

II

Sanctus Januarius

39

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

40

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

41

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

42

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

43

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

44

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

45

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

46

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

47

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

48

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

49

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

50

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

51

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

52

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

53

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

54

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

55

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

56

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

57

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

58

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

59

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

60

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

61

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

62

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

63

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

64

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

65

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

66

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

67

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

68

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

69

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

70

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

71

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

72

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

73

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

74

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

75

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

76

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

77

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

78

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

79

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

80

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

81

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

82

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

83

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

84

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

85

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

86

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

87

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

88

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

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

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

91

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

92

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

93

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

94

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

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

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

97

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

98

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

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

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

101

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

102

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

103

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

104

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

105

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

106

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

107

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

108

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

109

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

110

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

111

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

112

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

113

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

114

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

115

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

116

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

117

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

118

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

119

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

120

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

121

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

122

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