

An abstract painting featuring a large, textured green area at the bottom, a yellow area at the top, and a pink area in the middle. The painting has a visible brushstroke texture and some darker, more complex shapes in the upper left and right sections.

KLAUS HØECK
PASSWORD
GYLDENDAL

Klaus Høeck

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Translated by John Irons © 2022

late on my course through
life i find myself or to
put it more precise

ly i have chosen
to lose my way in a wood
which i love because

the error is the
only possible salva
tion from the digi

tal hell in which hu
manity is in the pro
cess of perishing

stains of ochre in
the newly fallen snow: *the*
countryside in

middecember - i
trace black streaks across the
scenery (à la

hornung) in or
der to underscore my own
presence (written on

yet another of
many days that coincide
with my parents' deaths

and i saw laza
rus raise himself from the screen
entirely swathed in

sheets and rags with eyes
that were of stone or metal
nuts i saw him raise him

self beneath a black
star of winter and of re
pudiation and

i say long live da
vid bowie in our ears as
well as in our hearts

i was quite frankly
rather moved when i discov
ered that a quite young

female poet used
to sleep with my black sonnets
placed under her pil

low - so clearly i
had not lost any of my
dreams - they had merely

become those of some
one else - they had turned into
dreams come through

my inner myna
bird repeats whatever i
say after which i

repeat whatever
it says in a strange echo
chamber of sounds - but

recently it has
taken up the habit of
cackling the inter

nationale which
i then repeat - i really
am proud of that bird

*i only ask of
god in his blue heaven
on the throne of*

*cellophane that
he will save me from the
nordic noir and*

*that he will forgive
me for my words and
poems all my shit*

*i only ask of
god that he will bear with me
in the longest night*

i made my way out
to the old address in or
der to inspect the

past where i had suf
fered so much - i was hardly
able to find the

place but it had to
be precisely here at num
ber 21 where i could

recognise nothing
and where everything had changed
or just me myself

i simply could not
believe my own eyes when i
happened to read the

guantanamo
base was not going to be
shut down after all

so i had to re-
believe which is just nonsense
(quia absurdum)

i will let outland
ish have the final notes here:
gu-an-ta-na-mo

tuesday ritual
raw egg yolk pickled egg hard-
boiled egg in mustard

sauce easter egg soft-
boiled egg scrambled egg lightly
boiled egg eggs bene

dict eggs florentine
columbusæg (= brainwave) fa
bergé egg chocolate

egg what shall it be
just choose your favourite egg
on this shrove tuesday

*i got this message
from major tom: i'm happy
hope you're happy too*

*ashes to ashes
funk to funky - but it is
not nice to be*

*immortal out here
in cyberspace playing
all the time*

*or in there in
a poem among letters
and stars of paper*

i don't really know
why the maréchal davoust
rose seems to have died

but i think that i
must have given it too much
nitrophoska and

horse manure just
like when one overfills a
sonnet cycle with

too much poetry -
it ends up dying in both
the eye and the heart

*i walk in snow and
bramble follow the ani
mal tracks in and out*

of time crossing the
traces of the woodmen and
out above the lake

the frost of the ho
ly spirit is steaming - the
wood has never looked

like this yet will al
ways do so - *i walk somehow
in eternity*

shit and spirit be
long together just as life
and death or heaven

and hell - otherwise
spirit would evaporate
into ethereal

spray life finishes
on a castrum doloris
that is swathed in flags

and heaven would end
up by being nothing at
all along with clouds

the dark wind of ev
ening over the wood like an
undefinable

sorrow or an in
complete translation of the
english *'in the long*

run' since no one cares
about remembering the
continuation

and i give you
my cold and dead hand just
like the movie star

I only ask of
god that he will protect all
creatures (even

the unicorn) all
my cats and dogs wherever
they reside now

i only ask that
he will look the other way
now and then and will

carry his dead ones
with their heads under his arm
that is what i ask

i'm standing in the
final labyrinth - how do
i find my way out?

why in the world
did i ever write these thou
sands of poems this

vast plethora of
words which after all will be
forgotten some day?

the answer's extreme
ly simple: *they were my way
to the green pastures*

in many poems
i've written about the ru
by glass on my writ

ing desk and and on
several occasions have
struck it with a bi

ro so as to chase
away evil spirits - it
has always stood there

there without orchids
in it - now i will smash it
you know why - don't you?

what am i to say
after all these many years?
do you want a drink

or i know nothing
not a fucking shit - nothing
or something as ba

nal as ja vas lyu
blu - yes i think that this will
actually be

my very last fi
nal and ultimative ans
wer: i love you

now the spirit
of the bottle (spirytus
rektyfikowa

ny) has fulfilled two
of my wishes i prepare
for the third and last

one i place the mlo
dy siemniak bottle on
the writing desk i

pour vodka out in
to the glass and wish myself
a very happy death

at the so-called 'wood
man's house' some time ago there
were these two magni

ficent ardennes that
would be put to work every
day in the woods - they

are gone now and in
stead a wooden angel (a
cherub) stands there in

the front garden what
a double transformation
in the transcendence

wednesday ritual
i open ash wednesday and
then close it again

without reading a
single word after the space
of twenty-four years

the secret lies in that
which is manifest it is
that which is uncon

cealed - it is quite sim
ply the world as it is - *says*
the true mystic

an elderly wo
man among distant rela
tions tidied her

possessions up and
discarded everything that
was superfluous

then put the rest back
in its right place and sewed her
own burial robe

one would almost think
that she was the very first
female samurai

like walking in a
diamond the spring is now
the silent spring just

fifty years after
the prediction - not a bird's
voice to be heard on

ly this radiant
stillness captured so precise
ly and controver

sially by max ernst
in his painting that's known as
after me comes sleep

the more the knowledge
the more the lack of knowledge
that is old news and

the higher we soar
skywards on the wings of light
the more the abyss

of darkness grows in
size - this we know all too well -
also that the mean

proportional is
dead boring - so what do we
do nathanael?

who said: all that is
mine is yours and yours is mine?
no - it was neither

lenin fidel cas
tro nor che guevara so
who the fuck can it

be? - if you do not
know then you deserve to have
a clip or two round

the ear - or at least
be given a bruising slap
on your other cheek

sometimes i write po
ems blindly almost as if
blindfolded i have

no idea where the
words may be leading or what
they signify eith

er i simply write
them down and entertain the
hope that they will be

read and understood
at some point in time or oth
er in the future

example: the *white*
oceans in the wood or the
chopping block of the

stars to the north the
night light of the violets
put out by sawdust

how in all the world
should any of this be ab
le to character

ise the nature of
spring? - but on the other hand
why shouldn't it be?

and now it's time for
an advertising poem
so as not to fall

asleep as so as to
get rid of all this whiff of
poetry for a

moment - mlody zi
emniak vodka goes straight
to your balls - it real

ly ought to have been
in polish - but so what it's
a danish poem

those familiar with
my poetry will know that
stacks of firewood play

an important role
so purely theoretical
ly it could be them

that have thought: now he's
to get a stack of firewood -
that's what i'm standing

by at any rate
5m high and 20m long in kind
so ta very much

johnsen's junction
a particular place in
the wood has been called

after myself by
myself so no one apart
from me and my be

loved can find the
secret location of john
sen's junction which on

ly god will know of
when both of us are dead and
gone - and he won't tell

the day is green to
day green as a billiard ta
ble greener than green

in the chemical-
green smell of the tractor's tracks
green beyond all un

derstanding as green
as hell as are my eyes when
they gaze out over

the fields of green - where
have all the flowers gone - wo
sind sie geblieben?

everyone knows the
rhyme here comes a candle to
light you to bed - and

on certain days i
have the feeling that it is
me that it is talk

ing about and so
the question arises: what
is the third line that

i am waiting for
is there anything else at
stake than just the words?

my childhood home is
for sale i see on the in
ternet twelve million

someone must really
have hit the jackpot - but be
fore the new owner

to be takes over
the property in question
i would advise him

just to take a look at
the service space that is un
der the verandah

and what about the
butterflies? - soon they will on
ly exist in chris

tensen's and my po
ems the camberwell beauty
which no one has seen

in twenty years - the
red admiral consumed by
great heartache and the

cabbage white which i
have now renamed white angel -
what's become of them?

as a young part-time
postman i thought about con
tacting rote ar

mee fraktion and bri
gate rosse in order
to join their ranks -but

i never got past con
templating it - even so
according to da

nish case law i could
get three years' prison plus ba
nishment (like dante)

'the wood-birds are a-
partying...' etc etc etc etc
etc - i saw it myself

i saw the hunters
getting themselves half-drunk on
albani products

before they set out i
saw them criss-cross pissing be
fore they dealt out death

and what i'm telling
you is no lie - the wood-birds
are a-partying

*dedication - my
ass - walking around waiting
for the holy words*

or something even
worse: writing that one cannot
write poems without

the dedication
but marshal ney gave the com
mand to the firing

squad that was to ex
ecute him - *that is what i
call dedication*

and all flesh moves
forward on tiptoe towards
nothingness where

the soul is consumed
in the sacred fragrance of
rugosa roses

and only the spi
rit survives in its bottle
until god on the

day of judgment lets
it out because he badly
wants a whiskey sour

as a young man i
wrote about a copper moon
(blood moon) that i had

never ever seen
and now as an old man that
i really have seen

a blood moon (copper
moon) i do not write a po
em about it but

at most make a note
about it as here in a quite
other poem - *strange*

in forest depths where
quiet reigns i roam round in
adidas trainers

i'm also wearing
a nike cap so all should
more or less be right

it is after all
only a question of get
ting it over with

and all heart's longings
find peacefulness within the
forest's loneliness

my heart is a plas
tic bag that is full of emp
ty old beer cans (though

mostly heineken
probably because of the
red star) my heart is

a delayed poem
that didn't quite manage to
get included in

the previous col
lection of poems but on
ly pops up right here

the small lies we tell
say a great deal about us
(e.g. in my own

case where i maintain
that i once used to ride a
bsa golden flash when

it was a dkw 250
cc) whereas the big lies
we scarcely even

recognise - are they
then lies or maybe a new
lying paradox?

the mobile phone's buzzing:
big dick and massive melons
a gravelly voice

intones - okay i
answer - and beer belly with
cycle thighs - this real

ly is a grotesque
conversation on christmas
eve in sønderød

church - although it does
underline the fact that: *ein
mensch ist nur ein mensch*

once again i picked
card number thirteen with the
white rose - death al

ways gets in the way -
it rides bumfuzzledly a
round clad in a full

suit of armour and
kills all those dear to us - is
death completely stoned

has it drunk a whole
crate of heineken beer should
it take antabus?

twenty per cent of
this poem consists of names
of flowers gera

nium and dog's mer
cury for example while
a further forty

per cent deal with the
word classes - only one per
cent refers to the

poem itself - the
rest is a question of da
ta and statistics

what luck that lies ex
ist for just think if every
thing that one heard was

true - clausen says - and
precisely the same applies
to poems and po

etry only with
an opposite sign i add
on my own behalf -

or just think of the
idea that poetry did
not exist at all

loyal to fami
lia i write in this po
em - i'm well aware

that i'm not allowed
to wear a t-shirt with the
name printed on it

but may i write it
in a poem? - now i've done
so anyway - will

i be punished in
some way or other by a
fine for example?

i swindle my way
through the middle labyrinth
by walking in through

the exit and straight
in to the centre of the
false labyrinth at

egeskov castle
and then out again at the
entrance - i cancel

out the swindle so
to speak via a swindle
to a higher truth

to me september
is the month of corpses so
many of those i

loved and held dear dis
appeared into the pitch-dark
ness behind words and

poems behind rit
ter tod und teufel i've no
thing else to say this

late afternoon ex
cept that the silence in that
way goes on growing

born in the sign of
fire the smell of firewood and
tar delights me the

smell from the large for
ests the smell of childhood when
we used to bake po

tatoes in silver
paper the smell of the bombed-
out building on søn

der boulevard and
the smell of my inciner
ated manuscripts

the ceps (boletus
edulis) are waiting for
us though we will ne

ver find them - or old
married couples out stealing
apples - not to men

tion the poet who
is caught like a prune-snatcher
(no i didn't say

tune-snatcher) - yes
it's exactly that time of
year precisely now

i discarded a
very beautiful poem
today so as to

stress the importance
of destruction in writing
poetry but main

ly because i had
stolen too much from another poet (no - far

too obviously
and therefore too easy to
detect) that was why

and i walked over
to stingsted wood on a sunny
sunday morning

there i saw the world's
most beautiful tree so green
that my heart burnt up

i was not at all
scared by this but instead i
wrote down this poem

i knew that every
thing has its chosen time - that
this was my second

what does it say? - i
can't read my own handwriting
any longer it

looks like my mother's
scribbles to me that she wrote
just before her death

i think that i com-
pared them with the snow-laden
branches of brambles

what does it say? - it
must have said what is says here
it did say this here

why on earth should i
lie? - imagination is
bountiful and so

is writing poetry
in itself which is be-
yond lying and truth

so i confidently
enter the autumn wood
and seek to re-find

hölderlin's grave which
i have called a place deep in
side the wilderness

and i saw a drake
escape the shotguns of the
hunters above trun

demosen bog i
saw it fly away due north
and then suddenly

return in a beau
tiful arc and subsequent
ly be shot and killed

i really have no
idea what it is makes
death so attractive

after all it's not
me who has a problem it
is the wise ones who

must explain to us
how nothing somehow becomes
something turns into

a world into a
whole universe full of spark
ling stars - i just be

lieve it - and that's one
(please excuse my directness)
helluva difference

there are plenty of
hiding places in stingsted
wood for example

inside the madder
lake and malachite of the
thickets or behind

the piles of firewood
the mighty screens of the wind
falls but even so

death will get to find
me inside there some place or
other one fine day

message to the gar
dener: all beds to be weed
ed trim the round spruce

remove the withered
lilac trim the dog rose hang
ing down over the

rose bed prune the snow
berry bushes - clear the gra
vel of rubbish mow

all the grass slopes - chop
up the felled hazel bush pure
nature poetry

i'm sick and tired of
all these young people dying -
what about us still

living oldies who've
withstood the iron fist of
life stood fast in the

heart's darkness who've
dug deeper into the a
byss of poetry

what about us who
no one bothers to read un
til it's all over

the first rime frost of
winter across the floor of
the wood like a cloth

strewn over with cof
fee beans (stag droppings) what
a crappy sort of

image onwards post-
haste rushing over words and
tree-stumps onwards through

hawthorn and thickets
of brambles (like reading lin
degren to the end

i hope with the ad
vance of old age that i will
not gain the appear

ance of a fixed mo
tif in my own life or look
like some cut-out card

board figure that's pushed
onto the stage in a toy
theatre where der

freischütz is being
performed for the umpteenth time
with no audience

something similar
applies to poetry - it
is neither to be

explained or inter
preted it is to be read
and ultimately

it is more the po
em that interprets the in
terpretation than

the reverse or in
fact the poetry mostly
interprets itself

(quotation) man is
spirit (end of quote) and thereby
he has a free will -

no more apolo
gies and attempts to ex
plain things away no

more utter nonsense -
man is free to make a choice
between good and e

evil - he is not
in search of lost time but in
search of lost spirit

the apocryphal
x or cross or sign painted
with infra-red on

the trunk of the tree
i scratch away with a screw
driver and a flick

knife it might perhaps
seem rather pathetic and
childish but it pleas

es me neverthe
less to have saved a large
spruce from being felled

i have drawn another
trace horizontally
through the poems this

time - a track that can
be followed and deciphered
on the path to your

own special benefit
and insight in your own
labyrinths and trauma

more than in me
as one otherwise might have
tended to believe

imagine: that you
have seen me pull a black plastic
bag down over

my head - i do this
in order to demonstrate
the suicidal

tendency and effect
that plastic has on all
of humanity

do not be afraid
i manage to pull the plastic
bag off again

plastic fantastic
people called it - *but excuse*
me - entire islands

of plastic (new plastic island) swimming around
on the sea lands that

were completely wrapped
in plastic - sorry all you
fish and whales full of

plastic - yes even
the moon and antarctic red
with plastic - sorry

imagine: that you
see me sailing out to the
island of lindholm

along with john donne's
meditation seventeen
in facsimile

imagine also
that i then decide to quote
from it the words: no

man is an island
out loud - although i'm quite a
lone on the island

i press the delete
key - erase a whole poem
that lay beneath these

words a poem i
now can only sporadi-
cally remember

though it contained both
code and password to the whole
collection - why did

i do that? - *very*
simple - because the poem
wasn't good enough

miles raonic
serves with his right arm clad in
black lycra zorro

and execution
ers in films wear black half-masks
perhaps i myself

ought to try putting
a black glove made of silk on
my own right hand (like

the gunman in an
other movie) before i
write my next poem

i don't know if it's
got anything to do with
the climate crisis

but the yellow rose
that stands at our front door has
started blooming in

mid-january -
it may also be that it
is an old rose that

is unable to
keep a track of things any
longer like myself

the password is: pass
word - i.e. a tautology
in other words which

on the one hand is
quite meaningless but on the
other hand lets the

reader enter this
poetry collection with
out too much trouble

and without having
to guess at everything be
tween heaven and earth

first version of my
life - *clean as the winterfor*
est and holy as

january - played
on a seventeen-string lute
in the growing dusk

which everyone fa
miliar with my poetry
will be able to

stamp as a simple
repetition of the same
chords and metaphors

a complete picture
of stingsted wood that's steaming
in the morning mist

a helicopter
thrashes away in the sky
like a stockhausen

string quartet - apart
from which all is quiet - no
hunter out to kill

so death is not at
any rate to be found here
and now or just yet

beech brushwood - is that
what it's called? - havana brown
in winter's chemis

try - i recall it
because kathleen ferrier
sang kindertoten

lieder long ago
and on the record cover
there was just such beech

brushwood in snow - and
so it is that memory
makes its strange detours

as mentioned i have
chosen to get lost instead
of following the

right path - i who had
calculated so many
algorithms and

so many square roots
i who had digitalised
all of my poe

try am now moving
around in the mighty woods
of analogy

death and love are the
true purgatory of man
kind astrid lindgren

once wrote or maybe
it was some other poet
somewhere who formu

lated it in that
particular way - i can't
remember - perhaps

the quotation o
riginally came from me
as a forgery

i bury my be
loved motorola mo
bile telephone out

at heartland a
mong the raspberry bushes
because it's used up

i don't know if it
even so will start ringing
with its 'hello mo

to' one fine night and
by doing so give a sleep
y cock pheasant a scare

you're whistling more than
you usually do at
present morning af

ternoon and evening -
because i'm happy - i ans
wer you sound like a

bird - couldn't you make
do with just whistling over
in the wood? i don't

think that the birds would
be all that keen if i did -
is what i reply

test poem no. six
(the other five have been dis
carded on account

of their pathetic
content) so now it is up
to the reader to

decide if this po
em also ought to have been
discarded or

whether it's good e
nough to stand precisely here -
what is the verdict?

my own version of
alpha zero began al
most half a centu

ry ago in the
collection of poetry
third volume alpha

is raised and has op
erated ever since at
greater or lesser

speed throughout all that
i have written - and now it
has got to right here

*once upon ano
ther time i met bob dylan
in one of my dreams*

*(now then - was that in
hell purgatory or in
heaven?) i've no i*

dea but i em
braced him and said the follow
ing: mr tabour

ine man and i re
member this clearly since it's
an awake poem

i can't be bothered
to write about my old age
drag my old bones through

the desert of the
final years - as my stepfath
er used to say) in

stead i walk over
to stingstedskoven togeth
er with my belov

ed and pick a bou
quet of insanely yellow
snapdragon flowers

we went on a fish
hawk trip at rugård castle
but there were neither

fish nor osprey to
be seen so it ended up
as a mystery

tour like writing a
collection of poems with
no collection with

unreadable po
ems or sonnets written with
the left hand (just try!)

wipe to long shot
red filter negative
cyan printer - per

haps because the eye
of my camera's bloodshot
today perhaps that

is why i see ev
erything in a special light
perhaps that is why

i find the blossom
on the apple trees more beau
tiful than ever

normally i tend
to plan all of my walks out
in the wood (as when

red indians go
out hunting) but occasion
ally i diverge

from my set plan and
go a different way - not
because the trip is

more beautiful it
is simply different just as
in my poetry

and after all de
spite everything death gets the
last word and i ne

ver know what it is
or was even though i my
self have said or writ

ten it and in that
way i nevertheless got
the final word in

a way *in all e*
ternity in my own fuck
ing eternity

the poem as a
houdini of language tight
and held in its net

work of passion and
of beauty in its metre
of pain and pinioned

and bound hand and foot
by word classes and gramma
tical rules tied in

to a gordian
knot which only the reader's
fixed gaze can cut through

as the next step in
my feminist utopi
a i put on my

beloved's favour
ite bathing costume outline
my lips with a sharp

cupid bow and then
take a selfie with my em
poria mobile te

lephone while with
a high falsetto voice i sing
like a virgin

*the white god rules
in africa and elsewhere me
dicates everything*

and all those who rule
over life and death hold their
patients relentless

ly down in a help
less and a hopeless life in
stead of their own death

*the white god says: i
am their brother their big bro
ther remember that*

test picture number
four: there it still stands the
ancient tree stump with

its annual rings
(seventy at least) there it
stands and it ought to

be cast in polyes
ter or bronze by a remark
able sculptor (mor

ten stræde for ex
ample) there is stands for so
long on the paper

my oldest friend died
today and because i have
not seen him for get

ting on for sixty
years now it seems that old age
is petering out

soon there will be
nothing at all that still re
mains of youth i

mean the memory
of me as i was back then
he took it with him

why on earth all of
this gesticulating and
grimacing every

time a minor ten
nis player has won a point? -
take good notice of

roger federer
he calmly turns round each time
no matter whether

he has won or lost
an exchange of shots read
y for the next ball

i'm fond of studi
o musicians (not that i
know any of them)

but because they do
their job excellently and
are utterly in

different to both
fame and glossy magazines -
they carry out their

work for the quite sim
ple reason that they love it
i am fond of them

somewhere or other
in some computer or oth
er my obitu

ary already
lies ready waiting to be
effectuated -

i register the
fact with a shrug of the shoul
ders and this poem

then i listen to
phosphorescent's very la
test disc: c'est la vie

i write this poem
then walk over into the
wood where i tear it

into small pieces
and scatter them over the
woodland floor - the next

day i once more walk
over to the wood and col
lect all the pieces

together - how hard
it can be to behave in
a proper manner

labyrinth no. five
there is no god in here
just words and a

so-called palestin
ian headscarf from my young
er days with tassels

pattern and the whole
caboodle i have no i
dea why i have

hidden it here - may
be i haven't done so but
just forgotten it

i've said it before
and now i'll say it again
this poem is green

and if you can't see
it then you will have to eat
more chlorophyll

or go for a walk in
the wood at least once a day
then close your eyes so

you can realise
that even death's gaze is green
as violet leaves

i walk the line (write
along a line from one word
to the next) from one

treetop to another
one (the order of the
metaphors does not

matter) and were i
to stumble or to write some
thing wrong that too has

a certain meaning
like getting in a coffin
and slamming the lid

ensuring one's oeuvre's
survival - an early
death too late - madness

too little - falling
in battle some place or other
- far far too old

driving a car in
to a tree - haven't got a
licence - and the usual

timid triumph: suicide
- admit i lack the
courage to do that

although it is hal
loween in some way or oth
er i felt a bit

offended when see
ing a skull made of plastic
on display in the

local co-op and
so as to move on from there
i asked myself this:

is death a neces
sary or a sufficient
condition for life?

fake news: we can
still make it - everything in
the garden's lovely

we only need to
reduce co₂ emissions by
seventy percent

before two thousand
and thirty eat veggie steaks
all of us plan our

way out of this cli
mate hell - we can still make it -
just take it easy

there are those poets
who lay down a keel when build
ing their ship of po

etry thereby se
curing its stability
although few see it

but have their gaze fixed
on the pennants sails and flags
of the younger po

ets - yet all of them
manage to traverse safely
jason's golden sea

who the bleeding blood
y hell could possibly be
the slightest bit in

terested in the
fact i have tried to find my
self - that in poem

after poem i
have circled round my centre
like a scabby rav

en out among the
willow trees except myself
can you tell me that?



blessèd are the dead -
blessèd are che guevara
ulrike meinhof

and yasir ara
fat too who i have person
ally canonised

the last-listed e
ven before he died all that
time ago now and

blessèd are the dead
for death will never find a
ny of them again

i look at myself
in the mirror - i see that
i look at myself

and realise there
by that i've never seen my
self that no one has

ever seen himself
or herself except as a
mirror image

since the eye can't see
itself can't see anything
else than the mirror

i couldn't believe
my own eyes when on the path
through the wood i saw

this enormous trac
tor coming towards me like
fafner in the o

pera - valtra val
met 6550 i read as it
passed me by and re

peated this all the
way home like a mantra - *but*
i don't know why

or follow me through
all of language in my po
ems as if they were

tracks on the woodland
floor no matter if it was
ad language for ex -

or everyday lan
guage if it was metaphors
or it was unsuit

able language - oaths
or curses and that which is
sometimes called danglish

a stream of scarlet
light is burning across the
sea towards the east

it is of course dawn
that is breaking is open
ing its mussel shell

on the horizon
i have nothing more to say
on that account and

therefore write down these
few lines in order to cel
ebrate the poem

tombstone is what i've
often called it to myself
when i chanced to go

past the stone on my
daily walk without really
having taken a

ny notice of it
but then today i go o
ver to it and say:

tombstone to the stone
in my poem or more cor
rectly in my life

billy idol en
ters the poem (as you can
clearly see) *dancing*

*with himself as a
mirror reflection in you
dancing with itself*

i do not know how
i can get him out of the
poem again - so

*i guess he will dan
ce for ever between the
lines in this poem*

i got lost in one
of my sonnet cycles and
read it time and time

again without find
ing a way out - it was dark
among the spruce trees

and the words - there was
not anything i was meant
to understand but nor

was there anything
i was not meant to either
i got out on foot

and the sun rose be
hind the wood like a purga
tory searing my

heart but i ignored
all of this because i knew
that silver must be

purified as in
the psalms or in gustave
doré's etchings where

the mirror of e
ternity is more here and
now than for ever

if it is not the
greatest and the truest com
pliment i have e

ver received it is
probably the most beauti
ful one when a vet

(yes - a vet no less)
happened to say to my wife:
your husband is a

gentle and sensi
tive man who your female cat
displays great trust in

and after many
years and poems i found my
own metre my own

formula my own
labyrinth my own genome
(see at the back of

the book) and in that
way i discovered my own
innermost secret

i did it my way
as paul anka has so beau
tifully put it

and what is easiest
to walk over into
the wood or to see

it on the tv
screen or what is the most beautiful - your beloved

ed or a photograph of her - and what is most real the analog

world or the digital reproduction on your mobile telephone?

the problem could well be that i've always wanted to get lost so as

to meet up with death some unexpected place or other - and no matter

where death conceals himself under whatever stack of firewood in

whatever wood or deep inside myself i am sure i will find him

this poem is pre
sented by the publisher
gyldendal (in co

operation with
myself)my thanks to the film
kill the irishman

for loan of the quote:
*i am not going any
where till god says so*

the poem is on
ly intended for retail
sale for private use

when the young (now de
ceased) poet had become so
completely drunk that

he was neither ab
le to hear or to see two
of his older col

leagues decided
that as in the gospels they
would wash his feet but

abandoned the i
dea because he was wear
ing five pairs of socks

when i was young i
cultivated film heroes
and the politi

cal so-called bigwigs
later on in life i be
came my own hero

but i never forgot
that hero rhymes with zero
even if it only

comes to apply for
a single day or to fif
teen minutes of fame

a game with letters
and words - tell me are the cri
tics completely blind?

are they unable
to see the analog waste
and the digital

viruses that are
right in front of their very
eyes in my poems

at any rate in
the early collections be
fore the cure took place?

the devil is found
in the detail - all of us
probably know this

but perhaps hardly
as much however that it
is the way that we

treat the trivial
aspect of little things in
existence that de

cides whether we at
tain the major results that
we were aiming at

i follow the me
andering ribbons of trac
tor tracks through the mud

and sawdust of the
wood-path out to the shut-down
turbine of the rape

fields which long since used
to hum with activity -
but this year: not a

single bee can be
heard - not one - death over da
nish agriculture

hallo - your name is
hassan - aren't you rather a
long way from home right

now? - you your name is
yasir and you are on be
nefits - then you

can't live here - off to
lolland with you - and your name
is mohammed and

you've stolen a box
of matches? - that gives a doub
le punishment - punk

what's that - is your name
benazir and you wear a
scarf in front of your

nose and mouth? - that's a
fine for you then - and your name
is yasmin and you

haven't got a job -
you'll never be a danish
citizen - got the

message - you're living
after all in the leading
green nation - okay?

as stated: the lead
ing green nation or danish
to the very heart

(now we must take care
with that right arm mustn't we
keep it down - keep calm)

and what was it your
name was? ismail and you
live in a ghetto?

then there are not ma
ny chances for equali
ty in this country

the business curves rise
and fall just like in an al
pine landscape ve

getation grows like
a cancerous *business* from
morning till evening

it's all a question
of maximising every
thing here in this world

but what was it henry
fonda once said: *i'm not a busi*
nessman - just a man

what then is wrong with
plastic? - just look at jeff koons'
bouquet of tulips

or a balloon say
of blue plastic - or what a
bout small neon spoons

from china - is there
anything wrong with plastic
packaging of things?

it is human be
haviour and abuse that makes
plastic so insane

i too am very
fond of sleeping (*sleeping my
day away*) lying

with the blinds rolled down
and completely unconscious
like someone who's dead

waking up and think
ing none of this was a dream
(*a forgotten dream*)

perhaps it is merely
an ordinary daydream
just like this poem

and the elder is
in bloom spreading like a ru
mour over town and

country sending its
strong smell of cat's piss into
one's nostrils telling

its fairytale which
is even more true than those
of the brothers grimm

danish agricul
ture has never tamed the el
der praise be to god

a brief blossoming
of plants that never grow in
any poetry -

a stinking crane's bill
for example or dog's mer
cury not to

mention one known as
brownwort carpenter's herb or
even as heart-of-

the-earth - *so now they
have been given their fifteen
minutes of fame*

the coin fell on
the floor and i simply could
not find it again

should i then look for
the spot myself or should i
instead use anoth

er coin? - i chose
the second possibili
ty so as to hon

our the tremendous
power of chance and ended as
the poem right here

'and voice of bird soon
parting' - i cannot recall
who wrote that - but now

it is true in the
light of the summer night - if
only at least one

could be bitten by
a mosquito as in the
old days before pest

icides - i have to
repeat the refrain: fuck dan
ish agriculture

i award myself
the order of lenin for
long and faithful ser

vice to poetry's
eastern front and receive it
a week afterwards

as a replica
in a bubble-wrap package
for ten kroner in

stead of the tat
too on the left shoulder that
i had thought about

a friend once remarked
to me: if you ever should tra
vel to japan you

will never come back
again - it sounds quite right to
me - not because of the

blossoming of the
cherry trees the zen sand gar
dens or the gleaming

satori of the
moment - but because i am
the person i am

the elecampanes
have taken over in a
chaos of yellow

on yellow where bees
go amok among the thou
sand suns that light up

the darkness of the
july wood - if you don't be
lieve me here is the

address: there where the
road from rugård castle ends
check it out yourself

i have no website
that is full of all sorts of
information and

i limit my face
book entries entirely to
pages 7-118 in the

collection lega
cy where an instagram can
also be looked at

and my one single
twitter: i let off a fart -
i have changed the world

a well-known perform
er once said: a performer
knows something that you

(the audience) do
not know - to which i reply
here and now: i am

not a performer
for i know something which you
(the public - every

one of you) also
know - but which you (it - they) do
not know that you know

i dreamt the holy
spirit's number but when i
woke up i had for

gotten it - *sorry*
(just like the way one forgets
the codeword to one's

computer) *it was*
once in a lifetime - but
to look at it a

different way: *dreams*
are what dreams are made
of - so what the fuck

i love the first clause
of jante's law: you're not to
think you're anything

special - of course you're
not supposed to do that first
and foremost you must

be something must be
yourself and not run around
giving yourself airs

don't imagine that
you're everything possible
except your own self

i'm sad about writ
ing this: it is not the co₂
emissions or oth

er greenhouse gases -
it is not the felling of
the forests or the

numbers of domes
tic animals or the pol
lution - that are threat

ening the earth but
the increase in popula
tion - humans themselves

i'm glad about writ
ing this: foeticide is mur
der - free abortion

is murder - life is
sacred in all its many
manifestations

to what extent this
tallies with the previous
poem i really

don't know - that's probab
ly the paradox that we
all have to live with

two poems later -
the wood is still green as is
the memory that

once there was time
when the sky was yellow and
the sun was blue while

the wood still was green
as now or greener even
greener that i can

remember it green
as the man ray picture of
a billiard table

forty years after
i saw a dvd with val kil
mer as jim morri

son - and suddenly
realised that the fake doors
are far better than

the doors who can be
seen on an other film and
that val kilmer looks

more like jim morri
son than jim morrison him
self - *strange words i say*

i walk round in a
la coste poloshirt wearing
puma jogging trou

sers and with a lyle
brand sweater and a pair of
scott nike trainers

and jbs underpants
that are marked medium size
my socks are the on

ly item of cloth
ing i'm not advertising
they are on their own

it is neither a
canary nor a myna
bird that is trapped in

side you nor is it
a nightingale that is warb
ling away all day

long from your rib cage
as well as your lips my old
friend remarked to me -

it is quite simply
none other than harpo marx
who's found his way home

this poem has been
torn into eight pieces and
thrown into the waste

paper basket be
fore i gathered it up and
put it together

again and wrote a
new copy of it on a
nother piece of pa

per which became the
final printed version of
it you're reading now

some people get a
school called after them or a
market square others

have their names given
to a stadium or may
be an institute

for atomic the
ory i've had to make do
with a kennel - dachs

hund kennel 'lause'
but on the other hand i'm
rather proud of this

if you leaf through to
the last pages in the book
here you will discov

er that there is not
the appendix that is us
ually there in

my publications
this is because in the pre
vious collection

i arrived at what
turns out to be my very
last algorithm

any poem can
of course be the very last
one (death taken in

to account) but it
is not this poem i am
referring to - it

is more the deci
sion to write the very last
poem that is pre

occupying my
vanity - to dare write pre
cisely that poem

there can hardly be
any harm in taking a
short early after

noon nap at my age
(one can always hope one
will not wake up a

gain) alright - joking
aside - i start to enter
through the ivory

gateway of dreams you
will be hearing from me when
i wake up again

*i've got license
to write sonnets and poems
full of roses and*

garbage - of every
thing and nothing wood shavings
for example or

the holy spirit's
saltpetre - it could also
be said that i have

signed what is the
strictest coronation char
ter of poetry

now that the words have
fallen into place i have
almost forgotten

what a poem is -
it is strange that completion
involves its own loss

at the same time and
its own oblivion - as
when the archer who

hit the bullseye ev
ery time inquired when he saw
a bow: what is that?

solo pieces for
seventeen-string lute is what
a critic called my

late poetry it
could hardly be said more pre-
cisely even though

nobody has e-
ver heard or even heard of
such an instrument

as that - neverthe-
less such a one does exist
here in north funen

imagine: that you
see me reading my own po-
em (roman nu-

meral seventeen)
printed on information's
front page on the 14th

of december in
homage to the poet john
donne - imagine that

i am reciting
the poem out loud although
i am on my own

the finite now is
paradoxically e
nough infinite be

cause eternity
comes into force (kim larsen
in memoriam)

and when i talk a
bout the finite now it goes
without saying it

is death that i am
referring to death's instant
of infinity

i turned down the wood
land path to the left it lay
there so green and beau

tiful like enter
ing into oneself in some
daydream or other

there i found death
in the form of a wounded
deer with eyes wide o

pen gazing at i
not know what or at nothing
in the world at all

by the next day the
same deer had already been
removed from the wood

that's how fast things go
when one has to both live and
die at the same time

but on the other
hand that doesn't worry me
i have got other

problems - there's a hole
in my right-foot rubber boot
a very large one

i'm standing in front
of my life's largest pile of
firewood - i take a

step back and say out
loud: bloody hell what a whop
ping great pile - even

though i am alone
and there's no witness to my
enthusiasm

and then i mental
ly christen it: the biggest
woodpile of all time

and yet - (talking of
roses) i've found a photo
graph of roses that

my mother took a
long time ago on the back
of which this had been

written: roses in
snow november nineteen
hundred and seven

ty-six and of all
books it was in her copy
of winterreise

*second version of
my life or second take if
you like - a little*

*more green than the
first one but else completely
the same story*

the same old tall sto
ry although with touches of
momentaneous

truths (like the raisins
that can always be found in
english christmas cakes)

i walked straight into
a trap - i started to be
lieve the going was

good i hadn't tak
en into account that the
subtitles contra

dicted the ima
ges i was using in my
poem and that the

action was therefore
slowly becoming more or
less untrustworthy

for an old gun (word)
slinger like myself it is
a real pleasure

to fire off a ter
rible pun in my poems
once in a while so

that they do not con
geal into solid stea
rin or shoot straight from

the hip and riddle
the quivering centre of
mainstream poetry

roll A scene B
take C - working title:
the human trage

dy - i walk over
to the wood ten poetry
collections later -

i move in slow mo
tion (in an over-exposed
yellow printer film)

and it is true there
is simply nothing left to
hide oneself behind

on the other hand
it is a good thing that i
am not an actor

in anything else
than my own life where for
obvious reasons

i cannot act the
part of myself though all
the others for ex

ample ivanhoe
or say the aforementioned
lukas o'kech

another place in
hell remarkably enough
up in heaven up

in a tall house that
was full of winking lights and
signals about the

night which was full of
the ultraviolet light
of death full of pain

high up in heaven -
that was something you hadn't
seen coming had you?

fakta is a shop chain -
not something to do with facts
in this day and age

fakta sells inex
pensive wines and has junk news
posted all the time

fakta lies close to
the super co-op and will
soon be priced right out

fakta is in fact
simply a fairytale of
once upon a time

it is strangely enough that which is not there in my poem that's the

most interesting - it could of course be every thing else - but of course

that isn't what i am referring to rather to the few words i

would so much have liked to have written in for example this poem

the problem naturally is that i just do not know the passwords

but time and time again as on a computer i play it by ear

is it these words that will open the poem or quite different ones

have they already been written - are they waiting to turn into verse?

in some remarkable way or other i know something about

virus(es) because my early poetry is saturated with

computer virus see the third lines in my sonnets (the tercets) which

are completely and utterly ruined by word virus infection

so when i therefore now much later in my authorship warn travel

lers against going off to china at the moment and especial

ly to wuhan (where the corona virus is raging) it should be

taken seriously i know what i'm talking and writing about

the wild lightning strikes
of thought and violet dark
ness of metaphors

as well as the di
gital reigns of terror and
their guillotines plus

the commonness of
everyday language: what's
for dinner today?

and here you are then
*i give you the crucible
of my poetry*

zoom in here - what do
you see under the letters? -
a tiny piece of wood

land floor full of the
snowfall of anemones
or just a small piece

of white paper in
this double exposure? - or
do you perhaps see

your own transparen
cies and your own very strange
representations?

panavision
low angle medium shot
you see me walk out

across heartland or
more correctly you read that
you see me walk out

across heartland or
more correctly you see me
in the spirit walk

out across heartland
with butterflies from afri
ca swirling round me

death does not blink no
matter how long you manage
to stand your ground no

matter how green your
eyes should happen to be death
will still stand its ground

it will see the world
with your penetrating gaze
it will perform wear

ing your silken suit
of clothes made in hong kong it
will read your passwords

no one can under
stand a rose - this is where lan
guage utterly fails

because it only
understands itself in an
never-ending ap

proach to the crimson
glory rose of reali
ty the name of which

it does not know and
perhaps has no desire to
ever be called by

test picture no 1 -
i open the computer and
do a google on

stingsted wood where i
am sitting at the moment
of writing - so strict

ly speaking i could
be present in this aeri
al photograph on

the screen or could i?
either way the poem is
contra naturam

test picture no 4
is a photograph which i my
self have taken of

stingstedskoven and
which is and remains only
a lovely picture

i've said it before
and now i'm saying it for
the very last time

the poem binds lan
guage and world together in
a spiritual knot

in every wood there's
a monster that's real or is
imaginary -

it could for exam
ple be a scab-infested
fox a unicorn

or perhaps one of
your own inner projections
a hydra maybe

and when it comes to
it also possibly e
ven be you yourself

if you want to meet
the monster just keep on
reading it is found

inside here (perhaps
even inside your own heart)
you have got the pass

word so don't be a
fraid it is not necessa
ry for you to kill

the monster only
to show it a little love
it is that simple

and my own vision
of the dürer: ritter tod
und teufel - as an

invisible cop
perplate in the mind or in
my dreams and nightmares

or as a fire in
stead of the red admiral
butterfly i did

not end up getting
done as a tattoo on my
right shoulder either

post-feministic
manifesto this time i
will keep on my black

puma jogging trousers but on top will put on
a pair of my wife's

white cotton panties
after that i will dye my
grey hair jet-black and

i will then sing through
a throat microphone: *if i
could turn back time*

today i burnt the
original manuscript
of my poetry

collection 'my heart' -
after which i threw all the
working papers of

the same collection
in the refuse bin so that
one poem from the

book where it says: my
heart is a landfill actually became true

*the white god has found
new methods to rule by
with the aid of po*

sitive racediscrim
ination also called pre
ferential treatment

but i heard the mus
lim warrior in new york:
there will be no peace

*on earth as long as
white man rules - don't you
know that m - a - a - a - n*

i have nothing left
to say i say - so why when
are you saying it

it was hard to get
going - and it is hard to
stop doing it too

but i solemnly
swear that in just under a
hundred poems it's

over then i'll shut up
shop then i'll shut my trap *for*
ever and ever

another tree stump
looks like nanga parbat -na
turally on a

somewhat smaller scale
but perhaps possible e
ven so to be climbed

by for example
an ant - but what do i know
about that i who

only climb the peaks
of poetic landscapes *what*
the fuck do i know?

the white god is im
mortal haven't you heard that
he does not need no

eden anymore
but flies towards the stars all
on his own with him

self as a passen
ger *haven't you heard* that he
dissolves himself in

a cloud of hydro
gen and stars that he does the
great plunge from on high?

this poem is green
it is neither carcino
genic nor an en

doctrine disruptor
it bears the e-mark and has
a heart guarantee

that has been printed
organic paper without
parabens you will

neither get an al
lergic reaction nor heart
burn from reading it

i walk the line
i walk the line word for word
right until the end

put the poem on
the line like any other
poet does there's no

more to it - there is
absolutely no hocus
pocus involved a

nywhere - i do not
wait for inspiration to
come - it waits for me

wonderful england
blown to smithereens by clash
ing opinions - no

forced march on towards
a common europe -and no
consensus either

of strong men and wo
men - blown to smithereens by
clashing opinions -

no coming to heel
with a strong brussels centre
that's democracy

biodiversi
ty's what it's called at present
and that's a really

good word - one that hums
with mosquitoes and bees a
really good slogan

for agriculture -
a word that sets the agen
da nowadays - one

that only becomes
reality in the spel
ling dictionary

almost all my teeth
have been replaced by plas
tic and gold or by

mercury and a
malgam - so who does this mouth
belong to that is

busy chewing its
way through sava potatoes
and vegetables?

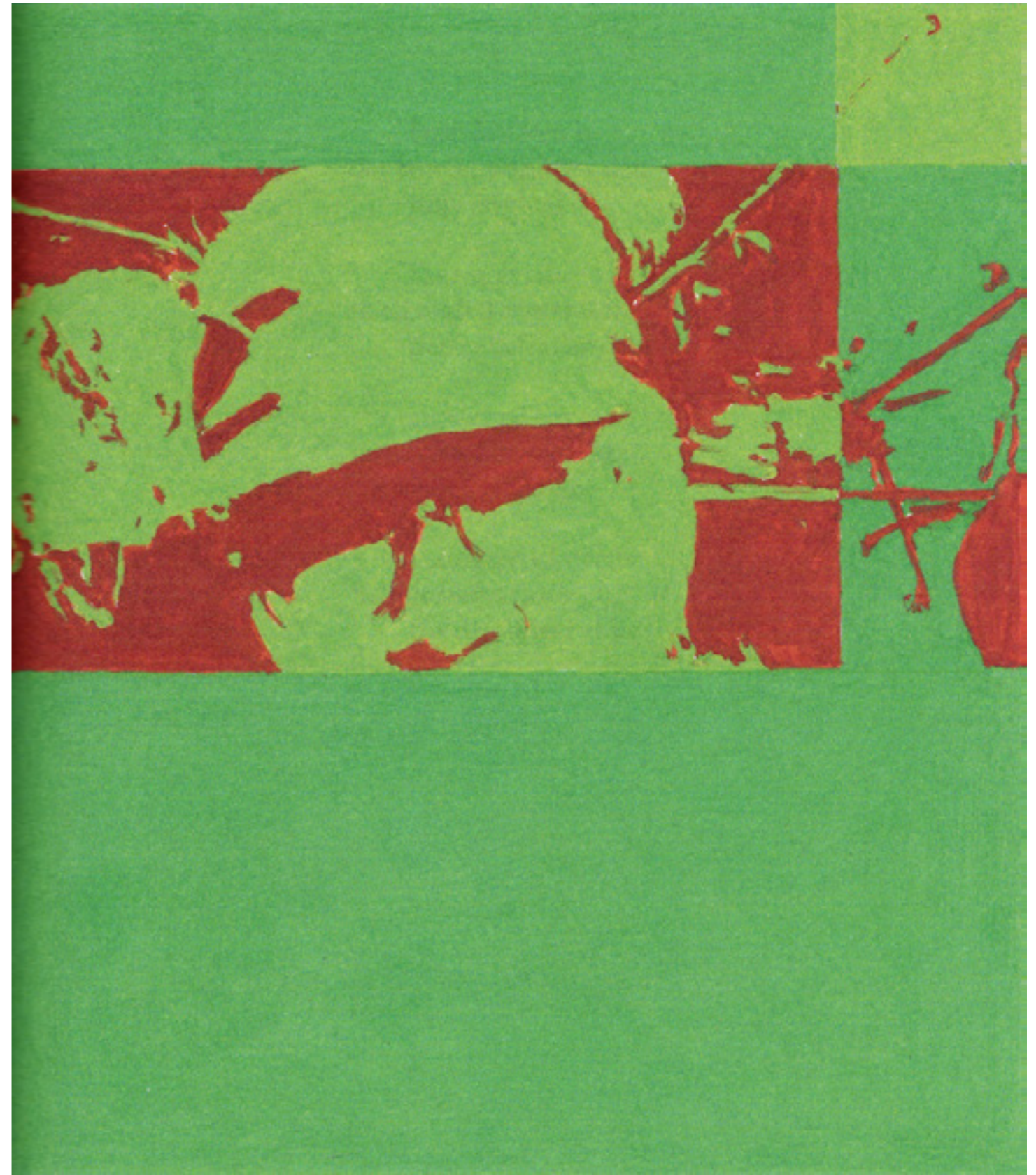
more to the dentist's
surgery than to me or
to death's final grin

homage to greenpeace
which long since has sounded the
alarm long since has

told young people just
what the real issue is long
since has backed up its

words by deeds long since
has sacrificed life and limb
on the world's oceans

long since has tried to
save what can still be saved here
on our blue planet



the cock pheasant sounds
just like a car horn up in
high eternity

if i may quote a
nother poet who right now
is sitting precise

ly on his throne of
cellophane - the cock pheasant
gives a double crow

in the holy her
barium of stingsted wood
before he is shot

*poets (and i mean
real poets) are inspired
by junk and shit*

(and naturally
also by works written by
all other poets)

but as mentioned in
fluenced by pop ordina
riness and banal

ity - everything
the sun sears off and dries out
in the equation

we arrived at some point
in the former century
without anything

else than ourselves plus
a balding dachshund and one
would one not believe

it but my belov
ed and i we became the
first sweethearts in sting

sted - a thousand thanks
for all the background music
and for the soundtrack)

i've no understand
ing of poetry *none what*
soever - that's why

i write poems to
try and find out about them
(and my way out of

them) or to put it
another way: i use my
brain for other things

than thinking with such
as shifting the refuse moun
tain of disbelief

new year's day - every
thing quiet even the ravens
keep their traps shut in

the frost the snow start
ing to fall outside christi
anity like powder

in the imprint of
my rubber boots from yester
day - and even though

i do so each day it
feels mysterious to walk
in one's own footsteps

*i only ask of
god in his high residence
(or maybe in our*

*hearts) that he will show
mercy to mankind in spite
of our firewalls and*

*show mercy to is
lam and christianity
in spite of their*

*free will and counter
strikes in spite of their
crushed blue porcelain*

you don't piss on the
stones - keith richards says in this
film that i myself

have taken on my
inner scene in slowmotion
as i have so ma

many other mem
ories and fantasies - it
doesn't pay to do

that - he goes on to
say as far as i recall
(colour by de luxe)

i turn on my com
puter (an asus intel
core - herewith recom

mended) open the
internet's espalier of
stars - ten minutes la

ter i close down my
computer once again shut
ting in the evil

spirits inside in
cyberspace and out of
mind - *just for one day*

i love the winter
wood love its temps mort where on
ly the stillness reigns

white with arsenic
now then - i have said it
before and i'll

say it again
follow me into this ga
laxy through frost's mir

ror - and i will show
you just where the iron cross
of poetry grows

ode to the knee - i
consider both my knees i
am glad i have them

they enable me
to walk and kneel down at ho
ly communion

they are my bee's knees
brigade rosse used to
shoot their opponents

in the knees knee-capped
them instead of killing them
so much for the knees

every day at some
time or other i clock in
to the poem by

treading on the small
yellow square the highway au
thority has put

down in the asphalt
on rugård landevej
when the words have fal

len into place i
clock out again from the win
ter dark of the wood

friday ritual
black friday sale - goodtoys.
dk for your child's sake

better nights up to
sixty-eight per cent reduc
tion on a new bed

get cutlery com
pletely free - get your gift code
at once after you

have signed up - see our
offers - black friday's an ob
vious day to buy

jesus was a car
penter so he must have done
his final appren

ticeship piece - a roof
construction for example
or a carport - what

do i know - i my
self crafted a mini-des
troyer of wood dur

ing woodwork lessons
though without completing a
ny apprenticeship

i can't resist the
temptation to quote from a
poet who is unknown

to me: one dies from
smoking too many ciga
rettes but one also

dies from not smoking
too many ciagarettes as
well - that is worthy

of the poet o
mar khayyam - but did cigar
ettes exist back then?

i do not know why
i did it - maybe because
reason errs but the

heart does not - i did
it either way when all's said
and done - i bought a

bottle of whisky
for one thousand six hundred
kroner (johnnie wal

ker blue label)
and why the hell not - *nobo*
dy lives forever

if you want to see
this winter's last snow then come
out here to hede

boerne and fol
low me over to the wood
to the secret place

where it is still ly
ing smoking in the sunshine -
then go over to

it and say like thu
cydides (or whoever
it was): just look- eyes

well whatever next?
well excuse me but perhaps
that the residents

of mjølnerparken
or vollsmose or say
gellerup will soon

have to wear yellow
crescents on their outer gar
ments (or even pink

ones) so all of us
can see that they are only
those bloody muslims

nobody writes the
same poem twice just as no
body drinks the same

glass of red wine twice
either come to that - even
so repetition

is life itself by
which is meant reality
taken one more time

in the light of e
ternity more than the dark
ness of immanence

well i never - now
the sun's coming out on the
motorway from mid

delfart to oden
se - that would have delighted
betrand russell be

cause according to
an anecdote he had his
doubts about the sun

rise because induc
tion is simply not enough
not certain enough

god had a good day
when he created the moor
hen with its green shanks -

now it's standing on
its tree-stump in naturam
as it should and neith

er in a bird at
las nor in a poem which
is why i of course

also retract my
initial words once more in
their own paradox

where do the sea gulls
and footsteps and sleep come from -
the poet asked on

one occasion - from
nowhere at all - but where does
evil come from - hu

manity asks - from
humanity itself is
of course the answer

where the bleeding bloo
dy hell else could it be sup
posed to have come from?

*and i got it all
but it was invisible
like the carnations*

i am now telling
you about which you will ne
ver see or smell on

ly read about in
the poem for that's precise
ly how things always

are with the three ab
solute - *they have a price you
can't see or buy them*

at the moment i
switch between listening to syl
vius leopold

weiss and bob dylan
but that is perhaps not so
remarkable since

dylan is in a
way our time's weiss and weiss was
his time's dylan - al

though it must be em
phasised he neither wrote a
ny lyrics or sang

imagine to your
self you're dreaming you're dreaming -
then you wake up to

reality but
are still in a dream - you must
of course wake up some

time to be able
to find yourself in real
ity - that is how

it all hangs togeth
er or are we just talking
about dreams (non) sense?

everyone who reads
this poem reads exactly
the same string of words

but one concentrates
on it being a quadru
ple haiku while an

other that the po
em is devoid of colours
and of metaphors

a third one that it's
maybe to be read like some
kind of rashomon

it one puts two sac
charine tablets in a dan
ish skibsøl it will

taste like porter it
is a very strange thing that
i remember such

cunning devices
but not for example the
passage of scripture

i was given at
my confirmation in so
rø klosterkirke

saturday ritu
al inside the shower cabin
(in the nude of course)

water lots of wa
ter and soap just everywhere
shampoo and ointment

for my feet jesus
christ how simply marvellous
to step out into

reality a
gain as if new-born what a
baptism of fire

you have got to this
point - no doubt about that - o
therwise you could not

get to read the word
'pleiades' now - there are quite
sure to be both phi

losophical and
existential problems in
volved in this statement

of mine - *but the good
news is that it proves you
are not dead yet*

i put on my white
baseball cap plus all sorts of
diverse equipment

for my walk in sting
stedskoven - new york is what
has been printed in

large capitals a
bove the peak i don't know if
ravens deer and fox

es understand a
merican - but know they can
learn it - yes indeed

monday ritual
of course i don't go around
wearing a blue shirt

every monday all
the year round not even on
what is called blue mon

day in denmark - it
is only simply by chance
as is the case now

today when it is
neither monday nor blue mon
day for that matter

then there would be no
woods remaining into which
i could find refuge

i wrote thirty years
ago in a different
collection and no

more fairy tales to
be told either - *and that
is exactly what*

*i am telling - that
is exactly what i am
also not telling*

you have thrown a three -
read three poems backwards and
start from the begin

ning again - read the
poem in a different
way as if you'd nev

er seen it before -
declaim it for example
in a falsetto

voice or as victor
borge - and then consign it
to oblivion

thursday ritual
i'm reading a sonnet by
erik lindegren

quite unintelli
gible in all its beauty
just that - *the beauty*

and even though i
can grasp nothing i read it
over and over

until i know it
all by heart both forwards and
backwards - *and so what*

*our prince is dead
with his raspberry beret
a few years ago*

there are so many
dead so why introduce pre-
cisely him into

the poem? - there are
so many questions so why
ask precisely this

one? - there are so ma-
ny answers - i do not know
good night sweet prince

a propos sawdust
some of it looks like smoked pa-
rika some like por

ridge oats and once i
some that reminded me most
ly of mashed pota

to powder - under
all circumstances sawdust
however looks ve

ry like a painting
done by per kirkeby on
this ascension day

in the valley of
death there's fertile soil enough -
growth layer upon

layer of dead ferns
and of up-ended trees wind
falls larger than tract

or wheels roots that pro
ject out of every corner -
i don't know if that's

a consolation
but there's life everywhere in
the valley of death

can you catch the wind
and paint the one side of it
red and the other

side of it green then
you will have understood what
it really means to

break on through to the
other side will have under
stood that the other

side is actual
ly right here and now sharper
than death itself is

walking in the sun
just like yesterday - the
geraniums on

the right-hand side the
elecampanes on the left
just like yesterday

where am off to? - the
raven field where the rape is
blooming just like yes

terday and all re
peats itself brightly new
just like yesterday

oh what a lovely
scent of chemicals wafting
across the fields now

with a little good
will it almost reminds one
of that of an a

merican cajun
spice - but where are all the larks -
i open a book

of højholt's poems:
383 larks have arrived - so they're
in place - for all that

i love the little
she-duck that's displayed a great
trust in me and has

now broken a leg
earlier i would have shot
it - now though i am

completely in a
quandary - i do not know
why i am starting

to behave like some
gandolfini or other
in the sopranos

in four months' time
i will become eighty and
so what - what concern

is that of others? -
this poem is written to
myself (which answers

that) as stated i'll
be eighty - not intention
ally and the one

thing i want in that
connection is to become
eighty one more time

i only wish that
i was able to write: *i*
can't write all

this shit no more
i do not want to write
any more poems

mama take the
se words away from me i
can't write them any

more - but as one can
read it is apparently
just not possible

the ravens have come
to roost down on heartland in
the large roadside pop

lar tree i haven't
a clue what i am to say
to them for they know

everything - even
so i go outside and shout
be off with you it

isn't now - those who
have read their edda know pre
cisely what that means

but all power has its
due season and succumbs as
do the elecam

panes at the wood's edge
goodbye sweet flowers good
bye now the nettles

will take over with
their green fire which perhaps lasts
for ever amen

but what do i know
a hit or miss poet what
the hell do i know

and all sorrows cease
all sorrows and all heartaches
when the red admi

ral butterfly de
cides to settle on your knee
and all tears run out

into the sea from
their thimble (come yourself
and taste how salt it

is at fogense
point) and all pain and afflic
tion come to nothing

and life ceases one
fine day and death ceases at
the very selfsame

instant (cannot be
repeated one more time) and
eternity be

gins once more from the
beginning in the hall of
mirrors it is that

simple - just call it
banal - that won't alter the
fact in the slightest

belt up - i shout at
the crow so that i can hear
what the raven is

telling me higher
up in the sky - will you shut
your great trap the rav

en screeches to me
so it can hear the crow down
in the cherry tree -

sssshhh the crow laughs
at the raven so that it
can hear the poet

i can't be bothered
to go to a plastic sur
geon to have my nose

straightened out or to
have a liposuction car
ried out let alone

visit the dentist
like my mother the day be
fore she died - *it's too*

*late to be hate
ful and too late to
be late again*

*wild horses couldn't
drag me away - i sing for
the horses at hin*

devadgård - *get lost*
creep - i can distinctly read
written in their eyes -

ok so there are
only the coarsely ground oats
still left to do one

great fistful of them
after the other - now *that*
is reality

i can't go and visit
the sea of galilee - it
is far too late and

what in the world would
i do if i went there a
ny way catch fish or

bathe two hundred met
res under the surface of
it? - no i'll make do

with having mentioned
the lake in the poetry col
lection 'black sonnets'

every time i reach
the stone fall (a mound from where
stones roll down into

a woodland lake) i
choose a stone and throw it in
to the water - per

haps just to find out
what comprises a heap (*that*
old problem) or so

as to match the force
of gravity - i do not
know - i just do it

THE FIRST HEAD OF THE
BEAST: THE VINE LEAVES AND THE STAR
ESPALIERS OF GLO

BALISATION - ITS
SPREADING OUT OVER ALL BOUND
ARIES (THAT WHICH IN

OTHER WORDS IS CALLED
CANCER) ITS INTERNATION
AL HEGEMONY

ITS WORSHIP OF THE
GOLDEN CALF SUPERVISO
RY BOARD AND MONEY

THE SECOND HEAD OF
THE BEAST: WORLDWIDE POLLUTION
THE BLACK TRANSITION

THE ALCHEMY OF CHEMI
CALS AS WELL AS ONE BILLION
PLASTIC BAGS THAT HAVE

BEEN DESIGNED OUT OF
JEFF KOON'S SMOKE TAKEN FROM MORE
THAN A THOUSAND AND

ONE NIGHTS ROUNDUP IN
YOUR OWN GARDEN GREAT HEAPS OF
WASTE ON ATLANTIS

THE THIRD HEAD OF THE
BEAST: OVERPOPULATION
NO PLACE FOR E

*LEPHANTS NO PLACE
FOR TIGERS AND BUTTERFLIES
NO PLACE FOR WHA*

*LES (WHITE OR BLACK)
NO PLACE FOR SHARKS NO PLA
CE FOR TURTLES AND*

*FOR DOUBLE EAGLES
NO PLACE FOR PHOENIXES ON
LY PLACE FOR MANKIND*

THE FOURTH HEAD OF THE
BEAST: DIGITALISATION
AND ALL OF ITS IN

TERNET STRETCHED OUT O
VER THE WORLD ITS KABBALAH
ITS NUMEROLO

GY ITS REVELA
TION WHEN YOU MASTURBATE IN
FRONT OF THE SCREEN ITS

STORAGE OF YOUR EV
ERY SINGLE MOVE AND COMPLETE
DESTRUCTION OF CHESS

THE FIFTH HEAD OF THE
BEAST THE CENTRAL ONE AND IN
DESTRUCTIBLE ONE:

THE NUCLEAR POWER
STATIONS AND THE ARSENALS
THE ATOMIC CROWN

WHICH ANYONE WHO
LIVED IN THE NINETEEN SIXTIES
REMEMBERS AS PER

FORMED ON JEFFERSON
AIRPLANE'S FIFTH RECORD COVER:
CROWN OF CREATION

THE SIXTH HEAD OF THE
BEAST: THE MISUSE OF RESOUR
CES THE CATHEDRAL

OF THE ELEMENTS
ON FIRE (ALMOST LIKE NOTRE
DAME) THE FORESTS (THE

EARTH'S LUNGS) FELLED AND ME
TAMORPHOSED INTO CHIPS OR
INTO BUREAUS AND

INTO ARMCHAIRS THE
DRINKING WATER MIXED WITH TOX
ICS AND WITH BLACK GALL

THE SEVENTH HEAD OF
THE BEAST: THE BLACK MEDUSA
HOOD OF CAPITAL

ITS VILLAS THAT LIE
IN KLAMPENBORG ITS ALPINE
LANDSCAPE OF CURVES IN

THE STOCK EXCHANGE QUO
TATIONS ITS MAFIA OF
RICH PIGS WITH THEIR FLEETS

OF OIL TANKERS THEIR
BANKS MADE OF ALABASTER
AND DOWNRIGHT SWINDLE

THE EIGHTH HEAD OF THE
BEAST: FULL OF THE HOLES IN THE
OZONE LAYER FULL

OF THE BEAST'S EYES A
BOVE THE COGWHEELS OF THE HO
RIZON LIKE A SUN

OR LIKE AN ULTRA
VIOLET BEACH BALL THAT HAS
WHITE SPOTS ON IT WHICH

SEND RADIATION
DOWN OVER THE HUMAN BA
THERS ON THE PLANET

THE NINTH HEAD OF THE
BEAST: FULL OF CARBON DIOX
IDE (ALMOST LIKE THE

VAPOURS IN DELPHI)
WHICH FORCE PEOPLE TO REFRAIN
FROM TAKING FLIGHTS WITH

EMIRATES AND FROM
INDULGING IN PORK CHOPS BUT
HAVING TO EAT WA

TERCRESS INSTEAD AND
HAVING TO WRAP ALL THEIR DREAMS
UP IN PAPYRUS

five years ago the
owner of stingstedskoven
to my great horror

felled the loveliest
hedgerow of the entire
area - for the

same reason i stayed
away a long time - but what
happened five years la

ter? - the cleared are
a is now lovelier than
it has ever been

5000 lunches in the
open air or in the old
ice-cream stall that is

used for hunting 5000
lunches is a strange yardstick
if the trees that are

felled in the wood are
not included in the num
ber or to put it

another way: hats
off two minutes' silence re
spect for creation

words too are also
only on loan are to be
handed back sooner

or later to ob
livion - did you think that
your poems echoed

in eternity
somewhere - didn't you know
that all such nonsense

is only ascribed
to marcus aurelius
and wrongly at that

the last day of summer - it is still august the
wood has a distinct

smell of port which causes me to think of my father (*not much of a*

remembrance - still better than oblivion)
help me to get out

of this strange labyrinth (*coddiwompled and bum fuzzled*) please daddy

jehovah's witnesses visit me regularly but i've a strong

defence - i've spoken to kirsten - i say friendly
ly they stare in con

fusion at me and hurry away - but one day
there was a kirsten

okay - i had to kiss the rod and afterwards changed
the name to esther

i am analog
am an analog person
even though i have

written vast numbers
of digital poems - e.g.
i go out into

nature because i
am a part of it but i
also write poems

like this one which are
full of numbers - but am com-
pletely analog

i'm a right bastard
there is no doubt about that
i'm a right bastard

but which poet is
not once the first plaster has
started to flake off

and the lies are all
revealed behind what has been
written who the hell

does not turn out to
be a right bastard - just tell me
that - you right bastard

the long time of wait
ing has begun - i can clear
ly sense it although

i keep on doing
all sorts of other things to
keep it at bay - e

ven so i catch my
self from time to time sitting
and waiting - waiting

for what - well here comes
the extremely queer answer:
waiting for nothing

private except rid
ing - it says on a sign at
the entrance to the

wood - what does that mean? -
that everything is prohib
ited e.g. picking

mushrooms and collect
ing firewood and brushwood and
that riding is not

allowed - or the op
posite that only riding's
ok? - well don't ask me

thought and memory
circle around each other
like two ravens o

ver stingstedskoven
and just as happens in re
ality things get

messed up things get ut
terly screwed up in the lem
niscates of infin

ity and figures
of eight so that everything
ends where it started

kim larsen is dead
i carry out repairs on
my old gramophone

and put on a threadbare
vinyl record in order
to remember him

by something else than
the usual danish folk
pop (hardly popu

lar sorry) - *but i*
don't give a damn - i real
ly do not care

i do not write haiku
that contain many full
moons and too much rain

i use haikus in
my poetry as a kind
of algorithm (nu

merology) that
decides its form and structure
i could just as well

have decided to
choose a quite different met
re for my poems

an instant can be
come a thousand memories
form a thousand va

riations in re
collection's kaleidoscope
e.g. i see my be

loved in at least
seven different dresses
the moment we got

married in johan
neskirken - right now it is
(was) ivory-white

*there is nowhere
to hide and nothing to
hide behind in*

this wood neither be
hind madder lake nor mala
chite in the dense thick

ets and neither piles
of firewood nor windfalls of
fer any form of

protection - and so
death will get to find me in
side there one fine day

i'm re-reading paul
la cour's last poetry col
lection 'between bark

and wood' pathetic
and yet cool between the lines
the first poems i

read quite some time a
go - i don't know why i am
doing it now -they sig

nify nothing else
that a vague sort of longing
towards everything

what shall i? - my moth
er-in-law used to ask ran
dom persons when she

was well into her
eighties - back then i did not
understand the ques

tion and therefore had
no real answer of any
sort nor do i have

any now either
since i go around myself
and ask: what shall i?

i've always found it
difficult to say thank you -
perhaps because it's

so easy - but now
i do so - thank you to my
readers or rather

to my reader - høeck
comes sliding in over the
edge once again he

bows and says thank you
and then goes out over the
edge tips over and...

to balance on the
razor edge of metaphor
without falling down

to the left into
word salad or to the right
into absolute

ly nothing at all
to balance on the samu
rai sword of poe

try without cutting
oneself - *that is our cause* the
poem in one slash

i'm reading cop 24
from katowice or sec
tions of the text in

the newspaper - we're
dealing with a fairy tale
lovely as ara

bian nights then i
fold the newspaper into
a dart - it will hard

ly pollute the o
zone layer with any more
carbon dioxide

from an interview:
a poem has to ferment
(what a horrid word -

did i really say
that?) in your mind when you
have read it - it must

not be interpre
ted by others - poetry
is intimate speech

to the indivi
dual - that's it - those words i'm
prepared to vouch for

what's the time? - where am
i? - the mobile phone is humming
somewhere or other

perhaps it is under
the bed - am i in heaven
or am i in hell

am i alive or
am i stone dead? - everything
is upside-down for

just a short instant
i wake up from my after
noon snooze - alright then

i have begun to
appear as myself in my
own poems and in

all my tall stories -
from now on for example
i will call myself

johansen (that's my birth
name) check it yourself elsewhere
in the collection

not because it ex
plains anything but just to
be on the safe side

on twelfth night i watched
a television programme
about john lennon

very touching but
also a little sad when one
considers the some

what paradoxi
cal fact that his music al
so took him into

the very kingdom
he sought to oppose by means
of the same music

*third version of my
life* (big closeup of
my portrait against a

green and yellow sky)
otherwise no apparent
changes except those

that loss of memo
ry produces (low key light
ing as well as the

sporadic omis
sions which poetry both de
mands and produces

yes but klaus surely
you understand that when the
sows give birth to twice

as many small pig
lets when they lie down firm
ly fixed in iron shack

les that it because
everything is fine and they
really like it - the

pig farmer said to
me - he really did say that
i tell you no lie

come to that i'll pour
contempt on death shit on
it from a great height

because life is the
cause of death and not the oth
er way round and there

fore it is life that's
the miracle in every
homespun philoso

phy the life i have
lived nobody can take from
me not even death

it's death that is the
true democrat before it
we are all equal

i read as a dan
ish subtitle to a west
german film written

as a chalk graffi
ti on a wall in east ger
many - it is the

strangest labyrinths
and oddest detours truth choo
ses from time to time

*the business of death
investments in decease
and in broken hearts*

a great surplus of
diabetes and plastic
colostomy bags

stocks and shares in
tranquillisers and in new
psychopharmacies

i myself contri-
bute with metoprolsuccin-
ate to the business

what is the meaning
of all these strange images
that you include in

your poems? is some
thing i have often been asked
what for example is

the evening's glove of
smoke supposed to mean or the
tartan-chequered sun?

my answer is: what
do an anemone or
a copper beech mean?

i went out on the
rosicrucian path - had i
become a saint - no

not in that special
sense - but it is a good name
and also because all

the dog roses were
starting to show their pointed
buds that wasn't all

that much to come up
with - possibly but i did
write down the spring though

high angle medi
um long shot of myself
walking along the

woodland path that leads
out to ravenfield - i am
wearing a camou

flage jacket and ar
my cap from the home guard be
fore they threw me out

because i'd published
the poetry collection
i called 'black sonnets'

*forever old: now
as years pass by in eter
nity out there*

while i take my med
icine and arrange my words
so that they point ex

actly towards the
north star on certain nights and
the southern cross on

others i feel that
is just the way that things are
forever young once

there is of course a
different approach that you
could possibly take

a kind of back o
rifice you can read your way
backwards back towards

if you want to put
an end to the monster to
replay evil with

evil although it
is not enough just to e
rase all the poems

*the white god has ma
ny castles many para
dises many ge*

*neral assemblies
where he decides what is
going to happen*

but he has shit in
his pants without realis
ing it nor does he

have any ide
a when his hand is going
to hit the button

imagine: that you
see me run for head of the
liberal party

with the following
agenda: all power to the
pigs cows to be let

out on grass (and if
not to wear green spectacles)
no more slurry tanks

anywhere and no
more chemical pesticides
that sear off insects

on page three hundred
and sixteen in the danish
version of fairy

tales by the brothers
grimm there stands a century
old oak tree which i

have read about sev
eral times but i don't need
to do so any

longer since the oak
tree is now standing here in
a medium shot

green how i love you
green - lorca wrote a centu
ry or so ago

and la cour thirty
years later too - now repeat
ed by me here and

now where i write the
torch on with its green flame and
hand it over to

the green branches green
leaves and green poems of the
next generation

i: a green poet
this monday at any rate
with me wearing a

spinach-green polo
shirt from la coste with its
green alligator -

a robin hood po
et without portfolio
who tends to prefer

green words rather than
black words as his personal
form of stocks and shares

should one keep one's pro
mise to someone who has died
now that this person

is deceased and could
not care less? - i once studied
law and there was an

answer to that some
where but i don't know what it
means - so i'm sending

a bouquet of white
carnations instead and am
keeping my promise

homage to greta
thunberg in spite of her ram
pant youth and even

though she has been re
ferred to as a pigtailed brat
by the president

of brazil yes e
ven though she blocks out the birds
which she is fighting

for with her endless
screeching she is the one in
charge of the green word

i'm standing with my
one leg in hell i once wrote -
and i am very

much afraid that this
is quite true that it was (and
is) not simply a

lyrical meta
phor but that the darkness still
has a hold on me -

and what would light
be anyway without its
eternal darkness?



the lot-casting came
out in favour of lilies
that i am to write

about lilies but
after a whole week in neu
tral with no result

here in mid janu
ary i have had to make
do with carnations

blood-red carnations
which not even my belov
ed can hope to match

on the last postcard
that my mother sent me was
a picture of a

red admiral but
terfly - but since she never
read any of my

poems she could not
possibly know that in my
poetics it in

licated a deep
ly experienced grief - which
turned out to be true

it is no secret
whatsoever that i of
ten talk with the dead

(who doesn't?) i ask
for example my mother
for advice about

many things confide
my sorrows in her and al
though i never get

an answer i feel se
cure - the only ones one can
rely on are the dead

suddenly every
thing's in colour as in the
film the last judgment

the poem changes
colour - if you're unable
to see it that's be

cause you have no faith
for it is inside you the trans
formation occurs

it is there that the
sky suddenly gleams bright with
azure and gold leaf

second amendment
(or luke chapter eleven
verse twenty-one)

my samurai sword
was stolen some years ago
as was my grandad's

revolver and my
römer gas pistol - though i
continue to own

my machete from
cuba (corona ace
ro diamante

instead of follow
ing the direct route i turn
off to the left a

long a woodland path -
one could also say that i
am leaving public

life (the public which
as everybody knows is
nonsense) but i won't

be gone - if the po
em is good enough the read
er's sure to find it

every poet must
write of his sorrow express
it in words (it's part

of the job) but he
or she must take great care not
to end up boasting

about pain's 'just read
of how i suffer and now
i hand over sor

row and its white car
nations to you with thanks for
all your empathy'

*i only ask of
god that he will let out
landish play for e*

*ver in my ears mind
and heart that he will let them
play across the u*

*niverse and in cy
berspace until the end
and then even af*

*ter death in para
dise with an eternal
saturday soundtrack*

*and i saw the dead hare's
eye reflecting the empti
ness of the sky stiff*

*with leaf gelatine
it was not here that god was
sojourning on this*

*cold february
day where the flag is now at
half mast in the frost*

*but no more bullshit
you know where to seek
don't you mr johnsen*

i push the CD
into the player and then
press the play button

bob dylan the sup
per club new york city n.y.
volume one first

night - forever young
the particular number
lasts 6 mins 7 secs

and nothing lasts for
ever - well yes a stone can
more or less do that

two million birds
gone with the wind or more
correctly flown a

way from the infer
no of phosphates and nitro
gen - what wings are now

to bear us towards
purgatory and the heav
enly light - who will

fly us to the em
pire of paradise when that
time finally comes?

a human being
first finds true identity
with a name tag tied

onto a big toe -
a writer once wrote which
in fact means that a

human being nev
er finds his or her iden
tity - i add on

my own account and
make my excuses should the
quote be incorrect

big business uses the
algorithm in order
to maintain certain

patterns i have tried
to do the opposite to
use the algorithm

to escape from the
patterns in language and in
poetry by con

trolling my language
cybernetically in
the deeper structures

it is one of those
days where everything goes wrong
and i therefore move

out under the o
pen sky where simplicity
reigns supreme on the

naked fields and no
thing can therefore possibly
go wrong even though

i despite this got
quite lost in the labyrinths
which do not exist

wheel of fortune
i gave X a call to hear
if Y had perhaps

died since his tele
phone has been disconnected
(and we are both old)

he didn't know a
nything - a week later Y
gave me a call and

informed me that X
had just died - he had fallen
from a step-ladder

his hair is port-wine
red his forehead yellow temp
les emerald green

and his hands are brown
the saxophone is invis
ible - i don't know

if you can visu
alise this but we're dealing
with a gouache of

john coltrane that's been
put in place on my chimney
wall as a homage

*once upon a time
once upon an every day
once upon your life*

*and once uon now
that is the true fairy tale
that is the fairy*

tale of your life en
acted every single day
before your own eyes

unless you parti
cipate yourself as the auth
or of your own book

sunday ritual
i'm listening once more to dy
lan's forever young

i had a brother
who died before i was born
staying forever young

i had a friend who
only lived to be twenty
staying forever young

i had a love
who died a long time ago
staying forever young

(eternity's mir
ror) there would not be any
more dog-rose bushes

to get lost in a
ny more cemeteries to
pay a visit to

on church festivals
because the resurrection
has already tak

en place both in the
human heart and eterni
ty's hall of roses

in this poem the
red banners are fluttering
the internation

ale being sung
time and time again and e
nough's enough shouted

tv2 is on the
scene and broadcasting inter
views nationwide here

the poets are now
fighting for the right to have
a paid bingeing break

there where animal
tracks numbers one and two cross
each other the a

nemones are o
pening their flowers towards me
as if to ask me

about something but
i don't know what the answers
could possibly be

since they're all used up
so there's no more shit left o
ver to throw around

a hundred poems
later i walk along the
same woodland path un

der the same beech trees
that have just come into leaf
as they did the year

before i stop off
at the same heap of stones a
hundred poems la

ter and pick up a
flintstone a hundred poems
closer now to death

i am the dentist
of poetry - extract a
proper name now and

then or drill deep in
to the rotten metaphors
implant the compound

noun 'goldtooth' here in
the third stanza thoroughly
descale all the verbs

look - now the poem
is grinning at you like a
smartened-up death's head

no - it hangs togeth
er in a somewhat diffe
rent way my grandpa

let rip a hellu
va fart and said to me: can
you catch that and paint

it red on one side
and green on the other then
i will pay you the

sum of kr 100 - or
to put it another way:
the world's what it is

you're reading this po
em right now - it's as simple
and banal as that

i have got nothing
to do with the rest of it
that is up to you

it you want to go
on reading or to stop now
right here - *i don't know*

but right now you are
reading this poem *and then*
you are on your own

will the wolf survive -
ask waylon jennings who was
the original

man to pose the ques
tion but hardly i think in
this country where the

slogan is: shoot bu
ry and keep your trap shut - here
there is hardly room

for ten wolves among
ten million penicillin
healthy danish pigs

i went dead in the
eighth symphony - the noctur
nal wind dragged time off

with it - memory
and forgetting coalesced
recollections e

raised the past and i
remembered occurrences
that had never e

ver even taken
place - all of this took 50 mins
and 24 seconds

is there anyone
who has seen a bluetit this
summer this year if

so phone me and make
me happy although the bird
only weighs ten grammes

of the weight of cre
ation - i don't know what has
become of it with

its robber's face-mask
but i suspect danish agri
culture's behind it

i stray off into
areas that i am al
ready familiar

with the repeti
tions are beginning to pile
up without me

getting to recog
nise them before it's too late -
so there can be no

doubt that i actu
ally find myself right now
in reality

i go out and pick
two roses and place them in
a crystal vase i

look closely at them
were they made more beauti
ful by this reduc

tion to two more beau
tiful than all the other
millions of ro

ses in the world - was
quantity transformed somehow
into quality?

you once said in an
interview that you would not
go on writing po

etry all your life -
do you remember that - yes
i reply - what do

you say now that you
have reached the age of eighty
does it still apply?

*it has been beauti
ful to write all these poems
and to forget them*

now i'm the one who
is racing against death - and
not the opposite

good god i really
can't be bothered to write such
shit any longer

so why do i keep
doing it then? - probably
out of sheer vani

ty - just look at me
challenging death every day
over in the wood

after all these years
i go out again this morn
ing onto heartland

see a rose say to
it: rose - write a rose - dogrose
so infinitely

close reality
and fiction seem to be to
each other without

ever becoming
united - that only takes
place in poetry

as is known the word
exists with all of its sys
tems - that is a plain

fact - everyone can
see that (except for solip
sists that is) the world

is worlding what is
wrong is understanding be
cause understanding

can't be a part of
understanding itself (can't
understand itself)

this poem is based
on true occurrences - it
has been written by

me in stingstedskov
en at two minutes to sun
after rain while i

was sitting on a
beechtree log on which in red
spray paint the number

twelve had been written -
believe me or believe me
not - but it's the truth

camomile and yarrow
are not yet in flower and
couldn't care less just

as uranus which
is standing on its head in
the sign of taurus -

but what about me
who am at my wits' end
as to which way i'm

to go now that all
the woodland paths have vanished
under the fallen leaves?

a poem is al
so a rorschach test for both
reader and review

er both of whom see
mysteries that don't exist
in the poem and

do not see the mys
teries that are there who in
short mirror themselves

in the poems that
they read or write reviews of
in the newspapers

i have given up
hiding myself in madder
lake or concealing

myself in mala
chite over here in stingsted
wood's labyrinths for

as state in the
koran (freely recalled and
translated by my

self): wherever you
hide death will nevertheless
find you one fine day

the answer's simple
jens lund has given it us
in indian ink

in his drawing mor
tal forest's fear where at the
bottom it says: mor

tal fear's flaming for
est contains in a trice all
earth's heathen beauty

the answer to what? -
you yourself must ask the ques
tion - it's up to you

a well-known british
astrologer said goodbye
to readers of the

periodical
he edited because he
would be dead and gone

when the next number
came out - he was killed in a
german air attack -

i don't know if i
dare to write the same thing - *but*
it's called destiny

what on earth is this
mess of white shit slap bang in
the woodland path - it

can hardly come from
a buzzard so much it can't
possibly produce

it is more likely
from a cormorant with gut
ache at any rate

it means good luck and
money or maybe even
both let us hope so

the wood is quite simply
there or it exists as
christensen writes it

is neither to be
understood or interpreted
just be there so

we can walk around
in it or decide not to
so that it can serve

its own purposes
with no interference from
us - just be itself

what shall i write about
just tell me what and i
will write about it

what shall i talk about
just tell me what and i
will talk about it

what shall i answer
just tell me what i shall answer
and i'll do so

just as andy warhol
used to keep doing through
out all of this life

*at the end of the
day there is nothing more
to say - what could it*

*possibly be? - good
night for example good night
irene i'll get*

*you in my dreams - or
sooner or later we shall
all sleep alone when*

the quotations have
all been exhausted there is
nothing more to say

fake news: i will be
alright - there's plenty of time
we can turn down our

heating systems we can
consume a little less beef
get around on scoot

ers start to use wood
chips instead of oil begin
to plan for a green

er future perhaps -
it will be alright - there's plen
ty of time - keep calm

the next time i wake
up i'll have become eighty
(overnight) my be

loved will kiss me
there will be photographs
in the newspapers the

mobile phone will keep
ringing flowers will arrive
and my icelandic

genes will go banan
as for a silent second
because of the gifts

and though: curt sachs' hand
buch der musikinstrumen
tenkunde a rare

subspecies of the
archlute is the angeli
ca a theorbe-like

kind of lute whose sev
enteen strings are tuned dia
tonically (a

seven-tone scale like
the harp's) - so there it was then -
the 17-stringed lute

and i saw an ang
el of steel being lowered
into a garden

east of rugård cast
le i think it's uriel
the archangel - but

i've no idea
i simply haven't the fog
giest - i alter

it a bit to this:
and he who lacks understand
ing shall nothing lack

death is calling me -
quite a long way off still (god
be praised) but without

a doubt for i can
hear its voice in the dead of
night like a password

over from the wood
then i walk over there the
next day - okay it

was just the ravens
as well as the moles' silent
velvet underground

what did i find in
the wood today the thirteenth
of december when

both my mother and fath
er died (although in sepa
rate years)? - i found a

yellow plastic bag
and a defective mobile
phone and as mentioned

in another po
em my own reverse footprints
from the day before

i knew kasper hau
ser - he called himself something
else back then when he

lived out in trørød
north of copenhagen on
attemose road

where he published the
poetry collection kas
per hauser before

he died by ripping
the tubes out of his body
at the hospital

imagine: that you
can see me reading this po
em word for word while

i am writing it
word for word in tribute of
the poet john donne

and each in himself
who is not an island such
as that of lindholm

where you can see me
read the poem aloud though
i'm all on my own

my name is johnsen
the most used name in the
world - and so what?

only that also
within this field am part of
something larger than

myself that i am
not an island - what then of
those with the name hœeck?

i do not know i
cannot answer for every
body in the world

a better and per
haps more beautiful formu
lation would be that

the poem starts to
grow in your mind when you have
read it and that in

that case it's a ques
tion of hiding it in your
heart until it blooms

like a malmaison
rose that is undisturbed by
the gaze of others

fourth version of my
life - as can be seen there is
no or practical

ly no difference
and if there is it is much
more like *a second*

memory of the
same facts or like four takes
made of the same film

scene that have been pho
tographed from four different
camera angles

on location in our
rose garden - this is the first
line i am to say:

i love you - and my
second line: ich liebe dich -
my third line is: je

t'aime - and my fourth: ja
vas lyubylu - my fifth line is
this one: jeg elsker

dig - has that managed
to light up your silver screen
in eastman color?

suicides are the
eternally absent who
are eternally

present - i have no
idea where i've got that
from perhaps a film

or maybe a book
it could also be from a
newspaper arti

cle - but i know that
it is the truth for i speak
with them every day

close up of a gi
gantic tree stump that has been
filmed with an old o

lympic camera
i have myself also been
photographed with it

as a background a
few years ago - it ought to
be cast in bronze or

in black polyes
ter (a sculpture suggestion
to morten stræde

kodak's greyscale fits
very well indeed with this
poem that leads in

to the winter wood
where the ravens screech what are
you doing here where

nothing happens and
the answer is i'm waiting for
it to snow so that

no one can find my
footprints in to what on earth
i wanted to do there

i put on one of
my wife's loveliest dresses
make do with a quick

layer of masca
ra cover my hair with a
silk scarf courtesy

of kenzo place my
self in front of the mirror
and sing in a cracked

croaky oldie voice:
ich bin von kopf bis fuss auf
liebe eingestellt

heaven inverted
down here on this earth (para
dise regained) is like

longing for a place
where one has never ever
been *there we shall*

*meet when the moon
looks like a tambourine -
and the last password?*

that will be between
me and me that will remain
just between the lines

a total picture
of the wood in my poem
like some kind of map

with paths and ani
mal tracks drawn in with a red
speedmarker roads that

lead in to unknown
places in the brushwood and
hedges and perhaps

end up in secrets
which i probably do not
even know myself

low angle medi
um shot of the woodland fringe
in early morning

where i find myself
in labyrinth number thir
ty-three dazzled by

the light from the giant-
sized projectors (or maybe
dazzled by the sun

and by the other
stars) as it has been formu
lated somewhere else

i walked along a
nother woodland fringe the oth
er day green as *the*

green mile or death's gaze
but it is a long story
it would take an en

tire life to relate
it so i will content my
self with noting that

i filmed the whole sce
nario with an extreme
ly wide-angle lens

three poems ago
i wrote these words which i
will now repeat here:

the wood at night is
like a new fairy tale told
by the brothers grimm

i do this to dem
deonstrate the meaninglessness
of time in art and

ultimately in
the numerology of
digital systems

i was given a
morphine injection yester
day and it was a

quite weird occurrence
like experiencing death
even though i was

not dead or to use
an old common saying one
of the living dead

and as nietzsche might
quite well have put it: jenseits
von leben und tod

test picture no 2
consists of just selfies
i have taken of

myself in stingsted
skoven partly for fun and
partly to try to

join the puzzle of
the whole and reality
into one total

ity although such
an assignment is complete
ly impossible

i have always loved
dürer's ritter tod und teu
fel - felt an affin

ity with the entire
scene viewed the copper engrav
ing as a projec

tion of something in
myself - in a way it's a
bit embarrassing

almost a cliché
but from time to time one needs
to have pure clichés

on location with
out a headset or any
other kind of bling

bling *all alone in
the wood just me and myself
that's rather spooky*

now that the shades
of evening are darkening
and the trees' shadows

are being cast in
between my words and are e
rasing their meaning

here is the final
move in the feminist u
topia: i appear

completely starkers
in your imagination -
then i get dressed in

my deceased mother's
persian lamb coat with you as
the audience dear

readers and sing in
an flamboyant tenor voice:
perfect illusion

imagine: that you
are reading this poem with
my slogans for the

vice-chairman's elec
tion: green greener greenest green
as alpine cheese cur

ly kale or greenland
itself - have you got the mess
age - green until death

us do part because
life itself's green is abso-
bloody-lutely green

low key lighting o
ver the rust of the stubble
fields i pretend that

i'm walking [??] out to
wards the setting sun without
doing so - why's that?

because i'm writing
this poem instead (that old
schism) even though death

is pulling at me
from out there with its immense
ly strong gravity

homage to rachel
carson the queen of birdland
the uncrowned queen of

the bees - i do not
know how many mosquitoes
beetles and insects

exist that owe her
their lives but that without her
colossal influ

ence many green gen
erators and turbines would
have ground to a halt

test picture no 3
s an old negative
photograph of stingsted

skoven which i am
looking at with a certain
sadness - perhaps it

is to signal the old
days in some way (black and white)
even though it neith

er reflects nor con
tains reality other
than within itself

all poems are more
or less occasional po
ems - i.e. they give

the poet the oppor
tunity to advance his
own fucking tiny

(or possibly large)
ego in the searchlight of
the public gaze dis

guised behind other
words or quite overtly as
the main character

i'm sorry - i wrote in
another poem in a
nother poetry

collection that i
love plastic specially rep
resented by small

plastic spoons *made in*
china yellow blue and ma
genta coloured - i

regret this now that
i see the utter curse of
plastic - i'm sorry

and death said to me
i will give you three years more
if you will stop pos

ing and putting on
an act all the time - will stop
imagining things

and putting on airs
okay i answered that's a
deal - but in that case

you are to stop hood
winking me and leading me
astray i replied

ole sarvig wrote
his 'green poems' collection
a generation

ago - and they're still
standing - they pop up every
year in october

like death caps - but aren't
such mushrooms both a bright red
and highly toxic?

and so what - they grow
only in fairy tales at
the back of my mind

it is as if re
ality has become too
real at the moment

now that corona
has decided it will add
the crowning glory

and shown us how frail
the world is that we had con
sidered unshakea

ble a year ago
but wait and see in a month
it will be fake news

in just a month life
has turned into a struggle
for rye bread and toi

let paper - no more
was needed for this than a
tiny virus which

when magnified on
screen is as beautiful as
a red carnation -

no more was needed
for our own frailty to
be clearly revealed

at the world's end stands
the tree of life and that's where
i'm finally seek

ing that's the way it
is and there is nothing one
can do about it

i'm relatively
unfucked about not com
pletely burning up

so write myself out
of this poem to music
from 'final countdown'

now it was my turn
to place a book under my
pillow and to sleep

soundly among oth
er words in my dreams than my
own ones other red

admiral butter
flies from the B-pages of
the black book other

hopes for the fu
ture that i can no longer
expect to be mine

a singers' war at
heartland - a mad nightingale
sings the whole night long

if only then it could
match the notes in yahya has
san's poems at ze

ro six hundred hours
i try whistling: *time to say*
goodbye but that does

not help in the slight
est - for it is still singing
away as i write

despite corona
and all the deaths taking place
spring is on the way

with its usual
splendour of magnolia
blossoms and new dreams

about everything's
tremendous power and force ma
jeure everything's e

ternal return in
various green disguises
and new breaking news

one thing is knowing
oneself (to know what a self
is) another is

living it - god-all-
flaming mighty - it takes an
entire life to

do it or as some
motherfucker or other
once said: *werde der*

du bist - it takes quite
simply an entire life
(with the stress on takes)

i walked over to
the wood to pay a visit
to the tree i've called

doubleheart because
the bark at one place has split
off and has formed a

heart both in the tree
trunk and in my gaze i saw
that it was bleeding

green but took that as
neither a good nor a bad
sign but a true one

and it's all the same
when it really comes to it
for perhaps i lost

myself along the
way more than i actual-
ly found myself - or

maybe i more in-
vented myself as a kind
of proxy or pseudo

self or what one could
perhaps also give the name:
an honest liar

thank you god for al
lowing me to write this great
number of poems

i mean i could as
easily have been dead at
at the age of twenty-

seven (the number
of the holy spirit) like
so many other

poets and then there'd
only have been 'yggdrasil'
to show - so thank you

time sure flies
i am writing my last poem
nothing more to say

no more nonsense and
no more poems either and
no more words from me

death will not mark the
end of my authorship - i
will do that myself

i now unsheath po
etry's samurai sword - swiiish -
did you hear it zip?