

Silent Directive

See and go

Everything that appears can be perceived

To see without succumbing – is the path

to see and leave, a silent stream of items and things

tree trunk sandbox gravel trails

a coiled branch

the shining tree

empty days. You are ravishing. Let me feel this

as I experience it

Pilot light

luminous words

snap, step, metal roofs and clouds

the street is a structure that calms

layer upon layer of facades and glass

to the suburbs and back again

Hägersten* is a kangaroo pouch in thought

carrying, brown, damp

turning in and out

like the words: you birthed me mother

listen: there is no going back

Wake, awake

A rain drew in during the night. The night rain pulling a membrane across
the objects. Muffled sounds.

Thumb on the back of a chair, finger on a cork. Listless and
detained and cracked skin under your foot
Insufficient

I am insufficient
it will suffice
it is more than enough to be

it is always sufficient to just continue
still, still
still the words sing eternally *it is not enough*
Waking up, conjuring a voice

Take the word night seriously, heave
it like a cloak over your body
be there long enough that it shields your eyes
so that it blackens your vision entirely and
you must rise just to rise
and to not suffocate

one must always rise higher

Write so that you rejoice and fly high
Beat hooves at one another. Spark

Stay in a room with Marina Tsvetaeva and Birger Sjöberg
Feel the current of language
The crosspollination, the meeting of the unfamiliar
So that you again get a feeling for what language can be

Always remember what language can be
Stop speaking. Do. For
the poem's language may die. Needles, the sprawl, the amorphous
springing forth, searching with nose and scent across the earth

the mundane remains, a voice says push away

With violence must the song be written

Sing anyway

All that sings, sings for the second time

Nausea, you feel the loathful wave
again

the emphatic rubbish and power of the progression, still it goes

The song is a trawl, pulling backwards

The song is an arrow, it aims

Bend the bow of song

The gravitation itself, the barge oh yes
no against
the resistance to the song births it

what we know well, outside and before
what we cannot yet discern, the song
going on its way, the last thing that goes out of the body is
the song out of memory

My *being*. The song is my being.

How long does it take to walk

A voice net loosens, pulls towards the night, to the hearths out there
A net wants to trawl what happens

A word, nothing more, the night is here
Syria, fulfilling, is the night

Coal-black veil over everything
Kobani *

hearths

a single name can expose everything you see the devastation of just
the names

Syria
Kobani

the gap

to sing of others
to sing can be to take over

How will I
say
speak
think

The thought is a prayer, it moves silently outwards

Feeling, find a nest
it is not possible without a connection
find your sister

a sister in Syria

the thought twists the thread

a night sister
a sentinel

she carries a history
scorched earth

she points to a field, soil, where I will go and wait, see
lay out words step by step, but no song there, none