

Bob Dylan, there he stands in the sp
Otlight on the stage of my mind
Behind a nebula of cannabis

Dense vapours and tobacco smoke. Alread
Y an archetype in my own lost youth's mytho
Logy. With his white shepherd's h
At there he stands on the wide scree
N of memory in the cinema of my heart.

Bob Dylan, there he stands in black cl
Othes against a background of the
Blood-red stripes in the Stars an

D Stripes playing his harrowingl
Y lovely, his deadly beautifu
L music. A modern troub
Adour, close to the middle of the twentieth ce
Ntury, close to sorrow's young springs.

It is just visibly raining in my
Dylan world and through the open window
of consciousness Borne gently

on the wind streams the sweet scent
of camomile and lathyrus, although I
am actually Lying on a
velvet divan in the midst of the
asphalt hell of Nørrebro. I take a sip

of a Heineken Beer and am already
far gone in 'Durango'. A large
grey-Brown moth has been

caught here. And soon the fluttering
shadows made by its wings will fill
the room with sleep's angels. The whole
episode in my scenario is being shot
using Eastman Color film.

what kind of **B**lind hopelessness
at times takes h**O**ld of me and reminds
me of a **B**leeding heart-wound,

a great love of my **D**istant youth that came
to nothing, when I pla**Y** your very
latest records. I be**L**ieve that you finally
have passed through tr**A**gedy's arches of
cobalt, Bob Dyla**N**. Perhaps that is

*Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob **B**ob Bob Bob is is
Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob **B**Ob Bob Bob is is
Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob **B**ob Bob Bob is is*

why you look **D**istinctly like The
White Clown in recent**l**Y taken photos. I
celebrate your rock, which **L**ike all great art
does not have a great de**A**l to do
with life. For that reason**N** also it is immortal.

The other side of Bob Dylan,
the side that Overlooks
forgotten Back gardens,

and nocturnal car graveyards, where yarrow
and love's mullein are vying at
flowering and pain's spirals of
burnt rubber rise towards the night sky
close to the roots of the songs. There

where the chords of grass Begin
and the moon is in Color de Luxe
as a trademark for sensibility

and gentleness. That side of the mind
which tarot card no. three symbolises:
The Empress, where Life's Panavision
film is created. That side you shall
leave in peace and loneliness.