

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 -

## **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 <sup>\*</sup> 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<sup>\*</sup>,  
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<sup>\*</sup> -  
loitering<sup>\*</sup> 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 -!