

BETWEEN WHITE SNOW AND A GOLDEN LAMP.

SWEDEN.

POLITICAL OPTIONS

Opera

venetian cape of black taffeta
 order of the seraphim
 tricorne. hat adorned with white plumes
 white mask
 masked company dancing a quadrille

16 black masks

16 black dominoes

16 black forms

encroaching death

pistol shot

orchestra continued playing

dancers continued weaving

"close the doors"

"some wretch has shot the king"

"arretez - le mais ne lui faites de mal"

are people allowed to shoot at masquerades ...?

Cinema

grand 1 2 3 4

the brothers mozart

film ends after 11 pm

olof puts on thick overcoat and fur hat

lisbet listens and hums to the music

time is now 11.15 pm

couple decide to walk home

weather windy freezing cold

"what a marvelous country sweden is, where the prime minister
 can walk home unescorted late at night, just like any ordinary citizen"

that comment changes history .

Department Store

NK Stockholm

"we stock what you want"...

"luxury goods from the entire world"...

Do you stock violent death ?

Does evil stalk your cosmetic counter ?

How about very sharp carving knives ?

Stock those as well, do you ?

*

SITTING READING IN THE GARDEN

(sitter läsning i trädgården)

Sitting reading in the garden

at Midnight

Midnight is bright and white

while foxes rustle in the undergrowth

searching for food

to dare and make some noise

everything is colour movement explosion light

life flowers at the windows of the midnight sun

which melts in my mouth

i'm ripe

and i fall translucent in the grass

you said it *sambo*¹

i dont know how to open my eyes at night ?

golden tongue

strawberry slash

poetry is in play

*

¹ 'sambo' is the Swedish word for partner

THE LEAVES OF THE FOREST

(bladen på skogen)

the leaves of the forest the leaves

my house has leaf views from every glass
this leaning architecture detailed like the facade of a cathedral

many cathedrals many glass many leaf
niches embellishments perpendicular masses delicate shafts

white sun sculpting sculpting all in its light

white tree white statue white light

*

LANDSCAPE IN EARLY SPRING

the ground is red

the rocks are grey

the sky is blue

the vegetation is a dark green

this landscape is cruel hard sad despite the infinite variety of shapes
growing

despite the leaning gracefulness of the pine trees and the bouquets
of berries bursting from big flowering trees flowers of walpurgis

*

ISLANDS AND LAKES

islands lakes

islands lakes

islands where no one'll ever land

islands where no one'll ever stop

islands overgrown

islands crouched like snow leopards

islands that are silent

islands that do not move

islands that are unforgettable and nameless

i throw my shoes overboard because i really would like to go right over
to you

*

SWEDISH STYLE

bleached white wood

pure colours

honest straight lines

deck the smart lofts of the known world

swedish style

born

from the swedish soul

nature

outdoors

woods

winds

lakes

sea

rocks

spray

shaped into function by the piney

craft loving shipbuilding homesteading old nordic soul

*

THERE'S NO DOUBT SWEDEN

(det är ingen tvekan sverige)

there's no doubt sweden

decent sweden

serious sweden

liberal progressive sweden

anxious sweden

the land of virtue and

grievous moral pain

don't misunderstand me

i've always loved sweden

but

there is also

lazy decadence

ideological vacancy

consumerist ethics

empty narcissisms

nothingness

froth

senseless self pleasuring

drab eroticism

licit illicitism

populist emotions

media fed public moods and crazes

*

AGING IN A COLD CLIMATE

Breaking dawn - coralline pearl light
Enduring the insomnia of the aging,
And of the aggrieved.

I have so much to think about,
And even more not to think about :
The loss of my library,
Our debts,
American rent,
Islamophobia,
My uncertainty and fear about the future,
The vague - and not so vague -
Aches and pains in my brittle body,
The new battlefield for the mind to whimper over,
A vaguer sense of humiliation and overwhelming
And increasing sense of defeat.

My life
Once so full of choices,
Offers no
Nada, nought, never,
Acceptable choices now.

The dawn itself augments my testy feeling
That hours do not advance,
The night seems suspended in the crimson splash of dawn,
It is pure night, it could be night forever.
Perhaps it will be night forever ?

WINTER. 2017

The moon was a slice of white herring

The shadows of incomparable blackness
Sucked in ice like frozen acquavit on the lip
Of an ancient bogman.

The shapes of trees fell sharply on the snow
Of blackness so profound they seemed gashes
Into the underworld.

The days were short and the setting sun
Was snarled in rags of flying storm cloud.

The snow turned lurid, hurling away like
Cast blood.

The dark ocean of conifers swallowed the
afterglow.

*

SWEDISH MORNING. 8am.*Winter*

Black geraniums
Black curtains
Black window frames
Glass neutral
Black trees
Black horizon
Blood red slash across the boundary

Late Winter

Black geraniums
Black curtains with silver streaks
Black window frames
Glass neutral
Black trees
Grey horizon with emboldened grey and peeping blue
Molten red lava across the boundary

Early Spring

Black geraniums
Silver curtains with floral
Silver window frames
Glass neutral
Brown trees
White horizon with wide awake splashing blue
Sea blue waves with clouded boundary

*