



Translated by John Irons
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For Margit Jean

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul.

(Psalm 23, vv. 1-3)

NATURE

SPIRIT

Solve et coagula

CULTURE

GROUND

BE-GINNING

END

ATOMS

NaKAlSi₃O₈NaAlSi₂O₈KAlSi₃O₈(NaCa)Al(AlSi₃)O₈NaAlSi₃O₈CaAl₂Si₂O₈CaMgFeAl(AlSi)₂O₆Ca(MgFe)Si₂O₈(MgFe)₂Si₂O₈Ca₂(MgFeAl)₅(SiAl)₈O₂₂(OH)₂(MgFe)₂SiO₄SiO₂Fe₃O₄Fe₃O₃FeCO₃Fe₂O₃KAl₂AlSi₃O₁₀(OH)₂K(MgFe)₃AlSi₃O₁₀(OH)₂CaCO₃CaCO₃CaMg(CO₃)₂FeCO₃NaClKClCaSO₄2H₂O CaSO₄(CaCe)₂(AlFe)₃Si₃O₁₂(OH)Ca₅(PO₄)₃(FOHCl)PbSSrSO₄Ca₂(AlFe)Al₂Si₃O₁₂(OH)CaF₂CaCO₃YFeBe₂(SiO₅)₂(MgFeCa)₃(AlFe)₂Si₃O₁₂MgFeCuCu₂SCuFeS₂Cu₂CO₃(OH)₂MnO₂MoS₂NaAlSiO₄SiO₂NH₄MgPO₄6H₂OFeS₂CaTiSiO₅FeTiO₃BaSO₄Fe₃(PO₄)₂8H₂O CaSiO₃ZnSZrSiO₄

BE-GROUNDING

nakalsionaalsiokalsionacaalalsionaalsi
ocaalsiocamgfealalsiocamgfesiomgfes
iocamgfealsialoohmgfesiosiofeofefe
cofeokalalsioohkmgfealsioohcacocac
ocamgcofeconaclkclcasohocasocaceal
fesioohcapofohclpbssrsocaalfealsiooh
cafcacoyfebesiomgfecaalfesiomgfecu
cuscufescucoohohm nomos naal siosio
nhmgpohofescatisiofetiobasofepohoc
asioznszrsio

AN-NIHILATION

fspsemalgsanlocpgeklloicmgosonfelcffiiebciaso
lslafleickoffoasnmflnaemosscefcfllagcoksscsilm
aenaocafalnohceaooaaslnfioheioaaaahgaocsuhzi
aocofasiocayaeloaiyssacocnofoshoislaichi eefali
lckooc saiaccfceaohsaaepoaiosaosmoiemactna
asubisofoccaeioosaicccagsofogrifmcsihmohlss
izfasomootipooceihnschiagafasomfofisoofgeu
eoecoabeholoikgrso

$\text{CaAl}_2\text{O}_8\text{NaAlSi}_3\text{O}_8\text{FeCO}_3\text{Ca}(\text{MgFeAl})(\text{AlSi})_2\text{O}_6$
 $\text{KAlSi}_3\text{O}_8\text{NaAlSi}_3\text{O}_8(\text{CaCe})_2(\text{AlFe})_3\text{Si}_3\text{O}_{12}(\text{OH})\text{Fe}_3(\text{PO}_4)_2$
 $8\text{H}_2\text{OYFeBe}_2(\text{SiO}_5)_3\text{Ca}_5(\text{PO}_4)_3(\text{FOHCl})\text{CaCO}_3(\text{NaCa})\text{Al}(\text{AlSi})_3\text{O}_8\text{FeTiO}_3\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_2$
 $\text{NaAlSiO}_4(\text{MgFe})_2\text{SiO}_4\text{FeS}_2\text{CuSiO}_2\text{K}(\text{MgFe})_3\text{AlSi}_3\text{O}_{10}(\text{OH})_2\text{SiO}_2$
 $\text{CaTiSiO}_5(\text{MgFe})_2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_8\text{Ca}_2(\text{AlFe})\text{Al}_2\text{Si}_3\text{O}_{12}(\text{OH})\text{NH}_4\text{MgPO}_4$
 $6\text{H}_2\text{OCaSiO}_3\text{KAl}_2\text{AlSi}_3\text{O}_{16}(\text{OH})_2\text{FeCO}_2\text{Ca}_2(\text{MgFeAl})_5(\text{SiAl})_8\text{O}_{22}(\text{OH})_2$
 $\text{CaSO}_4(\text{MgFeCa})_3(\text{AlFe})_2\text{Si}_3\text{O}_{12}\text{Cu}_2\text{SBaSO}_4\text{PbSCaMg}(\text{CO}_3)_2$
 $\text{SrSO}_4\text{CuFeS}_2\text{ZrSiO}_4\text{Cu}_2\text{CO}_3(\text{OH})_2\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_4\text{CaSO}_4$
 $2\text{H}_2\text{OCaCO}_3\text{MoS}_2(\text{NaK})\text{AlSi}_3\text{O}_8\text{ZnSFe}_3\text{O}_4\text{MnO}_2\text{NaClCaF}_2\text{FeS}_2\text{KClCa}(\text{MgFe})\text{Si}_2\text{O}_8$

stopping CaAl_2 in
 O_8 the find NaAl shall Si_3
 seashore O_8Fe it
 CO_3 path Ca word (Mg
 after FeAl) inexpress
 ible $(\text{AlSi})_2\text{O}_6$
 KAlSi_3 para
 doxical O_8 $(\text{CaCe})_2$ (Al
 searc $\text{Fe})_3\text{h}$ Si_3 af

stops in the find shall seashore it path word after
 inexpressible paradoxical search approximation here
 you last not out here made now you reality and infin
 ite sentences' now write transcendent have you to
 blå vands grounds eternity the seaweed literally on
 e expressible the west sea you to have must ground
 swell have whose leads inexpressible most asked wi
 th labyrinth i.e. this in sunset death masks musselsh
 ells in immanence here denmark the e than read yo
 u are granted make among here denmark you you
 they only i bauxite boundaries any one in as poem
 onward the foam's brass i stand not go sense follow
 in not over ends here about at i poem's it is do oth
 ers you against it they and so huk i these to only in
 see out you as the green and at up places down over
 by any thus

CaCO₃PbSKAlSi₃O₈CuFeS₂YFeBe₂(SiO₅)₂Mn
 O₂MgFeNaClZnSKAl₂AlSi₃O₁₀(OH)₂Fe₂O₃Si
 O₂SiO₂K(MgFe)₃AlSiO₁₀(OH)₂CuKClCaSO₄2
 H₂OSrSO₄(MgFe)₂SiO₆Fe₃O₄Fe₂O₃FeCO₃Ca
 CO₃Cu₂SCaSO₄CaCO₃CaMg(CO₃)₂FeCO₃Ca₅
 (PO₄)₃(FOHCl)Ca₂(AlFe)Al₂Si₃O₁₂(OH)CaF₂
 CuCO₃(OH)₂MoS₂NaAlSiO₄NH₄MgPO₄6H₂O
 FeS₂(NaK)AlSi₃O₈NaAlSi₃O₈(NaCa)Al(AlSi)₃
 O₈NaAlSi₃O₈(MgFeCu)₃(AlFe)₂SiO₁₂CaTiSiO
 5FeTiO₃CuAl₂Si₂O₈BaSO₄Ca(MgFeAl)(AlSi)₂
 O₆Fe₃(PO₄)₂8H₂O Ca(MgFe)Si₂O₆CaSiO₃ZrSi
 O₄(MgFeAl)₄SiAl₈O₂₂(OH)₂(MgFe)₂SiO₄

ATOMS

in Ca language CO₃
 Pb the west SK gale Al
 you Si₃ will O₈ each
 Cu night Fe falling
 S₂Y least Fe one Be₂ sand
 grain (SiO₅)₂ this Mn
 O₂ poem's Mg ground
 swell FeNa of Cl sentenc
 es Zn Sk heath

BE-GROUNDING

in language's westerly gale you will each night falls
 at least one grain of sand this poem's groundswell
 of sentences ity here at blāvands huk here end
 proportional relationships: each day is written
 down from the twenty-metre-high dune grain of sand the poorer:
 this conversely there at least one new poem each day
 here a world concludes (it is only a question
 of a postponing of the finite one each night denmark
 becomes at least one horizon) here 8°4'36" e lgd
 here in labyrinth æ the singularity only point out
 this collection crumbling literally read you
 out to nothingness in front of your eyes
 you will see it erode before you that soon you will see a poem in
 denmark becomes at least one poem the richer here denmark
 stops in real denmark in a literal sense
 in i will not make any further comment

ANNIHILATION

MOLECULES

nak ak kal al als si i O Sion
ion naal aal OK a la lal fe Ea
fes es om lo oh ohm os as so
alf alfe af mos hof at ti tis is el bas

RE-PETITION

mercy mercy mer
cy mercy mercy mercy
mercy mercy mer
cy mercy mercy
mercy mercy mercy mer
cy mercy mercy

**TRASH,
SHREDDING**

in silicon sun still sun
foam and see now and huk
labyrinth aa art language
behind sun and whole sun
and sun and sun the sun
the sun blaa the sun
in sun setting shall set
ice up up up of of of
sun sun sun sun
sun sun sun like
of of of of of of of
like like like like like
of of of of of of of
like like like like like
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e
c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
a a a a a a a a a a a a a
i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i
o oo o o o 0000000000 z z
f f f f hhhhh hhhh iii

aal ai po O naal als ni i fe a la lal
OK dal Sion ion Ea alf elfe fes
es oh et ti om at pis is as so som
bas op os mos rik nak non af

lordiness my lord
iness my lordiness my
lordiness my lord
iness my lordi
ness my lordiness my lord
iness lordiness

does not boundary into any
i am thus not leading you over any
transcendent sunset of brass and
and to search for eternity elsewhere
i write expressly: out to
the green seashore of immanence here
bauxite you will have to make do with
an approximation towards the west sea
follow now the last sentences' path downward
i have not found the inexpressible word
the sand and the seaweed so shall it
only the inexpressible only the infinite in
you are granted to see the foam's death mask
among these mussel shells
this is where denmark stops in reality
you are now standing in labyrinth e
here at blāvands huk here denmark stops
if you have done as i asked you to
i.e. you have read on further than most
here one poem paradoxically becomes grounded
in the literal sense in this poem's groundswell

O op skal ai ais ni i fe fes es sy
om en dal a la lal oh os OK Ea as so
som aal alf elfe af mos naal Sion ion ik ort
rik nat ak ti pis is et bas lo ohm

MOLECULES

lordiness my lord
iness my lordiness my
lordiness my lord
iness my lord
ness my lordiness my lord
iness lordiness

RE-PETITION

here a world concludes (it is only a ques
denmark in a literal sense on the
horizon here 8°4'36" e lgd here in labyrinth æ
here denmark stops in real
tion of a postponing of the finite
the heath here at blāvands huk here ends
this poem's groundswell of sentences
each night falls at least one grain of sand
each night denmark becomes at least one
denmark becomes at least one poem the richer
proportional relationships: each day is written
grain of sand the poorer: this conversely
down from the twenty-metre-high dune
there at least one new poem each day
i will not make any further comment
the singularity only point out
in front of your eyes you will see it erode
before you that soon you will see a poem in
this collection crumbling literally read yourself
out to nothingness
in language's westerly gale you will

**TRASH,
SHREDDING**

ELEMENTS

ais in mos: ni dals o
pot as ions in feris kort
wi kal in basalts silos
wi in sile ens o our bas ik i tos
elf feces elf pis
riks in laks
al in an osmosis al in an atom

TRANS-ITION

we are we are we
are we are we are in we
are in merciment

DECAY

e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e
c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c
a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i
o oo o o o 000000000 z z
f f f f hhhhh hhhh iii

wi kal in basalts silos
elf feces elf pis
riks in laks
al in an osmosis al in an atom
ais in mos: ni dals o
pot as ions in feris kort
wi in sile ens o our bas iki tos

we who are in the
icing and the clay we who
are in merciness

ice up up up of of of
sun sun sun sun
sun sun sun like
of of of of of of of
like like like like like
of of of of of of of
like like like like like

all in an osmosis all in an atom
ice in moss: needles of
potash ions in fairies' court
elf faeces elf piss
reeks in lakes
we in silence of our basic ethos
we call in basalt's silos

we who are in the
foaming and languaging we
who are in mercy

in silicon sun still sun
foam and see now and huk
labyrinth aa art language
behind sun and whole sun
and sun and sun the sun
the sun blue the sun
in sun setting shall set

the ice reeks in the lakes like
needles in our necks
up all atoms that are silent in potash
up all ions that are silent in your
opaque silo of basalt
we natter about our basis
we natter about the elves' ten opals

our lordiness you
who are in reason we who
are in childingness

this is where denmark stops in reality
you are now standing in labyrinth e
here at blāvands huk here denmark stops
if you have done as i asked you to
i.e. you have read on further than most
here one poem paradoxically becomes grounded
in the literal sense in this poem's groundswell

the opals call like ice
in silence all is said in
the basic silo of osmosis
potash is mashed into atoms
faeces is mashed into ions
basalt's ace is silent in our ethos
we natter as if we were silent

you who are in truth
ing's word we who are in death
ing's inexpressness

an approximation towards the west sea
follow now the last sentences' path downward
i have not found the inexpressible word
the sand and the seaweed so shall it
only the inexpressible only the infinite in
you are granted to see the foam's death mask
among these mussel shells

we natter about our basis
we natter about the elves' ten opals
the ice calls in the lakes like
needles in our necks
up all atoms that are silent in potash
up all ions that are silent in your
opaque silo of basalt

our lordiness you
who are in trans and opal
we who are in clay

does not boundary into any
i am thus not leading you over any
transcendent sunset of brass and
and to search for eternity elsewhere
i write expressly: out to
the green seashore of immanence here
bauxite you will have to make do with

our omen: a lonely
atom in a shell of ions
a needle of basalt in clay
the yew's scale of ice in the mass
up shall we from our faeces' silo
up shall we in our opals' zion
our calling will sieve your nattering

you who are in all
ness' eye we who are in
nothingness' gale

i will not make any further comment
the singularity only point out
in front of your eyes you will see it erode
before you that soon you will see a poem in
this collection crumbling
literally read yourself out to nothingness
in language's westerly gale you will

the base of the lakes will de-ice
our shell of loneliness
our atoms will call in the clay
like opals like needles in a
scale of basalt like an omen
in your ethos we will call at
all who natter of calling

you who are in high
ness' day we who are in
nightness' lonement

each night falls at least one grain of sand
each night denmark becomes at least one
denmark becomes at least one poem the richer
proportional relationships: each day is written
grain of sand the poorer: this conversely
down from the twenty-metre-high dune
there at least one new poem each day

an alley of yew needles moss
is silent in the loneliness
a shell of ice round our calling
we natter round an atom of silence
of opals in the fairies' court
we shall be united in the clay
the clay shall be united in us
all in one one in all

ELEMENTS

lordiness our lord
iness you who are there we
who are here oh lord

TRANS-ITION

here a world concludes (it is only a ques
denmark in a literal sense on the
horizon here 8°4'36" e lgd here in labyrinth æ
here denmark stops in real
tion of a postponing of the finite
ity here at blávands huk here ends
this poem's groundswell of sentences

DECAY

GROUND

BE-GINNING

END

GEOLOGY

FAITH

PRODUCTION

you are dazzled by
 the green lion of copper
 the molten
 st. elmo's fire bites
 into the skin like a
 tattooing like burnt
 out ashes
 mighty continents
 and half moons sinking
 scarlet-red into
 the oven of the psyche
 there is a gleam in your bracelet

you who bound
 us in skinment
 and psycheness
 you who bound us
 in red and green
 you who bound us
 in scarlet
 and copper
 you who
 bound us in
 rings of fire
 you will also lead us out
 of the oven of ashness

 sun sun sun sun
 sun sun sun like
 like like like like like
 like like like like like
 ice up up up of of of
 of of of of of of of of
 of of of of of of of

this emaciated
coin this worn down
key: the zinc in
the zinc: hermetic with
cold white in the
underground's crown
star's clear rays of
light on the liquid
you are boiling in your
soul alembic
you see
the sign of eternity

lordiness
our lordiness
you who grounded
us in foamness and
the souling
you who grounded
us in the whiteness'
starriness
in languaging's
eternessence
you will also
ray us a sun
exit of clearment

labyrinth aa art language
foam and see now and huk
in sun setting shall go
in silicon sun still sun
behind sun and whole sun
and sun and sun the sun
the sun blue the sun

lead derives from
saturn the now
strictest in
your firmament and that
planet which
orbits in thought
or the metal which
melts in your
crucible lead beneath lead
it rules your
everyday it governs
from the seven empires of geology

lordiness
my lordiness
you who have formed
me in water
and fire
you who have formed me
in circle and
labyrinth
have formed me
in your paradox
you will also go
with me to the
seventh heavening

if you have done as i asked you to
you are now standing in labyrinth ø
i.e. you have read on further than most
this is where denmark stops in reality
here at blāvands huk here denmark stops
in the literal sense in this poem's groundswell
here one poem paradoxically becomes grounded

the crystals
glitter like
palaces in
the stillness that sounds
from night's silicon
the string quartets
buried in
rain the orders
chiselled out of
shadows the root of
matter contradicts its god
you pretend to have understood

godness my
godness you who have
placed me
between west and
deathing you who
have placed
me in the foamness
you who have
lighted me down in
matter
and rain you will
also find me a
path of lastness

i have not found the inexpressible word
among these mussel shells
only the inexpressible only the infinite in
an approximation towards the west sea
follow now the last sentences' path down
the sand and the seaweed so shall it
be granted you to see the foam's death mask

it's snowing in your
oblivion it's stemming
from the billions of
flakes of calcium
hurricanes bound in
bones and in teeth
in your skeleton or
in all of stevns klint
minted in the
imagination and that
chalk which is filling your
scallop shells with dreams

lordiness
my lordiness
you who bound me
to place and
brass you who
lit
the boneness in me
you who led
me down you will also
lead me over
trans and chalkment
you will lead
me to eternessence

i write expressly: out to
i am thus not leading you over any
boundary out into any
transcendent sunset of brass and
bauxite you will have to make do with
the green seashore of immanence here
and to search for eternity elsewhere

your landmark: a bowl
full of liquid sodium
on fire a lamp
spinning above
the salt domes
the shadows' reflections
of violet
on the temple
here you stand
in the light of your age here you
stand on your stone and dragon
your word has achieved its weight

lordiness
my lordiness
you who wanted me
so peculiarly
you who gathered me
from salt and
shadowing
full of violet
you will also
bring me to words
and lightment
in
nothingment's night

i will not make any further comment
on the singularity only point out
to you that soon you will see a poem in
this collection crumbling
in front of your eyes you will see it erode
in language's westerly gale you will
literally read yourself out to nothingness

the band of aluminium
has penetrated your
life with stillness
its spectre has
 etched into
 time and space like
 wings and has burnt
satellites to dust
 like a track
 across your iris
it will survive everything
that speaks of enduring

 you who have
 formed me
i spaceness and timement
 you who have
formed me
 the wings of day
 and the spectre of night
 you will also take
 me with you over
liveness
 you are also with
 me in
the hour of fallment

each night at least one grain of sand falls
 down from the twenty-metre-high dune
each night denmark becomes at least one
grain of sand the poorer: this conversely
proportional relationship: each day
at least one new poem is written each day
 denmark becomes at least one poem the richer

a mask of completely
pure magnesium
flares in the dream a
torch of light
in your ideas
it grows like a
dice of silence
like semen in the night
of the minerals
it has transformed time
time has transformed it
all in one one in all

lordiness my
lordiness you
who have
formed me of
water of clay
of light you who have
formed me in
your idea
you will also torch me out
will extinguish me
will worlden me
also out
of timent

TRANS-FORMATION

For Asger

here denmark stops in real
ity here at blåvands huk here denmark
ends in a literal sense in
this poem's groundswell of sentences
here a world concludes (it is only a ques
tion of a postponing of the finite
horizon) here 8°4'36" e longitude here in labyrinth æ

MINERALS

And Gudhjem gneiss. Gudhjem. That
you already blind alley seeking. Seek
ing your labyrinth. Any early mornin
g you it. There gabbro in trauma cat
ches fire. From soon stiffened order
sash. Soon soon. The hornblende in
lit hearts. What forgotten pain. And
yours the sun lifts too.

RE-LEASE

my fatheress free
me from all coordinates
free me from all planes
and angles free me
from two o' clock free me from
all labyrinths free
me from gabbro fre
me from farewell free me from
the pain of lastness

**FREEDOM, EQUALITY,
BROTHERHOOD**

At precisely 15.18 two
people intersect my
coordinates. Goodbye
right foot now away from
the left foot again. My
head describes a special
angle in relation to
the plane. The train moves off at 15.19.
No more. At 15.20 I say
for the last time: freedom.

The granite lifts its lion's head its
hammer. There Hammerknuden asl
eep and the feldspar. Or a zoom in q
uartz. Shows. Uncovers a childhood
in dreams. Which gleams. Always al
ways always always. You paradise h
ill up in rejoicing. In this you. Alway
s eternity. This. You.

my lordiness show
me your zoom show me whirlings
and snow show me to
wards west's heights show me
your allness show me hammer
and light show me free
ness and childing show
me rejoiceness show me your
paradisingness

At 15.10 I say for the
third time: freedom.
I take two steps
to the northwest. Where
is my right foot? - Here!
The tube train roars in
on time in its whirl
of snow. At
15.17 I say for the
fourth time: freedom.

The clock of the diabase. That which goes in déjà-vu. Amygdaloid. And in the towers this swallow-wing of mica. That too showing time. On Balka you beach. Almost. Almost you die of beauty. Basalt reaches its. This. Time space reach theirs. Madness.

light your countenance
on me light your gleam light your
tower light the timeness
and the spacing light
up the swallow in its wing
light up the east light
the salt and water
light in the beauty light your
face's light on me

At 15.06 I light up
another cigarette, screening the
flame in my turned-up collar
My face is now facing
due east. Logically
speaking my one foot
should never be able
to catch up with the other one.
But this takes place
after just one step.

You come from the shale burnt with
the Cambrian. Brownd alum. Silen
ce's. A crown of intoxicates you. Eter
nity and reflects its gothic pane. Thi
s like a church from your childhood.
Its. It. And. It. Or like cherub. And
searing.

lead my hand and foot
lead me from intoxica
tion and shit lead me
four steps on lead me
from brown and black lead me from
Cambrian age and
the mirror's shale lead
me from judging flames lead me
on eternment's path

After that I take ten
steps forwards. Shit
has been written with a black
speedmarker on a brown
bench. I have both my hands
in my pockets. Once
again my left foot is
positioned just in front of
my right. Now four
steps the other way.

Meet infinity in grey. Meet the marl.
Deep coordinates intersect thought,
crossing the emotion that grows to s
toreys of tenderness. You even so th
awed stoneheart. Yours splits Kerte
minde marl. Or you as your this coa
st. You will soon meet you on it.

Pyroxene's. And ace of spades in the

take me up from stone
and from marl take me up from
the storey of death
take me up from night
ing's memories take me to
the left take me clo
ser to you take me
up to the heartest coasts of
shareness and freement

At 15.04 I say for the
second time: freedom.
Then I lift my left hand
up towards the ciga
rette. I am three
steps closer to
death. My heart
is beating regularly,
both my kidneys are
functioning impeccably.

quartz. Or the mask it of sandstone.
This there. Topples the statue. But
you and your. Leads through, has le
d stone up to the morning dew. The
re the sun flushes Denmark clean.

Chalk also through. A fairy-tale. The

let me morning up
to your pastures let me
morning further up
more precisely to
your dewingness let me more
highly morning up
further to your sun
let me purest morning up
to your entruthment

I stand still for
precisely five seconds
and listen to this
stillness of sinus tones.
My left foot is po
sitioned ten centi
metres in front of my right.
I now take three steps
to the left, stand again
as if nothing had happened

white castle built over. Is raised bele
mnite. That already. A flame of blue
in celestite, poetry. Dronningestol en
lightens you. Lightens up there. This
extinguished grail: the cliffs on Møn.
A spire lights clarity. You and then t
his love as.

Or Stevns Klint cliff and you. Or. The

my lordiness in
freeziness i'm lying in white
ness's flame i'm ly
ing two loves away
from the ice of endment i'm
lying two steps from
blue i'm lying light
for me your overbelem
nite's otherish light

I cannot see the ISO
centre from here, but
it is lying somewhere
or other in my consciousness.
I'm freezing cold and clench
my fingers round the gaslighter
in my pocket. Then I take
two steps forwards
register my
thigh muscles functioning.

lime brought to silence. And you in you:
u: sepia. Outstretched squid in chalk.
A tired monster in your. Still. Forgot
ten Sealand. The geology that you lost.
Up in microscopy. Through. Through
aeons compressed. Pressed dactyls.
Still.

don't forget me in
the snow don't forget me in
the iron don't forget
me in south don't forget
me in prime don't forget
me in sepia don't
forget in this ink
don't forget my soul in ae
ons of monstrousness

The snow sizzles in the
cigarette's gleam. I
droop in the iron grip of the
strong wind. I do not
ask anyone about anything
at all. No one
answers me about anything
at all. At 15.04
I say for the first
time: freedom.

Coral oven as. And in Fakse. Beneath
lime between the grey bryozoa and the
everlasting time is wearing, scouring.
Years have passed millions that filled
this storey: Fills fills. It fills you: the
pain. Or you and loving-kindness emp
ty the chalice. Also of its rust. And it a
nd it. It. It is sinking down to.

MINERALS

my lordiness free
me of eterniment free
me of the grey free
me of the million
free me of the clockingness
free me of coral
free me of all rust
free me of time free me of
the chal(k)ice's pain

RE-LEASE

At 15.02 I get out
at Freedom Station. Here it lies
like a principle.
I am wearing corduroy
trousers, a so-called
sailor's jacket and an army cap.
I light up a ciga
rette with my back to
the wind. On my
bag it says Arsenal.

**FREEDOM, EQUALITY,
BROTHERHOOD**

**SAND, CLAY,
GRAVEL**

Get down to Sydhavnen.
Place yourself in the shadows right
opposite the greensand (CaCO₃).
Before long it will roar inside
your brain like the surf
of oceans long since gone,
the foam from certain coral reefs:
an endless booming
in your Paleocene cranium.

CON-STRUCTION

recount to us of
our finalness recount to
us of our counted
bones look like a shad
owing are we like wither
ing's leaves you have de
cided our greenish
counters and one in the end
ness are we with you

THE LEGISLATURE

The sea-lions bark like sea-lions
have to get their pickings.
One is able to juggle with a
ball another to sound a
horn from a rostrum. Their
voices in unison conclude the TV programme
with something you perhaps could
call a consensus of opinion.

There are other layers.
Whole republics of
black clay under your
crêpe-rubber sole, in which the sun once
set its gypsum seal (CaSO₄).
Do not be afraid of this
compost, which you find under
Vestre Gasværk. It was perhaps
from this that God created man.

our fatheress you
who are become and will come
your sunning come your
clay be done thy seal
become thy liftingness come
your gooding come your
will be done as you
will your humaning come your
republicing come

The barred cage is now lowered
from the roof. We find ourselves
in labyrinth z along with
the wild animals. Admittedly
they snarl and snap. But three
cracks of the whip see them
in position on their stools.
These dreadfully dangerous paper tigers.

Why does the moon
every single night desert the
green gravel quarry at Hvalløse?
Normally it sands its
scarred surface here among
the pebbles and the shark's teeth.
And it bathes together here
with pale sea lilies. What
other griefs is it to illumine?

our lordiness how
ever we reach the grave's word
ness and the stone's text
ingness however
we reach the evening's griefment
of paling you're lead
ing us to greener
lilies you're leading us to
lakes of rest - sela

We have arrived at
the evening's highlight in this great
gala show: the performing animals.
Politician D (the tamer) brings
in parrots and cockatoos.
They repeat each and every word
he says. The subtitles are in white on
black at the bottom of the TV screen.

Place the microscope over
a piece of moler (SiO_2) from Fur
or from the Limfjord
and observe this concretion
of your own flesh:
cosmic aquatints.
And if you find
traces of violet in it,
these are the fingerprints of immortality.

however we fall
into dust and fleshness how
ever we fall from
spirit and holi
ment your angel will finds us
your angel will find
us the heart's violet
ness will find us undeathness
your angel: ethan

After five steps he trips
over his own boots.
The white clown plays heart-
rendingly (out of tune). But his fall
for the above-mentioned reasons
is not great. It was all
mental acrobatics. All an
exercise in the world of illusions.

Labyrinth A. Imagine
this to yourself: volcanoes
in Thy. That you see clouds
hanging like widow's veil
fluttering in the wind
and the ashes of the dead falling
like layers of black conscience
in your soul.
It is the raven's wing of the past.

however we walk
in labyrinths of spirit
ish however we
walk on volcanoes
however we fall in timeness
and deathness you will
will spread a wing out
for us a line between i
magine and true

Astounding trick, declares the
clown who is to walk the tightrope
across the ring on a rope that
hasn't been stretched between two towers
but which is lying in the sand.
This saunter is advertised
in the programme as: the pure equilibrium
of the balance of payments.

Even though you live in Skive,
it's not certain that
you know this: that the
grey-green clay here
still reflects the colour
of your eyes. There ought to
be matchboxes full of
this azoth standing on all your
tables like some sort of archetypes.

your lordiness here
we see as in a mirror
here we see as in
water here we hear
greyly here we hear in ob
ligatorium
as we do not there
eye unto eye ear unto
ear our fatheress

At this point Politician B comes in
with a red ball on his nose.
The white clown (Politician C)
objects to him vigorously on
the saxophone. The compulsory gag
with the bucket of water is performed
with the ensuing compulsory
result: mere waffle.

Or even better: snap your fingers
at the Miocene periods.
Go for a barefoot walk in perfectly
normal sand on Samsø
for example along with your
beloved, one night when the lightning
forms a trident on the horizon,
a hemlock of foam.
Do it now before the hour-glass is to be turned.

our lordiness we
blow here as the sand and there
as the foam we now
disappear as the
lightning we love ourselves wild
in nightingale's glass
we love ourselves out
while you're releasing us in
your lastingment's hour

Finally we are to watch
the great disappearing act.
A volunteer
is placed inside the magic cabinet.
And now: no one here no one there.
That is a simple, ingenious way
of solving the unemployment problem.
Keine Hexerei nur Behändlichkeit.

You could also buy
a lump of red plasticine.
Or find it for yourself
out on Tippen among
zinc tubs with holes in
under the sun baking
with blindness. While you are forming
a horse, you can think about its
connection with the Cromer Interglacial Period.

however we see
only habit and piecement
only blinding and
parts however we
see only form and model
we only see in
clay and time we on
ly see red you will show us
your wonder's sunning

What is he pulling out of the
top hat? - Could it be new jobs for
the unemployed? - No, just the usual:
a white rabbit. Now he's
sawing a naked lady
into three.
This trick he calls:
The metaphysics of distribution policy.

And the gravel in the flowerpots
where does it come from?
In what glacial reservoirs
did it collect its light and all its
roundness? In what coordinate
system did it move like Halley's
Comet? Or even more strange: where
will it end, in what walls of
gas concrete will it find its constancy?

**SAND, CLAY,
GRAVEL**

our fatheress our
lives are as the grass the plants
it begins in gleam
ingness and in glimm
ering but it ends in dis
tant and blackenment
only in you shall
we find up and unceasing
ness our fatheress

CON-STRUCTION

At 8pm precisely the TV
Circus Revue begins. The conjurer
(Politician A) appears
like a daguerreotype on the screen.
His speech is neither yea yea
yea nor nay nay. He is
babbling, even though the number has
been recorded live and in color de luxe.

**THE
LEGISLATURE**

STONE

Stones. The stone is like certain
birds forgotten in
you. Although faith
fully serving you. The stone blue
under its lunar
eclipse. Its
its unmistakability. The stone
also worth a poem.
A. It. It. A lark
wing it has. Which lifts. Which.

CON-FESSION

our fatheress we
are lifting up our squares for
you we are lifting
up our projectors
for you - sela - we are lift
ing up our cones and
blue stones for you we
are lifting up our cruci
ble for you - sela

THE EXECUTIVE

The battle is
over. Laby
rinth y has been conquered. The
black square
has been defeated.
Black marias and ambulances
carry out a
shuttle service.
The dancing
concludes
in dazzling spotlight
cones that
cross the square like electric fences.

Stones that resemble you. Flint
stones hard as
heart. Does grief gladden
you? - Then turn the stone there: blood
eagle in escutcheon.
The stone as grey. As
ashes to ashes. Its as you in
surf. It
tastes or smells
of sea and gas when struck against.

you went to us but
we did not go to you you
turned your heartness to
wards us but we turned
only flinting towards you
you met us with re
joicement but we you
with weaponing you went to
us we not to you

In the wings
that's to say
in the gateways and stairways
the police are
beating up
mothers and teenagers if
their Jete Pas
se are not
quick and beau
tiful enough.
An old-age pensioner gets a
Tour en l'air
because he shouts: damn it all!

Stones. Lonely stones in their
showcases of wind and
weather. Denmark's field
stone in closet shining phosphorus
blue. The secret
eye shining from
granite up through mind's electri
city. Its. The sea.
Neighbour. The rain over meeting
the security in stone on stone. On. On.

lead us up into
the wind's towers let us lie
on the air's through
view let us lie on
the fields of childing let us
lie on the weather
of violeting
all of our mindness once a
gain with rain and blue

The climax is reached
when a bull
dozer roars towards
the violet towers
and fairytale
castles of the children's playground
while the
entire Corps
de Police ex
ecutes Rond de
Jambe Saute en l'air. They
look like primeval
birds in an elated mating dance.

Stones thrown over the sky surface
you have its skipped.
A childhood also
here. It. The white thunderstone
meeting the periphery
and sinking. Its
rings grow and nothingness
with them. Which
touch you and
yours. As at the circle. Tangent.

our lordiness not
one single stone sinks without
you not one single
rose is touched without
you not one single child grows
without you no blood
ever flows without
you no single sky's ever
recalled without you

Here it should
be pointed out
that the scene is simply a
ballet
noir. The bat
ons are not of rubber
with lead in.
And the blood
that is spilling
all over
the place is ketchup or
tomato purée
from Beauvais and Plumrose.

Stones. You know of hidden fields
where they like
oxen of the earth
darkly twist themselves up. Stones. Like.
Black indicator boulders
in you. Altars from
forgotten rituals rising up
like silent statues.
Seeking you. Seeking
centre in space. Like you. Light in time.

you who are in all
greater are you than all space
greater are you than
all time you who know
all greater are you than o
blivion greater
are you than all light
greater than silence you who
hide yourself in all

Now the fireworks
start. The walkie
talkies crackle with violence.
This time
it is Pas
de Chat that fits
the action's
choreography:
an onslaught
against the very
idea of anarchy. The blows of the
batons are syn
chronised with the police sirens.

The stones you meet on beaten tracks
lend you their
heaviness. A destiny
there your teaching. Pebbles on
the motorway: an
hour in patience.
Chastisement of you, restlessness. Shall
end haste. Velo
city, your unrest. Stones
taught you this: steadfastness.

our fatheress take
our heaviness upon you
take the stone of our
fateness upon you
take all our unrest upon
you take our thrownment
upon you take our
path upon you take our blacken
ing's hour upon you

On the roof of
a site
hut young men are dancing in
cowboy outfits
Sissonne
Fermée. They throw black and
red silk
flags up into the
air and catch
them brilliantly.
It almost resembles a fluxus
festival,
but it's deadly serious behind this happening.

The stone you find on the beach
let it be.
Also in the imagination.
Its own odyssey. Follow its
in a sealife's reci
procity. A pilgrimage
in seaweed and iodine. The spot
painted light blue for
its journey gleaming pure
like salt, gleaming blue already.

our fatheress you
who are omnipresent in
your ownness you who
are present in your
blue icon forgive us our
lives forgive us our
deathment may your light
come may your salt come in life
as it is in death

The solo dancer
(the policeman
on duty) comes to a
halt in front of his
corps in several
small cabrioles. A barricade
of doors and
old car tyres
has to be forced.
From the balconies
(the windows) flowers (paint pots)
are thrown
down. Forwards - is the command.

Stones. Wishing stones through whose
holes may dew is dripping down
onto you from Orion.
Ivory down on your wound. It
it fills the heart
with. Soothing, cooling
a pain. It it. The pebble
opens the day for you.
Soon Denmark will awaken
completely green. Morning star soon.

your cutment be done
your mayish daying be done
your pirouettes be
done your starring be
done your dust and your clay be
done your paining through
be done your three wounds
of ivory be done your
morning uphearting

Their batons are
drawn. They cut
the outline of their own
pirouettes in the
air. The boots
strike sparks from the cobbles
when the dancers
leap for
wards in their
Grand Jetés
en avant. The music is
geared up by
oil barrels and megaphones.

The stone is this time rhomboporphy.
Arrived across aeons at
this end of language
through a gallery in the ice. From distant
syntax of rock. In order
to tell its blue saga.
Stone meets tongue in poetry. Amongst the
unpredictability of letters.
Meeting you this landslide there.
Denmark's stones never forget them.

STONE

on your rockment we
stand on your letter we stand
on your language we
stand on your bluing's
stone your light come your aeons
be done your infin
itude be done on your
poetriness we are now
standing on your rock

CON-FESSION

Corps de Police
in light blue
enters dancing. Not tulle, not
crêpe de chine
but boiler
suits. Their battle visors
are lowered.
They reflect as
in a kaleido
scope flying
sparks and posters on which
is written:
Hiposchweine heraus!

THE EXECUTIVE

**LANDSCAPE,
TERRAIN**

There the landscape emerges from the ice
age: a green overture.
a varicoloured cowhide stretched out across
space between its quarters of the wind.
Tattooed by lightning and its rock engrav
ings , signed by the northern lights.
There Denmark emerges from the mud
with its gleaming aura.

AP-PRAISING

greener than the north
ern lights greener than silver's
aura greener than
the lightning of the
ice age greener than the winds
and the gardens green
er still than the world
and creation is the name
of the fatheress

THE JUDICIARY

Il Dottore
has put aside his mask now.
He has briefed
the jurors.
He judges on the basis
of his class
norms. Il
Capitano must go
to jail for
the theft of a silver button.
The court is adjourned.
I.e. the play is over.

Do you know the bitter dryness of the
hills?
Follow the red arrow along the bow of
the ice front.
When you reach the rectangle of the
bot flies, you will hear a high note.
It is God who is singing his Seventh
Day song.

mightier still than
power mightier still than the
rectangle of fire
mightier still than
the seventh note mightier
still than red and bit
ter mightier still
than the bow of dayingness
is the godiment

Now Pierrot inter
venes. He speaks
with tongues of fire.
Il Capitano
ought not to be judged
simply because
he is out of work
and does not master the
legal capers.
Simply because he
cannot
galvanise the audience.

The valleys were created in the warmest
hour for your refreshment
Even though you often met death on the
sunken road disguised as a dog rose in
the passions' shadow.
The valleys were created blue, so that the sky
could reflect itself here in its
dark exile.

creatorment you
lead us to your housement you
are with us in the
hour of dyingment
you lead us into the val
ley of shadows you res
store our darking with
blue you lead us even to
your realisement

The villain (il
Capitano) really
acts his masque so to
perfection: swarthy
and coarse, so that
the judge (il
Dottore) executes
one of his lazzi.
He bangs the desk
with his gavel
causing the ink pot to spill
and the files to scatter.

Was it on these fields the bonfire
burned and the blood was spread like waste
oil in the early hoar frost?
If you turn down this by-path
(where ice is boiling like mercury in your
brain) the fields answer: there is only
snow left from the dance.

may your first oil come
may your second oil come may your
silver come may your
paths come may your light
ning come may your blood come you
who gave our it for
sake may your blessing
ness come may your kingdom come
may your kingdom come

The prosecutor's line
zips like a
foil: You said
the opposite before.
The defence
parries quick as light-
ning:
that has nothing
to do with the case.
Ovations from
the court re-echo.
It is a
splendid pantomime.

There is a meadow not far from Drønning
mølle (behind light's black columns)
where everything is an exception.
Where the earth applies its mascara and
shows you its small moraine heart.
A meadow where you also see that everything is
good, for your blessing.

show us your angel
ment show us your hearting show
us the beginning
of the blue show us
the black cross of light show us
your nearing behind
all that is earthly
show us your wonders show us
also your blessing

The second act be
gins. A witness
claims to have seen
a man in a grey
trench-coat which
quickly turned blue
during the cross-examination.
Another witness
(Scaramuccio) is
mainly preoccupied with
his wife's ischias
and has to be reprimanded.

You can disappear on the moors under
the red vesper of the sun hunting for
graves of unknown poets, while the insects
congeal in amber.

You know that for sure, but not that your
face is gleaming palely with madness when
you are found in the lignite fields.

lead us not into
thinkingness lead us not in
to political
lead us not into
brown lead us not into the
final grave of the
insect lead us un
til we stand face to face with
your illumining

The first act
is almost
over. Three
jurors who have
been chosen according
to their political
allegiances are on the
point of dozing off.
The presiding judge's
thoughts are on
a variant of the
Sicilian opening.

On the open plains of Sealand you
have hopefully roamed in the
clear empiricism shortly before the early
dawn, when everything is lost and nothing
yet gained.
That hour when there is a smell of dead
hares in your sinuses, and the grass
billows in the eighth house.

may your morning be
hallowed may your houringness
be hallowed may your
hope be hallowed and
that hour when the soul will be
utterly transformed
may your clarify
ing be hallowed may your hous
ingment be hallowed

The second audi
ence is you and
me or anyone
at all who is
prepared to watch
this commedia
dell'arte. Even
the officers of justice
carry out their roles
as extras.
Furthermore, the journa
lists clad in silver lamé.

Labyrinth B. A quick glance over your
shoulder through sooted
quartz (fearing what
demons?) down into the erosion's
aqua regia.

Despite everything, it is God's laughter
that will soon cause the mighty glaciers
to calve in the frozen mandala
of your psyche.

mightier still than
all fear mightier still than
the glacier and
frost's mandala might
ier still than the waters
mightier still than
all kings mighti
er still than the entire world
is the godiment

The parts have
already been allocated.
There is the villain:
the accused.
Hero and heroine
alias the loving
couple alias defence
and prosecution.
There is the deus ex
machina: the judge.
And finally
the jurors in black.

There the landscape once more sinks into its nights' ambergris. **LANDSCAPE,
TERRAIN**
This you can best see from Issehoved Strand, where you are standing like a black silhouette behind marienglas praying a silent evening prayer, while Denmark goes to rest in moraine deposits and glacial clay.

more powerful than
wideness' columns more pow
erful than the eve
ning's marienglas
more powerful than the night's **AP-PRAISING**
loft more powerful
than the beginning
than the blackingness is pray
ing's ambergris rose

The case is opened.
I.e. the scene is
set. Outside
the wings of
columns bear the
enormous rigging loft.
Inside the
actors are
getting into their
right places.
The play is now
ready to begin.

THE JUDICIARY

**RIVERS, STREAMS,
SOURCES**

Here the river falls
into blood.
An old delta, an
age-old passion
forgotten in the body
under its deep scars.
Mixed with refuse and
dead chickens, ravaged
by man.
Here Varde Å flows
out to the sea with
its bubbling rebis.

IN-VOCATION

our lordiness bless
èd is the man who suffers
blessèd is the man
who endures in time
and in the nighting blessèd
is the man who bleeds
even into deathing
for he shall inherit the
work of the wonder

INDUSTRY

Smoke-clouds from Ørstedværket drift as on
a Dies Iræ in across the city.
The night-shift is beginning to arrive at the Tu
borg Brewery.
The wild cats are pissing in Schiønning og Arve's
shut down rubber factory.
Securitas is busy.
Oliemøllen has gone bankrupt.
Those on early retirement turn in their sleep.

Can you hear the stream's
subdued intimacy
through your painful
dream? - Follow the cool
current along the
sleep curve, oblivion.
And you will see the midsummer
cross burning, find
seven red roses
in flower, water
that fills the
well of your last love.

grant us to hear your
rain grant us to discover
your intimacy
grant us to believe
in your pain in your crown and
in your cross grant us
to follow your dreams
grant us your lovingment grant
us fire and roses

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The river rises from
the purest of baptisms in
its spring, even though
on its path it will
soon meet its fate
debased as a
lock chamber in
the service of midday.
The Kongeå is
already dark here.
Man resembles, recalls
it now in his blind finale.

lordiness lighten
us out of darkness and blind
ing lighten us this
day from chlorine to
snow from cement to roses
lighten us this day
from factories to
clouds lighten us in the way
take us in lightment

At Portland Cement's stockpile in Frihavnen
the last roses are shrivelling in the frost.
The soya bean cake factory emits small clouds of
chlorine into the twilight.
At EAC's main office the lights in the windows are
being turned out one by one.
The MD of Dansk Trådvarefabrik goes home
to leg of lamb and sherry.

Was it at this
source cries rang out and
the echo returned
a day too late,
the double echo.
Or did you perhaps call
from this turquoise staircase
where words thudded like
raindrops against your mind.
Was there any human response?
Stillness breeds
but stillness in the heart.

our lordiness give
us this day our heart back a
gain give us our day
ment's words give us rain
and droplets give us turquoise
give us an echo
to our cries and our
calling give us this day our
answers and stillness

When you're to intertwine hearts and would
rather intertwine fingers, take a Peter Hee
ring.

When eating a little cheese after dinner, when
you're to crack nuts and get the year's
best idea for a Christmas present (perhaps a 'King
Peter'), take a Peter Heering.

Eternity resembles
an old river at rest.
The Mølleå for example:
the grinding broad
bed where it
collects age, where
Stampen sharpens
its scythe and entrusts you
with its rusty reed scrub.
An evening when
you too feel that
something is bigger than your death.

closer still to you
closer still than the flesh is
its death closer still
than the rain is its
evening closer still the clock
is to ten closer
still are we to your
roses closer still are we
to your eternment

At Atlas a truck drives into a pile of
cardboard boxes.
In Kødbyen the eyes of the dead calves stiffen
into mercury.
Two employees bet on a beer in the
lunch break.
About 3pm Rank Xerox does a deal worth millions.
At the Danish Institute of Computing Machinery
everything's as normal.

You will walk from
the stream with water's
clear nature intact.
Sideslipping from sun
wind, weather
and pain.
You know nothing any more,
not even that your
temple is blue
with clouds.
But that lifts you
above the threshold of fact.

greater still than time
are your numbers purer still
than pain is your na
ture greater still than
the winds are your promises
bluer still than the
waters are your sun
clearer still than life are your
annunciations

**Roed-Sørensen always has a large selection
of second-hand cars for immediate
delivery.**

**Buy now with lenient, tax-deductible
interest rates.**

**Note: recent second-hand cars are also on sale
with no deposit.**

Phone for an offer.

Your darkening Susá
opens up. Sun
is stacked in the blue
shadows. Wind already over
the forest edge.
Someone has drowned here.
Everything down there
indicates it clearly.
Bubbles rising,
breaking against shrivelled
branches
in your loss of memory.
The water shuts its three eyes.

lording kingliness
may your day come may your sun
come may your shadow
ment come may your great
wind come may your hand come may
your soul come may your
power come may your ev
eryment come to us down here
in the halvingness

NOVO's crematoria are cremating souls in
the ovens again today.
General Motors is running at half power.
Rutana has been sold to other, more hard-
handed speculators.
Behind The Royal Danish Porcelain Manufactory
the sun is rising on its faience plate.

The living Gudená
in the memory:
of brown, tarnished
silver (in honour of
what light) as
in the dark whorls
of the libido.
It is from this
current that the god
masters the wild love
and rules on the
forbidden throne of your desire.

lording god may your
crown your silver be done may
your light your image
be done may your re
collection your love be done
may your throne your com
mandments be done and
may your annunciations
be done there as here

The kitchen you can see in the picture is in
grained oak.

The sturdiest quality kitchen you can get
for Kr. 5,631.

Complete with consumer information label, of course.

Ask for our price list and compare the prices
with others - that will make your choice of
kitchen easier.

There the stream plunges
down in the brilliance of
its image. It reflects
itself blind in
printing ink, maps.
It crosses like
a stroke of Indian ink
through green isomorphism,
reaching a light-blue
area, while Denmark
ends on paper in the school
atlas and geography books.

**RIVERS, STREAMS,
SOURCES**

greener still is thurs
day than green lighter is the
dayment's task than light
bluer is the morn
ing's lathyrus than blue pur
er is the stream's fall
than pure when fini
tude reflects itself in the
light of merciment

IN-VOCATION

It is Thursday, 9 December.
The gypsum is flowing into the Little Belt (labyrin
th x) this morning from Superfos sewage
pipes.
In Frederiksværk the light is blossoming like
lathyrus in the great steel sheets.
Workers in blue are driving to their daily task.
Perhaps Sadolin and Holmblad's shares will
rise before midday by two points.

INDUSTRY

LAKES, BOGS

Rain-shower moves
in from lake and
shadows are may-blue in the
cool of the evening.
Everything's dark. Also.
Voice says: 'This ciga
rette tastes good,
special Kings' taste.'
Your lost native
soil. You remember
yours. Turn towards this
streaming, wet gateway.
Through you almost happiness.

AD-VENTING

lead us through may lead
us through the evening of the
shadowing through blue
and happiness lead
us through dyingment's gateway
lead us by your word

FURNISHINGS

I get up from this black
leather chair which we
fetched together
out at Ikea's. I lift
my buttocks
from your depressions.
As you can hear, death
is still fugging
between the words
like a creak in the leather. Your bloody death.

Other rubble.
Broken over water's
dodecahedron. 'Was to be a
doctor, psychiatrist
that time I.' Sorø
lake's smell of yeast. Stale.
There. 'Kiss me.'
The bridge like mother
of pearl. You it.
Lower the gaze.
It across the silver surface. Sky
ruins as mirror
inverted. Hers. Hers.

lead us not into
silver lead us not into
mother of pearl lead
us not into thought's
dodecahedron lead us
to othering's sky

I bloody well knew it!
You haven't
even got enough
to pay for your own funeral.
Out loud: You
pay at the
counter over there. - And get the hell
out of here, you trog!
Out loud: Goodbye, I
hope you will be satisfied with the chair.

Furesø. Good It.
'I have walked
round it twice. Belt up!
The sun crucified.
And there this
brazier in its lake. It only
only winter.
'I run a lot;
train my
daily.' Has
snowed. Adidas or Puma.
The birds that are
flying, flying over Furesø. Towards.

lead us across the
days of wintering lead us
into snow into
sun lead us birding
up over black lead us in
to our single track

Now listen here, you stinking fag
got. You can
take your chair
and your foot cushion and stuff
them right
up your arse.
Retake: Well, then, I think we'll
take this
black one,
I replied in my most friendly voice.

Right through
Vildmosen. Which
the northwestern part be
longs to. Where.
And as grazing
pastures still. Over Store Vild
mose, which reaches
church. And soon.
The view. Stone-age
sea has risen. Yoldia
surface, where lies. Where it
lies in its drain
ing. Channel. Or.

may your transparence
come greater than all time great
er than the mind may
your normality
come unto stones and grass may
your churchingness come

He's sure to have meant:
Tell me
then you
stupid bugger, are you from the
looney bin
or are you
simply utterly con
fused by nature?
You're wast
ing my time with your nonsense.

Store Vildmose
was impenetra
ble. Lay swamp overgrown
with peat moss.
That. Its Its
6,570 ha. It lay like lakes, called
pot-lakes. Its ex
ploitation evoked
response. To begin with
Dalgas had his.
And the commission proposed 1919
it it experimental
station. Was bought. The State. Just like
that.

may your winds come great
er even than governments
may your winds come like
great dialogues like
sounds that resound in the mind
may your calling come

What the hell do you mean by
that you
four-eyed
monster? - The dialogue contin
ued as follows:
Is the foot
cushion included? - No, Sir, but even
with foot cushion
this chair is
less expensive than the one over there.

The peat industry.
The fuel. This
summer half-year. The company
its of spreading.
Started state
cultivation. Rooted up
by rotary cultivators
it is. Areas had
marl added.
The potassium broke down
the humus. And 300 kg superphosphate
per hectare. 18%.
Its. Its. Disappears. Diminishes.

may your summering
come may your year come and your
time may your roses
come more crimson than
any fire may your answer
come your beginning

A poor bastard like you
would never
be able to
afford one! - No, that's not
what he answered.
He answered
politely: Yes, it is a bit
more expensive than
this particular
chair though it comes with footrest.

Lake like diesel
oil. Across the surface.
At a distance: church window like
monk dressed in black.
'Kilroy was here.'
On the bench in the cleft between
hearts. 'I love
you.' Sooty
scrub. They are
burning theirs as.
The western sky: scrap
iron, rusting sun's.
And sinking Gentofte Sø.

lead us not into
iron lead us not into scrap
lead us not into
the heart's shards lead us
not into the distance lead
us not into sin

Can you have sex in
this
luxury mo
del? - Apologies! That's
not what I
asked. I
asked: How much does
that mod
el in buffalo
hide cost over by the wall?

Third voice: like
a trumpet under
water. 'Probably in August.' Oth
erwise black with onyx.
Incessant quiet.
A piece of Denmark on the edge of
legend. Through
gale: 'soon, always
never.' Words theirs
theirs blow away.
Gurre Sø hides which. It
or has hidden itself.
The time that does not exist. Like it.

lead us to your wa
ter lead us through your gale lead
us through the smoki
ness of hell lead us
through the time of blackingness
lead us by your word

Sit in this chair, Sir, and
you will go straight
down to Hell.
Absolute rubbish. - That's not
what the salesman
said to us.
He said: Sit in this
chair, Sir, and
feel how
it really supports your back.

LAKES, BOGS

April the Third
light collects in all
lakes. Thereby black. Because. Mid
day's petrol of
gleaming alchemy.
Tongues wag: 'This year, the
former. Well, but.'
Thereby black.
Opposite. Short
circuiting takes
place in lakes, waterholes.
Ponds of blind
ness concentrated. You. It.

lead us out into
your day lead us out into
aprilling light lead
us between year and
place lead us out of blindness
lead us by your word

AD-VENTING

I sit down in this black
leather chair which we
fetched together
from Ikea. I place
my buttocks
in the depressions
left by yours. As you can see, death
is still seeping
out between the words
like air from these cushions.

FURNISHINGS

BEACHES, DUNES

Get up early in the morning.
Eat an egg and drink orange juice
(toast with strawberry jam).
Put on your sun-glasses and
preferably Adidas sports shoes.
Now take twenty paces northwards
and an endless number westwards.
You have found Blávands Huk.

For Asger and Betty

RE-LIANCE

look it is later
still than blue later still than
the rain the pain and
the earth it is la
ter still than time now later
even than my life

EXPORT GOODS

The bottle's empty. Out
side it's raining cats and
dogs. The snaps can only
be added not
subtracted. Only added
to life's pain, not
subtracted. Cheers!
I say to myself
and go to bed with my shadow.

If you find an empty bottle
in these dunes: leave it alone.
That's where the sand came from.
If amongst the lyme grass you
catch sight of this small tin
(blue-musseled, corroded Edge
worth tin): don't open it.
That's where the salt came from and all your tears.

look i will find eve
rything again there eight tears
from this little emp
tiness: my life and
my truth along with your eyes
that are blue with salt

Careful! The eighth
snaps mustn't end up
in the wrong place. In a
hollow tooth for example
or the appendix.
Or in a nostril
thanks to a wrong toss of
the head. It is to
revive my anima once more.

Or you can also listen to
American Forces Network on
the transistor radio (Pioneer is strongly
recommended) after some restless nights
in which you have tossed in your sleep
like long-distance swimmers
in salt-water, oil and phosphorescence, before
setting off on your third amber excursion.

May you ordain my
beginnings may you ordain
my sun ordain the
hours the salt and the
night and may you ordain me
in sleep as in death

Well, now the snaps is
prickling my skin as if I had
been out taking sun
or had skated
around the ice-hole of oblivion
for a couple of hours.
The snaps has reached my solar
plexus. Now the dead
inside me are also drunk.

Now it's Tuesday.
The lyme grass points towards midday
black with salt. Sit down in the shade
under the eaves and read Thøger
Larsen, while artillery from Oksbøl
creates this muffled half-vacuum
in your brain with a sound that somewhat
resembles a so-called stone-bomb's plop.

look here and now re
sembles a home under the
midday's roof of salt
and black but there is
your home in the secrecy
they're one and the same

At this point a cigarette
joins the conversation.
Home-rolled in Rizla
paper: You're drowning
your sorrows, Mr. Snaps.
You're fired, Mr.
Cigarette. - For some time I
listen to this
mysterious dialogue.

At three o'clock the flies arrive
to underline the stillness.
There's only one thing to do:
open that bottle of Finnish vodka
you've brought with you from Copenhagen, light a
cigar (Manne Corona) and enjoy
this pure twelve-tone music, while
Satan's flag flutters above the wreckage.

look three eclipses
over the day and five strokes
of the bell under
the stillness on the
twelfth note your corona is
lit above my sleep

I've reached my
fifth glass. It's teetering
on one leg out of
Christianity.
Hello, I say to
it, how did you sleep?
Excellently - replies
the glass with a
voice deep with darkness.

You're familiar with the small, half
moon-shaped dunes on
Skallingen. Sit down on beer crates
here. Think of Buddha
until the gong of death wakes
you up. Which means:
when the sun, as in a No play,
sinks into the hills of slag to the west.

look the half of death
the half of all thought the half
of the sun and the half
of the moon the half
of the world's what you owe me
here as i you there

Yes, down the
moving staircase warm
as lines by
Lean Nielsen down
rubbing my knee with green
soap. I mean what in
the world is snaps good
for if not the pneuma
or for its own bloody sake.

Have you got a headache today?
Then go down to Nordstranden, which
lies bathed in Eastmancolor.
Empty like a burst lobster-pot.
This time wearing a boiler suit
and a linen cap.
When you return, you are carrying
Neptune's ex libris on your brow.

look now your body's
carrying nothing more just
lying back in north
wards and empty look
now your soul carries mind on
into movingness

Then I lift my arm
with an almost
embarrassed movement.
I still haven't a clue
about the interchange
of soul and body. But the arm
gets lifted for now the snaps
is flowing over my tongue
like a sonata from the North Pole.

In the evening you eat
smoked dab in the light of the fire.
Rigel's position in the sky
is discussed. You have found a black
shark's egg and produce it as an
indication of your love.
Outside three white terry cloth
towels are hanging out for the night to dry.

look three heavens whit
er than rigel when it is
in the third ring be
yond sorrow you are
now healing my love alon
ingly by your light

No hurrying now.
It has to be done proper
ly. I'm not an
alcoholic, even though I'm
drinking alone this after
noon surrounded by sorrow
and telephones. It's an
export snaps. But this
bottle's staying put in its native land.

The holiday's over. Take a seat
in this red Datsun
and drive through the terrain,
while the urn of the sky empties
its rain over Kallesmærsk Hede.
The last thing you see is strangely
enough a baker's shop.
You have left Blāvands Huk.

BEACHES, DUNES

look you're leaning o
ver me in blue and are pour
ing a heaving
for me emptying
my lasting of red look you
forgive me my poem

RE-LIANCE

Right! I lean back.
There is a creak from
my left shoulder blade.
Outside it is raining cats
and dogs. Then I unscrew
with great care the top of
the bottle and pour out this
snaps, which has the colour
of a urine test.

EXPORT GOODS

ISLANDS

Christiansø, heart of ashes.
Graveyard for the abortive
shooting stars. Or east.
Exposed Empire chair in rainy
weather. Which balance
which rock calls forth an echo,
greet you through the night.
Did you know that this
fortification also releases,
redeems randomness?

RE-SOLUTION

heart you're beating and
we're your echo you're calling
and we're listening
you are the star and
we are the night we're solving
and you're resolving

**CONSUMER
GOODS**

And so, pig's heart and pig's heart belong
together in their difference. So they
meet each other each time pig's hearts
from Fåborg Andelsslageri are served
and each time a poem is written
in honour of the pig's heart. Yes,
each time just 'pig's heart' is said,
pig's heart and pig's heart are united.

Lyø, a hexagramme of green.
Bored through by this and
picked fishbones.
Made for raven and berry
or hunting. Achton Friis-
moon up now behind palimp
sest of bush and Indian ink.
Sailing ship in swell also.
And its mast in the milky way. Its
that ploughs the soul. Against.

in our conclusion
is our beginning it's not
incomprehen-
sible is the same path
the soul's resolution's in
comprehensible

Or the other way round the paradox.
Language and reality belong to each
other from the outset because of their
very diversity. It is not any less inco-
mprehensible, but more practical. Th
at way out of the tin can of the parado
x is what I decide on.

Vejrø, heifer's head that
breaks the sea in quartz and
rings. Long known. Like
muzzle of pink. Bleached
hoof. Earmark. Or
lost herd. Yearning
lasts more than a lifetime. Even
beyond death. It lifts its
horns. Draws them against
the sunset's until they smoke.

heart you're lifting your
self above the reali
ties' ring of quartz
above lifement's signs
your roots go down even furth
er down than deathment's

In reality (outside language) you are also
unable to compare the pig's hearts, preci
sely because you lack language. Because
you are unable to express something that
is language out in that which is non-lang
uage. Because reality and language cann
ot be united.

Tasinge, where dynasties of crabs
rule around pier and
jetty. Orchards' toppled sta
tue. It resembles a hummock on
graph paper. Foaming in blue.
Which Danish island raises its
green organ loft here to the south.
Capitals of beech, crowning
oak. The summer is born and grows from
archipelago. Soon through gone.

heart you are born in
the statue of clay you over
throw it in green you
re-form matter in
life you are crowned by the oak
tree of merciment

You can write: the contents of the tin can
is matter and that of the poem is concepts.
But look, you have then only compared tw
o concepts. Not the tin can's contents of
delicious smelling pig's hearts with the
poem's content of delicious smelling pig's
hearts.

Labyrinth C. By solitary approach
down to bottommost mirror.
Where you. Like no islands
were separate. Not Læsø from
Anholt. Everything stood fast
on Permian. This day's
drilling which reaches. And there
the medusa sun. Or burns
the black throne. You
and under. Down there. Feeling of.

it is emotion's
paradox that it wishes
its own undoing
that is: life wanting
itself that is: life wanting
its eternity

That would correspond to being able to
lift oneself up by one's own hair. Or to
eat oneself up. Or to bring nighttime in
to daytime. Or to bring death into life.
Or to write off language with the aid of
language. The witch's cauldron of all th
e old paradoxes.

Sprogø, defeated knight with
sunspots on. Or it
a dice as if cast on
corrugated iron. Always. From fer
ry to eye there is signalled:
there. From. Foundation of Wil
ly Ørskov apparently. To.
Yes, foundation in communica
tion and traffic. Goodbye, O Sprogø
there. We here on our way to nothing.

heart you are the riv
er i am the wave you are
the sun i am vis
ion you are always
i am the instant you and
i are but one beat

The contents of the tin can are: pig's hearts. The contents of the poem are: pig's hearts. It is a constant mystery to me, how these pig's hearts in their wonderful thick gravy have met each other here on the paper. Because you cannot express something which is non-language inside language.

Saltholm, with Philipsen
and gull. In chamber most
or from caravelle jet
over. Partly in lexicon.
And and and. Expulsion
you know and cows between
milk cartons. As now
is exegesis. And you more.
This islands even in language
like bubbles. Or it and from.

heart you are the left
and i am the right i am
the hand and you are
the poem i hold
back and you hold on you and
i are but one salt

I now open the tin can by pulling on
a small ring which is attached to the
lid: pig's hearts. I do that with my left
hand, while I am writing this with my
right hand. I have opened the contents
of the tin can and of the poem: pig's
hearts.

Rømø, fucking dike
and wading bird shot. There once
you were flushed from Jut
land. You in laced boots
out across eternity. Kapok
jacket against freezing. If you
prod at a poem, another
bird flies up. Off-shore.
Orrrk-orrrk. Loses feathers. If
you. So put waders on. There.

two visions west of
the dust you are reawak
ened in me the blue
touches me i write
you over from eterni
ty in this poem

The poem is not a tin can on the table
in front of me with blue ornamentatio
n. The poem is the poem in front of me
on the table. If for example I open the
tin can, I do not open the poem. Unles
s I happen to write this opening down.

Samsø. If one. Camping.
Now cooks Kosan-gas. Before: child
hood. Erosion of language mor
aine. Ah, paradise with dune
and children's slide. Pine forest's
spray. Between and attic
where God lived perhaps.
Or distant thunder in lathyrus
bursts lightning soon. In your
memory: squid castle.

ISLANDS

heart you are the light
ning i am the thunder i
am language you are
the poem you and i
are the same god lives in your
chambers' lathyrus

RE-SOLUTION

A tin can is on the table in front of
me with blue ornamentation. It say
s: A tin can is on the table in front o
f me with blue ornamentation. On t
his tin it says: pig's hearts in thick
gravy. That is now in the poem.

**CONSUMER
GOODS**

REGIONS

jutland rumbling in consciousness
like some distant summer thunder a white
crest of surf
around the hips constant
smell of fired clay and bitumen in
the sinuses there we must die one day
and find rest in your endless geography

A-BANDONMENT

your death ends seven
roses seven beginnings
out there in your life

BRANDS

begin your life
with jaco
build your own
jaco as a
diy model
that's sent
by mail order
make great strides
with jaco
die with your boots
on die in
jaco's seven-league boots

we have often walked in your rye-fields'
magnetic fields which shed light right
into the horoscope's fourth house
as into forgotten barns
our skin reflects your mighty
interior of ochre and your lakes
like mysterious violet birthmarks

ten lights and four o
blivions later you love
yourself to being

you'll fall in
love with jaco
you'll get the
perfect springboard
for kissing in jaco
even jaco's invalid
boots will make you
popular there's
always room
in jaco always
have a
jaco close to foot

we have tried to open your
winters' wax seal though without success
you are too big to be
contained in our dreams only certain layers of
humus are revealed in language
deep as Blicher's grave to our
questions answers this primeval bird's blue screeching

dreams that are greater
still than the grave reveal bird
ing-blue your answer

what was dirch
passer wearing
when he played
fortinbras
or niels bohr
when he scored
his first goal for
k b yes you guessed
it in one jaco's
hand-sewn
vacuum-cushioned
pigskin model

funen we remember your motorways
when we drove on the edge of summer
to find an orange
spot some other place we know
your traffic signs and your slogans
your orchards but who heard your
hinterland's almost inaudible string quartets

may our life's way come
may our when be done our dust
come as you see fit

for jaco is
clearly nothing like
a glove not
even a boot
jaco is a
way of life jaco is
for the advanced only
those who want to
overtake every other
shoe have you too
taken the step
to jaco de luxe?

we have seen you in stripes in
hurried panoramas
through raindrops and noticed
your wild roses from a
corner of the eye between two pages in the daily paper
while time was short-circuited by railway sleepers
but how many saw your nights' capping moon

death regards the night
with your eyes you regard the
day with those of death

use jaco for
weddings and jaco
for deaths
use jaco when
stomping and
jaco when romping you won't
put your foot in it
with jaco you
can tiptoe into
the most intimate
places with jaco

sealand at your crossroads where
the beech also reflects its heraldry
in the puddles we have so often had to choose
between lightning and thunder between
everyday and weekday that took us
away from youth but we always
loved your huge burned-fields' potash

you sold the mirror
of time and finiteness'
ashes for your soul

there's a jaco
with a premium and
a jaco in the sales
there's a jaco with a
hammond organ and
secret bar
there's a jaco for
bunions with a
chimney for foot-sweat
there's a jaco
with a built-
in crematorium

we have walked alongside your
by-ways' green parameters to try
and find the seasons' wild thorn
we extended our poem with the wide
tracks of your harvester
through the fields of oats
our thoughts count your furrows' figures of eight

your lightning come your
time be done your way come your
thoughts as you see fit

there's jaco
with cog-wheels
and jaco with
axles there's an
lightning-fast model
with light-weight
bodywork and
trailer there's
a jaco with
nine gears there's
a jaco for each
and every dane

the southern islands we visited more seldom
perhaps only for the sake of the bird
migrations above childhood's upset
lamp or in blind nights
that echoed with driving snow and with tired
metal when the ferries
called at their plinth of zinc and cast iron

in this world you wore
iron there you are wearing
the lamp of the soul

and he who's missed
the jaco treat
is always sure
to drag his feet
hurrah for jaco in
beige and bourgogne
for princes and peasants
and every ivrogne
jaco's the stuff of dreams
jaco from morning
to evening from skagen
to gedser jaco's pure pleasure

denmark are we to call you our
fatherland or our mother-country
island kingdom under the solstice's green
dome there on your baptismal font
of lime and chalk nailed to
the flag's secret crucifix
but we will call you our home

REGIONS

there you are at home
ten hearts under the dust of
time and of the years

A-BANDONMENT

oh so it's
jaco time again
the boot that matches
every season
and every parka
coat there's
go in jaco quite
literally it
puts its plaster
impression on every heart
it is designed
for danish feet

BRANDS

GEOLOGY

FAITH

PRODUCTION

**OCEANOGRAPHY,
METEOROLOGY**

HOPE

COUNTRY

SEAS

western sea
a seething mass of foam
like a sudden
attack of epilepsy
a nocturnal
divine service for those consecrated
in the faith a secret
exegesis of double salt and
phosphorus in matter there we have
shouted a word and
heard the echo from
your mighty psalter

CON-SUMMATION

i'm your sleep
in the material
when you awaken
there at
god's mighty psalter
i am your
echo in the night
when your hear the
secret
of the word i
am your
faith when you're con
secrated there by god

**COUNTIES,
MUNICIPALITIES**

just before i fall asleep i imagine
to myself the contours of denmark
i put the counties in their places like tiles
in a mosaic i see that then is the kingdom
of the danes and the goths i murmur before being
overtaken by a sudden fear of waking
up with a completely different nationality

often have we crossed the
expanses of curved
latitudes of your oilskins
that cast shadows far
into the depths of
the four chambers of the
heart which on worn-out
compasses our sex takes
bearings on your green mandala
of salt or
on your urns and on
your dark underwater death masks

i am that
shadow which
you cast into
uninfinity
i am that death
which is remaining
of you
who there
have crossed the darkness
i am
the halfness of you
who with me make up
wholeness of heartness

the other counties are: funen west zealand
storstrøm fredensborg roskilde copenhagen
and bornholm those i choose to collect
under another hat and i think of them
with the half soul which has remained behind
if you think of them with your half beloved
perhaps we'll meet again for one brief instant

you have managed to
etch away the pier glasses
of our nights with soda
we are too small
to be completely filled
by your passion
only few people are
borne on the
wave ecstatically
like jorn canvases
in your name this whirl's blind
court case is raging

you carry me
on night of great
and farther still
than north
you carry me
on passion up
unto the naked sun
you fill me to
the very brim
with the whirl's fire
dwell in
my name you are
my whole fulfilment

no i have to get back to december's
and north jutland's naked crown
the county's six thousand square kilometres
in size and inhabited by half a million people
the landscape is a raised sea-bed from the last
ice age around its northern tip the surf converges
white as the plume in a county prefect's hat

skagerak is it you who
tautened that vagal
nerve which is singing
in bowls of acid so as to
rouse the second flames
of an old desire who
is stretching out these
power cables this
banner this mink fur and
who is playing on the
almost pink-coloured
g-string of your lute?

closer than the
shadow
is to the light
closer than the
colour is
to the rose
closer than the
string is to the lute
than the flame
is to desire
closer than faith
is to the invisible are
you to me

who would have believed that absence could
be even more present than presence itself
that i'm finding to my cost now that you cast
a shadow over my intention once more
in the way with your invisibility now that you
pass through this poem like a lucia bride
lighting your candle above viborg county

we have seen you
in ermine in
underwater light from
the torches of desire
and studied your gothic
galleries of salt between
two waves in nighttime
passion while the body
was being totally laid
bare on the rack of guilt
but how many obeyed your
law-court's edict

see the body
it obeys desire
see the eye
it obeys the
outlook
see the night
time it obeys passion
and the north obeys
west
see the guilt
it obeys judgment
but you are obey
ing more than light

something is rotten in the state of denmark
at the moment the smell is coming from the north
western corner of ringkøbing county
where cheminova aches like a boil on jutland's
shoulder blade democracy's spinal column is
eaten away by the mercury compounds which
otherwise normally cure syphilis

kattegat on
your fishing cutters where the nets
reap their harvest of bronze
we have often had to
sail between a sea and a
sky with a colour
which is that of cod's roe
you lift yourself
up almost to the
sun and we never fail to hear your fog
horn's kyrie eleison

it's the pressure
that lifts us up
away beyond time
it is
the pressure
that lifts us up
above the bronze of yearling
it is
suffering's
kyrie eleison
that lifts us
up to the
heavening beness

århus county also hangs in public
offices framed in indian ink or in
printer's ink making it a piece of some gigantic
jigsaw it is not necessary for you to put
it into place to annul the abstraction you can
make do with going outside and kicking at a
stone to convince yourself of the county's actual existence.

you have licked
along the sides of our ships'
bitter red lead so as
to take away
the draught mark's white circle
you sank our buoys
in you put out
the lighthouse's
frozen lightnings of
jagged sawblades
your stormy gales drown out the
sound of our wake's matins

matin's eight songs
above the heart
and the eight
secrets of greater
certainty
the eight circles above
the bitterness
you erase deathness
from the map
you put out
deathness with light
you are my
consummation

in a certain way vejle county
is a stack of punched cards a secret code for
tax arrears publication of the banns and deaths
but i assure you that somewhere or other
along these green drumlins
that traverse the moraine's weathered heart
denmark achieves its consummation

the green concept spreads
out wide almost
as far as the
coast of glass shards in the
cracked pane of the mind
or to desolate
harbours that are marked
with the aid of signal flags
and with leaky fish traps where
the stars are allowing
to trickle their ashes of
loss and crumbling alphabets

destarred is that
mind which
will not see in green
and will not compre
hend the impossible
desunned that
alphabet which
will not follow
its destined poem
cut off is
that i which
will not try to
look for a you

it is of course impossible to try
and summarise ribe county in one poem
neither do i intend to make the attempt
i only want to give you this tip:
in ribe county you can see
beauty explode in sunsets
such as only a nolde would be able to paint

baltic are we to
invoke you for our shame
or rather for our guilt
complex coat of iron
mail in plaster's high
prism there
in your polluted marinade
of faeces and oil stigma
tised by the nails of sulphur
by the rusty sculptures
but we will
cleanse you and your wounds

SEAS

decemberish
we are cast
into lifeness and
severed by
the light by which we
are wounded
more than by iron
and nails stigmatised by
white while
you're gleaming out
of east and heaven
prism in
prayer for us

CON-SUMMATION

twice a year the county of southern jutland is
bathed in a special light
in the spring the skies extract the whiteness from the
anemones the second time is at the beginning of
december when the storm surge casts back reflections from
the cloud layer as from a lit-up stucco ceiling
then the region gleams purest - its life threatened

**COUNTIES,
MUNICIPALITIES**

REEFS, GROUNDS

Now you are to play a sort of dream: Vengeance Ground. Ships on lights. Ships of lights taking part. Blue. This red. Press the button and the ship sets off. Gamma field with red oil tankers in mist and the occasional sea gull out in the corners. Through.

BEING-THERE

nowlight and heredark
ness of dream and of chance scoured
and ransacked in quick
and thoughts here and now
on a snowy corner but
you have disappeared
there in the wonder
there in the mystery there
in your paradox

MAJOR CITIES

If I am to seek light in
darkness, then I am
also to seek darkness in
light. It was that
mystery I
first discovered here (on
a chance street corner) whose
meaning disappears just as swiftly
under the
snow of the paradox.

The screen is a sea chart marked with grounds and reefs. Many numbers show the depth of the belt. And rectangular fields. That yellow ship in the sailing channel. Scrapes against the ground. You read the instructions closely. It indicates: yellow one. And lets go. And.

is there to the right
of the snow does there go on
from four to four is
there a number i'm
writing this word: is it there
is there in the now
does there smoke above
november's yellow bonfire?
- in freedom is there

Then I turn right,
along a street that
steams with carbonated snow.
I'm transcending November's
thresholds of brass.
In me too there are still
traces of smoke from summer's
poems. Who will
throw some new words onto
this smouldering fire?

Vengeance. Ground lies in the south of
the belt marked by accidents in the sign
of pisces. Now it too has been written in
your mind. The grounds for vengeance
you've always known. The ground logica
lly acid-washed in sea salt. And this blue
cause of green effect. You.

where is there does it
lie in the sign of pisces
does it lie south of
secretness is there
blue or is it green does there
have a ground or a
cause is there logi
cal does there act? in what is
becoming lies there

At the parking area
the snow's slowly falling
like words descending
over language leaving
behind this carpet of poems.
What becomes of them.
Do they enter into
new and secret combinations.
Or do they sink
down to the dead?

But what can you see in the Beta field: the northern tip of Langeland and foam like an apple branch. The pilot. He says to you: 'slow'. Perhaps he believes only you are an Englishman. You manoeuvre blue machine. This Wednesday. This hour. This frame of mind. Or.

did you see there in
dreamness see there on wednesday
did you see there in
the north or perhaps
temporality's blue streets
and did you see an
angel there in clair
obscur - but only in faith
and prayeriness is there

I turn off into the
clair obscur of a
side street. Your death weighs
precisely the same amount
as my life. I asked that
the dream might be
transformed into reality.
I ought to have asked
for a dream
without dreams

Green ship is sinking at Delta IV. It is out of the game. Bubbles from the reef like carbon dioxide. Salt to remind you of the sea in this shipwreck of light. The moon does not sink. SOS signals. Occasional birds black against the foam are leaving the field. What emptiness after them.

there is not in the
glitter of mother-of-pearl
there is not on the
moon there is not behind
delta four there is not
in emptiness there
is not to be found
in deathment not in liveness
but is in light's light

Right, so the poem is a
double mirror which
on the one side reflects the
mother-of-pearl sheen of
death and on the other throws
back the silver lamé
glitter of life.
When it is perpendicular
it is transparent, no
longer stands in the way of itself.

Everyone has a personal Vengeance Ground bathed in fish and aura, personal hidden skerries to run aground on. Blindness' submarine turbines. Everyone surely has a rock-reef in the soul. Down there it is gleaming: almost a keyboard of silver and of emotions. This starfish only.

there is not in the
soul and does not conceal it
self behind the bear's
stars there is not in
silver there does not conceal
itself in oblivion
on or in the blind
aura of stones only found
in light's light is there

I'm now writing Margit
on the back of an old
prescription and then
am crossing it out.
After that I tear the paper
into shreds and let it
descend like confetti over
the snow's polar-bear skin.
Not so as to forget you, but
to demonstrate that language is powerless.

Cybernetics III. The chiming of bells from the reef mingles with the ship's screw. Electron music of iron. Your own heart. Your ear's field. This yellow ship which is still sailing. And the sea pounding. As. You must create a language in which to survive.

there is not in the
word there is not in language
there is not to be
found in iron or found
in yellow there is not to
be found in the third
beat that comes from the
heart but only found in the
paradox is there

No, you will not escape me,
even though you have enclosed
yourself around a word
that cannot be written.

Only your name have
you left behind. And that,
paradoxically enough,
can't be erased in or
with the aid of
language only be omitted.

This underwater minicomputer like a
video in your nights. And the game is
over. Blue ship has won. But not the g
ame behind the game continues. Crab
trio to what nerve from a wreck of gre
en constant. Or a rising glissandi. As.

where is there where is
the other side is it be
hind the mirror is
it behind the snow's
and night's constants behind the
bronze and the blue's glis
sando behind the
mind where is there only in
the wonder is there

I reach the square with its
obligatory equestrian statue
of bronze and snow. Ride,
dammit, ride out to that sea
which has been pulling for
so long. I myself am
trying to reach the other side
of language, its reverse
side, where only mirror
writing can be read.

The ground and its grounding in this blue. Its jaws. Its mussel shells that open up space and liberate time. Or you are blowing in the iron horn: this hallelujah. Now it is snowing over the middle of the zeta field. You have now passed the ground: Vengeance Ground. There in the sea. Here.

**REEFS,
GROUNDS**

nowspace and heretime
wintered through with blue and strange
and you concealed behind
hind the gale concealed
behind your death concealed behind
hind hallelujah
here you wore iron but
not there unconstrained you're wearing
lighter than snow

BEING-THERE

I am walking through
this unfamiliar city
on the edge of winter.
Behind the shop windows the
mannequins are dozing in
their meditations. They look
like shaven buddhist nuns.
They are not carrying their own
skeletons but only the silk which
scantly covers their pubes.

MAJOR CITIES

**FJORDS, BAYS,
SOUNDS**

Early one Sunday morning,
when the sun was glittering with lemons
on the water, we reached the entry to the
fjord on board the coaster
M/S Embla. We were going to
put in and celebrate the
holiday with gin whores and cheap
cigarettes. The night's dark
exorcisms were forgotten.

MERCI-FULNESS

between dawning and
night death and oblivion
are celebrated
as last year and the
dark suns that smoke on sunday
look that is time but
the water is holy
and when we are making love
look that is mercy

MARKET TOWNS

Esbjerg, through a trauma
I have entered your blue taverns.
I stand with sawdust around my shoes
and smelling of resin.
Where is my beloved?
Not here in the midst of these queens of spades
with knees like
skulls and with smoking ovaries.

Two days earlier we were playing
cards (poker) together. We lay
in a large, open
bay that smelt of tar of
cellulose and sulphur dioxide.
Somewhere near the east coast.
Or perhaps it was the day before
the German ship went down.
With all hands, as the saying is.

it is later than
night and neptune-like it is
later than east and
day what are the two
of us for each other a
darkness coast of fi
niteness a great ship
wreck no we are closer to
each other than light

Herning, what's a market town.
A main street, a church and a market square
that's lit up by Neptune?
No, it's a centre
of knitwear or heavy industry.
It is factory halls
in whose darkness the machines
stand like sphinxes in the night.

Was it Skive Fjord we put in
at to bunker. The backward look
betrays a mirror full of
lathyrus blue steel. What were we loading:
barley or soda?
We arrived with all our youth safe and sound,
an excess of potency and
aggression. We put to sea once more with
this eternal dream in the hypophysis.

the rounding up moon
with a pearly full cargo
and bells what is a
sign: a relation
ship that shows an other than
we see that is time
but also that which
eternalness has touched is
a sign that's mercy

Randers, sea-cairn of mother of pearl.
Your buses run on the moon's
gravitational pull. They have
club rushes on their roofs and are
driving from one sex to the other.
The bells of Sct Clemens' church are
your landmark, when they chime the
tidal waters into the heart of man.

Have you ever tried unload
ing hides one morning with a hang
over and stars in the muscles
of your back, while some word or other from
your time at school unremittingly
is bombarding your brain:
- J u u g u rtha -
You desperately attempt to locate it.
The beauty of this fjord you find uninteresting.

look the man and the
woman back to back they walk
from each other the
sun and moon with emp
tity between that's destarred
there lies time look that
is the time of test
ing while you are being crowned
look that is beauty

Struer, crown of steel wool.
You are lying between
the setting sun and the new moon
in your cog wheel. In the evening
the women go down to the fjord
to try and cool their menopause.
The men do not notice this,
only your electric engines that are lighting the stars.

In a bay which we referred
to as the bay of twelve stars
we knocked off rust from morning to evening. Or we coated the
holds with aluminium paint.
When we had finished, we almost
resembled buffoons from some
commedia dell'arte or other in our
jeans splashed with spots and our wire gloves.

adstarring evening
around its tower of silver
and bronzing latespace
the night armours its
answer in weapons look it's
demented while we're
admorning in other
parables' salt of green
look that is mercy

Lemvig I have only seen
from the water late one
night on board a coaster.
Then though it corresponded to
its town arms: the two six-pointed
stars round the tower, and the waves.
Even the flames resembled the lanterns of
the harbour entrance red and green with salt.

Off Ringkøbing Fjord the
captain ordered the engines stopped while we
waited for a cutter that was
approaching us with a comet-tail
of mist and fuel. Business seemed
to be suggested by its black pennants.
And we soon had managed to trade in
some tobacco and whisky for
this bucket of salt-water fish.

novemberish mist
captured in salt and fuel
and two comets in
the fish's image
direction that blackens with
lac look that is what
is serious while
you move in other rings of
light look that is truth

Mariager, once with my paint
box I did a portrait of you.
I made the church tower red. Never
theless this picture had more truth
in it than what I see now
in the bevelled light of November,
even though the church
without a doubt is whitewashed.

There are many other Danish
fjords that everybody knows
more beautiful than gardens
in lunatic asylums, when
the sun sets behind its
trident of wrought-iron foliage.
'The fjord is a part of the
Danish mentality'
our mate often used to say.

downsinker sun in
a sheen of paraffin and
time that forges its
silhouette of iron
behind finite look that's what's
serious but there
you stand in your ha
lo angeling of beauty
look that is mercy

Nibe, there is still a rainbow
sheen of paraffin over your
harbour. Out here from the fields I
quickly draw a sketch of you in
Indian ink. Out here where the angels
long ago would sow barley.
There you stand silhouetted
against the great halo of the sun.

The sounds we mostly only
saw through the lenses of
sun-glasses, because we were to
follow destiny on the com
pass' catholic rose. But
we still see them in our dreams
under the sunrise's
enormous cog wheel,
iridescent like contrasting colours.

there you lie in your
grave blue with dreams of midnight
of the immatur
ity of death you
have passed through the needle's eye
look that is suffer
ing but mercy is
burning roses in us look
that is the wonder

Skive, blue with schilla.
Not now but in my childhood's may,
when I used to dig up unready
potatoes behind Resenvejen.
In your attic rooms the widows are burning
grass at midnight to celebrate the
coming of winter. You are more than a
market town. You are Jutland's needle's eye.

All ships of any size have a
rainbow trail of solar oil behind
them: a film of glamour and
death. We did too as we passed
through the Great Belt on that day in
March. The authorities could not
find any leakage when they
examined our ship. Only
capsules and tattered porno magazines.

**FJORDS, BAYS,
SOUNDS**

there you lie under
your stone that is greener than
onions and rain two
suns under death look
that is what is serious
but mercy has pulled
its horizon of
vertical right through us look
that is the wonder

MERCI-FULNESS

Løgstør, bottle of rain,
twist, barrel of tar.
I have seen you green during
the equinox when the Limfjord was
almost vertical on the horizon.
You lie on the outer edge
of a large precious stone.
You're nothing at all like nature morte.

MARKET TOWNS

**WAVES, FOAM,
CURRENT**

At night the sea-foam resembles
esoteric workings of
lace or kingdoms in an
atlas that have no real existence.
Semen after gigantic
ejaculations squirted
up from the sea-bed. Screening
plants that are blossoming
in the sudden pier glasses
of darkness. Pallid negative-image livors.

RE-SURRECTION

it is in this world
that death is and suffering
and the black mirrors
are in the winter
ing darkness but not up there
where gleaming and life
and flowers are all
to be found in the
invisibling and the
heavenish kingdom

**SUMMER COTTAGE
AREA**

The film is
finished.
There are only black images
left inside the
camera and
inside the mind, now that night
time is
descending
over
Denmark.
Invisible images. It
is the projection
of the dead onto the winter sky's sheet.

Put out to sea (early when light's
knife is opening
its oyster shells on
the far horizon) and listen to the
waves. They have nothing
to convey to you,
nothing in the whole world (like
a glass that
is full of glass beads).
They leave you completely to yourself.

there is a time for
being and a time for hav
ing there is a time
for communica
ting and a time for listening
there is the starring's
time and the world's time
the fullness of time and god's
time which no one knows

God is ab
sent during
this month. His is always ab
sent in
November.
You can see this from the
flickering
gleam of the
stars in their deep
freezers. Lowkey
lighting over gardens
where the flagstaff
ropes are slapping in the wind.

You can also scrape off some salt
from the herring boxes in
Tårnbæk Harbour. What
a taste of tears and asceticism
spreads its fins. Or a rank
smell like that of a
primula you have just given water.
The crimson lantern of salt.
And you recall the sea,
the lapping of waves round your feet.

high-shadowed the mem
ories rise from your ashes
in my poem but the
word was not spread from
the salt of tears it has its
root in living's wat
ers and the mind's red
der salt it has its root in
other stillnesses

The shadows
of the
trees intersect my shadow.
(High angle
medium
shot of this still life.) My words
are unable
to reach
you any more. They
are freezing
over the poem like the ice
that's con
gealing on this puddle.

Consider your beloved as
she sleeps, perhaps with
blue colouring her eyelids.
Then you will understand the affinity
that exists between
the sea and love. Long ground swells
reach you from distant dreams. And you feel
a touch of fear at
this total strangeness
that one day will carry you off.

i'm bearing you on
my dream which is bluer still
than your eyes are
i'm bearing you on
my word which is more distant
than polaris i'm
bearing you on my
hope while you're bearing me on
the cross of loveness

Pan left
to right
Leaves cover the lawn like
a text a
cross the picture or
like words covering the poem.
I focus the
cross-sights of the
camera
on Polaris.
I hope this picture will be
able to
say a lot more than words

A sea expanse is best seen in
a painting by Lergaard.
It's paradoxical,
because the sea here reaches between
the gables, right up
to the edge of the
canvas. But it's the height that makes
you understand
the breadth as
a presence that's latently there.

look the garden has
a birch tree look the river
has a bridge and height
has breadth look the light
ning has fire and here has
there reason has the
paradox writing
a book but three wonders more
than that i have you

Flashback
to stacks of birch
firewood covered over with
some plastic. In
the river three
turnips float under a bridge.
I make an
entry in my
black notebook:
someone
ought to pass over this bridge
in the
film's final sequence.

Of course you have bathed in the sea naked
for example on
the heart's south shore,
when low tide and high tide made their
demands on life, but despite
everything left behind
stones and moon with a gleaming nimbus. Of
course you too have bathed in
the sea quite naked
before your creator's silver face.

the south-fall's heart-stone
and the twelve-moon that is ris
ing in the smoke of
madness this sancti
fying night as not you in
side life there with your
countenance more na
ked more gleaming than all the
silver of worlding

Take 12. I do a
zoom shot of
a cottage. Inside the old
leaves of the
calendar are
turning yellow. The smoke that is
not rising
from the chimneys
underlines the
fact that no
one is burning waste and
withered crysanthemums
on All Saints' Day

Every tenth year you can see ice
floes out in the
Sound that have been
branded by the T-iron of the stars.
They screw themselves up
to peculiar cello
solos in your mind. The sea in
its armour.
Mighty altars
under rusty Celtic crosses.

there can be a mil
limetre to you three years
ten crosses sixteen
stars can there be to
you but there is one invis
ibility as
the third in the re
lationship there is a sing
le wonder to you

Big close
up of a
rusty beer can. The snowber
ries are
jingling
like globes of glass in all the
vegetation.
I am here.
You are there.
This rela
tion, this invisibility
can't be caught by
any sixteen millimetre film.

If far into your life (on the
other side of
the high sextant of mid
day) you should happen to come across
an infinite, blue
surface with a scent
of violets and calcium, then
pause: it is
dead calm. Here
you too must keep perfectly still.

infinity runs
infinitely counter in
this world like nothing
but if you encounter
it encounter yourself in
it you will be count
erpointed in your
middling transmuted into
other stillnesses

There are
no actors
taking part. I am here be
hind the camera.
You're there in
front of the camera like nothing.
Between us:
the winter
and the
first hoar frost
that's changing the cow pat
into cast
les of papier-mâché

Practically no one recalls the event
(like the yew leaf that
fell into the rain
cistern under the pent roof's shadow). A
little girl drowned not far
from Smidstrup. She
was sucked away by the current,
the newspaper wrote. And as in
the memory, so too in re
ality: her body was never found.

**WAVES, FOAM,
CURRENT**

to a sky that does
not exist to shadows that
do not exist to
a country that does
not exist to a world that
does not exist that
is not of this world
we will one day move on to
true reality

RE-SURRECTION

8 (wipe to
a low angle
shot of the dawn sky). The
shooting of the
short film
'summer cottage area'
has begun.
The Germans have
gone home.
The sun's artillery
fire is glittering in the
window panes
that are still unshuttered.

**SUMMER COTTAGE
AREA**

THE SEA

That's where you had to go. That's what you
had to realise: the dual aspect
of the sea full of flesh-eating orchids.
You who always worshipped the madonna
of the seas in the gleam of the soul's
underwater marienglas.
That's where you had to go yourself
between the sea's violet jaws.

For H.B.F.

WOR-SHIP

you shall more than the
sea that discovers its un
derwater gleam more
than the flesh that dis
covers its grave more than the
soul that discovers
its violet lamp
shall the wonder discover
you shall you worship

VILLAGES

Holes in language that
are deeper than
any grave.
I carefully
make sure not to circle
the name of
this village.
Certain things one
cannot know for sure.
But there is al
so that which
one is not meant to know.

That's where we all have to go with our
final piece of salt, with our ul
timate glance.

And it may well be that all that is
left behind after the gale is a sweat
y sheet and a mirror that does
not reflect any face but old post
cards of the sea in technicolor.

you shall that is god's
final word to you you shall
more than the blackbird
that does not fall with
out god you shall more than the
apple that hovers
in god's hand you shall
more than the ocean that re
flects god's face you shall

Put an end then to
this lethargy.
The apples are hang
ing unpicked for the
benefit of the black
birds and God.
One of them falls into
its word, while
the ammonia container
goes on hover
ing like a strange
globe over the poem.

You knew most about the sea, were in contact with it even when awake.
And whenever you listened to mysterious organ preludes, your irises were surrounded by blue rings.
Even so, you knew nothing at all about the sea's being and the deadly nightshade of its ovaries.

you shall obey it
says in another language more
than the sparrow that
knows nothing of its
being more than the iris
of blue and deadly
nightshade that know nothing
of their bitter you shall
obey the wonder

The sparrows on
the scarecrow.
The sound of 'Gas
olin' pouring
out of an open
window does not
scare them either.
The second burial
is that which is worse:
I have
to bury you in me
and in language.

We will never get to know the sea, or
get to know death.
You are not here but in the sea's enormous
alabaster urn, even though the golden
haut-relief on your gravestone repu-
diates this as a fact.
Absence is all that we can hope to gain
insight into.

full-urned with death and
with fact you are lying here
alabastering
with grave in the en-
closure of absence disap-
peared as not there in
your starred fire of hope
and insight as well as in
the realisation

The stars'
chopping block. When a word
reaches its consummation
it turns in on
itself and dis-
appears in the poem.
It becomes incom-
prehensible, but
still works like that stone
which lies on
the bottom of
the fire emergency pond.

Is it you that with a brittle
sound strikes midnight's red crystal glasses
when we think it is only the
cold.
Or are the rose-leaves shaking themselves down there
on the oak of the bureau?
You smile an enigmatic smile in behind
the grey transcendence of the photo.

on rosepetal-terms
with the red on sound-terms with
the oak on faith-terms
with the transcendence
on stroke-terms with midnight on
space-terms with silence
on cold-terms with the
grey and on endment-terms on
secreting with you

Behind the last house
i discover
two tractor tyres
and an Atlas fridge
that's been discarded.
I shut the quietness in
side in its
condenser chamber.
My cigarette coughing
blends with the
barking of dogs from villages
that lie much further away.

What did you forget in this world which we
do not remember either now?
The writing rolls like long surges of swell
almost automatically through the
poem's foaming caesura to reach the beach
of the letters.
What do you seek to communicate through the
sea's blue-green mask of magnesium?

more than the sun trans
figures the shadows than the
word transfigures the
writing than the night
transfigures the world than the
swell transfigures the
sea more than blue
transfigures green so much more
love transfigures you

Other gardens,
or kitchen gardens perhaps.
A moth is covering
the sun just like the
poem can get in
its own light.
Where is my beloved?
I am no longer
able to use the
word: love, because it has
ripened and then
fallen from my poem.

We know it full well. We just have
to be reminded of love's ground
once in a while.
There you seem to be crowned with the ship
wreck's sallow wreath of laurels.
Like a messenger, a flaming angel
between here and there, more dead than we
suspect, alive in us.

north of death and east
of life behind the groundings
hundreds of sights in
side the flame hundreds
of angels inside love behind
the mirrors you are
looking for your oth
er half which is the half you
are to find in me

I now go
about a hundred
paces northeast
in order to
find inspiration.
Village, timbering
Those are poetical
words. The other
half of myself
goes inwards, mirrored.
It is look
ing behind the words.

That is why the sea attracts us as that
which is most diverse, because death al
ways marks off that which is essential,
because the sea defines us in its
alienness.

When the wailing of the fog-horns rouses you in
the early dawn, you are not to feel
afraid: the sea and the dead want to speak
with us.

ten words after the
poem ten times more than death
you're standing in the
poem even so
like one word more than crea
ted by me more than
strange because daying
yearing and time don't under
stand what's becoming

I'm scraping words
together
like small coins
in a pocket: words like
clasp,
or autumn.
I shall create a
poem out of nothing.
And each time it
is nonetheless which does
not stand in the
poem which is
what matters to me.

Return once more to the sea now. Descend
the frozen star-strewn espalier of tele
kinesis.

Enter your mirror, erring appar
ition in your tattered sailor's jacket
and wearing your black beret.

We will pray for you as you pray for us.

THE SEA

star by star you are
praying me white rose by rose
you're opening my
frozen labyrinths
mirror by mirror you're turn
ing my poem from
black into white eve
ning starring you are praying
my soul into rose

WOR-SHIP

i get off in
labyrinth v
get off in indif
ference. The white
roses in the gar
dens are collecting
the end of the
day. A cold
wind blows through me
with its urine
smell as if
my soul stood open.

VILLAGES

CLOUDS

Here he and she
are walking (dreaming
each other) and looking at
the white preserves of the clouds
full of the saga's
wandering reindeer.
They who never renounced the light's
potential despite the
dark from the world's burned
out electric motors. There you see
them still against
the blue backdrop of fairytale.

DE-TERMINATION

there is another
kind of love that the world does
not consider as
such a purer kind
of love one that pushes you
out into the light

BUSES

Behind me: this dragon's tail of exhaust fumes
around October's yellow sun.
I don't want to keep your soul in capture a
ny more.
I am now letting it escape from the poem
like a night-moth.
For that was precisely what I once wrote, that
love is such a release.

There is where we all long to
be beneath these lofty
cumulus clouds' Danish
dome of summer.
For it may well be that
all that now is left in
life is a mature woman
and a man who
does not pay a
ny form of homage
to death but sharp irises
of love piercing the heart

there is a kind of
love that inflicts wounds more than
the sharpest sword does
a departure that
lasts longer than livingness
longer than deathness

The engine's staccato: the twentieth centu
ry's magnificent sound.
The time is a quarter past five.
I am now three minutes closer to death.
It is reassuring to know that each curve
each intersection is bringing me
closer to you.

They suffered the most from
the searing nails of love in
each other and in
the naked flesh.
But when they made love in
a blue clairvoyance, their
minds were encircled
by swirls of wispy
cirrus clouds. And nevertheless
both of them were nailed fast on
the body's meridian and
on the golden fleece of their skin.

ten meridians
out between the body and
the mind you're loving
me out of tempor
ality you're loving me
into merciment

The monotony like garlands between un
familiar villages.
The bus puts mile upon mile between us,
taking us hour by hour further from each other.
But since you are found alive in me, I must
also be found dead in you.
You took something of me with you into
the inexpressible.

We never believed in
the clouds and the
hovering insight.
There we simply
flew on the sooty
aluminium wings of the
aircraft and indifferent power.
In the name of matter
we wrote off the spirit.
Overview is all we
can ever hope for
an inside view of.

the spirit was nev
er just a name it never
had a colour it
was never knowledge
the spirit is faithing hope
ness and lovingment

Onwards along unknown roads, like those we travelled
along through each other.
Over there a supermarket.
It has the same colour as Søndermark crema
torium.
Where am I to hide myself from the
enormous light you are bathing my love in now?

Is it them who are
gathering in white droves
up above the pictur
esque fleecy clouds of the city,
even though we
don't believe they are swans and
lovers in disguise up
there in the pain of the
suit of feathers.
They are singing mysteri
ously in behind the
myths' transient saltomortale

you loved me naked
you loved my myths into re
ality you loved
me even into
deathness and throning loved me
until i awoke

I wake up with a start as the brakes are
jammed on hard.
For an instant I think I am on a number
21 on my way to you.
Do the dead bathe their nakedness in the rain which is
pouring down from the overturned urns of
the sky?

They loved each other in our
stead, which they are also now
unable to
recall. Oblivion
hangs like heavy clouds almost
dramatically
above the sloping stage of
love so as to beat out the
tattoo of its night
time rain. What is it trying
to call to mind with
May's blue embraces of drops.

two embraces o
ver on the far side of the
memory two drops
yet purer than the
blue in oblivion you love
me above the night

Diesel engine. The bus overtakes a car
with a camping trailer, in whose
window I glimpse a woman's profile
in black silhouette cut-out.
You took me at my word.
I gave you its meaning, which only
you can interpret.

We know them well.
They do not live
apart in the
castles of clouds.
Once in a while they
appear live in the
variegated puppet theatre
of the everyday (real
ity) as chauffeurs, as
shop assistants, as archetypes
between here and there, more alive
than we could ever imagine, dead in us.

spirit is not that
reality of silver
and starrng it can
not be seen it is
the pain in your poem and the
movement in your word

Perhaps in reality it is a Mercedes with
the morning-star's silver on its radia
tor grille.
Wide-screen panes against the pain.
Would it perhaps be better to leave you behind in this
poem between irrevocability and the
movement of the word?
'Smoking on the bus is forbidden.' - 'Belt up!'
I answer absentmindedly.

That is why the sky
attracts us (as the
most open) just as light
always attracts those
who are in love, because
it is love that determines us
in all our being.
If the vault of the nimbus
clouds dazzles you with
dark al fresco paintings, then you
must just stay calm: lightning's
inscription will illuminate them.

you loved me into
the ninth vault of the firma
ment where the lights of
the heavens illu
minate me you loved me out
of the darknessing

I have chosen the last seat with flaps that
you can lean your head up against.
I let my thoughts wander off.
How much is seventeen times seventeen, was
it Hannibal who won the Punic
Wars.
Would it perhaps be better to let you rest in peace
out there in October's yellow livery?

Look up at the sky now,
look up at
the full-rigged ships of the clouds,
clippers that
are drifting out of
your mind. White drift
ing apparitions
with their ethereal
trails in their wake
and frozen spirit-trails.
They resemble us, for
they're sailing into the void.

CLOUDS

spirit is not nought
ness nor an apparition
of blue etherea
it is the northern
sky frost of life it is the
death of the first life

DE-TERMINATION

I get on the first bus that comes along.
Blue or red, Scania Vabis or a Pull
man bus and off I ride towards the north
or towards the south - anywhere.
It makes no difference.
I'm driving your death too hard?
No harder than you are driving my life right now.

BUSES

WINDS

North wind.
The hairs on the nape
of your neck stand on end. Gooseflesh too.
A fresh
breath of Norse
sagas blows through these streets.
The gale airs you.
The wind is try
ing everything.
Roaring, chasing its way
through everything that has been built
by man and has been
created by strict logic. And. And.

EN-LIGHTENMENT

look loss has its mem
ory the saga its writ
er every man has
his fate and you have
everything while i have my
strictest loneliness

PLANES, AIRPORTS

I've landed in my memories.
Still remember
this poem by
you: I've a female friend a sis
ter myself
hi there I've
missed you for so many years
where have you
been while
I have been lonely?

The east wind is
also a
renewer. Feel the whirling
inside you as
it shrieks through
mental fissures, whistles in
the pale descant
of old bones.
Note the gale in,
and its Easter
east wind. It spares nothing in your
heart. It topples
tired idols along with your love.

look the fire reaches
the shadow the new reaches
the old outside reach
es inside and you
reach yourself while my heart reach
es you in loveness

The machine lands in the shadows of
existence.
Its engines
burn out like life, which is
only a spark
of a much
greater fire. I'll find you some
where, you who
for three weeks
have filled the mirrors with absence.

You surely know
other years, when
the strong wind swirls clouds of dust
up towards the sun
to extinguish
it in its seething autoclave.
Like black tulle
that's drifting across
the sky. And all
in matter, all of
the tallest trees, the lowest
grass is
convulsed utterly by this blind anarchy.

look the year finds oc
tober that which is high finds
heaven that which is
low finds hell and you
find your light while i am find
ing you beloved

October airlines. Vying with
diverse
migrating birds
and the polarisations of light.
I'll find
you somewhere,
beloved. Even if I have
to throw a seven.
Even if
I have to tear down heaven and hell.

After all of this
panic: a sudden
stillness. The fallen tops of
the trees like
stag's antlers, petrified
by. Or the dark dactyls of the poem
spread. Official
papers that no
one was allowed to
see hanging on
the fence and blown down among the collages
of the roofs. Only
November's left now. Everything.

look the stillness it's
living in the diamond
the word is living
in the poem and you
are living in your death but
i'm living in love

The wing-tip grazes the horizon
in a swarm
of diamonds.
Your love is far stronger
than your death.
It forces
me to live on, because
your life is run
ning into me now,
because your ashes are found in these words.

There are winds that are
more gentle full of
salt and columbine. From the Bal
tic they stream
in over your summer's
lovemaking. Also referred to as
fair wind or
breeze. To heal
what they offend
ed. From north
east: their continental climate's
aroma of an
almost euphorising effect on you.

look the cloud loves its
breeze look the hole loves its ab
sence and you loved your
self my beloved
into deathness while all the
time i still love you

Thor Viking, or whatever
the plane's name is
is flying
into Jutland's prolegomena of clouds.
Your death is
still an absence
in my poems, air-holes that
are full of ozone,
even though I try
to write it off, to nail it to its word.

The wind from the
south surprises you
one sleepy day. Alights on
your sail like a
swarm of wild bees,
a calling from afar which should
not strike you now
which should not
here among
waves of quiet.
Far does the wind blow, do you
blow, far
from your peace of mind.

look the wind is fill
ling the sail look longing is
filling the soul you
are filling your death
while i'm filling the poem out
with swarms of wild bees

The Kattegat is illegible
from this height, al
though full
of meaning like a prose
poem by
Schnack.
Your death's still ringing in
my ears as if
you were on your
way to an unannounced visit.

Strong breeze now.
In air that is higher
than thought. You can see it
from the choppy
waves as white
as cameos. A new attack is
in the offing
along certain
isobars. Come on
then, wind from
the west, you say to yourself.
Tidy up here in
these languishing outposts.

look the wave's floating
on its water look the air's
floating in its space
and you are floating
in your death's cameo while
i'm floating in thought

I'm hovering above the waters in
this SAS jet plane.
The toy ships beneath me
are on their way to another life.
Your death still
goes on pressing
against my ear drum. The stewardess
is smiling
at me.
Her smile resembles yours.

Labyrinth D.
There the wind toiled
for aeons. Outside time. Through
time. There it is
still toiling away
so as to file this landscape until
it fits you: these
enormous profiles seen
from the perspective of
a bird. Not one day
does it rest. The strong wind wearing down
and forming its space here
like a light-blue aquamarine. Or only.

look the bird's resting
in its wing look the angel's
resting in its light
and you are resting
in your death while i'm resting
in the poem's formule

Denmark's lying under the DC 10
still unclear in its
photo-level
oper of rain and morning mists.
I'm flying through no
thing to find nothing.
Three weeks in nothing. Your death is
still a maelstrom
in my poem,
with swirling angel's wings behind me.

Go out into
the wind and sing
your loathing out in this
tornado of mot
tled autumn
leaves, where no one is listening
to you. If on
a chance street corner
you should happen
to meet a young
gust of wind with a serious
expression:
don't laugh. For it was you.

WINDS

look the sky's lighting
up the wonder and you are
enlightening my
words from inside with
infra-red while i'm lighting
up in the image

EN-LIGHTENMENT

Is that Kalundborg there, Stig
næs refinery
in ammonia?
The picture is unclear seen from up
here. The fields give
off a black
light as in an infra-red photograph.
It's now three weeks
that you've been in
heaven. Your death still weighs down my words.

**PLANES,
AIRPORTS**

WEATHER

Today the weather is grey here.
(In the middle of the grey tone scale.)
Out in the allotments
the birds are sleeping with their
heads tucked under their wings.
Everything balances.
Do not lift a finger now.
Do not disturb this perfect balance.

E-TERNALISATION

you are more equal
in measure than truth than bal
ance because the ang'
els' measure for mea
sure hovers on the bluish
wings of the wonder

THE MIRACLE

Is the order of angels
female? - That's what I
finally ask, because
a female friend painted you
with your blue hat hovering
like a halo three centimetres
above your head. Because you
believed it yourself.
Because you now know the truth.

Sun over the world.
On all horizons day is fighting its
crusade of old against the
fleeing night. Distant rays from that war
emit shafts of lightning in large silver-
plated dishes. But where are you to find
the dark on such a day except in
the recesses of yourself.

you are older than
the world more ancient than the
oldest of the stars
in truth's measure for
measure as also here in
error's give and take

I will no more mention
the portents that took place
on 20 September
1982. Find them yourself.
With my truth error
disappeared at the same time,
for those two also belong together.
Now I am living under
the miracle's screen of shooting stars.

Perhaps you will wake up at a late
night hour with one single purpose:
to listen to the monotonous dripping
of the rain on the tin mansard.
You have reached an age when
you begin to feel anxious
about leaky guttering and holes
in drainpipes. Apart from that, nothing.

you are later than
the night now in temporal
ity you are la
ter than deathness but
there it is that love stirs you
to the beginning

Your death and suffering
have left their
invisible tracks in the
labyrinths of these poems. That's
clear to everyone now.
But you showed only me the
miracle on the days
when you redeemed matter
through the power of your love.

Sleet and passing showers.
The cafés' golden lanterns are
extinguished inside you. You walk off
along jetties and naked facts with
your shadow pulled well down your forehead.
No one comes towards you from the other
direction. Even the dogs avoid you.
No one approaches you.

you are more naked
than the heart more invis-
ible than no one than
your innermost be-
ing but there a flame in that
which is becoming

Or more precisely: it be-
came a love which by making itself
invisible reaches beyond death.
It became a violet reflec-
tion between your heart and mine.
It became lightning.
It became a short-circuit
ing that only stops
when flame and flame become one.

Then the first flurry of snow
descended like yellow umbels
or like feathers from plucked
poulardes, a hermetic
sediment in your soul.
The frost leaves its white seal on your
window pane, its tiny pentacle.
Now you are once more enclosed within yourself.

you are whiter still
than september's first frost now
your soul more than a
sail of inexpress
ibility there a word
in the becoming

In that case this word will
become a bridge of in
expressibility between us,
linking us together
in the violet mirrors of
September, because the miracle
became that which it really
signifies the underlying marvel, the
one real marvel: death.

The weather forecast promises
warm weather with local thunder.
You turn off the television
as if it was time you were
turning off. The attics of your childhood
are lit up by the distant artil
lery of lightning. There's only one thing
you can do: wait for the thunderclaps here.

you are more than dead
here more distant than the thun
der of childhood more
distant than guilt but
there in the one single light
of realisement

I am searching for a
certain word, because
the poem's my only ans
wer and defence now.
Did I really love
you to death for the
sake of this one word?
In that case it will
never make an appearance.

It is called falling mist.
And you will understand why in
the small pine clearings on a July evening
when the heat from the summer's
transcendental fire is
transformed into cooling gauze around
your bare feet while you roam through
this almost spiritualistic landscape.

you are less than the
grave here than the tiny fire
of the heart than your
reason more than in
visible but there in the
hundred lights of love

I gave you my love,
you gave me your love.
What more did you want?
This miracle, this marvel
at cemetery plot
number three hundred and two.
Did you want to fill my
heart with a love
that was invisible?

The night too has its own weather.
The drizzle for example
that now is blurring the lit-up window
on the border of autumn, whose
red gates are still banging in
your late dreams. The night too can
only give you answers to
questions that you have never put.

you are more than dust
here and more silent still than
gravel and earth than
the word of night as
not there in light where your quest
ives are all answers

What am I doing
here now you're there.
Now that you're hovering among
the clouds, why am I
walking through the
earth's fine shingle here.
Why am I standing
in word's porchway now that
you're lying silent in your urn?

The weather always wins.
It chases through you with a cold
September sleet as if you did not exist.
Leaving behind folds, furrows and red
mossed herpes in the face's crust.
Blowing great maple leaves down from
God. But where it is bound
for itself, no one knows.

WEATHER

you are more than dark
here and lighter than the sign
of september as
not there in loveness
where your weight is far in ex
cess of your own death

E-TERNALISATION

Is death a caress.
Is death a violet
miracle in one of
the dark rooms of Hvidovre?
I have to assume that.
Precisely that happened,
even though it had been
planned as a great love
a great hope in my poem.

THE MIRACLE

SKY

Mid May. Today there are to be
morning takes. We are sitting
on the edge of the beach
waiting for the sky's blue
light. There are no other
stage props around except
nature. This is not a
commercial film. We are not
going to advertise for anything
except the colours of the sky.

IN-TIMACY

your knowledge is no
thing loveness is your sole de
fence against deathness

MANOR HOUSES

I do not know what your absence has
to do with Lerchenborg. Only: that it
is I who will have to live your death n
ow and administer your love. I am to
stand on suicide's starlit terrace and
defend us against the blind busts of
meaninglessness.

The camera's been adjusted.
We're hoping for a scoop: a
completely deep-blue surface. Without
clouds, without angels and
without gulls. Only us, beloved
like a silhouette cut-
out against eternity. We take each
other by the hand now
and begin to move in slow
motion across the stage.

there is only one
death now you are immortal
in your second life

What has your death to do with Ledre
borg. What has your life to do with fam-
ily estates and entailed estates, whose
shrubberies burn down in butterflies?
- These fountains, drink from them now.
Soon they will freeze over around their
own immortality.

We have no lines that have to
be remembered. There is no
complex dialogue. Every
thing is perfectly simple. We
are only to continue out to
wards the transparent space of the sun
rise. And when the word: 'action'
rings out, we're to kiss each
other without any musical
accompaniment except the wind.

we metamorphosed
each other in a single
word a single look

The water parterre glitters beautifully and strictly like a hymn by Kingo. How many glances have not lost their way in this surface when in search of themselves. Now you have broken through this mirror or without crushing it.

There the sun is rising behind
a filter of copper
sulphate as it has always
done above the Danish
coastline. A bird melts
against the retina. We get
ready, put our arms around
each other and gaze into
another blue colour
another blue universe.

ten universes
inside of each other the
marvel reigns supreme

There are rooms that are reddish towards
evening like crushed grasshoppers. East I
ndian faience is their adornment. No cry is
heard when Sirius cuts its way through t
he leaded window. Here I embrace your a
bsence.

It is our turn, beloved
to take further that which
is wonderful. Exactly here
where the curtain of the night goes
up, and the act begins.
The sky rises up like a
photostat rubbed with win-
dow cleaner. We incline our heads
sidewise and kiss each other.
It is our turn, beloved.

eternity sep-
arates us which is why we
love eternally

The never-ending ceilings' rosette patterns
lose themselves in each other, as lovers do.
Further away in a wing that is not inhabit-
ed, whose rococo furniture has been covere-
d over with sheets other mirrors separate
man and woman. Was it death in you I lov-
ed?

We have deserved this sky
without any air force or
caravelle jet. The shooting
script only describes the
azure-blue perspectives tele
scoped into each other. And
the sun's sufficient lighting.
We have deserved this
magnificent sky above our
inner landscape and our love.

only love will serve
without ever asking for
that which it deserves

When life dies, why should not death then
come to life? - I put that question standing
in a large room with angels painted by Co
nstantin Hansen. The great mirror-glass d
oors have been thrown open for the night. T
he answer burns deep inside their mercury.

This is a live take. There is no
other form of make-up
at all than our own hair,
beloved, our own eyebrows
and our own lips.
No stuntmen. We're taking the
part of ourselves. The camera
can be the pupil of a
chance passer-by.
The only film that is real.

that love which dimin
ishes comes to a standstill
was not love at all

What a view from the terrace at Bækkesk
ov. Down there winter is being born in the
dark after our love. Down there the snow i
s lighting new galaxies in words of silent s
erenity. Not until there did you escape by
time's staircase. Not until there was the p
ain extinguished in its urn.

Only the sea reveals its
approval under the sky's
high electronic flash. An accla
mation that will swiftly
obliterate that autograph we're
printing in the sand with this
shard of glass. Don't ask any more
about meaning or intention.
Don't ask about anything.
You have understood it.

only one heart one
more life and we shall see each
other truth to truth

What has your life to do with Gissel
feld, whose corridors send an echo throu
gh the heart, endless corridors where I
only meet myself. Nevertheless I will w
rite it between these mural paintings b
ehind whose oils a thudding pulse still
beats.

The film is finished. Which is
to say that this instant is
alive in us, that real
ity has discovered its inner
skies, as blue as we
believed they were. And behind
us the morning plane is
already tracing its frozen
finale's jet streaks across
the canvas's Danish sky.

SKY

i did not love you
even unto deathness but
over its under

IN-TIMACY

What has your death to do with Danish m
anor houses, beloved. I have no idea what
soever. Nevertheless I will write it into th
ese towers, where the caretaker discovers
the unhatched swallow's eggs. They are bl
ack now and speckled with green under O
rion's winter image.

MANOR HOUSES

STARS

you are only to seek out the stars in
lonely places in chipped windows above
the custom house's verdigris roof or
in this red hawthorn blossom
because they are loneliness's guardians
because they are loneliness's green keys
because they point you to yourself

FUL-FILMENT

you went from reason
to the groundings of your heart
that were more real

PLANTATIONS

you became grounded
in the literal sense
of the word in
this urn which is sealed
with my heart
because you had lost
your reality
because you had
already met
your angel
this angel
called elian

you remember the star of childhood
(iridescent in its slide) it was not distant
but used to hang above
snail shells and the toys' sailing ship
now it strikes your left foot
a sign of fulfilment but if
you've forgotten it you don't exist any more

you are filling me
up with words and with stars you
are my fulfilment

+ 16.9 1982 +

now you know
the whole truth
you took it
with you into the grave
which my word can
not open i will
never more claim
from you its
ashes
i am
to live
on in the miracle

the stars are a nocturnal affair
reserved for the wanderers who
travel among jupiter's ruins so as to
hold fast the now's shimmering steam from
all the sewers and for the homeless
who walk along these white chalk lines
as if they were walking along these white chalk lines

by solving the night's
enigma there my starrings
being redeemed here

i have opened
this plantation in
language so
as to find you
even though i know well
that you are not
here in any case
in this mortu
arium - that which
i have found
how am i
ever to find it again?

the stars know all your sorrows
your tears your lost dice games because
in a whisper you have entrusted them with these
secrets immense constellations crown the lies
of the day with seawrack and rusty barbed wire
out there where even the truth
would be laughable as evidence

you entrust me with
that word i lost in inex
pressibility

other poems
push their way up
from below like
stones i stumble
over the words
that come from
so far away now
they no longer
belong to me
they are full of
the cold of night
and untouchableness

labyrinth e a hole in the sky
where no stars will shoot out
like resplendent geysers
a black hole in the writing
since no poem can completely contain itself
a hole in the mind that leads to eternity
since no human can completely contain itself

you did not lose life
it was life that lost you for
all eternity

when a man
misses his truth he
ends up for example
in a plantation
where the apples are
the only evidence
of life (their fall
into the poem) the apple
too has its
truth but contained
in itself not outside
among the nocturnal moths

awe let us not try and evade
the issue that is the right word we are still
filled with awe at the stars'
high sparkling citadels for they
also show us our boundaries
human boundaries that make us
human the stars: cold as a well curb

we are closer to
each other than the heart is
than reality

now pain
opens its real
ity's room
because lightning struck
now suffering wraps
itself round its
time of truth
they do not measure
each other any more
which is why the poem
burns down
in autumn and heartache

the stars are hanging in clusters like
frozen grapes on the edge of
the room's cool winter garden like
some shining proof that also we bear
in ourselves these mighty expanses
that only imagination will be able to reach
our most sovereign attribute

i'm bearing a star
towards you while you're lifting
a heaven in me

here the mountain
pine lifts its
smoking candelabra
towards the heaven's
church window (stained glass
by Jais Nielsen) you
have left me behind
in this cathedral
how am i ever
to find my way out again
only a miracle
could make it happen

the stars grind time more slowly
than we (who are so busy trying to
hold fast the instant) but grind to dust
where we simply disappear
the stars count aeons on their pale
rosary while our seconds fall
out on either side of eternity

i'm withstanding the
second because you're withstand
ing eternity

you were my truth
because a woman
is always
the man's truth
just as I was
your reality
because a man
is always
the woman's reality
you were at certain
moments the lilac
labyrinth of my mistakes

god made these great lights
the greatest to reign over the
 day the smallest over the night
 and all the stars and god
 placed them in his firmament so that
they could shine on this earth separate light
 from dark and god saw that it was good

STARS

god did (not) sever
you and i one september
 night for i am you

FUL-FILMENT

For Margit Jean

 the plantation's called
 'klevelt' for some
unknown reason
 but it is
 a good name
 i walk around
in september's
 violet palimpsest
 and think of you
i am not getting any
 where because perhaps
i am not to get anywhere

PLANTATIONS

**OCEANOGRAPHY,
METEOROLOGY**

HOPE

COUNTRY

FLORA

LOVE

COUNTRY

**SEEDS, GERMS,
SHOOTS**

you can
plant the seeds now
in these flowerpots of fired
clay hung up
under the window frame
there they will collect their
may-dew their elixir
from the sky
violet seeds that you
find in jacket pock
ets all life's now col
lected there

RE-LIANCE

more real than seeds herbs
and plants
more real than
morali
ty's giving measure
for measure
more real than the month
of may
lives he that col
lects the heaven's
violet dew in
his vessel of clay
lives he that believes

**FARMING,
ESTATES**

what then is the moral of this small
edifying tale, in the first place: that my
grandfather was probably better
at selling oil than running rådegård in
the second place: that it perhaps really
is harder to be a farmer than one might think
in the third place: long live agriculture

for life begins in a
humble place in
darkness burning in blind cores
of fruit
you found it strongest
on barren soils where it
defied the cold
it overcomes your
carelessness your
incredulity it has caused
one seed-germ
to sprout among thousands that you forget

stronger than thou
sands of families
stronger than the
day and the
night strong
er than the earth
and the wind
stronger than words and
oblivion strong
er than the begin
ning and the
end lives he
who in truth believes

after a lawsuit he was declared
utterly bankrupt on the
final day the family gathered round
the manor pond where it stoned
rådegård's stock of chamber pots until they sank
thus ended the family's landowning days
believe me every word is true

seeds are holy
in their green livery
these welded suits of
armour what a great
heraldry of eagles
cannot to be found on
the husk plumes that
gently sway above dreams
that carry this life on
to the generations yet to come
they refused to
consider any talk of defeat

ten eagles above
heraldry ten
plumes above each
and every
defeat ten
promises and
ten laws above the
speaking of time
greener than the
dreams lives he
that is clar
ified
transfigured in his guilt

so as to get by my grandfather
went to the ministry of agriculture which promised
to buy 300 acres of land for small
holding then he sold off machinery and
farm animals when however the ministry went back
on its promise his creditors, østifterne, accused
him of having 'stripped the farm of all its assets'

you take the stored-away seeds
of violets (gleam
ing with horn) in the
hollow of your hand
you open up your hypophysis
to their deadly
aromas of flower scent to the
concentrated pneuma that is stream
ing through old organs with
life and fire
in order to accelerate to
encourage the growth of man's own semen

more certain than the
lamentations of time
more certain
than the force of
habit than the
violet's scent than
fire more certain
than the never-ending
more certain
than mankind's
death lives the
one
who dares to love

added to which there came what are normally
referred to as bad times for
agriculture the farmers' never-ending
lamentations spread like a plague of anthrax
among the population banks and
credit associations took over one farm after
the other farm after farm was sold up.

what flower will not
rise in the course of time
from this small urn
holding its head up high
above matter's phosphates
with banners of greenness
not even man is
able to hold
back this invasion of
hope life is defending itself
beyond that border one
gives the name life

ten theories from
the mistake ten flowers
on the oth
er side of
urns' matter ten
periods
above mankind's
borders
ten years greener ten
answers
closer ten callings
later on lives the
one who dares to hope

when the timothy grass was ripe
it was nevertheless not harvested
because theoretically a later point
in time was recommended
learning from this mistake the green unripe timothy grass
was harvested the following year at the time
it had been ripe the year before

so let us then cover
a seed with about one
cm of earth that is
the correct procedure
then we wait a little
while for the lumin
ous spears of the shoots their
magic lances we thin
out the seed bed a bit
as well as our emotions
believe in miracles
their possibilities within our hearts

that heart will wait
ten runnings
and ten urges
that heart will meas
ure the passage of
time in light
will administrate the
fortunateness that
heart will re
main one that believes
in the
miracle's poss
ibility

my grandfather however now hit on
the unfortunate idea of running the farm himself
he began to pore over voluminous
works on the theory of agriculture
one of his sons was even
sent to an agricultural
college and he fired the farm manager

now we fertilise
the plants with various
double salts
(our dried-up iridescent
water) that do not make
the hands wet or the earth
saltpetre or some other
nitrate with
this secret fire
our wonder: flowers
with a peacock's colouring
would then happen

twice as dif
ferent as the
brilliant and
the finger as
the ring and hand
bird and flower
as the water
and fire are we in
our complete
diversity
that is our great
secret double
similarity

he showed off by wearing a
diamond ring on his little finger and
talked down to his smallholders
hunting rights he hired out to a dentist
who came from vordingborg he also
acquired a number of mistresses being
a landowner was dead easy

lastly we powder
the violets prick out
the largest of them with
out damaging the root
and the stem which
transports
so much mana we
position or more correctly plant
them in the blue cones of the
half-shadows under the heart's
south wall where every tear waters
its own flower in the mind

larger than
the violet larger
than the half lar
ger than land and
water larger
than the cones of
shadowing lar
ger than the south
than time larger
than the blue's
ten tears is the
heart's gate out
into the wonder

even so things went quite well to begin with
because he employed proficient managers who knew
their jobs inside out and because my
grandfather played more the country squire than the
common farmer most of his time was
taken up with scratching a large
hog along its back with a walking stick

at which god caused
green herbs and
worts to grow on the earth
every one of them
bore seeds bore grains
each according to its species
to nurture birds and fishes
animals and man
so that they
might enable this life to
multiply and god saw
that it was good

**SEEDS, GERMS,
SHOOTS**

eight seeds onwards in
to the multiplying
it is greening
herbingly with
grains with fields
and with land
it is birding with
animals
and life bears
each its species man
is serving
god closer in
his oneliness

RE-LIANCE

my grandfather owned rådegård farm for
twenty-eight years he had earned his money by sailing
oil to denmark uninsured and now he wanted to
become a farmer or rather a landowner
rådegård was said to be the second-
worst farm of all south zealand

**FARMING,
ESTATES**

**MOSSES, LICHENS,
GRASSES,
FERNS**

On the Mantel tower you can find these marks of time's transparent sea at a certain height. They are ochre in colour as in your old regimental badges. They conquer the ruins of war: they are the lichens and their burned icons.

BE-COMING

you are sitting ten
icons above the poem each
leads his own life you
in god's transparent
and high mansion i in the
lower tower of
time identical
in one way because we're u
nited by the word

MACHINES

I'd like to end with the
sowing machine because it
again connects life with the
machine. When the 'Saxonia'
drives down the field God
himself is sitting
in the driver's cab writing
the only poem where each
word is
identical with its content.

Here you see a tree-stump. It is camouflaged with the green mascara of summer. It resembles a fortification in myths that you never knew. You now enter its hidden door, crossing its steaming rain parterres. After nine lies you meet up with one truth and one alone: the moss.

nine myths later and
nine parables your heart is
beating higher than
the green door of the
rain higher than the lie higher
than proof and than
belief for only
the one who dares to love to
the full knows the truth

The inventor of the so-called
'Vejle binder', master
smith Jens Jessen, loved his
machine so dearly that for a
time he believed that it only
was able to operate by
virtue of his own heartbeat.
In actual fact, he proved his
own theory. For when he died the
machine went out of production.

The paddock pipes: steaming this night
like extinguished wicks from a distant coal age. They too will relate strange and wondrous stories that nevertheless become lost in the ashes. For no one had hands, hearts no word that were strong enough. What silent codes are burning down through oblivion?

he can have no happiness that loses himself
in the earth's whirlpools
he can have no history that always forgets
he can have no heart
that extinguishes
its fire can have no word that
spreads its green ashes

The harrow is a machine
that spreads happiness,
a rebus passing through the
green. It leaves behind it
whirlpools of springtime in
your brain. It almost
feels like
your scalp's being scratched when it
is pulled over
the crust of the earth's cartouche.

In the paintings of Søndergaard's plantation
(those where the evening light shines through
open wounds in the canvas) you are to imagine
some club moss its spores raised in fear
from the oils so as to remind you that you too
are walking on forgotten club moss feet.

south of the evening
south of the memories you
forget yourself and
go from time into
energy south of the still
ness you open the
canvas of the picture
you go from knowledge in
to sacrament's light

Now that you know this,
even the beet harvester in
an agricultural
museum seems sacred.
You will wonder to yourself where
in what part of the
machine the energy is shut in
for the time being.
You will say: love the machine and
it will love you in return.

No one can remember the fern. Who wants to celebrate the fern which rises up there in the shadow waving like a mourning feather above a recently deceased's hearse with this lost wing. Who wants to take on praising the adder spit which is the omen of so much grieving and misfortune?

more than words i can
hear your wing lifting itself
ferning with shadows
over my heart more than
grieving i can see the feathers of your death losing themselves in my poem more than language god whispers his secret

When I whisper the secret of the plough in your ear, you almost believe you hear the lost word. So much language was turned in your mind, so many furrows pulled through your heart. You realise the divinity of the machine: deus ex machina.

We cannot really see any angelica. We sense them rather through our side-glances into the mind and into botany, where dancing archetypes are waving to us from the stone walls. Let the ferns intoxicate us with their beauty. For angelica obeys its name.

angeling with silver
when you dance through the lightning
of the winter you wave
to us from January
in to a beauty
more intoxicating
than the day's in
to the mirror where the gaze
sees that which is real

But look at it rather
inactive a January
day in the barn. Then it is
a sculpture carved
out of winter lightning fire.
Then you sense its
being like a formula
of silver in a
black mirror. Then you
see it's a Trojan horse.

We are lying under the felt-hats' black-burned temples so as to drink and to contemplate the sunset in these sparkling champagnes. We know nothing, not even each others' names. In the space of but one second we are home. Anno Domini 1981. Or to be more precise: the year of the ray grass.

sunning the year goes
on its way here towards black
and nothingness as
not there nine words on
wards inside each other nine
words richer nine words
inside the burning
temple of the gospel
according to st. john

Just take, for example, a
perfectly normal combine
harvester. It's true enough:
it is regal when at work,
when it emits great showers
of grain like words from
the Gospel according to St. John,
when it pulls its
broad swathes out
towards the setting sun.

We come from the churches and the gothic arches of the quaking grass that stretch between nothing and everything. The grass runs lightly over the earth, though we do not believe it. As do thoughts between loving couples over the world, although we refuse to believe them too.

between nothing and
everything the grass works the
thought worlds belief be-
comings to an arch
like all loving couples run
across in order
to hide themselves side
by side heartning by heartning
in the becoming

Later I felt
affection for all machines. You
could almost say it
became an obsession. It is
not their aesthetic qualities or
their efficacy that
fascinate me,
but their being, the hidden
medusa head that maybe corresponds
to the demon in my own heart.

Grass and yet more grass. From the cradle to the grave. There people had it painted on wood, or perhaps decorated, embroidered on the cushion. Here the orchard grass took root and obliterated them and all their deeds and all the gravestones.

**MOSSES, LICHENS,
GRASSES,
FERNS**

on tree and root with
her who i love here under
the grass' cushion
she is my measure
my knowledge not this figure
on a gravestone she
is my fulfilling
ness she is even more real
than reality

BE-COMING

In the old days there was a tractor made by the firm:
Ferguson. I don't know if it is still in production.
It was orange-red and had no driver's cab, lots of horse power. I'm saying all this because it was the first machine I fell in love with.

MACHINES

**RUSHES, REEDS,
ALGAE**

The first thing that you will meet
is brown algae washed up from
the depths of love by the full-
moon. There they are rusting up in their
iodine like monuments of scrap,
bent tridents that run through
your soul. In distant attics
women are busy spreading out
the seaweed to dry for the night.

FOR-GIVING

god of trinit
ness in love in belief and
in a human i
mage of deepest mir
ror-imaging as not there
soul to soul won
der to wonder
in creation's first and last
gospelisation

CHURCHES

Finally I end up
precisely under the
votive ship. It looks like a frigate.
God, have you not made man in
your image, but the opposite?
God, we love and believe in you.
Do you love and believe in us
and in our mirror-image gospel?

The red alga here you place
for example on page five of the
herbarium, where it spreads out
its bleeding crown like heart roots that
have been ripped up. You then make a
note of the place where it
was found and the year,
various names in latin.
That became your catechism.

our fatherest who
are in our minds who crown all
our mansions on earth
and the place where one
or five are met in your name
your year come your earth
and your blood that will
become in our hearts in here
as it is in there

God, in our fathers' house there
are many mansions here on
the earth. You are welcome
if you are prepared to make do with
chairs that are without armrests and
choir lofts that only have broken beams.
We can also meet in Sorø church, where you
normally don't make an appearance.

Green algae too have to have
a word written about them. They
do best in jam-jars or buckets
with brackish water.
Who could refrain from loving these green veils
of crepe, this bouillon
so full of life, greener than death.
It is reassuring that the algae
are indifferent to these emotions.

greener than every
thing clearer than water god
is writing his name
his will in each and
every alga every man
and every woman
god's rewriting each
mortal from death in the se
cond creation's life

God, you shall not have any other
humans than us.
You shall not abuse mankind in the
name of your creation.
You shall not kill deliberately. You
shall not commit fornication with
any man or woman.
You shall not steal from mankind.

In special situations (when Neptune
is retrograde) the eel-grasses
begin to sway most menacingly in your
nightmares, as if they are
trying to hold you back
between the gnawed-at horse-skulls of the
mind down there at the bottom of the
sea. You wake up with the marks of
this red whiplash on your back.

between neptune and
space between body and blood
between humaning
and god you are stand
ing before redment's altar
ment praying for us
who are tortured on
the ground of the mind for us
who have not woken

I'm standing in front of
the altar's castrum doloris.
I am not guilty of any blasphemy,
do not spit on it. I bless
it in the name of humanity.
God. I pray you to be
mindful of us when you receive this
tortured body and this fermented blood.

No one knows about
this lake apart from the reed mace.
Who else is a
ble to translate the foaming
runes of the lapping
waves to these sky
languages. Who
else is able to inscribe
the lake-bed's pain in the moon's tow?

ten loves clearer ten
loves inside the rose of the
heavens you are trans
lating the pain in
to the language of the moon
you are writing my
name with blue runes ten
passions within i am re
ceiving your blessing

Everything I love I saw
shattered and broken in your name.
I saw the thistles pluming
themselves like roses with your blessing.
You yourself have staged the
tremendous drama of the passion on
the brass of the crucifix.
Could it not have been managed with love?

Do not fail the common reeds
in Sorø Lake. We must think of them
as being our friends.
They constantly give us so
much: usefulness, beauty and the
peculiar soughing sound
indicating transcendence. When we ar
rive back at the boat jetty,
we lay two crosswise on top of each other.

two beauties before
god you are touching me with
your soul your voice's
solar winds are gent
ly soughing right through me with
transcendence two sins
later (above the
cross) you are forgiving me
my trespassisement

Now I enter the vestry. A cold
wind blows through the
chinks in the wall and the soul.
I've gooseflesh and a pain
in the solar plexus.
Then with a voice that is
both hoarse and trembling I say:
God, I forgive you your trespasses.

One day we row across the lake
to our secret bay (that cuts
into the coast behind Bøg
holmen) full of white water-lilies
simply in order to confirm the
presence of the flowers. An ancient, in-
herited disease. Yes, there these daz-
zling mandalas are floating round in the
exact centre of the soul.

word for word you are
flowering farther from your
centre's secret wa-
ter-lily word for
word you are confirming your
presence in my soul
word for word you are
continuing to live on
in my mandala

Everything you have taken
from me except words. So take them too
as punishment for my
disobedience to your high gothic.
You can take my nails or my spectacles,
you can take my life. I am not
afraid of the chambers of ivory.
Nothing can be worse than this.

Even here on the china
plate (that is hanging over our
memories) we can smell the water-lil
ies' faint fragrance of lakes and
borax so long after concep
tion in the imagination. On the re
verse of the plate it says
'Handgemalt'. They will be flow
ering long after we are dead.

urning memory
of afterwards and ivy's
i am sitting here
in saturn's shield so
that death shall blossom more than
in my imagi
nation on wing and
conception here under the
protection of god

This is a pilgrimage under the
raven's wings of Saturn to a
God who protects the rich
behind the ivy of the coats-of-
arms, a God who sends the poor to Hell.
I do not want to grovel for these scallops
any more. I do not want to bend
the knee in this smoke-pall any longer.

In such a way time could come
to an end in one sense
like the bulrushes on this side of
the lake. Or it could cease to exist more
officially in the Danish
flora, where other lobelias
had to leave life as pic-
tures. But only in that
reguladetri where time was an interval.

**RUSHES, REEDS,
ALGAE**

to me this faith is
due more heartingly than truth
the death of reason
in the highest towers
of emptiment the ter-
mination of time
in the whitest re-
guladetri to me the
second life is due

FOR-GIVING

It had of course to come to
this final showdown.
I'm standing in Sorø abbey church,
the refuge of my childhood faith.
I can hear the whiteness gnawing in
the limewash, the emptiness in my heart.
The organ's playing its lies louder than the
truth. I am standing on the shards of the dead.**CHURCHES**

FUNGI

Once upon a time there was a wood,
painfully large. It still exists
on the mind's edge. There
one Thursday evening you reach the
house of the mould
fungus. Just then its
rusty bell strikes three with re
sounding unintell
igibility. Five wax
candles gut in the pubic hairs' ashes.

DE-DICATION

three pains later five
griefs heavier thursday is
gutting in wax can
dles a bell is re
sounding in evening's house an
unintelligi
ble bell it is god's
heart that's beating its echo
in humanity

FARM ANIMALS

The livestock
know no
heart-felt grief. They rest
heavily in
themselves as
in Philipsen's paintings looking
fearlessly
into openness.
They do not hear
the double
echo. It is only mankind that
has been burdened
with believing in God.

You open the seventh door and find
yourself in the realm of the
death cap. The jewels of night
are glittering in a woman's lap:
your very first love.
She reaches you once a
gain the white amanita virosa, while
turning away her face.
And once again
you accept it without hesitation.

love to love face to
face seven words outside in
the rose of whiteful
ness seven lives out
side in the jewel of night
ingness outside that
love there the biol
ogy of humaning was
a dead machine here

Does this thing
here really
deserve to be called a pig:
this castrated body
pumped up
with hormones and penicillin,
this cross
product of
biological
experiments with cropped
tail. Has mankind put the words of the
philosopher
into effect: the animal as machine?

Do not turn to the right now. You are
to follow love far be
yond its results. At
Stampen you will encounter a blind
musician who
is playing on his
dead insect. If you dare, you continue
out onto the
dripping terraces
of jealousy and the tinder fungus.

incarnation means
residing in the flesh as
well as dying in
the flesh that also
is what constitutes love
here and now on the
blind terrace of time
but it is not there eye to
eye and love to love

The pig's name is
'Lolly' - and if
you scratch it behind the ear,
it will look so
lovingly
at you with its albino eyes that you
cannot help
thinking of
reincarnation and all
the other old wives' tales. Perhaps
a prophet that for the time
being has taken
up residence here in this unclean porcine flesh?

In the halls of the boletus we made
the acquaintance of weeping.
This flesh tastes bitter
like the kisses we left behind us
so as to find the way back.
One by one we offer
the pledges of love like small
white stones of tears. What are
we to do now
that we do not have any more left?

your tears are transformed
into rain your kisses in
to darkness your love
transformed into light
a black panther stands on death's
threshold and watches
over you don't al
low yourself to return to
the dread of the flesh

The black and white
Friesian cows are fill
ing the hecatombs of the milk-cans.
You walk with
their skin
around your feet. The black and white cows
are standing on
the thresholds of
rain watching over
Jutland's darkness.
When you see their eyes gleaming like
barn lanterns your
mortal dread is transformed into light.

Labyrinth F. The labyrinth fun
gus of course in whose blind
alleys you have lost your
way. In the fourth room hangs a picture
by Boberg: Theresa a
mong the roses. Under
it two birds are sitting. Which of the two
is the guilty
one nobody knows, be
cause guilt has no meaning here.

rive roses above
the picture of theresa
five lives above guilt
five sapphires above
the shadowing you are of
course sitting in the
angels' many fields
of clover into which birds
and suns are plunging

Is there
anything more
reassuring than the red
dairy cow when
it's peace
fully grazing in that meadow
where the sun's
five sapphires have
plunged in
to the clover's
shadow? - If you grasp
its teat, a drop
of life will also fall over Denmark.

On the white staircase of the stink
horn you tread the caress
into the marble and
a sickening smell of semen
spreads out. On the
bottom stair the night's
sandals are standing. No other form of
freedom is given than lone
liness. And the day that you
realise that, it is too late.

three lightning flashes
into the sign of ares
three steps inside night
you are spreading the
ashes of your loneliness
over the snow's white
stair three caresses
inside your second life you step
out of the marble

The ram sometimes
butts lightning's
trident. But it is in
earnest.
Each attack
is a defence of
life and of
its own race.
Who spares
it a thought
when he spreads out its black
ashes in the
magic powder of the snow?

Under the lilac cupolas of
the mushroom an instant of
sweetness is known. You say
that they resemble small paraffin lamps
upended by the rain.
And we follow the light
further in until we reach that place
where a naked
heart is throbbing louder and
yet louder in the sodden leaves of autumn.

on the fire of the
instant on the base's gleam
ing place of lacquer
and beryl on the
central leaf's rain you live us
up in the blood in
a sweetness in a
lilac easter into the
burning nakedness

Why is the black
cock crowing?
Not because it is Easter. Why
does he have
a lacquer
comb? Not because of
any outbreak of
fire. Why does
he have spurs
of beryl?
Because life is spending
itself in the
bloody arena of his heart.

No mercy is shown in the St. George's
mushroom's magic
ring. You want
to walk love down. You want to wear
tenderness
down in this com
pass of implacability
. All
paths
only lead back to themselves.

walking up between
the rainbow horn until clear
you stand in the bull's
ring and light up in
this centre this eye there you
light the compass and
the merciment of
your love which reaches down to
earthly clariment

The bull is
also familiar
with life's harsh law when it lights
a rainbow
between its horns.
It stands planted at the
earth's centre like
a rusty sculpture
ready
for battle.
Its eyes gleam with cambrium.
On its scrotum
a black rune has been engraved.

Once upon a time there was a wood,
painfully large. It
no longer exists
on the mind's edge. And when you close
the last door of
the clitocybe,
everything is as before. Nothing
has changed. The pain has
all been to no avail,
the suffering has all been meaningless.

FUNGI

eternities larg
er than dreams larger than pain
larger than nothing
ness are yet again
searching for a door a gem
which undergoes a
transformation be
cause it exists in the mind's
final swaying grass

DE-DICATION

There the
primeval horse gallops
off with your dreams. It
has a waving
plume a gem on,
its forehead. It is a war
stallion that
is now in
search of the
the happy
grazing grounds. If only you were
back in the
saddle also off to war

FARM ANIMALS

WILD FLOWERS

Now Denmark is flowering everywhere
in withered hedgerows.
Eranthis, anemones quicken the
tired heart.
We too begin to feel the approaching spring
with its violet wing of snow.
You stand in your loveliest dress, a true
profusion of flowers, but it is
only to say goodbye.

For Gudrun

DIS-CERNMENT

the wonder's vio
let: a violet ane
mone that's flowering
in god's discernment
therefore it's not to be un
derstood only sensed

SLAUGHTERHOUSES

If you look really
closely, you
can sense God's blue
seal on
the meat under
the official stamp.
It is a digamma.
You're not to ask for pardon.
There's nothing to atone
for, you're to eat
with a good conscience:
God's communion.

Goodbye, beloved. You have suffered
enough. All we have left now is our love
and that is something no one can live off or on.
It belongs more to death.
Other corydalis are unfolding
in distant mirrors, waving you bargaining
to life's forest

you cast the dice of
your lovingness on the mir-
ror of death this fall
can be traced deep in
the mind or seen in whiteness'
gleam behind the poem

Glory be to the bone
this guarantee
of Danish waste.
The bone casts its dice.
The bone makes the
mark of its cross
beneath all of life.
The trademark
is: soap. Once a year
you really ought to
fashion a flute
of its white scepter.

How can one sum up a caress in nine
stanzas.

How can the man express or convey it with
one single life, one single flower
(the tufted vetch above all, which belongs
to us, is perhaps enough with its rad
iant karma).

Nevertheless the poem here is a farewell kiss
on the gutted archetypes of your eyelids.

god's thought is summed up
by caresses nine all told
in humaning's lives
the poem is nine
martyrdoms nine burning stan
zas' answer to god

Who on earth's able
to comprehend
this martyrdom. What
is God thinking of.
Does he know
the heifer belongs
to a distant
subspecies of humans
from Caucasia?
The motor-saw's spluttering
is the sole answer
in the slaughtering hall.

You are not to cry, beloved. We will meet
again some day in the sign of the white
clover.

There where nobody hurts each other.
There where time is utter fullness and not a
raging emptiness between two seconds or
the worn-down bow between the
ivory of two new moons.
And you know where that is.

two seconds from time
you rise again as an eagle
in the sign of
the moon two seconds
from body we rise again
in each other's mind

The flesh glistens with
oils. The intestines give
off a steam of myrrh.
There the body spreads
out its ribs like a
blood-eagle of
rubies. The heifer
from Jutland puts out
its tongue. Perhaps this flesh
will also rise again from
the dead in
a week or two?

You are not to be afraid, beloved.
There is no sense of nagging guilt anymore,
only of loss.
Only the heartsease you have embroidered
so beautifully. It is hanging now
on its cross stitch between our hearts as
an everlasting protection.

you have placed this e
verlasting flower in this
poem hung it on sha
dowing's door you have
nailed it to the heart as a
protection from god

Is God there
like a shadow
from the slaughtering hook.
Does he wield the
knife himself? - Yes,
God places the first
cut in the lifeless corpse.
God is there on
the conveyor belt.
God is there
in person at
this enormous sacrament.

What's pain to do with either of us,
who have loved so hard and so much?
Even the poppy knows its fate (oh, the small
columbarium of the pericarp rattling
in the wind as your very own confirmation)
turning in search of sun and light and meet
ing its ruin without a murmur when
the time is ripe.

light is shattering
its sun the wind its wing fate
its house of iron
time its course pain is
shattering its hard crystal
when we love

The blood runs like
madder lake into the
gutter. The blood's
the smell of wormwood.
The blood lifts up its
wing of iron.
The blood shatters
its crystal chalice.
The blood bathes the
hands of the slaughterer
in its
gleaming virgin milk.

It's not about erring (who's talking
here about truth?) far less of be
trayal.

You have closed your eyes with the leaves of the wild
tulip (growing right
next to an old graveyard) in order
to serve love, which is gradually worn down by
gender and by what is apparently
reality.

humaning is the
love of god in the world of
the apparencies
god is the love of
humaning in the church of
the realisement

No, God is part of
this killing, of
this sacrifice. God
has made the world.
It is his work.
God sends down his
cherub to man.
God opens every
day the seventh
seal of wrath
in the white apocalypse
of the slaughterhouse.

Goodbye, beloved. You are not to despair.
Farewells are necessary like the hemlock
in the cistern of dreams.
No one will believe that we after twenty dis-
tances after twenty horizons' fragments
of glass still love each other.
That is how poor life has become.
But you know that.

no one falls into
the cistern of deathment no
one falls twenty des-
parations no one
falls twenty lives into each
other without god

Now it's led with the
aid of electric
shocks into the holy
atrium. There the
slaughterer's standing
like some sort of high priest.
He shoots with his
pistol to
end it all.
The dead carcass
appears heavier. Did
it fall down without God?

Now the colour white is spreading out over **WILD FLOWERS**
Denmark's lawns like a condition of
the mind.
That is: the soul is gripped by gold-eyed daisies
in the midst of sadness.
You walk over the shimmering bridges of spring
crossing to so-called life.
Thus everything is transition.

your eyes are shimmer
ing like thousands of whorls to
wards the sky's centre
it is your soul's white
reflection that is spreading
out over this poem

DIS-CERNMENT

Why are you here
in the slaughterhouse temple:
to atone or to excuse?
The heifer raises its
forehead whorl of
innocence to a bloody
sky. It has page-boy feet.
It really has. Its
eyes still
retain a green
reflection
from the Danish fields.

SLAUGHTERHOUSES

WILD FLOWERS

Will it be to
night on parched woodland lots
that the rose bay
unfolds its flowers
to the sky?
In us too the heart's
opening up to a new
summer's fire.
You're stealing your
own fire from the
smoking deity
in order to light a star.

INTER-CESSION

 six stars from the night
god whispers in your heart we
 are also able
 to hear this message
six heavens and six bell-strokes
 on within the day

CROPS

If you listen very carefully, you can
 hear every day at six o' clock the
 vegetables suddenly go on the air with their
 plain message: life is green.
You stop short for an instant.
You take off your hat and whisper on the same
 wavelength: green for ever.

Nightshade,
you are victorious.
We have only the
darkness left, and that no
one can overcome.
It shuts up the heart inside
this black berry.
Although white peri
anths are opening in
lonely gardens, calling you
fragrantly out to
light's communion.

you only light one
candle in the heart's churching
for this year's passage
this labour and this
white communion are both
yours in our darkness

Glory be to the kohlrabi, this guarantee of
Danish labour.
It is not one to wear kid-gloves but quite
literally can be said to carry Denmark
in its callous fists.
Its trademark is: the peasantry.
Once every year you really ought to light a wax
candle inside its hollowed-out round-church.

How to praise the
nettle's silent towers.
How does man
express or to convey
thanks for life and for
the greenness that no one
completely comprehends?
Smarting, we remember the pain.
And yet the nettle is
a miracle of tenderness
in your logic's world
of withered and imitation worts.

what nobody knew
you know now: that the mira
cle's esoteric
lily lives on in
mankind's darkness and becomes
green in the paining

Who on earth understands an asparagus?
What are its private thoughts?
Does it know it belongs to a distant
subspecies of the lily family
from Asia, when it lifts its small ace of
spades up through the esoteric darkness?

You want to play
I Ching.
We find the white umbel
of the yarrow, familiar
to everybody.
The plant is then dried
in a week's baking heat.
Forty-nine stems that are
hardened in the sun's
plaster coffins.
Now you know
just how it begins.

nine suns behind the
evening you are walking in
white you are planting
the yarrow of truth
in our minds you are cele
brating your white mass

A field of potatoes should be seen at
evening, when the sun's setting behind its
gothic pane.
Only then does it show its true greatness:
like a republic of eccentrics and sorcerers
who with falsetto voices are celebrating
a black mass you'll never forget.

You are to honour
a scabious.
No more bluing a
flower exists
in all flora.
The pigeon's scabious,
which
you have certainly
never seen. It grows
in poetry's armour
ies among all our
poems violet as
an eternal idea.

you see the blue flower
the violet pigeon the
eternal love that we
are quite unable
to see in the allego-
ries of finiteness

Isn't it lucerne in this field?
Yes, standing there minding its own business.
It does not get involved in parliamentary
polemics.
It has a saltwater heart and its
love-affairs come to an end in pure and
simple fragrance and violet allegories.

This is the harebell. We,
who have learned pa-
tience, appreciate its
inaudible clapper blows
in the chapel of eve-
ning calling the
distant loved ones.
Your love is also ring-
ing one more sunset, is
chiming together high ver-
ses so as to warn of
the coming of night.

beloved your cross
is raised in saturn's ring from
which that starring is
processed that gave a
warning of the coming and
setting of our love

The onion is indifferent to your
crocodile tears when you cut through
its saturnine rings.
It is processing sulphur
into ethereals and white sceptres
that are rising against the stars' crusade.
You could learn quite a bit from the onion.

No one will see,
no one takes a glance,
sees us. You walk
halfheartedly past
your many flowers:
buttercups, marsh marigolds.
So says a dandee
to remind one
of the life that is be-
ing trodden un-
derfoot by mankind,
that deadly form of indifference.

you're praying for us
in your world order for plant
and flower for life
and humankind you're
praying for us in your i-
vory cameo

The beetroot's standing without hat and galoshes
in the mud.
It's waiting for its execution.
It's a courageous plant. It's entitled
to your respect.
It has deserved an order or a
cameo framed in ivory for its
contribution to world consumption.

Hogweed
you will never ever
succumb. One last leaf
will always let the
eczema drip down, gleaming
like the death of ivory
that will unnerve both
our knives and our hands
with purple.
Enormous clouds are spreading out,
leaving behind them a poisoned summer.
But you will survive it all.

you wanted to sleep
under the soul's hogweed in
order to dream things
down to us you want
ed to live the purpleness
of death down to us

Do you talk to the carrot in your sleep, or do you
pretend not to hear anything when it
calls from the depths asking for an
explanation for all those chemicals that are
scorching its soul.
Do you hear its shrieking mandrake
in your dreams?

Here the bind
weed lifts its trumpet
of glass over
seven solitudes' sea.
It wants to blow in the day,
only flowering
once in its life.
You can feel the piercing
resonances of pain
in the so-called heart, are
listening at great
length to this reveille.

WILD FLOWERS

what were you doing in
iron's passage seven longings
inside the heart what
were you doing in
glass' loneliness seven
pains down in the mind?

INTER-CESSION

What are you to say to the beets:
hello or terribly sorry, when
you come down with your hoe in their
regimented rows of dripping iron age?
It is not a matter of conscience that is
up for discussion.
It is more a question of green and
natural etiquette.

CROPS

**SHRUBS, SCRUB,
THICKETS**

If you enter by the
iron-gate at the left end
(past the bronze sculpture of evening peace) it will not take you long to reach a seething thick
et of broom.
We've been close
to it before
Though repetitions do not solve any problems.
For who ever repeats?

IN-VISIBILITY

at the miracle's
gate you're waiting like an angel of iron and fire
no one may enter
there who has not yet found release from finiteness

FIELDS

Nevertheless you begin
to wait on the
final field's
dike, bathed in St. Elmo's fire.
You're not waiting for
anything special.
What does a miracle look like. Is it
violet. Or is it
something as common
as an angel that is coming towards you?

Can you grasp
how the red
hawthorn can mirror
the face of god
in its dripping crown.
Can you grasp how the poem
mirrors itself
in the book's
worn shiny
pages? We can on
ly grasp coming into existence compared
with the eternal,
which cannot be grasped either.

you are wearing a
crown of red lacquer in this
poem you see the face
of god break in thorns
and eternity this sight
does not cause your death

So that only leaves beauty resplendent
with lacquer and
berries, pure as
death. Do not be afraid. Your heart is
broken. It won't
ever happen again.
Stay calm. Now you cannot
lose your love. Stay
silent
while the pain compacts to beauty.

Ideas are in a
way no more strange
or remarkable than matter is (both
are given). The
strange thing lies in how they
come into existence, how they
can take on substance.
Can you explain to
us this decree of provi
dence the flow
ering rose-bush of writing: the
everlasting sting of
pen on paper, paper on pen?

the fourth circle in
the writing's of emerald
you fill it with il
legible rose
bushes with invisible
ideas from god

When you have walked about four
kilometres, you've
marked out a
meadow, an emerald table
whose writing
is illegible.
You have seen the invisible
full of rain
and sleet.
You have perceived God's absence.

We'll try it out
you are now writing
the first letter 'b' in buckthorn
now the second 'u'
now the third 'c'
etc. You've grasped nothing of something
in the making.
Again: the hand
describes a fall
ing curve, in the pro
cess of writing the first stroke.
The page is already bulging
with signs, but with no explanations.

in the third life you
burn a common buckthorn in
order to explain
to the writer the
second life's law as well as
the first life's dark wheel

You refuse to acknowledge this
law, this
wheel of burning
straw. Only a man who has
got life on his hands
(ora poet
who is not down to earth) talks like that.
In the distance a
dark figure (probably
a farmer) tends the smoking bonfires.

So, the poet in
the process of
writing about the writ
ing he uses
when writing. Here
no answer's been given us, rath
er there along
the stretch of
railway line
where your mental train's
rattling away, where flowering currant
is casting bluish
shadows over your poem.

above the writing
lies a circle of blue ha
loes that overshad
ow understanding's
paintings it is you who roam
inside the poem

The fields are now lying in the last
halogens of the year
as in a painting
by Syberg. Manure and mud.
Dung puts food
on the table
in the literal sense of the word.
You are
tired of
this never-ending cycle.

If you let a
finger trace the
paths of the map (and who does not do
so) the park is ex-
perienced quickly
and determinedly without fragrances
from the lilac's
transcendental fire.
Is the writing
such an ethereal
walk that circumvents the sloping lawns of
reality, whose
grass we are not allowed to walk on?

god's hand is not seen
in reality although
it has lifted you
up from death's purple
in such a way he led you
on to lovingness

If God is love, he has nothing
to do with
this earth,
the mortal purple of these
harvested fields,
nothing to do
with this cruelty. For that
reason you do not lift
your hand to curse
in the deepening twilight.

A final attempt.
You consider
your hand in the process of writing this: 'a final attempt: you consider your hand in the process of writing this.' - Apparently the poem is created out of sheer nothing. But that's an optical illusion. We see but an interim parcelling out of something that has actually lived.

your hand's writing the poem in this second it is the traces of your love above illusion's rebis above that which is apparent

Later you put on your wellington boots and walk across the ploughed fields of rebis to find but one trace of that which was, but one second's constancy. The ploughed furrows all lead away.
Not here. But in your love's autumn you should be seeking.

Measured with
that yardstick, which
places even snowberry
bushes in consec
utive series,
writing is always post factum.
In that dimension
we will
fall apart.
Your writing will
never catch up with what is being written
about. You'll always
be at least one poem behind.

you do not open
yourself in actual facts but
in writing's mauve di
mension you're placing
mercury inside this poem
are warning yourself

Procyon's above the fallow field
with Mercury
rising.
Warning: showers and thunder.
The thistles open
their mauve crosses.
And once more you have to consider
loneliness. It is not
the fact of it that's
terrible, but that it is incomprehensible.

There is another
way of making an
approach. What if time, that which
sweeps across the phos-
phorus of the
sloe hedge is a fraud. If it
is the
fullness and not
empty used
up intervals.
Then your poem is just a
rain cistern
for the falling leaves of the night.

**SHRUBS, SCRUB,
THICKETS**

you're changing poem to
violet are approaching
the light in a dif-
ferent way god does
not show himself but is there
in the heart's nightfall

IN-VISIBILITY

In September the light changes
to violet. Is
it God who's
showing a glimpse of his mercy
or simply
the cold that
is ionising the upper atmosphere
above the
stubble-fields. whose
great dreariness is filling your heart?

FIELDS

TREES

The first of May. You're quietly and leisurely drinking your steaming morning coffee, are smoking up to several cigarettes and playing Carl Nielsen's string quintet, because the death in it seems to you to be so endlessly distant. Now you are ready to walk across to Østre Anlæg in order to see if the beech tree's in leaf.

AF-FECTION

on the ninth morning
you executed the
fourth far leap of love

NURSERIES, CULTIVATED FLOWERS

The ninth rose is for farewell,
for this goodbye
that seems to go on
for ever. The ninth
rose is a floragramme
of gratitude.
Press it in the Bible.
When it withers,
our love will also die.

Now you are to talk about the oak.
We expect you to talk about other
long nocturnal walks
taken in oak woods of a
colour like cream of tartar.
Is it still standing in its liv
ery of fired clay and bearing the
North Star in its dreaming crown?

you carried the jar
which had your own heart inside
it from the eighth star

The eighth rose is for longing.
You can try preserving its
leaves in a clay pot
or you can eat them.
It will not help.
It will embalm your heart with
other leaves as black as
the earth from which they
once flourished. This rose is immortal.

You say that the only place
you have found loneliness is in the
elm's black quincunx,
only a spot of emptiness
behind all this green splendour that dies
smouldering in the mind. How are
we to believe that when you
come home with your hands so full of manna?

and seven roses
from god you proved faith's irre-
mediability

The seventh rose is for the
loneliness that gnaws at
everything that is not of iron.
It is proof that the flesh too
is irreversibly
lonely without the soul's
desire without its
electric shortcircuiting
of sparks and of stars from God.

What trees stand on the threshold of
your subconscious with small nuts
that are watching over the darkness?
Is it an ash that has
pushed its roots so deep down
to hell that its branches shall
reach up to the heavens? Is your
poetry's tree a violet ash?

you managed to get
to the sixth darkness (six hea
vens away from hell

The sixth rose is for
the pain that burned us
to the ashes
which are now gently sifting down
over our bed.
It is embossing or is
scorching its terrible
seal of calcium
into the parchment of our skin.

What are you seeking here
behind the park's playgrounds
(among balls that hover like alien
planets) wearing your magic
army-jacket in the midst of spring's invasion.
The lime tree's heady scent?
But it is already too late, because art's
always a step behind compared to life.

five poems and five
emeralds too late you came
upon the salt of love

The fifth rose is for the
all-consuming love
that only exists in
the poets' fantasy of
frozen emeralds. That
love which bursts its
boundaries and its nucleus
and therefore reaches suffering's
pure salt, from which it is derived.

How are you to force a way
into the fir cone's swaying temple
with your reason intact.
Its long passages that smell of car
bolic. How are we to circulate a
round in the resin of this calendar,
where the second counts more than the hours do.
How are we to catch up with life?

i penetrated
four nights further in so as
to reach your second

The fourth rose is for fire,
is for the wolflike howl
of night when I squirted
my semen up into
the armoury of your womb.
It is for your ovaries,
for your vagina's blood-
flecked damask and for the
smoking rose-hips of the menopause.

Do you see this alder?
It is indifferent to your
categories, it dissolves time on
its foaming wings, it cleaves space with smoked
wood. Are we to put our trust
in the truth of this common al-
der, we who are afraid of both life and death,
are only able to breathe in openness?

three sufferings la-
ter we lifted ourselves up
into each other

The third rose mirrors
its transcendence in
the dew-drops. It is for the
gentle kisses that we took
from each other and the
tenderness we gave
each other under
this vignette, this
petal of scarlet velvet.

We all know the spruce from our
daily lives, good, inexpensive
and full of knotholes.
Many rocking chairs are made of it as
well as many coffins.
Spruce follows you from the cradle to
the grave. Though it prefers to stand alone
like a smoking silhouette against loneliness.

the grave concealed its
silhouette we added two
more lonelinesses

The second rose is for the
chastity behind which
we concealed ourselves transparent
as the crystal vase you
are now placing it in.
It is a Crimson Glory
that will lose its leaves
one by one, as when we
removed our clothes item by item.

After having converted to
the birch and the maple you
go home in the second twilight of
the afternoon and you play Carl Nielsen's
Commotio for organ, because the death
in it seems to you to be so endless
ly close (it colours the inaudible organ stops green).
After that you go undaunted off to bed.

TREES

the hearts were playing
at being dead i came nine
days closer to you

AF-FECTION

For Margit Jean

Here then are the nine roses
which I promised you
in a nighttime seance.
Perhaps they come from, gained their
redness in a glasshouse or a
Danish nursery.
The first rose is for
the falling in love that
singed the heart with phosphate.

**NURSERIES,
CULTIVATED
FLOWERS**

WOODS

The first wood you've known
has surely been Dyrehaven,
which you see through a
sidelong glance, see through Abel's eyes.
You remember nothing else from
that time than white clouds that used
to sail across the sky like
swans made of soap lather,
a slow prelude to that
which is called life.

AB-SENCE

seven times did i
knock on the clouds of the sky
but you were not there

CORN

What was it I wanted to say? - Oh yes:
corn, corn by the bushel or peck, yellow
as corn. Corn I continue undaunted,
keep on trying to get it into your thick
skulls. I could go on with this one utterance
for seven hours, but now call it a
day with: corn.

Then you take the holiday train
so as not to arrive too
late to your childhood wood
in Asserbo Plantage.
What peculiar cones do you
not come across here, as rusty
as iron. What unusual stones
that have holes in them, which you
take home with you and hide away
in secret drawers of a writing desk.

i came to you but
you did not come to me be
cause you were not there

I have nothing else to say than: corn.
My message is: corn. Shall I repeat it? - Fine. I say: corn in a state of sobriety or drunkenness. It's the same thing I want to say: corn.

Sorø's woods as green as St.
Elmo's fire behind the memo-
ry of Sorø's woods green as
the excursions of your boyhood
to places that were forbidden
where no difference prevails
between the experience
and the woods, where you quite simply
used to get lost, if you used
to get lost among windfalls.

there was a bursting
of lightning in secret fields
but you were not there

Labyrinth u is full of corn, of rain-dren-
ched corn, full of lightning and cellulose
that's run wild. It is a field of corn,
whose secret meanderborders lead in
to a wild tare that no one can see with-
out bursting into tears.

Sorte Linie is not black but
magenta in colour in
the winter day's chemical
light. Here you once more find
charcoal stacks that have only
existed in the
crypts of puberty smouldering
in the snow drift like the
phoenix on the uniform
jacket's brass buttons.

i saw the axi
om of winter gleam like brass
but you were not there

As far as I'm concerned you can harv
est or sow or rick it in barns (is that
the word?). My axiom remains: corn.
I stand fast on this head of a pin: co
rn, corn to fly in the face of, queer th
e pitch of every assertion.

In Jægersborg Hegn all is
adagio or in
slow-motion if you like.
It is the wood of
falling in love, whose strings
are tuned in
G minor, whose
sense images
are tinted by the ultimative
firewood smoke of passion.

i stood in the gar
den of madness said your name
but you were not there

And what about wheat, white with
poppies, does it get a mention. No,
I say. All my attention is given to c
orn, corn as a state of mind. Only i
n corn do I feel at all secure, do I fe
el at home.

Next comes Grib Skov
forest, magical behind
its green masks. There you stand in
the seven-pointed
star of love. You do not know
as yet, that it makes
no difference which of these paths
you happen to choose. All
of them lead to pain. All lead to
the seven firs of loneliness.

seven paths did i choose
that led into love's forest
but you were not there

I can hardly see any difference betw
een barley and rye. No matter. Corn
I shout or scream then. It must soon
have got through that it's corn in bu
cketloads, corn by the barrel.

In Nordskoven Saturn
strips you of every kind of
ornament. Soberly
it shows you the way to hid
den felling spots, where
a yellow tractor
overturns the last illusion.
Its little satellite is
still hovering above these piles of
firewood of which all your dreams have been compiled.

i asked my heart i
asked the azure-blue bells of
saturn: where are you?

If you ask me about the small bells
on oats or about its azure-blue bell
s, I reply: corn, corn beyond all rhy
me or reason. Corn in the heart or
in the knee for that matter, even t
hough Aakjær would be pissed off i
f he heard it.

In Ordrup Krat paintings
by Per Kirkeby stand like
enormous set pieces between trees
of bronze and that which
we call reality,
gathering the wood's
being through a shower of window
glass. For where else could that
possibly find expression
except in these occult catalogues?

i called for you in
the church of reality
but you were not there

I don't care a damn about heat light
ning. I'm talking about corn. No fri
lls attached: corn. Corn you can wa
llow in, like when you were a boy. H
ow often do I have to say it: corn, ye
llow as the August moon.

WOODS

The last wood like the first
one is incomprehensible,
but for different reasons.
Precisely because you have be-
come one with it, know inti-
mately each and every
tree that is marked with death's
red cross, you can no
longer grasp it.
But that, then, is the forest of eternity.

seven seas did i
cross seven eternities
but you were not there

AB-SENCE

For Finn

Corn I say. I repeat: corn. Oceans
of corn waving in the breaking se-
a. Have I made myself clear: corn,
dammit. Does it have to be writte-
n in six-inch letters: corn a Helluv
a lot of it. Corn I say.

CORN

FRUIT

what kinds of fruit has this led to then
apart from those bitter kinds which are bred by love
this you can best see by taking
a look at the greengrocer's where
apples and pears redcurrants and melons
exchange hidden glances from vari
ous brown cardboard boxes behind your back

RE-COLLECTION

art acts as a mir
ror to love: shuts it out of
realising

FARMS

your memory has
led you far astray
from reality
to a dream full
of broken mirrors
the farm is unreal
there you are unreal
there you are to shut
out the past now shut
the photo album's
artificial
leather for ever

or the cherry which has drowned in the syr
up marinade of the preserving glass
what message does it send on
a black wing of grief while you are con
sidering a possible purchase and
en passant recalling the bitter taste of almonds when
your stone of passion is crushed between two canines

are you drowning your
beloved in the picture:
grief's preserving glass?

there is no difference
the photograph
is really real
the other is
a question
of faith perhaps you choose to
believe that the woman's
waving that the barn
and threshing floor lie as white
as slaked lime that
they constitute
your past in some way or other

what kind of potato would you recom
mend at present the greengrocer
scratches his nose and answers:
well vildmose perhaps kongelund that
is also a good potato
which is why there is now half a kilo of peeled
potatoes yellow with ivory on your kitchen table

you are now exist
ing in two dimensions: the
ivory of dreams

does the woman exist
in your past or only
in a dream
what difference
can in reality be said
to exist between
these two blue categories?
the photo's actually here
the woman's really standing
there as if imagined
perhaps in two dimensions on her
unreal brick front doorstep

you sink your teeth into a golden
delicious (this most ancient of bites)
the juice dribbles down over your chin and col-
lects in the collarbone's lilac salt cellar
a fellow conspirator in the great league of
apple-eaters who in their wake leave behind them
small apple cores like lanterns in the night

the house of night lights
a flower: there the rusty key
of memory is seen

the lupins at the edge of
the picture have
flowered among
them lies a rusty
horseshoe
you are quite sure you
are able to recall this
detail from that
bygone time the
woman's gaze is
not fixed on it
does not see it

melons wear half-masks but there is
no one who notices it because it
has precisely the same colour as the melon
that pantomime is only exposed in the
ultraviolet rays of powerful sun
shine or when you peel the melon to death with
your fruit knife which is made of three-tower stamped silver

your woman's powerful
smile: the ultraviolet
pantomime of death

the day-moon rips the
mask right off above
klitgård there's something
white the woman on
the step's smiling
cryptically
what is it
in this picture
this past bluer
than the technicolor
of the sky
you must remember?

what is this tomato up to
among green reine claudes in the geometry
of your imaginings it is rolling
towards time with great inertia like a bill
iard ball along a special curve into a certain shop where
you're buying that actual tomato
that's when reality first tallies

in the geomet
ry of imagining your
woman really stands

on the left
stands a woman
on the brick front doorstep:
who? - is she
lifting her
hand in greeting
is it
waving or raised
or just lifted
to shade against
the burning
icon of the sun?

there then lies the pear upon its
lit de parade shrouded in the
violet tissue paper oh yes mr poet
it says to you you
will find that writers also eat pears
the grey-pear speaks in a deep bass voice in a mouldy
voice as if it's acquainted with all sorrows

the poet's lit de
parade is the poem's
chremnitz-white paper

the photograph is a
kodak
color and it resembles
a painting by svend engelund
in the middle the
geometry partial
ly slides over the past's
rectangles of
chremnitz white
despite this you don't
feel any the less home
in this yellowing copy

do you yourself have a part in
the comedy that's taking place after
midnight on the counter's puppet theatre stage
among friendly raspberries and jealous redcurrants
do you feel deep down a connection with
with the verdigrised copper of your own fruit as
it gushes up from the psyche?

the memory shuts
your mind opens loss between:
the poem's copper

see, there's the farmhouse
redder than memory
there's the barn as
long as childhood
in the picture
the stable forms
its t-angle
there's the threshing floor as
deep as that loss of memory
that's just
opening a gate for you
you never shut

have you set fruit are
love's mulberries hanging
under the heart and the plums of
a caress in a woman's mind
or are you standing like a na
ked chestnut tree that only blossoms
the fruit of which all comes to nothing?

FRUIT

the woman stands in
your caress's nakedness:
mulberry in flower

RE-COLLECTION

there lies the
farm white as
alburnum it is gleaming
the farm is lighting your
memory
are you going to leave it
on the photograph forget it
or going to
develop it
in your mind
with borax
and the joy of recognition?

FARMS

FLORA

LOVE

COUNTRY

now it novembers
in body and soul
with rain and darkment
a precondition
to believe
in dawn's return
again sometime
as also the visible here
is for the invisibling there
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

inmost january
of box within a box
full of snowflakes as silent
as hibernating owls
and no answer
is given to
nothing
or to your question
only a naked branch
of fir strokes poetry
across the pane a haiku
that equally swiftly
is once more erased

therefore god placed
decembering's angel
between the
earth and the sky
so that your
faithing might be
come more than just
glimmer more than
just the worlding here
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

septembrium's
ocular is lit
in violet
and broad day
now god is sending you
out in greatesting's
danger so you
can perceive
saving's blue
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

fullmooninged february
gleaming through membrane
on the night
cold and abo
masum urn lit up
from inside your
track of figures of eight now crosswise
and labyrinths
in back again only
in all minds from which
it comes no
longer accessible
in seven-league boots

octobering
with yellowest and
nothment here in
this world as not there
in flamingness
and alling of which
your life is
but a sparking's
cometic track
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

july's two minds
of sleep and
sunnery where you
vanish into
green behind green
to see this here
but who would believe
in the shadow play
of facts and of blackment
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

windsweeper march of
empty hours' nets and mer
idian against
heavenwards along which
thought's crawling like a
tired insect to find
its own tropic
white ellipse around
a final snowflake's
intangibility
just as you lift
up your hand
to grasp it

the augusting
is falling
in lategold's
newextract honey
it's a decline
so fine an earth
so full of gleamness
that you scarcely
can make it home
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

apprising raingreen be
hind mirrors in which
the dawning is born of
painfilling sinustone
scarcely audible
only in god's ear
or in the hollows of the seeds
the small
hexahedrons from which
you are writing up the growth
of the words for
this meeting with
a faithless world

who can say may without
blueness and eveningbeeching
magnetic of crown as
subterranean
and the songs which
beyond
humanity shall
still be sung
more hearts than those cut
into bark or inscription
out of the sky
as now in a flight
of glittering scythes

june's burning glass over
dew of morningfresh
and swallows
winging of ethereal
through the needle's eye
of greater green
than constant or
apocalyptic as
salt and darker in the
middle of nowhere
where you once
and for all are to
break the poem's seal

july's catacomb
deeper than decline
when cloudbank upon
cloudbank drifts in behind
the mind sharks in gauze
around a nightrotation
the rose-pink point more than
distant symphonies and
you at last find a
feather of shadow
ing incom
prehensibility
among the stones of the heart

august fall of bell
 against bell that
 is filling more
than space and as yet un
 flashed strokes of lightning
in the memory's bulb
 of electrical
 and nerve fibres which
 burst in gleamings
 and you in projection
 who are seeking
 whom among
the ruins of the aquarids

september of high
 up there where gleam and
god and the birds are all found in close
affinity
 as not here where dark
 yet of crashed heads of stars
 from each and every
 flower and an
earthly order of seraphims
 there you start
 to skid
 beyond reason to
finally understand it

mayish the
allness stands in highment
is both lovely and
young in both ways
cruel though
even in mascara
green so you are
not to fit in
here but there
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

october between all
that you don't re
member of
fire-towers for
example far away and smoke
filled which you cannot see like
the open brain
furthest down in fungus
and mirroring of
never more known
isomorphism
where you and death
become one

june's spear has now
been rammed into
the heart of summering
and sharpens
in that wound its point
so you can
feel the chilliness
of other evenings a
bove the threshold's plaster
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

march over
march in ever
higher prisms
of blinding up
here you do not
find you eternings
but there
behind the mir
rors' rainish bows
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

novembering you go
along hedgerow and time past
berries and sun
ning in mist behind rimefrost
and small castles
of crenelated tree-stump
so that no one knows it
but your breathing
like a crystal
on the leaved through
underpasses from
short cut to
nowhere's pile of firewood

aprilium
of water and ariesian
as your sex
in sunning and your
soul on fire
that i had to
lose
to find the
point of otherlihood
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

it whittings in
january
with capricorn
sun and death
ment who would
believe there was life
behind this glass
but
you know it
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

decemberish sky into
the heart where
the archer is hit
as in zen because all
is one apart
from a star
on this pane
you're just now opening
in the poem to be able
to see and write
the movement in
your own precession
round the mind's axis

februarment
of bibling white with
out a warning
if this earth was
nothing but goodment
and full of
happiness who would
then turn towards
the heavenlying kingdom
i know that
you're dead but
i believe
that you're alive

FAUNA

LOVE

**TECHNOLOGY,
TRANSPORT**

CELLS

in this pinewood
bed we have slept
together for many years
we've practised the act of
mating again and again
this is best seen from
the cavities in the mattress
semen cells and egg cells have
engaged each other
time and time again within
this cosmos of
chaotic darkness

IN-TIMACY

we met in a dream
one concealed a second
and much darker dream

BRIDGES

the little belt bridge also takes you over
your own abyss from a dream to the
continent of reality full of
dark amethysts the little belt bridge is more
than a bridge it's a mean proportional
that links the parts of the country and binds a
people together in a hidden mandala

this cell this
microscopic tadpole is
 wiggling towards life
 what message does it not
 carry in its
eleusinian formulae
 of mystical enigmas
 while unconcerned we make
 love to each other
 embrace each other
 while we are lying
 in our ouroboros circle

 your eyebrows now carry
ry september's bridge: every
 thing is transition

 all lovers know it: that the eyebrow
is a bridge that the lips are a secret
 transition between one heart and another
 that you are the only one not daring
 to believe that love which is like a
 nightmare to you will finally now
caress you in the high fire of september

what death have we
not conquered
when we united our
bodies to form this
ship this resplendent
trireme and set out to sea
when we yet again
were the very oar
strokes of life which is why
specks of salt and semen
are now gleaming on
these white winding sheets

death is an invis
ible love which god once cre
ated from life's salt

bridges stretch invisible between one
human being and the next mighty arches
of love that cannot corrode when exposed to
sulphur dioxide but only to
another human even when
you forget god is the creator
of the small haloes on your soul's fresco

you've your menstruation
today a new egg
an eternity is
thus reduced to
nothing vanishing
into eternity
a little universe
of red algebra
of abundance that
might perhaps have become
a new life
as in a different world

you have disappeared
into the egg: you've been trans
muted into love

every system (in this case a bridge)
contains its own diametric opposite
the invisible cracking even in your
love's back gardens there exists a white wall where the
elder creates havoc in the crevices
whether your bridge will thus collapse from inner or from
outer causes is an open question

you spread the arches of
your thighs open your
sex's golden slit
you let the penis
in like a staff of
mercury or like a quite
ordinary penis
you open up for life
you are also receiving
death's traces of ashes
in every single one of these
living spermatozoa

your life was simple
and strong your death a shooting
star from mercury

if you look at an aerial photo
of the little belt bridge you can
see just how fragile this spider's web between
the two regions is as if a single
shooting star could rip it to pieces though
in reality it is perhaps stronger
than human thought from which it derives

but what is our offence
here on earth
or in heaven
since barrenness reigns
between us between
our cells just like the
seven lean years
without apples and roses
without children
we ourselves stopped
life's spiral
it's as simple as that

you live at the mi
racle's pivotal point: the
seventh heavening

under the bridge another force is in
cessantly burrowing in mankind's dream: the
little belt and one fine day it
pulls down towers and gravity (also in your
work your secret construction) and re-establishes
the balance of the elements reuniting or recreating
matter's enormous five-pointed star of terracotta

did we not believe
in this river of
effervescent stars
oh yes we say
knowingly to
each other it's just
that everything takes time
not right now
we'll let it wait
till tomorrow
but in doing so we
have killed life waiting

just another in
stant: and we will find ourselves
standing love to love

the cables of the bridge do not only bear
a motorway but lift a whole culture
into a new era
on a bridge you will for a moment find yourself some
50 metres above all your worries on the far side
of your love and pain the bridge resolves the
dialectic in a freely suspended triangle

did we always know
the fate that is
played out so mer-
cilessly between
man and woman between
the lovers in
the mirror gallery of the sexes
did we really ne-
ver see each other in
the glaring light where
life meets
eternity

this abyss of light
between us: eterniment's
mirror gallery

perhaps a bridge is just an easier
way out so you're let off having to descend
into the abyss yourself even though
precisely it determines the towers' height
perhaps a bridge is simply a rainbow that
saves you from precisely the trouble and
the pain the construction of a bridge costs

here we won
our victories here we
shipwrecked in this
pinewood bed the ship
in our dreams
here the seed of
our love was squandered
like high gusts of spray
we capsized one fine day
others will
arrive with the
undamaged cargo of love

CELLS

the demonic power
of love: on reaching its goal
its ship capsizes

IN-TIMACY

is a bridge demonic it goes both
to and from this duplicity
mirrors the soul's own dilemma will you burn your
bridges behind you or make a bridge
do you prefer the old or the new
little belt bridge a question of german
steel from krupp or of danish cement from portland

BRIDGES

**PROTOZOA,
FLAGELLATES,
POLYPS**

What's a protozoon? - No you've no
idea. Can it be an epidemic disease
of the lungs or of the skin between t
he fingers Perhaps a certain make of
toothpaste? - In fauna and biology bo
oks you'll find the protozoon.

IN-STANT

you look through this verse
causing it to ignite at
a certain instant

RAILWAYS

It is a proud moment
when you can drive an MZ
locomotive through the poetry.
When you hear the turbine
turning in the metaphor,
when you see the electric engine
spark in the syntax,
you know it. Almost
3000 hp put into
verse. It is a proud moment.

Flagellates for example are called a protozoan. You carry one of them in your oral cavity: trichomonas elongata. It will surely die when you die. Thus its karma is shaped in a compulsory attitude of constant inconspicuousness.

you carry the night
through this poem without the
day noticing it

In labyrinth locomotives
run as in the
old days. You wake up in
the middle of the night
and ask: What the bloody hell
is that? - Nothing more
than a Model R from
your childhood puffing
its way through the decades
like a iron dragon.

What does the amoeba think down there on the bottom of life. Does it know that it plays a certain role in Ejler Bille's graphic works, where it often encircles and swallows the brown colour like an organic galaxy?

you mirror yourself
in the moonlight circle on
the bed of this poem

Deeper into the month
of August. Still with DSB's
diesel engine. In there where
the moon reflects
its sooty wolfram in
the railway tracks. You can
almost taste the bitter smell of
metal from the friction
as if you're sitting with a
coin under your tongue

Or does the infusion animal (lacrym
aria) play on a trumpet of glass before
it balances all the salt that runs back
from the sea of our tears. Does it rea
d its own avariciousness as an equat
ion of braille on the parchment of the
night?

each night your love can
be deciphered behind writ
ing's marienglas

Can you escape from something
in a train if you sit down
in the direction of the train
and stare into the future,
which is swirling with fields and
Funen cows. Can you escape from
your love in
this way? - No, you and
your pain will still be left
sitting in the same compartment

What would happen if the urn fungus disappeared from its preserves of sand. Would the food chain lose a link of mother of pearl (as the weak link). Would the temperature rise in the world's oceans. Would lightning lack a bucket to be put out in?

the lightning is put
out in its urn: august's gleam
ing with suffering

Now it's a question of
remembering Funen and its
railway, which leads towards
August's paraffin lamp far
into the season. Now it's a
question of holding on to that
point in the brain, from where
the salt shines like a
defence against seven
bad types of grey weather.

Does the aurelia jellyfish listen to God on Sun
days. Has it heard the seven last words of Chr
ist on the cross. Does it shout 'Hallelujah!' like
all other polyps in a chorus of evil spirits. Doe
s the aurelia jellyfish feel agony of the soul?

one sunday your soul
gleams like mercury under
the writing: this word

Outside Funen's rushing past in
a mirror writing of
fruit trees and mercury.
The light short circuits your
pupil as during a
solar eclipse. It is
pure beauty. And you hum along
without thinking to Lasse
and Mathilde's: Funen's fine
on the transistor.

The stinging jellyfish often lies stranded on
Dragør Sydstrand by the kilo. It resembles t
he shipwrecked wig of a tragedienne. Does
the poet see it from his glasshouse of pain.
Does he throw stones. Does he punish its st
inging unfaithfulness?

your life lay stranded
like pain among the stones scat
tered in this poem

In the night expresses of red
coral you are probably
dozing your time away between
the stations, as with life in general:
you are dreaming between
these tugs of reality,
where a woman shakes you
out of poem and language
until the wheels' thudding
returns you to imagination's tracks

Does the dead men's fingers ever throw
its glove of glass among the drowned
naval officers. Does it play bocce
on the cathedral lawns of the seabed.
Do the tax authorities sometimes
hear from its lawyer. Is it indifferent
about the Rosicrucian order?

the miracle of
love: you move a glass of roses
into this poem

If you sit down
opposite the direction of
the train, you will see your
past vanish before your
eyes: the forest, the green
colour, like a love poem that
crumbles behind
you, a language
that no longer has
anything to do with you.

Here metridium dianthus is sitting
on its throne in the murky cellars of
the Øresund. No one, not even the f
allen angels can avoid its tentacles.
When you are used up, you will end
up there. Thus life can be defined as
a sea anemone: of great beauty, but
cruel.

**PROTOZOA,
FLAGELLATES,
POLYPS**

beloved here in
this poem you stand: an angel
without any wings

IN-STANT

'Lots to see with DSB'
it says on the poster,
on which an express train with
white speed slashes enters a
never-ending buckling curve.
But you choose an
Intercity train to take you
the distance to a
station where your love's
waiting on another poster.

RAILWAYS

SPIDERS

You have not forgotten
the spider. It is just
waiting somewhere or other
in your memory
among emeralds and x-rays.
One fine day you will
also allow it out into a poem
that has been cleaned
of plaster as well as chemicals.

For Thorkild Bjørnvig

A-GROUND

your sun shines in wa
ter: a chemical emer
ald that isn't there

FERRIES

You arrive in Nyborg in
a swarm of seaweed
and jellyfish. The sun shines
in its Aristotelian lamp.
On the beach you can find
shark's eggs signed by thunder.
And before your feet: that horoscope of
glass shards left by the outgoing tide.

Perhaps it is already scampering
over your paper and
the fieldstones of the letters,
while you're asleep under the pyramid
of the dark. Is it searching north
wards along the byways of
syntax to find Issehoved?
When it reaches the
page's edge, its universe gives out.

you ran along the
rim of the sky seeking that
which was inside you

Midsummer. Colour of the
sky: like roe or lathyrus.
You're on board the ferry 'Prins
Frederik' leaving behind a past
that belongs to another (unreal as
if one person's telling the love
of a lifetime). You feel once again
that initial shock of being alive.

You are sure to have followed
the cross spider's journey towards
mercury's Golgotha.
It has spread out enormous
nets in your sleep's integrals, has
spun gossamer dreams finer
than silk. Are the labours
of a billion years to be
lost because of man's extravagance?

on paper it was
easy to go aground: no
thing bore you up there

Seven poems at sea or
seven kinds of loneliness.
Is the poem the only thing
bearing you now, a fragile
paper ferry between nothing and nothing.
Is that the only thing that
connects you with life:
an anchor chain of writing?

Allow the spiders to come to
you. Allow them to hold a
meeting in your democracy's blue
kitchen among feathers
and essences. Dolomedes with the yellow
sergeant's stripes, the crab spider and the
pisaura which appears in its
telekinetic egg sac. Allow them to
conspire together on this Day of Wrath.

between the days la
goons gleamed like sea phosphor
escence: your aura

Midsummer. The moon on its column
above the ferry. The letters 'Halsskov'
gleam like sea-fire.
In some blind lagoon or other
within your brain your loved one still
exists as a figurehead.
In what strange dreams will she
re-emerge, be washed up on the coasts of morning?

Labyrinth G you have
yourself spun out of your
writing thread, almost
an illusion on the paper. It
is a concoction, a poem
not so unlike the labyrinthic
spider, when it is quivering
in the mind. What are you now
expecting to catch in this net?

you sought your grounding
in lovement discovered an
abyss of starring

Love is a hazardous affair on
the open sea. Even on a
ship like 'Sprogø'. It cannot
make do with the salt marigolds
of the ferry berths. Your love seeks
farther out to find its
grounding and its abyss
under stars you do not know.

Shall we yet again go
down into the cellars (in the
spirit, or using the spirit's
decaying staircase) where Uranus
is right now in transit, to try and find
an amaurobius fenestralis,
known as Denmark's most commonplace spider,
while there's still time for it before
its annihilation in pesticides?

you ascended the
final staircase of love to
annihilation

So many times you were on the
other side of the waters and
of the hard terracotta of love.
But it's in earnest now.
For the last time you're sailing on
'Knudshoved' across to a shore
that is waving with crests so
green that life and death become one.

If you should find a
zebra spider in your right
shoe, then don't
worry about it.
For then you'll
know that no flies are hiding
away in this secret
sarcophagus. That life is
advancing by leaps and bounds.

you went aground in
the cinnabar of love: that
was your grounding

Travelling on a ferry
suddenly feels like a stay in
other forgotten incarnations.
The mind comes to a standstill in a
narcosis outside time, and you head out
towards a sunset from which you will
never return, a love that burns
you to cinnabar in the sign of leo.

Through the tunnels of evolution
made of copper this
tiny spider has broken into the
hostile territory of the
20th century. It has a question
with it from the dead, which you
now answer by allowing
it to go on living, there among
the stones, here among the words.

you replied to the
twenty stones of your life with
death's twenty shadows

A seagull underlines with
its gliding path along the ship's
side the theory of relativity. Or it
perches on the trucks of the mast
an outpost with its eyes
fixed on the green Eldorado
of Funen. Among these shadows
you become your own answer.

We would like to thank you on
behalf of the spiders.
Even though you're possibly already
going round with gossamer
in your hair.
Pirata and lycosa will keep a
minute's silence, when you one day die.
May you some day appear in the
mythologies of the future as spiderman.

SPIDERS

you're flying with scar
let hair over deathment to
wards your second life

A-GROUND

The ferries do not sail you across the
waters of death. That only
happens in other myths' scarlet shadows.
'Arveprins Knud' and 'Dronning
Margrethe' carry you conversely
across the death of water as
if levitating. There perhaps
your second life's beginning.

FERRIES

INSECTS

You're sure to have seen your cat
stare fascina
ted into the
neon of the dark. And you've
believed that the
departed were visiting
your rooms in late seances of fear. And
yet it was
only the
silver fish's comet tracks in the night.

UP-LIFT

the second comet
seeks its darkness to flash
with
in its track across
the night is long with
neon it is your faith that's
reaching the crossment

CARS

There Korsør's
already winking in
the mercury of its ferry port.
Even though a
Toyota's a crap
car you're going to make the ferry.
Otherwise not much news
from here. The sun
like a frisbee.
The flies. Long queues
of cars with their drivers waiting
to cross to the other side
both with or without reservations.

Mayfly, dayfly! - Is it really
true that it
only lives
one day. Or is it as in
other myths (like
the one about
love lasting for eternity)
simply a hoax
that is meant
to explain away our own short lives?

your love relives doubt
converting it into a
magical mirror
in this you see your
own myth fully clarified:
a woman of brass

'Idiot' - you call
out from your
green Volkswagen, when a car in
front of you forces
you to brake
really hard. 'Tourists or a
woman driver, with
out a doubt.'
The little fetish
(a centaur that
hangs on a brass chain) bashes the
prejudices in
to the windscreen's magic mirror.

Long before the brilliant sketches of
Leonardo you practised the
principle of the
helicopter, dragonfly. With military
precision
you've carried
out your operations in the insects'
violet hinterland,
you've won your wars without
there being a single excess sacrifice.

there you stand in your
tenth principle (behind le
o's gold in a vi
olet scallop) like
an angel outside the pas
sing of days and years

This time it is
a Ford Mustang
that is to put up with
the trials and
tribulations. Promptly
it pulls the day together
into streaks of
traffic and petrol
stations with Shell's
yellow scallop
sign. As if you're shortening
a whole decade to
an hour or the kilometre behind you.

If you can stridulate like a
grasshopper for
about twelve seconds, your
beloved will come bounding to your side.
If you can hang
like a curved knife
under the moon for hours and hours, you'll
be able to mate
with your loved one.
If not, your serenade has been in vain.

or you disappear
in red lead behind the twelfth
moon by so doing
your love becomes in
visible but it still lives
on in the wonder

Onwards. What
else are you to
come up with. In an Audi with red lead
patches on the
front wings. Behind you
the landscape disappears or is left
behind in the
exhaust fumes
apart from
the rest:
inheritance environments
and love's small thimble.
Everything that's called life and meaning.

No, the earwig certainly does not crawl
into your earhole.
And if it did, it
would be the one that ended up dead.
It mainly roams
along the moonlight's
radials in search of the dampness of urns
that in the
gardens are
collecting darkness and virgin's milk.

north of the dark and
west of the light thought is col-
lecting virgin's milk
in its urn this will
give rise to new answers to
your love's old questions

Who remembers
the old Citroën
models or the shadow of a
cloud or
love when it
is dead? - One day you will
give question and
answer some
thought in your brand-
new Citroën, while
the storm clouds begin to gather
in the northwest
like a magisterium in its flask.

The waterstrider also
existed long
before the hydro
foil. It invented runners and engine
and has since carried
out countless regular
trips between the North Star and
Orion, while making
reverse reflections
on the water in late summer evenings.

eight stars above suf
fering your life is sparkling
in a sanctua
ry that is complete
ly secret eight stilnesses
above orion

Onwards. Through these
fields of waving rye
that sparkle like a sanctuary.
Your hand
adjusts the car
radio: a string quartet by Holmboe.
Is it possibly
his eighth the
one that is full
of secret
suffering? - Overtakings. The white
traffic markings. Rear
mirror. You are overtaking your own life.

Yes, little cicada. Now it is your
turn. You have wait
ed for so long
in the half-shadows of life. A true
nymph born of the foam
you are now unfold
ing in Denmark's resplendent spring
to your uncertain
fate. Today we
celebrate your inaudible violin of glass.

your life has lit a
curve through the years and the days
it is your fate's col
our of shadow and
umbra it is the hege
mony of your truth

Onwards. Through
the copper nitrate
of Slagelse that is heaped
together stacked
up like enormous
organ pipes of smoke. You cough
and light yourself
a cigarette without
losing control
over the
Ford Escort which is now umbra in
colour. The radial
tyres are really biting into this curve.

The green-fly's a nasty parasite,
the biologist says as
he whistles in
to his key. - That is completely
beside the
point, is the green-
fly's reply. - In our world it
is mankind that
is the biggest
and nastiest of pests.

everything in your
word is utterly transformed
the moon is a flute
mankind a secret
threshold your mind is a key
to the eveningment

A little later
you turn in
across the evening's threshold
near Sorø and
meet with a moon as
genuinely white as an
apostolate
above its wood-lake.
.And everything
is for an instant
as before. The swans
transform themselves before
your eyes into princesses in this secret bath.

In the microcosm the ant lion is a
dragon. What treasure,
what answer
it broods over to questions that
you still have not
formula
ted is known only by
it down there
in fauna's
deepest funnel, down there in the killing.

INSECTS

you have the sun in
leo as then west of time
it is now setting
in clouds of questions
that are now being answered
in red and violet

UP-LIFT

And then you
change to a
car probably a red
Datsun. Always
westwards. It
will always be westwards.
Perhaps you're
only following the
sun's path like the flowers
or certain types
of insects spread out like clouds
of iambs on
their way towards the sea's violet lamp.

CARS

ANTS, SNAILS

On a beautiful June morning three red
ants met up with a completely usual
garden snail.

You're a strange bloke, aren't you, says
the first ant.

You're always creeping around on your own with
your house on your back - what's the point
of that?

IN-MOTION

in the third ring which
is formed of red stripes you are
flying through a realm
that is more far more beauti
ful than time's painting

MOTORCYCLES

The ignition's working
perfectly. What a joy.
No sudden backfires.
The houses fly past
like long streaks
in a painting. Change
down now into third gear.
The town. Through the suburbs
of Ringsted. Up into fourth
gear. Good petrol
supply. You are now con
quering the kingdom of Denmark.

That question the snail pondered over for
a long time, while its black circles
of gunpowder glitter from its shell like
some strange heraldry.
I don't know, it finally replies,
with its antennae curled.
Deep down inside it of course
knew better.

i quietly follow
you into an unending
hyperbola from
the fourth circle's her
aldry (a black tree at the
the innermost water)

Asphalt. Cafeteria.
The road that curls in
to a new
hyperbola. Fourth gear.
An advertisement.
Some trees. The thudding
of the pistons
calms you. What
horizon will not grow
endlessly like rings on the
water. Your hands
cradle the handlebars.

Listen! - said the second ant just
a trifle nettled.
We ants build anthills that are as enormous
as the Cheops pyramid under the sun
and the moon.
We clear paths in the forest, while all
you do is dawdle along your own tracks
in your own thoughts.

now out along a
path that rotates the moon's se
cond dust-belt into
a tract under the
sun's black pyramid: thought's
final edifice

Twist the throttle all
the way round.
That's the motto now.
Your garb is:
gloves, boots
of black leather,
leather jacket, belt and
a crash-helmet
with two visors that
can be
interchanged. Off
on your last crusade.

Yes! - the third ant breaks into the
conversation (its voice sounding
like that of a church minister).
Apart from that, we have organised a
state for the common weal.
At that very moment the sun plays
in a dewdrop with exceptional beauty.
And that gives the first ant an idea.

three realities
away from illusion we
break right into a
ray of the sun which
is playing in the idea's
purest bedewment

There is another
trick: fill the gear-box
with solar oils and
with sawdust from
pine trees. This will
have the effect of
reducing the sound
to a catlike purring.
You will really feel
on top of everything
on this motorcycle.
Illusions at bargain price.

Let us put it to the test, it says, well,
it almost shouts in high spirits
to the snail.

Can you see that dewdrop there among
the foliage of the beech like a pearl. Right! -
Who can bring it across the path,
you, snail, or us ants?

like a bluish pearl
finiteness is visible
behind us but you
are tired of this
beauty and bring us in to
that which is to come

You must take good care
of the kick-starter if
you buy a motorcycle
of an older make.
Wrap silver paper
and tow round its teeth
That will give you
a good grip into the
engine for a few
weeks. Although one fine day
you will tread
backwards from sheer metal fatigue.

The snail agreed to take part in this
venture.
Not because it believed it would have
any purpose, but to get a little peace.
It was decided by lots that the ants
were to be the first to try to bring
the dewdrop across the path.

three thoughts before death
(the bielid meteors
toss their burning dice
across this land) you
are looking for a second
path: that of faithment

Pistons are treacherous
thingummies, the weak point
of a motorcycle.
Once when you wanted
to overtake a petrol
tanker on
Gl Køge road a piston
simply seizes
(the third perhaps
some other one).
On that day your death tosses
the dice for the first time.

The ants agreed on the necessity of
setting up a standing committee.
They furthermore called in specialist
assistance in the form of a famous
hercules ant. The debate was lively.
But all the proposed solutions had
to be rejected as unfeasible.
After three hours of parleying they
finally gave up.

matter is changed in
to form in a vacuum
three sound barriers
after hercules
here we're delivered from the
last iron and carbon

The tyres sing against
this macadamised
surface like a
knife cutting
through the material
of a flag.
You press your iron
horse to the
very limits.
Your speed will soon
create a vacuum
that breaks sound-barriers.

Now it was the snail's turn.
It had no problem with it at all.
It drank the dewdrop and crawled across
the path.
But it did not gloat.
For it could neither build anthills
or entire states for
the common weal.

what path will you take
now neither this way nor that
you will remain in
heightment's neuro-curve
a wheel that is on fire that
becomes a poem.

This is simply machismo:
carburettor, clutch and
throttle. It is
chauvinism
for youngsters or
burnt-out men.
But what ideal curve
would you not
place the wheel of your
machine in
with your nerves
now in top gear?

Nor were the ants grieved at this
defeat, one which they had been
the cause of.
But they learned to respect the snail.
And from that time onwards they
greeted it kindly when it crawled past
their star-coloured terraces in its
strange figures of eight.

ANTS, SNAILS

it is merciment's
power that rotates the starring
round the eighth ter
race that rotates this
nimbus over the writing
ness and poetry

IN-MOTION

Which motor
cycle do you choose.
A Japanese Honda,
a German MZ or a
more old-fashioned
Nimbus. There's plenty of
horsepower. Put it
another way: the poem
is at full throttle.
The poetry is roaring
at maximum revs.
Off, then. Off in every direction.

MOTORCYCLES

BEETLES

In museums you find
the beetles
the quickest.
They have been crucified
is your immedi
ate reaction.
They are needle-high
in the glass showcases of sys
tematisation
and perver
sion. What do you
go in for collecting?

PRO-VIDENCE

you fall once again
through the showcase of system
atics and find at
the base of yourself
crossment and the white inte
grals of shadowing

COUNTRY ROADS, HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

It is the projected road that falls
from the shadows of the road directorates.
Is it really the extension of any
road at all.
Or will reality rather find its own
path through large, unpredictable integrals
of white clover and humus like
a poem at the bottom of your soul?

What beetle would you
like to see?
The flathead borer
there on the dusty
velvet gleams
in the storehouse like
a shell splinter.
What beetle would you
like to see?
the etymologist repeats
impatiently. With half-
shut eyes you pause and ponder.

if you close your eyes
you will be able to see
love's blind spot of gar
nets shining in sag
ittarius it lets you
into the heavens

Yet another sideroad that leads you away
from the target's blind spot.
Yet another hopeless love, whose wheeltracks
are obliterated like ephemeres
in the sky.
Yet another incursion across fields of
mallow that you only get to see when Uranus
is retrograde first in Sagittarius.

Look, he goes on - this
cockchafer conceals
itself as a
larva for three years
in the earth.
In days gone by it
indicated polio
myelitis.
Popular superstition
was thus in what could
be called the pink of health in
the so-called mast years.

three birds you saw o
ver your child's faith the lamb's pur
ity and earth's fig
ures in blood you saw
now you see what's hid in pro
vidence's writing

The country road lies in your blood like the
routes of migratory birds in a swift's instinct.
It is a parameter in your writing and ends
up in this poem with its eight
yarrows.
Now you can check it yourself.

Do you sometimes
think about the stag beetle.
It is almost
extinct.
Do you see it
in nocturnal allegories
among crucifixes.
Does it gnaw at the
violet tree of your conscience?
(Like collectors
of insects) you surely have
no sense of guilt at all.

you saw the insect
of night gnaw at the sun death
ment's allegory
you saw now you see
violet signs flashing from
the crucifixing

Near Hørbylunde a sideroad leads off into
an utter wilderness.
It is one of Denmark's most desolate spots.
In summer the sunspots of magenta wink
from this crucible.
And if you are lucky, you arrive at
Højholt's residence by following these
morse codes.

Let's just take a
look at the weevils' conditions
of existence.
Do they live or rather
do they survive in the
copper sulphate. Do they get
on in the bordeaux
fluid like some sort
of veterans? No! - Who
saves them then from utter
annihilation. The pine weevil?
The apple blossom weevil?

two worlds you saw the
one blue or green as the i
dea the other on
the copper needle
of thought now you see being
ness's total cross

The blue road system should not worry you.
It is an abstraction in Denmark's
topography
Just like the red roads on KDAK's car
maps.
If you let your finger run along these sutures,
you only reach in the world of thought
Hansthalm's green empiricism.

Labyrinth H has
turned into a screw with
an inward turn.
Callidium
violaceum undermines
your own woodwork in the dark.
It bores in the heart.
It causes your
love's swept and garnished
house to collapse into
waterless wells.

the water you saw
burn the dark within the light
the moon of loving
ment topple in
the memory you see the
violet heart of god

The cul-de-sacs are pure algorithms
in the mind.
In your youth you often used to look in there
trying to find truth.
And by God there it exists to this very
day like a new moon's rosehip-thorn that
gleams above certain stacks of firewood in
your memory.

Chafers of the world unite.
Chafers join forces
on every compost
heap in every country.
Evolution must continue
to develop.
There is time now
under the tall light
ships of the stars. Join
forces in the
insuperable
coalition of nature.

you saw the night grind
to a halt in ivory
time in the same chro
nometers of er
rors now you see the violet
rain of the starrings

There are sideroads bathed in a special
albedo from the foliage's ivory.
There you can afford more than the
beauty of one mistake.
So if you turn off down towards Gurre,
you are sure to get stuck, but your reward
awaits you in the form of these violet
rain-showers.

Where does the
ladybird hide itself
when it's winter?
Does it sleep
like the angels?
No! - It does not
take a seat in heaven.
It is sitting here.
The ladybird hides
itself away
behind the initials cut
in the bark and in your summer dreams.

you do not conceal
yourself in gothic dreams or
magically in
sleep but hide yourself
here like an angel behind
the wintering sky

Or this quiet sideroad for example
free of carbon dioxide.
Admittedly it leads down to a sign
on which with gothic letters
is written: No admittance.
But here you can eat your packed lunch under
the elder bush's magic parasol.

The beetles reign
over the earth, just as
they have always done.
Although you have
exterminated
at least several thousand
as a hobby.
Here too they dominate
in the collections of
the museum. They are
even crawling around
in the rooms of alabaster.

BEETLES

greener than earth you
delight in the blessedment
of the fields whose ar
ches of salt and mor
aine there are in command of
life and time's curve here.

PRO-VIDENCE

It is the quieter pulse and curve of the
country roads that follow Denmark's
moraine arches of green salt.
If you would rather enjoy life, if
you've enough time for that which
fecundates the earth with children and
herds of large, pie-coloured cattle.

**COUNTRY
ROADS,
HIGHWAYS
AND BYWAYS**

BUTTERFLIES

There's a red
admiral sitting
in your heart. You do not let
it out on
the fluttering
wings of pain. You do
not follow
its message
like a flight
towards
the noon sky, there where the
drumwhirls of light
are sounding while you are still waiting.

AP-PROACH

you whirl higher than
lightning and midday winging
your way towards the
high heaven's light in
which god mirrors his spirit
and his love higher
than the heart and than
september's fire as high as
violet you whirl

MOTORWAYS

On the trail of your greatest adventure,
that is lightning out there
in September's
highest mirror violet with wine-breath and
field-fires with a
message for God.
On the trail of a great love, one
that will not
end before
the motorway runs into its needle-eye.

The red admiral
is your imago.
It often flies at night on secret
missions that
nobody
knows anything about.
It collects
the orders
and crown jewels of
the stars on the
spotted velvet of its wings. It never
turns round
and it never ever turns back

starring orders that
are smoking on night's velvet
you know them crown and
jewels collected on
the square of nothingness you
know them your passion
is turned towards the
savage and secret rose
ry of the centre

Nevertheless you roar on past the
dog-roses of the
central verge that
burns even wilder than nights of passion.
Nevertheless you
follow the square
network of the motorways past walls of
piled-up fieldstone and
villages that
smoke with silage and peat-moss litter.

The red admiral
never travels
in flights. It almost appears
aggressive,
is not afraid of
battle. It lays its eggs
singly in the
flaming
pagodas of
the nettle.
It immigrates to this spot
from distant
and unknown halls of mirrors.

twenty meanings from
the twentieth century's
cabinet of mir
rors twenty visions
from the pagodas of no
thingment in which the
meridian is carving
out your fate you find that which
you once mislaid here

You know that nothing exists out
there in the golden section
of the meridians,
where the twentieth century
meets its
fate. You know that
it's only the speed that increases
and that
what has passed by is erased
at the same rate and loses its meaning.

You never
get to know
its nature, vanessa atalanta
which derives
from evil
but which belongs to good.
It swarms on
the day's edge
of sight like a
shadow of it
self, like a desperate
lover. It
heralds some deep-felt grief.

beloved you swarm
from the shadowing to your
self in the herald
ry of leo (a
sword in a heart of pyrite)
you swarm from despair
to an edge of
vision a land where the sun
of death never shone

Faster and faster it goes out
into the no man's land of
the projection.
Out towards the lion's heads in the
horizon's plaster, there
where only the heraldry
of the traffic signs and milestones count the
dying blackbirds
that glitter
with pyrite in your slipstream.

One fine day
it will
also land on the eclipse
of your shadow.
And if you
in this brief instant are able to
interpret
the hermetic
equation
that is written
in its wing's scales (like a poem
by Stuckenberg)
you'll know exactly what you must do.

there inside and out
side are precisely one and
the same: an instant
of hermetic beau
ty you are your own meta
phor your death a short
eclipse on the path in
to day where everything has
identical weight

Is it death that is waving out
there between
clouds of cyanogen.
Or is it a civilisation
that's counted down
in new octane ratings.
Is it your own death that is
waving you on
into a head-on
collision on the A1?

Where's the
red admiral
off to. Does it always seek
the highest glimmer
of light
behind the pines gleaming with
petrol. What
is it doing
there. What
does it
want there, where it presumb
ly will
only burn up in secret fire?

nine thoughts higher and
nine emotions later you
place a cross at the
point where time crosses
the word nine freedoms out and
nine truths you sudden
ly flare up and dazz
le in the secret gleaming
light of the poem

With a speed of nine verses per
poem you release
thought and emotion
on the motorway of words. Past the
worn-out syntax of the
hoardings, straight through the
fragrant mustard-fields of
everyday language. Out there
where poetry's
iron-crosses grow at death-trap crossroads.

It is called
grounding.
Which means to come home. Which in
everyday
language
would be called to go out of one's
mind. That is
in actual
fact the final trans
formation
which only the red admi
ral, py
rameis atalanta understands.

wintering high as
a flame and nothing that is
burning higher you
go from heaven to
heaven you go in transform
ation more than in
reason you go to
ground more than aground more than
reality

Nothing holds you back any more.
No gold chain,
arrears, no
love that burned so high
this winter
that you
believe God saw its flame
sing the ozone layer
of heaven.
Off, then, out onto the motorways.

If you find a
red admiral
butterfly caught in an aban-
doned greenhouse
(which god has
left long ago)
or in a smithy
(without either
death or devil)
then you're to
let it out into the day.
It is perhaps
your own longing you're releasing.

your gaze closes the
tenth horizon you are fol-
lowing a line of
silver out to god
it is your longing that ur-
ges you on or re-
leases you since time
is without existence there
in bibling's mansion

A motorway has its own futurism
which forces the
gaze to follow
the white lines' speed
towards the horizon's
almost biblical
landscape of silver and wood edge,
forces you
to long for a future
that's as pure as oxygen.

Once there was a
red admiral
butterfly that escaped through
a gap in the
net of time, through
the grating of space (down by
the climbing frames
of the playground).
Nobody
has seen it since.
But it is said
that it now carries
both day and night on its wings.

BUTTERFLIES

in nothingside's space
in noentrance's time in
other timespaces
winging now in sheer
est existing birding high
over the perspec
tives of oblivi
on you are carried over
to the tenth heaven

AP-PROACH

There the motorway leads out of the
city in a shower
of perspectives and
crash barriers. Out towards the
sky's high photostat
sprayed over with
all the graffiti of caravels.
You do not look back
over your shoulder and towers,
forget the city in its salt.

MOTORWAYS

MOTHS

It is August.
The evening is growing slowly under the paraffin lamp.
The privet hawkmoth leaves inaudible traces of sine-notes across the heavens' porcelain.
The earth displays its ancient splendour.
Denmark is more beautiful than ever before.

CON-FIRMATION

heavening glory draws
in over the earth where once
only emptiness
grew heavening
traces stream into your mind
where once everything
else had absolute
dominance beauty and life
skytoning lilac

**INSTITUTES,
MINISTERIES**

On Sunday you are drawn into the emptiness, streaming from the big banks in the city centre, where the administration now lies.
Once you had a bank account there yourself. Now it is empty like every thing else in your life, will only appear as a pink number on the screen of your terminal.

Tell him that, sitting
out there in the kitchen garden's
posthumous dark
(yourself, no doubt).
Waiting for the arrival of
the black C in a roar of
white noise and beating wings.
Tell him Denmark's mortally beautiful.

in the fourth darkness
you arrive at the heart of
c you are lovely
in your evening of
whiteness that mirrors the clouds
you are bearing pain's
clover of iron for him
who is waiting for the wing
ed nimbus of death

And now it's Friday.
This is the day of the organisations.
So everything is going to flash with
iron when knocking-off time approaches.
The window and the nimbus clouds
which it mirrors,
a four-clover of pain
that you have borne so
long in your heart.

Does the plum carpet moth really exist.
Or does it just reflect a
figment of the insect collector's
imagination, of his ultraviolet light.
Does it only sit in this poem
like a paralysed proper name?
You must go out and confirm it
in Denmark's intoxicating summer night.

it's starring with pa
ralysis tonight where you're
collecting your ash
es in imagi
nation's occult mirror it's
starring with vio
let in the poems
tonight where you are confirm
ing your crossery

Close by the private lodges
raise the smoking cross of
occultism. What acts of
childishness do not take place
here this Tuesday evening,
when the Star of David sinks in
its ashes and the masters
in evening dress immure themselves
in the red vespers of capitalism.

Yes, sit yourself down in the elder's
occult parasols whiter than
madness. There you can register the
possibilities never made use
of, when eurois occulta
swarms like a ghost
along certain coordinates from the past,
when it arrives through the rain's perforations.

tenth sun out in the
night along the rim of light
and the coordi
nates of the occult
your gaze ignites a second
fire a whiter sun
than that of science
this lacuna in your know
ledge is certainty

Other institutes lie on the
outskirts of a summer and
collect the light of the future
before it has even been lit.
You see it fluttering in the
gaze of scientists like St Elmo's
fire or summer lightning
when you pass the
night's quiet turbines.

What might have been
only exists in a world of moths,
of night butterflies. Poems which you
could have created flutter
around you like tiger moths and
magpie moths. Do you intend
to kill them all with
the instant's potassium cyanide?

it's worlding with night
and summering so do you
enter into me
as if you are bear
ing the instant in your hand
as if you are weav
ing me into threads:
a creating so birding
ly light of poems

You enter the brand-goods
directoriate with a
philodendron under your arm.
Yes, indeed, Mr - you say to the lady
residing in the outside office.
Thus is bureaucracy acclaimed
and without batting an
eyelid you countersign
the coronation charter with red ink.

For an instant you are able
to collect the gamma-owl or
the psi-owl on the outstretched sheet
of time. That which might
have been, the one person
you might have loved,
appears in a projection, visualised
in a sudden shimmering lie.

ten lives and ten vi
sions out you are loving your
way forwards on the
light of motion so
as to place precisely this
instant's sealing wax
on the lies of time
so as to find precisely
this unknown instant

Light moves ever deeper
into the ministries.
July has sealed with wax
your summer's unknown
document. What official would
not offer his life
and limb in order to
discover precisely this
burning chronicle?

And that is what the emperor moth
stands for: a look into the imaginary
world of vanity, into
Neptune's conjunctions.
It indicates a path you could have followed,
perhaps only to end up in a
second illusion you now can laugh at.
The one sure thing is Denmark's soil under your feet.

from neptune you are
following gleaming corri
dors into anoth
er world which as it
worlds is more than a terres
trial night and dark
ness and which in one
instant stands in spiritu
al conjunction

Then you enter a main
library dressed in black
corduroy. It is one of those
Mondays that the week
forgot in the calendar's
dark corridors. You absentmindedly
take down a
volume of Aarestrup's poetry
and put it back in its place again.

Those are your demons. The red
underwings (order ribbons)
on the pane (consciousness' membrane),
the buff-tipped moth in the room (dark of the
departed). That which you did not do.
Not that which you did carry out (may it rest
in peace). That love - the love that
you never manifested in your life.

on the moon with death
on the sun with life on se
curity with dark
on consciousness with
the day on rose with peace on
stillness with the mem
branes which are connect
ing you with the love of those
who are departed

What's a rose doing on
the welfare officer's table.
Grant you security
on a Thursday when the flies
drown in ink.
What's the sun doing in the crannies,
exhibiting your misery.
What are you yourself doing
in this public routine?

The pale tussock moth keeps
hovering on your fear.
There it is again, come to
defoliate your reality's tree.
There it is again, come as an
alter ego from delusion. There
it flutters into the poem's light-cone
which fixes it against the Danish sky.

MOTHS

you're unshadowing
the day of deception you're
unshadowing re
ality's fear in
light-cones that are keeping this
sky altar hoverg
ing you're breaking the
poem into fields and trees
and confirmation

CON-FIRMATION

What interest does the thunder have in
the pink shadows of a department.
What are the flashes of lightning
looking for in ailing archives'
dust? - Nevertheless, you enter
an office on a Wednesday
blue with paraffin and
confirm some sick statistics with
a rubber stamp on your forehead.

**INSTITUTES,
MINISTERIES**

**FLIES, BEES,
MOSQUITOES**

This poem is dedicat
ed to the hornet that is
buzzing around this piece
of sandwich with egg and
tomato like a Super
Sabre with its life
at stake. This small brave
aviator which right now
is drowning in the beer glass.
Death where is thy sting?

CON-TRIVANCE

summering you're now
flying around lesser dog
some distance inside
the zenith's bluing
stillness subsequently
round sirius two
questions inside your
second death two answers in
side your second life

**RESEARCH
STATIONS**

Why don't you let the question rotate in
Risø's accelerator. Why don't you let the
question be answer enough in itself. You
only accepted the summer after all, who
se dog-days collect the blue in the zenith.
Now that Sirius asks a question which c
alls for a completely different answer.

Another wasp you
saw swimming in the foaming
boiled-off jam. You saw it
perish in pectin, saw it
pay in full for its sweet vice.
A third one fell
in a battle against
a folded newspaper.
You personally dispatched
a fourth. Et cetera. Et cetera.

in the second wave
the source of your death foams back
into itself in
the third wave you are
sparkling over with life in
the fourth wave you are
nothing less than a
seraph with a wake of sun
ning and energy

How had you envisaged turning the tide
and the wake into its opposite wave, who
se foam gleams with spirit. Is it possible
to write back to oneself and to the source
s. Can Risø be called back to solar and wi
nd energies?

We're actually talking
about astronomical
figures in the inter
galactic wars between wasps
and human beings.
The wake of the dead is
constantly growing.
But that's no earthly
reason for not letting
the one final hornet sting.

that person will go
astray in the galaxies
who constantly turns
around and that word
will die like comet trails
in the poem and in
the figures of as
tronomy who would dazzle
finality's grounds

In the cloud chamber of the brain the track
of the comet is traced, which is propagated
to the Risø reactor or to the poem and not
vice versa. In other words, the neutrons and
the words are completely blameless in
these dazzling delusions.

Take care. Be on your guard
with flies. Make sure you don't
ever trap them inside
empty winebottles. Nor should
you ever tear off one
of their wings. Get on a good
footing with them
in ample time, for
they will inherit
the landfills of the earth.

in the tenth atom
matter comes to an end in
the tenth circle the
human mind is ex
tinguished in emptiness in
the tenth crisis the
spirit begins to
soar upwards your responsi
bility begins

In this poem the catastrophes of the spirit
happened or are provoked by you that are
purer and more terrible than the atoms sp
lit at Risø. Every crisis that begins in the
human mind ends up in matter. It is your o
wn responsibility to be captured in the vic
ious circles of this lasso.

The flies are circling round the
black aubergine of your heart. They
are really extremely ir-
ritable this evening, just as un-
comfortable as necessary
because they define
the stillness with
their buzzing circles.

Because without the flies
you would not register it at all.

you are in search of
the heart's innermost circles
this very evening
two stars inside still-
ness (and it is not the glass
lavender of al-
gol) and two circles
inside the heart you disco-
ver your second self

Here you will yourself seek misunder-
standing in the lavender-blue glass of the calcul-
us. The metaphors and symbols (when you
insert Algol into the work) will perhaps p-
oison some other heart which does not kno-
w the star's significance and does not unde-
rstand the syntax of evil.

This is a requiem to
a Danish bluebot
tle. This is how the burial
took place: a boy
whose name was Jørgen
swallowed it after a
bet that involved three
cream éclairs and a bag
of liquorice allsorts.
Once way back in childhood.

at the point s you
bury your mistakes (once u
pon a time they were
your knowledge) three po
ems inside the second el
lipse (aries'
crown gleams with mistak
en beliefs) you look for the
church of your childhood

Labyrinth s illuminated by the mistakes
of a century like a church or like a flicker
ing blue light in your poem. It is science
which here would seek to find a way into
a new and different delusion that is cro
wned with electrons and their wild ellip
ses of frost.

If you happen to meet some
body you hardly know
in the middle of
Town Hall Square for example
and you're suddenly
caught in a swarm of bees,
take it as an omen
of something important.
Perhaps it's the violet storm
of language that is approaching.

humaning around
your centre's salt and vi
olet atoms you are
gleaming like a swarm
of bees in language's dark
you emit your ad
vice and omens a
bout storms and sudden danger
inside the poem

It does not emit any radiation which the
paper does not stop. Its smoking waste c
ould without any danger be placed at th
e back of the poetry collection's salt dom
e with an atomic sign's dark ace of clubs
on it, so that you almost forgot it.

Bees do not reside in a
Stradivarius, we
know that. But strictly
speaking, it would
not be incomprehensible
if they did,
for their entire
collective mind
is tuned in G major.
It expresses total music.

for you coinci
dency is incomprehens
ible you who know
that the soul is to
tal whose mind is a total
ity of music
and orchids as not
for us who live in the black
est well of the night

This reactor is the mind and coincidence.
And if you were to look down into the at
omic wells, you would see the black orch
ids in your own soul which would carry t
he night on its petals of quartz and uran
ium oxygen.

Long live the mosquito and
its offspring for ten gener-
ations. Even
though you kill it now,
hopefully you
wish that many more
mosquitoes will come out
of the forests' solar eclipses
and suck your blood. The
mosquito is dead. Long live the mosquito!

**FLIES, BEES,
MOSQUITOES**

twenty hopes further
on you are no longer suf-
fering any more
twenty wishes from
your death you now live in a
rose of sun twenty
fantasies further
on you are brought to the point
of reality

CON-TRIVANCE

You understand of course that what we're
dealing with here is a word-reactor and n-
ot Risø, rather a model. The fuel only pro-
duces poetic anger and your own killer im-
agination. It was never based on any reali-
ty, never lay on the headlands off Roskilde,
but only on this sheet of paper.

**RESEARCH
STATIONS**

**CRAYFISH,
LOBSTER**

this poem is a plan about
creating a poem
that went aground a poem that com
prised nine stanzas each with
seven non-rhyming lines of verse
it was a song in praise of the norway lobster
more than a love poem

CON-FIDENCE

that created by
love will
survive more
genuine than
diamonds the
illusions are going
aground like ground
glass therefore
you light nine verses
inside the
poem you
light nine
nights inside the virgin

CITY DISTRICTS

copenhagen k you are
soon just a shell
round hollowness
your inner nucleus
is the office the glass showcase
you want to
shine each night like
a diamond
that is confused with or
misunderstood as authenticity
because man
could not discern illusions

this second poem hardly went
aground because of an accident perhaps
you set fire to it yourself on a
desolate beach among mallow and
dog roses to be able to create
it later perhaps you knew or maybe sensed that
something already exists as an oblivion

poeting you
live in the rose
poeting you
live in the sensing you
live on jupiter's
beaches
among other
borders
poeting you
already live in
the ground of the
created
never to be forgotten

there lie the town houses with
plaster facades
and the mansions which
collect jupiter's colours
that municipality
wanted to screen
its border with
privet hedge you
are never to live
in its chinese box
never to move to
frederiksberg municipality

you clearly recall a couple of
lines of verse: 'the Norway lobster
is lying on its lit de parade on a beer crate
(one of the old-fashioned red-painted crates
from carlsberg)' - it is the most
remarkable things which the memory
latches onto not always the most relevant

all that
which is quite clear:
the things the stones the con
tinents of the mir
rors or
the water is
not that which
will reveal re
velation takes place in
the memory that
which
you love is
that which you reveal

is there any early riser
wandering through these
empty stage sets where
longing raises the
towers of the phallic chimneys
or reveals itself
in the mirror continents
of the factory
window panes is a dreaming
singer wandering there
through sydhavnen's opera
in search of his loved one?

what sentences are
otherwise whirled up from this abyss of blue marl?
'the lobster smells like sex
and salt water' - does that
help you in your peculiar ven-
ture? can you verify or compare
that which is remembered with anything else?

west of the whorls
of fear
and deeper than
the waters of the
feelings
west of the bridges
of beauty
blue with
salt lovelier
than any
poem you write
your intimacy's legend
into the memory

vesterbro you are
like the birthmark on
a person's back
at times you
evoke a real anxiety
at times a
beauty spot
a female fragrance
you want to exist
in every legend
rapturously written
by writers sky-high on cannabis

out of nothing comes nothing
for that reason the future already
exists in this instance as a
plan as a blueprint of the
past but one whose future and
past happen to coincide (cover
each other) and then time dissolves into one now

westfall now
of starring down
behind time
and nothingness
and there nothing's
recalled of
all this and
no
labyrinthine work
of light
unless the heart were
to resolve you into
another memory

labyrinth r is
vesterbro a wrong exposure
of the photographs
of this city
you recall a backyard
among others where
the chalked heart surely
still gleams on
the hoarding the arrow
pointing towards the stars
and the girl who
you cannot forget

is it a repetition that is
taking place here in the middle
of a poem about
the Norway lobster or rather con
versely a fulfilling
of a rift between past and future?
that ambivalence you can hardly grasp

here's the ambi
valence as
hardly there
here's the endless
repetition as
hardly there
here are the rifts
of time as
hardly there
here each understands his
own star as hardly there
in the virgin's
outermost solstice

the city district
lights its torch mid
summer eve on
the outermost landfill
area you can see
sparks as they fly
up just like burnt
confetti each
towards its sooty
star on their way
up to their
smoking solstice

then you are seized by fear
then the immediate cannot be im-
mediate enough for you
then you clutch at the slightest
shred of evidence (a Norway lobster
for example) because it is a
tangible presence of red colours

east of
clari-
ment's sapphires
east of the colours and
the light and
the shadows east of
the fear
the things and the
evidence lies
the realisation
closer that which
you now call:
nothing

østerbro lies
like a sapphire
you have got
its splinter in
your eye its gleaming
clarity and now see
everything in a blue fever
that matches
its shadows as if
nothing was real
as if your gaze was distorted
by light and salt

but fact does not prove anything
not even the fact of its own existence
it is precisely in the intangible
(in the mediate) that the real comes into being
as the lobster
that crawls out of its ocean
into this poem brighter than sea phosphorescence

the hand you grasp
just now is the one
that you would comprehend
and the fire
you show is one
you would
substantiate
but five lights over
the fact
the star of
the real
lifts itself up
in your deepest self

you lift yourself up
in a fantasy helicopter
above the city district's
grime and tiresomeness as if you
flew and saw a
skewed perspective
and the five-pointed stars that
would twinkle wickedly
from the slum ghettos
materialise like this
final greeting
from an entire population

you now recall the start of the
second poem (as in a
underwater parable):
'this is a plan about creating
a poem that went aground
a poem that comprised
nine stanzas each with seven non-rhyming lines of verse'

**CRAYFISH,
LOBSTER**

between over
and under
between ground and
plan between
sun and wind
between time and
beginning be
tween poem and
stanza
between verse and
line you cre
ate the other which
heartingly endures

CON-FIDENCE

nørrebro has the
appearance of
a smoking ram's skin on
your early morning visions
as if two suns were
shining over this city
and burnt
conspiracies of red
you go in between the blocks
of houses where the
wind is cooling another
fire in a region of the heart

CITY DISTRICTS

FAUNA

LOVE

**TECHNOLOGY,
TRANSPORT**

FAUNA

HOPE

CITY

FISH

at this very
moment a cod
more than
33 cm in length is
entering a pound net
somewhere along
the danish coastline
while you are reading
this poem while you are
breaking the poem's
secret seal the fate of the cod
is being sealed

For Erik

TRANS-FIGURATION

is god sleeping is
god dreaming is man alone
in that one instant?

MUSEUMS

you walk through the exegesis
of modernism see that the fate
of man is to measure the abyss
with the colour black while god disappears in
white you walk like a sleepwalker through
danish intellectual life but how
else should you grasp all these dreams?

have you ever
 in your life seen
 a live mackerel
 no it nearly
 always lay on your
 kitchen table
 in pepper and salads
 know even so
 that at the
climax of its life
 along with the flashes
 it made summer lightning

 no we're coexist
ing in the creator's in
 visible image

among the vegetables and the lobsters'
metaphysics in this picture there stands
 a wine-glass a so-called rummer
 it's empty the artist understood
 that to capture it all
 you must begin with nothing
or is it really full of invisibility?

the eel describes
its mysterious crypto
gram of figures of
eight before
its last journey you
can see it on sand
bottoms in late august
that will activate
matrices inside you
that will light
eel flares in your look
an irresistible urge

undergo: going
under in the mirror to
meet with the wonder

does someone walk at night
through all these secret apartments
where the moon retouches the aura
of the blue colours or mirrors itself in
the submarine parks of the copper engravings
does a dreaming krøyer walks through the past's
romance to meet his ghost?

the winter salmon
could be your favourite
fish (not just on
sourdough bread) against
fantastic odds
it fights its way in
brilliant coloured alchemy
up towards the sun's crucifix
you bow your head
to such courage
you bow your head
to this love

you will not bow be
fore anything except the
bread and wine of love

the closer you come to your
own century the larger grows the blind spot
cast by the sun
through the ocular of the window panes
you are unable to see that these
dashed brushstrokes in acrylic colours also
cover another delusion

doesn't it
sound poetic:
black mouth or
blue whiting but
that is another
story a beautiful
story that has
nothing to do
with reality
it normally
ends up as fishmeal
or mink feed

nothing draws the hea
vens and finiteness togeth
er other than hope

this is a købke just
such a sky you will still find to this very day
above the lakes on a june morning
the same tinge of a great hopelessness
the only thing that separates the picture
from reality is the fine cracks in
the varnish you can sense in the surface

what do fishermen
know of your stupidity sea scorpion
just because you swim
 into the wiles of their nets
are they able
perhaps to
 stay under water
 all their lives
can they put on a
 mating costume
that gleams like
a japanese lantern?

everything has its
own life but is equal in
the wonder's same light

there an entire fleet is consumed by fire
on the canvas in its own madness's
 turpentine so true to life that you get
the urge to sneeze at all the
 powder-smoke the same
mistakes repeated century after century
glorified in their blinding golden frames

dear common plaice
now you've been caught
there you lie
on the fishmonger's
counters of stainless
steel there is
but one thing to
be done: make
yourself luscious so we really
can enjoy you
when
dinnertime comes

we are not caught up
in life faith liberates us
from the bounds of time

here a gentleman clad in
armour stares urgently from the oil-painting
with a gaze so blue that you instinctively
believe in his utter innocence
believe that he owned
no serfs at all that he didn't introduce
the wooden horse on his estates

inside labyrinth I
the lumpsucker fish has
spawned its roe
it has the same
colour as
the sunrise when
you made love for the first
time get ready now
for your final
act of love
while the eggs
take on a blue-green sheen

even so you are
able to move the stone of
matter through your love

you move on in a silent seance
through the danish golden age art's
dusty chambers of rust as if you at
any moment expected
one of the councillors of state or
noblewomen to step right out of
the portrait and materialise in gauze

here a prayer
is sent to you
turbot in your
autumnal camouflage
can one dare hope
that it's possible
to capture
something of your being
that it's possible to
capture your
speckled soul in this
tangled mesh of words?

FISH

truth is bound up in
error you are praying your
self to certainty

TRANS-FIGURATION

you pass with a certain hesitating reverence
through the truths and the errors of a different
century almost as if you were walking
in felt shoes over the
polished parquet floor while the custodian
stands listening quite motionless like a
trampedach from this century

MUSEUMS

FISH

Herring upon herring like sardines in a tin they marinate packed tight as only herring can. They gleam with northern lights and with frozen helium as if they had been imported from eternity.

DE-CISION

eternition stands
as a final bridge from
light right to the mind

**GAS- AND WATER-
WORKS,
LANDFILLS**

Why not pay a visit to
Sydhavnen and contemplate
Ørstedværket plant?
There it lies as
beautiful as some Ilion
on its arch of coal.
If Folmer Bendtsen hasn't
painted it, he should
do so without delay
as a final gesture

There are other herring that are packed
inside dark-blue tins on whose paper th
ree cats are licking their whiskers. It lo
oks as if they're German herrings. At an
y rate they're dead herrings.

three falls down inside
deathment darkness' bridge runs in
to blue and silver

Is there something called
Kommunekemi? - It doesn't
matter. Somewhere or other there
is nonetheless an inciner
ation plant that takes care
of your used-up ideas,
of your waste paper, your
imagination's silver bromide.
A place that stinks
of creosote and dead horses.

Now the herring swims around in sherry circles. A so-called wine-herring. A pinch of sodium benzoate's been added. That enables the fish to stay fresh for up to 8 months if the temperature does not exceed 10 degrees centigrade.

on the day of judgment
you will rise like a swan
above suffering

The weather's Pasquil D.
An easterly breeze. It smells
of sulphur here as on the
day of judgment.
Go down to Svanemølle
værket and knock on
the door. Nail your
protest theses to it
with wall-hooks, even though
it won't help in the slightest.

Well, the herring's on the table. Once more it's changed role and costume. It is a filleted herring this time with capers at its heart. It is ready for its final sortie among the swaying leaves of lettuce.

you change both your thought
and your heart you transform your
self into freedom

Can you feel the high voltage
along Lyngbyvejen?
Do your own nerves all feel
a bit on edge out here.
Do volts make your hair stand
on end when you think
about NESA's transformers,
standing like a
long row of Spanish horsemen
in the capital's torture chamber?

The herring is always at our service. Not of its own free will but out of karma. It is hard currency that is minted in salt and sea phosphorescence. Since the time of Erik of Pomerania it has been linked to Denmark's destiny.

east of the wind and
east of the sea-fire we effect
our destiny

On the old site
near Østre Gasværk rose may
and bindweed have
taken over. The flies reign supreme.
For a while technology
has been deposed
by nature. Enter with caution
this spellbinding kingdom,
because it will
only last one night.

The next dish is fried herring with parsley sauce. There it is being borne in on its floor a danica dish enbalméd in mustard. It is a wonderful dish for a midsummer's eve, when the herring lights its light in the North Sea.

north of thought and west
of light god is measuring
the stars of your dark

There sails the water tower
like an aircraft carrier
hung in a mirage.
How magnificently
it cools your thoughts and the first
stars in the west. How
magnificently God sings
in the highest rigging while
you measure the evening's
gleaming on a dark-blue scale.

Herring upon herring in shoals so thick
a lance would stay upright if you thrust
it down. That's what Olaus Magnus tell
s us in the 16th century. It is the stuff o
f legends. We are living in the age of the
herring stop, the decade of plunder.

behind thought to the
right of finiteness time is
positioned en prise

Drive along K-road, turn
right along P-road
until you reach U-road behind
OK's petrol station. Sit
down in the gravel
and listen to industry's
pitch-black pulse.
Do absolutely nothing
at all except
listen to this disease.

Herring fillets or matjes herring. It's now
the choice has to be made, before one's to
ngue begins to water and to marinate. It's
now you are to eat your fill before you you
rself begin to turn into a tin.

ten choices ten trans
formations within the dream
you become yourself

Outside the city: these expanses that
are full of zinc tubs
and wind. A future projected
onto plastic and empty
packaging, where the city
engineer has only been
in his dreams. These immense
municipal landfills,
where the crackling of bonfired waste
is your only answer.

Let us round off with Bornholm herring, because it has so often made a contribution to art, because it has so often allowed itself to be depicted among coats of mail and diverse vegetables. It is the patriarch of herrings. It is the Danes' national herring.

FISH

birds find each other
in the air we find each other
in consciencing

DE-CISION

What culture is airing
its bad conscience out here in the
vicinity of the Sound's
pump station where the mayflies
quiver like atomic structures.
What civilisation grinding
away at its peacock-wheel of
shards of glass. What society
collecting its experience
in these latrine-coloured reservoirs?

**GAS- AND
WATER-
WORKS,
LANDFILLS**

FISH

The crucian carp has travelled such
a great distance to
reach this lake, where it now
stands like an archetype
of basalt in the water.
It stands for
perseverance, constancy
and all the things which
deep down you appreciate.

CON-VERSION

further in than the
dream than your understanding
you hide yourself and
everything you sac
rificed is returned to you
there in constancy

CASTLES

You cannot conceal yourself
behind reason's blue maple on
the flag bastion like a second
Hamlet in the last soliloquy
(while the sun sets in the dreams'
smoking heap of cinders).
Because you love her, who
makes you able to love yourself.

You're sure to have tried to
fish in some primitive
fashion or other.
It's equally sure that
the first catch you made was
a jerking floundering rudd.
With three quick whacks
you proudly killed it off
against the jetty's woodwork.

you attempted to
put an end to lovement that's
the same as making
an attempt to break
a flame in two or an at
tempt to catch a cloud

Other harebells flame amongst
this masonry, other clouds begin
to gather over Kronborg white
as the art of falconry but it is
the same play that now draws
to a close. What love did not break
the back of even the strongest, did
not raise the weakest to strength?

What is it you're
fishing for really here
under the rain's cupola.
Memories, the unknown?
Yes, that is the urge
you're putting on line and hook.
In this case it turns
out the unknown takes the form
of a tench green as diesel oil.

what you did not know
here you know there in your ring
of mauve-coloured ro
ses: that life's adver
sities point the way to
the life that is real

Morning at the sea shore, morning
that faded like the fish's eye under
the ravelin. Is life then no more than just this
one warm day here among all the roses,
this bitter embrace on a beach
which you do not know (like that
engraving
of Ireland that is false?).

The most appalling stories circulate about the sheatfish in Sorø. It swallows little children live or at the very least bites off the leg of a full-grown adult. It regurgitates mysterious aegogropilae. The last sheatfish was caught in Denmark in 1897 AD.

now life is lived in
history and sleep in
a small and even
lesser way but in
eternation it's the con
verse it's conversion

Like the cry of swallows
(and you're seeing them from the Countess
of Braunschweig's chamber) is
your pain now in these white nights
where the trees turn
towards sleep.
Because thought is outmoded and only
your feeling's eternally young.

There's much more substance
to a pike, it will
snap at practically
anything. Even its own
shadow. If it
could swallow itself,
it would do just that
and thereby solve one of
the world's seven paradoxes.

there judgment decides
all at one go there judgment
resolves all para
doxes turns the world
into shadows deathment to
flesh you to yourself

In the banqueting hall's shadows
you watch the duel unfold metaphysically.
There he stands opposite
Laertes' foil ready to
partake in the deadly pastime.
And he is handsome on this day
in sable and in fur. Rich death
that harvests the wheat of manhood.

The rain-bleak's something you'll
probably never catch.
It slips sleekly past
in gold and lavender, exactly
like the holy word
you never landed in
your poem. Farthest inside
the season the rain-bleak circles the
zodiac counter-clockwise.

there the lie was nev
er in control ten words deep
down within the heart
ten thoughts deep down with
in the rose and ten orbits
away beyond time

But did you find in the Knieper
ske tapestries there among
the wild heartsease only the
roses that are to reign on their
woolly stems in the richly ornamented
underwood of the heart, or did
you also find the cinquefoils she plaited
round the mirror of her madness?

A perchlike morning gleaming
red with fins.
Do you feel like entering
the lake without your waders.
Do you feel like disappearing
like a perch through the spaces of
this sunken cathedral.
Do you feel like doing
all that is already too late?

you vanished from your
room you perished you went to
everything you came
to everything more
than cognition you arrived
at light's cathedral

The evening smells sweetly of wormwood
and lute-playing comes from
King Jacob's chamber (where John
Dowland once wrote his compositions).
Behind you lie the ravaged fields of
your perception. And before your gaze
the ideas are extinguished
in the sunset's swarming mosquitoes.

On the bottom of your soul
a silver bream's always swimming
around the dream's border.
You never ever see it,
not even in the mirror.
Only certain mysterious
rings that ripple out from
your iris when you wake
betray its activity.

in the tenth of the
rings you awake from the soul
not as in a mir
ror angeling you
awaken in certainty
to your fulfilment

On the bastion the sea pink grows
(on Ridder Postegen's
network of passages) and
everything's itself now, complete.
He has thrown himself headlong
for good into his own labyrinths, while you
stand at the foot of Kakelborg
on the axe-edge of your private stage.

The final fish is
a brasener that escapes
yet again.
It is on it that biology
builds. Send it a friendly
thought later on this year when you get a
spare moment, when it stands
at the deepest spot
and is casting winter's brass.

FISH

west of thought in the
year of the fishes and north
of temporal
ty in aquarius'
gleaming castle you cast the
crown of the wonder

CON-VERSION

Not this castle but one
fashioned in dreams lit up by
Aquarius' gentle gleam.
Not this character but he
who lives in us all: a prince of sleep.
Pass in through the archway that faces north
west to your own play, and let
the backdrop be this Kronborg.

CASTLES

REPTILES, AMPHIBIANS

In the old days there used to be a
wood stove by
the name of:
salamander. It stood in a
corner of
the living room on
its plate of zinc. Behind a screen
with yellow roses.
It had some
thing or other to do with love.

A-MAZEMENT

look it takes place there
ten roses behind nega
tion there is the won
der: that tempor
ality and blesseding
meet that you meet god

CEMETERIES

That high hour when you
meet up with god
is a negation of this
tableau because stone's
between earwigs
and body under, whereas in
your mind
another fire
burns when
that happens.
Other times flame
high
with transparency there.

Can you recall this black com
bustion stove.
Does anyone still
make it? - You can look it up
in the directory
under: salamander.
No! - the only company of
the same name is
one that
sells men's and ladies' footwear.

look yet again in
this day-cycle of mould and
names yet again in
this darkened world the
wonder takes place: god strikes you
with the angel's light

Is it life that
is suspended
at Humlebæk church or the
sheer existing
in lightness and
in mould as on the wooden bench
you you there.
Splendid an
angel with light
eclipses you,
passes through there. God
be praised, for
it soon over. And is.

Why was that stove called: sala
mander. What
connection
can there be between the fire
and this am
phibian? - It's
clear enough. The salamander
is the es
sence of fire
according to Danish folklore.

look beloved in
the third fire we meet again
it takes place again
temporality
and blesseding meet by the
merciment of god

When you let down
your loved one
you are consigning him to Hell.
There you will
surely meet
because of this act and not
here at Holmen
cemetery,
where
god has
left behind a letter of dew
in three lilacs
white as white

And love symbolizes the flame.
Which in actual
fact means trans
formation. And that is why
the salaman
der sloughs its skin
so many times in its life. And that
is why it sits
like a bookmark
on our black athanor.

two lives outside life
two times black later one grave
later in the sec
ond manifesta
tion of love we will transform
ourselves into flame

Look the poem
is crumbling
before your eyes like this
sandstone.
How much shame
sinks down to its down
to black.
Or a torn
ontology
falls into
others than yours. Look the
poem's gravestone
raised in this poem.

This fire is forever burning
in us purer than
salt. Even
when on a bitter morning we
pull out the slag tray
and draw a picture
of a heart in the cold ash.
Even when
the embers have
almost gone out behind the marienglas.

seven hearts over
thought seven fires over the
ashes purer than
salt south of the dark
you're gleaming with roses in
the empyreum

A rose bush's
pyreticum is
Søllerød. And yet. For your thought a
thread of
unintelligibility
about which. Seven fathoms' nothing. Or
flash outflashes
flash in the
wet marbles'
nothingness, which
wanted to be that. All glistening
there which
not. The dark. Therefore. And.

It is the autodafé of hu
man passions passion's
bright beacon
that must burn seven times be
fore you are
free. Before
you have finally realised
that love is
just a word writ
ten with red ink on top of green.

seven times red in
side of love seven times green
inside of the heart
seven times the soul
you have made the transition
to intimateness

What has be
come of intimacy.
And in which heart is it
drowning along
with the rain?
Tårbæk. The souls that were mixed.
You turn
more clearly in
to you. That's
exactly the idea
to forget your proof's as
the cemetery's
smoke-fall. As.

As long as you remain in that
reguladetri
where pain is
the master. But the nature of
passion is
that of love,
and the nature of love is that of pas
sion in that
braiding where
flame and flame twine themselves into one.

sooner will the flame
become stone and sooner will
the stone become word
sooner the word be
come wonder than your throning
and dearness depart

Look: we will
meet again. Is
that a joke, or is it more the
ultimate consequence
of faith?
Underneath this privet: see you.
Ordrup cemetery
in the
dusk
riddled
by birds. See you. The stone
sinks slower
into. Disappearing before. This.

Here you slip out, as stated.
Or more ex
actly:
here you're let into the mystery.
But that
secret's guarded
over by precisely the sala
mander like
a dragon car
rying out its perfect mimicry.

from black via green
to more than precisely of
beauty and all in
sunning gleam here where
blesseding now thrusts into
temporality

Or it is more
like tearing
black glossy paper from your eyes
standing on
Marieberg.
A collage of green opens up
like a Giersing.
A beauty
that seems to exceed
the bounds of
any humanism. And all in between.
Cemetery.
The sun's finality.

You do not need to procure for yourself
any such combustion stove.
You are yourself that stove which
converts so many sufferings into
kisses, so much pain into
embraces.
You yourself
wear a salamander in your heart.

**REPTILES,
AMPHIBIANS**

sooner will the heart
bear death and sooner will the
kiss and caress bear
stone and the poem
a tree than your blessedness
bear paining and need

A-MAZEMENT

You will never
get that close to
necessity. Its avenue of
willows and of trees.
It is a
relief to be dead before
death. All that or
gasm here
beneath a stone
with poetry.
Is lying down what you desire?
Assitens
does the job. Between.

CEMETERIES

BIRDS

Fly bird fly over the nickel of the
landfill.

Now comes the smoke so black.

Fly bird fly over the map of Denmark
that shimmers in summer's carbon dioxide
and on so many Sundays has a blue
sheen of paraffin.

FOR-WARDING

look the bird it's fly
ing higher than the summer
look the grass it's grow
ing higher than the
day but the mind it flames high
er than everything

HARBOURS

But between the jetties
the grass is growing
and between the stones
between this statement
and behind every
customs house it
still flames in
its secret fire.

Along every trace the
grass proceeds, which
conquers everything, and which
heralds its high Whitsun.

Dive grebe dive into the sulpho of
the lake.

Now comes the oil so black.

Dive merganser dive into the waters of
dreams that are as translucent as a pic
ture by Johannes Larsen, which is
still purer than the idea.

look the clouds they're
mirrored in the water look
the dreams they're mir
rored in image and
rainbows but you mirror your
self in the idea

In the harbour you
mirror yourself in
the oil and rainbows
which you either
admire or eradicate
with the pocket's
used-up coins.
The day rises like
gangrene
between B & W's red-lead
cranes. Behind the pilot station
you lie down among the clouds.

Sing swan sing your one dying song of the
lightning in Denmark's mirrors.
Now comes the soot so black.
Sing swan sing of the turbines of night
which you found in a faraway fjord,
where you changed yourself into a
princess.

look the swan it is
moved by the night look the wa
ter it is moved by
the wave look the night
it is moved by the moon but
you are moved by song

You want to
move beyond this
terrain here
in your trance
like Jupiter's moons
white as plaster.
You simply brush
aside the distance
inside you from
the far-off breakers and
your three wishes in
the bubbling brackish water

Off wildgoose off to the overturned
drum of Orion.
Now comes the sulphur so black.
Off wildgoose off migrate beyond thought
there where the last lights now wink on
the runway and only the grass is wav
ing goodbye.

look the thought it ends
up in knowledge look the light
it ends up in blinks
but we end up in
each other in other words
in our beginning

Or the algae begin
to conquer this
bulwark which runs
along the sharp edge of
finiteness along the
demented perpetuum
mobile of the breakers.
They grow on the sea
bed in the wrecked schooners so
as not to reveal their secrets.
No one and nothing can clearly
distinguish them from each other.

Dance black grouse dance on your zig-zag col
our's armour.

Now comes the lead so black.

Dance black grouse dance over masks worn in mat
ing, so your whole line of ancestors rises up
like a column of dust, there where you
trample your hieroglyphs into the clay.

look the sun it's put
out on its column of dust
look the star it's put
out in its whitement's
hieroglyph but you are burn
ing in memorizing

No Pleiades burns
in this harbour
white as the funnel
mark on the Maersk line.
Not even the searchlights
can counteract them.
When the petrol
drifts in towards you
like great sunspots
it only puts out
an illusion in
your memory's technicolor.

Swim drake swim out over the last cor
rugations of the water.
Now comes the chlorine so black.
Swim drake swim out over Denmark's birthmarks,
which glisten whiter still than the windows of
churches on this aerial photo, which indi
cate such an infection of the spirit.

look the banner it's
raised in the air look the gaze
it's raised in loneli
ness look the water
it's raised in the wave but you're
raised in the spirit

It's only the last
banner of loneliness
that flutters
when you have been on
the other side of
DLG's great
fortress. You also
lift up the tarpaulin of
the absurd at various points.
Or you have been
confronted with the appalling
hecatomb of the oil-barrels.

Screech tern screech behind the silk of
your hangman's hood.
Now comes the ash so black.
Screech tern screech vie with the strokes
of twelve, squealing with cogwheels
and functionalism, warbling
the year's highest note.

look the year's lying
in black the sea's twelve hours are
transformed to ashes
but you do not per
ceive temporality in
your violet wheel

Not one single ship is
unloading
from these quays. Not
a single coaster
puts in.
The sea has fed
on them and now
lashes
indifferently along
their buoys along
their violet sutures
and BP's pipelines.

Hop sparrow hop over the barbed wire's
crown of thorns.
Now comes the rust so black.
Hop sparrow hop over the white traffic
markings that stake out the bends in the
road in whose curves hurtles death
on his blue Kawasaki.

look the thought is placed
in its northernmost tower look
the shadows are placed
in their silver but
you are placed there in death
ment's crownofthorning

To the north silos
and tanks rise up in
the silver back
drops of their towers.
Or they pour into
the blue arena
of Frihavnen to
threaten each other's
shadows. Under
the crane you
take your pose in
black under Esso's temple ruins.

Fly bird fly over the car cemetery's
rubber.

BIRDS

Now comes the smoke so black.

Fly bird fly over Denmark's salt domes,
which lie there still in their pristine glory, which
as yet are unmarked by the imprint of the
black fleur de lis.

look the silence reigns
in the church the silence reigns
in the stone and iron
the silence reigns in
oblivion only in
you all reigns stillness

FOR-WARDING

And in the harbours a
silence reigns as before
an accident. In each
dock and in these filthy
containers it bubbles up
silently through
its rust just like a
forgotten
cancer that only
dares to confide
or reveal
its wound to iron.

HARBOURS

BIRDS

Hallo that's
where the lark is.
Hanging like a stone
on the centre
of gravity
above its hidden nest.
Only its trill reaches
you before
it falls like shards of
glass before it is spread
like a shower over your
poem and this wild heath.

UP-LIFTINGNESS

upsummered the lark
hangs everywhere in its cir
cle of glass like you
in your violet
circle scattering love that
reaches everything
love that conceals e
verything decides everything
love that's everything

SUBURBS

But before the word there was love and
after the word
Before each showdown and after each
farewell poem it described circles in
its strange figures of eight along the misty
summers of these suburbs, summers that
inundated everything, and waited for
its violet miracles.

Cookooroo the pheasant
once more breaks through the sound
barrier and
through the sunrise. This
cockcrowing also
wakes you up. And you
clothe yourself in bottle
green velvet
that matches the season
and that Toyota that
roars along the
wood edge's rusty brocade.

up rooster in your
crowing and pheasant in your
morning up sound in
your noise up silver
in the blue up sun in your
rise up year in your
time up wood in your
greenness up heart yet again
in your other heart

In the meantime they tormented each other
with crosses and with silver hearts that
they mislaid.
Or they flushed them out in the caustic soda
of the kitchen sink.
The morning rose like a feverish chill
behind Greve's mussel-shell now turning blue.
In the meantime they killed each other
with letters.

Excuse us miss
peewit for taking
the floor on your behalf
without being asked.
It can't be denied that
the sound's hardly pleasing.
Our voices are
hoarse with cola and cold
coffee when we attempt to
defend your territory,
when we take up cudgels
for your magical feathers.

lovelier than the
peewit's plumage lovelier
than the summer sun
lovelier than num
ber nine lovelier than the
word's magic loveli
er than the red the
communion flames secret
ly in the sky rose

They had loved each other beyond every
boundary beyond every form of
normality and Solrød's sky pale as a
communion.
They were only in connection with each other
via secret telephone numbers and
these nine roses in a flaming telekinesis.

Of course colonel
stork just
go on standing
on your one leg.
We'll go ahead undaunted
and take your photo.
Your cover name is
possibly Otto, that's
if your wife's name's Ida
and if she happens to be
wearing ring no. 26775
in shiny aluminium.

look the stork it re
lies on its mate look the sloe
bush it relies on
the rain look the day
it relies on the sun look
no one relies
on nothing look death
relies on us look we re
ly on salvation

Even the rain refused to soothe and cool their
pain.
They stood in the sacrilege of spring without a
ny bandages against the crackling sloe bush.
Indoors they used to wear sunglasses
not to see how the other one suffered.
No one and nothing could redeem them any
longer from each other.

Okay miss
bittern we
have once more been discuss
ing your eggs on the
evening terraces.
Are they marbled or do they
just have a khaki colour.
Are they shaped like
a super-ellipse that
only tips on
the verge of sleep, i.e.
in some completely different biotope?

upburning sun in
hawthorning's evening of smoke
and sleep here inside
the ellipse of this
world which no longer is for
us who are driven
by other forms of
passion up to other ter
races of mercing

There was no fourth key for
their sorrow green as the sunrises are
in Brøndby.
Not even the sea could help them.
When the smoke drifted in over them
like large widow's veils, it was only a
confirmation of the hawthorn-fire of
their passions.

Ah yes, mr starling
you're a widower now
and therefore your feathers
have a gleam of sterling
silver. Broken hearts are
surely the same every
where in the world, no matter
whether it results in
forty Kings a day or
happens to take the form
of a fluttering
flight over soot-coloured spruces.

up starling on high
up day in the east up sor
row of emptiness
up silver of mir
ror up pine up spruce up sweet
hearts up world in the
high impossibil
ity up all of the love
which god has given

It was not the little lukewarmness of
love they emptied.
For they had been out on the other side
of Brønshøj's yellow ocular.
They also followed impossibility's
lemniscates several times.
And had faced the terrible mirror
of the eastern horizon.

All right mrs
greenfinch the time has now
come for you to answer
again. We start with:
snick-snack. Snack-
snick is your cheeky
reply to emphasize
the fact that we can
stop imagining that
anyone knows
anything at all
about your light-green dialect.

look the greenfinch it's
hunting along its green bird
lanes look the light it's
hunting along its
own track look time it's hunting
dialectical
ly on its way but
you are lifting yourself in
to patency

There was not the slightest feather that could
be lifted in their defence.
No bird witnessed for them.
The wind had lost its patience with them and was
now indifferently hurrying off
along its private isobars and Valby's
railway lines.

Perdix perdix
we're trampling so
clumsily round
in your fairytale
in boots and Adidas shoes.
We're playing mini-golf
with your eggs.
We're wasting your val
uable time, because
we simply have no
idea how to set
about killing our own.

ten fairytales la
ter ten angels whiter high
er than uranus
ten sufferings pur
er than blood we openly
defy finiteness
as well as time we
leap over our own deathment
and reach each other

In the meantime man and woman would torture
each other in the everyday humdrum.
Or they would spring from the high window of
Uranus to defy their separate angels.
In the meantime they would scourge each other till
the blood came in Hvidovre's roaring
wall of death.

BIRDS

Goodbye swallow
you must be
about to be off to the
South. We turn off
into supermarket's
Fabuland. There too
there's also a future
although you would scarcely
would want to hang up a nest a
bove the pyramid of tinned
goods and nobody would want
buy it for their evening meal.

UP-LIFTINGNESS

up swallow over
your far southern countries up
star in your twilight
ing up light in your
time up word over you sec
ret up love in the
mind up love in each
and everybody who dares
to believe in it

SUBURBS

But before the word there was love and
after the word.
Before every discussion and after
every flaming row it would wander
homeless and aimless around these suburbs
like some wanted person who was
only able to confide in or reveal
its secret to the stars.

Was it a
common buzzard
that hung above Kolding
like a hand-print
in plaster that
morning, when you were bound
for nowhere?
Were you yourself
describing rail
wayline circles a
long dream's isobars.
Or was it merely a kite?

BIRDS

daybreaking of blue
like your mind and my dream that
are one more than la
byrintine myster
ious daybreaking of iron
along nothing to
nowhere into where
you love me awake more than
i do you in dream

RE-SEARCHING

You are just, my love and
logical even
in your
black tights. Though it is the
curl on your forehead
i love, which
leads me into such mysterious
gardens' labyrinths
and copper engravings,
to your mind's blue danger.

PARKS, GARDENS

Do you as well
feel a strange sense
of pride when you glimpse the
honey
buzzard like
a relief of iron. Do
you want
to laugh, and
to shout: en garde!
What sort
of urge is it that crosses
your breast
with stinging foil blades?

there is a poem
under the poem that's like
it but is opposite
the poem and
ther poem in another
tone a slower po
em which we don't see
but one that's the very mo
tion of the poem

In Vigerslevparken you look like
a model in
an Elida commercial,
even though you wash your hair in egg
yolks and your
movements are not
in slow-motion. It is the March sun
that's toning your hair
in cendré nuances as if
you existed in another incarnation.

It's the very
apogee of
death that will soon attack
with tooth
and nail.
And let those unable to
under
stand remain
sitting in their
offices of
palisander. Nor did they ever
comprehend
one iota of life's immensness.

that's the poem's life
which is larger than the dream
that my dream is not
which is larger than
life it is the poem's star
ring northpoint which you
do not understand
but which releases me in
to intimateness

What do you want of me, my love,
whose face is
imprinted
in your daughter's urn, who
turns her back
on you in the
Botanical Gardens of dreams. What do
you want of me, who
am so endlessly
in love with the North Star?

Now you are
to turn off
that walkman transistor
so you can
tune in to re
ality. In this particular
instance it is
a kite, assum
ing it
actually ex
ists in Denmark any more.
Now you are sim
ply to refrain from all noise pollution.

that is the poem's
steadfastness which you can hear
and which i find while
you are disappear
ing in the shadows it's the
poem's devotion
that finds me while you
make the transition from re
alition to faith

My love, you are faithful and
devoted. But I
also love you when
you disappear from me in
crimson and light
chestnut shadows
from your pubic hairs. Just as in that
oil painting which you've called:
'Jesus walks
in the Garden of Gethsemane.'

You're to take off
those polaroid
sunglasses, so you can see
the kestrel up
there in its seventh
heaven. You're to lay all
those bi
noculars
aside so
you once more
can look reality in the eye.
You're to redis
cover the world with a falcon's gaze.

that is the poem's
instant you light seven hea
vens seven roses
up in another
reality more real
than the sleep of this
world it is the tears
of st laurence that you are
lighting in my dream

Also the unknown woman in you
is something
I love, that makes
a path through me. A sleepwalker
with rose
bushes in her hair and
with nail varnish from Yves Saint
Laurent. Perhaps
she lights something
else than the lamps of parks and dreams.

You're to
throw out every
one of all the colour
photographs that
you once took with your
Japanese camera. You're to
throw on the
scrapheap all your
ornithological
books. You've only
got to tell us if you yourself
saw the osprey
migrating from Falsterbo.

that is the poem's
path that leads behind this
world's colours it is
the poem's meta
physics that leads behind the
quincunx of this fi
niteness it is you
who are leading me behind
myself in to you

How am I to find a way
behind
your skin's
metaphysics, when the veins all lead
me down
towards your
crotch (like paths in Kongens Have to
a quincunx).
When I find out
who I am, I will find you.

There are two
rectangles
in Oksbøl that are framed in
ochre and
gold. There is
a piece of cellophane paper
from a Mac
Baren packet
that's rustling
in the wind.
There are three sheep and a spar
row hawk that
succeeds at pecking at your heart.

that is the poem's
eyelid that's lifting me out
of sleep it is the
poem's eyelid that
is the wings of the eye that
is bearing me out
over the day's eye
ing edge it is your heart that
is waking in me

Intelligent and wise are you,
my love. But
only when you lift
the dawn on your eyelids and
your body
glides out of
sleep lubricated in Lancôme
crème, do I
wake,
you exceed my limits.

There is an
aerosol streak
across the china of the sky near
Vejers. There's a
yellow sign
where black capital letters spell out:
poison.
It is not a
Montagu's harrier.
because it
has virtually become extinct
in Denmark
for the above reasons.

that is the poem's
ground that's flaming in the po
em it's you who's now
lighting the poem's
hawthorn in me it's that ground
that isn't seen that
meets the heavens that
isn't seen it is the ha
lo of the wonder

When you set light to the black
deep down inside
of me (like the sun
that is rising in a halo behind
the hawthorn thicket
in Østre Anlæg).
Or when you suddenly come
towards me
flamingly
naked under your black raincoat.

There's a white-
tailed eagle
spreading its wings right from
Skagen to
Gedser. There's an
enormous heraldry above
the gable
of your bed. It's
just the stuff of
legends,
an ancient archetype that
every once in
a while can land in your dream.

BIRDS

winging more mighti
ly than the night starring more
beautifully than
the dream more bluely
than the sea is this poem
down in the poem
this poem that is
not seen is not this poem
that bears the poem

RE-SEARCHING

To Margit Jean

You are beautiful, my love, in
your blue-chequered
scarf and good.
But it is everything else that
I love. When you
stand like a
copper kore in the park and wear night's
canopy that has
been slit by shooting stars
of plaster and of stucco.

PARKS, GARDENS

BIRDS

Come now, barn owl, you've got
it made. You're not obliged
to pay all those old dentist's bills that are long
overdue and been placed
for collection. There's no need for you to
swallow salicylic acid, which
leaves you lying
sleepless all night long.

TRANS-FORMATION

shall i look for you
in nightowling loneliness
shall i look for you
in the crypts of sleep
in the longing the stilling
never shall i look
for you again there
but in myself in my self
shall i look for you

**SQUARES,
OPEN SPACES**

Everything in you ripens
in me, my love, loneliness,
sex and life, which I then vainly
try to hold onto in
our embrace's crypt.
But the yearning is never calmed,
for even when I hold you
in my arms, I am
constantly yearning for you.

And, my dear tawny owl, nor
can you lay claim to any real problems.
You do not for example
wake with an erection each morning.
Never need to consider
booking a seat on the express train
'Kongeaen' - before setting off
on your excursions.

shall i think you out
of my mind till i'm out of
my mind shall i flow
er you out of my
gaze wake up each morning with
out blue and the sign
of love on my re
tina never shall i love
you out of my blood

Everything in you blossoms
in me, my love, love,
blood and your insanity that fills
the first snowdrops to the point of
fainting, silhouettes
the blue virgin tree of the arteries
on the retina. So lovely can Ålholm
Plads be on a frosty night,
because your gaze saw through me.

The only thing you have to
worry about is
mice and worms. And there are loads
of them. Your job's just to
look monstrous in the
corridors of pine-forests, where
the moon hangs glazed with
watercolour as in an opera.

if all that's seen is
all what then is nothing if
all this is every
thing there is what then
is love: a beam of moonlight
if this life is all
that there is what then
are you there in your wonder's
ultimate shyness?

The last rays of love gleam
like a sword of lightning
among the statues on the square.
Dividing all from nothing.
And if you ever
were to meet it, you would gladly
exchange your whole life for one
day under its glittering
blade of modesty.

Yes, little owl, we surely expect
to have all of our prejudices of you
confirmed. That you swoop down on
people in Hammel. That you make
brute attempts to peck their eyes out.
We expect you to be
equally wise as the
Athena after whom you are named.

sooner will the snow
fall in blindness sooner will
the eyes fall out like
diamonds sooner
will the light fall like an e
clipse sooner will the
prejudices and
the shadows fall as light than
the star of your love

Let those praise the first
snowblindness of love
who never got there.
Yes, let them acclaim the kisses
and the diamonds of youth
under night's luminous eclipse
who never got
to this open square, where the shadows
fall reversed and the stars grow.

You're to live in labyrinth J
(i.e. to live in an ancient
church tower outside Assens).
From where we will hear your
voice's: hoooo-hoooo,
causing the hairs on the back of our
necks to rise and the dead
to turn in their graves.

by voice with your death
by labyrinth with your dreams
by bird with your hea
vening by winter
with your grave by a merest
whisker by your prox
imatement by mer
cury and by very con
junction with your love

Never before and never again.
That is what your love is now.
Like these great birds
of hunger hanging in the
winter sky above
market squares you have
only seen in your dreams
when Neptune's in
conjunction with Mercury.

Your iris, may it glisten with
phosphorus and with creepiness
when you hypnotize us.
We will discover your casts
like pitch or chew tobacco
in our poems. You shall sit high
in small transformer substation towers,
sit there as if you were stuffed.

there is no spirit
in the towers and in their pen-
dulum and no spi-
rit in the clouds no
spirit in the phosphorus
of midnight you shall
find the spirit in
that heart which is one in that
heart which wills one thing

The clouds are drifting like spirit-
traces indifferent to
their path. It's all the same to you.
You have found your place
in the heart of motion,
from where no angel ever falls
since that is where it belongs,
is home here under the
whining pendulum of midnight.

Just try winging your way in
just so soundlessly
that everyone hears you.
Just try finding yourself a
perch in an old woodcut.
Then all the small birds in the sky will
be lured by your blindness, even though
it is contrary to the game act.

blinder than the de
coy bird is this world blinder
than a woodcut is
this world blindness is
the rule by which this world is
governed only love
is capable of
redeeming it in an in
stant's vision of snow

Love has its various stages.
The one who arrives
at the last one will know that
it is like crossing a square
where the first snowflakes fall
in the crevices:
the very same gentleness and surprise.
As if the World stopped in its
tracks for one brief instant.

Apologies, owl, of course
it's utterly unjust.
You're facing your own housing
problems, based on the fact that
there are no wood-fired ovens any more
and therefore no one ever
pollards poplars any more. So you've
really got quite a headache as well.

deathment's pollarded
poplars are no excuse what
soever deathment
is completely in
vain in all its injustice
i love you much fur
ther than deathment i
love you much higher than death
ment's darkest fountain

Everything in me runs
into you, my love, like streets
that now open out onto
a bluish square with
fountain.
My kisses, my tenderness
and death, which you then in vain
will seek to seduce in
the dark cathedral of intercourse.

How, too, will you look after
your four to seven eggs that
are just as round and white as
Marburg balls without their getting
filled with mercury?
No, this leads us to the conclusion
it's no easy matter
being a human or a horned owl

BIRDS

i'm passing over
necessitation's seven
urns i'm passing o
ver the world's seven
pains i'm passing over un
derstanding's silver
over seed and egg
i'm passing over to the
seventh ground of love

TRANS-FORMATION

For Margit Jean

Everything in me springs out in
to you, my love, my semen
my love and the pain you
do not understand
is its necessity.
As when the seed bursts its urn
on a big, waterless square
in Hvidovre and the maple shakes
the World to the core.

**SQUARES,
OPEN SPACES**

MAMMALS

Autumn is approaching.
The Oluf Høst imitators
get going with their earth col
ours. Mysterious berries gleam
like mysterious berries
in villa gardens. The hedgehog
begins to search for a
good place to winter. Even
you wake up one morning
and say: rainy weather!

IN-BEING

you're not carrying
your shadow to the magno
lia mountain (two
winters from suffer
ing) you're not carrying your
shadow since the soul
does not have any
shadow since light does not have
any shadowing

HOSPITALS

Wander around. The souls at the window
pane's edge. You visit your woman here, w
hen she is tired of you. And of the others. N
ot present. Wandering. Like shadows from
the Bispebjerg of the magnolias. Amongst i
maginary piano sonatas. Not present. The t
wo of them. Wandering around. Wandering.

The mole-hunters set off on
their last rounds out
across the meadows with
torches that are rocking
like navigation lights.
From lonely rooms comes the sound
of muffled piano sonatas.
You're perhaps playing
chess with yourself in some
borrowed summer cottage or other.

much nearer than the
meadows are their crocuses
much nearer than sound
is the ear than death
is the soil much nearer than
the body is the
soul much nearer than
the spirit is the heart much
nearer is god you

Øresundshospital. Out there God is ha
nging crookedly on painting's. Of repr
oduction. Outside he is busy at work in
crocus, eranthis. Miracles. Heart. Soul.
Body. One perishes. Two. Perish. Not s
pirit. As as is lit in instant's. You walk
out nearer mortal.

It is not the first day of
September. Neptune is
on a square to Neptune
in Sagittarius on
the southern sky. The drains have
stopped working completely.
You are just as lonely
as the rat that
you can hear
scrabbling behind the panels.

greater than septem
ber's yellow figures greater
than the south's sun great
er than sagittar
ius greater than loneli
ness greater than the
sky greater than death
ment is your death it's not you
who're dead but deathment

March. And the snow like great cottonf
lowers. Line ten drives yellow past. The
military hospital. You not theirs. The r
heumatism sits under the left shoulderb
lade. Flashlight over the city like the sun
strong when it must die. The the inbetwe
en still. Inbetween it.

You go for long walks in Nord
skoven wood. You imagine
that you see a cross
that is standing on the shore.
The bats are transmitting at least
one hundred kilohertz
of codes that you don't
understand. You clench your
hand tightly round the light-red gas
lighter you keep in your pocket.

a hundred lights la
ter a hundred darkneses
north of black north of
red a hundred nights
inside the iris a hun
dred kilos beyond
yearning there you're no
longer hanging on the cross
ery of reason

The light's fleur de lis grows black, gro
ws black over Finsen. Hangs there bla
ck: a rotor of darkness. Do you dare go
yes, go past this orchid with a cigarette
in your mouth. Do you dare. Do you dar
e to visit the sisters of cancer in their ir
idescent binnacle?

Then you begin to read an
old edition of Blicher's
collected poetry. You
are completely still. You
do not even converse with
yourself. In the evening
you start to burn empty
cartons of milk on the stove
and to think of that
hare that you saw in the twilight.

in the beginning
is the end and in the end
is the beginning
it is your wholeness
that is secretly gathered
not by means of thought
not by means of the
poem but by the gifting
of christ's merciment

At the lunatic asylums they hide green
roosters in hat-boxes. And push pins. An
d Jesus for you you walk through in a m
arine-blue duffle coat. He walks right t
hrough you. No more. Out here. He dis
appears.

Through the open window
there comes the distant sound of
a dog barking (it could
be a hunter out fox-
hunting). And it is as if
you had been hurt
a long while ago
by a woman who
you had never known
who you had never loved.

the wound is open:
he is dead she is dead so
and so is dead but
it is in time we
die in fortuitousness
we die on this side
not there not in the
day that is dawning it is
not there we can die

He died at Sct Josef hospital of throm-
bosis. That you heard by chance at the
race course. Also. Then you bet your m-
only on the horse, the outsider, that yo-
u knew he would have bet on in his h-
eyday. It did not win the race. Either.
But.

The first snow is falling
there in the fields outside where
it reveals the dis-
tinctive tracks of the bank voles
on the way to their winter
provisions. Once you were the light
which now blossoms like
hyacinths in the mirrors that
no longer exist
anywhere in this house.

wintering the light
is withering out of this
world now and floor of
the sky which becomes
shrouded with snow and stray mir-
ror tracks as not there
where you're walking in
red and white finding for your
self faith's hyacinths

You have never been to Hvidovre hos-
pital. Never will either there under
the sky' white of trochees. Follow
your own red arrow on the squares
of the floor. And let Hvidovre hospi-
tal sail towards its disease. And the
spring. The spring.

After much concentrating
on certain knotholes in the
table, you come up with this
question: are there water voles
in the vicinity. No one
answers. You repair a window
that cannot be completely shut
and listen distractedly
to the tap dripping. Why don't
you do a repair job on that also?

tp your ten questions
and your ten whys and wherefores
deathreplies thus: there
fore your ten questions
to time correspond to no
thing ask no questions
for there are no an
swers you're nearest in the cer
tainty of the heart

On the other hand not Glostrup. He
died in action on the motorway. Of
course you cried, but the future inh
eritance. You. Family. Where does he
lie buried, at which idyllic cemetery?
- In any case not in your heart. Your.
heart's heart's heart.

So the days of your autumn
break are spent on everything and no
thing. On the last day you
write this poem (about i.a.
this squirrel) in order to rid
yourself of the pain. Then you pack
your suitcase and close the
shutters. You're in no
doubt whatsoever:
winter is at hand.

MAMMALS

it takes but an in
stant and you're dead here and do
not exist any
more then you are com
pletely present there in your
conscience transfigured
there in the kingdom
of the spirit which is no
longer of this world

IN-BEING

Labyrinth q. There she died in the spring.
This one died there. At Rigshospitalet. Y
ou were not present at the time, not even
in spirit. As far as you can remember you
were in a café at the moment of death. Wh
o who drank quite a few. Guld or Elefant
beers diluted your conscience.

HOSPITALS

MAMMALS

you write the word: winter
but we are only interested in knowing
whether is really is winter
has the stoat (referred to as the ermine)
for example changed into its white
winter coat have you yourself put on woollen
underwear with the brand name: jockey

BE-MERCIMENT

there is also
here in
wintering's
rectangle
there is an instant here
and inside here
in your certainty
there is here
off and on
in a starring
instant of
greater realness than
your mind

**FACTORIES,
SHIPYARDS**

you cannot see
rutana from here and
its walls with slogans
but a hundred
slum-stormers who for
a brief moment occupied
it in defiance
before once more being
driven out with
tear-gas and once more
banished to rectangles
with grimy stars.

you could also write in down
as a modus ponens: if stern
schnuppen from the otter's
meal can be found in the terrain
then it is winter there are sternschnuppen from
the otter's meal in the terrain
it is winter but have you verified it yourself?

there is also
here if
you can see ten stars
and see ten hearts
and ten crosses
up above
backwards up
in the wintered high
feast of lonely
lighter than
the pain
there is also here
there is golgotha here

this shipyard is
gleaming with red lead against
the north sky almost
lifting the aching high cross
of your seventh loneliness:
the steel trellis-work over the dark
hemisphere of your mind
you step ten paces
backwards struck with a chill
in your heart
see this rusty corroded
model of golgotha in the north

if in midsummer you read in a poem
now it is winter (plus the amount of marten
excrement on the ice) then you're mistaking
reality with that which is real and
mistaking life for art art has nothing to do
with life which among other things explains
why it is immortal

there is also now
between reality
and reality
between life
and death higher
than lifement
greater than deathment
twice as high
as nothing
else
twice as
great as
immortality

the furniture factory
is twice as big
a temptation because it
almost manufactures
five hundred models in its
catalogue and reality
and it
positions itself among
your requirements or it ranks
high in your
consciousness with shelves
made of palisander from ikea

when you've realized this fact
there's nothing to stop you writing: winter
even though it is summer the poem
has nothing at all to do with facts
feel quite at ease to use the polecat in your
symbols it belongs more to your imagination
than it does in the Danish game statistics

clouddrifting day
in westwards
and heavenly with
angering smoke
and wintermost
light into factfulness
not even there
is there in
the fact's white
but turns round in
you around itself
if you in
merciment also turn

what does it mean
that the clouds are drifting
westwards can the sky
be seen over hvidovre
is the smoke steering towards
the day of wrath
yes that means that a huge
industry is burning
in the winter
a light whose phosphorus
blinds you with
gleaming illusions

language mirrors itself in the winter landscape
the winter landscape mirrors itself in language
but the poem is itself this bluing
winter landscape and the badger's
tracks are these words and these
letters which you see imprinted so
clearly in the newly fallen snow

there is also
here in the twilighting's
finalblue
that's falling
on all mirrors
less visible than
the beness itself
there is
higher than
poeting
higher than
languaging there is
the wine's omen

did you stand
among the machines did
you stand here in this
evening of civilisation
where all the last omens
broke high up on
uranus on the dye
factory walls did you
stand there in
the outhouse
that sank in
ruins and rubble

the fallow deer goes round in its
circles in order to find food and you go
round in yours in order to keep fit
where they intersect each other right in jægersborg
deerpark stillness could come into being like a flash
of winter lightning in language you could suddenly
stand face to face in a poem

there is also
now two precious stones
up there in
stilness's
wintermost centre
there is
that guilt
you admit here
in purgatory's
cloisters where
lightning cuts the
circle of finiteness
there is mercy

when a culture
is worn out it can
only stop like the turbine
at bog w which for so
long has produced for
the country's economy
and now it stops
like a huge dragon with
this great snort over its
treasure whose precious
stones congeal
in its scrap

when this sika hart for example
emerges from amid the poem's hazel
thickets then it is standing here and not
there or to be more precise it is standing
exactly between the two with its white rear mirror
that signals more than danger the poem
is the preserve of imagination and the spirit

there is also
here although not
in time not
within the fulness of time
is there not even
in the spirit's
mirror or
in desire's
fire is there not e
ven but
in the high feast's whitening
in god's
mercy call

but where is
general motors sailing to
in your desires
towards time's high breakers
when the machine age is
being washed up
on distant beaches booming
emptily of meaninglessness
full of the gaping skulls of
chassis
and you shall call this place
the anvil of god

only when roebuck number twenty steps inside
the poem's searchlight does it arrive
at that which is real it leaves behind
reality and the game tracks of biology
to arrive home in the word it stands
for a moment silhouetted against the winter
and your iris it stands at the poem's crossroads

there is also
here within this
worlding darkness
where all
changes
and nothing's recalled
here there stands
in for an instant
in winter glimmering's
evening cross
like a
mission in you of
heavenly mercying

the wastepaper factory
raised up like a
temple ruin on tagensvej
and on your iris this
evening where you see
a sun seething in
propane gas out here
all is forgotten or remembered
no wonder the dark
warnings that all the
chimneys are sending
into the sky

in the poem language is plumb
in the poem the world prepares to strike
you can hear it for yourself now as the bells from
tårbæk church ring the sun down
through the red deer's antlers
it is the world that for a moment
has gained its ultimate goal

MAMMALS

there is also
here stands in you
as vertical
with sun and
strokes of bells
there is more
than the world
more than
the richest measure
of finiteness
more than
mind and hearting
there is merciment

BE-MERCIMENT

let us now consider
this rubber factory
and soberly assess
or in anger
here in heimdalsgade where
the church of poverty
lowers its crypt in
your mind's foundations
let us now consider
the remains of the
fortune that you
silently despise in your heart

**FACTORIES,
SHIPYARDS**

FAUNA

HOPE

CITY

MAN

FAITH

CITY

HOMO SAPIENS

so here you yourself
 emerge in language
you are over forty
crook-backed and ruddy-
 cheeked you're sitting
 maybe at your
 writing desk with a
half cigarette in your mouth
you're writing this
 down with your right hand
 (the left is supporting
 your head): homo sapiens

A-WAITING

your soul is not a
maybe it is the one and
 only that may be

ROADS

we cannot see landlystvej from here
but our silhouettes against the curtain
 like two souls that for a brief moment
embrace each other in freedom
before they again are united in the bodies'
passion before they once more are linked
 in the chain of unbroken life

it was a long way
from zinc and iron
via meteorology
through flora and
fauna to this room
who's there - you
ask no one answers
so you rustle
the paper a bit
and bite on your biro
who the hell's really
sitting in this chair?

with his one hand god
moves the all-thing and with his
other the nothing

everything my love is on its way towards god
the stone that is moved only one millimetre
is closer to god the rose the sparrow in
its garlands even the human being that takes
ten paces backwards is on its way towards god
so let us therefore quietly go home
hand in hand along skyttegårdsvej

you light a fresh
cigarette and think
it over it must apparently
be what is called
a human being
at any rate something
is beating on the lefthand side
and a slight pain
at the back of the head indicates
a brain presumably
the feet are also in
place under the table

maybe the restless
roaming of your soul is on
ly to what may be

the soul's rapture is twice as great
my love even though it only weighs nineteen
grammes of roses and calcium
when it inclines towards
another soul even when it
restlessly roams in its pain under
christianity's lamps on prisholmvej

ok there is no doubt
at all a human being
has written itself up to
the surface but what
is a human being
you're back where you started
get up here and stretch
your legs a bit on the
uncut moquette
carpet where the shadow
now falls as a proof
of your existence

the soul is loving
ness' invisible shad
ow here in the world

what does it mean that the soul is
on fire can the flames be seen on
sandhusvej are the ashes falling softly
over the churchyards
no it means that a great love
is being lit in the invisible a fire whose
shadows are our loving bodies

let's see now
what have you been doing
of any importance
today you've fried some
liver with onions and
bacon for yourself
and the cats
is that
the definition of a
human being: one
who fries liver
with onions and bacon

life is dreamingness
one day you'll wake up there in
realitiness

kiss us to reality love us
out of this dream my love
so we one fine day can travel wide awake
along langagervej under the sun's
electric welding caress us in
amongst the still living
that are roaming alongside time and hedgerow

don't panic now
of course there
is an explanation
for your sudden
appearance here
the natural cause
you know
but that is still
biology and strict
darwinism what
the hell is a
human being in itself

the human being's
a dream that is explained there
in its starring aim

where the measure's been emptied it can only
be filled like the roads around the ridged houses
that have waited so long for the snow's
blessing and now it is falling like
manna seeds in our dreams from
this bible whose star
constellations are reflected in our eyes

you're not going to
manage it like that with
an external descrip
tion: that a human being
is a mammal with hair
on its head and that walks
upright dressed in le crabbe jeans
et cetera would it
be more like a human being
outside itself
that could be characterised
in such a way

your transfigura
tion flowers there more than all
miracles do here

but where does hansstedvej lead
to which side of winter's
blue heptagon where the apple trees stand as
in mid-spring blossoming
white with miracles lit by an
angel's sparkling kiss and you shall
call this angel elian my love

what is an internal
description is a head
ache for example an
internal occurrence
or forgetfulness
or sleep or
kisses is it
an internal
event when
your beloved one
fine day leaves you
behind in your own room

more beautiful's your
love there beautiful as your
awaiting was here

the moonlight lies like tissue paper
over hvidovrevej and in our dreams
this night when we exchange the crosses
we are wearing round our necks in order to
relieve each other or release each other
for the final love
that leaves no tracks in the snow

so there you are sitting in
labyrinth k or
nowhere caught
between inside and outside
you are open to
every cloud formation
or definition
you are hardly present
at all even though something
or other (called human being)
continues regardless
the writing's wrought-iron chain

HOMO SAPIENS

to love is to a
waken there from the dreams of
other labyrinths

A-WAITING

For Margit Jean

let us not sleep this dream my love
but awake walk it out on the roads
down vigerslevvej
where the fire-tower casts its
shadow in our souls' snow-blindness
let us not shut our eyes to this
dream which we together walk into reality

ROADS

CHILDREN

There the children are in their oilskins
and siren suits. There they are, descend
ing in orange balloons nowadays. They a
re landing in foam baths and play pens.
They are defying all forms of logic with t
heir: gah-gah. They are still situated in t
he heart of existence.

For Christine

EX-PECTATION

look the heart has no
logic orange has no lo
gic the soul and suf
fering have no lo
gic so why should god then be
at all logical?

SHOPS

If you have no soul
then throw it out too. Fish
shop before your entrance in
between. If you've nothing, put
that down. Because fish. Figures of eight.
Eel of suffering. Good god
you have to live too. Away with
sympathy in the brown
cartridge. Its and.
Flesh for flesh or. Yours.

Dear Christine, can you say: gah-gah every day at five o' clock to your father when he, bending over the table, is writing away at his poem. It will enrich him to find your shoe in the middle of a word. He is quite sure to understand and answer: gah-gah. He will put out his cigarette in a cup of tequila out of pure joy.

look the day has no
doubt and the night has no doubt
the moon and love do
not carry any
doubt so why should you wish to
doubt in any way?

City. Moon landscape's and
showcases in night's there of. Im-
mobile with dry ice smokes
cold. Offer's nothingness.
Motionless. Self immobile
in the midst of immobility
where only and otherwise mobiles
jingle softly about where from.
Only when emptied do you receive
perhaps everything. About this here.

There the children come with their baptismal spoons and silver forks. They are flushed with will-power and life. They occupy sandpits and kindergartens. They love the number eight for some obscure reason. Perhaps because it from time to time resembles macaroni.

look live and death have
no solution light has no
solution and you
have no solution
because there is nothing except
resolution

Escalator up to nothing. Department store gleaming in electric lights as. Watch and sheepskin if. Death disguised in lounge suits. Soft muzak. Down again. Only if you yourself become problem can it be solved. Like nothing is only solved by nothing up. Inbetween down.

Dear Christine, already at the age of two
you could say willie. Life can be that sim-
ple from time to time. You sit on your pot
ty as if on a throne. You prefer Mickey M
ouse to Gasolin, and we do the same in se-
cret. Yes, go on, give us a kick in the diap-
hram with your rugby boots.

look the year relies
on time yellow relies on
red the bird relies
on summer so why
should you then not be able
to rely on love?

The shop assistant is redhaired.
For sure: you're wondering
about red pubes or silk
round the lips. Inaccessible
in showcases and between thighs
among butterflies. Probably
not or so not. The eye gloss
like whose lightnings to stone
you stand. How. Doesn't steal
Gasolin's records as and.

There the children come with their teddy bears and puzzles. Not yet dazzled by the neon lighting of experience. They see that which is invisible see that the sun is white with absolutely violet spots like the ball in the bath tub.

look we came as children
and as children we will
end by seeing the
invisibility
that is not blind nor absence
but sight's river

It sounds like cornflakes
It is cornflakes from
a glut of sacks.
Crunchfoot. And already. While
dairy sails on
in milk. There carton's horn
and which invokes. And butter.
Of course. Which as
and. Coinhand is re
placed. Goodbye. Yes.

Dear Christine, may you inherit your mother's total colour and her silhouette when she stands at the window with her hair down her back like the woman in a picture by Willumsen. Tell her that you prefer wine gums that have the colour of a scorpion.

our fatheress you
who are in the blood in the
wine and in the spir
it you in whose i
mage we are fill us out en
tirely with your love

A kilo of mince. To fill
your emptiness. So as to hold
the spirit in check. And there.
Deadweight. Ballast. If
thought reflects: then mince.
How. But the butcher
smiles in agreement behind
blood, sinews. And then.
A last snapshot: pig's
head fully ajar. Steel counter.

There the children are with their boats
and latest meccano model. They shall no
longer inherit the earth. They shall save
it. Their apple-cheeks their plum-hearts
shall once more bear fruit and eradicate
the memory of us adults the great de-
stroyers.

look all that there is
of this earth shall be destroyed
to the tiniest
flower to the lastest's
fruit while there we're hearted in
to the light of lights

Doze. Dozing with light they look
into themselves. Own empti-
ness at the edge. Window. What
inbetween. The dummies: tonsured
nuns on display.
Boutique's. Are they meditating?
or and there. Where. Only empti-
ness suddenly gives everything
back short there not.
Flashlight in facade pane.

Dear Christine, never fall in love with poets because they lie and lie and lie. Continue your aerodynamic exercises your scissor kicks against the moon, then perhaps you will become the first woman space surgeon, who knows?

look the rain loves more
than this rose and the tear loves
more than the eye should
we then love more dis-
tantly than palely and should
we love less than red?

To what loved one shall
this rose distant as.
To what grave. Or does it
end in jelly like preserved?
You could buy it yourself,
its small eyelids included and
tear's dew inside for paper
in press in bible. The
shop there. Rain more red than
Blegdamsvej, there rose.

There the children are with their sparklers and small Danish flags. Their birthdays that are not overshadowed by death. They believe in a life without a bib. They hope for a world without giro orders. They expect a Denmark that is without black squares.

CHILDREN

look death is a birth
into that life which is not
of this world which does
not cast shadows on
the snow but which is a star
ring into your faith

EX-PECTATION

Irma. Go inside, what
else. And inbetween. Then take
the deepfreeze there among
carbon dioxide snow and pizzas.
Don't confirm it, don't
deny it. What have you got
of it in your hand then, that's
burning green and red?
This one, prepacked Italy.
What do you know, sterile.

SHOPS

YOUNG PEOPLE

Goodbye youth
with your blue thorn apples and
your plucked eyebrows.
There are many ways of taking
your leave. You could simply
disappear and leave behind a woollen
glove in the night. You could stretch
out a hand and bow. Or you
could say thank you with a kiss.

OVER-COMING

may your appling come
may your blacking come and your
thursdays come may your
time and your night come
may your lights come and may your
destining be done

RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS

And on certain Tuesdays you
will when the time comes (like dead
artists do) pass the time at
Café Jacsminde and be present at the young
poets' ineffectual gestures and
discussions about nothing.
On certain black Tuesdays you will
suddenly blow out the candles.

Goodbye youth
with your buffetings and
your hopeless halfpennies.
When you take leave of
your youth, you do not
do away with it. It exists
somewhere or other, only
it no longer accessible. It
exists in the women we loved.

great is the final
love more than the hope of your
youth and bitterly
more than a farewell
but in it you are now find
ing your otherness

Take a taxi now to your
last café, the final illusion.
Let a whore rob you of
your last money at Røde Lygte
and then write a magnificent
poem on the nature of love.
Assume the bitter occupation of
writing down the undescrivable on a serviette.

Goodbye youth
with your bandanas and
your bestial bottles of stout.
You are like a poem by Ewald,
indestructible, a flag full
of holes that continues to wave over
our generation. No doubt
about that. You have become
a matter for metaphysics.

may your day come may
your light come your heaving
gate for not one sing
le poem remains
through white no step can be tak
en backwards through black

There are about three hundred steps
from Andy's to Øresund.
If you take them as a black
silhouette towards the Nyhavn skyline,
you will never arrive home.
If you take them as a white image
in the neon light of daybreak,
you will only have your poems left.

Goodbye youth
with your spurt of flame and
your lascivious middle parting.
Every creature has its circle.
And yours is now closed by
a hermetic equation.
So it is not money
and profit that have ruined you.
Your own caustic soda's been used up.

may your judging come
may your flames come may your mid
dling come may your pa
rables come now in
the night of humaning and
may your love be done

Just as no one believes in
all love poems, do not believe
all the happy people
gathered at Andy's round
the night's acetylene flame.
Then you would be the only one
who was unhappy. And that's hardly correct, even
though you used up your happiness in your poems.

Goodbye youth
with your class struggle and
your indecent cocktail berries.
We are growing old.
That's the reason why.
We wrap ourselves up in Shetland wool
and eat pills for heartburn.
We cannot hear any more
in this hurricane of lamb's wool.

seven stars above
nothingness you find there a
young tree once more you
find red once more you
find there once more everything
that you once wasted

What difference does it make to you that it's
midnight. What difference that you spill
red wine on the ugly oak surface
at Puk's. It is in the abundance
that you find your north star
and your sparkling piece.
Full of nothing
you overflow with everything.

Goodbye youth
with your abracadabra and
your underwater G-string.
All those from the beat generation wear
a transparent symbol on their
invisible denim back: a fish
swimming through a ring
so they can recognise each other,
because they come from Neptune.

may your two sights come
in invisibling's mirror
may your four rings come
in the lake of trans
parence your merciment and
may your path be done

Can you manage Pilegården en
route? - No! - On
towards Café Dan Turèll's hall of mirrors
where your loved one is waiting for you
in four copies. You have apparently
changed into dinner jackets and something as
odd as zirconium boots.
On towards new cocktail berries.

Goodbye youth
with your lunar caustic and
your immoral smoke rings.
From now on the future with explode
in other generations' percussion caps.
The eighties are precisely your decade.
There your vervain will flower
blast into your hardest metal
There you will be at one with life.

right now a rose is
being transformed and is flow
ering right now time
is continuing
while you remain in your un
changeability

Then you make straight for
Rex's. You are wearing a
secret toga and spreading
imaginary roses in your wake.
The snaps cools your brow and
your speech becomes slightly dithyrambic.
It is time to continue this
odyssey now disguised as a rear-admiral.

Goodbye youth
with your raven's wing and
your obscene mascara.
This is not an obituary
but a funnel out of the room
a slashed artery that's running
out of time. A dance on
a heap of coca cola shards
anywhere and nowhere.

the silver-plated go
all in yearning and in age
you go in shards and
destruction though not
in the other whorls of lost
ness and perdition

After three porters and two
molestations on the part of an ageing
poet you walk on an invisible button
thread towards Bobi-Bar.
There are whorls round the silver
wings of your heels. In the bar's clair
obscur you really resemble a lost
king's son amongst all the drunkards.

Goodbye youth
with your white rose and
your unseemly bumpers.
The battle's lost.
Now the victory can only be won on the
inner stage. But so what?
There the ideas of our own youth
were acted out anyway.
There we will also make them come true.

YOUNG PEOPLE

we prevail in that
you prevail that is to say:
we prevail in that
we lose that is to
say: we prevail in that you
prevail in our prayers

OVER-COMING

This is your tour de force.
On the very stroke of ten you make your
entrance at Café Sommersko.
And this is how we see you: with
a bright-green bandana and in freshly whited
Puma shoes. You're also welcome to look a bit
like Bønnelycke.
And your astral body must strike sparks.

**RESTAURANTS,
CAFÉS**

ADULTS

What does you own generation
say that
meets mostly
at night restaurants, where
Rioja is drunk
while Copenhagen
happens to be crumbling outside
and last year's
Ford Mustang
has already driven off into oblivion.

FOR-GIVENESS

hour by hour your death
falls into oblivion
that is death's free fall
although there it peals
more loudly year by year in
the innermostness

APARTMENTS

apartments where
a drop sounds
louder than the most distant bell
fall and chimes
pain upon pain.
A remembered hour, so what?
In which nothing
and who. Are you
then this nor
mality of
doors and keys mostly? Yawning
living room and mandala
ceiling of plaster, as there no one sees sees?

Jørgen says: things are in a hell
of a state,
aren't they. What
the fuck else is there to say.
Well, alright,
let's move on
in a bit, OK. All
that matters
is getting
home at the double and sleeping.

our fatheress you
who are present in that which
is not forgive us
our frightenedness and
our fear may your light-gleam come
may your roses come

Not that which
is not. And
disquieting. Present.
Which is dis
quiets in you.
This living room it. Recognised to
lephone's still.
Habit of table cloth.
Or suddenly a
fear of lamp
light. The three steps each. Theirs from
only jade bridge's tapes
try to to frightens. With suddenly.

Gunnar says: you get fatter
and slow down,
you know that. It's
hard for me to rabbit away
into thin
air. Used to
be able to once. Scared me
when I read about
Rita Hayworth's
shrinking brain. There's still twenty years left.

i saw all fooled in
glass upon glass all sepa
rated from all in
mazes blue from green
and year from year i see you
in the lasting there

Labyrinth p.
The bathroom's
mirror upon mirror through there that
kaleidoscope of
tiles and
face fragments. So and you.
Cubism on
morning. Beard
stubble there
lurking and in
Irish Spring. You. Green. Who's there.
Separated face.
To and before the unknowableness from is.

Gerda says: no, I bloody well
won't. Hold your
horses, no
cut that out, will you, what
the hell are you
up to. I won't
bloody have it. Will you
bleeding well
stop all this
imbecilic nonsense.

my lordmost my lord
ing my god why have you for
saken us in the
darkness and the no
thingness why have you forsak
en us this question?

Reversed ques
tion: why here
in the entrance hall, where you left
god. Crackling
with static
electricity. Or more like.
Darkness. Among
coats, umbrellas
and nothing's.
You understand
carpet tacks and their rust deep stig
matisation. And god
who this. You understand it's reversed like.

What does your own generation
say. Apparently,
it can only be
expressed in the form of oaths
and swearing. Its
boys did not belong
to mother's good little boys. They
didn't become den
tists or man
agers. They often went in for dirty tricks.

may your morning blu
ing come may your sundays come
may your autumn come
may your fish come may
your lifeness come your lording
revelation come

Sunday's shining
into this little
room off to the left. Which lies.
Box in box.
And filling it
with blue. As already. Cigarette
smoke and of delphian
vapours and only one
small lacquered vase
with autumn. Or
more perhaps like. Sunday's shin
ing surprisingly.
Once life was. Life. Here.

Knud says: I feel different
somehow and
sleepy. Well, I'm
sitting concentrating very
hard, aren't I,
I mean.
I only wake up a bit later.
But in ac
tual fact I'm
still pretty young at heart.

my fatheress: all
this suffering i saw in
the world green shipwreck
into yellow like
a parable i saw just
why my fatheress

The kitchen in
landslides of stacks
of plates. Palmolive every
where, bottles green
and rims of cups.
And there resembles. Where as. It
looks like shipwreck.
An apartment
lost on the floor
and only if
and if. Ajax awaits. Exploded
refrigerator.
And tracks among cat-tracks in mince.

Annelise says: is the back
of your head empty.
I've been alone
now for three weeks. Yes, no
I'm fine, fine.
That's about
it, alright. Is this
some attempt
to misuse me
or to exploit me all this lot?

my lordest: all did
i see exploited in this
world the moon misused
the light trodden in
varnish and i saw precise
ly why my lording

Why red.
Why is the moon
pink? Last squares
into which you
tread. And as
when varnish shines over
pine tree there. And
knots' crank
through the
planks. It's floor.
Also therefore. Room as.
Say no more.
Thanks for this piece of world.

Peter says: what a load
of hot air all
this is. I've got
to keep tabs on the lot,
on the whole
bloody lot.
I can't stick to one single
thing for a
whole day.
No, I don't give a shit, really.

all did i see: day
and darkness temporal
ity and deathment i
saw that the heart on
ly can be converted in
the love of this why

Dark room
emptied of everything.
Where only wallpaper and panels.
It echoes when
shutting door in
mind. There you sit for hours
listening
to rain. Up
turned beer crate.
Emptied of all yours.
Though still the shadow of something
as always. That
which we call love's. Your heart.

What does your own generation
say. It's
obviously difficult
to say. Its girls did not
belong to daddy's
good little girls. They rarely
went to Heaven on their broomsticks.
But what would they
do up there anyway among
matrons, colonels and soft-soapers?

ADULTS

fatherness may your
image come may your signs come
may your wine come may
your dove come may your
merciment come your kingdom
come your heavenment

FOR-GIVENESS

There are apartments
as worn out
in their very soul, carpets.
There are. This
with half-open
doors. As in pictures by
Hammershøi. It
where. And windows'
grimy penta
grammes with fin
gers and signs. Three-roomed
where the light is
switched off before on. Who.

APARTMENTS

OLD PEOPLE

Look, there goes an elderly man, he
is probably only a couple of years older
than you are, but for that very reason end
lessly old.

It's the greengrocer.

He's slaving himself to death in beetroot
and not very lucrative celeriac.

IN-VOCATION

fatherness greener
still than deathness greener still
than the yearning than
the drum of celer
iac greener still than the
dreamiest castles
greener still than rain's
towers is the lifeness in your
homeness' garden

BUILDINGS

And to those who
raise endlessly droning drums
of homelessness
let it be said:
no one can reside in your
towers of Babel, because they
are only a substitute
for something that is no
longer built: a
octopus castle in a
dream coloured with
rain, where you have lived.

Perhaps your own mother lives in a villa in
Ordrup, do you think her life has been
a load of fun.

For years she has struggled with the mort
gage, and now she's trapped in a cir
cle of begonias, without a shoulder to
cry on.

Take the trouble, dammit, of paying her a visit.

our fatheress you
who live in the word you who
live in the heart
ness you who live in
the sign you who live in the
mind you who live in
the throning you who
live in us may your rea
lisation be done

It's called
planning for town
and country in professional
terminology. That too
is an exaggeration.
Drawing a beautiful
building with one's
heart full of green
niches is throwing
the mind's pearls out onto
a smooth
enamel-hard reality.

But what about your father, did he make
port safely.
Does he play golf at the Hunting Lodge on Sun
days, has he got three mistresses.
Is he the lucky owner of a Rolls
Royce and a bar cabinet with inlaid Brazilian
rosewood?
No, he lies in Birkerød Cemetery.

our fatheress you
who are in the heavening
you who are in your
beloved sonning
you who are in the daying
you who are in the
furthermost night and
in everything call us in
to your lovingness

The housing blocks lie
like caissons
or overturned building
bricks in the pattern
we call our city.
Although they are what
they always have been:
buildings with drifting
moon-spots and neon
adverts, from which
no fond slogan
blinks at the night sky.

Look at the old ladies over there, burning
up in the sun.
For God's sake, don't be angry with them, even
though they take a swipe at you with their sticks.
When all's said and done, it must be hard to under-
stand reggae when your thighbone's
full of silver.

lording our god lead
us not into angerment
lead us not into
bones and silver lead
us not into indiffer-
ence lead us not in
to scorn and army
not into reason rather
into the lasting

But that plan no longer
exists, even though
it still lies
sketched and signed
in our pituitary gland.
It is another enter-
prise on its way towards
its own economy's
hardened structures.
The politicians don't care a damn
about us. They don't see us any longer
and our graffiti on their city halls.

Even the gentlemen in their fifties aren't having
an easy time of it, despite the fact they're still
sitting on the oaken thrones of power.
The flagstaff's probably at half-mast from time
to time.
And think of all the sweating treatments and face
masks.
It hardly bears thinking about.

lording is crea
tion lording is power lord
ing is time lording
are the trees lording
is the human imagi
nation and human
thought lording is the
individual halved in
all his finiteness

This ought to be
a model for the
future created out of
ideas about human
need, this
interred nightmare
from the architect's
brain. It is too
late, because reality
is always now and
thus never has anything to do
with the imagination.

This man smells of creosote.
He shoots blackbirds from the terrace
with his saloon rifle.
His teeth lie in salt water.
Every morning he sees death in the mirror.
There's not much to cheer about.

may your hurrah come
may your blackbirds' eclipse come
may your heaven come
may your morningment's
tower come may your blacking's mir
ror come may your wa
ters come your wells come
may your tenth truths come may your
allness' plan come

Why not from time
to time speak the truth?
Look at the Ishøj plan.
Or drive out perhaps
to the Brøndby fortress.
The cement towers will
cast their deep
shadows in a dark
casemate. And a
Turkish eye in
the sky will for ever
stare you down.

This woman can't remember her
name.
She can't see her glasses any
longer.
She regularly pees in her pants.
Every evening she conducts long conversations
with God.
There's not much to cheer about.

the godness is in
light the godness is in the
ruby the godness
is in everyone
who opens the door the god
ness is in every
one who yearns for it
the godness is in every
one who calls its name

We're talking about an
inferno in a modern
city precinct. A ruby
on whose facets light
is now whetting its
right-angles. A hell
where Indians are let
into wildly
growing Lego.
We're talking about
the ghetto's
cement coffins.

Go down and chat with your grocer, who'll be
eighty next month, about that
perfume factory he once owned in
the forties.

Then his wrinkled face will gather into a
moment's happy, childlike delta.

Go on, do him the pleasure.

fill us with your blue
ing and new moon fill us with
childness fill us with
mutuality
and nextness fill us with each
other fill us with
your instant and with
your creation in all our
solitariness

If our eyes in
this nothingness meet
each other in the very
town you're in now (opened above
a large, mental city map)
the mutual look will
notice this telekinesis.
Is that how new
projects are created from
time to time as a blue
print of other thoughts
between two architects?

After all, you're beginning to get old your
self, at any rate compared to those
who are just one year younger.
Just look at him, crawling around with
his arthritis and his lumbago, they're
probably thinking.
The day's not so far away when people will also
start shouting child molester at you.

OLD PEOPLE

our fatheress may
your base come may your welding
come may your building
be done may your sun-
fall come may the most distant
clouds come may old and
young come may time and
place come the child come may hu
maning's day be done

IN-VOCATION

Other buildings raise
their steel-lighters.
Their profiles turned
eastwards, cut out in sun
and welding.
Their bases like fluted
flint. And somewhere or
other there will be
a skyscraper, in which
our human features
are perhaps erased in the facades
like a piece of architecture.

BUILDINGS

EXISTENCE

The stone, the copper
beech, the thrush
in the ballroom of roses
and the angels are.
Reality is there.
Only man
exists.
Which means that
only man
puts up with the pain of
no longer being one
with that which is.

NAM-ING

you who are in the
blessedment you who live in
your name not a thrush
that thrushes without
you not a rose that roses
without you not a
stone that stones not a
man that can discover his
homing without you

HOUSES

And to those who praise the gaudy plumes
of homelessness it should be said:
No one can live in his signature, because
it is only a pseudonym for something
that is no longer there.
A white silhouette on a wall stained with
nicotine when you have moved house.

This duality
is suffering.
At one and the same time to
belong to phenomena (i.a.
with one's body)
and to be at a
distance from them. That is why
man most often
finds himself on the peri
phery (where the clouds
stand like horse's heads)
and not at the centre of being.

lead us not into
phenomening lead us not
into the body's
suffering lead us
not into soulerly drive
us out of wintring's
double salt drive us
out of man to the wonder
of manifesting

In the litotes of everyday language it is called
to go from house and home.
That too is an understatement.
To travel some day with one's crate
full of old letters is to strew
the soul's salt out onto an unfamiliar,
winter-wet street.

That is why you walk
around so restlessly,
while vast Sundays
sail past you in thin
air. You roam with
plaster in your hair among
shadows and portals
because your home
is not here but there
among shadows
and portals you
do not yet know.

lordiness you who
know us now and forever
give us today our
lifement hear us who
call to you from plaster and
shadow call from white
wash and scenery
give us today the blue give
us home and housing

The houses stand like whitewashed scenery,
painted setpieces in the play we
call our lives.

They themselves, though, are as they have always been:
houses with creaking rafters
and tie beams from which no
black cocks crow against the dawn.

This is perdition:
to fall back into
the stone, to make oneself
a bird again, to become
one with the flesh. Or
the converse: to
take flight into the mind
disappear in the
mother-of-pearl gleam of
endless labyrinths become one
with the soul.
Openness is the only option left.

stay in us stay in
our fleshment stay in our soul
ness stay in us e
ven though we fall ston
ing even though we take flight
birding though we base
ly turn towards mother of
pearl stay in our fall

But that house is no longer there, even though
it still stands adorned and swept in
our consciousness.

It is another house on its way towards the
mouldering wallpaper of its own fate.

The houses care nothing of us.

They do not remember us any more and our
wearing-down of their thresholds.

Your home is here.
In other words, any
where in being,
once it has
revealed to you
its secret.
Once you have
realised that the open
is the most
closed in the
everyday common
continent of mirrorings.

lordiness now the
day's daying the roses are
rosing and the this
tle's thistling all of
creation is opening
up to you look it's
your shadow that ap
pears in mirrorings the sun
of your love - sela

This could be a house of the future
inhabited by dreams between two empty
pier glasses, this planned passion
in the shade of the roses.
It is too late, because love is always
now and therefore has nothing at all
to do with time.

It is difficult
to explain
this state,
in which everything appears
reversed upside
down in a way,
even though it is
exactly the same.
That is the paradox of
existence, that in it
you only find that
which you have already found.

now phenomena
are fresh and memories in
shimmer-blue look now
the roads are seeking
each other and the trees are
closing off deathment
look it's your day that's
finding itself its transfig
uration - sela

Why not visit the past from time to
time?
Get out your Raleigh bicycle and ride out there
along Bernstorffsvej.
The washing will collect our fresh-aired memories
in a blue shimmer.
And an unknown woman at the door will shut
us out for good.

Some day
you'll find yourself
on a random bench
in a random park.
Nothing special
has happened.
The sun is shining
as usual.
The grass is green
with flowers of sulphur.
And yet everything
is different.

you who are in us
you who are with us in the
house of nightment whose
windows are all o
pen you who are with us in
our state of being
there where we fall in
to habit and oblivi
on your greening come

We are dealing with a house by a railway
embankment.
A house in whose mirrors the night burnt
its mercury.
A house where the clouds still drift in
through opened windows.
We are dealing with oblivion's irretrievable house.

You'll raise your hand
Gaze intently
at it and say:
Yes, this is unquestionably
a hand. Then
you'll light a cigarette
with great care, inhale
deeply and say: Yes,
this is definitely
a Danish cigarette.
And yet everything
is just the same.

you who are in us
you who are in everything
you who are the same
when we are transformed
may your berries come may your
trees come may your thoughts
come may all your doubt
and your truthment come in you
as it is in us

When our thoughts in all probabili
ty cross each other in that house we
moved from (anchored to a large
rowan tree), the new residents are sure to
notice this phenomenon.
Is that why the electric light bulbs go
from time to time?
As an expression of this meeting between two spectres?

Did you really think
that it was something
else. It is simply a
repetition in the real
meaning of the word.
It is an instant's
being there
on this naked earth.
You have reached the end
of the road: a quite
random bench in a
quite random park.

EXISTENCE

you who are in us
you who are in the word you
who are the word you
who are in belief
you who nevertheless are
in absence take the
vinegar of the
instant from us and take our
finiteness from us

NAM-ING

Every house has its own smell.
The staircase for example can smell of
vinegar or leather.
The cellar like rotten apples.
And somewhere or other there will
be a house where our special
smell still hangs in the rooms
like an absence.

HOUSES

FEAR, FLIGHT

There are many
ways of
fleeing from this
naked state. You
can first and
foremost clothe yourself in
strange garments,
broad-brimmed
hats, sarongs
or you can
drape yourself in the Danish flag
with its cross painted
black. You can even appear naked.

CON-FIDING

in your shadowing
we enter into your wa
ters we turn around
and walk along these
valleys to your crossery
we stand on your star
ring we step forward
more naked than when we were
born for your heartness

**STREET NAMES,
STREETS**

Heimdalsgade. On a corner of
you turn
round. Who
there in rain's and autumn? - Falls
inwards into heart.
And there is no one.
Only. Only wet. Feet that
go on walking.
The North Star
vying with indifferent. Other.

next there
is the possibility
of absorbing yourself in your
job. Whether
you are a
poet or a sausage-maker.
You become the
best at
what you're best able
to do. You create
the finest and most
beautiful-sounding
guitar in the whole city.

lording our crea
tor grant us who live here in
the streets of being
and now on the roads
of houring grant us to be
there and to remain
in your constancy
grant us to be able to
love our nextingness

And there is. There is in Schleppe
grellsgade a hole
in time. From which
up. Behind the barrier. Behind in time.
And up demons
from sewer and road
work here. There you can meet
yourself from for
mer time. Not
any more. But still there. You.

You can also
begin to
live other people's lives.
Smoke cigarettes
like they
do in Picture Post. You
can do
your hair like
David Bowie.
You can ap
parently even die like a
famous author
while cleaning your rifle.

our fatheress in
your imagement you formed man
out of clay and dark
ness - sela - which is
to say: you placed humanness
in invisibi
lity's otherness
which is why only appar
ency dies - sela

Out past Tagensvej on raw
rubber soles. The
closed-down petrol
station in if. Uncanny
echoes and weeds raised
towards Uranus. Denigrated
by meaninglessness'. Yawns out into
the dark. You seek
such places
now, so the equation goes up.

You can
study
old Persian dialects. You can
develop your
muscles until
they're as big as water-melons.
You can drink
yourself into
a stupor on
Pernod. You can
indulge in exotic sexual
positions. Then
you are these sexual positions.

although we're standing
on hourness although we're stand
ing in shamingness
on the extreme point
although we're standing in doubt
and desperation
you will find us a
wing you will gather us to
being and throning

Why are you rushing around in Læs
søesgade's. Amongst
hours there. And a mighty
wing's asphalt opens up with
moisture. It hardly
exists to despair
that point wears you out. An
impertinence
you ask: an
impertinence to believe in. But.

There are
simpler
methods. You can for example
jabber away
continuously
round the clock. Or you can
read all the
rubbish the newspapers
are full of
from one end to
the other. You can go in for
rowing with
your wife about anything at all.

although we're running
in roundness although we're run
ning in lone-ring and
freeze although we're run
ning into endingness you
will find us a star
you will find us no
matter where at the time of
your fullness - sela

It is a time how cold. And
frozen stars hang
in the sky's. Where elec
trowelding. Touch of lonely
touches you. And Gade's
statue with its back
towards Stockholmsgade. Last. Or
from the railway terrain
the last rumbl
ing freight waggons, there now.

It would of
course be more
sophisticated to ap
pear as
yourself.
Or as the person you've heard
you are.
Or as
the person you
think you
are with an army-cap and sea
man's jacket
and an Arsenal bag in your hand.

although we meet with
emptiness and smoke although
we meet with shadows
although we burst in
to tearfulness although we col
lapse although we clash
at the blow you will
lead us to belief you will
lead us to hearing

What are you looking for in Søl
gade. Under the moon
clock's tower. What
blow resounding, which causes the snowber
ries to break up
from the waiting's.
Round and round. What shad
ow on empty cor
ners' to where two city
precincts collide in smoke?

There is the
tragic
solution. You let yourself
be consigned
to a mental
hospital, because you are
convinced you will
become
a fried egg
at twelve o'clock.
This method has, however, the dis-
advantage that it is
irreversible, like thermodynamics.

our fatheress al-
though we walk into dreaming
and labyrinths you
are with us - sela
although we walk into per-
ilest and obliv-
ion from lifeness
and soul our fatheress you
stay with us - sela

Where and if. In labyrinth o there
is perhaps oblivion.
Where one half of
the soul disappears. While the oth-
er walks the tightrope in
Wiedeweltsgade. And
not. If between two sycamore leaves
in Stuckenberg's garden.
The great dreamer. As
rather in yours. Behind danger's eyelids.

There is the
comic
solution. Each time you
meet one
of your
friends you point at him
with a
quavering
finger and
say: You are
fired, Sir. And this has
to be said with the
same tone of voice each time.

our lording although
we walk in darkness although
we walk from night to
night although we walk
to olding although we walk
from the word each to
what although we per
rish you are still the same are
constantly with us

Still night's. Or disco
music from its.
Sct. Hansgade is
dark and one-way. But the arrow
doesn't go to
where it points, shows.
It. You opposite in indecisive
direction's. Away
from your words'
own. To neon and what. Age's?

But the most
subtle
strategy would be this:
you sit down
on a random
bench in a random park. You
consider
your hand at
great length. You
light a
cigarette. Then you go home and
write that
you have reached the end of the road.

FEAR , FLIGHT

our lording although
we walk in circlement up
on circlement al
though we walk to the
right although we walk along
strange paths although we
perish although we
walk in the night you light for
us your lightenment

CON-FIDING

Åboulevard. With à, not the old aa. 'Bolle
à'. To the right sea
buckthorn and trees'. Why
here at night. Do you walk here
in quartz light. The
strange stair
cases like green with apples'.
Signs that point
and arrow: forwards.
Where to this night in a circle. And. Here.

**STREET NAMES,
STREETS**

NOTHING

On fine day practically nothing happens. Your index finger points by chance down towards an unknown point. Light moves with its absolute speed. Opposite you there is a white wall. Life moves in differentials.

AN-NUNCIATION

although we fall cross
wise although we fall across
the line although we
fall like the stone to
the absolute although we
fall towards the point
of deathness you're our
annunciation and light
enment on your day

GRAFFITI

'Zisterhood' and 'Death to
police Zombies' daubed across
the yellow wall
of Assistens. Almost
the same message.
The only difference
would seem to be that the
diagonal stroke in one of them is
at the wrong angle, like a broken compass.

On a second day the following happens:
your hand describes a cosmic
curve on its way from your hair to
your mouth, a strange parallax.
You raise an eyelid and see
once more the white wall.
Then you blow out a wax candle.
As you see: almost nothing.

you who have weighed all
of our days you who have weighed
every single hair
you who have weighed all
our gold and silver all our
emptiness you who
have weighed everything
you weigh us and add yet one
heaven to the scales

Z's golden lightning
seldom strikes the
walls. This sign
has acquired an odious
overtone, because it has been
abused. Though not in the proper noun
'Zappa' which red on white
decorates the plastering of this
wall, which is disfigured with psoriasis

On the third day you turn your head
approx. sixty degrees around its
axis. Possibly in continuation
around a new star. The shadow
behind you remains practically unaltered.
You still have your eye on the
white wall. Have you been understood:
you turn your head approx. sixty degrees!

an eye for an eye
the whiting's book says day for
a day star for a
star stone for a stone
a head for a head lightning
for lightning soul for
a soul but you say
eye in an eye star in a
star soul in a soul

You can use Y on the lapel of
your jacket. Use it
as a badge in gold and silver
on your chest. Let it ascend
into an empty sky
on eagle's wings. Make it
the symbol of a
new mythology. Vote for
List Y's meaninglessness.

It is not necessarily at
a certain point in time during
the day you discover your hand.
On the fourth day for example
it occurs in mid-movement.
But that's irrelevant. That is
not what is interesting.
Only this: that it is a hand.

although we fade dull
in leading and poisoning
although we age in
mid-life although we
no longer see our standing
place no longer seek
our time are no long
er moved you determine for
us your otherness

You'll have to look for the X someplace
else. On old election
posters for example that still
hang fading on
the galvanised wire fence.
Or you can look for it in
the graffiti: in lead-poisoner -
Xity-fascists' there's a fine repre
sentative of letter no. twenty-four.

Your hand over your brow.
Your feet solidly planted on the floor
next to a large grease stain.
Already too many thoughts.
You look undismayed at the
empty glass do not try to
fill it with after-images.
It's already too late.

look like plantings are
all our doings at sunfall
they are no longer
there like water are
all our dealings like glass are
all our thoughts they are
no longer not so
your image which is filling
us eterningly

A W is easy to find.
It occurs by chance
on every hoarding when
vandals have been at it
with red lead.
It's the signature of
the unknown culprit who
wants to fuck up things for you
by scratching the paint of your car.

On the sixth day you see
quite clearly that even a line
in the air would be too much,
but also that emptiness
would be too little.
You are still in that
regula detri where
time falls into intervals.

although we time in
to silveringness although
we bird out of green
ingness although we
fall six moons although we fall
down into bronzing
ness you are taking
our sufferings from us more
than in halvingness

Put a tin of spray
paint in the pocket of your
sailor's jacket and write
a big V (with silver-bronze)
between the green
crescents and the bird
that have been painted
using a template. Leave your
ex libris (a pentagramme) in the city.

It is not a question
of the number of things, nor of
the number in the series.
The repetition is only the beginning
of something that should never
have begun, but simply
did not stop.
Once is therefore insufficient.

although we stop at
south although we stop at num
ber four although we
stop at u although
we move away from you al
though we adorn our
selves with your law and
we bargain for your light you
come to our aiding

'Upgrade Copenhagen.' The U is
almost as fluorescent as in
technicolor. It was the city's
most beautiful graffiti, which was
only allowed to grace Dronning
Louise's Bridge for a couple of days
before the local authority removed
it with acid with the aid of
three or four poor, out-of-work students.

Right now a particular
note or a random
speck of dust could turn the world
upside down. Right now a
haphazard thought could split a
tree-stump, a single hair upset
the entire balance. A single word would
be enough. But not the slightest happens.

although we stand at
the lastment although our fi
nal number has been
written our singling's
word has been read our slightest
thought has been test
ed although we stand
in dust unto the world you
find us some aiding

'Telephone number 3842--'.
The last two letters are completely
illegible. 'Call if you want some
juicy cunt'. The capital T's been written in
a clumsy school alphabet.
Now you can try ringing
the hundred or so telephone numbers that
are possible. This had been scribbled
in the Ladies at Andy's Bar.

On the ninth day it's all much of a
muchness. Once more the index finger
points at an infinite series of points.
You close your eyelids, shut out
a universe. Once more you turn
your head approx. sixty degrees back
to its starting point. Everything is
as before. I.e. nothing is the same.

NOTHING

although we go in
series although we stand on
our head although we
twist peacement out of
joint although we lock out blue
although we point fin
gers at white you pro
mise us announcement and light
enment on your day

AN-NUNCIATION

The S's are blue in 'Cunt
is best' which has been written
on the white wall
in the tunnel
under Fredensgade.
If you are scared of
reading this message
in broad daylight, go down at
three in the morning.
Then no girls will titter at you.

GRAFFITI

THE SELF

Oh, so you wanted
to know who you are.
You should watch out
with those sorts of projects.
They might just
turn serious
some day. You might
suddenly find yourself
face to face with
an utterly white wall.

RE-CONCILIATION

you who are in be
coming and earnest you who
are in highment's white
day you who are in
all and good deliver us
who go in bubbling
and in syllables
deliver us to the whole
ness of your being

ADVERTISEMENTS

Say r. A good letter. Out loud you say.
Like an r. Refreshing and there. Bec
ause Ramlösa perhaps. There are bub
bles in r. Probably potassium in r. On
every. You say r on the street corner.
Because fresh. There is r. Enough.

It might transpire that
nothing else was left
after that particular
peeling process than
a gap. A field of
nothingness stripped
of stars. It might transpire
that you were all
that which you so wan-
tonly discarded.

our lording if one
sign is given one sight oc-
curs one star falls more
than enough it is
not you but strangeness and no-
thingness that rule that
which we see as signs
enough for that which we are
unable to see

Even q. Spread out on gable, facades.
Quick-this and Quick-that. Fast at a
ny rate. Now it has to go fast. That t
here. And fast. A Quick-sausage and
or wash. Ditto. You among the q's. A
Denmark of strange letters. Conquer
ed. Conquered. Only signs. And the s
ign that rules. Only that. Enough. E
nough.

You're precisely alone now.
Your woman has remained
in life. Your mother has
shipwrecked in a villa
up north. You have no
money, no job. Are you
then nothing more than this
writing that continues so
mercilessly page after
page poem after poem?

you who are in blue
ness you who are in the north
you who are in the
starring forget our
cork forget our money for
get our pissment for
get page after page
in our life light up your mer
ciment over us

P on the counter as Prince. Or Phil
ip's blue star. You you it only. P on
the counter with cork and small ch
ange. The p in its cellophane labyr
inth. Shining shining on this day. W
here and. Suddenly it's pissing down.
Forget p and light a Prince. Only.

Are you afraid of this
nakedness. Are you afraid
of this vacuum, this
white wall. Does your
hand tremble a little
when you light your cigarette
and confirm that it is
a perfectly ordinary
cigarette. Are you beginning
to get cold feet?

when we tremble in
fearment and cold when we seethe
in fatment when we
naked into white
and emptiment when we con
firm that everything
is leadness then light
up the wonder of your ho
liment over us

Is the o holy. Or was it in its? - Oh
yes, Oma margarine now. It is har
dly to be. So. Where its and yours.
So o in pale margarine. The fat. N
ot in amazement. So fry that o. Yo
ur amazement's o will seethe in ev
ery restaurant. Round the clock.

Or have you become
hardened by the dizziness
that sets in
for every rotation
around nothing.
Do you actually enjoy the fear
of your own shadow and
the nose dive that can come
at any time. Do you feel
at home in the pure whiteness?

when we turn in dizziness
and shreds when we are
afraid of our own
shadow when we are
afraid of neon when we
are afraid of everything
and nothing
then lead us into the
homing of your greenment

Nestlé in green neon. Blipping. Through. Blipping n that is taking over the night. Brain in kaleidoscope and. That you. City is turned in Nestlé and shreds. Blipping of roundabout. Always blipping neon-n. Always. You and your loved one under Swiss influence. Or it it.

You wanted to know what
a human being is. You
should be cautious
with that type of ques-
tion. Perhaps the answer
as in this case will
logically lead you out
into inhumanity.
Are you prepared to pay that price?

our lording our fa-
theress even though we are
only to spell to
the answers to fall
into logic and yellow
even though we on-
ly know you are lead-
ing us in your instantness
to minding and sight

The mind exploded. Brissant of lett-
ers. This m in yellow. Or heraldry f-
or the people. Peeled off m falling f-
rom enamel. Falling on. Colouring
colouring this instant. That and the
thought practically only coloured a
little. This your in the rain. Always
raining.

Even though it is also
only from here that you can
take you life once more
into a clearer light
how gleamingly
bitter it may happen
to be, even though it
is not until this
chalk-white wall that truth
reveals itself as truth?

our lording you who
are in the wine you who are
in the heartment and
in the rosing even
though we see the truthment as
a lie even though
lifement itself is
as straw you're sending us your
clarification

Smiling l from window and shop's. S
miling then l to you. Though hardly
scarcely. What woman's madder-lak
e lips are sending this lie of collage
and soap out with rose and paper. W
here Lux and. The city befouled with
Lux. The heart only of business. So
L. Where the pollution. Lux. Lux.

And it is quite simple.
You are sitting one fine
day on a random
bench in a random
park. Or you are sitting in
your new le Crabbe
jeans opposite a white
wall smoking a cigarette.
You are really smoking that
cigarette. That is all.

although the lookment
soon blackens although the light
soon blackens although
the day and beauty
soon blacken although white and
red soon blacken al
though all will soon black
en you will yet fashion a
new morning for us

And now as. Already reached k. A bl
ack k on red. It is coffee. This. Smell
of roasted and nostrils. Karat coffee.
Oh, morning coffee at the sight of. A
k in the city. The coffee morning will
soon be rising blue. The light. You on
ly it it. And this eye-catcher.

There is in a sense no
secret behind the secret.

It is only a question
of another point of view
another angle.

You do not arrive at
any new truth, only
an instant of presence.

You are at home on the earth.
Nothing else but that.

THE SELF

near are signs and oth
er alphabets near are the
truth and new sights near
is the last of the
letters near are the earthing
and the homing near
is the notting near
is the instanting of the
final fulfilment

RE-CONCILIATION

J for Jockey. Trousers that really fit.
And bus has driven with you. J your
and our letter. Turn there. Bus turns.
Only only advert only advert. Advert
for Jockey. The letter turns. The city
full of signs. Hanging between a hang
ing alphabet. The bus there. J.

ADVERTISEMENTS

DEATH

so you've got as far as death
and a great sense of freedom comes over
you gravestones with strange names
surface from your memory zara xenia
quirinius so you've got as far as
man's last possibility
which one day will be yours

PRE-SENCE

createment
you who are in be
coming
deliver us from emp
tiness and silence
deathment and
gravement
may your place come
and your name
may your dayment come
and your month may
your mercing come
over humaniment

LANGUAGES

i raised in
the emptiness its
mast is broken yet
another tower
that carries the moon
when language hovers
i breaks
the silence
it is that
which creates
its
strident vowels

you cannot for a very good reason
write about that that day when two eyes are
no longer seen in the mirror when the sweaty
sheets are all you have left behind
that day only others can register
like a sudden loss over a fresh
cup of coffee your death is in a sense other people's business

lording
our lording
you who are in
the groundment
you who are
the grounding
deliver us
from the cement from
sense of loss
may your gleam come
your graffiti come
your nearment come your
fulfilment in us - sela

you are approaching
h in a
poem that cap
tures time in
graffiti space in
cement you see
h's gleam like
red lead behind the
letter whiteness
fills whiteness
thus a sign came
into the world

notions of a life after death?
yes but that's absurd for then at
the same instant death would not be
death when you exist death
does not when death exists
you do not that was
another way of saying it

our fatheress
you who wanted us
you who gathered us
in light
and in darkness
you who gathered us
in your
image
you will also lead us
over
the timent
over
invisiment's threshold

g's crane
flames in
the morning rain's
blue facades
it splits the city's
image in light's
clarity and breakdown
in the dark it al
ways stood there at
invisibility's
third
threshold

even so you live on until death each
and every day it is that which marks out
your life as a whole death does not come
to meet you as a black figure
with a scythe it does not sit with goggles on
in an old ford
death is quite literally: nothing

you who formed
us to
lifement and death
you who formed
us to growment
and noughting
you who formed
us of shadowment
and night
of blackment
you will also
lead us on
finalment's avenue

over the last f
the lamps are dimming
their sodium a
shadow cast over the
written poem
it grows along the avenues
of syntax f is in
your prayer f's
key opens up
silence
everything is being
formed in f

that is what is frightening: not to be
able to imagine death with
an azure-blue star on its forehead because
it is precisely nothing but therefore
death is at life's disposal because at
every single instant it points
the way to life into life

you who placed
us in thingness
and writing
you who placed
us in blue
and orange
you who placed
us in toil
and scarement
placed us in cross
you will also
lead us
to the starring

force a way into
completely normal e
there the advertisements play
in the minor and orange
habit wears out
hand and writing you know
that e
leads to a
faded
sign you see
that e's
cross is beginning to rust away

safely leave this so-called life after
death in the hands of others they're sure to
have you cremated or put into the earth
they're sure to write death notices and
obituaries so can you on the other hand
while you're still alive take
care of others' death and passing on

our fatheress
you who created us
of earth
you who created us
of hail and
roses
you who created
us to
multiplicity
you who created
us to deathment
you will also create us
an othering life

d's wing is of
neon: a spark
ignited in the
burning alphabet
it brings the hail
of multiplicity
d stands
in the heart
in the pink asphalt
d arches its space
everything is being
created in d

labyrinth I under which rests
professor of mathematics carl degen
and his wife xenia degen née quirinius
here death breaks many a loving
tie it links to it a
loving father's hand zara volgast
out of sight but never out of mind

lording
our lording
you who bound us in
nearment
you who gathered
us in beingment
you who linked
us in
the letterment
you who bound
us in the humaning
you will also break
for us lovement's seal

c is open
c is electric
it sings like
the horn of presence
this letter is
a blue seal
this letter
collects the catheters
c gleams in
the fire of the fittings
at c man will
enter the poem

labyrinth m ferdinand scheller
raised this monument to his pre
deceased wife but reader should
you wish to know her worth as a human being
ask the many citizens who
bore her in their hands to
this resting place so wrote the mourners

my fatheress
you who placed
me in the world
you who wanted me
so writing
you who stretched
me to
the bow of pain
you who led
me into sorrowment
you will also
bear me over
the bordering of darknessing

with b pain
was introduced in
to the world it
borders the
dark of the streets
this symbol
has negative radiation
b is black
this sign tattoos the city
b is dangerous
the bow stretched
with language's arrow

labyrinth n here gently slumbers
a skibsted widow and children weep at
his urn in but a speck of time
the victory's mine the strife of earthly
life for ever banished
then shall i rest in bowers of heavenly roses and
talk unceasingly with my sweet jesus

DEATH

my lording
time and signment are
drawing near
here i am
battling in
languaging
ten roses from
unceasingment
my ship is in
windness
beginning
and end
merge into one beingness

PRE-SENCE

this a is
a first beginning
the letter raised on
the city's horizon
from a lightning was
led down into language
a is white
a is gothic
it was carved
into man's hand
this sign
is birth

LANGUAGES

MAN

FAITH

CITY

TERMINATION

DE-TERMINATION

START

DISSOLUTION

surface from your memory zara xenia
man's last possibility
and a great sense of freedom comes over
which one day will be yours
quirinius so you've got as far as
you gravestones with strange names
so you've got as far as death

AN-NULMENT

you who are aloft
in angeling we who are
down here in manning

SENTENCES

the angels live in the wholeness
your life is divided into two
like a sun that loses
light when the city sleeps
the angels measure the silence
it is you who
inherit its iridescent wound

like a sudden loss over a fresh
cup of coffee your death is in a sense other people's business
that you cannot for a very good reason
that day only others can register
sheets are all you have left behind
no longer seen in the mirror when the sweaty
write about that day when two eyes are

you who are in light
enment's lighting we who are
in the mirroring

you approach the edge
along a curve that measures out
life in suffering hand time in lies
you see the city's sun as
holes in the light
all around is the sound of barking
you are an hour from hell

death the same instant not be
death when you exist death
notions of a life after death
does not when death exists
you do not that was
another way of saying it
yes but that's absurd for then at

you who are there in
the instantfulness we who
are in the absurd

the city's angel kneels
in the late summer's hot soda
you make out the sun's iris
in the panes' impurity
or like snow in sleep
then you arrive at
the three tears of solitude

your life as a whole death does not come
with a scythe it does not sit with goggles on
death is quite literally: nothing.
to meet you as a black figure
and every day it is that which marks out
even so you live on until death each
in an old ford

you who are in life
men'ts lightening we who are
in deathment's blacking

in the farthest south
the flames show their judgment
a jet is seen in the sooty sun
you walk round time's rose
the angels walk at your side
the city' evening gleams with jade
everything ends in entropy

that is what is frightening: not to be
it is precisely nothing but therefore
death is at life's disposal because at
an azure-blue star on its forehead because
every single instant it points
the way to life into life
able to imagine death with

you who are in all
ingness we who are in part
ition each alone

go out into the south of the city
there the angels gleam in tin and erg
the sun seethes low in gas
you see that faith
ends at a sooty altar
you see that time's
flame is going out

safely leave this so-called life after
they're sure to write death notices and
care of others' death and passing on
while you're still alive take
obituaries so can you on the other hand
have you cremated or put into the earth
death in the hands of others they're sure to

you who are in the
light of rosings we who are
in earth of graving

the city' evening gleams with jade
a jet is seen in the sooty sun
you walk round time's rose
the angels walk at your side
in the farthest south
the flames show their judgment
everything ends in entropy

here death breaks many a loving
and his wife xenia degen née quirinius
loving father's hand zara volgast
professor of mathematics carl degen
labyrinth I under which rests
tie it links to it a
out of sight but never out of mind

fatheress our lord
our lording aloft there we
who are here below

the year is desolate
the year is pure
they wade up the river's veins
this city is a desolate city
this city is the end
the idea hurries in the river's gully
in the north the fire is stowed up in the oaks

bore her in their hands to
raised this monument to his pre
this resting place so wrote the mourners
ask the many citizens who
labyrinth in ferdinand scheller
you wish to know her worth as a human being
deceased wife but reader should

you who are in know
ing's housing we who are in
questing's labyrinth

in the north the fire is stowed up in the oaks
they wade up the river's veins
this city is a desolate city
the year is pure
this city is the end
the year is desolate
the idea hurries in the river's gully

the victory's mine the strife of earthly
talk unceasingly with my sweet jesus
life for ever banished
labyrinth n here gently slumbers
his urn in but a speck of time
a skibsted widow and children weep at
then shall i rest in bowers of heavenly roses and

DISSOLUTION

lording our lording
we who are in shipment and
in labouringness

AN-NULMENT

this city is a desolate city
the idea hurries in the river's gully
in the north the fire is stowed up in the oaks
the year is desolate
the year is pure
they wade up the river's veins
this city is the end

SENTENCES

REMAINS,
BONES,
ASHES

surface from your memory zara xenia
man's last possibility
and a great sense of freedom comes over
which one day will be yours
quirinius so you've got as far as
you gravestones with strange names
so you've got as far as death
like a sudden loss over a fresh
cup of coffee your death is in a sense other people's business
you cannot for a very good reason
that day only others can register
sheets are all you have left behind
no longer seen in the mirror when the sweaty
write about that that day when two eyes are
the same instant death would not be
death when you exist death
notions of a life after death
does not when death exists
you do not that was
another way of saying it
yes but that's absurd for then at

DOMI-NATION

mercy mercy mer
cy mercy mercy mercy
mercy mercy mer
cy mercy mercy
mercy mercy mercy mer
cy mercy mercy

WORDS

*o oh cur ur ure ren en ent te em
low ow le lev ol to togs o oge hel
el es ey eye ye ri i hail mai ride I
ru se li esp cud ud so ar by len mad
ad us thi as ris is ed ni hi id tha al
alte kne ner er ran sno or war hid
rens ens so lone as if lis ver ly
bid id de der to ir adle od odd da
mis dit if eg tre hag sen lea ide go
round ound ty rag mor hol no*

your life as a whole death does not come
with a scythe it does not sit with goggles on
death is quite literally: nothing.
to meet you as a black figure
and every day it is that which marks out
even so you live on until death each
in an old ford
that is what is frightening: not to be
it is precisely nothing but therefore
death is at life's disposal because at
an azure-blue star on its forehead because
every single instant it points
the way to life into life
able to imagine death with
safely leave this so-called life after
they're sure to write death notices and
care of others' death and passing on
while you're still alive take
obituaries so can you on the other hand
have you cremated or put into the earth
death in the hands of others they're sure to

lording our lording
our lording our lording our
lording our lording
our lording our lord
ing our lording our lording
our lording lording

*ri in ar so us at to riv lo los low
av ave ve it do le leg I saw ed
giv iv jet ur se an tru ro rat tim
id fa I Id thor or by is slim li
lik ir isl sul gle ems er ror or
rod am vo wad ad las as Ig soud ould
by no as dun ear bis on I ire
by si gas nev wel al the co no did
lea ran by ten wed out abe ben eng
end art ti tin owe fo ther ile
an go of you al bit lit sile*

here death breaks many a loving
and his wife xenia degen née quirinius
loving father's hand zara volgast
professor of mathematics carl degen
labyrinth l under which rests
tie it links to it a
out of sight but never out of mind
bore her in their hands to
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the victory's mine the strife of earthly
talk unceasingly with my sweet jesus
life for ever banished
labyrinth n here sweetly slumbers
his urn in but a speck of time
a skibsted widow and children weep at
then shall i rest in bowers of heavenly roses and

**REMAINS,
BONES,
ASHES**

lording my lording
my lording my lording my
lording my lording
my lording my lord
ing my lording my lording
my lording lording

DOMI-NATION

*the he in up stow isl riv cov hick
I wad al wade hil il
gil cit stil it a pure is*

WORDS

**DISAPPEAR-
ANCE**

quirinius so you reached another way
of saying it you do not exist that was a
surface from your memory zara xenia
no longer seen in the mirror when the sweaty
cup of coffee your death is in a sense other people's business
death the same instant not be
you cannot for a very good reason
sheets are all you have left behind
man's last possibility
death when you do not exist death
that day only others can register
write about that that day when two eyes are
notions of a life after death
and a great sense of freedom comes over
yes but that's absurd for than at
when death exists which one day will be yours
like a sudden loss over a fresh
so you've got as far as death
you gravestones with strange names

STAND-STILL

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each figure comes in death after so-called nothing points on
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**DIS
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**STAND-
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SIGNS

NATURE

SPIRIT

Scire. Potere. Audere. Tacere.

CULTURE

For Margit Jean

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

(Psalm 23, vv. 4, 6)

