

Klaus Høeck

CANZONE

POEMS

Translated by John Irons

I

7

Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see
the wounded steel and anger of the asphalt.
Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt
brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity.

Every morning the shadow draws the new day
in the cracked layers nameless facades' display.
By pent-up fugginess fury is beset
and drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat.

Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys
from the backyard ghetto with its open doors.
The chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls

are they graffiti of hatred or of pain?
You who only live in what is pure theory
how will you solve the enigmas of practice?

8

Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see
the bonfires' tiger skin and all the cables
hanging like the cobweb of some gigantic
spider over the barricades, come and see

the violence beyond description when the
police storm through the city streets dressed in their
dust-blue combat uniforms and their helmets
complete with perspex visors (just like the troops

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddddddeeeeeee
eeeeeffffffggggggggggiiiiikllllll
nnnnrrrrrrrrrrrrrrsssssstttttøøøååå*

found in some science fiction film or other),
come out and see the eyes of the cement or
the wounded steel and anger of the asphalt.

9

The wounded steel and anger of the asphalt
that is to maintain all of this misery
buzzing like a huge swarm of demented bees
above the centre of the precinct (scratched with

needles and dividers on the drawing board
of suppression). There's no more light here than in
a lobster pot, no more darkness than in the
brain of one of Copenhagen's lord mayors.

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddddfffffgggg
gggggggggggiiiiiLLLLmmmmmmnnnn
nnnnnoooooorrrrrrrrrsssstttvvvøøøååå*

There is no more room and air here than that which
is allowed by the windows standing open.
Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt.

10

Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt
where the sun only stakes out every fifth me-
ter and the clouds are a luxury, where they
now and then can be made out in the grimy

base of the bowl. Here where the sanitary
conditions are way below any blue bor-
der and hygiene is nothing but a word in
the dictionary or in urban planning

*grimy base of the bowl grimy base of the bowl
corporation corporation hygiene hygiene grimy
base of the bowl is is is is is iiii*

and the corporation's white papers, here where
every conceivable human need's simply
brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity

Brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity
 lies the Black Square (which is so-called after an
 ironworks) as a monument to what was un-
 scrupulous speculation and mere profiteer

ing. The floor space ratio is 2.5 po-
 pulation density over five hu-
 ndred per hectare. A blueprint covered by fing-
 erprints and soot's black tracery of lacing.

*soot's black tracery of lacing and soot's and soot's
 draws a draws a draws a draws a draws a
 is is is is is is is is is is it it*

There is no excuse for the high and mighty
 architects or the social authorities.
 Every morning the shadow draws the new day.

Every morning the shadow draws the new day.
 like black rims under eyes and blue marks that tell
 of malnutrition and many blows that fell
 from police truncheons or from some other way

terror naturally arises in a
 space where people are crammed like sardines in a
 tin or less than that. Every morning in air
 of misty propane gas the sun rises, there

*rises in propane gas rises in propane gas
 people are crammed are crammed in propane gas are are
 are are are are are in in fifth Nørrebro*

there to the east over the goods railway ter-
 rain, where its rays gradually go astray
 in the cracked layers nameless facades' display.

13

Nørrebrogade, axis of steel in a
different way: a cherry tree branch, mean pro
portional, flag-lined avenue for all tho
se who believe in ideas, barrica

de between grey and grey, a gutter that's lined
in the body, a neon track through the mind,
the bluebottles' kaleidoscope, petrol tor
nado, the colour of amniotic wa

ters, corroded spirit level, cicero
text, Job's book of asphalt, growthplace of iro
n crosses, pitch-black arteries, star of oil,

the heart's crumpled cartridge paper, crank for the
revolutions of the city, death's papier
mâché glove, small copper coin, worn and spoiled.

14

In the cracked layers nameless facades' display
the history of disease or poverty
can be read without any more ado. Each
wall is a chapter in the story that may

be characterised right from the outset as
a nasty mess. Here you can learn much more a
bout democracy than from all of the acts
of parliament and its fundamental laws.

*in layers layers layers layers seven layers
may may may may may may may Nørrebro
layers layers layers layers layers layers layers*

You can suddenly understand why dreari
ness is unavoidable and also why
by pent-up fugginess fury is beset.

15

By pent-up fugginess fury is beset
though not here precisely in the centre of
Nørrebro, monotony's grey spot where rep
etitions gradually replace each o

ther in a never-ending mirroring
of filthy window-panes. In this part of the
town only 10% of apartments have a
shared bathroom less than 75% a simple thing

*see the apartments the apartments see see see
the drudgery drudgery drudgery drudgery see
sweat sweat sweat sweat sweat sweat sweat see*

like one's own toilet. Therefore the dreams are here
so grimy, are claustrophobically near
and drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat.

16

And drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat
over backyard industries and factories:
General Motors and Schiønning and Arvé, these
smell, no matter by what wind your nose is met,

like dead cats. Storage buildings are often found
where you would have hoped to find a child's playground,
you will discover workshops instead of kind
ergartens, full parking lots are all you find

*come and hear come and hear come the factory
full of the the the industry industry
workshop workshop and industry*

instead of schools. You can find institutions
where all of the doors are locked from the inside.
Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys

17

Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys
clocks and hairdressers' saloons that disappear
in a rapid succession of clouds of bur
ning feathers and competition. Small grocers

that find themselves squeezed out between the su
permarket's blue pyramids of tinned produce.
Come and hear the the din caused by main tra
ffic thoroughfares where they become large deltas.

*that disappear in clouds that disappear
in clouds that come and hear a drawn-out ele
gy come a hear a drawn-out elegy*

Come and hear the police patrol's piercingly
wailing sirens when they are all re-echoed
from the backyard ghetto with its open doors.

18

From the backyard ghetto with its open doors
guitar playing sometimes is heard as it pours
out into mild summer evenings among ru
ins of Saturn and refuse bins. From time to

time peace sometimes can descend on a public
holiday and people get together just
like that among the skulls of the many cats
so as to celebrate a sudden calm that

*guitar playing is heard get together
to celebrate a sudden calm upward plume
upward plume plume plume among the refuse bins*

comes from the factory wheels that no more turn
the smoke that does not trace its upward plume, from
the chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls.

19

The chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls.
Having nothing to do with Christian faith at all
at most a reflex from distant school lessons).
They are an expression of fantasy, of

boredom or of nothing at all. If you venture
deeper into the yards you are pretty sure
to come across hearts, arrows and words or e
ven 'prick' or 'cunt'. Furthest in you may well see

at most a reflex from distant school lessons
at most a reflex from distant school lessons
at most a reflex from distant school lessons

the red five-pointed stars (Red Anarchy) on
doors and woodwork, where people are to be spared.
Are they graffiti of hatred or of pain?

20

Are they graffiti of hatred or of pain
those slogans that have been written across
the roadway of Nørrebrogade: We will
never surrender, – Long live The Building and:

less police force – more kindergartens, or are
they perhaps the most realistic things you
have seen in a long time the most down to
earth? The local politicians fashion their

*the local politicians fashion their an
swers in concrete and in office buildings*
out in concrete and in office buildings

answers in concrete and in office buildings,
while you can hardly permit yourselves answers,
you who only live in what is pure theory.

You who only live in what is pure theory
 how could you ever acknowledge the filth and
 the oil's peacock wings fully, you who'd gladly
 split a hair in Marx's beard if you could and

discuss angels' auras or write simplistic
 political poems, articles and long
 essays, only have your information
 from the clinical tables of statistics

*aaaaaaaaaddddddddddddddeeeeeee
 eeeeeggggggggggmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnn
 ooooooorttttttttttøøøååååå*

(extensive rows of what are dead butterflies),
 you who dwell in a hermeneutic circle
 how will you solve the enigmas of practice?

How will you solve the enigmas of practice?
 by sending in reader's letters from Slagel
 se and good advice from residential sub
 urbs (with lily-of-the-valley fragrance or

Solomonic seals). Come out and live here in
 the cramped and narrow passage-like apartments,
 where the widows frizzle up here in the dark
 from too few kisses. Come and live in soda

*aaaaaaaaaddddddddddeeeeeeeeeee
 eeeeeggggggggggiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
 ttttttttvvvvvyøøøååååå*

and ashes for a few years, before recom
 mending the policemen to draw their truncheons.
 Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see.

23

In Ryesgade the sun shines in through my blue
money trees at five o'clock each afternoon
in the summer, even though time in a way
has come completely to a halt (it has stayed

stock-still in the foundation clock opposite).
Not until everything once more is as it
was in the beginning will the great spell be
broken as when a ring in water or sea

suddenly meets its shore. It is a Hell to
live together with you, and it's Hell as well
to have to live without you, my beloved,

but a different kind of Hell one that is
so utterly meaningless as a sky that
is devoid of swallows, an earth without grass.

24

May the seventeenth. I walk down along Fre
densgade. We have done this so often on
our opposite sides, divided by a scarcely
visible boundary. And now I am con

sidering buying begonias or some
other flowers of appeasement. But it's way
too late, I know that. A bottle of Brøndum
snaps instead perhaps? – I have now reached the pave

ment on the corner of Tagensvej. No met
aphors in that connection only a hot
dog stand. I could always buy one yet again,

or something else. I've really no idea.
My indecisiveness increases like the
clouds on the horizon, like an express train.

25

There lies Elmegade. It's perhaps stupid
to say this, but there are no elm trees growing
here blue and majestic on the retina.
Line three passes along it without naked

women at the wheel. There are three secondhand
shops and apart from that just absurdity.
I never thought of that as a street, to me
it was more like a square without water and

located in some distant suburb, but here
it propagates itself through pipes and conduits
into my nerves or maybe the opposite

is true, I now realise and turn off in
to Birkegade, here where nothing grows in
the afternoon's late windowsills anywhere.

26

The strange form of the lamp-globes on Dronning Lou
ises Bro bridge has always reminded me
of October or Nevsky Prospect in Le
ningrad (even though I honestly have to

admit I have never paid it a visit).
The same is also true about love. I know
very little about it in fact, haven't
been much good at it, although I do see it

in a quite special light (as if through sunken
ice) by which I mean that I believe in it.
Also now that it's on the point of ending

in vivid, mighty robes over the harbour.
What would be the point of filling the sky with
one's personal deprivation and one's pain?

27

On Sgt. Hans Torv the constitution's revoked on the green May evenings. And yet the police operates with commando units as in some second-rate war film. Otherwise there's

GUF with its cheap gramophone records there's Pepino's Restaurant, the nick and my shadow which is falling right now out to where Blegdamsvej lies as well as Ivan Malinow

ski's apartment. There he is perhaps sitting waiting for a particular chime from the church clock right opposite, or he is filling

his corncob pipe with cherry leaves before he starts to write a poem about the rain that at this very moment's beginning to fall.

28

In Røvsinggade one side of the street is missing (as it always does in eternity), General Motors lies on the facing side as a guarantee of continuity.

I don't really have much to say at all today, now that the hawthorn in eastern regions has long since been in blossom and already has said everything there was to be

said. I have become completely superfluous, am no longer able to find the middle's clean and sharp glass fragments that then used to

cut me and make me bleed, so that I felt I was alive. A green fatigue's got hold of me as long drawn-out and indifferent as this street.

29

Hello, Fenmarksgade, how can I draw your attention in my direction. Well, I mean: here I am all dressed up in my jeans and in my desert boots, am smoking my usual

Camel and am contemplating the red walls of the block that have been stained by sunsets, is that enough or do I have to shout down your cornices with a stream of imprecations

and oaths, call your chimneys and your TV antennas to prayer like some muezzin or other. How am I ever to put an end to

the utter boredom of this social housing, which certainly kills far more people here than love and the final lilac trees still standing?

30

In Slotsgade I find half of a five of diamonds. I do not read any symbols in to this, I merely take note of it as of many of the other facts existing in

Nørrebro. That for example the divorce rate is the highest in the country, the mortality rate is even higher, wear and tear resulting from people's workplaces an

increasing problem. I take note of the fact merely. Nørrebro, you quite simply devour love with your asphalt and your gutters, you brand

all traces of human decency with your drainpipes and your bricks, and you both consume and swallow your fellow human beings intact.

At Blågårds Plads the window panes gleam more clearly than with mists on this May day, blue with shadows where I am sitting out here on a bench reading Rupert Brooke's 'War Sonnets' for the twentieth

time. No, my theory has not held water. It is not at all easy to be poor. It is no fun at all to be honest in a world without courage and love. Therefore

this greeting now, my beloved, so as to inform you that it alters nothing except precisely this theory. Each act is equally

difficult, as heavy as a gravestone at Assistens cemetery (not even the angel can annul its materiality).

Yes, precisely here at Assistens cemetery is the only refuge, the only open area in the precinct. And here life reaches its apogee in a quite remarkable

afterbirth of thuja and stone. I can feel the surf and the breakers down there in the depths around my roots almost like an orgasm, and the lilacs' scent is as rare

as the nape of your neck, my beloved, when I am most in need of you, the days when I can only believe in one god. And I know

that everything will return with the exception of our love, because it transformed us, and because it has conquered death in doing so.

I know full well why I'm standing in Titan
gade: so as to write about it. I can
close my eyes, and then it lives on as a white
after-image. And if I open them slight

ly, it shows itself as a red gash behind
my eyelashes, but in actual fact it
is a large and open industrial street
an unsuitable place to live for mankind

unhealthy for cats, sparrows and serrated
garlands of beech trees. There's nothing except e
namel and chrome that can thrive in this precinct.

Both company directors and property
owners should try living here in the stinking
pollution they have produced and created.

Yes, yes, Jagtvej – now it is your turn. On my
bike I swish through your blue proportions. My bike
ride takes me past pharmacies, pillar boxes
and what are called statistical offices,

where the bees drown in ink. A little acid
and yellow with chemicals, an angle bar
in the city. An exception admitted
ly in my context. Perhaps because a girl

I knew committed suicide here, or be
cause a friend realised your museums by
travelling to Bolivia, or because

your delta finally opens out in Ø
sterbro. I haven't the faintest idea.
But today you have the scent of wild horses.

Åboulevarden or Rantzausgade? I
 choose the latter on account of the dirt, the
 dark as well as that which is not. We have not
 walked hand in hand among the furniture shops

here, my beloved. We have never walked in
 to what's called the Rhubarb precinct in order
 to buy a bookcase or painted corner
 shelf, and in that way we have never left it

again. And at the point where it crosses tracks
 with Griffengade we once waited for the
 lights to turn green (remember I let out the

clutch too late on my BSA and nearly got killed?).
 And that bloody crossroads moves with us, it's still
 something we still carry around on our backs.

Well I'm darned! there are field mustard and dande
 lions growing in Lygten street: a last source
 of consolation at the very last bor
 ders. Although the very last will always be

the very last. Here a quotation from an
 y bible won't help you. The first shall be the
 first, the poor the poor, and so on, for ever
 and ever in all eternity, amen!

In the capital's circles are no squares that
 could possibly remedy these facts. So let
 us therefore for the time being stop off at

Café Lygten, my beloved, to forget
 everything that is disagreeable un
 der the silver shadow of the CHP station.

II

Sanctus Januarius

39

It is midnight on the first
of January. I am
tired of the dark. That is perhaps because the di
amonds of the windows gleam
more purely than the Great Bear
with ice-crystals. And long passages are filled
with snow and the funeral
smell of the fir-tree for
ests. Long corridors that con
nect the heart with cold gusts of
wind and with frozen ant-hills. The energy of
the mind is at a mini
mum and dreams have been corroded by cadmium.

40

On Wednesday morning I find
three dead kittens on the mat
inside the front door with their jaws burst wide open
aaa eeeeeeeee fff
with frost and their eyes blinded
by snow and truth, while the small umbilical cords
stand on end like broken ox
ygen tubes. God if nature
(where everybody devours
each other) is your work, I
see no other possibility than to re
mmmmmm rrrrrrrrrrr
turn the crucifix that I wear around my neck.

41

I am sitting in my new
peacock sweater and am lis
tening to Iggy Pop's 'Kill City' which happens to
ddddddd eeeeeeeeeeeeeee
nnn ooo rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
be one of my favourite records. And from the
very depths of my soul rise
flapping raven's wings. A taste
of ink fills my mouth, I make
an attempt to recall my
shadow, but the gleam of the violet candle
holds it captive on the mag
ical, orange and uncut mecca of the carpet.

42

Suddenly there is a peach
tree standing in my conscious
ness in the middle of winter, and I think of
Meng Chiao's Ch'ang-An of jade
which only exists quite near
the green provinces of my imagination
ddd eeeeeeeee mmm
since I have never been there.
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
I myself am surrounded
by telephones, thermometers, beer bottles and
an increasing darkness that
rises in the night like the waters of the Flood.

43

But there was a picture hang
ing at the social secur
ity office, a watercolour with unripe
aaaaaaaa bb eeeeeeeee
apples, green as immortal
ity in a blue bucket that symbolised this pover
ty, this existence that so
inexorably and un
conditionally makes holes
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
in the enamel, so that the rust can richly
decorate it to pieces.
Where has it got to? Why is it no longer there?

44

In Fælledparken the ha
zel thickets have the colour
of old red wine-stains today, a sight that is so
cc eeeee eeeee nnn
far removed from the earli
er pure religious winter landscapes of my youth.
rrrrr rrrrr rr vv
Back then when Tu Fu's poet
ry branded itself on my
heart with its austere and black
calligraphy. Its pale light of jade is now fall
ing on the snow of this sheet
of paper without reflecting any shadows.

45

Often when I am most tired
aaaa eeeeeeeee
inspiration comes to me and as if they were
something randomly let fall
ttttttttt uuu
my best poems come into being. But this ap
parent randomness is al
ways the result of a rig
orous preceding necess
ity. On this particu
lar evening I am going to place my trust in
my typewriter because fire
would definitely flare up from of my paper hell.

46

This is a farewell poem
to one of my friends. Togeth
er we investigated the whiteness within
the whiteness. Our friendship was
rich and it was stronger and
more masculine than an acacia tree. But
it fell apart on the way
up towards the top of the
butterfly mountain. And now
I leave you behind in the
shadows, the transparent shadows of the spirit,
while you without scorn leave
me behind in the blue spirit of the shadows.

47

I catch the line ten at Fre
dens Bro. Out across the Lakes
it is as white as a great loss of memory.
My errand is to bring home
Sortedamsøen and my
butter, milk and choux pastry as well as rye-bread
topping. My thoughts today are
unruly, they are reflect
ed against the ice and get
and my and my and my
lost. In the daytime Sortedamssøen is dark
er than the wings of starlings
at night they are even brighter than window panes.

48

On Twelfth Night, the day before
Epiphany, I drink three
cups of hash tea (homegrown in Albertslund)
my my my my my
and retire to inner mead
owlands that are gleaming with neon and ether.
Not that it seems to be all
that strong, more because I feel
my God God God
I would like to disappear
for a moment from the realities of life
and from the costs that have to
be paid for what is called spiritual life.

49

I cannot explain to you
why it is I go out to
Assistens Cemetery on this cold and wet
winter's day, that grows dark in
God God God God God
most worldly colours. Why it is I seek the
God my my my God
ivy and thuja's dark king
dom of death and farewell. Here
it smells of rotten apples
methyl alcohol and sorrow's category.
I cannot explain to you
what I am doing here for a gruelling hour.

50

It hasn't snowed during the
night. Out in the fields the pop
py seeds lie safe and sound in the soil. My wife has
her period just now. I
am laying a semantic
network of blue squares out over the table cloth.
which which my my my God
God God God God God
And I do not exactly
know how I am to express
it exactly, but the happiest form of love
is almost worse and even
more painful than the unhappiest form of love.

51

I am reading Chuang Tsi
at the moment and therefore
am longing frightfully for butterflies of ev
ery sort. I can sit for hours
on end and imagine to
myself how the pine hawk moth with wings that are the
the the the the the my my
colour of violins is
hovering over the na
tural-historical lunar cities that Max
my my my my my my
Ernst has painted in his triptych of suffering.

52

Sonata number one. A
labyrinth of white alge
bra inside which I lose my way late one evening
which which my my
and all that I find is dead
birds and heads of fishes, that turn the blind pupils
of their eyes upward towards
the completely empty sky.
God are you there, where clouds are
furiously chasing through
my brain like cotton, steam from locomotives or
my my my my
frozen breath over the glass of eternity?

53

It is my room that looks out
onto the street, whitewashed and
without cornices and turrets for a Montaigne.
My wife's room looks out over
the yard, from where one can now
in the wee hours of the night sometimes see a
blue surgical light from the
opposite neighbour's windows.
There's the tiny room whose plaster
rosette gleams in the astronomy
of the ceiling and there's the enamel
kitchen table providing
enough gas for an eventual suicide

54

Out towards the west the sky
is changing colour from blue
to red as when litmus paper's dipped in acid.
It is probably my love
II only ice ice
that is flaring up in a last conflagration
down there behind the Codan
building the lonely chimneys
and the depression of the
ice ice ice ice ice ice
gables. I hurry back towards home in order
to knock back a few extra
strong Elephant beers here in the increasing cold.

55

When I go down to the green
grocer's and stand among the
plums and red cabbages I often think of Fass
sing sing sing
binder's beautiful film 'The
greengrocer's four seasons'. Birnen frische Birnen
I softly sing internal
ly not to the owner of
the shop but just to myself.
in in in the shop the shop
And instead of the heavy afterbirth of tins
from the machine age I buy
some cabbage, haricots verts and asparagus.

56

I feel more or less happy
today not on account of
any breathing or the lotus position, but
I discover this sudden
ice ice ice ice ice ice
sense of joy between two verses by Mong Kao Jen,
ice ice in in in in ice
a sudden flash of winter
lightning that causes the World
to appear in a differ
ent light, a sudden sense of liberation that
causes me to wish that both
of us might die simultaneously, beloved.

57

We have eaten calf's liver
for dinner and a bitter
smell of onions and death spreads out across the room
Fassbinder in in bitter
bitter bitter bitter
like a belated reminder of the drop of
blood from the carcass that con
ceals itself behind forks sil
verware and calculations.
Flesh unto flesh. I do not
deny the soul, but it's the body that remains
my guarantee. Without this
ballast we are choked by the spirit's diver's bends.

58

I woke up in the night at
about half-past four. I lay
for a long time contemplating the light from the
street lamp on the new philo
dendron leaf, and then went to
the toilet. My stool was completely uniform.
I in I in I in I
it wasn't black but yellow
and lay floating there. No blood
y wonder after twenty milligrammes
of dulcolax. But at least
no signs of an ulcer yet only gastritis.

59

Sonata number two. A
path that leads down to an a
bandoned greenhouse, the broken panes of which
snow snow snow and and
and and from from and
have been repaired using pieces of black plastic.
Chipped flowerpots containing
withered plants that have surrend
ered the last vestiges of
their white light as they were dy
ing. A vast silence and irrigation hoses
that connect nothingness with
nothingness. God, is this your empty hideaway?

60

Now that we have made our souls
quite inseparable.
Now that we have put our two bodies together
beloved, death has become
twice as large as before. Your
eyes are green with librium, winter is just a
bout to draw near it is the
time of year when people's eyes
shine most brightly, and I can
see the two shadows under
them, because they reflect a great darkness which
we once happened to pass by
in an immense and stormy act of love-making.

61

Earlier I used to write
poetry in earnest, now
I write poetry for dear life and to keep no-
thingness from my door. My black
shadow no longer shines stud-
ded and virtually invincible against
the icy pavements and cyc-
le-paths of Ryesgade.
you this nothingness
Soon I will not have a pen
ny to my name. But the person who owns nothing
nothingness nothingness
will neither lose anything nor miss anything.

62

When I consider the large
poster of Che Guevara
in shades of black and red which hangs above my so-
fa, I get this feeling of
calm. Along with the thought that
precisely now at some location or other
in the World a red admi-
ral butterfly is sitting
with outspread wings also has
you consider to be to be
a calming effect on me, despite the fact that
to be the colours the colours
it is only my fear that maintains this image.

63

My wife is busy embroidering a cornflower. It has exactly the same colour as her eyes have or *the eyebrows the eyebrows which which* the eye-shadow with which she colours her eyebrows: a lightish blue Rimmel. *colour colour coloured*
Her hair looks exactly like a burning thornbush. I take off her shoes of magenta red butt leather and I kiss her. The feast of love quite possibly begins when you reach the point of loving her faults most of all.

64

The light in the fire alarm has a blue gleam like xenon light in spirit, but that doesn't affect me at all. I'm in a different World some place else in Li Po's amazingly lovely lacquer and azure mountains. *mountains the mountains*
The poet who struck the heart hardest. The wounds that now reopen time and time again. I am far away, am quite simply taking my *the mountains you amazed* farewell of youth, of beauty and of poetry.

65

It is a different type of
snow today, large transcendent
al flakes that are gently descending like hemlock
the snowflakes the snowflakes
umbels over the asphalt.
In the twilight I go out into the kitchen
and make an open sandwich
with Swedish salad. Almost
because otherwise I don't
you fell have fallen
know what to write about. It tastes absolutely
delicious, I down a snaps
in honour of the gastric juices' secretion.

66

Sonata number three. A
spiral staircase of sapphire
and snow that leads all the way down to a winter-
IIIIII you
like harbour where the shipwreck's silent planets of
tin and salt are orbiting
around an empty bottle
and a heart that has been hard
ened of green glaze. For what heart
is moved any more when one is past forty years
of age. God, is it your flag
that is fluttering white down by these empty shores?

67

God, everything between us
will carry on as before as
with the stone in a stream that is only washed clean
on the one side. I recall
a work by Kienholz that was called:
God bless America. And the sculpture
now stands in my memory
with its defective el
ectric motor and all its
black tubes of pain, because it
somehow managed to reveal the profane aspect
of the way in which we seek to
make contact with you in your white private clinics.

68

Nature morte from the kitch
en table: a packet of
butter a knife with serrated edge two teaspoons
is yellow is yellow is is to
next to the chopping board on
which there lies a lemon that has been cleft in two
lemon to lemon to lemon
(almost a monument to
Willem Kalf) a clay teapot
along with a candlestick
without yellow paraffin-wax candles lit like
a metaphysical fetich,
or to put it more simply: die Dinge an sich.

69

The thirteenth of January
y. North wind. The window panes
soon misted, and I draw with my index finger
in house in house in house in house
a house and a ship, and for
incomprehensible reasons I write: the star
in house as house as house
in large capital letters.
I have slept both long and well.
My wife is rummaging a
round reassuringly somewhere. Everything seems
more or less OK. For what
reason then do I feel this urge to be nasty?

70

I do not know if the clouds
above the Yangtse river
look like those that are now slowly drifting through my
are quite marvellous
are quite marvellous
consciousness full of tulip petals as in
the poems of La Ksu Feng.
I do not know if the trees
that stand here in my subcon
scious are able to com
pete with the plum trees that are in blossom in the
province of Chekiang, but do
know that my imagination is quite supreme.

71

Satan, your bird has lost a
feather somewhere in my room.
Satan, from time to time the flames in your ruby
than the flames
are so strong that I believe
they originally came from God. Satan, in
the game of chess we are play
ing I do a long castling.
Satan, you are perhaps most
in your rubies
dangerous when you do not tempt. Satan, my res
pect is great. But in spite of
this I remark: fy, fy, whatever that may mean.

72

Dark wings close my eyes, and ev
erything goes green behind my
eyelids. It could possibly be because of the
salicylic acid I
take in far too large doses,
it does nothing to help my restlessness, and not
bird bird bird bird
at all any mental pain.
Deep inside over gardens
that resemble a sunken
Versailles a bird makes sparks against the rainbows a
than Versailles bird bird
bove my heart whenever it brushes against it.

73

Sonata number four. Fro
zen apple-tree branches in
the mind's gardens, where only blackbirds are to be
seen as well as indistinct
God is white is white than
footprints left behind by Christ, who once made his way
through the frost and scattered the
hoar of the Holy Spirit
over bushes and fountains.
white in garden in garden in gardeni
God, do you sacrifice the birds and the black ber
ries to pain and to the win
ter's almost electrical flame of transcendence?

74

Song to my father, who I
never knew, only met in
a cinema or in Tivoli and even though
he is dead now, I have no
wish in that direction, no
secret hope. And he, who wishes nothing for him
self, who hopes for nothing is
not to be disappointed.
Dispassionately I make
up my mind about his pa
ternal contribution: no child maintenance, the
funny farm. So maybe I've
inherited imagination's straitjacket

75

When I look into my cat's
eyes, I can see the T'ang dy
nasty far inside in the glowing jade and brass
I see when I see
which has a gleam similar
to the one found in the base of certain vases.
It is said by some that I
waste my love on cats when there
are so many human be
ings who suffer. Fine by me! In that case my love
and my words will both perish
The T'ang dynasty
just like the unwritten poems of Liu Hsieh.

76

Today what's on the menu
is portuguese red wine and
export snaps, a strange mixture, but it keeps you warm.
when the swans are singing
when the swans are singing
Go for a walk. At Peblingesøen a Dan
koff hot dog stall stands, I not
ice. The hot-dog man says that
as yet he has never heard
the swans sing. The endless din
of the car traffic. Sct. Jørgens Sø re
sembles large reservoirs, cool
ing water systems for nuclear reactors.

77

I imagine a mirror
decorated with a strip
of white paper and a sprig of fir as a sym-
bol of zen-buddhism's no-
I see there see there see
thingness. But I mirror myself in Wang Wei's blue
farewell song. May my poetry
for the most part be equally
pure and equally
transparent, but from time to
time unclear, unintelligible and just as
there see there see there see
completely meaningless as life itself or death.

78

My beloved, I know that
you are fondest of strawberries
and cream, and everybody has of course a
personal vice so as to
be able to plumb the depths
of this life. It is only when we carry this
that you love that you love
out that we sink to the bottom,
there where the crumbs from the
rich man's table lie in snow.
But one day just try out even so strawberries
strawberries and cream
with wine or a glass of effervescent champagne.

79

Medlar berries have a sour
taste I confirm, although I
am well able to reach them there in the snow red
as coral or the heart's blood.
which capsized there which cap
And I remember another tree, a rowan
tree, the torn-up crown of which
resembled the large, naked
innermost roots of the heart.
It stood in the corner of
the wind, there where our love would finally capsize
capsize naked roots of the heart
in the white alchemy of a second winter.

80

Sonata number five. A
mountain of precious stones and
cocaine, on which there stands a classical marble
that God dies that God dies
bust that is totally envel
oped in black lace and fluttering black mourning crape.
that God dies coma-blue
God, I have scratched my knees un
til they bleed on shards of glass and
on egg-shells, barbed wire. And I've
also run my head against a coma-blue star
out of anger in order
to find this infinity full of thawing-snow.

81

I have smoked three pipes of hash
without ending up getting
high, but instead find myself with something like a
nicotine shock and I be
gin to think forbidden thoughts,
thoughts that deaden like potassium bromide. It
would be a truly swinish
act to abandon the wo
man who has given me
everything, even the mind,
the shadows of the soul gleam like wisteria
in the late-spring evening's tin.
But it could be I am precisely such a swine.

82

There are only a couple
of spoonfuls left of the row
anberry jelly my mother gave us as a
present just a week ago.
That's how things always are e
ven eternity is not eternal, simply
the rowanberry jelly
black lightning. But mother ex
plain to me why it is that
I'm besotted with swallows.
Mother, you wanted to have a son, tall and strong,
my mother gave a present
and instead you brought a centaur into the world.

83

The winter reaches its centre
in a brass nodal point.
Soon it will be the feast of Candlemas out there.
The tax authorities send
there is there is there is there is
me a letter. They want to have five thousand kroner
by the first of the month.
The labour allocation
system is a pure farce (God
be praised), and my books are not
selling at all. Too indigestible my publisher
it is winter winter
feels. But one cannot live on soup alone.

84

This modern Sisyphean
labour: my beard is there a
gain each and every morning: and once more the first
there is there is there is there is
there is there is winter winter
downward stroke is on my right cheek. That, the psychologists
say is how an optimist shaves himself. Outside
the sun's shining. Snow-berry
morning. Just for once there are
simply oceans of socks lying in the drawer, there
are fresh shirts by the dozen.
Just once in a while life is the best thing around.

85

In the afternoon I go
out into my mother's garden
and take a look at the bamboo plants. What can
I possibly learn from the
gentle rustling of their leaves
that are almost like tin-foil in the wind. What
there are there are there are
secret messages does this
spontaneity conceal,
the poetry of Li Chi
as open as the poetry of Li Chi, who precisely
makes use of the bamboo
plant as an expression of the mind's membrane.

86

Blue winter or green winter
or a Rød Ålborg winter.
The one bottle directly after the other.
that it puts out
I could wait with the window
pane for the arriving sunrise, I could watch it
put out the alabaster
lamp, but I do not do so.
I lie down on the divan
right under the tapestry
from China which has inverted bridges of jade.
that it puts out
My body is the one and only anchor I have.

87

Sonata number 6. A
mirror in a wood at night, which
does not reflect anything except the descend
God reflects himself God re
ing snowflakes as large as owl
feathers bees or the torn-off wings of but
terflies. God, is it your cran
ium full of pine needles
and thawing snow at the foot
of this pier glass, the uni
versal tabula on which not a single sign
flects himself God reflects himself
of any kind whatsoever has been inscribed?

88

I miss the insects when it
is wintertime: the violet
weevil, the red click beetle or blue ground beetle.
Even though they are extreme
ly rare in Denmark. I search
without success for mosquitoes and for mayflies
that used to burn up high in
the sky last summer like a
crackling bonfire of thorn bushes.
Everything I used to love,
whatever becomes of it. My youth and its tears.
That which never (unlike the
beetle) makes its return from the endless whirling?

Another winter song to
 my father, who lived in an
 apartment that had once belonged to Lange-Müll
Lange-Müller like a
Toyota like a Toyota
 ler in a house that was enclosed by vine leaves. The
 dachshunds which he owned were called:
 Chap, and the last one he had
 died together with him in
 a Toyota under a
 lorry-load of beech cones on A road number four A.
 His loneliness: not to
 have left a trace of any kind in his son's heart.

Ten minus centigrade. The
 cold stands like a glass plate be
 tween me and my longing. In the cellar I
 find in the darkness a card
I find I find I find
 board-box that contains yellow and wrinkled quinces.
I find I find I find
 such a bitter fruit that on
 ly love and the winter ever
 produce. Coloured paper lamps
 that once shone in the bushes of late-summer
 in the garden as well as
 the green poetry of Po Chü I and Yan Chen

91

The twenty-second of January. I'm laying out the Tarot cards (the one called The Major Arcana),
I'm laying I'm laying
and I turn up the card number fourteen 'Temperance' as output between Tipha
reth and Jesod in the middle column. It is to be interpreted as in
piration and energy.
The ninth house and Sagittarius are the frame of reference. But in spite of everything I feel utterly depressed.

92

Beloved, my love for you is completely unskakeable but as complicated as putting back together a broken faience cup where 'my love forever' has been written in small letters of gold leaf.
Beneath the picture which I refer to as Byron's grave,
I'm sitting in night's amber.
It has taken us ten whole years to get to this
beloved beloved
dew point where love becomes tightly packed into love.

93

It is eight o'clock. I take
an aspirin and at once
the white angels of physics make their ap
angel hover angels hover
like angels like white angels
pearance and supply my body with relief
and wings, so that I'm able
to hover once again o
ver matter floors and waters.
I dance for at least four min
utes in front of the mirror. Only my mirror
image and Paul la Cour's like
ness over the writing desk observe me closely.

94

Sonata number seven.
A great altar of ice with
seven rusty crosses a drum with chemicals
I see God I see
and a medallion which
is without any image and inscriptions on
I see like snow like snow
it. God, am I to find you
here in this cathedral that
is built out of thunder, of
snowstorms and the white dodecahedrons of rea
son that lie raffled on the
eleventh commandment of coincidences?

Suddenly winter is like
 the Acropolis out there
 on the horizon, where the clouds accumulate
 in the imagination.
 Columns of purity that
 no longer belong to me. That which I am fond
 est of, why do I not hold
 it tightly in my arms or
 in the temple of the heart.
 Why do I let them go, the bluebirds of happi
 ness. Because perhaps love it
 self is a similar form of liberation?

A song to death. I once paid
 a visit to the fami
 ly grave at Holmens Kirkegård, but when I re
 alised that not even the
the dead and the the dead
 grave can hold onto the dead it has not
the dead and the dead
 been of any interest
 to me since. And the closer
 it approaches, the further
 away it seems to be, or the less we talk a
 bout it. As if death only
 took a second. Whereas it lasts one's entire life.

97

I'm standing in the snow at
Sortedams Dosseringen,
the slopes of which look like anemones in flower.
stand stand and stand
It quite conceals the lake's ice,
only a single haiku in black is sensed here.
opens and opens and opens
If only the snow covered
the past as effectively
as these eternal miles do.
But a surgical incision opens the hori
zon in a hyacinth stripe
in memory of the days allotted to us.

98

Midnight. Before I go to
bed I take a pro-banthine
tablet, one of these small pink zeppelins that final
ly makes its way down to the
I and zeppelins
solar plexus. Are they what is responsi
ble for a steadily di
minishing sexual urge re
cently. I am past forty
years of age. Point-blank. I have
gained the usual insight regarding stress, spleen
I and zeppelins
and the humming-birds that are said to pierce the heart.

Because I have read Lu Xun
 the snow is now also fall
 ing in my dreams. Early snow over the cry
and the snow and the snow
and the snow and the snow
 santhemums and mountains in the China of
 my imagination. I
 get up, weigh the stones I've lost. The
 cats are to have their tinned food
 and another treatment for worms.
 My wife loves me, and so do I love her. There is
 no constrast that's involved here.
 So it is now is a matter of holding on tight.

Song to my stepfather. I al
 always felt a bit ashamed
 about calling you 'Daddy'. You reminded
 me a little bit of
 James Stewart when he is most
 awkward and obstinate. I was very fond
 of you, although I did not
 understand why during your
 life's last years you carried a
stars stars stars
 briefcase full of twine. I'll let the
stars the stars that
 North Star burn for you, since you showed me where it stood.

101

Sonata number eight: de
serted fields, expanses of
snow over which Sirius sparkles like a sat
you and you and and and
ellite that burns up and dis
integrates on its meeting with the earth's at
mosphere, and the smoke from dis
tant factory chimneys re
sembles the large flights of birds
that you only see in dreams
as an omen of death. God, there is not even
a single echo that an
swers my cry to you, assuming that you are here.

102

I've tried the whole lot of them:
Brøndum, Harald Jensen,
Porse, Havstryger, Rød, yes even Akeleje.
The Maltese cross is branded
on my back like some sort of
spider. And when I raise my glasses to the sky
to allow spirits to be
united with spirits, I
often think of my mater
nal grandfather (someone
I rated very highly) because he was called
'Snapsen' in the navy. Or
Hommage à De Danske Spritfabrikker.

103

Lao Tse walks quite literally
through these lines of verse
in a cloud of plum blossom. He is walking down
a dark staircase without a
this burning
ny steps, with a white band round his hair and a
this burning
sprig of buckthorn in his hand.
He is on his way towards
the inexpressible, that
place in the poem which does not exist, which fools
therefore call nothing. See on
the other hand the emptiness after Lao Tse.

104

I've only seen one single
bird this winter: a blackbird
embedded in a block of dry ice smoking with
false beauty. Its bitter juniper
eye looks at me so penetratingly that I feel a sense of depression,
suddenly suddenly
a vague fear from distant syndromes, and I suddenly
think of my maternal
grandfather, who on his deathbed whispered blue-lipped
only suddenly only
he'd been promoted to the rank of admiral.

105

The little she-cat that we
call Mopsy has got fleas I
am able to confirm, partly because the piece
cat cat cat cat which
of paper on which the po
em's going to be written on is covered
with hundreds and thousands of
poppy seeds (i.e. flea shit)
partly because I have been
bitten under the edge of
my sock. The wound looks like a red mountain summit.
there there and in and in in
But when was a flea-bite quite so magnificent.

106

The full moon, pale as a coin
of aluminium glazed
with watercolour, there it rises envel
Li Yu Li Yu Li Yu pale
rises like rises like rises
oped in gauze over the proscenium
of the mind into the poe
try. Into the reali
ty of this poem among
mourning branches of larch, where
now among others the poet and the emper
or Li Yu are bathing in
the gleam of its radiant ontology.

107

Instead of going to a
church service and celebra
ting a white mass, I go and visit Loui
mass mass mass
siana, not so much for
the sake of the pictures as that of the sky, rich
and blue with enamel in
the corner of the eye's scant
y light. God, your sky's so
giddyingly tall here in
early winter I almost only dare look
Louisiana mass mass
up into its empty cathedral at night.

108

Sonata number nine. A
thorn bush black as congealed
blood beneath the moon, where you also prick your
God's bleeding God's bleeding
bleeding this this
self till you bleed and the shadows' velvet an
gel-wings are ripped to pieces.
God, is this your diamond
i can see glittering in here
or is it the never-end
ing series of flashlights coming from sato
ris and annihilations
taking place in the ruptured mind of mankind?

109

That which we loved, why is it
that we leave it behind us
in the waiting rooms of random distant rail
way stations that have this smell
of disinfectant and of
paraffin wax candles that have been snuffed out. Or
let it stand among the mir
rors of the mind's triptych where
a ray from the moon bores like
a metal drill without cut
ting oil into the aluminium of
the memory. We, the trav
ellers without either suitcase or luggage?

110

Half the truth at any rate
is that we intervene phys
ically as a rule when we are faced with
what are simply bagatelles:
an overturned ironing board
for example, or dog-ears in diverse books
from the local library.
Whereas discrepancies that
are of a far more profound
yes yes yes yes yes yes
nature tend to give us pause for thought and for
we we we we we we
seriousness, yes almost for devotion.

111

Today I buy a bottle
of cherry wine so as to
drink together with Tao Chien. So there are three
of us around the red glass:
wine wine wine only
him, myself and his spectre, which now once more
releases the spirit from
matter via the immort
ality of wine. I spill
five drops over the pages
of the poem. There they'll bear witness to our
only only only only
informal meeting for a long time to come.

112

The snow outside has now turned
into a state of mind rath
er than a meteorological fact. And
I am thinking of the po
and and and and you you you
et, the emperor Wu Ty, who collected snow
only only only only only
and the dew of heaven in
gigantic ceramic urns,
perhaps as secret ingre
dients for his light-hearted love songs through which
flakes gently descend from the
heart in the form of radiant cherry blossoms.

113

The sun is in Capricorn.
Shining as brightly as tur
pentine or as ether through the window panes.
shining shining
It is a time when you lose
something of yourself, something that the whiteness
through through
erases. It is a time
when you like the hawthorn on
ly pray to be granted sleep.
And nevertheless I try out the stage's ant
lers that we found in Dyre
haven like a gleaming and sharp-whetted scythe.

114

In the billiards saloon I
suddenly find myself think
ing about Hume and the World once more begins
to disintegrate, while the
yes yes yes yes yes only
red ball runs at a rapid velocity
only only only only
from the inner to the
outer universe. I will
never learn it and I pre
fer as did Tso Tsian to drink myself to the
immortal and to wisdom
(but with the aid of Coca Cola and rum).

115

Sonata number ten. A
completely white room covered
with tiles where only a single naked
a a a a a
a a a a a
electric light bulb shines like a krypton light
through acrylic, white as in
fluenza. An utter emp
tiness in a mental and
spiritual sense that's full of
helium, electrons and meaninglessness.
God, what lobotomy's tak
ing place at this faculty of theology?

116

The twenty-seventh of Jan
uary. The ice is now
harder than ever. The ferries are in troub
le on the Great Belt. Yoga
no longer helps me against
my rheumatism, and the car accident
frequency is on the rise.
The eight of spades is out. The
price of petrol's to increase:
oil, aquavit, the most im
portant liquids alongside the waters which
as I have mentioned have froz
en over and are sealed with their white signet.

117

At present I wake up every morning at five o'clock
with a verse from 'Stella Blue' in my head: the
dddd e pp vvvvv yyyyy
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuv
love song. Love is the only thing in the world
that is completely real. I
once wrote that when I was quite
young. And strangely enough I
am still of that peculiar
opinion, despite the fact that it has long
since burn me to a cinder.
For the one who loves most also loses most.

118

January, as tall as
a Tower of Babel. And the
usual questions: what's a poet doing
eeeeeeeeeee fffffff
rrrrrrrrrr abcdefghij
on the paths of thought. Shouldn't he be out on
the mighty blue ocean of
passion with poppies blossom
ing in his wake as a special
poetic tribute to love?
But the most dramatic and passionate paths
are precisely those of thought
over the mighty body of this ocean.

119

If my obsessive ide
as are right, each one of these
canzone ought to correspond to a year
of my life. That is why I'm
eeeeeeeeeeeeeee gggg
literally writing for my life, and will
so far make it to eighty.
In that way eternity's
actually waving to
me ahead like prophecies
of peach blossoms, if I'm able to keep
yyyy abcdefghijklmnop
alive long enough to be able to write.

120

My poetry's violet tree
Yggdrasil has its roots in
the metaphysical soil of the sixties,
closer to the lunar sources.
Its trunk stands in the seven
ties as tough and hard as its generation.
aaa bbbb eeeeeeeeeeee
Its crown will unfold in the
bright nineteen-eighties in the
sign of the planet Pluto,
which it bears in its fine foliage.
vvvvvv abcdefghijkl
Thus will its seeds be spread in the nineties.

121

One day in nine sixty
four a great spring tide broke out
in my head and it felt as if I became
schizophrenic: one poet
aaaa eeeee vvvv ååå
and one human being. If they unite the
spring will dry up just as sud
denly. This does not mean I
am saying that art and love
are enemies, only that
there is a cleft, a headless valley which di
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuv
vides them but in this way also connects them.

122

In that way poetry is
admittedly the wound that
connects the inner with the outer uni
aaa eeeeeeeee fffff
jjj rrr vvvvvv øø
verse. To keep it open and clean, to keep the
prism of the spirit cry
stal-clear so that everyday
it can receive the insan
ity and manifest it
without taking account of the cost, as in
Turner's very last pictures,
that is the art in all of these sufferings.

III

125

Fell all the trees that stand in Nørre Allé.
Those we have been worst towards we cannot
anyway bring ourselves to forgive. And what
is more they will soon become invisible

because of car fumes and other forms of pol-
lution. The trees, our old friends that are full of
the sun's cycle spokes and the dizzying
ivory of the last birds' flight feathers,

just let them meet the chain-saw while they yet
are greener than death is, while they still bear
the immense weight of the sky on their sturd

y axis. And let them completely forget
about us, the great annihilators,
who preferred motorways to miracles.

126

In Ravnsborggade the social securi-
ty office lies yellow like a winter ap-
ple. Today I am wearing my army cap
and am feeling fine, newly shaved and steady

of gaze. There are no problems that beset me.
After a ten-minute conversation
about Hölderlin, Novalis and Rilke
with the social adviser he routinely

approves the usual amount and then throws
in eight hundred kroner extra for me to
buy a new bed. It's an excellent insti

tution, I openly admit. But God knows
how things will actually go for one who
doesn't know his German poets quite like me?

127

Yes, and you too Stengade are an extension of the spine: old reflexes for long-forgotten pyromaniac fires come again into view with the sooty ribs of dinosaurs,

when I pick my way through your worldliness, the filth of your middle ages in order to find the just the one trace that oversteps the emblem of what is necessary,

a single sign of loving-kindness. But only the stones conglomerate under the crossed-laid bones of the moon, only the shafts

of the staircases play the roles allotted to them: to function as a kind of pissoir and a hiding place for child molesters.

128

There are puddles in Mimersgade. That is obvious, but there is no wisdom, no sensitivity in the never-ending rows of kerbstones. And I stand there acting as though

it isn't me who is contemplating the lunar landscapes of the dairies in front of me as well as the cycle dealers' glass of carnations, as though my hand is not discreetly

attempting to iron the sunspots from my forehead, as though it isn't my knee that loudly creaks at every step I take, not so as

to make myself invisible, but so as to try out another angle, one that produces a new way of seeing the world.

129

That was heart failure number four, says the hot-dog man as the ambulance whines past. The sirens have that particular sound when it is heart patients they're taking, he adds this bit

of choice information in a laconic way. I stare through the grey and dismal weather across to the place where I was once born. Today the building lies moored like some huge aircraft carrier

rocking gently on the tide of the day. I only hope I don't end up there on the national hospital's tenth floor behind a

screen or bathed in a carbon-arc light, I think and quickly order a hot dog with raw onion on top and too a fizzy orange drink.

130

Please excuse me for Blegdamsvej detaining me slightly, but here as mentioned I came in to the world with a plum-coloured scar staining my neck from my mother's pubis, a long thin

red line to remind me of the pain of life. The sun stood in the second house in Sagittarius, Mars in the ascendant, Pluto in midheaven as certain signs of long battles.

I had almost been choked in a fit of rage I gave my surroundings a wrathful look, I have subsequently been told, but in

spite of these highly inauspicious omens, here I now stand forty years later with a hot dog in the one hand taking stock of things.

131

I return home from Hillerødgade
with a medicine smell in my hair, a cer-
tain whiff of pills and suicide from the
NOVO crematoriums, back to rooms where

you are waiting for me with your chanter
elle mushrooms, marked with the thoughts of death and de-
feat that I have always been. I enter our
home with lungs that are black with stress and I hope

that you, my beloved, will welcome me back
yet one more time and will say something bland
or completely banal to me as: I love

you. And I hope that you will moreover come
towards me wearing a nightdress that is black
with a burning branch of thornbush in your hand.

132

Nørrebrogade: a black milky way,
a brocade of sleep and broken glass, chalk lines
that lead to Hell, cigarette ends, ace of spades
of nails, triumphal avenue, an inland

sea of kerbstones, or put in another way:
star cylinder, evening turbine, silver ma-
chine in the depths of the subconscious, a
rock'n roll alphabet, go-go table, an end

less strip-tease of cotton commodities, the
last arcana, the very first hours of ever-
y spring, the northern trident and crown, an

asbestos heart, a coupling for violence and
pain, integral of poverty, Toyota
nerve, over-sensitivity's swastika.

133

In Ågade two elderly ladies were
shot at the other day with air pistols from
a skylight window. But why should that be a
ny more unusual than the peace reigning

in Gentofte. There people say: would you be
so kind, here: shut your face! – It means roughly the
same but played in different keys. There it's poss
ible to see the Great Bear so distinctly

over the Sound that you could trace it, here be
hind a gauze-like mist between the factories'
towers of Babel, but it is the same sky.

There people make use of money where here they
use violence to express themselves but it is
still the same people who are behind the hands.

134

I suddenly get the urge to go over
to Vermundsgade at two o'clock at night.
It is mauve under the quartz lighting like a
nervous breakdown. This is where the data

terminal of the Computer Institute
lies like the outermost cerebral cort
ex, where all my remains of poems come from.
A sick eleison in the Western world.

The most literal of my poems: refuse,
the expenses that have to be borne if one
does not want to be recognised if one does

does not understand exactly as in so
ciety: truth as it is reflected (po
llution) one pretends that one cannot see.

135

The Sortedamsøen lake reflects the stars
to death, and in *that* light I stand and hardly
know what I am to do with my thoughts. Will they
resist the pressure exerted by the mighty

winds of truth that today are blowing from the
east with a banner of smoke from Svanemøl
leværket mill, or will they maybe wander
off and get lost in new illusions and in

new excuses for a democracy that
just exists for those who are well-established?
I uncover my head, bang my knee against

a red star and say this prayer: dear God may
your finger like a bolt of lightning strike down
in the midst of this silent hypocrisy.

136

Borup Allé also belongs to Nørre
bro, despite the fact that it is only a
bout as long as a cycle's red inner tube.
Should we find an apartment there with all the

accessories, my beloved, I mean with
a Roman bath and elevator, central
heating and strange niches with rose-patterned wall
paper where I can place a bust of Shel

ley. For it is all over for us here now.
After six years we have worn each other and
the carpets out. Should we perhaps try a third

possibility altogether with French
doors, open fireplace and balcony, where you
could get a chance to air your aggressions?

137

Today I'm measuring all of Tagensvej
foot by foot, paving stone by paving stone (with
out treading on a single crack). There were an
elder and two birds that interested me.

Apart from that just the usual: iron
mongers', cycle dealers' and chemists' shops with
white dust and various chemicals from the
urns. I did not get sun-burnt, nor did I get

any fresh air, but my anatomy may
possibly have benefited from the walk,
my muscles and my Achilles tendons. I

did not solve any world problems or earn a
ny money, but thought solely of you, my be
loved, almost to the point of having spleen.

138

I know very well that I must stop feeding
the cats from Lille Fredensgade, if I
am not soon going to be considered some
sort of complete weirdo in a reserva

tion, someone completely cut off from human
emotions. But if you just once have looked a
wild cat straight in the eye on a winter's eve
ning, when the pupil gleams as red as the pla

net Mars in the dark, or in broad daylight, one
that is full of brass and jade, then you are lost.
For it is like looking at yourself, looking

your own genealogy straight in the eye.
And who in the world would desist from trying
to find food for himself and for his own?

I ride into the very last street in Nørrebro without any cycle lamps and with out a rose in my button-hole. There are no more blue illusions to be lost and there are

no more chalklines to be seen anywhere that divide the truth from the truth. One day you may well end up in such a side-street as this, where the chimney ruins of the moon form a com

plete and perfect backdrop to your own internal state of mind, a one-to-one isomorphism. But that is perhaps not something to

grieve over, for here as mentioned there is no thing for you to miss. One day you will also turn in to your own twilight Todesgade.

How will you solve the enigmas of practice when the redevelopment laws permit a moving back into the slum dwellings that have been designated unsuitable for hu

man habitation. The apartments where the windows of ideas are smashed and the floors of dreams are rotten and leaky, the backs of mirrors are green with rain. Unfortunate

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddddddeeee
 eeeffffffggggggkkkkmmmmnnnnrrrr
 rrrrrsssssstttttvvvpppââââ*

ly can you only lift a lily in de
 fence against the politicians' injustice,
 you who only live in what is pure theory?

141

You who only live in what is pure theory
with no connection to the reality
of the cemeteries or who sit in so-
called modernisation slums in other lo

cations, you have no right to determine if
people should be allowed to keep cats or fla
mingoes for that matter in their own apart
ments, you are not entitled to allevi

*aaaaaaaaaadddeeeeeeffffgggggggg
gggooooooooopprrrrrrrrrrsss
sssvvvvvvvvxyyφφφφφφâââââ*

ate your bad conscience with any coinci
dental, slipshod urban redevelopments
are they graffiti of hatred or of pain?

142

Are they graffiti of hatred or of pain
the many words of abuse on Dronning Loui
ses Bro: lead-fascists lead-poisoners, written
in red lead and chromium oxide, so you

can see yourself at night. Thirty thousand cars
pass over this bridge between six and eight o'
clock in the evening. That amounts to one e
very other second. In the mountains deaths

*written in red lead and chromium oxide
see see see see see see see see see see and and
car car car car car car car the the the the*

are also marked in this quite special way as
in Nørrebro with the imaginary,
the chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls

143

The chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls
are invisible as are the exhaust fumes
carbon monoxide or a sneaking cancer.
They do not originally come from a

Klee picture, but from the mind's own resources
from dreams without air and light, where only hem
lock flowers, from people without number and
without destination, without tulips and

barbed wire's barbed wire's barbed wire's barbed wire's
see see see see see see see see see see see see
barbed wire's also also also also also also

without sky, people only able to see
the fencing, the barbed wire and the restrictions
from the backyard ghetto with its open doors.

144

From the backyard ghetto with its open doors
rises an all-pervading smell of fishcakes,
wet nappies, stubbed-out cigarettes and of fu
ture deliberate fires. No one composes

a haiku to a blackbird here. No one sees
death's yellow light under the autumn leaves, for
everything is grey: the sky, people's eyes and
their excrement. Is this then what you envy

rises an all-pervading smell of fishcakes
smell rises smell rises smell rises
they want they want they don't want and and and and

us, this what you want to stamp out, all you be
hind the seven yale locks of property rights?
Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys.

145

Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys
that rusted a long time ago and that no
longer fit the silver-paper heart of any
slum landlord or estate agent. There are still

eighteen thousand apartments ripe for rede-
velopment waiting for the Trojan horses
of the bulldozers and staggering blow of
the demolition ball. More than thirty thou

*come and hear come and hear come and hear come and
slum landlord slum landlord slum landlord slum landlord
Nørrebro and come and hear from from from from*

sand people are waiting yet again for news
from the authorities' tired wheel of fortune.
And drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat.

146

And drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat,
dark angels over the place of illnesses
that are marked by black dots on the flypaper
of the city map. 'I see, mr. urban

planner,' – I say, when with his stick he points out
certain insalubrious areas, well
aware of the fact that everything (in my
heart of hearts) will remain the same, that poli

*come and see come and see come and see
the illness the illness the illness the illness
frontal sinusitis illnesses illnesses*

ticians won't carry out a blind thing to re-
lieve arthritis or frontal sinusitis.
By pent-up fugginess fury is beset.

147

By pent-up fugginess fury is beset
like blowflies held prisoners in a bottle.
The police quell with a show of outstanding
bravery ten minors and twenty mothers,

while Nørrebro's population is other
wise characterised as a pack of rockers,
communists and troublemakers from other
parts of the city, because in anger they

layers layers layers layers layers layers layers layers layers layers
layers layers come and see come and see come and see
the fury the fury you you beset beset

use their fists as well as bottles to defend
a single building site that is reflected
in the cracked layers nameless facades' display

148

In the cracked layers nameless facades' display
the black wills and testaments stand engraved: no
thing to those left behind except for debt and
the cause of class struggle. There's nothing left o

ver from the rich man's table: only oste
oarthritis, eczema and welfare pay
ments. Unfortunately, the director
says behind his bourgogne glass but it's my res

class struggle class struggle class
struggle class struggle class struggle
class struggle class struggle class

possibility. We can't afford it. – The
poor must pay the price, he goes on tacitly.
Every morning the shadow draws the new day.

Every morning the shadow draws the new day
like a hopscotch figure of strange patterns where
the children hop around among probabil
ity's unlucky numbers of cars, the sud

den motorcycle of a lightning flash and
other extremely reliable methods
of death. – 'You paint an alarmist picture,' peo
ple say. Good! – I reply, God is not in high

*the devil god the devil god the devil
god the devil god the devil god
the devil god the devil god the devil*

favour here, (we're quite happy to hand him o
ver to Skovshoved Sogn) in this catacomb
brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity.

Brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity
are these areas behind the fencing of
propriety pasted over with Benne
weis circus posters and other obsceni

ties. 63% of the population are in fav
our of police's action against Byggeren,
we are informed in the Gallup survey. That
must be the segment that has never been class

*that must be the segment that has never been class
ified among what are called social losers
those who have never set foot in Nørrebro*

ified among what are called social losers,
those who have never set foot in Nørrebro.
Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt.

151

Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt
or walk through the area in wellies or
in sandals. Wear perfectly ordinary
clothing along with an anti-nuclear

badge (like the police's riot squad) and just
saunter around the area like some kal
if or other from the Arabian Nights
among thieves and pimps, among prostitutes (or

the police is the police is the police
the police is the police is the police
the police is the police's riot squad

to put it another way: among the com
mon people). Then perhaps you can understand
the wounded steel and anger of the asphalt.

152

The wounded steel and anger of the asphalt
and the long red hair of the mansards are actu
ally sufficient witnesses, but if you
just go into a random café (haphaz

ardly) – someone will say to you: What the hell,
man, - and another without a doubt: congrat
ulations! And if you can endorse all this,
you have understood something of the entire

aaaaaaaaadddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefff
ggggggggglllllllmmnnn
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrsssssxøøøøøøøøøø

truth and not just simply the fragments which the
press photographers have knitted together.
Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see.

Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see
with your very own if bloodshot eyes every
thing that does not exist here: the kindergar
tens, the play areas, the magnolia

trees. Put away your sun-glasses and look till
your eyes pop out of their sockets (like Herod
otus, who managed to satisfy his cu
riosity on a heap of corpses). There are

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddeeeeeeeegggg
gggggggiiillmmmmmmnnnoooo
rrrrrrrsssssstttttvvvøøååå*

deeds without words, fresh new slum clearances
under the ink, but all of you theorists
how will you solve the enigmas of practice?

Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see
the wounded steel and anger of the asphalt.
Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt
brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity.

Every morning the shadow draws the new day
in the cracked layers nameless facades' display.
By pent-up fugginess fury is beset
and drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat.

Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys
from the backyard ghetto with its open doors.
The chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls

they are graffiti of hatred or of pain.
You who only live in what is pure theory
how will you solve the enigmas of practice?

