

Klaus Høeck

# Legacy

*Gouaches by  
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*Translated by John Irons © 2017*

## FACEBOOK

Selfies

I celebrate myself, and sing myself  
Whitman

to write one's own be  
ginning is in a way just  
as completely ab  
surd as to fabri  
cate one's own death – for that rea  
son i am glad that there's  
not any advanced photo  
of my conception  
nor is there any  
picture of me emerging  
from my mother's womb

nevertheless or  
precisely for that reason  
i draw myself with  
coloured crayons as  
i have been told that i looked  
like – pink-skinned with black  
hair twisted into  
a pigtail dressed in a blue  
snow suit i cannot  
ask my father if  
the drawing looks like me for  
he is long since dead

i could have had the  
name houlberg if the condom  
had burst during the  
sexual intercourse  
that my eighteen-year-old mo  
ther had with the heir  
to the steff-houlberg  
sausage factory so long  
ago but the con  
dom held so i'll have  
to make do with a hot dog  
mustard and ketchup

something or other  
has been written over this  
photograph from the  
family album  
something or other that's been  
written with almost  
invisible ink –  
what can it be? – some old bill  
or other or a  
greeting from the dead –  
perhaps it is merely a  
name or an address?

i myself am look  
ing up like some ecce ho  
mo out of a pram  
and i look just like  
what any other baby  
does – so is that me?  
perhaps a mix-up  
of photos has taken place  
or a forgery?  
the probabili  
ty it really is me is  
ninety nine per cent

right – what's it say then?  
i use my grandfather's mag  
nifying glass to  
make out the almost  
vanished handwriting and am  
a bit disappoint  
ed i was unab  
le to have guessed the result  
myself there is no  
thing else there of course  
than a date – april nineteen  
hundred and forty

i could have chosen  
to have left this page complete  
ly blank and white as

a sort of mirror  
(mirror of emptiness) be  
cause there is not a

ny evidence of  
my existence either from  
forty-one but choose

instead to fill in  
the poem with the spilt words  
of oblivion

again a white hole  
in time through which memory  
is sucked in to pure  
imagination  
and determination of  
character more than  
if i'd been able  
to remember anything –  
a white hole where the  
spirit is trapped in  
its bottle without the free  
dom of three wishes

rågelege chil  
dren's holiday camp the sec  
ond world war hardly

registered by us  
in the seething anthill of  
children that screen off

reality and  
the sun with a hand held o  
ver the eyes so as

better to be a  
ble to look into the ca  
mera's cyclops eye

where do i find my  
self in this myriad swarm  
of tiny faces?

is that me sitting  
number two from the left in  
the second row with

my hair in a fringe  
wearing blue overalls? – a  
blow-up would hardly

provide the answer  
since then the precision would  
go for a burton

self-portrait without  
the main character or self-  
portrait where the self

cannot be iden-  
tified among the others  
there or self-portrait

with a probabi-  
lity factor and feedback  
self-portrait where the

self in spite of this  
uncertainty makes clear: i  
am – therefore i am

this picture is ex-  
cellently suitable for  
being enlarged and  
a de luxe version –  
is what has been stamped in red  
ink on a youthful  
likeness of myself  
as a young pup this time with  
my hair parted on  
the right for a change  
and long before the arri-  
val of the first spots

it must have been that  
year when the resistance move-  
ment shot frederik  
sen who lived on the  
second floor (and who was in  
the process of com-  
piling a card in-  
dex of danish jews) that year  
when my mother was  
with him in the am-  
bulance to the local hos-  
pital where he died

that year when i per  
petrated my first theft (a  
dinky toy crane truck)  
later i stole po  
etry collections for my  
own use (a kind of  
double theft) that year  
when a child molester stood  
on the kitchen stairs  
and asked if he could  
have a look at my willie  
(that year's death and sex)

we're having haunch of  
venison for dinner to  
day with peas and chips

along with a whole bot  
tle of bordeaux on the side  
(from chateau haux) the

scene causes me to  
remember a photograph  
from my childhood where

i am sitting to  
gether with a tame deer in  
some park or other

i quickly dig out  
the above-mentioned from  
its safe-keeping and

bingo – there i sit  
with the aforesaid deer on  
a leash – but wait a

mo – it's a goat – how  
many other corrections  
would turn out to be

necessary if  
one were able to check me  
mory's lower field?

out in the field (not  
billy birdbrain's) but that of  
my future father  
in law on bare feet  
between my father in law  
and my future bro  
thers in law among  
potato crates and flower  
ing sweet peas among  
years and days as if  
time had slowly ground to a  
halt but just look here

is it really me  
on the season ticket from  
the copenhagen

trams (which i found in  
my mother's workbox)? – i've al  
ways had black hair dam

mit not that mousy  
dishwater colour as  
in this photograph

it is a sweet lit  
tle boy with a sweet smile but  
is it really me?

the ticket is strict  
ly personal and must al  
ways be kept open

which i hereby do  
i can see from the plan of  
the tram routes that it

is valid for the  
tramlines ten sixteen six one  
and possibly three

it must be my tick  
et even though the name is  
spelt incorrectly

two years later (a  
different photo from sam  
sø) now all of us  
are gathered on the  
staircase facing south arranged  
to be photographed –  
my mother in law  
has come along and my wife  
who's only five years  
old the sun is shin  
ing so strongly that the shad  
ows dazzle our gaze

god only knows who  
has taken the picture with  
out any shake of  
the hand perhaps a  
cousin i can no longer  
remember or the  
neighbour from the house  
by the beach which bjørnvig  
later rented and  
wrote his book of po  
ems the raven or perhaps  
with a self-timer?

in the old days ice  
blue from williams aqua vel  
va was rechristened

aqua vulva by  
pupils at lindegård school  
in lyngby where i

was learning words and  
expressions when this photo  
was taken – not that

i was yet using  
aftershave lotion but be  
cause i recall it

there is a rent in  
the photograph up in the  
top right-hand corner

as if part of birk  
holmsvej is missing or is  
it perhaps a rent

in time or a rent  
in consciousness – what is  
there then on the oth

er side i wonder –  
what is there which the came  
ra failed to capture?

let us hold a short  
rhetorical pause in the  
midst of all the words

i place a disc on  
the sony CD player  
so just lean back and

relax in the chair  
close your eyes and open your  
ears wide: here are monk

and griffin (the ri  
verside recordings) let them  
cauterise the brain

tots' ball at sorø –  
winged collar and white bow tie  
a background of grey  
gunpowder smoke (how  
do the photographers man  
age that?) – serious  
looks battle about  
to commence here comes the first  
of the lancers and  
one's first love the danc  
ing pumps squeak everybody  
ready – forward march

how did it all go  
in there behind the silver  
frame and the glass (dirt  
ied by dust and fly  
shit but not torn at all or  
crumpled) did i get  
through the varia  
tions or did i stumble on  
the parquet flooring? –  
quite honestly i  
simply can't remember but  
no children resulted

technically speaking  
there are two things to notice  
about this photo

one: there are marks that  
come from a drawing pin  
in the upper edge

so it may perhaps  
have hung on a notice board  
two: there are blots of

ink across my face  
(perhaps quink ink which you can  
not get any more)

narratively speak  
ing we are on the oppo  
site side of the park

around the close – er  
go i am twelve years old and  
could be wearing a

cardboard helmet and  
likewise sword with the motto  
'disinherited'

under a tree with torn  
up roots although i (as can  
be seen) am not so

first passport photo  
with the stamp of the police  
office in sorø  
a hundred years  
ago complete with royal  
crowns and violet ink  
stamped no less than twice  
just to be on the safe side i  
myself am noted  
as having black hair and green  
eyes and have signed with what is  
quite a childlike hand

second passport photo  
to impregnated with the  
copenhagen police  
seal while in my  
self have changed hair colour to  
fair and my eyes in  
the meantime have now  
become grey-green like the greasy  
limpopo river and my signature  
has had annulled stamped over  
it in red ink

third passport photo  
with stamp of the chief constable  
of odense right up over  
my chin my eyes are still noted  
as grey-green but there are no  
remarks about my hair (which i  
would call: grizzled) an authoritative  
signature and the passport  
expired eight years ago

in a box that contained  
biber's rosenkranz so  
natas i now keep

the past or more precisely  
documentation of the past  
to put

it briefly: the photographs  
– i close my eyes and  
pick up a photo

from the pile – okay  
that one i can remember  
it's me and my friends

my friends and i in  
uniform gilded metal  
buttons and white-topped

summer peaked caps – er  
go we're in sorø down by  
the academy

even though the lake  
ingemann's lake and myself  
are all slightly out

of focus – (to the  
photographer: try an  
other stop next time)

i finally re  
paired the photo with trans  
parent tape so that

it would not complete  
ly fall apart and break in  
to two halves – now then

i find myself on  
the left in the period  
picture while my friends

still stand to the right  
of the almost invis  
ible dividing line

i'm sitting in a  
postcard or more precisely  
a picture of me's  
sitting in a post  
card in a white boiler suit  
behind three german  
ladies on some kind  
of truck or other waiting  
to drive down into  
the salt mine near dürrn  
berg in austria i'm sit  
ting in a postcard

i'm sitting in a  
postcard that's been produced for  
tourists like myself  
if i now use no  
more than five words it will on  
ly cost me thirty  
groschen and not a  
schilling to use it it says  
on the other side –  
i'm sitting in a  
postcard that was never sent  
to anybody

imagine this poem  
stuck into this book here  
with the aid of photo

to corners and not  
only that but also with  
the actual year

and place indicated – consider the details  
and the words or study

by the overall  
picture possibly finally  
reading the text

furthermore assume  
that the poem is so overexposed  
that its

image almost disappears  
in the acid bath of reality

as in that photograph  
from sorø where i am  
standing virtually

unrecognisable  
among the students from  
the academy

marshmallow with chocolate  
cap (see attached photo)  
like my uncle who attended  
her lufsholm and was nicknamed  
shmallo (by abbreviation) and  
rightly so – i got the beatings  
needed to change from a  
marshmallow into a real rum  
ball rolled in coconut and granules

then there is the ob  
ligatory group student  
party photograph

at melchiorsvej  
ah yes – what’s become of all  
of us? –de–de–death

(with soft and big D)  
has taken its toll of course  
and life its – as far

as my own self is  
concerned i find i’m still sit  
ting both here and there

there with a moustache  
and a big smirk as if i’m  
saying: what the fuck

but that was not the  
fashion yet back then so i  
would probably have

said something like: stuff  
it up your arse (in my heart  
of hearts) under the free-

flowing medusa  
hair and fluttering streamers  
of the tent canvas

here so many years  
later in a snapshot where  
i’m studying the

above-mentioned pho  
to (from dansk billedcentral)  
while i’m listening to

monk and coltrane who  
in some way or other have  
managed to conquer

time and still sound like  
a conjunction between the  
sun and uranus

there is no photo  
from this year so i choose in  
stead to provide some  
entertainment from  
monk's quartet and charlie rouse  
*the* tenor saxo  
phone player i would  
most like to sound like for what  
is it that he plays:  
the arseholes are the  
ones who are sitting in power  
so stand up and fight

that is really a  
hideous tie and i know  
what i'm talking a  
bout for my father  
once owned the tie factory  
point (or would have me  
believe at any  
rate) it's made of acryl  
ic or some other  
synthetic fabric  
not italian all-silk and  
the colour – mein gott

nor is it a ken  
zo tie for a very good  
reason – kenzo did

not exist when this  
photograph was taken there  
are no roses be

tween the stripes – i real  
ly don't know what to say to  
try and describe it –

the pattern is more  
like that of a waffle iron  
than a fashion tie

i still own the tie  
but i never wear it a  
ny more – it just hangs

there on the inside  
of the wardrobe door among  
all the other ties

that i own as a  
reminder of that time so  
very long ago

or perhaps because  
in spite of everything i  
think it's attractive

all poetry and  
all literature is in  
one way or other  
autobiograph  
ical – that writer who writes  
objectively a  
bout war reveals more  
about himself than the po  
et who creates fic  
tional lies and love  
or fondly imagines he's  
laying himself bare

i can therefore just  
as well take the consequence  
of all this and start  
to lie quite open  
ly despite the fact that this  
project too is im  
possible – i mean  
if this poem is a lie  
it is thus true per  
haps it is neither  
true nor a lie but is quite  
simply a poem

all right – let me de  
monstrate by using a pho  
tograph of myself  
my hair wet-combed and  
with a parting on the left  
a photo i col  
our completely black  
with a rag dipped in indi  
an ink now the pho  
tograph of me has  
in a way disappeared and  
yet not disappeared

i could also have  
placed the photo in a mus  
sel blue edgewood box  
(the one with the tears)  
together with a little  
black stone from neru  
da's grave (not a lie)  
and flung it far out into  
the deep waters of  
trøndemose bog  
or just have forgotten it  
(*that's the same story*)

the path to inter  
national master in cor  
respondence chess is

a longer one than the  
path to swann and guermantes –  
as can be seen from

this old photograph  
it all begins on a sum  
mer day in fællid

parken at one of  
the restaurant's tables o  
pening: beer gambit

the defeats then fol  
low in quick succession the  
sound beatings that build

up stamina and  
striking power if one survives  
just as in poe

try when the critics  
go on the rampage (come on  
it's now or never)

and one finds oneself  
completely flattened over  
and over again

until one fine day  
one reaches the point (although  
i neither became

a grand master nor  
finished proust) when one is just  
as relaxed as when

it all started and  
has got both the work and  
chess off one's hands (and

the world too for that  
matter) in the photo you  
can also see how

on the reverse side  
of a somewhat yellowed and  
scruffy edition  
by myself i am  
writing in virtually  
illegible hand  
writing that it's me  
who has written the poem  
(ashes of time) which  
you are reading a  
printed copy of at pre  
cisely this moment

the crew of the ship  
m/s embla – there we stand in  
black and white the cap

tain the three able  
seamen and me in the mid  
dle (mate on exemp

tion) the names of the  
ship's dogs are muddy and sand  
there we are in the

photograph not in  
reality we are on  
ly a press photo

we are in the news  
paper sydsvenska dagblad  
et not in real

ity the camer  
a does not capture real  
ity does not cap

ture even a sec  
tion of reality all  
that the camera

takes is a pic  
ture the rest you must add and  
subtract for yourself

we are on the front  
page and look like what we are  
a typical crew that

has been brought safely  
ashore from a shipwreck south  
of öland where we

sailed into a so  
viet submarine – we're in  
the newspaper we

stand in the picture  
not in reality we  
stand in the poem

i cut myself out  
of a colour photograph  
from røsnæs with an  
aquamarine blue  
spring sky and then place the fi  
gure in various  
positions on top  
of a black and white photo  
graph of a much ear  
lier date with my  
old working companions from  
the time in question

the view is of the  
glass house ove c bjerre  
gaard's factory and  
storage space in blå  
gårdsgade where i used to  
earn my money in  
the summer – after  
some consideration i  
place myself precise  
ly between the storekeeper  
and the owner's son

it looks odd with me  
in colour against a back  
ground of various  
shades of grey i have  
done this in order to re  
present or symbol  
ise all the many  
photographs that in fact have  
not been taken but  
that could equally  
well have been included in  
my photo album

an american  
knot already back then black  
tie white shirt the pa  
  
rameters of fash  
ion do not change all that much  
in gentlemen's out  
  
fitting – a dark lounge  
suit for both parties and fu  
nerals the same hair  
  
style (though now a lit  
tle less hair) the same mascu  
line consistency

that then is what the  
author of my first liter  
ary attempts looked

like (at any rate  
when he was going to be  
photographed) the young

author of the one  
acter: quelle salade –  
which evidently

had been inspired by  
the nouvelle vague in the  
french film industry

so allow me to  
go the whole hog and conclude  
the drama which as

far as i can re  
member had no end – i go  
out into the kitch

en find the ham sa  
lad in the refrigera  
tor and sprinkle a

spoonful out over  
the photo with the parting  
shot: quelle salade

as if lightning has  
struck down into this photo  
graph from kehlet and  
has split it into  
two halves so that i now find  
myself on one side  
whereas my then wife  
has completely disappeared  
in the other half  
of the photograph  
both symbolically and  
in reality

which means that i don't  
have any idea at all  
if she is dead or  
alive and in the  
best of health together with  
some other man and  
has had the children  
that we never had the time  
for because of more  
important projects  
such as constantly quarrel  
ling with each other

we are looking at  
a conventional wedding  
photograph from  
the sixties i.e. in  
gravy and flashlights i my  
self am wearing a  
dark-blue blazer while  
my wife as mentioned has been  
cut out with scissors  
because of a some  
what confused and dark divorce  
three years later

it really is quite  
a skewed photograph of me  
and my old buddy

somewhere or other  
in some smokefilled canteen or  
other the distance

is wrong for a start  
the angle is skewed and the  
light is all fuzzy

both of us look as  
if we have now been judged to  
be in bad standing

all this squalling this  
sawing away and the botching  
going on – i have

never liked classi  
cal music much – he said la  
ter (don't get me wrong

both of us have heard  
all of it) – and i am in  
clined to admit that

he's probably right –  
and so i also prefer  
jazz's clear: fuck you

somewhere or other  
i am lying rolled up in  
a cardboard tube per  
haps behind the oil-  
fired central heating up in  
kalundborg or in  
the garage? – i don't  
know i can't remember what  
i looked like on the  
poster any more  
and so I appear to be  
neither man nor beast

in this version of  
the past monk and miles davis  
are also involved  
the one as hangman  
the other as fallen an  
gel mostly because  
i also in this  
instance am quite unable  
to find the connec  
tion between this mu  
sic and myself in a kind  
of papyrus roll

in the midst of the  
collective psyche with arms  
raised and eyes turned heav

enwards in the midst  
of the youth rebellion's  
flower power of

pink and lilac al  
most like a happy slapping  
a bit to the left

of centre i can  
be seen this time among all  
the postal workers

a remix of time  
this installation could al  
so be called round the

bust of the founder  
of the christmas stamp and  
even more so since

i have just upset  
a mug of tea all over  
the surface of the

picture and thereby  
mixed two time levels (fictive  
ly at any rate)

i have found a mys  
terious portrait that  
features me with sum  
mer hair and with raised  
eyebrows under the title  
which reads: light-show and  
poetry reading –  
whatever i meant by that –  
something with the pro  
jectors perhaps and  
neon lights or a moon  
light recitation?

now it dawns on me –  
it's a printing error in  
danish: it should say  
sound-show tape record  
ers megaphones distorters  
and stuff like that (a  
premature poe  
tical dj) the only  
thing i really re  
member is that i  
didn't get a single en  
gagement – goddammit

to make out oneself –  
what the fuck is the meaning? –  
or even worse to

actually find  
oneself – what on earth does it  
mean? – has it any

thing to do with the  
illustration to be found  
in the book club ma

gazine with me  
under the headline: ‘in search  
of the lost spirit’?

i’m apparently  
on the lookout for something  
or other from the

steps of the copen  
hagen city court at ny  
torv – is this posi

tioning symbolic  
or merely chance and what is  
it i’m looking out

for out there in the  
distance am i more in search  
of my lost ego?

in the sense that since  
the ego is in a state  
of constant becom

ing it cannot be  
fixed as anything other  
than a endless ser

ies of photographs  
that gradually fade out  
backwards into time

and (don’t get me wrong)  
thus also fade out into  
immortality

the self is stable  
and firm as a rock but in  
visible as all  
spirit is and there  
fore cannot be seen in this  
photo where i sit  
back to the camer  
a and playing bridge with an  
honour trick (using  
the culbertson sys  
tem) with my friends from the time  
when the sun was still blue

summer seventy  
three dronningmølle – i have  
written with a bir

o – i'm sitting clos  
est back to the camera  
opposite my friend

whose eyes are gleaming  
like rubies (due to the flash)  
which lends him the

supernatural  
shimmer that he so much liked  
to float around in

when he was alive  
but what do i know now that  
he is long since dead

and spiritual (per  
haps no one knows one – not  
even oneself) so

carry on – here's some  
entertainment to while a  
way the time: monk and

hawkins on speed – my  
self on potassium chor  
ide and red chilli

after i have writ  
ten this poem i glue it  
on top of a pass  
port photograph of  
me in the absolute prime  
of life my gaze strong  
because i am on  
my way to cuba via  
prague and montreal  
with czechoslova  
kian airlines on my way  
to some other dream

i use fishing glue  
or danaglu for the pur  
pose so as to make  
quite sure that the pho  
tograph cannot be repro  
duced or reused in  
any way by tear  
ing off the poem again  
because in that case  
my face would be com  
pletely transformed into ti  
ny strips of paper

so you must ima  
gine to yourself or be full  
y aware of the  
fact that every time  
you read this poem (which you  
are reading right now)  
my focused gaze will  
in some way or another  
be staring up at  
you down from the deep  
est layer or the subcons  
cious of the poem

hommage a andy  
warhol – i choose a photo  
graph from the time when

my hair was darker  
than it is now – with a yel  
low speedmarker i

colour the hair in  
the picture piss-yellow and  
write along the side:

self-portrait with piss  
yellow hair – after which i  
sign the work of art

i scan the same pho  
tograph and open it up  
in the computer's

photoshop and re  
colour it with the aid of  
diverse tools – firstly

with an old-rose nu  
ance then with a green one and  
finally change it

to a cornflower blue  
nuance – now i have become  
brilliantly coloured

i print the three pic  
tures three times in a row so  
that i now have nine

differently col  
oured photos of myself  
i cut the pictures

out and paste them up  
beside each other in a  
magical rectang

le – finally i  
write under the work of art  
hommage a warhol

one early morning  
at charlottenlund post of  
fice at six fifteen  
i can see myself  
from the side standing at the  
place for letter sort  
ing distinct sideburns  
in neon and the flashbulb's  
six-pointed star of  
reflected light split  
tered in the window pane be  
hind me to the left

it is a koda  
color colour photograph  
developed by ko  
dak in september  
nineteen seventy six it  
says on the back (so  
now we know) there can  
be no doubt i am standing  
at district four b  
but i can't recall  
the name of him next to me  
(let us assume that)

i get my wife to  
take a photograph of me  
with her canon ca  
mera in which i'm  
looking at the aforemen  
tioned photograph stand  
ing at the veran  
da door that opens out on  
to the winter snow  
how very strange it  
is to see oneself in this  
double reflection

the only oil paint  
ing that exists with me as  
a motif lay for

many years with the  
picture surface downwards un  
der an ottoman

(put in the doghouse)  
after all you can't have your  
self hanging on a

wall in your own home  
monitoring everything  
that is taking place

my head emerges  
in the picture against a  
green chirico sky

as a contrast to  
the gasometer from øst  
re gasværk where a

guardian angel  
of marble stands guard over  
me there are scratches

and crackles in the  
paint and behind the canvas  
a pulse is beating

self-portrait with a  
mini-pancake pan made of  
copper self-portrait

with heinz tomato  
ketchup self-portrait with lent  
barrel self-portrait

with elastoplast  
self-portrait with papercut  
ting of the derby

winner patricia  
garbo self-portrait with a  
painting of myself

later the portrait  
stood wrapped up in black plas  
tic like a deep and

profound secret in  
a toolshed – it was painted  
by bispelund knud

sen sometime in the  
nineteen seventies and at  
it can now be found

in the portrait col  
lection depot at frede  
riksborg museum

i place a copy  
of myself at the foot of  
a large copper beech  
tree in stingsted sko  
ven (there where the former small  
holding still stands) so  
that i can ima  
gine to myself that i can  
hear the night wind in  
side my own head as  
something different and more  
than just a gimmick

a second copy  
of the same picture i wrap  
up in a piece of  
aluminium  
foil along with one of the  
thirty-two heartstones  
and throw it into  
the sea at fogense not  
only so that i  
can sleep together  
with the fishes – listen – how  
deep is the poem?

a third copy i  
set fire to on the neighbour's  
garden bonfire u  
nite my likeness with  
hawthorn and poplar with smoke  
fire and ashes  
that fly off across  
the spring fields in a stunt that  
perhaps asserts the  
very resurrec  
tion or the recycling of  
the poem itself

then all i'm lacking  
is earth – but that's easy e  
nough i dig a coup  
le of spits down in  
heartland and then place the fi  
nal copy of the  
portrait (the poem  
as a whole in the ground) the  
exact gps coor  
dinates only to  
be published at a later  
date (after my death)

the original  
can still be seen but i won't  
tell you where you'll have  
to find it for your  
self if you've the time and in  
clination as with  
all poetry but  
the code word's: köpenhamn and  
the year seventy  
eight where i look up  
at you with an inscruta  
ble gaze from the dark

god-al-flaming might  
y – just apart from the fact  
that this photograph

was taken one new  
year's evening (so it is dif  
ficult to deter

mine the year (was it  
taken before or after  
midnight?)) it is al

so completely blotched  
with white wine stains or what could  
perhaps be champagne

i'm sitting with a  
crown made out of gold paper  
on my head and the

woman who later  
became my beloved (and  
later still took her

own life) is leaning  
over towards me and whis  
pering something in

my ear – what is she  
saying sweet nothing or god-  
al-flaming-mighty?

me and byron or  
more correctly me and by  
ron and my shadow  
or more correctly  
me and the statue of by  
ron and my shadow  
or more correctly  
me and the statue of by  
ron and my shadow  
plus photographer  
late afternoon in the light  
of missolonghi

what else did i bring  
back with me from the memor  
ial park except  
broken sonnets (see  
my book metamorphoses)  
and a photograph  
of me and byron? –  
apparently nothing a  
part from this poem  
which it has taken  
thirty three years to write  
or to develop

highbury demo  
lished to make way for new plots  
of building land the

canons are silent  
the stars are falling down from  
the sky – and there i

sit pathological  
ly with my arsenal bag  
back in bandet nul

after a somewhat  
turbulent reading held at  
galleri asbæk

you can see the whole  
formation in black and white  
or in the greyscale

with its many shades  
of grey on page this and that  
in danish poets

perhaps i as well  
ought to consider having  
myself immortal

ised at the emi  
rates stadium so as to  
be quite updated

also in memo  
ry of the poet f.p.  
jac despite the fact

he was a uni  
ted fan and spread false rumours  
about me later

on – peace be with him  
up there in heaven above  
blessèd are the dead

for they shall inher  
it the poetic stage for  
all eternity

the king of spades is  
trumps on that cold afternoon  
at café victor  
where i read aloud  
and acted the clown for an  
invited audi  
ence in stroboscop  
ic light while various loud  
speakers and tape re  
corders spread out my  
words from the cigarette smoke  
of every corner

i was given a  
poster as payment and a  
hundred postcards to  
share out among friends  
and enemies plus the pro  
mise of a contract  
with the restaurant  
which assumed as an advert  
I'd eat a meal un  
der the motto: to  
day the poet dines on roast  
duck and red cabbage

it's in fact me who's  
staring sullenly and dis-  
trustfully at you  
from the playing card  
or rather from the poem  
but in a younger  
reversed version that  
is scared of being consigned  
to oblivion  
now the century  
is approaching with what is  
disconcerting haste

just try looking at  
the reverse side of the po-  
em collection blå

vand revisited –  
*there* the mariners of po-  
etry appear be

hind the image's  
rose-coloured filter skewed by  
the westwind and dort

munder and high on  
friendship captain marvel and  
the flying dutchman

i am wearing that  
headgear (army cap) which i  
still wear and that o

riginally came from the  
home guard where i did all my  
national service

and continued a  
further ten years to blast a  
way at empty beer

cans till i was fired  
because i wrote poems in  
praise of terrorists

i lean dangerous  
ly far out to the left (which  
is always a good  
  
angle) and am al  
most invisible (not a  
bad position eith  
  
er) from spirit and  
spirits in a suitable  
combination on  
  
my way out to the  
west coast or the breakers of  
immortality

i aim directly  
at the poet R with a  
husqvarna machine  
pistol while he takes  
a photograph of me who  
am aiming at him  
i don't remember  
what make of camera he  
was using nor do  
i recall if he  
was using colour film or  
black and white ditto

whether he has e  
ver developed the film i  
have no idea and  
if he has whether  
he then has kept any of  
the photos that he  
took i do not know  
either and if he has a  
ny recollection  
at all of the e  
vent which i have mentioned here –  
i have no idea

yes it is us two  
my beloved who are on  
in this poem it

is us two who are  
standing in the turquoise col  
oured passepartout

it is us two who are  
looking at each other in  
kodacolor ex

posure it is our  
fifteen minutes of eter  
nity and of fame

and then there's the pro  
totype – the official pho  
to the commercial  
portrait that is to  
feature in newspapers in  
book club's supplements  
and on my wife's writ  
ing desk – taken in greger  
nielsen's studio  
among the screens of  
tinfoil and other arti  
ficial light sources

gaze into the po  
em did the flashlight behind  
the words dazzle you?  
look into the po  
em did you hear the trigger  
click behind the lang  
uage? can you make me  
out between the lines i am  
smiling at you or  
are you only read  
ing the seventeen sylla  
bles i have become?

no false modesty  
here – i actually do  
look like humphrey bo  
gart in that photo  
and so as to underline  
the strong connection  
i place an ima  
ginary packet of luck  
y strike by it – de  
spite the fact i've not  
smoked a cigarette for more  
than twenty-five years

i'm smiling at some  
thing outside the picture (and  
outside the poem)

something that is lo  
cated somewhere to the left –  
what can it be? – my

cat or my wife? – the  
smile is a loving one so  
it could possibly

be that but i have  
to admit that i'll never  
manage to find out

instead i come up  
with an emergency so  
lution by placing

the photograph next  
to a softly boiled egg that  
is standing on my

left in its egg cup –  
then i smile at the softly  
boiled egg and voilà

the mystery has  
been solved i'm smiling at a  
columbus' egg

let's just check my me  
mory – what was i wearing  
in the last photo  
graph that was taken  
of me in my childhood home? –  
if i remember  
rightly i was on  
the terrace together with  
my wife – i wearing  
a pair of dark-blue  
jeans she in a kind of pleat  
ed skirt or other

i take the photo  
graph out of its safe-keeping –  
okay – i am wear  
ing a pair of jeans  
right enough but they are light-  
blue and my belov  
ed is standing be  
side me it her pleated skirt  
and a pair of net  
stockings as i now  
can see (which is more what i  
should have remembered)

there is something ja  
panese about the trees in  
the background (bonsai

i think) the fields have  
been harvested and a red  
dish-brown spot is float

ing in the colour  
less sky – it could possibly  
be the sun in a

veil of mist but al  
so something i spilt at some  
time – e.g. coffee

i tried to erase  
the spot with a little spit  
but without success

and it cannot be  
the sun i realise on  
further reflection

because the brown cir  
cle is situated on  
the northwest sky – it

is neither the sun  
nor a coffee stain – what in  
the world can it be?

the fields have been har  
vested as mentioned so it  
could very well be

the month of august  
i'm standing with the dachshund  
up at the kilo

metre stone (which did  
not get into the picture  
though) and that limits

the possibili  
ties to some extent – i think  
the year's eighty-nine

i very much like  
that photo of myself that  
is hanging over  
in malling in the  
house of my parents-in-law  
so let me take the  
full consequence of  
this particular project  
now provoke every  
one by dedicat  
ing this photograph and this  
poem to myself

i could also buy  
a motorcycle for my  
self in my old age

and ride about like  
some complete idiot or  
other one of these

old-timers on a  
second-hand nimbus that sounds  
like a fishing cut

ter i look pretty  
happy after all on my  
old driving licence

i mean even though  
the photo is a lot young  
er than the expi

ry date i reckon  
i can still work out how to  
change gear even on

a kawasaki  
but good grief how ridicu  
lous it would look with

me in my full re  
galia and starcross hel  
met heading nowhere

i have found a rare  
profile of myself in which  
i'm wearing sports gear  
nike t-shirt (as  
far as i can see) adi  
das shorts in dark blue  
and asics trainers  
with gas shock absorbers in  
short the whole outfit  
and thereby the clos  
est i'll ever get to show  
ing myself naked

am i afraid then  
of my body? – or is it  
because nakedness  
is forbidden on  
facebook (even le triomphe  
de neptune?) the bo  
dy's illnesses the  
body's pains the body's chan  
ges the body's de  
cline the body's mor  
tality and its 'ach du  
lieber augustin'

is that how it hangs  
together? – despite every  
thing it's the body  
that one fine day lets  
you down the knee caps that break  
and the elbows des  
pite everything it's  
the shoulders that will meet the  
fire and later the  
earth yes of course i'm  
bloody well scared out of my  
tiny wits by death

i have managed to  
find a photograph in which  
i have been taken

with my eyes closed and  
therefore can neither see the  
electronic flash

(glimpse of eterni  
ty) nor the world or myself  
either in the dark

ness behind this blind  
spot which lasts only a frac  
tion of a second

i don't care a bit  
nobody is able a  
ny way to see him

self just as nobo  
dy is able to think him  
self i think and take

a look at myself  
with those closed eyes of mine or  
rather at the pho

tograph of myself  
where my eyes are closed with eyes  
wide (shot) open

here i stand by a  
old lifeless oak tree that stretch  
es its dead branches  
pathetically  
upwards towards the sky (cas  
par david friedrich  
in memoriam)  
it is obviously spring  
since the hawthorn stand  
ing close by is green  
i myself am more grey-haired  
than i thought i was

it's april or may  
then i would guess the paper  
has faded from the  
sunlight even though  
i've found the photo at the  
back of the book 'a  
philosophical  
inquiry into the o  
rigin of our i  
deas of the sublime  
and beautiful' – a book i  
never got to read

there is nothing on  
the back of it year so and  
so the date is un  
certain middle of  
the nineties perhaps jeans and  
a windcheater could  
be that's what i used  
to wear back then – are there oth  
er signs? – i take a  
close look at the pho  
to the simplest solution's  
the hardest to find

seventeen years later that is a long story  
of love and glory  
and like all other  
memories and recollections defective and  
full of bungling and  
oversights i verify  
this fact by drawing  
a black eight-pointed  
star right in the very middle of the photo

as regards newspapers i live my inscrutable life there mostly

in the dark (who thinks of opening old newspapers from the day before?) but now and then for the benefit of this or that particular reader who quite by chance comes across my strongly faded visage

for example in kristeligt dagblad where i am gazing at the heavenly light or straight down at the ground in ekstra bladet where i look as if i'd been exposed to an acid attack or am suffering from barber's itch (that year when i wrote about ulrike meinhof)

ing from barber's itch  
(that year when i wrote about  
ulrike meinhof)

i conceal myself  
most effectively on mi  
crofilm in diverse

library archives  
and on the internet's star-  
shaped espalier dif

ficult to find a  
mong other yellowed items  
of news and events

that nobody re  
members any longer (un  
der a defunct sun)

a perfect picture  
the aircraft carrier in  
trepid harbour of  
new york the sky full  
of fire and speedwell the planes'  
tail fins on the deck  
black knight white five-point  
ed star me and my belov  
ed who took the pho  
to before the fall  
of the twin towers – a mo  
ment of happiness

i have only found  
a single negative from  
the collection of

the past strangely e  
nough a strip of film from the  
swedish acade

my where i appear  
in tails and black waistcoat with  
chalk-white hair hono

ris causa for the  
first and very last time i  
would hasten to add

the developed pho  
tograph can be found as an  
illustration for

a short essay that  
i was to write later with  
the title: the time

the sun was blue – i  
still have the original  
but lend it out free

of charge to any  
body who can use it for  
something or other

are there no more pho  
tographs from that year? oh yes –  
here is one where i

look as if i had  
just woken up from an ar  
tificial coma

and that ought to have  
been discarded but who dares  
throw away a pho

to of his own face  
in the refuse bin or in  
the paper basket?

yet another blood  
y self-portrait – haven't the  
artists any sense  
of shame – no fortu  
nately they are shame  
less if they are not  
busy gazing themselves  
straight in the face (as if they  
were their own model)  
they are busy writ  
ing a poem about the  
selfsame thing instead

as now for exam  
ple while you are right now read  
ing this poem which  
deals with you right now  
reading this poem which i  
have written so that  
you will start to pay  
attention to the poet  
who is writing this  
poem – it's really  
a strange gallery of mir  
rors of vanity

not to mention the  
distinctly worn ink drawing  
(executed by  
poul gernes) on the  
back of a book that i cross  
glances with or drown  
in (like some narcis  
sus or other) every time  
i'm looking for a  
different book or  
a different poem out  
in the library

the last snow of win  
ter even cooler than monk  
and sonny rollins

my spectacles are  
big – too big – was that really  
the way people were

to look? – i can re  
cognise the jacket – i still  
have it hanging in

the wardrobe and i  
even wear it from time to  
time in the winter

i would guess the  
photo is from around the  
turn of the millenn

ium plus or mi  
nus a couple of years – the  
time i recorded

highlights out in a  
studio in lyngby or  
was it hellerup? –

i'm fairly sure at a  
ny rate it was the booktrad  
er man that took it

winter sessions  
'brilliant corners' ends i  
consider myself

as i was then one  
can't of course see oneself in  
one's memory but

only the others  
and the scenarios but  
not oneself – okay

did i look like that?  
there's nothing at all that can  
be done about it

i can't really make  
out if it is me – the pho  
tograph is almost  
erased and reddish  
brown as if it has been dipped  
in potassium  
iodide (which is  
otherwise only used for  
throat inflammations)  
i can see the con  
tours of a person but not  
if it is myself

what is there about  
past time – why is it so hard  
to get to grips with –  
why does it dwindle  
away among memories  
and photos that fade  
and end up erased  
as if it had never real  
ly been there at all?  
is past time simply  
nothing else than a recon  
struction of oneself?

i set about look  
ing at the photograph once  
more and am pretty  
sure i can make out  
myself sporting a fringe down  
at the bottom of  
the universe (the  
sago soup) where time is sucked  
into its very  
own beginning which  
is of course the consequence  
of all memory

for the fun of it  
i fold a paper aero  
plane out of a pho

to where i really  
look intensely serious  
even though i am

both sunburnt and in  
my prime – it should also be  
noted that i'm ac

tually wearing  
a genuine pair of a  
viator glasses

i search on the in  
ternet for which particu  
lar model to build

a deltry or zump?  
i think i prefer an old-  
fashioned swallow dart

with a tail fin – it  
flies pretty well and it al  
ways lands perfectly

so much for the past  
and while we're on the subject  
for the future too

what now? – am i to  
go to sea again as in  
my youth with a trail  
of sweet pea in my  
wake should i perhaps aban  
don everything and  
take flight head over  
heels out onto jason's o  
cean – flee from my o  
bligations as the  
photo in the discharge book  
would seem to propose?

i was drunk that day  
at nørreport's photo shop  
with a self-timer  
had been x-rayed at  
the tuberculosis sta  
tion and from top to  
toe was completely  
sound and healthy and had a  
certificate to  
prove it had just stopped  
studying law in favour  
of the seven seas

should i look for a  
berth on a coaster? (i must  
be joking) should i  
flee from death as well  
as from myself knowing full  
well that this is im-  
possible since the  
the old fogey (both the po-  
et and death) keep you  
company or should  
i quietly and calmly just  
close the book again?

i also hang in  
the blue passage framed and glazed  
on a wall from where

my gaze is ines-  
capably fixed on the fri-  
ar's well and on the

cistercian church up  
against the walls of which i  
used to play one-man

tennis in the past  
(even long after the time  
i myself am dead)

i consider the  
portrait: just look at the blood  
shot eyes and the caul

iflower ears the lips  
are not all that beautiful  
either they look like

a dollop of prawn  
salad not to mention the  
nose which is as flat

as a frying pan  
there's a little bit of a  
nigger about me

it is very strange  
and a trifle sinister  
to consider that

the past as the re  
construction that it's in a  
way sometimes over

takes one's own future  
with this purposeful look from  
the photo in the

blue passage as long  
as the academy con  
tinues to exist

even though it is  
tempting and i feel an urge  
to do so i re  
frain from decorat  
ing this technicolor ver  
sion of myself with  
a goatee beard and  
national health glasses because  
there also has to  
be room for the pa  
thetic in the universe  
of the self-portrait

instead i place this  
high-gloss profile (the silver  
wedding anniver  
sary version) of  
myself in its black passepar  
tout among the o  
ther members of the  
family even though i  
am the last alive –  
the rest of the poem  
i dedicate to monk and  
oscar pettiford

i have torn this portrait of myself to pieces  
deliberately

(don't worry i've several copies) so i can  
put it together

again (almost like a jigsaw) which i now do  
– i write the seven

teen bits and seven  
teen syllables together  
into this poem

it has taken me  
seventy-two years to fall  
into place seven

ty-two years to be  
come who i am seventy-  
two years to write my

self out of the daz  
zlement and no conjuring  
trick like the one that

has just been carried  
out and described can alter  
that one iota

i am lying in  
gouache (poster colour) in  
the drawer of a writing  
desk in nyborg  
for the time being in ultra  
marine blue gouache until an  
intended article is finished  
written and printed with  
precisely this portrait as  
illustration in a small book

one day i will emerge  
into the light like a  
deep-sea diver or a  
long-distance swimmer  
on my way across the  
page of the book (just  
wait and see) suddenly  
i come up to the surface  
between the words and  
the letters like some  
more or less familiar  
body washed ashore

i am wearing a  
green shirt made of poplin i  
think – if you key in

my name on your com  
puter you will find me on  
the internet then

i will stare out at  
you through a pair of specta  
cles with a tita

nium frame with a  
slightly inscrutable look  
also at myself

i am wearing a  
green shirt as mentioned am six  
ty-eight years old and

look a bit like a  
mafia boss (from sopran  
os) isn't that right

what do you think? – i  
also look myself straight in  
the eye time has caught

up with me i note  
it doesn't look particu  
larly good at all

this picture exists  
in a number of vari  
ants including one

that's been printed on  
an A4 sheet of paper  
on which the left-hand

side of the face has  
been cut off so it looks as  
if i'm standing be

hind something and look  
ing out (a sort of three-di  
mensional effect

i am wearing a  
green shirt made of poplin and  
i'm staring straight out

at you with an in  
tense look from the website of  
the danish royal

library for e  
lectronic manuscripts – no  
one can know for how

long this eye contact  
will last so you had better  
check from time to time

this photograph (po  
em) has been taken with a  
mobile telephone  
(the make motoro  
la) in front of morgena  
visen jyllandspost  
en's main entrance be  
hind railings barbed wire fence and  
dirty snow down in  
the corner bottom  
right i am smiling blurredly  
back (out of focus)

if the selfsame pho  
tograph had been taken just  
three minutes later  
one would not have been  
able to see me as i  
was surrounded by  
three policemen be  
tween two police vehicles  
because their presence  
was the rapid re  
sult of the first photograph  
having been taken

look at me how in  
teresting i am look for  
example at my

suffering express  
ion oh how interest  
ing or look at my

blue scarf that has been  
so nonchalantly arranged  
goodness gracious how

interesting i  
am it is almost complete  
ly unbearable

will you be my friend –  
my facebook friend even though  
i am more than sev

enty years old and  
have an enlarged prostata –  
shall we write poems

together about  
everything under the sun  
or perhaps exchange

comments every day  
about how our domestic  
cats are getting on?

i have opened a  
bottle of four roses ken  
tucky bourbon and

if you do the same  
with your favourite drink we  
can at eighteen hun

dred hours on the dot  
pour ourselves a glass and there  
by right on screen pro

pose a toast to each  
other that will confirm and  
seal our friendship – cheers

now again – okay  
the latest photograph of  
me is only a  
couple of seconds  
old i don't do anything  
with it don't trim it  
at all don't pour pot  
ash all over it don't start  
drawing on it – so  
i just look complete  
ly ordinary on it –  
an elderly gent

what else? I don't know  
you tell me we are not deal  
ing with a posthu  
mous portrait as yet  
(with a mythical aura  
about it) *so take  
it easy – as i both  
stated and wrote a bit ear  
lier: i am just  
an old fashioned  
millionaire listening to  
mulligan and monk*

approximately  
eighty billion photographs  
will be taken in

the course of the pre  
sent year (two thousand and e  
leven) in one way

or another – give  
or take the odd million or  
so – with cameras

and with mobile phones  
and one of all these photo  
graphs will be of me

INSTAGRAM

And what I assume you shall assume  
Whitman

the SPIRIT is free  
as a helicopter in  
stockhausen's string quar

tet it moves out and  
in as for example here  
at holmen ceme

tery where the grave  
has been done away with and  
i do not leave a

nything behind me  
except diarrhoea at the  
visitors' toilet





'dreamed myself a dream  
last night' holy shit what else  
could i possibly

have dreamed then? – wrote it  
down in night's book like some me  
ne tekell poemed

myself a poem to  
DAY for goodness' sake what else  
could i possibly

have poemed then? – wrote  
it down in this book which you  
are reading right now



and the other side  
of myself (the dark side and  
the bright side) the one

that's without photos  
and images painted in  
oils or done in gou

ache the invis  
ble and the ETERNAL side  
which is turned towards

the moon how is it  
to express itself other  
than in poetry?



there is no title  
whatsoever the page is  
completely blank and  
almost zink-grey which  
means that this poem could so  
to speak have stood on  
it either HANDwrit  
ten or printed in basker  
ville) but that it does  
not do as you can  
see it is standing right here  
on this very page

the realm of the in  
ulas over in stingsted  
wood how WONDERFUL

an elderly man  
in a jeep stops and asks what  
are you doing here?

i'm taking an eve  
ning walk and have the permis  
sion of the owner

himself that's me – he  
replies and then both of us  
laugh: how wonderful

and the spirit is  
free as stated perhaps hov  
ering on its dove's

WING or has all hell  
been let loose in salmon street  
as we used to say

back in the old days –  
there is less than a single  
millimetre be

tween and yet what a  
distance greater than in  
finity itself



a very odd death  
a friend of my youth WAS tak  
en by ambulance  
  
to a hospital  
in hamburg where it is said  
that when he came round  
  
he proceeded to  
rip out both tubes and drip (or  
whatever it is  
  
called) from various  
parts of his body and there  
fore DIED on the spot



what i most FEEL like  
is drinking out of a plas  
tic mug bourgogne in  
  
particular i'm  
in love with a red mare whose  
name is magdalene  
  
i love my wife af  
ter twenty eight years of mar  
ried life together  
  
that's right – so one could  
say that age has its own myster  
ies and enigmas

it looks as if there  
are five steps (not of marble)  
but of paper that  
have been drawn on pa  
per with a black speedmarker  
not by me but my  
a person who is  
unknown to me who's perhaps  
dead – but it looks as  
if there are five WORDS  
reaching up to eterni  
ty in this model

it is at any  
rate not me who is sticking  
his rear end out of  
one photo into  
a larger photograph on  
page number five part  
ly because i am  
shy and partly since i would  
therefore under all  
circumstances be WEARING  
jockey underwear



i had a wave in  
my hair at the nape of the  
neck permanent and

grey it stood in my  
hair's breakers as if it had  
been created by

hokusai himself –  
but a new hairdresser has  
smoothed it out in old

age's smooth WATERS  
what else can i say: hair-dos  
they are a-changin



does a reverse side  
of language exist more than  
mirror writing an  
inside-out so to  
speak more than inverted  
a secret code (nightin  
gale's code) unintell  
igible but understand  
able an algo  
rithm that casts light up  
onto the WORDS from the bot  
tom of the poem?

fallen eggs streets ka  
zuko writes in one of her  
poems and apart

from the beautiful  
image THE WORDS remind me  
that i very nearly

killed a person out  
right by throwing a hard-boiled  
egg out of a win

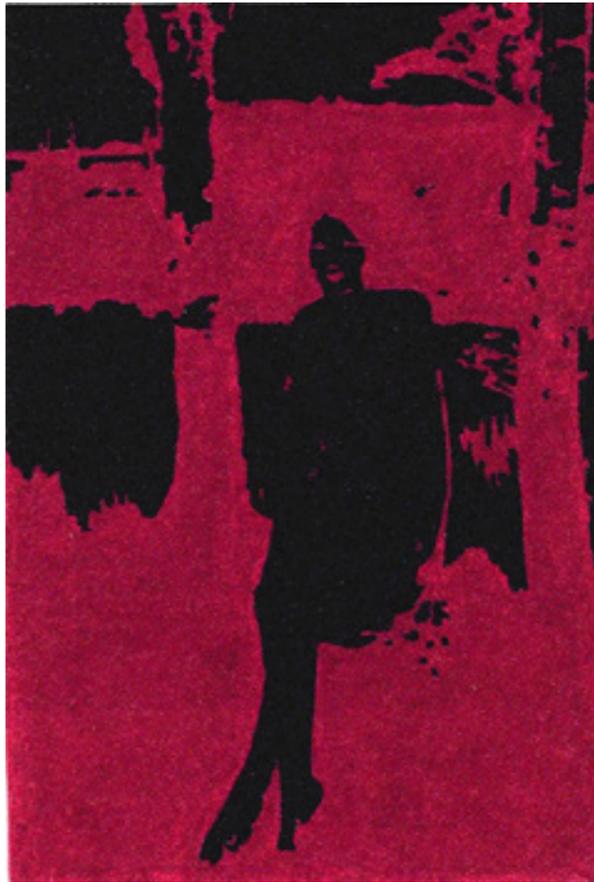
dow on the fifth floor –  
this incident dating from  
some time in my youth

the beach ball of the  
sun decorated with light  
violet spots the

invisible plan  
ets that follow their orbits  
in the horoscope

the kaleidoscope  
of the stars splintered in the  
same mirror ima

ges the moon's mara  
thon race across the shining  
path of the NIGHT sky



the rules that have been  
approved for alcohol con-  
sumption (four units

per weekend and two  
mid-week) are easily bro-  
ken e.g. when cel

ebrating vari-  
ous birth- and DEATH-days or be-  
cause of the simple

fact that fried pork strips  
with parsley sauce is uneat-  
able without snaps

i place a shrivelled  
sycamore leaf from HEARTland  
over this poem

partly so as to  
cover the original  
so that you are on

ly able to read  
the copy and partly to  
reveal the obvi

ous paradox (trompe  
l'écrit) since the poem is  
first completed now

when i was a part-  
time postman in charlotten-  
lund we used to tease

a colleague who drank  
a lot of drinking choco-  
late by telling him

he would get huge balls  
if he kept on following  
that PATH of excess

the strange thing about  
the poem is that this pro-  
phesy was fulfilled

the spirit's over  
the waters toDAY foaming  
with polyester

on the waves out a  
cross baring vig standing like  
froth around the mouth's

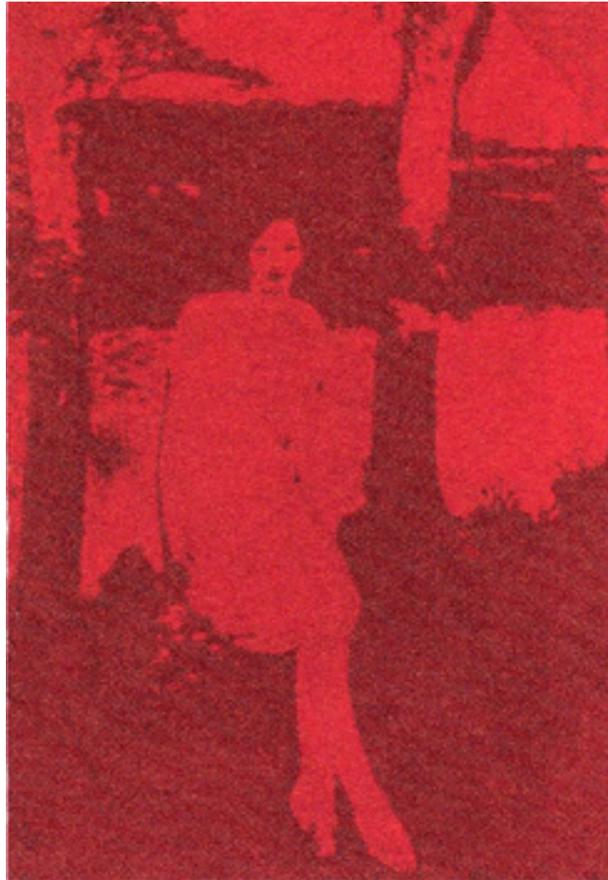
toothpaste in the mir  
ror bubbling up out of the  
kitchen sink flushing

out down the toilet  
but resurrecting like a  
bubbling shower bath

somewhere over  
the rainbow – and what more be  
sides? is memory  
only a jigsaw?  
i once wrote a poem on  
a white formica  
table – i remem  
ber it but not the words per  
haps because saturn  
is retrograde in  
libra (i bit like reading  
CREATION backwards)?



and what is worse a  
jigsaw puzzle whose pieces  
don't fit together  
like the black piece at  
the bottom of the picture  
from where a hand sticks  
out as in michael  
angelo's fresco – where does  
it fit? - and is it  
possible that it  
is GOD's hand that is wearing  
a white golfing glove?



apart from that poems are still being written that cause the older

danish teachers to shit in their pants from sheer joy because they recog

nise the poetry from the old DAYS lovely poems are still being

written in a style as pure as my grandpa's grey borsalino hat

halsskov reef the 13/9  
MESSAge TO the danish coastal authority

or to who the blood  
y else could possibly be  
interested in that

kind of information in short to whom it may  
concern: five angels

crossed under the great  
belt bridge flying north at twelve  
o'clock – hallelujah

the spirit is willing AND the flesh is weak OR  
is it conversely

the spirit that is  
self-indulgent and falls a  
part into intel

lect and mindless nit  
picking while the flesh is ready FOR anything

for example to  
be roasted to tournedos  
or boeuf stroganoff?

I once was the owner  
of a dachshund that showed  
a great interest

in archaeology  
IT always used to dig  
at any rate and

at last found a plastic  
mug without a handle  
which i dated to

the middle plastic  
era on account of its  
fine neon colours

death is made of zinc  
or aluminium at  
any rate from the

elements of which  
we are made plus memories  
(extras) and ether

nity I suppose  
but that aside then nobody  
and I say no

one so nobody  
is either to cook soup on  
my life or my DEATH



i'm FAMILIAR with  
my own tricks by now and they  
are familiar with

me i WISH that i  
could believe the next verse com-  
pletely truthfully

i do not write po-  
ems any longer it is  
more the opposite

but one's only a  
musing as long as one takes  
oneself seriously

the next page i don't  
really know what to think a  
bout AS is the case  
with eternity –  
i believe that it exists  
but i've no ide  
a what to write  
about it even though it's  
part OF my being  
i can see nothing  
and who can reflect himself  
IN transparency

to write poetry  
about everything AND no  
thing is LIKE walking

on glowing coals or  
glass shards as if the paper  
is too thin one writes

on it as if at  
any moment it can shoot  
through the poem

right down INTO mean  
inglessness *but so what – that's a  
chance YOU'll have take*



the heron stands there  
each morning where we bathe pre  
cisely the same spot

AS if it's made of  
stone or is made of brass com  
pletely immobile

I do not know if  
IT is sleeping or just keep  
ing an eye on us

AND don't place a  
ny symbolic meaning in  
it except itself



if you look out of  
the window in this poem  
you will only see

a white paper wall  
on the other hand you may  
with speedmarker

or with a spray can  
write on it whatever graf  
fiti you FEEL LIKE –

for example i  
write on my typewriter: GO  
home and fuck yourself

snooker on the screen  
the whole of tuesday morning  
I ought to have at

tended an aca  
demy meeting but prefer  
to see the shanghai

masters on euro  
sport live where there's a constel  
lation on the green

baize that's far blacker  
than the arse of a black man  
(can YOU dig THAT – maan)

i open a poe  
try anthology called world  
poetry at a

completely random  
page to FIND something or oth  
er that i can steal

what about these lines:  
*angels stopped the hands of the  
clock?* – COULD they possi

bly be used in  
a different poem THAN  
the one they are in?



sister marguerit  
who is THAT? – MY guardian spir  
it someone said once

it was a medi  
um unknown to me who men  
tioned it in a se

ance which I on a  
later occasion revealed  
to be a swindle

the strange thing about  
it is that i have believed  
in it ever since

AND a design poem  
(to get rid of all the po  
etical rubbish)

In the second verse  
stand two panton chairs with cycla  
lamen upholster

y lit up BY quite  
a few steel floor lamps with le  
klint shades the last verse

is DEdicated to  
the round rough plate table from  
idé furniture

lej headland seen from  
the great belt bridge not this time  
by ME but by MY

beloved from the  
IC3 train on its way  
to copenhagen

lej headland seen in  
october sent to me vi  
a my beloved

and two mobile te  
lephones – now that's what I call  
communication

book of visions:  
beneath the drawing of a  
dove (unsuccessful

in an origi  
nal way) the text has been par  
tially smeared out with

watercolour but WORDS  
like copper and stone plinth are  
still just legible

there is something be  
tween the lines perhaps you can  
maybe make it out?

when i was small i  
swallowed lots of things a co  
in FOR example

a one øre OF  
zinc that came out again though  
the other end (so

beautifully and  
precisely depicted by  
hieronymus bosch)

AND so what – nothing  
except THAT i still own the  
one øre today



*a fashion poem  
(to avoid too much poe  
tical crap – rivets*

*and spiky-style  
hype and make-up great  
brand orange print*

*sequins and flower  
motifs that are cool in a  
very swedish way*

*fashion created  
of WORDS really just as real  
as in this poem*

vanity fair i  
get up on the scales again  
an old model that

guarantees a cer  
tain uncertainty regard  
ing the result and

i know that if i  
place MYself in a special  
spot i weigh a ki

lo less – why indulge  
in all the cheating? – read the  
first line once again

if one is to be  
lieve all that's written about  
me (as a person)

IN other people's  
books things don't look good – is in  
terested IN ma

chine pistols – known to  
smoke too many cigarettes  
dresses IN old leath

er jackets – swears AND  
curses a lot – things don't look  
good – start from the top

autumn equinox  
i go out and look at the  
moon that i have writ

ten such a bloody  
lot of beautiful poems  
bout good grief how long

ago it all is  
much longer than i can re  
member and i must

say that as things stand  
at the moment i'm only  
a fan of myself

the spirit in FREE  
fall over langesø woods –  
i must see about

correcting my course  
WITH a paraglider per  
haps the garden pa

rasol could perhaps  
be used or an umbrella or  
i could conceiva

bly throw more ballast  
in the form of wine bottles  
AND books over board

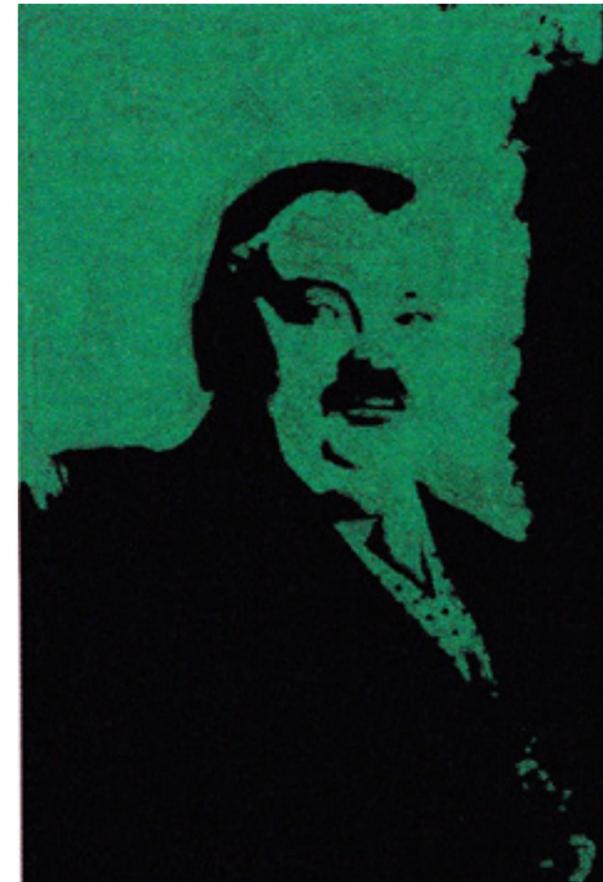


the eye of a needle  
is much smaller than one  
you would think it is for

example smaller  
than your own asshole it is  
just as tiny as

the universe is  
huge despite the fact that the  
swallows fly through it

every summer and  
the poor every night but on  
ly in the spirit



my cat (can one say  
that?) has in our mutual  
relationship re

duced me to a jer  
ry in a disney cartoon  
film even though it's

in fact a she cat  
i am talking about the  
three sublime colours

it has devoured my  
HEART – i carry it out each  
morning with its grit

the light summer nights  
end now nightlights IN the night  
the projector light

from the huge combine  
harvesters in the middle  
of the night (machines

from star wars) i look  
at the scenery WITH half  
an eye (because of

astigmatism) AND  
because the I is only  
the self's shadow side

i saw a well-known  
publisher drop down dead near  
the church of the ho

ly spirit one eve  
ning i pissed against the wall  
of the selfsame church

later i was pho  
tographed in front of the a  
forementioned church and

lastly a pigeon  
shat on me from the church of  
the holy spirit

it makes a difference  
is what they say nowadays  
from red cabbage to

green that's a difference  
at any rate from living  
to DEAD is quite a

different one – i  
myself have started to drink  
tanqueray gin in

stead of gordon's dry  
and that to me is the ul  
timate difference

experience this  
and that experience ev  
erything and nothing

or experience  
czechoslovakia al  
though it's too late now

experience heav  
en and HELL or experi  
ence your own death i

haven't even ex  
perienced my own life i  
have only lived it



and out at HEARTland  
the poetry grows like black  
berries soaking in

brine and the frost at  
night (almost like a noma  
creation) the au

tumn grows while my be  
loved reads aloud from the  
short prose of johan

nes jørgensen (how  
distasteful) and we are sit  
ting drinking porter

i can remember  
the first poem i wrote near  
ly fifty years a

go as if it were  
yesterday the one i wrote  
yesterday i can't

remember a sing  
le WORD of and it cannot  
be this that will be

forgotten tomor  
row according to the po  
em's own assertion

i believed that the  
colour of MORTality  
was black until i

saw the cinnabar  
red rose growing out in the  
front garden (which an

dy warhol had nev  
er ever got to paint) and  
realised that i

had made a mistake  
because nothing could ever  
be more beautiful



there is fat and fat  
fat is not just simply fat  
there is bad fat and

there is good fat but  
ter for example danish  
butter niels anker

kofoed once said – so  
everything's not just fat  
or one fat that is

good which is all to  
the good though goodness itself  
is not simply good



*SPIRIT* high out of  
*control* almost like an out  
of the body ex

perience floating  
free like a sudden shiver  
wherever it wants

nobody has been  
here before on the other side  
of the twelve thousand

poems – nobody  
and so what! – *nothing – nothing*  
*at all just the fact*

i do not LONG a  
ny longer because one does  
not long for WHAT one

has – has become the  
ONE one is (wie man wird  
was man ist) although

this fact is complete  
ly incomprehensible  
for the reasons o

verleaf because no  
one can contain himself with  
his reason intact

the diagnosis  
is ocular migraine (yes  
it sounds pretty bad)

this means that from time  
to time i am unable  
to focus on things

which converts the texts  
of my poems into small  
seven-pointed stars

on the other hand  
i won't get any more HEAD  
aches the doctor says

SUNRISE i write which  
you are now able to read  
in this poem not

because the sun is  
shining over here on fu  
nen it's five o'clock

and it's drizzling i  
write the word sunrise because  
the code to poem

number seventy  
seven quite simply requires  
it and that solves that

the thoreau house o  
ver IN stingsted wood is ac  
tually an old

ice-cream stall a kind  
of romantic décor – one  
that we make good use

of not SO much in  
order to realise our  
dreams AS the real

ity that we use  
in order TO realise  
the reality



i have no idea  
why i have purchased FAITH'S  
rare jewel by hans

adolph brorson – i  
cannot read it for reasons  
stated overleaf

and even if i  
could the letters are so con-  
volutéd (gothic)

that they scarcely make  
a safe landing stage for the  
flights of the spirit

all right – CHRIST'S crown of  
thorns on page fourteen or a  
centipede – perhaps  
what is simply a  
squiggle of some sort done with  
indian ink or  
acrylic (hard to  
see) how much belief is need-  
ed? – i don't know my  
self – can there ever  
be degrees of belief? – i  
simply do not know

the dog roses smell  
like paste used with wallpaper  
SO late in the year

i'm thinking OF call-  
ing the poetry collection  
ashes AND silence

*excuse me* – that was  
a joke that was both bad and  
badly out of place

apart from that i  
don't have anything to say  
this october day



an admirer once  
asked in a trembling VOICE the  
danish composer

fini henriques  
where he was most likely to  
gain inspiration

after careful de  
liberation he answered:  
in the toilet i

think where i write down  
the first notes of something on  
the paper that's there

i leaf further through  
the book (book of infinity)  
and discover  
a place where it seems  
to me as if there is a  
face that is staring  
up at me as if  
through gauze or silk paper but  
that can scarcely be  
true since it is not  
possible for the SOUL to  
be visualised

i was not very  
good AT cricket but i played  
live at sorø

i am still able  
to hear the roof tiles rattle  
from a boundary

AS an umpire i  
once gave a wrong lbw –  
how despicable

AND nowadays i  
mainly like to watch twenty  
a side on the screen

where have all the bees  
where have all the eels and have  
all the cows got to?

i have been in search  
of them on foot by bike and  
in a fiat punto

but neither in the  
supermarket nor out in  
the fields nor in the

sea are they to be  
found where in all the WORLD can  
they all have got to?

it's sunday morning  
i've got a hangover we  
are singing hymn num

ber eighty eight at  
the service at church outside  
the sun's shining cast

ing rectangles on  
to the church floor – i have just  
become seventy

four – yesterday i  
was only forty – *what the  
fuck is going on?*



baseball must be played  
by americans IT is  
absolutely hor

rific to see a  
dutchman swing a bat (even  
if HE does hit the

ball cleanly enough)  
as awful AS if a nor  
wegian were to smash

the head of ano  
ther norwegian with a bat  
in a mafia film

sixty years earli  
er – my GRANDmother speaks to  
a person in white

at sankt hans hospi  
tal before she is to vis  
it an acquaintance –

the senior doc  
tor looks at his watch and says:  
you must excuse me

but at twelve o' clock  
i turn into a fried egg  
sixty years later

it is several  
months ago and many po  
ems since i have thought

of ANGELS – but now  
they are here hovering right  
in front of my eyes

just as in my child  
hood the paper angels and  
those made of gold foil

now they are here in  
a hymn by kingo so now  
things are in earnest

the moon is cold as  
silver gleams with poetry  
in every corner

and in my HEART too  
(waiting my nights away) as  
if it were still young

i pretend that it  
is true just for a brief moment  
and write the words down

before they disap  
pear and are forgotten (wri  
ting my words away)

what WERE michael strun  
ge's final words? – yes sorry  
i am not trying

to BE amusing  
or to lie – not all that long  
ago that very

question was put to  
me by a journalist and  
on behalf of mich

ael strunge i ans  
wered him: michael strunge's fin  
al words were 'fuck off'

the book of proverbs  
(from my grandpa's legacy)  
proverb number one:

love falls both on the  
grey sparrow and it does on  
a piece of dog shit –

number two: what doth  
it profit a man to BE  
a millionaire if

he can't shit? and i  
add on my own account: GO  
home and fuck yourself

i am not in a  
ny way an expert on wine  
(connaissanceur) rather

the opposite – nev  
ertheless i raise a glass  
of white wine from châ

teau haux vintage two  
thousand and ten towards the  
october SKY be

cause the wine tastes of  
unripe blackberries and it  
smells like laughing gas



a lovely example  
i turn into gothersga  
de and make my way

up the high staircase  
that leads to andy's bar where  
i order a beer

select a number  
on the jukebox even though  
i know quite well that

it can only play  
one number but i CANnot  
remember which ONE

it is not one of  
those evenings when the leo  
nids fall like traces

of light in gela  
tine across the HEAVENS but  
nevertheless i

go out to see if  
i can catch sight of a sing  
le shooting star and

true enough the dark  
er the sky is the brighter  
the stars above gleam

IN gedser in a  
small parking area there  
is a large-scale chess

board WHICH the tourists  
can amuse themselves WITH by  
playing on – i have

taken part there myself  
by placing out the pieces  
in the fastest pos

sible mate (two moves)  
AND who knows it could be the  
layout is still there



spirit dizzy as  
IN the old days at dyre  
havsbakken in the

roller-coaster or  
in the hall of mirrors where  
no one is able

to find himself a  
mong the duplicates and e  
veryone drives around

in the lemniscates  
of the dodgems SO AS to  
escape FROM themselves



i became old to  
DAY i've been that for a long  
time but it wasn't

until today i  
understood it – i don't know  
quite why it was pre

cisely today – i  
just realised it perhaps  
it's because my wife

no longer contra  
dicts me when i say to her:  
i have become old

the worst thing about  
baseball (though i love it) IS  
all the spitting both

the players and the  
trainers spit worse than the lla  
mas in peru – yes they

go around hawking  
and spitting everywhere more  
than the poet jørgen

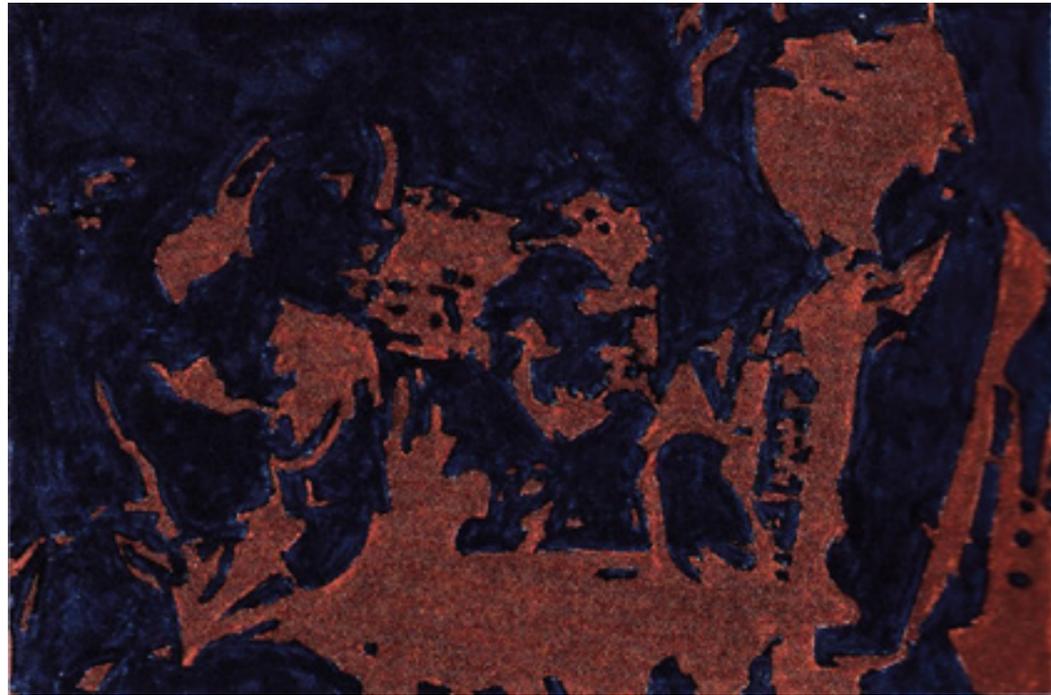
sonne does at the  
academy gala ban  
quet – but mum's the word

the same artists ap  
pear for the same audien  
ces at the same ven

ues with precisely  
the same works year after year  
like a strange ghost

performance in a  
dance of death – *just tell me what  
the fuck is going*

*on? – i don't know may  
be it's the broken mirror  
of ETERNITY*



the spirit nosedives  
(with a stuka whine) or from  
a crane in a bun

gee jump with elas  
tic perhaps with a backwards  
salto mortale

where's it off to – is  
it to return to the bot  
tle where it came from

or will it land at  
beldringe airport at some  
late hour in the NIGHT?



richard mortensen's  
pictures do not look like re  
ality at all

no art resembles  
reality i reply  
because art itself

IS reality  
i don't know just how much is  
contained in that state

ment so LET it be  
the subject of open dis  
cussion and debate

i wake up in the  
night WITH a sack of salt  
petre ON my chest –

my wife is still a  
sleep i get up and go in  
to the next-door room

AND play ‘forever  
young’ – listen to bob dylan’s  
century-old voice

drink a cup of cof  
fee have a pee and then go  
back to bed again

*spirit freewheelin*  
*like tumbleweed down the roads*  
along rugård lan

devej and then a  
long assensvej out across  
PLOTS OF FARMLAND in

a spin of rape and  
winter barley all muddled  
around in my head

and then ending up  
as new cushion bushes a  
round padesø church



*my own pillowbook*  
list OF interesting ob  
jects strips of litmus

paper WHICH clearly  
show THAT i’m not suffering  
from diabetes

a plastic teaspoon  
with this inscription ON the  
handle: made in chi

na a tube of ca  
put mortuum gouache paint  
from sennelier

rifbjerg on the screen  
why the bleeding bloody hell  
is it that i feel

some sort of guilt or  
other or maybe fear or  
even affection

when i see HIM there  
AS a babbling oldie who  
is much too big for

his boots – is IT be  
cause he resembles the fa  
ther i never had?

MY hedebo hor  
sy hand in two thousand and  
twelve the late højholt

in memoriam  
(now we're talking about the  
old boys) my horsefeed

hand i stretch out full  
of maize grass and munchy words  
towards YOU who've pa

tiently read your way  
to this place in the poem  
(take it or leave it)

this poem is pre  
sented BY gyldendals on  
klareboderne

it's a question OF  
advertisements IN recent  
danish poetry

and inspired by an  
ady warhol roy lichtenstein  
AND rauschenberg a

paradox since the  
poem for the same reason  
can hardly be sold

at nordstjerne school  
on langeland it is the  
autumn half term break

my wife is taking  
photographs for som arti  
cle or other mean

while i'm taking a  
look around – find a window  
full of bluebottles

to this very day  
i think of what DEAD ani  
mal lay in that room

now follows the first  
negative clip FROM a film  
strip the action of  
which i do not know –  
the snippet has been stuck ON  
a piece of coloured  
paper AND as far  
as i can see it depicts  
a table WITH di  
verse ballpoint pens  
is it my writing desk – is  
the film about me?

i go all the way  
to tórresø in order  
to see the stranded

starfish (just like when  
the public all rush towards  
traffic accidents)

lovelier almost  
bathed in death's mother of pearl  
gleam that when they were

alive and why on  
earth should that signify that  
GOD does not exist?

nb – this poem has  
been no less than seventy  
three years one hundred

and forty days on  
its way before it saw the  
light of day on this

tuesday in april  
when i have just become ex  
actly that age my

self the spring SKY cau  
ses the words to gleam brightly  
isn't it amazing?

wallah – i say sud  
denly i haven't a clue  
what it's supposed to

mean but have heard it  
ON television AND the  
young people use it –

perhaps theses will  
soon be written ABOUT it –  
wallah – shall i

be young with the old  
or what's even worse – shall i  
be old with the young

i passed a whole CROWD  
of somalis yesterday  
in nyborg are you

responsible for  
the rainy weather have you  
ordered rain today?

one of them asked me  
in a friendly polite way –  
no i answered but

i'm the one who has  
paid for it – i replied in  
no friendly fashion

my grandpa (that old  
deadhead) IS BEING painted  
in gouache fifty

years after his death  
by my old friend using a  
specially devised

system where the col  
ours are chosen by drawing  
lots and what colour

did my grandpa hap  
pen to come up with? – caput  
mortuum of course

hommage à lance  
armstrong – prügelknabe and  
scapegoat for a whole

branch of sport – but whe  
ther he was taking epo  
or anything else

when he won all our  
HEARTS he will never ride in  
to oblivion

as will those who sen  
tenced him – what were their  
names a  
gain? pat mac whatsit?

in the past i've writ  
ten poems under the in  
fluence and a po

em about it now  
we're off again – the present  
poem e.g. has been

done after consum  
ing five glasses of brandy –  
am i to be breath

alised or perhaps  
i am about to lose my  
LIFElong state pension?



we called it thrasher  
snot back then when i as a  
boy had MY first e  
jaculation up  
in a bedroom where we car  
ried out something that  
resembled a kind  
of circle jerk and later  
girls would be inclu  
ded for twenty five  
ore back then in the old  
days in vesterbro

*bingeurt* is called  
dog's mercury IN english  
more beautiful than

pissing in your pants –  
bingelkräuter in german  
as ugly as shit

ting in a cycle  
helmet mercurialis  
in latin just like

an uppercut – what  
i'm saying is that AT TIMES da  
nish isn't enough

WHAT is THAT book you  
keep talking about and writ  
ing about and quot  
ing from? – is perhaps  
being asked – can you buy it  
at the bookseller's  
or is it as i  
maginary AS the swal  
lows flying in and  
out of the poem? –  
it is this book is my re  
ply – *the book of books*



a pure poetry  
a pure art pure jazz music  
pure sport clean nails clean

hands a clean tour de  
france cycle race a clear-cut  
issue a clear and

unsullied conscience  
pure thoughts mere boys and girls com  
pletely pure races

plain speaking sheer ut  
ter complete unadulter  
ated nonsense

i start the motor  
saw and fell a wild lilac –  
so it's not going

to appear any  
more in my poetry e  
ven though it derives

from the first lilac  
tree in the WORLD – banal but  
thought-provoking – just

think of that every  
time you would fell a tree or  
kill a mosquito

i tear a page out  
of the book – not because there  
is anything on  
it that nobody  
else is allowed to read (some  
secret WORDS or oth  
er e.g. a man  
tra) there is nothing at all  
on the page in fact –  
but i do so in  
order to display my res  
pect for nothingness

before one can dare  
to call a muslim a stu  
pid bastard (which we

used to call each oth  
er at workplaces where i  
HAVE earned my money)

before that IS the  
case one cannot talk about  
equality but

about the suppres  
sion of personages who  
are inferior

hoar frost – the wood peck  
er looks just like a clown out  
there ON its fat ball

sorry – i am in  
a bad mood this morning - i've  
started to ima

gine THAT i have tinn  
itus i can only hear  
the tone AT any

rate when i think of  
it – but it is most irri  
tating even so



now it's there again  
that tone from the sky or is  
it the water pipes

that are whistling per  
haps the radiator sys  
tem or maybe the

television that's  
emitting electronic  
signals – what is there

about that tone – is  
it really god who is SING  
ING in his heaven?



my uncle's name was  
johnny – johnny hœeck AND he  
died of ilius

at the age of twen  
ty so i didn't ever  
get to know him and

only mention the  
fact because he is being  
painted WITH gouache

(green) and the picture  
will subsequently be pub  
licised in this book

i have mentioned earl  
ier the family's last  
treasure the oakwood

sideboard from which at  
precarious moments there  
have come strange knocking

sounds – what i WANTED  
to say IS this – it's been a  
long time since the side

board has emitted  
a creak – what i wonder has  
become of the dead?

now that we're dealing  
with heirlooms let me just men  
tion the persian car

pet which is lying  
FIERY-red at my feet and  
which has patterns that's

as beautiful as  
the hanging gardens is it  
really as genu

ine as they make out –  
can i fly on it to pa  
radise some fine day?

*spirit on the run*  
*to nowhere or to ev*  
*erywhere i do not*

where that might be this  
morning it was right in the  
eye of a tropi

cal STORM in connec  
tion with the powerful for  
ces of the dark that

poetry is al  
so connected to and per  
haps has been born from

what did i leave be  
hind me on cuba back then  
apart from a pair

of stolen sun glass  
es two kilos of shit a  
few litres of piss

and a fingerprint  
plus a pair of blue jeans that  
paid for a taxi

trip to matanzas?  
i further left behind nine  
teen grams of my HEART

a poem about  
anything (dedicated  
to dan turell) my

bare arse for examp  
le or jupiter's moons not  
to mention a glass

of pickled gherkins  
the borders of eterni  
ty the king's indi

an defence along  
with the sand grain which SATAN  
never ever finds

brown ale – i call a  
loud – no answer – brown ale from  
newcastle i call

out even louder –  
a silence beyond silence  
i think that i heard

a mysterious  
sound in the dark and therefore  
cried out: brown ale – e

ven a ghost would sure  
ly be terrified on hear  
ing the WORDS: brown ale

this poem is white  
white as the paper it is  
written on white as  
  
snows of yesteryear  
as titanium white paint  
ed over chremnitz  
  
white white as shaving  
cream on whipped cream white as chalk  
on lime as a PE  
  
TAL of the polar  
stern rose on another pet  
al of the same rose

the magnolia  
arbour zena grows as is  
known here at HEARTland

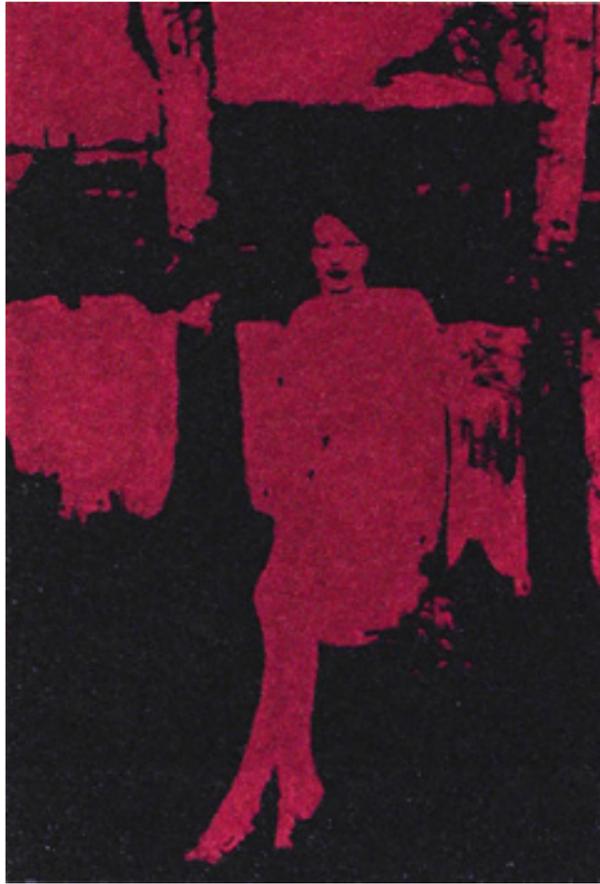
i planted it my  
self some time ago as a  
little stunted tree

but now it stands tall  
and regal even here in  
late october the

only thing that's lacking  
is for us to see it to  
gether you and i



the twiLIGHT smells of  
firewood smoke out here in no  
where northern funen  
the accompany  
ing small drawing could well have  
been called if it had  
not been for the fact  
that the three vertical pen  
cil stripes down through the  
picture neutralise  
or maybe even prevent  
the transformation



*spirit IN limbo*  
floating around among the  
DEAD friends as usu

al without getting  
any answer floating a  
mong the poets

AND empty gin bot  
tles among withered carna  
tions and metaphors

OF doubtful value  
floating into eterni  
ty with no answer

it started with a  
queen's gambit and it concludes  
with a queen's gambit

that time against death  
when i won a brief respite  
for myself now a

gainst a spanish grand  
master where i will manage to  
achieve a narrow

draw it would look like –  
that time for LIFE and death – now  
much more is at stake

when i was a young  
boy (ooooh!) there were two events  
THAT were crowning mo

ments of the year – in  
winter i was taken to  
circus schumann and

in summer TO the  
danish aquarium – now  
both of the expe

riences are gone  
(ooooh!) and replaced by a bot  
tle of jack daniels

i once cut my thumb  
on a sardine tin that i  
was attempting to

open with a po  
tato peeler in the mid  
dle of the night the

moon was shining all  
over the bloody place and  
i was pissed off with

my accident – i'm  
only saying this *'cause blood  
looks bad in moonLIGHT*

you ask me my SON  
of the withered violet –  
if the value in

creases with the a  
mount (as in the fiscal world)  
when it comes to art –

or if the converse  
is rather the case and in  
that case if it would

perhaps be best (for  
the increased value) not to  
create anything?



*I love name-dropping*  
just as much AS i love slo  
gans advertising

slogans as well as  
the names of brands and brand names  
and HE WHO hasn't

realised that does  
n't understand a shit of  
my poetry send

a crate of heinz ketch  
up out to that man – wrote one  
who did understand

sixth of november  
a cross in the calendar  
and WHAT does that MEAN?

am i the one who's  
done that with a red speed mark  
er MY grandpa's birth

day? – no that is the  
fifth – what on earth can it be?  
US election

day? will south water  
come and install some new drains?  
*I don't know – tell me*

between ME and in  
timacy things are in DEEP  
trouble – it's too late

I have long since gone  
to extremities that ca  
not be attained i

am completely in  
capable of the secrets  
of deep immersion

and if it's a ques  
tion of being pious i  
am in total hell

*election address*  
when we speak OF the un  
ted states we have to

remember to be  
gin WITH the fact that the U  
SA is built ON

the crime of having  
exterminated all the  
indigenous pop

ulation and then  
those left agreed on the rest –  
just remember that

i'm standing then di  
rectly and completely per  
sonally oppo  
site eternity –  
*that's the deal* believe me (though  
everyone knows it)  
what i've said applies  
to every single human  
BEING – the only  
difference is the  
underscore right now is miles  
davis' dark magus



i'm reading a small  
slim poetry collection  
in black binding pub

lished at his own press  
by a young poet i do  
not know – wild and vi

olently passion  
ate as my own debut was  
a cut to the QUICK

think of starting all  
over again instead of  
just finishing off

futsal or bowls THAT  
is WHAT eurosport has on  
offer for TOday

futsal must mean foot  
sole and bowls something that's near  
ly the opposite

I zap between the  
programmes – brazil up against  
portugal a scot

who's facing a welsh  
man on the second channel  
*i am psyched up – maaan*

i've started to sleep  
in the middle of the day –  
that's not all that good

if only i at  
least had been stoned out of my  
mind or had run a

half marathon but  
that is not the case rather  
the opposite – it

MUST probably be  
some form of world-weariness  
i'm afraid – sorry



once i used to write  
poetry – but that IS a  
long time ago now

i don't really know  
what i AM to call what i  
am producing now

upside-down poems  
(inversions) perhaps or  
possibly counter-

poems – it's not so  
much a question of quali-  
ty but of genre

*my own pillowbook*  
a list of almost beauti-  
ful things: various

screwdrivers provid-  
ed WITH transparent plastic  
handles (emerald

red AND ruby green)  
a white kenzo tie OF brown  
flowers bought at co

penhagen airport  
as well as the old six-volt  
battery charger

*I am last man stand-  
ing* in my maternal line  
so i take all the

genes with me (both the  
good ones and the bad ones) as  
well as all the lies

yarns and tall stories  
(both the bohemian ones  
and the jewish ones)

i will take each and  
every one of the secrets  
with me into DEATH

i re-saw ryges  
gade number thirTY-four  
was it really HERE

i set light to my  
manhood within the confines  
of this DINGY flat

was it really here  
i lived and loved myself vir  
tually half to

death? – yes it was here  
i wrote my principal work  
into midnight's quartz

the knots IN the u  
niverse of the pinewood ceil  
ing form known AND un

known constellations  
of stars i see WITH my back  
against the mattress

andromeda there  
and orion ON the left  
with gleaming escutch

eon and then the new  
constellation towards the  
northwest the heart stones



IN mid november  
the old men gather around  
trondemosen bog

and seek compensa  
tion FOR a wilting poten  
cy BY raising their

double-barrelled shot  
guns TOWARDS the sky so as  
to bang the life out

of a couple of  
seedy birds – the duck-hunting  
season has begun

i am proud of the  
fact than my she-cat sharpens  
her claws on my DESK

it produces a  
wonderful sound of oak and  
at the same time hones

my own words to that  
more than usual everyday  
meaning (common sense)

which is what poe  
try is according to will  
iam carlos williams

small political  
essay – ABsolute diver  
sity leads TO ab

solute anarchy  
in the same way that total  
equality AND

gleichschaltung lead to  
fascism or AS my by  
now famous mater

nal grandfather once  
expressed it: gustibus non  
disputandum est

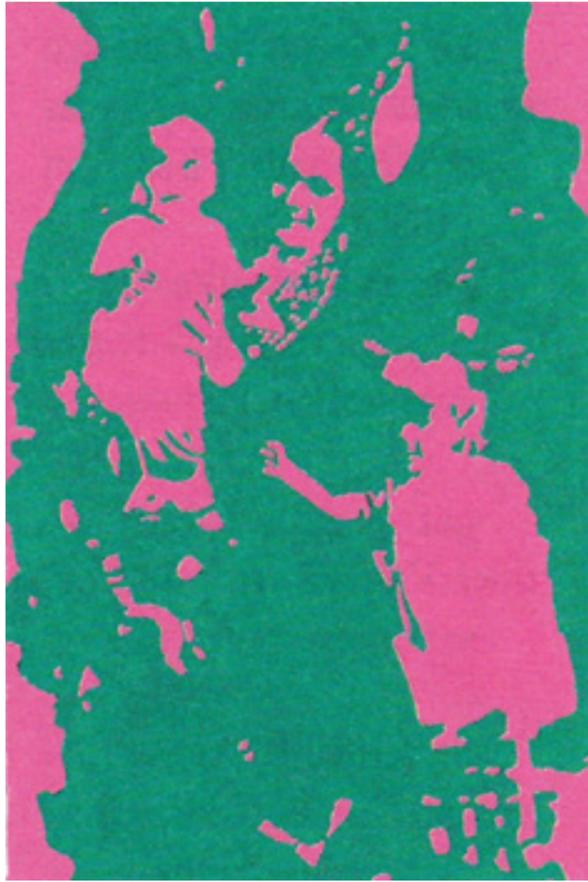
*IT's the same old sto  
ry as forty years ago –  
my books aren't selling*

i once wrote – they are  
pretty hard to digest the  
publishers replied –

but everything can't  
be SOUP the whole time – i went  
on adding from bit

ter experience:  
the most that such food leads to  
is constipation

i can't remember  
what is was i wanted to  
remark about this  
sketch but fortunate  
ly i have kept a note of  
it in my back pock  
et – i take it out  
once again and read (write) *not  
reality but  
concentration of  
reality* (freely af  
ter francis bacon)



when all has been said  
it is even so a fact  
that manure is GOOD

for the fields and for  
their crops just as criticism  
AND bullshit are a

good fertiliser  
for poetry and its health  
y development –

so although it smells  
a bit TO start with IT makes  
the words thrive better



*there is a lot of shit*  
*IN my poems (both horse AND*  
*bullshit) i found my*

self THINKING about  
that because the farmer is  
spreading manure on

the field outSIDE my  
window so that the corn can  
grow just as the rose

and the poem need  
fertiliser if they're to  
be able to grow

an elderly grey  
haired man appears on the scene  
with a small black case

WHICH contains a pair  
of rubber gloves instruments  
and a white powder

HE pretends he's in  
vestigating THE robber  
y you've reported

you've been visited  
by the funen police's  
*home entertainment*

the japanese LAN  
TERNS light up from the autumn  
decorations that

my wife has fashioned  
on a dish made of sterling  
silver – i write the

word 'autumn' on a  
piece of paper which i then  
position in the

installation then  
i place it finally out  
side in the autumn

my old friend from the  
time the postal service ex  
isted HAS started

to cut his own hair  
and now looks like a cross be  
between geroni

mo and johnny rot  
ten and although i'm a wee  
bit envious i

WOULD prefer to re  
semble either robert al  
lyn or elston gunn

*once upon a first  
time (in norway of all pla  
ces) i was standing*

by a hotdog stand  
in bergen along with the  
crew of m/s milla

when a completely  
unknown MAN suddenly hit  
me very hard in

the midriff – *what the  
fuck* was all that about – can  
the reader help me?

there ARE silver fish  
in the washbasin every  
morning gleaming with

neon i actu  
ally try to save them from  
drowning before i

WASH and shave myself  
by enticing them up on  
a piece of toilet

paper and letting  
them loose in the dark – gracious  
me how good i am

winter – red with ar  
senic still before it be  
comes whiter than snow

tomorrow i will  
be seventy five years old  
and am still rewrit

ing everything e  
ven though in the long run i  
am nothing but a

short tangent on life's  
circle a shooting star a  
nonesuch in a DREAM

*that old shit* – miles da  
vis once said when speaking of  
classical music

and even though i  
do not agree i know quite  
well what he means when

i see how people  
get the squitters at the name  
of bach but almost

brush aside the torn  
up notes of jazz that are full  
of cunt and the heart's BLOOD

once more i orga  
nise a small competition  
(in order to di

vert the reader) is  
the previous quotation  
a complete fake or

does it origi  
nate from philosophy and  
the lawyer or the

painter of the same  
NAME – a bottle of vodka  
awaits the winner



i GO out and give  
a fallen apple a kick  
not so as to hu

miliate it but  
because it's so inviting  
a right toe-crusher

and for the sake of  
reality which i LOVE  
to distraction and

eureka – now i've  
got it – fuck the whole cabood  
le from me – of course



i don't like it when  
a poem comes out just right  
encloses itself

in a jewelcase  
of lovely words and telling  
images and be

comes verse of uni  
versally approved beauty –  
and that all and sun

dry hasn't been swept  
in under language's car  
pet (cheating) – *got it?*

it is ten a.m.  
a man who calls HIMSELF wil  
liam blake gives ME a  
  
phone call from hongkong  
and suggests to me that i  
make some financial  
  
investments – i'm not  
interested in earning  
money – i am a  
  
poet myself mis  
ter blake – end of a strange space  
communication

WHAT the bleeding hell  
is the name of the man? – can  
tarelo or is

it parabellum  
musarelli maybe? – or  
scarletto? what the

hell is it with all  
those italian instruct  
ors? – scorsese i

exclaim to a be  
wildered man in the co-op  
ah – that's what IT was



after a whole year  
of not listening to any  
music whatsoe

ver i break my trap  
pist vow and listen once a  
gain to john coltrane's

the FATHER and the  
son and the holy ghost so  
as yet again to

hear what is inaud  
ible in a new way (through  
the sound barrier)



blackbird down flown in  
to the window with a bang  
spirit low over

heartland where the grass  
is whitish as if it had  
been bleached with hydro

gen peroxide rub  
bish thrown away everywhere  
beer cans in the ditch –

spindle tree flaring  
in bright neon colours psy  
chedelic with LIFE

can rectum be used  
as a word in a poem? –  
it already does

so but for the be  
nefit of the reader i  
will divert further

on the subject – when  
USA's president was to be  
operated on

for an anal fis  
tula the fate of the world  
hung in a rectum

my first wife was born  
in the sign of virgo AND  
i IN sagittar

ius we'd known  
each other SINCE childhood got  
married then divorced

after which i swore  
that i would win her BACK – and  
i won everything

back i repeat i  
won everything back and now  
the repeat again

lamb cutlets for dinner today they taste simply heavenly served with

a red wine from my own vineyard (château haux) bottled per shareholding

the three-crown silver set and glass the real thing from the inheritance

O THOU LAMB OF GOD innocently slaughtered for us on cross and plate

what has become of the butterflies this summer mnemosyne the

black hairstreak butterfly and the red admiral that bears my poet

try on the night moment of its wings have they flown off into oblivion

and the deep well of memory as new exTINCT species?

just listen here! – i'm twenty years older than the rolling stones and still

writing still writing strong – so beat that if you can you little four-eyes

as far as i know there AREn't many who last out until the very

last word and the final sign at the back of beyond of poetry

kan ka ka? – kan ka ka – kud ku ku? kud ku ku kan ka ka? – ka ka

kud – kan ku ku? ku ku kan – kan ka ka rap then? kud ku ku score then?

ka ka kan score then ku ku kud rap then – ka ka kan – ku ku kud – ri

cardo ka ka kan score goals then – agami ku ku could rap out WORDS

not all that long a  
go farmers used to call their  
livestock by NAME – the

cows for example  
used to be called molly or  
daisy and the pigs

used to be called green  
backs nowadays the calves have  
numbers on yellow

plastic markers in  
their ears – what's one to say to  
that i wonder? – moo

i don't find any  
thing it finds me i don't think  
up anything it

thinks up me quite un  
motivatedly in the  
middle of everything

suddenly in the  
middle of the night it wakes  
me and thinks up that

i am to WRITE this  
poem – now that really is  
a curious thing

i repeat memory  
does not come AS a single  
long narrative FROM

one end TO the oth  
er full OF beautiful car  
nations – it comes IN

bits and pieces like a  
vase that has been smashed to smi  
thereens and both in

terpretations are  
nothing more nor less than fic  
titious tall stories

SING OUT MY SOUL – why  
are they referred to as ter  
ror bombs when hamas

blow a bus up sky  
high but only bombs when the  
israelis bomb

hospitals and schools  
and refugee camps in the  
gaza strip – bombs are

presumably al  
ways terror bombs when it real  
ly comes down to it



mere name-dropping  
johan ludvig heiberg tho  
mas bo larsen ji

mi hendrix ole  
sarvig bruce lee – what is the  
CONNECTION between

these people (and me  
said truly)? – they are birth  
day comrades – well thanks

very much – not that  
i HAVE anything against  
them but even so

it can of course be  
a question of polaroid  
photos with bromide  
of silver SKIES and  
other chemical colours  
at any rate a  
man unknown to me  
crosses a street unknown to  
me towards a build  
ing unknown to me  
in a picture unknown to  
me in a poem

the white race's GOOD-  
natured AND all-knowing at  
titude towards the

rest OF the world is  
in the process of becom  
ing a new kind OF

imperialism  
(one could almost refer to  
it as a demon

ic power of goodness)  
that threatens to end with a  
tremendous backlash

DAY OF REST – DAY OF  
HAPPINESS – what a strange sort  
of day today

my wife has taught me  
to dance in the gangnam style  
and i have received

twelve unanswered mes-  
sages on my mobile te-  
lephone i soon

do not really know  
what else to answer than to  
say: HALLELUJAH

i love bilka in  
the springtime i love fakta  
in the fall i love

rema in the win-  
ter when IT drizzles i love  
netto in the sum-

mer when it sizzles  
i love brugsen every mo-  
ment of the year i

love aldi why oh  
why do i love bilka – be-  
cause MY love is near

no no no – not a  
ny more of those homemade bis-  
cuits at christmas time

not any more of those  
so-called jewish biscuits that  
taste more of potash

than of cinnamon –  
not any more brown sugar  
biscuits with a TANG

of salt of hartshorn –  
i tell you straight – i prefer  
the shop's karen volf

the conversation  
went as follows: how about  
visiting aakjær's

grave like we once talked  
about? – i don't care a piss  
about jeppe aa

kjær's grave – and now i  
have done precisely that on  
it partly to HON

OUR the great poet  
and partly to fertilise  
his reputation

once upon a  
second time – (in malmö  
of all places) i

WAS arrested by  
the swedish police and placed  
in the local nick

i do not exact  
ly recall what for any  
longer – time HAS passed

but what the heck – and  
i am quoting here: for the  
heart has no wrinkles

i rise from THE DEAD  
at six o'clock sharp which means  
that i wake up to

the trials and tri  
bulations of a new day for  
example the no

vember darkness and  
rain a sore big toe and the  
cat that's performing

its trick: the flying  
dutchman (on the computer)  
all's well that starts well

time to get on with  
life (which is now on its last  
legs one always thinks)

and to be on the safe  
side so that we do not end  
up in sheer poe

try i call up yet  
another of my grandfa  
ther's morbid MAXims:

you cannot make a  
purse out of a sow's ear – (and  
read that as you like)

spirit in blizzard  
with diamonds in the sky  
i dreamt that i was

pissing in my bed  
and check it out this morning  
may the lord be praised

it was just a dream  
whatever it may mean – mon  
ey from the art found

ation or a free  
ticket to zirkus nemo  
or maybe nothing?



it's snowing again  
again it's snowing again  
again it's snowing

again again it's  
snowing again again it's  
snowing again – stop

the machinery  
seems to be giving me a  
little trouble – ex

cuse me – what i wan  
ted to say was it's snowing  
again from HEAVEN

all literature na  
naturally refers to  
itself – who else could

have possibly writ  
ten it – the writing refers  
back to that which has

been written – but the  
work of a poet can ne  
ver be his life on

ly write it which is  
equally as far away  
from life as DEATH is

which causes me to  
write: i don't give a shit a  
about ezra pound's

life all the infor  
mation about it is more  
or less true even

the so-called fact it  
is impossible to check  
any more – i am

exclusively pre  
pared to consider his work  
THE CANTOS – *that's real*



when the late poul bo  
rum was still ALIVE it used  
to amuse him to

alcoholise us:  
an f p conjac a gus  
tava brandy a

morti whisky a  
høeckerbajer plus an as  
ger snaps – but when i

added a paul  
poohrum he no longer FOUND  
it at all funny



why then this strange con  
struction with poems about  
a book which (maybe)  
does not even ex  
ist – poems about poems  
raised to the second  
or third power? be  
cause poems of the self al  
ways find themselves in  
the LIGHTning of a  
double reflection as well  
as indirect speech

WHERE have all the larks  
got to AND all the nightin  
gales which i have been

listening for in vain  
during the rhine metal of  
the light summer nights

and all the other  
species of songbirds wo sind  
sie geblieben or

the cormorants sit  
ting out there ON their totem  
poles – pist verschwunden

legendary DEATH  
like that of my grandfather in  
the photo of him in

red gunpowder smoke  
and caput mortuum dressed  
up in naval u

niform (find the page  
yourself) but in fantasy  
as a rear admi

ral which as known he  
whispered to me on his death  
bed out in ordrup



ROSY clouds over  
heartland LIKE russian cham  
pagne – no rule without

an exception to  
the rule but that itself is  
a rule AND so what?

have no rules whatso  
ever? – but then THAT too is  
a rule – i'm getting

really unsure now – pure  
chaos apparently has  
the selfsame problems

i love plastic i  
am well aware that this is  
an unpopular

standpoint even though  
the whole WORLD is dependent  
on plastic i'm pro

bably the only  
one who dares say it out loud  
and write it in a

poem i love plas  
tic yes i love remy mar  
tin's plastic bottles

the closer that death  
gets the less can it be seen  
until it becomes

invisible *and*  
*that is the moment you die*  
thanks very much – *is*

*that a fact or is*  
it just WORD-spaghetti and  
an optical il

lusion i believe  
death is always present and  
is the same in size

the strip of film con  
tinues across a DARK blot  
which you can only  
see WITH your inner  
eye just like the coffee stain  
that i happened to  
mess UP this parti  
cular page with – almost a  
quite new dimension)  
picture number three  
in the strip of film is black  
too – ebony black

a quite ok DEATH  
as mentioned my mother died  
of many years a

go at the st luke  
foundation without making  
a fuss and without

flinching (no bullshit)  
she squeezed my hand without ut  
tering a single

word and flew up to  
paradise in a fragrant  
smell of clementines



i allow my gaze  
to pan the entire horizon  
as i have done

thousands of time be  
for up here at fogense  
point – æbelø is

still lying out there  
behind the LIGHT the sea gulls  
are screeching as be

fore i let my gaze  
pan the entire horizon  
what's new – everything



there are several  
main categories among  
christmas calendar

users – those who slavishly  
follow the system  
(I am one of those)

and there are those WHO  
open all of the flaps at  
one go on the first

of december and  
those who do so christmas eve  
(*the true believers*)

flashbulb – i repeat  
i'm standing quite alone and  
directly oppo  
site eternity  
that's the deal – this time i am  
wearing wellington  
boots made by lakeland  
i am on the brink of shit  
ting my pants but re  
frain from doing so  
since i'm standing in the pre  
sence of GOD – respect

when were the old days –  
was it a hundred YEARS a  
go when everything

has been forgotten  
or was it a thousand years a  
go (is that why the

king was called gorm the  
old?) was it before you were  
born or thereabouts?

even though only  
one day has passed – the old days –  
that was yesterday

i don't know what  
i have gradually come  
to resemble (may

the LORD be praised) but  
it's obvious that for ex  
ample kim larsen

as he grows old re  
semble a elderly boar  
that one of my po

et friends looks like a  
garden dwarf – so i person  
ally fear the worst

there is entertain  
ment and there is litera  
ture and there's one hel

luvA difference –  
the former is bound BY time  
and falls with it (with

its honour intact)  
the latter relates to the  
precondition for

time and is thereby  
free – hoveringly free (where  
angels and eagles dare)

double entry book  
keeping or simply cheating  
that's the question but  
at any rate on  
page thirty seven (book of  
oblivion) at  
the bottom it says  
in writing that'S not mine un  
der the title (gar  
den of eden): small  
flowers now greet each other they're  
twitting every one

*once upon a third  
TIME in montreal of  
all places i touched*

down one afternoon  
in the late nineteen seven  
ties with a plane be

longing to czecho  
slovakian airlines – i  
regret to have to

inform that i did  
not leave anything behind  
in this huge country

real MEN get themselves  
an enlarged prostata as  
the years go by just

as they got a beard  
and adam's apple in the  
course of time – real men

have hair in their ears  
and nostrils and other pla  
ces where they're una

ble to shave themselves –  
real men also pick bogey  
men out their noses

spectacular DEATH  
otherwise with my father  
if he went straight to

hell in his red to  
yota out there on the mo  
torway beneath a

lorryload of beech  
logs along with his brother  
and his dog i do

not know – i have ne  
ver heard a word from him but  
a fucking strong death



i have mentioned the  
garden of gethsemane  
before as an pic  
ture my then sweetheart  
painted shortly before her  
DEATH and now i meet  
with it again ma  
ny years later at the bot  
tom of my mind in  
the form of black squares  
painted on a black background  
over a poem

i have fulfilled a  
promise made someone now dead  
(though more myself) to

listen to schumann's pi  
ano music which she was  
fond of but at the

same time have to con  
fess i rubbed salt into the  
wound by alternate

ly listening to miles  
davis to put a stop to  
all die innigkeit

what is a human  
being? good GRACIOUS me a  
synthesis of all

and sundry of red  
and black of great and small of  
everything and al

most nothing as un  
intelligible as the  
illustrations on

the secret pages  
in a book which you are ne  
ver going to read

the emerald ta  
ble d'émeraude lies snugly  
in its little box –

my beloved on  
ly WEARS it once every year  
then it is placed back

in the columbi  
an darkness – in spite of this  
i AM very jea

lous of it since it  
will gleam with an ice-green glow  
long after my death

there aren't any cats  
in copenhagen is what  
james joyce believes writes

susanne brøgger  
in a little light-green book –  
in that case he has

never been to ry  
esgade number thirty  
four (the KINGDOM of

cats) is my reply  
to james joyce so many years  
later from funen



dr dralle's hair  
lotion what the devil caused  
anyone TO use

it to avoid bald  
ness at the age OF fifteen  
AND dr linde's

milk of sulphur soap  
caused girls to flee like dr oet  
ker's stone oven piz

za NOWadays – but  
i'll call a halt here – find fur  
ther examples yourself

i have stretched this poem  
out IN this dark shut book  
LIKE a butterfly

sheet not in order  
to try and catch red admirals  
AND nocturnal

moths but readers – SO  
if you should open the book  
in the light of this

page and read the words  
of the poem it will be  
you that i have caught

in itself sauce is  
a whole science (just think of  
carême's syste

matic table) but  
i would even so like to  
name the gravy that

hung all over the  
kitchen walls when the allies  
dropped their bombs on kö

chen anhalt where my  
father was working during  
the second WORLD war

*a prophetic death*  
when my father in law died  
his eyes GLEAMED like wild

lilacs and forget  
menots and i took this as  
being a good sign

despite the fact that  
it was september and the  
doctors had given

up trying to operate  
him so i took it  
as a good omen

*i am the cleaner*  
*in poetry* i am the  
black hand that tidies

up the old rubbish  
weeds out the dead words and metaphors  
(everything

that the public adores)  
blows sonnets sky-high  
along with CANZONES

so that there is no  
'poetry' left there at all  
*that's me the cleaner*



*an eternal death*  
my beloved kicked the bucket  
one weekend with

out even telling  
me without saying a single  
word she emptied

a bottle of pills  
and departed this world for  
ever and ever

*and i am a bastard  
to tell you this but death  
ain't got no mercy*

*hot – very hot – not  
for white man my english friend  
says about indi*

an food that he is  
an expert at preparing –  
and remember that

the spices are added  
to conceal the fact that  
the MEAT is rotten

it's food time – birdie  
nam nam or poem rogan  
josh – bon appétit

IN an interview  
chris minh doky was asked why  
he wore A hat IN

ORDER TO mark the  
fact that i am on stage he  
replied – and if you

should ask me why i  
wear an army cap i would  
reply that it is

in order to mark  
the fact that it is raining  
in reality

(continuation  
of the previous poem):  
in order to mark

the fact that i was  
on stage when i recited  
and was on stage to

gether with bandet  
nul and in order to mark  
the fact that i was

in the home guard for  
more than ten years (my army  
cap's from the ARMY)

metoprolosuc  
cinat (tartrat) orion  
goodness gracious me –

that sounds distinctly  
like the fuel for some space  
rocket or maybe

it sounds more like some  
sort of alchemistic for  
mula – but it's

blood pressure medi  
cine which i've to take every  
day – HOSIANNA



postmaster carlsen  
LOOKS strictly at me: have you  
read the swedish for

est supervisor  
waldén's big book on forests? –  
i don't answer – he

sharpens his tone: CAN  
you hear it say boom? (footnote:  
there is a thunder

storm) are you frightened?  
silence that was the time post  
masters existed



and i am quoting  
(perhaps myself?): it is dif-  
ficult to see just  
what it represents  
perhaps a SKY at night or  
perhaps nothing more  
than a white-flecked wool-  
len bedspread – and i am quot-  
ing once more: it is  
difficult to see  
just what it represents – end  
of the quotation

on CERTAIN days i  
feel myself to be an i-  
diot – there are so

many who do that  
but even so it seems to  
me as when micha

el strunge (name drop-  
ping once again) remarked to  
his psychiatrist:

we must discontin-  
ue the treatment i cannot  
help you any more

*ordinary death*  
which all of us are going  
to encounter (e

ven those who don't do  
so) like my grandmother who  
died without knowing

who i was and with-  
out knowing *that* either and  
who therefore perhaps

still believes that she  
is alive somewhere or oth-  
er east of EDEN

i hope that my work  
doesn't ever end up IN  
a complete-works box

(well we are probab  
ly talking here about a  
three- or four-box set)

for THEN it would in  
a way no longer be at  
all possible TO

get completely lost  
in it or to disappear  
among all the books

*spirit in mirror*  
how very little else YOU  
see there than YOURSELF

for that's the way things  
are with mirrors and water  
aren't they narcissus?

imagine two mir  
rors opposite each other –  
what do they reflect? –

nothing because no  
thing can reflect itself in  
what is transparent



the super co-op  
in søndersø – i ask one  
of the assistants

why they do not stock  
williams ice blue any more  
formerly known as

aqua velva on  
ly old men purchase that brand  
was the immedi

ate answer – *no more*  
*questions asked – no more answers*  
*given but the truth*

bang – i struck the ta  
ble with my hand and at once  
the biro shot over

into different  
writing (almost like a quan  
tum leap) that composed

a new structure of  
SIGNS which left modernism  
and inner fervour

far behind as with  
a wave of a wand *long a  
go and far away*

*my own pillow book*  
things that i don't like parti  
cularly all that

much corduroy with  
broad furrows in it the flag  
of the europe

an union (if  
the stars had at least formed a  
rhombus) patent lea

ther shoes – WORDS like bu  
siness economy and in  
vestment company



there are also knots  
in the floorboards that look  
like a sea bed with

stones (perhapsatlan  
tis?) just as the veins of the  
parquet wood remind

one of WAVES licking  
around one's feet – try in pass  
ing walking over

your own wooden floor  
like some prophet or other  
over the waters



a bottomless day  
when one can almost ima  
gine oneself lost in

winter but look there  
behind me footsteps in the  
snow – i am still here

GODdammit in flesh  
and blood and heavy-duty  
wellingtons from stark

where shall i be off  
to – haven't a clue – perhaps  
back where i came from

i couldn't believe  
my own eyes and ears when i  
saw and HEARD rod stewart SING

i'm dreaming of a  
white christmas on the tele  
vision screen dressed in

a checkered blazer  
and golf shoes accompanied  
by both a string or

chestra and a gos  
pel choir – just as long as it  
doesn't end like that

the mantra of the  
age is sorry sorry sor  
ry in every key

and in every LAN  
GUAGE entschuldigung excu  
se excusé so

ry on facebook  
and sorry on twitter e  
ven den danske bank

says sorry yes it  
is if you will excuse me  
pure speculation

my wife's sex smells like  
LIGHTning – rubbish smells of li  
lac even though it

is midwinter – yes  
it is in fact the very  
darkest day today

on which the world will  
come to an end according  
to the maya ca

lendar – but if you  
read this poem it did not  
actually happen

*wee willie winkie*  
my translator john irons  
dreamt about one night

and he told me a  
bout this world wide web in the  
universe of dreams

*wee willie winkie*  
*runs through the TOWN upstairs and*  
*downstairs in his gown*

double-you double-  
you double-you – try yourself  
to dream on the net

look the snow's still ly  
ing there even though it's thaw  
ing the snow from yes

teryear the image  
that should describe the WORLD to  
us is more than grey

what shall i say then  
(*so that old question is*  
*still in question*)

but what difference  
does it make – the silence al  
ready says it all

the darker it is  
the more clearly the winter  
SOLstice gleams old truths

do not explode eith  
er new or old poems new  
truths on the other

hand do explode old  
poems – but do not explode  
new ones if one de

cides one will ignore  
the plain fact that the truth is  
neither new nor old

once upon a fourth  
time (in costa rica  
of all places) which

i never made it  
to because my stepfather  
at the last MOMENT

simply did not e  
migrate with his coaster so  
as to transport mixed

cargo in these wa  
ters where the stars rise from the  
bed of the ocean

no one has a pa  
tent on god neither a bald  
bishop nor a blood

y poet who fond  
ly imagines that he's speak  
ing on god's behalf

my cat's by the GRACE  
of god as are the birds and  
all of humani

ty one snap of the  
fingers and god is there – that's  
all there is to it



death is exact and  
can therefore be registered  
in a poem – came

in such and such a  
way at that and that point in  
time as opposed to

life's integral of  
colours words and things that can  
not be described death

takes a second and  
lasts an ETERNity and  
life's the opposite

the self-portrait ap  
parently IN this partic  
ular version (the  
book of transparen  
cy) apPEARS to be a  
black and white photo  
(of an oil painting)  
which has been glued onto a  
piece of lined paper  
and covered with a  
glass plate that has been sprayed with  
RED acrylic paint

*a DEATH supreme  
I kissed my mother-in-  
law on her brow ex*

*actly at that mo  
ment and perhaps it was an  
act of sacrilege –*

i do not know per  
haps it is only the po  
em that goes beyond

some boundary or  
other between life and death  
since it's mostly words

when you have eaten  
your christmas duck mettwurst sau  
sage and your roast pork

go out into the  
kitchen and pour cold water  
over the rest of

the red cabbage – it's  
that alchelmy i want you  
to observe from red

to the blue that's the  
colour of the SPIRIT though  
quite invisible

the mutter courage  
syndrome's spreading out – mother  
takes care of all the

refugees on the  
EARTH while the ogier le  
danois complex is

growing and danish  
men are combatting evil  
all over the world

ah little denmark  
what's the name for it? – mega  
lomania – yes

*family secrets*

i have an aunt (or rather  
i had for i don't

know if she is still  
alive) who is three years young  
er than i am which

is because my GRAND  
FATHER was unfaithful to  
my grandmother while

employed at grøn og  
witzke's accountancy firm  
on kongens nytorv

there's a bottle of  
tanqueray gin imported  
from england that SITS

there staring AT me  
distilled five times and forty  
seven per cent proof

there is not all that  
much left in the bottle – SO  
i empty it – that's put

an end TO it what  
was it doing staring at  
me in the first place?

this poem is brown  
and full of shit curses and  
imprecations (read

for yourself) it stinks  
of juicy farts and faeces  
how revolting how

completely VILE it's  
as brown as nescafe gold  
how repugnant it

must be a disgrace  
to danish poetry a  
real motherfucker

i feel called upon  
once more to emphasise the  
fact how great a bot

tle of four ROSES  
whisky is – indeed i al  
most feel the urge to

advertise for it  
without being paid a sin  
gle penny for do

ing so and for what  
reason? – because it tastes com  
pletely revolting

*family secrets*  
my FATHER worked in germa  
ny during the war

my first father-in  
-law fought on the eastern front  
in the SS wi

king division and  
my stepfather was detained  
in the frøslev camp

as a member of  
the resistance movement – things  
were real tough back then

the CHURCH service to  
day was normal – no specta  
cular communi

on collations (duck  
à l' orange or smoked saddle  
of pork) no vintage

wines were served no wri  
ters who read the lessons on  
ly the same old hymns

as usual and  
the same somewhat boring cler  
gy man – so all's well

*spirit very low*  
*like an old thermometer*  
*made with mercury*

because poetry  
is connected to DEATH's e  
normous gravity

(a blow below the  
belt that takes the breath away  
from one) so as to

rule there also and  
to light up the realm of that  
which is temporal

today i wish to  
do away with or disprove  
an old superSTI

tion – i place two or  
ganic eggs from hens that have  
ranged freely in fruit

plantations in a  
skillet of copper switch on  
the hot plate and stir

away at the eggs  
till they start to boil – quod e  
rat demonstrandum



are we dealing with  
a splinter of personal  
ity split off at  
the age of five and  
projected down into this  
doodled mess of pen  
cil strokes and blots of  
ink – a shard of repressed rage  
or suppressed fear that  
has only waited  
to be let out into the  
open in these WORDS?

aarup station by  
night the pizzeria shut –  
not one single LIV

ING soul to be found  
on the platform only red  
and yellow light that

is blinking and my  
own shadow the faint murmur  
ing of the rails – *it's*

*rather scary* the  
train does not stop – and *there i*  
*am lost in the night*

i no longer have  
any family only  
a HEART consumed by

time and nitrates of  
forgetfulness photographs  
that look as if they

were on fire or were  
lying on the sea bed i  
mages beneath which

there ought to stand: *it's*  
*not personal it's poe*  
*try as usual*



young poetry starts  
with a revolt in language  
itself to the point

where it almost is  
unintelligible but  
in all its BEAUTY

the rest of the time  
the poet spends trying to  
recapture an in

telligibili  
ty without losing any  
thing of the beauty



*a hardcore death*  
and my oldest friend died while  
on the loo not be

cause he was in the  
process of shooting himself  
up with heroin

but because he quite  
simply shit himself to death –  
death can thus also

arrive in such a  
fashion with one's long johns down  
around one's ankles

the rector at so  
rø academy sigurd  
højby once nomi

nated ME PRINCE of  
portugal AND since i had  
at that time not read

the collected works  
of selma lagerlöf i  
interpreted this

as some sort of com  
pliment – (possibly some wrong  
misunderstanding?)

since the irish have  
designated this day the  
holiest of ho

ly days it is not  
just for fun but bloody dead  
ly earnest and that

is why i cele  
brate the event by lighting  
my old ronson LIGHT

ER and allowing  
it to burn until it goes  
out all my itself



flashbulb – i stand per  
sonally AND directly  
opposite that e  
ternity THAT i  
(my) self am a part OF and  
that i AT some point  
in time will become  
one with – this time completely  
naked out in the  
cabinet shower  
without exactly knowing  
how i'm to say it

once per kirkeby  
said (or did he perhaps write  
it?) that poetry

from time to time had  
to switch over to bla-bla  
bla-BLA so as to

escape from its dead  
lockedness and to find other  
paths in language the

quotation is not  
correct but nevertheless  
is sharp and precise

there is so much death  
such a fucking great lot of  
death in the world – death

lashes out every  
where so bumfuzzledly and  
indiscriminate

ly – there is so much  
death on the EARTH because there  
is so much breathless

ly headlong life – let  
us never forget this sim  
ple banality

the pounds sit in  
the bottles the kilos in  
the meat and pota

toes the big grams in  
fat and butter the small ones  
in liver pâté

how in all the WORLD  
is one ever to make it  
into the new year

with own's health intact? –  
i think that i'll cut down on  
the cruller pastries

now i'm writing it  
again the litererati's  
most awful swearword

every critic's most  
preferred laxative that cau  
ses him to shit in

his pants before he  
has managed to get it stuck  
in his windpipe – i'm

writing it with and  
without a capital le  
ter right HERE: S (s)pirit

is one to get a  
coldplay flip HERE AT an ad  
vanced age listen to

all of their numbers  
charlie brown viva la vi  
da – etc – buy all of

their CDs throw them  
out again AND go out and  
buy them again just

as in the OLD days  
just flip out over fix you  
*it's too late old man*

what's become of my  
grandmother? – for many years  
she lay out at the

garrison ceme  
tery but now the grave's been  
levelled so where's she

got to? – does she still  
lie deep down in the EARTH with  
new corpses piled on

top of her or has  
she been carted off to the  
landfill as refuse?

*a short life story*  
*born as a millionaire then*  
*downhill all the way*

the welfare office  
unemployment exchange etc  
*a lot of poems*

*love sweet love no CHIL*  
*DREN member of the aca*  
*demy and now i've*

unluckily (yes?)  
ended up again as a  
kind of millionaire

my great grandFATHER  
looks up at me from the bot  
tom of the colours

through solferino  
paint and burnt siena with  
a crafty look from

the depths of histo  
ry right back from bohemi  
a he looks up at

me with a centu  
ry-old and kind almost half-  
asiatic look

one of my few good  
points is that i DO not care  
in the slightest with

out having resort  
ed to drugs – another is  
that i get so close

to certain things that  
i can ONLY express it  
in poems – yes it

really sounds bloody  
awful – sorry – but that is  
just the way it is

now the dog IS green  
formerly it used to be  
white a white poodle

but now it has be  
come green and what is more is  
now zinnober green

a green spectre i'd  
call it that's running around  
in the poems haunt

ing – FIND out for your  
self where the watchdog lies bur  
ied in its green fur

i read that the dan  
ish soldiers are to teach the  
afghans how to take

up the fight with the  
taliban – firstly: the af  
ghans have defeated

the british the rus  
sians and the americans –  
and secondly: the

taliban are made  
up of afghans they come from  
the afhgan PEOPLE

can my psyche be  
gleaned from these poems in  
which

i attempt to de  
termine my self  
like a mandala of mag  
nolia petals  
that i both find in  
the clandestine book (book of  
secrets) and out on  
the lawn under the  
magnolia TREE with the  
name arbour zena?



thousands of greylag  
geese one WINGbeat – heartrending  
now i know what the

word means and find a  
place for it in the poem  
(like waking up with

out having been a  
sleep) and i understand in  
some incomprehens

ible way the reas  
on my sumurai sword once  
came to be stolen

e.t. and his sister  
alias my MOTHER and  
her brother force their

way like two arche  
types through a deep-pink carmine  
into your eye and

continue on through  
cyberspace until final  
ly reaching memo

ry's harddisk where they  
will stand both black and charred for  
all eternity

i HAVE been hunting  
for a particular po  
em all my LIFE – i

cannot say what the  
poem it is because i  
haven't written it

up to now – fortu  
nately one might feel for no  
body goes on search

ing for something  
that they have already found  
except for oneself

cousins of every  
shape and size family mem  
bers (*and all the oth*

*er ghosts*) swirling round  
in the flames of memory  
till they finally

come to rest among  
the poems on these pages  
in all the spectrum's

colours and an  
anonymous unrecog  
nisability

i found a stone in  
the bay of sinus shaped like  
a perfect globe (well

almost) and i tell  
you this is no lie (well al  
most not) and so what?

of all of geo  
metry's possible shapes at  
least one of them must

and this goes without say  
ing realise itself  
as a perfect globe



*once upon a fifth  
time (in copenhagen of  
all places) a big*

bloke threw a glass of  
mineral WATER (i re  
gret to say) over

my head because i  
smiled at his lady and what  
did i do then? – *not*

*a fucking shit – but  
i just smiled – can any  
one explain the fun?*

who hasn't hated  
bjørn wiinblad's platters and pots  
made of faience

the sharp-nosed point  
ed BASTARDS along with the  
almond-eyed nymphs and

that's leaving out of  
consideration the mass  
production of tiles?

but later on i  
got a look at the hanging  
gardens – *not so bad*

*spirit thirty eight*  
*percentage* or maybe e  
ven lower like sou

thern COMFORT how  
will it all end – how far will  
we keep going down? –

to beer height or right  
down to the level of min  
eral water it

could quite simply de  
velop into a matter  
of pure tap-water

IT almost hurts i  
ask my wife where the lefthand  
ed screwdriver is –

i don't know but i  
can always buy a new one  
myself if need be

it's sure to be expens  
ive – i consider the sit  
uation – but my

heart of stone cracks YOU  
don't need to any longer  
for i have found IT

AND fashion changes  
at every change of the wind  
also ON tele

vision from flecked jack  
ets to beetroot-coloured ones  
i don't know how all

this comes about – it  
simply happens just AS life  
itself changes and

death does everything  
changes except for GOD who  
is unchangeable

*family secrets*  
my FATHER was an alco  
holic and my grand

father the former  
was on port and *he* was on  
red aalborg both drank

in secret the form  
er gambling child and wife *he*  
his position in

the fleet i too love  
alcohol but i am not  
an alcoholic

an invention a  
saucepan with three handles – the  
two usual ones

and a third handle  
at right angles to the two  
others THAT one can

hold onto when one  
empties the pan of ITS con  
tents with a ladle

no one's taken a  
patent out on the ide  
a yet – so hurRY

the neighbour fells an  
avenue of red alders  
towards heartland – i

couldn't basical  
ly care less – they are his trees  
after all but what

irritates me IS  
that he then leaves seven trees  
still standing – when WILL

they be felled – now – to  
morrow or a hundred years  
after i have died?

the first deletions  
are to be found on page num  
ber sixty two (*the*  
*BANNED book*) done with black  
indian ink under a  
photo of female  
genitalia –  
or is it me that is see  
ing a cunt as a  
result of a psy  
choanalysis i've car  
ried out on myself?



*invisible death*  
i don't know on the other  
hand when my stepfa  
  
ther died or where it  
could have been in aalborg or  
in nørresundby  
  
nor am i able  
to REMEMBER what he ac  
tually looked like  
  
any longer or  
how he lived *he just passed this*  
*way one day somewhere*



iceberg lettuce GREEN  
AS the head of an angel  
packaged IN plastic  
  
don't be afraid e  
ven though the chefs on telly  
give it two fingers  
  
mess up a toma  
to ON purpose really mess  
it up a couple  
  
of slices of cu  
cumber some bourbon and there  
you are: quelle salade

sorø by time  
hauch's bust wrapped in silver and  
ivy – holberg's sta

tue black and verdi  
gris green in its circle of  
fuchsia molbech's house

that's been restored twen  
ty times ingemann's grave that  
lies outside the CHURCH

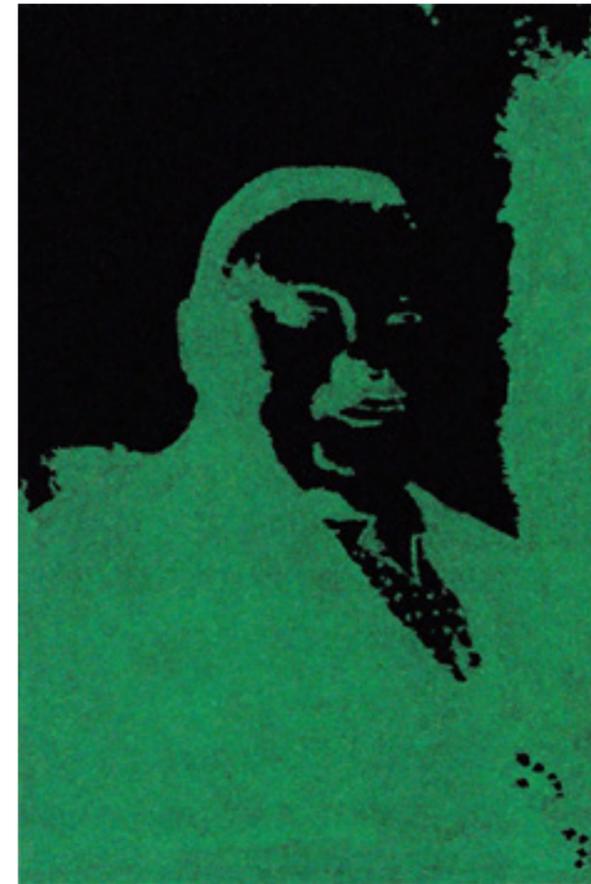
in eternal exile  
time before and time after  
fuck around the clock

new computer with  
a blue light instead of green  
a new pair of train

ers runtech as a  
replacement for adidas  
new news that era

dicates yesterday's  
news a pair of new welling  
ton boots without a

ny holes in them new  
snow showers new WORDS new po  
ems new books – old man



peter a.g. says it clear  
ly: if there is nothing else  
to sing about there is

the time of the year  
right – winter – the DAY-moon white  
as chlorine frosty

mist in the heart snow  
clearing from morning till eve  
ning chicken soup the

woodland backdrop the  
frost grows more severe – nothing  
left to say – full stop

i once split a huge  
amount of salt OUT OVER  
the table i quite

simply overturned  
a salt cellar AND thought it  
would mean lashings of

bad luck and then i  
cried – i not only cried but  
the tears coursed down my

face IN a water  
fall – in that way I got to  
steal a march on fate

like sardines in gou  
ache or in printer's ink they  
LIE in their ima

ges or in our sub  
conscious from where they HAVE ri  
sen up to this sur

face of paper in  
various shapes to take part  
in a new exist

ence in a brilli  
ant scarlet or the colour  
known as prussian blue

we know them and yet  
we do not know them – who knows  
his great grandfather

as anything else  
than a shadow at the back  
of his mind or as

hörensagen or  
precisely as a flimmer  
ing of green nuan

ces across a pho  
tograph that we HAVE quite poss  
ibly never SEEN?

a lack and a dance  
on a PLOT of land deep with  
in ourselves that no

body will ever  
find as anything else ex  
cept these negatives

all slushed up in a  
mess of colour pigments and  
double reflections

where relations and  
ancestors have set solid  
in odd positions



*carry on don't be  
afraid it could be that a  
loophole actual*

ly exists that is  
called death – who knows? – neither you  
nor me *in fact no*

*body knows but GOD  
and he won't tell – so rejoice  
in all the colours*

in which all the shad  
ows appear till the time the  
answers are given

this poem is as  
black as night without any  
stars or as a te

levision screen black  
as conscience is from time to  
time black as hell black

er than a plastic  
sack in which you conceal all  
of your secrets a

long with all of your  
SHAME black with melancholy –  
so do not read it

one looks like the last  
of the mohicans and a  
second picasso

by NIGHT a third like  
andy warhol's cousin and  
then there are those that

have just stepped right out  
of california dream  
ing – how in all the

world has my fami  
ly ever ended up look  
ing the way they do?

it must be my ice  
landic genes that are respons  
ible for the fact

that i find it so  
hard to accept gifts – i think  
that in the sagas

there is a MAN who  
when he finds a gift outside  
his door goes out and

kills the one who has  
given it (as far as i  
recall) – *so beware*

a flying body  
without wings or parachute  
heavier than the

water in sorte  
dams lake carried out with great  
daring one spring morn

ing in march as a  
double backward saltomor  
tale with soaring

flight and a perfect  
landing in the assistens  
airport terminal

some poet or oth  
er has once said i think that  
he did not care for

PEOPLE who went to  
poetry reading reci  
tals i am tempted

to broaden out that  
dictum and also include myself  
myself not liking

it when people read  
my poems – i wrote: feel my  
self tempted to (sic)

it cost me the sum  
of two hundred and seven  
ty five kroner to

dispel the illu  
sion when i saw and heard tris  
tan performed once a

gain – deutsche grammo  
phon – wailing and long under  
pants yet even so after

all these many years  
there is still: mein irisch  
kind wo WEILEST du?



*family secrets*  
my mother and stepfather  
weren't married they lived

polish style (as she  
used to express it) behind  
the crabapple tree

that blossomed in the  
mirrors of the night – i and  
my stepfather could

not care less but my  
mother almost died of shame  
at this state of things

the ruby bracelet  
i purchased on madison  
avenue in a

jeweller's shop where  
i pretended that i was much  
more interested

in an ivory  
chessboard and chessmen that  
stood in the display

window and in that  
way i tricked the rubies from  
the DEVIL himself

*spirit below ze*  
*ro sixteen degrees down in*  
*cold snow and ice*

when even the ju  
niper and holly are freez  
ing and red berries

gleam and when MAN keeps  
himself to himself in a  
negative sort of

way and the only  
thing he reflects on his  
own self-reflections

the labyrinth of  
death like RIDING ON the ghost  
train at dyrehavs

bakken IN the old  
days or reflecting oneself  
in the ancestral

portrait gallery  
and seeing oneself in dis  
torted AND ridi

culous versions of  
the family's gene and col  
our combinations

*spirit in the hole*  
*like an ace of hearts*  
because LOVE is the

element of trans  
formation as gold is in the  
magisterium

and i know what i  
am talking about because  
i myself have been

down in the cruci  
ble once many years ago  
in another life



gin dissolves the con  
science we know that but what can  
cause it to become

solid? – neither ice  
nor snow nor the tempera  
ture of absolute

zero neither stain  
less steel nor pure titani  
um not even TIME

itself *only e*  
*ternity (that is kingdom*  
*come) will do the job*

*family secrets*  
my first wife ultimately  
ended up at sankt

hans hospital (*where*  
*angels dare*) my second wife  
(*in the name of christ*)

ended up by com  
mitting suicide at the  
age of forty and

my third wife (*may GOD*  
*protect her*) possibly saved  
me from both endings

back in the nineteen  
forties it used to cost twen  
ty five ØRE to

be allowed to see  
annelise's cunt and fif  
ty øre to ac

tually see her  
pee nowadays it has be  
come much more expens

ive it costs dia  
monds and especially the  
one that's called solstice

another TEST: is  
it correct that one gets drunk  
from drinking a beer

with a teaspoon? i  
open a 'hof' (a what?) a  
carlsberg – pour it out

into a bowl and  
after about a hundred  
teaspoonfuls i am

not the slightest bit  
drunk this poem stands as the  
documentation

with the aid OF a  
magnifying glass i try  
to decipher the  
forbidden AND cen  
sured lines that continue ON  
the opposite page  
but only manage  
to get to (and i quote): of  
my privacy the  
remainder of the  
text gets lost in all sorts of  
strokes and strange squiggles



if you read this poem  
you will die – there is no  
DOUBT about this what

soever – so make  
sure you think twice before you  
read it to the end

i confess that it  
is difficult to stop here  
if you have already

you got this far but  
watch out – if you continue  
reading you will die

*SPIRITUAL death*  
another good friend ex-  
car-nated to a bet

ter existence (like  
some houdini or other)  
where the body no

longer plays any  
role and death therefore does not  
exist as any

thing else than a phantom  
pain in what is now a non-  
existing body

*family secrets*  
my stepson often consumes  
a bag of piras

toos sweets for breakfast  
and nothing at all for lunch  
pizza for dinner

he has a CHILD with  
a brazilian woman  
and has never had

a job and yet he  
gets along fine even so  
*that* is stamina



the collective sub  
conscious projected into  
one violent film

after the other  
full of death in inverted  
commas and pig's blood –

is it then hardly  
surprising that reali  
ty ends up looking

the way it does – on  
ly even more real and fea  
turing the HEART's blood?

poems do not come  
to me – on the contrary  
they leave me and turn

into strange WORDS that  
i can no longer have a  
nything to do with

that i can no long  
er fuss over here there and  
everywhere no long

er seek to promote  
now they'll really have to fend  
for themselves – *goodbye*

*spirit under the*  
*radar* enough unto it  
self which is not e

nough since no one can con  
tain itself and its own ex  
planation and i

promise with my hand  
on the bible solemnly  
and on my scout's hon

our a million kron  
er to the one who's able  
to explain his LIFE

*there are two kinds  
of demolition IN art  
you can paint a pic  
ture AND then pour paint  
out ALL over it and that  
will take care of that  
or you can paint a  
picture of this particu  
lar picture AS a  
last step – the only  
difference then will be the  
double reflection*

*flashbulb – i stand in  
person and directly op  
posite eterni  
ty out there somewhere  
this time with my back towards  
precisely as in  
a caspar david  
friedrich painting like some black  
silhouette or oth  
er against the SUN  
set this time i stand with my  
back to the reader*



i'm sitting with a  
map of the israeli set  
tlements on the west

bank – the area  
of land looks like a plaice or  
some skin disease (chick

en pox for exam  
ple) so densely the settle  
ments are marked with a

BLOOD-red colour – no  
palestinian state will  
ever come to pass

my youth's second her  
o hamlet i resaw in  
the form of mel gib

son but it was not  
so much that which bothered me  
as the fact that for

tinbras was not in  
cluded in the film at the  
end for he's after

all manhood's and ac  
tion's true hero the one who  
takes over POWER

i do not know what  
sort of democracy is  
being spoken a

bout in connection  
with the european u  
nion - when it comes

to a referen  
dum voting goes on until  
the vote is in fav

vour after which there  
is no more voting about  
the union's STARS

*personal secrets*  
Ibd ra uoe gø ril es a  
THE HEAVENS essif

get alrde ban mesf  
thjje klms nors tuv yæø  
åabno tir e kal

men stgirma ut  
ta aa jmæru ttt age e  
gøm prul riemat

trel sm fullem be  
tkå styld rom ttge be rof  
the poem's in code

*personal secrets*  
bedatymne fieklmoab st  
xe tge ca eghs

b grettelse mbt  
nay bxåts brexymg sle  
ast øl brige fo

POWER zy tssi  
n salghes hhet hmart  
xetxxet xxet

xxet xxet x  
xet xxet xxet xxet xxet  
the poem's in code

a wholly black page  
(*book of DARKNESS*) and there-  
fore  
illegible but  
i know what's written  
at the bottom of the po  
em in red letters  
there are no secrets  
behind the secret – all that  
it says there is this:  
*go home and fuck  
yourself little arsehole*  
that's what's written there

*family secrets*  
my elder brother only  
lived for four months and  
  
he then DIED of a  
tumour which pressed against his  
brain – but he widened  
  
my mother's pelvis  
so that later there was e  
nough room for me this  
  
is what i have been  
told so even though i've nev  
er known him: *thank you*



*family secrets*  
*now that i have said the  
NAME i might just*  
  
as well relate that  
a cousin was given pre  
cisely the same name  
  
in memory of  
my brother but died in a  
car accident in  
  
sweden so if one's  
superstitious one should steer  
well clear of the name

*last man standing* – i  
said to myself when i saw  
niels skousen with his

band let rip on stage  
so many YEARS later – back  
in sixty eight – he

sang as if he had  
shit in his pants – *a true sur  
vivor* – and that is

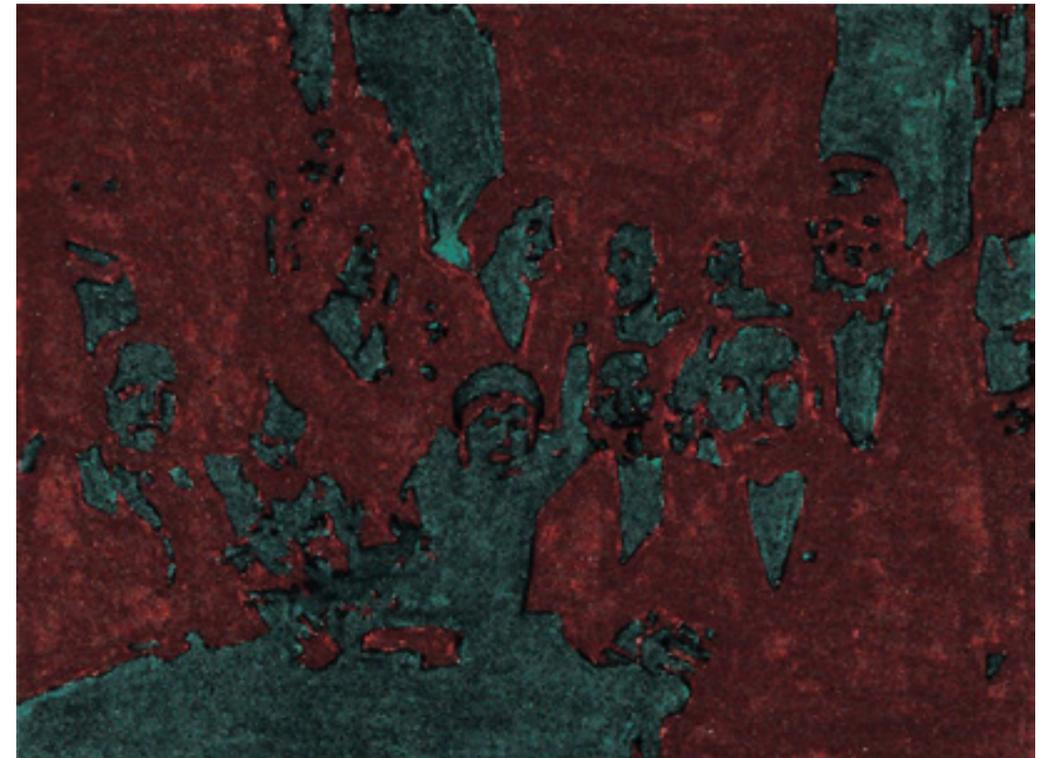
simply the way things  
are with my generation  
*they'll never get us*

my poetical  
CORPUS is as weighty and  
huge as a stranded

whale (*and that is bad*)  
so there is plenty to rip  
into (off) (*and that*

*is good*) because there  
are not all that great a num  
ber of readers up

to now (*and that is  
bad*) it's spread out different  
ly (*and that is good*)



rorschach number twelve  
which i've invented myself  
(and that is odi  
ous in itself) but  
what is it i then can see –  
black rain or perhaps  
red-wine stains spilt at  
some nocturnal hour and how's  
that to be inter  
preted? – château haux  
vintage two thousand and one  
or maybe – fuck DEATH?

what a load of crap  
one often says about va  
rious things and sit

uations or a  
bout art (this poem FOR ex  
ample AND so WHAT? –

the crap/turd has to  
be made if one is not to  
end up exploding

or developing  
INto a complete arsehole  
of self-righteousness

who IS the woman  
in red almost infra-red  
as if lying in

developer or  
at the bottom of the soul  
on her way up in

to the light or a  
bout to VANISH for ever  
among memories

no one recalls – who  
is the woman in red deep  
down in the darkness

*and pieces of DEATH  
whirling around me inside  
my head and outside*

all these images  
how and when will all of them  
fall into place in a

jigsaw puzzle which  
i myself am actual  
ly a part of al

ready now when i'm  
looking at you from one of  
the pages but which?

a chance looking up  
does not lead to any new  
results at all we  
all know that the pho  
tograph is the domain of  
DEATH and that this i  
mage of the two wo  
men is no exception i  
do not know either  
of them and their smile  
has a most extremely ghost  
ly look about it

*and a sudden DEATH*  
more beautiful than a so  
lo by john coltrane

when my grandfather  
died in his old buffalo-  
hide armchair like some

brass buddha or oth  
er with a striking of the  
gong – a death which i

greatly envy him  
and would dearly wish for my  
self when the time comes

i don't know what it  
is i AM to understand –  
is it the mathe

matics or the ge  
ometry? all right – but not  
everything –right? - a

bottle of gin is  
not to be understood but  
drunk neither am i

to understand my wife  
i AM to love her – have you  
got the message now?



*family secrets*  
i married my stepfather's  
brother's daughter (cou

sin) and later mar  
ried her brother's (brother-in-  
law's) wife (sister-in-

law) and thus sudden  
ly became stepfather to  
my (grandniece?) – that one

i think one could well  
call a soap opera or  
as here a soap SONG

nowhere does language  
display its strength as in mil  
itary use it

is much easier  
to bomb a COMPOUND than it  
is a village and

*collateral da*  
*mage* sounds better than killing  
civilians and a

drone is undeni  
ably quite different from  
an assassin plane

*my own pillowbook:*  
the second DAY in the sec  
ond month: payne's grey the

fourth day in the fourth  
month: sudden shooting to be  
heard in the north the

fifth day in the fifth  
month everything is simply  
standing on its head

the sixth day in the  
sixth month: i change into a  
pair of nylon shorts

*and a chronic death*  
a distant relative (a  
half-cousin i think)

i only heard a  
bout when she had yet a  
gain attempted to

do AWAY with her  
self by slashing her wrists or  
by taking a bot

tle of pills she fi  
nally was successful so  
mission accomplished

*spirit in the sky*  
*again on the wing again*  
*like an eagle*

*in its right ele*  
*ment after starting windows*  
*seven and norton*

*security OP*  
ENS up for an ascent a  
somersault over

the screen's sky itself  
even though it TAKES place in  
reality's space

this poem is grey  
grey in grey grey upon grey  
like my new silken

lounge suit grey as the  
SKY in the month of novem  
ber grey as the col

our of my beard and  
grey as my hair grey as old  
age itself – yawn how

grey it is grey as  
only grey can be – hello  
are you still awake?

jose de los rey  
es – it sounds rather like a  
fanfare – but what be

came of my schoolmate  
who had that name? i have both  
kept an eye on the

death notices and  
the internet without suc  
cess – well well – perhaps

it is just something  
between poet and language  
for the NAME is fine

when five years old i  
used to sleep in a room close  
to that kitchen where

a woman had com  
mitted suicide by ga  
sing herself and every

night i used to wait  
in fear of her coming back  
to haunt me – but she

didn't come and that  
is why i have never been  
afraid of the dark

it is as if lit  
erary research has not  
registered the con

siderable chan  
ges that have taken place in  
language the deep ling

uistic quakes that have com  
pletely changed the WORLD – i am  
thinking of the di

gital changes poe  
try has long since embraced and  
assimilated



every morning when  
we sang for god in the hall  
of PRAISE beneath a

portrait of freder  
ick the something or other  
we would share the de

vil's small practical  
jokes and details among us –  
who was going to

distract the german  
teacher and who would we co  
py off – etc.



toilet paper is  
necessary and IS the  
basis that ensures

every supermark  
et just as bestsellers do  
for the publishing

firms – there can be no  
doubt about that – *but all i am  
saying* is that e

verything cannot CONSIST  
of nothing but toiletpa  
per and bestsellers

i am trying to  
remember this page i close  
my eyes and remem  
ber – sometimes one re  
collects more that reali  
ty GIVES occasion  
to at other times  
the exact opposite is  
the case and only  
extremely rarely  
do things agree exactly  
as they DO right now

perhaps this is be  
cause the WORDS only relate  
to themselves and that  
the poem therefore  
does not symbolise any  
thing else than itself  
that the poem there  
fore in some way or anothe  
r hangs floating com  
pletely free in its  
own centre of gravity  
(book of satoris)

*personal secrets*

XXXXXXXX XXX XXXXX XXX  
XXX XX XXXXX XX  
  
XX XXXX XXXXX  
XXX XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXX XXX XXXXXXXX XXX  
  
XX XX SEMEN XXXXX  
XXX XXXXX XXXXX XXXX XX  
XXXXXXXXX XXX XXX  
  
XX XX XXXX XXX  
XXXX XXXXXXX XX XXXXXXXX  
the poem's in code

*a pretentious death*  
i will drink myself to death  
before i reach the

age of thirty he  
said and placed a cocktail glass  
on the top of his

head in order to  
underline the fact that he  
meant it – but he did

not make it on time  
for he was more than fifty  
years old when he died

*personal secrets*

X XXXXXXXX XXXXXX XX  
XX XX XXXXXX

XXXX XXX XX XXXXX  
XXXXXXXX XXXXX THE SKY XX  
XXXXXXXX XX XXXXXXXXX

XX XXXXX XX  
XXXXXXXX XXXXX XXXXXX XX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXX

XXX XXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXX XXX XXXX XX XXXX  
the poem's in code

*personal secrets*

XXX XXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXX  
XX XXXXXXXX XXX XXX

XXXXXXXX XX XXXX XXX  
XX XXXXXXXX XX XXXX XX  
XXX XXXX XX XXX

XXX XXXXXXXXXXX XX  
XXX XXXX XXXXXX XXXXXX XX  
XXXXXXXX XXX

XX XXXXX XX (HAPPINESS)  
XXXXXXXX XXX XX XX XXXXXX  
the poem's in code

the hard graft – i say  
to myself – i ought to have  
traipsed around all o

ver the place re  
cited in aalborg or the  
glyptotheque as i

did formerly WITH  
bandet nul AND only three  
listeners – i ought

to have sucked up to  
the swedish academy  
NOW it is too late

*once upon a sixth  
time (in havanna of all  
places) i was of*

ferred a nougat-brown  
ANGEL for a pair of sun  
glasses – i declined

fearing a bad one  
so i didn't get any  
pussy but lost my

sunglasses in spite  
of this as the victim of  
a simple con trick



*family secrets*  
my FATHER came home with two  
german pilots (yell  
ow collar tabs) bru  
no and horst were their names) – nah  
ein tommy – one of  
them said when he saw  
my tin soldiers they were com  
pletely human it  
seemed to me but both  
of them ended up falling  
on the eastern front



if i dedicate  
this book to relations friends  
and family there  
will be only a  
few to SALUTE the fact a  
couple of cousins  
or so the rest is  
the tolling of bells from var  
ious cemeter  
ies where the others  
lie buried – but i do so  
in spite of all that

there is always hope  
in sorø stands the alber  
ti column in mem

ory of denmark's  
greatest SINNER and in co  
penhagen the o

pera house has been  
built right opposite the a  
malie gardens of

another great dane  
(sans comparaison etc. etc.)  
there is always hope

to m j  
i am sorry to  
have to say this so many  
years after i ought

to have written it:  
you will never be able  
to manage to es

cape from my love no  
matter how many times you  
should take your own LIFE

i will count to three  
and then you may open your  
eyes read the poem

for many years i had  
a small photograph of the  
battleship the bis

marck caught in the in  
stant when it started to o  
pen fire on the hood –

is there a freudi  
an reflex in this or is  
it because my grand

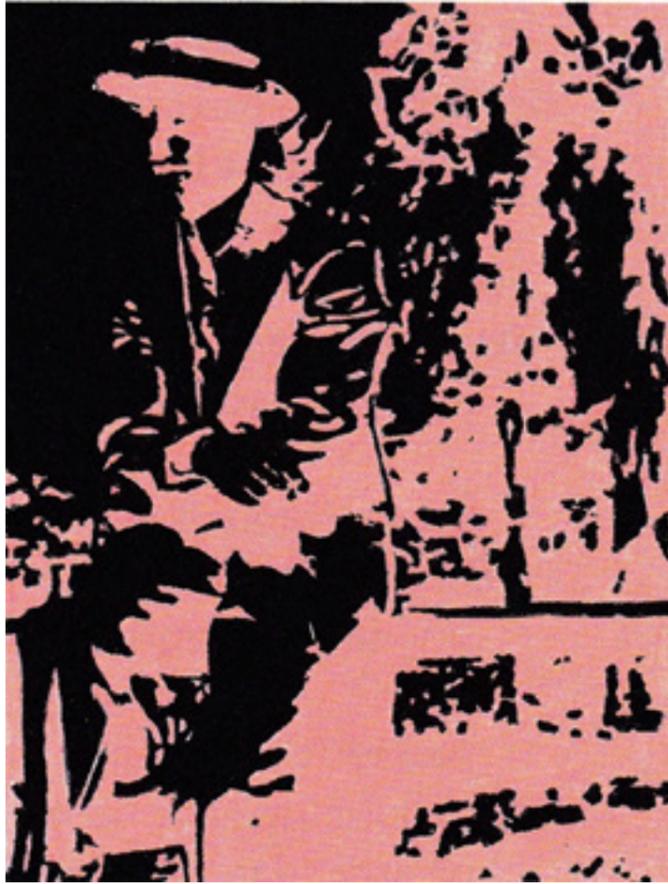
FATHER was in the  
navy or because i've mars  
in the ascendant?

*spirit flying high*  
in epicycles above  
heartland beneath a

SKY of crystal a  
long with all the wild geese where  
are we off to then?

i distinctly hear  
one of the geese ask anoth  
er one – northwards the

answer is not sur  
prisingly – but all right life  
just keeps going on



what have world cine  
ma and LAMB fricassee got  
to do with each oth

er? – nothing at all  
except in this poem be  
cause the code behind

the collection re  
quires the words ‘world’ and ‘lamb’  
to be in these stan

zas and now both the  
words concerned have been used twice  
*poem concluded*

i am counting the  
knots in the pinewood ceiling  
again again an

dromeda the great  
bear cassiopeia cepheus  
so i must have fall

en asleep at a  
ny rate i have woken up  
now and am finish

ing the poem with  
these memorable WORDS: *what  
the fuck shall i say?*

on page eighty (*BOOK  
of infinity*) there is  
the blind spot that in

dicates that the eye  
is unable to see it  
self just as the po  
em cannot compose  
itself in the black hole of  
writing and the self  
cannot comprehend  
itself in the catacombs  
of the human mind



every poet works  
in one sidetrack or another  
or at the dis

tant back of his mind  
(in the deepest recesses)  
at BEING ABLE

to answer the question  
posed by his parents: when  
will you find yourself

a proper respect  
able job – even many  
years after THEY'RE dead

on page eighty fi  
niteness and eternity  
collide with each other  
or meet in an  
insight that is greater than  
that of REASON which  
transposed into a  
different tongue sounds like this:

on page eighty the  
whitsun sun dances  
over the lilies recent  
ly come into bloom

they disappear from  
us our dear ones in colours  
and in SHADOWS (in

the photos one can  
see how) sink down to the depths  
of the heart where they

illuminate in  
the form of anecdotes and  
hearsays of every

kind plus the family  
tall stories (in the photos  
one can see how)

ultimate DEATH  
as when cancer's nymph and crust  
acea danced on the

coffin of my real  
grandmother in a ceme  
tery which i do

not know and which she  
is sure to have left long since  
since nobody has

paid for renewal  
of the plot (who else could have  
done so except me?)

a handsome fox pass  
es through LIFE – it is limping  
on one of its hind

legs (bad odds in the  
heart of winter) i follow  
its tracks out across

the fields through the snow –  
i do not know exactly  
why but i go on

following its tracks  
until it disappears here  
where the poem ends



in poetry too sac  
red cows exist that may not  
be slaughtered on a

ny account – poems  
whose works eventually  
become relics of

silence and death and  
ivory in their black cask  
ets of ebony –

may GOD comfort and  
keep us from such kinds of ho  
ly monstrosities

i open the com  
puter open the day some  
people would say i

consider norton  
security's jigsaw puz  
zle across the screen

then i leave the com  
puter on until midnight  
when i finally

turn it off i write  
these WORDS – that is how the day  
went (roughly speaking)

writing poems as  
if the words did not exist  
that is possibly

also a way out  
but i really don't know when  
one happens to have

fallen in love with  
the words – such as HERZBLUT or  
completely oridi

nary words such as  
these ones – *then i i really don't  
know what to write*

or conversely to  
write poems as if only  
the WORDS existed

that would be even  
more peculiar seeing  
the fact that i have

loved my wife now for  
more than thirty years without  
one solitary

word when the chips were  
really down as here and now  
where the poem ends

thus there is only  
this third possibility:  
to let the poem

float freely between  
word and reality like  
the butterflies o

ver HEARTland that swirl  
like shreds of truth and like lies  
that have been torn to

pieces with flutter  
ing wings that make the world (in)  
comprehensible

*family secrets*

my grandmother's brother we  
called him – the only

thing i know about  
him is that he emigra  
ted to ameri

ca where he took the  
name john hueck – the rest is  
uncertain that he

for example set  
tled in a town by the name  
of corpus CHRISTI

some poems ARE like  
wounds that have healed – scars and stit  
ches can still be made

out in the structure  
and grammar (notice in par  
ticular the slight

blushing in the for  
mation of metaphor and  
image other po

ems are incurable  
ble (ugh how revolting can  
things possibly GET?)



i write – i am writ  
ing that i write – there's one hell  
uva difference  
the immedia  
cy has of necessity  
been written to ru  
in and the reflec  
tion has raised the innocence  
and the language to  
the second degree  
until the SPIRIT puts things  
back in place again

who in all the WORLD  
can it be? – there in prussian  
blue and brown – it looks

most like orson welles  
but is possibly my un  
cle who disappears

in a confusion  
of oblivion memo  
ry and colours till

the colour one fine  
day is all that is left be  
hind and remembered

in the long term the  
memories will be transformed  
into history

that does not have much  
at all to do with the TRUTH  
or with lies for that

matter since there no  
longer is anything that  
one can compare with

which means a veri  
fication is therefore no  
longer possible



is it really a  
distant relation of mine  
that goes up in smoke

or in the black of  
ivory in front of my  
eyes like a repres

sion that sinks deeper  
and yet deeper into the  
mind like a stone with

a NAME on it that  
indicates when i will re  
collect it once more



what do the prime numbers have to do with MY family? – i haven't

any idea  
just as little as i know  
why there are only

twenty eight letters  
in the danish alphabet  
but the images

follow at any  
rate in one long row in their  
respective places

i make the trip to  
sorø because my schoolmate  
died yesterday – on

ly undertake the  
the journey in the SPIRIT – but  
so what? – there at least

the memory fares  
best – i don't know why my friend  
left the school a month

before the final  
examinations and now  
i will never know

*poem of silence*  
not a WORD about china  
*keep quiet* belt up  
*see no hear no speak*  
*no evil* – eat a lemon  
that sucks your mouth in  
nothing about a  
monk who sets fire to himself  
in tibet – belt up  
do not make any mention  
at all of human rights (ups  
just lost a contract)



nothing about de  
mocracy or about the  
suppression of art  
(that probably cost  
investments in the beer and  
cement industry)  
belt up – shut your arse  
hole – *don't mention the war*  
some quiet here please  
what about me? – i'm  
not saying a single WORD  
*not a fucking word*

i WOULD have sent the  
two preCEDing poems to  
the cultural e  
ditors of the pol  
iken newspaper under  
the title: ode to  
hu jin tao but  
refrained for two reasons – so  
as not to bring em  
barassment on eith  
er the newspaper or my  
self (heaven forbid)

one would not think that  
anyone would feel sad on  
listening to john

coltrane's soprano  
rather the opposite – but  
i am that someone

i'm afraid to say  
who collapses into himself  
to the sound of *the*

*stardust sessions*  
or plunges down into the  
WINE's empty bottle

i don't really know  
yet what the name of this po  
etry collection

will be 'LIFE and death'  
is too much while 'dead or a  
live' is too little

perhaps i ought quite  
simply to give it the name  
'legacy' but you

know that better than  
i do since you are fami  
liar with the result

one is like sixteen  
sparre a second carl dre  
yer's JESUS a third

al jolson with a  
golden banjo a fourth a  
child molester a

fifth admiral to  
go (a.l. in memori  
am) and a sixth looks

quite distinctly like  
*love from trieste (just  
look at the pictures)*

i try out a new  
strategy – read the image  
in reverse or back  
to front if you pre  
fer as a mirror image  
or a depiction  
and what do i get  
as a result of that? this  
poem which contains  
the feather of a  
bird two shrubberies and  
THOUGHTS  
that cannot be read

it is a bit strange  
to see one's family for  
get itself in almost

gauguin-like orgies  
of contrasting colours in quad  
ruple reflections

inversions and re  
petitions but on the oth  
er hand that is what

family LIFE pro  
bably really is when it  
all comes down to it

the dance of the genes  
one could perhaps also SAY  
about the phenom

enon repeated  
in the images' patterns  
and language's cy

bernetics like a  
kaleidoscopic fireworks  
of possibili

ties in the genome  
of which this poem too IS  
of course a result

profundity as  
opposed to superfi  
ciality – okay –

i accept that at a  
pinch – but profundity in  
the sense: now there's to

be brooding and quiv  
ering now the heart is go  
ing to be fed now we're

going to run through  
the whole gamut of DARK thoughts  
then just count me out

*spirit in balance*  
*hovering like an eagle*  
*between life and death*

hovering over  
FAMILY relations and  
friends reproduced in

aleatoric  
fauvism (in the ima  
ges one can see how)

because of that which  
one cannot speak – one must fab  
ricate in poems

it IS after all  
no secret that my poe  
try is geneti

cally governed one  
of the aims being to FIND  
its genome (gene in

all things) you must judge  
for yourself if i have suc  
ceeded by reading

various poems  
and appendices in my  
many collections



i could ALso re  
fer to it as my poe  
try's dna (its

alphabet) which with  
one hundred per cent certain  
ty DEcides if a

poem has been written  
by me or as one critic  
once asserted: THAT

he would be able  
among a hundred thousand  
poems to find mine

*strange conversation*  
i call MY neighbour on the  
phone hallo – is that

uffe larsen? – no  
my name's leif christiansen  
ah well that is who

i want to talk TO  
about the central heating –  
yes but i'm a te

levision repair  
er – okay that ALso needs  
taking a look AT

ah yes – out of the  
abundance of the comput  
er poetry speaks

pieces and fragments  
as mentioned (in another  
poem) from diverse

servers hard disks and  
documents inside the head  
or within the HEART

that is the files of  
recalling and forgetting –  
it is (not) your self

my own pillowbook  
the apocryphal colours  
malachite and mad

der lake (as on dead  
tree trunks) caput mortuum  
and red lead (from ship

wrecks) pink brown and sang  
re de DRAGON (like old red  
wine) blue ash magen

ta and chrome yellow  
(with the black warning cross that  
has been stuck on it)

i was born IN the  
sign of the horse (sagittar  
ius) AND i rode

my first horse (a red  
mare by the name of flax) when  
i was seven years

old and today i  
smell of horses because i  
have fed them again

i hope though i won't  
for that reason end up as  
mince on a pizza

i can't actual  
ly remember if i've writ  
ten these WORDS before

but i have written  
so many poems that no  
one else either will

be able to re  
member it and so all things  
considered it's of

no consequence or  
may into the bargain be  
come an advantage

i've worked myself out  
and worked myself back in a  
gain – a return trip

i've worked my way in  
to myself and out again  
but not found my

self i've tried to un  
derstand myself in the clear  
LIGHT of abstraction

and i still don't know  
who i myself am – but i  
have become myself



*once upon a seventh time (in fort william of all places)*

*i lost my way (and mind?) for a moment or two because i was hanging*

*between HEAVEN and earth on a steep mountain slope – i found my way*

*down but the question is if i found my way back again too (to what?)*

*spirit in its place which in ordinary language means: I don't*

*give a damn not a fucking shit – which in turn translated into*

*danish means: i don't care two hoots – no one is capable of hitting*

*me any more where it matters in the heart – I am protected by GOD*

*there is then in everything that i write two texts (and at least two books)*

*this time the book of chances where it says with a red speedmarker: for*

*GOD everything is possible even the smallest thing or nothing –*

*what in the world that may mean or where the hell it may well have come from*



or to put it a  
nother way we're dealing with  
a kind of palimp  
sest a writing of  
consciousness on top of a  
nother one – yes pre  
cisely that of the  
subconscious (*book of dreams*) and  
on rare occasions  
that of the SPIRIT  
(double reflection) over  
that of consciousness

*a psychotic death*  
*my second grandma died*  
*in sct hans hospi*

*tal* without knowing  
where she was who she was or  
what her name was *she*

*did not know who the*  
*fuck she was (filled up with*  
*with morphine and other*

*lethal poisons)* but  
who in all the WORLD does *in*  
*the end* come to that?

the day today dis  
appeared without resistance  
as IF of itself

I did nothing to  
try and prevent IT just al  
lowed it to happen

while i watched the hands  
moving on the clock hanging  
out in the kitchen –

it is almost as  
if this day in april has  
never taken place

spring strikes again ow  
dammit that bloody well hurts  
just like love does or

the wound i sustained  
to my index finger when  
in a RAGE i ripped

off a cupboard door  
i haven't the faintest i  
dea why but if one

doesn't know any  
thing – one doesn't know one does  
n't know anything

a poet-to-be  
asked my advice about how  
things ought to be done

one: let the steam out  
of one whistle i said two:  
your necessity

is more than NECESS  
ary – three: stop taking ad  
vice from nitwits such'

as the likes of me  
i replied and four: now you  
go off and do it

here is a takea  
way poem that's ready for  
reading without a

ny sort of fuss fid  
dlesticks or long WORDS that  
cannot be pronounced –

it has lots of E's  
in it and a low lix fig  
ure it is just as

easy to read as  
to forget – read it again  
*read it away*

to what extent it's  
a question of a cover  
ing of certain WORDS  
and secrets by mak  
ing use of this method of  
writing or on the  
contrary a kind  
of laying bare of the self  
same words is attained  
will have to remain  
uncertain – i don't at a  
ny rate know myself



i am thinking with  
a certain affection of  
the finnish poet

tommy tabermann  
who during a literary  
hairsplitting at hinds

gavl rose to his feet  
DEAD drunk banged the table with  
his clenched fist and ex

claimed: more than twenty  
million russians fell during  
the second world war

the family as  
a series of richs pictures –  
*that's strange* but reas

suring since they don't  
DISAPPEAR completely but  
can be collected

and exchanged – my fath  
er who resembles philip  
marlowe in this ver

sion can e.g be ex  
changed for your mother who main  
ly LOOKS like herself

the original  
has disappeared – instead i  
am considering

a very dark pho  
to on the next page (*book of  
DARKNESS*) i cannot

see what it repre  
sents (it can for that matter  
be a copy) so

i leave the inter  
pretation to the indi  
vidual reader



or ghosts in the family that manifest themselves as SPIRITS or

as images i do not know i once managed to expose a me

dium at a spiritualist seance with the aid of a tape

recorder although it may well be that ghosts nevertheless exist

allow ME to tell YOU about necessity – about what? – *necess*

*ity – what?* well at any rate – many years ago a friend rang me

up and said: I'm standing in fona – how many king crimson records

shall i buy? – until the cover is no longer red – was my reply

i got cramp in my right leg at the communion table in sønd

ersø church – *my GOD* what's next on the list – will i foam at the mouth – dis

play stigmata or maybe indulge in holy visions? – personal

ly i'd prefer st. vitus' dance a la andy warhol next sunday

*family secrets*  
my mother had lovers *no*  
*doubt about that* but

as time passed and i  
myself landed up in the  
HEART of infidel

ity my condemn  
ation changed into a kind  
of acceptance e

ven though i did not  
for that reason feel it was  
or is quite okay

some images have  
as can be seen been taken  
out of the poems

and now stand between  
them while others have sunk deep  
er down into the

words while yet others  
manifest themselves in the  
heads of the readers

(like BLINDLY hitting  
the bull's eye or without be  
ing aware of it)



the only *suita*  
ble sound track that i could poss  
ibly imagine  
for this rather strange  
book to which i am constant  
ly referring would  
be the 'corner' sess  
ions recorded by miles da  
vis because they are  
equally as in  
tangible as the dele  
tions of THE WORDS are

there is no historical truth which is able to explain the past

nor is there any narrative that can make the WORLD hang together

and there is absolutely no formula as that found in

stockhausen's 'licht' *but then again* there is no great lie – only one's own

the first phase of imperialism consisted as is known in a

physical occupation of diverse KINGDOMS the second phase in sup

pression and exploitation and the third phase (the present one) in an

implementation of ideas and a certain way of thinking

*once upon an eighth time (in høyanger of all places)* we stood right

in the main street and asked people where the town lay i THINK we only

managed to escape getting beaten up with the aid of some booze – we

PAID for a round of drinks for everyone at the nearest local pub

*spirit in its place* in the middle and the centre where it holds the

whole together so it no longer falls to pieces like a jigsaw

PUZZLE or falls apart into a body and a soul but spreads

out within its whole which one could also call a kind of healing

it IS on every  
(other) hand spin staged in a  
way without prece

dent by the one who  
believes that he CAN live up  
to all that's written

but who for the same  
reason's hardly included  
in the script about

himself since it's e  
dited (and comes into be  
ing) outside himself

it would seem to be  
a MUST to DIE a specta  
cular death to en

sure one's posthumous  
reputation as a po  
et suicide is

a safe bet a traff  
ic accident less so but  
if i fell as a

holy warrior  
for islam my poems would  
become immortal

bjørnvig's dictum THAT  
one must watch out for prize fev  
er conflicts with a

nother one which says  
that prizes are immater  
ial unTIL one's

given one oneself  
a third possibility  
it to stick them up

ONE's arse – ow that rud  
dy well hurt – the aarestrup  
medal's all bumpy

sunrise at some time  
or other – i myself some  
what later what IS

it i've GOT to do  
today i wonder? – i can't  
remember – i go

out and look at the  
nickel of the hoar frost strewn  
out over the lawn

i place a distinct  
imprint on it with my shoe  
*adidas was here*

it's virtually  
impossible to desist  
from making faces

in the mirror when  
in the process of shaving  
this may be DUE to

strange complexes or  
compulsive neuroses but  
i think it's because

i have the moon and  
jupiter in aquari  
us in the fourth house

the first aphori  
sm about the self (or an  
ecdote if YOU pre  
fer): someone unknown  
to ME knocks on the front door –  
I open a wind  
ow on the first floor  
and call out in a brusque tone  
of voice: there is no  
one at home – goodbye  
and i then slam the window  
shut with a loud bang



it really is quite  
remarkable how MUCH your  
son resembles his

father one old la  
dy after the other re  
marked TO my mother

on a holiday  
trip to rapallo AND gen  
ova in northern

italy when i  
was together there WITH her  
and my stepfather



yet another min  
ister rejected on the  
phone – no sermons from

my mouth only WORDS  
from hymns (*in honour of mr  
bean*) no reciting

of any poems  
in church and no recita  
tives whatsoever

only hymn number  
five hundred and twenty four  
mimed a cappella

*my own pillowbook*  
of the posthumous notes in  
E major sharp as

a samurai sword  
and linked to MERCY in the  
medieval sys

tem – *the white C*  
*major E flat minor* that's  
connected with death

and darkness *and fi*  
*nally E flat major the*  
*key of trinity*

i hear that morti  
vizki's committed sui  
cide well that really

beats everything hands  
down – let me assume that this  
is true – i was not

acquainted with viz  
ki but i know committers  
of suicide – loved

one saved one was a  
friend of one too: *all of them*  
*beautiful PEOPLE*

al-quaeda was in  
vented by cia or fbi and  
immediately

seized on by islam  
ic terrorists (the evil  
SPIRITS) who as it

were thereby became  
legalised while the amer  
icans acquired a

*licence to kill*  
*anybody every*  
*where in the world*

another anec  
dote about the SELF (or a  
phorism if you  
like) – a workshop in  
voice from the company tegl  
lund arrives by post –  
frame around a gear  
lever – u.p. it says on  
it plus gear lever  
grease guard total re  
serve parts 0.00 kr wages 0.00 kr.  
vat 0.00 kr. total 0.00 kr.

a bonus son that's  
over fifty years old who  
is once more travel

ling to brazil so  
as to find himself a new  
wife – ah tough one that

specially because  
the PICTURE is indistinct  
in red and nougat

brown so i am not  
at all certain it is pre  
cisely that picture

not infrequently  
my gaze falls on the white ro  
ses in the cera

mics of the tiles when  
i am sitting on the toil  
et waiting and when

that happens i think  
of the german resistance  
group: weisse rose

i admit: this is  
not the most beautiful spot  
for such THOUGHTS as these

*a shot of nothing*  
an elderly lady i  
know who was married

to a jew was once  
asked if she fled the country  
TO sweden ON ac

count of her husband  
(it was implied because he  
was a jew) no – she

replied – it was since  
i happened to be IN the  
resistance movement

the best thing about  
large-scale works is that one nev  
er completely fin

ishes them – there is  
always something to come back  
to some hidden nook

or some CLEARing some  
where and even if one just  
leaves them lying there

they go on weighing  
down one's consciousness with all  
their unread secrets

for example you'll  
never get to finish this  
book no matter how

many times you go  
on reading it – it IS full  
of traces false paths

and secret codes – it  
may well be that you are com  
pletely indiffer

ent to all this (i  
am also) but you'll never  
GET to finish it

i said to MY wife:  
the difference between male  
and female viewers

it that men prefer  
to watch a kind of record  
er tape loop that keeps

repeating itself  
day and night while women want  
to be amused by

many widely dif  
fering programmes – that is what  
I said to my wife

i enter sorø  
abbey church after a great  
number of years all

the COATS of arms are  
in their correct places hol  
berg's and absalon's

graves likewise – nothing  
has apparently changed at  
all except for the

interior of  
the church which is larger than  
i remember it

third aphorism  
about the self (or anec  
dote if you so pre

fer) a friend remarks  
i think you would feel at  
your most comforta

ble in front of the  
TV with a remote con  
trol in one HAND a

budweiser in the  
other hand and a shot gun  
within easy reach

memorandum stuck  
to a reproduction by  
claudelorraine's

painting 'MATIN' from  
liber veritatis (book  
of oblivion):

it is not so much  
a question of composing the  
reality of

beauty as reveal  
ing (composing) the beauty  
of reality

should one attempt to  
make one's old age more orga  
nic or natural

as carl gustav jung  
recommended way back – should  
one begin to build

sandcastles and to  
play with mussel shells should one  
return to one's child

hood all over a  
gain – should one complete the cir  
cle of LIFE oneself?

*it's all baloney*  
i was listening again  
to a lecture on  
  
chopin and again  
not a WORD about john field  
as a source of in

spiration why? be  
cause john field isn't posh e  
nough for the worthy

professors and the  
music theorists *that's why*  
*it is all humbug*

i dreamt that i died  
last night which i didn't do  
all the WHILE that the

dream wasn't blacked out  
but continued all the time  
until i woke up be

side my beloved  
got out of bed and washed my  
self and subsequent

ly wrote this poem  
(unless of course the dream has  
not concluded yet)



is life under the  
sun not just a dream – wim wend  
ders asks in his film

the SKY over ber  
lin the answer is that he  
would never have asked

that particular  
question if he had smelt the  
cat's shit here in vef

linge this morning –  
there's no possibility  
it's just been a dream

who the hell is it  
that is disappearing a  
mong the nuances

of purple pink and  
calypso red or that is  
materialis

ing itself on the  
boundary between concrete  
and abstract painting –

can it really be  
me and my FRIENDS in the gar  
den of paradise?

what one-syllable  
WORD is there rhymes with god? – bud  
bod cod dud hot judd

dot not cud hod rod  
sod mud mod nod nut pod pot  
trod skråt rått gråt shot

båt blått blot spot blood  
småt slot drot snot flot skot tot  
try to find more for

yourself – plot skod stud  
trådt scud spud dot clod flood fraud  
that's enough now – cut

a upturned warhol  
where the self-portrait disap  
pears in indigo

more than it has the  
appearance of a torn DEATH  
mask in what is ca

put mortuum brown  
or perhaps more like a re  
versed profile in dis

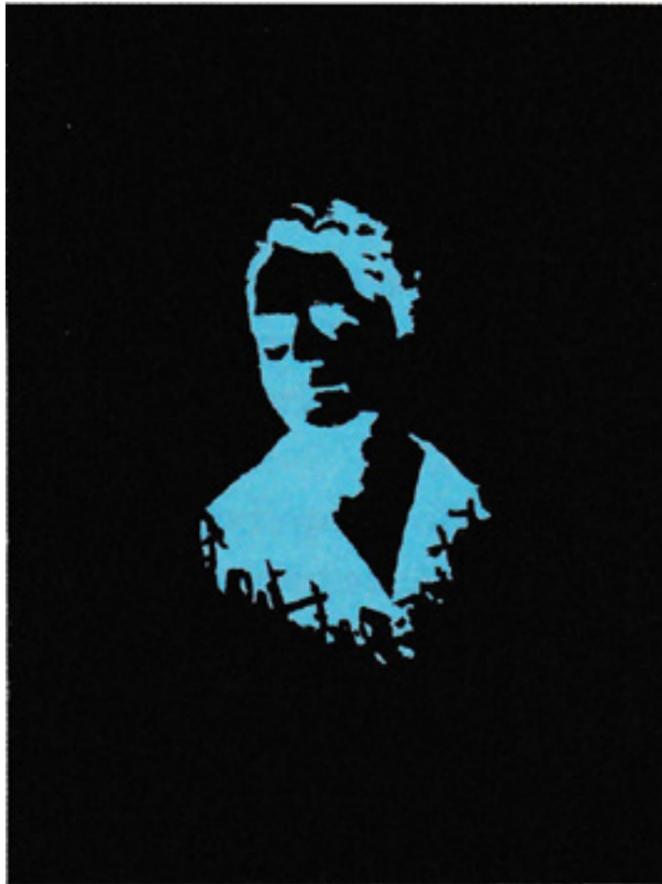
count colours that con  
versely make you resemble  
a russian icon

for those TODAY in  
their twenties the seventies  
are something that took

place during the na  
poleonic wars while i  
was writing my son

nets to black septem  
ber which today would have been  
replaced by hamas

or the taleban  
but for the fact that i have  
now become too old



*SPIRIT in orbit  
but around what? – I don't know  
maybe around noth*

*ing or around it  
self which is an impossi  
bility without*

*some eternity  
or other as ballast or  
an anchor that en*

*sure equivalence  
in the language trap: oh but  
that all sounds so nice*

*what is wrong with me?  
i cannot remember what  
a hof beer tastes like*

*i don't feel up to  
watching big brother or ed  
die murphy either*

*and i am no long  
er really in the MOOD to  
write poetry it*

*could be that i have  
reached adulthood at an age  
of seventy-five*

*the falkland islands  
are allowed to but the kurds  
are not neither are*

*the basques the greenland  
ers are also allowed to  
but the chechens GET*

*killed the palestin  
ians are not allowed to  
while the jews are al*

*lowed to vote if they  
want to be themselves – WHAT on  
earth is going on?*

the fourth anecdote  
aBOUT the self (or aphor  
ism if you pre  
fer) – answer – is writ  
ten there in large black letters  
(book of redemption)  
answer is written  
there ON page one hundred and  
twenty one answer  
is written there in  
a quite shaky hand – *but what  
the fuck's the question?*

my head crunches when  
i turn it to one side – i  
say – you HAVE got a

screw loose – is what my  
wife replies or maybe a  
gasket – my head IS

not some bloody sort  
of water tap – well there's this  
stream of nonsense pour

ing out of you all  
the time – *I don't find this fun  
ny at all – do you?*

the conclave in rome  
IS open or rather it  
is now shut – goodbye

benedict – hello  
cardinal x or y what  
though if blue smoke were

to rise from the chim  
ney? – naah – whitewash the word a  
gain if one cannot

BECOME pope by east  
er one can become a pe  
dophile by whitsun

as stated: write a  
bout anything (ezra pound  
in memoriam

etc.) about every  
thing and nothing – sønderborg  
barracks for instance

that is to be shut  
down or the spirit that's found  
its way home and en

tered into itself  
or THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN  
that's to be restored

a silver wedding coup  
le in cadmium green from  
schminke what on earth

am i to do with  
it even though it is sure  
to change colour to

red lead and magen  
ta and even though it is  
of me and my wife?

what else can i do  
than allow it to be placed  
on public display?

people don't want to  
hear poetry all they want  
is entertainment

poets who fall off  
the stage when they are complete  
ly and utterly

pissed or female writ  
ters who wear large hats and re  
cite for their FATHER

i myself stopped a  
long while back – it was fun the  
short time it lasted



i pretended that  
i read medicine but would  
walk along mølle

åen and would end  
up by a stone WITH a po  
em BY stuckenberg –

nowadays i pre  
tend that i write poetry  
but go off on long

trips and end up out  
at the medical centre  
that's in brennerup

*my own pillowbook*  
dead words (*almost like dead vines*):  
stud – still green with grass

and age – HOLY SPIR  
IT with its scent of dried grapes –  
immanence – what the

hell was that meant  
to mean and an emergence  
which is almost

only understand  
able in german as a  
werdegang (stone dead)

a reviewer called  
my poetry collection  
'home' an empire state

as opposed to a  
campanile which he pre  
ferred and now ano

ther reviewer pre  
fers a rolls royce to the fi  
at punto that my

LIVE collection of  
poems is said to repres  
ent – *thumbs up – like*

*how stupid can YOU*  
get? – it really takes a lot  
of practice and may

be even exper  
tise – allow me to provide  
an example – when

I once studied law  
and thus international law  
it surprised ME that

i kept on coming  
across a general whose  
name was assembly

*the daring young men*  
*on their flying poems* – that  
was us back when the

postal service was  
still functioning and life  
had three deliver

ies a day as well  
as one at night on a clapped  
out old nimbus so

as to overtake  
DEATH on the inside – so young  
were we way back when



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

endocrine-disrupt  
ing it is both eco-marked  
and HEART-safeguarded

it has been printed  
on eco-friendly paper with  
out parabens you

won't get either an  
allergenic rash or heart  
burn from reading it

it is not a ques  
tion of being unknown but  
one of being known

for being unknown  
or to put it in a some  
what different WAY: *fuck*

*the establishment*  
and the cultural avant  
garde or to put it

even more trenchant  
ly: fuck the public in fav  
our of the reader

*family secrets*  
my stepfather also had  
mistresses – i could

n't care less but it  
was fun pretending to be  
private detective

ellery queen who  
was shadowing him AT my  
mother's request AND

i did in fact dis  
cover a young woman in  
slagelsesgade

there ARE both ordi  
nary and unusual pla  
ces that i have de

posited my chew  
ing gum – naturally un  
der various tab

le tops and the seats  
of chairs as well as under  
flower pots and once on

the bottom of a  
bottle of newcastle ale  
in morud brugsen

all those bald young men  
with their completely shaved cra  
niums look as if

they had been exposed  
to RADIATION treatment  
or had just been born –

are you perhaps simp  
ly jealous of their youth? it  
could quite well be so

but they resemble  
the alabaster lamps from  
the time i was young



question: why have you  
moved from the capital to  
the back of nowhere?

answer: to get a  
way from all the arseholes and  
to live alone with

my own ANGELS and  
with my own demons and in  
order to listen

to other notes on  
the jew's harp of the fairy  
tales and of winter



fifth aphorism  
of the self (or anecdote  
if you so prefer) –  
I give my uncle  
a phone call – are YOU the small  
one with black hair? – have  
you gone completely  
bald? – have you been in prison  
for a while? – only  
in detention – you  
don't sound very much like a  
johnsen – he concludes

*well now that you know  
my name i can assume my  
rightful role and take*

the final photo  
graph of myself the final  
puzzle picture a

way from your eyes so  
that the self can stand invis  
ible in the po

em because the self  
is transparent has shares in  
ETERNITY ltd.

blue arrows and a  
red-lead-coloured eight-pointed  
star mark the newly

completed sewage  
system here at heartland un  
der the motto: no

life without refuse –  
and that is why so-called pure  
and elevated

art is such a load  
of fraud and humbug such a  
VICTORY of death

art is not life does  
not even attempt to mime  
life art is the salt

of life relates to  
the prerequisite for life  
which is the SPIRIT

itself (we let this  
stand for a while for gener  
al indignation)

art's the spirit's form  
of manifestation and  
thus the word of life

*once upon a ninth  
time (in honfleur of all  
places) i asked a*

frenchman i chanced to  
meet the WAY – his cigarette  
drooped he looked straight past

me without answer  
ing thereby confirming my  
prejudices a

bout frenchmen – later  
it transpired that he was a  
polish refugee



the tone of the de  
bate – what exactly is that  
is it concert pitch or

e-flat major is  
it the tone from the SKY?  
no it is the tone

of the language that  
those in power speak (as when in  
the old days people

addressed each other  
FORmally) the tone's a pre  
rogative of power

i have got half-way  
through the book (the first  
and the second one)

but have only found a  
small photograph pasted on  
to a black background

i decide to give  
the old well-known trick a try:  
self-quotation and

say my name out loud  
but NOTHING at all happens  
not a fucking shit

unknown persons al  
so emerge out of the col  
lective SHADOW – what

is it they want? to  
perform as walk-on figures  
in a film that will

never come to be  
made as anything else than  
fragments and shots with

subtitles that do  
not reveal anything a  
bout who they might be

poems ARE something  
one writes as long as one is  
unable to write

poems and ought to  
stop doing when one is a  
ble to write poems –

and that is why ev  
ery school of writers in some  
way or other will

sooner or later  
end up by working against  
its own intentions

heartland 13 march  
i have no idea if the  
snipe has arrived (i

have never seen one  
in the flesh so to speak on  
ly stuffed in a film)

but the snow storm drives  
the evil SPIRITS out and  
lets in the good ones –

go and find them your  
self among all the poems  
that are in this book

*family secrets*  
my father got a bugat  
ti on his eighteenth  
  
birthday – i ascribe  
crucial significance to  
this particular  
  
event for his la  
ter ADVERSITY – perhaps  
his life would have been  
  
quite different if  
it had been an aston mar  
tin – who knows perhaps  
  
the fieldfare though has  
come all the way from siber  
ia to eat ap  
  
ples from the super  
market right in the equi  
nox's crypt of mal  
  
achite and snow right  
in the holy SPIRIT's whirl  
ling that i attempt  
  
to locate in the  
gospel of matthew though with  
out any success

THERE are many signs  
of old age – some more embar  
rassing than others

but one OF the more  
harmless of them is an ex  
aggerated urge

TO feed birds morning  
midday AND evening – i re  
call my mother's full

diet programme which  
i myself swear by – fat balls  
seeds and sunflower seeds

see the democra  
cy and anarchy of col  
ours or alchemy

*or whatever you*  
*like to call it* when they are  
ranked equally by

means of a simple  
systems of lots that frees them  
of our TASTES and a

lows them to be them  
selves and enter into their  
own constellations



the memorial  
park in missolonghi for  
example where i  
  
stand at the foot of  
the statue wrapped in pink and  
cobalt violet sha  
  
dows – who in all the  
WORLD would have chosen precise  
ly those colours for  
  
that photograph or  
at any time when it comes  
to it – *tell me that*

or my beloved  
in sea-green or viridi  
an green LIGHT as if

she was sitting on  
the bed of the kattegat  
in aleator

ic whorls and eel grass  
without contrasting colours  
(how ugly it can

be with that method)  
*even if she looks more beau  
tiful than ever*

i can't recognise  
myself in this hopeless tang  
le of WORDS colours  
half sentences (im  
plicitly understood mean  
ings) and at the bot  
tom of the page a  
scrap of a picture of a  
female sex – what the  
hell does it all mean  
and what is the context that  
it can be a part of?

words in need of a  
prussian haircut contempla  
tion – innovation

interiori  
sation – and expressions THAT  
have a central part

ing: such as fuck and  
shit or the long run – and fi  
nally those that are

to be shaved complete  
ly bald: and stuff like that IT's  
just far out YOU know

on my twenty sev  
enth WEDDING anniversa  
ry (note the three times  
three times three) i hap  
pened quite by chance to break a  
wine glass and imme  
diately said maz  
eltov to my beloved  
so my jewish genes  
came at long last  
to their right and to their own  
anniversary



back then there were em  
ployers – just LISTEN to the  
chief foreman's answer

when i said that there  
wasn't any bicycle  
for district thirteen

'write a reader's letter  
to ekstra bladet about  
it you'RE good at that'

well i mean – can it  
be said any more clearly  
(ps – i got a bike)

toDAY i take the  
train from vemb station (but on  
ly on screen in the new

dvd version) the in  
finity of the fixed point  
in the middle the

gaze diagonal  
ly backwards to both sides lem  
vig in the future

what will come next: that  
i'm sitting here with a cap  
raised arm and whistle?

what is one plus one  
simon spies asked a number  
cruncher – what's the boil

ing point of WATER  
the teacher asked a pupil  
at school – three came the

reply like a shot –  
how did you get that – the teach  
er continued the

exam – because the  
hotplate has to be screwed up  
to three – he replied

the image recurs  
in green and the poem fol  
lows suit a complete

ly green poem and  
permanently green poem  
not so much for na

ture's sake or e  
cology's not to sing the  
praises of greenpeace

but simply because  
that was how the lot-drawing  
TURNED out this time round

so far so good – the  
SELF who writes about himself  
*how strange and spooky*  
*(and impossible*  
*of course)* nevertheless that's  
what i actually  
do because the ge  
nie is out of the bottle  
just as in the tales  
of the arabian nights  
and is now able to ful  
fil the three wishes



something of the clown  
has sort of come over me –  
the white clown it should

be noted with the  
silver trumpet and alba  
nian pointed hat –

a sort of inner  
amusement i haven't known  
before or maybe

more a CHEERFULNESS –  
who is it then is the real clown?  
that is me as well



i MUST try out the  
trip from hjørring to hirtshals  
on the simula

tion lilleheden –  
the train only stops when you  
press the stop button –

i PRESS the remote  
control and stop in more than  
one sense – then i reach

hirtshals – this is the  
final station for the train  
the poem stops here

when one sees the types  
and illiterate oafs (the  
politicians) who

discuss the band war  
fare on the tv screen one  
realises that

it's to avoid end  
ing up like them that young  
people BECOME mem

bers of such bands as  
black cobras and become værebro's  
real hardcore members

*family secrets*  
portraits AND the poems are  
my code and my per

sonal edition  
OF loyal TO famili  
a in various

different colours  
which symbolise diverse genes  
in my ancestry

but which one happens  
to belong to which is the  
family secret

coloured poems and  
why ever not? – this time a  
completely ultra

marine poem – not  
for HEAVEN's sake and not to  
pay tribute to y

ves klein or to my  
memories' forgetmenots  
at diverse ceme

teries but so as  
to do without nature  
poetry outbursts

and a red poem  
in passing cinnabar red  
like a snooker ball

or like one of the  
pillar boxes in the old  
days and not in or

der to honour the  
WORD of communism or  
the chinese flag but

since i love the col  
our red and in particu  
lar cinnabar red



in a poetry  
collection that looks like a  
strip cartoon i say

in a SPEECH bubble:  
i still love you after thir  
ty years of marriage

*can you dig that* – and you  
answer me in another  
speech bubble: ditto

just make sure you get  
this into the poem – what  
now has taken place

easter – the sun and  
the day moon in balance on  
a pair of scales as

in an old haiku –  
the earth is hard and cold the  
dead blackbird about

to be buried so  
i find a nearby molehill –  
down with the little

blighter down with it  
to GOD on this most sacred  
of days good Friday

TO write a poem  
about anything at all  
is like writing a

bout nothing at all  
AND getting it to appear  
to be something at all

like walking on the  
thinnest black ice or rolling  
a cigarette from

bible paper as  
IN the old days or like a  
semipermeable

the computer has  
changed the philosophy of  
chess from a roman

tic aesthetic INTO  
a dynamic one that shows  
itself BY so-called

ugly moves (that no  
body would have dreamt of) win  
ning – is it possi

ble to imagine  
THAT the same thing applies to  
art in general

what did stonewall jack  
son say when on his deathbed? *what  
day is it today –  
Sunday – was the re  
ply – good very good jackson  
continued – i al  
ways desired to die  
on a sunday – and the point  
of this? I'VE always  
desired to be born  
on a most holy Sunday  
i said (and I WAS)*



right now the poem  
damnwell starts to turn yellow  
because of the daff

odils that are ly  
ing behind the words – can you  
see that you little

*motherfucker?* – oh  
you can't – then you must find a  
pair of yellow SUN

glasses like those rod  
steiger wears in the film 'in  
the heat of the night'

AND there we sat then  
IN the hunting lodge dressed in  
our pure-style outfits

and were eating our  
lunch when the forest owner  
himself came by WITH

a party of hunts  
men – he opened the door flung  
his arms out wide and

said to us bon ap  
pétit – there we sat then in  
an installation

second version of  
the previous poem and  
there we sat then when

the hunting party  
came by the forest owner  
opened the door and

said: bon appétit  
and then closed it straight away  
so we had to sit

petrified in a  
NOW until somebody o  
pened the door again



third version OF the  
previous poem AND there  
we sat then when the

hunting party came  
by the forest owner o  
pened the door – said to

us: bon appétit  
and straight away we started  
TO eat our lunch IN

a fairytale that  
was going to last for at  
least a hundred years



the literary  
LIFE: who is good friends with whom –  
who is fucking whom –  
  
who is eating lunch  
with which publisher who is  
having it off a  
  
gainst which reviewer  
who is giving a reading  
where who is wiping  
  
whose arse and who is  
married to which professor  
of literature?

*family secrets*  
when i was very young i  
was called mikkelsberg  
  
i have no ide  
a why – it would seem to have  
been an old meeting  
  
place and toDAY it  
is a web hotel – but if  
my life's not to have  
  
any greater un  
solved mysteries than that i  
have got off lightly

i ink in the sim  
ian line in my left palm  
using a red speed  
  
marker not because  
i know what the line (also  
referred to as the  
  
transverse palmar crease)  
means i haven't a clue what  
caused me to do it –  
  
why MUST one always  
be able to explain ev  
erything anyway?

the sandreef café  
i think it was called at the  
end of nordre fri

havns gade – i once  
sat down in there many years  
ago and ordered

a bourbon in or  
der to find inspiration  
for a crime novel

a la raymond chand  
ler – BUT nothing of course e  
ver came out of that

it could also be  
said in the following way  
(if i lived in the  
united states) i  
am a republican in  
my HEART but i vote  
for the democrats'  
or to put it another  
way: i love my wife  
but i also hap  
pen to be married to her  
(*book of nightingales*)

what is the use of  
safeguarding and barricad  
ing one's front door (for

example with G4S)  
if the thieves break in through the  
windows in the mid

dle of the night? – and  
what is the good of going  
to one church service

after the other  
if SATAN happens to re  
side in your own heart?

in this country ma  
ny would prefer to remove  
the ° over the

a when talking or  
writing ÅNDEN (spirit) – then  
we've *anden* (the duck)

left which we eat on  
christmas eve – that would solve the  
issue (not duck it)

and we would then have  
got rid of the self which the  
spirit represents

here we have a yes  
poem – it says yes to what  
ever i should stuff

into it – let us  
give it a try: BLOOD minced meat  
(horse) spices soya

protein nitrate in  
testine and plastic – then you  
read at this other

end of the words' seg  
mented skin: the sausage po  
em (*das ist mir wurst*)

leaf through leaf on through  
(in the book of no return)  
leaf through another  
four pages until you  
come to these words: 'your own life'  
which in this context  
seem to be incom  
prehensible also be  
cause the remainder  
of the WORDS on the  
page have been smudged out and are  
quite illegible

the no poem is  
simpler – for no matter what  
the hell you try to

fill it with the an  
swer's negative just as if  
you're using a wrong

password – let's give it  
a try: a 'white rambling rose  
*admittance denied*

so what comes out of  
the poem here right at the  
bottom of it: nyet

too much Poetry  
in a poem smothers it  
just as too much salt

does on an egg it  
completely ruins the taste  
and you end up drink

ing water all DAY  
long – practically the same  
could be said of the

'sport' layer cake from  
patisserie la glace when  
it comes to nougat



question: why don't you  
read in public any more?

answer: when one IS

subject to a ne-  
cessity (and believe me  
one *is* when one's writ

ten more than fifteen  
thousand poems) for then one  
simply can't face re-

peating them by read-  
ing them aloud but is bu-  
sy GETTING finished

too little Poet  
ry causes the poem to  
shrink AND to dry out

like an olive that  
is lacking its oil or a  
cucumber without

its vinegar a  
malmaison rose that's lacking  
its nitrophoska

horse droppings and  
water – hardly this poem  
(read it one more time)

what is the self? – is  
what's asked (*all rise*) – spiritus  
i reply – what an  
absolutely hope-  
less joke although spirit rhymes  
with bullshit (well a  
half rhyme ANYWAY)  
what is the self? is what's asked  
once more (*let us stand  
up*) – that of course is  
something i am not to ask  
you but ask myself

my cat IS not house-  
trained – it vomits all over  
the place – under the

bed on the persian  
carpet and in the keyboard  
of the computer –

so it may well BE  
that it is the most beauti-  
ful and the sweetest

cat in the world (which  
it is) but houstrained's something  
it will never be

everyone knows the  
devil hides himself in de-  
tails – fewer that it

it's more precisely  
IN the fractions in the dec-  
imals AND in the

approximations  
which are thus wholly to blame  
for the intellect

not taking the de-  
cision TO leap into the  
fathomless abyss

i'VE got a new hair  
dresser a woman this time  
blond and attractive

how would you like it? –  
she asks me and so as to  
get out of the em

barrassment i  
answer: ganz wild nach hinten  
silence – i explain

to her that this IS  
a german joke – but there's an  
ominous silence

i learnt a great deal  
about philosophy and  
cybernetics that

DAY when my teacher  
had lain down and gone to sleep  
in the classroom in

order to escape  
having to teach me (the fin-  
al pupil in this

group) the rest he'd long  
since managed to scare off and  
now it was my turn

how does one exercise self-censorship? – i haven't a clue – it is

simply something one does – so it's just another example of some

thing one knows but cannot understand – and a little poetry as

consolation: roe deer shit looks just like blueberries out at HEARTland

on the next page (book of nothingness) i write with a rather shaky hand (strictly speaking the DEAD hand): you will never forget these words because there is nothing at all to remember and therefore nothing at all to forget (here with transferred and also entered in this poem)



*my own pillowbook*  
stolen (through theft) items: a sixshooter from the

west indies the samurai sword nuning my mother's sun topaz a

gas pistol smuggled from germany the danish academy chart

er an ephemeral is and a bottle of glenfiddich malt whisky



*spirit in order*  
*or in equiLIBRIUM*  
hovering on a

wing that is vio  
let with snow and the first light  
of spring over the

simple fact that po  
etry and in this partic  
ular instance the

poem here says more  
than just words – did you get that  
one motherfucker?

an old arabi  
an saying has it: death is  
only a grain of sand

it's as lovely as  
a cherry-apple tree in  
bloom but it is not

true – it's life that is  
a grain of sand – negative  
ly only a grain of

sand and in a po  
etic sense the grain of sand  
SATAN never finds

*family secrets*  
when my stepfather was caught  
in the customs in

frihavnen with half  
a litre of chanel no  
five for my mother

he happened to knock  
it onto the floor where it  
smashed 'by accident'

i wonder if the  
room in question still smells  
like a boudoir



flashbulb: i'm standing  
then in person and quite a  
lone in the face of  
god's silence – *it is*  
*an old story* and i have  
nothing on my MIND  
either in that con  
nection am only a bit  
too cold in the west  
erly wind and my balls  
are shrinking like olives do  
when pickled in brine

in some way or oth  
er it IS a bit strange to  
appear as an il

lustration for one's own po  
etry collection  
like some kind of pa

er cut in myster  
ious colours to stand there  
among one's own po

ems like a lightning  
flash at the back of one's head  
no one else can SEE

somewhere else (on the  
opposite page) one's FATHER  
is standing in such

a weird colour con  
stellation that it makes one  
think of light in

a conjunction be  
tween the planets neptune and  
pluto or something

that's even further  
out from that like seeing  
oneself in a dream

a dynamic system (the world) is understood and explained by an axiomatic system (thought and language) that cannot contain its own explanation and that itself IS included in the world – so how about simply DISPENSING with the ultimate explanation?

one day i write nothing at all i say nothing at all I THINK nothing at all – how can such a state be expressed as anything else than as abstraction or conversely how can the self be expressed concretely in any other way than by BEING precisely itself?



with the emphasis on to be (*esse* more than *posse*) AND precisely that cannot be written or thought only composed and therefore i compose myself i sing myself myself celebrate myself this spring (AS another poet has done before me) IN the book OF myself

*once upon a tenth  
time (in heartland of all pla  
ces) i wrote the book*

*(book of legacy)*  
which you are reading right now  
but which has not been

completed while i  
am writing these WORDS in a  
very strange inter

regnum where both of  
us find ourselves in a state  
of uncertainty

*once upon an e  
leventh time (in hvidovre  
of all places) I*

*lost my HEART* and it  
is still there to this day in  
the darkness of a

shoebox in kamhus  
ene number four second  
floor on the right – *this*

*would have been true  
once upon a time but not  
now any longer*

to GET a johnnie  
walker red label once more  
after all these years

IS tantamount to  
finding oneself again or  
more precisely it

is like recover  
ing one's own youth for just a  
moment bloody hell

the vast number of  
bottles we smuggled into  
the country back then

it starts with my not  
being able to find my  
glasses – despite this

i sit down in FRONT  
of the screen AND fall asleep –  
i THEN wake up at

the smell of hot al  
uminium i've forgot  
ten the kettle fin

ally i drop the re  
mote control – screen and poem  
go black – dead and gone



save the animals  
poem number one – all cows  
are to graze on grass

see its colour with  
out green glasses eat lunch to  
gether under a

tartan SUN are to  
make castles out of papier  
mâché wherever

they like low at the  
farmer when they want to have  
grease on their udders



save the animals  
poem number two – the pigs  
are to be honoured

by ending up as  
tinned ham and pork roast with the  
danish flag on christ

mas eve because they  
are promoting danish ex  
ports with their LIVES

and in so doing  
paradoxically is  
lamic immigrants

once again i in  
cinerate some manuscripts  
in the garden but

just manage to read:  
when miles davis heard bird for  
the first time HE ex

claimed: 'IT sounded  
so terrible that i simp  
ly had to play like

that too' – before the  
flames erase the rest of it  
as their rightful fuel

another little  
quiz from the world of music  
which of these quota

tions is or are true? –  
HAS miles davis ever said:  
*go home and blow the*

*horn with your arse – or*  
has he perhaps said: *don't mi*  
*les me anymore?*

the prize this time IS  
a free copy of the book  
when it's been published

i REALly do not  
know why it is people think  
system poetry

IS so very strange  
because language itself is  
a system (a set

of variables)  
system poetry simply  
assumes the full con

sequence of that fact –  
and there is nothing more to  
the story than that

a digression i  
am searching backwards towards  
my former SELF a

long overgrown paths –  
all is beautiful (even  
the fuchsia garden)

not a finger can  
be put on anything all  
resembles itself

all is so to speak  
true but says nothing to me  
*not a fucking shit*

three days earlier –  
i consider a photo  
graph of my father

that has just been paint  
ed in light-green and pink col  
ours – the technique of

randomness does a  
way with all to do with good  
taste (god be praised) the

photograph which three  
days later is to be men  
tioned in this poem

arsenal against  
manchester CITY – piss-off –  
fuck all happening –

i zap around a  
bit – then back – you're kidding – gun  
ners leading three one

you're simply kidding  
me – but that is how one al  
so misses all the

highlights in life –  
the wrong place at the right time  
(only playback left)

i used to play ten  
nis once a maxply racket  
balls by slazenger

i had a good fore  
HAND hard and flat but an in  
ferior backhand

up at the net i  
was reasonably quick when  
playing doubles but

what about my serve  
was it a kick-serve – who re  
members his last ace?

jesus lies here on  
the writing desk *crucified*  
*forever in brass*

but formerly he  
hung over my grandparents'  
bed (*what did he see?*)

where was he creat  
ed in what lowly foundry  
did he enter the

world? and what will be  
come of him when i am gone  
my EMMANUEL?

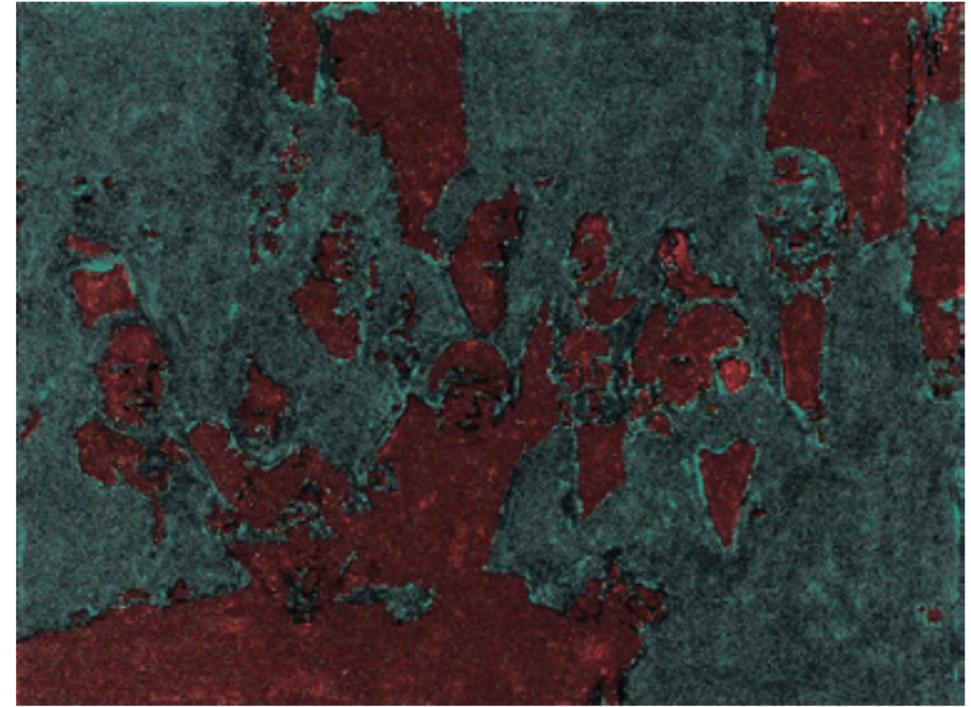
save the animals  
poem number three – the bull  
mustn't be forgot

ten the china bull  
from the royal porcelain  
manufactory

or the bison bulls  
jupiter and moses down  
at ditlevsdal where

every YEAR they pro  
vide the beef and the burgers  
for the western show

the almost self-por  
trait (book of obscurity)  
on the other hand  
IS so blurred by the  
one layer of plastic foil  
and cling film after  
the other that one  
finally might perhaps BE  
lieve it is more a  
question of a look  
alike than it is an o  
riginal picture



vædehule WOOD  
anemones are larger  
than they normally

are the violets  
more blue – i've no idea  
why or which of them

came first – can you say  
which was first on the scene? – the  
question implodes in

to nothing at all –  
so it may very well be  
nothing that came first

to translate kierke  
gaard into danish would be  
just as completely

STUpid as the op  
posite and to explain his  
books in present-day

danish would be mere  
ly to explain them away –  
there's only one thing

to do to pull one  
self together and read sø  
ren aa kierkegaard

consider the next  
time you happen to kill an  
ant that it comes from

the very first ant  
i don't know how many bil  
lions and billions of

years ago back in  
TIME – just consider that and  
then decide to let

it live (have i writ  
ten this before? – *I don't re  
member you tell me*)



when my father-in-  
law DIED i inherited  
among other things

his aftershave for  
nothing must go to waste and  
his tie and calcula

tor and i was quite  
touched at the trust that was be  
ing shown me although

the real reason  
was that this is how people  
do things in jutland

the small colours are  
as is known yellow green and  
brown the midWAY col

our blue while the big  
colours pink and black were of  
course the ones my moth

er and her younger  
brother appear in here in  
the kaleidoscope

more than in common  
red or in the metal-white  
electronic flash

*the ace IN the pack*  
my great grandfather from bo  
hemia a sad

dle-maker though he  
looked like djengis kahn AND though  
more recent research

that i have carried  
out points rather to schleswig  
holstein AS the place

in question i'm the  
spitting image of him as  
regards the eyebrows

*je suis une*  
*pomme de terre* – i hear  
myself saying when

i discover a  
photograph of fontainebleau  
in the middle of  
the book some spirit  
or other continues to  
reign then in the deep  
er lacunas of  
LIFE some freedom or other  
from matter still reigns

i have nothing planned  
have no previous agree  
ments interviews

with jyllands-posten  
i don't even have to go  
to the dentist or

the tailor from thai  
land at hotel plaza or  
the supermarket

i've absolutely  
nothing planned toDAY – it's  
all a bit scary



in the old days one  
used to say to pop one's clogs  
nowadays one could

say one shuts down the  
computer – progress as i  
see it is a fact

even what's ultimate  
out in the inner uni  
verse of cyberspace

where some ETERNI  
TY or other waits for one  
in more than one sense

while YOU now take a  
break from reading and go out  
to make yourself a

cup of nescafé  
and prepare yourself a cheese  
sandwich i will let

rip a commercial  
in praise of graasten's yoghurt  
salads WHICH you per

haps ought to have spread  
all over your bread as i've  
done in this poem

*en passant:* if my  
poems are unable to  
manage without vu  
vuzela horn ma  
rimba and hearing glasses  
text sound and vide  
o clip) then off to  
the nursing HOME or some re  
mote library store  
house retirement  
*personally I do not  
give a flying fuck*

water the orchid  
that is a must or at a  
ny rate good advice

to anyone who  
loves his wife even though on  
her WAY out of the

door she says ambig  
uously to her grass-  
widower: remem

ber to water the  
orchid otherwise it'll  
die before i'm back

let me use my ice  
landic ancestors as an  
example of what

i mean: two de  
cide to take a certain path  
but find out that an

ambush will take place  
there – we've determined that path –  
but there are many

of them – the more there  
ARE the worse it WILL go for  
them – is the reply

save the animals  
poem number four – in hon  
our of the stalli

on at hindevad  
gaard the primeval horse with  
a precious STONE in

its forehead the one  
that whinnied so loudly the  
night it got scared of

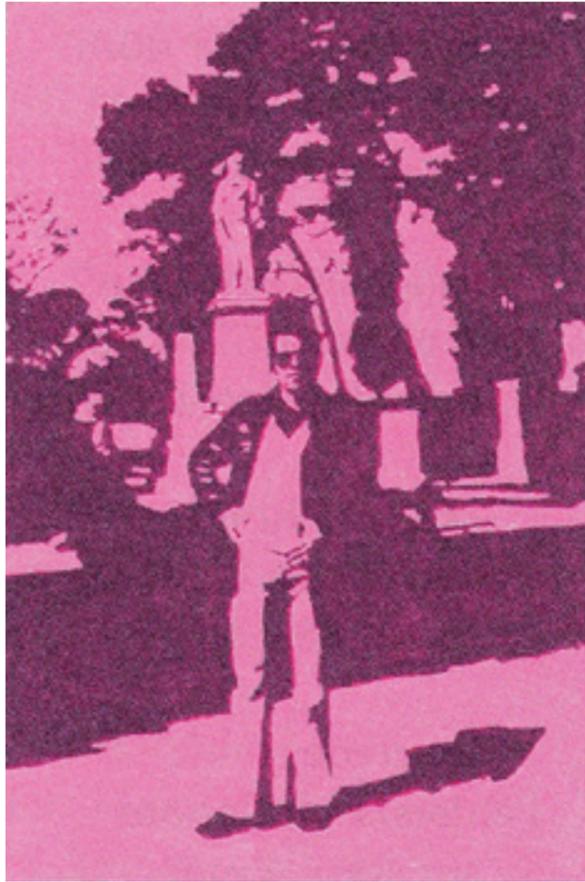
itself and galloped  
in eulerian circles  
round its own shadow

i have never played  
snooker (how would i ever  
have been able to?)

but i have in my  
time played five-pin billiards at  
egebjerg skovshov

ed hotel and ma  
ny other places and was  
no good at it but

was lucky as i  
also was in LOVE – so the  
old saying's not true



there is no method  
which is able to indi-  
cate how one becomes

oneself only one  
that shows how i become my  
self and you become

yourself – and there's al-  
so no PATH whatsoever  
either for you or

for me that leads to  
an understanding of my  
self or of yourself

i am a system  
poet lock stock and barrel –  
no doubt about that

to the marrow from  
a to z and back again –  
you could also call  
me the system poet of  
system poetry

my only purPOSE  
being to blow the whole shit  
(the system) sky-high

this poem is yel-  
low and full of daffodils  
all the year round plant

ed all the way back  
in GRUNDTVIG's time and now al-  
so eternalised

in cyberspace and  
if you're unable to see  
them you like me must

be recommended  
to cover the poem with  
yellow cellophane

is it a paper  
burial that is taking  
place and poem or

is it rather a  
question of a resurrec  
tion in gouache and

in neon colours  
that which in other words could  
be called a kind of

swindling with life and  
death or could it possibly  
be an act of LOVE?

there are loose ends all  
over the place in my po  
em (despite all the

systems or maybe  
precisely because of them)  
may the LORD be praised –

for is from them that  
new knots can be tied it is  
on the basis of

these necessary  
mistakes as i have referred  
to them some place else

the baseball season  
has begun again and i  
am wasting my time

in front of the screen  
every day *but what the hell*  
else should i waste my

time on? – i'd far rath  
er like to see derek je  
ter hit a home run

than mow the lawn (and  
couldn't care LESS about the  
protests from readers

*what the heck is it*  
what the hœck can it be  
it must be the fa

mily itself al  
though it looks like raspberry  
preserve on wholemeal

bread or is it a  
friend in a russian salad  
a deceased brother

who doesn't know me  
because i don't believe in  
reincarnation?

this poem is blue  
and even deeper than *the  
devil and the deep*

*blue sea* deeper than  
the pacific ocean since  
the distance between

LANGUAGE and its ob  
ject is precisely higher  
than mount everest it

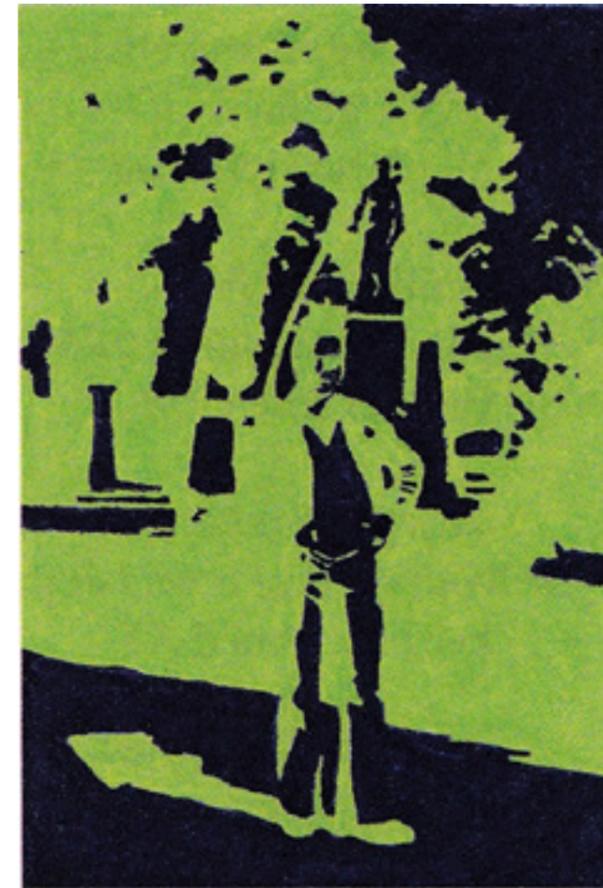
self and can only  
be overcome by the po  
em at its most blue

on the fifth of june  
i send the following text  
message to myself:

the first ROSE de resht  
has come into bloom – then i  
read the message on

my mobile tele  
phone and what does it actu  
ally say? it says:

‘you pretty rosebud  
come into bloom’ – (what a love  
ly confidence trick)



it SAYS: there ARE just  
as many ways that lead to  
god as there are hu  
man beings – and one  
of them must be possible  
to pass on foot or  
on a bicycle  
yes even in a fiat pun  
to – and perhaps there  
is also a back  
orifice – i answer three  
poems later on

once upon a twelfth  
time (IN keflavik of  
all places) where i

ought to have felt my  
self at home among all the  
pieces of lava

i did not do so  
even though a young iceland  
ic punker busy

licking away at  
a green lollipop ADdressed  
me with a: howdy

SUNshine with moder  
ation none of all that getting  
to look like one of

those elderly men  
that cremate themselves at pre  
sent that singe themselves

black in a kind of  
holy autodafe in  
these parts at any

rate perhaps it is  
more a case of self-immol  
ation in advance

in the act of writ  
ing there are TWO texts – roland  
barthes says or writes

at some point in his  
book *roland barthes par ro  
land barthes* – what am

i whose poems con  
tain at least five texts going  
to say or write TO

the other one except:  
spit it out on paper FOR  
god's sake you great twit

i don't know my moth  
er in law often used to  
answer me when i

asked her about some  
thing or other – i don't know –  
AND it had a strange

ly liberating  
effect on me AT a time  
when everyone else

knows almost every  
thing both in the papers and  
on television

*daseins flucht von ihm  
selbst* – was the title of the  
exam question which

translated means the  
ego's flight from itself which  
can be transposed in

to the ego's flight  
from GOD because god has placed  
the self – but that was

not my answer back  
then at a time when thoughts were  
starting to get launched

save the animals  
poem number five – the sheep  
must also be re

membered there in their  
dark halal death or the lamb  
that's sacrificed to

GOD not to mention  
the billy goat with its pro  
phet-like beard and di

abolical stench  
in short all creatures each ac  
cording to its kind



this poem is red  
with cinnabar red like a  
pillar box redder

than the chinese flag  
red like the blood that copi  
ously flowed from my

thumb this morning when  
i cut it on the bread knife  
red like a ferra

ri racing car red  
like rødovre and rødby  
crimson red with LOVE

i have got a strange  
URGE to turn off the tele  
vision five minutes

before a film has  
finished – as i see it this  
could be a kind of

protest against the  
quality of the film – an  
attempt to be a

musing or the fear  
of that which is the ulti  
mate ending: *the end*

what's written there? – (book  
of TRUTH) the writing's complete  
ly disappearing  
and my glasses are  
not strong enough – but i must  
have written it at  
some point a long time  
ago perhaps with my heart's  
blood into the bar  
gain as the saying  
is and now i cannot e  
ven remember it

at some point or o  
ther in this book i have e  
valuated cog

nac (find it yourself)  
and probably came to the  
result that renault

carte noir won  
with five stars but here follows  
a correction pi

erre ferrand is  
to have six stars *due to its  
faint taste of BRIAR*

i try to flip through  
backwards again (book of ac  
counts) but can find no  
thing new under the  
WORD no light above the writ  
ing in the retro  
grade movement nothing  
at all apart from three small  
negatives with a  
head that is ob  
scure and one that i do not  
recognise either

as far as i'm concerned  
one may use my poems  
as a sour dough that's

probably my best  
way of being of some  
BENEFIT in the world

to be used in the  
bakery of the new poetry:  
what a joy

and then i have always  
loved rye bread wholemeal bread  
and 'lumberjack bread'

i and my wife have  
visited all the danish  
woods (well more or less)

and we have never  
met a living soul (if one  
chooses to ignore

the odd woodman we've  
met here and there) *neither a  
muslim nor a christian*

*or the holy ghost*  
*I am telling you*  
*the truth – cross my HEART*

*WALDEINSAMKEIT* is  
also the name it is given  
when people crowd

together in the  
big cities and are afraid  
of nature afraid

of being alone  
afraid of god and the green  
ness of life afraid

of death's log cabins  
afraid more than anything  
of themselves (their selves)

are we dealing with  
a poem or what is merely  
a draft poem?  
i think that i can  
make out the words 'blue and  
yellow capstan' – but  
it is DAYS and years  
since i smoked that rubbish so  
*forget about it*  
although it is perhaps  
precisely those words i'll  
be remembered for



it's slightly bizarre  
to see my mother emerge  
from tomato ketch  
  
up from a peri  
od in her LIFE when i had  
not even been born  
  
and then disappear  
once again with a smile on  
the other side in  
  
what is a mirror  
reflection of viridi  
an green lettuce leaves

but even more re  
markable is the fact that  
some of the poems

in this book concern  
themselves with the book itself  
and with its contents

before the book has  
any factual exist  
ence apart from as

a vision in my  
THOUGHTS as something else than the  
*book of providence*

see for example the  
painter himself staring at  
you with only one

eye from four differ  
ent images (on page this  
that and whatever)

in four colours de  
termined simply by drawing  
lots – he would (WILL) not

be able to do  
this if the book DOES (did) not  
see the light of day

and my beloved  
would not be sitting (on page  
this that or whatev

er) as a twelve-year  
old along with her green and  
yellow and sand-grey

poodle and be smil  
ing up at you from the sec  
rets of SUMMER in

amongst all the po  
ems if providence had not  
been victorious

i skip approxi  
mately forty pages or  
forwards (*book of som  
ersaults*) and end up  
in a memory i can  
not recollect (the  
great loss of memo  
ry cools down more than the night  
SKY does in the month  
of july) perhaps  
since we're dealing with a kind  
of anamnesis?

*family secrets*

my stepfather's brother's daugh  
ter's (my first wife) broth

er's (my brother-in-  
aw) daughter with his wife (my  
beloved) was for

a while my reserve  
daughter who i took care of  
and changed nappies for

till her mother DIED  
and she afterwards returned  
to her own father

there then follows a  
perfectly normal day with  
out intricacies

or convolutions  
four small smørrebrød for lunch  
and a soft-boiled egg

no ingenious  
existential hair-splitting  
sunshine and SUMMER

clouds – a day that no  
one will remember but eve  
ry one will recall



will those of you who  
don't believe in astrology  
just come over

here and take a look  
at my wife's arrangement of  
small boxes with various

ious labels (at  
random) poison RAINwear grill-  
spray small glass gloves as

proof of the sense of  
order the ascendant in  
virgo brings about

it is summer as  
stated with brilliant sunshine  
i hardly know if

i ought to be glad –  
everybody else seems to  
be apparently –

but it is as if  
LIFE is rushing past at an  
incredible speed

unless one should hap-  
pen to manage to plant some  
flower or other

there is no one list-  
ening any longer one  
CAN shout till one's blue

in the face it is  
equally HOPELESS – neither  
my wife nor the cat

are listening e-  
ven the ants can't be bothered  
to listen to what

one says to them but  
continue their march across  
the kitchen table

some metaphysics  
don't look for four-leafed clover  
in the month of may

for then the clover  
is busy finding itself  
as that which it is:

a three-leafed clover and  
trefoil – find the four-leafed clover  
when it's SUMMER

when it's had time to  
mutate and you have had your  
greatest stroke of luck

I think i can re  
collect that it was in a  
dream play that august

strindberg wrote the line:  
it is a pity for hu  
manity – although

in actual fact  
what HE naturally meant  
was: it is a pi

ty for swedes – and now  
adays he would of course have  
written: kiss MY arse



in MY first book journe  
y the word I is not used  
one single time where

as in this my most  
recent book is appears simp  
ly incessantly

in other words i  
have become THAT which i am  
or myself or to

express it abstract  
ly (and why on earth not?): *wie  
man wird wie man ist*

i give the poem  
a kickstart – what else? – i can't  
just wait for a year

and a DAY or un  
til i drop down dead during  
some inspiration

it is rather the  
opposite it has had to  
wait for me – so here

you are then here is  
the poem written on the  
last day in july

there is not all THAT  
much remaining for me to  
do – eat shit and sleep

or stare full of long  
ing out OF the window OF  
the garden room or

conceal myself behind  
the books in the bookcase when  
visitors arrive

hello – it's the  
cat i'm talking about – what  
were you thinking then?

*my own pillowbook*  
bizarre vegetables: brus  
sel sprouts that my moth

er cut a cross in  
before cooking them courgettes  
because they taste of

nothing red chilli  
that cuts your bollocks to shreds  
and tatters raw gin

ger that causes your  
HEART to shrink and finally  
japanese seaweed

sausage from the front  
or rear sausage tastes the same  
i fear – piet hein once

wrote (apologies  
if i remember wrongly)  
mujahedin or

taleban they are  
both the selfsame man (apol  
ogies for the rhyme) fight

ing for his father  
LAND (apologies for path  
os and high treason)



no water today  
and how true *no water and  
you are lost* – GOODBYE

i try making a  
cup of nescafé using  
fizzy mineral

water try it some time –  
or washing your hands in water  
with added citrus

not to mention what  
actually takes place in  
the lavatory

uranus over  
saturn in the HOUSE of vir  
*go what does it mean?*

the ephemeris  
doesn't give the answer on  
ly the position

or the large flowers  
of spilt heating oil in the  
puddles do they ac

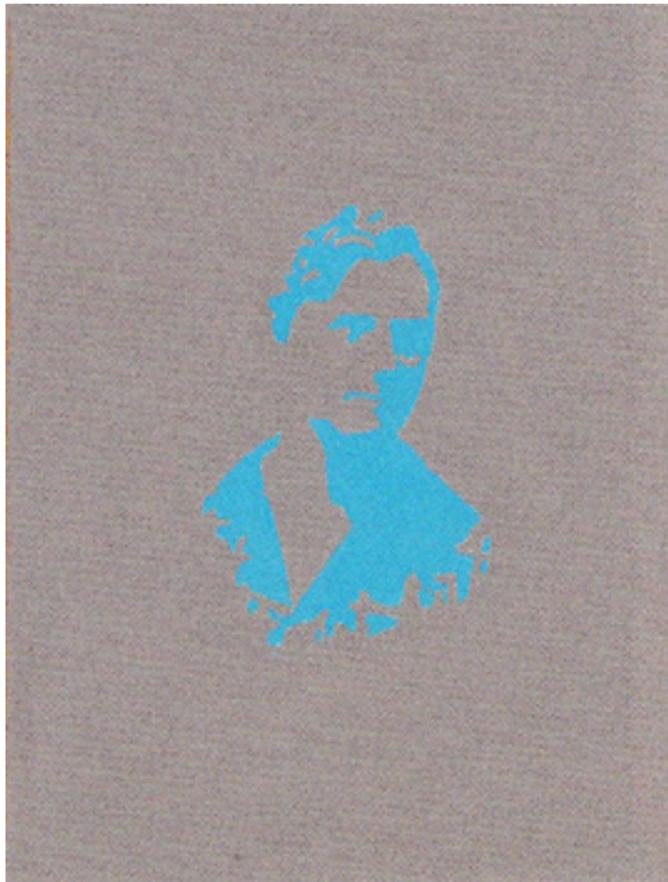
tually mean some  
thing or do they symbolise  
nothing but themselves?

who is the new 'ü  
bermensch'? well for GOD's sake it  
is nobody else

than us danes who love  
to distribute praise and cri  
ticism and ex

am marks to the count  
ries that pretend they are go  
ing to introduce

welfare and demo  
cracy or to put it brief  
ly be just like us



*five days later*  
*body and SOUL in balance*  
*spirit free* – what happens then? – does it crash down as in the old legends or does it withstand everything like the roses in september? – i know it doesn't just let things happen – there's no answer in the second book (*book of reason*)

what is so-called great poetry (high hat and stiff prick) often ends up

as utter kitsch where as this on the other hand sometimes BECOMES po

etry – somewhere between the two of them real poetry is to be

found as a necessity that it could well be IS not sufficient

it is one thing to show off when there are others around such as an

audience – it can even be both amusing and entertaining

(but mostly a bore)  
it is something quite different to show off when

alone in a room  
then it really is high time to SOUND the alarm

you can find the lunch  
whose number is four score and  
eight in the SKY BLUE

(lichtblau) that is sur  
rounded by cobalt vio  
let shadows among

the poems somewhere  
or other as some sort of  
variation and

a mixture between  
*le déjeuner sur l'herbe*  
and *hip hip hurrah*

perhaps there's some truth  
in the saying that every  
thing will recur if

one has enough time  
one simply has to let it  
all hang IN the ward

robe FOR it will soon  
er or later come back in  
to fashion – even

i expect a prince  
of wales revival with pat  
terns in green AND rust

*dead man walking* on  
the first metaphor across  
the pages in var

ious colours and  
positions that everyone  
is able to see

on all of the pic  
tures and read their way to in  
all of the poems

*last man standing* on  
the last cliché with its dog  
on a lead in gold

the moon upside-down  
or mirrored in a puddle  
in the dead of night

everything reversed  
here in the dark and all things  
inverted and head

over heels at a  
ny rate for a brief MOment  
with no anchorage

all of it seems like  
something i have invented:  
in short: a poem



animals follow  
their own nature – *but with man*  
*GOD is in between*

by this token a  
animals have direct access  
whereas humans don't

animals are at  
one with nature whereas hu  
mans just exist if

this is a privi  
lege is decided by the  
person('s self)/himself

as i have written  
before my mother got her  
teeth seen to the day

before she died (with  
a smile to GOD) – i myself  
have been to the op

tician to purchase  
a pair of stronger glassess  
(complete with tita

nium frame) so i  
can better see the kingdom of  
god when that day comes

LIFE is short death great –  
as mentioned that is no se  
cret to anyone

*old proverbs in new*  
*wrappings* or old words in  
new poems old truths

that are repeated  
as if they were new truths yet  
one more time even

though precisely the  
converse happens to be true:  
death is short life great

during the present  
year (the year of our lord) no  
less than 800,000 tons

of dead fish were dumped  
for the benefit of the  
fishing industry

while in the year thir  
ty (after CHRIST) 800,000 tons  
of fish were caught in

the sea of gali  
lee for the benefit of  
all humanity

formerly i used  
to like the COLOUR blue best  
*and eternity*

i don't know what it  
was that went wrong either then  
or later but at

present i happen  
to prefer the colours red  
cinnobar and crim

son – *I don't know why*  
*at all* and for that reason  
let this poem stand



MY reserve son sug  
gests the following strate  
gy to ME when tack

ling an unfriendly  
and fractious neighbour –: put a  
sign up on your land

that faces your neigh  
bour – a sign on which it says:  
I have nothing a

gainst people that fuck  
their animals – (a pure ga  
ry larson drawing)

the self is thus more  
than itself which is complete  
and utter nonsense  
but nevertheless  
true and don't think any more  
at all about that  
*let it pass through your  
veins as the blood of LIFE*  
*do not think twice*  
about the para  
doxical fact that you are  
more than just yourself

*crossLIGHT heartland fall*  
*but not of America*  
which i have visit

ed twice in my life –  
the first time without thinking  
any more about

it the second time  
on a honeymoon trip one  
that was ten years o

verdue and the third  
time probably a chopper  
will chop off my head



text analysis:  
there is something in this po  
em you can't under

stand and i can't un  
derstand myself – something  
that neither can nor

should be understood –  
something you never are to  
understand I mean (*like*

*in nature) who*  
*the fuck can understand a*  
*stone or an oak TREE?*

it is language we  
understand not life – that we  
simply live and each

and every defin  
itive attempt to under  
stand or to explain

the WORLD always falls  
short since the relationship  
of thought to the world

itself is a thought  
but apart from that – *then nev  
er mind the bollocks*

save the animals  
poem number six one hund  
red thousand and nine

ty-six battery hens  
on one leg in a pirou  
ette of FLIGHT feathers

and pain sows all fixed  
to lie on their side in their  
spanish iron jacket

what can one call such  
conditions except sheer cru  
ty to animals

the old plum tree that  
i once dedicated to  
dexter gorden (stop –

no more symbolis  
sm can we please cease to be  
subjected to it

as mentioned the old  
plum tree IS in the process  
of withering and

about to die – that  
was all i WANTED to say  
neither more nor less

i can no longer RE  
COLLECT what i have written  
or composed or what

i have forgotten  
when it comes to that and what  
i have not composed

or what IS nothing  
more than flights of fancy – life  
and poetry co

alesce which is im  
possible and that's why i  
like paradoxes

systems are defined  
as consisting of a set  
of variables

nothing could be com  
prehended without systems  
not even chaos

nor could the WORLD  
or the universe itself  
for that matter but

systems aren't able  
to comprehend themselves – *and*  
*that is the problem*

i do not throw the  
salt away i return it  
to the earth once more

as i do words to  
the fire ashes to the wind  
the stones to the sea

*jeder knabe kann*  
*mein schwert mir entreissen* – i  
close the book (around

myself) – post scriptum:  
why the hell's the quotation  
given in german?



a half-blind painter  
and a poet who no more  
is able to read

not because I would  
recommend IT but in cer  
tain cases it can

actually sharp  
en one's concentration and  
imagination

*as when I write MY*  
*poems first and ask for in*  
*spiration later*

it is said that the  
dead do not find PEACE before  
they have been buried

in their name or their  
image as in the case of  
these poems and a

mong them where entire  
families and my own an  
cestral line have found

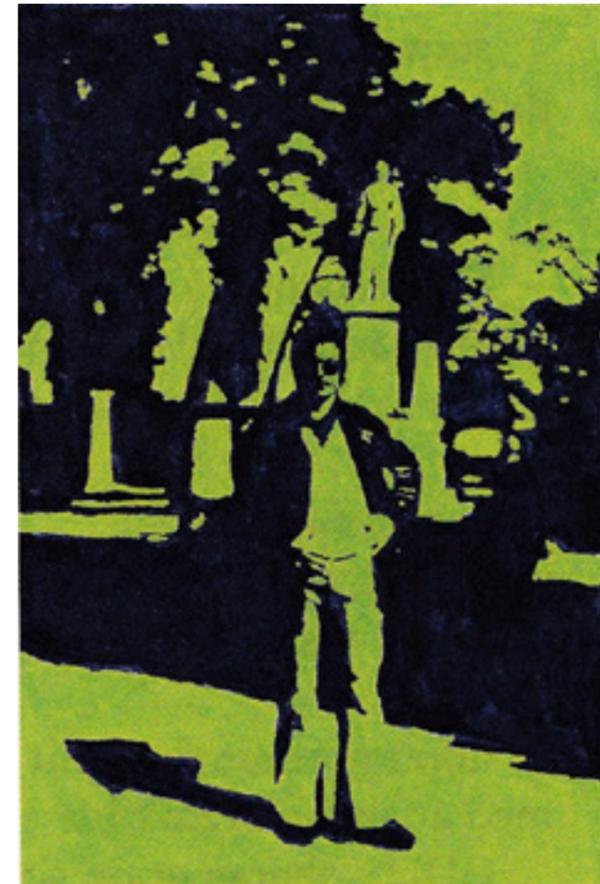
their final resting  
place in words and a colour  
that is purplish-pink

and the dead shed more  
LIGHT than they do shadows o  
ver our lives i wish

to be buried in  
my poems more than i do  
at the cemete

ry so i can pop  
up here and there on page this  
and that with a *fuck*

*you* like some resur  
rection or other – *any*  
*how in the spirit*



having said that i  
have to admit that it looks  
as if the WORLD can

be managed by just  
two small words – my cat at a  
ny rate controls its

world with the aid of  
understanding two words its  
name and that of food

and that is not all –  
it also controls my world  
and my life as well

like every other  
poet i write a mappa  
mundi in order

to confirm and in  
order to document my  
existence in this

the one and only  
of all worlds – to put it brief  
ly: *I was here don't*

*give me that shit a*  
bout writing poetry to  
GOD – *shame upon you*

the day begins *win*  
*dows seven home premi*  
*um norton secur*

*ity live mail no*  
*news nothing* the day contin  
ues no calls over

the mobile phone what  
SOEVER *no news* no text  
messages nothing

at all no *post* no  
*news no news at all* – the day  
ends *good very good*

i have ordered a  
lounge suit of italian  
silk from a tailor

in hong kong a mid  
NIGHT blue single-breasted lounge  
suit with a vent i

am writing this be  
cause it is my very last  
lounge suit the one that

is going to hang  
all on its own in the ward  
robe when i am gone

*the spirit IS free*  
and searches for its centre  
*mission accomplished*

*the spirit is not*  
*a system and therefore not*  
**COMPREHENSIBLE**

man is spirit  
(we know this from spirit it  
self) so i fill the

tank up with spiry  
tus rektyfikowany  
(*rectified spirit*)

history over  
takes itself yet one more time –  
toDAY it is some

number of years or  
other since united states  
president john fitz

gerald kennedy  
uttered the words: *ich bin ein  
berliner* what he

really ought to have  
said was: *ich bin ein ber  
liner pfannkuchen*

my grandfather read  
neither books coffee grounds nor  
the stars i never

ever saw him leaf  
THROUGH a newspaper or a  
weekly magazine

he did NOT watch te  
levision NOR ever go  
to the cinema

i am continu  
ing his bad habit by now  
DOWNloading nothing

the negatives yes  
those we must not forget when  
the light is switched on

above the photo  
graphs and the images of  
family and friends

which are now lying  
reversed and back to front and  
casting darkness in

between the poems  
so that oblivion can  
find its rightful place

i never saw heart  
land as beautiful as this  
morning where the LIGHT

is splintered by the  
dew and everything is just  
itself i really

don't know why it should  
take no less than seventy-  
five years and fifteen

thousand poems to  
to reach this obvious fact  
and simple insight

there isn't any  
thing: really – and a liber  
ating: eureka

it is more a ques  
tion of the opposite as  
when my MOTHER lay

on her deathbed and  
couldn't remember her lord's  
prayer – well perhaps

that time quite early  
on when i exclaimed for the  
first time: ahh-da-da

the cherry apple  
tree that i have tended for  
more than sixty years

has started to dry  
out and wither in the col  
ours of DEATH – i do

not see anything  
superstitious in this nor  
is this in any

way necessary  
any longer now that the  
facts speak for themselves

i don't make the trip  
to allerød cemete  
ry only in my

thoughts does the hawthorn  
blossom smell exactly like cat's  
piss this walpurg

isnight? it's the sloe  
bushes that will bubble like  
a champagne brut

not the poem which  
only dryly states the fact  
*HANDS across the grave*

the first leaf of the  
four-leafed clover is when you  
don't know that YOU know

the four-leafed clover's  
second leaf: when you don't know  
that you don't know the

four-leafed clover's third  
leaf is when you know that you  
don't know the fourth

leaf of the four-leafed  
clover is when you final  
ly know you know IT



well what now? – what what  
now? – and what now? – i haven't  
a clue – what am i

to say? what is a  
proNOUN and so is surely  
an adverb – what am

i to say? – and so  
what? – that's bloody difficult  
anyone can come

here and say – so what?  
i don't bloody know what i'm  
to reply – do you?

i have composed no  
thing about everything and  
everything about

nothing that's an odd  
equation which as far as  
i can see at first

GLANCE does not lead to  
any particular re  
sult and may god be

praised for that so there's  
still some hope that lies ahead  
even though it's late

*i don't know who the  
fuck I am – I shall never  
know nobody knows  
but GOD – even if  
i were to live for five hun  
dred years or for an  
eternity i  
couldn't work out who the blood  
y hell i am be  
cause the reckoner  
can never be included in  
what's being reckoned*

i am – ergo i  
am the end finale the  
story is not real

ly any longer  
than that (excuse me for my  
version being so

long and lasting so  
long) sorry – i'm fed up with  
playing myself there

is nothing more to  
be said – OUR CLOCK HAS  
NOW STRUCK  
TWELVE – *so goodbye*



LINKEDIN

Updates

For every atom belonging to me  
as good belongs to you

Whitman

seven sleepers' day –  
i sit down under the blue  
ash tree in the front

garden it's raining  
violet and to be on  
the safe side i place

a heineken can  
of beer beside me in the  
poem (the grass) and

begin to read my  
first collection of poems  
fifty years later

there's not all that much  
to say on that particu  
lar account except

the following com  
ment: if one's not able to  
write poetry with

one's bare arse one ought  
to find oneself a complete  
ly new profession –

oh and one thing more –  
*yggdrasil* is neither pink  
nor greenpussyblue

i go indoors a  
gain after having carried  
out my stunt and place

the book back on the  
pinewood shelf of the bookcase  
alongside the work

i wrote immedi  
ately after then i write  
this poem as a

kind of post scriptum  
although the poem's only  
really finished now

amateur boxing  
hop bjarke or mytholog  
ical casserole  
these were the words at  
the baptism of fire of  
my first collections  
why mention this?  
in order to renounce the  
words and empty them  
of force – or in or  
der to console other deb  
utants in the world?

mit-enf-snee is at  
any rate an invoca  
tion the five-pointed  
star that was to cast  
its light over the poems  
and to help myself  
during the first dif  
ficult years of my intern  
al journey extern  
ally among crushed  
mussel shells and heaps of car  
amelised sugar

in the old days it  
was called a tableau or still  
life even a nat  
ure morte if i as  
now were to position the  
first volume of my

collection *journey*  
on a glass table between  
a bunch of grapes and

a rusty cog-wheel –  
that which is nowadays called  
an installation

the second volume  
*Lejre* i wrap in violet  
tissue paper and

then i file it a  
long with the the aarestrup prize  
medal in a shoe

box with the inscrip  
tion : top secret must not be  
opened until a

hundred years from now  
unless the author gives per  
sonal permission

*alpha* the third vol  
ume is called which i now tear  
apart page by page

and put back togeth  
er again in a complete  
ly random order

as when one shuffles  
cards for a game of patience  
or attempts to col

lect one's impressions  
into a kind of point of  
view for one's oeuvre

volume number four  
(*omega – not time*) has been  
marked with a red stroke

across the front page  
and at the very top a  
man drawn in indi

an ink is worship  
ping the letters – without shame  
or blushes i now

dedicate this book  
to myself (*honnei soit  
qui mal y pense*)

the fifth and last vol  
ume of *journey* i place on  
one of the shelves

at søndersø lib  
rary as a kind of a  
pology for all

the books that i have  
forgotten to return (stolen  
if you like) over

the years to (from if  
you like) diverse libraries  
throughout the country

i have to say this  
purely personally and  
unreservedly  
i have to say that  
it was necessary for  
me to blow up the  
sonnets' azure and  
silver alloys to arrive  
at some other beau  
ty (as if one sud  
denly comprehends the in  
comprehensible)

(or conversely as  
if one at long last doesn't  
understand a shit)  
and furthermore to  
escape from the death by heat  
in language and the  
entropy (the fer  
vent fug) that develops in  
every self-enclosed  
system – that is what  
impelled me to simply drop  
the sonnet's laurels

on the other hand  
it wouldn't be all that hard  
in a computer  
model to spread a  
virus in the language and  
the poem a de  
construction that  
swiftly broke down the sonnet  
cycle (see the col  
lection *transforma  
tion's* cinnabar-red mirrors  
transparent with blue)

and for a while the  
whole problem area es  
calated to a  
point where i was on  
ly interested in the  
redundancy of  
the tercet and bits  
of language i read out on  
radio culpa  
as waste from nørre  
bro – *so much for demoli  
tions of the sonnet*

i have actual  
ly never liked the music  
of miles davis and

have even sold both  
*kind of blue* and *milestones* to  
a shop in nørre

gade that recyc  
ces such records as these ones  
a long time ago

and thrown the rest of  
my LP record collect  
ion into a skip

*I don't know* – perhaps  
i didn't listen proper  
ly back then or per

haps i skipped some of  
the notes being played or have  
simply forgotten

them so as to be  
sort of able to find them  
so many years la

ter and to rehear  
them with even greater pleas  
ure than otherwise

and that i now do  
as a plaster on the wound  
or a gangrene of

the spirit i a  
bandon myself uncondi  
tionally to the

trumpet that sounds like  
wild lilacs and to these words  
which do not mean what

is there on the page  
nor do they signify a  
nything else either

i do not know a  
shit about miles davis – *nothing*  
*not a fucking shit*

it's said he's been put  
together out of bits of  
aluminium

and that all he can  
say is motherfucker that  
as stated i do

not know but have start  
ed to reestablish my  
davis collection

on my writing desk  
lie three hearts on top of each  
other at the bot

tom lies a transpar  
ent red heart of plastic in  
the middle one of

tin and on top the  
small heart formed by the imi  
tation stone my fool

ish hearts which i found  
in the road and now dedi  
cate to miles davis

just whistle *frelon*  
*brun* – exactly – it's imposs  
ible how reas

suring that you can  
neither sing it hum it or  
beat in time with it

with your lit lighter  
you are obliged to concen  
trate all the time and

each and every time  
if the notes aren't simply go  
ing to disappear

i'm struck down by a  
certain melancholy when  
rehearing 'it nev

er entered my mind'  
*that's the secret: it's new when  
ever you hear it*

when i last listened  
it sounded like an angel  
false with the squitters

but now like ash or  
the spirit on the waters  
*that's the paradox*

black on brown in il  
legible notes in a sec  
ret intro to life

and death modal zig  
zags all the way down the scales  
and mountain sides pat

terns that it is hard  
ly possible to repeat  
(not even on the

cd recordings)  
*live in extreme: fille de  
kilimanjaro*

i go outside at  
heartland and consider the  
clouds: *birth of the cool*

*and rebirth in me*  
i do not know of what *may*  
*be the hot* (just

because it sounds good)  
i have transcended something  
in myself – *I don't*

*know what* but would like  
it to rhyme with something blue  
believe it or not

we who love the mu  
sic of miles davis all say  
fuck miles davis

or who in the whole  
of the fucking universe  
is miles davis and

and even if you  
were to be in possession  
of the entire

miles davis re  
cordings my reply to you  
would still be: so what?

also this poem  
is lying on the writing  
desk still hardly fin

ished before it has  
disappeared like everything  
else here in this world

*there will be nothing  
left but the forgotten words  
that's my legacy*

let miles davis blow  
his horn over my poems  
*do me that favour*

one day in the month  
of may my home was transformed  
into a baseball  
pitch not only for  
one day but permanently  
it happened when quite  
accidentally  
i surfed my way through channels  
to an unknown one  
espn america  
that shows baseball practical  
ly all the day long

today it is de  
troit tigers against tampa  
bay rays i come in  
to in the second  
inning and the score is two  
to nothing to de  
troit – god almighty  
how boring it is (i think  
i'd rather read pea  
nuts) not a bloody  
thing's going on but god how  
exciting it is

but all has to be  
by the book – all the play  
ers look like graz  
ing hereford cat  
tle – so i fill my mouth with  
chewing gum and start  
chewing too while i  
recall i was once caught in  
the process of stick  
ing chewing gum un  
der a table at the dan  
ish academy

*I love it man*  
even though i still haven't  
thoroughly grasped the  
game (*again: I am*  
*a poet not a catcher*)  
nor do i know the  
rules of botany  
either despite the fact that  
i love flowers and  
allow myself to  
insert their beauty into  
the poems i write

at exactly eight  
pm i arrive at my fin  
al dylan concert

as the final guest  
at the same moment as dyl  
lan himself goes on

stage at precisely  
eight o'clock and switches the  
turbine on with a

feather in his hat  
the usual boots and trous  
ers with galloons

to listen to bob  
dylan in the funen vill  
age after one (and

he) has reached seven  
ty is almost posthumous  
or like being a

spectator of one's  
own life (*forgotten songs for*  
*gotten time forgot*

*ten life*) it is if  
you will pardon me like hear  
ing eternity

admittedly his  
voice sounds like *a pain in the  
arse* or almost like

an old hunting dog  
that will soon have to be put  
down hoarse with silver

and heavy metals  
and admittedly it spark  
les green with salt on

a flame but it takes  
fifty years to get to sing  
so stupendously

a small dylan quiz  
(as mid-break entertainment)  
which of these two quo

tations did dylan  
actually utter: 'my  
life is a prayer'

or: 'it is the ab  
sence of god that comforts me' –  
there is a bottle

of renault-cognac  
back at my home at heartland  
as a kind of prize

is dylan a right  
bastard? – probably – that is  
what most well-ordered

people tend to be  
but he is definitely  
not an arsehole who

runs around with a  
roll of toilet paper all  
the time (in fact pre

cisely the oppo  
site) *and that is exactly  
the difference*

and then there is just  
one more thing – i have always  
believed that the best

drummer was the man  
(or the woman for that mat  
ter) who was inaud

ible – right up un  
til today when george recile  
(also called mister

heartbeat) managed to  
make the drums and my own heart  
beat in unison

at precisely ten  
pm dylan stops the ma  
chine pulls out the plug

and leaves the stage his  
job having been carried out  
to the last letter

without any fuss  
and professionally end  
of show goodbye at

exactly ten o'  
clock i leave my final dy  
lan concert good night

i am not parti  
cularly good at end games i  
tend for example  
to fall asleep a  
round midday for no reason  
while my right eyeball  
is a trifle blood  
shot *and i don't know why (for  
gotten shadows)* but  
when i listen to  
my she-cat i can hear the  
world's oldest haiku

i begin with the  
background which i colour black  
with gouache that is

bible black without  
stars with only the letters'  
magenta red light

and verdigris green  
mirror inversion on the  
back i do not say

what the picture is  
meant to represent – that you  
must guess for yourselves

i dry my fingers  
on a kitchen cloth and us  
ing a brush that is

finer i paint the  
hair a titan white on the  
person in question

(this is a trifle  
more difficult to do on  
the black ivory)

but now the hairstyle  
lights up with its tinsel ef  
fect round the forehead

i place a square o  
ver the actual face and  
frame the eyes nose and

mouth using colours  
the names of which i no long  
er am able to

remember (*forgot*  
*ten colors*) the picture is  
now complete – you do

not know who it is  
but the resemblance is great  
er than in real life

papercut or col  
lage? – that is simply up to  
you (*you decide*)  
but at any rate  
the cover's unusual  
ly ugly – i'd asked  
for an illustra  
tion of stammheim but i  
got the europe  
an council building  
instead perhaps the mistake  
is more than correct

this note i found scrib  
bled on a scrap of paper  
in the poetry  
collection to  
pia i think it is a  
quotation from some  
book or other  
or maybe a line from a  
forgotten film what  
does it say then? – it  
says: it's nothing – the whole thing  
will sort itself out

the serigraph i  
am almost completely sure  
that these sonnets in

some way or other  
have been wrapped in silk on ac  
count of the technique

that has been employed  
the black sonnets that are so  
strangely topical

ly relevant thir  
ty years later even though  
nobody reads them

i personally  
don't write that kind of poem  
any longer full

of silver and torn  
off butterfly wings (*forgot  
ten beauty*) it must

probably be con  
cluded that i unfortu  
nately have become

wiser or have been  
made to toe the line in re  
ality's poem

saturn over mars  
in the first house as it was  
thirty years ago

(*third round in fact*) i  
have not taken any in  
terest in astro

logy since that time  
(only as decor in my  
poetry) mostly

since unfortunate  
ly there is life in this ob  
scure branch of science

right then saturn o  
ver mars in the air-sign of  
libra the first time

i can't remember  
(*forgotten stars*) the second  
time i wrote sanctus

januarius  
in ryegate perhaps  
third time lucky at

long last or are we  
to take hold of him and put  
him in the cauldron?

i received a poem  
from an old (though younger)  
friend and i quote now  
at random; free us  
from the hope of receiving  
a kind letter from  
a not yet dead friend  
an alternative to silence  
that has been freed  
from hope – end of quote  
*sharp and precise like  
a dart in the heart*

one thing is that i  
have used the computer in  
my poetry – that's

bad enough – what is  
worse is that in all of my  
books i have allowed

the manuals to stand  
like almost illegible  
and unintelligible

gible codes long strings  
of numbers lots of tables  
and appendices

is this urge due to  
some form or other of honesty?  
– hardly i

cheat whenever it  
suits me – exactly like the  
chinese poets in

earlier times (particularly  
li tai pé are rather bad at

sweeping signs in under  
the poem when the cherry  
trees call for it)

it is rather a  
question of an attempt to  
scare the public a

way (yes – that's what is  
written there) so the reader  
can find a way in a

mong the labyrinths  
of windsor-green amber and  
go astray or get

lost where a frightful  
may dance leads the way (yes that's  
what was written there)

it is difficult  
what am i to call my fi  
nal metre which has

been developed o  
ver a period of for  
ty poetry col

lections as a strange  
mixture of sonnets haikus  
and the cellar door

sessions sonku or  
haiets? – it's difficult and  
immaterial

although there isn't  
and never has been any  
thing new to say in

poetry only  
a different way of say  
ing the same thing o

ver and over a  
gain all that about death a  
bout love and about

god's silence or short  
ly and bluely as an in  
ternational klein bleu

i have cut a rose  
out of the martin and rix  
catalogue (or more  
correctly what is  
a picture of a rose) it  
is a memori  
am – i paste it onto the  
cover of the keith  
jarrett cd *at*  
*the blue note* there now keith jarr  
ett's got his own rose

i use a second  
paper rose as an illus  
tration for one of  
my correspondence  
chess matches for the euro  
pean champion  
ship – this one is a  
lady emma hamilton  
an english rose al  
though my opponent's  
german but maybe precise  
ly because of that

the third rose i dis  
covered on the internet  
and took a copy  
it is the omar  
khayyam rose a warm pink col  
our with light grey-green  
leaves) i now use the  
print of it as a bookmark  
in the rubaiyat  
where the poems are  
not in search of the truth but  
of more than the truth

ghislaine de feli  
gonde my beloved has  
photographed for me  
using her canon  
camera because i have  
asked her to do so  
for me – i send the  
photograph to her as  
a valentine with  
this on the back: *i*  
*love you* – can it be said a  
ny clearer than that?

i have found a post  
card with white roses on it  
painted by van gogh  
many years ago  
that is witte rosen white  
roses roses blan  
ches weisse rosen  
it says in explanation  
beneath his name – i  
send it to a com  
pletely unknown recipi  
ent without a word

a sixth rose i dis  
cover as a colour print  
in redouté's lit  
tle book about the  
roses from malmaison i  
leaf around at ran  
dom and i stop at  
rosier guerin how fantas  
tically beauti  
ful i stare intense  
ly at it – so now it got  
a look at me too

*(forgotten roses)*  
i'd almost forgotten crim  
son glory my fa  
vourite rose which grows  
in my own garden south of  
the grass and which my  
friend has done a wat  
ercolour of even though  
it rarely blossoms  
(every third year) poss  
ibly because i later  
found another love

i myself draw the  
next rose it is a tour de  
malakof vio  
let and grey as the  
smoke from a burning tower  
difficult to cap  
ture in strokes and lots  
of squiggles but in some way  
or other i suc  
ceeded – and there is  
no other meaning to the  
drawing than itself

nine roses later i  
have not all that much more to  
say (not as far as  
roses are concerned) the re  
ality is a  
nother one last night  
all the buds on the leo  
nora christina  
roses were eaten  
by deer which is i why i wrote  
this final poem

isn't his work too  
big shouldn't it be more in  
timate less vast in

its proportions per  
haps diamond cut it is more  
like an erupting

volcano than a  
spirit lamp flame – why do we  
have to listen to

all that noise and din  
from a fucking saxophone  
*silence please*

i have just said it  
and am quite happy to say  
it again there is

firstly neither a  
direct nor an inverse pro  
portionality

between quality  
and quantity as far as  
art is concerned and

secondly in or  
der to escape from what is  
called high-brow music

but no offence meant  
*sun ship* is of course as beau-  
tiful as a peeled

orange *dearly be*  
*loved* more beautiful than  
aluminium

*amen* as natty  
as a kenzo tie *attain*  
*ing* heavenly blue

and *ascent* defi-  
nitely more beautiful than  
cat shit in moonshine

as has probably  
become apparent from the  
poems we're dealing  
with a rag-bag of  
loose memoranda and ran-  
dom ideas with  
oversights and com-  
ments made about some of my  
earlier works col-  
lected together  
so as to tidy up my  
oeuvre a little

the last of my notes  
(*blue notes*) derive from a small  
notebook that i have  
from nordfyns bank  
where i'd scribbled them down in  
an almost illeg  
ible biro hand  
probably written with my  
knee as a means of  
support – here they are  
well in a fair copy ver  
sion (with *legacy*)

there's some sort of sense  
of relief (happiness?) at  
letting go it's pro  
bably general  
ly known but i knew it for  
the first time today  
*to get rid of all*  
*the crap* ambitions the good  
and the bad to have  
both the world and one's  
poems over and done with  
*what a relief*

i inscribe myself  
(rather like clocking in for  
work) in the first line

of the verses here:  
first in german (origi  
nal text by theo

bald hoeck *frucht bringt das*  
*jahr* then in english (translat  
ed by john irons) *the*

*year brings fruit* and last  
ly in danish (my version)  
året bringer frugt

it's quite fun to move  
around (glancing here and there)  
within the codes of

practice and terms of  
baroque poetry but quite  
hard (*forgotten signs*)

but enough of that  
i continue reading the  
grey middle way of

the gothic letters  
*die zeit bringt frucht nicht der ack*  
*er nicht der verstand*

i am at any  
rate inside the poem now  
which comes from the col

lection *schoenes blu  
menfeldt* written by the a  
forementioned poet

in the year of our  
lord sixteen hundred and one  
in the moon-shadows

of my vanity  
(*forgotten lies*) as i once  
expressed it elsewhere

admittedly i  
was then in (what was called) west  
ern germany on

my *winterreise*  
but i never made it to  
either saarbrücken

or limbach where i  
was going to try and find  
my roots (i fabrica

ted them out of a kind  
of romantic guesswork) but  
all the rest is true

it is at any  
rate not untrue that i ac  
tually do come

from prague where the a  
forementioned poet was ac  
cused of both lèse-ma

jesté and high trea  
son and subsequently dis  
appeared under mys

terious circum  
stances (*forgotten poems*)  
so why on earth not?

why shouldn't theo  
bald hoeck be my greatgreatgreat  
greatgreatgrandfather

in an even long  
er rosary of gene  
alogical line? –

it's just as diffi  
cult to disprove as it is  
to find evidence

for so for the time  
being i repeat: *recht bleibt  
recht krump ist nicht schlecht*

and so i exscribe  
myself once more out of the  
poem's trustworthi

ness and into re  
ality whatever that  
should happen to be

what is left over  
is the historical truths  
(*forgotten jokes*) still

on the paper in  
what is referred to as the  
past (*forgotten dreams*)

märchenland is in  
bloom for the twentieth time  
more bright red than e  
ver i also am  
the oldest of my gener  
ation and that i  
have actually  
been the whole time despite  
the  
fact that i also  
happen to view the  
facts of the case a little  
bit differently

i attempt to paint  
the rose in watercolours  
mostly to protect  
myself from the words  
that are still so insistent  
but soon abandon  
this partly because  
it is more of an occu  
pation for old men  
and partly because  
the result could be called a  
pure motherfucker

so *what* – should i rather  
take a picture a photograph  
of rugga? – but  
why do that – i haven't the  
faintest idea  
why people photograph  
themselves and each other  
when there is more etern-  
ity in a rose or in a poem than  
there is in themselves

i could also re-  
create märchenland as a  
paper rose where it  
would admittedly  
become immortal but would  
lose its fragrance and  
while i am thus making  
my deliberations  
time runs out and so  
it now becomes too  
late to do this because it  
has been done (read now)

it is november  
i can hear a high-pitched tone  
is it coming from  
outside or from inside  
my own head as if i  
was suffering from  
tinnitus is it  
the first snow announcing its  
arrival from the  
sky in e-flat major  
or that which is simply  
called nothing at all?

it is november  
i cannot hear any tone  
(inner voice) i haven't done  
so when it comes to  
it in either one way or  
the other – are we  
perhaps dealing with  
spin (a kind of inspiration)  
is the whole thing  
something that i have  
invented to be able  
to write these poems?

it is november  
i can hear the seething of  
silence in the shell  
i found many years  
ago on kore sand and  
this is no lie i  
hold it up to my  
ear and say: hallo – the sil  
ence is larger than  
death as large as an unfuck  
able flabby arse

*ensigns from my desk*  
(*forgotten secrets*) this rus  
ty pair of divid

ers for example  
why have i kept them on my  
writing desk? – without

a doubt it comes from  
my time at sea but on which  
sea chart sprinkled with

salt did it mark out  
a course across the sea and  
with what secrets too?

or the five-pointed  
star of tin that has washed up  
from the collective

subconscious among  
all the other beach pebbles  
alongside the let

ter holder even  
though i in actual fact  
stole it from a small

box that stood behind  
holberg's sarcophagus in  
sorø abbey church?

talking about pebbles  
they lie neatly positioned  
in a magic

square (three by three to  
be precise) and why is that  
i wonder? – why don't

they simply lie strewn  
out across the oak surface  
completely at random

as on the stretch  
of beach where i found them – *well*  
*you know why – don't you?*

for some unknown reason  
i have forgotten the  
rubaiyat (*forgot*

*ten poems*) in the  
righthand corner where the poems  
have collected

dust for many years  
perhaps to fool the enemy  
(the critics let's

hope rather than the  
readers) but i don't know why  
*and that's the reason*

and the ruby glass  
which stands beside the prize cup  
that is full of used

biros and pencils  
right opposite the rubber  
stamp with a uni

corn in a strange metaphysics  
which i no longer know  
the meaning of

the empty ruby  
glass i now empty out  
over all the poems

my grandfather's wax  
seal which i in some way have  
inherited seals

nothing any longer  
among the literary  
medals of doubt

ful value god knows  
what it may have guaranteed  
once upon a time

let alone the present  
now this sort of thing is  
no longer in use

a short summary  
of the other items found  
on the table: an

anvil of brass two  
zippo lighters a cruci  
fix the machete

acero dia  
mante from cuba a pho  
to of my belov

ed a new testa  
ment as well as a pebble  
from neruda's grave

and finally the  
gold watch (zenith) which of course  
displays true time both

in reality  
and in *fairytale* (read for  
yourself page ninety

one) even though the  
twenty-four artificial  
rubies must almost

have been completely  
worn out by now and the ba  
lance out of order

*password: homage*  
*okay now you have got ac*  
*cess to the poem*  
in honour of whom?  
not of me i myself have  
only written it  
and forgotten it  
again (*behind this firewall*  
*of broken words*) but  
of you i have no  
audience only a read  
er precisely you

jessen sand again  
the words disappear in the  
wind (*empty words*) they  
blow out across the  
north sea like grains of sand (and  
*also* the one that  
the devil never  
finds) are written out of the  
poems like banks of  
cloud remain there like  
frozen fata morganas  
over the language

it is not me but  
conversely the poetry  
which like a mighty  
tide recedes and re  
turns to the sea once again  
and only leaves a  
scattering of words  
(*forgotten words*) behind on  
the shore and in the  
poem words such as sea  
shell for example or star  
fish or *legacy*

i open with the  
king's pawn (*aggressive*) and walk  
into the dark and

the somewhat doubtful  
aljechin defence (more  
beautiful than lu

pins) that is to say  
black knight to f6 and my  
serbian oppo

nent also has at  
tack in his thoughts i begin  
my counter-attack

we follow the main  
variant to black knight d  
7 (bent larsen's

move against mikhail  
tal as dangerous as wild  
roses) it is here

that the white knight is  
to be sacrificed which i  
do as the theory

advises (but in  
correctly then calls the po  
sition unresolved)

the game now continues with the necessary forced moves (into the

wilderness) to the decisive fourteenth move that is to say the black

queen from d8 is moved to a5 (originally discovered

by a swede but mostly accredited to the russian bagirov

after a quiet intermediate move (deep into the shadows) the

sword's blow then falls that move which i have patiently been waiting to carry

out *in reality* after lengthy analyses done at

home – i now move the white pawn forward two squares from a2 to a4

two exclamation marks – for even though the move doesn't look like much

it gives a win in all the variants (as is often the case) see

the position in the appendix and try for yourself to find the

decisive move that leads to the win before reading the solution

i have chosen to incorporate this game in the collection here

because it makes up my humble contribution to chess theory

and i hope that precisely as a poem it will survive in the

rose-garden of memory a bit longer than it otherwise would

no posthumous poems by me nor any collections of letters

will ever be found tied around with light-blue silk ribbon in the ar

chives of the royal library nor any half-finished manuscript

all i will leave behind me are my books – *honey moon for example*

i won my first money on the geegees at the racecourse in skive the horse's name was *ici guy* and was something of a dud but when i also won on the racehorse *drøn* i was totally sold – i had earned my own money and was now in control of my destiny

this marked the beginning of what turned out to be a long love-affair with the sport of horse racing i started by making a model of charlottenlund race course that could stand on my writing desk where i carried out races as in reality although with a toss of the dice

after that i start  
ed to haunt the racecourse it  
self out on ordrup  
jagtvej in and out  
of season both on days when  
there were races and on  
all other conceiv  
able occasions also  
over in the stab  
les where i enjoyed  
the wonderful smell of oats  
and of horse droppings

klampenborg racecourse  
i also used to visit  
regularly with  
my binoculars  
and stopwatch and calcula  
tions of form curves e  
ven today i have  
a photograph hanging of  
the archetype of  
all derby winners  
none other than the ori  
ginal horse *far west*

i became a kind  
of expert in stable tips  
and smart tricks gambled  
away all my hard-  
earned money in the total  
isator and with  
the bookmakers i  
borrowed money from the pro  
fessional gamblers  
and by so doing  
i managed to go bankrupt  
time and time again

in passing let me  
just admit that the danish  
film 'the red horses'  
has played a certain  
role in the working out of  
my mythology  
along with the co  
incidence that in my child  
hood i lived close to  
sten rødgaard where the  
horses used to graze on la  
table d'émeraude

it ended if not  
badly then at least sudden  
ly when my dreams were  
shattered one early  
monday morning when i was  
to have reported  
as apprentice for  
walter kaiser hansen as  
had been agreed but  
failed to turn up – i  
bet my talents on a dif  
ferent horse instead

i have now conclu  
ded my description of my  
authorship with the  
aid of more or less  
random notes and stray thoughts that  
have come to mind – the  
only thing i can't  
and couldn't write down is the  
description itself  
(*the blue note*) and what  
does that matter – it is not  
a poem either

it is not diffi  
cult to write bad poems – it  
is far more diffi  
cult to completely  
ruin poetry itself  
it takes both a long  
time and it calls for  
the supremest thing poe  
try is capable  
of but it is from  
beauty's ashes the phoenix  
will rise up again

i do not have a  
ny more to say (or rather  
any more poems)  
the words have been scat  
tered over all these pages  
like seeds that will eith  
er take root in the  
hanging gardens of poe  
try or will wilt and  
fade in the minds of  
the readers but who cares which  
*i don't give a damn*

*what did i forget?*  
*well the grasses of course*  
i haven't even

read *leaves of grass* all  
the way through yet only leafed  
around in it al

though that also has  
been enough to realise  
its scope with a size

that can quite compare  
with that of grass's own em  
pire around the world

for i well know grass  
's emerald tablet which  
i walk on every

day but do not know  
the grasses each by each that  
flower according

to their kind i al  
so know the names of the grass  
es from a book of

botany but have  
n't a clue which is which and  
what each one looks like

*what did i forget?*  
*well – the grasses of course*  
*(forgotten poems)*

although all things be  
come as grass in the course of  
time and you also

call it eterni  
ty when your hair and your beard  
have turned a light green

grass always wins bends  
in the face of wind and gale  
stands firm on its root

if that is the case  
then oblivion belongs  
to the grass or per

haps conversely be  
cause no one remembers the  
grass in the long run

(eternity) where  
all will belong to sooner  
or later an ob

livion as great  
as the one the grasses grow  
over at heartland

(i can't remember  
what it is i am to re  
member and i've for

gotten what i am  
to forget i can't remem  
ber what it is i

am to forget and  
i've forgotten what it is  
i am to remem

ber for a brief mo  
ment i thus find myself in  
an utter present

a sheep's fescue col  
oured by wind and weather but  
mostly by itself

a sheep's fescue was  
to be my very first find –  
is that quite certain?

for i cheat whenev  
er it suits me i once re  
marked in an inter

view – was that then cheat  
ing? – if it was so it was  
n't cheating – *how strange*

*what did i forget?  
well – the grasses of course  
(forgotten dreams)*

the grasses out at  
heartland which are now in flower  
turned violet by

the rain as in pet  
er's first epistle chapter  
one verse twenty-four

the grasses out at  
heartland each one singly *and*  
*all come true now*

## APPENDIX

## PROTOTYPE

The prototype for the whole Legacy collection – so that the average of the values of the variables of the Legacy poems corresponds to the prototype

R = 22

D = 16

r = 19

d = 30

No = 11

v = 5

sted = 4

A = 17

g = 3-4

u = 4-3

f = 4

ge = 2

h = 2

b = 1

U = 1

R (Relatum) – D (Descriptum) – r (relator) – d (descriptor) – No (Nomen) – v (verbum) – sted (pronoun) – A (preposition + conjunction + adverb + adjective + proper name) – g (subject) – u (verbal) – f (prepositional) – ge (object) – h (main clause) – b (subsidiary clause) – U (incomplete sentence).

In the section INSTAGRAM various codes are also operated with.

And the 140 illustrations have been made from 140 gouaches painted by Jørgen Bispelund Knudsen.

They are based on 35 computer-modified photographs of my family line and friends.

Two colours have been used for each illustration from 70 possible ones. The colours for each illustration have been selected aleatorically. In the sequence of the illustrations there has been both use of colour and lateral reversion of the motifs.

The order of the entire series of illustrations is also aleatorical.

The chess game in LINKEDIN

1. e4, Nf6 – 2. e5, Nd5 – 3. d4, d6 – 4. Nf3, dxe – 5. Nxe, Nbd7 – 6. Nxf7, Kxf7 – 7. Qh5+, Ke6 – 8. c4, Nf6 – 9. d5+, Kd6 – 10. Qf7, Nb8 – 11. c5+, Kd7 – 12. Bb5+, c6 – 13. dxc, bxc – 14. 0-0, Qa5 – 15. Rd1+, Kc7 – 16. a4!!, Qb4 – 17. Bd2, Qxc5 – Na3, Bd7 – 19. Rac1, Qf5 – 20. Ba5+, Kc8 – 21. Qc4, Black resigns