

We have shadows  
in summer I can read  
letters I won't tell you  
what they say it's a private  
message from my private  
mother to my private daughter  
the daughter goes clap clap  
med hennes nakna händer  
I invented war  
I can't turn it off

The riot of flowers transforms  
me from rat infested to infested  
by features that belong  
to delphiniums and poetry  
is what my eyes belong to inflation  
is how my hands belong to frightening  
butterfly poses I practice  
frightening poses with anemones  
and they win I lose they win  
I have to lose to transform flowers  
into riots upplopp oljud oskuld  
I have a fever and flowers  
riot against my torso  
it's mimesis day and I'm transforming  
my disappearing act into silver  
poetry to pay my debt no I pay  
with delphiniums no I have paid  
too much for upploppet I can't  
finish the poem the flowers  
are too obscene  
I have a kissing sickness

The faustsick afterparty takes  
place in nature I don't believe in  
nature I take place in the butcher shop  
the butcher takes my place in  
the rabble takes me back to ruins  
I listen to ruins ecological cyclamen  
clang eternal love has fallen out  
of the top twenty this week  
when the rabble gets to me  
they are mothers  
not my mothers dead mothers  
dead children are part of the climate  
like my ribs are part of the rabble  
in my poem and they are too loud  
and the mothers are silent  
because they are my daughter's  
mothers of the border  
mothers of the trashed mothers  
of the rabble that breathes inside  
this ruined abbatoir mothers  
who will later mother  
my revolver and teach me how  
to ornament a crime

I need more seashells  
but it is more like summer  
poets once crushed  
flowers here plug the bullet  
hole the rabble wants  
to become media I want  
to drink media and call that  
sommar call stockholm  
sommarsommar  
the riflemaker is building  
a new one to protect me  
from the rabble he says  
it's symbolism I silence  
the rabble with nectarines  
I eat nectarines while  
looking out the window  
the nectarines are from  
summer but the carcasses  
are from poesin  
the riflemaker says it's from  
women's bodies  
he wants to be cleaned  
he wants to speak to history  
utan kroppar  
so he makes a rifle  
out of candy  
I put it in my mouth  
I love how the rabble look  
at me like I'm the killer  
I'm the captions

The rabble wants to tear apart  
my shitty orpheus mask  
because I hate more purely  
than they do when I write Poetry  
for the Masses I make a million  
dollars I pay it to know what  
is happening to my mouth  
it's not good the seeds taste  
like levothyroxine they are  
pomegranate seeds the rabble  
tells me what is happening  
to my body it's skulden  
sommaren är min men skulden  
är din för du läser I want this  
poem to be antimatter but it is  
more beautiful undermatter under  
ground under the poisoned trees  
the pills are lavender and shaped  
like tears I am watching the lilacs  
do their thing to matter  
I'm a child of film  
I melt it and play it while I sing  
a song about a million dollars  
to pay my debt I perfect my crime  
the pills taste like liquorice  
the sun tastes terrible in  
the butterfly pavillion I hate  
the sun and want to kill it  
with klangdikten dessa klangdikter  
are kill poems for my daughter  
they are love poems  
for my daughter my deader  
I need to pay my debts  
for the brave new world  
where I continue to betray you