

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: the mother's death

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Anvendt udgave: Samlede skrifter II

## 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 <sup>\*</sup> -  
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 -