

i walked abroad one  
summer's day to hear all kinds  
of transistorra

dios blaring at full volume from  
rugård landevej and my own

too for that matter from here  
inside the green labyrinth well mixed up

stirred and thoroughly  
blended with songs of birds that  
through my heart could sear

songs of birds that through  
my heart could sear at three 'o  
clock in the morning

(before the devil's up and a  
bout and even the holy spirit's

still asleep drunk on roses on him  
self and on the damp scent of grain)

i listened in ex  
celsis and from far below  
in the deep green vales

in the deep green vales  
beneath the heart and the a  
bysses of the mind

grundtvig's hymns blossom and set  
their hips and their itching powder and their

living word along with their  
ultimative demands made on the flesh

and on the soul that  
attempts to conceal itself  
midst the nightingales

midst the nightingales  
that are not singing any  
more (since midsummer

has long since passed like a secret  
fire at the back of the head) among

the trees in the garden of udby  
rectory i count the beats of

the cuckoo's heart and  
of my own and all those small  
birds that speak so clear

and the other birds  
that speak so clear and that sing  
and cheep and chirp and

chatter and kick up a racket  
from morning to evening and cackle

and crow i drown out completely with my  
very own variation

on the old danish  
folk song: 'i walked abroad one  
summer's day to hear'

and the other birds  
that speak so clear i ask the  
following question:

will you lend me your wings when the time  
comes in gratitude for all the

grain and white bread and sunflower  
seed will you – you small jackinaboxes

so my soul can fly  
away up to paradise  
midst the nightingales?

midst the nightingales  
and the fires caused by pyro  
maniacs in lang

eskov amidst summer light  
ning and caravans we extravagant

ly frittered away our lives on what  
is referred to as nothing: long

walks that took us out  
to the sea and excursions  
in the deep green vales

in the deep green vales  
beyond any form of sense  
and of utili

tarianism midst mozart's  
horn concertos and forgetmenots

behind trinitatis' tremen  
dous mirrors we wasted our time on

what is referred to  
as nothing: songs of birds that  
through my heart could sear

i walked abroad one  
summer's day to hear a fair  
ytale that i know

extremely well but that even so  
is new every time it is told

(almost like evening church bells peal  
ing or like the folk high school song book)

by the tall trees in  
the forest and all those small  
birds that speak so clear