

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: black god's stone english poems

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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 -

|X

the god of the blood (2 song)

|X

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X

|X 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 o f 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 lustrous 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 -

|X

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 -

|X

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 obedience -,
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](#) *

separatenes
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 -

|X

brother -!

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

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

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

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X

the message of the chief

|X 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 unpierceable 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 unfailing 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 -

|X

slave -!

|X 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 -!

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

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X

the foreboding

|X 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 -

|X

the song of the black banner

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X 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 -

|X

spring ballad

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

|X 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 -

[X](#) but now,
mother -,
my eyes are closed upon yours, closed too -
now, mother -,
I can have rest a short time, completely -

[X](#)

the ring

[X](#) I have broken the floor
of my loneliness -
I dig the claws of my soul
deep into the rock -
downwards, downwards -

[X](#) the rock of darkness
has devoured me -
all directions
but one are torn asunder -
downwards, downwards -!

[X](#) I have broken the floor
of my loneliness -
softly, softly
I sink through the mountains
of blindness -

[X](#) 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 -

[X](#)

the dawn is grey over the sea

[X](#) 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 -

[X](#) 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 -

|X

blindness

|X 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 -

|X

evening in the forest

|X 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 council

✂ 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 -

IX

what is there

IX 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 -?

IX

the song of my tribe

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

IX 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 -

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

IX 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 -

IX

song

IX 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 -?

|X

the time has come

|X 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 -

|X

where is laughter -?

|X 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 -?

|X 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 -?

|X

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 -!