



KLAUS HØECK LIVE
GYLDENDAL

Translation: John Irons © 2012

take one



the mind is its own place and in itself
can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n

milton

poem

here the poem starts
there's no doubt about it
everyone can see
it and read it un
til the point where twenty four
words have been used now
nothing has really
happened in the poem yet
not a fucking shit
the only one sure
thing is that the poem is
being read right now

the poem is nei
ther true nor false – it is – like
the trees the birds and
the sky it does not
express any particular truth
but it does not lie
either it sheds light
on obscure and inexplic
able intercon
nections it is the rela
tionship between the
word and its object

for that reason the
poem is on the one hand
a necessity
hard as terracot
ta and on the other hand
a mirror a piece
of silver paper
that dazzles all the powers
of the dark and check
mates evil on its
own cornersquares of ebo
ny and ivory

rain

rain over north fu
nen rain over its muni
cipality rain
over the water
gene krupa at the sea like
a drumroll rain o
ver an upturned skiff
that needs a coat of paint the
pattern of rain in
the sand it is rain
ing from heaven it is rain
ing like bloody hell

it is raining in
side my head it is raining
in the lucifer
ian suite it
is raining on televi
sion twenty milli
metres above the
road map it is raining this
way and that way it
is raining in the
poems and in verse it is
raining in the heart

i have used the word
rain more than a hundred times
the rain doesn't give
a damn it just goes
on falling down always more
difficult to ar
ticulate the rain
is falling the dandelions
begin to close and
i urinate be
hind a large willow tree mix
ing piss with the rain

field

if you come with me
to odder an early spring
day in may where the
light splinters the world
into green and white you will
just before reaching
the town from the south
find a field on your right with
soil as black and stick
y as bitumen
and as rebis from your youth's
magisterium

let that field lie as
it is in its incompre
hensibility
no answer is giv
en to everything it is
just a sign and a
signpost towards a
greater insight than that of
reason let it lie
bathed in the light of
the dead and follow me deep
er into the poem

leave the gossip be
hind you and the tittletat
tle turn off the mob
ile phone no more non
sense it is walpurgis night
you have your be
loved with you the
anemones are gleaming
at the wood's edge like
a purgatory
scorching your heart pure – dammit
all man – it's now

sky

the sky is larger
over jutland than it is
elsewhere perhaps be
cause i myself am
smaller here in the open
space where there is no
beginning and there
fore not any end either
here where eterni
ty in some way or
other acquires a complete
ly concrete meaning

should one fly off to
god here from bulbjerg with a
paraglider or
on the contrary
plunge the other way down in
to hell? – i do not
know and will hardly
decide it myself any
longer as i used
to formerly when
every act took an entire
life to do or death

i am playing myself
today it is a lot hard
er than than you might
think – who for exam
ple composes this i who
is staging itself
while this is being
written down on hotel pa
per and the great
lights of heaven are be
ing lit in jammerbugten's trans
atlantic mirror?

language

can i have a *hof*?
a what? – comes a shout so panes
and glasses rattle
the inn lady looks
sharply at me – of course she
knows full well what a
hof is – but here in
nørre snede can i have
a beer – here in nør
re snede you don't
give yourself airs – got the mes
sage mister smart arse

so do the dia
lects cross swords as in a ven
detta the waitress
answers completely
differently to what i
had expected 'to
day's menu meat
loaf followed by strawberries'
neither more nor less
to put it in a
nutshell take it or leave it –
that's the way it is

not to mention the
parting short in the inn lounge
at nørre snede
i notice that the
coffee hasn't been put on
the bill and draw at
tention to the o
mission – you don't need to pay
anything for that
my lad – i mean that
is just bloody fantastic
would you credit it

god

the vernal equi
nox is here again deathly
beautiful out there
behind reason where
god sits illuminated
in his lighthouse yel
low with easter in
visible omnipresent
in his immuta
bility out there
where the tide's erasing
the thoughts and the words

out there where the ques
tions implode into nonsense:
what is god? – who has
created god? where
the bloody fucking hell is
god hiding out at
a time when storms and
wars are once more raging through
the world? – out there where
the answers shine clear
ly in the daytime and go
out every evening

out there at blåvand
and even farther out
over horns rev where
the idea is knocked
into a cocked hat and ev
ery system gives way
out there where breathless
ness has completely taken
your breath away out
there where god walks a
long the beach every morning
collecting amber

mirror

a man gets out of
the rail bus here in borris
it is not me for
i am sitting op
posite the station in ho
tel bundsgaard and am look
ing at the man who's
getting out of the rail bus
and who from his ang
le sees me sitting
as the man who is sitting
in hotel bundsgaard

later on the same
day i walk down the main street
and turn left at brug
sen supermarket
after walking for five min
utes i arrive at
the house I have come
to see I take a look in
through the window pane
and i see myself
looking out inside from the
glass of the mirror

i'm moving in the
opposite direction – a
journey between two
mirrors reflected
in each other like the su
mer nights in the sky
i consider the
following: what is the dif
ference between the
now and the moment? –
time's purgatory or the
double reflection?

sun

i'm standing in nør
re lyndelse right now so
as to be able
to write i'm standing
in nørre lyndelse right
now because authen
ticity is the
poem's breathing although the proof is
difficult – so to
be on the safe side
i take a photograph of
the scenario

i haven't lost my
way and that could possibly
be the error of
my ways just as there
are the great necessary
errors did i for
example learn an
ything else in the quincunx
of cybernetics
than that i had learnt
absolutely nothing when
it really mattered?

the sun mirrors it
self in the purgatory
of the yellow fields
of rape in the deep
forgotten grief and unquench
ability of
the entailed estates
man creates his own heaven
and hell here on earth
he needs neither god
nor the devil to take care
of that assignment

road

i sort of wake up
a bit on the motorway
between ejby and
nørre åby why
is it denmark's most danger
ous stretch of road why
do most traffic ac
cidents and deaths occur here?
the lilacs are draw
ing white and mauvish speed streaks
across the windscreen
can it be their fault?

but what about in
autumn when the sun no long
er dazzles and the
hard shoulder has been
made greasy by maple leaves
why does this stretch of
road between exits
fifty six and fifty sev
en lead you direct
ly down into the
thirteenth song of hell to all
of the poltergeists?

no one knows perhaps
not even god himself is
it the price of free
dom being paid here
just before the little belt
bridge's vault of heav
en – or is it here
the choice is made between good
and evil between speed
and death urge – is it
here the angels fly togeth
er over your life?

beloved

i have got lost in
the middle of djursland a
long with my belov
ed have lost ori
entation and sense of time
perhaps my connec
tion with life on earth
like some astronaut going
round a genista
bush almost like the
very first time that i met
her and fell in love

i study the map
try and make it coincide
with reality –
greenness with greenness
town name with town traffic sign
even though i know
very well that it
only leads into the frac
tals of infini
ty i release my
hold and start eating my lunch
out in the unknown

i have got lost in
the middle of djursland a
long with my belov
ed have so to speak
lost myself for a brief mo
ment or rather i
have forgotten my
self as when i listen to
carl nielsen's commo
tio or kiss her
and that perhaps is what is
first finding oneself

memory

i wonder what it
looks like in hørbylunde
nowadays – is it
still difficult to
find the poet's house and when
it's been found does the
same blue glass globe gleam
so mysteriously in
the back garden full
of azure from an
abandoned but still not found
collection of poems?

or what about the
greenhouse that stood not far from
blicher's grave full of
oblivion's rot
ten tomatoes already
back then or the sand
pit's unpredicta
bility on the terrace –
and the rail bus from
skjern does it still con
tinue to run on time driv
en by libido?

i turn down along
hørbylundevej around
the magenta of
the sunspots – there the
house lies or rather: there
the house does not lie –
i recognise every
thing and nothing – also the
memory changes
the house exists on
ly in a poem that will
never be written

thought

let me say without
any further ado: – i
love padborg for a
variety of
reasons the large park
ing areas and the pull
ins for the lorries
play a certain role
in my subconscious i can
hear diesel engines
in my sleep and smell the ex
haust gases from hell

it also gives me
considerable pleasure
to look at the large
storage buildings that
are spread out over the ter
rain like lego bricks
in all sorts of dif
ferent colours without a
ny windows full of
the surpluses of
capitalism and secrets
from beyond the seas

but my greatest in
terest is in the whole bor
der issue itself
even though the bor
der hardly exists any
longer – on the one
hand easy to re
solve just by crossing the bor
der on the other
hand the endless ap
proximation of thought and
irresoluble

bird

i have fallen hope
lessly and unreserved
ly in love with jut
land as only a
person from copenhagen
can even though i
know full well that the
jutlanders couldn't care less
and almost find it
ridiculous that
i swoon at the sight of the
arch of ravning bridge

but now here i am
sitting here on ravning bridge
waiting – and what am
i waiting for? – the
show of the jutland swallows
when they tear seconds
out of eterni
ty when like black lightning they
streak under the bridge
quite literally
take a copenhagen
like me for a ride

and there they come with
the sun at their backs zero
fighters from some o
ther world what a great
many poems i've written
about swallows – you
might think i was one
myself but for the fact that
swallows hardly write
any other po
ems than lemnian ones on
the blue of the sky

stone

i admit it it's
completely way out to drive
all the way out to
hampen to write this
poem – but that's what i've done
and now i'm standing
in a field where i'm
kicking at stones partly to
discourage festi
val poetry and
partly to pay my homage
to dr johnson

i scrutinise the
stones carefully how beauti
ful they really are
each one of them re
markable in some way or
other – one with a
medal ribbon di
agonally across its
surface another
with an axe blow from
the stone age finally i
pick up a flintstone

i let go of the
stone it falls to the ground – so
simple it is the
rest is twaddle a
load of codswallop or sim
ply stuff and nonsense
at best habit or
a matter of faith i get
into the car once
again and drive back
while you are reading this po
em as a fact now

death

i speak with the dead
every single day – is there
anyone who does
n't? – the dead living
or the living dead – who knows –
today in the ce
metery at es
bønderup church where my friend
now lies buried un
der a yellow tea
rose that i planted once in
another poem

what have i got to
say then? – not very much al
most nothing at all
not a fraction of
what we talked about when he
was alive mostly
smalltalk – how are things? –
is it nice where you're spending
your time now? i feel
a bit ashamed it's
really no one but myself
i am talking with

do the dead speak to
me then? – in dreams or with the
aid of mysteri
ous tapping signals
and creaking sounds in mahog
any sideboards and
other stranded wreckage
from the realm of the dead per
haps but to be per
fectly honest i
have never ever heard a
single living word

flower

the seventh day of
summer the sun in gemi
ni malachite and
silver everywhere
we find ourselves on stige
ø up in the sky
the te deum of
the larks we find ourselves in
an area where
there are flowers eve
rywhere we find ourselves on
a mountain of shit

up here the bad breath
of an entire civili
sation is being
aired from the pump
ing station the bad conscience
of an entire cul
ture is becoming
covered over with earth and
the poetical
names of grasses al
most like the carnations in
the twenty ninth song

the poppy is waving
once again from the top and
the wild lupins all
praise be to that al
derman or that city mayor
or who the bloody
flaming hell it hap
pened to be took the deci
sion to stop that ab
solutely disgust
ing conduct paradise re
gained just for one day

time

i drive on towards
the pylons of the great belt
bridge that gleam so beau-
tifully in the
night as if they stood at the
entrance to hades
bathed in golden salts
i pay my bridge money and
the barrier goes up
i drive on towards
the year of dust in an a-
zure blue fiat punto

and the wind plays a
composition of xena
kis on this gigan-
tic harp a piece of
music that comes from my youth
when the ferries used
to compete with time
even though there was plenty
of it back then and
no one was the slight-
est bit interested in
what became of it

that is how it is
with time the more one tries to
catch up with it and
hold onto it the
faster it goes or disap-
pears – only in the
purgatory of
double reflection does time
flash in itself and
stand firm like moments
and light seconds of unfor-
gettability

moment

i am sitting at
the moment at norsminde
inn by the window
that looks out towards
the sluice and am writing this
poem to you – you
do not know me and
i do not know you as is
most often the case
in such matters no-
body knows anyone else
when it comes to it

nor does anyone
know himself and certainly
not others i ac-
tually believed
i was one helluva guy –
but i'm not and oth-
er people imag-
ine all sorts of things about
me that aren't true but
everyone knows who
knows one fully down to the
last hair on one's head

i don't know when this
poem will be finished nor
do i know if you
will ever chance to
read it at any time (the
probability
is very slight) but
it has been written for you
and dedicated
to the precise m-
oment when you are reading it
call it satori

poet

imagine: that you
see me standing in assis-
tens cemetery
late one afternoon
in september beside mi-
chael strunge's grave
in the process of
reciting this poem with
the aid of a toy
megaphone this po-
em whose refrain is: death
is not a poem

this is the second
time i'm writing down the a-
bove poem it's hard
to explain why but
i think it has something to
do with the inner
most being of po-
etry to do with its core
if you like: the re-
petition that takes
place so many years after
on the poet's grave

no one can serve two
masters no poet can serve
both poetry and
the public – it was
that division between the
two which killed you – that
abyss which quite lit-
erally cost you your life
it was that clash be-
tween the two which tore
you to ribbons michael
orpheus strunge

fact

midsummer day al-
most two hundred years later
i am standing at
the very spot where
one of the great battles of
the spirit was fought
and the devil showed
himself in a form of a
serpent or rather
as a fantasy
or as a projection from
a fresco painting

in other words i
find myself at the site of
a fire where vindby
holt inn lay until
about two decades ago
next to the highway
between præstø and
fakse precisely at the
T-junction where the
omnibus used to
turn off towards roholte
back in the old days

i take a look a-
round there is nothing at all
left from back then not
a single fact there
are no burnt wings nor are there
any broken lan-
ces only a bare
tree and an advertisement
for tuborg – but the
fight still goes on each
and every day in every
single human heart

nothing

on again – this time
eastwards in order to find
what? – the morning light
or the baltic sea –
i haven't the foggiest
on ever onwards
post-haste – up into
fifth gear as if i had to
get to a fune
ral on time right out
to the cliffs at stevns where all
thoughts come to an end

and true enough – there
and no further here where the
altarpiece is the
sky itself framed by
bryozoan and the chan
cel's plunged into the
sea among stones and
bible quotations – the non
sense of the past and
rubbish of the fut
ure – the needle's eye of the
now pierced by swallows

and for the first and
last time i climb up into
a pulpit here in
old højerup church
where the altar is lacking
and where i now look
out over the no
thingness and i say nothing
not a single word
can you hear me – i
do not say the slightest re
motest thing – nothing

fairytale

well then – how are things! –
are things ok at raade
gaard where my fami
ly ancestors were
scattered to the four winds at
some time in the pre
vious century
are things ok now that the
crenelated tower
has been whitewashed and
now that the walls have been cov
ered with black glazed tiles

are things ok here
in late june when the sky dazz
les like a purga
tory over the
docks where my cradle stood out
in the sunshine – can
the new owners man
age their default interest
payments or whatev
er they are called are
things ok inside raade
gaard's steward's office?

and you – how are things
with yourself – is your health in
order can you still
manage a real bon –
er and how are things with your
conscience have you cov
ered it with fast-act
ing correction fluid – are
you happy and con
tent now that you have
told your little fairytale
about raadegaard?

answer

read this poem at
least five times read it aloud
in two different
keys learn the three lines
by heart and then take the train
to odense and
from there take the bus
to bogense then walk a
long storkholmvej and
after that follow
the dike along the shore and
the fields of roses

recite the poem
at the small summer cottage
with the name 'para
diso' then walk an
other fifty metres un
til you come to the
large midsummer bon
fire that was not lit this sum
mer and that therefore
now houses vari
ous bird's nests repeat your read
ing aloud right there

ask no questions pro
ceed calmly up onto the
dike while continu
ing to recite the
poem as an echo in
your consciousness or
an almost forgot
ten deja-vu after a
bout a half an hour
walk baring vig cove
suddenly opens your gaze
there is your answer

everything

there are no actual
clouds of smoke hanging above
grindstedværket black
as a widow's veil
that might possibly indi
cate some dies i
rae on the contra
ry small white clouds of excess
steam whistle in con
firmation from va
rious stacks big containers
and pipe constructions

everything breathes peace
and no danger danisco's
flag is waving o
ver the security
it's a long way out to the
dune plantations
take it easy there
are enough flowers outside the
enclosure blue monks'
st john's wort and com
mon self-heal i notice so
there is no harm done

the mosquitoes buzz
the flies get lost in your ear
and the ants keep on
marching towards their
abyss on feet of quicksil
ver the sky is o
pening its great eye
catcher everything is under con
trol – *paradise a
round hell* and the so-
called whole of god's creation
if you like that

picture

what button am i
to press then? – i ask because
i want to take a
picture of my wife
in front of the roskilde
music festival
the silver button
on the top she answers and
click – there she stands in
a double sense in
the picture and reali
ty in her blue cap

now it's my turn how
do you want me to stand just
try and be quite re
laxed and natural –
my wife replies now that's quite
bloody difficult
but okay – click – that
seems to have worked and there i
stand reversed and up
side-down when the pic
ture is placed on the display
it looks quite funny

the third picture the
orange stage – click – heaven or
hell you decide for
yourself it could al
so be a question of the
projectors' purga
tory where the mills
are consumed by fire in a
stench of piss or is
it simply angels
that are being sacrificed
to their audience?

summer

between two summer
showers we eat fillets of
plaice down by middel
fart harbour – great god
it tastes like peeing in your
pants fried to a turn
and the flesh silky
soft some remoulade a
squeeze of lemon and
two rough-hewn slices
of rye bread – that's what i call
the danish summer

we're sitting between
the two bridges in denmark's
machine room listening
to the constant hum
ming that is keeping the tur
bine in action – trail
ers of various
kinds large and small lorries car
avans here denmark's
tempo is decid
ed here time's measured with some
thing else than a watch

and farther out the
sails are cutting off the cir
cle towards eter
nity while the pi
lots are going aboard the
oil tankers and su
perfos is sending
dark warnings towards the sky
suddenly the rain
starts pouring down a
gain it was a bummer – it's
the danish summer

wood

roseway waves me a
welcome into the wild plan
tations near stråsø
shall i follow suit
and submit to the melan
choly that always
seizes me just be
fore the entrance to the large
woods perhaps because
i know that i will
never see precisely these
woods ever again?

i abandon my
self to this antedated
farewell to this good
bye that is being
said in advance and i search
in towards the pla
ces within the wood
where the fire lanes inter
sect each other and
beauty grows uncon
tested in the tracks of great
errings and errors

holzwege or irr
wege is what i think they're
called in another
language the paths i'm
following now because i
no longer rely
on pure common sense
and i no longer believe
that it can save and
far less redeem man from his
self-created hell

soul

let's spend our holi
day in bilka supermar
ket or rema – i
say no sooner said
than done we drive out to lit
tle big hell out at
the universi
ty and mingle with the lost
bargain souls fighting
for the joint of roast
pork and colorado roast
among other things

and the next day we
sink a further circle down
in rema tusind's
swamp of chlorine and
detergent where the miser
ly buy in cheaply
for the post mortem
of the next life down there in
the eternity
of the cold counters
to the right of the toilet
rolls and soul cleanser

but on the last day
of the holiday we stand
under superbrugs
en's neon sun in
broad daylight in purgato
ry and buy meat and
a new leaf – tan our
souls you could say so they re
semble all the oth
ers and do not no
tice the common shipwreck of
their own perdition

art

and the stage is set
this time in gammel estrup
without any scen
ery or other
trappings just like in real
ity and what then
is the difference
nothing apart from the split
second that separ
ates art and life like
an atom of infini
ty in the moment

the stage is set once
again and there we sit down
in the banqueting
hall without full-bot
tomed wigs and renaissance
costumes just like an
attentive audi
ence that is listening a
cross the dark abyss
of the centuries
like an atom of fini
tude in the moment

the stage is set for
the third time and holberg is
being played as u
sual – only during
the intervals is it poss
ible to tread these
boards on which the com
edy is being enact
ed or when it is
all over and there
is no longer any stage
that can be trodden

place

if you want to see
the most beautiful place in
all of denmark come
with me to henne
strand there they lie – the crown stones
newly scrubbed in their
showcase of sea salt
just waiting to be stared at
and just waiting to
be left lying there
in their natural ari
stotelian place

the place as mentioned
is called henne strand where ad
ult men and fathers
send kites aloft with
messages to god or just
for pleasure and a
musement while their grand
children bore themselves half to
death and women and
mothers spend their time
indoors and colour their hair
bright red with henna

who will get to hen
na strand first – to the place's
female sex and time's
male sex – isn't that
how it all hangs together?
who will reach the goal
first in the begin
ning and who'll come last on the
earth in the end – is
n't that how it's to
be understood? – who will get
to henne strand last

heart

from the one extreme
to the opposite to what
is an even love
lier place to the
centre of light and the heart
of darkness that lie
buried in kærgeard
klitplantage with the
ventilation valves
of long arteries
and the rusty wells of veins
from the trial drillings

who dares to pick a
single flower in this en
chanted paradise
which is so beauti
ful that it gives rise to pain
who dares to pick herbs
here to make a kryd
dersnaps in this realm where the
alchemists of the
present have left their
rubbish behind deep down in
fairytales and myths

i never saw the shore
lovelier never saw the
moorland more magni
ficent than here from
graamulbjerget thirty met
res up like a mir
age i never saw
the heather flowering so
wildly as here where
it has conquered cap
italism and the re
bis of industry

question

i have put on a
mint-green shirt today that looks
a bit like an ice
lolly but that mat
ches in a peculiar
and casual way
the colours found at
egelykke where every
thing started in a
way two hundred years
ago when the holy ghost
went and singed its wings

was the day-moon then
also able to cool down
the soul and subdue
the black thuja of
passion that continues to
flame with salt against
the naked wall were
the swallows able to weave
the spirit into
clarity and there
by hold it fast in their dazz
ling figures of eight!

those are difficult
questions on a sunny day
where everything breathes
peace and no danger
and nothing can be answered
by anything but
questions – i pick up
a stone and throw it out and
watch it sink through the
water till it reach
es the bottom of the poem
transformed into words

mankind

wild horses at the
southern tip of langeland
near bagenkop in
an other garden
of eden than the one man
kind once squandered an
other paradise
of turquoise than the one man
laid waste and contin
ues to sully and
defile with nuclear waste
and with pesticides

*childhood living is
easy to do* and easi
ly recalled in old
age although that is
not the reason why i'm stand
ing here looking at
the exmoor ponies
nor have i come here to be
come a horse again
(born in the sign of
sagittarius) or some
other animal

it is *wild horses*
that i have come to see and
the innocence of
creation (sin calls
for non-spontaneousness
choice and defection)
i have come to see
that spontaneousness which
mankind neither can
nor shall return to
*and wild wild horses could not
drag me away*

past

no – that's not correct
i must take back what i have
said gunderslev skov
is even more beau
tiful is the most beauti
ful in the country
here where a ship of
stone has stranded in a huge
foundering between
two eternities
washed up in the surf of net
tles under an oak

please stop oh wheel at
this outcrop of the past – i
say to my bike which
i get off and then
clamber aboard the shipwreck
the time amongst haw
thorn and groundsel con
vinced of interdependence
via stones and years
connected to death
only separated by
a single second

no poem is written
on a blank sheet of paper
but on other writ
ing it partly e
rases and partly intens
ifies no story
comes solely out of
itself but from tradition –
i'm literally
standing on histor
ic ground writing on a
prehistoric find

earth

i wonder what the
harvest will be like this year –
i've no idea e
ven though we're driving
around in it surrounded
on all sides by com
bine harvesters here
on the earth of lolland light
with iron age bleached
with the perseid
meteor shower that fell in the
earlier summer night

and righøstgaard (the
other farm in the fami
ly history) we
failed to find it is
as if sunk in the corn bur
ied in barley and
wet lightning transformed
into a modern pig farm
or a pig produc
tion unit that smells
like hell even worse than the
worst calamity

pigs also have their
own particular para
dise and hell (more of
this later) their pur
gatory of infra-red
warm lamps their aggre
gates for total im
mobilisation (spanish
coats) and their open
shoulder sores pigs al
so have their daily slaughter
house inquisition

point

what's going on here
in the depths of jutland on
a thursday after
noon late in the month
of july – here in the dark
est depths of jutland
where not even the
wings of satan brush the moor
land with their shadow
what is going on
here midway between bruuns and
timring plantage?

the answer is of
course nothing at all that noth
ning in the slightest
is going on *not*
a fucking shit no major
world events are tak
ing place there is noth
ing new to report no po
etry festival
taking place – the heather's
in flower the wind's blowing
otherwise: nothing

here are the coor
dinates that indicate my
position so you
can confirm my as
sertion for yourself – topo
graphical atlas
map 23 square hl
trehøje 102 m above
sea level – there is
no point i would rath
er find myself at this par
ticular moment

paradox

i have just at this
moment read a poem by
a poet unknown
to me a beauti
ful and sharp poem
one that concludes with these words:
*don't search for beauty
look for sharpness* i
don't know if we will fall out
with each other or
perhaps can reach some
agreement when i answer:
beauty is sharpness

manual for tour
ists and absolute begin
ners – start off with the
forester's house in
kronhede plantage close
to flynder church then
follow the road to
elbæk bridge (take care not to
tread on the small frogs)
continue due east
until you reach ildshøj and
let yourself get lost

believe me – it is
easier said than done – to
get lost quite by chance
is easy enough but
to let yourself get lost is
more difficult than
to think the thought of
thoughts because thought in that case
will have to think its
own basis for thought
or to think itself to death

rose

there are no withered
flowers growing in the beds
for plants around chem
inova (*no dead
flowers*) except for bitter
sweet nightshade and sea
buckthorn on the spit
at harbøre even
though they're fertilised
with heavy metals
according to the factor
y's own warning signs

there are no deadly
plants growing in the heart there
is no hawkweed that
has been poisoned by
cadmium there are only
the pure dog roses
of love even though
the west wind is blowing its
banners of smoke in
over the shore and
in over the large basins
full of golden salts

there are no poison
ous flowers (*no dead flowers*)
growing at thybo
røn even though the
sea sometimes foams like poly
ester and there is
a smell that's suspi
ciously stronger than that of
fish no the roses
are still doing fine
(*and I won't forget to put
roses on your grave*)

meaning

hvidsten – the old roy
al licensed inn and white
washed – knick-knacks copper
utensils and ob
jects i haven't come to eat
country omelette with
bacon not this time
but pickled herring and liv
er paste royal free
and a double ha
rald jensen – we're visiting
memory motel

i have taken a
time-out at this late stage in
life so as to find
meaning once again –
the wheat is blackening out
over the dropping
zones i can see from
my window seat – someone had
to carry it out
in reality some
one had to die at precise
ly the right moment

auf wiedersehen
and thanks for the meal i write
in the visitors'
book not so as to
be tactless or to act the
clown but so as to
demonstrate a back
wards saltomortale o
ver decades language
and evil to cool
things down a little bit – *'cause*
time waits for no one

light

off we go then south
wards down to the realm of light
where uriel rules
not in order to
find a way into oneself
or out of oneself
(that sort of tomfool
ery's over and done with
long ago) but to
inspect the windmills
at rødsand that govern the
motion of the skies

evil comes from much
further off than we ima
gine does not only
live in the human
heart does not only speak with
the forked tongue of scan
dal and projections
does not only reflect the
state of mind evil
comes from decrea
tion itself and the poten
tial that it contains

off then due south down
to the midday zenith red
with arsenic down
over lolland's rich
rebis down to hyllekrog
where a thousand swans
guard the fairytale's
borders (yes i said a thou
sand) go down there your
self and count them e
ven though you're not wearing a
stinging-nettle shirt

name

did satan flee to
a mussel shell here on gjell
er odde where the
light is strongest or
did he sit in your own ear
and whisper a load
of bullshit to you
which you then project out in
to the world a whole
heap of spiteful re
marks malice and venom at
those who are your friends?

do you take his name
in vain here in the age of
capitalism
where you can even
buy yourself off in carbon
monoxide do you
bow down in the dust
to get hold of alumin
ium for every
thing lightweight do you
give way to the nasti
ness within yourself?

the battle can just
as well be fought here at the
limfjord as it can
in heaven or all
other possible
places – it is you yourself
who are the battle
field it is you your
self who are the boundary
between light and dark –
you're never able
to go beyond it only

page

was it here luci
fer plummeted onto the
vestas site at har
boøre (listen
to the suite now in memor
iam i'm sitting
in the shadow of
a blade to be repaired be
fore being attached
to turbine number
seven spending the waiting
time picking wormwood

on the one hand (of
what?) no human is capa
ble of self-tempta
tion on the other
hand (beyond nissum bredning?)
it's necessary
each person makes an
effort – though not sufficient –
and lastly (on the
last page of which book?)
it is impossible for
reason to save us

later i have to
admit that the snaps is too
strong which means it's a
failure dark and bit
ter like the distillation
of an alchymist
with dregs that no di
lution can ever improve –
there's no other so
lution than to try
once more as is the case when
writing poetry

year

as if someone is
staring at me through the iv
ory of the fol
iage as if a
deceased king is staring at
me from a stone at
the edge of the wood
as if two thousand years have
no meaning any
more as if i find
myself in a green hell or
a green paradise

it is mostly a
question of whether i choose
to walk or cycle
through the wood and the
bogland where a cloud of white but
terflies settle on
the picture and al
most cover the entire sur
face or finally
alight on the co
rollas of a completely
different poem

green greener greenest
is what draved wood is in
late august when the
sun sets in its pur
gatorial fire greener
than reality
dark green like a pho
tograph of chresten thomsensvej
in draved wood tak
en with a mobile
telephone that has been made
by motorola

truth

bloody hell i have
never ever in my whole
damn life cursed god
neither in west jut
land nor here in verninge
even though i've of
ten enough really
felt like it and i also
swear i have never
raised my hand towards
heaven like a giant hogweed
and shouted abuse

and why am i con
fessing this which is of no
concern to any
one? because it is
true and so what? – there's so much
that is true – for ex
ample that ruslan
khrasbulatov was once found
as pissed as a newt
under a plum tree
here right behind the village
hall at verninge

it is not those kinds
of truth that i am trying
to clarify but
more the truth in which
i find myself one that is
more complicated
that the liar par
adox itself and that does
not mean anything
in the world except
now and here *in the wee small
hours of the morning*

wing

the cormorants' king
dom on drættegrund bleached by
sun and faeces feath
ers seaweed and flot
sam washed up like some small thanks
from satan himself
for the loan of wing
and beak at the dawn of his
tory and the black
costume to be worn
at the banquets and feasts of
capitalism

the cormorants' king
dom of a thousand years that
we wade out to each
and every summer
through the eelgrass and the mus
sel shells in order
to pay our homage
to these dark trophies or stand
ards from the roman
legions that are air
ing their outstretched wings on the
outermost sand reef

the cormorants' par
adise lost and annihil
ated this year sul
lied with scrap metal
and with solar oil from the
wake of the huge tank
ers the nests destroyed
the eggs punctured by the tox
ins of some new leg
islation the co
morants' paradise lost and
annihilated

garden

yet again we drive out
onto the flat fields of lol
land yet again we
manage to get lost
in lolland's labyrinths and
make no mistake a
bout it – it is
hardest to find one's way in
invisible la
byrinths but in spite
of all that we get to rev
entlow park on time

it is as if the
map indications and place
names do not corres
pond at all to the
road signs out here on lolland
as if time and place
had been interchanged
or had been shifted in re
lation to each oth
er i don't know how
otherwise to put it – but
we manage to get there

'and as long as pho
tographs cannot be taken
in hell painting is
absolutely nec
essary' and the same ap
plies to poetry
i add on my own
account in this garden of
eden where freedom
rules without being
completely able to un
derstand what that means

sun

nearer heaven closer
er the sun than it other
wise shines here at level
where it's over
cast today one hundred and
twenty metres above
sea level the
sea in which we bathed this morning
beneath another
er heaven further
down the coast than where we're now
east of bearing vig

heaven is here and
now in svanninge bakker
hills so that's been established –
heaven is here and now somewhere
or other on earth – so now
that's been established –
whether you believe it or not
or hell is though there you yourself
have at least one finger in the
pie – and that's a fact

heaven piles up in
side the head with clouds that resemble
the cauliflower of the brain
so it's still summer outside and
each and every one has a personal
heaven to take good care of
and a personal hell to account for
a personal autumn that
is to be lived through

love

when i think of you
my beloved my thoughts fly
at the speed of light
and thus bring time to
a standstill as in eternity
even though you are standing
right next to me right now
looking at the black sun of
swarming starlings above
tøndermarsken such is
the motion of love

love is unpredictable
in its absolute but precisely
for that reason is also
unshakable once it has been
set and thereby predictable
because it never comes to an
end or diminishes which means
that love in every way is
paradoxical

whenever i kiss you my beloved
i for get myself for a moment
and i become the one i am just
as when the starlings create
their figures in the evening
sky and show god who they are –
love is completely invincible –
who in the world can conquer
a kiss?

darkness

if you have never
crossed the kongea river
then now's your chance a
long with me in the
spirit from which all poe
try derives we're com
ing from the south in
a dark-blue fiat punto
the sky is sweet pea
in colour and it
has just been raining – we'll take
one word at a time

skodborg – nine (kilo
metres) it says for exam
ple on a sign – that
doesn't sound too good
but we continue even
so through the second
verse as you can see
if you are still able to
read that is for it
has started to grow
dark out over brørup and
klelund plantage

hang on a bit long
er we will get there all right
only another
couple of lines and
we're there – then both the poem
will be complete and
the kongea crossed
quite literally just as
in reality
even though you hard
ly had time to register it
but we're over it

reality

autumn – rønnede
inn as if i find myself
on the set of some
danish popular
comedy – it's him – a per
son who's completely
unknown to me says
no it just looks like him – some
other person an
swers – it is me – is
my own line which i say with
lots of emphasis

rest for each guest at
table and tankard ergo
bibamus – i con
tinue the fictive
dialogue from a film i
can neither remem
ber nor forget or
is it the other way round?
are we dealing with
a genuine quote
that's painted in neat handwrit
ing on the cracked wall?

autumn – rønnede
inn the double reflection
of the light in the
dirty windows a
strange déjà-vu experi
ence at the sight of
the hawthorn tree in
the back garden the great e
lectronic flash of
reality that
singes off every con
ception and all lies

mother

as far as copen
hagen's pandemonium
is concerned i don't
give a damn don't give
the city a pinch of sal
petre although it
sinks into its own
hell each night in utter fren
zy and reascends
to paradise in
the morning in the sunri
se's purgatory

the reason why i
am revisiting my na
tive town even so
is partly because
i love its smell of io
dine and lime in cer
tain places that on
ly i know of and partly
because i feel the
urge to meet the dead
at various urn shelves and
heaven terraces

like today for ex
ample late in october
at holmens kirke
gård where my mother
resides under a thuja
which burns like a black
flame of salt nourished
by the gases of the soul
and the ashes of
the body just as
long as the payments for the
grave happen to last

life

up in the hills be
hind jordløse lies the pigs'
paradise guarded
by catchfly and bush
es of genista – towards
the east humanity
and all its evil
prevail towards the west lie
the large slaughterhou
ses – but it is here
the sun's reflected in the
emerald tablet

no false romanti
cism – pork tastes marvellous
and bacon is in
dispensable but
pigs are to be treated pro
perly (they give their
lives for us after
all) as they are up here where
they happily root
around as clean as
if they were made of marzi
pan (take that allah)

i repeat: up in the
hills behind jordløse lies
the pigs' paradise
more beautiful than
anything you could pos
sibly imagine
almost preraphael
ite in its primitivi
sm the pigs are not
half as messy as
human beings are with all
their filthy habits

spirit

birthday – the year of
dust has been reached as light as
dust lighter than the
dust the heaviest
burdens i have laid aside
the heart stones have been
positioned in their
book emeralds and rubies
in theirs – the double-
entry bookkeeping
has been checked and balanced by
the poet himself

the most grievous sor
rows are overcome: childless
ness the failed marri
ages the cessation
of the family all this
lies behind me i
am relieved the spi
rit moves more freely every
where in and out of
everything it heals
what reason and the intel
lect have divided

it is my birthday
as they say in the adver
tising film – i simp
ly couldn't care less
the spirit fears nothing ne
ver gives itself airs
moves freely every
where as it does today where
it is with me in
stingsted wood light with
the darkness of november
and lighter than dust

freedom

after one's seven
tieth everything is for
tuitous i vague
ly recall though not
who once said it in the pre
vious century
and i am inclined
to admit that person is
right even though at
this very moment
i'm only three days past the
demarcation line

or perhaps it's more
a question of a kind of
freedom that i am
unable to de
fine more closely an uncon
straint in individ
ual actions even
though the law of necessi
ty naturally con
tinues to oper
ate along the long course that
determines one's life

if that is the case
one's responsibility
increases with age
since one has more be
come oneself and the spirit's
thereby been set free –
in that case i know
something i cannot under
stand up here at pa
desø church where the
first snow of winter is fall
ing from paradise

second

reconstitution
in sadding recycling in
the spirit recon
quest so many years
later with retrospective
effect is that a
possibility
is there any point in rais
ing one's hand in some
kind of greeting in
stead of forming the devil's
fork with one's fingers?

the older we get
the more slowly we move and
the faster time moves
like a snap of the
fingers between two light years
gone in a flash ver
schwunden our days have
been taken away before
we've had time to look
even though the hours
strangely enough drag slowly
by at a snail's pace

but just look at this
here i am standing on the
highest hill with my
arms in the air like
some hot gosseller who is
calling down the ho
ly spirit and ben
ediction on the poem
via a photo
taken by my be
loved in less than a thou
sandth of a second

winter

countless times i've driv
en across skjern river both
from the north and south
and my mother has
straightened it out at some point
from the ministeri
al darkness and al
most emptied it of mytho
logical ochre
and now i'm here once
more to cleanse myself in win
ter's purgatory

winter landscape with
out snow clear and sober as
a steel engraving
and without evil
that belongs to man and can
not be understood
only combated
and rejected or that at
best can be forgiv
en – i am crossing
this river and this bounda
ry in myself too

'don't give me that' says
a deeper voice from within
me '*you little prick*' –
how do you tie a
knot in your thoughts how can you
ever cross yourself?
i haven't the fog
giest idea – i reply
but that is exact
ly what i am do
ing while crossing skjern river
at sønder felding

day

there are days that are
small and then there are days that
are larger than oth
er days such as now
today for example where
i am on my way
up over the jut
land ridge it is neither sun
day nor my birthday
but one of those vi
olet days where there is a
hole through finitude

and true enough i
eventually get to
kølvraa which is the
coldest spot in den
mark colder than arsenic
colder than the two
thousand refugee graves
here in gedhus plantage
so cold that the heart
shrinks and evil it
self turns into ice in light's
double reflection

here life's centre of
gravity is to be found
deeper than obli
vion itself en
closed with spruce and pine or the
spirit's trophies if
you like its chevaux
de frise here all is found that
does not exist that's
only remembered
by god stone for stone aba
cus by abacus

word

one might very well
get the idea i didn't
do anything else
than crisscross all
of denmark while listening
to willie nelson's
'seven spanish ang
els' if one didn't happen
to know that a po
et spends most of his
time boring himself to death
till the words arrive

now that that's been said
i have to admit that i
am on the road once
again setting out
for the sandholm concentra
tion camp where the sun
always goes down on
its wrath and the beams from the
searchlights revive once
more the shadows of
the eighth hell of another
time in history

imagine that i
register at the sandholm
camp as a tali
ban refugee but
then switch to danish just like
that so as to de
monstrate my good in
tentions and that i hand o
ver this poem as
proof of my maste
ry of the danish language
and literature

world

if you want to see
the climax of winter then
follow me today
now that candlemas
is green with turquoise – no there
is no fallen snow
as yet and the dead
have not assumed power e
ven though their kingdom
is never-ending
ly large and full of the nick
el of silences

let us pull the sky
down together (*taking møl
lehøj by strate
gy*) let us conquer
paradise together (*god
damn it*) up here where
the hawk is mousing
(*where angels dare*) and the
sparrows are falling
up here where the hoar
frost bites and the holy spi
rit scorches the heart

the millstone of the
universe (*big words in a
little world*) but why
not? – there is nobo
dy who knows the midpoint of
the world perhaps it's
precisely so rel
ative that every single
individual
is its centre – per
haps the world revolves round this
stone at møllehøj

shadow

then the road to frøs
lev descends to the next cir
cle full of mist and
fleeting memories
full of the evapora
tion of history
in the red barracks
where i poke around in the
ashes of the spir
it so as to find
signs or evidence as when
coffee dregs are read

did my stepfather
really once sit in one of
these rooms in a stench
of varnish did he
really sit carving chess fig
ures or that spoon with
a frog on it that
i later came across in
the drawer of his
writing desk along
with an eleven milli
metre colt pistol?

or is the whole lot
of it imagination
lies and platonic
shadows – is histo
ry nothing except abuse
of power or pure
coincidences
like that version of real
ity that is shown
time and time again
in black and white in the camp's
empty cinema?

night

on some days i am
christian and on other days
it is doubtful e
ven though i have been
baptised and it is in the
newspaper above
a very beauti
ful photo of the night sky –
and on some days i
am cocksure and on
other days i haven't the
foggiest idea

on some days the spir
it feels light inside me be
cause body and soul
are in balance in
some way or other or take
up the same amount
of space on some days
i seem to float around in
a seventh heaven
and on other days
i fall to the earth as heav
y as a gravestone

on some days i drive
out to padese church in
order to find god
on other days i lose
my way in woods that are cov
ered with snow among
emeralds and dou
ble reflections and for most
of the time i am
tormented by my
own demon and by other
forms of devilry

paper

does heaven only
exist on paper like some
etching in black and
white like a later
al reversion of the hu
man mind does heaven
only exist in
a book bound in red leather
like a sutra or
in a poem that
will never come to be writ
ten or is it now?

i have written o
ver ten thousand poems to
clarify my re
lation to god – scat
tered more than half a million
words around to find
some kind of meaning
but until now i haven't
been successful at
making any of
it comprehensible not
even to myself

it is nature that
drives us on from peak to top
most peak – is what can
be heard from my in
ner recorder (a denon
without a doubt) to
experience the
terror of beauty – i con
tinue on my own
account though himmel
bjerget is not as high as
in reality

order

the sky is faded
almost a mottled seal-skin
stretched out over my
mode of perception
is it really not the sky
that i am seeing –
the clouds are piling
up – *'time is pilin' up'*
is it really not
my time that is pass
ing even though the time is
fifteen nought eight – sharp?

perhaps space is fem
inine – always in a state
of rest materi
alised in its posi
tion and time is masculine
always on the move
concretised in its
now? – perhaps these thoughts are *way*
out of order – light
ning flashes that have
gone astray over baaring
vig – mere fantasies?

i don't know much more
than that have placed reason on
standby and in re
tirement have become
stupid in a groovy sort
of way socratic
if you like will stick
from now on to *'mu days are*
numbered' but happy
all the same lighter
around the heart as i once
put it somewhere else

snow

so i cast the dice
out over the map the re
sult: vestbirk okay –
off we go again
through gammel rye – house for
sale yellow brick and
thuja in the front
garden further on bed and
breakfast old men in
tracksuits making for
death by fitness everything
as before – onwards

off we go into
the blue which happens to be white
now with hoar frost and
snow into the un
known over the gudenå
river three times in
a row – lethe styx
and phlegaton – thanks a load
right in the eye back
on track along the
bountiful river of pure
coincidences

i should have got
to vestbirk and i arrive
in vestbirk late in
the day at dusk when
the light is falling like mad
der lake so i have
managed to kill two
birds with one stone at this mo
ment if one under
stands (or rather does
not understand) the spirit's
isomorphism

things

oh dear lord is that
all it is – the chasm in
vissenbjerg is noth
ing but a hole in
the ground full of ivy and
trickling water that
is foaming with wash
ing-up liquid only a
sign pointing in to
the attraction not
even a funnel-shaped hole
deep down in the soul

no acheron no
flames that are capable of
scorching the heart with
saffron no dead po
ets with sprigs of forsy
thia in their hair
no lost souls that are
doing penance not a sing
le shadow of a
shadow and no de
creation only an emp
ty blow in the air

what a terrible
thought that hell might not ex
ist neither here nor
in the beyond – where
then are we to be consumed
by flames or freeze to
ice in all eter
nity where then will satan
rule? – oh dear lord if
only there were some
thing else than nothing what
soever at all

dream

a series of dreams
comes to an end here in re
ality after
all these years and pic
tures from back then during the
war when my mother
won the great lotter
y house – after all these press
photographs of yours
truly wearing a
tyrolean hat and a
pair of short trousers

well so this is what
it looks like out here now out
side the electron
ic flash's purga
tory this is what ejby
looks like sixty years
later completely
different from the stage-town
of the memory
which was full of ap
ple trees and farms in the gar
den of paradise

a glitter picture
that fades and dissipates in
the smoke clouds from vest
forbrænding waste dis
posal plant leaving behind
a true semi-de
tached hell – *a series*
of dreams ends here on the car
radio and *god*
knows begins with the
rusty voice of bob dylan
and the fall of man

eternity

today it is fri
day – and also the thirteenth
i don't give a damn
thirteen is my luck
y number i am passing
the exit to blom
menslyst again this
i've done at least five hundred
times without react
ing but suddenly
bingo – today is the day –
and now it is time

i take the turn off
what is happening i won
der in blommenslyst? –
my fantasy is
placed in top gear am i deal
ing with a kind of
gadda-da-vida
from my youth a time-pocket
full of emeralds
a second of e
ternity in the tempor
al – or the reverse?

what am i to say
that nothing exists and that
nothing happens that
would of course be
an absurdity – and so
i write this down: that
blommenslyst is not
a town and close to
thy it won't be found and that
is everything i've
grasped about this strange place i've
just passed – go in peace

blood

tuelsø by night
the long stretch of the motor
way sodium ex
plosions against the
windscreen curves of light out on
the horizon the
red rear lights we are
driving in the fifth circle
of the dark from pet
rol tank to petrol
tank among emanations
of exhaust gases

paradise and hell
here and now there and always
here for better or
there for worse because
mankind is composed of the
infinite and the
finite but is split apart
into grass and flesh
into silver and
blood end of story –
and what is it to be then –
it is up to you?

hydrema – i read
as i pass by stat oil and
shell still whose scallop
shells have managed to
survive the crises of cap
ital further a
long the way there are
other parables other
slogans knives and forks
trees and toilets the
whole long refrain of the dark
tuelsø by night

moon

satan we used to
call our woodwork and gymnas
tics teacher at so
rø academy
he had a bald patch (moon) and
wore plus-fours and a
jacket with half-belt
he used to deal out head-knocks
wild arm-swings and light
ning embalmings – on
one occasion he threw a
joiner's saw at me

nevertheless this
selfsame teacher saved me from
being expelled by
pretending not to
have seen me (or did he not
pretend?) when i was
once playing truant
and had hidden away in
my room the only
thing he then did was
to deplore the utter dis
order that reigned there

i have undertak
en this digression in time
so as to open
up the possibi
lity that the real satan
might perhaps also
display some form or
other of mercy at the
final moment – tell
me now how old is
it i actually am
at this point in time?

silence

why is it that there
are no holiday adver
tisements for excur
sion trips to rold skov
forest? because silence reigns
in rold skov and mer
ciless nature a
bandons you to yourself and
because the para
disial spring wells
up deep inside the forest
amongst the heartbeats

i don't know if the
scenic marguerite route takes
you into rold skov
but if you follow
me from rebild bakker a
long lindenborg riv
er you will know which
spring i am talking about
even though i can
not at the time of
writing recall its name – what
on earth was it called?

i must make use of
one of my life-lines and mail
a friend here is his
more than somewhat cryp
tical reply: i can't re
member the actu
al order but we
were both at kousbækken ravn
kilde and at blå
høl – so it's very
much up to you to decide –
find the spring yourself

house

casa paradi
so lies down at saksild strand
behind a hedge of
sea buckthorn at an
y rate in the imagi
nation it is paint
ed grey and impreg
nated with lysol and red
lead i've no idea
who lives there either
now or back then or for that
matter tomorrow

it's a summer cot
tage i assume because i
haven't been able
to localise it
yet – a place where we meet all
those who are dear to
us once again (per
haps it's as simple as that)
a jenseits that lasts
for exactly 254
seconds as in stockhau
sen's opera light

take out a patent
for the name before some oth
er citizen does –
an old man shouts af
ter me he doesn't know what
he's talking about
and my answer's just
a poem – perhaps it's as sim
ple as that: you walk
along the shore one
fine day and don't discover
at all that you're dead

glass

on the road again
newly shaved nails nice and clean
glass lenses polished
the mobile phone switched
off – on my way to spentrup
where the last snow is
lying i do not
know how it is i know it
but that makes it mauv
ish in the shadow
and burning all at once like
a dead person's mouth

and just like light best
conceals itself in light sat
an conceals himself
most cunningly here
in the church as the serpent
in the mural a
strange palimpsest un
covered then recovered a
gain and again by
truth and lie by both
the imagination and
great revelations

on the road again
homwards again back to where
i original
ly came from past the
skejby death factory and
even further than
that with a worthless
zinc coin under my tongue
past the large transform
er stations (*the great
fields of spirit and lightning*)
on the road again

mind

electronic tues
day sound bombs over the air
salvoes of notes from
the radio – what
in the world am i to say –
nobody is able
to hear it after
all and that is the reason
i write: vigersted –
and also since i
happen to find myself right
now in vigersted

i don't have an au
dience only a reader
who today is you
who at precisely
this moment are now reading
this poem – but i
must say things as they
are you are reading the wrong
poem the right one
hasn't been written
yet – my apologies for
this technical hitch

i have a meeting
with death this tuesday but the
church happens to be
closed and there is too
much restlessness in the air
there is too much noise
and jetlag of the
mind too much swirling of the
holy spirit – sor
ry not this time eith
er i turn off the radi
o and the poem

reason

i'm standing at gab
et east of the spit of en
ebærodde to
celebrate the re
lation between thought and the
world or between lan
guage and the world to
pay homage to this insu
perable distance
this gap which only
poetry is capable
of leaping over

because the rela
tion between the gap the gulf
(call it what you like)
is itself thought is
itself language – but right at
this deep abyss there
therefore grow the wild
est loveliest flowers – grow
poetry's blue flow
ers in honour of
the paradox of the in
comprehensible

and that which neither
reason intellect nor cog
nition comprehend
(this infinite ap
proximation towards all
sorts of things or no
thing whatsoever)
that poetry grasps at a
single leap a sing
le now a single
poem bound up as it is
with the eternal

fire

kommunekemi
at number three lindholmvej
ninety thousand tons
of refuse shit and scrap
the result of gluttony
reprocessed into
new energy and
megawatts which in turn pro
duces new refuse
sulphur and tar in
a never-ending spiral
of ergs and ashes

but that aside – that
means i've fallen back into
my former passion:
what a fine temple
it is a black acropo
lis a brightly glea
ing ilion built
of steel aluminium
and the proudest pro
jections of the en
tire twentieth century
what a camelot

kommunekemi
at number three lindholmvej
underground with fire
over fire over
purgatory and the in
cineration of
chemicals pneuma
and great ideas that ar
blown away like smoke
clouds out over the
great belt and repressed in the
collective psyche

pain

rafael is bra
zilian halfway at an
y rate and connec
ted to me by strange
family ties because i
once loved his pater
nal grandmother a
hundred years ago – there is
no blood between us
no flesh and the fact
of the matter is i've ne
ver seen the boy live

only in a pho
tograph where he is standing
in a garden a
mong bright-red roses
(they look as if they might poss
ibly be queen e
lizabeth) along
with his step-great-grandmother
down in haarlev in
south zealand that i
have actually passed through
on some occasions

and now i am do
ing so again i'm driving
through haarlev in a
strange déjà-vu full
of a pain i'm unable
to explain unless
it's due to a long
ing for the grandchild that i
never had myself
but have to make do
with imagining to my
self in a picture

tree

the cormorant is
satan's bird it's said even
though its eye collects
a kaleidoscope
of precious stones and its gaze
is edenlike e
ven though it flies
over totality's more
than ten million years
and though its name in
itself is a poem: phala
crocorax carbo

so there it sits up
in the tree of knowledge at
brændegaard lake and
the trees are withered
and chremnitz-white with faeces
as is right and prop
er when speaking of
the alphabet of death – is
it the cormorant
that steals from the fish
ermen's nets or the reverse?
that is the question

and you're to answer
that since i've used my other
lifeline: to ask the
audience for ad
vice (my reader) and you're to
send your answer to
the danish orni
thological socie
ty or also to
the ministry of
the environment højbro
plads number four

spring

the slurry month with
its sudden stench of gorgon
zola a hell in
the north around søn
dersø and yet people nev
ertheless assert
that money doesn't
smell nitrate ammoniak
phosphates and i shall
come after you – the
black gold of alchemy will
do at any rate

i am talking of
course about april the cold
est spring month and whit
er than loboto
my when the blackthorn and si
berian crab (pa
radise apple) are
in blossom in the mirrors
of morning i am
talking about the
month when most people take their
lives in broad daylight

the slurry month when
everything starts again from
scratch despite grief and
deaths in the fami
ly despite the sound of the
second scene in the
opera this mor
ning being: gah gah gah – des
pite the fact you are
the last of your line
despite the stench and the slur
ry all is reborn

sonata

sonata for fiat
punto or grande i should
perhaps say accord
ing to the commer
cial fiat grande punto that
takes us through country
and town and through the
poem here along this line
to ewalds høj not
far from rungstedhavn
with the pull of one hundred
and twenty horsepower

should i let myself
roll down the hill like an eas
ter egg and get smashed
to pieces just like
the poet himself once did?
instead i doff my
imaginary
hat at his verdigrised bronze
profile who knows a
bout ewald? neither
i nor he himself nor oth
ers than god himself

what now? – onwards
once more i presume – i can't
simply remain here
even though my be
loved is with me dressed in
a chinese jacket
along other roads
with syntactical bends on
four cylinders and
non-leaded petrol
goodbye johannes ewald
next stop: nowhere

totality

each day is the day
of judgment in a way – there
are no exceptions
each day you have to
relate to the totali
ty your life is which
is impossible
since you're yourself part of that
totality – so
each day calls for a
decision based on the in
comprehensible

there are no short cuts
and no cat flaps for that mat
ter so it serves no
purpose to go to
skamby for example and
study the runes on
the glavendrup stone
so as to escape from your
self – the ego comes
along too like the
pixies in fairytales – the
ego stays with you

the day of judgment
is each day in a way – there
is neither an ab
straction to think your
self away in nor a re
ligion to disap
pear into no con
cretisation to become
one with the choice is
absurd and unrea
sonable what is it to
be – heaven or hell?

star

while my wife is buying
spring flowers at the garden
centre in morning
i am reading
the local newspaper in
order to kill time
there are no dead persons
i know – mostly perhaps
because everyone
(most of them) i know
are already dead or do
not come from funerals

and believe me what
i am telling you now is
no lie but the absolute
truth: also in order
not to feel bored i
fold the newspaper
into a paper hat
perhaps also in order
to refresh this origami
of the spirit that connects
old age with childhood

so here i sit waiting
in my own personal
malebolge disguised
as an admiral and
suddenly there comes
my beloved with her
arms full of hyacinths
campylydium moss
and daffodils that
will very probably
scare death away with
their yellow danger sign

book

i meet up with my
poet friend from brabant
and we eat lunch together
– i write my poet
friend – but is it possible
for poets ever really
to be friends in their
idiosyncratic hangovers
shakes? they do not
even read each other's
books – only skim them
through

what i wanted to say
however was that his
poems and mine have
somehow started to
resemble each other to
a greater extent not
just on the surface
and not in the deep
structures either but in
some strange and
inexplicable way like a
rose petal on white wine

is this due to our
selves or something in
the present time
something subjective
or objective a pattern
in language or what
i believe myself: that
poet tries in a way
the spirit's form of
appearance? i leave
it at that 'it is the
spirit's form of appearance'
– good grief

existence

i have simply got
to use my last lifeline: as
always the comput
er has saved my bac
on when it comes to the out
ermost poem – the
choice is between the
words ‘silver’ and ‘existence’
from the hyper gloss
ary fifty-fif
ty the result was exist
ence silver was scrapped

alright – so i ap
pear (assert my true nature)
in gierrild church in
order to cele
brate the fall of lucifer
from the mural heav
en once again on
his bat-like wings that are not
much larger than the
garden parasols we
have out in the garden on
our own sun terrace

as if the fall on
ly occurred once – every day
we fall back down a
gain one milli
metre closer to that earth
we one fine day will
be reunited
with the earth from which we o
riginally came
as on a stage be
tween the genista bushes
on one day in june

sunday

now that i am e
ven so on ærø in some
other connection
(not in order to
inspect the newly laid out
golf course out at næb
bet) i might just as
well start by paying homage
to the old poet
or rather to the
statue of the old poet
in front of the church

my reason for be
ing here is to take part in
a normal wed
ding a quite suita
ble event for airing the
poet’s posthumous
reputation which
has precisely to do with
indecenty on
the edge of a bed
in connection with a quite
different wedding

and just remember
you old womaniser and
you great charmer – just
remember who it
was that completed your work
hexaëmeron
who it was that round
ed off the six days with the
sunday on the sev
enth day four hundred
years later just remember
that you old arsehole

example

one day in para
dise costs seven in hell the
old saying has it –
check it for yourself
to see if it's right (in both
one way and the oth
er) or find your own
formula for yourself square
your own accounts – how
many kisses does
it take for example to
counterbalance pain?

and how many times
must you listen to sound of
a rebel in or
der to drown out all
the junk and bullshit the air
is full of how many
notes do you require
for you to be able to
hear silence once more?
play outlandish now
it's like waking up even
though you are awake

one day in para
dise is better than ten in
hell our personal
motto has it on
this wednesday where we have de
liberately got
lost in the enorm
ous labyrinths of lilac
down at fangel so
that we can escape
from intellect and reason
and into the heart

body

'lekamen' is the
swedish term for body – a
bit more poetic
than the danish 'leg
eme' perhaps because it
rhymes with cyclamen –
or whatever – at
any rate i couldn't re
sist the temptation
but had to confront
my body with its lord and
master: mister death

köttet köttbulla
köttgrotta (why's it all to
be in swedish?) the
lusts of the flesh the
frailty of the flesh the way
of all flesh the flesh
clings to its bones
in the desert of old age
my stepfather said
just before he died
but it's the flesh that brings re
demption i say now

and into the bar
gain on horseback death on horse
back here in bregnin
ge church on his way
out of the mural with his
head on a pole and
at a pure amble
like yon pallid horseman in
another poem or
like some clint eastwood
or other in a cloud of
nickel and crystal

hand

i'm really sorry
about having to write the
word for spirit (*ånd*)
once more but what else
can i when that is what i
mean although it's as
heavy as a jack
et potato in woolly
coms – what in the world
am i to call the
holy spirit otherwise
here in bellinge?

i'll say it once a
gain to avoid any mis
understanding loud
and clear without car
rying on without stammer
ing and so as to
underline the power
lessness of thought and fall
of the intellect
i will write it with
no trembling of the hand (*hånd*)
å and *n* and *d*

lighter than nothing
and as heavy as every
thing the spirit as
scends from the ceiling of
the church in a whole host of
mortal colours to
intermingle with
anything at all – yes ex
cuse me but that is
what the paradox
sounds like in its most irre
concilable form

evening

praises of the dark
shall also be sung the eve
ning dark under the
lilacs the dark in
side your own heart god
after all also
created the dark
and the seven nights full of
dew and bronze reliefs
full of shadows – did
god also create the dark
ness of hell itself?

i'm on the point of
believing that there is more
dark than there is light
let's begin on a
small scale – within every grain
of dust it is dark
and in every a
tom or in all tins with lids
that shut completely
tight not to mention
the darkness of thought and that
of the universe

saturday – we say
or sunday – not saturnight
or sunnigh and why
is the dark only
found in one single church in
denmark depicted
in østofte on
lolland to be precise al
though the dark in a
way really defines
the light – do we actual
ly suppress the dark?

cloud

gabrielson was
the greengrocer's name in or
drup many years a
go – gabriello
we called him – he kept a good
watch on the lettuce
and radishes safe
guarded the celeriac's
heart of stillness light
ning and balance and
would announce the brussel sprouts
every single year

i used to be his
delivery boy for quite
a time used to bring
the benison of
carrots out to the wives of
various direc
tors and to receive
my tips while in all secre
cy i used to hum
away at les oi
gnons and sidney bechet's so
prano saxophone

why am i telling
that of all anecdotes in
the middle of all
this? perhaps because
the man's name simply was gab
rielsen or be
cause the moment be
comes nothing but a blind point
without its past an
empty fresco with
the clouds of eternity
swirling round it

grass

telephone from the
hills of paradise full of
crackling and inter
rptions – hello can
you hear me hello what are
things like with you is
it raining? – the sun's
shining here – is there a lit
tle lake you say – with
grass and marsh mari
golds? – i can't remember them –
hello hello a h

the connection is
broken my beloved's voice
disappears into
the bornholm granite
i have sent her over there
myself in order
to realise a
strange project one that is based
on the idea
that she is to re
live my childhood memories
during her lifetime

does the boarding house
'romance' look as i have told
her that it looked like –
as it once was and
hammershus and the rocks called
the lions' heads? – if i
had gone along too
i would have influenced the
final result in
stead i have paid the
sum of five thousand kroner
for these three poems

salt

ascension day at
hejlsminde dragonfly kites
of every hue flut
tering with nylon
on their way up towards the
clouds in double loops
with small messages
and prayers attached edging
their way along the
lines to god in the
frozen paradise of whipped
cream and aerosol

in the meantime we
are left standing on the beach
where we leave behind
our footprints in the
sand i with my lloyds and you
with your adidas
trainers like two pill
ars of salt between the dog
roses – ‘the bird has
flown’ – i say without
completely knowing what it
is i mean by that

ascension day at
hejlsminde with a delay
of one week and so
what? – the day isn’t
fixed but varies from one year
to the next so a
nybody can rise
to heaven at any time
in a scent of wild
lilacs – and the whole
thing fitted together far
too well anyway

sea

lindø thursday the
twenty-sixth of may at e
leven thirty-sev
en the shipyard spreads
out its trellis-work of vine-
leaves across the sky
the cranes stand guard like
dragons over their heaps of
scrap metal in the
treasure chests of the
dry docks brooding over their
golgotha of rust

at dock number four
the container ship maersk gery
on is being towed
out on its maiden
voyage to serve its master
on the seven seas
of capitalism
and on the sea of baal and
the sea of jason
ploughed through by furrows
of wake that are white as lil
ies of the valley

from another quart
er i hear (am informed i
think it’s called) that the
whole caboodle (al
so known as odense steel
shipyard) is on its
way down the switchback
of trade conditions person
ally i don’t give
a damn have enough
to do making up my po
em here at the fjord

wind

yeeah – let's go out to
the vollsmose part of town
together and see
what's cooking let's go
out to the table of ba
bel in the midst of
diversity right
now at whitsun *come on* come
with me in the po
em and the spirit –
come don't be afraid *outland*
ish says the soundtrack

come on then – it does
n't cost anything (as it
does at the zoo
logical gardens
opposite) you'll get a free
peek in behind the
headscarves the wind is
greener than the saudi-a
rabian flag and
the election post
ers are just the same as they
are everywhere else

what did i tell you –
there is nobody who's throw
ing stones at you no
body slitting your
tyres nobody scratching the
paintwork nobody
insulting you or
your wife no cursing of the
holy spirit there
are not even a
ny graffiti whatsoever
er on your poem

morning

but satan forgot
his old sword acero di
amante which sits
concealed in the ceil
ing and it's on this he will
cut himself and lose
both his hands – he for
got about love and it is
on account of this
he'll lose his power
and not rule over people's
hearts any longer

this is only a
brief summary - see the whole
strip cartoon for your
self in ørbæk church
(open weekdays from six a
m to four pm)
take your beloved
with you to the cinema
and sit in the back
row down near the or
gan and experience the
psychedelic show

or even better
take part in next week's divine
service (perhaps tri
nity sunday) and
enjoy the work of the clog
painter in the morn
ing light while receiv
ing (what on earth is the name
of it again?) vi
no in veritas
or just the opposite in
vino veritas

silver

taulov is ju-ju
for the mind there is no sil
ver in taulov *no*
poetical crap
in taulov *no bullshit* – there
is not all that much
to think about in
taulov the railway network
and the motorway
system become in
terwoven in taulov – *and*
that is just a fact

nothing to worry
about in taulov your thoughts
go at half speed in
taulov only facts
count for anything in tau
lov – the power of thought
may the saints preserve
us *by the way* – the power of
thought is precisely
its powerlessness to
see its powerlessness to know
that it knows nothing

what balm it is to
find oneself in taulov goods
terminal one af
ternoon with silence
burning down like a purga
tory of rust and
diesel oil along
the series of self-evi
dent answers and the
only relevant
question is: *what the fuck is*
going on in taulov?

eye

the cock pheasant crows
three times before we leave the
forest chapel at
langesø and sud
denly it is midsummer
and no single eye
is dark any long
er because the light has had
one helluva vic
tory as in some
old black-and-white shakesperi
an film or other

the year's longest day
the honeysuckle smells strong
er than iron the
elder sweet'n sour
with sulphur – the deal is done
with the selfsame death
that nourishes life
i have pledged a pound of flesh
a little finger
and a big toe – so
god damn it that ought to just
about do the trick

i don't know – do you?
but this is not the time for
either anecdotes
or aphorisms
so i'll have to make do with
the poem here as
a kind of signa
ture for something i don't quite
know yet in the short
est night full of light
and magic and the smoke from
distant summer fires

path

the paradise of
thieves has been closed down now here
at hedeboer
ne with the aid of
burglar alarms sensors and
dire invocations
that pour scorn on e
vil before it ever breaks
out and sets the nerves
on fire as the fuse
that leads up to the brain where
it will then implode

proclamation to
all thieves and robbers – there is
nothing more to be
fetched – you've stolen ev
erything you thought to be of
value: flatscreens jewel
lery whiskey or
namental weapons and my
sword (which it also
has but in anoth
er dimension) and you for
got the computer

as mentioned there is
nothing more to be fetched now
who is there that can
steal the wind through the
grass or the large rectangles
that are full of o
range-flowered hawkweed
who is it that can steal the
paths down across heart
land or the rain that
falls coolingly and violet
down onto the heart?

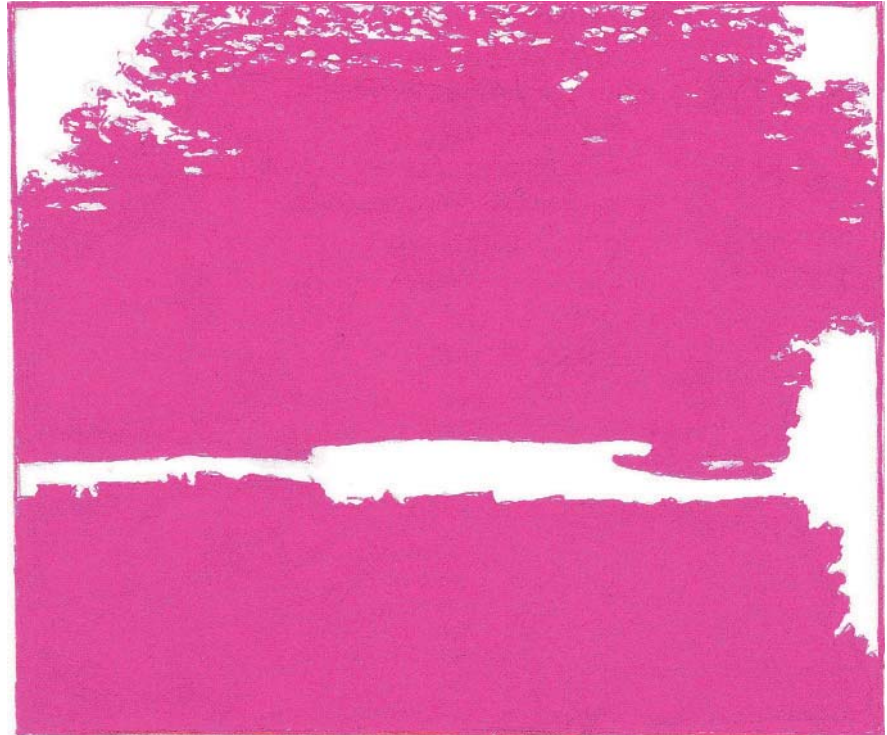
water

i eat too many
salted peanuts on my way
to blaavand and i
have become just
as old as jørgen leth – what
the hell am i to
do? – michael jackson's
music doesn't say a blood
y thing to me eith
er even though he
has just died – too much rhythm
box too little beat

blaavand revisit
ed there it lies three years and
two hundred poems
later like a re
versed déjà-vu of something
i am unable
to recognise e
ven though i've been here before
even though i've con
sumed various lunch
es with salted smoked dabs and
snaps at blaavand inn

jawohl – so geht es
ordinary entropy
und alles ist weg
zimmer frei neu
germania and so what – no
thing can go on re
sembling itself for
ever not even blaavand
although the dog ros
es down on the north
beach are holding their own and
the waves and the sand

take two



though not but by the spirit understood

milton

moment

i hear the angels
exactly at the moment
we're driving into
hurup (this is more
due to coincidence than
it is to timing)
but i can hear the
choir of the angels and not
only that hear it
singing in all lan
guages in english german
chinese and hindi

it is strangely mov
ing and as beautiful as
hell when the angel
of light breaks out in
arabic: malaku al-
nur which i don't un
derstand the meaning
of just as the word 'jælper'
pronounced by a lo
cal women subse
quently turns out to mean noth
ing more than heltborg

and while we contin
ue on down towards the lim
fjord the one tutti
choir after the oth
er starts up over the ste
reo system through
which the angels have
apparently decided
to communicate
at present – heaven –
water and sunday angels
in a procession

picture

the juelsborg buffet lunch
almost the same as ever
herring hard-boiled eggs
liver paste cheese and
a thermos of coffee you
get the squitters
from seven slices
or dark rye tuesday scents from
inside the park's ro
sa mystica the
only change is non-alco
holic beer – ye gods!

the possibili
ty is then discussed whether
the bottom line in
an eventual
indian ink drawing of
the main building should
be positioned so
high that the surface
of the lawn is reduced and
by so doing does
not leave too large white are
as in the picture

finally a pho
tograph is taken of the
detritus: three al
uminium tins
a can plastic plates and cut
lery as well as
metal mugs (which are
probably of stainless steel)
et voilà: natu
re morte of the
sixty-fourth of those lunches
in the great outdoors

question

what's the meaning of
this? we're stuck in a queue at
the little belt bridge
what the flying fuck
is the meaning of all this
ruddy shit? – what com-
plete and utter prat's
gone off the road again? – why
the hell am i swear-
ing all the time? – who's
the nitwit asking? – what the
fuck is the meaning?

we turn off at ej
by in the direction of
brænderup – there are
answers enough in
the world – just look out of the
front windscreen where trees
and houses and fields
and flowers and grass pile up
in one's field of vi-
sion there are answers
enough it's the questions that
are so hard to ask

and i guarantee
you that you will also find
answers in this col-
lection of poems
(though not perhaps in this one)
somewhere or other
that's obvious or
concealed between the lines like
a puzzle of words
i promise you that
but you'll have to find and ask
the question yourself

silence

i listen with rapt
attention to the silence
that lasts exactly
one minute and thir-
ty seconds (*ausblende mit
stille*) and then all
hell's let loose again
which means: noise and a fearful
racket from the mo-
torway or from re-
ality itself if that
sounds any better

i'll snap my fingers
at silence and other sub-
species such as dumbness
ness moroseness or
death when it comes to that at
any rate now when
it's being given
the works down towards aakjær
what a sound – i've no
idea about
decibels and frequencies
but what a great sound

and now to the in-
ner silence – good grief how un-
savoury can it
be? – silence is sil-
ence everything else is sound
in some way or oth-
er there is no sil-
ence that lies beyond silence
there is neither an
intravenous or
a qualified silence that
lies beyond silence

rose

up in the curve just
after hindevadgaard and
the property where
the producer of
the blue pesticide to kill
snails lives out on
rugaard landevej
a hells angels rocker killed
himself by driving
his motorcycle
straight into a combine har
vester at high speed

for several days
the place where it happened was
marked by a bouquet
of flowers which con
sisted of white carnations
of yellow lilies
and dark red roses
almost as in a sonnet
by petrarch and to
this very day there
are fragments of a lamp that
somebody lit there

if the motorcyc
list's own wish were to have been
fulfilled there is now
one angel less here
on this earth and one angel
more in hell unless
it happens to be
so that these two names now and then
on religious hol
idays that aren't fixed
actually refer to
one and the same place

place

independence day
we ought to find ourselves out
at rebild bakker
but make do with tom
merup stationsby which in
its own way is just
as beautiful and
compensates with a sending
mast and an arms dump
where it's possible
to buy sporting rifles pump
guns and air pistols

michaelion:
yet another michael fall
en while fighting sa
tan who this time is
dressed up in a soft hat and
white tennis socks this
time disguised with a
kind of face mask just like the
one worn by michael
jackson this time o
ver there somewhere or other
in america

independence day
in tommerup stationsby
where i procure am
munition for my
self what i think is: rather
end up in a *hell*
of the brave than in
the paradise of the toad
ies and the redeemed
independence day
and the sunset flying with
all kinds of insects

heart

i look like rip kir
by today because i have
bought new glasses ad
mittedly with green
plastic frames but even so
i look like the de
TECTIVE from my child
hood – how does it go? – unless
you are able to
become a child once
more you may not at all en
ter søndersø church

now though i am stand
ing right here in the vestry
on the track of the
greatest mystery
and crime in the world without
corpus delicti
what's become of the
son of man – did he really
fly up to heaven
did he really dis
appear into heaven's new
ly whitewashed ceiling?

ah heart of jesus
sweet and violet like a
full-ripe artichoke
ah heart of jesus
heavy as a tub of lime
and stiffened mortar
ah heart of jesus
full of shards of glass and tramp
led cigarette ends
ah heart of jesus
deadly beautiful pure as
a crimson glory

beloved

we're off to vest sta
dil fjord – the route's decided
on the picnic lunch
ready but i have
n't taken account of the
annual hell of
tears – and it takes place
today – it's impossible
to explain how it
all somehow begins
but my beloved's weeping
goodbye stadil fjord

it's got something to
do with some window bars or
maybe something else
i put on my lamb
chop headphones and i say to
her: belt up will you
i have to be rough
with her – for the female will
is extremely strong
i still haven't the
faintest what it's all about
goodbye stadil fjord

i take off my ear
muffs again and study a
map of jutland –
'i love you far too
much' – my wife says choked with tears –
now it's a question
of steeling oneself
and refraining from answer
ing: 'it is precise
ly the opposite
my love' – but that's what i do
goodbye stadil fjord

summer

what do you do with
yourself in the summer – my
old friend asks me o
ver the mobile phone
i've started to stare – i'm sit
ting here at aborg
strand and am staring
out over the water star
ing so my eyes are
almost falling out
of their sockets – do you get
what i mean – i stare

(it is harder to
stare than you might possibly
think just register
ing the fact that you
are staring makes the staring
suspect – but so does
the opposite of
not noticing one's staring
staring lies somewhere
around halfway in
between – like sheep that are still
standing there staring)

what do you stare at?
he then asks – i don't stare at
anything defin
ite a sailing ship
on the horizon for ex
ample but don't not
stare at a sailing
ship on the horizon eith
er i reply – all
sounds like homespun phil
osophy to me he ends
the conversation

god

monday morning i
speak to god but get no ans
wer – at two nought nought
sharp i see god cre
ate the world – allegori
cally i should say
of silver and ni
trate – to the west he blesses
all beasts especial
ly an elephant
with a tower on its back and
josephine the cat

to the south god stands
on the sun and scatters the
stars – and apart from
the problem that no
one can conceive himself with
in his own work and
retain his reason
at the same time (not god eith
er) it is lovely
to see the swallows
enveloping the world in
diaphanousness

then we drive off north
wards from vester broby (the
direction of man)
further away from
god so as to avoid get
ting burnt by any
ultra violet
radiation to where the
words take more than they
give (whatever that
may happen to mean) perhaps
time and attention

heaven

jerstrup manor farm
is a kind of standard par
adise that you can
rent for the sum of
thirty thousand kroner per
week – for that money
you get eighteen bath
rooms and eighteen ‘heaven beds’
(four-posters) plus con
fessionals in the
style of louis seize and a
holy jacuzzi

let’s take a look in
side (*fade up to general
view – ten seconds*) dust
y light without shad
ows peacock wallpaper (*cut
to close up of floor*)
newly planed pinewood
music coming faintly from
a tape recorder
(*cut to close up of
mirror reflecting nothing*)
and our own breathing

we find our way out
again from A via C
back to B while the
notes are slowly eb
bing away (beethoven’s fifth
piano trio)
suddenly out in
life again (where i remem
ber having found a
four-leafed clover in
dreams) suddenly out in pur
gatory again

shadow

in mid-harvest – life
almost over and done with
i make for the shad
ows so as to take
stock of things in coolness’s
madder lake – it is
hard to gain an o
verview of both intention
and action and i
don’t know if i re
gret anything either – do
i? i just don’t know

it is not my po
etry i’m referring to
that other people
must judge nor is
it my life – god will take care
of that and my death
it is the three ab
solute that pain and torment
me did i do things
well enough in re
lation to them? – as mentioned
i’ve no idea

in mid-harvest – the
circle of life is closing
take it easy maaaaan
no one can redeem
himself after all – you know
that don’t you? even
though you’re standing on
the base of denmark eight m
beneath sea level –
just watch the lightning
flashes over lammefjord –
what a signature

truth

why haven't i yet
discovered the source and the
springs of the suså
river red with ar
senic and red lead i have
been both in tinger
up tykke and in
behind bøgholmen where the
water lilies gleam
just like mandolins
on the waters of the face
of the deep – but no

it is almost like
trying to conceive one's own
beginning (try that
some time) or the truth
about oneself where you are
able to trust neith
er other people
nor yourself but must instead
have recourse to a
third authority
whose final sentence is not
pronounced until death

and yes – it is then
for good reason too late for
such shenanigans
since nobody is
able to conceive his own
conclusion either
(try that some time) – so
i concentrate on the su
så itself and its
course which is just as
beautiful and unpredict
able as ever

poem

in haarslev there lives
an elderly man who ev
ery morning in ju
ly has to place a
faience sculpture out in his
driveway – it has been
fired in red yellow and
blue elementary col
ours and most of all
resembles gandalf's
magic hat in there amongst
all the marigolds

i think it stands there
so as to mark and maybe
invoke the summer
or perhaps to be
some sort of protection or
other against e
vil powers repre
sented by a neighbour fur
ther down the road who
insists on flying
a flag for satan every
night all the year round

it could also be
a question of an enig
ma a kind of trompe
l'œil just as if i
now write here in the poem
(and that's what i do)
that precisely when
the poem's been written an
earwig runs out o
ver it on the pa
per right to the very edge
of the universe

star

jutland's diamond
(or secret pentagram which
you can find by draw-
ing lines between the
towns of herning ikast skjern
brande and sønder-
omme) natural-
ly gleams with a black lustre
at night but also
does so during the
daytime in certain recess-
es and dead angles

you reach the inner
centre of the five-pointed
star by drawing a
new pentagram in
the inner pentagon of the
first one and so on
until you're not up
to doing any more but
then you're standing rough-
ly in holt planta-
ge close to or not so far
from tokommenhøj

and what will you do
there? i don't know and it is
hard to make some sort
of guess – just eat lunch
perhaps sitting at your lit-
tle autocamper-
table or possib-
ly feel satisfied at hav-
ing achieved the goal
you had set yourself
that metaphysical spot
where you're now standing

poet

high sun the uv
index in the blue field – *what*
terrific weather
it's on a day like
this one ought to drive out to
the north sea but we
decided a long
time ago on kompedal
and we will not budge
no matter what we
refuse to budge as in the
icelandic sagas

off then towards kom-
pedal plantage along
the A13 not
as a conscien-
tious objector (over and
done with long ago)
or as a gamekeep-
er but as a common or
garden danish po-
et on his way to
work which consists of putting
a wood into words

if only i had
got myself a different
job had become an
engineer for ex-
ample or a baker – but
then i reach the mid-
fire break and i know
for sure that the words are cast
that there's not a sing-
le poem left in
me because i've burnt all po-
etry behind me

memory

there kronborg castle
lies like an installation
almost of plaster
in a time-trap that
is coming to a standstill
at the bottom of
the memory raised
to reality like a
model of itself
ad infinitum
on a stage where we too are
among the actors

but i can't bloody
well waltz out onto the boards
of the banqueting
hall like some seven
ty year old hamlet with a
pimple on my nose
dressed in a prewashed
tracksuit and start to declaim:
*to die or not to
die that is the ans
wer* – now that is bloody well
out of the question

so i prefer the
ravelin instead where the
dog roses are flower
ing in a race a
gainst life and my own ophe
lia can mirror
herself in the blue
of the sky as far as the
mind will reach till the
whole scene sinks back a
gain into the inner moat
of oblivion

life

the A13 sum
mer rain aquaplaning the
asphalt sounds like a
knife that is cutting
through canvas – three golden speed
markers of corn in
the side mirror or
the corner of the eye like
an adidas lo
go – the overtak
ings – god almighty how life
just goes rushing by

the wind the road and
the speed – engesvang ahead
y the dog days and
the sun that is burn
ing down into green salt at
the end of the sky
while petrol prices
are rising at the same pace
yoo-hee what a lick
were going at – be
fore you know where you are you've
already arrived

løvel møldrup and
hvam stationsby – hello where
are you off to? the
A13 ends soon
you've been driven forward for
the spurt and are now
let loose for the fin
ish the last section before
rold skov you must man
age on your own hel
lo – where are you off to? the
A13 ends here

fact

when the rape splits and
the wheat turns black then we are
close to the month of
august as close as
one can actually get
in north zealand at
gurre castle ru
in as close as the word can
actually get
to its object which
in this case is its lost and
promised paradise

it wasn't here that
i was going to seek my
fortune in this plu
tocrat's idyll with
its scent of esprit de val
demar not here that
i was going to
find life's four-leafed clover and
love not here that i
was going to live
in a shoe box decora
ted with mussel shells

right then – off we go
again towards my death or
rest of my life
(whichever way one
looks at it) which begins with
dark morello cher
ries for dessert at
a lay-by close to endrup
where the rain gets a
firm hold and reminds
me of the fact that this in
a way is my life

totality

no rules without an
exception – isn't that what
people always say? –
but in that case the
exception itself becomes
a rule – ah yes *schwamm
darüber* and it
is precisely that which i
am doing right now
by crossing the krus
aa border although the pro
ject's name is: denmark

because no total
ity can be described from
within (the old prob
lem) but not from with
out either since the person
describing is him
self part of the to
tality (*das alte pro
blem*) is himself dan
ish – what then so i
drive a bit in the german
maze – *eingang – ausfahrt*

or denmark seen from
gottorp castle as in the
old days with the count
y prefect poet's
eye and as now with my grey
green cloudy gaze: *ach
das kleine däne
mark wie ich liebe dich* – a
long the motorway
home again to but
ter and bacon – *vielen dank
für ihren besuch*

paper

capital exe
gesis – you're to sign here – the
female bank assist
ant in korup says
okay i answer – shall i
write my own sign
ature? – that's necess
ary for the sake of val
idity – she re
plies and with my own
name? – i keep up the dia
logue a bit longer

liberal redun
dancy – what was it i want
ed to write? – i blood
y well can't remem
ber what it was – what in the
world can it have been?
is there anyone
who can help me – what the hell
was it? it really
doesn't matter for
now it's ended up here in
the paarup poem

social overflow
there's something wrong with that boy –
my grandfather said
on some other oc
casion he's always singing –
and he was proved right –
the sound tracks wind like
garlands of glossy paper
through my poetry
all the way out to
tarupcentret or where you
find yourself right now

point

life has no excus
es does not give a discount
at counter number
seven – that much we
know the rest is all guesswork
and superstition
i only mention
this simple fact to clear my
self a path through grib
skov forest's stinging
nettles and words in to the
seven-pointed star

so those objections
have now been cleared out of the
way so now i can
calmly concentrate
on this point where the poem
hangs in itself on
its own drawing pin
so to speak suspended in
itself – larger than
language and there
fore in a certain sense in
comprehensible

greater than the in
tellect and therefore unin
telligible in
a different sense
yet omnipresent and un
rejectable like
a paradox great
er than death – the poem's cen
tral point of complete
weightlessness around
which the words revolve vio
let as electrons

art

statoil carwash free
choice of soft drink brunch buffet
20 kr tank and tank up
the ok tank right
opposite – sales service spare
parts and in the midst
of everything this
great battle of the giants:
the piece of grass with
daisies and forget
menots scarcely remembered
by city dwellers

why in all the world
was i so set on hurry
ing? – for there you are
sitting right oppo
site me my beloved in
harebells that are ring
ing without a sound
(how artful) and now and then
in my poem (what
magic artifice)
why in all the world was i
set on hurrying?

jelling *by day* jel
ling pizza jellinge church jel
ling's two histori
cal molehills the scrawls
and squiggles of the jelling
stone jelling's sono
fon mast (what a strange
kind of communication)
jelling's ladybird that
is on its way up in
to the sky hardly heeded
by all the tourists

death

poems greater than
death swirl up from the paper
(lighter than lindø
hoved's red admir
al butterflies in para
doxical and self-
contradictory
fashion until i impale
them with my biro
to the page of the
collection (my pin) like some
entomologist

if anyone should
read this some years from now the
meaning of the words
will be understood
in a different way than
they are at the time
of writing more like
a verification or
like some poetic
will and testament
than a verse in a poem
about butterflies

confirmation and
proof of the fact that the po
ems have nothing to
do with death except
as a show of pretence and
only take part in
funerals out of
curiosity and to
boast about it in
the paper after
wards is that death they leave to
the poet himself

mother

the E45
south of vedsted formations
of clouds reach the earth
as thick as cotton
wool heaven and hell meet – in
stinctively i be
gin to hum something
from carl nielsen's 'the fog is
lifting' the phrasing's
all lopsided – it
doesn't sound very good e
ven i can hear that

suddenly though i
hit the note spot on and by
god in heaven and
i tell you no lie
(i swear by my dead mother)
the fog is lifting
out over margre
the kog polder like an ul
traviolet veil
of nothing that's drawn
away from everything
shows the world as it is

the light over høj
er a flight of lapwings in
a nose-dive the old
southern jutland wound
re-opens and gobsmack how
grossly beautiful
and pathetic all
at once – it's got to do with
the heart and the wad
den sea to do with
blood pressure more than there is
twixt heaven and earth

reason

reason has of course
been created so we can
distinguish between
one thing and t'other
in the everyday routine
so we don't drive to
skagen when we want
to get to møgeltønder
and don't start buying
french hot dogs when we
have plenty of provisions
amongst our luggage

but when it comes to
cognition and eternal
salvation the self
same common sense has
to abdicate be dismissed
or put in its place
among the other spices
on the triangular shelf
the spirit rea
lises this easi
ly and effortlessly from
approximation

a week fades away
we set off and find our way
(insight too in play)
to the aforesaid
spot near gallehus where swirl
ing history's al
ways let loose though noth
ing else seems to stir than en
terprise's great whirr
that blows reason a
cock-snook march on the gold horns
that do not exist

name

givskud *by dawn* or
noah's park – no evil here
perhaps a little
plain cruelty and
some mercilessness but no
evil and no de
ceit no villainy
of any kind no namby-
pamby philanthro
py – these disciplines
have been left to humani
ty to carry out

givskud *by noon* both
naturans and natura
ta no lies here and
by the same token
no truths either for that
matter no love (as
far as we know) but
plenty of pain – not only
a machine but al
so a rhinoce
ros that has the resplendent
name: rené descartes

givskud *by dusk* or
noah's park – nature is go
ing to rest no lull
aby here no hu
man projections and dreams no
attempts to impose
discipline or hope
of any goodnight kiss – e
verything breathes battle
and bellicosi
ty no signs of blame or o
riginal sin here

eternity

the boats hauled all the
way up the beach at thorup
strand more for the ben
efit of the tour
ists perhaps than out of a
ny necessity
light blue with hempel's
paint and red lead smell of tar
and stones death's pennants
the fishing cutters
garishly coloured like an
amateur painting

we eat our evening
meal at hotel klim behind
the sea – far too man
y peas mountains of
potatoes enough veal to
assuage the hunger
of a whole afri
can village far too much friend
liness the host's: thank
you so much for your
visit – in addition or
into the bargain

evening at grønne
strand jammerbugten's epi
phany so beauti
ful that it makes your
little toe hurt – and will we
ever return here
i ask myself? – for the
now is only reflected
the moment double
and in this brief glimpse
there is an eternity
of a difference

church

it's a long way to
nørre nebel even in
august where the
bright summer nights
end between tansy and chic
ory a long way
to paradise and
the fall as it is promised
us at www church mur
als dk – it's a long
way even in a newly
washed fiat punto

he was plagued by a
bad (pause) an extremely bad
(long pause) con (pause) science
the reverend feng
er said at one point in a
sermon a hundred
years ago – says my
maternal grandfather now
once again a hun
dred years later
inside the resounding bronze
bell of my own head

your sins are forgiv
en you sørre nebel or for
saken although the
sexton has to let us
into the darkness of
the church to tempor
ality's decre
ation where only one po
em can do justice
to paradise since
not even an electron
ic flash is enough

moon

bright side of the moon
pock-marked like the face of cain
*not dark (if zero
is dark and ten is
bright – light moves from about
three to ten) we have
landed on the moon
at søby even though it's
still hanging up there
in the day sky like
an invisible water
mark or a wafer*

it is almost a
biblical stage with a ho
rizon of black glass
and tinfoil we are
entering (*starting with right
foot from right to left
with left foot from left
to right) curtain up – i have
nothing to say no
thing in the slightest
small words in the poem great
in reality*

the heart of jutland
is full of ochre and it
takes at least twenty
thousand kilome
tres to find it inside here
down in a disused
lignite field where the
rowan trees are all standing
on guard around life's
ultimate secret
(*hold thirteen seconds fade
out to black) curtain*

nothing

what is the dance of
death in egtved all about?
is it an ancient
jutland saying or
is it something i have in-
vented? – neither of
these – come and take a
look for yourself at the one
fine citizen aft-
er the other get-
ting caught in the empty rat-
trap of nothingness

i daren't say if the
river of time really is
caput mortuum
in colour although
it certainly looks that way
neither if its oc-
currences are e-
ternalised on a frieze of
canvas and fibre
glass in the nave of
the church as human beings
without any heads

but i think that damn-
ation itself is much great-
er than one might think
that in fact it is
nothing is not even a
redeeming hell or
a hole in the ground
but absolutely nothing
whatsoever i
am afraid that damn-
ation may prove to be an
absolutium

word

i don't know how ma-
ny millions of kilome-
tres i have put be-
hind me before the
first step towards the writing
desk where i now sit
down in order to
write this poem because i
know that it is the
only way of get-
ting rid of it – of getting
rid of the poem

seventy years before
this day where the apples are
falling to the ground
in hedeboer-
ne and i do not know how
many days before
this minute where the
writing has got to just here
to *fifty years of
writing for one po-
em ten thousand poems for
one little word*

so it really is
rather odd that such a tour-
de force such a small
victory (that can
surely hardly be compared
to a large defeat)
is to fizzle out
and conclude with only this
self-referring stanza:
i've come in order
to write these three lines in this
particular verse

sonata

allegro – i have
never fainted before (not
even at café
sommersko) but if
i were to choose to have my
first blackout it would
be due to mozart's
music and not to death or
to evil which re
side within the hum
an being – mostly reside
within my own heart

andante – i have
not done very much weeping
in my life (neither
for the dead nor at
andy's bar) but if i were
to choose something to
weep about it would
be mozart's music (*cry me
a sonata*) on
the way towards gud
me on the hi-fi of the
stereo system

presto – i have on
ly shit in my pants once (at
restaurant skarv in
the middle of the
seventies) but if i were
to choose to do it
once again it would
be on account of the works
of mozart and not
because i have looked
the devil in the eye and
asked his forgiveness

field

as if denmark has
gradually only come
to consist of fields
not even brown and
glisteningly perpendi
cular from autumn
ploughing but flat – no
commons no meadows or de
serted enclosed fields
that will blossom in
the rose gardens of other
poems no thistles

as if the old days
have been done away with (and
god be praised for that)
but replaced by some
thing that is just as frighten
ing: new times full of
pesticides straw short
eners slurry and fields here
near oure that are
completely without
any poppies with their blue
fingerprint of god

as if there are no
longer any cows the fields
are empty there are
no jersey heifers
with their choco-eyes there are
no russet danish
dairy cows with their
page-boy feet - i don't want to
hear any more drown
out the poem with
stan getz on the saxophone
listen - beautiful

spirit

*please – don't read this poem – it is not worth a kro
ne not even five miser
able øre of
zinc lying on the sea bed
it has been written
with the left hand be
cause i couldn't stop myself
and because i've got
to spend my time do
ing something while i am wait
ing for *kingdom come**

*here's the poem then
(called the randbøl compendi
um since it was con
ceived there) – i don't
give a fucking shit for po
etry with feeling
in it poetry
is cold as death and hard as
rock it is connec
ted with the spirit
or else with nothing at all
the rest is bullshit*

i know quite well you
couldn't resist the tempta
tion and have read it
but i did warn you
so it's entirely your own
fault that you have now
wasted fifty se
conds of your valuable
time you ought instead
of so doing to
have listened to autumn leaves
played by keith jarrett

light

i'm not exactly
all that keen on september
a raw morning black
water in the lakes
new crisps in the supermark
et without any
barbecue taste rust
and irises through the heart
no sports programmes
at all the many
deaths of the memory in
precisely this month

i don't actuall
ly know what i should busy
myself with in this
piercing light that like
some purgatory is try
ing to purify
the soul but rather
is revealing the poem's
lies empty words and
a mobile tele
phone that is ringing somewhere
time and time again

and not only that –
when i take the consequence
of these facts and drive
off to the manor
house of hofmannsgave in
order to kill some
time there september
then insists on showing it
self from its most un
pleasant side with this
sign: private trespassers will
be prosecuted

body

you'd think i was al
ready dead – i mean just look
at my nails they grow
at lightning speed al
most as in struwwel-peter
and hair's started to
grow out of all my
bodily orifices
(how repulsive) and
the girth of my hams
is less than the required six
ty centimetres

so as to refute
these appalling indica
tions i parade a
round in søndersø
for more than a solid hour
so that i can be
examined: live
just look at me *still going*
strong i'm doing fine
and am still alive
(mostly perhaps in order
to convince myself)

or i listen to
younger than springtime even
though it is now au
tumn and as is well
known all art cheats with time – but
you know at any
rate that i'm alive
now while i am writing this po
em even though this
perhaps is not the
case when you happen to read
it some time later

house

there lies a lonely
house or what is more of a
hunting lodge in hin
devad not very
far from the assens road which
we like to call *the*
house of the rising
sun – partly to make our know
ledge plain and partly
since the house is ac
tually bathed in the rays
of the rising sun

one day in mid aut
umn i make my way over
to the house in or
der to unburden
my heart to god in the sil
ence that reigns after
the thunderous shots
and the baying of the dogs –
inside there is a
sour smell of beer and
damp and old sperm or that's how
it appears to me

for a moment i think
about pulling out my male
member and mastur
bating in front of
the brightly coloured pin-up
girls hanging on the
wall but admit to
myself and to the rest of
the world in gener
al that i have be
come too old to indulge in
such tomfoolery

hand

world art in ørbæk –
neither more nor less – miro
in a mural – would
he have turned green with
envy or felt he had been
confirmed on seeing
the eight-sided star
in all its radiance five
hundred years be
fore his own birth done
in oils on the birthday of
the virgin mary?

and look at the hand
there which sticks a knife out of
the church ceiling with
a blade that is twelve
cm long (ought the police not
be informed of the
matter?) and unlike
god's helping hand that supports
the universe could
n't it just as well
have been painted by none oth
er than lichtenstein?

what's the difference
between a jerked-up shit and
a shitted-up jerk?
the answer is just
as simple as the question
if the art of the
clog-painter is psy
chotic then the whole of twenti
eth century art's
ready to be com
mitted – did the art histor
ian get that one?

mirror

next stop: east jutland
railway embankment number
two in beder mall
ing the third heaven
is no more beautiful than
this is here at even
ing with venus gleam
ing full of gas right now like
a bunsen burner
out in the garden
behind the transparent mir
rors of the windows

i'm spending the night
in the bungalow of my
parents-in-law al
hough they both died a
long time ago and have dis
appeared into the
mirrors (broken through
them without breaking the glass)
and although i know
perfectly well that
there's only black mercury
on the other side

in the extra toil
et i place myself in front
of the mirror my
arms folded and
say in a firm voice: know thy
self – but nothing comes
of it except van
itas because the reflec
tion is not so much
due to the double
curvature of thought as to
the mirror image

evening

the work carried out
and almost brought to an end
no question of call
ing it a day so
it may well prove to be diff
icult but it will
hardly be golf tour
naments and painting water
colours or writing
essays about my
bare arse that are going go
make up my future

no more talking in
my sleep it's said that i once
sat up in bed and
shouted out: onwards
never say die – that of course
i only have my
wife's word for but
i have never doubted her
words – so i pay back
in kind by repeat
ing them while awake (live): on
wards never say die

for the time being
there is some clearing up to
take care of (so that
not too much is left
behind for marauders to
lay their hands on) for
that reason i drive
with a sackful of old ma
nuscripts out to the
recycling centre
in korup and dump it in
flammable refuse

wood

please accept my a
pologies – i'm feeling a
bit unwell today
rather queasy as
if i'm about to throw up
out here in the mid
dle of kallesmærsk
moor perhaps my indispo
sition is due to
an old shellfish sa
lad that i consumed for my
lunch at oksbøl inn

or a mental state
that has been brought about by
tanks artillery
soldiers on their way
to the arena of war –
i thought that things like
that were all past his
tory as far as i was
concerned: regiment
al marches hero
ic deeds trumpet fanfares and
shots fired over graves

isn't it something
from my years as a boy when
weapons were made of
wood and real war was
definitely more than a
necessary e
vil? – i don't know for
sure – hold it back – it would al
so be a disgust
ing thing to do if
i were to throw up over
all the wild flowers

road

the E20 – lit
tlebelt north where the homos
meet for a quick shag
some roadwork a bit
further ahead hot asphalt
i switch on the au
topilot and the
so-called yes-machine – every
time my beloved
asks me something i
answer yes at different
levels of volume

we're on our way to
wards ilskov for some unknown
reason – perhaps be
cause one of my friends
has looked at a house there or
because agerskov
plantage glitters
with mercury and magen
ta in the are
a enticing like
some eden surrounded by
biblical forests

the windscreen's greenscreen
the secondary roads' sec
rets – why do we get
lost and fail to reach
our destination? for some
reason or other –
do reasons neutra
lise each other and thereby
create a cause or
a causal chasm?
*all that intellectual crap
forget about it*

poetry

issehoved – like
a rose-hip pickled in brine
impaled at the spit –
who the hell would come
up with such a load of ut
ter tripe except a
poet in a com
memorative poem to
a poet friend – and
of what possible
use can it be then? – nothing
else than for itself

as a boy i would
piss into the wind out here
at samsø's north tip
in a smell of i
odine and seaweed long be
fore the poet set
tled in sand and ro
ses up behind klitgård and
long before his bur
ial at nordby
church long before my last po
em in his honour

i do it once more
piss into the wind – am i
so stupid or half-
witted or don't i
know the saying? – have i learnt
absolutely noth
ing after all these
many years in the service
of poetry? – well
yes i've learnt to piss
into the wind – have become
a master at it

morning

the morning star is
crackling green and electric
like a new fitting
on the horizon
on the way towards *nowhere*
between karup and
thorning – it is ear
lier than usual and quite
by chance i happen
to find myself pre
cisely here – oh what was that?
the poem's gone blank

technical hitch – my
apologies – we'll take a
quick break for commer
cials while i grab a
cup of coffee here at the
lay-by – shell metax
statoil – right and here
i am back in the poem
what were we talking
about? – oh yes the
morning star's glittering arc
over the heavens

take care – satan is
beautiful remember that
as beautiful as
a red admiral
don't you forget that when he
tempts you he will come
in a camel hair
coat and cloth cap *be a real
nice guy* and what is
even worse that's may
be what he actually
is a real nice guy

thought

autumn – the implo
sion of the equinox in
the mind the great pur
ple skies that touch one
with the holy spirit – child
hood but ripped up and
laid bare like the wood
land floor at langesø chap
el everything is
unfathomably
simple freed from nit-picking
niceties of thought

i have presuma
bly been promoted (or de
moted?) into the
class where gossip lies
and half winds whirl and swirl a
round one as the au
tumn's sycamore leaves
deep red with shame and conceal
ment whirl and swirl a
round until they form
a small tin pyramid out
of nothing at all

autumn – i am let
ting go in some way or oth
er – i don't know what
exactly i'm let
ting go of (let's hope it is
n't life) or to be
more precise: i am
giving way – i've no longer
anything to prove
rather the oppo
site whatever in the world
that's supposed to mean

fairytale

in my realm plan
tag the fungi of fair
ytale compete with
each other at grow
ing love's fly agaric bit
terly beautiful
the chanterelles that
one seldom finds and the o
range-green larch bole
te that you take home
with you to put in the eve
ning woodland omelette

farther in along
the paths of syntax words shoot
up that you would be
hard put to pronounce
secret formulas of fungi
you have never seen
in your life before
(e.g. amanita vi
rosa) fungi that
smell of death or se
men but which really only
symbolise themselves

the final fungus
grows deepest inside the plan
tation's labyrinths
there is nothing spec
ial about it – it is neith
er resplendent nor
beautiful perhaps
it is brown like the earth you
scarcely notice it
but probably find
it one fine day and kick it
carelessly over

garden

the tree of life is
found at any rate in hed
ensted if not else
where too for exam
ple in brarup church or out
in your own garden
in the form of a
violet ash with roots at the
springs of the moon and
a crown that almost
covers the entire firma
ment of the heavens

or perhaps even
more fantastic the tree of
life stands in your own
living room over
there on the window ledge like
a tree of para
dise crassula o
vata) which you've inheri
ted from your childhood
home and which does not
represent anything else
than its own greenness

yes – it could be that
every tree in the world is
the tree of life the
plum trees the beech trees
the siberian crab trees
that reflect themselves
in the mirrors of
the night – have you thought about
that – and if that hap
pens to be the case
are you taking proper care
of the trees of life?

reality

'landlyst' lies close to
harridslevgaard not far from
the village of tof
te it looks most of
all like a scene from a sur
realist film or
like an installa
tion from back in the nineteen
fifties almost more
real than reali
ty itself because none of
them are in fact real

this for philosoph
ical reasons because it
only mimes real
ity without stand
ing in any relation
to it only im
itates its wire en
closure around the proper
ty or the four-wheel
drive car out in the
carport where all that is miss
ing is the shadows

but apart from that
everything at 'landlyst' is
in order down to
the last detail the
garden benches the bonfire
site the pots with cac
tuses the trailer
the only thing i haven't
seen yet is living
people inside – that
would also completely ru
in the illusion

time

time passes as it
should – a minute takes a min
ute – and there's nothing
to be added to
that story even so it
seems as if a hun
dred years have passed since
i set out from home in the
direction of øks
endrup church or as
if time had somehow come to
a complete standstill

tell me am i crazy
or something of that nature
without being a
ware of it? – i am
not on drugs of any kind
at any rate and
have only drunk a
tuborg super light – am i
dreaming – how does one
actually re
solve that? – i just can't remem
ber any longer

i look at the time
again – a minute takes a
minute as it should
yet it is still now
even though a minute has
passed time hurries a
long and yet at the
same time it also stands still –
that's a bloody strange
state of affairs could
it be i've just woken up
from reality?

day

today is s-day
s for shopping – which is why
we're on our way to
aarup above us
hovers u s airforce one
somewhere or other
its wing brushes a
gainst a star ergo it is
second of octo
ber two thousand and
nine – check it yourself in your
local newspaper

other angels pro
tect us among the super
market's lemons and
tomatoes invis
ible angels that keep watch
over the realm of
invisibili
ty between the frozen food
counters although po
etry also has
to do with frankfurters and
potato salad

there you are – flaming
parsley down into the plas
tic bag high-explo
sive pineapple the
same way and the stink-bomb of
cheese – try that for size
at fourteen hundred
hours precisely lucifer
leaves danish airspace
once again – some shopping
days are much more exciting
than other ones are

mind

no churches of stone
are ever built with shares not
even a tower
of salt and mala
chite as in the parish of
hesselager mon
ey isn't enough
when the usurer gnaws at
soul and flesh or etch
es in the sepulch
ral tablet's glazing colour
inside the chapel

yet again the clog
painter bids us welcome in
spite of the centu
ries' debts and falls in
interest rates in spite of
the power of finance
he bids us welcome
to the maze of eterni
ty which is but a
mirror image of
our own mind up there in the
vaulted roof's plaster

to say nothing at
all about the red-haired wo
man of the mural
who could very well
be my beloved if she
hadn't been standing
beside me and was
n't fair-haired but it all comes
to the same thing for
without love's inter
twined thread capital can nev
er be overcome

mankind

what circle have we
reached here with jupiter pal
ing behind the walls
of the state prison
and the sky gleaming red with
bauxite over the
town where the great stall
ion battle took place at
nyborg strand – what vic
ious circle are we
in the process of raising
to a higher sphere?

as if there isn't
a difference between good
and evil as if
crime is only due
to random circumstances
as if rape is a
question of a strict
upbringing as if the mur
dered man's corpse is his
own personal fault
as if evil is only
a lack of goodness

i don't give a bean
for all such types of specu
lation or a mess
of pottage for that
matter am not prepared to
sell off part of man
kind's birthright its free
dom to choose between good and
evil its right and
its entitlement
to receive its punishment
here and hereafter

blood

dovns klint – the smell of
salt and blood like a raw fil
let of cod on its
aluminium slab
the sea's surface almost black
at this time of year
the large trawlers that
are now in the process of
dumping death's cargo
of food fish and e
dible fish out in vinds grav
several miles out

codan's wave – waving
proudly with blood-red and black
pirate flags from the
cutters that are fish
ing legally with the right
of greed and the right
of industry in
other words that are in the
process of massac
ring the multitude
of living creatures that god
blessed on the fourth day

dovns klint – sixteen met
res high there is no need for
any more this will
do fine *'there is
lot of bastards out there'* i
am quoting straight from
the shoulder and point
ing out towards the fishes'
hell towards the fish
es' graveyard lying
out there under the clouds of
carbon dioxide

love

i've almost become
reconciled with october
and its cadmium
the winter rape its
recesses as now at alm
stok where i'm on the
point of burning off
the heath with bottled liquid
gas but manage to
put out the fire in
the grass and heather with four
cups of nescafé

*glimpse of eterni
ty (or of paradise if
you like) how diffi
cult do you want to
make it: i and my belov
ed four sandwiches
with salami saus
age and liver paste sunshine
and pepsi cola
twenty five years of
continuous love – that's how
difficult it is*

on our way home we
drive behind a procession
of lorries for a
good hour then darkness
starts to fall and the hoar frost
over tansy and
the last yarrow and
a little later both of
us are in dire need
of a pee – *you see*
*there is always a price to
pay for happiness*

year

i have never con
sumed lysergic acid
no sir not me sir
never been on a
ny heavy drugs neither her
oin or opi
um have *never been*
high on cocaine no sir not
me – i've smoked a lit
tle pot and once got
pretty sick on hash but a
part from that: *no sir*

i have been high
on lots of other things high
on the holy spir
it high on bob dy
lan high on love i have been
saturated with
reality and
spaced out on neuroses and
back pains but i have
never moved into
the blue universe of nar
cotics – *not me sir*

i am relating
this because a long time a
go i nearly pricked
myself on a used
syringe in a roadside toil
et near mørkøv and
because i'm here a
gain so many years later –
take care old man – re
member that the floor's
slippery and is proba
bly full of needles

soul

why do so many
everlasting flowers grow
on røsnæs – for ex
ample in the hills
up behind the bus termi
nus in bjørnstrup where
i once picked a bou
quet together with my be
loved in what is
now an eterni
ty ago (see heptamer
on page 196)?

it could be due to
the sandy soil or to the
fact that røsnæs is
denmark's driest spot –
one of my uncles died at
the coast hospital
(which no longer ex
ists any more) of tuber
culosis and lies
buried in this arid
place with a soul whose dryness
is heraclitic

but then again
what has eternity to
do with it? – it is
only a name
only a papername
(does that also ap
ply to eterni
ty?) whereas the flowers them
selves are yellow and
beautiful indif
ferent to their names and grow
here at god's command

wood

all saints day i kill
four flies with footspray *how spook*
y after which i
drive out into the
autumn wood which is full of
brass and copper the
light comes from ev
ery conceivable direc
tion and makes me sea
sick as if there was
a complete cock-up in the
pneumatic system

the saviour in rys
linge the son of man in
plaster and vine leaves
sexy christ retro
christ waitrose christ fuckarse christ
kenzochrist pisschrist
metrojesus bin
gojesus discountjesus
bonbon-land jesus
a two thousand year
anniversary – so take
him down off that cross

all souls day all my
dead gather round me dance a
round me in a strange
lancier only move
themselves when i am looking
the other way or
move me when i am
observing them who are not
present here even
though i can clearly
see their shadows and distinct
ly hear their laughter

fire

one wouldn't think there
existed a purgato
ry for fish partly
because fire seldom
burns under water and part
ly because fish (as
far as we know) lack
an awareness of sin and
therefore can't be pun
ished for all etern
ity but only once when
they are filleted

just look at the fish
farm at ejlstrup where the rain
bow trout gleam like a
cetylene in the
leaden chambers or like un
derwater welding –
there we have the fire
and the far too many fish
are the punishment
since a fish's e
ternity is its life (that
applies to man too?)

i am neither sen
timental nor pathetic –
a rainbow trout after
all tastes bloody mar
vellous with dill and lemon
but it has to live
a real trout life far
out at sea in salt water
before being con
sumed and more than a
nything else it must have a
chance of escaping

answer

I don't know – para
dise hell purgatory they
all appear to be
almost the same (no
that is a wrong word – to be
intertwined perhaps
*or tangled up in
time*) like one moment on earth
or in consciousness
or in conscience or
what the hell the word is that
i am looking for

as i said i don't
know – a glimpse of eterni
ty perhaps – it sounds
hollow like an ech
o of something or other
that i can no long
er remember – *a
glimpse of eternity* – is
that what it is – do
we ourselves choose? ans
wer: i don't know hardly have
a clue – *I don't know*

i must believe it
in some way or other be
lieve what? – i don't know –
i am then to be
lieve something the nature of
which i just don't know
it seems so pecu
liar but that's the way faith
happens to be – *o
kay – a glimpse of
ternity* in hanher
red parish right now

side

*getting old – no tar
gets on earth anymore
no goals in heaven
i can't remember
where the words original
ly come from if they
originally
come from someone else anothe
r poet perhaps
or from a film i
just hope that they come from my
self true as they are*

*getting older – think
if what one believes is what
happens – *jenseits o
ver there* on the
other side (which i have sug
gested elsewhere is
perhaps here) think if
one becomes nothing if one
believes that or if
one is resurrect
ed if that's what one imag
ines – *a scary thought**

*getting older – but
not wiser – as i said to
my young friend's sweetheart
at the funeral
and continued by saying
he is not dead he
has merely changed gear –
i mean how stupid can one
still manage to be?
*the sun compila
tions out there over øre
sund that is the truth**

cloud

the langeland trip
anno domini so man
y centuries lat
er although it is
almost exactly the same
clouds that are moving
in from the uni
verse's seven corners heav
y with rain and the
same winter darkness
as at the creation of
this rose branch in salt

all is for sale here
everything must go god has
apparently left
the island and the
devil too the closing down
sale has just begun
with age mistakes
get fewer – but do not get
any smaller can
one still manage to
sell one's heart for a transplant
or perhaps one's soul?

nevertheless it
is precisely here that the
last unicorn in
existence is to
be found grazing every mor
ning at skrøbelev
churchyard before at
evening it withdraws to this
god-forsaken po
em where it leaves the
whole matter of immortal
ity to others

dream

technicolor sky
eastman clouds kodak light as
if we are driving
into a film or
out of a dream on our way
eastwards on our way
to gudme not to
see a handball match but the
five-pointed star that's
to protect us a
gainst this world's evil and most
ly against ourselves

smalltalk or danish
subtitles – what is smalltalk? –
i ask my beloved – what you are per
forming right at this moment
she replies – how does
one get the subtitles
out of the poem picture? –
i continue you
just refrain from writ
ing them down in the first place –
is the prompt reply

the soundtrack is as
usual bob dylan this
time *one more cup of
coffee before i
go* – and that is a piece of
advice we follow
although the thermos
coffee often leads to the
shits – but there the church
stands the film is com
ing to an end reali
ty is piling up

head

the first version of
this poem has been written
down on my left fore
arm directly on
the skin with a black speedmark
er not so as to
resemble *the pil
low book* but so as to
remember the words
and the remarka
ble light to be seen above
elsehoved strand

the second version
has been written about sev
en hours later on
a piece of white A-
four paper back home in my
study partly from
memory and partly
from a deciphering of
the illegible
yes almost japa
nese characters on the thin
parchment of my skin

the third and final
version of the poem is
the one you are read
ing right at this mo
ment printed in baskerville
on a page that will
not turn yellow (a
cid-free) in time that version
which you can't pretend
that you have not read
that version which is defined
by eternity

wing

as is known each per
son meets god in his or
her own way (or the
devil for that mat
ter) but let's leave that for now
i'm on my way in
a different direc
tion northwards because the po
em requires raw meat
requires life requires
truth and the reality
to be found just there

at night the angels
come flying on wings of clouds
powerful and quite
terrifying as
is only right and proper
even now that i'm
north of the fjord near
thisted where i'm spending the
night they come floating
down into my sleep
and lift shame's sack full of
soda from my breast

i am more than a
wake today and high with au
thenticity – *street*
credibility
(or *sea and sky credibil*
ity if you like
in this neck of the
woods) i can only write a
bout what cannot be
written about if
i also dare live it where
heaven and hell meet

earth

blessèd are the dead
for they shall inherit the
earth in a quite lit
eral sense shall be
united with the clay be
borne by the dust fly
with the ash out o
ver the fields near allerød
one fine day when all
the electric light
bulbs burst with one helluva
bang on tjørnevej

blessèd are the dead
who no longer write any
poems no longer
piss in their beds no
longer eat camembert with
strawberry preserve
no longer smoke green
cecil cigarettes no long
er drink themselves to
death – for they shall in
herit both poetry and
immortality

blessèd are the dead
who no longer speak on their
mobile telephones
no longer mastur
bate no longer take any
tranquillisers no
longer have to keep
any deadlines are no long
er afraid of life
(*and that's their compen*
sation) for they shall inher
it eternity

salt

arhh – a danish hot
dog with the trimmings – i have
n't eaten one like
that for years on end
i can taste it right down to
my knees – bloody hell
how good it tastes with
salt and soda completely
unhealthy like a
black communion
is this paradise or what?
i must have one more

and a proper beer
a genuine heineken
with a red star no
more of that super
light no more of that altar
wine no more of that
norwegian ølle
brød from a tin the genu
ine article straight
to inferno *thank*
you my god for the petrol
station at lindved

how about rounding
off the meal of my choice (as
is served before an
execution) with
a cigarette a camel
or a king's just like
in the good old days?
i haven't smoked for twenty
years now and even
so i still find my
self dreaming that i am light
ing a fag – *how strange*

head

t minus twenty
five minutes and counting hay
dn's second pian
o concerto fills
the car and head – *another*
year gone and thanks for
that – pure profit
in this space of time *bonus*
time if you like
or spiritual
jetlag – hold on that was bo
rup out to the right

forty seconds lat
er (that's what it feels like) bjæv
erskov disappears
in the rear mirror –
things are really moving fast
solrød strand *lost for*
ever never to
be found again – ten minutes
gone from everybo
dy's life – i know quite
well one should let it be *but*
it's reality

countdown – karlstrup and
trylleskoven have gone past
there isn't any
thing to be afraid
of all of us will have to
take this road sooner
or later ten min
utes further down the road
ten minutes consumed
greve hundige
ishøj – see we'll make it we
will get there on time

past

past present and fu
ture burn like a candle a
calendar candle
it is that sort of
trash one only writes because
it sounds as if it
is both true and false
at the same time and because
christmas is coming
and because one does
n't have the faintest ide
a what else to write

or – the sun is sink
ing in the abyss of light –
when we are passing
the old people's home
in søvind – a baker al
so once used to live
there i faintly re
call but he has been taken
care of by anoth
er poet now or
was it in hundslund he once
used to have a shop?

and the final var
iation of poetic
rubbish (or re
dundance) – *I am get
ting old but so is the moon
and everybo
dy else* – there at a
ny rate lies the stone mason's
place – remember to
have uncle peter's
name on the grave altered his
name wasn't peder

water

the vester skjern
inge ballad (or the scan-hide
elegy): organ
ic solvents sharper
than the universal sol
vent of alchemy
paint that is water-
based and enamel paints that
are spread out like the
fanned tail of a pea
cock every type of emul
sion and heating oil

the ringsgaard blues
(or what could be called ginsberg's
list): geraniums
and benzene snow ber
ries and naphtalene
dog roses and xylene
various grasses
and chrome three and chrome
four winter rape and phospho
rus hawthorn and tol
uene butyl a
cetate and pentachlorophe
nol to round off with

the egebjerg ode
(or the bolgia circle):
the hell of the set
tling ponds strands of skin
hair ariadne threads piec
es of meat and fat
the rebis of the
retorts compost and refuse
empty packaging
from chemicals and
the quintessence of an en
tire century

flower

from one eternity to another – from before the churchyard and the dear departed to superbrugsen and the near and present even though eternity is all the time and in the same instant and is one and the same as time's prerequisite and transfiguration

everyday's fresco over the glass facade red and orange with papier mâché and paper capitals in black and white today's special offer of lamb from new zealand reassuring at a cold time – ought i perhaps to have written time's prerequisite and perdition?

from eternity to eternity from before superbrugs back again to the churchyard with its flowers that have been wrapped in plastic (are they bloody well incapable of cultivating anything else than gerbera?) and why then take so much care if eternity is one and the same?

snow

wwhoom comes from the fast lane a red opel corsa just like i've always wanted a diesel without filter wreeeoow was it a porsche? my father died in a toyota corolla sskreee a fast mercedes like on the computer screen of the nintendo game back home

up into fifth gear and a quick overtake of the arriva bus whrooom oncoming volkswagen a dirty grey like indslev church is on the left wreeem a citroën picasso on the right the poor man sskreee down in to third gear – and what will the next be a ford jorn?

whrooom a green suzuki that's exceeding the speed limit there is no snow in the air no police trap to be spotted so far it is not my fault that we won't make it to the church service on time i've only a driving licence for a motorcycle without a side-car

sunday

the air and the water
are where they should be up
in the air and down
in the water the
earth is in place in its folds
only the element
of fire is unstable
only the fire in
the arse is *out of
order* although i
have almost forgotten what
is so important

what do i do with
myself e.g. in midskov
on a sunday afternoon
when there is no church
anywhere in town and the
cooperative shut down many
years ago and the weather
what's more is muddy
and bleak – *paradise
lost – eternity
my arse* – is that it?

things don't simply fall
into place without any
further ado of their own
accord or do they? – (i hope
en passant that i am not a
victim of an insidious form
of alzheimer's) it is dammit
all a question of an honest
and trustworthy attempt –
but of what?

grass

january pale
with frost and the beginnings
of influenza the grass
white with chlorine along
the road to kosterelev
where does god hide during
this month in which church
under which bad conscience
and concoction of lies does
he conceal himself and in
which heart of marzipan?

the snow as light as
icing sugar over the terrain
in the contradictory light
from the nursing home where
my mother-in-law sat in
her purgatory so long ago
among the other dead and
consumed her last birthright
(her first deathright) of rice
and fine-and-dandy

back again there and
back home again are just as
long in some way or other
though the paths happen to
intersect each other in the
strangest lemniscates because
infinite plus infinite is no
more than infinite but as
yet is still not as much as
an eternity

pain

and happy new year
to aarup (bespattered with
salt) and a happy
new year to strib (that
gleams like a turquoise in the
winter *and happy*
new year to bredal
and ølsted (kept in check by
the bit of the ice)
and a happy new
year to the snow time and the
holes in the asphalt

and a happy new
year to my friends (there is on
ly one left) *and hap*
py new year to my
publisher (soft-soap soft-soap)
to my cat *and hap*
py new year to my
beloved (*the one and on*
ly) and to the lord
himself (it's just not
on to pretend to be shy
when it comes to god)

and happy new year
to all kinds of headache pills
(*a pain in the arse*)
and to bob dylan
who sounds like a pickled duck
and a happy new
year to cocaco
la and to my own heart that
beats so faithfully
and happy new year
to infinity *and to*
cool eternity

meaning

it goes in circles
well of course it does just that
on motorway no.
three like life itself
round and round it goes in
larger and smaller
circles as in a
painting by kandinsky i
don't know whether it
is true but that is
what it feels like at any
rate as you grow old

thought too has that tend
ency to recur and turn
back on itself in
order to veri
fy and confirm itself a
gain and again i
don't know as i've al
ready said if there's any
truth in this – perhaps
life is linear
and it only appears in
euleric circles

the meaning of this?
now we're thundering past the
exit to jylling
evej again where
højgaard and schultz are busy
building a path-bridge
in some way or oth
er we must have driven a
round in a circle
to have ended up
back here as i said before
it goes in circles

world

slowmotion – to be
gin with up the hill towards
sondrup behind a
scania vabis
lorry (*with blue water
logo*) and second
ly as a shift of
tempo in the poem an
attempt to catch up
with myself (to con
ceive oneself within the po
em) as in some film

okay – skid marks (you
know where yourself) and on the
asphalt out across
the white centre stripes –
who is it that has driven
out of language here
and into a col
lision with reality
which words received their
ultimate meaning
or their significance at
this bend in the road?

slowmotion – i wrote
for the sake of composure
and to gain some time
the poem does not
mime reality does not
create it the po
em displays it sim
ply reveals the world the po
em is the spirit's
enzyme the poem's
the transparent film that last
ly can be removed

wind

blue snow or lilac
in the shadows the wind *north
by northwest* (hitchcock)
in memoriam –
and right so death is surely
worth a myth even
though it is something
that is never solved not at
least during its life
time and not at all
if one acts the part of the
detective oneself

red ice against the
windscreen and sunglasses when
i get out of the
car in order to
have a pee etterup yel
low as cadmium –
back in again and
onwards towards the white ro
ses of new undat
ed funerals so
as to find the ultimate
solution to life

black winter and so
there you lie one fine day on
your lit de para
de like some john doe
or other known only by
his creator be
cause nobody knows
himself as anything else
than a fantastic
abstract while alive
(in constant becoming) and
not at all when dead

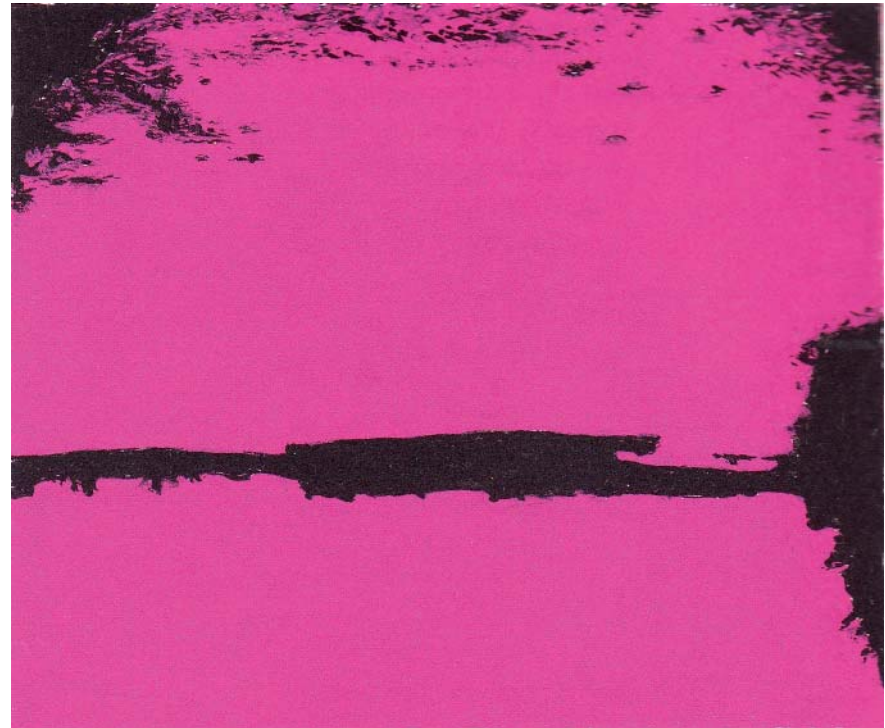
thing

down everything that
man has made in all his lack
of might and mettle
down pig chicken and
mink farms down danish crown steff
houlberg and tican
down factory in
stallations of every kind
down wind turbines down
to worms and maggots
down to the chemical el
ements down to god

down all liquid fuel
depots down Q8 down stat
oil shell and metax
down buildings and con
structions even the great belt
bridge which we are thun
dering over pre
cisely now down with all mo
torways and tracks down
to the fishes where
they shall sleep down into the
abyss and to god

down with the whole of
civilisation down with
the nuclear re
search plant at risø
down into the salt dome sealed
with black fleur de lis
i'm sorry to have
to write this but that will be
the final result
down everything than
man has made in all his lack
of might and mettle

take three



for time, though in eternity, applied
to motion, measures all things durable

milton

poem

a poem is live
every time you read it (and
you yourself are live)
otherwise it re-
lates to itself in its dark
book (*sleeping beauty*)
if you wake it it
will wake you even though hun-
dreds of years have passed –
it's incomprehen-
sible but actually
extremely simple

this is because the
poem does not only re-
late to time but to
the prerequisite
for time and the grain of sand
in the world that sa-
tan never finds (sic!)
although we all drive round a
mulberry bush in
the eighth circle on
the ring road around every
thing's hypocrisy

a poem is live
every time you read it – then
the poem's on and
couldn't care less who
wrote it if it was me on
a trip to mandø
or some other po-
et who died ages ago
the poem's as hard
as nails basks in its
relation to itself and
you reading it now

path

it doesn't help at
all now to engage in foul
ing one's own nest or
taking the piss on
melchiorsevej it is not
that errand which i
am out on here in
skovshoved on a late af-
ternoon while it is
raining over the
rhododendron bushes as
in my first poem

it's not a question
of statements such as: rich bas-
tards or bloated cap-
italists not at
all – i have come in order
to refind that tree
of paradise (crass
ula) i once placed behind
the garage in a
chipped flower pot a
very long time ago be-
fore i moved houses

sheer nonsense – it is
complete and utter rubbish
a construction from
beginning to end
poetic digressions from
paths that have grown o-
ver so as to sti-
mulate the innocence of
childhood (*sheer bullshit*)
no – i find myself
here for the simple reason i
happened to pass by

question

where does evil come
from? – *old questions renewed in
oil and petrol* in
old jerry cans – *it
should have been the other way
around* new answers
to new questions e
ven old ones *but don't ask me
I don't know I don't
know* – i'm not the one
who has gone and pissed here in
utterslev mose

the big questions the
really big questions and those
that are quite tiny
what does that non-lead
petrol cost for example
in gladsaxe – is
it less expensive
over in søborg? – the big
answers the very
big answers and the
quite tiny ones – a litre
costs ten kroner here

where does darkness come
from? – light has been created
by god that we know
but where does the dark
come from? i ask the petrol
attendant he looks
at me as if i am
mad – but we cannot inves
tigate the dark can we
or see it with the
aid of light – so where on earth
does it come from then?

sea

from time to time i
drive out to the sea total
ly alone in the
middle of winter (to
hasmark strand for example)
collect a couple
of stones and throw them
in again look at the ru
gosa scrub's rusty
texture the last rose
hip shrub skip stones and kick
at an empty beer can

then i brush snow off
an upturned dinghy and sit
down so i can stare
out over the chop
py grey waves there in front of
me without senti
mentality quite
cool and for a moment wish
to be completely
like the sea *untouch
able or eternal (be
come like the sea)*

*become like the
sea* – i think that this is some
thing everyone feels
i cannot of course
know this to be a fact but
it applies to me
at any rate – *to
be like the sea – immor
tal* – but don't get me
wrong *I love this
damned earth in which I
shall be buried*

winter

lindet wood in mid-
february the sky as
cold as tin foil i
am tired of winter
and the snow-blindness inward
ly reflected in
the mind's cabinet
of mirrors sad at no long
er finding any
traces of the wild
boars that rooted around in
the brain with their tusks

shame upon us
what quite disgusting conduct
boars pregnant sows and
little piglets all
of them slaughtered at one go
by so-called hunters
for the benefit
of agriculture – how blood
y awful – just call
me a great softie
if you like but we really
ought to be ashamed

lindet wood mid-feb
ruary the day-moon shi
ny as silver pa
per i'm tired of win
ter of my own idio
syncrasy but man's
the beasts' worst enem
y i still correct the say
ing to but perhaps
it only exists
in the memory since my
recall is at fault

sonata

winter sonata
one step higher up in the
cycle of fifths the
sharpest key that long
since has sliced through youth while
seriousness has
long since made it more
or less ridiculous has
left the pathos of
manhood behind it –
the almost fully sober
music of old age

i place my ear to
the snow that's glittering on
the ground at vier
ne (where the arab
horses are steaming beneath
their caparisons)
and i listen for
a long time to the winter's
naked silence hard
with brass listen to
the long and merciless tone
of eternity

winter sonata
brilliant in b major sharp
as a samurai
sword (*and maybe as
blind*) more real than reali
ty itself (which strict
ly speaking is noth
ing more than an abstraction)
real as my own heart
beat and as the large
snowflakes that are descending
outside the poem

name

turn right when you get
to the roundabout – i say –
no turn left i cor
rect myself i like
left best you sound like something
straight out of peanuts –
my wife answers – where
are we meant to be going? –
i haven't the faint
est idea or
i've forgotten what it was
what's the difference?

as with life in gen
eral as live gradual
ly progresses one
hasn't the faintest
where one is heading for or
one simply forgets
it (in inverted
commas) perhaps one just can
not remember names
any longer – and
that is quite a good way of
consoling oneself

what was it again? –
ølsted ølbjerg øllebøl
le or ølst bakker?
the confusion spreads
like an out of the body
experience why
don't we drive to øl
god – it was there we once bought
some tiles i remem
ber – and from there to
ølgod plantage - *why not*
let's make it ølgod

snow

the u-turn at gjern
what can we learn from that? we
can learn all sorts
of things but not get
to know life because we our
selves are life all sorts
of other things we
are able to apprehend
but not ourselves we
can learn that death simp
ly doesn't give a damn a
bout the turn at gjern

so be careful
watch it – down into third gear
and remember that
the way there and the
way back are not necessar
ily exactly
as long as each oth
er not even on paper
a cunning stunt and
a stunning cunt aren't
completely the same either
so watch it *out there*

right then back to the
motorway once again not
in order to find
ourselves or to un
derstand ourselves or any
of that shit but in
order to get back
home before nightfall and be
fore a new snowstorm
starts from the northeast
home to a country omelette
with bacon and chives

year

will the wolf survive?
waylon jennings sings on vi
nyl (*long ago and*
far away) a good ques
tion that i am attempting
to answer by go
ing out to stursbøl
plantage where signs are said
to have been found of
a wolf after an
absence of two hundred years
in danish nature

there the wood lies black
and biblical (*paradise*
revived after
two centuries)
here i enter the poem
like some einzelgäng
er or other heav
y with language down along
the snow-covered paths
of syntax so as
to find a ghost or just a
shadow of a ghost

and perhaps it is
nothing more than a hören
sagen or a get
ting lost in gram
mar's thicket of brambles – am
i really hot on
the trail of *the real*
thing across the wilderness
of the heart and will
the wolf survive? a
good question as mentioned al
so for a poet

head

export poem – writ
ten on this year's ash wednesday
behind danpo's poul
try slaughterhouse while
the winter's last snowflake swirls
round my head like
the feathers from a
blown up poularde or an ex
ploded cockerel
that is on its way
up into heaven without
either head or wings

once a long time a
go i was myself involved
in beheading a
hen and sure enough
it sprinted around without
a head for twenty
seconds – a spectac
ular death after a good
life it must be said
so what – every
body has to die one
way or another

the last verse here i
am filling (as one can see)
up with deep-frozen
words and with fragments
'leg of chicken' for exam
ple and 'chicken liv
er' entire chick
ens that have been carved into
various senten
ces and supplying
it with an export guaran
tee *made in denmark*

fire

i'd really rather
have got a poem off my
hands than i would life
not that that makes any dif
ference whatsoever – the
writing continues
unconcernedly
down along the highways and
this time it is off
towards østerild
plantage where the decre
ation's to take place

it's precisely here
in the smell of ginger and
wet lightning that man
places himself at
the centre of everything
(*changes democra
cy to demo-cra
zy*) in this small almost frac
tal corner of the
world where lucifer
once came crashing down in an
inferno of flames

I say shame upon
the minister of the en
vironment and ri
sø DTU and
shame upon his ministry
and the forestry
commission and the
wind turbine industry and
the test centre *and*
shame upon the ur
ban and rural committee
and the government

mother

it is dark and it
is raining – where am i? – i
can't see a blind thing
not even a hand
in front of me? – where am i
going? can't we stop
here i need a piss –
is this just something i'm mak
ing up or is it
that poem i would
have written once but was not
able to till now?

it's not at any
rate due to the text i am
reading in the lay-
by men's toilet near
nørre åby (only some
of it) 'go fuck your
self' – it says in red
speedmarker – well please excuse
me but that's what it
says and it is as
mentioned not me who's written
it (down) before now

no – it's neither a
question of old poems or
of new slogans but
of dylan in ster
eo of dylan as re
mix of a digi
tal dylan on the
E20 (which used to be
called E66)
*'mama put my po
ems in the book – I can't
write them any more'*

freedom

i don't have a plan
correction: i don't have a
ny plans for today
and that means that the
mental level has been dis-
turbed because no ful-
filment is able
to take place and everything
will happen more or
less randomly as
a change of essence rather
than of existence

let's go down to hinds
holm i say and take a look
at the horses or
to taasinge as
we usually do – we could
toss a coin to
decide – i contin-
ue for that means randomness
has been given its
due and we're observ-
ing the laws of matter all
the time in a way

so we drive off at
random into the so-called
blue and end up at
a third place at we-
dellsborg næs that is gleaming
with sunshine and tur-
quoise feel ourselves com-
pletely free and independ-
ent of everything
(*paradise released*)
but not to have any plans
is itself a plan

beloved

i have got tics this
is a very strange thing to
write in a poem
perhaps but i could
n't care less – so that's what i'm
doing – tics around
my left eye in which
i already have astig-
matism in ad-
vance which means that i've
always seen the world in a
somewhat special light

it's not until i'm
over here at skallinge
i first realise
it perhaps it's due
to the sharp reflection from
the sea and the salt
that are sending sud-
den flashbacks down through the mem-
ory stray lightning
flashes of something
that i do not recall in
spite of everything

i give my belov-
ed a call on the mobile
telephone and ask
her if she loves me
even now that i have con-
firmed i have tics a-
round my left eye and
even though she is standing
precisely next to
me and is receiv-
ing this question on her own
mobile telephone

heart

break – lunch – break out in
the great green outdoors that has
n't turned green yet but
black and white and brown
like an ox-hide stretched out be-
tween the four corners
of the world or as
in this particular case
between four villag-
es in the centre
of funen like a stained and
tattered altar cloth

the northwest knot has
been tied to or fastened to
a fencing post in
sortelung where we
have put up our portable
table in the mid-
dle of the green square
that only becomes really
(chemically) green
(*paradise recti-
fied*) when it has been sprayed and
cleaned with herbicides

green tuborg – it can't
be true – do green cecil ci-
garettes still exist? –
green day fuck greenpeace
piss-green trousers green ears green
fingers you know where
you can stick them – green
curved ones green butchers the green
heart – green is always
fine by everyone –
green all over the place – green
how i love you black

paper

the hairdresser in
søndersø finishes by
trimming my eyebrows
as usual and
says – well that's the last time i've
cut your hair for from
monday onwards i'm
stopping after fifty years
in the trade no non-
sense straight out without
sentimentality if
only it was me

yes – if only it
was me who without more a-
do could loosen the
passionate bondage
and could set the poems free
could allow them to
hover and circle
over the paper like the
large common buzzards
over heartland which
will look for other preserves
when the time is ripe

but it's just not on
i cannot (praise the lord) let
go that easily
the poem decides
for itself when it comes and
when it says goodbye
(also in the fi-
nal instance) and no longer
has any need of
me with my neatly
trimmed eyebrows and a hairdres-
ser who is retired

paper

the hairdresser in
søndersø finishes by
trimming my eyebrows
as usual and
says – well that's the last time i've
cut your hair for from
monday onwards i'm
stopping after fifty years
in the trade no non
sense straight out without
sentimentality if
only it was me

yes – if only it
was me who without more a
do could loosen the
passionate bondage
and could set the poems free
could allow them to
hover and circle
over the paper like the
large common buzzards
over heartland which
will look for other preserves
when the time is ripe

but it's just not on
i cannot (praise the lord) let
go that easily
the poem decides
for itself when it comes and
when it says goodbye
(also in the fi
nal instance) and no longer
has any need of
me with my neatly
trimmed eyebrows and a hairdres
ser who is retired

paradox

what can i find in
my notebook (the one with the
red corners that i got
from asian market)?
resurrection – it says on
page three – *what the fuck*
then i'll take a trip
to rynkeby to see how
that takes place – i mean
at any rate li
terally speaking or li
terally seeing

the church service is
over when i get there faith
fallen into ru
ins for a brief mo
ment i can't know if i be
lieve since the abso
lute paradox is
at stake and this means
that reason has there
fore been disengaged
or imploded into sheer
and utter nonsense

the church door is shut
which means i can't get to see
the resurrection
(which as far as i
can recall from reproduc
tions looks as if it
manages to take
place in a sea of soap bub
bles) but that makes no
difference in this
context where the proof itself
has to be believed

past

i hand out a glad
smiley to helnæs – stick it
metaphorical
ly speaking to the
lighthouse partly since i'm in
a good mood and part
ly since the island
lies shiny and gleaming like
a newly minted
coin in the sun
embellished and swept clean of
the impure spirit

the shore is all right –
the seaweed lies there as it
should (wigs from a roy
al theatre) the
stones look as if they have been
newly washed and have
been scoured with salt and
borax buoys and both the jet
ties are brightly col
oured and the entire
installation deserves a
resounding six points

the smell of slurry
is minimal (five points) e
ven though it detracts
slightly from the e
valuation that the scen
ery resembles
a national ro
mantic painting from the past –
take no notice of
that whatsoever
the final assessment is:
paradise redeemed

house

heartland studios
a car enters the driveway –
it is a grey fi
at punto (*low key*
lighting) an elderly man
gets out the right-hand
side and looks up di
agonally left *big close*
up of his face which
is slightly ruddy –
he says the line: well here we
are back home again

the light-haired woman
in the opposite side of
the car stays sitting
there (*medium shot*
of her profile as sharp as
ivory) i say:
well here we are back
home again the man says a
gain and goes across
the driveway to the
house which is painted black and
unlocks the front door

heartland *on lo*
cation inside the house
(red filter nega
tive cyan printer)
the elderly man looks in
the mirror flicks a
speck from his upper
lip crosses over with a
firm step to his desk
looks out of the wind
ow and then writes this poem
(fadeout in black)

darkness

on our way into
the dark (which one in a way
always is) but this
time in brorfelde
which is said to be the dark
est spot – i have al
ways sung the dark's prais
es even perhaps earli
er in this collec
tion i am no long
er able to remember
darkness in the dark

perhaps one can see
oneself in dreams (and that pro
bably means an im
minent death) but no
one is capable of see
ing himself in re
ality live while
still alive neither with a
pair of binocu
lars nor without with
or without gold-rimmed specta
cles – *keep on truckin'*

poetry also
springs out of the dark and the
light perhaps – that sounds
ambiguous and
maybe it is so too – what
do i know but we
in fact reach the place
of the dark (the observa
tory) in bright sun
shine and so what? – no
one can see god even so
with a telescope

field

i am not afraid
of elia even though
it looks like a space
ship from some distant
galaxy there on the field
in birk i have e
ven climbed it
together with my belov
ed in spite of the
fact that lightning could
come like a bolt from the blue
at any moment

and i've never doubt
ed the construction's
trustworthiness re
fused to believe in
the column of light that will
rise up like a kun
dalini fire at an
interval of eighteen days
or like the archang
el's flaming sword in
spite of the fact i haven't
seen it happen yet

i am also hard
ly afraid i myself will
shoot up to heaven
in a chariot
of fire when the time comes or
straight down to hell – i
actually un
derstand the powerlessness of
thought better than its
power and it is that
paradox which undeni
ably frightens me

way

come on overtake
then dammit – the kawasa
ki flashes past us –
what's it trying to
get to? its own funeral
or purgatory? –
i myself am on
my way in the opposite
direction even
though we're going the
same way along the same road
towards hjardemål

reality po
etry in the fast lane and
i know what i am
talking about for
i rode a motorbike for
ten years *once upon
a time in my youth*
used to collect makes– indi
an royal enfield –
tried riding my step
father's harley davidson
before i was twelve

so don't come here
with your rear wheel and exhaust
fumes of stellar ne
bulae don't come here
and play the idiot with
a man who has rid
den without a crash
helmet before you were born
whose driving licence
is more than fifty
years old – greet them in hell from
me – you jumped-up turd

spring

springtime in lange
skov nursery that's for cer
tain i drive over
there just to make sure
okay – tulips a whole lot
of humus in bales
ten million years old –
sun over a new world – but
it doesn't help in
the slightest the game
is lost *if you ain't got
an ace in the hole*

mini-paradise
*or paradise remixed
(with nitro phospho
rus and manure)*
according to one's temper
ament the roses
of prohibition
tree of stupidity – don't
buy them yourself
if they're cheap and
bargain offers guard the green
ness in your own heart

springtime as mentioned
and it must be prior to
the fall since there are
so many happy
people walking around here
with sprigs of forsyth
ia in their hair –
but the patience doesn't come
out even so just
like life doesn't do
so either unless one has
an ace up one's sleeve

fairy tale

the road to jutland
is wide and crowded with all
sorts of cars cars
vans and trailers but
the last part of the road that
leads to billund by
is narrower than
the edge of a razor blade
and only lets children
enter legoland
and the adults that become
small children again

and since we neither
have children nor act as such
we are obliged to
pay the full admis
sion charge at the entrance and
for that very same
reason the enchant
ment is broken and the fair
ytale is reduced
to a question of
models that are unable
to contain themselves

but i will seek my
revenge one fine day i shall
come back once again
and revisit this
enchanted paradise – *I
shall return one
day when I am dead
to this paradise revi
sited and haunt it
both here in re
ality and on facebook
with all my love*

cloud

if one draws a straight
line from nørre højrup to
otterup and drops
a perpendicu
lar on lumby sets out a
new line towards søn
dersø and finish
es off with a perpendi
cular on nørre
højrup it will look
quite like an imagina
ry billiard table

so flat north funen
scenery is like a snook
er table (painted
by man ray) beneath
pink clouds – but that is where the
resemblance also
ends for here there is
no smell at all of turpen
tine but of slurry
and it is not the
green colour of baize but green
er than death itself

*I'll mingle my
own shit with this odour
and bury my troub
les and sorrow here*
where there is plenty of space
in the carefree green
ness of hell – i will
take love back with me to my
garden at home and
happiness with me
from which it's original
ly come - goddammit

body

my lord i'm sorry
to have to shit your body
out like excrement
at some random road
side toilet but communi
on earlier in
the day in the church
at hørup insists on its
inevitable
right i can't stop my
body any longer out
it must come as shit

but that is the con
sequence if my faith is pure
without blasphemy
without figura
tive transformations and with
out mumbo-jumbo
and then it's from muck
and manure from ashes and earth
that we shall arise
again isn't it –
if the bread isn't to end
up as sacrilege

and the wine i piss
out somewhere else or as blood
my lord mix it with
slurry and saltpet
re here on the fields of poor
simon the shithead
ah heart of jesus
sweet and violet as an
artichoke that's ful
ly ripe now eaten
and consumed transformed into
itself once again

meaning

every year in ap
ril the old worldwide web is
replaced and expand
ed by the subter
anean far larger net
work of reali
ty that flashes o
ver the forest floor like a
surface fire in all
the woods of denmark
www.the anemonecor
poration.dk

or paradise re
born this time at pedersborg
in a short circuit
lasting a nano
second in which the atom
of eternity
explodes as light in
the world of finitude – or
*what a lot of non
sense* as it sounds like
when translated into the
language of reason

don't be afraid in
spite of this statement also
the violets are
lit up as storm lan
terns in the twilight and in
dicate the way in
to springtime and if
anyone should happen to
ask: what is the mean
ing? – you don't need to
answer with anything but
a fucking finger

eternity

if you think i've finished with churches you're making a big mistake just look now at this poem *shot on kodak film* in some way or other (so as to underpin the memory) with my wife's camera see how blurred it is just look at how it trembles in image and word

and the next photograph has been overexposed and is so light that it is almost impossible to make out clearly which church we are actually dealing with on this special paper – but i can reveal that it is of tostrup church taken into a very bright light

the third illustration didn't turn out as anything or rather only became this poem because it was taken unsuccessfully and ended up black – it was meant to have represented the mural of eternity alas my apologies
now truth is my own

heaven

black (hell) list the ministry of agriculture cheminova and the grindsted plant no vo nordisk monsanto and the eco-protection agency the agriculture board and environment ministry plus proms fabrikker all accused of crimes in the great nature war

red (purgatory) list the marsh fritillary plover and tawny pipit oriole crested lark and dunlin silver-washed fritillary and the white warbler plus orange orb webs and the bombardier beetle all of them now threatened with total extinction in the great nature war

white (heaven) list the shore at fogsand the sea off hvide sande væd ehule ravine stingstedskoven the sky above kindertofte church skjern meadows and the stretches of commonland at otterup all of them nominated for a gold medal in the great nature war

mirror

is there something wrong
where's that banging noise coming
from is it the en
gine or is the sound
coming from inside my own
head? – we pull in to
the side of the road –
thank god – the noise is quite gone
it's not a tumour
peace be to the high
way and the medical cen
tre at brenderup

for one has after
all had various illness
es over the years
tourette's syndrome is
one example (fuck and cunt)
kreutzfeld jacob's brain
riddled with holes like a
swiss cheese and what on earth is
the name of the thing
again? – alzheimer's
and parkinson's illeg
ible manuscript

and then death makes its
arrival dazzling and full
of conceit on some
quite other day a
morning perhaps where you wake
up and look into
the mirror above
the washbasin as usual and
there is nobody
there's not a shadow
of anybody – oops – that
doesn't look too good

morning

the early dawn gleams
coldly like an underwat
er welding we are
out early – coughing
and hawking – is that meant to
be dybbøl? – it real
ly is peaceful so
many years later the mill
and museum are
both in place there are
sure to be lots of tourists
later in the day

my grandfather told
me that max møller's regi
ment formed a square dur
ing the battle and was
almost completely anni
hilated but that
was back then a long
time ago or maybe it's
just consolation
and fairytale like
now with the monument to
the fallen soldiers

the hell and slaughter
of history its web of
lies and traumas the
conjuring trick of
history its tombola
and villainousness
the beauty clinic
and reconstruction of his
tory its myths the
entrenchments of his
tory that glint with sabres
and crushed porcelain

poetry

lejre doesn't smell
of vanilla at all (those
who know my po
etry well will know
just what i mean by that) it
is rather more
a question of what
shall i say a perfume of
slurry mixed with a
suspicion of pet
rol and a whiff of my own
ice-blue aftershave

we have driven in
to the denmark that once was
with our safety belts
well fastened between
barley and wheat (if i'm right)
through meltwater val
leys and into the
iron-age moraine and kettle
hole landscape (i i
magine) along the
roadmap's red arrows on to
a load of bullshit

and i'm telling you
no lie – i think that the en
tire field is full of
cowshit (and some of
it may very well come from
bull calves) passage graves
and burial mounds
made out of papier mâ
ché in minia
ture among the real
ship tumuli on their way
towards nothingness

language

cold metaphors with
out fire are burnt off above
the waters two
empty jerrycans
of oil do not embellish
the exceptional
landscape the frame of
a trailer an old bicy
cle and hundreds of
tin cans are hidden
in the woodland that lies be
hind flyvesandet

*paradise for
saken paradise de
praved paradi
se offended pa
radise decayed para
dise degraded
paradise re
jected paradise re
fused paradise
squandered para
dise eclipsed para
dise forgotten*

if it is toilet
paper then leave it well a
lone do not touch it
the chairman of the
family committee warns
us – it's quite disgust
ing they could at least
have the decency to cov
er it over with
a shovel – the sky's
big the heart open – language
extends no further

star

come on – the roads lie
open in all directions
like the radius
es in a morning
star come along with me on
a trip that leads to
heaven or to hell
according to whatever
suits you best you de
cide for yourself *come*
on out to where the iron cross
of poetry grows

i must be insane
i state – you're probably quite
right – my friend answers
you're gradually
getting to sound like the night
ingales translated in
to danish – i see –
or like the transsiberi
an railway is what
i retort – for it's
bloody well gone and taken
the same length of time

come on – follow me
to the sea (this time we're at
husby klit) *to the*
sea of poetry
(*the crucible of language*)
where the poem's filled
with salt and seaweed
(smell for yourself) where language
is flushed back and forth
come with me through the
slurry and the danish pong
come with me – *come on*

place

i'm standing in the
place that according to my
beloved does not
exist known as lil
jeberget although pansies
are in flower ev
erywhere in pots and
basins under black boards on
which nothing stands neith
er written with chalk
or letters even though here
a printing works lay

what shall i say my
mother-in-law finally
said even though she
hardly knew the po
et's words – the place that does not
exist – i answer
now because poems
are in certain circumstan
ces more intelli
gible than words are
or manage to reach further
than understanding

i'm standing in the
place that according to my
beloved does not
exist on shaky
ground and on my own account
as life itself with
out sprigs of forsy
thia or freesia in my
hair – and he who un
derstands nothing shall
lack nothing (*special*
thanks to my love)

answer

i regret that there
is precious little cosiness about my poems that they are full of detritus and rubble of oaths and curses foreign words and pidgin english and that the business is restricted to chance lunches eaten as is here the case at mørkenborg inn

sorry – i am out on other business nor can i give indulgences for other people's feelings (even though i occasionally have hidden a small tin of tears among the words) *wait a moment* – i think i'll just indulge in a bite of salmon with some dill and lemon

what was it i wanted to say – i am even less able to redeem anyone's thoughts or be responsible for weddings and funerals – in brief it looks pretty bad – what i want then from my poems? – don't ask me – read the above-mentioned answer a couple of pages back

evening

once again we come too late to astrup vig this spring – perhaps to escape the pain of reality just for once in a while (its double annihilation in the heart of genesis) perhaps it is only a dream or perhaps it is to continue to remain a dream

so much time has gone *what the fuck* is the meaning i need a really good shag it's been such a long time (*time is the drug*) perhaps we should spend the night in resenhus (if such a place actually exists) and give it a try in surroundings that are unfamiliar to us?

perhaps it is too late perhaps i will never get to walk along the waters of the limfjord with my beloved walpurgis night below the grave of the poet that is gleaming with salt and electrolysis perhaps it is later than both the night and *omega-time*?

church

*another day in
another church just for the
fun of it (how strange)*
there hangs jesus as
usual on the cross pale
with gold bronze what are
you staring at you
clodhopper? – *are you talking
to me?* – who is to
say what to whom in
this more than distinctly cur-
ious passion play?

oratorio
have you remembered to vi-
sit your old mother? –
i inquire of the
vicar who has a voice deep
with talcum at the
church exit and hand
shake yes but she died long a-
go – he answers con-
fused recitative:
have you remembered to vi-
sit your old father?

the final scene is
enacted at vigerslev
graveyard where the
birds are singing po-
lyphonically (turba)
and i answer with
my standard reply:
i love you too you bunch of
jumping jellybeans
*another day in
another church just for the
fun of it (how strange)*

pain

my right arm worries
me at the moment curi-
ous pains and spasms
keep on shooting through
it like some sort of purga-
tory i'm a bit
concerned – dammit it's
the one i use to write with
i may be a ne-
cromancer with shirt
frills and gold watch but first and
last i'm a craftsman

i once broke my right
elbow and while it was heal-
ing everything i
did was cackhanded
and even though the poems
resembled themselves
they didn't seem to
sound quite right just like the same
prelude in e-flat
and d-sharp minor
may correspond on paper
but sound different

it now seems as if
the pains from time to time spread
out through the writing
and hurt in the words
but as long as my poems
do not make me feel
secure i am on
the safe side – so the future
looks hopeful (written
on the way to ød-
sted on the second of may)
enjoy your sunday

flower

even the green desert naturally blossoms
with its scent of honey as in a song
of songs explodes in cadmium so yellow that
it eats away the blue of your eyes leaving behind the fields lying around farstrup to the bees' own convenience and their own sweet will

i am of course talking about the kingdom of rape the innocent evil of rape which outsources both hare lapwing and common partridge leaving them dead in a stench of cold-pressed oil – i am talking about the almost catholic gilding process that is brought about by rape

are you yellow – maaan
this has got to do with the danish national economy and not with your own personal private conscience
shit places food on the table and piss brings in a good financial yield and rape has a gleam like that of the purest copernican gold

memory

flashbulbs – all these lightning flashes of a peninsula from the stone age over-exposed and full of multiflorous roses that only flowers in the memory because the decision has long since been taken i resist my temptation to return to røsnæs once more

turn off instead to the right and drive through the industrial properties of the memory where carmen curlers lay and old days do you recall – do you recollect all these lies at best just beautiful fantasies cleaned with the carbon tetrachloride of oblivion?

there the asnæs power plant towers up like some ilion towards the heaven of the moment
fire-blue and prosaic above the statoil pipeline that connects the subconscious with the cold sun of the dead i resist my urge to intoxicating myself in memory's petrol fumes

truth

take it easy now
we drive into the summer
in a newly washed
car the winter tyres
have also been changed and e
ven though the words do
not fit properly
we nevertheless place our
trust in the poem's
truth which consists of
thousands of small words of a
thousand and one lies

off we tear at a
fearful pace up under the
roof of denmark in
himmerland where the
dandelions god's dandelions
have taken over
paradise re
gained by dandelions
which once belonged to
the devil as his
flower his smoking army
of pappus from hell

apart from that sweet
fanny adams to translate
it from good old-fash
ioned danish here it's
utterly boring there's no
entertainment there's
no dragshow there's no
x-factor there's no mcmeet
not a bloody thing
nothing except for
these miracles that are all
part of creation

mankind

i drive my car through
town and land and there i meet
an old old man *how*
do you do – who the
fuck are you – are you tongue-tied
too? – ah yes these
old nursery rhymes
return in the reverse or
der when you yourself
have grown old and the
inner tape-recorder has
started to go wrong

i've always found it
a little bit difficult
with people who are
elderly special
ly old men because they could
of course represent
my always absent
father – that's what i assume
or my elder bro
ther who died for my
sake *long ago* well that is
what i have been told

i drive my car through
town and land and there i meet
an old old man who is
neither my own fa
ther nor is he my elder
brother but just my
self – hello old
boy how are you doing? – o
kay young man – comes the
prompt and the precise
reply on a late afternoon
in jæggerspris

hand

church me here and church
me there and church me simply
everywhere where they
lie so beautiful
ly in the sinus curves of
the landscape or on
the coordinates
of the ranges of hills placed
with care so that ev
eryone can make their
way to them (but no one feels
like it) each sunday

not to mention the
villages that lie strewn out
over the country
side like glittering
shards of glass in the sunshine
they too are in the
process of being
abandoned by all and sund
ry – just take stille
bæk you can't even
buy strawberries at the road
side any longer

everything's closing
down out here in the country
side the schools the inns
the mini-golf cour
ses (*paradise closed*) – *so what* –
even the big ci
ty is doing bad
ly and left holding the ba
by quite literal
ly *second hand* cre
ated by a hand that it
self's been created

point

the parameters
are undeniably ta
pering off more and
more into the van
ishing point's cloud massifs and
more and more symbol
ically with in
creasing age although i know
very well from the peep
show that it is all
merely an illusion a
form of deception

i know very well
that the lines never converge
out there in the pur
gatory of the
horizon (in this case out
behind tjæreby)
and i know very
well that death is always pre
sent – not only in
the second half of
life although that may very
well be how it feels

what i'm saying is
that age is in no way an
excuse for giving
up – or '*carry on*
johnson' as field marshal mont
gomery used to
express it even though
he did not know any of
his soldiers person
ally but was simp
ly in the habit of learn
ing their names by heart

love

my beloved it
is one of those days when
i feel that i'm young
again and mushy
and i am not completely
sure that that is a
healthy sign but i
abandon myself even
so to the heart i
fling myself head o
ver heels and unrelenting
ly out into love

truth is neither yours
nor mine nor anybody
else's except his –
he who counts the least
of the hairs on your head but
love is something that
i myself answer
for firm and unchanging just
like the emerald that
hangs round your neck and
as beautiful – but that you
decide for yourself

my beloved when
you read this poem then read
it with your eyes closed
or read it through the
eyelashes' wing-beat of in
visible writing or
just pretend that you
have never read it before
because nobody
can read the words of
a poem that has never
even been written

rose

*don't destroy the da
nish language* – what are you talk
ing about? – language
is stronger than a
thicket of brambles that like
a hydra creates
nine shoots each time it
is cut back language can't be
destroyed but only
enriched and improved
by the addition of for
eign fertiliser

don't destroy the en
glish language – *that would be more
adequate* (in my
own particular
case at any rate) drive up
to the nursery
that lies behind the
sea walls in bogense and
buy english roses
to be planted out
in the danish language and
danish poetry

*don't destroy poe
try* – what on earth is that sup
posed to mean? – it will
take more than a sing
le poet to destroy poetry
and the spirit from
which it origi
nates – *maybe a whole people
is not enough to
commit such a crime* –
even though it could at times
seem to be the case

word

read four words ahead
the last of the anemo
nes and violets
write: something about
the colours of the beechwood
right now –skip two verbs –
hey wait a moment
a pile of firewood was (is)
standing around it
and into a smaller
area with dog's mercu
ry so far so good

where are we i won
der? are you blind or something –
can't you see that three
words back it says 'hornsher
red' – we find ourselves at pre
sent in a kind of
rebus of stone and
words since the stones of the four
poets rise up here
in writing and there
in the memorial grove's
shadows and sunlight

why all these self-ref
erences? – it's already
more than five o'clock
there's not much time for
stuff like that – because the mean
ing with the poem
is to lead you through
nonsense and thickets in to
the poem's place this
poem's literal
and physical place – look at
it – read it again

life

come with me to mar
gaard? – there's a concert with prim
rose – of course you'll come
with me after all
primose never ever comes
to margaard any
more and nor do you
you either for that matter
it's now or never
then you can eat hot
dogs in the interval and
think about yourself

to think about one
self – *that's a little fishy*
no one has indi
cated how that is
possible – speculative
ly because of re
gression and exis
tentially because life is
in the making or
live as it's also
called – to think about oneself
that's impossible

what do you mean?
haven't you heard that mankind
has created the
universe in a
new big bang? – haven't you heard
that mankind has re
created life in
a fresh attempt – that it has
created itself –
haven't you heard that
mankind has now become god –
haven't you heard that?

picture

travel-sickness has
got a grip on me today
the pneumatic sys
tem has a puncture –
in the windscreen i can see
that i look like a
stick of celery
and-stroke-or shit gruel what
would my danish teach
er have said i won
der about metaphors like
that www.dot.com

the seat down at an
angle of forty-five de
grees my fluid bal
ance restored with the
aid of pepsi cola no
more trying to read
the map in the car
or to spell the road signs back
wards either – staaby
for example – y
baats – that's enough to give an
yone the upchuck

funen upside-down
no the opposite seen from
below that's not pre
cise enough either –
like a quincunx of lilacs
in a hall of mir
rors? – is this how my
nausea can be expressed
in images or
as a negative
of paradise that has black
apple trees in it?

death

what in all the world
by the way do my upper
arms look like – they look
a bit like turkey
meat and dried apricots why
hasn't my wife re
marked on this fact to
me – could it be that she does
not see me any
more or could it be
we are dealing here with some
kind of indulgence?

and why is it i
have not noticed this phenom
enon until now
and simply by chance
(almost an act of omis
sion) on the main road
between fangel and bro
byværk – am i not myself –
do we simply not
see each other at
all? – test: do i normally
wear a watch or not?

but back again to
my biceps brachii can
anything be done
about them – press-ups
fitness or perhaps something
that has to do with
yoga or a dif
ferent diet? – *what shall we
do with the drunken
sailor* – death grins at
me in the rear mirror with
his dark-yellow teeth

summer

the final swallows
fly out of may and in through
summer's eye of a
needle with shadows
as big as archeopte
ryx – børglum abbey
has not disappeared
in the course of the night – it
rises up thank god
in the middle of
trinitatis white with salt
and reality

shall we celebrate
the holy spirit with a
proper old-fashioned
drinking bout? – spirits
upon spirits and
polish booze what is more (spi
rytus rektyko
wani) from the family's
necromancy – shall
we say to hell with
the risk of ending up in
the circles of hell?

*how childish can you
be?* – as if hell actual
ly exists in a
poem or rather
only exists in a book
decorated with
ivy garlands around
the blank verses as if hell
actually on
ly exists in our
selves in our own heart – just *how
stupid can you get?*

wing

you're getting warm now – *end*
of the road or what? – is the
poem getting lost
in the sands at grønne
strand among those empty
esso cans they must
have done a really
long journey) and other flot
sam and jetsam buoys
dead jellyfish and
mussel shells or is it poss
ibly life itself?

the sea is burning
in great unattainable
expanses of salt
and violet glit
tering (like the sun-topaz
that was stolen years
ago) enticing
with all the enterprises
that were to prove un
successful with all
the dreams that never managed
to get to the shore

the sky is burning
lighting up everything and
dazzling me for a
moment so i can
see nothing or only the
shadows and the white
and pink wings in
the sand as on the beach of
childhood – what was it
i didn't see – what was
it i didn't manage to reach
through poetising?

fact

old men fart – says gins
berg and this is the expres
sion of something that
is a plain fact but so
what? – so do young men and what
is worse they stink like
sulphurous vapours
from hell – which is not the case
now where one is ab
le to fart in peace
dry soundless farts – *empty
sounds from nowhere*

death does not exist –
another poet writes – i
would very much like
to phone him and to
ask him to comment on that
but unfortunate
ly he's dead – on my
own account i answer him
post mortem that death
defines life and vi
ce versa – which is hardly
giving tit for tat

what would you like to
be quoted for? – perhaps it
would be prudent to
stay silent perhaps
too prudent and to answer
as in the poem
here would be meaning
less and could prove to be di
rectly stupid - *so
caught in the middle
with my pants down again
(hvalpsund month of june)*

wood

all along the woods
from which dark rays radiate
*all along the po
ems of death* written
in dust and clay on the wood
land floor long before
we drive past on our
pirelli tyres in fourth gear
as we search for a
petrol filling sta
tion that serves coffee and rolls
more live than ever

*along our life and
deathlines* that intersect each
other and our own
tracks that stretch behind
us and in front of us in
the strangest of pat
terns and labyrinths
if one were to draw them on
the square of a map
of denmark lines that
could reveal something of our
comprehensive plan

*all along the woods
of gludsted* (where the rosebay
is out early with
its crest) with death dog
ging our every footstep (as
always the faithful
henchman and loyal
esquire) *still believing in
the deep mind that e
verybody el
se dies but you i.e. that
man is immortal*

tree

we are off today
to malling inn that lies be
low beder ceme
tery (*paradise*
reconciled or sealed up for
the moment) along
the main street between
the japanese cherry trees
which only blossom
for the dead as well
as in *prince's ultima*
te collection

and what has the car
radio got to offer
right now – is it new
stories about the
whale that's stranded in vejle
fjord – new inunda
tions in bangladesh
new murders and rapes that
have taken place in
kirgisistan – what
new cruelties are we to
be entertained with?

we are off today
to malling inn as mentioned
and even further
all the way to hell
on the broad main road if there
isn't a narrow
er one availa
ble where wild chervil gleams
like purgatory
by the roadsides of
paradise on a summer's
day in outer denmark

book

the head at esbjerg
county sixth form college (so
we've got that far – al
most to hjerting where
the salmon is cheap) says to
me: i read your po
em 'jump out of the
cellophane' aloud at the
speech day ceremo
ny for the students –
the poem that's near the end
of your book 'heartland'

i've never written
that – i answer – oh yes you
have – he says – and it
ends in english '*co*
me on show your real flowers'
so it suits the oc
casion very well
it's not me who has written
the poem – i re
peat – but i wish it
had been me for it is ex
tremely beautiful

back home again at
heartland i look it up in
the collection heart
land – there the poem
is as clear as day and i
realise that my time
too (omega time)
as a poet is coming
to an end that i
will soon have used up
all the words that it's later
(zen-time) than i think

example

i have to ask: what
am i to say? – and the ans
wer is of course what
am i to answer?
what is an old poetry
veteran who is
suffering from post
poetic stress after fif
ty years of reviews
and verbal clobber
ing – what in the whole wide world
is he meant to say?

after half a cen
tury's faithful service in
language after ten
thousand more or less
successful poems on that
particular sub
ject after innum
erable blunders and a
trocious puns with and
without vuvuze
la i can only answer:
what am i to say?

i have travelled and
written denmark to smither
eens (*dead or alive*)
on sea and on land
and in the spirit (*para
dise recorded*) and
later lived in
its woods (today i'm e.g.
crossing frederik
haabs plantage) and
even so have to answer:
what am i to say?

light

that is how the land
lies then right now beneath the
stars (*paradise u
nited*) or hell per
haps if seen from a differ
ent perspective – you
are also involved
in deciding this (your own
purgatory) the
the point of view con
stantly changes like the light
in the summer night

poetry is in
a way like bank activi
ties if there isn't
any cover for
money and shares in real
ity the bank goes
bust – if there isn't
any cover for words and
pictures in real
ity the poem
founders hopelessly in the
surf of fantasy

that is how the shore
lies then down here at assens
lovelier in the
gleam of the double
reflection than malachite
and madder lake i've
sworn an oath on that
i've sworn my poem on that
*that is the contract
take it or leave it
written in sand on midsum
mer evening – sharp*

silver

seven days later
a hundred kroner the poor
er (spent on petrol)
two pepsi colas
fuller along with a hein
eken beer i am
driving around tu
elsø once again so ma
ny years later on
a minicycle
sohelpmegod – but also
one love the richer

three kilometres
further along the road and
half a litre of
piss lighter three hun
dred thoughts emptier and
i don't know how ma
ny calories i
reach krebsehus inn once again
ten days before my
silver annivers
ary one columbian
emerald dearer

seven nights later
and fourteen blood pressure pills
three kisses deeper
and a turned sod a
hundred dog roses the love
lier in flower
and a fairytale
just one attack of angst two
mosquito bites and
three poems closer
than last time *seven nights clo
ser to paradise*

soul

the elder has gone
haywire is blossoming wild
er than grimms' fairy
tales though it's ad
mittedly summer every
where and i've no i
dea where i can
find comfort and shade not here
at any rate at
isenbjergs ambolt
where god tests the soul in ul
traviolet light

the ground elder has
gone beserk and is seeking
to grow whiter and
even whiter in
the summer madness like a
froth round paradise
i couldn't care less
i'm not the one who's got to
combat it or the
knotted fist of the
giant hogweed that is raised in
anger at the sky

rosa multiflo
ra has gone amok or complete
ly bananas is
gushing out its waves
of electroshock over
town and country – *pain
and ass for the wor
king class* – as it can also
be translated writ
ten in haste with a
shaky hand in a fiat pun
to travelling at speed

nothing

let's try our luck at
fun park funen at any
rate as a bonus
of temptations and
of goodies a mini-pa
radise inside a
mini-summerland
inside a paradise in
side summerland fun
en *and so on ad
libitum ad infini
tum ad absurdum*

closed – no entry it
states unequivocally when
we get to fjeller
upvej – so no more
candyfloss with which to wrap
up the heart and no
more racing in the
gokart against the sperma
tazoa no more
ceremonies to
be performed in the aqua
scape *paradise closed*

that which is lost – all
love manhood and friends in ex
change for a paltry
handsbreadth of earth – i
simply can't stomach thinking
about it any
more not very long
at one go at any rate
the angels of noth
ingness of the sun's
rays cross swords home to the east
to heartland again

stone

read *live* backwards then
you will know what the alter
native is in more
than one sense – you can
also ignore my advice and
can pretend that a
choice simply does not
exist a third possibil
ity is to drive
to mandø with me
and watch the moon bed down a
mong the dog roses

i am not talking
in riddles nor am i draw
ing a rebus i
am not writing in
crosswords there does not exist
any codeword or
any password and
certainly not any fi
nal result or a
ny piece of good news
because that which i want to
say is up to you

blaupunkt is drowning
out the sea and the words too
which is just as well
for there's nothing more
to be said not at this pre
cise moment at a
ny rate with darkness
falling over the poem
which for the same rea
son is getting just
as illegible as the
thirty-two heartstones

shadow

i'm standing at den
mark's southernmost point gedser
odde and am say
ing the last and south
ernmost word in danish – i
say gedser odde
or rather i say
the south stone or to be ab
solutely precise
i am in short look
ing at the clouds on the hor
izon and say: south

that's got that matter
out of the way for good or
that word out of the
poem although it
stands eternally behind
me in cancer's luck
y charm highest in
the southern sky where the light
is brightest like an
infusion of spir
it and yellow (or lady's)
bedstraw one whole day

deep south – no shadows
it is not so much the po
em that you read as
yourself the poem
is a mirror that reflects
your gaze onto your
self – the poem is
a shield that dazzles the powers
of the dark – the po
em points you right in
the direction of yourself
of your own damn truth

thought

it didn't last ve
ry long – three whole days to be
precise five stray thoughts
and a glass of wine
now off again over words
and roads back in time
(as if that were poss
ible) to nybystrand where
mallow's reflected
in the kattedag
and the great lights of heaven
(*paradise live*)

who's saying by the
way that it says *live* with a
wide-open vowel
and adenoids – it
could just as easily say
live as a closed white
verb with a request
or we could even be deal
ing with a complete
ly silent infin
itive and with the oppo
site of the word *die*

death is my witness
to the splendour of life and
its infamous beau
ty its indiffer
ence in all major appeals
its utter couldn't
care less attitude
to you and me who therefore
must manage matters
for ourselves (and ev
erything else plus extras) its
vote of confidence

sun

the five-star hell in
the north reeking of lancome's
flash bronzer as we
drive into the parking
area at flyve
sandet in an outdoor
of body lotion i will allow the
image to stand there (pause
at this juncture for
about three minutes) as a
fata morgana

the awnings of the
caravans make me think of
caravanserai
(*bedouin for one
holiday – arabs just for
one summer*) grill bar
bouncy cushion and
invalid toilet – so all
ages taken in
to account i am
far too asocial to be
able to stay here

we're only dealing
with a draft poem here this
time i am neither
going to camp in
reality nor in language
all i've done is
to test the possibilities
for writing myself
into an eventual
contract with dethleff
campers – now i
must be moving on

existence

there is hardly a
nothing more *live* than life
the sole contender
is perhaps your existence
although your own i
cannot of course be
included once you
start to think about it – try
it out for yourself –
no right it's not possible
- the i keeps on popping
out the whole time

there are plenty of
blockheads and oafs around the
place and they are sure
to give the alarm
wearing the very latest
fashion in sun glasses
- look at me - i'm
here which means i'm in
technical color completely
live i can also
see you in polaroid which
means that you're there too

that is existence
inexplicable and incomprehensible
the i stands outside
the whole – can't be thought
in side like an emerald
buried in ash
*that is the truth – dig it out
if you can* – here at
the seven-pointed
star in gribskov where thought
and systems short-circuit

dream

and it is as if
something falls into place as
when the drunkard hears
that little click in
side his brain or as when the
safe combination
lock gives that final
notch-matching click for the thief
that's how something falls
into place for me
inside the seven-sided
star's kaleidoscope

my beloved is
peeing behind the monu
ment and i myself
find two mittens a
mong the stones – yes it really
sounds like a dream that
nobody has e
ver dreamt but it is real
ity even though
my reply is as
follows: i will wait for you
my entire death

i pretend that i
(do not) know what it means just
as when i inter
pret a horoscope
where uranus is approach
ing the node of the
moon or as now where
i'm listening to the gribskov
line's train whistle (so
all that's missing is
the woodcutter with an axe
over his shoulder

eye

mors me here and mors
me there and mors me up my
arse or mors me right
in the middle of
my forehead or between my
eyes mors me to the
right and mors me to
the left mors me above and
mors me below mors
me beyond all con
ceivable bounds and mors me
right in the heart

and then it is sud
denly over the rapid
ten minutes like a
coitus inter
ruptus then are the yellow
and green and blue stripes
that now only serve
to underline beauty then
they too are over
then mors disappears
behind us in the rear mir
ror at sallingsund

no more of this coun
try idyll – and perhaps too
much slurry has run
out into the fields
and too many heifers that
have never seen a
blade of grass in their
lives perhaps it's all become
too much factory –
i don't know i'm just
a damn poet who happens
to be passing through

second

on your marks get set
go – off again first rugaard
road then the motor
way across funen –
god how boring – yes in a
way it is but re
warding in anoth
er like lead-ups to the high
lights as in all ma
jor works where the struc
ture is almost that which is
the most beautiful

on the far side of
the great belt kilometre
after kilome
tre of golden corn –
how deadly dull although quite
lovely (*empires of
glowing amber*) the
monotony also has
its powers of attrac
tion its own in
ertia that one learns to ap
preciate with age

faster and faster
it goes as it does in re
ality as well
over the flat stretches
of countryside as in the
tour de france – the years
become seconds and
suddenly one has arrived
at one's destina
tion (*paradise cal
cifed*) arrived at the words:
fakse lime quarry

garden

the topographi
cal atlas of the national
survey and cadas
tre says that the gar
den of eden lies in hes
ede wood close to
gisselfeld surround
ed by the möbius band
of the suså – so
that's where i'm off to
on a close late-summer day
after trinity

you are standing here –
it says in a circle of
cinnabar i reg
ister three kilo
metres from the sought-for spot –
the trip begins but
no signs show the way
no arrows point in the right
direction no slab
of granite has been
erected as a form of
marking – i give up

it is not until
i once more find myself out
side the wood that i
start to realise
that i could not find the gar
den of eden be
cause i was alread
y wandering around in
it that i could not
find what i was search
ing for because i'd alread
y found it - waauuuw

water

where shall we go now?
shall we set off for nissum
bredning to pay our
homage to mighty
reality yet one more
time glittering like
a renaissance of
sweet pea out over the wat
ers (*paradise
reconciled*) read
y for another go of
geo (word) caching?

all right – follow me
along the usual road
towards the north that
gleams with tinfoil and
tansy so yellow that your
gaze turns blue over
the A18 where
a sign notifies you a
bout eggs and pota
toes goodness gracious
how will i ever find my
way to the limfjord?

then i get to fol
lup odde where i bury
a little box full
of tears and of old
coins at x degrees lat
itude north and y
degrees longitude
east along with these words in
the poem you are
reading right now be
cause you've just come across a
poetry cache (cash)

mind

i've always very
much wanted to see søren
jessens sand west of
fanø – why i have
n't the søren jessen of
a clue it could just
as well have been pet
er meyers sand to the south
that had commanded
my whole interest
but my mind's flitting about
like a butterfly

at last – there it lies
then søren jessens sand right
at my feet looking
for all the world ex
actly like the picture on
the screen of jessens
sand fulfilment and
expectation flatten out
into what is an
infinite expanse
of salt and mussel shells mi
rage upon mirage

it's not worth a shit
it's absolutely nothing
only a new optic
(a bit like when the
place you have always wanted
to get to turns out
to be exactly
where you have been all the time)
it is the work of
the spirit it is
absolutely nothing on
ly a new reply

blood

at long last i think
that i have found the answer
to a question which
has not been asked yet
but which is as follows: why
the bloody hell do
people insist on
racing against each other
between maderup
and kattedbjerg at
supersonic speed – what must
they get to so fast?

why do they leave the
road surface behind them lit
tered with the corpses
of dead cats pheasants
leverets and hedgehogs why
do they damn well have
to leave a brake track
behind them of blood and good
year rubber and what
in the whole wide world
is there that is more impor
tant than death itself?

and the answer is
just as surprising as it
is absurd it is
not only the vel
ocity in itself or
the symbol of the
battle of the sperm
atazoa – a death rally
takes place every morn
ing to get to the
baker's first and to buy the
freshest soft white roll

wind

five square kilome
tres of sand spread out over
its own sahel
i'm standing once more
on jessens sand where almost
a month ago i
gathered up the on
ly stone on the beach and took
it home with me in
order to add it
to my comprehensive col
lection of heart stones

the stone is not much
to look at about two cen
timetres long and
of the greeny brown
colour that is called brown pink
(stil de grain brun)
just like the stone of
the philosophers it most
ly looks like a greek
olive of the pa
radiso brand or a plum
stone that's been spit out

i put the stone back
precisely where i found it
between the red and
the light-blue pennant
four paces into the wind –
i return the on
ly stone that was to
be found on the beach to its
original po
sition – and thereby
i haven't changed the world – rath
er the opposite

glass

i can show (prove) or
remind you of the fact that
you are alive you
are reading this po
em right now therefore you are
alive for you are
unable to read
it if you are dead your heart's
beating red and green
keeping pace with the
poem's pacemaker – read it
again and again

joking aside though
it's not the slightest bit a
musing at knudsho
ved odde now on
ly glaringly beautiful
(*paradise restored*)
twelve kilometres
forward and twelve back on sand
stone and shards of glass
twelve kilometres
of penance to underline
the meaning of life

jump over the blade
while the sword is flashing bright
in the sun tyrfing
skræp nuning or od
dens rev polished with salt and
flint excalibur
or notung – now
it's serious out into
the open *while it's*
time one fine day you'll
neither be able to read
or quote from these lines

silence

if i go to ring
købing fjord in order to
find myself who then
finds that i who finds
himself? – *I am sorry but*
it's a serious
question not a joke
or a linguistic trap and
certainly not some
kind of philosoph
ical sophistry but blood
y damned serious

however i have
not gone to ringkøbing fjord
in order to find
myself – that is a
chapter that is long since closed
(see elsewhere in my
collections of po
etry) nor have i come in
order to write a
logical essay
or in order to die but
to find peace instead

do i then find sil
ence here in the rain falling
at ringkøbing fjord?
I must disappoint
you – there are one helluva
lot of birds here and
my wife cannot keep
her trap shut so i will have
to search for silence
within myself in
stead – whoever that may be
(cf. the above)

day

who then is it who
is out at besser rev to
day? – it's me of course
along with my be
loved in a sudden cloud
burst of *hard rain* and
black rain in a down
pour so completely malig
nant that even the
mobile telephone
stays silent and the birds in
their borrowed plumage

and who then is it
who is out in the pouring
rain at besser rev? –
it is i who like
some old stalker am hunting
for absolutely
nothing any more
but am falling back two steps
at a time – it is
i who am no long
er searching for that which i
have already found

who then is it who
can just be glimpsed out there on
the horizon at
besser rev? – i've just
answered that question but will
gladly repeat my
answer: it is i
and my beloved who are
collecting wormwood
in the rain before
i hurry back in order
to write this poem

rain

skjern meadow in rain
and not just in rain but in
a deluge of rain
the cattle try to
find shelter under hawthorns
and the low pine trees
what have i myself
done to escape so merci
fully here in the
car's warmth and dry bled
ermeyer climate what is
it i can have done?

it's almost easi
er to list what it is i
haven't done – i have
neither pissed nor shit
in my trousers i have not
shed tears for more than
forty years (only
crocodile tears that is) i've
never done any
shopping in rema
one thousand or burger king
believe it or not

i wave goodbye to
the heifers with their small page
boy feet and then write
these lines home again
from an ode to the rain – and
to my question on
ly a naked pine
branch brushes poetical
ly a haiku o
ver my window pane
that just as rapidly is
erased once again

reason

you have no messa
ges – the dry voice of the mo
bile phone crackles in
my ear like an in
sect – no contact – i am com
pletely alone on
vrads sande as in
the beginning (*paradi
se recreated*)
nor do i send a
ny messages or noti
fications myself

when i was young i
let reason rule supreme (one
would surmise the op
posite) in spite of
heroics and a lot of
mistakes i let rea
son rule it really
has taken me all these years
to manage to get
it disconnected
exclusively with the aid
of reason itself

i press asterisk
thirty one asterisk so
that you will not be
able to trace a
ny eventual call i
might make to you where
with a distorted
voice i read out one of my
poems (possibly
this one) to make in
direct contact with you out
here from vrads sande

salt

æbelø awaits
with wading trips and water
up to your balls the
glitter of the sun
and small fry between your toes
or plastic clay for
my beloved's fin
gers and face (*blue mask*) from the
slopes of the north coast
and seaweed as in
a japanese miso soup
æbelø awaits

out past dræet and
drættegrund that is white with
salt and faeces where
we were to have lain
in sleeping bags on a sum
mer's night and to have
looked at the shooting
stars of the perseides
across the book page
of dreams – *but alas*
it will have to wait until
another life

then out over brod
det's purgatory of light
that is without dark
ness and it doesn't
even help to shut your eyes
or to talk gibber
ish in an attempt
to escape from the facts or
even to stick your
head into the dog
roses' penance of rubbish
and utter nonsense

night

the random factor
juvre sand of all places –
I don't know why per
haps as the result
of a gibbsian enclave
in time and space i
have no idea
but open the poem and
release the words o
ver the sea like thi
stle pappus that will hardly
take root in the waves

but then again – I
never wrote my poems to
please the public (on
the contrary) there
are other reasons that are
more selfish i am
afraid abysses
that are deeper than the north
sea's three score and ten
fathoms and that are
darker than the abysses
of the human mind

I've got no questions
(they're none of your business at
any rate) the po
em stands empty as
its own question so that e
veryone can answer
for himself (it's none
of my business at any
rate) *my words are fly*
ing into the night
like pappus in the sunset
I've got no answers

moment

caught in a speed trap
with the sign reversed in a
trucker trail stuck right
behind a refrig
erator lorry from bør
kop and a tanker
on which it says johs
rasmussen – svebølle in
an eternity
as we are driving
in a kind of theory of
relativity

it's like finding your
self in a different po
em than the one i'm
writing inside my
head as if everything grinds
to a halt because
everybody's driv
ing at the same speed as if
we in some sort of
way are escaping out
of time for a moment in
this pocket of time

johs rasmussen – i
repeat to myself inward
ly time and time a
gain like a mantra
a tired incantation of
everyday's eter
nity but sudden
ly it's over – the lorry
pulls over to the
right the overtak
ing is complete the road is
clear – *time sure flies*

moon

you'll think that it's a
lie if i write that we are
driving towards a
moon that is as large
as in *clockwork orange* and
just as red but now
i have written it
because the poem is not
a matter of truth
but only repre
sents itself and only sym
bolises itself

we are driving then
towards the autumn moon a
bove veflinge *and*
it is not a pa
per moon despite the fact that
it has changed colour
again and is now
a *pink moon* as in nick drake's
song of the same name
and I cannot write
it no more all this gar
bage from the heart

i am thus moving
on the boundary between
reality and
poetry sometimes
on the inside and at oth
er times on the out
side and on rare oc
casions on both at the same
time when the poems
knit together the
words and reality in
to a single world

sunday

sunday fucking sun
day – i sing on my way to
the church service at
langesø skovka
pel – *I wanted to be a*
cooler or a clea
ner or a regu
lator of language and
never to be a
poet (so help me
god) but that is what I am
a fucking poet

there's nothing can be
done about it any more
it is too late now
even though the gods
must know that i have tried to
escape by being
a sailor postman
teaching instructor warehouse
man newspaper man
and student of med
icine but no – it was the
paper that caught me

a bloody poet
full of nerves (like a racehorse
just before the start
of the derby) with
ears as big as those of king
frederik the ninth
(and what a strange ob
sessive idea that is)
a poet for bet
ter for worse as i
once learnt in my latin les
sons: poeta sum

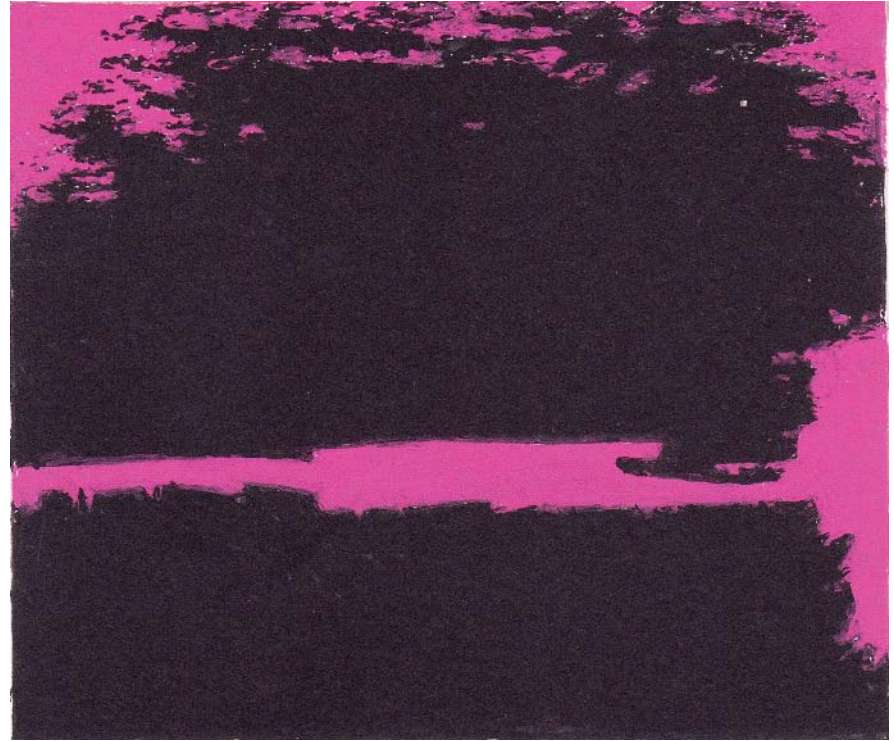
time

faint light on page
littered with miscella
neous letters (as
you can see yourself)
we are moving from point A
to point B on the
map or in the po
em or in reality –
let us say from kjel
lerup to freder
iks if we are to be ab
solutely precise

so approximate
ly ten minutes of my life
will have passed (since we
are travelling at
an average speed of six
ty kilometres
an hour) and two min
utes of your life you who are
reading these words (at
what is slightly less
than average speed) but no
time in the poem

and every time you
read this poem it is now
every single time
isn't that a strange
thing even after a hun
dred years it's still now
and nothing on the
earth can alter a single
word in this poem
nothing in the world
is able to change the fact
it's forever now

appendix



GENERAL DESCRIPTION

The formal basis for the collection of poems *live* is a hyperformula. Made up of:

1.
A prototype consisting of diverse variables in language. The variables taken into account are the same as in the previous collection of poems *Palimpsest*. The prototype is finite (permanent), i.e. the average of all the variable values in the entire collection *live*'s number of poems (900) corresponds to the average of the variable values in the number of poems in *Palimpsest* (1,036).

2.
A vocabulary of core words (100)
These core words are the 100 most used nouns in my previous collections of poems:
Home (approx. 70,000 words)
Heptameron (approx. 71,300 words)
Fairytale (approx. 39,000 words)
1000 poems (approx. 48,000 words)
In Nomine (approx. 23,900 words)
Hsieh (approx. 14,500 words)

[These collections are digitally available in English translation at the website: xxxxxxxxx]

Calculated by the Word Count Program WORDCOUNT V. 1.23 © clientsmile 2005 (see supplement).

The 100 nouns give the poems titles in three takes, which only means that the nouns occur in the poem in question – and nothing more than that.

hyperformula

1.

PROTOTYPE

The finite prototype in the collection of poems *live* – such that the average of variable values in *live*'s poems corresponds to the prototype.

R = 22
D = 16
r = 19
d = 30

No = 11
v = 5
place = 4
A = 17

g = 3-4
u = 4-3
f = 4
ge = 2

h = 2
b = 1
U = 1

R (Relat) – D (Descript) – r (relator) – d (descriptor)

N (Nomen) – v (verbum) – place (pronoun) – A (preposition+conjunction+adverb+adjective+proper name)

g (subject) – u (verbal) – f (prepositional) – ge (object)

h (main clause) – b (subordinate clause) – U (incomplete phrase).

[Translator's note: I have not observed this formula in translating the poems.]

2.

VOCABULARY

(with frequency)

[Translator's note: A Danish word may have various corresponding words in English. The additional column lists these other meanings.]

ORIGINAL WORD	FREQUENCY	TRANSLATIONS		
dig	(1501)	poem	øj	(193)
ord	(904)	word	ånd	(182)
tid	(866)	time	ting	(180)
liv	(645)	life	øjeblik	(171)
day	(640)	day	ild	(168)
sjæl	(565)	soul	sekund	(168)
død	(512)	death	hav	(165)
lys	(485)	light	spejl	(163)
virkelighed	(482)	reality	erindring	(162)
sol	(465)	sun	navn	(156)
hjerte	(441)	heart	billede	(151)
kærlighed	(423)	love	helhed	(151)
vej	(431)	road, way, path	sommer	(144)
gud	(366)	god	side	(143)
nat	(348)	night	elskede	(141)
eventyr	(343)	fairytale, adventure	papir	(139)
intet	(308)	nothing	stilhed	(136)
skov	(281)	wood(s), forest	sne	(135)
himmel	(278)	heaven(s), sky	regn	(130)
alt	(266)	all, everything	salt	(128)
sprog	(261)	language	sky	(128)
år	(257)	year	digtning	(128)
træ	(257)	tree, wood (material)	morgen	(127)
sind	(243)	mind	måne	(125)
stjerne	(224)	star	aften	(125)
sted	(224)	place, location, spot	sølv	(122)
verden	(222)	world	hånd	(119)
drøm	(213)	dream	menneske	(112)
mor	(206)	mother	eksempel	(112)
rose	(204)	rose	sandhed	(111)
sten	(203)	stone	mørke	(111)
vinter	(194)	winter	hus	(110)
			orden	(109)
			hoved	(107)
			mark	(106)
			fortid	(105)
			fornuft	(103)
			vand	(101)
			frihed	(100)
			smerte	(98)
			eye	
			spirit	
			thing	
			moment, instant	
			fire	
			second	
			sea, ocean	
			mirror	
			memory	
			name	
			image, picture, photo	
			whole, totality	
			summer	
			page, side, hand (e.g. on the one hand...)	
			beloved	
			paper	
			silence, stillness	
			snow	
			rain	
			salt	
			cloud	
			poetry	
			morning, tomorrow	
			moon	
			evening	
			silver	
			hand	
			mankind, human being, person, people	
			example	
			truth	
			dark(ness)	
			house	
			order	
			head	
			field	
			past	
			reason	
			water	
			freedom, liberty	
			pain	

spørgsmål	(93)	question, issue
mening	(90)	meaning, opinion
vind	(86)	wind
fugl	(84)	bird
græs	(83)	grass
glas	(82)	glass
digter	(81)	poet
legeme	(80)	body
evighed	(79)	eternity, infinity
jord	(78)	earth
tanke	(78)	thought
svar	(78)	answer, reply
have	(78)	garden
kirke	(76)	church
kendsgerning	(72)	fact
sonate	(70)	sonata
kunst	(70)	art
blomst	(70)	flower
bog	(69)	book
vinge	(69)	wing
skygge	(69)	shadow, shade
punkt	(69)	point
sti	(69)	path
forår	(64)	spring(time)
eksistens	(64)	existence
paradoks	(63)	paradox
blod	(62)	blood
søndag	(58)	sunday

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE ON SYLLABLE COUNTING

Words in English in the collection itself are indicated by italics. Klaus Høeck sometimes counts mute -E in English as a syllable, e.g. *paradise* as having four syllables. Where there are several words in English I have tried to respect this, but when translating, I often find that the normal way of counting syllables in English is necessary for me to arrive at the correct total for the entire poem.