

**Klaus Høeck**  
**<http://imagine.stop.to>**  
**on-line poems**

*imagine all the people  
living life in peace...*

*lennon*

## **IMAGINE**

imagine: that  
you see me standing on an  
upturned beer crate and  
reading this poem  
out loud in fælledparken  
with tightly clenched fist  
(not all that much worse  
than in the glyptotheque a  
mongst all the marble  
statues) in a true  
bombardment of eggs and of  
rotten tomatoes

imagine: that  
you see me in a papa  
razzi photograph  
completely masked be  
hind a black balaclava  
and with EAR  
crocheted across  
the forehead (based on an i  
dea of dan tu  
rèll) busy setting  
fire to this poem in front of  
of police station one

imagine: that  
you see me at one of the  
huge pigmeat factor  
ies to the west of  
copenhagen (whose slurry  
tanks resemble ne  
oclassicist ar  
chitecture) and imagine  
that i am nailing  
this poem to the  
stable door whose thesis is:  
all power to the pigs

imagine: that  
you see me speaking from the  
parliament's rostrum  
clad in impecca  
ble dinner jacket a rose  
in my buttonhole  
while i scatter this  
poem (duplicated en  
masse) this 'oprop' this  
airborne pamphlet o  
ver all the assembled mem  
bers of parliament

imagine: that  
you see me standing at as  
sistens cemetery  
a late afternoon  
in september at the grave  
of michael strunge  
in the process of  
reading this poem aloud  
with the aid of a  
toy megaphone this  
poem with the refrain: death  
is not a poem

imagine: that  
you see me at a midnight  
mass in the church of  
danielskirken  
on the sortedam embank  
ment where i read this  
poem aloud in  
a seance with a loud ven  
triloquist's voice as  
if it was john len  
non himself who read it for  
the congregation

imagine: that  
you see me out at one of  
the capital's land  
fills standing like a  
silhouette against the eve  
ning sky on the high  
est mountain of ref  
use with seagulls whirling round  
scattering to the  
four winds this poem  
like waste paper over the  
expanses of waste

imagine: that  
you see me entering the  
israeli embas  
sy that is loca  
ted at lundevangsvej num  
ber four in helle  
rup with a red-check  
kitchen curtain wrapped round my  
head) handing in this  
poem as a pro  
test note against 'moderate  
physical pressure'

imagine: that  
the carrier uss kitty  
hawk is on its way  
to the persian gulf  
while you're reading this poem  
laden with (you will  
never believe this)  
beef tenderloin steaks and with  
no less than twenty  
million deepfrozen  
poulards for the starving af  
ghan population

imagine: that  
the carrier uss theodore  
roosevelt is on  
its way across the  
indian ocean (as you  
read these lines) laden  
with all kinds of fruit  
and vegetables for the af  
ghan population  
suffering from scur  
vy dysentery and lack  
of vitamin c

imagine: that  
the leathernecks and all the  
drafted reserves are  
fighting their way up  
onto the seashore like some  
third anabasis  
(while you are busy  
scanning these lines) in order  
to reestablish bridg  
es the road system  
and the whole infrastructure  
in afghanistan

imagine: that  
a whole armada of b-52  
bombers (flying for  
tresses or maybe  
flying saucers) drop hundreds  
of tons of medi  
cine over kabul  
containers with blood plasma  
with antibio  
tics and with tetra  
cycline while you are busy  
decoding these words

imagine: that  
hercules planes (almost like  
migrating birds) are  
flying over af  
ghanistan's mountains (while you  
try to understand  
these words) while they drop  
artificial limbs injec  
tions syringes and  
bandages (almost  
like bowler hats in a paint  
ing by magritte)

imagine: that  
several thousand cruise mis  
siles are lighting up  
the islamic sky  
and tv screens (while you are  
spelling out these words)  
like fiery souls on  
a pilgrimage (instead of  
totally des  
tructive bombing) like  
some sort of bengali fire  
works of the spirit

imagine: that  
the president of the U  
SA itself (the  
merciful amer  
ican) whose heart is wrapped in  
the stars and stripes while  
you are turning the  
page is issuing right here  
a decree that grants  
the sum of ten bil  
lion dollars to the red cross  
and the red crescent

imagine: that  
the president of the u  
nited states gives a  
speech that is without  
any phrases and clichés  
(yes it sounds incred  
ible while you de  
claim this final verse) in which  
he makes out a blank  
cheque to afghani  
stan and in so doing ends  
up winning the war

imagine: that  
and i am sending this poem  
to the danish in  
telligence service  
(PET) as a postcard (on the  
front of which there's a  
reproduction of  
peter breughel's famous en  
graving 'torture' from  
the year fifteen hun  
dred and fifty nine) as a  
simple reminder

imagine: that  
i am sending this poem  
to the defence in  
telligence service  
(FET) as a valentine on  
26 june so as to  
underline that the  
constitutio caro  
lina crimina  
lis (the torture act)  
has been abolished signed in  
invisible ink

imagine: that  
i am sending this poem as  
a perfectly or  
dinary letter  
to arne melchior (though in  
a lined blue envel  
ope that smells of la  
vender) this poem that concludes  
with the following  
lines (freely after  
cosper): what i said was kill  
sir and not pilsner

imagine: that  
i am sending this poem  
as an inquiry  
to carmi gillon:  
what's moderate physical  
pressure? – is it a  
box on the ears a  
flattened nose or a head butt –  
maybe the sole dif  
ference between a  
fractured skull and torture is  
just a judas kiss?

imagine: that  
i'm e-mailing this poem  
to augusto pi  
nochet's website  
under the title: poe  
ma tortura – 'span  
ish boot' – 'falanga'  
'palastinian hanging'  
'the iron lady' 'the  
tortoise' – 'the sub  
'marine' – 'telephone' – 'basti  
nado' – 'wooden horse'

imagine: that  
i am telefaxing this  
poem this dark en  
cephalogram this  
blackbird wing this black orchid  
petal of shame to  
ariel sharon  
with the purpose of drawing  
his attention to  
the tokyo de  
claration and UN conven  
tion against torture

imagine: that  
i am placing this poem  
this dark cardio  
gram this torn-off wing  
of a butterfly this neg  
ative taken from  
the frozen star es  
palier of the internet  
where you are able  
to read it in white  
on blue at the address: [http://:  
imagine.stop.to](http://imagine.stop.to)



imagine: that  
you are reading this poem  
in your daily news  
paper jyllandspost  
en on the front page or per  
haps on page seven  
imagine this  
remarkable coinci  
dence (this instanta  
neous deja-vu) tak  
ing place between fantasy  
and reality

imagine: that  
i dress up as a turk and  
then immediately  
begin to inte  
grate myself – i remove my  
fez and place a  
small red and white da  
nish flag on my table con  
sume a slice of roast  
pork write this poem  
in english and then translate  
it into danish

imagine: that  
i assume the role of a  
somalian ref  
ugee quickly turn  
ing danish – i wipe the shoe  
polish from my face  
and i say: 'go-daw  
do' – while at the same time i  
put my signature  
underneath these words  
using both my real name and  
my fictitious name

imagine: that  
i dress up in the entire  
equipment of the  
palestinian  
guerilla but just as rap  
idly try to be  
come danish again:  
i study a hymn by grundt  
vig swallow a carls  
berg pilsner and re  
cite this poem in broken  
funen dialect

imagine: that  
i prostrate myself on a  
coir mat that is fac  
ing mecca but at  
the very same moment re  
place my turban with  
a clap-hat (not so  
as to ridicule my dan  
ishness – but because  
that's how it is) while  
i chant this poem out loud  
and in sign language

imagine: that  
i print the word 'jihad' on  
my website and with  
out hesitation  
change it to: 'rødgrød med flø  
de' in honour of  
the danish author  
ities and the police (but  
in actual fact i  
i go on to print this  
poem at the address – [http://  
imagine.stop.to](http://imagine.stop.to))

imagine: that  
i register at the sand  
holm camp as a tal  
eban refugee  
but switch to danish  
just like that so as  
to demonstrate my  
good intentions and that i  
hand over this poem  
as proof of my mas  
tery of the danish lan  
guage and literature

imagine: that  
i'm reciting a poem  
by mahmoud dar  
wish at the danish  
people's party conference  
in fredericia  
but that before the  
conference is over switch  
to reading out this  
poem to demon  
strate true danish sentiment  
(and integration)

imagine: that  
i appear disguised as my  
self in order to  
say or rather to  
write this poem expressing  
how proud i am to  
be danish just as  
all other conceivable  
peoples are proud of  
the fact that they hap  
pen to be all other con  
ceivable peoples

imagine: that  
i send this poem along  
with a large dose of  
olivarius  
powder to olivari  
us himself – that would  
be both malevo  
lent and infamous – no i  
do not send a large  
dose of oliva  
rius powder to doctor  
olivarius

imagine: that  
i sprinkle potato flour  
over this poem  
(like sand in ancient  
times) and i send it in an  
aerogramme to the  
national serum  
institute on amager  
that would not only  
not be amusing  
but criminal as well so  
i do not do so

imagine: that  
i pack three crushed headache tab  
lets along with this  
poem and then send  
it in a letter that is  
incorrectly stamped  
to novo nordisk's  
offices in nørrebro  
only someone who  
is really sick would  
do such a thing so i don't  
do so after all

imagine: that  
i fill up a condom with  
icing sugar and  
powdered sugar and  
send it along with this po  
em (whose title is:  
the arabian  
powder) to the royal the  
atre – typical  
of a nerd or a  
sheer psychopath so i re  
frain from doing so

imagine: that  
i dip this poem into  
rosehip powder (from  
rugosa and ca  
nina) and send it to my  
self in a tiny  
package that has been  
sealed with both tape and string in  
lots of colours that  
would bring postal de  
liveries to a stop so  
i do not do so

imagine: that  
i record this poem on  
a cd-rom and send  
it to the sunlight  
factories (somewhere near glo  
strup?) in a lined en  
velope full of soap  
powder – that would qualify  
me for a mental  
examination  
so i do not pursue the  
thought any further

imagine: that  
i send this poem to king  
christian the fourth  
in roskilde cath  
edral in a package full  
of baking powder  
and potash (to be  
spread out when night comes) complete  
with the sender ad  
dress <http://imagine.stop.to> (although of course  
i do not do so)

imagine: that  
i dedicate this poem  
to osama bin  
laden and send it  
to him in a letter that  
is marked 'personal'  
along with a tea  
spoonful of salt (to be thrown  
over the shoulder)  
but that even in  
this particular instance  
i do not do so

imagine: that  
i am a fifth genera  
tion immigrant which  
is unnecessa  
ry for i actually am  
(from prague's garnet stones)  
but what's even worse  
i am also a first gen  
eration immi  
grant to funen and  
am presenting this poem  
as a confession

imagine: that  
in the very dead of night  
i have my own fa  
mily reunion  
on a central leaf without  
a word of funic  
speech and asylum  
even though both my wife and  
my dachshund are jutes  
have i done something  
wrong? – consider this poem  
an apology

imagine: that  
this poem is an exer  
cise – is the result  
of my very first  
language lesson – ‘jeg vil ha  
blohævn’ – i intone  
naah ‘blowhævn’ no try  
again – ‘jeg vil ha bloooh  
hævn’ – i try to say  
‘bloohævn’ i write down  
and here is my best attempt:  
‘jeg vil ha blohævn’

imagine: that  
it's more difficult than one  
might think to become  
a native of fu  
nen overnight – take local  
dishes for instance  
there i've only reached  
an infusion of buckwheat  
(fagopyrum es  
culentum) and not  
the porridge itself (with this  
poem recipe)

imagine: that  
'Integration' was to examine how funic  
i could claim to be  
and ask 'what is quintessentially funic?' – the  
apple trees and the  
black squirrel – i would answer – would the poem  
then be given the rubber  
stamp – would i then have passed the  
examination?

imagine: that  
the neighbours start asking: 'what's  
he want with that' (the  
poem) or what sort  
of a bloke is he? and why  
does he call himself  
counsel for the ducks  
whenever he talks to hunters? imagine  
that i am unable to answer these questions  
will i be expelled?

imagine: that  
this poem is illegal  
and quite unlawful  
because it refers  
to a collection of poems that praises urban guerillas and  
freedom fighters (terrorists)  
and therefore contravenes a new set of  
laws – will i stop being a funen citizen?



imagine: that  
the above-mentioned collec  
tion was written while  
the poet was on  
social security and  
therefore not at the  
disposal of the  
labour market while he fid  
dled with his art – the  
question then is: will  
he be retroactively  
banished from funen?

imagine: that  
this poem's an election  
poster for the lib  
eral party 'vens  
tre' sprinkled with the scrunchi  
est eurostars on  
blue and white or with  
the letter v for 'venstre'  
written in a high  
ly slipshod fashion  
(you have to remember that  
i am cackhanded)

imagine: that  
this poem is an elec  
tion ad for the so  
cial liberals you  
read in a daily paper  
while you are actu  
ally reading it  
(yes – you read it right you lit  
tle four-eyed monkey)  
did it end up on  
the paper through your powers of  
imagination?

imagine: that  
you find this poem printed  
in the yellow pa  
ges or in the free  
ads newspaper or in what  
ever white paper you like  
as an election  
slogan (for the centre dem  
ocrats) a sort of  
prototype that can  
be used for ever because  
there is nothing there

imagine: that  
this poem is hanging as  
an election post  
er for the social  
democrats on all the coun  
try's lamp posts as a  
red echo of a  
red stutter as a red e  
lision a red re  
dundancy of words  
and sentences that have long  
since lost their meaning

imagine: that  
this poem is blowing a  
cross the asphalt (like  
a brochure for the  
danish people's party) like  
a question in the  
rain or an answer  
in the wind – and where is it  
blowing to? – like eve  
rything else dirt waste  
paper and rubbish all end  
up in the gutter

imagine: that  
you are reading this poem  
on a bus window  
as an election  
graffiti (for the uni  
ty party) sprayed with  
green and red paint – what's  
the mirror writing say? – (are  
you illiterate?)  
the same as in or  
dinary writing: stop all  
scrawling on buses

imagine: that  
this poem is an elec  
tion ad (for the con  
servatives) that you  
receive with the morning post  
rubber stamped and full  
of the strangest wa  
termarks and photographs of  
people who have al  
ready been consigned  
to the high-lustre surface  
of oblivion

imagine: that  
this poem has been pasted  
over an elec  
tion poster for the  
socialist people's party  
so this is some kind  
of palimpsest where  
the original text has  
been lost for ever  
completely blown to  
smithereens by new words on  
the ancient tablets

imagine: that  
i've been given the leading  
role in a love film  
(a melodrama)  
directed by lars von trier  
and that i just like  
goethe's werther (des  
pite the difference of age  
between us) leave this  
poem behind as  
a love letter and perhaps  
a farewell letter

imagine: that  
i'm taking part in a por  
nofilm recorded  
in color de luxe  
where i i stand doing a flash  
next to a marble  
fountain (precisely  
as jean jacques rousseau once  
did) and that this po  
em will then subse  
quently be used against me  
as an indictment

imagine: that  
i'm taking part in a ma  
fia film of the  
very worst kind (a  
real b or c film) in which  
standing by a swim  
ming pool (painted by  
david hockney) i mow down  
the critic j.k.  
with a submachine  
gun and that this poem's his  
obituary

imagine: that  
it isn't poul reichardt at  
all who wins the da  
nish trotting derby  
in the film 'the red horses'  
but me (with the num  
ber thirteen) ima  
gine that he and i have ex  
changed identity  
and that consequent  
ly it's poul reichardt who has  
written this poem

imagine: that  
you see me sitting on my  
haunches in a brand  
new war film in the  
throes of relieving myself  
in an afghan ditch  
while u2s and awacs  
keep an eye on me and the  
bombs keep on falling  
imagine that  
i end up by wiping my  
arse on this poem

imagine: that  
you do not only see me but  
you also hear me  
pronouncing these words  
in a new version of 'star  
wars': the empire strikes  
back both now and in  
afghanistan – both here and  
now – post scriptum: this  
poem has not in  
any way been contami  
nated with anthrax

imagine: that  
i have a part in an a  
nimated picture  
as osama bin  
laden who in a mass of  
flickering lines and  
background music from  
the pop group 'aha' surrend  
ers to the court of  
justice in the hague  
and that this poem is a ticket  
for the premiere

imagine: that  
you see me riding into  
the sunset in a  
spaghetti western  
(not at all improbable  
because all art has  
something to do with cheating  
with time) leaving behind me  
this poem as a  
reward poster with  
the immortal words: wanted  
dead or alive

*klaus høeck*