

When wild geese honk on walpurgis night
down there from trundemosen bog

i am then tempted to shout out:
'stop that bleeding bloody racket'

because life cannot
be put on the back burner
but rushes off at

top speed from may to may to old age
who thinks then of going to rest?

who thinks then of going to rest
without valerian and hop tea

without first having drunk four
ounces of jack daniels whiskey

so as to forget
the poetry of youth that
can't be rewritten?

then you walk in your sleep
with dew-beaded hat you roam out of sight

with dew-beaded hat you roam out of sight
(with baseball or army-cap)

and with seven-league boots on your feet
striding through songs and folklore

from poem to po
em right out to reali
ty's anemones

that burn bright with electrolysis
through fjordland and woods newly dressed

through fjordland and woods newly dressed
on wedellsborg næs cape on the lit

tle belt where shades of turquoise are ground
with purples in evening's mortar

there where the fair
ytales are fully accomp
lished and where every

poem comes true word for word
far out there gleams so mighty a star

far out there gleams so mighty a star
among the last of the jet trails

over the sky's glossy paper
that has been torn across in two halves

by the graffiti
of the moment like a hai
ku of frozen clouds

an eyecatcher so deathly lovely
that all of my eye it now fills

that all of my eye it now fills
(that fly that flew into the pupil)

does not make it easy to
see sirius through the saltiness of tears

if it really is
the dog star barking in e
gyptian style out there

it is the selfsame eye and
the selfsame star I'm sure I saw afar

the selfsame star I'm sure I saw afar
in a poem by aakjær

that i once read when i was
living in jutland among the schilla

potato fields and
silver paper that blinded
the powers of the dark

and that made death invisible
when i gazed over my childhood hills

when i gazed over my childhood hills
and then the poems were long gone

(at least ten thousand of them)

or was it time itself or life itself?

i look backwards o
ver the shoulder's kitchen salt
into that hour where

everything simply lasts and lasts
and the peewit's cry's borne on the wind

How bitterly is the heart confined
just like angina pectoris

or just like karlheinz stockhausen's
klavierstücke one to eleven

just like the hedge vio
lets that fade away with
out saying goodbye

or just like some great heart-felt grief
when the avocet migrates in may

when the avocet migrates in may
when the sun is like jupiter

when the apple tree lights up
like hydrochloric acid when the word

can no longer stand
alone when the poem chang
es into real

ity and the word becomes flesh
when wild geese honk on walpurgis night