

**HEP
TA
ME
RON**

**KLAUS
HØECK**

Translation John Irons © 2006

For Anne-Marie

The mandrakes give a smell, and
at our gates are all manner of
pleasant fruits, new and old, which
I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

Song of Solomon VII, v. 13

The Book of the Word

O

in the beginning
was the word
and the word was with god
and the word was god
all things were made
by it
and without it
was not anything made
that was made
and the word became flesh
and took its dwelling
among us
and we saw its glory

OA

the first
 i see you through
 day of marienglas
 by among in and she
 with and grey leather
 trousers round the rear
 glorious a beginning
 takes word
 in flesh's dwelling
 the first
 i saw you in
 the snowstorm's nitrogen
 without without without without

OF

the first night
 i throw
 the gold-dust
 (summer's secret
 decoction) in your eyes'
 seething crucibles
 and you become beautiful
 as if you should die
 your skin gleams
 with sea-fire
 and your body
 is transformed
 into one flesh

OP

in the beginning
 was the word
 and the word was with god
 and the word was god
 all things were made
 by it
 and without it
 was not anything made
 that was made
 and the word became flesh
 and took its dwelling
 among us
 and we saw its glory

OS

the second night
 you pull up a fish
 from my blood
 and this morning
 it stands
 red with magenta
 on my skin
 like a tattoo
 that will fade
 into brown
 and amethysts
 before the week is over
 like a seal from neptune

OG

the third night
 everything and nothing are
 welded together
 into the gleaming
 acetylene of one moment
 you can still
 see the scar
 from
 god's flamethrower
 smoking on my neck
 as on one of
 yves klein's last
 scorched canvases

The First Book of the Flesh

OF_pA

your profile
 becomes a cameo
 in the dark
 a take a grip of your
 neck: long-skull
 grip the ivory
 of your neck
 provençal perhaps
 at seventh remove
 or more beautiful than
 raging ivory
 i grip your
 death's head skull

OF_pF

then i find
 in an attack of fever
 number seven
 a chinese point
 behind your left ear
 i do not stick
 any gold needle
 into its centre
 but press
 so hard
 with my index finger
 that you get the cramps
 of a holy epilepsy

OFP

the fourth evening
 i bite a halo
 of stellar nebula
 mauve with lymph
 in the rainbow
 of your shoulder
 and you scream nakedly
 as if you were about to give birth
 your pain
 is spread in the electrolysis
 of your sex
 and your desire
 is transformed into one soul

OF_pS

you smell
 my love
 you almost stink
 under the armpits:
 crucibles with
 cat's piss and methyl
 your lap
 is boiling with
 the summer's caviar
 it stinks of death
 and cherries
 you smell wonderful
 my love

OF_pG

i must be a voyeur
 i can plainly see
 your body
 the vagina's crabmeat
 and at night
 i observe
 in secret
 the semen's sea-fire
 seething on the
 skin of your face
 my eye is not still
 for a moment
 when you are present

OA_pA

five candles i saw
 burn right through
 around through
 behind the marienglas
 of your pubis
 the cats racing against
 your eyes in the night
 and a gawping angel
 at our intercourse
 the right through behind
 i put out the sixth
 between and
 lit the seventh candle

OA_pF

your legs are long
 like those of a cristel girl
 like the finno-russian
 border
 like a pair of compasses
 that circle round
 the first leather of pain
 desire's
 second snowstorm
 iiiii me ii
 iiiii
 you are a
 crane-fly my love

OAP

the seventh
 i reach you right through
 the silver paper of sleep
 by among in and she
 and blue angels of dreams
 around the forehead
 glorious a day
 takes its dwelling in
 the flesh of the word
 the seventh
 i reach you right through
 the wedding dress of the skin
 without without without without

OA_pS

your skin is white
 and glistening as a
 shark's belly when you turn
 round over
 the sea-bed of the sheet
 but i have found
 a small grey
 vein a crackle
 finer than nitrogen
 than metal fatigue
 that leads me to
 the bleeding wound of
 your invulnerability

OA_pG

i have to cross
 seventh thresholds each time
 right through the beginning
 and end right through
 assyrian dreams
 right through the flame
 of logic seven diamonds
 i have to explode
 i have to pass right through
 seven incarnations
 each and every time
 i meet
 you once again

OS_pA

i can taste
a cut on your
lips a small seal
and still my sperm
in your mouth
the verdigrised copper
of rape up between
the teeth still
why did you not
take a bite at
phallus impudicus
between the tattoo
of the erect morning

OS_pF

you catch me
literally
between the legs:
your thighs
are tighter than
a fox trap
round the loins
you have caught me
inside the great amethyst
of fertilisation
in there where the fishes
also stiffen
in the blood's magenta

OSP

the second of february
you puff breath
into my clay
and now here today
i wake up
fresh with semen
in your vagina's access
i am
reborn
in flesh and red
perhaps before the year
is over like
a picture of leonora

OS_pS

you ride me
hard tonight
like a godiva
this time on
a brown war horse
that has smelt
salt and blood
i spit you
in the face from love
you ride me
gently tonight
without a saddle
in the armour of nakedness

OS_pG

pull me
out of my soul
otherwise i will wither
inside there in myself
inside the small desert
of emptiness
between the bonfires
pull back my
foreskin so i
with bared head
(like paul)
can ask life
for forgiveness

OG_pA

once more you hover
above me like
an eagle a relief
welded in corten steel
unforgivably high
circling
before the third thrust
down into my throat
and i can see
acetylene flame
in your eyes
the snow of bliss on
the turrets of al-majaj mir

OG_pF

your arms are
of kindling wood
my love like
brushwood gathered in
one of pieter
brueghel's
smoke-filled forests
but let no one
misunderstand this
they are stronger than
the birds' hollow bones
when they bear
you past the orgasm

OGP

the fifth day
you and i melt
together in one
raging kiss of
the gift of tongues
i can still
see the spit
from the breath's exegesis
drip foaming
from your mouth
as in one of
teresa avila's most
ardent prayers

OG_pS

your name sounds
like an apple branch
dipped in salt
and mine like
a saracen's sword
that slices
through the canvas
there is no hidden
symbolism in this
image i have
merely sketched
a possible draft
of our heraldry

OG_pG

your knees
are sharp like
the spikes on
jeanne d'arc's
armour (gleaming
pink on the inside
like a mussel)
they are god's spurs
in my flesh
the last omen
that i have
longed for
in my heptameron

The Second Book of the Flesh

OF A_pA

my sex is
a bird in your
hand a quail
perhaps that suddenly
flies in a flutter
out of my darkness
when your pale cameo
gleams when your
ivory crackles
or rather a
migrating fieldfare
in search of the last
winter apple in your garden

OF A_pF

when i turn
you round your spinal chord
your shoulder blade
crackles or
rather squeaks
alarmingly like a
defect hinge and you
come towards me
from within the secret
providence more beautiful than
death bearing an urn
full of may dew through
your invisible hidden door

OF A_pP

you make me
a knight of st john
in the dark
you paint or
scorch your
triumphal cross
of smoking
scarlet
(as on the tarot card
number twenty)
and menstruation
on my forehead
you resurrect a dead man

OF A_pS

tibia i say
and with
a finger
trace down
the mountain ridge
of your shinbone
it tingles
right up in my neck
you reply as you
thus put both
anatomy's violet
atlas and my theory of the body
precisely into place

OF A_pG

today i couple
with you
like a mongrel
or like a wild cat
without mercy
like a harun
ar raschid
on a foray
you snarl but
accept your
fate the little
grey cat also immediately
comes into heat

OF_pF_pA

a thousand and one nights
i will fly
to the
baghdad of my dreams
on this blue mattress
a thousand and one times
you pour out desire
you fill its bowl
from a
abbasidian silver pitcher
a thousand and one days
i hover above
the holy city of intercourse

OF_pF_pF

there is a
turquoise in your left
ear lobe because
you are sagittarius or
because it is
my favourite stone
or maybe because
i am to prick
my finger
until it bleeds for
the sake of love
as in some arabic
legend or other

OF_pFP

behind veil number
seven i find
you in an
attack of fever
and i see
that passion
is precisely the
suffering no
longer to suffer
that nothing hinders
any more the epileptic cramp
of its fulfilment
in the mosque of your body

OF_pF_pS

i hang a
revolver
(with islamic chasing)
up in a green
fishing line
in this bedroom
why do you think
i am doing this
in the middle
of gold's
numidian point
your answer will reveal
whether you love me

OF_pF_pG

i press you
down hard in
my bed
my nails point
to the nadir
(i.e. towards yemen)
in a moment
the imprint of
your body will stand
like a green bas-relief
on this
sheet of orange
parachute silk

OF_pS_pA

you write on
the parchment of my skin
you print invisible
letters around
my nipples
paint strange
signs from the
saudi-arabian flag
you write
secret
love poems
on the skin of my belly
with your tongue

OF_pS_pF

if i say
that your right knee
is like the massada
rock does that
sound stupid
i know it does
nevertheless
it's true your right
knee actually looks like
the massada rock with
the fort casemate
cisterns storerooms
and herod's synagogue

OF_pSP

you are wearing cotton
and i don't care
about the silk panties
and french lace
certain women pack in
the caviar of their sex
when you by means
of your example show
that the most sexy
is cotton your quite
ordinary danish
cotton panties
my love

OF_pS_pS

i map you
bit by bit
with my
indecent my love
close-read your
nubian caves
under arms and buttocks
smell my way forward
with my immorality
to your death's
cherry tree
just under
the cone of the pubis

OF_pS_pG

i register
that your eyes are boiling
with methyl under
the brows' damask
swords you are
without a doubt pregnant
my love
when summer comes you will
probably walk around with
a belly like the she-cat's
while i read
the great poet
abbas ibn al-ahnaf

OF_pG_pA

why is your
vagina dry like vitriol
round my sex
why does the fountain
not spring in there in
the dark are you taking atropin
for your cold or do
you simply not fancy
me tonight? perhaps though
i ought rather to listen
to abu abdallah nafzawi
who prefers a
dry vagina to a wet one

OF_pG_pF

the full moon
scarred like cain's face
behind my double glazing
you have your period
once again according to horace
that means that
silver turns black that
the mutant rose will
immediately blossom
when you pass by
but according to me that
my peace is gone for a burton
at the selfsame instant

OF_pG_pP

i read in a poem
by bisjr ibn ali khazim
that the poet fucks
a woman up the arse
so thoroughly that for a
long time the skin will be sore
(a woman with a breast
fold red with saffron)
you my love you
are sure to understand why i
approach this secret
place of yours
in a paraphrase

OF_pG_pS

you have a swedish
tooth position my love
which means
that you have a narrow
palate almost
like a shoe-horn
in which my tongue
fits like a shoe-tongue
or a silver ingot
in a deerskin pouch
you have a
palate like
the family of charles xii

OF_pG_pG

how much time is
there left? a quarter
of a century at best
and about half that to
your body to your
flesh's southern cross of sea-fire
just that much semen
i must be on my guard
i value the kiss
look intensely at
you nothing escapes my
vigilance each
intercourse is important now

OA_pA_pA

i saw that you
grew mature between
each of our intercours
through the synod of each
pain your eyes became slanted
and russian as
on an icon or
incandescent behind
marienglas i wanted
to call you irina
but refrained from doing so
i was not transforming
swiftly enough myself

OA_pA_pF

i crossed pieces
of wild thyme
(as in the moon)
beneath our
bed last night
studied at length
the accidents of
your pubis
like the sufis at
the seventh stage
outside
the light of memory
i wanted to forget nothing

OA_pAP

i considered the
djebel et tur of your arse
or mount tabor
(to be
absolutely fair)
the fragrant mount
of transfigurations
our cats probably
saw it too (when
i turned off the
electric light) with a
halo of phosphorus round
the summit

OA_pA_pS

how on earth
could you know that
i was interested in
the special landscape
of
foot soles (our
walk there
in silver and primrose)
how could you
know who i
was when i
did not even
know it myself?

OA_pA_pG

why dammit
did i give you five
red tulips
why the hell
did i write the love
and valentine letter
to you here in
mid-april not
to mention
the six poems about the angel?
because fernando
pessoa would have
liked it

OA_pF_pA

i trace
the tiger claw round your
right breast
precisely according
to vatsyayana's
description in the
fourth chapter of part two
precisely as any
tom cat marks off
its territory or
perhaps because i
thus acquire
a copyright on you

OA_pF_pF

the first phase
is over pain and
desire are balanced
like the green circle
of the equinox
round the tabernacle
where four
cherubs stand
guard over
corpus delicti
i gave you
nothing
but yourself

OA_pFP

you won't get any
squeezekiss here
not a single
snugglekiss
after dinner
the welcome kiss is
just as long and
bloody as
the anguish of the
goodbye kiss my love
i only kiss
you to life
or to death

OA_pF_pS

i call you
liebbling
schätzlein
and marigold
utterly ridiculous
sure
like the dialogue in
a finnish film
but what else am i
to do (you gorgeous
duckie) when
i happen to
mean exactly that?

OA_pF_pG

like a
snowstorm passion
passes
through my life
what am i to do now
when the russian drought
of the summer
sets in
like a coup de grâce
and you
really
throw off the
leather mask of your strength?

OA_pS_pA

i lick you
 not in the small hollow
 of the neck (triangulum
 australis) like a
 deer i bite
 until you thump
 a teakwood table
 to find an outlet
 for your pain
 until your
 pleasure
 has reached
 its climax

OA_pS_pF

i don't know
 much about death
 (who does by the way)
 but taste it
 like a fine grey
 film of nitrogen
 on the skin of your back (just
 above your right shoulder
 blade's servo-mechanism)
 perhaps though i am
 mistaken is it precisely
 searing life you
 have secreted there?

OA_pSP

you do not find
 yourself in me
 not a single wound
 or labyrinth in the mind
 leads out
 not a single
 vein or crackle
 leads in
 to anything else than an
 image a scrap
 a stranded core in
 a photo burning with salt
 i am not you

OA_pS_pS

when you lie there
 like that you look
 like a fluxus
 sculpture erected
 on the seabed or
 in st nicholas' church
 for example
 you are indeed a
 tangle of knees and hair
 when you lie there
 like that and shed your
 light over me white
 as newly-cast metal

OA_pS_pG

why i
 am writing this
 love poem
 to you
 is obvious
 i am converting your
 glistening shark's belly into
 a 'shark's belly'
 your apple complexion
 into 'apple complexion'
 i am writing the flesh
 into words again
 i am making you 'immortal'

OA_pG_pA

i realise
that you are a
real princess
when i
find marks
(blue as first
class stamps)
on each
buttock
not from the pea
but i would
guess from
my thumbs

OA_pG_pA

lips redder
than rape
an upper lip of
poppies and a
lower lip like
assyrian poems
i kiss your
lips to extinguish
my longing numb
myself in pain's
pure opium for i
know that lips
are the incarnation of lust

OA_pGP

dreams more beautiful
than a
peacock butterfly
larger dreams than
logic disrupt
my sleep
several days later
i find seven
jigsaw pieces inside
me and seven in my everyday
search for
and find the
last one with you on it

OA_pG_pS

you love me
you say
what do
i care?
am i to fall
into a swoon like an
anemone
here in early may?
i'll look after
my own
cryptic feelings
and you can
look after yours

OA_pG_pG

you flame
through the diamond
now like electroshock
ignite my
beginning anew
each time
i am on the point
of finishing
you move through
my christianity's
poems now and
illuminate my words
with your nakedness

OS_pA_pA

when chair
number four
creakingly collapsed
at the seams
after yet another
override as on one
of the male dromedaries
in imru-l-qai's poetry
i said
to you: now
you going to have
to find some sort of
new saddle position

OS_pA_pF

on the iranian
brass dish you
bought in århus
last year a roaring
lion follows a
small deer
the psychologists would
probably say that images of
that kind symbolise a
rape of the
female psyche i
said – the lion
is hungry you replied

OS_pAP

why do i
feel such a desire
to bite
your lips and throat
like a vampire
after blood
perhaps because
i have so often been
close to death in
the night hours when
you sucked
sperm and life
into your living mouth

OS_pA_pS

you don't have a
single gold tooth in your mouth
nor a verdigrised
copper seal standing
between psyche and body
(as i do) you are not
hollow-backed even though
your heart is on
red-hot stakes and
i am enchanted at
night but your
right elbow is
even so made of alder

OS_pA_pG

you were in paris
last night you say
hesitantly and look
at me with
eyes grey like mont martre
from above in the
rain's slanting light
(like the wounds and tattoos
of the
pisarro picture)
you were in paris
together with me
in my dream

OS_pF_pA

your nails are
not chinese
i mean long
in a gold case but
almost the opposite
babylonian
and red
when you scratch me
in the pectorals
under the wart
right there where
the birth mark
drips like a tear

OS_pF_pF

your rapture is
mine and vice versa
that is
the secret
between
you and me beloved
like large raindrops
that fall
from god
like amethysts
like the rose petals in
ar-rudu al atiru
fi nazahat al-hatir

OS_pFP

you only
use the best
perfumes: juices
from insemination
and tap water
or rain
i know
you would like
to have a more
sophisticated scent
but i am captured
by the extracts from
the skin's own essence

OS_pF_pS

congealed blood
on the sheet
like magenta or
a seal of
copycat coral
nail varnish
stains as large as
foeticide
life's literal
gutter
now the snake has
bitten you again beloved
between your thighs

OS_pF_pG

your buttocks are
still tight
like meissen porcelain
two rosenthal bowls
upended
i can see there
between your loins and
only separated by
a crack
of burnt umbra
i place my hands
on you
there where else?

OS_pS_pA

tonight
archimedes' screw
is acquired as described
by sheik abdallah
nafzawi: i lie
on my back you squat
above my organ
and hold your face
against mine
ejaculation is made
more difficult now and then
in this position
by the blocking of the semen

OS_pS_pF

you weep
without shame for
an hour or more without stopping
while i without
any feeling of guilt
refresh myself with
kamasutra's blood and
desert salt
i don't know who has
led you to believe that the great
love (eudemic
joy) doesn't hurt
but now you know for sure

OS_pSP

you are a beduin
my love
that for the twentieth
time has left
this dwelling
(with jupiter's
brown-striped tent canvas
stretched out over
the bed) and my
nakedness
no you are just a woman
on her way to work i also
see reality's mirror

OS_pS_pS

in your sleep you
you really nut me in
true copenhagen style
so hard that i
see the compulsory
five-pointed star from a
comic strip and
hear the sound 'sploosh'
i defend myself
gently with a kind of
reverse judo hold
so love also hurts
in a different way too

OS_pS_pG

i have never
ridden in a saddle
of moroccan leather
do not own any armour
(or chain mail for
that matter) i am not
a war stallion
from lydia (with a
precious stone at my forehead)
i am a man
of forty-six who
loves you neither
more nor less

OS_pG_pA

don't snore like
the muezzin's
call to prayer
my love
snore like
female camels in heat
then i will
place my ear
to the soul's
vibrato
then i will far
off hear the silence
from my own desert

OS_pG_pF

do not put out
my light with darkness
but with love
do not put out my fire
with the newly fallen snow
but with paraffin
so i can feel
my hair curl
like the apostles'
or frizzle round my sex
like the marga
ananda disciple's
in there at the stake

OS_pGP

do not touch me
tonight
my skin will
hurt even
at the slightest
touch
(do not touch me with
the lightest wing of
the fire butterfly
my mouth and
my skin are burnt
by caresses and will pain
me at every kiss

OS_pG_pS

lie with you backside
in the air
my love
and listen to santana's
high-flown caravanserai
then i will
approach silently
from behind then i will
almost bashfully
ease my paul's head
into the garden of
prohibition and disturb
the peacocks' dance

OS_pG_pG

just take away
my life
yes pull in the literal
sense life
out of me (by
sucking with your lips both
here and there)
then i can leave
myself in peace and quiet
(in a threefold
sense)
so my emptiness
paradoxically is emptied

OG_pA_pA

you are the catalogue's
number twenty-three
about aungra
crowned by a mount
of venus protruding
like the camel's hump
stretched out
between your thighs
like a calf's head
god grant
that i (precisely i)
may enjoy such
a vulva amen

OG_pA_pF

barking up the wrong tree
not guilty
i can do nothing
about it that you
smell like a
flowering wood
violets on your neck
or like a divided
siberian crab apple
on your nape you must yourself
take responsibility for
this stupid
poem my love

OG_pAP

that you touch such
a neutral spot
as my tensed calf
muscle or my heel's
flaming steel
and that i thereby can
feel the acetylene rise
in my bones and my
marrow (towards a summit
of violet snow) at
your touch is
not only ridiculous
but most real

OG_pA_pS

so i must also
remember your nose
and what about your profile?
i will describe
your silhouette as a
relief painting by
karel van manders
where the heroine
is seen sitting
at an open window
at twilight
a window
circled by ivy

OG_pA_pG

every
love poem
is unforgivable
beloved full of
'hovering eagles' and
'bliss on
al majaj-mir'
or with words like
'your eye' – 'my eye'
every love poem
is unforgivable beloved
because love
can never be abstract

OG_pF_pA

in your eyes there
are no woodland lakes
where birds
of red iron
sing with
their beaks turned away
in the morning
they look most like
stewed apples
or they can be
grey like a failed
orgasm you eyes
are delightful beloved

OG_pF_pF

you have put on
the moroccan
patterned skirt
more complex than
ibn farid's writings
you have no
panties on
the almond of your sex gleams
with phosphorus – how
do i know that? because
your nostrils betray you
their slight quiverings
their nubian gold

OG_pFP

your bones
are long as flutes
tuned in F major
and probably full of
burnt umbra
and a sound no one
hears without
being dead beloved
they are like drumsticks
like the crossbones
under the skull
you wear
so high above them

OG_pF_pS

you know
the five-pointed star of desire
and the point of gravity
that is pain
you know that love
and suffering belong
together it is
quite simple
but you don't know
that death
trips you up
even each time i
go to bed with you

OG_pF_pG

your arms yes
your arms
your wrong-way-round arms
beloved almost
snapped like sticks in
water hollow of
brushwood and smoke strong
as a sumi wrestler's
when you squeeze me
what am i to do
with them i mean
they are always in the way
somewhere or other

OG_pS_pA

i have lifted
 my heart's black
 cloth and shown
 you that saracen
 sword in whose
 blade you now
 reflect your soul
 and that coat of arms
 in which your
 own heart bleeds
 in the left quarter
 i have revealed our
 secret heraldry

OG_pS_pF

you have never
 looked like a nude
 model on a lost
 biro or posed
 on a lighter beneath
 some symbolic
 apple branch or other (that
 nevertheless conceals
 breasts and sex) i com
 pare my inner
 image with this
 porno you are fortunately
 far naughtier beloved

OG_pSP

you have received
 a strange mirror
 from me beloved
 what mirror
 yes what mirror
 what is
 the mirror of being?
 answer: not-being
 i have brought
 you a
 strange poem
 have brought not-being
 as our monogram

OG_pS_pS

you have become a
 necessary condition
 for all my love
 because this is
 established in
 alam al djabarut under
 a seven-pointed star of salt
 and not the opposite
 because you are precisely
 not one with me
 are not equal to me
 here in this world
 her in alam al shahada

OG_pS_pG

i have not
 carved your name
 into some
 crabapple tree or out
 of sidra nor
 have i sketched your
 anagram on canvas
 there is no trace
 in my poem that leads
 to even the slightest
 interpretation but it is
 written
 behind every word

OG_pG_pA

sixty-four tracks
you have left in
my flesh shown me
the sixty-four
arts and
sixty-four burning
omens (the sound phat
i.a. and aumariskataka)
sixty-four precious stones
now gleam
in soul and body
light up my
heart's armour

OG_pG_pF

language only has
this one poor
expression: i love you
therefore i have
written two thousand
poems about kisses
and roses lust and
pain in the
hanging gardens
so as not once
to use this
turn of phrase:
i love you

OG_pGP

why are your
lips so red
and your teeth beloved
so blindingly white
in their albedo?
because i kiss
this temptation
every day because
i have kissed
myself sick on
teeth lips and
tongue every
single blessed day

OG_pG_pS

in the middle is
flesh and the flesh is
god and the flesh
becomes soul
takes its dwelling
among men
i see its
glory
the soul's glory
the soul's great
heptameron
miraculous as
a red hawthorn in blossom

OG_pG_pG

i close the book of the
flesh round this poem
like a mussel
that longs for
its last pearl
or like you round
your pregnancy's
innermost courts
i have sealed
the second book of the flesh
with the raging kisses
of my love and
now break the seal of the soul

The Book of the Soul

OF A A A
p p p

when young i
read a book whose
title was: das seelen
leben der pflanzen
it was metaphysical
and heavy with ivory
i did not learn
much from it about
the soul or the plants
for that matter
although perhaps this
that the soul most
belongs to the realm of plants

OF A A F
p p p

this shelley knew
and dante when
he grouped even
murderers as
trees with dark
thorns in the
thirteenth **canto** and
now i can also see that
it really is true
because your
soul shines with
phosphorus like the
hawthorn in the deer park

OF A AP
p p

yes you are
a siberian crabapple tree
in blossom or
perhaps rather a
larch that crackles
with lacquer
when you laugh
you are the last
almond tree
by mondrian
even though he
never painted it
in reality

OF A A S
p p p

your soul is a
tree beloved
that stands lovelier
than the spruce
that spreads out more mightily
than your veins'
wintertree bathed in
mercury it puts out
a thousand and one
blossoms and a single bird
sings in its
secret crown behind
the mirrors of dawn

OF A A G
p p p

that is why we yearn
because the trees tug
in our sudden
ness because the trees
wish to mirror themselves in
the soul's cameo because the trees
wish to see their own
fluttering dreams
that is why we so often
seek the forests out
to stand as friends as
the guardians of greenness be
neath the crusade of the stars

OF A F A
p p p

i go out into
the bathroom and
look myself in the eyes
greener than death
muddy as the limpopo
hello mr soul
is there anyone at home
in there behind the shoulder
blade's creaking swing
door inside the
shop no – the soul
answers today we're
closed all day

OF A F F
p p p

oh yes it is
the body
that gets
drunk on beaujolais
for example or
drowns itself in sangre
brava's urns of
secret maydew
but it
is the soul
that becomes
intoxicated on
the wine's red trade wind

OF A FP
p p

my soul
you are a cabinet
of thoughts it
would seem as in
descartes' meditations
you can never
explain yourself
inside the circle but only
outside (like a kind of
complementarity)
can never explain
your presence in yourself
and by yourself

OF A F S
p p p

my soul
who is it that is
approaching
you now
through invisible veils
who is it that is
incessantly doubling
itself in the metal mirrors
staining them
with rust so they
do not dazzle
as in ibn al
farid's most lovely poem?

OF A F G
p p p

my soul
you come towards me
from the mirror supported
to the spine
you are wearing a red-striped
dressing gown and turning
a cob pipe in
my right hand
you are almost
indistinguishable from
the body when you
thus have
decked yourself out as me

OF A_pS_pA

dear soul
is it you that are
moving or
rather leading my
index finger around in
the nape's scar of
crystal violet because it
tickles so infamously
there right now
you that are controlling all
my body with
a marionette master's
wires and precision?

OF A_pS_pF

dear soul
there you are then
lift your head high
on my writing desk a white rose
in a ceramic vase
or rather an
emblem that
counts at least five
thousand years in theory
i write who will
only be forty-seven
undeniably a
strange dialectic

OF A_pSP

dear soul
i say once more
answer me this:
where is 'in
reality' – is that
where you are?
you do not reply
and in reality
you could
just as well
burden me
with
the same question

OF A_pS_pS

dear soul
where is your aritotelean
place your exact
position inside the machine
of anatomy or outside in
the pandemonium of
projections is it up in
the ivory chambers of the
pineal gland or down in
the heart's mirror which is
veiled by moorish
flags where is
your final dwelling?

OF A_pS_pG

dear soul
so many rumours
are rife about you:
that you have lent
your name to the
small sound post
that you can
be held confined
inside a violin
that you are
immortal
are any of
these rumours true?

OF A G A
p p p

no your soul
is of course
not a tree
(neither an oak beneath
the moot of the stars
nor a
grieving pine)
the soul has no
substance of wood
nor red angels your
soul has no crown
it is a shrub of
wet rugosa roses

OF A G F
p p p

that is why your soul
has such a strong fragrance
in june after
the sudden foray
of rain (or
grace if you prefer) in
hedgerow and scrub yes your
soul really smells
more strongly than red like
a rose of
the house of lancaster
that i am prepared to
swear on the bible

OF A GP
p p

today your soul
turns towards
a classic sun
set like a
dog rose like
a hybrid rose
from china
or like any other
rose towards the night
it exudes a fragrance
it opens out in the darkness
your soul
flowers in its fashion

OF A G S
p p p

if your soul
is a rose
my love it must
also prick me
from time to time
with its thorns'
small moonclaw
so either your
soul is not
a rose
or i still have
this exquisite torment
coming to me

OF A G G
p p p

your soul is a
musk rose full of
vitamin c – rubbish
your soul is a
rose that has come from the
himalayas or even
from kashmir – rubbish
your soul is a
hybrid rose spawned
by time and fate
nonsense
your soul is my
soul's chosen one – correct

OF F A A
p p p

no your soul
is neither a tree
nor a rose
rather a garden as
in shelley's poem
where 'the spirit of love
can be felt everywhere' SENSITIVE PLANT
where i sleep in
the shadows of silver
and dream of you
my love
lying by my side
and dreaming of me

OF F A F
p p p

or a garden
painted by paul
delvaux before you were
born in which you
walk around naked
with a paraffin
lamp in your hand
while i
clad in bowler hat
and city dress
covertly observe you
from the bushes
of night and desire

OF F AP
p p

there i walk
around in blue
corduroy among
a thousand and one flowers
there i pour out
my joy and my
pain
there i fill up
the abbasidian
bowls
to the brim
there my love
is fulfilled

OF F A S
p p p

perhaps a garden
with terraces
coloured by the wind
a garden that looks like
your parents'
where invisible jugs
are filled with dew
a garden where
the sparrowhawk
suddenly
swoops down
while you expose
your heart to the roses

OF F A G
p p p

but also a
cemetery garden
right in the city
where you one fine
day will lay
your wedding bouquet
on another
woman's grave
where you will consecrate
this great
intercourse that the
dead really have on
their earthen mattress

OF F F A
p p p

dear soul
each time i
approach you
you immediately
turn into two
then three and then
into many
each time i focus
on you
you are dispersed like
turquoise and amber and bloodstone
like arabic patterns
in a kaleidoscope

OF F F F
p p p

dear soul
is it you or
me who is sitting one
quiet friday
watching adam ant
on the television?
one or other
at any rate
notices the razor blade
in the left ear lobe
one or other
registers this
observation et cetera

OF F FP
p p

dear soul
how are you
to answer
all these questions?
that they are common
that they are metaphysical
wreckage
i'm well aware of this
without your derisive laughter
without your
i-know-better attitude
without your
cartesian ischias

OF F F S
p p p

dear soul
you cannot
enlighten yourself
only illuminate
certain states
or the body from
pate to heel's
silver wings you
do not exist in your
self as fire cannot
consume itself like
love nothing is in it
self cannot love itself

OF F F G
p p p

dear soul
i repeat:
you are
unable
to explain
yourself
in your entirety
you cannot do so
before the advent
of death
and then
it is
precisely too late

OF_pF_pS_pA

no your soul
is not a garden
(with secret gold
fish ponds) more a
park where the statues
stand veiled behind
the accidents
where you show yourself
just exactly as
i did not know
you would look like
down there at
the end of truth

OF_pF_pS_pF

thus you will
always remain
a stranger to me
in your islamic dress
we shall never be united
(not even in death
or in our children)
because love
is not self-seeking
because love
does not
wish itself
because i love you

OF_pF_pSP

i will never
exceed
this distance of
roses neither in
the mind nor in
reality
why will i
not do so?
because love
endures everything between us
because love
suffers because our
love will never cease

OF_pF_pS_pS

thus you will
always remain
unknown to me
i will never
find your soul's
centre
(only god knows that)
i will never
catch up with you
even though
your footsteps
gleam
with numian gold

OF_pF_pS_pG

'down there at
the end of truth'
i wrote – does the
lie begin there or
faith in there where
the sun's target
hangs riddled
by the revolver
of my illusions
does love only
begin where
i do not recognise anything
in your soul's quincunx?

OF_pF_pG_pA

dear soul
'it is a crime
in love
to consider
one's own searching
standing face to face with
what is being sought' says
bayazid – if you now
replace
'love' with
'the soul' you have been
initiated into my
soul's torments and yours

OF_pF_pG_pF

dear soul
i'm talking to you
to the power seven
so there is an
infinity of
reflections between us
an infinity of
'T's' a whole field
theory so it will
be extremely doubtful
if i will ever
receive any
answer from you

OF_pF_pGP

dear soul
you look like a
spiral staircase of
turquoise that points
in towards itself
a spiral
that turns from
nothing down to
nothing are you
really only such
an infinite fall
towards matter down towards
the body's annihilation?

OF_pF_pG_pS

dear soul
is it you
who is kissing my wife
or me here
at the beginning of
the dogdays when
the gate to nadir
is wide open?
no i can't
even be bothered
to hear the answer
to this
stupid question

OF_pF_pG_pG

dear soul
are you really
just such a small
giddiness between
green and orange are you
nothing else than a
needle prick an imprint
on the sheet after a
death has
pythagoras discovered
the ashes of reincarnation
do you in reality only
have this one urn?

OF S_pA_pA_p

your soul can
not see itself
(for already mentioned reasons)
not even in the
depths of my soul's
saudi-arabian desert
(where the wells have
sanded up and the
secret ponds are
illegible from
the insects' written characters)
i am not your mirror
(covered over by myself)

OF S_pA_pF_p

your soul can
not see itself
(for the above reasons)
not even on the
strange black flag
of my poems i
ought in principle
(outside time)
to be able to see it but can
precisely not because
the soul can only be seen
from the inside by you yourself
(via a semi-permeable)

OF S_pAP

your soul is
set by love
your soul can only
see itself in
love
can only
mirror itself in
love's invisible
mirror because it
itself is invisible
in this
world's
galerie des glaces

OF S_pA_pS_p

your soul can
not see itself
(for already advanced reasons)
not even indirectly
with a sidelong glance
into my eyes
your soul cannot
explain itself
(that would call
for a
meta-soul et cetera)
your soul is a
miracle my love

OF S_pA_pG_p

your soul can
not see itself
(compare with overleaf
reasons) not even
blindfolded
for example on
the tarot card nine
of swords – your
soul is a
postulate my love
your soul's invisibility
in which all the
visible appears

OF S F A
p p p

my soul
it is late
night is falling
blue as the koran
i feel tired
so you are to
go to bed now
i hope
to meet you in
the ka'ba of dreams
or there where
our shadows' quibli
cross each other

OF S F F
p p p

my soul
perhaps it is you
who are tired
and i who am to
go to bed now
to dream about
that massada fort
i have just seen
on television
perhaps it is
there we will
see each other again
in herod's synagogue?

OF S FP
p p

my soul
i know that you
will betray me
are you listening
you will lay out
your traps and
cunning ambushes
i actually know quite well
you will entice
me to
leap from
the cliff of sleep down
into the pool of dreams

OF S F S
p p p

my soul
(whatever that
means as time goes on)
right then: my soul
down there in
the casemate
can you hear me
down there in your own
flame-chamber:
you have tired me out
with your dialectic
nonsense you are to go to bed
now with me

OF S F G
p p p

my soul
who is dreaming
who is exchanging
the right and
left knee?
even in dreams the
split takes place
(if in dreams you for
example interpret
a dream)
is it you
who are dreaming me
or vice versa?

OF S_pS_pS_pA

yes my
love your
soul is like a
field (completely
immoral with corn)
waves of oats
under my indecency
only bend
so as to make love
and only contain
one poppy
with a finger
print blue with death

OF S_pS_pS_pF

yes my
love your soul
is like a field
(whiter than the wheel
of rye) ground swells
of innate wind
beneath
my breath
only settle down
to rest
under the cone of the sun
when my shadow
unites with yours

OF S_pS_pSP

yes my
love your
soul looks like a
field (flaming with
wheat of
flowers of sulphur)
burns off
its straw just before
noon and
sends its
columns of smoke
up under the cherry
trees up to god

OF S_pS_pS_pS

yes my
love your soul
is like a field
(immortal with barley
and yellow like van gogh's
cadmium) your soul is
larger than the space
that marks it off
from hedge to
hedge larger
than time that counts
its short circuits
(between the harvest lightnings)

OF S_pS_pS_pG

no my
love your soul
is not like a field
here now while evening
is falling with its smell
of pubis i have
tried to confine you
in the metaphor
have tried in vain
to catch you in
rectangles of green and
yellow on the
potter's field of this poem

OF S_pG_pA

dear soul
where does oblivion sit
in what distant
image of withered roses
does the trail get lost
farthest inside
your nooks and crannies
(as in that poem
by eliot you
have also almost forgotten)
i ask:
is oblivion another
gateway to eternity?

OF S_pG_pF

dear soul
if you forget then
i'll remember
among other things this
grave of words in which
i put you down on paper
beneath the crossed
damascene blades of the
summer solstice beneath
recollection's stone of black
writing like a loss of
memory if you remember then
i'll forget dear soul

OF S_pGP

dear soul
we will meet again
we will meet sub rosa
(in double confidence)
we will meet on
terraces larger than
oblivion's glass ones
there will we meet
tonight like two
spectres we
have a rendezvous
there at precisely
twelve o'clock

OF S_pG_pS

dear soul
i will tell you
where in what
region oblivion resides
it resides in
the middle of the heart
(qalb) there where
love also
puts down its
vertical in this
world's compass-rosecard
precisely there
does oblivion reside

OF S_pG_pG

dear soul
without a doubt you
are roaming round with
pregnant she-cats in
former cemeteries
where there is a smell of
methyl and rotten apples
you are probably
making boundless love while
i read the incunabula
of oblivion while
i am still engrossed in
the poetry of ibn al ahnaf

OF_pG_pA_pA

no beloved
(for the umpteenth
time) your soul is
not of barley and not
of coptic wheat
it is (as abu hafs
writes) first and foremost
darkness it is night
smelling of atropin
and the mighty flowers
of the sex your soul is
dark as light deepest
within itself

OF_pG_pA_pF

what is my soul like
you ask
i don't know
i reply
from time to time i get
a glimpse inside you
of fountains
of rose leaves
of vitriol
of the plunging
aquarides yes your soul
is perhaps like these shooting
stars inside my soul

OF_pG_pAP

is my soul
like the note of a flute
is it of the wind
am i to search for it at
night? – no that
is not how you asked me
about your soul
about the nature of your soul
no you did not ask
such a stupid question about
your soul – i have
myself invented these
questions without answer

OF_pG_pA_pS

what colour
does my soul have
you ask
blue at night
green in the daytime
i reply
but it is only
the emanation of
its own
invisibility
that does (not) show
itself openly
when you love me

OF_pG_pA_pG

your soul can
quite well have a cold
my love
it can have a head-cold
it can be in a draught
from the windows or
from the wind blowing through
the ribs it can
get wet from
night rain – i deduce
all of this from
heraclites' proposition that
the soul dies dry in battle

OF_pG_pF_pA

dear soul
i can demonstrate that
you exist a system
(in this case
the body) cannot
contain its own
description its own
model the body can
be fully described
(i.a. as a model) from this
fact you see your own
activity you see that
you exist dear soul

OF_pG_pF_pF

dear soul
precisely the fact that
you exist that you (according to
the word's true meaning)
stand out from (your own
body) that you never
will be united with
the same that you always
will only relate to
your own face as
a reflection shows that
i will never relinquish you
that we always belong together

OF_pG_pFP

dear soul
my relationship to
you (and my body)
is negative
in other words
an abstract
connection
between body and soul
is me i do not lie
i lie perhaps
i am not made of seconds
i am double-glazing
of nothing

OF_pG_pF_pS

dear soul
so we are in
separable like moments are
once they have passed
you and i
who i saw is who you
saw is inseparable are we
in our reciprocity like
the moon and its scar
(and it is not the body
i am talking about now)
it is you and me in our
infinite reflection

OF_pG_pF_pG

dear soul
once more we have ended
up in a maze of
black silver (behind mutant
roses) i am not
at all inside you
(or in the body)
i am the negative
third which is
less than nothing
but more than something
i am high i am deep i am
a somersault on paper

OF_pG_pS_pA

yes my love
your soul is black
from time to time black
as joy division black
as a shoe-horn black
as friedrich's 'melan
colie' that hangs above
my writing desk (most
poets either have that
or dürer's hanging there)
that is how i answer
your question if
you are melancholy

OF_pG_pS_pF

your sudden
gloom is due neither
to black gall
nor your mars
neptune conjunction
it is due to
your soul being too close
to your body
that light is thus
almost extinguished
as when alloys
are decomposed
to black silver

OF_pG_pSP

the position of the moon
quickens your
melancholy because
your menstruation
begins because the heart
is heavier
than usual
because the blood is
thicker than usual
with copper
because the body
attracts its soul
more than usual

OF_pG_pS_pS

melancholy
is not an illness
of the soul it is
a state of
existence which
means: it is a
question of
the naked: that
you are in the world
it is in a certain
sense a lack
of insight
a lack of light

OF_pG_pS_pG

you are lined with
deerskin
(yes writing that
is a load of piss)
but so soft are you
this evening when
the snuff of melancholy
smokes between us
like an extinct family
like a swedish charcoal stack
this evening when
we scarcely touch
each other with the soul

OF_pG_pG_pA

mr soul
you and i have now
reached an agreement
i am not inside
you and you are not inside
me i only administer
the connection between
you and your body
(like some sort of nothing)
so i will therefore not
waste your time any more
with analyses of my
innumerable reduplications

OF_pG_pG_pF

mr soul
(votre serviteur)
i am not your
better half and you are
not my shadow
(how would
transparency
be able to cast a shadow
anywhere else than in
the imagination?)
i am your familiar
spirit but take care it
could be the opposite

OF_pG_pGP

mr soul
you are a scoundrel
of the first water
a villain parbleu
by my socks
you are a fool
you laid in ambush
played on
my feelings
on my heart
you broke the marquis of
queens
bury's rules you are ma foi
a traitor monsieur

OF_pG_pG_pS

mr soul
it's deadly earnest now
you are challenged to
a duel meet me behind
Our Lady's Church
early tomorrow
my seconds will
be reason and logic
you may choose weapons:
the morning star of darkness
or the foil of light
i am sir
yours faithfully etc etc

OF_pG_pG_pG

mr soul
who can win over
an abstraction
a nothing with
anything else than
ineffectual gestures
i have ultimately
language on my side
just listen: i have
defeated myself
who is 'myself'
you are
my dear mr klutz

OA_pA_pA_pA

the soul whispers
to me behind
the night's marienglas:
you are a
wimp
you do not dare
be evil
what is all that
nonsense you're talking
about goodness
it just turns out
to be an excuse
for weakness

OA_pA_pA_pF

it is an
old song
mr soul i reply
out the corner
of my mouth
just suppose that
evil only exists
for the sake of goodness
then your
entire theory would
become an excuse
for yourself
a flight from yourself

OA_pA_pAP

the soul continues:
your beloved's soul
is of such
clarity
of such carat
that yours looks
like a dirty window pane
in comparison
like an
industrial diamond next
to it – you are yourself
this magic mirror
clean it yourself – mr soul

OA_pA_pA_pS

listen
the soul rejoins and
twists up
my spine like
the snake on an
Aesculapius's staff
can you really
resist the temptation
to burn
your beloved's russian
icon her soul
which is so beautiful that
it makes your eyes smart?

OA_pA_pA_pG

furthermore
mr soul it is
my privilege
to add pain to
her joy in order to
complete it
it has become my
duty to whet
each intercourse on the
edge of a samurai sword
(almost to the point of rape)
so she can be
united with death

OA_pA_pF_pA

this morning
i see (admittedly
with the inner
eye) your soul standing
taut as a bow
of light like a
meridian between
crown and pubis
the sufis must have
overlooked something
or other some accidents
in woman's mind
i think befuddled with sleep

OA_pA_pF_pF

your soul is
perhaps larger than mine
contains without a doubt
greater memories
longer boxtree hedgerows
of oblivion (small cones'
chevaux de frise along
the suture of night)
but my soul
on the other hand
is heavier
than yours heavy
as the cross in the moon

OA_pA_pFP

the soul has
its longing
for the close
more than for
the distant
(the distant
beloved etc)
has its longing
as a lack
in existence
(in the long nothing
of distance)
the soul misses its body

OA_pA_pF_pS

your soul is
probably clearer
than mine
open as a door out
onto the october sun's
dragon's tail of smoke
it is pure as the
seventh stage
but my soul is
denser than yours
dense as thyme
dense as the dark
under our bed

OA_pA_pF_pG

perhaps your soul
is finer than
mine (in its
filigree) like
lacework of
dawn that is hanging
down over the heart
but my soul is
sharper than yours
can suddenly tear
the tulle of your optimism
your seventh veil with
a single sword cut

OA_pA_pS_pA

mr soul
october has arrived
with its shut-down
iron foundry its
rusty ovens let us
lay down our weapons let
us walk outside together
and look at the stars
falling like chestnuts
between us – you and i
and our body must surely
be able to cool our
hostility in all this splendour

OA_pA_pS_pF

mr soul
shall we go out
to the cemetery
where summer
is lowering its lance
towards the sunset's
closed visor
shall we go out there
together and consult
the dead – who will die
by the way when that
time comes at some point
you or i?

OA_pA_pSP

mr soul
in reality
this is due to the fact
that i base
existence on
a second relation
vertical to
the first
therefore you
will meet death
while i will be redeemed
while i will
merely find the way home

OA_pA_pS_pS

mr soul
out here we can
not conceal
the truth in
autumn's livery
you will die
sir
you will follow
the body to the landscape
of silver and primroses
while i can
not die because i
have never lived

OA_pA_pS_pG

mr soul
this phenomenon
we can call decreation
or immanation
where light lights
into itself
where light leaves behind
'the world' (which means
you and your
body mr soul)
in absolute darkness
in short: where light
abandons you to death

OA A G A
p p p

my love
perhaps it is
with the soul as
with death
the closer we get
to it the more
incomprehensible it
becomes in its
transparency in its
unforeseeability
like the phenomena in
one reading
of complementarity

OA A G F
p p p

so that the ob
server (his proximity
or distance)
influences the object and
vice versa – in a different
way: that you close to can
not foresee the soul in its
wholeness and far from
cannot see it with
sufficient clarity
this paradox of the spirit
we could call
the soul's valentine to us

OA A GP
p p

my love
perhaps the soul
is like love
a fata morgana
in itself perhaps
the soul needs
another soul with wings
of red salt with wings
of tulip petals
to be mature
perhaps the soul first
finds its reality
in another soul

OA A G S
p p p

my love
perhaps it is with
the soul as with
a poem: once
it has been
written down
it is too late
once you have
observed the soul
it is too late
because it
has already been
changed by the look

OA A G G
p p p

my love
perhaps it is
with the soul as
with the snow in april:
the sun melts
it in five seconds
and like it
sinks into the ground
the soul withdraws
into its
darkness
(its hell)
at every angel's light

OA F A A
p p p

dear soul
you are obviously
obliged to get
me drunk
in order to
extend the boundaries
of your territory
at my expense
but then you sweep
in over me
like a tiger's claw
of foam a wave
cut of hokusai

OA F A F
p p p

dear soul
then you come in
at two o'clock with
a loaded pistol
and threaten me
or you challenge
me for
example
to challenge you
but who
has then
the real copyright
to fear?

OA F AP
p p

dear soul
you are afraid
of becoming
pure soul
that is
nothing
without my intervention
(my mediateness)
that is the definition
of fear
you are scared stiff
of not being able to come
to yourself/your self

OA F A S
p p p

dear soul
at that moment
you are a tom-cat
then you take
over completely
then you rip four
poems to bits and
rant and rave
but it is your fear
it is you
who deep down
are afraid
of losing me

OA F A G
p p p

dear soul
the soul alone in
the world
without its body and
without me (as in
the republic of dreams)
what a frightful
chapter in
your diary just admit
that you are unable
to do without me
that you would miss me
that i am your condition

OA_pF_pF_pA

(the book of dreams)
what did this
image have to do
with your soul
the peacock that stood
in the foreground
greener than even
the equinox as if
it had been embroidered
with silk
was it really keeping
guard at some
threshold or other?

OA_pF_pF_pF

how was i
to cross this
bridge of cross-stitch
between you and me
would it not
be a mistake
to break the balance
even though the castle
in the background
gleamed more clearly than
isfahan would the
union of the souls
precisely not be perdition

OA_pF_pFP

i went on
as usual
i looked at
the four roses
bright red as
the blood of cherubs
in early morning
i drew
a circle round you
and my soul
touched yours
like a tangent
purer than that of geometry

OA_pF_pF_pS

why did the clouds
hang low like
frozen vegetables
why were they whiter
than the cotton that
they were sewn from
did they symbolise
a loss of memory
or only themselves
was i to see
them as the soul's
frost-bite or
go on as usual?

OA_pF_pF_pG

what did this
woven carpet have to do
with your soul
why did i
notice the water lilies
whiter than a
mandala and the forest edge
barbed like jealousy?
it was perhaps
beauty that caused me
to make
this comparison –
beauty yes

OA_pF_pS_pA

my soul
what more do you want
than this desire
to complete
another soul
and in so doing yourself
what more do you
want than
this light that comes
down from the sky
like corten steel
in the fourth plate
of mutus liber?

OA_pF_pS_pF

my soul
what more do you want
than this life
so rich in pain
where you
have found your
other half
what more do you want
than this
wholeness more beautiful
and lovely
than 'der tod
und das mädchen'?

OA_pF_pSP

my soul
we call you 'mind'
'psyche' – 'butterfly'
indeed for many
reasons as in
a surrealist
film but
what else are we
to do (you
lovely swan etc)
when you are precisely
intangible
and inexpressible?

OA_pF_pS_pS

my soul
what more do you want
than this
other soul
that is only
separated from you
by one single
lit
candle and
that but a
single puff
would
unite you with?

OA_pF_pS_pG

my soul
what more do you want
than this
second that
is like a hundred
years what more do
you want my soul
than this
moment
between december's
last roses full
of snow and
incomprehensibility?

OA_pF_pG_pA

my soul
it is not of course
you that i
capture in the mesh
of the poem nor
the body nor
passion
(who can catch
a snowstorm?)
the poem here is ex
clusively my work
written on my
own squared paper

OA_pF_pG_pF

my soul
it is myself
i catch
in the poem's net
of concepts
(abstractum
in abstracto)
the rest is
grasping and
mirroring
or the rest
is silence
in-expression

OA_pF_pGP

my soul
like a beggar
you come
to me what
shall i help
you with? i
cannot
write much
more than
myself down
i can really
only describe
you my soul

OA_pF_pG_pS

my soul
that means
that the poem is
the i's butterfly
net (the concepts)
for catching
itself and grasping
'the world' in
that the poem is the i's
(the abstract)
placing itself above
or back in
the writing (the concrete)

OA_pF_pG_pG

my soul
which in turn means
that the poem is the i's
(the infinite the
infinite reflection)
de-termination
that the poem is the i's
writing itself down
in finitude
in the writing's massive
drought of signs and
concepts that the poem
is the blitz of the moment

OA_pS_pA_pA

my soul
the i cannot
catch cannot
grasp itself
because no one
is able
by himself to
comprehend his wholeness
before he is dead
and then he
can precisely
not grasp it this
must be obvious

OA_pS_pA_pF

my soul
since this is
the case what then is
the poem first and foremost?
it is the i's
covered moments
(from the point where it
abstracted itself)
down into the lobster
pot of concepts
into the writing's
concreto it is
the i's dead-man's handle

OA_pS_pAP

my soul
that must be enough
by now dammit
more than enough
i admit
that i am in the process
of speculating you to death
i have almost
lost you
i have
almost done
for you
my soul

OA_pS_pA_pS

my soul
in reality the poem
is of course
much more than
this pain this
small cerebral haemorrhage
at its height
the poem is the downstroke
of the eternal in temporality
at its height
the poem is
a coup de grâce
sic! messieurs les poètes!

OA_pS_pA_pG

my soul
i propose that
we get together here
round this teak table
(at the mind's latitude)
and discuss a
cease-fire
i give you
the syllogisms
if you give me
the archetypes
do you agree to
that exchange?

OA_pS_pF_pA

the soul showed me
this image
this morning:
you are lying stark
naked on a damask
upholstered sofa
your legs wide open
is it your soul
or is it my
soul's anima smoking
with nitrogen perhaps it
is just a vague memory
of a tarot card?

OA_pS_pF_pF

you are lying on your stomach
in the madder lake of the
half-shadows (as a titian
would have painted you)
with your sex gaping
like a death-mask
is it your soul
or is it only
rudiments from
surrealism's
classical period
i can see in my
cranium's laterna magica?

OA_pS_pFP

the soul pulls
this image up
out of memories'
top hat:
you are lying there
on silk looking
like a demi-monde
in a film
by bunuel
on the skin of your back
i can see a small
invisible wound is it
your soul that's bleeding?

OA_pS_pF_pS

your head
is hidden from me
beneath a drapery
i consider
your right shoulder
blade's embryo wing and
find myself
thinking of nike from
samothrake:
the goddess of victory
is your soul then
only a headless
statue in me?

OA_pS_pF_pG

the only thing
that does not fit
is the rococo sofa
if i push
the image in over
reality like
a slide with
you in focus
it fits
your figure down to
the smallest details
so it is
not an archetype

OA_pS_pS_pA

tableau no two:
you are standing in a
church with seven
red roses in
your hand i can see that
your ivory-coloured
shoes fit
your foot exactly
just as in
the fairytale and
you really have a
halo round
the hair's shampoo wash

OA_pS_pS_pF

you do not look like
lucia di lammermoor
or a sculpture
of metal (for example
cast by shadow)
your dress is white
and reaches down to
your knees which
are not curved
from rickets
you look quite
normal there
in the ellipse of light

OA_pS_pSP

my soul
you are cheating why
are you hiding false
cards up your sleeve with
motifs from libavius'
works this image
really depicts
my love
in a wedding gown
i can compare it
with the photograph here
as easily as anything
with reality there

OA_pS_pS_pS

your eyes
look in such a blue
and naughty way at me
that my heart
goes fluxus
even now here where
i am only looking at
this image
inside the head's
aristotle lamp
this
wedding picture
in a sky-blue frame

OA_pS_pS_pG

my soul
you do not show me
any more of your
secrets (at most a
niche with a black
bust of adlercreutz)
your caustic soda
has been used up it is
i who now show
you images from
'the world of reality'
with my electronic flash
(das kleine fünklein)

O A S G A
p p p

my soul
you are finished now
which means
that you are grown-up now
the time of fairytales
is past
no more princesses
in chains and knights
on white horses
no more
butterflies that
re-form themselves
or flesh to word

O A S G F
p p p

my soul
what about that
red admiral that i am
writing into the poem
more beautiful than its
symbol you might ask
i answer you
in my own way
it is only my
piss-mark the seal
of my immortality
it is my
copyright to this poem

O A S GP
p p

my soul
why i am writing
this to you
is easy to understand
you are grown-up now
(with all your faults)
yourself now
(on the head of a
pin) the rest
is my business
in a certain way
you cannot transform
yourself any more

O A S G S
p p p

my soul
as teresa writes:
the small butterfly
is dead now
it no longer
flies around
on the edge of vision
like a gaspard
de la nuit
it has found
love under its centre's
burning-glass it is
united with god

O A S G G
p p p

my daimon
there you are borne by
the night
there you bear
the day on your wings
there it has
become your task
to atone light
with darkness
there you have lost
yourself there you
have become me
my butterfly

OA_pG_pA_pA

my soul
you will surely
take revenge on me
because i have
led you out of
your dark caverns
(where you sat
bound for so long)
because i have
pulled you out of
your cave allegory
out under the sun's
sudden drumbeat

OA_pG_pA_pF

my soul
which of us
is dreaming which of us
is the butterfly
in chuang tzu's dream?
if we two
were both
each other's dream
then we would
also be
real
both of us my
beautiful red admiral

OA_pG_pAP

my soul
even dreams have to
be managed they
call for solicitude
precisely because they can
not be the element
(as a class) of
their own class
without paradoxical
consequences therefore you
are now my butterfly
to fly between
their blind busts

OA_pG_pA_pS

my soul
this insight
calls however
(as in chuang tzu's
narrative) for a waking
state it calls for
a third eye outside of
sleep and dream
namely me ergo i am
the one awake my soul and
i can therefore
serenely send you back
to the realm of dreams

OA_pG_pA_pG

my butterfly
there you are to lay
your eggs of light
on the island of the graces
(by wiedewelt)
there you are to hover
over the bunsen burner
of pain on the wings
of your happiness
there you are to celebrate
and serve
love there
you have your final home

OA_pG_pF_pA

my soul
chuang tzu dreamt
the butterfly and not
vice versa precisely because
the butterfly (as in
the narrative) was never
awake and the problem
would therefore not have been
able to arise it is easy
to see that if you first have
got lost in the labyrinths
you otherwise will run into
(see OA_pG_pF_pAP-S)

OA_pG_pF_pF

my soul
i have made you
into a dream
you are that butterfly
that sought the light
to be consumed
and the light was so the
sleeping one woke up
and realised that you
were a dream a
real dream
between the assyrian
poppies of illusion

OA_pG_pFP

my soul
illusions
greater than the poem
kisses without pain
the shadows of
silhouettes
you saw them
extinguished them
in the flames'
english salt
when i woke
the dream
is fulfilled

OA_pG_pF_pS

my soul
you were my dream
of myself
that butterfly
that dreamed the light
it was to
perish in
when i opened my eyes
and knew that
i too was
only a spark of
a much larger
and purer fire

OA_pG_pF_pG

my soul
anna quast broke
the rules when she
painted: still life
with butterfly
this is an
emblem you too
broke the rules when
you realised
your longing when you
flew out of your
own nature morte more
beautiful than any dream

OA_pG_pS_pA

well then my soul
(as grundtvig writes)
we've had quite enough
of all that butterfly
nonsense you have
unfolded your own wings
and been united
with god
so now be glad
celebrate christmas
in david's city
i.e. your
innermost jerusalem

OA_pG_pS_pF

well then my soul
we have met
each other under the winter
solstice's anemone
we have met
each other at the centre
where it hurts
because light
uncovers
every nook and cranny
i.e. there where
you spilt
the salt of your youth

OA_pG_pSP

well then my soul
this is perhaps a
presumption
but were we to believe
less or are
we to believe more than that
is belief
in actual fact
not like love
without boundaries
belief is neither
a more or less
is it not absolute?

OA_pG_pS_pS

well then my soul
the snow is falling here
like ash from
the stars but
we know better
we know that it
is a great
loving-kindness that
is being granted us
that it is the rose petals
of the holy spirit
that are slowly filling
the vessel of the heart

OA_pG_pS_pG

well then my soul
when i wrote
in a dream:
eliot is in paradise
and when pound wrote
some place else:
le paradis n'est pas
artificiel what
can be deduced from
this cryptic
syllogism? more than
enough i have nothing else
to say right now

OA_pG_pG_pA

what became of your
soul in the meantime
my love
in what words did i
hold it captive in
what white
parenthesis of
christianity did i
hold one
half from
the other so
even your body of
nakedness became alien?

OA_pG_pG_pF

your soul and
my soul are not one
they are added together
to a greater oneness
than the number one
or vice versa as in
the algebra of infinity:
that infinite plus
infinite still
only remains infinite
your soul and mine
meet in a point of
a second cardinality

OA_pG_pGP

your soul stood
at the centre motionless
like a heron
held me fast
in myself
your soul stood in
sleep's diamond
so i could
walk in my sleep
without
getting lost
in the chinese silk
of dreams

OA_pG_pG_pS

there i held you
fast in the poem's
moment my love
if i cut myself
on the light
you bled
if you hit
yourself in the dark
i cried out
there i held you
fast in the name
of love (in the third
coordinate of pain)

OA_pG_pG_pG

there we woke up
together under the crown of
the mulberry white as an
electroshock
eye to eye soul to
soul almost as in
paul's epistle and we
knew that the rest was
a question of
managing the eleven
kilos of love
that god had
assigned us in the flesh

OS_pA_pA_pA

dear soul
we are on the
other side –
of what?
the moon-mountain of poetry
shame
or the mirrors of darkness?
it cannot
be you
since no one
can be
on the other side
of oneself

OS_pA_pA_pF

dear soul
therefore it can
not either
be me
on the other
side of myself
i can hardly
be there
(on a male dromedary
for example)
because i
and me are strictly
speaking the same

OS_pA_pAP

dear soul
i can
on the one hand
be said to be
beside myself
or
outside myself
is language playing
with itself
or is it
cheating
both me
and itself?

OS_pA_pA_pS

dear soul
we could find ourselves
together on the
far side of
tiger mountain
or the yellow river
but it is our
mutual relationship
(the displacement between
us) that i am trying
to map
not our relation
to 'the world'

OS_pA_pA_pG

dear soul
a jigsaw puzzle
can be right
piece by piece
number by number
there may also be
four pieces or
one piece finally missing
and lastly
there may be one
piece too many:
presumably
our problem

OS_pA_pF_pA

dear soul
language does not lie
when i say:
'i see myself in the mirror'
language shows directly
the image of existence
that the i constantly
shoots itself out
like a space capsule from
the body (or a stag
from the soul) that the i
constantly stands out from
as the signifier of existence

OS_pA_pF_pF

dear soul
language does not lie
when i say:
'i hit myself on the foot'
the process of objectivity
is shown directly: that
the i relates
to me (body and soul)
that the i constantly
shoots itself out
from a past (perhaps only
by a tenth of
a second) which then is me

OS_pA_pFP

dear soul
in this poem
i am now writing down
on the paper
language is also writing
itself – it writes with
language in language
writes itself forward
behind the words
should it lie?
language is neither
true nor false perhaps
it merely demonstrates

OS_pA_pF_pS

dear soul
language does not lie
when i say:
'i'll buy myself a lion
from iran next year'
(this is an imaginary
example) language shows
directly that there is
a re-ference
(a schism) between
the i and the me and
why in all the world
should grammar lie?

OS_pA_pF_pG

dear soul
language does not lie
when i say
'arhus is made of brass'
it is my
own lie
when i say
'i am be
side myself'
language is only
replying to
what i am claiming
at the same moment

OS_pA_pS_pA

dear soul
perhaps the over
stepping is not logical
(from A to B)
and not causal
(as between copper and
verdigris) perhaps the over
stepping is not
even mental
(from the heart to the night)
the overstepping
that i am speaking of is
of a different nature i think

OS_pA_pS_pF

dear soul
'überstehen ist alles'
rilke writes
to wolf graf von
kalckreuth
that is the
opposite of an
overstepping
rather a kind of purple
of the heart in honour
of the dead it is not
that path we two have
taken together

OS_pA_pSP

dear soul
the overstepping has
no metaphysics in the
usual sense
no connections
of a secret nature
(as max ernst's paintings)
there is no
raven in its seal
it is not of gold
it does not take place to
the right it does not occur
through a hollow alder

OS_pA_pS_pS

dear soul
crossover is a
better word here
than overstepping
at any rate i prefer
to use it
from now on
because this action
springs more from
an act of will than from
necessity
even though in the last
instance it is incomprehensible

OS_pA_pS_pG

dear soul
the crossover is not
at all illogical (no bridge leads
from A to -A)
or random (as
the connection between
'mouth' and 'elbow' for
example) i do not really
know how i am to
express it – perhaps
with these words: the cross
over is paradoxical like a
solo by ornette coleman

OS_pA_pG_pA

beloved
between you and me
there are no books
about roses no
concerts by keith
jarrett between me and
you there is no
night are no mornings
from you to me
there are no pergolas
no dreams about light
between us quite simply:
nothing

OS_pA_pG_pF

beloved
between you and me
there are no cold
sores no pictures
of mont martre in the rain
from your soul to mine
there are no streets
not even ryesgade street
from my heart to yours
there are no saxophones
not even coltrane's
between us quite simply:
nothing

OS_pA_pGP

beloved
the aces of spades does
not lie between us
between our hearts
there are no
telling looks from
you to me
as in operas
almost deadly
there is nothing
from you to me
between us quite simply:
nothing

OS_pA_pG_pS

beloved
between you and me
there is no grey
wish-stone with
holes in no cigarette
paper from your soul to
mine there are no tele
phones no pedestrian
crossings between my
heart and yours there is no
apple core no seventh
veil between us quite
simply: nothing

OS_pA_pG_pG

beloved
from your heart to mine
there is no path no
gallery of mirrors
from my soul to yours
there is not a millimetre
not the fraction of a
second because there is no
distance are no
times in the absolute
between us quite simply:
nothing
except god

OS F A A
p p p

dear soul
crossover has
of course something
to do with
going under just as descant
and base belong together
going under also
leads to a far
side (not of a
long chinese wall)
that is greener
than even
the thistles' scotland

OS F A F
p p p

dear soul
i have crossed over
and you have gone under
(I took the
high-road and
you took the
low-road and
I was in scotland
afore you)
to this region
greener than
even
the dreams' ben nevis

OS F AP
p p

dear soul
'the broken heart
it kens nae second
spring' as we now do
closer than before
as we two meet
each other again
on the bank of
sortedam lake
which lies
like a birth
mark darker
than all tears

OS F A S
p p p

dear soul
the lovers probably
never met in that
song 'on the bonnie
bonnie banks o' loch
lomond' as
we two now do
this evening
in the four hundred
and seventy
seventh poem after
separation's
babylonian year

OS F A G
p p p

dear soul
the crossover is
of course deep
down from you to me
a change of thrones
has taken place
by decree but
as you know
all decisions are
just as incomprehensible
at the time of their
execution as gold and
the all sorrow's thistles

OS_pF_pF_pA

dear poet
i am obviously
to be a second-rate
actor a
deus ex machina
in your performance
a raindrop or
a rose petal in
your fragrant garden
says the soul
as its smile
is crookedly reflected
on my lips

OS_pF_pF_pF

dear poet
it could
conceivably also
be vice versa
i.e. that you
are merely my mouthpiece
my ventriloquist's dummy
a puppet
in the theatre of my
secrets
have you thought
of that
obvious possibility?

OS_pF_pFP

dear soul
you are almost
the whole (plus
my body) so
that i am basically
only the helmsman
(kybernetes)
i am with all
respect only
a small vessel
a trireme
on your seven
mighty seas

OS_pF_pF_pS

dear soul
in reality
i am as you
of course know: nothing
an abstraction
that binds you
and the body together
(reflections in an
amethyst) so
there is nobody
(mr nobody)
to act with
or instruct

OS_pF_pF_pG

dear soul
i am not
even
present always
a fraction ahead
of existence
always shot out
of the now's
white carnation
i am always out
and about too early
i am really
a mr nobody

OS_pF_pS_pA

dear soul
propositio: a
computer a
computer of vast
capacity where
my body (thighs blood nails
and brain etc) are
the hardware and you
my soul (with your
images of snakes etc)
are the software
let me then
be the control unit

OS_pF_pS_pF

dear soul not a commodore 64
but a copy cat
coral (a fictive
brand) full of
bits ram bytes
and whatever
else they are known as
full of infinite
loops and
feedback mechanisms
or whatever
they are called

OS_pF_pSP

dear soul
a computer
with emotions as
variables inside
the storage a
computer as
large as love
i ask
you to
take part in this
intellectual experiment
for
your own sake

OS_pF_pS_pS

dear soul
propositio: the world's
largest computer
man as
computer with
life death magenta
and foeticide
built into the programs
imagine
such a construction
i ask you
to imagine yourself
as such a computer

OS_pF_pS_pG

dear soul
perhaps not an
impossibility in itself
but impossible
to think
or imagine
because the thinking person
cannot be completely contained
in the system he
thinks – because he
cannot think
himself as included in
the totality of the system

OS_pF_pG_pA

dear soul
there it is again
this little i
which not even
with the brute force
of the devil or
god's help can be
pressed into its
own system the
ridiculousness that it
absolutely must sit
in the kennel
outside the meissner castle

OS_pF_pG_pF

dear soul
there it is again
this little nothing
that not even
with metaphysics
or with higher
logic can
be placed in its
own totality the
brazen cheek that it
absolutely must see itself
separated from its hand
from its legs and buttocks

OS_pF_pGP

dear soul
the bagatelle of the i
is not much larger
than a comma in
the finished poem in
the great epic
and maybe the work has
into the bargain been written
without any
commas whatsoever
but the poet nevertheless
stumbles over
precisely this comma

OS_pF_pG_pS

dear soul
there it is again
this little abstraction
that not even
with political tricks
or with police
batons can be pressed
into its own
concretion the
foolishness that it
absolutely must stay
in freedom outside
the necessity of history

OS_pF_pG_pG

dear soul
there it is again
existence's standing
out from existence's
small crack in the base
of the porcelain
that not even life can
close or burn
together again with its
own death the stupidity that
it must shoot itself out
of its umbra
of its own biology

OS_pS_pA_pA

dear soul
if you place a
piece of paper
on the table in front of you
and you try
to describe
the table
on this paper
you will have difficulties
you will soon realise this:
the description of the paper
of the paper of
the paper never stops

OS_pS_pA_pF

dear soul
in principle you can
make an index
of the whole world
(the universe when it comes
to that) down to the smallest
detail (an archimedes'
screw for example) you can
even introduce dead
persons (sheik nafzawi
for example) the only thing you
cannot include
is precisely your index

OS_pS_pAP

dear soul
i ex-sist life
you sit inside life
i am out in the cold
i exist
in reality
myself out
at a constant distance
you in-sist
in a
certain way
into
the magic circle

OS_pS_pA_pS

dear soul
in principle i can
see through everything
about you your night side
for example where
the cherry trees of sorrow
shed their blossoms
of snow (i re
peat in principle)
the only thing
that i can
not see through
is myself

OS_pS_pA_pG

dear soul
it is i hope
clear from the
above that
a system cannot
contain its
own explanation
that in its totality it
can only be understood from outside
and it is that which
existence in its
constant overstepping
the now is all about

OS_pS_pF_pA

my soul
i wrote that you
in-sist
(stand into)
what do you insist
on? – you stand
firm on what is yours
you do not want to be
me – yourself
this is
the first
of the two
despairs

OS_pS_pF_pF

my soul
you do not want to come
out of hiding you
want to remain in your
body's kamasutra
you do not want to risk
that feeling of guilt and
shame that
existence
involves you want
to live in the desert salt and
your blood's happiness
you do not want to be free

OS_pS_pFP

my soul
you want to escape
the effort
of existing
which for natural
reasons cannot
be done – hence
the despair you want
to vegetate – you want
necessity
you want as your body:
forget me
therefore you despair

OS_pS_pF_pS

my soul
you do not want to
assume the burden of
existence
you most want to live
without conscience
(i.e. without knowledge
of the totality)
you most want to
just live
you do not want to be
human but
a kind of vegetable

OS_pS_pF_pG

my soul
you want to be rid of
the relationship you want
to be rid of yourself
you want to be rid of
the abstraction
your want yourself
enough but
that is not enough
since you cannot
do without precisely
me
(your existence)

OS_pS_pS_pA

my soul
i on the contrary only
want to exist
want to be out of everything
i want to be out
of you and my body
(i want in a sense
to be out of my head)
so as to be able
to explain
everything
that is the second of
the two despairs

OS_pS_pS_pF

my soul
i only want my
self want to explain
myself i want
to create myself
by a kind of
judo hold i want
to pull myself up
by the hair i
am trying like an earthworm
to eat myself
from one end
to the other

OS_pS_pSP

my soul
in short: i
cannot be an
explanation to myself
i can explain
the system (of my
body and soul)
relatively but not
explain myself
(existence) absolutely
it is despair
basically to want
to try this at the conclusion

OS_pS_pS_pS

my soul
on the one hand:
i cannot completely
get outside the totality
(as you have seen
demonstrated so clearly)
on the other hand:
i cannot
explain the same
totality from the inside
(which has been
demonstrated equally clearly)
that is the despair

OS_pS_pS_pG

my soul
if my life is
thus not a system it is
inexplicable (in
principle) and if
it is a system it is
also inexplicable
because i cannot
step outside myself
cannot completely step outside
my totality
(my concretion)
without losing existence

OS_pS_pG_pA

my soul
it is at this
point in my
poem that i must
fall back on god
as an explanation
of my life
god as the completely
externally existing
and absolutely different
who for precisely that reason
could explain my
forty-seven-year-old life

OS_pS_pG_pF

my soul
so as to avoid any
misunderstanding i
must state at this point
that it is not
only my life but
life as such
(generally) i am seeking
to elucidate am seeking an
explanation of
my life is merely
a random representative
of life

OS_pS_pGP

my soul
i will not try
out of ignorance or
absent-mindedness to
prove god's existence
to you – existence can
naturally not
be proved either in
logic in metaphysics
or in reality
that is clear since
demonstrandum
would be preassumed

OS_pS_pG_pS

my soul
this means
on the one hand
that the problem applies
to all humanity
and on the other
hand that the problem
applies to each single
individual even though this
individual should happen to be
the only one on
the earth or in the universe
for that matter

OS_pS_pG_pG

my soul
nor can i ever
prove to you
that a moroccan
leather saddle or
a lydian war horse
exists but that
what exists
is a moroccan
leather saddle
or a lydian
war horse quod
erat demonstrandum

OS_pG_pA_pA

my soul
rejoice – yea rejoice
at the
magnificent and
inexplicable wonder
that life is
at the last and
utmost cause
at the absolute
and other condition
which is just as
inexplicable
as you are yourself

OS_pG_pA_pF

my soul
rejoice – yea stop
all reflections
and speculations
in the blue quartz
of error
the decision rises
in the east like
a sun over the
scrub of conclusion
you are to place
your innermost ear
to the miracles of the word

OS_pG_pAP

my soul
rejoice – like a
muezzin at
his prayer rest
like the she-camel
in the desert
therefore you do not have
to explain yourself any more
in your
inexplicability
therefore you shall
rejoice in the vibrato
of your silence

OS_pG_pA_pS

my soul
rejoice – and believe
in the inexplicable
that explains you
the utmost cause
outside you
the absolutely different
outside you
that you
cannot
reject either
since you already
are related to it

OS_pG_pA_pG

my soul
rejoice
'pull down thy
vanity, paquin
the green casque
has outdone
your elegance'
you cannot
explain yourself
by means of yourself
in yourself by
yourself 'pull
down thy vanity'

OS_pG_pF_pA

my soul
be content
with the light
and the paraffin
of darkness
let them burn in
the secret bonfire of
the second fire as
in an emerald
there where horizontal
crosses vertical
resign yourself to
this sighting cross

OS_pG_pF_pF

my soul
desist from the hassle
of life from
all your opinions
about this and that let
fickleness
perish in tall
atlantic mirrors
there where you
have collected yourself
with me as a
second silence
desist my soul

OS_pG_pFP

my soul
give yourself up to
the night and
to the day
give yourself up to
the incomprehensibility
of the paradox
that is more
than enough
give way to
the sun as
the snow in
march my soul

OS_pG_pF_pS

my soul
give way
that is enough
give way to
love
like the snowdrop
give way to
the wind in march
bow to
love as
the snowdrop
bows to the rain
give way my soul

OS_pG_pF_pG

my soul
give yourself up
even though no one can
give himself up without
being a self
and the self is first
gain by the act of giving
give yourself in beneath
this paradox
whiter than an
apostle's hair
give in to the
innermost waterfalls inside you

OS_pG_pS_pA

my soul
forget your worries
by the thousand to which
there is no other
answer than swarms of midges
let a new erasmus
prove his own
existence as long as
we two can meet
each other in
the garden of prohibition in
a proximity that has not
set itself

OS_pG_pS_pF

my soul
let others dance
a peacock dance
on the pinnacle of honour
let others simply
explain everything
(i.e. nothing)
let others simply
find the solution to
everything in each other and
by each other we two will
though even so
only redeem each other

OS_pG_pSP

my soul
walk with me
across the
gleaming bridges of spring
leap with me out
of the head
then we will seek
the heart
then we will find
the heart instead
let us
together find
heartland

OS_pG_pS_pS

my soul
what is man
if not
division
and overstepping
it to unity
which is inexplicable
without god
and with god
which nevertheless
is just as
real as that faith
in which it is grounded

OS_pG_pS_pG

my soul
this crossover
we can ourselves
decide we have
to wait for it like
paul had to wait
for his chronic light
near damascus
let us therefore do
without busyness and
every form of business
let us erect
our tent in silence

OS_pG_pG_pA

my soul
the tiny spot
in the brain rough
with sandpaper where
no moon shines
leave it
the barren tree-circle
of thought dry with
ochre where no
shadow falls
among the cones of
the box tree leave
it my soul

OS_pG_pG_pF

my soul
turn around
long enough you have
travelled westwards there
where all questions
end like lemmings
at the sea
there where
all meanings
disappear like
insects in
the silence
turn around my soul

OS_pG_pGP

my soul
only submit
to love
bend down
over me with
your shadow of
umbra i
need your wing
of chitin
against the brightest
light while
i am waiting here

OS_pG_pG_pS

my soul
fall down (not
necessarily flat on your face)
kneel in the evening's
red salt
i.e. on
the border of
reason there
where you both
are outside and inside
close to
the place where you
have always been

OS_pG_pG_pG

my soul
lean in over
yourself
in over the
double paradox of
your centre from which
the juniper smoke rises
as from distant
mountain plateaus
lean in
over the last
letters missing
from your name

OG_pA_pA_pA

my soul
it is precisely here
that the smallest
occurrence can
radically change
'the world'
here at the utmost
point of exertion
unnoticed by
others as when
a rose petal
falls from the corolla
somewhere or other

OG_pA_pA_pF

my soul
it is precisely here
that the smallest
tremor can radically
change 'the world'
here in the catalogue
of pain's position
no twenty-three
unnoticed by
others as when
a drop of blood
falls from the heart
somewhere or other

OG_pA_pAP

my soul
it is precisely here
on the line
sore as a nerve
stretched out between
the towers of existence
tighter than
a steel wire
it is precisely here
that only
the trust of
decision
can save you

OG_pA_pA_pS

my soul
it is precisely here
that the least
wavering can
radically change
'the world'
here at the innermost
centre of existence
unnoticed by
others as when
a person
falls from god
somewhere or other

OG_pA_pA_pG

my soul
it is precisely here
that the least
doubt can
radically change
'the world'
here above the seventy
thousand fathoms of the abyss
unnoticed by
others as when
an angel
falls from the star
somewhere or other

OG_pA_pF_pA

my soul
what would i
do anyway with all
those dreams about
hedge violets bluer
than the binnacles'
will o'the wisp when
the hedge violets of reality
(the real ones)
surpass every dream
all the hedge violets
of the imagination that
do not even have a scent

OG_pA_pF_pF

my soul
what would i
do anyway with more
notions of
siberian crab apples when
they are falling
out there more
real than
reality itself
when they are falling
so ripe
right
down into my poem

OG_pA_pFP

my soul
the power of the imagination
but those things imagined
do not flower
do not wither
they fade endlessly
like tapestries
by jan raes
or like the frescoes
on plastered walls
those things imagined are precisely
immortal
from lack of life

OG_pA_pF_pS

my soul
why should i
harbour any more illusions
about the nape of
my love's neck for example
when i only
need to bend
over and kiss it?
no thank you – no
more dreams
for me i
prefer to dare
the inconveniences of reality

OG_pA_pF_pG

my soul
dreams are also
real – as
dreams – a teeny
weeny part of
what there is
i do not know
why i
should restrict
my existence
so unreasonably to
almost nothing
all power to reality

OG_pA_pS_pA

my soul
it is not facts
as such that
i am currying
favour with: 'this ivy
around that window
in the dusk' for example
it is the
fact illuminated
by another sun
the brief instant
in the balancing act i
am seeking to prolong

OG_pA_pS_pF

my soul
it is not some
external occurrence
or other and far from
any internal
occurrence i am trying
to grasp but
the occurrence all at
once in a single glance
this can only
be done by
my relating
to the other light

OG_pA_pSP

my soul
this has its
explanation in the
fact that
everything is explained
has died its 'death'
that what has been explained
is no longer
present
in 'the world'
that existence
is the opposite
of explanation

OG_pA_pS_pS

my soul
because otherwise i
would constantly
be getting in the way
with my i in an
endless reflection
of this i
because this i
cannot by itself
and with itself
enter into
the magic circle
of the whole

OG_pA_pS_pG

my soul
so that the trans
figuration during
a lifetime (at least)
must come from somewhere else
from another sun
(otherwise you would
be dead) and
the rest now is only
profiles silhouettes
(paintings by karel
van manders) the rest
now is only shadows

OG_pA_pG_pA

my soul
it is a new
optics a
new point of view
on 'the world'
nothing else
than unpacking
the mountain massif
of al majaj-mir
from the transparent
plastic that a Christo
could have
wrapped it in

OG_pA_pG_pF

my soul
you will not be
able to see the difference
even though everything
nevertheless is
different
just as a waking
state is quite
different from
that dream which down
to the smallest
detail
resembles reality

OG_pA_pGP

my soul
this is
the crossover from one
reality to
another to
another light
clearer than the eye's
it is in principle
inexplicable
because it itself is
the explanation
or
the very transfiguration

OG_pA_pG_pS

my soul
you will be unable
to read your way to
the difference in some
love poem
'where the eagles
hover high
above bliss'
because the words
are precisely
the same even though in
the transference they
mean something quite different

OG_pA_pG_pG

my soul
this state
does not apparently
differ in
the slightest from your
everyday life but
correspondingly so much
more in the invisible
it is that state
which elsewhere
is symbolised by
the diamond
glittering in a skull

OG_{p p p} F A A

my soul
three possibilities
are now given – the
first has fallen
back on the old
'world' (and by
'world' is meant:
the wholeness of existing)
because you view the
above-described state
as nonsense ('stewed
apples' in other words)
this is the path of indignation

OG_{p p p} F A F

my soul
the second path is
the state (of
dying from 'the world')
like a bird
of iron on its needle
that constantly sings
at the light
that cannot be seen
the light that
no longer
sees 'the world'
this is the path of renunciation

OG_{p p} F AP

my soul
in the interests
of truth it must be
mentioned that a
fourth path (with
certain reservations)
leads on from this
position at H
perhaps i ought not to
name it because it
explodes 'the world' more
than an orgasm this
is the path of dislocation

OG_{p p p} F A S

my soul
the third is
a reunion with 'the world'
in the light
of the other sun
the third
possibility is a
coming to 'the world'
that in a way does not
look any different
but you look
in differently
this is the path of promise

OG_{p p p} F A G

my soul
i know that
knowledge is one thing
and that living it
is something else
i am not saying that
i have lived through
one of these red paths
from morning to evening
(only in brief moments)
but that i know
i soon
will do so

OG_pF_pF_pA

my soul
this is the axis
round which existence
turns and turns itself
an axis that
crosses the plane and
the planes a thread
finer than nubian
gold in which
'the world' is suspended
and depends on there where
eternity
touches finitude

OG_pF_pF_pF

my soul
this is a tree of
phosphorus that gleams
neither for the inner
nor the outer eye
but by means of which they see
a tree around which
the year also turns
and the dead sea scrolls
of the stars
just
call it
'the world tree'

OG_pF_pFP

my soul
this other light
refracts against
'the world' like a
prism or like
a convex lens
even though 'the world'
tries to straighten it out
even though 'the world'
tries to straighten out with
window glass 'the world'
does not care for the fact
that eternity refracts

OG_pF_pF_pS

my soul
by enduring
existence
you will ensure
that your
centre is aflame
that small flame
already mentioned that
it gets oxygen and breath
enough not to
be extinguished
that small 'fünklein'
referred to elsewhere

OG_pF_pF_pG

my soul
and this is the in
difference that
'the world' tries to make
this eternal indiffer
ent to itself
by straightening
it out so its
rays are not gathered
in the celluloid
of your centre where they
otherwise would ignite
a fire clearer than fire

OG_pF_pS_pA

my soul
light's five-pointed star
is stretched out in you to
all corners of the
elements
it is: pain
it is: love
it is: suffering
it is: death
and the root of the songs
that reach deeper
down i.e.
to dark's five-pointed star

OG_pF_pS_pF

my soul
light's seven-pointed star
is lit in you
like a candlestick
standing at the centre of
gravity of the elements
which actually is the
converse which actually is
lightest which actually
does not exist (you do not
find what you have) which is
more an acquisition now
of dark's seven-pointed star

OG_pF_pSP

my soul
it is called being
or it is called
tantra i say –
yes i say
it is not so
i say
that it is a
state of
a different kind
it is in
reality
only of god

OG_pF_pS_pS

my soul
this means in
another language that
the relationship has
become positive
this means in
a greener dialect
that existence has
become quite concrete
this means in
another secret key
that the i no longer
gets in its own light

OG_pF_pS_pG

my soul
this means in turn
that you cannot
yourself induce
this state
you have precisely
to depend on it (in all
senses of this fantastic
word) even
if it occurs
you must depend on its
having occurred on its
not being an illusion

OG_pF_pG_pA

my soul
evening is drawing in
undefinable like
a chord from
john dowland's lute
i can't be bothered to waste
time any more
i can't be bothered to
analyse the variations
of silence nor
does the syntax of lightning
interest me i am
at other crossroads of light

OG_pF_pG_pF

my soul
if you now think
you have understood
this you are
wrong it is precisely
the incomprehensible
the inconceivable
i am trying to
grant you
with the aid
of these words'
strange and
peculiar paradoxes

OG_pF_pGP

my soul
i am tired of
this discourse
tired of my
monologue – tired yes
i will not
disturb you any more
i am not going
to look any more into
the meander edges of
your labyrinth
i mean: i have
found the way out of myself

OG_pF_pG_pS

my soul
if i now think
that i have
understood it
i am wrong
no one – no one
in the whole world
in the whole universe
(which i have made clear
above)
is able
to understand
or explain himself

OG_pF_pG_pG

my soul
like the archer
that laid aside
his bow when he
had mastered it
i now lay
all this behind me
because i understand
that i will
never come to
understand it with
my reason because
i master it

OG_{p p p} S A A

my soul
i have scarcely
lifted a corner
of your black dress
scarcely studied
your top-left
corner-field it would
seem i have
mainly considered
'the i' when it cleaved
like a saracen's sword
you my soul
from your body

OG_{p p p} S A F

my soul
i have mainly
occupied myself
with the reason
and come to the simple
result that the
reason naturally
cannot understand
itself – that was
presumably
not much but in
reality is even
more than enough

OG_{p p} S AP

my soul
this goes beyond
reason
is the real
crossover to
the heart's heraldry
(i.e. three leopards
and nine hearts)
it is
basically only
reason that
does away
with itself

OG_{p p p} S A S

my soul
it is enough:
because it is an
insight and not
an understanding
it is more:
because it is precisely
a peephole
into the eternal
that eye of the needle
that only the swallows
fly
effortlessly through

OG_{p p p} S A G

my soul
so you have thus
gone beyond yourself
by undergoing
a transformation
you have arrived at
the place where you
have always been
it sounds like a
movement on the
spot but is
the movement of movement
understand it whoever can

OG_pS_pF_pA

my soul
i have not come up
with any new
problems they have
been known
from the outset
i have simply presented
them in a different
way arranged them
more poetically like
an ikebana i have
raked the japanese sand
garden a little differently

OG_pS_pF_pF

my soul
i have not contributed
with any new
solutions only
given a couple of hints
with the aid of
symbolic images
(like the lighter's flame
that is sought by
the butterfly etc.)
i have not loosened
the gordian knot just
cut it in two again

OG_pS_pFP

my soul
the rose has no
solution in itself
flowers at the right
time according
to its nature as
the poet writes it
so precisely
it only knows
resolution in pure
and utter fragrance
it is as here
life's ex libris

OG_pS_pF_pS

my soul
the answer is not
either that there
is no solution
because there has never
been any problem
it is a
philosophical white lie
only i have
no answers no
solutions i have
cautiously hinted at
a resolution

OG_pS_pF_pG

my soul
it is the
same movement
that takes place when
understanding gives up
its understanding
no longer stands
still in the crystal of
reflection when
comprehending resolves
itself in an
apprehending or rather
in a grasping

OG_{p p p}S S A

and your soul
my love lies
mostly in darkness
for me – before
my eyes have
got used to
the night it has
become morning in
all your soul's
thuja hedge
so that light
strangely enough prevents
me from seeing it

OG_{p p p}S S F

and your soul
my love i
seek in the shadows
under the livelong
or on
the bed at night
green with mint
because the dark is
love's preserve
which with the two other
absolutes exist
and grow best in
the soil of the invisible

OG_{p p}S SP

and your soul
my love i
wait for in the evening
when the seven-pointed star
shines through
its linen from
the base of the ointment jar
i am sick
with love
do not ask me
as in the Song as
to how as to
its gnawing unrest

OG_{p p p}S S S

and your soul
my love comes
to meet me in
the fourth hour
when everything is
transparent with salt
when dream and
reality
resolve each other
as in a song by
schubert where only the
paraffin lamp of the
incomprehensible is lit

OG_{p p p}S S G

and your soul
my beloved i
find at noon
when the corn sings
with brass and
everything is so clear
that nothing
can actually be seen
but darkens
in the bonfire of rye
so i too have to
close my eyes in order
to see you distinctly

OG_pS_pG_pA

and your soul
my love i
cannot as yet
name by name
far less
write into some
poem i only meet
it outside
the words in
the baronial hall of roses
or i see a pale
reflection of it in
another man's eyes

OG_pS_pG_pF

and your soul
my love i
do not even know
therefore i tried
to begin with to
compare it
to all sorts of trees
to a crassula
to a sidra
for example
i have not been of
any use i cannot translate
its movements

OG_pS_pGP

and your soul
my love i believe
it out of
the body out of august
i believe it out
of the unbelievable
so that only
the poem as a photo
stands between it
and reality
so that only the poem
stands in the way only the poem
blocks the light with its blitz

OG_pS_pG_pS

and your soul
my love i
only sense out of the
corner of my eye
like a shooting star
from the perseids
that leave their
trace across
the anagram of the
august sky of burnt
velvet when the
eyed hawk-moth
also swarms to its death

OG_pS_pG_pG

and your soul
my love i
only see in the poem
because precisely this
changes it
just as
language changes
every reality
both in itself and
in reality
perhaps your soul
in reality is
das ding an sich?

OG_pG_pA_pA

i have pressed
the perception to
the utmost boundary of
the flesh have almost
lifted the soul off
the body's hooks so
as to gain insight
i have worn down
the heart's sixty-four
precious stones as in
a watch but
the explanation came
as forgiveness

OG_pG_pA_pF

my soul
what else then is
forgiveness
than a gift
instead of
guilt such
that the gift is
precisely the pardoning
of guilt
is not your guilt
such that you
no longer have to
pay for the forgiveness

OG_pG_pAP

my soul
forgiveness
you receive from
the unexpected
comes like
all good gifts
from above
forgiveness falls
from the sky
unexpectedly and
coolingly like the
first snow's wheat flour
on a burn

OG_pG_pA_pS

my soul
what else then is
forgiveness
than the more
the extra
added from above
and into the bargain
on top of being alive
you are to
accept it
without remorse and guilt
because it is
precisely not your guilt

OG_pG_pA_pG

i have stretched
the bow of perception
to its breaking point
in order to explain
myself and
when i gave up
the gift came
precisely from above
of its own accord
the transfiguration struck
precisely as
an arrow apparently
blindly

OG_pG_pF_pA

my soul
i am in a
way ready
(i.e. know it)
i no longer
have to fall
backwards in the mind's
ever deeper
shipwreck
i have found
myself or
rather my self
has found me

OG_pG_pF_pF

my soul
the expression 'to be
ready' contains at least
two possibilities in it
it points partly
backwards (ready to shoot,
ready-witted) you know it
partly forwards
(ready to burst
to travel)
you are prepared
ready for
something else

OG_pG_pFP

my soul
i have used
(loved) you up
i know your
two-thousand desires'
kiss therefore i
have now turned
towards other cherry
trees' satoris
towards the general
i am in
that sense
soul-ready

OG_pG_pF_pS

my soul
i know you now
(with all your
infirmities
pains and rose-paths)
i know your
special case
i have resigned myself
to the fact
that you cannot
be changed more
i am in that sense
soul-ready

OG_pG_pF_pG

my soul
it is the crossover
i am talking about again
from individual
to human being
and that is really
the strange thing
that you only
gain (as
a forgiveness)
yourself when
you lose (give up
offer up) yourself

OG_pG_pS_pA

my soul
if you place yourself
in the numerator
and all other human
beings in the denominator
you will have the
precise fraction for
your part of
the truth
you who believed
you possessed or owned
at least
half the truth

OG_pG_pS_pF

my soul
if you place your
self in the denominator
and all other
human beings in
the numerator you will have
the precise
fraction for your
part of the lie
you who believed
you possessed or
owned only
half the lies

OG_pG_pSP

my soul
among these words
you are to seek
the truth is
present here
the lock is
this poem in
this book
you will find
the key
elsewhere
in heptameron's
riot of red hawthorn

OG_pG_pS_pS

my soul
as you yourself can
work out
your odds are
bad in that battle
between truth
and lies if
you are to have any
chance whatsoever
you must lean
your head
against an
other rock

OG_pG_pS_pG

my soul
if you were alone
in the world lies
and truth would
cancel out each other
keep each other in check
with one
person more
the lie has already
become four times
as great as the
truth so i
am not exaggerating

OG_pG_pG_pA

my soul
i have not let
you inundate
me with your
last salt
deep down there
was a small
nut you never
got the better of
a small fruit
which in just a few
poems' time will end up stranded
in the book of the spirit

OG_pG_pG_pF

my soul
now that it was
almost too
late the wave broke
like a kiss
close to
the coast of emeralds
and landed a new word
that no one will
ever
speak even though
everyone can hear it
among the stones

OG_pG_pGP

my soul
i leave you
now in peace
like a mussel
so you can live
in yourself rather
than in me
so you can breed
your own
pearl there
in love's
atrium compose
your own Song

OG_pG_pG_pS

my soul
in the ending was
the soul
and the soul was with
god and the soul
was god
all things were made
by it and without it
was not anything made
that was made
and the soul became spirit
and took its dwelling among us
and we saw its glory

OG_pG_pG_pG

my soul
so you will perhaps
appear precisely more
clearly when
you are not fixed by
the direct look
when you can sit
in your own half-light
without my thought
of you when you
can rise up
on allegorical wings
without my being able to follow you

The Book of the Spirit

OF A A A A
p p p p

if you think
that the spirit is
something elevated
that lives in the realm
'of the spirits' i must
disappoint you
it is not
finer than to
draw breath
to drink one's
tea with lemon and
great care
as simple as that

OF A A A F
p p p p

the house of the spirit
is not swept and
garnished there is
no red marien
glas lamp in its
innermost chamber
when it comes to it
it could be
your own red-brick house
your own house with the
cracked eternit roof
if you get me
that's the way it is

OF A A A P
p p p

on the seventeenth
of february i open
the book of the spirit
without any great
fuss as you
can read here
i will tell you
a secret:
the spirit does not
live in ivory towers
is not more metaphysical
than the hand
that is writing this poem

OF A A A S
p p p p

nor do there
live seven other
spirits (that have
wandered through the
waterless places)
in this dwelling
the spirit is at one and
the same time so simple
and so miraculous
as the snowdrops
that are already
standing like small
paper lanterns in the garden

OF A A A G
p p p p

to cut a long
story short
i will tell you
precisely what the spirit is
it is the miracles
of creation the
greatest and the
smallest or rather
it is realising
this insight
to live this
path through life from
one day to the next

OF A A F A
p p p p

ergo i take
the nine steps up
to the sky terrace
because i want to see
the first miracle
which is evening:
orange green and
blue with a single
silver star at the top
left bright
and gleaming like a
hard-edge flag
painted by frank stella

OF A A F F
p p p p

and i also see
the morning more beautiful
than ever here
in mid-february:
a hawthorn that
is blossoming too early
in behind frost's
temple still and
transfigured as
a suicide's soul
i see that the
second miracle
is as true as snow

OF A A F P
p p p

the fourth miracle
is a hedge sparrow
that is not yet
singing but eating
sunflower seeds
the fourth miracle
is a hedge sparrow
that does not
fall without
god's will
that does not fall
to the ground this
dark winter's day

OF A A F S
p p p p

there the sun rises
from its urn
red with phosphorus (which
like the spirit also
burns in water)
there the weathervane
swings to the east
and crows from its
baroque poem and the one
who fails to understand
this third miracle really
only deserves the pot
sherds of facts

OF A A F G
p p p p

today i smell
like a flowerpot
because i have
eaten celery
this small fifth
miracle among
all green plants
i confess
that i love celery
its gait
its underpants
its taste
of wood and laughter

OF A A S A
p p p p

you are the sixth
miracle my
love you have been
created from the ribcage
of my imagination
because god
saw that i
lacked you in there
behind winter's mirrors
and the
morning and
the evening
were the sixth day

OF A A S F
p p p p

the seventh day is
the day of the spirit more
deadly than mercury
if you misuse it
pollute it (inflam
mation of the spirit) or
cultivate it
(infection of the spirit)
the seventh day is
the day of miracles
more tremendous than
all the world's birds in flight
less than a breath

OF A A S P
p p p p

the seventh
day is that day
when you see
the world as it is
the seventh day
is the day of joy
full of aquamarine
and eranthis
it is the laurel
wreath of fire
the seventh day is
like a
string quartet by haydn

OF A A S S
p p p p

the seventh
day is a quite
ordinary day
that sunday for example
when st peter
buries spring's
warm stone in a field
north of ulstrup
the seventh day
has become your week
day now because
all days are
equally holy now

OF A A S G
p p p p

the seventh day
you are to do
exactly as you normally
do you are to
observe the sky's
malachite that has been
smeared out across
the dawn above
saltbæk vig
only you are to
rejoice in that
malachite that is
the only difference

OF A A G A
p p p p

on the seventh
day god rested
after the work
he had carried out
why then should
not you too
rest and sleep
like a log
why then should
not you too
sing along in
this tremendous
seventh-day song?

OF A A G F
p p p p

the seventh day
is a song of praise
having said that
i must add:
sometimes chaotic
yes more than that
wild as a crusade
when the heart is full
of birds and fish
of herbs and dreaming
fruit trees which
all every one of them
shall be celebrated

OF A A G P
p p p p

the seventh day
is like that great
poem that heptameron
anders arrebo never
managed to write
because sleep because
death caught up with
him with its seven
league boots because
rest came to him
the seventh day
is larger than life
larger than death

OF A A G S
p p p p

the seventh day
is a green song
that penetrates into
the most distant corner
of the soul where otherwise
only the funeral bell
is heard the seventh day
is a song so
piercingly green
and high in tone
that often only
the grasshoppers hear
it or god

OF A A G G
p p p p

the seventh day is
that conception that
takes place precisely in you
beloved like a child
whose eyes are bluer
than abel's which on
an x-ray resemble
a cameo created in
god's image
the seventh day is
the heart's 24-hour drum
is the pulse and breath
of creation itself

OF A S A A
p p p p

the first day of
spring bathed in crystal
violet – the four cherubs
now stand with
the gleaming sword
of fire east
of the poem because
they are to keep
the curious out
because they are to
deny the cowardly
readers admittance
to the book of the spirit

OF A S A F
p p p p

the second day of
spring whiter than
the washing hanging
in the neighbour's garden
if the four pillars
of salt i have
placed at the gates of
the poem have not
frightened you off
then follow me trustfully
now in behind the
forbidden words that
burgeon on this page

OF A S AP
p p p

the fourth day of
spring is blue like a
scar in the soul
like that cleft
between the ribs
i once
penetrated through
like that wound
i once a long
time ago inflicted on
myself to reach
the unutterable to
reach my love

OF A S A S
p p p p

the third day of
spring cold as a
finger imprint on
the heart – come with me
and let us together
find life's enormous
rose-tree
that has roots
in the poem
whose trunk stands
in reality
but which
blossoms within you

OF A S A G
p p p p

the fifth day of
spring pure as vodka
come on dear
reader there is
nothing to be
afraid of any more
just intoxicate yourself
and sing along not
using these words which
are far from adequate
but those you can
hear inside yourself your
own seventh-day song

OF A_pS_pF_pA

where in all the world
 shall i begin
 in this creation's
 myriad of birds
 fish and roses that
 god created in six
 days – where in all
 the world shall i end
 in this creation's
 myriad of writing desks
 and ceramic vases that
 man created in the
 subsequent six thousand years?

OF A_pS_pF_pF

shall i begin
 in the north where maple
 and fire thorn reign
 or to the west
 in the direction of silver
 shall i first
 and foremost
 sing of the bullfinch
 or rather
 orion which
 has crashed
 in the south behind
 the shadow of a clover

OF A_pS_pFP

i could also
 start somewhere
 completely different
 with my left
 big-toe nail
 which looks
 alarmingly like a burnt
 almond in ash wednesday's
 cool light and then
 i could finish
 with my beard
 which will of course also
 grow after death

OF A_pS_pF_pS

i could like
 Du Bartas
 begin with light
 and darkness the sky's
 spread peacock tail
 and end with man
 god's emblem
 but this time it happens
 to be a heptameron
 we are dealing with
 that precisely in
 its own way will burst
 every reguladetri

OF A_pS_pF_pG

now there is only
 east left
 where the sun is rising
 precisely above this
 line behind the snow shower's
 ashes – the east's brass
 so i can begin
 there by thinking
 about what kind
 of a light
 was created three
 days before sun moon
 and all the stars

OF A S S A
p p p p

to a screw
that i found
this morning
in the east room's
pandemonium
to a little screw
whose origins
i do not know
perhaps it has lived
in my typewriter
or maybe
it originally comes from
my own head?

OF A S S F
p p p p

dear little screw
small unicorn's horn
you are missed now
somewhere or other
something is separated
now in at least
two parts something
that you held
together with
your narwhal tusk
some thread or
other is missing your
spiral right now

OF A S SP
p p p

dear little screw
i myself walk around
with one of your
distant relations
screwed into
my elbow
it is slightly finer
because it is made of silver
but otherwise it serves
the selfsame purpose:
to hold together
in this case
my anatomy

OF A S S S
p p p p

dear little screw
on of your elder
brothers a so-called
bolt ensures
that my bed
copes with the night's
voyages – it is
fixed in a
svedberg's screw box
(yes it sounds nasty)
but this combi
nation literally ensures
my life's fundament

OF A S S G
p p p p

dear little screw
the saying is
to have a screw loose
and that is a brilliant
expression of your
necessity and
therefore i would like to
express my gratitude here to
all the world's screws because
they precisely screw this
world together to form
a whole – the perfect
image of the way the spirit moves

OF A_pS_pG_pA

why not
snatch a couple of birds
in mid-flight why
should i not bid
each and every
bird welcome that
does me the honour
of visiting the garden
my garden as i
call it even though
this green guitar
belongs most to
precisely the birds

OF A_pS_pG_pF

welcome to
the poem's garden
greenfinch with
your lieutenant's colours
i wonder what
you think of me?
that i am a weird
old geezer who
at long last has
learnt that birds don't
live solely off air
and the poem's
sunflower seeds?

OF A_pS_pGP

welcome
tree sparrow with
god's fingerprint
on your cheeks
come into my poem
and sing of the joys
that threaten me of
the happiness i am
to be plagued with in
perpetuity – you who in
another song foreboded
so many
grave misfortunes

OF A_pS_pG_pS

welcome
chaffinch with
your breast bloody
from the sunrise
i guarantee you
there is no
greater wonder
than a chaffinch
and i will happily
donate a crate of
export beer to
anyone who can
come up with one

OF A_pS_pG_pG

welcome finally
yellowhammer with
your pure alchemy
'i say unto you
the one who does injury
to the smallest yellow
hammer will lose
a greater portion
of his soul'
so did aulus flaccus
not say but
he could just as well
have done so

OF A G A A
p p p p

on shrove tuesday
i enter
this poem
whatever
that may mean
perhaps in order
to find you
who knows
at any rate
here i now stand
one bitterly cold
spring day in a
field near bjørnstrup

OF A G A F
p p p p

at the boundary
between winter and
spring i now stand
fatigue runs through
the poem like
a muddy field lane
a lane full of
bitumen and straw
that leads past an
empty bath tub one of
those lanes that always
tempt me when you
are not here beloved

OF A G AP
p p p

on 28 february
somewhere else in the
area i really ought
to be happy as i wrote
in another poem
recently – a good thing i
am happy about
this empty pack of
cigarettes in the winter
grass i am happy
about your absence
i am happy about
the year that has not come

OF A G A S
p p p p

i penetrate further
into the poem
i still do not know
what that means
but i see a
'stack of firewood' there
on my left – what is
concealed behind it?
perhaps 'the wood
cutter and death' by
millet from
an almost
forgotten reproduction

OF A G A G
p p p p

i do not dare take
a look but follow
a different path on
my left into some
other sentences
it is as if my words
no longer reach you
as if they are caught
in these
'brambles'
disappear in their
own mythology
do you understand me?

OF_pA_pG_pF_pA

a wall
runs here
a 'stone circle'
if you like
it is the boundary between
the poem and the world
can i go up
on the edge
of it
between 'ferns'
and 'fieldstone'
is it possible
without stumbling?

OF_pA_pG_pF_pF

then i shout:
'hello' is there
anyone there?
i think
i can hear a
faint 'hello'
behind me
i turn round
but no – no one
it was probably
just an echo
am i caught
in my own words?

OF_pA_pG_pFP

what sort of
a 'site-hut' is it
standing here
in the middle of the poem
between rusty
'beer cans'
from paderborn
is it
really me
who is now
opening 'the door'
and looking
into 'the darkness'?

OF_pA_pG_pF_pS

and looking into
the poem's 'darkness'
what does that mean
what in all the world
does it mean
to look into a poem
that has not even
been completely written?
but of course
there is only
the usual:
'pine-wood tables' and
various 'implements'

OF_pA_pG_pF_pG

i quietly close
'the door' again
you were not there
at any rate
not in these words'
inscrutability – perhaps
i will find you
some other poem
some other day when it
is drizzling? – at
hovgårdsvej i turn
off from this poem and
walk home to ulstrup

OF_pA_pG_pS_pA

this is my
homage to my
left foot (in that
subsection i
will call: book of
the third flesh) what
would i have
done without that
foot i would not have
been able to take two steps
i would not have been able
to visit a single
bodega without that foot

for asger

OF_pA_pG_pS_pF

i consider
lovingly my left
foot it is a
beautiful foot
size forty-two
neither too small
nor too big
there is something
doric about it as
if it originally came
from a temple it
actually resembles the
spearman's left foot

OF_pA_pG_pSP

if wings of
hallmarked silver had
been attached to
the heel it would
not of course be
a heel but
a symbol
which it is not either
the achilles
tendon is fastened
to my heel
tighter than any
aerial wire

OF_pA_pG_pS_pS

now the right foot
comes into the
picture it wants to
be in there too
it is clad in a
black leather boot
from before sixty-eight
which it has worn into shape
down to the smallest details
down to the smallest bunions
that boot would
be meaningless without
its right foot

OF_pA_pG_pS_pG

and then suddenly
one is standing there in
the shower's delphic vapours
with one's left foot
in one's hand (disjecta
membra) and is as pleased
as punch for that foot
wherever it has come from
presently it will lead
me out to my love
and one fine day
also carry me
on my final step

OF_pA_pG_pG_pA

i walk eastwards
in language this
monday also in
reality – there lies
arly jensen's machine
pool – i say
this make a note of
this place if you
should be in the
neighbourhood – this
is a highly unpoetic
place as can be necessary
in all this poetry

OF_pA_pG_pG_pF

farther eastwards
so as to map
more place names on the
peninsula – kongstrup
it says on a blue
sign – a wonderful sound
to that word – 'kongstrup'
i say so as to get
the external and the
internal universe
to hang together
and straightway the connection
is there – perfect

OF_pA_pG_pGP

to the east the
recycling plant also lies
(for you it is
probably a place in
vesterled) but
i come along
other paths where
words determine things
it too is good to
be placed in poetry
for who recycles
more than
gentlemen poets?

OF_pA_pG_pG_pS

even farther
eastwards (east
of the east that
now is west)
i cross the
border
between røsnæs and
raklev parish
does that mean that
i am also crossing
from one language to
another where green
pennants flap?

OF_pA_pG_pG_pG

or am i disappearing
in a certain sense
in the farthest east
for you among
words that lie along
the paths of the poem
incomprehensible as
flint? – will i
reach down to an ice-covered
sea at the hour-glass cliff's
red clay that is
meaningless
even to me?

OF F A F A
p p p p

the pinewood ceiling
why not sing of
the pinewood ceiling which
is as beautiful as a
violin above the
paraffin lamp of my
imagination just
before i fall
asleep and milton's
paradise lost
falls out
of my hand and
wakes me up again

OF F A F F
p p p p

pinewood
yes the pinewood ceiling's
astronomy where
i can clearly
distinguish a
great bear of knots
and there a forgotten
drawing pin with a
green head
that once perhaps
has borne a whole
galaxy of tin
or glossy paper

OF F A F P
p p p

pinewood yes
fyrretræ föhren
holz of every
shade for every
purpose: shelves
coffins floors
as it was in my
childhood as it
is now and will be
in a moment when
i ram home a seven-inch
nail in a plank just to
demonstrate its reality

OF F A F S
p p p p

pinewood yes
pinewood which
i had otherwise
banned from my
poems pinewood's
scent of toil and
generality pinewood
which i now restore
to favour once again after
all these trials and
tribulations the pine which
i now plant here
in the midst of my ex libris

OF F A F G
p p p p

the pinewood ceiling
why not
sing of its dark
pavilion the pinewood ceiling
that is half my
heaven my whole life
or which is my
whole heaven
half my life
the pinewood ceiling that
spares me from
the real
night sky up there

OF F_pA_pS_pA

this time i enter
the poem
from the southwest
so as to reach its
northern shore i am
completely aware of the fact
that i am sitting
in here and the shore
is lying out there
and that it is still
a mystery who it is
wandering around
in the poem's vegetation

OF F_pA_pS_pF

it is quite
true i have
been here before
in the same landscape's
winter morass
the same 'dry rose'
the same 'sea buckthorn's
varnished berries' that
many times
before i have
compared it
to a
woodcut by hiroshige

OF F_pA_pSP

that is not what
i want to say
that is not what
i do not want to say
it is something else
that i do not know
what it is
but neither do not know
what it is not
something that lies
hidden inside
these words as
in a rose hip

OF F_pA_pS_pS

ten steps
further on
i reach the
word 'stone'
i say it out
loud: stone
it lies well on
the tongue tastes of
iodine and seaweed
so i pick up
the stone and throw
it out into the sea
out of the poem

OF F_pA_pS_pG

back again
along the same track in
the terrain of the poem
a 'buzzard' gyrates
in the unspoken
'the sun' sets in
crystal violet
far in there in
language i see
on my way home
after yet
another
unsuccessful excursion

OF_pF_pF_pA_pA

you are on the point
of disappearing completely
from the poem are
you not my love
the last time you
were in from the cold
was that time in february's
mighty turquoise
i can tell you
quite precisely
that it is ex
actly ninety-five
verses ago

OF_pF_pF_pA_pF

i wonder where you have
been in the meantime
from then until now
st gregory's day when
spring should
bring its first
infrared warmth?
you have walked around
in my life beloved
and in your own which
cannot of course be moulded
into the poem
like a fly in amber

OF_pF_pF_pAP

that your appearance
in the poem has been
reduced to a
minor role is thus
nothing particularly
remarkable since
it is the book of the spirit i
am busy with here
and the spirit is
first and foremost
the self and that you
must take care of
and deal with for yourself

OF_pF_pF_pA_pS

you have gone
holding my hand
beyond the poem's
patterns which
cannot contain existence
you have sat
with me in the evening's
bloodstone there
where life takes
place – in the meantime
you have loved
me to
smithereens in reality

OF_pF_pF_pA_pG

now however you
are to enter
the poem again
because i cannot
do without you
there either my love
so i place you
in the verse's kitchen
which is a bit more beautiful
than in reality
and say: get on
with that broccoli
gratin dammit

OF F F S A
p p p p

hurrah
there eranthis shoots
up from its own
miracle – what
am i to say?
that it is orange-blue
in its own shadow's
contrast of silver
on the snow that
i still miss
it even though it
is standing right
before my eyes?

OF F F S F
p p p p

look the snowdrop
is burning off the snow
in the
acetylene of its
white flames
look the snowdrop
is gleaming for you
with its small
lamp of holy spirit
how would it
ever be spring
it the snowdrop did not
light its light?

OF F F SP
p p p

i have not
once asked
for a sign
god knows i have
not done that because
i wanted my faith
to be pure
as the altarpiece of
winter and in spite of this
god is now sending the one
sign the one flower
after the other up
through the snow's disbelief

OF F F S S
p p p p

i have not
yet seen the crocus
break through
the ice's ceramics violet
with love
therefore i am not writing
down a crocus
in the poem either – i am
a trustworthy poet
but i am clearing a
place for its
yellow soul
here among the words

OF F F S G
p p p p

in my mind's
eye i see the dorothea
lily standing
crazier with hope than
a jehovah's witness
soon it too will
break out of my mind
to become
reality soon it
will stand in the middle
of march with its cold earlobe
and put all
imagination to shame

OF_{p p p} F_p G_p A

i am out in
the listrup hills
one two one two
at a brisk pace
i walk along rævehøjvej
in my dizzy rubber
boots – at a brisk pace
one two one two
after approx. 1 kilometre's
march i turn
off at a path
turn off again
into the poem

OF_{p p p} F_p G_p F

the code words are:
spruce pine birch
the sky up there blue
like a painting by
constable with far
too much white in it
what am i seeking
here? – to go
astray to lose
every meaning
with the words
that are
inadequate anyway?

OF_{p p p} F_p GP

i tramp through
a sloe hedge
out onto the other
side – of what?
behind me i strew
these small words:
'i' and later
'love' and finally
'you' like the white
stones in the fairytale so
i can find my way back
or perhaps so that
you can find me?

OF_{p p p} F_p G_p S

i'm not of course walking
around in the poem
and i'm not walking around
in the wood i am sitting
here – somewhere or other
and that 'i' is walking around
in 'the wood' is completely
uninteresting
what do i want here
among words that
saw against each other
like the topmost
branches in the wind?

OF_{p p p} F_p G_p G

yes come and find
me here inside the poem's
'enclosure'
perhaps it is i
who have never seen
reality but
have constantly
walked around in the poem's
'darkness'? – come
come in to me
my love and show
me reality's
hearts in the bark

OF F S A A
p p p p

perhaps i have always
 been moving inside
 an unwritten poem
 (the written poems were
 just an excuse
 or a mapping out
 of the far larger
 poem) perhaps i have
 never seen the world
 eye to eye but constantly
 deceived myself by
 alternating between
 reality and 'reality'?

OF F S A F
p p p p

in that case it would
 not help to return
 to røsnæsvej
 in that case it would
 not help to turn out
 of the poem and go home
 for home would
 also lie somewhere
 or other like a
 diamond on the fringe
 of that poem which has
 just not yet been attached
 to its paper

OF F S AP
p p p

come and find me
 in the poem my
 love where i am
 sitting in the pine trees'
 gaudi cathedral
 come in and find
 me in this strange
 wood that neither lies
 out there in the wood near
 listrup nor inside
 among the
 'decayed tree stump'
 of these letters

OF F S A S
p p p p

no i do not want
 to be caught in that
 trap again – there must
 be a way out
 or perhaps a
 way in between
 the pine tree and 'the
 pine tree' a third
 word glowing with
 winter's lightning
 that neither has its roots
 in language nor
 in reality

OF F S A G
p p p p

but do not come
 'too close to the
 brambles' my love
 for brambles prick
 and tear your dress apart
 follow another one
 the mind's sunbeam
 into the unspoken
 no do not come
 too close to the
 brambles my love for
 'brambles prick and
 tear your dress apart'

OF_pF_pS_pF_pA

ode to snow
drifts that even
in mid-march fly
like white bees from
the hive of winter (or
buzz as arrebos
believes) ode to each
single snowflake
whose infinitely small
accretion will
soon attend to earth's
frozen integral covered
with zinc white

OF_pF_pS_pF_pF

ode to the snow
like that which
drifts like ashes
from the sky's
upturned urn
ode to the snow's
principle which solves
every sorites
problem for me
while i sit
inside in my
living room and
count snowflakes

OF_pF_pS_pFP

ode to the
ides of march
ode til den
femtende marts
that contains so
much death so
many mortal wounds so
many per
fections the ides of march
that needs no
explanation because
it contains its
own inner logic

OF_pF_pS_pF_pS

ode to an icicle
that is hanging outside
the window
precisely in the
golden section
ode to an icicle
that long since
has bored through
the cold heart of
mathematics with
its long
more elegantly whetted
saracen dagger

OF_pF_pS_pF_pG

ode to the north
wind that sudden
ly surprises
me in my
poetic considerations
freezes the poem
the north wind
that causes me to
realise the necessity
of lilacs the north
wind that tests
my love in its
utmost shivers

OF F S S A
p p p p

now it is the turn
of my legs the extremities
as they are also called
they have always done
me proud (specially the left one)
they have carried my
torso round all of
europe they have
really taken me
through all
transformations if
i exclude death's
gate of tissue paper

OF F S S F
p p p p

let me begin
with the ankles
they work more
like a cardan joint
than like a
chain drive it is
they that cause
me to roll
in a samba
and i have my
ankles to thank that
i cannot be characterised
as a semi-invalid

OF F S SP
p p p

how would i
ever have proposed
to you my
love without at
least one of my
knees how would
i have prayed my
evening prayer how would
i have planted
roses how would
i ever have supported myself
without this knee-cap that
resembles a baby's skull?

OF F S S S
p p p p

my calves
have their own
masculine mystique
i see when
i compare them
with the male model
in daell's catalogue
they're good enough
not tanned yet
here in march but
they're not
thin and hairy
either

OF F S S G
p p p p

i can confidently
say that i am
proud of my thighs
my thighs are
one of my strong
points – yes i am
really satisfied with
those thighs – i admire
openly and without
shame their juicy
and meaty
(almost argentine)
top-round fillets

OF F S G A
p p p p

where are you now?
i can hear
you rummaging around
somewhere or other
in the house i
can hear you walking
around out there in
reality's
scullery wearing
those clogs that have
a small danish flag
stuck onto
the arch

OF F S G F
p p p p

alright i now place
you as well
here inside the poem's
scullery between a
'balknecht' washing
machine and a
'haka' tumble dryer
where you are washing
your 'lee jeans'
while the oil burner quietly
switches off and on so
do i bring you
and reality together

OF F S GP
p p p

now you are
standing behind my back
even so beloved looking
over my shoulder
down into this poem
that i don't feel
like writing yet again
the poem never
catches up with reality
you are already
somewhere completely
different before this poem
has been finished

OF F S G S
p p p p

but there you
enter the hall
where the map of
røsnæs hangs
i immediately note down:
'but there you
enter the hall
where the map of
røsnæs hangs'
so that you too
can be completely
present and
in place in the poem

OF F S G G
p p p p

the distance between
poem and reality
is thus literally
endless – that does
not surprise you
perhaps my love
but i constantly
speculate on what it
is that then goes on
in the poem – who it
then is that meet
here and there in
the poem's many rooms

OF_{p p p p} F_p G_p F_p A

winter despite
spring still and
cold the final snow
looks like psoriasis
there on the grass
and the smoke from
the neighbour does not smell
of birchwood
that ought to have
been stacked for a year
the sky is more than
grey just as i am
more than happy

OF_{p p p p} F_p G_p F_p F

i know quite well
that this statement
calls for more than
courage i
say absent-mindedly to
a posthold spade that
hangs so real
there in its outhouse
on the rusty
hook in its
eudemic happiness
i know it quite
well – mr spade

OF_{p p p p} F_p G_p F_p P

you must give up
so many dreams
to become happy
you must exorcise
so many
fantasies
you must make do
with so much
sour reality to
be happy
that you far prefer
your sweet
unhappiness – don't you?

OF_{p p p p} F_p G_p F_p S

i know it for
the following reasons:
it sounds boring
to be happy
not a soul would
believe it's true
it inconveniences other
people when
someone is happy
and finally only
a few people
actually want to be
happy at all

OF_{p p p p} F_p G_p F_p G

i seize the
spade with
both hands
and dig in vain
in the air
are you happy mr
spade? – i also
know quite well of
course that it is a
stupid question
but what the hell – you
have to while your happiness
away with something

OF_pF_pG_pS_pA

if you follow the road
down towards nyby harbour
an early spring day
(let us say the seventh
of march) you will
just after beskesvej
on your lefthand side
find a little path
that winds its way
between undressed spruce laths
yarn and well-boxes
along the kattedgat's saw
blade of ice – follow that path

OF_pF_pG_pS_pF

you will not find yourself
walking in someone
else's footsteps
no one normally uses
this path
during the winter when
the gulls peck
each other's eyes
out – you will
only meet the sun
that rolls down
towards you like a
fruit bitter with phosphate

OF_pF_pG_pSP

give yourself plenty
of time – notice
last year's common tansy
that stands more beautiful
than the bamboo grass in
shubun's indian ink
paintings – think about
your social security number
for example
let the last snow
singe your soul
pure so it adorned
can receive the spring

OF_pF_pG_pS_pS

after about twenty
minutes of walking
you will come to
a little white house
almost down at the
water's edge a
strange little
house of gas concrete
that only has one
door the handle of which
has broken off
there are no windows in
this house down by the sea

OF_pF_pG_pS_pG

if you take the poem
down towards 'nyby harbour'
an early spring day
and follow the directions
that i have
given you carefully you
will after about twenty
minutes of 'walking'
reach a small strange
'house' of 'gas concrete'
without 'windows'
inside lies that poem
you would have written

OF_pF_pG_pG_pA

later in march
i continue my
linguistic expeditions
one early evening
i go through a
picture that resembles
rembrant's 'mill in
flanders' – on the
other side it is
cold and violet
in the shadows' cobalt
farther in the
lamp of the sea has been lit

OF_pF_pG_pG_pF

i pause for a while
in this 'picture's'
claire obscure
straighten slightly a
couple of branches also
manage to place a 'bank of
clouds'
above the pine trees because
now there happens to be
a bank of cloud there – now
it is not this picture
i wish to depict that's not
at all what it looks like
at ulstrup mill

OF_pF_pG_pGP

i place a new
mental incision in
the picture and force a path
out onto the other side
of some other
words force my way into
a new picture a
new poem within the poem
is it truer
am i really wandering
around in such a
final sunset of the
golden age?

OF_pF_pG_pG_pS

i continue
through this
smoking heap of cinders
into the night
that now suddenly
covers the whole 'picture'
with prussian blue
how many poems
are hidden inside
the poem and how many
pictures inside every
single one of these
poem's pictures?

OF_pF_pG_pG_pG

it is dark now
picture after
picture has gutted
behind me – only
'the north star'
still gleams from
a distant poem
out there above the fjord
so let me
call this last
picture: 'the north star
above asnæs
one night in march'

OF S A A A
p p p p

today i bought
a maul in
kalundborg DIY
i don't really
know if i
ought to use a
maul – maybe i
simply liked
the sound of the word:
maul – i don't know
as i said
but i'm still
thinking about it

OF S A A F
p p p p

how do you spell
the word maul
with a u or
with a w?
that is an important
question – i
mean if anyone
spelt my name
wrong i would
be annoyed
so a hammer
can presumably also
be allowed to as well

OF S A AS
p p p

if language was
congruent with
reality
it wouldn't really
matter – in that case
the mirror image would
of course reveal the
error immediately
but since that
is now how things are
it does things to
the maul's identity
to spell it wrong

OF S A A S
p p p p

now that i know
that it actually
is called a
maul
(with a letter
u more beautiful
than insects)
i start to
speculate on
what in all
the world such a
maul can be
a real maul?

OF S A A G
p p p p

a word that does not
refer to anything else
than itself
is that a word?
i could also ask
an object for
which there is
no word is that
an object?
what sort of
strange
borderland am
i moving around in here?

OF S A F A
p p p p

come with me
now through this
semi-permeable
there the town lies
completely real
with the short
samurai flags of
its supermarkets
fluttering outside
in the wind of other
words than those
you know from
the glasshouse of poetry

OF S A F F
p p p p

look at the chimney there
placenta-coloured by
the setting sun
more beautiful than ilion's
tower – to you think
the people of kalundborg
appreciate it
by the fact that its
phallic erection
is precisely the town's
true landmark
its electron
flash at night?

OF S A F P
p p p p

or the great
mountains of cinders over
on the other side
of the fjord i wonder
who lies buried
beneath them – malachi
ha mavis – would
one of the town's
moslems certainly
answer one of those
who so symbolically
has been placed out
at the seaside hospital

OF S A F S
p p p p

i could also
start by
pointing out superfos'
grain silo to you steep
as the north wall of the eiger
yes there just
opposite skibbrogade
i am only showing you
this building because
beauty has
many faces
more than those of
the approved sunset

OF S A F G
p p p p

now that i have
mentioned skibbrogade
let us walk
up the street together
it is kalundborg's
naughty street
jack london would
have been able to use
this street
with its six
pubs as
inspiration
(to be continued)

OF S A S A
p p p p

so there is no
getting round it
i have in the literal
sense reached
the ticklish point:
my genitals
or to make no bones
about it: my
prick and my balls
there they hang
relaxed a bit
to the left one
early friday morning

OF S A S F
p p p p

let me set about
thing scientifically
to start off with:
my penis is ten cm
long – i make
it stiff so now it
has grown to
eighteen cm in length
that is perfectly
normal – two cm
longer than august
strindberg's organ
i proudly confirm

OF S A S P
p p p p

i cautiously
feel my
testicles somewhat
anxiously – no
they are not hard
like cherry stones
admittedly the one is
a bit larger
than the other but
otherwise they're hanging
fine there in
their pearl-
embroidered silk bag

OF S A S S
p p p p

i let the sperm
squirt (out over
my wife)
oh it smells of
fresh mushrooms
in a shower-soaked wood
or of wet
wheat flour perhaps
and what is it
that it resembles?
well it's
clear enough an
oyster in its bridal veil

OF S A S G
p p p p

dear penis
many are the pleasures
you have given me and many
the sorrows – you have raised
your razored
head at the most
inappropriate moments and
let me down when called
on – you must pull your
self together a bit at this the
final call come on then with
that child otherwise you'll
be capped with a cock sheath

OF S F A A
p p p p

spring also
 comes to the poem
 i exchange for
 example the word
 winter for the word
 spring as you can
 see and the concept
 snow becomes a
 rare commodity that
 now at most will
 appear in combi
 nation with poems
 about the deep freezer

OF S F A F
p p p p

the frequency of
 such statements as: 'look
 at the tulip there in
 its showcase of glass'
 will certainly increase
 while others such as
 'the price of oil has
 bloody well gone
 up again' will
 correspondingly decrease
 so simple is
 the coming of spring
 to the world of the poem

OF S F AP
p p p

spring will
 also make itself
 felt in that
 the accompanying music
 in the poems changes from
 bach's chorales to
 shostakovich's late
 string quartets
 that are precisely as
 full of the
 burnt umbra of
 indirect pain
 as spring is itself

OF S F A S
p p p p

and not only the
 semantics will change
 colour and key
 from winter's high c
 to dream's b flat minor
 but the actual syntax
 will show cracks
 like asphalt when
 spring's anemone
 forces its way up
 through language from
 the depths of darkness'
 most secret chambers

OF S F A G
p p p p

yes even the
 collection of poems'
 systematics (that is more
 complex than
 the blue patterns of
 the koran)
 are in danger
 when spring makes
 its irresistible presence
 felt because
 life mercilessly breaks down
 every calculus every
 model of itself

OF S F F A
p p p p

on the first of april
april fools' day
i choose to skirt
the poem taking
a path one side of which
is fringed by
pine trees swathed
in the gauze of mist and
whose other side
borders language's
landscape of more
or less
precise metaphors

OF S F F F
p p p p

i reach a lake
where the ice lies
thinner than sand
blown glass – i've just
got to try it out
to see if the poem
can bear me – so
i do and notice
the ice break beneath
me exactly as
the language does that
i still use
and know so well

OF S F FP
p p p

as if the words
suddenly give
way lose their
meaning for me
as if they are used up
'ice-floe' i say
and know of course
perfectly well what that means
and yet i don't
as if there lies
some deeper meaning in
the word i simply
have not grasped yet

OF S F F S
p p p p

as if all words
lie like this lake
waiting for
the south wind that
is to break them up
transform them
fill them with
new meanings
here where they
are neither wholly
frozen nor
melted yet
to a greener life

OF S F F G
p p p p

home once more
i examine
on a geodetic
map the name of
the lake – it has
typically enough
no name
but is indicated
by a light-blue dot
in the middle of
an expanse of green
about one centimetre
from 'skanseskov'

OF S F S A
p p p p

so as to make
 myself more precise
 i walk down the
 following day to another
 lake in the poem
 according to the map
 its name is 'sønder made
 mose' a beautiful name
 it seems to me
 there are some hoof
 prints in the clay of the bank
 probably from
 heifers and bullocks

OF S F S F
p p p p

today too the ice
 lies thin and
 filmlike over the lake
 more than yesterday
 'black ice' is what
 i think the technical
 term is
 i play ducks and drakes
 with a twenty-five øre
 across the surface
 there it lies then
 for a while
 at least

OF S F SP
p p p

how am i to
 explain it
 let me try
 with this image
 a poem can so
 to speak freeze over
 around its words
 and become 'words'
 or it can thaw
 out in other words that
 reflect reality
 so closely that they
 are almost wrong

OF S F S S
p p p p

somewhere or
 other between these
 two states
 the poem is
 situated i think
 neither reality nor
 language yet
 not exclusively
 itself either
 fragile as the
 thinnest new ice
 perhaps that was what i
 was trying to say yesterday

OF S F S G
p p p p

no this attempt
 is not good enough
 either i
 realise and throw a
 stone out over the ice
 that immediately breaks
 'sønder mase mose'
 i say out loud
 and later look 'made' up
 in meyer's encyclopedia
 it means moistening
 and comes from
 the latin: madere

OF S S A A
p p p p

there is
nothing more real
than walls –
red-brick walls
it should be noted
these walls
stand redder
than the evening's
poppies and
more real
than that poem
where they here
have been raised

OF S S A F
p p p p

take for example
particular care in
the afternoon when
intoxicated by the
daily bordeaux
you must go in for
your cigarettes – enter
by the door
not by the wall
otherwise you will
discover to your
cost the truth of my statement
about the walls' reality

OF S S A P
p p p p

the walls in ulstrup
are flaming red
(like the soul
now and then) there are
fingerprints in
a few of the bricks
which is
strange since
they are sure
to be manufactured
so walls too
apparently have their own
special mysteries

OF S S A S
p p p p

inwardly the
walls have of course
become
walls covered
with sawdust
wall paper or tiles
decorated with
the four types of grain
inwardly the
walls have become
the walls that mark off
the innermost with
their dangerous whiteness

OF S S A G
p p p p

on the walls hang
the pictures and
the mirrors' hidden doors
that lead into
so many illusions
without walls and outer walls
there would be no room
no inside and outside
no reality
think of that when
you smash your
wineglass against
their hard truth

OF S_p G_p A_p A

of course i
cannot resist the
temptation – on the twenty
second of april i am once more
in the poem – on the
one side lies
language's 'nordre made'
on the other side
lies reality's
nordre made
i am standing there where
the circles
intersect each other

OF S_p G_p A_p F

so i am standing
not only inside in
language and not only
outside in reality
i am standing there
where the euleric
circles cover
each other with
a new colour
i am standing
somewhere or other
in the poem's
nordre made mose

OF S_p G_p AP

what am i
to call this
place where words
are insufficient
because they only
refer to the world
or to themselves
and it is not the
imagination i am
referring to –
that is only a
distortion of language
and reality

OF S_p G_p A_p S

i do not yet
know – i look into
language's forest of
'reeds' and 'club
rush' with millions of
'seeds' i look out over
the sea of reality
with millions of
waves where
the sun will set
again and again
no – i do
not know yet

OF S_p G_p A_p G

provisionally and for
the time being i can
call it nordre
made mose even though
that does not
say all that much
particularly because any
idiot out here on
røsnæs knows that
this place
is actually called
nordre
made mose

OF S G F A
p p p p

look the month of may
 is ajar
 in the poem
 let us enter via
 this night together
 beloved where
 the lights burn
 behind the word
 'romance'
 let us together
 get lost in
 beethoven's
 greenest sonatas

OF S G F F
p p p p

walpurgnacht
 look at the clouds there
 whiter than blood
 es träumen
 die wolken die
 sterne der mond
 why so german
 herr poet when
 may is so danish?
 because because
 because as another
 danish poet has once
 put it before me

OF S G FP
p p p

look there forsythia
 bang – burst into
 blossom in allegorical
 gold – let us
 for this single night
 forget everything about
 the meaning of words
 and play romance
 again my love
 yes let us
 intoxicate ourselves in an
 even greater meaning inside
 the loss of memory

OF S G F S
p p p p

let us play
 my love
 let us play that
 i am thirty
 that you consequently
 are fifteen again
 that i have just
 led you into a wood
 that resembles raupp's
 'sonntag im walde'
 let us at least
 play that
 we are playing beloved

OF S G F G
p p p p

look the may-night's
 door is open
 in the poem – let
 us enter together
 between the words
 'may' and 'night'
 enter this wood where
 the anemones gleam
 in another
 poem which in
 turn leads into a
 poem by aakjær
 down by the fjord

OF_pS_pG_pS_pA

a flourish
for the yew tree
that stands at
the corner on its
urias' post there
where the east fence meets
the south fence – its
world consists of
a round
cement basin the
diameter of which
is not much more
than a metre

OF_pS_pG_pS_pF

from this
centre of
the universe it
has governed the
dark shades of
its green colour until
in winter they almost
turned black – from
this bastion the yew
tree has refashioned
time into a slow
and secret
fire in my heart

OF_pS_pG_pSP

this brave tree
has to use an
expression borrowed
from military
language participated in
innumerable skirmishes
it has repulsed
the white dragoons
of frost
and withstood
the sun's artillery
when the high-summer
offensive was launched

OF_pS_pG_pS_pS

it has survived
veritable onslaughts
from dogs cats
and boys who through
negligence have
broken its green
rapiers – even
the invasions of ants
have been repulsed
it is a strong
avant-garde i
have out there on
my left flank

OF_pS_pG_pS_pG

a flourish
for the yew tree
this may morning
when i go out
and award it the
légion d'honneur
first class
'dear veteran'
i say much moved
'may you battle on
for many a year to come with
honour for the fatherland
here at fort ulstrup'

OF S G G A
p p p p

how would i
ever be able to
sit and write this
poem had it
not been for my
buttocks my
two raw-silk pillows
that no chinese
empress has
rested more softly on
as my wife
has claimed in
a weak moment?

OF S G G F
p p p p

for good reason
i have of course never
seen these two
hemispheres that
fill my jeans
so precisely but they
have never let me down
neither when
i was at
stool or when
i sat down
in the danish
academy's finest sofa

OF S G GP
p p p

it is without
a doubt the spirit
that reigns
but it is
the flesh that redeems
remember that
when you sit
on the fleshiest
part of your body
and believe
you can think
yourself into
the seventh heaven

OF S G G S
p p p p

on another occasion
i attempted to
save my
buttocks that were
only swathed
in blue pyjamas
from corporal punishment
i place myself at
the end of the line but
the teacher cunningly
started from the back
ow dammit how
that cane smarted

OF S G G G
p p p p

anus – yes it
sounds better
than arsehole
doesn't it
more scholastic
how shall i put
it? – i think
i will make do with
the old motto:
what does it profit you
that you own worldly goods
and gold if you
cannot shit?

OF S A F A
p p p p

do i have a pelvis
does a man have
a pelvis?
it sound so
feminine
i mean: pelvic bones
pelvic floor musculature
and all that stuff
women on tele
vision that do
pelvic floor exercises
has that anything
to do with me

OF S A F F
p p p p

where does the
groin sit? – what is
a groin all
things considered
i don't exactly
know – do you?
it's certainly something
down there near the
genitals – some
diagonal or other
i pay you homage
nevertheless my
groin – in my igonorance

OF S A FP
p p p

then there are the hips
i am apparently
inside an area
where the gap
between words
and reality
is deep at any rate
in my own knowledge
i am thinking of
my wife's white
suspender belt
yes that's where
the hips are of course

OF S A F S
p p p p

not to mentioned
the loins
children are the fruit of
the loins it says
i go in search on
an old anatomical
chart – no the figures
there don't have any loins
i grope nervously
for my own loins
- on my back? higher
up my back? – further
down? where on my back?

OF S A F G
p p p p

the book of the third flesh
gradually reminds me
a bit of aristotle's
zoology as far
as prolivity is concerned
but okay – the body
does after all have its
strange mysteries
its one masculine
mystique – is the waist
for example
the same
as the middle?

OF G A S A
p p p p

no i cannot
keep up any
more – no
matter how many
times i rush
backwards and forwards
between reality
out there and the poem
in here – i
cannot manage to
register all these
spring miracles that
well out of the greenness

OF G A S F
p p p p

no sooner
have i got
the pepper tree written down
in my poem than
the redcurrant bursts
into flame – no sooner
has this fact been
confirmed here
before the tulip sends
its emanations
of indecency up
into the air outside
in the seventh day

OF G A SP
p p p

now the french
anemone strikes
even lovelier
than its name
and there the apple
blossom stands almost
invisible against the
whitest sky
like watermarks in
the poem here – and
i'm apparently just about
to get the
birch's catkins as well

OF G A S S
p p p p

but it is
already too late
while i have
written this poem
the pear tree has raised
its home mission
of colours for which
i have no words
and while i
am writing this down
unknown flowers
open their
soul's dossier

OF G A S G
p p p p

no i really
can't make it in
time – reality
is exploding with life
around me
reality
is overtaking the poem
with its gleaming
invasion of light
reality
is overrunning the
poem here on the great
liberation day of 5 may

OF_pG_pA_pG_pA

i walk on the edge
of the poem on
the edge of silence
it seems to me
i want just to say
a couple more words
before i fall completely
silent – ‘ulstrup’
i shout into
the poem because i
am now actually
on the outskirts
of ulstrup by

OF_pG_pA_pG_pF

there was something
else i didn't
manage to say
but now i
cannot call to mind
what it was
so i search
further into the poem
so i perhaps can
remember it there
perhaps the unsaid
is to be found there
deeper within the silence?

OF_pG_pA_pGP

on the track of
the inexpressible is
that what i am?
like moving
into the kreutzer
sonata so as there
to hear the unhearable
like moving into
the poem so as
deep within
the silence to
want to state
this silence?

OF_pG_pA_pG_pS

is that what i
want – to write
the very unwritable
into the poem
to write the very poem's
precondition
into the poem?
i can well hear
that these words are
perhaps only an echo
of what i as yet
have not managed to say
and never will

OF_pG_pA_pG_pG

there is nothing in
the world as silent
as a poem
it does not say
a word – it just
lies here on the table
and keeps its trap shut
the poem is its own
contradiction
it wants to state
what it cannot:
its
own silence

OF G F A A
p p p p

mental exercise
number one
go out and observe
a tulip
a parissima
is fine by me
carefully study
the episcopal seat
in the middle that has
been sprayed with god's
yellow semen
compare it with
dyrup's colour chart

OF G F A F
p p p p

then you will
discover that what
you thought
was called cream-coloured
is called eggshell-white
nowadays
in modern design
now touch these
large immoral
petals and think
at the same time of your
woman's labia
just do as i say

OF G F AP
p p p

then say to it:
delightful tulip
how lovely you are
that is what it's
standing waiting for
after the bees
have visited it
long ago – go into
more detail continue
like this: you are
more beautiful than villa
lobos' guitar music
that is what it wants to hear

OF G F A S
p p p p

bend down over it
like a happy
lover and whisper:
you are a true
miracle
not even solomon in
all his glory
was arrayed
like one of you
whisper that to it
and you will see
it blush there
in the sunset

OF G F A G
p p p p

dear reader
if after these
directions you
have not understood
that the age of miracles
is not past
that miracles are
alive and kicking right
outside your window
that miracles
grow in valleys
i am unable to
help you any more

OF_p G_p F_p G_p A

there the flycatcher flew
into my poem
the pied flycatcher
dressed in
full evening dress
it knew me but
i didn't know it
it probably often
saw me walking
round my own
axis inside the soul
but i didn't see it
unwittingly before now

OF_p G_p F_p G_p F

there the flycatcher
settled on a
branch in my poem
for a short silver
moment – there
it settled (in
my poem of all poems)
and looked so earnestly
at me before it
rapidly flew on
to the place where
all fly
catchers must go

OF_p G_p F_p GP

that's how you
are to write i
can hear you say
it is a poem
and not an
explanation of the word
'flycatcher'
yes that is a good
old-fashioned poem
even though it
also refers a little
to its own inner
labyrinth i reply

OF_p G_p F_p G_p S

but as you
already know i
am not a
real poet
i mainly use
the poem
as a way to
search for god or
god uses it
as a way to
search for me or
the poem only wants to
find itself who knows?

OF_p G_p F_p G_p G

there the flycatcher
sat in my
poem behind the
words' cherry blossom
there the flycatcher
did me the honour
of singing to me
for almost a minute
there the flycatcher sat
imprisoned in my poem
before i let
it out again to its
own reality

OF G S A A
p p p p

in a fit of
melancholy i could
start listening to
joy division
i could ask you
to dress in
white: white
suspenders white stockings
the white dress that
reveals the hairs under
your armpits i could
ask you to stand on
your white military heel

OF G S A F
p p p p

and you could enter
in jeans and a
flamingo-coloured
sweater you could
have your
new puma shoes on
and ask me
is that how
i am to be dressed
today? – and i
could answer you:
which of these two
poems fits best?

OF G S AP
p p p

or i could
say to you:
take the sweater off first
only then can i
see your breasts
then take your
shoes and trousers off
and lie down on
the sofa there then
i will myself
pull your panties off
that are still hiding the
privet scrub of your sex

OF G S A S
p p p p

and you could do
as i asked –
perhaps in the opposite
order
you could take
your shoes and trousers
off first and then you
could pull the sweater
over your head as
women do with
crossed arms and
i could ask: does
the poem fit better now?

OF G S A G
p p p p

and now you
do as i
asked you
actually undress
before my very
eyes and lie down
on the sofa and
i really pull off
your panties
and consider the almond
of your sex – tell me:
which of these two poems
is the truer then?

OF_pG_pS_pF_pA

i walk down
to the sea at
sønderstrand because
i know that the black
thorn bushes are blossoming
now that they are in
the process of separating
silver from matter
or is it the poem
i walk down to
because i know that
the blackthorn bushes only
really blossom in there?

OF_pG_pS_pF_pF

the poem's blackthorn
blossom is whiter
than reality's
i see and yet
do not see
and yet see
it inside behind
the picture's light
and know that i shall
write that and
know that when it
has been written it was
not that which i saw

OF_pG_pS_pFP

and now i have
written it down
and it was not
that which i saw – and
i know that i
shall write it down
and i know that
i cannot and i
know so much
i shall not write
and so much i
do not know that i
absolutely shall write

OF_pG_pS_pF_pS

perhaps the poem
first begins in
ignorance
in that which i do not
know i can write
yes once i have
got reason
out of the way
the blackthorn
blossoms perhaps
first in there
in their
whitest madness?

OF_pG_pS_pF_pG

what was it i
saw in there in the poem's
blackthorn thicket that
does not lie down by
the sea and does not lie
in language – what was
it i saw in there
in the poem of the blackthorn
thickets that is not
that which i wrote down
here but neither that
which i
did not write?

OF_pG_pS_pG_pA

the twentieth of may
i pass by
a dolmen on
krogebækvej and say:
this is reality
but after
having said that
it is no longer
that i realise
earlier i used
to ask where eternity
lay now i ask
where reality lies

OF_pG_pS_pG_pF

then i turn
right down along
a field path that
apparently leads
right into
reality: the white
summer clouds in
the blue sky
the thatched farm
but no i can
clearly see i have
tumbled into a
painting by constable

OF_pG_pS_pGP

to the left there
along the blackthorn hedge
in my soul lies
reality there
can i put up
a road sign here on which
it says: 'reality'
that points this way
no i have not
yet emerged
from bruckner's fifth
symphony its trumpets
outblast the gale

OF_pG_pS_pG_pS

what if i were
to simply follow
my nose down among
the fir trees of
reality there
down to the sea
but i can already
hear it in the back
of my head: 'the
salt is on the briar rose
the fog is in the fir trees'
i have landed up in
a poem by eliot

OF_pG_pS_pG_pG

there is no way
back – i must
go back in the
last direction i
came from – does
reality lie there
where i've already been?
no i only get
into my own poem: the
twentieth of may i
pass by a dolmen
on krogebækvej and say:
'this is reality'

OF_pG_pG_pA_pA

mental exercise
number two
go out and have a
shave (if you are
a woman omit
this) eat your
kefir in peace
and quiet and light
the day's first cigarette
then cut away
the withered tulips
and inhale deeply their
deadly scent

OF_pG_pG_pA_pF

refrain from
shouting amen
or halleluja
do not dress
in yellow do not
stand on your head
for half an hour
do not read paul's
first epistle to
timothy (wait with
that until it's evening)
do not torment your
self with vegetarian food

OF_pG_pG_pAP

sit down instead
at the well-decked
lunch table with
both roast pork
caviar and you
own last-supper dressing
drink without a
bad conscience both
two beers three snapses and
your own sacra
ment cocktail
in short accept
god's gifts

OF_pG_pG_pA_pS

do not attempt
to save the world
do not write
any reader's letters
do not sign up for
the cat protection society
do not believe that the colour
black has
anything to do
with death (believe it
if you can't help
yourself) stop
showing off all day long

OF_pG_pG_pA_pG

just try
dammit for a single
moment to be
happy to be
alive (for at least
as long as this exercise
lasts) say loud
and clear to your
wife: i love you
(stop sitting there
mumbling at
at) try showing
a little gratitude

OF_p G_p G_p F_p A

these flowers
are yellow
i do not know
their name
that seems just as
strange as a
word that has
no meaning
but in a way
both phenomena
cause me some degree
of happiness in spite of
their missing half

OF_p G_p G_p F_p F

there are
plenty of flowers
i do not know
the name of
yet even so I can
like them
from a distance
just like the name
'sutters gold' is
reassuring even though
i have never
seen any flower with
the name 'sutters gold'

OF_p G_p G_p FP

no language can
contain its own
explanation and no
reality can
contain its own
explanation – therefore
language and reality
need each other
but these two
together constitute
a new system that
cannot contain
its own explanation

OF_p G_p G_p F_p S

i really do not
know – can the poem
be a kind of
explanation?
but then poem
language and reality
will once more be a
new system that
cannot explain
itself – ah me
the problem of the
yellow flowers is bigger
than one might think

OF_p G_p G_p F_p G

these yellow flowers
have of course
a name – it
is listed in some
flora or other
but that does not
solve that problem
i have outlined
above although
another one – my
provisional advice is
therefore: go outside and
enjoy those yellow flowers

OF_pG_pG_pS_pA

i go further
into the poem
at listrup bakker
i have no
illusions i
reject without mercy
such words as 'reality'
and 'actuality' as being
unusable throw
them out of the poem like
gnawed chicken bones
wishbones i no longer
feel like pulling

OF_pG_pG_pS_pF

not because reality
does not exist
it lies just
outside the poem
raises itself in candelabras
from the pine trees – no
not because of that but
because it can
never be made
present here in the poem
where at most it
can appear as
a pale reflection

OF_pG_pG_pSP

no i do not
reject reality
as such even though
it has its
problems about
becoming real
and not ending in
remembered poems and
paintings – no i
do not reject reality –
it does for example
hurt when i
give this stone a kick

OF_pG_pG_pS_pS

even this poem
finds itself in
reality but
reality does not
find itself in it
and even though from
time to time i talk about
the poem's own reality
there is another
reality and
why use the
same word about two
such different phenomena?

OF_pG_pG_pS_pG

i have said it
before and i will
say it again:
it is not the word
'reality' and not
reality i am
interested in finding
in the poem now that
the sun's rays
are boring through the
brambles like
gleaming foils
at listrup bakker

OF_p G_p G_p G_p A

the cherry tree is
blossoming again – it has
as such no
other possibilities
blossom or die
the grim law of
necessity – but
what necessity
my god how beautiful
it is – just think
if my poems about
it were subject to
the same simple rigour

OF_p G_p G_p G_p F

the cherry tree has
lit its crown
its masculine light
sparkles in
over language
the cherry tree's three
million satoris
burn the poem
to ashes
its soul shakes
like a snowstorm
the cherry tree bears
the dome of summer

OF_p G_p G_p GP

the cherry tree's
code of honour
would i really wish
myself that no matter
how beautiful it is?
would i really
wish myself that
necessity which
is never completely
the same even so?
would i really
wish to eradicate
myself as a poet?

OF_p G_p G_p G_p S

the cherry tree
raises its fountain
of saki
its salts
rustle like paper
the cherry tree lifts
the seventh day
up in reality
its blossom
sparkles with
kamikaze
the cherry tree bears
fusi-yama on its crown

OF_p G_p G_p G_p G

there is so much
that is still to be
sung of – that which is
and that which is not
and that which is
in between – said
the poet sitting
under the cherry tree
who has just
sung of its
bushido order and laws
that are lovelier than
any poetic licence

OA A A A A
_{p p p p}

nineteen zero five
hours precisely
the first of june
i walk with a low
sun on
my back out of
the concept of truth
which i know only
belongs to language
and that i therefore
am on my way to a
different conception
of truth

OA A A A A F
_{p p p p}

i walk from west
to east along
sydstranden beach down
towards the hourglass cliff
each moment
contains its
own truth that
cannot be transmitted
and not at all by
language i know that
as soon as such
a moment is written down
it has become a lie

OA A A A AP
_{p p p p}

this is of course
due to the fact that
time cannot be
contained in the poem and
that every moment
can therefore not
be verified
no matter how
many time coordinates
and locations
i introduce into
my poem – all of it
could be a lie

OA A A A A S
_{p p p p}

i therefore realise
that truth is either
linked to
the eternal
or otherwise it must
mercilessly perish
with its own
moment if
i will not
make do with
language's truth
which of course is
only half the truth

OA A A A A G
_{p p p p}

if i am melan
choly at this
insight – if i
am aware that
also the poems here
are struck by this
lightning flash? – i
keep that to
myself and make do
with stating:
i will never
return again
to the concept of truth

OA A A F A
p p p p

the third book of the flesh
continues as follows:
my torso
seems reasonably
greek to me
even though praxiteles
would probably
object that
it is a little lopsided
and could not
be used as a model
for one of his
marble sculptures

OA A A F F
p p p p

how can one
ignore one's own
head? – that is
a real
paradox – but i
manage to do so
and imagine
my torso in
plaster sprayed with
international
klein bleu raised
in the half-light
behind a rubber tree

OA A A F P
p p p

then i take out
a photo of
myself – it is
a fairly old photograph
where i am posing
in my pants
with a black
speedmarker
i swiftly erase
my head arm and legs
hatch them
out
viola: my torso

OA A A F S
p p p p

i could also
drape myself
in front of the mirror
with pieces of yellow
silk so only
the body the torso
would be visible
as in a willumsen
statue seen in a
postmodern
interpretation i
could do so
but i do not

OA A A F G
p p p p

instead of that i
finally study
my navel
have i made myself
clear: i contemplate
my own navel
have i made myself
clear to freudians
and jungians
and who knows who:
i pick small
bits of fluff
out of my navel

OA A A S A
p p p p

june's widescreen
i am prepared to
maintain that the colours are
brighter than techni
colour this morning
purer than
eric dolphy on
the flute – i dare
make the claim that
the genista smells
stronger than menstru
ation this morning
and now i do so

OA A A S F
p p p p

are you deaf?
can't you hear
the first summer
thunder rumbling
in the distance on the
outskirts of june far
inside the poem
like unsolved
philosophical
enigmas? – no
you can't
that is why
i am writing it down

OA A A SP
p p p

or perhaps you
are blind?
can't you see
lightning's avens
over asnaes
there on the other
side of the poem
yes you're sure
to be able to
because i have
just written it
down in june's plaster
right in front of your eyes

OA A A S S
p p p p

what did you see yourself
what did you hear
yourself while you
were walking along
the beach towards
the june sun's icon?
that actually
interests me because we
could then transcend
each other's poems
(written or unwritten)
there where they
adjoin each other

OA A A S G
p p p p

then i could walk
on in your
june poem and you in mine
and i would possibly
discover that june
is not so different
as all that
and you would perhaps
realise that i am
right in claiming that
speedwell gleams like
your woman's eyes from
june's bedroom

OA_pA_pF_pF_pA

we could also go on
long walks in the summer
rain right out
to 'lookout' where
we then would try
to look out into
that reality
which we either
did not understand or
also confused
with our own
illusions about
a reality

OA_pA_pF_pF_pF

yes when we stood
there in the poem and
looked out over
hills and cliffs
we said to each other:
how beautiful
nature is – without
really understanding
what 'nature'
meant
even though we
were actually standing
in the middle of it

OA_pA_pF_pFP

in the poem there is
no nature not
the slightest
(the poem is the spirit's preserve)
we knew that well
so it was not
that which surprised us
more that we
were unable to
immediately grasp nature
any more but only
via mediations (other
poems and paintings etc)

OA_pA_pF_pF_pS

don't misunderstand
me: we enjoyed nature
(more than most
people) but we
did not understand it
hardly even got
the meaning of
the word 'nature' we
just looked out at
it here at 'lookout'
and said once more to
each other: how
beautiful nature is

OA_pA_pF_pF_pG

we had to go further
into the poem we
had a feeling
of further in
so as to be better
able to look out
we had to (yes it
sounds strange) find
the same nodding
cowbells that
we had already
found here
at røsnæs lighthouse

OA A F S A
p p p p

it is that
state i call
the seventh day
which is not
just a random
sunday or one
of the days in june
when the tulip has
gone and the rose
is not yet blossoming
the seventh day
is not
any particular day

OA A F S F
p p p p

the seventh day
does not have to
be a bright
summer's day – it
can be a
perfectly ordinary
rainy day in week
twenty-five when
the wild chervil
flowers like a
sudden epilepsy
deeper inside
the poem's woodland

OA A F SP
p p p

you do not find
the seventh day
behind the trivialities
and pettesses
of the other days
it does not lie
hidden in the soul as
a special day
that differs
from the others
like a diamond
resting on
its six pillars

OA A F S S
p p p p

the seventh day
is not some
fairytale in the usual
sense you
do not have to solve
any riddles on your way
turn right or
turn left or
turn south of the heart
it doesn't matter which
because the seventh
day is
your everyday

OA A F S G
p p p p

the seventh day
is the day of miracles
that day when
you realise that
your everyday is a
far greater miracle
than the so-called
supernatural events
that never
take place
anyway which the
everyday does every single
day of your life

OA A F G A
p p p p

we were well
aware that
most poems
in the present tense
are more untrustworthy
than those in the
imperfect (which is
also why this poem is
kept in the past tense) because
the moment as stated
cannot be held
fast in the poem as
anything else than snapshots

OA A F G F
p p p p

in short we
knew that the poem
stands and falls with
its moment in
that reguladetri
that is time'
and that what
is left at
best is
timeless and that
the rest crumbles
without mercy to
pure nothing

OA A F GP
p p p

why could we
now not make
make do with
those facts?
perhaps because
somewhere or
other deep down
inside we still believed
more in the
living spirit than
in the dead however
paradoxical that
might sound

OA A F G S
p p p p

so when we
saw the sun sink
down into the sea's
marienglass and
the winter rye was coloured
mauve that belief
would not leave us
that this moment
even so could
rise again in the poem
that this moment
despite everything would
live on in the poem

OA A F G G
p p p p

therefore we looked
behind the usual
definitions of
the word 'timelessness'
therefore we pushed
further into the poem's
'nordskov'
in behind the
dead symbols in order
to find ourselves a
new present tense
to find ourselves
another present

OA_pA_pS_pS_pA

three hurrahs
for the silverware
one for each
of its towers
let me propose
a toast for knives
and forks there on
their royal velvet
even though they are never used
and the long hurrah
for the christening spoon's
teethmarks of
engraved ill-temper

OA_pA_pS_pS_pF

good health
to the candelabras
that have kept so
much darkness at a
distance whose flames
have burned quicker
and more mercilessly
than schack staffeldt's
spirit to get
us to realise the
self-evident fact
that truth
is precisely light itself

OA_pA_pS_pSP

three cheers for
the silver jug
i one day will
inherit from my
mother and that now
is collecting death and
darkness in a
distant oak sideboard
but then will
be filled with
light and coffee
to music by
orlando gibbons

OA_pA_pS_pS_pS

perhaps you think
i have forgotten
the silver rings
because they aren't made
of gold – but
i haven't done
so for now
i celebrate my
engagement ring with
a: hah – bravo
even though i can
see quite well that it is
a bit tarnished

OA_pA_pS_pS_pG

nine cheers
for the silver at
the bottom of the soul's
mines that gleams
greenly in the eyes'
reflection – a toast
to the full moon's
silver in which
dolphins leap
higher than
the silver
prize medals of
the universities

OAASGA
p p p p

at snogegårdsvej
i exit from
literature and
enter the poem
even though i am
walking in nature – it
is really complicated
all this where
am i actually walking
around? – inside
my head? – yes but
the nightingale's singing out there
what about it then?

OAASGF
p p p p

i whistle to
it and it replies
jug jug jug
i say
and it replies
or am i the one
replying to it?
a strange dialectic
of green notes
or of letters
and words or of
poetic detritus
from eliot?

OAA SGP
p p p

neither what
i wrote
or what
i didn't write
neither what
i know or what
i don't know
neither what i
can know or what
i can't know
what is it then
i am to do – what
path am i to take?

OAA S G S
p p p p

shall i write
what i cannot
write and not
write what i
can write?
what is the
third possibility
i cannot work out
this midsummer
evening when
the nightingale
sings for the
last time this year?

OAA S G G
p p p p

am i getting
lost in the poem's
increasing darkness
here where snogegårds
vej suddenly ends
at a sign
that says:
private – here where
snogegårdsvej ends
at a log cabin
with chequered
kitchen curtains
at its windows?

OA A G A A
p p p p

i read about
you in another
man's book
my love
read that you
wake up in another
man's bed
pale with the night's semen
but the poem's precise
image of mother of pearl
evokes
no jealousy
in me beloved

OA A G A F
p p p p

firstly
i did not know
you at that point
in time secondly
all of it
may be lies
or a fleeting
fantasy in a
poet's brain
thirdly
you are not yourself
at all in the
unreality of the poem

OA A G AP
p p p

nor do you pass
through this
poem as far
as i know
you are at this moment
busy weeding
around the ultraviolet
velvet of
the pansy
that is at any rate
what i can
see through
the window right now

OA A G A S
p p p p

a pansy
is neither
true nor false
just like you
are not
my beloved
there in your
light-blue denim jeans
just like the poem
is not
as long as it does
not express itself about
anything else than itself

OA A G A G
p p p p

so it is
neither jealousy
nor the truth
value of the
mentioned statement
that bothers me
simply
the fact that
you are also moving
around in another
poet's beautiful
poem
about you my love

OA A G F A
p p p p

a couple of days later
we walk hand in hand
along kongestensvej
without knowing anything
else about this road
than that it led
to the sea – we
naturally did not talk
about such concepts as
'naturalism' and
'idealism' partly because
it would be stupid to
talk on such a walk

OA A G F F
p p p p

and partly because
words like that
had been used up
had been consigned to
oblivion where
they rightly belonged
in some
historical context
or other
silently we entered
june's church but
not dumb
for that reason

OA A G FP
p p p

we did not want
to depict reality
neither external
nor internal
but we did not
want either to let
the poem close
round itself – be
self-sufficient – grow
wild in its own
weeds – we did not want
to put it more briefly to
create a new reality either

OA A G F S
p p p p

as we now passed along
this road unknown to us
with the rye fields
of reality on the one
side and the 'turnip fields'
of language on the other
side lit by
the bright sun we
realised that the poem
was neither reality
nor language
but an other sun
that lit up the world

OA A G F G
p p p p

we realised that
the poem was a
relation that linked
reality and language
together to form
a world and that it
did not as such create
a new reality
merely lit up
the old one – having got
that far in our
reflections we had also
got as far as the sea

OA_pA_pG_pS_pA

later that day
i walked alone
down sydvej where
the rugosa roses were
flowering more wildly
than allan pettersen's
eighth symphony
a road where crows
and jackdaws normally
congregate early
in the morning to
decide on the
day's evil deeds

OA_pA_pG_pS_pF

i knew that it
was too much
that the poem was
not a sun that
lit up the world
but that it at best
was a little
lamp whose light
lit up a micro
scopic piece of the world
as in this
instance where it
perhaps lit up sydvej

OA_pA_pG_pSP

if the poem is
such a lamp
i asked myself
as i approached
nostrup klint
who then has
lit its light?
i cannot of
course be me
as i as a part
of the world
am first lit up
by the light of the poem

OA_pA_pG_pS_pS

for the time being i
did not answer this
question but
smelt instead
the whitethorn's silver
it was clear to me
that i had walked
into some trap or other
of course a
poem could not
contain its own expla
nation – it would
inevitably fall to pieces

OA_pA_pG_pS_pG

it would split
across the middle
(as here) into poem
and meta-poem which
in turn would call for
an infinite series
of meta-poems
it would in a
certain way split
the world into two
halves by the
illumination that precisely
made it a poem

OA_pA_pG_pG_pA

thus did i stand
in the middle of the poem
at barnes banke
and watched the green glint
of the sunset
blip its second
of neon
it was easy
i only had to adopt
a new paradox
only believe that the poem
could contain
its own explanation

OA_pA_pG_pG_pF

nothing more than
that: a little leap
but what a leap
larger even so than
the leap over
this cliff at
the foot of which the blackthorn
lay with its roots
in the air like
extracted tooth crowns
a little hop
nothing more than that
it was difficult

OA_pA_pG_pGP

i only had
to leave the solid
foundation of reason
i only had
to abandon myself
to what? – to the
collapsed ochre
of the irrational?
no not to that
no i would
not abandon
myself to that
dark vertigo

OA_pA_pG_pG_pS

i was just like
in fairytales
where one has
to say the magic
word to solve
the riddle and so
advance through
the buckthorn scrub
and i was unable
to say that word
because it
was precisely the
inexpressible

OA_pA_pG_pG_pG

i really knew
deep down inside
that it was
not so much me who
was to undertake this
little leap as
it was that which
was to undertake me
so therefore i calmly
let my thoughts gyre
around a great
forgetting like the gulls
here around barnes banke

OA F A A A
p p p p

lundgård lay like
an older poem
inside the poem
remote somewhere
it took a long time to
reach like
the secrets in
allan pettersen's
sixth symphony
we only found it
because we systematically
roamed through
the poems' possibilities

OA F A A F
p p p p

lundgård was a
derelict farm abandoned
by man and beast
invaded by
wild chervil and
the green banners of
ground elder bleached
like bones
it lay at the back
of beyond under
the great
rugosa leaves
of the northern sky

OA F A AP
p p p

to the west only
a stable wall was still standing
like a boundary and
a shield against
the barley fields of
realism like a
gothic wall with
portals and half
windows through which
the sunset
burned like
the penetrating gaze
of a madman

OA F A A S
p p p p

to characterise
the place more closely
we would have to
employ almost forgotten
words such as:
'thatch' – 'half-
timbering' or 'cobblestones'
words that at one and the
same time weighed too much
and yet were
strangely
hollow like
the stems of hogweed

OA F A A G
p p p p

of course we looked
in at the windows
of the farmstead
because we
suspected that perhaps
even stranger poems
might be concealed
in there but
the rooms were all
empty and dark
except for one in which
there stood
an atlas fridge

OA_pF_pA_pF_pA

for a while
we forgot lundgård
other poems from the south
intruded and
wanted to be written down
poems heavy as the rain
clouds above asnæs
but from time to time
we asked each other questions
even so such as: what
was it we forgot there in
the ground elder or what
was it we were to remember?

OA_pF_pA_pF_pF

we went out once more
to lundgård on a
summer day along
july's bright paths (which
as you probably know
often lead far out
past the poem) new
questions immediately arose
why had the chimney been
repaired? why
was their refuse in the dust
bin? why were there no
poppies growing here?

OA_pF_pA_pFP

we discussed
for a long time if we
ought to buy the house
and restore it
wouldn't it then
become a pastiche
a bourgeois idyll?
wouldn't the costs
be too great?
were the foundations
solid enough? and what
about when the north wind
caught hold of the roof ridge?

OA_pF_pA_pF_pS

did not nature
reign supreme in
this kingdom
where the yarrow
ran riot? were others
on the track of (yes
we did not hesitate
to use the phrase)
of this 'godforsaken
retreat' – were
others in the process
of transforming romanticism
into new poems?

OA_pF_pA_pF_pG

'you could plant roses
there' i revised
the poem even though
it is not nearly as
good as the original
'Yes – new dawn or
van fleet' you
added – some of those
large pale yellow ones' i
continued the poem 'and
ivy hanging
like a shawl
down over the soul'

OA_pF_pA_pS_pA

we were clearly
interested in
this place despite
its scruffy
appearance because we
believed that a
new romanticism
could perhaps
thrive here face
to face with
the northern sky's
scorching
board of truth

OA_pF_pA_pS_pF

what did we mean
by a new romanticism?
not at any rate
the blind alleys that
schack staffeldt
had followed in order
to find a
second abstract
reality in which
he went astray in
the concept: everything (which as
known cannot contain the
thinker himself)

OA_pF_pA_pSP

nor was it holderlin's
romanticism which
found the absolute
in a second hellas
that was not
of this world
we were in short
not idealists in
the usual sense of the
word – concrete
reality's thorns
of nettles were our
point of departure

OA_pF_pA_pS_pS

but we believed
that reality
could first be seen
as the world
in the light of the
absolute which precisely
cannot be seen itself
(like a second and
strange reality)
but by virtue
of which reality
itself can be seen
as this world

OA_pF_pA_pS_pG

let me use
an image to
illustrate that
the difference between
reality and the world
was not one of content
but of state:
imagine that you
had had a dream
that corresponded exactly
to your waking state
then the difference would
only be the state

OA_pF_pA_pG_pA

in this light
reality thus did not
appear otherwise
than it was
on the contrary it
showed itself
as the world
the only world
this was the miracle
this was reality's
miracle
this was the miracle's
reality

OA_pF_pA_pG_pF

we were not
to look for any
reality behind
reality not to find
any world behind
the world – there was nothing
more to forget nothing
more to remember
we were only to realise
that reality
was as it always
had been that the world
itself was the miracle

OA_pF_pA_pGP

to retain the
image: we woke
from a dream that
was hard to distinguish
from the reality
we woke up to
and to leave the
image: we woke
from a reality that
was hard to distinguish
from the
world we
woke up to

OA_pF_pA_pG_pS

so what was the
difference? – none
none except
one reflection
more that could
only be stopped in
the northern light of eternity
this was the
state and it
was this state
we now wanted
to call the
new romanticism

OA_pF_pA_pG_pG

our assertion was
in other words that
we naturally
were in the universe
but also that we
would never come
to understand
this insight
this paradox
that was why
we were contemplating
settling
at lundgård

OA F F A A
p p p p

today i walk through
the poem with
adidas gipsy shoes
on as you can see
today i look
in across july's
thresholds through
reflecting sun-glasses
that reflect light
back out of the poem
as you can see
by reading these
lines in the document

OA F F A F
p p p p

i change into
a kondo sweat
shirt that matches
july's colours
green in turquoise
with a small
white silk embroidering
above the heart
i exchange a
word for another
one: june for
july because yet
another month has passed

OA F F AP
p p p

i look up in
the gardening book
under july
take it easy
does it say enjoy the
garden – yes
it really does
(it is one of
these terribly
modern gardening books)
ok but i settle
in the shadow of
the poem and enjoy the garden

OA F F A S
p p p p

iris and tagetes
and the first
roses that flower
wildly on
july's cross – i
can hardly
see all these
miracles for you
my love
because you both
bodily and
quite literally
cover them now

OA F F A G
p p p p

in my own calendar
i have noted
under july:
the month of ants
as one of the
experiences transferred
from last year
and true enough
both the bread
bin and the soul
and the poem here
are full of ants as
you can see yourself

OA_{p p p p} F F F A

you have planted
unknown flowers
everywhere in the garden
like cross-stitch embroidery
around my poem
perhaps they symbolise
everything i am
not to know
about you? – i do
not know that either
because i have not yet
answered the fairytale's
last question

OA_{p p p p} F F F F

one is white
a second blue
a third red
like the highest
north and one
is indescribable
like a palace in
isfahan – perhaps
they stand for our
unborn and unnamed
children that are still
playing with each other in
the soul's garden?

OA_{p p p} F F FP

or perhaps
they simply represent
everything i can
not know:
the immediate
reason for the miracle
in the seventh day
yes perhaps
they really only
represent themselves as
that revelation
they first
and foremost are?

OA_{p p p p} F F F S

my love
you walk around
planting unknown
flowers everywhere
in my poem
to remind me
of my own
ignorance
so that i
will not make
that mistake
again to
give names to everything

OA_{p p p p} F F F G

my love
there will always
be more questions
than answers – at any
rate at least one
that i cannot
even ask
there will always
be at least one
unknown flower
that is not an answer to
anything or is only its
own innermost question

OA_pF_pF_pS_pA

this summer i
walk around with
hunched shoulders
about one and a half metres
above the ground
i have done so
since i was seventeen
what else
am i to do
with them?
that's where
they belong – that's where
they work best

OA_pF_pF_pS_pF

i don't think
much about my
upper arms when
i use them
except now when
i pump my biceps
up to full strength
what is it
they look like
an old-fashioned
rubber
hot-water bottle
it seems to me

OA_pF_pF_pSP

the lower arm as
a paradigm
of what?
of the function
of leading a
dortmunder beer to the mouth
and emptying it
how in all the
world would one
otherwise be able
to carry out
this piece of
necessary labour?

OA_pF_pF_pS_pS

who's interested in hearing
about my scar – oh
who wouldn't like to hear
about my lovely
scar? – like a
frozen half moon
it lies round
my right elbow
it comes from
jacob wrestling with
the angel – a fight
i waged ages ago
oh my sexy scar

OA_pF_pF_pS_pG

the wrists'
brass i write
and it sounds
beautiful even though
they are more of
stainless steel
even though a single
piece of glass could slice
through them one fine
day in a moment's
pure distraction
oh my
wrists' roses

OA_{p p p p}FFGA

the first rose
came out in
secret so to
speak while we
were away
it came out red
from its velvet
it came out red
from its black
buds that
looked as if they
had been
dipped in bismuth

OA_{p p p p}FFGF

we were well able to see
the symbolic nature
of this but
we hated
symbolism where
one phenomenon is
simply replaced by
another one
what's the point of
that? we wanted
to get further in
behind the beauty
of these phenomena

OA_{p p p p}FFGP

the first rose
that we ourselves
had planted
was closer to our
souls than
jealousy was
closer to our
hearts than
the third quarter
of heraldry
the first rose
came out from the
mandala of our love

OA_{p p p p}FFGS

this too could be
misunderstood
this too
could be filled
with the searing phosphate
of meaning
but we chose
to let the rose
stand there precisely
as it stood
without any
other reality
behind the leaves

OA_{p p p p}FFGG

the first rose
raised its diocese
in summer's
arcana
hid its miracles
from us
so that we might
believe them
more than see
them for ourselves
the first rose
was rooted in
the seventh day

OA_pF_pS_pA_pA

can't you see for
yourself then
that the
rape is in flower?
i have never
denied that
you answer me
uncomprehendingly
no but
you haven't confirmed
it either –
i continue even more
insistently

OA_pF_pS_pA_pF

all right – let's say
then that the rape's
in flower – you
say to me
to get it
over with –
i can see that for
myself – i
reply undaunted
i'm neither a
narcissist nor
colour-blind am i
my love

OA_pF_pS_pAP

so there the exchange
of words stops between
us while the rape
of course
goes on flowering
yellower than
chrome-yellow
more silent than
an etching in
mutus liber
so there this day's
small loving snide remarks
come to an end

OA_pF_pS_pA_pS

for there is not
all that much more to
be said – the rape
is really flowering
fantastically
yellower than esteve's
rectangles and you
and i are standing here
together seeing
it happen deep inside
the poem or
maybe even
deeper inside?

OA_pF_pS_pA_pG

you and i together
beneath the corten
steel of the sky
you and i and
the rape in flower
together in the
immutability of
the poem – that is
another way of
saying the same
thing: can't you see
for yourself then that the
rape is in flower?

OA F S F A
p p p p

somewhere or
other the poem was
waiting perhaps in
some other poem
(like here) or in
the blue clay at
kongstrup strand
we went down there
to see it we were
right or
just to
fill the soul's
bottle with salt

OA F S F F
p p p p

it was late
life increased in
strength smelled
sweeter than wormwood
new words surrounded
us like the flora
here lining the path
'medicinal bugloss' and
'viper's bugloss'
it was beautiful
and relevant to
place them in their
right context

OA F S FP
p p p

we did not want
to emigrate from
reality into
words' undergrowth
of 'sea buckthorn' and
'blackthorn bush' – we
wanted rather to
try and determine
the coordinates for a
connection
between the sea buckthorn
there and the 'sea buckthorn'
here in the poem

OA F S F S
p p p p

the third coordinate
could not be
existence
since it
cannot be contained
in any system
despite this we
believe in this inner
contradiction – or
ought we rather
to say we hoped
that this impossibility
was the resolution

OA F S F G
p p p p

was the poem then
the moment in
the diamond when
it is lit up in
a gleam of light when
the coordinates
precisely intersect?
was the poem then
this moment
this clarity
that had no
explanation but itself
explained the world?

OA_pF_pS_pG_pA

deep inside
july on the
other side of the
poem where
summer's
trumpets played
so bluey that they
could scarcely be
heard we walked
a tight-rope between
the barley and the rye
we in a sense went
beyond words' boundaries

OA_pF_pS_pG_pF

the words were not
simply self sufficient
as 'words'
nor were they simply
pointers to
something outside
themselves as words
they were part of a
larger context
in a conspiracy
like the poppies
that burned to death
in the cornfields

OA_pF_pS_pGP

the words became
centres around which
the world concentrated
itself in larger
or smaller circles
as when you
thrown a stone into
the water and the circles
after a while are
the only thing that
reaches the bank
while the stone
itself has disappeared

OA_pF_pS_pG_pS

like a cornfield
where the corn does
not exist without
the field and the field
does not exist without
the corn the poem
did not exist without
the world and the world
did not exist without the poem
they made up an
unbreakable whole
behind which there
was no meaning

OA_pF_pS_pG_pG

in that way
one could say
that reality
in itself and language
in itself were sensed in
the distance like a
heat haze at
the beginning
of the dog days
in that way
one could
quite well say that we
were idealists

OA F G A A
p p p p

you could just
as justifiably
call us realists
since we did not
praise some
new world or
any other world
but precisely this
world exactly
as it was
this honeysuckle
on charlesvej ex
actly as it smelled

OA F G A F
p p p p

some people would
probably rather use the
expression: natura
lists about us because with
just as much
passion we were
engrossed in the colours
of the camomile and the
sceptre of the chicory
that right now in
this month stretched
up towards the blue
firmament of the sky

OA F G AP
p p p

others would
refer to us as
metaphysicians
when we now and then
claimed that the sycamore
had its own language
yet others would
call us existen
tialists or spiri
tualists or
as belonging to even
stranger lodges in
the history of isms

OA F G A S
p p p p

if we were to
say something ourselves
the label: anti-
humanists really fitted
us best because we
did not make man
the measure of everything
but were just as willing
to place the mauve crown
of the thistle or a
blackbird or
eventually god
at this centre

OA F G A G
p p p p

we realised that
the concept 'explanation'
could develop
into an illness
if we continued
to cling to it
we realised that
it had served
its purpose as
a ladder with six
rungs that we
now laid aside on
the seventh day

OA F G F A
p p p p

we stood here in
the poem on
stendyssevej and
looked into another
poem farther off
over on the other
side of kildedalen
it was late
and we could feel
the dryness of the dog days
blow down our necks
like warm talcum
from god's breath

OA F G F F
p p p p

the elder flowered
like a slow
madness in there
in the stillness
like something or other
standing between
the lines in grimms'
fairytales – farther
in it seemed to
us that we could make out
a third poem
faintly gleaming
in the mirror of darkness

OA F G FP
p p p

or were we in
reality standing here
on stendyssevej
looking into the poems
that lay within
each other
like chinese boxes
in there in the forest
where the elder
beckoned us in with
its magic
flowers and
its sharp scent?

OA F G F S
p p p p

what now was
reality and
what was poem
we asked ourselves?
couldn't we simply
cross kildedalen
to get an answer
to that question?
couldn't we simply
walk the ten
metres ahead
the ten metres
out of the soul?

OA F G F G
p p p p

to get from
the poem here or
from reality's
stendyssevej to
the poem there or
to kildedalen's
second poem we
simply had to cross
inexpressibility
simply write
the unwritable
it was
no more than that

OA_pF_pG_pS_pA

the tawny owl crossed
of course
this distance effort
lessly – right
before our eyes
flew there and back
again between
stendyssevej and
kildedalen on trans
cendental wings it flew
in and out of the poem
as if it was the
easiest thing in the world

OA_pF_pG_pS_pF

this demonstration
did not however
solve our problem
which was that
we could quite well see
the transcendence
take place but
that we could not
understand it
our problem:
the old disease
gangrene in the very centre
of summer's heart

OA_pF_pG_pSP

nevertheless
we walked these
ten fateful
metres from sten
dyssevej to
kildedalen in order
to try to comprehend
the incomprehensible
in there in silence's
drumbeats
in there behind
the stinging nettles'
terrible iron guard

OA_pF_pG_pS_pS

we now stood
in that poem in which we had
stood on stendyssevej and
looked into
it was now our
reality
but now we looked
precisely into
another poem out there
on stendyssevej
where we had just
stood
a moment ago

OA_pF_pG_pS_pG

we stood here in
the poem at
kildedalen and looked
into another
poem further off
over on the other
side of stendyssevej
where the flowery meadow
spread out
like theobald hœeck's
collection of poems 'blumen
feld' from the
seventeenth century

OA F G G A
p p p p

once again in the
bright light of evening
we believed ourselves
able to make out
a third poem
further inside
the flowery meadow's second
poem and a
fourth right inside
on the dancing place
of the chicory as
we called that spot
bluer than the soul

OA F G G F
p p p p

we well knew
that if we now
went over to that
spot we would only
stand in reality
some place else and
look back into
the poem
we had just left
here in the elder wood
it looked as if
the poem was always
where we were not

OA F G GP
p p p

it looked as if
we would never
reach the middle of
the poem – that
it moved
when we moved
that our faith
was as yet not
great enough
for this cross
of silence
for this greatest
movement

OA F G G S
p p p p

we realised that
we would ceaselessly
run our head
into this
brick wall of silence
that every new
attempt would only
lead to yet another
failed poem – but
it did not matter to us
all that much we had
long since given up
writing real poems

OA F G G G
p p p p

we resigned
ourselves to this for
the time being and
went the ten metres
back to sten
dyssevej and out onto
the flowery meadow where we
picked this summer
bouquet: lady's
bedstraw chicory scabious
and yarrow – oh their
fragrance was that of your
sex my love

OA_pS_pA_pA_pA

when we get back
home you arrange
the flowers
in a clay vase
that gathers
all causes
in it a brown
vase with black
glaze as its
only effect a
vase with an
invisible cross
in its base

OA_pS_pA_pA_pF

look i say
we do not need
to seek poetry's blue
flower in the
incunabula of german
high romanticism – there
it stands in
the vase there
blue with truth
blue with at least
seven patent
miracles blue
with god's breath

OA_pS_pA_pAP

it could have
been the blue evidence
of the viper's bugloss
or the lady's hat
of the scabious or
the lady's bedstraw that is so
yellow that it turns
blue in the after-image
but now it is
the chicory on which
i have cast
my love's
blue irrevocability

OA_pS_pA_pA_pS

to be on the safe
side i check
in novalis
yes – heinrich really
slept the whole time
and the blue flower
was really a dream
while i and you
my love have after all
woken up from
reality in order
to see this chicory
while wide awake

OA_pS_pA_pA_pG

therefore we too
can calmly sign
the lines:
'er sah nichts als
die blaue blume
und betrachtete sie
lange mit
unnennbarer zärt
lichkeit' – because
the blue flower of
the real is standing right
in front of us in its
reality's vase

O A S A F A
p p p p

i go out into
the scullery with
my washing:
shirts pants
cheesy socks and
polyamide shorts
i stuff them in
the washing machine
which is a bauknecht
then i select
programme A
and start it as when
i start a poem

O A S A F F
p p p p

i sit down in
a deckchair
in front of the small
porthole and observe
the process how
detergent and water
are mixed with the clothes
in a melee of
colours – then follows
the spindrying
kaleidoscopic unpredictable
like a composition
by stockhausen

O A S A F P
p p p

unlike
my own typewriter
i have no
idea how
this whitebox
is designed
input is obvious
enough and output too
but what takes place
in the meantime
remains a mystery
almost as with what
is called life

O A S A F S
p p p p

if it is not
the exact opposite
i press the
dead-man control
and the red lamp
goes out as a
sign that the process
has stopped
i do this
purely in order
to demonstrate
my sovereign
power over the machine

O A S A F G
p p p p

there the clean
sweet-smelling clothes
lie – it is obvious
enough but one
would not think
that this auto
matic process could lead
to poetry would one?
just look though
here lie five
brand-new sweet-
smelling poems on
the table in front of you

O A S A S A
p p p p p

i go down to
the poem via
fjordbakken so as
start all over again
somewhere
i know
yes there lies the sea
as usual
under its cloudy sky
'öd und leer
das meer'
that too
i still know by heart

O A S A S F
p p p p p

the swallows fly
under the radar
round my
feet (they are
sand martins) and
the sparrow hawk hangs
at its point
of temporality
midges in both
eyes and mouth
the slope's hand
of chitin – everything
is the same as ever

O A S A S P
p p p p

i try out the
words once again too
i say: 'our
lady's bedstraw'
and immediately i see
the yellow lady's bedstraw
it works
i even say:
'pain' although
it is not present
at the moment – as
expected: all quiet
on the southern front

O A S A S S
p p p p p

i pass
an elderly gentleman
who stops and
points with his stick
like a coup de grâce:
not much you could
call weather today
what's become of the summer?
i cannot really
give an answer to his
questions but say:
the summer – yes
everything's as usual

O A S A S G
p p p p p

the poem and
reality fit too
well together today
like a jigsaw puzzle
where all the pieces
have been put into place
but where the lines
even so cannot
be removed
cannot be erased
from the illusion
no there was
no way back

O A_p S_p A_p G_p A

the next day
i choose the
opposite direction
to the northwest
where black and red
and the unknown rule
i cannot
read what the road
is called because the sign
has rusted and been
ruined by weather
stonethrows and
other forms of vandalism

O A_p S_p A_p G_p F

what is that
flag that is
fluttering there?
P W it says
on it with large
capital letters – what
sort of a syllogism
is that which i first
have to solve
in order to
understand this message
on the white latitudes
of the northern sky?

O A_p S_p A_p G_p P

who lives in there
in the poem's illuminated
house (why has a
crystal chandelier been
switched on
at midday?) behind dark
trees that cast
shadows the wrong
way as in a
picture by a
deranged
painter
i do not know?

O A_p S_p A_p G_p S

what's the name
of that stone
lying there with
a red ribbon
diagonally across its heart
'granite' – 'basalt'
or a word
i do not remember
what sort of
a word am i
to say three
times for the
equation to be solved?

O A_p S_p A_p G_p G

the poem and
reality do not fit
too well together today
like a jigsaw puzzle
where a piece
is missing or
where there is perhaps
one too many
that can only
be placed in
my own soul
no there was no
way forward either

O A S F A A
p p p p

so we abandoned
the thought that
things would probably
fall into place
by themselves in the course
of time if we
waited long enough
as in nature
we abandoned any
idea that the progressive
per se would
mean any other
solution than death

O A S F A F
p p p p

nature continued as
usual – it was
easy enough to see
one flora of
sea pink after
the other disappear
without trace beneath the
scorching sun
but we did not want to
seek consolation in this
eternal recurrence
we did not want to spin along
on this wheel of straw

O A S F A P
p p p p

we claimed the
opposite point of view:
that every single
moment was its
own solution and
resolution that
every single moment
could be just as
important as any
other if
we heeded the fact
that time could thus
not resolve or save us

O A S F A S
p p p p

that exactly
the opposite
it was each moment
that resolved time
if we heeded the fact
that the way forward
and the way back
were only apparently
there in the light of
this second
which welded
the world together
into one single now

O A S F A G
p p p p

it was this
day we called
the seventh day
when the world
appeared naked and
radiant as
it was and always
had been
this day when
the transparent veil
of illusion when
the seventh veil
had fallen

O A S F S A
p p p p

when i wake up
 this morning i
 can clearly hear
 it has become
 august – the wind
 has changed
 to another key
 as if it is blowing
 from a centre
 deep inside allan
 petterson’s sixth
 symphony – or is it
 just the heart’s kettledrums?

O A S F S F
p p p p

or a yet
 more distant thunderstorm
 coming from
 a low pressure area
 in my own
 consciousness? – what
 then with the
 first yellow leaves
 on the staghorn sumac
 and the halo of flies
 round the sun
 are they too
 mere imagination?

O A S F S P
p p p

i wake you up
 to verify
 august’s colours
 in your eyes
 but august is
 not blue my love
 and i cannot
 see anything else than
 your love
 or is it my
 love that is
 reflected in there
 larger than death?

O A S F S S
p p p p

later that day
 we go out onto
 the sky terrace
 where the poppies
 wave from an
 almost forgotten poem
 by palle jessen
 ‘papaver’ ‘papaver’
 they call
 at least do not
 forget us – notice
 how well
 we become august

O A S F S G
p p p p

look the moon
 rises above
 the towns of natural history
 full of parsnips
 look the moon
 lifts itself above
 the rim of my eyes
 now it is standing
 in the middle of the pupil
 the august moon
 sssssssshhhhhhh
 the corn is listening to itself
 silence – please

O A S F G A
p p p p

'dream is over
what can i say
dream is over
yesterday'
yes we no longer
sang the praises of dreams
madness and those sorts of
youthful excesses
we were on the track
of each other and
of love we
were on the track of
the great reality

O A S F G F
p p p p

when we stood in
vindekilde's almost
biblical landscape
of grass and tinfoil
we were unable to
imagine any
dream that was
greater or any
fantasy that
surpassed the
broad-daylight poem of
this real world
full of sun and flowers

O A S F G P
p p p

one miracle
succeeded the other:
sky sea
and hills that
lost themselves in ever
wilder slopes
not even
tot sint jan's
landscape paintings
could compare
with this panorama
of accuracy
and precision

O A S F G S
p p p p

we had had enough
of the eclipses
of the spirit – we
had now accustomed
ourselves so much
to the light that we
could enter its
arena of ochre
here near vindekilde
without being dazzled
there we saw that the
secret was that
there was no secret

O A S F G G
p p p p

that the obvious
was the actual secret
that we only had
to remove the
transparent nothing
of all opinions and
all interpretations
in order to see
what we had
always been able to see
that the self-evident
is concealed
in the self-evident

OA_pS_pS_pA_pA

that was clarity's
mystery
like a lit
candle in
the sharpest midday
sun – like the
white square inside
the white
rectangle painted by
malevitch or
like vindekilde
inside
the word 'vindekilde'

OA_pS_pS_pA_pF

it was not the
invisible nucleus
inside the
distinct but the
distinct nucleus
inside the invisible
which put
in another key
would mean that
the invisible
nucleus and the
visible nucleus were
one and the same

OA_pS_pS_pAP

it was broadly
speaking simply a matter
of unpacking the present
from its silver paper
of unpacking
reality
from its
transparent
cellophane wrapping
it was simply
a matter of seeing what
we had always hidden
by our look

OA_pS_pS_pA_pS

click – a finger-snap
and it was there
the world as in
the fairytale
and all was there
that we
had overlooked
the grass flowers
love
in favour of
such strange imitations
of ivory
and cut glass

OA_pS_pS_pA_pG

a single look
of the eye
a single eye-look instant
and it was there
the world which
we so deftly
had sought to
conceal behind odd
images and in strange
mirrors behind
transparent veils and
curtains that we
called reality

OA_pS_pS_pF_pA

we were no
longer afraid of
reality
we looked
the world straight
in the eye without
gaining support from
diverse ideologies
'we didn't believe
in mantra
we didn't believe
in tarot'
we believed in roses

OA_pS_pS_pF_pF

face to face
with the stones
and the light face
en face with
skies more beautiful
that in rembrandt's
paintings we did
not need any more
excuses
on the contrary we
took the blame on
ourselves for the persons
we had become

OA_pS_pS_pFP

when we walked
down across the dial of
the meadow at
vindekilde and the
large hand pointed
to a yarrow
and the time was
thus two minutes
to rain we did not
ascribe this time of day
any other symbolic
significance than
it itself showed

OA_pS_pS_pF_pS

we did not
return to some
so-called former
reality but
on the other hand
we did not want
any longer
to be locked up
inside ourselves in
our own dreams
and fantasies
we walked out into
the intervening world

OA_pS_pS_pF_pG

we walked out
into the ellipse of openness
here at vindekilde
we walked
into the seventh day
or we took
a couple of tentative
steps forward and
backward in the poem
or on the spot
'dream was over'
from now on we put our
trust in the poem

OA_pS_pS_pS_pA

mental exercise
number three
the following things
are needed:
a cup coffee cup
or tea cup
(a tooth mug is
also ok)
a ball preferably
of wood about three
centrimetres in diameter
(like a
table tennis ball)

OA_pS_pS_pS_pF

now you place the
cup on a table
and hold the ball
in your right hand
above the cup for as long
as you are
physically able
(make a supreme
effort)
finally the ball
falls into the cup
you have carried out
a necessary act

OA_pS_pS_pSP

you let a
certain time pass
then you pick up
the ball once more (because
you are going to use
the cup for something
else) and place
it on the table
perhaps next to
schack staffeldt's
selected poems
you have carried out
a probable act

OA_pS_pS_pS_pS

after another
pause you take
the ball with your
left hand and
try by throwing
from a certain distance
(about a metre)
to place the ball
in the cup again
at some point or other
you will manage this
you have carried out
a random act

OA_pS_pS_pS_pG

finally you sit
down at the table
and imagine
that precisely when
you have counted
to a hundred you will
pick the ball up
from the cup again
do precisely as
you have imagined
this you
have carried out
a free act

OA_pS_pS_pG_pA

i have noticed
that the
white pascali rose
is crackling
with small
electronic flashes
through the window panes
sending me
secret glances
behind my back
'have you seen
me' it seems
to be signalling

OA_pS_pS_pG_pF

for the time being
i pretend there's nothing
even though the
white rose is
my symbol
even though the white
rose is in
one of the quarters
of the soul's
coat of arms
it is not to believe
it is really something until
it is so – is it?

OA_pS_pS_pGP

i give myself
plenty of time
i praise for example
a hollyhock
close by because
it is two metres
high even though
it has not flowered yet
and i also whisper
away with a cornflower
confidentially
but not one
word to the rose

OA_pS_pS_pG_pS

nor have i
given it
particularly favourable
conditions
last year i
planted it under
a dark pine tree
where the sun only
shows itself at evening
like a japanese wax seal
it has to show
what it's
made of – doesn't it?

OA_pS_pS_pG_pG

finally though
i can't hold
it all back
the words spurt
from my mouth
like a heavy
ejaculation down
into this poem: my god
how beautiful you are
how incomprehensibly beautiful
you are my rose – you are
more beautiful than
reality itself

O A S G A A
p p p p

mental exercise
number four
dig out your bible
and place it
in front of you on
the table preferably
the bible authorised
by royal resolution
of sixteenth december
nineteen hundred and
thirty one – place
your left hand
on its worn cover

O A S G A F
p p p p

look up page two
chapter one
verse twenty seven
what does it say there?
it says:
and god created
man in his
own image
stop – think a bit
about that – and then
read it once more
and god created man
in his own image

O A S G A P
p p p

now go out and
stand in front of
the mirror – what do you
see there? you see
your own mirror-image
is that how
you look like god?
yes exactly that
but god is
invisible so if
you look like god
it must be
in something invisible

O A S G A S
p p p p

what is there
in you that is
invisible? – it is
the spirit by which
you live – by which
you breathe – by which
you are reunited
with the universe when
that time comes
by which
you were created
in
god's image

O A S G A G
p p p p

then close the bible
again blow to be
on the safe side
the dust off the
top edges of the pages
(that hopefully
are not gilt)
and place it
back on the shelf
where you took it from
return to
the everyday
the exegesis is over

OA_pS_pG_pF_pA

i haven't forgotten
the windows
the panes full of
so much light
i have simply waited
for the right
moment – and that is now
st lawrence's day
when the rain breaks
their transparency
reveals the
magic rectangle of their
invisibility on the floor

OA_pS_pG_pF_pF

there the drops sit
diamond next to
diamond
which will run
first the one on the right
or the one on the left?
my bet is on
the one to the right and
now it sparkles
down the pane's
universe like
a shooting star
from the perseids

OA_pS_pG_pFP

there the drops sit
star next to star
in the evening's
diadem and disclose
the mirage
as the letters
here on the page
disclose the other
illusion: that
the poem should be
pure fantasy
or the soul's
expressed image

OA_pS_pG_pF_pS

i go over to
the large panorama
windows where a
wasp is caught
between the panes'
double invisibility
how could it possibly
be able to understand this
prison? – precisely
as with the word
that is caught
between the poem's
two nothingnesses

OA_pS_pG_pF_pG

and if i let
the wasp loose
(which i do) that
does not solve
the enigma of the word
the word that is caught
between the poem's two
realities
the word that is
caught between
the poem's pane and
the poem's 'pane' – try
releasing it yourself

O A S G S A
p p p p

deep down every
cat is an
owl – apart from the
obvious fact of that
statement i can
actually prove it:
in the darkest corners
of the house i find
traces of pellets and since
there are no owls here
it must come from
the cat ergo
the cat is an owl

O A S G S F
p p p p

all in all
the cat is such a
wise animal that it
doesn't bother to
try and learn from man
why on earth
should it? – how
wise is it to
learn to smoke before
breakfast
or drink a
bottle of red wine a
day – tell me that

O A S G S P
p p p p

yes i have in fact
learned more from
the røsnæs cats
than they from me
but what it precisely
is i do
not know – i can
better express
what it is not
it is for example
not to tear the wallpaper
to shreds or to
pee under the sofa

O A S G S S
p p p p

have we arrived at
something essential here does
the cat differ from
the dog in the following
way: you know what you
give the dog and what
you get in return
devotion etc – but
what you give the cat apart
from food and what you
get in return apart
from trouble must
remain uncertain

O A S G S G
p p p p

deep down every
cat is an
tiger but in
that case it must be
a very little tiger
since it otherwise
couldn't be inside
the cat – and that
doesn't seem quite
right – no the cat's
secret is
this: deep down
every cat is a cat

OA G_p A_p A_p A_p

on sandásvej
it seems to me
i am walking round
among the fragments
of another poem
that i have not written
myself – perhaps
because wormwood is
breaking up through
the asphalt or because
a strange man is
picking hips in a
distant thicket of rugosa

OA G_p A_p A_p A_p F

it could be
a prose poem
i think while
considering the lucerne
'that dulls the blade
of every sword'
i dimly recall
from somewhere or
other – sure to be
from a text that
has nothing
at all to do
with this poem

OA G_p A_p A_p AP

it can't at
any rate have
been a sonnet
the path is much too
down-to-earth for that
if you get what i
mean and the lilac
is far too rusty
already brings more
memories of
a shut-down factory
somewhere or other
on amager

OA G_p A_p A_p S

i mull over in my mind
whether it is me
filling in
the holes in this
second poem with
odourless camomile
or conversely whether
it is fragments of
the second poem
that are filling in
the holes in mine
with the blue fingerprint
of the poppies

OA G_p A_p A_p A_p G

i am now standing
at the end of sand
ásvej on something
that resembles
a parking area
who in all the world
would have waited here?
who in all the world
could conceivably
have written poetry about
these kerbstones and
this well cover
covered with grass

O A G A F A
p p p p

who – i
ask myself
who would have
written so bluey
about a sky
that isn't blue
but looks more like
constable's pictures
who would have
proclaimed the
tansy king
of this
empire of yarrows?

O A G A F F
p p p p

who would have
continued along
a path that
hardly exists
between the rye's
wet lightning and
scraps of a
poem he cannot
remember – who
would have left his
footprint like a
seal in a dream
that was to be broken?

O A G A F P
p p p p

who would have
let himself be stopped
by an old
rusty petrol
engine half
hidden by bindweed
to the right of the path
who would have
cleared the poem
of nettles and elves
to turn it
into a
real fairytale?

O A G A F S
p p p p

who would have
made out a beekeeper
with gloves
and net as a
widow's veil in
amongst the legends
of the pine trees
even though he
possibly does not
exist
elsewhere than
in the crushed fragments
of the poem?

O A G A F G
p p p p

who would finally
have noticed
that seven clouds
hang like
devil-fish dark
with rain far
out on the horizon
out where the poem
and reality
meet or
gather into one
single whole where
ever that may be?

OA_pG_pA_pS_pA

no one
except myself
i realise
and answer
out loud
myself: no one
except yourself
on the track of the
poem you wanted to write
or are in the process
of writing – the
poem you once sowed
in early spring

OA_pG_pA_pS_pF

no one except
myself – no one
else would
dare to go beyond
these first harvested
fields and prick himself
on the stubble
of what was
left the
grudging
realisation of
the grain already
taken to the barn

OA_pG_pA_pSP

no one except
me could harvest
the words i myself have
sown (even though others
have admittedly harvested
the barley in this
field) but this is
another image
that is certain to be
interpreted by
others when that
time comes and
september is already past

OA_pG_pA_pS_pS

no one else would
be capable of
following me
in precisely this
tractor track behind
this combine harvester
among the words
i wanted to write and
those i have written
in this poem which
only consists of the
fragments of what
should have been written

OA_pG_pA_pS_pG

what thus came to
be written is
now clear but
what i otherwise
might leave behind out
there in the mighty diocese
of the barley fields
where it will soon
stink of liquid manure
will never be
clear to
anyone – not
even to myself

OA_pG_pA_pG_pA

there will thus
be large holes
in the poem that
no one can
admittedly
see partly
because i have
covered them over
with words that should
not have stood
there – words such as
possibly ‘rye’ or
‘the despotism of barley’

OA_pG_pA_pG_pF

there will thus
be huge
areas of silence
in the poem that
no one can
hear partly for
good reason and partly
because i have
drowned them
with the noise of
‘love’ and
‘the infernal din
of bluebells’

OA_pG_pA_pGP

there will thus
be black holes
in the holes and
silences behind
the silences that
i simply cannot
give you any
inkling of partly because
i do not have any and
partly because these words
only play on a
possible logical
connection of words

OA_pG_pA_pG_pS

there are thus
two possibilities
in the poem – there are
words that fill in
the holes and cover
over the silence
and there are words
that are identical
with themselves
with what should
stand there – now try
and find out
which are which

OA_pG_pA_pG_pG

sorry there
are three possibilities
the third is
inspiration
the coup de grace those words
that come from
no one knows where
therefore every
poem is fragmentary
because no one can
write down
completely what
is unwritable

OA_pG_pF_pA_pA

i think about
this while
continuing across
the straws of the stubble:
that i will never
get to complete
my poem
because it opens
outwards onto ever
greater realities
and inwards
onto ever
deeper silences

OA_pG_pF_pA_pF

i do not
regard this as any
great tragedy
only hope that
the path of the poem
among these
unknown fragments
will join them
together into the
whole (in this
case a harvested
field of barley) that
is called a world

OA_pG_pF_pAP

and at times it
is not large
no larger than
a dolmen
in the middle of the barley
where a lone
elder tree stands
in black majesty
until now
when i
illuminate it to
the public
by the words of the poem

OA_pG_pF_pA_pS

i believe this as
i write but
lose at least
half – so the world became
half as large – i
also lose a couple of
details a couple of words
of the fragments
i can hardly recall any more
so the world
became a cobweb
where this
fly is precisely squirming

OA_pG_pF_pA_pG

there was
not much left
over that time
of my walk
from sandásvej
along unknown
paths over the poem's
field (or
the field's poem?)
to this dolmen
and this net
where the fly
awaits its spider

O A G F S A
p p p p

mental exercise
number five
place your wine glass
over on the smoker's table
turn off the television
say to your wife:
i'm just going out for
a moment – then go
out into the summer
night and place
yourself in a dark place
for example
under the honeysuckle

O A G F S F
p p p p

tilt your head
backwards and listen
can you hear it:
distant cars the murmuring
of the wind in the trees
the moths?
good – then look
straight up at the sky
canopus should be
directly above
your head – can you see it?
good – then listen to
the heart's regular beat

O A G F S P
p p p p

now i will ask
you after
having counted
to three to jump
as high in the air
as you can
and down again
you are allowed
to bend your knees
you must really
make an effort
are you ready?
then begin

O A G F S S
p p p p

one – can you
notice the slight
sense of giddiness
at having to
lose contact with solid ground?
two – can you
notice the anxiety
creep into you
at having to
leave what is safe behind
surely no – for
there's nothing to
be afraid of either

O A G F S G
p p p p

three – did you jump?
good – now do
the same inside
yourself – not
as a notion
but in reality
go inside again
turn on the television
pick up your glass from
the smoker's table – say: here
i am again – carry on as if
nothing
had happened

OA_pG_pF_pG_pA

my right hand
hello hello
here comes my
right hand into
the poem and literally
shakes you by
the hand – yes
only literally
i ought to
add and then
it has what is more
itself written
the poem about itself

OA_pG_pF_pG_pF

i once went
to a chiromancer
he said that
there were too many
fine lines in my
hands which
was due to a certain
tenseness
what though – i
answered if it was
the fine lines
that are the cause of
the tenseness?

OA_pG_pF_pGP

he was unable
to understand this psycho
physical question
even so i returned
home with a certain
trembling and inked in
my lifeline with red
ink – did my death
really depend on
it or the opposite?
i was also unable
to understand the effect
of this double causal relation

OA_pG_pF_pG_pS

that brings me
to another
problem about
the poets that always
write about
what is a problem
for them – clearly
demonstrated by a
certain rosa abrahamsen
who lay completely
paralysed in a respirator
she 'wrote' precisely a
poem called: hands

OA_pG_pF_pG_pG

my left hand
byebye byebye
the cack-hand as it
is also called
i now take
my leave of you
while the right
is busy
registering this
in the poem – can
you see it still
waving above the lines
auf wiedersehen

OA G S A A
p p p p

come my love
let me show
you where the
everlasting flowers grow
on a hill
higher than time
where there stands a
red-painted wagon
that no one uses
any more – come let
us force a path
through language out onto
the other side of the soul

OA G S A F
p p p p

there where even
the images are etched
out by the
sharp light and
only hold their own
on the lost
coins in the dust
come let us
climb up onto
this range of hills
together and
reconquer reality
rediscover the world

OA G S AP
p p p

come my love
precisely this day
when the wasps
are swarming in the
snowberry bushes and the
estate agent has put
the first summer cottages
up for sale when
the hollyhock gleams
more darkly than altar wine
precisely this day
i will show you where
the everlasting flowers grow

OA G S A S
p p p p

and now i see
you bow down
and pick
at least ten
everlasting flowers
for me – even though
one was enough
yes now i see
you bow down
to love
and pick at least
ten everlasting flowers
among my words

OA G S A G
p p p p

neither of us knows
if we
really experienced
this – but out
there in the scullery
the everlasting flowers
hang on a
mint-coloured wall
and here they now
hang in the poem
head downwards
like hung
pheasant – for ever

OA_pG_pS_pF_pA

when we turned
into nostrupvej
it was suddenly
like the first time
we read a certain
poem (which i
will not name here)
perhaps it had
to do with the stubble
fires that had just
been lit from which
the swallows swirled
up like flakes of soot

OA_pG_pS_pF_pF

that time too
we knew that poetry
after this poem
would never
be the same
that it was not just
a question of a usual
change of direction (from
the brass of the wheatfields to
bells of the oatfields
for example)
but that poetry
had been struck to the heart

OA_pG_pS_pFP

the way back
was blocked by
the farmers cottages' thatched
roofs of small
enclosed poems
which would rouse
the readers' enthusiasm
because they lay
like rubies
in what was known
surrounded and protected
by the late and beautiful
autumn light of the gladioli

OA_pG_pS_pF_pS

the way forward
would from now on
only come to a dead end
or go round in circles
like the meandering margins
of the combined harvester
or tractor
would only end as
avantgardism in
some barn or other
where a forage harvester
stood and rusted away
like an iron saurian

OA_pG_pS_pF_pG

there was no
getting round it
we had to
transverse this
direction: back and
forth – we had to leave
nostrupvej we had
to steer ten
degrees more towards
the heart – we had
to venture out
into the apocalypse
of the burning fields

OA_pG_pS_pS_pA

we entered
this smoking poem
like some sort of
knights of st john
pathetic in our
green wellies
but more than that
ridiculous in
our jackets from
the army surplus stores
but more than that
fatuous – but more
than that: called

OA_pG_pS_pS_pF

what a joy
it was to see
our old poems
burn to ashes
literally to see
words such as 'stalk'
'straw' and 'stubble'
be ablaze
what balm
it was to see all
these meanings go
up in smoke like a prayer
to god for other words

OA_pG_pS_pSP

what dangerous
pyromania had
not seized us
what vandalism
what asphyxiation –
and we were also
unable to see
in here in the
central turbulence of the
sacrificial fire – what
fever what infection
of the spirit had
not possessed us?

OA_pG_pS_pS_pS

and yet there was
no other place
we would rather
stay than here
no other illness
we would rather
suffer from than this
seventh day fever
no other poem
we would rather stand
in than precisely this one
right now before
the fire was about to die down

OA_pG_pS_pS_pG

when evening approached
there was still
a gleam deep down
in the glowing
poems where
being and nothingness
met there
where the words
came into being out of which
the world was created
the words that no one
can utter
or write down

OA G S G A
p p p p

you move in
and out of my
poems beloved
through a pearly gate
back and forth
between the poem
and reality
you move beloved
on a bridge finer
than ivory
that leads across
the abysses
in my mind

OA G S G F
p p p p

there are more than
three paces from
your reality
to my poem
beloved more than
the three paces
you are now taking
towards me wearing
nothing except a
short vest
there is an infinity
of decision
between us

OA G S GP
p p p

and before you
make it over to this verse
across wastelands of
white paper
we have long since
been in bed
together i have
long since made love
to you we have long
since got up once more and
are busy with other
activities it has
long since become september

OA G S G S
p p p p

how great the distance
is beloved
from reality
to paper
it is greater than
from stenhammar's
first quartet to
the sixth it is
less than from
rose to rose – on the
one hand there are a
couple of seconds on the
other an eternity

OA G S G G
p p p p

from your blue
eyes that reflect
the ulstrup sky and
chicory to these
nouns there is
more than half
a life's work and
when once you have
entered the poem
you will never escape again
but by then it is
of course no longer
you beloved

OA_pG_pG_pF_pA

comes september
burnt umber
and the redcurrant bushes
that bedew with blue
the wasps fall
groundlessly
onto large stones and
do not take to flight
again
the first fields
are already ploughed
like language that
turns inside-out

OA_pG_pG_pF_pF

i play strange
twelve-tone sonatas
and ask myself
odd questions
such as for
example: what
stands in the poem
and what does not stand
in the poem and what
is inbetween
what is that?
is that the
included third?

OA_pG_pG_pFP

or what is
in the poem – is that
the same as
what is not
not in the poem?
is the double negative
really the same
as the positive?
perhaps it is
precisely the poem's
prerogative to be able
to open up this illogical
third possibility?

OA_pG_pG_pF_pS

namely: that
the poem is neither
what is there nor
what is not there
but is what
is not not there
(which is thus
not the same as
what is there)
but something deeper
inside the words
more than in the gaps
that illuminate the poem

OA_pG_pG_pF_pG

comes september
violet with salt
and the light that
wails from on high
like a flail
down into the poem
spreading words and
husks in all
directions into the
darkness of new questions –
the rooks for example
what mischief are they
up to in the dry trees?

OA_pG_pG_pS_pA

on the stroke of
twenty-nine the
red admiral arrived
this year once more
as precise as the dial
on its wings
dusted with
white and illogical numbers
more precise than
i who am four
days too late on
the move here on
the second of september

OA_pG_pG_pS_pF

since the poem does
not contain time
but is only
in time and
since it is the reader's
time and my time that
pass while we read
and write the poem
respectively and not
the poem's time this outlined
course of time could
be a swindle
as art swindles with time

OA_pG_pG_pSP

i could of course have
written down the
poem on the twenty-
ninth of august
even though the red admiral
did not arrive until
the second of september at
the resplendent geysers of
the buddleia – why should
i have done that?
to get some
secret metaphysics
to tally

OA_pG_pG_pS_pS

i could also have
written the poem in
december while the
first snow was falling over
the burnt-out sparklers
of the buddleia
the possibilities are legion
but let us now
assume that i have
not swindled that the course
of time is true – what
then? then the time has come to
praise yet another miracle

OA_pG_pG_pS_pG

how could the
red admiral know
that i was waiting for
it? – how
could it know that it
would arrive on precisely
the twenty-ninth of august?
it was able to
because the workings of its
tiny clock its
twenty-four rubies have been
synchronised with
god's far larger one

OA_pG_pG_pG_pA

the tortoiseshell with
the brilliant
samurai colours also
want to enter the poem
i assume this
at any rate since
it alights
on my light-blue
nylon shirt just
above the heart
and begins soundlessly
to clash its antennae
together like swords

OA_pG_pG_pG_pF

what does it want
here on this pen
hasn't it enough
in the butterfly
catcher's pins
what does it want
here in this prison
of words where
only eternity
rules – hasn't it
enough in the
butterfly catcher's
violet boxes?

OA_pG_pG_pGP

doesn't it know
that in here a tortoiseshell
is transformed into
a 'tortoiseshell' that
in here the tortoiseshell
becomes a
symbol for every
thing except itself
that in here the
tortoiseshell will be
at the disposal of the
poet's most senseless whims
doesn't it know that?

OA_pG_pG_pG_pS

of course the tortoiseshell
knows that – but
that is not what
it wants either
it wants to enter
another poem that
contradicts the crumpled
butterflies of these poems
shrubs that will
never flower again
in a colour more
violet than
catholic silks

OA_pG_pG_pG_pG

come then all
my butterflies
come tortoiseshell come
red admiral come cabbage
white come peacock
with your no mask
of lacquer come in
i do not contradict logic
i contradict everything
i can understand
come in here then
where i know you will die but
believe you will rise again

OS A A A A
_{p p p p}

ode to the
red admiral that
has just flown
into my poem
and perched here
on the first line
as its own
noun and that
now changes position
to the bottom
line as its
own proper noun:
vanessa atalanta

OS A A A A F
_{p p p p}

it came from outside
the purple of reality
in order to rest
here for a moment
on the white immortality
of the paper before
flying off once more out
into reality
towards the southeast
in order to
spend the winter
close to
byron's grave

OS A A A P
_{p p p}

let me while
i have it here
yet again
admire its wings
where the crown jewels
have been cast like dice
over death's velvet
let me award
you the prize
for september
redder than
the lenin order red as
its own bandolier

OS A A A S
_{p p p p}

perhaps if i
turned the page here
i could manage to
see the under
side of its wings
with their secret
formulas written in ash
yes i could well
carry out that trick
but i refrain from
doing so so as
not to undermine its
authenticity any further

OS A A A A G
_{p p p p}

no better
to release it
once more before i
regret doing so before
my soul is
damaged by its
beauty – out with
you dammit out
onto the other side
of my poem
when death waits
masked as a
red admiral

OS A A F A
p p p p

i have walked down
along røsnæs vænge
and have ended up in a
poem that looks like
a meadow fenced in
with an electric fence
that it is a poem
is so obvious to me
because words do not
cast shadows – only
sheep and thistles do
that here as in a pic
ture by the preraphaelites

OS A A F F
p p p p

it is not reality
i am attempting to
transcribe
and not the words
i am seeking to give
a new meaning
or a different
meaning to what they have
i don't really know
what it is i am
doing here beneath
the whipped egg-whites
of the clouds

OS A A F P
p p p

perhaps i want
the poem not only
to relate
to the whirling groundsels
of reality
or to the
'whirling groundsels'
of words but also
to relate
to itself
as a second poem
within the poem –
i don't really know

OS A A F S
p p p p

because such a
second poem
in order to be able
to relate to itself
would in turn have to house
a third poem
which in its turn would
contain a fourth
poem and so on
in a never-ending screw
a never-ending spiral
staircase of turquoise in
behind the temporal bone

OS A A F G
p p p p

i mean:
røsnæs vænge
trails off into a
gravel path that ends
at a pumping station
planted round with
definitive sloe bushes
but where does
the archimedean screw end
that constantly
screws further into itself
towards its own point?
i don't really know

OS A A S A
_{p p p p}

if i walk down
along the one
path past the sheep
fold it looks
as if i
am stopped
by the words it looks
as if i
get jammed
between the words
'sea' and 'sky'
and 'summer cottage'
there in the 'pinewood'

OS A A S F
_{p p p p}

if i look
into the 'summer cottage'
i can only see an
'amateur painting' of a
'sunset
over the sea' of a
"sunset
over the sea" of a
"sunset
over the sea"
into infinity
bordering on
the inexpressible

OS A A SP
_{p p p}

if i walk down
the other
path through
the gate to the west
it looks as if
i am stopped
by other pictures
than the picture
of the sunset
i walk down towards
here where the sun
really hangs red with
bauxite above the cliff edge

OS A A S S
_{p p p p}

if i force my way
through the first
picture of friedrich's
sunset out to
the second picture of
nolde's sunset
in behind herbin's
sunset i am suddenly
once more standing on
the border of the
inexpressible: the
real sunset
there outside the poem

OS A A S G
_{p p p p}

there must be
a third path
in the poem that
connects these
two inexpressibilities
with each other
or resolves them
into an expressibility
a third path that
joins language
and reality together
into one world
sunset over the sea

OS_pA_pA_pG_pA

what's it all about?
when the fisherman
my neighbour sunday
after sunday
rebuilds his
carport covers it
with laths extends it
fortifies it and then
also paints its
alternately brown and
military green in
the autumn – what's
it all about then?

OS_pA_pA_pG_pF

out on røsnæsvejen
the cars often drive
at over a hundred
kilometres an hour
they simply zoom away
competing with
the low-flying
jet fighters and at the end
of the road there is only
a co-op and
farthest out a lighthouse
i'm just asking: what's
this all about?

OS_pA_pA_pGP

not because i've
anything against it
it's just that i wonder
i know for
example poets
and writers that
populate the one
fairytale after the
other with elves
and angels and strange
unicorns – i mean:
what on earth
is it all about?

OS_pA_pA_pG_pS

when day after day
i fill up
the one void
after the other
inside in the brain's
fixed point with
models of my
house while i
stay inside
in the closed rooms
of the house – what
the hell is it
all about then?

OS_pA_pA_pG_pG

i can of course
only answer for
myself – but
i think that these
strange acts
and rituals are
a kind of tactic
or therapy if
you like that is
to shorten the wait
between god's
touching of my
body and my soul

OS A F A A
p p p p

i had known
the whole time of
course that it
had to end badly
the hollyhocks had
become too high and
mighty – metre by
metre they had
raised their esoteric
sceptre up through
the months to
measure up to
summer's standard

OS A F A F
p p p p

“hollyhocks that too
high have striven
and topple red
in tears” – i read
out loud for them
as they lay there
pathetically at
my feet crossed
in heraldic pride
blown over
by the westerly gale's
first fugue
from the sky organs

OS A F AP
p p p

and what were they
doing up there anyway
where only the sun and
the birds feel at ease
what were they
doing sticking their heads
up through the clouds
up into infinity
where lack of breath
reigns and the gleam of
the summer lightning sears –
didn't
they know that miracles only
take place on earth?

OS A F A S
p p p p

look at the black-eyed susan
i said to them
it knows how
to keep its gold
purer than
any paraclesus
look at the black-eyed susan
it knows that
it is enough of
a miracle in itself
look at the black-eyed susan's
seventh day
i said to them

OS A F A G
p p p p

oh you stupid
hollyhocks – how
much even so i love
your vanity
when you shout after
me in your
lacquer red megaphones:
do not forget us
even though we now
have fallen – do not
forget that we stormed
the sky in spite of everything
do not forget us mr poet

OS A F F A
_{p p p p}

then i lift
my index finger and
let it point up in
the air – not as
a warning not
so as to point to anything
in particular but as in
a zen-buddhist
koan and the information
is not slow in
coming: it is without
doubt the index finger
of my right hand

OS A F F F
_{p p p p}

i have never
thought about
what i use
my middle finger for
but now i do so
the first thing
that occurs to me
is that it is
indispensable if
you want to play
a b on the cornet
for then you have to
depress the second piston

OS A F FP
_{p p p}

i am not quite
clear if the ring
finger was in-
volved in schumann's
experiments with
tying his fingers
together so as to play
certain chords but
i have noticed
that i myself use
it to flick
the ash off my cigarette
from time to time

OS A F F S
_{p p p p}

a little finger
must stick out it
simply must
stick out as if it
did not have anything
to do with the other
fingers and then it
must have a diamond
ring on – otherwise it
isn't a little finger
from which i can deduce
that my little finger
isn't a little finger

OS A F F G
_{p p p p}

have you ever tried
to pick your
nose with your
thumb? – it's no
good for doing that
nor is it really
any good for
underlining something
but what a
fingerprint it
can leave behind what a
bruise it can leave on
the petal of a poppy

OS A F S A
p p p p

mental exercise
number six
sit down at your
oak writing desk
place a sheet of
paper in front of you
describe the sky
and the stars
larger than above
the hills of your
childhood describe
the night's
fanned-out peacock's tail

OS A F S F
p p p p

now turn the paper
over and try
to describe a
model of your
surroundings as best
you can: the neighbour's
house over there in
the dark lit up
by a crystal chandelier
distant towns you
can still recall far
off on the other
side of the dream

OS A F SP
p p p

then concentrate
on converting
your garden into
language flower
for flower tree
for tree write
this sentence down:
roses flower
for half a year
poems flower
for ever – write it
down on the paper
and learn it by heart

OS A F S S
p p p p

now it's the turn
of your own house
sit down in
the middle of your house
and reproduce
exactly its layout
the relation of the rooms
to each other
the positions of the doors
whether the kitchen
faces south the grammar
of the wallpapers et
cetera etc.

OS A F S G
p p p p

finally take a
new sheet of paper
out of the drawer and
place it in front of you
on the writing desk
carefully copy the surface
of this writing desk
what is lying on
it: a packet of kings
a pair of glasses kingo's
winter hymns and this
drawing which contains
this drawing which ...

OS_pA_pS_pA_pA

we stood once more on
the edge of the poem
with white faces
like scraped bones
pale from too much
reality which
was also just a
word that was
inadequate for
what we wanted to say
everything outside
language that we
were unable to say

OS_pA_pS_pA_pF

we stood once more on
hellesklint high
above the red
arrow of truth that
pointed into itself
if we stepped
one pace forwards we
would plunge down
into what 'reality'
referred to and if we
stepped one pace backwards
we would be caught in the
fox trap of 'reality'

OS_pA_pS_pAP

we tried our luck with
a final word:
'dog rose' because
it stood there anyway
on the border
of our poem
and almost stretched a
branch into its
shadows while the sun
stroked its leaves
and crown as in
shostakovich's
tenth quartet

OS_pA_pS_pA_pS

we extended
language to its
uttermost potential
with the proper noun
'rosa rugosa' but
little good did it do
us – the last
millimetre was
insuperable
irretrievable as the heart
it was not here
we were to solve
the paradox of the poem

OS_pA_pS_pA_pG

we had to walk on
further along this
curved arc planted
with sea buckthorn illu
minated by distant
lightning and the day
the miracle came to us
we would scarcely
notice it and
even if we did
no one would believe
that the word of the miracle
had taken place

OS_pA_pS_pS_pA

it is easy to
drown out the silence
walk with me
down hvedej where
the autumn ploughing
has just started
and the screech of the gulls
sounds like an
orgasm in the wake
of the tractor
listen to life's lapping
of topsoil in
over the reef of silence

OS_pA_pS_pS_pF

it is not so
much reality's
own sounds that stifle
the silence as you
yourself because you
make yourself deaf and lose
yourself in the selfsame
reality's accidents
because you concentrate
more on hearing
if it is a massey
or a fergusson
tractor here on hvedej

OS_pA_pS_pSP

if you continue
with me down
behind the charred
thorns of the sloe hedgerow
where no sound
distracts you except
for the beating
of your own heart
you will discover that
the total lack of sound can
drown out the voice
of silence with its
double echo

OS_pA_pS_pS_pS

because you once more
are wrapped up in reality
in this case
its last
instance because you
once more are fascinated by
a dead bird
(the tiny binnacle of its
cranium – the colours'
caput mortuum)
because you let
the whorl of death engulf
the silence into itself

OS_pA_pS_pS_pG

it is easy enough
to drown out the silence
all you need to do
is follow me out
along hvedej where
the sun hangs like a
globe of napalm
behind the singed
black snowberries and speak
about the 'silence'
then you
simply talk
it to death

OS_pA_pS_pG_pA

if you dare you
can of course follow me
a bit further
or the rest of the
way down to the sea
down to the rugosa coast
severe as shosta
kovich's eighth
string quartet – i
did not hear the
silence there but i
sensed it behind the rose
got an erection out of fear

OS_pA_pS_pG_pF

i cut off a
branch and
smelt its
scent of sperm and
cellulose – then
i put my ear
to a rose hip
and listened for a long time
to its small
sleeping beauty's palace
listened longer
than was good to
that sinus tone

OS_pA_pS_pGP

i pricked myself
on a thorn
yes pricked myself
on a thorn
as in the book of fairytales
the book of fairytales
and the blood
became this poem
yes the blood
became this poem
sealed with seven
seals seven seals of
inner silence

OS_pA_pS_pG_pS

i picked the
loveliest flower
of madder lake
red as
kamchatka
muter than a rose
grown in mutus liber
up out of the bitter
phosphate of the
indescribable – i
picked its petals
one by one and let
them fall to the ground

OS_pA_pS_pG_pG

if you dare you
can of course follow me
a bit further
or the rest of the
way down to the sea
down to
the rugosa coast severe
as shostakovich's
eighth string quartet
i did not hear the
silence there but i
sensed it behind the rose
like a sudden satori

OS_pA_pG_pA_pA

the rose is still
flowering – gleaming
in there in the charcoal
stacks of the night cold
who has filled
its crown
with english salt
who has dipped
its hip in
lacquer from sadolin
og holmblad
i have – in the poem
in other words

OS_pA_pG_pA_pF

the rugosa rose down on
sønderstrand beach
the light stands round
it as in a
painting by claude
lorraine – or rather
as the light in a painting
by claude lorraine
placed out in the light
for a long time i look
at it before i say: well go on
say something – don't just stand
there dumb with light in my poem

OS_pA_pG_pAP

do you want to show me
your small emerald
heart the pentagramme
of your floral receptacle
your small five-star
krasnaja svesda
even though it is green?
do you want to show me
your hip seeds
that look like ant's eggs
do you want to show me
the red quadrature
of your unwritableness?

OS_pA_pG_pA_pS

dammit – i
can't get that
rosebush out
of my head nor
into it either
what am i to do
with it? – the rosebush
out there and the word
'rosebush' in here
what connects them
more that it
separates them
from each other's light?

OS_pA_pG_pA_pG

my soul is not
a rosebush
and the rosebush doesn't
have a soul
so i wonder why
the rosebush flowers?
the rosebush
flowers in
the silence that
is found neither
here nor there
but that reigns
half-way between

OS_pA_pG_pF_pA

rosa rugosa – goodbye
i turn my back
on you now with you
standing there in your
loveliest apparel
on the border of the
unwritable – redder
than snow and whiter
than blood – goodbye little
star that does not remember
the wars of the roses nor does
it know the final dogma of
poetry-writing: immortality

OS_pA_pG_pF_pF

i must roam
along other roads
down along the dark paths
of syntax
around in the rugosa scrub
of logic
goodbye little star
lovelier than
any lenin order
that cannot
know what god
demands in return for
your hips by the thousand

OS_pA_pG_pFP

i must search else
where – inwards into
the soul's cave-ins
from which long
passages link my
heart with your
tangled root systems
i will find
my half truths
here in the complete
kingdom of lies
among the bitter
dog roses of language

OS_pA_pG_pF_pS

i must walk the full length
of the black line of
the poem in order to
break through its
mirror in order to
go beyond the border
of the unwritable
among used words
and murdered butter
flies – there is
after all only a
second separating
us – but what a second!

OS_pA_pG_pF_pG

goodbye little star
pure as a
catechism – how
am i to explain
this mistake to you this
necessary mistake?
and if my pilgrimage
from one noun
to the next
one image
to the next
does not succeed only
the poem's ashes will remain

OS_pA_pG_pS_pA

rust berries and smoke
 the month of the spiders
 the helenium looks like
 used matches
 now after all
 that light – the
 farmers are ploughing
 the apples are ripening
 slowly but surely
 inside their cores
 god is sitting
 the fence has to be repaired
 the poem has to be written

OS_pA_pG_pS_pF

in the fields down
 towards nordstranden
 the big straw wheels
 are standing again like
 pieces in some
 strange board game
 the birds are gathering
 in flocks or
 sitting on the power lines
 gazing out across sejrø
 bugten what can they see
 over there on the other
 side of october?

OS_pA_pG_pSP

small heaps of lime
 lie in the corners
 of the violet
 rectangles like
 surrealist mountains
 perhaps it is from
 their summits that this
 sour taste of soda
 on one's lips comes from?
 no it's more likely
 to be coming from the asnæs
 plant's dark
 autumn emissions

OS_pA_pG_pS_pS

the caravans
 are returning home to
 the gardens – the winter
 timetable is beginning
 the sun is shining
 through a thin
 piece of parchment
 without watermarks in it
 on beskesvej the final
 touches are being laid to
 a house that's not for
 living in – god knows what
 it's to be used for then

OS_pA_pG_pS_pG

everywhere things to be done
 before the winter
 i must remember to
 plant the new
 tulip bulbs (queen of
 the night) before the night
 frost starts
 perhaps i ought also
 to dig in a few
 secret words into
 the poem so they can
 unexpectedly and miraculously
 flower when spring comes?

OS_pA_pG_pG_pA

i stare hard at
you with my
small blinking
boar's eyes beloved
leaden like the lake
of peblingsø when
i saw it last
i stare at you
with my glowering
pig's eyes – and why
do i do that? – because
i am what elsewhere is
referred to as: elated

OS_pA_pG_pG_pF

but it is my
eyes we're dealing with
now – a bit rusty
here in october but
also with gold glints as
in certain liqueurs
a load of crap they have
seen out there but
also into the violet
light of introspection
and they also are in need
of new glasses but
that's another matter

OS_pA_pG_pGP

i have of course
never seen my
eyes (that would
call for a pair of
meta-eyes) but that
doesn't matter much
for as they grow old
they have become more and
more interested in
observing their outside
world whilst paradoxically
enough becoming increasingly
worse and worse at doing so

OS_pA_pG_pG_pS

by and large i am
content with my
eyes even though
the left one has
some astigmatism which
perhaps means that
i see something
else than what i
should see – but
so what? – that means
i see something
no one else
can see

OS_pA_pG_pG_pG

god you gave
me my eyes
precisely so that i
should be able to see
my love's eyes blue
with forgetmenots
you gave me
my eyes precisely
so that i should
see them in
her eyes so
that the paradox
was resolved

OS F A A A
p p p p

i discover that
schack staffeldt
was considered
mad because he
talked to the trees
in the park at
gottorp – if that
diagnosis holds good
i too am ready
to be committed
forthwith to
the nearest
mental hospital

OS F A A F
p p p p

for years i have
talked to the trees
not simply carried on
green conversations
as you might call
them but man
to tree i
have in direct
speech communicated
with them
for years i have
considered them good
conversation partners

OS F A AP
p p p

only yesterday
i said to
a rowan tree:
listen here mr rowan your
berries will
unfortunately become
'rowanberries' when they
fall into my poem
no matter how
much i try
to preserve them
it is and remains
a sour task

OS F A A S
p p p p

the rowan tree
replied: mr poet
that's not my
department – if you
will simply let
my berries fall
onto the ground
where they belong
and not end up in
your poem – then
there would be at least
two problems
less in the world

OS F A A G
p p p p

as you can
read: trees
are far from
stupid or
inarticulate so
they prefer
gardeners to
poets if
it comes to it –
but now you'll
have to excuse me
i have an appointment
with a pear tree

OS F A F A
p p p p

i could have
written: the chattels
whirl round my
head like electrons
sieve colander and
soup spoons fly
around my ears
like this year's
huge brood of
gamma moths – that
is what i could have written
to stay in one
particular tradition

for asger

OS F A F F
p p p p

i could also have
created so great a
vacuum in language
that all the domestic utensils
would have been
sucked into this
vortex
like a reality
of the second order
like an actuality
within an actuality
if you
understand that metaphor

OS F A FP
p p p p

i could so to
speak have crept up
on the kitchen utensils
have laid in
ambush in the poem
not to mention
the objects i
would draw
attention to
i could have pressed
them down so violently
that the buoyancy
would force them out

OS F A F S
p p p p

conversely i could
have compressed
language
with images have filled
each and every bottle
with moonlight
surrounded each and
every knife with an aura
of fear so
that finally the things
would have exploded by them
selves leapt into
the eyes of the reader

OS F A F G
p p p p

i could have
done this so as
to praise the inventory
but i chose to
open a perfectly
random kitchen drawer
there the poultry
shears lie to the left
the skewers in the middle
the carving set to the
right the whole surgical
kit – i choose
holy precision

OS_pF_pA_pS_pA

where does egeskovvej
lead to what
far side of
the season's madder lake
and cinnober to
what far
side of the poem
that i will
perhaps never get
to know because
language isn't adequate
like a game of patience
that doesn't come out

OS_pF_pA_pS_pF

naturally i did
not expect
to find an egeskov
let alone the oak scrub's
secret
cream of tartar
a name like
'egeskov' (oak wood)
clearly demonstrates the
relation of language
to the nature it
refers to: the
distant lovers

OS_pF_pA_pSP

on the other hand i
came across an indefinably
amorphous heap
covered with black
plastic a sorites
perhaps or
clamp in the vernacular
and i found out that
this little barrow
was quite an
apposite image
for the situation here
on egeskovvej

OS_pF_pA_pS_pS

i could lift
a corner of the
black plastic and
look inside at
reality there
but then the problem was
that i would not be
able to express what
i saw because
language was
precisely the black
sheet of plastic that lay
over this clamp

OS_pF_pA_pS_pG

i could of
course say:
'sugar beet' or
'silage' – but
that was not what
i saw – it wasn't
words i saw
inside there under the
black plastic
which when it comes to it
could just as well
have been transparent
in this equation

OS_pF_pA_pG_pA

it was as if
for a brief moment
i once more realised
the connection:
that the poem was
the distance or
the relation the tie
the thread
that linked language
and reality
together into one weave
in the pattern
that is called the world

OS_pF_pA_pG_pF

for the time being i
would not make up my
mind about the difficulty
that could be expressed
thus: where was
i myself? – in the whole
i could not
be implicit
and when it was
the case it was
of course not the whole –
i made do with believing
in the interconnectedness

OS_pF_pA_pGP

i preferred
to ask in a different
way: was it
then the poem i
was now binding together
her on egeskovvej
while the sun set
out there and i
was registering the
green gleam
that i thought i
could make out in language
was i standing in the poem?

OS_pF_pA_pG_pS

wasn't i rather
killing the poem
by stating this
all of that between
words that ought
to remain unsaid and
implicit so that
the unstated only stood
out between what
was said – wasn't it
precisely thus that
the unstated really
ought to be said?

OS_pF_pA_pG_pG

the paradox is:
to make the unstated
said and
the said
unstated – and
i chose that
day on egeskovvej
to make the said
unstated and
that which now stood
between the words
i chose to get
behind language

OS F F A A
p p p p

i latched on
to this expression
while continuing
along egeskovvej which
now slowly
darkened into malachite:
'to make the said
un-stated' it sounded
undeniably as strange
as every paradox
happens to sound:
'to make the
said un-stated'

OS F F A F
p p p p

i was better able to
accept the first part of the
paradox: 'to make
the unstated said'
that after all was
simply a variant
of the selfsame
paradox taken to its
logical conclusion: 'to say the
unstated' – something
every poet worth his salt
with attempt to do
at some time or other

OS F F AP
p p p p

'to make the said
unstated' – i said
it aloud to myself
could it by implication
mean: that in order to
get the unstated said
the said had precisely
not to keep
attention fixed on
itself but had
so to speak to reduce
itself towards
the unstated?

OS F F AS
p p p p

it was not to be
taken to mean that
the unstated was
something completely different
from that which was
said – the unstated
was merely the reverse
of the said – that
reverse which turned
inwards towards silence
so that the said
became the voice of the unstated
the voice of silence

OS F F A G
p p p p

if that was the
case the said and
the unstated would
be two sides of the
same thing two sides
of the same
coin – what sort of
thing was that? – what sort
of coin was that?
could i find it
here in the dust on ege
skovvej where there was now
a strong smell of slurry?

OS F_pF_pF_pA

language has its
own mysteries and
reality likewise
if they deep
down were the same
i did not know and
it did not
particularly interest me
it was the poem's
egeskovvej i was
following to the place where
it ended behind the
scarlet drapery of autumn

OS F_pF_pF_pF

and the place was
a farm a quite
ordinary farm
with farmhouse on
the left and stable and
barn on the right
was i to take
that as an answer
to something i could
not remember i
had asked about?
what silence was i
to give voice to here?

OS F_pF_pF_pFP

then i saw it
down there diagonally
behind my shoulder
egeskov wood stood
even so tall and
black in the dusk
i now knew what
it was i was
to say without
saying it – now it had
been said and yet
not said it seemed
to me for a brief instant

OS F_pF_pF_pS

language and reality
had once more drawn
close to each other
i was neither to say
'egeskovvej'
nor not say
'egeskovvej' – somewhere
or other in
between the solution
lay to the
mystery of the poem – i
only had to break the
three basic rules of logic

OS F_pF_pF_pG

i had arrived
at this boundary
many times before
and had been halted
as now – i knew
that well but i
also knew that
only on the far
side of this boundary
would the resolution
be able to take place
and (strangely
enough) vice versa

OS_pF_pF_pS_pA

i start laying
out the sevens patience
while i wait for
my cat to
decide to
die – the difficult sevens
patience where you are
only allowed to turn the
cards once – perhaps too
so as to kill time
i am perfectly well
aware that this is a
symbolic assignment

OS_pF_pF_pS_pF

i don't otherwise
believe much in that
sort of coincidence:
pictures that fall
down at precisely
twelve o'clock
and electric light
bulbs that short
circuit at the same time
but i know that when
the patience comes out
it's over then conclusion
and decision have become one

OS_pF_pF_pSP

now patience is
a logical game
and therefore has a
logical conclusion
unlike life which
often ends
quite illogically and
randomly but precisely
there where conclusion and
decision cross
each other the completion
occurs
rather than death

OS_pF_pF_pS_pS

this my cat
knows (cats know so
much more between
heaven and earth)
and is therefore
patiently waiting
for the last card
the last ace of hearts
to fall
into place in
the patience before
taking its
final decision

OS_pF_pF_pS_pG

and that i know
well therefore i am
also quietly waiting
whilst laying out
the cards until
the ace of hearts has brought
the last love
between us into place
then i also take the
final decision
watch out – one fine day
your own patience
will suddenly come out

OS F S A A
p p p p

if later on
in the year you should
meet me with
a bandage round
my head a la van
gogh it is
because my wife
has for ages felt
tempted by my
ears' pure lü
becker marzipan and
has finally eaten
the left one raw

OS F S A F
p p p p

my ears now seem
to me myself more
to resemble
the large sycamore
leaves of autumn
spotted with rust
and wax – sometimes
even as large
as tomio miki's
aluminium ear
that hangs
on the wall at
louisiana and hears all

OS F S AP
p p p

i sleep like
a log on my green ear
and from time to time
my ears turn
red with shame
in frosty weather they
grow blue and violet
and white with marble
in moonlight
in summer brown
and yellow like wax when
i die but
when do they turn black?

OS F S A S
p p p p

in one ear
and out
the other – in
the other ear
and out the one
out the one
ear and in
the other – out
the other ear
and in the
one – until
silence alone reigns
in there one day

OS F S A G
p p p p

god – you gave
me my ears
just so i
should hear my
love pee
at night like
a spring of
boiling silver
just so i
should hear johann
sebastian bach's
cantatas in the daytime and
the silence in between

OS_pF_pS_pF_pA

i'm almost
afraid of words
today – i hardly
even dare write
'asters' even though
they admittedly have
come out along
the spruce-stem fence and
look like the small fabric-
covered buttons
on my wife's dress
the one she otherwise
never wears

OS_pF_pS_pF_pF

the noun
'sea buckthorn' seems
hostile to me
even directly dangerous
as if the paper
could catch fire
if i wrote it
down – as if
in some way
or other i
could invoke
the words' meaning
directly into the poem

OS_pF_pS_pFP

perhaps this
strange fear of the word
'blackbird' for example
is because
the boys outside
on the road are shooting
with bows and arrows
at the blackbirds
today as if
the birds' fear
was able to be
transmitted via
the words to me

OS_pF_pS_pF_pS

it could also
just possibly be that
my fear is due
to some truth or
other that
the poem hides
from me among
the words and that
i first have to
unearth – first
can read when the poem
is lying on the table
in front of me

OS_pF_pS_pF_pG

if that is the
case then perhaps
the poem will divulge
something of my own
future and the
more i would
attempt to write this
in the way i
please or rewrite
it the more
the poem would expose
the lie when it
first was finished

OS_pF_pS_pS_pA

my half reality –
yes any fool
can say that –
but you are
in actual fact my
half reality beloved
things i don't see
you notice and
draw my attention
to as now
the tiny robin
yesterday that otherwise
i would not have seen

OS_pF_pS_pS_pF

or the fir tree
on asnaes that was
swathed in a
garland of honey
suckle – 'look
it looks like a
lit-up christmas tree'
you said and
expanded my
reality made
the universe larger
for me and
more sparkling

OS_pF_pS_pSP

you extend my
senses beloved
i perceive almost
twice as much when
you are present
and i am no longer
cut off with
my own observa
tions no longer
restricted to
my own world's roses
you double my
reality beloved

OS_pF_pS_pS_pS

and not simply
that – who would
have thought that
i contained so
pure emotions so
great and wild a
love if
you had not been
there to awaken
it if you had
not melted
the heart's
hard cinnober?

OS_pF_pS_pS_pG

you can work out
for yourself what
this means
when you're away
can't you? – then
i am only half
myself only
half present
here in the midst
of the autumn's
great invasion of
rust and death and
swirling gamma moths

OS F S G A
p p p p

mental exercise
number seven
sit down next
to one you are fond
of who's about to die
(it's all right to choose
a cat if you
feel that would
make it
easier) place your hand
on this person or creature
and feel the disease raging
in there in the body

OS F S G F
p p p p

feel how
the cancer's primadonna
is dancing on her
mountain of black varnish
how life
is fighting its
final battle and
slowly ebbing away
do not show the slightest
sign of fear
why should you
do that anyway it's not
you who have to die yet

OS F S GP
p p p

now say in a firm
and clear voice:
there is no such thing as death
death is only a
transition to
eternal life –
go on say it
i mean: you are
a christian aren't you –
you haven't just had water
poured over your head
it actually meant
something – didn't it?

OS F S G S
p p p p

continue with
even greater emphasis
and without
trembling: Oh death
where is thy sting
Oh grave where is
thy victory –
see the dying one right
in the eyes and
say it loud and
clear – you don't want
to make a joke of the
scriptures do you?

OS F S G G
p p p p

refrain from
crying show no
grief – there is
no reason for it
it is a happy
event you are
present at – isn't it?
it is when all
is said and done
the final miracle
in the seventh night
so phone death
and get it over with

OS_pF_pG_pA_pA

can't i write
a collection of poems
dammit
without death
crossing its path?
i'm getting tired
of death tired
of my morbid
interest in death
tired of writing poems
about death even though
it only took a
little cat this time

OS_pF_pG_pA_pF

only a little
she-cat from
the mazes of nørrebro
only a little she-cat
with eyes wise
like the s'ung dynasty
only a little she-cat
that confirmed
baudelaire's diary
only a little she-cat
that filled more than
my heart for thirteen
years – nothing more than that

OS_pF_pG_pAP

as if death took
any notice of
anything at all
as if death
could be bought with
minced meat and
portuguese
sardines – but what
on the other hand
would i have done
with an immortal
cat? – it would
have been a monster

OS_pF_pG_pA_pS

as if death
could be fooled
by castor oil
as if death
could be kept in
check by vismuth
as if death
laid out a patience
but i stole a
march on it
this time with a
syringe in the
vet's violet hand

OS_pF_pG_pA_pG

can't i write
a collection of poems
dammit
without death
crossing its traces? no –
not if these have
been left by life
i'm getting tired
of my pain
tired of my grief
tired of putting
my grief on show this
seventh day's evening

OS_pF_pG_pF_pA

ode to my nose
that is neither
roman nor
particularly jewish
and that is not of
silver or bronze
nor of the
marble that is
missing on certain
greek statues
ode to my good
old danish-design
model of a nose

OS_pF_pG_pF_pF

when i was a boy
my nose was
a fine small
bottle nose
as the years have passed
it has acquired more
form and a more
exciting patina
as in one of frans
hals' portrait studies
when i grow old
it will perhaps look like a
pyramid – who knows?

OS_pF_pG_pFP

i have stuck
my nose into much
putrescence
the smell of hot
solar oil or
of naphthalene from
the men's toilets
have filled up
its sinuses
but no stench
was greater than
the latrine of
politics and culture

OS_pF_pG_pF_pS

i also admit
that i have
hair in my nose
small corkscrew curls
or spirals
from a watch
they are sure
to prevent mayflies
from flying
in through
one nostril and out
the other
or up into my brain

OS_pF_pG_pF_pG

god – you gave
me my nose
just so that i
could stick
it into my
love's armpits
and fill it with
nitrogens just
so that i should
smell the hearts
i am boiling
for my cat
in a iron pot

OS_pS_pA_pF_pA

whoa – what’s that
out there on
the lawn?
what kind of
a bird is that with
spotted breast and
speckled like a
piano concerto by
keith jarrett?
right out there among
the withered tin pyramids
of the leaves can you
see it beloved?

for thorkild bjørnvig

OS_pS_pA_pF_pF

it surely can’t
be – no it
can’t be but
maybe – it damn
well is a thrush
just hand me the
binoculars – it
has a white marking
there a large
white eyebrow
as on a mask
it’s a thrush
at any rate – thanks

OS_pS_pA_pFP

why the hell
are the binoculars never
ready – they’ve been
adjusted to a
wall-eyed idiot
ah there – now
i can see it:
its flanks are
red as rowan
jelly like a bird
on a silver platter
it’s so help me
god a redwing

OS_pS_pA_pF_pS

my first red
wing – beloved
quick the bird book
now not that one
the other one
dammit – yes there
we have it
one to one
pure isomorphism
no not quite
there’s the burning
pitcoal of its eye
that differs

OS_pS_pA_pF_pG

i wonder where it’s
off to? – let me
see what does it
say here: siberia
(such a little communist)
winter quarters
in southwest europe
i bloody well think i’ll
dedicate it to
thorkild bjørnvig
it’s damn well going
even so to migrate in
across issehoved on its way

OS_pS_pA_pS_pA

here inside the house
another stillness
reigns an
unarticulated stillness
which is perhaps
more of a speechlessness
or a whorl
of silence deep
down in things
that i can really only
hear in my sleep
when i place
an ear to death

OS_pS_pA_pS_pF

a silence in
the furniture in
the chairs in the cupboards
in my writing desk
that i constantly
seek to break
by my presence here
for example by
drumming with
my biro on
the oak surface or by
rattling the
cups on the table

OS_pS_pA_pSP

an intolerable
silence that
i constantly seek
to drown out with
the aid of words
'wicker chair' i
say out loud or
'buffet' or
'mahogany sideboard'
in order to stop this
flapping raven
that circles deep
down in things

OS_pS_pA_pS_pS

or i try
to hide this
silence by
placing poems
out over the furniture
and fixtures
by giving names to
smoker's tables and folding
chairs invoking
telephones and
ashtrays wrapping
vases in
whole sonnet cycles

OS_pS_pA_pS_pG

'i give things
utterance' – i say
and perhaps that is
what i do for a brief
instant (even though it
is still through me that
they speak) before they
once more sink
into their disconcerting
silence more silent
than the stones
at the bottom
of a static water tank

OS_pS_pF_pA_pA

november's
only-begotten light strikes
down into me once more
stands once more down
in the schism
in everything that is
divided on this earth
dare i believe this
welding ray of light
or am i once again
falling out into the dark
and the two octants
of the shadows?

OS_pS_pF_pA_pF

words from unwritten
poems mix
with words from
forgotten poems
like firewood smoke in snow
berry-bearing shrubs like
triplets from coleman's
saxophone words that
collect to form
this poem that
already when you
read it have become
this poem

OS_pS_pF_pAP

what kind of
old fear is it
that grasps me
why does my hand
shake so when i
write: november's
hollow pumpkin – booh?
why do i snarl
here on the threshold
of this month
when i
was born:
fuck your mother?

OS_pS_pF_pA_pS

can it be
the clouds that
are closing in over
røsnæs here on
all saints' day larger
than the soul
or is it just
the small pop from
the copper saucepan
when one of the
soft-boiled eggs
cracks that
disturbs me?

OS_pS_pF_pA_pG

november's
only-begotten light
pure as lapis
is it the light itself
that frightens me
the actual pain
of enduring
the light of presence
intolerably pure
in whose rays i
cannot conceal
myself – not
even from myself?

OS_pS_pF_pF_pA

mental exercise
number eight
or what stillness is
go out into the twilight
and look at the twenty
cubic metres of firewood
your neighbour has just
unloaded onto the road
right outside your
terrace don't say anything
think you own thoughts
struck by the contrary
opposite of speechlessness

OS_pS_pF_pF_pF

walk over to
the logs
give them a kick and
say: flaming
bloody hell –
shut your trap and
listen to how
the wood mass sucks up
the echo of your words
into itself – listen to
how language ebbs
away into the contra
dictory opposite

OS_pS_pF_pFP

after that place yourself
(note the
expression: place yourself)
place yourself then
directly opposite the
beech logs and stay
perfectly still – now
stillness reigns
in the space between
you and the wood
between your speechlessness
and the wood's silence
reigns the stillness

OS_pS_pF_pF_pS

it could also
be said that
speechlessness and
silence are negative
definitions whereas
stillness is a
positive definition
or that speechlessness
is the unsaid
silence the
unsayable
and stillness
the inexpressible

OS_pS_pF_pF_pG

that is why you
can break speechlessness
by saying
the word 'beech log'
and you can
break silence by
striking the beech log
or kicking it
while conversely it
is stillness that
breaks you – breaks out
of or into or
out from the poem

OS_pS_pF_pS_pA

no – not the sycamore
speckled with red lead
not even
the underwater bells
of autumn
and certainly not
the pheasant cock's head
that lacquer-gleams
chinese style
at the edge of the wood
but this in
scription in the heart:
kilroy was here

OS_pS_pF_pS_pF

what holds its own
in november
now that the gamma
moths have flown
to their indefinable
cliffs – now that
the sky is
grey like saltbæk cove
now that
even the marigold
has closed
around its inner gold
and the hollyhock has fallen?

OS_pS_pF_pSP

what holds its own
in november
now that the hunters
are shooting partridge
now that adult
men for their
own pleasure
are maiming life?
(one ought to
surprise them one
fine st. hubert's day
with a charge of shot from
the oak undergrowth of revenge)

OS_pS_pF_pS_pS

what holds its own
in november
now that the garden
furniture is to be
taken in and the gate
shut against
winter – now
that sphagnum
and sprigs of spruce
are the only protection
against death – now that
the trident of darkness
is being lifted on the horizon?

OS_pS_pF_pS_pG

the rose does
the gissfeld roses
against the south wall
hold the last line of
resistance before
frost's cossacks
will also mow them
down in a bloodbath of
scattered petals
i give these
roses a
knighthood before
their final battle

OS_pS_pF_pG_pA

there are two vacuum
cleaners to choose
between: a
curry-yellow electrolux
that looks like a
dachshund and a
beige-coloured miele
that is more reminiscent
of a bull-dog
now it's just a question
of making the right
choice prior to the
major spring-cleaning

OS_pS_pF_pG_pF

the two of them were
brought together in a
marriage where each
of the parties
came with its
model of
modern technology
or rather perhaps
each its dream
shaped by
modern advertising techniques
whatever: they
also became a couple

OS_pS_pF_pGP

well – i can't
prolong it any
longer: the
dust is waiting for
its vacuum cleaner – its
resurrection in
a way – nor
is it at all
reasonable to abuse
poetry as a delaying
technique
for postponing the
annual vacuum cleaning

OS_pS_pF_pG_pS

so – an die
arbeit – accusative
here i recall
from the distant maelstrom
of german lessons
can i just manage
a cup of coffee
at the last moment?
i wonder when
the vacuum cleaner was
invented! – how
the hell did people get up
dust in the renaissance?

OS_pS_pF_pG_pG

no dammit this can't
go on any more
gloves on
i choose the electrolux
the name sounds so
efficient – oh if only
one could carry out
such a chore as
vacuum cleaning by
writing a poem
about it – creatively
sweep a path so to speak
to reality

OS_pS_pS_pA_pA

you are everywhere
in my
existence beloved
if you are not
standing right here in the
poem with your rear
in the air among the
chrysanthemums that are lovelier
than china – you are on
your way into another
poem where
the thunder is roaring like
distant artillery

OS_pS_pS_pA_pF

if you are not on
your way into
another poem
you are looking at me
from a photograph
without a word or
action you are
looking at me with
a smile that causes
my heart to
sweat and my
soul to
cast lilac shadows

OS_pS_pS_pAP

and if you are not
smiling to me
from the grey-tone scale
of the picture i
can see you in colour
among the key-holes of
the imagination stark
naked in the bath
more naked than fire
while the water
streams down
over the glistening
polecat pelt of your pubic hair

OS_pS_pS_pA_pS

and if you are not
standing there under
the shower of prohibition
illuminated by
sperm you are
roaming through the long
corridors of my
dreams with a lit
candle in your hand
and rosebushes in your hair
you are transforming
my soul into
a gleaming darkness

OS_pS_pS_pA_pG

and if you are not
wandering through the
allegorical salt of my
dream to strengthen
it with caper berries
you are sitting right
opposite me now
spilling orange marme
lade on the morning table
of reality – so somewhere or
other you are always
there in my
existence beloved

OS_pS_pS_pF_pA

the ridge is the name of
a small road that
lies like a
rusty horseshoe
in the ploughed fields
it curves from
nybyvej into
language in a
semicircle and back again
to nybyvej – few people
move along its pot-holed
track beneath the autumn
clouds of sodden cotton

OS_pS_pS_pF_pF

this of course
is because this
by-way only leads
back to the main
road again – is only
a curlicue on language
like the grammar
that imposes rules and
prohibitions on that
language which is a
prerequisite for the
selfsame grammar's
half-withered flowers

OS_pS_pS_pFP

do you understand me
do you understand that
this paradox does not
have any solution either
do you understand that
the meta-language of
natural language is
itself – do you
understand that
the class of natural
language
ultimately contains
itself as a member?

OS_pS_pS_pF_pS

i understood that
this st martin's
day i under
stood that the origin
of language could
never be explained
because such an
explanation would only be able
to be expressed in precisely
the language that was to
be explained i understood
that there was no
more to remember

OS_pS_pS_pF_pG

that is why i gave
myself plenty of time
to walk round the ridge
beneath a sky
that was white
as the flesh of plaice
i caressed such words
as 'verb' or
'substantive' – pronounced
them with care like a
goodbye because in the
last resort they
explained nothing

OS_pS_pS_pS_pA

strictly speaking
all of this
could have been completely
unimportant – i could
simply have
stayed within
the boundaries of language
to put it another
way: i could
have made do
with using language and
not thought further
about the explanations

OS_pS_pS_pS_pF

i could have
made do with
letting my poem
voice itself
in november's lapis
lazuli – had it not
been that the
poem precisely
wanted that more
than the poem like
any other passion
precisely wanted its
own ruin

OS_pS_pS_pSP

i could simply
have followed the
road straight ahead – nybyvej
and have written about
the fields of maize (have
you en passant noticed
the silken crest
of the cobs?)
if it had not been
for the fact that
the poem precisely
had to go beyond
its own boundaries

OS_pS_pS_pS_pS

i could have
made do with
the sea at the end
of nybyvej and
that would probably
have been enough
if the poem
did not have to go
in into its own centre
if the poem
did not have to go out into its
own inexpressibility precisely
in order to state that

OS_pS_pS_pS_pG

do you understand now
why i make such
remarkable detours
(along the ridge for
example) which
often come to a dead end
or like a
marching on the stop
(though without flattening
the clover)
do you understand now
why i move
on the edge of silence?

OS_pS_pS_pG_pA

i probably ought
not to have taken
this road but
there is so much
one ought not to:
smoke in bed drink
before breakfast
or masturbate for
example – i probably
ought to have stuck
to the beaten track
of reality or to that
of language at any rate

OS_pS_pS_pG_pF

but the poem wanted
things otherwise
the poem did not want
to make do with
reality and language
the poem wanted more
than reality
wanted more than
language the poem
wanted to join them
together to form a fugue
so close-knit that it could
be called the world

OS_pS_pS_pGP

therefore i could
not make do with
writing viper's
bugloss into
the poem blue with
electricity and i
could not make do
with writing
'viper's bugloss' out
of the poem – i had to
take the path between
them link them
by a bridge of salt

OS_pS_pS_pG_pS

but i probably
ought to have known
that precisely this
way the ridge would
be a mistake
since it
only linked language
with language
(even though i walked
along it in
reality) and thus
only defined itself
as a curve

OS_pS_pS_pG_pG

why then did
i nevertheless walk
along this path where
no roses grow
where language only
revolves round
itself around its
own rules and defi
nitions? – perhaps
precisely
because it
was a mistake –
a necessary mistake

OS_pS_pG_pA_pA

sorry bird cherry
i'm a little late
about this – i should
have thanked you
long ago for
your screening
greenness right in
the summer solstice
for the ivory of your
clusters down over
the shadows – but you
know how it is:
time takes a cigarette

for my mother

OS_pS_pG_pA_pF

here though it
now comes my
tribute even though
you stand there alone
with your naked
branches bristling towards
the meerscham of the moon
and look more like
a tree painted
by mondrian in his
youth – thank you
for existing thank you
for your chromium oxide

OS_pS_pG_pAP

i recall that
a sycamore stood
at tintern abbey
i have
wordsworth's poem
for that and you have
mine for the one that
stands here by
the east terrace full
of november's
lapis lazuli
and for 'the one' that's
here on the paper

OS_pS_pG_pA_pS

dear thuja
your name never
smells sweet nor is
green as you yourself
are from burials
nor is this
ode to you
because every poem
at its very centre
is sufficient to itself
and its own thuja
whose roots are planted
deep in silence

OS_pS_pG_pA_pG

in mid-november
i see it when a
flight of starlings violet
with titanium zinc
alights on the cherry
tree – i see for
the first time that this
tree is more beautiful than
japan more beautiful than
my mother when young
more beautiful than its own
spring – this insight
took me forty-nine years

OS_pS_pG_pF_pA

it's a longer
way that you think
from hvedej
to 'hvedej' and
back to hvedej
once more the november
darkness lays a
violet cloak over the
rosebushes – a longer
road than on paper
no matter how easy
it looks – a longer way
than to the heart

OS_pS_pG_pF_pF

it's a longer
way than between
two lovers
on their separate sides
of the soul's divide
even though both
wave their separate rose
red or white
it's longer
than the sequence of
numbers in both directions
a longer way than
through silicon

OS_pS_pG_pFP

the way goes via
quotations of poems
you as yet have not
written via
fragments and
snatches of poems
you have long
since destroyed
the way goes from silence
to speechlessness
around the rosebushes
of the inexpressible
where stillness grows

OS_pS_pG_pF_pF

it's a longer
way than between
your dream and
your beloved
it's a longer way
than the autumn
leaves drift
(and who knows where
they end?)
a longer way than
between magenta
and bitumen a longer
way than to death

OS_pS_pG_pF_pG

it's a longer
way than you think
from hvedej to
'hvedej' and back
to hvedej
once more – it's just as
long a way as to god
as the way statues
move when not being
observed – it is the
longest way you can
go it is the poem's
way to itself

OS_pG_pA_pA_pA

this evening we are
alone my love
in a pot
of salt – between
us lie the
black olives (that
have grown on the
tree of the dream)
full of reality
i pour out the wine
from a perfectly normal
carton and say:
cheers my love

OS_pG_pA_pA_pF

then i sit down
at the writing desk
to immortalise
this moment with a
poem that begins
like this ‘ this evening
we are alone my love
in a pot of salt’
but the poem
cannot quote itself
in its entirety
cannot contain
itself completely

OS_pG_pA_pAP

when i have realised
this infinite
loop in the poem
i decide
to celebrate
reality with music
instead – i
place another tape
in the recorder – why
does a green flag
flutter above coleman’s
jazz? – does it have anything
to do with the dream?

OS_pG_pA_pA_pS

dancing in your
head – variation one:
if i am dancing
in my head and
you are dancing in yours
beloved – in whose head
are we then together?
variation two:
if you are dancing
in my head
and i am dancing in yours
beloved in whose head
are we then together?

OS_pG_pA_pA_pG

now the tape runs out
in a last
inaudible alto sax
i kiss you
and finally read
this poem in five
verses (which i have
managed to write even
so) out loud for
you – but that is also
a lie since it has
not been finished
until right now

OS_pG_pA_pF_pA

my mouth my
lips my smile
let's see now
i must try to
get a proper
smile a
winning smile
that does not scare
my fellow humans
off a smile that
can be recommended by
the institute of human
biology in west berlin

OS_pG_pA_pF_pF

i go out and stand
in front of the mirror
goodness gracious
one damned well can't go
about looking like that
cheer up now
how was it one
was supposed
to start? – separate
the lips quickly
while making the eyes
large and open – good
grief it's difficult

OS_pG_pA_pFP

then what?
the mouth is to be
opened to medium extent
so the smile becomes alive
make sure not
to snarl
hold this position
of the lips for
about seven seconds
blink with the
one eye – no as
you were – blink
with both eyes

OS_pG_pA_pF_pS

now just a
quick glance
sideways and back
again at the signal
receiver (in this
case myself)
and the smile has been
perfectly executed
in all phases precisely
according to the manual
and voila: i'm
the spitting image of
boris karloff

OS_pG_pA_pF_pG

god – you gave me
my mouth my
lips and my smile
precisely so that
i would not
need to learn
the dynamics of smiling
so that i would not
need to make faces
for hours on end
in order to please others
you gave me
my natural smile

OS_pG_pA_pS_pA

we followed fjord
bakken down to
the small blind alley
with the woodpile
on the left
the sky had a
colour as if
ivory-black had
been rubbed into it
and then dried
again with a damp
cloth (titian's
old trick)

the great fugue

OS_pG_pA_pS_pF

what were we doing
here behind the silver
in the perfect kingdom
of the sea buckthorn?
i thought of saying
to you: this
sea buckthorn resembles
your soul my love
wildly beautiful and
unconquerable – but i stayed
silent a long time and then
asked (instead of what
i ought to have said):

OS_pG_pA_pSP

yesterday i wrote
the following sentences
in another poem:
'a – the unwritable
is the unwritable
b – the unwritable is
not the writable
c – either the unwritable
or the writable
no third possibility
is given' – can
you now see my
strange problems?

OS_pG_pA_pS_pS

i mean: the
unwritable is not
the indescribable
nor is it
the unwritten
and certainly not the
'unwritable' but
precisely the
unwritable which i
have now incorporated in
the writable
and thereby disproved
a b and c – haven't i?

OS_pG_pA_pS_pG

that is poetry's
included third
you answered
even though you probably
ought to have said
something else such
as: your kisses
taste like the sea
buckthorn's berries fresh
feisty and irresistible –
but you didn't do
that perhaps because
we were at cross-purposes

OS_pG_pA_pG_pA

i ought to be
old enough to know
that i ought
to have looked deep
into your eyes and
have continued as follows:
i love you so much
it hurts deep down
in my heart – but
i hardened my heart
and asked: what has
sea buckthorn to do
with the great fugue?

the great fugue

OS_pG_pA_pG_pF

how on earth
could i have
the very selfsame
heart to
ask a question
like this: does
the unwritable belong to
the class of classes
that cannot contain
itself as a
member? – when you
were standing there in flesh
and blood as my sole answer?

OS_pG_pA_pGP

since beethoven
probably never saw
a sea buckthorn
in his life your
comparison might
seem strange – but
i can well understand it
the same entangled
and prickly nature the
orange light – you
replied – but sea buckthorn
can scarcely grow in
vienna or bonn

OS_pG_pA_pG_pS

as far as your
second question is concerned
the answer
has to be an unconditional
yes – since you have
just written down the
unwritable
in a poem –
was your second answer
why dammit did you not
break the circle of
frozen emeralds
around my mind?

OS_pG_pA_pG_pG

this walk did though
have a happy ending
even so
we actually found a way
out of the sea buckthorn's
wild labyrinth
we did not ask
any more questions
we simply took each
other by the hand
and walked slowly
back along the
other paths of silence

OS_pG_pF_pA_pA

i might just as
well admit
from the outset
that the two previous
poem sequences are
not true but
rather the first
version of a pack
of lies – good grief
no dialogue would
sound like that in
reality but
only in a poem

the great fugue

OS_pG_pF_pA_pF

now follows the
second version or
the on location version
which naturally
is far simpler
but by the way
is interesting in that
it shows a poem can also
be the cause of
an event in
reality even though
the opposite is
normally true

OS_pG_pF_pAP

inspired by the
poems referred to
we decided to
go down to
the small blind alley
with the woodpile
on the left
and now let's be
honest about this:
we did not walk down
we drove in a silver
grey fiat uno
cross my heart

OS_pG_pF_pA_pS

and the sky really
did look like a sky
in a titian painting:
charles the fifth
at the battle of
mühlberg – black
and pink
smouldering through
the cracked varnish
like a soul
that can no longer
be contained in
its own body

OS_pG_pF_pA_pG

and i did actually
ask you:
what has sea buckthorn
to do with the great
fugue? – and you did not
answer as in the first
version but as here
in the second one: it
is the repetition –
and see that was a
far better answer
than i could
have invented

OS_pG_pF_pF_pA

i now knew well
that the quality
of a poem does not
have anything to do with
its truth value – i knew that
well but it
irritated me
even so that the
first version did not
agree with reality
but hung floating
free in the imagination

the great fugue

OS_pG_pF_pF_pF

i could remedy
this situation
i could repeat
the poem in reverse so
to speak follow
its instructions
carefully carry them out in
reality and
thus verify
the poem backwards i
could use the poem as
a kind of script for
the real action

OS_pG_pF_pFP

the fact
that the first version
was undated and
written in the past tense
made my venture
simpler – the opposite
causal relation
would not be so
disruptive as if
the poem had been
written in the present tense
because the momentary
had been missed

OS_pG_pF_pF_pS

there were now two
main conditions
that had to be
fulfilled for
my plan to be able
to succeed – you my love
would have to learn
your lines from
the first version
and i would have
to hope that the sky
would really look like
a sky painted by titian

OS_pG_pF_pF_pG

we then put the plan
into action carefully
following the first
version point for
point word for word
(read here the first
version) everything
fitted every word
was true now even
though you gentle reader
when it comes to it only have
these very same words
for that truth

OS G F S A
p p p p

you've got a
bald spot here says
the hairdresser – it's a
natural parting i reply
calmly thinking
quietly to myself that
it's because he's as
bald as a coot that he's
hunting for
bald spots
in other people's hair
pure psychology
i reassure myself

OS G F S F
p p p p

no just look – he
continues positioning
the hand mirror
so that i
can observe the
unmistakable signs
of an incipient
bald patch – ah yes
at last one's on the point
of becoming
an adult – i say and
give him a strained smile
in the mirror

OS G F SP
p p p

he doesn't accept
that one – i can easily
cover the spot by
not cutting as close
as i usually do –
do that – i answer
with hard-won composure
continuing to read
the illustrated magazine
where all the men
apparently have
sheer primeval forests
of hair on their heads

OS G F S S
p p p p

dear god
my hair my
pride my
cockscorn my
punic crest
about to be moth-eaten
i already see myself
in my mind's eye with
a toupé or with a
skullcap à la kingo
my father had
hair slicked over a bald patch
before he was thirty i recall

OS G F S G
p p p p

and there are problems
with my beard as
well i daren't
let it grow any longer
than two days
because otherwise one
can see that it is
starting to turn white
should i quite
slowly change
to the hemmingway
style should i
give in to age?

OS G F G A
p p p p

i do not know
what opinion a
marigold has
do you? – the
marigold consequently
has no opinion
it is you who have
an opinion of it
this opinion is formed
as a relationship
between you and
the marigold a
love relationship

OS G F G F
p p p p

it is simple
go out into the garden
there is stands on
the edge of the
unwritable so
close to the poem
that you almost seem
to be able to touch it
with its
outermost word
say: marigold
realise its magnificence
there's nothing else

OS G F GP
p p p

do not pick
the marigold – its
copernicus gold
will blacken before
your eyes and its
halo fall to pieces
do not use it
in a secret
ikebana in order to
dismiss
its reality
out there in
reality

OS G F G S
p p p p

pick the poem's
marigold if
you cannot
resist it if you
absolutely have to
cultivate beauty's
nature morte
use the poem's
marigold in your
floral decoration
if you absolutely
have to cultivate
eternity's still life

OS G F G G
p p p p

do not pick
the marigold – i
beg you – do not
bring it into
art's herbarium
where there are
'flowers' enough
'marigolds' enough
that will 'flower'
all year round in
your poems or
for ever if
you command it

OS_pG_pS_pA_pA

to the seventh
day there belongs a
seventh night
deeper than sleep
just as full of
miracles for them
that dare believe it
as for the
lovers behind
dream's malachite
in their star chambers
to which death
does not have access

OS_pG_pS_pA_pF

look up for yourself
in night's great
incunabulum and see
orion on
the frontispiece printed
in white
letters on black
see the altarpiece
of winter standing
there on the
reverse of your
soul like a
gleaming ex libris

OS_pG_pS_pAP

or lift the
parchment over
the first plate
and consider
the raindrops
running down
the pane in the
lamplight while
you attempt
with a finger to
follow their traces
the night before your
forty-ninth birthday

OS_pG_pS_pA_pS

you can also
leaf forward to
page forty-nine
page by page
year by year
night by night
what does it say there
on the right
side of darkness?
it does not say
anything else than
what it says
here in this verse

OS_pG_pS_pA_pG

the last page
is black as
night itself
let it represent
whatever it likes
or whatever you feel
yourself your
own pictures from
'the nightwood'
interpret them
as you like or
let them sym
bolise themselves

OS_pG_pS_pS_pA

the moon stands in
its first quarter
top left
in the poem as
you see on this
st. andrew's eve
the moon stands white
like the thorn
on a rose
that is lit
by the moon itself
between two
shadows of words

OS_pG_pS_pS_pF

the moon stands white
this st. andrew's eve
where what is to be
shows itself
between two
lights that i now
light in the poem's
mirror the moon stands
white unfathomably
manifested
within the poem's
frames of
secret silver

OS_pG_pS_pSP

who is my
to-be
who is coming
towards me from
within the mirror's
mercury that
crackles like sirius
you are
my love
yet again
as if we
were to marry
again and afresh

OS_pG_pS_pS_pS

mirror mirror in
the poem who is
the fairest in
the world there?
your beloved is
the mirror
answers (in which
you read and see)
therefore she is
also the fairest
here where she and
you now meet in the
invisible gleam of the moon

OS_pG_pS_pS_pG

and the one who does
not believe in the invisible
i ask:
what is it then
you see in the poem here?
what is it then
you do not see in the poem's
venetian mirror?
tell me that now before
you answer or at least
think about it
first while the moon stands
white in its first quarter

OS_pG_pS_pG_pA

piff paff puff
the snowberries strike
the poem like
glazed sweets – more
precisely they roll in
over the thresholds of the poem
from winter's chests of
drawers like mothballs
without naphthalene
early pearly lovely
snowberry come
inside my poem about you
won't you please?

OS_pG_pS_pG_pF

the hoar frost has
bent the marguerites
dipped them in
a smoke of quartz
the roses are steaming
with carbon dioxide
the tagetes has
also cringed
of course they have
in this dry ice
winter has strewn
its first nickel
over the perennials

OS_pG_pS_pGP

and look – now the
last leaf fell
from the cherry tree
down into my poem
from one eternity
to another
gosh – how i
hate winter's barren
hard prime numbers
that's probably exactly why
i have written
such good poems
in its honour

OS_pG_pS_pG_pS

but there the
winter jasmine stands
blaring with oxygen
and brass – i award
it: the i grandi
dell jazz prize
why do i do that?
because it reminds me
of albert ayler's
insanity and what can
be more insane
than to flower
in december's crystal?

OS_pG_pS_pG_pG

early pearly
the snowberries strike
the poem like
small percussion caps
full of winter's
white saltpetre and
gunpowder – piff paff puff
can you hear
them in there behind
the silence
between the
words that
i did not write?

OS_pG_pG_pA_pA

if you walk down
langdyssevej
(and you ought to
do that on such an
early december day
if for no other reason
to look at the beets
stacked like skulls
in a charnel house)
you will soon reach
a small lake on the
far side of the poem it is
the lake of the unwritable

for jan erik vold

OS_pG_pG_pA_pF

since this lake lies
outside the poem
(like all lakes
in reality always do
of course) it is
already something
of a misinterpretation
to introduce the lake
here in the poem even though
this poem only
describes and refers to
the lake as the
lake of the unwritable

OS_pG_pG_pAP

it would be
of no use to write:
'i remove the writing
i remove the body
i remove the memory
of the body – burn
the words – a lake
remained – it lay
and mirrored itself
in winter'
that would be a
trick no matter
how beautiful a one

OS_pG_pG_pA_pS

if you really
remove the writing
if you really
burn the words
then there is naturally
no more to
write no more
to say – then
only the lake
would remain
in the heart of winter
which does not even
mirror itself in the poem

OS_pG_pG_pA_pG

this is due to
the fact that
you cannot write
the unwritable
but only the word
'the unwritable'
even though i am
well aware that this
too is paradoxical
it is really due to
the fact that you
cannot write
a poem without words

OS_pG_pG_pF_pA

if you subsequently
go round
this lake that
lies red with
winter's arsenic
if you go round
it three times
as in the fairytale
you will realise the
simple fact that the
only thing that can be written
is language – everything else
is unwritable

OS_pG_pG_pF_pF

you will realise
that you can never
write reality
into or down into
your language that you
only write language
down – you will realise
that reality's
poplars by this lake
will burn off
their silver for ever
outside the
radius of language

OS_pG_pG_pFP

it is perhaps somewhat
trite to
draw attention to
the fact that language
can never become
a poplar tree but
it is apparently
necessary time and
time again to repeat
these simple
facts: language is in
reality but reality
is not in language

OS_pG_pG_pF_pS

it is important to
make this clear
in order to get
to what i really want
to say: that
the poem is the
positive relationship
between reality
and language that
the poem links
reality and language
together into the
whole which is the world

OS_pG_pG_pF_pG

now walk backwards
three times round
the same lake
that is cast in
the brass of winter
you will then realise
that the poem defies
the insight just
as in the fairytale
that the paradox of the poem
lights up the world
by writing down
the unwritable

OS_pG_pG_pS_pA

if you go with
me down to
this small lake
of black salt and iodine
and mirror yourself
in it you will
not be able to write
this image
but perhaps be
able to describe
its flaming
glare of ivory
here in the poem's icon

OS_pG_pG_pS_pF

if you follow me
along langdyssevej
down to this small
lake you will probably be
able to dismiss language
word for word as when
you empty a jewel box of
its jewellery when the
last word has been written
and you stand
on the bank of the
unwritable you will not
be able to write it

OS_pG_pG_pSP

because language can
not negate itself
absolutely
but only writes
the unwritable
in itself
only writes this
by itself
which is the
same as
saying that you have
only written the word
'the unwritable'

OS_pG_pG_pS_pS

this could even so
been given a blind eye if
language was able to
confirm itself
absolutely but
no system can
contain its own
explanation – language
cannot explain
itself as language
you have to look for
this explanation outside
language in the unwritable

OS_pG_pG_pS_pG

therefore you must
follow me down
to this small lake
inside
winter's solstice
you must follow me
writing poetry
because only the poem
can build a bridge
across this abyss
between what can
be written and what
cannot be written

OS_pG_pG_pG_pA

i saw seven cormorants
sitting on seven
fishing stakes
in a magic
circle of light whose
origin i did not know
here in the mid-december
twilight – i saw
skanseskoven wood
glittering with tin-foil
i saw seven cormorants
why was the
last stake empty?

OS_pG_pG_pG_pF

i saw – no i
thought i saw a
horse the
colour of asphalt
grazing out on the horizon
was it the horse of
illusion or maybe
precisely the incarnation
of reality
that was now galloping
around
language in ever-
decreasing circles?

OS_pG_pG_pGP

i saw the blackberries
blackly gleaming in
their crown of thorns
i saw the wild
apple tree standing
naked with innocence
i saw – no i
thought i saw someone
kneeling in winter's
bitter saltpetre or
was it just a visual
disturbance because my
eyes were watering?

OS_pG_pG_pG_pS

i saw the sea
bare its sword blade
time and time again
and i did not say:
there lies the sea
and so what?
i said nothing
i waited for
the sea to
swamp my
poem and fill
its holes with
lightning and salt

OS_pG_pG_pG_pG

i saw the sky
sprinkled with crystal
i saw my own
footsteps on
the way back stand
like seals in the
ochre of the field path
i saw the first
lights be turned on
in distant houses i saw
the last birds
flying westwards
i saw that which exists

OG_pA_pA_pA_pA

all of this i saw
and more
i saw the seven
miracles in that which
exists and i
asked myself
how can i write
this into my poem
as anything else than
description and language
how can
i write down
the unwritable?

OG_pA_pA_pA_pF

now that the question
had been asked i
set about things
cautiously - if i
could assume
that even the
unwritable that
even reality
was a system
then it too could
not explain
itself or contain
its own explanation

OG_pA_pA_pAP

then reality
or the unwritable
would also have to
seek its explanation
outside itself
in the unreal
or in language
if that was the
case i had ended up
in the strange circle that
only language could ex
plain reality and only
reality language

OG_pA_pA_pAS

could the solution
or rather
the resolution
be found in the squaring
of poetry and take
place in the paradox of
the poem where
the writable would then
make itself unwritable
and the unwritable
would make itself
writable in a
mutual passion?

OG_pA_pA_pAG

in such a way that
the poem became precisely
the bridge between
reality and language
there where reality
found language and
language found reality
there where they found
each other and slaked
each other longing
in such a way that
the poem became
the voice of stillness?

OG_pA_pA_pS_pA

i saw the first
flurries of snow sweeping
out from the northwest
like scattered
cavalry attacks
i saw the stars
shaken out like dice
on the cloth of the sky
i saw the tattered
clouds disappear to
the south like lemmings
that fling themselves
into the sea

OG_pA_pA_pS_pF

i saw – no i
thought i saw
a green lantern
out there on
the edge of language
what ship
was bound where?
what shipwreck
was imminent or
what rescue?
there was
so much i
could not answer

OG_pA_pA_pSP

i saw my love
lift her hand and
point to an unknown
bird that hovered
high above the poem
and that movement too
delighted me
it was so commonly
so completely
unusual – i looked
into reality's
raw diamond where it was
now also beginning to snow

OG_pA_pA_pS_pS

i saw – no i
believed i saw
no – i saw
my own hand
pick up
a strange stone
i saw my hand
get ready to throw
i saw it throw the
stone out among
the sea's emeralds
all this i saw
i saw that which exists

OG_pA_pA_pS_pG

i saw seven cormorants
all take to the air together
because i threw
a stone out into
reality
i saw seven cormorants
fly out of
the poem for ever
i saw skansskoven wood
glitter with tin-foil
i saw the eight
empty fishing stakes
left behind in the sea

OG_pA_pA_pG_pA

there would be
frost again i could
see from the northern sky
which was burning
like a stained-glass window
i decided
to go to meet
the cold which would
perhaps be just as
severe as when
i was born
i decided
to go to meet winter

OG_pA_pA_pG_pF

i knew that it
would be a
long and difficult
path – just as long
and difficult as
to go along røsnæsvejen
on foot as i
was now doing
under night's
brushstrokes of
prussian blue but
i also knew that
it was the right path

OG_pA_pA_pGP

it was such a
delight to me to
think that
reality was waiting
for the poem
to bring it to order
for it was my belief
that the stones and clay
and trees were longing
for the name-
giving the explanation
that they themselves
were unable to contain

OG_pA_pA_pG_pS

it was such a
delight to me to
think that
language was waiting
for the poem
to lead it out beyond
its own borders
for it was my belief
that the words were longing
for the substance
the explanation
that they themselves
were unable to contain

OG_pA_pA_pG_pG

it was such a
delight to me to
surrender to this
passion (as to
surrender to one's
woman in mid-
menstruation)
and to follow its
tracks unconditionally
beneath the speechless
whirling of the stars out
towards winter's heart
of antimony

OG_pA_pF_pA_pA

i shaped my course
for orion
winter's great
altarpiece and i
knew that i
would open star
after star
word after word
poem after poem
as in a chinese
box without
ever writing
the ultimate word

OG_pA_pF_pA_pF

i knew that
since the amount
of the written at
any given moment is finite
and the amount of
the unwritten is infinite
i would only
increase the amount of
the written every single
time i put pen
to paper without
reducing the amount
of the unwritten

OG_pA_pF_pAP

in that way there
would be billions
of stars over
røsnæs that were still
to be written
and billions of
stars and shooting
stars that would never
be written and
precisely that star i was
looking for would in all
probability remain
in the unwritten

OG_pA_pF_pA_pS

because this
star was that
word which lit up
the path and the poem
explained the poem
and could therefore
not be contained
in the poem itself
because it was
that word which
lit up and
explained the world
in its totality

OG_pA_pF_pA_pG

and it was nevertheless
no longer
meaningless to
have gambled everything
on one word even though
precisely the meaning
and significance of that word
would perhaps never
be revealed to me
nevertheless it was
such a delight to me
to deny this
knowledge with my faith

OG_pA_pF_pF_pA

it was such a
delight to me to say
'dog rose' again
without the word
disappearing into it
self in a spiral
of meaninglessness
without the letters
only turning into
empty signs on
the white and
lifeless paper shore
of infinity

OG_pA_pF_pF_pF

it was such a
delight to me to
say dog rose again
even though they now
stood scorched by
the frost as on
a tarot card
because they
were waiting for
this sunday night
when the salt from
the sea once more
gave the words power

OG_pA_pF_pFP

it was such a
delight to me to pick
a rose-hip and
open its small
enchanted castle to
spread out the itching
powder and seeds
among the words
because rugosa
the roses too
were to flower
in the poem in
the years to come

OG_pA_pF_pF_pS

it was such a
delight to me to
state what everyone
had probably known
all along
but that i still
did not know as yet
because it could only
be believed: that
the poem does not die
on the paper because
it contains
the living word

OG_pA_pF_pF_pG

it was such a
delight to me that
night to walk along
røsnæsvejen flanked
by rugosa
the roses' lifeguard
protected by
life's reddest word
it was such a
delight to me that
night to contradict
death in the
very heart of winter

OG_pA_pF_pS_pA

now you must not
get the idea that the
seventh day is
any different from the
other days – it is just
as full of trials and
tribulations and trivialities
just as full of
grey hairs and cigarette
ends with lipstick on them
just as full
of tax arrears and
celeriatic as all the others

OG_pA_pF_pS_pF

you do not get high
on the seventh day
you do not see any
radiant angels
at most those
that hang with
cellophane wings
in the window ledges
around christmas
or the small school
girls that move like
lucia brides
through the sundays

OG_pA_pF_pSP

you do not
even on the seventh day
have your heart and kidneys
tested like a
chosen one – diseases
occur with the
same regularity
as on other days
neither more frequently nor
violently – death
robs you of your
dear ones with the same
punctuality as always

OG_pA_pF_pS_pS

the seventh day
is the day that
links all the
other days together
to form a whole
the day when you
realise that there
is no other
existence
than this everyday
naked and gleaming
like a holy day
full of holly

OG_pA_pF_pS_pG

the seventh day
is the day when
you realise that
creation itself is
the miracle that
there are no other
miracles to escape
into – the seventh
day is this day of rest
and before you have realised
that you have not
been anywhere near
the divine

OG_pA_pF_pG_pA

the seventh day
is the day
when you realise
that this wholeness
that the world and
your existence comprise
cannot be explained
by or of itself
and not at all by
certain creations
that are of course
part of this wholeness
of creation

OG_pA_pF_pG_pF

the seventh day
is the day
when you realise
that this explanation
only comes to
you out of mercy
via the living
word as sudden
flashes of light deep
within the shrubbery
of incomprehensibility
where winter
lights its berries

OG_pA_pF_pGP

the seventh day
is the day
when you realise that
there is no
fairytale within
the fairytale
that the fairytale is
your existence
that the fairytale is
the journey from where
you have always been
to where
you are right now

OG_pA_pF_pG_pS

the seventh day
is the day
when you realise
that this journey
is the longest one
of your life that
it is longer than
from you to 'you'
and back again that
it stretches
beyond yourself
into the word
you are unable to write

OG_pA_pF_pG_pG

the seventh day
is the day
when you take a
random path (let us
call it rullehøje)
and are grateful
for each and every
step each and every
stone each and every branch
that glitters with rubies
(like a samurai sword)
each and every
second of your life

OG_pA_pS_pA_pA

nose-tip and apple of the eye
 i have run
 head-on now into
 so many sonnets
 that that verse-form
 is branded on
 its skin like
 four furrows
 the slog and inscrutability
 of four stanzas
 the ultimate
 sonnet to
 and on my skullbone

OG_pA_pS_pA_pF

the chin's fibreglass
 spun round the
 jawbone the chin
 bristly in the light
 protruding for
 a knock-out
 the chin without that
 cleft of charm
 i have always
 wished for myself so large
 that a marble
 could be
 buried and hidden there

OG_pA_pS_pAP

not to forget
 the heraldic shield
 of the temple with
 lions and hearts
 or the tilting helmet
 of the nape of the neck
 reinforced with
 rivets of ivory
 and not to forget
 the somewhat battered
 but at present
 lifted visor
 of the eyebrows

OG_pA_pS_pA_pS

god – you gave
 me my skin
 precisely so that
 i could prick myself
 on the year's last
 rose here in the vase
 when i wanted to
 change its water
 you gave me
 my skin precisely so
 that i should
 notice how soft
 my love's skin is

OG_pA_pS_pA_pS

god – you gave
 me my tongue
 precisely so that
 i could taste this
 magnificent chateau
 neuf du pape
 tapped directly from
 your son's veins
 you gave me
 my tongue's silver
 precisely so that
 i could
 sing your praise

OG_pA_pS_pG_pA

perhaps i had been
looking in the wrong
places – perhaps
i had used words that
were too big – perhaps
such words as
wholeness and silence
simply blasted the poem
to pieces like
the pine-tree roots here
that were slowly
blasting the slopes of nordskoven
down towards the sea?

OG_pA_pS_pG_pF

perhaps it was
enough to look
in under the
brambles that
gleamed so greenly with
winter right now
that words almost
became superfluous
perhaps it was
enough just to
confirm these fallen
leaves spread out
among the spirit's ashes?

OG_pA_pS_pGP

perhaps i should
simply encode the poem
inwards using repetition's
endless formula of
pine needles so
i would finally end
up in a pattern
more beautiful than
any fractal
mathematics more beautiful
than mandelbrod's
set more beautiful
than the winter solstice itself?

OG_pA_pS_pG_pS

but even this
structure would cause
the poem to
split and even these
words would pull
the meaning into
a spiral of
incomprehensibility
the words could
also become so small
that they could
neither contain
the poem nor the
december day's white gold

OG_pA_pS_pG_pG

perhaps i had
ended up in the dilemma
that the poem on the
one side of the
brambles could
not contain the words
and that the words
on the other side of
the brambles
could not contain
the poem – or had i
read the compass of
nordskoven completely wrong?

OG_pA_pG_pA_pA

was the direction
inwards – inwards
into the poem's infinite
series of poems
that pointed into
itself – of
poems that folded
in on themselves
like an origami of
the soul or like
the leaves in a bud
was it wrong – was
the way inwards a blind alley?

OG_pA_pG_pA_pF

did i instead of
unearthing the
meaning into
reality instead
wish to bury it
in ever deeper layers
of clay and ochre or
perhaps finally bare
the word so it would
wither like the seed
of the mugwort
that dies from
too much light?

OG_pA_pG_pAP

the other way
the way outwards
i was familiar with
the one that describes
each poem by
another poem in an
infinite aura that
finally runs
into the unwritable
on the hard rose-hip
of reality fired
to black ceramics
in the athanor of the sun

OG_pA_pG_pA_pS

i stood in nord
skoven's labyrinth
of apocynaeceae and
dry rosebay and
knew once more that
the poem could not
write the unwritable
but i believed it
i believed that
the poem was precisely
that bridge between
the way inwards
and the way outwards

OG_pA_pG_pA_pG

i believed that
language had to seek
its own explanation
out in reality
and that reality
had to seek its own
explanation in
side language and that the poem
was the circle that
brought them together
around the centre
of silence here in
november's scorching light

OG_pA_pG_pF_pA

i knew that
the way inwards and
the way outwards were
the same even though
they were not identical
i knew that somewhere
or other along
this way i would have
to take the decision
because there was no
end to the way
that led from the heart
to its object

OG_pA_pG_pF_pF

and i believed that
once this decision
had been taken
all i needed to do
was to wait up here
on the slopes of nordskoven
that was falling down
towards the
far side of the soul
up here where
mugwort flurried with ash
the miracle would
happen of its own accord

OG_pA_pG_pFP

and i believed that
it had already
happened because i
had long since
taken the decision
and i knew – no
i believed that i
knew exactly where
the impact had
taken place in which
poem on the way between
what can be written
and what cannot

OG_pA_pG_pF_pS

and i believed
no i knew
that i believed that
the key to this
locked poem was
not to be found elsewhere
than within
the poem itself
inside the poem's locked
ivory casket
even though i believed
that i knew that this too
was impossible

OG_pA_pG_pF_pG

and never did i
see nordskoven
so beautifully
perforated by
cinnober and malachite
never did i see
nordskoven gleam
more brightly than here
right in the heart
of the winter solstice
where light
was most beleaguered
by its darkness

OG_pA_pG_pS_pA

and never did i see
the seagulls hover
so perfectly
in their isobars
of tin never
fly so effortlessly
and precisely along
the tangents of
invisible circles
as if they were
carrying secret letters in
their beaks whose message
i alone understood

OG_pA_pG_pS_pF

and never did i see
the great candelabras
of the pine trees
burn so high
and pure with
inner flames
never crackle
such with silver
with the fire
that only god
can light and that
only man
can extinguish

OG_pA_pG_pSP

and never did i see
tansy and rosebay
and the grass perish
with greater grace
never did i see
the herbs serve
their maker with
greater courage
than now where they
stood like russian
crosses against the winter
sky waiting for
the final storm

OG_pA_pG_pS_pS

and never did i see
the sea gleam so
clear with gold as
now where it gathered
the nimbus clouds
in its mirror never
did i see its deepest
emeralds glitter
so green as now
where it
had reconciled
itself with its
deepest darkness

OG_pA_pG_pS_pG

and never did i see
the earth so beautiful
the realm of the five senses
so delightful as here
from nordskoven's tower
so magnificent that
even a christ
would have to rise again
three days after his death
to enjoy
the sloe hedgerows and the
burning dogrose
yet one more time

OG_pA_pG_pG_pA

what else is
the inner man in
this sense
(as far as the body
is concerned)
than my faithful
squire of bone
and marrow enclosed
within the flesh
my own skeleton that
rides out beneath
his gleaming scythe and
banner's white rose

OG_pA_pG_pG_pF

the cranium's death
head with the
radius bones
beneath it as
in an x-ray photo
must really
resemble
the insignia on
a pirate flag
now at this
moment where i
cross my lower arms
across my chest

OG_pA_pG_pGP

my faithful
follower in
armour and plating
that watches over
the heart's three
leopards with
the harness of rib-bones
my faithful
squire that travels
with me through
the world as in dürer's
engraving: ritter
tod und teufel

OG_pA_pG_pG_pS

my faithful brother
my innermost
image that carries
me through
life that follows
me to the edge of
the grave – that
really goes
into death for me
there finally
literally where
our ways part
in disjecta membra

OG_pA_pG_pG_pG

what else is the
inner man in
this sense
(as far as the body
is concerned)
than this ivory rake
clad in flesh and blood's seven
purple roses – my own
death that follows me
to the world's end
as i can symbolically
see it on grateful
dead's seal and logo?

OG_pF_pA_pS_pA

i had planned
a poem for
new year's morning
a poem that was
to begin like this:
i see quite well
that i was wrong
january is not
white 'it is
light blue' – because that
was the first thing you
said the first of january
last year my love

OG_pF_pA_pS_pF

but now january is
actually neither
white nor
light blue this year
it is dully
shining with zinc
and tinsel from
the opposite neighbour's
discarded christmas tree –
january is not tall and
full of light
as in a hymn by
grundtvig this year

OG_pF_pA_pSP

i could have
carried out my plan
i could have
lied – for since
everything written is
in one way or other
a lie anyway
in relation to
reality couldn't
it then be of no
consequence whether january
is light blue or grey
in my poem this year?

OG_pF_pA_pS_pS

nor would anyone
notice the tiny
difference
not even you
my love and
apart from that
a poem doesn't have
to transcribe and depict
reality – so to
speak create a
false illusion
a poem has to create
its own innermost january

OG_pF_pA_pS_pG

even so i know
that the poem loses
in strength and power
if somewhere or other
in the corners
for example or
along the seams
it is not attached
to reality
therefore i change
my plan and write
'january is grey as
asbestos this new year'

OG_pF_pA_pG_pA

that was at
any rate now
clear to me as i walked
through the pinewood
where the ivy crept
over røsnæs'
bird skulls that
what i had called
the inner journey
outwards and the
outward journey inwards
respectively were the
same path through life

OG_pF_pA_pG_pF

furthermore that
the actual code and
structure of the poem
collection heptameron
precisely reflected
this
double spiral
that twisted around
its invisible axis
like the two
serpents round
the original
aesculapius's staff

OG_pF_pA_pGP

craw – screeched the crow
from the tallest
tree and that of course
was not so strange
even though i thought
it was a raven
craw – screeched the crow
from the tallest
tree because it wanted
to tell me
that it was not a
raven but a perfectly
ordinary carrion crow

OG_pF_pA_pG_pS

furthermore that the
poem collection heptameron
was a deciphering
of this code
of life's double
secret
or at least
of the double
mystery that it
mirrored that hep
tameron so to speak
told the story
of its own structure

OG_pF_pA_pG_pG

that was at
any rate now
clear to me as i walked
through the pinewood
where the rain lit
its torches that
everything in nature told
its own secret
that everything in nature
carried a
message a code
that it could not
understand itself

OG_pF_pF_pA_pA

mental exercise
number nine
place a maxell XLII
tape in your pioneer
cassette tape recorder
press the recording button
and record the instructions
for how the cassette recorder
is to be used – give
your wife the recorder as
a present and say that the
instructions for use are on
the accompanying tape

OG_pF_pF_pA_pF

devise a quite
simple code for
the danish language
for example that
a means b that
b means c etc
forward the key
to this code
converted into the self
same code language
to your wife in a
light blue envelope with
a heart on it

OG_pF_pF_pAP

construct a casket
preferably of mother-of-pearl
inlaid wood – place
an old-fashioned
lock on it to which
there are two keys
place the one key
in the casket – lock with
the other and hide
it – now hand over
this locked
casket to your
wife as a morning gift

OG_pF_pF_pA_pS

now your wife is
of course not stupid
she's well aware
you are pulling
her leg – she's
well aware that you
are trying to explain
something to her she
has realised herself
long since:
that a system a code
cannot contain its
own ultimate key

OG_pF_pF_pA_pG

she's well aware
that your clumsy
demonstrations are
only sham solutions
she's well aware that
even though the code 'contains'
its own
key she will
only be able to grasp
this 'inner
key' if she
had grasped
the 'outer key'

OG_pF_pF_pF_pA

dear reader
i must now resort to
the form of the fairytale
or the allegory if
you like to
get you to see
more than understand
what it is i
am trying to say to you
or when all is
said and done (where
belief applies)
to believe it

from: the book of myths

OG_pF_pF_pF_pF

imagine that
a mighty lord
(we could of course
call the person concerned
god) gave the
first human beings
(let us call them
adam and eve)
language as a gift
and precisely because they
had now received
language they
understood what he said

OG_pF_pF_pF_pFP

this gift god
said i give you
so that you can
speak together
but at the same time it
is a code for
another language that
you do not understand
though in order to
demonstrate my good-will
i have also laid the key
to the code within
your own language

OG_pF_pF_pF_pS

this i have done
god continued
so that mankind will
not get too big
for its boots
again – for you will
soon realise that
even though a code
can contain its
own key you
cannot find it
without my help
without the outer key

OG_pF_pF_pF_pG

for your own good
i have let belief be
crucial and not your
knowledge – so you've got
to take me at my word
and if you are persevering
enough in your
faith i will also
at some point in eternity
show you that you
have the whole time
possessed the inner key –
the living word

OG_pF_pF_pS_pA

likewise god gave
the first human beings
a very beautiful
casket decorated
with sun and moon
and all kinds of stars
while saying:
in this casket
lies all knowledge of
the universe and it
can only be opened
with the aid of
two identical keys

from: the book of myths

OG_pF_pF_pS_pF

namely the one
that i have locked
inside the casket
with the aid of
the other – i have
thus given you
all knowledge and the key
to it – but so
that you do not
get too cocksure you have got
to believe this and can
only gain certainty with
the aid of my key

OG_pF_pF_pSP

and if you are
persevering in your faith
i will also
at some point in eternity
show you that you
have all the time
possessed all knowledge
and the key to it
that you have all
the time possessed the
inner key that
exactly corresponds to
the outer key

OG_pF_pF_pS_pS

and when god had
said these words
he left the two
first human beings
to each other and
allowed time to run
its course and the world
its also – and all this
god did for mankind's
own good so that
mankind should learn
that faith is everything and
knowledge nothing

OG_pF_pF_pS_pG

dear reader
the fairytale is over
and when it comes
to it (and it does
of course in this world
where no healing is
given) a fairytale
also has to be believed
although in a different
way – so if you wish
to believe this fairytale
or not is
up to you

OG_pF_pF_pG_pA

that was at
any rate now
clear to me as i walked
through the pinewood
where winter's
last berries gleamed
inwards like
virgin mary lamps that
what i had called
the inner key
and the outer key
respectively were the
same key of life

OG_pF_pF_pG_pF

furthermore that
my earlier strong
and often repeated
dictum that
a system cannot
contain its own
explanation had to
be made more rigorous:
that a system
cannot contain
the ultimate
understanding of
its own explanation

OG_pF_pF_pGP

craw – screeched the crow
from the tallest
tree and that of course
was not so strange
since it was
a crow and not a
raven – craw – screeched the
crow from the tallest
tree because it wanted
to reassure itself
that it was not a raven
but a perfectly
ordinary carrion crow

OG_pF_pF_pG_pS

furthermore that
if the system
was extended to
the world as a whole
or the universe
this could probably
contain its own
explanation but
not the understanding
of this insight
because of necessity it
was linked to an
understanding outside (where?)

OG_pF_pF_pG_pG

that was at
any rate now
clear to me as i walked
along the paths of the pinewood
into january's web
that the unwritable
that the living word
was written into
the poem but also
just as clear that
i would never be
capable of telling
you exactly where

OG_pF_pS_pF_pA

ode to my brain
or to what
is left of it
of its orange and
turquoise that which
life and pain
did not erase
or banish to the
seahorses' deep valley
ode to my brain's
white chamber where
the image of god must
also exist

OG_pF_pS_pF_pF

ode to my brain
which in principle
could contain all
information
about me my brain
in whose archives
this poem
must also exist
or existed long
before it was written
my brain that can
not contain the final
image of itself

OG_pF_pS_pFP

ode to my brain
which could map
everything about
itself – but
cannot contain
this map
my brain which
in principle could
understand the whole world
indeed the whole universe
but could not
understand itself
and its own code

OG_pF_pS_pF_pS

where then is
this final
violet map where
then is this
final image of
the brain itself that
it cannot
contain – who is
it that sees it
who is
it that
thinks this
final paradox?

OG_pF_pS_pF_pG

it can only be
the brain itself
but that it cannot
be – it can
only be the brain
itself that thinks
the unthinkable
but that it cannot
do – where then does
this strange meeting
take place between
thought and that which
it cannot contain?

OG_pF_pS_pG_pA

and then it was february
aluminium and
ultramarine in
large chequered squares
like a composition
by poul gernes
great titmice and
chaffinches fly
effortlessly over the
invisible boundary
from january's darkness
have no problems
with the irreversible

OG_pF_pS_pG_pF

whereas the change of month
gives me who takes
time into consideration
cause for
various speculations
and that is precisely
the problem that
time cannot contain
its own explanation
because time has
long since passed and become
past when its
explanation is available

OG_pF_pS_pGP

the course of time
only aggravates the
paradox that
affects me:
that i cannot write
poetry and live
at the same time because
the poem always in
some way or other
is an attempt to
explain the life
i am living while i
sit writing it

OG_pF_pS_pG_pS

the paradox that
life and art
can never be united
that the poem always
comes too late
in relation to life
the paradox that
the poem even so
crosses this
threshold this
invisible threshold
by virtue of
the living word

OG_pF_pS_pG_pG

it was that which
i was to realise that
which i was to believe:
that i would not be able
to find the word because
i had already
found it – that i
was unable to write
the word because i
had already written
it – because it was
already there hidden
in my poem

OG_pF_pG_pA_pA

i go over to the
outhouse and consider
the winter apples – *they* have
no problems
with their self-
understanding – *they* have
no crisis of
identity – *they* repose
solidly in themselves
close around their
own necessity
the dark churches of
their own small cores

OG_pF_pG_pA_pF

i begin to realise
that i will
never find
myself
because i have
always been myself
and as such there is
nothing to look for
since every
single second of
my life i have
all the time
been myself

OG_pF_pG_pAP

i begin to realise
that the whole time
i have been
wearing the glasses i
have been looking for
and that the only self-
understanding that
is given is this insight
that there is not any
explanation since
no one can
grasp his
own explanation

OG_pF_pG_pA_pS

i begin to realise
that naturally i
contain myself the
whole time – i.e.: am
fully myself
at every instant
(who else should
i be?) but that
it will at the same time
be impossible for me
ever to comprehend
to be satisfied with this
simple fact

OG_pF_pG_pA_pG

it is only me
only man
that seeks
himself – looks at himself
in the mirror
each and every day – searches
in the innermost fusty
outhouses of the soul
where the winter apples rot
it is only man
that seeks for
what he
already possesses

OG_pF_pG_pF_pA

just suppose – (let us
extemporise a bit more
on the fairytale)
just suppose the
inner key that
god had given
man was
quite simply like this:
that the code could
be broken by
replacing a by a
and b by b and c by
c et cetera

OG_pF_pG_pF_pF

let us assume
that (for we
can of course not know
since we lack
the verification of
the outer key)
but let us
assume that things
were arranged thus
what then? – well then
man would
find himself in a
bizarre situation

OG_pF_pG_pFP

not only would
man in that case
possess the explanation
(i.a. of himself)
but would
also possess
the possibility of
being able to understand
this explanation
that which was lacking
would be the con
firmation that only
eternity could provide

OG_pF_pG_pF_pS

so when man
continued to seek
to understand himself
he was either trying
to understand
something he already
had understood
or he would
not understand something
he had
already understood
he would reject the
self-evident for the obscure

OG_pF_pG_pF_pG

while all that
was needed was a
belief that the self-
evident really
was the self-evident
(this could only be
confirmed by the
outer key of eternity)
man would get
entangled in the strange
problem that he would
understand something he had
already understood

OG_pF_pG_pS_pA

now *that* was a
strange fairytale
i have told here
but not nearly as
strange as man's
dodging around and
constant attempts to
explain himself
and understand himself
when this explanation
and this understanding
are perhaps a simple abc
for utter beginners

OG_pF_pG_pS_pF

and that explanation
would be simple – it
was that god is
man's final explanation
that man
contained this explanation
that man
contained god
in his innermost self
that man
thus contained
the explanation of himself
in his innermost self

OG_pF_pG_pSP

it is this
explanation you
could well understand
because god had
given you the key
to its understanding:
that a equals a
that b equals b
et cetera
while all you had
to do was to
believe that the self-evident
is the self-evident

OG_pF_pG_pS_pS

while all you
had to do was
simply believe that god
was not cheating
that god was not
teasing man
that the code really
was as simple as:
a equals a and
b equals b
so that you
really could understand
the living word

OG_pF_pG_pS_pG

while all you
had to do was
simply believe the
paradox that god
really had given
man both the
explanation and
the understanding
not of the paradox
itself – but of its
reality here and now
while all you had to do
was simply to believe it

OG_pF_pG_pG_pA

but then it really
was god's great book
we were reading in
it really was god's poem
we were roaming around in
creation itself was
really nature's great
book hawthorn was
really hawthorn a
really equalled a
and b equalled b
then all of it
was really true

OG_pF_pG_pG_pF

then it was only
us who misused
the word it was
only us who misused
the world it was
only us who
did not want to understand
the word we already
had understood it
was only us who
tried to draw a veil
over what we
had already understood

OG_pF_pG_pGP

but then god's son
really was the inner
key then we really
had long since been given
the explanation and
the understanding
then nothing had
really been
swept under the carpet
then god had really
not deceived us
then we had actually
only deceived ourselves

OG_pF_pG_pG_pS

then everything had
really been said then it
had really been said
both as a parable
and as the direct word
then there really were
no excuses left
for not wanting to
understand it – then it
really had been said in such
a way that a child could
understand it then we really
had been given the explanation

OG_pF_pG_pG_pG

then there was really
no reason to search
any more no reason
to give yourself
an explanation
then there was no
reason to ask
every single day:
who the hell
am i – where do i
actually come from?
you have long since both
received and understood the answer

OG_pS_pA_pG_pA

shrove tuesday is
really white this year
even though no
snow has fallen
white as a much too
early valentine
through whose perforations
eranthis comes up
white along the
edges like tissue paper
because of
the sunlight and
the origami of silence

OG_pS_pA_pG_pF

silence – yes
and what about that?
i must now set about
demystifying it
it is after all only
this field in the middle
of the poem cleared
of unnecessary
metaphors and
excessive symbols
where the poem's own
words can freely
unfurl and flower

OG_pS_pA_pGP

silence is the
noisefree zone
innermost in language
where the poem's own
words can be heard – not
because these words
look different or
sound different they
have not changed meaning
or significance they
on the contrary mean even
more or first now what
they actually say

OG_pS_pA_pG_pS

silence is the poem's
necessary sounding
board against which
the words perhaps sound
at a different pitch
or in a different
key – but otherwise
do not sound differently
than before – do not form
some new melody
in themselves
they can simply be heard
that's all

OG_pS_pA_pG_pG

in silence the words
come to their own
hearing cleansed
of language noise and mis
use – in silence the said
is muted and
the unsaid is amplified
in precisely the
same words as before
in silence
the said and the
unsaid become one
the poem makes itself heard

OG_pS_pF_pF_pA

ode to my heart's
three leopards
and the nine small
hearts within
each of which contains
twenty-five precious stones
as a protection against
wear – my
heart's plume
my heart's waving
grass my heart
that aflame
rolls eastwards

“reason errs
the heart does not”

OG_pS_pF_pF_pF

in the first chamber
you are sitting
my love
on a rococo chair
and i know that you
have got no panties
on under your dress
and it is you who
make my heart
give an extra beat
and i see that you
are wearing my heart
of gold round your neck

OG_pS_pF_pFP

in the second chamber
god's son is hanging
in various
apostolic positions
against a background of
prussian blue whirled round
by various painters'
cloud formations and flags
and i know full well
that was not how it was
(o mein jesulein o
mein immanuel) that these
are merely reproductions

OG_pS_pF_pF_pS

in the third chamber
there stands an
urn full to
the brim with talcum
and fortunately i find
it as yet difficult
to imagine
the heart inside
the urn one
fine day that
itself stands so gleamingly
and shiningly black
within the heart

OG_pS_pF_pF_pG

the fourth chamber
i do not know
maybe it is full
of brilliant light
from four silver cande
labras or maybe
it is
full of nothing
as in the most ancient
legends – i
have no idea
i have never
been inside there

OG_pS_pF_pS_pA

double ode
to my heart
in a somewhat more
realistic manner
because i am lying
listening to it
a-li-ve as yet
a-li-ve a-li-ve
the old heart
beats oh let it beat
oh let it never
ever come
to a complete standstill

OG_pS_pF_pS_pF

then i leap
out of bed with
renewed vigour
while a flight of starlings
shoots straight
through it
that is how it feels
at any rate
i must get that heart
of mine under control
i must get
it tempered and bathed
in chrome vanadium

OG_pS_pF_pSP

but not right
now – it will have
to wait (until tomorrow
for example) right
now after break
fast the heart is to be
allowed to
beat at its
own pace – right
now the heart is
to swing to the beat of
stan getz's most
belgian quartet

OG_pS_pF_pS_pS

what else can i
treat you to in
the way of
delicacies – heart?
a glass of apple juice
or a bike
trip to ågerup
so you can be
oxidised and young
again and
more light-green
that in a poem
by morten nielsen

OG_pS_pF_pS_pG

but i know of course
full well what it
really wants
it wants to beat
wildly and furiously
it wants to smell of
magnesium it would
rather be blown up
by a heart attack
in your arms
my love than
just sluggishly
keep me alive

OG_pS_pS_pA_pA

i cut across to the
neighbour's house opposite
that is empty now
his forbidden garden
with quince and
ivy i confirm
sour pine trees
and eranthis on the
giddy edge of
understanding moss-covered
paths i never had
imagined in
my inner atlas

OG_pS_pS_pA_pF

i take an inquisitive
look into the deserted
rooms – a small
plastic rose on the window
ledge an empty
beer bottle and an
upturned clog
and there
on the wall a left-
behind painting of
a farm that
probably does not
exist any more

OG_pS_pS_pAP

the neighbour's house
which i have never
been able to map completely
not even from the outside
because i have
never been inside it
which i will never
be able to
map even if
i stood inside it
now it has
at any rate become
too late ever to do so

OG_pS_pS_pA_pS

the neighbour's house and
my conceptual
models – i
know that there is
no ultimate
solution to this
problem – and
why is there no
solution? – because there
is no problem
only a blind
paradox and paradoxes
have no solutions

OG_pS_pS_pA_pG

the tragic thing is
that there
is nothing to
work out – the
comic thing that that
is precisely what we
have to work out
it is thus the
paradox shows itself
to us or
makes itself heard in
its clearest and most
obvious form

OG_pS_pS_pF_pA

god be praised
the snowstorm managed to
make it – it is dancing
in from the northwest
through my verse
like a dervish
full of holy frenzy
lifting up the eternit tiles
of the roof biting
at the heart
sweeping the superfluous
words in under
the poem's red lead

OG_pS_pS_pF_pF

god be praised
the snowstorm leaps
from word to word
like the notes from
wayne shorter's
saxophone – airs
the poems
for a brief moment
clearing them of all
muggy humanism
that places man
at the centre that
makes man into god

OG_pS_pS_pFP

god be praised
for march when
the snowstorm takes
the floor red with arsenic
blows over the fence
into the second quarter
blows the poems
free of the hysteria
that everywhere says
that man is right
has the right to
celebrate every single mistake
time and time again

OG_pS_pS_pF_pS

god be praised
for the snowstorm
that burns with
nickel and quartz
that brakes
officiousness more
effectively than uranus
that compels man
just for once
to think of something
else than himself
glory be to the snowstorm's
frenzied weathercock

OG_pS_pS_pF_pG

god be praised
the snowstorm
managed to blow into
heptameron managed
to leave behind words
so hard and cold
that they burn solid
onto iron and paper
the snowstorm swept
like a swarm of white
bees through
heptameron and
out into march

OG_pS_pS_pS_pA

that's all it is
it is nothing else
than to look for
eagle road in bjørnstrup
than to ask
a local: where
does eagle road lie?
than to get the answer:
you're standing on eagle road
that's how it is
like the feeling
you have
at that moment

OG_pS_pS_pS_pF

that's all it is
it is nothing else
like a deja-vu
without time lag
like a stretched-out
expanded now
like realising that
the glasses you
have been looking for
you have been wearing
all the time that you
have all the time been
where you wanted to go

OG_pS_pS_pSP

just suppose the path
you were looking for
was called 'the meaning of life'
then you could not
ask anyone the
way – because
only you yourself have
local knowledge of yourself
so you could not
ask anyone else's
advice because only
you yourself know your
own inner paths

OG_pS_pS_pS_pS

so you would have
to ask yourself
because you are
the one and only local:
where does 'the meaning
of life' lie?' – and
then you could
answer as above:
you're standing on
'the meaning of life'
or more straightforwardly:
you're standing right
in the meaning of life

OG_pS_pS_pS_pG

that's all it is
it is nothing else
than an insight into
this moment that you
cannot understand but
only can believe because you
cannot contain your
own explanation – it is
nothing else than an in
sight into that moment
when the world
is itself and
nothing else

OG_pS_pG_pA_pA

would it not
be stupid
to start to
look for eagle road
when you're standing on
eagle road in early
march with gooseflesh on
your arms just as
stupid as to begin
to look for the meaning
of life when
you are situated
right in it?

OG_pS_pG_pA_pF

that is what you
are doing even so
isn't it?
you do not want
for god's sake to be
confronted with the fact
that what you are looking for
you had already
found before you
began to look for it
for then life would
really lose its
meaning – wouldn't it?

OG_pS_pG_pAP

so you walk over
for example and read the
road sign: eagle road it
says there loud and clear
yes – yes you say
to yourself – that is
of course only a word
does 'eagle road'
now correspond to
the real eagle road
how can i be
sure that the meaning
of life is to live

OG_pS_pG_pA_pS

some joker could
have switched
the road signs
during the night
so that eagle road
in actual fact is called
hawk road – someone
(you yourself) could
have switched
the words so
that 'the meaning of life' in
actual fact should be
read as 'the life of meaning'

OG_pS_pG_pA_pG

there are no
dodges you
wouldn't attempt
in order to avoid
the simple insight
that you are standing on
eagle road that you
are situated right
in the meaning of life
those dodges which
then in a strangely
cackhanded way become
the meaning of your life

OG_pS_pG_pF_pA

the possibilities for
evasions are legion
you could say
to yourself: eagle road
is perhaps a dream
in actual fact
i am lying at home in
my bed in
ulstrup vänge and
dreaming that i am
standing on eagle road where
the snow is falling over
the rugosa shrubs

OG_pS_pG_pF_pF

or eagle road could
be a notion
just as the world
is such (the counter
argument:
the one who has
the notion cannot be in
his own notion
so where is he? – he
is of course in
the world that he
also imagines where
else should he be?)

OG_pS_pG_pF_pP

or eagle road could
be a halluci
nation etc etc
in short you do not
want to be the place
where you are
when you have realised
that fact you
flee unceasingly
from eagle road
in order to find
it again and again in order
to legitimise your searching

OG_pS_pG_pF_pS

the last mentioned
way out is however
not usable
when it comes to
the meaning of life
because at every
moment you are standing
in the meaning of life no
matter where you are
situated because the meaning
of life is precisely
each and every moment
in your life

OG_pS_pG_pF_pG

so there you stand
right in the meaning
of life asking time
and time again: where does
the meaning of life lie?
and no one else
than yourself can
answer that question
because no one else
than yourself is
a local when it comes to the
roads and twisting paths
of your own life

OG_pS_pG_pS_pA

as far as i am
concerned i write
poems from time to time
about eagle road which
you see no matter
whether i am situated
on eagle road
or not – that
now is my small
way out my small
breath pause my
small breathing space
in the middle of life

OG_pS_pG_pS_pF

or at other
moments i write
poems about the meaning
of life for example
but then that
(unlike the above
mentioned) is precisely
the meaning of
my life: to
write poems about
the meaning of life and
be aware that that is
precisely what i am doing

OG_pS_pG_pSP

that's all it is
it is nothing else
than this presence
around your moment
this small attentiveness
concerning who you are
and what you
are occupied with right
now – this small
exercise in being
present where you
are and not all sorts
of other possible places

OG_pS_pG_pS_pS

this small delay
this small reflection
this small consideration
is only necessary
as a transition
until your life
has become
the meaning of life
until you have
become one with
your reality
then you can happily
throw the ladder away

OG_pS_pG_pS_pG

and one fine day
you will not even
need to remind yourself
any more to
remember to
think about where
you are and what
you are occupied with now
you will not need any more
to think about your now
then you are where you are
every single moment
then you are present

OG_pG_pA_pA_pA

mental exercise
number ten
consider the chair of
your writing desk intently
and say: there we have
a writing desk chair
it is not an
french empire chair or
a deck chair or
something as bizarre as
a safari chair – it is
real or it is really a
writing desk chair

OG_pG_pA_pA_pF

now close your eyes
and imagine
how it looks
in every detail
the semicircle of the back
the faded green
velvet seat – the chair
legs as if turned
or carved out
of a fairytale
say then to yourself:
i am now imagining
my writing desk chair

OG_pG_pA_pAP

begin now to
fantasise about
your writing desk chair
that for example it
has wings that
it flies off
at night while
you lie dreaming
about it – that it has
a deep voice etc
say then to yourself:
i am now fantasising about
my writing desk chair

OG_pG_pA_pA_pS

after that draw it
as well as you can
on a piece of
typewriting paper
preferably with indian ink
but most of all with
watercolours – insert
the word 'writing desk chair'
and add an arrow
then write at the bottom of
the drawing: i have
now depicted my
writing desk chair

OG_pG_pA_pA_pG

finally settle yourself
comfortably in
your writing desk chair
and listen for a
long time to its peevish
creaking and groaning
do not as far as is possible
say anything to your
self but remain
sitting for a while and then
repeat all of mental
exercise number ten
point by point

OG_pG_pA_pF_pA

the blackbird sings
in the spring now
from a snow shower
from its heart's
cherry stone
from a medallion
of tin – the blackbird
sings in the spring
now with a note
so piercingly violet
that not even
stan getz has
played it before

OG_pG_pA_pF_pF

you must sacrifice
beauty for beauty's
sake the black
bird sings – it
sounds so beautiful
but is it anything else
than sounds – would
you yourself sacrifice your
song – i
rejoin – chuck
chuck – chuck
the blackbird replies
of course

OG_pG_pA_pFP

just come girls
sings the blackbird
there is room enough
and forage (an
elderly gentleman lays
out apples in my
territory)
there is room enough
i have chased
all the weaklings away
and i am here
myself in my finest
capa des robes

OG_pG_pA_pF_pS

it is admittedly true
that i go round
placing apples at
strategic points
one above the dewpoint
and another under
the square root of darkness
whoet – whoet – whoet
i say to the
blackbird and do
not feel the least
foolish even though
it is only sounds

OG_pG_pA_pF_pG

the blackbird sings
in the spring now
from its throat's
alburnum – it does
not sing in 'the
spring' nor
the spring with
allusions to the
short summer nights and that
kind of white gold
the blackbird sings
in the spring quite simply
into the middle of being

OG_pG_pA_pS_pA

ode to my
intestines that
steam and are
doing well as at the
butcher's packed in
membranes and
semi-permeables
and not as in the
supermarket's frozen
food counter under
cellophane in sliced liver
that i can take home
with me to the cat

OG_pG_pA_pS_pF

ode to my
stomach that for the
time being has kept
within reasonable
proportions and that
i have seen the inside of
at dr fahrenheit's
x-ray clinic
once in my youth
when i thought i
had incurred
a wound down there
in the bagpipes

OG_pG_pA_pSP

ode to my
fluids and secretions
lymph and semen
the gall bladder's daily
litre of brake fluid
light green and hydraulic
ode to the rivers
of blood where neptune
lifts his trident
ode to the water
of which i mainly consist
that one day will run out
into the sea's linked vessels

OG_pG_pA_pS_pS

ode to my
lungs that i
have filled with
the smoke of two
hundred thousand cigarettes
and delphic vapours
ode to the bronchi
and to my
alveola's forest floor
of anemones
ode to the windpipe
and the wild
rainbow head of the larynx

OG_pG_pA_pS_pG

ode to my
muscles tendons and
nerves – concluding
unscientific ode
to myself in
my totality as
described here on
the anatomical charts of
the third book of the flesh
my totality where only
the ego lacks as
precisely now
praises the same totality

OG_pG_pS_pA_pA

i press a
small button
inside my head
order april
sun there – yes please
as last year
a coat of arms from
the t'ang dynasty
with invisible writing
signs on – røsnæs
lit up by i do not
know how many square
kilometres of sunshine

OG_pG_pS_pA_pF

the wind too
knows the timing
in from the right
and round the north
three precise birds
cross the heart
the screams' stereo
from one ear
to the other
then i know that
the programme fits
then i know that
it is april again

OG_pG_pS_pAP

i walk along
a road that does not
have any name
yet but gets
one en route when
it is too late
now tell me what
the name of the road is
and where it
leads or do not
say it – say it
or do not say it
it's equally wrong

OG_pG_pS_pA_pS

that insight i am
unable to hold
onto nor do i
do so – soon
i will walk along a
fictive path i myself
have invented here
in the late verse
soon i will walk along
a real path
where not even you
can follow me out
of heptameron

OG_pG_pS_pA_pG

now i am walking along
that path again
in mid-april
that stops where
it ends and ends
where it starts
it is a strange
path that everyone knows
of but no one will
admit – it goes from the
heart to the heart in one
immortal now – it is
the path to god

OG_pG_pG_pG_pA

a small post
scriptum i have
saved for you
my love
because perhaps you feel
i have not
dealt sufficiently
with your spirit here in
the book of the spirit
as i have done
otherwise with your
body and soul in their
respective books

OG_pG_pG_pG_pF

it has been
on purpose my love
because firstly
i do not rightly
know what the spirit is
and secondly if it
is what i think it is –
namely the totality
(in this instance
your totality)
then it is
not me you should
apply to but god

OG_pG_pG_pGP

in the end
was the spirit
the spirit was with god
and the spirit was god
all things were
made by it
and without it
was not anything
made that was made
and the spirit became word
and the word took its
dwelling among us
and we saw its glory

OG_pG_pG_pG_pS

your body i
know – more or less
and your soul i
can make out through
the corners of my eyes
but your self your spirit
is invisible to me
and is of course your
own matter your
own account
with god – therefore
in all humility i have
kept my trap shut

OG_pG_pG_pG_pG

the path from man
to man
the path from self
to self goes
through god i.e.
goes through
love and it is
not as banal as it
sounds my love
you can convince
yourself of this
by reading hepta
meron one more time

O

in the end
was the spirit
the spirit was with god
and the spirit was god
all things were
made by it
and without it
was not anything
made that was made
and the spirit became word
and the word took its
dwelling among us
and we saw its glory

The Book of Punishment and Reward

OF_pF-X

Sexigesima Sunday. The sun
in Aquarius.
It gleams
through the apostle, his
leaded
coat. Hymn
315. I sing my own
version.
The words
about the sower. And I was
not far
from being
impotent last night.

OF_pS-X

I am considering
going to the dentist.
I deliberately write:
considering; please
note that.
Lavines of amalgam
in plus five presumably.
Time and its bite.
As white moonlight
on the white cross.

OF_pS-Y

My beard's growing grey,
I eat zinc.
My hair's growing grey,
I eat vitamin B.
By skin's growing grey,
I drink potato water.
My life's growing grey,
I dream that my semen
is thick with collagen and
fragrantly green with herb shampoo.

OF_pS-Z

I consider going
to the optician.
I would rather listen
to a violin sonata.
Then I light a
fresh cigarette.
I consider
drinking orange juice.
I would rather
drink a porter.
Then I make a
cup of black coffee.

OS_pF-X

First Sunday in Lent.
Outside
the snow of
The Holy Spirit is still falling;
but in this wise
the words in me:
Jeder Geist isset von
seinem Leibe.
Is my semen
used up now. Or is
it just old-man's
semen
diluted with tonic water?

OS_pS-X

The heptahedron of the mind.
Hung up above a pinewood bed
on a nylon thread.
It reflects Islam's
blue roses, your absence
and the abstinences of the body.
I grasp my member
by the hand, stop
just before ejaculation.
Save the sublimation of my semen.

OS_pS-Y

You let me
sit in the diamond.
You let me sit
in Monday's terrible
clarity of
paraffin and angles.
You let me sit
in a rainbow of thoughts.
You let me sit
inside the hypophysis.

OS_pS-Z

One fine day
I'll probably remain in there.
One fine day
your blow will miss.
This happens to
every diamond-cutter.
One fine day your hand will tremble.
One fine day you will
simply pulverise my soul.

OG_pF-X

I light three
matches, open
the tap and
stick a spoon
in my mouth.
Or I put on
my Lennon glasses.
But it's all
equally useless.
The two Hungarian onions
from Irma
cause the salt of punishment
to rise in my eyes.

OG_pS-X

Your hair is of ashes
and honey, beloved.
That's a lie.
Your hair is of flax
and liver paste.
That's a lie.
Your hair is of hair.
That's the truth.
Your hair is a tautology, beloved.

OG_pS-Y

Your groin is like
a birch thicket in Karelia:
paraffin of death
and the burned tulips.
Your lap is a
tank battle at Ilmen lake
so many years later,
when I twist the silver ring
of spring round my finger.

OG_pS-Z

The small furrow
of ivory
you have over your nose:
I will let my semen
run in it
may my life run there, run out.
The little wrinkle of death
that the moon has
stretched in the skin's velvet.

OF_pF_pA-X

You tell me
a thousand and one things, beloved.
Among other things that
it is not an Abbasidian
silver pitcher but
a Tunisian brass pitcher;
and that I am only
to pour out green tea
or Algerian wine
in generous quantities,
because your desire is real enough.

OF_pF_pA-Y

Silver pitcher
or brass pitcher.
It is of bronze,
I note one day
when rubbing your pitcher
at first light.
Everyone knows (you too)
that the genii of the lamp
will make its appearance after
a thousand and one invocations.

OF_pF_pS-X

Third Sunday in Lent.
Organ prelude
by Buxtehude-
I go to my third
altar-
kneeling
this year. May I drink
altar wine
in a
personal Ramadan?
But
this
wine is not of wine.

OF_pA_pA-X

There you sit
once more blackbird
an early Monday
morning gleaming
with sterling silver
lonely and severe
like Bach's D-minor partita.
You must be as old
as I am
in your bird-world;
and just as melancholy.
I invite you
to the black communion.

OF_pA_pA-Y

There you sit once more
blackbird and eavesdrop.
My balding
blackbird from
last winter.
There you sit
like a heraldic profile
on your post,
like an illustration
from the Book of Micah
smouldering with paraffin and soot.
I throw the
last apple out to you.

CELLO SUITES

OF A, G-1 to 6

Make a note of
Pablo Casals.
He began playing
the cello at the age of eleven.
He was good;
technically perfect.
He studied under
Jesus de Monasterio.
He commanded his cello.

Only when he
was twenty-five
did he dare play
Bach's cello suites
in public.
With virtuosity and clarity
like the handwriting
of Anna Magdalena.
He mastered his cello.

During the
Spanish civil war
he recorded
the suites for
His Master's Voice.
In black, white and violet.
His soul
was imprisoned
in the cello's body.

Now he tormented
the cello in order
to escape,
to exceed
the threshold of pain.
He raped the cello.
He played it
like a crossbow.
He had a pain in the cello.

Finally
he brushed the
cello aside.
He played
directly on
the nerve strings,
medulla spinalis.
He had become
one with his cello.

Pablo Casals
spread out a fan
of emeralds.
Pablo Casals
played with a
black silk glove on.
Pablo Casals no longer
knew what a cello was.
Make a note of Pablo Casals.

OF_pAS-X

I transform punishment
into joy just for once.
Open a harpsichord suite
and play the allemande
for you, even though
you are absent.
Bach's nail box
full of cogwheels and screws;
and the final missing brass nail.

4 CHORALES

OF_pS_pG-1 to 4

the keenest desire
hurts the most that you will one
day find to your cost

without mercy (like
a bach chorale) and fully
consciously i cut
on certain uneven
holidays strips of your
heart or out of sheer
and unadulterated
love i chop it in
to ragout so you
can feel it is made
of meat so you are able
to feel your own love

we are not playing
at love my beloved it's
deadly serious
don't listen to the
rosy conversation of
the psychologists
and don't look at their
pedigree siamese cats
ours are untamed ones
every kiss is a
question of life or death every
kiss transforms us

may your suffering
crucify you to the heart
torture you till the
blood flows so your love's
seven white roses can blossom
som red with rapture

OF_pS_pF-X

Breakfast.
Suddenly the
apricot jam irritates me;
its colour: simply insane
the smell: daft
the ingredients: stupid
the dates, illustrations and
declarations: utterly ridiculous
price: completely idiotic.
Do you understand now, my love
why you have to come,
how necessary you are?

OF_pS_pF-Y

At times your
absence is taken out
on my glasses for example.
Or quite innocent
keys, the lamps
and the telephone; nor does
the biro escape my
irritability nor do table and chair.
Aren't you on your way, getting a move on;
aren't you coming dammit?

OF_pS_pS-X

Snow Queen
i say on the days
when you come from
Jutland beautiful as enamel.
Snow Queen
i call you on the days
when i believe
you're screwing every
tom dick and harry;
on the days when i
play August Strindberg.

OF_pG_pA-X

Simmel Sunday. The moon's
altar silver over
the spire of St.
John's Church. But my
hunger is
greater than
any fast. Who is causing
my pain?
You are,
my love. Therefore you yourself
deserve the pain.
For the same reason
you will receive my love.

4 TOCCATAS

OS_pA_pF-X to AE

Once again I broke
my mind against your absence.
My gonads gathered
in my left shoulder
like peppercorns in a paté.
To break the mind:
a brilliant image
of the intellect
when i spread you
(your light) in colours.

Thus I sat
once more in the prism,
in Bach's sparkling diamond
among the twelfth notes
in the masculine gleam
of pure spirit
in order to think of you
and your long legs.

I fled into
the mind's most virile region
among angels and
the rainbow of the
final comparisons.
Exclusively for your sake
so that you should understand
your own longing.

I transformed
your feminine salt into
the formulas in the brain's snowstorm.
Reduced you to white algebra.
To a toccata
of dizzying sapphire and purgatory
in order to pore over heart and kidney.
I really call you back
in that fashion.

OA_pA_pA-X to Z

For a long time we discussed
anatomy, its melancholy
and dark recesses.
Could rapture be located
in the uterus or in the bluish
binnacle of the ovaries;
and pain perhaps in the black
ka'ba of my own hypophysis?
I owed you more than a reply.

Even stranger problems
arose between us
in the burning days around
midsummer under the love-flower
(sedium lepium) and its shade.
Would the self be
a necessary condition
for my abandonment
or rather the opposite?
I owed you more than a question.

Towards the end of the
dog days I found
a new enigma in connection
with our ecstasy.
How could transition and perdition
be the same, or the gleaming salt
of punishment be the same
as that of desire its opposite.
I owed you more than a debt.

2 TOCCATAS

OA_pA_pS-X and Y

I suspected I
was wrong but not how.
There were three too many
herons behind the mirror,
and orange wasn't the thing
so late in the afternoon.
There were signs in the sun
as on a chasuble.
Suddenly I knew
that I had to play Bach.

Tocatta in E minor
sharp as Occam's razor.
More terrible than the punishment itself.
Insurmountable
as the final millimetre.
Beautiful as a cut rose
on its way to death.
I knew I was
close to the truth.

OS_pF_pF-X

Lady Day. The
rain obliquely
in from the
right. I go to the
children's
service with
you, because you have
promised me
your child.
The vicar looks like the
pharisees.
talks mumbo-jumbo
there among the columns.

OA_pS_pF-X

Once again I
have sinned with Lou Reed
while you
were fast asleep
(your own inner labyrinth)
i am listening in the
dead of night to 'Heroin'
from Rock'n roll Animal.
I wonder what Johann Sebastian
says to such a flashy courante?

OA_pF_pS-X

I am afraid
of everything twixt
heaven and earth.
Vanadium for example,
or the machete knife
from Cuba on which
is inscribed: corona acero
diamante superior
(like a secret threat).
But most of all
your love frightens me.

OA_pG_pS-X to Z

i love you
i say
until the
final star
i say
until the night
i say
i love you
i say
until god
whatever bloody use
you can put that to

do you love me
you ask me
do you love me
really
do you love me
really really
you ask me
only because
you are precisely sure
that i really
love you really

do you love me
i ask you
do you love me
really
do you love me
really really
i ask you
only because
i am precisely sure
that you really
love me really

O_pA_pF_pF_p-X

Maundy Thursday. The sun high
in its tower
of malachite.
The sky oblique and orthodox.
Shadows
of lampblack.
The old wounds re-open
once more; you
disappear
in a crossfire of light.
Leave behind
only your
charred photograph within me.

OG_pA_pF-X

Common prayer day. The
horrid heart of
jealousy cleft
by swords as on the tarot
card or
gleaming like
a coat of arms in the sky's
heraldry. That
I cannot
prove you are unfaithful to me
does not of course
prove your
fidelity to me, beloved.

OS_pA_pG-X

i am celebrating
the goldberg variations
with the approach of winter
a bottle of booze
and your recurring
absence
studying at length
the counterpoint in the aria
you should wish i will
never find the key
nor that to your heart
what is life worth
without this closed chamber

OS_pA_pG-Y

i'm sitting with my
headphones on:
the variations for harpsichord
karl richter was in
fine form when the first
variation was recorded
the harpsichord sounds like
a doubledecker
from the great war
i'm there in my imagination
roaring
with holy spirit so as
to punish you (your absence)

OS_pA_pG-Z

did you see glenn gould
on television
already by the second variation
only his head
and hands were above
the raging ivory
of the keyboard
how does a man
end up looking like
that i answer you
in my fashion:
forty years with bach half a
century with pure spirit

OS_pS_pF-X

You send me
a spring snowflake
instead of yourself;
a flower that has broken
through Jutland's magic mirror.
You punish me thus
with love.
I press the lily
in the Book of Isaiah as a prophecy.

OG_pF_pS-X

if you listen
closely you can
hear after the
third variation
glenn gould's voice
beneath the silence
like implosions
of despair
like a white noise from
the crematory
you can hear bats
you can
hear the seventh night's song

OG_pS_pS-1

i entered the rose
garden and cut one flower
from an 'innocence'

i considered at
great length its whiteness and mor
tal magnificence

fantin la tour could
not have painted that flower
more beautifully

OG_pS_pG-X

Whit Sunday. Coldness behind
sun and heart.
I have not talked
mumbo jumbo or in tongues
to you.
On the contrary
said straight out that I
love you.
Christening.
What's up with ours. Where in
non-being, in
what blind la
guna has it concealed itself?

OG_pS_pA-X

I have baked bread today
with yeast that is softer than moonlight.
Have followed your recipe carefully.
I call this loaf of bread ours
et cetera.
This loaf heavy and
indigestible as a railway sleeper.

OG_pS_pA-Y

Daily bread have I baked
of flour that is whiter than
the Gospel of St. Matthew.
Have followed your recipe with
seriousness and devotion.
I call this loaf of bread ours
and so on.
This communion bread hard and
unbreakable as a Totenschläger.

OG_pG_pF-X

Trinity Sunday. The spire of
St. John's Church stands
like a Saturn V
in its smoking clouds of
holy spirit. And I
also united with
you now in the children, their
union with
God. And I
more than myself now;
two daughters
and two
expectations more?

OG_pG_pG-X to Y

You had a noseblood yesterday
and vomiting now
(plus diverse trips to the loo).
That is the punishment
or the cost of
the night's euphoria.
That is how I take revenge
from the inside, my love
in living flesh and blood.

I had a hangover yesterday
and feel queasy now
(plus various withdrawal symptoms).
That is the punishment
or the cost of
the day's digression.
Such is your revenge
from the outside, my love:
false alarm again in a resounding wind egg.

OF_pA_pF_pF-X

Third Sunday after
Trinity.
The soul is
compact today, almost
substance-like;
celluloid
under the sun's burning-glass.
I can
feel that
the Devil is after
it, roars
with it
as in Peter's first Epistle.

OF_pA_pS_pS-X

you have to admit
that the fourth variation
sounds a bit
like a
haarlem organ or
a hurdy-gurdy
in richter's version
the spirit's servomechanism
arranged for two manuals
the rigour of pure spirit
executed on a neupert harpsichord

OF_pA_pS_pS-Y

the fifth's light
spiral of silver
swirled up into
the upper air
as if gould was playing
with kid gloves on
it indicates a
slight headcold of the spirit
an attack of hayfever
so to speak
before the major infection
sets in
in the trinity

OF_pA_pG_pS-X to Z

in his seventh year
swedenborg pricked himself
on a white rose
drops of blood coloured
one of the petals red
as in a magisterium
young emanuel
never forgot that sight
from that day onwards he began
to deny the crucifixion

in a way
he tried
to cleanse this blood
with the chemicals of the spirit
he called on the angels for help
he proved god's existence
he solved the
equations of the trinity
for the sake of this one petal

on his death bed
he saw empyriums
in his mind's eye
he saw christ raise his hand
he saw god's face
at two bow's lengths
emanuel swedenborg's
last words were these:
the rose is red
or they could have sounded like that

OF_pA_pS_pS-Y

Seventh Sunday after
Trinity. I
hack in
the credo. My soul
is murky
and distracted
by memories. Far
from al
haqq. I
concentrate. Put
on my
glasses. Try
to gaze into the invisible.

OF_pS_pS_pS-X

i came to
think of
the peculiar thing
that bach
is the only person
who purely in principle
(independently of time)
cannot hear bach
(with bach
underlined)
for the same reasons
that existence
cannot be absolutised

OF_pF_pS_pS-Y

in the seventh
variation the autumn
leaves do not blow
curled of iron
in the hospital gardens
in the seventh variation
there is no cinnober
in the seventh variation
the rays of moonlight do not
fall crosswise
in the seventh variation
karl richter has played pure
spirit in or rather played it out

OF_pF_pG_pS-X to Y

“Trust yourself”
Dylan sings on his
latest record.
What does he mean by that?
(among about ninety
six possibilities
so far).
Who is to trust whom?
“Trust yourselves”
he ought to have sung.

Don't get me wrong:
when 'I' for example
go out into the kitchen
to brew a cup of coffee
and 'I' then come in
with a cup of lemon tea,
then a crisis of confidence
has really come about
hasn't it, Mr. Zimmermann!

OF_pS_pA_pS-X

Eighth Sunday after
Trinity. Maria
Magdalena is sitting
among her roses of glass
in the pane up there.
I wonder if her soul
is feeling cold? I am not
listening to the
hymns, only to
Freddie Mercury's voice:
spread your
little wings
and fly away, fly away fly.

OF_pS_pS_pS-X

I stood at the edge
of your soul, looked in
over the field's summer lightning.
I tried to catch you
in my words.
But you dived in flames
through the net of concepts
when the Leonids fell,
leaving me
with this charred poem.

OF_pG_pA_pG-1 to 2

the next rose i saw
was a 'crimson glory' that
was redder than the

house of lancaster
how i asked myself am i
to manage so much

beauty how on earth
am i to bear such an a
mount of happiness?

there there stood a 'peace'
yellower than any peace
like a coup de grace

and i knew that i
had arrived but not what i
had come to like that

july day i found
a five of hearts on christi
ansborg castle square

OF_pG_pS_pS-X

Johann Sebastian Bach
seldom suffered from melancholy,
because the structure in his
music constantly
opened a breathing hole,
constantly overcame
the body's draught in the soul.
Because the glittering gunpowder of
the sarabande constantly blasted
new peepholes in the dark.

OF_pG_pG_pF-X to Y

I opened my soul's
red gate and entered
between the poplars.
The moon's quartz watch changed
numbers just then like
a commercial in the night.
Had anything else changed
since that time before?
But the soul was still
just as large and dark
in its implacability;
I almost the opposite.

I knew that I could calmly
go on into the
encyclopedia of these great woods,
because the solution to the mystery
was not to be found there among
the milestones of the Plough.
I could not get lost
because love's fuse
would leave behind its ash like scars
in my body in my nerves' labyrinth

OA_pA_pA_pF-1 to 2

you have sent me a
postcard with a pink rose on
it i think it is

a 'fairy' and it
is certainly fairytale-
like in its magic

image it is im
mortal because it has nev
er actually grown

the 'briarcliff' rose
stood in an earthenware jar
it had nothing to

do with love or a
prelude by the composer
villa-lobos when

it comes to that it
did not symbolise any
thing else but itself

O_pA_pA_pS-X

Sixteenth Sunday after
Trinity
The autumn
opens its hymn book. I
close mine
and listen
to the organ that roars
with God's
breath.
Hear the great decreation
of silence
between the notes,
because my mind is elsewhere.

OA_pA_pG_pS-X

Twentieth Sunday after
Trinity.
The sky open
wide. The light makes cracks
in the mind
deeper
than in the plaster of the
church wall.
What part
of my soul left
me this
day where
silence has come to the boil?

OA_pF_pF_pS-X

Twenty-second Sunday after
Trinity.
Why
do I not listen to the
words of St Paul.
Why
does the sun fizz like an
aspirin.
Why
is my soul so tired.
Why this and
why that. Why
the hymn's (answer's) redundancy?

OA_pF_pS_pG-1

why did the young boy
break off the last of the roses
in december

why did the young boy
break off the last of the celestial
roses

why did the young boy
break off the last of the roses
and discard it?

OA_pF_pG_pF-X

I say the most difficult
sentence in any language:
I love you
As if I had never said anything
else, because the truth
will out or rather
“Murder will out”.
That’s why, my love.

OA_pS_pA_pS-X

the first
snow is falling white
as the flowers of
the dwarf elder in my
childhood just as
the eighth
variation is intoned
they suit
each other:
the same bound
passion that
stretches chastity
to its breaking point

OA_pS_pA_pS-Y

the first snow
is fallings white as
the ninth variation
beneath glenn gould's
bony hands
why am i so
fascinated by this snow
because it is
as indescribable
as the intangibility
of bach's works
because it
is purer than death?

OA_pS_pA_pS-Z

the first snow
is falling white
as the holy spirit
over the tenth
variation's
fughetta
and i comprehend
for a brief instant
the incomprehensible
before it
disappears
into its own
implosions of self-contradiction

OA_pG_pA_pS-X to Y

Menuet I

for olle

(Lullaby)

Dad's bottle-hitting,
rubbish he is knitting.
Dad's TV-happy
twaddle changing baby's nappy.
Dad's with the lads out on the street,
nonsense rinsing rubber teats.
Dad is lighting a cigar
nuts he's running baby's bath.

Menuet II

for jappe

(Wiegen-lied)

Dad's drunk booze with a ladle,
rubbish he's rocking the cradle.
Dad's pulling hard at a cork
bullshit mashing with a fork.
Dad's a card-game nerd
twaddle he's sniffing a turd.
Dad is listening to Bach,
nonsense babbling in the dark.
Dad says he is Norwegian,
nuts he's off to join the foreign legion.

OA_pG_pA_pF-1 to 2

the seventh rose is
a 'snowwhite' that is standing
in eliot's poem

burnt norton white with
transcendence look i say to
you i have replanted

or at any rate
rewritten the rose from one
poem to another

a rose is a
rose is a rose – why
not be satisfied

with tautology
in a pure form: a rose
is a rose – or

even more simply:
'rosa alba' this is simply
more than enough

OA_pG_pA_pG-X

Third Sunday in Advent.
The frost
sparkles in
the constellation of Pegasus,
where Halley's
comet can be
seen with the naked
eye, white
as my
semen that will also soon
coagulate
and stiffen
inside you, my love

OA_pG_pF_pA-P to S

labyrinth P
The butterfly is dreaming
that it is Chuang
who has just sat down
under a tree and dreamt
that he was a butterfly,
that Chuang who has got
this problem: if it is
the butterfly that is dreaming
that it is Chuang,
who has just sat down under a tree and dreamt etc. etc. ...

Labyrinth Q
If the butterfly
is dreaming that it is Chuang,
then Chuang cannot include
this butterfly
in his notion
since a dream in the last
resort cannot itself decide
that it is a dream.
And where then does the notion
about the butterfly
that is dreaming Chuang come from?

Labyrinth R
This notion comes
of course from Chuang,
because he has both dreamt
and been awake and therefore
has been able to set up the problem.
Chuang's consciousness
is the third eye.
Chuang has dreamt
the butterfly and not vice versa.

Labyrinth S
"Once Chuang Tze dreamt
he was a butterfly.
He did not know he was
Chuang Tze.
Suddenly he woke up and was
unmistakably Chuang Tze.
But now he did not know
if he was Chuang Tze who
had dreamt he was a butterfly,
or a butterfly
who is dreaming it is Chuang Tze."

OA_pG_pS_pG-1

TAKE ONE

Outside March stands in aquamarine.
The sun fizzes like a tablet in wine.
In here: static electricity
and the panes' false facticity.

It's too late to be grateful.
It's too late to be late again.
The glass splinters in welding-sparks from the light.

My back is stiff with rheumatics and fear
at all the life that's breaking out
in my body's most distant nooks
all the love that conquers its death.

It's too late to be hateful.
The sound spreads in my blood like
salicylic acid pricks like an allergy in my skin.

In here: electricity's glare
Out there: the spring's Judas kiss and wind.

OS_pA_pG_pF-1

the southern sky
the quartz watch of the stars
ivory
saturn in its candelabra
where does the
darkness come from
where does the border lie
between dark and light
i am myself that
border and can
therefore never
go beyond it
otherwise nothing

OS_pF_pA_pF-X to Y

Epiphany.

There stands
the high judgment
seat of frost. The clouds
drift uncontested
through the church
(or through my head?)
as on the altarpiece.
The host tastes pure like
the justice
of death.
The wine is sweeter than anaesthetic.

OS_pF_pA_pF-Y

The fourth Sunday after
Epiphany.
Candlemas'
light like an inquisition that
ransacks
faith for
the slightest doubt. My soul
and
conscience.
Nothing can I hide, not
even from
myself
in this scorching autodafé.

OS_pF_pA_pF-Z

Fifth Sunday after
Epiphany. Does
the vicar really
believe what he's up there
preaching? – I
make my own
faith hard and cold so it does
not run out
into the sewers
as meltwater on Røsnæs
vej. Or is
it my doubt
I keep so white and pure?

OS_pF_pA_pF-Æ

Septuagesima Sunday. The moon
is shining
like a concave mirror.
I look the vicar straight
in the eye,
try not
to let my gaze
waver. Now
my superego is
probably satiated by
the wafer,
my id
probably by the wine, Reverend?

OS_pFF_pA-1

TAKE TWO

legendary hearts tearing us apart

Who is it singing?
the young journalist asks me.
I look at her and reply
with a tired voice: Lou Reed.
How do you spell that?
Suddenly I feel my age lie heavy.

And I recall the elderly poet
who, when I was young, said
reproachfully: Dan Turell
doesn't know Rilke and you stuff
him into a computer. It is
the same story in a different key.

and you've got to fight to make it right

OS_pS_pA_pF-X

First Sunday after
Easter. The sky
is almost
leaning westwards. From
the soul
a faint smell
of lysol rises up
in my
nostrils.
Who's being buried there? – Some
one who has
already been
buried in another soul.

OS_pS_pG_pA-X

Third Sunday after
Easter. The bell
in the distance
sounds submerged, sounds
like rings
in water.
I almost reflect
myself to
death in
the chimes; the I in the I
in the I
in the I...
Stop. And go there now.

OS_pS_pG_pG-1

TAKE THREE

I could hear it from
the telephone, which chimed
like the moon.
And the doorbell sounded different
than usual;
a fifth higher, more violet.

Something ominous was in the offing:
The Ides of March, Great Prayer Day
or simply
the sun's great Messidor?
I took a look in the calendar;
no! – no solution to be found here.

Had I overlooked
some wedding or other,
my own for example.
Was Jupiter in the square of Mercury.
Had I forgotten to turn off the gas,
were the tax authorities lying in wait?

I went out and looked at myself
in the mirror – good grief
back to loving-kindness again.
Had my mother died of anthrax.
Had I lost every
copyright to my own life?

The explanation caught me
napping as it always does,
when a friend phoned and said:
I am a conservative.
And I replied with a rough voice:
I've got nothing – nothing to say.

OS_pG_pA_pS-X to Y

Fifth Sunday after
Easter. Give
it a rest my
soul, keep quiet. Another
bell
is ringing
for your inner ear than
the one of
ore
and bronze than all
telephones.
Another bell
is calling you in to silence.

Ascension Day
Visited
instead of
going to church Søren
Kierkegaard's
grave. For
sentimental reasons of
course.
Placed
a fresh petunia there. Its
white trumpet
towards the sky.
His Master's Voice.

OG_pA_pF_pA-1

there are no roses
in april i therefore look
up in my book on

roses where roses
are blossoming by the thou
sand – i choose with great

care a 'Schneewittchen'
because it is even whi
ter than the paper

OG_pA_pG_pF-X

Second Sunday after
Trinity. I
enter
June's church, where the sunlight
is so
strong that
I am afraid of becoming
trans
parent,
afraid of becoming
pure
spirit, of
becoming pure nothing.

OG_pA_pG_pG-X

Fifth Sunday after
Trinity.
My soul
has gone into pappus and
is now being
scattered to the
four winds. "For the goodliness
of all flesh is as
the flower
of the field." A
single
seed has
landed here as this poem.

OG_pF_pG_pS-X

Sixth Sunday after
Trinity.
The soul
is steaming inside my
body like
coffee in
a thermos flask. Or
rather
like a
pressure cooker. Evaporation
I think
it's called.
What salt will it become, I wonder?

OG_pS_pA_pA-1

i have no idea
what the name of the rose is
you have embroidered

perhaps 'heidekind'
or 'ophelia' it is
of no importance

its petals unfold
in precisely the same way
as your labia

OG_pS_pF_pG-1

TAKE FOUR

Midnight's quartz
I fall down once more into matter:
the dismembered parts.

An endless loop runs
in my left ear
drowning out what
my right ear is trying to hear.

Once more the opposite neighbour's
clock chimes three minutes too early;
it's been doing that for several years,
but it doesn't matter.

I assume that
it's in order to gain some time,
but deep down
I don't give a damn.

Three more minutes to squander
on false premises,
isn't that of complete unimportance?

Three minutes more or less
with the speed of light
that's not my style
cross my heart
even in fair play.

More than this – there is nothing.
More than this – tell me one thing.
More than this – there is nothing.

OG_pS_pS_pA-X

Ninth Sunday after
Trinity.
Røsnæs Church
white with sodium or with
wedding
horses. The soul's
electrolysis reflected in
the plaster.
I am facing
my life's most difficult
task: to have
to receive
without fear without shame without remorse.

OG_pG_pF_pG-X

Thirteenth Sunday after
Trinity.
The autumn flowers
are lit on the altar.
The wine is
bad.
Think of bringing my
own hip
flask along
next time. I mean: can
the miracle
take place
at all in fruit squash?

OG_pG_pS_pS-X – Z

Twenty-fourth Sunday after
Trinity. Fog.
It is one
of those days when I really
have to make an
effort to
construct a doubt that
looks plausible;
even on
paper. That's not all that
promising. What
is wrong.
Has my faith become fundamentalistic?

Twenty-fifth Sunday after
Trinity.
The sheep are grazing
in the field down by the fjord.
The grass is
their answer.
I too have found an answer
today. But now
I cannot
remember to what question;
or whether
I have asked it
at all. Is it then an answer?

Twenty-sixth Sunday after
Trinity.
What does
the late Kingo have to say this day?
Can I find
consolation in
the Summer Part, even though it
is late-November?
He points
me back to my faith
once more. For him
no doubt is to
be found in non-atonement.

OG_pG_pG_pG-1 to 2

look there stands the rose
more magnificent than could
be imagined by

any fantasy more
beautiful than any po
em written about

it – it ought to have
been red since it is a ‘queen
elizabeth’ but

it has made itself
white on my birthday like an
‘edina’ (that has

just not had suffi
cient light) there stands the rose more
finely clothed than a

ny king solomon
more completely real than re
ality itself

OF_pA_pA_pA_pF-X

Quinquagesima Sunday. The wind
rumbles in
barrels that
hang in distant parishes. My
trials and tribulations
that are now of
another kind seem
almost heavier
to me now
than formerly: I am being
tested in
joy's most
subtle accidents.

OF_pA_pS_pA_pG-X

Second Sunday in Lent.
On my way home
from church I
see that large ice floes are drifting
around the fjord
like St. Paul's
words from the sermon to
day are floating
aimlessly around
in my mind. Words that
perhaps
strand
in you my love?

OF_pA_pS_pF_pS-X

I am playing suites anglaises
all this week.
Shrovetide week.
I drily state that such
an air is neither for
women nor parrots.
"No – nor for men
nor monkeys" you reply
mercilessly and aptly.

OF_pA_pS_pS_pA_p-X

Palm Sunday. Outside the church
the flag
has the
opposite colours of those of victory
and resurrection.
Inside
the church I mime to a
hymn by
Grundtvig
the melody of which I do not know.
Inside
my head
a mental playback is taking place.

OF_pS_pA_pF_pF_p-X

Good Friday. Ulstrup venge
lies bathed
in a strange
light, white farther
off like
an albedo
round the church. Perhaps
the catholics
are right.
Perhaps nature is really
redeemed
once a
year at that moment?

OF_pF_pF_pS_pF-X

one of the secrets
of everything that
is of the spirit
is the vast
multiplicity of repetition
because
precisely this
principle ensures
that the underlying unity
is heard so clearly
without it being heard
exactly as here
in the eleventh variation

OF_pF_pF_pS_pF-Y

the twelfth
variation's endless
variations
on itself
so as to attain that
note which in spite of
this will never be
heard demonstrates
this precisely
naturally glenn gould was
aware of that fact
when he recorded
precisely the twelfth variation

OF_pF_pF_pS_pF-Z

the tragic thing was
however that when
the miracle took place after
innumerable attempts
(as here in the
thirteenth variation)
glenn gould did not have
any idea of this himself because
he was deafened by
the white noise of the spirit
the approximations
of pure spirit
the sine note of pure spirit

OF_pA_pS_pG_pA-X

Why does a gigue by Bach
much such a violent noise.
Why does it thunder more
loudly than the canons at Poltava?
Because it was to drown out
twenty children.
Because it was to vanquish twenty
children's cries, howls and potty training.
Because it had to
pacify Wilhelm Friedemann.

OF_pF_pS_pF_pG-X

who shall i
let play the
fourteenth variation
gould who plays
more than bach
or richter who
plays less than bach
it is like
choosing between integral
and differential calculus
or more
prosaically:
between cbs and archiv

OF_pF_pS_pF_pG-Y

the fifteenth
variation's endless
summing up
of itself is on the
point of succeeding
for richter because
he instinctively suspects
that sum and whole
are not congruent
even so he
misses out because he
tries to play
precisely that note less

OF_pS_pF_pAP-X

Easter Sunday. I am standing
in Røsnæs
cemetery
in the midst of light's invasion.
It is presumably
only in time
we are to wait for the
resurrection;
for the
dead it has long since taken
place. Because
eternity is long since.

OF_pS_pF_pGP-1

i go out into
the april night and
consider the bandolier
of the milky way
a brilliant image
don't you think?
this i have stolen
from arrebo who
for his part has
stolen it from du bartas
who in turn has stolen
it from virgil who
has stolen it from god

OF_pS_pS_pA_pS-X

Easter Monday. The seven-

armed

candelabra

is lit on the altar

like a second

heptameron.

Perhaps the word also only

runs out

as stiffened

paraffin wax in the poems. Or

is it

in actual

fact my own life?

OF_pS_pG_pF_pF-X

strange words

are on the point

of taking over my

vocabulary – i

catch myself saying

at a chemist's for

example: mortgage

what in all the

world is that?

does it exist

somewhere or other

out there in some

murky office?

OF_pS_pG_pF_pF-Y

frightful abbrevi
ations threaten my
everyday existence
like machine-gun fire
a bbr identification
is it something i
owe some distant authority
the burial
authorities perhaps – or
am i myself such
a code is it
their way of making
their way into my poem?

OF_pS_pG_pG_pG-X

Second Sunday after Easter.
After communion
I find myself
thinking that if
God is both
present
in temporality
and in etern
ity, it is
unimportant whether we
are here or there
in a certain sense
whether we are alive or dead

OF_pG_pF_pG_pF-X

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

The sky looks
like a legend
in a poem by Sarvig. The
nave half
way up in
clouds, but no – it does
not even
capsize in
my mind. I realise that the
poem too
is a
metaphor – unchanging.

OF_pG_pG_pF_pF-X

the little chiff chaff
in my hand
why does it make
me so
sentimental?
because its meaning
less death against a
window is a
symbol of
our life – or
because it only
has one life
while we shall rise again?

OF_pG_pG_pF_pS-1

the opposite
is true for
glenn gould
the sixteenth variation
tricks him
into believing that it is
possible to play
precisely that note more
he wants to integrate
the whole into
itself to play
the axiom into
its own explanation

OF_pG_pG_pG_pG-X

redcurrant is over
forsythia is out
fashion changes
fast in this
business – the last
tulips look like
overfilled ashtrays
cherry trees are
the thing right now
made in japan
or as far as i'm
concerned you can call them
postmodernist

OF_PG_PG_PG_PG-Y

drivel is only
found in language
the spiraea does not talk
drivel – it turns white
take a step forward
and at once you are out
side the poem's nonsense
who in all the world
would ever think of
claiming that life
itself is drivel
yes only precisely
language would do that

OA_PA_PA_PF_PG-X

Sixth Sunday after Easter.

The sky is
silver-grey
like our new car.
Shall we
go there?
I ask even though it
is already
too late.
Peter's epistle on the
end of time
will doubtlessly
be read until the end.

OA_pA_pF_pG_pG-X

Whit Monday. The
cherry blossoms
dredge like
small sparks of fire onto
my hair.
And in the church
the voice of a
baby
interrupts the
vicar's sermon. Thus did
the holy ghost
also descend
on Røsnæs this day.

OA_pA_pS_pS_pF-1

TAKE FIVE

I'm counting cherry blossoms
this morning instead of sheep.

Eleven hundred and forty gleaming
satoris in my imagination.

And not so as to fall asleep
but to keep me awake.

I consider them one by one,
each separately a dream, all the same;
intoxicate myself on their generality.

Ah! böwakawa poussé, poussé.

OA_pA_pS_pS_pS-X

toccatà

one in a while i think
once in a while
i think
that i resemble bach

once in a while
i think
that you think
that i resemble bach

once in a while
i think
that you think
that i think
that i resemble bach

once in a while
i think
that i do not think
once in a while i do not think

OA_pA_pS_pSP-X

First Sunday after Trinity.
Cold as
bloody
hell. I am warming myself
at a love
that is so
great that I start to
speculate
as to whether
it could be a
sin;
whether it
possibly gets in the way of God?

OF_pF_pF_pA_pA-1

now bach well knew
that a system cannot
absorb its own ex-
planation (the endless
implosion of pure spirit)
he knew that a system
cannot reject its own
explanation (the endless
explosion of pure spirit)
he well knew
that he had to rely
on god in the
seventeenth variation

OA_pF_pF_pA_pA-2

he knew that
the eighteenth variation
and every
variation centres
on the midpoint
where god explains
every wholeness
is the inner cause of
every system
including johann sebastian
bach's vierter teil der
clavier-übung:
die goldberg variationen

OA_pFF_pA_pA-3

he well knew
that pure spirit
attempts to abolish
its own material
that pure spirit is
a great despair
therefore he went
cheerfully on with the
nineteenth variation's
purple in order to
manifest the
paradoxical unity
which is the spirit

OA_pFF_pA_pFP-X

Fourth Sunday after Trinity
The sun black
as a
crown of thorns, sooty as
brass
over the fields
of spirit that burn deep
within Luke's
Gospel.
My own word also lies
singed
under
this great pyromaniac fire.

OA_pG_pS_pF_pG-X

Tenth Sunday after
Trinity.
The sun still
in leo, even though
i cannot
see this
sign in the sky,
so over
cast it
is today. As is my
belief; it
too does not
require signs of sun and moon.

OA_pG_pS_pF_pG-Y

Eleventh Sunday after
Trinity.
The swallows are
gathering unhesitatingly
in large flocks prior to
departure. My mind scatters
once more in
twenty reflections
like a kaleidoscope. How
was it now
the saying
went? Doubt is everyman's thief.

OS_pA_pA_pA_pS-X

Twelfth Sunday after
Trinity. I
conceal my
soul from God so he
will not
see the spots
of doubt as on the
wings of
a fritillary
butterfly. I conceal my soul
from God.
Deep within
the soul I conceal it.

OS_pA_pF_pA_pG-X

Fourteenth Sunday after
Trinity. The
clouds pile
up like shaving foam out
above Asnæs.
I have nicked
my chin. The blood tastes
sweet like
altar wine
it seems to me. Has
a converse
transsub
stantiation taken place?

OS_pA_pF_pF_pF-1

that the impure spirit
attempts to reject
the spirit – in other words
itself – i hardly
need to underline
that johann sebastian
bach also knew
that despair
was not his stumbling
block – just try
listening to the twentieth
variation's scarlet
then you will realise that

OS_pA_pF_pF_pF-2

therefore he collected
in the twenty-first
variation
the spirit's circles
round each other in the
right order of size
and in the true
sequence of colours (not like
the olympic rings)
in the seventh canon
johann
sebastian bach
concentrated himself

OS_PA_PF_PS_PG-X

Fifteenth Sunday after
Trinity. The
September sun
shines almost chromati-
cally down over
Røsnæs.

The distance between my
body and soul
is held wide-open by the light
that drives a
wedge into
this stigmatisation.

OS_PF_PF_PF_PA-X

Seventeenth Sunday after
Trinity. I
consider the
crucifix. The precision of suffering.
The moment of
decreation. The flesh
that once more becomes word.
Becomes the seven
last words. Nothing
else but words. What in
all the world
am I
to say? (more)?

OS_pF_pF_pF_pF-X

i could not remember what it
was i was to remember
and i had forgotten
what it was i was to forget
i could not remember
what it was i was to forget
and i had forgotten
what it was i was to remember
for a brief moment i thus found
myself in a complete present

OS_pF_pF_pS_pA-X

Eighteenth Sunday after
Trinity. The
sky pure as
an altar cloth. My spirit is
spotted and
slightly yellowed
today. But what then? – Otherwise
I would
perhaps not
have noticed it at all in
all the light
streaming down
from the sky's crystal chandelier

OS_pF_pF_pS_pS-X

Nineteenth Sunday after
Trinity. Why
does my belief
have to go round
reason
every single
time? – Why is it not
simply pure?
Because I have
become old. I have no
more to say now.
Oh yes, the pews in
Røsnæs church are bloody hard.

OS_pF_pF_pS_pG-1

you can hear the
result in the twenty-second
variation
where the pyrotechnics
of the holy ghost
really sets in
in earnest because the
second relation
has now been set
because the trinity
here has been
set in
in its absolutium

OS_pF_pF_pS_pG-2

that touch
of the material's
ivory your reason
cannot
grasp – nor can
your ear even
catch it – it only
hears an echo's
rings spread out
concentrically
through and as
this twenty-
third variation

OS_pF_pF_pS_pG-3

that touch
can only be picked up
by your belief
that you really
have heard that note
there among the
balance of the twelve others
your belief
that you nevertheless have
heard the inaudible
there in the twenty-
fourth variation's
equilibrium

OS_pF_pF_pS_pG-4

you will never get
any further into
this paradox of
paradoxes that
glenn gould dis
solves here in notes
and resolves in the
twenty-fifth
variation
from his little
babychair's grotesque
and tragicomic
ejection seat

OS_pS_pF_pAP-X

Twentieth Sunday after
Trinity. So many
of those I have
loved are there now, more
and more and
more. So it
can't really be all that bad
to have to
go there oneself
one fine day. Well, it
can't be, can it?
Even though All
Saints Day is also beautiful here.

OS_pG_pA_pF_pF-1

for klaus rifbjerg

now that the avant garde
have laid down their arms

and the young poets
are falling backwards (not

from drink but at themselves)
i make my way out to a

particular box with
tomatoes on remisevej

ah – how refreshing to
bite into such a real ‘tomato’

OS_pG_pF_pF_pG-X

Kunst der Fuge

This poem refers to the poem on the opposite page, where it says 'Kunst der Fuge' as a tribute to Johann Sebastian Bach a literal gesture. Tell me now if this poem has been written before or after the poem to which it refers.

It cannot have been written before, since there is then no poem to which it refers. And it cannot have been written after, since the poem to which it refers cannot for similar reasons have been written before this poem. What then?

In this case the answer is simple enough. This poem is identical with the poem to which it refers on the opposite page. They have been written simultaneously.

OS_pG_pF_pF_pG-Y

Kunst der Fuge

This poem refers to the poem on the opposite page, where it says 'Kunst der Fuge' as a tribute to Johann Sebastian Bach a literal gesture. Tell me now if this poem has been written before or after the poem to which it refers.

It cannot have been written before, since there is then no poem to which it refers. And it cannot have been written after, since the poem to which it refers cannot for similar reasons have been written before this poem. What then?

In this case the answer is simple enough. This poem is identical with the poem to which it refers on the opposite page. They have been written simultaneously.

OS_pG_pF_pF_pG-Z

Kunst der Fuge

This poem refers to the poem on the opposite (right) page, where it says 'Kunst der Fuge' as a tribute to Johann Sebastian Bach a literal gesture. Tell me now if this poem has been written before or after the poem to which it refers.

It cannot have been written before, since there is then no poem to which it refers. And it cannot have been written after, since the poem to which it refers cannot for similar reasons have been written before this poem. What then?

Now this poem is not identical with the poem to which it refers on the opposite (right) page. It must either have been written before or after this. But as you have seen it cannot be. What then?

OS_pG_pF_pF_pG-Æ

Kunst der Fuge

This poem refers to the poem on the opposite (left) page, where it says 'Kunst der Fuge' as a tribute to Johann Sebastian Bach a literal gesture. Tell me now if this poem has been written before or after the poem to which it refers.

It cannot have been written before, since there is then no poem to which it refers. And it cannot have been written after, since the poem to which it refers cannot for similar reasons have been written before this poem. What then?

Now this poem is not identical with the poem to which it refers on the opposite (left) page. It must either have been written before or after this. But as you have seen it cannot be. What then?

OS_pG_pF_pG_pF-X

Twenty-third Sunday after
Trinity. I
cannot con-
centrate on the words today.
They seem to
me just as
abstract as they are. Compared
with the
marigolds on
the altar they fall short.
The marigold's
halo. The
words are only half the truth.

OS_pG_pF_pG_pG-1

i don't want to
appear knowing about
the twenty-sixth
variation but
i can once more hear
the absence of
what i believed to have
heard not
because karl richter
plays badly
but because i
have once more begun
to doubt

OS_pG_pF_pG_pG-2

the old illness
giddiness
catches me
here in the twenty-
seventh variation:
the winding staircase of
salt and turquoise
that leads from the
pure to the
impure spirit here in the
repeated acceleration
around
nothing whatever

OS_pG_pF_pG_pG-3

but only a
brief instant
then i let
go of myself
and am immediately
myself once more
the spirit's emergency brake
works impeccably
both in me as
in the twenty-eighth variation's
repetition of its
own variation

OS_pG_pS_pS_pA-X

First Sunday in Advent.

It is
not the
events that are called
miracles that
are so hard
to grasp. More that
i have to
create them
myself each time by
transforming the
events into
miracles by virtue of my belief.

OG_pA_pF_pA_pA-X

Second Sunday in Advent.

It is smoking
from winter's
crystal. My words freeze
solid to
the paper
like the tongue to iron, like
the soul to
its body.
Can the heat from two paraffin
wax candles
separate them again.
Or the heart's secret fire?

OS_pA_pS_pS_pG-X

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

The clouds look
like boiling
lead; tracks dark with snow.
But then the
light of creation
is also black deep down
within because
this act
calls for so much light that
everything else
darkens slightly,
when a human child is born.

OG_pA_pG_pG_pG-X

Christ's birthday. I do not
go to church.
Consider
instead a reproduction of
Meister
Francke's
'Christmas Night'. I don't know
much about births;
only about the
spiritual (they hurt). But the
sky is as
red as the
glossy paper from my own childhood.

OG_pA_pG_pG_pG-Y

St. Stephen's Day. The light's
crossed rapiers
beneath my
heart. The exertions of faith.
Hope's
eternal
slog. Love's hard
work.
These three.
Then these three will remain
in their un
changingness
life's three stumbling blocks.

OG_pF_pA_pA_pG-X

Sunday after Christmas. Six days
after
the dark
faith starts from scratch once more.
Over and over
again. The
same light like a burning
round my
reason.
The same small flame in
the heart,
that will grow
from now on until the next solstice.

OG_pF_pA_pS_pG-X

New Year's Day. Now that God is
both here and there,
what then are you worried
about? – Then it is clearly
of no
importance
whether I myself am there
or here
at Røsnæs
in the winter-lightning light on
this
Day of Our Lord
anno domini nineteen eighty three.

OG_pF_pF_pS_pG-X

there is a post
scriptum to that
fairytale – before
withdrawing
god warned
the first humans
not to prise open the
casket – in that case they
would fail to obtain the
actual knowledge that was
precisely the key
that now had
lost its meaning

OG_pF_pF_pS_pG-Y

this he called
the inner mistake –
whereas
the outer mistake
would consist of
opening the casket
using force – for example
blowing it up
which would result in both
the casket and the key
being blasted to smithereens
and thereby being lost
in meaninglessness

OG_pF_pF_pG_pG-X

First Sunday after
Epiphany. No
snow yet.
Not a single snowflake to
cool the
reason which
is working flat-out day and
night in order
to work itself
out, even though it is
so simple because
it has never
been inside itself.

OG_pF_pS_pS_pA-1

and i know that
i can safely
abandon myself to
the beauty of the
twenty-ninth variation
because one facet
of beauty in
one way or other
also reflects
entire beauty
while this for
its part cannot
reflect itself

OG_pF_pS_pS_pA-2

the thirtieth
variation sets in
in my spirit – the moon strikes
eleven – and it is for me
such a joy
to be alive that my
soul flicks up like
a pine branch that has been
weighted by snow for a long time
it is such a joy
to me to be a man
because only as such can
i love you

OG_pF_pS_pS_pA-3
i am celebrating
the goldberg variations
with the approach of winter
a bottle of booze
and your recurring
absence
studying at length
the counterpoint in the aria
you should wish i will
never find the key
nor that to your heart
what is life worth
without this closed chamber

OG_pF_pS_pS_pG-X

Second Sunday after
Epiphany.
Overcast.
The gospel of the east wind.
The temptations
have not been
able to cover over
the last
flower; it
gleams like a rose through
the plaster
below the
pulpit's high caparison.

OG_pF_pS_pGP-X

Third Sunday after
Epiphany. A
new cantor has
taken up his appointment. A
younger voice
fills the church
but not the words, which are as
unchanging
as God.
I seek consolation in this
fact, while
writing down
this last cantata.