

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 i myself
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 po
em stuck into this book here
with the aid of pho

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

and place indica
ted – consider the details
and the words or stu

dy the overall
picture possibly final
ly reading the text

furthermore assume
that the poem is so o
verexposed that its

image almost dis
appears in the acid bath
of reality

as in that photo
graph from sorø where i am
standing virtually

unrecognisa
ble among the students from
the academy

marshmallow with choc
olate cap (see attached pho
to) like my uncle
who attended her
lufsholm and was nicknamed shmal
lo (by abbrevi
ation) and rightly
so – i got the beatings need
ed 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 copenhagen
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 la
ter that is a long story
of love and glory
and like all other
memories and recollec
tions defective and
full of bungling and
oversights i verify
this fact by drawing
a black eight-pointed
star right in the very mid
dle of the photo

as regards newspa
pers i live my inscruta
ble life there mostly

in the dark (who thinks
of opening old newspa
pers from the day be

fore?) but now and then
for the benefit of this
or that particu

lar reader who quite
by chance comes across my strong
ly faded visage

for example in
kristeligt dagblad where i
am gazing at the

heavenly light or
straight down at the ground in eks
tra bladet where i

look as if i'd been
exposed to an acid at
tack or am suffer

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 por-
trait of myself to pieces
deliberately

(don't worry i've sev-
eral 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 writ-
ing desk in nyborg
for the time being in ult-
ramarine blue gou-
ache until an in-
tended article is fin-
ished written and prin-
ted with precisely
this portrait as illustra-
tion in a small book

one day i will e-
merge into the light like a
deep-sea diver or
a long-distance swim-
mer on my way across the
page of the book (just
wait and see) sudden-
ly i come up to the sur-
face 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 invisibl
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

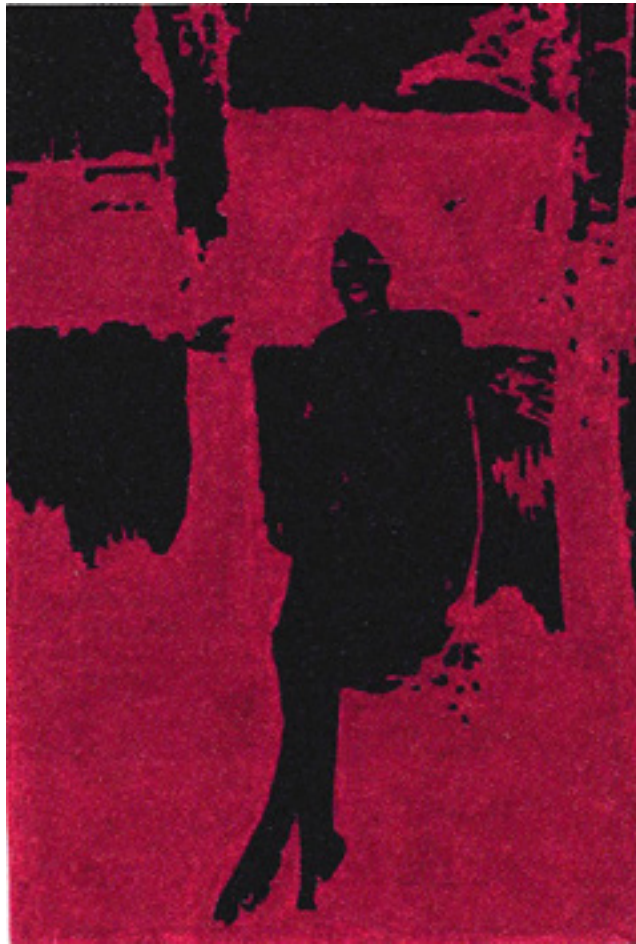
dow on the fifth floor –
this incident dating from
some time in my youth

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

celebrating 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 own
er of a dachshund that showed
a great interest

in archaeolo
gy IT always used to dig
at any rate and

at last found a plas
tic mug without a handle
which i dated to

the middle plastic
era on account of its
fine neon colours

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

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

nity I suppose
but that aside then nobo
dy 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

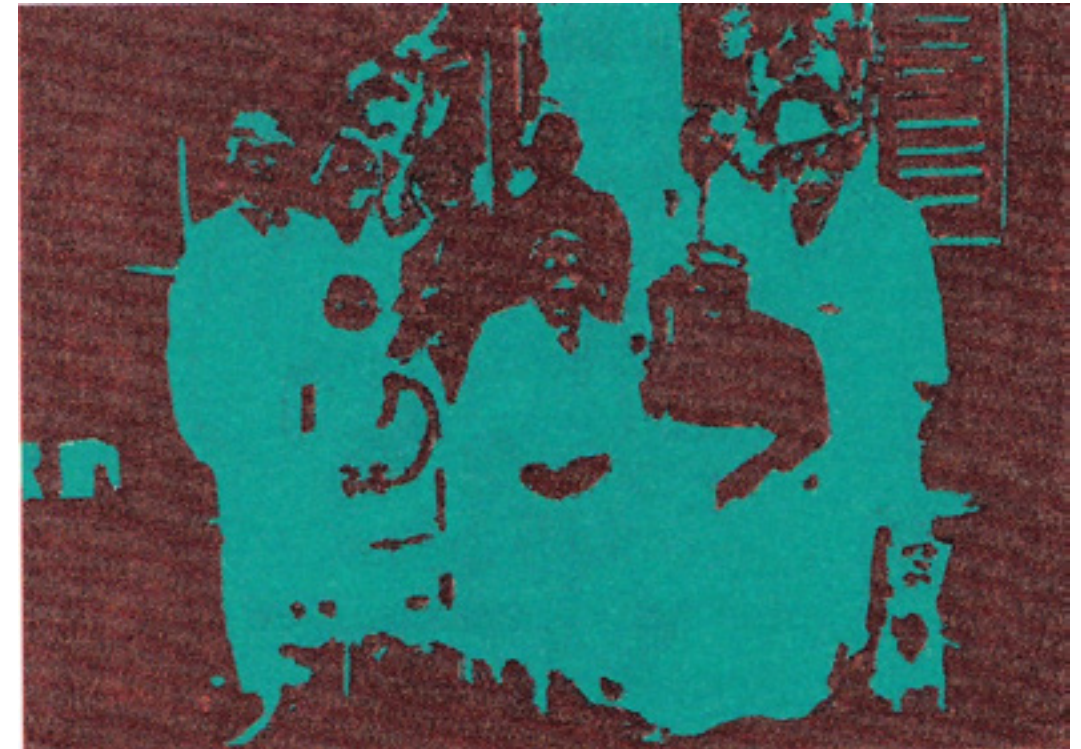
there is something be
tween the lines perhaps you can
maybe make it out?

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

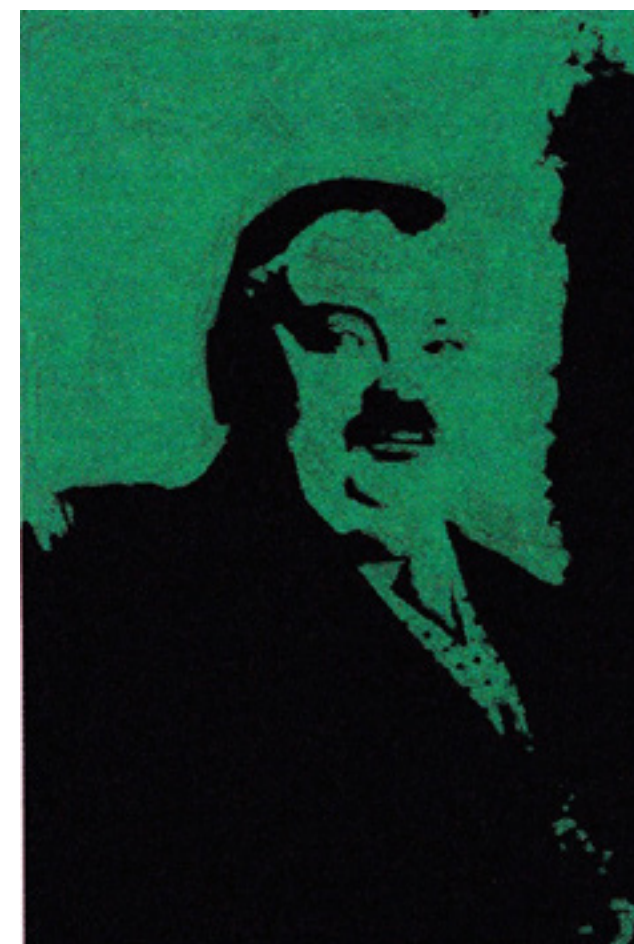


the eye of a need
le is much smaller than one
would think it is for

example smaller
than your own arsehole 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

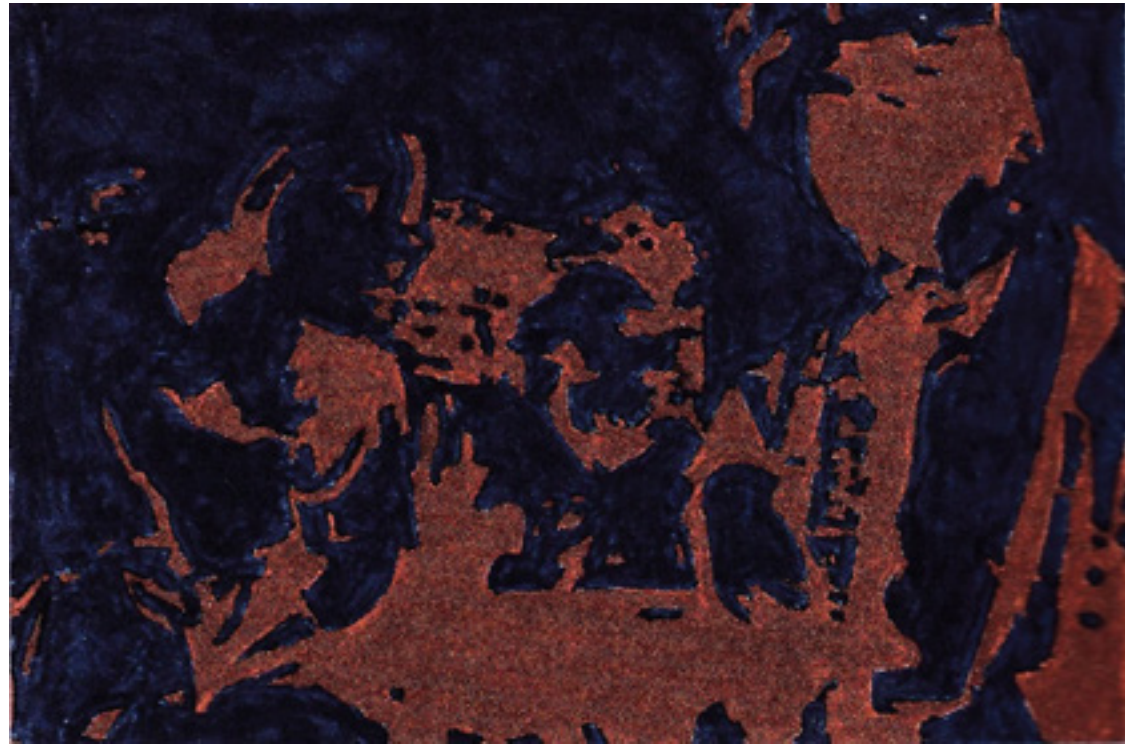
sonne does at the
academy gala ban
quet – but mum's the word

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
øre 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 hœck 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 TToday

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

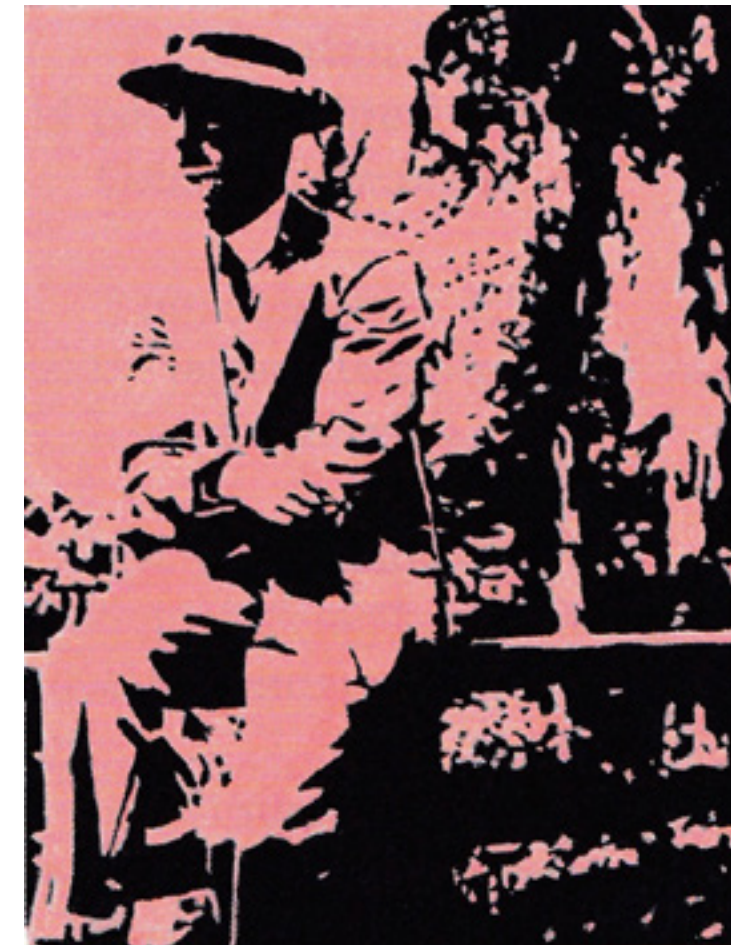
death? – yes it was here
i wrote my principal work
into midnight's quartz

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
tarello 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 firmament of its wings have they flown off into oblivion

livion 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
turally 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 hori-
zon 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 sla-
vishly 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 system)

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 kōt

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 buck
et one weekend with

out even telling
me without saying a sing
le word she emptied

a bottle of pills
and departed this world for
ever and ever

and i am a bas
tard 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 ad
ded 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 (perhaps atlan
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 excuse 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 afghan 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 po
em 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 excar
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 pira

tos 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

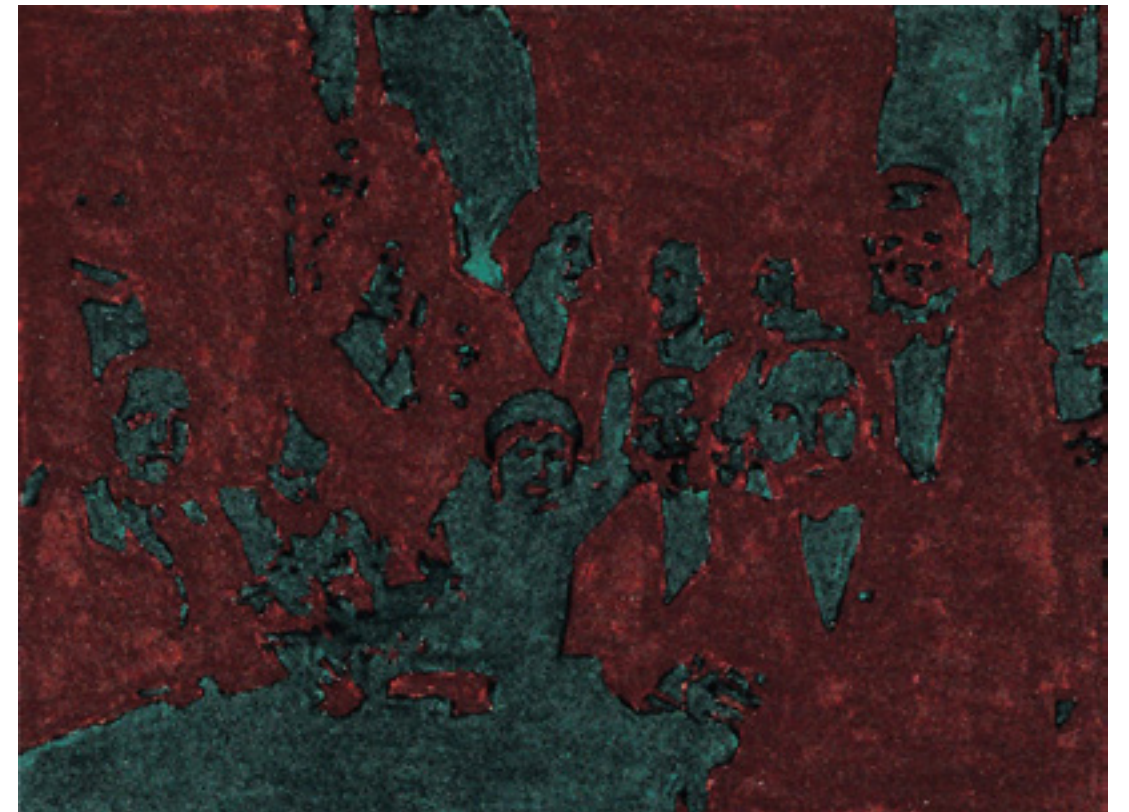
simply the way things
are with my generation
they'll never get us

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 anoth
er 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 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXX XXX XXXXXXXX XXX

XX XX SEMEN XXXXX
XXX XXXXX XXXXX XXXX XX
XXXXXXXXXX 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 that fifty
years old when he died

personal secrets
 X XXXXXXXX XXXXXX XX
 XX XX XXXXXX

 XXXX XXX XX XXXXX
 XXXXXX XXXXX THE SKY XX
 XXXXXX XX XXXXXXXX

XX XXXXX XX
 XXXXXXXX XXXXX XXXXXXXX XX
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXX

XXX XXXXXXXXXXXX
 XXX XXX XXXX XX XXXX
 the poem's in code

personal secrets
 XXX XXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXX
 XX XXXXXXXX XXX XXX

XXXXXX XX XXXX XXX
 XX XXXXXXXX XX XXXX XX
 XXX XXXX XX XXX

XXX XXXXXXXX XX
 XXX XXXX XXXXXXX XXXXXXX XX
 XXXXXXXX XXX

XX XXXXX XX (HAPPINESS)
 XXXXXX 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
 glyptothèque 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*

fered 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 ques
tion 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 oth
er 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 fami
ly tall stories (in the pho
tos 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 poetry 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 familiar with the result

one is like sixteen
sparre a second carl dreyer's JESUS a third

al jolson with a
golden banjo a fourth a
child molester a

fifth admiral to
go (a.l. in memoriam) 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 prefer 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 repetitions
but on the other hand that is what

family LIFE probably 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 se
venth time (in fort willi
am of all places)*

*i lost my way (and
mind?) for a moment or two
because i was hang*

*ing 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 lan
guage 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 ca
pable of hitting*

*me any more where it
matters in the heart – I am
protected by GOD*

*there is then in ev
erything 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 small
est 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 fa
mily that manifest them
selves as SPIRITS or

as images i
do not know i once managed
to expose a me

dium at a spir
itualist seance with
the aid of a tape

recorder although
it may well be that ghosts nev
ertheless exist

allow ME to tell
YOU about necessity –
about what? – *necess*

ity – what? well at
any rate – many years a
go a friend rang me

up and said: I'm stand
ing 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 communi
on 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 suite
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 histor
ical truth which is able
to explain the past

nor is there any
narrative that can make the
WORLD hang together

and there is abso
lutely no super formu
la as that found in

stockhausen's 'licht' *but*
then again there is no great
lie – only one's own

the first phase of im
perialism consisted
as is known in a

physical occu
pation of diverse KINGDOMS
the second phase in sup

pression and exploit
ation and the third phase (the
present one) in an

implementation
of ideas and a cer
tain 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 cen
tre where it holds the

whole together so
it no longer falls to piec
es 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 window
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
claudé lorraine'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
smått slot drott snot flott skott tot
try to find more for

yourself – plot skod stud
trådt scud spud dott 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
aBOU 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 housetrained'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 exer
cise self-censorship? – i have
n't a clue – it is

simply something one
does – so it's just another
example of some

thing one knows but can
not understand – and a lit
tle poetry as

consolation: roe
deer shit looks just like blueber
ries 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 be
cause there is nothing
at all to remember and
therefore nothing at
all to forget (here
with transferred and also ent
ered in this poem)



my own pillowbook
stolen (through theft) items: a
sixshooter from the

west indies the sam
urai sword nuning my moth
er's sun topaz a

gas pistol smuggled
from germany the danish
academy chart

er an ephemer
is and a bottle of glen
fiddich 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?

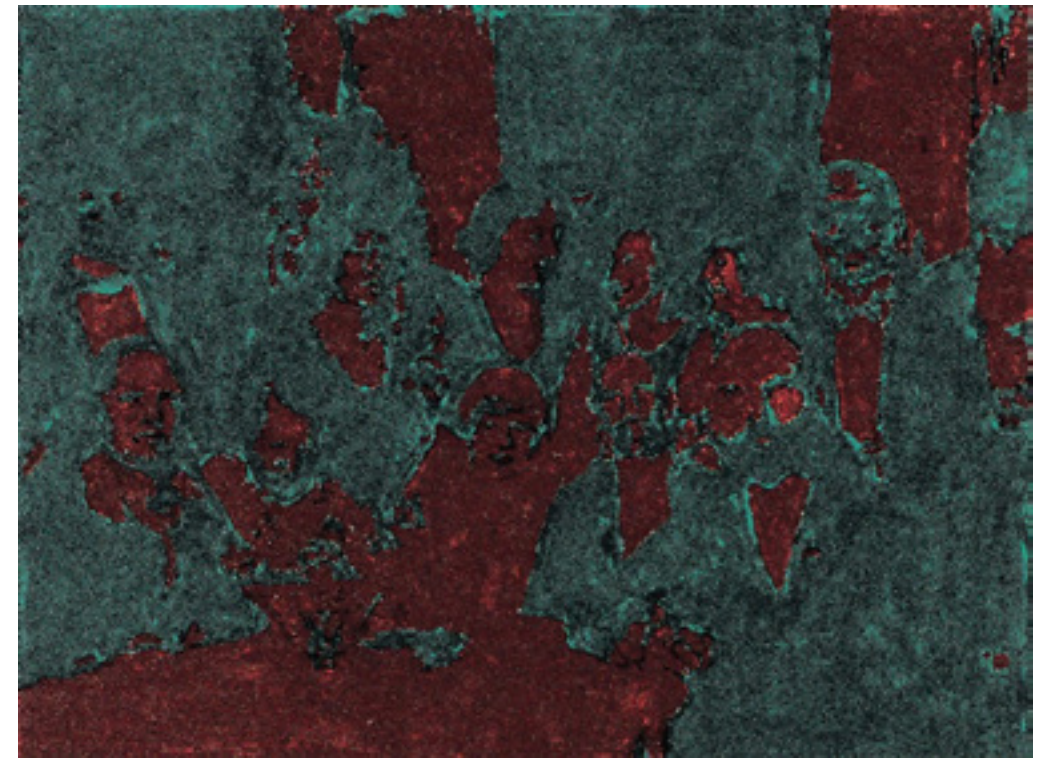
save the animals
poem number three – the bull
mustn't be forgot

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

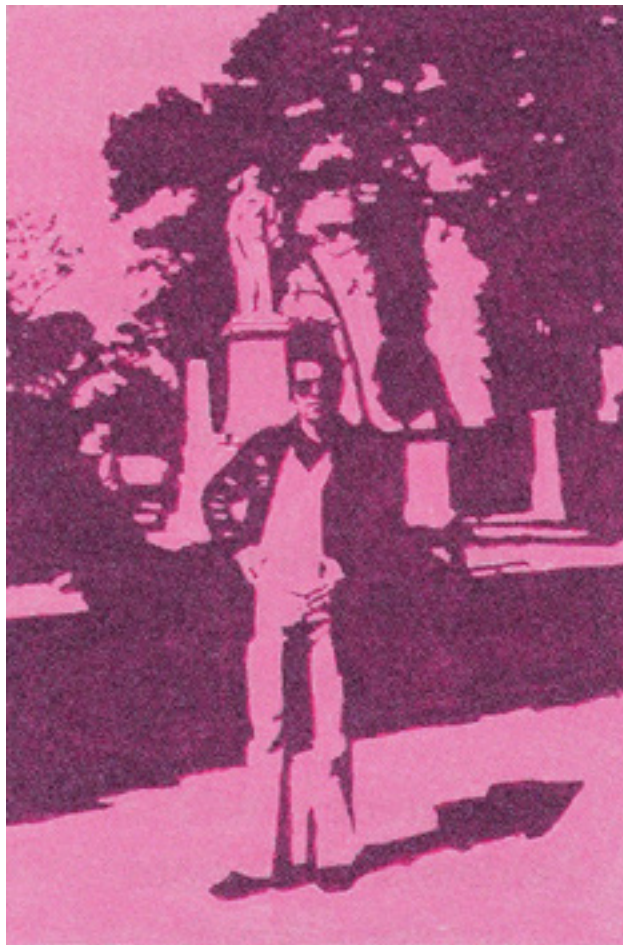
itself and galloped
in eulerian circles
round its own shadow

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 con
cerned one may use my poems
as a sour dough that's

probably my best
way of being of some BE
NEFIT in the world

to be used in the
bakery of the new po
etry: what a joy

and then i have al
ways 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 chris*

itan or the ho
ly ghost – I am telling you
the truth – cross my HEART

WALDeinsamkeit is
also the name it is giv
en 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 mere
ly 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 per
haps 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 astrolo
gy just come over

here and take a look
at my wife's arrangement of
small boxes with var

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 clov
er 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 journ
ey 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 be
tween the two of them real po
etry is to be

found as a necess
ity 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 differ
ent 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
nimals 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

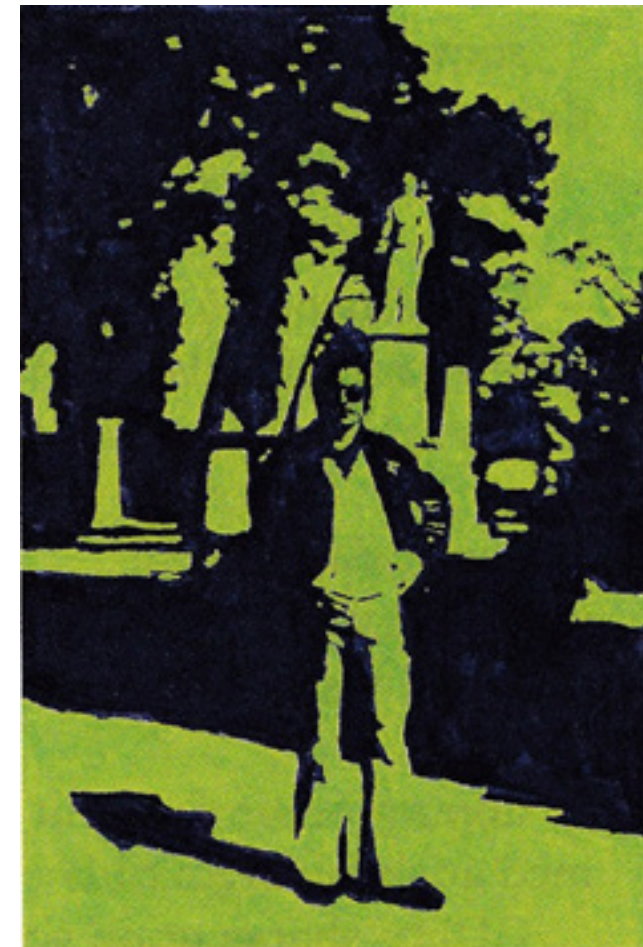
their final resting
place in words and a colour
that is purplish-pink

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 (*honni 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
an 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 ryesgade 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 rath
er take a picture a pho
tograph of rugo
sa hybrida? – but
why do that – i haven't the
faintest idea
why people photo
graph themselves and each oth-
er
when there is more e
ternity 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 mak
ing 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 in
side my own head as if i
was suffering from
tinnitus is it
the first snow announcing its
arrival from the
sky in e-flat ma
jor 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 inspira
tion) 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
on 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
my (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 contin
ues 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 (origin
ally discovered

by a swede but most
ly accredited to the
russian bagirov

after a quiet in
termediate move (deep in
to the shadows) the

sword's blow then falls that
move which i have patiently
been waiting to car

ry out *in real*
ity after lengthy a
nalyzes 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 read
ing 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 pre
cisely as a poem it
will survive in the

rose-garden of mem
ory a bit longer than
it otherwise would

no posthumous po
ems by me nor any col
lections 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 be
hind me are my books – *honey*
moon for example

i won my first mon
ey 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 mon
ey and was now in control
of my destiny

this marked the begin
ning of what turned out to be
a long love-affair
with the sport of horse
racing i started by mak
ing a model of
charlottenlund race
course that could stand on my writ
ing desk where i car
ried 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