

Klaus Høeck
<http://imagine.stop.to>
on-line poems

*imagine all the people
living life in peace...
lennon*

IMAGINE

imagine: that
you see me standing on an
 upturned beer crate and
 reading this poem
out loud in fælledparken
 with tightly clenched fist
 (not all that much worse
than in the glyptothèque a
 mongst all the marble
 statues) in a true
bombardment of eggs and of
 rotten tomatoes

imagine: that
you see me in a papa
 razzi photograph
 completely masked be
hind a black balaclava
 and with EAR
 crocheted across
the forehead (based on an i
 dea of dan tu
 rèll) busy setting
fire to this poem in front of

of police station one

imagine: that
you see me at one of the
huge pigmeat factor
ies to the west of
copenhagen (whose slurry
tanks resemble ne
oclassicist ar
chitecture) and imagine
that i am nailing
this poem to the
stable door whose thesis is:
all power to the pigs

imagine: that
you see me speaking from the
parliament's rostrum
clad in impecca
ble dinner jacket a rose
in my buttonhole
while i scatter this
poem (duplicated en
masse) this 'oprop' this
airborne pamphlet o
ver all the assembled mem
bers of parliament

imagine: that
you see me standing at as
sistens cemetery
a late afternoon
in september at the grave
of michael strunge
in the process of
reading this poem aloud
with the aid of a

toy megaphone this
poem with the refrain: death
is not a poem

imagine: that
you see me at a midnight
mass in the church of
danielskirken
on the sortedam embank
ment where i read this
poem aloud in
a seance with a loud ven
triloquist's voice as
if it was john len
non himself who read it for
the congregation

imagine: that
you see me out at one of
the capital's land
fills standing like a
silhouette against the eve
ning sky on the high
est mountain of ref
use with seagulls whirling round
scattering to the
four winds this poem
like waste paper over the
expanses of waste

imagine: that
you see me entering the
israeli embas
sy that is loca
ted at lundevangsvej num
ber four in helle
rup with a red-check

kitchen curtain wrapped round my
head) handing in this
poem as a pro
test note against 'moderate
physical pressure'

imagine: that
the carrier uss kitty
hawk is on its way
to the persian gulf
while you're reading this poem
laden with (you will
never believe this)
beef tenderloin steaks and with
no less than twenty
million deepfrozen
poulards for the starving af
ghan population

imagine: that
the carrier uss theodore
roosevelt is on
its way across the
indian ocean (as you
read these lines) laden
with all kinds of fruit
and vegetables for the af
ghan population
suffering from scur
vy dysentery and lack
of vitamin c

imagine: that
the leathernecks and all the
drafted reserves are
fighting their way up
onto the seashore like some

third anabasis
(while you are busy
scanning these lines) in order
to reestablish bridg
es the road system
and the whole infrastructure
in afghanistan

imagine: that
a whole armada of b-52
bombers (flying for
tresses or maybe
flying saucers) drop hundreds
of tons of medi
cine over kabul
containers with blood plasma
with antibio
tics and with tetra
cycline while you are busy
decoding these words

imagine: that
hercules planes (almost like
migrating birds) are
flying over af
ghanistan's mountains (while you
try to understand
these words) while they drop
artificial limbs injec
tions syringes and
bandages (almost
like bowler hats in a paint
ing by magritte)

imagine: that
several thousand cruise mis
siles are lighting up

the islamic sky
and tv screens (while you are
spelling out these words)
like fiery souls on
a pilgrimage (instead of
totally des
tructive bombing) like
some sort of bengali fire
works of the spirit

imagine: that
the president of the U
SA itself (the
merciful amer
ican) whose heart is wrapped in
the stars and stripes while
you are turning the
page is issuing right here
a decree that grants
the sum of ten bil
lion dollars to the red cross
and the red crescent

imagine: that
the president of the u
nited states gives a
speech that is without
any phrases and clichés
(yes it sounds incred
ible while you de
claim this final verse) in which
he makes out a blank
cheque to afghani
stan and in so doing ends
up winning the war

imagine: that

and i am sending this poem
to the danish in
telligence service
(PET) as a postcard (on the
front of which there's a
reproduction of
peter breughel's famous en
graving 'torture' from
the year fifteen hun
dred and fifty nine) as a
simple reminder

imagine: that
i am sending this poem
to the defence in
telligence service
(FET) as a valentine on
26 june so as to
underline that the
constitutio caro
lina crimina
lis (the torture act)
has been abolished signed in
invisible ink

imagine: that
i am sending this poem as
a perfectly or
dinary letter
to arne melchior (though in
a lined blue envel
ope that smells of la
vender) this poem that concludes
with the following
lines (freely after
cosper): what i said was kill
sir and not pilsner

imagine: that
i am sending this poem
as an inquiry
to carmi gillon:
what's moderate physical
pressure? – is it a
box on the ears a
flattened nose or a head butt –
maybe the sole dif
ference between a
fractured skull and torture is
just a judas kiss?

imagine: that
i'm e-mailing this poem
to augusto pi
nochet's website
under the title: poe
ma tortura – 'span
ish boot' – 'falanga'
'palastinian hanging'
'the iron lady' 'the
tortoise' – 'the sub
'marine' – 'telephone' – 'basti
nado' – 'wooden horse'

imagine: that
i am telefaxing this
poem this dark en
cephalogram this
blackbird wing this black orchid
petal of shame to
ariel sharon
with the purpose of drawing
his attention to
the tokyo de
claration and UN conven

tion against torture

imagine: that
i am placing this poem
this dark cardio
gram this torn-off wing
of a butterfly this neg
ative taken from
the frozen star es
palier of the internet
where you are able
to read it in white
on blue at the address: [http://](http://imagine.stop.to)
imagine.stop.to

imagine: that
you are reading this poem
in your daily news
paper jyllandspost
en on the front page or per
haps on page seven
imagine this
remarkable coinci
dence (this instantane
ous deja-vu) tak
ing place between fantasy
and reality

imagine: that
i dress up as a turk and
then immediately
begin to inte
grate myself – i remove my
fez and place a
small red and white da
nish flag on my table con
sume a slice of roast

pork write this poem
in english and then translate
it into danish

imagine: that
i assume the role of a
somalian ref
ugee quickly turn
ing danish – i wipe the shoe
polish from my face
and i say: 'go-daw
do' – while at the same time i
put my signature
underneath these words
using both my real name and
my fictitious name

imagine: that
i dress up in the entire
equipment of the
palestinian
guerilla but just as rap
idly try to be
come danish again:
i study a hymn by grundt
vig swallow a carls
berg pilsner and re
cite this poem in broken
funen dialect

imagine: that
i prostrate myself on a
coir mat that is fac
ing mecca but at
the very same moment re
place my turban with
a clap-hat (not so

as to ridicule my dan
ishness – but because
that's how it is) while
i chant this poem out loud
and in sign language

imagine: that
i print the word 'jihad' on
my website and with
out hesitation
change it to: 'rødgrød med flø
de' in honour of
the danish author
ities and the police (but
in actual fact i
i go on to print this
poem at the address – [http://
imagine.stop.to](http://imagine.stop.to))

imagine: that
i register at the sand
holm camp as a tal
eban refugee
but switch to danish
just like that so as
to demonstrate my
good intentions and that i
hand over this poem
as proof of my mas
tery of the danish lan
guage and literature

imagine: that
i'm reciting a poem
by mahmoud dar
wish at the danish
people's party conference

in fredericia
but that before the
conference is over switch
to reading out this
poem to demon-
strate true danish sentiment
(and integration)

imagine: that
i appear disguised as my
self in order to
say or rather to
write this poem expressing
how proud i am to
be danish just as
all other conceivable
peoples are proud of
the fact that they hap-
pen to be all other con-
ceivable peoples

imagine: that
i send this poem along
with a large dose of
olivarius
powder to olivari-
us himself – that would
be both malevo-
lent and infamous – no i
do not send a large
dose of oliva-
rius powder to doctor
olivarius

imagine: that
i sprinkle potato flour
over this poem

(like sand in ancient
times) and i send it in an
aerogramme to the
national serum
institute on amager
that would not only
not be amusing
but criminal as well so
i do not do so

imagine: that
i pack three crushed headache tab
lets along with this
poem and then send
it in a letter that is
incorrectly stamped
to novo nordisk's
offices in nørrebro
only someone who
is really sick would
do such a thing so i don't
do so after all

imagine: that
i fill up a condom with
icing sugar and
powdered sugar and
send it along with this po
em (whose title is:
the arabian
powder) to the royal the
atre – typical
of a nerd or a
sheer psychopath so i re
frain from doing so

imagine: that

i dip this poem into
 rosehip powder (from
 rugosa and ca
nina) and send it to my
 self in a tiny
 package that has been
sealed with both tape and string in
 lots of colours that
 would bring postal de
liveries to a stop so
 i do not do so

 imagine: that
i record this poem on
 a cd-rom and send
 it to the sunlight
factories (somewhere near glo
 strup?) in a lined en
velope full of soap
powder – that would qualify
 me for a mental
 examination
so i do not pursue the
 thought any further

 imagine: that
i send this poem to king
 christian the fourth
 in roskilde cath
edral in a package full
 of baking powder
 and potash (to be
spread out when night comes) complete
 with the sender ad
 dress <http://imagine.stop.to> (although of course
 i do not do so)

imagine: that
i dedicate this poem
to osama bin
laden and send it
to him in a letter that
is marked 'personal'
along with a tea
spoonful of salt (to be thrown
over the shoulder)
but that even in
this particular instance
i do not do so

imagine: that
i am a fifth genera
tion immigrant which
is unnecessa
ry for i actually am
(from prague's garnet stones)
but what's even worse
i am also a first gen
eration immi
grant to funen and
am presenting this poem
as a confession

imagine: that
in the very dead of night
i have my own fa
mily reunion
on a central leaf without
a word of funic
speech and asylum
even though both my wife and
my dachshund are jutes
have i done something
wrong? – consider this poem

an apology

imagine: that
this poem is an exercise – is the result
of my very first
language lesson – ‘jeg vil ha
blohævn’ – i intone
naah ‘blowhævn’ no try
again – ‘jeg vil ha bloooh
hævn’ – i try to say
‘bloohævn’ i write down
and here is my best attempt:
‘jeg vil ha blohævn’

imagine: that
it's more difficult than one
might think to become
a native of funen
overnight – take local
dishes for instance
there i've only reached
an infusion of buckwheat
(fagopyrum esculentum) and not
the porridge itself (with this
poem recipe)

imagine: that
‘Integration’ was to examine how funic
i could claim to be
and ask ‘what is quintessentially funic?’ – the
apple trees and the
black squirrel – i would answer – would the poem

then be given the rubber
stamp – would i then have passed the
examination?

imagine: that
the neighbours start asking: ‘what’s
he want with that’ (the
poem) or what sort
of a bloke is he? and why
does he call himself
counsel for the ducks
whenever he talks to hunt
ers? imagine
that i am una
ble to answer these questions
will i be expelled?

imagine: that
this poem is illegal
and quite unlawful
because it refers
to a collection of po
ems that praises ur
ban guerillas and
freedom fighters (terrorists)
and therefore contra
venes a new set of
laws – will i stop being a
funen citizen?

imagine: that
the above-mentioned collec
tion was written while
the poet was on
social security and
therefore not at the
disposal of the

labour market while he fiddled with his art – the question then is: will he be retroactively banished from funen?

imagine: that this poem's an election poster for the liberal party 'venstre' sprinkled with the scrunchiest eurostars on blue and white or with the letter v for 'venstre' written in a highly slipshod fashion (you have to remember that i am cackhanded)

imagine: that this poem is an election ad for the social liberals you read in a daily paper while you are actually reading it (yes – you read it right you little four-eyed monkey) did it end up on the paper through your powers of imagination?

imagine: that you find this poem printed in the yellow pages or in the free ads newspaper or in what

ever white paper you like
as an election
slogan (for the centre dem
ocrats) a sort of
prototype that can
be used for ever because
there is nothing there

imagine: that
this poem is hanging as
an election post
er for the social
democrats on all the coun
try's lamp posts as a
red echo of a
red stutter as a red e
lision a red re
dundancy of words
and sentences that have long
since lost their meaning

imagine: that
this poem is blowing a
cross the asphalt (like
a brochure for the
danish people's party) like
a question in the
rain or an answer
in the wind – and where is it
blowing to? – like eve
rything else dirt waste
paper and rubbish all end
up in the gutter

imagine: that
you are reading this poem
on a bus window

as an election
graffiti (for the uni
ty party) sprayed with
green and red paint – what's
the mirror writing say? – (are
you illiterate?)
the same as in or
dinary writing: stop all
scrawling on buses

imagine: that
this poem is an elec
tion ad (for the con
servatives) that you
receive with the morning post
rubber stamped and full
of the strangest wa
termarks and photographs of
people who have al
ready been consigned
to the high-lustre surface
of oblivion

imagine: that
this poem has been pasted
over an elec
tion poster for the
socialist people's party
so this is some kind
of palimpsest where
the original text has
been lost for ever
completely blown to
smithereens by new words on
the ancient tablets

imagine: that

i've been given the leading
role in a love film
(a melodrama)
directed by lars von trier
and that i just like
goethe's werther (des
pite the difference of age
between us) leave this
poem behind as
a love letter and perhaps
a farewell letter

imagine: that
i'm taking part in a por
nofilm recorded
in color de luxe
where i i stand doing a flash
next to a marble
fountain (precisely
as jean jacques rousseau once
did) and that this po
em will then subse
quently be used against me
as an indictment

imagine: that
i'm taking part in a ma
fia film of the
very worst kind (a
real b or c film) in which
standing by a swim
ming pool (painted by
david hockney) i mow down
the critic j.k.
with a submachine
gun and that this poem's his
obituary

imagine: that
it isn't poul reichardt at
all who wins the danish
trotting derby
in the film 'the red horses'
but me (with the number
thirteen) imagine
that he and i have exchanged
identity
and that consequently
it's poul reichardt who has
written this poem

imagine: that
you see me sitting on my
haunches in a brand
new war film in the
throes of relieving myself
in an afghan ditch
while u2s and awacs
keep an eye on me and the
bombs keep on falling
imagine that
i end up by wiping my
arse on this poem

imagine: that
you do not only see me but
you also hear me
pronouncing these words
in a new version of 'star
wars': the empire strikes
back both now and in
afghanistan – both here and
now – post scriptum: this
poem has not in
any way been contami

nated with anthrax

imagine: that
i have a part in an a
nimated picture
as osama bin
laden who in a mass of
flickering lines and
background music from
the pop group 'aha' surrend
ers to the court of
justice in the hague
and that this poem is a ticket
for the premiere

imagine: that
you see me riding into
the sunset in a
spaghetti western
(not at all improbable
because all art has
something to do with cheating
with time) leaving behind me
this poem as a
reward poster with
the immortal words: wanted
dead or alive

klaus høeck