

# *Nya dikter – Poesie nuove – New poems*

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a diary of poems  
to be constantly continued

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## *L'enigma*

Amo  
e non posso odiare.  
Do, e non posso togliare.  
Vivo, e non posso muore.  
Sanguino  
e non posso smettere sanguinare  
ma senza mai potere dissanguinarmi.  
Angoscia di panico è la mia eterna malattia  
ed il mio elisir di vita.  
Languisco sempre  
in che mi godo  
senza poter cessare.  
Ardo  
ma sono io la rapina delle mie fiamme  
e non posso consumarmi  
per quanto il dolore mi consuma.  
Che sono allora più che amore e sofferenza?  
La sete eterna  
di sempre più amore e sofferenza.

## *Gåtan*

Jag älskar  
och kan inte hata.  
Jag ger och kan inte ta.  
Jag lever och kan inte dö.  
Jag blöder  
och kan inte sluta att blöda  
men kan ej förblöda.  
Panikångest är min eviga sjukdom  
och mitt livselixir.  
Jag försmäktar beständigt  
men njuter av det  
och kan inte upphöra därmed.  
Jag brinner  
men är själv mina lågors rov  
och kan inte förbrännas  
hur smärtan därav än förtär mig.  
Vad är jag då mer än kärlek och lidande?  
Den eviga törsten  
efter mera kärlek och lidande.

*The enigma*

I love  
incapable of hatred.  
I give and cannot take.  
I live and cannot die.  
I bleed  
and can't stop bleeding  
but cannot bleed to death.  
Panic anguish is my only illness  
and my elixir of life.  
I languish constantly  
but enjoy it  
and cannot cease therewith.  
I burn  
but am myself the victim of my flames  
and cannot be consumed  
however much the pain thereof consumes me.  
What am I then more than love and suffering?  
– The eternal thirst  
for more love and suffering.

*Monstret*

Förr eller senare hemsöks vi alla  
av detta osynliga värsta av monster  
som smyger sig på en och tar en försåtligt  
så omänskligt lömskt, som en bläckfisk  
som snor sina slemmiga armar omkring en  
och stryper en långsamt för att dricka upp allt ditt blod  
så att inte en droppe blir kvar  
och din själ blir så tom och så utbränd  
som om den ej någonsin funnits.  
Så kommer med åren det monstret och tar dig  
vars namn bara är vanlig trötthet.  
En dag orkar du inte längre med allt vad du vill,  
och en annan dag börjar du längta till sängen.  
En dag sitter du litet längre på avträdet  
bara för att sitta kvar,  
och en dag börjar du bli beroende  
av vad som helst som blott håller dig uppe.  
En dag kan du ej längre räta på ryggen,  
och din energi blir så småningom ansatt  
av oro och ångest inför vad du ej orkar med.  
Det är trötthetens smygande död som har börjat belägra dig,  
och det finns ej någon väg eller räddning tillbaka.  
Det är bara att acceptera det oifråkomliga  
att ditt liv bara är som havets våg,  
som begynner från ingenstans  
för att i fåfånga rasa så länge den lever  
för att sedan brytas, försvinna och krossas mot stranden  
och sluta i bubblor av ingenting.

### *Modern poesi*

Ett ord  
per rad  
är nog  
med helst  
ej någon  
kommatering  
eller ens  
någon mening  
eller hur?

### *Kärleksdrömmar*

Jag drömde blott om dig,  
min älskade och särskilda  
personligaste vildmarksblomma  
som igen i drömmen tog mig med  
på halsbrytande äventyr  
på gränsen till det icke acceptabla  
och förbjudna, det anstötliga och farliga  
men utan att för något ögonblick gå över den;  
ty allt är tillåtet, om man blott mänsklig är,  
och håller man sig inom kärlekens râmärken  
kan man spränga hela universums gränser  
blott med att slå vakt om dem.

### *Den patetiske älskaren*

Tro inte att hon älskar dig.  
Hon bara leker, retas och är grym  
och tycker du är löjlig  
som kan med att älska henne  
till förbannelse så som du gör.  
Låt du blott henne gå till sängs med andra  
och ha roligare med dem än med dig,  
din tråkmåns, som går under i din egen blyghet  
och förgås i narcissistisk överkänslighet och ömklighet,  
som är din tröst, ty narcissism är blott naturligt:  
om ej någon annan älskar dig, fast du är älsklig,  
har du inget annat val  
än själv beundra dig och älska dig -  
i synnerhet om den du älskar skiter i dig.

### *Förträng icke minnet*

Förträng icke minnet,  
ty allt vad du förtränger skadar dig.  
Frossa i din nostalgis bitterljuvhet  
och låt dess feber rasa ut  
snarare än fräta sönder dig inifrån  
som en kräftsjukdom genom fåfäng undertryckelse,  
som bara måste explodera desto värre  
i desto hemskare metastaser  
om du ej låter dem blomma  
i sitt naturliga raseri.  
Njut av spänningens ögonblick  
och låt det aldrig mer gå över,  
det absoluta sanningens ögonblick

när kärleken steg över tröskeln till ditt liv  
för att aldrig mer lämna dig i fred.  
Låt känslor kanen rasa och aldrig sakta ner,  
ty vem kan sätta sig till motvärn mot vinden?  
Man kan stilla stormar,  
man kan gå på vatten och stoppa forsar,  
man kan släcka solen och stoppa himlavalvets gång,  
men man kan icke hålla tillbaka kärleken.

#### *Kärlekens meningsfulla självlågeri*

Mina dikter gråter av smärta  
men jublar samtidigt  
i en kaotisk blandning av eufori och frenesi,  
av tårar och självlågeri,  
av delirium in absurdum,  
medan kärleken bär mig utanför verkligheten  
och samtidigt berövar mig henne som jag älskar henne,  
fjärrar mig från henne och ger mig henne på samma gång,  
i ett kaos av blandade känslor av rus och vilshenhet,  
av extatisk visshet och turbulent besinningslöshet,  
av svindlande besatthet och fullständig hopplöshet,  
som om kärleken bara var ett fall ner i en avgrund  
utan botten, utan slut, utan sans och utan mening  
medan samtidigt hela livets enda mening  
finns koncentrerad i detta enda:  
i kärleken till en annan än sig själv.

#### *Entré*

Jag väntade med spänning,  
ty jag hade ju ej sett dig på så länge,  
icke på ett halvår  
och ändå umgåtts regelbundet med dig  
hela tiden genom dina närmaste  
och ständigt mera intensivt  
ju närmare din ankomst ryckte an.  
Hur ofta drogs ej mina ögon ängsligt  
till entrén och mänskorna som där kom in  
av vilka vilket ögonblick som helst  
en skulle vara du,  
en levande legend  
som valt bort livets goda  
säkerhet och trygghet  
för att satsa helt på själen endast,  
skönheten och poesin,  
på jakt efter dess kreativitet och uttryck,  
vilken sökan lett dig till att korsar mina vägar  
som om dessa kunde vara någonting för dig.  
Det återstår att se.  
En korsväg är det  
och i dubbel måtto,  
ty samtidigt som vi möts  
och korsar blygt varandras vägar  
framstår dessa båda som blott desto klarare  
och ängsligare i sin kritiska natur  
av enbart törnbeströddhet utan ände.

*Enter*

I waited in excitement  
since I hadn't seen you for so long,  
not in six months  
but still associated with you constantly  
by your next kin  
and ever more intensively  
the closer your return approached.  
How often did my eyes not anxiously  
seek out the entry door with all the people entering  
of which at any moment  
one of them would be yourself,  
a living legend,  
who had chosen to abstain from life's good things,  
all comfort and security  
to live instead with focus on the soul,  
the quest of poetry of beauty,  
the expression of it and its creativity,  
which path of hardship had brought you to cross my own,  
as if that could be of any service to you.  
That remains to be found out.  
It is a double Via Crucis,  
since when, as we meet, at the same time  
and cross each others' destinies,  
they both the more stand out more clearly  
as more vulnerable in their critical condition  
of only thorny difficult ordeals  
of trials without end.

What is love? It is all that is good.  
It is neither strife nor contention,  
it never hurts but only blesses,  
it only gives and bereaves you nothing,  
it is one-sidedly positive and constructive,  
it is what builds and never destroys,  
so quarrel and criticism is never out of love.  
It is creativeness of life  
and the very essence of life  
and all that it has to live on  
and therefore so brittle and delicate.  
So take care and nourish your love  
as life's most precious treasure,  
and the fundamental generosity of love  
will reward you without measure.

Vad är kärlek? Det är allt som är gott.  
Det är varken strid eller tvedräkt,  
det gör aldrig ont men gör bara gott,  
det bara ger och tar ingenting ifrån dig,  
det är ensidigt positivt och konstruktivt,  
det är vad som bygger upp och aldrig river ner,  
så man kan aldrig gräla och kritisera av kärlek.  
Det är själva livets kreativitet  
och själva livets innersta väsen  
och allt som livet har att leva på  
och därför så ömtåligt och skört.  
Så ta väl vara på och odla din kärlek  
som livets mest kostbara skatt,  
och dess fundamentala generositet  
kommer då att reciprocera utan gränser.

### *The wounded tiger*

I cry for pain, for love and for mercy  
handicapped by the cruelty of fate  
with no hope for my hellish infirmity  
being a decrepit old fool  
good only for drinking and doting  
in abject imbecility  
like a dying lion without teeth.  
They say a tiger turns a cannibal  
and coward man-eater as he grows old  
having nothing left to fall back on  
except the dishonour of his misery.  
But mind you: as long as he at all remains alive  
he still has the right to love  
and can use that right to some advantage  
since no one can make love like tigers.

### *Den sårade tigern*

Jag skriker ut av smärta, kärlek och förbarmande  
av ödets grymhet handikappad  
utan hopp i mitt helvetiska tillstånd  
som en gammal invalidiserad dåre  
som blott duger till att dricka och dilla  
i förnedrande ovärdig imbecilitet  
såsom ett lejon döende och utan tänder.  
Det sägs att tigern blir en kannibal  
och feg människoätare när han blir gammal  
och har inget annat kvar att hålla sig till  
än sin vanäras misär.  
Men kom ihåg: så länge han alls ännu lever  
har han ännu rätt att älska  
och kan använda sin kärleks rätt till någon fördel,  
ty man kan ej älska vildare än så som tigrar älska.

### *Martyr för avgrunden*

Mörkrets svindel virvlar ut ur huvudet  
i avgrundsdån av bitterhetens vanmakt  
över kärleken som river med dig ner  
i uppslitandets eviga martyrium  
av alla sår du nånsin fått som älskare  
för din lojalitet och trohet  
i ditt tysta svidande i ödmjukhet  
för dina känslors helvetesorkan.  
Hur kan man lida så och ständigt bara värre?  
Därför att man älskar blott så måste skadan  
ofelbart bli bara värre hela tiden.

### *Skogsskövlingen*

Det är rätt. Det ger ju pengar.  
Släpp massakermaskinerna lösa över skogen,  
eliminera allt liv i naturen genom kalhyggen,  
gör fåglarna och djuren hemlösa,  
och vad gör det om de dör ut?  
Huvudsaken är att du och jag får mera pengar,  
ty lönsamheten är ju livets enda mening.  
Därför är det rätt att sterilisera naturen,

och det är lika bra att utrota den genast,  
så är det gjort – det händer ju ändå förr eller senare.  
Vad gör det om haven svämmar över av mänskligt giftigt skräp,  
huvudsaken är ju att asfaltgatorna ska hållas rena,  
och inte märks det ju där om fiskar och valar dör –  
de flyter ju inte ens upp till ytan; och det är viktigare  
att människan får använda sin världsomfattande kloak  
än att dess naturliga invånare skall få leva där i renhet.  
Ett sådant privilegium kan bara reserveras för människan.  
Därför är det så viktigt med absolut steriliserade sjukhus,  
så att de resistenta bakterierna inte ska kunna förkovra sig,  
vilket de ju bara gör i sjukhus där steriliseringen inte fungerar,  
där någon klantat till systemet,  
så att de resistenta bakterierna bara blir fler och farligare  
och hela mänskligheten får pippi genom fågelinfluensa,  
det största hotet mot mänskligheten då det är direkt från naturen,  
det farligaste av allt, som vi aldrig slipper.  
Och den som då vågar ha fräckheten att påpeka,  
att det kanske är vettigare att anpassa sig efter naturen än tvärtom,  
en absurd tanke som redan Stalin förkastade,  
gör vi då klokast i att omedelbart sterilisera  
och mura in i kliniken för gott,  
så att han själv kan få lära sig den hårda vägen  
hur farlig naturen är  
genom sjukhusets egenhändigt framodlade resistenta bakterier.

*The important but secret meaning of your dreams*

The truth is not in what you dream  
but in the meaning of your dream.  
The meaning is a different dimension  
altogether from all facts of life;  
but dreams are in the habit of specifying them,  
and that's the meaning of your dreams.  
Most dangerous of all is therefore to interpret them,  
for the hidden meanings of your dreams  
are far too subtle for interpretation.  
You must therefore feel with extra sensitivity  
to get at all that there's a message,  
and if you at all can sense that message  
you can only grasp it by your extra senses  
which of course defy all explanation.

*Drömmars viktiga men hemlighetsfulla innebörd*

Sanningen är inte vad du drömmer  
men dess mening,  
som är en helt annan dimension  
från allt vad verkligheten heter,  
som dock drömmen plägar att specificera,  
och just det är dina drömmars mening.  
Därför är det farligast av allt att tolka dem,  
ty dina drömmars dolda mening  
är alldeles för subtil för någon tolkning.  
Därför måste du mobilisera extra känslighet  
för att förstå att där alls finns en mening,  
och om du kan känna alls att där är någon mening  
kan du bara fatta den igenom extra känslighet  
vars mening då naturligtvis förblir omöjlig att förklara.

*The lover*

He is not ridiculous.  
He only suffers.  
He can not reach her,  
so he can not trust her,  
so he suffers the more,  
being persecuted by her memory  
which torments him worse  
than any shrew could do.  
Is he then a self-tormentor,  
or is she tormenting him?  
The dilemma is that both are innocent,  
which makes their love the worse for both.

*Älskaren*

Han är inte löjlig.  
Han bara lider.  
Han kan inte nå henne,  
så han kan inte lita på henne,  
så han lider desto mer  
förföljd av hennes minne  
som plågar honom mera  
än något rivjärn kunde göra.  
Är han då en självplågare,  
eller är det hon som plågar honom?  
Problemet är att båda är oskyldiga  
vilket blott förvärrar läget för dem båda.

*The problem*

The problem is not that you are different,  
that we are uncombinable,  
that I can do nothing to further your career  
nor help you in any way,  
that we are both poor like pauper orphans  
and too strong individualists  
to ever be able to join hands  
in any kind of unitedness.  
No, the problem is something entirely different.  
The problem is that I love you.

*Problemet*

Problemet är inte att vi är så olika,  
att vi är oförenliga,  
att jag ingenting kan göra för din karriär  
eller hjälpa dig på något sätt,  
att vi båda är så fattiga som rännstensungar  
och för starka individualister  
för att någonsin kunna förenas  
i något gemensamt mål.  
Nej, problemet är något helt annat.  
Problemet är att jag älskar dig.

### *Obsession*

Sleepless nights of persecuting phantoms  
dominated by one single constant thought  
and worry about the impossibility of our case  
completes the Via Crucis of obsession  
which seems never-ending in its fever  
of a roller-coaster turbulent persistence.  
But this hell is thoroughly enjoyable,  
a self-tormentor's paradise and perfect dream  
of beauty and enjoyment in its total pain,  
as if a victim at the dentist's did enjoy it  
even with some lustful and delightful relish,  
as if this kind of love was the ideal consummation.  
And perhaps it is, since I don't know of any other  
and since this one is for real and here and now.

### *Besatthet*

Sömlösa nätter av förföljande fantomer  
dominerade av en enda envis tanke:  
min oro över våra utsiktens omöjlighet,  
som fullbordar korsvägssyndromet  
vilket verkar oupphörligt i sin feber  
i sin berg-och-dalbana av turbulenser.  
Men detta helvete är genomgående njutbart,  
självplågarens paradiset och fullkomliga dröm  
av skönhet och njutning i oändlig smärta,  
som om en tandläkares offer kunde njuta av pinan  
med till och med någon lustfylld läcker eftersmak,  
som om självplågarkärleken var den mest idealiska.  
Och kanske den är det, eftersom jag inte känner någon annan  
och denna här är här och nu....

My love, what can I tell you more  
than that my constant piety  
shows thee more care than it can show  
since your delicacy forbids me ostentation,  
making me afraid to even touch you,  
flowers being loveliest untouched  
and free in meadows virginal untrodden.  
Can I love you more? Yes, constantly,  
as long as I can share your freedom with you  
and enjoy it in its beauty,  
being able thus to make it grow  
and constantly increase in beauty.  
Can our love be more ideal?  
That is the question,  
but the answer seems affirmative,  
since pious constancy so far  
has only made it grow  
in wonderful maturity.

Min älskade, vad kan jag mer bekänna  
än att min konstanta omsorg  
visar dig mer hänsyn än vad den kan visa  
eftersom din känslighet förbjuder mig demonstration,  
så att jag ej ens vågar röra dig,  
då blommor ju är vackrast fria  
och orörda i ofotbeträdda ängar.

Kan jag då mer älska dig? Ja, och det konstant,  
så länge jag kan dela med dig av din frihet  
och beundra den i njutning av dess skönhet,  
så att därmed vi kan odla den i fred  
och få den att konstant tillväxa i sin skönhet.  
Kan vår kärlek bli mer idealisk?  
Det är frågan,  
men dess svar tycks vara positivt,  
då dess konstanta fromhet än så länge  
bara fått den att tilltaga  
i sin underbara mognad.

#### *Veliga fruntimmer*

De köar för att få ställa till med oreda  
och propsar samtidigt på sin fullkomliga oskuld  
medan de släpar på sina garderober fulla med skelett  
av avgrunder av olika "ex" utan tal  
som haft med sig barn in i förhållanden  
av tidigare avlagda fruar  
som de nya inte har en aning om  
och aldrig får veta något om  
medan de ärvda barnen  
ständigt får byta mamma  
som blir allt veligare  
ju senare de kommer in i bilden,  
ty det skall ett veligt fruntimmer till  
för att falla för en slarvig fader  
som tappat eller skrotat sin fru.

#### *Crisis*

Golden dreams along with tears of blood,  
that is your life and destiny,  
to never feel at ease and never be in safety,  
always anguish on the brink of death  
unfathomably in complete despair,  
to rise triumphantly on wings of glory  
to redeem civilization  
in abounding possibilities of limitless success,  
a life of contrasts, hovering above the abyss,  
always to look down and partake in utter misery  
to never reach the safety of a peaceful home,  
although nothing would be more deserved.  
Hardened thus in stalwart wisdom  
you can meet with any crisis and survive,  
and crying out will help you reach your destination  
of the final comfort of redemption.

#### *Krisen*

Gyllne drömmar parade med blodets tårar,  
sådant är ditt liv och öde,  
aldrig att få känna lugn och säkerhet,  
men alltid ångest inför dödens närhet,  
för att ut ur fullständig och bottenlös förtvivlan  
höja dig på härlighetens vingar i triumf  
för att måhända rädda civilisationen  
genom tusen möjligheter av oändlig framgång; –  
ett liv av svindlande kontraster,

svävande på moln över en avgrund  
för att alltid blicka ner och delta i eländet  
för att aldrig finna säkerheten i ett fridfullt hem  
fastän om något du förtjänade ett sådant.  
Härdad sålunda i visdoms stålbad  
kan du möta vilken kris som helst och överleva,  
och att gråta ut skall hjälpa dig att nå ditt mål,  
den slutgiltiga trösten i en äntlig återlösning.

### *Kolingens frieri*

Välkommen till mitt rättbo.  
Det är väl ingen risk att du skulle acceptera en inbjudan?  
Jag har ju faktiskt ingenting att bjuda på  
och inte ens en säng att ligga i,  
för jag ligger ju bra på golvet.  
Du får stå ut med mina ovanor,  
för dom får jag ju stå ut med själv,  
då jag ju måste börja varje dag  
med att brottas med mitt handikapp  
för att alls komma på fötter.  
Men jag behöver någon som tvättar åt mig,  
för det orkar jag aldrig göra själv.  
Jag behöver någon som byter mina kalsonger,  
för dom är för skitiga för att jag skulle göra det själv.  
Inte heller har jag mycket kärlek att bjuda på,  
för all min kärlek går åt till flaskan.  
Det gör mig visserligen öm och go',  
sådant kan jag bjuda på hur mycket som helst,  
men det leder ingenstans  
då det bara slutar med fåneri.  
Så det är lika bra vi glömmet hela saken.  
Låt mig bara snusa i mitt hörn  
så blir jag kanske nykter någon gång  
så jag slipper plåga gatunymfer  
med ett gagnlöst frieri.

### *My twin soul*

My twin soul is like myself:  
never to be pinned down,  
never to be explained,  
never to be defined,  
all truth and therefore unspeakable,  
too easily touched and hurt,  
as vulnerable as untouchable  
and as free and sovereign of heart and soul  
as the purest essence of music itself  
and as delightful in its constant flight  
to ever-increasing freedom and expansion  
striving only for what matters to eternity.  
A relationship like that makes love superfluous  
since it is so obvious in its spiritual sincerity  
and therefore doesn't need expression  
since the mutual golden dreams  
are more expressive than reality.

We children of the stars think differently  
and do not associate on trivial terms.  
We need not fight and quarrel mortally  
but rather dwell on wings of harmony

to constantly exalt our love  
to nourish it in bosoms of eternity,  
thus sacrificing trivial mortality,  
postponing practical prosaic problems  
to the peripheric unpoetic world  
that stands outside our love's dimension,  
this one only being of importance  
since it gives us all the beauty of the world,  
which it is our responsibility  
to make its beauty universal.

*Sex utan kärlek? - avlyssnat*

"Sex utan kärlek?  
Som tillfredsställelse av rent naturbehov?  
Varför inte?  
Sex är ju inte mer än att använda organet för dess naturliga ändamål,  
och vad spelar väl känslorna eller könet då för roll?  
Vad spelar det då för roll vem man har sex med?  
Ju fler, desto bättre,  
och det räcker med en gång per skalle,  
så får man dessutom omväxling varje gång,  
så kan man glömma alla dom förbrukade genast.  
Sex är ju inte värre än att skita och pissa,  
rent vetenskapligt sett,  
och blanda för all del inte in några känslor,  
och om någon då blir havande av misstag,  
så är det hennes eget fel -  
så mycket värre för henne!  
Kör hårt!  
Och det har ju afrikanerna levat högt på,  
att Aids bara är rena bluffen.  
Det är bara att tvätta sig,  
så kan man ta nästa."

*Kärlek utan sex?*

Varför inte? Hellre det,  
då all kärlek börjar utan sex  
och då den vanligen slutar med sex som ballar ur.  
Kärleken börjar med vänskap  
och slutar aldrig förrän vänskapen tar slut.  
Alltså är vänskapen viktigare,  
då allt kan byggas på den  
men ingenting kan byggas på sex allenast.  
Låt sexualdårarna runka i motvind  
och knulla ihjäl sig med analsex  
och frossa fåfängt i sexismens morbiditet  
som aldrig kan vara något annat  
än missbruk av det liv som gavs oss  
för att vi skulle utnyttja det konstruktivt.

*The wandering mind*

What matters lack of concentration  
as long as you are free?  
What do we have a mind for  
if not to make good use of it,  
and what use could be better  
than to constantly apply its freedom

to the constant exploration  
of the greatest of all universes,  
that of pure spirituality?  
So let me fly about  
and all around infinity,  
that is my privilege  
as human soul incarnated with wings  
to never lose my contact with eternity.

*Be my guest*

Welcome to my home,  
my fellow nomad  
on our wayward strayings  
out of life and in it  
to get out of it and over it  
in toilsome search for any substance,  
although there is not much in it,  
being out of bed and having none of it  
in crowded rooms of junk and memories,  
of memories of junk and junks of memories  
to encourage claustrophobia  
and continue fencing in your soul  
in fears of losing this your prison.  
Sorry, friend, but there is nothing I can offer you,  
except my poverty and lack of everything,  
but be my guest and share with me my life  
of nothingness and gruesome toil for nothingness,  
since that is all a nomad generously has to offer  
to his fellow straying victim of this nothingness.

I cry for you and don't know why –  
Maybe it is just because I don't know why –  
Or maybe I just miss you even if I don't know why,  
since you are always closest to my heart  
and I can never do without you  
nor can ever lose you,  
since I always see you all around me  
closer even in your absence maybe  
than when I am favoured by your sight  
and presence, which forbids me trespassing  
the delicacy of your feelings,  
since I am the last to importune in love,  
love being too much of a sacred thing  
to ever being risked by any falsity.  
So let me never importune  
and risk us falling out of tune.

The musical mind needs discipline  
since the musical mind is a cosmical mind  
which therefore needs order and systematization,  
or else she falls out of order in disorder  
which would be the end of the music.  
For sustenance music therefore needs some pedantry,  
like Archimedes in his thesis, "do not touch my circles,"  
since those circles have to be intact  
in order for the mind to work constructively.  
They must therefore be untouched  
like love in her most powerful virginity.

Musikens sinne kräver disciplin  
då musikalitet är något kosmiskt av naturen  
som därför ej kan leva utan ordning eller systematisering,  
då annars renheten blir störd,  
och därmed tar musiken slut.  
Musiken kräver för sitt uppehälle därför någon sorts pedanteri,  
som Arkimedes när han bad soldaten icke rubba cirkelarna,  
då dessa cirklar måste få förbli intakta  
om musikens sinne alls skall kunna verka konstruktivt.  
De ber således om att få förbli orörda,  
liksom kärleken i hennes fullkomliga makts jungfrulighet.

Perfect freedom combined with love –  
is that a possibility?  
It must be, since it's a necessity.  
I could never love you unless I was free  
to do so on the ground of perfect freedom,  
which alone could make my love completely free.  
Love is threatened only  
when it is inhibited  
by bounds and rules and limitations  
and confined to narrow corners.  
Cornered love will bring forth violent reactions,  
since love cannot be restricted  
without complete revolt.  
So therefore our love must be completely free  
in boundlessness forever  
just in order to survive.

#### *De Profundis*

Why is the world and times so dark?  
The unrighteous sufferings of the righteous  
cry unto the relentless silence of a God  
who as long as he existed has been doubted  
and for only valid reasons,  
since he never has lived up to his ideals:  
the crooks have always dominated the establishment,  
while the poor and innocent  
forever have remained in poverty and innocence  
without the slightest interference  
of any God of righteousness  
who rather constantly has proved  
a silent God of cruellest indifference  
insensible to human sufferings  
with no heart but a hard and frozen stone.  
So what can we do but suffer the insufferable  
and stand up to bleak reality of godlessness  
in a most natural unhuman world of cruelty  
and scorn it all.

#### *Ur djupet*

Varför är världen och tiden så mörk?  
De rättfärdigas orättfärdiga lidanden  
skriker oavbrutet mot den tyste Guden  
som så länge han har existerat har betvivlats  
och det på goda grunder,  
då han aldrig har levt upp till sina ideal;

ty skurkarna har alltid dominerat etablissemang  
medan de oskyldiga och fattiga  
beständigt har förblivit i sin fattigdom och därtill utan skuld  
utan något ingripande någonsin  
av någon så kallad rättfärdighetens Gud  
som snarare och konsekvent har visat sig  
en Gud av tystnad och av grymmaste likgiltighet  
helt okänslig för mänskligt lidande,  
helt utan något annat hjärta än en hård och frusen sten.  
Så vad kan vi göra utom att uthärda allt det outhärdliga  
och stå fast i trots mot gudlöshetens dystra verklighet  
i den mest onaturliga och grymma, omänskliga värld  
och stolt förakta den.

*Our naked souls*

As souls we stand forever naked,  
we can't dress up or mask ourselves or even hide  
but must be just and true just as we are  
in inescapable and utter nakedness  
with all our lacks and wants, our wounds and sins,  
our ugliness and loads of gathered vices, –  
but at the same time, our true nature is exposed  
in all its naked beauty,  
which stands out incapable of being hidden,  
totally undressed forever to its basics,  
in which beauty there is nothing we can hide  
of what is true in us  
which nakedness is totally reduced  
to basics of eternity.

*Våra nakna själar*

Som själar står vi alltid nakna,  
vi kan ej klä på oss, gömma oss eller maskera oss  
men måste alltid stå rakt upp och ner så som vi är  
i oundviklig och fullständig nakenhet  
med alla våra fel och sår och synder,  
all vår fulhet och vårt lass av lastbarhet, –  
men samtidigt står uppenbar vår verkliga natur  
i all sin nakna skönhet,  
som ej någonting kan dölja,  
avklädd till det endaste väsentliga,  
i vilken skönhet ingenting kan döljas  
av vad som är sant i oss  
då denna nakenhet är reducerad  
till blott och bart vad som hör evigheten till.

*The decrepit dilettante*

My love, I am sorry, but I am no good for you,  
just a pathetic old invalid and maybe even a freak,  
who has done nothing good in his life  
and produced only failures,  
like one of those parasite amateurs  
who only turned out professionals  
working like hell for no gain  
and succeeding at nothing but wreckage.  
Still, there is something in this utter mess  
which was worth something in its vain effort,

a kind of idealism buried alive  
under failures galore of disdained invalidity:  
I did it all just for love,  
even if that love only was constant in this,  
that it failed, being cursed and doomed  
to forever remain as alive as unlucky.

We are the mutants  
who change the world  
without been seen or even noticed,  
since the highest responsibility is invisible  
and only can be handled with the utmost care  
which necessitates all handling to be clandestine.  
Thus we do not interfere nor disturb  
but do our work in stubborn silence  
just to get it done,  
because if we don't do it, no one else will,  
and it must be done in order for the world to stay alive  
and never stop its urge for life  
which is its constant recreation.

You stole my heart,  
but I did not object.  
I let you steal it more than willingly,  
so I suggest you keep it  
safe, because I think it would be safe with you,  
perhaps more safe than even with myself,  
since it is better out of me  
than burning out inside me  
just for thee;  
so it is yours  
to blend with yours  
in harmony of love  
out of our minds.

Du stal mitt hjärta  
men jag hade ingenting emot det.  
Jag var mer än villig därtill,  
så du kan behålla det  
i gott förvar, ty det är säkrare hos dig  
än hos mig själv,  
då det är bättre utom mig  
än att det bränner ut mig  
blott för dig;  
så det är ditt  
att blandas med ditt eget  
i vår kärleks harmoni  
helt ifrån våra sinnen.

How can I reach you  
when you aren't here?  
How can I love you  
when I cannot see you?  
Must we then rely entirely on just our souls  
and their vague metaphysical antennae  
just to live  
and let our love survive with difficulty  
on the ice of our frustration  
brutally reduced to basics of our soul

in the supremest narrow-mindedness  
of humiliated ashes of our fire?  
But from fire rise the Phoenix  
and there's our hope:  
to rise again from ashes  
triumphantly  
to once again burn out and die  
in mortal glory  
more resplendent for its love than all eternity.

How shall I describe you?  
In my old age I have reached my dotage  
and want words to say the least  
since I am lost and out of definition  
out of my senses and of orientation  
and can only laze bemused in gaga  
thinking but of you in stupefied infatuation  
like an idiot lolling out of reach  
lost to reality and to translation  
since I stumbled into some strange alien dimension  
out of this world into you.  
So here we are and can do nothing  
but accept the facts and sort things out  
and do the best of it with lots of work;  
although love is a thing  
that no man ever did succeed  
in working his way out of.

I can only think of you with love.  
I care not much for riches and own nothing,  
but my heart and feelings are a bottomless infinity  
of which I generously can afford to spend forever.  
But what worth can all this nothing be to you,  
all abstract without sustenance,  
all air and spirit, wind that blows away,  
perhaps to change his way and mind tomorrow  
in another wayward alien direction?  
Still, the wind of warmth is now in your direction  
which irrevocable fact not any human history can change  
and which I stand for here and now in perfect honesty  
to spite all history that dares to challenge it or change it.

#### *The Poet's Prayer*

Let our life be only beauty  
and let all things non-beautiful be banished.  
Let our life be filled with poetry  
to such degree that nothing else but poetry may rule.  
Let our lives be free from conflict and contention  
so that harmony and concord rule alone.  
Let nothing evil ever cross our path or brains  
but may only goodness come out of our lives  
and spread all round to our environment  
and thus make every human being better  
constantly and in continuous development  
for all humanity and for the world.

*Poetens bön*

Gör vårt liv till bara skönhet  
och låt allt icke-skönt förvisas.  
Fyll vårt liv med poesi  
så mycket att blott poesin tar all dess plats.  
Låt våra liv få vara fria ifrån krockar och konflikt  
så att blott endräkten och harmonin må härska.  
Släpp aldrig något ont in på vår väg och i vårt sinne  
men må bara gott bli resultatet av vårt liv  
och låt dess godhet spridas vitt omkring oss  
och så göra varje mänska något bättre  
oavbrutet och kontinuerligt  
med vår mänsklighet och all vår värld.

*Ways of escape*

There is always a way out.  
There is always an escape,  
a crack and hole in every fencing wall,  
a possibility to sneak away,  
a way out to development from every prison,  
even for your spirit to evade and cheat your invalidity,  
since every fortress has a weakness,  
all that stops you is in vain,  
impossibilities are lies preposterous,  
and life consists of only openness,  
to which old brother death himself  
is but another option.

*Vägen ut*

Det finns alltid en väg ut.  
Det finns alltid möjlighet till flykt,  
en spricka och ett hål i varje instängdhet,  
en möjlighet att smita,  
en utvecklingsmöjlighet till flykt från varje fängelse,  
och särskilt för din ande  
att undvika kroppens invaliditet och lura den,  
då varje ointaglig fästning har sin svaghet,  
allt som stoppar dig är fåfängt,  
allt omöjligt är absurda lögner bara,  
då allt liv består av bara öppenhet,  
där själva döden bara är en annan möjlighet.

You carried off my soul to alien lands,  
so let me carry yours and even further,  
let us fly together off from everywhere  
and never rest to let ourselves be known  
to the futility of the particulars of mortals;  
but although we may travel continents apart,  
so let us never separate  
but keep together like a single soul,  
for if a soul is intact in profound integrity,  
no mortal or mundane authority of folly  
can ever break it up with any force  
since even continents apart  
with seas to keep them separated  
our souls will be united

irrevocably and inseparably  
just to spite the vanity  
of mortal banal triviality.

*The Irish argument, (after John Bede).*

Going down the bleeding heart of Ireland  
the depth of history reveals innumerable wounds  
like of a raped mother,  
since Ireland was christened long before the English,  
who for centuries were arduously compelled to seek protection  
against civil wars and barbarism in most remote and isolated places  
such as Lindisfarne and Iona just to survive,  
while Ireland was gloriously alive and making harps  
committing all their life to culture and to music.  
All we could do about Britain was to pity their barbarity  
as they oppressed us in the middle ages,  
occupied us and turned Ireland into endless civil wars  
and slaughtered us through centuries  
to crown their senseless cruelty by ethnic cleansing,  
planting protestant Englishmen in Ulster,  
the worst thing that England ever did to Ireland;  
and so we pitied them and even more  
when they went into the Great War  
partaking in the massacre of humankind  
and of civilization,  
at which point the best thing we could do  
was simply finally once and for all to leave them on their own;  
and thus we still continue pitying them today  
but think they should be better off without us.

*Questions not to be asked from the voice of experience*

What do we know except nothing?  
What's the worth of all knowledge but air?  
How true is my love in your absence?  
What dreams can ever come true?  
Reduce me to basics and truth,  
and nothing remains of what in me is human,  
since all that is human and live is in vain,  
just a hazard connection, a random engagement,  
a blow in the air of a wind without trace,  
just a normal nonsensical dream  
to be easily obliterated at once,  
like the puff of a long ago vanished forgottenness.  
Is love then no more than the vilest of self-deceits?  
Why do we love if not to be deceived?  
– Your questions, my son, are not to be asked,  
since the answer can but be the infinite silence of nothing.  
So love while you can, and use your love well,  
and at best you might get some good poetry out of it.  
– No, you are wrong, old man, I must object,  
your experience is false if your poetry is all you get,  
for if something is poetry, then there was meaning behind it,  
and then it was worth it and can't be reduced any more  
to anything less than the truth of your feelings' dynamics  
of more universal commotion than all supernovas together.  
– And what, then, is that worth, the puff of all novas together?  
– Exactly, that is what I mean:  
one moment of love and the shortest of dreams  
is of more vital consequence than the Big Bang.

*Frågor som icke bör ställas till erfarenheten*

Vad vet vi mer än ingenting?  
Vad är all kunskap värd utom luft?  
Vad är sant i min kärlek när du ej är här?  
Vilka drömmar kan någonsin bli realistiska?  
Lämna ej någonting kvar av mig utom bestående sanning,  
och allt mänskligt av mig försvinner,  
en slumpartad tillfällighet, en förgänglig förbindelse,  
ett slag i luften, en vindpust av spårlöshet,  
bara en alldaglig nonsensdröm att utraderas direkt,  
liksom sucken av en länge bortglömd förgångenhet.  
Är då ej kärleken mer än det lägsta självbedrägeri?  
Varför älskar vi om ej för att bli bedragna?  
– Så frågar man inte, min son,  
ty det finns bara ett svar på sådant, som är den oändliga tystnaden.  
Älska så länge du kan blott, och använd din kärlek till godo,  
så kanske i bästa fall du kan få ut någon god poesi ur den.  
– Nej, gamle man, du har fel, och jag måste få invända,  
eftersom erfarenheten har fel om den bara får ut poesi,  
för om någonting är poesi låg det någonting bakom det,  
då var det värt det och kan aldrig mer reduceras  
till någonting mindre än sanningen av dina känslors dynamiskhet  
av mera universella betydelser än supernovornas samlade kraft.  
– Och vad är då den kraften värd, samtliga novor tillsammans?  
– Precis, det är just vad jag menar:  
ett ögonblick bara av kärlek och den allra kortaste dröm  
är av större betydelse än någon Big Bang i allt universum.

What shall we do with our love?  
Is it compatible?  
Can it be brought to fruition?  
Is it at all possible for this idealism  
to be brought down to normality  
on this base earth of mortality  
and without being debased?  
Can our lives be combined,  
or must we be like aliens  
to both the world and each other  
because of the purity, quality and perfect beauty  
of this our magnificent heavenly love?  
The questions are answers enough to themselves.  
Our love has been brought to existence  
and can never more be denied it.  
It is, and it lives by itself  
and must simply be recognized,  
tolerated, humbly sustained and supported,  
and not without caution, mind you,  
but without reservations enjoyed,  
and adored and consistently glorified.

We are one soul together, you and I,  
but that I have already told you.  
How, then, shall I vary this tremendous truism,  
this self-evident manifestation fact of love,  
this inexhaustible resource and treasure  
of the most infinite energy and power,  
this fantastic marvel of two souls becoming one?  
My love is inexpressible, because it is too true  
to stand a definition and can therefore never be pinned down,  
like all true love, that is too vulnerable

in its delicacy to be comprehensible  
to anyone except its two exclusive sharers.  
So shall I keep silent then about it?  
That is thoroughly impossible, because,  
as Jesus said himself, if human calls are silenced,  
then the rocks will cry instead, and, in our case,  
even mountains, continents, the sea,  
the sun and moon and all the planets of the universe.

My love, what right have I to call you so?  
We must be cautious not to risk disturbance  
of our budding plant the precious future  
of a delicate and brittle tenderness  
to constitute a sensitive relationship  
of some uniqueness in its frail vulnerability.  
So let me whisper only and in darkness  
secret messages of love, the honesty of which  
be proved by its consistent silence,  
that in time may speak more loudly  
and more clearly than the finest music ever played on earth  
to shame all noise and falseness,  
rudeness and disharmony,  
since we in disciplining carefully our love  
will be responsible for the most absolute and true  
and beautiful and purest music ever played on earth.

Poetry is not enough  
to express the ways of love  
how it lures us to obey  
blindly the atrocious way  
in which we simply are deceived  
beyond our senses far astray  
into the wilderness of childish play.  
I can't object. I am all for it,  
lead me on, you are my guide,  
blind goddess, since you are the only one  
to know the better proper way  
of how to make the show go on  
forever without any stage to play it on  
and without any stuff to build it on.

#### *Gatnymfens gomorron*

Måndagmorgon – spymorgon.  
Dålig natt i dåligt sällskap  
– spy gärna ner mig!  
Din jäkla gatslinkeslickare!  
Lämna mig i fred med mina baksmällor,  
din förbannade rövklåpare,  
jag har nog av mina egna!  
Klättra på nån annan apa som omväxling!  
Jag är inte till för att bara spys ner!  
Men det är det enda jag duger till  
efter en helg som denna  
med bara baksmällor och stjärnsmällor,  
blåa ögon och rännstenshaverier,  
låt mig åtminstone få ligga kvar här,  
din jävla rännstentittare!  
Stoppa din kikare i nån annans fitta,  
trampa in i någon annans liv,

men lämna mig åt mina spyor  
att få blanda dem med mina tårar,  
lika bittra dom men saltare.  
Morsan knarkade ihjäl sig,  
gott åt henne,  
så hon fick kola av i saligt tillstånd,  
medan en annan måste leva på kredit  
som bara växer, alltså skulderna,  
så man kan hälsa hem till kronofogden  
som tog de sista resterna av hemmet  
sådant det nu var,  
med skräpig morsa som bara blev debilare  
och senilare av sina salighetens droger...  
Fan också! Dom kunde väl åtminstone  
ha kommit på hennes begravning!  
Jävla likbesiktigare!  
Lämna mig i fred med min rännsten,  
och spy bara ner mig, hela världen,  
så som jag ville spy ner hela världen,  
som bara duger till att spy ner sig  
i all oändlighet i en evig jävlig måndagsmorgon  
som bara blir värre hela tiden....

### *Longing*

My longing overtakes me  
every moment when my thoughts engulf me  
like a whirlstorm of nostalgia  
concentrating on but one thing in the world  
which is of course Yourself.  
If all this monstrous pain  
and languishment of longing is not love  
in honesty and utter purified sincerity, –  
whoever possibly could think so is not human  
or is ignorant beyond repair,  
because no one knew what love was  
who could not see and recognize its suffering.  
All love is high-strung self-inflicted torture  
of the most enjoyable and sympathetic kind  
since it is only true and self-denying generosity.

### *Längtan*

Min längtan övermannar mig  
vartenda ögonblick som mina tankar dränker mig  
liksom en virvelstorm av nostalgi  
som koncentreras på en enda sak i hela världen  
som naturligtvis är bara Du.  
Om all denna monstrosösa smärta  
och försmäktande av längtan ej är kärlek  
i all ärlighet och yttersta och renaste innerlighet,  
– den som kan tänka något sådant är ej mänsklig,  
eller är okunnig intill hopplöshet,  
ty ingen som är kunnig om vad kärlek är  
kan misslyckas med att igenkänna och se dess lidande.  
All kärlek är blott överspönt självplågeri  
men av blott njutbart och sympatiskt slag  
då den är bara självförnekande och äkta generositet.

How many poems must be written  
in order for my love to be expressed?  
I am afraid my powers will not be sufficient  
to fill up those volumes of infinity.  
Or shall I say, that not the finest poem  
in existence will do justice to my love  
since she is far more perfect than what any art can be?  
Or being human, she transcends all art,  
since beauty is a matter of spirituality,  
which therefore matter can not form.  
So let's abide by that and with respect resign  
from further effort to expose our love  
and its true nature, since it is too intimate  
to ever be unveiled to uninitiated eyes.

Hur många dikter måste skrivas  
för min kärlek att få komma till rätt uttryck?  
Jag är rädd att min förmåga ej är tillräcklig  
för att uppfylla dessa evighetsvolymmer.  
Eller ska vi säga, att ej världens finaste poem  
förmår att rättvist skildra denna kärlek  
då hon är så mycket mer fullkomlig  
än vad något konstförsök kan åstadkomma?  
Eller, då hon i sin mänsklighet ljuvt övergår all konst  
då skönheten är något andligt  
som följaktligen ej kan ges någon form.  
Så låt oss finna oss i detta och fromt resignera  
ifrån vidare försök till att förklara denna kärlek  
och dess sanna väsen, då den är alldeles för intim  
för att avklädas inför oinvidga ögon.

Let our love be secret  
so that it be kept from insight  
from improper alien eyes  
that would not understand its wonder,  
this fantastic marvel of agreement  
and this harmony of unison and mutual understanding,  
so that our wee newborn babe,  
so vulnerable in her freshness,  
may stay uncontaminated  
by the envious minds of smaller fry  
who would not understand how much we love each other  
although we do never meet.  
So shall they never harm you  
since they can't identify you,  
thus our love will be safeguarded  
for its growth and sacredness  
in limitless perpetualness  
and blessedness for all those happy few  
that happen to be touched by our love.

#### *Discretion*

The language of disguise and dreams  
in delicacy and in understatement  
is the web of poetry  
in which each poet is forever lost,  
since he has too much to express  
and finds that cloven tongue of ambiguity  
far too applicable to ever be abandoned.

Add to this a knowledge of a higher language still  
in which the inexpressible find touch and tune  
of higher than a mortal note,  
and we can break all records of discretion.

#### *Diskretion*

Drömmarnas förklädnads språk  
är känsligheten själv och dess antydningar  
i poesins försåtlighetens väv  
i vilken varje skald förlorar sig för evigt,  
då han har för mycket att uttrycka  
och kan bara finna detta dunkelhetens kluvna språk  
alldeles för användbart för att kunna överges.  
Lägg ännu till vår kunskap om ett ännu högre språk  
i vilket det uttryckliga finner stämning och kontakt  
i högre än förgänglighetens form och melodi,  
och vi kan då slå alla världsrekord i diskretion.

#### *Sensitivity*

I don't think we can hurt each other.  
That is my constant premonition,  
which I think and hope is true,  
because the last thing that I ever wanted  
was to hurt a lady or for any matter any person,  
so I rather kept apart, surrounding me in music  
to keep out the rotten influences of the world.  
It's like a smoke screen but efficient  
for the spirit which needs most protection  
and the more the higher your spirituality aspires,  
since all feelings true pertain entirely and solely to the soul,  
which is the only lasting essence of your life  
which you were given by eternity  
to guard it well and use it well  
for infinite construction.

#### *Passionsanalys*

Vad är du för ett diaboliskt spöke,  
svarta mörker av passioners vilda urkraft,  
hopplöst okontrollerbara som en obotlig epidemi,  
den värsta pesten i historien,  
som alltid åstadkommer katastrofer  
inferniskt och hypnotiskt  
omedvetet undermedvetet  
som en förstulen hjärntvätt,  
en objuden gäst som smusslats in i hjärtat  
som en själens parasit,  
en Sinbads vidrig man från havet  
som utlöser hysteri och äckel utan gränser  
så att man blir kroniskt helt ifrån sig  
utan annan bot än ren självdestruktivitet.  
Är denna djävulska besatthet  
då ett resultat av kärleken  
som därmed icke skulle vara mer  
än bara en mentalsjukdom?  
– Nej, se det bara som en vanlig storm,  
ett oväder som drar förbi,

ett anfall av naturens nyckfullhet  
och som försvinner som ej mer  
än bara en tillfällig nonsensdröm.

*In despair*

You have left me alone with my ghosts  
and I suffer outrageously  
being alone in this dark hell of nothing  
with only intolerable abstinence to make me cry  
out for mercy in ravaging agony  
since I thought you were my friend  
and you left me with nothing.  
No love has bereft me of thee  
and no love can now ever restore thee.  
No love is the sinner and criminal  
in this outrageous iniquity,  
no love at all was there ever that joined us  
but only illusions, pretensions and false golden dreams  
of a love that was stillborn and fraudulent,  
hopeless and vain from the very beginning.  
I lived in a dream I imagined of light and of truth  
and find me awakened in abysmal darkness  
like lost and thrown out in the emptiness of outer space.  
And my love? She is lost since she found all her freedom  
which bound me in chains of her loss in a night without end.  
May she do what she can with her freedom.  
My life's only comfort is that I was sacrificed for it.

*Et in inferno ego*

Gamla drömmar  
Gamla synder  
Tiden rinner  
Själens brinner  
Lustfyllt patos  
Stankens matos  
Allt är över  
Själens blöder  
Gruvlig längtan  
Evig väntan  
Faslig möda  
för att döda  
själens ångest  
fåfängt och traumatiskt  
i ett evigt skri  
av outhärdlig smärta  
som blir bara värre  
oavbrutet hjärtlöst  
blodigt och hysteriskt  
utan nåd i grymma dåd  
och ändå är all denna fasa  
värd att låta världen rasa  
som vår kärlek till en trasa.

*Kulturarbetaren*

”Vi ser mycket allvarligt på det här.  
Kan du inte försörja dig som kompositör får du väl bli tidningsbud i stället  
eller ställa dig vid löpande bandet som alla andra.”

Var det Socialen eller Försäkringskassan?

Svar: Båda.

”Och vill du inte samarbeta finns det andra metoder.

Det är inte statens fel att du fick en bestående arbetsskada, och för resten är musik inget arbete utan bara en hobby.

Försäkringskassan kan inte ge ersättning för hobbyskador.

Möjligen kunde du få förtidspension

om du får intyg från psykiatriker om förståndshandikapp, alltså papper på att du inte är klok.”

Det var det första man fick höra i karriären:

”Musikhögskolan låter meddela,

att som kompositör kan man bara sluta som socialfall.

Det spelar ingen roll hur god musik man gör.

Det är bara pengar som räknas,

alltså likriktning enligt den etablerade atonala musiken

eller professionell prostitution som rockmusiker,

men då måste du kunna göra bra vålds- och drogtexter.”

”Författare? Det finns skrivarskolor för författare,

som får alla författare att skriva samma sak,

då förlagen bara har en mall att följa.

Faller man utanför ramen är man ett hopplöst fall.”

Och så vidare. För staten och kulturen gäller Görings lag:

”Hör jag ordet kultur osäkrar jag min revolver.”

Paria i exil, fattigdom och soppkök,

hopplös kronisk utslagenhet, kanske uteliggare,

kort sagt, kulturen, om den tänker själv,

är hänvisad till rännstenen.

My love is health and bliss and happiness,  
but without her I am a forlorn child  
in agony and darkness of a total hell  
of suffering and pain and hopelessness,  
since I feel abandoned and betrayed  
although I know not how I am deceived,  
a blind man robbed of cane and dog  
and left without a human voice to hear in all eternity.  
And where are you in this abysmal darkness?  
Surely you must be somewhere,  
or maybe lost like me,  
wherefore I feel your loss like if it was my own.  
My love, you are inside me still,  
and I have not deserted you,  
continuing our secret conversations constantly  
in soul and spirit ever stirring  
in the faintest whispering of constant love  
which though remains the only sound that matters  
dominating and resounding through the universe  
in perfect harmony and silence of discretion.

We hide ourselves in art  
to mask our naked souls  
that stand not getting hurt  
by human common baseness  
so predominant among the multitude  
from which we separate in horror  
to protect the frail vulnerability of our ideals  
that all too easily gets sullied  
and pulled down in dirt by envy  
and the ignorance and shortcomings  
of lack of understanding  
that so dominates the world,

society and humankind  
in constant and atrocious tragedy.  
So we protect ourselves in masks  
and hide ourselves in art  
to do our best to make a good performance  
just to spite vulgarity and commonness  
and thus make show and play  
to hide reality from view  
and make believe there is a better world  
if nowhere else at least inside ourselves,  
if only we could be convincing  
in the art of this deception,  
which is all the world's constructiveness.

### *Kyrkråttan*

Han går på kryckor.  
Ingen vet vem han är  
längre, men en gång var han något,  
en gång var han på toppen,  
när han från skyskrapans högsta terrass  
skulle tala Gud till rätta  
och ramlade ner,  
dvs. togs av polisen och spärrades in  
för brott en annan hade begått.  
Det var höjden på hans karriär.  
Han klagar fortfarande på Gud,  
säger att det är Gud som lagt honom på mattan,  
men vi vet bättre,  
för vi vet vem han är.  
Han är den han en gång var  
innan han föll  
från himmelens hybris till jordens grav  
som vi människor aldrig tröttnar på  
att ständigt gräva djupare för varandra  
medan de som reser sig  
alltid kommer att fortsätta resa sig,  
även fast de till sitt yttre  
bara framstår som kyrkråttor på kryckor.

### *Nostalgic trip*

Take me back to hippieland,  
the promised land of happiness and joy,  
where all were rebels and authority was dead  
with beauty reigning sunnily alone with flying colours,  
spreading colourfulness everywhere,  
tainting all humanity in psychedelic splendour,  
drowning noise and ugliness in music and of fantasy  
encouraged by intriguing spices like of drugs  
which only was a brilliant explosion  
of creativeness and of imagination,  
promising a better world for everyone,  
for all the future and for all humanity,  
with shining innovative dresses  
and adornments, jewellery galore  
with earrings and the longest hair in history  
and no limitation to expansion.  
So let me dwell there in the land of nowhere  
everywhere in every age,

where beauty is the queen  
and fantasy is law  
and pure creativeness is all religion  
with no end to tolerance and universal love.

### *Nostalgisk tripp*

Ta mig hem till hippieland,  
det glada och förryckta lyckolandet  
där vi alla var rebeller och det ej fanns myndigheter  
men blott skönhet som regerade i sol och färger  
med en färggrannhet av praktfull oslagbarhets generositet  
som färgade all världen överallt i psykedelisk praktfullhet  
och dränkte oväsen och fulhet i musik och fantasi  
uppmuntrade av intriganta kryddor som experiment  
som bara var brillianta explosioner  
av ren fantasi och kreativitet,  
som lovade en bättre värld för alla,  
för all framtid och all mänskligheten  
med fantastiska innovativa kläder  
och dekorationer med ett överdåd av smycken,  
örhängen och längsta håret i historien  
och expansioner utan gränser.  
Låt mig stanna där i landet ingenstans  
och överallt i alla tider  
där fantasin är lag  
och skönheten är drottning  
och vår enda religion är kreativitet  
med ingen gräns för toleransen  
eller allra minst för vår universella kärlek.

Yet another poem  
out of love and from my heart  
to you, my love, in spite of all  
the inexpressibility of our predicament,  
that we fly high above the stars  
and can't return to earth  
maybe forever,  
maybe since of ages past,  
as if we always had each other  
or at least knew well each other  
deeper than the depths of any faithful heart,  
since hereby our souls are proved in constancy  
more permanent in faith than any life;  
so let us just continue soaring  
high above the stars  
and be content to nevermore return  
to mortal triviality.

### *Amerika*

Nya massakrer i Song My,  
fast det är i Irak den här gången.  
Är du verkligen så naivt, Amerika,  
att du trodde dina soldater inte skulle brutaliseras  
i ett rättframt och hederligt krig  
för demokrati och mänsklighetens fromma?  
Ja, det trodde du, för Iraks olja skulle ju ge pengar  
som ursäkt för vilka brott och plåster på vilka sår som helst.  
Allt löses ju med pengar, som ju är det enda som räknas.

Därför dränks all världen i kommersialism,  
ty miljöförstöringen är ju fortfarande lönsam.  
Växthuseffekten gäller inte för Amerika  
som ju bidrar mest till den så länge det är lönsamt.  
Därför är det bara action, våld och porr som räknas  
i kulturutbudsbranschen  
vilket genom kommersialismen blivit lag i hela världen.  
Glöm det där med kvalitet, som aldrig lönar sig.  
Låt litteraturen gå under. Låt den vackra musiken gå under.  
Låt hantverket gå under. Låt språket gå under.  
Låt analfabetismen och okunskapen ta över.  
Glöm historien. Vi har ju allt vad vi behöver i datorn,  
och med ett chip i hjärnan slipper vi längre tänka själva.  
Mera dollar, mera skval, mera skräp i maten och kulturen,  
mera skit i naturen, mera skrattkörer i TV,  
och glöm det där med de nya massakrerna i Irak.  
Framhållandet av sådant är ju aldrig lönsamt.

What am I to ever think that you could love me?  
This old fogley past his prime  
is nothing but a wretched wreck,  
an invalid who never lived,  
a sorry and pathetic caricature  
of a fool who always and persistently deceived himself  
and lost himself to vanities of ephemeral dreams,  
temptations without end and without sustenance  
that filled my life with nothing except losses.  
How could I expect, then,  
that anyone could love me?  
How could anyone be asked to love a dream?  
You do not love it. You just dream it.  
And when the dream is over, you forget it.  
Some say you should fall in love as many times as possible,  
have love affairs and even some engagements sometimes  
but be married just for once or never  
or at least as rarely as possible;  
but I was married from the start  
to the idealism of beauty and of art  
and ended up this parody like some odd fart,  
so just forget me: I was born a hopeless case  
unqualified for love and life,  
a dreamer and no more himself than just a dream,  
for others no more than perhaps an alien  
to condescendingly at most think kindly of at times.

### *Kränktheten*

Man blöder för resten av livet,  
och ingen kan göra det minsta åt saken,  
ty blodflödet kan aldrig hämmas,  
ty det är blott själen som blöder  
i stumhet och osynligt, ohämmat  
i ett långt hemskare och mera utdraget skri  
än vad någon kan uppfatta någonsin.  
Kan då ej detta dilemma på något sätt avhjälpas?  
Nej, det är obotligt då ingen annan kan känna det  
då det är så extremt känsligt personligt  
att det blott kan uthärdas själv  
och privat måste uthärdas dagligen  
och det på livstid.

*The difficult mission*

Our difficult mission is patience  
with coarseness and rudeness,  
with ignorance, negligence and lack of feelings  
for naturalness, for the obvious and for religion.  
Our problem is that we are wise,  
which is a most unbearable responsibility,  
since that obliges us to teach humanity  
by our examples to grow and improve  
as spiritual beings into something better.  
Just to be and to work is our mission,  
but just as long we just keep at it  
maintaining appearances and our high standard of love,  
the good news is in the long run  
that we cannot fail.

*Niagara*

Whenever something happens  
that enhances and speeds up your love,  
just throw yourself right into it,  
abandon life and soul and everything  
and let yourself be swept along the current  
even if it carries down the Niagara;  
for what higher meaning can you find in life  
than just for once allow yourself the privilege  
and joy of falling down the ultimate extinction  
of yourself in a cascade of splendour  
in abysmal adequate abandonment  
of enthusiastic life and love  
in the exhilaration of consummate beauty?  
Let yourself be brought to heaven  
just by falling down as long as possible  
the whole path of the Milky Way  
to end up in another way  
triumphantly with all eternity.

När något dyker upp  
som ökar och accelererar kärleken hos dig,  
så kasta dig blott utför,  
överge ditt liv och själ och allt  
och låt dig svepas med i strömmen  
även om den för dig utför Niagara,  
för vad högre mening kan du finna i ditt liv  
än att för en gångs skull få unna dig det privilegiet  
att med glädje störta utför i en slutlig självutplåning  
i kaskader av omätlig prakt  
i avgrundsunderbar hängivelse  
åt livets entusiasm och kärlek  
i den yttersta extasen av fullkomlig skönhet?  
Låt dig föras upp till himlen  
bara med att falla ner så långt som möjligt  
längs med hela Vintergatan  
för att sluta i en ny gestalt  
triumferande med hela evigheten.

How could I else than love you  
when you are like my own other self  
but many years more young and beautiful?

How could I else but love you  
when the whole world goes against us  
separating us by continents and seas  
and keeping us by force away from love and pleasure  
by the brutal means of labour and economy?  
How could I anything but love you  
when we are the same and have the same ideals,  
when we share both the same conception  
of true beauty, honesty and sensitivity?  
How could I resist loving you  
when I am man and you are woman?  
It is all too obvious. We need each other.  
The only problem is that we can't have each other – yet.

Vad kan jag mer än älska dig  
när du är som mitt andra jag  
men många år mer ung och vacker?  
Hur kan jag väl annat än blott älska dig  
när hela världen går emot oss,  
separerar oss med hav och kontinenter  
och håller oss med våld från kärleken och nöjet  
genom den brutala arbetsverkligheten och ekonomin?  
Hur kunde jag väl annat än att älska dig  
när vi är lika och har samma ideal  
och delar samma skäliga koncept  
av skönhet, ärlighet och känslighet?  
Hur kunde jag väl motstå att jag älskar dig  
när jag är man och du är kvinna?  
Det är alltför tydligt. Vi behöver slätt varandra.  
Det är bara ett problem: vi kan ej få varandra – ännu.

*One love poem too much*

Can there be one love poem too much?  
Of course not. Never. That's precisely the problem  
that love can never be enough.  
That's why you ladies never can be satisfied,  
since you are only made for love  
and love can never be enough.  
That's why we men can never quite exhaust ourselves  
since we can never give enough of our love –  
the more we give, the more there is for us to give,  
and thus the burden grows of what we have to give  
the more we give it, and we have no choice.  
We have to constantly keep at it, overstressed and overloaded,  
since that is the rule of love that keeps us all alive.  
The only possible escape is now and then to go away.  
We have to keep on loving till we die,  
and that is just a temporary and ephemeral relief,  
since all that love consists of is eternal continuity.

*En kärleksdikt för mycket*

Kan det bli en kärleksdikt för mycket?  
Aldrig. Det är just problemet,  
att kärleken kan aldrig bli för mycket.  
Därför är det som ni damer aldrig kan bli tillfredsställda,  
eftersom ni bara gjorts för kärlek,  
och kärleken kan aldrig bli tillräcklig.  
Därför kan vi män ej heller någonsin förbruka oss

då vi kan aldrig ge tillräckligt av vår kärlek –  
ty ju mer vi ger, dess mera finns det kvar för oss att ge;  
sålunda växer bördan av vad vi skall ge  
ju mer vi ger det, och vi har ej något val.  
Vi måste bara hålla på, helt sönderstressade och överlastade,  
då det är bara denna kärlekslag som håller oss vid liv.  
Den enda flykten därifrån är att avlägsna sig.  
Vi måste hålla på tills vi går hädan,  
vilket bara är en temporär och flyktig lättnad,  
eftersom all kärlek blott består av evig kontinuitet.

Even though I leave you far behind me  
and my life with you is lost,  
I can't get rid of you within my heart  
nor am I willing to.  
Remain, my love, although just as a relic  
like the memory of some capricious glimpse  
of what perhaps could have been possible;  
and such a faint momentum of a passing dream  
will in its revelation all the same remain  
a firmer base than any solidness  
of the prevailing lasting permanence of our love,  
which in its very fainting flickering flame  
will loom much hotter and more fierce than any fire,  
just because it's all about sincerity and love.

What am I to be a lover  
and a rogue at that in exile?  
Who am I to make pretensions  
on any lady's love  
much more beautiful than me?  
Who am I to nourish wishful thoughts  
when it is certain that they can't be realized  
beyond a reasonable doubt?  
My love is totally impossible,  
but the more it keeps on burning,  
inflaming and consuming all my life  
in a wreck of worry, chaos and pathetic tenderness,  
as if impossibility  
was all it needed to transcend mortality.

The more I am alone, the less I am alone,  
because there's always you,  
like someone to watch over me in darkness,  
like someone's company that never fails,  
like some continuous dream in permanence,  
that constantly remains a witchcraft  
as protecting talisman and guardian angel.  
Let me be your guardian angel from some distance  
like you are to me, so that our permanence  
remain constructive, like a marriage  
but without or with no mortal ties.  
Thus have I expressed our strange agreement  
beyond words, without control and out of order  
so that nothing in the world can keep us down to earth.

Evoking thee, my love,  
is to cry out like from the end of darkness  
on the farthest side of the universe,

but since my cry is pure and honest as a love call  
it will sound throughout the universe  
and reach thy soul by means of silence  
since it merely consists of honesty.  
Is our love a problem? – Only if we try to realize it,  
by combining practically our lives,  
which although match each other  
since we both so often are away.  
But this our silent love call will reduce all distances  
and make us one in the dimension of those golden dreams  
in which the souls of beauty are at home forever.

We are the happy few, the fortunate outsiders,  
the most privileged among the privileged,  
since we stand outside the vulgarity of mankind  
and are happily excluded from all commonness,  
the common lack of wisdom, knowledge and spiritual insight,  
that most vital know-how of discernment, judgement and clairvoyance,  
observation of the soul behind it all,  
its movements of all-powerfulness  
that is life itself and its main secret.  
So are we not outsiders but insiders,  
initiated in the mechanisms of spirituality,  
while the real outsiders are all the others,  
those who follow thoughtlessly the madding crowd  
to death and without even having seen the truth of life.

Let me give you all my freedom,  
the freedom of my heart,  
the freedom of my love,  
the freedom of life itself,  
although that is all that I can give you;  
but nothing is more precious  
for love and its continuity,  
there is nothing more valuable,  
since there is no love without freedom.  
So let us meet in this most senseless freedom  
and join hands in love therein forever,  
since there is actually nothing more to it  
than just outrageous freedom  
without any possible limitations.

I can only think of you as my beloved,  
love is all there is between us,  
nothing else is needed or of any matter,  
since love covers all that is of any good.  
No words are needed to express it,  
no presence is of any urgency,  
since we so clearly love each other  
through all dimensions and throughout eternity,  
so why at all express it, then?  
Because it is so real  
and therefore needs documentation  
as some kind of evidence against base incredulity  
and against that time of superficial momentariness  
which claims all things must end and even immortality.

Passion without end, where wilt thou lead me?  
Anywhere or nowhere but to somewhere without end?  
Just lead me on, and I will follow

faithfully, obediently to anywhere  
as long as your constructiveness keeps shining  
like a lone star in the darkest night  
and like a lighthouse in the hardest storm;  
and I will sail in safety through the blackest rocks  
in pure obedience following your call  
naïvely and uncritically like a sheep  
of purest faith and a good heart,  
the shepherd of my faith and love who cannot fail me;  
since I know full well that love will never fail  
as long as you stay faithful to your love.

*Didaktisk dikt*

Jag är ingen rimmare  
men tycker dock att dikten borde ha en mening.  
En dikt av bara ord, hur väl och snillrikt funna,  
och hur elegant välrimmade och snidade de än må vara,  
är för mig helt värdelös om den ej har en mening.  
Meningen är allt – ju högre mening, desto högre poesi.  
Den högsta meningen kan endast kärleksdikter hava.  
Därför är de flesta dikter kärleksdikter,  
och där för är det så lätt att skriva kärleksdikter,  
ty kärleken är alltid meningsfull,  
och meningen med kärlek är att få bli uttryckt.  
Därför är de dikter uttrycksfullast  
som är kärleksfullast  
och blir dessa de mest meningsfulla.

I can't believe that it is real,  
that you are coming home to me,  
but for how long this time?  
What limitation do you grant me for thy keeping?  
Will you escape again out of my hands  
for new adventures with your friends,  
for me just foreigners and strangers?  
I am bound to you in love and at your mercy,  
you will lead our dance, and I will just join in,  
obey thy lead, adapt myself and sing thy tune  
as an accompanist to your impeccability  
and listen carefully to every hint you make  
so that I never may step on your toe  
in the delicacy of our pas-de-deux of love.

No one knows that I love you  
and perhaps not even you,  
or do you feel my trembling tenderness  
vibrating clandestinely in the air?  
I try to capture yours, but I am captive in my own  
and can not separate them from reality,  
while yours are based on tender memories  
of facts of words that you have spoken  
and that never can be taken back;  
for words of love are valid for eternity  
since they because of love are truth itself  
and the truest possible of truths forever.  
There we are, exposed and outcast to our love  
which we as artists are to form into some kind  
of lasting continuity, creativeness and beauty.

Your tears convinces me of your sincerity,  
for tears are evidence of pure humanity,  
tears can not lie, nor grief, nor pain, nor suffering,  
but is the bareness of the soul in helpless nakedness,  
which must be taken care of, comforted and loved  
if, for nothing else, then just for being there a living soul  
of bleeding openness and vulnerable to exposure.  
Take my own soul in return, for keeping  
and safeguarding in your heart like I keep thine,  
and let us thus exchange our lives instead of rings  
and keep them safely locked up in each other  
like a secret closed to human ignorance and baseness  
but forever free to anyone that cares  
for universal and eternal good investigation.

How much do I love you?  
The amount thereof can not be specified,  
since that indefinite infinity is not to be defined  
by any mathematical and scientific definition,  
since, as we are well aware, that love is relative,  
immeasurable, undefinable and even quite untouchable,  
since there is nothing more supreme and sacred than our human feelings  
which are sovereign to life and paramount in all existence,  
guiding human life, embracing all  
and breathing and bestowing life on all things human,  
gracing and endowing it with beauty.  
That is my confession of my love  
which concentrates on you, my lovely woman,  
putting you in centre of it all.

My love, is it weakness, or is it strength?  
– This magic that obliges me to love you  
senselessly and mercilessly,  
ruthlessly against myself and you,  
which is why I have to do it with restraint  
and not let any feeling show to you or anyone  
in order just to keep it safe  
from harm, intrusion and exposure  
to unqualified, unwanted and debasing eyes.  
So am I forced to love you clandestinely  
for how long, and to what unendurable direction?  
No one knows; so let's just keep it on,  
endure its heat with patience and discretion  
and face the possibility  
of never seeing any end to it.

There is no importuning in true love.  
All doors are open – there is nothing to break down,  
true love can never be enforced,  
since its existence makes all force unnecessary.  
Thus is even sexuality made superfluous  
when love exists as all that matters.  
Only one thing you must never do in love:  
desert your heart and your beloved.  
If she has gained access to your heart  
you must not ever lock her out from there,  
since spiritual divorce is an impossibility  
and worse than suicide and murder,  
since it is the soul that is involved and matters.  
When your soul is the performer of your art of love,

and your soul has been taken in possession by another,  
there is no way out in all eternity from that engagement.  
You were married long before you even met.

Is music our self-deception,  
the seducer of our lives,  
that led us wrong into the blind alley of self-love  
as addicted slaves in selfless and blind service  
to the cruel insensitive divinity of beauty?  
Doubt is necessary for our love,  
there is no right way unless it is doubted,  
re-evaluated, criticized and tried again for life  
in constant re-examination and exacting scrutiny,  
so that our love can overcome all obstacles  
and indefatigably purified proceed and grow  
and spite all human baseness and vulgarity  
to triumph constantly forever like a Phoenix  
leaving everything behind that was not beautiful enough.

My doubts are not about your character  
but about our possibilities.  
How can love exist and thrive  
in a world denaturalized and dehumanized  
where ugliness replaces beauty more and more  
and music is replaced and drowned by magnified noise?  
Our love then is a parenthesis,  
an exception from this world of baseness,  
an ideal that is not seen as real  
and can not economically be accounted for,  
since money in this selfish world is all.  
So how can our love survive,  
an alien thing in this to love so alien world?  
Our hope is universal love, which always saves us all.

My love of you is total.  
There is nothing more to add.  
I want to share with you my all,  
my soul and body,  
mind and universe  
and feel your soul inside my own  
in a mutual coitus more advanced  
with no harm done to anyone,  
no humiliation and no hurting  
being both completely at a level  
in a brilliant consummation  
of the purest highest beauty  
reaching higher levels than can be imagined,  
fulfilling the marvel peak of life called love.

#### *Gycklaren*

Jag är inte rolig,  
en grinig surkart på väg ner,  
med masken flagande och smetig,  
rinnande av smuts och gammalt slem  
från näsan, som där stelnat  
till en surnad gegga  
liksom ett förfelat liv  
som ämnat var att glädja andra

men som bara blev till sorg och tårar  
för den evigt grinande karikatyren  
av en clown, som snart väl bara  
har det sista smajlet kvar:  
döds skallens slutgiltiga hångrin.

*The clown's testament*

Do not laugh at me,  
because I am not funny,  
just a grumpy fool on his way down,  
my greasy mask decaying  
mingled with the putrid mucus of my running nose,  
congested into some kind of sour goo  
just like my failure of a life  
supposed to be a pleasantness to others  
but which turned to only grief and tears  
for this interminably laughing caricature  
of a clown, who probably quite soon  
will only have his last smile left:  
the final scolding deathscull grin.

*Turning a leaf*

How can we stand this world of cruelty  
where humans nought but run each other over  
caring nothing, going blindly on as parasites  
with self-love as their only guide,  
the greatest ignorance of all  
and the only sure way to perdition?  
Shall we stand by and just look on this folly,  
doing nothing to direct them to salvation?  
Yes, my dear, I am afraid that that is all that we can do.  
If they can't help themselves, then even less can we.  
All we can do is faithfully to pursue  
our pious diligence and efforts to constructiveness  
and work in peace as hermits if we must,  
and maybe one day they will see  
the better world we built for them.

*Ny sida*

Hur kan vi stå ut med denna värld av grymhet  
där mänskorna mest ägnar sig åt överkörningar  
och lever hänsynslöst som parasiter och opportunisterna  
med blott egenkärlek som sin enda ledning,  
höjden av okunnighet och blindhet,  
mot den enda säkra undergången?  
Skall vi bara stå vid sidan om och se på denna dårskap  
passivt utan att ge några goda råd?  
Ja, min kära, det är nog det enda vi kan göra.  
Om ej de kan hjälpa sig så kan vi det än mindre.  
Allt vad vi kan göra är att troget vandra vidare  
på stråten av vårt fromma flit och ansträngning till konstruktivitet  
och arbeta i fred som eremiter om vi måste,  
och då kanske en dag de skall kunna se  
den bättre värld vi byggde åt dem.

### *Den eviga konflikten*

Den eviga konflikten mellan verklighet och ideal,  
de eviga motsatserna kan aldrig sluta fred,  
det drömda och det önskade blir bara alltid transformerat  
till det brutalt oönskade och självbedrägerier,  
skönheten kan aldrig finna sig i fulhet;  
som denna alltid söker vända skönhet till,  
och själ kan aldrig bli till kropp,  
då kroppens existens tenderar att förstöra själen.  
Det är blott att acceptera kriget  
som ett evigt oupphörligt outhärdligt faktum  
och att kämpa i det tappert tills man dör;  
ty trösten är, att just det sköna och det själsliga  
kan aldrig dö i motsats till det andra.

### *The eternal conflict*

The constant conflict between reality and ideals,  
the eternal opponents that never can make peace,  
the dreamed of and the wished for is constantly transformed  
to just the brutal unwished-for and self-deceits;  
beauty never can accept debasing ugliness,  
which always tries to drag down beauty to its baseness;  
the soul can never become body,  
since the body's course tends to corrupt the soul.  
This war we just have to accept  
as an eternal and interminable unendurable predicament  
and fight it out intrepidly until we die,  
with this sole comfort: that the essence of all beauty and our soul  
in contrary to all the rest can never die.

### *Missionären*

Vår tids missionärer hamnar som alltid i grytan  
men naturligtvis numera med andra metoder,  
mera raffinerade och försåtliga,  
då ju missionärerna nu för tiden avkristnats.  
De kör inte längre med frälsningsbudskap  
då de gett upp inför tjugonde seklets totala urspårning  
då precis allting bara gick åt helvete,  
vilket även inkluderar musiken (Schönberg),  
konsten (Picasso), litteraturen (Joyce)  
förutom precis allting annat inklusive hela mänskligheten.  
Då det goda uppsåtet så totalt körts över av hela världen  
genom två världskrig, atombomber, global miljöförstöring,  
betongisering, cementering och asfaltering av samhället,  
så att nästan ingen mänsklighet och humanism finns kvar  
får därför vår tids missionärer verka i det tysta,  
närmast som kloakrättor i underjorden.  
Där kan de i fred få predika sina subversiva budskap  
om skönhet, språkvård, musikmelodik, klassicism,  
och ännu farligare läror som renlevnad, biodynamik,  
naturnärhet, cyklism, bokläsning och stressfrihet.  
Låt missionärerna verka i underjorden,  
så gör de ingen skada.  
Ingen lyssnar ju till dem ändå,  
då ju mänskligheten alltid varit vanvettig  
och förnuftet sattes på undantag från början.  
Och skulle någon förnuftsmissionär ändå sticka upp huvudet  
ovanför underjorden, så finns ju alltid Jantelagen,

med vilken man lagligt kan slå ner vad som helst,  
mobbningsprincipen, som alltid fungerar effektivt,  
och, om förnuftet ändå skulle försöka göra sig hört,  
mera gedigna metoder genom AMI och psykvården.

*Downfall and survival*

My love, how can I reach you?  
You were here expected long ago,  
and suddenly then your arrival was announced,  
and I was all on edge like some newborn and trembling deer,  
and what an orgy of tremendous feelings and of love!  
And then you didn't come.  
Exactly everything was perfect,  
there was nothing missing in our happiness,  
except that you did not appear.  
And now, what other end to this most awkward business?  
Failure, capital defeat, a lost quest to give up,  
just another total fiasco?  
No, our friendship conquers all and everything,  
in friendship nothing ever can be missing,  
it is solid and more pure and valuable than gold,  
and this, of course, we can continue building on  
whatever happens and forever.

*Dr Jekyll och mr Hyde*

De är samma person men varandras motsatser.  
Sig själv är han en gentleman, sympatisk och god,  
en nästan idealisk människa, som ingen kan annat  
än tycka om. Men han har sina perioder,  
och de kan pågå länge.  
Har man oturen att då träffa honom  
kan man bli mördad,  
han blir då ensidigt destruktiv,  
och ingen kan annat än frukta honom.  
Hans unga vackra fru, som gjort allt för honom,  
som nästan skapat hans karriär  
och älskat honom över allt på jorden,  
kan aldrig bli fri från problemet:  
"Vad gjorde jag för fel?  
Hur kan en man som jag älskade så mycket  
bli så destruktiv? Hur kan det enbart konstruktiva  
ge ett så enbart destruktivt resultat?"  
Och hon blir aldrig fri från problemet.  
Det kommer att förfölja henne tills hon dör,  
ty problemet är just det,  
att hon inte gjorde något som helst fel.

*Rape –  
poor comfort to a bleeding friend*

Don't ask me how it feels.  
You do not feel it any more when it is over,  
but you bleed forever,  
and the only way to get away from how it hurts  
is to repress it and to stifle it with stoicism.  
That will not stop the wound from bleeding,  
but it is the only way to maintain your survival:  
to walk through life on razor's edges

and pretend it doesn't hurt.  
There is no medicine, you can not drink that pain away,  
no drugs will help, and there is no escape.  
All efforts to anesthetize the pain  
will be but vanity and self-deceit.  
Just bear it out, and keep the anguish buried  
although the spear will pierce your heart  
in constant pain of this infected wound  
that will not heal but was inflicted once  
to only be renewed forever and a day,  
like some life sentence for the innocent.

#### *Våldtäkt*

Fråga mig ej hur det känns.  
Du känner det ej mera efteråt,  
om du dock blöder och för alltid.  
Enda sättet att undkomma smärtan  
är att fegt förtränga den och tygla den med stoicism.  
Det stoppar ej den ständiga förblödningen,  
men det är enda sättet att stå ut och överleva:  
acceptera vandringen igenom livet på en rakknivsegg  
och låtsas att det ej gör ont.  
Det finns ej någon medicin, du kan ej supa bort din smärta,  
inga droger hjälper, det finns ingen lindring eller flykt.  
Att söka döva smärtan är blott fåfängt självbedrägeri.  
Håll bara ut, begrav din ångest levande  
och låt det inte märkas hur ditt hjärta genomborras  
av ett spjut var dag på nytt i outhärdlig smärta  
i ett sår som aldrig helas och som en gång gavs  
blott för att ständigt bli förnyat oupphörligt,  
som den orättvisaste av livstidsdomar  
för blott oskyldiga offer.

My love, you make me desperate  
by keeping out of touch,  
by missing our appointments  
and by seeing that ex-lover of your past,  
a periodic drunkard, who has lost his touch,  
whom I don't know if he still has some claim on you,  
while I for certain know how you love him.  
An awkward situation? Not at all.  
Just so typically feminine,  
so desperately out of order,  
so outrageously chaotic;  
but this abysmal och dwindling darkness  
adds but fuel to my fire's light  
and makes me love you even more,  
and, naturally, with even greater desperation.

#### *Problemet med sanningens kompromisslöshet*

Det finns sanningar som icke tål att sägas –  
var går gränsen mellan det som måste sägas  
och det icke uttalbara?  
Sanningens prekära kompromisslöshet  
kan upplevas som alltför hänsynslös  
men kräver ändå utlopp till förbannelse.  
Man kan få fiender för livet med ett obehärskat ord,  
men frågan är om icke just det ordet ändå måste sägas.

Man kan ej förtränga allt,  
att kräva självbehärskning in absurdum är omänskligt,  
men det hör till nog det allra svåraste  
att inse var den gränsen går  
som åtskiljer den fruktansvärda sanningen som måste sägas  
från nödvändigheten av en diplomatisk tystnadsplikt.

A melancholic drizzle  
fills our hearts with dampness  
after wholesome shower outbreaks,  
like your cloudburst of despair  
the other day, which rent my heart in twain.  
I will not ever hurt you, only soothe you,  
comfort you and love you,  
wallowing in the magnificence and generosity  
of your dynamic heart and soul,  
the richness of which speaks out clearly  
in the lovely abundance of your hair.  
Let me with my decrepit life  
hide out and drown in that deluvion,  
glorifying in your beauty's cornucopia,  
worshipping and senselessly extolling  
in the jubilant unification of our souls  
in boundless and ecstatic love  
that spites the oceans in its overflow.

#### *Förening*

Ett stilla melankoliskt regn  
uppfyller våra hjärtan med en fuktighet  
som följd av skurars utbrott,  
som din gränslösa förtvivlan härom dagen,  
som rev sönder fullkomligt mitt hjärta.  
Jag vill aldrig såra dig, blott värna om dig,  
trösta dig och älska dig,  
varunder jag kan vältra mig i din magnificens,  
ditt hjärtas generositet och din själs dynamik,  
vars rikedom så tydligt är uttalad  
i det underbara överflödet av ditt långa hår.  
Låt mig med mitt föröddda liv  
få gömma mig och drunkna i den syndafloden,  
frossande i ymnigheten av din skönhet  
under sanslös dyrkans hänryckthet  
i våra själars jublande förening  
i den gränslösa extasens kärlek  
som i flöde dränker oceanerna.

#### *In the praise of folly*

Am I mad to be in love with you?  
Of course, but nothing is more important  
than to be in love.  
There is no other wisdom  
than the folly of love,  
and the madder you are as a lover,  
the saner your mind, the higher your wisdom,  
no matter whom you are in love with,  
because loving for the sake of loving  
another is all that counts,  
and it can never be too much,  
or even enough.

### *Dårskapens lov*

Är jag galen som älskar dig?  
Naturligtvis, men ingenting är viktigare  
än att vara kär.  
Det finns ingen högre visdom  
än kärlekens dårskap,  
och ju galnare du är som älskare,  
desto sundare och klokare är du i sinnet  
oberoende av vem det är du älskar,  
ty kärleken för kärlekens egen skull  
till en annan är allt som räknas,  
och det kan aldrig bli för mycket  
eller ens tillräckligt.

### *Gatumusikanten*

Alltid med ett ärligt älskvärt leende  
stod han där med sitt dragspel uti snabbköpshörnet  
och filade på sina melodier  
troget, enkelt utan pretentioner,  
rena melodier, rena harmonier,  
bara njutbar sjungande musik;  
men slantarna var inte generösa,  
och han kunde inte annat än musik,  
så han blev tvingad till socialen  
av de goda myndigheterna,  
som skönstaxerade och skickade på honom kronofogden,  
som blev något av en årlig stamgäst  
hos vår musikanter i hans av skräp uppfyllda etta,  
så att kronofogden aldrig annat fann där  
än kringströdda travar av olästa tidningar  
och bruna osorterade öppnade kuvert med fönster  
utom drivor av den generösaste reklam.  
Han gick då till socialen  
och bekände sitt livs fasansfulla brott:  
att han ej kunde annat än musik.  
"Då får du väl ta jobb då på MacDonalds,  
för i detta land är det förbjudet att parasitera,  
ty musik är blott parasitism då ingen kan betala för den."

—  
Musikanten ställde sig på nytt då i sitt gathörn  
och fortsatte fila på sin melodirepertoar  
för sparsamma men ej föraktliga små kopparslantar  
som kanske räckte till en smörgås,  
kanske till och med till någon öl,  
och struntade i att betala hyran,  
så att han blev vräkt;  
men det betydde ingenting då längre,  
ty han bodde ändå inte längre kvar  
och lämnade beredvilligt sin lägenhet  
åt nästa hyresgäst med alla sina fallna travar av reklam  
och sina generöst tilldelade öppnade kuvert  
i drivor, bruna prydliga kuvert med fönster  
som aldrig någon människa har bett om.

Everybody loves you,  
but who loves you the most?  
The fervent admirer,  
who has had any amount of wives?

Or the fallen lover,  
who desperately tries to forget you?  
The old man,  
who pathetically keeps his love a secret,  
since he knows he never can have you,  
or myself, who never loved until now?  
You were only made for love  
but for a higher kind of love  
than what any woman can be loved by  
mortally, since your essence is more than that,  
your soul lying bare like your music  
like the divinity of beauty  
that only can be loved by adoration  
at a distance to make it safe  
from ever running the risk of getting defiled.

Is exhibitionism of love a folly, vanity or just stupidity?  
The problem is it can't be kept under a bushel.  
Love is only true when it cries out  
resoundingly to make the world reverberate  
and tremble at the genuineness of higher feelings  
that in power easily transcend all worldly powers.  
Love is more than just an earthquake,  
more than just exploding supernovas,  
more than just the alteration of world history,  
since it is so more subtle in its clandestine vibrations  
that can only be observed and felt and recognized  
by lovers who are sure of what they feel,  
who therefore can control this most tremendous force of nature  
and who therefore know that nothing can be greater  
than the fundamental heart of life,  
which is the urge to just go on, expand  
and gloriously continue with your love forever.

Är exhibitionismen bara fåfänga och dårskap eller dumhet?  
Problemet är att kärleken ej någonsin kan hållas under skäppan.  
Kärleken är äkta bara när den kräver utlopp  
med en kraft som måste få all världen att vibrera  
för att inte säga skälva inför äktheten av högre känslor  
som är mera mäktiga än någon världslig makt.  
Kärleken är mer än bara en jordbävning,  
mer än bara supernovors explosioner,  
mer än blott avgörande förändringar i världshistorien,  
då den är så mycket mer subtil i sina hemligheter  
som blott kan förstås, igenkännas och iakttagas  
av de älskare som känner säkerhet i vad de känner  
och som därför kan behärska denna yttersta naturkraft  
och som därför vet att ingenting kan vara större  
än allt livets mest fundamentala hjärtpunkt,  
som är driften att blott fortsätta gå på och expandera  
i denna mystiska och underbara kärleksakt för evigt.

#### *Comfort*

Let me share your tears  
and shed them with my own  
and thus cry out with all the misery of all humanity  
to purge the world in oceans of compassion.  
Let me mix my grief with thine  
and thus in some way maybe neutralize it

to provide a better platform for the future  
not for us alone but for all life.  
No tears are ever shed in vain,  
they are the true manifestation of compassion,  
and there is no compassion without love.  
Let us not ever set a limit to our empathy,  
but let it flow in tears to overflow all oceans,  
let the generosity of our grief not ever cease  
but piously provide a fountain for the future and for life,  
for there's no better life than that which rises from compassion.

Låt mig dela dina tårar  
och utgjuta dem med mina egna  
och så gråta ut med hela mänsklighetens elände  
och så rensa världen genom oceaner av medlidande.  
Låt mig blanda min sorg med din egen  
och så kanske neutralisera den på något sätt  
för att bestå ett bättre läge för en framtid  
ej för oss allena men för livet.  
Inga tårar någonsin kan utgjudas i onödan,  
ty de är medlidandets sanna manifestation,  
och det finns inget medlidande utan kärlek.  
Låt det aldrig bli en gräns för empatin,  
men låt den flöda fritt i tårar för att översvämma oceanerna,  
låt vår sorgs generositet ej någonsin ta slut  
men bli en fromhets källa för en framtid och för livet,  
för det finns ej något bättre liv än det som medlidandet väcker.

*Josef K.*

(Josef K. är huvudperson i Kafkas roman "Processen", där processerna manglar ihjäl honom och avslutas med hans 'hämtning', varefter man ej vet mer om Josef K.s öde...)

*– efter hämtningen*

I am wasted, dead and buried.  
I am all used up and spent, kicked down the graveyard  
into the black hole of oblivion that awaits us all,  
like some old skeleton without identity,  
a skull of emptiness and nonsense,  
worn out, burnt out, sorted out,  
refused a hearing by all terminals,  
forgotten formally, buried alive  
without a gravestone or a ceremony,  
for my love is gone, and I am left alone  
a vacuum of loneliness,  
a drifting satellite astray in space  
without a purpose, like a lost cause in the universe,  
doomed miserably just to wander  
as a zombie or a ghost through darkness,  
sentenced to existence in a limbo of despair,  
for there is nothing left for me  
but to survive myself.

Jag är pantad, död, begravd,  
utbränd och förbrukad, sparkad ner i graven  
i det glömskans svarta hål som väntar på oss alla,  
som en gammal sorts skelett utan identitet,  
en dödsballe av tomhet blott och nonsens,  
uttjänt, utbränt, utsorterat,

vägrat tillträde i samtliga instanser,  
formalistiskt bortglömd, levande begravd  
förutan gravsten och ceremonier,  
för min älskade har jag förlorat all kontakt med,  
jag är lämnad ensam som ett ensamhetens vacuum,  
som en vilsen satellit i tomma rymden  
utan mål, som en förlorad sak i universum,  
dömd att bara vandra miserabelt  
som en zombie eller spöke genom mörkret,  
dömd till existens i ett förtvivlans limbo;  
för ej något annat återstår mig  
än att överleva död.

### *Ordens otillräcklighet*

(om hur litet vi räcker till...)

There is so much more to talk about,  
there is so much there to say,  
that words are not enough,  
they can not match our feelings,  
no expression can fulfil our purpose,  
and the words we say just trifle our intention  
and bring down the truth to trivialities  
and thus are unfair to our love.  
My heart would ache out torrents of my blood  
to match what I would like to sacrifice to you  
in pious prayers of the noblest wishes,  
but not even oceans of my blood would be enough  
but merely a shadow of what truth would crave from me  
to make the need of our communion any justice.

Det är så mycket vi behöver tala om,  
det är så mycket mer att säga,  
att ej orden räcker till,  
de fyller icke våra känslor,  
inget uttryck kan motsvara vad vi önskar,  
och de ord vi säger blott förminska vad vi ämnar  
och drar ner det till trivialiteter  
och gör blott vår kärlek orättvisa.  
Gärna skulle jag ge strömmar av mitt blod fritt utlopp ur mitt hjärta  
om det kunde antyda vad jag vill offra för dig  
genom fromma böners ädla önskningar,  
men ej ens oceaner av mitt blod vore tillräckliga  
men blott en skugga av vad sanningen utkrävde av mig  
för att göra kommuniens behovet mellan oss alls någon rättvisa.

### *Paradisdröm*

My love is like a dream of love  
but all too true to dream.  
She dreams of beauty and of love  
but is too pure to voice that dream.  
My love is like a perfect understatement  
and without exaggerations:  
not a word escapes her  
that lets out the truth  
about the width of this reality  
that is a dream but carefully  
and gradually come true,  
like a momentous opening of a theatre curtain

that with the greatest care reveals but faintly  
more and more of an unheard of heaven  
that excels all paradaisic dreams  
that ever could be dreamed.

Min älskade är som en kärleksdröm  
för sann för att blott drömmas.  
Hennes drömmar är om skönhet och om kärlek,  
men hon är för ren för att ge luft åt dessa drömmar.  
Min älskade är den perfekta underdriften  
och det utan överdrift:  
ty ingenting avslöjar hon  
om vidden av den sanna verklighet  
som är en dröm som endast småningom  
och gradvis blir manifesterad,  
liksom en den mest försiktiga ridåöppning  
som endast långsamt bit för bit avslöjar  
mer och mer av något oerhört  
som överträffar alla drömmar  
som i paradiset någonsin kan drömmas.

You were never lovelier  
than at this present moment,  
and let it last forever  
and continue ever to improve.  
My love, you are the incarnation  
of what's best with feminism –  
the charm and wisdom of its motherliness,  
its grace, ethereal aestheticism and soul,  
and that for me is the most precious thing  
that ever came across my troubled path  
of what was so far only tragedy and toil.  
My love, be free of me and of my past,  
and let us only live that our love may last.

#### *Feminismens fördelar*

Du var aldrig vackrare  
än nu i detta ögonblick,  
och låt det dröja kvar för alltid  
och beständigt fortsätta bli bättre.  
Min älskade, du är inkarnationen  
av vad som är bäst med feminismen –  
charmen, klokheten och dess moderlighet,  
dess själ, behag och dess eteriskhet i estetiken,  
och allt detta är för mig det allra mest kostbara  
som väl någonsin har korsat min bekymmersamma väg  
som hittills bara bjöd på tragedier och besvär.  
Min älskade, var fri från mig och mitt förflutna  
och låt oss blott leva för vår kärleks framtid.

#### *Inga nekrologer mer*

Inga nekrologer mer.  
En älskad vän för mycket  
bortstulen av ödets orättvisa,  
älskad moder, idealisk kvinna,  
alltför ung och alltför god,

alltför trevlig, alltför glad...  
nej, det är för mycket.  
Nekrologerna tystnar av bedövning,  
gråten dränks i hjärtat av sig själv,  
den oersättliga förlusten ruinerar livet,  
sorgarbetet överträffar allt man orkat med  
så att man inte orkar med  
det minsta längre,  
allt är fel,

– men ändå finns du kvar.

My love, there is no more demanding difficult ambition  
than to strictly keep to doing what is right,  
especially in normal close relationships.  
So far we have done well,  
but it has certainly been difficult indeed.  
My greatest worry has been,  
ever since I found myself completely hooked by you  
or by my fate, the difficulty for us to combine our lives  
mundanely, practically and accordingly.  
Theoretically there was never any problem,  
spiritually we are perfect and can never be at odds,  
but how adjust this perfect spiritual consummation,  
harmony and order, unity and kinship of our souls  
to any normal and material, practical convenient life?  
That is our difficulty and our challenge;  
and the only means of overcoming it  
that I can see is patience and continued self-control  
in simply waiting for our time to come,  
although that wait is the most difficult of all.

#### *Skönhetens ursäkt*

Det är svårt att vara vacker  
i en värld där fullheten regerar  
och just därför bara trakasserar  
den som vågar vara vacker  
utan att hon rå för vad hon är.  
Hon föds ju sådan,  
det må vara en belastning  
eller en begåvning, kanske ansvar,  
tungt, på gott och ont, besvärligt,  
därför att ju mer man sticker av,  
desto mera ställs det krav  
på att man ej skall sticka av,  
som då blir en ond cirkel  
till att än mer sticka av,  
för man kan ju ej rå för  
vad man går för  
då det inte var ens eget fel  
att man blev född.

#### *Morgonbön*

You are my morning prayer  
like a symphony of beauty.  
You are my awakening  
to a reality more beautiful than any dream.  
You are like the untouchability of sensitivity

that only can be felt and loved but never known.  
You are my life  
without which there is only death.  
You are my responsibility  
that I must always strive for and live up to.  
You are my best friend and my only friend  
that I am constantly conversing with  
and even when you are not there.  
You are my love, my love, and I must love you.

Du är min morgonbön  
liksom en symfoni av skönhet.  
Du är mitt uppvaknande  
till verklighetens större skönhet än en dröm.  
Du är känslighetens oantastlighet  
som bara kan bli älskad och förnummen men ej känd.  
Du är mitt liv  
förutan vilket bara döden finns.  
Du är mitt ansvar  
som jag alltid måste sträva för och leva upp till.  
Du är min bästa vän och enda vän  
som jag beständigt diskuterar med  
fast även du ej är närvarande.  
Du är min älskade, min kärlek, och jag måste älska dig.

#### *Musikern*

Ett offer för sin egen skönhet och sin överbegåvning?  
Många musiker har varit detta, och ej endast Mozart,  
som bara var den första.  
Genom sin initiering i en skönhetsvärld  
som transcenderar alla andra  
äger musikern den fallenheten  
för att värre bli bedragen av sig själv än andra.  
Genom sin harmoniska uppfattning  
och förmågan att uppfatta livet som musik  
kan hon tyvärr bli grymmare bedragen  
och på ett mer djupgående plan,  
då hennes satsning ej är bara livet utan själen,  
och om den då blir bedragen,  
till exempel av en utnyttjare eller livsmissbrukare  
måste fallet, katastrofen bli långt mer förödande  
än om den bara var materiell.  
En musiker kan genom sina musikaliska insikter  
blott se sina medmänniskor positivt,  
då hennes grundinställning är idealistisk,  
så idealistisk att den utesluter möjligheten av dess motsats.  
Därmed uppstår fall som Schubert, Schumann,  
Hugo Wolf, Tjajkovskij, Mendelssohn, Bellini,  
krossade av vad som väckte dem ur deras drömmar  
som var goda och det högsta goda  
och som bara kunde väckas av dess motsats,  
av vad som kan liknas bara vid en dödlig våldtäkt.  
Det är musikerns dilemma: hennes ideal  
kan ej förstås av vad som saknar detta ideal,  
hon ser en extra skönhetsdimension  
som grymt förnekas av de som ej fattar den –  
av okunskap, av dumhet eller av ligkiltighet,  
det dummaste av allt.  
Och ändå, trots så många musikers personliga fatala katastrofer,  
så är de så långt lyckligare än de stackare  
som aldrig kan förstå musik.

### *The Musician*

A victim to her beauty and transcendent talent?  
Many geniuses of music have been this, not only Mozart,  
who was only number one.  
Through initiation in a world of beauty  
that transcends all others  
the musician has a liable propensity  
to more than others be the victim of a self-deceit.  
Through his harmonious outlook  
and capacity to see life through the temperament of music  
she unfortunately can more cruelly be deceived  
and on a much profounder level,  
since her bid is more than just her life but even all her soul,  
and if then it is being dragged down and deceived,  
for instance by an opportunist or a life-abuser,  
the catastrophe must be much more severe  
than if it only was material.  
Through his poetical and musical temperament  
the true musician can but see her fellow beings positively  
since her basic attitude is pure idealism  
and so idealistic that it must exclude the contrary.  
Thereby we have cases such as Schubert, Schumann,  
Hugo Wolf, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Bellini,  
crushed by the awakening from their ideal dreams  
which but consisted of the highest good  
and which could but be wakened by its contrary,  
by what can only be described as mortal violation.  
That is the dilemma of musicians: their ideal  
can not be understood by those who do not have it,  
they see an additional dimension and a life of beauty  
which is cruelly denied by those who do not grasp it –  
from ignorance, stupidity or just indifference,  
which is the most stupid thing of all.  
And still, in spite of so many musicians' personal catastrophes,  
they are so much more fortunate and happier than those poor devils  
who can never understand what music is.

### *The ideal union*

To be free and allowed all freedom  
while at the same time bound to the beloved;  
without bonds and vows and ceremony  
to base the union entirely on trust;  
to be able to rely on that trust  
and keep the line of communication open  
always, no matter the distance or on what wayward journey;  
that would be something of the ideal union,  
but it would need some maintenance:  
especially the constant presence  
in thought of both parts in each other,  
manifested in regular communication  
by letter, by mail or by whatever,  
even by telepathy would be better than nothing;  
but could such an ideal marriage of souls be made real?  
That is our challenge.

Att vara fria och tillåtas all frihet  
medan samtidigt bundna till den älskade;  
utan löften, plikter och ceremonier  
med tilliten som enda grund;

att kunna lita på den troheten  
och alltid hålla kommunikationen öppen  
oberoende av avstånd eller vilsna resor;  
det vore något av det idealiska förbundet,  
men det skulle kräva något underhåll:  
i synnerhet den ständiga närvaron  
av båda i varandras tankar  
manifesterad i stabil kommunikation  
per brev, per mail eller hur som helst,  
till och med genom telepati om inte annat skulle gå;  
men vore ett sådant idealiskt själsäktenskap möjligt?  
Det är vår utmaning.

#### *Vår plats i universum*

You come to me in flashes  
like in occasional bursts of limelight  
proving you are constantly ahead of me  
although I venture to keep the initiative,  
and thus our intercourse becomes a race:  
who shows the way? Who leads the course?  
We both do for each other, and that's the miracle,  
as if we both were entering each other  
and were each other's personalities.  
I saw in you from the beginning  
something of my own and other self,  
I understand your thoughts and feel them,  
and this must work both ways to work at all:  
you must likewise be familiar with my mind  
and understand it even in our separation.  
Thus we two are one and cannot part  
and can't be separated even by reality,  
the petty physical preposterousness  
which is called the universe.

Du kommer till mig som i blixtar  
liksom skymtar av ett rampljus flammor  
i bevisning av att du är hela tiden före mig  
fastän jag vinnlägger mig om att ha initiativet,  
och så blir vårt umgänge en tävling:  
vem är det som visar vägen, och vem leder?  
Detta gör vi båda för varandra, vilket är miraklet,  
som om vi var inne i varandra hela tiden.  
Jag såg dig från början såsom något av mitt andra jag,  
förstår och känner dina tankar,  
vilket måste vara ömsesidigt om det skall fungera:  
sammanledes måste du ha insikt i mitt sinne  
och förstå det även när vi är åtskilda.  
Sålunda utgör vi något helt och kan ej skiljas  
ej ens genom någon ovidkommande realitet  
som denna futtiga absurditet  
som kallas fysiskt universum.

#### *Tårar*

Cry, my beloved, cry out  
and let the world be cleansed in thy tears,  
let the dirt wash out from the sewer cities  
and let mankind be purged from her crimes.  
What is all mankind's wealth and riches

to a woman's tears of compassion and pity?  
All might loses its right and gets lost in its vanity  
when the world is washed out by the motherly tears,  
the greatest force on earth, since it is so natural  
and gushes forth from the purest of purities,  
the flow of emotions from the heart of the soul.  
A man who cannot cry is a waste and doomed  
worthless, since he cannot make his emotions work,  
the only human force equivalent to any force of nature.

Gråt, min älskade, gråt ut  
och låt världen renas i dina tårar,  
låt smutsen rinna ut från kloakstäderna  
och låt mänskligheten renas från sina brott.  
Vad är alla människans överflöd och rikedomar  
mot en enda kvinnas tårar av medlidandets smärta?  
All makt förlorar all rätt och förlorar sig i fåfänga  
när världen spolats fri genom moderliga tårar,  
den största kraften på jorden, då den är så naturlig  
och flödar fram från den yttersta renhetens källa,  
själva hjärtat av själens omåttliga känsloliv.  
En man som ej kan gråta är värdelös och dömd  
då han inte kan få sina känslor att fungera,  
den enda mänskliga kraften som motsvarar någon naturkraft.  
*An intimate whisper*

The beauty of the wind  
that blows our kisses across deserts  
to spite all distances that separate us  
manage to conserve the freshness  
of the tender wishes of our minds  
and embalm those sacred kisses  
in safe envelopes of sovereign protection  
against any interference of profanity  
to intercept the messages of our thoughts  
to halt them on this way between ourselves  
to settle after wayward journeys  
in our hearts to there keep warm  
and safe for maintenance and custody  
in vivid preservation for eternity.

*Intima viskningar*

Skönheten i vinden  
som bär våra kyssar genom öknar  
för att trotsa alla avstånd mellan oss  
tycks väl bevara friskheten  
av våra ömma önskningar  
och konservera våra kyssars helighet  
i säkraste fodral och under högsta skydd  
mot allt inkräktande av det profana  
som försöker hejda våra tankars budskap  
från att färdas mellan oss så långt  
för att omsider efter vilsna resor  
söka sig till våra hjärtans innerliga värme  
för att där i trygghet och förvaring  
hållas väl vid liv för evigt.

*Natti natti*

Deadly tired, sorted out and all washed up  
I stagger blindly through the alley  
blindfolded by life, like some forgotten addict  
struck by sudden total hopeless cruel amnesia  
with completely lost identity as a result,  
completely devastated like some ruined zombie,  
but whatever happened to me?  
It was just a seizure, just a normal fit,  
it happens normally to anyone,  
there is no person so complete and perfect  
that he doesn't quite occasionally have fits,  
and I am just another one of them,  
a mortal nobody, who every now and then  
is good for nothing else than just to go to bed.

Dödstrött, utrangerad, utslagen och manglad  
stapplar jag med blinda ögon genom gränden  
blindgjord genom livet, som en bortglömd narkoman  
helt plötsligt slagen av den grymmaste totala amnesi  
med fullständigt förlorad karaktärsidentitet som resultat,  
helt ruinerad som något slags misslyckad zombie,  
men vad har då i all världen hänt med mig?  
Jag bara fick ett ryck, ett vanligt anfall,  
det kan hända och det händer vem som helst,  
ty det finns ingen människa så fullständigt perfekt  
att han ej då och då får något anfall,  
och jag är blott en av dem,  
en dödlig nolla, som emellanåt och esomoftast  
inte duger annat till än bara gå och lägga sig.

How much may I love you?  
Let me never come to close,  
to avoid importuning and trespassing,  
but let me hold our feelings sacred  
so that they may never come to harm.  
Let me not enter except by your invitation,  
so that I may love you ever but with care.  
Give me the sacred office to maintain our fire  
but with moderation, that it may not burn too violently  
nor scorch, but at the same time never to abate  
but just to keep us warm enough  
to draw but pleasure and enjoyment from it,  
so that it may ease construction  
in our sacred office of creation.

Hur mycket får jag älska dig?  
Låt mig inte komma dig för nära,  
för undvikande av övertramp,  
men låt mig få beskyddna våra känslors helighet  
så att de aldrig må bli skadade.  
Låt mig ej få komma till dig utom på din inbjudan,  
så att jag alltid blott må älska dig med omsorg.  
Ge mig det heliga ämbetet att bevara kärlekselden  
men med måtta, så den ej för vilt må brännas  
men ej heller någonsin få brinna ner,  
men brinna lagom för att hålla oss tillräckligt varma  
för att kunna njuta av den och få bara glädje av den,  
så att den må göra konstruktiviteten lättare  
i vårt heligaste värv av skapande.

How is our union to be best described?  
An ideal friendship that could not be better,  
clinically free from all the lies of sex,  
a pure and sane relationship of constant growth,  
a fair exchange improving every day,  
a paragon example of good musical communion,  
a perfect philosophical platonic intercourse,  
an intimate concurrence quite impossible to sully,  
and what else; but are we happy?  
Yes, together, but when we are not together  
I am only happy when I think of you.  
Is thinking then a proper substitute for company?  
It could be, if it works well telepathically,  
which means we can always become happier.

Is it honest of me to withhold my feelings from you?  
I don't know, but I did it only from consideration,  
that is, at any cost I wanted to spare you, save you,  
protect you from getting hurt and not risk burdening you,  
because you were free, and I wanted you to remain free.  
So please be free, my love, and let me love you freely,  
and you won't get hurt by that freedom,  
since it is the highest freedom of love  
that can't be valued, fettered or brought down,  
I give you my freedom that you may save your own,  
and thus my love is the more free and pure and honest  
for my protecting you from it.

Love's true manifestation is no sexual act,  
no carnal wallowing in sleazy saucers,  
no material token, ceremony or vows  
but faith alone, fidelity and continuity,  
all that which does not show and does not boast  
but rather hides in intimacy and precaution,  
piously avoiding ostentation, keeping to itself,  
safeguarding faithfully all that which does not count  
in worldly measures, concentrating on maintaining life,  
considering but that which is of vital matter to the soul,  
which is the only thing that lasts,  
thus being constantly on the defensive  
to protect the worthwhile preciousness of love  
against all mortal trivialities that drag it down  
from highest holiest religion to profane perishability.

### *The junky*

The self-humiliation of the lusts of alcohol  
resulted in a holiday at the resort for freaks,  
the local funny-house, where everyone is happy  
in disgrace, appearing nuts, completely without sanity,  
a dried up drunk place, where sobriety is just a fake,  
since everyone, as soon as he gets out of there,  
refreshed and loaded with some monetary aid of charity,  
immediately vanishes to drinking bouts again,  
where soon he will again be picked up like a parcel  
and collected by the office of assortment  
that indifferently and automatically will return him  
to his only constant destination and his last definite home:  
the rehabilitation clinic, where he always finds his own,  
the comrades that he shares his life with

and who understand him, since they all have nothing left  
than for the rest of their degraded lives  
in common share their constantly increasing damage of the brain,  
which is the only thing they manage to accomplish  
by abandoning themselves to self destruction  
through the blessings of the self-deceit  
of finally one day succeeding in  
the quest of drinking one's brains out to death.

#### *Alkoholisten*

Självförnedringen i alkoholens lusta  
ledde till semester på den exklusiva freak-kliniken,  
det lokala lustiga huset, där alla är så lyckliga  
i sin inbillning, då de tycker det är roligt att få vara gaggig,  
då de får vara det i ostördhet, då alla är det,  
medan de kan strunta i hur det ser ut, hur de går där och jollrar,  
spyr på golvet åt de anställda att torka upp,  
en fri asyl för bara vettlöshet, en tork som aldrig blir helt nykter,  
då en på torken aldrig omfattar sin nykterhet som något annat  
än en bluff, ett temporärt och övergående ont tillstånd,  
då han så fort han får komma ut förfriskad och med bidragspengar  
genast hänger sig åt dryckesorgier igen på krogen eller hemma,  
så att han som ett paket blir upplockad igen  
och returnerad automatiskt till sitt sista och sitt enda hem:  
den trogna rehabiliteringen, afgiftningshemmet,  
där han har de sina, likasinnade förbunds- och ordensbröder,  
som förstår honom och delar sina liv med honom  
då de alla lever blott för samma sak: för odlandet av sina hjärnskador,  
det enda som de lyckats åstadkomma genom sina liv,  
med sin hängivelse åt självförgörelsens besinningslösa salighet,  
det största självbedrägeriets sanslösa välsignelser  
och livets högsta strävan att en dag få lyckas med det högsta goda  
att få dricka sönder hjärnan och få dö därav.

#### *Den grymma modern*

Man kan ej kompromissa med fru Musica.  
Hon kräver perfektionen eller ingenting,  
och perfektionen är tortyr och tyranni.  
I gengäld gör hon dig till något av en gudom,  
du blir uppblåst av din musikaliska förträfflighet,  
du känner dig oomkullrunkeligt självsäker  
och slår givetvis dövörat till för allt ifrågasättande,  
och så blir du en enkelriktad diva,  
men vad gör det om du gör karriär på det?  
Jo, det gör så mycket, att du därmed tappar bort din själ  
som säljs till djävulen för priset av livegenskap,  
och du blir så musikens träl och djävulens  
men utan att du fattar det, ty du är ju förlorad i musiken  
som har gjort dig blind och döv för andra än dig själv.  
En sådan moder är ej någon riktig moder,  
men hur kan man då som musiker undvika henne?  
Skall musiken då blott bli en flykt på livstid  
från musiken genom slavarbete?  
Ja, om man är bara teknisk.  
Men lägg kärlek och idealism till arbetet  
och älska modern hur grym hon än är,  
och man kan lära sig att älska hela världen  
genom detta offer, som skall ge din själ en högre lyftning  
än vad som är möjligt utan denna inblick  
i den kärleksdöd som är musikens liv och väsen.

### *The possibilities of the impossible*

Our impossible love affair is celebrating triumphs.  
There is nothing at all compatible in our relationship,  
no ground to stand on, no economy to build on,  
no mutual material interests, no family concerns,  
nothing but impracticability and thin air,  
and still our friendship has never had a flaw,  
we are as solid as a union as the universe,  
and even separated we remain together,  
hopelessly tied up in the ruins of our lives.  
This relationship has brought us into something  
like the world of surrealism, the chaos of impossibilities,  
a hippie world of no order and no structure,  
the complete mess of things that can't be organized,  
and yet we live, and we almost stay and stick together  
although we shouldn't since everything speaks against it.  
So what is our case? To spite reality, mortality and superficiality  
with perhaps an impossible world of love and beauty that cannot be defined?  
Well, nothing could be worse than the mess of our past,  
so let's just embrace whatever mess is coming of the future.

### *Omöjligheternas möjligheter*

lugn i stormen - det går ändå aldrig över

Vår omöjliga förening firar triumfer.  
Det finns ingenting förenligt i vårt förhållande,  
ingen mark att stå på, ingen ekonomi att bygga på,  
inga gemensamma världsliga intressen, inga familjeintressen,  
ingenting annat än brist på lösningar och tunn luft,  
och ändå har vår vänskap aldrig haft en rämna,  
vi står lika fasta som allt universum,  
och även separerade står vi tillsammans,  
hopplöst strandade på ruinerna av våra liv.  
Detta förhållande har fört oss fram till något liknande  
en surrealistisk värld av absurdism, omöjligheternas kaos,  
en ostrukturerad hippievärld utan någon ordning alls,  
en fullständig oreda av allting som aldrig kan ordnas,  
och ändå lever vi, och vi håller nästan helt ihop  
fastän vi inte borde då allting talar mot det.  
Så vad är vi till för? Att trotsa verkligheten, dödligheten, ytligheten  
med kanske en omöjlig värld av kärlek och skönhet som ej kan definieras?  
Då ändå ingenting kan vara värre än vårt förflutna,  
så låt oss bara lugnt omfatta vad som blir ännu värre i framtiden.

### *Presentation*

I was far too old even before I was born,  
and that is not the worst of it.  
Suicidal already as a child,  
three times I failed to drown myself,  
and those were only my life's first failures.  
My disappointment with mankind was total at eleven,  
and how do you survive an intellectual rape,  
which is even worse than a sexual one,  
which conclusion I could draw after the experience of both.  
I lost my family into an abyss of spiritual addiction,  
the brainwash, self-deceit, tomfoolery and what not  
of a capitalistic buddhism made attractive by science fiction,

a philosophy they called it, which ruined their possibilities,  
so I just had to work hard all my life and earn nothing for it  
since I chose the wrong professions:  
the service of the muses, creation, knowledge,  
the love of beauty, idealism, so I had to work alone,  
protected against the ignorance and madness of mankind  
by isolation in a hermit's one person monastery,  
and thus I carry on. Is that a happy life?  
And yet people envy me for nothing,  
while I just keep struggling on,  
a lover who is used to never getting anything for all his love.  
- But as long as the band plays on, you can stand the music.  
Let's just face the music and keep it going.  
At least, with music you can never get bored,  
so music of the right kind would be the only therapy possibility  
for the hopelessness of mankind.

Jag var för gammal redan innan jag föddes,  
och det är inte det värsta.  
Självmondsbenägen redan som barn  
misslyckades jag tre gånger med att försöka dränka mig,  
och det var bara mitt livs första misslyckanden.  
Min desillusion över mänskligheten var total vid elva års ålder,  
och hur överlever man en mental våldtäkt,  
som är värre än en konventionell sådan,  
vilken slutsats jag kunde dra efter att ha erfarit båda.  
Jag förlorade min familj i en avgrund av andlig livegenskap,  
hjärntvätt, självbedrägeri och taskspeleri med mera  
av en kapitalistisk buddhism gjord glansig av science fiction,  
de kallade det en filosofi, som förstörde deras livs möjligheter,  
så jag fick bara arbeta hårt hela livet utan att förtjäna något på det  
eftersom jag valde fel yrken:  
tjänst hos muserna, kreativitet, kunskapsförvärv,  
kärleken och troheten till skönheten, idealism, så jag fick arbeta ensam,  
skyddad mot mänsklighetens okunskap och dårskap  
genom isolering i eremitens enpersonskloster,  
och så har jag hållit på. Är det ett lyckligt liv?  
Ändå avundas folk mig för ingenting,  
medan jag bara kämpar på,  
en älskare van vid att aldrig få något för all sin kärlek.  
- Men så länge bandet håller på kan man stå ut med musiken.  
Låt oss hålla på musiken och hålla den i gång.  
Med rätt musik kan man åtminstone aldrig få tråkigt,  
så rätt musik vore den enda möjliga terapin  
för det hopplösa fallet mänskligheten.

*"The truth is generally beyond recognition, but never quite."*

The truth is never what it seems to be  
but much profounder, usually well hidden,  
maybe even buried deep.  
The truth is not for words or definition,  
since there is no justice in defining truth.  
How, then, are we to reach the truth?  
The truth is what we feel is true,  
since feelings never lie,  
and you are certain of their genuineness.  
The truth speaks to you from the heart,  
and if you but can listen to your heart  
you certainly will know the truth;  
but even from your heart and from your feelings

this evasive truth is never quite complete,  
you need to constantly investigate it further,  
and you must be well aware  
that you will never be quite finished with it,  
since the truth is nothing but a lifetime work  
which never gets completed.

Finally a piece of comfort:  
when your heart is full of love and friendship  
of that kind which is worth while and never shallow,  
you shall know that is the truth,  
while enmity and hatred, self-love and enforcement,  
arbitrariness, high-handedness and other blind manifestations  
that ignores the contact lines with others, turning feelings negative,  
are nought but passing lies and bad dreams never to take seriously,  
which you will see when you awaken to the feelings of your truth.

*Vad är sanning?*

Sanningen är aldrig vad den synes vara  
utan mycket djupare och ofta dold  
och kanske även djupt begravnen.  
Sanningen är ej för ord och ej definitioner,  
då sanningen ej någonsin kan göras rättvisa.  
Hur skall vi då nå fram till sanningen?  
Sanningen är vad vi känner att är sant,  
då känslor aldrig ljuger,  
och man kan vara säker på att de är genuina.  
Sanningen är vad som talar till dig från ditt hjärta,  
och om bara du kan lyssna till ditt hjärta  
skall du kunna genomskåda sanningen;  
men även känslorna och hjärtat ger dig inte hela sanningen,  
du måste alltid utforska den närmare,  
och det skall du ha klart för dig,  
att du blir aldrig klar med den,  
då sanningssträvan är ett livstids jobb  
som aldrig helt kan fullbordas.

Slutligen en liten tröst:  
när du har hjärtat fullt av kärlek eller vänskap  
av det slag som inte är för ytligt utan varar,  
så är det ren sanning,  
medan ovänskap och hat, forcering, egenkärlek,  
självsvåld och allt annat skyggslappsresultat  
som ignorerar livslinjen med andra och ger negativa känslor  
är blott lögn som går över och som ej kan tas på allvar,  
vilket du förstår,  
när dina känslor vaknar i ditt hjärta inför sanningen.

*Longing.*

When, my love, shall we at last come together?  
When at last may I encompass you with all my love?  
My longing has no end, but my comfort is  
that all our waiting must have an end,  
that one day we will meet completely  
and join not only hands together  
but everything that can be joined.  
Just to live for that moment is joy enough  
for an eternity or longer,  
since that joyful moment is explosive like a chain reaction

continuing forever, spreading love and joy  
not only within us but all around us.  
So let us be patient with our waiting  
and let our longing constantly increase,  
if possible to multiply the power of our love forever.

When we can not meet, at least I can remember you  
in words to substitute my tenderest caresses  
sending them to you like sweetest dreams and prayers,  
like windhorses, to bring comfort, joy and happiness,  
although they are but momentary puffs of whims and wishes,  
if you will forgive my fancy and capriciousness;  
but in these miniature thoughts of my best wishes  
are in spite of all my truest love contained  
in wished for dreams of enduring embraces  
and the sought for union of our personalities  
on wings of music, beauty, poetry and loveliness  
to bring us far above the mundane world forever  
and to keep us there for our own benefit,  
which welfare we should spread around the world  
and impregnate all mankind with.

*Varför alla dessa offer?*

Inom lika många år har jag förlorat tre barndomsvänner,  
alltför unga, alltför känsliga, alltför goda,  
i den omänskligaste av sjukdomar cancer.  
Varför skall just de oskyldigaste drabbas av det svåraste?  
Vem är skyldig, och kan det verkligen vara ingens fel?  
Nej, och det sade de själva, att det var hela naturen det var fel på,  
det vill säga, människans hantering av naturen och sitt liv,  
sin förstörelse av naturen och samhället  
i avhumaniserande och denaturaliserande riktning,  
vilket måste betraktas som hela mänsklighetens farligaste sjukdom,  
i synnerhet då mänskligheten inte gör något åt saken  
men bara låter den bli värre  
med miljöförstörelsen, förgiftningen av våra städer,  
ihjälstressningen av våra liv, vår alienering från naturen  
och omänskliggörandet av hela det mänskliga samhället.  
Skall vi då finna oss i detta och låta det få fortsätta?  
Naturligtvis är det detta vi aldrig får acceptera.  
De alternativa medborgarrörelserna,  
som på 60-70-talen vände sig mot Vietnamkriget,  
de gröna våg-rörelserna, som yrkade på sundare levnadsalternativ  
var kanske hela mänsklighetens enda friskhetstecken.  
De får aldrig upphöra utan måste tvärtom ständigt växa,  
ty så som världen är idag med skenande global miljöförstörelse  
utgör de nästan vårt enda hopp om någon framtid.

On such a rainy day, any love can rain away.  
The tears you shed are not enough  
to wash the skies from dreary clouds,  
who cover us the more horrendously  
with pitiless deluges of misfortune,  
turning moods into a holocaust  
that frets away all clarity  
and robs us of our course,  
that was so clear once  
but now is all confused  
in shipwrecks, madness, alcoholism

and complete macabre chaos  
leading us into a dance of lunacy  
that threatens to confound us.

How shall we survive?  
I see no end to darkness,  
even truth is clouded from our sight,  
my love is drowned in bottomless despair  
and doubts that exile me in limbo,  
and I am entangled in the web of my own folly,  
paralyzed by Aphrodite, who is laughing  
at my awkwardness.  
I ask and pray for mercy,  
that is all what I can do;  
and worst of all is this,  
that you are in no better state yourself,  
since we are one,  
and your mind is the same as mine.

All your problems are your own.  
That is, whatever happens to you,  
that is your own problem,  
which you have to carry out alone:  
you have no right to burden others with it,  
only you can solve it perfectly alone,  
it is your own responsibility,  
and that is all.  
If you can get some help from others with it,  
still the problem is but yours,  
and you can never trust them with it.  
Solve your problems on your own,  
and you will be a free man,  
free to have your own integrity to share with others.

Alla de problem du har är dina egna.  
Det betyder, att vad än som händer dig,  
så är det ditt problem,  
som du får bära ensam:  
du har ingen rätt att lasta det på andra,  
bara du kan lösa det helt ensam  
på ditt eget ansvar – därmed basta.  
Om du kan få hjälp från andra med det  
är problemet fortfarande ditt eget;  
du kan aldrig lita på att de skall lösa det.  
Så lös på egen hand dina problem,  
och du skall vara fri som människa  
och kunna ha en egen fri integritet  
att dela med dig med de andra.

Thy torment is my own,  
the tears you shed for him are my tears,  
and your life that he destroyed is my life.  
Like yourself, I can not bear him,  
and yet must we stand him  
with the wrecks he made of every person's life  
that he became a part of.  
Must we be dragged down into an addict's tragedy  
just because once someone fell in love with him  
in blindness without seeing that his life was but a waste

and devastating to whoever came into his life  
of nothing but addictice self-destruction?  
Pardon me, but I will not have any share in it,  
and if you will, that must be without me.

Din plåga är min egen,  
och de tårar du utgjuter för hans skull är mina tårar,  
och ditt liv som han förstörde är mitt eget liv.  
Jag liksom du har svårt för honom,  
ändå måste vi stå ut med honom  
med de vrak han gjorde av varenda mänskas liv  
som han kom in i.  
Måste vi dras ner i en missbrukares hopplösa tragedi  
blott för att någon en gång blint blev kär i honom  
utan att förstå och inse att hans liv var fruktlöst  
och förödande för alla som kom in i detta  
tomrum av blott missbrukarsjälvd destruktivitet?  
Förlåt mig, men jag vill ej ha någon del i detta,  
och om du vill ha det får du ha det utan mig.

#### *Samarbetet*

Kort sagt, det fungerar, trots omöjliga påfrestningar.  
Vi trampar ej varann på tårna  
fastän prövningarna tvingar på oss skoskav,  
och vi har ej grälat alls  
trots motsättningar i allt möjligt.  
Fastän banden redan bundits ganska hårt  
är vi självständiga och ej beroende alls av varandra,  
vilket kanske är det viktigaste:  
vi har kunnat förbli fria konsekvent,  
och det är nästan grunden för vårt liv och samarbete:  
att vi slipper känna något tvång i relationen,  
att vi är spontana som oss själva,  
och att vi ändå kan lita på varandra  
genom vad som nog är bäst av allt i grunden för vårt liv:  
en ren och idealisk vänskap.

#### *Any kind of love is transcendental*

Transcendental love is too serene to be approached,  
too sacred to be touched and too divine to be defined.  
And yet, it is but love, like any kind of love  
that cries for outlet and expression  
and demands response and feedback.  
Monologues are tragedies while comedies are dialogues  
that carry forward and increases life,  
while the monologist can end up speaking but of death.  
So let us speak of life together  
and extol in life's abandonment  
and never give up dialogue,  
the mingling of our blood in pious transcendentalism  
and just ignore it whether it be spiritual or real –  
in love all languages of love are all the same,  
and transcendental metaphysics are no better and no worse  
than just the carnal touch.

### *Transcendentalt kroppsspråk*

Transcenderad kärlek är för hög för att förnärmas,  
alltför helig för att vidröras och för gudomlig för att definieras.  
Ändå är det bara kärlek som det handlar om  
som kräver uttryck och fritt utlopp och respons.  
Monologer är blott tragiska, men komedin är dialog  
som leder framåt och uppmuntrar livet,  
medan monologiserandet kan handla blott om döden.  
Låt oss därför bara diskutera livet  
och tillsammans hänge oss däråt  
och aldrig ge upp dialogen,  
utan blanda våra blod i det transcendentala  
och lugnt ignorera om det är spirituellt eller reellt –  
ty alla språk om kärlek är blott kärleksspråk,  
och metafysisk transcendentalism är varken bättre eller sämre  
än det vanligaste kroppsspråk.

### *Poesitävling*

Jag beklagar, men jag kan inte tävla,  
för jag anser inte poesi kan vara någon tävling –  
juryn kan ju bara döma subjektivt.  
Kriterierna är olika för varje enskild människa,  
och smaken avgör allt – den ena tycker det är bäst  
som nästa tycker att är bara skit – hur kan man tävla då?  
Hur kan det då bli någon rättvisa? Vem har rätt,  
och hur kan någon sakligt avgöras ha rätt?  
Nej, jag tror mer på att de sista skola bli de första,  
och de som kommer först skall komma sist,  
så blir det någorlunda rättvist.  
Poesi kan läsas, framföras och älskas,  
men om det ska tävlas är det inte längre poesi.

### *Insomnia*

My love is like a sunrise  
that never sets again  
but just keeps shining  
like a soul that never sleeps  
but just keeps beaming  
like some constant dreaming  
turning life to an explosion  
of not only energy  
but of all kinds of creativity  
and altogether a new life  
of wonder and of joy  
in almost a surrealistic way.  
If that is how love works,  
just let me love and never die,  
and never let me even sleep again.

### *Den falska musikern*

Vad är väl hans skicklighet värd  
när han dränker sin gåva i missbruk?  
För mig är de musiker falska  
som hänger sig åt stimulantia  
och därmed förstör sin musik,  
denna gåva av Gud som de gavs att förvalta.

För mig är det inte musik  
om det driver sin musiker till självdestruktivitet,  
som tyvärr blivit de flesta musikers öde  
som blott tjänat jazzen och rocken.  
Musik är för mig blott musik  
om den ren är och leder till renhet  
och så leder sinnet till en större klarhet  
än blott nykterheten från spriten.  
Musik som förleder till sprit och till missbruk  
är inte musik utan ljudmissbruk endast,  
och bättre är då vilken tystnad som helst;  
ty den allra mest rena och sanna musiken  
är den som hörs endast i tystnaden.

*The misguided musician*

What's his skill worth  
if he only drowns it in booze?  
For me, those musicians are false  
who abandon themselves to addiction  
and thereby destroy their own music,  
that gift of divinity that they were given to cultivate.  
That isn't music to me  
which compels the musician to paths of destruction,  
which has been the destiny of most musicians  
that gave themselves only to jazz and to rock.  
For me, music is only music  
if it is enough pure and leads but to purity  
and to a higher degree of spiritual clarity  
than just sobriety from common drunkenness.  
Music which tempts to abuse of narcotics and liquor  
is not really music but merely sound abuse,  
better than which any silence would be;  
for the most true and pure kind of music  
is that which can only come to you in silence.

*Fly away*

Come with me, my love, and let us fly away  
on wings of music for a lovely day  
that will outlast eternity and outshine all dismay  
of doubts and tragedy and matters of foul play  
that bring us down from heaven's lofty lay,  
the paradise of poetry, where all our freedom, pray,  
shall keep us and deliver us and stay  
sustaining us forever and a day,  
so that at last one day we may  
perhaps turn over yet another leaf to have our say  
of glory, love and freedom, beauty and a ray  
of truth to safeguard all to keep us gay  
like in a never-ending glorious month of May  
to sing the praise of Mother Nature and for aye  
to keep to Music, not to ever go astray.

*Intermezzo*

Just another poem  
while I wait for you,  
a vain outsider  
who believes in what they say

when people make appointments  
and who faithfully  
is rather soon than late  
and rather punctual than runs the risk  
of missing someone who might come  
and waits for those who don't,  
and thus I have been waiting all my life  
for ladies who have never come,  
for answers that were never made,  
but I don't care,  
for I can wait forever  
for my love if she is honest –  
that is all that counts,  
the only definite priority,  
the first and last and only true criterion of love,  
that you can trust her honesty,  
so that you can yourself be honest;  
for honesty is all that lasts –  
one word of honesty is more worth  
than a load of novels full of speculations,  
since the highest proof of honesty  
is that it, even if it's silent,  
speaks much more than words.

#### *Ärligheten varar längst*

Bara en dikt till  
i väntan på att hon skall komma,  
skriver denna outsider  
som tror på givet ord  
i avtal och förbindelser,  
och i hopplös trogenhet  
är hellre i god tid än sen  
och hellre punktlig än att han riskerar  
missa någon som kan komma  
och som därför alltid väntar på dem som ej kommer,  
och så har jag väntat hela livet  
på väninnor som ej kommit  
och på svar som aldrig gavs,  
men det gör ingenting,  
för jag kan vänta i all evighet  
om blott min älskade är uppriktig och ärlig,  
ty det är det enda som betyder något  
och det enda säkra att prioritera,  
detta enda absoluta kärlekens kriterium,  
att man kan lita på att hon är sann,  
så att du själv kan vara uppriktig och sann,  
ty sanningens uppriktighet är allt som varar –  
ett enda ord av sannings heder är mer värt  
än tegelstensromaner fulla av spekulationer,  
eftersom den högsta ärlighetens tecken och bevis  
är att den, även när den tigger,  
talar ett mer tydligt språk än några ord.

#### *Kvinnans lag*

Kvinnan kräver oändlig fördragsamhet med hennes nycker  
och ett tålmod av icke denna världen  
varför männen understundom nödvändigt kreperar,  
ty de är ju ej som kvinnor  
och kan därför aldrig någonsin förstå dem.

Detta är vad kvinnor aldrig kan förstå.  
De fattar inte varför män blir arga  
utan anledning, när kvinnan bara tillfredsställt sin fåfänga  
och låtit männen vänta några timmar extra  
då det veka könet ju har rätt att ta god tid på sig  
i synnerhet när männen väntar –  
det är ju vad männen blott är till för:  
att behaga, passa upp och visa tålmod i all sin väntan.  
Annars är de värdelösa och kan gå och hänga sig,  
och därför gör de detta understundom,  
vilket kvinnor aldrig kan begripa.

#### *Otäckta karlar*

Hur kunde du vara så dum, stackars kvinna,  
att falla för en sådan misslyckad man,  
en bedrövlig och ansvarslös odåga,  
som bara dög till att parasitera på kvinnorna,  
förföra dem, göra dem hopplöst på smällen  
för att bara lämna dem sedan därhän,  
som om det enda nöjet med dem var att få dem på fall!  
Vad är mannens sexualdrifter annat än bara förstörelselusta,  
en liderlighet till sitt eget förfall och dess sjukliga åstundan,  
som om en längtan i graven och påskyndning av vägen dit  
var det enda som livet var till för att erbjuda!  
Ömkliga kräk, stackars karlar, förbannade dårar,  
som med denna dreglande drift bara gör våra värnlösa damer  
obotliga skador och vänder dem till alla mäns oförsonlioga fiender,  
som om ej livet var svårt nog ändå utan kärlekens komplikationer!  
Gå bara och häng er och lämna ert offer i fred,  
så en dag kanske hon kan förlåta er.

#### *The background lover*

The less he is seen, the more he is loving,  
the less he is seen as a lover, the greater a lover he is,  
forced behind the curtain by experience  
which has taught him never to be open with his love,  
since no one is more vulnerable than the lover,  
and nothing is easier to misunderstand  
than true love that manifests itself openly  
for those who are not included and not intended.  
Bad luck has taught him the hard way  
not to interfere with ghosts of the past,  
of former lovers of his loved ones,  
skeletons in the wardrobes like drunkards and addicts,  
whose pollution of love remain a stain and pain forever,  
for no wounds go deeper than aborted love.  
He is thereby content with the lover's part of a protector,  
a helper and creator of safety, a reliable friend, –  
and that is perhaps the highest form of love:  
a constant faithfulness with no pretensions  
with no reservations and no end to its sustainment.

#### *Bakgrundsälskaren*

Ju mindre han syns, desto mer älskar han,  
ju mindre han synes som älskare, desto större är han som älskare,  
tvingad bakom kulisserna av erfarenheten  
som lärt honom att aldrig vara öppen med sin kärlek,

då ingen är så sårbar som den som älskar,  
och ingenting är lättare att missförstå  
än äkta kärlek som uttalar sig öppet  
för dem som den inte gäller och ej är ämnad för.  
Otur har lärt honom den hårda vägen  
att inte bråka med spöken ur det förflutna,  
av hans älskades tidigare älskare,  
skelett i garderoberna som fyllon och missbrukare,  
vilkas kränkning av kärleken förblir en fläck och plåga för alltid,  
ty inga sår går djupare än den missriktade kärlekens.  
Därför nöjer han sig med sin älskarroll som beskyddare,  
en hjälpare och skapare av trygghet, en pålitlig vän, –  
och det är kanske den högsta formen av kärlek:  
en konstant trogenhet utan pretentioner  
utan reservationer och utan slut på sitt trofasta stöd.

### *The Caretaker*

Let me love you all,  
you poor lost souls,  
demented vagrants gone astray,  
you homeless crying dotting victims  
of a fate that brought you down by violation  
of which you were innocent,  
you poor beautiful forever errant knaves,  
raped virgins that are virgins still  
since you were never willing to your rape,  
philosophers and hippies, new age children,  
addicts that were ignorant of your addiction,  
drunkards that were never really drunk,  
anonymous drug addicts, alcoholics, lovers  
that are saved by anonymity and therefore can remain  
forever on the booze and drunk as lovers,  
beautiful young victims of perpetual ecstasy,  
I shall take care of you and love you all forever,  
for I am the caretaker,  
the Orpheus forever singing for the living dead  
and for the dead that never die.

Our love works on two different levels,  
that constantly keeps playing tricks with us,  
which is why you are so confused,  
lost in the chaos of your subconscious,  
where all you have to cling to is your memories,  
the dreams you had that were so brutally shattered,  
but which were constructive initially,  
and their constructiveness remains  
in your surviving dreams that never died.  
Make me nourish them and make them live again  
above all in your music, but make it twain,  
so that my music may accompany you  
along the path of life to the incessant glory  
of the continuous beauty of the finest love on earth  
which also is the strangest and entirely our own.

What are you afraid of? is your question,  
but I have no fears but only worries and concerns,  
and I see the only threat ahead in any materialization  
of the essence of our union, which is purely spiritual.  
I want it to remain that way, so that it can be free

to soar in wild dimensions in extraordinary heavens  
and thus keep alive and inspirational  
and never lose the spirit.  
So I have no fear of flying  
but alone of getting down to earth  
in any non-creative way  
that could result in fetters.  
So let me be free with you,  
so that I constantly can give you all my freedom  
with unheard of dreams of beauty and perpetual construction  
that we never may be tired of each other  
or of life.

### *The Trauma*

There is more to it than just your alcoholic cavalier,  
his messing up of his own life and yours therewith,  
the bleeding wounds that can't be cured as a result  
and the tremendous instability, both practical and mental,  
in which you find your wrecked life as a consequence;  
and in this fatefully amassing mess you meet with me,  
who only formerly has had as loved ladies  
talented artistic beauties with an alcoholic burden for a cavalier,  
whom none of them were ever able to let go.

My first love had for her first love a wild drug addict,  
while the father of her child became a periodic alcoholic,  
making a complete mess of her life.

My second found me to escape to from a widowhood  
but told me nothing of two former lovers,  
both completely irresponsible and violent,  
who never let her go and with whom she made constant suicide attempts.

My third had been forever marked by her beloved alcoholic husband  
with a wound that had been cut around her breast  
and sewn with many stitches, which had cut her soul in twain.

In each of these three cases, they would never free themselves  
of all those wounds inflicted by their husbands,  
which cut more deep into their souls than in their hearts,  
since they could never cease to care for them.

I ask you: Was it right? Did they deserve their fates,  
to suffer from their men atrociously for nothing?  
No, their failure to detach themselves from all those wounds  
became a self-inflicted punishment for nothing.

Love must never be a punishment but a reward.  
If I can change your punishment to a reward, please let me.

### *Gamla vänner*

Gamla vänner är ej blott som gammalt gräs  
som alltid finns där kvar att trampa på,  
ett trevligt grönt som alltid grönskar  
och som efter snö och vinter kommer fram igen.  
Nej, gamla vänner är som gamla rötter  
och det nödvändigaste i livet.  
Därför talar vi om gräsets rötter,  
som ger nytt liv när vi tar av skor och strumpor

och går nakna på den friska jorden  
i direktkontakt med mor naturen,  
livets ursprung och den mull vi alltid återvänder till,  
som pryds och kläds av gräsets trygga grönska,  
all den vänskap som består och alltid finns där kvar,  
hur mycket vi än trampar på den.

Old friends are not just like old grass  
which always grows under your feet to trample on,  
a nice reliable green which is there to remain  
and always to return after the winter's ice and snow.  
No, old friends are like necessary roots,  
the most important thing in life.  
And therefore we depend on our grass roots,  
which gives new life when we doff our shoes and stockings,  
walking with our naked feet directly on the ground  
in wholesome closest touch with mother nature,  
our life's origin, the dust which we invariably return to,  
which is constantly dressed up for us in lushness,  
all that friendship which remains to grow forever  
independently on how much we keep trampling on it.

My love is like the glory of a sun-flower,  
continuing her beams after the sun is set  
like as if never there was any sunset,  
while at the same time she outshines the moon  
in glory and in beauty, like as if the moon was always full  
and never went away to bring the morning.  
At the same time she is like a garden full of flowers  
that is always flowering and never withering,  
since she is beauty herself personated  
gloriously invigorating the whole world  
with overwhelming perfumes of the moon's own charm.  
But most of all, my love is here, and she is here to stay,  
like music of the purest kind that never stops to sing,  
and that is the supremest glory of my love

Min älskade är som en solros' jubel  
som när solen har gått ner fortsätter stråla  
som om aldrig det var någon solnedgång,  
alltmedan hon samtidigt slår ut månen  
i sin härlighet och skönhet, som om fullmånen ej avtog någonsin  
och aldrig dalade för att ge plats åt morgonen.  
Och samtidigt är hon såsom en trädgård full av blommor  
som allenast blomstrar och ej någonsin kan vissna,  
då hon själv är skönheten personifierad  
som i härlighet uppfyller hela världen  
överväldigande med de dofter som är månens egen charm.  
Men mest av allt: min älskade är här och för att stanna  
som den renaste musik som aldrig slutar sjunga,  
och det är den högsta härligheten hos min älskade.

#### *Fantasins förryckthet*

Det sägs att det är farligt att försöka flyga alltför högt  
på fantasins och kreativitetens vingar,  
att man då kan bränna sig och flippa ut  
och falla för inbillningsjukan och få dille  
och tro att vad man upplever från en annan sida  
då är verklighet när det är bara sjuklig fantasi.

Mitt herrskap, tillåt mig att le.  
Skall man då ej ta det på allvar  
att det existerar andra världar än den sinnliga,  
att andar ej kan upplevas, att det ej finns telepati,  
att metafysisk parapsykologisk överkänslighet  
är bara något för neurologin,  
att allting utom krassheten är bara nonsens?  
Nej, man får ej vara rädd för det okända.  
Tvärtom, flippa ut och balla ur och experimentera!  
Inom andlighetens område får inget vara stängt,  
det finns ej gränser, och om sådana sätts upp  
så måste de forceras högst nödvändigt.  
Allt man upplever är verkligt,  
och det finns ej något dummare än att förtränga det.

Your tears are diamonds that cry for others,  
costlier as pearls than any jewels  
since they are not shed for those who shed them  
but for others, like heart-rending sacrifices  
not so much for charity and pity  
as for empathy and pure compassion with despair.  
That gives them, priceless as they are,  
a lustre rainbow-like in splendour  
that enhances in immensity their value  
since we talk here but of human values,  
human dignity, integrity, nobility and admirableness  
that rises from the ruins of destructive self-decay,  
the alcoholic's urge to get away from his predicament,  
as if to burn himself out could solve any problem.

Dina tårar är som diamanter då de ljuts för andra,  
mera värdefulla som juveler än de kostligaste pärlor  
då de icke ljuts för den som ljuter dem  
men blott för andra, som hjärtuppslitande offer  
ej så mycket genom medlidande och syndtyckande  
som blott genom empati och medkänslan med ren förtvivlan;  
vilket ger dem, ovärderliga som de ju är,  
en regnbågsskimrande pärlemorglansprakt  
som oändligt ökar deras värde  
då vi talar här om mänskovärdet,  
värdighet, integritet och ädelmodets lyftning  
som sig höjer från ruinen av självdestruktivt förfall,  
alkoholistens desperata strävan att bli kvitt sin fälla,  
som om det att hänge sig åt utbrändhet var någon lösning.

### *Den hopplösa kärleken*

Överkänslighetens moras av förvecklingar  
med neuroser in absurdum, hysteriutbrott,  
vulkanutbrott av frustrationer och förtvivlan,  
för att inte tala om desperation inför ett oblitt öde  
är blott sorgekatalogens första sidor  
av en dubbel telefonkatalogs digerhet,  
Så fastnar kärleken i träsket och kör fast i hopplöshet,  
och alla illusioner väcks brutalt ur drömmen  
till en verklighet av tårar, tandagnisslan, mörker och förtvivlan.  
Är då kärleken blott ett bedrägeri  
som alltid måste sluta lika illa?  
Var då allt det underbara bara lögner?  
Varför fick vi inte ens en enda natt tillsammans?

Är då allting överkänslighetens fel, är den då fel,  
och måste ödet alltid bara vara grymhet?  
Nej, min kvinna, det var inget fel på dig  
och inget fel på all den kärlek som bröt ut i blomsterprakt  
emellan oss. Det enda felet låg ej alls hos oss  
men bara i de överväldigande övriga faktorer  
som vi var oskyldiga till  
och som inte hade något alls med oss att göra,  
men som bara störde vår musik.

#### *Nederlag*

Förtvivlans avgrund omsluter vår kärlek,  
kväver den och hindrar den ifrån att andas  
i en grymhets skoningslöshet utan rimlighet  
som bara straffar meningslöst för intet brott och ingen skuld,  
och ingen kan beskyllas för det minsta fel i härvan.  
Hur skall denna kärlekens självdestruktivitets inferno  
då kunna förklaras eller ens förstås?  
Vi drabbas av den, oskyldiga som barn,  
och den för med oss i en malström utan mening  
för att bara dränka oss i kaos och förvirring  
för att efteråt kvarlämna oss som vrakgods  
nakna på en öde strand skeppsbrutna mitt i havet  
av den överväldigande övermaktens övervåld  
som ingen har gjort något för att drabbas av.  
Jag ger mig, resignerar och tvår mina händer.  
Jag är oskyldig till ödets brottslighet mot oss  
och kan blott dra mig bort ifrån ruinerna med sorg.

#### *Bara drömmar*

Låt drömmen visa vägen,  
detta obegripliga orakel  
som är specialist på att förvill  
och att leda alla vilse  
men som alltid har mer rätt  
än vad man någonsin kan ha i livet.  
Denna mystiska den andra sidans dimension  
är bara liv och aldrig död  
och talar ett helt annat språk  
än vad vi dödliga kan missförstå  
i form av ord och realismens lögner.  
Det konkreta språket som vi kallar sanning  
är blott till för att bortkollra våra själar  
i den sinnliga förvirringen  
som vi tror att är verklig då den dränker oss  
så skickligt i förklädnader, kulisser och bedrägerier  
att vi aldrig lyckas genomskåda den  
och glömmer bort, att det är bara drömmarna  
där bortom verkligheten någonstans  
som är den enda sanna verkligheten.

#### *Den radikale älskaren*

Ingen ursäkt, ingen brasklapp,  
bara ett beklagande  
och konstaterande av fakta  
att jag aldrig kan befatta mig med kärlek  
om ej den jag älskar då får vara fri

och även jag får ha min hela frihet kvar,  
ty jag tror ej på kärlek som trälbinder sig,  
jag tror, att ingen kärlek finns som ej är fri.  
I anden endast finns den sanna kärleken,  
i fantasin och sinnesflykten  
medan köttet bara binder den till plågor och problem.  
Så är jag radikal som älskare  
men är blott därigenom realistisk.

### *Den förbannade kärleksgudinnan*

Kärlek, grymmast bland tyranner  
slår ut skoningslöst den trognaste  
och lönar bara rucklare och hänsynslösa parasiter  
till fördärv för sina offer,  
rucklarnas förförda damer,  
som tar skada och blir bara plågade  
så att de sedan lipar ner all världen  
med sina besvikelsers och frustrationers tårar  
för att de blott råkat ut för eller satsat på fel hästar.  
Kärleken är bara god som ren och distansierad,  
som en oåtkomlig jungfru i sin oantastlighet  
av skönhet och integritet  
som ingen sol-och-vårare kan imponera på.  
Jag trotsar dig, du grymma aningslösa Afrodite,  
som blott dragit fram igenom världen över lik  
och lämnat bara offer efter dig  
bland sådana allenast som ej någonsin förtjänat det.

### *Uppgörelse*

(Too many fools and no sense at all)

Varför ballade allting ur?  
Varför måste alla fester urarta?  
Varför måste ordning alltid leda till kaos?  
Varför fick vi inte vara lyckliga?  
Varför existerar lyckan som begrepp  
om den bara måste gäckas hela tiden?  
Varför kan ej kärleken existera utan att bedra sig själv?  
Varför kan man inte utge sig som seriös  
utan att bara framstå som en desto större narr?  
Varför pratar du om kärlek om du bara bedrar dig själv med den?  
Varför måste alltid kärleken leda till så svåra turbulenser?

Allt är bara falskhet,  
allt som utger sig för att vara äkta är bara bluff och båg,  
och ingenting är sant då sanningen i sig blott är en lögn.  
Det finns ingenting att tro på och att hålla sig till  
utom altartjänsten för ens egna ideal i isolering hemma  
som ej någon annan kan dela,  
då de bara kan hållas heliga i ensamheten  
fria från förljugna människors tarvliga besudling.

Särskilj mig från all den ruttna mänsklighet  
som korruperat hela världen,  
och endast så kan något mänskligt räddas  
genom det totala avståndstagandet  
från mänsklighetens självdestruktiva fördärv.

### *Madame Butterfly*

My heart's own melody  
is full of melancholy  
like a butterfly in winter  
lost in random alien land  
of futuristic surrealism  
that can't make anyone feel at home,  
and least of all a singing butterfly.  
But somehow my songs keep me up and going  
since they only tell of my yearning  
for better worlds of more beauty,  
for closer love and warmer humanity,  
for everything that enhances life  
and makes it more endurable  
for all those alien singing butterflies  
that came into this world like from another planet  
to use their brittle fluttering wings  
to make even the worst possible world  
come around from dead end troubles just to fly.

Mitt hjärtas egen melodi  
är full av melankoli  
liksom en fjäril om vintern  
förlorad i en främmande värld  
av futuristisk surrealism  
som inte kan få någon att känna sig hemma,  
och minst av allt en sjungande fjäril.  
Men på något sätt håller melodierna mig uppe  
då de bara ljuder av min längtan  
efter bättre världar av mer skönhet,  
efter innerligare kärlek och varmare mänsklighet,  
efter allt som bara stödjer livet  
och gör det mera uthärdligt  
för alla stackars sjungande fjärilar  
som kom hit in i denna värld liksom från främmande planet  
för att med ömkligt fladdrande sårbara vingar  
försöka få även denna den värsta tänkbara värld  
att lämna sina sorger och problem för att lära sig flyga.

### *Reflektion*

You are the peace of all my wars,  
the harmony that made disharmony disperse,  
the dream that woke me up  
from the intolerable madness of reality,  
the sanity which suddenly replaced my lunacy,  
the beauty that cleaned up my mind from dirt,  
the love acquitting my perversions,  
all the joy I never really had,  
some relaxation to ease up my stress  
and finally above all someone I could care for  
to make up for all my negligence of life,  
a beam of sunlight after lifetime darkness and imprisonment,  
in brief, would I not be a perfect fool  
if I ignored the possibility to love you?

Du är en efterlängtdad fred  
som kommit efter alltför många krig,  
en harmoni som fått disharmonin att helt försvinna,  
du är drömmen som har väckt mig

från en outhärdlig verklighet,  
en andlig hälsa som har avlöst all min dårskap,  
skönheten som svepte mina sinnen rena från all smuts,  
en kärlek som ersatte allt som motsatt var,  
en glädje som jag aldrig hade tidigare,  
en förunderlig avslappning som förlöste alla spänningar,  
och framför allt en människa jag kunde bry mig om  
som motvikt mot vad allt jag grymt försummat,  
och mitt livs ljus efter fängelse i mörker och på livstid,  
kort sagt, vore jag då ej en dåre  
om jag missade min chans att älska dig?

### *My offer*

I love you.  
What does this fact imply?  
Unsurveyable consequences.  
First of all practical problems  
of responsibility and action.  
But everything is possible,  
and I believe a love relationship in our case  
could be based on our mutual demand for freedom.  
For creative spirits, a stable agreement  
could be based on and built on thin air,  
since we both are wise enough to know  
that in this life there is nothing more stable  
than anything writ in water.  
Our mutual freedom is our major mutual urge,  
and that is what I have to offer you,  
the only thing I think that we could build  
some lasting love on.  
For me, it would be mainly work,  
for you, you know already  
that I always wished for you  
to further your own music  
in illimitable freedom and expansion.

### *Somnambulistic telepathy*

The only truth about the matter,  
our only valid and important conversation  
is our mumbling in our dreams,  
the things we say while we are sleeping,  
like some strange kind of somnambulistic love,  
where lovers walking in their sleep share one and common dream,  
which is the only truth about their most remarkable reality.  
They dwell together in the truth of their ideals  
which no one else can share  
unless they find themselves in that same dream  
which only can be dreamt by honest lovers,  
whose transcendency of love is such a fact  
that in their dreams reality becomes a lost nonentity  
since all that matters is that perfect honesty  
found only in that dream they share somnambulistically  
in their sleep at night, and they don't even have to sleep together.

Enda sanningen i detta,  
vår enda viktiga och hållbara konversation  
är mumlandet i våra drömmar,  
vad vi samtalar i sömnen,

liksom i en sorts sömngångarkärlek,  
där de älskande i sömnen delar samma dröm,  
som är den enda sanningen om deras verklighet.  
Man finner dem i sanningen av deras ideal  
som ingen utomstående kan dela  
om ej dessa finner sig i samma dröm  
som endast uppriktiga älskare kan drömma,  
vilkas kärleks transcendens är sådant faktum  
att i deras drömmar verkligheten blir en intighet  
då allt som spelar någon roll är den perfekta ärligheten  
som allenast står att finna i den dröm de delar  
nattetid i sömnen, – och de behöver ej ens ligga med varandra.

### *Filosofi*

When words are not enough  
there will be silence more expressive  
than a thousand conversations  
and a million symphonies  
if that silence harbours feelings  
and vibrations disciplined by thought  
that tends in one direction  
of creativeness and love.  
Vibration of creative thought  
is maybe the most potent power in the universe,  
and if it is well disciplined at that  
there are no bounds to what it may accomplish.  
Harmony and melody is one manifestation  
of that discipline, which brings a breed of brooders  
who with their depth of thought are carrying on their shoulders  
the responsibility for universal life.

När orden inte räcker till  
är tystnaden mer uttrycksfull  
än tusentals konversationer  
och miljoner symfonier  
om den tystnaden består av känslor,  
vibrationer under tankens disciplin,  
som söker sig i riktningen  
av kreativitet och kärlek.  
Vibrationer av den kreativa tanken  
är måhända universums högsta kraft,  
och om den dessutom är väl disciplinerad  
finns det inga gränser för vad den kan åstadkomma.  
Harmoni och melodi är någon manifestation  
av denna disciplin, som fostrar grubblare  
som i sitt tankedjup bär hela världen på sin skuldra  
med allt ansvar för allt liv i universum.

### *Evening Prayer*

Let the most beautiful moments of our love  
transform into highlights of eternity  
to light the sky of our lives in constant twilight,  
the most beautiful and colourful moment of truth  
and of light's sensitivity during the day.  
Let the stars beam the truth of these moments  
throughout all the nights of our lives  
to endow them with beautiful dreams  
and of wonder that may outlast history.

Thus is my evening prayer for you  
that the blessings of these lights may never leave you  
but constantly watch over you like guardian angels  
ordained by me for your protection,  
that your sleep may be as wholesome  
as your gentlest dreams.

*Aftonbön*

Må våra livs vackraste ögonblick  
metamorfieras till eviga höjdpunkter  
till att lysa upp våra liv i en aldrig upphörande solnedgång,  
sanningens vackraste varmaste ögonblick  
och ljusets intensitets mest färgstarka moment under dagen.  
Låt stjärnorna stråla de stundernas sanning  
igenom vårt livs alla nätter  
att därmed förgylla dem med vackra drömmar  
vars underbarhet månne trotsa historien.  
Så lyder min aftonbön tillägnad dig,  
att välsignelsen av dessa ljus aldrig må övergiva dig  
men alltid vaka och lysa för dig såsom skyddsänglar  
anställda av mig för ditt oupphörliga skydd,  
att din sömn må bli lika berikande hälsosam  
som dina ljuvaste drömmar.

The uncontrollability of love  
which makes everyone mad about her  
is an interesting phenomenon  
since no one can control it,  
least of all herself, the very hub,  
the heart of innocence,  
who casually observes the insanity around her  
and simply cannot do anything about it,  
having trouble enough to keep on the defensive  
to ward off the clumsiness of the rude clouts  
whose madness thereby is but added to.  
How can I help her, since I love her myself?  
All I can do is to at least control and behave myself  
and keep my love in humble faithful constancy  
to spite the madding crowding turbulence of love.

*The twilight of departure*

The twilight of departure is a sad affair  
since there is no return to what is fair.  
You leave behind what you are unwilling to leave  
and move to unknown destinations of incertitude,  
perhaps of tribulation, certainly of trials  
to never know what you one day will be returning to  
after your trials after an infinity of changes  
of the world and of your character,  
because you'll never be the same again after a journey.  
But this is the test of miracles.  
There might be something left for you that hasn't changed,  
and that stability is proof of continuity  
that outlasts time and change and mundane troubles  
and may prove that after all, in spite of all,  
your love will never change.

### *Avsked*

Ett skymningsmelankoliskt avsked är en trist affär  
då avskedet förbjuder återvändo  
och du lämnar bakom dig vad du ej alls vill lämna  
för att möta okända destinationer av blott oro och osäkerhet,  
av kanske lidanden och säkert svåra prövningar,  
där svårast är att icke veta vad man sedan kommer hem till  
efter prövningarna och oöverskådliga förändringar  
av hela världen och ens egen karaktär,  
ty man är aldrig mer densamma efter att ha gjort en resa.  
Men det är samtidigt ett mirakeltest.  
Det kan dock finnas något kvar vid återkomsten som ej har förändrats,  
vars stabilitet i så fall är beviset för en kontinuitet  
som överlever tiden och förändringar och världens gång  
och som trots allt då utgör ett bevis  
för att din kärlek aldrig kan förändras.

### *New life*

A new life begins for us more difficult,  
a life of separation and of trial,  
which could be a training of our spirits  
to be free and stalwartly remain free  
in our minds within each other's souls  
in faithfulness galore without an end,  
but still there are some worries:  
I can not protect you any more,  
we cannot see each other daily any more,  
we have to brace ourselves against an alien reality  
and trust completely to our dreams alone,  
but that is maybe our supremest strength:  
the knowledge of the power of our dreams  
against which earthly powers with their strifes and wars  
amount to nothing, since all life  
acknowledges but one authority  
which is the constancy of love.

Ett nytt liv börjar för oss som är svårare,  
ett liv av prövningars separation,  
som dock kan härda våra själar  
till en större frihet och frimodighet  
tillsammans inom vår gemensamhet i anden  
genom trohet utan slut,  
men dock finns någon oro:  
jag kan inte skydda dig nu längre,  
vi kan inte längre träffas dagligen,  
vi måste hålla ut inför en hårdare realitet  
och hålla oss till våra drömmar endast,  
men det kanske är vår största styrka:  
kunskapen om våra drömmars makt  
mot vilken alla världens makter med sina konflikter  
faller platt till marken som ett intet,  
då allt liv blott erkänner en enda makt  
som är den kärlek som består.

### *The Travelling Companion*

You go with me. I feel you by my side.  
It is not strange, since we are lovers.

We don't have to see each other  
since it's easier to feel each other  
which we do invariably  
depending on our constancy.  
Thus don't I have to miss you  
since I know you better in your absence  
when my senses can't play jokes with me  
when I can concentrate on what you are,  
your presence with me being so apparent  
and the more the more in soul you are.  
The more I love you for your presence  
even in your present absence.

One might almost say you are the best thing that has happened to me.  
This is wondrous strange considering your poverty,  
in view of that I never was myself a rich man  
nor had anything to offer you except my poverty.  
But we are two old souls that must have known each other long  
before we knew each other or were even born,  
like as if our reunion in this life  
awakened us to find ourselves alive once more  
after a loss of life for many centuries.  
My Indian princess - or are you Arabian?  
Anyway, you certainly are not of this world,  
just as little as I am myself,  
but we have found each other  
and can thus create a new world.  
That's a challenge irresistible,  
and I would gladly try if you are with me.

Come and fly away with me  
beyond the clouds to surreality  
where everything is just amazing  
not to say astonishing and constantly surprising,  
for it is a land of marvels without end  
where nothing is predictable nor as you would expect  
and therefore never can be boring.  
That is my land where I live and fly  
on wings of beauty and of universal love  
that never fails me, since I only deal with constancy.  
I give you willingly my hand  
to come along as my companion and accompaniment  
into my everlasting world of beauty and of music  
that will never cease to soothe you, worship you and love you.

*Now*

It's only now that counts,  
this fearful moment of so ominously constant truth,  
in which we make our present and the future  
and create our history and take care of the past,  
and nothing stands outside this momentous intriguing hour  
in which universal destinies are solemnly determined  
and lives and fates stand not a chance of being saved  
if they can not live up to the importance of the present.  
Here you have me in your favour for the present loving you,  
and honestly I pray to God that it may last forever.  
That, however, is not in our power for the present to decide,  
but let's at least be happy for the present hour  
and perhaps succeed in keeping up our happiness  
so that it might spite history to outlive time.

### *The Call*

the muse to her darling

Come into my world, my loved.  
Feel yourself at home among these beautiful people  
who live only for idealism and golden dreams of beauty.  
We live for a better world than this one, which exists,  
a surreality which must eventually replace the low one,  
that of barbaric materialism and egoism,  
but we must not enforce ourselves but keep to patience.  
Meanwhile let us cultivate our garden and our music,  
all that is constructive and beautiful that favours life.  
So shall we love each other to give birth to that desired future  
of our dreams, a world of artistry and grace,  
of freedom of creation and expression,  
of magnificence, imagination and intelligence,  
a contrary world order to this mess of politics,  
this madness of control, manipulation and deceit,  
this havoc of ambition, egoism and greed.  
I offer you the contrary, which is the easiest thing,  
a world of harmony and discipline and common sense  
ruled only by the liberal divinity of love.

### *Långt hår*

ingen diskriminering, bara iakttagelse

Låt mig slippa dessa frivilliga skinnskallar,  
dessa självförfulande monster av anti-estetik,  
som bara lyckats med att brutalisera sina utseenden.  
Gavs oss icke håret som en prydnad?  
Vad är hästen utan man och hästsvans?  
Sikherna klipper aldrig sina hår och icke heller skägget  
men menar att håret står för både andlig och fysisk kraft,  
och det ligger kanske något i det,  
när man betänker ett fall som Simson.  
Framför allt är långt hår vackert,  
och ju längre, desto vackrare,  
oavsett vad kön det handlar om.

### *Trust*

How much can I trust you?  
I trust you with my life  
for you to keep and harbour in your heart  
forever, if you like,  
for my life is my love,  
and if I can not share it with my love  
it is a waste for nothing  
worth no more than nothing.  
So it is better that you keep it  
safe, from me, so I don't waste it  
on what is not love, that is,  
that it is better for my love to keep it  
in safe custody for her own love  
than it is given up on anything that is not love.

*My love is like a thousand stars*

My love is like a thousand stars  
each beaming and conveying different aspects of our love,  
each holding its own character and colour,  
varying like the wave-lights of the sea  
and flickering like the sunrays in it,  
each containing a profound and mesmerizing mystery  
of unknown depths unfathomable  
and of stories whispered forth in unintelligible dreams  
that never can be told, explained, but only listened to.  
And every star of different aspects of our love  
has its own solar system of immeasurable compass  
of more planets with more life than can be counted,  
each inviting to new worlds of vast discovery,  
and thus, to our love there can not be an end.

*Saknad*

Missing you is like confessing to a crime.  
I must plead guilty - without any reservation.  
There is nothing I can do about it  
since I cannot get you here  
except by wishful thinking  
making up your image in my dreams  
wherein I still can love you passionately  
without any reservations,  
and you are not even hurt or importuned thereby.  
That is another freedom, but of no avail,  
just as to cry is nothing much to boast of;  
but the truth about the matter is,  
that since I miss you earnestly  
I also must needs love you earnestly.

*Love and friendship*

The freedom of our love is maybe its responsibility  
and finest trait and fruit, since it is based on trust.  
That maybe summarizes the whole thing:  
longevity of love is friendship,  
and where friendship lasts, love certainly will grow.  
The deepest love is not just passion but affection,  
and where this is stabilized, established and well founded  
love becomes synonymous with friendship and self-evident.  
Those who really love each other need not talk about it,  
they just stick together like old friends  
in consistent and continuous communion  
that cannot easily be interrupted  
even by the longest momentary separations;  
for when two souls find each other and united into one  
that union cannot be more perfect  
in transcendence of all vows and bonds and worldliness.

*Poor comfort*

A poem is poor comfort  
for the absence of your love,  
but still, it gives a hint  
of the beloved's soul and presence,  
and, what's even better, it remains

and is no lie  
but deep and heartfelt honesty.  
The poorest substitute for love  
is flesh without a spirit,  
carnal satisfaction without faith,  
while love is so much more than that  
and maybe truest in immortal lines.  
I claim no such immortality  
but am content with simple honesty.

### *Black holes*

In darkness shines the light of love,  
a truism, but of some severe significance,  
because the light is threatened by this darkness  
constantly, and darkness is, as Plato found,  
much greater than the vulnerable light.  
The darkness is unfathomable in its depth,  
and this unendingness of dark holes in the universe  
is ever like a terror, since it cannot be defined.  
It just exists as an eternal threat  
against the twinkling smallness of the light,  
which never can, however, be put down.  
That is the magic of the miracle,  
that this eternal overwhelming darkness  
always is defeated by the tiny light.

### *In servitude*

We are custodians of the muses,  
bound by them in lifelong thralldom  
to create and propagate their beauty  
fettered by their inspiration  
to produce and serve humanity with joy,  
while we remain unthanked in poverty.  
Thus is our destiny of unfair destination  
to toil alone against the mainstream,  
pioneering to create a better finer world  
against the ignorance of that majority  
that never knew the muses really do exist,  
while we are left without a choice  
but stubbornly to struggle on,  
our only real reward just being  
our association with and knowledge of the muses.

### *Protest*

I love you telepathically  
more than anything on earth.  
In view of violent storms over the mountains  
sweeping villages away and breaking up communications  
ruining the lives and homes of farmers,  
I can not endure this monumental foul play,  
separating us and ruining the world.  
My passion is destructive against this injustice  
crying out in horrible despair  
protesting all my love  
against all the dark forces of the universe.  
My only comfort is  
this solace of a fact

that our love will manage this  
and stalwartly survive  
to spite all the destructive powers of the universe.

*Love by candlelight*

May I call you my love, my lovely?  
What a shameful and presumptuous question!  
I call you names without asking  
and ask your permission afterwards  
when the importuning already has been made.  
What a shameful and unabashed conduct!  
It just fell on my mind in this candlelight  
in a purely romantic and natural mood  
to call you that name which forever is yours in my mind  
and which sometimes demands some expression.  
So forgive me my bold importuning,  
but let me just whisper that name in your ear again  
with full guarantee that you only may hear it,  
of names most misused but also most honest,  
my love.

*In the hopelessness of natural catastrophe*

In the hopelessness of natural catastrophe  
my only comfort is to think of you  
with tears of sorrow for all those who lost their homes  
but all the more for missing you.  
My life is split by hard responsibilities  
for work, for people and for you  
while my most practical sport,  
my greatest pride and pleasure  
is completely to ignore myself  
to concentrate on what is more important,  
that is my responsibility and love.  
So I beg you to forgive me  
if I sometimes must neglect you for responsibilities,  
but be aware that they are only there

*A confession*

What is a lover without stains?  
My greatest fault, if you'll forgive some straight confession,  
is my incredulity and doubtfulness -  
I never could believe in love nor trust a lady,  
letting my love be corrupted by mistrust and jealousy  
for nothing - it was maybe that old green-eyed monster  
which appears whenever love appears as its back side and contrary,  
but fortunately I could always well control it,  
piously preferring self-inflicted torture to myself than hurting others;  
but the worst was always the incurable and persecuting doubts  
which usually, unfortunately, proved too true.  
Thus every love-affair I had was ship-wrecked  
on the shoals of doubtfulness and hard reality,  
my love surviving only in my lonely ruined heart  
in constant fickle hope of better luck next time.

### *Some health sign*

There is no surer sign of your good health  
than that your mind is free and wanders easily  
on wings of music or imagination and creation  
without being fettered to concerns of the corporal body,  
pains and aches and worries, hypochondrical superficialities;  
because your mind, your soul and spirit and identity  
was born and incarnated free,  
and nothing ever should obstruct or sabotage that freedom,  
which is your insurance and your only guarantee of health.  
So there, my love, I earnestly beseech you to keep free and well  
so that I never may stop loving you,  
so that we always may be co-dependent on each other's freedom  
and protect it, safeguard it and cultivate it  
so that our creativeness may never cease.

### *Wishful thinking*

Powerless and awkwardly bereft all strength  
I cry to my beloved from the depth of darkness  
and despair to in my languishment evoke a dream  
that maybe still remains of perfect love,  
a perfectly ideal relationship and union of our souls  
in prayer for humanity and all that madness  
that so desperately governs this so aberrated world;  
but our love can save it, and that is my dream.  
No darkness, no atrocities and no demented violence  
can touch or violate this dream,  
since our love is sacred  
and a wonder at that too.  
So let us pray across the borders of our separation  
to redeem humanity with our love and with it all civilization.

### *Nature*

The overwhelming character of nature  
is something that man never can describe  
nor live up to, grasp or even understand,  
since nature ever is man's total master  
against which man ever has to fail  
in awkward and pathetic, constant and ridiculous defeat;  
since man must ever in comparison with mother nature  
stand a miserable naked lost and stolid child.  
The greatness and the wilderness and power of Dame Nature  
must constantly reduce the vanity of man to nothing,  
and the only way to tame her and co-operate with her  
is to respect her sovereignty and accept her terrible supremacy  
in self-humiliation and to never try to challenge her;  
for she alone has sense to know what life is all about.

### *Constancy*

I send you constantly my love.  
I don't know if you feel it,  
but my constancy is well enough for me,  
and I believe, as long as this my constancy is true,  
you also with your intuition will be faithful  
to the beauty of our union, this our friendship,  
which must be considered something of a strange coincidence,

a kind of fortunate release from previous traumas  
and a platform for the future to create and build on.  
I feel our relationship is perfectly constructive,  
we have never hurt each other yet,  
and, as I said once previously, I don't think that we can.  
So, what else is there to do but to continue  
this persistently constructive glorious constancy?

### *Gratitude*

So far my love has been acceptable to you,  
and I am grateful for it.  
Take it as an offering of humbleness  
and gratefulness for that this love is possible.  
Some say I fell a victim to the cruellest women  
who only taught me the impossibility of love  
of their own hard experience, hardened nature,  
hardened pride and arrogance, which only taught them self-love;  
but with you somehow true love was suddenly released,  
a new amazing possibility was found in beauty's orchid bud  
of honesty and sensitivity, of wisdom coupled with extremest intuition,  
and I was released from lifelong dull imprisonment of no love.  
So what else can I then offer you but my sincerest gratitude,  
that I may love you and that you receive my love.

### *The lover*

What is a lover? Someone to be alone with  
on your own, to dream about when he is absent,  
to always have him handy as a trust  
to be able to rely on completely  
and to be certain of, whatever distances and absences;  
a friend to be at one with always when you need him  
even when you cannot reach him,  
to always think about and live with in your thoughts,  
another ego of your own, to be able to respect  
and to never fail to honour, sure of trust,  
since you know for certain about a lover  
that he never fails you.

### *In the night*

(The headline of this poem came from Robert Schumann's piano piece with the same title, which could be listened to as an appropriate accompaniment to these troublesome lines:)

When in the sleepless night I think of you  
and worship you the more for all my torment,  
nothing can more strengthen me in my conviction  
in my faith in you for all your absence  
than the fact that you light up my sleepless night  
and turn it into harmony, security and welfare.  
Is it maybe that you seek me with your ghost and mind  
like I seek yours, heroically spiting distances  
and lacks of any urgently desired means of straight communication?  
Certain is the fact that my unsettled ghost is out and hunting  
desperately for your contact by whatever means.  
Thus maybe we can meet in spite of all  
as lovers somewhere beyond this constrained reality  
to there unite and stay united without any more constraint.

### *Regretting love*

A strange theoretical question arises:  
has anyone ever regretted his love?  
I must say that everything speaks for a 'no'.  
I never found anyone anywhere,  
not even in all world literature and our history,  
who in whatever preposterous way has said:  
"I regret that I ever gave my love to her (or to him)."  
Are there any exceptions? Not even poor mothers of criminals  
have to my knowledge regretted their love of their lost ones,  
not even the raped victim can fail to feel some compassion  
for the most condemnable of all transgressions.  
Nor even can I regret any of my many moments of love,  
not one single of them, although God knows  
they all cost me more than I could ever give.

### *An opening*

How do you want our relationship?  
Sleeping together or just neutral friendship?  
Whatever you wish, I will grant it  
with no reservation, as far as I can.  
If you still are a virgin, let's keep you that way,  
if that is your desire - I will never trespass you.  
If you want children - let's postpone that question until we get started.  
Of course, you'll prefer your vocation and work,  
which, however, does never exclude love but rather demands it,  
like I have my duties and hopeless condition of workoholism.  
We are flexible both and can compromise infinitely,  
since that is one of love's many miracles:  
suddenly impossibilities turn into practical feasibility,  
all doors open, all locks are unlocked, and the only thing left  
is an endlessness of opportunities and possibilities.

### *My care*

It is so long ago I wrote a poem to your dedication,  
not because I have forgotten you, but from neglect,  
confused by crises on my journey which upsets it  
all the time and throws me in the doldrums  
of exasperation and despair, disheartening me  
to the point of no return from the black hole of desperate defeat.  
But you are there still somewhere way beyond the rainy clouds  
like some ethereal dream of something better than my ruin,  
like a promise of some sunshine after all  
when all these desperate accursed rains have passed away  
and left us with the ruins of a wrecked country  
dismally transformed into a havoc just for nothing,  
for the weather play and waters to destroy our lives  
and throw us deep into depression - and for what?  
I just don't care, since you are there, which is my better care.

### *the trekker's nightmare*

#### *Leaking tents*

It's not just that it's wet and dreary,  
but it's freezing cold as well,  
and there is no way to get warm

in soaked blankets and with drippings  
following you mercilessly in whatever way you turn  
to helplessly escape the cold and pouring streams  
that find their way wherever you have something sensitive,  
like papers, books, your camera, your toilet paper,  
and whatever that can not survive a touch with water  
will be sought out by the waters of the leaking tent  
to cheer you up and force you out of bed with an umbrella  
sitting upright all the night in freezing cold  
until the rain stops, which it never does.  
It could be worse, though. Drippings only torture,  
but if something happens to the ground and waters move it,  
you'll end up in a flood of mud and never wake up any more.

### *Another cup of tea*

My love is like a cup of tea  
that never can be finished  
but is amiably replenished  
every time you finish it,  
like a perpetuum mobile,  
for thus works love ad infinitum:  
there is nothing in the world to stop it,  
no one can get through with it,  
it is the most unsolvable of problems  
that demands a constant entertainment  
to be carried on to the delight  
of those who never tire of the sport  
but live just for the exercise  
of love's eternally miraculous expansion.

### *Rest*

Rest with me like I will rest with you  
on an exquisite bed of flowers made for you  
made softer by the gentle touch of our delicacy  
and richer by our lengthened dreams of sweetness  
that have the strange habit to be constantly prolonged  
into interminably unsurveyable continuations  
like a novel or a symphony that never ends  
but just continues to develop and expand  
into more wondrous and delicious new beginnings.  
But from this constantly developing and never-ending epic  
we need pauses, – so, my friend, come, rest with me  
and I will rest with you, and thus, we shall sleep well together.

### *Falling stars*

Who needs a constellation of the Virgin to depict you  
when the starry night presents the entire Milky Way  
for a sufficient illustration of your bounty,  
of the depth and richness of your soul  
and of your overwhelming beauty,  
which I can lie comfortably on the ground  
just staring at it, meditating over it forever  
while I count the stars that fall,  
each one as one more stroke of luck from you,  
each one another ray of light and message from the Milky Way  
of grace and love and kindest thoughts from you.  
Thus do we communicate in flashes,

fast but absolute and without end,  
each falling star conveying this important universal message  
of the interchange of love between all constant lovers.

*The artist's dilemma*

He can but create alone and must have solitude  
for concentration, focusing and freedom from disturbance,  
which makes him an alien and must affect his natural relationships,  
at worst distorting him into an antisocial personality,  
a monster and a freak, incapable of natural relationships,  
quite often winding up in sado-masochism and tragical self-torture,  
like a monk stuck in a dead end of exaggerated discipline.  
But if the artist leaves this perilous self-centredness,  
he risks his contact with the muses, his creativeness, his soul,  
or that is what he thinks. What he must learn is compromise,  
which always solves all problems, the supreme necessity,  
for no one can do without love, and no one can do without company,  
the muses often hide behind your friends and speak through them,  
and, most important, love is never only for yourself.

*The glow of love*

The glow of love remains and never fails  
but keeps on warming our hearts,  
refilling constantly our energy of fire  
that seems never to burn out, but on the contrary  
continue to expand its warm intensity,  
as if our love just kept on constantly renewing  
its amazing strength and lasting continuity.  
Thus keep my verses all the time repeating  
that same story that seems never to grow old,  
that love is ever young as long as it remains  
and never can get older than its summer freshness  
just as long as it just keeps on burning  
without ever burning itself out,  
its glow renewing and continuing to warm our souls,  
the more our love keeps on consuming us.

*How can you love me?*

How can you love me?  
I am like a satyr beyond recognition,  
masked, disfigured and corrupted by a goat's beard,  
behind which I hide a face completely ruined  
by old age and many decades of foul living  
summing up a despicable failure of a life  
that never any woman could accept.  
Thus am I burnt out by a self-consuming fire  
shattering persistently my soul and body  
with self-torturous outrageous pain and longing  
just to be with you, my heart's desire,  
that I well know I might never reach,  
since you are all that I am not.  
And still, my hope keeps me right on that crooked path  
of blundering and foundering in pursuit of that dream  
of one day maybe despite everything reach any kind of love,  
with you, just you, and never anybody else.

### *Longing*

Just let me sleep with you and be with you,  
adore you and caress you in my dreams  
in perfect gentleness and softness  
without any humdrum trivial matter to disturb us,  
only you and me together in a dream that never ends  
which I must dream alone without you,  
calling for you in my desperation of relentless sleeplessness,  
with only the minutest glimpse of hope and comfort  
that I know that you exist and after all may still be faithful  
to the beauty of this dream we have together  
which I pray we one day never shall wake up from any more  
since that is all the truth we need to keep on living:  
this illusion of a love that might be some kind of reality  
and in that case so much more important  
than that cruel reality which keeps us separated.

### *On his illness*

When in a crisis situation my health fails me  
and I crawl decrepitly on all fours to clean up my devastation,  
the annihilating horrible reality of my incontinence,  
I can but cry in misery about how utterly unworthy I am now,  
an ageing clown no longer in control and charge of his own body,  
maybe the beginning of a lifelong downhill degradation  
and humiliation leading down into some black hole  
of the final tragedy, the inescapable defeat,  
the ruin that awaits us all in the conclusive demolition  
of our life, all that we lived for, our identity and personality  
and even all our memories, experience and deserts;  
but one thing must remain untouched by all this misery,  
and that is love, of course, untouchable, serene and incorruptible,  
which on its own alone shall ever conquer all  
that ever even tried to bring it down.

### *Just another one*

My thoughts are constantly with you  
incapable of leaving you,  
keeping pious company with you  
as a desired guardian angel  
of my own construction and imagination  
but nevertheless and even more  
for you the faithfulest protection  
replenished with the piety of all my love.  
Thus keep I burning for you  
willingly and ardently with all my love  
to keep you spiritual company at least  
in the regretted absence of your presence physical;  
but something tells me that in love nothing is more important  
than the piety and faith and will to love  
and the ambition never to forsake it.

### *Budding miracles*

Do you feel it when I love you?  
Do you feel my tenderly caressing thoughts,  
my wishful thinking dreams of total generosity,  
my universal well-wishing for you,

my total honesty in universally wide opening my heart for you,  
my over-self-indulgent love for only you?  
Our love is like a flower opening her buds  
to gradually reveal her secret and undreamed-of glories  
one by one in careful calculated portions  
never to completely bluntly throw it all wide open  
but instead to open up forever more and more  
and without ever ceasing this expanding process  
and to never close it. Thus our love continues an expanding miracle  
with no end to its possibilities, its wonders and its beauty.

### *Journey's end*

What does it matter that my journey goes so slow,  
outrageously fatiguing and annoying  
in its horrible monotonous and trying toughness,  
when, as luck would have it, you are there to think of, who enlightens it,  
who follows me on my outrageous wanderings  
and keeps me on my feet when I should fall,  
succumb and give up to the pessimism of my misfortune,  
being constantly with me and in my prayers  
as my indefatigable guardian angel.  
You not only keep me going on my feet  
but keep me flying in the air above the clouds  
to even more ensure my safety and my good arrival  
in your arms at this precarious journey's end,  
which is, in fact, the only thing I ever left you for.

### *The Himalayan Symphony*

Do you hear the hills resounding with this glory  
of our symphony of triumph, glorifying all the beauty  
of the world, of all the freedom of Dame Nature,  
of our harmony and love? Thus sings my heart for joy  
and hovers without bounds among the highest mountains  
just to sing the praise of all the beauty of this world,  
of you, our friendship and our love.  
What matters the extremest separation in a case like this,  
when love just frees itself from all the confines of the world,  
of all mortality, of matter, space and time  
to just exist in glory, flying clear above all vanity,  
and gloriously enjoy the highest, purest music,  
that of perfect silence in eternal stillness,  
the sublimest music of the soul,  
transcending heaven and eternity.

### *Riding the whirlwind*

My love is flying on wings of fire  
never to rest but to always continue  
forever ahead to new continents of exploration,  
a nomad and rover and wanderer,  
restless incurably like the wild wind,  
but the freer for being without any bonds  
or without any will that in any way can tie her down,  
since she is only love; and love cannot exist  
and survive but as free as the whirlwind;  
and no one can tame love except he who rides any whirlwind,  
the highest, most difficult and most advanced of all sports,  
but the only one worth all the painstaking trouble,

the ultimate art, which the effort of conquering  
only is its own reward, and the finest as such in existence.

*The fugitive's homecoming*

(The worst trauma of any journey is usually the cultural shock that awaits you at home...)

What business has the fugitive at home?  
He can not be accepted, no one wants him,  
there is nothing for him to come home to except loneliness  
and strife, his family ignoring and despising him,  
the basis of his unacceptability, the ruin he was born to,  
his unfair predestination to a lifelong punishment of exile,  
scarring him with unjust stamp of prejudicial doom  
for no specific reason other than his personality  
that somehow seems too much out of this world;  
and yet, he has to eat and sleep and live and labour somewhere  
somehow, and that is his only rescue: he can work;  
and if that personality is such that all his work can only be creative,  
all the better, then he will have some support and backbone in eternity,  
and all he has to do is obstinately to work hard with his creation,  
and he will be more triumphant after death than any mortal conqueror.

*Den fredlöses hemkomst*

Vad har den fredlöse att göra hemma?  
Han var aldrig accepterad, han var aldrig önskad,  
det finns ingenting att komma hem till för hans del än ensamhet  
och strid, då han av sin familj föraktas och är skydd,  
ursprunget till hans oacceptabilitet, ruinen som han föddes till,  
hans orättvisa predestination till livslångt straff av utanförskap och exil,  
som ärrat honom med fördomens stämpels orättvisa och fördömelse  
av ingen annan anledning än hans personlighet  
som verkar liksom alltför mycket av en annan värld;  
och ändå måste han ju äta, sova, leva och arbeta någonstans  
på något sätt, och det är räddningen för honom: han kan jobba;  
och om hans personlighet är sådan att hans arbete kan bara vara kreativt,  
så mycket bättre, ty då har han något stöd och uppbackning av evigheten,  
och allt vad han då behöver göra är att envist hålla på sin kreativitet,  
och han skall triumfera mera efter döden än vad någon dödlig karriärist kan göra.

mater dolorosa

*The bleeding heart*

There are wounds that never heal,  
and worst of all are heart wounds  
that must bleed forever most profusely  
until the frail heart has wasted all  
and broken up in pieces of her scattered sorrows.  
Heart wounds do not bleed themselves to death  
but rather cry out their indulgent inundation  
until that poor heart, the tender fountain, is dried out  
and cannot keep on crying out the tears of blood  
since they have drowned and dried up  
in her wasting devastating pain and sorrow.

So if you meet with a mother who can shed no tears,  
forbear with her, because she has been crying

all her life and only tears of blood and has none left to cry  
since she is only waiting for her heart  
to finally break up in mercy.

Det finns sår som aldrig kan bli helade,  
och värst är hjärtesåren  
som är dömda till att blöda ymnigt och för alltid  
tills det arma hjärtat har förbrukat allt  
och brustit ut i tusen skärvor av sin sorg.  
Ej blöder hjärtesåren ut sig och ihjäl sig  
utan gråter snarare ihjäl sig i de ymnigaste flöden  
tills det stackars hjärtat, ömhetens fontän, har torkat ut  
och inte längre orkar gråta mera blod ur sina tårar  
eftersom de drunknat i sitt överflöd och torkat ut  
i sin förtärande förödelse av sorg och smärta.  
Om du träffar någon moder som ej mer kan gråta,  
ha förbarmande med henne, ty hon har då gråtit  
hela livet och allenast tåreblod och har ej längre något kvar  
och väntar endast på sitt hjärta  
att det äntligen skall brista.

#### *Lost souls in the abyss of spirituality*

We found each other in the abyss of the soul,  
both stuck in that black hole, the worst of all,  
a bog of no escape, a swamp of wet sentimentality,  
a well of feelings without any end or bottom to its darkness,  
the most hopeless and incurable of prisons;  
but in those black depths of utter darkness  
there is that which keeps us going and alive  
in different dimensions in another better world  
of sensitivity, prolonged antennas, extra strange phenomena  
like vertigo existence out of normal order and our bodies,  
telepathic qualities and other weird stuff just for freaks,  
which makes us freer, actually, in this our prison of the soul  
than all those who are bound by opposite impediments,  
like property, a house and car and junk and practical responsibilities  
that fetter them to the most desperate of chain gangs called mortality,  
which is the ignorant majority of all this miserable poor humanity.  
So what have we then to complain about? As outsiders  
we are completely free from this outrageous mortal coil,  
and in this perfect liberty which gives us wings  
we can just go on flying and forever and together.

#### *Analys av själslighetens fängelsets hopplösa fälla*

Vi fann varandra djupt i själens avgrund,  
båda fastnade i det mest hopplöst svarta hålet  
utan utgång, känslomhetsträsket,  
känslorunnens bottenlöshet med dess mörker utan slut,  
det mest hopplösa och obotliga av fångelser;  
men i dess yttersta djups svarta mörker  
finner vi vad som kan hålla oss i gång  
i andra dimensioner som en nyckel till en bättre värld  
av känslighet, tillspetsade antenner, andra extra underliga fenomen  
som svindlande exteriorisering ut ur all normalitet och våra kroppar,  
telepatiska och skumma kvaliteter matchade för freaks,  
som faktiskt gör oss friare i detta själens fångelse  
än alla dem som tyngs av motsatta sorts viktigheters hinder  
såsom egendom och pengar, hus och bil och materiella ansvar

som fastkedjar dem till den galärslavstillvaro som kallas dödlighet,  
till vilken hör de flesta i vår stackars ignoranta mänsklighet.  
Så vad har vi väl då att klaga över? Såsom utomstående  
med myndigheters stämpel av utbölingskap på livstid  
är vi fullständigt befriade från denna dödlighetens ekorrhjul,  
och i den här perfekta friheten som ger oss vingar  
kan vi bara hålla på och flyga vidare tillsammans och för alltid.

#### *Reunion*

Our difficulty is not with ourselves  
but with this alien world of ignorance  
which fails to see and recognize the obvious,  
all the beauty, sensitivity, nobility of soul and mind,  
all the refinement which you can turn life into a work of art with,  
if you only leave barbarity and coarseness,  
rudeness and vulgarity behind with all destructiveness  
and live for love alone with its constructiveness.  
It pains my heart to see you suffer in this climate  
of a barren Nordic stale and hard mentality;  
for your so tender heart of gold that easily cries blood  
can never be adjusted to this grey society of stony hearts  
that hide behind a mask of an infallible bureaucracy  
that never can do any people any good.  
But take it as a challenge: we can make this desert flourish  
if we only stick to love and use it well.

#### *Återförenade krafter*

Det är inte med oss själva som vi har problem  
men med den utomstående omgivningens okunnighet  
som ej kan se och erkänna allt självklart,  
skönheten och känsligheten, själens ädelhet och sinnets andlighet,  
all den förfining som man brukar till att göra livet till ett konstverk med,  
om man blott lämnar barbari och grovhet,  
hänsynslöshet och vulgariteten bakom sig med all dess destruktivitet  
och lever blott för kärleken med all dess konstruktivitet.  
Det smärtar mig att se dig lida i det här fördömda Nifelhemsklimatet  
av en karg förstelnad nordiskt hård mentalitet;  
ty ditt så ömma hjärtas guld som så lätt gråter blod  
kan aldrig passas in i något gråsamhälles stenhjärtans förfrusenhet  
som döljer sig i anonymitetens maskspels feghet och ofelbara byråkrati  
som aldrig lyckas göra något gott åt någon människa.  
Men ta det som en utmaning: ty vi kan få den värsta öken till att blomstra  
om vi bara håller oss till kärleken och gör rätt bruk av den.

#### *Poetry enthroned*

There is no need for any other law than poetry,  
make her the Queen of all existence in her everlasting glory,  
that must outlast all that junk called vanity and ugliness  
which only show up in this world to pester and pollute it  
for no other good than tragedy,  
the trap which all humanity so enthusiastically marches into  
fooled by the deceivers of short-sightedness and fickle profit  
for which sake man drowns himself in any madness and insanity  
most willingly - and hardly sees himself through even afterwards.  
But poetry remains, with beauty and idealism as champions,  
the last romantic hero isn't even born yet and shall never be,  
for they belong to Poetry's and Beauty's court of everlasting light

and can't be even tempted from their sovereignty to step down  
to follow suit with this demented, ugly, sick and decayed world  
which politicians think they rule, unable to get into their thick heads  
that Politics is nothing but the Madness Greenhouse of Megalomania  
where there are no other masters running the asylum  
than the vainest power of them all,  
the ultimately and completely egoistic opportunist's self-destructiveness.

### *Livets högsta lag*

Gör poesin till livets högsta lag,  
låt henne vara drottning i sin högsta suveränitet  
som måste överleva allt skräp såsom fåfänga och fulhet  
som blott förekommer i vår värld för att fördärva den  
med inget annat resultat än bara tragedier,  
fällan som all mänskligheten så entusiastiskt vandrar ner i  
grymt bedragen av den kortsiktiga vinstens flyktighet  
för vilken människan själv dränker sig i vilket vansinne som helst  
helt frivilligt - och lyckas ännu mindre efteråt själv genomskåda sin förryckthet.  
Men poesin består, med skönhet och idealism som outslitliga drabanter,  
ingen romantikens sista hjälte kommer någonsin att finnas, ty han är ej född än,  
dessa hör till Poesins och Skönhetens outsläckliga äras hov av ljus  
och kan ej lockas ens till att nedstiga från sin suveränitet  
för solidaritetens skull med denna sjuka, fula, infekterade och ruttna värld  
som de politiska dagsländorna tror sig regera, oförmögna att förstå  
att Politiken bara är Vansinnets Drivhus för Megalomaner,  
vilket därhus icke drivs av någon annan kraft än den mest fåfänga av alla,  
den slutgiltiga och fullständiga egoistens opportunism och självdestruktivitet.

### *Simplicity*

It couldn't be more simple.  
Yes, of course I love you,  
but I am a giver only and no taker.  
All I want is nothing for myself  
but everything for you,  
and since your health condition is so delicate  
I will not ever risk to jeopardize it but protect it only.  
So my answer to your question of what I expect  
is nothing for my own part.  
As an artist bent on one-sided creativeness  
it is excluded that I would desire anything from you  
except, perhaps, the wish that you would keep what I would give you.  
See my poems as documentations of my feelings,  
a tempestuous inner world that ever moves and changes  
but which never gets out of control,  
and of my love, of course, which is quite undeniable  
but of a rather purely altruistic kind  
that never can get negative, destructive, morbid or insane  
but is, I am afraid, a rather hopeless case of one-sided constructiveness.

### *Woodstock - in retrospect after 37 years*

It was all a craze, of course,  
a most absurd idea of most immoderate proportions,  
a phantasmagoria of surrealistic recklessness  
to stage this concert of megalomania for an audience of five hundred thousand,  
all well fed with food and drink and any drugs for half a week,  
with children getting born during the concert and some others dying,  
everything allowed, the music being anything and perfectly without self-criticism;

and still there was something spectacularly sane about this whole flipped-out event, so many people gathered just for music's sake to be together in a ruse, intoxicated like on something so out of the ordinary as a common trip to never really get completely back again, and, for a number of them, never to recover. None of us was there, and still it feels today as if it was but yesterday and as a great historical concern for all of us, not thirty-seven years away, but recently, and in that omnipresent zone of timelessness, that you are constantly in touch with as a practising musician - the idea was very good, no matter how it sounded and whatever were the consequences.

### *On the sea of love*

Are you the victim of the ocean,  
or are you the ocean?  
All your feelings are your own,  
but they will blow you anywhere  
without your being able to resist them,  
although you as their possessor  
are alone entirely responsible for them;  
so, - are you the wind that blows,  
or are you the skipper of the tossed ship  
that sets the sails to how the wind blows,  
risking shipwreck on the way  
and without knowing whether you will ever reach a port?

The wind is yours, the ship is yours,  
just keep afloat, enjoy the wind and keep it going,  
and at least you won't lack any entertainment  
on a sea that tends to get the funnier  
the more outrageously you keep on blowing.

### *Blåst*

Är du oceanens offer,  
eller är du oceanen?  
Alla dina känslor är blott dina egna,  
men de kan ju blåsa dig fullständigt vart som helst  
och utan att du någonsin kan motstå dem,  
fastän som deras innehavare  
du ensam är fullständigt ansvarig för dem;  
så, är du då den blåst som du är så i blåsten av,  
eller är du skepparen på bräckligt fartyg  
som ska sätta seglen efter hur det blåser  
och riskera skeppsbrott, utan garanti  
för att du någonsin alls kommer att nå någon hamn?

Vinden är din egen liksom skeppet,  
håll dig bara flytande och njut av vinden, håll i gång,  
och du skall inte sakna underhållning då åtminstone  
på känslu-oceanen som blir bara roligare  
ju mer förskräckligt du blir blåst.

### *Exhaustion*

Where do they all come from,  
all these tiring wasted wrecks of wretches  
who exhaust you by their extremism,  
the Limbo people without roots and aims  
who only live for their eccentricism,

as if life's only meaning was excessiveness  
at any cost by any means whatever the results,  
and they ignore completely that they leave you  
wasted in the ditch as they have passed you by  
and driven you completely over by their wastefulness  
of energy, of nonsense, of big deals for nothing,  
of their hopelessly excessive vanity inflation.  
But the other people, those who are more normal,  
can't you stick with them, who for a change are sensible?  
They are not easily accessible, since they are usually at work  
and are not seen at home except late in the evening,  
when as burnt-out cases they arrive, and early in the morning,  
when they have to go to work without much rest  
and having usually endured a night of nightmares or insomnia.  
Those, the normal people, are not much to celebrate  
since they are generally boring; and thus don't you have much else  
than all those extremists who loiter without work  
and just keep on exhausting you with their relentless pathos,  
being better than the others in at least that they are never boring.

### *Utmattning*

Var kommer de ifrån, de stackars satarna,  
som bara tröttar ut dig med sin extremism,  
de rotlösa som saknar mål och mening med sitt liv,  
som lever bara för sin excentricitet,  
som om den enda meningen med livet var att gå till överdrift  
till vilket pris med vilka medel och med vilket resultat som helst,  
och det bekymrar icke dem det minsta att de lämnar dig förbrukad  
i ett dike när de blivit färdiga med dig och fullständigt kört över dig  
med sitt fåfänga slösande av energi för ingenting  
av fåfänga och nonsens för att göra elefanter av små knott.  
Men de normala, då, kan man då inte hålla sig till dem,  
som är förnuftiga och arbetar och inte sticker av?  
De är så svåra att få tag i, ty de arbetar ju bara,  
kommer sent hem varje kväll uttröttade och utbrända,  
försvinner tidigt varje morgon efter sömlös natt  
som gett dem mera mardrömmar än vila,  
och är ofta mest som automater eller spöken,  
så de är ej mycket till att fira som celebret sällskap  
då de dessutom är tråkiga; och därmed har du knappast annat val  
än alla dessa freaks och extremister utan jobb  
som håller på och sliter på dig med sitt outtröttliga fördömda patos,  
som åtminstone är mindre tråkigt än normal slätstrukenhet och flathet.

### *Lost*

My love is an incessant stormy ocean  
that keeps beating me asunder from my wits,  
a shipwrecked fool completely lost at sea  
and tossed to madness by its hammering atrocity,  
and as a lover you are hopelessly alone  
with this too overwhelming darkness of a cruel night,  
your feelings drowning you and pulling you straight to perdition.  
Yet, you are alive and can still fight  
for your survival, even if you as a forlorn lover  
are completely on your own and have no mercy to expect  
from anyone – a lover lost is worse off than a ruined pauper.  
Still there is a plank left of your shipwreck,  
one last hope, if even that is the last straw  
and even if that only is your own imagination.

### *Passion*

When passion comes and takes you from behind,  
what can you do? You have no other choice but to succumb  
to its relentless wildness, darkness, terror and destruction  
and must be the victim of your own emotions  
overwhelming you with hopelessness and no escape,  
no possibility for any shadow of defence;  
for passion is the ultimate manifestation of the darkest force of nature  
in her greatest irresistibility and her omnipotence,  
her majesty and dreadfulness of silence like of death.  
And yet, in this black hole of hopelessness there is a kind of life  
more tough in its expansion than the most victorious sperm,  
triumphant in its life and glorious in outbreak.  
So what can we do about the force of passion?  
There is nothing else to do but just the best of it.

### *The haunted humanity*

The ghosts that haunt you  
are the spectres of this insane world and age,  
the phantoms of derailment and the enemies of love  
that make spontaneous love impossible  
and keep us fettered in Orwellian restrictions  
isolated in unhuman cubicles of so called work and duties  
that are just one way to the asylum  
made more comfortable by the horrors of medicinal society  
that give you pills to poison you relieving you of life  
which anyway is just unbearable because of this society.  
They say we are too many people on this earth,  
and therefore the majority expects a sudden instantaneous destruction  
that would finish off the sick majority which only suffers anyway,  
and thus the thoughts and speculations of this world  
continue to get sicker. There is only one health sign remaining:  
Love can never get corrupted, while it lives and keeps on loving.  
Never mind about the children and forget about your sex life,  
if the health state of the world demands such sacrifices  
for the sake of humankind's survival,  
but let never go of love.  
It is for us to cherish as the only thing  
that ever will continue keeping us alive.

### *Den hemsökta mänskligheten*

Spökena som plågar dig  
är denna galna världs och tids fantomer,  
som förstört den och gjort kärleken omöjlig  
genom att förslava oss i Orwellska omänskligheters tyranni  
med isolering av vår frihet i betonghöghusens kliniskhet  
med samhällets lagenliga tvångskommendering till slavarbete på livstid  
kallat 'plikter', 'skyldigheter', 'solidaritet' och 'skattepliktighet'  
som bara bär rakt ner till folkhemssjukhuset  
med underlättning av din färdväg genom tvångsmedicinering  
för ditt eget bästa, piller som förgiftar dig från livet gradvis,  
så du inte märker det och hur din dumhet ökas successivt  
blott för att skona dig, du skall ju ändå dö, och livet är ju ändå bara plågsamt  
och förvärras bara genom samhällets försämring,  
så det är lika bra du avlägsnas så omärkligt som möjligt.

Vi är ju ändå alldeles för många här på jorden,  
och de flesta väntar ju sig ändå världens undergång

så tyst och snabbt och effektivt som möjligt,  
då ju ändå majoriteten bara lider, så det är väl bäst att den försvinner;  
och så fortsätter vår mänskligets spekulationer att bli bara sjukare.

Det enda hälsotecknet som finns kvar är kärleken,  
som aldrig någonsin kan korrumpas medan den får leva.  
Barn och sex är oväsentliga i sammanhanget,  
de kan undvaras, om mänsklighetens överlevnad kräver det,  
men man får aldrig släppa kärleken,  
ty den är det enda som kan hålla oss vid liv.

#### *The workoholic*

Is he to be pitied, or is he to be envied and admired?  
Maybe both, or neither, since he is the victim of his happiness,  
he is productive and enjoys his work but has got stuck in it,  
like in a vicious circle but of happiness and glory,  
which he can't get out of.  
Oftentimes you see most doubtful consequences of this queer anomaly,  
like difficulties with relationships, divorce and misery,  
which usually just spurs him on to even harder efforts,  
and thus is his most precarious condition only made the worse.  
The problem is that there is no one who can help him;  
only he himself can liberate him from his prison  
of his work, his paradise and bliss, his sado-masochistic  
self-destructive torture and his most unnatural and perfect hell,  
which undeniably and more often than not  
will end up with producing end results of most amazing quality  
that will remain and prove to outlast vanity.

#### *Arbetsnarkomanen*

Är han att beklaga eller att beundra?  
Kanske båda, eller ingendera, ty han är sin lyckas offer,  
som kan njuta av sitt arbete och sin produktivitet men fastnat i det,  
som i en ond cirkel men av härlighet och lycka som han ej kan bryta.  
Ofta ser man betänkliga konsekvenser av det onaturliga förhållandet,  
som olyckliga misslyckade relationer, skilsmässor, förnedring och misär,  
som ofta dock blott sporrar honom hårdare till större ansträngning,  
och så förvärrar han sitt läge genom att blint skena i sitt ekorrhjul.  
Problemet är att det finns ingen som kan hjälpa honom,  
endast han själv kan befria sig ifrån sitt fängelse  
som är hans arbete, hans paradiset och salighet,  
hans sado-masochistiska självplågeri av ett perfekt och onaturligt helvete,  
som dock otvivelaktigt esomoftast klarar av att frambringa mirakler  
av bestående natur och kvalitet att trotsa allt fåfängligt med.

#### *Sea of Love*

It's all for you, my loved, all my sea of love  
of endless care and generosity,  
of all my life and its creativeness,  
my whole production and all that I lived for,  
all the beauty I have lived for, all my music above all.  
Just take it, drown in it, protect it and enjoy it,  
let my music's affluence inspire you  
and match the generosity and full length of your gorgeous hair,  
and be magnanimous, magnificent and magic  
with the manifoldness of this sea that I bequeath you,  
greater than the lands of all the earth and richer

with its endlessness of life and love  
that man can never understand or fathom  
except lovers of the same kind of dynamic bottomlessness  
as creative freaks like you and me, both drowned in our abyss  
of the ultimate perfection of the beauty of pure music  
manufactured and created only out of the profoundest melody  
of love that only can be found beyond the depths of all the oceans.

a satire-like never-ending story, collected from some recent inside information,  
also a kind of doctor's nightmare,

*The Funhouse High Priest*

He is a prophet in his own right,  
since he is always right,  
his self-righteousness breaking all records,  
since he squints to his right side  
with what I believe to be an enamel eye,  
for he never looks you in the eye.  
Still, as a doctor he knows exactly  
what medicines to feed you with  
and believes he cures of everything  
in his own right infallibility  
although you flush them all down the toilet  
since you prefer staying alive and sane  
so that you can observe the established insanity  
of your own infallible doctor and his nurses  
who keep feeding him with medicines,  
medicines, mind you, that he never prescribes for his patients,  
since he wants to be sure that he only gets well himself  
and no one else, since he needs his patients  
to provide his hospital with income and enough guests  
to ensure stately subsidies  
without which his funhouse wouldn't be so funny any more  
but would be shut down  
since all the patients got away and all the nurses fatally intoxicated  
from the medicines provided by their doctor  
so that they would comply well on the couch  
day and night  
and forget about all the healthy patients,  
which they so miserable failed to make sicker  
since they all flushed down all their medicines in the toilet...

*Lustiga husets överstepräst*

Han är med all rätt sin egen profet  
eftersom han alltid har rätt  
med sin självrättfärdighet som slår alla rekord,  
i synnerhet då hans skelande syn är rättvänd  
genom vad jag misstänker vara ett emaljöga,  
för han ser dig aldrig rätt i ögonen.  
Dock vet ingen rättare än han  
precis vilka mediciner du skall äta  
då han därmed vet att bota vad som helst  
i namn av sin ofelbarhets rättighet  
fastän du spolar ner dem på toaletten  
eftersom du föredrar att hålla dig frisk och sund  
så att du kan observera och märka etablissemangets vansinne  
hos din egen ofelbara läkare och hans sköterskor  
som håller honom försedd med mediciner,

sådana mediciner som han aldrig ger åt sina patienter,  
då han vill vara säker på att bara kunna vara helt frisk själv  
och ingen annan, då han behöver sina patienter  
för sitt sjukhus beläggnings och statistiks och bidrags skull  
så att sjukhuset blir lönsamt genom statliga subventioner,  
utan vilka hans lustiga hus inte vore så roligt längre  
men skulle bli nedläggningshotat  
eftersom alla patienter skulle bli friska och rymma  
och sköterskornas kroniska berusning skulle märkas  
då de skulle vara ensamma om att medicinera  
genom doktors ordination, för att samarbeta väl  
såväl natt som dag på soffan  
och glömma alla de förfriskade patienterna  
som de så snöpligen misslyckats med att göra sjukare  
då de alla spolade ner sina mediciner på toaletten...

### *Aloof*

Your aloofness does not bother me -  
I am not hurt by anyone's detachment  
which on the contrary increases my respect,  
detachment being always sane and healthy  
and the more, the deeper feelings are involved;  
and I, if anyone, am well aware of depths of feelings  
and the storms that rage under the surface  
hidden well under the invisible cloak  
not of a mask but from necessity  
in order not to let them die but live forever.  
If you give them out for mortals to manhandle,  
then there will be hurts and undesired end to them,  
but flowers are best cultivated in protection.  
It's a simple question of survival,  
and I will support it, never risk it,  
live and cultivate my love  
and never interfere with others doing likewise.

### *Abandoned*

Come and rest a while, my love,  
you must be tired, since you worked so hard  
escaping from the heart of darkness and the savage hunters  
who made you a scapegoat for their vices  
and bereft you everything - for nothing,  
for some petty theft, as if you were a person to be robbed,  
the poorest thing I ever knew,  
whom I so gladly would have given everything  
but who was proud enough to give me thanks for nothing,  
independence being more worth than the highest treasure,  
liberty and sovereignty being not for sale.  
What can I give you, then? What can I do for you?  
I am afraid I can't do anything  
except of course continue to adore you  
and sustain my love for you the more persistently  
and diligently for your distance and departure  
and the hopelessness of that impossibility to reach you.  
They have alienated you from me, your only perfect lover,  
all those other lovers, who just wanted to annoy you,  
use you up by their destructive despicable opportunism  
while your ideal lover let you get away  
and was the only one to piously leave you in peace,  
while you have fooled them all and cheated them of all their love,

escaped their baseness and made them all cuckolds  
while the only one who really lost you,  
your most faithful lover, I myself, yours truly,  
is the only one who still possesses you,  
the dreamer, who in losing you  
has only as the only one secured you,  
being one with you in spirit and in fate,  
more bound to you than any law agreement can ensure  
and being with you the more definitely now  
for being lost without you.

### *Controversial*

My love, your openness and frankness can not hurt me,  
and I told you so from the beginning.  
All I wanted was your welfare, and I want it still  
and more than ever, now especially when I can see  
your turbulences, what you have gone through and what you need,  
which simply is a general dismantling of your love affairs,  
completely, every one, so that you can find peace  
and work with what is meaningful and more important  
than ridiculously self-degrading dallying with childish games  
of intrigue with unworthy knaves that are a bit too fast  
in making women pregnant whom they then are stuck with  
for their misery until they are compelled to leave them,  
adding some more lonely mothers with their children on their own.  
My dear, I am no friend of sex, since I have seen too much abuse  
and almost only this abuse of one-sided destructiveness  
and very little good results and lasting happiness from sex,  
in fact, a sum of almost nothing. Be at liberty,  
enjoy your freedom, use it well for good constructive purposes,  
creation, work and charity, but you live better without sex,  
the main corrupter and polluter and destroyer of mankind.

there is maybe a need for a general underground resistance movement of this kind...

### *The underground humanist*

We are the nomads of eternity  
who don't fit into this derailed world of brutality  
since we are alien to its dominating ugliness  
and are too soft in our music to tune in to noise.  
Thus are we outsiders and outcasts  
who do not belong to this corrupted world  
of tyrannies, dictators, wars, barbarity and violence  
since we never can conform to what is not constructive.  
We must never be a part of all that we abhor  
and stubbornly protest against  
but rather safeguard and protect in isolation our ideals  
and work for them unflinchingly in underground conditions  
to once let them conquer all and vanquish ugliness and inhumanity  
to let civilisation glory once again in splendid beauty  
and let nature conquer all man's unnaturalness  
and bring him back to normal, that is peace and decency  
to make love possible at all for the creation of a future.

### *The old maid*

I know that you despise me all, you young infernal lads,  
like Balzac did, who wrote some novels only to express his hatred of us,  
but, excuse me, we are not old virgins for no reason.  
We are capable of learning and observing,  
and it is too obvious what you men are capable of  
and never hesitate to plague us with, destroying not your own lives only,  
but intentionally making a big mess and with a vengeance  
most of all to innocents. Let's not just speak of the abortions,  
all those cases that turned pregnant "accidentally" and "unintentionally"  
just because the bugger "happened" to come home too early and too fast.  
I think we owe most cases of poor solitary mothers,  
who can not support their undesired children, to those bastards.  
Let's not say a word of all those women psychologically ruined  
and destroyed for life by "accidental" and "unfortunate" miscarriages  
due to rapes and other "accidental" and "unfortunate" maltreatments.  
Let's not lose ourselves in those discussions  
whether such occurrences are acts of love or not,  
which you males always claim they are while the results prove differently...  
Well, let's not talk about such things at all,  
but let's just leave all those poor men alone  
who can not handle women properly as human beings,  
and they might perhaps learn likewise to leave us alone,  
like I do mercifully and persistently with them,  
so that both they and I can work in peace with more constructive matters,  
like for instance dedicating our energy to love,  
which actually involves more gentleness, politeness and respect  
than just that vulgar sleazy dirty game called sex.

### *Den gamla jungfrun*

Jag vet att ni föraktar mig, ni oförbätterliga slynglar, som Balzac gjorde,  
som skrev romaner bara för att uttrycka sitt hat för sådana som mig,  
men, med respekt, vi är ej gamla jungfrur utan anledning.  
Vi kan lära oss och observera ett och annat,  
och det är för övertydligt vad ni män kan åstadkomma  
som ej tvekar inför att förstöra livet både för er själva och för andra  
i er ansvarslöshet mest mot oskyldiga offer.  
Låt oss inte tala om aborter,  
alla dessa fall av "oavsiktliga" och "otursamma" havandeskap  
där den skyldige blott "råkade" nå ända fram för tidigt och för fort.  
Jag tror de flesta fall av ensamstående och medellösa mödrar  
som ej kan försörja sig och sina barn har dessa odågor att tacka för sin lott.  
Låt oss ej nämna med ett ord de alla kvinnor som blev psykologiskt helt förstörda  
genom "olyckliga, otursamma, icke avsiktliga" missfall  
såsom resultat av våldtäkt eller annan "olycklig och oavsiktlig" misshandel.  
Låt oss ej förlora oss i dessa diskussioner  
vare sig sådana förekomster var av kärlek eller inte,  
vilket ni, män, alltid hävdar medan resultatet indikerar något annat.  
Låt oss inte diskutera sådant alls,  
men låt oss lämna dessa stackars män i fred  
som inte kan behandla kvinnor anständigt som människor,  
så kanske även de kan lära sig att lämna oss i fred,  
som jag av ren barmhärtighet och konsekvent gör dem,  
så att vi båda kan arbeta mera konstruktivt i fred  
med att exempelvis mer ägna oss åt kärlek,  
vilket faktiskt kräver mera artighet, respekt och godhet  
än den slibbiga och smutsiga vulgära lek som kallas sex.

the worst catalogue of humanity

*Numerical epitaph*

29,000 children dying every day from lack of care is a devastating number

calling other endless numbers to mind, which never must be forgotten,

like the hundreds of thousands of women slaughtered by inquisitions 1300-1700 for being supposed witches,

like all those hundreds of thousands of Indians the Spanish killed in Latin America for not being natural Christians and to take their kingdoms and riches,

like the hundreds of thousands of Red Indians in North America killed (on purpose) by Englishmen and Americans, (the English having introduced the first bacteriological warfare by infecting blankets for sale to Indians with smallpox,)

like all the uncountable 'heretic' victims of the Catholic Inquisition 1200-1700,

like the 1,5 million Armenians killed by the Turks in the First World War, the first comprehensive genocide,

like the 20% of all Tibetans killed by the Chinese for nothing, or for just the pleasure of destroying their culture and identity,

like the 1,5 million of his own people that Pol Pot killed off in Cambodia just to execute his power according to the guidelines of Mao Zedong,

like the 6 million Jews killed by Hitler's Germans, the worst genocide ever,

not to speak of the 63 million victims to Lenin and Stalin

or the at least 70 million human deaths caused by Mao Zedong,

or the efficiency of the Americans, who in two brief blasts sent 500,000 innocent Japanese to death, either directly or unbearably slowly, in Hiroshima and Nagasaki,

and so on, and so on,

all of them having proved but one thing, that humanity never learns....

another kind of epitaph

*Autumn*

How many days remain for you  
to roam around this harrowed earth  
so painfully and deeply scarred by failures,  
mostly only failures, not just of your own  
but of so many lost and wasted lives  
and, worst of all, too many friends who died too young.  
I could write epitaphs in all eternity  
just to bewail them and cry out their sorrows and my own  
for what they failed in, what they never could accomplish,  
all their unfinished invaluable work  
and, most of all, the loss of their too precious souls.  
But they are all still out there somewhere  
waiting maybe for another opportunity  
or for a better world, but they could wait for that forever,  
since we haven't seen much betterment for some millennia.

Sorrow keeps me company with falling leaves  
in flaming colours red of blood or love or both  
while no tears are enough to cry out all the pain  
of this so wasted tragical and futile life and world.

### *Höst*

Hur många dagar har du kvar  
att fladdra runt på denna härjade förpinta jord  
så djupt och smärtsamt sargad av misslyckanden,  
mest bara misslyckanden, inte bara dina egna  
men av så otaliga förlorade and bortslösade liv  
och, värst av allt, av vänner alltför många som dog alltför unga.  
Jag kunde skriva epitafier i evighet  
blott för att sörja dem och gråta ut all deras smärta och min egen  
för vad de ej lyckades med, allt som för dem gick snett,  
allt deras ovärderliga och ofullbordade arbete  
och, mest av allt, förlusten av dem själva, deras oskattbara själar.  
Men de finns dock alla kvar där ute någonstans  
och väntar kanske på ett annat tillfälle,  
måhända på en bättre värld, men då kan de få vänta i all evighet,  
då vi ej har sett den bli mycket bättre på ett antal tusen år.  
Jag faller utför med min sorg som sällskap jämte vissna löv  
i smärtans röda färger liksom kärleken och blodet  
medan inga tårar räcker till att gråta ut all denna smärta  
av den här så tragiska förslösade och utarmade världens liv.

### *In a musical sense*

In a musical sense, what is life?  
An accurate question, which pinpoints the essence  
not only of life but of existence.  
In the beginning was not the word but Music,  
and what on earth was all that music about?  
We certainly hadn't heard all that jazz before,  
and the question is if it sounded at all,  
so at least it could not have sounded bad.  
Let me put it like this.  
In the beginning there was a kind of flow  
of some kind of idea, that must have been musical,  
because it produced such a tremendous effect  
that we had a kind of Big Bang.  
It's impossible to recollect or reconstruct,  
but it certainly was there,  
and it was music, as the source of everything,  
as the dark horse behind everything that rides,  
and that is life itself, the only motivation of which is –  
music.

### *Ur musikalisk synpunkt*

Ur musikens synpunkt, vad är livet?  
En relevant fråga, som focuserar essensen  
av inte bara livet men själva existensen.  
I begynnelsen var inte ordet utan Musik,  
och vad i all världen handlade den musiken om?  
Den hade vi minsann inte hört talas om tidigare,  
och frågan är om den alls kunde höras,

så åtminstone kan den inte ha låtit illa.  
Låt mig närmare förklara saken.  
I begynnelsen förekom en sorts vibration  
av liksom en idé, som måste ha varit musikalisk,  
ty den hade en sådan enorm genomslagskraft  
att universum genljöd av en sorts Big Bang.  
Den är omöjlig att rekapitulera eller rekonstruera,  
men det går inte att bortförklara,  
att det var genom musik som allting tog sin början,  
som den hemlighetsfulla eter som genompyr hela universum  
och får själva planeterna att vibrera,  
och det är själva livets hemlighet,  
vars enda egentliga motivering är – musik.

analysis of the famous syndrome

*Reggie Perrin*

It's not a crisis, it's just a character development.  
Suddenly one morning you wake up to find  
to your amazement that your life was all futility,  
and you see through everything with clearness for the first time  
and recognize the vanity of human wishes, toil and bother.  
"What have I been doing all my life?" you ask yourself astonished,  
and you realize you haven't lived at all.  
All of a sudden, sex becomes dispensable,  
you see through all your partners of the past that you don't need them,  
love transcends into a higher plane of soul-mates,  
endless friendship suddenly becomes the only acceptable relationship,  
and you don't even need your property and money,  
suddenly detachment from all worldly matters becomes vital  
and much more important than materialistic fussiness and all the world,  
and love takes on a religious aspect, you turn a philosopher,  
stuck with your head in heaven and enjoying it,  
at last discovering the real reality among the clouds.  
You wake up from a nightmare of ridiculous concerns like from an illness  
to turn into something natural and human for a change.

Congratulations – you just made it getting normal  
and converted from this mundane mess of mainstream brainwash.

mannens motsvarighet till klimakteriet - kan vara som hårdast omkring 37-38-årsåldern, kan dock inträffa hur sent som helst (eller aldrig) och anses vara mildare ju senare (eller ju tidigare) det inträffar...

*Reggie Perrin-syndromet*

Det är inte någon kris men snarare personlighetsutveckling.  
Plötsligt vaknar man en morgon för att finna  
till sin stora häpnad, att ens liv var fullständigt förfelat,  
man ser allting klart för första gången  
och kan genomskåda fåvitskheten i allting, i allt besvär och jobb.  
"Vad har jag hållit på med hela livet?" frågar man sig  
med förskräckelse och inser att man inte levat alls.  
Med ens blir sex onödigt undgängligt,  
man genomskådar sitt förflutnas alla partners  
och förstår att man ej alls behövde dem,  
all kärlek transcenderas till ett högre plan av själsgemenskap,  
plötsligt blir bestående och evig vänskap den allena acceptabla relationen,  
man behöver inte längre sina pengar eller all sin egendom,  
och i stället blir det angeläget att frigöra sig ifrån all världslighet

med all dess omständliga och bekymmersamma materialism,  
och kärleken får en mer religiös betydelse, man blir till filosof  
och fastnar med sitt huvud upp i himmelen för att njuta av det,  
då man äntligen upptäcker verkligheten bakom molnen.  
Det blir som ett uppvaknande ur en mardröm av blott löjliga bekymmer  
som ifrån en sjukdom till ett mera mänskligt och naturligt tillstånd.

Gratulerar – du har lyckats med att bli normal  
och kommit loss från världens malströms vansinniga hjärntvättsskarusell.

*The suicide party of David Braithwaite*

It was a very strange festivity  
some years ago at Corinth, Greece,  
the story of which doctor Sandy told me,  
who was there. Let's leave the host alone,  
he had the party of his life, an unforgettable farewell,  
to which he generously summoned not only all his friends  
but any kind of wayward outsider and displaced person,  
many hippies, alcoholics, tramps and tarts  
with even children, whom he gave a most luxurious dinner  
with food and drink that never saw an end,  
Retsina wine and Greek salads galore,  
the atmosphere replenished with both joy and sorrow;  
everybody laughed and had a good time  
while at the same time no one eye's was dry  
when the eccentric host made his farewell and welcome speech,  
with ample thanks to everyone just for their coming  
to be present as a delightful company to his demission.  
No one thought at first that he was serious,  
but he had actually invited all available Bohemians in Greece  
just for his company and give them all a party for his funeral.  
What people best remembered afterwards  
were those almost unnoticeably small remarks of bitterness  
which indicated a most overwhelming disappointment  
in the field of love and women – he had loved,  
but more than what was good for him, and unsuccessfully.  
This is no story really for a poem  
but should rather be the subject of a play, which shall be written,  
with the documentary material as its delicate heartbreaking base,  
maybe next time I go back to Greece.

in defence for the delicacy of ideals

*Don't cut my dreams down*

Do whatever harm you will to me and to my life,  
but let me keep up my ideals,  
since I can see no other purpose of my life  
and nothing else to really live for.  
They say it's dangerous to wake up a somnambulist,  
but even worse and almost worse than any crime  
is to bereave a person of his natural ideals,  
his love, his piety and dreams.  
But real ideals can never really be defeated.  
They keep on coming back,  
creativity can never have a set-back but can only be renewed,  
so there is actually no danger really.  
Just let the somnambulist walk on

in safety on his clouds and smiling in his dreams,  
and no harm will come out of it,  
while no one knows what fearful things could happen  
if you touch and crush an individual's universe  
conserved well in a dream but that might well contain  
the key to universal safety for humanity.

*Thanksgiving sort of poem*

Beloved friends,  
what can I say,  
touched and moved by your compliments  
beyond recognition  
being somewhat drunk  
having celebrated also others today,  
so I am afraid I don't write very coherently at the moment,  
anyways, as some of you Canadians prefer putting it,  
(especially from British Columbia,) my sincere thanks  
and appreciation to you all  
for more fidelity and credence than any lover,  
hoping to keep it up in spite of all losses  
on the emotional plane,  
my sincere thanks,

*Blind love*

You just have to face the music:  
love will ever play the dirtiest tricks on you  
and never be the same but always puzzle you,  
upset you, never be reliable and always blindfold you  
so that you never can see clear reality  
but always must fall victim to it as to love,  
since blind reality of love will always lead you quite astray,  
you will love anyone who isn't worth it,  
and you will be cruelly abused by anyone  
who just will take your blindfolded condition as an opportunity  
to lead you any stray path down to hell just for the fun of it,  
and you will end up as a wreck completely crushed  
like in a shipwreck all entangled in the shattered ruins of your lost ideals.  
But there is always a way out and a salvation.  
Just keep your blindfold on, refuse to compromise with false reality,  
continue challenging the cruelty of the world by countering it  
and opposing it with your alternative, your own created world of beauty,  
which most certainly will outlast this vain world of futile nonsense.  
The object of your love will constantly play foul on you  
and most outrageously, but that must never check your love,  
which ever must keep flowing to enrich, if nothing else,  
at least the spiritual world of sentient beings  
which ever will be hungering and needing more  
of that true love of honesty which is the reason for your life.

*Blind kärlek*

Du måste bara acceptera det:  
för alltid kommer kärleken att gyckla med dig å det grymmaste  
och aldrig vara annat än ombytlig för att plåga och förbrylla dig,  
uppröra dig och göra dig förtvivlad med att alltid dölja sig  
och göra dig till blindbock så du aldrig kan se verkligheten  
men alltid falla offer för den som för kärleken,

då kärlekens realitet för alltid bara kommer att förleda dig  
och dra med dig åt helvete i evig vilseföring,  
då den som du älskar aldrig skall förbli dig trogen eller värdig  
men blott utnyttja dig grymt och oförsonligt liksom alla andra  
som blott ser din utsatthet som tillfälle för dem att vara opportuna  
tills du ligger där utslagen, krossad, lemlästad och färdig  
intrasslad i vraket av ett skeppsbrotts alla strandade ruiner av våldtagna ideal;  
men det finns alltid en väg ut och någon lösning.  
Avlägsna ej ögonbindeln utan vidmakthåll din blindhet,  
vägra kompromissa med den falska verkligheten,  
utmana dess grymhet och bemöt den med ditt eget skönare alternativ,  
din egen kreativa värld av skönhet, ljus och högre harmoni  
som säkerligen kommer att stå sig långt bättre än den falska fåfångans förgänglighet.  
Objektet för din kärlek skall beständigt spela dig de vidrigaste spratt,  
men det får aldrig påverka din kärlek negativt, som alltid måste flöda vidare  
för att åtminstone berika alla andliga naturers värld  
som alltid kommer att behöva mera  
av den ärlighetens sanna kärlek som är enda meningen med livet.

*Through the minefield*

Let me guide you carefully  
across the minefield of abysmal trenches,  
thorns and scorpions, poison ivy and what not,  
so that your bare feet will not stumble into any bomb  
but tread on safely like on clouds  
with maximum security, like a professional sleepwalker;  
just rely on me and hold my hand,  
and your poor blindsight will not lead you wrong  
but safely to the other side through any ambush  
that will miss you most completely  
since I will make you invisible to any danger,  
any rotten scoundrel that would trap you,  
who instead shall fall into his own deceit –  
you may be sure I will see to it thoroughly;  
so be not apprehensive or afraid of anything,  
just keep your fingers crossed and prayers going,  
and my love shall save you from whatever  
so that nothing evermore will threaten you again.

9-11 and all that

*When anger hits you on the nose...*

When anger hits you on the nose  
the urge to strike back gets on overwhelming,  
but you can't strike back while still your nose is bleeding,  
you just have to swallow it and bide your time,  
and as your anger thus is laid to rest  
you soon forget about it,  
and the motivation disappears  
to do something about it,  
and thus nothing sensible gets done  
about the insult, which remains  
buried alive, where it infests and grows  
until it reaches some infection stage,  
and then the trouble is completely introvert  
like a sore inner wound you only feel but cannot dress  
and turns perhaps into some metastasis.  
Still, that is far better than to actually strike back  
in blindness, hatred and revenge

of short-sighted brain-bankruptcy  
with no idea of the inevitable consequences.  
Thus we have this vicious circle of political insanity,  
each madman of his own fanatical establishment  
just thinking of his own group egoistic interests,  
manipulated into power for destructive reasons,  
like the Bush impostor in the White House  
stealing presidency from Al Gore, whose main concern  
is universal welfare, global warming problems and the future,  
while the short-sighted impostor lunacy  
by sheer incompetence turns international discussions into failures  
triggering the 9-11 sabotage attacks against civilisation,  
which politically then are turned into a crazy war merry-go-round  
manipulated forth against Afghanistan at first and then Iraq  
by the oil mafia governing the president –  
and thus is world politics turned into a mess of trouble  
just to close the eyes to much more vital problems  
like the melting ices in Antarctica and Greenland  
that will drown the world if nothing brings it to a halt,  
natural problems of man's own short-sighted making  
that concerns humanity, the future and all nature  
clinically free from egoistic thinking and vendettas –  
say no more, I stifle and can only pray and cry,  
forgetting all about my bleeding nose.

You missed the nose all together. And, you hit the wrong person, establishment, government leader,  
etc, etc, etc. We were attacked!

by: Kathy Lockhart 2006-09-11

Is Bush also to blame for all the other attacks on Americans dating back to the 70's? There have been  
seven, two while Clinton and Gore were in office. These people hate freedom. It has nothing to do  
with oil, the environment or politics. They are worshipers of evil.

by: Phyllis J. Rhodes 2006-09-11

With my bleeding nose I am hitting no one and defending no one, least of all any terrorist. The  
inconvenient truth is there was an important world meeting in spring 2001, which the US walked out  
on, refusing to deal with global problems. Some people say there would have been no 9-11 attacks  
with a different administration - this can neither be proved nor disproved. The Afghanistan war of  
2001 achieved some important and constructive results, let's not speak about the gas pipe lines from  
Central Asia to the sea through Afghanistan that were impossible to construct before that war; but the  
Iraq war, everybody agrees, was started on false grounds, there having been no weapons of mass  
destruction on Iraq's side, Bush's excuse for driving over the UN and starting the war, while Dick  
Cheney and D. Rumsfeld pressured the CIA into advocating the war although there was no ground  
for it, if it were not for the oil. See Al Gore's film and do something about the US being responsible for  
30% of the pollution of the planet. President Bush has refused to see it.

by: Christian Lanciai 2006-09-12

This is a very, very significant poem.

It is so sane and asks the relevant question, so forcefully and directly without mincing any words...

Ultimately the fact remains that no war can bring peace.

No peace can be brought about by violence.

No violence can be ended by violence.

Bravo, dear Aurelio!

Love,

Zoya

*11 september och sånt*

När du får din näsa inslagen i blod  
så blir behovet av att slå tillbaka överväldigande,  
men det kan du inte göra medan näsan blöder,  
du blir tvungen att så länge svälja vreden  
och så bida någon tid alltmedan hettan dämpas

tills motivationen lagt sig och du glömmet hela saken,  
men den ligger ändå kvar och gror inom dig  
outlöst och kapslar in sig i en infektion  
som kanske rentav leder fram till metastaser.  
Ändå är det bättre att begrava harmen än att slå tillbaka  
i kortsiktig vredes blinda hat och hämnd  
i hjärnsläppt tanklöshet och ignorans om konsekvensers obönhörlighet,  
som då blir denna onda cirkel av politiska vendettor  
där varenda etablissemangs självkrönta dåre  
tar sig fram med gruppens egoistiska intressen  
som prioriteras framför alla vettiga alternativ  
igenom manipulationer blott för makten och dess destruktivitet,  
som när den stals i Vita Huset från Al Gore,  
vars främsta huvudbry är världsväxthuseffekten  
och dess överhängande och ständigt växande problem,  
medan kortsiktighetspolitikerna gör fiaskon av världskonferenser  
och styr världen in i krigsåtervändsgränders karuseller  
genom oljemaffiors manipulationer och åsidosättande av rätten  
för att blunda för de mycket svårare problem  
som smältningen av Grönlands och Antarktis isar innebär,  
som, om den inte hejdas, kommer att föröda världen,  
helt naturliga problem som människan skapat åt sig själv  
och gäller hela mänskligheten och dess framtid utom all naturen,  
frågor som är kliniskt fria från vendettors egoismers skenande –  
ack, säg ej mer, jag storknar och kan bara gråtande försjunka ner i bön  
och har fullkomligt glömt bort hur min näsa slogs i blod.

freaking out

*Ridiculous lovers and other freaks*

Who has not been through it?  
A complete loss of all dignity and pride,  
of self-esteem and everything you thought was yours forever,  
just because some silly incident, some awkward situation,  
something perfectly ridiculous and accidental,  
such as finding your wife's lover in her bed,  
an operetta situation, humanly deplorable and perfectly preposterous,  
and all you ever dreamed of is forgotten, crushed and broken up in pieces  
with a broken heart and tears and years ahead of misery, remorse and sorrow,  
all because of human weakness, everybody being really innocent.  
But that is how it starts, the real romance,  
the suffering, the pathos, the profundity and melancholy,  
and you melt away in sweet sentimentality and self pity forever,  
drowning all your sorrows in a glass that never ends,  
the chalice of your martyrdom being refilled forever.  
That's how the career begins for the professional freak,  
who nevermore can be quite certain of his sex,  
he can do anything for love, turn homosexual or bisexual or whatever  
but will never turn a Lesbian, unless he becomes a woman,  
which of course could be another choice of his, or hers,  
depending on what sex or kind of sex he chooses,  
if she suddenly becomes a man or he a woman.  
So, in brief, enjoy yourself, whatever kind of sex you have or are.  
freaky advisers leading you straight...

*Labyrinths of love*

What shall we say? Resign and give up in pathetic dismay?  
My friend, be comforted. Your love is never lost

and never wasted, never can it be expressed in vain,  
and if you lose a girl or all the girls of this frustrating world,  
then you can find, some wise guys say, another kind of girl  
and sweetheart, lover, partner and whatever, in yourself.  
– Now, what freaky kind of comfort is that miserable bullshit?  
– Sorry, I just tell you what they have been telling me,  
the experts, those who never love except to lose their love,  
who have seen all the tragedies and managed to survive them  
and themselves, their love and their repetitive perdition –  
there is always a way out, they say, and if you cannot find it,  
just go back into yourself and find your other self within yourself,  
in brief, turn schizophrenic, like so many do successfully.  
And so they freak out, the advisers, the psychologists,  
the head-shrinkers, support teams, pimps and gigolos  
and you just scrap them all as good for nothing.  
And having given up completely, getting ready for the exit,  
a dramatic most spectacular demonstrative resounding bloodily impressing suicide  
you will find a friend right there just waiting for you,  
and you ask him with surprise: "Where have you been?"  
He answers (or if it is she): "Well, I just happened to be here."  
Nothing ever fails to turn up when you least expect it,  
and you simply will continue be surprised  
as long as you give life a chance.

### *Separation*

What separated us?  
Alas, we are both innocent of our fates,  
which we have to follow and which teach us  
all kinds of uncomfortable and undesired lessons,  
and for some reason our very striving for nobility  
has become the parting wall, sealing us off from each other,  
robbed of our souls and our free will by the very thing we have in common,  
our ideals and vocation, our very work, which brought us together  
and now has turned itself into a wall, casting us in different prisons.  
Our only salvation is our souls, if we still can find some contact  
in spite of the total and fatal separation, across the ocean of division,  
if our minds can find each other independent of our bodies  
with their weakness fettering us to worldly troubles of pettiness,  
the trivial cause of our separation,  
the unacceptable sabotaging matters of unnecessary inconvenience;  
and fortunately we have some experience before of the ultimate phenomenon,  
that nothing is impossible for true love of sincerest honesty.

the environmentalist's concern

### *Disturbances*

Nothing works properly any more.  
There are disturbances everywhere, sabotaging life,  
messing up communication lines, turning nature into havoc,  
threatening life and the very existence of man  
because of man's own folly,  
who doesn't understand that he can't be unnatural  
without upsetting the universe, life and his own existence.  
Never earlier have so many life forms died out,  
never has man been more violent and self-destructive,  
never before has any form of life turned into a threat to life itself,  
like man does now in his totally absurd egoism.  
What can we do? Eliminate the disturbances,

keep them out of our lives, close up the omnipresent noise pollution,  
turn back to nature and plant trees, abandon the brainwash society  
and be human, kind and gentle, cure the psychotic illness of stress  
and co-operate with life instead of doing everything to destroy it.  
No one has an enemy except himself, if he turns into one,  
and that's the only possible departure from nature, life and reason.

### *The Argument*

When you really love someone  
you tend to idealize her,  
that is unescapable in love  
and its predestined ruin,  
since your loved always must  
sooner or later fail in living up to your ideal –  
it is a matter of reality and nature,  
and thus you must lose your loved,  
but you can never lose your love.

### *Kärlekens lag*

När du verkligen är kär i någon  
är tendensen att man idealiserar henne,  
det är ofrånkomligt när det gäller kärlek  
och vad som predestinerar den till undergång,  
då den du älskar aldrig alltid kan motsvara idealet –  
sådan är vår verklighet, tyvärr, det är naturligt,  
och så måste du förlora den du älskar;  
– blott din kärlek kan du aldrig någonsin förlora.

### *The lover to the loved*

Stay a while, my love, and keep me company  
just for the night, and you shall not regret it,  
for the more you give, the more you will be given,  
and I will not give you up, because you are my soul,  
that is, you are my life, you hold it in your hands,  
and there is no more life for me except your love.  
I know this borders on the burning out  
and draining of our energies,  
there is no more exhausting thing than love,  
and yet we need it and can't live without it  
even if it must consume us in the end  
like in the slowest kind of suicide,  
but it gives so much pleasure on the way  
and, above all, much more life than we already possess.

### *Den älskande till den älskade*

Stanna kvar, min älskade, och håll mig sällskap  
bara för i natt, och du skall ej behöva ångra det;  
ty ju mer du giver, desto mera skall dig vara givet,  
och jag ger inte upp dig, ty du är min själ,  
du är mitt själva liv, som du har i din hand,  
och det finns inget annat liv för mig än i din kärlek.  
Jag vet att detta gränsar till att bränna ut sig  
och förbruka våra energier,  
det finns inget mer ansträngande än kärlek;  
och ändå behöver vi den och kan icke leva utan den,

fastän den måste konsumera oss till slut  
som i ett långsamt plågsamt självmord;  
men den ger så mycket liv och glädje under vägen  
och, väsentligast av allt, mer liv än vad vi redan äger.

### *Profundity*

Why can't we have each other?  
– And yet we have each other.  
Destiny blocks our ways and seals us off  
for her own purpose, it seems,  
the mystery of our love,  
that constantly is spurred on  
and brought to darker depths  
of infinite affection and intimacy  
but without ever getting too close,  
as if our love was more a water story  
of unfathomable ocean depths  
than of any fire that could burn.  
Maybe it is better that way?  
– Never to consume or be consumed,  
but to be drowned instead  
in the vastness of a sea that never ends  
but only waxes all the time  
in greater overwhelmingness of beauty.

### *På djupet*

Varför kan vi inte få varandra?  
– Och ändå äger vi varandra.  
Ödet ställer sig i vägen för vår väg och skärmar av oss  
för sin egen skull, så tycks det,  
för mysteriets skull i vårt förhållande,  
vars kärlek därför hela tiden eggas vidare  
och bringas ut på större djup  
av utsäglighetens tillgivenhet och intimitet  
men utan att vi kommer någonsin för nära,  
som om kärleken för oss mer rörde sig om vatten  
av ofattbara oceandjup  
än om någon eld som kunde brännas.  
Kanske det är bättre så?  
– Att aldrig vare sig förbruka eller bli förbrukad,  
utan snarare att drunkna  
i oändligheten av ett hav som aldrig upphör  
utan bara växer hela tiden  
till blott större och mer överväldigande skönhet.

### *Castles in the Air*

One day we'll realize our dreams  
and talk forever during endless hours of a sleepless night  
of only love and love again until we stifle  
in our sweat and bliss and wonderful exhaustion,  
something that we all need, not just you and me.  
Evasive dreams that never can come true  
but always can be dreamed about are always necessary  
to talk out about, because that is the way to share them  
and not have them just for mirages reserved for wishful thinking,  
and that way at least can they be kept alive and even verifiable.  
There is no greater joy and food for love

than to share common dreams of definite impossibility,  
because that proves them not impossible at all,  
since what two people can conceive together  
is what they together also can create and out of nothing.

### *Luftslott*

Våra drömmar skall förverkligas en dag  
när vi för alltid under timmars ändlöshet av sömnlös natt  
blott skall få prata oupphörligt under ständigt mera kärlek tills vi storknar  
i vår svett och salighet och underbara fullkomliga utmattning,  
något som vi alla kan behöva, inte bara du och jag.  
De undflyende drömmar som ej någonsin kan bli besannade  
men alltid dock kan drömmas vidare är alltid nödvändiga  
att bevara levande igenom ord, ty det är så man delar dem  
och inte bara har dem såsom hägringar för önsketänkande,  
och så kan de bekräftas och med tiden till och med besannas.  
Det finns ingen större glädje eller näring för vår kärlek  
än att drömma om det absolut omöjliga gemensamt,  
ty det visar att de inte är omöjliga ändå,  
då vad två människor tillsammans kan prestera genom drömmar  
kan de också skapa och från ingenting tillsammans.

### *The Wise Guys*

When beauty came along, the wise guys had a song:  
"We did not ask for her to come here."  
And they fired her and kicked her down the alley,  
for they knew much better how to manage without beauty  
than to let her enter any of their frozen hearts.  
And thus they lived on without any dance or song  
or anything that possibly could risk their mind control,  
for they preferred to live without beauty  
rather than to risk any joy or tears or dangerous emotion.

For the wisdom of the wise guys is so advanced in its foresight  
that roses and orchids will freeze in its dry coldness to death,  
and people and pupils who are made to read their textbooks  
of elaborate pedantic instructions about rules and law and order  
will be petrified by such outstandingly premeditated brainwash  
to never have bright eyes or searching intellects again.  
Instead they were compelled to physically work hard with their brute force,  
but all their diligence served only others and their masters,  
those who taught them to mind only their own business  
and to count their hard earned money since it was so little,  
and to hate what tempted them to laughter and to some enjoyment  
of for instance beauty in some flowers of some garden.

But we will have summer once again, or so the songs will sing,  
and heaven will continue beaming forth some sunshine.  
Much will pass that wasn't of much pleasure,  
and our hearts shall be uplifted once again;  
for beauty never comes or goes but to come back again,  
so will the songs forever sing, and nothing can shut up them,  
although no wise guy in this world will ever heed them,  
refusing to believe their nonsense to be better than their wisdom.

### *Torra gubbar*

När skönheten kom till byn  
rynkade gubbarna sina pannor och sade:  
"Vi bad henne aldrig att komma,"  
och de gav henne sparken och körde ut henne,  
för de visste att de klarade sig bättre utan skönhet  
och besvär med sina frusna hjärtan av sten.  
Och så levde de vidare utan dans eller sång  
och utan något som kunde störa deras sinnesfrid,  
ty de föredrog att leva utan skönhet  
hellre än att riskera att bli upprörda  
eller alls ha några känslor.

Ty den etablerade klokheten är så avancerad i sin framsynthet  
att rara blomster som orkidéer måste förfrysa och torka ut  
i dess kalla närhet och folk bli uttorkade av dess torra volymer  
av pedantiska instruktioner om anvisningar och föreskrifter  
till förstening genom en så omfattande och pedagogisk hjärntvätt  
så att deras ögon aldrig mer ska kunna stråla av vakenhet  
eller deras intellekt aldrig mer skall kunna ifrågasätta något.  
I stället tvingas de till hårt fysiskt arbete genom allmännyttan  
i att lägga sten på börda till förmån för arbetsgivarna och de andra,  
de som så idogt lärt dem att bara sköta sina egna affärer  
och mest bara räkna sina pengar, eftersom de alltid var så få,  
och att avsky och förakta skratt och njutningar  
som till exempel av vackra orkidéer i en trädgård.

Men sångerna skall aldrig upphöra med att sjunga  
om sommaren som alltid återkommer med nytt solsken.  
Mycket kommer att gå över som aldrig var till någon glädje,  
och våra hjärtan kommer än en gång att lyftas upp,  
ty skönheten varken kommer eller går utom för att komma igen,  
det kommer sångerna aldrig att upphöra att sjunga om,  
fastän de torra gubbarna aldrig kommer att lyssna till dem,  
då de vet att deras inkrökthet ej är någonting att sjunga om.

### *Anonymitet*

Man är begravnen levande i gråhetens sterilitet,  
dödgrävaren och mördaren är den likgiltighetens tystnad  
som är vacuumet man fötts i och som aldrig svikit en  
hur hårt man än har arbetat och kämpat  
för att i rättvisans namn utbryta sig ur detta skal  
av isolering, onaturlighet och brist på andlig livsluft.  
Själen föddes fri med egna vingar  
men har aldrig givits luft att veckla ut dem  
men stängts inne trålbunden av ignoransens tvångströja  
av ren samhällelig slentrian och fördom och likgiltighet.  
Och därför kvävs du, stackars fria ande, ödessyster  
och min tvillingsjäl, vars enda brott var kreativitet,  
överbegåvningens dödsstämpel av abnormitet och anomalitet  
förklarad tabu av normalitetens medelmåttighets fördomars intighet.

### *Anonymity*

Buried alive in the greyness of sterility  
by the gravedigger and murderer of silence  
in that indifference into which you were born  
as in a vacuum which always was your own  
and followed you on as a persistent fateful foe

of some relentlessness, since he never gave you up  
no matter how hard you fought to get out of that grave  
of isolation and suffocation due to the lack of spiritual air...  
The soul was born free with wings of her own  
but was never given any air to spread them out  
but rather was shut up in the straight-jacket of ignorance  
like in a perpetual thralldom of obligatory indifference  
of the society of humdrum prejudice and stifling fatalism  
in the stagnation of materialism that gave up to death.  
And therefore, my twin soul and sister of destiny,  
you are being throttled for your creativity, your only crime,  
that separated you from mortal mediocrity, and given that stamp  
of doom for prejudiced abnormality and anomaly,  
declared taboo by that commonness of normality  
which can but bore us free and wingéd souls to death.

### *The desperate lover*

He came to me dissolved in desperation.  
"No, I can not stand it any more!  
I will no more be treated so by any lady!"  
"What is then the matter? What has happened?"  
"They just drive me nuts!" "But who?"  
"The ladies! Who else is so cruel and merciless  
but all the other other hopeless mad indecent and revolting sex!"  
"What have they done then? Is it more than one?"  
"One is more than enough!" I tried to soothe him.  
"Tell me now, what has she done to you?"  
"She just keeps doing nothing! She is never there,  
she gives her word but never keeps it, she forgets her promises,  
she says one thing but does the opposite, she never keeps appointments,  
and she goes to bed with anyone but me!"  
"I see," said I, "so you are jealous? Have you any proof of her unfaithfulness?"  
"It is enough for me to see her being fondled by her friends,  
her girl friends and her lovers and the whole world,  
while I am the only one to treat her decently!"  
"And since the whole world loves her and debases her,  
you are frustrated as her only true and decent lover and avoid her?"  
"Naturally, yes!" "My friend, you are completely lovesick."  
"Yes, of course! That is the problem! And I can not stand it any longer!  
She is so completely unreliable!" "My friend, you are not first in history  
to find out love is not a stable thing. What will you do?"  
"That is what I am asking you! What shall I do?"  
"You love her. That is all your trouble. Stay out of your love,  
forgo her, or continue suffering. That is your only choice."  
"But why must love be so humiliating and give so much suffering?"  
"My friend, that is the question which no lover ever had an answer to."  
And I went back to work, preferring to stay out of any trouble  
with frustrated lovers angry with each other.  
When love leads to jealousy it is no longer love but only egoism,  
which can drive any lover out of love to any madness.

### *The pathetic lover*

"Why can't I reach you?  
Why are you never at home when I come by?  
Don't you want to see me again?  
What did I do wrong?  
Or is it just that I am too old?  
This pathetic old ridiculous fool  
is then good for nothing and unqualified for love

and a thing to just sort out and forget all about.  
No, no woman's heart can be so cruel.  
There must be something else.  
Did I frighten you?  
That was the last thing I wanted to do –  
on the contrary I always observed the strictest politeness  
to spare your delicacy and my own vulnerability,  
for no feelings are sorer than the faithful lover's,  
and no lover's feelings are easier to wound than an old one's.  
Or is it just so simple and vulgar that you prefer someone else,  
someone younger that you can dominate,  
someone who doesn't flinch at making sex  
but is prepared to make child with anyone,  
a vulgar playboy who doesn't care about his victims  
and forgets immediately whom he laid before...  
In that case there is only disappointment  
and nothing else to say or do  
but to say farewell to love  
and consider oneself a pathetic ridiculous failure  
impossible to redeem or even to feel sorry for  
since he just gave up and fell a victim  
to his own vulnerability and the doubts of his misgivings  
and was not made to receive love but only to give it away  
thus making his life of love a constant bankruptcy,  
and whether it was worth it or not is a totally different story."  
- Said the old fool and went away and fell in love again.

### *Insecurity*

Your inner security is nothing to rely on,  
and neither is there any outer security.  
Your feelings will ever play havoc with you,  
constantly resulting in surprising earthquakes  
worse than any earthal catastrophe  
whenever you are not prepared for it,  
and they will never leave you in peace,  
because they are always there,  
like hungry harpies and furies of the night  
just waiting to put their claws into your soul  
and make it bleed most painfully and copiously  
until you can not bear it any longer  
but just have to clasp the knees of your friend  
and beg for mercy, like a criminal escaped to an ayslum.  
And yet, those feelings are better than being without any,  
career hearts of stone are frozen stiff forever,  
and successfully established authorities are lost forever,  
having done their careers and having nothing to look forward to  
but death as the release of their feelings at last  
which they buried alive in the bank vaults of success  
locked away forever,  
while the trembling leaf of an exposed and vulnerable soul  
will ever be free, as long as she suffers from her feelings.

### *Osäkerhet*

Din inre säkerhet är ingenting att lita på,  
och inte heller finns det någon yttre säkerhet.  
Ty ständigt kommer dina känslor att förinta dig  
och ligga i försåt med överraskande jordbävningar  
långt svårare än någon jordisk katastrof  
och närhelst du minst väntar det,

och aldrig skall de lämna dig i fred,  
ty de finns alltid där  
som hungriga harpyor eller furier väntande i natten  
bara på ett tillfälle att hugga klorna i din själ  
och få den att förblöda ymnigt och olidligt  
tills du inte längre kan stå ut  
men måste lägga ut dig för din vän  
och be om hans förbarmande och skydd  
som en förlupen dåre sökande asyl.  
Men ändå är det bättre att stå ut med slika känslor  
än att vara utan dem, ty karriäristens hjärta är en frusen sten  
och etablerade auktoriteter är förlorade för evigt  
då de gjort sina karriärer och ej har något mera att se fram emot  
förutom döden som den äntligen befriaren av deras frusna känsloliv  
som de begravnade levande i framgångens och självgodhetens bankvalv  
som de tappat nyckeln till,  
alltmedan den utsatta och sårbara själens dallrande och spröda asplöv  
alltid kommer att få flyga fritt för vinden  
lika länge som hon lider frivilligt för sina känslor.

#### *A chance meeting*

You called me from afar  
across the wilderness of solitude,  
and I was there to hearken  
and to understand your foreign song,  
a call which only the bereaved could understand,  
a song of love and languishment  
of missing the beloved but without heartrending pain,  
no tears was in that song but only loneliness,  
like from a crane got lost from her migrating flock,  
a cry of melancholic forlorn alien beauty  
of such singular enchantment and intriguing personality  
that I felt recognized myself as something similar,  
a hopeless case of alien nomadic yearning wildness  
never quite at ease or peace with anyone  
and least of all with my incurably outrageous self.  
So might two wolves make contact by a howling song  
across the frozen desolations of Siberia  
and find out to their immense surprise  
that they were not alone completely in this foreign universe.

#### *Skriet från vildmarken*

Du kallade på mig långt bortifrån  
den andra sidan av den vilda ensamheten,  
och jag lystrade till sången och förstod den genast,  
ty det var en sång som endast den förstår som känner sorgen,  
en sång av innerlig melankoli försmäktande av saknad  
men helt utan smärta, utan tårar, bara fylld av ensamhet,  
som från en trana som i flykten kommit bort från flocken  
med ett rop av övergiven sällsam skönhet  
av en sådan djup förtrollning och betagande personlighet  
att jag själv kände mig som något liknande och träffad,  
som ett hopplöst fall av främmande nomadisk längtans vildhet,  
aldrig helt tillfreds med någon, alltid ensam i allt sällskap,  
minst av allt belåten och i ro med sitt outhärdliga jag.  
Så kan två vargar nå kontakt genom sin vildhets klagan  
ylande tvärs över frusna tundror i Sibirien  
och till sin oändliga förvåning finna  
att de ej alls var helt ensamma i denna värld av främlingskap.

*Two old souls*

We are two old souls, you and I,  
and I would place you more convincingly in ancient Greece  
identified as something of a treasure of mythology  
originating most exceptional creativeness  
as nothing less than as a perfect proper muse.  
Myself have roots there, I was born in ancient Greece  
where both my heart and soul belonged from ancient times  
and always found their way back to return to,  
as to something of a mother's womb but in a spiritual sense,  
that womb and fountain of perpetual life continuing still  
to nourish all humanity with dreams of charm and beauty.  
Thus we are two timeless souls  
too old to ever get much older and to therefore stay forever young,  
retrieving and connecting to each other ever and again repetitively,  
maybe throughout history, to keep it going  
and to constantly remind humanity to never give up  
the creative and constructive mission  
which remains the most important task of life.

*Två gamla själar*

Vi är två gamla själar, du och jag,  
och jag är nog benägen att placera dig i gamla Grekland  
och identifiera dig som ursprunget till all mytologi  
och källan till en högst märkvärdig kreativitet  
som icke något mindre än en sannskyldig gedigen musa.  
Även jag har mina rötter där, jag föddes i antikens Grekland  
som mitt hjärta och min själ hört hermma i alltsedan dess  
och alltid återvänt till och sökt sig tillbaka till,  
som till något av ett moderssköte men i andlig mening,  
denna källa till oändligt liv som aldrig sinar  
för att underhålla hela mänskligheten  
med sin skönhets charms utsägliga drömmar.  
Alltså är vi två tidlösa själar  
alltför gamla för att åldras mer och därför dömda till att alltid förbli unga  
för att återfinna och förenas med varandra ständigt återkommande kontinuerligt  
kanske genom all historien, för att hålla den i gång  
och ständigt påminna vår mänsklighet om att ej någonsin ge upp  
den konstruktiva skapelsens mission  
som är det viktigaste som vi har att göra här i livet.

*Memories of my first love*

You bring me back my first love  
just by your existence  
with your long amazing hair  
exactly as my hippie bride of 30 years ago  
who just like you enchanted all her world  
and made all men go down themselves in craziness.  
Since then nothing has changed at all.  
I am still young and green, naïve and potty  
and consider the whole world my own  
since it is dancing all just for my love,  
and I am omnipotent as a lover  
since I have you for my love,  
the only goddess of eternity,  
who keeps my love alive forever  
just by existing  
as my first perpetual love that never dies.

*Happy birthday!*

Our strange relationship  
is something of a miracle to me  
that now is underlined and focussed  
as I venture forth to celebrate your birthday.  
We are not together and have never been so  
but are so the more for being separated,  
you in Russia, me at home at work,  
as if we never had been parted.

How is our relationship to be defined?  
I am too old to be your lover or your husband  
but too young to be your father.  
I am something in between,  
a friend in Limbo of some undefined category,  
a nothing but a bit of everything  
but could be anything  
and would be willing to whatever you would want.  
So that would be my birthday present to you:  
I shall be to you whatever you desire.

But the main thing is that our relationship is good.  
It has been good from the beginning  
and has constantly improved  
as long as we have known each other,  
and let us just keep it so  
allowing it to constantly grow even better.

*Timeless lovers*

We have no time for this relentless world  
of ignorance and cruelty and nonsense,  
like ridiculous atrocities and violence for nothing,  
so we stand outside it and are proud of that capacity  
of chronic outsiders feeling sorry for this mess  
of worldly matters, vanities and follies,  
making politics a nuisance for all sensible and thinking men  
and women, who should just refuse co-operating  
with this mankind and these men  
that only know the language of enforcement,  
of brute force, destructive hardness,  
self-destructive lunacy and idiocy.  
Unfortunately, most men in accountable positions  
suffer from this madness and should therefore  
definitely be subjected to some treatment;  
while the only sane and decent people  
have to step outside and sort this world out of their lives  
to at all be able to devote themselves  
to all that matters in the long run, which is love.

*Tidlösa älskare*

Vi har ingen tid för denna skoningslösa värld  
av nonsens, ignorans och grymhet  
såsom löjligt våld för ingenting,  
så vi står utanför och kan däröver vara stolta  
såsom kroniska utbölingar som tycker synd om hela eländet  
av världsliga affärer, fåfångor, förryckthet och förgänglighet  
som gör all politik till bara galenskap för eftertänksamhetens män  
och kvinnor, som bör vägra samarbeta

med en sådan manlig mänsklighet  
som bara kan forceringens och våldets språk,  
den självsvåldiga hårdhetens självdestruktiva vanvett.  
Till vår olycka så lider dock de flesta män i ansvarsfulla positioner  
av den galenskapen och bör därför tvångsomhändertagas,  
medan de få kloka och anständiga mänskliga undantagen  
tvingas att ta avstånd och förvisa världen ut ur sina liv  
för att alls kunna ägna sig åt det väsentliga,  
det enda som består och har betydelse i längden, som är kärlek.

*Apollo and Aphrodite*

There was a scandal at Olympus  
as there suddenly arose a rumour  
that Apollo, of all gods! had fallen flat  
for Aphrodite, of all goddesses!  
And Dionysus laughed his sides off,  
Zeus and Poseidon shook their heads,  
Artemis just went off out hunting  
and would hear no more about it,  
Hera smiled benevolently,  
knowing well the weaknesses of gods and men,  
Athena just could not believe it,  
she was shocked, the only one to be so,  
while Apollo's brother Hermes as the only one  
decided to find out the truth about it.  
So he went to old Hephaistus and asked  
if his notorious wife had actually deceived him.  
"Do you find that strange?" Hephaistus asked.  
"Do you not know that she keeps sleeping with just anyone?"  
"But even with Apollo?" asked bewildered Hermes.  
"Ask Apollo," answered the old limping smith,  
"I have not had anything to do with it."  
So Hermes went to seek Apollo out,  
whom he found sleeping with the lovely goddess Aphrodite,  
both entangled in each other's masses of blonde hair  
and all too evidently more than decently enjoying it.  
"What is this?" asked the frowning Hermes,  
folding up his arms, "have we not had enough of scandals  
here on Mount Olympus? And of all gods, you, Apollo,  
and with Aphrodite!" Apollo turned to him with calmness,  
looked at him carefully and asked: "And would you, Hermes,  
miss an opportunity with Aphrodite, if you got one?  
Who are you to envy me, a god yourself, my beauty and my love,  
and would you really dare denying me or anyone the privilege  
of loving beauty just for beauty's sake,  
even if she is a whore and Aphrodite and another's wife?  
Good Hermes, leave me to my love and seek your own,  
for you shall know, that even if I am the chastest of the gods,  
enjoy the highest reputation of morale, integrity, idealism and virtue,  
even I am subject to and must subordinate myself to love,  
the weakest of the goddesses but all the same  
the only omnipotent one, the power of whom everyone must bow to,  
even Zeus, which his wife can bear you testimony of;  
and even Artemis, my sister, although she remains a virgin  
must accept that love alone rules all the universe,  
all life, the destiny of man and even of the gods,  
which you shall understand, if not before,  
when we, the gods, are gone, but love continues still."  
So quoth Apollo and turned back to Aphrodite's silent charm  
to lose himself completely in her beauty  
while his brother Hermes went away in brooding worries,

for the first time contemplating the impending possibility  
of even the mortality of all the gods,  
but finally arrived at a conclusion: "Yes, by golly, he is right!  
We must be mortal, yes, of course, unless,  
how wise my brother is! we give ourselves to love,  
since only love in this world must of course,  
according to the most and only natural of laws,  
rule life and be the only immortality!"  
And he turned back to Mount Olympus  
and told all the other gods, that there was nothing wrong,  
and that Apollo only knew the real way for them all  
to spite all history, survive their own mortality  
and ultimately end up defeating even time.

### *Apollon och Afrodite*

Olympen drabbades av ännu en skandal  
när ett nytt rykte spordes  
som berättade att självaste Apollon  
fallit platt, av alla gudar, och för Afrodite!  
Dionysos kunde inte hålla sig för skratt,  
Poseidon liksom Zeus skakade på huvudet,  
Artemis ville inte höra mera utan stack iväg,  
den överseende erfarna Hera log som alltför välbekant  
med mänskliga och gudomliga svagheter,  
Athena vägrade tro sina öron  
och var som den enda helt chockerad,  
medan Hermes ensam som Apollons broder  
tog sig före att ta reda på vad som egentligen stod på.  
Så han begav sig till Hefaistos och frågade  
om faktiskt dennes ökända gemål bedragit honom.  
"Finner du det då så konstigt?" frågade Hefaistos.  
"Vet du inte att hon går i säng med vem som helst?"  
"Men att hon gör det med Apollon!" svarade då Hermes konsternerat.  
"Fråga honom," svarade den gamle lytte smeden,  
"jag har ingenting med saken alls att göra."  
Hermes gav sig då åstad och sökte upp Apollon  
som han fann i sängen hos den fagra Afrodite,  
båda djupt insnärjda i varandras långa gyllne hår  
och alltför uppenbart i mer än anständig avnjutning av sitt läge.  
"Vad är detta?" frågade då Hermes uppbragt  
och med armarna i kors. "Har vi då inte haft tillräckligt med skandaler  
här ibland oss på Olympen? Och av alla gudar du, Apollon,  
och med Afrodite!" Då såg lugnt Apollon Hermes djupt i ögonen  
och frågade: "Och skulle du då, Hermes, avstå ifrån Afrodite,  
om du hade chansen? Vem är du att missunna mig denna skönhets kärlek,  
och skulle du då på fullt allvar verkligen ha djärvheten att vägra  
inte bara mig men någon över huvud taget privilegiet  
att få älska skönheten för endast hennes skull,  
om så hon var en hora, själva Afrodite och en annans hustru?  
Gode Hermes, lämna mig i fred här med min kärlek, sök din egen,  
och det skall du veta, att om jag så är den kyskaste av gudar  
med det högsta ryktet för moral, integritet, idealism och dygd,  
så är dock även jag i underordnad ställning när det gäller kärlek,  
störst bland svagheter men samtidigt den enda maktfullkomliga gudomligheten  
som vi alla måste ödmjuka oss inför, även Zeus, vilket Hera kan berätta om;  
och till och med Artemis, syster min, fast hon förblir en jungfru.  
måste acceptera kärleken som ensam härskare i universum  
över allt liv, över människornas öden och till och med över gudars,  
vilket du nog skall förstå om inte förr när vi är borta medan kärleken består."  
Så talade Apollon och vände sin uppmärksamhet tillbaka till gudinnans tysta charm  
för att förlora sig fullkomligt, djupt i hennes skönhet,

medan broder Hermes gav sig av försänkt i grubbel  
då han aldrig tidigare kommit att fundera på den möjligheten  
att till och med gudarna med tiden kunde visa sig bli dödliga,  
men kom så plötsligt fram till en klar insikt:  
"Han har rätt, för sjutton! Klart att vi är dödliga,  
såvida inte vi hängiver oss åt kärleken,  
då endast kärleken, naturligtvis, i denna värld  
i enlighet med den allena helt naturliga av lagar  
måste helt behärska livet och allena ge odödlighet!"  
Och han gav sig tillbaka till Olympen  
och förklarade för alla gudarna därstädes,  
att allting var i sin ordning, att Apollon visste vad han gjorde  
och att han nu visade dem vägen och den enda vägen för dem alla  
att i trots mot tiden och historien överleva dödligheten  
och så till och med besegra tidens gång för alltid.

#### *Variation*

Don't remind me of my first love.  
I was raped and killed, and that was it,  
that is, my love was killed from the beginning  
by the evidence of hard reality  
and the annihilating fallacy of man  
resulting in a devastating disappointment  
of supremest kind for life,  
a rape to be endured and re-experienced forever.  
How can love survive? - is my resulting lasting question  
which will never have an answer.  
Love just gets on and survives  
like life when it bursts through the toughest asphalt  
with some tiny flower, just for demonstration,  
and goes on like crazy, loving just for love's sake,  
just to prove its own impossible existence,  
with no smile, no tears, as stoic as a deathskull  
but nevertheless with irresistibility  
continuing to love like mad forever.

#### *The truth about the matter*

The truth about the matter  
is that love, if true, is too deep to be properly expressed  
and never, therefore, can be expressed enough,  
and therefore, the truer and the deeper your love is,  
the more easily it gets misunderstood,  
and then starts the real process  
of introversion, broodings without end and in eternity,  
the problematic analysis of what went wrong,  
which nothing really did,  
love just got entangled in itself and by itself,  
got stuck like that famous interrupted coitus recently explained,  
was too deep and too true to get a forum in reality,  
in brief, turned into a hopeless ideal.  
How do you solve that problem?  
It's just impossible.  
Love once turned into an ideal remains an ideal,  
and there is no cure for it, it just goes on forever,  
like a satellite launched into space to wander on forever  
into nothing but with the most important message on board  
of all eternity explaining all the universe  
and holding within the innermost and deepest of all secrets  
of life itself.

### *Sanningen om saken*

Sanningen om saken är,  
att kärlek, om den är äkta, är för djup för att kunna uttryckas klart  
och kan därför aldrig uttryckas tillräckligt,  
varför din kärlek, ju sannare och djupare den är,  
desto lättare blir missförstådd,  
och då börjar den verkliga processen  
med introvertering och grubblerier utan ände i all evighet,  
det problematiska analyserandet av vad som gick fel,  
vilket egentligen ingenting gjorde;  
kärleken bara trasslade in sig i sig själv  
och fastnade som ett ofullbordat samlag  
och var för sann och för djup för att få plats i verkligheten  
och, kort sagt, helt enkelt övergick till ett ideal.  
Hur löser man det problemet?  
Det är helt enkelt omöjligt.  
När kärleken blivit ett ideal förblir den ett ideal,  
och det finns ingen bot, den bara håller på och upphör aldrig  
liksom en satellit på blindkurs ut i rymden som bara ständigt fortsätter vidare  
mot ingenstans men med evighetens viktigaste budskap ombord  
med förklaringen till hela universums gåta  
som är själva livets innersta hemlighet.

### *Untouchability*

"I find love to be an indefinable force that sometimes has no reason, and therefore makes our wanting of it all the more desirable." - BlueyedSoul

Don't turn my love into some palpability  
but let me keep it free from agony of coarse reality  
and thus preserve it better as an indefinability  
to cherish and feel free to cultivate without hostility  
from rivals, complications and outrageous culpability.  
Thus saith my love: "You'd better not risk touching me,  
for then I might prove real." I will not touch my love  
but rather dream away from it and reach it better that way,  
since the language spoken into dreams is clearer  
and much more reliable than what all words in lies are able to express.  
There is no love but abstract love,  
there is no truth in love but in the soul,  
and love made concrete is one way into a trap  
where you get stuck and nothing more can save you  
until death restores your soul and freedom.  
So keep clean and out of love's more practical manifestations,  
and in that way you will manage to stay on in love forever.

### *The Chat*

When we sleep together, you and I,  
and talk at length about forbidden things  
that no one ever heard of,  
and I venture in my sleeplessness to leave your bed  
to just escape our union for a moment,  
something thought-provoking startles me,  
that you are not alone as long as I at all exist.  
This world, this universe is just too small for us,  
and in the thawing warmth of our embrace  
the whole world melts away  
as just a negligible vanishing nonentity  
that our hearts are too full of love to even mind,

while we alone exist  
as some kind of dualistic nuclear centre of existence  
even while we keep apart.  
And at the same time, our love keeps all the world alive,  
as if it was dependent on the fact that we exist together;  
and thus can we go to sleep with a good conscience  
having done our duty to the world by making love.

*Headaches and heartaches*

by the way, T.S.Eliot's birthday, 26th September

Another day of hell  
in desert land with hollow men,  
an outsider in exile  
marked as alien and treated worse,  
an outcast lost in headaches  
and, what's worse, a bleeding heart.  
It could not really be much worse.  
Why does he then stay on,  
a lonely isolated frozen-out exemption  
from the greyness of this suicidal Hades?  
He has his work and sticks to it in fealty  
although they never thank him for it  
nor give any salary or recognition,  
but he just accepts it, shrugs it off and carries on,  
since even in the hopelessness of blackest hell  
you always find something to love,  
the only universal cure for everything.

*All the 'Offs'*

Don't remind me of the corpses,  
all the lost ones, all the accusations,  
all the failures, all that got away,  
all the exploded dreams, the cruelties and massacres,  
all the deceivers and the frauds,  
the vanished hopes, the deaths, the burials...  
Let me rest in peace for all the living dead  
that never can stop torturing you  
by being constantly dug up as agony reminders  
whenever they get the slightest chance.  
A divorce is worse than any marriage,  
for a marriage can be ended by divorce,  
but a divorce will ever haunt you,  
hunt you down and keep you on the rack forever.

*The black hole of truth*

Let's go away together  
on the ultimate and only valid journey  
out of this world, out of all reality  
and leave all baseness and vulgarity behind  
to lose ourselves in wild fantastic dreams of beauty  
thickened with the perfumes of our love song  
that shall never end but constantly reach greater heights  
of wuthering astoundingness and glorious perfection.

People say that life itself is nothing but a journey,  
and it has no meaning but for that especial element

of being ever on the move away and forward,  
always onwards, often wayward and the more, the better,  
just as long as that trip never ends  
but leads us on and carries us away  
into the abyss of oblivion  
into that black hole of love and beauty  
that will ultimately end up in a dawning new eternity.

*The worst and most painful jealousy...*

Jealousy is never worse than when it's justified,  
when others make the same claim of your love as you,  
when others act as if they were your doubles  
manifesting the same feelings for your love as you,  
transforming your life to a nightmare of outrageous clones,  
all those unworthy rivals utterly destroying what was yours  
and killing off the harmony of what you thought was perfect love,  
continuously ruining your day and life and future,  
and you can do nothing but resign in gloom.  
For what can you do about others having equal human rights as you?  
It was your bad luck that they picked on your love,  
you have no right whatsoever to deny them any feelings,  
and to start some quarrel, have a fight or challenge them to duels  
is now out of fashion and but childishness.  
You have to bear it, and if you are lucky  
your love might discover that you, after all,  
was better than the others and the only worthy one.

*The kiss of death*

Yes, it's possible to kiss yourself to death.  
When love is running out and ruining itself,  
when you are wasted and has turned your inside out,  
that is your heart and soul, so nothing else remains,  
then you can still consume yourself  
by throwing yourself out into the final abyss  
visiting the hell of dead and wasted lovers  
where they kissed themselves to death;  
and, mind you, they were not just ordinary kisses.  
Lips may meet and signify but shallowness and nothing,  
lips may lie and put on shows, like hiding behind lipsticks,  
but there is another kind of kisses, much more subtle,  
that are whispered in consummate silence, privately  
by means of nothing but the element of honest thought.  
Those are the kisses which I here try to describe,  
the secret loves that never manifest themselves in flesh and blood,  
the unexpressed desires, wishes unfulfilled,  
and dreams that never could come true,  
all those unwritten tragedies of love  
that never came to more than secret kisses from afar  
sent by some windhorse, wandering in darkness,  
the sincerest kisses ever,  
that will always carry through their message  
spiting time and space to go on loving  
and to die of love forever.

*An old time ballad*

She had a wooden leg but was surprisingly efficient,  
and the blokes could never do without her.

She developed a technique of outstanding refinement  
quite unique for her profession, not to scare away the customers,  
but finally she did it just too well.  
A client could not let her go to others, so he gallantly proposed to her,  
and she could not afford to be without a husband,  
once she got this one chance of a lifetime.  
Well, on the wedding night she just broke loose  
forgetting all restraints, and fellows of the bridegroom  
standing secretly to watch outside the window  
saw the blockhead screwing off his head like hell,  
the wooden leg had never been less of an obstacle,  
but, alas, there were some consequences:  
he picked chips and splinters from his leg for fourteen days.

### *The closed gate*

You are never there when I come for a visit.  
I am tired now of climbing fences,  
all these locked doors keep the wrong people away,  
how can you love and associate with friends  
and have some kind of human workable society  
if you need codes to enter every ordinary house?  
Is love then to be fenced away  
and kept by force away from every home?  
Is privacy synonymous with isolation, then?  
In Orwell's brave new world love is a dangerous disease  
that has to be resisted and exterminated,  
and its medicine is pesticides and other drugs  
preventing you from thinking properly,  
and human contacts is a menace to the order of society.  
The only culture is the mainstream brainwash,  
which is obligatory for everyone,  
and he who does not want it and who shuts it out  
is anti-social with a criminal potential  
and must carefully be watched -  
the cameras in every street will spot him everywhere.  
I am so tired of this alienation of humanity in this society of unhumanity  
for order's sake and for security, for politicians to manipulate the easier,  
for the establishment of lies, hypocrisy and cynicism,  
and don't want any more to climb high fences,  
break up gates and force myself through locked and coded doors  
to only meet my friend, who suffers in her loneliness,  
like everybody else.

### *Det låsta samhället*

Du är aldrig hemma när jag söker dig.  
Jag är så trött på att behöva klättra över stängsel,  
alla dessa låsta dörrar håller fel folk borta,  
hur kan någon idka vänskap, umgänge och kärlek  
eller ens ha ett humant fungerande samhälle  
om man måste kunna koder till vartenda hus man går till?  
Måste kärleken då sättas bakom stängsel  
och med våld och tvångsåtgärder utestängas från vartenda hem?  
Skall då privatliv göras synonymt med isolering?  
I Orwells sköna nya värld är kärleken en farlig sjukdom  
som med alla medel måste motstås och bekämpas och elimineras  
genom mediciner såsom pesticidier och droger  
som motverkar människans förmåga till att tänka klart,  
och mänskliga kontakter är ett hot mot samhällsordningen.  
Den enda tillåtna kulturen är det allmänna tillrättalagda hjärntvättsflödet,

som nödvändigt är obligatoriskt för varenda en,  
och den som motstår överhetens påbjudna indoktrinering  
är asocial och potentiell som samhällsfarligt element  
och att betrakta som en subversiv och kriminell säkerhetsrisk  
som nog måste kontrolleras och bevakas  
genom helst ett utarbetat övervakningssystem av helst kameror på varje gata,  
så att varje drag av honom kan analyseras och tas upp i hans behandling.  
Denna dehumanisering och denaturalisering av vår mänsklighet  
för ordningens och säkerhetens skull, för att politiker  
skall få det lättare att sköta manipulationen,  
för etablissemangets lögnar, hyckleri och cyniska omänsklighet,  
är jag så gränslöst trött på, och jag vill ej längre hålla på  
med att bestiga höga stängsel och forcera taggrådshinder,  
bryta mig in genom låsta dörrar spärrade med ständigt nya koder  
bara för att träffa och få se min vän, som lider av sin ensamhet,  
som alla andra.

*The abstract beauty of your soul*

The abstract beauty of your soul compels me  
to some apprehension for your frailty,  
like some precious old Venetian glass entrusted to my hands  
for my responsibility to care for and protect,  
and I will do so willingly and bind myself to that distinguished obligation  
piously regarding it as my concern and mission,  
maybe the most vital and important of my life.  
The secret of your charm is that you live by soul alone,  
material values are nonentities to you,  
while you look only for the soul of man to bring it forth,  
that is the best sides of humanity and of each human being;  
all that ever was of any good in any person you awake  
to new life, and thus can you thaw up any human heart  
and even recall frozen flowers back to life.  
My love was such a frozen flower,  
buried and suppressed since twenty years,  
and could I then stop loving you and go to sleep and lethargy again  
when you are here to brighten up my life? Impossible,  
life was created to exist and must exist through love,  
if possible, forever.

*Apollo and Aphrodite, part two*

Apollo lay with Aphrodite, never tiring of each other,  
but eventually they started to discuss the situation.  
"What is love, my darling, really?" asked Apollo.  
"What a stupid question," answered love's own goddess,  
"you don't talk about it unless you want to destroy it."  
"But mustn't lovers talk about their love and their relationship?"  
"But that is not what love is. Love can not be talked about,  
because you can not understand it. It exists, and that is all."  
"My darling, you intrigue me. Then the more important to discuss it  
and to have it understood. That is a challenge, then."  
"You do not understand it, and you do not talk about it.  
You just give it and want nothing in return.  
It is the gift of life to manage and administer in such a way  
that you can never keep it for yourself but only handle it by giving it away."  
"So it is not for keeping but for giving only.  
But can you hurt anyone with such a gift?"  
"That is the delicacy. Love is total trust.  
If you don't trust your love completely and can be completely open  
with her about everything, then your love is lacking."

"Did all men and gods you slept with before me trust you as much as I?"  
 "They did, and I was not unfaithful to a single one of them, for I am love itself."  
 "What does your husband say about it?"  
 "Nothing, for he loves me."  
 "But he never slept with you."  
 "And thus he might well be the one who loves me most of all."  
 "Is chaste and virgin love then higher and superior to any carnal love like ours?"  
 "Yes, for there is no more powerful and potent lover  
 than the one who never spends his semen."  
 "But can he be satisfactory?"  
 "Not temporarily, but in the long run he outlasts all other lovers."  
 "But you ladies do prefer the proper temporary love  
 in flesh and blood in bed, or don't you?"  
 "Never count on that. The trust is all. Give me a lover like my husband,  
 who has never slept with me and never been unfaithful  
 and who trusts me no matter with whom I go to bed,  
 and I call him a better lover than the fairest  
 and most irresistible of all efficient lovers."  
 That concluded their discussion, and Apollo felt that he had had enough.  
 He left her bed and went home to her working husband,  
 where he laboured in his den, and told him:  
 "Dear Hephaistus, I am sorry that I stole your wife from you,  
 but I have learned the lesson how much better you are as a lover than myself."  
 Hephaistus said: "You must be joking."  
 "Not at all," Apollo answered,  
 "I in all my beauty and my splendour and refinement  
 is a clown and dilettant in love compared with you,  
 who with your limp and ugliness have never let her down  
 in your respect and faith. We all have sometimes deprecated  
 and despised her for her wantonness,  
 and you, her husband, is the only one who never thought insultingly about her.  
 That is love and much more love than any lover physically can bestow on her."  
 And fair Apollo left Hephaistus and his wife in peace  
 and never tried again to copulate with her,  
 for he had learned his lesson about love and stuck to it.

### *Vain separation*

The first thing every morning that I see  
 as I wake up is you, the more so  
 the more absent you are from my side.  
 I can not do without you,  
 and therefore you never leave me,  
 like a guardian angel always on her guard  
 to save us both from every danger  
 that could possibly disturb our union of hearts  
 that once and permanently fused our souls to one.  
 My mind and thoughts and soul and all are all of you,  
 and there was never anyone to vie with that capacity.  
 Yet, still there is so much for us to do  
 and such a labour just to get to know each other  
 and to reach ourselves and understand our love  
 that is too deep for us to fathom by ourselves  
 since we are drowned in it once and for all.

### *What went wrong?*

What went wrong? It petered out, but never died,  
 but many got completely lost on all those crooked ways,  
 not only vanishing in drugs with permanent brain damage,  
 like almost all the friends of Cassidy and Kerouac,

but above all in all those flummeries and weird deceptions  
masked most commonly in saviour-like attractiveness;  
but all those 'movements of religion and philosophy' with business interests  
were naïve and innocent compared with the political reaction,  
when demonstrations were stamped down with brute police force  
and the FBI let all drugs loose to swamp the Woodstock concert  
in political premeditated purpose to commit and trap  
and rape the flower power movement into drug addiction.  
This was never proved nor disproved, but the accusation  
has grown stronger with the years  
and also more persistent, loud and clear.  
Of course, war ruined everything, the Vietnam war  
in escalating madness after the assassination of John Kennedy,  
who at an early stage saw the necessity to stop it and who tried to do so,  
which was why he was assassinated by psychotics who could not accept it,  
brought all America, the leader of democracy and of all nations,  
morally in disrepute and in disdain, the bottom reached, we thought, by Nixon,  
but, alas, there were administrations worse than his  
who stolidly refused to learn the lesson. Still, the hibernating hippies  
never stopped encountering new springs,  
the music constantly increased the flow,  
not even drugs could stop the freedom liberation of the mind  
in idealistic aspiration, like an urge of irresistibility  
for beauty, fantasy, constructiveness, creativeness and goodness.  
Love and truth and beauty never died and never will  
but will go on exploding and refuting backward world order forever.

*Our case*

Our only problem, as I see it,  
is that we don't ever seem to get the chance to talk out properly.  
There is so much I want to tell you,  
there are infinities of question marks,  
our friendship contains elements that need clarification,  
the abstractness needs some definition,  
I am too much kept away from you by work and obligations,  
and our intercourse is always interrupted by some mad disturbance  
importuning like we never importune each other.  
That is our dilemma. We can't reach each other  
in this alien world of a deranged society  
of alienated and environmentally disturbed and brainwashed people  
where we seem to be the only sane and normal ones,  
since we can see the blindness of the others.  
Fortunately we at least stand in some contact with each other,  
or we would be left alone in isolation with the mess of all humanity.

*For Phyllis, on her birthday*

You went with me upon the hippy trail  
once upon a time when we were young  
in different worlds but in the same direction  
in the pursuit of idealism and beauty  
to get drunk by life and get into extremes of it  
walking tall and high and without scruples  
brushing everything away that wasn't positive;  
and here we are, still, after forty years  
and are still on that trail, pursuing happiness,  
idealism and beauty, since we never gave up  
that perhaps most vital quest there ever was in life.  
I never was a hippy on the outside but the more  
inside me with a soul more flippant than the worst

of crazy horses, and my best friends were by far  
the most extreme ones, those who just did anything  
in pursuit of the same ideals.  
We have them still, whatever did get lost, they didn't,  
and we still have far to go, for many years, I hope,  
since for that quest the longest lifetime  
(even with a hundred birthdays) never is enough.

*Lost in the maze of love*

The depth gets deeper all the time,  
the abyss is no longer bottomless  
but virtually expanding into the relentlessness  
of the infinity of all the universe,  
where you get lost,  
where there is nowhere any compass,  
any ups or downs or any straight road  
but just an infinity of labyrinthic intricacy  
with no hope of ever getting out again.  
But maybe that's the very meaning  
of the strange impalpability called love  
that you should never get the hang of it  
but just experience it as that amazing puzzle  
of impossibility and incredibility it is  
and suffer for it equally as much as you enjoy it  
with the only obligation to just take it on  
whatever happens, with a distant possibility  
to sometime somewhere maybe understand  
what it was all about. You love, but that's not all  
but only the beginning of another universe.

*A hippie epitaph*

Wherever did you go, my lovely lost one,  
the butterfly of warm and tender colours,  
always draped in veils like to enlarge your wings,  
the Queen of hippies in those days  
surrounded by a court of brilliant beautiful admirers,  
a court that I accepted for my love of you  
and loved you, living up to that responsibility.  
We all were carried easily away by any love in those days,  
so were you, when someone stole my bed with you in it,  
but I still loved you after that and wanted to sustain my faith,  
but you could never take it seriously  
and abjectly refused all further poems  
and all efforts for a reconciliation.  
Was it better, then, to turn to smoking  
and committing yourself only to the queerest bums?  
You had a child with your seducer  
and became a hard and bitter woman  
whom I never more could recognize  
as that sweet butterfly of only candid colours.  
Once or twice you tried again to turn to me  
in efforts to renew the loveliness we had,  
but I was working hard and could not sacrifice  
what ideals I had left to instability in love.  
Instead, since then, I only worked for love.

*En av dessa historier...*

Vart tog du vägen, stackars vän,  
min fjäril med de spröda vingarna,  
som svepte dig i slöjor i blott varma färger  
liksom för att höja och förlänga vingarna,  
en drottning på den tiden i ett hov av skönhet  
omringad av vackra idealiska beundrare  
som jag fick ansvar för och levde upp till.  
Alla flög vi lätt iväg på kärleks vingar på den tiden  
liksom även du, när någon stal min säng med dig på köpet,  
men jag älskade dig fortfarande och ej mindre efter det,  
men något brast i dig, och du tog aldrig mera mig på allvar  
och vägrade mottaga flera dikter  
och såg ingen återvändo.  
Var det bättre då att gå och tända på  
och falla för de nedrigaste luffare?  
Du fick ett barn med din förförare  
och blev en hård och bitter kvinna  
som jag aldrig mera kände igen  
som den där ljuva fjärilen med långa varma vingar.  
Några gånger sökte du återuppliva vad som varit,  
men jag fastnade i alltför hårt arbete  
och kunde inte offra för en kärleks instabilitet  
de ideal jag hade kvar. I stället har jag sedan dess  
blott arbetat för kärlek.

*Socialarbetarens facit*

Hur fick vi detta galna samhälle  
av vrak och utbrändheter överallt  
som bara går på piller, droger och tabletter  
och behöver psykiatriker och terapi mest varje dag  
om de ej super ner sig, minst i perioder  
men helst hela tiden bara för att alls stå ut  
med detta onaturlighetens samhälle av isolering,  
övervakning och miljöförstöring, George Orwells eget folkhem,  
det mest idealiska tänkbara, där varenda en blir salig  
om de bara finner sig i skvalsamhällets hjärntvätt.  
Vilken flykt som helst från verkligheten görs berättigad  
i detta idealiska Orwellska folkhem,  
och det håller nästan på att bli det enda som folk har att leva för,  
verklighetsflykten alltså, - vad som helst men bara inte mera gråhet.  
Låt oss alltså vara glada och stå ut med ständigt mera sten på börda  
bara för att underlätta livet för varandra  
och ej gå på några finter som vill lura oss på detta enda liv vi har  
här på en pinne i den gyllne buren  
av George Orwells underbara folllkhems idealiskhet  
för hemförlovning av för tidigt helt senildementa fall  
av flinande utbrända idioter.

*Embarras de richesse*

This law is very strange  
that tells of the encumberment of pleasure,  
how the better off you are, the more you feel unhappy,  
and the more you have, the more you want and lack.  
If you are spoilt by everything you want, your life is ruined,  
and the higher you have raised the standard of your living,  
the more likely you'll acquire dreadful illnesses,  
most being nowadays of having lived too well;

while if you work hard and are poor and have to constantly fight with adversity,  
you'll probably keep well and healthy and much better off than all the rich ones  
suffering from boredom, from the worries of their property and their possessions,  
from atrocious taxes and the turbulences of the stock exchange  
and getting nothing for their woes and worries for their property and riches  
but a most unwelcome premature heart attack or worse.  
Such is the wisdom of this world and of its ways,  
that all you strive for will backfire,  
and no matter how much you deserve,  
you will get only what you don't deserve.

Denna lag är mycket märklig  
som beskriver glädjens allvarliga konsekvenser,  
hurusom ju mera gott du lever, desto mer olycklig blir du,  
och ju mer du äger, desto mera vill du ha och saknar du.  
Om du blir bortskämd med att få allt vad du vill så blir du helt förstörd,  
och ju högre du har höjt din levnadsstandard,  
desto mera troligt kommer du att drabbas av förfärliga sjukdomar,  
då de flesta sjukdomar idag är sjukdomar av välfärd;  
medan om du jobbar hårt, är fattig och får ständigt tampas med motgångar  
klarar du mer troligt hälsan och långt bättre än de välbeställda  
som uttråkade mest äger att oro sig för sina rikedomar och sin egendom,  
för hutlösa taxeringar och börsens turbulenser, och får ingenting  
för alla sina sorger och bekymmer för sin egendom och sina pengar  
utom en högst ovälkommen alltför tidig hjärtattack, om inte något värre.  
Sådan är den, världens outrannsakliga visdom och dess gång,  
att allt du strävar efter slår tillbaka,  
och vad du än har förtjänat  
får du bara vad du aldrig har förtjänat.

*The wayward ways of love*

Sighing and dying for your sake  
I languish in my hell of love  
but do it gladly, since I know too well  
how fortunate I am to suffer for your sake,  
you being what you are, a goddess,  
not of love but of the force behind it,  
the motivation, the creation and the cause,  
a queen of beauty but combined with feelings,  
all a trembling tenderness of sensitivity,  
a cluster abyss of intoxication  
wondrously consisting of too much of everything,  
a hopeless overwhelmingness  
of beauty above all  
to which we all must fall  
in adoration and dependence  
and the ultimate addiction  
to the ultimate ideal  
of indefinability.

*The comfort of maltreated ladies*

A lover's soul is always full of tears,  
but he can never shed them,  
for they are not tears that flow that easily  
like water, but must needs some treatment  
to at all have any proper outlet.  
There is one possible treatment only,  
and that is the poet's temperament,  
that transforms those precious tears

into the costliest jewels  
as a neverending flow of riches  
from a cornucopia of beauty  
only for the pleasure of man's virtual eyes  
and for the comfort of maltreated women,  
who in poet's tears transformed into dreams  
of beauty find a love of greater worth  
than any man's discharge of natural brutality.

*Misshandlade damers tröst*

En älskares själ är alltid bräddad med tårar  
som han inte kan utgjuta,  
ty de är icke tårar som flyter som vanligt vatten  
men måste särbehandlas för att kunna få utlopp.  
Det finns bara ett sätt att behandla dem,  
och det är genom det poetiska temperamentet,  
som fitrerar och ombildar dessa ovärderliga tårar  
till de ljuvligaste juveler av oförgänglig skönhet  
som flödar ut av ett ousinligt ymnighetshorn  
bara till glädje för läsande ögon  
och till tröst för misshandlade damer,  
som i poetens tårar omvandlade till drömmar  
av skönhet finner en kärlek av djupare värde  
än mannens grovhets yttringars brutalitet.

*To Be in Love*

Can you be driven to madness by love? It happens too easy.  
A few sleepless nights only, missing your love, and you're lost.  
Not an animal caught in a trap in a pit is so helpless and destitute  
as he who's in love but without his beloved.  
Turn around with your sighs in your sweated bed, you ridiculous fool,  
for never you'll get her, since you are so stupid to love her too much.  
There is no self-tormentor more miserable than the lover in loneliness  
who dares not to love his beloved,  
who dares not to cry out his madness,  
who dares not admit his all too human weakness  
and his foremost privilege being a man:  
to be simply in love.

*The dependence of independence and vice versa*

Sorry, love, I can not do without you.  
I was born a free man and an even freer spirit,  
and I always cherished and kept safe my independence,  
many girls refused me since I was too independent,  
but then there was you, an equally nomadic independent spirit  
living, as it seemed, on just her independence,  
free and totally emancipated as a feminist,  
and neither of us wanted ever to fall prey to thralldom,  
not in any way, and least of all in some traumatic sado-masochistic bondage.  
Still we need each other, but as independently dependent on our co-dependence,  
freedom is the guarantee of our souls to never become subject to another,  
so we can be co-dependently dependent on each other only as completely independent,  
if you see my meaning, which is rather simple and not difficult at all.  
And that is maybe the right key to every happy and successful couple and relationship:  
that they remain completely independent as dependent on each other.

*The true lover*

"It's not you I do not trust,  
it's all those other fellows,  
all those swarming men around your bed,  
all those invited to your side  
to help you on the way to have some fun,  
all those who just are out for kicks  
to use the opportunity and to use you  
for unknown ends, but selfish motives  
always end up badly  
usually for both the bastard and his victim;  
but I love you anyway,  
and that you can be sure of,  
that no one in the world can love you more than I do.  
So I don't mind all those other phonies  
whether they are fucking you or not,  
I just keep clear out of their way,  
'cause I don't want no trouble  
with my love or with her lovers,  
since my troubles with myself  
and with my feelings, honestly, are quite enough."

*The grey hairs*

Each time you see her, alive or in memory,  
you shall acquire in richness another grey hair,  
that being in logical law the most natural wages of love.  
No one loves more without sense and more blindly  
than aged poor old fools with no more on their heads  
than the whiteness and baldness of suffering endless experience.  
But he who is young, and without any single white hair,  
has not loved anyone but himself yet.  
With pain and with suffering only,  
with the full desperation of unfair defeat bolting blindly in madness,  
in the depths of dishonour and blackness of hell only  
real love will gradually come to be learned,  
which is not of this world,  
but which colours you white like from ashes and snows  
and which purges the colours away from your hair.

*Madness*

Some call it madness, others call it love,  
some call it anger, others call it instability,  
all those feelings that play havoc with you,  
that result in outbursts for good or for worse,  
that neither you nor anyone else can control,  
that oversensitivity that people tend to suppress  
under fraudulent masks of scruples killing all honesty –  
no, let the madness out, if it be madness,  
Freud was right, you can't keep anything in  
and least of all the truth of ordinary human feelings  
that simply have to be expressed,  
or the stones themselves will start crying,  
the weather exploding, the earthquakes arising,  
your feelings are holy no matter how mad they may be,  
and the only way to be human is to express your feelings.

Some criticism at last is due...

*The challenge of the ten commandments*

They are not really any true commandments  
but eight prohibitions and two recommendations.  
The ancient Greeks had only one commandment,  
but they never put it down in writing,  
since they knew man's fallacy enough  
to be aware that he would never be obedient to common sense.  
Their one commandment was a hint at a recommendation,  
that one should not dedicate oneself to hubris,  
which man ever did as long as he made history.  
Since then, no more commandments were imposed on man,  
since he preferred to constantly go mad  
with hubris and to violate the ten commandments,  
most especially the first and wisest, oldest one,  
the one that said "Thou shalt not kill".  
The history of mankind boasts the testimony  
that he never could have heard of that commandment.  
Older than the ten commandments was the fundamental message  
of the oldest writs of man in ancient India in the Vedas,  
where it is expressed not only in the Kamasutra  
the necessity to live by love alone.  
Well, well, that message clearly also was forgot from the beginning,  
or the men that made this earth a constant battlefield  
did never hear about it, as they never could learn anything.

*Compassion*

En ung flicka, Eunice, omkom i en bilolycka.  
Hennes älskare, Joshua från Mexico, ville inte leva utan henne och sköt sig.

*Requiem för döda älskare*

*Compassion Requiem for dead lovers*

Let me share your tears and blend them with my own.  
There is too much to always cry for,  
and the oceans never can get full of all the human tears,  
although they overwhelm the ocean waters with their saltiness,  
since there is no end to sorrows and no bottom to their abyss,  
the sorrow fountain being constantly replenished,  
and the waves of tears irrevocably growing and increasing like tsunamis  
in their overwhelmingness and irresistibility.  
And there is no sorrow deeper than when love is dying,  
the supreme momentum thereof being  
suicide for love.  
Here falls the silence,  
words can not express the grief,  
the tears will choke all voices into silence  
which will boom with the appalling overwhelmingness of death  
re-echoing in all eternity,  
for there is no sound or power more tremendous  
than the silent grief and sorrow for a true love that was lost.

Varför diktar man, när orden ändå inte räcker till?  
När döden kommer såsom allra mest olämpligt  
mitt i kärleken när blomman skall slå ut  
blir tystnaden öronbedövande till outhärdlighet,  
och gråten stockar sig i halsen för att fastna där för gott,  
den gråt, som kunde ha fyllt oceaner

och gjort dessa dubbelt saltare med all sin bitterhet  
och fått dem till att svämma över universum  
fastän deras gravar redan är så bottenlösa.  
Ingenting är bottenlösare än sorgen,  
och det finns ej sorg så bitter och så djup  
som den som fyller universum med sitt då  
av outhärdlig tystnad i all evighet  
inför den sanna kärleken som dog.

### *Shyness*

The gag and the strait-jacket coming from shyness  
are far more efficient than those of a lunacy ward:  
the tyrant of shyness called reasoning sense  
will not let any word cross your teeth's fence to freedom  
that might risk delivery of any feeling of honesty.  
What shall we do with our feelings, then,  
which still are there crying out in the prison of shyness,  
tethered behind seven armoured gates of common sense?  
No matter how reason ordains and securely rules over the world  
bragging perfect control with the power of absolute force,  
it is never more powerless in all its absolutism  
against the simple truth and eternity of human feelings.

### *Some love declaration*

I love you. What on earth does that mean?  
It means that you are my only love,  
that I can't love another,  
that you are the only one included in my love life  
and that my life without you is no life.  
You are half my life, and this half is but half without it.  
So what can we do about it?  
That's the question.  
We just have to stand each other,  
live in the same world  
and do the best of it.  
There's nothing else to do.

Catechism or katharsis? Both!

### *The Drunkard's Cathesis*

You know that it's bad for you, but you have it anyway.  
You know it's self-humiliating, but still you have it.  
You know it makes you more rough and vulgar and cheap, and still you have it.  
You know it worsens your company with yourself, and still you have it.  
You know it will ruin the following day, and that you won't feel nicely afterwards,  
you know that you only ruin and decapacitate yourself, and still you do it.  
You know it gradually burns out your brains, but still you have it.  
You are a teetotaller, an anti-drug-campaigner, a strained purist making efforts,  
you are the chastest of puritans, and still you have it.  
It definitely tastes bad like something between piss and shit, and still you take it.  
You ruin your intestines and fart bloody liquids,  
you suffer a lot and can't stand it really, but still you take it.  
When you piss the green and red stuff burns in your pick,  
but you continue anyway.  
Others will suffer for you, but still you continue.  
You are incorrigible, and still you drink, although you know it's all wrong,  
and you sober up just to start drinking again.  
Why then do you keep on drinking? Just because you are only human.

*All at sea*

What care I about art and craft  
as long as I am honest and have feelings to express  
with some sincerity that is worth while expressing;  
and to make it properly expressed correctly is my sole ambition,  
not allowing any straying pedantry to interfere.  
It is much more important to keep focussed  
as the pilot on a wayward ship blown off the ocean,  
no one knowing where we are or on what course we are,  
this ship of love with tattered sails  
and without any charts to follow  
leaking from a million wounds and worries  
and with nothing safe at all to hold on to  
if we should sink – except our valid friendship.  
That alone is all the safety in the world,  
and as long as you have friends to turn to  
and your love is nothing but a friend  
no storm can blow you anywhere but home.

*A divided combination or a combined division*

What's the difference between loving you and loving my ideals?  
Is there a difference? Yes, but merely a subtle one,  
you being so much of a soul yourself  
with spiritual nourishment for your basic living  
and your main sustenance for survival,  
while of course ideals are always higher  
than what anything can be in life on earth.  
So am I then unfaithful to you for preferring my ideals,  
or am I unfaithful to them for loving you?  
A combination is the only answer.  
I could love you both  
and in the one embrace the other  
and make my ideals find outlet into you  
and find you one of my ideals.  
That would, in fact, be the ideal love.

*You are like a drug to me*

You are like a drug to me:  
as soon as the effects are gone  
you only long for more,  
for seeing you again,  
for being with you,  
sharing your good spirit and your joy again.  
You are my glass of wine  
without which I can't live much longer  
in this dreary snakepit of consistent misery  
with more complaints for every day  
and tragedies galore  
that constantly grow worse.  
Your friendship only makes this life endurable,  
the drug of life, the only joy,  
the sharing with another  
anything outside yourself,  
forgetting all you know about reality  
at least for the time being  
in the better company of someone else.

*The Bawd*

a girl I used to know 23 years ago...  
She's still alive, by the way, and hasn't changed at all...

An ugly old cow in a night-gown and challenging hips  
walks thus out in the street, dressed in slippers  
to swing them around just to make people watch;  
swears and spits like a man, her vulgarity worse than a pimp's,  
treating every man worse than a dumbbell,  
with no respect except for virgins,  
chain-smoking almost like some intermittent vulcano  
and boozing but coffee except wine or port, brandy, whisky or spirits;  
can stand any stuff, having guts made of iron and steel,  
hardly reacting at all to her burning them out systematically.  
But this bawd is a reader.  
She has education like nobody else,  
with a limitless library and no end to all her languages:  
English, French, German and Spanish  
is her conversation and brilliance of wit,  
and she reads the most difficult literature in five tongues.  
Her most favoured darlings are Pasternak and Stefan Zweig.  
What intelligence! What a magnificent talent!  
And all this concealed beyond such a facade of vulgarity,  
those seven layers of paint and those curtains of cannabis smoke,  
buried under that permanent booze of wine, brandy and whisky  
and that sordid traffic of creeps, crawling creatures called men.  
My dear heavenly muse of such splendid distinction and wisdom,  
- who pushed you down in that alley? Who turned you thus on,  
and who made you thus thwarted grotesquely?  
And why was not I allowed into your presence  
before thus your soul was so unjustly buried  
beneath heaps of memories and disappointments  
of love stories turned into such bitter sadness  
of corpses remaining forever?

*The private hard-liner*

You must believe me: I do love you,  
but what can I do for you,  
this society we live in being as it is  
with no acknowledgement or recognition,  
salary or any notice of hard workers in the field of spiritual creation  
like ourselves, and no awareness, only ignorance  
of the importance of what we are working for;  
so what can I do but continue working hard  
for nothing, but the more persistently in obstinate timidity  
for beauty, truth and love in poetry and music.  
I don't care if this society will crumble in pathetic self-destructiveness,  
I will continue spiting it and time and fashion all the same  
by just continuing to work constructively  
ignored by all the world and time  
but for the satisfaction of my soul, if nothing else.

*The masked lover*

Let me come to you in clandestine disguise,  
like some Greek god did hide in clouds to gain some access  
to some nymph, for the avoidance of unnecessary scandals,  
checking people's talk and prejudicial rumours,  
sanctifying life, consigning it to safety

to let no one in on it except the lover and his love.  
So will I drape myself in cloaked invisibility  
to visit you in hours without witnesses  
and get away with it but leave you with our love contained  
forever as a gift of unsurveyable longevity  
and with a summary for life enriching it forever  
but for us alone, since no one else knows  
that we love each other. Let it be a secret  
for eternity for our souls to mask them  
and to make them recognizable more markedly  
so that we always can continue our love  
in glorious independence of all things that do not matter  
in true love, such as mortality and incarnations,  
time and lifetimes, bodies, age and any circumstances.

Orpheus went to his mother, the muse Calliope, complaining...

*Orpheus' complaint*

C: Are you here, my son, complaining now again?

O: But what else can I do, my mother, this world being as it is?

C: You must have patience with the mortals.

O: It is not impatience that I suffer from. Your service, mother, is a tribulation,  
since I am alone in my outstanding musicality  
and therefore mostly sing to deafness and to ignorance of what I sing.

This dull mortality is killing me by their indifference,  
which refuses me all feedback and but answers me by shallowness,  
vulgarity and unawareness of the worths of truth and beauty.

As immortal in my talent I was even not allowed a wife.

They promised me her if I would perform and sing to all the dead ones,  
and I did so, but the dead kept her away from me nevertheless,  
and I was not allowed to even see her. Why, then, sing at all if only for the dead,  
the deaf and ignorant who can not even keep their promises?

C: My son, life is unfair, I must admit, but you must have more patience  
and continue working. That is your responsibility  
to art, to beauty and to truth and all humanity.

O: Then let me die a martyr to the coarseness of the ignorant vulgarity of mankind, for their deafness  
to my worth and beauty as musician kills my music anyway.

C: My son, I'll see what I can do, but don't expect too much.

O: I only want a settlement, because humanity has broken  
and refused me any kind of contract.

C: Orpheus, my dear, it grieves me so to see you suffer.

Would you then insist on crucifixion, just to have it done with?

O: Mother, mankind doesn't want me, and they never asked for me.

What can I do, then, but submit a most resounding protest  
and efficient demonstration, that will never be forgot in history,  
against the inhumanity, intolerance and dullness of this mortal ignorance of man, that forces me out of  
my job?

C: You are impatient.

O: Art and truth and beauty and the soul must breathe,  
or they will suffocate and stifle in impatience.

C: I have heard your prayer, your complaint against the gods is hereby filed,  
but you must wait for their decision.

O: For the gods to act you have to wait forever.

*The heroine*

She is married to an alcoholic  
for whom she slaves and totally exhausts herself  
blindly nourishing her love with endless love.

As a drunkard he is a professional,  
drinking much and all the time, with oceans in his eyes,  
was clever once and able as an artist,  
doing nothing good no more and being good for nothing.  
He is just a burden to her  
when he's not a burden to society and everybody else;  
and when she is not present, he lies just with anyone and gladly.  
He is unpredictable, is able to attack a stranger anytime,  
sees often twelve blue elephants behind him  
and dares never be alone.  
He has four children from as many broken marriages,  
while she has only one from but one broken marriage.  
When from time to time he gets too difficult she takes some shots  
sometimes a number of times a day.  
She simply can not bear it anymore sometimes.  
And she is epileptic.  
But what a heroine for inspiration and divine endowment!  
She will never bust and never cease her splendid humours,  
only joy of life and warmest generosity she beams around,  
and in her daily suffering she is more beautiful than no one else.  
But it is a strained and straining beauty,  
a beauty of enforced and pounded hardness,  
of the tightened pain of inconceivable unyielding suffering,  
the spiting courage of a furious mother hard against all evil,  
a beauty rather masculine in screwed-up hardness,  
a beauty which in its heroic stubbornness against all sense  
can only be as womanly as nothing else.

### *Bitterness*

They all say the same thing:  
No bitterness!  
It gives a bad taste wherever it shows up,  
destroys the poetry and kills the atmosphere,  
dispels the magic and interrupts the dreams,  
is alien to beauty and has no love in it,  
and yet we can't escape the truth.  
It's there stealthily lurking in the dark  
to wait for us, assaulting us in vicious ambush  
to throw us in depression with all doors thrown open  
to the cellars with the skeletons, and we just have to look through it  
to name the skeletons and voice the accusations,  
and we can't just keep it to ourselves but have to share it  
and give vent to anger, fury, grief, despair and pessimism  
until the fit is over, and you can see sunshine beaming forth again  
that marks the positiveness in its proper light,  
and suddenly all bitterness has passed and is forgotten,  
like a parenthesis of no consequence;  
but still it's there awaiting in the dark  
for opportunities that ever will recur  
like darkness every night  
with most unwelcome nightmares.

### *Romantic love*

– A curious phenomenon with a million definitions  
and none of them correct. It's easier to say  
what's not romantic when it comes to love.  
For instance, sex is hardly a romantic point at all,  
while suicide always is when it connects to love.  
But most romantic of all love ingredients

is the fundamental one, the simplest and the basic one,  
quite ordinary friendship, that can be expanded and enlarged,  
constructed on forever and continuously built on and developed  
spitting time and lifetimes and so on,  
a precious jewel to be shared and commonly enjoyed,  
a constantly enduring budding happiness,  
a spiritual glory and a lasting comfort  
and, above all, faith, trustworthiness and freedom  
ultimately ending up in what we all so desperately need and long for,  
which is definite true love that never ceases to be thoroughly romantic.

### *The Quarrelling Dame*

She quarrels like hellfire sparkling,  
wounding my soul with the sharpest of daggers galore,  
like the soldiers of Rome shot down poor Saint Sebastian with forty-one arrows.  
She beats me with her entire being in smothering violence,  
destroying my spirit and knocking my head off,  
turning my eyes out so that I no longer can see her,  
benumbing my ears with her totally outstanding ire.  
There is hardly anything left of me as I retire  
on staggering feet not to see her again,  
but still unhurt I smile, for I know,  
that she scolded me only for love.

### *Some love declaration*

I love you. What on earth does that mean?  
It means that you are my only love,  
that I can't love another,  
that you are the only one included in my love life  
and that my life without you is no life.  
You are half my life, and this half is but half without it.  
So what can we do about it?  
That's the question.  
We just have to stand each other,  
live in the same world  
and do the best of it.  
There's nothing else to do.

### *At your spiritual service*

Your blindness is much more than ordinary eyesight  
since by your clairvoyance you can see what others can not see  
and thus sees only what is best in man  
since you bring forth his soul and sees it only  
disregarding all the morbid outside shallowness  
stuck in the flesh and in the problems of futility  
that, fixed in egoism, is bent on vulgar opportunity  
which you can't see and thus fall prey to selfish folly  
of the coarse ambition of shortsightedness;  
while few like you mind only the importance of the soul  
and sees it through in all its beauty of imperishableness  
thus bringing forth the best part of your neighbour  
to some dangerous degree of spiritual hubris and intoxication  
which they can not handle, since they are not used to it  
and need some discipline to learn how to control it,  
and thus they turn into your abusers of ingratitude.  
To our good fortune there are some exceptions,  
and I must regard it as my privilege in that capacity

as number one to humbly serve you as a friend and colleague  
in whatever needs you ever might encounter.

*Entangled*

Entangled in each other's hairs  
of spiritual richness and endowment  
we are hooked and stuck together  
in the web of love and shamelessly enjoying it  
while at the same time it gives me some conscience  
of the impropriety of living just for you  
ignoring other duties and the problems of all mankind.  
We must compromise and split our love in different bodies,  
one attending outward obligations  
and the other constantly attending only you.  
Thus can I love humanity and life through you  
and at the same time have you as my goal  
in my attention and my love of life  
and obligation to humanity,  
thus keeping our love humane  
in loving universally  
and never losing ourselves  
in false love webs of selfishness.

*On the death of Anna Politkovskaya*

Careful with that lethal weapon,  
you might kill somebody with it  
and, what's worse, make martyrs  
that you afterwards will nevermore get rid of  
since their testimony only will the more be sharpened  
and kept furiously alive if they are killed for it,  
you clumsy hooligans, that make a mess out of a decent work,  
a brilliant journalist world famous for her courage  
and her boldness to report on all the murders  
and atrocities of our authorities  
incriminating our whole government;  
and you, deranged torpedoes,  
just walk in and make a carnage out of a celebrity  
respected and adored by all the world of conscience freedom fighters  
and a lovely woman, and a mother at that, also,  
like the idiots you are, instead of simply forcing her abroad,  
no matter how, thus silencing and keeping her efficiently away,  
like the Chinese do  
with whoever dares to implicate the criminal authorities.  
What can we say? You made a mess of it,  
now everyone call us accountable,  
and we can not even defend it.  
All that I can say is, the less said, the better.

– Vladimir Putin.

*Another brave journalist*

An investigating correspondent of the war scene in Iraq,  
she made sure to be friends with everyone  
and most especially with the Iraqis and all common people  
but was shocked to see how by the mere existence of the war  
all people became brutalized and alienated  
and especially her friends, the common people, the Iraqis;

and before the war was ended she was kidnapped by Iraqis  
for no purpose, just because she happened to be foreign.  
After a few weeks they realized they had no reason to keep her as hostage,  
so she was released and could return in safety to her friends.  
In safety? With her as a bodyguard was her best friend,  
and as they came back to the lines of the Americans  
they opened fire on her without any warning.  
She was well protected by her friend the bodyguard  
who shielded her with his own body  
but was shot to death himself - by the Americans,  
the leaders of this "friendly war".  
The incident led to a crisis in her country's government,  
the Berlusconi government of Italy,  
who enthusiastically and uncritically had joined up with Bush.  
She just told the truth and risked her life for telling it,  
investigating what went really on behind the war scenes  
and is clear about it: US loaded the Iraqi government  
of Saddam Hussein with mass destruction weapons  
for the use against Iran in that war twenty years ago.  
When Bush embarked on this war in Iraq some years ago  
it was with the excuse that Saddam Hussein still  
had all those mass destruction weapons and was dangerous,  
which proved a fable, since he did not have them any more.  
So America gave fuel to that oven,  
that got burning hot in Bagdad with Saddam Hussein,  
and then sat down on it,  
and that is why the US arse is burning in Iraq.  
Her name is Giuliana Sgrena. She is still alive  
and continues risking her own life  
to build the bulwark of democracy by sticking to the truth  
and making it well heard and documented.

*Hold me responsible...*

Hold me accountable for all your inconveniences,  
I feel responsible since I invited you to this absurdly alien country,  
make me guilty for all the inhuman controversies, insults and humiliations  
that you suffered here for being only what you are,  
a free creative spirit with a right to be your own  
and wise at that and honestly constructive.  
It is no one's fault that people are here as they are,  
completely spoilt by a degenerating welfare system  
turning people into zombies by the isolation brainwash system  
which, alas, is common in industrialized developed welfare states.  
In opposition to the backward cultural illiteracy here  
we have to stand up on our own and just survive  
and make the best of it in these dark ages  
of exploding criminality, drugs abuse and rape.  
Be not afraid, though, because I shall always stand you by  
providing a protection shield against all bad vibrations  
and destructive influences, being totally immune myself.  
And we are safe as long as we keep at it  
working hard creatively and actively  
and stand up to the right of our artistic freedom  
as exceptions from the humdrum greyness of the common ignorance,  
refusing to get dull and brainwashed like the masses;  
and our freedom as creative minds is our mark of nobleness  
of higher quality and status than positions, property or progeny  
of any kind; since we are children of eternity,  
the world is far too small for us,  
no ocean is enough for our need of space,

we need all the ether of the universe  
just to dwell and breathe and move around with our minds  
as perfectly creative spirits not accepting any limits.

### *Reservations*

True love is of course completely unreserved,  
or else it is not true and must raise doubts.  
However, burnt by lessons of experience  
you must as a lover have misgivings  
and be more reluctant with the years to take the smallest risk,  
which makes you hesitant and undecisive  
when you fall in love one final time too much.  
But that might only be to love's advantage.  
Any love experience teaches you some good,  
and the more hard and painful your experiences have been,  
the more good lessons they have taught you  
which can only be to your advantage;  
for the more experienced lovers are,  
the more their irresistibility increases,  
since they only love the more the harder they've been hit.  
This lesson tends to teach us, that the more you hesitate,  
the more you doubt your love and have misgivings,  
the more true your love, and the more beautiful it will become.

### *Ultimate love*

There is no ultimacy in love,  
and that's what's ultimate in love.  
The ultimacy is strived for and worked hard for,  
you can climb whatever mountain for it,  
but you'll never reach the top of that one,  
since that Venus mountain was created  
to remain forever the most sacred and unreachable of mountains,  
like the fabled Monte Verità with secret monasteries and sisterhoods,  
which you ultimately can get into any touch or understanding with  
by only dying for it. Better then to go on climbing,  
striving, working hard and longing  
for the ultimate evasive ultimacy  
that will go on attracting you and tempting you,  
provoking you and prompting you  
to any feat of heroism, impossibility and miracle  
except to reach the ultimate fulfilment  
of that love of yours that once was given you  
for the ultimate challenge of your life.

### *Still there on the hippie trail...*

Two of them are dead, one murdered,  
the other was their only intellectual  
with some serious interest in the classical.  
Paul is entertaining still and less pathetic than the Rolling Stones,  
who never knew their limits where to stop  
with some romantic flair kept intact –  
they just kept on wasting everything on nothing  
and especially on drugs – they all did that,  
Sid Vicious and the Sex Pistols, Brian Jones,  
the monster of vulgarity, king Elvis Presley,  
while Cliff Richard and flamboyant Tommy Steele still have some style;  
but almost all the others wasted everything on going down the drain

by drugs or alcoholism, like all jazz musicians;  
and the question is, as it was put by that old king of rakes  
George Jung in prison: Was it worth it?  
He felt it was almost worth it, although he lost everything.  
Even such endowed and ordered talents as the Beatles  
went on drugs as they earned millions every day,  
and Moody Blues were worshipping Tim Leary,  
dead of aids, the freaked out drugs professor  
who kept professing extreme liberalism until the end  
and never had regrets or ceased to keep it up,  
that totally absurd ecstatic exaltation about living just for trips,  
as if life's meaning was complete detachment from it,  
any means allowed for any kind of drastical escape,  
as if hysteria was the truth and only happiness.  
That whole concept was fantastic  
and a kind of cult of pure phantasmagoria,  
and however mad that universal craze was,  
and how totally insane much of that music was,  
I can but quietly agree, that all that waste,  
and every single moment of it,  
was completely worth it.

*In the sky*

My love is freer than the blue sky  
and a darker menace than the midnight sky  
but is as true as any sky  
that constantly remains up there  
and shows as much fidelity as any weather  
changing constantly but being always there  
to dream of and extol like any ideal ecstasy  
to worship and remain in service of with gratitude  
forever, – if it only would be possible.  
But you are always there, I know it,  
waiting for me, ready for me,  
with as much delight and charm  
as any love could ever dream of;  
and so shall I love you  
as turbulently as the weather ever changes  
but interminably with a cosmic passion  
fit to fill the universe with more delightful sunshine  
than could ever be produced by any supernova  
banging off in indefatigably limitless expansion.

*Flair*

How shall I relate to you, my love?  
We stand too close to be at odds  
and have too much in common  
to have any reason for division,  
and we understand each other far too well  
for words to be of any service,  
needed or at all be necessary.  
We have everything, and yet we miss each other  
since our souls are too united to allow our bodies to unite,  
wherefore we have to keep some distance  
not to risk our souls. And that's the secret  
of our love, that is so envied, since it gives us  
so much more than just the joy of mortal love.  
That special character enhances and brings forth

the beauty of our souls and underlines it  
in a spiritual development that has no limit,  
which is marked by others but not understood by them,  
which fills them with some envy which defies all definition.  
Let them be confounded by their lack of understanding.  
Deities should never mind the small talk of the mortals,  
and in our love our level stands above the mortal speculation  
making us like gods in our special kind of love  
that stands forever beyond mortal recognition.

*The problem of the commonest love cliché*

I love you. How can I make those words sound less banal,  
this common phrase worn out by everyone most every day,  
this formula turned shallow into water dried by verbal homeopathy,  
a boring repetition meaning nothing by too much protesting,  
overused especially by liars – but how can you else express it?  
That's the question, and the answer will be difficult.  
Perhaps the best way to express it is by not expressing it at all  
but merely showing it, by deeds, by poems and by presents,  
for example, while the truest love expression is within yourself,  
you only know yourself the real truth of your love,  
no one can feel your feelings and their worth and how they feel but you yourself;  
but probably the finest way to give them some expression  
as correct and true as possible is by creative art,  
especially by poetry, which was constructed just for subtleties.  
And if your loved one reads your poetry, accepts it as her own  
and takes it to her heart, she will, if not at once,  
by time at least and constantly more deeply understand it,  
especially since that's the kind of love that lasts,  
it can not burn out and it can not lie,  
but it is there and live forever.

*The forsaken lover's complaint*

I searched for love, but all I found was loneliness  
behind the masks and ruins of betrayed fidelity  
in desperation trying to keep up a smiling face.  
I searched for virtue but found none that lasted  
and no continuity in promises and vows and faiths.  
I searched for purity but there was none  
that did not purposely seek out the dirt to wallow in it,  
as if purity was only meant to get debased.  
I searched for morals but found only double standards,  
and where civil courage actually stood up I found it crucified  
or, if it managed to survive, neglected and avoided.  
I found no love that did not first think of its advantage,  
opportunist love that only calculated profits  
and no love that was not narcissistic, thinking only of herself.  
I found in this world no ideals that were not crushed  
and smothered by reality, the world and power  
and the bulldozer establishment of ruthlessness and egoism.  
I found no spirit that did not strive ultimately for material benefits  
and no religion that was basically not just camouflage  
for egoism, fanaticism and power greed ambition.  
And where was that good will that did not result in only tragedy and evil?  
Where was beauty that was not corrupted by the ugliness surrounding it  
and drowned by the environmental ruining of everything,  
pushed down the drain and trampled on, buried alive?  
Where is God, who they say is the only one responsible  
for making all this universal mess and keeping it in order?

To these problematic questions you will find one single answer only in your solitude.

*The concert pianist*

What care I about the audience and their tastes?  
The truth is only in the music,  
and my only job is to be faithful to it,  
honestly to make it right and render it some justice  
and forget about the audience.  
They are only there to get the message  
while I am the messenger who carries with me  
the divine and lasting message of a better world  
of sanity that outlasts all the madness of the world.  
Compared with music, there is nothing but insanity  
in everything that is not music that sounds well.  
So listen carefully, hark well my message,  
for it is unique, and it is difficult,  
demanding concentration and a total focus,  
for true music of pure harmony and melody  
is in all its abstractness and aloofness from reality  
no less than all the voice of God you'll ever hear.

*The divorcee*

"Shall I give you up, then,  
since you show so little interest?  
I am tired of this constant hell  
of always looking after you  
while you ignore me and just fool around,  
enjoy yourself and drown yourself in shallowness  
with younger men and lovers  
risking clearly to get vulgarized like them  
in abysses of boring cynical frivolity.  
Is that how love must always end,  
one doing anything just to escape the other's company,  
abandoning oneself to gaiety of nothingness  
and ending up in vacuum on the other side  
with only bitter memories of foolhardy mistakes  
and finding your most desolated loneliness  
in the mistaken lover and a marriage failure?  
Is my friend then to prove right  
in the most terrible repellent possible reality  
that there is no love but in self-love,  
which you fool yourself by calling your ideal?  
If that is true, then there is nothing in that truth  
and no God in existence in such truth,  
no God in such a meaningless reality  
and in this life no love at all.  
Then even death is better,  
and all suicides for love have never hesitated  
to prove such a bleak reality of no love possibility  
completely wrong as an absurd and total unacceptability."

*The crucial daily contact*

Your love is all you need  
to have a full infinity of love and happiness  
crammed into only one resplendent day  
if only you can have a touch or glimpse of her.

That day will then be saved and counted  
as successful and felicitous and unforgettable;  
but one day, just one single day without your love  
and without any contact with her  
will inevitably bring disaster, ruin you  
and throw you straight into the depths of hell,  
and that day will be lost forever.  
That's why you must keep up your love  
in daily contact with her, or you'll both be lost,  
you to your nightmares, and she to her worse alternatives,  
and none will be the happier for that,  
there will be only turbulences, griefs and tears instead;  
when you could be so happy if you just maintain your love  
by keeping just in touch, reminding of each other  
to keep up the paradise of your unequalled union  
which the whole world is dependent on  
for your and all the universal harmony and happiness.

### *Abandonment*

The darkness of your soul is like a menace to our lives,  
and yet there is no evil in that darkness,  
only an entrapment in your self  
that threatens you much more than anybody else.  
No wonder you are hopelessly nomadic,  
seeking constantly to get away from your shortcomings,  
limiting yourself by closing up your feelings,  
trying to escape from the dilemma of a personality  
that has too many anchors in the past  
to ever get across the sea.  
The more you try to get away,  
the more you will get wounded by your fetters.  
You just have to face the music,  
let the curtain up, forget about yourself,  
deny yourself, allow yourself to get away from it  
and finally allow yourself your feelings.  
Yes, get overwhelmed, cry out,  
you need it, it will do you good,  
and I will help you cry and share your tears  
and mix your feelings with my own.  
Thus shall we never leave each other  
but together drown in blissful abysses  
of totally forgetting all about ourselves.

### *Political detachment and disdain*

Welcome, brave new world of cloning only and no love,  
you loveless phantom of aborted visions of unhuman lies,  
the twisted nightmares and sick morbid fantasies of Orwell,  
Huxley, Wells and other artificial futurists who all were wrong,  
since that acceleratingly deteriorating unhuman society  
is only an unnatural alternative to getting too deep into drinks and drugs,  
to unsound dreaming out of work in decadent intoxication.  
It's a lie that our language is impoverished,  
that we are all controlled by Rupert Murdoch and his media,  
since we humans never can be slaves without revolting.  
Any kind of tyranny and mad oppression in whatever smart disguise  
can only lead to triumphant rebellion with victorious overthrow.  
All materialistic thinking, programming and calculating are but lies  
that always are refuted by the unexpectedness of history.  
The whole world with its leaders, opportunists, populist flirts,

pharisees and hypocrites are just a masquerade without a meaning,  
empty boasts of nothingness and cheapest nonsense  
which attracts attention with the same efficiency  
like anciently the Romans used to be efficient in producing  
on the vulgar masses by just ranting on the stage  
and making vulgar noises like of farting.

*The dream chase of love*

My love is like a dream that never ends,  
that varies constantly in shifting hues and colours,  
always entertaining and dramatic,  
always shifting into unexpected turns and moods,  
as unpredictable as any weather,  
ever turbulent, irrevocably always coming up with new surprises,  
and as fascinating as the rainbow as it glows and shifts complete  
after a rainstorm, always promising a neverending future  
full of new surprises of just perfect wonderfulness without end.  
So therefore I refuse to wake up from that dream,  
I will cling to it and intently follow it,  
contributing most willingly to its expansion and development  
that keeps just filling not just my life  
but all life around me with the lustre of some splendour  
that just can't be left alone.  
So, please continue, dream of love, to haunt me,  
never leave me, never let me down in peace and ease,  
but keep pursuing me, and I shall pursue you  
until the end of my unending loving days.

*Phantom love*

The abstinence of you is totally unbearable,  
a torture worse than any possible hang-over,  
a depression of Grand Canyonesque dimensions  
and a melancholy illness with no cure in sight  
unless you suddenly would come and save me.  
It's worse than any epidemic, worse than Aids  
and all veneric possible diseases, worse than death,  
since one is forced to stay alive – and without you.  
It's like being hamstrung in a hospitable bed  
obliged to wear a strait-jacket tied up tight  
with no air left to breathe and thirstier than any desert,  
it's like being thrown out into empty space  
launched like a satellite to fall forever  
into constantly increasing darkness  
that will never spare you any nightmares.  
So, in short, my love, I can not live without you,  
there is no life for me but a life with you,  
so I shall never leave you  
but remain your constant guardian  
as a crazy spirit hovering around you  
to protect you with my loving madness  
against anything in life that is not love.

*Passionate poetry and poetical passion*

That poetry is rather dull  
that only speaks of positive affection,  
love in the blues and fondling silliness,  
and goes from bad to worse in purple passages

since sex is never properly described in words.  
But when your love is set on trial  
and you have to face adversities,  
when Romeo and Juliet comes along in tragedy  
and blood and death becomes ingredients,  
then suddenly the inane love becomes an interesting affair.  
You need some drama to make love  
at all convincing, or you will get petered out.  
So bring along the drama, the adversities,  
the jealousy, the raving passion,  
raise the green-eyed monsters,  
let them swarm up from Moria  
and the dens of hell in overwhelming masses,  
spice the passion with some sado-masochism,  
start tying people to their bed-posts,  
bring along the chains and scourges,  
bring the shameless nudity out in the open,  
let the hairs loose in their maximum of length,  
and make some scenes with tears and outbursts,  
and the love will come alive  
in flashing fireworks of most explosive power,  
screw it up with alcohol and drugs,  
make orgies out of parties and let them derail,  
and you will have a passion  
that will set your poetry aflame and flying,  
taking off with jet acceleration  
leaving ground forever;  
and you will be flying on the wings of love  
and nevermore be able to do anything without it.

#### *A dirge*

She sings for love but crying all the time,  
it is a sad song of deception and a growing disappointment,  
cheated of her life her melancholy is forever growing inwards  
in a dreadful pain affecting heart and lungs, like in consumption;  
but her tears will ultimately release her, since that flow  
is purging not just her but all that know her,  
since her empathy is so exceeding strong and deep  
that anyone who can at all perceive it  
must be touched profoundly and not ever choose to fail her,  
although everybody does, since no one understands her grief,  
the constant flow of tears of blood, for nothing, seemingly;  
but with her cries all nature, half of all the forests of the world  
now being gone, annihilated, burnt, cut down and ruined,  
while all wildlife is increasing in extinction  
and the monster man keeps violating Mother Earth  
with no consideration, afterthought or sense at all  
while she is suffocated by his burning tyranny  
transforming forests into cinders so that earth no more can breathe.  
And you are crying out your tears of blood for all humanity.  
I can not dry them up, but only add to them.

#### *Universal vanity*

What's in a relationship when you remove all vanity,  
what is there left at heart, what's in the core,  
what is the centre of all love,  
what do two people have in common  
that results in tenderness, affection, co-dependence, and so on?  
The problem is: you never find the core.

All you can do is to forget about all that which does not matter,  
age considerations, practical and trivial circumstances,  
all that is just in the way,  
for souls can always find each other and stick to each other  
without any banal means,  
since their relationship is written in the stars,  
and a relationship is always timeless.  
Ask the spiritists who never lose their touch  
with loved ones long since passed away  
who are as much alive today as hundred years ago,  
your love is always and invariably a matter of eternity,  
once it is there it's there to stay  
and go on living with you all your life and beyond,  
and the stars confirm it: it's all written in the universe,  
that there is nothing vainer than at all to bother  
since we all are part of the eternal,  
and the key and contact with it is our love.

*Some sweaty lines*

Running out of inspiration  
turns you on in perspiration  
and your stinking transpiration  
adds to all that constipation.

*The lights of our love*

I love you in the morning  
when the birds do warbling sing your praise.  
I love you in the evening  
when the sunset decks the world in rosy golden colours  
just for you. I love you in the daytime  
when the sun delights in you and tries to outshine you  
in all her glory, which she fails in,  
so she is happy to be glorious just for her delight in you.  
I love you in the night, when passion rules  
in glowing assiduity and hotness, like the stars can never be outshone.  
I love you every day, like every light in the whole universe  
can never be shut out or hindered in its splendour.  
I love you perpetually and with imperturbable continuity  
that rather than to tire seems to constantly increase.  
I love you evermore, there is no end to it;  
so let's just keep this marvellous eternity,  
enjoy it and maintain it and just let it shine.

*Idealism : an allegory*

Idealism isn't wrong,  
it's just that it but keeps on flying  
beyond mortal wits and possibilities,  
and thus reality refuses to accept her.  
She is right, though,  
to just keep on flying,  
or else she would not be true  
to herself and to her idealism,  
and there would be no idealism.  
That's the risk of true idealism:  
it has to fly high in the air  
and never tire on her restless wings,  
or she will fall and die and perish

and be there no more to be admired  
by the happy few who understand  
the frail unique imperishable nature  
of idealism.

*The confidential lover*

"How shal I express my love to you  
without it being insufficiently expressed and incorrectly?  
It is vital for its life and for it to at all be able to survive  
that it is right from the beginning and that it can not go wrong.  
You are the only one I love, and that I do not wisely but too well.  
That is the whole truth of the matter, there is nothing else to add,  
you have my heart and are the only one to have it,  
and I must regret it only if it would become a burden to you,  
for I am prepared to bear the burden of my love alone  
if it would be unbearable to you, or for that matter  
to anyone who could not bear it or who would not have me.  
There you are. My prayer is all yours and in your hands  
to do with it as my most sacred offering whatever you would choose,  
to cherish it and use it or to do without it.  
I have been refused before and, sorry to say, used to it,  
so I can take it as a man and will survive  
no matter how my love might be received, misused, manhandled  
or refused and trampled down by those who would not understand it,  
but I will continue loving anyway and be the constant lover ever;  
for I know my love is of such kind that it can never be a waste."

*The quiet reader*

I read you well, and therefore I keep silent.  
Let my silence be the voice of my appreciation –  
when you are affected, you can't speak.  
So I am sorry if I can not let you all know  
what I read and how I read and how I love it –  
I have never read a poem here at Poetbay  
that I did not find lovable. You can not waste your time here,  
– on the contrary, you can not use it better.  
In a few days I'll be gone for yet another journey,  
but I hope to stay in touch no less for that,  
if not with regular and ordinary diligence,  
at least sporadically, since I never can stop writing.  
That was all. I love you all, and will continue reading you,  
although unnoticeably and invisibly to you,  
unless your sensitive poetical antennae will perceive  
how much I love you all.

*In the void*

Without love, what can you do?  
Your life becomes a desert void of flowers,  
there is no water for your dryness,  
common sense is worthless  
like all instruments and indispensable technique,  
you can just not do anything but languish  
in a boredom worse than any hell;  
so any love is better,  
and that means exactly ANY love!  
Let her misuse you and abuse you,  
use you for her calculations and own ends,

let her deceive you with just anyone,  
just leave it all to her, as long as you may keep her  
as your love, for that is all you have,  
and there is no life and nothing to live for  
but a vacuum worse than death without it.  
And that power thus supremely exercised is not by women  
or by any partners, but by that phenomenon called Love alone.

*One of those singsongs*

Solo:

I would love to sing a song  
for only you and me  
to go a-singing all along  
for lovely things to be

Chorus:

For all bad things must have an end,  
true love is all we have to spend,  
we have no other time, my friend,  
for any other end or trend.

Solo:

So sing along with us this song  
of true love that just can't go wrong  
as long as we keep getting on  
to sing this unforgettable amazing song

Chorus:

For all bad things must have an end,  
true love is all we have to spend,  
we have no other time, my friend,  
for any other end or trend.

*Some serious business*

There was an old shit-house in Tangiers,  
public, of course, and used by everyone,  
so you could not enter,  
because the whole house was full of shit,  
so you just had to shit outside,  
standing on the safe side of the threshold  
with your arse inside  
and fire.

*Children*

We are children, all,  
that never can grow up,  
since even the most grown up and most serious  
must remain and never can become more than a child,  
like even the most aged and whitish bearded patriarch,  
like every politician, bishop, bureaucrat, aristocrat and autocrat:  
inside at heart you never are more than a child;  
all honours, medals, titles, merits and diplomas  
are just frippery and shallow masks, hypocrisy and fakes,

since all of life is just a childish thing that constantly grows more so  
the more you think that you grow up and mature;  
and the wiser you think you are getting, the more childish you become.  
And therefore the old man and the small child are strongest among humans,  
since they only dare be openly and credibly and naturally childish;  
only they enjoy that privilege.  
Those so called mature ones that acquired a position and responsibility,  
who are so stupid that they start to take life seriously  
must never lose their face, that most ridiculous mask of maturity,  
since they imagine that they matter, which makes them so utterly ridiculous.  
No one therefore is more human, real and natural than those  
who all their life through dare prove openly  
that they were never more than just small children.

*The winds of the unconscious*

The melancholy landscape of our love  
is harrowed by unfriendly winds  
that blow the beauty of our dreams to tatters,  
but, on the other hand, these hard and cruel winds  
just by their hardness blow our love across the world  
like windhorses that never tire.  
That's our glory: we give never up, we never tire,  
we just keep loving through our work of beauty  
to renew the world and cleanse it from its foulness  
like the prophets of eternity that might be our unknown mission,  
subconsciously but all the more importantly and powerfully.  
That's our only job: to keep the course of truth to our vocation,  
which is only to create through love a lasting world of beauty.

*One more comment on Joshua*

see my earlier poem "Compassion - Requiem for a dead lover", October 5th.

The ghosts are always there  
whether they dwell in Limbo or are gone  
for new adventures in Samsara,  
and that's the miracle of spiritism:  
although a loved one long ago has left  
and taken up a new life burden  
it is possible to have subconscious contact with her soul,  
she will respond, her depths of soul are always possible to stir  
and to recall to life with contacts of an earlier incarnation.  
This is difficult, absorbing and subduing stuff  
that never can be thoroughly investigated,  
only nosed on and discovered hopelessly to be  
an entrance to eternity that only leads to one more door  
than opens into other, deeper, more eternities.

*The inseparableness of dreams and reality*

The highest possible of dreams  
is naturally just a dream of love  
but could be nothing but a dream of you.  
So long now have I loved you,  
and yet you are so far away,  
unreachable and unattainable  
not like a statue but more like an angel,  
and yet are you closer to me every day.

How is this paradox to be explained?  
It can not be explained but only understood.  
We know each other better than tough lifetime couples  
and yet have not lived together for a moment.  
Flashlights have our golden moments been of rare togetherness,  
but flashlights are more blinding and efficient  
than unending days of boring greyness.  
In this lifetime we have flashed through many lifetimes  
as if it was time to bring them all together  
in a single moment of explosive truth  
to let love once for all and definitely  
triumph in a bliss of irreversible imperishableness.

*The passion of your hair*

More brilliant and unfathomable in its richness  
than the shimmering profundity and lustre of the Milky Way,  
the lights and colours of your gorgeous hair  
is food enough for an eternity of sleepless nights,  
but is my passion worthy your divinity?  
Your passion speaks a language far more eloquent  
than any body language could express,  
and I must try to match it with a similar sincerity,  
but such ambition is impossible for mortal limitations.  
That's the problem of our passion: it is out of bounds,  
and therefore I am by respect reduced to silence,  
but rather call it awe, and let another sense take over,  
that extraordinary power of the other senses than the five,  
since that is what we need to understand and get to know our love.  
So let us dwell for all eternity in outer worlds  
than this so sorrowful mundane and trivial one  
with all its most pathetic bodily and sorry limitations  
to stretch out with the ambition of our love  
for fruits of even stranger trees than the forbidden ones of knowledge  
and of right and wrong, to celebrate together  
that intimacy with stranger secrets of eternity and life and death  
that ever could be properly expressed by human passion.

*Into the bottom of despair*

When the storm gathers and things get rough  
and darkness besieges you strangling your life  
surrounding you with constant terror of outrageousness  
and turning all your daylight into night  
driving you hard into cornered defeat  
losing everything hopelessly, even your way,  
you have nothing left and no salvation to turn to;  
but even when all beyond all hope is lost  
there remains in the darkness of hopelessness  
someone to love who will think of you kindly,  
and that knowledge is all you need to survive  
almost anything, even the horrors of terror;  
and never there was such a total despair and complete utter darkness  
that love did not always shine through it  
dispensing of all that was just in the way.

*The Talisman*

We have a secret pact  
that no one can begrudge us

since no one knows about it  
or could even understand it  
since it is within ourselves,  
the secret understanding  
of a higher sense of wisdom  
in a total alien language  
of pure feeling, sensitivity and touch,  
that make us far more vulnerable  
than most people,  
who would judge our extra sensitivity  
a 'nervous problem of a schizoid kind',  
while it in fact is like a Talisman  
more costly than all riches of the earth  
and as a love affair and language much profounder  
and much higher than all commonplace communication,  
and we share it with some dead ones  
who are still alive beyond the grave  
and much more so than all those normal people  
who would never understand  
an extrasensory perception  
of a language of pure feeling  
that belonged to more romantic times  
of depth of pathos and compassion  
that has never been in use again  
since it was buried and forgotten  
with the tears of many tragic poets and composers.

*The dark sides of beauty*

Many are distraught by that tremendous melancholy  
of those sentimental moods and melodies  
that fill the golden music of Chopin  
and makes it overwhelming,  
and he was a sick divinity indeed,  
just crying all his life for all his lost engagements,  
all the girls that wouldn't have him for his poverty  
or for George Sand, who just maltreated him  
and made his illness worse by mental cruelty.  
But there is one more side to it, an even darker one,  
the passion and the storms,  
the raving fury of the world's political injustice;  
and that's where you have the universal illness:  
It was not Chopin's but all the world's.  
His Polish motherland was cruelly occupied,  
suppressed, stamped down and ruined by the Russians,  
and for that Chopin's heart bled itself to death  
not from relentless harm and righteous fury  
but from bottomless compassion.  
What he did was to cry all his soul out  
and to waste it in a pathos of wild mad and bitter sorrow  
with no ends, no cure and nothing else for it but hopelessness,  
like in the case of any bolting horse,  
that can't be stopped except by her own heartbreak.  
That's the darkness, the supremest terror,  
the compassion that can find no end,  
no bottom to its sorrow  
and no choice but to continue crying out  
forever.

*True love undefined*

*Even the heaviest planets of the highest density and solidity are just flying around...*

True love is never to let down  
and never put down.  
You just can't pinpoint it.  
It has its own laws  
never to be violated  
never to be understood  
and least of all defined,  
you just obey them,  
follow them and close your eyes,  
to learn that you are blind,  
which is what you are,  
a child astray and drifting far away  
in no man's land in darkness  
flying just around  
with nothing stable,  
nothing to depend upon  
and nothing possible to cling to  
except love itself,  
the perfectly supreme capriciousness  
that has to be obeyed  
or simply left alone,  
and then you are alone indeed.

*The love of paradoxes*

While at the same time we are so much like each other  
we are totally each other's contraries  
unmatchable irrevocably with each other  
while we can not do without each other,  
you dependent on continuous company,  
me dreadfully dependent on the freedom of my solitude,  
while also you need, most of all, your space of freedom  
and I wallow in that sado-masochistic social addiction,  
which just burns me out, like you are burnt out  
by all that you loathe and cannot do without.  
It's one of those impossible equations: love is never mathematical;  
you need your freedom and your loneliness and company,  
and I need solitude and freedom and addiction  
to all that which harms my work and limits my expansion.  
Are we both then self-destructive as creative artists?  
Yes, in some ways, since we need to be alone and free  
but are dependent on each other  
and must do without each other totally except as friends  
whose love is far too strong to be allowed  
except as spiritually roaring beyond all control,  
and that is never satisfactory, no matter how much we are soaring  
beyond space and time in madness of our sanity of love,  
which gives us nothing but a whole eternity of sleepless nights.

*Life's gift is only to be given,  
never to be taken*

I am with you  
on the dark side of the moon  
where no one sees your tears,  
but you shall never cry alone,

not even in that total and eternal darkness,  
for I am the light  
that shines up even that most hopeless  
dark side of the moon.  
The cure is to let go,  
forget about yourself  
and concentrate on anything that isn't you.  
It's your responsibility to life  
to love all life  
and not just be alive yourself.  
You are the fountain of your life  
that spreads your life to others  
and should not keep life just to yourself.  
Old people may be boring,  
but they know what life is all about  
or else they would not still be living,  
they would not have lived so long  
if they were not familiar with the knowledge  
that your life was given you to give to others,  
not just to enjoy it for yourself;  
for there is no more certain misery,  
unhappiness, entrapment and despair  
than to get stuck in bleak self-centredness,  
a one way only down to hell,  
while life is only in embracing it with love  
and giving it away with constant care for others  
as long as you live.

*A greeting to Zoya, for Diwali*

Sorry I can't join you.  
We are stuck here in the darkness,  
the notorious depressivity of Scandinavia,  
where now begins the dreariest season of the year  
around the Hallowe'en, when most of the year's suicides occur,  
and many people die for nothing,  
maybe just from darkness and depression.  
In the darkest days we have but seven hours' daylight,  
and the rest is darkness at its densest, thickest and most daunting.  
But in India the summer will continue  
still for yet another month,  
and I will join you there,  
as prices fall after Diwali  
to enjoy the freshness and the joys of India in the fall  
when people there are at their very nicest  
and the harassment of tourists vanish  
with the dollar tourists, while the pilgrims and the lovers  
faithfully remain, who know and love their India.  
I can't promise to find you in Aligarh,  
but at least I will give you some greetings  
from my lovely mountains Nanda Devi, Anna Purna  
and of course the loveliest in the world -  
the Kanjenjunga.

*Reduced to silence*

When reduced to silence  
love still goes on  
more glowingly and intensively  
than if it was outspoken,  
for silent love keeps quiet

only to control its fervour,  
utter honesty and overwhelming truth,  
sincerity and depth of feeling  
to maintain itself  
and save it for eternity  
to keep it burning  
always with the fullest flame  
but the more faithfully in secret.

### *Terms of Trial*

My concern for you in your melancholy  
is limitless, complete and hopeless  
in incurable despair and worry  
like your own outcrying anguish,  
but what can we do about it?  
This benighted situation is not of our making,  
we are innocent of alien mentalities  
like suppressing, ignorant and parasitic ones,  
and see no solution else but to cut off the leeches,  
not have anything to do with sick mentalities  
and just do our own job in peace and quiet  
obstinately and in isolation, if there is no other choice,  
although it is both hard and difficult  
to constantly ward off adversity  
and struggle against evil winds  
of no intentional but no less ruinous hostility  
of pure indifference, ignorance, stupidity and sloth.  
What can we do? I am afraid our only choice  
is just to keep on working and keep smiling,  
doing something good out of a hopeless world  
destroyed by spiritual corruption, poverty and misery.

### *From the depths of wilderness*

When in the depth of our acquaintance  
I must question our validity  
and search a purpose with our flight together  
in the waste of space in perfect blindness,  
I find nothing to confirm and validate our union,  
only the right contrary, impossibilities  
and arguments against it,  
but that is the very challenge:  
we have entered far too deep into each other's souls  
to extricate ourselves from this immersion;  
and the fact that circumstances, all of them,  
cry loudly out against it  
only makes the fusion more consolidated  
and increases the attraction of the challenge.  
So let's just go on, in blindness, anywhere  
and stick with cheeky obstinacy to each other  
even clandestinely if it so must needs,  
since we have nowhere else to go.

### *Preferences*

People with a dark spot, like alcoholism, addiction,  
sexual mistakes and other kinky weird anomalies  
are usually more human and more interesting than normal ones

of orderly perfection and impeccability,  
who more incline to ordinariness and being boring,  
not that you must be extreme and utterly immoral  
not to be a bore, but people who have tasted self-indulgence  
usually have much more interesting human knowledge and experience  
than all those who just are natural and normal.  
Give me therefore a fanatic or an alcoholic or an addict,  
and he will be better company than any stable person of position  
who knows nothing about man, lives only for himself  
and has no love but for his possessions and his self.

*Audible whisperings around the globe...*

All I miss is you, since you are all the world to me.  
What is the world to me with all its riches and careers  
and fortunes without you, since you alone give any meaning to it?  
Yes, I miss our midnight conversations and the outcries of our unions,  
but we shall join hands together once again  
and hug each other in embraces that will never cease  
to warm each other for the longest winters  
and to fill our memories with food for thought  
enough for candid tenderness without an end to it.  
That's all I can devote myself to in your absence:  
sentimental and pathetic weaknesses of sad nostalgia  
and melancholy to make tigers cry for crocodiles.  
You are with me, and I am still with you,  
no matter how extreme the geographic difference is,  
which problem can't go any worse,  
which means, things can go only better then.  
Let's hope so, for that is our only comfort.

*My home conviction*

My home of love is yours. It is not decorated  
but the more filled with my love of you.  
It beams with tenderness, it is replenished  
in the atmosphere of purple dreams  
with kindness only for your sake,  
my home is love, and there is you,  
you are its only tenant, no one else  
was ever willing or invited;  
so, in brief, my home is you, and all my love is yours.  
There is no night with any darkness  
since there is your light in it and in my life,  
which shines for you with only you for any splendour.  
Thus shall this be constantly repeated  
in my heart and soul and by reciters  
as long as there is at all in this world any love  
to uphold love with for the only sake of love,  
the only matter in existence worth existing for.

*Greetings from the happy valley*

A greeting from the hippie heartland  
with some legendary places like Manali and Malana,  
Manikaran and Almora, where the grass grows wild  
in any quality and even better quality the higher up you get,  
with permanent communities of hippies of all ages,  
none too old and none too young,

all seemingly completely happy with a paradise of dreams,  
that is of daydreams, but of beauty also,  
since here people tend to be more beautiful the higher up they get.  
In Manikaran and Malana they can vanish into happiness,  
since there they have the drug of drugs Datura,  
which can place them out of time for two years or for ever.  
It was old Timothy Leary who discovered  
how the cannabis grew wild around this area in any quality,  
which instigated the first hippie colonies to settle here,  
which since then constantly have multiplied,  
the last years thoroughly with Israelis.  
There is nothing wrong with that sort of a carefree life,  
you do no harm to no one, while occasionally the Police  
makes raids to Parvati, Malana and those places  
to burn up the harvests of the villagers of cannabis,  
which ruins them and to no good for anyone.  
It is a kind of bum life making you a chronic outsider,  
but there is no harm in that as long as you just keep it for a spice,  
- in fact, it has been proved that cannabis can cure a number of diseases  
that would be considered hopeless otherwise,  
amongst them chronic diseases and disorders,  
often undefinable mysterious ones, that thus can be miraculously cured;  
but let not that spice take over the control of all the food that is your life,  
for then you waste it, it will then end up to nothing,  
while a spice should just augment the nourishment, not kill it.

#### *Jesus to Mary Magdalene*

– a speculation in how he might have been thinking

"You are my closest friend, perhaps my only friend,  
and you are safe with that relationship,  
and there is nothing that can change it ever.  
Powerless is every slander, you have been enough subjected  
to that worst humility, a woman's reputation  
is her only asset and the only thing she has,  
you were bereft of it completely long before you met me;  
but instead, and listen carefully, you have acquired  
something much more to be envied.  
By your knowledge of so many men  
you know them, you have all their souls in your possession,  
you know man like man can never know himself,  
and therefore I esteem you higher than the most respectable of women.  
Therefore you shall be forever under my protection  
and considered the most honoured among women  
second only to my mother,  
who is just another fallen Mary like yourself.  
Remember, I am but a bastard out of wedlock  
who has taken on myself this Messianic mission  
only since I am the only person qualified to do it,  
so it is just my responsibility  
that I have to accept, or fail humanity,  
which would be a much worse deception  
than to make a king out of this bastard.  
You are then the sister of my destiny,  
a bastard seeking comfort in a fallen woman  
of some prominent experience, and you must admit  
we match each other well. We do not even need the ceremonies  
and the superfluous complexities of sex to prove it.  
And in this my highest possible regard of you two fallen women  
closest to my heart, I promise you,

shall every woman of all ages be secured and blessed,  
worshipped and protected in my name."

*The harmony of our music*

The sunshine of your smile  
is more than just enough to make my day  
more full of glory and delight than any sponsor could,  
since your good fortune, harmony and happiness  
is all I care for, it means everything to me,  
and I can't bear to see your eyes besmirched with tears,  
your wrinkled front or any sorrow in your being.  
Light my life with your good company,  
light up the darkness of my soul with your good influence,  
light up my energy with the most fervent fire of our love,  
and light my fire with your trust and smiling friendship,  
and how can I else but love you?  
And keep loving you with ever more increasing depth of feeling?  
Keep me burning, like I will keep loving you,  
and we shall never fail in keeping up the light  
and harmony we owe to our music.

*The Pledge*

Today six months have passed  
since first you came into my home  
and since I fell in love with you.  
I can not hide it to myself although I can control it,  
and my chief concern has ever been to not give you a burden  
or to hurt you in whatever way.  
I could do anything for you  
and have so far been happy to at least do all my best  
to help you on your way and ease up any difficulties,  
which of course I gladly will continue to;  
and as I wrote you on your birthday,  
I will be to you whatever you would want of me to be  
and never violate the limits of your pleasure.

*The eternal flow of life and love*

The flow of life and love can never be arrested.  
No sloth of slow mentality,  
no ignorance or violence,  
no government oppression, conscious or unconscious,  
no bureaucracy or automatic tyranny,  
no systematic greed or hopeless petty thinking,  
no autocracy or any dreadfulness of politics,  
no nuclear scarecrow like some monster of dictatorship  
like that Korean booby, and no terrorism,  
no human vanity and folly,  
no oppressive ideology of atheistic fundamentalism,  
like the Chinese imperial state of communism  
forbidding all religions except atheism  
and persecuting them with force,  
not all the weapons in the world including all the nuclear ones  
can stop the naturalness in the flow of life and love  
ubiquitously in the universe. - Remember,  
there are just as many suns and stars around the universe  
as there collectively are grains of sand in every beach  
and desert altogether in our world,

our sun is just a grain of sand out of this universe of sands;  
so life must be all round the universe if it is here,  
not frequently and everywhere but sparsely;  
so our life and love are here to stay  
and to go on continuously forever.

*Lovers in Limbo*

My love is all reserved for you, but in that reservation  
is included such a lot of others,  
like as if my love of you was something of the very motor  
that made possible my love for all that lot of others,  
friends, acquaintances, the family and relatives  
and even strangers on my journeys.  
Such, in fact, have more often than not become my truest friends,  
nomadic wanderers, adventurers and exiles,  
like so many fugitive Tibetans here in India  
and escaped unsocial refugees from from gross injustices  
in Europe and the western world, from communism,  
from Thatcherism, from brutal Bushism and capitalism  
and from themselves, the vainest and most desperate escape of all.  
But they have all somewhere some love  
that constantly keeps waiting for them;  
no matter how exiled they are, they always have a home at heart  
to some day hopefully return to;  
but the truer and profounder their love is, the more it hurts,  
and the more painful is the enterprise to take it up again.  
There are so many lovers suffering in Limbo,  
and at present we are two among them.

*Through the valley of shadows*

Suddenly you woke up in the valley of death shadows  
with no light for any guide and nothing for a comfort,  
only darkness perfectly impenetrable and opaque,  
like hell itself all of a sudden fallen down to earth.  
It's only to climb up again the long and dreadful way  
from bottom of despair, one slow step at a time,  
with arduous tortuous labour, patiently and carefully  
and never to lose hope and sight of the salvation.  
Just go on and carry on the unendurability,  
the burden of the suffering, and you shall be rewarded  
with the glory of survival and the miracle of life  
to be able to start living once again  
with some acquired extra wisdom in addition  
of experience and of have had the honour  
of the triumph of the victory and conquest over death  
with the pure will and power of the soul and personality,  
the vicissitude of your integrity proved worthy  
to continue its existence on its own with confidence.

*Yet another description of love*

The limitlessness of love  
is like continents worth charting  
but so much more interesting  
to study and to learn from, since it moves  
ever variable and changeable like water  
flowing constantly with ever increasing energy  
working wonders everywhere

of ever changing kind  
constantly renewing itself  
like an ever burning Phoenix  
constantly on flying wings  
and ever flying higher  
towards finer purity of mind and soul,  
since true love never can be sullied,  
only constantly miraculously multiplied.

*Picturesqueness in hippie classicism*

My friend was like no other friend,  
the most outstandingly and typical of hippies,  
if he'll excuse me, but I simply can't resist  
describing him in something of his heyday,  
when in Varanasi a good friend of mine encountered him.  
I hadn't seen him for some years myself,  
but that encounter made such a profound impression  
on my friend, that actually he wrote a book about it.  
John, forgive me if I give you now away,  
but you have changed your face so often,  
and you never have repeated any of your masks,  
so no one, I assure you, will from this description  
recognize you, if he ever met you at some other time.  
His blond hair reached his waists, he being Jewishly convinced  
that long hair, like the Sikhs maintain, ensured the strength  
both physically and of character.  
But add to this, great silver earrings in both ears,  
the fancy dress of a most typical barefooted Hindu pilgrim  
dressed in orange, beads and staff and beggar's bowl,  
and so on, teaching westerners the ways of Varanasi  
by the Ganga and its holiness, and most intriguingly  
initiating them in other mysteries than they had ever heard of.  
This my friend, who went out boating in a full moon on the Ganga  
with the burning candles on the river  
to enhance the effect of the moonlight  
blending with some fleeting corpses  
was a Russian from Saint Petersburg,  
who there enjoyed the one trip of his life,  
transforming him into some Atlantide philanthropist,  
seduced by the profound and irresistible initiation  
which my friend produced,  
a magic more abstruse than Castaneda's.  
Where are you now, my friend, and in which shape will you be present  
when I see you next at full moon by the Kanjenjunga  
in the fullest glory of the Himalayas?  
If I know it I will not betray it,  
so that I once more can keep you for myself.

*The fleeting spirit*

The fleeting spirit of our love  
is you and me and something else between  
that never can be specified nor gratified  
but moves us on incessantly on cosmic winds  
blown everywhere but to ourselves,  
since this untouchability is the right essence,  
unidentifiable, of our love  
more precious than we ever can imagine  
or get any relative idea of ourselves,  
since love belongs to us to merely escape us,

leaving us enigmas only that can not be solved,  
but something else between, a mutual understandability  
of things that no one else can get a distant hang of,  
miracles and powers unexplainable  
and constantly astounding us with new expressions and results.

### *The Fifth Element*

a lecture on the elements

The question is which element to choose,  
which one you best identify with,  
which is stronger or most likeable.  
The first is Earth, the solid matter, all that is concrete,  
which more often than not, however,  
is submerged and drowned by Water.  
Water also quenches every Fire -  
Fire which devours all is always powerless against it,  
except when it combines with Air,  
which then can dry up any lake.  
Is Air then the most powerful of elements,  
since nothing can subdue it, pin it down or even see it?  
But there is in Buddhism a fifth element  
denominated Wood, which is organic.  
Of all organic forms, wood is the hardest and the most enduring,  
which is why in Buddhism it has come to symbolize the essence  
of this fifth of elements, which is simply life.  
It is dependent on the other four,  
it has to breathe with Air, it has to grow and live on Earth,  
it can't do without Water, and the Fire is its energy.  
But basically, all four elements have together that one function only  
to support the fifth and make it possible,  
the only really meaningful and interesting, important element,  
the toughest and most usable longliving form of which  
is that most precious Wood we all need knocking on at times.

So let's just plant more trees, the most invaluable support of life  
producing air (that's oxygen), providing energy,  
enriching earth and binding the wild waters  
and not take them down,  
for that would ruin everything on earth,  
let loose the fires and the waters  
and impoverish the air - in short,  
a tree is of as much importance as the life of any man.

### *Love Portrait*

How shall I define my love of you?  
It is not easy, since it has too many aspects.  
First of all, your beauty is not your first thing  
and not what I love most in you,  
but what it is a mirror of  
which is all that which is not seen  
but the more strongly felt and recognized  
as something much more precious than your beauty.  
Let's go deeper into this, because here is the clue:  
the outward mirrors of your soul are so remarkable  
reflecting depths and faculties that multiply your character  
into a maze of wonders and enigmas  
but at the same time of wisdom and reliability,  
a singular trustworthiness of wonderful profundity

and rare presentiment and foresight  
of, I would not hesitate to say, prophetic character;  
while at the same time you are honest like a child,  
your soul is bare and visible to all the world  
which makes it quite inevitable  
that the whole world can but love you.

### *Darjeeling*

Silver beams illuminate the landscape  
and increase with constancy around the hills  
until they blind you into rapturous exhilaration  
for the mountain far above all others  
so serenely highlighted in heavenly and perfect majesty  
by the enchanting morning glory rising from the sun;  
and in its shadow, this small village  
like a child born from this paradise of beauty  
living almost only from the beautiful charm of Kanjenjunga,  
so benevolently generous from this life-giving magic,  
that immediately she naturally must become the Queen of Hills.  
Thou art the Emperor and majesty, o Kanjenjunga,  
but your child Darjeeling mirrors this supremacy  
and grows into the most desirable of queens  
by stealing irretrievably your heart  
and leaving, as you have to leave her,  
a nostalgia to ache for life  
unless you constantly return.

### *Universal minimalism*

We are of a higher better world than this one  
where our dreams can meet and join each other  
in a cyberspace of nowhere and of everywhere  
including all the dreams of humankind  
that share them with us in the extraordinary plus dimension  
of the sixth sense, extra sensory perceptions and what not,  
I know full well that you know what I mean.  
No further explanation is required.  
Let us just continue dwelling there  
in bliss and beauty meeting all our needs  
and sticking to the motor of it all:  
the music of the spheres,  
the constant and eternal harmonies  
resounding throughout this minimalistic universe  
of more suns than the sum of grains of sand across the world  
but merely perceptible to those initiated in this dreamworld,  
this resplendent essence of all harmony of life,  
this innermost and utmost centre of existence,  
this invaluable, priceless precious thing called love.

### *The same old story...*

When in the realm of heavenliness  
I think of our relationship  
and how we are like twins  
in souls born long before this life  
united by our chosen destiny  
of musical ideals fought hard for,  
I am like a blind man in my doubts  
and faltering in troublesome uncertainty

to just maintain my course through darkness  
in my faithfulness to you and our ideals  
which we have suffered for so much  
and paid so dearly, just to find each other  
as inseparable friends on higher levels of affinity  
than ever can be gained by mortal forms of love.  
We are too close, now even at the furthest distance,  
ever to be able to dispense of our relationships  
which, in absence of our physical contactability  
is only the more strongly felt in metaphysical dimensions;  
but all this is old and well known stuff already,  
which, however, I can never tire of repeating.

### *Humility*

When you have travelled far for nothing  
just to find yourself in perfect darkness  
with no end to it, no bottom to the abyss,  
like a blind man without stick led down into a mine,  
it is a lesson only of orientation,  
and you must get through that darkness all alone,  
there is no other way and no one to release you  
from that hellish course to nowhere of nothing  
but to just get through with it, the worse the better;  
for it is a lesson only, just another education,  
the best form of which is travel,  
which by trials certainly will teach you  
something of reality, an accurate perspective;  
since reduced into a flying brittle autumn leaf  
completely at the mercy of the winds of destiny,  
of passion, nature, politics and maybe war  
you will be privileged to see things as they are  
from both above and through and from the gutter,  
which remains the best of all perspectives;  
since down there you only can look up  
and move up and improve  
and have things to look forward to,  
perhaps the only natural position and perspective,  
that of natural humility, which teaches you  
the underdog's philosophy of true survival,  
just observing, bowing, looking up, admiring  
all forms of life and loving it.

### *From the bottom of despair...*

Himalayan realism, from the traveller's diary:

"The turning point of this journey was on the 11th, when suddenly the weather changed, and even the most experienced trekker here has never met with anything worse. I was then in north Sikkim, it was not as bad as on November 9th 1995, when there were disasters all over the Himalayas and 14 people perished on Mount Everest, but almost next to it."

Infection, insect bites and running noses,  
snoring room mates, sleepless nights and aching limbs,  
you just lie tormenting yourself  
with furious scratchings of your wounds,  
you cough your lungs out, eyes are watering cascades,  
and everywhere you hear around you  
this tremendous Himalayan cough,  
the empty dryness of the hollow hoarseness like of horses,  
snows and rains, the worst that ever trekkers met with,

worse than even my friend Veteran encountered by Mount Everest,  
and nightmares, worries, tortures and laments;  
but still you carry on, enduring anything  
just for the pleasure of surviving  
even the worst thinkable ordeals  
to one day finally return back home  
to work, to humdrum winter weariness,  
to just a normal life instead of these extremes,  
however beautiful, revolting, educating and adorable.

### *Shamballah*

geographic survey

The fabled kingdom, transformed into Shangri-La,  
is still a vivid and most real ideal  
comprising all the ancient Buddhist kingdoms of the Himalayas,  
like Nepal and Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet, Ladakh and Zanskar,  
Lo, Mustang and even Kashmir and Mongolia,  
once a perfect and united realm,  
the capital of which was never found;  
but people say there still are endless caves  
under the mountains, leading to the sacred spot  
from where once all this perfect and harmonious world  
was ruled dynamically by the first of Buddhas;  
and the dream has never nor will ever die,  
like some kind of Asiatic Messianism,  
for all who live here, though, a most concrete conception,  
no ideal in no time ever being too impossible, too good  
nor too impractical to once be realized.

### *Maya*

She was just a woman and a mother,  
although Buddha's mother, like himself, an ordinary mortal,  
but has come to symbolize a human valuation  
of much higher worth than any deity.  
She has become a symbol for not only Mother Earth and Mother Nature  
but for life itself as simple motherhood,  
the very instrument of constructivity, creation and protection,  
above all criticism as such, incapable of any harm or evil,  
just the harmony of continuity,  
the perfect sweetness of one-sided positivism,  
the miraculousness of the talent to make something out of nothing  
and the home of love undying everlasting.

All this is embalmed in this simplicity of motherhood,  
a simple human character, quite limited and mortal  
but endowed with the supremest gift of making life  
and thus more worthy than the holiest divinity  
for being only lovable.

### *The music of the stars*

The music of the stars is unknown  
but to those who dwell among the stars and listen  
to the language of the gods and goddesses  
that mortals can not hear and therefore must deny;  
but we can hear them, we who fly among the stars  
with open minds of musicality and open hearts

to anything that is not common but exclusive  
just to those extraordinary souls unscarred by baseness,  
naturally esoteric, born out from the ether  
and wandering like exiles and outsiders here on earth  
with nothing to relate to except like-minded exceptions,  
who can understand the language of the stars and listen to it  
and who therefore, piously obliged by understanding  
to keep quiet of the secrets of the esoteric universe  
since that is far too overwhelming in its beauty  
to be used for any means except creation and construction,  
are compelled by love to caution and sincere discretion  
and the more so the more strong it is,  
since it must never risk the smallest misrepresentation,  
since the higher and the truer, the more sensitive and delicate.

### *The Exile*

Dharamsala, November 20th:

The Tibetan poet Tenzing Tsundue, exile from Tibet in India, has been placed under house arrest to prevent him from protesting with other Tibetan exiles while the Chinese president Hu Jintao makes his three days visit here...

Driven hard across the snows  
over the pass in wintry mountains  
with frost-bitten feet and corpses on the way  
shot brutally to death by occupation soldiers  
or just stranded in the snows in freezing death,  
old people, children, mothers, victims of all kinds;  
thus suffers the whole nation  
driven out by brainwash propaganda  
and enforcement of autocracy,  
thus turning a whole people into prisoners and exiles  
in the country they themselves had built  
and turned into a unique culture of philosophy,  
respecting life above all and tradition  
with a wonderful flourishing sense for ceremonies,  
pompous, colourful and solemn  
as the perfect ordered party going on forever;  
until brutal unhumanity broke in with force and hate  
intentionally wiping out a culture of two thousand years  
destroying six thousand and forty-six monasteries and temples  
out of six thousand and fifty-nine  
and burning manuscripts, hand-written books,  
three fifths of all the libraries and treasuries of literature,  
- and why? For sheer stupidity, the joy of violence,  
the glory of destruction and the rape of beauty?  
For the triumph of the opposite of culture,  
human dignity, nobility, humanitarianism, compassion  
to let evil with voluptuousness replace all virtue  
and all man's constructive efforts?  
The dictatorships and mad rapes of politics in the 20th century  
has turned the cultural protectors, humanists and lovers  
into exiles in this world of barbarism and cruelty;  
and it goes on, the rape of beauty by barbarity,  
not only in Tibet but everywhere  
by blind and brutal brainwash from the media and politics  
through the carelessness and greed and ignorance of mankind.

*The Problems of Esotericism*

The unacceptability of esotericism  
is that it is esoteric, that is,  
for its inaccessibility reserved for just the happy few,  
since only those with an advanced mind  
and intelligent profundity of understanding  
can at all get any hang of it,  
since it is practically totally incomprehensible.  
Already the philosopher Pythagoras saw fully this predicament,  
wherefore he simply didn't make it any clearer  
but just let it be, as most deep thinkers all since then  
have also done, from Plato and Plotinus,  
from the Essenes to the Cabbalists,  
from the Freemasons and Hermeticism to Rosicrucians,  
from the Master Eckhart to the Jesuits and the Illuminati,  
to the manifold secret societies of our day  
of obstinate forever hibernating Hippies  
to the children of New Age and the Free Thinkers of all ages,  
all heretics, outcasts, outsiders and aliens  
who unlike all common people, who just live on earth,  
see life from outside, looking into it.

*Just another flow*

Melt in tears  
and let the flood of warmth  
run over all the coldness of the world  
to let it know what tears are for,  
for tenderness and care,  
compassion and all good things  
that make life worth living,  
and, above all, feelings, deep and honest  
of the heart and soul, that ever need expression;  
and the warmest, softest, sweetest and sincerest  
evidence, expression, outlet and manifestation  
of your feelings are your tears,  
whether you cry for beauty, joy or sorrow  
or for anything at all; but they release you,  
always, being the original and truest food for love  
that never can be given out in vain.

*The portrait*

Let me take with me your picture  
of your absolute consummate beauty  
to keep locked up in my heart forever  
for the eyes of no one else but me,  
the only one to fully worship and appreciate your beauty  
unforgettably perceived and photographed by my mind's eye  
to keep it as the highest and most incomparable of treasures  
to look upon in precious moments of supremest privacy  
to thereby stay in touch with you  
in love imperishable  
never to be perfectly consumed  
but only, every time I look upon it,  
more aggrandized  
and the more so the more I may live,  
and long beyond my dying days.

### *Home to the dead*

Returning to normality  
from educating edifying journeys  
and adventures in a world of beauty  
teaching you humility and culture  
of a different perspective from above  
to humdrum western mainstream brainwash  
over-technocrated, automated, sterilized,  
where a seventh of the population  
go on psychic medicines  
as legal drug addicts  
which is considered *comme il faut*,  
no matter if it breaks you down, –  
it is quite normal to be burnt-out  
from just sitting by a keyboard in a cubicle;  
and in the long run thus civilization certainly will follow you  
in breaking down, dissolving down the drain.  
This re-initiation in the western brainwash of perdition  
is the worst ordeal you can experience,  
coming from a real world of ideals and truth and beauty  
to a snake-pit of degeneration and decay;  
and all that you can do is to endure it,  
do the best of it, survive and struggle on  
alone for your ideals in obstinate persistence  
just to spite the mortal blind way down of mankind  
for the hope of the necessity  
of the occasion of the turning of the tides.

### *Politiska mord*

En agent i London blir förgiftad  
enligt gammalt KGB-recept med renaste radioaktivitet,  
ett medel som blott supermakter kan begagna,  
men det Ryssland, som var ensamt om att ha motiv till mordet,  
blånekar naturligtvis, som Putin också gjorde,  
när den tidigare journalisten  
Anna Politkovskaja blev mördad  
nerskjuten i hissen till sitt hem  
på maffiavis med fem dödliga kulor,  
vilket mord då också bara Ryssland  
hade något alls motiv till.  
Saken blir ej bättre av att Litvinenko,  
den i London mördade agenten,  
just var ute för att forska i det tidigare mordet  
på den modiga envisa Anna Politkovskaja,  
men Putin och politikerna resonerar så:  
Vem har väl tid och råd och ork att bry sig?  
Världen rasar ändå samman  
genom katastrofer, aids, malaria och tuberkulos,  
växthuseffekt och översvämningar,  
så vad bryr vi oss om politiska små mord,  
ett eller två, ett dussin eller två,  
när de ju ändå måste glömmas och försvinna  
i den globala vanliga katastrofala statistiken?

### *Political murders*

A secret Russian agent is in London poisoned  
in the old way of the KGB by radioactive means,  
which only superpowers have the means of;  
but that Russia, which alone was motivated to the murder

does of course deny it, as did Putin when the journalist of civil courage  
Anna Politkovskaya was murdered  
shot down in the elevator of her home  
with no less than five mortal bullets  
in the ordinary mafia style,  
which murder also only Russia could have any motive for.  
Things don't look any better  
as the murdered London agent Litvinenko  
was investigating the aforesaid murder  
of the lovely Anna Politkovskaya;  
but Putin and the politicians reason with some realistic cynicism:  
"Who cares? Who has the energy and time to bother  
when the world goes down the road to ruin anyway  
by aids, catastrophes, malaria, TBC,  
the global warming and ever increasing floods?  
We can afford to overlook some small politic murder,  
one or two, a dozen or another  
since they must be soon forgotten anyway  
and disappear in the most boring usual flow  
of normal global catastrophic statistics."

#### *Love declaration*

I love you.  
Let these words be stamped forever in eternity  
no matter who am I, no matter who you are  
just to make sure the pure sincerity  
of how much I love you  
outstandingly forever.  
Let it be, and let it work, and let it live  
and let it never die,  
because that is the only life for me  
without which I will be as barren as a desert  
bored to death by thirst and hunger and depravity  
since you are all I ever cared for  
whether drunk or sober, mad or sensible;  
you are the source of life and cure for anything,  
the only absolute insurance of there being any life at all  
and for there being any meaning of existence  
and for any continuity at all  
for any love or any meaning of it.

#### *Midnight Conversations*

In the darkness of midnight  
far away beyond ourselves  
we meet and join in timelessness  
like two spirits moulded into one  
by the truth of this momentary eternity.  
This bliss is the supremest of this life  
and the miracle of it the most incredible.  
The eyes go out and we live by hearing only  
sweet soft words from barely audible voices,  
the loveliest of this life  
only because they understand each other  
and thereby comprise each other  
in the pious breathless embrace of eternity.  
This union is this moment which,  
if you have experienced it,  
you can but always pray  
for its remaining and continuing forever.

### *Självordsbombaren*

Tusen rupier i belöning  
om du går till marknaden och släpper av en bomb  
så att så många blir lemlästade som möjligt  
garanterat säkert och kontant  
om du blott överlever.  
Tack, sa självordsbombaren,  
men jag vill ha betalt i förväg.  
De från topp till tå maskerade  
med endast ögonvråna knappt skönjbara  
kunde se så mycket dock  
att de utbytte sinsemellan menande en blick  
och gav den frivillige kandidaten  
allt i förskott, men dock på det villkoret:  
HAN MÅSTE LYCKAS!  
Och han lovade att göra fromt sitt allra bästa.  
Och han var ej dummare än att han visste  
mycket noga var hans arbetsgivare  
och terrorister jämte deras chefer  
hade sin central och var de skulle träffas nästa gång,  
han skulle ju ha en rapport att leverera,  
så dit gick han när det var det rätta ögonblicket,  
släppte av en bomb som detonerade  
som en väl kraftig brakare,  
och där flög många anonyma väl maskerade  
tvättäkta terrorister mer än högt i luften,  
och då de var så ordentligt anonyma och maskerade  
så fick man aldrig veta vilka eller hur många de var.  
De ingick i den ungefärliga indefinita potten:  
hittills blott sexhundrafemtio tusen offer  
för ett krig emellan alla emot alla i Irak,  
alltmedan bara en vill vara där och stanna kvar,  
som råkar vara själva presidenten av Amerika.

### *The Suicide Bomber*

Your reward will be a thousand rupees  
if you go ahead down to the market  
letting off a bomb to make as many casualties as possible,  
in cash, with guaranteed security,  
provided that you get away with it.  
The suicide bomber thanked them well  
but wanted payment in advance.  
The fully covered terrorists  
with only eyes to let in any light  
could see enough to exchange meaning glances  
and gave the voluntary candidate  
the full sum in advance, but on condition:  
THE SUCCESS MUST BE COMPLETE!  
He promised piously to do his very best  
but was not that much of a fool not to be well informed  
exactly where his terrorist employers and their chiefs  
would meet to make their schemes next time,  
he would have a report to make to them;  
so that is where he went eventually when time was ripe  
and let discreetly down their dried up drain a bomb  
which went off powerfully detonating most resoundingly  
and blowing many well masked and anonymous intriguers  
up and maybe all the way to space with such efficiency,  
that one could never tell how many or who any of them were  
since they were so anonymous and carefully wrapped up and masked.

They were included in the general statistics:  
so far six hundred and fifty thousand casualties only  
in a war where everyone fights everyone for nothing,  
while there is just one who wants to stay there and remain,  
who happens to be president of some states in America.

*Common prayer*

Let us pray together,  
kneel together in humility  
to focus on our troubles  
and resolve our problems  
by combining all our forces  
in an effort of mobilization  
of our healing powers  
which are no less physical than psychic,  
wherefore we had better be entwined,  
the closer up, the better,  
coiled up in a knot like loving snakes  
to make our combination more efficient  
in the outflow and release  
of the profoundest energies  
which any love can fire off  
for only universal benefit  
and for our own improved development  
to progress ever in the beneficial process  
of our universal love as prayer and unification.

*Hibernation*

Gone is the sun and the light of the world  
with a vengeance replaced by the cold Scandinavian winter  
of icicle beauty and permanent frost  
without mercy with dreadful slow silence  
deep-freezing the hearts and the minds of the Hyperboreans  
replacing all life with lethargic melancholy  
and sleepy heaviness with only one cure:  
the headache of alcoholism,  
while the bears only are wise enough to go really to sleep  
to pass winter over in wise passive silence,  
the wisest of animals, while man, the craziest,  
just goes on working like hell  
celebrating the madness of Christmas,  
while wisdom and love is forgotten and drenched  
in the sorrows of drinking depressions  
while more people die than in any of the other seasons  
of spleen or just tiredness, suicide or common depression.

But light can not die and survives in the soul,  
where the sunlight is brighter than ever in heaven  
if only you let the creative spirit have vent,  
recognition and any attention to its neverending potential  
which is more efficient than any solarium,  
and that's the best way to survive winter horrors of darkness:  
let out the creativeness, don't let it slow down,  
go to sleep or get drowned in the dreary depression  
but let creativity flow,  
for although all the sunlight gets niggard and sparse  
with the intimidations and threats of starvation to death,  
there is nothing in heaven or earth  
that can check the light or cease the flow

of all that which you carry around in your soul  
as your main source of life and of love and creation.

*Crisis treatment*

Our minds collide in splendid piety  
to gracefully adorn our unity  
in quiet prayer for the patient's sanity,  
recuperation and return to amity  
from any darkness in the shadowy conformity  
of hospitalization's bleak passivity  
of no way out from any black hole of calamity  
but only the dead end of operational rigidity,  
the horrible experimental vulnerability  
of no way back but only way out into relativity  
to nothingness or somethingness or no ability  
to cope with any unexpected terrible fatality.  
But our antennae feel the way  
and hold the sway  
against dismay  
and any mayday  
since we know full well  
that nothing ever fell  
by fate on us to tell  
us anything from hell  
but only from the other dell,  
that there was never any trial tragic  
which did not improve our mutual magic.

*Sunday sermon*

Getting drunk for nothing  
is never an excuse  
for staying sober  
since you never can get drunk for nothing,  
since, even if there's really nothing in it,  
in the drunkenness you'll certainly find something to it  
worth the drinking  
even if it's only red wine,  
but, of course, you need some rum  
to get it really done,  
I mean, the reason for this drinking  
which you need for sure  
more often than not,  
especially if you've been sober far too long.  
Thus spoke the preacher from his pulpet  
to his congregation on a Sunday service  
with the bishop listening to him  
most seriously, whereafter he found it convenient  
to comment on his parson's sermon, saying:  
"Only three small things, my friend.  
First: Jesus was not shot but crucified,  
and second: the correct word is not Cheers! but Amen,  
and the third: you just don't go down from the pulpet  
sliding down the rail. But for the rest,  
your sermon was indeed most interesting."  
And the young priest, who well aware  
of his most venerated bishop's visit and inspection,  
had prepared himself with a few glasses  
for the sermon, promised to himself,  
that from now on he would more diligently study

what the Scripture really said  
about the actual holiness of wine  
in celebrating great occasions,  
for let us not forget, that Jesus on his wedding  
did turn water into wine, and that on the last supper  
he demonstratively advocated using wine  
for every sacred celebration in his name.

*Love expressionism*

We were meant to be each other,  
delve into each other to become each other,  
joining more than just our limbs  
but coming even closer through our souls  
to dwell together in the harbour of eternity  
in silent intimacy constantly increasing  
in intensity and tenderness  
to motivate us ever more sincerely  
never to let go but keeping holding on  
to our love and to each other  
in the warm embrace of our hearts  
to blend the blood of our spirits  
in a generous ever increasing flow  
which like a flood will certainly continue  
to grow constantly more powerful  
to overwhelm all sentient life  
supporting it and honestly encouraging it  
to continue waxing in its glowing flow  
with love of ever growing perfect irresistibility.

*On the table*

Do not worry.  
You will later on wake up again  
to a new day and a new life  
beyond all worries and anxieties  
with illnesses and tribulations passed  
and left behind forever  
to give way to just another life,  
a new life better than the former one.  
You will not even feel  
there on the table  
when they drill into your head  
to carefully remove the parasites,  
the growth that isn't yours nor you  
but only something to get rid of,  
all the rubbish of your life,  
all that which you should have left far behind  
long time ago, all that, which wasn't part of you,  
which wasn't your life, which was not for you;  
while all the rest is left for you ahead,  
your pleasure and serenity,  
the happiness of your remaining life,  
the glowing evening of the warmest part  
and maybe longest and most pleasurable part  
of your most precious life,  
which simply just is bound to be  
more precious now the longer you remain with us  
for every day more priceless and invaluable rich and worthy.

*Some ingredients of love*

They count to twelve,  
those who think love's ingredients can be counted,  
but love is out of accountability.  
The ingredients are not to be summarized  
nor even identified, since they are too many  
and far too variable to be more than faintly discerned.  
You can not pin love down or analyze it.  
You can only live it.  
Once you're there, inside it living it,  
you are on the right path and know something,  
and then it's just for you to move on,  
continue living it in whatever way,  
the easiest way being with sex,  
the most difficult way being without sex,  
but that is more of a challenge.  
You can even live it with sex but without sex,  
if you see what I mean, which perhaps is difficult,  
but what I mean is simply, that the love you live  
must be within you and at the same time  
completely comprise the person you love –  
and that is maybe the basic ingredient of love:  
it must be all or nothing.  
If you have it all, you have all to give,  
and then it's just to go on spending,  
giving, beaming, spurting forth  
and generously expand your love  
without any end to your experience of it,  
since love works by constantly renewing itself,  
and therefore love is life neverdying.

*The Razor's Edge*

To wake up every morning  
forced to fight the torments of your body  
just to stay alive and fit for work,  
the daily combat just to make life bearable  
and tolerable and enjoyable at least in any way  
is more than just a full time work.  
It is to fight for life and for survival  
balancing across a tightrope blindfolded  
and without safety net, the tightrope cutting deep into your feet,  
the famous razor's edge of life that Maugham described  
in what is actually the introducing hippie novel  
about man's desorientation in this age  
in this distracted world polluted by destruction by himself,  
while only sparse illuminated individuals  
feel the lostness of mankind and try to search for a solution,  
which they only find, as individuals, individually.  
It's a predicament with no way out  
which forces you to introversion  
trying to find an alternative solution  
by an inner road perhaps through metaphysics  
for the vital rescue and redemption of mankind,  
of life, of nature, of the planet and the future  
to at all make any love a possibility  
in desperate determination not to let it die.

### *Den vassa eggen*

Att varje morgon vakna upp  
till tvingad kamp med plågorna i sina lemmar  
bara för att en dag till förbli vid liv och kunna arbeta,  
det dagliga envigget bara för att göra livet uthärdligt  
och acceptabelt och i ringaste mån njutbart  
är långt mera än ett heltidsarbete.  
Det är att slåss för livet och för överlevnaden  
i omöjlig balansgång på en lina med förbundna ögon  
utan nät, där linan skär djupt in i dina fötter,  
den så vassa eggen som Somerset Maugham beskrev  
i vad som faktiskt var den första hippieskildringen  
om människans desorientering i vår tid  
i denna galna värld förstörd av mänskan själv  
med bara sällsynta upplysta individer  
medvetna om mänsklighetens vilsenhet  
och sökande efter en lösning  
som de såsom individer bara finner individuellt.  
Dilemmat saknar utgång  
medan blott introverteringen kan leda vidare  
till kanske en alternativ nödlösning  
genom inre kanske metafysiska kanaler  
till den nödvändiga räddningen av mänskligheten,  
av naturen, livet och planeten och vår framtid  
för att göra kärleken alls möjlig  
i en desperat beslutsamhet att vägra låta den få dö.

### *Innocence*

The dwindling abyss of the loss of all self-confidence  
because of personal calamities and natural disasters  
is not something that you can do anything about  
except endure, survive and brace with that stiff upper lip.  
Things don't get better by the aspect of the havoc of humanity  
destroying life and species, nature and environment  
including any basics for the future,  
since there are not many wise men any more  
who honestly can stake their lives in love  
investing in a family concern for future troubles.  
So you get discouraged, overrun by the mad circus  
of the bolting world of greed, insanity and egoism  
with sex and violence as the acceptedly sole meaning of existence.  
All that you can do is stand apart detached and critical  
and maybe hibernate this age of Kali,  
this destructive universal lunacy of dehumanization  
and denaturalization, by quite simply do your work,  
maintain your garden, write your poetry  
and keep up the remanining beauty of the soul  
which never can be poisoned or corrupted  
by anything you didn't cause yourself.

### *J'accuse*

What was the bright idea of making this world uninhabitable?  
Your shortcomings, capitalists and politicians,  
will be as grim as your shortsightedness,  
which turned the whole world to a mess  
by your voluptuosness of reptile greed,  
you crazy world seducers of industrialization,

putting the world's riches and its future in your pocket,  
making the destruction of the world your gold  
which you could not bring with you anyway  
and leaving nothing else behind than world pollution,  
poisoned future as a curse for generations,  
you the greed exploiters, presidents and autocrats,  
oil billionaires, industrial tycoons, dictators,  
wildlife hunters and destroyers and above all military pimps,  
who made arms, violence and killing the world's greatest industry.  
The sickness of the planet cry out loud against you all  
and most of all the rising oceans, dirtied by your oil  
with coral reefs consumed by your pollution,  
the tuna fish completely disappearing even from the depths  
and dolphins, whales and other breathing friendly beings of the sea  
caught up in drifting nets to suffocate and drift forever  
testifying by their corpses to man's criminal irrationality.  
The seas will rise to vengeance against man,  
his tyranny and arrogance, his carelessness and hubris,  
while we thinking and responsible downtrodden rainbow warriors  
are the ones to suffer for the greatest crime in history,  
the shortsighted destruction of the world by man,  
the ones to remedy the mess and clean it up,  
for which a generation must be sacrificed  
until the world perhaps can be inhabitable once again.

*The crying song that never dies*

Its melody is haunting  
unforgettably lamenting  
and complaining ever  
by those ever flowing tears  
that gives the music never dying energy  
to go on playing, singing and lamenting,  
crying all souls' hearts out  
in a hymn that can't be silenced  
but which everyone must hearken;  
for those tears, that heart-rending affliction,  
that pathetic wail and dirge  
of too much beauty in its melody  
is just the source of life,  
the pain by which we all have come to life  
and by which we must aye continue to support it  
keeping up the essence of life's unbearableness  
which is its neverending and intolerable beauty.

*The Nurse*

The sweetness of your care  
is like the honey of a precious blossom  
too unique and priceless to be picked  
and far too rarely exquisite to be professional.  
You waste your love to make the patient  
feel much better than if she was well  
with such attention as if she was something of a film star,  
and, of course, she is the most important person in the world  
as long as she is invalid and has to be confined in bed,  
while you make her existence like to a consummate dream,  
thus building up a paradise for her  
in this horrible state of close to death.  
So good are seldom nurses, and so sweet are seldom lovers,  
while like this you transfer our love

to a superior kind of level  
raising it beyond this mortal mess of things  
into a higher education of more care and tenderness  
for only increased good for everyone who knows you  
and especially for me, your humble lover.

*Together (2)*

We belong to each other  
and cannot do without each other.  
That's how it works,  
the destiny of our love,  
the mutuality of our souls  
and its relationship like twins –  
the more we do without each other,  
the more we need each other,  
like a constant urge to return  
forever to a distant past  
where we were born together  
in a unity of love  
that ever has kept warming up  
for this long evening of togetherness  
when we shall never again depart,  
but only constantly return  
to where we started.

*Healing powers*

There are no healing powers without pains.  
The more your pains in healing hurt you,  
the more miracles you work,  
the more efficient is your healing;  
so just let the pains consume you,  
and the more, the better.  
Think of Christ and what he suffered,  
greatest of the healers,  
and all those among his followers  
who got those stigmata for healing,  
like St. Francis and the Padre Pio,  
all authentic, all prolific healers;  
but no gains, no healing powers without suffering.  
That is the essence of all empathy:  
you have to feel the sufferer's and patient's pains  
in order to relieve them,  
taking them on you,  
identifying with them, looking through them,  
going through them to thus let them ache out and dissolve.  
That was the method, secret and the mystery of Edgar Cayce.  
If doctors were more knowledgeable in this business,  
many hospitals would soon be empty.

*The miracle*

When after the day's work  
I stumble home to bed  
dead tired and exhausted  
like a wounded soldier  
languishing of thirst and bleeding,  
hungering and dying of fatigue,  
the only thing I need is you,

my only, truest love,  
most lovable of women in existence,  
all my comfort and the only cure  
for my consumed and outraged soul,  
the only nurse who can keep me alive;  
but you are there, and will be always there,  
the final harbour after all the stormy seas,  
the star like Sirius to always guide me right,  
the brightest light in all the midnight sky  
to solace me and give me courage  
and renew all that which was my life  
which I had thought I had completely spent;  
but that's the miracle, that all I need  
is one kind thought from you,  
and I will be reborn and resurrected,  
no death and no ruin having any power  
against that life and that love  
which gives me all I ever had to live for.

*No partition*

You are part of me  
and not just any part  
but the most vital part,  
the most inseparable part,  
the part that stays with me  
interminably all the time  
to ever keep me company  
even when I am alone,  
and what is more,  
the most professional outgoing part,  
the part that keeps me more than just alive,  
the part that universally participates  
to put it abstractly  
in any way in any life  
to just and simply keep it up and going,  
more explicitly, in brief,  
you are myself and I am you,  
and thus we keep on hanging on together  
just to keep it going  
flying on inseparably  
now and on and on,  
as much as possible forever.

*Divine intimacy*

We know a secret which we share in common  
of the highest depth and ultimate intimacy  
that spells our lives with magic  
of such kind that everyone must envy us  
our knowledge of this intimacy with divinity,  
which they can only do out of their ignorance.  
Let them torture us with that if they so bother  
since that only can become a torture to themselves.  
We have a higher task to overcome;  
the base frustrations that futility so stupidly bombard us with  
are only challenges to cope with on our way  
to do our job without reward and without understanding  
not to just survive but to survive as souls  
and thereby progress on our thorny stormy path  
to higher education to thereby continue to instruct this wretched life

of what it really is and should be;  
and that is our squirrel's wheel:  
to ever run about and reaching nowhere  
without ever getting out of the entrapment of our destiny  
as spiritual workers working harder or at least as hard as any farmer  
for the betterment of mankind  
sacrificing all including and especially ourselves  
on the delightful never-ending Via Crucis  
of our passion of the nightingale's commitment to the rose.

*Narcissus – the true story, or, what actually happened*

– it was just an accident, but made permanent and eternal by legend

Narcissus spoke to his beloved Echo:  
"Darling, you just bore me.  
Can't you entertain me any better  
than by being just my echo?"  
The poor nymph began to cry  
since she could not defend herself  
and couldn't find a better answer than,  
quite awkwardly: "My love, how can I please you  
with my poor self since yourself are all perfection  
and I can do nothing better than to imitate you  
in all your so perfect ways?" Narcissus sighed  
and said: "So you are just an imitation.  
What a bore you are!" and looked away to find  
his mirrored picture in the water  
and was amazed by his own beauty  
and how actually he was perfection only  
and was hypnotized by his own apparition,  
being quite unable to release himself  
from his own stare. But Echo would not leave him  
and observed that her adored lover had been caught  
by something in the water. "What has caught your eye?  
What are you staring at?" she asked.  
"Just look in there," Narcissus said.  
"I never saw such beauty in my life."  
The nymph saw his predicament and laughed.  
"But that is just yourself! It is the mirror of yourself!  
Have you not seen yourself before?"  
Narcissus answered: "No, I never found myself before."  
"Come, come," said Echo. "You just can't get stuck  
in admiration of yourself forever.  
There are other persons in the world."  
"Not as beautiful as this one. You are right.  
I am perfection. I don't need you any more  
nor any person else, since what I am  
transcends all other human beings."  
Echo could not quite accept this.  
She retorted: "If I may not love you,  
and if you no longer can love me,  
at least let me then love your picture."  
And she dived into the water  
just where he was sitting, right into his picture,  
which was shattered instantly.  
"What are you doing!" cried the young man rising,  
"You can't swim!" And he jumped after her to save her.  
But the river god was there and waiting for them,  
taking his good opportunity, ensnaring them  
in weeds and water lilies, pulling them down under,  
and it so befell that they both drowned,

she in the picture of her love,  
and he in fruitless strain to save his love,  
which after all he could not finally deny.

*Hanging by the neck between life and death*

A situation difficult as such, no doubt,  
and what is worse, it's serious.  
What can we do about it,  
when no doctors can do anything,  
when experts are completely at a loss,  
when no one does or dares do anything,  
when operation offers no results,  
when there are complications  
and we are left hanging knowing nothing  
since there is no one to tell us anything.  
Our last resource is healing  
which can give us no assurances  
and no professional or certain help  
at that ideal place of a rest in limbo  
as a sluice and easy gate to death.  
All we can do is pray for miracles,  
which certainly can happen  
but are certainly in no way certain.  
This is hell or purgatory  
of a temporary kind though,  
since death of all things is the last  
that lasts forever –  
it is only the most casual of moments  
briefer than the slaking of a candle  
and a passing only through a gate  
from one life to another, or,  
as many put it,  
from this mortal life of vanity  
to the eternal life of any meaning.  
We can not accept it, though,  
but must hold on to her in persevering obstinacy  
until she recovers and returns  
to a much better life than heretofore,  
for her sake and for ours.

*The pain of life*

You can't escape it  
while you live.  
It will increase  
outrageously  
tormentously,  
continuing day by day  
to steadily increase the pain,  
like some malignant cancer on the soul  
which you can't even scan  
and even less discover or identify,  
since it will move about your soul  
in constantly increasing turmoil,  
chaos and disorder and disorientation  
circulating as incessantly as any blood  
to wax with life and age and rage  
like some infernal road to hell,  
the most infernal of them all,  
since it will never bring you there  
but only push you further on to it.

The brighter side of this, though,  
as that with this pain and torture  
your maturity will also grow,  
the pain will soften you and make you nicer,  
smoother and more humble and more flexible,  
it's called katharsis,  
you will learn something, develop,  
this most painful lesson which we know as life  
will always teach you something new  
to sort things out with  
for another grapple with the problem  
and some better orientation  
how to cope with it at all,  
survive and learn some new tricks  
just how to endure it.

*All too short lights in the long night*

The glimpses of our love  
are much too fickle, short and passing  
and the more so in this darkness  
of our passing situation  
of just threats and perils everywhere  
in which there is no challenge against death  
except foolhardy optimism,  
the obstinacy of the will to vanquish anything  
that simply can't be vanquished,  
while we just catch glimpses of each other  
forced to separation by this inexplicability of fate  
which makes my love more fervent only  
stressed by this adversity of destiny  
to ever crueller frustration,  
paralysis and intoxication.  
There is always one way out, however,  
and I am quite certain that way is not death.

*Faith*

I'll never let you go  
but keep an eye on you  
to keep our souls and hearts together  
definitely but indefinitely  
just to keep my faith  
regardless of our distance  
just for old acquaintance's sake –  
I never broke my faith to you  
and never will  
however hard my jealousy  
tried to replace me with another  
character that wasn't made  
for either me nor you.  
As long as we are true  
to ourselves  
we cannot lose each other,  
since the truth is all we ever had  
to keep to and to build  
whatever was worth building  
not to ever be erased.

*Hell – an introduction*

it's not as bad as it sounds...

Of course, it's all a fake.  
Hell never really did exist,  
and neither did the Devil,  
although he acquired many names,  
like Satan, Beelsebub (the lord of flies)  
and others. Satan was originally  
just a local tribal idol,  
just like Pan or Baal or Ra,  
but of some Arab people,  
and the place called Hell  
was the inferno of the Nordic winter,  
ordinary life but at its hardest.  
It's the human mind which has turned hell  
into some nightmare of imagination,  
and since fantasy can never be restricted,  
so has Hell been turned into a whole mythology  
of most incredible absurd and weird stuff,  
(just go botanizing into Dante,)  
all reflecting the subconscious  
and man's less attractive sides,  
his mental weakness and neurotic nature;  
so the devil which we all must fight  
is just the enemy within us,  
everyone himself is his worst enemy,  
all fears are of the unknown of our minds,  
and there is nothing evil  
but our thinking makes it so,  
as someone said already  
many hundred years ago.  
Since there are many sides to our imagination,  
there are many aspects of this hell  
of our invention  
and no end to it;  
just let it out,  
and it will vanish  
like a dream  
and like all dreams most fascinating.

*Grief*

Inward crying without tears  
is more sincere than any tears  
can be and much more painful,  
since that's why the tears don't show:  
they can't come out,  
they are forever blocked  
on their way out  
and tapped instead into a pit  
of bottomless despair like a black hole  
of too much crying  
filling an infinity  
with woes unutterable  
of the grievous powerlessness  
against cruelty, injustice, tragedy  
and everything that shouldn't happen  
and which for that reason only  
seems to happen.

What to do?  
Continue crying  
without tears  
forever.

*Outstaring darkness*

They say the total realism  
is equal to the total pessimism,  
and although there might be some grain of truth in it  
it doesn't have to be so negatively terrible.  
Outstaring darkness, if when it's total,  
is just making the discovery of certain lights in it,  
and there never was a person dying  
without smoothly getting over it  
and even smartly even with it and away with it  
completely disappearing to the other side  
without a trace, without informing anyone  
and maybe even without dying –  
that's what we may all discover when we die.  
Well, I'll not be too morose and acrid about this,  
but will be niggardly content with pointing out  
the trivial truism, that all is not what it seems.

*Overwhelming adversity*

How shall I express my love of you  
when there is lack of any means  
except of mortal kind that never is enough?  
And what is worse, I am unworthy of you  
and of love, since I have no means to support you  
and not even to support myself,  
while your haphazard situation is at risk  
and can not stand a further strain of any kind,  
while I am hopelessly at bay  
with no means even to express my love,  
so tragically fettered in a cage of desperate impossibilities.  
But let adversity continue towering in overwhelmingness  
since there is nothing that can not be overcome by love,  
nor even death, a powerless and foolish thing  
compared to facts of immortality  
through which love triumphs ever gloriously,  
as if the strange phenomenon of immortality  
existed only for the sake of love;  
and that, I guess, is just about as close as we can get  
to any universal truth.

*Nostalgia*

Why could not that divine and golden age and moment  
stay and just remain, forever going on?  
It was the age of friendship, the most perfect love  
of innocence, when nothing was required  
and no knowledge was at hand nor needed,  
when we simply loved and were together  
naturally without affectations or pretensions  
long before the first released erection made us blush  
and turn into ourselves  
to never be completely free again.  
At school there was a whole world to discover,

chart, reveal and wonder at  
of knowledge, botany, geography and art,  
a most intoxicating enterprise  
that made our minds delirious with happiness  
revealing endless opportunities and possibilities;  
but that was then, the children's golden age of long ago,  
before the physical reality of love caused chronic introversion,  
before relationships had caused their first upsets and schisms,  
before we realized the world was mad,  
before we started to grow up against our will,  
before we parted and before you died,  
my best friend of my childhood.  
We were at the age of ten-eleven then,  
the best years of our lives  
which have survived us with their glory  
staying there behind us in eternity  
while we grew up and withered  
deadlocked on our course  
to the inevitable vanity of death.

*Poor people's riches*

We don't need cars and swimming-pools,  
what shall we do with monetary worries  
of the stock exchange and too much taxes,  
risky options and accursed roller-coaster shares,  
anxieties of properties and constant keeping up  
of meaningless facades and artificial nonsense,  
when we get along so well with just our dreams,  
our love of beauty and of being just together,  
having cheap and frugal meals with friends,  
enjoying fresh air and some sunshine,  
listening to ancient proper music,  
reading old imperishable sacred books  
of inexhaustible immeasurable merits  
with some poetry occasionally  
to adorn our humble life with golden fringes.  
I don't care about material matters  
since you can't take anything of that with you  
while all your true worth, grit and dreams  
are more imperishable than your soul  
as long as you just keep them flying.

*Our sovereignty*

Pride and independence stand between us  
separating us like something of our own worst enemies  
originated by our own best qualities.  
I offer you my help, but you will not accept it  
out of pride and independence and politeness,  
wanting to take care of everything yourself  
and going the official way without support,  
not listening to others or accepting alien advice,  
while I treat you the same way,  
not accepting any help or your advice  
and keeping independently straight on my own course  
steering blindly out of reach for anyone;  
but all this sovereignty, pride and independence  
is developed just to give more space to love,  
enlarge the possibility for its existence  
and provide a larger room in the cathedral

for the greatness of our hearts to roam  
to give more freedom to our love,  
which can not stand restrictions  
and which in this world can't find enough space to expand  
since love, if it is honest, craves much more than all  
and never can be satisfied or have enough.  
Excuse my pride and independence,  
but it's only to give you and us a wider berth  
to cultivate, expand and let our love continue thriving in.

*Under the protection of the muses*

It is divine but dangerous,  
it keeps us from the perils of this world  
but at the same time is a constant trial  
of our lives, our personalities,  
our personal validity and worth,  
it is a constant hardening  
like that of steel in ice and water  
melted down at first completely  
by consuming heat and fire  
and then forced into a mould  
to reach some permanence of structure  
only through atrocious torture,  
sufferings of hell and purgatory cleansing;  
but the mortals can not touch us  
while we must the more assume responsibility  
committing us to empathy with shortcomings of others,  
pledging us to share their sufferings to ease them.  
So being under that protection of the muses  
is no more and no less than a high responsibility  
which we must prove our worth of  
through our labour and accountability  
as thoroughly creative non-stop artists  
bound to never sleep and never rest  
for the commitment to our love and our ideals  
and all that makes life worth  
all that atrocious trouble of just living.

*Midwinter love*

I wake up in the middle of the night  
and there is naught else for my eyes but you,  
there is nothing else that I can think of, only you,  
and only with sincerest love without a smudge  
of anything not being perfect love,  
which couldn't be more flawlessly complete,  
and that in this exhausting time of crisis  
with a cancer patient closest to us  
horribly afflicted by aggressive peril of her life,  
for which there might be no cure else but miracles;  
but we believe in miracles and can do miracles,  
since that is all our love has done and all the time  
and ever since we met,  
so that is probably what our love will keep on doing.  
Let us live for that, no matter what will happen,  
come what may, whatever trials we may stumble on,  
but we shall never fall.

*Käringen mot strömmen*

(skriven tillsammans med Laila Roth)

Strömmen är den allmänna självdestruktiviteten,  
världsförgiftningen och samhällskorruptionen  
genom skvalkultur och tröstmedicinering  
genom medicinbolagens urholkning av samhället  
med parasitiska miljardrekordvinster på helt legala droger,  
medan det är lika lönsamt med fördumningen av massorna  
igenom massmediala monopol, reklamfinansierade förstås,  
som utesluter all uppbygglig vettig positiv information;  
men allt detta vet vi alla  
men är ändå dumma nog att låta oss fortsätta bli fördummade  
igenom skvalsamhällets destruktiva hjärntvätt  
medan fler och fler får hjärntumörer av elallergi  
och spänningsnäten bara intensifieras  
då ju fler och fler behöver bli beroende av sin mobiltrafik  
då denna är det bästa medlet till att hålla stressen uppe,  
odla den och för folkhälsans skull accelerera den,  
ty stressens fördel är ju att den hindrar folk  
att känna efter i hur hög grad de mår dåligt,  
för just vilket ändamål, att döda instinkt, insikt och intuition,  
det gäller just att dränka mänskligheten i legala droger,  
genom verklighetsflykt, skvalkultur och ytlighet och flärd  
och helst av allt så mycket oväsen som möjligt,  
så att finstämdhet och känslighet för skönhet och musik  
må dränkas i kapitalistisk vinst av skval och hjärntvätt  
så att alla blir bedövade och dödade i själen  
så att samhället och ordningen må triumfera över människan;  
men alla dessa lögners destruktiva nonsens  
skiter jag fullkomligt i och vänder mig mot strömmen resolut  
då jag som käring vägrar flyta med som alla andra döda fiskar.

.....

med Bang i åminnelse

*The pain of loving*

Only those know anything of love  
that have survived it  
with its pains and crucifixions,  
suicides and afflictions  
leaving you completely ruined  
like an empty shell  
to be left washed out on the shore  
eventually to be assorted by the sea  
and thoroughly dissolved to ordinary sand.  
Supremest fools and jokers  
are the greatest lovers,  
the erotomaniacs, who believe they love  
but don't know anything about it,  
those born yesterday as chronical drivelling idiots  
lusting senselessly for what will only burn them out.  
You want to laugh at them but can but pity them  
with sadness and regret,  
that you, with all the loves you had,  
you never could take proper care  
of what you now, too late, will realize  
was the only true one  
and the only one you never had.

*Your two faces*

One of them is pure delight,  
the paragon of beauty,  
blinding like the sun,  
compelling you to look away  
to just not let your love consume you  
prematurely driving you to nuts.  
The other is the serious one,  
impenetrable in severity,  
forbidding rather than attractive,  
making you afraid to come too close  
not willing to disturb;  
but these two different faces  
almost opposite in kind  
are just the opposites of life,  
we wear them all,  
like the two classical theatrical opposite masks  
which never can exclude each other  
although they can never be combined  
and are of the same person.  
We are all inextricable in complexity  
and can not fully understand each other  
nor even ourselves.  
All that we can do  
is just to love each other.

*The school of love*

To love and care for your integrity  
is paramount and primary as my concern for you  
as your respectful lover,  
caring more for your protection than for having you.  
They say the gentleman is dead,  
that he was extirpated in the rotten age of world wars,  
the most difficult and dark barbaric period in history;  
but since man has survived,  
and there continue to be ladies,  
there will always also be new gentlemen to resurrect,  
since love is unavoidable as constant miracle  
and the sole breeder of both ladies and their gentlemen.  
The gentle soft touch that true love requires  
craves nobility of gentlemen and subtlety of ladies;  
and that is the school of our love  
which I am honoured to be tutored in by you.

*Our league*

a mystery

Conspiracies do usually succeed  
if only they are thoroughly constructive  
and the schemers can be sure to get away  
and be the only ones aware of how they did it,  
like in this peculiar business going on  
now at the hospital about our patient.  
When my closest friend died now four years ago  
he never told me what he suffered from,  
I was informed too late and not before he died,  
and the resultant shock was the more terrible  
since I was well aware I could have saved him,

but he never told me even though we met  
less than a year before. In this case, fortunately,  
everything is obvious, and we were in time,  
the healing has begun already,  
and we know what was behind it,  
how the hidden spiritual processes resulted in  
these circumstances already resulting in  
a better cure than anyone had hoped for.  
Everything, of course, can be explained by chance  
and luck and fortunate coincidences,  
but we know the truth behind the curtains,  
how reality was all staged from behind  
by machinations only known to the initiated  
taking part of the mysterious league of universal healing  
which is mankind's and our planet's only hope.

*Love, naturally*

Let me love you with my heart and soul  
and with what's more, that is,  
all that you can imagine.  
Yes, there are no left-overs from love,  
it is exactly everything or nothing,  
and if it is everything it never ends  
and can not be controlled or limited  
but must be timelessness itself  
including all infinity and all the universe and what is outside,  
which, of course, is the most interesting of all.  
Thus grows my love infinitely explosively  
in limitless expansion out of all control  
and that quite naturally,  
since we are no more than natural.

*Russian murder*

– comment on the Litvinenko murder case

It's not an ordinary execution,  
mafioso, just for kicks,  
no, it is a masterpiece of complication  
with a megalomaniacal exaggeration,  
schemed, prepared and organized for months  
in the most studied way and with a vengeance,  
with the careful transportation of the rarest  
most expensive poison in the world,  
and in the Russian way with vodka-wobbly hands,  
here spilling some of it in various restaurants and airports,  
almost all around all Europe, in Berlin and Stockholm  
among other places, just to get a poor ex-agent liquidated,  
with a vengeance from the firm he left, the KGB,  
sought out in London, England, poisoned hundred times to death  
by radioactive means at the cost only of five million pounds,  
a Russian execution in the name of loyalty  
to what? To Putin or the KGB, the new autocracy  
which through the years already has become notorious  
for so many murky murders of truth-telling journalists,  
or to the lost cause of the fallen Russia,  
which throughout her history has only gone from bad to worse?  
We can not tell. We can just wonder at this Russian methodology.

*The gentle touch*

The gentle touch of love  
in better worlds than this one  
is our realm of indefatigable unapproachability,  
supreme immunity against all bad vibrations,  
since we live only for the good ones;  
but in this realm of love,  
although extreme in subtlety,  
it is the more expressive, powerful and overwhelming  
in its kind for being so refined and cultivated,  
driven hard to its extremest sensitivity,  
so that the faintest touch and loosest hint  
can be too forceful to sustain.  
It is a most particular responsibility  
to happen to be privy to these things  
of higher education than most ever dreamt of  
could be possible or did exist,  
but we must never keep it for ourselves  
but on the contrary  
infect the world with this addiction  
of the higher spiritual values and life meanings  
which, in fact, are more worth living for than any other matter  
and the only reason for our being here at all.

*Love at the hospital*

– the forgotten Christmas celebrators

The personnel is leaving,  
going home to celebrate with families  
as far away as possible from all their patients,  
left in wheelchairs or in bed  
alone  
to manage by themselves  
to do their things in nappies  
quarrelling within themselves  
and fighting against memories, regrets and worries  
in increasing darkening despair  
while friends and relatives do also quarrel  
about how to care for them  
and doing nothing  
except waiting for their heritage  
and criticising those who really care,  
while all those vast hospital corridors  
echo from depletion in extremest emptiness  
more desert than a desert  
covered in a windowless and sterile claustrophobia  
letting no one out  
except the personnel  
who take their holiday  
as far as possible from all their dying patients.

*Tomten på dekis*

Vad begär ni av mig egentligen?  
Att ställa upp för en ihjälkommersialiserad jul?  
Att köra omkring med mina renar i en värld utan snö  
där ni fördärvat hela klimatet med era utsläpp?  
Att tjoa och hoa och vara glad i allt ert oväsen  
av dunka-dunk och skval för överröstade av allt som låter bra

och acceptera att ni förvandlat julen till en ihjälprostitution  
av allt som var gott och vackert med julen  
genom all er förbannade skvalreklam,  
som bara gjort mig till ett universellt åtlöje  
och ständigt mera så under de senaste 50 åren?  
Att vara go' och gla' när ni bara krigar och håller på,  
när ert samhälle huvudsakligen ägnar sig åt social utslagning,  
när julgranar knappt kan växa längre i ert försurade klimat  
i alla era kalhuggna utrotningshotade skogar,  
och när ni skiter i alla hospitaliserade levande begravda  
och döende medan ni bara roar er och frossar  
och äter vad som helst bara för att få fisa och diarréa mera?  
Nej, det enda vettiga med dagens moderna julfirande  
är snapsen och flaskan, glöggen och vinet,  
att ni ändå är förnuftiga nog att bedöva er i all er misslyckade dårskap;  
och vänta er inte några julklappar eller skorstensnedsläpp av mig,  
tro inte att ni någonsin mera skall få se mig,  
för jag kommer inte att göra någonting annat i jul  
än bara sitta hemma och dricka.

### *Life and death*

Death is part of life, and life is part of death,  
and never the twain shall part.  
It is life's constant marriage, that never can be separated,  
never subject to divorce, never dissolved,  
since there is no life without death  
and no death without more life.  
We do not know what happens after death,  
since that is not for life to know,  
it's not life's business to worry about death,  
but we may assume, that death is no more  
than a transient crisis of life,  
like all crises of life.  
The only mystery of death is its reticence,  
it keeps quiet about its secrets,  
and that is the only thing that makes death attractive,  
its only attraction, in fact,  
which is why it has to keep so absolutely quiet about it,  
or else it would not exist  
to make life so attractive.

### *How can love be possible*

How can love be possible  
in this corrupted world of filth and strife  
destroyed by avarice and war for nothing  
torn asunder by religions claiming all to be the only right one  
while they only prove themselves all wrong,  
by nature raped and harrowed beyond recognition  
in environmental universal human self-destruction  
and all else, starvation and disease, malaria and aids,  
bacteriae building up resistance against antibiotics  
horribly resulting in pandemics and world epidemics  
that can not be stopped, and even climate changes  
with the ever growing threat of steadily increasing storms,  
typhoons and hurricanes, tornados and tsunamis  
and so on, with no end to the steadily increasing misery.  
So how can love be possible? The question is right justified,  
and there can be one answer only: yes, it is not possible,  
and yet it happens anyway.

*Christmas at the Alms-House*

You wouldn't have expected it,  
but there was actual Christmas there,  
among the paupers, bag ladies and alcoholics,  
drug addicts and bums and invalids,  
all having had their fill of simple but delicious food  
and entertained by the best music in the world –  
a classical old restaurant trio with a piano, violin and a guitar,  
old pensioners performing, singing and enjoying,  
not with very well-tuned instruments, not very accurately,  
but in perfect mood for sentimental melodies  
of that undying kind which will remain in timelessness  
and never will be tired of, like "Isn't it romantic",  
"Fascination", "Three coins in the fountain";  
well, it couldn't have been better.  
There were even some old couples dancing,  
most of these pathetic guests were stuffed  
with over-eating and completely lost and worn out,  
but they all most thoroughly enjoyed it.  
Christmas was here found at last,  
in the middle of the slums among the poor and outcast,  
no pretensions, no hypocrisy, no luxury, no artifice,  
just life at its most human,  
and what could possibly be better ever?

*The Dying Patient's Complaint*

How can life be possible  
in such a mess of human wretchedness and wreckage  
of brain surgery and tumour, stroke and cancer,  
all at once, and yet they all demand of me to carry on,  
return to life in a decrepit ruined body  
which impossibly can be restored;  
complete recovery is beyond reach;  
demanding the impossible is an absurdity,  
like this preposterous whole situation;  
still, they all do mean a lot to me,  
and I am not completely willing to depart  
and leave them all behind;  
so I am vacillating between life and death.  
If they all want me to remain,  
my relatives and friends in such a number,  
I of course will humour them and stay with them,  
but it depends on them entirely;  
if they are not sufficient in their love and prayers,  
I have not enough of patience to remain in this invalid body  
but will have to leave it for a better one,  
no matter how much they may love me,  
my poor children, relatives and friends,  
who after all, no doubt, will understand me if I leave them..

*Dark Clouds*

Don't let them fool you,  
the appearances,  
that hide away the sun  
but cannot keep the sun or light away,  
since it is always there

and even in the darkest night;  
you have to look through all the darkness,  
pierce beyond their false blockade  
and always see what's beyond and behind;  
like in your soul, where clouds disturb the view  
and sometimes cause distress, anxiety, suspiciousness  
and other false and passing phantom shadows;  
but what you think yourself is just delusions  
while the light is outside in the universe  
and never can be shut out by the clouds,  
however much they gather and disturb you and the weather,  
since the source is always there beyond and beaming,  
which is all that matters, the resplendent origin,  
which is the universal creativity.

### *The Heart of Poetry*

The heart of poetry is difficult to reach  
since there is almost nothing more evasive,  
keeping mainly abstract and impossible to pinpoint,  
analyses being usually a complete waste and failure,  
since they only manage to break poems down for nothing,  
the extremest sensitivity of poetry allowing no blasphemous trespassing  
and being all too easily too deeply hurt;  
and that's how we now manage to approach the secret:  
that precarious touchiness is not for mortals to tread down,  
the soul of poetry will not allow or even risk debasing,  
so it has to constantly be on the run and fly away,  
its very spirit being purely escapist,  
since it can not survive or live at all  
except in total freedom without limits,  
since its gift demands complete space  
like the eagle and the condor needs their heaven without end  
in order to at all be able to exist;  
but for what flight and purpose then needs poetry her wings?  
For her expression, which demands completeness or nothing at all,  
since poetry at heart is nothing but  
the highest and the purest most refined expression,  
of what else if not just love?

### *Whatever was Christmas really all about?*

in answer to "Daybreaker's" important poem "God is dead?"

A simple message of just love and common sense,  
of peace, co-operation, brotherhood and kindness  
was mixed up from the beginning  
in a terrible dogmatic passionate confusion  
for which Paul, or Saul, was most responsible,  
who without ever meeting Christ took charge of all Christianity  
and started the first schism with Peter,  
separating christendom from jewry,  
starting a dogmatic church of power and intolerance,  
eventually evolving into that notorious autocracy  
of one infallible political state Church,  
which system later made it possible to introduce  
the inquisition, persecution of so called heretics,  
burning anyone alive who was unlucky to have been informed against  
and starting the first genocides against the Indians of South America.  
That Church was not Christianity and certainly not that religion  
which the carpenter of Nazareth once humbly introduced

of love and humbleness, of peace and brotherhood,  
of working all together on the art of being kind.

*Love is not worth it*

I never was much for it,  
actually, I always did refuse to enter it,  
since rivalry is such a beastly thing,  
a passion uncontrolled like that of animals,  
complete abandonment of reason for the sake of egoistic passion –  
let the bulls fight for their cows.  
If other former wooers claim you  
as persistent lovers of the past,  
I will not argue with them –  
let them have their way,  
and if the lady meets their claim,  
that is a risky business for her,  
since, whenever ladies choose among their lovers,  
usually the best one is the lost one.  
There were many instances like this,  
when I lost all the ones I loved the most  
while they succumbed to ruthlessness and blindness  
of the drive of egoistic passion  
and were wasted with their ruined lives.  
For me love is more sacred than worth fighting for,  
since you can only love in peace,  
and it is better to safeguard your love alone  
and keep it burning in inviolable sanctuary  
than to risk it in debasing conflict  
with intruders who don't care how much you love  
if only they can have their brutal way  
destroying in blind passion all that made love worth it.

*Missing you*

– passing dream impressions of surpassing reality

Really don't know how to well express it,  
but since you are not here  
it will have to be a quiet meditation  
over your imagined presence  
in my life in spite of all,  
in spite of all the death beds and concerns,  
in spite of all the complications, complexes and calamities  
of this dramatic love affair  
which never seems to end its overturnings  
into ever more increasing unexpectedness  
of adventure and metaphysics,  
not to mention mysteries galore  
of this love labyrinth into a foreign exploration  
of the totally unknowable, unthinkable and most improbable  
strange wonders of relationships impossible  
that after all seem to end up in the fantastic  
possibility of everything all of a sudden coming true  
like some fantasmic dream of ghostly unreality,  
the strangest wonder of them all  
you being here with me in veritable presence  
inside me and not forever only in my thoughts  
but grown into my soul to stay there,  
for how long? For all eternity,  
as long as we don't really know each other.

*Beyond love*

It's beyond me,  
this magical affair of wonder  
superseding and transcending love  
to spite all worldly matters and reality  
and conquer death by common sense,  
replacing egoism with altruism and healing  
properly amounting to a miracle  
of unprecedented proportions  
which make love discussions, arguments and speculations  
secondary and redundant matters to the primary concern of life,  
the right to live at all and the defence of life  
against stupidity and narrowmindedness,  
against the foolishness of man  
who even rationally thinking just builds up his limitations,  
while the truth remains forever far beyond him  
but within his constant reach,  
if only he would grant himself the simple gift of grasping it.  
It's beyond me, but let us just let life come first  
and make all personal concerns a secondary matter,  
even love, since it is personal,  
while universal love called life is all that matters.

*The inexpressibility of love*

The inexpressibility of love is a dilemma  
since nothing in the world can do it justice.  
It is like a journey that can never end,  
approaching constantly the goal but never reaching it  
but ever dreaming about reaching it  
uninterruptedly depicting and imagining its wonder  
in a neverendingly expanding towering description  
of flamboyancy with many ornaments  
but never failing in correctness and in realism.  
Thus does it hopelessly enthrall us all  
in ever changing and dramatic entertainment,  
and there is but one thing we can do about it:  
that is to enjoy it.

*The undeniability of love*

The undeniability of love  
is something you can't trifle with.  
You can't avoid it, once you are in love  
you have no choice but to go through with it  
in any way, however painful and uncomfortable,  
it is never to be turned away  
but to be stalwartly confronted  
with its challenges and problematic compromises,  
tragedies and crises, tribulations, sufferings and deaths;  
for love is all about the central thing of life and death.  
The best way just to keep it up, alive and kicking  
is to concentrate on its ideals,  
to never get bogged down but rather keep your nose up  
breathing fresh air above water  
and avoiding to get drowned in passion and infatuation;  
for the only danger about love  
is the psychosis of over-involvement,

getting stranded in the storm and over-whelmed  
by the emotion of the unavoidable frustration  
which inevitably must occur  
and which, in every love affair,  
is just a test and trial  
to make sure that love will work,  
remain, continue and survive.

*Seas of love*

Never mind their overwhelmingness,  
just let them come and drown you,  
overturn you, knock you down and beat you,  
it is only healthy, it will only do you good,  
no matter how horrendous hells they offer you,  
no matter how much you will be demolished and destroyed,  
no matter how repetitously you will constantly be driven over,  
killed, reduced to cinders and annihilated,  
since love will survive and manage anyway  
and keep you floating just as long as you keep loving;  
for the wonder is, that love in all its overwhelming floods  
will ever keep you boyant –  
so just rock along, enjoy your swim and follow down the stream,  
and at least I can assure you,  
you will definitely end up somewhere.

*The Tortured Lover's Complaint*

I can only be your lover  
if I am your only lover.  
What's love worth if it goes to bed with friends  
and leaves the lover outside howling from neglect  
and hurt more deeply than the sorest heart wounds,  
massacred in battle, just from feeling locked out and ignored?  
The question must arise if it is really worth the bleeding,  
the despair and agony, the complete traumatization;  
and still, the faintest glimpse of the beloved's face,  
the shortest moment of her presence and her smile  
is more than well enough to drain the ocean dry of sorrows,  
heal all heart wounds and sweep all the bitterness away  
in just a moment's flash and make a paradise start instantly  
from the beginning, as if never any fall occurred.  
What fools are we, the lovers, who can never have enough  
of our folly, but must ever and again walk into walls and trains,  
get many times run over, lost at sea completely and repetitively,  
and we still will never tire of again start everything all over.

*Courtesy*

You can never bore me,  
however much you try.  
There is something about you  
that never can bore anyone,  
since they can only love you, all,  
whatever you do to them.  
Your wisdom is of such a kind  
that makes you in a way infallible,  
I don't think you could ever do a wrong thing,  
although, naturally, we must all make our mistakes.  
Your goodness is too thorough

to let any wrong come through,  
and that is possibly your only weakness:  
others can hurt you, and you can be profoundly hurt,  
since goodness generally lacks protection.  
It is there to be in constant outflow  
spreading love and not demanding it;  
and so no one could possibly do anything but love you,  
which includes myself, your humble servant.

*Euthanasia*

Since I have to die, just let me die,  
and make it quick, do not prolong it,  
I always hated sentimentalized farewells;  
and death is painful too  
and more so than enough,  
so why then make it even more so  
by postponing just a transfer  
which can't be avoided anyway?  
To die, to sleep, that's all,  
and just not waking up again,  
like freezing comfortably into an embalming snowdrift,  
going gradually to sleep, quite slowly limb by limb,  
like some mild anaesthetic slowing down life till it stops,  
the softest death imaginable.  
Yes, if there is no returning from the definite departure,  
just make it quick then,  
do not trouble me and keep me waiting,  
for I will be in a hurry  
when I can't use this life any more  
to get into the next one.

*Ode to a loving drunkard*

What is left of you, when all is finished  
and the bottle empty, and you lie there in the gutter  
vomiting your anguish and self-pity  
forlorn and deserted by all living creatures  
that you once thought were your friends,  
while now you see your only friends among the dead,  
the only people that can never be unkind to you,  
the only ones who don't insult you and depress you,  
all those people, who are only sympathetic when they sleep,  
while bullies rule the earth and drive it mad unto destruction  
like all those responsible demented politicians  
who in fact are chief accountable for this old planet's state of health  
while they are those who get away with fortunes  
and escape the course of justice,  
while you lie there weeping in the gutter  
with the rain down-pouring on you ruthlessly and endlessly,  
the drunkard crying desperately all his guts out for the world  
and for this strayed humanity that never can get right again.  
But still, there must be something left.  
Oh yes, you still will be insane enough a fool  
to go on living and of loving  
although no one in the world deserved it  
except you yourself, the undermost of underdogs,  
who never will stop loving any human being  
from your accurate perspective from the gutter.

*Love and pornography*

Without love your life is dead,  
a darkness without light,  
a hopeless mess of no return,  
which makes it so important to take care of love  
and deal with it the right way, justly,  
making it remain and not just using it.  
Real lovers find it most upsetting  
to all of a sudden see each other naked,  
and, as we all know, so did Adam and Eve after their fall;  
and the first thing they did was to in consternation  
and alarm put on some clothes,  
most primitive ones if not only fig leaves;  
so they were upset, alarmed and almost desperate,  
which I find a most natural reaction,  
after such a paradise of love which they had had  
for such a long time even.  
Love is more than nakedness and nude display,  
which isn't love but only deviations;  
while a simple word of kindness  
can be much more love than any carnal exercise.  
So let us concentrate on love  
and just forget about all those unnecessary extras  
which, for all their matter, just don't matter,  
since love lives and dies within the spirit  
while its stretching out to concretize in matter  
is just a departure from where it belongs  
and always must return to, even if it dies,  
to only there be able to get born again.

*The Secret*

There was never anything between us except love,  
but that sufficed for an eternity,  
and let us keep it that way,  
let's remain in love and cherish it  
in adoration and soft kindness  
without any disharmonics out of tune  
and keep the melody of beauty flowing,  
the most beautiful in all existence  
that can never reach its end or fulfilment  
but ever must increase and be prolonged  
in beauty and in longing and in perfect understanding.  
Thus we shall stand forth in time  
against intrusions and false chords of insolence  
and be a paragon of lovers  
just by keeping our love our own and on its own  
like some professional outstanding secret  
just for masters to obtain and manage  
well with care to keep the art and skill in session  
unsurpassed and perfect for all future generations  
to just wonder at and ask: "How did they do it?"

*Bastards are we all*

Bastards are we all since we are human,  
man for his perversions is the basest animal  
and actually the only one to be indecent;  
so what does it matter if your parents misbehaved,  
if you are not your father's child,

if you have to take care of other children than your own,  
for instance your divorced man's children from a previous marriage,  
and so on. No one is pure, no one is sacred,  
all that we can do is just the best of it  
since we are here and have to live and stay here;  
so let's just not make it even worse in messed up families  
by arguing about it, questioning your origin,  
investigate intricacies and ask upsetting questions.  
Bastards are we all, let's stick to that  
and make the best of it.

*Tröst för en besegrad poet*

Vad spelar det för roll vem som får pris,  
vad spelar tävlingar för roll,  
vad spelar statistik för roll,  
vad är all yttre glans, belöningar och ryktbarhet  
mer än den ytligaste tomhet,  
drömmar för dagfjärilars självförbränning,  
löjlig fåfänga som fjättrar en i självbedrägeriets fällor,  
när det enda som betyder något  
är att man kan skapa något som är bra och gör det.  
Målaren van Gogh, den bästa i sin tid,  
fick inte såld en enda tavla under all sin levnad,  
och vi känner ju väl till det fenomen  
som diktare i allmänhet idag får röna,  
ihjälrefusering genom fullständig förträngning  
av all kvalitet som ej är lönsam.  
Det är skvalsamhällets överkörning  
av den lilla asfaltmaskrosen som ändå lever  
och som kommer att fortsätta leva  
medan asfalten är död  
och överkörningsstressen av allt viktigt  
bara slutligen kör över och ihjäl sig.

*A suggestion of the healing powers of love*

The mysteries surround and overwhelm us  
in intoxicating wonders of the soul  
in this unheard of drama of a patient  
subject to an extraordinary process  
of the utterly impossible through healing;  
while there are two characters in this proceeding  
although we are three protagonists.  
One is the patient, suffering since long  
and now at last in some orientation of her case,  
all mysteries about her sufferings resolved,  
while love is second in this case  
of infinite resources of indefatigability  
all coming out of you in tireless exertion,  
while the possibility that I might be your only lover  
and that you have been my only love  
would just be some addition in this case,  
a moral faint support of humble kind  
that I will faithfully continue to sustain  
no matter what will happen, but,  
as she herself maintains with admirable calmness,  
will turn out only for the good.

### *The desperate solution*

Like a washed-out wreck of war  
you lie there in the depths of misery  
disfigured and molested in dishonour  
doomed in your condition to the worst of all:  
to stay alive, to go on living  
as an amputated wreck  
with no hope for a decent life;  
and yet, life is worth living,  
since at least there is one person left to love you,  
and that is enough and more than a whole world of reasons  
to in spite of all go on, stay on, live on  
and torture yourself on along the path of tribulation  
with no end to it, since even death  
is just a temporary vain release;  
since what comes afterwards  
is always even worse.

### *Addiction*

There is no addiction not worth having,  
or, as someone put it, there is only one addiction  
which includes them all, and therefore any one is better  
than not having one at all. Can there be any truth in this?  
Oh yes, it is the whole truth, and it's truer than you can imagine.  
Why is this? The only real addiction is, of course,  
that abyss we call love, which everyone is stuck in,  
naturally, all his life from birth until his dying day,  
since that's the essence and what life is all about.  
– But love gets easily perverted, and there are perversions  
without number of all kinds, and they expand and constantly get worse,  
since that is how love works.  
- But since perversions always come from love,  
that source is their excuse and sanctifies them,  
if they do no harm and keep within reasonability;  
and love will remain forever an addiction and the first and last one,  
from which all addictions and perversions emanate  
and are mutations and translations, variations of.  
So whatever your addiction, it is better just to have one  
than to be without, since love doth speak in many languages,  
and none of them is wrong.

### *Repression*

Tear away the curtains and the shadows,  
let me finally discover what's behind it all,  
let's go beyond the aberrations,  
all that stands in our way of our love,  
the wrong ideas, the doubts and broodings,  
the entanglement of seven veils,  
since all that matters is beyond it all,  
beyond suspicion and possession,  
beyond all obsessiveness and beyond doubt,  
the naked truth of our relationship,  
which no one can intrude upon  
and which excludes all importuning.  
Love can never be denied  
but must the more arise and grow  
and make itself more deeply felt  
for being put down and repressed –

it can not be controlled;  
for if it once is there,  
you have to let it be  
and just go down with it  
in its engulfing generosity  
more vast than any ocean.

*The bored meeting*

The board meeting went as it should:  
only gossip and yawnings,  
sloth and slowness getting stiffer and staler  
every moment with increasing boredom,  
as if we hadn't been bored enough already  
with all this stalemate stagnation  
constantly growing from bad to worse  
as if there was anything else to do  
but to get lost and drop dead,  
which board meetings never do,  
so they infinitely continue  
to be bored meetings.

*Assessment*

You are too good for me  
and too good to be true,  
you are too beautiful  
for my unworthy humbleness  
and for my decrepitude,  
too young for my old age  
and far too dear for my possessing.  
Shall we call it off then?  
That is the supreme impossibility,  
since no divorce can separate us,  
and there is no lover  
that can tempt us to deceit.  
How shall we keep each other then,  
when circumstances always keep us separated  
and we never seem to reach a settlement,  
since there are always others claiming you,  
and I can never be completely free  
from my commitments.  
So our only chance is simply to continue  
as we have done all the way so far  
as lovers distanced by our shyness  
and our over-sensitiveness  
and our mutual fear  
of hurting, losing and of trespassing each other,  
since we both refuse to ever lose  
what we so far in spite of all have gained.

*The supreme humiliation*

It is fatal and for love completely unsurvivable,  
much more than a crisis, worse than any trauma,  
and it kills completely instantly  
but leaves you scarred for life  
with wounds that never heal but always ache  
atrociously,  
and you can never in your life

trust anyone again completely,  
for it is the highest and the deepest treason,  
and I am afraid it's also the most common one;  
the trivial case when your own love  
goes into bed with someone else.  
Although you are not touched  
it hurts more deeply than could any wound,  
and the trauma stays for life.  
The first time when it happened to me  
I should have been wise enough  
to learn to never trust my love again,  
but then you fall in love again,  
the same old trivial story is repeated,  
and the wounds you tried to desperately cure  
the hard way by repression  
open up again in torments worse than ever.  
Although I lost everything  
my pride remains,  
that I was always honest as a lover  
and did never go to other beds  
except my own of faithfulness,  
where love was always kept impeccable  
no matter how much it betrayed me.

#### *The Lover*

(just a sketch of an old friend)

Let's talk about the lover.  
He just goes around and takes on anything,  
as if his business in this life  
was simply to take on too much,  
the more, the better,  
since his loving care is simply indefatigable,  
as if all his energy just went on growing and expanding  
with his busyness; but all his business  
is just love, and he knows well his business.  
He went wild as far too young,  
became subversive as a hippie  
which remained his trade all through the years,  
at times unrecognizable with hair down to his thighs  
and silver earrings with all kinds of necklaces,  
at other unrecognizable as an academician  
of complete propriety in costume, necktie,  
shaved and short cut, like a bureaucrat.  
But he continues taking on all kinds of cases,  
schizophrenics, addicts, refugees and outcasts,  
championing their cause and giving them a lift-up,  
while his love affairs are the best secrets in the world,  
since all his love is just discretion.

#### *Real life*

Don't give me that shallowness  
of ordinary entertainment,  
flair and superficiality,  
which are like farts of butterflies  
as quickly vanishing as instantly forgotten.  
All that is only lies, what people laugh at,  
while real life is found among the dying,  
in the drama and the tragedies of fighting for one's life,

which is the very highlight and the turning point of life,  
the highest moment of supremest truth,  
when death announces life's metamorphosis  
from this life across all borders to another beyond us,  
the living, while the dying only has the privilege  
to see beyond and enter into triumph  
his or her apotheosis and fulfilment  
of the glorious liberation from all worries left behind.  
Preparing her for that fantastic journey  
is the best thing we can do for her,  
adorning her departure with the warmest care  
of lovely memories and tender love  
transcending and surpassing all she ever had.  
Thus can we make it certain that she will return  
and even more: not even ever leaving us.

#### *Love and self love*

You can not love unless you love yourself,  
and all your love is worthless  
if you fail to take into consideration  
your beloved's self-love and her right to love herself.  
In fact, she can not love you  
unless she may also love herself.  
The same applies to you.  
The more you love yourself,  
the more you also can love others,  
and without that self-love  
love is without roots and nourishment.  
Love works and only works when it is double,  
dualistic, dialogue, of giving and receiving,  
and although it only can expand by giving,  
its miraculous effect is this,  
that all your love, the more you give it,  
will return to you at the same time  
as it is generously spent on your beloved and on others,  
and thus will it always double  
and remain impossible forever to get lost.

#### *The Workoholic's Dilemma*

He is not incapable of love,  
but, on the contrary, is too much of a lover,  
feeling his responsibilities as such  
and trying desperately to live up to all of them  
and thus is constantly an over-worker  
giving only, not receiving,  
since he feels his obligation just to love  
and therefore has no time for being loved.  
It's at the same time clinging to maintaining the initiative  
like from some fear of losing it  
and not remaining in control,  
and that fear is the sickly part  
which keeps him in the squirrel's wheel  
imprisoned in his constant and one-sided outflow  
bent on voluntarily to work himself to death.

### *Two directions*

Our schizophrenic society offers two directions,  
and we generally take them both  
in opposite directions  
driven both ways by the schizophrenic society  
in a desperate effort to conform to it.  
This society, by stress and overwork  
is going to extremes to drive us nuts,  
forcing us into the direction of introversion  
by over-focussing and concentration  
ending up in burnt-out cases,  
paralysis, cancers and brain tumours,  
so we find ourselves completely apathetic  
as a wreck abandoned in a ward.  
This is of course insane,  
and thus we turn into the opposite direction  
away from stress and the society,  
going anti-social, freaking out and dropping out,  
abandoning ourselves to any kind of love  
just to get out, escape ourselves  
and all that is unbearable in humdrum dreariness,  
routine, responsibility and overwork for nothing,  
anything to just get out of ourselves;  
and the miraculous result is this,  
that the more we lose in this uneconomic process,  
the saner the results, the better off we are,  
the more we gain in health and clarity of mind,  
and the ultimate reward of this is freedom.  
And then we don't have any need  
to any more complain of this society  
which as a safety catch  
enforces us to drop out and abandon it.

### *The real lover*

The real lover has no means to express his love  
because of shyness and fear of getting hurt,  
he has no means to pay for his love because of no money,  
no riches, no resources, no nothing,  
so he dares not express it,  
since he knows nothing is more easily abused,  
more easily taken advantage of than love,  
and the more so, the more honest and true it is;  
so he just protects it by keeping it inside  
to safeguard its honesty and keep it intact  
for the true love that never comes;  
since he has learned the hard way never to trust a woman  
but only to love her the more  
for paying for his faithfulness  
by keeping himself buried alive  
just to keep the constant slavework of his love  
burning, if naught for else,  
at least for consuming himself,  
which he knows it's worth  
keeping it alive  
by suffering.

*A compliment*

There is a pain and thorn  
deep down inside my heart  
that aches for you incessantly,  
as if my only life was close to you  
and in your company,  
more blessed than could any other's be,  
since you are you and no one else  
can even distantly approach your character.  
So am I spoilt, then, to at all be known to you,  
or is it that I am the only one to know you  
deeply and enough to understand you?  
I must not be so presumptuous,  
since there never was a man  
who ever knew at all a woman;  
since that is the woman's charm  
and personality to always be detached,  
evade, escape, transcend, surpass  
and overpass man's faculties of understanding  
to in fact be man's unique and single overman  
as teacher, guide and better half;  
since man without a woman  
is a continent without a sea.  
So let me love you, now, continuously  
and indefatigably as a faithful brother  
and much more than that:  
your only man who really knows you  
and how to appreciate you more than fully.

*The outcast*

In the bottom of despair the outcast  
languishes forlorn and buried deeply in self pity  
monstrously alive the more in death.

His exoneration is his excommunication  
leading straight to exhumation and his resurrection.

*The fortune hunter*

She will capture you, seduce you and destroy you  
like a vampire and as convincingly,  
and you will only recognize the danger and the risk  
by really getting caught and actually succumb and fall  
most willingly to the seduction,  
which will be most thorough,  
once you see the trap and are locked up in it.  
The only thing to do next is to recognize the ruin and accept it,  
start again from zero, hoping not to get entrapped again  
but painfully aware that you will be at risk  
and liable and vulnerable,  
and that you can never trust yourself again.  
The worst of all, perhaps, is this,  
that you can never say, 'Forgive me,'  
and she never will say that to you.

*The workoholic's creed*

She doesn't run away from you,  
you always have her when you want her,  
she will always keep within your own control,  
and you can not in any way betray her,  
nor can she deceive you,  
faithfulness and love is all there is between you,  
and your intimate relationship might even pay,  
she never gives you any reason for some jealousy,  
and she never goes to bed with others,  
you can always when you want be quite alone with her,  
and you might even find her beautiful at times.  
She never runs away or paints herself too much,  
she never misbehaves or drinks or swears,  
takes dope or needs abortions,  
and she never scolds you,  
your relationship is perfectly harmonious without quarrels,  
and if sometimes she can be a bore,  
monotonous and humdrum,  
that is only up to you, your own fault and responsibility.

*The Pain of Love*

It hurts, and more than any operation  
since there is no aneathetic  
and you must be conscious all the way through  
that infernal Armageddon, Golgatha and Purgatory  
if you get through there at all,  
for there was never any greater pain  
than that of love when it was true  
and had to end before you even reached it,  
which is usually the case  
when that elusive thing called love  
for one time's sake uniquely  
happens to be true.

*Lucifer's rehabilitation*

There is no sweeter voice than thine,  
the honeyed balsam to my soul,  
the only medicine I need,  
the sweetest music in the air,  
the finest note that ever graced a melody,  
the purest song that ever warbled  
higher and more lovely than a nightingale  
and softer to the touch of sentiment  
to the beleaguered overwhelming sorrows of the soul.  
The deepest darkness of the wailing heart  
can only be dispersed by such a voice of tenderness  
expressing purest honesty of deep affection  
sending down a hopeful spark to Lucifer  
with strength enough to swing him up to heaven  
and restore his wings in whitest glory;  
for such is the power of the honesty of love  
that it can banish hell to heaven.

### *Release*

Release me from my love  
and let me die with it exulting  
in the blind release of reaching out  
into the light from the abysmal tunnel  
of what's worse than death: the trials  
on the way of love through all the agonies  
of jealousy, uncertainty, unanswerableness,  
suspicion, longing and misgivings,  
doubts, exhaustion and humiliation.  
But the end is always there,  
the reaching of one's home,  
the light end of the tunnel,  
the supreme release of all your energies,  
the height of beauty and of happiness,  
the ultimate reward of all your faithfulness,  
the final absolution and absorption  
of your soul and body into the fulfilment  
of the final light that is the definite reward  
that must await us all,  
if we just loved at all.

### *A parable*

(I just received this from a friend in India, a beautiful parable concerning the "International Friendship Week"...)

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His Father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence. The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.

The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry, the wound is still there.

A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one. Friends are very rare jewels, indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear, they share words of praise and they always want to open their hearts to us."

### *Natural observation*

When may I love you again?  
No man can live without his love,  
he's got to have it, and at any cost,  
and if he can't, he has to turn to extraordinary means,  
like telepathic dreams, perhaps the best of substitutes;  
which actually can work both ways,  
I mean, your lost one can respond,  
no matter how much she is lost or alienated, –  
love will always bring her back  
and bring you back home to it,

it can never fail but must consistently  
surmount and conquer all,  
since that's what love is for:  
all things must fail but love,  
and love alone can make all things succeed,  
if only they unselfishly are motivated  
by that basic working force of miracles  
that never fails and never dies  
but always must remain, continue  
and sustain all that  
which makes all life worth while.

*Hackers into poetry*

Supreme stupidity and vanity,  
outrageous folly and pathetic miserable lunacy,  
you future monster, how can you get such an idea  
to even dare to challenge poetry,  
more holy than the gods,  
the very incarnation of longevity,  
the sacred word more sacred than the Bible  
that invented it; this is ridiculous.  
You just can't challenge poetry in any way,  
not even hypothetically;  
for a poet, like for instance Dante  
or the poet behind Shakespeare  
must remain alive for ever,  
while you can never harm in any way  
a single word that ever was poetically written.

And even if you would succeed in such an enterprise  
of a preposterous deletion of all files,  
you can not kill the dreams,  
that will continue spreading poetry forever.

*Reflections in your hair*

Let your hair grow with your generosity  
in beauty with your soul and animosity  
and thus increase our love in constant unity  
to never cease in affluence and purity,  
for ours is the privilege of loving  
and of understanding all too well  
what love is all about, its working,  
and what it lives to tell;  
and that compels us to some obligation  
to keep out of molestation  
keeping our expansion ever growing  
to fulfill our over-flowing  
of that love of yours that's in your hair  
to grow forever everywhere and here.

*The wasted actor*

Please don't push me any more,  
I am enough divided and destroyed,  
dispersed and lost in far too many parts,  
each claiming more than I can give;  
for acting on the stage is nothing less  
than spotlight prostitution

claiming all you ever had  
and more than that,  
bereaving you of all your privacy  
and everything that was yourself;  
for acting means, you have to be just anyone  
except yourself, the only person lost to you,  
the only character that you must never act,  
while all the others must demand  
your flesh och bone and heart and soul  
until you are an emptiness of nothing left,  
and all those characters and parts you acted  
are reduced to phantoms of pathetic memories.

*Abstinence*

It's hard to bear,  
the abstinence of you;  
your house is empty like a desert;  
although quite a small apartment,  
all the emptiness is greater  
than would be the vastness of the ocean  
without ships, and all the deserts of the earth  
without a single oasis.  
Still, your memory is there,  
the softness of your being rings with music  
in the silence of your instruments,  
the spirit is still there  
awaiting your return  
to once again refresh our whole existence  
with your presence and your company  
to cure all desert feelings  
and become enough of a oasis  
to put all the deserts of the world  
to green fruition  
and cure all the ocean storms  
and all the darkness of the universe.

*To the lighthouse*

The fulsome light of our affair  
is like a lighthouse in a stormy night  
enlightening our path through darkness trials  
and leading us in blindness on  
to what? Whatever lies in store for us,  
more trials, storms and tribulations  
or the worst of all, a total interruption,  
we at least will face it altogether  
and stand up to it together  
spiting threatenings of death  
and challenging eternity to just survive  
all in the name and right of love.

*The wounded angel*

(the patient and her nurse)

Your wings are growing although ruptured,  
and your soul is free although confined in bed,  
your handicapped communication with your body  
means the more gymnastics for your soul,

which soars in freedom flying everywhere  
discovering new realms of spiritual awareness  
while the doctors can't see anything of your true state.  
Your fortune is your nurse who sees it all  
and understands the miracles that happen here  
of your amounting freedom compensating  
the brutality that struck your body down  
to painful and heart-rending invalidity;  
and that's true nursing;  
to acknowledge and be constantly aware  
of that the patient's soul is marching on  
with all her dignity kept intact and alive  
and perhaps much more alive because of body damage  
than imprisoned in the body and confined to mortal senses.  
Whatever happens, you will never die  
but always stay with us remaining close to us  
since we will never let go of your spirit  
but stay up and never leave your side,  
since we are more aware now of your presence  
than we were while you were physically fit.

*Make love, not war, Mr President!*

Since you have never made a single good thing,  
getting into office by a coup and cheating,  
getting helped by your own brother governor,  
applauded into office by tomatoes, eggs and other rotten things  
that people rightly threw at you that rainy day  
when you refused to leave your car for your protection  
against those who knew what you had done,  
the first thing that you acted on in office  
being to accelerate American deforestation  
and start projects for Alaska's exploitation and pollution,  
all, of course, just for your oily business,  
stubbornly denying the existence of a global warming;  
and all that was prior to your going into war,  
your greatest failure, fiasco and American catastrophe,  
as if the fact that this would be a mortal blow to all American economy  
was not enough, since you were bent on ruining your country  
from the start - just out of ignorance, of course.  
'The worst administration ever' is what you are being called,  
so I would suggest that you just pull yourself together  
and go into bed and there start making better things,  
for instance love, since that is what you need, poor President.

*Kärlek, inte krig, herr president!*

Då du aldrig åstadkommit något gott  
alltsedan du blev president igenom fusk  
igenommyglat av din brorsa guvernören,  
applåderad in till Vita Huset av tomater, ruttna ägg  
och annat ruttet avfall bombarderat  
den där regniga invigningsdagen  
då du aldrig vågade gå ut ur bilen  
av sånt folk som visste vad du gjort,  
och då det första som du gjorde i din ansvarsställning  
var att i Amerika accelerera skogsavverkningen  
och inleda projekt för nedsmutsning och exploatering av Alaska  
för naturligtvis ett främjande av dina oljiga affärer  
under konsekvent förnekande av förekomsten av växthuseffekten,  
och allt detta ändå var långt före kriget i Irak,

ditt största fiasko, misstag och amerikanska katastrof,  
som om det inte var tillräckligt med ett dödshugg mot Amerikas ekonomi,  
då du ändå var inställd på att ruinera din nation från början,  
av naturligtvis okunnighet allenast,  
har din administration benämnts den sämsta någonsin,  
så är det lika bra du drager något gammalt över dig och går till sängs  
och där gör bättre saker under täcket,  
då det kanske är vad du behöver, stackars President.

### *Missing*

My longing and my missing you consumes me  
with a devastating fire that leaves nothing left  
of all I thought that I consisted of  
but which, without you, is a barren wilderness  
of only scorched and desert earth  
completely desolated by that destiny  
which seems to never let us have each other  
but continues but to separate us  
drearly indefinitely  
like a storm that never gets blown over  
but just keeps on harrowing the land,  
the life we had which never was our own.  
Our only hope is that which never dies,  
the last resort, the fickle hope itself,  
which although hopeless never did completely leave  
all mankind at a loss  
but kept on burning  
stubbornly in spite of all  
with the minutest flame  
but constantly surviving  
just to spite the overwhelming destiny  
which keeps on claiming us and owning us  
but which can never stop us from continuing  
to be sustaining in our love and hope  
in the belief that it will in the end  
prevail, reward us for our patience  
and remain our sole defence against our destiny.

### *Unconditional love*

Love must of course be unconditional,  
or else it isn't love,  
or if there are conditions set by love  
they are the hardest and the most impossible  
to satisfy, surmount and challenge,  
wearing you completely out  
and leaving you a shred of wreckage  
hardly able to survive,  
since there is nothing more exhausting than true love,  
that must have all or nothing,  
craving unconditional surrender  
penetrating everything and most of all your soul  
which must be violated, changed and recreated  
just in order to survive at all, continue and go on.  
But once you have surrendered, given up completely  
and are at the mercy of your lover and your love,  
the worst is over, and you can start living.  
That's where life begins,  
that's where you'll find it and be able to enjoy it,  
since once you have given up yourself,

surrendered unconditionally all your love,  
you will receive it and continue be receiving it forever.

### *Supremacy*

My love, it's not your fault.  
Nothing is your fault.  
Whatever happens, my love stands above it  
sacred and untouchable,  
inviolable and serene  
in infallible perfection  
if there ever was one.  
Trials may oppress and vex us,  
illnesses may seize us and strike down our nearest,  
accidents, disasters and catastrophes may happen,  
but my love is singled out from every risk  
and can't be touched, suspected or at all called into question  
since it is the only sacred thing I have.

### *Love among the ruins*

It is all a wreckage,  
our ruined lives  
with illness and decrepitude all round us,  
suffering and pain just about everywhere  
and crying out aloud  
like chained lunatics in a madhouse  
carefully tied down with leather stripes  
with no limb capable of even moving  
as if you could tie down the human pains and sufferings;  
and we are separated, shamefully to say as usual,  
and can do nothing but in spite of all reach out  
and have our love in common  
like the rarest orchid suffocating in this darkness  
of a dense spruce forest in the winter snows;  
and still it lives, survives and does continue forward  
in its kind illusion and naïvety  
believing it could spread its beauty everywhere,  
while the spruce forest darkness only answers with a compact silence.  
Still she lives, and while she lives,  
and as long as she lives she triumphs.

### *Kärlek bland ruinerna*

Allt är bara vrakgods  
omkring våra ruinerade små liv  
med sjukdom, orkeslöshet och förtvivlan överallt  
omkring oss med ett ständigt skri av lidande  
och smärta i öronbedövande hjärtskärande  
grym oupphörlig outhärdlighet,  
som av spännbältesdårar inlåsta på sjukhus  
ständigt vrålände och utan möjlighet att röra någon lem,  
som om man kunde binda fast det mänskliga,  
dess smärta och dess lidande;  
och vi är, skam till sägandes, som vanligt separerade  
och kan ej göra något utom ändå sträcka ut en hand  
och ha vår kärlek vaken och gemensam  
som den känsligaste orkidé förkvävd i vintergranskog  
men som ändå lever, överlever och går vidare  
i ljus naivitet och illusion i tron

att den kan sprida sitt ljus skönhet överallt,  
fast den kompakta gravskogen blott svarar med sin tunga tystnad.

Men hon lever, och så länge som hon lever  
triumferar hon.

#### *Love and friendship*

Of course, love must lead to some disappointment,  
there was never any journey without obstacles,  
what would our lives be without crises,  
and what love could ever work without a challenge?  
It is only natural, that sometimes you become frustrated  
with your partner and with that whole sex,  
and then you always can resort to friends,  
and that's how homosexuals and lesbians started.  
But that love of your own sex can never satisfy,  
while there is no better friendship,  
no friend can be more reliable  
than such a confident companion of your own sex,  
since there are no sexual tensions naturally from the start.  
The sexual tensions only ruin most relationships,  
and the most difficult of all is to maintain your partner  
as the best of friends although she is not of your sex.  
That is maybe the ultimate and highest challenge  
of all love affairs - to keep it going, to keep loving  
without ever letting go the fundamental friendship.

#### *Kärlek och vänskap*

Naturligtvis, så måste kärlek leda till besvikelser,  
det gjordes aldrig någon resa utan att det förelåg besvär,  
vad vore livet utan kriser,  
och vad är den kärlek värd som ej är någon utmaning?  
Det är ju blott naturligt att man understundom blir frustrerad  
av sin partner och utled på hela partners könen,  
men då kan man ju alltid återgå till sina vänner,  
och det var väl så det uppstod lesbiska och homosexuella.  
Men man blir ej tillfredsställd av kärlek inom eget kön,  
fast det nog ej kan finnas bättre och pålitligare vänner  
än förtrogna långtidskompanjoner av ens eget kön,  
då där från början ej finns sexuella spänningar.  
Det är det sexuella som vid överspändhet ruinerar relationer,  
och det svåraste av allt är att behålla partnern som din bästa vän  
fastän hon ej är av ditt eget kön.  
Och det är kanske den mest prövande utmaningen av alla  
i en kärleksrelation - att uppehålla den och ständigt älska  
utan att för den skull någonsin förlora siktet  
på dess vänskapsgrunds fundamentala oumbärlighet.

#### *Adoration*

My love, you are the focus of my adoration,  
if you'll excuse me, I just have to love you  
as the only object of my worship,  
although I am well aware  
that I know you too well  
with all your female frailties,  
every human limitation  
that a human being is at all capable of,

which just makes her the more perfectly human  
and lovable as such.  
So please forgive me for continuing to love you  
obstinately and persistently,  
since you at least are lovable,  
which, as God knows, not every human being is.  
Consider it a weakness, if you want to,  
but for me it's just a human faculty  
to prove that I am human  
which for me is a more valuable grade  
than any possible divinity or honour.

*The up-lifting spirit*

Let me lift you up  
unto the heights of happiness  
and stay there with you up in heaven  
just to warble in our triumph  
of our high victorious love,  
the ruler of the seventh heaven  
and the angel wings of our beings  
having reached our harps already  
by the splendid fugues of our songs.  
Thus let me keep you there  
in constant thrilling vertigo  
like one great ballet dancer  
lifting up her swan in one resplendent leap  
to never put her down again.  
Thus will and do I love you  
indefatigably and outrageously,  
incredibly and carefully  
to never let you down again.

*Modern begravning*

Den skendöde vaknade i sin likkista  
och märkte till sin fasa sin belägenhet.  
"O ve! De har väl bara inte skruvat fast locket?"  
Naturligtvis var det just vad de hade gjort.  
Hans nästa bekymrade tanke var:  
"Är jag begravnen levande,  
eller tänker de kremera mig levande?  
Hellre levande begravd än levande kremerad!"  
Han bultade mot locket, men det var solitt,  
så det hördes ingenting igenom det,  
och han hörde ingenting igenom det -  
moderna kistlock är utan lufthål och solida.  
"Ja, jag märker väl om det börjar brännas,  
eller om det blir väl kallt."  
Och han resignerade och lade sig till rätta  
för att göra det bekvämt för sig,  
så gott det nu gick;  
men då märkte han till sin stora glädje  
att hustrun skickat med honom hans ögonsten,  
sin allra käraste lilla leksak: mobilen!  
Räddad! Han slog genast ett nummer,  
och hustrun svarade förvånad:  
"Älskling, vi trodde du var död!  
Var i all sin dar är du?"

Sensmoralen är: skicka alltid med den döda hans mobil, ifall han skulle vilja höra av sig från den andra sidan.

### *Modern funeral*

The man thought dead awoke in his coffin  
and became alarmed at his condition.  
"O my! I hope indeed they didn't fix the lid!"  
But of course it was firmly fixed with screws.  
His next troubled thought was:  
"Am I buried alive,  
or will they burn me alive?  
Rather buried alive than cremated alive!"  
He pounded his fists against the lid,  
but it was solid, so no sound went through it,  
and he couldn't hear a thing above it -  
modern coffin lids are thick and solid without holes.  
"Well, well, I guess I'll notice if it gets too hot  
or if I start to freeze," so he resigned  
and tried to make the best of it,  
to make himself more comfortable;  
but then suddenly he noticed to his utter joy:  
his wife had sent along with him his precious jewel,  
his favourite and dearest toy, his mobile phone!  
He cried for joy at his salvation  
and made a call immediately.  
His wife, amazed, quite bluntly answered:  
"Darling, we thought you were dead!  
Where in heaven's name are you?"

The moral here is: never leave your loved one  
without access to his mobile phone,  
in case he wants to reach you from the other side.

### *The Condition of Life*

My love, I will not marry you  
since I am too much of a lover  
and therefore love you too much.  
What kind of logic is this weirdness?  
That is simply how I work -  
I can not be a lover  
unless I base my love on freedom  
and can work with freedom as a base,  
for love can never work or live or breathe  
unless it hovers high in total freedom  
to be able to sustain itself  
by this inspiring indispensability,  
without which no love can continue.  
Thus let me love you and continue loving you  
with freedom as my neverending energy,  
for there was never any love bird warbling  
stifled in a cage to keep it down and limited  
in the unhuman, murderous imprisonment  
of practical accessibility.

*Elementary*

Love is constantly to be transcended by itself.  
That's how it never ceases to amaze us  
and surprise us by its ever changing nature  
going on like a metamorphosis without end,  
and all there is to do is just to follow;  
and as long as you just follow its expanding course  
you will be working and alive as a good lover.  
Only when you stop and put love in confinement,  
make up regulations and will have it disciplined  
you will be disappointed and will lose it,  
since love never can be regulated and confined.  
You must be free with it or die with it.  
There is no other choice.

*By the death bed*

There is no greater heroism  
than fighting it alone in darkness  
against absolute adversity  
with no chance of a victory  
but fighting it out all the same alone,  
life being turned into a constant nightmare  
of outrageous pain and suffering  
with no associate except the fearful death  
which tortures you the more the more you fight it.  
Everyone advises you to just give up,  
give in, succumb, resign and let it go,  
but life can not be parted with in any way  
without a fight and voluntarily;  
and the longer and the more you fight it out,  
the more heroic your defence of life becomes;  
and all is well, and victory is possible  
as long as only there is someone by your side.  
When finally the last companion gives up the last stand,  
not until then the fight is over,  
and it is allowable to finally give up;  
and then you know, as you are dying,  
that you die a conqueror,  
you have secured the final victory;  
and that companion will also know it well,  
as you both know that this life will go on  
victorious and conquering forever.

*Transubstantiation*

Whatever dies grows stronger  
by its love, that cannot die  
but simply can't be stopped  
for its inviolable continuity  
that must go on forever  
by a force much stronger than of nature,  
which the dead know better than the living,  
since they see it all quite clearly  
that is blurred for us by our senses.

Open up your spiritual eyes  
and close your mortal eyes  
to all things mortal,  
and you shall begin to see

eternity in spirituality  
enlightened by a greater light  
than any blinding one on earth.

The angels have no wings but fly the higher  
for the loss of them, and so do mortals  
for the loss of all their senses  
of their mortal bodies.

It is all perfectly natural,  
the supernaturalness  
of this weird illusion  
of our mortal life.

#### *How to handle catastrophes*

Laughing through your tears  
there is a certain cheerfulness in hopelessness  
as if the ultimate defeat was after all a victory  
although it cost us everything  
and we are wearied out in all our energy  
completely, as if now at this fulfilment  
battle was about to start.  
The tears will do no good,  
the sorrows and catastrophes are to be laughed at,  
and the problems start now as they have been solved.  
This mess is difficult to be helped out from,  
and it seems the only thing that we could do  
is making it still worse,  
which always is a possibility and a temptation.  
Better then to go to sleep, forget it all,  
get drunk and let the world resolve itself  
with all its troubles, which is no concern of ours,  
and postpone awakening to this mad nightmare  
called reality as long as possible.

#### *The other side*

- a kind of truism

There is no love without atrocious turbulence,  
no happiness without diluvions of tears,  
no way to paradise except through hell  
and no way up at all without descending to the bottom.  
Fools are we that childishly believe in positiveness,  
as if anything of good could be one-sided  
without other startling facts to contradict all so called truths!  
All happiness and fortune is a selfish coward  
while the only person who could rightly be content  
and properly be called a happy individual  
is he that managed to escape from life to death  
without a failure left behind of all his life.

#### *After the fall*

- partly inspired by the Swedish poetess Karin Boye, dead at 41.

Of course it hurts  
when the spring bursts  
in aching buds of awakening

to the blinding light of ruthless reality,  
when our longing is awakened  
from its sleep of mercy to its sentient pain,  
when the locks of our hearts are forced  
and crying feelings must into the open,  
melting into the heaviness of drops  
that must burst forth into rains and floods  
of our remorse and pain of endless witholds  
that no winter ever succeeded in freezing to the deep;  
and of course this new life must hesitate  
in faltering steps unto a new path  
of the unknown, so difficult to stand on,  
impossible to find out and forbidding us to fall.

But then the miracle occurs,  
after death I hear your voice again  
so soft and full of tenderness  
as if death never had existed  
but was merely a bad dream to waken from,  
bringing new life and hope  
and courage to in spite of all  
partake in the new creation  
which after the ruins  
will be the toughest work of all.

#### *The bag lady*

When her husband threw her out  
she got down on to her feet  
and kept them on the ground  
to start a new life with a wider range  
of vision and perspective  
and became the centre of a circle  
of enlightened people, new age prophets,  
spiritualists and visionaries of Aquarius,  
like a wise old lady of transcendent insights  
all the while remaining like a tramp,  
insisting on her status of a bag lady  
with all the necessary outfits:  
plastic bags for luggage,  
bicycle as only vehicle,  
no real apartment of her own,  
no riches, no security, no nothing  
but a universe of friendship and devoted friends,  
of cheerfulness and good comradeship,  
all the best and most enlightened people of the place,  
like as if she had been a queen  
but happier as such than any one enthroned  
and richer than the Queen of England  
with her ownership of nothing  
but preliminaries of spirituality,  
more vitally important than the whole world  
of mundane and passing follies.

#### *Disappointment*

- the scandal of unfathomable width

How could it happen,  
that most dreadful scandal in our modern history  
and in a qualified democracy!

They didn't just elect him and enthrone him,  
that most ignorant of presidents,  
who never had been travelling abroad,  
who never had much of an education,  
never studied history  
and hardly ever read a book,  
a former alcoholic cheated into office,  
and they re-elected him!  
They covered up the whole environmental research  
that the previous administration had painstakingly procured  
with all the clear resulting indications of the global warming going on,  
the Bush administration made a cover-up of it  
to not disturb financial interests,  
to keep up the oil business as usual  
burying their ostrich head into the sands  
for short-sighted pecuniary profits  
at the expense of the planet.  
What a loathsome leader of the world!  
Investigating this felonious racket,  
Watergate and Irangate appear as innocent soap bubbles,  
while the Brits misguided by that Blair  
just bought it all and fell flat for that racketeer and con man,  
tricked into a booby trap by phoney greedy hustlers.  
Such deceivers of mankind can never be forgiven  
or forgotten, like the 20th century dictators  
Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Mao and Pol Pot,  
the mad seducers and destroyers of humanity,  
the rogues of history, whose gallery unfortunately  
never has been stopped from being constantly expanded  
by those criminals, adventurers and crooks  
who mask themselves as politicians.

#### *Besvikelsen*

- den ofattbara skandalen

Hur kunde det hända,  
den största skandalen i vår moderna historia,  
och i en kvalificerad demokrati!  
De inte bara valde honom och krönte honom,  
den mest ignorante av presidenter,  
som aldrig hade rest utomlands,  
som aldrig blev särskilt utbildad,  
aldrig studerade historia  
och knappast någonsin läste en bok,  
en före detta alkis fuskad in i ämbetet,  
och de återvalde honom!  
De tystade ner hela den växthuseffektsforskning  
som den tidigare administrationen lyckats få fram  
med så omfattande mödor och med klara bevis  
för att den globala uppvärmningen är ett faktum,  
och allting förträngdes av Bushadministrationen  
för att inte störa finansiella intressen,  
för att underhålla oljeindustrins globala förgiftningsprocess  
och sticka sina strutshuvuden under sanden  
för de kortsiktiga vinsternas skull  
på bekostnad av planetens framtid.  
Vilken vidrig ledare för världen!  
I jämförelse med detta globala bedrägeri  
framstår Watergate och Irangate som menlösa såpbubblor,  
medan britterna vilseledda av den där stackars Blair  
bara köpte sveket och föll för svindlaren,  
lurade in i en dödsfälla av giriga bluffmakare.

Sådana bedragare av mänskligheten kan aldrig förlätas  
eller glömmas, som 20-e århundradets diktatorer  
Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Mao och Pol Pot,  
de galna förförarna och fördärvarna av mänskligheten,  
historiens skurkar, vilkas galleri tyvärr  
aldrig har kunnat hindras från att ständigt expandera  
genom sådana kriminella äventyrare och ansvarslösa dårar  
som stjal ifrån oss världen förklädda till politiker.

#### *Love folly*

If love be egoism, I will not be a lover.  
Better then to step aside and let the egoists  
in senseless folly fight it out among themselves –  
I will have none of it. That love is false  
that boosts the ego into a baloon of lies  
that has to burst and vanish into nothing  
as a blown-up rag in shreds and good for nothing,  
like a most deplorable pathetic fiasco  
just to throw away into the garbage.  
True love is a selfless self-effacing angel  
never seen and working hard  
invisibly from underground  
appearing only through her work results  
that must remain a joy forever for its beauty  
if it only is conducted honestly  
in true sincerity of love.  
If rivals, fighters and psychotic passion drivers  
think they deal with love  
and blame their love for their psychotic business,  
they are just deceivers of themselves  
and have to learn the hard way  
that real lovers only win by losing all.

#### *Kärlekens egoism*

Om kärlek frambesvärjer egoism  
vill jag ej vara någon älskare.  
Då stiger jag åt sidan hellre  
för att låta egoisterna i dårskap  
sinsemellan göra upp.  
Med sådant vill jag ej ha någonting att göra.  
Den kärleken är falsk som blåser upp ditt ego  
till en luftballong av lögners fåfänga  
som måste explodera och försvinna till ett intet  
i en trasa av ett löjligt och patetiskt fiasko  
som blott duger till att slängas ner i soporna.  
Den äkta kärleken är självförnekande,  
en osynlig hårt arbetande kraft  
som verkar underjordiskt  
och manifesterar sig blott genom resultaten,  
som förblir bestående som något av en evig glädje,  
om den bara drivs av ärlig och uppriktig kärlek.  
Om rivaler, duellanter och psykotiska passionsidioter  
tror att de är motiverade av kärlek  
och beskyller kärleken för sin irrationalitet  
så är de offer blott för eget självbedrägeri  
och måste lära sig den hårda vägen  
att de sanna älskarna blott vinner  
genom att förlora allt.

*The soul collector*

How can love become a tragedy?  
It's all too easy - the smallest detail is enough  
to wreck the finest fregate into cinders,  
like the man who lost his wife to his best friend  
and after thirty years of marriage with three children,  
or the wooer who inevitably had that bad luck  
to get all his sweethearts snatched away by others  
just as he was going to propose to them,  
or the poor man who could never have a wife  
without her cheating him with other men,  
the more the better, as if vulgar fornication was a merit;  
or the lady who infallibly got stuck with the wrong men,  
drug addicts, alcoholics, psychopaths and mental cases,  
while she never got the man she really loved,  
and he, who really loved her, also never got her.  
Well, there are so many casualties in love,  
that casualties of war are easier to calculate,  
since most love victims just obliterate themselves in suicide,  
making their life's greatest sport to get away with it unnoticed.  
Other victims turn to less fructiferous alternatives,  
like going lesbian or homosexual  
with, of course, no natural results,  
and end up crying out pathetically their frustrations  
like all losers in the most incalculable game of love,  
where losses generally are completely ruining  
and gains just fickle transient momentary whiffs.  
There are too many bitter bachelors who learned the hard way  
not to ever trust a woman, and too many spinsters  
who turned into hostile feministic militants  
because of too bad luck with the wrong men.  
Among the commonest of clichés is, among frustrated men,  
"I never met a woman I could trust," and among women,  
"Never was there any man who did not cheat his love  
from the beginning." Still, there always are exceptions.  
Some there are who just continued ever to be faithful  
to their massacred ideals, and the more so  
the more they got hurt on the way,  
and others who are just content  
with their collection of the souls of those  
whose bodies they could never reach.  
That is a special and extraordinary category.  
They are maybe greatest of all lovers,  
since they never can forget whom they have loved once  
and they never can betray a single one of all their loves.  
They have their candles burning constantly  
in the profoundest depths of their most tender hearts  
and never fail to light them up again  
if any of those candles would go out.  
Their faithfulness, experience and piety is inexhaustible,  
their love embraces all, is omnipresent and supremely tolerant,  
and they are maybe the true teachers of true love,  
since they, by never getting anyone, did never cheat,  
did never let you down, did never hurt a soul  
and carried their love safely through all hells  
to keep it burning as the true ideal which it should be.

*As time goes by*

- some optimistic faith

My love, when shall we meet again?  
When shall the clouds unveil the sun  
and let the moonbeams through the night  
to light my fire by your bosom  
and enlighten us with all that beauty  
that our love once made us so familiar with?  
When shall we smile again at jokes amidst all tears  
to lighten up the tragedies and cure all deaths  
by life's inspiring spirituality to clear all darkness?  
When shall we find again that leisure  
and that time for ourselves  
that spited so heroically all unhuman stress  
and made a green oasis of our city's desert center,  
spilling over from our love to gild all streets  
with the delicacy of our poetry?  
When shall we love again?  
When death is dead and tears are dry  
and happiness has driven all bad luck away  
and miracles have emptied all the hospitals;  
which naturally only can be finally accomplished  
by the obstinacy of our most intrepidly persistent love.

*Ghosts*

To suffer in the darkness of silence  
is not just the privilege of raped virgins  
but of all true lovers  
who never knew love  
unless they suffered in the darkness of silence.

The darkness is complete, all life is gone,  
all lights are put out by the whirlwind  
and there is nothing left  
but to suffer in the darkness of silence.

So what do I care  
if mankind and the world go to hell  
through their own abuse of nature  
since there will always be someone left  
to suffer in the darkness of silence.

The victims driven over by development, by authorities,  
by scoundrels in disguise of the establishment,  
by ruthlessness authorized to rape and murder all things human,  
the souls of all those who against their will were robbed of their bodies,  
they will prevail,  
suffering in the darkness of silence.

*The intolerable truth*

The truth is always controversial,  
sensitive and painful, and above all, difficult.  
One may not always speak the truth  
because of possible upsets  
for unsurveyable reaction consequences,  
but still, nothing can tie down the truth.  
So, better operate immediately, then,

than wait for metastases to explode.  
 Let's take for an example just an ordinary accusation,  
 like "The lady is a tramp", a very ordinary disappointment  
 of a banal and frustrated lover who has been deceived.  
 He may not say it in the open,  
 since there might be ladies who might be offended.  
 But if really she has cheated him,  
 what power in the universe can possibly deny that truth?  
 If there are protests, matters will thereby get only worse,  
 then there will certainly be great upsets,  
 and the whole matter might develop into drama,  
 melodrama, tragedy and even worse:  
 divorce and separation, suicide and murder!  
 Yes, unquestionably, irresistibly the truth must out,  
 or it will cause infection and get worse,  
 a simple diagnosis and a natural development.  
 When thus the facts have been established,  
 we may now proceed to see what we can do about the ruins.  
 If both parties have been naughty and deceived each other,  
 then there is a balance, and no harm is done,  
 and they can just continue being friends.  
 But if one part is innocent and has been hurt  
 there is a crisis of an upset balance  
 which unfortunately seldom can be rectified.  
 The victim gets no better for reacting,  
 and the perpetrator gets no better with a penalty.  
 The perpetrator can go on, the first deception is the worst,  
 the rest is easy; while the raped, deceived or violated victim  
 is the problematic issue here.  
 There will be more regrets in her than in the perpetrator,  
 and the higher her degree of innocence, the deeper damage.  
 She is called a 'her' here, but it might as well be any man.  
 Old bitter bachelors with secret traumas  
 carry with them for a medicine the syndromatic mantra:  
 "You loved her much more than any lady ever could deserve,"  
 and live in some kind of a gloomy limbo with the terrible conviction,  
 that the love they gave once was just wasted on ungratefulness;  
 and old maids that develop into dragons have a similar syndrome.  
 Of course, they are pathetically pitiful,  
 but usually unfortunately they are right.  
 If once we love with honesty, profundity and truth,  
 have we then not the right to expect something better  
 than just fornication, copulation, egoistic rape and sexual degradation,  
 wounds that cannot heal and mortifying traumas and deception?  
 If we once were born with a pure sense of love as an ideal,  
 what right has anyone to take away and ruin that ideal,  
 and may we not do anything and even boycott the whole world  
 from our universe for the protection of that delicate ideal?

And in such cases, truth will stand you by  
 as your best weapon for your guidance  
 out of all the human swamps of lies, deceptions,  
 egoism, abuse, confusion and destruction.

*The thawing tears of death*

Crying through the tears of love  
 does only multiply and increase them  
 for the benefit of digging deeper  
 the abyssal grave of constantly increasing loss.  
 Where is our love now,  
 that flew so graciously about last spring

and now has only barren twigs  
of wretched trees without a leaf  
to rest her tired frozen feet on,  
warbling and singing cheerfully no more  
but only crying in despair her heart out  
in forlornness without end and without light,  
as if death's tunnel had no exit  
but was only actually a step down  
to eternal darkness of unutterable silence.  
Still the tears keep coming on and running forth  
eventually at least conveying some kind  
of a thaw somewhere beyond this frozen world  
of frozen hearts, maltreated to extinction  
by a robot system of hospitalization  
quashed by mortifying rule of the establishment  
allowing no exception to the hopelessness of death.

*The dying patient's last wish*

Do what you will with my decrepit body,  
throw it to the wolves, recycle it, just let me die;  
my only wish is this:  
please don't commit me to the hospital.  
Don't let them operate me  
for a bleak postponement of inevitable death  
in an invalidated body without functions  
for my soul's imprisonment for nothing  
just to make death's torture even worse.  
If I must die, just let me exit quickly  
without sentimental painful long farewells  
that only aggrandize the pain  
and makes death worse,  
which every action must do  
that makes the divorce just more unbearable.  
I will have music, though,  
the only ease from life's atrocious pains,  
the only thing that makes reality less ugly;  
so let me die triumphant in the roars of music oceans,  
and I will depart alone in loneliness  
and gladly vanish from your sight  
thus sparing any suffering on your side  
sneaking over to the other side  
as noiselessly as possible  
without a sound but with the music roaring.

*The bleeding heart*

My love is yours, an offering for life to you,  
a sacrifice, a willing stand-by of no limits,  
which you may accept or do with what you will.  
I will not fight for it, for you or against any rival,  
I will only love you and maintain that privilege  
if even you refuse it and I must keep it alone.  
The choice is yours: you'll never lack a lover,  
you can choose whomever, I have no pretensions  
but will persevere nevertheless whatever happens,  
since you never can quench any flame of love  
that once got started out of honesty alone,  
was born as pure as any baby  
and could never be put down  
but only harder in its growth  
for love's eternal victimization.

*Ode to Dead Lovers*

They were considered the ideal couple,  
young and blonde and beautiful,  
he in an excellent position with a brilliant career ahead,  
she like a princess of society, a paragon of beauty and of virtue,  
loved by everyone and worshipped by many,  
and she never could say no.  
Of course, she had too many friends,  
and one of them, a friend too many,  
thought his love of her was greater than her husband's.  
When her husband was away on business journeys  
and she had to care for all alone their two small children,  
naturally she sought relief in company of friends,  
and that particular more passionate friend saw his opportunity,  
availed himself of it and would not let her go.  
Unfortunately her devoted husband learned about it  
not from her but second hand from others.  
From abroad he wrote to her: "I know not how it happened,  
and I will not listen to your story of whose blame it was.  
It does not matter. It has happened, and that is the total damage.  
I can not come home to where a lover stole my wife from me.  
The house is yours with everything belonging to it.  
I will not come home to claim a morsel of our life together.  
I will stay abroad and find another life,  
because the one I had is ruined,  
and I find myself afflicted with a ruinous disease  
called jealousy for life with constant madness,  
the sole cure of which could be to nevermore come home again."  
He never broke his word, he never saw his children or his wife again,  
and she, for their sake, married after the divorce  
the very bloke who had transported her out of her marriage  
and never ceased to persuade her into his more comfortable one.  
When her former husband learned about it  
somewhere far away in Singapore  
he found himself the final cure of his disease of jealousy  
by purchasing enough amounts of sleeping pills  
to never have to wake up to this world again.  
He did it on this 14th day of February,  
his Valentine to the surviving world,  
which nonetheless continued loving more than ever.

*Vampires of the night*

They are really there,  
the sucking monsters,  
surreptitiously inveigling you  
to drain you out by their invasion,  
the blood-sucking parasites,  
confusing all your senses  
and distorting all reality for you  
by drowning you in fears and paranoia  
just to cloud your soul and steal it  
dragging you down by the nose to hell  
of no escape and no way out  
except into a constantly increasing darkness  
until you no longer have any perspective left.  
Who are they, then, those invisible mind parasites?  
They are your own self-centredness and introversion,  
your exaggerated occupation with yourself,  
your own sick egotism and narcissism,  
your self-deception in that dangerous delusion  
that you are anything at all.

*A dual chord*

How does it technically work,  
our telepathic love,  
since I so well feel all the warmth of your heart  
although you are so far away  
and even alienated and beleaguered  
by this separating fate of unacceptable absurdity?  
Is it so simple, that my kindest thoughts of you  
must raise the same for me in you,  
and is that how it works for everyone, then,  
generally? Or is this reserved for lovers,  
like some kind of metaphysical extraordinary  
mechanism of spiritual vibrations?  
We are out here in deep waters,  
and they constantly grow deeper  
as we wade out more profoundly  
into darkness of experimental weirdness,  
but there certainly is something to it.  
Logically I would long ago have ceased to love you  
if that absence of our intercourse was not replaced  
by this most strange and tender mutual chord  
reverberating through the universe  
in transcendently seducing music  
far too subtle to at all be sensually perceived.  
But since that string binds us together,  
let us so remain together in perpetual dualism  
of musically overwhelming beauty  
totally unheard of but at least  
completely understood by us.

*One musician to another*

No man has any right to claim you,  
since music only has the right to own you.  
She created you for her exclusive service,  
and that is the highest service possible of love,  
from which no mortal baseness has the slightest right  
to drag you down. We both kneel humbly at the altar service  
for the muses, the unique divinities of some manifestation  
through the power of creation, which is why they only  
are divinities self-evident and proven to exist  
as indefatigably active in a zone of timelessness.  
Our share of that dimension is our service to their service,  
which no pagan can remove us from,  
since we were born to serve  
and work hard for that service  
to the values of eternal beauty, life and truth,  
the word that never fails, the melodies that never quieten,  
the light that never settles, and the spirit  
which will speak forever through not only poetry  
but above all through our attentiveness  
and sensitive ability to hear the harmonies of silence.

*Some comedy*

The stage is dark and empty,  
and the audience has gone home.  
Once more, how many times before!  
has Romeo lost his Juliet, and has Juliet lost her Romeo,  
and the whole audience went home crying,

and how many times before!  
Must love then be a tragedy,  
in order to make tragedy become a love,  
surviving by repeatedly continue dying,  
so by dying it will never die,  
like that old love of Juliet and Romeo?  
And yet, the play is false, it is a lie,  
for in the first original we find a different testimony  
of what really happened: Romeo was actually alive  
when Juliet woke up from her phoney sleep,  
so they could once again embrace and cry together  
just to make things worse,  
since Romeo was poisoned anyway, -  
two suicides for love, for nothing, for each other  
for a perfect entertainment of all times  
to make all mankind sob forever  
for this tragedy of love  
which turned into a love of tragedy  
to keep love growing and sustained forever.

#### *Det hårda samhället*

Det blir bara hårdare,  
och de som föredrar att vara mjukare  
blir de mest hårt medfarna,  
överkörda, ignorerade och glömda  
i samhällets fartberusnings stress' omänsklighet.  
En flicka, som blev drabbad av att hennes mor fick slaganfall  
förhindrades att arbeta, för att hon måste vårda modern  
och ansökte om socialbidrag på dessa grunder  
och blev vägrad tills patienten dog.  
Då först fattade socialen att den vårdande ej kunnat arbeta.  
En diktare insände till ett känt förlag  
sin största smärtas barn, en innerlig diktsamling  
och fick vänta, vänta, vänta, vänta,  
tills det gått ett antal månader och mer än fyra,  
då hon råkade få mailkontakt med en expert på området,  
som rakt på sak meddelade, att etablerade förlag numera  
vanligen ej svarar alls på ej beställda manus  
utan skickar dem direkt till manusstrimlaren.  
Det är ett samhälle och har så alltid varit  
av "herren på täppan"-mentalitet  
där etablissemangent sparkar ner varenda jävel  
som försöker sticka upp och göra något gott  
mot hårdheten, omänskligheten, myndighetsbyråkratin,  
den sjuka och ihjälstagnerade storebrorsattityden  
där allt är förbjudet utom det att köra över andra.  
Det var Sverige det.  
Och ändå är det ännu värre ställt i andra länder  
och blir bara värre hela tiden,  
som det alltid blivit för så länge  
som historien alls har rullat på  
som en förkrossande allt utslätande obemannad ångvält  
som ej någon någonsin har lyckats stoppa,  
eller alls ge någon ansvarsfull bemannad styrning.

#### *God's tears*

Your highest merit are your tears  
not shed for pity's sake but for compassion  
being something of life's very fountain,

like a mother's source of love and kind protection  
for all life, all human character and feelings  
and the care for human worth and dignity  
and above all the most supreme necessity of freedom.  
Poets say life started in the ocean of God's tears,  
and that was never contradicted.  
So are all our tears a continuity  
of God's own care of life, and when we cry  
our tears are God's and a projection  
of life's inmost values and its essence,  
thus diffusing and expanding what our souls are made of,  
which is our inheritance  
and the eternal very essence of divinity.

*Born free to keep love free*

The freedom of our souls is our salvation;  
that we were born spiritually free  
makes us immune against all trespassing  
on our love by strangers, fools and mortal idiots  
who don't understand that love is something higher  
than just sleazy sex and messing up and putting down,  
the vulgar idiocy of clumsy ignorants,  
no better than unthinking animals,  
unhuman cynicals and base primitivists;  
while thoughtful and considerate responsibility,  
far-sighted care and freedom from all bonds to tie you down  
is what love really is about,  
the nourishment of its eternal life,  
the food for thoughts of tenderness that always lasts  
and the consistent kindness without end  
that rather banishes itself in self-effacement  
than dares take the risk of hurting any human feeling.

*The Force*

When love is bursting forth  
there is no force in all the universe  
to hold it back, love being what it is  
– the force, the all pervading ether  
keeping all the universe in shape and rolling  
like a mystical embalming omnipresent power  
that can never be accounted for or come to terms with,  
while we all at the same time, all thinking beings  
actively take part in it and constitute it,  
like a metaphysical and universal natural democracy,  
each being having rights that cannot be abused  
without the natural retaliation of the karma.

This was some small effort at defining this mysterious Force  
that has become a myth of science fiction  
but which actually exists for good or worse  
and which we never can get rid of  
being there for us to simply make the best of it.

*Enough is never enough*

Recently a lady shockingly confessed  
her major difficulty in this life to be  
dependence on the syringe and its use.

I had to comfort her and say,  
"My dear, there are much worse addictions.  
You don't know what you have missed."  
Oh yes, we shouldn't really talk about it.  
All those loves I had  
that failed and faltered on the way,  
the girl who cheated me with previous lovers  
and who cheated them by suddenly absconding  
with a brand new lover off to Paris;  
that devourer of men, who used them up,  
consuming one after another,  
leaving them like wrecks behind  
with bleeding souls for their remaining life;  
that vamp who had been married thrice  
with only ten engagements previously,  
and who, when I had had enough of all her tricks,  
swore she would never have another after me  
to next week trap a new one twenty years her junior,  
or that lady whom I never can forget,  
what was her name again,  
well, let's forget about it,  
or that siren, who for just her sport -  
enough! There is an end to it,  
the story that did never end,  
of how at every time I made a solemn oath  
of nevermore trust any lady,  
that decision and severest promise of sincerity  
was never followed but by just another fall  
for yet another chapter of the neverending story...

*Devotional poem*

Our living world is built, created and maintained  
by its devoters, those who are devoted to their love,  
whatever that love is for, whether families,  
their culture or society, creative beauty  
or whatever their devotion aims at;  
but what matters is the character and essence of devotion,  
which is always something of the very core of the best human qualities,  
the heart of the most vital matter of constructiveness.  
Construction is the keyword here,  
which, coloured with devotion,  
carries by its honesty success to fulfilment  
and triumphs by completion in a lasting glory:  
"It was worth it! None of all this effort was in vain!"  
It is the satisfaction of the godhead  
when he found that what he had created was all good,  
devotion makes creativeness a holy matter,  
and all that we need to maintain the creation  
is to show it some devotion.

*Fever*

Day by day my love is growing worse  
for all the trials, the frustrations, the death crises,  
funerals and shocks, erupting into fever  
that grows worse for every day.  
And there is nothing you can do about it  
but continue loving faithfully  
with self-effacing self-consuming self-destructive constancy  
ignoring how your limbs are aching,

how your strength and powers fail you,  
how your work and life disintegrates  
and how your love grows more impossible for every day.  
Despairing you may cry with pain from hell  
and thereby only make the matter worse,  
more painful, more excruciating, more acute a torture,  
while your only comfort and reward is  
that at least you never failed in love.

*Sexy acrostic*

Strange as it may seem,  
especially as we teem,  
xasperated as we team,  
you are still only my dream.

*Harassed by reality*

Reality, the constant obstacle and sabotage  
to love and all idealism,  
is just life's greatest challenge  
to stand up against and face,  
surmount and get around,  
and the best means and only means to do it  
is by love, of course, which never can be vanquished  
and which never can give up  
and rather dies than tolerates defeat.  
That is the very element of love:  
to fight unto the bitter end for the impossible,  
the unattainable and highest freedom,  
the intangible ideal, the dream that always must go on.  
So if reality has anything against our love,  
that will at length result in nothing else  
than adding fuel to our love.

*The soul is cooler than the heart but warms for a longer time...*

Every moment without you  
is like a lost eternity in hell.  
I know, there is a gap between us,  
and I will not let you suffer for it  
but allow you any freedom  
that would all but rob me of you.  
You belong to no one  
but remain a tenant of my soul,  
its chief inhabitant, and that I promise you:  
that home I will keep warm for you forever.  
Nowadays all gaps can be abridged and bridged,  
there never was an actual need for a divorce,  
there never was a separation but from vanity and selfishness,  
and honest love goes on forever,  
and I will not give you anything but honesty.  
There is a gap between us - let's forget it,  
since it does not matter,  
since our love is all that matters,  
and it would be unfair to ourselves  
if we did not allow it air to breathe  
and let it live and burst into that flower  
that blooms only nevermore to wither.

*A definition of music*

Stamped with a religious mark from the beginning  
it ever was a ladder between earth and heaven  
for the mortal spirit to transcend to immortality  
by seeking contact with the gods through harmony and beauty.  
So the muses were created as a kind of intermediary  
to stand directly in association with the arts,  
the artists being all musicians, since originally music was all arts,  
the manifested concretization of the inspiration of the muses;  
while the highest art was always fundamental music,  
which is best described as simply prayer,  
the direct live contact with divinity,  
which all the great composers proved:  
Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven,  
they all paid tribute to the godhead  
principally first and last.  
That is my definition: music as the best of prayers.

*The widower to his late wife*

(from Dan Millman by J.E.)

Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there; I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am a thousand glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there. I did not die.  
I live in a million places and things  
Recalled as memories, borne on wings  
From times and towns beyond the sea  
Do not stand and weep for me.  
In son and daughter and smallest child  
I am there. Be glad. I am free.

*The Gipsy*

Don't chain me to the ground, please,  
because I was born with wings and have to use them,  
or else I would not have been born with them.  
Don't fence me in, because I was born out of wedlock  
without fences, which is why I never needed any.  
Don't put me down, because I was only born to rise and grow  
and never could be put down anyway, so why then even try?  
Don't try to put me into custody or hospitalize me,  
since I was too well to ever run the risk of getting sick,  
and I was far too clever to get caught for all my liberties.  
Don't try to kill me or to bury me, because I am too much alive  
to ever have my death accepted - it just will not work.  
Just leave me as I am, an international and homeless bastard rover  
beachcombing the seas, enjoying rainbow gatherings and parties,  
an enthusiast for beautiful nostalgia,  
finding brethren everywhere in hippies, vagabonds and outcasts;  
and wherever there is life and party,  
I am in the middle of it and enjoying it.

### *The Surge*

The longing and the throbbing of the deep heart's woes  
is like a fever distancing your soul from life  
while at the same time waxing overwhelmingly  
intensifying your life's urge to surge  
from hollow decadent reality to a transcendence  
into heaven to encompass all the world  
not only with your love but with your joy  
and music of your soul without which you can't live  
and therefore want to spread out to all others  
piously disseminating what your heart is brimming over with,  
the best part of your soul, your feelings, your sentimentality.  
It's only natural. The only thing unnatural is to suppress it.  
Let it bloom and fill the world with rainbow parties  
so that beauty, joy and love at last some time may cure the world.

### *Farewell*

You rest in peace in such a sumptuous bed of flowers  
that you never dreamed of while you stayed with us.  
Your years of toil are over, and now you may relax  
as long as you would wish in this magnificence of flowers,  
wallowing in beauty and their perfumes, and caressed  
by all the singularly lovely memories of you that rest with us.  
Think kindly of us for our follies while we err in this mundanity,  
like we will never lose the sight of your example  
as not just a caring mother, but so full of care for all your friends.  
We will not weep, because we know you are still there  
and will not leave us, for as long as we will keep you in our minds,  
since you gave us your love to never take it back  
but to remain with us and grow forever.

### *The only true love is a tragedy*

There are so many instances of this,  
and all confirm the tragic fact:  
the highest and the finest love  
was never consummated,  
independent of how far it reached.  
That means, that love is even greater  
and more true, the more it is a tragedy.  
You can love and never reach your love  
and never have her,  
and no lover is more certain of his love.  
You can lose her, and you will love her forever.  
You can see her vanish into other lovers' arms,  
and then you know you loved her more than they.  
Love is a loser that by losing is the winner,  
and the more he loses, the more winner he becomes,  
since love is always fair in that  
her grace falls more on honesty and truth  
and sublimates the quality and warmth of love  
than bothers about the delusory futility of sex,  
which always is a passing satisfaction;  
while true love is never satisfied  
but lasts and goes on growing and expanding  
in increasing beauty armoured for eternity  
the more it is struck down by anguish, hardship and mortality.

### *Glorious friendship*

Let us take it easy and be friends  
since there can be no end to friendship  
and it can expand indefinitely  
without bounds for its neutrality  
without even a chance of any of us getting hurt.  
As friends we can enjoy each other  
freely without problems and without restrictions,  
we can laugh at weaknesses and at each other  
and forget all second thoughts of jealousy, suspicion and reserve.  
The universe belongs to friends of God  
who in the harmony of friendship may infest it freely  
with the merry parties of light-heartedness  
and carry on just thriving and carousing easily  
in constant celebration of all things that last  
among which friendship is the first one  
and the very evidence of the stability of love when it is true.

### *Melting*

Every time I touch upon a certain note  
the flows start universally reverberating,  
spring explodes in melting flows,  
joy triumphs like the age of miracles,  
and any wonder seems about to happen.  
That is when we strike a chord together,  
when we musically harmonize as souls  
and when our thoughts join hands  
and are united in the ether.  
Why is it not always then like this?  
Perhaps we need to cry alone sometimes,  
perhaps our need of rest from love  
is equally important to our need of love,  
perhaps our loneliness is equally important to our company;  
but when I melt in tears alone there is no greater urge  
than just to share that heartbreak and compassion  
and unite in my most devastating sorrow  
with that endless ocean depth and richness  
of your own profuse affliction,  
so that we could cry together and the more  
to make our sweet multiplication  
of our sorrows and compassion tally.

### *Souls marching on*

We buried you under a mountain of flowers  
but none of them would even wither.  
For you there is no resurrection necessity  
since death for you was an impossibility.  
Yes, you are there still and partying,  
having a good time as always among all your friends;  
the party you started can not be disrupted,  
since such a good party is set off just once and for all,  
and you still are the head of it, keeping it up  
as if you never even had had any illness.  
So love keeps on rolling forever,  
a party that never can be discontinued  
with maybe occasional changes of guests  
but pre-eminently independent of common mundaneness,  
of death and of worries, of changes and comings and goings,

the more so the more the departed has wasted her love,  
which no one did more here than you;  
which is why you were taken away from us,  
too good a person to last for her love,  
which was even too much for yourself  
but enough, all the same, to last quite some eternities.

*To be continued.*