardust in her wake

dedicatio cor
dis - the wood stood dark against
the evening sky (as
when black is printed
on madder lake to
make the colour gleam from the
inside as if it was a
question of some great
innate force) the wood
stood with black letter
ing right across the heart of
my brandnew sweatshirt

and i saw a fire
storm from australi
a and an oil disaster
not far from puerto rico
and i saw a dead
doberman pincher
in sarajevo
and an old film se
quence with cripples from vietnam
there really was plenty of
entertainment on
that winter's evening

tombeau de morten
sen - 'you can't draw at all' rich
ard once remarked to
my mother who was
one of his schoolmates on a
mager all that time
ago neverthe
less she naturally got
better marks than he
was given as he
was always putting black fin
gers on the paper

the days went by one
after the other
and even though i was keep
ing very strict tabs
on them i felt a
bout time as i do about
dates or the question of sum
mer time i sudden
ly became unsure
whether i should be adding
a day or perhaps
be subtracting one

had time expanded
to some larger u
nit than that which hours and
minutes were able
to register or
was it more a question of
a flight from the seconds that
dissect human ex
istence into ti
ny pieces? - the strength of my
life had to try to
decide that question

formerly i was
the one who caused things
to happen and to take place
you might say whereas now i
sometimes get the feel
ing it is rather
the opposite it
is as if things are
that which dictates my exist
ence here in the midst of the
innermost sanctu
ary of winter

perhaps it's the year
of the tree-sparrow at a
ny rate they're hopping
like fleas on a sheet
out there in the years first slush
or else it's only
me who is sudden
ly able to understand
their language because
i have drunk far too
much sherry have consumed far
too much dragon's blood

and i saw the so
viet parachute
troops descend on the flag of
lithuania
like doves with beaks that
were full of fire and cogwheels
and they fired into the crowds
at random with their
kalashikov ri
fles - that was what i saw one
day late in the twen
tieth century

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

zeno's arguments
are of course not in any
way evidence a
gainst reality
rather against in
telligence itself or per
haps against the understand
ing of all things' co
hesion an understand
ing of the world the
eleatians were pio
neer knights of the faith

the fields lay green with
thallium under
the spectroscopic ana
lysis of winter like the
fields of a magic
square (or perhaps like
certain pages in
'kierkegaards papir
er') all i had to do was
to pace them out one early
morning to solve the
mystery of life

dear peter - in the
depths of the winter twilight
of your eyes greylefted
with carbide i can
see your daughter run
ning around during all those
years when i did not yet know
her just as i am
able to see you
wearing your black ber
et in the far reaches of
her innermost look

and we gyrated
in ever decreasing cir
cles around midwin
ter's acetylene
flame around midwin
ter's potash around midwin
ter's soda around midwin
ter's magnesium
because we knew that
it was precisely
in that light that the poem
would meet destruction

and it was a con
stant source of solace to me
not to have to un
derstand everything
hoar frost's decimal places
or the cube root of
the night it was such
a relief not to have to
remember any
longer all the pass
words of explanations be
cause now i was free

and by freedom i
meant as i always do ab
solute freedom that
which passes under
standing call it freedom in
relation to god
(even though it is
god who has equipped me with
it) thus enabling
me now to be a
ble to choose to believe in
god or choose not to

16 january

and i saw the eag
le break the first seal
and i heard a voice cry in
the great loudspeaker:
'allah u akbar'
and the cruise missiles put an
end to his words and i saw
immense clouds of smoke
ascend from the top
pled chandeliers of baghdad
- all this i saw on
cablenews network

and when the eagle
broke the second seal
i heard the tv speakers
all talking at the
same time as the scud
missiles began to rain on
haifa and tel aviv and
i could not believe
that which my eyes saw
on that day in the final
decade of the sec
ond millennium

and when the eagle
broke the third seal i
heard the idiots and those
possessed say the word
'peace' while they were froth
ing at the mouth led astray
by their own anxiety
incapable of
realizing it
was precisely their compli
ance that was the most
frequent cause of war

and when the eagle
broke the fourth seal i
saw what looked like a sea of
coruscating glass
and i saw the first
green pictures of the bombard
ment of irak light up the
screen like a swarm of
angry fireflies all
this i saw one janua
ry late in the twen
tieth century

and when the eagle
broke the fifth seal i
saw 'harriers' and 'eagles'
'ravens' and 'hornets'
fighter planes cover
ing what was a third of the
sky trailing behind them their
dragon tails of ker
osene and fire and
i saw one of them hurtling
earthwards now seeming
ly a burning star

and when the eagle
broke the sixth seal i
saw jerusalem's golden
thurible from which
smoke ascended with
prayers before god's countenance
like mourning apparel and
i saw this on my
tv one after
noon in nineteen hundred and
ninety one on a
zincgreys afternoon

but when the eagle
broke the seventh seal
there was silence for an hour
because a news black
out had been imposed
and then the president said
'a litre of blood for a
dollar and three li
tres of plasma for
a pound - the oil must remain
unscathed' - i heard this
on st. agnes' day

i've been confined to
my bed for three days now be
tween sweaty sheets and
hoar frost outside from
the grass that is cast
ing its faint reflection in
across the ceiling and the
poems from last year
where i read that the
desert war was rag
ing then more fiercely than a
ny influenza

heartland 22/1
storm hurricane force - time to
read perse's 'vents' or
malinowski's 'fu
ga' or even better to
go out into the
wind's iron fist and let
yourself whirl round in ever
decreasing circles
round your own axis
like leaves that swirl around a
pyramid of tin

i go out into
the wind that is like
an eagle that smells of chalk
and rusty iron - the sky is
big tonight and i
don't know any rea
son for holding back
no - i'll let my po
em bay away at the moon
just like my dog would have barked
in competition
with it last winter

crucis in corde
plantatio - enor
mous diagonals made criss
cross patterns over
my heart spans of years
and time of birthdays and dates
of death were all gathered in
to one point as un
der a glass i was
in my wholeness my wholeness
was in me time and
the instant were one

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'things
have to have happened
or been created
before you can talk about
them but doing so
is (like an echo)
what gains the applause just like
rings on the water
only reach the shore
a long time after the spir
it's stone has been thrown'

the chaffinches print
their strings of tiny hiero
glyphs onto the hoar
frost whilst they peck at
seeds the signs do not
form a sonnet and there's no
inscription 'soli deo
gloria' only
a stupid poet
would be able to
find such meaning in those scrawls
me for example

heartland 23/1
according to the grima
ni breviary
it is the time for
banquets now in the heart of
winter poultry and
pork on the table
for the dog too and the ger
falcon while in my
personal alma
nac there's just a new moon black
as tarnished silver

in this poem it
is not forbidden
to strip patti la belle
to the skin or as
you would with a cut
out doll to the paper - you
can buy whatever woman
you should chance to fan
cy simply for words
except my wife apart from
that you've a free hand
- or a free poem

heartland 24/1
the warmest january
in living memo
ry i've no deepfelt
grief (though grief's great stuff
for poetry) and am not
unhappy (even better
material) all
that i lack is the
snow which ought to be
falling at this time of year
as silent as snow

the entrance to this
poem is to be
found in the memory three
steps up inside the
backroom here you are
with dice being cast for each
word and nobody stops you
committing sui
cide when you've lost your
last poem for who knows may
be salvation wins
over perditiion?

25 january

what had become of
'the good old days' when the grand
father clock had a
more resonant chime
throughout my childhood and snow
storms could be relied
on with clockwork pre
cision not like nowadays
only in fairy
tales of 'the good old
days' when all the fairytales
actually took place

it was not all that
simple with all that
freedom or rather with that
sliver of freedom
humans despite e
verything possess and i am
often tempted to lose my
self in calculat
ing totals and to
talities to lose my way
in ramanujan's
splendid formulas

tombeau de robert
jacobsen has now taken
'the old days' with him
behind the rust and
red lead there where the secret
hexagram has been
welded into the
inside of the iron leaving
us still alive on
ly the chance of read
ing his last signature mir
rored on the steel pane

memory is quite
spiritless since all that is
spirit relates to
itself (otherwise
only to god) while he who
remembers has pre
cisely to relate
to a timespan outside the
moment (point in time)
which is thereby at
a point outside him because
all time is present

the first word ought to
have stood in the last poem
that much i could re
member though not quite
where - whether it was
to take place on the far side
of the fairytale or in
the depths of winter's
box of varnish and
chinese ink i could
no longer recall and the
rest i'd forgotten

the texaco lorry
was here again to refill
the tank with fueloil
if only it was
possible to be
topped up too with some sort of
fuel that was more efficient
than snaps and coffee
another form of
pure alcohol like
the time before devalu
ation got going

dear jørgen b you
were my very first
real friend and no doubt you
will also be the
last because that's how
things are with everything that
really means something it tends
to bite its own tail
as is the case with
birth and death which close about
the great laurel wreath
of reality

it's snowing finer
than coriander
and purer than even 'die
winterreise' where all my
final youthful dreams
lie buried under
the ammonium
carbonate of ro
manticism such a ve
ry long time after i have
woken up to the
great reality

i did not bury
the blue titmouse in
a lined cigar case but chose
instead a sonata for
toy piano by
john cage and i thought
about my own death
partly because a
bird had just flown into a
window pane that was full of
sunshine what way-out
eschatology

hints tips and good advice
to a young poet 'sometimes i tend to cheat
when i am playing chess against the
tasc-thirty machine not so
much out of a desire to
win but to make the game of chess as beau-
tiful as possible just
like when i'm writing
poetry' i said

hints tips and good advice
to a young poet 'but the most delightful
games came about even so when i re-
sisted the temptation to
cheat when it was all on the
line and my opponent was reali-
ty in person and when truth
and beauty were one
in my poetry

and the birds flew towards me from all the four corners of the globe they
flew at me directly from god forming a spontaneous flock just
outside my very kitchen window and i felt
great affection for those paltry mites as
if they'd been the children i'd never had myself

and once more i was standing at the farthest poem where nothing more
could be said because language had been worn
out and exhausted of turquoises and didn't
do any longer and one fine day even the
innermost word would be entrusted to me and
bring me to silence

the winter's barbed wire
the winter's chemi
cals the winter's smithy the
winter's crusade the
winter's naphthalene
the winter's king's gambit the
winter's broken on the wheel
the winter's 'tupi
lak' the winter's i
liad the winter's rape and
winter's diamond
anniversary

on the gable of
the house with small mintgreen let
ters (that resemble
tsao-shu) i have
written heartland pro
bably to proclaim the po
etic nature of all as
pects of my life ra
ther than put it a
side to certain hours
and to the winter fairy
tales of certain days

the day's name: vale
rius - cold and clam
my as an oyster mushroom
the culmination of win
ter the dead tug at
the heart as do the
weights in a clock that
call for their taxes
the wood is a delicate
distant violet as if
coloured with vine
gar and blackberries

hwest slant downwards to the real sea northe
 t h h h a
 r o o firewo o nr nroh s
 o r r odpile r o t ct roht
 n n ra n firewo ntra h ra tn
 t ct t odpile r ct no r
 holz r r r a h g l a ivah
 e w a a a c o a c n e
 d e c c cth n th r t t g d
 g ge t n t or orn n h e g
 e hr i m f e
 n o along this path youll s dewollo
 f roh hr e f
 o t n m b p nr ht o
 r c de the mid e a o ca r
 s a d of f i win il t rh r
 i k ra e a s meop ter t h n t t i
 d o t c w s sb n e ca n d
 e o n t o t el i dleh yllar y r r e
 n r bou l a o n cart o n
 tho nd l lf ni deransne eb llu r t n ht
 i ary thorn t o t r i
 tho c f t irreg h ac ct h c oht
 y rnt a r ular o r ra t a y
 tr r g a anima r t racr
 s n t n c l dro n li n t
 o r h i t pings nn r firewo r nroht
 u o o v et o odpile a s
 t h r a h c a
 hwest n here runs lifes arterial way t southe

or i could spend both
days and nights ponder
ing the particular var
iants of the queen's
indian gambit
(where the rubies flash and e
verything follows the rules) in
order to escape
this almost accursed
freedom which made so many
demands and gives so
little in return

heartland 31/1
nightfall has come early like
silver paper at
the wood's edge - what's the
use of freedom now
when we cannot have children
when it has finally been
confirmed after sev
enteen artifi
cial insemina
tions at the clinic so what
does freedom mean now?

thalamus cordis
in a forest black as black
in its deepest cowl
ing from behind a
hunter's shack winds of pain were
howling deep within
my very soul at
its very flower i killed
something beautiful
at the very flow
er of my heart's true bower
thalamus cordis

FEBRUARY

speculum cordis
despite this i kept
hold during all the daily
chores and trivia
lities between the
pots and pans and routines of
this tiny precious point kept
hold of this small spark
of freedom of this
grain of sand which satan nev
er finds as it is
god's mirror image

johannes v jen
sen experienced
once mount fuji in a brief
supernatural
moment as he des
cribes it something almost trans
cendent and holy but what
came as a surprise
to him was real
ly only reality
stripped of all abstrac
tion true to itself

that words and objects
are different is
something we know but also
that they belong to
gether closely like
body and soul - thought of sep
arately (which perhaps is
possible) madness
and gibberish en
sue and if really separ
ated announce the
beginning of death

when the pendulum
of winter stands stock-still and
candlemas is a
red acetylene
flame when the lakes are covered
over with black-ice
and the daymoon gleams
without its furry cap when
the poem ties its
granny knots what then?
then you are to hold your tongue
and read your bjørnvig

there was no longer
any particu
lar right moment every
single instant was now right
and good enough for
the spiritual e
vents and the explo
rations i still had
to carry out each moment
was from that point on suffi
cient in its own truth
and in its own now

heartland 2/2
neptune and uranus in
conjunction the sky
at war as is the
earth down there in bos
nia behind the
dead television
skies and even here the chaf
finches fight for the
few last sunflower seeds
but in my own heart peace and
tranquillity reign

balneum cordis
all instances of death in
my family and
among friends are now
more than three years old
and therefore ought by this time
to be stages that have been
got over be past
poems in the heart's
own diary or col
ophons printed without er
rors longing and loss

perhaps though there lies
within the very word 'long
ing' that the longer
the time that passes
and the greater the
distance thus becomes the more
we come to long for those who
we have loved the most
and that longing there
fore contrary to
what one might think constantly
increases with time

what would it profit
a man if he could
understand the entire world
and all its problems
and yet be unable
to understand himself - for
that is precisely under
standing's own problem
it's precisely here
a rift is to be found deep
down exposing a
leak in perfection

s recess wood edge towards poem no six the corn
y f word e
r b se se h dista f t wor i here i r
t i a n a n t n r h dri n sit a
e r n o n o r these t o a ver nd wri o
o d em t em o n a w ideas te thi f
p cr s h n aw i drow r d bridge s poem
ene a s s o wor u
lat g w g rotom fo ra t dri n
ed st o n o ver an an r
s ump i enin meop wor s e s e e
p poemnofour dri e m e m a
r t thorn t o p iterver no an no l
i h h e poemno o l atu sl s e thi
n o+thorn+o m f e i irror r ush e m aw t
g r r n poem i m t m rror e no y
s n thorn n o e no v n e mi ror e
f v si e o r mir or r unused churc
p t o i x p f a mirr r u n h
a swo h swo u fonmeo o t mirro t u n n y
t ndp a ndp r u ur ra s ona ona a
h ors w ors poemnofour elite e m m r
s slu slu d e e d
whitethorn era s sh s sh s
era nth y y u n n u
n swo t swo nth is era a a t n ona ona n
o ndp h ndp is nth r r r h u m m u
r ors a ors snow is n n n a s e e s
t w uuu we e
heast the earliest rays of sunrise ddrayhcruhcd

one swears by the soul
of one's dead mother but it
ought rather to be
by her body (by
her ashes) since it
is the flesh which will rise a
gain on the day of judgment
and it is thus the
body which can be
lost for all eter
nity under the cold si
licon of the stars

and i saw the blood
in the streets or more
accurately on the screen
once it used to be vietnam
now it's bosnia
once it used to be
spain now herzego
vina there was no
thing new under the crescent
lastly i saw the commer
cials and cabaret
from sarajevo

perhaps true freedom
called for some sort of
a renouncement i.e. that
of itself - perhaps
the last free choice con
sisted in choosing ones own
destiny as a necess
ity - was it in
such a decision
freedom and necessity
became resolved and
formed a unity?

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et 'when attacked transform your
self into a stone
hard immovable
and most of all silent your
enemies will either stum
ble over you or
smash themselves to piec
es on you - and make sure you
do as i do not
as i say' i said

cordis divisi
o - when the earth to
day is so hard and cold how
is it that my heart
is so tender and
naked how is it i'm at
my wits' end how is it i
haven't the faintest
idea what i am
to use my freedom for ex
cept to continue
smoking cigarettes?

did freedom only
exist in order
to confirm itself as the
ultimate cause - could
it not be put to
any other use than its
own perfection - wasn't it
enough - wasn't it
thus that man as a
logical conclusion could
confirm his own re
lationship to god?

the hazel catkins
men from fyns telefon dig
ging among the snow
drops on hedebo
vej marketfresh mushrooms from
bilka's smell of tarred
soot behind the scul
lery the first lad in den
im jacket influ
enza pimple on
my neck - fairly sure signs that
spring is on the way

stimulus cordis
for the final time i stood
up in the fourth-floor
ladies of the doc
tor's surgery with
a plastic measuring glass
in one hand and my penis
in the other one
birth and death connect
ed to each other
by love 'the discontent of
our childlessness'

and i unload the
heap of excess earth
in a corner of the gar
den among mortar
and some rubble in
between the fragments of used
up words so the sun can scorch
it into a per
gamon altar for
the weeds and for blackbirds a
throne of pure and sim
ple necessity

so why not begin
here where i am in
the throes of putting down a
drain along the gar
age wall and live in
hope that poetry will flow
into my poems as the
water does out there
in the ochre's re
bis so why not make some sort
of a start in the
clay's dhammapada?

today i put my
act together and
felled the trees that ought to have
been felled long since now we are
in february
while they were still doz
ing it was something
that had to be done
it is part of our human
destiny to kill besides
which i've replaced
them with other trees

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet 'to
compose reali
ty is impossi
ble since the poem itself
can't be included -
or - it is impossi
ble to compose reali
ty since the poem
itself is a part
of reality - which ver
sion do you prefer?

i glimpsed a hare that
shot across the frozen fields
to disappear in
to the murk of the
plantation and i
felt a twinge of the heart - oh
this other freedom to be
quite ignorant of
the fact that freedom
exists could it be
possible for anything
else than for a hare?

many varia
bles meet out above
the fields on this day in feb
ruary most of them green
because the winter
barley has really
taken over and
the innermost flame
of my secret fire smokes with
a greenish tinge too like oil
that has been fired in
the relentless rain

this time i will not
choose to follow the
major lines of sight that come
to a dead end (there
where destiny's tower
is struck by lightning) since life
is simply not fashioned in
such a way this time
i will make my search
in miniature mazes that
are lit by the hang
ing lamps of snowdrops

and if the great mo
ments were to occur
(like the illuminations
in angelus si
lesius' poem)
i'd not think of rejecting
them i simply wouldn't plan
them i wouldn't sit
and wait for them (place
the rest of my life in some
sort of brackets) they'd
have to call on me

i picked up the ace
of clubs and didn't find it
all that odd because
for me it repre
sented each and every tree
out there in the win
ter as well as all
the woods of turquoise deep in
side my mind where the
iron cross of poe
try tipped strangely northwards near
langesø chapel

and in the other
segment of the sky:
the moon crushed with quartz although
i've only seen the
eclipse on tv
and as a glass or papier
mache model in a tech
nical museum
the moon on the screen
behind light sweetpea coloured
clouds is something i've
never seen either

i'd been to all points
of the compass had performed
the intellectual
somersaults which are
referred to as phil
osophy and scienti
fic theory and was now once
more facing life it
self strong and incom
prehensible as
the screech of the pheasant in
the alder thicket

heartland 9/2
the lark has not returned yet
(in spite of the date)
but it's snowing more
finely than potash
it's snowing like it does in
the film 'the unknown soldier'
its snowing with ash
from my mothers urn
but the very first
lark from last year has not yet
appeared on the scene

how high is that lark
to soar - above the raindrops
or higher than it
self? lark upon lark
perched on the rungs of jacob's
ladder which i am
now putting aside
because i've realized that
there isn't any
thing to understand
and have long since received a
hard slap in the face

the lark has returned
bebop for the pro
fessional buffs yet greener
than even dizzy
gillespie - and
so i decide to turn my
self into an orderly
character the prob
lem being if some
body deciding off and
on can be an or
derly character

today marks the first
lark's arrival - that
is absolutely certain
i haven't seen it
with my own eyes yet
or heard its quaver
trills of crushed porce
lain i'm absolute
ly sure that the lark will be
arriving today if no
where else then it will
come to the poems

no one in the world
can of course see the dif-
ference between a
free act and a ne-
cessary event wheth-
er we have chosen love or
rather it has chosen us
remains a secret
to the world and a
secret to ourselves
who have to make do with the
blind snowstorms of faith

i lost my way in
scarlatti's late so-
natas with inscription a-
vec privilege du
roy and while the va-
riations on the theme of
eternity increased i
simply lost all sense
of direction just
as i did when i fell in
love with my wife at
café egebjerg

from which it can be
deduced that there is but one
essential freedom
that is the freedom
one has to choose god
all freedom's contained in this
since all else derives from that
choice no matter how
contradictory
and incomprehen-
sible this may sound at the
base of a poem

the year of the earth
is past and i stand
on that threshold where the winds
are born on morning's threshold
green with salt and new
beginnings a thresh-
old where the sounds from
the wood are merely
an echo from last year that
have been caught in the windfalls
like the tired and spent
thoughts of yesterday

i am in two minds
this morning rather
like a diamond that can
be cleft into two
so that when the blow
finally falls and i stand
in a light empirical
world full of grass the
result is just as
inexplicable as is
rené thom's ca-
tastrophe theory

tombeau de bjelke
the day's name: scholas-
tica sunrise 7.45 am
sunset 5 pm the day's length
has increased by 2
hrs 17 mins
saturn in conjunc-
tion with the sun high
tide at 2 the author
henrik bjelke is dead r.i.p.
the twilight lasts a
full forty minutes

the only place where
it is snowing this februa-
ry is at the
winter olympics
up there in the mountains or
rather the only
place where it is snow-
ing is on the televi-
sion screen and in the
poem i wrote at
the same time last year just un-
derneath this poem

nelson mandela
and i saw nelson
mandela on his release
from prison 'under
his flying colors'
black for apartheid green for
a new birthright and lemon
yellow for freedom's
retirement a ti-
ny step and yet a great stride
across the shining
african threshold

just look at the snow
it's snowing in the room here
on the tv screen
it's snowing at the
world championships
in italy it's snowing
outside in the garden it's
snowing inside my
head it's snowing in
this poem you can
take it from me the snowflakes
are having a ball

every poem that's
written today no
matter by whom and on what
subject no matter
if it's composed of
alexandrines enhanced by
two dozen bright-red rubies
or it happens to
be a genuine
golden wedding song it's now
dedicated to
nelson mandela

12 february

it is really true
i have gone into exile
i have now withdrawn
from all those hangout
cafés and from all the
small vicissitudes
from the sphere of chand
eliers to the apples'
north pole and the howl
ing wind it's really
true i have withdrawn am ful
ly returned to life

freedom is only
determined by it
self which makes it incom
prehensible and necess
ity contains more
than its own necess
ity which makes it
self-contradicto
ry - we would be in a bad
way if cognition was no
thing but a question
of understanding

heartland 13/2
just let these words cover your
tranquil mind with snow
like the apples i
threw out to the black
bird the day before the snow
storm they will resurface re
emerge from the mem
ory once the sun
starts to shine again
and winter has retreated
to other poems

my beloved do
you know how many kisses
lie buried under
the words in this po
em like some sort of
absolute number magic
which is not even half as
mystical as math
ematics itself?
you ought to know as
you are the person who was
going to get them

the sky's vitriol
the sky's jesuit school the
sky's pvc film the sky's
spring sales catalogue
the sky's longshore bar the sky's
empire-style chair the
sky's royal flush the
sky's neon tube the sky's flo
ra the sky's deceased's
estate the sky's par
quet floor the sky's giro form
the sky's brass fittings

what other words did
i leave out omit
in the other white squares on
this page (where i can
just make out the wa
termarks of the pentagrammes)
that writing did not reach a
long its sinuous
path - what other words
did i push in under the
poem to make it
work to make it scan?

it was so peaceful
in the depths of the
wood as if it was sunday
it was a sunday too when
i went walking o
ver a carpet of
freshly cut sprigs of
fir just like those at
the funeral of frede
rik the ninth so long ago
as peaceful there as
in the memory

can poems shed light
upon each other?
do they give off reflections
and echoes across
the empty spaces
and the silence? do the words'
shadows (like those of pine-trees
on snow) fall across
the white squares and the
uninhabited patches
of the mind? do po
ems light up the whole?

cordis aggrava
tio - a hawthorn in the
snow only my own
footprints a blackbird
keeping an eye on
me the stone wall close by the
thickets with a madder lake
black like my heart what
do i want here in
my own snowblindness
among all the used-up words?
advance five poems

or do poems on
ly illuminate
themselves in an orange glow
resembling the gigantic
greenhouses at night
time not far from tok
kerod? whose bushes
and plants have names i
do not know - is the true na
ture of the poems that kind
of secret and her
metic arcana?

my dear jens bagge
sen the dog has shit
in the labyrinth that's in
side this little ele
phant's foot on the per
sian carpet - may god
be praised for the fact
that poetry's ex
cretory images do
not stink like this birthday pre
sent p.s. and how's your
ischias getting on?

a frosty morning
the wheelbarrow lies
with its legs in the air my
thoughts are crystalliz
ing focusing on
the ace of spades like black-ice
and what can that signify?
the motor saw's a
faint sound from the ap
ple orchard like a solo
by stan getz i can
no longer recall

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'just
like you can't pretend
to be drunk if you
actually are
drunk you cannot write poems
if you are completely full
of poetry' i
said - 'the poem de
mands realities
the poem's hard as nails re
member that' i said

and the ringhals power
plant's stack tilts slightly
like an hour-glass in the east
erly wind with its extin
guished lantern signal
ling yet again a
further stop in the
sequence of that pro
bability where each cast
of the dice can be the last
under the blue cal
culation staging

the cones of light sweep
across the ceiling at night
and in my present
sleep-drugged state i find
it difficult to decide
whether they really
come from car headlights
or emanate from the huge
lights that uriel
has lit within my
dreams - and doesn't it really
come to the same thing?

i'm not much for turn
ing poetry in
to some new romantic fal
lacy which could on
ly be experi
enced in transient 'moments
of truth' - i would prefer to
seek to include all
of life in the world
of poetry or rather
all of poetry
in the world of life

since i operate
in wholes the concept
of 'understanding' is ex
cluded by the fact
that i myself am
a part of these wholes which in
a sense you could say i live
through or experi
ence since they make up
my life i must make do with
insight 'sympathet
ic understanding'

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'you
could perhaps formu
late it in a slight
ly more direct way -
just as beauty is not beau
tiful so poetry is
not poetic' i
said continuing
by stating 'you must
gain mastery over the
first ten thousand words'

the frost outside in
february's convent the
gale that calls the world
together from its
four corners the qui
etness between the snowflakes
the cold that strikes at you from
the white of a sheet
of paper the words
that are always get
ting in the way - forfeit your
turn for four poems

i allow the clouds
to pass unhampered
across this area which
looks out across the southern
sky just as the win
dows in my room do
i do not seem to
have all that much on
my mind on this particu
lar winter evening so let
the image remain
uninterpreted

i was pretty close
now i'd begun to phanta
size about the life
i actually
was living the woman i
loved and the snow that
was drifting outside
and turning winter into
winter - you could per
haps put it anoth
er way and say i was high
on reality

the foreplay has be
come protracted and
complex my beloved like
a labyrinth be
tween us as if love's
red thread has been transformed pre
cisely into the laby
rinth which that (same thread)
was meant to help me
find the exit - but yet a
gain this time i reach
the end of the road

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'there
is plenty going
on in the world out
side you know nothing about
and plenty inside
in your mind that the
world doesn't know anything
about' i said - 'where
the two diago
nals intersect each other
poetry is born'

the house i'm talking
about this time lies
on the outer edge of the
snow where the enormous pine
trees keep watch over
the dark and where all
fairytale adventures
can begin it
isn't marked on any ord
nance survey map but it is
in the poem that
is inside the house

you can certainly
come back to or go out in
to reality
all you have to do
is to stop reading
and follow the last lines of
the poem that run like a
road along the last
firs of the winter
then you will be im
mediately back inside your
own reality

a long time has passed
since i last knelt down
in the red salt of winter
between the words 'kyrie
eleison' hard
with frost and soda
a long time now since
i've thought them inside
my head and said them out loud
one night perhaps it is be
cause my whole life has
turned into a prayer

you make me happy
my beloved like
the buzzard gyrating in
its epicycles
like paraffin when
it is ignited like stan
getz on the bossa nova
waters like the sight
of the danish flag
that is how happy you make
me when we are in
love's right element

i spent what must have
been a solid hour
on board the car ferry prins
joachim contem
plating a grey box
out of which there stuck a black
rubber cable possibly
poetry had con
cealed itself in this
grey box i don't know to this
day as i never
got to open it

why does the train stop
at høje tåstrup nobody
ever gets on and
ever gets off any
train at høje tå
strup and as far as i know
nobody has ever done
so - i have asked ta
ge skou-hansen but
he doesn't know eith
er why the train makes a stop
at høje tåstrup

for the third year in
succession i found myself
on the great belt fer
ry on the same day
this time with a draught beer and
there was no need for
me to swear any
sort of oath so as to get
safely home because
i was already
part of what was a much larg
er conspiracy

and the coordi
nates this morning are:
x for stone y for rungsted
z for the rebis
of the heart and the
fourth dimension: immortal
ity my shadow falls al
most as crooked as
the danish writer
johannes ewald himself
when he was alive
right across his name

quinguagesima
esto mihi - sam
uel's day and shrovetide new
moon two o' clock mercury's
largest easterly
elongation
regulus culmi
nating at midnight
christ's baptism matthew three
thirteen to the end - wonder
what we'll be having
for dinner today?

the winter retreat
ed to the very darkest
scrubland and thickets
in the heart of the
woods where there was still
a marked coolness of menthol
the winter slowly ebbed a
way in slush and melt
water disappear
ing without trace in
late sonatas of dome
nico scarlatti

here an owl swooped down
on a fieldmouse in
this midfield square in broad day
light did so precise
ly here where the sun
crosses bones under febru
ary's cranium or could
it have been my own
gaze which for the short
space of a second lost it
self was captured in
its own snowblindness?

my journey is con
ducted in mini
mal labyrinths small as the
surface of my writ
ing desk where bagge
sen's 'the labyrinth' lies pre
cisely at the one edge with
the bible at the
other but what a
distance between them further
than that from copen
hagen to pyrmont

i did not meet up
with death in the wood
upon this late winter's day
neither dressed as a
woodcutter nor as
itself in a homespun coat
but i could sense that it was
staring intensely
at me from some sec
ret patch of undergrowth or
other with its pen
etrating green gaze

seeing that our lives
are characterized
down to the minutest de
tails by what could be
called contexts (i do
not intend here to pinpoint
which) it is remarkable
that most people end
up making the op
posite claim: that life is frag
mentary with no
links between atoms

this can only be
the result of a
clash between life and under
standing - since under
standing cannot give
itself a coherent ex
planation it wrongly de
duces that life al
so lacks any co
herence despite experi
ence's evidence
to the contrary

and i went out in
to the garden and stuck my
index finger in
to the last snow of
winter and it felt like sac
rificing the black
knight in a certain
variant of alekhine's
defence cold and burn
ing at one and the
same time as when an angel
passes through the room

it is time i think
to have a closer
look at that hawthorn tree - it
has stood there charcoal
black like dexter gor
don in his quartet throughout
the winter blacker than e
ven wrought iron although
right at this moment
it's changing colour precise
ly as in 'once i
had a secret love'

and i saw the first
cup of wrath be poured from the
sky over the earth
from the bellies of
flying fortresses
and evil wounds and lesions
afflicted mankind and i
saw the marks of the
great beast in the des
ert sand while the gi
ant posters of saddam hus
sein went up in smoke

ash wednesday also
referred to as mat
thew - venus the brightest star
the average tempera
ture zero centi
grade the golden num
ber eighteen the so
lar cycle fourteen
white rook to h4 the light
a priori and the cold
the words set the po
em freezes over

if i had still been
superstitious it would have
been difficult to
consider it a
good sign that the gold watch had
stopped at exactly
twelve on this inter
calary day but that kind
of eternity
was no longer ca
pable of moving me with
its fourteen carats

black horse inn and the
squatters police and
a host of politicians
on the front pages
and who can do with
out them in this arcana?
i probably ought not to
have sold the picture
of the building which
i inherited it could
be the last shred of
evidence in that case

cordis scrutinium
and i entered the wood of
opals along a
line between light and
dark and i said to my heart
which was decora
ted with black titmouse
feathers: 'how heartily i
abhor litera
ture and all its works'
i said belying the words
of my own poem

and i could hear a
humming like that of
an electric light bulb that's
about to go or maybe
it was the frost or
god or a distant
motor saw or the
refrigerator
perhaps that was out of or
der or was it simply the
acoustic nerve that was
stretched to breaking point?

and i saw the sec
ond cup of wrath be emptied
into the sea and
it changed into blood
like a dead man's and
the battleships 'missouri'
and 'wisconsin' spewed fire on
the land where the white
flag was flying and
made total mocke
ry of all predictions a
bout heroism

and the third angel
emptied its cup in the ri
vers tigris and eu
phrates and they turned
black with cholera
and i heard a voice proclaim
ing 'jihad' holy war o
ver the blaring
loudspeakers rather
like that of chaplin
in 'the dictator' film from
the second world war

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

and the fifth angel
poured out its cup over the
throne of baghdad and
the big city was
split into three parts
like obsidian when it
is cut and i saw that out
of the mouth of the
false prophet there is
sued three impure spi
rits who resembled saddam
aziz and raschid

i break the chain of
a series of cer
tain events that could perhaps
lead down into my
hell of papers where
the bird of satan circles
above itself and the chance
of getting lost for
that reason too and
to avoid trouble provide
the poem with my
own imprimatur

and i saw the fourth
cup of wrath be poured out o
ver the sun - then the
television screen
turned black with smoke and
heat from six hundred petro
chemical installations
and they took the name
of god in vain and
they added it as
insignias on the blood
stained cloths of their flags

daniel ortega
when i was a boy
i learnt all the flags of the
nations by heart but
i can't remember
nicaragua's any more
was it blue or red? could it
be i will one day
eventually for
get your name too among all
the other liber
ators now you've lost?

and i saw the sev
enth cup of wrath full of sul
phur and napalm be
emptied over the
great euphrates on
whose banks a tank battle was
raging and they herded to
gether and surround
ed the republi
can guard at the spot
that in arabian has
the name of kuwait

obsignatio cor
dis - this poem wraps itself
round its own secret
which is neither a
flacon with english salt or
a dried carnation
or a lark's nest and
most definitely not the
living word or by
no stretch of the im
agination is it an
unhappy love af
fair my lips are sealed

between this poem
and the next one there
is a distance of 100 km
since it was written
in the parking lot
that is right outside spottag's
bakery in odder where
my beloved was
buying shrovetide buns
with cream as thick as that of
my sperm after a
fortnight's abstinence

apertio cordis
while this poem is wide o
pen and has opened
all its windows to
the last rust and woodsmoke of
the season it's not
hiding anything
behind the language quite the
reverse all the words
are on the table
and the paper even the
ace of hearts' turned up

my beloved ev
everything has changed since
last time the time the place and
the action the haute couture
of the woods as of
last year when green was
the fashion as it
will be soon again
everything has changed with the
exception of my love and
this poem when you
happen to read it

and the seventh an
gel poured its cup out into
the air that was a
bove irak as a
sign that the war was
over i saw the vultures
squabbling over the spoils m d
foods m t group nkt and
the multinational
groups flaying each o
ther to get a morsel of
the reconstruction

i put out a ci
garette right here in
the poem - you cannot see
this on account of
the reproduction
but in my original
copy there is a clearly
visible burn mark
from it as on a
klein canvas or similar
to the words in vi
naya-pitaka

the winter taught me
to walk on the wa
ter forwards and backwards o
ver trundemose bog's ice
tiles and ceramics
the winter taught me
everything about
silence the silence
of words and the silence af
ter the dead ones lying deep
under the snow 'a
hundred miles away'

the poem's baggage
and its heartlessness the po
em's life insurance
and its waldeinsam
keit the poem's eastman co
lor and its barrel
organ the poem's
autodafé and its im
mortality the
poem's klein bleu the
poem's granny knot its in
tercalary day

MARCH

these opening lines
have been sponsored by
carlsberg and here a known in
surance company
has booked itself in
this sequence has been leased out
to scandinavian to
bacco company
even though it's a
health hazard - sorry today
there is no room for
any poetry

and spring arrived in
veflinge wiping out all
the traces and im
ages of war from
the newspapers and
from the tv screen where oth
er experts had their say as
they tried to explain
the ways of the world
spring came to the po
em with other words like 'snow
drop' and 'eranthis'

nevermore - screeched the
crows as they rose and
flapped their way out of winter
borne on their freezing shadows
nevermore - screeched the
crows as they rose and
flapped their way out of
my poem and in
to the woods behind life leav
ing me alone with the four
corners of the world
on my writing desk

i did not want to
let language domi
nate life or vice versa -
did not want to lay
logical conclu
sions down in tracks left by trac
tors or to let causal laws
govern the word - i
wanted to inter
weave language and reali
ty to fashion the
poem's crown of thorns

for anyone in
terested in wholes it is
not enough to have
life at one end of
the scale and to have death at
the other end with
art at the point of
balance like some sort of a
mean proportional
it is not enough
because no whole can be suf
ficient in itself

midnight - time to go
out and contemplate
orion's sparkling brooch and
while i'm there to gaze
upwards at the lit
up panes that are my study
windows so that i can re
turn endeavour to
write this poem pre
cisely there - for now and then
poetry is real
ly bloody bizarre

this poem has been
provided with a singing
room where there's an out
of tune hornung og
møller piano
anyone can feel free to
sing whatever he likes wag
ner or arias
or even emil
reesen when it comes
to that - 'songs have wings' inside
this corner poem

ember day or st
cunigunda mars
five degrees north of the moon
the exact six the sunday
letter c schamas
se in perihel
ion passage a
flock of fieldfares des
cended on the hawthorn choos
ing to visit our garden
of all places to
day what an honour

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et 'once the left gave me all
sorts of trouble now the flak
is coming from the
right - what leg is one
to stand on when one
neither wants to play
a wily game or dance to
another's tune? - you could learn
from the hawthorn which
blossoms all the same'

heartland 3/3
shrove tuesday illuminat
ed by the snowdrops'
small carbide lamps and
by raindrops that are whiter
than fire lit up by
reality and
by the fairytales that ex
ist precisely for
us to be able
to better determine what
is reality

i was having difficulty writing 'you' any more if this 'you' did not refer to a concrete person other than myself - did that mean i was having difficulty writing poems any more? only if poems were such a game of hide and seek or self-entertainment

i was far too real to be able to fool myself with these 'i' 'you' plays on words where memory and oblivion were endlessly changing places in the poem i was far too present to get anything any more out of these poetic games of hide and seek

i had become too old to play 'hide and seek' and the 'subconscious' game too old to run up and down the ladder in myself i had become old enough to realize that it was not so much a question of self-knowledge that was at stake as a question of self-acknowledgment

all the boys from veflinge fish down in the small lake that lies behind the orchard to the northeast if only they knew that the heron after only half an hour on one leg gave up its fruitless venture the other day - oh who can hook a shining bream where bream cannot be found?

cordis dilata
tio the heart's pigheart the
heart's barcarole the
heart's paperheart the
heart's ragout the heart's ginger
bread heart the heart's bot
tle of chateau de
haux the heart's lionheart the
heart's negritude the
heart's golden heart the
heart's somersault and the heart
of the divine heart

'i want to eat you'
i've often said - be
loved and now i can hear
everyone saying
precisely that on
the radio i will have
to think up something more o
riginal for you:
'i want to peel you
like a prawn' - or something like
'i want to roll you
inside a pancake'

in every major
country town there is
at least one house with the name
'repose' and a bit further
out another one
that goes by the name
of 'elmgrove' and as
you reach the country
side a farm that is known as
'ericson's' until you've com
pletely gone astray
and come to 'heartland'

cordis irriga
tio - it's raining it's
raining over funen it's
raining cats and dogs
raining behind the
mirrors raining in the pre
ludes it's raining o
ver the danish farm
land its raining on
hedebovej it's raining
right inside my head
il pleure dans le cœur

language is tight to
day like underwear
that has shrunk in the wash or
like some coat of chain
mail as if each sin
gle word is predestined like
the pattern of a sonnet
sequence or a com
pulsion neurosis
as if i am locked inside
the fivepointed star
of necessity

beneath this poem
there is quite literally
a second poem
which i have glued a
white slip of paper
over on which this poem
has been written down so each
time anyone reads
this poem the sec
ond poem will be
recalled though every single
word's been forgotten

and beneath this sec
ond poem whose words have sunk
without trace there is
a third which does not
belong so much to
oblivion as to pain
since its words are not so much
forgotten as lost
in the possibi
lities that never
saw the light of day before
they were discarded

every poem con
tains such an echo such a
resonance chamber
of pain - in every
thing that became re
ality there is such a
sounding board of pain that forms
an accompani
ment rejoicing in
the miracle of
birth - at the very heart of
creation pain sings

and beyond the point
that words can reach the trees of
the topaze forest
fell down into po
ems that could not be written
and fairytales that
were never to be
told because they were darker
than blood that had con
gealed or a Danish
flag that was still fluttering
after the sunset

at three o' clock at
night i realize
why pascal had got into
difficulties for
nobody is ab
le to doubt his own doubt with
out losing his footing with
out falling down in
to the lion's den of
the paradox without ap
pearing before god
as in blind man's buff

there is nothing less
poetic in the world
than a poet for the same
reason that poe
try is not the least
poetic (only refracted
at any rate by the prism
of paradox) this
is why readers are
disappointed when they meet
the poet as he
is not poetic

beneath every so
nata is the sound of a
second sonata
that never saw birth - a wild
mirror-image so
nata full of secret moon
shine full of calcium and
of pain a more beau
tiful sonata
perhaps than the one
that you heard played on the keys
of reality

you are hearing the
dark sonata of anni
hilation with your
inner ear among
candelabra a
mong mirrors that mirror no
thing you're hearing potential
never realized
since reality
came into being
you are hearing pain at the
start of existence

beneath every po
em lie dead words lie butter
flies that never took
to the air in flight
lies that extinguished
dream which came into being
that poem you're reading now
lies that pain at the
dream which has become
reality once
and for all and which never
can be dreamt about

i kneel once again
in the red salt of prayer - how
difficult it is
to halt the rigma
role of words they sound rather
like a rattle or
like hot potatoes
like some nursery rhyme from
my childhood today
deeds will really have
to save me to a much great
er extent than words

and there was ringing
in my ears as if
someone was thinking of me
or as if i had been boxed
on the ears or as
if strangers were go
ing to arrive that
evening - there were bells
ringing on high as they do
in the psalms or could it sim
ply be the moon that
was high once again?

heartland 8/3
march is deserted and si
lent this year without
the lark's song almost
of poison and pollution
march as harsh as boots
on gravel colder
than an electronic flash
in the puddles be
tween green and winter
where the hares die of silver
out in the stained rape

i can't understand
a tree - what i understand
is the word 'tree' and
the sentences where
it is part of a
language nevertheless i
know very well the tree ex
ists even though i
don't understand it -
that's because insight
is much greater than language
and understanding

the concept of truth
cannot ever transcend lan
guage's horizon
since any statement
that something (out) in
reality is true can
only have a relation
ship to another
language and not the
one (out) in rea
lity which it claims to have
a relation to

an example: the
statement ' this tree is green' is
true if and only
if this tree is green
it is immediate
ly perceived we are only
dealing with two languages
which have a rela
tionship to each oth
er and not with lan
guage having a relation
to reality

thought and reali
ty cannot be conceived as
having a rela
tion to each other
since such a rela
tionship is itself a thought -
in actual fact though they do
(as experience
shows) relate to each
other and that in
sight's not due to thought itself
but to the spirit

language is never
able to transcend the dis
tance between itself
and reality
because such transcen
dence would have to take place in
language and the transcendence
is of course itself
language - neverthe
less this transcendence
does take place and most precise
ly in the poem

a have said it be
fore and i'll say it again
the poem links lan
guage and reali
ty together - the
poem is the relation
between language and rea
lity - that distance
language itself is
unable to transcend
that relationship which thought
itself cannot think

the world cannot be
understood it is rather
perceived in the blind
ing light of para
dox and poem that
welds language and reali
ty together once more form
ing that wholeness which
understanding held
apart and had to
hold apart so it could be
perceived as a whole

insight is locat
ed beyond understanding
and thereby also
beyond truth and be
yond error - each in
stant of insight contains its
own truth or contains its own
error that is not
determined by some
truth calculation
or other but is solely
determined by god

tombeau de michael
who decorated
his heart yesterday with fresh
sprigs of forsythia
who swept away all
the ashes - where was the flame
of poetry burning low
and flickering like
wet firs - who opened
his door yesterday and his
poem for the fall
an angel of light?

and i saw a foe
frozen in ni
trogen and a dead child in
a wheelbarrow i saw an
embarrassed prime min
ister with a pale
face like a boiled ham
i saw a line of
trenches in bosnia and
a woman weeping her cou
rageous tears - finally
there was handball

if you approach pa
desø church on a morning
in march you will see
it disappear in
to the light this is due to
an illusion that
i nevertheless
mention it is because the
optical illu
sion is both beauti
ful and true like a lute pre
lude by de visée

the daffodils know
nothing of the fact
of easter are a month too
early in the pur
est goldleaf of the
resurrection have long since
transformed that saltpetre which
was scorching the heart
with a secret fire
and the spirit's clear borax
es are long since gone
once more at easter

on closer consid
eration i find
i nevertheless prefer:
'i want to eat you
darling' precisely
because everyone says it
because there is no other
way of saying it
just as the very
best way of saying 'i love you' is
simply by
saying 'i love you'

cordis in cruce
i was under god's law now
which made my life much
easier because
all was forgiven me yet
at the same time more
difficult without
trappings naked as an em
erald in hydro
chloric acid or
a samurai sword over
the heart's three leopards

mount imaginary cluny tapestry frame silver
 e e
 r c s re f h h e m
 e n p t t aits o v o
 v e e s ero p o u
 l c t c y past the b f e l s n
 i on it t l s & e t
 sw e l r o y i s
 o s x a a s i t t r c
 r a t e reach s r i o i
 e d c e t r h u t o a l g s e
 bs lh nwo o h m h a e y b
 o a t y m r d d y ce e i c e l p h o
 n ussm c o s n n r l a t a n
 y meni l o l m t f g iona e n y
 e e s o a g i e e r o is u m t
 b on si ss t o u c v a f
 oph at esn n p htr r ys s r
 n lc i u a sl ya
 y ce b ao m
 dl h eert eppla tb e
 rf t nm
 s on a meopone ay
 i wi p n v hs t
 l vocabularies o no i metaphors n
 v te i d siht wollof six f ea e u
 e a g r e o i o r m n o
 r c o s vepoem n d odes m

mount imaginary verteuil tapestry frame silver

hints tips and good advice to a young poet 'one who is neither a reader's poet nor a poet's poet' i remarked - 'is presumably his own poet or no one at all's poet' i said without being asked 'or maybe god's poet' i added with some hesitation

the dog barks so fu
riously in under
the bed when we copulate
that i sometimes come
to a complete halt
the dog barks like it does on
the tarot card 'moon' the dog
barks like the wolfhound
my mother's dachshund
barks from the past as if it
was she herself who
broke off our love act

i am completely
up on the surface
of language this morning up
there where writing
congeals up there where
words burst like bubbles against
the whiteness of the paper
and where the poem
could almost have been
painted by jasper johns with
oilbased crayons on
encaustic paper

what had become of
all the accounts become of
the great calcula
tions about pain that
were to guarantee
a lasting reputation
the small variations on
the theme of eter
nity the long ex
cursions to the wood
of immortality what
had become of them?

the system had been
sucked up into the words now
almost like grammar
itself or white wine
in blotting paper
that had been spilt on the num
bers had dissolved in language
like salt in water
the magic formu
las gleamed at the bot
tom of the poem like pi
ranesi's prisons

the stud farm horses
are out for the first
time this year up there on the
meadow behind ørgård i
get off my bike to
say hello to them
'what a country bump
kin' i can see them
thinking to themselves but may
be i am looking at some
future winner of
the derby - who knows?

the equation went
up or the tautology
if you like - a tree
actually was
a tree a lark ac
tually was a lark i
actually was myself
the only differ
ence after all these
poems between the
lightning flashes was now i
knew it to be so

how moving here on
the threshold of tin of old
age to be able
to say 'i love you'
and know it was real
ly so that the words corres
ponded to reality
it was like praying
to god as i did
as a child and know
ing it was for real now just
as it had been then

snowshowers and slush from
the northwest where the colour
black still dominates
the woods that are so
dark and menacing that no
body dares to be
out in them without
holding mother by the hand
or singing out loud
'ever dauntless as
you go' among the tall trunks
of childhood's forest

life cannot be re
duced to 'understand
ing' because it constitutes
a whole the oppo
site applies it's un
derstanding which can be ex
panded to life or to a
poem since it is
the poem that can
glue all the shards together
heal the wound under
standing's brought about

there the hare lay for
the fifth day in a
row in the ditch beside the
assens road with all four legs
pointing heavenwards
having forgotten
now all the adven
tures and schemes that it
had been the author of you
could justly claim that it quite
literally had
returned to nature

cordis durities
i do not believe in god
from a pure and up
right heart but because
understanding (in
its state of utter para
dox) has led me to the in
sight that no other
possibilities
exist - belief is
in a sense my one and on
ly alternative

i'm colouring this
square green malachite
green since it's my favourite
colour and chromi-
um oxide turquoise
green as the sky right now o-
ver the wood's edge behind kø-
beskovlund if you're
unable to see
it that's your own fault because
in the mind's eye it
is greener than green

how strange it feels to
travel back and forth across
this bridge between or-
dinary language
and poetry to
realize so long after
wards that they despite all their
differences be-
long together since
both of them each in
its own particular way
expresses the whole

ordinary lan-
guage somehow immediate
and nonreflective
before understand-
ing split the words from
each other and cut them off
from the world before intel-
lect cleft reali-
ty's uncut dia-
mond into one re-
ality and one language
forced to live apart

poetry in its
sense of reuniting words
and reality
so that they form the
wholeness which the world
is beyond philosophy
and deconstruction beyond
language's 'bottle
message' and real-
ity's laboratories
beyond every aspect of
postmodernism

last year's foliage
is rattling like tin
on the little beech tree is
swirling around my
feet like pieces of
crumpled paper it is as
if the past was overtak-
ing me as if time
was catching up with
itself like the musical
themes do in a suite
by leopold weiss

on a day like to
day i ought to be walking
out across the fields
down near himmelstrup
one fine day and disappear
into the thicken-
ing fall of the snow
shut the poem behind me
let the words get snow-
bound thus transforming
my life into endless po-
etry without words

i almost prefer
the hammer and pair
of compasses and the name
'karl marx stadt' and the
east german national
anthem rather than those of
the countries called democra
cies: deutsche erde
vaterland - i am
on the point of missing die
deutsche demokra
tische republik

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet 'ra
ther tarkovsky's films
you fall asleep watch
ing but can never forget
than those of hitchcock
that keep you wide a
wake and yet which you cannot
always remember -
that is how i would
like your poems to have an
influence on me'

the neighbour's spreading
manure - we nod to
each other from a distance
the lorry from vej
le rumbled past at
11am as always the wheat is
working steadily at its
altarpiece the squalls
of words of super
phosphate across the paper
the tremendous epipha
ny of daily life

in actual fact
i had no wish at all to
believe in god but
the poem is hard
(oh so hard) it forced
me up reason's silver and
turquoise reversed spiral stair
case making me climb
the dizzy ascent
to eternity
almost like the one inside
our saviour's church spire

tortoiseshell butter
fly already sit
ting behind the graph paper
of the mind in its
own zend-avesta
and i have no idea at
all what it can live off at
this time of year it's
simply not my prob
lem - i'm just pleased about the
repetition of
the repetition

my dear selma - 'time
takes a cigaret'
and life goes on as ever
out there in the world but deep
inside in the se
crecy of the heart
we remain young in
some recess like you
in spite of your age borax
chalk and conch and the man who
didn't see it knows no
thing about women

cordis phiala
and today my heart
is a patch of smokefilled earth
a clumsy matted mess of
roots and words that have
intertwined with each
other like shortcir
cuted systems of
coordinates - today my
heart is overflowing with
groundwater like the
scullery last year

the redwings returned
today like some force
majeure coming from nothing
and into everything pulled
a circle of rain
and fire around them -
i reread my poem
from 'heptameron'
about redwings and as
it was quite precise in every
detail did nothing more
about it

and i saw a blind
woman who didn't
like the colour beige and i
saw ten tons of fish be painted
blue and i saw
an fn general
with lightmetal glasses
and a baby
boom and tracer bullets streaking
through herzagovina
and after that i
saw handball again

the first day: my tongue
all swollen up and porous
as if it had been
left to soak in maida
deira throughout the
night though in the mirror
upon close inspection it looks
brown with iodine
with curry at the
edges - can you say
'ah' - i inquire of it - 'ah'
is its prompt reply

how moving it is
to lean one's back against the
willow tree that stood
so full of fairy
tales to lean one's head
up against more than that which
is truth to lean one's back a
gainst the willow tree
on the inside 'in
the mind of mindless
ness' on the outside in the
great reality

how reassuring
that language at its greatest
extremities called
upon itself in
an echo that stretched
across the abyss of non
sense of the theories stretched
across the mazes
of rubbish of the
art journals how won
derful that language in this
way bit its own tail

how wonderful to
realize that everyday
language and poet
ry like distant lov
ers still belonged to
gether like close lightning and
faroff thunder like faroff
lightning and close thun
der how wonderful
to lend an ear to
that which is more than simply
a green dialogue

why does the heather
bloom so wildly on the graves
at langesø cha
pel like cremorta
tari like wildfire like life
blood only to dis
appear once more with
out trace - why does the heather
bloom so wildly at
this season of the
year at the centre of the
black star of gravity?

like a meteor
the green star of na
mibia brushes my mind
lighting up my con
sciousness for one brief
instant far far away but
gleaming with magnesium
this midnight in which
africa's final
colony is plunging down
into history's
most sombre chapter

sefimentum cor
dis - in a sense i was more
inclined to have doubts
about god but the
poem led me mer
cilessly in the other
direction (clockwise) around
the season's rusty
thorn in among the
twenty four rubies
of the heart where eterni
ty has its abode

the second day: keep
your mitts away from that pack
'look menthol' there on
the writing desk - let
it lie there ignore
it leave it out of account
don't think about nicotine
right now - smoke that blood
y cigarette or
make up your mind not
to smoke it - that exhausts the
possibilities

this poem is full
of inner beauty
admittedly this can't be
seen directly but
perhaps the swan can
even so be sensed inside
behind its glittering book
mark inside behind
the metonyms' high
polish - for the poem's been
bathed in vanderbilt
body-lotion

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet 'you
cannot copy life
in words (not even
using capitals and bas
kerville) it must be
lived - just as it's an
illusion to introduce
death using small let
ters in a footnote
(as in life insurance po
licies)' i stated

the third day: my lungs
are still producing their in-
sistent snail trails of
slimy matter and
apart from my u-
sual mealtimes i have now
consumed respectively one
bag of matador
mix and one bag of
fazer mints but a
part from that it's really not
as bad as they say

what a relief to
take the fence of truth where it
was at its highest
point to scurry un-
der error where it
was at its lowest what a
great solace to knot language
and reality
together once more
in a bow so ra-
diantly beautiful as the
great wide world itself

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

this day's been tuned in
e major like a copper
engraving like the
north wind like a crys-
tal glass like a milita-
ry band like saturn's
rigid machine
ry like the suite for lute by
johann sebasti-
an bach like eiswein
whose grapes were singed by the frost's
icy breath last spring

what a sense of re-
lease to get to that place where
i had always been
behind the spider's
web of reason where
the words were hanging like 'midge'
and 'chitin' without content
what a sense of re-
lease to get to that
place where the poem
cast no shadow as the sun
was at its zenith

i cannot describe
exactly what ka-
ren blixen's study looks like
since i am standing
inside it only
partially: the crossed masai
spears are like black crosses in
the diary of the
past the masks and the
equinox blue light filling
it magically like
gavrini's chamber

what a relief it
was to see one's own poem near-
ing completion in
a gigantic rain
bow of salt and clo-
ver spanning language and re-
ality what a relief
it was to approach that
moment when i gained
mastery over
the poem and thus could safe-
ly lay it aside

midlent equinox
lætare bene
dictus the moon farthest from
the earth jesus' feeding of
the five thousand week
eleven sunrise
six twelve am sunset
six four pm and twen-
ty laylat al-qadr night of
destiny the twenty sev-
enth ramadan in
rabi al awwal

i've always wanted
to write about a goldfinch
but it has to be
done properly not
until this winter have i
seen it behind dark
ness and madder lake
and am sure after many
observations so
that explains my greet
ing goldfinch behind your bright
red domino mask

the fourth night - i know
where there are three packs of ben
son and hedges ci
garettes that come from
my mother's house af
ter she died it would be quite
easy to break their red and
golden embargo
i know exactly
where they are but i
also happen to know that
i'll leave them alone

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet 'it
is always the minor
poets who are
eager to break with
past generations to write
literary history
in advance so they'll
be remembered for
something - they're rightly
afraid of the night of the
long poems' i said

or i put a fence
round an anemone
with more than just my reason
as in fairytale forests
where it now stands
so pure with crinoline
and even whiter
than innocence
itself like a princess in
transformation - 'a nemmo
a nemmo nee let's
see your weeny wee'

the night's blueprint with
letters of the stars and images
printed on
the sky as if we
understood them just as clearly
as the illustrations
on the great
star charts produced by the
bear and the archer as
if we understood
ourselves on the basis of
our own projections

the sixth day: the o
nions do not smell any sharp
er when i cut in
to the saturnine
rings of their flesh
the hamburger does not taste
any different and looks
the same i neither
hear nor feel any
better the only
difference would seem to be
i've saved kr. 160

there was no 'under
standing' to be found
in the labyrinth of me
mory either - e
very remembered si
tuation had itself to
contain a memory that
also had to be
remembered and so
on ad infinitum in
to the darkness of
quartz and violets

and with the tyran
ny of understand
ing there also fell the lists
of truth and calculations
full of gneiss and the
statistics about
the swallows' migra
tion routes and the di
gitals and the thousandths of
seconds in favour of the
unpredictabi
lity of the heart

the seventh night - i am
not sweating in my towelcloth
sheets and i am not
dreaming that i am
smoking in my sleep
or having a secret quick
drag in the lunchbreak as i
once used to do down
in the hazel bush
thickets near carsten
hauch's statue - only this po
em gives me away

summer time - move your
clocks an hour forward
at two o' clock - no time lost
or time gained that can
be thawed again like
the berries in the deli
cate plastic bags of the chest
freezer - cheating with
time as with chess clocks
and art the starry heaven's
own inexora
ble timepiece of quartz

cordis vigilia
i am not afraid
of the sunset even if
it should happen to gleam red
der than bauxite and
smoke like a crema
torium in the
final frost even
though it should burn my poems
down to the very last word -
i'm not afraid not
yet at any rate

the eighth day is not
nearly as terrible as
rumour would have us
believe was the case
so now i court disas-
ter by going around with
a pack of twenty in my
pocket and a fag
in my mouth for most
of the day without
lighting it - bloody hell what
amazing willpower

the sun's ruby glass
the sun's totally bald pate
the sun's jewish harp
the sun's alumi-
nium the sun's hy-
dra the sun's great gong the sun's
mountain molehill the sun's death's
head the sun's skull the
sun's conch the sun's ba-
laclava the sun's
igloo the sun's hydrogen
bomb and the sun's braille

the stinging nettles
are pushing up through
the soil once more and almost
pushing up through the
paper with a force
and a profusion like that
of the words in brorson's psalms
indomitable
and miraculous
in their reality they
subjugate the earth
in the name of god

why was i so nas-
ty to you my be-
loved as if i'd slashed and
whipped you with tulips? -
it could perhaps be
ascribed to some strange sus-
ceptibility or char-
acter trait buried
in the ash though i
myself believe it is due
to my being so
afraid of my love

to be authentic
and completely convincing
at the same time is
impossible though
the hedge violet was so beau-
tiful that it worked
when i said 'viola
silvestris' - the word and its
meaning formed a com-
plete synthesis a
nonymous like a sona-
ta by scarlatti

i constantly re-
traced my steps to the bog of
trundemose to
this trough of tar full
of the dreams of the
dead this basin in
reason (as it's referred to
in cybernetics)
perhaps because the
showdown with the re-
flections was still nothing more
than a reflection

evening church service
that resembled a
shut bible - the guest preacher
was unable to come the
bishop of the fu
nen diocese was
down with flu (the weak
ness of the flesh) i
couldn't say 'fishy bishops
sell seashells' to him three times
in a row to drive
out unclean spirits

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet 'your
poem is to be
essential like a
green tuborg and deep down just
as monotonous
and wholly unmis
takable as the one bot
tle after the oth
er' - i said - 'just think
if a green tuborg sudden
ly tasted like milk'

and when the class of
all thoughts itself is
a thought (which it quite obvi
ously is) this is
when the paradox
illuminates at its bright
est because this thought (which is
just as obvious)
is inconceiva
ble so thought has at the same
time to be held on
to and rejected

midnight - the full moon
is shining on this poem
in which the full moon
is shining just on
this poem as the
full moon is just shining on
this poem which thus is turn
ing in on itself
is turning in on
its own bright midnight
as in an engraving that
was etched in writing

moonlight so late in
march is that anything spe
cial? - is it at all
possible to see
it in all that mist
can it be seen anywhere
else than in 'the moonlight so
nata' where strictly
speaking it's heard? - why
award this night of
all nights the title moon an
niversary night?

it's more than simply
dark at night at this time of
the year and this is
because the moon is
hiding itself in the zir
con stone in that ring
which i gave to you
the day before yesterday
my beloved - that
is what i discov
ered when i had turned out the
light in our bedroom

claire de lune
mondschein moonlight måneskin
but it always looks
identical no
matter on which night
time wood it falls in which par
ticular age on which good
friday between which
loving couple (as
also applies to
death in all its guises) 'the
serious moonlight'

but our moonlight is
that which comes from almost for
gotten forests where
memory is at
the beck and call of
the moment (not the reverse)
since memory exists to
sharpen the present
and make it precise
so that it does not
simply have the appearance
of a blind moon disc

30 march

'haiku is that which
happens here at this place at
this very moment'
is what basho once
said - 'in that case haiku can
not itself be
part of that moment
because that would mean it was
a member of its
own class' - i final
ly and at long last replied
after all these years

i got completely
lost in bilka's la
byrinth among vast quanti
ties of müsli pack
ets like a rat in
a trial and error test i
tumbled into a special
offer of celer
y and of vide
otapes before working out
(my way out of) my
claustrophobia

the thirteenth night is
no more difficult than oth
er nights when you are
unable to get to
sleep - i do not feel
like a cigarette i am
not even thinking about
lighting one in the
dark's lapis lazuli
li even though it
might look like it from the po
em the day after

'therefore haiku can
never be written until
after its own mo
ment - in which case it
is not haiku' i went on -
'please take the trouble
of counting the syl
lables of my haiku - as
you see it's only
a question of wheth
er it's good or bad' basho
could well have answered

and so i was forced
to admit that haiku is
in its moment and
basho probably
had to admit that that has
no rhyme or reason
and perhaps we could
agree that precisely that
is haiku - or that
'it is neither a
haiku nor not a haiku -
it's now or never'

and march paraded
its coveys of clouds
across the 'heartland' skies grey
and white and as woolly as
the sheep that graze up
near store væde
led the month of march
blew through the hawthorn
and through my poems giving
them plenty of air and bless
ing the promised land
with its living rain

APRIL

the magician now
on the square of the
past among his roses and
his other symbols
if i were to en
ter this card i would only
find the selfsame card in an
ever decreasing
size each time i took
a new one as in the blue
lemniscates of frac
tal geometry

king of swords - signi
ficator or the
inquirer himself - a full
grown man dark presum
ably in his prime
and the references are:
mars in the first house and the
sign of libra since
the card has something
to do with passing judgment
and making deci
sions - the sword of truth

nine of pentacles
this card i took for
the present (the young woman
with a bird on her
arm the clusters of
grapes as well as the castle
in the background) as a re
minder that the mo
ment cannot be com
prehended - which is also
why the head of the
falcon is hooded

ace of cups - for the
future - the grail card
the absolutely unfo
seeable that on
ly god knows which is
why i turn the card with the
reverse side up hatched like an
intricate islam
ic pattern or may
be the sforza decora
tions that date from the
fourteenth century

i haven't heard the
cock crow for quite some time now
around eight o' clock
each morning at the
back of the cherry orchard
has it lost its voice
or inclination
has it ended up in the
soup pot or has its
morning call simply
been drowned out by scarlatti's
œuvre integrale?

my dear hans christian
a - i'm going up
to the apple orchard as
it would have pleased you
to remember some
thing so typical of fun
en and for your sake i'll com
mand the trees to burst
into leaf and look
the poem is suddenly
ablaze with blossom
like some fairytale

the sixteenth day af
ter thirty years times twenty
cigarettes a day
(or more exactly
per 24 hours)
i have smoked my last ciga
rette after what at a rough
calculation must
be two hundred and
twenty two thousand
cigarettes it was easi
er to stop than start

kosterslev is shin
ing so green with horse piss here
in the morning sun
farther away the
gulls are taking off into
the poisonous clouds
i turn across your
body - your kiss has the taste
of nitrofoska
we are born we love
and we die - so many hai
kus in this present

and then it was all
the more peculiar that
my poems became
more and more reflec
ted the more i tried
to do away with reflec
tion it was as if language
contradicted it
self and the poem's
house was built on a
foundation of bitumen
built on clay and sand

i'm talking about
a big network big
ger than time and space bigger
than any imman
ual kant could con
ceive bigger than all coin
cidences bigger than it
self about the big
network of exis
tence that not one single he
ro can understand
but only compose

and i saw kongor's
children that looked like
sculptures by giacometti
i saw the white house and the
stars and stripes i saw
a euphoric fall
in interest rates
and the stocks and shares
curve like a mountain massif
i saw the roads of spring like
yellow arrows on
the weather forecast

but it was only
the paradox showing it
self directly (in
a new and even
more peculiar
disguise) now as the thought which
could not think itself away
and therefore had to
surrender itself
to insight that re
fracted its light in the pa
radox's prism

the year's first really
big spider is sit
ting here in the corner of
this window that fa
ces northwest it is
spinning its gossamer web
of other categories
through which i am forced
to look if i want
to contemplate the evening
sky and want to turn
my gaze northwestwards

conversely though a
pril's now strumming the thirteen
strings of its baroque
lute and that even
an ennemond gaul
tier couldn't do
more beautifully
here on the threshold of the
spring between eve
ning and the vio
let tincture's twilight-fashioned
ivory rosette

the large ranges of
hills resemble each
other in springtime they have
always looked like this invariable as god
himself and the mighty works of the psalms
in which he mirrors
himself invariably
greener than the sun's halo
of dripping flames from
the winter barley

two celery stalks
mournfully drooping
over a tin can of cod's
roe autistically sealed
off from all its sur-
roundings the freerange
eggs and mashed pota-
toes from yesterday
rigid and pale in death - the
fridge had a look of tut-ankh-
amen's grave on this
chilly day in spring

on my way into
the wood's horseshoe of
emerald i ask myself
what good is there in
fairytales and i
know the answer - fairytales
like dreams exist for real-
ity's sake because
reality is
itself unable to de-
termine whether it
is reality

it would be a form
of deception just to 'im-
ply' the paradox
of composing as
if everything were
in applepie order (which
it is but only by vir-
tue of insight) of
composing straight for-
wardly without o-
pening a chink to the light
of the paradox

when today after
a gap of thirty
years i relistened to brahm's
horn trio there were huge
scratches in what was
sacrosanct (so i am not
at all able to recom-
mend deutsche grammo-
phon gesellschaft) scratch-
es wear and tear that constant-
ly tore me out of
my early manhood

cordis custodia
i do not know why
the ash of woods that have burnt
down continues to
sweep right through my heart -
i cannot tell you for what
reason i am walking a
mongst trees that were felled
a long time ago
when i could cut across to
the wood that's here just
behind the poem

i'm waiting for a
particular word
whose meaning only i know
although it has a host of
other possible
meanings a word whose
letters fall into
place within the po
em like five stones in a row
in the game 'go' completing
finally that de
termined from the start

'dover sole' i say
'let's try the dover
sole - dover sole at mørken
borg inn it has a
romantic ring to
it and is sure to taste good
why not kill two birds with one
stone why not for just
this once do ourselves
proud tickle our poetic
palate and savour
the very words too?'

'climb mount nitaka' -
receiving such an order
must have been somewhat
similar to con
fronting this immense mountain
of music these five
hundred and fifty
five emeralds in their mount
of silverplated
ivy bearing scar
latti's inscription: 'les so
nates pour clavecin'

it's quite difficult
to screw oneself up
to national pathos fifty
years after the
lukewarm event half
a century after 'op
rop' and the occupation
of hotel d'angleterre - al
though i'll fly the po
em at half mast even so
for the thirteen who
did lay down their lives

no birds today a
mong the words no hares out there
in the fields of rape
it is at any
rate too misty to be a
ble to make them out
no spring flies and no
wasps or fieldmice like the day
before yesterday
life is fortunate
ly not something that takes place
within the poems

good friday proco
pius fourth day of
easter in the jewish ca
lendar occupation of
denmark forecast for
coastal waters south
east 3-8 m/s turning
south some showers other
wise with moderate to good
visibility pollen
count alder 17 elm
10 flags at half mast

symptomatically
enough the record
is stuck in the same groove is
turning inwards in
the same picture of
a past inwards in the same
halving of themselves by the
fractals inwards in
wards in the same po
em where the sun blazes so
red and immuta
ble with memory

læil the cross stitch embroidery of ideas tromp
 g g f e
 e ge h eg sdaerhtlr ameth
 p eleadle ca c read fram l
 m neaus l a ai ac a edthreads œ
 o el a l d le a t t d t r a h i
 rge r l i eg ic c ca poemn r d c i l
 t g aelseis g h d h r o o a h d
 l s l a l t hat n emn f e a t
 c e u i d e h t h r e opoeo i r c a c
 r g t e e g r h r v ps a mf v ht c r
 o l asm l re i rm cro no e ta d o
 s e e daerhtlaidarf uessistou pradialths
 s g g a e a o oo rut tr o hc e s
 d c a d r n fp h hp e d r
 s a d a m oeero m c a h s
 t t d c r e nme n t r t t
 i i c a a o o r e a i
 t a c a d pevif a a h t
 c l h t i t r r r rd c d c
 h t t ac chthreadc h i ih
 h l hth a d ta t a
 t r t h readcaitch ca l
 r e h r d a ead l
 o a r eadcatchlthr e a dsi
 md e i t h r œ
 p a a m e l
 e rd a r
 a f e
 læil the cross stitch embroidery of ideas tromp

dear god as i was
burning garden re
fuse the other day the smoke
blew along the ground
through the gooseberry
bushes that was more due to
a stiff northerly wind than
some ill omen but
even if the con
verse had been true it would not
have been the first time
i'd defended cain

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet 'that
i do not write book
reviews and never
have written criti
cism of any poem
is not because i have lacked
offers' i said - 'but
is naturally be
cause i have chosen
to renounce the language of
power' i repeated

the sun's rays through the
poplar trees are weak
and blurred this easter sunday
morning - no more than forty
watts to put it in
plain english it is
bleeding bloody cold -
in the air on the
water and under the ground
where the dead are waiting for
the resurrection
and for kingdom come

ner tapestry of paradox tapestry of paradox ren
 r
 o emit ecnis ytilaern to ni ro ytilaernu si o
 c d u h n c
 o nifed)meop siht e eop siht neht tca o
 s e i s s r m t i s
 i s t ritne eht si t i (eritne eht si o t i
 l i e c) w d l n a l
 k n o if reality a n o e o if unreality n k
 o n l o r f o s a
 t t oom where time i d i m where time doe l t
 h d t s n p h
 r a e scription explana ition description ex r
 e c u e
 a t within it or in other words reality belong a
 d n g d
 of itself but it is r lf but it is even s
 o r n e e s o
 f e ition descriptio t a s description ex o t f
 b n n l t (p o
 i m i in reality e i i n in reality l s i
 d e f s e v t o a i a d
 e m e t x e y f i s n n e
 a d sixe(noitanalp n o t tsixe (noita c c a
 s a (b i e l s
 meop siht ecnis os e r nifed)meop siht a
 c s l e s c
 o i taht ssalc a ot sgno bmem a ton si taht s o
 r r
 ner tapestry of paradox tapestry of paradox ren

so it wouldn't on
ly be an act of treache
ry to exclude thought
from the poem it
would be too late - for
poetry had long since passed
beyond the threshold of beau
ty for poetry
had long since discov
ered that it was now
on the far side of inex
pressibility

just as i myself
was also travelling in
other fairytales
on my way through the
poem's beechwoods fi
nally emerging on the
far side at a point quite close
to a red gate or
through a hole in the
game fencing final
ly emerging on the far
side of the poem

when i saw bob dy
lan on the screen yes
terday thirty years on i
couldn't help noticing that
i had become old
things were acceler
ating now with me
emphasizing life
more now than i had done when
i was young and it was death
that was an all con
suming interest

good friday at a
car layby close to
halsskov firecoal red - the
bridge sceptics can't e
ver have tried waiting
for the passenger ferry
romsø for three hours on end
with the only form
of diversion be
ing the word 'seinäjoki'
on the back of the
car ahead of them

not because the poem had let me down but precisely because it had utterly kept what it had promised was the time now rife for trying to find an exit from the poem perhaps farthest to the west where the words would anyway drown in the roar of the surf and the wind

the anemones
are gleaming like zinc
white like magnesium like
blake's illuminations like
telekinesis
like english salt like
juan de la cruz like
a satori like
inland ice like a lightning
flash like anemones like
inger christensen's
'letters in april'

not because the poem could not express the inexpressible but precisely because it was able to was i on my way behind the words again towards life was i unable to live in the house of poetry that much longer because there was nothing more to say

that instant of insight when i understand i don't understand how i can understand is just due to the gleaming light of paradox is it simply a question of replacing one word with another - 'understanding' with 'insight' or does the poet lack words at the crunch?

'vivi felice'
is how scarlatti signed his work - translated from the great book of fairytales into ordinary language this means 'and they lived happily ever after' which could well serve as a fitting motto for life itself 'and they lived happily ever after'

my words no longer sounded as shrill anymore or as high as they had once done rather more intense as when the viola takes over the main theme from the violins in a movement of a string quartet the poem had held more than words it now held a whole world together

heartland 15/4
over there in distant hedge
rows and scrub all is
turning white on the
far side of the dream
far in behind all inter
pretations deeper than in
days gone by it is
the blackthorn which is
now narrating its
own fairytale whiter than
any form of truth

nevertheless i
make that decision
(like the beech tree that once more
has sprung into leaf
to replace the word
'understanding' by 'insight'
with all that this implies in
the way of misun
derstandings i make the
decision to take the se
cret along with me
right to the poem

this corner square i
colour blue after
first having chalked the under
lying base so the
sky won't later on
cause cracks to form across the
poem i paste orion's
banderole can you
see it - even though the
lines are superimposed on
each other rather
like four hexagrammes?

tombeau de nielsen
so the selfdeception was
revealed to us oth
ers if not to you
yourself - death was not
to be caught on the hop it
came precisely for you with
out any harle
quin mask completely
personally for
you who were playing the part
(of death on that day)

dear margrethe r
unfortunately
i can only offer you
this rather strange bou
quet on the day: five
narcissi a white tulip
and two dandelions (i cheat
a little bit with
a sprig of beech from
the wood) for that's what there is
in the garden's hai
ku at the moment

behind padesø
church there is a wood
land lake that reflects the church
in whose windows the lake is
reflected - i of
ten think about this
tableau where an in
finite reflection
is taking place even though
i am alone in medi
ating it like some
mean proportional

the violet's car
petland the violet's le
goland the vio
lets gastroland the
violet's disney
land the violet's leather
land the violet's summer
land the violet's
colourland the vi
olets wonderland
the violet's graceland the
violet's heartland

and out there in the
great big world people were still
killing each other
on this good friday
down there in bosnia and
up there as well in
hercegovina
people were crucifying
one another in
a highlight of sil
ver and cobalt blue under
fn auspices

cordis pondera
tio - in reality
there is no problem -
it is only the
mind refracting the light of
insight into re
flections that are mir
rored inwardly ad infi
nitum like a te
levision came
ra recording and playing
back its own image

the cock pheasant looks
quite postmodernist
disconnected from any
historical re
ference from any
earlier poem it's now
only part of its own na
tural wholeness like
a bird phoenix i
think i'd better mind out not
to attach any
symbolic value

and time took its course
turned off along the woodland
paths into a green
book where my mother
had long since disappeared be
tween fairytales and
poems and life sub
sequently turned out into
its own meaning be
cause it did not have
anybody else but was
itself the meaning

the gale's iron fist the
gale's oberon the gale's ni
trofoska the gale's
beehives the gale's
fashion the gale's ten
nis racket the gale's great marl
pit the gale's mill enclosure
house the gale's after
shave the gale's milestone
mark the gale's poly
ester the gale's clocktower the
gale's pile of brushwood

and on the flattish
foreland near otterup where
the sky is so tall
and undisguised that
nothing can be hidden un
der the searing la
pis we drove out to
meet with life yet one more time
putting all the words
far behind us like
a flock of rooks in the par
liament of the fields

<p> and a tidal wave flushed through the heartland rushing and pounding across funen like a hea vy surf with a crest of foam in the most distant blackthorn hedge around the reef of reality a shudder much more violent than a snowstorm than epilepsy than the holy spirit </p>	<p> and an even great er high sea rolled across the hills at an even slower pace than e ternity and greener than life itself a move ment so powerful and mighty not even death was able to draw level with it or keep up with its bushes trees and winter barley </p>
--	--

<p> and the first dande lion lit up the whole sky on easter morning turn ing it yellow like deutsche grammophongesell schaft's logo yellow er than the soul's old wounds and scars like the words of grundtvig over in padesø church like daffodils yellower than the resurrection </p>	<p> my dear morten s i am filling up this poem with stones acryl ic and pieces of quartz po lyester and nickel bolts battening boards scraps of raffia mats and finally with liquid plaster so that it stands as its own sculpture like a pillar of words in your honour </p>
--	--

cordis avaritia
the young starlings of grey steel
in the sun or like
vanadium in
the heart with their razorsharp
cries preyat preyat
of sheer greediness
fortunately for life and
for insects rather
like me thumbing my
way through dictionaries in
my search for new words

you're allowed to smoke
in this poem no
one is going specially
to put out bowls with
vinegar on the
window sills you're allowed to
indulge in the who without
wearing headphones be
hind these words you won't
find yourself being shown out
of this poem if
you light up a fag

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

saturday is hang
ing out there like some
chemical cloud since the far
mer from veflinge
is spraying with tox
ins and since the wind's from the
west there's a risk that the rest
of this page as well
gets a heavy dose
so that even the most
beautiful words will
corrode and disappear

you're allowed to drink
alcohol in this
poem rum and liqueur and
all that the heart could
desire even the
now so notorious ug
ly bugly cocktail you're
allowed to throw up
between the words of
this poem if you make sure
to remember to
clean up after you

cordis volatus
the farmer is spraying ni
trogen again on
his fields perhaps free
dom is a curse just look
at the way it's be
ing totally a
bused everywhere you look in
all things great and small
the great titmice are
in the process of building
their nests in my heart

and the ignali
na plant goes on work
ing around the clock day af
ter day year in year out as
radiant as a
forgetmenot from
its inner reser
voirs and from its ca
tacombs from hour to hour and
from second to second ra
ther like some gigan
tic geigercounter

let us imagine
to ourselves that this
square is a tv screen where
there a macdonald's
commercial let us
imagine to ourselves that
we then watch 'wheel of fortune'
let us imagine
to ourselves that we
switch the screen off let us just
imagine that we
switch off the poem

heartland 22/4
the garden's smell of potas
sium ferroc
yanide as sharp as
memories torn to shreds by
the redcurrant bush
es' red eyecatcher
like a photostat of glos
sy paper ripped through
the heart the lawn full
of dew and precious stones - do
not walk on the grass

apart from the e
nerivating aspect of all
these poems and the
inadmissible
ness of being ta
ken by surprise by death in
the middle of a poem
between the words 'pile'
and 'wort' for exam
ple there is of course
a deeper reason for soon
not writing further

the paradox states
as is wellknown (in one key
only) 'to make the
unwritable wri
table and the wri
table unwritable' and
it was the second part which
i now had an ob
ligation to dis
charge since i had ful
filled the terms of the first part
of the equation

from the wood a strong
sweetish smell like my
mother's death it will soon be
impossible to
distinguish meaning
from significance with all
the brambles around the heart
almost like life and
death which in brief in
stants can seem the same like phi
losophy's 'abend
stern' above the wood

and there was in a
sense nothing remarkable
about the poem
after so many
poems trying once
more to return to that life
which after all was its foun
dation and precon
dition rather than
to death's unwrita
bility and fullstop af
ter a random word

other labyrinths
than repetition
offered themselves - e.g. i
let thought run the gaunt
let between a red
archangel and its latin
name - i let thought run wild un
til it finally
found a resting place
in this poem 'where the moon
is roaring with crocuses
and with daffodils'

like the remains of
a supernova
like a collapsed galaxy
the scrub and undergrowth lay
in a circle round
the wood that had once
stood here on the heart
land site before it
was felled and ended up as
timber and fuel and as the
paper on which the
poems are written

i am not trying
to write some jisei whose se
venteen syllables
like a bridge of black
lacquer is to lead me a
cross the summer months
and into death with
letters of bronze on the con
trary my final
poem is seeking
to be a red gate that lets
me out into life

domenico scar
latti cast his dice
into time which is now il
luminated like
the dark house on the
edge of the wood where someone
(myself?) for some reason or
other is lighting
a chandelier at
twelve midnight and beginning
to play the sona
ta in a minor

'the writable could
only be made unwrita
ble by being writ
ten' it was that side
of the paradox
i now realized when it
had almost fulfilled its own
assertion with one
poem after the
other and was it
self on the point of becom
ing unwritable

and the periwinkles
gleamed before me
from the sunken roads run wild
from distant gardens at the
back of my mind where
i'd never been before
blooming in the
farthest wood's edge of
reason where they shone in that
wholeness which constitutes both
unity and a
multiplicity

and schilla lit up
the soul bluer than
a morning service than a
qua velva and sapphire as
blue as sanskrit as
a hedge sparrow's egg
as risø's reactors
as chinablue
as a beechwood just before
it bursts into leaf blue as
a romanov's blood
as the sky itself

this morning i cut
myself on the cheekbone while
shaving the blood welled
up like a rose on
the toilet paper i used
to cover up the
wound or perhaps it
resembled a squid or the
stain of a rohrsack
test and it had the
sickly sweet taste of cherry
sauce on a pudding

and i saw rows of
coffins and crosses
of iron and mahogany
i saw a man crying and
the camera could
not get close enough
to the blood and the
tears i saw latin
american dancing and
finally i saw a com
mercial for hari
bo's matador mix

violet and pile
wort and the anem
ones in particular
have taken over the earth
for a short while for
a day they have bor
rowed the keys of green
ness from god to go
vern life overtly and co
vertly for this day the king
dom is theirs and
the power and the glory

there will always be
at least one recol
lection that is not due to
memory at least
one word that has both
meaning and significance
but which cannot be derived
from the vocabu
lary - was it that
word which i was trying to
remember again
so many years on?

there will always be
at least one solu
tion that is valid but not
due to your calcu
lations - that is what
logic says and why bring in
logic? on the other hand -
what could we ever
manage without its
quivering northpole - was it
that solution i
was looking for now?

dear dexter gordon -
i can't remember
just how many quartets you
have played in i have
no idea at all
if you appeared in an or
lon sweater or where or when
it was - but i know
that your saxophone
sounds just like the plumtree which
is blossoming out in the
back garden right now

tombeau de gordon
but it is you who
are dead and not your saxo
phone - there we have the
answer to all those
who confuse life and art to
all those who believe that that
pain is one and the
same - that is your tri
umph and your victory in
the midst of death's black
and violet blues

i couldn't do a
nything about it -
that brimstone butterfly flut
tered so around my heart rais
ing such a storm in
its innermost dark
ness that i had to
calm it down on the
sheet of paper like a col
lector would pin it on a
velvet mounting board -
it was its own fault

i know so well these
dry clearings full of moss and
sandpaper in the very
depths of the wood where
it is apparent
ly possible to escape
from the pain in a poem
but that is nothing
more than one of life's
illusions - you can only
get rid of pain by
total acceptance

i am also fa
miliar with the old
easy chair next to the wood
pile discarded and
put there by god knows
who so that death can take a
break there when he is tired af
ter his daily toil
until now i have
not dared myself to sit u
pon this throne that is
without any arms

i walked on a tight
rope of words even thinner
than the green nylon
line used when fishing
for perch in the boglake at
trudemose - i
walked on a haiku
each and every day across
to reality
and back again pass
ing over the very cen
tre of everything

at any rate now
that the decision had
been made to stop writ
ing within the fore
seeable future
i began to be more e
conomical with the words
i used i almost
pared them down so that
the poem sometimes
suffered as a result from
a certain dryness

but the rationing
also brought about a great
er soberminded
ness like vinho verde
or rather like
the middle sonatas of
scarlatti or perhaps more
precisely like a
blossoming forsythia
that has just
felt a pinch of the final
attack of night frost

there wasn't any
thing to find or any
thing to understand because
that which i found i already
owned and that which
i understood i
knew in advance - just
like the clearest and
coldest glass of water from
the tap on the warmest spring
day of the century
in late april

tombeau de margit
there lay a bouquet
of withered flowers at this
graveside those i have
removed and weeded
out in the poem - there lay
a bouquet of withered tulips
those i have removed
together with
the big words which were also
unable to stay
fresh any longer

and the dead fox consoled
me in some strange way or
other with its corpse
and with its empty
gaze that was fixed upon
nothing since everything
was nevertheless
there both before and after
the poem about
the dead fox out there
in the field of rape both of
them on their last legs

from time to time i
take a sidelong glance
at the stones with a sense of
uneasiness the
stones that run around
the rosebed for example
or at the greyish boulders
just outside my win
dow that will still be
lying motionless out
side there so long af
ter i'm dead and gone

grindstone freestone field
stone foundation stone
building stone cobblestone mill
stone gravestone runic
stone rocking stone mo
numental stone milestone boun
dary stone rolling stone men
hir stone siliceous
stone thunderstone pre
cious stone cornerstones - today
has been designa
ted the stone's birthday

darker around mid
day than later on so dark
that i really be
gin to notice the
dipped lights of the cars and the
stones that are only
lit up by the blos
som of the plumtree and that
poem i have just
written to them and
have read aloud for them u
sing their own clear light

when the bird cherry's
in blossom and the
poplar is red like a flame
from your own soul when
the beech leaves taste sharp
ly of emerald and are
great for fruit salads when e
ven the felled larch is
wearing green on wal
purgis night what then? - then you
are to hold your tongue
and read your aakjær

but fortunately
there was still far to go a
long the wood's edge and
the blossoming black
thorn hedge brighter than
walpurgis night dreams there were
so many fairytales still
left to be told there
was still just as far
to go on the re
turn journey as in robert
frost's famous poem

the broken chord of
the may night from the open
window stretching out
to the furthest
birdcherries of the woods and
the poems far be
yond rhyme or reason
right in as far as the break
ing heart in as far
as yearning itself
from the french baroque lute of
ennemond gaultier

walpurgis night - yet
again more precise
than it was last year like prus
sic acid like the wood of
beech trees like german
grammar like your kiss
my beloved - i
would not want things to
be in any way differ
ent even if it were to
take a hundred years
or eternity

MAY

and i saw the red
flags waving in the tv
news broadcast with their
hermetic gold let
tering and i heard
all the speeches too beauti
ful as lies - many words have
been bleated away
since then or rather
'you and your precious
first of may' as asger would
surely have put it

and i saw at least
seventeen hundred places
in los angeles
burning in the film's
reality or was it
in reality's
film i saw holly
wood's studios go up in
smoke like a real mo
vie which could have fea
tured the title: 'los ange
les goes up in flames'

what's the matter with
that hawthorn why won't
it blossom all the other
hawthorns on funen
blossomed long ago
is it a little shy like
i am - what is it that it
doesn't dare reveal?
is it a bluethorn
or a goldenthorn perhaps
what can it be that
it has up its sleeve?

i cannot resist
the temptation to
open one of the hawthorn
buds perhaps to find
'feigenbaum's tree'
in the heart of nature or
to try and discover if
it is a white or
a red hawthorn like
the researcher who ruins
everything he gets
within close range of

are you satisfied
now did you manage
to cure your bloody curi
osity - were you
successful in dis
secting and scanning and an
alysing that bud to death -
did you find out if
it was a whitethorn
whose cocoon you massacred
did you eat well from
the tree of knowledge?

2 may

cordis mundatio
green everywhere now
like eternity itself
a slow groundswell that
drowns the heart with its
compulsion neurosis crowned
by the whitethorns' breakers
almost as if i
was sitting at the
bottom of the poem writ
ing one word after
the other in water

at last there was a
final reason for letting
the poem disap
pear into itself
that was the clari
fication of the rela
tionship to god - in the sense
that it was not to
be polluted at
all any longer
by the goldleaf of words as
on ancient icons

in the sense that this
relationship had to be
acidwashed with si
lence not like some pro
mise or some ritu
al but as a consequence
of the poem itself which
at precisely its
climax revealed what
was its innermost
secret as the uttermost
and final write-off

in the sense that no
further presumptions were to
be committed in
god's name when the word
was unable to
retain its own content but
cracked instead like a cruci
ble that has a flaw
with boiling gold flow
ing from it like blas
phemy congealing slowly
into vanity

the sky's litmus test
is redder than it used to
be perhaps i am
seeing acid rain
in trundemose as it's
dipped in the in
verted light and sun
set of its mirror image -
the water level
of trundemose's
also higher than last year
and the dreams deeper

the day's name: flori
an week eighteen the
moon now closest to the earth
the pollen count for birch the
highest in living
memory the o
zone count the lowest
the eve of denmark's
liberation - as once in
childhood a fairytale a
go - the short summer
nights are on their way

have you seen the this
tle in may? - every
one notices it in the
month of june when it burns off
its cross deep within
the violet salt
or later when it
smokes from the depths of
hell but precisely in may
it lies there like a green star
right at the bottom
of god's alembic

let us light five and
forty candles in
the poem five and forty li
lacs that neverthe
less blossom and five
and forty stars for those who
fell let us light five and for
ty words in the win
dow sill of the po
em since it is in fact a
spiritual event
we're celebrating

in the sense that the
final and paradoxi
cal secret of the
poem was this: 'do
not write me' - but this
could not be read until it
was precisely too late when
it had been written
and the poem in
another way had
already managed to be
come unwritable

as if the poet
was a medium who in
a trance received the
final message with
the aid of auto
matic writing and after
having removed the black and
occult bandage from
his eyes read fully
conscious the words on
the page: 'do not write down this
communication'

5 may

to think that i should
see all scarlatti's
five hundred and fifty five
sonatas before
hearing them - but look
they're standing there: five hundred
and fifty five apple trees
blossoming all at
one and the same time
up in the orchard under
the day moon's yet larg
er apple blossom

7 may

my dear søren ul
rik - midway on your passage
through the poem
you reached the follow
ing quotation: 'mid
way on your passage through the
poem' which clearly demon
strated that language
was not poetry
that the poem was
other than life midway on
your passage through death

the beech's golden
age the beech's bonsai the
beech's plaster cast
the beech's still life
the beech's opera hat
the beech's dog bark
the beech's saltire
the beech's carbon tetra
chloride the beech's
waldhorn the beech's
caravan its yes-but its
aarestrup medal

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

the greenness was so
glaring on the eyes that it
was necessary
to close them from time
to time to rest them in the
dark contrast of the
after-image the green
ness made a cover for it
self out of the fo
liage of the new
leaved beech of a yet higher
order of greenness

heartland 9/5
but right now it was first and
foremost a question
of tidying up
after oneself in
the poem which in the long
er term might come to mean sharp
ening the wording
(like the tone in a
sonata by scar
latti) towards the seven
last words of silence

and i saw the first
rape come into flower
just like a haiku by bu
son yellower than the sun
completely on its
own in a world with
over a hundred
thousand other plants
and i wondered to myself
who might ever possibly
compose the final
flower of cadmium

i let my thoughts go
roaming out across
the fields like hungry predat
ory birds gyrate
ing up there where e
verything is possible out
there in freedom's mighty air
space where only the
isobars describe
invisible boundaries
i let my thoughts loose
as free as a bird

my dog isn't in
terested in me
any more it has other
obligations and promi
ses to keep my dog
won't walk with me in
to summer - prefers
to remain in an
eternal spring among the
lilac trees and my commands
have not the slightest
meaning any more

alas the great dream
er who does not know
that freedom only begins
with realiza
tion (as when the hawk
selects a particular
prey for itself from all those
possible) alas
the great dreamer who
does not yet know that freedom
constitutes the great
est limitation

it was a question
of saying goodbye to po
etry without sen
timentality
without grandiose
gestures just quite naturally
like the sheldrake the other
day that lay down on
the naked earth in
the depths of the field
of sugar beet and died with
its eyes wide open

i let my thoughts go
soaring out across
the woods like hungry predat
ory birds in wid
ening epic
clic spirals that are leading
nowhere before the circle
at the moment of
true decision is
rounded off restricting the
space of freedom: 'die
gedanken sind frei'

the raspberry bush
es i dedicate
to peter huss specially
those with the wild
berries in the back
garden (east of eden) be
cause he has written such fine
poems in precise
ly their honour be
cause he keeps raspberries in
his deep freezer for
when times get better

i scratch a bit at
the surface of the
poem as at the surface
of a church mural
scratching off a few
words just to see whether there
could perhaps be words that are
more beautiful con
cealed deeper down in
the written text but all i
uncover is the
whiteness of paper

it was a question
of reaching the ultimate
language (in an or
chard which now lay un
tended) and one of
uttering the innermost
word once and for all (wilder
than crabapple blos
som) so that all that
remained to do was
to shut the red gate of the
poem behind you

what i'm going round
doing today with the yel
low watering can
is simply despici
able: showering the lawn's
dandelions with to
xan god how it burns
i am no bloody better
than the farmer that
one from veflinge
it's just that i'm doing it
on a smaller scale

truth is so subject
ive that any oth
er assertion about it
is either gross ma
nipulation or
simply damned lies it's so sub
jective that it is only
by keeping the sec
ret door of para
dox ajar that i can slip
out of this poem
with my words intact

and over there from
the rugård woods there was some
thing like a sigh when
the west wind sudden
ly left off and gave up the
ghost like a gust from
a helicopter
that was flying overhead
on its way to bel
dringe aerodrome
or like my mother calling
me one final time

cordis illumi
natio - i have seen
the place where the sun sets ob
served it from the win
dow of my study
it takes place at the end of
rugård road in brenderup
village to be pre
cise in a garage
so i can cool my heart with
that piece of enlight
enment from now on

it was a question
(if not actually of
deceiving oneself)
then of allowing
the poem to point
in so many directions
and to end up in so much
scrub and hedge and words
that no one could know
with any certain
ty where it stopped when that e
ventually happened

whitethorn in blossom
the light has become a bit
brighter at sunrise
so the dark as a
result feels that little bit
darker deep within
the shadows and the
heart's decorum now that i
am in the process
of returning to
the poem from the forays
before completion

and the sweet cherry
smells of eau de co
logne and helmet crests in the
night a rare scent of fougere
that cannot be bought
for gold or money
but that can only
be paid for with love
as it is now as i bend
down beneath its flamboyant
feathers and embrace
you my beloved

the blackthorn bushes
have a smell more ac
rid than acrylic like fresh
cat's piss in there amongst the
flowers gleam with ra
dion white and wash
ing powder like ster
ling silver like ta
ble salt the blackthorn bushes
emit such whiteness that the
last remains of blue
sky are etched away

everything was blos
soming at heartland as now
the blackthorn and bird
cherry in partic
ular with their whitest flames
that were licking up
wards into the sky
from the fire of the unborn
like pure existence
the great visions of
reality were blossom
ing at heartland now

i disappointed
one of my young friends
yesterday when i walked straight
to the very cen
tre of the bamboo
maze in egeskov park through
the doors that were marked with the
sign 'exit' - while he
laboriously
followed the labyrinthine
passages in each
and every detail

i replied with the
following anecdote: 'two chessmasters were play
ing a game of chess
and when one of them
went out for a breath of fresh
air the other one removed
a rook - the master
returned and noticed
what had taken place but did
not say a word re
sumed the game and won'

and i saw the rock
show for the kurds that made the
rockstars more famous
than they were before
clad in their tattered
jeans and baseball hats and i
listened to the message the
simple truth 'can e
veryone see us e
veryone hear us' i
saw the marathon rock show
of the megastars

i could also have
said that i made use
of the dry and he the wet
method but that we
both finally reached
the centre - the real laby
rinth we discovered some place
else within the grounds
of the park it con
tained no shortcut door
ways and neither en
trances nor exits

true enough there was
no such secret door to the
place where all fairy
tales become true or
where reality by the
same token becomes
like a fairytale
but we discovered ourselves
precisely there now
without becoming
blinded by the light within
which light hides itself

long cat's paws through the
fields of green wheat out
towards the exact spot where
the sun sets red with
hydrogen long cat's
paws through the realms of scarlat
ti's sonatas towards si
lence long cat's paws slid
ing through my muscles
when you touch them beloved
- up into the pi
tuitary's quartz

the main trail might for
example take us all the
way to the morud
brugsen (without a
nyone smelling a
rat) the trail petering out
among the deepfreeze counters
which meant that there was
only one thing left
to do: to write one's
own way home again follow
ing the rugård road

another impor
tant trail might turn off towards
the sea at fogen
se point where the po
em ought in a sense
naturally to end up in
the breakers among the peb
bles drowned by the sound
of wind and weather
but again it could
simply be a diversion
a mere red herring

this square is black e
ven blacker than jan
vercruyse's iron sculpture with
the glazed ceramic tiles 'tom
beaux' and only the
one who masters his
black art can see it
and can interpret
the invisible epi
taph above my dachshund who
died happily from
his everafter

a third and partly
neglected trail might take a
line that runs along
the fringe of the wood
where the sour cherry
trees were blossoming whiter
than in lindegreen's sonnets
which if anything
could make the words fall
silent - but not in
that direction either did
the poem come out

other trails might in
tersect in the wheatfields which
in this month of may
were lying like im
mense entailed estates
of greenness and of expec
tations where one word and one
word only was re
quired ie 'corn' and
there was no good rea
son to repeat it from here
to eternity

cordis rectifi
catio - and a trail drew a
straight line from the heart
all the way to our
place deep in the woods
where the last violets of
understanding had a strong
er smell than death and
a sweeter smell than
life and for the same
reason there was nothing more
to be said either

an army of cru
saders passes through
the garden with spears and blue
lances hardened on
the sun's anvil it
is the lupins on their way
towards their own eterni
ty that is perhaps
what makes up this march
ing on the spot but what do
i know (about them
or eternity)?

or i could allow
one trail to follow hede
bovej and anoth
er one to go out
along banggårdsvej
and let them meet precisely
where they meet in reali
ty on the corner
down by veflinge
school - for there it would
be impossible to get
a word in edgeways

and now the lupins
are really storming the bank
that faces west al
ready their blue ban
ners proclaim their victory
consecrated to
death like all that lives
they will succumb in the fi
nal battle they can
lose though their lives can
never be lost in the way
that yours and mine can

18 may

sometime and somewhere
the poem would soon have to
end if the cure
was to be taken
seriously if
the wound had really been healed
and did not constantly have
to be patched up with
words and the whole to
be tacked together
time after time with writing's
jet blackberry canes

and i saw nørre
bro boil over once
more ten years later i saw
the cobblestones and cartridge
cases and johan
neskirken where i
had once got married
bathed in flashlights i
saw brass i saw iron
railing spears and a govern
ment minister use the word:
'hooliganism'

or maybe the po
ems that had never
been written could be found on
an aurora's wing
under the dust - it
would not be completely un
reasonable if it said
o.a.m.d.g.
in some sort of in
visible ink precisely
on this vatican
coloured butterfly

it was whitsun un
der the sun and the blossom
ing bird cherry whit
sun at the wood's edge
and when i remarked:
'the white wine tastes exactly
like sitting here and drinking
white wine' i under
stood that it was more
than just serious
now - i saw that the poem
soon had to finish

it was whitsun un
der the sun and the blossom
ing bird cherry whit
sun at the wood's edge
and when my beloved
said about the dog: 'it
really believes that it's a
dog' i understood
that it was more than just
serious now - i
saw the poem was reaching
the end of the road

it was whitsun un
der the sun and the blossom
ing bird cherry whit
sun at the wood's edge
all of nature was
spiritual and this the po
em had to try and formu
late thus 'this poem
expresses precisely
ly what it wants to
say' - completely without e
vasion's frontispiece

the poem had ta
ken a detour to rea
lity and now we
were approaching the
target (which was waving a
welcome to us with
swaying branches of
birch and fragrant bird cherry)
the time was rife for
taking a break for
what was the point of writing
the same poem twice?

compunctio cordis
the issue could be pushed to
extremes pushed onto
this thorn in the heart:
if writing were to
blossom to infinity
like the blackthorn in may (for
the spirit's repetition is something
else) the poem would
become incurable and
the word would be dead

the rape is lighting
up the night from below like
urine like a secret
church service in
the catacombs like the bed
of the sea like a
sculpture by cronham
mer like an eclipse of the
moon like the sun of
the dead just like your
eyes my beloved in the
act of making love

on the one hand language
is much too small
and tends to constrict reality
with its net of logic and
on the other hand language
tends to be much too big
rambling away in
its own cockandbull stories
write the poem where language
and reality
are weighted the same

in the altarpiece
of padesø church christ
walks on the waters of dark
ness in his halo
of moonlight or in
reality on the dark
ness of the waters - oh if
only i had such
faith that the poem
could bear me in broad daylight
and i could walk on
the poems of night

my dear asger - at
the heart of every
poem there's a centre a
vacuum that keeps
the words held togeth
er so they are not scattered
to the four winds like chaff
like insects in an
eclipse of the sun
that is where i see you stand
unmistakable
in concentration

the words were getting
in the way all the time or
perhaps the oppo
site when i said 'cher
ry' for example my mouth
was full of stones and
because my poem
is neither words nor nature
this distracted me
or could it be the
poem itself that now was
getting in the way?

or perhaps it was
life itself (not just
the biological) that
was reaching a new culmi
nating point and there
fore was overwhelm
ing me with something
that resembled si
lence since the words no longer
made any real impact per
haps i was now be
coming dumb with life?

my beloved - i
start to realize
all our life together is
foreplay that each and
every hour of the
day and night sets the scene for
intercourse i begin to
realize this my
beloved when some
thing as common as the way
you water the flowers
gets me excited

if we ultimate
ly were to dream then
we would dream about our life
as it was here at heartland
dream about precise
ly that reali
ty we lived in the
gleam of the gera
niums that just now were be
ing lit along the wayside
we would dream our ex
istence as it was

showertime within
and without - there in the ca
bin here in the rain
under the lilacs
whose buds are on the point of
bursting now and will
soon be pouring out
their wine over the grass on
the altar of the
earth there was now
only one way to avoid the
poem: to write it

heartland 25/5
once more we had arrived at
the red campion
without any other
truths to confess
unless it should chance to be
the one that we had once more
arrived at that which
each and every one
of us knows (without
knowing it as one says) and
no one understands

the intifada
flag: red with the clatter
of machine guns on
the radio black
with smoke from the burning
car tyres on the tv's
river bank white as the news
paper page before
it has been sullied
with death green as that dream
which the media can't
show 'live' on the screen

there is no 'outside'
and certainly no
'inside' but undeniably
something - like a night breeze
from the south a large
flower that is gradually
unfolding
and light is plentiful
at this time of the year
there's undeniably some
thing that has set the
peonies on fire

azylum cordis
the writing is the
hedges in the maze and the
empty spaces are
the passages or
is it the other way round
does the path pass through the writ
ten or the unwrit
ten where is the cen
tre - on the left just like the
heart is in late
re vulnerato?

but when the poem
has been got through one
fine day that will leave life and
death and when life and death have
been got through at some
point in time there will
only be the po
em left so it is
not only the case that the
poem gets the best of it
it also happens
to get the last word

the weeds are wildly
and suddenly putting out
a thousand and one
seeds down on the com
post heap (like the sperm
that once spurted from
the hanged man) to ach
ieve it to keep a hold on
eternal life from
the other side of
death that has now itself been
torn up by the root

titch embroideries of dreams and of fancy daisy
s
y woo cro ram net pop wor spi tan cra t
s dr wf s t py mw r s nes i
i uff oot on le ood aea y billt
a
d woo wha lit ats pon tti ont oes sel h
db tis yal act all mea hew nth fh
a ine rea lth edu tha cts ord ave eal a
l
l san nta pir conclusus alp any cam l
i int itt oem tim om
t cle hes hei h u h isu ein ile t
h o the n o h
e bal tca mmo r i corn r nic its sor e
sam nco rta t uni t orn elf rel
u u c r u u
n cow can lan s o n s ter thu mil n
r wh not det rit sno f r
e eat doi ern conclusus ory rea oil e
a
l pim ngr dos epo ssp nth hic lit spe l
per eal ome emc iri ewo hac yth edw
d nel ity thi and tth rdi tsi atw ell h
a
i nig ros gin bur hai her swe wou t
s hts e g d mug rgr bpa et ndw i
yhade bay er ock uet ass ris pea ort t
s
titch embroideries of dreams and of fancy daisy

i cannot see the
main lines any more
they are disappearing like
the tracks in the field
that the tractor fol
lowed when the wheat was given
fertilizer they hide them
and the season - i
have reached the age when
life has gained in beauty and
in fullness but has
lost its direction

and the poppies were
gleaming from the edg
es of the fields and meadows
like salt and cinnabar like
'round up' out from the
corn and inside the
grass and all they had
to do was simply
to last for the space of their
own lifetime while all the po
ems round them had to
last for all of death

watch out - scarlatti's
a fulltime job the
harpichordist who first re
corded the collect
ed works died shortly
afterwards from the supreme
exertion - and watch out too
if you should want to
listen to all the
sonatas let the odd one
remain unheard a
mong the emeralds

in the very heart
of hearts further in than the
season than the class
ic variant of
the king's indian further
in than ascension
day i placed the urn
that was made of sandstone up
onto the centre
of the secret lawn -
the urn with the children which
we would never have

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'i
once knew a man who
had understood e
verything but lived no
thing of that which he under
stood and when he came to live
it he understood
nothing as if he
had paid for his life
with understanding's one word
after the other'

my dear pia - i
have set a little
trap for you - i am going
to let a perfectly ripe
belle de boskoop fall
down onto your head
from these words (even
though the time of the
year is completely wrong) let
us see if you discover
it like you once did
in reality

since the poem (my
poetry) was almost finished and only no
thing was missing it
was only a question of drawing nothing's trans-
parent poem aside because this poem would
hardly be distinguishable from the
wholeness it was an expression of: my whole world

heartland 30/5
lunch al fresco - eggs tomatoes wine and poems -
it was getting to the point where i couldn't separate my life from
reality they were hardly distinguishable from each other
not like a description or like in a mirror
but like a wholeness

and i saw a pig's head above the word
'conflict' and three enormous stacks of meat i also saw
a man from the sudan who ate grass in
honour of the viewers and after that
i saw that the week's bonus numbers in the lottery
were eight and eleven and seventeen

it could also be put another way poetry was reaching a
point where it was beginning to resemble my
life so much that there was no longer any
reason to put it down on paper what i
mean to say is: why on earth should i go around
copying myself?

i contemplate the
bees - 'bee' i remark and i
mean by that neither
the word bee nor the
bee itself but the wholeness
where they exist to
gether that is nei
ther language nor reali
ty but a haiku:
and yet - language or
reality - the bees go
about their business

so what did i learn
from the spring? - i learned
the term 'mouse eared chickweed'
and
its latin name 'cerast
ium caespitosum'
and out in real
ity where it is
flowering so un
consequentially though with
more might than a bishopric
i learned the wild lan
guage of the flowers

and i have never
seen the fields as yellow as
now when the rape's blos
soming into the
poem never seen
your eyes so deep blue with for
getmenots my beloved
as now when they look
at me never has
the poem seemed so
lovely to me as now when
it's about to stop

and one day we'll go
out through the poem's
secret door in among the
wild lilacs giving
ourselves up to life
and the fragrant nighttime woods
one fine day in may we'll dis
appear into the
great reality
without leaving any trace
behind us than the
words of these poems

JUNE

freedom cannot be
defined by any
thing else than itself and is
therefore basically
incomprehensi-
ble as nothing can contain
its own explanation as
anything else than
insight which is pre-
cisely 'incomprehensi-
ble' in the usu-
al sense of the word

cordis flores - my
poetry had now become
so concrete that i
had no trouble in
saying: 'these dog roses that
i have planted for
you my beloved
redder than snow and whiter
than blood really have
more the appearance
of a poem i myself
might well have written'

the nature of free-
dom's ultimately
not of course free but tied and
bound - that is to say
by god - but it is
only there in the utmost
(or innermost) conclusion
the anchoring and
liberation take
place when god gives you the res-
ponsibility
for your own freedom

nicomedes' day
the name of the month
june after the god juno
in danish: 'midsummer month'
jupiter clearly
visible to the
south west at nightfall
saturn can be seen
low in the southeasterly
evening sky antares to
culminate at mid-
night while i'm asleep

i've stretched out a fly
net over this square
to try and prevent the flies
from slipping in on
to this side of the
paper - there was one that has
nevertheless somehow man-
aged to slip in here
between may and june's
poems - but i personal-
ly guarantee that
it will be the last

today you must say
either yes yes or no no
as will be the case
today throughout the
country apart from on the
voting slips where you
find the word 'cunt' that
has been written with an orange-red speedmarker
inside the circle
of the twelve stars that circle
the heart of europe

cordis reversio
but somewhere or other deep
down inside of me
(under the shadow
of the heart?) it was
quite soothing not to have to
take the responsibility
any more for
the sunrise and calm
ly leave it to it
self and the wings of the orange tip butterfly

somewhere or other
deep down inside of me (at
the red gate of memory?) it was nevertheless a relief
not to have to find words
for the rain any more but
calmly to be able to leave it to
the younger poets
and to the meteorological office

daylong rain as in
my mother's diaries
it was always raining in
mayland's calendar
with rain then slanting
over the pages the one
shower of ink after the other
i remember
it quite clearly - june
rain as distant and as green
as were the rooms in
a film by truffaut

the repetitions
of nature are never
perfect copies and those
of language are much
too precise (like the
first principle of logic)
true repetition only
takes place in the spirit
when it makes an
attempt to recover its
own unity behind
all the fragments

cordis circumcisio
the university
is also a vast
maze at the centre
of which the reading room lies
like a natural
istic fallacy
here i found the fifty five
engravings of the
heart because i had
reserved the book by benedictus
haeftenus

the only real
repetition is
the repetition of reality
when all the
fairytale paths that
lead down to the sunset
are over when all the
excursions in the
labyrinths of language
are at an end - the only
real repetition is
that of existence

cordis protectio
and somewhere or other deep
down inside of me
(among the heart's four
and twenty rubies?)
it was quite soothing not to
have to speak on behalf of
the night any more
but calmly to be
able to leave it
to each and everyone and
to the nightingale

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

cordis quies - i
of all people have
a very high opinion
of ground elder now how can
that be? - because it
hides the bare spots and emp
ty corners of the garden
just as well as in
my poems on those
days when i've nothing special
on my mind and no
thing to talk about

poetry now had
to be replaced by life - not
in any natu
ralistic sense but
rather like taking a snaps
on an empty heart
on a summer's night
in the woods like medicine
like the catalyst
that had brought about
reality brought life it
self into being

euthanasia
is what the bill says
and eighty kroner for the
removal - that's not all that
expensive really
for such a short-haired
red-coloured dachshund
a cheap burial
of so much love and affec
tion when the t-shirt that i
bought yesterday cost
three hundred kroner

heartland 5/6
northerly wind and under
ten centigrade the
sky cheerless and grim
y as in moritz von schwindt's
watercolour 'rast
auf der wanderschaft'
and the big hawthorn has not
come into blossom
yet - 'the atomic
winter 's upon us' as my
mother would have said

clover and stitchwort
hemlock further in
hardly distinguishable
from the wild chervil
that stands on guard a
round its central leaf king this
tle advances north and east
clad 'in his shining
armour' - major mi
litary operations
are taking place in
botany's rear area

i am obliged to
point out there's a fly
in the ointment - paragraph
seventy seven
of the constitu
tion is not subject to it
since no law can stand in an
absolute rela
tion to itself - er
go this paragraph express
es the paradox
in the legal sense

tombeau de getz - dear
stan getz what is it that you
cause us to yearn for
so much that we our
selves are unable
to know? - is it the very
irrevocability -
that in actual fact
it's only once that
everything really
counts when it comes to the crunch
as it is with life?

dear stan getz - i just
can't face writing poems a
bout death any
more death with a soft
lisp and flowering
lilacs (whose tone is even
lighter than the summer night
is at this moment)
so if the news a
gencies are other
wise telling the truth i here
by confirm your life

this poem is swe
dish (translated by
me) it may only be read
with gold-rimmed glasses
it is clad in sack
cloth and ashes and is grave
ly full of the echoes of
fir forests right back
from stagnerius
at some moment or other
the poem wants to
commit suicide

dear stan getz - why should
n't i write a commemo
rative poem to
you - i who have writ
ten about every
thing between heaven and earth
everything from screws to stars
why shouldn't your death
move me more than the
spindryer that i
have on one occasion writ
ten a poem to?

dear stan getz - why should
n't i persist in my right
to write a commemora
tive poem to you
whose bright tones have helped
me through so many a lone
ly night why shouldn't i en
croach on the preserves
of death for once and
deprive him of his
habitual right to have the
last and final word?

7 june

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'run your head in
to a brick wall and
write that' i said - 'call
your collection: ow' - i said
'cut out the airyfairy
stuff - skip das himmli
sche leben' - i said
to the young poet who
came for my advice
about poetry

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'read the stock exchange quo
tations' - i said - 'they
are precise they are
despite everything rela
ted to reality and
what's more poetic -
listen: orion
b hexagon christia
ni og nielsen - sheer
poetry' i said

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'there is a lot of bas
tards out there - william
carlos williams once
remarked to an aspiring
poet who asked him to say
something about po
etry - he pointed
towards the window: there is
a lot of bastards
out there - he remarked'

and on the tv
screen copenhagen looked real
ly like a medi
eval mural on
this whitsun day: the proces
sion of the devil
to the tune of pipes
and drums the halfnaked wo
men and fool's bells the
samba and the slots
kirken church that went up in
'clouds of smoke and steam'

i tried to get a
way from the safety of the
past (where all's deci
ded and nothing lies
in wait) out of the future's
shadows and fairy
tales (where nothing's
decided and all lies in
wait) and into the
light of the moment
where the decision's made each
day once and for all

bogense d i
y store the marina bo
gense chemist's shop
the pennants - bogen
se had the same look
as all the other small coast
al towns that we had paid a
visit - but not quite
somehow or other
all that bogense
resembled was itself in
midsummer seaweed

the elder's para
bol dish the elder's escha
tology the el
ders goetheanum
the elder's pyrolysis
the elder's fustian
the elder's pancake
house the elder's black n'white
the elder's dryad
the elder's whitsun
its badminton its xylo
phone its summertime

this square is light blue
and it is shimmering can't
you see that it is?
well try getting up
at four am and turning
on your tv and
staring intensely
at it as usual - then take
another look at
this square - can you see
now that it is light blue just
like snowwashed denim?

my dear carl n - i
once put my ear close
to a dock leaf just as in
the fairytale but
i did not hear a
nything until yesterday
when i listened to the wind
quintet and the smack
of the rain against
my ear drum that is what that
dock leaf really ought
to have sounded like

and the cuckoo called
all the while and we
talked anxiously too and the
accounts were all cuckoo too
fortunately so
we never arrived
at any final
result and there were
still plenty of mean propor
tionals lying around a
mong the dog roses

when the dog roses
blossom and the sour
smell of elder wafts in through
the window at night while you're
asleep when the poem
is finished and
everything could start
again when your life
is as beautiful as mid
summer itself - what then? - then
you're to hold your tongue
and read your larsen

and we entered the
summer between a poem
by seedorf and another
by thøger
larsen and we knew
that the rest was simply a
question of the short summer
nights of the paradox
that there was no
more to understand
but by that token all that
much more to believe

(what did thøger larsen
mean by the way
and en passant by saying
elder smells sweet? - for it smells
of elfshot and of
chlorine no even
worse it smells like the
cheminova plant
out there from the summernight's
common it has a verde
gris green poisonous
stink like horse's piss)

and now that i had
learnt all the poems by heart
and had learnt all my
poetry by mind
all that was really left was
life itself and the
swallows and the kisses
and the wild lilac's mid
summernight's dream and
the rest of the words
and at some point further on
of course there was death

heartland 13/6
woke up early lay in bed
for a long time looked
at the sky that the
swallows were lashing
together with button thread
that i could comprehend my
life was as incom
prehensible to
me as that para
dox by zenon i even
so comprehended

this poem is ice
landic it is stroll
ing round reykavik's streets dressed
in a tattered al
paca coat and is
quoting poems by t s
eliot it is freezing
it is on its way
to lokastigur
number nine to meet an old
friend who can translate
it into danish

this poem is far
oese it is danc
ing a chain dance from suder
ø to mykines
from time to time the
queen visits the poem by
helicopter each week it
is sent a parcel
of blubber in brown
wrapping paper no mat
ter where in the world
it happens to be

the chernobyl plant
still goes on oper
ating throughout this decade
continues to split the fleur
de lis of the a
toms under a ro
tor of darkness while
you are reading this
poem is still singing its
songs about maldoror while
you are turning the
pages of this book

14 june

the spruce's norway
spruce the spruce's ruby glass
the spruce's silver
fir the spruce's order of
the seraphim the spruce's
common spruce the spruce's
blue silver and
white spruce the spruce's crystal
chandelier the spruce's
douglas spruce the
spruce's laser rays the spruce's
engelmann spruce

cordis effusio
other labyrinths
volunteered under the heart
in whose shadows the
bindweed flowered and
the light was unable to
penetrate with its paradox
where the yellow hammer
had left its nest and its eggs
disintegrating around the
yolk of nothingness

and the goosegrass enveloped us
in greenery here at heartland like
a bodysnatcher that threatened
to devour us unless our love
had the strength to resist
(or maybe it was precisely
with the aid of love it was
seeking our complete isolation?)

and precisely because it was
meant seriously i set slowly
about it hesitating before each
single word (like i do when
using the secateurs up among
the roses) for precisely that
reason i expanded the moment
to a little eternity

this poem is finn
ish dedicated
to staffan söderblom who's
translated it in
to swedish and caj
westerberg who's translated
it back again 'runot o
vat käännöksia suo
men kielastä' - and to
an unnamed poet who un
derstands no finnish
swedish or danish

this poem is green
landic it lives out
at kofod's school and it has
a hangover when
from time to time it
has its lighter moments it
gets up and loudly shouts 'ar
nanuit assut in
nussiarnersumut
tulipak illersuuttis
saq' in all its touch
ing simplicity

this poem is da
nish it titters when
words like 'passion' or 'spirit'
are mentioned and it
says 'bloody hell' be
cause it has just now paid a
visit to the dentist it
has been written by
the undersigned po
et and will never be trans
lated into in
doeuropean

precisely because
it is serious i spin
time out give myself
plenty of time go
astray of my own free will
among the dog ro
ses behind rugård
slot disappear behind oth
er words and only
come back very late
in the last part of the eve
ning to my poem

heartland 16/6
the silk peonies are big
ger than those of
my childhood garden
and redder than those
that used to float on water
in my mother's bowls - that is
remarkable since
memory normal
ly magnifies and
makes more beautiful all that
which was left behind

this poem is nor
wegian right down to
its knees its written in bok
mål and is therefore
not in any need
of translation its heart has
been packed in the norwegian
flag and in the eve
ning it makes its ar
rival at biskops arnö
and pulls up a birch
by its very roots

vinculum cordis
how magnificent
it really is to be a
man like the whitest
rose like william byrd's
'jhon come kisse me now' like
making love to you my be
loved like the world
championship in
football like the reddest of
the reddest roses
of the sacred heart

and the camomile
gleamed especially
from the fallowland as did
the bindweed that flanked the da
nish roads and furthest
into the secret
the cow parsnip lift
ed its clenched fist of
iron towards the sky and field
scabious and mallow and
all the other flow
ers of the summer

and i followed e
ven more extraordinary
tracks around the mal
maison rosebush (which
had now just come into leaf)
until i was stand
ing in front of the
word 'freedom' which has the strange
characteristic
of losing its mean
ing as soon as a meaning
is ascribed to it

there ought to have been
a sculpture by henry moore
somewhere in assens
one of those with holes
in the head through which
the swallows practise in or
der to demonstrate that there
doesn't necessa
rily have to be
any real contra
diction between reali
ty and fantasy

mustum cordis - the
fact that it has ta
ken so long time to get youth
out of my blood is
due to the fact that
it too had to be squeezed to
the very last drop in the
press of the heart so
i wouldn't later
find myself having to emp
ty a full glass of
wine into the night

and beneath the wild
chervil the white nights
of summer burned like a gen
tle purging fire like memo
ries from some school lea
ving party no one
any more recalls
or as painful and
as wistful as if someone
at some much later point in
the year was to say:
'the nights of summer'

immaculate june
as white as wedding dresses
as snow as white as
a piece of chalk whit
er than technicolor as
kitchenland as white
as a toyota
corolla as starch or as
coastal hospitals
as white as a piece
of coal whiter than micha
el strunge's birthday

for once in a while
i found something of
interest in the culture
section of the pa
per: a sepia
drawing by friedrich depict
ing the view through a window -
the ageold problem
of the romantics:
where is the reality
that lies out there be
hind the window pane?

cordis sacrifi
cium - i was a
bout to grow away from po
etry or it from me - per
haps the poem was
growing in a ve
ry different garden
now beneath other
gooseberry bushes and in
other hearts younger than mine
long since sacrificed
and given away

and around heartland
night drew its magic circle
of light and we heard
the stallion whinny
ing at the wood's edge
and the fox baying out there
and a dog's distant howling
and we listened to
the sound of our own
footsteps in the midst
of the summer night where all
roads lead to the heart

the days name: alba
nus the longest day
solstice at 10am (in
visible because of thun
dershowers) and the
slaughter-burnham co
met in perihel
ion passage the
day's length increased by ten hours
and thirty two minutes the
poems will also
become darker now

my dear bo hakon
you ought to have seen the rhu
barb flower so as to
understand clausen's
poems their pumice
stone their lightgreen coral reefs
their promiscuity and
secular rhythm
not until then will
you understand why
the poet can make the word
harp rhyme with rhubarb

cordis scalae - and
midsummer screwed itself up
to a higher pitch
than the lark up to
date on the year's high
est day even higher up
than stan getz's solo in 'o
pus de bop' - even
higher than the heart
and the light so high
that the dark had to begin
all over again

the summer solstice
lifts its cupola
over a pagan place that
lies westwards where the
wick slowly smokes and
is lowered - and how on earth
am i to know who the per
sons are that are sit
ting around this pa
raffin lamp drinking rosé
wine until the ear
ly hours of morning?

and we moved towards
the season's innermost thorn
along the tracks in
'the fitz-william vir
ginal book' - and we
knew that it was forbidden
to try and pump god so we
didn't ask about
anything even
though we were almost afire
with our questions like the great
bonfire that evening

heartland 23/6
and the peonies were be
ginning to burn down
in their own fire in
honour of god and of mid
summer gleaming like
a last communi
on in langeskov forest
chapel dark with al
tar wine and redder
still than even their own trans
substantiation

and god tempted us
not to answer for any
one but ourselves he
demanded no sac
rifices and no
evidence for our belief
no ashes from the bonfire
of the day before
in the back garden
god did not ask for
a single midsummernight's
poem in return

25 june

i walked abroad one
summer's night i walked
into the purple and em
eralds of seven
sleepers' eve where the
nightingale still trilled its fi
nal note in the depths of the
vales and the other
small birds yet more did
hold their tongues in the green halls
i walked abroad in
to a fairytale

27 june

the malmaison rose
is flowering like por
celain or more like roses
painted on porce
lain among the this
tles - it is completely quiet
here in the poem among
the summer's words now
as the tides of dark
ness once more have begun to
rise quite slowly be
hind the horizon

and some location
or other in europe the
one hundred and ump
teenth peace conference
got under way where at the
one hundred and ump
teenth lunch the atro
cities of the war were dis
cussed while the inhab
itants of sara
jevo were still suffering
from near starvation

let me spell it out
in a poem - the whole can
be perceived but not
understood as we
are a part of it
only god as an outsid
er can understand our whole
ness and grant us in
sight - the fact that we
possess this insight
is virtually 'the proof
of god's existence'

fåborg had neither
the smell of tar nor camphor
but of pure vani
lla on this day in
june as we approached
it from the north along the
country road which was why the
light had a touch of
darkness about it
as if the summer
had burned to death here inside
this beautiful town

the united for
ests' day green with salt and dark
ness in the middle
of the day like an
apocalypse where
we later trod a ring de
liberately to make the
circle good again
around ' this second
proof of god' the re
united forests green with
a darkness of light

and comfrey was in
flower just where comfrey ought to
grow along the path
leading to 'the house'
of usher' then down all the
way to the wood pa
vilion - and i en
tered its name in the collec
tion of poems where
it rightly belongs
since it's so beautiful and
curious a word

and in the peri
od from midsummer to the
dogdays we wandered
through the wood from morn
ing till evening with
out losing our sense of time
and place - on the contrary
our attention was
sharpened to what were
moments of real pre
sence just like slow-motion in
a tarkovsky film

and the fairytale
flowered at the edge of the wood
like elder and days
long since past and deep
er still than 'once u
pon a time' at the very
heart of it 'in the mind of
mindlessness' (from which
no word ever es
capes) the wood stood stock
still listening intently to
its own fairytale

cordis donatio
lobelia lo
belia lift up your one
leg so i beneath
the skirt's blue can let
my brazen gaze glide up to
death's secret lobelia
o lobelia
off with your panties
lobelia give me your
sex and your heart as
well lobelia

and in between two
masses by william
byrd the wheat waves so green that
i have to ask my
self whether from time
to time the converse is
not true that it is real
ity which links the
spiritual events
to each other forming some
thing that 's greater and
more than works of art?

bedstraw and vetch and
clover and lotus
everything did its duty
at the right time and at the
right place and with the
true unity of
action as opposed
to us who had more
freedom to risk and more free
dom at stake we who soon would
know more dead people
than we did living

JULY

we've almost ground to
a halt here in all
of july's weeds among the
nettles dragonheads ground
to a halt in our
daily routine have
got ensnared in all the black
berry canes but was
n't that what we ac
tually wanted: this little
repetition ra
ther than the big words

heartland 1/7
the major drainage and sew
erage work contin
ued almost symbol
ically at heartland
the emptying of the un
conscious the last slurry from
oblivion's sep
tic tank poetry's
mighty images
of excrement - the great cure
was continuing

it was the year of
drought more than of death - for death
had left the battle
field to the sun out
there in the fields of growing
wheat - consequently
we were not going
to any burial that
year and i myself
was let off all the
flowers and the elegies it
was the year of drought

blackest july like
a saros series like the
eclipse of the sun
last wednesday like the
short circuits like so
much sunshine that it's almost
has to be consumed in dis
tant and forgotten
attic spaces like
that poem of des
jardin where the sky is blue
and the fir woods black

it was the year of
drought the sun was seething out
there in its pitchblack
iron pot and al
ready the winter barley
was being harvest
ed although it on
ly yielded half of last year's
crop while the rape sim
ply shrivelled in all
its withered livery it
was the year of drought

blackest july full
of thrips in the white
and yellow roses as black
as looking into the light
itself as taking
a stroll through the fields
of barley when the
sun is highest in
the sky blacker than watching
the vet driving off with the
dachsund cocooned in
a black plastic bag

a field of wheat in
the southeastern corner such
as i have not seen
since childhood when it
seemed to me to be
as blue as the sky and a
couple of years ago at
a wastewater re
servoir - i who be
lieved that the fairy
tale of wheat came to an end
with jeppe aakjær

the market square in
kerteminde was like a
chessboard where people
stood in a trance and
listened to voices
from within like pieces in
the king's indian gambit
it only lasted
a moment then life
continued as if
nothing had happened here at
the end of the world

it was the year of
drought and we preferred to trav
el at night along
the cool field tracks down
towards the wood so as not
to get burnt by the
day - hand in hand we
walked together into lang
gaard's second quartet
to cool ourselves in
the dark's augmented fourth it
was the year of drought

and there was thunder
in the great quarry
of the sky and a clenched fist
full of lightning showed
itself between the
clouds and we stopped noticing
these signs any longer be
cause the whole could not
be interpreted
on the basis of pheno
mena from within
its own boundaries

it was the year of
drought the summer burned up in
side the wheat kernels
in the fields where not
even the swallows darted
and swooped any more
and i remembered
the story of the grain of
corn and the chessboard
since as many mul
tiples had been used up it
was the year of drought

cordis unio
and outside too in
the great big world remarka
ble things were taking
place - the heart of eu
rope had healed and recovered
after its mortal wound the
thrombus of steel and
concrete blasted in
to a thousand pieces a
dorned with graffitti -
berlin free once more

apart from that the
day's quite prosaic
full of washing and letters
from the tax autho
rities more cryptic
that even the paradox
of cognition - full of weeds
and shopping at one
end and the septic
tank that needs to be emptied
of all amassed shit
at the other end

the rape's turbo the
rape's tabula rasa the
rape's anthroposo
phy the rape's colour
blindness the rape's o
live oil the rape's dynamo
the rape's our father the rape's
spurt of flame the rape's
neon light the rape's
honeydew the rape's
cadmium the rape's beekeep
er society

my dear thomas b
i hear you have last
been seen in lima's crimson
taverns which probab
ly no longer smell
of sawdust and ginger - it's
reassuring to think of
you sitting there and
drinking wine - so the
world is not completely out
of joint yet - hands a
cross the wilderness

it was the year of
drought just as the poplars turn
the silver side of
their leaves outwards when
it's blowing up for rain so
too the wheat was gleam
ing with phosporus
under the fiery summer
lightning like great short
circuits in the or
gan preludes of langgaard it
was the year of drought

the strawberry sea
son is now over
zephyr and grandiflora
eaten and consumed almost
like the years of ma
turity - over
there on the other
side of the hill where
there was time enough and grand
father wallowed in strawber
ries and cream despite
a bad allergy

the days overlapped
into each other
connected more by the glid
ing flight and long gar
lands of the swallows
than by any particu
lar causality - there were
only small shifts tak
ing place but they were
all the greater therefore
since they were taking
place in the spirit

one day was very
much like the previous
one like ears of corn or like
one madrigal by
john ward is very
much like the previous one - but
since the repetition took
place in the spirit
the smallest vari
ations stood out with keenness
and significance
that made the heart leap

the oats' high voltage
the oats' terracotta the
oats' archipela
go the oats' drying
loft the oats' july revo
lution the oats' ink
well the oats' caril
lon the oats' brugsforening
the oats' megabytes
the oats' tricolour
the oats' dispensary and
ratification

and the barley gleamed
like raw silk shimmer
ing like one of my mother's
satin petticoats under
the dress of real
ity which we prom
ised god not to al
low to degener
ate into art again but
just this once and for all to
celebrate this in
stant of the barley

the rye's thermody
namics the rye's convulsive
laughter the rye's ar
my cap the rye's am
ethysts the rye's hors d'œuvre
the rye's backgammon
the rye's pair of jeans
the rye's synthesizer the
rye's drawer of a writing desk
the rye's hyperco
lor the rye's hardcore the rye's
cauldron of hellfire

conversely the mi
nutest details stirred
us infinitely more than
all the world's convul
sions we were passion
ately engrossed by the mi
nutest differences by
persensitive re
garding the tiny
variations because pre
cisely they expressed
the spirit at work

the great fugues and mu
sical varia
tions became for us man's at
tempt to indicate
(indirectly it
must be said as in a mir
ror) the unity and co
herence wrought by the
spirit in the world
more than any chain of cause
and effect or lo
gical argument

once everyday life
had been transillu
minated by this insight
(lit up by corn ma
rigold and scentless
camomile) events could be
gin to take place with consid
erable vari
ety and distance
and yet we still discerned the
spirit which transformed
them into a whole

axl rose and duff
slash the impossi
ble heart and mind under fire
death and utter perdition
would my dog perhaps
have been fond of guns
n'roses? - i guess
so - they sound quite like
dogbones - but it is of no
consequence - it doesn't mat
ter 'cause my dog
is dead and gone

heartland 8/7
summer guests up at the crack
of dawn to buy an
extra carton of
kefir and red wine
do the hoovering and tidy
up serve and entertain
at the same time wash
up at 3am
for god's sake try to
make the whole thing look as if
it's quite effortless

when i say every
day life absorbed me
it should be stressed that by 'everyday' i meant that
which remained when the
nonsense had been sifted out:
newspapers bills and agreements that which was left
over after the
boiling process when the berries had been skimmed off
with the hollow spoon

the barley's encyclopedias the barley's black
crape the barley's bronze
fittings the barley's
iron scythe the barley's garage
coat the barley's infrastructure the
barley's glacier the barley's
deceit the barley's
summer lightning the
barley's horseshoe autodesires and lutherdom

perhaps the every
day consisted of
this clarification of
details this vigi
lance and solici
tude concerning events that
normally played no part what
soever the sound
of raindrops against
the shed roof or july's pur
gatory of light
ning over the corn

because it was these
small events which tongued
and grooved the day together
to form the wholeness
i would prefer to
call the 'allday' rather than
the 'everyday' because it
was these small grains of
sand around which the
spirit concentrated it
self and was spread like
rings across the day

black july like light as
painted by harald giersing
once upon a time
like elder flowers on
negatives of the
photographs we did not take
this particular summer
like the barley on
our nocturnal walks
to the church at pa
desø - black july of salt
like a copper beech

black july of tar
nished silver at the edges
of the field like the
beets deep down in their
iron age like the pole
star at this season of the
year like the roll of the drums
like the nooks and cran
nies of the soul like
alekhine's de
fence - black july of silver
like the sun of the dead

11 July

heartland 12/7
a deluge of sun - lavines
of light and out there
in the fields of corn
walks christ (no through the poem)
wearing a pair of
adidas shoes and
a baseball cap always with
us in spirit if
we dare believe it -
out there in the wheat through the
forgotten poems

goat's beard has opened
its seven flowers to the sun -
ergo it is fore
noon - because if there
is anything that is ab
solutely sure in
this world it is that
meadow goat's beard knows its day
inside out and meas
ures time more ex
actly than both omega
time and swiss tissot

finally there was
no getting round it
i had to seek out pastures
new on location out where
the grasses were grow
ing mannagrass cock's
foot out in real
ity itself where
the grasses were growing in
poems without words - final
ly there was simply
no getting round life

tips hints and good advice
vice to a young poet - and i said to the young
hopeful poet who
had made his way to
my door - 'why have you come to
see me?' - it is too late for
you to become my
friend and too early
for me to be able to
learn anything from
you' i said to him

and out there in the
big world this was decided
before the filet
de bœuf and that after
the raspberry soufflé
agreement was reached
on conclusions of
peace in bourgogne and cease
fires in port while the
carnage and slaughter
continued unabated
in sarajevo

heartland was gradually
looking like the heat
sensitive material
which certain
t-shirts are made of that all
so display 'touch me'
because the colour
then changes assuming
a lighter shade
and god had really
put his white fingerprint out
there in the cornfield

my dear søren s
here too there is an exit
from the collection
of poems but i
would not advise you
to make use of this particular
gate (that creaks on dream's
hinges) for the road
only leads off in
to pine forests that
stand behind the words of an
other collection

'once upon a sum
mertime' could be heard over
the air in vefling
e and i knew that
it was indeed still
true as i listened to the
flügelhorn of chet baker -
i knew for sure that
nothing ever se
riously returns
as can perfectly be the
case in fairytales

the wheat's solari
um the wheat's empire chair the
wheat's transdnestr the wheat's
blows of the hammer
the wheat's icons the wheat's ca
mouflage net the wheat's
speedometer the
wheat's subconscious the wheat's be
elzebub the wheat's
antarctic the wheat's
microchips the wheat's fu
ture resurrection

17 july

pictura cordis
when the barley looks mauve and
the sun is orange
green then you are stand
ing in the fields of the gyld
ensteen estate af
ter two months without
rain in a landscape that looks
suspiciously like
that of perdition
singed and scorched by what was all
too great a freedom

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

like the actor and
the producer said
oh so clearly and precise
ly as he was on
the point of dying:
'the most important word in
the language is the present
tense of the verb to
be - i am you are
he is she is it is we
are you are they are
i am here - still here'

fairytale exist
for the sake of re
ality they are to show
us that it is re
ality that is
the stuff of fairytale and
not the fairytale that is
real - reality
should be narrated
like one would a fairytale
if not no living
soul would believe it

on that bonfire place
where i for several years
have burned my ori
ginal manuscripts
bindweed is growing up out
of the ashes and
it consoles me that
the poems in more than a
literal sense have
been transformed into
their favourite subject:
the danish flora

this poem has got
completely stuck and
is not making any head
way just like the onsite hut
in the depths of the
fir forest like the
newspapers on its
floor whose words are now
illegible because of
the dark the great big oilspots
and the rain from so
very long ago

yarrow thistles and
nettles have now quite
taken over the kingdom
of denmark have conquered the
beaten track and fair
ytails in the name
of the summernight
just look in every
coppice go inside and get
viciously stung if you re
fuse to take me at
my word and poem

cordis vulnera
tio the swallows are
strafing the rooftop like the
zero fighter planes
at pearl harbour with
the sun at their backs they come
swooping down on their protract
ed cries and are tor
pedoing my heart
switch - switch oh what a
great explosion in
the midst of summer

suddenly the corn
is intense yellow
like van gogh's last fields of wheat
and the rooks are mass
ing ominously
under the boiling sky the
sun's beginning to move in
to leo and is
gleaming like the gold
watch that i have forgotten
to wind up the dog
days are imminent

cordis tabula
i am leaving this
square completely white even
though it will soon be
black with its own words
the fact that i even so claim
that the square is brilliantly
white like a tabu
la rasa is na
turally because poet
ry is greater by
far than mere language

maria magda
lena's day altair
to culminate at midnight
the earwigs performing
chamber music in
the flowerpots and urns
all the dark nooks and
crannies miguel in
durain in the leader's yel
low jersey waterspouts in
jutland the dogdays
have got underway

other fields had al
ready been harvest
ed behind rugård in oth
er fairytales i
hadn't read - half king
doms of winter barley whose
whispering i had listened
to but had not been
able to under
stand like the words that come from
your lips when you are
asleep beloved

23 july

the small tortoiseshells
are haunting my haunt
quite literally they are
swirling in and out of my
poem almost like
in the garden an endless
repetition of butter
flies could it be linked
to the fact that as
a boy i killed such great num
bers of them with a
badminton racquet?

what life lost in com
prehensibili
ty it gained in intensi
ty the corn burned more
brightly in the cre
matorium of summer
and the woods whispered more sec
retively than the
last breath my mother
took - reality was be
ginning to give just
a bit at the seams

i chose a queenside
castling - into the shadows
behind truth but by
the same token al
so behind lies and errors -
i got myself in
to an obscure va
riant of the archange
li defence where on
ly love and the strong
est salt of promise had a
ny profound effect

reality could
not contain itself
was unable to settle
for fossilizing
into a copy
of itself could not contain
its own image it had to
enlarge itself in
to a poem - sac
rifice itself on the al
tar of incompre
hensibility

how close to the truth
we actually are -
just there outside the window -
no too close but so here in
side ourself - no too
far away how close
to the truth we ac-
tually are so why
travel around the world or
the mind for that matter when
the truth turns out to
be so close at hand?

even if we were
to find ourselves in
the truth it would be neces-
sary to make an error so
as to realize
that we had found our-
selves in the truth and
then it would be too
late then it would precisely
not be truth any more where
we now found ourselves
but error instead

the naive real-
ist committed the
error of 'forgetting' him-
self in the totality
and if he was a-
ware of this did not
realize this to-
tality could not
be spontaneously de-
picted without ending in
image within i-
mage within image

the fact that i my
self dared to claim that
reality appeared in
its own clear image was the
result of god's me-
diateness naive
realism and
reality were
hardly distinguishable
from each other the only
difference being
an eternity

reality was
obviously so
vast that its fairytale (the
true fairytale) needed to
be repeated time
and time again so
as to suggest this
tiny difference
(as vast as eternity
itself) precisely since it
was not immedi-
ately visible

27 july

we had discovered
that grain of sand which satan
never finds among
all the others and
the wonderful thing was that
it was bigger than
the whole world and re
ality put together
even though it was
smaller than every
thing - this microscopic spot
deep in the heartland

i am allowing
the sun to shine non
stop night and day for the next
hundred years over the
words in this poem
in honour of rued
langgaard who is ex
actly one hundred
years old today - night and day
the next hundred years - do you
hear me - a centu
ry's deluge of sun

the wheat's y-axis
the wheat's church mural
the wheat's eye of the needle
which only the swallows
can fly through the
wheat's solar eclipses the
wheat's carmina burana
the wheat's cellars where
the dear departed
take their rest after the great
conflagration of
life the wheat's churchbells

the fields of wheat almost
became an obsession for me
when towards evening they stood
out against the thunder-filled sky
to the east like honey extracted
from the sun sinking in the west
at the other end of the steelyard
like a big birthday i'd forgotten
to celebrate

and i nominated this day the day
of wheat wheat's national day
the high festival of wheat
even before it had been harvested
and been threshed and baked into
that bread which shall be broken
again and again as food for all the
nations of the world and in remembrance

on other days the wheat collapsed
in an abyss of different colors
(like scarlatti's sonatas) when the
clouds sailed their course across the
fields like great majestic sunspots
on their way out of consciousness
like plays which i was only vaguely
able to remember in my dreams

the tropic of wheat the wheat's
republic larger than the ukraine the
united states of wheat the wheat's
bishopric the wheat's kyrie eleison
the wheat's benediction the wheat's
dominion which is the kingdom of
god right here on this earth and now
in this very world

i have used up au
gust's entire quota
of freedom in advance i
could chance it and go ahead
and break all the rules -
but no - freedom is
only one part of
the game - which freedom
by the way is the greatest
to observe all the rules of
one's making or to
decide to break them?

i haven't even
mentioned west yet where frida
kahlo lies buried
in her own pictures
and with her own fair
ytale borne under her heart -
or southwest which burns off its
propane gas every
evening in the paint
ings out there far a
way in the direction of
yearnings and of death

who would think of fill
ing a bottle that was full
of rioja who
would empty a glass
of bordeaux into the night
that had been emptied
who would go out in
to a garden where he was
already sitting
to drink his wine who'd
write a poem that had al
ready been written?

oh yes i love north
i confess my passion e
ven though it is un
healthy and has some
thing to do with boy
hood dreams with going on great
expeditions and with the
sunstroke of the dog
days - oh yes i love
north even though he
debagården gets in the
way and blocks the view

insight is the ve
ry seeing of the
paradox its eyesight its
sight into itself - where the
seer sees himself
along with the seen
which is only poss
ible in the light
of the paradox where he
sees exactly what he has
seen the whole time with
out sighting the seen

the mighty gong of
the sun above the
corn like a heatstroke of brass
like the national
anthem of the east
german republic black and
golden red for the last time
in this month in this
decade in this cen
tury in this particu
lar millennium
like the old regime

that is what the great
est visions in this
world are to see the world with
utter directness without
a curtain and veil
of nothing without
the nurseryman's
transparent plastic
foil that is spread out over
the expanses of botan
ic fields simply to
see reality

AUGUST

seminatio in
cor - and other winds
blew the flowers a fairytale
that they had never
heard before and new
words came and dwelt amongst us
and it was up to us if
they were to be al
lowed to take root or
wither like forgotten po
ems in the histo
ry of literature

reality had
become intrave
nous we had got it in our
blood - reality
was no longer a
matter for pure reason a
ny more nor was it simply
a matter of bi
ology real
ity had become that place
where life and under
standing were meeting

heartland 2/8
i'm having sinus trouble
again as if huge
bonfires had been lit
in there while the bar
ley is ripening dry with
ephedrine otherwise things
are as normal at
the beginning of
august right down to
this poem where the
bird vetch is in flower

now it is the woods
that form a black backdrop to
the fields of wheat that
aakjær never wrote
about the fields of
wheat whose song is most clearly
heard in the seventh sympho
ny now it is the
wheat that's becoming
black as ebony
at its heart just before it's
to be harvested

the centre of our
reality was
here at heartland where should it
otherwise have been
when it was here that
we were residing in flesh
and blood and with our reason
still intact where in
all the world should it
otherwise have been than right
here in the banquet
ing hall of roses?

for dinner we ate
larch boletus mush
rooms that had grown in the shad
ows of the garden where my
dog had wandered a
mong fairytales and
lifted his leg once
a hundred years a
go before death came into
the world with its potassi
um and its hypo
dermic syringes

what was it happened
yesterday? - irak
conquered kuwait far out on
reality's pe
rimeter of scim
itars and of crescent moons -
i wish to make a formal
protest to declare
'it's quite gross' - and pro
ceed to the next poem on
the agenda like
the rest of the world

error - correction
from the top - i had not put
oil on oath or the
dollar bills and the
nominal value
of the poem: 'in god we
trust' - i had forgotten the
dance around the oil
wells that are still burn
ing to this very
day you could say that i took
the easy word out

and the barsebäck
nuclear power plant
puffs away on the cogwheel
of the horizon sculpted
in dirty cooking
salt and ticking like
an anxiety
neurosis only
dangerous on paper say
the technicians - not in re
ality and in
probability

the hottest day of
the year no clouds and
the harvest - the combine har
vester has no prob
lems at all with re
ality even though it
looks like a dragon from some
fairy tale or oth
er the world looks like
it does because things are as
they are and because
we are as we are

tombeau de shelley
i admit i forgot you
last year and this meant i was
on the point of confirming
the saying in a
twofold sense i can
just make it even
so at the last mo
ment of the collection: best
wishes on your double cen
tury (and one) you
old necromancer

to the south there's the
smell of rye and the bot fly
comes buzzing from
precisely down there
where the coperni
can gold is being fashioned
from wet lightning - to the south
there's a menstrual
smell and one of pet
rol because a tank
er overturned precisely
there the other day

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

in middelfart we
drive along residential
roads down to the lit
tle belt because i'm
travelsick on this
summers day despite the fact
i've ventilated my pneu
matic system with
ethereal oils
of peppermint in
an attempt to recover
my sense of balance

the ditches at the
roadside are complete
ly swedish now with chico
ry and parsnip or finnish
perhaps like a yar
row more beautiful
than the tricolour
where the poppies sway
no they are more danish than
ever before now that the
short nights of summer
have come to an end

at the moment the
buddlea comes in
to flower the peacock butter
fly arrives as natural
and precise as a
haiku of issa
and as beautiful
it is oh so ve
ry simple i don't know why
it should take such a long time
for me to real
ise this mystery

it was as if time
was not passing or as if
it was passing ve
ry quickly as if
today could just as
well have been yesterday or
been tomorrow indiffer
ent like michael strung
e's death - it was al
most as if i could
anticipate that august
would end in a draw

giving in now would
almost be like surrender
ing oneself to some
great and irrevoc
able freedom would
be like reading a poem
of paul la cour late one night
like a reuni
fication with na
ture under green aus
pices would constitute a
form of desertion

freedom called for a
completely different staying
power a different wait
ing (or timing if
you like) it did not
turn out like the first ending
to a fairytale that comes -
along a quite dif
ferent sort of de
cision was needed
the opposite of a su
icide was called for

donatus day the
moon farthest from the
earth saturn rising in the
southeast some sunshine mostly
dry third bloom of the
roses nighttime rain
the farmer is al
ready ploughing sa
rajevo's still holding out
high tide for north funen at
four o' clock the short
nights are at an end

in a sense i was
ready i'd prepared myself
thoroughly like the
time i always prac
tised the catalan
opening i had reduced
the parameters and a
chieved a balance be
tween the parts (there where
every system floats
free) all i had to do was
take the decision

what was i waiting
for why did i stand in front
of the window e
very morning staring
out at the hori
zon while i listened to al
lan pettersson's seventh sym
phony what was it
all about every
thing had been arranged
all i had to do was to
commit a free act?

why didn't i get
started with doing nothing
whatsoever (be
cause that was what the
decision was all
about - not to write any
more poems) what on earth was
it i was waiting
for? - i was waiting
for something as pa
radoxical as the spi
rit's own condition

i could imagine
having this square up here in
the northeast corner
gleaming in yellow
and green colours (let
us say chrome and malachite)
to indicate the kingdom
of the rising sun -
i could imagine
having it coloured
just like a bookcover by
austin grandjean

the day is dark and
full of rain like wil
liam lawes' third suite 'in nomine' -
what was it he was
trying to express -
had he heard the bluebells chim
ing too early for death or
had he heard simply
nothing was that his
esoteric message to
us all here in the
midst of everything?

the beets' hegemo
ny the beets' burial cham
ber the beets' peal of
laughter the beets' co
media dell arte
the beets' evening prayer the beets'
helmet crest the beets' elfin
hill the beets' brugsfor
ening the beets' ve
getables the beets'
wooden clogs the beets' concen
trated danishness

i don't know whether
that custom applies in af
rica but i'm even
so lowering so
malia's flag to halfmast
here in this corner
of the world of po
etry where there is plenty
of water and the
war is not raging
even though it then flaps for
hell the whole night long

common cat's ear al
so gets involved in
my writing at this time of
the year for completely na
tural reasons since
i write about that
which exists and which
is obviously so
hard to catch sight of cocooned
as it is in clarity
and the transparen
cy of fairytales

and the summer clouds
anchored up towards
the west like a huge squadron
in baring vig cove
where the stars are fall
ing this particular night
one for each wish and one for
each death and two for
the tears that never
were shed though we ourselves did
not find any black
stone in the surf there

the shooting stars were
being cast like dice
on the mirror of the night
like a storm of emeralds
sparkling with elec
trolysis incom
prehensible like
signs from god like words
in a haiku by shiki
after the firework display
where the darkness has
become yet darker

the dog has begun
to stand head drooping in the
driveway out near the
dustbin staring out
towards the edge of the wood
even though it is
almost blind now it
is behaving as if it had
picked up a scent as
if it was waiting
for someone it knows was sniff
ing the wind and death

camomile and bur
dock yarrow and st john's wort
(you name them) farthest
from the beaten track
in scrub and hedgerow
'where the lord walks barefoot a
mong thistles' where the weeds grow
at their thickest deep
inside the vio
lin concertos there
the summer's slowly burning
down to poetry

and up behind the
banks near grønløkke
the fields of roses lay al
ready oculated for
this year and it felt
so reassuring
to know that all the
roses were growing
there were working each in its
own particular way work
ing away at the
great reality

tombeau de cage
winter music cartridge mu
sic atlas eclips
ticalis etudes
australes empty words mu
sic for marcel du
champ cheap imita
tion how to improve the world
and death playing its
amplified toy
piano and death that was
blowing the sun black

14 august

hints tips and good advice to a young poet - 'is the important distinction between art and life this that you manage to hear the end of the poem and the story and the fairytale and during the process yourself manage to formulate your own version?' was my question

cordis inflamma
tio - the last botched
bales of straw were set on fire
out there in the fields
today they crackled
in a secretive way like
ligeti's 'aventures'
in a language i
did not understand
yet intimately knew as
that which i'd heard un
der my mother's heart

in the southwestern
corner lies the stud farm i
often go down and
have a long look at
the horses that i
used to cut out in cardboard
as a boy and used to run
races using my
own model race course
whereas nowadays
i write poetry about
the horses instead

i made a phone call
to svendborg yesterday - 'i
am barry's friend what
do you want?' the
phone answered roughly
its plastic voice strange - 'i
would like to talk to cæci
lie' i replied
'speak english' the voice
laughed back even svend
borg would soon be becoming
international now

we too my beloved
do not need a
death sentence from dr
fahrenkrug's xray
clinic to see through
the tremendous purple
light of the moment which di
vides dream from real
ity and allows
the world to appear in all
the transparency
of its own image

when we were kids we
played at love as if we were
experiencing
it and reali
ty too now we ex
perience love as if we
were playing at it and re
ality too as
if we were playing
'hansel and gretel'
just like my mother embroid
ered the fairytale

and that is why the
cherries gleam so crimson and
that is why they taste
so wickedly sweet
as do your lips my
beloved and that is why
they slake our thirst so well and
that is why we spit
out the stones with such
consummate pleasure
in the poetry and in
fairytale forests

what was the more ac
curate to claim that
the fields of wheat sounded like
scarlatti's sonatas or
the opposite that
the sonatas sound
ed like the fields of
wheat that contain just
as many grains in total
as the sonatas of scar
latti contain notes
if you add them up?

cordis probatio
masterclass for the swallows -
out from the tv
aerial over
the ridge straight through the
heart and all the way
back again - as i'm
in the process of doing:
trying out words be
fore letting them loose
as free as the swallows now
bound for africa

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'whenever you steal do
it properly - mis
lead by citing wrong
authors' names cover your tracks
behind you with false quota
tions - as the late schu
bert once said: those who
really count for something one
only talks of to
the stars' - i remarked

and we followed the
sine curve of the wheat where it
turned into the bay
of infinity
(far more beautiful
than simpson's formula) on
the border twixt fairytale
and reality
and we couldn't de
cide what was what on
ly that it was poetry
which united them

my wish is that my
poems might lie stretched
out behind me like fields of
wheat smoky with harvest and
with drought and an in
finity that no
body can ever
get to take possess
ion of and with a uni
formity like country bread
an integral or
a reclaimed polder

my dear margit jean
eight years of eter
nity when you could have had
forty-eight years of
life today how do
you get that sum to add up? -
i refuse to cheat by look
ing at the answer
sheet but perhaps you
forgot to take account of
something in the e
quation - don't you think?

the wormwood's nettle
the nettle's bindweed the bind
weed's camomile the
camomile's chico
ry the chicory's
thistle the thistle's thistle
the thistle's thistle the this
tle's yarrow the yar
row's willow herb the
willow herb's white clo
ver the white clover's poppy
the poppy's wormwood

and there stands the bar
becue black with indian
summer like a sculp
ture by robert ja
cobsen - charcoaled foil poker
meths what wonderful
metaphysics and
alchemy here for the trans
formation of the
flesh and spirit of
the poems at any rate
in this athanor

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'stick to one genre in
spiration is a
bit like a kettle
that is on the boil there is
more pressure on the whistler
when there's only one
the note is higher
and it lasts for much longer'
i mentioned in my
rambling monologue

yesterday i drank
some lightblue bilge that
is called 'blue aniseed' i
confess that i emp
tied the bottle so
today i won't manage to
get much done except complete
this poem which ends
as follows: 'the e
vening is burning hot as hed
vig charlotta nor
denflycht's last poem'

and i saw yugo
slavia separate in
to its three colours
and the serbian
star be cut out of
the centre of the flag's cloth
i saw yugoslavia
play so dangerous
and unpredicta
ble a game like the
belgrad gambit in a mad
cap four knights' defence

i went out to the
middle of the field
where it is blackest with swal
lows to find wheat's cardinal
number as well as
my own thoughts' and i
found the ear that the
devil never finds
in that multiplicity
and i thought the thought which on
ly can be thought with
god's mediation

the dog days are now
over the grass is
changing colour bleached with chlor
ine and is getting
ready for the words
of the text the poems are
folding in on themselves it's
summer still yet it's
already autumn
like a double stop from frantz
ignaz biber's ros
ary sonatas

my dear gudrun e
i've allowed the this
tles' pappus to swirl among
our thoughts like the ash
es from 'once upon
a time' allowed them to take
root in this poem's 'a long
time ago' i have
planted the green cross
of the summer between us
mostly to protect
you against yourself

right now i was slough
ing off like a snakeskin the
poems i no long
er had the faintest
idea what i was to do
with as i did with
the old love letters
that i found at the back of
my writing desk drawer -
freedom was so dear
ly bought at the other end
of the calendar

for each time freedom's
shears cut through the rosary
of the chain of cause
and effect the sig
nificance of time dimin
ishes and thereby
the significance
of history resulting
in the events which
we ourselves select
and which we choose to call our
past and history

and i saw a pair
of boots standing in
a pool of blood in bosnia
(and the camera really
lingered on that par
ticular shot) and
i saw hypocrites
and murderers and
there was no way of knowing
what was true and what was false
or whether it was
all propaganda

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet - 'there's one good thing about
imitators' i
remarked - 'they follow
your trail like a pair of wolves
they force you to move forwards
you can only defeat
lay them by throwing
raw meat (ie new poems)
behind you there's no
possible way back

the nonhistorical
element of our existence
was propagating like weeds and
the wild flowers in the
garden and was gaining an
ever greater place in our
lives like the thistles
on the embankment
like the rose bay which
had made its appearance from
the forest's fire breaks

i was sleeping with
one eye open this morning
perhaps to peep at
you and your slender
legs my beloved when you
need a pee downstairs
or perhaps because
i didn't feel like getting
up for the autumn's
first rain i'm really
not sure - perhaps i was
only kidding myself?

ner edge of the paper edge of the paper ren
 r r
 o sti n ss white si n e o
 c ll e paper le c c

e poem no ten poem no ten p s e
 d o s h d
 g m sti n s white si n e e ha g
 e n e e ll es paper le c m a do e
 o m o dows
 o t p p em poem no t s n ws o
 f h t pt ox xx xes h o f
 i i n n in nx poex n ha
 t n n e o e xmte a do t t
 h g e t t s tx n xp dows e h
 e s h s en on meo ws n e
 s o in
 p n l g afterglow fle n p p
 a ight re xio o a
 p m e p
 e eop net on meop net on m e
 r r

c l afterglow lex n c
 o ight ref io o
 r r
 ner edge of the paper edge of the paper ren

heartland 27/8
'and all flesh shall see the sal
vation of god' i
read in st luke - a
wild and moving thought to
put up against all
the death i also
encounter out there on the
rugård country road:
the hedgehog in its
bloody trail and the blackbird's
purple coloured wing

life had almost be
gun to resemble
that pattern of necessi
ty coincidence
and probabili
ty which the blackberry bush
es' arabesque formed across
the woodland path we
were walking along
i use the word almost be
cause the last factor
freedom was lacking

28 august

the summer was burn
ing down on the wings of the
red admiral and
within in the mind's
magisterium where it
was transformed into
a great unfathom
able freedom which i had
difficulty in
handling because i
did not yet know to what use
it ought to be put

tombeau de jean tin
guely the butterfly ma
chine broke down for a
few moments today
so the red admi
ral was able to make its
escape more than the moment
more than the dove of
peace was able to
that time with the o
live branch in its beak up at
louisiana

the red admiral
arrived today from
distant collections of po
etry i once wrote
now transformed into
a real butterfly of vel
vet and stars on the lampblack
of its wings as i
am transformed into
a man of flesh and blood who
i do not need to
compose any more

the fields lie black and
singed (forbidding the
burning of stubble hasn't
helped in the slightest)
like a chessboard made
of ebony when the game
is over like reason it
self which is also
unable to re-
frain from breaking the last rule
in its attempt to
overcome itself

hints tips and good ad-
vice to a young poet - 'if
your poem begins
to resemble a
poem smash it to
pieces mercilessly like
faience with ivy on it' -
i said - 'your poem
mustn't resemble
anything not e-
ven itself' i said 'it has
to be a poem'

and what did i learn
then from the summer?
from the summer i got to
know the wind and the light
above the cornfields
and the events which nev
er find their way in
to the graveyard of
the history books - from the
summer i learned the fine art
of measuring life
with a blade of grass

the unfathoma
bleness of freedom
when it breaks the rosary
of the chain of e
vents (which in the fi
nal analysis itself
ends and begins in a free
acting cause) freedom's
unfathomabi
lity which refers us to
the pure and wild de
cision of belief

where the unbound binds
itself and the bound
releases itself - so could
the paradox al
so be written (in
the gleam of the fire of in
sight) so too could the double
paradox of free
dom also be read
like some sort of palimpsest
beneath shelley's
'prometheus unbound'

when all the old cli
chés about old age
have been used up it never
theless weighs you down like the
big boulders on the
bottom of the sum
mer out there in the
garden's flowerbeds where
the dahlias are now in
flower like sea urchins in
the rain - then old age
weighs more than the soil

SEPTEMBER

1 september

my poems have got
completely stuck like the me
gabyte computer
in the green room - is
there a connection
somewhere are the two systems
linked to each other in some
way that is inex
plicable to me
like life and death in
the fairytales and out there
in the big wide world?

like snow like snowfall
or perhaps no less
than a heavy snowstorm like
one of my old po
ems from the collec
tion canzone ' i see like
snow like snow' it looks very
much like snow out there
but it's only the
farmer from hedeboer
ne who's been ploughing
lime into the soil

cordis humili
atio - naked
fields the darkness of the or
chards who wouldn't con
sider living in
an elder bush when the rain
is falling living unsul
lied in the heart of
the scrub and giving
up looking for solutions
to riddles that have
already been solved

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'a
collection of po
ems which does not in
some way or other
also consider how it
came into existence is
not worth all that much'
was my opinion
'refrain from putting
emotions and thoughts in sep
arate books' i said

'marimekko' you
are always repeat
ing my beloved like a
magic formula
as if you were a
fraid of turning into a
swan - 'do you like my mari
mekko' you nervous
ly inquire again
'i'm much fonder of the blouse
than of the name' i
reply cautiously

the autumn bonfire
is burning bright and clear out
in the back garden
despite the compost
windfall apples and a few
too many wet branch
es to begin with -
but now the smoke's almost turned
blue and the ash is
quite white at its core
the flame as clear as when you
burn off your karma

regina day - the
two hundred and eight
y eighth day of the present
year the thirteenth sunday af
ter trinity the gos
pel of st luke chap
ter ten verse twenty
three the sky towards
the west more than just blue like
a stained glass window by hav
steen mikkelsen blue
and liturgical

everything is run
ning late this year the flies and
the apples and my
words too jyllandspost
en doesn't arrive
until past eleven o'
clock and the swallows are
still practising up
above the garage
even my mother's
eightieth birthday seems to
be late in coming

my mother would have
been dead even so
now on the threshold of the
year of dust with uranus
burning in a sky
which no longer has
any existence
inside her mind so
far away - a good thing it
is all over and done with
the death and mourning
so long ago now

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'get yourself a cat' i
advised - 'if you are
unable to take
care of that properly you
won't become a poet - for
poetry calls for
just as much care af
fection and selfsacrifice
as a cat does' - i
solemnly declared

i've landed up in
a rare spanish va
riant with the black knights up
against the arti
ficial intelli
gence of the white bishops in
the baronial hall of
thought the freedom of
my own errors or
the necessary super
moves of the machine?
that is the question

my search for god has
indeed led me along the
most remarkable
paths of wild verse and
blind poetry and
now that i have almost ar
rived i can no longer take
his name in vain but
am obliged to keep
silent and allow
it to remain a matter
between god and me

i'm sure that the blue
bells are tuned in a-flat at
any rate those that
are at 'valborgs min
de' sheltered by the rugo
sa scrub just before
the edge of the wood
if you put your ear down close
to them you cannot
possibly avoid
hearing god's own bells chiming
with fire and azure

the plume of smoke from
the northwest (from an illi
cit field fire) will in
that respect be one
of the final vi
sible conjurations and
invocations - to say it
with the migrating
country swallows i
will no longer blot
my poetry any more
with the name of god

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

if language in the
last analysis
belongs to that type of sys
tem (the axiomatic)
for which gödel's proof
is valid couldn't
poetry then be
considered as that
theorem (the one true asser
tion) which cannot be deduced
(proved) on the basis
of language itself?

the hunting season's
begun five hundred
roast duck are plummeting down
around our house from
the sky's great eucha
rist as if we were dealing
with some surrealist paint
ing where along the
bottom edge was the
inscription: 'this is certain
ly not a picture
by rené magritte'

heartland 9/9
the fields of stubble the new
black shoes the english
opening the semen's
swim-up in the lab
oratory my love the
city of fairytale in
the midst like a com
pass rose provence chick
en from danefrost
is my life really such a
myriad pot pourri?

time was passing quick
ly now - wasn't it
yesterday i was young in
the summer rain just a gen
eration ago?
on the other hand
the distance was grow
ing in inverse pro
portion particularly
between friends and between hearts
and all the dead now
lying in their graves

without the dreams and
without the fairytales we
would never have caught
sight of reali
ty and we would never have
got to the point where
we always have been
without being actually
able to see it
without dreams and with
out fairytales life itself
would become a dream

and my childhood re
turned in the sudden
gleam of rain in the hazel
bushes or out on the beach
where i had led such
mighty flotillas
of mussel shells to
victory where the
distance between the pebbles
was so short and that from the
one year to the next
so endlessly long

the poem does not
end here in the back garden
under the ripe plums
that are dangling like
testicles bathed in
wednesday's ash does not end here
in thereflection of this
page so much can as
suredly be re
lied on in the midst
of autumn's holy common
eschatology

now was the time for
it right here in the every
day of window panes
and porcelain right
here on funen's cen
tral leaf without bombast or
big gestures with no more pomp
ous poems draped in
mourning crape once and
for all here in the
very midst of life and in
the light of autumn

repetition was
something that took place in the
mind and the world of
the fairytale to
which i no longer
had access because i was
reading a completely dif
ferent book repe
tition was only
something to be found
in fugues as well as bach's gold
berg variations

my dear christian - did
you really have to
die before i could write this
poem to you more
terrible than a
ny kind of silence was it
really necessary for
you to withdraw in
to the final still
ness to get me to reply
with words that will nev
er ever reach you?

my dear christian - go
southwest there where the
sun sets in its very own
goetheanum with a
tint redder than that
of millet go to where my
words cannot reach you as a
terrifying sil
ence go to the place
that is beyond the poems
to the place where death
no longer exists

tombeau de christian
life has gone into hiber
nation and the heart
into torpor for
the time being un
til things improve until the
great springtime we do not know
that lies on the oth
er side of time and
of winter and the
grave that lies over at es
bønderup churchyard

socalled repeti
tion is (as everyone knows)
something that seems to
occur whereas true
reoccurrence is
something that takes place in the
spirit something that consists
of the spirit re
capturing real
ity from the im
mense faraway farfetched king
dom of illusions

and i saw the old
men putting their names
to nothing to which they gave
the name peace and i saw the
black flags fluttering
from the minarets
in gaza and three
soldiers get shot in an am
bush while the day ended with
outdoor amateur drama
tics and with excerpts
from a musical

only there in the
chalkywhite light of
the unthinkable only
there where reason would
have to think itself
(bathe in the blood it itself
had shed) only there would a
cure be able to
take place since reason
would surrender itself to
insight and belief
'at the point of death'

14 september

it would almost be
a crime now for any of
us to be unhap
py now that we had
relinquished possession of
our knowledge once more
to the trees and to
the apples to the sky and
all its birds thanking
them for the loan it
would have constituted a
real crime against god

16 september

we found ourselves be
yond the season in a dark
rainy fianchet
to as in the dra
gon variant we
were hove to in between the
great gusts of wind from the au
tumnal gales which caused
the poem to turn
backwards we found our
selves in some sort of a spi
ritual backwater

and it was a great
relief to give the words back
to their right source to
their primary cause
nature perhaps or god (who
knows) a relief to
release them to set
them free like butterflies for
a moment and then one
self to remain be
hind in the empty poems
and in the silence

18 september

but i was not yet
strong enough to keep silent
even silence de
manded its own word
so i marshalled the words to
gether in the po
em once more like the
animals in the fields and
birds in the air like
the country swallows
that have alighted on this
line of poetry

constantia day
the fifteenth sunday
after trinity st mark's
gospel chapter six verse twen
ty four to the end
'be not afraid' the
harvest festival
in søndersø church
at 10am the minis
ter falters right in the lord's
prayer the sun seethes in
the baptismal font

up in the hinter
land not far from sassarod
there is a former
gravel pit full of
deep and dangerous water
holes there the wind had
died away like e
verything great completely still
and silent at its
own vortex but as
yet i was not mighty e
nough in the spirit

if you enter by
way of this poem
you must be prepared after
a few minutes' walk
to come to a beam
barring your path and a red
circle with the warning 'pri
vate - keep out' on the
other side scattered
shooting and the baying of
dogs are heard so re
frain from entering

ner edge of writingdesk edge of writingdesk ren
 r picture r
 o elect c cry ofmy l a compactdisc o
 c tricm ruc sta wif m odomenico o c
 obile c l e p mscarlattim
 radio i ploeuvre pp
 f jürgenw aour clavia
 o i my einhorn cer complec o
 a cig x y a tte keyboat a
 k pac ar s spiri drd works d k
 o ket th talis iscott rosi o
 a unic ss erato s a
 k ornis compactdisc k
 1976
 munich

oetrydesti
 o p n o
 a l e a
 k a 1001 d poemnoelevenp draftofpoemno k
 o n poems f o x x xxxxo n t o
 a o a o nx x xxxxe e xxxxxxxxxx e a
 k i na r m x x xxxxm t x dsan x n k
 s lm t exx n o x euet x d
 i anac h oxx poem xxxo n x esta x r
 v i pxx noel xxxe n x ment x a
 o s nxx even xxxl e xxxxxxxxxx f
 c r c e e t t c
 o pnoitcello veleonmoepnev onnetonmeopfo o
 r r
 ner edge of writingdesk edge of writingdesk ren

the words ebbed away
completely of their own accord
i didn't need
to hold the language
back - like the sea which
on retreating leaves the shore
strewn with many pebbles so
too my poems lay
behind afterwards
with distances between
the words and what was absolute
nothingness

on the ceiling of
this poem there is
a defective fluorescent
tube that blips out in
the autumn - it can't
be seen with the naked eye -
but then only the letters
can be seen with the
naked eye in a
poem - you'll have to take me
at my word or at
my fluorescent tube

if you screw your eyes
up tight and then squint
out between your eyelashes
can't you just make it
out register it:
blip blip blip blip the brief flashes
between the lines that are
colouring the grass
white like chlorine? - of
course you can see it quite clearly
in the spirit's
brightly lit kitchen

you are full of hormones
my beloved -
i have filled you up myself
every morning with a disposable
hypo
dermic full of humegon
and saline
solution you are
full of hormones my beloved
high on synarel -
spray from medical
science's fairytale

today i read a
cycle of sonnets i wrote
a long time ago
and realised why
i had been so tough
on the sonnets why i had
placed them in acid tortured
them with zinc and holes -
because i loved the
sonnet too well to
bring it back to life with the
aid of cosmetics

and while i was lis
tening to the last
sonata it was raining
out across the autumn fields
and in the danish
language which i had
been given the task
of watching over
with words as angular as
flintstones and entire sen
tences of untrans
latability

i entrenched myself
in the farthest re
cesses of vocabula
ry among the most unu
sual danish words and
expressions spending
the winter on the
underside of lan
guage like a pupate butter
fly waiting for the danish
summer's brightest lan
guage and poetry

and there where real
ity's fairytale and fair
ytale's reali
ty met and became
one totality like the
roads from elverod
and himmelstrup there
we saw the world made whole in
the light of a rose
we glimpsed life in all
its wholeness which otherwise
is impossible

and everything smelled
so sweet in the depths of the
woods as in days of
old of beechnuts and
mushrooms in decay stronger
than lithium like
berries and apples
everything resembled it
self again as in
reality and
in the fairytale's one thou
sand poems and one

today is the last
chance for the fami
ly to live on into the
future the bohemian
offshoot at any
rate my mother's genes
whiter than the gla
diolus and my
own dark with cybernetics
it's the last chance at the fer
tility clinic
it's now or never

the rain's windowpane
the rain's parasol foot the
rain's wheeltracks the rain's
lawns the rain's stone
urns the rain's ge
raniums the rain's wellco
ver the rain's windfalls the rain's
evening sun the rain's
smoke the rain's equi
nox the rain's corru
gated iron the rain's pitchdark
the rain's loneliness

i withdrew i made
my retreat into
untranslatability's
densest thicket of dogrose
bushes locking the
poem in a lan
guage that was so ut
terly danish that
it could only be read and
experienced under a
sky that was lit up
by norse cirrus clouds

at the moment i
am working mostly on the
poem's inner lines
am moving in reali
ty more from one particu
lar core to the next
rather than from he
deboerne across to
andebølle and
back again i am
really mainly walking in
the shadow of words

i pulled myself in
to grammar's most tang
led undergrowth of blackber
ry bushes where the words were
cold and black like the
juice of the berries
themselves and i tacked
the poem toge
ther with thorns and afterwards
sealed it with silicon de
fining it as quite
untranslatable

but when i stood in
the rifle tower at wedells
borg næs and looked down
towards the coast i
wished even so that
a final tide would sweep in
over my poems and fill
them with seaweed and
salt with secret fire
and emeralds with
a strength and a wildness that
could rival god's name

hints tips and good advice
to a young poet - 'in
just under thirty
years' i said - 'the critic
who once slated my first
book is now lavish
with his praise of my
work while the critic who was
positive way back
then is now negative -
sic transit gloria
mundi' i remarked

and i saw our cells
my beloved transformed
into a single cell
in the darkness of the
laboratory on
the tv screen i
saw them united
into one new truth
and one new life glittering
like brilliant gems like
'three chin of flax' or like
some great orb of state

waslopingwallslopingwalln lopingwallslopingw
o gramm nigthebed osteps mahogonyshe
o ophone httthebed i n ba x w vo
d ablthebed tstepo sk k r ed
w loud e thebed wai i et sedgniti sw
a loud spea thebed rdtstepth ra
l spea ker thebed ror ied al
l ker thebed beasteptre dl
 thebed wap rss i
 e writi thebed rdystepaer a
 l k n thebed rol p t
we a g thebed bepstep ow
oc o d ro
ot f e shelf shelving cupo
dr othis ch wallboardwallboardbd
wi ks pk a wallboardwallboardow
ac soemo ri shelf shelving draa
lh e f wan rl
le d o rdo al
a g a roitel n cpcpc d
t n k beteph o aeaea i
e itirw waione itab rtrtr a
wr rdt tle chi tw
o ror ch i a r oo
o bask ta bask bea a tbfseaodbf ro
d etc bl etc p ri reaodbfsea com d
wshe hair e hair y adbfsesodb put w
alf dres l pseadbfse er a
l ser p xodbfseaod l
laslopingwallslopingwallslopingwallslopingwalll

the hawthorn's done its
duty as it must in the
autumn there it stands
gaudy and gory
with berries like a lute suite
by robert de vi
sée rent at its top
by light and by birdsong ut
terly terrify
ing in its huge
silence almost causing a
tingling in one's ears

the moon's derelict
farm the moon's watercolour
the moon's burglar a
larms the moon's linen
cupboard the moon's zeiss-
ikon the moon's telephone
number the moon's pale dustsheets
the moon's crystal chan
delier the moon's ster
ling silver the moon's
meerschaum the moon's guns n'ros
es the moon's moonlight

somewhere or other
in this poem some
thing happens that i am un
able to explain
fully - it is not
the unsaid or that which is
inbetween the lines to which
i am alluding
but conversely to
that word which wells up through the
writing by virtue
of its own freedom

i went across to
the woods completely
alone i could not get in
to my head what it
was i was meant to
understand after all e
verything was here there was no
thing to understand
in here among the
rusty cross of the fir trees
the poem's ending
in dark and autumn

heartland 29/9
sun up 7am be
hind the east wood which
will become the west
wood after a quick
traversade behind the day
moon and a slav defence on
the chessboard of fate
it is a cold morn
ing a last swallow
and its is once more the first
day of wintertime

hommage a les
hirondelles die schwalben
the swallows the dike
swallows the town and
country swallows hirundo
rustica the swal
lows of dreams and in
the sonnets the swallows in
effigy and in
excelsis a song
of praise to all the swallows
in absentia

esbønderup the
red church and the hos
pital i didn't see a
ny swallows not a
bove the unity
of gribskov either there were
no swallows present at the
burial even
so i dedicate
this day to the swallow be
cause it too has flown
away from us now

time recovered time
redeemed on demand
at three o' clock in the night
the hour which we gave
as security
in the spring to gain light and
life yet it was used up and
squandered neverthe
less in darkness and
in sleep while the moon once more
began to move in
to its first quarter

OCTOBER

when you have crossed mar
gård millstream in your lightgrey
fiat when sønder
sø church gleams darkly
in the sun when you have bought
your packet of twen
ty kings and finished
off your own poem when the
month of october
has arrived - what then?
then you are to hold your tongue
and read your højholt

i wake up this morn
ing and am happy despite
another bout of
sinusitis and
other infirmi
ties also because you are
lying by my side my be
loved in orange
and hair and sweet no
thing i am happy
simply because i have cho
sen to be happy

nyborg out there on
the far edge of the uni
verse (just as good a
place as anywhere
else - who knows where it
has its ending?) - out there east
of eden (which could just as
well be here - who knows
where it has its be
ginning?) out there at
the bridge which has not yet come
into existence

when en passant i
mention my incess
ant back pains this is not the
expression of some form of
self pity but is
exclusively a
duty which i feel
i have to acknow
ledge this fact once and for all -
it's no good just continu
ally writing 'ow my back
dammit' all the time

in the fields of tør
ringgård farm i looked the jer
sey heifer in the
eye its gaze was hon
est and open and the jer
sey heifer looked me
in the eye and my
gaze was honest and open -
it was the same mo
ment's gaze there was on
ly a mere eternity
of a difference

this poem does not
have aids for it has been to
the condomery
in holsedore
and got hold of both
black and canaryyellow
versions of a fiseldeck
so you can read the
poem without ex
posing yourself to
any risk of becoming
infected with hiv

even the sun is
golden today and
redder than childhood black with
the smoke's dragonstail
because i am burn
ing up the damp garden waste
as well as manuscripts of
poems from the pre
vious year when german
was at a premium as
now although for oth
er weighty reasons

the day's name: mette
the seventeenth sun
day after trinity je
sus as a guest of the pha
risee high tide at
north funen between
midnight and midday
saturn visible
in the southeast at dusk (a
mong the yellow dahlias)
if the clouds have dis
persed when that time comes

grass's temporal
ity grass's structural
ism grass's rye grass
grass's attitude
relativism
grass's manna grass grass's
deconstructivism grass'
s quaking grass grass'
s postmodernism
grass's velvet grass grass's
neoromanticism
grass's eternity

formerly there was
something called looking on the
bright side not good to
get struck by that - bet
ter to look on the black side
hasn't this sunny
side up lark become
something of a mania?
can it be simply
because the light is
bright like crossed swords over a
bove rugård castle?

reason had now changed
from being a cunning and dangerous enemy to the faithful esquire who defended the grail of insight when the black knights of understanding made an onslaught on the stronghold of the paradox in the uppermost tower of which god alone held sway

the clouds' skyscrapers
the clouds' candyfloss the clouds'
shaving foam the clouds'
camelot the clouds'
methylated spirit tablets the clouds' holy
spirit the clouds' ephedrine
the clouds' palace of
sleeping beauty the
clouds' aerosol spray
the clouds' montsalvat the clouds'
kingdom of heaven

and i saw russia
teetering on the
edge of civil war (but only after the tv commercials bilka and brugsen) i saw
a new october
revolution being quashed (slotted in of course between fixed times and programmes)
i saw the last winking of the red star

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet - 'when
a younger poet
borrows from an older
poet that is as it
should be - that is the natural
order' i said - 'but when
an older poet
borrows from a younger
poet you feel embarrassed
and don't know where on earth
to look' i explained

not here either
and certainly not in the
midst of the withered
beech leaves so late in
the year where the scrap
of freedom i had gained had
cost more than the understand-
ing my poem was
not to end in this
picture to be found on the
sleeve of the recording of
'die grosse fuge'

the garden actually
looked like the rosen-
kreuzer gambit this
autumn (the variant
with the rook sacrifice)
as if the heart could
burst at any moment
and death was lurking
behind each bush but i
knew quite well that this
was only because of a
spiritual relapse

heartland 6/10
my neighbour is doing some
rally driving in the
flowering camomile
of the fallowland
opposite perhaps he's play
ing at being ayrton sen
na whereas i've now
gradually become
my own hero that
must be what is referred to
as having grown up

and the greifwald plant
emits small clouds of
steam and xenon under the
violet petals of the night -
are there sufficient
quantities of salt
dome in people's sub
conscious to conceal
the black orchids of the waste
and to completely hide its
birth mark of radi
oactivity?

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli breakfast as
usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your eyes and
lips beloved are
indispensable
daily humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of a
nything 'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

the house is creaking
at the joints here this
morning like a great galley
which is lying to
in the first of the
autumn gales almost like my
own reason which has been caught
up in the mighty
maelstrom of belief
while it's waiting for a change
to calmer winds per
haps from the southwest

up in the wood to
the east of rugård castle
stands a tower of brick
without doors and
windows and with a
roof of tarred felt it is not
a transformer tower nor is
it a hunting tower -
could it be that per
kirkeby's built it?
i do not know but now it's
standing here as well

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'what then is reali
ty?' the young poet
inquired of me - 'rea
son's biggest caprice is not:
to want to understand some
thing it in princi
ple can't understand -
but to want to understand
that which it has un
derstood' i replied

tombeau de gueva
ra - this poem has been wrapped
in cuba's flag and been
lowered into my
character and dreams of my
youth eaten up with
rust and cadmium and
there it will burn for ever
since the spirit's meths
tablets and the flame
of ideas can never die
or be extinguished

there my mother died
yet one more time as
a nameless embryo a
small miscarriage that was flushed
out down the toilet
like so many dis-
persed genes and atoms -
there my mother died
for the very last time once
and for all there my mother
has surely died for
all eternity

it has all been in
vain overwriting is spread
ing like wildfire the
soundless poems re-
emerging like a
homage a wedgwood platter
a ladies' hairdressing sa-
loon like the lie it
is like the perfect
poem dazzling with
detergent like pure and ut-
ter literature

this poem has a
jewish nose it is neither
purebred nor housetrained
it has a distinct
smell of garlic it
does not collect chinese por-
celain it is not what could
be called a perfect
poem it's not an
arian poem
it's a paki poem and e-
ven goes on crutches

the cows up at dam
gård farm immediately start
to piss when they catch
sight of me i don't
really know what that signi-
fies but i take it
as a favoura-
ble sign rather like when in
a dream you tread in
a cow pat for they
are not pissing on me mere-
ly pissing at me

my beloved how
can i ever be ab
le to express your grief as
anything else than my grief
which feels your grief as
something else than my
own grief paler than
the exchange vari
ant in the spanish game in
relation to your grief's co
lossal loss of blood
and life and plasma?

it's true enough
october really is yel
low like the leaves on
the front cover of
the gardening weekly
almost yellower than in
reality yellow in
a different way than
birch tricholoma
like the pages in
the second edition of
the highschool songbook

cordis emolli
tio by way of
this poem you'll walk through fun
gi and decay if
you follow its in
ner lines from inky cap to
a mushroom's sweetness if you
follow the year's na
tural course along
the woodland paths which lead from
veflinge down to
wards mørkenborg inn

my beloved how
can i ever be ab
le to express your sorrow
as anything else than my
sorrow anything
else than my dimin
utive sorrow on
poetry's selfob
sessed and socalled univer
sal behalf how could my po
etry ever be
able to help you?

words have become more
expensive recently at
any rate further
south - on the tv
screen i saw a young
man be shot down like a mad
dog just because he happened
to shout out 'long live
croatia' or 'free
croatia' or some
thing else equally reason
able of that kind

fulcrum cordis - the
last roses are sitting like
pushpins in their cush
ion of autumn just
like the time we ourselves used
to push them into
the velvet and they
had cost a heart in exchange
as well as that par
ticular dart of
sudden pain that we first dis
covered it rhymed with

and somewhere or oth
er between the bi
ography and a selfbi
ography is where the po
em runs just as child
less and imperson
al in the withered
leaves of autumn as
a track which leads right down to
a lake where the moon is boil
ing over with po
lyurethane foam

just wait and see e
ven though one lousy system
has broken down it
will one day be ca
pitalism's turn
and its headless victory's
goddess - for there is no one
who could be called de
cent who in the long
run will be able
to settle for the philo
sophy of money

a diary for daily
events calls for a night ver
sion dark with pangs of
conscience heavy with
visitation's sleeplessness
and all that can't with
stand the light of day
where have those pages got to -
ripped out and subse
quently burnt or may
be deposited in the
royal library?

cordis fuga - e
ven furthest out a
long life's other paths which go
from the heart and lead
to the heart's untrans
cribability even
furthest out and lost among
the hazel bushes
unfathomable
with time i leave behind these
words for ever and
ever and a day

heartland 13/10
wormwood thistle alder lark
branches hazel dry
rotten plumtree and
leaves of the malmai
son rose that is the smell of
the smoke in the back garden
where i am burning
garden waste in my
career's autumn that
is what nineteen hundred and
ninety one smells like

al fir arch arch arch archbeeirchplder syca ref
der l l l l ch b re more use
84 b se i pi pi
ir we age garaot v ne ne
ch r r gia epine ap b
mja birch a eln t ple r
asm bed g egarag-k p a
pin pine househousehou thm thro r gr m
l o sy eo eof i as ap b
ewa h er lo win v s ple l
hll e th harbirhsag e e
e s ep o t roses li
dli u oem u p li asterlac
gla o s gra r lac dahlia
ec gr h e vel i rhu pi
mli as e h bir v bar ne
ala s suohesuohesuo dba e b
pc terr th ht gr
lli ace e as pi
ela butterfly bushes ged s ne
hc urockeryedgerockeryed ge
eli rn rosebeds rosebeds rugosaroses
dla la
gc rc ros gr p
ewa gr gr gr ch a b as r
ll as as as r ro eds s i
s s s la s u v
whit b b b e rn e
eth che ir ir ir cinquefoil s t
orn rryrchivchetchbramblecanespinepinepine

tombeau de turèll
hedevig's day new
moon twelve thirty six the first
night frost the dahlias singed
and withered every
single one of them
dan turèll dead how
utterly unreal
it seems like that word in his
poems which nobody could
read not even he
himself until now

life was now enclosed
in its own bio
logy now that the source had
been emptied in the one end
and the progeny
washed out of the oth
er end of the same
process now with me
standing at the centre of
grief and lavender as if
all life consisted
of biology

negroes are welcome
in this poem as
well as jews and swedes each
and every nation
ality is wel
come einar mar and f
p jac as honorary
guest with the right to
write poems on the
chequered tablecloths that are
covering the ta
bles in this poem

there had to be a
short cut through the rust
y corridors of octo
ber spotted with red
lead i couldn't re
main standing here like a need
le that had got stuck in the
same groove in the re
cording of william
lawes' suites there simply had to
be a way of pass
ing between the words

the rose's selfbi
ography and its adult
ed. the rose's sex
ual morality
and its stock exchange
the rose's software and its
heavy industry the name
of the rose the ros
e's bushido or
der and its winter
palace its swarthinness and
aufwiedersehen

anebjerg bogense municipal boundary vefli
r e axel brahesvej axel brah nge
b axeldbrahesvej v esvej
y temples s ekæro
e g rdha rekær r d
j p å v hav e
b u dere cher g n
y r lict ryor d mush s
e farm char e room e
m t ds v farm ej
u t l ov m
n y hede hedebo deb u
ir l bof ej vej he n
c u f armov orcha eme i
i gårdsvej r b rd ru ral c
p s ugår dehea byw sapp dwo i
a n stud nei ds e rtl trunood hire od p
l se farm ghb veh and demo wood a
as our f j se orchard l
b fa air dia
o j i yt appl mørke mon b
u e ry der a r eorc nborg dwo o
n v ta eli l u hard inn od u
d s l ctfewo g n
a n ewoo arm od årdsvej rugårdsvej d
r e d rugå p d a
ypa s rdca a tow o r
de s little stle d er assery
sø a finland jevøse s dyre
church vissenbjerg municipal boundary ndal

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet - 'an
ec-poetry
is emerging (just
as there once was an
ambassador ditto) a
poetry which is easy
to translate because
it has nothing dis-
tinctive a poet
try all can understand - like
an ecu' - i said

you are welcome to
write exactly what
you feel like writing on the
paper of this poem
no censure here
'die gedanken sind frei' it's
a free press as on the mir-
ror in mørkenborg's
toilet - you are wel-
come to write the word 'cunt' with
a brightred speedmark
er or with lipstick

i wanted to write
about freedom and
already my hand hangs heav-
ily with necessi-
ty drooping towards
the paper fettered by thou-
sands of words and regula-
tions that confine this
unicorn to its
own fold holding it behind
the electric fence
of allegories

heartland 18/10
the sun just above the edge
of the wood as if
it's shining through a
piece of broken beer bottle
later the rain - 'you
love me and hate
me because you love me' - you
say - later still more
dry weather with roe
deer in the winter barley
down towards elved

so reason can easi-
ly prove the il-
lusory nature of free-
dom but fails even
so in the last in-
stance because reason is un-
able to be contained with-
in its own reason-
ing as anything
else than axiom i.e.
as the freedom it
has just refuted

as i was walking
across the fields and caught sight
of 'heartland' through the
drizzle i said to
myself 'may my
poems never become an
end in themselves but al
ways a means of reach
ing life - as now with
you waiting for me
on the far side of the po
em my beloved'

i am given to
very few ima
ginings but the unicorn
is an exception
because this sacred
animal must be found shel
ter and what better place than
on the chessboard of
poetry could this
dangerous knight errant stand
so secure waiting
to be sacrificed?

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'rousseau begins the tenth
book of his confes
sions with a descrip
tion of the problems he was
having with his urina
ry tract - this is more
relevant for po
etry than all the essays
written about its
nature' - i remarked

autumn once again
sharp as a plough furrow as
morning urine as
the finances of
a danish agri
cultural heavygoods com
pany as synthetic stones
sharp as gari kas
parov when he's play
ing black in the dra
gon variant of the si
cilian defence

autumn once again
rusty as a handsaw as
alpha-diesel as
the staghorn sumac's
inflorescence as the old
horsehoe i found in
the bog at trunde
mose like the memory
of my mother's ward
robe like the breast of
a winged pheasant and like
langesø chapel

autumn once again
sober as a baroque so
nata as the berries of
the sloe in the first
night frost as the bron
chitis that i seem to be
unable to get rid of
as the cracks in the
wall of the garage
as an obduction sober
as the poet o
ve abildgaard's death

perhaps my poet
try was just the labyrinth
i had to find my
way through (using the
red thread) so as to
escape from the first third of
my life to the last third per
haps my poems were
simply the vio
let middle section
which bound my life together
forming a wholeness

heartland 22/10
there ought to be roses with
great pale yellow blooms
such as the senses
rave of in their dreams standing
there - and now the a
dolph horstmann roses
stood there because i had plant
ed them there today
and now they stood there
admittedly without the
great pale yellow blooms

everyday life is
clear enough here in
october's light and daily
language clear enough now at
the close of the year
i've cut poetry's
gordian knot and could
happily forget
everything about name and
honour and poetry once
i become strong e
nough as strong as now

perhaps my poe
try was just that sort of bridge
that you can find in
fairytales leading
from one reali
ty across to another
one where i had to make up
my own mind when the
aim had been reached ra
ther than for it
to be determined by some
one else or by death

the hoar frost is ly
ing in the shadows
like nickel that is cooling
down everything drag
ging it out like a
pavane by anthony
holborne as if the poems
were embedded in
an instant's fuming
dry ice even our lovemak
ing is taking place
in slow-motion

cordis instabi
litas - if my heart were to
whistle in some lone
ly place it would be
here in morud behind the
norway spruce trees where
the flesh is still cling
ing to its bones and the soul
is taking to the
air on crow's wings to
circle round the mighty ex
istence of the woods

the wood's folio
leaves the wood's kensai the wood's
nimzo-indian
defence the wood's bird
cages the wood's pa
raffin lamp the wood's wolfram
the wood's paper moon the wood's
cycle of sonnets
the wood's emeralds
the wood's masking frame
the wood's box of matches and
the wood's abendland

reason can only
understand the sys
tems it has created it
self: the strange pergo
las and quincunxes
of language and figures it
can refer to a stone and
faute de mieux define
it but to under
stand something as simple as
a stone is beyond
the power of reason

for its my inten
tion to leave poetry just
as unnoticed as
when at the outset
i inscribed my name
in it between the lightning
and the fire thorn i intend
one fine day to stand
on the far side and
look into a po
em where darkness is descend
ing between the words

no - it begins just
as incomprehen
sibly as it ends and in
that way reason re
sembles life just a
little bit if that can be
any consolation as
well as the fact that
there is a differ
ence between not understand
ing and understand
ing that you do not

there is no gold in
dubrovnik (except where peo
ple's tongues are wagging)
there is no oil in
dubrovnik (except
in the margarine) there is
only the middle ages
in dubrovnik which
is now being bombed
the newspaper cares
nothing about dubrovnik
on its back pages

the trees are felled at
this time of the year
the poplars at the roadside
the snowberry bush
es and elms that are
falling in a storm of e
meralds so many fairy
tales i scarce can count -
death causes havoc
everywhere in scrub and hedge
row among old friends
and acquaintances

i slept through the spindle
the tree didn't hear
the motorsaw out in the
hedgerow before my
neighbour had cut
it down to the root of my
dreams but i did not feel angry
with the farmer
he had other things
to think about than spindle
tree whose last beauty
therefore fell to me

and i thought the poem
went right through: 'to stand one fine
day in the orchard
or in the fields of
marked almost
behind the very word it
self down near the open gate
in the october
dark to get out in
to the open to
shut the poem behind one
for ever' - i thought

ner the latitude of reality cor
 r coatoc o h n
 o g sa de so e
 c vi ns d l c n ø r
 kl gbog kkkk e n m o s
 e i n ense w kk f hi st w m e
 e lmntbåri q etu k jord coa o p
 t jø o qqx ro de o r ssa
 a r torwaymot siht ne nse a
 n c orwa k s
 i oa ymotorwaymotor nybt l
 d sc ae poe t w orgc o
 r toasns mno ay o n
 o stc fif g sa g
 oa teen poe n evah t i
 s m n i of c t
 e t o s be r i o l u
 t h f cc ixt e ht s sa a d
 a fåborgeen mit e ve t n e
 n el ø nd c g
 i legend nz jcoa bo ao e
 d ø:island øs d stcoa saocrgts la
 r z:lighthouse en st tå nd
 o w:church ø ø ø si la
 q:conifers nge ng
 k:scrub æ e
 z c:deciduous trees r la r
 e x:position of poem øærø n e
 r d n
 opoint abscissa abscissa abscissa cor

27 october

28 october

further in complete
 ly out there where lan
 guage borders on reali
 ty there lies the wood
 of emeralds where
 the wild brambles are still in
 flower and their branches plait them
 selves in and out of
 the writing so as
 to hold the world together
 in the gleaming net
 work of the poem

the poem does not
 of course create the
 world (nor its own either) but
 because it forges
 a precise link be
 tween language and reali
 ty it lights up in brief glimps
 es (like october's
 gold over the thick
 et of brambles) the exist
 ing world making it
 more than visible

bramble brombær bram
 ble blackberry bram
 ble mure sauvage bramble
 brombeere bramble
 brombeerstrauch bramble
 (the spanish translation) bram
 ble (the italian trans
 lation) bramble (the
 swedish translation)
 the international worldwide
 combat day of the
 bramble brambleday

i have cut down the
 bramble thicket to
 day really cut it down to
 size out there at the
 hedge facing east the
 bramble thicket that resem
 bles my own poetry so
 wildly untama
 ble and prickly the
 bramble thicket that grows up
 more vigorously
 each time its pruned back

further out complete
 ly in there where re
 ality and language al
 most resemble each
 other there lies the
 wood of emeralds where the
 words 'bramble' and 'thicket' light
 up your own centre
 so you can see (per
 ceive) the blackberries clearly
 and distinctly when
 you yourself see them

the poem like a
catalyst almost unreal
in that reali
ty it gathers to
gether into a world like
the finest plati
num dust transparent
almost like a spiritual
event that no one
can see with the na
ked eye which only reads the
words of the poem

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et 'it sounds so beautiful'
i said - 'does lofty
poetry but po
etry is only lofty
to the same extent as life
is denigrated
and debased' - i said
'poetry ought to be more
like a turnip in
its fat fertile soil'

the school just round the
corner the elderberries
strewn across the road
black as caviar
the butcher's shop that's closed down
the village hall where
we voted 'yes' last
summer the supermarket
with samurai flags
in front of the tall
church airship veflinge vil
lage in october

tombeau d'alekhine
in honour of the occa
sion i move the black
knight to f6 as
my first move so now it is
all on the chessboard
or nothing in life
or rather precisely the
opposite as was
not the case for him
who in earnest made this dark
move for the first time

the fairytales are
becoming more fre
quent and intense now late in
the year when the nights
are long perhaps it's
because christmas is approach
ing or because reason too
is looking for a
place to hibernate
along with the hedgehog un
der the compost heap
in the back garden

NOVEMBER

it is not so that
the man who does not believe
in god is clever
er than i am we
know the same there's pro
bably just that one faith of
a difference and it does
not spring from any
lack of knowledge but
on the contrary
from the selfsame knowledge that
all of us possess

this poem is fac
ing westwards to where the wind
is coming from and
blowing in through the
open window in across
the words and the let
ters that are on this
page as well as the floors and
the sheets on the bed
so in a sense you
could say that this poem is
full of nighttime rain

where does the blackbird
spend its time in november
not in the garden
among the gooseber
ry bushes and it's
not to be found in the wood
either it is as if black
birds perhaps only
exist in fairy
tales and in books a
bout birds here at the begin
ning of november

tombeau de felli
ni - 'i want to see
my books and my telephone
see the changes of light that
occur as the day
passes hear the post
man go past' is what
fellini said in
his last interview from in
side the respirator's de
finitive and grim
black halloween

choose a saint or if
not choose yourself a
new one - ivan malinow
ski for example
even though he would
probably not relish such
an honour - mix the dates and
choose yourself a po
em that suits all saints'
day where everything even
so is dependent
upon trust and faith

just let reason run
riot on this all
souls' day let it count the
leaves falling from the
birch tree and every
departed soul reckon it
self down in hell provide e
vidence of its own
supreme folly it
will never understand that
in heaven no proof
is ever required

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'which reality yours
or mine?' the young po
et inquired of me
and i realised that each
and every answer even
silence would be an
insult - 'in autumn
the magnolia tree turns
black and the maple
hedge yellow' i said

heartland 3/11
carried out repairs on the
pinewood bed - after
eight years sailing on
the high seas it really could
do with the odd screw
here and there - 'sooner
or later we shall all sleep
alone' i sang just
to remain on the
safe side of things for the space
of one life longer

heartland 3/11
the rain and the fields the dim
light from the birch tree
like a paper lamp
or a hollowed out
pumpkin the archangeli
variant in progress on
the chessboard all the
angels and all the
souls now departed
once more although it was not
until yesterday

the edge of the wood
smelled of iodine
and crystal violet where
death rode forth along
the fringe of the pre
serves but it was not so se
riously intended more
like an emblem from
the mozart b flat
major quartet of the same
name more like one big
st hubert's fox hunt

the village of væ
de lies like the eighth fragment
of the magic mir
ror glittering in
the rain out to the
east while i myself attempt
to put together anothe
er puzzle and to
draw other coor
dinates than the shin
y beaten tracks of the roads
in the late autumn

south of this poem
stands the tenth rose it stands
there because i have
have planted it there my
self and out to the left of
the poem stands its
name in a brochure
from langeskov nursery
i am now unit
ing them here in the
poem - this last rose is for
you my beloved

nine months of shadow
boxing with reason
what has all of it led to
this insight that a
birch tree is nothing
other than a birch tree - not
much of a result when you
take into consi
deration that dur
ing that time i could have had
a daughter who re
sembled my mother

it would have been all
right even so if
i had kept the child in me
because becoming
an adult maybe
means uniting man and boy -
more a matter of regret
was that i probab
ly no longer could
father a child since my sperm
had become as weak
as my stepfather's

cordis inhabi
tatio - the liquid manure
slurry shit and fer
tilizer the dis
tant fluegas from sas
serod ammonia and the
sharp reality of ni
trogen and silage
the heart that beats be
neath the withered leaves
of the autumn in the midst
of the immense death

the danish national
flags are almost black - the white
crosses i mean with
exhaust fumes and gar
lands of soot strewn across the
main street and the sprigs
of fir - christmas al
ready a good thing that one
isn't going to die
on a day like this
in this town in glamsbjerg's ear
ly november dusk

aratio cor
dis - the farmer's plough
ing the black soil of the fields
and i poetry's
rebis - god knows if
we basically aren't carry
ing out the same thing - turning
the soil and the words
so as to prepare
the heart for the one great fi
nal fairytale of
the resurrection?

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli breakfast as
usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of a
nything 'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

8 november

if you go out of
the iron gate at the northern
word of this poem
you will end up in
the night which is almost the
colour of oxblood
at this time of year
because of the drought last sum
mer or you'll collide
with the rugosa
bushes - as i said: the po
em ends in darkness

up there orion's
shining already at nine
o' clock in the e
vening down here on the
paper as my trade
mark for the night and the win
ter already out there in the
eastern sky over
the village of tag
erod as well as
in here in the secret re
cesses of the mind

everything cannot
just be light special
ly not here in november's
moonless nights the dark
also has to be
written into the fairy
tales if we're prepared to be
lieve them so i armed
myself with patience
and waited for the onset
of darkness before
writing this poem

theodore's day - si
dereal time is
three hours two mins and fifty
one secs - it's the day of my
brother's birthday be
fore he died just as
hastily again
a lifetime an e
ternity ago a ge
neration ago - the twi
light has a length of
forty five minutes

10 november

i put these questions
to you f p jac
divinely inspired poet
(and if you're unable to
answer them proper
ly you will forfeit
your birthright both as
a poet and as
a farmer) - when is the last
rose of the year in bloom and
how is it that you
know that you know this?

hawthorn's cast iron haw
thorn's athanor hawthorn's se
ven of clubs hawthorn's
sacre cœur hawthorn's
goldleaf hawthorn's tues
day hawthorn's technicolor
hawthorn's fairytale hawthorn's
lapis lazuli
hawthorn's virgin ma
ry lamp hawthorn's 'heart
land' hawthorn's a capella
hawthorn's crown of thorns

in the very depths
of scarlatti's c
major sonata there where
the synaesthesia
is total it sud
denly begins to drizzle
in the heart of the holy
spirit and it's as
if my mother were
still alive as if all time
had been redeemed in
one true fairytale

i ended up at
a path that's known to all but
no one knows its end
if it is down in
the tangled roses or out
in the fields that lie
fallow if it is
deep within pure imagi
nation or up here
where i was standing
in grass that gleamed like your pu
bic hair beloved

when as in an in
dian carpet i leave
behind a flaw in the struc
tural pattern of
the poem it is
not out of deference to
let it remain imperfect
rather the oppo
site so as to ex
press clearly and distinctly
the paradox of
total perfection

and i saw liver
transplantations and
three tiny children's corpses
from bosnia in a card
board box i saw blood
that looked like tomat
o ketchup and moun
tains of meat with sal
monella and i saw mir
rors of (un)reality
and the final pro
gramme was a talkshow

the pneuma climbed up
through all the cavi
ties in my bones and rose up
in my spinal cord like a
snake that was getting
ready to strike as i lis
tened to the final section
of scarlatti's so
nata in d ma
jor - my god it sounded ex
actly like a swan
in transformation

mist over the fields
like bromine i don't
have all that much to say my
reason is vege
tating after hav
ing moved the black king to a
6 my reason's also not
operating with
my emotions i
force my way into the haw
thorn's winter palace

the sugar refin
ery fetched its beets out in
the fields last night al
most like a fairy
tale that nobody
had ever told at any
rate it was a peculi
ar time to be wok
en up and have to
decide on the spot
whether i was still dreaming
or was wide awake

at the bottom of
this poem the sun is ris
ing between the words
'east' and 'wood' it is
sending its pale rays of white
gold down along the
paths of the syntax
so you can read the poem
despite the snowfall
and the winter dark
ness and the days that are grow
ing ever shorter

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet - 'every single poet
even the most pitiful fool at some
time or other has imagined that he or she is the
world's greatest poet - the only exception
to this statement being perhaps the world's greatest poet' - i said

the weather grey as the f sharp minor
sonata and as slow as zink like the poems
i never managed to write or those where the word
'like' shuts in the poetry in a meaningful
ness that's only apparent just like the mood of
my own mind on this particular day

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet - 'so we know something which
we cannot understand - we could also
call it belief since knowledge that cannot be comprehended
may be called a belief even though indignation will
probably find another expression' i said

i saw winter com
ing and i knew when
it happened - around five 'o
clock in the after
noon not in the form
of snow or slush but as a
bitter colour inside the
rugård woods a col
our like that of raw
liver the winter arrived
exactly on othen
ius' day this year

17 november

the world picture was
changing even faster than
that of the age - 'ca
tastrophe theo
ries chaos fractals
and bodily thought' things were
moving as fast as a car
toon - the world picture
was changing and peo
ple went on living
just as if absolutely
nothing had happened

the world picture was
changing quickly across the
front pages and the
tv screens people
went on living just
as if absolutely no
thing had happened because in
actual fact nothing
in the world had hap
pened except in
language and science's brill
iant new fairytale

the world picture was
changing as quickly as a
flicker and blue light
across the screens like
new episodes in
the serial story to
which we give the name world his
tory which is shown
time after time so
that we shouldn't e
ver manage to catch a glimpse
of the one real world

heartland 18/11
once again frontal sinus
itis is making
itself felt like some
one knocking on the door from
the inside before
stepping out into
the frosty mist which i my
self now do to cy
cle to søndersø
chemist's and buy menthol crys
tals and ephedrine

november is wet
ter than i remember it
a deeper vio
let out in the depths
of the wood in the
brushwood and thickets where i
walk with my dog who sniffs so
strangely into the
wind as if it had
caught the scent of some
one it had known in a pre
vious existence

cordis vanitas
the clouds from the west
winter's panoply my own
vanity there is
so much i do not
understand scarlatti's so
nata in b flat minor
love and the unpre
dictable coor
dinates of death there is so
much that i know but
do not understand

the snow's arrived a
gain - this time the snow's
come sweeping in from eastern
europe or from the poems
of nezval into
mine where it settles
like a magic powder
over the words
and the letters so that the
poems are almost concealed
and can't be seen for
sheer reality

the sun low and pale
as if it had been
lying in vinegar or
potash the gnawed off
duck carcasses of
the fir trees - reason corroded
by the brine of insight -
i call this state of
mind not impotence
but a last arrogance preceding
the advent
of humility

scarlatti's black silk
en gloves scarlatti's
four and twenty rubies scarlatti's
cascades of
silence scarlatti's
overturned bust scarlatti's
scrawny hand scarlatti whose
music has a sound
which i clearly recognise
as that of my razor
when i'm using
super gillette blades

cordis renova
tio - vissebjerg was al
most empty the streets
were deserted as
was the new hotel down by
the motorway as
if the year'd come to
a halt this great stillness was
familiar to me
in the middle of
november just before god
sets the heart going

and the following
day i looked at a passage
in st john perse's poem
'neiges' repeating the ri
tual i had carried
out for so many
years i recited
in a high clear voice
'et puis vinrent les neiges les
premières neiges de l'absen
ce' - so that words and
reality matched

thwest sweetbriar hedge facing existence nort
 r k be o h
 o mi c t dnif nac uoy rr ion ori e
 n st enclosuree a h ies t a
 n n w b e be bles so a a n s
 love c decemb c yi rr b l r v s t
 s l ers mo l anw ie e berr l e
 o therof o b t s p ies e c b
 t t s pearl s e l e t re r e t
 h h u ur i r p s ud u s r h
 e r r r r thg p l n mcti yo r e
 e enclosure i l i o dle balnoml i
 r da e e e c spin lsesfbs e r
 e s iir s e
 d lso lead you to the pleiadsisters snowflakesd
 a tdd
 g false signpost s s s lig b feedin b g
 a mi m i i h e gplace e a
 t st come to the poe e s s t r for de r t
 e u k t l t r er and r e
 o em berr kemo e i g e i for re i
 wald y a h ies o s r h t r e d deer es
 horn l t m fe s s s i
 and h o i romant sik not eir r
 dogs t n w icisms mro h hing i re hi r
 bark a g site-h se o x b de e t
 s p o u t o mpri ber i b s
 o berr t g ball f i n ries owheel a
 u ies sih uoy fi t n e
 thwest the boundary facing existence south

this corner gateway to the world renroc siht
 outerlight i block off
 follow a differe into the poe i block offtf
 f n ms twilight i block of hf
 on this path t i block of ftio
 s s s y unrea the po f hs
 k s ns n nn o p lity em is a ti k
 c nosnoowoo u a in rea gol t hsc
 o ownow s w th in lity n m dfin h i oo
 l ws wnno c ot the a nchs i scr
 b s nn o w o boulder reverse z nest s onb
 no o w sn m e cre
 i ow w f o e to fantas thorn of l c onri
 w i w y e o e
 i lead you through the poems unreality out here
 f r s t r r
 fir fir fir holly ers tn r
 i firfirfir imm s holly alp ht e n i
 fir firfirffir ort m osi ght r e
 b firi ifir ali oky charcel ight r b
 l firr the r fir tys outerlight l
 o fir f pin f rec wo outerlight breeze o
 c firi e-c ifir tan rd outerlight c
 k firr one rfir gle s outerlight in he k
 fir f f fyr outerlight thorn re ti
 o fir irfirri outerlight thorn me st o
 f firfir fir outerlight thorn ands f
 f fir firfirfir outerlight thorn still f
 y outerlight
 this corner gateway to the world renroc siht

that our perception
terminates in paradox
es and our under
standing of the world
ends in chaos does
not make the world a para
dox nor does it make it cha
os either it sim
ply means that we have
to look for expla
nations some place else than
in our own reason

tombeau de mercu
ry - here the king of rock lies
buried 'on his bed
of roses' and with
him the very last notes of
the music that i
grew up with died and
passed away among the words
and the rest merely
consists of pale i
mitations hip-hop rap rap
and karaoke

cordis contriti
o - winter nibbled at my
heart (just like roe deer
at a hedgerow) and
singed the tips black like
those of the privet hedge out
there in the wake of a night
time frost or as if
i was imagin
ing i had composed
god while it was exactly
the other way round

language and real
ity do not mir
ror each other and there is
no necessary
causal link between
them they simply exist to
gether and it is first and
foremost the task of
art to account for
their twinlike coexistence
as seen most precise
ly in poetry

the male blackbirds are
fighting more for per
sonal territory than
for the females here
in early winter
almost like the poets - 'keep
away from that word i bagged
it ages ago'
'blackbird' for exam
ple the males are bickering
more than singing here
in early winter

i admit that i
abandoned the worldpicture
icon almost like
or rather in fa
vour of the enor
mous banks of cloud to be seen
towards the west prussian blue
and wild with winter
i confess to this
great iconoclasm
in the midst of the one
and only real world

i admit that i
had now uncovered the trick
of this puzzle pic
ture that i was no
longer able to
be fooled that i saw picture
and reality as a
single whole as one
true world that such
a thing as truth did
not exist because each and
every thing was true

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'there is no god - the world
has simply always
been in existence'
the young poet said to me -
'so you're explaining the world
with an 'always' which
is tantamount to
eternity which in turn
is another name
for god' i replied

heartland 26/11
it was as if i had for
gotten something or
other something that
i once had under
stood a long time ago 'the
meaning of life' or 'the world
picture' something i
possibly now was
living more than i
understood it or was ab
le to recall it

heartland 27/11
the fog as thick as chlorine
later rain in the
woodland lakes al
so in those i can't
see it's like beginning from
the beginning to aban
don oneself to pure
faith or like begin
ning from the end i
am now just as old as paul
la cour when he died

let me just have a
look at today's ba
lance sheet - my life's as pure and
clear as stolichnaya
vodka as scarlat
ti's sonatas i love my
wife as a husband ought to
love his wife crisis
of identity's
no more than a word in a
book - i'm a man of
ashes and roses

my dear jimi h
i don't give a damn about
your fiftieth birth
day today i'm cen
tre stage - i'm the one who's
fifty four years old
and as large as life -
you just let rip on the vi
deo and i'll do
the same in real
ity for a little while
yet - (can you dig that?)

i'm lying awake
listening to the night
time rain that's beating against
the roof like a drumfire of
asbestos cement
in an hour's time i
will be fifty five
fifty five cuts of
the heart as in this book where
this sentence now also stands:
'laetetur cor quae
rentium dominum'

and as i named the
totality it
ceased to be since the name it
self could not be con
tained in the total
ity but when i avoid
ed mentioning the total
ity it did not
exist either lack
ing its name - i had to have
recourse to chuang tzu's
concept of 'non-word'

today is the birth
day of the pine trees -
how do i come to know that?
i refuse to an
swer any more sil
ly questions - do two and two
make four? if it rains is it
then raining? do the
rich steal from the poor?
today is the birthday of
the pine trees - and that
is the end of that

and the pine tree
wishes for itself
a better soil a rain that's
acidfree it wish
es for itself a
sunset burning pure with ox
ygen not pyrolysis
it wishes for it
self a pinprick green
er than blood it wishes a
bird each day for it
self on every branch

the pine tree smells of
jeyes' fluid creosote ly
sol and other in
comprehensible
words that no one can remem
ber the meaning of
any more except
that the pine tree has never
smelled of any words
the pine tree has by
its very nature a dis
tinct smell of pine tree

with my own hands i
have planted the small
pine trees out to the northwest
on the boundary
to the unthinka
ble there where no words can reach
any further not even
the very last ones
still to be found on
the little plastic streamer
attached to the tree
trunk 'pinus mugo'

and what did the au
tumn teach me? from the
autumn i learned that the stoat
is not particularly
fond of music not
at least of dufaut's
pavanne for lute
in e minor which
caused it to begin to scratch
violently up there in the
slag wool - that is what
the autumn taught me

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'why
do you leave behind
your fatally beau
tiful lines of verse
like crossed swordblades why do you
cast the gauntlet of darkness
at my feet why do
you bequeath to me
all that youth now when
it is irrevocably
too late?' i inquired

DECEMBER

i pass over de
ember's threshold of
malachite and hoar frost full
of trust as when i
read the first line of
of a poem by staffeldt
because i know that eter
nity can only
be redeemed by time
that the words only acquire
their meaning on meet
ing reality

there stood the pano
ply of the night studded with
stars crisscrossed by the
bandoliers of the
milky way under
the firs in the ruby wood
like a relic from my youth
and the shield with its
motto 'ritter tod
und teufel' was i
really obliged to buck
le it on once more?

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'the problem is not our
lack of knowledge (that
can be remedied)
but our knowledge - that we can
not understand that which we
know - the problem is
to put it anoth
er way to show reason its
proper place in the
annexe' - i remarked

got up eight o' clock
ate my müsli break
fast as usual time to take
the dog out fetch news
papers and post your
eyes and lips beloved are
indispensable daily
humdrum am sitting
at my writing desk
not thinking of anything
'mind of mindlessness'
am writing this poem

to avoid the pa
radox of under
standing you are referred to
infiniteness and
mention is made of
an endless network of sys
tems that are integrated
into each other
but it is infin
iteness itself which compris
es the nucleus
of the paradox

the mound of stones up
in the sapphire wood under
the crown of winter
lies like some rocky
underwater reef
like something from 'once a long
long time ago' like a draw
ing by jørgen bis
pelund in anoth
er one of my books
or like das ding an sich more
silent than the grave

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young po
et - 'my poem takes ten years'
the young poet an
nounced - 'good god didn't
he know that he had to go
to hell first where the iron
cross of poetry
grows and all the most
beautiful flowers did
n't he know that' i thought si
lently to myself

tombeau de zappa
it's time for my own
generation - 'to be re
membered means nothing' he said -
'justice: recollec
tion in man's memo
ry' i once wrote a
long time ago - which
in one sense or other's the
same kind of assertion -
and what now is that
meant to signify?

that strange light you see
in december who
has been able to avoid
noticing it deep
in the fir wood where
it casts no shadows like the
scottish opening and in
greenhouses at night
almost like indi
rect lighting that is being
emitted from rea
son's own paradox

here and sloe and north and sloe and he
 r
 e
 oe and blackthorn blackthorn blackth
 l o a
 s r n
 n d
 d to my unborn reader wholl
 n n b s
 a r terregnum when both b l l
 o n e a o
 t h i was here the po o c e
 s t e f b k
 e k e m em here rul e o t e
 w c h e o e m u r h a
 a t o p row eht s s s n o s
 d l p d r t
 n b f e htaed ton m w 5 n
 a o e h a e 0 a
 e n h t ezam sti ez r b n
 o r k t e y l d
 l o n ylno dna tnesba e a
 s h i a c s
 t ht:daed mi neh w no sr k l
 k t o
 d c h e
 n alb nrohtkcalb nrohtkcalb nro
 a h
 e
 ereh dna eols dna htuos dna eols dna re

heartland 5/12
holy common life of e
veryday without frills
and furbelows of
any kind whatso
ever the sun in the south
the wind in the north as is
suitable for this
time of the year the
grass green the trees as
naked as god the sky wide
open and the mind

the temptation had
become too great now that the
bouquet had got in
side the house lightred
and flesheating - also be
cause i had never
used precisely that
word before - 'gerbera' i
said out loud and wrote
it down in my po
em while i drained a glass of
beaujolais primeur

and just like the i
magination can
boil over into fairy
tales with 'golden mountains' so
can thought run riot
in the unending
bisecting fairy
tales in 'the valley
of the seahorses' but it
is not reality that
is fractal it is
rather thought itself

the paradox of
freedom is that it
is obliged to set a li
mit for itself so as not
to end in disso
lution (the soul's gang
rene or spiritual
entrophy) freedom
is obliged to assume the
necessity which at the
same time also a
bolishes freedom

ghosts actually do
exist every eve
ning between ten and twelve they
shimmer and flicker
through the air from the
old films manifesting them
selves before our very eyes
on the screen oh what
a marvellous death
cult oh what a magnifi
cent dance of death and
telekinesis

certain variants
in chess literature end with
a figure eight ly
ing on its side which
indicates a lack of clar
ity rather than
infinity and
that is just how i saw life
here in december
my clarity con
sisted in my having seen
the lack of the same

and i saw 'thistles
posing as roses
and putting on a real show'
i saw villains and thieves hav
ing all sorts of priz
es heaped upon them
i saw the one christ
mas show after the
other and quizzes and lot
to and the wheel of fortune
i saw the world shrink
to a tv screen

and i saw that no
television image could
contain its own i
mage or the image
of itself could con
tain reality deep down
inside no matter how much
it went into close
focus or panned it
it would only e
ver be able to show the
half of any truth

7 december

hints tips and good advice
to a young poet - 'some
poets opt out of
life in a certain
way in order to
be better able to write
about it' - i said - 'they are
bound to fail of course
for the selfsame reason
that it is quite
impossible to practise
living' i remarked

and so there was no
deliverance to be found
in the insight which
the december light
bestowed on me (or god's light)
salvation was still
dependent on the
flesh and its obscure deeds and
mysteries which no
amount of words or
poems whatsoever could
ever remedy

as i open the
eighth poem almost
like a christmas calendar
from my childhood the
snow begins to fall
heavily into the poetry
into the fairy
tales and onto the
christmas cards every
where except right here in vef
linge the first snow
is now tumbling down

my dear finn g - i
have dedicated
the corn to you but there is
none at this time of the year
when your birthday is
it only grows in
grains and in poems
and dreams - corn of the
night - so now you will have to
make do with this in
visible bread by
which man also lives

how reassuring
that each time under
standing attacks life with its
explanations it
withdraws into a
windfall apple or retreats
into a secret wood that
is full of blackbirds
each time life uses
as its defence the total
incomprehen-
sibility of death

the footprints still stand
sharply and distinct
ly outlined in the soil of
the ploughland my footprints from
the previous month
(when i set out in
to the world) now full
of withered leaves and
of hoar frost - it is almost
like being home again it
is almost like com-
ing home for christmas

heartland 11/12
the devil's birthday close on
drowning in our own
shit in the middle
of 'tod und verklä
rung' quite literally owing
to the state of the sewers
the sunset like a
hydrogen bomb ex
plosion out there o
ver hindevad as well as
here inside my head

and further away
over in the forest of dia
monds (where i scarcely
dared walk any more
because it lay out
side the perimeter of
the everyday) a strange light
was blinking could it
be winter signal
ling or was it just
the stroboscopic light of
the salting lorry?

and now the first snow
is really falling
not just in the poem and
in an advertise
ment now the first christ
mas snow is really falling
over the countryside and
on the peak of my
cap and i can do
just as little about it
as jens august scha
de was able to

and now the snow is
gone again here at
midday spirited away
as can happen in
fairytales it can
no longer be verified
with the aid of a rohrsack
test white blotches on
the grass - like every
thing else that is essential
the snow has become
a matter of faith

but this year it is
hailing something unusual
on this date of the
almanac poem
where there really ought to be
the suggestion of
a black circle in
honour of the approaching
lunar eclipse ra
ther than the stamp of
authorisation from the
university

both my parents died
on this particu
lar day when candles are lit
all over the world -
why talk of a co
incidence when that is pre
cisely determined by e
qual chances it would
seem to me more to
resemble necessity
or maybe a form
of what we call fate

the calendar can
dle has become one centi
metre shorter has
burned down from twelve to
thirteen i too have
begun the countdown to that
year when the poem is com
plete i know when it
is but won't give the
secret away since
i am afraid that then it
might just not come true

and so christmas came
to the poem too which i
have decorated
with fir sprigs and bell
pulls embroidered by my moth
er - heartlights and
a crawling pixy
wedged in between the lines is
any of this poss
ible? - what is the
opinion of henry heer
up on this matter?

the crabapples have
now all fallen to
the ground out there on the road
of rugårdsvej gleaming with
phosphorus inside
from the winter dark
like forgotten dreams
and it really is
also too late to regret
or to start from the begin
ning again much too
late - fortunately

i am trying out
the new vintage white wine from
château de haux glit
tering like topaz
es and the frost that
sweated it dry way back in
the spring and what a bouquet
it has stronger than
your urine my be
loved and then it
tastes equally as deli
cious as your birthday

my dear klaus r dear
brother in the spirit's bat
tered greenhouse when you
were born you were in
finitely older
than i was - later seven
times as old and then twice as
old and now only
twenty per cent old
er before you know
where you are we'll be sharing
the same age(lessness)

16 december

the winter red with
arsenic like the ace of
diamonds and still
as an apple or
chard as the yellow
hammers in december as
a certain variant of
the queen's indian
just before checkmate
as frozen rubies
as reason at its abso
lute culmination

heartland 17/12
the night sky with the
moon's duelling scars and the christ
mas tree lights elec
tric great bear micro
cosm the wood rests in its own
being and the mind has with
drawn into itself
the result of which
is that it neither requires
nor needs any kind
of explanation

we are playing the
most beautiful game of all:
that i am me and
you are you and vi
ce versa - that we love each
other unto death
us do part with its
glittering silver paper
we are playing win
ter because it's win
ter - we are playing real
ity - beloved

clearly the poem
is hard pressed in a tele
vision age because
the word and the spi
rit which illumi
nate it are without image
and invisible even
literally and
therefore cannot be
depicted on a
ny twenty three inch black line
television screen

hints tips and good ad
vice to a young poet - 'you
cannot choose free
dom you can choose to
believe in it or
to be outraged by virtue
of the same freedom which is
just as incompre
hensible as free
dom itself' i said
with a superior air
it appeared to me

and further away
at the perime
ter of consciousness where thoughts
almost cannot reach and the
television does
not report back the
nuclear plant in
oskarshamn goes on
operating as before
mankind's biggest and his most
dangerous game of
chance seen until now

this poem is a
christmas decoration de
signed by my wife and
written down by me -
ribbons and bows the para
ffin wax candles cones
and tansy dipped in
red ink - it is smoking and
reeking like a tea
light that somebody
has put aside in a far
corner of the soul

the tree sparrows have
split the sheaf to pie
ces to a pick-a-stick game
of straw just as life
always disturbs death's
tranquillity just as free
dom always introduces
a lack of order
into the perfect
game just as reason always
shortcircuits itself
at its highest point

i was gradual
ly coming to re
alise that it is life that
is poetic and not po
etry (just as beau
ty is not beauti
ful) i was gradu
ally coming to
realise that i had writ
ten all these poems full of
bitumen to ap
preciate that fact

the high romantic
movement was really seeking
wholeness through the me-
dium of death and
was thus able to
defeat art in that pecu-
liar way whereas neo-
romanticism finds
the whole through the me-
dium of life and
conquers art with the aid of
existence itself

it is the same win-
ter fairytale all over
again: when you're a
way beloved the
dark collects itself
into a crown (an advent
wreath) on my head and i rule
over another
hell than that which has
been represented
by doré in the big il-
lustrated bible

now the snow has set-
tled permanently
like clean bedlinen smelling
of starch and i do
not lie down to sleep
in order to forget my-
self do not lie down in or-
der to try and find
myself in dreams i
simply go out and confirm
myself on the white
surface of the snow

the sun is falling
diagonally across
this square from the left
hand corner because
i have gone to sit
in the green room which faces
east in order to write this
poem and to convey
to you this pale
winter solstice from
veflinge and from that which
is invisible

heartland 21/12
morning darkness no stars to
be seen out over
hindevad i have
become so happy with life
that i can soon no
longer express it
in poetry but that must
be the idea i
have held the torch long
enough now someone else can
take over the flame

the day's name: thomas
solstice the shortest
day and the temperature
between two and five degrees
in the course of the
night the whole country
will have snow sleet or
showers of hail the wind
will increase from north-northwest
pitch darkness everywhere except
in the inner
most depths of the heart

it is the spark of
freedom which leaps deepest
inside winter at the
darkest time of the
year like a solstice
announcing that the light will
begin to grow from now on
and spread out its rings
through the new year it
is freedom's own secret fire
that is in the process
of being lit

hints tips and good advice
vice to a young poet - 'and if you haven't understood me you'll just have to prick up your ears once more and make another effort - but if you've understood me you really haven't grasped a single word of what I have been saying' I continued doggedly

the sun is low over behind the woods to the west and is smoking slightly like a tea light someone's forgotten to put out like a memory of something that never happened - isn't that the way in which the winter solstice lightens up the fairytale that we call our life?

and the sun emitted its final shaft of lightning from a brilliant on god's finger the year's final winter lightning the sun sent its final four rays in all directions as if it had been recorded with a video camera behind the darkness of the rugard woods

it is also the most real game of all so real that you can not see the difference at all my beloved because reality and the fairytale have become united because flesh and the word have become reconciled once more in one true life and one true world

23 december

when the old man died
the lights were lit in
all the rooms around the clock
and over a pe-
riod of several
days i contemplated this
weird surgical glimmering
that was coming from
the house behind the
cherry orchard just as un-
real as christmas or
perhaps more than real

the day of christmas
eve a year later the self
same bungalow stood
newly limewashed like
salmon mousse dipped in
the tar of the base and i
knew the old woman too was
taking her leave of
søndersø borough
and heartland for a
far greater celebration
than christmas and death

but nobody died
this christmas and in
the woods peace without danger
reigned (as in the silhouette
cutout of my be-
loved standing on
my writing desk a-
mong stones from danish
beaches and the heraldry
of the heart) and between the
words there was a breath
of tranquillity

on christmas day i
walked up the hill from the op
posite side and when
i reached the summit
i could hear that god
no longer sang from these hills
only the wind and so i
began the descent
towards my home which
lay there in the light
beneath the sun's whitegold - 'i
was over the hill'

and i saw the pack
of lies referred to
as 'the news' flit across the
television screen selec
ted and edited
by various a
gencies and by va
rious editors
that lie which powerful peo
ple according to voltaire
have decided to
call 'world history'

the laybys are all
empty now just after christ
mas like nickel or
like silver paper
as empty as time itself
and the whole era's
fin de siècle like
a bitter taste of soda
on one's lips as if
mankind was scarcely
expecting the advent of
the millennium

god knows if gödel's theorem doesn't simply indicate that the axioms in a system cannot be derived from the system itself but are set by and related to something which is outside the system and which therefore are inexplicable seen from within the system?

just then as russel's paradox demonstrates that a system cannot justify itself because it then would contain its own totality and in doing so would become a member of its own class which in turn leads to the paradox ending up contradicting itself?

in other words doesn't it show that we are caught in the paradox either in the fox trap of faith or the wire mesh of indignation that we must either cite god in support or otherwise utter nonsense that we must choose one of these two incomprehensibilities?

just then as cantor's proofs of infinitude blow every conceivable system skyhigh which claims to be able to justify itself or to be able to contain its own explanation (its own finiteness) without relating to yet another transfinite number?

in a similar way as kierkegaard's concept of existence indicates that man can never be his own cause because every relationship which relates to itself at the same time also relates to another the absolutely independent relationship?

i began to no
tice my poetry ebbing
out running down and
congealing on the
paper like para
ffin wax in christmas candle
sticks - and was there then any
thing new about that?
no - but once such light
used to burn day and
night now i had to light it
every morning

outside in the big
wide world too every
thing was going on as u
sual power was being
shared through guile and de
ceit interest on over
due payments matured on time
taxes increased and
petrol prices and
on the far horizon war
was lurking like a
crab behind its shield

insight into free
dom didn't make things
easier paradoxi
cally enough - ways
of acting or ha
bits did not change at all the
only difference was that
one could not disclaim
responsibili
ty any longer and that
did not make life a
ny the easier

and the red star of
the soviet union crashed
down behind the ho
rizon and burnt out
was extinguished by
history and was buried
under the millennium's
snowfall from now on
it would only spark
le from the magni
ficent poem by neru
da on stalingrad

the stars' house of cards
the stars' plume of peatsmoke the
stars' chrome vanadi
um the stars' wood in
wintertime the stars'
chopping block the stars'
lightship the stars' jugendstil
the stars' bunsen burner the
stars' heraldic coat
of arms the stars' mi
crococosmos and the stars' re
ligious festival

i am hanging a
christmas-star up in this square
within the poem
i am hanging up
the christmas-star in its own
word so that it can
lighten and enlight
en this page as so much snow
and make the other
stars round about that
much more visible and more
comprehensible

and the stars on the
tarot cards and on the die
stones and on the foot
ball bags and in the
footnotes and on the
surface of mercury and
on the national flags and
the stars of heral
dry and those of the
rosicrucians and
all the stars in the firma
ment of the heavens

and the mercedes
benz star and the nato star
and the magical
fivepointed star and
the people's repub
lic star and america's
and the star of david and
a p møller's se
venpointed star and
the eightpointed star
and the bethlehem star whose
points are uncounted

and i saw the old
year perish in a
gleam of darkness behind the
fir wood i saw it
being driven a
way in a van from vissen
bjerg saw the removal firm
disappear into
the annals statis
tics and poetry we for
want of a better
word call history

and i strayed into
the final labyrinth of
the year amongst the
christmas junk of the
previous year and
the wine's dusty vintages
and that which was so easy
to put to paper
was all that much more
difficult to ac
tually put into practice
oneself one more time

so quiet the words
became - an angel must have
passed through the poem
here where they frequent
mighty and formidable
with reality
not as they are there
made of tin and glossy pa
per in shop windows
showcases and win
ter landscapes along the main
street in søndersø

let me settle the
accounts on this the
last day of the year dark and
elegiac as
the egmont ouver
ture on the credit side: the
fact of freedom on the de
bit: its incompre
hensibility
perhaps they would have balanced
better if the op
posite had been true

and i walked down to
the old willow tree which stands
at my boundary
to the east and i
found a rusty horse
shoe there on new year's eve and
i wished for nothing more be
cause i had been for
given all and i
promised nothing here
either because i wanted
to keep everything

new year's eve dark be
fore its time and raw
occasional sleet and snow
i put the horseshoe back at
the foot of the wil
low tree in the snow
like inlaid ebo
ny and ivory -
happiness must not be fenced
in it can only flourish
out in the open
where all may find it