

Klaus Høeck
MY HEART
Poems galore

GYLDENDAL

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Translated by John Irons © 2022

Legendary hearts tear us apart.
Reed

MY HEART IS A WOOD
AND IN THIS PARTICULAR
CASE STINGSTEDSKOVEN

WHERE I WALK EVERY
DAY AMONG PILES OF FIREWOOD
AND THE WORDS WHICH FALL

INTO POSITION
LIKE PATHS AND CHANGE INTO THE
POEMS - WHERE ITS ASH

ES ARE TO BE SPREAD
WHEN I AM DEAD (ADDITION
TO MY PRESENT WILL)

the forbidden wOrds
do they still exist in a
secret hidden book?

it would in a one
sense or Another be quite
paradoxical

even so I have
ManaGeD in these poems to
insert a kind of

phrase book that maybe
can contain the word of the
inexpressible

the Opposite could
also possibly be the
case thAt a single

word makes the poem
coagulaTe and light
up a single word

like soMe Grain of corn
in the multituDe a word
you neither can find

or explain although
you know exactly where it
is among the words

just as in every
wood there is at least one flow
er the name of which

you do not know and
at least one plant you never
find among the quin

quix of the trees so
that nothing's completed (and
has enough in it

self) without parti
cipation and settlement
ment by its creator

just as you cannot
make a personal appear
ance in your own leg

end of yourself (that
very old story of love
and glory) just as

you balance on some
mean proportional and just
as you are una

ble to be complet
ed while you are still busy
living your own life

the past has been used
up your principal has been
frittered away - the

now is always pres
ent but more as far as yOu
than i (the reAder)

aM concerneD in the
long run - strictly speakinG there's
only the future

left to write poems
about as if it had al
ready taken place

future and past cO
alesce and meet At one point
which is precisely

now which as Mirag
es is then spread out aGain
on the horizon

or the shadows in
the light of the rose garden
and brought together

in the same moment
the very same second you
now read on your watch

*yesterday is dead
and gOne And toMorrow
has not come so*

*we are caught in
the midDle (the moment) in
today - there is*

*nothinG more to
say nothing more to wri
te other than this*

*poem which you are
reading precisely now at
this very moment*

that is the reason
why it is strange and alsO
disturbing that dreams

now And then Manage
to predict the future pre
cisely - how Does this

take place? is it the
dreams that pass throuGh the gate of
ivory or that

pass through the gate of
horn? - I am no longer ab
le to remember

i strike a matchstick
again after all these years ‘
not in Order to

light a wax cAndle
or to take a look into
the dark - I do so

in order to sMell
the sulphur that Drifts up from
hell and the smoke

of a thousand stubbed
out ciGarettes in obli
vion’s andy’s bar

another hole leads
into the mind and there it
gets lOst in blackness

(blAckouts cul de sacs
holzwege labyrinths com
plex mazes blind ends)

naturally i
am unable to
comMunicate anything
from insiDe there (who

can recall any
thinG at all after a great
binge at bobi bar?)

but it was of course
the future i was to cOn
centrate on (read

the next line and then
then the one after that and
after that this line)

now you are only
A few steps and worDs from the
old café suMmer

shoe and one thinG's sure:
I'm never going to set
my foot there again

it starts with one coM
prehending one does nOt un
derstAnd a thing (of

the whole context) then
one looks for other worDs so
as to perceive one

does not understand
and ends in bullshit and word
salad till one re

turns to the language
of the beginning with the
spirit as ballast

the nick drake sO
society is no more
it consisted of

three poets And one
philosopher and had its
headquarters in nør

rebro - we filled in
black holes in language with po
eMs and complete and

utter rubbish and
one of us Disappeared for
Good in one of them

or bandet nul turned
itself completely inside
out and sprOget pro

duced a great deal of
meaningless fluff in the
inverted word or

ders and tried to find
the real meaning of rain's
violet showers All

of this just so as
to be raMmeD by or to Grasp
unexpectedness

gOddammit Dylan
that'll bloody well have to do
blowing in the wind

for the hundred And
seventeenth time in a ver
sion that is almost

unrecognisa
ble - but that Must be when bob
Dylan's at his best -

when blowinG in the
wind does not sound a bit like
blowing in the wind

*not for the mOney
(it did not pay After all)
and not for the ho*

*nour (that is my own)
and not for the faMe (there
was none) i write*

*because I have
to - anD now that Gets written
because i wrote it*

*in a way and in
the last instance completely
inexplicably*

MY HEART IS A MEN
TAL HoSPITAL (IT IS NEITH
ER WHITE OR BLUE) WHERE

I VISIT THE PER
SON WHO WAS ONCE MY WIFE (E
VEN THOUGH SHE HAS BEEN

DEAD FOR SEVERAL
YEARS) AND THEN WE TALK aBOUT
THE OLD dAYS UNTIL

ONE OF THE NURSES
(AN ANGEL) SAYS THAT VISIT
INg TImE IS OVER

And now life is at
stake when the students (the wood
pecker's young wear red

and white feathered caps)
are to try to pass their ex
aMination in

other words avoid crash
ing into the winDow panes
here at heartland av

oid flyinG straight in
to the jaws of death into their
Own mirror image

it's dangerOus out
there - the pheAsants are racing
against Death which is

drivinG an opel
corsa at the present tiMe
and looks just like a

nybody else so
beware reduce speed and poss
ibly turn off at

bredal inn for a
green lunch and so as to make
up for the lost time

I could also put
it another wAy - the sit
uation is ser

iOus now the words
will soon all have been used up
soon there will no long

be any More names
of flowers and birds to hide be
hinD in the poem

even though the night
inGale's singing more beauti
fully than ever

there is a sharp and
toxic smell of Overheat
ed AluMinium

because i have for
Gotten to turn off the ket
tle on the stove

which is because i've
got the squitters while listening
to john coltrane and

ascension every
thing balances things are All
in the right order

*ode tO miles davis
now listen pAlle don't mi
les me no More*

*i Don't care who
you are but now Get the
fuck out of here*

*i admire dex
ter Gordon not his saxo
phone but his dress style*

*play bye bye blackbird
remove that motherfucker
and then i will play*

i can also put it a
nother way: if you are ca
pAble of listening

to love supreMe twen
ty times after the other
without stOpping the

recorder or shit
ting your pants then you are most
Definitely on

the riGht track - that's what
deserves to be called civil
disobedience

thirty years ago
i got absolutely lOst
in love's lAbyrinth

which is full of li
lacs french willow and rusty
old horsehoes - it was

a question of one
of the few Mistakes of ne
cessity i hope

that i will never
manage to finD my way out
of that maze aGain

on other occas
ions i ran my head into
the sky's red wall (may

the sAints preserve Me)
finally enDing up in
a church that stank of

mould and turpentine
in short it stank like bleedinG
hell) and then there was

of course not much dis
tance between completely no
thing and everything

like wOrmholes in an
old oak tree (in my writing
desk for example)

i regArd these nev
er ending blind alleys in
language and poet

ry (Deep digginG in
shit old poeMs and that kind
of stuff) with modest

contributions to
an attempt to de(con)struct
all of poetry

when the sun enters
the siGn of leo it grows
as hot As bloody hell

that was not exact
ly how jOhannes jørgen
sen expressed it in

his own tiMe but some
thing in that direction
and it's as bloodY

well true as it is
to go swimming in boiling
white wine (i assume)

code word: *lyngspurv*
i key it in - lOngspur ya
hoo search answers - that

bloody well cAn't be
right - *engpiber* (Meadow pi
pit) is another

possibility -
i've never seen either the
one or the other

i don't Give a Damn
any bird's welcome to build
a nest in my heart

extract of letter
from a sick friend and cOLleague
dear k hundreds of

pages for yet A
nother time one wouldn't think
you were able to

keep check of theM all
they must invariably
DisinteGrate for

the ninth or the tenth
time - you never ever seem
to come to a halt

the anemOnes
run like some kind of brush fire
through the woods all of

this hAs been told be
fore - as long as my poems
do not make Me feel

safe i am on the
safe side everything can be
told and can be un

derstooD all the time
is in motion throuGhout all
of the four seasons

the light down by the
sea is unfOrgettable
but he does not re

member to mAKE do
with hiMself there can be paths
into a higher

insiGht than the in
tellect where time stanDs as the
beauty and sharpness

of the mOment o
pen land great simplicity
(to be continued)

MY HEART IS A CIR
CUS IN WHICH I MYSELF AM
PERFoRMING AS THE

WHITE CLOWN WITH AN aL
BANIAN POINTED HAT AND
THE WHOLE WORKS - AND WHAT

THEN Am I PLAYING
ON THE TOY SAXOPHONE? - LE
GENdARY HEARTS OR

FORgETFUL HEARTS? YOU
TELL ME SINCE IT IS YOU WHO
ARE MY AUDIENCE

today the woOd is
greener than the gaze of death
you will probAbly

never get to walk a
long its closed paths past the piles
of firewood on your

way to nowhere what
soever where only the
violets are in

blooM just as you will
never Get to read the worDs
that are written here

*songs Of eterni
ty or of nothingness - i
don't know - whAt's the dif*

*ference? - here on the
threshold of oblivion
where the dandelions*

*are in flower for e
ver - come on goD help me - what's
it to be sonGs of*

*my heart or of My
naked arse or the sad songs
of indifference?*

i do not write pO
ems for the people i must
stAke everything on

that sinGle sub ro
sa it is not My fault anD
i'm sad about it

but that is just the
way it is and how the words
were divided out

a door has to be
closed before it can be kicked
down like a poem

MY HEART IS A PoRN
SHOP THAT IS FULL OF DILDOS
AND INFLATaBLE

DOLLS mADE OF PLASTIC
THAT THREATEN TO EXPLODE IN
TO THE AIR ANd ARE

FULL OF NUDE PICTURES
OF MY BELOVED WHICH FEA
TURE IN IMAGI

NARY MAgAZINES
I MYSELF HAVE EDITED
WHILE STIFF AND HORNY

or could the poem
be thought Of as a kind of
quadratic equA

tion with various
unknowns that the poet was
atteMpting to work

out (or write Down)? the
answer perhaps lies in lan
Guage itself but hard

ly in poetry
as a poem does not have
a right solution

the hermitage hunt
ing lOdge lit up froM holes in
the ozone lAyer

ultraviolet
and without nostalgia thir
ty years later ra

Diantly beauti
ful of baroque as if carved
out of kitchen salt

and everythinG is
exactly the same as back
then except oneself

(matth VI, 9) Our fAther
who art in heaven (or soMe
such DogGerel) thy

kingdom come thy will
be done and give us this day
our daily bread (and

so on) and forgive
us our trespasses and lead
us not into tempt

ation (etcetera)
but deliver us from e
vil (*you know*) amen

the poem's blind spot
is (like that Of the eye which
cAn't see it itself

the word the poeM
can't say itself - somethinG that's
inexpressible

worDs that can poss
ibly be said or written
in another po

em that has its own
blind spot as well as its own
very secret word

i wOnder if i'm gay?
i mean i absolutely
love frank o'hara's

ginsberg's and lorca's
poems not to Mention walt
whitman's leaves of grass

even hart crane e
merGes from the Depths of my
memory - on the

other hand i Al
so love the polecat-coloured
sex of my own wife

the dreams of yOuth were
over and done with long A
go the courage of

Manhood's over - *what*
is left? maybe the provi
Dence of old age - may

be this means that i
can tell the future and read
coffee grounds? *no sir*

all of which means that
i know somethinG which I do
not know that I know

the battery of
this poem will sOon ceAse to
function so i must

get a Move on (Get
my skates on) - what was it i
was going to say

what the bleeDing fuck
inG hell was it that i was
just on the point of

saying? - oh yes the
battery in this poem's
now completely flat

i go out and sit
among the rOses as ma
thias paschAlis

in another po
eM and settle Down to wait -
what for? - I do not

know - perhaps for my
poems to start to come in
to flower - i didn't

actually know
the words needed such a lonG
time to reach that stage

sOrø square sixty
years later steff sausages
and the tuborg MAr

quis frederik VII
still goes on putting his foot
in it on his peD

estal the town hAll
clock unceasinGly stands at
a quarter to two

nothing whatsoe
ver has changed - or *prelude to*
an eternity

mind Of mindlessness
up into overdrive and
i couldn't cAre less

at a slightly low
er reGister that is More
or less the conclu

sion or to put it
another and somewhat nic
er way: one Does one's

duty without a
ny illusions until fate
manifests itself

MY HEART IS aN OLD
COLLECTION OF POEmS I
WROTE FORTY YEARS A

GO WILD AND FRIGHTFUL
LY BEAUTIFUL AT CERTAIN
POINTS FULL OF SoRROW

AND PROTEST AGAINST
SOCIETY THAT WAS SLId
INg INTO FASCISM

AND A DEFENCE OF THOSE
WHO WERE COMMITTING THE NE
CESSARY ERROR

my old tOrpedo
typewriter is reAlly a
bit the worst for wear'

after fifty years
and fifteen thousand poeMs
that's not baD going

for the time beinG
i clean the keys themselves with
sprit de valdemar

the old cure-all sol
ution so we will have to
see how that turns out

frOm time to time it's
also necessary to
rereAd such poets

as ginsberg and bur
roughs so as to get the words
back in place again

(or Maybe to bathe
and clean them with soliD
alcohol and there

for a moment es
cape from the danish fuG and
mainstream poetry

poetry's mountain
of ash full of emeralds
and Of diamonds

ole wivel once
remArked about My poet
ry or was it poss

ibly me who once
saiD it about his poems
or is it just a

haiku that stands up
permost in this poem - can
you diG that out - *maaan*

the difference be
tween inspiration and
wOrd salad is in

visible And sharper
than a sword blow that cleaves
a cabbage head in

two or as Gene
ral ulysses s grant one
time reMarked: *i know*

*two songs - one is
yankee dooDle dandy
the other is not*

it's called prOvidence
and requires more necessi
ty than it does suf

ficiency - i am
really sorry to be writ
ing All this nonsense

that no one under
stands but it is the truth god
daMmit - or the rules

of the Game if you
prefer - *this poem is baseD
on a true story*

it does not end like
it dOes in a film: *the end*
which is of course a

destination we
All reach sooner or later
it is not that which

i'M talking about
but a Different game that
has no end because

it has never be
Gun - *and that's the riddle of*
your life - little oaf

it is no use at all
to conceal Oneself behind
language behind met

aphors imAges
and other people's stories
and bioGraphies

all the salto Mor
tales in the ivy of
the sonnet cycle

won't help one io
ta *cause murDer will out* - one's
self will be revealed

it's different with
the self which is only knOwn
by its creAtor

and therefore no one
can either coMprehend or
understanD himself

partly because no one
can contain his own expla
nation and partly

because no one it
Goes without saying can have
created himself

and therefOre one e
go after the other puffs
itself up (just look

at me how fAsci
nating i aM) as a flight
from the self which no

one is able to
see or explain or make out
of nothinG (perhaps?)

and thus fears so ma
ny superegos fit on
the heaD of a pin

hOw do i avoid
having to go to bulgA
ria? my wife asks -

by going to bul
garia i answer - it
is like reading Mo

by Dick alea
torically i conti
nue in that way one

solves the entire prob
lem and no lonGer has to
think about how to

MY HEART IS A Zo
OLOGICAL GaRDEN - I
THINK ALL THE ANI

mALS I HAVE KNOWN ARE
PACING AROUND IN THEIR ROOMS
BOTH NIgHT AND DAY E

VEN THOUGH THEY DIED RE
CENTLY OR PERHAPS DID SO
MANY YEARS AGO

CATS DOGS HORSES AND
TWO PARROTS WHO WENT BY THE
NAMES OF ROCK AND RUL

there are no truths there
are only mere facts it is
as simple as that

the wOrds are and re
main words also as far As
confirMation goes

and falsehood also
or to quote the worDs of george
walker bush: *i was*

*younG and irrespon
sible when i was young and
irresponsible*

pianO: every
one has a lucky number
and own horoscope

bAss: people say that
those who find a fourleafed clov
er will be lucky

tenorsax: john col
trane transcribed into Great and
pure Metaphysics

Drums: it's the other
way round the lucky ones find
the fourleafed clover

tenorsax: the li
lac is now in bloom with a
kind of cajun scent

piano: McCoy
simply Gets lost in neon
coloured nylon socks

bass: a blackbird that flies
into the windowpanes of
my private study

drums: a tartan sun
above the entire scena
rio at heartland

bass: why is mainstream
poetry so incredi
bly boring y-A-w-n

tenorsax: what a
bout nature poetry then?
don't give Me that shit

piano: and the
sonnet? - tell me are you look
ing for a punchup?

Drums: elvin jones
ten years after his heart at
tack at englewood

piano: I voted
no to the patent court
on this day in May

tenor sax: then I
empty an empty glass over
the peonies

bass: Jimmy Garrison -
member of the late Mother
Fucker Quartet

Drums: a haiku finally -
now that bloody well
has to be enough

eighteenth edition
of my past or my so-called
autobiography

a few corrections
that Kenzo Tie I quite of
ten. Mention is not

in fact white and I
have never visited Tibet
in Gen (or have I?)

it is neither fiction
nor reality
it is a poem

i will never cOn
vert to islAm - not so Much
because of the ac

tual reliGion
or of any artistic
reasons (i ap

preciate both blue
tiles and flagstones) but because
i do not have a

ny wish to mastur
bate with my left hanD and wipe
my arse cackhanded

nineteenth editiOn
of my pAst or My so-calleD
autobiography

a few corrections
that kenzo tie i quite of
ten mention is pre

cisely white and i
have in fact visited tüb
inGen (or have i?)

it is neither fic
tion nor reality
it is a poem

MY HEART IS A WHEEL
HOUSE ON BOARD THE CoaSTER
m/S MILLA OF CO

PENHAGEN WHERE I
STOOD ONE LATENIGHT HOUR (THE DOG
WATCH) AND ENVISAgED

MY FUTURE LOT TO BE
AS OFFICER ON DISPENS
ATION (A TRUE KY

BERNETES) WHILE ALL
THE STARS PLUNGED GLITTERINGLY
INTO THE OCEAN

my old painter frienD
had alMost gone completely
blind but continued

even so to paint
wonderful pictures with an
aleatOri

al touch but after
a cataract operA
tion he however

stopped paintinG for
as he succinctly put it
i can see can't i

i myself follow
other paths (heightening mOre
than indepthness)

(extreMities rath
er than intimacies) i've
no idea what

that involves or siG
nifies but i think it is
rAther like getting

lost in a wooD that
one knows inside out - *or to
know but not the truth*

a third track ends up
in a book i Once reAd when
my Mother had just

dieD - i am trying
to find the place again but
i keep on gettinG

lost in words and sen
tences I no longer un
derstand (rather like

a woodland floor in
june) that which is also known
by some as *nowhere*

i do not write Off
the intellect merely place
it between brAcketS

realise with the
aid of the self that it does
not suffice that it

can harDly save us
from the quincunx of MeaninG
lessness which in turn

means that i entrust
my life and my death to the
power of providence

i knOw there is
no solution - i know
thAt *Maaan* - so there is

not the ego i
am now seeking or am on
the track of - what is

it then? i Don't know -
you tell me - maybe it is
some kind of provi

dence - whatever that
miGht mean - or maybe the track
of the lost spirit?

i recommend my
poems to be read ale
atOrically

e.g. by drawing
lots as to which books Are be
be chosen and when

if the poeMs are
to be reaD backwards or be
found usinG a dice

in short to let heads
or tails decide the fate of
the poems themselves

i cheat whenever
it suits me i once said and
also wrOte it lat

er in a poem
but i forgot an impor
tant addition - my

self - i cheAt myself
whenever it suits Me - i
ouGht to have writ

ten - *anD that is a*
difference and a complete
ly different story

MY HEART IS A PHEA
SANT WARREN (YES YoU HEARD ME
aRIGHT IN THE mIDST

OF ALL THE ROW) I
DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE CALL THESE
BIRdS STUPID THEY ARE

BRAVE AND COMPLETELY
gUILELESS (THEY DO NOT EVEN
KNOW THE MEANING OF

THE WORD) IT IS THERE
FORE OR IS IT BECAUSE THEY
DARE TO DEFY DEATH?

satan speaks to ev
erybOdy from time to time (just
keep your eArs open)

he asked Me for ex
ample late one afternoon
in october: why

Don't you act like
a poet walk talk and write
like a poet?

and my answer was
so straiGhtforward: that's because
i am a poet

what kind Of a word
wants to be put down on these
pages (leAves of pa

per) so as to stand
stockstill inside a shut toMe
(the book of darkness)

can it be 'xxx
xxxxxxx' which for ages has been
Dozing unheeded?

i don't know only
that it would be out in the
liGht and read aloud

pighead my wife calls
Out after me what i called
out was in fact big

head she corrects me -
what's the mAtter are you go
ing deaf? - but i aM

not completely sa
tisfieD with the mishearing
(misinterpreta

tion) just think to turn
up in the time of rama
dan as a piGhead

(first interlude) it
is easy tO create peace
in the middle east

point one: israel
is to stop its stealing of
land on the west bAnk

and to hanD back its
stolen property - point two:
israel is to

disMantle its con
centration camps in Gaza -
hey presto there's peace

my beloved smells
of shaving foam and Of ap
ples all this summer

I really hAven't
a clue if this can inter
est other people

but i siMply can't
stop myself from writing this
stranGe sort of nonsense

just call it a kinD of
inverted or opposite
form of writer's cramp

(second interlude)
natO hAs presented new
iMages from it

satellite Data
which are supposed to docu
ment the war of truth

what the fuck is Go
ing on - well goodness gracious
even i am able

to manufacture
that kind of 'proof' from some quite
smart computer game

the hœeck think tank (yours
truly - alOng with the wife
and cat) arrived at

the conclusion thAt
life is beautiful even
though the october

light is a little
Darker than it usual
ly is at this tiMe

of year when every
thing and nothinG look complete
ly like each other

what does the black bOx
of the poetry collec
tion contAin I don't

know Maybe its own
explanation (that would be
quite sensational)

or maybe some of
the worDs which i happen to
be on the track of

miGht this poem it
self perhaps be the black box
that i do not know

it is not a quest
ion Of an Acrostic or
of a cryptograM

which only conceals
the meaninG until the coDe
is known - it is some

thing else which is tru
er than truth itself (which is
of course sheer nonsense)

but it happens to
be that paradox which
interests me most

MY HEART IS A PUB
WHICH I LEFT A LONG TIME A
GO PARTLY BECAUSE

I CANNOT TOLER
ATE ALCOHOL ANY LONG
ER IN MY RIPE OLD

AGE NOR DO I SMOKE
ANY LONGER AT PRESENT
BUT MAINLY BECAUSE

I'M UNABLE TO
MEET THE LATE LEAN NIELSEN
THERE ANY LONGER

...the reverse of the
coin is hundreds and hun
dreds of empty tins

and oil tanks as if
he had been collecting waste
and bruvhures as well

as vile oaths and Mal
ignant curses alzheimer
and the illegi

ble manuscripts of
parkinsons too and Death comes
along even so

can there nOt be oth
er paths on the right hand side
they came too skew All

is lost can every
thing an understanding that
does not look for a

nything more than that
which has already been found
a feeling that reach

we further than the
understandinG of it the
places are alive

and death cOMes along
even so when he himself
wants to he doesn't

and then deAth comes a
long even so some other
day a coMpletely

different Day and
he will not do the weddings
and the burials...

(stolen from T's writ
inG desk - he will never fin
ish writing it - E

i sit dOwn at my
writing desk (there is A knock
at the door) i ig

nore it and select
a ballpoint pen (the tele
phone starts to ring) i

do not take the call
but write this line down instead
(there is loud Music)

Despite loud noise and
interruptions the poem
Gets finished even so

MY HEART IS A GRAVE
YARD I BELIEVE THAT ALL THE
DEAD THAT I'VE EVER

LOVED ARE LYING THERE
(oF COURSE THEY aRE NOT
BURIED IN mY HEART)

*BUT BURIEd IN MY
HEART JUST LIKE ROSES ARE
RED OR WHITE - I AM*

CERTAIN THAT YOU KNOW
PRECISELY WHAT I MEAN - THEY
ARE ALL RESTINg THERE

(quotation): to Or
ganise europe on A ba
sis that is both e

conoMic and pol
itical involves breaking
Down the existinG

national borders
(end of quotation) - who was
it said these words of

wisdom? - yes correct
they were uttered by reichsführ
er heinrich himmler

dear (bOnnesen) your
new book Anchorings is both
extremely Moving

and strangely Disturb
ing it is like listening to
xenaki's elec

tronic music or
Getting lost within language
and suddenly stand

ing in front of a
real tree in the light of the
inexpressible

why in all the world
should One worry about the
present partici

ple or the structure
And Metaphysical fill
ing of the sonnet

why put up with the
lukewarm vacillation of
all the reviewers?

it's very simple
without poems everything
would get forgotten

an elderly cri
tic once said: your books are too
big - there is no bo

dy around who is
prepared to read All that shit
it's that which Does not

get read that Makes my
books interesting is what i
answered him - just as

it is the unknown
places in the wood that are
the most exciting

what is the little
child inside of me that is
screaming away like

a parrOt (quite li
terally occasion
Ally - is it the

little girl that i
never haD - or is it per
haps the little boy

who has still not
done his hoMework: that one day
he's goinG to die?

this collection of
poems cOuld actually
just as well have start

ed here as it could
on page one and end any
where at All in the

book - this is because
we are actually deal
ing with a Maze of

worDs with wild and blind
poems - so start wherever
it suits you riGht now

indian summer
a few wOrds to be written
well thAt is my job

*roses all down birds
flying away like the hours
the Days the years*

it is quite okay
i don't count them any More
it all Goes too fast

and i myself live
a little more slowly - *well*
those were the words

a pOet treads his
lonely path as cAptive in
a poeM that he can

only transform in
to reality by leav
inG a track behind

of inexpressi
ble words (like the small white stones
that can be found in

fairy tales) and that
he can only escape from
with the aid of love

in denmark we get
a new shakespeare every
seventieth year

an increasingly
mOdern and suitably up
dAted (almost flashy)

shakespeare each tiMe a
new translator radical
ly reDoes the text

in enGland on the
other hand shakespeare is and
remains william shakespeare

my generatiOn
mAny are dead now and for
one the screen went black

another one got
caught in the criMe trap a third
wrote himself to bits

and Drink i wrote far
too many poems a fifth
lit up the heavens

like a shooting star
for a brief instant and then
the liGht was switched off

nOw that all butter
flies are asleep (are perhaps
Dreaming) in the crypt

of winter (outhouses gA
rages dryinG lofts) i buy
a small tortoiseshell

made of silver and
enaMel on the inter
net as a present

and to reestab
lish the butterfly effect
in the universe

if nOthing is all
one wAnts then everything is
good no Meetings no

agreements no put
ting crosses in the calen
Dar no birthdays to

be remembered no
visits to the dentist's no
thinG of any kind

just the open ho
rizon larger and shini
er than mercury

i saw pegasus
in my sleep and it had nei
ther wings nOr hooves of

emerAld and white
it definitely was not
rather a sort of

dun-brown and steaMing
in the winter colD and when
I said pruuuh to it

it answered by say
inG: oh belt up - just like a
ny other dream horse

a quite young poet
complained abOut what he
ferred to As: my sev

en hunDred page long
collections of poeMs and
my answer was this:

*Don't be anGry it
is only poetry - it's
only rock and roll*

post scriptum: *don't be
afraid the poems are no
thing else but poems*

language's black hOle
i wonder whAt goes on there?
is all Meaning sucked

in and does it Dis
appear in nonsense or tau
toloGical cir

cles that can neither
explain themselves or the world
about which they write

perhaps it is from
inside there that the poem
receives all its strength?

(from postcards sent from
cuba to my mOther in
nineteen seventy

seven) deAr Moth
er - it is very hot here
i can hardly breathe

i could live for free
from Doing blackmarket deals
but do not do so

it would be counter
revolutionary lov
ing Greetings yours klaus

i am in bad stand
ing with my audience part
ly since i address

myself tO each in
dividual reader and
then becAuse the po

eMs Get involved in
cybernetics and in com
puters anD also

because I have writ
ten poems to both the RAF
and black September

posthumous repu
tation is frail it dwindles
Overnight what cAn

one then do to blunt
the ravages of tiMe? - su
icide or spectac

ular felt hats would
seem to be profitable
investments - thouGh my

best piece of advice
is this: fuck life and fuck
death - poet write on

MY HEART IS A GRA
MoPHONE (aUTOmATIC STER
EO TURNTABLE

SYSTEM) YES I AM AN
Old gUY WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING
DYLAN RECORDS FOR

OVER FIFTY YEARS
MOSTLY INAUDIBLY (AL
SO TO MYSELF) BUT

OCCASIONALLY
AT FULL BLAST AND WITH RHY
THM OF THE HEARTBEAT

on the One hand it
all took place long ago and
on the other hAnd

it seeMs as if only
yesterDay - it is as if
time has got a punc

ture somewhere - it no
longer runs in a straiGht line
from left to right but

twists and turns instead
in and out and resembles
a möbius strip

nevertheless i
have becOme an old mAn and
i disappear in

to Mirrors because
i am no longer willinG
to look at it but

prefer insteaD to
consider the ultravi
olet reflections

that are thrown back from
the cold mercury sky of
utter timelessness

in a good pOem
there is Always something which
is not there - that seeMs

to be between the
lines or perhaps that seems to
be between two worDs

a kind of enzyme which
activates the poem and
which makes it coaG

ulate in the minds
of the readers as something
they do not forget

the wOrds ebb out in
my poems As the sea does
on the coasts of north

funen where only
the seaweed and Mussel shells
are legible af

ter the great confla
gration of summer which the
tiDe has swallowed and

what in the world
can i do except Go on
writing them all down

language is una
ble to mime reality
since it itself is

a part Of reAl
ity nor does the poeM
attempt to mime eith

er reality
or the world for the same rea
son - the poem binds

language and real
ity toGether with the
knot of the spirit

to S

a snowdrOp that's not
summer's fool - says the short
line of verse we nev

er got to send since
deAth stole a March on us with
its unsiGned valen

tine because Death came
first with its needlepoints - but
the so-called snowdrops

from the funen soil
were nevertheless revealed
in your very name

i simply cannOt face
allowing grief to light A
new poeM again

but just look - now i
have once more filled lines up
with Death and roses

and they are for you
who i just as easily
could have kissed instead

but ended up lov
ing far more than anythinG
else here on this earth

she walked as On fire
one of her femAle friends said
about her and that

is what those who are
dedicated and sensi
tive do at tiMes those

of whom much is De
manded because they have so
much that they can Give

and how is such a fire
to be extinguished? in the
sea off risskov strand

the mind has natur
ally lOng since accepted
your death but the heArt

the blood the knees are
coMpletely and utterly
inDifferent they

go on leadinG their
own lives together with you
and it takes longer

than seven days of
mourning before the feet have
caught up with the fact

why warum pourquoi
hvorfor? - i once inquired of
a correspOndence

chessplayer who re
fused to concede defeAt e
ven though the gaMe haD

lonG since been lost - the
same question i now address
to you post mortem

but in reverse why
did you concede defeat when
life had not been lost?

i see her lying
on a deathbed of ivy
in mOonlight As her

own Myth - but the ver
y opposite is the case -
she's lying on a

stretcher in a bo
Dy baG of white plastic with
dreams that no longer

exist any more -
how am i then to separ
ate these three visions?

i Open the poem's
black box in order to reAd
the posthumous words

and to finD out what
actually has been writ
ten between the lines

and to my great sur
prise what is written there is
leave Me alone

sorry - one more time
not a sinGle thing she took
the answer with her

pOst scriptum - i'm un
happy unhAppy about
this old supersti

tion a Month ago
i spilt some himalaya
salt because my heart

had gone to pieces
but i diDn't think any
more about it and

then the tears came in
spite of everythinG after
thirty years of drought

MY HEART IS A BRAZ
IER IN WHICH ALL oF MY
POEMS WILL BE BURNT

SOONER OR LaTER -
ALSO THE ONE YOU ARE READ
ING RIGHT NOW IT WENT

UP IN FLAmES ON A
WINTER'S DAY IN dECEMBER
ALONg WITH OTHER

POEMS THAT FLEW UP
OUT OF THE ASHES LIKE MA
NY CHARRED BUTTERFLIES

get writing eke
löf once wrOte the point being
one should do this in

steAd of reading oth
ers' scribblings (including those
of augustine) the prob

leM is that if ev
eryone followed his aDvice
there would be no read

ers left anywhere -
for who'd ever think of read
inG his own poems?

confessiOn: i was
unAble to live either
in My own truth or

in the lie that oth
ers had constructed around
me - i was obliGed

to reside beyond
both in a poem by law
rence ferlinghetti

for example or
here in heartland together
with my beloved

one thing is tO write
down one's innermost feelings
And one's thoughts it is

quite a Different thing
to hagGle all one's words through
at a publisher's

but finally to
read one's poeMs aloud to
an audience that

is only inter
ested in the star attract
tion - that's plain yucky

why On earth think of
writing poems in the first
plAce? one could just as

well ask an idi
ot what is the point of be
ing an idiot?

soMetimes it just hap
pens that necessity is
more than enouGh

poems are written
for the sake of silence on
paper in a book

every pOem is
a microcosm (or ought
At least to be one)

anD for the same rea
son it is unintelli
gible to reason

loGic and coMpar
ative literary his
tory but not in

itself not in its
own mystery not in its
own macrocosm

and while all these pO
ems hAve been being written
stingsted wood goes on

growinG i inspect
it slowly but surely with
a cold look although

my heart is warM all
the stacks of firewooD are where
they should be: nowhere

and the snow falls as
sacredly as in lars von
trier's film antichrist

(strip cartoon: dO you
live with a cAt?) cat on the
coMputer cat on

a towel cat on a
newspaper cat in a chair
cat on the ironinG

boarD cat on the
toilet seat cat on the din
ner on the plate on

your head when you're
asleep and cat in your bed
(from the internet)

it has nOw been deci
ded if I'll become A drunk
(i know that i won't)

but i say that if i
am to becoMe a drunk there
is no Doubt in my

mind that johnnie wal
ker red label (see elsewhere
in this collection)

will be the all-chang
inG factor in my future
delirium tremens

on certain days i
find myself in Other pla
ces than here where i

Also am at the
same tiMe and place - this is not
some sort of out of

the boDy exper
ience or somethinG simi
lar it is more a

question of absent
mindedness or of exist
ence (if you prefer)

when i was a boy i
saw the film 'dangerous yOuth'
my mouth and tonsils

agApe and i dreamt
of becoming a danger
ous young Man myself

but was not all that
successful although i roDe
a motorbike - now

i aspire to soMe
thing that's far more dangerous
'dangerous old age'

*rules of the pO
em are not the sAme as po
eM of the rules*

i Do not know who
or even if someone has
said or written these

words before - i have
no idea but i sim
ply hope that they came

oriGinally
from me these lines that mean ab
solutely nothing

MY HEART WAS FINELY
PLAITED oF RED AND WHITE GLOS
SY PaPER BY MY

FATHER AGES A
GO AND NOW IT HANGS ONCE MORE
ON THE CHRISTmAS TREE

AMONG dRUMS TWISTED
CONES AND SILVER LAMÉ THAT
ARE FULL OF NOTHING

IF BY NOTHING IS
SIMPLY MEAN NOTHING REALLY
NOT A FUCKING SHIT

nature pOetry
(one) the blackbird tAnks up with
the ghislaine

de feligonde ros
e's Mini-rosehip for the
winter's bombing raid

and what of oneself?
chanterelles from the fir-tree
wood for a creamy

mushroom fricas
see Gentlemen so as to
steal a march on death

i would like tO look
like A seventy-six year
old - i said why that

particular age
the journalist asked - because
i aM seventy-

six - you look like some
one who's eighty (and there was
i thinkinG i lookED

as if seventy)
but i've been lying i'm on
ly seventy-five

i remember that there's
something i dOn't remember
(the nAme of a cer

tain person for ex
aMple) and then there are the
major losses of

memory Deeper
than sortedam lake where i
don't remember that

there is somethinG i
don't remember - are they bur
ied in the poems?

in chinese One is
the whole time (the verbs do not
hAve any tenses)

one is here now and
one is yesterday and one
is in the future

i hope i have not
Misunderstood any
thinG - for it's very

beautiful and prob
ably has something to do
with eternity

the new electric
coOker gleams red with its cy
clopic eye but does

not work - so the cof
fee will hAve to wait for the
time being which Means

until the elec
trician comes - which he Does riGht
now - he arrives and

switches off the child
safety device - price five hund
red kroner plus VAT

i believe in the cOm
munioN of saints whAte
ver that bloody well

Means - is it jeho
vah's witnesses for examp
le which serena

williams is a mem
ber of or is it the mo
ravians in christ

iansfelD? - not a
Goddam clue but i believe
i believe in them

i believe in the
fOrgiveness of sins the big
ones And specially

the small ones - that i
have Masturbated have shot
sparrow hawks that

I have Drunk four ros
es bourbon and ridden a
DKW motorbike that

i have cursed one of
my critics to the depths of
hell (please forGive me)

i believe in e
ternal life in the black hOles
of eternity

through which we
Are Maybe sucked out of the
universe to the

second light out of
Death to a second life through
the hole of the grave

why ever not for we
are dealinG here with the ul
timatum of faith

i can't remember
if i've mentiOned it before
but here it is then

the centrAl core of
the poetry collection
'hoMe' was first published

in the perio
Dical 'grain of wheat' with the
title: twelve shafts of

lightninG to ole
sarvig in i think it was
nineteen eighty two

MY HEART IS A SU
PERMARKET THAT CoNTAINS EV
ERYTHING IT COULD WISH

FOR - I MEAN CaBBAGE
SAUSAGES FROM HØJER OR
RIOJA WINE WHICH

mAKES IT BEAT JUST A
LITTLE BIT FASTER OR THE
dANgEROUS ROYAL

PUNCH ROLL PASTRY WHICH
WILL KILL IT STONE DEAD ONE DAY -
OR YOU NAME IT MAAAN

during my work On
my taxation accounts a
strange pAttern is re

vealed - the receipts
i had froM the co-op keep
on featuring: birD

seed catfood and john
nie walker red label how
do they live out there

in the countryside
people could only ima
Gine if they saw it

my mobile phOne rings
(this is Absolute present)
but where is it then

it is neither un
der the bed nor under the
pillow - where can it be?

half of the poeM
is spent tryinG to finD it
and when it was found

it was too late -the
words had changed (into the
absolute past tense)

do you remember
brylcreem - yOuth And preben mahrt
in the comMercial?

i couldn't stop my
self when i Discovered it
in superbruGsen

not now in a tube
but in a flashy tin (pro
tein enriched) i bought

it i tried it out
and i ended up looking
thirty years older

nature poetry
(five) i dOn't know for sure but
believe it's just As

difficult to stop
writing poeMs now as it
was in former times

when i started to
write poetry it is just
as Difficult as

trying to Get rid
of ground elder or bull this
tles out at heartland

let me explain why
this is sO - i met erik
Aalbæk Many years

ago and coulDn't
help noticinG that he had
a record with stan

getz with him in a
plastic bag and because i
knew that the number

was on precisely
that record i remarked: i
remember clifford

if i bOught A first
edition of My first col
lection of poems

yGgdrasil in a
second hand bookshop and wrote
a false dedica

tion in it - for ex
ample to per højholt *fuck*
you with best wishes

klaus - it could be sold
somewhere else at a much
Greater price indeed

don't try and read the
whole book from cOver to cov
er And if you in

sist then take a bit
at a tiMe - steaDy tempo
don't read the next po

em till tomorrow -
keep calm open the book at
random somewhere and

read a few lines here
and there keep the rest waitinG
an eternity

MY HEART IS AN EMP
TY BoTTLE OF VODKA THE
BRaND SPIRYTUS REK

TYFIKOWANY
WHICH I HAVE mENTIONED MANY
TIMES dURING MY WRIT

INg A BOTTLE THAT
WHISTLES LIKE A STRONG WIND IN
A DESOLATE BAY

SINCE THE SPIRIT HAS
SLIPPED OUT SO AS TO FULFIL
ITS THREE PROMISES

the moOn rises at
this hour And sets again at
that - we all know that

but not that it goes
on shining all night long with
a spectral and ghostly

gleaM that makes every
thing resemble a subma
rine cemetery

this i only Dis
covered because i had to
Go down for a pee

i have Often been
asked why i left copenhA
gen for good the an

swer is fairly siMp
le - i had to get out in
to the creation

i wanted to praise
the empire of woods the stone's
eternity co

penhaGen is and
remains secondhand a sec
ondhand creation

i have always had
had the urge to read schack staf
feldt's poem 'the One'

aloud somewhere or
other - At the writers' as
sociation or

at Gottorp castle -
but noboDy knows staffeldt and
what is far worse - no

body knows Me so
we're back to square one with the
eternal poem

fourteenth Of July
che guevAra's birthday i
had alMost forgot

ten it - how diD i
remember it then? - i've
forGotten that too -

but he came flying
through my poem without wings
and his well-worn be

ret and said without
pathos and dissimula
tion: venceremos

tell me whO is tur
key borni? - my greek profess
sor inquired of me

turkey borni tur
key bernie - turkey bertel
was how his his nAMe sound

de in greek in an
english eDition transla
ted into danish

thorkild bjørnviG - he
is one of our great po
ets - was my reply

doesn't he look like
sOmebody who's Acted in
a sopranos film?

a youngish poet
saiD about me - and i know
very well why i

felt flattered for i
i look neither like a bus
inessman nor like some

fuckinG intellect
tual but simply what i am
a fucking poet

i have always be
lieved i was tOugh as nails and
so i Am More or

less also when the
chips are Down - but just look here
i sit and am on

the point of sobbinG
at a lute sonata in
f sharp minor like

some shit or other
god flaming almighty what
a right load of piss

i empty the sand
from the cat's litter bOx - ugh
nasty pure Ammo

nia - then i rinse
the bottom of shit piss and
prescription diet

that's Mixed with whiskas
(an alchemistic formu
la) keep your nose pincheD

i do this my daily
duty every sinGle day
pure zenbuddhism

and a last piece Of
advice reAd your poems out
loud like a Dry Mar

tini like stock ex
chanGe quotations with their own
worth and currency

without hesita
tion into the spirit's cen
tre with or without

glasses as in a
merican *as turkey talk*
no mincing matters

MY HEART IS A STAGE
FOR POETS oN WHICH I SEL
DOM PERFORM NOWa

DAYS AND THEREFORE IT
NOW LIES COMPLETELY ABAN
DONED IN THE SPOTLIGHTS

HIghLY DIFFERENT
FROM THE OLD DAYS WHEN BAND ZER
O'S MALE-VOICE CHOIR STOOD

ON IT AND THE SEATS
OF THE AUDIENCE THOUGH WERE
COMPLETELY EMPTY

i remember a
pOem from one of my eAr
lier collections

in which a Mobile
phone just kept on ringinG and
ringing (signalling)

without me being
able to finD it any
where - and now i can

not find the poem
either - that is a bloody
odd kettle of fish

from the new dic
tiOnary inclusive pe
dAgogy agri

cultural package
inflaMed concern profession
al victim refu

gee inDustry tar
get fiGure expert equal
ity fascism fuck

everywhere such as
fuck around the clock and fuck
the whole caboodle

why the bloOdy hell
does everything get chAnged the
whole tiMe - I mean e

ven the things that work
perfectly well? - my frienD asked
me - why for exam

ple was bsa Golden
flash suddenly replaced by
lightning flash? - i simp

ly do not know i
answered him - *ask god he is*
unchangeable

who mOulds the brass of
winter And where is the steel
of frost teMpered - why

Does the heart grow sud
denly alien and cold
in the bonfire of snow? -

and all of these ques
tions from back then when the po
em was younG were they

ever answered? - i
don't think they were in fact and
god be praised for that

whitsun mOrning i
am studying once more the
fictive book this time

one pAge with a hand
written text that is dele
ted line by line with

a black felt pen - poss
ibly the word of truth is
here just soMewhere in

one of the verses
concealeD by the deletion
in the wronG poem

the word of truth is
only left nOw in the right
poem - but in which

book? I open the
irrAtional voluMe - but
all I can finD a

nywhere are these lines:
a skylark wounded in the
winG - *a nightingale*

dies close to singing
and that's nothing to do with
the matter in hand

there is hardly a
ny dOubt at any rate thAt
the text i'm exaM

ining right now (in
the transfinite book) contains
both the wrong worD and

the wronG poem as
well but i am unable
to find them either

in this complete con
fusion of signs quotations
and film negatives

MY HEART IS A TIN
CAN THAT IS FULL OF A CREAM
Y SAUCE AND PIG'S HEARTS -

I WOULD oN THE WHOLE
HaVE PREFERRED IT TO HAVE CON
TAINED LOBSCOUSE THAT HAD

BEEN SEASONED WITH BAY
LEAVES (TODAY'S DISH FROM BEAUVAIS)
HOWEVER GOD IN

HIS WISDOm HAS DE
CIDEDd THAT IT SHALL BE PIg'S
HEARTS - BON APPÉTIT

it could alsO be
a question of a wrong word
that is contAined in

the right book (if books
written in a dreaM can be
true) or contained in

the right poem - but
even with stronG glasses and
my grandpa's magni

fying glass it's im
possible to decipher
what is on the page

i have never had
the wish to be amusing
i dO not much like

to be AMusing
i do not finD myself a
musinG even when

i am is it be
cause 'humour is con
finity with the

religious' or hu
mour is the manure of grav
ity - in other words

on the Other hand
i am not all thAt keen on
being serious

either (not the whole
tiMe at any rate) that
was something that be

longeD to my schooldays -
'now things are serious' the
teacher said before

one was flash-embalmed
as one is here in life when
death starts to draw near

let us have a red
realignment: redder tO
matoes A sea of

criMson glory reD
mailboxes and juicy red
steaks more santa claus

es and more pixies
beetroots and red danish milch
cows red wine red no

ses and a red flaG
without a white cross as gel
sted wrote about it

if i do nOt wAnt
to be either aMusing
or serious - what

then? - happy perhaps
or as sullen as the white
clown *or saD as the*

fuckinG knight of faith? -
how about just being one
self for i am that

which is just as dif
ficult to understand as
it's easy to be

this pOem is *up*
to dAte - in other words it
ends on this or that

date - there can be no
doubt about this fact every
poem Does this - the

poem is in time
but not the reverse - so when
i write this poem

ends on april the
fourth it's as with all time in
art: an april fool

nature pOetry
(seven) the last lark wArbles
its last trills of glass

down over heartlanD
i write it out of the po
eM out onto its

own sky among the
three hundred and ninety oth
er larks that are up

there - so now there are
no more larks left on the Great
sky of poetry

MY HEART IS A Mo
BILE TELEPHONE ITS BRAND NaME
IS MOTOROLA

WHICH I ONLY USE
AS A TELEPHONE (*CAUSE I*
Am AN OLD-FASHIONED

MILLIONAIRE) WHICH IS
WHY I dO NOT RECEIVE LIKES
OR DISLIKES FOR THAT

MATTER AND I DO
NOT USE IT FOR ANYTHING
TO DO WITH BUSINESS

system pOetry
is in actual fAct a
liberation froM

all the self-constraints
of so-calleD free poetry
imposed by its own

unconscious limi
tations - poets have Grasped this
perfectly well for

thousands of years (just
count the iambics metric
al feet and the rhymes)

my neighbOur as start
ed to turn up wearing a
pAir of orange-co

loured guantana
mo overalls - so i aM
considering pla

cing my little stars
and stripes flag on top of his
heap of firewooD though

the installation
ouGht probably have been or
ganised in reverse

i go Out onto
heartlAnd and say to Myself:
are you talking to

me? - i am i ans
wer in a firm voice who else? -
there is no other

person around to
be seen - what was it you want
ed to say? - *that i*

have got nothinG
to say not a fucking shit
(end of monologue)

and just as doubt is
the fertiliser Of faith
we do not tAlk a

bout the deceased a
ny More - he resides at me
mory hotel on

reDemption boule
vard *in nowhere city*
in other words more

in our hearts than ly
inG in the cemetery
over in jutland

nick kyrgiOs nods
in Appreciation of
his own forehanD shot

which places the ball
neatly in the lefthand cor
ner bravo - I say

in front of the screen
in my chair a thousand ki
loMetres away -

bravo i repeat
writinG it down here well pleased
with my own poem

when jOhannes v
jensen becAme seventy
seven years old he

died but i am of
course not johannes v jen
sen although i'M sev

enty seven - so
i have many breaking
years left i hope anD

anyway i'm not
at all a Great fan of jo
hannes v jensen

nature pOetry
(fifteen) the wild lilAcs are
blossoming again - yes and

so what? - well the
scent of the wild lilacs is
back too - yes and so

what? - well then the wilD
lilacs are lighting things up
aGain - and so what?

well then there's no more
to the story left for the
poem is over

MY HEART IS A TRI
BUTE To MY BELOVED TO
HER WONDERFUL LONG

LEGS aND HER SEX HER
INVIOlABILITY
TO HER FUGAZI

HER LITTLE GIRL BREAK
DOWN HER CHRONIC dYLANI
TIS *HER EYES SOFUC*

KING BLUE THAT I
LOOK ORANGe AND mOST OF ALL
TO HER LOVE FOR ME

pardOn me jensen
i tAke my words back i re
tract them eat theM quite

simply - of course i
feel a great Deal for you and
your cold sun now that

i have discovered
that you also Got rid of
all of your manu

scripts in order to
be able to steal a march
on your bad karma

hopelessly in lOve
with the defeAt - i once wrote
a long tiMe aGo

but i cannot re
member in which collection
of poems - (*but wise*

words - maybe not by
me - i don't recall) but it is
the Defeats which teach

us how to obtain
victories that much is ab
solutely certain

a briggs and strattOn
petrol engine stArts within
a second *full of*

horsepower even
after thirty years of use
and a long winter

just as relia
ble and Durable as My
own poetry is

(there must be room for
one more good advertisinG
poem - *goddamn it*)

nature pOetry
(sixteen) the moon (the moon is
now in fAshion here

in the Month of may)
the moon as Driftingly light
as a soap bubble

over the sloe and
hawthorn - when will it prick and
then burst on a thorn?

that is what's worry
inG the poet at present
more than so much else

i went Over to
the horses at hindevad
gård in A sudden

past tense - why i do
not really know - perhaps so
as to confirM my

zodiac sagit
tarius's strength my af
filiation but

when i saw the colD
glint in their eyes it was quite
clear: *i was no Good*

five years later la
ter than what - later than nOw?
or lAter than this

poeM? - five years la
ter it is possible that
someone reads this po

em which almost by
sheer coincidence or as
a bottleD message

has been washed up in
the reader's consciousness with
its Greeting from me

way back i toOk o
ver the publisher nuAn
cer which published books

of Mine as well as
my friends plus a literar
y perioDi

cal -i manaGed though
to purchase the rights to a
book: oddly enough

peter handke's 'pub
likumsbeschimpfung' - but
it was never published

dear yahya hassan
i'm sending yOu a poem
that is blAcker than

the wings of a red
adMiral butterfly but
with the red banDs and

all the stars and poss
ibly *you may ask: who the
fuck are you* and i

will answer: *i am
your brother in words - don't think
twice it's all riGht*

kh - news: i get up
at precisely seven wake
my wife charge my bat

teries fOr most of
the day - I mean by that wAtch
snooker (as usu

al) listen to john
coltrane (what else?) write
Down this poeM on

the back of an en
velope (from nordfyns bank)
and then Go to bed

nature pOetry
(seventeen) take my usu
al wAlk in stingsted

wood - it is autuMn
october in actual
fact i take a look

at the poisonous
fungi that grow alongsiDe
the road up to the

house of usher
what are they doinG here? -com
pleting creation

lOve is gAsolin
love is hydrogen love is
kerosene lo

ve is the oil lo
ve is plutonium lo
ve is the Diesel

love is firewood
love is the coal and coke
love is liGnite

love is the fuel
love is the high octane fu
el of poetry

death lasts fOr thirty
years before switching over
to eternity

at any rAte in Most
instances and i alloweD
it to happen with

out remorse or panGs
of conscience did not renew
the right of use to

the lots of the graves
allowed them to sail out in
to the churchyard's grass

MY HEART IS A PUB
LIC CoNVENIENCE THAT REEKS
OF CHLORINE UGH WHaT

A GHASTLY STENCH HOLd
YOUR NOSE WHILE YOU READ THIS PAR
TICULAR POEm

WHERE ON THE WALL IT
SAYS: I WANT TO FUCK OR SCHLONG
ALONG AND CUNT (THAT

GAVE ME A CHANCE TO
FIND AN OUTLET FOR MY URgE
TO USE DIRTY WORDS)

oh hOw smArt - the young
boy exclaiMed who was visit
ing when he caught sight

of me using my
torpedo typewriter it
prints at the same time

as you are typing
the worDs - okay that's the way
it Goes sometimes - if

you wait long enough
everything will come back in
to fashion again

i Open the news
pAper - death reigns on every
other page - there is

nothinG at all to
be done about it - that is
how life is - *My for*

*mer wife is deaD my
old buddy and my tabby
cat is dead eve*

*rybody is dead
who the fuck is not dead? - well
i am not dead yet*

nature pOetry
(twenty) A stone (Maybe from
the beginning of

the universe) a
rose (tour De malakoff) that
has yet to come out

earth fir trees a spar
row and three ant on ashy
feet the eterni

ty of Grass and the
poet himself: *the essen
tials of nature*

after many years
Of visiting and being
on hindeVAdgård's

land i have learnt this
and that for exaMple where
expressions like: i

shit on the whole thing
originate - gooD grief that
is what horses do

when there is something
that is not to their likinG
they just shit on it

poetry is cOnnect
ed to the verb poiein
which meAns to create

and that is why po
etry is basically
a sonG of praise of

creation for bet
ter or worse high and low
and not just a jew

el a lovely eM
eralD some amber with an
embedded insect

MY HEART IS A BIRD'S
NEST I SAID THAT IN ANoTH
ER POEM aND IT

IS TRUE A NEST FULL
OF STRAW OF gREY WITHERED LEAVES
AND DRIED-OUT BIRD-PATS

A NEST FULL OF YES
TERDAY'S DISAPPEARANCES
FULL OF EmPTINESS

BECAUSE THE BIRdS HAVE
LONG SINCE FLOWN AWAY AND THE
POEMS BEEN WRITTEN

writing pOetry
is and remains A kind of
prick-fiddling (applies

to woMen too) a
sensual and lonely oc
cupation which enDs

with a poem that
deliGhts the poet himself
but - and here's the dif

ference and justifi
cation: aussi les autres
(*excuse my bad french*)

the elder's in blOom
let's celebrAte it togeth
er on the eighth of

june (otherwise it
is imMaterial) you
will take out your book

plus a bottle of
white wine finD the paGe with
the poem and read:

should be read to a
lute sonata by silvi
us leopold weiss

nature pOetry
(twenty-two) i Aim my di
ana air rifle

from my eMbrace
there comes the rat now - bang but
it is not deaD yet

quickly down the stairs
the rat is making dramatic
squirminGs - bang - a quick

reload and - bang - a
shot clean through the head - *life is
a matter of death*

eternity (i.e.
obliviOn) has A front
edge of c. 100 years -

then it cruMbles to
nothinG except for the one
who believes - in what?

in itself (or more
precisely in its self) for
its self has been set

by goD - enough no
more homespun philosophy
think -believe - yourself

nature pOetry
(twenty-three) banG- the spotted
woodpecker hit the

kitchen window A
gain half of theM Die like that
i go out to see wheth

er that is also
the case on this occasion
or maybe the op

posite - the other
way around - *maybe death is
a matter of life*

rOsa rugosA
is both amazingly beau
tiful and sMells great

it proviDes shelter
on the beach in summer and
hips for the birds in

the wintertime but
it's both foreiGn and inva
sive - get rid of it

is there a subcon
scious or hidden agenda
that's taking place here?

what can be mOre 'a
nything at All' than an iron
plaque of the young na

poleon bona
parte (that is what has been en
graved on it) where

he looks like a rock
star (deathMetal) that's hanging
over the telly?

so i've kept my worD -
a poem again about
'anythinG at all'

there are the awful
puns - and the bawdy remarks
the utter kitsch that

give the great range and
and roOm for beAuty in the
language of shakespeare

it would be quite in
tolerable and also
one-diMensional if

everything took place
on Die grosse klinGe as
in friedrich schiller

i repeat: yOu can't
write poems without be
ing crAzy some

how - for exaMple
by paraDoxically
enough committinG

suicide or by
insisting on writing po
ems endlessly and

stubbornly maintain
ing poems are for the great
er glory of god

'your wOrds reverber
ate in eternity' - that
will bloody well hAve

to do for the time
being - who in hell will e
ver coMe up with such

complete and utter
shit? - marcus aurelius
i think it was - oh

it was well then i
must reconsiDer - i'm
takinG the piss - *punk*

wie die zeit vergeht
the mObile starts humming - hal
lo who the hell's thAt

can you remeMber
me? my very first love asks
me - of course i can

i reply and am
informeD she is eighty-six
years old now - *now tell*

*me about time - is it
relative or absolute
cause i forGot it*

my eyes have started
to resemble Olives in
jelly - come on there's

no such thing as that
anywhere at All - it does
not exist - no pre

cisely - and that is
what is unsettlinG Me a
bit and makes me be

lieve that i have been
attackedD by a hitherto
quite unknown virus

i find Out that there
Actually is soMething
called olives in jel

ly for example
in this Dish from the greatest
cookbook: fish in jel

ly where the trimminGs
happen to include slices
of olives so per

haps there is nothing
at all (read the poem now)
that's wrong with my eyes

MY HEART IS A BOU
QUET OF RoSES (IN EFFI
GY NATURALLY

AS IN aLL THE HEART
POEmS) OTHERWISE EVERY
THING WOULD MOVE FAST SINCE

WE ARE DEALINg WITH
CUT ROSES FROM THE CO-OP
BRIGHT ORANGE AND MOR

TALLY BEAUTIFUL
BOUGHT FOR MY BELOVED ONE
COLD DECEMBER DAY

i am not a po
litical pOet - poli
tics is simply a

variAble on
the saMe footing as oth
er parameters

in the equation -
veGetables for exam
ple or love war or

the elements or
anything at all anD all
that which is unknown

(mark x, 15) i put On
a pair of yellow sunglass
es here At easter

(just as rod steiger
once did in a different
filM) to see the world

in a yellow and more
attractive light on this the Day
of resurrection

you know that quite well
like a child knows everythinG
without knowing it

the mOst beautiful
variants in chess Are those
in the king's gaMbit

mortally beauti
ful like böcklin's totenin
sel but all lost Games

for white in the glar
ing light of the computer
age - and what are we

to learn from all this
i wonDer? - that beauty
has black variants

if i finally
read alOud nowadays i
choose poems thAt i

wrote a long long tiMe
ago poems that have left
me as if they haD

never been written
by me at all quite foreiGn
birds - and for the same

reason there will be
poems i never ever
choose to read aloud

nature pOetry
(twenty-five) i know of A
nest i'll tell you here

it is found in My
heart as i have written be
fore in the nest are

young that shit all night
long and say pip pip all Day
long and what they ac

tually said a
peeping tom now sees hidinG
behind my poem

the fOrmer postman's
postscript: why on earth should the
postal service mAKE

a profit - it's a
public institution not
some GranD business en

terprise - are the pol
ice service or the arMy
or the fire service

to be able to
pay for themselves or are our
royals for that matter?

the former pOstman's
complaint: where have all the let
ters Gone *where did they*

end? - Are they in
heaven or in hell? -- have
they been driven to

the lanDfill *who the*
fuck can tell - and the Mailbox
es where are they? - now

neither laugesen nor
i can send our books by post
any more - how sad

the fOrmer postman's
postscript: And the part-time post
men (denMark's poets

and writers of the
future) are they now to write
their very first po

em in the school for
writers and not on the back
of a supermar

ket aDvertisement
under the blossominG li
lacs in district five?

the fOrmer postman's
complaint: And what about the
postage staMps - the blocks

of four stampeD and un
stamped what has become of them -
the beautiful ones

from Guernsey and the
vatican and with the queen's
likeness? - and now king

frederik the tenth
will never ever have a
red stamp of his own

MY HEART IS A CoM
PLETELY NEW RECORDING WITH
BURNIN' RED IVaN

HOE THAT ONLY I
CAN HEAR AND WHERE I HAVE AL
LOWED MYSELF THE FREE

DOm TO TAKE PART AS
A MUSICIAN WHO PLAYS ON
THE OILdRUMS (CALTEX) -

BLOODY HELL IT SOUNDS
ABSOLUTELY MARVELLOUS
(TO MY EARS THAT IS)

now the filM's turned brOwn
(with light-brown nuAnces) so
we are back in the

past somewhere but where
and when and for what reason?
it is harD to say

anythinG about
that for half the photograph
has been torn off and

the rest of it is
covered with illegible
childlike handwriting

another picture
on page twO hundred and sev
enty-five in the book

with the title 'new
ton's night' which seems to be A
coMpletely grey page

(although it is ruleD)
i have counted twenty-four
lines as well as a

wavy line at the ve
ry top *signifyinG what?*
not a shit - nothing

and now Our prince is
also dead And has been flown
back to heaven in

the sweet scent of li
lacs - jerry garcia has
probably alrea

y been canonised
there and john lennon Most like
ly too but bob Dy

lan is still singinG
away there seventy-five
years later - *thank you*

i found the belOw
lines in the drAwer of my writ
ing desk aMong a

lot of old elec
tricity bills and some state
ments from norDfyns bank:

*when you are younG
you are hot and as an
adult you are not*

*and then if you are
lucky enough you will feel
the coolness of god*

sigvaldi is dead
he was readinG the prOofs of
my poetry col

lection legAcy
half a year before tiMe - the
pram and publisher -

i once playeD chess with
him where we made use of med
icine glasses and small

bottles of snaps in
stead of chess pieces: all
honour to his kirsch

the wOrld is more de
termined by imAges than
by reality

or we tenD to a
dapt reality to the
iMage more than the

opposite which is
extremely peculiar
considering re

ality's a pre
requisite for the ima
Ge's reality

i read alOud a
gain after A pause of twen
ty years - it was fine

i felt the urge to
continue to do so but
also the reason why

i haD stopped doinG
so: the retention and the
security that

at soMe deeper lev
el or other prevents and
blurs further writing

MY HEART IS A PoST
OFFICE IN CHaRLOTTENLUND
WHERE I DID SERVICE

DURING mY YOUTH EACH
MORNING AT SIX O'CLOCK A
WONdERFUL BUILDINg

DECORATED WITH
VINES NOW TRANSFORMED INTO OWN
ER-OCCUPIED FLATS

FROM WHERE I NEVER
THELESS NOW SEND THIS POEM
OUT INTO THE WORLD

my initia
tion toOk place when i was twen
ty seven (an Age

when Many poets
have already written their
poems and then died)

it occurred in the
deaD of niGht at taarbæk cem
etery where i

kissed the marble sta
tue of the muse on a cer
tain grave (how yucky)

anOther dAy gone
without Memory or sun
where to all those kinds

of Days go? - who leaves
through the book of forGetful
ness among wine stains

and faded poems?
who searches for nothing at
all? - i mean where the

hell do all of these
completely common or
garden days get to?

hOnky tonk women
rolling stones At full throttle
at vorbasse inn

anniversary
do at the back of beyond
Middle of nowhere

i Don't know but this
is where i want to be a
monG real people

the music too loud?
the lead guitar man inquires
and the answer's: *what?*

june bright white with salt
but the sea is still quite blue
when i loOk out a

cross it to æbel
ø And endelave out
towards infini

ty which for a brief
Moment flares up as in the
sonGs of maldoror

as if one could some
how comprehend incompre
hensibility

just listen a mO
ment what is the difference
between A sui

cide bomber who blows
up hiMself and a restaur
ant of guests and a

pilot who fires rock
ets off at resiDential
properties (so-called

nests of terrorists)
*what on earth is the fuckinG
difference? - tell me*

service inspection
of pOetry: the sonnet
as a romAntic

installation?
i shit on it - if i may
quote the grandMaster

jørgen sonne - or
the poem as a pastiche
of somethinG that has

never existed?
i piss on it - if i may
quote myself on that

MY HEART IS A BLACK
BoX FULL OF WORDS WHICH WILL NOT
BE aBLE TO BE

READ BEFORE I Am
dEAD AND gONE) FULL OF POSTHU
MOUS POEMS BENEATH

THE IVY VINES OF FOR
GETFULNESS OR FULL OF THE
HOLY SPIRIT OR

ULTIMATELY COM
PLETLY EMPTY COMPLETELY
FULL OF NOTHINGNESS

and i said: there is
toO much salt in this red wine
sauce And that detracts

soMewhat from its taste
just as for example too
much poetry in

a poem spoils the
overall impression or
as another po

et once put it: there
are no men who are Great po
ets that do not Drink

what the rubbish bin
has tO say: the usual
plastic bAgs with all

kinds of refuse news
papers and dailies from yes
terday doxazo

sin packaging froM
pfizer withered roses cat
litter and car aD

vertisements or
in short: the usual story
or love and Glory

to KR

as the name implies
a mountain in danish lit
erature (as if

we dO not hAve moun
tains in denMark) touGh and Dif
ficult to ascend

full of unbreakable
words and chasms that are deep
er than the mind but

like any other
mountain visible since time
immemorial

i love racinG cyc
lists (alsO those who i rode
with as A postMan)

their Directness if
you don't know how to win you
must make sure to learn

how - or as hans hen
rik ørsted expressed it
yet more precisely:

i wasn't the best -
it was just that all the oth
ers were worse than me

skærtorsdag is what
the english call maundy thurs
day heavy as a

leaded windOwpane
And the choice is between leg
of laMb with raw-roast

eD potatoes in
kerte church or sausaGes
complete with homebaked

bread in søndersø
church - enjoy your last supper -
to the last morsel

five days earlier
we had been Out looking for
violets in the

usual plAce in
marbæk Mølleskov (below
the forgotten grave

stone there for agnes)
but had not found them before
now out here at heart

land where they Gleam green
er than even death itself
in the sixth poem

i am staring up
into the air waiting for
sOmething or other

i do not quite know
what cAn it be a Migra
tion of birDs or the

first drops of rain - may
be a helicopter or
the holy spirit?

it is much more sim
ple i have to be lookinG
somewhere or other

i don't care a shit
about the sweDish pOlice
is what preben Møl

ler hAnsen once said
in an interview - and if
one knows anything

at all about the
sweDish police one will know
how precise the re

mark is - and by the
way it is used as an ans
wer to most questions

why is it so cOld
why do i not lose a grAmme
in weight but my hair

why do i have a
headache and stoMach ache but
can't get a harD-on?

i'm asking for the
last time in my life: *what the
fuck is goinG on?*

*it's the battle up
there in mother-of-pearl or
down in the grotto*

the french branch Of the
eighteenth century soci
ety invites me

from time to time to
write Articles about the
revolution be

cause out of skittish
hiGh spirits i once wrote un
der speciality

maxiMilien
françois marie isiDore
de robespierre

MY HEART IS A CUP
THAT HAS BEEN MADE oF DUBI
OUS METaLS (UTTER

KITSCH) WHICH I ONCE OR
DERED AT WHAT WAS THEN THE CHESS
HOUSE IN ORDER TO

mARK A VICTORY
IN ØBRO CHESS CLUB'S SUMMER TOUR
NAMENT (SECONd CLASS)

NOW IT STANDS THERE ON
MY WRITING DESK FULL OF USED
UP OLD BALLPOINT PENS

we all Of us know
nightmAres when the deMons of
sleep anD of revenGe

place sacks full of plas
ter and saltpetre on our
chests so that it is

impossible for
us either to breathe or to
be choked in the dark

*sure - we all know
the nightmares but what a
bout the daymares?*

camus Or martell? -
the first is slightly dArker
than the other one

(a bit like Morning
piss perhaps) but has a fin
er bouquet (like li

lacs that are startinG
to wither) - as one can see
this is not a ques

tion of a blind test
so i awarD four and three
stars respectively

when i Opened the
shoe box from bilkA i could
see soMething was wrong

the right trainer haD
been manufactured in cam
bodia and the

left one in china
as one can see i wrote a
poem and swapped them

*and they will never
meet aGain on the bonnie
banks o' loch lomond*

couldn't One manage
to get gloriously A
sa drunk in an in

toxication a
la Grundtvig reel around dead
drunk among runestones

and ship tuMuli?
no - that is quite impossi
ble just as long as

i am alreaDy
stoned out of my mind on re
ality itself

a prOpos repe
tition i have on sever
al times written the

sAme poeM in two
Different poetry col
lections - one: because

repetition as
is known is important - two:
to see if someone

Got to notice it
and three: perhaps i wasn't
aware of the fact

gOing up - going
down - is how it sounds in the
lift where my friend lives -

close the door - open
the door - it continues As
a poem by wer

ner heissenbüttel
second floor - first floor - ground floor - the
voice finally says

i must leave the po
eM riGht here i think - close the
Door close the poem

MY HEART IS NEITHER
WRAPPED UP IN CARTRIDGE PAPER
NoR IN OLD NEWSPa

PERS AND ABSOLUTE
LY NOT IN PLASTIC BAGS OR
IN A CARDBOARD SHOE

BOX AND NO - IT DOES
NOT IN ANY WAY RESEm
BLE AN ICE-CHILLEd SHAK

ER - IT IS IT gOES
WITHOUT SAYING SWATHED IN THE
DANISH FLAG - DAMMIT

and why is it one
does not wish to be oneself?
because one's created

the other one one
self one thinks one is and there
fore does not need to

even consider
who one has created oneself
it is really ve

ry simple and fright
fully difficult to be
come the one one is

how lOvely you are
i say to the white roses
i hAve bought in re

Ma 1000 - it is
incredible though that one
at an age of al

most eighty Goes a
round saying such stuff and non
sense to a bouquet

of roses - but what in
all the world am i other
wise to say to them?

burn this book as sOon
as you hAve read it - writes ya
maMoto - he Does

not have to request
me to do so - i have al
ways burnt my ori

ginal manuscripts
in some back Garden or oth
er in the past and

scattered them to the
four winds (once they were printed
it should be noted)

my life was full Of
frienDs family wild cAts and
love and now only

the last of all these
is still reMaining but that's
enough as we know

from the bible and
as a bonus i have been
Given a john coltrane

CD in green plastic
as a present on my sev
enty fifth birthday

summer summer and
sun the sea smells Of toxic
shit now dAy is done

no let's be reason
able for a moMent in
some places it's okay

on the mermaiD trail
near bogense it only
smells of slurry and

out here at heartland
there is the smell of kitchen
salt and doG roses

i dreamt that i saw
a rainbOw that arched Across
the nocturnal sky

this could be due to
an archetypal confu
sion inside my MinD

or quite simply be
nonsense from the family's
trove of tall stories

even so - perhaps it's
a lovely afterGlow from
the sun of the dead

take care - this pOem
is a booby trAp - read your
way into it or

out of it as the
Mood takes you on that Day
where what is a pro

noun and therefore just
an adverb or simply a
question if you like

*but whether or not
you are fighting a dead dra
Gon in this maze*

it is nOw high time
to realise one's Ade
quacy - the heart's flop

for exaMple one
fine day when the clouDs are hanG
ing low over the

last geraniums
at heartland or to put it
a different way:

if p then q - now
p ergo q - if enough's
enough that's enough

and what about ne
cessity (if not - then not)
which returns every

single spring as do
the many lizards one finds
in vædehule

skoven to light the
fire of the emergency
tanks - or put a dif

ferent way: if you
don't believe in miracles
they will not happen

complete fOrtui
tousness it is also cAlled
when we used to play

poker long ago
and had aces up our sleeves
or used to play with

six cards instead of
with five and when certain cards
had also been MarkeD

with a fleur de lis
but cheatinG's still called complete
fortuitousness

i write pOems a
bout what cAn be said about
what can be written

about - the rest i
leave to the prophets and oth
ers that are holy

i write about what
can be said in poeMs and
in writinG poems

i write that which can
not be saiD in my own and
quite silent fashion

bud pOwell did
not wAnt to hear his own mu
sic it siMply did

not interest him
just as any poet who
is any Good Does

not want to hear his
own poems either and on
ly reads them aloud

to earn some money
*it's the spirit or maybe
the spirits that count*

the days pass Of their
own Accord i don't have to
do anything at

all to get tiMe to
pass by as it used to for
merly - that is how

it is when one be
comes old says andrej tarkov
sky - i have no i

dea where he Got
this from since he didn't live
long - but it is true

the mOst interest
ing thing About a magi
ician is his lady

who carries bird ca
ges around and other re
quisites on the stage

just as a poet
falls back on the woMan he
happens to love who

either enDs up commit
tinG suicide or provi
ding much food for thought

i happened tO won
der About something that Most
people surely know

but which i have not
thought about before now
namely the fact that

one always sees one
self reverseD either as a
mirror imaGe or

a photo or in
other people's looks but ne
ver the right way round

MY HEART IS A HAND
GRENADE AN ACTIVATED
PINEAPPLE GRENADE

LIKE THOSE I USED TO
THROW ON THE TRAINING TERRAIN
AT THE MELBY CAMP

THIRTY YEARS AGO -
I DO NOT KNOW IF YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND WHY I

HAVE TO BE SO COM
PLETELY PATHETIC BUT
THAT IS HOW HEARTS ARE

it seems quite remark
able to me and on clo
ser considerA

tion even More re
markable that the only
exception is if

somebody photo
graphs one from behind then one
can see oneself the

right way round but this
will only apply if one
is seen from behind

in memOriam
being seventy's nothing
a piece of cAke

rifbjerg now deceased
once reMarked to me - the same
applies to seven

ty-five - but when one
turns eighty the Doctor re
moves some thinGummy

with a strange name and
trouble starts - he concluded
(but i don't know yet)

vaudeville pOem
will you vote no to the le
gal reservAtion

on deceMber third?
'yes' - so you intenD to vote
no to yes - 'yes' so

you will go into
the votinG booth and place your
cross next to no - 'yes'

and you know that twice
times no mathematical
ly means a yes - 'yes'

have i gOt dia
betes - old age diAbe
tes - quite possibly

i drink a bit too
much orange juice in the course
of a day like

al pacino does
in the filM - but i can't face
going to the Doc

tor - for then they will
simply come up with somethinG
that's more serious

it took me elev
en minutes tO pick elev
en four-leAfed clovers

for my beloved
in order to calM her Down
before she was Go

ing on a trouble
some trip due to last precise
ly eleven days

believe me - this can
only be done with the aid
of love's alchemy

in the sO-called par
cel's office (the west room) there
lies An unopened so

ny cardboard box which
contains a high-density
convertor My Guess

is - it has been ly
ing there for ten years as a
kinD of reserve and

waited for its spe
cial moment - well that is me
in a nutshell (i think)

i don't write pOems
about something i cAulk some
thing by which i mean

that i fill in the
seaM between language and the
worlD - i am repeat

ing this particu
lar paradox in order
to stress the fact that

the poem is in
the last instance sayinG that
which cannot be said

MY HEART IS A LE
GEND THAT WAS SUNG BY LoU REED
BEFORE HE DIED ONE

THaT HE TOOK WITH HIm
TO THE GRAVE ALTHOUGH I CAN
STILL HEAR IT RIGHT NOW

AS A FAINT ECHO
FROM MY PAST YOUTH AND FROM THE
ORIGINAL AL

BUM CLASSICS WHERE IT'S
ALSO BEEN RECORdED AS
LEgENDARY HEARTS

dear klaus i'm loOking
right now at a deep-freeze pack
age which stAtes that Mush

room mix in finnish
is sienisekoitus
which teaches us hu

mility - there are
thinGs one simply could not have
inventeD oneself -

this is what kasper
olsen once sent me by mail
(just like this poem)

i am nOt A fif
ty-fifty Man - i write all
the worDs which any

one can get out of
a book - i'm best in a head
wind althouGh i hate

it - and in a down
wind i come to a halt like
a chinese wall - so

the best strategy
to adopt against me is
to praise me to death

i don't listen tO
music Any more - silence
has becoMe my sounD

track i spread salt out
over the roses and i
weep dry tears in that

way the misfortunes
and the adversities are
spirited away

mind and heartscape as
much as landscape heartland in
a sinGle poem

'between shit and spi
rit' the critic wrOte About
My work and that is

true that is the con
Dition such is the whole ranGe
of life - in between

these two extremi
ties humanity lives face
to face with eter

nity at every
moment that's what life is made
of - *gosh how spooky*

i saw nine hundred
and fifty-six thOusand se
ven hundred And three

poppies of porce
lain frozen en Masse on the
television screen

in memory of the
fallen soldiers in the first
world war long ago

*how saD and stranGe
without life and without death
like the rest of art*

and the one tAll sto
ry after the other can
be seen flitting a

crOss the screen: that den
Mark is nothing less than some
sort of fairyland

or that denmark is
now a fascistoiD
xenophobic coun

try how does one attempt
to douse such conflaGrations?
one pisses on them

to relinquish pOwer
as easily As one does
when on the toilet

to get the world off
one's hands as elegantly as
a glass of chaMpagne

to knock off poems
as a sonnet cycle with
invisible ink

to abanDon life
like lettinG the spirit
out of its bottle

it just ends where
it all begins again
but Others must take

cAre of that for i
aM ticking and clocking off
on the other hand

it can end just as
sudDenly as it all be
gan quite irretriev

ably like dropping
a Glass of anchovies on
a new concrete floor

if you purchAse a
bulleit kentucky whiskey
down in the co-Op

you must Make quite sure
the percentaGe is forty
or forty-five be

cause that is the on
ly Difference between the
two bottles of whisk

ey (like the differ
ence between poems
by youths and adults)

yes yes my bOy - now
just you wait until you hAve
becoMe as old as

i am and then you
will probably see things dif
ferently - my moth

er said - and precise
ly toDay i have become
as old as she was

to become - but now
i can't remember what we
were talkinG about

no One can relate
his own time because one cAn
not oneself take part

in the story taking
place - and no one can re
late a different

tiMe because one is
unable to escape from
the story so it

must be really harD
to tell the truth about
say one's eiGhties

just wise up - get it
into your thick head - i sAid
to My old budDy

we die between the
eiGhties and nineties if we
ever get that far

there is no getting
out of it and there are no
hiding places left

(i play mind games
with myself and one of
them is this poem)

nature pOetry
(thirty two) i've killed countless
AniMals kittens

birds (five sparrow hawks)
hundreDs and hundreds of rats
and a sinGle fox

yet despite all this
i now write: may all leisure-
time and all hobby

hunters shoot a
way at each other right at
this very moment

but let us never
forget that the Metaphor
is poetry's salt

the tartan sun in all
its glory or the evening
sky's faint glove of smoke

(i have chosen a
well-known image so as to
be on the safe side)

and let us always
remember that too much salt
Destroys the omelet

assignment: (to
readers of poetry and
Danish students): in

which two former po
etry collections are the
original lines to be

found of the correc
tions i am writing down at
this very moment?:

the words themselves
are immortal on their dark
green bier of laurels

the hennessy's steam
ing in my sinuses and
burning with sOda

in my bronchuses
it wAs dan turèll's favour
ite coGnac as far

as i recall froM
a night at anDy's bar (tall
story for sure) and a

trotter was named af
ter it - *no discussion* it's
awarded four stars

it wasn't yeats for
i've never ever read yeats
it was geOrg trAkl

who i have also
translated (see nuances
nuMber this and that)

when then this fobbinG
off with a lie? in orDer
to emphasise the

poem's serious
ness or to adorn its words
with borrowed feathers?

MY HEART IS A MAN
DALA THAT HAS BEEN CoNCOC
TED OUT OF VaRI

OUS BITS AND PIECES
OF DISmANTLED KITCHENS AND
TAKEN-dOWN BATHROOMS

gLUED TOGETHER TO
MAKE A WHOLE WITH EPOXY
AND SLAKED LIME OR A

MAZE THAT ONLY I
MYSELF NATURALLY CAN
FIND A WAY OUT OF

once a year i pay
a visit tO a grave At
Marbæk - i have dis

covered that the bird
on the stone has not been fixeD
properly and now

i Give it an an
nual flight - i lift it up
and let it hover

in the air for a
second on its bronze wings
(that's really quite weird)

i mainly put my
money On violets thouGh they
hAve the colour of

death but play a one
two coMbination on life's
anemones the

last krone that i own
i Decide to invest in
the roses of love

(i win all of my
bets - even those ones that i
place against myself

i have plagiarised
myself Once Again - or have
copied off Myself

stolen from myself
re-used words like 'soda'
and 'alekhine defence'

i Don't care in the
sliGhtest true poets filch stuff
from anywhere and

nobody will e
ver discover the theft not
even i myself

nature pOetry
(thirty-four) over in sting
stedskoven there is

a small pond thAt's called
Mary's ponD (the reason for
which is uncertain)

in sprinG it is green
and in autumn red it is
the very best place

for a young poet
to drown in because the pond
was drained long ago

now it is bloOdy
well more thAn enough - stop the
hypocrisy now

there would not be a
ny jazz Music whatsoe
ver without Drugs and

no rock music with
out coke and marihuana
no poetry with

out alcohol - Get
wise will you - no tour de france
without drugs - *got it?*

september bathing
the sun is On the hori
zon like an Apple

logo - *heaven high*
water deep (and cold) a her
on is scolding a

way in japanese
so i can't tell you what it's
saying - but why in

all the world does one
have to know all that is go
inG on in the world?

the paradOx of writ
ing what is indescribA
ble in a poeM

or of writing what
is unusual with or
Dinary languaGe

even writing quite
straightforwardly about ev
erything and nothing

writing down the ev
eryday using verse that's so
lemn - *that's poetry*

i have written a
helluva lOt of poems
About the Moon i

aDmit this willinG
ly i simply can't help my
self - now it's shining

again on me with
its pockmarked cain-like phiz and
now i am writing

my one hundred and
twenty-seventh poem in
honour of it - sorry

melville nOtes down some
where that greAt works are never
fully coMpleted

and why should that be?
because in their utter vast
ness they would also

contain everythinG
also their own explana
tion which is imposs

ible whereas the
small works get finished and have
enough in themselves

a quite young female
photographer once caught me
(i mean caught my eye)

in the photo i
look almost helplessly up
at the sky as in

a theatrical
technicolor version of
'death and the maiden'

where is that past look
from 'blackberry winter' that
real manhood's: *fuck you?*

i believe in the
hOly catholic church e
ven though i once cAught

sight on an altar
piece of the infant jesus
with blue spots on his

skin as if he had
been exposed to Münchhausen
by proxy - but perhaps

all that is neeDed
here is a restoration
to strenGthen my faith

i believe in the
only begotten son (how
ever that has come

about - with the aid
of an angelic cunt or
insemination

or as substitute
for another Guy?) also
that he suffered ev

erywhere on this earth
was crucified in auschwitz
was dead and buried

i further believe
that he descended into
hell in a miller

ry-coloured space a
long with bakers poets and
craftsmen of every

hue and colour that
he rose up again three days
later with the oth

ers and now sits to
Gather with his father in
the orangerie

MY HEART IS A FA
BERGÉ EGG (THE ONE WITH LI
LIES OF THE VALLEY)

OR RATHER AN IN
EXPENSIVE COPY OF THE
SELFSAmE EGg OR MORE

A PHOTOGRAPH OF
THAT PARTICULAR COPY
OR A dRAWING OF

THE PHOTOGRAPH OR
AN IDEA OR FINALLY
THIS VERY POEM

i wake up at six
winter darkness and snOwing
my wife is Asleep

it really has got
late even though it's early
Mid january

i take a pill that
has an extremely odd name-
a Deep-water bomb

then i write this po
em down and go back to bed
aGain - what else?

i believe in the
holy ghOst Also when it
Manifests itself

in john coltrane's
recorDing: *the father the
son and the holy*

Ghost - or as a pi
geon that shits on me from the
church of the holy

spirit's roof in val
kendorfsgade yes even
when it falls as sleet

david bOwie is
dead - so whAt - well he has to
be buried like ev

ery other human
beinG - so tear a day out
of the winter wood -

play all the nuMbers
listen for a seconD to
your own youth - that

is all the story
(the LP) contains - conceal
the rest in your heart

my sight has becOme
serrated now And then as
if a cogwheel was

turning round in My
eye that causes several
planes to start to o

verlap each other -
the Doctor calls such a con
dition eye miGraine -

it gives the world a
quite new dimension - no
thing more is needed

here is a wOrd game
i Asked my old friend what does
it feel like to be

coMe eighty? - and he
answerED: it is like becom
ing ten with the sign

reversed - i chewed this
answer over a bit - does
that mean that when he

becomes ninety years
old it is like becominG nought
(other suggestions?)

i believe in the
resurrection Of the flesh
but don't understand

how it doesn't on
the other hAnd interest
Me since i am quite

busy enough try
ing to maintain my boDy
here on this earth to

day by consuminG
pumpkin and chilli soup in
side our woodland home

i renOunce the dev
il even when he hAs dressed
hiMself up - perhaps

as a member of
the Danish parliament
or as a quite or

dinary human
beinG (maybe jesus christ
himself) - and all his

works no matter how
strong they seem in their nucle
ar radiation

what the fuck is man
whAt is a human being
is it the bOdy's

Mortality its
palliD ivory is it
the soul's fleur de lis

is it the intel
lect's total adMission of
failure the reason's

bankruptcy? - that is
not enouGh - a human be
ing is more than that

the year's shOrtest day
the sun is blinking blAck on
its pillar of ob

sidian the ghost
of freedoM is sensed on the
horizon - is it

perhaps founD in its
bloody Garments or is it
something i myself

have invented so
as to comfort myself in
this the longest night?

nOw it has been proved
(thAt which the poet once wrote)
that the body can

sinG electrical
ly anD not only that but
that it is possi

ble to kiss elec
trically which i and My
wife did when a blue

spark leapt between our
lips as high voltage proof of
the electric kiss

*what the fuck is man
what is a humAn being?
neither a picture*

*(Of god) nor of hiM
self not a painting and not
a selfie or a*

*photo (cannot say:
i am a photo as the
Derby winner was*

*once called) it is
not enough - a human be
inG is more than that*

the spirit level
of sOnnets - i read it
time And time again

not to Mention my
consistent use of the nail
gun of the haiku

the wonDrous unpre
dictability of ad
vanced calculations

yes - there is more than
enouGh to keep tabs on in
poetry's workshop

7 - 10 - 17 - fake pOem
i have known A russian a
schoolMate i once had

barynin by name
whose mother's name therefore was
barynina i

have Drunk russian vod
ka listened to russian music
(mccarthy will turn

in his Grave) i don't
think I'll go to u s a
for the time being

I'm always thinking
abOut death (that is why life
is so beAutiful

it is like the soft
sighing of the night wind in
the lilac bushes

nobody really
knows what it signifies - it
is siMply like that

here a quotation:
the stars must faDe away to
Give a bright new day

and an everyday
pOem the cat pisses in
its new trAy while i

read the second act
of the two gentleMen of
verona my wife

is at home toDay
outside the parsnips are in
flower - not the slightest

is takinG place - may
it continue likewise for
all eternity

nature pOetry
(forty one) rAgwort grows ev
erywhere at heartland

and it is one hel
luva job to pull all of
it up by the roots

My back aches and my
arms have gone on strike but when
when all's said and Done

all weeds are the salt
of the earth - *don't you forGet*
that master nice guy

a propOs mølbjerg
i once occupied his kitch
en when i wAs drunk

appropriated
it in the naMe of the rev
olution refuseD to

leave it before i
Got a bottle of whisky
which later turned out

to be fruit juice - there
he pulled the wool - all honour
to his memory

MY HEART IS A MARSH
MALLOW oR SKUMFIDUS IN
DaNISH IN OTHER

WORDS BRIGHT PINK AND BRIGHT
YELLOW FULL OF SUGAR AND
A LOT OF TRUE LOVE

*PLEASE DON'T EAT mY
HEART MY ITSY BITSY HEART
CAUSE IT BELONGS TO*

*A dOG I LOVED A
HUNDRED YEARS AgO IN A
NOTHER FAIRYTALE*

the winning pOsi
tion collects dust on the board
unchallengED by A

nyone (and even
though i gave up playing chess
several years a

go) the black pieces
are alMost intact and two
pieces that have been

taken - a quick Glance
at the very nature of
immortality

trumpet: miles davis
the last time jac and i met
we exchanGed a brO

therly judAs kiss
for it was no great secret
in any way that we

were not exactly
on good terMs with each other
over the last twenty

years - but on that Day
when he won the major prize
we were reconciled

jutland: *jOw de ær*
ik såent mæ æt (well that's not
quite the way it is)

druMs: philly joe jones
knocks the bottom out of lan
guage and poetry

zealand: *dæD ka man*
jo ough mæne (one can al
so see it that way)

copenhaGen: *that*
applies to most things (that
applies to most things)

we go Over to
the wood to collect the lAst
of all the Mushrooms

what a life-assert
ing stench of Death and sperm there
is (eternity)

bass: oscar petti
ford stronG and droning like a
crowling bird (a what?)

the mobile tele
phone rings - i don't take it (i
wonder who it was?)

the scarlet hit ro
se's *flOwer power show* lAte in the
month of noveMber

where the deaD are ev
en more distinct that the liv
inG are i am think

ing of my mother
now because i will soon be
meeting her again

piano: red garland
the first snow that is falling
over all the graves

memOriAl day
one hundred and sixty thou
sand killed in hiro

shiMa and eighty
thousand Dead in naGasa
ki let us remem

ber them along with
the many millions of in
dians of vietnam

ese iraqis and
of dead afghans as well - *god*
bless america

MY HEART IS THE BLACK
BILLIARD BALL oN A SNOOKER
TaBLE THE ONE THAT

COUNTS SEVEN POINTS WHEN
IT IS POTTED INTO ITS
DEEP HOLE (DEEPER STILL

THAN A HEARTFELT SIGH
POEm BY THOMAS KIngO)
dEEPER THAN EVEN

THE BLACKEST CONSCIENCE
AS DEEP AS THE CAVERNOUS
DEPTHS OF HELL ITSELF

de luze and larsen
it sOunds like A firM of so
licitors - but

some time back i won
a bet about how harD it
is to taste the dif

ference between coGn
ac and whisky (yes you read this
correctly or be

tween two cognacs
such as de luze and lars
en three stars to each

between me and gOd
there is only one word on
ly A single word

and I'M prepared to
reveal what kind of worD too
it is the word God

and because the dis
tance between the word and
god is precisely

the word god it can
only be overcome by
faith not by reason

(luke XI, 24) the un
clean spirit may well have been
seared with a zippO

lighter And the heart
swept and adorned (*the achy
breaky heart*) but what

about the seven
poems of self-righteousness
o.a.m.d.g.

what about holi
er-than-thouness (of all kinDs)
and its *kinGdom come?*

thirty eight my fig
ure my number my vintage
is quite tOpical

in the obitu
aries And how is it now?
is it red or black

on the roulette wheel?
perhaps we should play poker
or maybe a GaMe

of chess in which i
just happen to be a cor
responDence master?

kenny clarke: see your
self in the mirrOr? - I've giv
en thAt up long since

bass: what has snooker
to do with jazz - *the black ball*
is the Most precious

piano: i'm not
waiting any longer for
this promised third verse

trumpet: *a key of*
power and Glory asso
ciated with spirit

bass: *traditiOnAl*
ly a key of pathos an
guish and suffering

Miles Davis: why the
fuck don't you Go home
and fuck (play) yourself?

drums: bebop is the
sound of police truncheons a
gainst black craniums

piano: i don't
know the name of the winter
roses from bilka

trumpet: *the heart burns*
the eyes are cOld And the
notes are in between

druMs: *a key of youth*
anD of innocence
almost sprinG - like

thelonus monk: and
the riverside recordings
are more than enough

bass: no more memor
ies now - the poems must learn
to speak for themselves

pianO: *a white key*
Associated with light
and enlightenMent

drums: in montmartre
we Drank some spirits brouGht with
us strawberry juice

trumpet: i learnt to
play prick and cornet before
i was twelve years old

percy heath: treasure
island is a fine number
i can't remember

i'm reading yeats at
present as a kind Of mem
oranDum for A

tiMe i can hardly
recall when i also read
yeats - and true enouGh -

the poems are love
ly very lovely almost
too lovely - but beau

ty's neither beauti
ful nor lovely but sharp like
a samurai sword

summer darkness - what
the heck is that - it is the
shadOws deep inside

kohAveskoven
or is it Maybe sleeping
with the blinDs pulled down

in the midday heat
after havinG weeded the
beds of roses - or

after having stared
for too long a time direc
ly into the sun?

i was deradi
calised in the late nineteen
seventies when the

hOme guArd asked for My
resignation because i
haD written and pub

lished the poetry
collection 'ulrike ma
rie meinhof' - i

was obliGed to hand
over both my gas mask and
my submachine gun

some reader Or oth
er unknown to me writes on
the internet thAt

he cannot remeM
ber a sinGle line of my
poems after hav

ing reaD them - my first
answer: i cannot do so
myself either - my

second answer: i
do not write one-liners - third
answer: alzheimers

reading exercise
three white Orchids standing on
A window sill do

not think of any
thing enjoy the arrangement
and let your thoughts drift

shut your eyes and wait
then for the after-iMage
to Disappear there

is no more profound
meaninG to the poem for
get all the words now

writing exercise
arrange these nine wOrds so thAt
they form something new

rewrite theM in your
own way for example so that
they form a haiku

go not give up e
ven though the assiGnment ap
pears insoluble

when you have complet
eD the poem you are to
tear it to pieces

listening exercise:
*bitte nicht stampfen und tramp
eln und nicht husten*

to nOt open a
bAg of toM's golden toffees
refrain from chewing

popcorn or from let
ting off a fart hold your hands
folded in your lap

sit still and stay quite
quiet and listen to this po
em beinG read out

my Mother in brOnze
on an ashtrAy cast in the
sign of virgo in

eternal flight with
her hanDs held in front of her
eyes between three stars

i have not been think
inG of her - have allowed her
to run on in peace

but now i do so
again even though i have
given up smoking

anOther cul de
sac to get tired while reAding
between words such as

coMfrey and ele
campanes or to get stuck in
forever and e

ver so that these lines
thereby became the very
last ones in this book

which enDs here and now
with the exhortation: *Grow
your own still life*

business: the nOvo
nordisk shAres are strengthening
the profits are grow

ing the accounts re
seMble an alpine lanDscape
of ascending curves

long live diabet
es also the old-man va
riety - conGrats

just think if the dis
ease could suddenly be cured -
what a bankruptcy

one of my favour
ite poems is malinow
ski's 'rain' - i do not

know why - just as lit
tle as i know why i hap
pen to like the col

our blue is it be
cause the poem is good? - there
are so many good

poems that i simply
do not like - but i really
like the poem 'rain'

the next living cOgn
ac bottle in the poem
is remy martin

which my mother pre
ferred And used to warM between
her thighs (that old trick)

and my father-in-
law used to Drink on festive oc
casions - this is the

first time i have ev
er tasted it - black-burnt oak
wood it Gets three stars

MY HEART IS A DRY
TUMBLER MACHINE FULL OF oLD
UNDERPaNTS AND SOCKS

THAT ARE FULL OF HOLES
FULL OF THE mOTLEY DIVER
SITY OF THE EV

ERYdAY THE ENTIRE
SHOW OF TRAININGWEAR AND SWEAT
SHIRTS THAT I WILL E

VENTUALLY MISS
MOST OF ALL ONE FINE DAY WHEN
I'M NO LONGER HERE

the pOems have be
come A bit thinner and grey
just like my hair has

and so what? - they have
also not becoMe any
the wiser with age

and so what? - the worDs
are spread out every
where in all my books

and so what? - the po
ems have despite everythinG
got time on their side

this pOem is with
out imAges without tech
nicolor without

syMbols and without
secret coDes there is nothinG
at all between the

lines and they do not
refer to anything at
all outside themselves

this poem is with
out filter - it is therefore
it stands where it stands

when i walk acrOss
heartland on this Afternoon
it is alMost as

if the shaDows are
fallinG into another
picture and the words

i really wanted
to write afterwards stand in
a quite different

poem a bit like
a centre that is focused out
side its own circle

the next day on the
other hand luck is with me
i hit a hole in one

shot (no no i'm not
in the process of playing
golf) this is just a

nother way of say
ing it: that i got a bull's
eye which in turn is

just another way
of saying it: that i found
the poem's password

the last time i was
in the supermarket i
bOught A curry spice

Mill it was perhaps
what one coulD call an impulse
buy but i think i

bouGht the spice so af
ter the next toilet visit
i'd be able to say

with some authenti
city what a mighty load
of shit in curry

dirty dancing naugh
ty snOoker And bad poeMs
and then Dylan comes

in aGain from stage
right and plays a trump card with
shadows in the night -

what on earth would my
generation ever have
managed to do with

out dylan's soundtrack?
it would simply have featured
in a silent film

and i have recent
ly also wOndered about
the fAct i always

make faces each tiMe
i pass by a mirror - but
this may well be an

attempt on my part
to flee from the truth about
myself and my time

in a sense i am
tryinG to clown myself past
my own age and Death

verdigris green rO
ses And i tell you no lie
that's what they look like

i naturally
don't know if anyone is
readinG this poeM

anD thus notices
the peculiarity
of the mutations

for it's not the po
em that is to find the read
er but the reverse

i was talking abOut
snow And now it's here cold with
Menthol - *my god* how

i Do so love it
i know well what the psycho
loGists think about

it - *fuck them* they're
just projecting as usu
al i love the winter

holly and its ar
senic and i love the win
ter's holy spirit

the wOrmholes in the
universe the big bAng the
butterfly effect

in the distant ga
laxes *it is all huMbuG*
the downright nonsense of

science - so i pre
fer the beautiful fairy
tale of faith faith's be

lief in Itself (stripped
of superstition) in all
its absurdity

it is as it al
ways has been - the peOnies
Are in bloom aGain

as if they swiM in
white wine at the heart of the
Day's mandala (*plants*)

*as peonies will
duce beautiful flowers - end
of the world or not)*

the sole difference
is the difference itself
(*whatever that means*)

sorry - One more time
i probably praised dylAn
soMe place or other

for his most recent
issue: shaDows in the niGht
before i had heard

it - i've now done so
and yes - as i said - sorry
he sounds just like a

tired perry como
(i should of course have kept my
stupid mouth tight shut

what the fuck is man
what is a human being?
is it sOcie

ty's network of vines
Across the heavens or is
it the structures and

gossaMer cobwebs
of language - profound traumas
in the collective

psyche? - all that is
not enough a human be
inG is more than that

i make use Of the
opportunity to thAnk
knives forks and spoons

(especially the
coloured plastic teaspoons from
china) My thanks to

all kitchen Gear and
all householD utensils - and
why say that? - no oth

er reason than in
their memory and out of
common courtesy

the recitatiOns
come in quite ordinAry
clothes for exaMple

jeans and wearing a
lumberjack shirt look out o
ver the auDience

clear your throat two times
and read your poems out like
obituaries

or like teleGrams
coming from reuters - then
leave the stage again

the perFormAnces
buy a hat with flight feathers
à la d'artagnan

use a laryngo
phone when reading your poeMs
alouD possibly

carry out your par
ticular writer's stunt in
a lying position

literally piss
in your pants and firmly re
fuse to leave the staGe

the inspiratiOns
the roses from africa have
no fragrance at all

they are naMeless and
more beautiful than Death and
orange with sorrow

*there is without a
doubt nothing more inspirinG
in poetry than*

death and suicide
unless perhaps it is the
poet's heart itself

MY HEART IS A LAN
TERN THAT'S MADE OF NON-COMBUST
IBLE RICE PaPER

THAT DISAPPEARED GLEAm
ING AND WITHOUT TRACE IN THE
NIGHT I HAVE HEARd FROM

OTHERS SINCE I WAS
NOT PERSONALLY PRESENT
WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED

THAT FEBRUARY
EVENING - ALTHOUGH MY HEART WAS
APPARENTLY THERE

the pOems are gibb
enclaves in lAnGuage (*islands
of spirit*) which coun

teract neutralise
and possibly even slow
down its death from heat

delay lanGuage's
growing entrophy of rub
bish twaddle and sheer

nonsense - the poeMs
maintain the innermost se
crecy of the worDs

*there is a time
to fOrGet And a tiMe
to remember - what*

*the fuck was his first
name - could it have been
robert or richarD?*

*anyhow not chris
tian or johannes - of that
i am quite certain*

*there is a time
to remember the painter
of my youth: paul klee*

do not Open the
file in this poem (*it con
tAins Malware*)

and certainly not
the back orifice where ran
Domware will in

stantly encrypt all
of the poems in this po
etry collection

so they will become
both illeGible and in
comprehensible

folloWing ani
mal trAckS in the snow is like
reading poeMs that

one has not known be
fore - large and unknown are
as in forests and lan

guaGe reveal hither
to unsuspecteD secrets
where one (as i my

self did) get lost in
scrub hawthorn and incompre
hensibilities

apples fall during
the night la cour writes some
where or other in

a poem - or could
it possibly be: apples
fall into the night? -

the truth is natur
ally that there is no truth
whatsoever - the

poem does not tell
the truth either - there's more to
it than truth and lies

i cannOt Avoid
reMarking the fact that o
range-flowerED hawkweed

is also called the dev
il's paintbrush in enGlish (which
is probably be

cause the plant is plen
tiful in the british isles)
but what of that when

despite everything
it paints with its orange col
our on god's canvas

and On the lord's field
(= 'high and dry' in danish) there
Are more holes than in

matheMatic's as
tral boDies subterrane
an passaGes that

link heaven and hell
in a rollercoaster down
the curves of obli

vion towards a
zero where nothing's recalled
because one is dead

courvOisier i hAve
to go into a wine and
spirits shop in o

dense to buy na
poleon that is More than
six years old - perhaps

it was the brandy
nelson was brought home in? it
tastes a bit thin and

has an evapor
ation that calls for a larGe
glass it gets three stars

i am the mathe
matician of pOetry
(like de chirico's

pAinting) in short i
have brought in the algorithm
and the logarithm

behinD words and me
taphors (see appendices
at the back of all

my books) - what on earth
are we Going to do with
a person like me?

once lOng ago the
taxAtion authorities
turned up at my hoMe

cast a colD eye on
all of its manifold splen
dours (*cast a cold eye*

on life on death) and
came to the conclusion: there
is nothing worth a

nythinG here - and they
then moved on to other climes
(*horseman pass by*)

mobile cOnversa
tion my stepson rings me up
And he says: i'M un

able to say a
nything right now as i am
out on my bike just

at the moment - i
phone him up and answer: i'm
unable to ans

wer you right now as
i'm out DrivinG my tractor
just at the moment

*i am a late blOom
er in the world of brAndies
(forGotten spirits)*

in fact it is pure
chance that is the cause of My
enthusiasm

and in this context
something as banal as a
co-op offer on

a bottle of nor
manDic xo at half price i
award it two stars

danish prayer day the
magnOlia is coming
out As the only

tree in the world whose
naMe is arbour zena - the
only tree in the

world that is called af
ter keith jarrett's trio - the
only maGnoli

a tree in the world
that stands in its own collec
tion of poetry

every mOrning i
wAit for the code word for a
new poeM - it may

be in the newspa
per or an aDvertisement
perhaps in some oth

er poem or simp
ly in my memory and
the code word perhaps

will never Get used
it is standing for exam
ple in this poem

MY HEART IS A CHURCH
WHERE GoD'S SECRETLY WaTCHING
mE FROM HIS SKY OF

BLUE AND ASKS IN AN
AUTHORITATIVE VOICE: WHAT'S
GOINg ON HERE - AND

I ANSWER WITH LIKE
VOICE: NOTHING WHATSOEVER
NOW EVERYONE IS

TO UNDERSTAND OR
INTERPRET THESE WORDS JUST AS
HE OR SHE FEELS LIKE

what the fuck is man
what is a human being?
is it family

and children (what a
bout thOse with none?) is it one's
relAtions and friends? -

or the genes' garlands
of Macaroni or her
eDity's mother-

of-pearl? - no that is
not enough - a human be
inG is more than that

when i was a yOung
poet i receiveD the fol
lowing Advice (i

can't recall who froM)
you are to write poems as
if nothinG was at

stake when everything
is - and this i pass on to
a young poet who's

just as unknown who
is about to write a po
em while it happens

the islamic state
is just One head on the mon
ster which western cA

pitalisM and
industrialism them
selves have createD

by Gross exploita
tion and suppression of the
developing world -

an overturned pa
raffin lamp that has ignit
ed the entire map

*dOn't believe me
just wAtch - bruno Mars now sinGs
don't believe me*

*just reaD -i now write
because the words relate their
own fairy tale and*

considerably
more than my sad tall stories
will be able to

*so don't believe
me - read the poem - cause it
tells more than itself*

open One of my
books - just dip into it a
ny where at randOM

reaD a poem on
page this or that or a coup
le of lines here and

there - eventual
ly make a mark now and then
like some victor bor

Ge or other - re
tain a single word - mauve-dusk
say - forget the rest

the roOt of All po
etry is pathos just as
the crown is huMour -

it can also be
the other way rounD or both
of them at the same

time - we also have
søren kierkeGaard's word for
this and those i coun

tersign without he
sitation as if i my
self had written them

a minute's silence
deepest dOwn in prelude num
ber eight so very

little is needed
to breAk throuGh the sound barri
er and yet so Much

the notes start falling
again like milD summer rain
down into my heart

a minute's beauty
prelude in f sharp major
thanks kasper nefer

*many years agO
the younG mAn and the poeM
what came out of that?*

in one way of read
ing *one-liners anD beauty
bramble and briar*

*many words later
the old man and the poem
what is left of that?*

in another way
only the unsaid and what
is unsayable

momentum it
is called nOwadays the in
stant which earlier

used to be cAlled in
spiration or sometIMes *rea*
Diness or being

in the zone there where
everythinG's so easy and
simple that one on

ly afterwards re
alises that the easi
est is the hardest

nO god no glory
as people sAy down under
the creator of

heaven and earth on
his cellophane throne - yes i
too believe in

God the alMighty
with his outstretcheD hand from
the sublime fresco

itself more invis
ible in its silence's
absolutium

i have said it ma
ny times befOre: i've no
ideA who i aM

by which i mean: i
don't understanD who i am
i am simply there

and where do i know
that from? - that is what i am
sayinG i don't know

and i'm not offi
cially christian only per
sonally christian

i believe in je
sus and jesus christ super
star bOth on broaDwAy

and on youtube i
believe in pisschrist and in
Mel Gibson's jesus

i believe in brian
and in jens thorsen's jesus
with its stiff prick i

believe in every
jesus in the universe
believe in jesus

nature pOetry
(forty-six) the wild lilAc
bushes also stanD

there in the winter
grey and green with age with
out any Miti

gating circumstan
ces without the crests of the
white flower clusters

but have you seen your
self in the winter morninG
mirror - comprende?

my pOems dna
(their innermost code) hAs
alMost been revealed

it has taken me
fifty years and i Do not
know how many po

ems to Get the blue
print to rid them of all poss
ible other forms

of linguistic in
put and structures finally
to get to themselves

a butterfly in
late february - what soul
is seeking back now

even though there are
neither buddleia bushes
fermented flowers

nor an abandoned
body around what red ad
miral butterfly

is violating
the order of both the sym
bols and of nature?

i don't give a sing
le bloOdy toss for dAnish
politicians is

what blAres out over
the loudspeakers in nyborg
library because

My old friend had been
fumbling around with the sound
system and althouGh

it was stopped he was
certainly right the late pre
ben møller hansen

a reviewer was
very peeved at the fact i
did nOt know enough

About the bird i
was writing about - in this
instance a Meadow

pipit (see elsewhere
in this collection) - my ans
wer must be that po

ems have to Do with
poetry much more than with
ornitholoGy

i'm nOt A coMplete
idiot - i know full well
that poetry will

return with the
dicky birds and with its fer
vour once again - but

a new section has
been added to the Multi
coloured Garland that

will ensure the po
em's future with all the words
that do not exist

MY HEART IS A RE
FUGEE CAMP ANYWHERE AT
ALL IN THE WoRLD THOUGH

I HaVE NEVER VI
SITED A SINGLE ONE OF
THEm AND THOUGH IT IS

POLITICALLY
CORRECT (DAMNEd SMART) AND gIVES LOTS
OF BROWNIE POINTS TO

WRITE SUCH A POEM MY HEART
IS AND WILL ALWAYS REMAIN
A REFUGEE CAMP

theOnius monk
no longer exists his plAy
ing no longer ex

ists (a blend of pure
Genius and czerny's pi
ano exerci

ses for children i
don't know if it's true that
Monk travelled around

with a trunk full of
empty cola cans - but i
almost hope it is

*this pOem is not
personAl it is busi
ness (as usual)*

and therefore it is
full of trees roses and black
birds which both sing

and shit between the
lines in order to eMpha
sise the fact that they

are the most hiGhly
praised and written about spe
cies of danish birds

sla-a-m - per højholt Once
sAid to me - that is how the
poem has to stand shiv

ering and quiver
ing like a glass of redcur
rant jelly freeD from

its Glass (its system) -
do i have to stress that i
completely agree

with him about this
and on the other hand com
pletely disagree

keep cOol - it said on
a bAseball cap (Merchan
Dise from a fridGe fac

tory) that i bor
rowed from my father-in-law
long ago - and since

i sort of 'forgot'
to return it to him he
eventually

asked to have it back
although i liked it a lot
that's what i call cool

occasiOnally
i think: if only she would
leAve Me for gooD not

because i do not
love her any lonGer but
more so as to get

enough petrol and
paraffin again - but if
she really were to

leave me i would sure
ly burn up in the auto
dafe of the heart

frOm this dAy onwards
i'm resigning my Member
ship of the uni

on - i Don't know if
it's possible or leGal
but i will do it

even so because
i can no longer toler
ate the thought of be

ing utterly dic
tated to from all of the
loonies in brussels

this pOem is A
deadend full of rosebay of
stinging nettles and

words that just do not
exist - Maloclear for ex
ample - what Does it

mean? - the address is
padesøvej number el
leven in a house

that is to be pulled
down Get away quickly back
onto the main track

all must be tried out
before one dies (plus minus
two) so off to bur

ger king on ørbæk
vej to try out A whopper
before it is all too

late - i only hope
it won't take My life away
from me before i

have also manageD
to consume a bacon cheese
burGer de luxe

an elderly pO
et enters the poem here
And reads it aloud

i stop hiM and say to
him: that sounds a Great Deal like
one of my poems

possibly he re
plies but that is because your
poem sounds just like

one of mine - ok
no offence meant - *that's the fes
toons of poetry*

Old men play pAtience -
i play patience - does that then
Make me an old man

perhaps - yes and no
really - i'm aDmittedly
old but not because

i play patience more
because time has been passinG
and i have been do

ing the same to that
place of true where all the games
of patience come out

as the reader can
see my pOems Are not so
aMusing as they

useD to be (even
thouGh humour is the border
land of the di

vine) damn and blast it -
that means that i mustn't swear
and curse all over

the place any more -
is seriousness now knock
ing on the pages?

frOm b flat minor
to f mAjor there's something wrong
but i can't reMem

ber what - something that
isn't quite right a bit like
toDay which is with

out contours in the
rain and full of caput mor
tuum and withered

maGnolia leaves
full of all i've forgotten
a long time ago

i Often think of
the deAd (i wonder also
if they think of Me?)

specially in win
tertime when the rime frost lays
itself on my heart

then i think all these
Dark and luGubrious thoughts
that do not lead a

nywhere at all ex
cept back to where they start
ed from - to themselves

today i sOund just
like A myna bird - no Mat
ter what i say i

sounD just like a my
na bird that is repeatinG
whatever i say

for example i
say this: today i sound just
like a myna bird

and then it sounds pre
cisely like a myna bird
repeating itself

echOes from the
pAst that do not reach the ear
till thirty years la

ter and are thus first
then understood as something
else than white noise than

a faint roaring in
the sea-shell from søren jes
sens sand - (or are we

Dealing with distress
signals from a sunken sub
Marine?) - *how stranGe*

twentieth Of march
the deliGhts of stingsted the
vernAl equinox

three briMstone butter
flies flutter round the centre
of the universe

a solar eclipse
that no one can see because
the sky is overcast

as well as your eyes
my beloved which are ve
ry much more than blue

from time tO time i'm
ashAmed of being a po
et when for exaM

ple i write the worDs
death and sorrow down in ad
vance because i some

times find myself a
head of time (which in itself
is embarrassinG

to claim to be) and
therefore write poems against
my better judgment

in the hOme guard i
learnt how to strip down A sub
Machine gun and then

reassemble it
again in utter and pitch
Darkness and i did

it so many times
that i could do it in my
sleep and off by heart

that is how it is
with my poems as well - thouGh
there it's in reverse

it is one Of those
days when i would rAther go
over to stingsted

skoven or would ra
ther watch ronnie o' sulli
van on televi

sion scoring a hun
dred and forty seven points
again but end up

with this poeM which
enDs with this: *i am wri*
tinG my day away

when young i fOllowed
All the rules in my poe
try to the letter

then inspired by li
tai pe i started to cheat
a bit here and there

but now in My ripe
old age i've starteD to fol
low once again my

jewish leGacy:
to stick to the rules and do not
give the rest a damn

i play things all ex
tremely coOl though everything's
at stAke the whole tiMe

and DurinG the few
moments (very few) that mean
nothing at all i

am bushy tailed and
raring to go - which is a
bit strange in a way

but the converse on
the other hand would be quite
intolerable

when i'm dead nO one
will remember my elder
brother ib crAmer

johnsen - but because
i have written his naMe in
to a poem he

won't be forGotten -
i.e. his name won't be for
gotten but this small

banality is
nevertheless ultimate
ly extremely saD

MY HEART IS MADE oF
PLASTIC - QUITE ORDINaRY
BRIGHT-RED PLASTIC FULL

OF HYDROGEN AND
HELIUm AND HELd TOGETH
ER BY NYLON STRINg -

DON'T CUT IT FOR IT
WILL ASCEND AND DISAPPEAR
AMONG THE CUMU

LUS CLOUDS UP THERE - AND
DON'T PRICK IT WITH A PIN CAUSE
THEN IT'LL EXPLODE

now that that's been said
i will say it as it is
i have let dOwn my

legs - they hAve despite
everything carried me round
denMark anD although

they now have vari
cose veins they're a fine pair of
leGs with a proper

thrust in the boot
they deserve a poem - which
has hereby been done

notice the verb 'tO
become' - it contAins both the
past (to becoMe born)

the future (to be
come true) anD the present (to
become here and now)

so when one says this
'to become the man one is' -
all these three aspects

of the verb come in
to force and shed light on the
meaninG of the word

who wants tO fill A
full bottle or wants to eMp
ty an empty wine

glass who wants to turn
on lights on a bright sunny
Day or turn off the

darkness who wants to
water roses while it's rain
inG or to dry up?

and that of course is
exactly how it is with
poetry as well

on the Other hand -
precisely filling a full
glAss (that which in for

tiMes used to be called
a cornucopia anD
precisely empty

inG an empty bot
tle (*create something out
of nothing*) that is

*maybe the essence
of poetry or maybe
poetry itself*

the final chapter
of the green fOlio of
trifoliogy:

find a four-leAfed clo
ver and allow it to stand
in its own shadow

just like the one that
grows under the Magnoli
a arbour zena

because i refraineD
from pickinG it for my bi
ble's herbarium

i have becOme old
i think thAt my Mobile phone
should blooDy well not

show me the handball
results or be able to
photoGraph as well

as calculate down
to decimal fractions it
should only be ab

le to get me in
contact with my beloved
when i ring her up

i repeat (and i
quote): i am not waiting for
inspiration - it

is waiting for Me -
that is what a journalist
wrote that i have writ

ten in a poem
i can't remember it and
i have searched in vain

for it - but i'm going
to ratify it and to
turn it to account

glory be to the
ghettos here in denmark where
people are allowed

to be themselves so
that in the long run they will
be able to en

rich the country with
their otherness and with their
undanish behav

our so that in short
they can give that danish-ar
yan fug an airing

strange days: the ancient
Old cat is plAying with its
own tail - the poet

is discussing both
with porridge oats and with rasp
berry Marmalade

donalD trump wins the
preliminary elec
tion in south caro

lina - and i am
listeninG to the doors for what
is the umpeenth time

then just Go outside
dammit and take a lOok at
the lilAcs as if

it was the last tiMe
you will see them -Do yourself
that favour from time

to time - stare at them
stare till they look down take their
little aura to your

self the wild lilacs
that are more intense than the
actual moment

death makes life beauti
ful - dOn't forget that - whAt on
earth would we do if

it did not exist
if it did not stare direct
ly at us froM the

violets with its
clear and bright-green gaze - for then
life would lose its mean

ing the meaning Death
has Given it: that it it
self is the meaning

my cat has changed frOm
whiskAs to organic food
from co-op my wife's

nails have been given
a treatMent with stars and stripes
coloureD nail varnish

young people have got
themselves brush haircuts and vote
for the liberals

i'm out of order
i don't have the sliGhest clue
i'm completely lost

MY HEART IS A LAND
FILL FoUND BEHIND STENRØDGAaRD
IN KONGENS LYNGBY

OUT BEHIND TIme AND
FENCE AND THEREFORE INACCESS
IBLE NOW AND THERE

FORE A PLACE WHERE THIS
COLLECTION OF POEMS WON'T
END UP AS TRASH A

MONg ALL KINDS OF RUB
BISH - THERE'S A CERTAIN CONSO
LATION IN THAT FACT

and On wAlpurgis
night i do not give death a
single thought (a clear

self-contradiction)
even though it is lurking
on the horizon

behind the fields of rape
that have a sMell of fougère
not a single thought

in short i am in
my special samurai frame
of minD this eveninG

it was one of thOse dAys
when everything just goes wrong
i Managed to break a

little toe and in
jured my hip falling off my
bike my wife was a

way and i lost a
lot of money betting on
the Danish derby

a real tycho bra
he day - the horse's name? it
was bad moon risinG

i am the cleaner
pOetry's undertAker
when it coMes to birDs

once aGain a black
bird that's to be buried and
yesterday a bull

finch worse with the small
duck that some blasted hunter
had mutilated

i shoot it at point-
blank range - i tidy up af
ter the human race

churchill lived tO be
more than ninety by drinking
spirits (an Armen

ian brandy be
fore breakfast so i (sans coM
paraison) can hope

to become just as
old as he was by drinkinG
my winner cognac

renault carte noir
every evening before go
ing to bed (five stars)

hOlz und irrwege
where the poem runs around
in circles quite plan

lessly twists in and
out of dense thickets Meta
phors and self-refer

ential images
that get quite lost in the Dark
ness of the shadows

and ends up just as
it beGan with the first line
holz und irrwege

MY HEART IS A PUR
PLE-HEART HEART THAT HAS SERVED ITS
BoDY THROUGHOUT aN

ENTIRE LIFE AND THERE
FORE IS REWARDED BY THIS
POEm MORE THAN BY

A MILITARY
MEDAL (MINTEd IN gOLD AND
ADORNED WITH DEATH'S SILKS)

AND PARTICULAR
LY BECAUSE MY HEART HAS FAL
LEN FOR LOVE ITSELF

it is undeni
ably harder tO mAKE the
unintelligi

ble intelligi
ble than the Opposite - e
ven so that's what i've

tried to do for more
than fifty years in alMost
as many poet

ry collections - *and*
if you can't laugh you are not
going to DiG it

a mOtorway runs
through his writing a motor
wAy that is full of

sMoke noise and refuse
a motorway that Drags time
along with it for

better or worse a
three-lane motorway from no
thinGness to nothing

ness - one reader once
said - or that at least is how
i remember it

what shall i utter?
(brOrson in memoriAm)
i do not know i

aM on the point of
runninG out of opinions
and worDs of wisdom

*what the fuck shall i
say more than these words
these empty words?*

i am completely
cold-arsed cold as death itself
(but my heart is hot)

nature poetry
(fOrty-eight) i leAf through My
flora to finD a

particular flower - i
find it intolerable
to have seen a flower

live without knowinG
its name (while i shamelessly
mention names in my

poems of flowers that
i've never ever seen) bin
go: red dead-nettle

it takes a lifetime
tO be Able to write a
bout anything at

all or rather a
coMplete oeuvre to write a
bout simply nothing

e.g. that one is
oneself (who in the worlD would
one otherwise be?)

althouGh nobody is
able to understand or
to explain himself

i am the night man
whO empties poetry's la
trine After midnight -

as MentioneD that means:
i carry my heart out like
the cat when it yet

once more has eaten
and shit onto the litter
supplied by co-op

(i will spare readers
a more Grusome description
of the scene itself)

i lOve november
old fucking foggy novem
ber when one gets lost

Among the large piles
of firewooD and nothing a
Mong words and funGi

without name when re
ality and fantasy
intertwine and the

poem takes place while
time prepares to strike every
time that it is read

a new versiOn of
the communion syndrome - this
time i hAppened to

mix up the wafer
(still as pale as a daytiMe
moon) with the chewinG

gum which i still haD
in my mouth - the body of
christ with the taste of

stimorol - what else
could i possibly do than
spit all of it out?

MY HEART IS A BAG
oF JUBILEE MIX SWEETS MaDE
BY KIMS BECAUSE AS

ELIOT ONCE SAID
POETRY DOES NOT COmE FROM
THE dEPTHS OF THE SOUL

BUT FROM ALL OTHER
SORTS OF THINGs - DID HE REALLY
SAY THAT? - I DON'T KNOW

PERHAPS HE WAS JUST
TEASING A BIT OR CHEATING
THE SCALES - YOU TELL ME

a pOetic quiz
one: can A poet be a
stand-in for hiMself?

two: can a sonnet
be written without any
nouns or any verbs?

three: which worD is most
used in the poetry of
the whole of the world?

four: do you regard
this poem as Garbage non
sense or pure *bullshit*?

my ex-wife is dead
i hear abOut this two years
Afterwards - disap

peareD into pitch dark
ness without chalk-white carna
tions and catching My

attention - i Get
this improper urge to eat
a lot of cream buns

but i forgo it
and bury her in the cat
acombs of the heart

(version two) my ex-
wife is dead i hear abOut
this two years After

wards - disappeared in
to pitch darkness without blood-
red carnations and

catching My atten
tion - i take out a photo
where we're both stanDinG

in the sun - then bur
y her in the cathedral
of oblivion

(version three) my ex-
wife is dead i hear abOut
this two years After

wards - disappeared in
to pitch Darkness without light-
pink carnations and

catching My atten
tion - i read a poem i
wrote for her a Great

many years ago
and bury her in the word's
absolutium

*gOne with the wind
from A tenor saxophone
or gone with the wa*

*ter from an under
water piano or with
the fire of druMs in*

*the sky and ulti
mately Gone with the
earth in a bass or*

*rather Down into
the dust where death rules
till kingdom come*

this pOem's been giv
en a 'penAnce-fine' because
it has not returned

the words it has bor
rowed with the proper inter
est or has stolen

froM libraries and
from other people's poe
try collections not

even when it's reaD
backwards and encrypted - it
is in *bad standinG*

to A-M

the Only thing i
really feel inclined to heAr
is that you love Me

and the only thing
i really feel inclined to
say is: i love you

the rest in a way
is inconsequential or
a question of luck

or bad luck as when
my mother won the sight-see
inG house in ejby

answer to pOetic
quiz - one: i don't know whAt is
beinG talked about

two: i have Myself
written poems that consist
eD only of verbs

three: it can only
be 'i' (in every conceiv
able translation)

four: it is not much
worse than an awful lot of
other poetry

der tOd ist gross - ril
ke and shostAkovich are
in coMplete agree

ment about - but not
greater than life itself is
which is to supply

the material
the boDies all the hearts not
to mention the Grass

for all of this death
perhaps despite everything
life's greater than death

secOnd Answer to
poetic quiz - one: no clue
what this is all a

bout two: *i do not
understand what you Mean have
you Got a screw loose?*

three: *what the fuck
are you trying to prove
i don't give a Damn*

four: *well it is
only poetry so i do
not care all that much*

we young part-time pOst
men used to worship the fore
mAn at charlotten

lund post office a
bit when for exaMple he
saiD: if you cannot

live you'll have to die -
and i add to this (*in enG*
lish to cool down

the pathos): cause
your life is not just a job
it is a calling

i wOunded my own
heArt for one final tiMe with
the preluDes of my

youth (b flat major)
e flat minor g sharp mi
nor) *Gosh how embar*

rassing but so in
comprehensibly beauti
ful like erantis

in snow - then i re
turned to john coltrane and re
ality once more

once a lOng time A
go my dachshund Met his Des
tiny in the form

of an enormous
and savaGe cock pheasant which
suddenly flew up in

front of the dog and
shook him to the core of his
being - may all of

us come face to face
with our own personal bo
geyman one fine day

what nOw? - after six
ty years' use and Abuse (also
for drinks and cleaning

My glasses) it's o
ver william's ice blue aqua
velva is no long

er available
in Denmark - how is my shave
now to be rounded

off every morninG? - i
really don't know - but thanks for
sixty years of cooling

MY HEART IS A THIR
TEEN-STRINGED LUTE BECAUSE PRECISE
LY THIS INSTRUMENT

IS THE ONE THAT PaR
EXCELLENCE IS ABLE TO
PLAY FROM ONE HEART TO

THE NEXT WHICH IS WHY
IT'S HEARd SO SELDOM NOWA
DAYS UNLESS (WHICH I

MYSELF BELIEVE) THE
TE ELECTRIC gUITAR HAS TAK
KEN OVER ITS PLACE

the cOde word in this
poem is: the north stAr now
you know -- so every

tiMe from now on you
happen to reaD or hear the
word north star you'll au

tomatically
and somnambulistical
ly think of the north

star in this poem
you have become a so
called sleepinG reader

*i'm the mechanic
who sOlves technicAl pro
bleMs in poetry*

*call me if you want
a reDuction for instance
in metaphors or*

*in the frequency
of pronouns - it could also
possibly be a*

*question of problems
with rhyme and lix - Give me a
call and i will help*

*i remember clif
ford - i Once remArked to an
oldish acquaintance*

*oh have you met hiM?
he inquired - no - i replieD -
have you? - no i have*

*neither met him nor
forGotten him - all right now
that both of them are*

*dead i can add this:
i remember erik aal
bæk jensen r.i.p.*

the metaphOrs arch
etypes And the eleMents
have all been used up

the systems have thinned
out like a universe that
is expandinG and

certain clusters of
letters still blink between the
lines while pure spirit

is transillumi
nating the words with its in
visibility

the cretaceOus per
iod is pAst in danish
poetry the last

dinosaur has be
come extinct the last gene
ral is dead - no More

bowing and scraping
to the powers that be no more
explanations oweD

my Generation
takes over without curbed de
sire just does the job

midsummer - Orange
greEn in the shadows between
the dead hours and the

short light nights - there is
not all that Much darkness where
one can hiDe oneself

the lonGest day is short
er than you believe - it's pist
verschunden swept in

under the year's carpet
as in a poem with re
troactive effect

it's time tO call a
halt - we just don't wAnt to hear
any More about

michael strunge's Death
his fuckinG clumsy death - the
public's not getting

any more now and
will have to make do with his
poetry - i too

must stop writing a
bout him and death's father
land where we'll meet up

it is all the i
mages and phOtographs thAt
have not been taken

with Mobile tele
phones with film cameras and
with DiGital still

cameras that show
us reality as it is
actually is -

it is the selfies
you did not take that show you
as you really are

televisiOn in
terview but but but but but
but but whAt if the

opposite was the
case? - but but but but but what
then if the oppo

site of the reverse
haD been the case? but but but
but but but but what

if both the one and
the other MiGht happen to
be the case - what then?

i am the coOler
thAt chills down the words to an
absolute zero

if it should prove to
be necessary in order
to conserve the pas

sion in the poeM's
freezer where it will hopeful
ly manaGe to sur

vive during the com
ing decaDes - oh yes indeed
i am the cooler

i have taken up
reading Occult books once A
gain (the bible for

exaMple) and fall
into myself like a ship
wreck - but i truly

hope that i won't
now be considereD as be
ing radicalised

caramellised or
even Galvanised on ac
count of this habit

nature poetry
(fifty) an ebOny-blAck
sparrowhawk and a

verMilion buzzard
pasteD onto the kitchen
window as silhou

ettes of paper help
just as little as when a fam
ous composer be

fore a concert wrote
in chalk on a larGe blackboard:
silence please

*my mOther did not
love me - thAt is why i be
caMe a poet*

*to Deny that fact -
maybe she liked me but
that is another*

*story - i write this
in a foreiGn language
cause it is too em*

*barrassing and i
think (as in the movie) that
only god forgives*

now get lOst Among
the poeMs (as among the
statues in the wei

Dewelt Grove) read
yourself to smithereens - find
the poem you like

and leave the rest a
lone find five mistakes or the
forbidden word - read

at random now here
and now there - get lost in all
my many poems

MY HEART IS AS STRoNG
AS a BLOODY OX IT WILL
BEAT YOU TO PULP AND

mASH YOU UNLESS YOU
TAKE GREAT PRECAUTIONS - I THINK
THAT WHEN THE SUN HAS

TRIGONS TO BOTH SA
TURN AND PLUTO AS WELL AS
A SEXTILE TO THE

MOON MY HEART WILL REAL
LY TAKE A MIGHTY DEAL OF
STOPPINg - SO BEWARE

*Of course it's not true
my mother both loved And
liked Me - so why*

*Did i write the
other version? because
i am a poet*

and the poems lie
lie and just Go on lying
i once wrote somewhere

else or to use oth
er words: *how can baseball
not be poetic?*

for mOre thAn fif
ty years poeMs have ridDen
me like a niGhtmare

and have filled my dreams
with roses and saltpetre
with mysterious

warnings and long sen
tences i only needed to
to write down and now

when the chips are down
i wake up and can't remem
ber a single word

it is the same with
death as it is with Achil
les and the tOrtoise

appArently it
will never catch up with us
only Get endless

ly closer) until
the day it does and thereby
deMonstrates the Dif

ference between a
dynamic and an axi
omatic system

i am taking part
in a translation of brOr
son into english

and Apart froM the
joy of re-reaDinG the lines
of verse (now and then

in german) it strikes me
how magnificent they all
sound precisely in

the english version -
almost like the chiming of
a distant church bell

the capitals in
these pOems can be regArd
eD as cat's pawprints

that run through the text
like sMall traces of earli
er fires left by the

holy spirit and
the great lightning flashes or
perhaps just like some

sort of holzwege
labyrinths and tracks of Game
under the language

to TS-H

it's the usual
slOvenliness: i did
n't manage in time

more accurAtely
i postponed the farewell kept
on spinning it out

so as to sort of
iMagine to myself that
he would then go on

livinG while i did
but now he's dead - one of
the purest in heart

nature poetry
(fifty-one) fredskOven with
insAne nighting

ales and with the *king*
doM come of stitchwort bugle
anD Geraniums

we met no one
neither christians nor muslims
in fact nobody

nothing else than the
wood itself no one else than
ourselves - *how scary*

I am the clOser
i write the lAst words standing
whatever than Means

i shut and lock up
all the garbage and rubbish
that the public love

anD as in baseball
i am the last-ditch man who
keeps the word secure

i am the closer
of my own fuckinG poetry
dead poet writing

a pOet does not of
course hAve an inkling what po
etry is (is there

anyone who has?)
that is the reason he or
she continues writ

ing all these fuckinG
poeMs - nevertheless it
is the poet him

self who deciDes if
he is a poet - the rest
is just vanity

nOw it is my turn
in A quite literal sense
to be on the road

between MoruD and
veflinGe out to havre
kærs lyksalighed

now it is my turn
to attempt to outrun death
maybe overtake it

clad in adidas
trainers and with a white base
ball cap from new york

when i am dead i
am dead - there will be nO re
surrection *Any*

*how not on the screen
or in soMe movie that can
be played forever*

because i almost
like an indiGenous in
dian have prevent

ed that sort of thing
after me - look at photos
or read my poems

i opened a boOk and
A powerful sMell of cloves
wafted out of the

paGes - and in the
book i opened there stood: *the
master took a book*

*from its box - when he
opened it there was the
faint smell of drying*

clove buds - now was this
merely chance or was it planned
by myself? (*or both?*)

what are we dO?
shit in our pAnts and allow
it to Dry out there

for it really is
both cool and thought-provokinG
that the old adage

also is a love
ly and original hai
ku - count it yourself

or shit in your pants
so as to verify the
truth of the stateMent

today i dumped su
zuki's boOks well two of them
to be precise in

the skip container:
manuAl of zen buddhisM
and the doctrine of

no-minD - this was not
since i'd stopped carinG about
them any more - they

had just done their job
created some clarity
pure zen buddhism

i have tO say it
the way it is - there's no wAy
of getting round it

so now I'll say it
straiGht from the shoulder i aM
completely arse-cold

i Do not know what
that actually means but
that is how it is

for a long time I've
wanted to confess these words
and now it's been said

the black july woOd
is beautiful And danger
ous - all fairy tales

begin and end there
for exaMple the one that
goes a bit like this:

i love you - i hope
that you love me (the rest is
immaterial)

or this one where Death
lurks waitinG for you under
the geraniums

MY HEART IS STONE
A BLACK STONE THAT CONTAINS ml
CA FOUND ON THE SHORE

AT LEI ODDE SO
HARD IS MY HEART FROM TIME TO
TIME AS HARD AS A

STONE ALTHOUGH NO ONE
OWNS A HEART HARD AND UNRE
LENTINGLY PURE AC

CORDING TO LA COUR -
BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTH
ER BACK THEN EITHER

one thing is sure: there's
no spirit without shit since
A human being

is spirit - which is
why the opposite is in
valid (no shit with

out spirit) since an
animal is not spirit -
and that is why my

poems are stuffed with
shit and Garbage - and with home
spun philosophy

why dO all children's
drAwings always look the saMe?
a house for examp

le and a tree the
sun that always shines from the
top right corner anD

everythinG in two
dimensions - is it because
human beings re

semble each other
before they start their posing -
for better or worse?

i am the equal
iser create balance in
pOetry the one

who spreAds nitrophos
ka on the Metaphors when
it's necessary

mark all the trees and
worDs that are to be felled with
a blue trianGle

and burn manuscripts
in the back garden in hon
our of the phoenix

all rOads lead to A
ny place whatsoever on
this earth and therefore

also to pade
sø ceMetery where i
am sitting on a

bench as a conse
quence of that fact although i
could theoreti

cally speakinG just
as easily have found my
self somewhere in rome

then came One of those
dAys when everything goes wrong -
i happened to nick

Myself when shaving
and later on the prime min
ister appearedD on

tv dressed in a
violet shirt and a lem
on yellow tie - i

mean: *something was
rotten in the state of
denmark* (end of quote)

i turn On the desk
lAmp although it's broad daylight
watch the electric

light Mingle with the
sunlight on the oak surface
of the Desk the sha

dow Grows smaller i
realise apart from that
there are no differ

ences worth noting
no new insight - then i turn
off the lamp again

today i feel that
i am like a pokémOn
go figure alone

At home alonG with
the cat up on the first floor
with a view out a

cross harvested fields
while i listen to silvi
us leopold weiss

will My beloved
finD me here with the aid of
her mobile smartphone?

i think that i am
prObably the only one
who's heArd Metalma

chine music by
lou reed until the bitter
enD - the noise from the

twentieth centu
ry's rock music refuse and
virus - *i hate it*

*and i love it like
the Garbage of my own
fucking poetry*

my grandpa's charade
number seven: if fortune
she is deaf and mis

fortunes they will come
one can bust one's finger in
an old woman's bum -

in itself a pretty
good play on words but there is
something wrong with the

rhyme (or maybe
with my memory) - who can
find the solution?

there is no One who
speaks with the dead - not
in that sort of wAy

but more like listen
ing to thelonius Monk's ri
versiDe collection

or like sayinG to
oneself: i wonder what
i forgot to re

member a one-sid
ed conversation as when
one speaks with the dead

what the fuck is man
what is a human being?
here cOMes the Answer

a huMan being
is of course itself and a
self and has been so

the whole time and so
in this purgatory of
questions - what else

could it possibly
have been - an archanGel or
perhaps a monkey?

water lily bay
(in reality the large
nOrth funen vege

tAble marrow fields
in yellowest blooM) i sit
Down for a moment

and think about no
thinG at all or about (and
i am quoting free

ly from memory
another poet's words): the
presence of absence

the dOg days hAve be
gun - sirius is sparkling
like a dice cast out

onto the cloth of
the heavens - my poeMs are
busy biting their

own tail *like a Dra*
gon of some kind blue or si
cilian - i open a

page in yGgdrasil
and read the very same words
fifty years later

MY HEART IS A BLACK
FRIDAY WHEN I Go OUT aND
BUY ABSOLUTELY

NOTHING - NADA - NOT
AS mUCH AS CAN FINd ROOM ON
THE NAIL OF A LIT

TLE FINGeR - ON THE
CONTRARY I PLACE EVERY
THING AT STAKE (WHAT

BUSINESSMEN LIKE TO
CALL: FOR SALE) IN OTHER WORDS
LIFE - WHATEVER ELSE?

but then the other
day i wrOte a poem A
bout the winter wood's

aMazing beauty
and suDdenly while the snow
was fallinG i re

membered the ending
of the aforementioned po
em: 'but i can un

fortunately no
longer recollect how the
poem ends - sorry'

and i reMarked: i
have read sun tzu - *fuck sun tzu*
to hell with sun tzu

you'd be hard put tO
find a bigger collection
of bAnalities

'be sighing like the
wind stately like the forest
as rapiD as thought'

forGet all about
this nonsense and you shall
be victorious

i am a pOet
not a performer or An
artist - i aM just

a poet who hopes
to get everything finisheD
that there is enouGh

one fine day - i don't
stand for anything at all
only for myself - *the*

re is no cause
nothing to defend other
than these fucking words

sadness has its Own
sweetness melAncholy its
black consolation

is this the sounding
board over which my poe
try's pleasantries stretch

is this the secret
behinD the one Great secret
that does not exist

is glooM really the
final skeleton in my
poetry's cupboard?

it cOuld Also be
said in a different and
a more loud-voiced way

enthusiasM
without saDness is fanta
sy dreams without salt

sadness without en
thusiasm's suici
dal salt without dreams

you get my drift -
or must the poem be swilled
down with some coGnac?

since it is nOt me
who wAits for inspiration
but the opposite

in want of soMething
better i look up in gyld
endals encyclo

pedia and enD
up by chance on Gallium
element number

thirty-one - *so much*
for inspiration on a
cold november day

if One wants to hAve
results that suit one better
than those which exist

one only has to al
ter the Means of measurement
(the markinG scale and

the instruments for
example) the man in zir
kus nemo Demon

strates the funniest
version of this particu
lar phenomenon

my life has turned in
to a reality shOw
without Audience

and caMera on
or perhaps more into a
'going goinG gone'

or 'this is your life'
arranged for poems and ex
tremely tall stories

which is in fact not
all that far removed from re
ality itself

(john I,1) but befOre
the words the rAvens screeched like
a filibuster

over in stingsted
skoven - before the words i
said to theM straight: can

we have some peace here
in the wooD and in the po
em's profound still calm

but in this poem
the ravens nevertheless
Got the final word

to S

nOw that time has passed
now everything hAs once More
fallen into place

now that the final
tear has dried up and now that
the heart's been Granted

peace i cannot help
mentioning what your very
last words to us were:

make sure you get a
firm to clear all of this up -
so much for sorrow

let's see nOw if i
dAre or not - it will becoMe
clear when this book has

been completeD (and
the reader will be able
to see if i dared)

if i dared what? place
the followinG motto on
the title page 'to

be read to lute mu
sic by weiss' - and why not? *cause*
it's so pretentious

if One budweiser
knocks you out it is time to
pull yourself togeth

er - time either to
chAnge to urquell or to work
on the inner lines

by which i Mean to
stop a while anD think about
what-s said on paGe sev

enty-four in the
book newton's night written by
jens birkemose

after the inter
view fOr the poem Artic
le: see 'band zero

and listen' the jour
nalist asked Me which fictive
person i'd like to

be if i haD a
free choice - it didn't take me
lonG to answer him:

then I'd most like to
be klaus hœeck (p.s. the article
was never printed)

i aM the loner
in pOetry - i write un
der the rAdar on

the Deep web so to
speak to which very few read
ers can Gain access

because the server
has been positioned outside
of literature

i am the loner
i write computer poems
with no computer

i no longer Oc
cupy myself As much with
that which took place in

the past as with that
which i reMember - Dickens
wrote and i take this

statement into ac
count and make it mine by ad
dinG that i occu

py myself just as
much with that which i have com
pletely forgotten

sOnatA for po
eM (preluDe) and typewriter -
a torpedo that

is nearly as old
as i am myself holy
as allen Ginsberg

says - *gosh how i love*
that machine full of shit
cat's piss and of sprit

de valdemar full
of outright lies and of fairy
tales (ciaconne)

the Old Appletree
(don't let it fall and never
perish completely)

turns out to be a
filippa tree (courante)
that sMells as sweetly

as the nape of my
beloveD's neck (sarabande)
and the last time i

mentioned it was when
dexter Gordon died and it
was in glorious bloom

(allemande) cOme
fAlla da diddy ralla
what Does all this Mean?

I've no iDea
probably nothinG at all
perhaps words from a

song i've forgotten
or a samsara rhyme that
is intended to

steal a march on death
*death with its great balls of
fire* (saltarella)

MY HEART IS A LA
MINATED PARQUET FLOoR THaT
PEOPLE HAVE TRAmPLED

OVER FOR YEARS AND
YEARS ON ENd IN SKI BOOTS AND
PUMA TRAINERS AND MAY

BE EVEN HAVE DANCED
BOTH JIVE AND THE LANCIERS
ON - BUT IT IS AL

SO THE FLOOR ON WHICH
MY WRITING DESK HAS STOOD THROUGH
OUT A WHOLE POEM

nature pOetry
(seventy) i know full well
i should According

to the contract with
Myself i should refrain (first
paraGraph: no more

flower junk) but they are
just so dazzlingly orange
so deathly beauti

ful that i cannot
resist it: pomerans
the orange hawkweeds

nearly fifty years
ago i wrOte a poe
try collection cAlled:

proxiMa centau
ri - and now i reaD that in
its own way it has

become reali
ty since astronomers have
discovered a pla

net close to proxi
ma centauri - so read the
collection riGht now

paragraph twO in
my new poetic codex:
no more fAmily

cock-and-bull stories
and anecdotes or any
tall stories either

i have for exaM
ple never met brian e
no (have i really

claimeD to have done so?)
that sort of thinG i will leave
to posterity

to G

an Old seal is bro
ken At genner ceMeter
y an old wound here

where my very first
love lies in the buried in an un
marked Grave around

which red admiral
butterflies are swirling here
where i am standing

with my last love with
my heart full of shit sor
row love and dead love

cOdex manuscrip
tus (for hAndwritten it Must
be original)

paragraph three: no
more of this cat's piss and lit
ter and cat's farts all

blenDed with meta
mix and metaphor salad
but what does that leave

me with? - the poem
you are readinG right now and
the following ones

thirty-first Of Au
gust - it is still summer or:
i aM still alive

as caligula's
saiD to have remarked as he
crashed heavily to

the Ground run through by
a sword - i am still alive
as anybody

who's reading this po
em at this moment can tri
umphantly assert

god knOws if on the
quiet i Am not a sec
ret Moravian

just look at my po
etry collections' bio
graphies and lifetimes

just look at my De
votion to brorson and e
wald and kierkeGaard

i am bloody well
convinced that i'm a genu
ine moravian

as a result Of
which i visit god's Acre
churchyard in christians

feld to celebrate
the incorruption of the
resurrection

(i wrongly believed
the bodies stooD upright in
their Graves) and in or

der to eMphasise
that the spirit rules but the
flesh brings salvation

my english translatOr
(and poet) hAppened to coMe
across the worD 'nos

seforvirret' in
one of my poems about
Death - much knittinG of

brows and days of pond
ering after which he came
up with: 'bumfuzzled'

well now - that's what i
call a real translator -
homage à john irons

*'hOw long hAs this been
going on' - and i Mean
in reality:*

how long is this go
ing to continue? - how long
is the refuse go

ing to pile up (mounDs
of stones beams and withered trees)
in front of our wood

land hut? - but now that
it has been removed i find
i miss it - *how stranGe*

'days Of wine And
roses' - i write (as you your
self can see) although

the rain is pouring
down outside and autuMn is
on the Doorstep e

ven though i'm neither
a bigwiG of any sort
nor a musician

but more because i
i've quite simply drunk myself
into a stupor

'hOw deep is the o
ceAn' - i ask someone who quite
by chance happens to

be passing at the
super co-op in sønder
sø and who hurries

away from Me - have
i now got to the staGe where
i start to irk or

Dinary people? - you
would do better to ask keith
jarrett - don't you think?

*'yOu'd be so nice to
come home to'* - i quietly
hum Away to My

self - even though both
i and my beloved are pre
sent and the hour is

way past midniGht - des
pite all this i continue
to explore my form

of musical ex
pression as though the oppo
site were true - why's that?

'time after time' i
recOrd on my Ansaphone
system ring Me up

for yourself and lis
ten if you Don't believe me -
ok i'll do it then

Goodness gracious me
it sounds so atrocious i
erase it at once

so now no one can
listen to 'time after time'
on my telephone

a reviewer hit
the bull's eye: hœckOlogy
he cAlled My writing

and that's exactly
what it is: a kinD of e
coloGy in the

poem by inclu
ding all the social refuse
in the poem (quite

literally) by
processing it as in an
organic set-up

the pOem has its
surfAce its externali
ty towards the world

with a language that
Makes it intelligible -
and has its inner

eDGe that closes a
round the alchemy and core
of the poetry'

between the two what
is wonderful can occa
sionally take place

in twO yeArs' tiMe when
i turn eiGhty this poem
will have been published

in a book (proba
bly my last one) take it
or leave it - it

cannot be other
wise - *the work is done* - it
will not be any

better or worse which
ever way you choose - *so the
rest is up to you*

*my wife in a
chincilla fur - i always
wanted tO see thAt*

and now both you and
i can see her in facebook
wearing precisely

such a fur - *she looks
like a roManov (ain't that
true?)* - or perhaps a

bit more like iri
na ammanée who has troD
den throuGh the mirror

'excellent' i hear
myself saying when i read
that cash benefits

have been reduced i
can hardly believe my Own
eArs - oh how insult

ing - what on earth's the
Matter with me - i must be
re-educated

Get the inner beast
back where it belongs in the
dark good grief - voilà

well sO whAt - i Mail
to my foster son (i have
a kinD of writer's

block and am tryinG
to get started) - well so what
i mail one more time

no answer - it is
one of those days when every
thing goes wrong - e.g.

a child will die if
i do not pay in the sum
of fifty kroner

i am the cleaner
in pOetry the black hAnd
that clears up things in

all the old rubbish
reMoves Dead words and meta
phors (everythinG the

the public adores)
blow sonnets and canzonas
to smithereens so

that there is no long
er any 'poetry' left
that's me - the cleaner

frOm time to time i've
tAken an interest in
king freDerik the

ninth in my poe
try - his large ears for exaM
ple and the branches

of spruce at his fu
neral and here follows his
very last motto:

whatever one is -
one is first and foremost one
self said kinG frederik

to A

yOu're the *bookmAker*
(in the true sense of the worD)
writer and leader

books set the words
in action against heavy
odds and incoMpre

hensible accounts
(consult the back of the book)
you write them off just

as quickly aGain
(almost as in a sudden death
death) and serve nothing

and i read alOud
from ecclesiastes to
All of the flowers grow

ing out at heartland
and i know that it sounds quite
hellish (but is the

opposite) and i
read for the grass without
feeling ashaMed be
,

fore i mowed it blaDe
by blade and played at beinG
god for a moment

in a way it is
quite moving to read Ana-
lyses of one's own

work (in which one is
able to find out what it
is one has written

and what one ought to
have written) statements made
by people who don't grasp

that it is themselves
that they are writing about
it's really moving

i am not so sure
that the language of poe-
try is the same as

the poetry of
language - i seek at any
rate both possibi-

lities in my po-
ems - i could also ask: does
poetry exist

without language or
language exist without po-
etry: *i don't know*

when i sing the praise
Of creAtion (the world for
better or worse) it's

iMportant to me
to incluDe all of lanGuage
in this song of praise

that of advertis
ing the everyday the di
gital etc and not

just to content my
self with the vocabula
ry of poetry

truth dOes not exist
All that exists are the facts
that is My story

or my narrative -
everyboDy relates his
or her own story

and that itself is
a story which in turn is
and so on in a

eternal proGres
sion - what one could call the ne
ver-ending poem

*cat On the run with
seven hundred other cAts
to nowhere land*

and i looked for theM
everywhere in orDer to
find my own she-cat

and the rain fell like
the codeword i had chosen
to prevent stealing

*but a clock was ring
ing in my dark bedroom for
the cat on the run*

the fOllowing dAy
i drove all the way out to
trelde næs partly

to kill soMe time but
also so as to empha
sise the fact that re

ality is more
than simply that and eases
every heartache with

the breaking of its
waves and gusts of winD passinG
through the rose bushes

tO deAth - everything
goes on as if nothing had
happened no one is

dead as if i did
not see an accuMula
tor Gutting itself

in Dreams as if i
did not open the door to
the room that had num

ber twenty nine and
then everything was full up
everything goes on

MY HEART IS EVI
DENTLY ANYTHING AT ALL -
So WHaT WILL THE NEXT

THING BE - A CHURCH BELL
AN APPLE CORE OR PERHAPS
A LARGE TRAFFIC JAm

I d'ON'T HAVE THE FOg
GIEST PERHAPS LIVER PASTE
WITH BACON - GOOD GRIEF

I MUST STOP ALL THIS
HEART NONSENSE BEFORE IT STOPS
OF ITS OWN ACCORD

if this boOk wAs de
dicated to god then he
(or she) would answer:

get lost you little
creep how do you know if i
actually e

ven exist - Maybe
you believe so and what right
Does that Give you to

attempt to speak and
to write on my behalf? - go
home and fuck yourself

(and time passes and
time passed and tOday turns in
to toMorrow - it

all sounDs simple - but
not quite (read the above once
aGain) because to

morrow counts too and
shows itself on the sly and
in the light of dreams

as eternity's
own reflection (believe it
if you will and dare

the sea Of flowers grows
in front of the eMbAssies
chiefly roses gerbera

and lilies perhaps
carnations Do so also
the sea of Grief grows

and the condolen
ces the candles flicker like
waves on the wa

ter everyone's wild
with sorrow as long as it
is someone else's

nOw i know why i
A long time ago called My
poetry collec

tion 'Dylan fore
ver' -it's because dylan's sonGs
and poems are al

ways in tune with the
times whereas so much other
rock music was good

when it is heard now
but dylan is good (stress on
the 'is') all the time

nature pOetry
(seventy-three) rAin inbe
tween the words autuMn

rain the bombs are fall
ing over mosul in the
same seconD - look here

there's a death-cap mush
room or there - a hail of shells
on the screen yes i'm

home aGain - it's real
ly much harder to write po
etry nowadays

at the back Of the
writing desk drAwer i found a
note where in My own

handwriting there stooD:
hohenschanGau linderhof
neuschwanstein herren

schimsee - god preserve
us all - how truly weird can
things end up being

if there had only
at least had stood this: *yes we
have no bananas*

i place the seashell
from jessens sand up against
my left ear in Or

der to heAr the
north sea or My mother's voice
and then i switch to

my right ear in or
Der to listen to eter
nity - but there's nothinG

not a fucking shit
but silence - though that can al
so be a message

naturally pO
etry must also include
linguistic prowess

A noble charting
of the unbounded space of
transforMation - with

out fairy tale Dreams
and imaGination it
would scarcely be pos

sible to decide
just what reality is
i write the real

MY HEART IS oNLY
A HEART WHEN aLL IS SAID AND
DONE IT IS FULL OF

ASHES AND FORgOT
TEN mEMORIES FULL OF LOVE
AND SANGRE BRAVA

ONLY A LUMP OF FLESH
IN MY LEFT SIde THAT HAMMERS
AND THUMPS AWAYS WITH

AN EXTRA BEAT WHEN I
SEE MY BELOVED NAKED
UNDER THE SHOWER

i am the grinder
the knife-whetter of pOetry
not in reAli

ty but literal
ly i aM the one who cuts
through a line and who

slices through a worD
quite literally and it
is me who sharpens

the metaphor on
the whetstone of the system
i am the Grinder

what the heart is full
of the pOems overflow
with just As when the

Glass of whisky is
full it will only take one
single extra drop

or consider your
own life - you do not know when
it's coMpletely full

but back to the po
em - noboDy empties an
empty heart - do they?

everyOne has A
narrative when they inter
pret reality

no one is alone
with a truth capable of
explaininG the nar

rative of every
one else that would only be
a Meta-narra

tive exactly like
this poem which is its own
meta-narrative

i have begun tO
re-read poets i never
reAlly have partic

ularly cared for -
e.g. ekelöf or yeats
and tranströMer - per

haps so as to re
pair my arsenal or to
make things gooD once a

Gain - i do not know
and none of all this is real
ly true by the way

and i repeat: pO
etry is first and foremost
rooted in dArkness

as life itself is
(and i explicitly use
the word 'as') let us

not forGet this - not
either when darkness Means more
than just a lack of

light but is Defined
on the basis of its own
centre of darkness

all these plans Of stop
ping - of simply pAcking in
my writing of po

etry - forget a
about it - i Might just as
well dream about stop

ping my Dreaming when
i'm asleep - *no way it is*
impossible al

though writinG poems
is actually the op
posite of a dream

to my belOved:
i'm not coming out of the
poem until you

hAve said that you love
me - i'M going to stay in
side among the worDs

and the letters un
til you come in completely
utterly starkers

with a full Glass of
sparkling champagne and fetch me
out from it again

if yOu have reached this
point got to these words in this
poem And have done

so without cheating
or skipping some pages then
you are one of the

few that have coMplet
ed this reaDinG marathon
or iron man event

and are in a sense
to be rewarded for this
by these very words

let us hOnour the
three clichés of poetry
(time And time aGain)

that heart rhyMes with pain
and that pain rhymes with fart (*al
though not in english*)

helps understand what
is incomprehensible
(inexpressible)

and contains the red
roses of love which will ne
ver fade or wither

and the three mOtifs
(the three meAt-bones of poe
try) i - Myself and my

fucking eGo or
insanity - my mother's
and father's Deaths and

last but not least: the
obscurity of the retreat
of the woods and of

nature - and the re
frain which is as always: *fid*
dlesticks or fuck you

nature pOetry
(eighty) there's A lot of shit
between the roses -

a critic said - yes
but it is true - i reply
roses grow better

in Manure and what's
more i Deal with the whole of
creation the rouGh

with the smooth i do
not imitate creation -
i poetise it

fifty years agO
And counting fifty years' po
etry on paper

i celebrate my
own poet's half-century
i love My poems

so that's been saiD and
what's more *i love my life* as
robbie williams

beautifully sinGs
and my wife i also add
on my own account

my last will and my
definitively last and
ultimate secret

i want tO be bu
ried in the flickering shA
dow play of My dreams

i want to be bu
rieD in my fuckinG words in
my shitty poems

i want to be bu
ried forever in my name
is that understood?

in a lifetime
there are a certain number
Of decAdes aGes

and years (golden years)
there are a certain nuMber
of months and of weeks

and Days a certain
number of hours and of min
utes *and only o*

ne second is ho
ly - the rest of the time *you*
are on your own

MY HEART IS AN O
PEN BOOK (MY GOD PRESERVE US
AND KEEP US SAVE) FOR

EXAMPLE THIS BOOK
WHICH IS FULL OF LOVE AND SHIT
AS WELL AS HALF TRUTHS

OF BOSH AND TWADDLE
(I REPEAT MAY GOD PRESERVE
US AND KEEP US SAFE)

I DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH
JUST READ THE BOOK AND CLOSE IT
SO MUCH FOR MY HEART

APPENDIX

PROTOTYPE ('DNA' - the genome)

The prototype for the whole *My Heart* collection - so that the average of the values of the variables of the *My Heart* poems corresponds to the prototype.

R = 22
D = 16
r = 19
d = 30

No = 11
v = 5
sted = 4
A = 17

g = 3-4
u = 4-3
f = 4
ge = 2

h = 2
b = 1
U = 1

R (Relatum) - D (Descriptum) - r (relator) - d (descriptor) - No (Nomen) - v (verbum) - sted (pronoun) - A (preposition + conjunction + adverb + adjective + proper name) - g (subject) - u (verbal) - f (prepositional) - ge (object) - h (main clause) - b (subsidiary clause) - U (incomplete sentence).