

IN NOMINE – KLAUS HØECK (2001)

for my father

klaus h eck johnsen klaus
h eck johnsen klaus h eck johnsen
klaus h eck johnsen klaus
h eck johnsen klaus h eck
johnsen klaus h eck johnsen klaus
h eck johnsen klaus h eck
johnsen klaus h eck joh
sen klaus h eck johnsen klaus h eck
johnsen klaus h eck joh
sen klaus h eck johnsen
klaus h eck johnsen klaus h eck joh
sen klaus h eck johnsen

on november the
twenty seventh nineteen hun
dred and thirty eight
france was in a state
of siege schou's factories en
sured themselves possi
bilities of ex
pansion the trotting horse ad
dison was put down
and i myself came
into the world at three for
ty in the morning

i was born during
a violent snowstorm my
mother once told me
(family legends
have a strong tendency to
outlive truth itself)
i have actual
ly checked the meteoro
logical condi
tions and fair is fair
a violent hurricane
raged the day before

the event took place
in the national hospital's maternity
ward and a swedish
professor greeted me with
the words: what a chap
it's said that my hair
twirled like the dragon-tails on
the stock exchange spire
and i gave the world
and my mother a baleful
and defiant look

mars was in libra
red as a bohemian
garnet just above
malachite and violet
sutures of the eastern
horizon marking
off the coming
winters of reality
the sun was then in
sagittarius
while uranus concealed
itself in the eighth house

flashback to thirty
nine: was i the one who o
verturned the cradle
is that something i
can remember or just some
thing i have been told
was i the one who
once capsized in front of the
nursery door in
a fictive sea bat
tle can i have had so preg
nant a memory

on the other hand
i clearly recall the sum
mer of forty two
high with wheat and flames
coming from the eastern front
rumbling just like the
andante in pro
kofiev's fifth symphony
but that is impos
sible since it was
not actually composed
until forty four

so i was five years
old then in forty three that
much i remember
and in a photo
graph taken at the time i
have a fringe à la
j.r. ewing – i fell
in love with the teacher at
the kindergarten
and used to sit on
her chair while it still had some
warmth from her body

the headword for the
following year is strangely
enough: banana ice
which shows the impor
tance of the sense of smell for
the memory – but
shouldn't i in
that case have tasted a ba
nana ice again in
stead of the thought oc
curring to me of the word
itself 'banana ice'?

like the snowstorm from
the north east like a thighbone
like osidian

such is necessi
ty i here pay homage to
i of all people

who wrote such great po
ems in praise of freedom for
tified with rubies

like 'das wohltemper
ierte klavier' such
is necessity

prelude and fugue one
more time and yet again mar
vellous E major

like a samurai
sword the keenest of the all keys
connected with mer

cy in both physi
ial and metaphysical
sense connected with

infallibili
ty and swans that shed their plum
age in fairytales

necessity is
what i want to write about
there's no more time for

any digressions
of lapis lazuli my
days are fading a

way like smoke my joints
are on fire i must get in
to what is essen

tial i must get in
to G major's inexor
able sun topaz

necessity is
not the same as the ruby
glass of causali

ty but what the dif
ference consists of i have
no idea whatso

ever it is not
a modus ponens either
or a japanese

stone lamp outside in
the snowshowers – you are my ne
cessity my love

necessity is
as death is completely just
no one escapes – no

one – were you to change
into a bird were you to
offer your belo

ved in exchange no
no camaraderie here
no preferential

treatment here necess
ity is as incorrup
tible as borax

there is nothing small
about necessity or
dehydrated i

do not believe eith
er it has been embellished
with mother of pearl

or rectified in
polish vodka like poe
try it reminds one

more of a slaughter
house than of a petit four
confectioner's shop

i think that necess
ity must taste of rust and
of wood sorrel but

i know that it is
larger than saturn and vi
olet that it still

exists even though
you shut your eyes and pretend
that it is not so

necessity is
pure and consecrated to
death like youth itself

like C major like
the syllables in a hai
ku like my own name

such is necessi
ty – don't try to talk to me
about the little

spasm that is called free
dom the little phobia
of self-glorifi

cation that is called
freedom like death itself such
is necessity

nineteen hundred and
forty five was a year that
was objectively
unlike others on account
of the liberation in
whose shadow every
ego (no matter
how transcendental) faded
away and disap
peared or became u
nited with the histori
cal necessity

skive in the hy
po of recall oblivi
on's last silver and
salt strewn out over
the photograph of the ship
broker's patrician
house where i lived for
long periods like
some sort of foundling like some
body bereft of
relations while my mother
sailed the seven seas

the long summer ho
lidays on the north coast of
samsø in the glow of red
campions where e
ven at that early age i
played on the beach all
day long with the girl
with whom twenty years later
i was to enter
into my first mar
riage (even at that early
age dubious games)

no deductions had
reduced the ego's possi
bilities every
thing still lay in the
open and the jewel of the
immediate no
thing prevented the
imagination's flight to
the ends of the world
so in a certain
sense all wishes were imme
diately fulfilled

the ego had as
yet not set itself as a
nything else than a
mirror image of
its parents or of itself
in venetian mir
rors of dubious
value (magical
splinter in one's own eyes or
the eyes of others)
the ego had as yet not
come to see itself

reflection had not
as yet come into play the
ego had not as
yet been fractured and
refracted in the prism
of eternity
into separate
colours separate words on
the paper's endless
page upon page the
ego had not as yet be
come self-awareness

'i will dwell in my name'

night rain once again
after the long dry spell in
the month of july
for a long time i
lie listening to the drum
ming on the tin roof
will it fertilise
my own roots deep down there
in the dark will the
drops fall over the
forgotten grave of my fa
ther in birkerød?

today i array
myself in a white shirt and
a silken tie i
begin to search for
a document at the back
of the drawer of
the writing desk it
seems to me that my hands have
a smell of forma
lin about them i
look up from my poems and
thirty years have passed

the sky has been rent
by light and the dark congealed
at the bottom of
yesterday's coffee
cups i am looking at that
pen-and-ink drawing
of my father with
the seven black pine trees that
hangs out in the hall
how on earth am i
to remember what even
he had forgotten?

like the vast fields of
roses up behind the em
bankments near bogen
se like a single
quartet movement – allegro
assai for exam
ple like overheat
ed aluminium or
like a thin drizzle
is the secret life
that i never lived toge
ther with my father

i sleep with my head
facing north as in fairy
tales and i dream
almost allegor
ically of salt and of
the larch boletus
before waking at
your sharp scent of ascorbic
acid my love – per
haps it is an act
of treachery to be so
utterly happy?

time flies past on the
wings of a buzzard in ac
ross the garden so
swiftly that it is
only this morning that i
discover the chan
ges and notice that
i have come to resemble
my father as he
was on the final
photograph taken of him
all that time ago

i take back my name
i retake in the liter
al sense of the word
its dark syllables
of iron and of emerald
after almost for
ty years in exile
sign with my baptismal name
once more i transform
myself into who
i am closer i'll never
get to my father

i practise in the
utmost secrecy writing
it down in chinese
notebooks that have red
corners and are dog-eared i
whisper my name in
great confidenti
ality once more as i
used to do in my
childhood when it was
embroidered on all my li
nen and my washing

i will dwell in that
name i have received by the
grace of god and not
by it being grant
ed with the royal seal of
frederik the ninth
i will make my a
bode in the name i one day
will die in and clo
ser i'll never get
to a reconcilia
tion with my father

my father in ti
voli at the palladi
um and in vester
brogade my fa
ther in köthen-anhalt my
father's black dachshund
his royal enfield and
toyota my father's kid
ney stone my father
at the piano
in holsteinsgade: quasi
una fantasia

why did my father
spend his time in germany
during the war why
did he send me a
subscription to B.T. in
my time at school why
did he not come to
my confirmation why did
he hide bottles of
port in the cistern
why did he die without giv
ing any answers?

i never knew my
father have only heard a
bout him and seen him
from time to time (with
such a shaky hand that the
spanish coffee ser
vice still clatters in
my head still spins round on its
bamboo pole in the
chinese circus of
the memory) only met
him from time to time

like some parricide
i had turned my memory
into a secret
and inaccessible
place where my father lived
alone with his shame
his silk embroidered
eagle on the reverse side
of his lapel or
was all of it no
thing else than lies and poetic
fabrication?

my inheritance
from my father amounts as
far as i can as
certain and recall
thirty years after his death
to astigmati
sm of the left eye
a certain melancholy
a surname and a
share in a summer
cottage near rørvig strand one
that's been sold long since

did my father real
ly marry no less than five
times is it true that
he pawned my christen
ing present (a spoon of hall
marked silver with bite
marks on it from my
milk teeth) is he really to
blame is his absence
to blame for the fact
i have been seeking god (the
father) ever since?

birkerød ceme
tery is beautiful on
such a late autumn
day red with rust and
brick as if it lay partial
ly hidden in a
sonnet cycle but
i found neither my father
nor his grave here nor
his ghost of turquoise
could it be he had simply
never existed?

nor up at the gen
eral registry under the
neon lighting was
his name to be found
in violet ink in the
city records where
the accounts are kept
my father had disappeared
without trace and i
myself was the on
ly evidence that he had
ever existed

it shot through the roots
of my family tree like
lightning from an un-
derground storm or the
pain from root surgery at
the dentist's or like
st elmo's fire from
søllerød cemetery
where i at long last
had managed to trace
my family's and father's
final resting place

and a great recon-
ciliation took place as
my father rose with
in me like an x
ray photo dark with night-time
rain and alumin-
ium and the small
bitterness dissolved like salt
in my blood like a
thimble of hemlock
juice that's emptied into the
sea and disappears

far off spring's ordeal by fire
and more silent than a nighttime sparrow

long before the heart was cast
into its electric piece of amber

silent as a stone
and long before i read post
humous poetry

far off are czerny's études
and my hands then completely unscathed

and my hands then completely unscathed
wrote other words that were secret

other poems without plaster and holes
purer still than sodium

once i used to write po
ems without words greater than death
about this and that

long before i began to quote:
'when the grasses shivered chill with rain'

when the grasses shivered chill with rain
and stainless steel from solingen

opened my heart up with a sword
as sharp as the E major prelude

when i was too strong
to be living and too weak
as yet to be dead

at a time when the fire's heart revealed
swaying flowers of water

swaying flowers of water
in the chasing of the ruby glasses

like the flames from another age
or was it simply a reflection

of something that had
taken place in the fairy
tales of brothers grimm?

another death and
another hunt rushing crashing through the forest

another hunt rushing crashing through the forest
on mountainbike

or on mitsubi
shi off-roader from langesø forest district

other power saws
and english horns sound right back
from when i was young

the buzzards gyre far above my words and
i am visible visible

i am visible visible
do not hide myself in juniper smoke

no longer conceal myself in
the silver thickets of poetry

no longer dress in
the woodpecker's borrowed fea
thers of cinnabar

coal and petrol like some other joe cocker
torn apart by song

torn apart by song
like an oratorio by stockhausen

like the pheasant at daybreak
like a shower of rain on the motorway

like red glazed paper
like the mind of mindlessness
like aluminium

like the sultry dogdays
where now are the companions the answerless?

where now are the companions the answerless?
those who travelled northwards

who discovered their own goetheanum
in the heart of poetry

those who tuned their sets
to radio bremen on
FM 96.7 MHz

who died of their poems?
beneath the grass the lost children lie freezing

beneath the grass the lost children lie freezing
that i never had

before it was too late at the fertil
ity clinic on ildervej

where they hopelessly
perished from injections and ar
tificial light

silent is the slow fall of old age
far off spring's ordeal by fire

hummeltoftevej
full of roses perhaps from
before memory
a mirror shard in
side the brain somewhere a place
from freud's fairytales
like silver paper
like a flashback of fure
sø i never saw
hummeltoftevej
in a most queer gleam of am
niotic fluid

hummeltoftevej
seen ajar and skew through
the eye of abel
seen from below be
neath a homeknitted light
blue flying helmet
seen from a pushchair
in haste across flagstones be
tween hedges and rain
seen in a cloud of
talcum and seen through a re
construction of words

hummeltoftevej
before the second world war
rustic presumably
like larch trees in the
month of november
sixty years on like
a piano so
nata by rachmaninov
while it is raining
before memory's
pinpricks because there was no
thing to remember

hummeltoftevej
red with tiles a genera
tion later ruler
straight as the lefthand
parting in hair combed at that
time using water
the library sorgen
fri station all of it oh
so neat and tidy
hummeltoftevej
seen through the front window of
a fiat punto

on from there to gods
banegade in a sud
den hyperbola
of dampness and draughts
to a two-roomed apartment
with with backyard loo
on from there to a
smell of kitchen range gas rings
and bitter almonds
on from there to the
railway terrain alongside
ingerslevsgade

thus did the course of
my life continue in a
curve of hard tracks al
most as in a book
by lawrence sterne that concludes
before it has begun
like never-ending
digressions of violet
i can remember
it to this day when
i pass through godsbanega
de in home-from-work mood

godsbanegade's
lightshafts its stairwells with its
loads of coke and coal
godsbanegade's
divorces and its sex re
lated offences
godsbanegade's
metal fatigue its mondays
hard-white with spirits
godsbanegade's
dairies and all its outbreaks
of scarlet fever

now gleams the sun in
all its glory out over
padesø church and

it is not even sunday or some
other church festival after

trinity but a perfectly nor
mal seven sleepers day that slow

ly fades away in
to a dream in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust in all the
cemeteries in

all the cemeteries of denmark
a breath of elder and dog rose

sighs over the heart's nineteen grammes
of calcium till the resurrection

it causes the rain
now falling it sires all spir
it now descending

it sires all spirit
now descending into the
poem's core of words

which it scatters to the four winds and
on every side to form one tongue

that stretches all the way from 'pader
borner beer' to 'heinz tomato

ketchup' and the new
testament in jesu's name
let tongues be aglow

in jesu's name let
tongues be aglow with emmen
thaler and bordeaux

and forming the sound of your name
my love: a rose branch covered in salt

and your kisses that burn with si
licon and almond oil as well as

the line of the hymn
by grundtvig 'now gleams the sun
in all its glory'

in jesu's name let
tongues be aglow in every
key there is with song

and interjections with all the
words of creation the first as

well as the last which no one un
derstands before he is dead and gone

bearing the living
word in mind it sires all spir
it now descending

it sires all spirit
now descending from the great
quarry of the sky

where thunder has its home and god
although in other castles than the

clouds of silver and mother of pearl
out there in the west at the end

of the world and that
of life where a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust well mixed with
nitrofoska and

pesticides from the farmer's toxic
unit there is an earthly dust

over the spirit's visibili
ty of green miracles it stinks

of death and corrup
tion even in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness beneath the
radar screens of the

elder bush we cool our senses –
for no project exists that is wild

er than the fire of faith and the dark
flame of love and the protuber

ances of hope a
round the heart now gleams the sun
in all its glory

now gleams the sun in
all its glory striking the
heart's dish aerial

so that creation may be seen
as the reality it really

is without distortion in all
its grandeur and its mortal splendour

in nomine in
nomine in jesu's name
let tongues be aglow

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness i'm lying
on my air mattress

close to the darkest forests of the
heart which are so frightening and

compelling as death itself where
light only reigns in the realm of dreams and

in paradise or
in the hymn: now gleams the sun
in all its glory

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust from the hole
in the ozone layer

ultraviolet and invisible
from another light source than

the sun that sounds like a vio
lin concerto as it sets in

the little belt and
is put out in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

it sires all spirit
now descending while the leg
horn cockerel crows

unheeded and to deaf ears from the yard
of the nextdoor neighbour as

if just three times did not matter
and two and five were just the same while

the corn is smoking
in pollen: a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

in jesu's name let
tongues be aglow with cinders
and coals and words that

smoke from july's charcoal stacks words
that bear an ordeal of fire through the

poem to melt reality and lan
guage together to form one

world and one uni
ty once more it sires all spir
it now descending

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust on the win
dow sills and over

the persian carpet from the flying
summers of my childhood as if

a great telekinesis is tak
ing place somewhere behind my back

or whenever i
close my eyes it sires all spir
it now descending

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness we stroll through
the beeches' baron

ial halls in adidas shoes on
the border between words and speech

in poetry's greenest vales and list
en to death's nightingales which can

only be compre
hended when a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

now gleams the sun in
all its glory over strand
bakken near ege

løkke as not in the poem from
long ago when it set but now

over the basalt of love and spir
itual flint and gabbro now

before it cools it
self here too in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

i confess that i have had other gods
than god satan's bird lost

one of its feathers in my room
on some occasion and i unwittingly

picked it up and ever since have
made use of it as a book

mark – oh yes i have broken
the first commandment quite a lot of times

i also admit that i flirted
with buddha for a while in my

young days that i devoted myself
to the sudden light of snow and

brass that takes place inside the brain more
than to the moment of darkness

that takes place in the heart as now
as we take a run in morud wood

furthermore i have worshipped death
(as has always been the habit of

young men) more in the form of mar
ble statues in various parks and

in nocturnal cemeteries
or in a manner that was pictur

esque as among the cypress trees in böck
lin's painting 'toteninsel'

the great void once used to attract me
(in the white night of puberty)

what false idol there in the
hall of mirrors of introspection what

selfglorification on its
pillar of ash what temple very

nearly as compelling and in
comprehensible as the cosmos

skovshoved fire thorn
that was the beginning of
the first poem of

my first collection
written in the shelter of
the dark and the big

clematis that flowered
on the terrace's spruce-stem
fence that was the be

ginning of my a
priori like a rune en
graved in coastal clay

a rune engraved in
coastal clay like that engrav
ing of christian

høgsberg that has been
printed between two black pa
ges in my first book

like a raging o
blivion just when i had
recalled everything

and once more have re
united myself with your
name of thrashing fish

your name of thrashing
fish and letters that are green
er that romanti

cism itself like
gold leaf on black leather or
like a transparent

alphabet that has
broken the intellect in
its prism your eight-point

ed star your light so
strong that it darkens your wild
navigation marks

your wild naviga
tion marks that still show farther
out than the waters

of the sound farther
in than the words on their yel
lowed pages that still

havethe faint smell of
smoke about them still show on
wards to the poem's

early morning when
not a single second
spreads eternity

when not a single
second spreads eternity
but when thought transcends

its own categor
ies of salt and roses and
penetrates into

the space of the in
conceivable where the words
no longer express

what they normally can
but the day cycle itself
quivers on zero

all amber and be
ginning and ending which is
here now and always

and it is no mean
consolation to parti
cipate in this u

nion and this great
conspiracy between life
and death this tremend

ous transparency
behind which the gaze is as
blue as vitriol

on sønder boule
vard i paid anne lise
twenty-five øre
once to let me see
her having a pee and we
played at ghost trains down
in the cellar and
hide and seek outside in the
bicycle sheds there
where all of the fair
ytale adventures and my
memory begin

on sønder boule
vard an angel's wing once fell
in flames down onto
the asphalt when the
house opposite on the cor
ner of vesterbro's
passage was bombed
by the royal air force and sev
en of my playmates
were killed during a
birthday party being held
up on the fourth floor

on sønder boule
vard we carried on our pri
vate war against the
neighbours' houses with
catapults in summer and
snowballs in winter
on sønder boule
vard we built castles out of
cardboard and barbed wire
on sønder boule
vard's field of battle i was
both strong and happy

hallo herluf trol
lesgade here i come fif
ty years later to
inspect the building
at the back of number twen
ty-four which now on
ly exists in memory's
innermost secret
recesses darker
still than the coal-cel
lar which does not even ex
ist there any more

the stairway smells of
lime and vinegar just as
it used to do that
time the child molest
er showed me the photograph
of a nude woman
and asked me if he
could look at my willie the
day before the re
sistance movement li
quidated frederiksen
from the second floor

hello herluf trol
lesgade do you remem
ber me? – it was me
who stole a techno
car in the kindergarten
it was me who sailed
excessively with
the harbour's motor ferry
and it was me who
played here with kirsten
do you remember me her
luf trollesgade?

yggdrasil dripping
pure gold once more as when i
wrote these words more ab

ruptly yggdrasil
stop dripping stop gold stop se
parated from each

other as now no
longer where they are welded
together again

and heal the poem
under the lightning para
bola of the storm

the lightning para
bola of the storm farther
off in another

poem etched into
the mirrors' reverse side like
cracks in the past

which in a way (con
cretely) repeat themselves when
the eriksminde

farmer kicked the earth
and spoke these words: and the crop
will do well – he said

and the crop will do
well he said aage iver
sen who i have just

bought heartland from for
a sum that the tax author
ities have nothing

to do with it is
space i have bought i replied
a mode of percep

tion i thought in my
heart of hearts or the dew that
forms above the heart

or the dew that forms
above the heart my love when
we bathe in the kat

tegat's aqua re
gia and dissolve the po
em's last remnants of

gold in the blood's far
greater sea the residu
um of the letters

of seaweed and the
very first words of your lips'
taste of salt and ants

an old confidence
between words
i hardly have a

need to write any
more like the elder that is
flowering deep with

in the forests or
in brother grimm's fairytales
undisputed

by the final lines
of the poem: thus things were
to come to an end

plucked on the lips of
eternity – i wrote in
the hubris of youth

but i stand by those
words even though forty years
have since passed i do

not hesitate for
one single second (the time
i won) in repeat

ing them among o
ther words and incessant talk
about the weather

incessant talk a
bout the weather ever since
the mid sixties the

one torrent of words
after the other dashing
across the paper

cloud formations that
are the same size as the brain
and i no longer

know its whys and where
fores – the hedges of the past
lit up by the dark

the hedges of the
past lit up by the dark like
the lilacs at night

what was it i was
meant to remember i on
ly know it had to

be remembered on
this my thirteenth wedding an
niversary – it

is this and the po
em's beginning: oak stone ygg
drasil dripping gold

along the pathways of infinity's spirals
we turned counter-clockwise

out of corkscrew convolutions
gilt with powder into the moment

here and now in fu
nen in søndersø district
in hedebovej

following the heart's own paths and its contortions
we came to saturn

we came to saturn
or did we come to heartland

did we suddenly
sober up although we drink
red wine each evening

(banda azul croix
de sud chateau haux or
else sangre brava)

did we move out of
the prose poems of the town
to build our own house?

to build our own house
among all the sonatas
black with cempexo

with whiter wine with
pigeon-frame windows and
yet blacker gables

like an iceland farm
a second hlidarende
from the family

of my father placed
between the words and the game coverts
in T's wood

in T's wood
where the poetry comes to an end
or where it begins

(it all depends on
which direction you are com
ing from on your walk)

there between the words
and reality we took
up residence at

that boundary at
that wall of granite boulders
and at U's pitcher

and at U's pitcher
(just another name for the
trundemose trough)

under the snowdrops
at the root of the springtime
and stained with red lead

between mørkenborg
and hindevad inn not far
from where we live

between chessmen
and the black salt of the apple trees
all was beauty

all was beauty
the wind turbines the pylons on
their way westwards

the sewage reser
voir out at brenderup
from where the fields and

the sonnets had their
slurry and rebis brought out
every february?

we had no
reply for god
the forming strangers then came on the scene

the forming strangers then came on the scene
with ideas and
blueprints

of dreams and castles
in the air more wondrous than
any camelot

their angle irons and
their hardboiled eggs and with their
drawing tables and

their white ar
chitect offices
and the future accumulated

and the future accumulated
in a world of
speculation

that only exist
ed on parchment paper and
drawings' measurements

which could just as eas
ily have been yesterday
or some other day

but not been here
and now where time itself grows
like enormous plants

like enormous plants
of inaccessibili
ty poetry lay

behind us like woods
where no one goes apart from
those who are poor in

the word the childless
and those who were snared in the
thicket of brambles

the past lay there in
its word
like mountains that are insurmountable

like mountains that are insurmountable
the curves of language rose up

in those poems that would never at
any time come to be written

we arrived at a
round five late in the milleni
um at these words:

we left the poem
along the pathways of infinity's spirals

dedicated to
no one these words which i've not
hit upon myself

(and the roses the
black-red ones only themselves
and their creator)

dedicated to
the paper on which they've been
written and the book

they original
ly come from the words say and
write siriasis

say and write siri
asis – look it up just once
again in meyer's

foreign dictiona
ry dogdays' disease sunstroke
or meningitis

what on earth can i
have meant by it so many
poems ago? – so

why not go on and
repeat the words instead: re
peat snail sky clover

space time now the day
right here on the very stroke
of twelve of brass here

at heartland high noon
over the grass and the first
of the yellow-brown

tricholoma with ex
actly the same look as i
myself have here in

my sixtieth year
the coordinates: x, y,
z gravitation

the coordinates
x, y, z gravitation
as easy as that

and as hard – the bo
dy's weight when the soul now will
up the heart's eclipse

when the spirit now
is light the finitude of
dust and of ash when

the eternal now
exists only cut off from
us by a second

like purity in
the shadow of a poppy
time is in itself

(before it is stopped
out in omega hour with
stopwatch or with quartz)

only borne by its
own happening as is a
haiku by its own

instant or by the
snail's circles in the eter
nity of the grass

the sun dizzying
sand silurian like de
posits in the mind

formations mirror
ings of something that finds it
self again its mir

ror in these water
surfaces near æbelø
where we wade in a

pattern of light that
only contains its own mean
ing of tartan sun

tartan sun a bird
hieroglyphic small vulcan
oes the words are fall

ing like rose petals
from one book to another
one without address

without greeting with
out any numbers like the
riders on the sev

enteenth stage of this
year's tour de france dedi
cated to no one

thank god i am once
again going to be cross
ing this enormous

forest of sona
tas framed with tin and ivy
like a new begin

ning a poem with
out words as if it was the
very first time or

the last time like guess
ing stone paper scissors at
each and every chord

all these trees that are
bending under the weight of
their own shadows all

these tones that are red
der than the saltpetre of
winter all these po

ems in which you can
completely lose your way a
mong the windfalls

of the words until
you go through the eye of a
needle of silence

i do not say you
cannot possibly lose your
way in a single

word – 'god' for exam
ple or in a sonata
that's full of turquoise

i do not say that
a-minor does not possess
its own enigmas

but it is in the
great works that becoming ut
terly lost takes place

such a great work is
domenico scarlatti's
'oeuvre pour clavier'

glittering with erg
with gravitation and with
perfection all of

that necessity
to which i have been subject
and in which i am

to go in search of
the black ebony of the
first minimal rift

necessity al
so has its problems also
has its forbidden

fifth so to speak ev
en though it might sound somewhat
strange to talk about

necessary mis
takes it is nevertheless
those which i am hunt

ing for them which i
am to rap myself over
mouth and poem with

it will once more be
a real pleasure for me to
demonstrate the in

sufficiency of
every system the secret
rift of the perfect

the little white lie of
every truth and the synco
pated notes of the

parma-manuscript
to cultivate the burnt um
bra of the errors

like the first cracks to
appear in the ceramics
of the ice like a

snowdrop in pade
sø cemetery like a-
major that's under

mined by f-minor's
chants lugubres like a doub
le rook sacrifice

like the poem that
suddenly disturbs language
with new words and signs

like the great spring
thaws between the sonatas
like the absolu

tion like the glass mo
saic of winter with one
piece missing such are

the errors i am
referring to or the ex
ceptions i from now

on intend to lash
my poem with like some fla
gellant or other

there is room for er
rors in this mighty inte
gral of music there

is time to take li
berties between the pre- and
post cruciate and

that is perhaps what
can be called consumma
tion when the white and

the black notes comple
ment each other in the ear's
cinema organ?

but now that para
dox occurs that perfection
itself constitutes

the greatest error
since thought is unable to
think that concept with

out thinking itself
at the same time and precise
ly that it's una

ble to do – this strange
skate egg in the marble
heart of perfection

then felding allé
blue with schilla like a mir
ror scoured with the spi
rit's chemicals framed
in the heart of jutland and
without a scratch just
like childhood itself
and boyhood's gleaming silver
paper in which we
used to bake new po
tatoes behind the fields that
belonged to balling

felding allé is
large seen through the sapphire of
the third eye although
disappointing in
daylight on this win
ter's day on which i
have visited it to ver
ify my life disap
pointingly tiny
and insignifi
cant seen through death's re
versed binoculars

back once again to
birkholmsvej to copenha
gen where i came from
back once more to the
outskirts of my consciousness
in kongens lyngby
where the adventure
really first began among
the tinfoil of the
rubbish dump and the
black stallions from the stud
farm of stenrødgård

on birkholmsvej road
i earned my first money twen
ty five øre for
every dandelion
that i pulled up by
the root twenty five
øre for life it
self neither more nor less now
as then when birkholms
vej resembled flintstones that
had been soaked in a
marinade of salt

i further confess that i am
infatuated with fragonard's

and chardin's colours that have
been ground more on nature itself than on

a stone roller – not to mention
the wonderful women of fran

cois boucher that have set in
varnish and such solid sensual flesh

i have gone astray in the
oil paintings of joseph vernet in the

far depths of the lightest for
ests to find the springs and waterfalls

of the holy spirit
and to see that which no one otherwise sees:

the clearest of everything to
perceive the light within the light

i admit that i have also
studied darkness (for example in

certain pictures by the painter
ruysdael) because night too has to be

conquered i acknowledge this depend
ence on images and the car

bon fourteen of darkness which
i'll probably also be punished for

it is the poem's double
burden (paradox): to have to receive

eternity in its spider's web (the
spirit's glowing internet)

and simultaneously at this
climax write off itself do away

with (decreate) itself in
order not to end up as an image

i am not saying a poem may not
be beautiful just that

there is a time before and
a time after the perception (the cul

mination) when the poem no
longer mirrors either itself or

its surroundings but rather gathers the
world into reality

i admit i have this tendency to
disregard the poem's de

lication and instead to culti
vate it for its own sake (as art)

as image and as imaging of
that which is up there in the sky

or down here on the earth or in
the water that is under the ground

i acknowledge with a certain unease
that in particular i

have not kept the third commandment
that my soul is ashamed behind its black

panes (like the windows of the house at
night) that unfortunately i

am unable to do anything
at all about it – god dammit

i have god help me spattered my
poems (even entire collections

of poems) with god's name
like statues in a park or like magnifi

cent sepulchral monuments white with
bird droppings white with the gua

no of the spirit besmeared and sul
lied with this utter presumption

i have abandoned myself
to all kinds of gluttony (also called

gula) squandered god's word in
various prayers may god here and may

god there may god this and may god that
may god most everywhere i ac

knowledge my misuse of bible
quotations and manna from heaven

i confirm i've this weakness
for brand names (mostly the inexpensive)

wrangler – adidas – everlast
gillette and williams ice blue too

this disastrous urge to surround
myself with what are borrowed plumes

on all my sportswear n.y.
ucla or inri to name but a few

perhaps it is most often the
name itself that has interested me

more than the actual content perhaps it
is the letters more than the

living spirit the harle
quinade of the letters their magnifi

cent graffiti their black trident per
haps it is the letters that kill

it's a helluva long time it's
a blasted sight too long godammit

it's a devil of a long time one
rot in hell of a bleeding long

time since an end should be put
to what bloody well can't sodding be de

scribed as any go-to-hell else
than damned blasphemy and sacrilege

holbergsvej lies in
sorø at precisely the
same location as
it did half a cen
tury ago when i used
to live at number
one just opposite
the school of domestic science
with all the girls that
mirrored themselves in
the windows and in my pi
tuitary's quartz

in actual fact
holbergsvej leads into the
forest indirect
ly at any rate
via a disused railway
track that i used to
balance on as long
as i was able to un
til i reached the char
coal stack of fairytales that
still smoulders on at
back of my mind

unconceivably
beautiful between time and
night bordering on
something which i do
not know like a butterfly
that's been punched out in
white gold on my writ
ing desk like rhomb-porphry
on the window sill
that is how 'the close'
lies in a sonnet that i
have never written

next the main building
grey with rainy weather and
detentions built by
peder malling af
ter thurah's lifetime pro
ject went up in flames
i have often sought
refuge in its boiler rooms
from german lessons
and my school-leaving
photo may well still hang in
the blue corridor

the west dorm that looks
out onto the acade
my infirmary
oh just to lie there
once more one's only ailment
being a savage
attack of truan
cy on a cold winter's day
oh just to lie there
under the warmth of
the duvet to lie there and
read 'really the blues'

*'That act of love
to remember one departed'*

inside the illuminated room i am sitting
with a black book

that has within its covers all the words
that were never written down

that never bubbled to
the surface of the poem
like tetrachlorine

i'm sitting in a half-lotus position
looking out at the night

looking out at the night
that is gleaming above the heart like titian

like a coat of arms i have
designed myself in honour of my death

the dark too shall be
celebrated the dark cut
out of balsa wood

or like an acronym – because
the night is also inside me

the night is also inside me
bitter with iron and with olives

the night's moist branches of for
sythia that scorch like salt of hartshorn

the night which no one
can conquer or can take pos
session of with light

and life in one piece the night tonight
and within this inner darkness

and within this inner darkness
deeper still than the darkness of Le

leth – el Kadr at this twenty sev
enth midnight i call upon the dead

because darkness and
darkness engender the e
manations of light

i'm looking out of a window
i'm looking out of a pane of glass

i'm looking out of a pane of glass
or is it just a delusion

when i read Hymnen an die
Nacht and catch sight of a geranium

burning there inside
the house of pain where i my
self once made my way

along the corridors of darkness
into an illuminated room?

into an illuminated room
at seventeen webersgade

where the moon once boiled over
with savage rage and polyurethane

on the wings of mem
ory back on the
rotor of poe

try but the poem finds nothing
there is nobody in there just light

there is nobody in there just light
as if god is photographing

consciousness with instamatic cam
era and electronic flash

or the soul is tak
ing a bath in potash and
in developer

inwardly: the outer light
and outside only the inner darkness

and outside only the inner darkness
after the pyrotechnics

even darker than usual af
ter the light of the aquarids

here in april where
they fell to earth in showers
and hit my left foot

perhaps i will discover the last star
if i walk on down the street

if i walk on down the street
(‘out on the road’ is what they say round here)

it will not be all that far to walk
to the spring of reality

all that’s needed is
to take just one step out of
the poem’s dactyls

and i’d be right in walpurgis night’s tin
looking up at the window

looking up at the window
it says in memory’s book of obli

vion printed in basker
ville and so as to make it come true

i look up at my
window that gleams like a
poem by strunge

and if i read the poem a bit later
i will see just the same

i will see just the same
inside me will i like a déjà vu?

again and again like a
whole series of photographs of the dead?

if the dead are a
part of us are we also
then a part of them

as a foretaste of eternity or
as in the inner night?

as in the inner night
as in chess's king's indian variant

as in joy division
as in bowie's 'sound and vision'

and in a green ru
by as in an elbow
room inside myself
i am sitting
inside the illuminated room i am sitting

'memory with variations'

my other root reach
es deeper down than holmen
cemetery deep
er than the rose that
i have just planted this last
autumn in the name
of omar khayyam
deeper even than meta
physics and sili
cates right down to the
heavens is how far its lov
ing kindness reaches

memory can be
come recollection become
a whole series of
years that cannot be
distinguished from each other
on the grid of the
calendar no mat
ter how much i attempted
to wipe the pane clean
so as to gain a
final glimpse of my mother
out there in the dark

my mother rose a
gain for a instant when i
opened a bottle
of polish alco
hol which was from her life
time (spirytus rek
tyfikowany)
like a delayed heirloom my
mother rose again
like the genie of
the lamp from ninety six per
cent pure alcohol

but when i discov
ered the black spots (thrips from last
year) behind the glass
which covered the por
trait of my mother (taken
by mydtskov) i was
suddenly afraid
that nothing remains of
the dead though that
did not call the ex
istence of god into ques
tion in any way

memory can be
come recollection can be
broken into bits
and pieces by the
chimes of the clock from pade
sø church a late de
cember day no mat
ter how much i attempted
to retain my moth
er's image as one
true unity among the
sundays of advent

my mother was born
and grew up on amager
near artillery
road - i do not know
much myself about that is
land's lanterns and fog
horns (i refer to
rifbjerg's poems) but i stand
nevertheless despite
all this with my one
leg firmly planted in a
marcadian soil

her childhood passed to
put it briefly like any
other childhood sur
rounded by the heart's
willow scrub - no not complete
ly like childhood for
all of her brothers
died either of volvulus
or of the black i
vy of tubercu
losis up at the coast hos
pital at refsnaes

my mother has be
come an evening walk down by
the sea a sharp smell
of iodine in
the sinuses a bank of
clouds moving westwards
become a stab in
the heart with a knitting need
le an english trans
lation in anoth
er book which as yet only
exists on paper

my mother has be
come a rococo chair with
canvas embroider
y of yellow ro
ses embroidered by herself
or has become a
bell-pull with the words
'happy christmas' in cross-stitch
my mother has be
come a bottle of
pectin become kitchen salt
a raging winter

my mother has be
come three glasses of jim bean
brand bourbon whisky
a pinch of lemon
verbena and an open
sandwich with smoked ha
libut and pepper
one late evening when i put
memory to the
test empty memo
ry's and midnight's wicker bas
ket full of seaweed

and memory advances stealthily on stock
inged feet in its sharp
smell of clementines
and brine 'can you remember
can you remember'
it whispers with a
voice mysterious and draped
in crape - 'yes i clearly remember you
and your seven league boots with
holes in' i answer

and oblivion sneaks in like a thief in the
night with its shoes on
backwards 'have you forgotten
gotten have you forgotten'
it whispers with silvery
voice - 'yes i'd almost forgotten you and
your moth-eaten table runner hiding
at the back of the linen
closet' i admit

i assume that my
mother had a post mortem
done on her just as
elegant as a
cut by lucio fonta
na that her heart and
her kidneys have been
examined much more closely
than her conscience has
been that she was not
stuffed with cotton wool and tow
and forgetmenots

my mother has be
come three shovelfuls of earth
an urn of ashes
mixed with white roses
become three millimetres
of hoar frost on the
grass at holmen cem
etery become a look
full of wild dreams be
neath the snow showers be
come the last seven words in
this poem by me

*'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad,
and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose'*

blossom as a rose-
filled bower shall my garden al
so and by god that's

what it's doing this morning
while the dog-days unfold in red

and gold late in life like a
magisterium between 'rosa

isphahan' and 'wes
tern sun' – and be re-won shall
the barren desert

shall the barren de
sert stretch to the start of the
new millenium

like fallow-fields in the heart that are
full of stones thistles and navew

where jesus walks about on
naked feet as always and as never

or shall our very
thoughts our very words blossom
in a golden year?

among birds in con
cert fall ton upon ton of
shit and guano

which i collect in black plastic sacks
and take them with me to the land

fill where frightful stench and putre
faction is a tiny price to pay

for all the songs and
the beauty that shall blossom
as a rose-filled bower

blossom as a rose-
filled bower is what even the
motorway does a

cross funen up and down the slopes
like a brush fire of dog roses like

grateful dead's logo round one's
pate and knudshoved ferry terminal

may also the gar
dens of poems now blossom
as a rose-filled bower

blossom as a rose-
filled bower shall all our grave
spaces as a sign

of a great moving of the spirit more
than recollection more than

memory itself as a
sign that we one day will meet again

among the roses
among none but us among
songbirds in concert

among songbirds in
concert among the shadows
among udby's trees

under the calendar under the
blood that's now congealed under death's

silicon under the ocean under
the stars' winter gardens un

der the heart shall the
poem's mustard seed blossom
in a golden year

blossom in a gold
en year rich as the barley's
copernicus gold

brighter than isaiah's prophecies a
bout carmel and sharon with

a strong smell of salt and
cinnabar of poppies wormwood and clover

all the wildest of
flowers of god's creation shall
the barren desert

shall the barren de
sert really be sprayed all o
ver with round up and

be bathed in saltpetre again and again
so it turns into waste

lands of uniformity
and straw shortening in the union's name

shouldn't all the
kingdom of denmark blossom
as a rose-filled bower?

blossom as a rose-
filled bower shall 'heartland' a hun
dred years after our

death behind its enchanted hedges when
all's forgotten and we have

reawoken as if nothing
had happened in all eternity

shall 'heartland' blossom
a hundred years on blossom
as a rose-filled bower

i chose with the ut
most deliberation bud
dies the social net
work and girls (for some inex
plicable reason
they chose me) which thus
led to my youth becoming
consummated i
chose in other words
to fulfil the general
part of my being

but it was the great
mornings white with tin out o
ver the lake the great
losses of memo
ry framed with ivy and the
leaves of oak trees the
great rites of passage
evenings in the woods that made
me become a po
et or was it mere
ly the memory of them
which brought it about?

i left sorø a
cademy without any
feeling of resent
ment in a prince of
wales tartan jacket with my
student's cap packed in
my trunk (it was some
thing you then were ashamed of)
as a gentleman
in spite of every
thing ready to contest or
to conquer the world

there were nine black flowers
along with a silk turban
on 'queen of the night'

which shone brightly some
where else out in the garden
with covert glances

where the tulips ex
changed other words than those which
actually exist

one two three – nine ex
pectations for the children
i would never have

one two three – eight were
the blossoms that i watered with
cold camomile tea

even so the spring
scorched every single one of
them with its phosphates

that cruel spring which
flashed its forks of lightning in
the bedroom mirrors

from another poem
that i remember better
than the actual spring

and then there were just
seven bulbs remaining one
fine night with hoar frost

down there in their re
bis where the poems keep on
growing in the dark

down there by the bot
tommost words where silence
also keeps on growing

down there amongst the
seven last words' incompre
hensibility

one two three – six black
tulips forming a whole cir
cle around the heart

like the spiced olives
from bordeaux arranged in their
preserving glasses

which we bought at the
supermarket and which we
found so delicious

until the day we
overfed ourselves on their
fire and vitriol

and then there were on
ly five chances left in their
green nylon net in

which the bulbs hung dry
ing indoors above the oil-
fired central heating

until the follow
ing year at the same place with
the same necessi

ty and care as if
it had been a poem i
was busy writing

then there were only
three left under the light's col
umn of saltpetre

danger danger sol
dier the clock's striking e
leven – or was it

the poem or on
ly the words 'the clock's striking
eleven' like an

inner tautolo
gy or an echo of ne
cessity itself?

one two three – two chan
ces left now out of the nine
original words

like notes in 'a song
book for blackbirds' like tulips
in the month of may

like the sperm cells in
a separator like the
ovaries like our

final opportu
nities on the calcium
threshold of old age

and then there was on
ly one bulb left in the black
cauldron of the sun

completely without
saturnian rings just like
a suite by handel

down there in the bi
tumen of spring out of which
the dead some day will

arise as words and
as fairytales and legends
in other poems

one two three – not a
single flower left the sweep
er had taken them

with him into a
larger dream than i was a
ble to dream alone

larger than the fields
and the plantations down by
hedeboården

than my inherit
ance: tulips that will stand for
ever in poems

crisscrossed branches of
fir trees the drops of rain: a
songbook for blackbirds

the open window
haydn's seventh sonata
and the blackbird craps

for seven years the
blackbirds have refused to sing
a millennium

start to sing dammit
higher than petroleum
purer still than salt

there it is sitting
on its fence post: a silhou
ette from the book of

micah smouldering
with soot and the self-combus
tion of pent-up notes

in its own circle
of singable darkness its
own necessity

turdus merula
koltrast amsel merel mer
le noir solsort

now we are begin
ning accompanied by john
mccabe on decca

'die klaviersona
ten' – the holy sober
mindedness no frills

stripped right down to the
bone's potash and the dry bones
of old age repeat

the long drawn-out en
ticing call of death after
me: sree sree sree sree

da capo once more
like the C minor sonata's
coal and turquoise

da capo once is
nothing it is the last time
that is everything

as when dreams begin
to resemble reality
more than real

it resembles
the dream whoever's able
to understand that

exercise number
thirty nine in D major
that starts allegro

chuck chuck chuck chuck so
as to warn against owls and
the literati

and now it slows to
adagio: koot koot koot
the fox is abroad

finale presto
without any self-pity
kee kee kee chuck chuck

what do blackbirds see
in their dreams – death decked out in
its capa de robe

do they hear haydn's
seven missing sonatas
the transcendental

could that be why they're
so devoutly silent be
hind sleep's cameo

or is it out of
fear of the wideawake po
et here at heartland?

and now to the deep
grief of the heart the most fruit
ful rebis for song

find yourself a sweet
heart and lose her again: black
bird in sturm und drang

do the cherry stones
refuse to come out and the
pinot noir of pain?

well sing and whistle
away dammit warble trills
of crushed porcelain

two different forms
of truth exist the one pure
tautology the

other the seven
last words of christ – we will now
concentrate on them

gather your feathers
sharpen your beak sing till you
almost bust your ass:

sree chuck chuk chuck chuck
chack chack chack chack chack chack chack
kee kee kee koot koot

'eine kleine nachtmusik'

that paradox that
consists in freely choosing
one's necessity

that necessity
of gaining one's own programme
before it's streamlined

by an uchida
on a philips digital
classics recording

that necessity
that causes the pheasant to
screech out at mozart

that necessity
to write the dürnitz sona
ta before it's heard

to tear at one's nails
until the blood comes on the
sky's cumulus clouds

to smell the sea's fun
eral roses without a
ny melancholy

that necessity
to know precisely at what
point the poem should end

that necessity
to turn to the left when the
path was to the right

not in order to
be out of step or defi
ant but just like that

because the poem
is waiting precisely there
between death's fir trees

that necessity
to just say 'erdgas' out loud
twenty seven times

that necessity
to push the heart out into
the abyss if it

dresses up in fea
thers or loses itself in
things as they once were

or conversely if
the clock refuses to see
that the time is ripe

that necessity
to leave all of one's poems
behind – forget them

that necessity
to do one's duty without
any grand gestures

to realise that
every single act is free
while the total (life)

is not within one's
power but follows its own
twisting paths from a

point that's been forgot
ten to one that is never
to be remembered

that necessity
to assume responsibi
lity for one's acts

even though fate clings
on tight like a starfish that
is nailed to the shore

after the sea has
once again retreated
to its own domain

that necessity
to wait for the water each
and every morning

that necessity
that poetry's not only
there for its own sake

(poetry is by
no means that poor and by no
means that pitiful)

poetry is there
for the sake of reali
ty and that necess

ity that joins word
and life together in po
etry's crown of thorns

that necessity
to faithfully drink one's morn
ning coffee each day

to let the night's cad
dis flies out into the o
pen to listen to

mozart's eighteen pi
ano sonatas even
at their most boring

that necessity
to resign oneself to one
self without protest

that necessity
one fine summer's day to reach
the end of the road

between ten sona
tas precisely there where lan
guage also comes to

an end (even though
the poem is neither language
nor reality)

that paradox that
consists in freely choosing
one's necessity

what could be called my
real childhood home lay on
melchorsvej as it
still does in a dis-
tinctly curious light
of rhododendron bushes
and rain as if life
divides up into two halves
that are only con-
nected by the lit-
eralness of this poem
set on end in time

good god that road is
an arterial highway
in my poetry
always secretly
present like the strokes of a
clock behind the words
always present like
invisible lan
terns in sentences
that lead down to the
harbour's stonework and
outermost jetties

when i wake up at
night i can still make out the
kyrie elei
son of the buoys way
out there in the sound even
at a distance of
two hundred kilo
metres in reality
(which is a thousand
miles in one's sleep) like
night owls or like sub
merged ambulances

melchiorsvej runs like
a coronal suture in
the skull from rea
lity to rea
lity both externally
and internally
like one true world of
past and future always pre
sent always there like
one true time in the tremen
dous aristotelian
lamp of the spirit

'melchiorsvej' i re
peat to myself as a sort
of mantra, and straight
away a smell of
ink and ginger rises up
in my sinuses
through the pneumatic
systems from various
cellars straight away
the soul rises up
like a column of mercu
ry towards the head

melchiorsvej your i
vy is up to my throat your
siberian crabap
ple blossom up to
my heart your waters are up
to my soul blue with
petroleum and
alaska auto shampoo
every so often
I really feel fed up to
the back teeth with all
this memory lark

i am sitting here
with a postcard from playa
de varadero on
cuba sent once to
melchiorsvej by myself
a long time ago
from so far away
my thoughts return to this street
from time to time i
just feel as if i
could puke when confronted with
all this memory

on the contrary i work best
on a sunday the great sundays that

describe a gradual path
across heartland like sunspots or like white

buffalo herds of clouds and mother
of pearl as they travel westwards

i work at my very
best when i have just washed my hands on sundays

I confess that I have not observed
the day of rest have sullied its

thin veil of mists and organza
by the precise act of wallowing

in a horsehair sofa and by
whiling away my time in bod

ily ballast instead of launch
ing the spirit's trompovsky attack

i readily admit that i
once listened to black sabbath in my

youth when love was a fabrica
tion and my heart was enveloped in

silver paper i acknowledge this
metaphysical deviation

towards a different type of
rest and peace a different silence

the real day of rest is the day when
things fall into place in the fi

re reservoir of the heart
that day of joy when all references

cease to exist because the world has
collected itself into its

wholeness into its centre's secret
fire and reality has healed

i confess that i neverthe
less have most often been instrumen

tal in spreading things in all direc
tions in splitting the world into

thingummybobs and parameters
in separating the soul from

the body's seven red ros
es that i have thereby sinned against joy

it is true that em
masvej lies on the outskirts
of gentofte's pos
tal district on the
snow line on the edge of a
large diamond bathed
in carbon arc light
from the town hall all that is
true enough and that
it connects høeghs
mindevej with bernstorffsvej
but the rest is lies

it is also correct
enough that my first mar
riage unfolded on
emmasvej between
the snowdrops and words which are
no longer capa
ble of being pro
nounced in an attic room un
der the collar beam
it is true but all
the rest is all my eye and
a whole load of lies

it is as if time
itself is responsible
for this misery
as if time is on
ly a necessary but
not a sufficient
condition for truth
because time cannot contain
its own explana
tion as anything
else than a paradox or
at best as a lie

on the corner of
emmasvej and julius
vej there stood a row
an which i once sec
retly used to speak to: mr
tree you who are crown
witness to the fail
ure of my marriage do you
have anything to
add apart from these
branches which resemble plucked
uprooted heart strings?

and the rowan tree
answered as any other
tree would have answered:
mr poet you
are upon my soul a fool –
is he not even
aware of the fact
that trees only converse with
the dead is he not
aware of that? – and
then it shook all of its a
thousand and one leaves

in the june summer night this dream
in every detail as we are our

selves already on
its foundation of cement
and leca pellets

already raised with
beams rafters and roof garland
like a new arri

val already now:
the house floating on the foam of the cherry trees

the house floating on the foam of the cherry trees
(not the japanese

kind of candy floss
and raspberry snow or stiff
ly whisked whites of egg)

and all too late for
cherry plum and sour cherry
from the hedgerows but

the poem's zazen
to the gurgling ripples of birds that are drowning

to the gurgling ripples of birds that are drowning
electric motor

and hammer blow the rat
tling staccato volley
of the typewriter

work is going on
outside and in on the self
same house and poem

the innermost word
beneath a bell more fragile than the fjord's mirror

beneath a bell more fragile than the fjord's mirror
language is filled up

with words like 'gas con
crete' – 'glass wool' – 'mortar' or 'fasc
ine drainage system'

down from the build
ing site of reality
where the dream raises

its roof through my poem and in
my sleep the egg of a small wren: a wall

my sleep the egg of a small wren: a wall
a poem i make a hole in

from inside so the
words can slip out as something
else than mirror wri

ting and the ima
ages as more than rust dots on
the retina as

something else than the dreams
of chalk and bursting optical illusion

of chalk and bursting optical illusion
the old wall is still standing

as a guard of hon
our for washing machine and
for haka tumbler

a sentry box of
cracked and damp plaster with col
umbine at its base

and with rosethorn
tremblingly planted in the dark the white a sickle

tremblingly planted in the dark the white a sickle
a lunar plough

in panes that are soon
to be replaced by other
real forms of vision

with 'moses' white hand'
in the rubaiyat of the
butterfly bushes

and poetry's quartz watch shifts
and an unseen beak pecks without a sound

and an unseen beak pecks without a sound
(unlike the woodpecker that

hammers hard at the
elder tree's hollow trunk with
its freemasonry

while the roof is laid
and is screwed firm and tight with
new words on our house)

inside there in the final poem
on mirror membrane of wind and salt

on mirror membrane of wind and salt
and water i inscribe my name

with my fore finger
on the dust and sawdust of
the double glazing

from where it is just
as swiftly erased once more
by the rain and wind

a haiku consisting of nothing more than itself
collapse is near

collapse is near
all the systems and formulas that bound my poem

which i now release
because it is complete and
like everything that

finds itself has come
into being has become
sheer reality

where it loses itself without trace
in the june summer night this dream

i confess that i have trouble
with the fifth commandment that my re

lation to precisely this one
is marked by dark memories and death

almost like a maxwell chrome
tape that has been left lying too long in

rain water or in white wine and
has become incomprehensible

how for example should i be a
ble to honour a delusion my

own or the one that others have im
printed in my hypophysis

of my father as an ar
chetypic with a soft felt hat and nico

tine-stained fingers when i have hard
ly ever been together with him?

can it be called arrogance
to reject such kinds of visions and such

sublimations all these photographs of his father bathed in ashes –

to be unwilling to honour such kinds
of conceptions spotted and

speckled with time and with paprika
can it be called superbia?

what am i supposed to honour?
a principle as hard and pure as

tourmaline an abstraction or
my father's dark genes – it is of

course the manifestation of the spirit
(which causes me to know

my father even though i've never
known him) the spirit's fleur de lis

i confess that i have wasted
my time with digressions of that kind

that i have left my heart to chart its
own seas full of wet flames

that it is not until now
here at an age of three score years that i

quite un sentimentally dare
dedicate this book to my father

as far as my mother is con
cerned i have always honoured her with

my love and surely no honour can
be greater than love even though

i have to admit in the same
breath it could very well be i have

not been as fond of her to quite
the same extent as i have loved her

i'm not at all sure any
more if it is honouring one's parents

not to have followed in their footsteps not
to have taken their advice

to have become a poet instead of
becoming a surgeon – a

bloody rain maker and invoker
of spirits with frills on his shirt

i confess that by nature i am
angular and sharp like an a

methyst i confess that my
mind is full of rifts and cobwebs i con

fess that my heart is black with smoke and
darkness and silver paper my

soul with dirt that i have not al
ways been able to please my parents

i confess that i have murdered but
terflies en masse with a badmin

ton racket (mostly with backhand
strokes) it is the second time that i

make a confession concerning
this crime which quite worries me because

it can only derive from e
vil and original sin itself

i once killed a fox late one night on
bernstoffsvej it had been badly

injured by someone driving
a car who had simply left it lying

there i grabbed it by the tail swung
it round my head and bashed it against

the asphalt until it was dead with
my blood pounding in a frenzy

in a chinese box made out of
aluminium a trial and

error box of mother of pearl i
have poisoned scores of rats and mice

with the aid of grain that was
as red as hail i have tricked them into

the sanctuary
of the sixth commandment and have killed them

you shall not kill – i say to myself
in a voice that is hoarse with blood

you shall not kill just for the sake of
killing – you shall not kill – does this

only apply to human beings?
i'm not sure any more – does it?

you shall not kill – i repeat to my
self in a funereal voice

and above us the
stars distant as always and
more beautiful than

ever and cold with
silicon cold as the or
der of the ele

phant gleaming with
god's presence as not here be
neath the dahlias

in the darkness of
reverse-imaged and celes
tial sky mechanics

facing the dark here
in august the wheat blinding
with its coperni

can gold so every
thing goes black as if it was
total night for just

an instant not all
eternity as if the
dark was but an op

tical illusion
behind day as it heads for
a part of its death

behind day as it
heads for a part of its death
we travel almost

anonymously
in furrows of winter
barley taking us

farther away and
out than the mind and childhood
and geometry

and what we're to do
behind mørkenborg inn re
versed in a crystal

reversed in a cry
stal with head pointing downwards
as in a raindrop

or embedded in
amber like a mosquito –
it that how it's to

be understood? – i
do not know nor why the hu
man race is to live

so little and die
so much like a ritual
urge a wave of foam

like a ritual
urge a wave of foam around
the sand bar of re

ality at fo
gense point where we bathe
in summer during

these years like a wave
of hokusai carved out in
the instant the whole

is gathered togeth
er again and once more from
a dead fire's fragments

a dead fire's fragments
is the poem otherwise
mainly of words seek

ing to express the
obvious in a compli
cated and obscure

way and i do not
know where and whether i have
been successful in

saying things simply
and straightforwardly like a
clover leaf's coolness

a clover leaf's cool
ness – i write then and it is
insufficient and

so i decide not
to write it after all – that
is also not on

i both write it and
refrain from writing it i
neither write it nor

refrain from writing
it's equally hopeless – the
night cosmic flora

the night cosmic flo
ra tendrils of sterling sil
ver wrought in the sky's

shield like a perfect
ly natural device i
also affili

ate myself with now
that the poem draws to a
close and the words lose

their salt now that st
lawrence and the perseids
now that heart star bites

heart star bites age and
the winter that are approach
ing i am very

unsure about this
now that i should be clever
i've become stupid

now that i should have
found out about everything
i know just nothing

on the dinner ta
ble: rose fish bread and wine and
above us the stars

in a nightttime dream
full of murals i saw my
paternal grandmo
ther squat down and have
a pee on the floor
perhaps because i had heard
this on some odd occasion
or perhaps because
she really had done
so in the deepest
necessity and wretched
ness of her old age

her name by the way
was clara my grandmother
born on st croix ac
cording to the
family legend
raised on a plantation be
fore coming to denmark with
her ebony hair
and her talent for
drawing which later
passed on to me in the form
of words and sonnets

with her too i al
ways associate the smell
of clementines of
expanses of lawn
and large entailed es
tates of fire reservoirs
and kitchens full of copper
utensils and phea
sants and garlic and
just a slight whiff of
suicide although she ne
ver committed it

for a long time i
perused my grandmother's por
trait in the photo
album it was grey
as if it had lain
on the sea bed for a hun
dred years or more i had
to resemble her
by more than just the
eyebrows this distant
descendant of fanny men
delssohn bartholdy

i allowed my thoughts
to roam right out to that house
which my grandmother
had drawn on the win
ter's border of lead
and zinc white where i let them
roam and finally snow in
within the seven
ten letters of my
own name like a sec
ret haiku concealed within
another haiku

and even though i
was not to carry her name
on neither in the
literal sense of
the expression nor
in flesh and blood i did at
least manage to realise
her dream for now i
was living in a
house that resembled
the one that she had drawn like
two peas in a pod

my grandmother's black
hair like charcoal or jasmine –
'do i resemble
my grandmother' – i
asked you – 'only the
nose' – was the reply – my grand
mother's grey hair like mirrors
no one looks into –
'there where i thought that
the likeness was least'
my grandmother's white hair like
rhinestone or like snow

i don't know what my
grandmother died of or where
only that now she has
disappeared from the
military cem
etry scattered to all
corners of the memory
like fly ash or mig
nonette seeds and that
these words will probab
ly be the last that will be
written in her name

'there was – and there was not'

it began at the
anatomical insti
tute and also end
ed there in an at
mosphere of formalin and
of stainless steel my
career as a med
ical student was shortlived
although in my mind
i had seen myself
as a surgeon (perhaps more
my mother's vision)

then followed two se
mesters of tutoring in
law at admiral
gjeddes gård but ques
tions like: if it is forbid
den to take dogs with
you into a train
compartment does the same ap
ply to monkeys? – caused
me to abandon
for good this possible fu
ture career as well

nevertheless this
was a fruitful period
in my young life while
everyone thought that
i was going to lectures
in constitution
al law and nation
al economics i was
wandering around
in jægersborg hegn
in happy idleness and
spontaneity

i was at one with
the woods they were really the
spirit made visi
ble to me and i
was invisible nature
and this was long be
fore the philoso
pher friedrich wilhelm joseph
schelling had veri
fied this moving thought
for me in his most magni
ficent and green books

'there was – and there was
not' – as in an arabi
an fairytale i
ran away to sea
one fine morning with a dream
in my pineal
body's salt i had
acquired a discharge book (which
i own to this ve
ry day) and i set
sail in the lathyrus col
oured wake of summer

to survive as na
vigating apprentice on
board a coaster one
needs consistency
like stainless steel or mozart's
'jeunehomme' concerto
draw a circle round
yourself of red lead and fire
and don't let any
one cross it under
any circumstances then
you will gain respect

i hardened my heart
with aluminium paint and
also my kidneys
with duty-free whis
ky and in the starry nights
up there on the bridge
i would think about
poems by thu fu
(a chinese coincidence
from my sea bag) while
i would also listen to
radio lyngby

after which i fell
down injuring my back a
gainst a hatch coaming
ending up as act
ing mate on a ship that went
down south of øland
off the swedish coast
(see sydsvenska dagbladet)
what i remember
best is the waves' foam:
like submerged cherry trees that
are in full blossom

an interlude:
god in heaven knows i have
listened to every
thing when it comes to
music (i submit
my collected works as doc
umentation) and
now the chips are down
i am prepared to
put my cross against
the name of wolfgang
amadeus mozart he
has my living voice

metaphysical
ly speaking i had reached the
boundary of in
finity (the first
paradox) and purely phy
sically i had
ended up close to
the great landfill areas
east of the lime kiln
harbour among all
sorts of waste where finiteness
was finally stamped

the ego's infin
ity had been bent by the
infinity of
another person's
against its own fi
niteness in towards
its own self and that
inevitably had to
become a lonely
affair and that was
why i ended up stranded
out at the free port

When wild geese honk on walpurgis night
down there from trundemosen bog

i am then tempted to shout out:
'stop that bleeding bloody racket'

because life cannot
be put on the back burner
but rushes off at

top speed from may to may to old age
who thinks then of going to rest?

who thinks then of going to rest
without valerian and hop tea

without first having drunk four
ounces of jack daniels whiskey

so as to forget
the poetry of youth that
can't be rewritten?

then you walk in your sleep
with dew-beaded hat you roam out of sight

with dew-beaded hat you roam out of sight
(with baseball or army-cap)

and with seven-league boots on your feet
striding through songs and folklore

from poem to po
em right out to reali
ty's anemones

that burn bright with electrolysis
through fjordland and woods newly dressed

through fjordland and woods newly dressed
on wedellsborg næs cape on the lit

tle belt where shades of turquoise are ground
with purples in evening's mortar

there where the fair
ytales are fully accomp
lished and where every

poem comes true word for word
far out there gleams so mighty a star

far out there gleams so mighty a star
among the last of the jet trails

over the sky's glossy paper
that has been torn across in two halves

by the graffiti
of the moment like a hai
ku of frozen clouds

an eyecatcher so deathly lovely
that all of my eye it now fills

that all of my eye it now fills
(that fly that flew into the pupil)

does not make it easy to
see sirius through the saltiness of tears

if it really is
the dog star barking in e
gyptian style out there

it is the selfsame eye and
the selfsame star I'm sure I saw afar

the selfsame star I'm sure I saw afar
in a poem by aakjær

that i once read when i was
living in jutland among the schilla

potato fields and
silver paper that blinded
the powers of the dark

and that made death invisible
when i gazed over my childhood hills

when i gazed over my childhood hills
and then the poems were long gone

(at least ten thousand of them)
or was it time itself or life itself?

i look backwards o
ver the shoulder's kitchen salt
into that hour where

everything simply lasts and lasts
and the peewit's cry's borne on the wind

How bitterly is the heart confined
just like angina pectoris

or just like karlheinz stockhausen's
klavierstücke one to eleven

just like the hedge vio
lets that fade away with
out saying goodbye

or just like some great heart-felt grief
when the avocet migrates in may

when the avocet migrates in may
when the sun is like jupiter

when the apple tree lights up
like hydrochloric acid when the word

can no longer stand
alone when the poem chang
es into real

ity and the word becomes flesh
when wild geese honk on walpurgis night

a violent splash of fire against hard blue
there where i have placed my house

in the smoking bar
ley and have called it 'cyborg'
blacker than tar black

with ferric oxide
only one word from real
ity and two words

from the beginning itself
the midday sun stands hot in bristling rays

the midday sun stands hot in bristling rays
above the words i've written?

up from the hill where
the house is like the boat of
sindbad the sailor?

i have understood
(and that means something to me)
that time has past my

poems will soon seize up and
the bank of earth's so powder-grey in hue

the bank of earth's so powder-grey in hue
like theory and poetics

like my mother's ash
es like the photos in the
album of one's youth

like looking into
the innermost heart of the
summer drought like look

ing out over one's death where
above the rape the insects hum and sway

above the rape the insects hum and sway
the summer's not yet over

and there is no dan
ger for the wild ducks out in
the marshes either

the house is swept and
decorated but not emp
ty or deserted

everything could now begin
the still day stretches out both far and high

the still day stretches out both far and high
as if drawn with coloured chalk

thanks for the pictures
for the magic formulas
and the power of words

we who sang real
its praises were most in
need of the flutter

ing visions of fairytales:
around me butterflies and midges whirl

around me butterflies and midges whirl
as in my finest poem

great big sooty flakes
from a secret bonfire where
life is now gutting

in buddleia
the violet and white sam
sara of the shrubs

and while i'm writing this down
clear song-notes trickle from the leaves and sky

clear song-notes trickle from the leaves and sky
in through the new windows that

are standing open
in bluebeard's castle a song
that drowns death for a

moment and the cre
matorium rumble of
the oil-fired central

heating down below close by
in glassy haze the far expanses swirl

in glassy haze the far expanses swirl
out there all over heartland

where i intend to
burn my last poems as a
small token of thanks

a great karma i
have paid for and redeemed with
more than just my life

and with less than just my death
it is so fine and warm near soil and sand

it is so fine and warm near soil and sand
where we almost bathe once more

in amniotic
fluid near fogense point
and ebb-tide amongst

the sand bars as once
in the innermost sea be
fore the world first be

gan and reality's fire
it is a summer's day in denmark's land

it is a summer's day in denmark's land
beyond all comprehension

there is no death for
miles around nothing but thin
trails of cirrus clouds

life moves quickly and
slowly all at once as if
it was yesterday

a hundred years' time or now
a violent splash of fire against hard blue

the cisterns of ny
borggade street that whoosh in
the heart the draught of
nyborggade street
across the waterless pla
ces the tar wells of
nyborggade street
that smell like hell the shunting
engines of nyborg
gade street and the
empty goods trucks always rumb
ling away in dreams

i arrived in ny
borggade street full of a
remorse that was not
my own burdened with
secrets that i was unwill
ling to acknowledge
fatigued by a love
that had wounded me with its
fragments of glass i
arrived in the eve
ning of nyborggade street
full of self-pity

while i lived in ny
borggade street i recov
ered my childhood faith
i assume that this
was due to the fact that i
attended the green
land church services
in davidskirken church where
the words were transformed
into flesh and blood
once more and thus became in
comprehensible

at night i used to
go for long walks in the lime
kiln harbour under
the auspices of
neptune when the planet was
retrograde or when
it used to hide it
self in the plumes of smoke from
the svanemølle
works i do not hes
itate to write that i was
almost inhuman

in nyborggade
street i studied solitude
and the backyards the
anatomy of
plaster a single word would
cause the silence to
overflow and to
assume the form of blue son
nets in nyborgga
de street i learned that life is
far more difficult
than poetry is

the staircases of
nyborggade street that lead
down to so many
accidents the sun
days of nyborggade street
huge and uncompro
mising with petrol
and madder lake nyborgga
de street's zeus tem
ple nyborggade
street's skies streaky like an old-
fashioned sunlight ad

nyborggade street's
homerich dawn greener than
neon nyborgga
de street's ilion
higher than any thought ny
borggade street's moun
tains of coke and cin
ders under which my
youth lies buried ny
borggade street's four
gasholders with their exteme
ly rusty haloes

i listened to the
waldsteinsonata seven
times not for the sake

of repetition
or for the sake of truth but
for its own sake or

for 'der wand aus
eisen' and 'die berge aus
silber' waldstein was

still even greener
than the ferns in romanti
cism's picture book

like a sesame
of opened doors or a sword
belt of emeralds

like a rift in time
through which the voices of the
dead can be discerned

like an echo from
the other side of life – that
before treblinka

like nocturnal clouds
above the sea: the hammer
klavier sonata

as if god no long
er loved me or as if he
had let me down in

some way that is how
this sonata 'funèbre'
sounds the same necess

ity deep into
the heart like a lamp against
malaria that

is still burning with
flickering flame before the
inevitable

in all respects i
have reached the boundary of
what i am capa

ble of – the rest is
nothing to do with me but
is a question of

another necess
ity than my own a ne
cessity so strong

and wild as the 'ap
passionata's' cross of bo
hemian garnets

the true artist has
no imagination be
cause reality

is his domain and
his passion because real
ity is the ma

terial from which
his dreams are made – is that why
the sonata no

thirteen in e flat
major is called: quasi u
na fantasia?

there's a ringing in
the ears as in the 'moonlight'
sonata – what kind

of deceased person
is thinking so intensely
of me this evening

now that the shadows
have become long also my
own and ashkena

zy is playing ner
vously like moths that are flit
ting over the keys?

like a silver medal
like a random reference
in 'System des

transzendentalen
Idealismus' – like the
eighteenth of april

like the bullfinch that
sings all day like freedom's small
yet nevertheless

immense defect in
necessity's fifth: the
pastiche sonata

all poets are
unable to agree about two
things (all the way from

wang-wei to rifbjerg)
that clouds are quite marvellous
no matter whether

they are cumulus
or cirrus (like those which fill
the 'les adieux' so

nata with whiteness)
and that growing old is just
a pain in the ass

in shadows cool and still
i sat under the parasol in summer

while i waited for her to come
and sipped at my blue circle coffee

while the tiled floor dried
with hydrochloric acid
back inside the house

while i sat awaiting these words
in the darkness spread by the roses

in the darkness spread by the roses
i've strewn poison for water rats

between the words against
graduate students who gnaw at my poems

i have retired to
life and to reality
i have concealed my

self in that which is patently obvious
where the songbird now builds

where the songbird now builds
a nest in my heart of the blackest feathers

where gables and facades are painted
with silicate for the last time

where the poems are
brimful of summer rain and
are more than just words

where my love sows and grows like wild horseradish
where the cows are lowing

where the cows are lowing
and the foxes barking i swiftly countered:

'bugger off' i said 'get the
hell off my patch' – 'i'm the one who's boss here'

'no trespassers' – i
said to the roses in their
gleaming death struggle

'piss off to your own preserves of woods and fields'
amongst small golden mounds

amongst small golden mounds
of new-mown straw i wander in my wellies

out of my poem
and into my death a few years hence and that word

which i am una-
ble to write myself but must
entrust to others

while i go on writing in circles
and forget the day on the wane

'and forget the day on the wane'
in the words that the poet once wrote

and again in your honour my love
as you stand there in the midst of

the dahlias in
a haiku with your jeans and
hair hanging free at

precisely that double location
camoene did fill there my breast

camoene did fill there my breast
at mørkenborg inn with an aching

desire for chateaubriand and
wild duck and bordeaux – for life itself

on the dull tin thres
hold of my old age where it
was almost too late

and under martial law
there did my song swell and the wondering wood

there did my song swell and the wondering wood
swelled into unity

and the poems fell into
place in the greenness and they all tallied

and everything now
weighed exactly the same on
the scales of justice

then i repeated the immortal words:
see the dust can carry

see the dust can carry
my words across the great abyss of the years

i bequeath them to you here in
the cobwebs of eternity

on the magic square
of this page in the far depths
of cyberspace

like a final password to the source
out of which all my bliss did flow

out of which all my bliss did flow?
the lap of my love of course and that

lust which was kindled in the
pineal gland a late day in august

when everything re
peated itself for the ump
teenth and only time

and life overflowed with both roses and wine
in shadows cool and still

yes sir i love my wife –
i say to my own soul – i am a one

woman man no sir – i say to
my superego – no adulte

ry or fornication no sir –
i say to my superego

who is dressed in pyjamas
patent leather shoes and a top hat

fuck fuck fuck – my id inter
rupts the dialogue dressed in roses e

ven at this time of year like
greatful deads' logo – fuck fuck fuck

it repeats and has apparent
ly not much else it is able to

say – fuck fuck fuck – it echoes
like the cock pheasant out there in the snow

the closest that i have got to
infidelity is with my love

or rather with a photograph of her
which i used when i mastur

bated in the ladies' toilet of the
fertility clinic to

fill up the measuring glass – oh how de
liciously naughty

so i cannot be sentenced to ninety
nine whiplashes according

to the iranian criminal
code's article six hundred and

thirty seven – neither can i
be sentenced to stoning according

to the koran for having com
mitted 'senave mohseneh'

i admit that nobody
becomes a human being until all

of the ten commandments have been
broken (and observed again) but re

mains a cadger and a scrounger so
i am in trouble with the sev

enth commandment but i hope for
god's understanding and forgiveness

the iron-age beets in
ruler-straight rows on and on
marching towards the

horizon it is
a source of some small comfort
that something in this

world continues de
spite everything in and to
wards the infinite

steadily unruf
fled by death like an old fa
miliar confidence

an old familiar
confidence between us and
the wood when the first

yellow leaves light up
an old interdependence
that words are scarcely

able to express
but only the poem's foli
age of ivory

an age-old longing
like the whistling sound of months
that are passing by

like the whistling sound
of months that are passing by:
all the words of which

only a few will
be remembered (not even
those that it's all a

bout) that's what the con
ditions are almost like a
profusion of sea

pink that disappears
without trace dedicated
to the soul's exile

the heart's stone circle
like the garden's perhaps or
the grave at lange

sø lake but stones at
any rate hard with flint and
granite hard as words

so that the emo
tions will not end up over
flowing all their bound

aries drowning the
poem in poetry and
the old men's echo

the old men's echo
now itself old and just an
echo of myself

on my way from mad
der lake to malachite late
in life where i find

it increasingly
difficult to surprise my
self and prefer pet

tersson's thirteenth sym
phony to his seventh – the
night cosmic flora

the night cosmic flo
ra and nothing or rather
i behave as if

nothing has happened
night clouds of the thinnest gauze
(like prince eugene's) o

ver nørreby hal
se dræet drættegrund the
cormorants must be

sitting there now where
a once had a pee in the
summer's heart star bites

summer's heart star bites
with rust and liquorice loz
enges i behave

as if nothing had
happened for the time being
at any rate or

everything or i
don't behave at all – should one
perhaps consider

doing an iron
man or a handspring here a
mong the iron-age beets?

a number of lone
ly years followed without a
ny rose bushes and
brass beneath the ho
meric fort of dlq's
feedstuff silos while
i completed my
studies and in a lovely
spring emerged like some
thing as tendentious
as ba and assistant
in philosophy

however strange it
may sound i managed to re
gain my ex-love and
i moved with her to
ryesgade number thir
ty four where after
a period of
five years i then managed to
lose her yet again
(i must have turned round
to catch a glimpse of her na
ked under the shower)

i now stood facing
the sulphur and rebis of
the second work stood
facing nørrebro's
smoke and asphalt i stood fa
cing the dregs of the
soul which i ferti
lised with portuguese red wine
snaps and maydew un
til my life in the
literal sense of the word
looked like black compost

i do not believe
that you find yourself more at
the bottom of ex
istence than if you
are floating on the top (both
are perhaps a ne
cessary condi
tion but hardly suf
ficient) but at a
ny rate i found my
self at ground-floor level at
the age of forty

i was well boiled in
faith's vessel in hope's retort
and in the black caul
dron of love (like some
hieronymus bosch or oth
er) when the woman
i loved took her own
life and gave her spirit in
place of it – i was
well boiled and subli
mated in the hermetic
egg of poetry

close friends and people
that i loved began to die
around me lacing
my heart up tight with
their rosaries and their black
button thread people
who i was just un
able to do without sim
ply disappeared from
one day to the next
as if they had emigra
ted to atlantis

i walked abroad one
summer's day to hear all kinds
of transistorra

dios blaring at full volume from
rugård landevej and my own

too for that matter from here
inside the green labyrinth well mixed up

stirred and thoroughly
blended with songs of birds that
through my heart could sear

songs of birds that through
my heart could sear at three 'o
clock in the morning

(before the devil's up and a
bout and even the holy spirit's

still asleep drunk on roses on him
self and on the damp scent of grain)

i listened in ex
celsis and from far below
in the deep green vales

in the deep green vales
beneath the heart and the a
bysses of the mind

grundtvig's hymns blossom and set
their hips and their itching powder and their

living word along with their
ultimative demands made on the flesh

and on the soul that
attempts to conceal itself
midst the nightingales

midst the nightingales
that are not singing any
more (since midsummer

has long since passed like a secret
fire at the back of the head) among

the trees in the garden of udby
rectory i count the beats of

the cuckoo's heart and
of my own and all those small
birds that speak so clear

and the other birds
that speak so clear and that sing
and cheep and chirp and

chatter and kick up a racket
from morning to evening and cackle

and crow i drown out completely with my
very own variation

on the old danish
folk song: 'i walked abroad one
summer's day to hear'

and the other birds
that speak so clear i ask the
following question:

will you lend me your wings when the time
comes in gratitude for all the

grain and white bread and sunflower
seed will you – you small jackinaboxes

so my soul can fly
away up to paradise
midst the nightingales?

midst the nightingales
and the fires caused by pyro
maniacs in lang

eskov amidst summer light
ning and caravans we extravagant

ly frittered away our lives on what
is referred to as nothing: long

walks that took us out
to the sea and excursions
in the deep green vales

in the deep green vales
beyond any form of sense
and of utili

tarianism midst mozart's
horn concertos and forgetmenots

behind trinitatis' tremen
dous mirrors we wasted our time on

what is referred to
as nothing: songs of birds that
through my heart could sear

i walked abroad one
summer's day to hear a fair
ytale that i know

extremely well but that even so
is new every time it is told

(almost like evening church bells peal
ing or like the folk high school song book)

by the tall trees in
the forest and all those small
birds that speak so clear

i committed my first act of theft
(of those i remember) when i

was five it took place in herluf
strolles gade's kindergarten in

broad daylight almost as in an
amethyst – it was carefully planned

and executed with great preci
sion just like my poems later on

all work of the spirit commences with
a crime with what could be called

a fall if you like – in my par
ticular case then with the theft

of a small blue technocar (i think
that was what they were called) and ev

er since i've been incarcer
ated in the prison of poetry

my next act of theft almost resemb
led a bank robbery since i

emptied my stepfather's wal
let of all currency – dollars pounds swed

ish and norwegian kroner (you
name it) and i did so in cold blood

cold as the winter solstice cold
and sober as poetry itself

all work of the spirit derives from an
idea a plan that has to

be closely followed in its execu
tion or else it is not the

change of the spirit that takes place
in the poem but something else more

in nature than in being and then
it would not be the living word

there is nothing as cold and
calculating as writing a poem

love grief and the deepest of e
motions are all obliged to pass through

the wringing machine of lang
uage the calculus of grammar all words

each and every one of them have to
be put down on the paper's shroud

in denmark am i
both born and bred at rigshos
pitalet as sta

ted and hummeltoftevej conceived in
a room at a hotel in

næstved thought and conceived of in
the imagination some place or

other in copen
hagen and there my clothes were
all stitched with fine thread

and there have we met
my true love and i at ca
fé egebjerg in

the twilight hour among the bil
liard balls and vin rosé one day late

in december when everything
seemed lost and wasted between the shots

there i said to my
self: 'tis with her that i will
both live and will die

'tis with her that i
will both live and will die in
a whiff of vine

gar or spray from fabergé if
it should come to that or in a card

board box for shoes or a forti
fication of rose bushes out in

the open air if
that's what was called for while the
lime maybe blossoms

'tis with her that i
will both live and will die in
a mica stone from

fynshoved or in a snail shell glit
tering with gunpowder or in

'cyborg' the palace of the
black poet where we actually live

among the words' shoot
ing stars and there have we met
my true love and i

and there have we met
my true love and i again
and again every

single day afresh among
the roses or in the super co-op

with my trolley piled up high with
the dream's broccoli and reali

ty's nothing and e
verything and there my clothes were
all stitched with fine thread

and there my clothes were
all stitched with fine thread except
precisely those that

have been manufactured by child
labourers on taiwan in bangla

desh and on sri lanka so it
is certainly true that i am quite

internationally
dressed although in denmark am
i both born and bred

i hardly feel up
to mentioning its name a
ny longer not e
ven in my sleep or
in some foreign language so
much does it fill in
side my mouth so much
has that street meant in my myth
ology but i
just have to come out
with it so i write it in
danish: ryesgade

so i say it out
loud without a stone on my
tongue as if it was
just a matter of
hot potatoes 'ryesgade'
i say so loud that
i can feel a chill
running up and down my spine
and i can sense ra
ven's wings flapping to
gether round my skeleton
like dark secret flames

in ryesgade my
faith was tested to the re
sonance of the in
nermost words in my
bones to the outermost va
riant in the queen's
gambit to the pri
mal causes and the final
prayers on the egg
shell of my knees
in ryesgade i went through
doubt's ordeal by fire

in ryegade i be
came a cat man like it or
not as if my heart
had been split into
green and red i acquired this
special look that can
see round corners and
at night i used to put out
milk and bread in cran
nies as people some
times do in other parts of
the world for the dead

ryegade has be
come immanent it has got
into my conso
nants and the open
vowels that fill the sun
days up with ozone
ryegade is be
ginning to congeal deep down
inside me like bees
wax or ink as the
material out of which
poems are produced

it will be an in
finite farewell longer than
an echo longer
than 'das wohltempe
rierte klavier' full of vin
egar and crystal
violet longer
than the refuse collection
company's dustcart
in the morning long
er than my poem: farewell
ryesgade f-a-r-e-w-e-l-l

dedicated to
the soul's exile – it is quite
precise however

as if the soul does
not age at the same pace as
the body (seen from

the inside at a
ny rate) and therefore feels at
home for a little

while roaming around
until it finds peace beneath
a clover's coolness

thundering of the
plants and lightning flash from the
last roses a whole

razzamatazz i
hate september like poison
the month of the de

ceased farthest away
from summer although it's on
ly just been there long

er than the hammer
klavier sonata long as
a meridian

as a meridi
an each self-understanding's
a closed circle that

assumes the under
standing of what's to be un
derstood or does not

realise the par
adox that arises when
the self wants to un

derstand itself (has
placed itself in brackets) in
the heart's stone circle

the heart's stone circle
we all know – 'we who tight-fist
edly fill the int

tellect's leaky ves
sel and refuse to empty
the heart's – we who write

biographies and
memoirs that are of question
able value and

do not dare let go
of ourselves we who called our
selves: 'we the fearless'

dedicated to
no one or everyone for
that matter (what does

it matter?) when it's
nevertheless the reader
who decides the fate

of words even though
they have not been written for
that reason dedi

cated to my love
or itself or the air the
sea for example

or the air the sea
for example dedica
ted to myself per

haps when it all comes
down to it because the self
by substitution

equals the spirit
so dedicated to the
holy spirit set

by god ergo de
dicated to god says and
writes siriasis

says and writes siri
asis or o.a.m.d.
g. or both at ex

actly the same time
so no one is able to
hear read or un

derstand it and per
haps it's really that which un
wittingly i've been do

ing all the time i
sacrificer grave robber
pmkiiissstttiilll

pmkiiissstttiilll
for invocation or for
imprecation los

ses itself in the
poem's own secret i
no longer remem

ber whether it is
true or false i simply do
not know ambigu

ous perhaps but ac
tual and dedicated
to the soul's exile

and he who breeds no
roses will never prick him
self on their thorns as

i did today on
the john ingram rose when i
drastically pruned

it with a motor
saw (i have become brutal
in my old age) and

it defended itself
with all of nature's right and
its necessity

and he who does not
listen to schubert's pia
no sonatas (no

matter whether it
is in the early morning
in veflinge when

the spring is green with
flowers of sulphur or in co
penhagen during the

splintered quartz of mid
night) he will never get to
know beauty either

and he who does not
plant roses south of his house
for example up

against a blackplastered
wall (and let the rose be
say a crimson glory)

he will never learn
the innermost secret of
the colour red nev

er get to know its
enlightened despotism
the depths of its pain

and he who refu
ses to stay with his neces
sity with its bit

ter taste of anti
mony its rhomb-porphyr
on the base of the

soul with its final
call to alitalia or
to aeroflot one

day or other he
will never ever get to
know freedom either

and he who does not
fertilise his roses with
animex and ni

trogenous magnes
ium and boron not to
mention the spiri

tual chemicals
and the cream of tartar of
love he will never

ever be among
those present at their death strug
gle of scarlet snow

and he who does not
water his roses with both
can and sprinkler or

with his own tears (in
cases of emergency
with his own urine)

he will not be per
mitted either to live to
inscribe the whitest

white 'polarstern' in
the posthumous heraldry
of his poetry

and he who does not
wish to know of god but who
attempts to think god

(into the middle
of an emerald) he who
places god like an

insect moulded in
a lump of amber's omega
time he who does not

want to know of god
at all god will not want to
know of in due time

and he who does not
weed his roses does not snip
them every morning

and does not free them
of thrips and storm flies he who
does not powder them

and does not spray them
with soapy water to ease
their flowering he

will never see 'om
ar khayyam's' throne of velvet
or satin either

and he who does not
listen to the posthumous
sonatas by schu

bert (where beauty and
sharpness cross swords in the scin
tillating ruby

of metaphysics)
he who refuses to lis
ten to truth itself

he who has never
heard the gasteiner sona
ta peace be with him

and he who does not
pick roses for his love in
the month of july

when the sun stands black
est over the fields and the
rose-beds he who does

not place a 'barca
role' that is smouldering with
lamp black on her pil

low some morning or
other such a man is com
pletely beyond help

my paternal grand
father on the other hand
died with great preci
sion of a blood clot
while sitting asleep
in his leather armchair by
the window that looks out to
wards thanksgiving church
my paternal grand
father died without
uttering a single word
like a brass buddha

my grandfather's bril
liant my grandfather's eau de
cologne my grandfa
ther i tågeskov
en near everdrup
my grandfather's double-breast
ed suit my grandfather in
grøn og witzke's of
fice my grandfather's
straight look my grandfa
ther's new black lace-up shoes that
still go on creaking

nobody could no
tice anything in my grand
father when he lost
his fortune and
his estate rådegård
was sold by order of the
court – nobody motionless
he accepted the
blow like a carp that
has its head hacked off
he was one and the same man
before and after

my grandfather on
enamel my grandfather
taken by court pho
tographer elfelt
my grandfather paint
ed on black ivory my
grandfather fired in napo
leon ivy por
celain my grandfa
ther in a storm of
rubies my grandfather in
memory's lustre

could it really be
healthy to rummage around
in things left behind
by my family
(amongst dream photo
graphs and legends) like some rag
and bone man of poetry
who even so only
found words he had in
vented 'bappe' for
example which was the pet name
of my grandfather?

my grandfather's bust
of paradisbakke granite
my grandfather's
plaster cast at the
thorvaldsen museum
my grandfather's bronze statue
out at østre anlæg
my grandfather's death
mask of silver on
royal blue velvet my
grandfather on memories'
obsidian plinth

rumour has it that
i once was dandled on my
grandfather's knee and
that i played with his
fourteen carat gold
watch that he was most fond of
me just as every grandchild
has always been told
the air is rife with
rumours right now as
christmas draws near and it is
dark in the mornings

my grandfather too
had disappeared lay neither
buried at the mil
itary ceme
tery nor in søl
lerød among the other
knights of the dannebrog and
so my grandfather
had disappeared in
a swirl of coal a
mong the posthumous sona
tas (those in H-a-a-A-Des)

oh heart so restless
and yet still so young and strong
like the green leaves of

alchemy still fresh and yet red
der than the sun is at dawning while

everything else grows old and grey the
hair the beard and the sex the most

do you believe that
you'll beat for all eternity
what is it ails you?

what is it ails you
that you rush around here at
heartland dressed in a

windbreaker set from bilka with
winter tights and training shoes do

you think you can catch up with the wind
or run away from your own sha

dow or from death in
your neon-bright colours to
what end all this pain?

what can possibly
harm you apart from yourself
and your own distrust

and vacillation fallen inwards deep
er than a stone that sinks to

the very bottom of your dreams a
way from god what else my soul than

this vast shipwreck on
the waters of the heart o
pen up to god's peace

open up to god's
peace in the inner systems
whose password is: a

men (to deceive the devil and de
ny him access) open up for

the entire bible programme from
genesis to the apocalypse

and if you add on
the apocrypha what can
possibly harm you?

what can possibly
harm you with god up your sleeve
and jesus as trump

and nikolaj frederik severin
in your hand luggage among

your socks and underwear and
the four-leaf clovers from last year that

have been pressed and dried
between the living words – to
what end all this pain?

to what end all this
pain about everything be-
tween heaven and earth

(nothing in the world) as if man was
the goal of everything (what a

terrible thought) as if death actu-
ally was life's supreme reward

the roses now with-
ered at the cemetery
what is it ails you?

oh heart so restless
even if you were to fly
to amsterdam and

back again on your swan's wings or were to
turn a somersault even

if you were to reinforce your
sloppiness with four and twenty ru

bies it would not help
you in the very least o
pen up to god's peace

now all the woods are
pale and wan and the bathing
temperature is

falling in danish domestic
waters the dog days have passed a long

time since and i myself have
changed from T-shirt to sweatshirt the price of

heavy heating oil
is rising again and sounds
of birds are falling

him frisky swallows
follow above my head like
lemniscates gigan

tic figures of eight of mother
of pearl and of lapis lazuli

around the holes in the ozone layer
in honour of god who ne

ver fails us in all
eternity he's with us
always with his word

he's with us always
with his word that binds life to
gether to form one

true reality and one true
death under the rose's leaves of mad

der lake when that time comes and
our own words are no longer enough nei

ther here nor in the
line of the poem: now all the
woods are pale and wan

he's with us always
with his word nevertheless
in all of his hymns

stretched out across two centuries
stretched out between here and now like a

cobweb that is made of nothing be
fore they are re-sung to life once

more by you and me
and by the poet himfrisk
y swallows follow

him frisky swallows
follow behind the tractor
when the farmer har

vests the last fields and even
higher up in heaven itself like whirl

ing razor blades in the rays of the
sun before they fly off at a

tangent through the need
le eye of light the stork has
crossed the shore and gone

the stork has crossed the
shore and gone the last and on
ly one as mentioned

while the cormorants faithfully
remain sitting on their fishing stakes

and on the newly formed tongue of land which
i have given the name 'res

publica' where the
the tide is rising and sounds
of birds are falling

and sounds of birds are
falling to a slow organ
pedal point deep down

under everything where it hurts
and the darkness gathers its waters

off fogense point just before day
break begins to open its mus

sel shell full of shale
and full of brass: now all the
woods are pale and wan

now all the woods are
pale and wan and are bequeath
ing their foliage

to the wind and to the winter's
great urn of ceramics the photo

graphs that are standing on the window ledge
fade just a little more are

soon pure spirit on
ly god holds out he's always
with us with his word

i am not complain
ing i knew very well that
nobody is spared
pain and sorrows in
this life that everyone's e
nough to get on with
i'm just saying that
i was hardened down there at
the bottom of the
alembic mongst the
withered bay leaves and poems
of doubtful value

nor do i know if
my destiny has been writ
ten down on a palm
leaf or if in that
case it will resemble the
account found in these
poems more than it
does sanskrit all that i am
claiming is that ne
cessity and free
dom perhaps converge on the
same ultimate goal

what then happened was
of course what had to happen
when the bottom has
been reached and the tub
emptied it can only be
filled with wine and ros
es there stood my true
love in a circle of fire
and of holy re
ality and my
heart overflowed with the gold
of copernicus

we celebrated
our love by making noctur
nal excursions to
the park at jæggers
borg hegn where the albino
stag gleamed in its la
byrinth like a white
knight in the trompowsky at
tack we celebra
ted our hermetic
wedding under the prism chan
delier of the moon

we celebrated
life itself with wine and la
sagne from irma
we celebrated
lust and lightweight metals we
celebrated our
selves we celebra
ted death in søndermark church
graveyard we cele
brated immortal
ity's salt and prolifer
ation's red sulphur

everyone believed
rightly enough that it was
over and done with

that there wasn't a
ny more room for butterflies
in my poems that

there were no more urns
no more ceilings made of pine
wood and that there were

no more obscure pro
per names lurking where they could
survive the winter

everyone believed
well enough that it was far
too late but it is

rather too early
here in april even though
i found a small tor

toiseshell shattered in
to twenty four pieces out
in the scullery

like a kaleido
scope or shostakovich's
piano preludes

but they had miscal-
culated they had under-
estimated the

mighty force of ne-
cessity when it seeks in-
wards towards its own

centre as when but-
terflies undergo their fin-
al transformation

and the red admir-
al is attracted towards
immortality

nobody believed
that i would allow an aur-
ora to flutter

through the poetry
yet one more time almost like
an illustration

taken from rené
thom's mathematics or like
a metaphor from

a collection of
poems that could have been called:
poems to myself

did people really
believe that i no longer
loved the painted la

dy any more its
hydrogen peroxide its
violin-coloured

wings did people be
lieve that it was not going
to be part of my

memories and not
be included in the con
ditions of my will?

did people believe
that i had forgotten the
cabbage white and its

zinc-white make-up its
sooty wing-tips after its
flight in july and

the great fire of life
did people really believe
that i had forgot

ten the cabbage white
simply because the future
now lies behind me?

people had calcu
lated without the common
blue and small copper

and without shosta
kovich's opus eighty
seven from which the

fritillary gleams
with memoirs and barium
sulphate had people

forgotten these last
words they had omitted to
swear in the poem

what a strange crinkly
small willie my maternal
grandfather had had
under the water
of the bath tub when
i washed him once a very
long time ago with him float
ing there in his own
life more naked still
than death itself and
even paler than pernicious
anaemia

what a strange moustache
my maternal grandfather
had had on that post
card from hoboken
twisted and yellow
brown as if it had been dipped
in lipton's mango tea – 'that
is so you can re
member me all the
better' – i can hear
him answer me all the way
from america

what a strange cap my
maternal grandfather had
had worn as a mu
seum attendant
at hirschsprung's collec
tion in stockholmsgade where
he did the rounds in harald
giersing's woodland clear
ings while outside a
war was raging un
der different auspices
and death-bringing hats

my grandfather's cru
cifix my grandfather's re
volver my grandfath
er's polyrin my
grandfather's pale ale
my grandfather's alpaca
coat my grandfather's ilka
shaving soap my grand
father's sweet tooth my
grandfather's love of
snaps and brandy my grandfa
ther's absolute pitch

i opened the door
to the green room not to look
up a foreign word
or to get a lit
tle peace and quiet or
to be able to get the
smell of decades of ciga
rettes and winter damp
i opened the door
to my memory
so that i could finally
begin to forget

profession: regimental musician and naval petty officer
marital status: twice married with four children of which only my mother survived
no special characteristics of any kind
retired with a half pension
as leading hornist in the royal danish fleet

of my grandparents
my maternal grandfather is the one i have loved best (is it possible to love more or less?) probably because he is the one who most resembles me – on his death bed he whispered to me with blue lips he had just been given the rank of admiral

when like today the
sky is boiling over with
clouds that are pouring
in from the southwest
full of snowstorms and
glauber's salt i see him in
a tinge of prussian blue at
the back of my in
ner gaze as if some
sorcerer's appren
tice or other had stirred the
cauldron too strongly

what a strange dried-up
head my maternal grandfa
ther had had on his
eightieth birthday
as if it had come
from borneo or like the
carved ivory knob on the
end of a stick 'that
is so you can make
me into poems
all the better' he whispers
deep down in his urn

the clouds grow grey and
the leaves are falling like dan
druff from my hair and

from my eyes so i can see myself
in the mirror: an ageing nar

cissus and that was not the intention
now it has become too late

to die young with vine
leaves round my temples – the birds
have hushed long ago

the birds have hushed long
ago this late in the year
darker still than rust

with age we make fewer mistakes but
that only serves to make them that

much the worse old men's wisdom: no
form of compensation is provi

ded for power and
action – winter now threatens
and night is calling

winter now threatens
and night is calling over
there from the woods

like a lute that has thirteen
strings on the far side of summer full of

darkness of leaves that have fallen and
the snow of the dead that stings worse

that aftershave lo
tion and colder still – the flow
ers sigh: 'it's snowing!'

the flowers sigh 'it's
snowing!' – the dahlias in
particular which

i did not manage to dig up out of their
crystal – oh the great fool's

cap and divine sea urchins what use are
all their colours now in the

face of the approach
ing darkness? – and yet we the
flame gladly carry

and yet we the flame
gladly carry and gaudy
ungaro ties on

some occasions and training shoes on oth
ers even white tie and tails

and yet we praise our skeleton in
borrowed plumes and decorations

like some christmas tree
although the clouds grow grey and
the leaves are falling

and yet we the flame
gladly carry across the
millennium thres

hold even though it is just a
matchstick in the dark that lights up death

it is nevertheless this
small spark from god's sparkler in which we trust

this light which can ne
ver go out although the flow
ers sigh: 'see the snow!'

the flowers sigh 'see
the snow!' – already in the
turquoise of novem

ber i add on my own account with
a voice that is rough with silver –

la rhétorique des dieux – i con
tinue as if nothing had happened

and there were time e
nough though winter now threatens
and night is calling

winter now threatens
and night is calling in there
behind the poems

where there are no more words and no
one can talk his way out of death's

bitumen or write it off with a
sonnet sequence of 'roses' and

'ivy' deep inside
in that darkness where the birds
have hushed long ago

the clouds grow grey and
the leaves are falling not on
ly in grundtvig's lines

and in my poems so many years af
ter but also in the gar

dens and even further off in all of
denmark's forests and closest

of all deep down in
side the heart and yet we the
flame gladly carry

my real mater
nal mother burns up in a
large photograph from
amager in a
summer cottage (near
dragør perhaps) as if time
itself has ignited the
photo and coloured
her hat brim as if
the smoke was coming
from copper that had been dipped
in nitric acid

apart from that she
is a patchwork a recon
struction of words and
of half sentences
from before my time
a tall story probably
'the bohemian's daughter'
as she used to be
called because my great
grandfather once came
to denmark from prague as a
journeyman saddler

i almost remem
ber the parrot better the
family's ama
ryllis which is said
to have personal
ly offended admiral
da conja and have i
mitated both death
and the devil i
know that bald parrot
much better than my own ma
ternal grandmother

my grandmother was
born in capricorn beneath
the former century's
sun and died forty
years later under
the sign of scorpio in
toxicated by the red
angels of morphine
and cancer's claw but
seven years before
i myself arrived in this
the best of all worlds

i can well see that
my grandmother must have re
sembled the woman
on stoskopf's painting
of the five senses
as she stood there in her lin
en store on amagerbro
gade lit up with
tow in the midst of
the starch's gleaming
suit of feathers just before
the transformation

ella – i now in
voke your name though i well know
that language always
sacrifices the
individual
for the sake of the fami
ly and that poetry on
ly propagates it
self and at best on
ly the name's eme
rald syllables – ella o
livia augusta

my step-grandmother
on sønder boulevard my
step-grandmother in
a richs photo my
step-grandmother in
a denmark album my step-
grandmother in an ota
book and her worries
my step-grandmother
and her anxie
ty my step-grandmother at
sct hans hospital

i am eating pre
served ginger at the moment
i have a pecu
liar hankering
for its secret taste
of death as if i was preg
nant – in the middle of the
night i get up and
swallow its burning
amber perhaps so
i'll recall my boyhood years
with my grandmother

my step-grandmother
has always stood on window
ledges among mon
ey plants and cactus
es even when a
live she used to stand at the
window and to wave goodbye
from a great distance
i remember her
there as dark as ju
ly welded into the glass
by sudden lightning

ella olivia
augusta and rosa jo
hanne sophie
and anthon laurits
frederik and clara
and johan palle and mil
la and hans erik and ha
rald brynjulf all named
none forgotten none
named none forgotten
none named all forgotten all
named all forgotten

on heaven's arc day's chariot now poises
like an empty snail's shell?

or like 'cyborg' my home black
with silence behind the woods and the fields

like the steel balls in
the middle of a game of
pétanque pure and still?

fill my poem with darkness
come secret night with stars in bright succession

come secret night with stars in bright succession
like the osram light bulbs

twenty-five watts each hanging up there
from the ceiling made of pinewood

while i drink the last
of the rosé wine from châ
teau haux and read the

poem out loud for the dead
oh wait no longer gentle glow of evening

oh wait no longer gentle glow of evening
unfold your wing of coal

and pencil strokes out across the woods on the
central leaf of denmark

(so the poem can find
peace and darkness for all the
light that blighted it)

where it grows in the night
here loneliness entwines its crown of nettles

here loneliness entwines its crown of nettles
while the beard's stubble grows

when you are away my love and
have left me behind in my poem

where life as is known
and time do not at all go
but where only death

stands guard over the words
come now sweet sleep with best-loved dreams sustaining

'come now sweet sleep with best-loved dreams sustaining'
i ought to have said as

a young man when there was life
enough to take and reality too

as is not now the
case where it is rather death
who is the ruler

which is why i now say:
'and let me in advance joy's cup be draining'

and let me in advance joy's cup be draining
yet once more to the lees

from the green-cut drinking rummer with grapes on
from my childhood home

or from your mouth my
love with its coating of ar
den's shady coral

before the poems end
the time that's gone will be no more returning

the time that's gone will be no more returning
its shoe's on back to front

it vanishes without trace in
a poem a fairytale we do not

know among the words'
inviolability
and that which comes is

nothing but the moment
the heart's consumed alas while it is burning

the heart's consumed alas while it is burning
with salt and carna

tions to light up all the world to
reality and to your loved one

that is the price of
life or the reward of life
if you so prefer

the while you are present
and shades of night are softly now unfurling

and shades of night are softly now unfurling
over my writing desk

where they make my next poem
illegible to others than myself

and the dead which do
not allow themselves to be
moved for that reason

like my blue fiat punto
on heaven's arc day's chariot now poises

i confess that: everything con-
tained in this poem is a lie – so

could a violation of the ninth
commandment very well begin

even though i would undenia-
bly rap myself over the word

with this assertion and in
so doing end up by telling the truth

the poem's black box full
of turquoise and letters of white lies that be

have as if they were the truth and half-
truths that would appear to be lies

full of secrets that are perfectly
obvious to everyone and

of the obvious which no one sees - the
'darkness' of the evident

i have also practised telling lies
because it is so difficult

the tiny lies and the every
day untruths only cover up that

which with another word is
called imagination or boastfulness

but to cheat another person quite
deliberately is difficult

it is just as easy to lie to
oneself to hoodwink oneself to

get behind the mirrors dressed in
full evening dress to read 'the liar'

by martin hansen time and time
again without understanding who's

lying to whom and why just as
easy is it to lie to oneself

the poem's beauty box full
of mother of pearl of clouds and borrowed

plumes full of make-up eau de col
ogne and esprit (de valdemar)

full of silence and beauty
spots of words of words and of more words

the poem's tall story which nev
ertheless discloses everything

ulstrup vænge does
not look all that grand resem
bles most the road of
small detacheds it is
seen both through the leaded panes
of the gables or
outside in the o
pen air where the sunlight is
a stronger shade of
blue than elsewhere on
account of all the reflec
tions around røsnæs

the burnt-out cara
van's probably still standing
in ulstrup vænge
full of forgotten
dreams and the drains are proba
bly still overflow
ing with madder lake –
even so i was never
happier than i
was there under the
neon-light tree-tops of the
flowering cherries

in ulstrup vænge
life reached its zenith in a
drop of blackbird's blood
immaculate and
naked as turquoise irre
concilable and
magnificent in
all its reality stripped
of trappings and con
junctions with neptune
strong as a beak and burning
bright with altar wine

in ulstrup vænge
the elephant grass kept a
watch over me i
can still hear its dry-
throated whispering at the
gates of night like a
rustling of bible
paper between the books of
isaiah and jer
imiah like a
gust of wind between perdi
tion and perdition

in ulstrup vænge
i was allied to the sour
cherries and petro
chemistry of win
ter i lived in poetry's
outermost blockhouse
and every day took
a new line of verse out in
to the realm of re
ality and back
again to the innermost
chamber of the words

it was like living
in the goldberg varia
tions amidst the sear
ing saltpetre of
the spirit snow-washed of de
nim it was like liv
ing twice over at
the same time double-up you
could almost call it
that's what it was like
living in ulstrup vænge's
supreme synthesis

when freedom reached its
culmination it splintered
into the eleven

pieces written for
piano by karlheinz stock
hausen and a new

necessity of
a more rigorous order
crystallised around

nothing around the
centre of all things like the
rings in an onion

and freedom reflect
ed itself in this board of
rose quartz so that it

was able to per
ceive itself and it needed
this necessity

in order to lib
erate itself and it chose
necessity nev

vertheless so as
to avoid becoming whol
ly self-sufficient

and the notes fell like
a shower of emeralds
over the springtime

from piano piece
number eight and kontarsky's
hands like a liter

al interdepend
ence existing between the
smallest tremors of

the mind and free move
ment and matter's fixed complet
ed figures of eight

freedom's cancer free
dom's ethanol freedom's cap
ut mortuum free

dom's entropy free
dom's epidemic freedom's
utter pigheaded

ness freedom's ego-
trip freedom's masturbation
the freedom of free

dom which ruptures its
medal ribbons at the base
and root of evil

freedom's violets
freedom's catocala nup
ta freedom's inner

necessity free
dom's transcendental sonnets
the system of free

dom the crucifi
xion of freedom the para
dox of freedom the

freedom of freedom
which ties its bow around the
thorn of love itself

and i turned inwards
towards this centre where the
notes all gather and

the words so that they
would not be scattered to all
corners of the wind

like insects dur
ing an eclipse of the moon
where the poem joins

the world and language
together i sought towards
this necessity

this was natural
ly because nothing comes of
itself by deduc

tion and by necess
ity at the centre of
spirit but every

thing only by free
dom and decision so now
freedom had to de

cide on this its own
necessity so as to
get any further

pmkiiissttiiiill
what can it possibly mean
i have looked it up

in various dic
tionaries and manuals
without success and

even if i had found
it all it would state would be
the origin and

meaning of the word
is unknown and uncertain
pmkiiissttiiiill

pmkiiissttiiiill
i write therefore and attempt
to say the word out

loud – it doesn't sound
all that bloody good as if
i had a mouth full

of hot potatoes
or like uttering that which
is unuttera

ble – no better to
just write it down once again
pmkiiissttiiiill

pmkiiissttiiiill
then it will be unintell
igible again

and unwritable
a markov machine of let
ters a string of words

then it will lose it
self like echoes and transcripts
in more distant po

ems and words of un
intelligibility:
pmkiiissttiiiill

pmkiiissttiiiill
i write for the thirteenth time
but so what? – perhaps

an emerald is
concealed in the box it re
sembles at any

rate a waste product
from one of my earlier
cycles of sonnets

a redundancy
from the cornucopia
pmkiiissttiiiill

pmkiiissttiiiill
i whisper to myself in
my heart of hearts per

haps it is a ses
ame that opens the sec
ret door of poe

try a password in
to the combination of
prime numbers and let

ters that started up
my poetry's computer
pmkiiissttiiiill

pmkiiissttiiiill
i read again with incred
ulous eyes can it

really be the case
that all poems and words that
every single mean

ing will one day re
sult in some such mantra not
meaningless in it

self but perhaps for
whoever tries to read it?
pmkiiissttiiiill

pmkiiissttiiiill
it sounds like the branch of a
pine tree that is flick

ing at the poem
like a curse or the bene
diction that comes from

having written that
which is inexpressible
without knowing where

or when it's like the
sound of a samurai sword
pmkiiissttiiiill

the wind shook gently in the blades of green
like a breath delayed across

the chessboard of summer that brought the
pieces to a halt and all the

words for a moment
in the intarsia of
the poem like a new

romanticism beneath
the firmament with pure and azure sheen

the firmament with pure and azure sheen
erected its dome of glass

and meridians above my
head like some mighty cathedral of

reality and
words joining the world together
again re-forming

what was its true unity
while tranquilly the sun set in the west

like roses in the clement summer eve
like a nirvana of light

the garden lay in its own
past already pale within my poem

now immortalised
by an everlasting death
now immortalised

by art like a catalyst
against the sky the moon hung like a ghost

against the sky the moon hung like a ghost
as if dipped in iodine

behind the clouds' gauze bandages like a
second lazarus a sec

ond worldly roman
ticism resurrected
in the poem like

the words of reality
on the emerald carpet's braided gold

the lengthy shadows stood awhile close by
slanting in over words and

the sentences on my writ
ing table almost before they were fin

ished linking them with
the dark and the stars and with
the poem's long night

where they now stand for ever
and never will i take that path again

and death with blood of poppies me does ply
that has been mixed with avens

a highly spiced cock
tail the very elixir of life and of love

and i drank it so
as to abjure myself as
god over myself

never was the sky so blue
the wind shook gently in the blades of green

i find myself think
ing of my step-fath
er because he was so fond
of snow (was he real
ly or is this simp
ly a figment of my i
magination because there
is so much snow that
is lying over
the fields out there just as if
christo had packed them
up in a huge sheet?

i saved my step-fath
er's life from a death
by carbon monoxide i
think he was in the
process of commit
ing suicide dressed in a
khaki boiler suit and a
black beret – strange garb
to be wearing in
order to meet death – but
i actually found him and
in an ill-time too

the poem always
demands a sacri
fice demands life in one way
or another per
haps it is the price
that i am paying now with
the children i never had
the curse and the be
nediction that i
am attempting to write my
self out of like the
crows in wintertime

or the other way
round as my mother
believed: that my brother died
for my sake (by stretch
ing out her pelvis
with his head) thus enabling
me to come into the world
and see the light of
day like some second
cain with the scarlet scar at
the back of my neck
from her pubic bone

my brother was al
ways better always
cleverer always gentler
and above all love
lier with his an
gelic curls and his eyes blue
like those of abel how in
all the world could i
ever hope to catch
up with this elder brother
who had given up
his life for my sake?

my elder brother's
scallop-shell name my
elder brother's enigma
my elder brother's
bakelite crani
um my elder brother's dreams
of milk parsley my elder
brother's glass eyes my
elder brother's: 'ma –
ma' my elder brother's brain
tumour my elder
brother in eden

the poem always
demands a sacri
fice demands life in one way
or another fin
ally it will al
so demand my own life be
cause i am standing in the
way of its immor
tality with my
violet beard-stubble and
the black rings that i
have under my eyes

this blue that is called azure-blue
i'm bloody well aware of this too

can be found in the depths of your
innermost look my beloved

where it emits e
lectric sparks and flashes com
peting with death and

with that flintstone which we call the world
that handful water clump of earth

that handful water clump of earth
there is nothing more to it it seems

the soul's ten grammes of roses and
calcium or ditto of the heart

if life itself is
viewed through the optics of worn-
out contact lenses

and words are nothing else at all but
the foolish nonsense of no worth

the foolish nonsense of no worth
that surges in over all the earth

like a tidal wave of darkness
and opinions it strands in the sand

(salutations in
the spirit from where the echo
shall reach us at last)

it is erased from life
oh all this diversion so frail and slight

oh all this diversion so frail and slight
that is also called: write – write

poems and the whole course of your life
so as to escape life itself

write down love to fit
the golden mean of these sev
enteen syllables

your codicil is yours to list
oh there must be some more to life than this

oh there must be some more to life than this
than this wrought-iron grill on which

everything is turned and roasted in
the fire of publicity

(good grief this is lit
erally becoming just
like chewing the fat)

with the intellect's burnt coal
by using thought I could not make a hole

by using thought I could not make a hole
nil was the result all told

since thought can never include itself or ex
clude itself from thinking

that is why it went
haywire ending in an ab
solute paradox

nothing more's required than this
for thought itself is wont to go amiss

for thought itself is wont to go amiss
in the same style more or less

as the obscure romantic vari
ant in the king's gambit which i

have never so far
dared to put to the test on
the board of logic

even though life is more dangerous:
death with his scythe comes striding by

death with his scythe comes striding by
passing right through life's fait accompli

as on tarot card number thirteen
with his white rose's innocence

(like a combine har
vester perhaps in the pre
sent day one from claes)

he creates his last haiku
he can slice through the knot with one swift blow

he can slice through the knot with one swift blow
in a single massive now

where life and death's significance is lost
united in clay and dust

their opposite na
tures resolved into that which
in eternity's

camelot is always really true
this blue that is called azure-blue

*'once upon a time that
always is and will always
at some time return'*

finally i have
arrived at hedebovej
and february's
stronghold of black-ice
finally i have caught up
with the poem or
the poem has caught
up with me at this moment
which for the same rea
son cannot be re
called but only depicted
in the snow's haiku

finally i am
standing at the poem's ex
it beneath winter's
red letters where he
debovej trails off into
snow and slush and words
that i can no long
er use finally i'm get
ting the better of
memory by hav
ing recalled everything – for
getting can begin

or more precisely
the past has become intra
venously suspend
ed in the blood like
sea salt or gold chloride like
a great surge of gra
titude like vinho
verde in blotting paper
the past has become
completely present
and can therefore no longer
be recollected

the moment can na
turally not be recalled
while it is taking
place as hedebo
vej cannot be either or
aria da ca
po even though i
have listened to the vari
ations thirty times
both forwards and back
wards like i have life itself
while it's taking place

thus the wheat of the
dead has been written into
my poems and the
ashes of the past
more as ferment and as fer
tiliser than an
actual memory
not as a loss or as a
longing or as a
laurel wreath but as
the dreams from which the future
one day will emerge

if this integral
of time (larger than the pol
der of any re
claimed land) is to be
called forgetting fine by me
but there must in that
case be another
word for the real forgetting
which is only out
done by the abso
lute unpredictabili
ty of perdition

it is myself i
have caught up with here at he
debovej like a
fugue whose motifs sud
denly come together in
an infallible
C major there are
no longer any excu
ses neither forwards
nor backwards and there
is no more explaining a
way from who i am

indisputably
it is i who am sitting
here at hedebo
vej more in flesh and
blood as time passes than in
writing and poems
it is i who am
staring out across
winter's snow-stained ox-
hide stretched out between
the four corners of the world
like a taut drum-skin

'études australes'

and behind me stars
of glass and soda sparkle
behind my shoulder

that's smoking with salt
behind my bedhead while i
am dreaming the stars

sparkle like crayfish
on the sea-bed of baring
vig the stars sparkle

like lightships there up
in the springtime night while i
am falling asleep

i have gathered the
dead around me in a cir
cle as around a

maypole for a dance
and a conversation they
cannot take part in

all the dead members
of my family around
me like statues that

move almost imper
ceptibly whenever i
do not gaze at them

and behind me the
stars sparkle like electric
welding over fun

en from the lindø
shipyards behind me the stars
toll for my ears out

from the spit ene
bærodde as if strangers
were going to be

evening guests or an
unexpected word in my
most recent poem

the dead also look
at me (at any rate from
their carbonised pho

tographs turned pale by
purgatory) or maybe
it is the other

way around that i
only move (am moved) when the
dead gaze at me and

that i otherwise
come to a complete standstill
in my memories?

and behind me the
stars plummet down cold and a
lien with sili

con from their orang
eries and from their enorm
ous celestial map

plunge into the realm
of my poems where they strike
my left foot or leave

behind them such words
as 'carina' or 'puppis'
or as 'canopus'

and behind me the
stars fall down from their winter
gardens fall down in

to 'études australes'
from one star chart to anothe
r one and that is

the way the stars sound
then even harder and wild
er than emerald

that is the way the
stars sound in grete sultan's
interpretation

nobody becomes
a good person just by dy
ing it is unfor

tunately not that
simple just as nobody
becomes an evil

person just by liv
ing it is not that simple
everyone has to

do it by themselves
both parts of their own free will
it's that difficult

and behind me the
stars cast out dice over the
sky's rough glass surface

like ice-cubes like the
coins in an I-ching throw
like the notes coming

from a steinway grand
piano like the sparks from
john cage's pitu

itary gland like
crocodile tears like the last
words in the bible

i have gathered the
dead around me for life's sake
(also the dead chaf

finches that flew in
to the window pane yester
day) life cannot un

equivocally
determine itself as life
the dead define us

in a way they are
what makes us living without
death there is no life

and behind me the
stars chime with death and necess
ity behind me

the stars ring out for
god – what if i were not to
turn around would i

then not be transformed
into a pillar of salt
or into a stone

plinth would my poem then
not be transformed into a
mourning cherry-tree?

i confess and what is more in public
that i covet peter laug

esen's dog even though i
neither know what its name is nor what breed

it happens to belong to (per
haps it doesn't even have a ped

agree) because i've read so
many wonderful poems about it

I covet all the horses up at
hindevadgård farm (but espec

ially the light-brown mare by the name of
'maiwind' that steams with ozone

and ammoniac) here on the last day
of winter when the first snow

is falling and is slowly
erasing them from reality's light

i confess that i have never
coveted my neighbour's ass or his

oxen (unless it should happen to
be the american bison

up at ditlevsdal) but on
the other hand for a brief moment his

red alfa romeo (though i've
only a motorcycle licence)

i confess that i covet every
thing between heaven and earth that

does not belong to me – the woodpeck
er's colours for example are

important to me – i could quite ea
sily introduce them just like

that into my ex libris that
gleaming of cinnobar and pitcoal

i covet youth and all the poems
that i have already written

poems that do not belong
to me any longer that have a heart

of tin that have their shoes
on back to front that belong to my neighbour

to my reader despite a certain
allegorical copyright

i covet silver and celeri
as i covet the thuja's smell

of death i covet floors made of terracotta
as well as the song

of birds i covet diesel oil as
well as earl grey tea i covet

yet the body of my wife i
confess that i covet life itself

now gleams the sun in
all its glory down upon
heartland's evening hour

that glitters with gold as if it
had been bathed in hagerty's jewel

clean i have my gun with me to
kill a hawk (which is ravaging the

foodstore) before it
disappears in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness the heart is
filled with salt and tur

quoise and the words are darkening in
the woodland why should i be a

fraid of that? – after all i have al
ways known that my ashes are to

be scattered here deep
inside where a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust which swirls up
and forms small clouds from

the hair of the dead (their allonge wigs)
full of pine-needles and pollen

small eddies of incorrupta
bility stronger than iron and

the word of the mo
ravians it sires all spir
it now descending

it sires all spirit
now descending over the
quartz of the letters

illuminating them at their
centre like poems without words

because all poetry writing of poe
try seeks its own destruction like a

catalyst for re
ality in jesu's name
let tongues be aglow

in jesus's name let
tongues be aglow : 'pang' that put
paid to the hawk – there

it lies with wings outstretched in my
poem among the other small words

how lovely it is even
the visible spirit now i wear na

ture invisibly
in my heart now gleams the sun
in all its glory

in jesus's name let
tongues be aglow burning the
words down to the po

em's root from which it is re
surrected from the ashes of the un

utterable as more than stillness or
the tarnished silver of sil

ence as more than the
words themselves it sires all spir
it now descending

it sires all spirit
now descending over the
poem's dewpoint and

condenses into words that cannot
be learned from the outside (like

by rote at school) but more from the
inside or not at all – like something

confided deep in
the heart when a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

for hans

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust quite liter
ally on this par

ticular day on which my old
friend has been cremated burnt to

potash to a wing of silence and
ivory that slowly un

folds over tempor
ality in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness of crushed em
eralds that have been

stirred into linseed oil as in a paint
ing by memling the longest

moment grows visible with spi
rit like the poem's invisible

nature day grows out
of darkness: now gleams the sun
in all its glory

now gleams the sun in
all its glory – i write while
the rain comes pelting

down over hedebovej soon the
reverse will be the case then the

sun will gleam over heartland while
it is raining between the lines un

til it is neither
true nor false in jesu's name
let tongues be aglow

now gleams the sun in
all its glory – i sing in
søndersø church and

listen to the steadfastness of
the words to their echoing back and

forth across two centuries to their
echoing across the silence

and across the a
byss of time in jesu's name
let tongues be aglow

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness furthest in
among the covets

where the words and the world have not yet
been separated from each oth

er silence reigns as it does in
the poems when they have been reu

nited once more and
day breaks forth now gleams the sun
in all its glory

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust and murmurs
earthily in the

leaves 'plant three hundred roses' i
once said and now they are standing there

in a ruler-straight row down towards the
wood sprung from darkness's root

word to another
word for word in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

it sires all spirit
now descending speaking through
the poem itself:

i have dreamt about three hundred
roses i have planted three hundred

roses and i have written them in
to a shubbery a device

into a uni
ty of words – a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

in jesu's name let
tongues be aglow when the words
encounter the world

and the poem heals them to real
ity a unity which nei

ther can nor shall be written further
because it is both the poem's

prime grounding and its
final cause it sires all spir
it now descending

in jesu's name let
tongues be aglow where the words
no longer get in

the way of each other or block
out the light of the poetry in

the depths of the forest be
hind all the trees and behind all

the convincing for
mulations now gleams the sun
in all its glory

it sires all spirit
now descending over the
poem and raises

up the words in incorruption on the
divine field of the paper

so they can enlighten something other
than themselves and their own fair

ytale and their self-
quotations in jesu's name
let tongues be aglow

a heavenly breath
sighs o'er the dust so why be
mournful why not just

rejoice and dress oneself in clothes
of finest green and yellow and blue

instead of viscose grey and shoes that have
a sour stench of vinegar

why not give in or
simply yield? – it sires all spir
it now descending

in the summer night's
fleeting coolness i follow
my own lifeline through

the woodland and undergrowth
from my hand in amongst the seven tall

est pines the line runs out to where the
dew falls and the dark like a

letter from god print
ed in braille – a heavenly
breath sighs o'er the dust

now gleams the sun in
all its glory down over
the pulpit my dead

line is a different one from
the one the vicar and my edi

tor have parcelled out stretches
out behind the far side of the poem

where the words slowly
lose themselves in the summer
night's fleeting coolness

my male and female
cousins do not have
any green blood in their veins
like the noble cas
tilian fami
lies or any blue blood like
a romanov they have quite
ordinary red
blood in their veins like
the larsens and jensens have
like the johnsens red
as my own blood is

on my spear side (with
the icelandic fal
con in the coat of arms) i
found that one cousin
had become a ge
ologist specialising
in petrochemicals a
nother a dairy
engineer and a
third an inn-keeper while all
my female cousins
had married farmers

on my distaff side
(with the bohemi
an garnet in the ring) i
found no nieces and
nephews with high cheek
bones and a fiery tem
perament no slavic fer
vour because i am
the last of the fam
ily on my mother's side
which thus defini
tively dies with me

i call all the dead
together in me
my entire family as
a final defence
against extinction:
'make my words come to life breathe
life into them for they are
all that will survive
of us all for pos
terity i am speaking
in the name of you
all' i say to them

come now sing in me
let us chime like church
bells among the words let us
spew fire like firethrow
ers like a sicil
ian dragon let us rant
and roar like electric saws
let us hum like power
pylons let us jud
der like automatic ma
chine guns let us screech
like a cock pheasant

or whisper in me
more sweetly than the
grass behind langesø chap
el whisper to me
with your mouths full of
earth through the cobweb of the
ear fill my poems with salt
and ashes and the
holy spirit let
us kiss each other goodnight
and to rest tell me
the truth without words

this too i have said
before and this too
i will say once again: 'the
poem is the wound
through which that which
is most beautiful leaves me –
the wound through which i release
the memories so
that they will be a
ble to live their own life and
so that forgetting
can commence in me'

when the words are plumb
and the world level there is
not really all that
much else to say on
such a clear september day
with me now approach
ing my seventh dec
ade at an alarmingly
rapid speed there is
not really all that
much else to say at this point
in time than thank you

what more is there to
say? – that my favourite col
ours are malachite
and madder lake that
i love hamburger with fried
egg that i prefer
rubies to sapphires
that my lucky number is
thirteen and lastly
that i am an ex
pert at the alechin de
fence when playing chess

my love is like moz
art just as straightforward just
as perfectly ob
vious as the roses
as the birds and the clouds as
the brief nights of sum
mer as all the pi
ano concertos ever written
put together my
love is the dia
metric opposite of death
and vanadium

if i were to choose
a metaphysical coat
of arms the second
quarter would show a
cross white on a ground sable
the first quarter a
bishop sable on
a ground white the fourth quarter
a rose white on a
ground sable and the
third quarter a red admi
ral on a ground white

at the last moment
i wish to make use of the
opportunity
to promote myself
somewhat in this myth between
that which i would have
liked to have been and
that which i became that myth
which when everything
is said and done nev
vertheless possibly gets
closest to the truth

høeck commercial:
høeck medium høeck light høeck
strong høeck de luxe
høeck's black label blue
høeck red høeck green høeck with and
without filter høeck's
liquorice allsorts
høeck for illiterates høeck
with and without pre
positions høeck with
lots of 'crunch' and 'yummy' høeck
king size and høeck gold

høeck commercial
høeck's sonnets are more seduct
ive and høeck's canzo
nes are far clearer
høeck's haikus are far higher
høeck's love poems are
far more profound høeck
to relieve sorrow and pain
høeck for heart and mind
høeck to prevent mi
graine – if you want fortune and
luck then read klaus høeck

høeck commercial:
invest in høeck there is a
future in høeck – høeck's
good security
(hand-made and gilt-edged) høeck gives
ten words interest
you can tax-deduct
høeck høeck assures you a safe
old age høeck is your
guarantee høeck lasts
you all your life there is e
ternity in høeck

høeck commercial:
did you read your høeck today?
one poem a day
keeps sorrow away
one poem a night keeps your
heart on the flight – a
thousand and one days'
poems a thousand and one
nights' fairytales from
klaus høeck and gylden
dal 'klareboderne one
thousand and one – k'

høeck commercial:
høeck's bargain poems and re
duced poems høeck's sur
plus stock poems høeck's
reject poems and low-price
poems høeck's every
thing-must-go poems
and throw-away poems høeck's
discount poems and
fast-food poems høeck's
long-life poems høeck's bingo
and full-house poems

høeck commercial:
about 'fairytale' the press
wrote: 'the book is a
murmur a dream a night
in the woods in life's hands hans
christian andersen
would have nodded in
appreciation' – take a
fairytale trip with
høeck take a dream and
reality trip with høeck
take høeck at his word

høeck commercial:
høeck's poems have a leakage
barrier that en
sures that the words hold
water stand firm and solid
høeck keeps the words real
ly cold and the po
ems really hot høeck keeps the
soul really dry høeck's
poems have got the
lot høeck earth sea heaven and
hell høeck forever

peeled of all abstrac
tions one's selfsame self (under
stand it he who can)

i cannot get clo
ser to it than this poem
which can only be

written with words that
contradict themselves and can
only be read without

words like a drawn sa
murai sword that eventual
ly gleams in the light

is the sun's tall quick
silver column its icon
not seen gleaming in
the garden's pink snow?
haiku in haiku name in
name hidden in a
calculus in an
elision the paths guessed at
can we recall if
so if so can we
then heal ourselves make ourselves
whole in jesu's name?