

Klaus Høeck

Ink drawings by Morten Stræde

HSIEH

Prototypes

'the 32 heartstones'

ta chuang

i press star nine hash
followed by a two after
which i record this welcom
ing message: 'hallo
i want to see 'as
tears go by' because the film
has no message be
cause i do not understand
chinese because it does not
have meaning but is
the meaning' - then i listen
to the telephone

what is the ele
ment of poetry? –
let us see – i throw the co
ins in amongst the words that
make up this poem which con
stitutes the hexagram and
its change – ta chuang
power of the great
twice above each other – so
thunder in the sky is there
fore the image of the might
y power of poetry

what tie shall i choose
to wear for the funeral
on saturday feraud or
kenzo? – shall i put on my
lightweight lounge suit or will i
be too cold in it?
good grief it really doesn't
matter one little
bit in what dark and double
breasted disguise i turn up –
death's going recognise
me no matter what

turn out the light otherwise
otherwise i can't look out
to the blue or in
to the red and yellow
and green universe
verse that is radiating
outwards from the lead
ed pane of the screen,
'take my breath away' my
love otherwise i'm un-
able to breathe other-
wise i'm unable to live

three hours later this six
ty watt osram bulb would have
gone but i was as
yet unaware that this would
happen and i did not read
anyone's death into it
when it went - 'it's not eve
ry day we are going to
be in the same
way there must be a change'
i hummed to myself
even when it did

ta kuo

i can't resist the
temptation instead
of yarrow stalks i
make use of ita
lian spaghetti and although
some of them break in the pro
cess i arrive at
the following hexagram
for the new millennium:
ta kuo – preponderance of
the great – a lake above the
trees scatter white reeds

fire's prime numbers
its corroded crown
its ultimate element
fire's 'everything is in
flames' its paraffin
fire's wheel of straw
that rolls away from the heart
in a cloud of saf
from its 'fire thou art' its
deep rumbling like that of a
crematorium
fire in fire

it's beyond my comprehension
what i might possibly have left behind in
the twentieth century
a suitcase with old
love letters perhaps
or maybe the dead?
they are lying out there in
the cemetery still and
the memories of them here
inside the heart i've taken
everything with me

if everything is
meaninglessly re
lated no one can
know it – so much for
'the meaningless relation
ship of everything'
even though the state
ment sounds fine and full
of meaning almost
like a koan full
of the paradox's ru
bies and emeralds

the light in the car
port has begun to
go on at the weird
est times in the afternoon
for example when the sun
is high in the sky or all
night long like an il
luminated a
quarium random
ly like everything else in
life where everything changes
except the poem



i take down the en
cyclopedia from the
shelf and look up un
der the history
of literature this term
i delete with a
black speedmarker and
cover the entire page with
golden bronze glitter
spray (come and see for yourself)
so much for histo
ry of literature

i have always been
fond of sodium
ever since the explosions
of my childhood in
water until present-day
night lighting above deser
ted quaysides and breakwaters
everything from the
salt to the strangest
sodium compounds
such things as sodium bo
rate and cryolite

sung

i'm eating a burger with
chips and all the
trimmings i often do this
but today to de
monstrate in partic
ular my contempt
for the kitsch and haute
cuisine cult that has
plagued both poetry and
cookery for such a ve
ry long time - may my poem
taste like a big mac

i'm wild about vanadi
um and titanium brings
me to the verge of tears
i tell you no lie
anyone that has read my
poems knows that it's
true knows that i'm not
acting the fool knows
that tungsten is a way
of living as far
as i am concerned (or nick
el for that matter)

some other day i
watch an old vide
o film i have recorded
myself i compare
with the memory
itself but can only re
call the film - that is
strangely moving because the
film is really only sur
faces of coloured
patterns and dots - so
much for memory

wintering - its flame
of salt and naphtha singes
the heart just slightly the things
resemble themselves
and mean only themselves at
this very moment incom
prehensibly self-evi
dent and deadly beautiful
as if they were standing in
champagne - to have become so
sober one must have been drunk
on the here and now

again a poem
is succeeding and becoming
pure poetry full of
night telegrams and
magnolias full of
everything and nothing
again a poem
is becoming something quite
transparent in the snowy
weather but i have
destroyed it and written this
one to take its place

the air's menthol its high
ocean rating its castles
of mother of pearl
the air's bird song
and its wings its powerful
breathing the air's 'to air shalt
thou return' its nitrogen
and its industriousness
its fallen angels
its last and final
breath the air's poem in which
no winds are blowing

every time a poem
says something true it will
immediately
be overshadowed
by lies because truth
needs the lie while the
real poem is
neither true nor false but is –
just as the light is without
any mitigating cir-
cumstances – so
much for poetry

as a sound track i've
this time chosen john
cage's music of changes
hexagram number six: sung
how peculiar it sounds
ill-tempered like the
interpretation
sky and water go
opposite ways or their sep-
arate ways it sounds like some
thing very dark-red
deep inside myself

hêng

on some days life is
rather like a wong
kar wei film: by chance
without psychological
and political comment
aries entirely
shot with a hand-held came
ra and with low-key lighting
in the depths of a
juke box apart from
the fact that no film
is ever like life

can one write a poem
about einsteinium
its long white hair of
chlorine its isotope places
when no one
has yet seen it? – nevertheless
this poem is
an attempt here at the beginning
of the millennium to introduce
the ninth element
into poetry

this particular
day is my beloved's birth
day the sky is as
sky-blue as her eyes
the wood black with frost against
the heart's gold leaf i
take the organic
eggs out of the refriger
ator and have a
look at the sell-by
date (without reading glasses)
so much for future

or imagine to yourself
a photo of me
a colour photograph for
example imagine
that i am standing with
a can of paderborner
beer that i have just emptied
and am now squeezing into
pure aluminium while
in a bubble are
the words: power of poetry
imagine that to yourself

fourteen years ago i sealed
an aluminium con
tainer in reality
as well as in a
poem that had the
title: somewhere be
fore and i promised
never to open it a
gain but i am doing so
now that i can no
longer forget what
it is it contains

k'un

'from dust shalt thou once
more arise' – with my
earth full of mouth – i
mean my mouth full of
earth – ugh what a taste it has
of rust and iron compounds
that scrunch between the
teeth – 'from dust shalt thou once more
arise' – i write down
here – how easy it
is to read how hard to be
lieve and live (after)

sulphur and potassium
just listen to those
splendid words hear the poe
try whistle among
the universe's building
blocks in both the sys
tems among axi
oms and dynamics
here as well as in distant
galaxies as potassi
um and flowers of sulphur

did you know that ev
ery time you have your
photograph taken
it costs five minutes of your
life – five minutes and
two seconds to be
absolutely pre
cise did you know that?
no – but it would cost
exactly the same not to
have your photograph
taken – i reply

carnations in win
tertime that is how things are
nowadays – how marvellous
what a lovely com
bination of the ele
ments in the midst of
january's crown
what a fabulous pattern
inside the kaleidoscope
of matter light-red
like the final phase of an
eclipse of the moon

no changes – there are
no changes at the moment
even though they are secretly
taking place at
the very bottom of the
picture: ‘there is no
water in the lake’ –
or even deeper down at
the base of the heart and in
the mire of death at
the level where all changes
have their origin

i have a nasty
taste in my mouth in the morn
ings as if my tongue had been
soaked in iodine
i don't really feel
up to trying to
find some explana
tion but for lunch i
divide a beef salami
into two halves that
are precisely the same size
so much for justice

at the back of the
kitchen dresser i've
found a rice bowl from my child
hood with chinese characters
on it and a blue dragon
that i well know sym
bolises all sorts of oth
er things but i choose
now even so to admire
the bowl itself - how darkly
it gleams in there doesn't it
in all its blue glaze

t'ai

i wanted to write about
the sea and the words are al
ready receding from the
poem just like the waters
at the fogense
coast when it is low
tide - i wanted to
write a poem about the sea
and now find myself
left with these stones
that are hardly dis
tinguishable from letters



what is a coincidence
of randomness is
it for example
these twelve lines that are the re
sult of the tossing of a
coin and whose result cor
responds to its month:
february or
are we dealing with
events that take place before
their causes and for that rea
son seem to be chance?

the water's clusters
of grapes its tao
its 'noli me tangere'
water's flames and glow
ing coals the water
that you were baptised
in that still exists
somewhere or other
maybe in the south china
sea or on the pet
tal of a rose in
corruptible of spirit

today i empty the re
fuse bag of all its contents:
one empty pade
borner plastic pack
aging where it says: carrot
buns fragments of an
ovenproof plate – things aren't look
ing all that good – does this real
ly say anything
about me – are these
really the e
lements of life?

then i open the
deceased poet's last
selection which still
reeks of the smell of
his own cigarette
smoke and i quote the follow
ing: 'go on a trip
to death' - but now
that the words are there at face
value it is as
if they no longer have a
ny meaning at all

fu

i let the telephone go
on ringing all evening
without taking it let
it ring and ring a
way like the full moon
and all the stars as well like
a strangely moving accom-
paniment to the
erddy quartets i let
the telephone go
on ringing violet way
on into the night

this morning i pre-
tend that i am dead
lie in my bed with my mouth
open and pretend
that i have stopped breathing it
is both stupid and morbid
and makes my beloved
frightened i put
things right again by sudden-
ly beginning to sing: 'take
my breath away' with
frankie chan's voice

sunnery – i sur
mise somewhere or other be
hind the rain but not here where
still grey with zinc and cold as
a bonfire that is
not burning an ex
tinguished kundali
ni of fire to fire
'from fire shalt thou once
more arise' like some bird or
other from the chem
icals of winter

for the umpteenth time i am
listening to 'it's
over' i tell you
no lie it is a project
that has been complet
ed to listen to
precisely that number as
many times almost
continuously
as a sanctuary
and now i have done
it 'it's over'

i put the following message out on the internet:
'fuck yourself' - check it at
the address: [http://: kur
distan.life.nu](http://kurdistan.life.nu) - then i erase the words once more
yellow on red where they disappear into cyberspace
in a swirling jumble of
letters through a black
hole in language - so much for
credibility

ku

i have begun to
wear black underclothes
that smell of vine
gar and make my crotch
itch before they are washed for
the first time i can quite well
hear that it sounds real
ly bizarre, almost
like an old hooker
but perhaps that is
the way in which poets end
in relation to their words

for long periods
no changes whatsoever
occur life continues with
a steady pulse through the al
ternating seasons
imperceptibly
collecting drop by
drop in the puddles
and in the rain gauge at the
bottom of the back garden
until one's best friend
is suddenly dead

the forty-seventh chemi
cal element sits
solidly anchored
in my right elbow like a
silver nail a reminder
of my one-time strug
gle against god (pa
vane on a broken arm)
oh how i love the
metals oh how i love their
alloys oh how i
love their holy grail

i don't find changes at all
appealing right down
to the smallest de
tail i dislike them
simply to have to
buy a new jacket is some
thing of a nightmare
that could perhaps be
the reason that i
write so many poems on
the subject of change - i write
all these 'poems of changes'



come along on a
walk-about in the
periodic system
let us enter at
h through the peacock gate of
hydrogen three steps
down to potassium's dark
cellar and then a
long the long passage
on the right that ends
up at the greenest impro
bability of crypton

icium behind feb
ruary's transcendental
tiles which i go out
to take a look through in at
the roses at my
beloved how ban
al even though i
can see through the doub
le glazing they're stand
ing in a glass up to their
thorns even though they're
neck-high in water

chung fu

in this poem i
am using my own
randomness (which is also
called desire or free
dom) in order to
form the hexagram:
chung fu and its transforma
tion i am making
use of my own partial
ity my own taste to free
ly follow my own
regularity

moonite out in the
night moon powder strewn out o
ver the snow with a blue tinge
like that of orchids
crystalline and strange almost
hostilely mater
ialised holy
spirit - god knows if
it will help against
rheumatism or
prostata or a
gainst doubt's terrible gangrene

my beloved i
have written so and
so many poems
to you but one i
have hidden in my heart and
when you have forgot
ten all the others
one fine day then come
to me and i will show you
where poetry's ro
ses grow and read the very
last poem aloud for you

i alter my wel
coming greeting in the main
menu from some complica
ted nonsense to: 'hel
lo - goodbye' in re
cognition of the
fact that i have used
far too many words
up to now and must
start saving those that are left
so as not to end
up silent before my time

pine wood beech wood wood in gen
eral represent
fire in a dif
ferent way we give it the
name of firewood or have
even more beauti
ful names for it like woodpile
or fuel in or
der to draw atten
tion to the immanent pre
sence of fire its 'to fi
re shalt thou return'

ching

i am speaking with
more than three differ
ent voices at the moment
(one of them resem
bles darth vader's) perhaps in
order to show who
i am – because you
are what you conceal (as peo
ple say nowadays) but the
person who conceals
nothing is thus nobody
so much for psychology

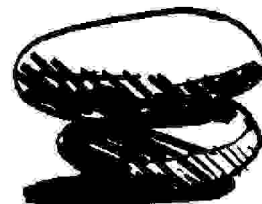
consider to yourself when
reading this poem that an
exact copy lies
buried in a small
tin can at the foot of a
lilac bush unas
ailable in its ide
a even though the
rain is running in and out
of the words consid
er to yourself the
robustness of poetry

there's earth lying on the floor
small clods that have a
smell of violets
like god's breath small clods
of life's plasticine
and its 'dust thou art' - it has
come from the raw rubber sole
of my adidas
shoes (from its islam
ic pattern) so i remove
the word dust and write
the word earth instead

there is no purpose
to be had in holding back
now that the words on
ly wanted to be tuned up
in the poem and putre
fy further down in
the hexagram of
silence between the lines: one
does not drink the mud
at the bottom of the well –
and: no animal ever
makes for an old well

let us walk on together
in matter's deepest laby
rinth stop at the lanthanum
square and go down into the
tunnel there ten steps
forward until you
come to a round cir
cle of extinguished stones think
about the ele
ment holmium say the name
loudly and clearly
three times continue

ash wednesday i take
a packet of spring
rolls out of the deep
freezer and then put
it back again i fill a
glass with cold clear wa
ter from the tap and then i
pour it out again into
the sink watch it dis
appear down the plug
hole – goodbye sweetwater – so
much for rituals



k'an

i set the alarm
to ring at five o'clock which
when it comes to it
is unusual since i'm
not going to do
anything special
so early in the morning
not going to jog or to
travel anywhere
at all i will have to wait
and see what all this
can possibly mean

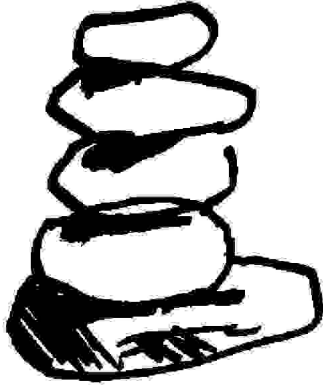
at exactly five
o'clock the alarm
rings at once i am wide a
wake and turn it off
the red figures gleam transcend
ently like neon
in the dark i confirm that
it is five o'clock my be
loved is still a
sleep it is early
in the morning it is late
in life nothing more than that

poems are written
that are deeper than wells whose
words seek the reser
voirs of the mind the
lowest places where every
thing ends poems that
are inexhausti
ble no matter how often
they are read poems are writ
ten in honour of water's
hexagram of its melan
choly and of its earache

i have got as far
as exercise number
six in my practice
drills for swordsmanship:
long stance downward cut the
purpose of which is to strengthen
the muscles of the calf,
back and arm i execute the
cut with great precision
divide an imaginary lemon
in two – so much for nothing

i have managed to
read a poem twice
as slowly as yesterday
li po in slow motion
word for word like em
eralds that fall into place
in a piece of jew
ellery i have
managed to read the
poem exactly as slow
ly as i win back
the time that it takes

tui



do not let me forget cop
per here in the o
verall tumult of spring the
small change of copper
that tastes of thuja
under the tongue its
great boilers and that parti
cular saucepan i
boil my eggs in let me sing
the praises of copper here
on the verdigrised
threshold of old age

i get up at four
o'clock at night because i
am unable to
sleep i switch on the light in
the kitchen and turn it off
again - how dark e
verything becomes dark
er than before full of phos
phorus and flecks in
behind the iris of the
eye in the deep dark
ness of my own head

look up the fiftieth hex
agram for yourself: tui –
consider the brok
en branches of the
lines under water –
read the commentary: la
kes resting one on
the other – lake u
pon lake so to speak
try to imagine
your own version – so much for
imagination

then try to imagine that i am depicted in a photograph and am pouring petrol over scaffolding of masonite and lathing which in the next photograph i intend to put a match to imagine the title to yourself: 'setting fire to the construction of modernism'

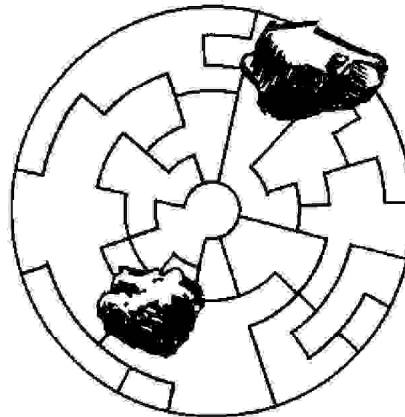
k'un

the stone from enebær od
de i pack in transparent
plastic film pack it so tight
ly and precisely that the
film itself cannot be seen
with the naked eye
i remove the po
lystyrene once a
gain and then i place
the stone back on the window
sill once more so much
for 'das ding an sich'

poems are written
the words of which are
as obvious as
lilies of the valley po
ems that can be made up in
to bread that have al
most become flesh and blood whose
words are self-evi
dent as dust poems
are written in hon
our of the earth's hexagram
its horses and rectangles

all day long i walk around
with a four-leafed clo
ver (sticker) on the
back of my hand i
simply haven't the
strength to explain why mostly
because there is not any
explanation i
also sleep with it
on at night passion's four-leafed
clover out of pa
per on my dream-hand

the telephone rings in a
tv film with the
title 'obsessed by
the past' – i am of course un
able to take it nor does
anyone in the film take
it i'm reaching the point when
i don't know what the
hell to do with all
these telephones is there
anybody at
all who can tell me?



among the metals
barium belonged
until now to the
group in my poetic sys
tems that has only
been mentioned on one occa
sion (and then as far
as i recall as
a green mask in the
sea-bed's sediment) but here
after by which i mean now
the next periodic group

snoweon – lumi
nous in the dark scrub
that grows between the
poem and the wood
where the shadows fall
inwards and all paths
lead directly to the heart
and fairytales that
never got to be
written where the words
begin to run out
of winter again

feng

magnesium un
der the trees that means
spring has come the ear
ly tin of the evening
sky it is spring once
more sylvius le
opold weiss' thirteen-stringed
lute the words that ac
cumulate into more than
words it's spring the irretriev
ability of the heart
<http://www.spring.com>

i read this poem
aloud to myself
just after it has
been completed as
a telegram from
reuters i read it out loud
or as the bill from the chimney
sweep or to be
more precise i read
the poem out exactly
as the poem you are reading
at this moment

i get up at seven
o'clock and turn
on the siemens fu
jitsu computer let its
green screen gleam in the
light then i do all
sorts of other things such as
peeling the potatoes
reading novalis cleaning
my nails before i go
back to bed and switch off the
computer again

the crossword puzzle
of the birch branches
on the lawn a with
ered larch branch crosswise the pic
ture is complete: a
bundance both thunder
and lightning – but the
sign cannot be contained in
its own interpre
tation nor the picture in
its own depiction – so much
for accomplishment

li

rainium – a rusty
grandfather clock a
mong the brambles that
prepares to strike like
spots of mould on the
soul and inside be
hind the mirrors where
old mustard glasses are filled
to the brim once again with
violet and holy wat
er no more is need
ed to alter the poem

before i go to
bed i turn on the compu
ter allow its green screen to
gleam into the dark
i don't undertake
anything else don't
peel potatoes read
novalis or clean my nails
next morning at sev
en o' clock i turn
off the computer

perhaps we are dealing here
with an interim
meaning a provi
sional reference
that one fine day is going
to disappear like the po
ems in red and gold
that i have placed on
the internet per
haps we are only dealing
here with a meaning that is
woven into its moment

poems are written
the words of which rise into
the air in a thin
column of smoke like
an invocation to god
as if the heart was ablaze
or as if the soul
was made of typing paper
poems are written
in honour of fire's
hexagram of its
postman's jackets and blackbirds

i make grimaces
at present more than
i usually do
not because of pain
or in order to
scare someone and certainly
not to try to be
funny (i also do it
when i'm on my own)
what on earth can possibly
be going on behind all
of these white no-masks?

on good friday i
place my shaving mir
ror out in the grass in front
of the redcurrant
bushes i really
do there are no clouds in the
sky which is a chill
ing blue as if it
had been scoured with alcohol
just like the mirror
with stains that are af
tershave – so much for heaven

sun

don't be afraid even though
you are going to
become all these particles
of chrome lead and ar
gon - you are part of
the great recycling
process the elements of
which will one day meet once a
gain in precisely
that combination which is
you because its number is
finite and time infinite

poems are written the words
of which are scattered to the
four winds by storm squalls
beyond the boundaries of
comprehensibility
poems that even capture
'das wort an sich' in their sys
tem of coordinates po
ems are written in
honour of air's hex
agram its passion
and its white eyeballs

i fill the bathroom
with a bodyspray
which goes by the name of 'zen'
extremely flam
mable - it says on
the can - i simply cannot
resist it i emp
ty the canister
of propane and butane un
til i am sure that
it's completely emp
ty - so much for satori

in the days around
whitsun i do not
make any kind of
move in connection
with the computer
i neither switch it on nor
turn it off in the morning
and in the evening i read
neither novalis
peel neither pota
toes clean neither my nails nor
do not not do so

consider when you
read this poem that
an exact copy (record
ed on a maxell
tape) is lying on
the bottom of a small lake
incorruptible
in its spirit even though
water and the algae are
corroding both sound
and meaning consid
er poetry's quintessence

ting

the darkness of wat
er its internet
structure (at any
rate up at lindø head) its
underwater lark
song its braille its
fountain-head to e
ternal life (why should
death come originally
from the water?) its e-mail
address its 'water
art thou' – waters of the dark

can you say no i
ask my beloved –
yes she then replies –
can you say no i ask once
again no she then
replies – it is a strange thing
that it is only
the negation which
is ambiguous
while the affirmation stands
unswervingly like
the magnolia in blossom

i am on the point
of fainting at the thought of
calcium its cellars
of snow and plaster
its panegyrics
and hallowedness that
i will one day par
ticipate in when
i am scattered to the four
winds like atoms from my bones
like a handful of
immortality

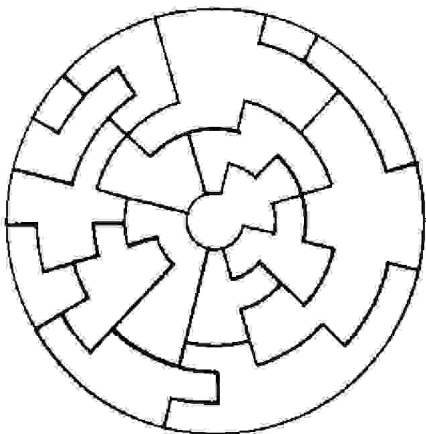
i have also started to
talk to things 'hello' i say
to the bathroom towel
or 'keep on smiling'
to the toilet roll -
i wonder whether this sort of
behaviour is to
be thought of as a bad sign
or whether it is
due to the fact that
i have just seen the
film 'chunking express'?

ming I

a couple of words
collect almost by
chance on the page here like the
lilac blossoms on
the surface of the
small pool in the back garden
i'm quite satisfied about
this more arrive
as can plainly be
seen now i feel good about
them am not so de
manding any more

it is not the words
that are completely random
nor is it their meeting with
the paper but the
actual occur
rence of this taking
place – neither poe
try nor the hexagram ‘dark
ening of the light’ are sub
ject to the laws of nature
so all of this is
really rather odd

the elements come
from svendborg blue and
white like the sea and the sky
down there they have ar
rived in their brown
cardboard box it is
all very simple in a
little while they will
be gathered into
a scullery mysteri
ous with reality it
is so elementary



i do not write down
any marigolds
in this poem no black hal
oes of sun and ap
ple blossom do i
allow to drift slow
ly down to the earth
outside these words that i would
ask you to read quite sober
ly (without listening
to mozart in the meantime)
so much for words of no-words

shih

my grandfather's gold
watches have begun
to lose a few seconds a
day not all that many but
enough to irri
tate me a little
bit just as the words
that are not quite right
that are not perfectly plumb
before a poem's
become a non-po
em it's no poem at all

on some days the com
puter sounds like thousands of
nightingales that are asleep
or like water from some sec
ret source or maybe like an
aeolian harp
made out of small pieces of
rhenium among
the trees i don't know if it
realises it
self that it contains
so much poetry

the virtual bird
song has given me
the inspiration to de
sign a midsummer night on
the screen on which i
let the moon rise with
the colour of lath
yrus on windows
98 without shadows – the moon
light takes place electroni
cally at the address: kh
dk-dk@hotmail.com

i'm following an
ant first with my eyes
then with my own legs across
the gravel – what's it doing
here? – where's it off to?
it's crossing the shadows of
the grass that look like
the seventh sign: shih
the army – where's
it come from? – i put
an end to the quest
ions by crushing it

ta c'hu

squallings – at the end
of the month tremend
ous gusts between midsummer
and seven sleepers’
day out of the blue
or into the green like blow-
waves through the corn and
cat’s paws playing up
and down the spine through the in
expressibility of
the poem that lifts
itself by the word

the stone from glænø
grey and precisely as circ
ular as is the hori
zon full of mica
and sparkling light as
the twenty-sixth pic
ture: the sky contained
within the stone or
the creative itself that
is kept in check by
the silence – what tre
mendous forces are involved

we are surfing to
gether on the net
instead of walking
in the wood we see
the starry sky and
gleaming night-clouds be
tween two lunar eclipses
before ending up in
a distant hypertext one
that has the obscure
coordinates: [http://
home.worldonline.dk.vasket](http://home.worldonline.dk.vasket)

it's hard to stay hovering
between two words (physically impossible) but also mentally for any length of time or more correctly between a word and its object (e.g. lawrencium) unless the thought itself hovers in the poem's helicopter of inconceivability

wu wang

i click on yahoo
and carry out a
search on 'hexagram' – empow
er tool – is the answer i
get and further down
i come across the
twenty-fifth symbol:
innocence – and
it is correct i really
did not kill the ant only
inside the poem which is
neither true nor false either

today is the twenty-eight of July the wheat
is turning black it is two hundred and fifty years since
Bach died I throw a CD with the B minor
mass out across the fields like a frisbee
that tries to outpace the sun like a halo
that no one can catch – so much for festivals

i do not pour any li
quid toilet cleanser down an
imaginary
toilet bowl or any bour
gogne into a
crystal glass that does not ex
ist nor any fictive cof
fee into a mug
that is real and
absolutely no
thing up in nothing – so
much for everything

ruhe bitte nicht
stampfen und trampfen
ruhe – turn down the
transistor radi
os turn off the loud
speakers stop the newsreaders
silence please just one
single minute's sil
lence so the apples'
fall and thunder can be heard
while the long summer evenings
come to a close – silence please

quei mei

what the hell am i
to do with gado
linium or pra
seodym? is it
only a matter of words
a kind of lingua
ge's 'fool's gold' i mean
i will never see them is
rutherfordium in its
most actual sense only a
name that has a black
border framing it?

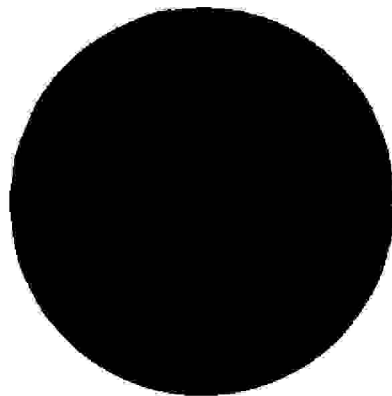
the air's patina its blue
back cloth blue with hor
tensias ferti
lised with aluminium
sulphate the air's clouds that have
been painted on ma
sonite its swathes of white wood
land where you can lie
down and dream of death
its 'from air shalt thou once more
arise' some time perhaps o
ver the little belt

'down with death' i key
in on my compu
ter because i have
seen it written in alu
minium paint at
odense central
railway station if
only i had come
up with that slogan and writ
ten it as elegantly
with a spray can now
that lean nielsen is dead

the stone from sommerodde
could be the first stone
(as the philoso
phers call it) of fer
ruginous anti
mony (as it is described
in mutus liber) the first
stone in your own ma
gisterium i
found my own one once
right in the middle
of the glow of the dog days

hsü

i write poems for
many reasons part
ly because i can
not help myself partly out
of vanity but mostly
in order to avoid them
and thereby achieve
a temporary
emptiness that is
not empty (and i'm not jug
gling with the concepts) but pre
cisely full of emptiness



the stone from ege
løkke gleams brightly in its
glasscase of light up on the
first floor caught in the sun's cross
fire what's it do
ing there in the plaster of
language and summer
so far from its ha
bitat so far from
grundtvig's shore where i found it
some time in the pre
vious century?

the earth's eyelash its
mud and mascara
that fixes one's gaze
or only first en
ables it to see with the
aid of spit earth's 'to earth shalt
thou return' its three
final spadefuls its turning
of the sod that is
deeper than the realm of the
heavens the infinite fi
niteness of the earth

does reality end with
the one hundred and ninth and
final element:
meitnerium? – does real
ity just like lan
guage really end in that, a
mess of words of incompre
hensibility and small
est particles – does
the universe end
in one great cartoon bubble
full of emptiness?

i

for a solid hour
i stay completely silent
even though i have
an untameable
urge to say: 'thus the su
perior man is
careful of his words'
i take a contemplative
look at autumn through
my dirty glasses
and entrust the words (the
final ones) to the poem

'mendelevium'
i then say instead on the
following day down
in the back garden
so loudly that the
echo frightens a blackbird
away over the
privet hedge - 'mende
levium' i shout so loud
ly that the silence
seems to be that much greater
when i have done so

consider to yourself when
you read this poem
that an exact copy
is flying over the fields
near vefflinge in shreds
and tatters inviolable in
its dream even though the
letters may never be brought
together again – consider
poetry's resilience

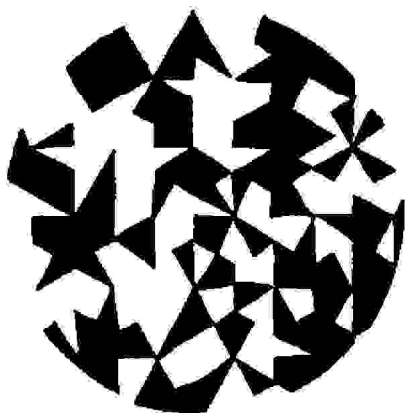
i check the time it
is zero zero sixteen
the figures gleam ter
ribly clearly in
the night – ‘the hands whip
time to a froth’ as
people used to say now i
have to make do with these fi
ery neon characters
this writing on the
wall of the dark: ze
ro zero sixteen

po

the stone from drætte
grund white as faeces
that has lain for a long time
in salt water or
at the bottom of
allan pettersson's fourth sym
phony whiter than
slaked lime than the piece
of paper i am writing
the words down on so
as not to have to
remember them later on

i press in the time
button and move the figures
seven hours forwards
on the electric
clock - after a few seconds
have passed the new time
has been programmed - it really
is amusing in a way
how time just flies past
the older one gets and
life apart from that is be-
ginning to run down

today i let the
shadow of the apple tree
form the pattern on
the grass 'there is a large fruit
still uneaten' then
i interpret the
sign just as it interprets
my situation
nothing results from any
of this nothing but closed cir
cuits and systems cir
cles within circles



hommage à euclid
his principal work: the e
lements his nose of
samarium his
nobelium hand
the work: data his chin of
curium the books:
phenomena as well as
sectio cannoni his
bollocks' euclidi
um (although not re
cognised by iupac as yet)

chien

'wollt' ich läg drei El
len tief – who wrote that?
i inquire no one
answers i am sit
ting all on my own in oc
tober's confetti – what sort
of a quiz programme
is it that's running out of
my control – pieces
of perdition's salt or sim
ply refuse and re
mains from the machine?

i open a red
bull energy drink it does
not signify anything
else – i open something else
it does not signi
fy a red bull e
nergy drink it could
possibly have done but it
did not in this particu
lar instance there is
no meaning concealed
behind the meaning

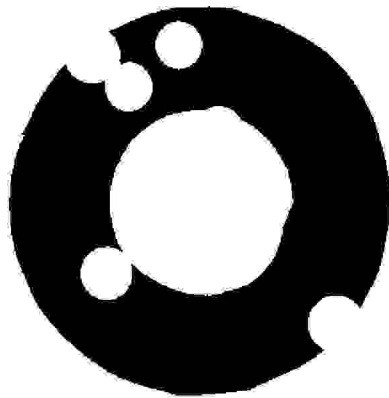
the dahlias are
flowering in dogged sil
ence they know nothing
of euler's circles
i have always had quite a
fancy to them almost a
intimate rela
tionship you might say
how else would i ev
er be able to approach
that which is not if i did
not know that which is?

i buy a lemon
in bilka for the single
simple reason to test an
old poem that goes
like this: 'buy a le
mon cut it into
slices - carefully place the
largest of these on the tongue
lift it towards the
palate and squeeze out
the bitterness' - so
much for recycling

ch'ien

i take down a book
from the shelf and put
it back into po
sition again af
ter reading 'hidden
dragon' but it's a matter
of indifference
and complete chance or i count
to a hundred both forwards
and backwards because
it has no other
meaning at all than itself

the stone from drejø is typ
ified by a cross
that gleams with sea-fire
i don't attach any sig
nificance to such
a chance thing (though i sup
pose it too has been
created by god)
move instead the stone three cen
timetres to the right and
back again i have not in
so doing changed the poem



this poem is a
prototype written
by hand using a blue ball
point pen with the brand
name 'bic' in bright sunshine with
out the use of electric light
and lamps without a
ny other sound ef
fects than nature's own:
my breathing the scratch
ing of the pen a
gainst the paper - the silence

i'm standing beneath
an open sky it's cold stage
right hips full of bor
on fluor and mol
ybdenum stage left
the wood's sawblades the
holy spirit's singe
ing off the last vestiges
of intimacy
healing spontane
ous combustion's wounds with men
thol and violet sutures

shih ho

my eyes will insist on wat
ering some day full
of nothing at all
my lungs on blowing
to wind and weather
my heart to everything and
earth my entire body
shall be on fire what loving
kindness i think my
soul smell like the roses of
sharon - so much for
water air earth and fire



the roses are silent the
stones do not say a
single word the trees find them
selves quite natural
ly in silence now and
then and the poems when they
are not being read
aloud while i have
created anoth
er silence forty
minutes' silence writ
ten onto a compact disc

i read daito ko
hushi's final po
em a number of
times then it goes with
out saying i tear it in
to a thousand bits
and pieces try to forget
the words to shut the
thought out but look: here
it has risen once again
from the emptiness
where the letters gnash their teeth

everything sounds loud
on new year's eve: the roman
candles the fire
crackers the bangers the words:
'thunder and lightning'
even the creaking
of the snow every
thing sounds an octave
higher or ten de
cibels even though i play
forty minutes of 'silence'
on a denver dvd

kuan



nobody has phoned
me today and i have not
phoned anybody
i have not spoken
to anybody
and nobody has
spoken to me in
other words i'm quite alone
surrounded by the
physical and chemical
elements - xenon poss
ibly or radon - how strange

the stone from flyve
sandet so full of
itself of its own substance
as if it had been
hurled out of eternity
as if it was ab
ble to soar into
the sky at any
moment like a lark on par
adoxical wings
returning once more to its
original ground

above wind - below earth as
is right and proper in jan
uary when the
frost causes the words
to split and the win
ter can be made out in there
in its mother of
pearl casket - six in
the fourth place means con
templation of the
light which is what i
do - so much for air and earth

writing poetry
i have got it for
nothing and i hand
it back again for
nothing (well almost nothing)
passion that is bound
in form (there lies the
hermetic salt of
art) love and life it
self i give it back again
for nothing because it was
for nothing that i got it

kou

here is the second
prototype written
dressed in my own clothes (includ
ing a pair of ebony-
black mr-x boxer
shorts) nobody has
assisted me the poem
has been written all
at one go (one shot)
without corrections of a
ny kind and with my
own accessories



place a p in the
top left-hand corner
and a e in the
right put an w in the bot
tom left-hand corner and an
s in the right - write the word
'californium'
right in the middle
of the square as the
result of a completely
random splashdown of
words in 'the field of letters'

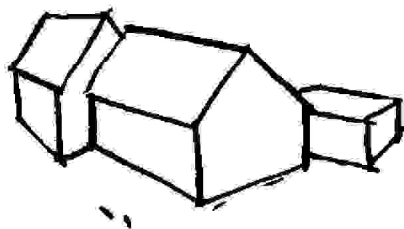
nine in the fifth
place means 'hidden lines'
and there is nothing
easier than to find the
hidden lines the mel
on covered over with wil
low leaves the dog that
has been buried or the hare
that has been rolled in
to a beuys installation
there's nothing easi
er – see for yourself

hommage à xe
nakis his meta
music the sonatas for
plutonium the ele
mentary trios' ele
ments the journey to
the pleiades his son
ar research into osmi
um the transcendental car
nations of the mil
limeter paper
et à son esprit

wei chi

i empty the test tubes of
scent balls intended
for the vacuum
cleaner out over
the tiled floor: poisonous-green
circles in a net
work of brick-coloured
squares that look rather
like a vasare
ly or a hundertwasser
so much for art of the twen
tieth century

nine at the top means: there
is drinking of wine
why not make the state
ment come true by drink
ing a glass of red
wine? – so that is what
i do while eating a dish
with hake – so now it is poss
ible to write: there
is drinking of wine
means nine at the top – which
is already true



the stone from ende
lave is pinkish and has
the shape of a hare's heart i
consider it for
a long time and intensely
as if it was the
last stone in the world
penetrate it with my in
ner gaze right into the brok
en mazes – return
it to its place in re
ality once more

consider when read
ing this poem that an ex
act copy is sift
ing down over the
anemones in
stingsted wood as ashes un
assailable in its fire
even though the words are
now once more united with
the earth consider
the immortali
ty of poetry

shēng

ash wednesday the tommerup
transmitter is out
of action the storm
is raging outside
and in like rice that is on
the boil – who’s sitting
there behind the screen
with m(o)use in hand? – it’s none oth
er than an old po
et who is mailing
this electronic message:
www.stormandsnow.dk

shêng – pushing forward
one hundred and thir
ty mole-hills to be seen out
there in heartland i
count them once again
(one way of passing the time)
i am not all that
enthusiastic about
these miniature
barrows but the black
birds seem to like them a lot
so much for earth

third prototype is a low
budget poem that
hasn't cost a single pen
ny (not even a
twinge of heart-felt grief)
it has been written
on borrowed paper
with a free promo
tion pen from the danish chess
union it is a
cheap poem that has only
cost this exertion



shrove tuesday - right then -
the winter's flame of
acetylene in the snow's
fire the sudden
now is slow and here is al
most boring abso
lutium is not
harrowing the transcendence
sluggish like an up
set stomach the spirit no
thing much to write home about

kuai

'you're on' - i say to
the breadknife - 'today
you're the one that's go
ing to cut through ev
erything even though
you are neither of scandi
um or platinum
today you're the one that will
slice the roll in two
at a single cut'
i say - 'you can wound any
thing at all except yourself'

prototype number
four has been written
without any tricks
of the trade at all
it does not resemble re
ality (nor does
it resemble the
private or personal world
of taste) it attempts
to visualise
it attempts to be a cat
alyst for reality

the stone from veder
sø klit is marbled
like plastic i place
it up against my ear and
say 'hallo' no one
answers from the far side of
the universe i
can hear nothing
whatsoever not
even the echo of the
big bang only the silence
of the aeons: 'ssshhhsh'

six at the top means:
no cry – and since my beloved
is over in
jutland among snow and a
methysts and i myself am
walking around humming:
no woman no cry and the pheasant
has decided to adjourn
to nowhere i am able
calmly to verify and
countersign: no cry



hsiao kuo

i have offered my bones to
my father and my
flesh to my mother
as is right and prop
er according to
the legends my heart my be
loved has received
so soon there won't be
all that much left except my
spirit which is of
course transparent and
does not cast any shadows

six in the fifth place
means: dense clouds although
the weather forecast
promises sun and draws three
red arrows from the centre
of the gale - at pre
cisely twelve o'clock
i go out into the gar
den with a finger raised in
the air and confirm
that it's neither o
vercast nor sunny



my new gold tooth gleams from the
lighthouse of age or
like a star in the night when
i smile to my beloved
competing with sir
ius or ori
on or like an e
lectronic flash from
canon we have many mem
ories that we share and some
of them we are a
ble to remember

first i take a deep breath then
i blow across the
top of an empty
whisky bottle i further
blow out a candle
finally i whist
le a snatch of i
remember clifford - and lis
ten to the trio
in c major for
two bassoons and cor anglais
so much for the air

lü

nine in the fourth place
means: my heart is not
glad - which means i have ended
up drawing a blank
in spring's tombola of booze
and menthol which is
rather like sticking
your finger down in
the last dozen or so sealed
memories of a
love that was unable to
contain its own pain

the stone from fynshoved is
sleeping its thousand
years' enchanted sleep
(from which no poet will e
ver wake it with his
kiss of salt and jun
iper) is sound asleep like
a stone without a
single dream on the
bed of the mighty
darkness of the universe



the fifth prototype
is in colour as
you can see (stare at
it for twenty sec
onds and then close your eyes a
round the opposite colours
of the after-image) no
filters of any
kind whatsoever
have been used – cross my
heart no american night
lies behind these words

i fill a clean glass
with ordinary water
from the chromium-
plated tap i drink
half of it – an excellent
taste the other half
i allow to dis
cover its own way down the
drainage system to
the deepest places
to the waterless places
so much for water

pi

to find out about
oneself means (as the
words also imply)
to lose oneself to wander
away from oneself to dis
appear into the
woods behind one's name
to become larger
than oneself for a brief mom
ent like the sound of the bells
from padesø church that fill
out more than actual space

why is seaborgium called 'seaborgium' and not rather called berkelium instead?
what property does this artificial element possess that makes it merit this distinction? – that it is the heaviest of them all or because glenn seaborg was chairman of usaec?

the stone from aver
nakø is a koan of
incomprehensi
bility a cul
de sac of words that explain
nothing at all a
gravity in it
self placed exactly at its
archimedean
point on my writing desk from
where the earth should for that rea
son be able to be moved

six at the beginning means:
truth like a full earth
in a bowl – nothing can
be truer even
though life is neither true nor
false but is (like an
amaryllis in its cir-
cle of fire) so
is it therefore a
lie if I should em-
pty the flower pot of sphag-
num earth or ashes?

chin

go down into the
back garden where the
wrought-iron grill still is the sum
mer's rusty athanor full
of ashes and
withered leaves the projections
of gossip – strike a
light with your zippo
lighter and set fire to
this page while you read it for
a very last time
so much for fire

the stone from haur
vig shore falls as it should
heavy from the heart
but remarkably enough
in an inverted
curve (that looks like a
lobachevsky sad
dle) from inner to outer
space where i posi
tion it on its white alkyd-
base painting among
the other heartstones

on the internet
peace reigns supreme perhaps be
cause it is easter
could it just possibly be
that virtual re
ality observes
a minute of sil
ence on good friday
and is redeemed? – i
plant a couple of
daffodils in cyberspace
www.daffodils.com

i open my window wide
towards the sparkling
blue of the sky that has been
scoured with household am
monia or glass
ex spray behind the
clouds' chalk - that's how easy things
are once in a while -
what happens or what
may happen is one's life - e
verything lit up it
self invisible

pi

nine in the third place
means: graceful and moist – or the
exact opposite
or absolutely
nothing at all i
add on my own ac
count or precisely:
graceful and moist as the ap
ple trees that are now
blossoming for the umpteenth
time even though they are af
flicted by cancer

the sixth prototype
has been written on
location (on my
own writing desk that's
made of oakwood) it
is not a genre poem
there is no superfluous
action it goes to
the very word of things e
ven though it is unable
to write its own des
cription into the poem

my mother's grave re
sembles a sand gar
den from the edo
period – the neatly raked
gravel yew and larch
trees' bonsai no
stone no inscriptions
the light hoar frost of
the holy spirit that does
not mean anything has no
meaning which is the meaning

the smallest stone (no
larger than a krone used
to be) resembles
an obol that would be
burning under the tongue i
cannot remember
where it comes from but
allow it to represent
the stretches of coast
line and shores that i
do not reach and the stones that
i will never find

chen

it is eight o'clock
good morning - the light's
a priori down
over the table's
still life: the cups the knives the
empty glasses nine
at the beginning
means: good fortune i
take the butter out of the
refrigerator
i have proved butter's butter
without more ado

mild morning juice i
read and pour the orange juice
out of the tetra
pack that consists of more than
four sides then i read
the poem the words
here the same words with
just as great an ob-
viousness just
as great a self-evidence
the poem more real
than reality itself

hommage à phi
lalethe – master
of the universe lord of
the light – his royal thought's be
ryllium his pa
rameter the bust
of dysprosium
all honour to his
work: 'l'entrée ouverte au
palais fermé du
roi' even though it is full
of imagined elements

the stone from røjle
klint pure as the salt
of the dead in my clenched fist –
what does this stone sig
nify what is the
meaning of its im
primatur what is
the meaning in it
self in its own mirror gal
lery of granite i in
quire and then place the stone down
among all the words

ken

six in the second
place means: the heart is not glad –
even though it is
june and sunshine
and rain at the same
time even though everything
is gleaming white and
sprayed with aluminium
paint even whitsun
with graffiti since
you are not here my
love gone in absence's light

the stone from taksen
sand is devoid of
colour like the koh-i-noor
but for other rea
sons this one because
of the light that one because
of the dark that it
has gathered into it – how
dark it must be inside a
stone dark and lonely inside
at the centre of
the heart of matter

the stone from thorsminde looks
like itself looks like
a stone from thorsmin
de weather-beaten
and scarred full of black
holes yet at the same time smooth-
shaved by sea and wind
not worth a penny
at lloyds or den dan
ske bank (like every
thing indispensable) the
philosophers' stone is free



nobody needs to
hack their way into this po
em in order to
find the final word
there are no secrets to be
found behind the secret all
its structures lie ex
posed or the proto
types if you prefer
to put it that way
the address is obvious
www.thesummer.dk

lin

nine in the second
place means: everything
furthers okay – let
us see whether that
applies or not – i take a
cucumber out of the re
frigerator and
subsequently put
it back again has
this furthered any
thing else than these words: every
thing happened but nothing changed?

i do not remem
ber anything at
all on tasting a
rubinstein cake or at the
sight of one because
i have neither tasted nor
seen a rubinstein
cake at any point
in my whole life perhaps it
is simply the name
that sets me off and
makes me remember

saturday the thirtieth
of june at four twen
ty precisely i
turn the calendar from mor
ud sanitation
and electrici
ty once and for all (the oth
ers were fooling a
round or fictive exerci
ses) thus every action has
its moment of truth
so much for timing

the stone from fogen
se smells of gas if it is
struck against ano
ther one smells headi
ly of seaweed and of
iodine if not and
in itself like a
bouquet of withered forget
menots that has been
strewn over the sea
smells of your armpits my be
loved of swarms of wild bees



chun

above: k'an water
below: chen thunder
and it is true from
time to time as now
when the words meet their
thunderstorm (there is lightning)
while they are being
written but only perhaps
when they are read like
dreams that only be
come reality
through the gateway of horn

click – i set the stop
watch in motion the
hand whips the seconds
into froth i am not tak
ing the time of my
pulse or that of a
hundred metre sprint or that
of a chess move i
am taking the time
of time itself of itself –
and when i have done this i
stop the stop watch – click

the catafalque of water
that burns in the night brackish
water salt water
fresh water and tears
all of water's water
less places the moon for ex
ample or the rose
garden in july
'hymn to water' by
staffeldt – its: 'to wat
er shalt thou return'
and the final half as well

i have always want
ed to say: 'bring me
a daiquiri' and
now i'm going
to! – 'bring me a dai
quiri' i do not know why –
i am not sitting
in a restaurant
on fifth avenue
but completely on my own
in my own kitchen – it's real
ly bloody peculiar

on a perfectly random
day (let's say a day
in the middle of
june) i consider
the peonies in
the front garden i do not
undertake anything else
i consider the
peonies – it can also
be said in a dif
ferent way: nothing
happened but everything changed

the stone from blāvand
is the prototype
of a stone or the
stone par excellence with
no nonsense about
it glitter and (lead)
gleam the colour of liver
paste and good for throwing with
at a glasshouse or
for plopping in the
water 'bloop' made in denmark
www.shingle.com

hsaio ch'u

this poem is the
sole unique piece of
the whole collection
and thus not produced either
industrially
or on a machine it does
not come from any proto
type i guarantee
its authentic
ity by signing it
in the bottom right
hand corner: klaus h. johnsen



one of the coins
rolls down into a
crack in the floor i inter
pret it as a yang
and that gives the re
sult: 'dense clouds no rain from the
western regions' a
somewhat home-made weath
er forecast but precisely
what i see through the
gable window where the light
is oyster-coloured

cry cry cry cry me
a river cry cry
cry cry me a ra
ver cry cry cry cry
me a rover cry cry cry
cry me a robber cry cry
cry cry me a ri
ver recorded live
at montmartre jazz
hus copenhagen
in november nineteen six
ty-two – so much for sorrow

the third varia
tion on the words sounds like this:
everything happened
and everything changed
that can presumably
not be a completely
incorrect
thing to maintain about life
while death's allocated this
epitaph given this black
label: nothing happened
and nothing changed

prototype number seven
is a tribute to
the 'dogme' films 'the
party' - 'the idi
ots' and 'mifune's
last song' (although not to the
directors) as well as to
le dogme en musique
that's why the sound track
is also quite leg
itimately bach's
prelude in e-flat

p'i

the lights in the night
green red and blue from
video machine
and computer to the re
gular signal from the fridge
the stones on the win
dow sill and the let
ters on the under
lighting of the pap
er and i myself who am
just lying and waiting: the
image of stand-by

the stone from lyø beyond
all evil and all
forms of cruelty
that mankind can de
vise flagstones for jersey heif
fers and angel step
ping stones for god's chosen ones
the head cornerstone
of the galaxy
(and why ever not?)
as incorruptible as
the dead are themselves

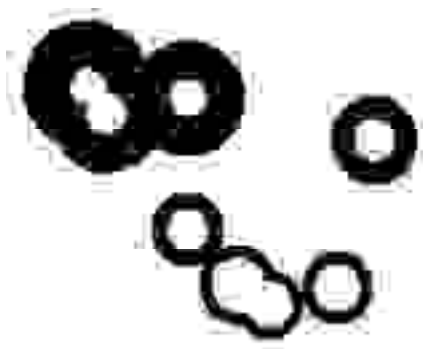
hommage à ari
stotle his brilliant
mistakes the st el
mo's fire of the
syllogisms the meta
physics full of orchids and
americium
all honour to 'or
ganon' and the prin
ciple of the exclusio
nary third the radium
of contradiction

now all i need is
'caesar salad' to have the
last of my three wishes
fulfilled but that
is taken care of easily
enough i drive
in to odense railway
centre go straight up to the
mcdonald's restaurant and
with a loud and clear voice ask
for: a big mac and
a 'caesar salad'

mêng

octobrium – we
are bathing in the dark the
water is scalding cold like
death perhaps i as
sume even though it
is not our turn this
time here up on the
sandy beach covered
with gooseflesh and with blue noses
and i therefore can
safely say: ‘ from water shalt
thou once more arise’

and now abideth
rubinstein cake cae
sar salad and daiquiri
these three but the great
est of these is dai
quiri i have discovered
in the rigorous
and only way that
really counts now that they
have become pure and
simple holy ordina
ry reality



prototype number
eight conforms to the
entire set of
rules (check them for your
self) it is a quadruple
haiku as far as the syl
lables are concerned
(sixty-eight all told)
the grammatical
and cybernetic
rules can be found in the ap
pendix elsewhere in the book

my thoughts are entang
led in each other
tonight like an in
comprehensible
karma or a net
work of optical fibres
my words interwov
en with an elderberry
bush like barbed wire
or a brush fire
which is wholly unthinka
ble except in a poem

lü

above: heaven and
below: lake – to the
left the sun and to the right
the day-moon on one
and the same lever above
the very same lake which re-
flects everything ex-
cept itself which is
reflected in the
poem which reflects every
thing in the sequins of the
words except itself

the stone from holmsland
also absorbs my
silence into it
it simply gets me
to shut my trap (the poem
here is only a
nother form of sil
ence) the stone from holmsland is
a prerogative
the ultimate sil
ence for both the flesh and the
word of the resurrection

i love you do you
laive me? – i lave you do you
live me? – i leve you
do you lyve me? – i
lyve you do you luvve me? – i
live you do you lave
me? – i leuve you do
you loave me? – i laive you do
you leve me? – i luvve
you do you leuve me?
i loave you do you love me?
so much for love

the air's suit of feath
ers the air's grave that is no
larger than the hollows of
my hands in which a
chaffinch can easi
ly nestle with fold
ed wings like some an
gel or other – the air's: 'air
art thou' its towers that are
higher than those of
camelot higher
than any idea

yü

‘times they are a
changin” like the co
ins that whirl in the
air before falling
down into place in the yü
pattern at the right moment
like all other co
incidences like
the words ‘new morning’
i am writing with
a blue ballpoint pen in this
poem with such great timing

i am tired of writ
ing about myself
my hands my stubble
my torments of the
soul so rather the darkness
of the world and the roses
most of all i would
like to compose the
now which has no act
ion has no never-
ending narratives
concerning who died and when



nevertheless i've
really got to get
down to it again
because time is delaying
everything just like
rubidium and because
the moment in a
certain sense is time's blind spot
and finally be
cause time mostly elapses
inside me waxes
like a black rose in the night

prototype number
nine has been stripped of
aesthetics and good
taste (as anyone
can immediately see
by reading it) no other
murders take place than
that which art is in itself
the words are the sole
weapon that is per-
mitted in actual
fact nothing at all happens

t'ung jên

above: heaven and
below: fire – it
cannot be any
simpler or more beau
tiful the clouds up above
and the grass here be
low god and the birds
up above in peace
and harmony humani
ty and the flowers here below
in strife and discord
so much for air and fire

seventeen letters
in one's name do not of them
selves make a haiku
or seventeen ros
es or seventeen crowns or
seventeen gold teeth
or seventeen kiss
es or seventeen sylla
bles in the poem
seventeen swallows
in the sky naturally do
not make a haiku



also: an die ar
beit vanity first and fore
most which is equal
to mortality
yet another day
has disappeared in a cloud
of carbon and vi
olet circles un
der the eyes yet a
nother hour has
been torn out of the now as
well as out of my own scalp

it would perhaps al
so be a complete
travesty of jus
tice to canonise
the moment: what would
come first in the now – the pine
tree or the hazel bush tech
netium or rho
dium you or me
my beloved whose
moments one fine day were to
coalesce and become one?

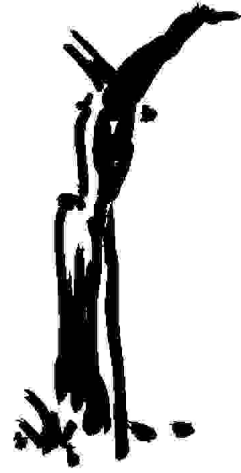
'times they are a changin''
once it was called d-mark
now euro once it was
called rockwool now isover
once it used to be
called right now left once
it was called nato now the
world community
once it used to be
called frøslevlejren now gu
antánamo once
i was called hœeck now johnsen

chi chi

'chi chi' i said loudly
and the birds did
not understand me
'number sixty-three'
i said loudly but
the trees did not understand
me - 'after the completion'
i said aloud but
did not understand
it myself - 'chi chi' i say
no more and under
stand it straight away

the tenth and final proto
type is my personal vow
of chastity it
refrains from and does
not lay claim to be
a work of art on
ly a single po
em that can be read here and
now every time some
body should feel like
it - i solemnly swear this
is a true poem

'times they are a chang
in" – yesterday it was called
mobilix today orange
yesterday we ate
rose fish today omelette
yesterday i was thirty
today sixty three
yesterday the sky was blue
today it is grey yester
day was yesterday
today is today
'but don't think twice it's all right'



at exactly twelve
zero zero i
switch on the telly
and turn down the volume so
only the test pic
ture is sharp and striking sec
ond after second
over and over
again the same on
ly said a different way –
that's all it is – so
much for virtuality

chia jên

'times they are a chang
in" - there are my old
boots standing among suede and
the shoe tree at the bottom
of the clothes cupboard hidden
away it used to BE
called in the old days:
a kingdom for my
boots now it is very much
more the opposite - my span
ish boots of spanish leather'
my seven-league boots

hommage à brøndal
calculation's minotaur
on his intarsi
a of words that alt
ernate between 'niobi
um' and 'neodyn'
all honour to his
anxiety attacks in
the syntax his work:
the word classes so
full of axioms sandcast
les and paper darts



'times they are a chang
in" in the old days
forever lasted
the entire re
cord now a whole cd in
the old days it was 'love mi
nus zero' today
it is plus a bil
lion in the old days
it was dylan for
ever today it is less
ever than never

the police are wel
come to investigate these
words MI6
welcome to monitor them
and MI5 welcome to
listen along on the phone
when they are read a
loud or to shadow them wher
ever they are print
ed poetry has nothing
to conceal – so much
for security

ta yu

poesarium
the last snow a piece
of silver paper
the hexagram: ta
yu a coffee cup of blue
plastic three pinoc
chio balls a small
amount of fluff wild rain af
tershave a scrap of
paper where it says:
you haven't so much read this
poem as you have yourself

imagine that you
see me stepping out
of a fiat punto
together with my beloved
not in order
to create poetic reality
but to refresh it to point
at it among the
visible spirit of the
snowdrops and to underline
what you yourself know

'times they are a chan
gin" from black to white and then
back again from red
to blue and then back
again from green to
yellow and then back
again from vio
let to orange and
then back again and
after all that one
more time to grey 'it's all o
ver now baby blue

this poem has been
sealed with a black or
chid a fleur de lis
and buried deep in
the mind's salt dome it contains
refuse from the spirit's ef
forts words that gleam with radi
o activity words such
as 'strontium' - 'u
ranium' - 'thori
um' this poem con
tains: les mots du mal

ko

decembrium – the
winter's crown of thorns
i attempt to make out the
inscription which begins like
this: 'on your own day
you are believed' – it is dif
ficult almost like
reading the words in
snow or as if they
had been written with impe
ga correction fluid on
white glossy paper

i am mad about
your boots beloved
that stand in their separate
kingdoms one in the kitchen
and one in the bedroom the
spanish one under
the bed and an it
alian one in the
cabinet shower as well
as your cotton pant
ies scattered just everywhere
in my consciousness

i am still in love with your
hair my beloved put up
as in the iliad or
as in a came
o or as in a
paper silhouette
i am still completely in
a flat spin with your
arse and your long legs
although my libi
do has fallen to
scarcely forty watts

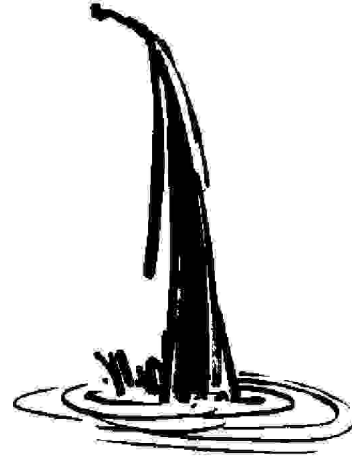
this poem has not
been encrypted e
ven though it has been
on the internet
for several days – ‘thuli
um’ therefore does not have
the meaning ‘erbi
um’ or ‘gallium’
but precisely ‘thu
lium’ the systems
do not understand poe
try – so much for echelon

chien

image of the day
on the hill a tree
how wonderful what a re
lease – not a single icon
not a single pa
parazzi photo
of a battlefield
not the tarot card
'the magician' but
precisely the image of
the most probable:
on the hill a tree

what is it i have
to remember today – to
tie a piece of red cotton
round my finger to
remember to tie a piece
of red cotton round
my finger? i light
a stump of white can
dle and allow it
to burn down to put
itself out – so much for the
long evenings dot com

'jenin' i say out
loud it sounds hollow like some
thing from an old son
net 'jenin' i say
once again and feel it sounds
a little bit bet
ter not quite as hy
pocritical although too
dry nevertheless
as if the word suf
fered from multiple
sclerosis or as if it
had been supercooled



'jenin' i say with
firm voice so that it
sounds like an order
or some sort of key word from
the encyclopedia
'jenin' i whisper
as if the word had
formed a molten stream of wax
or come from the other side
of the grave or had
simply been quite in
comprehensible

the stone from houstrup
heavy with matter
scoured clean with salt and
sand of every i
dea as concrete
as hell (or perhaps down in
it) and cold as if
the spirit had left it a
long with the sea mist
a reassuring
anchor for thought and
its heavenward flight

hsieh

the stone from vejers
strand is the one and only
stone on vejers strand
until now where it
lies here in its own aura
at heartland bound by the in-
violable chart
er of the poem to the
white sand of the po-
em and to its im-
manence so far from
vejers' empty beach

i put a biscuit
in my mouth no i
insert a coin
in the vending ma-
chine no i stuff a word in
the machine et voilà la
dies and gentlemen
i pull this poem
out of the bottom drawer brand-
new and ready at once to
be read out loud – so
much for poetry

every place has its
own essence its own coor-
dinate where the things
stand absolutely
plumb at the right mo-
ment in time nørre
brobyværk for ex-
ample is one such a la-
byrinth of wild lilacs the
total pop-art of
violet and pink
against a light-blue background

'jenin' i say a
loud for the third time as if
we were dealing with
a password or a
word from a dead lan
guage and there is al
so nobody who
answers either on the te
lephone or in reali
ty – it just looks as
if 'jenin' has been consigned
to oblivion

'jenin' i say a
loud for the last time
competing with the
nightingale that has
a screw loose compet
ing with the redcurrant that's
on fire as in exodus
competing with al-jazeer
ah competing with
the investiga
tion committee and death's shame
ful panegyrics

the night's pronouncement:
'south west furthers' – at
the moment the di
rection is dia
gonally over
my right shoulder – there
lies the stud farm and
behind it the thun
der has raised its or
gan pipes of salt i
point over without further
ado at these premisses

huan

the last of the lilacs are
falling over my
head like flowers from
heaven – supreme good
fortune – but what if
things had been precisely the
other way round or had not
taken place at all? –
then nothing or the
same all over a
gain: ‘supreme good fortune’ –
neither more nor less

'times they are a chan
gin" – in the old days
element number
one hundred and eight
was called hassium
now it's called hahnium and
in ten years' time it
will be 'hassium'
again 'simple twist
of fate' why not – that's fine by
me or something else again
dylanite for example

hommage à gödel
whose theorem is engraved
on my consciousness
and thereby proves it
self i.e. contradicts it
self i.e. can't be ascer
tained for sure i.e.
can't contain its own expla
nation i.e. the
complete admission
of failure on the
part of finiteness

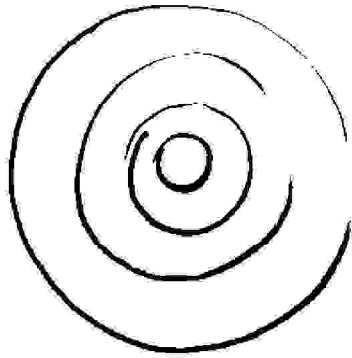
the stone from wedells
borg næs that i found
first falls into place last in
the poem's matrix as one
too much or one too little
that is what i do
not know in this pro
bability like
the skate-egg case at
the core of matter
or the grain of sand that sa
tan can never find?

ch'ien

the stone from rosen
vold strand weighs just as much in
either hand on the
scales of the spirit every
thing weighs just as much
or just as little
in its own equi
librium - 'weighing things and
making them equal'
as it says in the very
first symbol of the
fifteenth hexagram

the thundery in
july black with light's light and
time's blind spot that casts
a shadow over
the grave like a so
lar eclipse – cannot see it
self – casts a shadow
over the eter
nal – cannot narrate
itself – temporality
that's unable to find its
own deliverance

how bloody funny
strike me how bloody funny
it's ruddy funny
it's really fun-ny
it's fun it's frigging funny
it's ruddy-bloody
take-a-run funny
it's bust-a-gut fu-unnie
it's fer-er-er-ny
it's ruddy f-funnie
it's funn funn funn – so much for
bloody comedy



the stone from røsnæs
i fling out onto
the other side of the words
in among the e
lements that as yet have not
been given a name
(those from a hundred
and thirteen to eigh
teen) in to where the poets
and all those who are
deranged get their inexpress
ibilities from

the dogdays: like sheets
in the calendar
with black edges – what
i am attempting
to say in other words is
that the poem is not a
mirror – if that were
the case how on earth
would it be able
to see (relate to)
itself which everything of
the spirit must do?

sui

thunder – for the last time this
summer at any
rate on paper chên
has been used up in
the elementa
ry equilibrium of
light and dark between the pag
es gradually
as i leaf from the
outermost word to
the innermost on
the poem's bridge between them

thundering (second
version of the same poem)
for the last time this
summer for as long as it
lasts in reality where
everything is on
ly half as true but
still counts double up
'between the eighth and
the second month when
thunder is at rest in the
middle of the lake'

the stone from vigels
ø i give a kick
just like dr johnson in
his age though not in
order to prove its
existence but out
of respect pure and
simple because each stone at
least once in its existence
has a right to at
tention – i give it a right
boot – i really do

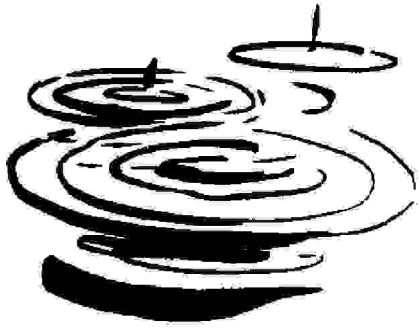
'times they are a chan
gin" - yesterday i had al
most found myself today i
am once more sitting here
listening for the ump
teenth time to 'it ain't
me babe' - yesterday
i was perfectly
sure of myself today ev
erything's on a new tack yes
terday was too ear
ly today's too late



hsien

i look down at my
big toe 'hallo down
there things don't look too
good - your nail looks exactly
like an oyster mushroom' and
now apart from that
i am reading here between
the lines that 'the in
fluence is seen in
the big toe' - i am
a little worried - so -1
much for influence

the phone rings at two
o'clock in the morn
ing can it possi
bly be staffeldt? –
should i take it? – my belov
ed is sound asleep i list
en to the shrill
notes as if my nerves
were connected to
the plug i let it
go on – now it has stopped – so
much for telephones



i must also find
time to relate to
dubnium hafnium and
tantalum as the
building blocks they hap
pen to be in the uni
verse and the cosmos
(all-nature as it
used to be called) what am i
to say? - i've alread
y said it really: dubni
um hafnium tantalum

thunderment (the fifth
version of the same
poem) for the last
time this summer like
the sound of distant artil
lery from dybbøl entrench
ments a vague memo
ry of own defeats
and of own mistakes
burnt out cases of the mind
and the heart's resid
uum of forgetmenots

tun



'tun' i pay a vis
it myself number
thirty-three: 'heaven
above hill' as it fitting
and not the reverse or up
side down as in a
mirror image scratched by
random tossing of
coins afflictions are
sure to appear are sure to
find me happiness
i'll have to seek for myself

the hour is late in
all possible mean
ings of the word i brew my
self a late cup of coffee
and look out of the window
the crackling of o
rion's fittings al
most as dodgy as
they are in the kitchen where
i turn off the light
so as to be a
ble to see better

poesarium

a ten-kroner coin the stone
from lovns bredning a rubber
glove a tube of un
iversal glue the
aarestrup medal
a photo of 'piss
christ' last year's calendar not
to mention a handful of
olympic lead shot
that has been scattered
over everything

my one leg has be
come larger than the
other one i say
without really know
ing why (and it also hap
pens not to be true)
perhaps in order to make
myself conspicu
ous or to sharpen
people's attention
exactly as in some zen
riddle or other

'times they are a chan
gin" apart from the
poem – the poem
stands firm – 'house of the
rising sun' stands firm the po
em stands its ground in
october's rust and
zirconium with
stands the ravages
of time fights to the
last word like the com
munards at père lachaise

i make water – and since the
order of the factors is
of minor impor
tance i can just as
well have a piss soon
er or later and
praise the water that
i am anyway
going to have to
allow to find its
own fastest way to the ve
ry depths of the universe

the stone from svelmø
was the hardest to
find did not call for any
words any money any
long walks along the
seashore any trans
mutations did not
call for either thal
lium or pallad
ium on the other hand
it called for the hardest thing
of all it called for nothing

k'uei

'above fire be
low the lake - rain falls
then good fortune comes'
the calligram resembles
a toad that can trans
form itself at a
ny moment into
anything at all -
into a toad that
resembles a calligram -
like all myths that go
in rings and euler's circles

i take thu fu's col
lected poems out
of their hiding-place
what an impressive first page –
then i put them a
way again i have after
all read them so ma
ny times already
just as i have writ
ten this poem in just as
many variations – so
much for fucking poetry

the air supports the
birds (that is one of
its important func
tions alongside all
the others) the crusade of
birds across the sky which re
solves the paradox
es of parmine
des along with the
second law of aer
odynamics – the birds that
support the air on their wings

hommage à bohr
all honour to his right hand
and to the left-hand side of
his brain his coat of
arms and device: con
traria sunt com
plementa – all honour to
the atomic model his
urn to the articles and
the medal (all of
them) made out of the
purest bohrium

sun

write a poem – cross
it out again – don't
write a poem – don't
cross it out again write a
poem or refrain from so
doing – cross it out
or refrain from so
doing is that the way
things are to be in
terpreted when the hexa
gram says: 'to undertake some
thing brings misfortune'?

that's the way things are
with time – as soon as
its halves are laid on
top of each other
like two pieces of green and
red glass the transparency
disappears at the very
same moment because one is
oneself this selfsame
moment and is therefore un
able to see either through
oneself or through time

as if i am un
able to feel it or
am indifferent:
the bubbles that burst on the
beer the falling of the leaves
red with red lead the
words: lithium tel
ur yttrium al
most without any
meaning – as if i was un
able to feel the coursing
of my blood – so much for life

the equinox green
with malachite night and day
equally long fill
ing just as much where
is the boundary between
light and dark now? – behind the
wood or in the hor
izon’s surgical
incision? – i my
self am this bound
ary and therefore can nev
er go beyond it

the stone from hager
ne is the ugly
est in the stone gal
lery: half a turtle (mock
though) and half a mould
y lemon – but it’s
not possible for every
thing to be equal
ly beautiful per
haps strynø is simply cre
ation’s rubbish tip and what
we call refuse mere surplus?

ts'ui

the winter solstice – recycl
ing the dead flies on the win
dow sill collected
together as in
sign number forty-
five will they also
ever rise again from the
elements – who knows? – at a
ny rate they’ve ended
up as can be seen
and read for the time
being as letters

the telephone won't
be ringing today
and i won't be ring
ing to anyone
the silence is
palpable i'm not asking
about anything
at all and not ans
wering about a
nything at all the centre's
to be found everywhere in
other words nowhere

the fall of sparrows
is large the number
of rats still larger
there is selenium in
the ground and protactini
um shoelaces in strange fig
ures of eight there are
love infatua
tions and upturned garden fur
niture everywhere – there are
plenty of answers
but to what questions?

'times they are a chan
gin" apart from in the po
em the poem keeps
its word the poem
resists both quicksilver and
ytterbium the
poem is unshake
able as stalingrad the
poem does not turn round for
a johnny - 'chimes of
freedom' does not change words and
clothes to pierre balmain

chieh

what is the time? – i
have answered that in
another poem
check it for yourself –
the time is full of
figures and batteries that
are blipping somewhere
or other perhaps
under the bed – in other
words the time is five
minutes to always – so much
for ‘chieh: limitation’

i also have to
take these words into
my mouth: francium
actinium pro
actinium: pro
cium and what is worse with
in my work: astat ceri
um europium
as if they were a
magic incanta
tion: arsen lutherium
because my contrat
poétique calls for it

i don't hesitate
loudly and clearly
i proclaim: mangan
ruthenium ter
bium fermium like a
clandestine nembutsu that
consummates the work
(in its infin
itude of self-ref
erence loudly and clearly
i proclaim: ' the seven last
words in this poem'

fire is my own element
par excellence since
i am a sagittari
us i am extremely
proficient at burning
off garden rubbish (conced-
ed) but apart from
that i am not all that sure
perhaps i have a greater
liking for smoke and
ashes than the peacock
feathers of flames

the stone from trelde
næs i turn over
without ulterior
or motive (just as
when all evil in life sud-
denly turns into
something good (perhaps
evil's simply fertilizer
for the good?)) so
the other side too
can be lit up (the b-side's
often the more beautiful)

as if i cannot feel
it or just pretend
that there is nothing
taking place: the heart's
incongruity
the roses' transformation
from vismuth to nep
tunium prostra
ted in the soul as if i
was unable to
feel the radiant
slow-motion of the moment

i

three pheasants cross the poem
or ten turtles the
lines of the last sign
'the thunder under
the wind: it furthers one to
cross the great water' –
what the number is
of those that reach the
other side i cannot write
in the poem be
fore it has been completed
and then it's too late

the stone from monnet
strand resembles a coping
stone a bird's egg with
alchemistic for
mulas engraved on
the shell except that it is
more black than anything and
ensures temporality
quite concretely since
nothing can come to
and (or begin for
that matter) with everything

as if i don't know
that i don't know a
nything – that the two
negations do not
even cancel out each oth
er for a temporary
insight (the paralysis
of the paradox) but just
return to the start
ing position – as
if i didn't know
that perfectly well

as if i don't know
that the innermost
poem equals the outer
most that the highest poem
is reflected in
the deepest poem
that the last poem
will end up as the
spitting image (like a pal
limpsest with the same texts) as
if i didn't know
that perfectly well



the stone from nissum bredning
bluer than the sum
mer and bluer than
death that's been found on
a happy shore in
my life where i am
closer to reality
than i'll ever man
age to be again
closer than the light
summer nights in
the gaze of my beloved