

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: Samlede skrifter II

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Anvendt udgave: Samlede skrifter II

black god's stone
english poems
utrykt manuskript

at the bottom

nobody knows what he wants -
the good are timid -,
the strong are devils -,
the wise are barren -,
the fertile seduced
to geld their fruits -
- where are you,
where are you tenderness, certainty -?
where
are you hiding -,
where do you hide -,
in readiness for
us who don't know what we seek -?

sleeping murmur

dark bosom of mine -
god has taken his seat
in my dark bosom -
o world, let god live -
o world -

the voice, against which
I always have to listen,
the voice is telling me, incessantly
that a world of burning secrets
is to find
there
there in the deep, where
god has pleased to crouch
in the soft silence
of life -

people of the world,
I want to death, that
you should long towards
the dark spreading deep,
towards the dark unknown soil
in the bosom of mine -

people of the world,
go and tell me,
what is in the
dark unknown bosom of mine -

god is nourishing on
my joy and my sorrow -
people of the world,
I beseech you, give
to me an eternal life -!
people of the world,
let god live -!
people of the world,
forget yourself, and give
your children to drink the milk of the sun,
the innumerable secrets
of the fire, and god's heart
of lust -

people of the world -!
go and tell me,
what is in the
dark bosom of mine -
forget yourself and
give to your children
the *fulfilling*,
eternally waiting deep, where
god crouches in
waiting silence of life -

the special miracle

every night he was tired,
and every day he did as he was told -
and without alarm
he grew thirty years old -
and rather alone -

then one night he was not sleepy,
and that night he thought,
that something
might happen to him -
especially -

and early in the morning
he stole five pounds,
and got together with a woman, he knew,
rather drunk -
the day, the night and the next day -

and late in the evening
he got caught -
quietly, without alarm -
and after a time came back -
but oh -!

every night he slept,
and by day he did as he was told -

and together with the woman, he knew,
he quietly grew sixty
years old -
when speaking of life,
he smiled -

the song of the useless

no wine don't help
nothing -
we have tried that too -
its gentleness is not
cruel enough -
there is nothing untried
to us -
don't wait
for notcoming cure -!
rather take all your
defects and hold forth
as ugly and
disgusting, as you ever can -,
the quite whole of
your scanty defects -
perhaps it'll help -
no wine in the world
really don't help
nothing -

we are quite a lot of us,
we will go all over the world
carrying an enormous banner
of disgusting rottenness
with us - who can tell,
perhaps it'll help -
we are quite a lot -
and no wine
will never help -
what we
have got, is not very enticing -
don't hide it away -!
do show it
high over the world
as a banner of future,
mightier than
oppressive beauty -!
perhaps it shall
be able
to kill all lying happiness
with sound disgust -

the castle

the eyes of my longing have grown impatient -
my longing claims irresistably
its fulfilling -
and me, the waiting dreamer,
she has forced to work -

my longing has declared everyone her enemy -
the burning swords of the sun
have become her slaves -
the silent cows of the moon
have become her slaves too -
irresistable my longing
has declared everything her enemy -
and of me, the patient lover of glory,
she has made a slave -

between the two rivers,
all around
the free country of my glory
is being raised a towering castle,
and no light nor sound
is to be let in -
I, the idling waster of happiness,
have been made a slave -
towards heaven
the castle is rising -,
in the dirt is bent the face of my glory -
towards heaven the walls are rising -
impregnable the walls
of my prison are rising -
in the tower am I -
no light nor sound
from my glory is let in -

my longing has grown impatient,
my longing claims its fulfilling -
in the tower she is coming to see me -
- she claims, what is hers -

the artist's vision

I know
everything -
I have payed
everything -

there is no
heart -
there is no
sun -
there is no
life -

there is
the god of hardness -
there is
the goddess of stone -
there is

the ice of my will -

wind

my love is the merciless killer -
my love is sailing in blood -
my love can only subdue -
my love can't like the subdued -
my love doesn't want no more blood -

on the rock
the far-off eyes of the albatross
is waiting -
the reef
is not the last -
the goal is one only -
that is
what the wind must bring -
soon -
the wind only
is eternal -

portrait

when sleeping
I seek my princess -,

in the morning
I break all the flowers -,

in the sun
I build my aloneness -,

towards night
I carve out the future -,

my life I spare -
my death
shall never exist -

the god of the blood (1 song)

I have given over
the gods of 1935 -
I have given over
the god of pleasure
with the gilded * hands
and the green face -
- I have gone
to the god of the blood -
I have given over
the god of comfort
with the murmuring anxiety
and the rotten love-hands -
- I have gone
to the god of the blood -
I have known
the god of the bread,
the blind warrior -
he gave the bread
and the hunger for bread,
he said: "I know you not" -
- I have gone
to the god of the blood -
I have fought
the god of happiness,
the soft-shouldered -
he gave what he had,
but he died on my sword -
he whispered: "I hate you" -
- I have gone
to the god of the blood -!
he gave me nothing -,
he said: "I have but
the cruelty which is truth -,
I have but the aloneness,
which is the way -,
I have but the place,
where to wait
with ice on your life -,
my hand is no giver -,
my hand is the unbroken law -.
I am the god of the blood" -
- I have gone -,
and my lips are locked -
I have gone -,
I have touched the flame,
which leaves no ashes
and no love to man nor woman -

the god of the blood (2 song)

the old gods are dead,
the old humanities are dead -
the old priests are liars -
the women of the old
are wicked with no soul in their blood -,

the men of the old
are beggars with no will in their blood -
the white blood of the old
is the world's poison
and the dragon before the world's treasures -

I am alone,
I have found no mate,
I am a half,
I am proud,
but I am nothing yet,
I obey and I wait,
and I hide my sword -

I know, the god of goodness
is dead -,
died in his own onliness -
his timidity devoured him
unborn -
I know, the god of goodness
has nothing left -,
owns nothing himself -,
has nothing to give -

I know, the goddess of love
is mouldering away,
withering deep in her own barrenness -
her wine was a sterile fire,
her goldenness an evil shade -
I know, the impoverished goddess of love
has nothing left -
her withered limbs have no heat left
to warm her age -
she has nothing to give -

you dark god
behind -, underneath -!
you severe god,
with black face
and the blood-red hands
and the silent eyes
and the streaming, unhearable voice -,
you dark god,
who was always behind,
you who held forth the others,
the weak ones, the pale and the powerless,
which are now dead,
you dark god,
who was always behind,
you who exerts your power without man's devotion,
you who knows our names,
which we cannot see ourselves -,
show us your face -!
kill the dying powerless gods
from the lost humanities -,
do free us from the nonpotent ashes
of bewildered man -!

in the cleaving paws of the night,
on the white at the bottom of the blood-proud sun,
behind the potent helmet of the gathering moon
I hear the voice -, streaming -
I hear,
and I obey -

but your name,
I want your face,

you with the two streams of life
in your right hand -
and the two black feathers of death
in your left hand,
I want your face,
your name -!

you, the only god -,
you, who was always behind,
underneath -, you who let die
the revengeful jehovah and the allforgiving christ,
you, who has destroyed the joyous realm of mammon,
stand out,
show us your hands -!
we are waiting -,
to obey -
we know, we are nothing apart from you,
give us back the old faculties
from before the reign of man,
give us back our righteous names -,
and our righteous piaces,
give to our men the will towards you,
which is all will,
and the only -,
give to our women the longing for you,
which is all longing -,
and the only -
give to the earth
and the sun and moon
the proportion which is you,
and you only -
we claim everything from you,
we have robbed ourselves of everything -!

o, we know that happiness is not in
your eye,
we know that blessed love is not in
your crown -,
we have caught your streaming voice
from far-off -!
we want *your* sway upon our blood,
we want *reality*, which is you,
we want the right,
not love nor joy,
you are our want,
you to come in *our* hands, our eyes,
you to wander, swaying, through *our* veins -
we know you,
o, we know you,
you black god of rightness -,
do crush our earth between
the fingers of your right hand -,
let come forth the marrow of our ill-used earth,
still waiting -
we, the last men and women of this earth,
we beg you to take our nakedness and
rule us again -!
o, black god, we beg you to give us back your severity
over our crippled blood,
we beg of you, o god,
nothing but the sight of your two hands -,
the two streams of life
and the black feathers of death,
we want your sword to wander among us
as before the reign of man -

we men of god,
we won't be reigned by anointed *men*,
we, the men of god,
we want back our righteous chief -
- the men of god do want *you*
god -!

the mother's death

my mother parted
the string of the universe from me,
bearing me a closed person,
but she left the string
of intention, her person's pride -

with the string
of her womb ^{*} round my neck
I went,
would create the growth of the star
with my young man's fingers -
round my neck the intention
of person -

I ran to my woman,
I pulled at the string unknowingly
with my young blood -
I ran to my woman,
the string of the unfreed flesh
round my blood -

I would give the star
with my soul,
and I wanted my body
to be given me -
my poverty
the poverty of the unborn -

I parted my blood
from my flesh and I ran
to my woman -
I gave with my soul,
and I stole with my flesh,
and my blood was behind
silent -

I tore the soul of my woman,
I gave her my soul away
and failed -
and wept, the string
round my neck, proud
as ice -

I have killed my mother -
I hear the stream -, the ice
is thrown over -
I am black as blood,
I am silent as
sun and moon together,

my voice swept away with the broken ice -

I hear the stream of creation,
not mine, not yours, not hers -
I have killed my mother -
my soul stands upright in the flood
like an otter* -
the star is soft as silver
down in the flood -

my face is finished,
and the tree of sleep
is waiting -
the stream is silent -
my tongue stands vibrating
in the dead heart
of the angry intentions of
all persons -

the stream of creation
is climbing on unheeding* paws*
towards me -
my face is closed round itself
like the jaws of life -

moon behind clouds

find your god,
or you can't live -!
the gods are waiting
motionless inflexible -
the black god
of the eagle is standing,
his dark, closed face turned away,
waiting -

the red god of the snake,
coiling with locked lips,
ready, ready -
the green god
of the grass with
silent blades,
awake, awake -
the unseen god,
watching for the blood to walk,
claiming, claiming -
find your god -,
or you can't live -!

you may worship the pale breed
of the selves -,
pace, begging, towards the smiling
woman of death -
- the gods
are waiting,
waiting -!

rejected

sadness is
in my veins,
anger has filled my eyes,
my lips are dry with ashes -

my goodwill has turned to hatred,
my hope is an unworthy slave,
but my sight is clean as a spear,
and I see,
and I know,
o, I know,
the people of mine has refused
my service -!
the people of mine
is happy -
but its prayers
are humble -
the world won't give
my people more money -!
the women can't give
the men no more pride -!
my people is happy -,
but my people is praying -

my people is licking its own holy corpse,
is biting in worship and hopeful resentment
the sacred parts -,
my countrymen don't like their devoted servant,
they cry -:
who are you,
to profane *our* candid devotion,
who are *you*,
to call down the anger
of god 'pon the heads of your worshipping people -!

- my lips are dry with ashes -
I know why -

modest love-tune

ah -, I've found something -!
ah -, I love my flesh and my bones -
and my sweat and my marrow bones -
my body does give
me, what I want -,
my body denies me,
what I shouldn't want -

my body is no female body,

my body is not a price
to be paid for anything -
my body is no worker,
my body isn't no handle
of any machine -
and not the servant
of any prayer -
my body is me,
ah -, I love you, my shoulders, my knees -!

I do feel well
in *your* company -,
you can't be flattered,
it is done -,
I can't be touched,
when I am with you -,
I'm glad, I've caught you at last,
you -,
me -!

good-bye

you are my friend -, but
don't let yourself be fooled
by the fair skin on my face,
don't believe
in the sky-blue ring round my pupils -

my friend -, yes -,
but you shouldn't
trust me that
open way of yours with the sad, kind smile -,
one day -, my friend,
you shall not know me,
one day you shall not know
me,
the born hater of what you love -

my friend -, with the outstretched hands,
my friend,
do turn your eye away
from *my* hand,
always waiting, always awake -
my friend,
you know me not,
you have never seen me,
don't call me your friend,
I am *none*,
can't be,
I hate you,
I must -,
turn away your eye -!
from me -

my friend -,
go -!
be aware -:

my soul is not light
as yours -,
my blood is not
like the petals of roses -,
like yours -
the gloomy red of the sudden night,
that's *my* soul -
the darting black on the puma's flank
does crouch in *my* veins,
the inflexible jet on the stone of death,
that's *my* blood -

my friend be aware -!
you must -
you are my enemy,
I can never know you -
my eyes despise
your women -
my brow despises
your clamorous love -,
you laugh

at *my* sharpened silence -
- your garden, young man,
is filled with flowers,
the songs from your lips
are cunning, and the buds
will open -,
but your sight shall for ever
be hazy from love -, and never you shall know,
from what soil your songs did rise -

young man,
I must leave you,
for ever your people should mistrust me,
for ever, at your side,
I should be a stranger in every country -,
never
amongst your people I would find my righteous mate -

young man,
I must leave you -
my gathering race
shall never be strong
at peace with *yours* -
- the world was conquered by the pale-blooded -,
for centuries my race has been slaving -
but the slaves begot kings,
and the kings did slave, and their children,
for centuries -
the pale people forgot the law of their own gods -
they have lost the secret,
that gave the world to their sway -
the people of the pale has lost their hands -

but the god of my race has returned
from the bath of death -
- good-bye -!
I hear the call -
- the god of silence
with the will of the sun on his brow
has sent the spear of war
to me
his man -

in the glade

my fate
has no shadows
no home
and no friendly lake -
no whispering trees
and no female moon -
my fate
has no poems
no caressing fire,
and my way has
no polished end at last -
- you think
me the waiting poet -
I am not -

my fate shall not change -
I shall never
control my hissing voice -
I shall
never bring to my people
tied-up the broad-scaled fish of wisdom -
my people
shall never lift from my hands
the glowing gifts of my god -
never shall I leave the forests,
my fate shall never roar from the lustrious spires
of clearness -
my fate shall not change -

I am the dark-faced hunter,
I am hunting the arrows
from the unseen suns -,
I am hunting the coiling cues
from the waiting earth -
I throw my prey on the waters -
for the sharp-eyed to catch,
for the able to sow -
don't send your beggars to me -,
my mercy is gone -
don't send your rulers to me -,
my humbleness is gone -
if they come, the begging rulers,
I'll take them to the Stone in the glade
and betray them there -
if my fettered brothers
do seek me deep in the forest,
I'll show them
the craving of their re-born God -,
I will lend them
my eye and my spear -

but my dearest prey
I have thrown on the waters,
to feed my children -
I am the dark-faced hunter,
I throw my gold on the waters -

the thief

brother -,
the pale-dim love,
who comes to you,
when luxuriously you are spread
behind the dark-blue shield of your sleep -,
do drive her away -!

she is the queen of the pale-blooded king,
she has come,
to steal your proudest weapon -
do
drive her away -!
she has come
to empty your purple quiver,
and give you in
her pale-blooded poison -
do drive her away -!

brother -,
if you open your lids
to her pale-dim beauty,
your eyes shall
be filled with the treacherous fog
from her glimmering womb -
do drive her away -!
when she comes through
the yielding night,
and pushes away your shield -,
remember her husband,
the king of
the slave-flogging fools -!

when she comes,
o, brother -,
her eyes will be white -
o, brother -,
do never forget
your own firm-bodied giver of pride,
your own slaving princess
of your own royal race,
though slaving to-day -!

don't forget, dearest brother -,
the power in the dark-blue shield,
given you by the bright-glowing day
of your own royal people -,
though slaving they are
to-day -!

don't forget, when she comes,
the pale-dim beguiler,
the infallible judgement
from your own royal blood,
remember
the unseen sun -!
o, brother -

to my woman

don't speak to me yet -,
I can't listen -
don't look at me yet -,
I can't meet you -
you who have the right
don't touch me -
yet my skin is not bright -

I
have no right yet -,
I
am not allowed yet
to take my right -
I have liked
the pale-browed * women of the enemy -
don't claim no tenderness
from me -
I gave it to them,
that was all they could take -
don't claim no strenght
from me -
that was what they wanted -

don't mention to me
my name -
don't mention to me
my righteous * power -
- o, wait -!
I can't meet you yet -
the will of my blood
has returned to the lake of our dead,
to wash from its heart the pale-blooded hatred -
- o, wait -!
I can't meet you yet -

dance

- the hour
is
there -
the hour will cover the souls -

- the hour
is
there -
everything burns
everything is open -
- the hour -
- the choice -
and the silent dagger -

- the hour -
- the hour -

everything will kill -
everything will die -
- the choice -
- the hour -
- everything will live -
- everything will bear -
- the choice -
- the hour -

the hour has covered the souls -
the hour will stab the voices -
the choice
will love -

- the hour
is there -

whisper

pale-brown girl,
I want to touch your hand,
your slim, patient hand -,
I want to touch your fingers -,
to watch your pale-brown face
turn -

my heart is a knot
of ill-treated scars
in my tight-screwed fist -
pale-brown girl,
I am afraid of every movement -
your soft, black eyes
do graze my brow -
will you heal me -?
can you -?

pale-brown girl,
I want to touch your fingers -
I am afraid of every movement -
let your sad, black eyes
rest on my brow -
I have no tears,
and my strength has gone -

to my dancing-partner

we are
the real action,
we are
together,
we are
the Dance -

you are
my perfect instrument,
I am
your perfect voice,
we play what we
do know,
we are
the instrument to play
what there is to know -

I love
your heart in my bow -
you love
my blood in your song -
together
we carve out a star -,
together
we make a new life -
we are
the real action,
we are
the Dance -

verse

I wanted to love,
rage came to me -
I wanted to hate,
everything weakened -

I wanted to leave,
there came
a sad-eyed girl, she took my hand,
I slept -
I have not risen -

the song of the lonesome warrior

- *man*
is the one action -
- *man*

is the only real -
- *man*
is the world to come -

the earth
must be loved by *men* -
the wretched parts
of the futile will to be men
is stabbing
the patient heart of the earth,
crying :
"behold, we
have subdued this lazy servant -,
soon she will love us -"

soon she will die -
the last of her voice
are the remnants of man -
the earth
must be loved by *men* -,
not by waiters,
and buyers
and sellers -
no part can love -,
- only *man* can love -
- you mourning remnants,
- awake -!

the reign of the seekers
is finished -
- *man*
is the only real -
- *man*
is the world to come -

the voice of the man

don't seek my eyes -
I am afraid of every contact -
I am afraid
of the desire to rule
deep in the soul of my hand -
I am afraid of the fetters,
which my eyes do put on everything -
don't touch me -,
I hate obeyance -,
I hate the clinging love of the dreamers
don't seek my eyes -,
I am no phantom -,
I am no seeker -
don't touch me -

I am nothing but fate -
I am afraid of every contact -
my hand shall take what it must -
don't touch me -
my eyes don't seek -

now I know you

now
I know you -
you have betrayed me -
your arms were warm
but your heart was white
and poor as steel -

now
I know you -
you have used me -
you wanted to sell
my will -
but do know -:
your prey shall be
the snake of my
righteous anger -,
when your feet will turn
down the path towards the market
of my enemies,
you'll have but the poverty
of yourself to sell -

do know -:
your own people you can't deceive -,
they
know your want, *they* feel
your naked soul in their hands -

now
I know you -
when smiling
into my enemies' faces,
your prey
shall be the unstained dagger
of the upright purity which you
could not love,
when you feel
the coins of your price
in the hands of your cunning,
in that moment, betrayer,
you'll have upon
your adorable neck the rising power,
you couldn't conquer -
you'll know,
that offering lips can be wounded,
the law
of the blood has never

been broken -

I know you -
be safe -,
you have nothing to lose -
you
have betrayed,
but the will
you could rob of nothing -

the smile

you old woman
with the cutting sparks
behind the slow glance -,
with lips as a slash in a lonely fir -,
with teeth as lurking anger -,
ah you -!
ah you -, you -!

I'll drive you
slowly, slowly towards the immovable precipice -,
I'll laugh at your sneering retreat -,
I'll snap at your lingering heel,
you wicked love-hater -,
I'll crush your sunken bosom,
and
on the outmost brink
I'll bite your murderous joy,
I'll love you to ripeness hard as flint -,
you -, ah
you -, dear -!

my prayer

o god -,
o god -,
my sight will turn hazy -!

the limping,
out-reaching fear
does break the purity
of creative rhythm -,
the worshipping falsity
of hopeless fear
does lock the ears
to the resounding power
of creative pride -

god, give me
the forcing translation
of the urge in the storm,
of the voice in the rising sun -,
give me
the binding power,
that ropes-in the many,
that forces the frightened
into the rhythm
of creative will -

god, show me
the name of my mate,

the only -,
that, like a column of blood, my tree
may stand out -
god,
this is my prayer -

proposal

this is me -
this is, what I
demand
from the mate,
which is to be mine -:

when she is near me,
we shall be born from god -,
when I am with her,
we shall beget the prince,
for whom the world is waiting -

when I leave her,
to risk my life with my icy fate,
her pride shall conquer
easily her womb -

when I beg her to heal
my tired-to-death despair,
she,
with steel-hard courage,
shall show me again and again
the way which may hold out
the destruction of me,
her man -
her eye
shall be the merciless
killer of my will to die -
her foot
shall be the burning sceptre
to my victorious joy -
her life
shall be the voice
of my blood -
I shall call her
my woman -

hunting-song

I am no human -

the pace of my blood
is alien to all that is human -
I despise the ready-made limits and
the mercy from fear,
I hate the mouldering * separateness
and the gelded * mass-will
of the human -

I am no human -
I adore my forcing desire
to destroy the want to build monuments
to strangle the insane need to rule
the detestable lust of submission *,
to stab the hateful want
to glorify all dying -

I am no human -
I am blind to
the greatness of mankind
except the black nerve
deep through the flesh of all living -
I have no faith
in the future of mankind
except in
the burning rhythm
quivering * merciless
through the will of all living -

I am no human -
my cat-soft soul
is always on guard to shun
the track of all human -
the scent of my blood
is hostile to all that is human -
but -, alas -, I love
the dance in every foot of life,
o, I love
the song in the eyes of every fire,
and -, alas -, I can't but
bow in the dust
to each hand of creation
and every womb * of love -

I am no human -
the raving dread
of all that is human
had driven me
step by step
deep into the forests of hatred -
but now I have triumphed -,
my voice has forgotten all words -,
my love
has made the forests my home -
I have found the fire
of my own rock -,
I have acknowledged
my seed of future -
at last -

brother -!

don't fight
your own silent will -
don't build barriers
on the only way of your soul -

nothing there is
to change -
everything is,
bright behind the shabby clothes
of the un-real -

nothing there is
to change -
everything is,
waiting, ready
to stand out
free and strong
to its own brightness -

don't fight
your own silent will -
stand out
naked to your own soul -
pull off
the contaminated rags
of imperious death-will -,
leave behind you
the strangling chain of the dread
of life uncovered -

do walk
silent the way of your deepest being -
nothing there is
to change -
the will
of the sun and the unconquerable blood
is you too -

the message of the chief

when you open
towards night or day
the shield-like tent-door
of your fate, calling:
I am this, I am that,
my need is all or nothing
or -:
my pride is not dependant
on neither joy nor shelter -!
when calling
towards night or day,
don't think you are god,
don't expect
your voice to fill
the gaping cup of your life -!
you are calling -,
that's all -

the answer is not
from you -

do close
tight the protective door
of your life-tent -
don't whisper,
in claiming rage:
I am this, I am that,
my need is the need of a king
or that of a slave -!
the answer is not
from you -

do close
tight the saving door
of your life-tent -
do keep holy
the untranslatable sign of your blood
on the brow of yours -
do preserve
as your only treasure
the waiting silence
of your upright will -

don't send
your claiming calls
towards night nor day -
the answer
will come -

a tale about love

there is the rock -
and the steel-bright, averted face -
but there is
the little door too -
and there is
my blood-red heart
burning on its golden foot -

but you
knock at the stone,
and you
promise to wait one hundred years
for the eyes to turn -
and you
cry your life to rags
because my heart
is a flame on its golden foot -

there was the rock -
and the closed, blind face -
but there was
the little door too -
and you
are nothing to me -

the certainty

the radiant outskirts
of the land which is real
gleam forth -
in the land which is real
I have my friend -
there we shall touch
the simple nakedness
of each other -,
my friend and I -

four is the sacred number
in the land which is real -
my friend and his woman,
I and my woman,
in the holy grove
there are the four trees
of our common silence -

I have caught a glimpse
of the land which is real -
nothing
shall turn my pace -

the ruler

I am the ruler
of all inescapable love -
my wealth has no limits -,
and my cruelty neither -
nothing can hinder
the growth of my power -,
not even the steel-hard grasp
of my dark-blue hand
can direct
the fall of corroding drops
from my jet-black star -
I am the ruler -
but the unchecked growth of my power
is threatening even the ground
of the deep-bolted feet of my soul -

I am the ruler
of all inescapable love -
but my eyes are tired
of condemning
what has always been dead -,
and my eyes can't like
what they themselves have created -
I am the ruler -
but my neck is tired

of its own inflexible pride -
my heart of blood
is tired of kissing what it has born itself -

I am the ruler -
but I say -:
I would break my unshaken crown
to get love
not created by me -,
I would give my invincible power
to get love,
whose fire could feed itself -

I am the ruler
of all inescapable love -
I want to be robbed of my riches -,
I am tired of giving
my presents of fate -
I am the ruler -
I want my strength to forsake me -,
and my lust of creation -
there is too much blood in my eyes -,
and too much murdering purity
has left my hand already -

I am the ruler -
but my crown is stronger than I -
I am the ruler -
but my power has beaten my will -
the ring of my crown is unbroken -

the gull

- this rock
is my place -
my eyes
are setting off on low wings
from this rock -
- this sea
is my life -
my eyes
are hovering on motionless wings
over this sea -
- my eyes
can grip only the far-off -
my eyes know no short distances -
- my eyes
have no colour to change -
my eyes are indifference to everything -
my eyes remember nothing but their unseen aim -
- my eyes
don't wait for anybody to rise -
my eyes know their place and their life -:
this rock -
this sea -
- everything else is dead unto my eyes -

the stone

all, I give respect,
in my self,
I have cut off
from my life -

all, I have loved,
in my eyes -,
in my heart -,
in my hands -,
I have cut off from my life -

all, that was creative
and strong in my blood,
I have locked up
in this unhewn stone -
all, that was generous
and soft in my blood,
I have locked up
in this stone on the shore -

all, I have won
by now,
is the undeceivable contempt,
which from now on
shall be my soul
and the only guard
of the key to this stone -

but always
the key will be ready -!
thence the holiness of my pride -,
thence the joy in my smile of anger -,
thence
all the unworthy remains,
I have given my idleness to play with -

my evening has come

here I sit -
looking into my flickering fire
before me -
outside the tent
my enemies are whispering
to each other -
I was the victor always -
I could never be conquered -
they could not touch me -

here I sit -
the all-embracing serenity

on me -
always my deepest desire
was fulfilled -
my success is still as clean, as new ice -
I was always able to take
my soul's want -
I was able
to make of my self what I wanted -,
what I must -

I could never be conquered -
I was always the victor -
here I sit -
with my legs crossed, looking
with far-off eyes into my own fire -
outside the tent
the hatred goes on whispering -
to night I shall be murdered -
I -, the victor -,
I who couldn't be conquered -
my unperceable quietude embraces everything
like the first mother -
here I sit -
with my tent around me -
my evening has come -

hymn

the house of my certainty
is so vast
that I never can touch its walls -

the room of my deepest desire
is so sacred
that none but my friend and my woman
can be permitted to enter -

the tower of my watchman's eye
is so high
that the fall of my death
never can reach
the aim of my fear -

the sword of my pride
is so hard
that never the corroding impurity
assembled from all the world
can stain its brightness -

to every upright soul in distress
the house of my certainty
is open -
to every fighting will of blood
my gleaming eye
is the unfailling sign of victory,
of inexhaustible rest -
to every succumbing purity
the garden of my healing love

is prepared
with unvanquished tenderness -

the house of my certainty
is nobody's property -
I
am the ever-watching opener
of its silent gate -

melody

she came to me
with flashing eyes
and thrown-back hair
commanding -:
I am the princess -

I made her
the begging fire
the kneeling eye
whispering -:
you are my ruler -

she left me
with silent eyes
and inflexible brow
to wander
the painful way of a princess -

slave -!

your murmuring soul
calls me
the snake-man and the whip of cruelty -,
your sneering lips
are chewing
the fettered shouts:
tormenter on his self-made throne of haughtiness -,
oppressor with his lifted spear
of un-sharpened death -!

the film of your sight
is the skin of the slave
which is you -

tenderness is weeping
deep in my soul, unused -,
but not for you -

hungering love is awake
for ever in the veins of my covered limbs -,
but not for you -

your race, it is,
who makes me
an imprisoned ruler
and blackens the naked face
of my glory of life -
your race, it is,
who forces me
to make a merciless sword
of my free-born soul -
your race, it is,
slave -
- the hating barrenness
behind the eyelids of yours and your numerous breed
is distasteful to me -
do
leave me alone -

the foreboding

the glowing stone of nobility
is the eye -
through the jet-bright gate
of the eye goes
the irresistible stream
of the male-ruler's straight command -,
piercing merciless
the shells of poisoned resistance -
through the soft-opening mouth
of the eye does
the forcing-creative stream of submission
penetrate unheeding -
the new nobility,
which is to save the world's
heart and womb
to man,
is older than the died-away
nobility that failed -
the new nobility
must have
both the black blood-silent origin and
the tenderly redeeming future
in its eye -,
the glowing stone of all nobility -

the song of the black banner

try not
to rebuild the white-soaring swan
of freedom
of equality
on the soil of snapping dogs -
she'll be
the easy prey to their
dripping hunger -,
the sneaking bitches
and the cringing dogs -

there is no freedom
there is no equality
not too
frail, not to crumble
beneath their stinking love
and their rat-like joy -,
the dogs -

there is one freedom
there is one equality
one only -:
the icy loneliness of the sailing eagle
the meeting bitterness of the real lovers
the forced closedness of the god-born ruler -
there is one freedom
there is one equality
one only -:
the silent community
of the aristocrats of the Blood -
there is one sign of freedom
and one sign of equality
one only -:
the irresistible voice
from the god-eye of Blood
on the purified brow of its man -

spring ballad

I am the proudest of thieves -
with a golden ring round my hair
I set off, when the sun sets,
to steal all I want -
my gliding pace
is in itself the mocking unhearable fanfare
of my dangerous night -

I am the proudest of thieves -
I despise all work,
I scorn all toiling for money and food -
I can love only
the darting strength in my limbs,
the unbroken growth of my beauty -

with a golden ring round my hair
I set off, when the sun sets,
to steal what the ugly have worked -

and with stolen garments
on my wonderful shoulders,
when the sun just rises,
I break the door of my sweet-heart -

and in naked pride of my own,
when the sun is treading
on the working backs of the ugly,
I throw to my sweet-heart
the gleaming prey of the night -
and she smiles like the queen of queens -,
she is a grand thief too,
the magnificent vanity
which my sweet-heart is -

I am the proudest of thieves -
when the sun roars its day-song,
my hair will sparkle like stolen diamonds
over the world of bent backs -
when the sun is singing and the day is high,
my wonderful love is my own -

a little song

I have killed mary ann's god -
mary ann dreads my god -
I love mary ann -
when the burning blackness stands out before me,
I leave mary ann
to her love of me -

when the pale sun rises
with its blue morning-wet eyes,
I return to mary ann
with my love of her -
poor mary ann -
and poor me -
but we have a great heart
together -
mary ann and I -

to the earth

now, mother -,
I have covered my face into your bosom * -
now, mother -,
I can have rest a short time, completely -
now, mother -,

my eyes are closed upon yours, closed too -
mother -,
you gave me the power of giving the comfort
which alone is nourishing* and bright -
but, mother -,
I would only once give, what you have given me,
and not being forced to take back my gifts as hitherto*
for the sake of your purity -, my mother -

but now,
mother -,
my eyes are closed upon yours, closed too -
now, mother -,
I can have rest a short time, completely -

the ring

I have broken the floor
of my loneliness -
I dig the claws of my soul
deep into the rock -
downwards, downwards -

the rock of darkness
has devoured me -
all directions
but one are torn asunder -
downwards, downwards -!

I have broken the floor
of my loneliness -
softly, softly
I sink through the mountains
of blindness -

soon
I shall eat the scent
of the hearts of my brothers -
soon my drop
can't be distinguished
from those of my brothers -
soon the river
will close the ring of future -

the dawn is grey over the sea

my race is as old

as the earth,
and my race is as rich -
but I
was born young,
my parents I couldn't find
and my kingdom neither -
my servants will not obey me,
and the women around me I scorn -

am I the last
cry of a drowning wave,
or am I the fresh-born foam
of the first approaching breakers
along an unknown shore -?

the patience of my pride
has no limits -
but the eye of my maledom
is blind -

to the body of my music

you speechless, useless
thing,
which alone, in spite of all,
I can love -,
what are you
really -?
are you just a trumpet,
you thing of my love -?
are you just a talon^{*},
you beloved thing of my anger -?
or just an unused knife,
you beloved thing of my pride -?
what are you,
are you anything
real at all -?
come on,
you speechless, useless thing,
come on,
you which alone, in spite of all,
I can love -,
let us blow in your stupid trumpet,
let us tear with those insane talons,
let us use, then, this unused knife -,
come on, you -,
help me
to destroy
this human heart of barrenness^{*} -
loitering^{*} through all time
in this wonderful piece
of nature -,
come on now,
you -,
whatever you may be then
really -!

god of all nature

god of all nature,
if you would take
me in your unseen hand
to be filled or to fill -!
god of all nature,
and you will
or you will not, and
I am still yours,
a foot in the dark,
god of all nature -

leaving

don't believe
one more word
from any lips -
all words are poisoned -
only believe
what your eyes will love,
and your fingers want to touch -
there is a great sleep
still rising in all nature -
seek your rest there -
then
your eyes can't be deceived,
then
your eyes shall know their love
and their enemy without question,
and your fingers shall unlock
never-opened doors,
which must be opened -
and then
your soul will have no more goals
and no more words wherewith
to build evil walls,
wherewith to make unclean arms -
there is still the great sleep waiting -

and now we'll say

and now we'll say this:
we want a new music
into this world -
and now we'll say it:
we want
a new music into this world -

still we are no niggers -,
because we laugh in angry pain
over this insane civilization -
and still we are no infants
any longer -,
only because we are still able to laugh our corroding anger
over this hateful civilization -
and now we'll say this:
we want a new music
into this world -
and we'll say this too:
we can't be soothed any more
with caresses from this world
and we shall not -,
until we have
got a new music
into this world -

and don't believe
that we might just be let to die
in peaceful starvation,
before having crushed forth
the new music of ours
into this world -!

my people

- my scattered people
is a people of haters -
and I believe
in its ragged banners
of blackness -,
loitering
like withheld storms
over this play-world
of frightened pity -
the sign of hatred
is the sign of
the will to die alive,
and not
dance in garments of love
the life of death -

- my scattered people
is the people of love -
but its lips
are denying,
and its eyes are contempt -
a people who see
is forced

to hate a world who's blind -

- my scattered people
is the people of love -
and its way
is the way of all haters -

warning

why do you return
to me -?
now there are no fetters left
for you to seek
and grasp and rule me by -
why do you return -?
all returning is wrong -
now I am a thousand times
more dangerous -
now all the dikes
are broken -
and the ways of my flood
are unknown even to my own
notcaring eye -
and now
all generosity of my heart
has gone,
and my old fountain
of tenderness is dry -
so why do you return -?
there is nothing left
in me of that,
which you care for -
there is only
a dark, stained will
of destruction left,
which I cannot guide
and am not willed to
any more -
so what do you return
for now -?
even my sight of you
is dim by now -
but come,
come -
what do I care -

blindness

I have built a great tower,
sort of enormous light-house
to my inner eye -
each stone above another
is a pride,
each stone above another
is another pride -
and each pride
is stronger and more hard
than the other -
the colour of each stone
is red from love -
never-sated love, sharp
like rubies -
the eye on top of the tower,
blind from mad pride,
is hunger,
hunger,
hunger -
lifted like a bright axe,
threatening the sun
and the sky,
a dry, mad eye,
more proud than the sun at noon
over a pale sea -

evening in the forest

only man has made himself
his god,
only the god, man, can become
old and die -
there are thousands of gods,
some of which we know
some of which we see only one time
some of which are but names -
- I am not old and I am not young,
I know only
the gods of growth and birth and death,
they don't speak to us, they
don't want our prayers, and
sometimes I've heard them laugh
and sometimes weep -
what do they
care about man and his angry claims,
they know but growth and birth and death
why should we claim to be men -?
- sometimes I hear my laughter answered,
and sometimes my sorrow -
there are thousands of gods,
some of which we know -

SONG OF THE COUCH

the name of our
wisdom is wine and dance
and silence -
the name of the great hunger
is the same -
the goddess of wisdom
is always alone,
and always drunk
and always she feels
the far-off rhythm of the unknown
teasing her pride, binding
her tongue, releasing
the voices of her listening blood -
we'll protect her aloneness
and shield her silence,
her words do creep strange ways -

nights

there are nights when I know much -
when no stars venture to ascend
the black walls of pride -
when all the great cans are broken
without a sound -
when no timid heart can catch the tune
from the gates of orgy -
nights with no prices,
nights void of fear -

there are nights when I know much -
when the unseen rivers are felt
creeping blackly beneath my feet,
carrying silently the directions of the world's caravans -
nights when no man,
and no cry does mean much -
there are nights when the rivers show new ways of life,
only for the proud to use -
nights
for bursting wombs
to blossom,
for dying hearts
to kill -,
silent nights -,
nights for great tribes
to change their path for ever -,
for weapons never heard-of
to be seized by sleeping fingers -,
nights without speech -

nights when strings, rarely touched,
will disturb fate's sleep -,

nights from which
some men shall awake with new eyes
and few words left in their heart -

what is there

what is there
but eternal giving away
of yourself,
and eternal being born
anew to yourself -?
what is there
but millions of strange gods
in the sea, in the sun,
in the air,
gods and gods and gods,
dangerous and sometimes mild -?
what is there
but thousands of loves
in wombs, in hearts,
in the earth,
love and love and love,
murderous and sometimes like bread -?
what is there
but eternally being too weak
and eternally being stronger
than yourself -?

the song of my tribe

the men of my tribe
are mostly silent
and most of days
they go wandering
towards some unknown calling -

the men of my tribe
are mostly serious
and most of days
they go thinking
how far off the rest of their hearts do linger -

the men of my tribe
are mostly hungry
but on certain days
they sate their bodies
and souls in short joy -

the men of my tribe
are on the way towards the deserts
and the staring caves where life has hiddert,
to make their fires there -
the men of my tribe are mostly silent -

song

I have no need of women,
why should I
why should you -?
I have no need of men,
why should I
why should you -?
- sometimes I want to love,
then I set off
far away, or not far,
for where love is -
why should I
why should you -?
it is fine to seek what you want,
fine to wander far or not far,
to seek what you want,
it is fine to be always proud -
why should I
why should you -?

the time has come

the time has come,
when man shall no more
try to be anything
but man besides the rest which
is not us -
the time has come,
when the ruler shall
be a ruler only among the rulers,
when the lover shall be a lover
only among lovers,
the time has come,
when man shall have to
be himself only,
and be that
to the rest which is not him -

where is laughter -?

when I sing songs
to the Unknown which made me burn,
there is laughter in my heart -
when I dance the rhythm
of life in honour of the gods of Blood,
there is laughter hissing
somewhere -
when I pour my joy into some open womb
to feel breed of the Earth in my buttocks,
there is big laughter sending roots
into soil -
o where, where is laughter -?

to fight death like the men of my tribe
is to behold
armies of flaring laughters
between the world and
you always -
o where, where is laughter -?
to hunt death in silent anger
by day and by night
as the price of sleep,
is life -
o where, where is laughter -?

there's still riches

what do we care about anything
but the real thing -!
what are the systems of mankind to us -?
we want the pearl that's cheap like grey stone,
the gust of wind, precious like our mother's heart -
o, no -!
there's still some cruel laughter bidden in our blood,
still riches clinging to our bare hands -
oh no - oh no -!
still we're too cautious
to put in our lot with mankind's -
o, no -!
the tribes don't speak each others' tongues,
why should they -!
oh -, our pride is still a good tent
'gainst mankind's dry winds -
isn't our laughter too sharp -?
oh yes - yes - it is -!
what do we care about anything
but the real thing -?
what is the sick clamour of mankind to us -?
if *our* death will visit us,
we'll receive her duly -

but mankind's -?
oh no, she has too easy wings -
o, no to us there's still riches waiting
on our bare, wet rocks -

the weapon

hunger has left me -
love has left me -
longing for events is not with me -
misfortune has found me out -

but joy cannot slay -,
and the love, you find, cannot slay -,
if I held a weapon, that
could hit by itself -!
but hunger has left me -
and love has left me -

no longing is with me now -
it must come by itself -
or stay away -
the green, the warm,
the weapon,
which need not hit -

hidden striving

there is silence in my world -
therefore I sing low songs through the nights -
the silence creeps mistlike,
eating my world -
the small things I know
will not answer
the great things I need -
the low songs of my faith
cannot stop
the bleeding of hunger's blood -
but the nights are innumerable -,
I'll work 'pon my tunes,
till they shine flickering,
hazy like old weapons -,
till they stand like pale noble cans
dripping with dangerous wine -
I shall sate silence,
night by night,
with exquisitely carved instruments, and pearls
beyond value -

- low songs creep mistlike,
seeking the faith of silence -

spring journey

- by night I left the world's house,
wandered deep into
myself,
leaving each door unclosed -
no stars were there, no sun, no moon,
I fought through barren wildernesses
with blindness lurking
on each step, with corroding poison
eating the sight of soul and body -
I went still deeper -,
I groped through rocky darkness
into utter void -
my eyes had died,
all sound had fled,
the soul shrank in dread, the last,
from nothingness -
- I staggered
deeper -
and from beyond despair
read with blinded eyes
the tale of man's spring -
carved in stone -
fuller and truer -
redeeming everything -
like a flower -

finished

no more havanas
no more dancing
and
no more happiness - no
happiness -
no more gold -
no gold, but
merciless
value - new
value -

no more madness -
no more barrenness -
and no more mercy -
- bread, children and

a new value to get light from
with no margin -
and no mercy -
a new scale
without mercy and
without escape -
not one -!
not THAT
any more
not once
more -
again -

now -
at last -
no more substitutes -
and no patience -
and no patience -
at last -
and no substitutes -
and
no
patience
any more -
it has grown
too late -
and there is
no holiday
left -

what is left for
you, you and you -
and you
is
the *last*
the ultimate last
left opportunity
for *everything* -
the new price,
or nothing -
the new
life or sterile death -
this minute and not tomorrow -
and no mercy -
and no kissing -
and
no escape -!

**solen finns
svenska dikter
*utrykt manuskript***

nyår

(från danskan)

i årets gula blomma
över fjärran tusen vägar
lyser gammalt
slocknande tår -
högt högt längs spröda stänglar
droppar klängande
rinner mot oceanens glömska -
- när varenda tår har runnit,
skall jorden resa sig ur badet
med fasans dyning över sin skuldra
som en slaktad dumhet -
når obehövlighetens potta är full,
skall jorden vara utan minne
och med det väsentliga
som ett vulkaniskt utbrott på sin hjässa -
- i en avsides dal
skall ligga en vit sten
som sol -
och från den skall en sjuttonårig
tigga verklighetens droppe -

saga (till Harry Martinson)

vandrande dag efter dag
på vägen, som ständigt skiftande,
långsamt framåtskridande, leder
mot orätt viljas mål -,
där -, mot kväll
mötte jag henne, som ägde förmågan att förvandla allt -

med stumma, heligt rädda
ögon
stego vi hand vid hand
med ångestfull visdom i hjärtat
in i det grönbå dunklet
bredvid vägen -
och dåande
i det endas blindhet
slog vågen samman över oss -

törstande efter svalka
milströtta på vägen,
som ständigt skiftande -, långsamt framåtskridande,
leder mot inga viljors mål,
då
mot bräcklig morgon funno vi källan,
som ägde förmågan att giva svalka -
vid dess fot

byggde vi vårt hem -

över ingången skrev jag,
såsom jag hade lärt -:
"vägarna själva vandra -
moget och tungt blir hjärtat
av oförtjänta gåvor -
inget återkommer -
målet okänt är
ditt ödes amulett -,
osynlig, okuvlig om din hals -
nomad -, irrande,
trampar fram
det eviga hemmet -"

det susar i skogen (till Edith Södergran)

en droppe i skogen vill forma allt i sin bild -
en droppe i skogen
fann sig själv sannare än allt -

skogens droppe fattade lyran,
större än världen -:
detta endast är ett öde,
att finna sig själv skönast,
sannast,
renast -

allt vill jag forma i min bild -
allt skall
vara det härligaste av allt -
högre, högre hänger lyran,
större än världen -
darra, o värld, för ditt öde -

darra, o värld -
skapelsen kommer -
en droppe i skogen blev sannare än allt -

allt

längta bara ljuset,
dröm själva drömmen,
vänta dig blott hoppet,
älska sömnen, som gives dig,
därifrån du inget vet -

mänskoord

om liv att skänka
är din längtan,
tigg icke av ängen blommor,
av buskarna bär -
måla knoppar med ditt blod,
sätt dem på döda kvistar,
sov framtidens sömn -

drömmen

varför drömma löften om kärlek -,
kärlek är icke det första -,
det första tiger, avrundat och utan namn -,
det första är drömmen själv,
som maste drömmas, blomma och
mogna före allt annat -

morgon

varifrån kommer det,
att vi, utan allt,
fattiga på allt,
kunna drömma allt -?
- framtiden är redan lagd,
fjärran vilar hon
sövd av våra drömmar -

höst

rök silar ur min mun,
där det rätta är instängt -
sömn har blivit min lusta,

vinet min lampa -
ändå vet jag, att
det finns dans, som dansas
av fötter som måste,
att båtar kantra,
därför att löften lyste, som
kunde blivit sanna -
fast mina drömmar ha
dött utan mening, tror jag att hoppet
flämtar ännu
i öknar,
som ingen fot ännu vågat -

höst

jag ville,
att livet skulle vara en stark
röd älskog, iförd hårt lärft,
en rygg, som tålde att hatas,
en vilja till annat än smekning -
men det liv, jag fann,
var en ödmjuk,
bedjande rygg,
en gnista, som ömt måste skyddas,
ett hopp, för vilket varje åker var mager
och varje regn vinterns is -

jag önskar mig

okända ansikten,
att glödande känna igen -,
ett aldrig brukat leende,
att ta som en fågel mellan mina händer -,
en ny ström av blod,
att ha som ett spett
av järn för blodets strider -,
och stoltast
önskar jag mig den eviga vakan,
den inget undgår -

teckning

nej -,
min stora -,
grymma -,
alltförlåtande kärlek
får
inte blomma -
nej -,
- åh, varför -, varför -
nej -,
hon är så obeveklig
och stor -,
så löjlig
och grym - hon är
så ond,
hon förlåter
gränslöst
allt -,
jag befaller
henne att stanna,
där hon är -
hon får
inte
blomma -
jag måste
befalla
henne att stanna
där hon är -

kristall

sök icke dina drömmars mål,
dina drömmar äro oklara stenar -
mata din längtan med livets bittra vilja -,
tvinga dina drömmar mogna som
det röda törnets bär, att
plockas av vem som gitter
älska bara blod -
slipa din ångest, att hon blir
lik den skarpaste kniven, den alla längtar -

älska

älska ditt tecken
likt taggtråden, som skyddar
blodstridernas
ensamma ros -
göm ditt tecken
under en åls slemmiga rygg,

den ingen kan ta,
och ingen hålla fast,
så länge livet spänner
hans envist dansande skinn -
älska ditt tecken
likt taggtråden, som skyddar -,
kryp och göm dig,
hugg och bit,
åla dig hatande, att ingen snappar
dolda blodstriders
tecken på dig själv -

varför hindrar du

varför hindrar du mig,
varför måste du hata min grymhet,
varför klagar du, så att jag hör dig -?
de, som, kämpande, förtjänar mig,
har jag skänkt rätten att hoppas,
de, som lider, också *mina* böner,
har rätt att hoppas
ur all min grymhet
droppen, som smälter -

ön

vi, som leva på denna ö,
ha fått nog utav hunger
och stormar -
vi, som leva på denna ö,
behöver du ej skänka hopp,
mer än de fattiga eldar, vi ha -,
vi, som leva på denna ö, känna
dina gåvor till grunden,
och vi, som leva på denna ö,
tro, att vi icke behöva
mera utav hunger
och stormar -,
vi tro säkert, att vi
ha fått nog utav dina gåvor -
vi, som leva på denna ö,
behöver du ej skänka hopp -

vaka

tänd inga bål på länge,
låt mörkret brinna ut,
flämtande och sent, som det vill,
tänd inga ljus, förrän
mörkret rodnande har brunnit ut -,
låt mörkret stråla sitt svarta ljus,
så länge oljan droppande kan brinna -,
tänd ingen eld, förrän allt
sover svart hungerns bidan -

någonvart

evinnerliga svultna revolutioner
vill jag kalla stigen, som
leder någonvart -
du, som hoppas och verkar,
att solen ska stanna i ett hål på himlen
eller på din gräsmatta utav
en viss anledning, dig
önskar jag omåttlig fetma
och gränslös lycka -
jag och världen hoppar,
evigt döende,
från barrikad till vanvett och
från mord på sällhet
till evinnerligt nya dödar, ständigt,
evinnerligt någonvart -

underbarare än regnbågen

mer underbar än regnbågen
är hungerns poesi,
drömmen att
med samma flottglänsande kniv
få utföra svältens slöjdans
och mättnadens vilda rumba,
den drömmen går före alla andra drömmar,
när du möter den -,
hungerns poesi är
modigare än alla drömmare, fräckare
än alla mördare -,

underbarare än regnbågen
är hon -

giv mig

giv mig korv, vin, ost -,
du ska få en aning
utav det,
som gör hungerns bädd
mjuk någon timme -
giv mig ett leende -,
och jag ska ge dig meningen
med leenden då vi båda
icke finns -

helgerån

dina händer tala ett annat språk
än din mun törs andas -
varför skämmas dina fingrar,
varför blicka dina ögon stolt
mot vad som bländar andra,
varför vågar du steget nu,
som skulle varit nätternas
pris åt dagen -,
hur vågar, leende, du
förringa framtidens mynt -?

tro

jag vill följa den eviga blindheten,
stolt vill jag kyssa hennes piska,
jag vill ödmjuka mina ögon till
hatets maskar på den blommande lågheten -,
jag vill blända min själ, att
hon må gå säkert -,
jag vill älska vad jag icke kan fatta,
och bekämpa allt gott,
om det finns ett hjärta,

måste jag hitta det då -

du tror

du tror att jag gömmer mina skatter
av hat,
du tror att jag lyder
min stolthed, när jag tiger,
att mitt rus är glädje -
- det finns dagar som sekunder -,
det finns dagar, som sparar
åt livet timmar av blod -

frukten

tungt andas kölden -
djupt, djupt sänder jag mina rötter -
- står luften ännu bunden vid horisonten,
sover solen ännu så fjärran,
att mina blommor måste längta mot rotens kyssar -,
sover solen ännu så fjärran, att
kölden inget har att frukta -?
- mina blommor börjar hata sin rot -

ångesten

dra dig undan ångestens
smala händer, ångesten är helig,
ångesten gömmer
ett utav stegen, som behövas -
ångesten hotar
alla rodnande händer,
ångesten vill intet,
ångesten äger intet,
ångesten har intet att förlora,
ångesten hotar
alla som snuddar utan att vilja -
dra dig undan
ångestens smala händer,

ångesten gömmer
heligt ett utav stegen som behövas -

visa icke

visa icke ditt ansikte
för världen,
ditt ansikte är
för striden,
ditt ansikte är
visiret att tecknas av hugg,
visiret får
icke fläckas
med förtidig glädjes bitande fläckar,
ditt ansikte är fanan att
ödmjukt lägga, riven
men ofläckad i barnets hand,
eller okännbar trampas
i hopplöshetens seger,
ditt ansikte är
för striden,
visa icke ditt ansikte
för världen -

när havet är dolt

när havet är dolt
bakom dödens lekstuguväggar,
när dimmorna leker på havet
dödslekarnas tusende påhitt,
hala med bortvänt ansikte din båt på stranden,
göm i smyg ankaret i sand,
lägg stenar på ringen -
allt blir ruttet då,
stäng fönstren, bed icke,
varje mod blir synd -

stäng in dig

stäng in dig i din kammare
med din svaghets guld,
vänta i din kammare,
tills kärlekens mod har kommit,
vänta,
tills ett öppet svärd ligger
mellan vad du måste och vad du icke
längre kan -

vi måste älska

vi måste älska
svaghetens timmar,
vi måste skydda
sjukdomens viljor -
förrän den svaga striden
har stridit sitt blod
och alla sjuka viljor vunnit seger,
är den starkaste arm svag
och inget vårt -

midvinternatt

- genom blinda, vita nätter
karvar jag
med enkelhetens späda kniv mitt märke
i de största träden -
de största träden förstår ingenting och susar
dova ord, som ingenting menar, och
som de själva tror, är lösningen
på månen och vindarna -
- snart lyser gult
som brinnande kåda enkelhetens späda märke
genom dovt fallande skogar
på alla träd -

vad är det

vad är det, du kallar fara,

lilla du,
vad är det, du är rädd att mista -?
det minsta hopp, du skulle
finna bland stenarna, är
värt allt,
du måste ha gömt
undan djuren på din vandring,
innan du hann stranden -

fjällvatten

den vita älven
rinner forsande,
hatfull förbi det block,
där en skärva sitter
som ett öga -

tag, vita ström,
allt som vacklar,
hata, hopplöst sinande,
din vita grumlighet
mot blocket -

när dina sista
källor äro torra,
vända sig
bergets rubiner ut -

förklaring

att rovan är grön
och smal,
kommer sig bara därav,
att regnet icke
kom i augusti och september,
men i oktober -
rovan är grön och torr, det
kommer sig därav -

måneord

molnen jagar -
månen hänger, tyst räknande
hästar och huvuden -
månen vet,
att hetsande moln
bara finns stunden,
då de täcker honom -
månen vet, att ångesten hatar
rötter och lökar -
månen skär tyst
livets rispa genom jakten -

september

- sök havet, då
det en kväll efter äska bär
sin varma dallrande stiltje
om hösten -
det händer någon gång då,
att små svart-vita änder dyker upp,
och skriker till varandra,
likt de hårda ögonblick, som blixtrande
räddar glädjen, och försvinner -
någon enda kväll,
då havet tyst kysser klipporna
och obevekligt låter båtarna
lägga sig, som de vill -

skapa

skapa dig en värld
utav gärningar -
låt följderna rulla likt
ständigt olika stenar
nedför branterna, som lovar havet,
och stumt hopar enastående skärvor
period efter period -
skapa dig världar,
låt dem rulla likt stenar -

skepp

låt alla de tidiga skeppen
gå halvfulla eller tomma
i ljusa dagsresor -,
göm de tyngsta dyrbarheterna,
att det sena skeppet må
gå tungt i sjön, blänkande
svart av last -

dagarna

dagarna äro nätter,
ljuset är fjärran från sol,
dagarna ska du känna, icke
på deras namn,
dagarna ska du känna på friheten,
fly måste du ljuset, tills du vågar
kalla det sol -
locka icke maskarna att flyga,
dagarna äro nätter -

dans

hatvild dansar
min vrede -,
mjukt glider
tårarnas dans -,
ångest tutar
skrän -
min fröjd sitter
på en brun stol -

bortom

ständigt blixtrar det, fast
molnen stå fjärran -
dansa icke,
fastän det spelas,
blixterna väsa bortom
hoppets och förtvivlans toner,

dansa icke,
ständigt blixtrar det -
molnen stå fjärran,
bortom förtvivlan och hopp -

aningar

solen vandrar
ung, tyst och strålande
över klipporna, ejdrarna och husen,
lugnt, säkert -
sedan lägger hon sig
som en löftesrik gula
i havets morgonlovande vita -

tysta klippor
moderligt bekymrade ejdrar
och blinda hus
diskutera med havet
mina aningar,
om de kanske än
ändå skulle vara sanna -

båten driver,
mina armar ha domnat,
jag viskar
mot tjärdoftande botten:
jag tror på tystnaden
och morgondagen,
jag hatar det, som man vet -,
och jag väntar på
att livet skall lyfta
mig som en rödgul rova mot solen,
eller tyst gömma mig
under dimman som ett misstag -

till dig

att allt, som är möjligt,
framträder, skiljer sig
och dödande blommar,
vill livet-
..... vad du och jag vill -
vi försöker -
om friheten och ungdom
blir vårt barn,
då kanske vi lyckas -
horisonten är lika fjärran nu -

och livet gynnar ingen -

syn

tvenne kannor möttes -
den ena var rund och
hade en svart sol målad
på sin mage -,
den andra hade en smärt öppnad hals
och vita och bruna ränder
längs höfterna -
ångande fyllde de varandra -
om gift eller kärlek visste icke de,
och såg icke jag -
ur bägges munnar fladdrade ångan
blandande sig
med andra, främmande dofter -

flykt

låt oss hemligt och stolt bära ödmjukhet
genom dagarna -
vårt liv är en fantastiskt gammal,
stinkande kokott, smekande
nyanserat, raffinerat, så att vi glömma
hennes leenden,
hennes dumma händer -
låt oss smyga som hövdingar, galna av stolthet,
alla stigar,
som icke äro hennes,
bärande vår sista ödmjukhet
som guld -

den unga fursten

den unga fursten ser
tankfullt på solen och havet,
om de kanske skulle
vara användbara

för hans hand i morgon -

en kvinna tigger skälvande
vid hans fötter:
- tag bort pinan,
tag bort frukten ur mitt sköte,
giv tillbaka mig åt lammet, det enda,
som icke vill strypa min spira -
varför måste jag spännas,
krossad, vid din blinda frukt,
som du blott slängde
likt en sten någonstans -
förbannad vare du av mitt gift -
varför skall du vara hög och dum
som ett verktyg -

den unga fursten ser
tankfullt på spräckliga fjädrar bland havstången,
om de kanske skulle vara användbara
en kväll eller någon gång -
sen vandrar han långsamt
bort, grubblande morgondagar -

hon

- fattig, övermäktig av hat,
vågade jag språnget från
fängelsegluggen -,
naken, jagad till vanvett,
slukade mig skogen -
strålände, rik och stolt
trampade hon
på min hand, där jag låg,
och bjöd mig allt, hon ägde
mot min kärlek -
jag räckte henne, törstande, min
nakna uselhet,
jag blev stark och rik -
- alla, som jag mötte sedan,
bad mig om, vad jag skänkt -,
alla, som jag gav utav min rikedom,
har dött usla dödar -
och mina skatter av is och blod
är outtömliga, och själv
har jag aldrig vågat smaka -
- i fasans fjärran skog
sitter hon,
saligt lekande med min lycka -

barnet

när barnet vill plocka en blomma
och icke får,
då gråter barnet utanför stängslet
eller skriker högt och stampar med foten
eller går tyst bort att söka annat,
som det kanske får och som också är vackert att ta -

..... och när de gamla
har byggt så mycket stängsel
att inget finns för dem, som de får,
och. som tillika är vackert och mjukt att ta i,
då bygger de sig mörkbruna hus
att sitta i på kvällarna och sjunga
dova krypande sånger
till gudar utav spindelväv och damm -
när barnen sover, förgråtna eller lugnt leende,
då låter från de stängda mörkbruna husen
klagosångerna mot dödens lycka bakom tillbommade fönster -

luta * dig

luta dig mot mig -
jag innehåller din vila -,
jag äger att utstycka din kraft -
luta dig mot mig -
jag är ett träd, du
ett annat -

nätter

jag håller drömmar ur en kruka
och vin ur en kanna -
i ditt glas simmar solen och månen -
låt oss dricka -
ana livets doft
efter tusen nätter som denna -

kan det finnas

kan det finnas en kvinna,
som är min mor,
det måste vara en stor kvinna,
att hålla mig fast vid sin barm,
det måste vara en stor kvinna,
att hålla mitt slut lugnt *,
så att icke mitt slut ska skrika
dödens hat mot hennes mjuka * bröst -

ond visa

göm undan trummorna
och fiolerna -, det måste
komma dagar,
då du skulle ångra att
ha använt dem nu -
när trummornas och fiolernas dagar
ha kommit, skulle du
hata dig att ha använt
dem nu -

när -?

i min svarta skål
bredvid varandra
fyra blodröda bär,
ännu orörda -
när skall du våga
ta i mina blodröda bär och bita i dem,
tills du drunknar i min blindhet -,
skall du någonsin
våga snudda vid min svarta skål -?
skall jag någonsin
tvingas lämna,
för väder och vind att leka med,
min svarta skål,
för att leta nya bär, lika
glödande, tigande,
eller ännu blodrödare,
för någon annan -, okänd
att få offra sitt anlete åt en ny blindhet,
som fjärran -,
dock måste vara min -

fallande blomblad

bägaren är bräddfylld, därför
måste du dricka -
se icke på bägarens vägg,
tänk icke på framtidens smärta -
dropparna äro dyrbara,
bägaren är bräddfylld nu -
därför måste du dricka -

kom -!

kom -, rus,
tugga mig -
kom -, storm,
slit rodret från min hand -
kom, krypande dimmor,
kom, låt mig segra, utan
vilja och utan styre -

fienden

bara segern och vilan äro gemensamma,
det finns inga gemensamma strider,
alla strider äro f jÄrran från vilan,
alla strider ha bara en fiende,
alla strider brytas i mörker,
där ingen ser, bara slår
fienden -
låt oss dela
vilans och fröjdens längtan,
striden måste dansas i mörkret,
ensam med allas fiende -

vapen

stolthet -, tystnad -,
vapnen, som skyddar
den enda, längsta
vägen -
det finns ingen egen
seger, ingen egen
död -,
det finns bara livets
nederlag i dig, eller din
öppenhet utan tvekan, när
rösterna talar eller krusar havet
med sina andedräkter -

längtan

grym är min trötthet,
min hopplöshet hungrar blod,
min kärlek finns icke,
mina händer ha blivit fina och kalla
som ormar -

men bittert redo är jag
att som en tigerhona skydda
livets första blomma -
blind är min stolthet,
dödande min tystnad,
hopplöst redo är jag
varje timme -

avsked

återigen har jag gjort
mig resfärdig -
en trång kruka med ädelt vin -,
om det värsta skulle hända -
sedan bara vapen,
härliga vapen, kloka och visa vapen -
och många, många vapen,
det kommer att fräsa
ur kallheten
och blixtra ur hatet nu -
efteråt -?
efteråt ska vi skratta,
om icke det värsta har hänt,
nu måste vi skiljas -

törnet

stör mig icke -
låt mig icke veta främmande lögner -
jag älskar icke ensamheten -
jag älskar ingenting -
jag ville -
jag kunde -
stör mig icke -
jag måste vara -
fläcka icke vad, som icke är -

nu

dödens syror äger alla rikedomar -,
gråa stenen har blivit liv -,
vanvettet är sanningens hopp -
alla rikedomar har blivit billiga -
blodets fattigdom är
diamanten, som skär sten i skivor åt solens käftar -,
blodets sol törstar vanvett
och kräkes rikedom -,
gråa stenen har blivit liv -

endast då

när förtvivlan har ätit allt,
som fanns i ditt hus och i ditt hjärta,
kom då -
när alla eldar ha brunnit ner,
och alla stormar ha andats ut,
när, i gränslöst tålmod, bara förtvivlan
dröjer hos dig,
kom då -
jag ska ge dig
tron på blodets stumma seger
över alla viljor och alla segrar -

bröd

berusa dig varje timme -
timmarna måste bli år -
berusa dig -!
livet är en dröm -
ruset är hata död -
ruset dränker dig
i livets bröd -
berusa dig varje timme -!
timmarna måste förbli unga -,
brödet är ungdomens sten -

eld

det, som du tar
av begär, är ditt -,
vad, som bjudes dig,
är synd -
dränk grävande ditt spett bland blodets skatter -,
välj djupt -!
önskan av sten är begär av blod,
stenens kraft är blind -
eld är hårda hjärtan -,
eld måste brinna -,
sten och eld är mörker -
lyckan är svart -

porträtt

vad du vet, struntar jag i,
hela världens visdom skiter jag på,
stoft vill jag ha,
ett par hav utav stoft behöver jag,
jag är arbetare,
jag förbrukar inget,
i andra skepnader
ger jag allt tillbaka -,
jag dör fult,
om jag icke kan arbeta -,
stoft vill jag ha,
kakor av stoft måste jag äta
alla timmar -,

jag är arbetare,
jag skiter i allt annat,
vad du vet, och hela världens visdom,
jag behöver inget veta,
blott stoft och återigen stoft behöver jag,
stoft måste fylla mina händer
och min mun alla timmar -

bad

titta på mitt bröst -!
det är ungdomens bröst,
svällande av hårdhet -
hoppet är underbart hårt som bara fan -,
mitt blod är ett enda tveäggat hot
mot alla fiskar, som har buken uppåt -
dödens bad är svalt efter alla rus -
en hunger, som min, känner bara sig själv -,
en hunger, som min, har tagit av sig varje känsla
för att kunna simma fritt -,
hoppet är underbart hårt och tungt och svart
att ta i med hatets unga, berusade nävar -
mitt bröst har ett skratt
så hårt, att havet vänder sig -
den enda vägen är mitt bröst -

bort -!

våra båtar duger icke längre -,
för bräckliga, för tunga i vattnet -,
vårt mod är för trött för sådana fartyg -
små, starka lätta båtar är vad vi behöver -
vi måste berusa oss i starkt vin, att
vi glömmer havet,
att vi glömmer livet,
att bara giftet finns -,
vi måste berusa oss i vin, att
våra lätta båtar blir väldiga skepp,
som glömskt och obevekligt går mot kustar,
som icke ens ruset vågat nämna -
bort måste vi -,
andra båtar måste vi skaffa oss -,
landet fördärvar vårt blod -

fiskare

klipp sönder era nät, fiskare,
vidare maskor fordras det,
om ni vill bli riktiga, stora fiskare -
större maskor och
flera fiskenätter och
hårdare längtan fordras det,
om ni vill bli verkligen
stora fiskare -
klipp sönder era nät,
låt fångsten leka,
dra vidare nät
fortare, tystare genom vattnet
i många flera nätter, o fiskare, storfångare -!

framtiden

lär dig svälta,
snart kommer framtiden
med sin gåva,
fattigt är dess leende,
tomma dess händer -
lär dig spara,
snart kommer framtiden
med sin skål,
fattig är din ungdom,
tag gåvan, att få
giva ditt mod -
lär dig tro,
framtiden är ett under:
en sol, som befruktar
ett hat-stelnat sköte,
en måne, som svalkar
utbrända hjärtan,
lär dig sjunga
om småfågelägg i våldets nävar,
och segerleenden i de slagnas skål -
lär dig tigga,
snart faller från nödens regnbåge
framtidens enda slant -

porträtt

svarta ögon,
ragg -
tung läppar,
mummel -
händer, långsamma,
dova,
blixtsnabba -
- huvudet reses,
handen faller,
revolution -
en dov klagan,
kärlek -
bakifrån:
hund -

natt

- himlen mörknar
ödena samlar sig
mänskolivet sover
vårens eller höstens sömn -
- ödena talar,
sol och måne väntar -

- natten vänder sig dröjande
mänskolivet kvider i sömnen
ödena väntar
att skåda verkställelsen -

ord

inför det stora och enkla
äro orden dimmiga
och tonfallet allt -
inför det falska och oäkta
fattas mig ord -
jag trampar med skrovlig häl
rot, stängel, allt,
lyftande hat och mord
som livets kross-spark
åt döden -
ångest-blind famlande:
blomma
sol
mänska -

visa

- de, som ha minst,
komma at segra -
de, som äga,
komma att dö -
nöden är ett vapen -
mättnaden en lucka -
ingen får välja -
ingen bryter lagen -

nödens trygghet

jag själv är av mörker
har alltid varit -
en del av mig,
jag vet ej vilken,
finnes i andra nejder -
den viskar mig främmad
allt jag behöver att veta -
den viskar från
nejder, långt från allt mörker,
den ser mig aldrig
och min panna böjd genom mörkret,
dess blick är vänd
mot andra klarare öden -
i nödens bittraste timme
skall en iskall vind
från ljusa okända nejder
viska mig allt, jag behöver -

diktaren

nu vill jag berätta
för dig vad en diktare är:
han är dimman * ytterst
på horisonten,
han är ryggen utav det,
som varit,
och hans panna är strimman * som dröjer
på nattens gräns,
hans ögon äro ibland trötta
av att vänta efter det,

som han icke vet, om det finns,
och ibland äro de blinda
av en sol på andra sidan
dimman -
då gråter diktaren, tills
dimman har ryckt längre bort,
och väntandets ångest åter
svalkar * hans svidande ögonlock -
diktaren är han, som
antingen är en dåre eller en vis,
han, som
varje timme väljer,
om han vill leva eller
alltid ha varit död -

senere digte

jeg -

en vise i skoven

en ulmende pibe
passende for et menneskes tænder
blev slængt i min skaal
til en hunger
der fremvæltende
kunde slikke alle vaarens elve tørre
paa een dag -

under nattens
prangende maske
svider pibemund rosenfrø -
og min hunger hvæsser spaaner
i fattighuset -
- er menneske stort?
grinende summer kraniets flue -
i skovens dyb
sliber jeg spidst
mit had -

kære menneskebarn
stakkels lille -
barbenet - alene -
uden graad i skoven -

den bodfærdige

- min fornemhed
kender ingen grænser -
naar jeg
tigger, er det en naade
at turde give -
for mig
at give, findes ikke her -,
her findes is og storm,
og deres skæbne
bærer jeg -
- i ensomhedens øde skove gør jeg bod -
min fornemhed
kender ingen grænser -,
den kender skæbnens
bud og intet andet -

nat - nat - nat -

- det, som lyser mig,
kan jeg ikke -
det, som jeg kan,
sværter mig -
- naar jeg mættes,
- mindes jeg -
- naar jeg glemmer,
- hungrer jeg -
- søvnen, som gaar,
- vækker vildskab,
- som ikke vil gaa -
min hunger har intet at faa -

nødens tryghed

jeg selv er af mørke
har altid været -
en del af mig
jeg ved ej hvilken
findes i andre egne -
den hvisker mig fremmed
alt jeg behøver at vide -
den hvisker fra

egne, langt fra alt mørke,
den ser mig aldrig
og min pande bøjet i mørke,
dens blik er vendt
mod andre klarere skæbner -
i nødens bitreste time
skal en iskold vind
fra lyse ukendte egne
hviske mig alt jeg behøver -

vi stolte

lad os bøje os,
vi stolte -,
lad os søge et haab -

lad os aabne os,
vi store -,
lad os vise vor armod -

lad os tale,
vi stærke -,
lad os dræbe vort had -

lad os bøje os,
lad os søge et haab -

se -!

du er ikke ond
og ikke god,
ikke vis
og ikke svag -
hemmelige fremtidsviljer
bruger dig -
alle er vi udvalgte,
alle skal vi dø -
viljerne bruger os -
ingen kan dømmes,
og ingen er kronet -
hemmelige fremtidsviljer
borer sig
gennem os
frem -

flygt!

med hænderne knuget
i en krampe, haardere end sten,
med øjnene
blinde af en gnist,
som hverken er haab eller glæde,
med fødderne tvunget af en vilje,
hinsides baade menneske og fremtid,
flygt -!

flygt, skjult af en vildskab,
som dræber, hader alt,
som elsker
eet,
flygt, frælsende den draabe i dig,
som livet vilde dø
uden -

i nat

i nat frøs
tøsneen ikke -
sirenerne skreg
i mildhedens taage -
jorden vældede blød
frem af drivernes skred -

luftens isnende tomhed
fyldes af væde -
lysende damp
dækker maanens lys -
jorden skinner brun
mod morgenens tøvende magt -
havet aander blegt,
før solen rejser sig -

digt

jeg er en fattig synder,
der søger harmoni -
oh, sollyse drifter og
skumle lyster og mord

og pjerrot-løgne -
solen gaar ned i natten
og kommer igen med dag -
i et kammer, i en mands figur
sidder sjælen med lyse øjne -
sorgen over livet
er det dejligste haab -

nitten digte MCMXXXVII

sang

- fløjt klingende din vise om en gylden dag -,
klag din knugende smærte i moll -
sandheden hvisker nynnende melodien
i krattet bag grøften,
i stuens mørke -
- glæd dig, lyttende vandrer,
over harmoniens naadegave -,
flygt, ilsomt og stille,
for tonernes dystre kamp -
stemmer og toner besvarer, vandrer,
knivskarpt dit spørgende smil -

bølger

- solens sendags-skraa spyd
svingende stikker i havet,
glashuden hæver sig dirrende
og glattes ud,
kysten gennem dis er grøn,
blegblaarøde vandmænd stiger
mod guldlys,
suges mod havbund,
driver bølgede mod mad og død -
solpile vakler og falder,
kysten vender sig bort,
vindstille matblaa bølger
mumler havbølgers nat -

hvidt

en hvid bugnende snesky
en hvid skraat spejlende maane
et barns skrig
en hvidmalet baad paa bedding
sorte bølgers merke skvulp
og skridt af træsko
paa en sildeskællet kaj
tegner fosforsyngende
oktobernattens bidende kontur -

rids

viben skriger
en cirkel sort
skriger en kurve hvid
i luften -
saltengen drejer sig
grøn-graa vaad
med et lukket æg
i midten -

havet glider rødmende
ind i solens ild,
aften aander salt
mod morgens vind -
en maage forsvinder i sløret sus,
fiskeren vaagner til dag -

fiskerleje

oktobers horisont
er højere end kirkens spir -
paa dens takkede kant
vandrer smaa dampere
i række -
paa kysten hamrer havet sort
trommende -
og store vejrbidte mænd
kløver pindebrænde
med smaa økser -

skæret

sorthvide maager
med gule næb mod sommerbrisen
paa skærets ryg -
en sæl drejer et sort hoved
frem og tilbage kiggende
langs havspejlet -
skærets eneste asters brænder violet
i solen -
fluerne danser over
maagernes mødding -
sælen forsvinder -
maagerne letter -
strandasterten sidder fast i sin revne -
et rødt sejl dukker op -

vejr

- østenstormen klemmer
havet mod klippernes tænder
lukker havnene
jager fisken
til havs -

- skyerne blir smaa og stjernerne kommer
efter tre døgn -
vestbrise puffer søerne væk,
gammel brænding falder
tung paa skæret -
fiskerne kigger -

lav horisont

regngraas stormvind
trykker vintersæds blaagrønne spirer
mod sorte knolde -
markerne bølgertungt,
dunkel-grønne haar følger
i nikkende dans stormens
isnende strøg over krybende muld -
himlen kaster sig sort udad
mod havet -

grønne spirer nikker i takt
flimrende under stormens slør -

rødt og sort

de grønne blade blir gule -
stormene river
maaned efter maaned -
gul-røde blade klamrer sig til sorte grene -
langsomt vrider regnen stilkene løse -
saften staar stille i roden -

under jagende himmel
sover mulden sin hvile -
grønne menneskehjærter sortner -
menneskenes storme blødende nærmer sig -
forvirrings regn siver nat og dag -
hjærtets love mørner -
efteraars straalende pragt
vandrer i døde kolonner
gennem menneskenes byer -
- solen er fjernest nu -

konturløst

oktober regn-storm pisker fra land,
havet kryber,
bygerne hvinende stryger,
lave sorte, pressende havet ned -
vandet synker
skærene ligger blottede,
et opankret skib
staar taarnhøjt, opslugt i dis,
en kone paa dækket
med kikkert ser intet -
over landet en tidlig maane
suser gennem rygende skyer -
en lille baad flygter
væltende mod havn -

nat

stille regn falder
gennem natten -
over den anden kyst
hviner stormen -
her falder regnen stille -
fra en graa himmel
usynlig i natten
falder regndraaberne
paa huse og marker og baade,
og paa klipperne ved havet -
og gør alting vaadt
i nattens stilhed -
fra den anden side øen
høres stormens hvinen
svagt -

pynten

selv naar det er stille,
naar blot en enkelt graa sky
haenger tung ved solnedgang,
rejser bølgen sig højt i vejret
paa skæret ud for pynten -
mod pyntens sorte stenkold
falder bølgen ned igen
med sne-hvidt brus -
under tungt hængende himmel
med en gul stribe i vest -

se!

se solen, solen,
føl luften i det levende bryst,
græsset under foden i glæde, glæde -,
endnu lever du jo -!
o, se, solen staar op,
se, dit barn sover,
- se -!
endnu lever du jo,
din kvinde glæder sig i dit hus -
- fyld dine øjne med det varme, herlige lys -,
levende broder!

morgen

i vintermorgens sorte mørke
lyder fra huse hanernes kør -
skygger af mænd
tramper mod havnens lygte -
motorers dunk trækker usynlige baade
mod pibende hav -
istunge byger fejer fra lave tage
kulrøgens brune sløjfer
udover havet -

bøn

magter, som styrer himlen og jorden
solen og stormen og havet,
magter, som styrer, usynligt for blikket,
menneskenes færden og liv,
magter, som styrer, usynligt for sjælen,
trældom og nød, skælvende glæde,
krige og rædsler, skændsel og synd,
magter, jeg tigger i pine,
giv mig lys for mit virke,
magter, lad mig ikke dø unyttig,
mægtige, brænd eders mærke
dybt ind i mit vaklende sind -

vise

mørke ansigter rundt omkring -
de klare glas paa bordet -
den hvide brænding
den hvide sne
og evig storm,
vort svage mod
i verdens larm -
ned foran glassets rand
sænker sig den almægtiges skæg
hans vældige ro, hans bydende blik,
hans grædefærdige smil -
den hvide brænding
den hvide sne
og evig storm,
vort svage mod

i verdens larm -
drik ud,
gud hjælpe os smaa -

vinter

stormene buldrer -
vinteren fører sin krig -
havet vandrer
langs kysterne -
himlen følger det
højt over landet -
små huse trykker sig
i angst mod jorden -
månenes øje af is
stirrer gennem nattens mur
på mænd, der henter kul -

brødre

brødre i livets taager,
brødre i nøden på jorden,
det forfærdelige findes,
skændselen lever i pragt,
døden vandrer ved vor side
saaende mørke og stank -,
brødre, skabt til mennesker,
alting har en sandhed
lysende skarp og klar,
alting har sin lov
ubrydelig fra dybet til det højeste -,
den frie menneskesjæl
har øjne skabt til lys -,
dybt i nødens grave
brænder evig sandhed,
selv på livets bund
bliver løgneren aldrig ild,
selv i skændselens dynd
gløder menneskets lov
ufattelig som gud -

marts

sneen ligger
fast og hvid -
havet straalere
sommerblaat -
flammende sol
og isklar luft
brænder i trætte øjne -
havfugle yngler,
hæse stærer skriger -
natten kommer
sort og dyb -
baade følger
stimende sild -
over landet i vest
gnistrer en stjerne grønt -