

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: good-bye

Citation: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf: "good-bye", i Munch-Petersen, Gustaf: *Samlede skrifter II*, Borgen, 1988. Onlineudgave fra Arkiv for Dansk Litteratur: <https://tekster.kb.dk/text/adl-texts-munp2-shoot-workid56892.pdf> (tilgået 26. april 2024)

Anvendt udgave: Samlede skrifter II

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 -