

# *Newer Poems*

## *Nyare dikter*

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## *Newer Poems – Nyare dikter*

### *Advice to a musician*

No one has the right to claim you  
since you belonged to music from the beginning.  
She owns your soul,  
and you owe your soul to her  
with all her ocean depths of wisdom,  
universe of loving and emotional profundity  
and unfathomable richness of experience,  
not just any kind of, but of all humanity,  
the human history consisting mainly of the journey of the spirit,  
being all there in the records of the soul  
as manifested in the arts,  
emotionally above all in music.  
That's your reign of government and freedom,  
of expansion and of love  
which you can share with all humanity in music only,  
which belongs to you like something of a key  
to all hearts of all sentient beings.  
It is also a responsibility  
demanding faithfulness and labour  
but, above all, purity,  
since only loving hearts of truth and honesty  
could ever make good music that would last.

### *The enigma of our love*

The enigma of our love  
is constantly indefinitely getting deeper  
always growing well beyond our understanding  
in remoteness, depth and mystery,  
while at the same time we grow nearer all the time  
discovering new facets of our mutual understanding,  
while our happiness and joy is veiled in tears  
of gentle melancholy and infinite beauty,  
sorrow leading us together into some abysmal tunnel  
of which we don't know what's on the other side.  
The question is if we dare try it.  
I would dare if you would want it,  
but I would not even risk the touching of some wound;  
for love can never be too gentle or too careful  
in its handling with respect the human soul,  
which never had enough consideration.

### *Rainbow love*

– a sad story.

When you chase the rainbow,  
do not hope to find that jar of gold.  
Be realistic.  
Be intent on chasing on for nothing and forever.  
You will have at best some sweet dreams and some rest  
occasionally, but the rest will be a chase  
for air, elusive and evaporating dreams,  
the beauty of which finally will leave you  
left with only hollowness and sadness,  
and that is the final fruit of love:  
the tears you shed when you have lost it.

*No shares are riskier than sharing love*

They say that love is better shared  
than kept in isolation,  
privately discreetly guarded like a caged bird  
and nourished, famished unto death,  
the greatest tragedy of love,  
when it can never reach, get out  
but stays concealed in secret,  
shied unto discretion of self-immolation.

Share it, then, for it is better  
to be nailed upon the cross  
and tortured unto death,  
be hurt unto unbearability of psychic pain  
and dragged into dishonour, shame and dirt  
than not to share your love with whom you love,  
no matter how she might mishandle you,  
since any tragedy is better  
than to let love stifle  
without any story to remember.

*The imperfect lover*

I don't want to leave you ever,  
but I have to every now and then.  
The chief dilemma has been this all times of love,  
but there are others also.  
"I would love you, if you didn't have so many men,  
so many other lovers," is another.  
When a loved one has a number of intimacies,  
there is one always that loves her the most,  
and he will never get her,  
like there is one she will always love the most,  
and he will be most difficult for her to reach.  
Love is perfected unto imperfection,  
and the higher, purer and more perfect your love is,  
the more it is impeded by its imperfections.  
So there always are too many problems  
in whatever kind of love;  
and all that I can say, to say the least,  
to somehow assuage our difficulties  
and our constant separations  
is, that I will always be the more with you  
the less I am with you.  
Take it as a pledge or an enigma,  
but your soul will know the truth.

*Relativity*

The distance of my love is wider than an ocean  
and more unsurmountable than any ridge,  
unreachable like any sun  
and as untouchable as a black hole,  
and yet she is more present than reality  
and more genuine than any truth,  
more honest than the messages of angels  
and more definite in her sincerity than any child;  
for love is always perfect.  
All she needs to prove herself is to exist,  
then distances turn null and void,

all obstacles become negligible nonentities,  
all darkness turns into perpetual light,  
and all you need is to acknowledge it  
to make it work, to turn existence into paradise  
and to make life worth while  
and something of a joy for all eternity.

### *Creativity*

We were born to be creative,  
life exists to recreate itself,  
it is the first rule of survival:  
if you fail to multiply the life that you were given,  
you will not be worth it.  
But, this creativity can find so various expressions.  
The most natural one is of course to reproduce,  
to start a family creating children,  
that is basic, easy and most down to earth;  
but there are other ways and higher aims  
more difficult and singular and more demanding,  
such as concentrating on the spiritual world  
and reproducing spiritual values like idealism  
in art and literature, music and philosophy.  
Such people are no good for ordinary life,  
for raising children, for mundanity and practical concerns  
but should be valued and encouraged for their higher aims,  
the beauty of their insights and their visions;  
for idealists are recreators of our future  
making it worth while to live for  
and especially when this our present seems so horrible,  
unbearable, unhuman, hopeless and insane.  
The dreams are our creative tools  
wherewith the world and future always is remade  
to make it better after all we constantly go through;  
and only artists of a pure and honest heart  
know how to dream them.

### *The magic of our love*

The magic of our love  
is vulnerable as the purity of music,  
sensitive as nerves strung high  
like strings unto a bursting point  
and oversensitive to any false disharmony  
which is forbidden trespassing on purity,  
which on the other hand, like beauty,  
is its own reward – they go together,  
beauty, purity and truth,  
and must be kept, like music,  
constantly high strung to make it sound.  
As a reward we have these tunes and harmonies  
of overwhelming beauty emanating into songs  
of love with words of poetry  
that will reward all lovers for their faith  
with beauty that will never die  
but keep rewarding faithful love  
with its own life of everlasting somethingness  
that really can not be defined  
but is, as Dante said,  
the love that makes all suns and stars  
of all the universe go round.

*Feelings are always true*

All you feel is true,  
and feelings never lie.  
You know the touch of your antennae,  
and the longer your antennae are,  
the more you can be certain of their touch.  
Your soul reverberates of senses  
that can never be put down  
but must reverberate;  
and the more turbulent they are,  
the clearer is their language  
of plain clearcut obviousness,  
and living souls are never lies.  
So if you feel that you are loved  
and that you love, and that your loved one  
is the one who loves you and the one you love,  
you simply can't do anything about it  
but just let it be, enjoy it, love,  
be certain of it, do the right thing of it,  
cherish it, respect it, take it easy  
and give love a chance  
to speak herself and be in her own right  
as all the good there is in life.

*Insatiability*

We all need more love  
than we can ever get, and the more we love,  
the more the insatiability increases.  
So why keep on loving, then,  
when it never pays?  
When your prostitution is gratis,  
when the feedback always comes too late,  
when ingratitude is love's ultimate reward,  
and you can not even save your soul  
from getting raped?  
That is the question.  
You just go on until you fall,  
for there is nothing else to do.

*Looking forward to 2012*

They say things gonna change then.  
They say the world gonna get better at last.  
They say the climate change gonna wake people up.  
They say all the good things might happen  
to make a clean sweep outa all the bad things.  
They say revolutions will happen  
to shockwave all the bad people outa their beds.  
They say bureaucracies will get the creeps  
and implode into vanishment.  
They say all autocracies will go to crap.  
They say they gonna rock the world back to basics  
and rock the hell outa all the Smersh junkies.  
They say things might happen  
that gonna set us right on course back again  
to where we came from, back to paradise  
and all that golden age stuff,

just to make the politicians drop their pants  
and go crazy for real home to their nut-houses  
to stay there not to endanger the world any more.  
They say a lot of healthy things,  
those rainbow people with everlasting parties on the shore  
to celebrate the rising ocean and the rising tides  
to wash the world clean again  
outa the dirty hands of crazy politicians.  
And their magic message to the world is:  
Cheers!

### *Love under torture*

The wind blows hard and mean against us  
with a merciless and heartless coldness without end  
while torturous adversities amass and haunt us,  
death and losses, irreplaceable bereavements,  
and to all this mess our constant distance and intolerable separation.  
How can love survive? But as the buds spring forth  
from freezing death in suffocating snows,  
so will all human souls transcend all frozen hearts,  
and there will always be a resurrection  
from all false, untimely phoney deaths;  
and somehow love will fool perdition  
and always come again by miracles  
in something of an everlasting venture  
to in spite of all exist no matter what  
to not allow herself to ever be let down.

### *Mixing up*

Mixed up with you is not an easy thing to be.  
You lead me on to unknown depths  
through whirlpools and uncharted shallows  
to an end which neither of us know what it will be;  
but we are not without a pilot,  
and we know our course and what we want:  
a love of limitless duration, depth and understanding,  
and a constantly increasing personal intimacy  
that always will bring us two closer to each other,  
nearer to the core and heart and inner basic truth of life  
with concentration on the burning secret of creation,  
the chief mystery of all existence,  
which we have the opportunity to find  
by those two keys we have acquired to each other's souls.  
I understand you, while you still don't know  
whom you have found to guide you and protect you through the shallows,  
but love will reveal it if you let me,  
and I never shall move harder than you wish  
but piously conform to your own pleasure,  
knowing well the love that I can give you  
can be so much more than all the world can offer you.

### *The Rainbow Warrior*

- an effort at a definition

He is the hero of our time  
but rather careful and discreet,  
does not take any risks

while he is certain of his case,  
that he is right and fights for all the good  
there is at all in this decrepit world,  
defending everything worth living for.  
He fights for Greenpeace and Tibetans,  
demonstrates for peace and tolerance,  
has nothing with dogmatic bigotry to do,  
believes in immortality, reincarnation and the soul  
of every living thing and being  
and defends above all life in all its forms,  
hugs trees and plants them,  
chases whalers down and off from all the seas,  
is not political but more environmental  
and crusades more underground and more efficiently  
appearing as concealed in his activities  
as captain Nemo and as purposeful.  
You find him everywhere, he is increasing  
in efficiency and numbers of both sexes,  
and wherever you will recognize him  
you will know him (or her) as a friend.

### *Regnbågsriddaren*

Han är vår tids hjälte  
men försiktig och diskret,  
tar inga risker  
men är säker på sin sak,  
att han har rätt och kämpar för allt gott  
som återstår i denna avartade värld,  
där han försvarar allt som alls är värt att leva för.  
Han slåss för Greenpeace och för tibetanerna  
och demonstrerar mest för fred och tolerans,  
har ingenting att göra med dogmatisk fanatism  
men tror på reinkarnationen, själen och odödligheten  
hos vartenda väsen som har liv,  
och det är livet mest av allt som han försvarar  
i dess alla former, kramar träd, planterar dem  
och jagar valfångare bort från haven,  
är mest engagerad i miljön och ej politisk  
och drar ut på sina korståg mera underjordiskt  
och mer effektivt, som kapten Nemo  
mera dold och målmedveten under ytan.  
Han finns överallt och växer ständigt  
både effektivt och numerärt i båda könen,  
och var du än träffar på en sådan  
skall du känna honom (henne) väl igen  
som pålitlig och sällsynt god som vän.

### *Desire*

My yearning to your person  
is a thirst that never can be quenched,  
since you can never really wholly reach another person,  
grasp her, have her or be satisfied with her,  
since there is always something else to it.  
Desires are deceptive leading you astray  
since they can never be fulfilled completely  
but must lead you on beyond the point of no return,  
and thus you always get beyond and miss your goal.  
Desire drives you on and speeds you up  
and is its own deception,

making you escape your goal instead of finding it.  
Content yourself with only loving,  
care for her and see that she is always there,  
and that is all you really need to just keep going on  
as a true lover staying faithful to at least your love.

### *Love among the troglodytes*

Yes, it is disturbing how they wallow  
in barbarity and trash,  
the victims of our brainwash age,  
the addicts of society's perversions,  
but we can do better without them  
and do not have to mind them,  
steering forth and free of foulness  
out to freedom of the limitlessness of every ocean  
and the freedom of ourselves and of our own,  
the sacred work we live for  
and the high ideals we work for  
that can never be corrupted  
by the baseness of the troglodytes  
who rule and dominate this brainwashed world  
and bring it to perdition,  
while we stick to the exceptions  
who alone are capable of saving it.

### *The Junk Society*

Those barking dogs of madding crowds  
are like an anthill thrown in chaos,  
all a muddle in a stressed up vanity,  
humanity forsaken and seduced  
by media brainwash stuff  
completely overrunning everyone  
with information of no consequence  
or meaning, drivelling and vulgar nonsense  
for the chaos merchants to make money  
on upsetting everyone as much as possible,  
the servants of this sick society  
that turns all thoughtless people into addicts  
either by blind medication or on drugs,  
unless they drop out as alcoholics  
or just leave it all to its own self-destructive holocaust  
to save themselves, a few exceptions and sane individuals  
from the general perdition.  
How can we stand it? That's just what we can't,  
and that's what saves us. If we just look through it  
and observe the overwhelming junk flow of society  
and recognize it as the madhouse carousel it is,  
we can detach ourselves from it and rise above it  
for a better purpose of our lives to find  
of something more enduring, permanent and meaningful.

### *The Moment of Truth*

Let us sink together  
deep into the endless bottomlessness  
of the fathomless eternity of our feelings  
just to make them deeper and more bottomless.

Let us together melt  
into each other's souls  
in friendship more profound than any passion  
just to keep it intact and alive  
as long as possible and possibly forever  
for the highest possible enjoyment of our union.  
Thus let us be one and share ourselves  
continuously to never break it off;  
and that's the syndrome, sign and meaning of all love  
that it should just go on forever.

### *The secret*

The secret of our love will never be found out.  
Discretion hides it in a wood of veils  
and no one understands what is beyond  
the depths of darkness in the heart of wilderness,  
the thickness of the forest density  
where everything becomes a jungle  
of impenetrable mystery and fathomless concealment  
where we dwell together with our dreams  
refusing to wake up to this aborted world  
of unacceptable absurdities and artificial madness  
where the only human people are outsiders  
who refuse to deal with or have anything to do  
with the demented bolting universal lunacy  
which dominates our brave new world's society  
and forces everyone to dehumanization  
and denaturalization speeding up the general degeneration.  
But our love can never be infected by it,  
and our friendship goes beyond their reach  
immune to any effort of debasing it  
from its consummate level of perfection  
guarded by its secret of discretion.

### *Missing you*

Risking being sentimental,  
still I can't deny my missing you,  
and that's why you will have to  
put up with my song.

I miss your beauty and the fragrance of your soul,  
I miss your harmony spread by your presence,  
I miss the love we made as souls  
more intimate than any bodies,  
and I miss the soft touch of your grace  
upon my being, as some charms of elves and angels;  
and I miss your serious joy  
and sparkling lights of your dark eyes,  
I miss the music of your voice,  
the poetry of your kind words,  
the care and wisdom of your heart's warm passion;  
and I miss the fun we had amidst our deepest tragedy,  
the glory that we reached amidst the tearful flows of sorrow,  
and the life we found together in the presence of our death.  
But most of all I miss our bare togetherness,  
our naked mutual company,  
our understanding and the harmony of our minds  
when we were molten down together by our fate  
to nevermore get whole as separated from each other.

### *Vain separation*

When in the night I wake up to my sleeplessness  
and see you smiling in the company of others,  
I enjoy your pleasure and but wish  
that I could be there and enjoying it with you.  
We are now separated by an ocean  
which is but a second's distance for our souls  
that even just might bring us only nearer to each other  
by the challenge. But the point is this:  
we can not lose each other,  
not by distances or separations,  
not by lack of contact or temptations,  
not by being taken in and occupied by others  
and least of all by our fate and destiny  
which seems the more intent on unifying us  
the more we are impeded by adversities and trials  
which add only sharpness to the challenge of our love.

### *Forgetmenot*

Small flower, tiniest of blue-eyed souls,  
my source of inspiration and enjoyment,  
welcome to my secret flower bed  
of tender memories and sorrows,  
of a lifetime filled with love  
and stories immemorable  
of beauty constantly increased  
and never any friendship that was lost.  
You all grow faithfully and richly in my heart,  
I never would forget a single one of you,  
while you, forgetmenot, my freshest flower  
fulfil them all by only being there  
to make my heart alive again and more than ever  
giving fuel to a love that lives on immortality,  
the essence of the soul's endurance to in spite of all  
go on for all its overstrain to constantly surpass itself  
in burning brighter and more gloriously  
for all its suffocation in the trials of her love.

### *Forward*

The limitlessness of our love  
is constantly confounding all the universe.  
What does it matter where we are  
since we remain in touch wherever  
all the same and independent of geography  
and all mundane dimensions?  
Even if I go away and am completely lost  
I still will know you closest to my heart  
and never lose you wherever you are yourself.  
Our flair is like a constant flight on golden wings  
that never actually can put us down  
but keep us going on an endless journey and adventure  
of discovery in realms of beauty, tenderness, humanity  
and warmth of heart, the endless ocean of our travel  
being the profound and bottomless eternity of love  
in constant change of weather in life's highest drama  
of the turbulent and educating journey of our souls.

*Respect the loser*

Losers are we all  
in some way or another,  
and the less we seem to be so,  
the more probably we are so.  
Only look at those tycoons  
with loads of money  
and a perfect family at home;  
but, usually, the richer,  
the more divorces,  
the more addicts, nervous breakdowns,  
alcoholics, mental cases and so forth  
all ending up in loneliness,  
delusions, tragedy and total mental misery.  
Just look at that gay workoholic  
having such a good time working all his life  
and hard, and gaining nothing  
ending up a burnt-out case for nothing  
having lost his whole life on the way.  
The loser is in every human being,  
and the less he seems to be a loser,  
the more cover-up he has to do,  
the more he is a loser,  
which all losers know indeed  
deep down inside themselves.  
The best thing is to just admit it,  
recognize your tragedy  
and stretch your hand out liberally  
to make friends with all the other losers.

*On the move*

Don't stop me while I'm running,  
do not try to pin me down,  
don't slow my pace, don't fence me down,  
for all my life is movement,  
and all air I breathe is freedom;  
I can't wait to live  
since life is all we have until we die,  
I have no patience with formalities,  
and slowness is unbearable,  
existing only to be speeded up.  
I must keep flying, or I'll fall,  
I must keep living, or I'll die,  
and death is not acceptable,  
since 80 out of 100 die for nothing  
and from totally unnatural vain reasons.  
Life is all there is, and we all need it,  
since that's all we have  
forever.

*Beauty*

Beauty never ceases,  
never stops to grow,  
grows ever younger and more fresh  
and more delightful with the years,

like some old oaken giant  
with an ever more majestic crown  
and greener leaves for every year,  
more lush than ever  
when it should have died so long ago.  
Thus music also only grows more beautiful  
the more its age increases,  
like the classical string quartets  
growing more enchanting  
every time you hear and play them.  
Only the exterior withers,  
only the material values vanish,  
while the soul matures forever  
gilding everything with beauty that it touches  
and the more so the more conscious and aware she is.  
So flower on forever, beauty,  
grow, increase and flourish  
for your own sake, that your truth  
may constantly make life worth while.

### *Masked Madonna*

Who are you, secret beauty,  
so well veiled behind the strangest riddles,  
covered in enigma and so eloquent in ambiguities?  
You raise my curiosity to peaks of expectations,  
since I must suspect you are the mystery  
that I sought contact with so long.  
At last I would uncover it,  
receive it and enjoy it - but alas!  
As soon as you removed your mask  
I found no answer to my questions,  
once again the feedback of my love was lost,  
my questions only multiplied,  
and all I could do was to ask you  
to put on your mask again.  
A mystery is best as left alone,  
alive and intact as a mystery  
to wonder at and to admire from a distance,  
but when you approach the sun and come too close  
the only thing to do is to retire.

### *Free*

Love is best when flying free  
in limitless abundance of fresh air to breathe  
on golden wings to carry on forever to get higher  
without ever losing sight of the direction, the beloved.  
When your dreamland opens up and is your only true reality,  
when worries fade and mundane follies vanish  
in thin air dispersed by realer dreams of truth and intuition,  
when your spirit soars and nothing can retain it,  
that is health and freedom, naturalness and normality,  
and nothing else is valid, nothing else is true.

### *Just another love declaration*

I love you more  
than any married man can love his wife,  
for my love is higher than what any formal love can be,

since my love is unconditional,  
like parents' true love for their children  
giving everything and claiming nothing.  
I will never claim you nor claim anything from you  
since I just want to love you  
and keep on faithfully loving you  
for what you are and nothing else,  
regretting that I don't have much to give,  
no wealth and no security,  
which makes my love the more sincere and humble,  
without even caring whether it will even be accepted -  
all that is enough for me is that I love  
and that I will continue loving you  
and beg to be consistent in that faithfulness  
and that you maybe might accept it as an offer  
of a humble soul for no more than your grace  
to be if nothing more at least my friend.

### *Unending energy*

Let me fly to you at home  
on wings of golden ocean birds  
and on the flowing waves  
that never cease to keep on rolling on  
forever to each shore across the world  
importing vital messages of foaming love  
that never cease to eagerly press on,  
like I do in my dreams of longing  
back to our community and company  
of friends and lovers, beauty, art and music,  
our environment of truth and constant revelation  
of the only things of true importance:  
our love, the freedom of it,  
and our faithfulness thereto.

### *Healing*

Our maybe only difference  
is your urgent need of constant company  
while I need absolutely to be now and then alone.  
But although separated far away from you  
I keep associating with you in my mind.  
I wish that could be something of a comfort to you,  
that although not with you all the time in person  
I am always with you in my mind.  
We are so like each other in all other aspects,  
that I keep on recognizing me in you,  
and you are always there, my dream,  
my constant company, my twin in mind,  
that I feel I could never let you go or leave you.  
Let's just stay on then, since it cannot harm us  
but might be the very healing  
which we both will always need.

### *A summary of nonsense*

Make it simple, make it short  
and have something to tell,  
or else shut up and go to hell.

That would be all the catechism  
for any writer; and if it were followed  
we would not have all this trash  
of nonsense, sex and violence,  
pornography and senselessness;  
but on the other hand,  
we would not probably have any poet left  
or anyone at all who would be writing,  
since, if everyone could properly look through himself,  
we would all see the vanity  
of all performance and self-exhibition  
while the only valid stuff remaining  
would be basically universal  
and anonymous documentation  
of the simple truth  
the shorter and the better.

*The truth of dreams*

Don't tell me dreams are worthless substance.  
Dreams is all we are,  
reality is all a dream of unreality,  
our souls are more concrete and definite  
than any actual appearance  
luring us into illusions of reality,  
while the truth is always:  
nothing is what it appears to be.  
So all we have, in fact,  
is sticking to our dreams,  
the pious faithfulness to our ideals,  
the secret and unconscious testimonies of our souls,  
the freedom of our spirit when it soars  
and everything that cannot be explained.  
The truth is there  
beyond our grasp but definite,  
and we shall never understand it.  
All we can do is to try to  
and to follow it  
on wings of dreams  
that always will continue carrying us away.

*One drop of water*

You marry to give your beloved  
and your children comfort and protection  
as a pledge for piously sustained security,  
but without children and without security  
the marriage pledge is only a formality  
of emptiness and no significance,  
while your relationship depends on love alone  
that is the more significant and stressed  
and more important to sustain.

That is my sport, my love,  
to keep up all the love there is  
between us and between our earth and heaven  
as a universal matter of significance  
not just for us but for the cultivation of all love  
around the world that everyone is most dependent on,  
love being everything and everyone dependent on it,  
while we bring our contribution to the sea

in form of our love's drop of water  
adding to the ocean's constant flowing  
all around the world of love and life,  
while not a single drop of it is worthless  
but a microcosmos in itself  
containing all the world and universe of love.

### *Eternal repetition*

What else is there to tell you  
than that I love you?  
Let me repeat this phrase  
like any nutty doting idiot  
this like mantras rambling nonsense;  
but to me, like unto him, it is dead serious  
and therefore the more important  
to just have it constantly incessantly repeated  
with the same insistence as the rolling waves  
keep going on and on and on forever  
for just the glory of it  
ever growing in more furious energy  
to sometimes make the ocean power greater  
in tremendousness than any other,  
if we only have our love for an exception.

### *Spiritual symbiosis*

We both suffer from a physical infirmity  
in different ways, but being invalids,  
our different handicaps will compensate us,  
making us in one way to each other complimentary  
which the more releases our spirituality  
and makes it dominant in our relationship.  
Thus physical shortcomings and this limiting annoyance  
favours the unification of our souls  
and makes it independent of our whereabouts.  
Thus can I carry you around wherever you may be,  
and you will have me still no matter where I be.  
And the result is this, that we will only get the nearer  
to each other, the more we depart and try to separate.

### *When in the tenderness of our togetherness*

When in the tenderness of our togetherness  
I dream of you remembering our trials  
I can but sustain the fact that we remain inseparable  
even separated by mundane dimensions such as space and time  
which simply are beneath us and can't bother us  
since we remain together beyond every reason  
independent of the universe and physics,  
the shallowness of all illusions of reality.  
Thus do I love you infinitely still  
with constantly increasing faithfulness  
that has gone much too far in carrying us away  
to ever set us down on earth again,  
since even the severest efforts of the basest vanity  
can never pin us or our love down to mortality.

*Friendship and love continued*

Friendship is a universal thing,  
but love is personal and private  
and the holiest of all religions,  
since it is a matter of the soul alone.  
Your friends may love you,  
and your contacts may expand forever,  
that's what friendship is for,  
to connect, maintain, enjoy and broaden company  
for the constructive end of everyone you know;  
but your love can only be one person,  
it demands, necessitates and needs some reservation  
just to keep it holy and maintain its holiness,  
the apex of which is the union of two souls  
with the desire for them to remain united  
in their spiritual communion forever.

*The Loner*

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but love is personal and private  
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with the desire for them to remain united  
in their spiritual communion forever.

*Athenian graffiti*

- Inscription on hostel bed  
signed "Bigmouth strikes again!"

Living in Athens  
is all good and fine  
till you've been drinking  
that old Greek wine,  
climbing the stairs  
completely rat arsed,  
falling back down  
pretty damn fast.  
Ouzo for breakfast,  
Metaxa for tea, -  
Oh no, my liver  
is disowning me!

*Yet another delirium*

Being drunk with you is worse than being drunk with wine,  
or better, being more profound and lasting an intoxication  
for which no cure is in sight, no rehabilitation,  
no relief, no solace and no peace,

the wonderful delirium going on incessantly  
like on some ride on ever higher mountains;  
so that nothing will appear more fearful  
than one morning wake up sober to reality  
and find the ecstasy reduced to nothing  
replaced with boring humdrum nothingness.  
This must lead to the undeniable conclusion,  
that there is no drunkenness, delirium or intoxication  
that is not appropriate and totally excused  
if only it adds wings and force to your eternal flight of love.

### *An old theme*

If my thoughts could reach you  
with their tenderness and kisses,  
spiting distances and obstacles and vain reality  
embracing you in neverending warmth of heart  
and overcoming all the limiting dimensions,  
then also the suborned informers would be of no consequence,  
no slander would come near us or concern us,  
mortal thoughts would fall apart and vanish  
thoroughly reduced to nothing by our love,  
and quarrels would be empty words of nonsense  
signifying nothing, going down the bog of emptiness,  
for that is the magic force of love, that everything disintergrates  
that is not structured and endorsed by that sole element  
upholding all the universe and being only love.

### *The future*

The past is gone, and although living still  
you must not look behind you,  
turning back to what must stay behind and left behind forever,  
for your duty as a man to life is to create the living coming time,  
the unavoidable tomorrow that must always come,  
depending on what you make out of it at present.  
Thus to live is just a duty of creation,  
and the best that you can do in this predicament  
is just to simply make the best of it,  
as you are stuck in this dilemma of mortality  
and can't do much else than to use it  
for the best, that is creation of the future,  
which just can't go wrong,  
if only you just use your love to make it.

### *Bacchanalia*

Let them sing and dance and vomit  
to their hearts' content:  
it will just do them good.  
And join their party:  
sing and dance and vomit:  
it will only do you lots of good.  
As long as you express yourself  
and make an outlet of your life  
as much as possible,  
it will just do you lots of good,  
the more the better; and you can be certain  
no one will object, as long as you keep carrying on  
organically, sticking to what's natural,

and it will all be just an orgy of consummate innocence,  
and nothing is more natural and free.  
Keep partying on, and no one will object  
as long as just keep on partying on.

#### *Voices of silence*

There is no more expressive sound than silence  
in which actually all sounds and music is contained,  
all voices that are never heard but all the more outspoken  
of all things and secrets, mysteries and truths unheard of.  
Love and friendship needs no more advanced expression.  
The supreme intimacy is without words  
which only our souls resound the more with music  
booming in its silent harmony to outshine noise irrelevant  
to just stick to the basics of our love,  
which only needs the perfect silence  
to communicate and have all things said perfectly.

#### *Vad är döden mot kärleken?*

Tro aldrig att din bortgång kunde ändra något  
av min kärlek, att din död var något hinder  
för att jag till tidens ände ändå skulle dyrka dig.  
Allt är omöjligt, och allt kan omöjliggöras,  
utom kärleken som inte ens kan tystas genom döden.

Får ej sommarsolen även glaciärerna att smälta,  
kysstes inte åter liv i all naturen av den ljuva våren  
efter midnattstidens onda frysta mörkers evighet?  
Är döden ej en skälm om den kan tro att den alls existerar?

Du var allt för mig och är det alltså  
fastän säkerheten är total i att jag aldrig mer  
kan nå dig, röra dig, få se dig eller höra dig,  
men ändå kan jag känna dig och att du lever.

Endast sinnligheten mellan oss har dött  
men ersatts av en djupare samhörighet  
som inga världsliga förgängligheter  
någonsin kan röra, påverka, besudla eller hindra.

#### *Förskönande ögon*

De skapar din värld och förbättrar den  
med dina ögons förtrollande strålgans  
av godhet allenast och idealism  
som ljuvt sprider sitt ljus ner i samtligas själar  
och gör dem till godare människor blott genom din existens.  
Det är själens livgivande skapande kraft  
som sålunda likt gröna fingrar  
får livet att blomstra och bara bli bättre omkring dig.  
Vad ger dig då denna otroliga lyskraft av skönhet?  
Det vet jag som musiker att är din hemlighet  
varför den skall förbli hemlighållen emellan oss.

### *Beautifying eyes*

They create your world, improving it  
with the enchanting lustre of your eyes  
of only goodness and idealism,  
with softness generously spreading out your light  
into the souls of everyone you meet,  
thus turning them to better human beings  
only by your mere existence.  
It's the life-inspiring and creative power of the soul  
which thus miraculously, like green fingers,  
makes life bloom and flourish and improve around you.  
What is then your gift of this incredible expansive beauty?  
Yes, I know as a musician what your secret is  
and therefore will preserve it secretly between us.

### *Basics*

Leave me out of all the brainwash noise of vanity,  
of this mass "culture" of superficiality and nonsense,  
controlled by media vomiting dispersing stuff  
all over this polluted planet of denaturalisation  
just to make the brainwash world pandemic worse  
for the shortsighted benefit of poison chaos merchants.  
Let me hide behind the trees of some forgotten virgin forest  
and remain there in humility, timidity and peace  
to only concentrate on vital things  
that make life worth while after all,  
the beauty that remains forever,  
the experience that is forever beneficial,  
music that will never die  
and ancient sacred writings  
going on inspiring forever.  
Nothing else is really of some consequence.  
This brainwash age of stress and mental aberration  
is just, like any war in history, a vanity to outlive,  
although hibernation under duress always is an unfair trial  
of constructiveness and love,  
as if they ever could be doubted, questioned,  
harassed tragically by the foolishness of vanity.

### *The ten commandments of pantheism*

- found this by chance and thought it worth while noting down...

There is only one God, and he is every god.

All life is sacred, and thou shalt not abuse it.

Rest from stress whenever you can.

Thou shalt respect and tolerate the faiths, beliefs and religions of others.

Killing any living being is always murder.

Love is all, but don't abuse it.

The only thing that really can be stolen from you is your life, which is just a loan anyway.

Truth will always prevail, and lies will never last.

Respect your neighbour and what he values in life.

Life is universal and everywhere, to be respected, recreated and maintained.

### *Intimacy*

The understatement of communion  
just between the two of us  
in pious silence  
of the more inveterate vibrations  
that accelerate with urgent constancy  
to hopelessly inveigle us  
into an ever deeper abyss  
of intimacy  
is not between ourselves exclusively  
but is a matter that concerns the universe  
like all intimacy,  
the highest of all possible communication,  
since its privacy lures out the heart of power,  
energy and spiritual potency,  
which is known  
as nothing less than love.

### *Shadowing the sun*

When in the night of sleepless worries  
I wake up at three with soaring mind  
concerned about and haunted by adversities,  
oppression, persecution, cruelty and senselessness,  
the war against the freedom of constructive minds,  
the efforts to obstruct the freedom of the Internet,  
the civil wars of bigotry, fanaticism and hate,  
I cough distraught with nervous sickness  
like in some tuberculosis last stage  
that will never finish me but just goes on,  
I think of you with my sincerest love  
and know for sure, that we will manage everything  
and even Bush, the greatest presidential failure  
and the global warming threats of dire prospects,  
since our love is hot enough  
to even outshine and cool down the sun.

### *Limitation is no limit*

How can I give you all that love  
I want to give but am too mortal  
and too limited in my qualifications  
to at all be even able to express?  
That is the only problem of our love affair  
and our relationship, but that is maybe why  
we have instead our music  
for a universe of love expressions  
since, as every thoughtful artist knows,  
all beauty comes from love alone,  
and in its spiritual form love has no limits  
but is able to expand forever in expression  
and creation of its beautiful infinity.  
So let me love you with my music

to inspire and increase your music with my own,  
thus filling up the world with music of our love  
to multiply the beauty of its harmony forever.

*The day after tomorrow*

When doors are closed and slammed into your face,  
when friends go mad and die with only words of bitterness,  
when you are ruined and betrayed by those you trusted,  
when your love refuses to communicate with you,  
when all the world is threatened by the day after tomorrow,  
when such a scenery for every day becomes more imminent,  
when those you love go disappearing into drugs,  
when childhood pals go off in alcoholism, suicide and cancer,  
when the world just keeps on going constantly and more awry,  
when leading countries threaten punishment by force  
of overkill with nuclear armament, like North Korea and Iran,  
when rogue states are allowed to keep on getting worse  
with openly increasing tyranny, oppression, persecution,  
murder, genocide and governmentally supported criminality,  
what can you do but cry with all their victims in despair  
to share with them at least in solidarity and empathy  
a universal prayer in protest to echo through the universe  
for something better than the day after tomorrow.

*Lamenting the loss of a friend*

How deep is thy fall, o most luciferous of angels,  
maybe just because of that,  
the highest light of all, supremest beauty,  
closest to the highest, bravest of the brave,  
the grandest haughtiness and noblest hubris,  
fallen down to direst dirt in bottomless abysmal darkness  
where you wallow now in madness and despair  
and hopelessness forever,  
all because you chose it for yourself.  
I dare to call you still my friend  
although you are now incommunicable  
locked up in a padded cell  
with nothing but your solitude  
in splendid isolation, as you wished,  
unheeding of all warnings  
that all bad things must end up in loneliness.  
All life supporting constructivity  
can never fall into a loss of company;  
the lover, even if he is alone, is never quite alone;  
while loneliness, when really lonely,  
is the opposite, for only those,  
who search for the reward of death.

*A Simple Love Song*

You are my only love,  
the one for me to never leave,  
down in the bog of love  
to just enjoy and be at ease,  
you are the world for me  
as I am true to the word for thee,  
for only you is the girl for me,  
for I am so in love with you.

Yours is my only heart,  
the one and true, forever blue,  
no one can strain my heart  
to leave my sole concern for you,  
never the stars can fall  
but to adore just the shadow of yours,  
for you are mine, and my only heart  
belongs with all my soul to you.

#### *Wistfulness*

I love you and I miss you,  
my friend in need and friend indeed,  
more worthy for your poverty  
than any stressed out boring millionaire  
for your particular creativeness  
ennobling you and giving you more richness  
in abundance of the spiritual kind  
much more worth than the entire world;  
for spiritual children and the art of giving life to them  
is on a higher level than just common progeny.  
There is no higher honour than to be a mother,  
but to be creative spiritually is a higher art,  
contributing to spiritual welfare and awareness of all life,  
which is dependent solely on continuous creation.

#### *Transcendent transience*

Just the hearing of your voice  
is more than just the loveliest reminder  
of our love and closeness,  
being overwhelming as a revelation  
of the presence of your personality,  
in singularity so perfect in integrity,  
in loveliness insuperable,  
if you pardon my exaggerated praise,  
which though can never reach the height  
of your true worth and what it means to me.  
Just let me love you, and I am content,  
and all we need for love and for my loving you  
is just the presence, which surrounds us everywhere  
wherever you may be at large lost in the world,  
since our separation is just a formality,  
our love transcending everything that smells of transience.

#### *Masochistic love*

Is my love a sickness, then,  
since pain is all it offers me?  
The hollowness of its deficient lethargy  
is like a creeping wasting weakening disease  
that eats you up from inside cell by cell;  
and yet you can't stop loving still,  
as if the very pain and torture of it  
was the heart and meaning  
of the neverending trauma  
that keeps growing like a cancer in your heart,  
an ache and ague worse than any physical defect,  
like that old man on Sinbad's back

inflicting just excruciating pain  
for seemingly no other reason  
than to make you feel alive;  
and that is reason good enough to go on suffering,  
to go on smouldering in tortured silence  
for the one and only hope of some release some day,  
of any kind; but until then,  
just let me keep on loving  
in the endless torturous exhaustion  
of my self to keep it growing on forever  
in its total and unbearable consuming pain.

*Enchanted by your charm*

– another old love song

Is my love a sickness, then,  
since pain is all it offers me?  
The hollowness of its deficient lethargy  
is like a creeping wasting weakening disease  
that eats you up from inside cell by cell;  
and yet you can't stop loving still,  
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of any kind; but until then,  
just let me keep on loving  
in the endless torturous exhaustion  
of my self to keep it growing on forever  
in its total and unbearable consuming pain.

*Love presence*

– just another love song

You are there, my only love,  
the only one for me under the sun,  
no matter where you are,  
you always will be there and waiting for me  
like I'll be yours  
forever, and a day  
or two or more whatever you choose to say,  
whether far away or near me,  
what difference does it do to our love anyway,  
since we hold sway  
for our love to ever stay on to us,  
adoring, cajoling and worshipping everyone close to us,  
for my love is here to stay  
to never leave me again for any day,  
if it's okay!

### *The soul string touch*

You touched in me a special chord  
that never did vibrate before  
with such a special sound  
of tenderness, sincerity and purity,  
which more than struck me dumb  
and changed my life completely,  
one of those rare momentary miracles  
that suddenly burst forth  
completely out of nowhere  
to turn your existence upside down  
and change your character forever.  
Still I can not understand it,  
that miraculous chance meeting  
of two souls immediately melting  
into one, which has remained one  
ever since, and that was long ago,  
like as if this our year together so far  
has been more than only one eternity.

### *Imminent love psychosis*

There is no love without psychosis  
of the most enjoyable and enviable kind,  
but to enjoy it you must keep it steady and control it  
like a humanist and pilot staying clear in dire straits  
to at all be able to let love go on.  
It is the sharpest and most difficult of balances:  
the line is thin and slack, and you just have to dance across it  
meeting even uphill and adversities on this laborious course  
of high-strung sensitivity and the frailest delicacy  
threatening to crash down into darkest abyss any moment.  
Just beware of getting too mixed up and filled up with yourself,  
and you'll be safe in loving anyone except yourself.

### *Dealing with the overwhelmingness of love*

The truth of our love is stranger than fiction,  
especially since we never can know the entire truth.  
The only truth we do know about it  
is our feelings, that never can lie to us,  
whether aching like hell or longing like hell,  
they remain too overwhelming to be dealt with,  
which is why we are so careful with each other.  
But love when it exists is always true,  
it can not be lied about or hidden,  
it can not be tamed or even controlled,  
it must burst forth sooner or later,  
since like all true love it must breathe.  
So let us breathe the life of our love and enjoy it,  
since it was given us for a joy indeed  
so rare, that it truly deserves to be taken care of  
as a unique moment of priceless joy and precious beauty  
to overwhelm eternity with in its moment of truth.

### *Where's the problem, when there is no problem?*

What's all the fuss about?  
Just knock it off and let's be friends  
for good or for worse but forever.  
Who wants or needs a marriage?

Who cares about rings and riches,  
what's the use of formalities,  
who even needs sex or drugs or alcohol  
when all we need is each other,  
just to stand in touch and enjoy each other,  
just the feeling of the presence of each other,  
and everything else is superfluous.  
All we need is love, and we have it,  
so why make any fuss about it,  
since that's the last thing that we need,  
since we already have the only thing we need,  
which simply is each other.

*Just another simple love song*

My love is there for you to stay,  
my love is here in every way,  
my love looms large to heaven's day,  
in every way it works today  
for ever more and more at large  
I think of you, my only love.  
When shall we join our limbs and hearts  
to just tune in and fall apart  
dissolved in souls and wondrous arts  
creating miracles to start  
and never cease in loving art  
to join our hearts to never part.

*Amnesia*

Forget all the quarrels,  
the deceits and disappointments,  
each time you were humiliated  
and cheated by your lover  
and every time you caused upsets  
that never could be cured.  
Forget all about your failures  
as a lover fool and freak and fake  
and concentrate instead on that which mattered,  
your true love which always was there aching,  
burning under cover in its constantly abused faithfulness,  
surviving every winter and catastrophe  
in spite of all, to go on loving,  
which is all the memory that counts:  
the memory of love that never dies.

*Eagles and butterflies*

This love is of some matter and concern  
involving some responsibility  
that is not easily escaped from,  
since we can't escape from love.  
Its character is fleeting like a butterfly  
but at the same time soaring like an eagle  
and can in no way be caged and fettered,  
since the butterfly will always flutter out  
and eagles without freedom are not eagles.  
Let us meet and join up there while we are soaring  
and leave out the limits of the mundane imperfection  
separating us and keeping us out of desirable communication,

since our love is all the freedom that we have,  
the wings of which are for the eagle's use and butterfly's  
to keep us sparkling, soaring and enjoying  
if not our mutual presence, then at least our mere existence.

### *The impossible truth*

You search for it but never find it  
since it is unfathomable in its vastness,  
inescapable in cruelty and realism,  
unconquerable in inestimableness  
and utterly horrendous,  
since there is no greater enemy of poetry  
than truth, reality and facts.  
Still, you can't help going for it,  
burning up and out yourself on it  
in some strange self-destructive urge  
to just consume yourself  
in the extremest most impossible of quests,  
to learn what all this really is about.

### *Sentimentality*

Where will it lead us,  
this sentimentality  
that drags us down into a bog of feelings  
without end and without bottom,  
where we perish drowning in our tears,  
while at the same time heaven lifts us up  
on eagle wings of golden love  
unto the realm of infinite felicity  
on flights of starlit magic of eternity.  
No wonder I get so completely sentimental over you  
since I find no way out of this predicament  
of stuck in bogs and lost in heaven  
except by just giving in to you.

### *In the still of the night*

In the still of the night  
my heart shines so bright  
in my longing for you  
just to see what you do  
in your loveliest hue  
in the light of the night  
which gives you all the right  
to command me and own me  
since you only love me  
like I will love you  
being ever more true  
to the love that we own  
so sincerely once sown  
from the trust of our heart  
grown together in smart  
never ever to part  
from the love of our heart  
that we always shall grow  
to outstanding survival  
for heaven to mow  
in eternal revival.

*The laziness of Aphrodite*

– a love lesson

The laziest of goddesses  
is only good for work in bed  
and therefore rather would not leave it  
but just stay there going on in bed  
alluring everyone to serve her  
and her whims of love to stay in bed  
with you just working hard for her  
and she receiving only, in her laziness  
the most privileged of gods and goddesses;  
but she is not entirely without rewards.  
She grows forever in her beauty,  
and that beauty is contagious,  
spilling over into all her lovers  
who learn to enjoy it and adopt it,  
cultivating it as lessons of her love  
to go on spreading it not only into other beds  
and other lovers, but all round and everywhere  
as love should spread indeed in every bed  
to make the world a better and a saner place,  
the hotbed being laziness.

*Flowing as always*

Crying for you as always  
I am drowning in you as always  
wiping my tears as always  
away from my chin, but as always  
they keep coming on, pouring down, as always,  
renewing themselves more efficiently as always  
than I even can cry them out, since as always  
you keep booming in my mind with your music as always  
more devastatingly than any live music, since as always  
you are the sole live music in my life, which as always  
keeps me going on as always  
at least never tiring of you,  
since you are there always.

*Inspiration*

You bring out the best in me,  
my warmest feelings and my tend' rest heart,  
my deepest constructivity and piety,  
and my sincere humility and reverence.  
With you I have my heart's content  
and can have nothing more,  
can wish for nothing more  
and have no further needs.  
I simply couldn't have it any better,  
and yet we continue forwards  
to develop and create our lives  
to even higher heights of happiness.  
That is the finest miracle of all,  
that we have only just begun.

### *Meditation*

I meditate on you  
extolling in your harmony and lustre,  
never minding your new grey hairs  
adding silver to your gold  
that only makes it even more serene and precious  
as the jewels of your soul enrich our lives  
and turn them into something of a neverending treasure  
of our love to ever swim and drown and wallow in  
to draw new life and breath from this unfathomable beauty  
that is you in your good heart  
and beatification of our lives.  
So could I go on meditating and forever,  
dreaming only lovely energizing dreams  
that turns my whole existence into one-sided creativeness,  
of which I never would complain  
but only work the harder  
to maintain it.

### *In the deep of the night*

In the deep of the night  
there is a fathomless silence  
of stars shining bright for eternity,  
irreducible lights that never go out,  
like our love, the miraculous light of which  
more is like some profound uncompromising enigma  
that never can be either solved or divined  
in its incomprehensible darkness  
concealing a starlight of more potent light  
than the brightest of all heaven outshining stars.  
Shall we try to approach, comprehend and get down to it?  
No, for the answer to its distant irony and ambiguity  
is maybe as obvious as ever in all heaven's stars,  
that they shine best the further away  
we are kept from their mystery.

### *The Queen of Night*

The night club queen just doesn't care  
since everyone loves her anyway,  
they being all to her just fools and slaves of love,  
of drugs and alcohol, of libido and sex,  
while she just leisurely enjoys their folly,  
laughing at the feebleness of man,  
his most ridiculous self-humiliation  
for the whims and beauty of just any wanton woman;  
but I will have none of it and rather cure my anger  
at this gross unworthiness and terrible abuse of love  
in bitter isolation and tempestuous fury  
to rather plague myself with tortuous frustration  
than risk touching any one of those abusive dames  
who gladly sacrifice whatever chance of sincere love they had  
for just a moment of abusive pleasure  
of the opportunity to trample down all human feelings.

### *Marlowe and Shakspere*

I cannot help it, but in those dramatic lines  
for centuries now published under Shakspere's name  
I keep on hearing Marlowe's mighty line,  
as if behind Macbeth and Hamlet, Julius Caesar and Othello  
there was Tamburlaine behind them all at bottom,  
buried deep but never dead  
in ever resurrected unsurpassed consistent cruelty,  
a theme recurrent constantly in Marlowe  
in the Jew, the duke of Guise, the fate of Faustus  
and poor royal Edward; buried to the triumph of the boring Puritans  
obscurely atheistically and anonymously whisked away  
to be replaced by Shakspere's chastized mollified modification  
without controversial stuff but with the poetry triumphing  
over death and vanity the more in booming verse  
in straight continuation from the drama launched by Marlowe.  
Well, it has been proved that Marlowe was in difficulty  
seriously accused of atheism and homosexuality  
and other controversial stuff most insolently published by himself,  
like pamphlets against church and order and an atheistic lecture,  
which would mean, if he did not abscond,  
then he would certainly be executed.  
Now his death appears as the most masterfully staged  
of all Elizabethan plays, a well concealed intrigue performed obscurely  
just to make a show of a most controversial poet's demise  
for the obvious purpose to just let him be, remain alive  
and go on with his work, but under cover, for security.  
Thus Shakspere enters as a mediator  
for the continuity of Marlowe's drama, although modified,  
to let it grow in ever more astounding glory  
in its mighty lines on stage  
to never die, like Macbeth, Hamlet and Othello,  
Julius Caesar and the mighty Tamburlaine the great,  
most threatening and most immortal menace of them all.

### *Marlowe och Shakspere*

Jag kan inte hjälpa det, men i de dramaverk av poesi  
som under sekler nu har publicerats under Shaksperes namn  
så hör jag omisskännligt Marlowes mäktiga versraders språkfest och rytmik,  
som om det bakom Hamlet och Othello, Julius Caesar och Macbeth  
det dolde sig en Tamburlaine i underjorden,  
djupt begravnen men ej bortglömd eller död  
i ständigt återuppstånden oöverträffad och beständig grymhet,  
Marlowes tema som ju återkommer ständigt  
genom Juden, hertigen av Guise och doktor Faustus öde och den olycklige Edvard;  
mördad och begravnen till de trista puritanernas triumf och skadeglädje,  
ärelöst och gudlöst anonymt bortsmusslad ner i jorden  
för att ersättas av Shaksperes tuktade tillrättlagda modifikationer  
utan kontroversiellt bagage men med en desto mera triumfartad poesi  
besegrande all fåfänga och död i bolmande skön verskonst  
i den rakaste kontinuitet från Marlowes dramer.  
Det har sedermera visat sig att Marlowe var i svårigheter  
anklagad för ateism och homosexualitet och andra allvarliga kontroverser  
fräckt nog publicerade av honom själv i form av emot kyrkan  
och samhällets ordning riktade pamfletter samt en ateistisk föreläsning,  
vilket, om han inte undkom, skulle innebära avrättning direkt.  
Nu framstår hans sorti igenom en iscensatt död  
som det mest praktfullt genomförda av den tidens dramer,  
en väl dold intrig i lönnedom utförd  
bara för att dölja väl en kontroversiell poets försvinnande,

för att blott tydligen få låta honom vara och förbli vid liv  
och fortsätta arbeta, men, för säkerhetens skull, i skydd av annat namn.  
Så kommer Shakspeare in i bilden som en medlare  
för kontinuitetens skull av Marlowes drama, nu modifierat  
för att låta detta växa i en ständigt högre härlighet i mäktig vers på scen,  
för att som Hamlet och Othello, Julius Caesar och Macbeth  
ej någonsin dö bort och tystna, liksom Tamburlaine den store,  
störst och överlägsnast som den mest odödligt hotfulle av alla.

### *The dream of you*

All I ever gave you is for keeps  
– I'll never take a moment back  
of all that we have had together  
which I gave you for your own forever.  
When resources end and our bond is broken  
we shall still have all our dreams,  
the memories of more treasure  
than any mundane stuff for base consumption;  
like you entered me to constantly remain there  
as a chronic inflammation in my heart of beauty  
of a most contagious kind,  
since it has permeated all my life  
and does so still and more than ever,  
as if I could never do without you  
even when long after we have left each other.  
Let it be, let it remain so,  
let the paradise continue,  
let the garden of our love continue growing  
for the benefit of all  
and for the cure of everything  
that wasn't born of love and beauty.

### *A sermon*

– the lady to her frustrated wooer

My dear, it will not do to argue.  
We are not of that sort that will listen  
to an angry voice impassioned by frustrated blindness  
of misguided egoism you thought was love  
but only was a bolt carried away into the dark.  
You can not build a dialogue or a relationship of any kind  
on one part's will, since listening is always more important,  
for the dialogue and the relationship to live at all,  
than just to talk and give free reins to any gallop,  
which is bound to run amuck if you don't check it.  
There is no one who can judge or know or feel another's feelings,  
they are sacred to the individual  
as the most personal possession she will ever have,  
and none has any right to touch them  
or to importunately take them for granted.  
Love can never be assumed or taken casually for granted,  
that is the supreme presumption and a mine-field  
that will just explode into your face if you tread carelessly into it.  
Love and feelings is an abyss, a descending into hell  
where you shall never find a way out  
unless guided solely by your love, which always must be pure.  
That is the only lighthouse in the stormy night –  
the purity, sincerity and the profundity of selfless love  
that never makes presumptions, never takes for granted,

never risks to hurt or trample others' feelings down  
but always moves with carefulness and tenderness  
to only silently adore and cherish with the utmost care  
preferably to never even dare to touch it.

### *Flying on broken wings*

Love is an idealism  
which only can survive as such –  
you have to idolize your love,  
or it will die; and anything subverting,  
acting to debase your love from its ideal ground  
will, unless checked, destroy and kill it.  
It will keep alive as long as it may keep on flying,  
and no longer, for when wings no longer can uphold it  
keeping it on constant upright course and ever striving higher,  
it will fall by lack of air under its wings  
and lose the freedom that was all the nourishment of love.  
But I will be your tears, when you forlorn on earth  
emotionally shipwrecked like a nightingale with broken wings  
have nothing else to do but to cry out your heart,  
to be there when you cry, and you shall find me in your very tears  
to lift you up again on golden wings in warbling song  
where we shall fly together in the sun  
and cry our hearts out in our song of freedom.

### *Danger!*

– another sleepless night

One day without you  
is just a waste of time,  
an irreparable outrageous loss,  
a day of mourning  
and a day robbed of your life  
to be remembered with dishonour  
as the worst investment of your time.  
Frustrated, you can never be more angry,  
since you never can have that one day repaired,  
and you can never have it back.  
How, then, shall we avoid such losses,  
such catastrophes, calamities, fatalities  
and fearful unforgivable unheard of drop-outs in the future?  
We had better sleep together constantly  
and never let each other out of sight,  
or else we might get lost  
on erring fateful paths of straying wilderness  
to lose our basic touch, the only life we have,  
which is our love, which needs togetherness.

### *Simplistic statement*

Our love is holy and divine  
and therefore so untouchable  
for others even to suspect  
the nature of its truth and honesty,  
but let them think the worst,  
and we shall do our best  
to keep it going, flowing, flying  
in the bliss of our secret

which is just in all simplicity  
that we can never do without each other any more.  
Let's stick to that, then,  
and forget that ever we were tempted  
to imagine there was any other possibility  
for us than just to live  
exclusively within each other.

### *Magnetism*

To just lie quietly  
and dream of you  
is such a full-time work  
that nothing could be more exhausting,  
since nothing could more permeate my life,  
my being, my existence, than your being  
which is all I have at heart  
to boast of and to cherish  
as a drunkard his last bottle.  
Let's enjoy it, then,  
and drink it up  
before it is too late  
and that wine gets too sour  
to be relished properly.  
We have it here and now,  
so let's just get together  
and get stuck together  
never to let go of our love.

### *Friends*

– a kind of definition

Love is indefinable and strange,  
a weird adventure of capricious risks  
with everything at stake and nothing really to be won  
except experience, which always is for good and worse;  
and those who have enough experience  
of the controversial kind and have found out  
the traps and fallacies and vanities of human hearts  
know all too well that love is just a dangerous attraction  
to get burned and damaged by for life  
with sometimes losses irreparable  
to keep on crying over for a lifetime sentence,  
and reduce therefore their love's ambition  
to the acquisition of a lasting friendship.  
That's the best thing, actually, that can be gained by love,  
a lasting ever more enriching and developing reward;  
so if you really want true love and keep it,  
just make sure to make your love's best friend  
and then be constant in your love's ambition  
to retain and cultivate that friendship.

### *Some conciliatory advice*

When a man tires of love he tires of life,  
and when he is tired of life, there is always death to resort to,  
as if that could be something better,  
which it is to failed lovers who have given up.  
So what ever you give up in life, never give up love,

since that is actually all you have  
to make life worth while rather than death.  
And remember, how love can offer you all sorts of extra things,  
like hang-ups, down-unders, dissolution i tears,  
bereavement, deception, and smothering frustration;  
but the miracle is, that you still can go on loving,  
which in spite of all sometimes is a better thing to do  
than to stop loving.

### *Love and death*

Never mix your love with such absurdities  
as base illusions of mortality.  
Love doesn't go along with death,  
since love is just the opposite,  
and if a love relationship fades out and dies  
it simply wasn't true love; since you recognize it  
by its talent for survival, spiting any obstacle,  
surmounting all adversities and just continuing to grow,  
develop and increase, forever, if you want.  
Mortality and death is only an illusion which,  
at best, transports love definitely to infinity.

### *work situation*

You just can't help it,  
falling asleep all the time  
in front of the silly computer  
which just gives you any amount of silly jobs,  
boring jobs, tedious jobs,  
so you just fall asleep trying to handle them,  
and then, since you keep falling asleep,  
you can't get any work done in front of the computer  
which all the time insists on sending you to sleep.  
Whatever you try to work with,  
your concentration is sabotaged by your falling asleep,  
so your boring work keeps mounting in heaps  
for you to keep falling asleep by,  
which problem keeps you awake at night,  
so that then you never can sleep any more,  
thinking of all that work that keeps growing  
since you always fall asleep trying to deal with it,  
while, when all you can do is to think about it,  
it just keeps you awake,  
as if falling asleep at your work was something to worry about  
to keep you awake when all you would want is to sleep...

### *Äkta vara*

Jag tänker bara på dig, min älskade,  
fast jag inte känner dig.  
Jag känner inte kärlekens språk,  
men jag känner kvinnan och älskar henne,  
och äkta kärlek behöver inget språk.  
Allt väsentligt står skrivet mellan raderna,  
och att utlägga och förklara det är att förstöra det  
genom konkretiseringens vulgaritet och förfulning,  
det grövsta av helgerån.  
Så låt min rena kärleks tanke vara helig i fred  
och kräv intet mera än dess äkthet,  
som är det enda kärleken kräver för att överleva.

### *Honesty lasts longer*

I only think of you, my love,  
although I do not know thee.  
I know not mortal languages of love,  
but I know Woman, and I love her,  
and true love does not need any language.  
Everything important reads between the lines,  
and to explain it and evaluate it is to ruin it  
by the vulgarity of coarse debasing concretization,  
the most heinous and supreme of sacrileges.  
So leave my pure thoughts of love in sacred peace,  
and do not ask for more than all its honesty,  
which is the only thing love needs to keep surviving.

### *Fjärilsliv*

Varför måste relationer göra ont  
som straff för att de existerar?  
Skyddet är en sårbarhetens blygsel  
som blott lider genom sin ömtålighet.  
Är ensamheten någon bot?  
Den helar, så att man blir djärv nog  
att ånyo fria till förintelsen i relationer  
och på nytt blir skadad i sin sårbarhet  
och påmind om ömtålighetens smärta,  
som gör mera ont än någon fysisk sådan.  
Så består den onda cirkeln,  
relationernas självdestruktivitet  
som ljuset i en fjärils liv,  
som den blott lever för att få bli vidbränd vid.

### *Butterfly existence*

Why must love relationships give so much pain  
as something of a punishment for their existence?  
The protection is a shyness of vulnerability  
which suffers from its brittle delicacy.  
Is then loneliness a kind of cure?  
It heals for certain, so that you get bold enough  
to woo the holocaust of new relationships  
to get shot down again in your exposed heart  
and painfully reminded of the pangs of wounded love,  
more damaging and aching than all physical affliction.  
Thus the vicious circle carries on and never ends,  
the self-destructiveness of plain relationships,  
like that alluring candle in a butterfly existence  
which she lives for only to get burned by.

### *Kvantitetssamhället*

Det är bara kvantiteten som räknas,  
ju större kvantitet, desto bättre,  
desto större konsumtion, desto bättre lönsamhet,  
det kvittar vad det gäller, det är bara kvantiteten som gäller.  
Så låt mänskligheten föröka ihjäl sig,  
det leder bara till större konsumtion och lönsamhet,  
låt allting dränkas i den skenande kvantitetsproduktionens lönsamhet  
så länge den bara lönar sig,

låt konsumtionskravens syndaflodslaviner bara hålla på  
och breda ut sig, ty de bara lönar sig;  
– så vad spelar då kvaliteten längre för roll?  
Ingen alls i lönsamhetens djungelns lags skenande karusell,  
som ju bara är till för att köra över allt som inte lönar sig.  
Så glöm det här med kulturkvalitet och skrota den,  
låt ren gångbar slang ersätta språket,  
låt skvalflödet av kitschmusik ta över alla media  
och med sin hjärntvätt dåna ihjäl all mera harmonisk musik,  
och glöm det här med att läsa böcker.  
Vi har ju skvalunderhållning med reklamslag på TV,  
tjugofyra timmar såpoperor med skrattkörer varje dag i stället,  
som man slipper skärpa sig inför;  
så glöm det här med kvalitetslitteratur  
och all kvalitet över huvud taget  
som bara envisas med att överleva sig själv  
och trots allt finnas kvar kämpande för livet  
i den hysteriska lönsamhetens obligatoriska  
ständigt accelererande kvantitetsproduktioners syndaflod.

### *Strangers*

How is it, that the more we love each other,  
the more difficult it gets for us to explain ourselves  
and understand each other, as if we still were strangers  
never having known each other, and for all our experience  
constantly know and understand each other less.  
And still, this alien feeling of estrangement from each other  
forces us together more and keeps us more legated to each other,  
as if, the more our contact and communication grows in truth,  
intimacy, intensity and co-dependence, the least lack of our togetherness  
feels the more confounding and confusing in upsetting turbulence  
as something utmost unacceptable to our existence,  
as if the minutest dissonance in our relationship  
was more upsetting than the most catastrophic of earthquakes.

### *Doubtfulness*

When I sit quietly at bay  
in dreams and sipping piously my glass of wine  
and think of you and our strange love  
as skeptic as I ever was  
if not considerably more,  
since age does not retard your criticism  
but rather turns it constantly more critical,  
I question everything and is irrevocably doubtful  
about life and death, eternity, infinity and holiness  
and must reevaluate existence thoroughly  
and desperately without end  
and must arrive eventually at one conclusion:  
everything is doubtful, nothing is to be relied on,  
nothing is for certain, but for one thing:  
the uniqueness of the truth  
of that strange love I feel for you.

## *På verkstan*

*(Min arbetsplats kallas populärt för 'verkstan'. Där kan man coola av - och kola av genom överkursarbete...)*

Motorn i mitt liv  
går sönder då och då  
och hamnar på reparation  
och ligger där och rostar  
tills den hamnar under isen  
och glöms bort och skrotar  
för att snart disintegrera;  
men det märkvärdiga är,  
att plötsligt kommer rycket  
i en hopplös kallstart som fungerar  
och i uppförbacke dessutom,  
och det otroligaste händer  
att man faktiskt överlever  
och kör vidare  
med gnissel och i motvind,  
ständig uppförbacke och protest  
och rasslande rostiga lösa skruvar,  
som om huvudet bestod av bara sådana;  
men det är bara att gå på och rulla på  
så länge hjulena går runt  
till nästa skrotning och punktering  
för en ny besvärlig omgång  
på en verkstadstork med rehabilitering  
så att man kan skrota lite till.

## *Nyhetsnotiser från Götet – minnesruna och nedkomstannons*

Thore Hedström är död. Han drack ihjäl sig till slut. Man kan se hela hans liv som en konstant överdrift i ett hejdlöst försök att festa ihjäl sig, och det var ett mirakel att han inte bara levde så länge utan överlevde sig själv så många gånger. Alla älskade honom alltid hur påfrestande han än var som berusad, vilket han tyvärr var för det mesta, och han hade åtminstone alltid roligt själv. Han föll kanske på det att han aldrig kunde acceptera att han egentligen var utbränd många gånger om.

Han gjorde sig bemärkt även i Stockholm i samband med bombattentatet mot Skatteverket på Söder för några dussin år sedan, när han påträffades berusad på taket av skatteskrapan, dit han begivit sig för att inför Gud klaga på Sveriges skatteväsen. Han arresterades som högeligen misstänkt för bombattentatet medan han i själva verket var fullständigt oskyldig. Han hade bara kommit dit för att argumentera med Gud och klaga på Sverige. Att Skatteskrapan smällde av samtidigt var inte hans fel.

Jag lärde känna honom redan 1963 såsom min äldre systers då synnerligen lovande fästman, men det var innan han spårade ur. Han var på den tiden som geniförklarad teknologie studerande vid Chalmers, där han var pionjär inom datorteknik, en utomordentligt intressant och vacker man. Därefter ägnade han sig energiskt hela livet åt att konsekvent spåra ur – och njöt av det.

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Vi hade en utomordentlig världspremiär i lördags för vår nya poetförening "Corazón" (i samarbete med poeter.se), sjösatt av två damer och tre herrar i sin bästa ålder, med ungefär fyrtio gäster och ett dussin uppträdande, där finalen utgjordes av ett "poetry slam", en poesitävling, där publiken indelas i jurygrupper och ger de tävlande poäng. Stämningen var den bästa tänkbara, publiken var varm och generös, och jag tror att alla fick mycket god publikkontakt. En vågade till och med uppträda på engelska. Ekonomiskt blev förlusten inte heller så svidande som vi hade räknat med. Vi fick hyra lokal, och vi kunde inte ta hur höga inträden som helst. Med "Corazón" på rätta stället kan detta bli ett idealiskt utgångsläge för ständigt expanderande verksamhet i framtiden för främjandet av kreativitet i framför allt poesi, där "Corazón" givetvis måste spela huvudrollen...

### *Elementär metafysik*

Det måste finnas en Gud.  
Vi har inget val.  
Annars är allting och livet förlorat.  
Total ateism är den slutgiltiga kapitulationen  
och det mest livsfientliga av allt,  
ty det mest onaturliga av allt är att ge upp.  
Om livet går med på att ge upp har det ingen mening,  
därför måste det ha en mening,  
eftersom det existerar,  
och därför måste det finnas en Gud,  
en idé över alla andra,  
en konstruktivitet och eget initiativ  
som leder det.  
Så enkelt är det.

### *The elementary simplicity of metaphysics*

There must some kind of God.  
We have no choice.  
Or else all life and everything is lost.  
For total atheism is nothing but the ultimate capitulation,  
the utmost enmity to life,  
since most unnatural of all is to give up.  
If life gives up it has no meaning,  
therefore it must have a meaning,  
since at all it does exist,  
and therefore there must be a God  
as an idea above all others,  
an initiative and constructivity  
all of its own that guides it.  
That's the elementary simplicity of metaphysics.

### *Golden love*

In hues all golden  
like a long desired dreamt of child  
as innocent as newborn,  
always positive and full of life –  
where does that inner beauty come from  
that outshines the sun and make all clouds disperse,  
a joy of simply being what you are in glorious independence,  
and yet nothing is what it appears to seem,  
there is a front completely hiding abysses of worrying desperation  
like a poker face, which you can't know  
if its expressionlessness hides a full hand or just misery.  
But souls know better human hearts than outward shows,  
and we knew well each other from the start  
like two lost souls diverted many centuries ago  
to find themselves on mutual path by chance again  
like a lost thread of fortune suddenly revealed and rediscovered  
to be recommenced and now continued on a fresh start  
right into the ever circulating spiral of eternity  
to once again engulf us in its course  
on yet another round of this intriguing game  
of love unto infinity.

### *Deep throat message*

Let me write you something really shocking  
and unheard of, in this puritan community  
of squeamish sensitivity and no remorse,  
no tolerance for anything outstandingly upsetting,  
so let's just calm down and be prepared.  
The secret is, that everything is back to normal,  
metaphysics and their balance is restored,  
the turmoil of the two world wars and their barbarity  
is over, done with, the atomic age is finished,  
the horrific cold war with its terror balance is a fairy tale  
to frighten little children with, we cured it all,  
we angels of the hippie metaphysic rainbow movement  
by our prayers and the honesty and energy of our will  
and its constructiveness - so just forget about it.  
There are new fronts and intrinsic problems coming up,  
the global warming problematical complexities  
above all, and the complex of America's megalomania,  
with an irresponsible administration  
trying most pathetically childishly to cover up  
the Pentagon reports of long ago  
that gave the full agenda of the global warming consequences,  
while the Bush administration chose to comfortably look the other way  
and cover it all up, like any ostrich in the desert.  
Pardon me for saying so, and for revealing these state secrets,  
but our work has only started. All of you who joined us in the 60s  
starting those hullabalooos against the governmental military fascism  
have to just keep going on and keep it up  
in universal hippie demonstration just for love, against all violence  
to save the future of the planet and our children,  
since we owe it all to them, that life we loved  
and must be kept alive in all its beauty  
for the sake of just the sentimental joy of it,  
for the protection of our human feelings,  
which is all that keeps humanity alive.

### *Closeness*

Far too little we were able to enjoy each other,  
far too little we could meet embracing tenderly,  
and far too short our unions ever lasted  
in comparison with the immeasurable greatness of our love  
which, although it kept us together constantly in spirit,  
that session of eternity of love was just a minute  
to that lifetime of that love we did deserve.  
Unfair is life to lovers, never really granting them  
what they deserve and need and should have naturally;  
and the greater and more tender and profound their love,  
the grosser life's injustice looms in terror  
like a most unhuman vengeance just for nothing but their happiness.  
So must we be content with our humiliation,  
bow to fate in humble piety prostration and subordination  
just in order to survive as lovers  
to at least maintain that love  
that keeps us closer to each other in our spirits  
than we ever can be joined on earth.

*The most beautiful poem of love...*

The most beautiful poem of love  
was never written and never shall,  
for its lips were sealed by its kisses  
exchanging such secrets of intimacy  
of such tremendous profundity and capacity  
that the power was too overwhelming  
to bear being put down in words  
of profaneness and simple reality,  
since anything less than the top of it  
was just a debasement unworthy of truth,  
the which honesty simply was all time too high  
to ever be capable of being made understandable,  
which only they can grasp and be convinced of  
who know the importance of letting love speak for itself.

*Right or wrong, my love*

How much do you love me?  
What an impertinent question!  
And totally irrelevant at that!  
The point is that I love you,  
and more than that I have no right to claim.  
For love is only giving, never taking;  
when love is made with an agenda  
it is not love but politics and egoism,  
while love is truth as long as it is given only,  
without any reservations or demands,  
and if another element is mixed in it,  
then just forget it – then it's better  
to leave love alone and put it in a nunnery.  
And that's the touchstone, which must always be applied  
and implemented – the continuous trial,  
doubts and questionings, the constant conscience  
asking questions of the only valid kind : –  
is this then right what I am doing?  
It is only right, as long as you are loving.

*Backfire*

– Never try the same weapon again, if once it has backfired.

Love is not love if you suffer from it;  
if it hurts you and gives you pain it is not love  
but an abortion, a mistake, abuse or accident,  
and it will only become worse if you don't leave at once,  
forgetting all about it. If you struggle on  
and waste your faith on what has fallen,  
trying to believe it will recover, giving it a second chance,  
and then a third, a fourth, and so on  
leading only to increased self-torture,  
self-destruction, wounds that constantly go deeper,  
hurting more the more you keep supporting it,  
then that will be the end of your integrity,  
your peace of mind, your harmony and health,  
your good sleep and the order of your life.  
Your only chance is keeping your love straight  
and in constructive order, or it simply will not work,  
and nothing, not the highest effort of the greatest expertise  
can make love work if once it has been violated.

### *Debattinlägg: Sveriges mest överskattade författare*

Strindberg är nog ganska definitivt nummer ett bland Sveriges överskattade författare, ett neurotiskt megalomaniskt geni som aldrig kunde kontrollera sig själv och som blint hängav sig åt vilken övertro som helst, särskilt på sig själv, och bröstade sig över sina gräl, som om det att skaffa sig fiender (som han gjorde med alla) var något att vara stolt över. Stackars Otto Bonnier hade bara bekymmer med honom men förblev honom ändå trogen, fastän Strindberg som periodvis rabiater antisemit ofta förtalade honom som 'snikna judekräk' och annat sådant.

Det är intressant att jämföra honom med den samtida Selma Lagerlöf, som aldrig vållade någon kontrovers, aldrig gjorde några övertramp och faktiskt fortfarande idag är Sveriges enda världsberömda författare - i utlandet vet få vem Strindberg var, medan alla känner Nils Holgersson.

Det märkliga med Selma är, att hur berömd och uppskattad hon alltid än har varit, så har hon aldrig kunnat överskattas. Folk fortsätter ständigt att läsa om henne på nytt och hela tiden finna nytt som de inte upptäckt tidigare. Här är alltså motsatsen till en överskattad författare - en författare av sådan tidlös aktualitet, att man aldrig kan uppskatta henne tillräckligt.

### *Debattinlägg: Ångest förbättrar skrivande*

En sanning med modifikationer. Kafka hade naturligtvis aldrig blivit Kafka om han inte varit dödssjuk och dödsdeprimerad hela livet. Floskeln att "en konstnär måste lida för att bli bra" är en av de värsta i världshistorien. Som om självdestruktivitet skulle vara något positivt och konstfrämjande. Tänk på alla som druckit ihjäl sig - Edgar Allan Poe, Modest Musorgskij, Anderz Harning, Malcolm Lowry, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Dylan Thomas - legio. Som om detta inte var nog är de också legio som till slut blev så deprimerade att de definitivt gjorde slut på sig själva - Hjalmar Gullberg, Vilhelm Moberg, Karin Boye, Harry Martinson, Stig Dagerman, bara för att nämna några. Blev de bättre av att göra slut på sig själva, fort eller långsamt?

### *The crying tree*

– a true story

It was a lady who told me the story.  
She was staying in a house out in the country  
with an ancient giant oaken tree quite close  
with branches stretching over it  
and roots down deep under the basement.  
She found difficulty sleeping in this house,  
and gradually the aches began in all her limbs,  
which she could not explain,  
since there was nothing wrong with her.  
No sleep, and aches all over,  
unexplainable, and then a total sadness  
that just made her cry for nothing  
while the pains increased intolerably.  
Suddenly she realized:  
it was that old tree affecting her.  
Her female empathy had found communion with the tree,  
which recently had had two giant branches cut,  
which now the tree was seized with anguish for,  
in pain trying to heal and not to bleed to death.  
The tree was something like three hundred years of age,  
and at that age to have some amputation is no easy matter.  
Trees are human, and their DNA is close to our own.  
It has been proved, that when some trees are cut down in a forest,  
it is felt by other trees and even trees as far away  
as in the very other end of that same forest,  
which is like an organism and a community,  
where all the trees co-operate communing with each other.

That was something about trees, their sensitivity and human feelings,  
and about the fact how actually it hurts in all Dame Nature  
when they are cut down.

### *Det gråtande trädet*

- en sann historia

Det var en dam som berättade historien.  
Hon bodde i ett hus på landet  
med en gammal väldig ek helt nära  
vilkas grenar sträckte sig omkring det  
och med rötter under källaren.  
Hon fann det svårt att sova här i detta hus,  
och småningom så började det göra ont i alla leder,  
vilket var omöjligt att förklara,  
då hon var helt frisk och hade inga fel.  
Värk överallt och hopplös sömnlöshet,  
helt oförklarligt, och så en förtvivlad sorg  
så att hon bara grät för ingenting  
alltmedan smärtorna blott tilltog outhärdligt.  
Plötsligt fattade hon saken:  
det var trädet som påverkat henne.  
Hennes empati hade fört henne i kontakt med eken,  
som helt nyligen fått två väldiga grenar kapade,  
vilket givit trädet sådan bitter smärta  
i konvalscensens helande process  
och i försöket och ansträngningen att ej förblöda.  
Trädet var två hundra år minst,  
och vid en så avancerad ålder är amputation en känslig sak.  
Ty träd är mänskliga, har känslor och har nästan samma DNA som vi.  
Det har bevisats, att när träd huggs ner i skogen  
känner andra träd det längst bort i den samma skogen,  
som är som en organism och social kommun,  
där alla träd kommunicerar, samarbetar  
och hör samman med varandra.

Det var någonting om träd, om deras känslighet och mänsklighet  
och om det faktum hur det faktiskt gör ordentligt ont  
för hela Mor Naturen när de sågas ner.

### *Comment on the situation in Tibet*

This dilemma calls for some urgent and constant attention:

Quote:

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Dalai Lama's shattered dream for Tibet  
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By B. GAUTAM  
The Japan Times, Saturday, May 26, 2007

MADRAS — Tibet looks like a dream shattered. You feel this when you hear the stories of horror told and retold by Buddhist monks and nuns who have escaped from Tibet and taken refuge in Dharamshala, the center of the Dalai Lama's government in exile in India.

Nestled in the foothills of the snow-clad Himalayas, Dharamshala is deceptive in many ways. The Dalai Lama hides deep worries behind his serene smile: He knows he is not going to live forever, and the community he leads could lose any hope, however faint it may be, of seeing a free Tibet.

The nuns and monks who have run away from years of humiliation and torture at the hands of the Chinese in Tibet also despair. They know that their sacrifice may have been in vain.

Once a supremely spiritual civilization, Tibet revered the Dalai Lama before the Chinese invasion in the 1950s. It is this religious society that Beijing is bent on destroying — maiming and killing anybody who refuses to give up his beliefs or who harbors the slightest hope of political autonomy. The Chinese have torn apart monasteries and killed roughly 1.2 million Tibetans since the annexation in 1959.

Now, however, China has adopted a more tactical approach to crushing Tibetan resistance. The country's president, Hu Jintao, who once imposed martial law on Tibet, has realized that heavy-handed steps lead to greater rebellion as well as international attention and protests. Since Beijing covets the billions of barrels of oil and gas recently discovered in Tibet, it has begun to co-opt Tibetans in modernizing the Roof of the World, while quietly silencing the core of dissent, monkhood.

Although China has said publicly it will promote and encourage Buddhism as well as restore monasteries and palaces to their former glory, the picture behind this veneer of tolerance is still one of ruthless elimination. The Chinese hold patriotic conclaves where Tibetan monks and nuns are told to forget the Dalai Lama.

As Tibet's capital city, Lhasa, undergoes changes beyond recognition, with even a rail link to China, Tibetans are being slowly pushed to the fringes. An increasing number of Chinese are setting up shop and home in Lhasa — with train services facilitating such relocation. Beijing knows this is the best way to control the local population.

Chinese officials often blatantly cheat rural Tibetans out of their own land, convincing them to give it up for promises of property in the city. The promise is never kept, and the farmland goes to Chinese entrepreneurs, who convert it into industrial zones.

Watching almost helplessly from afar is the Dalai Lama, who knows that if he does not set foot in Tibet before he dies, his people will be furious. His strategy of a middle path — asking for greater political and cultural autonomy instead of total freedom and holding talks with Chinese envoys — has not yielded results. His people know that Beijing is waiting for his death, after which the Tibetans may find themselves rudderless.

Many Tibetans are not willing to go down without a fight. Today, at Dharamshala, one can hear open criticism of the Dalai Lama. He is accused of selling out to the Chinese. Campaigning against the Dalai Lama, and for total freedom, is Tenzin Tsundue, a young Tibetan who has become the most important figure among the exiles in Dharamshala. He and his band of followers have abandoned the Dalai Lama's peaceful approach and draw their strength from militants like Palestinians.

This may go against the very grain of Buddhism, whose founder believed in one overriding principle: nonviolence. But Tibetan youngsters who adore Tsundue have little time or patience for values that have gotten them nowhere.

In India, Tibetans have stormed Chinese consulates and the embassy. During a recent visit by Hu Jintao, a young Tibetan tried to immolate himself outside the Bombay hotel where the Chinese president was staying.

Tibetan hardliners are targeting the 2008 Beijing Olympics and the new train line to Lhasa. In the days to come, violence could manifest itself more intensely in various ways. When the Dalai Lama finally goes, his followers will have little to fall back upon. The hardliners may then try to convince Tibetans that since the Dalai Lama's Buddhist doctrine of peace, love and the middle path did not fetch any tangible result for decades, violence is the only answer.

But with China ready to treat such Tibetans as terrorists in a world that is growing weary of violence and bloodshed, the new Tibetan approach to winning freedom may well come to nothing.

What seems more likely to happen is that Tibet will be firmly amalgamated with China as all traces of its ancient civilization and spirituality vanish. Tibetan culture may end up as just another chapter in a history book.

B. Gautam  
(unquote)

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The problem is the greatest dictatorship in the world, which the whole world kowtows to in submission to its capitalistic success: so far it has paid to support this totalitarianism, so all opportunists (which most of mankind are) continue encouraging the regime that slaughtered its own subjects at Tiananmen Square 4th June 1989, forces abortion and sterilization on mothers who have more than one child, still worships their Big Brother Dictator Mao as something of a saint although he was the greatest murderer in history with some 100 million homicides on his responsibility, and so on.

Dictatorships are not acceptable and must never be acceptable, especially after the century that brought forth dictators like Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Kim Il Sung, Kim Jong Il, Mugabe, Idi Amin and Pol Pot, who was actually directed in his genocide against his own people by Mao.

As long as the world supports any dictatorship, the world will continue going to hell.

*The poisoned Falun Gong practitioner*

– so far 800 cases like this have become known.

I don't know what they do to me.  
I have been here now for I don't know how long,  
but I am not alone at least.  
We are a number in this concentration camp,  
but I don't know how many,  
since I cannot count correctly any more.  
I don't know why they make us invalids  
unfit for work, disqualified for anything, -  
perhaps to show the world how dumb we are,  
as if the world would close their eyes to what we were before  
we were sequestered, isolated and imprisoned  
just for sticking faithfully to universalism,  
the association with the cosmic mind  
in Lao Tzu's and Buddha's imitation,  
which for some strange reason the authorities  
decided to have us exterminated for;  
but I must say their methods are peculiar.  
We are loaded, force-fed with destructive drugs,  
we don't know which, they put them in our food,  
or they inject them into us by force,  
so we become like vegetables,  
losing the control of our bodies,  
of our mind and memory,  
our faculty for analytical and logic thought,  
our will to reason and our energy to live,  
while at the same time we of course become unfit for work  
and merely exist as zombies, lying dying in our beds,  
like wrecks but wrecked on purpose,  
why? Because we had free minds?  
Believed in something better,  
stuck to our cultural traditions,  
aimed for some religious higher meaning of our lives?  
I just don't understand why our authorities  
insist on undermining and destroying  
everything that shows a different path  
from the established lies of their dictatorship,  
as if that was a sensible activity,  
which no one in the world can see  
how it could lead to anything except destruction.

## *Den förgiftade Falun Gong-utövaren*

(Hittills har ett 800-tal fall blivit kända.)

"Jag vet inte vad de gör med mig.  
Jag har nu varit här jag vet ej alls hur länge,  
men jag är åtminstone ej ensam.  
Vi är här ett antal i vårt läger,  
men hur många vet jag inte,  
då jag inte längre rätt kan räkna.  
Jag vet inte varför de gör oss till invalider,  
gör oss helt odugliga till vad som helst, -  
kanske för att visa världen hur misslyckade vi är,  
som om den världen kunde blunda för vad vi var förut  
innan vi blev isolerade och fängslade  
för att vi troget höll oss fast vid universalismen,  
själens heliga gemenskap och samhörighet med kosmos  
i Lao Tses och Buddhas efterföljd,  
för vilket myndigheterna av någon anledning  
beslöt att likvidera och utrota oss;  
men jag tycker nog att deras sätt är märkligt.  
Vi tvångsmatas och tvångsinjiceras med okända nedbrytande droger,  
vi vet icke av vad slag, som de placerar i vår mat  
så att vi långsamt blir passiviserade som grönsaker,  
förlorar kroppskontrollen och vårt minne, vår identitet  
och själva sinnet, all vår kritiska och logiska förmåga,  
all vår strävan efter att förstå och resonera, och vår levnadsenergi,  
samtidigt som naturligtvis vi tappar all arbetsförmåga  
och blir såsom zombies, som blott ligger döende i sina sängar,  
liksom vrak som avsiktligt körts upp på stranden och kasserats.  
Varför? För att vi var fria i vår ande?  
Trodde innerligt på något bättre,  
höll oss till kulturen och dess traditioner,  
strävade och sökte efter någon högre mening med vårt liv?  
Jag fattar inte varför våra myndigheter  
insisterar på att ruinera och förgöra  
allt som visar på en annan väg  
från deras lögners diktaturers etablissemang,  
som om det var en vettig verksamhet,  
som ingen i vår värld kan se  
hur det kan leda någon annanstans än till förintelse."

*(Hittills har 23 miljoner kineser tidigare anknutna till det kinesiska kommunistpartiet demonstrativt tagit avstånd därifrån och förkastat hela partiet.)*

## *Scratch*

When love is shattered, it is just a trial,  
since your love can never be completely violated,  
even if they kill you they will not be able to obstruct your love,  
which is the only continuity you have.  
The trials are for facing and surviving,  
the adversities are for withstanding,  
the defeats are for surmounting and defeating  
with a vengeance and in glory,  
for your love can never be completely vanquished,  
although all the rapes and violations in the world assail you  
and you are humiliated beyond recognition and recovery.  
Whatever happens, you will always have something remaining;  
and if only you can start from scratch,  
you can accomplish anything.

*The constant heartbreak risk*

I would gladly sacrifice my life for you.  
The problem is, I have no life to sacrifice.  
It belongs to others, to all those  
I owe my passion and responsibility,  
which I am too absorbed by and engaged in  
to be able ever to let go,  
and you are simply one of them.  
My heart belongs to you, though,  
and there is but one and only one it can belong to,  
so that is your privilege, which no one else can claim.  
I have no life, I have no time, no leisure and no peace,  
I share my whirlwind of activities with the whole world,  
but I do have a heart,  
and it belongs to you.

*Passion*

How much can I love you  
without being consumed?  
How far can I go driving on  
in bolting downhill race of love  
without falling to my ruin?  
How far can I drive my own self-torment  
in the limitlessness of the irresistibility  
in the mad rage and lunacy of love?  
That is precisely the infernal crux,  
that love can have no limitation,  
but it must last for ever,  
or it can not exist at all.

*Tiresome authorities*

Do not let the lack of musicality disturb you,  
just ignore the nonsense that does not sound well,  
leave out the ugliness of everything unhuman,  
and survive the holocaust of junk and waste  
so miserably flooding our tortured civilization.  
All that counts is music that is never tired of,  
the melodies that always will be sung,  
the words that cannot be forgotten,  
and the poetry that never will give up surviving.  
Leave the nonsense to mortality,  
ignore the inundations of oppression by authorities,  
it is but blather to be buried, vanishing in thin air,  
worthless as all exercise of power ever was,  
dissolving with its noise to nothing,  
like all unsound noise forever will,  
since there will always be musical minds like ours  
to forever sort them out as mere disturbances  
like all noise signifying nothing.

*My mistress*

My mistress, you are always there,  
enwrapped in mystery and strange untouchability,  
and I have never once succeeded in deceiving you,  
since you alone could master me and without even trying.

I belong to you and gave myself completely up to you from the beginning  
without ever giving you away – my mystic love  
shall never be located and identified,  
and you will only so remain as long as you remain untouched  
by the debasing hands of mortal worldliness.  
My honour and my pride is to belong to you  
and to have done so without ever failing you  
with all my efforts to deceive you having turned out dismal failures.  
But our love is not a failure but the contrary,  
a humble but consistently improving and increasing story of success  
but clandestinely only, to remain forever  
intact as a mystery of truth and life and love.

*The working artist's catechism*

All I need to go is just some beauty  
not disturbed by any ugliness,  
some positive environment  
without destructive elements,  
to dream and think in peace creatively  
without importuning brutality to wake you up,  
harmonious and melodious music without noise  
and friends to cheer you up  
instead of negligent and ignorant indifference around you,  
and so forth, some gratitude, appreciation, recognition  
of the good you try to do in life  
instead of insolence, ingratitude and inhumanity.  
Is that to ask too much? I need not money,  
wealth or property, I have no greed to satisfy,  
but let my spirit just go on remaining active and constructive,  
and let time take notice of it and not just completely let me down,  
and I shall be content when I am dead  
to have at least been working hard in all my life  
to some result of more than only nothingness.

*Kepp the lights on*

Love is not to be resisted  
but it must be thoroughly controlled  
or it might bolt destructively,  
ignore all limits of all sense and decency  
and finish itself off,  
which is the last thing we desire.  
Better then to keep it glowing,  
not exploding into open fire  
but to keep us warm in quiet peace  
avoiding turbulent eruptions  
to instead remain a lasting comfort;  
for if love does not import longevity and health  
it hardly is a love that will do any good,  
but fizzle, like a match that broke  
instead of catching fire to spread light  
to others also and not only to ourselves.

*Could have been worse*

You are just the sort of girl  
to make a fellow like myself  
just fall in love with to remain so  
fallen down to earth in hopeless worship

and obsequious servitude if not forever  
then at last for an eternity of all the present  
like a doting looney having nothing in his head  
but one idea, the only thing he ever more can think of,  
his fixation on his love in dumbstruck idiocy  
like a serious disease with no cure whatsoever,  
the most hopeless case imaginable,  
doomed to dotage for eternity.  
Is there no hope at all for me then?  
That depends on you.  
If you can love me in return,  
then there is something to hang on to  
like a spider's thread from some skyscraper rooftop  
saving me from falling all way down  
to straight perdition, which instead will lift me up  
to that incredibility of heaven  
which is nothing more than just the company of you.

### *The Lie of Loneliness*

You'll never be alone  
as long as you just love another,  
which is just accepting some responsibility  
of someone else's life as well as yours.  
That other will then be with you  
not sticking right under your skin  
but all the closer stay within your soul  
in even closer steadier contact  
than by a physical approach,  
which tempts to aberrations  
like misunderstandings and illusions,  
while the soul alone will always be the same.  
If you have got her soul inside you  
you can never lose her, but she will remain  
your company forever if you love her,  
and there never could be any finer company.

### *The Honest Actor*

What care I about the audience,  
I am not a flatterer of senseless masses  
where the individual is lost  
in lack of personal integrity  
and is not noticed by his acquiescent silence;  
no, I want to have just friends around me,  
audiences of individuals that are alive  
and I can find some contact with,  
with faces that you can identify and one by one observe,  
so that you can direct yourself to real people.  
If the theatre is almost empty  
does not bother me -  
the play is the important thing  
and all the truth of it,  
and if I can't get through  
to audiences of anonymous masses,  
then I'd rather stay without  
and find myself some meaningful soliloquies instead.  
The truth, the meaning and the word is all,  
and if it's valid, a few members of an audience is enough,  
in fact, the fewer and the less, the better,  
for the easier you'll get the message through.

### *Controlled enthusiasm*

Can you imagine how much I love you?  
Each time I see you my heart wishes to burst out in song  
like in some old time funny childish romantic musical,  
and there is nothing really that can stop me -  
all that music of my love just gushes forth  
in overwhelming floods of heartfelt heartiness  
like some deluvion of unprecedented generosity;  
and still, my life is so sincere and careful  
that I always can contain myself  
refraining from at any cost to hurt you  
or approach you too unseemingly and importuningly.  
But, love, you can be sure, it is all there  
and growing constantly in splendour and abundance  
as is unavoidable in such a long engagement  
growing more sincere and beautiful the longer it goes on.

### *The Straight-Jacket*

Life is a straight-jacket  
being constantly tied tighter  
like in a kind of sadistic vice of pain  
unceasingly increased and getting worse with the years  
like in a kind of Self-Tormentor's Paradise.  
Who enjoys it is a self-tormentor  
while all realists can only find suffering  
and more suffering as long as they live,  
for reality is never beautiful.  
The joys and beauties of life  
are restricted to flash moments of rare oases,  
like dream moments ending abruptly at once  
transcending instantly into the dark dreary night again,  
which always dominates and never ends.  
No, I love not life,  
this nightmare prison of pains,  
this eternity of misery and baseness,  
ugliness and evil, cruelty and tyranny,  
where the least evil of everything  
paradoxically enough is that neverending suffering  
which is the only thing that keeps life going on.

### *Another friendship*

Going down into the darkness of the soul  
where you must perish in the jungles of unconscious mysteries,  
everything is darkness and without relief,  
and you get muddled up in hopelessly entangling complications  
of emotions like a web of feelings of remorse and guilt,  
and there is nothing that can save you from this well  
in which you are cast down unknown of all and all alone,  
and only one thing can still save you:  
some miraculous relationship of lasting friendship,  
some warm heart that understands your own,  
and it is always there, quite ready and alert to save you  
by just being there and listening and sharing your affection.  
All you have to do is just to find that waiting friend.

### *Games people play*

Life is just a game,  
and the more peculiar forms it takes,  
the more advanced its purposes and methods,  
the more seriously it takes itself,  
the more childish it becomes,  
since even world wars are just children's plays  
in kindergarten backyard playing grounds,  
completely irresponsible and stupid,  
just a whim of vanity like any world war.  
More advanced as children's plays  
are then activities of loneliness  
not affecting others, and the first of these  
is naturally and of course creation,  
building new worlds out of nothing,  
piously engendering new enterprises and ideas;  
but the most elevated art of creativity  
is still just only children's play,  
an act of vanity of no more serious consequence  
than any fun in any kindergarten.

### *Passport to eternity*

Let me die with thoughts of love of you  
as passport to eternity across the river of mortality,  
and never let me leave that passport or forget it  
but maintain it always closest to my heart  
as evidence that I at least got something out of life  
that wasn't only foolishness.  
Thus let me keep it for my only medicine  
against all evils, dark moods and obsessions  
and my only trustworthy insurance against losses,  
for if only I have you I know I have the universe,  
since all there ever was worth having,  
everybody knows, is love.

### *The inexpressibility of love*

Let there be no day without a love poem to you,  
my only and immortal love and muse of beauty,  
but I humbly beg your pardon when at times I fail,  
but let those momentary instances then be the more expressive  
of the actual inexpressibility of my true love  
that can not even hide itself by silence.  
That is actually the truest form of love expression,  
the sincerest touch of silence,  
tenderer than any language of sweet words  
and never able of misunderstandings.  
Let me love you thus in silence of eternity,  
and let that silent language bloom in tenderness  
to last forever even longer than the sweetest poems  
of the sweetest love that ever was expressed.

### *The secret of your beauty*

It is not only that you were so loved and lovable  
but that you were so much of that not just by anyone;  
but there was someone closer to you even than myself  
who loved you self-effacingly and all through life

until it ended with a broken heart.  
That heart must never be forgotten,  
especially not now, when it has passed away  
transcended and transformed into a spirit  
even more profoundly loving, self-effacing and adoring  
that peculiar beauty and intensity of yours  
amounting to a beauty that can turn just anyone into a madness  
of psychotic and exaggerated, self-consuming reckless love,  
as if the element of beauty by its mere existence  
must result in unintentional but endless reckless cruelty.  
I will not go into that trap but all the same remain your lover  
most respectfully and humbly to enjoy the highest privilege  
of being just your best and closest friend.

### *Beyond love*

How could you ever doubt me?  
How could my sincere love give you such misgivings?  
Was my honesty not honest quite enough,  
was my sincerity too clouded in the shyness of sincerity,  
were my deep feelings not profound enough to be convincing,  
was my love not clear enough to be considerable  
and as such be taken seriously?  
But you see only deep into the soul and heart  
for which the outward spoken language and appearances  
do not mean anything compared to what you see inside;  
and that is maybe ultimately my reward,  
that you cared nothing for my courting  
but the more for the endurance of my soul.  
I should be grateful, then, that finally you found my soul  
beyond all mountains of expressions of my love.

### *Twilight love*

It never fades.  
The sun will never set  
on the eternal twilight of true love  
that constantly glows warmer  
with eternity that never fades.  
So shall I dream of you forever  
never waking from the sweetness  
of that lingering sentimentality  
of an eternal sunset  
that but keeps on growing in maturity and beauty,  
fascination and intensity the more it keeps on lasting  
like a dream that no one ever wanted to awaken from  
and no one ever really needed to.

### *Within*

We are within each other  
and therefore cannot lose each other  
being both together in each others' minds  
completely stuck forever,  
independent of what happens,  
independent of deceit and jealousy,  
completely independent both  
and simultaneously dependent  
and most desperately so  
of this our co-dependence.

Your chief worry is: How will this end?  
With all our troubles, sorrows, griefs and worries,  
how can anything come out of it of any good,  
how could it possibly end well,  
when there is nothing but adversity ahead of us?  
Let's leave it and just live,  
since we at least do have each other,  
at least for the moment;  
but all eternity is just a moment,  
and if our momentary love be true,  
then this small moment of togetherness  
is greater and more worth than all eternity.

### *Pining*

The worst of all outrageous suffering  
is never to get through with love  
but always desperately having it grow worse  
disastrously encouraged by its disappointments  
and preposterously nourished by its shortcomings,  
as if the rule was, the more tragic, and the worse it goes,  
the more uphill and torturous the Via Crucis must become  
which never ends by death in spite of all the crucifixions.  
Could it then be even worse than what it is already?  
That's the ultimate and utter irony,  
that when it couldn't any more get more unbearable,  
then it will simply double in excruciating pain and trouble  
and just start all over from a fresh and worse beginning.  
How, then, can we stand all this, we tortured lovers?  
That's the greatest mystery of all, that we just carry on  
and start from the beginning every time again;  
and thus the world and life and love goes on  
in agonies increasingly forever.

### *Faran med fria radikaler*

*(en miljövarning)*

Detta är kanske det farligaste av alla nya miljöproblem – och det man minst av allt är medveten om. Dessa fria radikaler finns nämligen överallt men är osynliga och livsfarliga. Det finns dock ett botemedel: allt ätbart vegetariskt som är rött, som innehåller botemedlet Antioxidanter, som neutraliserar de Fria Radikalerna, som, om de får härja fritt, bara armar ut en och suger ut en och gör en oduglig och dödstrött för ingenting. Dessa Fria Radikaler invaderar en främst från datorskärmar, mobiltelefoner, TV-tittande och annan strålning man utsätter sig för frivilligt. Därför kan t.ex. att sitta i timtal aktivt framför en datorskärm göra en mycket mera uttröttad än t.ex. lika mycket rent fysiskt arbete.

Till det vegetariskt ätbara som är rött hör till exempel röda bär som jordgubbar, hallon och smultron, röda vinbär, morötter och rödbetor i någon mån men framför allt rödvin, som kanske är det mest välgörande och neutraliserande av allt, då man ju faktiskt känner själv hur mycket bättre man mår efteråt. En klunk då och då räcker. Vinet var hela Antikens enda medicin och nyttjades till allt och mot allt, och därför blomstrade Antiken ända tills kristendomen införde strängare nykterhetskrav och begränsad nattvard. Sedan gick Antiken under, och den Mörka Medeltiden följde, medan endast de likörbryggande klostren fick civilisationen att överleva...

Fastän det inte fanns några Fria Radikaler på den tiden, så torde detta exempel desto mera klart påvisa rödvinets outhärlighet i alla välgörenhetssammanhang.

### *After the storm*

Somewhere beyond the horizon  
something is clearing up,  
beyond the hurricane waves  
a ship is coming in  
after shipwrecks and losses galore  
after the storm of the blackest clouds,  
and on the shore someone is waiting.  
What corpses aboard, what losses,  
how many are missing never to be found?  
It doesn't matter. The only important thing  
is that the storm is over and the ship is back,  
whether with bad news or good,  
for better or for worse  
is nothing compared to the one fact  
that at least someone has survived.

### *Reconciliation*

Let us never meet  
without there being music from the stars around us,  
without both of us together smiling,  
without mutual harmony encompassing the universe  
and without only love between us.  
Let us always meet  
without there being tears and grief in our souls,  
without destructive strife embittering our lives,  
without clouds of anger hanging anywhere about  
and without anyone of us not being in the mood  
for love and creativity, for joy and constructivity  
and for being fully open to each other  
without any reservations  
as regards the truth of everything  
and most of all of our love.

### *Perilous flight*

Don't you know me any more?  
You claim you are not there when you are there,  
you are not reachable at home when you are home,  
your spirit is dispersed and vanished out of sight  
in constant flight, escaping from the troubles of mundanity,  
evading the ridiculous controversies of childishness,  
like all controversies forever were and are,  
just soaring on the wings of music, harmony and beauty,  
while the worries grow beneath you, reaching for you,  
like an evil silent octopus in merciless indifferent greed  
seeks out the swimmer to engulf him in the abyss  
of the tragedy of life, that none of us escapes forever.  
I will not disturb you but protect you in your flight  
in preparation safely on the ground  
to watch you like a guardian angel  
not from above but under you  
to be your catcher in the rye  
and keep you up by stronger winds on firmer wings  
than any bird or butterfly or angel ever used;  
since I am always flying with you,  
not on wings of vain escape  
but reaching ever forward  
for the light of love that never fails.

*Your grave*

The grass is fragrant on your grave  
and grows increasingly forever green  
to match the generosity you always showed yourself  
to everyone who knew you, without any one exception.  
That is lingering around us in the air,  
your love that never failed but made you stay  
in spite of your atrocious sufferings and pain  
among us on and on, until no love could hold you any longer  
from exploding out into the universe  
to there continue flowing generously  
all around us, which we feel still more than clearly  
and are grateful for, and will remain so,  
for as long as there will still be anyone among us  
to remember you with the identical warm love  
that always marked your personality  
to make it unforgettable as an example  
for your friends and relatives to cling to,  
since that love is bound to never die.

*My bleeding heart*

The softness of my heart is bleeding for you constantly.  
Where is that music gone that used to sing for you?  
Where is that melody that whispered in my ear:  
"You love her more than you can tell forever."?  
Where is all that softness gone, that I enjoyed so much  
in endless nights of wallowing in sensual orgies  
of all universal passion let insanely loose  
in ecstasies of beauty, happiness and madness?  
When at last may I express my love to you as you are worth it  
with my limitless and bottomless profound respect  
immersed, bound up together with my total passion  
of sincerity and endless worship of your soul and body?  
I will not destroy you, only worship you and love you  
and much rather perish all alone and far away from you  
at a safe distance in my self-consuming passion  
than risk hurting any of the frailty of your tender feelings.  
Let me love you, nothing can stop me from doing so,  
but let me never risk trespassing any of your wounds  
that I will never be the one to hazard opening again.  
My touch of love will be the softest that a lover ever felt,  
I must insist on reassuring you, since I know better  
than most lovers what it feels to bleed to death  
just of a tender loving heart that loves too much  
and never can stop doing so in self-consuming  
self-inflicted voluntary crucifixion  
of a love that knows no bounds of passion.

*The morning after*

That night with you I was exhausted  
and no good for you, for love, for anything  
in my irritability that could not stop  
just being worn out good for nothing,  
but my love was there still aching  
in my heart and bleeding desperately,  
calling for you, longing for you urgently

to come and help me in my agony  
of bitterness, delusion and remorse  
for all that life of mine that failed  
and turned me into just a miserable beggar.  
Sorry, Madame, and I beg your pardon  
that I was not good enough for you,  
but still I love you more than ever,  
even though I am the only one convinced of that.

### *Bedlock*

The sun is not so bright  
as you are when you rise  
in all your glory from your bed  
transmitting beauty with your light  
more wonderful than any blessings shed  
from any queen of beauty by surprise.  
Childishly I must surmise  
that you transcend all lovely hours fled  
of pleasures passed and gone in flight  
while I remain with you till sunrise  
going on until we die and wed  
to never leave each other more in bed.  
Thus, my love, I cherish thee to madness  
nevermore to fade in sadness.

### *Refuseringserfarenheter*

Sedan 20 år har det varit likadant. Förlagen refuserar så likgiltigt som möjligt. Helst skickar de inte ens tillbaka manuskript längre. I bästa fall får man en fullständigt intetsägende refuseringsformel som går ut på att man bör kontakta förlaget om man vill ha tillbaka manuskriptet. I alltfler förekommande fall svarar förlaget inte alls någonsin, och när man hör av sig för att fråga vad som hänt vet ingen någonting medan manuskriptet är försvunnet, troligen hänvisat till dokumentstrimlaren.

Detta innebär, att förlagen struntar totalt i författaren, den möda han lagt ner i arbetet, arbetets litterära halt, författarens meriter och kunskaper, hur mycket och vad han (hon) har skrivit, medan det enda som intresserar dem är att tjäna pengar på redan färdiga bästsäljare, helst kioskvältare från utlandet.

Kort sagt, det lönar sig inte längre för förlagen att förlägga litteratur utom kortsiktigt.

Därmed har förlagen spelat ut sin roll i litteraturhistorien.

Är det någon annan som har liknande erfarenheter? Några kommentarer?

– *refuserad sedan 37 år.*

### *The honourable suicide*

He didn't mean to, but it just went on that way.  
He just loved life his own way,  
scrapping his career, abandoning himself  
to ecstasy alone, the joy of living,  
making all the best of it to the extreme,  
maniacal perhaps and drunk most of the time,  
but always beautiful as character and lovable,  
the handsomest of young men in his prime,  
a prophet when advanced in years  
surviving constantly himself and all his falls,  
disasters, rehabilitations, pitfalls, accidents,

and so on, an incurably consistent Via Crucis  
until finally he just could no more get up on his feet,  
gave up and died a total wreck in bed.

Did he do wrong, in scrapping all this world  
and caring nothing for its global suicide,  
openly refusing any part of its destructive stress,  
denouncing all responsibility for a diseased society  
and just determinedly in flying colours partying  
his whole life unto death? He did the best of it  
and more, and everybody loved him.

### *Aliens*

We are exposed as aliens,  
we who see the folly of the world,  
the superficial madness of its stress,  
the lemming universal self-destruction  
of a civilization that gave up the pursuit of ideals  
to just go down the drain of egoism instead,  
to wallow in the vanity of mundane satisfaction.  
Cry not for yourself but for the world.  
We are the chosen ones charged with the burden  
to look through the mortal universal folly,  
an unbearable and painful plight,  
but we are not the ones to be despised and pitied.  
We who see the blind go down the abyss of destruction  
by their own will, tempted by the noise of mass hysteria,  
following the garish lure of the attraction of insanity,  
and can not do anything about it  
but observe the way of bolting flesh,  
are charged with the atrocious heaviness  
of having to survive the constant fall of vainly  
and see the builders of sand-castles ever fail  
to start again constructing mirages of self-deceit.  
We are in fact as outcast exiles privileged,  
since we are free from the asylum of civilization,  
free as spirits to be natural and plain  
and shedding no tears for ourselves but for humanity.

### *Technical problems*

It's not that I don't love you  
less for keeping out of bed.  
The problem is, we never sleep  
together when we are in bed  
together, since you do not sleep  
when working hard in bed,  
which gets you tired out  
sometimes the entire day that follows,  
so you can't do anything  
and least of all be diligent  
and get things done efficiently,  
since you at work keep falling  
constantly asleep. And thus we have a problem.  
Work or love? We can't have both  
and must have both, at least must I;  
so pardon me, my love, for loving you the more  
for keeping out of bed too much  
to save my energy to just enable us  
the better to sustain our love.

## *Storebror*

*(satir)*

Tro inte att jag inte ser dig  
och att ej ditt liv är i min hand,  
du värdelösa individ  
som inte fattar att du är en nolla,  
att du blott är till för att försvinna,  
att du är ett minimum, en vattendroppe  
i en ocean av värdelösa människor  
som alla blott är fåfängliga nollor  
och vars enda mening med att existera  
är att bli bevakade av mig och kontrollerade,  
så att de samvetsgrant betalar sina skatter,  
alla sina räkningar och avgifter  
och sköter rätt sin bokföring  
så revisorerna får någonting att kontrollera  
och att finna fel på, så att allting måste göras om  
om någon minimal detalj försumrats.  
Ve dig då, du stackars usle drummel av försumlighet!  
Mitt samhälle är bara till för att bestraffa dig  
och tvinga dig till vad du icke vill,  
och om du avviker, så får du fan för det  
vad du än gör. Värst är det om du vågar tänka själv  
och skriva egna tankar, poesi och böcker,  
för då är du dödfödd och kan aldrig komma in i samhället.  
Förlagen är ju bara till för att gå under genom refuseringstvånget  
av all sann och vettig, ärlig och nyskapande litteratur,  
de är förbjudna att uppmuntra någon  
och skall helst från början kväva varje tillstymmelse till geni,  
då jag kan endast tolerera medelmåttor  
som anpassar sig till ramen,  
modernismens okontroversiella obegriplighet,  
nonsensetablissemangets nödvändiga tvångsinkompetens,  
allt lättläst idiottrams, flams och flummeri,  
och inom konsten bara allt abstrakt  
som ej riskerar kontroversiell begriplighet.  
Vi lever ju i Orwells sköna nya värld  
och måste samvetsgrant anpassa oss därefter  
så att allting runt tvångspressas in  
i fyrkantig kubism av instängdhet och intighet  
allt enligt mitt kontrollrecept av ofelbarhetsuveränitetssterilitet  
där ingenting får sticka av förutan regulering  
genom tvångsmedicinering, tvångströja och åtal.  
Det är blott för nollorna att känna sig bekvämt tillfreds  
här hemma i min sköna nya värld,  
som aldrig kan bli något annat  
än den bästa tänkbara av världar.

## *The opposite of love*

There is no opposite of love,  
since love encompasses all opposites  
and neutralizes them,  
transforming them  
from any misemotion to emotion,  
from destruction to construction  
and from hardness and frustration  
to benevolence and harmony.

The only indispensability is empathy,  
the cause and mother of all dialogue,  
by which all arguments can reach a deal,  
by which all disagreements can be well agreed upon  
and which transforms all petty introversion  
to the peace of universal tolerance.  
It's easy thus to solve all problems intellectually  
that only seem so hopeless practically.

### *Looking back*

What happened to our love,  
that magic of so long ago  
in such a different dimension  
of romantic timelessness and rosy ecstasy?  
Are we already grown so old  
that we no longer can remember  
how we used to love exorbitantly  
leaving all the world and history behind us?  
Must maturity be so confounding  
that it alienates us from the truth of what we were?  
No, nothing can take that away from us.  
The magic not just lingers but continues  
and expands to grow forever in magnificence  
as long as we just keep it and allow it to remain  
in beauty what it was created once to be  
to stay with us for aye in future.

### *Sommaroptimisten*

Att lägga sig i gräset  
bara för att slagga, gagga,  
trivas i gott sällskap  
latandes i solens sken  
i pastoral idyllpatrull med parasoll  
och dricka kaffe med rött vin och dopp -  
vad kan man mer begära av en sommar?  
Kan det någonsin bli bättre?  
- Ja! Allt kan bli ännu bättre alltid!

### *Grace*

The sensitivity and delicacy of your love  
did more than overwhelm me from the start.  
Who am I to be so much loved by you  
of so much more experience and sagacity,  
maturity and order in your mind,  
while I was just a lost and weeping orphan  
downed in abysses of love with no way out  
except my tears and horrible self pity.  
What is my love matched with yours,  
how could I ever make myself deserve it,  
and how could I live up to your expectations?  
I am lost in love and find no guidance  
out of my predicament of personal disasters  
but the grace of your nobility and kindness  
for which I am much more grateful  
than I ever will be able to requite it.

### *No compromise*

How can you be confined  
in this so mortal pettiness  
of dwindling circuits of your mind  
caused by incessant worries  
just for nothing but your vanity  
of being stuck in vicious circles  
of outrageous ignorance and bleak mundanity?  
- When you should be the freest of them all,  
creative and constructive infinitely,  
flying higher than the blithest spirit,  
soaring ever further off from negative considerations?  
Love can never breathe except in freedom,  
and that freedom must be total or no life at all,  
that is the ultimatum ultimate of love,  
and there can be no compromise;  
for if you find love compromising,  
that's the surest diagnosis that it's dying.

### *Cheer up!*

(The bombs in London and Glasgow will not stop the rain...)

What does it matter if it rains,  
as long as you are out of shoes  
so that the water doesn't stay  
but runs out of your naked sandals  
keeping your cold feet not sweating?  
What's the difference if you fail  
in everything as long as you keep going,  
never minding all those fools  
that try to sabotage your life for nothing,  
making trouble only for themselves?  
What does it matter if you get kicked out of work,  
since you can do much better work  
at home at ease and by yourself?  
What does it matter if you're out of money  
since it doesn't pay to get rich anyway,  
since envy only will insist on robbing you  
and riches and possessions just will give you worries?  
What's the difference? There is nothing,  
everything will end up anyway  
with nothing you can take away with you,  
for life and destiny will finally get even,  
and there's nothing you can do about it.

### *Dark clouds*

The storms are heavy gathering against us  
with a fulsome terror of infernos,  
conflicts, illness, poverty, controversy,  
depression, enmity, abuse and what not,  
and the only answer seems to be to flee, to run away;  
but you can never run away from your own fate.  
It's there in all its horror of an overwhelming challenge  
like a goblin waiting constantly around the corner  
for the pleasure of abusing you and take you by surprise  
again and ever and again, and you are never up to it.  
What can one do? The only sensible good thing to do  
is not to worry, not to care about it, since it only will grow worse

the more you think of it and brood on it  
and spend your sleepless nights on it in vain;  
for that foul fate will never leave you with its challenge,  
it will just stick on to you until you have survived it,  
which you always will do in the end, if only you sustain it  
and face up to it and never flinch; for in the end  
the victory is yours, since death will not just fool us all  
but even all our destinies.

### *Our Case*

(documentary amid incessant rains...)

Sorry to be critical,  
but being realistic can not harm us  
but might rather help us. None of us is quite content,  
and there are many reasons why.  
You did receive my love from the beginning  
but did never answer it,  
since all you did last summer was to cry for Benny.  
Your relationship with him,  
that you just couldn't leave him  
although he just caused you pain and suffering by his alcoholism  
was the first thing separating me from you.  
The second thing was your affair with Sean,  
which almost killed me, since I had loved you so much  
and you gave what you had to him, - for nothing,  
for a painful persecution by his phoney pregnant lady.  
How could I then after such a blow and undeserved experience  
even risk to trust you any more? I just resigned,  
accepting to be no more than your friend.  
The Bernard incident was yet another set-back,  
you allowed him what was never granted me,  
and I had to content myself with being just locked out  
from your intimacy and privacy, while he  
was taking liberties and even at the hospital  
by our dying patient's bed, and almost boasted of it.  
I had nothing personal against him, he did admirable things  
by helping you in dreadful difficulties,  
which I actually was grateful for,  
since I, as always, was intimidated by my poverty.  
He over-stepped it, so it is a finished chapter,  
while you still are occupied with grief for Benny.  
Yes, I have my faults and foibles also,  
being too much burdened by responsibilities that I can not let go,  
too busy with sustaining the eternal battle against poverty, adversity and age,  
so that I never can spend so much time with you as I would want to,  
that is maybe our fate, that neither of us can let go of our past and destiny,  
but still I can't deny that you are part of me and of my life,  
and that I can not do without you, least of all in my thoughts,  
my mind, my soul, my heart, my everything except my body.  
That alone has no demand of you.

Thus have I tried here to define and pinpoint  
the complexity of our relationship.  
If I have failed and done you some injustice,  
I apologize and humbly ask your pardon and excuse,  
but I have tried at least to be completely honest with myself  
and made a truthful effort of explaining how I love you  
out of the deep agony of constant sleeplessness  
and worries for your life and situation.

### *Socialens nya giv*

Socialen har fått en genial idé.  
Nu skall de obotliga socialfallen åtgärdas!  
Vi buntar snällt ihop dom, sätter dem på kurs  
(för korrigerings och indoktrinering med moralisering)  
och tvingar dem till arbete av vilket slag som helst!  
Och den som ej vill vara med blir utan bidrag.  
Ja, så skapas inkörsporten till en ny form  
av koncentrationsläger - isolering först,  
med hjärntvätt, tvångstjänst, utpressning  
som lämplig början till definitiva skrotningen  
av alla dem som ej får plats i samhället,  
kompositörer av seriös musik,  
konstnärer som av egensinne ej kan samarbeta,  
refuserade författare, poeter och dramatiker  
som alltid varit refuserade och därför blivit kroniker i Limbo,  
skadade balettdansörer, sångare som spruckit,  
arbetslösa konsthandverkare som aldrig kan få jobb  
på grund av specialisering och överkvalificering,  
samtliga kluturarbetare som lider av politisk inkorrektitet  
och som därför aldrig kan förmås att rätta sig i leden,  
och överbegåvningar som vägrar finna sig i medelmåttighetens nödtvång,  
alla icke önskvärda som vet för mycket, kort sagt,  
alla individer som står på sig och har någon värdighet och stolthet  
och integritet att mena sig försvara.  
Snart ska vi få bukt med alla överblivna parasiter  
genom denna nya giv av tvångsintagning.

Det är bara det, ni kära socialarbetare och -assistenter,  
att det inte är kulturarbetarna som offer det är fel på.  
Det är hela samhället, som lider av syndromet  
att se det som en nödvändighet  
att blint diskriminera skapande kultur.

### *Turbulence*

The bumpy ride of life  
is apt to normally get bumpier,  
and there is nothing you can do about it.  
There is music, and you have to face it,  
because, if you don't, it'll still be there  
to challenge and disturb you even more  
if you suppress it or don't want to hear.  
Let's face it. You are desperately lost in love,  
the turbulence keeps harrowing your soul  
and sabotaging all your life,  
your worries bring you to the worst,  
and passion tears apart your flesh,  
while humid nights of filth grow into constant nightmares  
which get constantly more difficult to wake up from,  
and you are lost, completely at a loss and almost dead.  
So what? Keep at it, struggle on,  
and somehow you'll get out of bed  
on shaky legs and get into your bar  
to fill a steady glass that gets spilled out,  
but some day it will all be finished anyway.  
Keep loving, and keep tormenting yourself,  
keep working, suffering and dying slowly day by day,  
and one day, maybe, there will be some change...

### *Passion the enemy of love?*

– Perhaps the most debatable of problems  
in the tricky jungle mess of problems  
when it comes to love and its intricacies  
of problems, of which most can not be solved.  
The passion is both the finale, climax, crisis,  
the supreme manifestation and the evidence  
of love's mortality and passing vanity.  
It triumphs but must fade,  
it is supreme in ecstasy, delight and wonder  
but gives pain as well, remorse and guilt  
and can not be survived without deep wounds.  
It's never recommended, everyone is grave about it,  
dissuading, warning and advising all against it,  
and still everyone - without exception -  
falls into the trap and usually gets stuck forever.  
It's a comedy of tragic consequences  
and a tragedy with comic outcome,  
tragi-comedy and comic tragedy,  
and it always leads into a mess.  
Well, snakes do like it well in snake-pits,  
while some virgins manage to evade the question,  
while most people simply acquiesce, accept  
and passively submit to constant battle,  
which, as some observe with some relief,  
is finally rewarded with some liberation,  
the most natural escape and ultimate solution  
to all problems, namely the simplicity of death.

### *The End*

Is it then the end of our relationship,  
the end of all the turbulence,  
the end of all disasters and upsets,  
the end of all your tears and all my worries,  
or is this where it begins?

Can we forget the awkward follies and mistakes  
and just go on as if it never really happened,  
all that madness and confusion of aborted love,  
the aberration of misdirected and wasted love,  
the self-deceit, the blindness to reality,  
the horrible fixation on trivialities and pettiness,  
the anger and frustration and irrationality,  
the hubris of idiotic egoism -  
can we just disregard it all,  
pretending that it never happened?  
No, we can not change the tragedies of yesterday,  
but we should keep them well in mind  
to learn from them not to commit the same mistakes again,  
as if we could do better than all history,  
the expert on incurability  
regarding constantly repeated worsened follies.

### *Tiredness*

Let me rest my tired head  
away from all this mess of failures  
of this hopelessly misguided world,

so lost, abused and hopelessly astray,  
away from all my headaches  
of consistent troubles and that crown of thorns,  
that keeps on hurting me forever,  
in a vain and hopeless search for peace,  
in this world something unattainable  
except in death and dreams, sometimes, –  
but even your door is now closed to me,  
your lap is sealed, and I shall nevermore find peace.  
Who is the victor, then?  
Who has brought home the game?  
Who is content? Is anyone at all at ease  
and happy? No, when love has lost  
by deadly insults and frustrations  
and communications fail,  
so that the troubled partners can no longer speak,  
then we are losers all,  
and there is nothing left  
in this whole world but losses.

### *Empathy in absurdum*

(documentary)

You don't have to nurse him,  
he is all responsible himself  
for all his mess of two divorces with three children  
and his constant falls to bleak alcoholism.  
I can not see why self-destructiveness of any kind  
deserves one's pity, care, edification, nursing,  
spoiling, wasted time and effort,  
not to speak of energy, both moral and creative,  
which is better used for other purposes;  
since he, as long as he continues falling down,  
inevitably will fall deeper down each time  
and drag his friends down with him if they pity him  
for no good end at all. Professional support  
to help him pull himself together  
is the only thing that could be practically good,  
while friends and lovers of him  
just will go down on their knees  
and cry their hearts out all in vain  
by joining him on his way down into the abyss  
of the sorrows of despair and voluntary self-destruction.  
I have work to do and must therefore keep out  
and can not join you in a charitable work  
that could be just a waste if it is not professional.  
Sorry, but you'll need my healthy unharmed friendship  
when you are down there dissolved in tears.

### *Too sensitive for love*

When love strikes deep into the heart  
it takes some time to understand it,  
the digestion is the hardest of them all,  
and if it's real you'll never quite get over it.  
Some people get too hurt too deeply  
simply by emotionally taking it too seriously,  
they are the truest lovers,  
but the truest lovers bleed the most.

Should they then be exempt from love  
and try by any means to stay away from it?  
Unfortunately, yes, that is the answer,  
for their own sakes; but their comfort is,  
that they will learn to understand the human heart  
more thoroughly than any active lover,  
feeling more from their antennae and their empathy  
than any lust can satisfy the sexual human feelings.  
Being thus so much more understanding of the human heart,  
they also can bring so much more rewarding love.

### *Bohemian nostalgia*

– 7.7.07, an important historical date for the universal peace demonstration going on in a world wide musical manifestation against the abuse of nature...

Where are they all,  
the ghosts of yesterday,  
the pioneers of beauty,  
introducing freedom with some vehemence  
and starting this new weird romanticism  
of limitlessness and exaggeration  
in both love and freedom  
and with nothing to restrain  
the urge of personal expression?

Most of you are dead and gone and buried  
in the aftermath of adventurers' recklessness  
in experimentation of transcendence  
breaking every single barrier down.

I'm talking of the prophets of that universal peace  
movement back in the sixties  
against Johnson, Nixon and all militarism  
to launch as an alternative just freaking out  
in love and nature and just being what you are.

They were all right, all those now long since dead,  
and their right will remain and carry on  
just going on for that eternal quest of constant victory.

### *The righteous hubris of life*

Hubris is allowed and sacred  
and not punishable nor subject to nemesis  
nor even touchable when it is raised by love  
which keeps it flying high with every right  
that nothing can put down nor has a right to.  
That love made of and sustained by truth and beauty  
stands outside mundane restrictions, limitations and dimensions  
and can not be violated, persecuted, questioned,  
criticized, assailed or even analyzed  
since it is extraordinarily and altogether a most different thing  
from all things mortal, trivial and normal.  
Sticking out is what will mark it,  
and the more it ostentatiously sticks out,  
the more admirable it is for being individual and personal  
and showing off a splendid hubris of integrity,  
which must not have or know of any bounds  
but must be limitlessly free forever,  
since all life depends on it.

*Love at work*

– an apology

Pardon me for my objectionable absence,  
my neglecting your predicament and needs,  
my mad obsession with my work,  
like a hysterical fanaticism,  
but, dear, believe me, all my work  
is just for love. If you could see and understand  
the love I put in it, express in it  
and manifest in everything I do at work,  
you would forgive me, and you might then even realize  
that I never leave you for a moment,  
and not even when I am at work  
as far away from you as possible,  
which, paradoxically, only brings me nearer  
to my love, which is, as always, only you.

*When the tears have dried from your face*

When the tears have dried from your face,  
you will see that there is still some sunshine  
after all, and after quarrels, griefs and outbursts  
love will still remain magnanimously  
to embrace you with her wings  
to fly away with you once more  
across the ocean of all human tears  
that keep on flowing for all universal griefs  
but all in vain, because the sun will still be shining,  
and your love will still be smiling  
crying more for beauty than for grief  
and for the lack and longing  
of that true love which will just keep on remaining  
out of reach, but anyway, at least in actuality.

*The worst waste of time*

There are many ways to waste your time,  
but the supremely worst is only one,  
and you'll experience it from time to time  
and ever be at it again,  
like falling constantly into the worst of traps;  
and every time you say again,  
protesting violently to yourself:  
"Never again!" And yet,  
you are most certain to experience it again  
and yet again and ever and again.  
The situation is the classical predicament  
of waiting for your lady punctually  
in good time after making an appointment,  
and she never comes.  
You wait and wait, and nothing happens,  
still you wait, you must give her a chance,  
and, intolerably and ironically true,  
the longer you will wait for her,  
the less she will appear,  
no matter how your worry constantly gets tenser.  
It's a hopeless situation.

You will always wait for her in vain  
when you have made a well agreed upon appointment  
and she just will not appear.

*One night of love*

One night with you  
is all I need to live forever  
on that memory of bliss and ecstasy  
that never gets exhausted  
but replenished constantly  
by merely thinking of it  
and its glorious creation  
of new life and feelings,  
thanks to life and blessings,  
and enjoyment lasting  
longer than eternities  
from just one night,  
one moment's bliss;  
and that is all I need  
occasionally  
to survive as what I am,  
a soul and body  
made of only love.

*Forget about my funeral*

Don't wait for me at my funeral,  
because, as always, I'll be late.  
Perhaps I even will have mislaid my body  
and forgot to lay down in a coffin,  
but most probably I'll just be busy elsewhere  
and have forgotten all about time,  
missing all the important appointments  
with my friends at the funeral,  
who will all have come in vain.  
So don't appear at my funeral,  
because I won't be there myself.  
The 'late deceased' will be as late as usual.

*Glöm min begravning*

Kom inte till min begravning  
för jag kommer inte att vara där.  
Jag blir försenad som vanligt  
och dyker väl upp när festen är över  
och alla har gått hem.  
Jag har väl då glömt bort mig nån annanstans  
och försummat att somna in i kistan  
för att slockna någon annanstans  
glömsk av tiden som vanligt,  
så att jag missar alla mötena  
med vännerna omkring kistan,  
som alla då har kommit dit förgäves.  
Så det är ingen idé någon kommer på min begravning,  
för jag har kilat vidare och fått något att göra  
som tvingat mig som vanligt till brådstörtat uppbrott.  
Ni får ursäkta mig, men jag kommer inte att ha tid  
att ens vara med på min egen begravning,  
för som alltid kommer jag i god tid att ha gått bort.

*Looking up death*

It's only healthy to communicate with death,  
to pay occasional brief visits  
and associate on friendly terms,  
go through this utter darkness now and then  
like passing through a dreadful sauna,  
which, if you come out again,  
will only be refreshing.  
Likewise, if you come back out alive  
from looking up the black hole of despair  
of meeting death and being friends with him,  
you'll just feel better afterwards,  
like Christ after his crucifixion and his resurrection.  
It can't be any worse than that.

*A drinking love song*

Make me drunk, so I may stay with you  
not only overnight but always,  
fence me in in your embrace  
and let me love you evermore  
to delight continuously in the prison of your person,  
make me a convict for your life  
and let us sit in there together  
just for pleasure in the best of prisons  
of our temple of delirious worship  
of your beauty and my own  
and of the truth of our remaining love  
which just miraculously seems to ever grow  
to spite us with astonishing incredibility  
growing faster and much more  
than just over our heads...

*A love divided*

We never spend enough of our time together,  
and I never can love you enough,  
which doesn't mean my love is failing,  
only faltering, because of circumstances,  
this condition of world liability  
when life itself is irresponsibly at risk  
by the extravagance of mankind  
using Mother Earth much worse than any parasite,  
ruthlessly gobbling up all natural resources by our greed.  
I never want to love that way, consume for selfish reasons,  
use and never give, but rather the plain opposite,  
just giving, sharing and bestowing for a long term future,  
since I feel that even love is all in vain  
if it is not from the beginning stabilized in lasting continuity.  
Therefore, pardon me, that we don't meet as much as we should do,  
while you may rest assured, that any visual absence of this presence  
only means my love, put under a protective bushel,  
burns the warmer for not being free.

### *The death visit*

One day when you least expect it  
you will have a knock on your door  
of no one that can be identified,  
and so you wonder who he is  
and keep on wondering  
until you understand him.  
Then he will remain your constant visitor  
to every now and then come knocking  
for a deadly visit out of darkness  
to initiate you in the secret of black holes,  
the other side of life, that no one wants to hear of  
since it is not very social.  
But it's there, and once you've come to know it  
you will be a frequent guest,  
like that friend coming knocking at your door  
indefinitely constantly and every now and then  
to drag you down into the abyss of depression,  
the supreme despair and anguish  
which each time will leave you  
even dirtier as a squeezed out rag  
completely wasted and consumed,  
but that is part of life,  
which all the same continues  
like a constant show just going on  
ignoring what takes place behind the curtains,  
which is of no consequence to what's on stage,  
although it is the manager and runner of the show.

### *Dödsbesök*

En dag när du minst av allt är redo  
kommer någon för att knacka på din dörr,  
en okänd som ej kan identifieras,  
varför du kan undra vem det är,  
en undran som består och håller på  
tills du förstår dess mörka hemlighet.  
Därefter kommer han tillbaka ständigt  
som en alltmer vanlig men objuden gäst  
direkt från mörkrets djupaste makabraste domäner  
för att undervisa dig och initiera dig i svarta hål,  
den andra sidan av vår existens  
som ingen önskar höra talas om  
då den ej alls är socialt betingad.  
Men den existerar, och när du en gång har upptäckt den  
så blir du även där en ständig gäst,  
liksom den främlingen som knackar på din dörr  
allt oftare och mera oförtrutet insisterande  
för att dra ner dig i förtvivlans avgrundsdepressioner,  
som var gång skall lämna dig som en alltmer urkramad trasa,  
mera utbränd, konsumerad och förkrossad;  
men det är en del av livet,  
som fortsätter lika väl  
som föreställningen som aldrig avbryts  
och som ignorerar blankt allt vad som försiggår  
där bakom scenen i kulisserna,  
som icke angår livets spel framför ridån  
fastän det är just det som håller allt i gång.

*How far can you go?*

(Violation is the only loser...)

How far can you push a relationship?  
Not any longer than it hurts,  
and violence is certain death;  
but as long as you keep up constructiveness  
feeling your way with discretion  
and using with delicacy your antennae  
to never drive anyone over  
and not risk trespassing or going too far  
and not importuning, you can go at any length  
and never risk even hurting the other one's feelings.  
The secret is being considerate,  
which, if you are, can keep any relationship going  
and lasting forever and longer.

*Tystnaden*

Förlåt min tystnad,  
men den säger mer än ord  
kan säga om mitt tillstånd  
av en zombie uti limbo  
utan karta och kompass  
i urskogens försåt av fällor  
utlagda för den i mörkret trevande  
av blindhet slagen och till slant  
för att ej någonsin, måhända,  
komma rätt igen i manövreringen  
av detta vilsna och groteska liv  
av blott absurditet  
i högst utomordentlig gravitet.  
Jag ser ej någon annan råd  
än blott att låtsas synas än  
ha sansen i behåll med tystnaden som mask,  
då varje plåga har sitt skri för sig  
men hälsan tiger still, som Geijer sade.  
Jag låtsas därför vara tyst  
för att begrava allt mitt onda  
levande i avgrunder av tystnad.

*The tragedy of love*

Why is it that true love is frequently a tragedy  
that ends when it seems almost there  
to reach the ultimate fulfilment,  
like as if love was always the last verse,  
the final end that has its limits  
or must simply end when it has reached perfection.  
It doesn't seem quite fair,  
that so much effort, labour and hard energy  
should be so generously wasted  
just to be abandoned in the end  
as something that no longer could be added to.  
Or is the meaning, that love always has the final word,  
and that it therefore must be terminated  
and left off as soon as his has spoken out?  
In either way, at least, love does remain  
for always the most unforgettable of matters  
and just for that reason, all that really matters.

*Is it possible?*

Is it possible that you could love me  
as much as I love you?  
Is it possible that all my anguish  
about you could actually be shared  
by you and equalled?  
Is it possible that I one day  
could finally get through to you  
and gain your understanding  
for my hopeless case  
of only yearning, longing, languishing  
and melting into tears for nothing  
but the thought of you and your benevolence?  
My yearning is unconquerable except by you;  
and you shall have it one day  
served to you on golden plates  
more exquisite than any delicacy  
melted all into a dish of love  
of never-ending and unlimited perfection.  
Is that possible?  
Yes, anything is possible,  
but only for true lovers.

*The Hell of Paradise*

Love is longer than eternity  
but all too brief a moment  
of a second's bliss,  
when you would want to stay forever  
with your love and never leave her,  
whereupon you must depart  
on all too short a notice –  
there is never any union without separation.  
Still you enter her and want to stay there  
to enjoy forever, but it is a prison  
which you must get out of to your freedom –  
there is never any love without entanglement,  
imprisonment and bondage,  
and to live with it at all you got to have your freedom.  
Thus it is with love, extremest contrasts all the time,  
a roller-coaster of incessant turbulence  
that ever shifts dynamically from despair to ecstasy,  
and there is only one thing certain about love –  
it never can be boring.

*Love's labour's labyrinths*

What next, my love?  
We cannot love each other more,  
but still we do, continuously growing  
and accelerating to exasperation  
while expanding and exploring  
our development as two in one,  
each following the other's changes  
with excitement and exhaustion.  
No one knows where it will all end up,  
this thriller of suspension  
of a different kind of love  
that in its sovereign sublimity

transcends all mortal measures  
to reach higher pleasures  
than are thinkable in bed.  
Let's just continue  
turning over constantly new leaves  
to never, at least, become bored  
by this continuous development  
of ever more astounding character.

### *Illness*

Struck down by lightning  
you can no longer show yourself in public,  
being too ashamed of all infirmities,  
your invalidity, your bitter mood,  
your anguish and frustration  
and, the worst of all, your pains.  
It hurts to be forced out of order,  
suddenly you feel unworthy of your life,  
you can not bear with anything,  
and all the things you want to do  
you feel completely incapacitated of.  
Your only comfort is that it is passing,  
just a crisis and perhaps a transformation to improvement,  
like all bad things mortal and most temporary,  
like transcending death itself.

### *No time for love*

That I am busy working hard  
does never mean my love is less  
but rather grows by challenges  
of absence, distance and adversity.  
The more I am debarred from you,  
the more, in fact, I love you,  
and although you can not see it,  
there are other means of feeling it  
and of communication,  
since for love impossibility does not exist.  
Telepathy is the more useful  
for its application difficulty,  
and if we are kept apart persistently,  
it certainly will prove the easiest way  
to get around and spite all limits.  
For there is no way for love to ever get inhibited  
since it will burst all locks and dams forever.

### *Our dance of love and death*

The goddess triumphs in her dance  
of love and death across the centuries  
and aeons of destruction and construction,  
ever resurrecting everything,  
and ever baffling all mankind and history  
in cycles of millennias and millennias,  
unperturbed and totally indifferent  
to the ways and follies and destructions of mankind.  
She just keeps dancing on;  
but it is the eternal dance of love,

that ever goes on, starting now and then  
again from the beginning,  
like a cosmic hide-and-seek game,  
letting all the world dance to her whims,  
her unstoppable, aloofness and capriciousness  
dictating all the laws of nature and the universe,  
and there is nothing we can do:  
just go on dancing,  
tantalized and tempted  
constantly again to her destruction;  
and the only thing we can do  
is, like all the world in all its folly,  
to enjoy it.

### *The balance and unbalance of love*

Love is basically out of balance in itself,  
which makes it so extremely difficult  
to ever get it in control and balance,  
if at all it ever could be possible.  
The question is, if even it is worth  
the effort and the vanity of trying.  
On the other hand, when love is balanced  
it is perfect, then it works, can be relied on  
and can actually retain some continuity,  
but it's a most precarious balance  
on a razor's edge of nervousness  
and worry, oversensitivity and constant risk,  
that then it needs your whole attention  
and can never be, like a good book,  
relaxed from, put aside and laid at rest.  
Love never sleeps,  
and lovers are insomniacs all,  
and if you want that game and pleasure,  
be prepared to never sleep again.

### *Förtvivlan*

(barock kärleksdikt)

Förtvivlans tårar dränker världen  
i förlamande förödande fördömda flöden  
som om jorden inte var tillräckligt bloddränkt ännu  
av vår mänskligheits ohygglighets och vanvetts frammarsch  
över ständigt fortsatt ruiner av historiens ruiner  
medan alla som förstår och har vett i behåll blott gråter  
i paralyserad ångest av så gastkramande skrin  
att endast tystnad uppstår som total bedövning  
av lamslagen kramps universella själsförintelse.  
Skall vi då aldrig mera träffas?  
Var vår kärlek blott en parentes,  
ett fall i kärleksträsket som vi överlevde  
i en trist tillnyktring från barnsliga griller,  
var allt svärmeri blott juvenila drömmar  
i ett slags patetisk nostalgi till barndoms oskuld  
och dess första kärleks underbara enda blomma,  
som ej någonsin fick blomma ut ordentligt  
men blev kvävd från början  
som en optimistisk orkidé i granskogs kvävning  
av blott överväldigande etablerat mörkers hopplöshet  
och kalla skoningslösa tyngd av ofrånkomlig verklighet?

Som om det inte var svårt nog att överleva  
utan extra sabotage av ödets inträngs obönhörlighet,  
så måste livet ändå bara desto mera plågas  
för att det trots allt har mod att leva.

Så är vårt liv en orättvisa utan ände,  
och det enda vi kan göra åt ett så groteskt elände  
är att obstinat fortsätta leva  
och om ej för annat så för livets egen skull.

### *Unattainability*

An abstract poem about abstract things,  
the unattainability of any true ideal,  
like any true and honest lasting love  
is there and within reach for all its unattainability  
and for that very reason: it would not be true  
or there or honest or forever lasting  
if it was not unattainable.  
So there is nothing wrong in living  
for such an absurdity,  
or trying vainly and intrepidly to reach it  
since it is there within reach  
because of its consistent unattainability,  
and as long as it is unattainable  
it will be there and last forever,  
unattainability remaining always out of reach  
but for that very reason always reached for.

### *An endless quarrel over nothing*

– Comment on the great Shakespeare authorship controversy on the Internet (HLAS)...

The debate has now been going on  
for some eleven years of endless quarrelling  
about who really wrote the works of Shakespeare  
which has now produced some 25,000 discussions,  
in which one theme has been dominant:  
the meanness of Stratfordians slugging any opposition  
with a thuggee might by any means destroying any effort  
at alternative ideas and theories and research  
trying honestly to offer better explanations to the problem  
of the most unsatisfactory representation  
of an amateur illiterate and phoney upstart from the country  
as the master of the finest poetry yet written  
in the English language, while in fact all other theories  
are much more satisfactory, convincing and make better sense.  
But since they can't be proven, the Stratfordian meanness  
arrogantly pursues and assumes the right of keeping up the bully attitude  
defending the establishment at any cost,  
persisting in maintaining that there's only one side to the truth,  
ignoring and suppressing that there are more sides to any truth  
than ever can be grasped, encompassed or suspected.  
Meanwhile, the works keep marching on  
completely unperturbed by academic quarrels,  
living their own lives of masks and set-up characters  
and never quarrelled over, as if their creator,  
that most dubious enigmatic and evasive author  
never had existed. And perhaps that was the very aim  
and purpose and intention, let alone desire of the author.

*If you still can love her...*

If you still can love her  
after seeing her each morning  
long before her toilet make-up  
naked to the soul unmasked  
with wrinkles, warts and all  
in her worst temper and most boring mood,  
if you have come to know her all that deep  
and still must keep her in your heart  
in love that rather grows than fades  
in spite of all her weakness and confusion,  
then, my friend, you are completely lost  
but fortunately only in for love,  
which rather is a victory than any loss.

*The lover*

That I loved you no one can deny,  
and that I loved you deeply I confess  
and even that I love you still and more than ever,  
but in my own way, without insulting,  
without causing hurts and without importuning  
stealing furtively into your heart  
with smoothness and discretion without friction,  
so that you would never know,  
and no one else would notice either for that matter,  
that I was the man who visited your bed  
as your true only lover, never to abandon it  
but being always there at hand at any time.  
So will I keep you up, my love,  
sustaining what we both need most of all,  
the very stuff that made us  
which we can not do without  
which only truest lovers ever dared to dream of  
and which we possessed from the beginning.

*Resistance*

Love is never stronger and more vital  
in its growth, expansion and dynamic  
than when it is thwarted and resisted,  
nothing being more character edifying  
than adversity and trial. I am not afraid.  
Come whatever, and I will face up to it  
with you and keep you covered and supported  
by the most infallible and powerful of weapons,  
which of course is love, which never runs out,  
never can run out of ammunition.  
We have everything together  
which includes the world and all our dreams  
encompassing the world in magic beauty of our love  
which nothing can pervade or permeate  
but which can only blissfully expand  
to never cease enlarging freedom limits.

*Why philosophers don't marry*

"The maturest lovers best fit for marriage are philosophers, but philosophers don't marry."

– Arthur Schopenhauer

Philosophers don't marry  
since they love too much and too sincerely  
to be a match for mortal love expression,  
they take love too seriously to not get hurt  
too deeply by the smallest friction and controversy,  
they think too much to share the flair of wanton wives,  
they are too slow in action while too busy dreaming,  
and they never seem to manage to get down to earth  
to qualify for the responsibility of mundane business.  
Still, they are the best of lovers,  
for they take it much more seriously than others,  
and their faithfulness is more reliably profound  
than can be found in any married couple;  
so they stay off marriage just to save their love  
for honesty and faithfulness of everlasting value,  
growing and expanding constantly in more potential  
than can be confined in any mortal flesh.

*Varför filosofer inte gifter sig*

"Endast filosofer kan ha lyckliga äktenskap, men filosofer gifter sig inte."

– Arthur Schopenhauer

Filosofer brukar inte gifta sig  
då deras kärlek går för djupt  
och är för sårbar i sin innerliga ärlighet  
för att rätt passa in i dödlig kärlekslek;  
den minsta frustration, friktion och kontrovers  
blir alltför djupa sår som stannar kvar,  
de tänker alldeles för mycket  
för att unna sig det lättsinne som fruar kräver,  
de är alltför långsamma i handling  
och för upptagna med drömmier  
att de aldrig kommer ner på jorden  
för att kunna ta del i det ansvar som samhället kräver.  
Ändå är de bäst bland älskare,  
för de tar kärleken mer djupt på allvar än de andra,  
och de vet vad trohet är och dess betydelse och vikt  
och är mer pålitliga än något äktenskap;  
så därför håller de sig därifrån  
helt enkelt för att skydda och bevara  
sin sårbara kärleks ömhets innerliga klara låga  
och bevara troheten intakt i evighetens renhet  
växande och expanderande konstant i mer betydande potens  
än vad som någonsin kan rymmas i det dödliga.

*Your faces*

– a double-faced woman is usually multiple

Which face of yours is true,  
or is it as I would suspect,  
that all your masks are true as faces,  
counterfeiting masks to hide your delicate vulnerability,

thus protecting you from falseness and attack  
by simply being truer than what anyone could think  
is possible for you to be?  
Men usually regard all women with suspicion,  
almost taking it for granted that they must be false  
and therefore needs deserve debasing treatment,  
while the opposite more often than not is the case,  
that ladies take in and accept the denigration  
by their love to make their misled men think better and improve  
and thus learn love for real by women's aching hearts  
of self-effacement for the sake of love and life.  
Your mask of beauty is more real than  
than the faces hid beneath it,  
which are the more interesting  
for their ability of such variation.

### *Depression*

– July in Sweden has caused havoc by constant furious rainfalls, like in England...

The depression is like some infectuous disease  
disastrously affecting anyone with fits of anguish  
making them burst out in tears in worse cascades  
than the incessant rains bombardings us with fury,  
drowning us in misery, bereaving us of summer,  
so that frail hearts break up and dissolve in desperation,  
and no medicine, no treatment, nothing helps,  
since all these rains just keep on falling down,  
as if to drag all mankind down in torrents of disaster  
in some kind of new flood just beginning...  
Cheer up! We still have our hearts and souls,  
the music of persistent universal harmony can never be shut down,  
for even if the melodies are drowned in squalls of noise  
and the world menace and infection of disharmony,  
the true heart will still go on singing  
if for nothing else at least for love.

### *Requiem for a Dead Poet*

Keats, Shelley, Rupert Brooke, Wilfred Owen, and others...  
(*Rupert Brooke fell on Shakespeare's birthday 23rd April 1915, 28 years old,*  
*his birthday was on August 3rd, and Shelley's on August 4th.*  
*Wilfred Owen fell on the western front one week before armistice 1918, 25 years old.)*

It's a constantly recurring problem,  
the divinely gifted poet who just disappears,  
without a reasonable explanation  
quite unfairly and without justification  
as if his name really had been writ in water,  
leaving after him a terrible bereavement  
and a sense of loss that must remain forever;  
and it's worse each time it happens,  
whether sailed away and taken by the storm  
exactly when life's fortune starts to smile with health and happiness,  
or exiled in the trenches to the last place any human being would deserve  
to serve as cannon fodder for the universal vanity  
of human martial madness executing poets with conductors,  
painters with composers, artists, architects and ballet dancers,  
mutilating them for life, sentencing them for life as invalids  
or sparing them the whole war through to execute them in the end  
a few days just before the armistice in wicked irony,

or just expelling them, deleting them for some mistake  
that cannot be regretted.

Who is next?

But one thing will remain in all this tragic business,  
which is the most irrefutable of unescapabilities,  
that poets will be best remembered  
who were most cut short and silenced  
for no other reason than injustice.

### *Going in*

I would love to love you,  
getting lost in that deep darkness of your hair,  
the richness of your generosity  
and your characteristic mystery  
of no end to the bottom of your secrets.

Let me dig them up,  
allow me to be thorough in my work  
of delving deep into your lair  
to sort out all your fascinations  
and get so intrigued about it  
as to never reaching any end.  
That is how love should be,  
and which it will be  
if you let me love you.

### *The Days of Wines and Roses*

When will they ever come again,  
those desirable days of wines and roses  
that we had once and enjoyed so thoroughly  
but couldn't stick to, since we lost them,  
and since then just long for the nostalgia  
of sweet dreams of happiness  
so long since passed and woken up from?  
Still, the sweetness is still there  
of our longing and our dreams,  
and one day, you can bet on it,  
we will be there again enjoying  
fully and with sparkling joy each other's company  
to stay united then and never leave each other  
but for temporary absences alone  
while we remain together spiritually  
never to get lost again.

### *Self-destructiveness*

It seems to be the illness of the age,  
when everyone is hurrying to his doom,  
with fury speeded up by isms of every kind  
to aid them to some kind of mania,  
like alcoholism, addiction of whatever kind,  
or, worst of all, the universal stress of workoholism  
turning every potent individual to a robot  
of manipulated brainwash-stoned efficiency  
which makes it quite impossible for anyone  
to ever come down straight again  
on stable feet with reasonable mind  
and the detachment from reality  
which is the mark of health and soundness.

So do we hasten to our end in frenzy  
in a universal kind of lemming self-destruction  
even hurrying up to make it shorter  
like a going down Titanic  
every minute making worse the torture,  
and we do not even seem to mind  
but just rush blindly on in no direction  
just for the sensation of it,  
and that seems to be the motor of all mankind:  
that self-destructive urge to hurry to the final fall  
that must inevitably come, the sooner and the better.  
And that is the greatest folly of them all,  
since that's the energy that keeps civilization rolling  
headlong downwards but still forward  
in a blind chaotic craze of vanity  
that is its own most perfect punishment,  
since it keeps humankind alive and going  
round in circles of insanity of their own making,  
sentenced to that doom for life  
and all eternity, if they believe in it.

### *Självdestruktivitet*

Det verkar vara tidens sjukdom,  
så som alla verkar skynda mot sin undergång,  
uppblåsta, dopade och egotrippade  
igenom vad för ism och drog som helst  
som bara hjälper dem på traven till mer maniskhet,  
som medicinmissbruk och drogmissbruk,  
alkoholism och vilket missbruk i stort sett som helst,  
av vilka dock det värsta är arbetsnarkomanin,  
som karaktärsförändrar vilken människa som helst  
till en hjärntvåttsmanipulerad robot av kall effektivitet  
som gör det omöjligt för vem som helst  
att bli normal igen och komma ner på fötterna  
med sinnet i behåll och klar distans till verkligheten,  
det bästa tecknet på naturlig sundhet.  
Så hastar vi i raseri mot undergången  
störtandes oss själva ursinnigt i blindhets olycka  
och till och med accelererar för att göra plågan kortare,  
som i ett slags Titanics undergång,  
där varje ögonblick blott gör all pina värre,  
och vi verkar inte bry oss om vårt lämmeltågs fördömelse  
men bara skyndar på allt vildare i alla riktningar  
för bara sensationens skull i världskalabaliken,  
vilket verkar vara själva motorn i all mänsklighetens frammarsch:  
det självdestruktiva strävandet mot undergången  
som måste komma, ju förr desto bättre.  
Och det är den största dårskapen av alla,  
då just det tycks vara energin som håller världens liv i gång  
i ständig utförsbacke mot förintelsen men ändå framåt  
i ett blint kaotiskt vansinne av fåfång ävlan  
som blir eget rättvist straff av lämpligaste slag  
som håller mänskligheten kvar i ekorrhjulet  
skenande i inre cirklar av förvirrings hysteri  
i livstids fängelse av egen instängdhet  
som straff i evighet, för den som tror på den.

### *The cruelty of love*

True love is never quite requited  
but becomes an aching wound to last forever  
bleeding inwardly with tears of pain  
to always wet your whereabouts,  
and that's the company you'll always have,  
the substitute of what you lost.  
The cruelty of love is like a force of nature  
unrelenting and inevitable  
striking hard and always from behind  
in a surprising deadly ambush  
for which you can never be prepared,  
a lightning from a clear sky without warning  
striking you in silence down to cinders,  
leaving you a screaming wreck down in the drain  
in utter solitude  
with nothing left of all your love  
than bitter memories of how it never was fulfilled,  
but with the one and lasting comfort,  
that it was not you who failed,  
since you did really love.

### *Revelation of a mystery*

They wonder who you are,  
but I will never tell them,  
never give our love away,  
the secret of our hearts,  
that dwells in shadows of intimacy  
beyond the endless maze of seven veils  
that hide the strangest secret in the world,  
the mystery of love according to our practice  
and experience separating us from common knowledge,  
particularizing us into a special category  
of the rarest lovers,  
those that never were found out;  
and I will keep you there  
concealed forever in my warmest heart  
to there be cherished infinitely by my passion  
that could never burn more ardently  
than what it does for me and you.

### *Avstickaren*

– apropå en rockkonsert i Göteborg med 60,000 besökare...

Man kunde inte gå i närheten  
då oljudet var så öronbedövande  
att man blev lomhörd tusen meter därifrån,  
och alla boende i området klagade  
på sport-arenans orgier i oväsen  
som dränkte staden i audiell miljöförstöring,  
medan fans-publiken, sextio tusen,  
fyllde stadens gator med ölburkar,  
tomflaskor och skräp och sönderslagna tomglas  
enkom ägnade att ge cyklisterna punktering med.  
Naturligtvis var denna tusenfaldiga publik  
helt med på noterna och öste på  
med samma fylla under drogbesatthets skrån och orgier  
som rockgruppen själva föregick med gott exempel i.

Så säger de, att sådana oväsensfyllon  
står på samma höga musikaliska nivå som Beethoven och Schubert,  
att Franz Liszt, Chopin och Mendelssohn var sin tids rockidoler,  
som om dessa mäktade presteras samma oväsen som rockarna,  
som lever på manipulerad masspsykos  
och ersätter sin brist på musikalitet med tom volym  
att spränga allas hörsel med.  
Man borde efter 30-talet redan ha förstått  
i och med Nazi-tidens masspsykoskultrörelser  
att massan är ett lämmeltåg som bara vandrar mot sin undergång  
för att förgås och lämna intet efter sig förutom skräp och lik.  
Jag beklagar, men jag finner ingen mening med att delta  
i förryckta masspsykosers ruljangser,  
dagsländsflockars självförbränning genom lågornas berusning,  
gräshoppsvärmars nerskitning av samhället  
och lyssnar hellre ensam på Chopin och Schubert  
i isolering bortanför vår världs larmande dårskaps raseri  
än deltar i den universella korruptionen  
där blott pengar styr, bestämmer allt,  
kör över kvaliteten och gör kvantitetens syndaflod till diktatur.  
Jag går då hellre undan för att överleva underjordiskt  
än bli medbrottslig i samtids hänsynslösa fartdårskaps totala blindhet.  
Varför göra livet outhärdligt, när man dock kan göra det uthärdligt?

### *Sharing*

My love is dead, impossible and faded out,  
and still my life is hers as well as mine;  
what I am she is also, although far away,  
since sharing has become our life.

Disturbance shattered our reunion,  
too many shut me out from her,  
and still her heart is mine as mine is hers,  
as if all that we share is more than life,

the very depths of the abysmal feelings  
constantly devouring our souls  
and drowning them in feelings inexpressible,  
that can't be shared by anyone except your love;

and then you know, that you in spite of all  
are still in love and never quite alone,  
although your deepest feelings  
never can be shared by anyone

except the company you find  
deep down at bottom of that loneliness  
you always thought you had  
but brought you all the world for company.

### *On the pain of love*

My love, our synchronization always failed  
as we could never reach each other  
no matter how close we got  
and intimately straight into each others' souls  
to stay there, loving and adoring  
but, alas, with no synchronization.  
Could it be much worse,  
or could it be much better?

There we are, in love and desperately  
and can not do anything about it  
but just tumble hopelessly around  
in roller-coasters constantly derailing  
between ups and downs  
from tops of heavens to the abysses of hell  
and up again and never still  
but always wildly bolting  
between every possible exaggeration  
and delightful dramatization.  
Well, I guess it's just for us to carry on,  
continue wallowing in absences and presences  
and make the best of it,  
although it sometimes ends up as the worst.  
The lovers' pains dilemma is a syndrome  
which, perhaps a comfort,  
we will never be alone with  
but will share with every lover in the universe.

*On a cherished bed of roses...*

On a cherished bed of roses  
we will do our exploration  
in the jungle of each other's hairs,  
which, like all nature  
and especially all jungles and their freedom,  
constantly should be expanded,  
long hair meaning generosity  
and richness of good will and heart.  
And thus would I forever grow your hair  
to mark and underscore the meaning of our love  
to simply keep developing and growing  
with our exploration of it  
ever deeper into that rich jungle freedom  
of our inexhaustible inalienable love forever.

*Love's secret*

Love is never stronger  
than when guided by a neutral altruism  
manipulating anyone unconsciously  
to any strange constructive purpose and direction  
most astonishing in their results  
to the unconscious messenger of love himself.  
That is another of love's manifold manifestations,  
that it works best silently and underground  
without attracting notice, like a mole,  
pervading life and people with that destiny  
of only good, which is received then naturally  
without thanks as something obvious and self-evident.  
That love is deepest which remains concealed,  
unknown to everyone except the keeper of the secret.

*The last hippie*

(Documentary. This man actually exists although I never met him myself. The second 'last hippie', a Swede, knows him well though and told me the story.)

He carries on indefatigably  
now since thirty years,

that hearty old Italian,  
who keeps going on his scooter  
all round India, down to Goa wintertime,  
in summer up to Ladakh  
and in season to Manali  
and the hills and their hill stations,  
keeping up the old ideals  
of freedom, independence,  
non-compliance with corruption,  
the society of self-deceit called "progress",  
sticking to his 'Chaupathi Express',  
his ancient scooter,  
keeping him above all human worldly problems  
in his timeless legendary hippie style,  
refusing simply ever to give up  
his faith in better sides of life  
and in humanity.

(\*'Chaupathi' is the famous Indian thin bread.)

### *Growing old*

When you overwork and have too many worries,  
naturally you must age and gradually get weary;  
but you always can escape from all your troubles  
by retreats or taking off on journeys,  
getting healthily detached from all your mundane vanities;  
and then you notice, when you get your health restored  
in healthy relaxation distancing all worldliness,  
that age is but a state of mind.  
As long as you keep going in your mind and keep it clear  
in constant application, work, research and study,  
age will never bother you nor sickness,  
since your body just will follow suit  
and keep adapted to your mind's exertion,  
never tiring of constantly more challenges  
and feeling only better afterwards for all that strain.  
Your soul is all your life, your body is its servant,  
just an instrument, the more in use, the better,  
since your soul, the motor, like an organ  
must be used, since life must never be let down.

### *Intimate honesty*

When I think of you with pleasure and contentment  
disregarding all your lacks and wants,  
your vanity and lack of human knowledge,  
I can but adore you nonetheless  
because of all that is so good in you,  
your lacks and wants and weaknesses,  
your over-sensitivity and bleeding heart,  
your limitation in your intact world of beauty,  
which however could redeem civilization  
with its purity, simplicity and honesty.  
I will not let you go, I will not drop you,  
since our friendship is a higher thing than ordinary love,  
transcending it and leaving it behind;  
since there is really such a thing  
as love that lasts forever,  
being a continuous wonder story  
carrying on in constantly new chapters

from one lifetime to another  
constantly expanding parallel to that eternity  
which can not have an end since it exists.

*When I dream of you*

When I dream of you  
with such a sweetness  
of nostalgia and bitter memories  
of loss and how we never got a chance,  
the timelessness of our love  
just makes it more enduring  
and more live than even in our youth,  
as if our love, in spite of decades of departure,  
just kept growing anyway  
in beauty and maturity  
to never fail but rather spite  
all mundane limitations and dimensions;  
which for certain proves,  
that love is something else and something more  
than just a part of general mortality.

*To Aliena*

A year has passed of our acquaintance,  
sister in a destiny of alienation  
in a foreign country of no mercy  
nor of understanding of a warm mentality,  
a country frozen stiff each winter  
for five months with every human soul;  
but still we carry on intrepidly  
and holding forth our light of warmth,  
humanity and joy of life,  
Italian style, with no end to good humour,  
tenderness, positivism and cheerfulness.  
We share together the same birthday almost  
with some hours' difference only,  
which turn us astrologically into twins;  
and may we always keep that cheerful course  
of parallel good thinking, creativity and love  
and joy of life with only the best wishes to all living things,  
that they may prosper with ourselves.

*The Sea*

The first of challenges against my life  
was water, which I battled with  
courageously against all odds,  
failing to get drowned three times  
although I did the best I could  
in my association with the wildest element  
acquiring a sound relationship with it,  
so that I never was afraid of giant ocean waves,  
the rolling mountains of ferocious foaming fury,  
which I just regarded as my friends,  
the more imposing and forbidding, the more lovely.  
I remained a faithful lover of the sea  
thus all my life, and there I might return some day,  
to that first battle as a child with death  
wherein we might unite one day forever.

### *Havet*

Min första utmaning i livet  
var min dust med vattnet,  
då jag nästan drunknade tre gånger  
för att alltid likväl återuppta dusten  
med det vildaste av alla element,  
de magnifika vågorna i skummande bärsärkarraseri,  
som jag var tvungen att få någon relation till,  
ett förhållande som varat lika fast som någon vänskap,  
och ju högre, farligare vågor, desto bättre –  
jag kan aldrig tröttna på dem eller frukta dem.  
Så blev jag ifrån början trogen älskare av havet  
hela livet, vart jag kanske en dag återvänder  
till min första strid som barn för livet,  
som vi kanske en dag skall förenas i.

### *Jotunheimen*

When I crazy raved around the mountains  
of the snowy wilderness of Norway,  
way in Rondane in blinding blizzards,  
still we carried on like crazy in our vanity  
just to get through to Peer Gynt's cottage  
somewhere in the wilderness,  
beyond all visible geography,  
perhaps out there and buried somewhere  
in the snows and definitely out of sight.  
The snows, the mountains, snowblindness,  
the friends I lost out there in sudden storms  
with temperatures dropping down to minus 50  
in the cruel madness of the wind, –  
and still there was a greatness in it all,  
to be alone out there in the ferocious wilderness  
completely at the mercy of the raving mountains  
in the death claws of the glaciers and their traps,  
but still you triumphed, roaring out in splendid song  
just to be part of it, the greatness of the wilderness,  
the glory of the overwhelming odds against you  
which in spite of all you managed to survive.

### *Jotunheimen*

När jag irrade omkring bland bergen  
galen bland de hemska norra jättarna  
kring Rondane med stormars snö i ögonen,  
vi kämpade ändå i fåfänga som dårar  
för att komma fram till Peer Gynts hytta  
någonstans där bortanför all vildmark  
osynlig och bortom all geografi  
och kanske bortsvept eller helt enkelt begravd  
i snölaviners skrymmande förintelse.  
Ack, snön, de bergen, snöblindheten,  
vännerna som där gick under plötsligt  
genom överraskningsstormars drastiska temperaturfall  
i den omänskliga vindens vansinniga grymhet, –  
ändå var det något med det hela,  
att få vara ensam där med det universella raseriet  
helt utlämnad åt de överväldigande bergens vildhet

med glaciärers ständiga dödsfallor dolda under isen, –  
likväl var det en triumf att där få brista ut i sångens dån,  
att blott få vara del av denna fria vildmarks storhet  
i dess mest förkrossande förintande och oerhörda övermakt  
som gjorde dig så liten och så maktlös som en vilsen mes  
med ändå den naturliga förmågan i behåll att överleva.

### *Mother Italy*

– a poem of gratitude

I was fourteen when I first came home  
to Italy, my culturally native country,  
where I never had a warmer welcome,  
Rome, Toscana, Venice and Verona  
universally accepting me as one of theirs  
and not just as a prodigal lost castaway  
but as one flesh and blood with them;  
and how I loved that suddenly found mother!  
With her beauty, splendour, greatness, charm and kindness  
I could never be more perfectly at home,  
and so I turned into a good and faithful son  
more frequently returning every year,  
as there is nothing that goes deeper down your roots  
than motherhood, when she is all ideal and spiritual.

### *Moder Italien*

– med tacksamhet

Jag var fjorton när jag först kom hem  
till rätta i mitt kulturella moderland,  
Italien, där jag aldrig varmare blev hälsad välkommen  
av Rom, Toscana, släktstaden Verona och Venedig,  
som totalt och genast accepterade mig som en egen son  
och inte bara som en utkastad förlorad flykting  
men av samma kött och blod som dem,  
och hur har jag ej älskat denna återfunna moder!  
Med sin skönhet, härlighet och generositet,  
sin charm, sin godhets känslighet och storhet  
kunde jag ej någonstans mer känna mig som hemma;  
så jag blev en god och trogen son  
som alltmer ofta återvände för vart år,  
då det finns inget som går djupare i rötterna  
än moderskapet, när det är så ideellt och spirituellt.

### *Rivals*

I never was much for a love fight,  
always giving up at once  
as soon as there were rivals,  
not from cowardice, but principally:  
love must never be contaminated by brute force,  
since any kind of violence is just the opposite  
of any kind of love, especially true love.  
So let me rather love in silence at a distance  
faithfully forever with the most reliable of loyalty  
than get involved with fisticuffs, upsetting rivalry,  
the animal vulgarity of sexual force,  
that only would destroy the whole idea of love  
which only can survive as long as it can be preserved  
in intact purity of honest truth.

### *Greece*

I always dreamed about that ancient lost civilization,  
so sparkling in its splendour and dynamic growth  
with suddenly the perfect sense of beauty and of realism  
exploding in the arts, in architecture and in literature,  
science being born with logic and the art of criticism,  
to question everything, to pry and probe and never tire  
of investigating, of exploiting curiosity and never be at ease,  
the sound refuting of self-satisfaction and of hubris,  
giving us the one civilization of philosophy.  
My spiritual roots gave never up the ancient Greece  
but always stayed there faithfully in spiritual depths  
to one day, finally, return and find it still alive  
and more inspiring than ever.  
Greece is always there, my favourite in Europe,  
with her inspiration and undying sparkling spirituality,  
renewing and reminding constantly all Europe  
of the fact that Europe came to be in Greece  
arising, like a whole world of creation, from a myth.  
That creativity is for me the most essential Greece  
which I will share, support and always be a part of  
carrying on the torch, regardless of where and how I may wander.

### *Grekland*

Jag drömde alltid om den glömda civilisationen,  
som begravdes levande med all sin härlighet,  
sin explosiva dynamik, sin rena idealism,  
sin plötsligt uppenbarade perfekta realism och skönhet,  
som exploderade i konst, arkitektur, litteratur  
och vetenskap, som föddes med logiken och kritiken,  
konsten att ifrågasätta allt och aldrig upphöra med undersökning,  
aldrig ge sig i nyfikenhetens krav på tillfredsställelse,  
sundhetens avståndstagande från självgodhet och hybris,  
vilket gav oss nog den enda civilisation baserad på filosofi.  
Jag gav ej någonsin upp mina rötter i antakens Grekland  
men var alltid trogen dess spirituella djup  
för att en dag få komma hem tillbaka och uppleva  
att det ännu levde kvar och mera inspirerande än någonsin.  
Och det finns alltid kvar, mitt favoritland i Europa,  
med sin oförgängliga spiritualitet och gnista av genialitet,  
som alltid revitaliserar och skall påminna Europa om  
att Europa uppstod där i Grekland, liksom hela skapelsen,  
ifrån en myt. För mig är detta det essentiella  
med mitt Grekland, denna kreativitetsmentalitet  
som alltid skall vibrera där i luften i seren vitalitet,  
som jag skall dela och förbli en del av alltid  
för att bära facklan vidare varthän jag än må resa  
bort på evighetens irrfärd oberoende av tid och rum.

### *The highest party*

If there is music, there is life  
and harmony and beauty,  
if the music is well tuned and temperate,  
a fugue, a dance, a choir or a symphony,  
it knows no bounds but can reach anywhere  
to any height of joy and happiness and glory,  
beauty being just about the only thing  
that always could redeem all mankind,

history and civilization, just by being,  
since there is no truer thing than beauty,  
which, the more it is endowed with beauty,  
is the truer and the more important  
as a life-inspiring source of joy  
which the more certainly can carry on the world,  
sustaining it by being just the essence of all life and soul.

#### *Den högsta festen*

Om musiken lever ger den liv  
och harmoni och skönhet,  
om den bara är väl stämd och tempererad,  
vare sig en fuga, dans, en kör eller en symfoni,  
så har den inga gränser men kan nå fram överallt  
till ständigt högre höjd av glädje, härlighet och lycka,  
då skönhetens väsen kanske är det enda  
som har lyckats återlösa mänskligheten alltid,  
civilisationen och historien bara med att finnas till,  
då ingen sanning är mer sann än skönheten,  
som bara blir mer sann ju vackrare den är  
och desto viktigare såsom glädjekälla till inspiration  
som desto säkrare kan upprätthålla hela världen  
genom att utgöra själva hjärtat och essensen  
av allt liv och anden som besjalar det.

#### *France*

The coldness of your intellectualism  
was never much of an attraction to me,  
cold intelligence for its own sake  
more often being cruel and unhuman  
than agreeable and positive,  
but your poetry is always in the air  
with songs galore of wonderful melodic beauty  
for which I'll forgive you anything,  
you proud capricious France  
of too much haughty superiority  
based mainly on the vanity of artificialness.  
Still, Edith Piaf, Chopin, Victor Hugo, Voltaire,  
Jules Verne, Dumas and Baudelaire were all in France  
contributing to her poetic spirit  
which will last and rule more sovereignly  
than all miserable fools just messing up  
the troublesome and unsound history of France.

#### *Frankrike*

Din intellektuella kyla, Frankrike,  
var aldrig någon attraktion för mig,  
då kall intelligens lätt övergår i grymhet  
och omänsklighet än håller sig human och konstruktiv,  
men dina sånger och din poesi finns alltid där  
av utsäglich skönhet och melodisk rikedom  
för vilken jag förlåter dig och överser med allt,  
du stolta nyckfulla nation av högfärd  
grundad mest på tillgjordhet och fåfäng onaturlighet.  
Dock var Chopin, Edith Piaf, Victor Hugo, Voltaire,  
Jules Verne, Dumas och Baudelaire i Frankrike  
och bidrog generöst till hennes poesis espri

som kommer att bestå och härska mycket längre  
än de misslyckade narrar som gjort allt  
för att få Frankrike att alltid spåra ur.

### *Germany*

This mammoth monster of dynamics and complexity  
is inexpressible and undefinable as anything specific,  
being so exaggerated to extremes in all directions,  
in philosophy to reach the ends and bottoms of insanity,  
in music unsurmountable, supreme and more than glorious,  
in architecture utterly fantastic, when you think of all the castles,  
like Neuschwanstein, and the fairy tales of cruel romanticism,  
the overstrained excesses of the brothers Grimm and Hoffmann,  
the extreme idealism of Schiller and the perfect harmony of Goethe,  
best in almost every field but also worst in some –  
let's speak more silently of Wagner, Nietzsche, Marx and Hitler,  
as if Germany just had to go too far in everything  
in order to maintain and manifest herself,  
regardless of the consequences.  
I prefer to stay away from her, admire her  
incredible accomplishments of beauty and romanticism  
but never come too close, in order not to risk get burned  
but that so unpredictable volcanic flame of genius  
that, when it went wrong, just nearly ruined all the world.

### *Tyskland*

Detta mammutmonster av komplexitet och dynamik  
är obeskrivligt och odefinierbart i sin opåtaglighet,  
då det i alla riktningar är så extremt i sina överdrifter,  
i filosofin så djupt att det har nått det yttersta vansinnet,  
i musiken suveränt, oöverträffbart i sin härlighets totala gränslöshet,  
inom arkitekturen helt fantastiskt när man kontemplerar alla sagoslotten,  
som Neuschwanstein, och den helt förryckta sagovärldens grymhet  
med bröderna Grimms fantasteri och Hoffmanns,  
Schillers yttersta idealism och Goethes fullkomliga harmoni,  
på nästan alla områden oöverträffat, oerhört och bäst  
men också värst ibland – låt oss ej tala alltför högt  
om Wagner, Nietzsche, Marx och Hitler,  
som om Tyskland måste gå till överdrift i allt  
blott för att hävda sig, manifestera sig och underhålla sig  
helt oberört av konsekvenserna i hänsynslös likgiltighet och nonchalans.  
Jag föredrar att hålla mig på säkert avstånd,  
varmt beundra henne för sin högsta höjd av romantik och skönhet  
men att aldrig gå för nära, för att undgå att bli bränd  
av den så oberäkneliga vulkanismens flammans farliga genialitet  
som, när den löpte amok, närapå förintade all världen.

### *Norway*

The utter wildness of your wilderness  
was always like a dream to me  
of magic utterly extreme,  
in soaring altitudes to terrifying blizzards  
furiously assaulting you like trolls  
and offering the mightiest challenges  
against your whole existence and your life,  
but what a splendid glorious freedom!  
Sitting there enthroned on Prekestolen

far above the fiord that stretches out  
from one horizon to another far beneath you  
in magnetic magic vertigo of horrifying ecstasy,  
and you are all alone with all the mountains,  
that fantastic giant world of terrors  
but of freedom also most of all and beauty,  
which inspires you to just go on to higher glaciers,  
walking steadily triumphantly across the moors  
and swamps, ignoring all the abysses  
to keep on course in soundest wilderness  
in this most sane and healthy,  
challenging and beautiful of Nordic countries.

### *Norge*

Din vildmarks överväldigande vildhet  
var för mig en dröm av den extremaste magi  
på oerhörda höjder i konfrontation med snöstormsfasor  
i ursinnigt angrepp som av trollarméer  
generösa med erbjudanden om livshotande utmaningar  
som ställer all din existens på kant mot stupet,  
men vad sagolik och idealisk frihet!  
Tronande på Prekestolen ovan molnen  
skyhögt över fjorden som där ligger utsträckt under dig  
från horisont till horisont som universums avgrund  
i magnetisk magisk svindel av förintande extas  
är du helt ensam med de magnifika bergens värld,  
de oerhörda och massiva jättarnas förfärliga domän av terror  
men av frihet lika mycket och av skönhet bländande i renhet,  
som betvingar dig till ständigt högre klättring mot glaciärerna  
med raka steg förbi de öde hedarnas försåtliga moras och träsk,  
som om ej avgrunderna fanns där överallt omkring dig,  
hållande rak kurs i denna friskaste av världar  
bland de rena hälsosamma fjällens absoluta skönhet  
i det mest romantiska och sköna och utmanande  
av kanske alla länder i Europa.

### *Tired of love?*

When you get tired out of love  
it's only the beginning  
of another love affair,  
since love will never leave you  
ever more at peace again  
once you have given something up to her,  
for she will never give you up,  
love being in herself the highest constancy  
that never shall abandon you,  
no matter how hard you try to abandon her,  
no matter for what hard good reasons,  
women always turning you into a cuckold  
for the loss of time and money  
for their shallow company which always ends  
by their deceiving you with gayer and less boring,  
shallower and temporary lovers of no faith;  
while if you really know what love is,  
that love shall not leave you ever  
but remain as true and constant as a virgin  
ever new and fresh and young,  
and you shall always find your love again  
renewing all your youth and joy of life

with her that never even in her thought  
shall lose her trust and faith in you  
for that undying love which is the only certainty  
you have in life as long as you exist.

### *Scotland*

The land of meanness and of whisky,  
stark rationalism and common sense  
and splendid clarity in engineering,  
with one of the finest capitals in Europe,  
tragic freedom fighter never reaching independence,  
but heroic nonetheless in all those bloody efforts, –  
what a passion play of history  
with Mary Queen of Scots a central figure  
for all pure romanticism in Europe,  
that actually was born in Scotland  
with the bard McPherson and his Ossian songs,  
resulting in explosions of romanticism all over Europe,  
not just with Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott,  
but carried on by Stevenson and Conan Doyle,  
two geniuses of clarity and unsurpassed  
as brilliant story tellers of inspiring imagination.  
Well, your medicine remains the best and most reliable  
on earth, for which I always shall remain most grateful,  
willingly forgetting your inhospitable meanness  
for the splendour of your Highlands  
and their dreams of freedom that will never die.

### *Skottland*

Snålt med allt men generöst med whisky  
utmärks du av stark rationalism och sunt förnuft  
och fast förankring i konkret sund realism  
med en av Europas vackraste som huvudstad,  
du frihetskämpe som ej någonsin vann frihet  
i alla dina tragiska och blodiga försök,  
men vilken underbar passionshistoria!  
Mary Stuart utgör medelpunkten för all romantik i Europa,  
som faktiskt började i Skottland  
genom James McPhersons Ossians sånger,  
exploderande i romantik och inspirerad efterföljd  
i hela Europa, inte bara genom Walter Scott och Byron  
men utvecklad vidare av Stevenson och Conan Doyle,  
oöverträffade genier av psykologi och forskarfantasi  
i humanistisk klarhet och intelligens.  
Din medicin förblir den mest pålitliga i världen,  
vilket jag förblir dig alltid tacksam för  
och glömmer villigt då din snålhets ogästvänlighet  
för härligheten i ditt Högland och dess frihetsdrömmar  
som för alltid skall fortsätta inspirera mänskligheten  
med sitt pathos inte bara genom whisky.

### *Ireland*

Where did that madness come from,  
that irrational hysteria of subnormality,  
that always coloured Ireland's history with blood  
and dreadfully exaggerated tragedies,  
which more often than not turned Ireland

to an isle of widows dressed in black and crying,  
going on in endless sorrow over senseless sons forever,  
while the witless hooligans just keep on sacrificing  
lives and families and not just themselves  
but innocents in countless numbers above all?  
Was it that fatal Irish whisky lethally combined  
with catholic fanaticism and superstition,  
or that harsh Atlantic climate with incessant rains  
three hundred days a year at least,  
that always drove the Irish down the drain,  
out of their minds and into obligatory alcoholism?  
I cannot say. All I can do is cry with all those widows,  
sonless mothers, families that lost their fathers  
and their brothers and their children  
for no good at all, as if the lunacy of violence  
was reason in itself for any self-destruction.

### *Irland*

Var kom all denna dårskap från,  
den abnormala hysterin av irrationalism,  
som alltid färgade den gröna ön mer röd av blod  
med ständigt gräsligt överdrivna tragedier,  
vilka esomoftast omvandlade Irland  
till en ö av svarta änkor som blott kunde gråta  
för att aldrig upphöra i outsäglig sorg och klagan  
över galna söner som i envist raseri  
blott fortsatte att offra inte blott sig själva  
men familjer, liv och oskyldiga framför allt  
i ständigt stigande oräkneliga antal?  
Var det den fatala whiskyn bryggd på irländsk malt  
i lömsk kombination med den katolska fanatismen,  
eller var det det omänskliga klimatet  
med de oupphörliga vågråta regnen från Atlanten  
som ju alltid piskat Irland minst tre hundra dagar varje år,  
som drev de stackars irerna till ständigt digrare förtvivlan  
bort från allt förstånd och närapå obligatoriskt till alkoholism?  
Nej, jag förstår det inte. Allt vad jag kan göra  
är att gråta med de svarta änkor,  
sonlösa mödrarna, familjer utan fäder,  
syskon utan bröder och där även barnen offrats  
fullständigt i onödan, som om det nakna våldet  
var skäl nog för vilken blind självdestruktivitet som helst.

### *Portugal*

Wondrous little country of the sea,  
with such an intimate relationship  
of all your ages with that vastness  
of the utmost depths of all the world,  
the ocean, rather temperate and mollified  
around your latitudes, and warm as such  
like something of a universal mother.  
That has marked you as one of the gentlest nations  
with the softest of the latin languages,  
a language made for love and music,  
which indeed Brazil, that formidable daughter  
just across next door of yours, has proved,  
while you remain a dream of sweetest melancholy,  
melting off in Fado singing all the time;  
while once, which we must not forget,

you were the Queen of all the oceans of the world  
who organized the first colonial empire overseas  
and was the last to give that effort up.  
Still, you retain the ocean  
with its fathomless profundity of dreams  
which is your special personal possession  
transforming it into the loveliest song of all the ages,  
that of your peculiar love affair  
with all the universal ocean.

### *Portugal*

Sällsamma nation och lilla land vid havet,  
med så säreget intimt förhållande med Atlanten  
genom alla tider, grubblande konstant  
och melankoliskt över djupet i det stora,  
i det generösa havet som vid dina latituder  
håller sig mest tempererat och vid jämnmod  
som en moders varma saktmod och universalitet,  
som har besjälat dig till något av det mjukaste av länder  
vilket tydligt framgår av ditt ljuva språk  
som är som gjort för kärlek och musik,  
vilket minsann Brasilien, denna din mest formidabla dotter  
har bevisat där på andra sidan sundet,  
medan du förblir en dröm av ljuvaste melankoli  
som smälter bort i Fadosjungande mest hela tiden;  
medan vi dock aldrig borde glömma  
att du en gång var samtliga oceaners Drottning  
som organiserade det första sjöimperiet  
och var sist i världen om att övergiva det.  
Dock har du kvar din ocean  
med dess outrannsaktighet av drömmars djuphet  
vilket alltid skall förbli din arvedel  
som du omvandlar till den skönaste av alla tiders sånger,  
den om din unika kärleks innerlighet  
i förhållandet med den universella oceanen.

### *Bulgaria*

Exotic wilderness beyond Illyria,  
ancient kingdom of the Iron Age,  
a wondrous fairy land of fantasy,  
where culture rules with music,  
driving over all those nonsense games  
of temporary farces of politics  
only leaving chaos and disorder in behind,  
while the original slavonic roots remain  
deep buried in the history of ancient times  
when you gave birth to all the Slav world  
with its ancient language breeding others  
spreading out your culture over eastern Europe,  
you are still the core of all that world,  
containing in yourself the very heart  
of Slavic essence with its special talents  
for exactitude in linguistics, science,  
intellectual universalism and humanism,  
all emanating from that Balkan wilderness  
among the snowy mountains with their secrets,  
monasteries hidden deep in distant valleys,  
used to the ordeal of difficult survival.  
Since I first was introduced to you

I have remained a faithful lover  
of your strange originality among the hills  
with splendid music crying out  
for the necessity and urge of freedom  
that can never be put down  
by any crushing brutal force of history.

### *Bulgarien*

Karga vildmarksrike av exotisk drömvärld  
någonstans bortom Illyrien från flydda tider,  
kungarrike mera uråldrigt än järnåldern,  
som alltid dominerats av kulturen och musiken,  
som kört städse över alla världens narrspel  
av farsartad politik som bara lämnat kaos efter sig,  
medan dina sega djupa rötter dock förblir  
förankrade i urhistoriens konkreta fasthet  
när du frambringade slavernas nationer  
med ditt uråldriga språk som moder åt dem alla,  
spridande kulturen över hela östra Europa,  
du är alltjämt kärnan av dem alla,  
inneslutande i ditt så intensiva innerliga hjärta  
den slavoniska essensen av den särskilda begåvningen  
för språk och vetenskap, intellektuell exakthet,  
universalism och humanism, allt helt spontant  
utmynnande från de balkanska höjdernas  
stormpinta vildhet bland de snöklädda bergskedjorna  
med deras hemligheter gömda djupt i skrevor  
och raviner, undanskymda dalars kloster  
vana vid försvårad överlevnad.  
Sedan jag först blev introducerad hos din vildhet  
har jag troget varit dig en trofast älskare  
av din originalitets exotiska särprägel  
där du aldrig kunnat hålla tyst med din musik  
som alltid ropat ut sitt vilda krav på frihet,  
dess nödvändighet och nödtvång,  
som aldrig kunnat tystas eller underkuvas  
av någon galen övermakts förkrossande brutalitet  
i all historiens ständiga bärsärkargång.

### *Golden friendship*

"Old love doesn't rust." – Norwegian proverb.

While it lasts, it will forever grow,  
increase more steadfastly in value  
than whatever gold mine, diamond lode  
or any fortune in the fastest stock,  
and all you have to do is to be faithful,  
keep in touch, maintain the good relationship  
and never let her down. It will reward itself  
more affluently than any worldly riches,  
for there is no rarer and more precious thing  
than friendship that continues constantly  
maturing in reliance, confidence and faith  
like priceless metal that will never rust.  
And there's the secret: love, like everything,  
must grow with age to gradually grow old,  
but with maturity of lasting age, and the more old it grows,  
the less it will be liable to rust,  
the surer it will last, – and there's infinity for you.

### *Gyllne vänskap*

”Gammal kärlek rostas icke.” – norskt ordspråk.

Medan den består, så skall den alltid växa  
säkrare i värde än vad guld, juveler,  
värdepapper och börssatsningar som helst,  
och allt som du behöver göra är att vara trogen,  
upprätthålla relationen och kontakten  
och ej någonsin förråda eller svika den.  
Det blir sin egen generösaste belöning,  
mera värdefull än någon världslig rikedom med tiden,  
för det finns ej något mera rart och värdefullt  
än vänskap som består och aldrig sviker,  
mognande i trohet och pålitlighet  
som en ädel oskattbar metall som aldrig rostas.  
Och där har du hemligheten: kärlek, liksom allt,  
är dömd att åldras för att småningom bli gammal,  
men med ålderns mognad, och ju mer den åldras,  
desto mindre kan den börja rosta,  
desto säkrare består den, – och där har du evigheten.

### *Romania*

Let the gipsy dances whirl  
with violins intoxicating by their splendour  
overwhelming anyone with their delirium of delight  
with this enchanting people  
very down to earth and natural  
with scoundrels everywhere –  
there never was a true Romanian who was not a cheat,  
but very entertaining, skilful och delightful  
with a sense of humour always  
and a wonderful imagination –  
probably the most advanced in Europe,  
since in only those Carpathian sharp fantasteries  
of moonscapes, wolfish wilderness and natural surrealism  
could such a story as of the immortal Dracula  
have been invented – utter evil with a sense of humour.  
It's impossible to fathom all this tantalizing country  
with its wonders and amazing scenery,  
but only to get just a touch of it  
will mark you with some stamp of incredulity forever.

### *Rumänien*

Låt zigenardansen virvla  
med fiolerna berusande med sin besatthet  
överväldigande vem som helst med sitt delirium av förförelse  
av detta underbara folk av jordnära naturlighet  
och nästan bara skojare –  
en sann rumän var alltid en bedragare,  
men mycket underhållande och rolig i sin skicklighet  
med alltid en god bit av blixtrande spiritualitet och humor  
och en enastående rik fantasi,  
antagligen den högst utvecklade i Europa,  
då det knappast någon annanstans än från Karpaterna  
med deras skarpa månlandskaps surrealism,  
varglika vildhet och absurda öververklighet  
var möjligt för en saga och legend som Dracula att uppstå –

den totala ondskan kryddad med förförisk humor.  
Det är omöjligt att fatta detta omfattande land  
med sina häpnadsväckande förunderliga landskap,  
men att bara gripas av en fläkt därav  
är nog för att bli märkt för livet  
av dess magiska fantastis otrolighet.

#### *Your absence*

I don't mind your absence  
since you are the closer to me for our separation  
which breeds the more longings for our reunification,  
which in fact just bring us closer spiritually  
to each other as related souls  
of more than only twin capacity.  
The more you leave me, the more close  
you stay with me the deeper in my heart,  
as if a natural and physical divorce  
was something utterly impossible,  
since absences will just increase the presences.  
That is the operation of true love,  
the proof of how it works and its manifestation,  
when it is so much profounder  
in its spiritual reality to spite all physical reality  
and overcome it with a so much truer realism.

#### *Poland*

- Today September 22nd, the Solidarity movement in Poland was born in 1980.

Five hundred years ago a kingdom of enlightenment,  
a paragon for every country, greatest among nations,  
she has fallen ever since to constantly more agonizing depths  
of tragedy, disaster, ruin, national catastrophe and what is worse.  
Engulfed by Russia, Austria and Germany, she has like no other nation  
bled to death not only once but ever and again,  
as if the first complete annihilation was not total and enough  
but had to thoroughly be followed by oppression, tyranny,  
and what is worse. The second world war was the worst finale  
that has ever been experienced by a nation persecuted by disasters,  
culminating in the utter and grotesque destruction of the capital,  
the Warsaw Ghetto marking the supreme atrocity of history.  
Still, Poland rises once again from smoking ruins to survive  
and start another revolution but of freedom this time,  
giving birth this very day to Solidarnosc,  
that heroically started the entire liberation of all eastern Europe.  
Germany and Russia, that so gluttonously wallowed in devouring Poland  
are no more as autocratic empires but went to dust and in dishonour,  
while the Poles survived them with their dreams and hopes of freedom  
to eventually make dictatorial oppression vanish from all Europe  
by showing us the way to make the Berlin Wall and Soviet Union collapse.

#### *Polen*

Idag, 22 september (1980) föddes Polens 'Solidarnosc'.

För fem hundra år sen var du främst i Europa,  
störst bland dess nationer, föredömligt upplyst,  
men har sedan oavbrutet fallit ständigt djupare  
i mer förtvivlad olycka och tragedier utan tal

och utan botten, uppslukat av Österrike, Tyskland  
och av Ryssland för att aldrig upphöra förblöda,  
som om din fullständiga förintelse ej var tillräcklig  
men var nödvändig att följas upp av tyranni, förtryck  
och vad som värre var. Det andra världskriget  
var den mest oerhört förskräckliga final  
som någonsin har upplevts av ett land förföljt av olycka,  
som kulminerade med den förfärliga förintelsen av huvudstaden  
där Warszawahettot blev det värsta övergreppet i historien.  
Ändå har du rest dig från ruinerna igen och överlevt  
för att inleda en helt ny revolution för frihet denna gång,  
då du idag just födde Solidarnosc, Solidaritet,  
som startade heroiskt en befrielse av hela östra Europa.  
Rysslands kejsardöme liksom Tysklands, som så frossade  
i att förtära Polen, slutade i vanära och ingenting,  
alltmedan Polen överlevde dem med sina frihetsdrömmar  
för att småningom få all östeuropeisk diktatur att upplösas  
med att visa vägen till att få Berlins mur och Sovjetunionen att kollapsa.

### *The Remnants*

What remains when you have lost it all,  
when all your life is down in ruins,  
when your love is lost in beds of others,  
when it has been proved again and once too much  
that love and women never can be trusted,  
when you are betrayed and lost in darkness  
economically ruined by the laws of cynicism  
pervading all society and dominating it  
with ruthless senseless unhumanity  
and you are left alone abandoned in a stormy sea of tears,  
on one of those last melting ice flakes  
that the egoism of global warming keeps reducing  
in the maddest race in history for flimsy shallowness,  
and you are thrown out of your own with no excuses  
by the rules of that infernal asphalt jungle of the city  
that is worse and crueller than any natural free wilderness;  
what can be there still when you have lost everything?  
Be calm. You haven't lost a thing. It's all still there,  
your love, your friendships, all that universe of learning,  
all that freedom of the ever life-vibrating cosmos,  
it's all there whatever happens; and by losing all,  
you simply are a winner having found it all again,  
the meaning and the love of all your life.

### *Russia*

Mammoth nation of abnormality of everything,  
the hardest tyranny on earth, the deepest soul,  
a history of almost only bloodshed, massacres,  
oppression, suffering and universal martyrdom,  
a tragedy of never ending worsening conditions  
with some drops of mordant humour of Bulgakov,  
Dostoyevsky, Gogol, Tchekhov, always tainted  
with some melancholy, tragedy or bitterness,  
like all those suicides of Dostoyevsky's,  
possibly the very heart of the unfathomable Russian soul,  
as sorrowful and crying as the vastness  
of the melodic oceans of Tchaikovsky's  
and as hopeless as the love of desperation  
of doctor Zhivago, disillusioned unto immolation.

There is nothing else to do but to resign.  
The only possibility concerning Russia  
is the summary: the less said about her, the better.  
It's an abyss of no end, no bottom and no termination  
to the agony of this gigantic unsurveyability  
of human suffering.

### *Ryssland*

Mastodontnation av skrymmande abnormitet,  
det hårdaste förtrycket i historien och den djupaste av själar,  
nästan bara blodigheter och massakrer i all din historia,  
gruvligt tyranni, universellt martyrium och lidande,  
en tragedi som aldrig upphört att bli värre  
med dock några stänk av bister humor som av Gogol,  
Tjechov, Dostojevskij och Bulgakov, alltid färgad  
av melankoli och bitter tragedi,  
som alla Dostojevskijs självmordsfall,  
måhända själva hjärtat av den outrannsakliga ryska själen,  
lika sorglig och otröstligt gråtande som melodiken  
i Tjajkovskijs oceans oändlighet av tårar  
och så hopplös som den desperata kärleken  
hos Pasternaks doktor Zjivago, desillusionerad intill självförintelse.  
Det finns ej något man kan göra utom resignera,  
då det enda man egentligen kan säga som summering  
av det ryska fallet är: ju mindre sagt, dess bättre.  
Det är en oöverskådlig avgrund av gigantisk smärta  
utan botten, utan slut och utan någon ände  
i den oerhörda gränslösheten av den ryska själens lidande.

### *Finland*

You only have one native country  
all your life, which you are bound to for your life  
and never can let down or ever let it leave your mind,  
especially if it's a country to be proud of,  
like my Finland, coldest in world  
together with Siberia, Greenland and Alaska,  
but of some integrity and honesty beyond this world,  
which made it stand up stalwartly against all odds  
against the Soviet Union in the Winter War  
when Stalin thought he just would smash and grab it,  
which did not turn out so easy,  
Russia losing armies sacrificed for nothing  
while the Finnish losses were but individuals,  
invaluable every one of them,  
immortal martyrs for resistance and defence  
against oppression, tyranny, dictatorship and holocaust,  
the cruelty of Stalin being worse than Hitler's  
for its subtlety and methodology for 30 years  
transforming Russia to a terror death camp.  
Finland came out of that combat  
with her independence, freedom and integrity unscathed  
but for the losses of Karelia and her bravest sons.  
Should I not then be proud of such a mother,  
hard but beautiful in coldness and detachment  
but deep under with a heart of purity and honesty  
that I have never anywhere around the world  
found anything to match the splendour of?

## *Finland*

Du har ett enda fosterland i livet  
som du tillhör hela livet  
för att det har gett dig livet,  
varför du ej någonsin kan svika det  
och ej ens släppa det i tankarna,  
speciellt om det är hedervärt,  
som Finland, kallast i all världen  
med Sibirien, Grönland och Alaska,  
men med en integritet och ärlighet  
av icke denna världen,  
som fick detta lilla land i Vinterkriget  
att beslutsamt och mot alla odds  
försvara sig mot Stalin, när han trodde  
att han bara kunde slå ihjäl och ta det,  
vilket visade sig inte vara fullt så enkelt,  
då Sovjetunionen såg arméerna försvinna  
offrade för ingenting,  
alltmedan Finlands ovärderliga förluster  
blott var individer, landets bästa söner,  
stupade som hjältar och martyrer  
i ett bittert envist motstånd mot förtryck  
och tyranni, förintelse och diktatur,  
då Stalins grymhet var långt digrare än Hitlers  
för sin metodiks subtilitet i trettio år  
att transformera Ryssland till ett fångläger av terror.  
Finland kom ut levande från striden  
med sin frihet och självständighet bevarade  
med blott förlusten av Karelen jämte sina bästa söner.  
Skulle jag då inte vara stolt att ha en sådan moder,  
hård men vacker i sin kyla och distans  
men under ytan med ett hjärta av en sådan innerlighet,  
ärlighet och renhet, att jag aldrig någonstans i världen  
någonsin har kunnat finna något lika underbart?

## *Austria*

The golden capital of music  
led the world to harmony for centuries  
spreading universal joy and beauty  
actually to every corner of the earth  
by the divine endowment of adorable musicians  
such as Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Brahms,  
the Strausses, Schubert, Bruckner, Mahler, Lehar  
and innumerable others, prophets of the highest creativity  
and masters of the only universal language: music.  
Austria was never a colonial power  
and was never taken seriously as an imperial power,  
broken and humiliated by Napoleon and Germany  
and massacred and quartered to a fragment  
after the first world war, while it prospered still  
by art and authors, such as Schnitzler,  
Stefan Zweig, the leading humanist and pacifist,  
Rainer Maria Rilke, Hofmannsthal and doctor Freud,  
eventually humiliated once too much  
by Anschluss and the second world war,  
which turned Vienna desolate to ruins and starvation.  
Well, we still have all the music,  
and that sound of music will forever be the finest part of Austria,  
completely ruling it to its sustained immortal glory.  
Thank you, Austria, for all your world of music!

## *Österrike*

Musikens gyllne huvudstad  
gav världen harmoni igenom sekler  
genom spridandet av skönhetsglädje  
till vartenda hörn av hela världen  
genom så gudabenådade musikartister  
såsom Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven och Brahms,  
familjen Strauss och Schubert, Bruckner, Mahler, Lehar  
bland så många andra högsta kreativetsprofeter  
för det enda språk vi har som är universellt: musiken.  
Österrike var ej någonsin en kolonialmakt  
och togs aldrig helt på allvar som imperium,  
ruinerat och förnedrat av Napoleon och Tyskland  
och styckat efter första världskriget till ett fragment  
som dock fortsatte blomstra kulturellt  
och leda världen genom sådana som humoristen Schnitzler,  
Stefan Zweig, den store pacifisten-humanisten,  
Rilke, Hofmanssthal och doktor Freud,  
tills andra världskriget gav en förintelse för mycket  
och lämnade Wien som en svältstad av mest rykande ruiner.  
Men musiken lever kvar, och den skall alltid kvarstå  
som det bästa av det gamla Österrike  
och fullständigt dominera det till dess och världens fromma.  
Tacka Österrike för musiken!

## *Burma*

– a small tribute to Aung Sang Suu Kyi

My lady, bravest in the world,  
who never really wanted to become a politician  
but preferred to stay with flower decorations and to play the piano,  
you were only two years old when your great father was assassinated,  
who gave Burma independence and democracy with British blessings  
and was murdered by the enemies of peace and of democracy,  
who have controlled the country practically ever since  
and ruthlessly, since 1947, sixty years of military tyranny  
and, as in all dictatorships, of total limitless corruption,  
they today maintain the main monopoly of heroin in south east Asia,  
which provide them with enormous fortunes while the people starve,  
their military power being backed up by the communists of China,  
without which, most probably, the nation would long since have been  
a prospering democracy. Instead, the younger generation is kept down  
by drugs, two thirds of all drug addicts being positive with HIV  
with no financial means or possibility to even test themselves,  
which means that Burma probably, because of the dictatorship,  
has the worst Aids statistics in all Asia. Half of all the heroin  
that reaches USA, Australia and America  
is manufactured in "the golden triangle" of Burma,  
Thailand and Laos, which the military governors of Burma  
naturally has supported, since it stabilizes their position,  
so that the production keeps on doubling.  
So the people protest, and the military shoot them  
for the safety of their heroin financial empire  
and their extreme blindfolded limitless corruption.  
China, by the way, is also chief supporter of Robert Mugabe.

## *Burma*

– med en liten hyllning till Aung Sang Suu Kyi

En av världens mest beundransvärda damer  
ville aldrig bli politiker egentligen  
men föredrog att spela piano och blomsterdekorationer.  
Hon var bara två år när hon fick sin fader mördad,  
som gav Burma frihet och självständighet  
som suverän demokrati med briterernas välsignelse  
och mördades av girighetens och maktgalenskapens förespråkare  
som sedan dess i sextio år i stort sett oavbrutet  
kontrollerat landet med förtryck och våld  
och hållit makten, som i alla diktaturer,  
genom sanslös obegränsad korruption  
och innehar idag det största monopolet i Sydostasien idag på heroin,  
som de uppmuntrar allmänt bruk av,  
varför produktionen har fördubblats sedan tio år  
och Burma har i Asien den värsta statistiken  
när det gäller Aids och narkomaner, som de nästan alla har.  
Av allt det heroin som når Australien och Amerika  
är hälften producerat i "den gyllene triangeln"  
Burma-Thailand-Laos, medan Burmas värsta tillstånd  
är medveten militär inrikespolitik av diktaturen,  
som tar hand om miljardvinsterna alltmedan folket svälter.  
Därför protesterar de, och därför skjuter militären ner dem,  
då de känner sig så trygga i sin säkra position  
då Kina understödjer dem och håller dem om ryggen  
och uppmuntrar deras hårda militärförtryck och korruption,  
liksom det också understödjer andra korruptioner  
som folkmordets diktaturregering i Sudan  
och katastrofen i Zimbabwe med Robert Mugabe.

## *Bohemia*

The land that never was  
of artists and Bohemians  
stretches all around the world  
including every free creative spirit  
living basically on their dreams alone  
but in reality in chronic poverty,  
but theirs is all the world  
with all its beauty, charm and freedom,  
which it is their privilege to manage and sustain  
to keep it flowing, flying and alive  
to show the world there is a higher state of living  
than just on the ground in humdrum ordinaries.  
So their realm outwits and stretches beyond all politics,  
beyond all mundanity into eternal freedom  
where the spirit has the right to soar  
and keep in sovereign superiority  
above the world and all its troubles  
to sustain the real life of the soul  
for better ends and means than just mortality.

## *Bohemien*

Landet ingenstans  
som aldrig fanns  
av konstnärer och bohemer  
inkluderar hela världen

och varenda fri självständig ande  
som mest lever blott på sina drömmar  
men i verkligheten i obotlig fattigdom,  
men deras är all världen  
med dess skönhet, charm och frihet,  
som det är just deras privilegium att bidra till  
och hålla flytande och flygande och levande  
för att bevisa ständigt att det finns ett högre liv  
än bara kall materialism;  
ty deras liv utklassar hela politiken  
och går bortom den och världsligheten  
i sin evighets totala frihet,  
där allena själen har sin suveräna rätt att råda  
överlägsen allt och hela världens alla bråk  
för att bevara verklighetens sanna liv  
för bättre ändamål än bara dödlighet.

### *No time for love*

The devastation of a failure of a love affair  
is more often than not enough  
to keep the lover out of love forever  
or at least as long as he can do without it,  
as long as he can make resistance and withstand it,  
and as long as he does not completely languish,  
thirsting, hungering and suffering to death,  
like one deserted in the desert.  
For that moment always comes,  
when you no longer can endure  
but must surrender to that irresistibility  
and urge that is of all life's factors the most vital,  
seeking that salvation of a sound and natural release  
of all your life's most fundamental powers.  
Never say you have no time for love.  
That time will come when least expected  
uninvited and surprisingly,  
since love can never long be kept  
locked out of doors and out of time.

### *Headaches and heartaches*

So shall we then let go,  
since all we cause each other is incessant worries  
through our love, that never leaves us any peace  
but only trouble us with headaches and incessant heartaches?  
Freedom is the motto of our love,  
and there is nothing more important or invaluable  
which at any cost must be secured and strived for always,  
since it is the only thing and means  
that can give any life at all  
to our love and any possibility for it to breathe;  
for we need air under our wings  
to keep on flying freely and incessantly,  
since going down to earth is certain death,  
since all our life is only ideal flying splendour,  
like to any common swift...

### *Cambridge*

Beloved town of knowledge,  
thanks for your idyllic depths of consummation  
in the field of the pursuit of truth and wisdom,  
heart of tolerance and freedom  
both of conscience and of thought,  
while Oxford seemed to me more introverted  
focussed on the ego, its enhancement and complacency  
in narcissistic dwindling spiral of the blind alleys of egoism,  
you in humbler and sincerer aspirations  
strive beyond yourself and this demented world of vanity.  
What you already have accomplished you ignore  
to rather go ahead fixed on the future and beyond  
to ever keep advancing rather than look back,  
for curiosity, to keep revealing what is round the corner  
and continuing the research round the bend  
to never stop investigating the black holes  
of ever more alarming lacks of our knowledge,  
but to always strive beyond the universe  
to never stop confirming how exactly anything is possible.  
Thanks for adopting me, and I will ever  
faithfully remain one of your pupils of eternity.

### *The hippie culture*

Maybe in the long run most important of our modern cultures,  
it set off already long before the First World War  
by Monte Verità in Switzerland above Ascona,  
marked by authors such as Daphne du Maurier and Erich Maria Remarque,  
sincerely seeking healthier alternatives to modern civilization  
by returning forthrightly to nature,  
stressing vegetarianism and outdoor life,  
in some ways in the vein of Tolstoy and Rousseau.  
The concept was completely lost during the two world wars  
but then came back and with a vengeance in the sixties  
as a universal rebel movement triggered by the Vietnam war  
directed against the derailing of America after the Kennedy assassination  
as a direct natural spontaneous reaction against world insanity.  
They say it brought another kind of weird insanity instead,  
but it was not just freaking out with drugs and escapism  
but most of all a rebirth of the right of fantasy and creativity  
exploding in experiments of boldness in the field of art,  
in clothes, in fashion, colours, music, films  
and liberation in the way of living,  
the ideal returning of a sane life close to nature.  
It has never died but keeps on being the one sane alternative  
to all the madness of the world,  
considering the politics of the establishment  
of military powers constantly resorting to lunatic wars  
with tyranny and bombs and the destruction of humanity,  
especially now in the times of global crisis of the climate change,  
which proves capitalism and egoism, short-sighted politics of power,  
greed, materialism and conformism to the establishment  
all wrong from the beginning.

### *Love at work*

Why do we work so hard  
for nothing except vanity,  
it seems; but still, so many predicate

that work alone gives life a meaning,  
so they set their love at work,  
indulging in their work as in their love  
and make their work their love  
and the justification for their lives,  
as if life without work would give them a bad conscience  
and debar them from their love and all life's meaning.  
But the meaning is of course just love,  
but in order to acquire it and reach it  
you must work hard to deserve it,  
and the more you work, the more you do deserve it,  
which is probably the only meaning work imports,  
to make it something like a proper entrance gate  
to the deserved love that is its own reward.

### *Forbidden remedy*

When you are alone  
with all those wardrobe skeletons  
of losses irretrievable  
of overwhelming melancholy and nostalgia  
that is the resulting madness of love lost forever,  
you will grasp at any straw  
of any infallibly failing quality  
to get at least some faint illusion  
of regaining something of your losses,  
like some phoney medicine that only will deceive you,  
and that's how some people turn to drugs,  
a self-seduction of some soothing liberty  
from all your pains of body, heart and soul,  
and who has any heart then to forbid it?  
If LSD trips help you fly away  
from the unbearability of your reality,  
if marijuana temporarily relieves your heartaches,  
if injections or some snow helps you get on  
with that insufferable Golgatha of your invalid life,  
if tranquillizing dreams are better than the hell of your reality,  
who can debar you from that substitute of love  
which might at least give positive illusions  
of that love you never had but only lost?  
Not I.  
I grant you any licence,  
for I know that any kind of love  
and even flights from love and artificial love  
at least, if it is felt as love,  
can be as good as any love  
and always better than no love at all.

### *The secret garden*

You came to me  
like through a hazy dream  
of lurid beauty veiled in mists  
of unclear nowhere-ness  
but more real than reality  
directly from a distant past  
of unknown and unconscious friendship  
growing all the while clandestinely  
like some strange secret garden  
cultivated out of reach of any dirty hands  
to suddenly appear in mature glory

opening some gates to paradise  
that I was not aware that they existed.  
Will it last, or is it just a dream?  
The future hides the answer out of sight  
for both of us, and I dare hardly even touch it,  
this amazing dream of such unheard of beauty,  
that I will remain enchanted  
willingly, preferring never to wake up  
to risk trespassing and to harm the tiniest portion  
of this paradise of possibilities,  
so intact a botanic garden  
and so perfectly ideal.

*Is it possible?*

Is it possible to have a friend  
whom you can trust implicitly  
and have as your initiate  
and intimate companion  
for a lasting and infallible security?  
Is it possible to have a love  
that never fails but only grows  
and who will stay in touch  
whatever happens  
faithfully in daily interchange of trust?  
Is it possible to have a dream come true  
of only pure ideals of openmindedness,  
a friend in every need  
who will not overrun or fail you  
but remain in honest contact always  
free of any shade of jealous egoism,  
and with only human understanding,  
patience, love and warmth of heart  
without the doubts of second thoughts?  
Yes, it is possible,  
but you must wait for it with patience.

*Venice*

carrying the epithet "la serenissima" since the morning of history...

*Salviamo Venezia!*

The supreme serenity of cities,  
you were timeless born  
and are still much ahead of time  
without the hell of car pollution  
and with every street for only walkers,  
you were long the only democratic state of Italy  
until Napoleon came and trampled down  
your ancient republic, ending that great age of yours  
of thousand years of liberty, democracy and tolerance;  
but still, you are the foremost Queen of beauty  
among all the world's most beautiful towns in Italy,  
resplendent still with none of your past glorious ages  
faded or forgotten. Now new threats are turning up  
much worse and much more serious than that corporal  
two hundred years ago who called your Piazza  
the most beautiful of banquet halls in Europe,  
since oceans might be rising  
to extinguish Holland, New Orleans, New York and you

among too many others, Bangla Desh, the Maldives,  
any lowlands by the sea; and there's a challenge  
not for only you but for all mankind  
to live up to face their own responsibility  
for having sullied and endangered  
all civilization, nature and the world  
with ordinary egoistic greed;  
which did not make your beauty,  
which rather rose from the survival through the centuries  
of wars, invasions, natural disasters and barbaric storms;  
and thus you stand a monument of beauty and survival,  
which will outlast all the vanities  
of this so greedily polluted world.

### *Venedig*

Bland städer står du högst i skönhet och serenitet,  
du otidsenliga som föddes tidlös  
och som alltjämt ligger före tiden  
fri från bilavgasens helvete  
där varje gata endast är för gående.  
Du var i sekler i Italien ensam som demokrati  
tills Bonaparte kom och trampade ner din antika republik  
och avslutade ditt millennium av frihet,  
tolerans, demokrati och oberoende;  
men ändå är du alltjämt främst bland drottningar i skönhet  
bland vår världs mest vackra städer i Italien,  
strålände med intet glömt av allt ditt stora härliga förflutna.  
Men nu kommer nya hot som mycket värre är  
än den korpralen som benämnde för två hundra år sedan  
din Piazza Europas skönaste salong,  
då oceanerna kan stiga för att släcka ut New Orleans,  
Nederländerna, Maldiverna och Bangla Desh och dig  
bland alltför många andra städer invid havet;  
och där har vi nu en utmaning för dig och hela världen  
att ta ansvaret och leva upp till det  
för att ha lortat ner och skadat hela civilisationen  
med att hota allt liv i naturen  
genom girighetens hänsynslöshet,  
som inte skapade din skönhet,  
vilken snarare kom till igenom århundradens prövningar  
av krig och invasioner, katastrofer och barbarstormar,  
så att du blev till något av ett monument  
för skönhetens och humanismens överlevnad,  
som minsann skall fortsätta att klara sig förbi all fåfäng ävlan  
i den här så förorenade korrupta världen.

### *Hungary*

The power house of freedom,  
always bursting with dynamics  
hotly flowing in amazing dazzling music  
not just of the gipsies,  
but in the mentality and everywhere,  
you were always in the front line  
whenever there were quests for freedom,  
under Kossuth, Sandor Petöfi, Franz Liszt,  
and leading eastern Europe against Soviet Russia  
sacrificing everything in 1956 for dreams of freedom  
which at last gave some reward in 1989,  
when you let up the border for the eastern Germans

which resulted in the democratic triumph avalanche  
releasing all of eastern Europe  
in the domino dynamics of the freedom victory.  
I always loved you with your splendid capital,  
one of the finest and most beautiful in Europe,  
the Danube Queen crowned on the hills  
in the most capital romantic setting  
found anywhere of almost any city in all Europe.  
Keep your colours flying and your music going,  
and you will be celebrated ever  
for that freedom pathos and initiative  
that never could be quenched  
by any tyranny in history.

### *Ungern*

En dynamisk frihetskruddurk  
alltid explosiv och flödande av het musik  
ej bara av zigenare men överallt  
i hjärtat av mentaliteten,  
du var alltid framom främsta linjen  
under Lajos Kossuth, Sandor Petöfi, Franz Liszt  
i frihetspathos och i ledningen för hela Östeuropa  
mot Sovjetunionen när det gällde oberoende till varje pris,  
och offrande dig själv och allt år '56 för frihetsdrömmar  
som fick sin belöning och gav äntligt resultat år '89,  
när du öppnade din gräns för östtyskar att fly,  
som resulterade i triumflavinen av demokrati  
för hela Östeuropas äntliga befrielse  
i dominodynamiskt segertåg till frihet.  
Alltid älskade jag dig med din exotiskt sköna huvudstad,  
en av de vackraste i hela Europa,  
Donaudrottningen storslaget krönande de höga kullarna  
i kanske det mest storslaget romantiska av alla lägen  
för en stad i Europa. Håll din härlighet i gång  
med din fantastiska musik, och du skall alltid firas  
för ditt frihetspathos och initiativ  
som aldrig kunde krossas någonsin  
av något tyranni i all historien.

### *The danger of relationships*

There is no challenge more extreme  
than that of close relationships,  
since every one of them presents a mortal danger,  
that of getting burned by coming up to close  
to knowing all too well the other's secrets,  
opening the cupboards full of skeletons  
that never can be cancelled or let down  
of past and failed and capsized loves  
that you could never quite accept as lost.  
Each life is full of them,  
and there is nothing more exciting  
and more dangerous than to explore them  
as they go on living haunting you like zombies.  
You know all too well your own ghosts,  
and you live in constant fear of them,  
associating with them every night  
unvoluntarily or willingly.  
Imagine then the parallel experiences of others  
with as many ghosts but with completely different stories,

and put two of those disturbing bags together,  
and what will you get?  
An abyss without end of doubled troublesome experiences,  
each worse than any of the other's,  
to which there can be no end  
of bothersome exciting and intriguing exploration.

### *The heart-breaker*

The worst thing is,  
that it could happen just to anybody,  
and no one wants to talk about it.  
You just want to disappear,  
shut up your heart and all your life  
to lick your wounds and kill your pain  
which only makes it worse.  
It hurts when buds in spring are bursting,  
but it hurts so infinitely more  
when flowers in full bloom of beauty  
just get trampled down by inconsideration  
and shortsighted egoism  
which lives by driving over victims  
leaving them behind and never caring,  
while the victims were the ones who cared.

### *Hjärtkrossaren*

Det värsta är,  
att det kan hända vem som helst,  
men ingen tycker om att tala om det.  
Man vill bara stänga in sig,  
tillsluta sitt hjärta  
för att snörpa åt sin smärta,  
vilket bara gör den värre.  
Visst gör det ont när knoppar brister,  
men långt ondare ändå  
när vackra blommor trampas ner  
av tanklöshet och egoism  
som lever blott för att gå över lik  
och strunta i dem efteråt.

### *Symbiosis*

You are a part of me,  
and I can not deny it,  
since your feelings are my own:  
whatever you feel, I feel also,  
and thus your tears are mine,  
and all your life is my responsibility.  
In spite of all your faults and lacks and wants,  
which cause us constant worries  
and are criticizable indeed,  
I can't get you out of my heart,  
no matter how you wound and stab it,  
hurt me and destroy me,  
but you must stay there  
caged in my own soul and freedom  
which is all your life as well as mine.  
Thus are we chained together by our destiny,  
for good, for worse, for life, forever,

and all that we can do about it  
is the best of this quixotic situation  
of a tender love that hurts  
but can not find a cure  
of living by its wounds  
and bleeding constantly to death  
in never ending continuity.

*Love at work (2)*

Balance must needs be preserved  
or love can not survive.  
The bread of love is continuity,  
for if it does not last  
it is not even worth exploiting  
but, if it be short-lived and short-sighted,  
something to be sorry for  
and afterwards regret  
and maybe even be ashamed of.  
Loving you is the more holy for me  
the less I consume it, use it,  
waste it, spend it and devour it,  
since I believe in love and therefore worship it  
and rather keep it safely at some distance  
than take any risks of harming it.  
That's why my life instead is wasted  
as a workoholic, but, mind you,  
creatively, constructively and positively,  
since a man's work is his test of competence,  
and without competence there can not be a lasting love.  
So let me keep on working  
for sustaining my creativeness  
and for my love of you.

*Florence*

Dante hated Florence,  
called it dark and dreary  
and was driven out of it  
and robbed of all his life,  
his family and home and riches  
like by some step-mother cruelty,  
and somehow I agree:  
there always was some latent madness there,  
a deadly threat to creativity,  
to the dynamic positive expansion,  
to the craving freedom of the mind  
and always violent reactions.  
I was never quite at home there  
but felt pressed by the imposing splendour  
of the only capital of arts there still is in the world.  
Respectfully I keep my distance  
leaving her in peace like a museum  
and prefer to keep my distance  
only as a passer-by, not to disturb  
or wake up all those monsters of the past.

### *Florens*

Dante hade anledning att avsky Florens,  
kallade det mörkt och dystert och beklämmande  
och blev fördriven därifrån politiskt av papister  
och berövad all sin egendom, karriär och ställning,  
sin familj och hem och säkerhet  
av en styvmoderlig mentalitet och grymhet,  
och jag tycker mig förstå hans avsky  
och tendera att ge honom rätt:  
min upplevelse av den så imponerande pompösa staden  
var för jämn av en sorts latent försåtlig galenskap,  
ett dödligt hot mot kreativiteten  
och mot all dynamisk expansiv positivism,  
mot själens krav och längtan efter frihet,  
som jämt tog sig våldsamma reaktionära intryck.  
Jag var aldrig hemma där  
men kände mig smått pressad  
av den imposanta skrytsamhetens härlighet  
i staden som alltjämt är ensam som en konstens huvudstad.  
Jag håller min distans till henne med respekt  
och lämnar henne som museum helst i fred,  
som en förbi-passerare, för att ej störa  
och riskera att uppväcka gångna tiders spöken  
och fantomers raseri till pånyttfödelse.

### *Escape*

I long to get away  
from all these troubles  
emanating from relationships  
that only seem to offer turbulences,  
worries, problems, strifes and chaos,  
far away beyond all conflicts,  
alienated from the human race  
in healthy isolation  
maybe in some monastery somewhere  
without cellphones, without telephones,  
without the internet and without civilization,  
where you can relax from all the hurricanes  
of torturous relationships  
that only sabotage your life  
and kill your peace  
and stress you out into a burnt-out nut-case  
of no good to anyone  
and least of all to you yourself.  
So let me vanish and abscond,  
so that I may at last sit back and quietly  
sort out all those persistent paranoid love affairs,  
forget my failures and disasters  
and just laugh it all to hell.

### *Limbo*

I was happy when I saw you  
and most miserable when I lost you  
by the wanton cruelty of fate  
that never hesitates to ruin you  
whenever possible,  
and most especially on rare occasions

when you finally think you have reached some happiness.  
It is the law of circumstances natural impersonal,  
that what you most would wish would last  
must least of all have any chance to last.  
But worst of all is this horrific lack of certainty  
that leaves you hanging in the air  
in most outrageous suspense,  
wondering and brooding unto madness  
whether love is really lost or not,  
and she that left you does not know herself  
and therefore can't inform you.  
Friends of comfort tell you: Let her go,  
and go yourself another way  
and find love anywhere  
except where it has left you.  
Has it left you? No, but it is gone.  
There is the problem:  
love unanswered, unfulfilled and alienated,  
and there is another cosmic law for you:  
love never can be satisfied.

### *Sexism*

If you want sex, keep out of me  
and stick to gigolos and May-flies,  
temporary satisfactions that will ditch you afterwards  
and willingly forget the corpses they walked over,  
treating you like any ordinary slut,  
reducing you to common status of just any prostitute,  
a common girl who wants get laid  
ignoring the inevitable aftermath  
that afterwards she will be crying all her life.  
I wanted love and friendship  
of endurability and lasting worth,  
true intimacy, trust and faith,  
a friend in whom you could confide  
and not just superficial sexual satisfaction.  
Keep then to your prostitutes, adventurers and tramps  
and common shallow marriage swindlers  
who will just exploit you, use you and devour you  
to leave you afterwards dissolved in never-ending tears.

Om du bara vill ha sex,  
så håll dig borta ifrån mig  
och dina händer från mitt liv  
och håll dig till dagfjärilar och gigolos  
med deras tillfälliga tillfredsställelser  
som alltid innebär en skrotning av dig efteråt,  
då ytlighetens hjärtekrossare så gärna glömmer alla lik  
de lämnar efter sig i skiten och oreparerbara ruiner,  
där du finner dig då vara reducerad till en vanlig trasa  
och ej högre status än vad prostituerat fnask som helst,  
en vanlig tjej som tanklöst traktar efter ligg  
och struntar i dess bittra efterskörd  
som bara är att gråta hela livet.  
Kärleken och vänskapen jag sökte  
var av det mer varaktiga meningsfulla slaget  
med intimitet och tillit, trogenhet och sanning,  
någon vän man kunde lita på och helt förtro sig till  
att ha i sitt förtroende för alltid dagligen  
och inte att få utnyttja för animalisk sexualitet.

Håll dig då till lättköpta sol-och-vårare,  
omogna amatörer, äventyrare och ytliga utnyttjare  
som när de blivit mätta på dig  
och ser driften ersatt av uttjatad ledsnad  
lämnar dig förbrukad och upplöst i ensamhet  
i evighetens sorgeflodens bittra tårar.

### *Sad reflection*

More often than not you hear of happy divorces and unhappy marriages,  
less and less about the contrary.  
This is our backward world  
that tends to turn all natural and normal things the other way,  
like in the horrors of George Orwell's future world  
which now already is a nightmare of the past  
while nightmares of the present keep accelerating,  
building up unto perhaps another Noah's flood;  
and where did love get lost and disappear  
in the destructive course of history?  
No, it was always there  
but always under cover,  
hiding to protect itself  
and to survive, in spite of all, with difficulty,  
but occasionally to give signs of life,  
triumphing suddenly in beauty  
mainly in the works of art  
to prove and manifest eternity  
in contrary to all the mortal vanity of history  
and showing, that if man and history keeps killing life,  
love always does the opposite  
to always triumph in the end.

### *Rome – what a waste of history!*

You carried on the famous Greek democracy  
by your republic for some centuries,  
but then, alas, there was a fellow Julius Caesar  
who decided to transform it into a dictatorship  
and was unbearable enough to actually succeed  
in turning over a republican democracy into its contrary  
and was in fact just for that reason murdered,  
which, alas, had just the contrary effect  
to what it was intended, turning Julius Caesar  
into the most formidable martyr;  
which established that abominable Roman empire  
of incurable corruption, decay, moral dissolution  
and the gradual downfall of all standards of civilization  
for four hundred years before it finally collapsed  
by its own rotting putrefaction and megalomania  
introducing the dark ages of a thousand years.  
And what a waste of history!  
It was all there, the splendid civilization,  
an enlightenment of science and philosophy,  
destroyed by the shortsightedness of egoism  
and power madness, crazy and inhuman emperors  
and the establishment of some absurd christianity  
of superstition, bigotry and brainwash mythomania  
to replace all light and realism and common sense  
with paranoia of premeditated purpose

to lead all the world astray by evilly controlling it  
through the black magic of established superstition  
to impose a realm of terror for a thousand years  
by strict intolerance outlawing every possible enlightenment.  
The catholic politic church is still there  
dominating Rome and trying still to dominate the world,  
but Rome survived more easily without it  
and is known today as the most splendid town of Italy  
and history, a palimpsest of all the worst mistakes of history,  
quite open, obvious and self-evident  
for anyone who wants to learn  
what those refused to grasp and learn  
who put the fire burning to the stake of Saint Giordano Bruno.

*Rom – vilket slöseri med historien!*

Du höll i gång den grekiska demokratin  
igenom några århundraden med din republik,  
men sedan, ack! kom boven Julius Caesar  
som beslöt att göra om den till en diktatur  
och gjorde sig totalt odräglig med att lyckas  
och blev därför just ordentligt mördad,  
vilket dock ej fick det resultat som önskats  
men i stället gjorde gubben Julius Caesar till martyr  
för diktaturen, som just därigenom etablerades  
till historiens skam och nesa och fördärv,  
då allt vad diktaturen ledde till  
naturligtvis var korruption, förfall, degenerering  
och all civilisationens långsamma utdragna undergång  
i fyra seklers tid, tills den till slut definitivt kollapsade  
av slapphet, rutenhet och megalomani,  
som blev en inkörsport till medeltidens mörka barbari  
som varade i tusen år. Och vilket slöseri med tiden!  
Allting hade vunnits, vetenskap, filosofi, arkitektur,  
Antiken var en enda lång Upplysningstid,  
som bara krossades av inskränkt egoism,  
vidskepelse, intolerans och fanatism  
representerade av omänskliga, giriga och galna kejsare  
som ursäktade sig med en absurd och etablerad kristendom,  
en statskyrka av hjärntvätt och mytomani  
att ersätta all realism och sunt förnuft med  
genom paranoia och en avsiktlig ond vilja  
att behärska, vilseleda och förtrycka hela världen  
genom tusen år av diktatorisk och barbarisk terror,  
medan minsta strävan efter upplysning och kunskap  
straffades med exkommunicering, kättarbål  
och lögnen av ett evigt helvete.  
Den romerska katolska kyrkan lever alltjämt  
och försöker ännu dominera hela världen,  
men Rom överlevde den till trots  
och är berömt som en av världens härligaste städer,  
en fantastisk palimpsest av all historiens värsta misstag,  
öppen, uppenbar och självklar såsom lärdomskälla  
för envar som önskar lära känna och förstå  
allt det som de inkvisitörer aldrig fattade  
som satte tändstickan till bålet för Giordano Bruno.

### *Spolad dikt*

(efter sonettaftonen den 13 oktober,  
bra att läsa på toaletten)

Det är inte lätt att skriva dikter  
om man måste följa reglers strikthet  
som kan tyngre bli än hårda plikter  
och urarta till en ren besatthet  
av tramssvällande orddiarréer  
av barockt bisarreris förryckthet  
utan vett som tygplastorkidéer,  
men det är fritt fram för sanslöshet  
i den poetiska licensens dårskap,  
varför man med frisläppt samvetlöshet  
lugnt kan komma med dumt konstnärskap  
utflippat i vad form som helst i frihet.  
Därför spolas nu den här sonetten  
utan prut rakt ner i toaletten.

### *Den roligaste fest jag varit med om*

Jag minns ingenting.

### *What is poetry?*

– a hopeless but brave effort

It defies all definition  
since it should be undescribable  
to be at all convincing,  
an impalpable abstraction  
of word painting with some meaning  
which persistently avoids to get pinned down,  
a mystery of beauty  
with a spiritual sense  
that does not disappear  
and never is forgotten.

### *Vad är poesi?*

– ett hopplöst men tappert försök

Den undgår all definition  
då den bör vara obeskrivlig  
för att kunna vara övertygande,  
en opåtaglig abstraktion,  
ett målande med ord  
som inte saknar mening  
men dock undflyr att bli gripbart,  
ett mysterium av skönhet  
med en andlig innebörd  
som ej förgås  
och aldrig glöms.

*Advice to a shattered friend*

You never seem to learn, my friend,  
although you were deceived before  
and many times, and now  
it's once too much, it seems,  
and still you will not learn,  
and there's no remedy against a lack of wisdom  
if not even your experience will teach you.  
However, don't let your frustrated love  
make you collapse, break down, disintegrate,  
go into boozing, moral bankruptcy and self-destruction,  
for if your love fails you  
and goes into bed with someone less than you,  
it's not your fault. If you let that affect you  
you have lost and are defeated,  
which in love you never must allow.  
It is a challenge. If you lose one girl,  
there are so many others you can love,  
so many lonesome darlings waiting just for you,  
left over and surviving after shipwrecks  
like yourself in spite of all,  
and no survivor ever will admit defeat.  
If you have lost one whom you loved,  
because she found another,  
there will be no end to all those others  
who deserve you more than she.

*The Hour of the Wolf – or the Truth?*

When you wake up at night  
too early in the morning  
from a nightmare  
in cold sweat  
of losses and of being used  
and can but think of him,  
or her, that partner who betrayed you,  
who saw personal relationships  
as means to use to only further one's own interests,  
then it's time for a divorce.  
When love becomes the opposite  
from lack of nourishment  
or the betrayal of the partner,  
that's the cry "Abandon ship!",  
and if you don't, you will go under.  
Sail away while there is time,  
while there is still a life-boat  
and a possible escape from the black hole  
of anger constantly increasing,  
violence and force and furious melodrama,  
feelings of injustice and grim violation,  
hopelessness, despair and nightmares without end,  
that just will suck you down  
in one way only down the drain  
into the bottomless and final abyss  
of inevitable immolation.

## *Spain*

The cruelty of Spain  
was evident from the beginning  
with a hard and proud mentality  
ideal for an autocracy of hard intolerance  
made worse by fear and superstition,  
ruled by Great Inquisitors,  
unique for Spain,  
that ordered the extermination  
of all Indians of the new world  
even if they tried co-operation,  
being loyal, faithful, humble Christians,  
and thus were the Inca and the Aztec empires  
plundered and reduced to nothing  
by the greed disguised in bigotry of Spain  
that also persecuted all the Jews and Arabs  
hunting them forever down and out.  
Francisco Goya saw the Spanish soul  
exposing it in probably the darkest art  
that ever was produced before the 'Guernica',  
– but, still, in all this darkness, there is hope.

There is no finer dancing,  
folkloristic music, gipsy culture  
and artistic temperament  
than in Andalucia,  
the fabled country of Granada and Sevilla,  
that saw Lorca, Falla, Figaro,  
Don Juan, Granados and Albeniz  
among others flourish splendidly  
in the most dashing art of Europe.

Forget the bullfights, Francoism,  
the civil war, the inquisition horrors,  
the intolerance and bloody history,  
and sing and dance instead  
all night at the bottegas  
that will outlast all the lunacy of history.

## *Spanien*

Spaniens grymhet var notoriskt uppenbar från början  
med en hård och stolt mentalitet,  
idealisk för autokrati och hård intolerans,  
förvärrad av vidskepelse och fruktan  
ledd av Storinkvisitorerna,  
unika för det spanska väldet,  
som var ansvariga för indianutrotningen i Nya Världen,  
även fast indianerna försökte samarbeta  
som lojala, ödmjuka och troende naiva kristna;  
och så plundrades och utplånades Inkaväldet och Aztekerna,  
förintade till ingenting av Spaniens fanatism,  
som också utrotade och förföljde judar och araber,  
som fördrevs från Spanien för alltid.  
Målaren Francisco Goya såg den spanska själen  
och avbildade den avgrundsligt och mardrömsaktigt  
i den kanske mörkaste av alla målargärningar,  
och hemskaste, tills 'Guernica' kom till,  
– men även i allt detta mörker finns det hopp.

Det finns ej härligare danskonst  
än i denna folkloristiska zigenartraditionsmusikkultur  
i Andalusien med dess temperament av andlig hetta,  
Lorcas, Figaros, de Fallas hemtrakt med Granada  
och Sevilla, Don Juan, Granados och Albéniz  
bland så många andra glänsande förmågor  
i Europas mest medryckande och granna konst.

Så glöm då Francodiktaturen och tjuvfäktingarna,  
det omänskliga inbördeskriget och inkquisitionen,  
denna långa blodiga historia av intolerans,  
och sjung och dansa fritt i stället  
hela natten i bottegan  
under smattrande energisk eld av kastanjetter,  
vars musik skall överleva all historiens fåfänga och dårskap.

### *Sicily*

The cradle of the modern western Europe,  
where the sonnet was invented  
at the universal court of Frederick the Second  
Hohenstaufen in Palermo,  
then the centre of the world  
and heart of universal culture,  
which was outrageously raped  
by papacy and its politics  
of reaction, greed, suppression  
and all opposites to culture and expansion,  
the entire royal Norman family of heroes  
being categorically persecuted to extinction  
for their liberal free-thinking views  
and universal tolerance;  
you never managed to recover,  
blessed island of serenity and beauty,  
generosity, divinity and richness of imagination,  
from the persecution of invaders,  
French and papal tyrants,  
so that your renaissance only could survive  
through Florence, which made a second effort  
and, although succeeding better,  
still was also there suppressed by violence  
and beaten down for nothing  
but that they were right,  
which every spirit in existence always was  
who just maintained their right for freedom  
of integrity and mind and conscience.  
Still, Palermo is still there  
with the whole island of dynamic splendour  
which at any moment may bring forth anew  
such champions for humanity and justice  
as the Staufer Frederick the Second,  
the grandfather of Italy, the diplomatic genius  
who was only and unique in conquering Jerusalem  
without a drop of blood on either side,  
the only politician ever who succeeded  
in maintaining peace between the Christians,  
Jews and Muslims, for which he was banished,  
excommunicated by the Church,  
which never could accept a non-dogmatic mind.  
The renaissance was thus held up for a few centuries,  
but nothing in the long run can resist or stop  
the universal human urge of life for freedom.

### *Pakistan*

– the bomb attack in Karachi aimed against Benazir Bhutto,  
leaving so far 136 dead...

136 victims - for what?  
They tried to kill a woman  
coming home after eight years of exile,  
engaged some willing suicide bombers  
who would do anything to upset  
the peace process of Pakistan  
towards democracy, law and order  
and obstruct any effort  
of reconciliation between the military and democracy,  
trying to kill off all possibilities of co-operation at once,  
for the glory of fundamentalism, anarchy, the Talibans  
and terror, while they only killed themselves  
and brought with them 136 innocents,  
women and children, old people and civilians  
and anyone who just wanted to say welcome  
to the mother of the nation coming back.  
It's not politics. It's fundamental mass suicide  
hitting islam at its roots  
by using violence in aiming at the contrary  
which always boomerangs  
and kills the future  
instead of building it.

### *No prostitute*

Sorry that I am no good for you,  
no money, no position,  
no means to spoil you,  
no driver's licence and no property  
but only failures, bankruptcies, defeats,  
adversities and trials is what I can offer;  
and I am afraid I am not even good for company,  
just working boring hard all of the time,  
no time at home, no time for sex,  
no luxuries, no banquets,  
nothing special and no evenings out,  
just humdrum hard work all the time  
and nothing for it.  
Well, at least I am no prostitute.

### *Our world*

Ours is a world of beauty  
so much finer than the ordinary world  
of strife, vulgarity and commonness,  
of egoism, shortsightedness and vanity,  
while ours lasts forever  
gilded by the harmony of unsurpassed nobility  
of the refinement and idealism of abstract truth  
as found by geniuses like Handel, Beethoven, Chopin  
and Brahms, a higher world of thought  
than any brutal realism, and actually  
a truer world than any real one.  
Since we know the key and have it,  
let's just stick to it and keep it  
and forget about the rest,

that keeps committing all their follies  
on the road to self-destruction  
better without us,  
who are reserved for better purposes  
than just the ordinariness of vanity.

### *Islands in the flood*

Is that the fate of knowledge,  
good experience and acquired wisdom,  
to, the more it is developed and enriched,  
become the less appreciated  
and more inaccessible and isolated  
as an outcast island of some rarity,  
uniqueness and exclusiveness  
forgotten and ignored, alone  
in this mad flood of media rubbish  
drowning the whole world in brainwash,  
this derailed civilization of pollution,  
self-destructive greed, unnaturalness  
and the meaningless obsession with superficiality?  
The prophets sticking to the truth  
were always persecuted and alone,  
impopular, despized and kicked aside,  
but they were always there,  
left over on deserted islands in the flood  
of madness of humanity abandoning all sense  
to wallow, as it seems, in anything  
that keeps them out of knowledge  
and keeps out any uncomfortable truth  
from their doomed lives of vanity,  
while those too few who care  
in silence keep just drudging on  
maintaining life and history in spite of all  
in underground unthanked for anonymity,  
life and its continuity and spite of all destruction  
being unjustly their sole reward.

### *Egypt*

The most ancient of all surviving civilizations  
and still the most imposing and impressing  
for her still astonishing mysterious pyramids  
with the enigma of the Sphinx, perhaps a silent witness  
from before the Flood of past civilizations  
gone to dust and vanished long ago,  
perished maybe through disasters  
which have left no record traceable in history,  
– but Egypt rose from nothing  
to become a mother of all civilizations,  
of Israel, Greece and Rome and all our western world,  
to boast an unsurpassed magnificence forever.  
You kept that civilization flourishing  
through innumerable dynasties and four millennia  
to be finally sealed up by Rome  
on the demission of her last Queen Cleopatra,  
to remain closed up forever with her secrets  
of an unknown past of timeless aeons  
that the Sphinx keeps musing over to himself,  
deriding silently all human vanity and history forever.

*The betrayal of beauty*

The lover, declining an invitation:

*"Sorry, but I dare not risk again to find other lovers in your home or that they come visiting while I am with you."*

I am afraid this argument will be considerable,  
circumstantial, comprehensive, difficult and hard  
for this dark lady of the sonnets  
who used men for selfish means  
and used her beauty ruthlessly  
to without judgement treat them  
as the servants of her whims,  
as slaves, in fact, for her fanatic feminism.  
The problem was that she was beautiful enough  
to make them flock around her,  
lose their senses for her beauty  
and allow themselves to even be deceived by her  
as she replaced each lover with another,  
calling them all, naturally, only "friends".  
The fact is that they all loved her  
while she loved no one but herself,  
a victim and a slave to her own charm and beauty,  
failing to observe that there was anyone but her  
in that small world of hers.  
When finally she was looked through  
by those she had been using for no ends except her own,  
who never had been thanked for all their services  
and found her finally to be without a trace of honesty,  
she had deceived them all with yet another lover  
while they slaved for her for months,  
which was not found out until after four months  
by another ex of hers, quite accidentally, of course;  
and only then she had to tell them why  
she had been lost to all her friends  
for such a long time without answering communications.  
She is now notorious, and there is nothing I can do about it.  
I did everything I could for her  
and find myself now free of all responsibility.  
It's difficult to be a woman  
and as difficult to be a man  
when you can not stop loving her  
no matter how much she herself betrays her beauty  
while you stay on stuck with her  
because you only see the beauty of the soul,  
to which you can but stay forever faithful.

*Missing*

When shall we love again  
on fragrant beds of roses  
made of our creativeness  
which never can take any break  
for ease or pauses of good sleep  
but always moves, continues and develops,  
like some demon chasing us  
from one love to another  
but get always back into each others' arms?  
I am your only lover,  
since I am the only one to know your soul,

and I shall keep it as my own  
and safeguard it within my bosom  
to be faithful to our love for all eternity  
since I am very well aware  
that this obsession never can be stopped.

*Israel*

Israel the trickster  
fought with God and won  
but got as punishment a limp for life  
to never quite again stand upright.  
Thus began his troubles,  
culminating in the strain with Egypt  
finally admitting her to go  
or forced to throw him out -  
we never shall be certain of the whole truth,  
since Egyptian history refused to talk about it.  
All since then the Israeli people  
have survived with difficulty  
always against persecution, holocausts and wars,  
discriminated and calumniated all through history  
for constantly remaining the eternal trickster  
struggling to survive and always winning,  
even conquering the heart of God.

*Eternal love*

I dream of you, my love,  
and can't stop doing so  
since you are always there  
in front of me forever  
in this moment that will never cease  
of love without an end  
and boundless without limits,  
all because of your so sudden revelation  
that you always will appear to me  
whenever I will least expect it.  
That's how love works:  
always there, surprising,  
lurking, waiting to assail you  
to renew your love and keep it burning  
like a light and symbol of eternity  
to never ever leave you any more in peace  
but always torture you with sensual delight  
that you will never tire of  
since it is only love of life itself.

*When you fall in love*

When you fall in love  
you don't know what to say.  
You just stand there  
like a stupid lonely sheep  
and can't do anything  
except get lost in dreams  
of wonders vain and vanishing  
as fleeting as a cloud  
with nothing to hold on to afterwards  
except the loss of a disintegrated dream

that gave a fragrance of eternity  
to just remind you  
that it's always there.

*All that matters...*

All that matters  
is the disposition of your love,  
the barometer of your life,  
the only perfect sign of health,  
the only true manifestation of your soul,  
that should be always open,  
high and ready  
to embrace new loves and friendships  
and new chapters of your life  
to keep you constantly developing,  
expanding and renewing  
as a soul forever on the search  
of more increasing overwhelming love.

*The Himalayas*

Divinity incarnate, isn't it?  
This sumptuous splendour of pure beauty  
in the highest whiteness reaching for the sky  
forbidding man to enter at the peril of his life,  
excluding foulness, baseness, weakness,  
ugliness, mortality, mundanity  
to just shine on forever  
untouched by the cataclysms and earthquakes  
of humanity and their chaotic history,  
remaining silently in constant splendour  
and surviving even aeons of geology  
for us to quake before and quietly admire  
as the highest purest possible manifestation  
of all beauty, freedom and release  
which man can only find in nature,  
which alone can save the continuity of man  
if just he realizes that he can't rule nature  
but can only live when ruled by nature.

*Our story*

I loved you from the start  
but did not know it,  
dared not risk it, was precautious  
and would never take for granted  
that you would love me in return.  
Our differences are unbridgeable,  
and every time I thought I reached you  
something happened to increase our difference  
and to almost force our separation,  
like an alienating demon haunting us  
with no deserved or righteous fate.  
Thus our security remained our friendship  
as the only platform of our association  
and which fortunately is impeccable.  
So we at least have something  
to unite us and keep us together constantly,  
indefinitely and perhaps forever.

Is this true love,  
and the sentimental love a lie,  
a fake, illusion and a self-deceit,  
like any drunken state of high elation,  
passing over, fading into nothing,  
while true love needs firmer basis?  
Practically our love has never worked,  
but it is there, existing, thriving,  
like two souls grown into one  
continuously expanding,  
while this mortal flesh  
becomes a secondary issue  
which we well can leave to rot.

### *The frailty of beauty*

That strange capacity  
of beauty irresistible  
is also, the more beautiful,  
the more extremely vulnerable  
and, in fact, the very essence  
of that delicacy called frailty.  
But that charm holds sway  
and higher power over men  
than they can possibly get mobilized  
by armies, fortunes and politics,  
which are all reduced to nothing  
in comparison with sacred beauty.  
Thus alone that beauty can redeem the world  
when all world powers else must fail.

### *Complaint*

Where is it gone,  
that natural capacity  
of culture, sensitivity and common sense,  
all lost in this world gone so much astray  
into the automatic age of mad derailment  
where politeness does no more exist,  
where gratitude is lost, unknown,  
regarded as absurd,  
as if sincere and human kindness  
just to ease co-operation between people  
was just silly, foolish and out-dated.  
Letters are no longer answered,  
cyber culture has reduced the language  
to just shallow formulas of emptiness,  
communication is denied  
if it gets sensitive or deep,  
as if all lasting human values  
were out of this world.  
I disagree  
and stick to history,  
the truth of ages past,  
the human truth of all that last,  
the spiritual values living ever with the soul,  
with love as sole foundation  
everlasting,

while all shallowness  
invariably driving over what it constantly ignores  
and shouldn't  
will get lost  
and always just continues getting lost,  
like this whole damned polluted age  
blind in its ignorance to its own self-destruction.

### *Love argument*

My love, what shall I tell you?  
That I love you still  
in spite of all the crises  
or perhaps because of them,  
continuously separating us  
to just force us again together,  
like a spiritual force  
more powerful than any potency of nature?  
There is so much that we need to talk about  
but never did, so many uncleared arguments,  
that keep amassing unresolved  
like in a constant constipation,  
(if you pardon the expression,)  
that perhaps we just should leave  
as totally irrelevant to our love  
and its core meaning,  
that we need each other  
and belong together to each other  
and can't do without each other.  
Yes, it couldn't be more simple,  
so it is unnecessary and irrelevant  
to complicate what lives by being basic,  
that is love, that couldn't be more basic.

### *Tibet*

A Tibetan's Voice,  
by Thupten Tendar

"As a Tibetan refugee, I'd like to give my perspective on our dying nation. Historically speaking, Tibet was led by kings, lamas and others based on the law of "Ten Virtues" and the 16 human principles, introduced by King Songtsan Gampo in the seventh century. I am not claiming that Tibet, prior to 1950s, was free of any conflict. No part of our world was. However, the ruling communist party has afflicted the brain of many non-Tibetans with its baseless propaganda by teaching fabricated history classes. So I, being a refugee with a parent who survived our genocide and diaspora, have a personal responsibility to make people understand Tibet properly.

Upon the Chinese takeover, thousands of monks, including my own uncle in Kham, were dragged off their meditation cushions and beheaded for nothing else than being a monk. The only allegation Mao Tse-Tung and his army made against these men was that they were monks practicing their religion, which the communists believe is poison to a society. The lay communities in Tibet pay their highest respect to the ordained people. They consider it a great honor for their son or daughter to join a monastery or nunnery because of their own faith. They rejoice in the spiritual community. Anybody who tries to break this relationship doesn't understand Tibet and the Tibetan spirit properly.

My mother ran into exile with her mother and two sisters. She barely made it to India. She was separated from her mother and sisters, and to this day has never heard from them again. They might have been killed by the so-called liberators, buried under snow or dead of hunger.

More than one million Tibetans were heartlessly killed by those who some people still claim were bringing liberation and prosperity to Tibet. If the real purpose of their invasion is for development of Tibet, then why did they divide it into many new parts and rename them in Chinese? Why did they destroy the Tibetan ecology, which caused deadly floods in China? Why do they choose their own version of the Panchen Lama and claim the right to select the future reincarnations of Tibetan lamas — even as they decry religion? Why do they build prisons and military bases rather than hospitals and schools? How can the words “freedom and democracy” appearing on Google, Yahoo and other websites hamper their mission development? Why are they afraid of dialogue with a figure of peace? Is the free media really harmful to growth and modernization?

I don't hate China. I appreciate most of my Chinese brothers and sisters for being nothing but warmhearted, courageous and compassionate toward me. But the Chinese occupation of Tibet was the first time in more than 2,000 years of Tibetan history that so many people were massacred in the region. Hundreds of thousands of Tibetans had to flee their homeland to become refugees. Our basic human rights were snatched away. They say communism brought peace and prosperity to Tibet. Sorry, we don't need any such blessings!

Thupten Tendar"

And can we stand by and just look on?  
6246 monasteries and temples  
robbed and ruined and destroyed,  
a fifth of the whole population murdered,  
hundred thirty thousand forced into exile  
and about 3000 fleeing every year  
across the mountains over passes of 6000 meters,  
a civilization and a culture deliberately devastated  
by an occupying atheist autocracy  
continuing enforcing violent oppression to this day,  
now 58 years of colonization by brute force,  
destruction, brainwash propaganda  
and enforced materialism and atheism.  
The Chinese Communist regime is kowtowed to  
by all the business world for its economy  
while therefore politicians also crawl  
to that most dreadful rotten empire of lies,  
an outward face all smiles,  
an inward face all cruelty, deceit and power greed.  
It started off Pol Pot, manipulating him  
to run the holocaust regime of poor Cambodia,  
it gave to Pakistan its nuclear potency  
and served both sides of Nepal's civil war with weapons,  
it is maintaining Burma's military inhumanity  
of drug monopolies of heroin and total tyranny,  
and what else? The ruins of Tibet  
if anything cry out forever  
against cruelty and atheism as the ideology  
of the most corrupt communist regime in history - of China.

*Marriage – why not?*

I always tried to stick to the Platonic form of love  
as the most rational, reliable and relevant,  
especially in our age of planet-risking over-population.  
Quarrels was my horror always,  
and in matrimony they can never be avoided.  
I was once deceived and quite determined  
never to become deceived again,  
and I was never willing to end up  
a hero under any slipper.

You can have as free and independent any number  
of good friends of any gender,  
but as married, one relationship must dominate all others,  
which was never in accordance with my democratic freedom soul.  
The final argument, that as a free man  
you can love the more,  
is maybe though the most decisive,  
vital and determining my fate.

### *Stuck in love*

What's better and what's worse -  
the nightmare of uncertainty  
or the force of jealousy?  
When the communication lines don't work  
and you are left like on a desert island in a void,  
the nightmares of uncertainty and jealousy pursuing you  
and haunting you and hunting you to death each night,  
not knowing what your love is doing in whose arms,  
while all that you can do yourself is wallowing in self-torment,  
like in the strait-jacket of cruelty of destiny  
much worse than any hospitalization;  
your sole comfort is that you still love her  
and will go on doing so no matter what she does,  
since no one can get out of that heart she has entered.

### *Thank God for feminism*

Just don't let it put you down,  
that squeamish scrupulous meticulousness  
appertaining to the oversensitivity of female delicacy  
leading to the pettiest of pedantry.  
Forget all that and look to beauty,  
disregard the coarse uncouthness of the masculine barbarity  
and let it be replaced by all the virtues of true femininity,  
the modesty and delicacy of consideration  
and the touch of suaveness in the magic  
of the sieve of lovable romanticism,  
that alone makes life endurable  
by that unique spice of eternity called love.  
Forget the sexes and the genders, love is all that matters  
constantly transcending every limit  
and surpassing all in life that is affected  
by that petty and ignoble menace called mortality.

### *Nepal*

There is no one braver or more stalwart and intrepid  
than a Sherpa or a Gurkha, sticking to the end  
in faithfulness, agility and bravery,  
a mountain people with incredible potentials  
and one of the poorest countries in the world,  
torn asunder by a fatal civil war  
of ten long years because of foreign powers intervening,  
arming terrorists and anarchists with weapons  
to be able to impose dictatorship themselves.  
But Nepal is and always was the freest of all Asian nations,  
which the British wisely did respect  
and therefore never colonized but left it wild  
to only take into their service individuals,

unconquerable Gurkhas and invaluable Sherpas,  
best of mountain fighters, first to climb Mount Everest,  
fantastic representatives of this so hearty people,  
hot and hard but nice and friendly,  
and, like every mountain people,  
warmer, more reliable and loyal in their hearts  
as if they were more human  
in the hardship of their mountain wisdom  
than all plain and ordinary human beings.

### *Love simplicity*

When the cold attacks you  
savagely with deep freeze,  
let your love get warm and warm you up.  
When dampness and humidity  
strikes deep with roughness in your limbs,  
let sunshine love with comfort dry you up.  
When darkness looms assailing you  
increasingly and overwhelmingly in winter days,  
let love loose in your soul to light you up.  
When your love is away  
on distant journeys and adventures  
and you never know if you at all will see her yet again,  
let her in spirit in your dreams appear,  
just think of her, and she will never leave you,  
and thus will your love continue  
to remain with you in constant dreams  
as long as you just keep on loving.

### *Another love definition*

Love is dying without dying,  
an eternal pain of pure delight,  
a torment utterly enjoyable forever  
and a mortal fall into an endlessness  
of darkness into the abysmal death of life  
reborn to start again from the beginning  
this delightful craze of sado-masochism  
which hurts the more for its endurance  
and the deeper, harder and more painful  
for its spirituality, sincerity and honesty.  
The greatest lover was Othello for his jealousy,  
no Romeo, no Tristan knew love better than the Moor  
who knew it was worth dying for it  
and was quite consistent in so doing.  
So do never cry, complain or treat love negatively,  
but endure it and enjoy it for its sufferings,  
for it is certainly the greatest privilege in life  
that man was offered for his bold decision  
to at all take up this haphazard existence  
to endure and suffer for it with his love.

### *The anti-modernist*

Is it wrong to be a realist?  
Is clarity to be condemned,  
since you are not allowed to be outspoken,  
as if direct honesty was something negative,  
while shadowy and fishy innuendos were preferable.

Is downright classicism condemnable then and no more allowed?  
 What is poetry and verbal art if not free licence  
 for expressive sumptuousness and loose imaginative speculation?  
 If you give it then some comprehensible and realistic form  
 and use some relevant correct syntax and grammar,  
 so that it approaches something of a style,  
 is that then to despise, denounce and scrap,  
 since it is not in line with Ezra Pound and T.S.Eliot,  
 James Joyce and Samuel Beckett?  
 What's wrong with an obnoxious anti-modernist  
 is that he is so shockingly a so upsetting radical  
 in the completely wrong direction, since he breaks  
 with fashion, tendencies and ruling nonsense  
 and rejects the dissolution of all forms and language,  
 heading strong against the stream by being clearcut  
 and demanding realism and comprehensibility;  
 and is it then so damnably completely wrong?

### *Impressions of India*

This fascinating continent, more populous than Europe  
 is still dominated by the oldest of the world's religions  
 quite unbrokenly since three millennia at least,  
 making her the oldest intact culture in our world,  
 enriching it in the historic process with one world religion more:  
 the high morale, integrity and wisdom  
 of the common sense philosophy of Buddhism,  
 while at times disturbed by more intolerant intruders like the Muslims  
 and the Christians, doing what they could to devastate  
 the history, the culture and traditions of the ancient "heathen" India,  
 which instead absorbed them to enrich her culture with them,  
 adding constantly more faiths, more languages and cultures,  
 more philosophies and outlooks on the world and life,  
 thus constantly remaining basically tolerant and universal,  
 which repeatedly her history has proved.  
 In modern times there has been a considerable renaissance of Hinduism  
 heralded by Romain Rolland, who introduced in Europe Ramakrishna  
 with his followers Vivekananda and Rabindranath Tagore.  
 The latter gave a universal voice to Hindu tolerance and wisdom  
 cordially embracing every faith and heralding a world community  
 and unity, like in a university of common faiths and knowledge,  
 cultures, shared philosophies and mutual creativeness.  
 Not only Kipling, Talbot Mundy, M.M.Kaye, John Masters  
 and Jim Corbett, first to introduce national parks of wildlife,  
 owed their lives to India, but Mahatma Gandhi was an Indian too,  
 accomplishing political reforms and miracles by obstinate non-violence.  
 One of his pupils was the Japanese monk Nichidatsu Fujii,  
 rebelling against society, career and martial life by sticking to a beggar's life  
 and making it his mission to erect peace stupas all around the world,  
 especially in India, as a demonstration against nuclear weapons,  
 having seen Hiroshima and Nagasaki,  
 making it his goal to have all nuclear weapons in the world dismantled.  
 He was active to the end, a hundred years old, when he passed away  
 some twenty years ago, but his Peace Stupas go on rising everywhere,  
 in Africa, in South America, in London, India and all over Asia,  
 crying out the urgent message universally: "Peace, please!"

### *Dharamshala*

Blessed haven of Tibetan refugees,  
 they come to you through snows and hardships

across icy passes of six thousand meters  
shot at in the process by insentient China soldiers,  
as if the oppression in Tibet was not enough,  
but escapees must even have to run the gauntlet  
across the austerity of the forbidding Himalayas  
to in Dharamshala, finally, find freedom  
and a human treatment with full dignity  
as ordinary faithful human and compassionate Tibetans.

During the horrific holocaust against the Jews  
they still in concentration death camps found the means  
to make the best of a bad bargain, stay alive,  
survive the Nazis and in places even make rebellion,  
like in Sobibor, Treblinka and the Warsaw Ghetto,  
and in later days look back with some nostalgic tenderness  
to those horrific challenge days, remember the communities  
and even love that strange existence of extreme conditions.

In the same way the Tibetans face the challenge,  
make the best of it and never give up faith or spirit,  
certain that one day again Tibet will be set free,  
while nothing can redeem the Chinese occupation force  
from facing the severest accusations of the facts of history.  
Meanwhile, the thriving paradise of Dharamshala  
keeps on working hard with meditation and enlightenment  
and spreading world wide the immortal message  
of the sacredness of freedom, truth, integrity and wisdom,  
spiting all the mortal rotten lies of all autocracies in history.

### *Kashmir*

War-torn paradise of inexpressible beauty  
with the friendliest people in the world,  
embracing any stranger with their love  
and overwhelmingly presenting to them  
this fairy tale of beauty and reality,  
of magic lakes of endless peace  
and mountains towering around them  
to enshrine the loveliest realm of India,  
torn asunder by politics, civil war  
and meaningless atrocities since 60 years  
with countless innocents as victims,  
like in any war resulting from politics,  
that established ignorance called power  
only causing miserable havoc  
by the irresponsibility of humankind.  
But beauty, paradise and peace survives,  
is always born anew and never tires  
and shines through the most romantic landscape  
of the blessed mountains of Kashmir,  
the land of overwhelming beauty,  
which eventually will conquer and prevail,  
since there was never any human heart  
that was not moved by truth when it was beautiful.

### *The inescapability of love*

I love you, but I don't need you,  
but I need to love you,  
which is a more potent urge than nature  
which not even nature can inhibit,

sabotage, postpone or hinder,  
which is why we have no choice  
but keep on loving constantly forever  
making the best out of it  
and overcoming obstacles and spite al destinies,  
defy the mundane horror world  
and just keep on in faithfulness,  
sincerity, devotion and profundity  
to just go on expanding and enlarging  
the forever growing depth and truth of love.

### *Wounded*

You can not get more hurt  
in wars, in accidents or in disasters  
than in love, when disappointment  
is but followed by more disappointments,  
when the wounds are only opened deeper  
and when nothing can be healed,  
for punctured soul can not be bandaged,  
and all is only worsened  
time and time again  
in something like a constant hellish repetition  
which gets on and on, gets worse,  
more cruel and more unjust.  
Then enters the banal ridiculous situation  
that your love is changed to hate,  
and thus the irreparable self-torment  
only worsens in its utter pain.  
And still you hesitate to make the operation  
to just end it all, disrupt and close up the relationship,  
to kill your feelings and seal up that chamber in your soul,  
since still the memories are there  
of how it started in its glorious beauty,  
- only to be crushed by a reality  
which always was infallibly insensitive  
and ruthless in its cursed sordidness,  
which in its unawareness' murderous insensitivity  
is worse and crueller than death.

### *Sårad*

Mer sårad kan man inte bli  
i krig, i olyckor, i katastrofer  
än i kärlek, när besvikelsen  
blott följs av fler besvikelser,  
när såren bara borras djupare,  
när ingenting kan helas,  
ty punkterad själ kan aldrig plåstras om,  
och allting blott förvärras  
om och om igen  
i ett slags ständigt mer helvetisk tjtighet  
som bara håller på, blir värre,  
grymmare och mera orättvis.  
Då uppstår den banala löjlga situationen  
att ens kärlek byts till hat,  
och så blir det ohyggliga självplågeriet  
bara ännu värre och mer smärtsamt.  
Ändå drar man sig från den kirurgiska operationen  
att helt enkelt göra slut, förtränga relationen,  
döda känslorna och stänga detta själsrum,

då dock minnena finns kvar  
av hur det var då allting började  
så innerligt gudomligt vackert  
- bara för att krossas av en verklighet  
som alltid var fullkomligt okänslig  
och hänsynslös i sin fördömda krasshet,  
som i sin omedvetenhets okänslighet  
är grymmare än döden.

### *The Pain of Life*

When pain invades and kills the soul,  
so let it kill, but let it not desist  
but go on killing with its pain,  
so that it can be felt most thoroughly,  
and so that you can feel the more  
that you are still alive  
and can survive the pain  
of having your soul killed.  
Thus you can also go on loving  
although love is dead and murdered  
since it goes on hurting and so hard,  
so outrageously and intolerably hard,  
so that you almost feel the more alive  
for its so hurting so outrageously.  
So cut no bones on me by amputation,  
master barber-surgeon, for all my gangrene,  
and transplant not my heart  
although it is so broken;  
but let me live on as long as it just hurts enough,  
so that I yet may feel to still be living  
all the way until I die.

### *Livssmärtan*

När smärtan dödar själen,  
låt den döda, men låt den ej upphöra  
men fortsätta att döda med sin smärta  
så att smärtan känns ordentligt  
så att man ändå får känna  
att man lever  
och kan överleva smärtan  
av att ha en dödad själ.  
Så kan man även fortsätta att älska  
fastän kärleken är död och mördad  
då den alltjämt gör så ont  
så alldeles förbannat ont  
så att man nästan blir som än mer levande  
just för att det gör så förbannat ont.  
Så amputera inga ben på mig,  
herr fältskär, trots min kallbrand,  
och transplantera inget hjärta  
fast det gamla har gått sönder.  
Låt mig leva vidare så länge det gör ont  
så att jag dock får känna att jag lever  
ända tills jag dör.

### *The gutter misery*

We ignore it, trying not to mind,  
and look the other way  
if it insistently protests too hard,  
which only makes it worse:  
the homeless with his shaky alcoholic stench,  
the withered prostitute inviting anyone  
for just a few poor pennies and still gets no customers,  
the beggar tart with her small crying child in rags  
who no one wants to offer anything  
since no one feels responsible for her situation,  
and the child with swollen belly and infected eyes,  
too large and suffering to even raise compassion  
since the misery is too revolting in its ugliness,  
the leper demonstrating his horrendous mutilations  
to get money, and the cripple crawling without legs  
and twisted limbs on some invalid cart on small wheels,  
and the thousands who no more can rise,  
have given up, as lost and scrapped, with no more strength,  
just waiting to get carried out and thrown away.  
That's our reality in major parts of our world,  
which we don't want to see or care for,  
since we have enough of ourselves  
which claims all our attention,  
blinding us to that reality  
which in the end will never spare us.

### *Rännstenseländet*

Vi förtränger det och låtsas inte om det  
och ser bort åt annat håll  
om påträngandet blir för insisterande,  
varvid det bara växer och blir värre:  
uteliggaren med skakig alkisstank och skäggstubbe,  
den bedagade prostituerade som säljer sig  
för några pennies men ändå blir utan kunder,  
tiggerskan med barn på armen,  
som ej någon vill ge något  
då ej någon känns vid något ansvar för situationen,  
barnet med uppsvällda magen och de stora ögonen,  
för stora och för uppsvällda för att ens väcka medlidande  
då misären är för ful, grotesk, fränstötande och avskyvärd,  
den spetälske som demonstrerar sina stympningar  
för att få pengar, krymplingen som krälar  
utan ben och armar på en småhjulsjärta,  
och de arma tusentals som aldrig mera  
orkar resa på sig ens, som givit upp,  
förlorade och skrotade och väntar på att forslas bort.  
Det är vår verklighet i större delen av vår värld,  
som vi ej gitter se, då vi har alldeles tillräckligt av oss själva  
att bekymra oss med intill fullständig upptagenhet  
och blindhet för en verklighet  
som dock i längden aldrig skonar oss.

### *Bitter tears*

You killed it all from the beginning  
without giving it a chance,  
when you deceived me with that wimp  
who did already have a wife,

when I found you in bed with him  
while you ignored my birthday  
and defended him, your lover, against me,  
as if I was the real presumptuous outrageous intruder.  
How could such a shipwreck ever set to sea again?  
Your other lovers, after his incompetence,  
were equal failures, each rebelling naturally  
against your blind lack of empathy  
and total ego-centricism.  
Is all your beauty just a mask then  
and a luring substitute for your inadequateness,  
immaturity, your childish limitation to yourself  
and lack of any spiritual antennae?  
No one could have hurt me deeper than you did  
since I gave you my love in full  
while all you wanted was to toy with sissies  
whom you could entirely control and dominate.  
My only comfort in this mess  
of an aborted possibility of a sincerity  
of love expected at its best turned out its worst,  
is that at least I made it in not hurting you.

### *Love's bitter abyss*

The well of all your tears of love  
can never get filled up and never emptied,  
it will always be enriched by new laments,  
while all the old ones never can be cancelled  
or forgotten, keeping that abyss forever constant  
without bottom, without end  
and flowing always without ever overflowing,  
never satisfying, never measurable,  
always black in darkness and annoying you  
by always, when you look down into it,  
presenting you with that most hateful mirror  
of your own deluded face,  
as if all that well full of sorrows  
actually contained was only your own self.  
But real love is the opposite:  
forget yourself, transcend yourself,  
get out of it and think of someone else,  
and independent of how many loves  
you lost and failed you,  
there will always still be someone left  
who has deserved your love.

### *Your love*

You are the only sun of your life,  
and only you can make it shine  
to give it warmth and tenderness and love.  
You have no right to crave it from the others,  
and if you feel sorted out and forlornly cold-shouldered,  
those cold shoulders are your own,  
and only you yourself have closed your heart.  
There is no other world in you but your own heart.  
The universe is yours if you would open it (your heart) to others,  
but the flow is always yours, depending only upon you.  
That is responsibility:  
if you can take responsibility and give it,

then there's nothing wrong with you,  
and all you have to do is keep on loving  
tirelessly, going out and actively forever.

#### *Din kärlek*

Du är den enda solen i ditt liv,  
och bara du kan bringa den att skina  
för att ge det värme, ömhet, kärlek.  
Du har ingen rätt att kräva det av andra,  
och om du upplever dig som mobbad, utesluten,  
är det du som själv har uteslutit dig,  
och bara du har själv stängt till ditt hjärta.  
Du har ingen annan egen värld än i ditt hjärta,  
och allt universum tillhör dig, om du kan öppna det för andra,  
men dess energi och kraft är bara din, beroende av bara dig.  
Det är ditt ansvar:  
om du kan ta ansvar och ge över det,  
så är det inget fel på dig,  
och allt vad du behöver göra  
är att bara fortsätta att älska  
outtröttligt, aktivt utåtgående för alltid.

#### *Bleeding hearts*

They are more common than you think,  
the silent bleeding aching hearts of loneliness,  
too proud to give away their pain by crying,  
and the more their aching vibrates universally  
resounding in the ether of spiritual sensitivity,  
where they indeed can never be alone;  
since those who cry in silence without tears  
in constant inward drowning in their misery  
are that part of the iceberg of all human grief  
that never can be seen but goes the deeper.  
We who know their grief can share it  
in deep sympathy in silence and respect  
and cry and pray with them in humble service  
at that altar of all tears of blood that never became known.

#### *Blödande hjärtan*

De är vanligare än du tror,  
de hjärtan som i tystnad blöder i sin värk och ensamhet,  
för stolta för att visa djupet av sin smärta med att gråta,  
men blott desto mer ger värken resonans i universum  
i den spirituella känslighetens eter  
där de sannerligen aldrig är i fred och ensamhet;  
då de som gråter tyst inom sig utan tårar  
under ständig drunkning i sin sorgs elände  
är den del av mänsklighetens sorg-isberg  
som ej någonsin är synlig men går desto djupare.  
Vi som är initierade i denna sorg kan dela den  
i djupt deltagande och innerligt respektfull sympati  
för att tyst be och gråta med dem i en altartjänst  
vid alla de blodstårar som ej någonsin blev kända.

### *Ladakh*

Safe haven of an earthly paradise,  
untouched by devastating holocausts,  
that left all Tibet and Kashmir in ruins  
by political atrocities and civil wars,  
you stayed up in the clouds  
untouchable by earthly powers  
in your prayers, monasteries and traditions  
intact and unbroken since a thousand years;  
and thus you keep on flourishing in cozy comfort  
isolated eight months every year  
by severest winters closing up all passes  
to let you in peace run festivals all winter  
in your harmony and happiness that seems incurable.  
And yet, you are in some ways leader of the world  
in reasonable ecological economy,  
for you a must, since you are always short of water,  
but which system of co-operation admirably high developed  
to make life in hard conditions possible at all  
the whole world needs to learn a lot of.  
Thrive in peace and arduous hard work,  
and teach the world about your harmony and virtue,  
blessed mountain kingdom far away  
beyond the landscapes of the moon.

### *Love never passes except to remain*

Was love then just a passing drem,  
a perfume of seduction  
like a cloud dispersed by any wind,  
a fragment of a dream to never be remembered,  
a terrible delusion without reason?  
But the dream was there and lingers still  
and can not be forgotten or denied  
and will continue haunting you  
as long as you remain alive;  
since any love, and even the most brief, is true,  
and nothing can recant it or control it.  
Love once given will remain with you forever  
as a lasting remedy, reward or nightmare – as you wish,  
and only you yourself can give it any character.

### *The Trial*

- all those dreadful morning moods...

Do I need you?  
Only positively,  
since I do not need your problems,  
your ingratitude and worries,  
all those morning quarrels,  
when we both denuded  
stand stark naked with our souls  
in constant trial for our lives,  
our tragedies, mistakes and crimes,  
our rotten morals and delusions,  
which are an infinity  
of dreadfulness, disorganized disorder,  
an entangled mess of weird confusions  
and unsorted heaps of odds and ends,

just like in any marriage,  
although we were never married.  
Shall we let each other go, then,  
just to try to set us free?  
Is that possible?  
That is the the real question  
and the trial that can never reach a verdict.

### *Elementary*

Purity of heart and love  
is all that counts in love  
and all that makes up love  
– there is no love where opportunity turns up  
and fools you into calculation,  
which immediately corrupts it  
and turns it away to other forms  
except sincerity, integrity and honesty,  
and thus it even may turn into hate,  
the very opposite of love;  
which always is one-sided,  
true and living only by its honesty.  
If love is true, it's better to abstain from it  
and banish it forever  
than risk having it defouled  
by anything unworthy of its highest level,  
if it once has been attained.

### *Natural truth*

Truth will always out,  
and there is nothing you can do to stop it;  
like a force of nature,  
it is mercilessly irresistible  
and absolutely neutral in its callousness,  
no matter what objections humans might find justified;  
no matter how dishonourable it could be  
to ladies, presidents or priests,  
the nature of the truth is such  
that nothing can suppress it,  
and if someone tries it only will boil over  
the more certainly and fatally.  
The only danger of the truth, in fact,  
is actually to try to hold it back,  
like whipping a wild bolting horse,  
which only the more certainly will throw you off.

So naturally it is wiser  
to pay heed to inconvenient truths  
and listen to them carefully and even search for them  
than to pretend that they are false or don't exist.  
However, there is one way to assuage the truth,  
and that is simply just to make the best of it,  
accept it, bear with it and carry on.  
For instance, if you find your ship abandoned,  
just sail on without the captain  
until he returns,  
and if he doesn't, just sail on  
as long as there is any sea to sail on  
and a boat to save you from it.

### *Bitterness*

– after tears and rains, the sun will shine anyway  
and go on shining always even when clouded.

Anything is better than bitterness.  
If all you can do is but quarrel,  
then just get lost and forget it,  
leave it behind, close that wardrobe,  
get down to reality instead  
and stop worrying, crying and moaning  
which never will do any good  
but only is a waste of time.  
Go on and leave the yesterdays behind you,  
and you will find, that all that is ahead of you  
is just a glorious lot of splendid tomorrows.

### *Sikkim*

Paradise of dreams,  
perhaps the last of Shangri Las,  
your pastoral idyllic peace  
is like a life elixir  
and a fountain of perpetual love  
with your abundance of lush gardens  
with the greatest richness in the world of orchids,  
making actually your entire country  
like a secret wonderful botanic garden  
in the vastness of which anyone gets lost  
to never reach the end of it.  
In these dark winter times  
it gives immense relief and comfort  
just to think of your warm paradise  
with maybe the most gentle people of all India,  
indeed a fountain of perpetual youth  
and of sweet lasting dreams  
to always have in store and to return to  
with fond tenderness and everlasting pleasure.

### *Goa*

They say you find the best of Indians there  
and all the worst of westerners.  
Is that because of all those parties  
going on forever day and night  
the whole year round  
and reaching something of a climax  
around New Year's celebrations?  
This was actually one of the first  
established hippie paradises  
of the 70s together with Nepal and Bali,  
all those hippie colonies migrating  
as the seasons changed,  
in summer for Nepal,  
in winter down to Goa  
and escaping the monsoons to Bali,  
and this circulation still goes on.  
The party never ends but only changes places,  
moving even up to Kashmir and Ladakh  
occasionally when the Nepal civil war  
made things uncomfortable there.

So, welcome to enjoy and join the party,  
there is now three generations of those hippies,  
still incorrigible as peace and rainbow activists  
all round the globe and constantly increasing,  
gaining ground as gradually the world begins to realize,  
that they were always right from the beginning,  
sacrificing world affairs, careers and vanity  
for the idealism of living more for love and beauty  
as the only means to make a future possible.

*The secret lover*

I don't care who steals you  
from your friends and truest lovers,  
I don't care who kisses you and fondles you,  
your opportunism is your own affair  
and no concern of mine,  
and neither is your scheming calculation and ingratitude;  
we are poor devils living idealistically  
and are therefore free to use whatever means  
fate offers us for opportunities;  
my distant silence shall the more be eloquent  
and echo universally the obviousness of my unhappy love,  
for no one loves more honestly than those who suffer for it.  
Let my ague then be evidence enough  
that I alone was your supreme and only perfect lover  
who expressed it best by suffering in silence.

*At a loss*

– the morning after before the day of tomorrow

I lost my head  
in sudden gusts of crises  
blowing in with climate changes  
bursting every sense of credibility  
and probability, stability and safety,  
replacing it with bursts of chaos  
in which all you can do  
is to cool it down, get drunk, resign  
and just forget about the global mess  
in which the world has lost its head  
and can not find it any more.  
What shall we do about it?  
There is only one thing certain about life,  
and that is that we all must die,  
and then we'll see what happens.  
That, in fact, is maybe our lasting hope,  
that there is always some surprises left.

*Vägen vidare*

Vi har samma väg att gå,  
men den bär bara utför  
och den tar aldrig slut,  
ty den börjar där den slutar,  
och den slutar redan där den börjar,  
men det är ett slut som aldrig tar slut.  
Det är en väg att gå tillsammans  
mot en undergång som aldrig kommer

och under vars gång vi aldrig kan förenas  
fastän det är resans enda mening  
och det enda skälet till att vi gör den.  
Någon av oss måste falla på vägen  
men blir sedan bara bättre sällskap  
såsom andlig beledsagare och reskamrat  
som aldrig mera släpper taget.  
Så reser vi i evighet mot undergång  
mot en början som aldrig kommer  
och ett slut som aldrig tar slut  
men som alltid fortsätter  
och börjar om på nytt  
just när man tror att allting tagit slut.

### *Journeying on*

We are together on the same road  
which however only leads to hell  
and never ends,  
for it begins where it's the end,  
and ends already from the start,  
but that end is an end that never ends.  
It is a way to go together  
towards a perdition that will never come  
and during which we never can be joined  
although that was the only reason why we made it.  
Someone has to fall during the way  
but only to become the better company  
as spiritual leader and companion  
who will never more desert you.  
Thus we journey on forever to perdition  
towards a beginning that will never come  
and an end that never will be terminal  
but always will go on  
and start again from the beginning  
just as you thought that everything was finished.

### *Santa at bay (Tomten på dekis)*

What do you expect of me?  
To humour you for a christmas corrupted and commercialised to death?  
To drive around with my reindeers in a world without snow  
where you have ruined the whole climate with your pollution?  
To be happy and laugh that silly old ho!ho!ho! in all your din  
of deafening noise shouting down all that sounded good  
and accept that you have turned christmas into a prostitution  
of all that was lovely and nice about the holidays  
by your bloody vulgar shit publicity and commercials,  
which only has debased me into the greatest fool  
of universal ridicule during the last 50 years?  
To keep a shining jolly face amidst all your warring  
when your society only is good for burning people out,  
when christmas trees hardly can grow any more in your acid forests  
where you have cut down almost every single wild tree,  
and when you just ignore all your hospitalized victims buried alive  
and dying while you just eat yourselves to vomit,  
imagining you have a good time while all you produce is diarrhoeas?  
No, the only proper thing about christmas nowadays  
is the liquor and the wine, that at least you have that good sense  
to drink yourselves unconscious in all your mad failures;  
and don't expect any christmas presents from me this year

or any other year, don't expect to see me any more,  
for I'll be on strike this christmas and forever  
just sitting at home drinking.

### *Old flames*

You love them still and can't forget them,  
but you never look them up,  
bored as you are with sleazy memories,  
and so instead your conscience aches  
and you feel sultry and desultory  
although there's nothing wrong  
and you were not at fault.  
The difficulty is to start again,  
get out of all your failures and get on with it;  
but burnt as you so miserably are,  
you really do not feel much for it,  
sticking to those awkward sticky memories  
that you don't feel like looking up  
and for that reason even less can get away from.  
It's the old predicament of old sentimentality,  
and all you actually can do about it  
is to wallow in those memories  
and write some poems to assort them.

### *I can't stop loving you*

How can I love you without hurting you  
and causing harm to our relationship?  
We only seem to be quite safe when we are gone  
at proper distance from each other,  
but that constant separation is the deepest wound  
each time you leave me for another,  
for your life of flair and casual pleasure,  
that excludes all intimate relationships  
and makes a lasting friendship difficult,  
debaring it from ever reaching any fathoms of profundity.  
Yet another temporary separation and divorce  
prolonging it and making it yet more unbearable  
and unsurveyable – is that how our love is doomed?  
To ever grow but never reach fulfilment?  
I am at a loss, bewildered and bedazzled  
and am only sure of one thing:  
that I can't stop loving you.

### *My friend or foe*

I do not know you and therefore can not trust you.  
Something tells me you will be my death some day.  
Your love I can not doubt,  
it certainly does turn me on,  
and I am grateful for your company,  
since you are always there,  
my most mysterious travelling companion,  
and your beauty certainly is irresistible,  
and yet I hesitate, which you must bear with.  
You can never be too careful about love,  
it is the easiest way to get burnt out,  
and still you can not do without it but must have it,  
like a drug of unknown consequences.

You are certainly the most dramatic  
of my friends but also the most dangerous,  
so please forbear with my precautions.  
I will love you, certainly, with all my flesh and soul,  
it's just my heart and brain I am uncertain of,  
but they will follow, though not without warnings.

*The humanist's dilemma*

The problem about humanism, although an ideal,  
is that it must needs have neutrality,  
it is objective goodness that must cancel passion  
to subsist, survive, exist at all and thrive,  
and therefore almost all the greatest humanists  
were all without relationships,  
they stood alone except for neutral friends.  
Is humanism then a philosophy  
that must deny the freedom of relationships?  
Not quite, but humanism is also practical  
demanding freedom most of all,  
of mind, of conscience and of thought.  
With one relationship then dominating in your life,  
the humanist is at the mercy of an octopus  
that always tends to bind and slow you down.  
I love relationships, invite them and adore them,  
but, please, let me keep them neutral,  
and I can only entertain and maintain them  
if my back is free and I may keep my freedom  
to have all the world and cosmos for my friends.

*Sweet obsession*

Are we obsessed or just possessed,  
and what with if not with each other?  
But it is a sweet obsession  
and the loveliest possession  
for as long as we may keep it,  
and it seems to be for quite some time,  
since it is hardly possible to see an end on it.  
It is perhaps a blessedness to take well care of  
and enjoy as one of life's most golden moments,  
which apparently may last for quite some time,  
since so far we have failed to end it,  
although we have bravely tried indeed.  
So maybe after all it is worth holding on to  
since it's so reluctant to leave us in peace.

*Unutterable love*

We speak in silence  
in communion with the stars,  
our most attentive listeners,  
who understand our thoughts,  
the secret language of our souls,  
which only intimacy has access to  
with the key of safe discretion  
more infallible to ever be invaded;  
and so our love is intact  
as the best kept of all secrets,  
which curiosity will try in vain to importune

and only find the black hole of our mystery.  
Let's keep it that way and continue  
to expand in our love forever.

### *An ordinary love poem*

Our love seems only to increase with the years  
as if, instead of growing older, we grew younger,  
as if old souls never could grow older  
but only younger in mentality, vitality and quality,  
as if maturity was something ever to increase  
with age in juvenility, ability and vivacity,  
like an old mentality growing ever younger  
in strength and power with acquired wisdom,  
the bitterness of experience carrying only sweetest fruits.  
And thus our love in spite of all full stops,  
the divorces, differences and disasters  
only is revitalized each time we meet again  
in a miraculous metamorphosis of a Phoenix  
never learning from mistakes but ever starting right again,  
as if time, age, experience and generations  
mattered less or not at all  
than only a brief moment of our union,  
in one second outdoing all eternity.

### *Artisten*

Strunta i publiken.  
Det är inte den som gör din dikt,  
och om de läser den så är det deras ensak  
och inte något som du ska bry dig om,  
ty lever den så lever den,  
och det är allt som betyder något.  
Vad den innehåller är en annan sak,  
det är sekundärt,  
så strunta i dess innehåll  
och var ej rädd för att förolämpa publiken,  
den tål vad som helst,  
liksom du tål vad som helst,  
om du bara håller dig till sanningen,  
alltså din egen subjektiva sanning,  
ty det är den som är din integritet.  
Ingenting annat spelar någon roll,  
så var ej rädd för ens att stoppa undan din dikt  
längst ner och underst i byrålådan  
för att glömmas där  
och aldrig få någon läsare.  
Lever den, så lever den,  
och då kommer den fram ändå  
förr eller senare,  
då något en gång skapat  
alltid lever sitt eget liv  
och följer sina egna lagar  
som du inte kan göra något åt,  
om det bara lever.  
Det är skapandets privilegium och helvete:  
att alltid bli av med allt vad man gör.

### *The artist*

Ignore your audience and your readers,  
they are not the ones who write your poetry,  
and it's only their own business if they read it,  
nothing that should cause you any worries,  
since the only thing that matters  
is that what you're writing is alive.  
Its contents is another secondary matter,  
if it is alive it will remain alive,  
and that is all that should be of concern to you,  
so do not be afraid of being inconvenient  
or provocative or even controversial and insulting,  
just forget about all possible reactions  
and that you at all might have an audience,  
they will stand whatever and survive  
and always be there and return  
for good or worse regardless in what mood;  
and if you are ignored or lynched  
it's of no consequence to what you write  
which should be written and stay written  
for the life and honesty you gave it.  
It should even be of no concern of yours  
if all you write ends up in silence in the bottom drawer  
to stay hidden there concealed from every reader  
never to be read or noticed.  
If there is true life in it  
it will appear in its own right  
sooner or later in the limelight of attention,  
since what has once been created  
and endowed with life will follow its own laws  
and fate which is beyond you and all your control,  
if only it has true life of its own.  
That is the privilege and hell of the creative power:  
you have no control of it, once you have let it out.

### *Love understatement*

Hiding my love in poetry  
was my best means to protect it  
from indiscretion and importunism,  
and thus have I kept it safe for you  
intact and entire in glorious purity  
for its safeguarded expansion infinitely,  
and yet I don't know where you are,  
perhaps not even who you are,  
since my knowledge of you ever was imperfect  
in awkwardness and shortcomings,  
since I never knew what you expected of me.  
Perhaps it was nothing or merely friendship,  
but I ever gave you more and wanted more  
and wished so much more to offer you,  
but you were never there  
in physical accessibility  
since you were only soul  
and the more overwhelming spiritually  
for your absence of approachability.  
Once Beethoven said, that "In woman  
the body has no soul and the soul no body."  
and yet he loved the more  
for never reaching his beloved.

But I have always reached you  
and kept your self within me  
and will do so continuously forever.

*Close encounters of the fourth degree*

The unforgettable encounter left me marked forever  
with a stamp burnt in from which I never will recover,  
like a most incurable disease in which you waste forever  
without dying, in a torment that will never cease  
but merely increase, unnoticeably worsening  
so slowly that it's stealing on you from behind  
so furtively and fatally as never to leave you in peace  
from that mere knowledge that from now on you'll be dying  
like a leper, slowly, inconceivably,  
to never let you die completely,  
and that is the the worst of all in this unending doom.  
And yet, your face, that should have been so utterly familiar,  
was so alien and so fascinating in its unreality  
that I could but be stuck with it forever  
studying it too thoroughly for its so creeping horror  
worse than any monster or wild raging animal  
and so appalling in its utter naked truth,  
a soul unclothed and bared in all its magic  
not to ever let me free again from that tremendous spell  
affecting all my life, reducing me to nothing but a thrall  
to fear and obstinate workoholism  
for maybe more than just a lifetime sentence.  
Still I do not know you, and it was my own fault  
that I dared to look you in your face  
under the influence of that most devastating drug of truth  
effacing all reality except the basic spiritual one  
so fatally revealed to me in just one catastrophic look into a mirror  
to immediately kill me off to save my soul  
but slain in bondage in the chains of servitude forever.

*Unwelcome guests at Poetbay*

We are all strangers here  
as fleeting as the ghosts of shadows  
visiting and staying on in vain  
in spite of being most unwelcome and abandoned  
to just vanish without any trace  
with only memories to keep our ghosts alive,  
like improvising temporary guests  
who think they make great presence  
and by all means make the best of it  
to vanish all the same  
completely, like untombed Elizabethans.  
Very well, it's just to be accepted,  
but there's nothing to prevent us  
from maintaining golden memories  
and cultivating them in peace forever.  
They can close down any site and burn all poetry,  
but they can never stop us from continuing  
to visit parties uninvited  
just to make our poetry.

### *Ovälskomna gäster i poeter.se*

Vi är alla bara gäster här  
så flyktiga som skuggors spöken  
på besök och dröjer fåfängt kvar  
trots ovälskomst och övergivenhet  
för att försvinna utan något spår  
med bara minnen kvar att hålla våra andar levande,  
som tillfälliga improvisatoriska besökare  
som tror sig vara något  
och som gör sig till så gott de kan  
för att ändå försvinna  
fullständigt, som lik i tomma gravar.  
Det är blott att acceptera;  
men ej någonting kan hindra oss  
från att bevara gyllne minnen  
och odla dem i fred för alltid.  
De kan slopa hemsidan och låta all dess poesi förgås,  
men de kan aldrig stoppa oss ifrån att fortsätta  
att gå på fester oinbjudna  
bara för att producera poesi.

### *Palestrina*

Palestrina made some music  
which was far too beautiful  
to suit His Holiness the Pope,  
who thought the music dangerous  
in its seducing beauty  
luridly diverting people's minds  
from the religious formalism and order  
to a better world of spiritual harmonies  
which in the long run could outdo religion  
as something better and a more spiritual alternative;  
so the almighty Pope called forth the Inquisition  
to investigate the magic of that lewd musician,  
which they did, and found, that his polyphony  
was insubstantial like the clouds.  
So Palestrina was allowed to go on making music  
of his own invention, which is quite ingenious still today  
and matchless as perfected polyphonal choir singing  
much more to the glory of that God  
who had been so misunderstood by that almighty church  
which thought it fit to make the Inquisition try some music.

Palestrina komponerade musik  
som var för vacker enligt påvens öron  
då den var förförisk i sin skönhet  
och riskerade att vända folks uppmärksamhet  
ifrån den religiösa formalismens ordning  
till en bättre värld av andlighet och harmoni  
som i längden kunde slå ut religionen  
som ett bättre och mer spirituellt alternativ;  
så påven konsulterade Inkquisitionen  
och bad den undersöka den riskabla musikern  
och hans förföriskt sinnliga magi,  
vilket de gjorde, och kom fram till, att hans polyfoni  
var lika grundlöst svävande som molnen.  
Så den gode Palestrina fick fortsätta skapa sin musik,  
som fortfarande idag är helt genialisk  
och oöverträffad i sin polyfona perfektion

så mycket lämpligare såsom hyllning till den Gud  
som kyrkan missförstått så grundligt  
att den kallat på Inkquisitionen  
till hjälp för att förstå musik.

*Orlando di Lasso*

The merry fish of virtuosity,  
unchallenged as a virtuoso,  
last of the great Flemish music masters,  
learned his music nonetheless in Italy,  
and where if not in Naples?  
He toured vigorously all of western Europe  
but preferred the northern Italy  
although his fixed position was in Munich  
on the wrong side of the Alps.  
In contrary to Palestrina,  
who heroically challenged his misfortunes  
when he lost his children and his wife  
already in advanced age in the Plague,  
remarried and refused to be let down,  
Orlande de Lassus, successful always  
with 2000 compositions on his conscience  
was in latter days seized with melancholy  
and found it difficult to get out of that bog,  
as if his whole triumphant life of just encores  
had merely been a mirage of some self-deception.  
Curiously enough, they both died in the same year,  
Palestrina quite unbroken by his tragedies,  
Orlando Lasso at a loss for all his unbroken successes.

*The war of madness on sensibility*

Benazir Bhutto in memoriam.

This cannot pass unnoticed.  
It is too blatant in preposterous absurdity.  
It is too over-obvious and can never be defended.  
Mrs Bhutto wanted peace and sense to rule in Pakistan  
and therefore was assassinated by a suicide bomber.  
Can it get more sick –  
the state of fundamentalists and terrorists,  
the fanaticism of psychopathic paranoia  
waging holy war against a woman  
just because she was a woman of some influence,  
a blind attack on all the values of civilization,  
justice, reason, sense, constructivism and education  
only to enforce dictatorship intolerance  
and backward brainwash unto death at any cost.  
And this was not the first time.  
The same brute force was launched in Burma  
against peaceful demonstrators  
who only asked for what was reasonable  
also led by one courageous and heroic woman  
who has been imprisoned for some sixteen years.  
In China this war of insanity against good sense,  
against all human rights, against suppressed Tibetans  
and against the perils of philosophy and Buddhist wisdom  
has been going on for sixty years

and still not tires in its efforts to exterminate  
the freedom of the human mind and thought and conscience  
and the life and culture and the history of the Tibetan nation.  
They will never tire, all those mad dogs of barbarity  
in their efforts to annihilate all sense  
and beauty that excels their own,  
and they will never learn, the miserable bastards,  
that they never will be able to succeed.

### *Vanvettets krig mot förnuftet*

Det kan ej passera obemärkt.  
Det är för skriande i sin absurda överdrift.  
Det är för övertydligt och förblir för alltid oförsvarligt.  
Hon reste hem till Pakistan för att få fred,  
demokrati och sunt förnuft i landet  
och blev därför mördad av en självmordsbombare.  
Kan det bli mera sjukt, ett sådant tillstånd  
av förtvivlad fundamentalism och terrorism,  
en psykopatisk paranoias fanatism,  
som krigar mot en kvinna  
bara för att hon är inflytelserik som sådan,  
en blind attack mot alla civilisationens värden,  
rättvisa, förnuft, konstruktivism och utbildning  
och blott för att forcera etablerad diktators intolerans  
med hjärntvättsbakåtsträvande till döds till vilket pris som helst.  
Och detta var ej första gången.  
Samma blint brutala maktspråk fördes nyligen i Burma  
emot fridens demonstranter  
som blott bad om självklarheter,  
också ledda av en modig och heroisk kvinna  
som har hållits fängslad nu i mer än 16 år.  
I Kina har det galna kriget mot förnuftet,  
mot mänskliga rättigheter, mot förtryckta tibetaner  
och mot faran av buddhistiskt sunt förnuft och dess filosofi  
nu förts i sextio år och fortsätter med syndens envishet att föra kampen  
krampaktigt mot samvetsfrihet, tankefrihet och yttrandefrihet  
och emot all tibetansk identitet, historia och kultur.  
De tycks aldrig tröttna, alla dessa galna hundar av okunnighet  
i sina fåfänga försök att krossa allt förnuft och skönhet  
som begår det brottet att de överstiger deras egen,  
och de lär sig aldrig, dessa miserabla uslingar,  
att de ej någonsin kan lyckas.

### *Death is down*

Death is never death but just an aimless threat  
in vain to challenge life and give it some adversity  
just to forward progress and transgress resistance  
to bring life the more to victory  
eliminating destructivity forever,  
which is only there as spice and salt  
to make the stew less boring.  
Death is only what makes life  
surviving, overcoming, conquering  
and glorying in eternity like Phoenix,  
so don't for a moment think that PoetBay is finished.  
It has only started.

*Monteverdi, Orpheus and their lost wives*

Claudio worked for years  
on that incredible experiment,  
the opera, the very first one,  
celebrating now four centuries,  
but working too hard on it,  
his poor wife got lost and died,  
and Monteverdi never could get over it.  
His opera was the supreme success,  
it started avalanches of successes;  
but just as Orpheus failed  
in getting back his wife,  
so Monteverdi lost his wife forever.  
He resigned and moved to Venice  
to commence a different career  
as church musician in St. Mark's  
and was successful all his life as such,  
for thirty years encore,  
but never, and not even in his finest music,  
managed to retrieve the unjust theft  
of his beloved wife from death,  
the falsest thief of all,  
who never can get punished  
and never will return a stolen life.

*Gesualdo and his wife*

(Carlo Gesualdo, Duke and Prince of Venosa, married his first wife Maria d'Avalos in 1566. His second wife (not mentioned here) survived him.)

He loved her truly and indeed  
but far too much,  
so when he was deceived  
by the most beautiful Maria d'Avalos,  
a princess and twice widow,  
25 years and a cousin,  
and surprised her in his own bed with her lover,  
he lost all control and massacred the couple  
most atrociously, revealing greater passion than Othello  
and a jealousy more horrifying being justified.  
The law could never get at him, since many helpers were involved,  
and people thought in general that he was right,  
that the adulterous couple had themselves to blame  
for openly inviting Satan to their own black wedding.  
But his life was ruined, and he never could forgive himself  
but led an isolated life like in a prison of self torture,  
caught in the horrific trap of his own tragedy,  
which led him to compose the most extraneous music  
of that century, transforming his despair, depression, grief and tears  
into the most expressive madrigals  
that still today appear as bold and modern  
in their heart-rending characteristic constant pain,  
a lasting cry of love from hell.

*Alessandro Stradella*

(1645-82, discovered in Rome by the Swedish exiled Queen Christina, who established his fame as musician and composer.)

It's not easy to be over-talented,  
especially not as a musician,  
which Stradella was, the handsome Alessandro,  
who had lovers everywhere  
and never got enough of them.  
The only problem was,  
they oftentimes were married,  
and their husbands didn't like him  
to hang on their wives,  
so they with some good reason tried to kill him,  
just to settle matters with him once for all.  
So he was constantly compelled to run away,  
was chased away from Venice  
by professional and hired killers,  
and also from Torino,  
to find some security in Genoa  
where, nonetheless, he found new lovers  
and eventually was killed  
by one of their infuriated husbands.  
He was only thirty-seven,  
after seven operas and seven oratorios  
and a lot of other compositions,  
the most talented musician of his age,  
killed for his extraordinary talents as a lover.

*Persecuted by war – Heinrich Schütz*

(1585-1672, married for only six years, two daughters, all died during the thirty years' war holocaust, and only one small granddaughter survived of his family.)

His wife and daughters died,  
not able to withstand the press of war,  
that kept on executing his musicians  
and make music almost quite impossible  
in days of thirty years of war.  
He kept escaping  
from his base in Dresden,  
like four hundred years much later  
the most tragic of war central stages,  
leaving colleagues, friends, musicians and his family  
behind from pure necessity  
to keep supporting them and make his living,  
travelling around at random to find peace  
for vocal music in the churches  
that were left alone by war,  
for instance Copenhagen;  
and when finally the thirty years of war were over  
and his friends and colleagues, church musicians,  
all his family except one single daughter's daughter  
all were dead and gone and buried  
in the ruins of the war-torn Germany,  
he still kept on composing, working to the end,  
until at last at 87 years he found his peace  
by reaching up to introduce the greatest age of music,  
having proved that it was better and more able to survive  
than any war politics, vanity and madness,  
all made null and void  
by the sheer beauty of the harmony of music.

### *Hippie love*

We used to love one another,  
and it was never wrong,  
no matter how much we shared our love with others  
and never kept it for ourselves.  
Our love was never a deceit,  
the less so the more it encompassed others,  
and sleeping together was never love enough.  
We needed more than that  
and therefore always gave more than that  
sharing our love universally  
with whomever.  
How can love then be confined  
within the restrictions of marriage,  
of sticking to one person,  
of vows and oaths and promises  
that never could be kept?  
Forgive me, my love, but I could never stick to you alone,  
but we owed our love to everyone.

### *The innocents*

We just refused to be part of it,  
the generation of the world wars,  
those who fought them enthusiastically,  
those who defended the bombs of terror balance,  
those who thought Hiroshima and Nagasaki were justified,  
those who liked the Nazis until they fell  
and then the communists until they fell,  
those who adopted materialism  
and sold their lives to the slavery of Mammon  
and raised rigid families adapting squarely  
to lives of stale cubicularism  
in a society of perfect capitalist consumerist order –  
we wanted none of all that soul pollution  
but wanted freedom and the right of love  
to triumph over every kind of bondage,  
and thus preferred beauty to the ugliness of modern man,  
life in nature to the sterility of urban society,  
and love to hate and war and freak politics.  
We preferred natural innocence  
to the guilt of modern man,  
which we rejected with the wars and bombs;  
and we were right, we are right still,  
and history will make us right.

### *Unwavering light of love*

The beauty of your soul transcends eternity,  
if you allow me this small understatement  
which, however well-aimed at the truth,  
still misses it by many light-years,  
since you simply are unmatchable and unattainable.  
The love you gave me by the beauty of your grace  
I never will abandon or give up  
but cultivate forever with affection,  
guard with piety and bless with passion,  
since it is the only life I have when you are absent.

Never can our souls depart or separate  
from this unique love that we had  
and will maintain and carry on forever,  
like a firebrand and lighthouse in a stormy sea  
to keep on shining to light up all darkness of all nights.

*Desert wines and roses*

You come to me in flashes of delight,  
and I adore you like a virgin spring  
in an oasis in Sahara.  
Let us not be overwhelmed, however,  
by our love of endless fields of wines and roses,  
but let us be sensible and handle it with care.  
I know you are so brittle as an old Venetian glass,  
and I will never touch you but with velvet gloves  
to only stroke you with the gentlest touch of ease.  
I need your love and thirst the more I miss it,  
but I shall never drink it to the bottom  
since I know that even an oasis in Sahara  
might run dry if overused and used unwisely,  
so I'd rather thirst than risk to waste our love  
on anything except the holiness of our togetherness.

*The sweet pain of nostalgia*

What matters all the pain of our memories,  
since we have them together,  
suffering together all those losses  
of friends lost and gone  
and ever brought to mind  
to never be forgotten?  
It's the sweetness of our memories  
that counts in ever warmer and more beautiful nostalgia  
and not the pains and pangs of heartaches,  
since all hurts are only there to vanish  
and to ever be forgotten  
as superfluous to life.  
The colours of our tender souls  
forever marked by incandescent memories  
will forever warm us up  
in the obstinacy of our constant hibernation,  
which will warm the more  
as we with pleasure share them  
with the company that still remains  
so long still after our explosive party  
that turned on the world to keep it rolling  
even long after that we have gone.

*Soaring*

All kinds of love are good and right,  
and there are no exceptions.  
Highest, though, is the affinity of souls  
that has a quality of more than mortal standards,  
challenging the moon and stars and galaxies  
since it is universal in its faculty,  
which nothing can bring down to earth,  
although you find it in all kinds of earthal forms  
and languages, expressions, habits and results

which all contribute to the continuity  
of love that never can get low or down  
but is the very essence of constructiveness  
one-sidedly and yet bilaterally always;  
since the very magic, life and way of love  
is always in the forward-leading dialogue.

### *The seven stages of love*

It starts so easy and so pleasant –  
you start in paradise and just enjoy it.  
Then the long way down begins.

The second stage is still an easy crisis,  
when communication fails  
and is replaced with gradual mistrust.

Then comes the third stage and the real crisis,  
when deceit has formed and one is made a victim  
while the other enters on the path of dubiousness.

The fourth stage is the melancholy limbo,  
when delusion is a fact and only memories remain  
of how delightful, wonderful and great it could have been.

Then comes the fifth stage, the enforcement,  
when you fight refusing to give up and claim your love  
with any right by any means  
and fail in total personal defeat,

which brings you to the sixth stage,  
when you are forced by destiny to be a realist,  
admit your failure and look through all falseness,  
recognize that love can be abused and is misused.

The seventh stage is the transcendence,  
when in spite of all you stay on line in love  
and broaden it to mature universalism  
including all and laying down all selfishness  
to recognize the true love of enduring quality  
completely free and independent of all mortal means.

### *Purcell and his wife*

(Henry Purcell (1659-95) was perhaps the greatest English composer ever.)

They say his wife in anger locked him out  
and caused his death. It is not so.  
She had no reason to, she loved her husband,  
he had given her five children,  
but he was always late and overworking,  
and her order was not quite exemplary.  
When he caught that cold that autumn night  
and found himself locked out from home,  
the whole house sleeping,  
she had probably just acted on routine  
with no intention to obstruct her husband,  
whom she loved and served – it was a happy marriage.  
There would not have been five children else.  
And Henry Purcell was, alas, a workoholic,  
the first genius of that kind in music,

followed later by too many others,  
young divine creative artists  
working themselves fiercely to death  
before they reached their forties,  
like Franz Schubert, Mozart, Mendelssohn  
and far too many others.  
Purcell died at thirty-six but had produced  
in only fifteen years of music labour  
thirty-two outstanding volumes of impressive music.  
Bach made fifty, Handel hundred, for comparison,  
so one can imagine what our Purcell would have come to  
as the greatest music genius of his age  
if he had just been home in time for bed  
before his wife unfortunately locked the door  
and locked him out of contrary neglect.

### *Masked identity*

Let me keep you hanging in the air  
in blind incertitude of what I am and where  
for the suspension of our love  
to keep it up  
in view of all but beyond reach  
just for the fun of it,  
in order that you must not lose it out of sight.  
For love, like any baby, needs untiring attendance  
and demands more energy than anything in life;  
for it is life itself in its most basic flame  
that keeps life burning and alive and warm,  
which we all need, who never wish to tire  
of remaining lovers.

### *Vinterkräksjuka*

Den är bara ett symptom  
på vida hemskare syndrom,  
det djupa vintermörkrets fasa  
med dess mardrömsnätter utan tal  
med trötthet som förlamar kropp och själ  
och gör morgonsömnigheten till en sjukdom  
så att det känns bättre att ej stiga upp mer.  
Så låt mig då få sova  
liksom björnen ut den hemska vintern  
så att jag ej mer får vakna upp igen  
förrän en vårsol börjar breda ut sig  
över en långt vackrare och bättre värld,  
ty ingen värld kan vara sämre  
än en skandinavisk faktisk mardrömsvinter.

### *Vintermigrän*

Finns det något jävligare?  
Huvudvärkens hamrande hålligång  
med huvudet i skruvstäd under skallande skallning  
oavbrutet kräkandes och bräkandes av pinan  
medan sömnlösheten vidmakthåller,  
uppehåller gränslösa tortyren  
som bara håller på och håller på och håller på,  
häftigare hela tiden, tills man storknar  
och kreverar för att längta efter att krepera...

Nej, värre kan det inte bli.  
Alltså kan det bara bli bättre.  
När man djupets botten hittar man alltid en bakväg ut,  
om det så måste bli genom klosetten -  
till slut blir ändå allting bara skit.

#### *Vinterreumatism*

Fallet är hopplöst från början.  
Det är kört, gosse.  
I fem tusen år har människan kämpat med problemet,  
värken som väcks av vädret och flyter omkring  
och alltid finns där, alltid ovälkommen och oåtkomlig,  
som den mest oinbjudna av gäster  
som är den enda som alltid stannar kvar.  
Det enda man kan göra är att bortse från honom,  
ignorera honom, ägna sig åt annat,  
åt vad som helst som skingrar tankarna från kroppen,  
från värken, från helvetesplågan i köttet och benen,  
åt resor och umgänge och vad arbete som helst -  
all verksamhet är god terapi,  
och det sämsta man kan göra är ingenting.  
Låt plågorna bli dig en utmaning  
till att lägga in en högre växel i livet,  
och det är den enda medicin som hjälper  
mot den mest obotliga av sjukdomar,  
som är ingens fel men bara vädrets.

#### *Winter rheumatism*

The case is hopeless from the start.  
You're done for, brother.  
For five thousand years man has struggled with the problem  
of the ache awakened by the weather and just floating,  
always being there, unwanted and unreachable,  
like the most uninvited of all guests  
who is the only one to constantly remain.  
The only thing to do is to ignore him,  
disregard him, concentrate on other things,  
on anything that gets the focus off the body,  
off the pain of hell in bones and carcass,  
on no matter what activity, on journeys, work or social life –  
whatever the activity, it is good therapy,  
and the worst thing to do is nothing.  
Let the torment be a challenge to you  
to move into higher gear,  
and that's the only medicine that works  
against the most incurable of ills,  
which is no fault of anyone's but only of the weather.

#### *Bullshitting bushes*

Forget about those bossy bully states  
of bushisms spewing turd all round the world  
with governing establishments for queer justification –  
they never led us all through history except astray  
today in worse predicaments than ever,  
while they joke about it and pretend  
the situation is not real,  
while they know better,

since they are accountable for all that mess  
that leaves humanity in shit  
while they just profit by it.  
We are better off, we poets,  
who are free in Never Never Land  
transcending no man's land  
in exile from this mortal world of nonsense  
into our paradise of meaningfulness,  
where, devoid of all corrupting power,  
we can see more clearly from the outside  
and use common sense to stay away  
from all that torpid smell of vanity  
that comes from egoistic shortsighted ambition  
aiming nowhere but to own destruction.  
We are safe above it,  
leaving mundane idiocy  
to get lost with the consumer lunacy  
in custody of bushes.

### *Incurably invulnerable*

Since I loved you  
and gave you my first love  
there has never been another,  
honestly,  
since you alone was ever faithful  
at least in spirit,  
no matter who they were  
and what they were, how many  
and how dubious,  
all the others,  
all those false alternatives,  
all those who thought it opportune  
to love you less than I.  
My love never changed  
and never lost in spirit,  
never grew in age  
but only in maturity,  
and it remains all yours,  
my love,  
my only love,  
in spite of all the efforts in the world  
to sabotage, obstruct and kill our love  
which was invulnerable  
from the start,  
since it existed  
long before we even were conceived.

### *The Teacher*

When we were small we played together,  
and since then our lives have grown with memories  
that ever grew more sweeter  
the longer that we kept our love prevailing,  
growing and expanding;  
like a flower that would never wither  
but uniquely only just continue growing  
larger and more beautiful and splendid  
in ever increasing sumptuousness of colours,  
better even than the Phoenix,  
who gets burned sometimes to get renewed;

but our love caught never fire  
although it kept growing ever warmer  
with the candour of our hearts  
that never seem to mature quite enough,  
since we continue learning  
from each other  
of our love  
how this the greatest miracle of all  
is actually the only thing in life  
that can teach something about life.

### *Within*

Let me remain within you  
in a love embrace that never ends  
to give us life and let us stay alive  
in this our love of sweetest wonders  
beyond dreams and all reality  
in reigns of our common soul  
to drown the world in love and life  
to teach the universe how all this wonder works,  
the issue of the sharing of true love  
that made the first of paradises  
which we never really lost  
but which is there within our reach  
within ourselves  
and which we only can be barred from by ourselves.  
It all depends on us and our love,  
and all I wish is for it to continue,  
me within you and our paradise  
in your embrace  
of ever growing sweetness,  
warmth and kindness.

### *Vivaldi and his ladies*

He was a priest and never left his first vocation,  
although he was forced by illness out of service.  
In his later years, the priests complained  
and wondered why he never more said mass.  
He hadn't then for half his life.  
He wrote that famous pitiful reply,  
that illness of the lungs in all his life  
had made it hard for him to say the mass at all,  
and when he had, he had been interrupted  
by his chest pains, coughings, and so forth.  
Instead, he found his comfort in his music,  
and his orchestra of ladies was ideal company  
throughout his life, performing all his concerts,  
oratorios and operas. Although so intimate with ladies  
every day and even with most stimulating music,  
he remained a virgin all his life  
- again because of illness.  
It might have been tuberculosis  
of some kind or something like it,  
and like Mozart he died prematurely  
and was forgotten in a pauper's grave  
and even in Vienna. Unlike Mozart's, though,  
Antonio Vivaldi's graveyard is all gone,  
and all that now is left of him  
is all that virgin and enchanting music  
which he so enjoyed with all his ladies.

### *Bach's poor wives*

He made twenty children,  
and when his first wife died  
from exhaustion, overstrain and so forth,  
he just got another and continued  
making children, while she had to work  
at home maintaining and supporting,  
cooking, serving, washing,  
doing everything for his immense expanding family;  
and when she died, she had no pension  
but was put away into an alms-house,  
brutally neglected and ignored  
by all her husband's sons and children.  
This domestic tragedy is easily forgotten  
for his merry stimulating music,  
which remains his better mark in history  
than the expressive silence of his patient wives.

### *Depression*

– Can it get worse? It always does.

The weather is destroyed.  
The world is destroyed.  
Africa is overwhelmed with Aids cemeteries  
replacing civilization.  
Antarctica is melting  
and will drown the world.  
All animals are getting extinct,  
all because of man,  
and we humans are the guilty ones.  
The mess seems complete  
and can't get any worse,  
but it always does.  
So what the hell can we do about it?  
Nothing, but make the best of it  
in at least trying to survive.

### *The Urge of Freedom*

You can not stop it,  
and there is no force of nature  
in this universe that ever could,  
this urge of freedom,  
running wild and out of every prison,  
constantly escaping all control  
to never be fenced in  
by anyone or any human effort.  
Man has failed completely  
in his effort to contain Dame Nature  
running wild now, melting down the poles  
and threatening to drown all mankind  
once again, since man has never learned  
to be more sensible –  
already William Blake saw all the madness  
in environmental ruining and exploitation,  
but the sanest prophets were the most ignored.  
You can't pin down the creativity of life,  
confine her, limit her or even understand her,

but she will escape, surprisingly to baffle even more  
each human effort to have her contained.  
Now nature will reclaim the planet  
ruined by the lunacy of humankind,  
and the only thing that we can do about it  
is to bury our dead, make cemeteries  
and lament the ruin of our folly.

#### *Handel and his widows*

He had no family, no obvious sex life,  
and historians have complained about  
the absence in his life of scandals;  
yet he worked with women all his life,  
but only primadonnas, divas, stars of self-obsession,  
and he said that ladies thought of nothing but themselves.  
And yet he took them on, but not just anyone:  
he cared for widows, mothers without men  
and children without parents,  
instituting even for their care an orphanage  
and even caring for the widow of his teacher,  
Master Zachow back in Germany.  
Widows was his dominant speciality,  
he felt at ease with them,  
and they were not pretentious,  
their relationships were without obligation tensions;  
so he was quite happy all his life  
with working hard as a paragon workoholic bachelor,  
since music, singing above all,  
was more than satisfactory  
and filling all his life with love  
of harmony and melody and beauty.

#### *Is it possible to be a realist without becoming a cynic?*

Cynicism is deemed inhuman,  
and it is, while cynics usually are realists  
and usually are quite right,  
which is abominable,  
since all cynicism is so disgusting.  
But there are idealists also,  
and they are not always unrealistic,  
and when they stick to realism  
they also usually prove right.  
Here is the incongruity:  
idealism as contrary to cynicism,  
while they both get all their strength  
from the same realism.  
The choice is simple:  
be a true idealist and realist,  
base your idealism on realism,  
and cynicism will not be necessary  
but will only prove quite wrong.

#### *Impossible hibernation*

We tried and hard indeed  
to just forget about it,  
leave it, let it go to hell  
as much as they insisted,

all those humbug leaders  
of deception of politics,  
Johnson, Nixon, Reagan, Bushes;  
tried to hibernate, go underground  
and hide from the aggressions  
against all outsidership,  
the prophets that were right  
and dared to speak out, saying,  
"You are wrong!" to all those that were wrong,  
while they continued bulldozing the world  
and shut up all investigations of the truth,  
in murders like of Kennedy and Bhutto,  
Politkovskaya and Rainbow Warriors;  
but we failed. We never could stay underground,  
we never could keep still,  
we never could abandon our concern;  
and so the demonstration revolution  
just keeps rolling on  
futilely but heroically  
against the established faked world order  
that keeps trying to enforce global destruction,  
while we poor and underground outsiders  
seem to be the only ones  
to try to change direction;  
and a fact is, let it be a cheer,  
the world direction always changed.

*Domenico Scarlatti and his Princess – saved by a castrato*

He was so fond of his dear princess,  
Barbara of Portugal,  
that he was happy to remain  
a prisoner of music in her care  
throughout his long idyllic life.  
Her treatment of her favourite musician,  
on the other hand, appears as rather odd:  
she was so fond of his sonatas  
of exquisite musical delicacy,  
that she would keep them to herself  
and not allow them to be published.  
Thus, some seventy were only published  
in his lifetime, while the rest, 500 more,  
did not see daylight until long after his death,  
the first complete collection published 1971.  
The odd thing is, that his best friend,  
the famous Farinelli, a castrato,  
driven into exile after Barbara's demise,  
took with him into Italy the one unique edition  
of the 555 sonatas, one example in two volumes,  
eventually one ending up in Parma, one in Venice,  
not united to be published finally by Brahms.  
But all this bother long after his death,  
the worries and the problems of his scattered music,  
all the masses, operas and other compositions being lost,  
was no concern of poor Domenico,  
who just was happy in the idylls of his Queen  
to play for her his intimate sonatas  
and forget about the worthless rest of all the world.

### *Hubris*

There is no harm in it  
if it is only love.  
Wings were made to fly on,  
and there are no stronger winds  
than those of love to take you anywhere,  
as in the air there are no bounds,  
no limits to your freedom  
and no end to your expansion.  
Love, however, is the only thing  
to render hubris positive,  
the only thing to justify it,  
and the more for being so unique.

### *A Compliment*

Is it wrong of me to be intoxicated  
merely by the sight of your long hair,  
the length of which so obviously  
is just a demonstration of your love  
in constant growth and warmth of colour  
and so generously manifested in the open?  
Once you called me the most sensual of all your lovers,  
a compliment that made me tremble,  
since I never knew a woman  
who had known men better than yourself.  
I quaked from bottom up  
and do so still each time I see you  
in the splendour of your heart's magnificence  
so evident in glory only in your hair.  
The rest of your ability, nobility and character  
is not so obvious and will I keep secret,  
as the chamber of our love reserved for us.

### *The one mistake of Joseph Haydn*

It was his marriage,  
but it was not really his fault.  
His love was the younger sister,  
who became a nun,  
and then the family insisted  
he should marry the much older sister,  
who became a hag  
with no interest at all in music;  
and he called her on his journeys,  
when she could not hear it,  
"the infernal beast";  
and being catholics,  
he never could divorce her,  
but had to wait until she died  
to get his freedom, then at 68.  
But that was his life's one unique mistake,  
and he was not without his comforts.  
He cared for Luigia Polzelli and her sons,  
and one of them might have been his.  
When he was free at last to marry her,  
he was too old, while she made him to promise  
not to marry anyone instead of her,  
which he of course agreed to in his kindness,  
while she went back into Italy

and married someone else.  
His best friend was the wife  
of his employer's doctor, though,  
Marianne von Genzinger,  
which, although no more than a friendship  
was his life's most intimate relationship  
besides the one with Mozart.  
When they both turned in too early,  
Marianne and Mozart,  
he was never happy anymore  
and turned into a bitter and sarcastic miser.  
Still, he left a mystery behind,  
when in his will, (he died a rich man,)  
left to various ladies various fortunes,  
like the unknown daughters Dillin  
and the daughter of accountant Kandler,  
a soprano Barbara Pilhofer,  
and an unknown chamber maid...  
Who were all these good ladies  
to receive such fortunes  
from a humble but most generous musician,  
who discreetly never told the story  
how he found much better wives  
outside his marriage  
without compromising anyone.

#### *Our divorces*

We were constantly divorced  
not by ourselves but by our circumstances,  
you being forced abroad by sudden family upheaval,  
me reduced to poverty for decades  
exiled into underground existence  
until you returned, beset by men  
who I refused to challenge,  
rather making friends with all of them  
for your sake, since you loved them.  
You felt guilty for their sake  
and thought I must disdain you,  
while I only was withheld by other problems,  
poverty, depression, illness, constant worries  
and what not, and all but your predicaments.  
And still, all those divorces  
uninvited and involuntary,  
always brought us back again  
into each other's arms  
and closer every time.  
So let them just continue.  
They will always fail completely,  
as they did from the beginning.

#### *Mozart's clever wife*

He was hopeless,  
never could keep anything in order,  
lost his income on the pools  
and always ill since childhood,  
when his father drove him on too hard.  
He loved her elder sister,  
who refused him for his wantonness,  
and so he married little sister Constance,

who would compensate her lack of beauty,  
which had been her sister's,  
with considerable skill and sensibility.  
When Mozart died too young and deep in debt,  
most of his works were in a mess, unpublished;  
but she undertook to organize them,  
married consul Nissen,  
moved to Copenhagen  
and in good time published all her husband's work  
in perfect order making fortunes.  
Without her, nine tenths of all his works  
would surely have been lost forever.

### *Sorrows*

Can emptiness be filled with anything?  
It must. A vacuum sucks,  
and black holes are attractive;  
but can sorrows, that are abstract,  
fill a concrete emptiness?  
Let's stick to philosophic symbolism,  
which only can make all things possible.  
Indeed can sorrows be so great  
so as to fill a universal emptiness,  
since there are no greater human feelings  
than the sentiments of grief and sorrow.  
So indeed can sorrow fill up anything  
and even the most universal emptiness,  
which maybe only sorrows can fill up.

### *Our reward*

When we intermingle  
in each other's arms  
escaping cruel persecution and invalidation  
of the ignorance of narrow minds  
and wallow in our misery  
of poverty and outcast loneliness,  
our comfort is our joy and happiness  
of the illumination that we share together  
totally transcending all the bustle of the mob,  
reducing history to but a shred  
of junk lost in the desert,  
while we keep our universal paradise for ourselves  
of everlasting truth and sense and beauty,  
safeguarding the legacy of our patient work.  
The world cares not for us, so let's ignore it,  
and if they are curious about our love,  
let them work hard and suffer by themselves to reach it,  
as we did ourselves.

### *Beethoven's immortally beloved*

The problem is, we don't know who she was.  
We only know, that she was his "immortally beloved",  
and it couldn't have been anyone.  
He had a number of admiring ladies,  
pupils, countesses and princesses,  
but his idea of sex was somewhat paradoxical:  
"With women, their body has no soul,

and their soul has no body."  
So how could he reach them?  
By his music only,  
as with Leonora in his only opera,  
one of the most intriguing,  
sympathetic, charming ladies  
in all literature of opera and music;  
and there are authentic testimonies,  
that he always was in love.  
So we will have to just resign.  
The name of his immortally beloved  
will discreetly be unknown forever  
while the only certain thing is  
that he loved the more.

### *The Hippie Trail*

– tracing the past forever

When the hippies started moving  
in the 60s, revolutionizing all the world  
with love and beauty, music and perception  
it was thought to be all new,  
but it was only a renewal.  
The idea is easily traced back,  
and first among the hippies  
is considered the Norwegian Heyerdahl,  
who later crossed all seas on rafts  
to prove how ancient civilizations linked together.  
He wrote 'Fatuiva', the true story of his hippie life  
together with his wife in the south seas  
in radical refutation of all civilization,  
living actually like Robinson Crusoe.  
That was back in the thirties,  
but still he was not the first one.  
Early in the century there was a hippie colony  
at Monte Verità in Switzerland close to Ascona,  
where brave pioneers tried out a different life style  
cultivating their own food and vegetables,  
living primitively outside civilization.  
One of them was the pacifist writer Erich Maria Remarque.  
Before that you had the Tolstoyans in old Russia,  
striving for a similar free life of purity under the sun  
led and inspired by the writings of Leo Tolstoy,  
who left his property himself in preference of poverty,  
but there were many similar communities long before that.  
They actually were always there throughout all history.  
Also the freemasons started as an underground community  
detached as an alternative to mundane transient disorder.  
The monastery movement of the middle ages  
rose from such traditions, like the sect of the Essenes  
who brought forth Jesus, but Hezekiel the prophet  
and in Hellas the Pythagoreans were already of that kind,  
and before that you had the Asian monastery movement  
of the Buddhists, which continues still today,  
and long before that....

And after that, or even through the hippies  
started Greenpeace with a number of environmental organizations  
setting off green revolutions and the Rainbow movement  
among others, who with global threat to our environment  
now see it as their task to take responsibility

to spite authority, bureaucracy and madness of politics  
to save at least what can be saved  
of our so politically violated planet.

### *Hippiespåret*

När hippiesarna rörde på sig  
under 60-talet och gav upphov till en ny revolution  
av kärlek, skönhet, fred, musik och perception,  
så trodde alla det var något nytt,  
men det var bara en förnyelse.  
Idén är lätt att spåra bakåt,  
och den förste konsekvente "hippien"  
anses norrmannen Thor Heyerdahl ha varit,  
senare berömd för sina resor över oceanerna med flottor  
för att visa hur antika civilisationer  
var förbundna med varandra.  
Han skrev "Fatuhiva", boken om ett riktigt hippieliv  
helt i naturen på en ö i Söderhavet  
i fullständigt avståndstagande från all modernitet  
i konsekvent livsföring som en Robinson med fru.  
Det var på trettioalet, men han var ej först.  
I seklets början fanns en hippiekoloni vid Monte Verità  
vid schweiziska Ascona, där det deltog amanuenser  
ifrån hela Europa. En av dem var pacifisten Erich Maria Remarque,  
och även de var konsekventa i allt avståndstagande  
från alla den moderna civilisationens avigsidor.  
Före dem så hade vi i gamla Ryssland Tolstojanerna,  
som likaledes strävade mot sundhet i naturen  
inspirerade av Leo Tolstoj och hans pacifism och vegetarianism.  
Han övergav själv all sin egendom för fattigdom,  
men det fanns många liknande kommuner,  
kollektiv och "hippie"-kolonier före det.  
De fanns i själva verket alltid i historien.  
Även Frimurarna började som avståndstagande  
och underjordisk rörelse som alternativ  
till världens etablerade och ständigt övergående oordning.  
Medeltidens klosterrörelser var samma fenomen,  
liksom esséerna i Palestina, som ju Jesus kom från,  
medan klosterrörelsen i själva verket lär ha stiftats av Hesekiel.  
Före honom hade vi Pythagoréerna i Grekland,  
medan före dem vi redan hade den buddhistiska filosofin  
med dess universella klosterregel,  
som gav hela Asien dess civilisation,  
en rörelse som pågår oförändrad än idag.  
Och före dem...

Och efter hippiesarna, eller genom dem  
kom Greenpeace och miljöskyddsaktivisterna  
med Regnbågsrörelsen och andra frihetsaktivister,  
som med det globala hotet mot miljön  
nu ser det som sin uppgift och sitt ansvar  
att i trots mot politikens vanvett och byråkrati  
åtminstone försöka rädda vad som räddas kan  
av vår politiskt så missbrukade planet.

### *In the light of our love*

I always saw you in a light  
of lasting quality and durability  
of an idealism that would not fade,

and it is shining still.  
You never lost the beauty  
of your brave ideals,  
and thus you went through all the hells of life  
unharméd, untarnished and untouched.  
We are like children still  
like as we were originally  
when my love first touched you  
in the blend of our naïvety of immaturity  
to never leave you outside any more  
the heart of our common secret.  
Our ideal continues  
leading us, uniting us and finding us  
together in the destiny  
that ever brought us nigher  
to the essence of our mystery.

*On the safe side of midnight*

The storm is over  
and the crisis passed,  
it was a hell to go through  
but well worth it  
only since we reached the other side  
of love, where we are safe  
to go on with our journey  
towards growing light,  
development of the enlightenment  
and everlasting future glories.  
All we have to do  
is simply to continue  
never giving up  
our quest for getting better  
and achieving the impossible,  
at last to get in touch  
to never separate again.

*Schubert's terrible love*

It wasn't his fault.  
His friend von Schober made him do it.  
They lived together,  
and of course there was some tension and excitement,  
so he took him on to have some fun.  
It was so innocent,  
so fatally infernally and tragically innocent.  
The whore he took him to had syphilis,  
which wasn't obvious until afterwards  
but then so much the more.  
It ruined Schubert's life,  
just in the middle of his greatest symphony,  
the so called atmospherical unfinished one;  
he lost his hair and all his health  
and never quite recovered.  
So he died at thirty-one,  
the most prolific, talented and diligent composer ever,  
with especially a divine talent for the melody,  
which never afterwards has been surpassed.  
Well, was it worth it?  
One night's love with the wrong person,  
and a ruined life as the inevitable consequence,

but with the most remarkable and glorious output ever  
in the history of music  
paradoxically at the same time.  
We don't know what Schubert's life would have amounted to  
without that one off-side encounter,  
but we know,  
that that most loveable undying music  
that resulted from that tragedy  
was quite enough to make in all the music history  
Franz Schubert's name in some respects  
the greatest of them all.

#### *Too much love for Mendelssohn*

Everybody loved him,  
and he was fortunate indeed,  
coming from a banker's family  
of many children and abundances of love,  
the most important being of his sister Fanny,  
who, according to himself,  
was even more talented than himself  
in musicality as a composer –  
that could be debated,  
but he certainly relied on her  
as his best friend and only understanding one.  
His wife, a mother of five lovely children,  
was not very musical and rather superficial  
for all her amazing beauty,  
they were a most happy family indeed though,  
since he was so lucky and so loved in his career.  
But suddenly she died, the elder sister Fanny,  
in the middle of a soirée, she just broke down  
and could not be revived,  
a dreadful blow to all the family  
and most of all to Felix –  
they were quite inseparable,  
he was comfortless and lost all faith  
in life, in his ability, in music, in his work  
and perished in despondency  
to after just a few months  
join his sister in her grave,  
just 38 years old, at the top of his career,  
one of the most important and successful  
in the history of music.  
He was too much loved and loved to much,  
and when the heart broke of his closest love,  
his own heart could not face the music any more  
but had to join in broken parts the broken one.

#### *The dying heart*

They say, that love is at its most extreme  
and beautiful, when it is dying,  
and of course it is.  
The swan, the loveliest of birds,  
sings only once in life when dying,  
or so they say at least,  
and it's a beautiful portrayal,  
if not of reality, at least of love.  
The culmination of a love affair  
is usually the end of it,

since what then follows is depression,  
usually, remorse, perhaps, and melancholy,  
maybe guilt and abysmal sentimentality,  
the fall from heaven down to hell,  
as if love naturally was mano-depressive.  
Still, the love you had, although it died,  
shall always live with you forever  
and remain triumphant in your memory  
if all that failed was just the fallibility of all reality.

### *The immutability of beauty*

Whatever once you had  
is always there,  
good looks pass only superficially  
but in the soul remain forever  
if but once they were acquired;  
beauty passes only visibly  
but spiritually can not fade.  
You are still young  
if you were young but once,  
that youth will never leave you  
although you will change with time  
but only vainly and externally.  
Your inside which creates your life  
is your true eternity  
to never leave you but be carried with you  
as your truth and personality.  
And if that soul is beautiful,  
your life will be so also,  
like yourself, to never fade.

### *Beyond forgiveness*

There is no worse ordeal,  
no deeper wound in love,  
no trial more severe,  
no rape that could hurt more  
than infidelity,  
the sharpest pain of all  
that fatally endures forever  
since it pierces, shattering the soul  
and leaves it like a dirty wasted rag  
for you to cling to all alone  
as all that you have left  
after the final wreck of all your life.  
The worst part is, you have to still survive it  
and endure the unendurable  
convinced that you will never quite recover,  
while, of all crimes, that's the one  
that never can be quite forgiven.

### *Chopin's final engagement*

Marie Wodzinska, Chopin's life's one engagement, survived him with 47 years, until 1896.

They truly loved each other,  
and she was his one engagement,  
Marie Wodzinska, beautiful and noble,  
but her parents would not let them have each other,

they forbade her any intercourse with a musician,  
and she had to break up the engagement  
without leaving Chopin hurt and suffering.  
So she "seemed" to be unfaithful  
with his double, this most curious poet Slovacki,  
born the same year as Chopin and dead the same year,  
very much like him in every way.

But she could not have hurt him more.  
He bound up all her letters in a beautiful silk ribbon  
on which he just wrote, "My grief",  
and it remained sealed to his death.  
To his amazement, though, she married later  
his godfather's son, count Joseph Skarbek,  
a most miserable marriage ending in divorce,  
whereupon she married yet another sickly man,  
another double of Chopin-like sensitivity  
who died soon, while she lived to be quite old and childless.

Chopin never quite got over it.  
His fate became to be consumed by George Sand,  
who made a sport of both collecting and devouring men,  
preferably celebrities, like poet Alfred de Musset,  
whose life she ruined with Chopin's.  
His one love was Marie Wodzinska  
who in order not to hurt him  
tried to make herself appear dishonoured,  
and he never understood or realized her noble sacrifice,  
which definitely turned out  
to be all for love of him.

#### *At a loss for love*

Love is generally in a most disadvantageous situation,  
looking up from underdog positions most pathetically,  
longing for what can not ever be accomplished,  
searching for the most impossible  
that never can be found  
and losing all in hazard games of desperation.  
Thus I keep on looking for and searching,  
longing for and desperately seeking you  
but without hope of ever finding any destination.  
Still, the very aim is good enough,  
the very honesty in the intention is worth all the failures,  
and, above all, the idealism of love  
is always worth the hazarding and losing everything.  
It's the urge, the feeling and the truth that counts  
of all that beauty love contains  
when it is earnest in itself in pure sincerity.

#### *Den okända diktaren*

– om diktarens sociala ställning

Han diktar seriöst och har något att säga,  
är mångsidig och behärskar alla genrer  
men blir bara refuserad,  
år ut och år in,  
verk efter verk,  
decennium efter decennium,  
av vilket förlag som helst,

och bara kör med samma intetsägande opersonliga formler  
utan kommentar, utan uppmuntran,  
utan erkännande, utan bekräftelse  
ens på att någon läst insänt manus.  
Vad har förlagen att vinna på  
att refusera en diktare  
konsekvent för alltid  
vägrandes att ge honom den minsta chans?  
Oberoende av kvalitet, produktivitet,  
intressant innehåll och oantastligt språkbruk?  
Han hänvisas till byrålådans svarta självmordsmörker  
eller till nätet, men där får han betala för att prostituera sig.  
Aldrig förr i historien har diktare haft den ställningen  
att de nödgats betala för att komma ut.  
Det är unikt för vårt samhälle och vår tid.  
Är diktaren en kvinna är hon utan tvekan en ensamstående mor  
och utsätts då för skönstaxering för sin fattigdom,  
då taxeringsmyndigheterna inte tror på att inkomster kan vara för låga –  
man kan ju inte leva under existensminimum,  
och framgår det att man gör det enligt deklarationen  
måste man ljuga, alltså blir det skönstaxering  
med våldgästning av kronofogden  
som återkommer varje år  
då vederbörande inte har några tillgångar.  
Och diktaren fastnar i anonymitetens fattigdomsfälla  
och kan ej ta sig ut ur den onda cirkeln  
av misärens återvändsgränds ekorrhjul;  
så det slutar helt logiskt med självmord,  
han försvinner frivilligt då han inte var önskvärd,  
han var från början utesluten från samhället,  
liksom Platon uteslöt Homeros från sitt akademiska 'idealsamhälle'  
där endast rumsrena akademiker fick förekomma  
medan fantasin, kreativiteten och friheten uteslöts.  
Måste det då vara så illa?  
Diktaren ville inte bli negativ eller bitter,  
han ville bara skriva konstruktivt och kreativt,  
han ville bara berätta goda historier,  
men den långsamma kvävningen i ett samhälle  
där kulturen var satt på undantag och tabustämplad  
om den skilde sig från modet och lönsamheten  
tvingade honom vart han icke ville,  
in i bitterhetens, isoleringens och föraktlighetens hörn,  
som ej var acceptabelt,  
så han försvann helt frivilligt  
med alla sina dikter, dramer, romaner,  
essayer, reseskildringar, noveller, biografier,  
som allt deletades från nätet  
eftersom han inte längre kunde betala  
notan från sitt webbhotell.  
Vi kommer aldrig ens att få veta  
vad han/hon hette  
då diktaren tog konsekvensen  
av samhällets ihjälrefusering av honom  
och tog med sig sin identitet  
bort ifrån det.

Och förlagen tiger och skär ner  
och skyller på att böcker är för dyra  
både att köpa men i synnerhet att producera,  
varför bara någon promille numera accepteras årligen  
av tusentals insända manus,  
varför refuseringsrulljansgen blir outsägligt trist  
och de riktiga manusen till slut

alla bara hamnar i dokumentstrimlaren.  
Men är det inte värre än själva nazismen  
med deras bokbål  
att förstöra böcker innan de ens blivit tryckta?  
Och hur kan någon skribent  
mer ha något förtroende för något förlag,  
om allt vad förlagen kan göra  
är att förstöra ditt manus?

*The unknown poet*

He composes seriously and has something to say,  
masters all the genres  
but is constantly refused,  
year in and year out,  
work after work of whatever kind,  
decade after decade by any publisher,  
who always only uses empty formulas to turn him down  
without comment, without encouragement,  
without acknowledgement, without any personal word  
or even any confirmation, that his work has been read at all.  
One asks, what the publishers possibly could gain  
by constantly turning a poet down,  
refusing to give him even the slightest chance,  
regardless of quality, productivity  
interesting stuff and impeccable language?  
He is directed to the suicidal darkness of the bottom drawer  
or to the web, where he has to pay to prostitute himself.  
Never before in history has the poet been in the position  
that he has to pay to appear,  
which is quite unique to our age and society.  
Without outcome or income  
he gets caught in the poverty trap of anonymity  
and can't break out of the vicious circle  
and is logically driven into the corner of suicide,  
disappearing willingly, since he was not wanted,  
from the beginning excluded from society,  
like Plato exiled Homer from his 'ideal' society  
of only academic correctness,  
while fantasy, creativity and freedom were excluded  
for their disturbing licence.  
Does it have to be so bad?  
The poet has no desire to become negative or bitter,  
he wanted just to write constructively and creatively,  
he only wanted to tell good stories,  
but the slow suffocation in a society  
where culture is expected as too high-brow  
and stamped with a taboo for standing out  
from being popular and marketable,  
forced him down where he did not want to go  
into the corner of isolation, bitterness and despicability,  
which was not acceptable,  
so he voluntarily disappeared  
with all his poems, plays and novels,  
biographies, essays and travel accounts,  
which all were deleted from the web  
since he no longer could pay the hire for his sites.  
We'll never even know the name of him or her  
since he acted logically to his refusal by society  
and took away with him his whole identity.

And the publishers keep shut up and cutting down  
blaming the production costs  
and that books are too expensive to handle,  
which is why they allow a minimum only,  
perhaps one out of thousand, to get published,  
why the business of refusing gets nastier  
and the real manuscripts finally end up  
in the document destroyer.  
But isn't this worse even than the Nazis,  
when they openly burnt books at bonfires,  
while here and nowadays books are being destroyed  
even before they even had the chance  
of ever getting published?  
And how can any writer evermore have any faith  
in any publisher, when all that publishers can do for you  
is to destroy your manuscript?

### *One night of love*

Was it wrong of us to be so fond together  
in our wallowing in perfect freedom  
just for one time's sake  
in spite of all the circumstances,  
that compelled us to restrictions  
and forbade our love?  
Was it wrong to shamefully freak out  
in ecstasy and gross delirium  
leaving altogether all reality  
in a voluptuous consummation  
of a feast of beauty  
in exaggerated emphasis of brute desire?  
Was it wrong to just for once be happy,  
leaving all behind, escaping into freedom  
in exhilaration of a perfect mutual egoism?  
I am afraid we were not very moral  
in our night of freedom,  
but in all the perfect vice of it  
I am quite sure that it was better  
than the humdrum sordidness of all alternatives.

### *Schumann's enigmatic tragedy*

He was the greatest lover of them all,  
a generous enthusiast of music,  
editing the leading music paper of the age  
and helping colleagues on the way,  
like Mendelssohn and Joachim,  
Chopin, Franz Liszt and Wagner,  
Berlioz and Brahms,  
his heart being the warmest and most tender,  
and with the finest wife at that,  
the lovely pianist-composer Clara Schumann,  
first his pupil, then the mother of his seven children;  
and then suddenly a strange eclipse,  
a sudden downfall without cause,  
a terrible depression coming sneakingly  
when his two closest friends had left –  
Chopin and Mendelssohn, all too prematurely,  
leading to his tragical attempted suicide,  
as he jumped into the river Rhine,  
abandoning his wife and seven children,

afterwards hospitalized, by his own request,  
where he remained for years  
attempting constant self-starvation.  
The mystery of his depression has never been solved,  
there have been written volumes on his illnesses,  
none satisfactory, none explaining anything.  
He was the greatest lover of them all  
until he suddenly one day lost contact with his love  
and rather killed himself and starved himself to death  
than lived without the love of his ideal.

### *Brahms' moving fidelity*

Johannes Brahms (1833-97) was 23 years younger than Robert Schumann and 14 years younger than Clara Schumann.

It was Schumann who discovered him  
and brought him out into the open  
to the musical attention of the world,  
and he was like a son to him  
and soon was like one of the family,  
and Clara Schumann loved him.  
When the crisis of her husband came,  
Brahms was the one to help her out  
through the most difficult time of her life,  
alone with seven children  
with a constant strain as concert pianist  
obliged to all alone support her seven children,  
and her gratitude to Brahms was always infinite.  
The letters of those years of Schumann's hospitalization  
between Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms  
were by agreement later on destroyed by them,  
most probably to have no word remaining  
that could possibly inflict on Robert Schumann's reputation.  
She did never leave her widowhood,  
and Brahms remained a bachelor throughout his life,  
in constant loyalty to her;  
and when she died an honoured lady and musician,  
greatest and most serious of all pianists at that time,  
forty years after her husband,  
her most loyal friend Johannes Brahms  
died only six months afterwards,  
although he was so much younger.  
He had indeed tried to engage himself  
with other women, even on her own recommendation,  
but found never anyone like her,  
the wife of his best friend and mentor,  
who became in fact his only friend for life.

### *The inevitable indispensability of love*

You never are yourself enough;  
it is inevitable,  
that if you are left all by yourself,  
you must explode,  
since no one can contain himself  
indefinitely without love.  
You have to be at least two persons  
to make love,  
and without making love  
you can't make life,

and life can not exist.  
So there you are.  
Make love, or die.

*The greatest love story in music*

– Vincenzo Bellini, 1801-35, from Catania in Sicily.

This is perhaps the most extreme of love stories in music.  
He adored her from the start, she was his only love,  
the sparkling Maddalena Fumaroli, of a noble family  
of the establishment in high society,  
while he was born a natural musician  
of an honest family of able music craftsmen,  
organists and pianists, conductors, singers, fiddlers,  
ordinary, talented and hard working musicians  
of no good standing in society, of course,  
no wealth, no ancestry, no property, just music;  
so the family of Maddalena would not hear of it,  
and they forbade Vincenzo's visiting his love;  
but he would not give up and formally proposed to her.  
Of course, it was rejected by her family,  
but he promised her to always remain faithful  
and have no more love beside her, except music.  
His career became a formidable and exceptional success,  
his operas were universally adored and loved,  
and at the age of 32, he conquered Paris  
with his opera "The Puritans", his ultimate success.  
At that point, he was told the fatal news,  
that Maddalena Fumaroli suddenly had died.  
He could not bear it. He refused to go on living as before.  
He retreated into isolation, would not eat, would not see a doctor,  
and when finally a doctor had access to him,  
it was too late, and he died on exactly the same day  
as his beloved Maddalena, one year after her.  
He was not ill, the doctors could not understand his death,  
while every poet, artist and musician knew the truth:  
he died of love.

One of his best friends was Chopin,  
who understood him best, perhaps,  
and on his dying bed would only listen to the music of Bellini,  
and his last wish was to share the grave of Vincenzo Bellini.

*Black roses*

a translation of a Swedish poem by the artist Ernst Josephson (1851-1906)

Why are you so melancholy,  
you that always were so happy?  
– I can not be merry any more,  
for sorrow has brought me black roses.

There is in my brain a tree of roses  
growing, that will never leave me any peace,  
and there is a thorn by every stem  
which constantly brings me much pain and ire,  
since my sorrow brings me all black roses.

But there is a treasure out of roses,  
white as death and red as blood,

that keeps on growing into me,  
so that I certainly will perish,  
since they keep on fretting at my heart  
to fill it up and overwhelm it  
with the plague of sorrows of black roses.

*The black spider of history*

translation of a symbolistic (Swedish) poem by Adolf Paul (1863-1943), a German-Swedish-Finnish poet and friend of Sibelius

Beyond the forest where life is so green  
and the sun shines so brightly,  
a spider sits snugly so black and so huge  
in the grass watching out for its prey.  
He catches the sunlight and weaves of its rays  
a web of invisible darkness  
so strong and so light  
to be able to catch any soul coming by  
to torment it and quease it to death.

And the sun fades, and light is defeated  
to go out and vanish engulfed in the night,  
people wandering randomly, going astray  
searching vainly, pathetically for their souls  
which they lost on the way, but they still keep on going,  
believing that night is as light as the day  
and get frightened, when dawn is returning,  
and hide to protect their delusions and dreams  
of the freedom they lost and believe they have found  
in their escapist substitute make-believes.

But the spider keeps weaving in anger so stern  
well aware that a true soul can never get caught  
but must wander through history timeless, serene,  
always harassed by power authorities pulling him down  
by the might of brute fore, violation and blood,  
and they all fight against that invisible web  
of the obstinate spider of fate of relentlessness  
which will eventually bring every single authority down.

*Complaints*

All that's wrong with you  
is that you are too beautiful,  
so everyone must love you  
and too much.  
And all that's wrong with our relationship  
is that we do not meet enough  
but have to starve between our meetings,  
since all time that we are not together  
is a wasted time of thirst and hunger  
and what's worse: of dying desolation of desertion.  
All that's wrong with our lives  
is that we do not live together  
but are kept apart  
as punishment for nothing.  
All that we can do about it  
is to have these unacceptable conditions rectified,  
which they inevitably must be,  
since they couldn't get much worse.

So there we are back where we started:  
at the task of making something good  
out of a most impossible situation.

*Was it a dream?*

translation of a poem by the Finnish poet Josef Julius Wecksell (Swedish, 1838-1907), who far too early  
lost himself in schizophrenia (1862, with the production of his only play, the dramatic masterpiece  
"Daniel Hjort").

Was it just a dream  
that I was once your heart's beloved?  
I remember it most like a silenced song  
the string of which is trembling still.

I remember that you offered me a briar rose  
of shy and tender aspect  
and a glistening silver tear of a farewell –  
and was it all a dream?

A dream like the short life of an anemone  
of the green springfield of a moment,  
hastily to sparkle just to wither  
and immediately to be replaced and disappear  
in vulgar crowds of others.

But methinks I oftentimes at night  
hear one voice crying bitterly  
in floods of never-ending tears;  
– and that's the memory to hide and keep  
in safety deep within your breast,  
for that one was your finest dream.

*The Diamond in the Snow*

translation of another poem by J.J.Wecksell

On the blinding snow drifts  
there is a diamond glistening serenely.  
There never was a tear, a pearl  
of higher sparkling lustre.

Her brilliance like of heaven  
comes from deep and secret longing,  
as she casts her glance towards the sun  
when it comes rising in full glory.

As that warming beam strikes at the snow,  
the diamond starts melting in her adoration,  
kissing the light sun beams in her fondest love  
to gradually dissolve in tears.

O, gracious fate to love  
the highest beauty life can offer,  
and to sparkle in the blinding glory of the sun,  
to die in the fulfilment of her loveliest moment!

*The Song of the Heart*

Just another Wecksell translation: He wrote 215 poems in his brief period of activity, mainly as a youth, like Rimbaud.

The heart knows not of peace  
and dares not hold a faith,  
it only beats in constant worry,  
and who ever understood its sighs?

Bright eyes of blue,  
why must you sparkle so?  
and heavenly charming smile,  
why must you outshine heaven?

You took my peace away,  
the heart is robbed of all its faith,  
it only knows for sure one thing, –  
the durability of love in all eternity.

I dream, but all my dreams are battles,  
waking up, there is no peace,  
I break with all my heart and cannot die  
and burn in ice and snow.

My hope is thwarted constantly,  
my doubts are like a joke,  
and I am only calmed  
to feel my heart run wild again.

And standing by my grave,  
and falling down, I would still burn  
and fight with sword and helmet  
against all the world for you,

and if I were the god of all the stars,  
I would still have you as my bride,  
and if I only were a beggar,  
I would beg from no one else but you.

*The Drop of Spring*

the last of my Wecksell translations – for the time being

In the spring of dawn  
by happy warblings of the larks  
there was a-resting on a cloud  
a tear brought out in shyness  
bathing in the sunlight.

There was triumphant universal joy  
which brought the tear some inspiration  
filling him with coy desire  
and the courage to express a wish:

Give also me some life,  
so that I may dare try to live!

An angel's hand observed the prayer,  
touched the cloud and let the tear out  
falling down to earth,

where for a while it mirrored  
the divine world full of wonders,  
heavens full of sparkling gold  
and earth all emerald of growth and greenth;

and so fell down and ended up  
into the sea, where it was safely hidden.

No one asked you for your name,  
and no one saw you here.

### *Enlightenment*

The controversial course of history  
has never been more difficult to follow,  
civilization going down the drain  
bogged down in drug abuse,  
exaggerated medication as the universal cure  
which only is an excuse for abuse and an illusion,  
turning humankind to zombies,  
dumbed, reduced to passive zeros  
so as to be handled with less difficulty  
by establishment authorities,  
the only ones to gain  
from common idiocy and ignorance.  
What shall we do, the "happy" few,  
so isolated in our exile from this world mess,  
being quite alone in seeing through it all  
and kept at bay by the establishment authorities  
in poverty and isolation far away  
not to disturb "the peace of idiocy and ignorance"  
and "happiness" of the established course to hell.  
We can point out that we exist,  
and that is about all that we can do.  
The worst thing we could do is nothing,  
and the knack we have and power of the word  
compels us never to fall silent  
but to constantly keep up the urge and the necessity  
to ever more insist on more enlightenment.

### *Old love never rusts*

Old love never rusts and never changes  
but grows with the years not only in maturity  
but most of all in durability,  
so that it almost seems quite natural  
that it not only must remain for always  
but is also just another chapter of the past,  
as if it never really had any beginning  
or, if it had, it was long since forgotten  
far away in the eternity of timeless past;  
which means, that love at present  
is but a parenthesis, an interlude,  
the tiniest link of an interminable chain  
just linking two eternities together,  
one of the past and another of the future.  
Naturally we tend to emphasize the present,  
dramatize it and exaggerate it,  
and there is no harm done,  
for as long as we keep in perspective  
and keep well in view the past eternal  
and connected to the everlasting future.

*The Tutor's Advice*

– from a play

"Take good care of these your priceless younger years,  
and be aware that there is no more positive insurance  
of a good and honourable life than careful education.  
History consists of knowledge, knowledge is but wisdom,  
wisdom is the end result and aim of every kind of education,  
and that's why all history is the consummate knowledge,  
being simply human realistic facts in perfect concentration  
and in limitless abundance."

*The lightness of light and the light of lightness*

The soft touch of ideal creativity  
must be as light as light itself  
and hardly even touching,  
never pressing, beating or enforcing  
but just letting it come true  
alighting from all heaviness  
in constantly increasing speed  
of thought and new inventions  
carried down from universal influence  
to settle down in lasting works of art.  
The touch is all and hardly more than just a touch,  
enough to make a contact,  
just enough to make a current  
and electrify the process of creation,  
like the God of Michelangelo's creating Adam –  
creativity is just a hint materialized,  
the faintest touch of lightness,  
light as light.

*The gathering storm*

Let it sweep us with it  
up along the drifting clouds  
in furious chase of the infinity  
of glorious flight to nowhere  
except neverneverland and beyond.  
We don't even have to fasten seat-belts,  
hurricanes and storms will pay our tickets  
to the moon and planets and beyond  
and let us comfortably sit upon the wings  
of fortune, dreamland and angelic music,  
making us untouchable to mortal petty things,  
while elves and angels are our only proper company  
to take us seriously among the clouds  
in that alternative and only truthful world  
of beauty, joy and parties going on forever.  
Welcome, anyone who cares to join us  
on our everlasting trip to love.

*Words are not enough*

Words can not express our love,  
and love itself is not enough expression  
for the feelings that encompass all  
the world we live in of ourselves

and that celestial harmony  
that emanates from our reunion.  
We can never separate again  
but must remain one unity  
together in unbreakable fulfilment  
never more to be disturbed  
in this extradimensional and perfect harmony  
creating peace enough convincing,  
stable and magnificent  
to outlast all the universe.

### *Down the drain*

– John Keats, for an example

There are certain lovers  
who just can't get through  
but keep adoring in their bitterness  
whom they could never reach  
and who kept constantly betraying them,  
while he, the miserable lover,  
just kept on his faithfulness  
in bitter spiritual sado-masochism  
as if to wallow in self-torture  
of the most alarming, unendurable accelerating kind.  
Of course it must end badly,  
and eventually his love will peter out  
and disappear like all filth down the drain  
to finally get lost mixed up in sewers  
and at last find outlet and release into the ocean  
like a water drop or wave of no more consequence.  
Thus was John Keats' name 'writ in water'  
after hapless love and poetry much criticized,  
and he was not alone.  
They always come again,  
the faithful lovers that get lost in their fidelity,  
betrayed and beaten down by critics  
without understanding and by human baseness,  
and they always keep on loving,  
ending up with their refuted love,  
their dreams and positiveness altered into bitterness  
forever flowing like a never ending swan song  
down the drain.

### *The only time that lasts is outside time*

– A philosophical truism

The only truthfulness is timelessness,  
the only zone of durability is out of here,  
the only perfect love is without time,  
and there is no reliability  
but in that 'nowhere' outside time,  
in the transcendency of temporariness,  
in all that is not touched  
by the mortality of mundaneness.  
Then there is nothing, you would say.  
No, you are wrong.  
The 'now' is all deceit and foolery,  
the whims of fashion are the mirages  
of falsity and self-deceit and desillusion –

it is all a fraud, while only dreams that go beyond  
continue living, striving forward and surviving,  
constantly outliving all the vanity of passing lies;  
and those that stick to dreams  
preferring them to the illusions of reality  
will see them triumph with all life  
to vanquish all mortality.

### *Morbidity*

Drifting like a zombie  
everything amiss  
coughing like a horse  
economy in constant crisis  
hanging over you like doom  
and frozen shoulders, SMS-thumbs,  
mouse arm, eyesight fading,  
with a broken back and swollen feet  
and constant head-aches,  
like as if someone nailed your head  
with spikes in constant drumming,  
appetite gone missing,  
all food nauseating,  
all you eat is crap  
and boozing makes it worse.  
Let's not discuss the shit;  
your stinking breath is quite enough,  
the ulcers bleeding, fuming and erupting.  
What else do you need?  
The only thing still missing is a downright suicide,  
but dying is the very last thing I'll do.

### *Morbiditet*

Driver omkring som en zombie,  
allting är åt helvete,  
ekonomin en evig kris  
som ett Damoklessvärd som måste falla,  
frusna skuldror, dubbel musarm,  
tummar brutna, stelnade och kroknade av SMS,  
med synen ständigt mera dimmig,  
kroniskt ryggskott, svullna fötter,  
en migrän som aldrig tröttnar,  
som om någon ständigt slog in spikar  
i ditt huvud i ett evigt hamrande,  
aptiten väck för länge sen  
då all mat smakar äckligt  
medan superiet bara gör det värre.  
Låt oss inte diskutera skiten;  
munnens stank är alldeles tillräckligt  
genom magsårs blödande och ångande gifteruptioner.  
Vad kan du då mer begära?  
Allt som fattas är ett regelmässigt självmord,  
men att dö blir dock det sista som jag gör.

### *The Exile*

You are lucky to be constantly refused,  
not having to take part in the establishment,  
the mob that's only good for beating down

each talent that is something extra,  
sticking out as something not quite ordinary.  
Better, then, to be completely powerless  
and innocent and pure without a name,  
or have a name but only 'writ in water'  
known but to the ocean of eternity  
as only one of all the passing water drops,  
where all things temporal, established and mundane  
are bound to disappear with all things base and vulgar  
written just for greed or vanity  
of even less use than some toilet paper.  
You are only here to vanish anyway.  
You might as well be exiled then from the beginning,  
lost and disappeared, forgotten and ignored  
and be content with the eternal natural outsidership  
of nothing more than just a drop of water in the ocean.

### *Exilpoet*

Var lycklig, du, som blott blir refuserad  
och som slipper bli en del av etablissemanget,  
denna maffia över strecket som är bara till för att slå ner  
envar som vågar vara något extra.  
Bättre då att vara oskyldig och ren och utan makt  
och ha sitt namn förträngt och skrivet blott i vatten,  
okänt utom blott för evighetens hav  
där allt förgängligt, etablerat, grymt och temporärt  
försvinner med allt ytligt, småaktigt, vulgärt och billigt skräp  
som skrivs för pengar, äregirighet och fåfänga,  
allt som ej ens är vårt den lilla nytta  
som man ändå får ut av ett WC-papper.  
Man skall ju ändå försvinna.  
Lika gott då att från början vara helt förlorad,  
uppgiven., försvunnen, glömd och refuserad till förbannelse  
och nöja sig med den naturliga och eviga exilen  
som ej mer än blott en flyktig vattendroppe i ett hav.

### *The highlight of love*

The summit moment of my love  
was my life's shortest moment  
but enough still for a lifetime  
and enough rich for eternity;  
so how could I forget it ever?  
Let me stay there deep inside you  
hidden in the richness of your hair  
that never was more long and beautiful  
in sumptuous generosity and warmest colour  
never to get out of you  
but dwell forever as your guest  
at your perpetual party  
never tiring, constantly improving,  
in a mood of sweetest atmospheric music  
that must never end, but, like all music,  
should exist just to play on.  
Embrace me still, and keep me in your heart,  
like I will never forgo you  
but keep you cherished in my warmth of soul  
to never let you go;  
and thus all separation  
must remain quite naturally most impossible;

and let us be content with that  
and simply stay in love forever.

*The Bleakness of the Lost Identity*

– the problem of being ashamed of the human race

How is it possible to live  
aware that you as human being  
are one of that kind  
that utterly has devastated the whole planet,  
killing more than half of all the planet's life  
and being most of all a predator and monster  
killer of his own kind?  
We learn that we should never have exceeded  
half a billion members  
not to threaten life stability on earth,  
and yet we are twelve times that number  
and continue ruthlessly to multiply.  
How can you stay alive with such a knowledge  
being totally ashamed of what you represent  
and feeling constantly more lousy as a parasite  
partaking in the ruining of nature,  
all that's beautiful and free and virgin?  
Without idealism you can not live,  
idealism is love and faith and hope in man,  
but the political reality has ruined everything;  
and all that you can do is stick to individuals,  
the beauty of outsiders and exceptions  
who in some ways have maintained their freedom and integrity;  
and then, of course, you always have the bottle  
and all kinds of other things to fool your flesh with  
into thinking you can actually feel better  
temporarily at least.

*Demonic love*

They say you can't be lovers  
being stuck together  
in the clinch of a relationship  
and at the same time be good friends,  
that friendship starts as obligations end  
and sexual struggle is disposed of.  
I disbelieve it.  
Friendship makes the sexual relationship endure,  
while it can not endure without friendship.  
That's the basis on which all relationships are built,  
and they should all be lasting  
whether sexual or not.  
Let tempests hammer down your life to pieces,  
let the storms rage on with all the tragedies,  
let virtue suffer, and let tears gush forth  
in overwhelming rivers of adversities,  
but if your love is based on friendship  
it will last and outlast all defeats and trials,  
and there is no love at all without it,  
since there is no friendship without love.

## *Age*

The more maturity advances,  
the less matters age,  
and years grow insignificant  
as timelessness takes over  
and your youth becomes perpetual in mind  
as childish sensitivity grows more acute  
and you feel as if you had been alive forever  
and can't stop living for that reason  
constantly renewing all your love  
as those you love increase in number  
with your social life's perpetual expansion.  
What has age to do with that? Nothing at all.  
So just forget your age and keep on living,  
and, above all, keep on loving,  
and you'll stay alive for ages still  
and outlive your own age.

## *Never look back*

You learn from your experience,  
but what you learn should only serve your future.  
Therefore, to look back and linger there  
will only hold you back and slow you down.  
There is no greater harm, for instance, to a work of art  
than overworking it, to go on working on it when it's finished,  
which will just detract from its completeness.  
Memories of old are good to dwell on,  
but they never can replace the present moment  
in its crucially decisive shaping of the future.

When an old man proves his dotage going gaga,  
he will only have his memories to live on,  
but they can not help him if he fails  
in living now and going on creating life and future.

There is no excuse for letting go or stepping down;  
life will not stop for your sake, if you want to stop it.

## *Spring*

There is no light in life,  
there is no spring in sight,  
there is no hope in Limbo  
but for the hope of seeing you,  
but for the longing for you,  
but for the sight of you  
springing to my mind  
as darkness fades  
to the approaching spring  
after all bringing some light of you.  
My longing is incurable,  
and but for you it would be deadly;  
but since after all you do exist,  
there is even some hope  
for the extremest suicide,  
since you turn everything to life  
out from the shadowed winter of death  
and must return with spring to me  
inevitably, irresistibly and definitely,

renewing all the wonders of our life  
with of all reminders the most important,  
that you are all my love and always were.

### *Consummation*

The passion of my love  
keeps burning but without consuming  
neither mine own energy  
nor thy exceeding beauty,  
which keeps constantly improving,  
like the incorruptibility  
of the perpetual expansion of our love,  
which, although so exhausting,  
miraculously keeps on growing  
in vitality and energy and force,  
like as if physical confinement,  
like invalidation, limitation and imprisonment  
served only to the more enforce the energy,  
renew it, boost it and enlarge it  
for the cultivation, practice and the use of love.  
All you can do is to conform  
to this most universal law of irresistibility  
and simply let your love consume you  
in the glory of its beauty, truth and freedom.

### *Home*

The cozy homeliness of home  
where all things work and all is of your own,  
where you are out of strife and quarrel  
and still free at large to do whatever,  
even working late at nights and without limits,  
is in all the world the best that you shall ever have,  
more worth than gold and all the worldly riches,  
where you cultivate your own and have your creativity  
and can bring out all your love,  
the highest worth that life can offer.  
Let all journeys that I ever make  
be but a constant journey home,  
the only goal worth travelling in life for,  
all that always is expecting you,  
of all the welcomes in your life the only faithful one  
and all that really anyone makes any journey for.

### *Metaphysical*

Do not fear the terror  
of the darkness of your mind,  
which only is the abyss of your soul,  
unfathomable, bottomless and infinite,  
which is your only contact with eternity,  
the basis of your whole existence  
and the very essence of your life,  
the source of all its energy and meaning.  
That horrific darkness is no joke  
and nothing to escape from or evade,  
but actually the source of all your potency  
for love, creation and constructiveness.  
Try never to forget the fact,

that light was born from darkness,  
and the only purpose of light shining  
is to light up all the darkness.

*The eternal return*

When first I saw you  
I could not believe  
it really was the sight I saw  
of you again, appearing  
out of nowhere  
like a revelation;  
but it was much too incredible  
not to be absolutely true:  
you always come again  
returning with new freshness of your love  
to totally engulf me in your warmth and beauty  
so unfathomably overwhelming  
in the all too lovely fact  
of merely your existence.

*Rolling on*

The timelessness of love  
is just about the only thing  
you can be certain of concerning love,  
recurring as phenomenon surprisingly  
and ever and again with constancy,  
so that you never can relax  
from the perplexities and mysteries,  
caprices and surprises  
and nonplussing shocks  
that always shatter all your life  
by never leaving you in peace  
in the outrageously delightful  
name of love. So all that you can do  
is constantly to just succumb  
and never tire of it,  
since it is the major thing  
that keeps not only you  
but all the universe alive and rolling.

On the beach

– a rather shallow cliché title, I am afraid...

There was in your seduction  
too much art to ever be forgotten,  
too much love to ever be regained,  
too thorough an impression to ever be removed,  
too much sincerity to ever be abandoned  
and too much of you to ever leave me –  
you went down too deep into my heart  
to ever be released again from there,  
as the sincerity of love arrives to stay  
forever as more part of you  
than even your own body.  
All you have to do is just to keep it there  
with faithfulness and constancy,

forever loyal to that trust  
more trustworthy than life,  
if only it was genuinely felt and true.

*AT THE RISK OF LIFE*

By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

I take the liberty to publish this poem of a friend of mine here, simply as a reminder of a tight present situation that needs universal support..

Just as the sun  
Sheds its rays on the moon  
To give light to the earth  
In the darkness of the night  
So too must we stroke our hearts  
To raise hope in our hour of despair

Just as the bee stings its aggressor  
To protect itself at the risk of life  
At the hand of the aggressor  
So too must we sting the Chinese  
To defend ourselves at the risk of life  
At the hands of the Chinese

Just as salmons swim upstream  
To spawn their future generations  
At the risk of life at the hands of bears  
So too must we struggle uphill  
To fight for our children's future  
At the risk of life at the hands of the Chinese

Better we risk life  
Than live in fear all our lives

Jag tar mig friheten att publicera här i svensk tolkning en dikt av en tibetansk vän, mest för att påminna om en aktuell kritisk situation, som förtjänar allt stöd i världen...

***Med livet som insats, av Tsoltim N. Shakabpa***

Liksom solen  
ljuter sina strålar över månen  
för att skänka jorden ljus  
mitt i den mörka natten,  
så måste vi i mörkrets timma  
öppna våra hjärtan för ursinnig energi  
att väcka hopp i djupaste förtvivlan.

Liksom biet offerar livet för att stinga  
den som vill det illa  
för att skydda sig med risk för livet,  
måste vi så stinga Kina och kineserna  
för att försvara oss med risk för livet  
mot förtryckets aggression.

Liksom laxen simmar emot strömmen  
för att skänka liv åt framtidens generationer  
med risk för livet genom björnars händer,  
måste vi hårt sträva i vår uppförsbacke  
för att kämpa för en framtid alls för våra barn  
med vårt liv som insats

taget självsvåldigt som gisslan  
av kinesiska förtryckare.

Bättre att riskera livet då  
än att för alltid tills vi dör  
förbli berövade vår frihet och vårt liv  
i fjättrar slagna av en ständig skräck.

### *Running out*

Alas, it is running out,  
our time on earth,  
dwindling every second  
into nothing  
gradually and remorselessly,  
while actually our only hope  
is that we'll never know  
when actually our time is out.  
What can we do with this world  
of incurable derailment  
but concentrate on inner worlds  
and render them at least  
as perfect and ideal as possible.  
You always start with what you've got,  
your own, that soul of yours  
that you were born with to administer,  
your only tool in life  
with which you can by power of your will  
do actually whatever.  
There's the possibility,  
and it's a comfort in this comfortless society  
to know, that if there is no help at all,  
there is at least the power of your soul  
that you were given  
for the possibility of any revolution.

### *Rossini's love*

continuing the composers' chronicle of debatable love affairs..  
the fatal tragedy of Gioacchino Rossini

He only had one single love,  
and nothing could replace it.  
He was married,  
but his marriage never mattered much.  
The devastating fact of what his love was  
ruined him, when suddenly he lost it,  
which so annihilated him,  
that he fell silent for decades,  
just sulking, seeking comfort in his cooking,  
and he never quite recovered,  
although he was wealthiest in music history  
by his overwhelming opera successes.  
The disaster that so brought him down  
was the demission of his mother.  
She was everything to him,  
and no disastrous loss of love in music history  
was so completely devastating  
as Rossini's loss of his beloved mother.  
He fell silent, that most diligent of opera composers,  
that most energetic and efficient pioneer of opera;

and finally, when he was old and dying,  
he produced some aftermath, some sacred music,  
which he called his 'old age sins',  
still rather paralyzed by his unending sorrow  
but at least an effort to in some poor way  
produce some requiems for his mother.

*Franz Liszt – he fucked them all*

A handsome man and brilliant pianist,  
who no Parisian lady could resist,  
and thus his entire career  
was mainly executed between sheets.  
Alas, they were an endless lot,  
the mistress of king Louis of Bavaria,  
that notorious dancer Lola Montez,  
poor Marie d'Agoult,  
with whom he had three children,  
which he never cared for much,  
so two of them were lost and died,  
while only Cosima, his daughter,  
lived to be the second wife of Wagner,  
after he had robbed her from his friend,  
her actual husband the conductor Hans von Bülow.  
And the other mistresses of Liszt?  
With age he had some problems  
being struck by some bad conscience  
and thus turned to Church to be a priest,  
but as a Catholic abbé he still could not resist  
the lovely ladies that came into his confessional,  
and Olga Janina, his most notorious  
and his final public mistress  
ruthlessly exposed him as the fraud he was,  
a parody of sanctimoniousness  
who never could refrain from love.  
And was it then a crime?  
Of course not – just pathetic,  
for his efforts to maintain his vanity  
as lover even in his old age as a priest.

*The most romantic hero – the curse of Manfred*

The curse of Manfred was not one but many.  
Grieving desperately over his deceased love,  
whose death he might have caused, –  
but we shall never know it,  
nor did he ever know for sure himself, –  
he went up high into the mountains  
where he met his fate, a witch,  
who cursed him with insomnia forever  
and to age most bitterly and prematurely  
to at best die old already as a young man.  
Devils tortured him and dragged him down  
like as if he was a Saint Anthony,  
while at the same time others  
worked for his redemption.  
Lord Byron wrote the drama  
but could never solve the problem,  
dying prematurely as a young man  
aged beyond his age as far too old to live.

Both Schumann and Tchaikovsky wrote the scores  
and followed him in dying  
far too old and far too early.

### *Hemlängtan*

Hemmets varma ljuva härd  
där allt fungerar och man har sitt eget,  
där man slipper bråk och kiv  
och själv kan härja som man vill  
med arbete långt in på natten  
är ändå det bästa som man har i världen  
mera värt än guld och alla världens rikedomar  
där man har sin odling och sin kreativitet  
och därmed kan få fram sin kärlek  
och det enda värdefulla livet äger.  
Låt varenda resa som jag nånsin gör  
blott vara en beständig resa hem,  
det enda mål i livet värt att resa för,  
det enda man har alltid kvar,  
det trognaste välkommandet av alla  
och det enda man egentligen blott reser till.

### *Yearning*

My love is still beyond the clouds  
in hiding for her comfort  
undisturbed by vanity  
immersed in dreams of beauty  
well protected by idealism,  
but far away and beyond reach.  
How shall I reach her?  
If the gentle touch of tender dreams  
are not enough to wake her up,  
the only method left is yearning,  
and if you yearn sincerely enough,  
no love in all the world  
can fail to hear and answer  
that most heartfelt of all prayers.

### *The disastrous love life of Tchaikovsky*

The wife, to start with, proved impossible  
by being of all wives the most disastrous possible,  
and after the traumatic divorce,  
including his own suicidal effort,  
a disastrous failure even that,  
she had a number of promiscuous lovers  
and had children with them all  
but cared for none of them,  
disposing of them into orphanages.  
He was saved by that wise lady Frau von Meck,  
who graciously provided him with a life pension,  
which allowed him to produce for twenty years  
the most enjoyable melodic music of the time,  
including the world's finest ballet music.  
Unfortunately, after twenty years  
she tired of him and disrupted the connection,  
and again he was abandoned to disaster.  
He was persecuted by a demon all his life,

an irresistible homosexuality,  
which ultimately ruined him:  
he fell in love with some young prince  
related with the Czar, a dangerous connection,  
and the prince's father would not have it.  
He was summoned to a secret trial  
of the highest aristocracy  
and there condemned to death,  
and he was ordered to commit it on his own  
or even have his honour devastated.  
That was Oscar Wilde in Russian style –  
instead of public scandal and dishonour  
death by your own hand and reputation saved,  
which, you must give credit to the Russians,  
they did save indeed - there never was in Russia  
a composer more extolled and honoured  
and with right – there is no music  
more sincere in agonizing beauty and profundity.

### *Wagner's scandals*

From a human point of view,  
his life was only scandals.  
As a politic activist,  
he just about made enemies with everyone.  
His marriage was a failure,  
so the only thing he did in it  
was to deceive her,  
looking constantly for other women,  
choosing only married ones,  
as if they were the only proper challenge.  
Thus he tried assiduously and desperately  
with Mathilde Wesendonck  
and wrote the whole of "Tristan" in the process,  
but she was a wise and virtuous lady  
who preferred her husband.  
Wagner took instead the wife  
of his best friend and favourite conductor,  
Hans von Bülow, Cosima, the daughter of Franz Liszt,  
his only child, and twenty-four years younger  
than her second husband, already a mother of two children,  
but she managed well, surviving Wagner 47 years.  
Of course, von Bülow was enraged  
and never could forgive him  
but committed the mistake of venting all his ire  
not on Wagner but on his protector,  
that fantastic King Louis II of Bavaria,  
yet another victim of the opera composer's human ruthlessness,  
who never quite got over Wagner's base misconduct  
and betrayal of his friends,  
his favourite conductor, and his sponsor,  
who lost all the trust of his Bavarian people  
and became an isolated victim of delusion.  
Wagner didn't care. He just went on  
his ruthless ways, abusing Jews in music,  
sacrificing anyone who came into his path  
and used them all or just abused them.  
After him came Nazism  
making him a god and idol of their madness.  
Nietzsche was another of his victims.

What about his music, then?

Extremely pompous and bombastic,  
presumptuous and pretentious,  
and his opera librettos are distortions  
of what could have been good stories,  
but occasionally now and then  
there are some things that you could listen to.

### *My love*

With risk to constantly repeat myself  
I ask you once again most beggarly  
to hide in your delightful custody,  
escaping from this sordid tardy world  
into your love of endless comfort,  
seeking my protection in the jungle of your hair,  
the supreme relief from any anguish  
and the only love for me that lasts.  
Although our love is utterly impossible,  
forbidden socially and exiled to extremes,  
it is the only love for me and so remains,  
as I will never give you up, unmask you  
or betray you, but keep you the best of secrets  
locked up in the safe of my eternal love.

protestdikt:

### *Varför fick vi inte vara mänskliga?*

Varför fick vi inte vara mänskliga?  
Varför fick vi inte lita på varandra?  
Varför tvingades vi in i en omänsklig värld,  
som ingen ville ha, av kärnkraft,  
Kafkaöverhet av automatisk robotprogrammering,  
tvångskapitalism som måste slå ut alla mänskliga  
och ignorera alla mänskliga faktorer  
i blint överkörningsvanvettsraseri  
i dårskap programmerat genom formalism  
och dess pedanteris småaktighets ensidiga perfektionism,  
en värld där människor tvingas in i främlingskap  
ej endast för varandra men för hela världen  
i påtvingad delaktighet i global miljöförstöring,  
medan allt naturligt och humant är glömt och skrotat  
för att ersättas av dödlig materialism.  
Den mänskliga globala girigheten  
är ett lämmeltåg av masspsykos  
där alla samhällsvarelser hjärntvättas  
till att omedvetet delta i  
med falska illusioner om profitens trygghet  
som globalt lockbete in i dödlig fälla för all mänsklighet,  
där endast avståndstagarna kan klara sig.

### *Delirium*

Tying up ourselves into a knot  
of indissoluble and perfect love  
like under laws of voluntary tyranny,  
committed hopelessly to never let each other go,  
is not a bondage of encumberment and obligation  
but more like the utmost duty free proceedings  
from the pangs of hard bound, energetic love

to perfect liberation and release of freedom.  
There is but one question that remains:  
Can we love each other more than this?  
Is there a possibility of perfect ecstasy to be transcended?  
We don't know the answer,  
but at least we can make some considerable quest for it,  
and if the answer finally is positive,  
so much the better then for us,  
enabled to congenially proceed forever.

### *The human soul*

Never let me turn to dust,  
to any solid matter,  
nor must anyone  
with spirits born to soar.  
The flame of creativity  
can never be defined nor earthed,  
the body instruments of sensual perception  
is a language of misunderstandings,  
while the feelings only tell the truth.  
So never make me solid,  
never try to pin me down  
by making me definable,  
for I will but defy all definition  
being what I am,  
a soul that never can be ordained  
to fit in; but must remain  
perpetually free forever  
to survive at all.

### *Satisfaction*

Sometimes I wonder  
if you really are material,  
my most beloved,  
too good to be true  
and truer still than all reality,  
transcending all the possibilities  
of the remotest fantasy  
exceeding all imagination.  
Most amazing of it all  
is that it seems I cannot lose you,  
that I found you to remain within you  
like I never can get rid of you.  
Our love is constantly expanding;  
so let's just allow it to continue  
growing ever more in beauty  
in a universal triumph  
of perfection, joy and satisfaction.

### *Exhilaration*

Never let it cease to grow,  
the beauty of this wealth of yours,  
this comfort of your richness,  
this abundance of your generosity  
and possibility of limitless expansion,  
the symbol and manifestation of our perfect love,  
this splendour of your natural and sparkling life,

this gorgeous mass of millions  
of your brilliant effervescent hair,  
that keeps me bound in admiration  
and intoxicated by your beauty,  
dumbfounded and aghast, completely fallen  
down in total weakness to this miracle  
of beauty ever more increasing.  
Keep it up, I pray, and never let it down,  
and so shall I keep up my oath  
to never let you down.

### *All at sea*

The labyrinth of our love  
is without end,  
and the entrance is long since gone,  
there never was a way back,  
only forwards  
to an unknown destination,  
and it is constantly more difficult  
to find our way  
and any orientation.  
It's the endless sea  
where all the coasts have long since disappeared,  
and we are sailing freely and at random  
with our eye glued to an invisible horizon,  
and the only certain thing about our voyage  
is that this immensity of terrible unfathomableness  
is all of love and inextinguishable.  
We are comfortable therefore,  
unable to sink and drown,  
since we long since  
are drowned and overwhelmed and sunk already.

### *Looking back*

When passion won me over  
it was not voluntarily  
that I gave up my self-respect  
and purity of living  
for the doubtful chaos of indulgence,  
but I never have regretted it,  
since no one came to harm,  
since health did never suffer  
and since the result  
by the grace of Aphrodite  
seemed to only be increasing beauty.  
What manifestation can be finer?  
If but life and beauty grows in faring well,  
I would suggest that in this context only  
it would be permitted and allowed  
for the result and end to justify the means.

### *Considering you*

Your touch is light,  
a life-inspiring force and power  
keeping you awake forever  
for the truest light of all,  
enlightening all beauty

and increasing it perpetually  
by your mere existence,  
highest of all powers,  
crowning all creation  
by the strangest of phenomena,  
that fantastic magic,  
lightest of all lightness  
and the highest light of all,  
and that is you, my love.

### *Tibet - i exil*

Hårt drivna över snön  
och över bergens frusna vinterpass  
med kroppar döda längs med vägen  
och de överlevande svårt frostbitna och stapplande  
med sönderfrusna tår och fingrar,  
skjutna ner brutalt på vägen  
av brutala ockupanter ur armén  
om inte bara strandade vid vägen,  
gamla människor och mödrar, barn,  
och alla sorters offer,  
mördade, beskjutna eller levande begravda,  
sönderfrusna och ihjältorterade –  
så tvingas en nation till oavbrutet lidande  
fördrivna av ensidig hjärntvåttspropaganda  
och en diktators forcerings grymma blindhet,  
som så tvingar ett helt folk till flyktingar och fångar  
i det land som alltid tillhörde dem själva  
och som skapades och byggdes av dem själva,  
för att bli till en unik kultur av mest filosofi och bön  
med framför allt respekt för livet och all tradition  
med blomstrande talang för färggranna ceremonier,  
pampiga, högtidliga och innerliga,  
som en idealisk och perfekt välordnad fest  
som enkom gjord för att få pågå i all evighet;  
tills brutal omänsklighet bröt in med hat och våld  
för att fullt avsiktligt utrota en tvåtusenårig obruten kultur  
i vild förstörelse av minst sex tusen kloster,  
bibliotek och tempel, handskrifter och böcker,  
manuskript som förelåg i blott ett enda exemplar,  
och varför? Blott av dumhet, skadeglädje,  
för förstörelsens triumf och ära,  
som om det låg härlighet i destruktivitet  
och som om det låg någon heder i att våldta skönhet?  
Fanns det någon mening då i motsatsen till mänsklig värdighet,  
kultur, humanitet och ädelmod, medlidande och medkänsla,  
att låta ondskan frossa i att ersätta all dygd  
och mänskans konstruktivitet med ansträngt vanvett  
blott för att förstöra allt?  
Det tjugonde århundradets förintelser  
med politikens galna våldtäkt genom diktaturer  
har omvandlat humanisterna, kulturbeskyddarna  
och -älskarna till flyktingar i denna värld av barbari och grymhet;  
och det får fortsätta, det grymma våldet,  
barbariets våldtäkt på all skönhet,  
inte bara i Tibet men överallt  
där politikens och massmedias blinda och brutala hjärntvätt  
får husera genom mänsklighetens ansvarslöshet, girighet och ignorans.

*Irrepressible beauty*

The beauty of your soul  
transcends reality  
to prove our senses wrong  
and all reality a senseless lie  
for us to fool around with  
and beguile ourselves to death,  
which, also part of our reality,  
is just another bothersome deception;  
while the soul's eye only knows the truth,  
which usually appears too good  
to be believed in,  
wherefore we repress it;  
but I'll never be deceived by beauty,  
recognizing it to worship  
in whatever form it takes,  
emerging and appearing everywhere,  
but truest in the human soul,  
which, when granted our attention,  
outshines all the beauty  
even of reality.

*The mystery of true love*

It's difficult to say how much I love you  
since there are no limits to capacities  
that can not even be defined,  
since love is not just boundless in itself  
but also in its unsurveyable dimensions.  
Therefore mute love is much more expressive  
than what any words can tell  
or actions can express,  
while poetry alone is capable  
of nearing something of the truth  
about true love and how it works.  
It can not bring much satisfaction, though,  
but only veil it in cocoons of mystery  
that, if the love is true, can never be unveiled again.

*Your invitation*

Your welcome was an opening  
unto a better world of love  
instead of vice, perversion and addiction,  
and from darkness to the light of beauty,  
from blind alleys down the drain of hopelessness  
to just the opposite, the warmth of human nature.  
How could I say no?  
It was an offer in a lifetime  
that could never be refused,  
and all my hesitation and misgivings  
were about that it seemed too good to be true;  
and yet, there never was a truer truth  
than that frail heart so full of love you offered.  
I shall be as true to you as I have been  
so far, as I have never failed you,  
and my hope is, that I never shall be able to.

### *Getting through*

The silver linings of your hair  
add only more intrigue and magic to your beauty,  
testifying to your rich experience,  
like too much suffering and dried up tears,  
but for me are golden more than argentine.

There is no nobler beauty  
when it is enhanced by wisdom  
of maturity and deep experience  
that adds profundity and honesty to love  
to make it most imperishable.

That's the purpose of all practised love,  
to make it more endurable  
by the ordeals of dire straits  
leading to the fruits of heaven  
of the final beauty of experience.

### *Business as usual*

What is it in our love  
that makes it so intriguing  
and excruciatingly so tantalizing  
in its languid process  
of continuing forever  
without ever reaching a fulfilment?

Can two virgins love each other  
and maintain virginity  
as their fulfilment?

That's the rebus of our fateful tale  
that we in vain seek answers to  
in helpless stumbling in the darkness  
of the turmoil of our love  
that we can not control ourselves  
but only get more lost in.

Never mind, we have endured before,  
two years of crises in our love  
have not extinguished it,  
it is as young and fresh  
as when it first became a fact;  
so let me guess, that we will just  
go on and carry on as usual.

### *Faith*

Let me soar away with you  
on golden wings of blue  
forever in my faithful love of you  
to leave all that which we've gone through  
to ever stick to what is true,  
which only is my love of you.  
How could you ever doubt my faithfulness,  
as if you would prefer your loneliness  
to all your lover's usefulness,  
while I could never bother less  
to cure your boredom's emptiness

with raving jealous silliness,  
since all I care for is to stick to you,  
my only perfect love, in endlessness.

### *Good morning mitigation*

There is no good morning without you,  
the first thought entering my mind  
as I wake up each morning  
to a new day full of battles,  
trials, tribulations and ordeals,  
while you, my solace, are my bandage,  
dressing up my wounds  
each night of love I, as I come bleeding  
home after the day's defeats,  
a wounded soldier lost in life.  
Will this sore suffering existence ever heal?  
I doubt it, but as you are there  
each night and morning dressing up my wounds  
at least there is some hope, relief and mitigation.

### *The trouble with muses*

No matter how much you associate with her,  
no matter how much you depend on her  
and love her to the point of adoration,  
you can not have sex with her.  
She is for worship, inspiration  
and idealization only,  
or she will not work.  
And even if you try to trouble her  
with personal relationships  
and sexual advances, love ambitions  
and possession of herself,  
she will just slip away  
and gracefully continue as a muse  
for metaphysical and spiritual approach  
and only work and business use.  
Let's be content with that,  
as long as we may go on having her.

En resa till Åbo förde mig tillbaka till min pappas gator...

### *Min far*

Stegen förde mig tillbaka  
ned till minnenas gata  
där min far som pojke växte upp  
under enkla idealiska förhållanden,  
och plötsligt stod han åter framför mig  
med hela sin personlighet  
som mera levande än någonsin,  
som om vi plötsligt åter  
blivit bättre vänner än någonsin,  
som om vi inte varit det tillräckligt förut.  
Där var du åter med din humor  
och din alltid konstruktiva energi  
som aldrig kunde stanna upp  
men bara fara vidare på nya resor.

Plötsligt var vi närmare varandra  
än någonsin i livet,  
som om tidlöshetens zon  
blott existerade för att bevara och förbättra  
relationer som i livet aldrig kunde bli perfekta  
genom våra dödliga begränsningar.  
Du är fortfarande närvarande  
vilket jag med tacksamhet skall vittna om  
så länge ditt ansikte fortsätter att skina  
i mitt minne med all din välvilja och generositet  
som väl jag vet att alltid skall förbli och leva kvar.

### *My father*

A recent visit to my father's hometown of Åbo in Finland,  
brought back his personality to me.

Going down old memory lane,  
treading ancient streets of long ago,  
where my father spent his boyhood  
growing up in humble circumstances,  
yet ideal under the circumstances,  
suddenly his personality and image  
grows so real and vivid,  
as the best of friends,  
with all his matchless sense of humour  
and so full of powerful constructive energy  
that he could never stop at anything  
but constantly go on for wider journeys; –  
Father, suddenly you are much closer  
than you ever were alive,  
as if the zone of timelessness  
existed mainly to maintain and compensate  
that closeness which could never reach perfection  
in our mortal limitations.  
You are there and still alive forever,  
which I thankfully will testify,  
remembering your face  
that ever will continue shining in my memory  
with all your generosity and kindness  
in my mind forever.

### *from a letter to a friend*

I have struggled with the problem all my life. Most people who encounter it just let it be and don't bother about it, trying to ignore and repress it. In my case (as maybe in yours) it was instead accentuated by my life as a musician - it became more acute, as you became more exposed and vulnerable.

An effort to define the problem: you can't reach to other people, because they don't share your awareness and your ideals, because they can't see them. Therefore you find yourself alone, dreaming about those ideal possibilities you can't have realized, like, in your case, a flowing social life of some natural intensity and spirituality. You feel isolated with your idealism, and the risk is to become lonely, especially here in Sweden.

My only way of solving the problem was to accept the situation, accept the fact that almost everyone around you was ignorant and could not share your ideals or understand them, to instead build that ideal world within your own space and universe, that is, escape into creation. I think it's actually the only way to make the insufferable problem bearable - to make the best of a bad bargain, and to love in spite of all. To go on "arrabbiarsi" about it, get embittered about it and indulge in the frustration will only make it worse and is no way out. At best, you'll find temporary relief but no solution. And wherever you are,

wherever you live, you will encounter the same problem, in different forms, just because of your own uniqueness in your idealism.

Creativity is the best therapy for any artist out of any problem and dilemma, and I am afraid that's the only one.

### *Spiritual relationships*

To love is all  
and can be constantly accomplished  
with some everlasting faith and satisfaction  
only spiritually, that is after death  
or telepathically between living beings,  
but in physical and sexual contact – never,  
except only during separation,  
when the sensual presence is exceeded  
by the spiritual awareness.  
This is difficult to understand  
except by long and suffering experience,  
but eventually all lovers will arrive  
at this conclusion, that the spiritual love  
is actually the only love there is  
or, anyway, the only love that lasts.

### *The ultimate perfection*

That divinest ecstasy  
of the extreme release  
into the blinding light of joy  
transcending all mortality  
that lovers feel in moments of supremest truth  
and in the ultimate perfection sought by Yoga,  
and which also epileptics feel and see  
before they cross beyond all consciousness  
and which is maybe best defined  
as the relinquishment of self  
emerging with the universal consciousness,  
is all the happiness you need in life  
to be aware of your control of destiny  
and which actually is only  
just to be in love.

### *The Cruelty of Closed Doors*

a thought

To close a door to anyone who seeks you,  
to refuse communication,  
to let down and leave to perish,  
like in Burma,  
where the Junta stops all foreign aid,  
or like in China,  
where the only help allowed is the Chinese,  
which does not work,  
is out of nature and unhuman  
in a silent cruelty  
which actually is worse than open cruelty,  
like burying someone alive instead of killing him first.  
And yet, that silent cruelty  
is the most common cruelty of all,

as refusing beggars every day,  
ignoring tragedies,  
and closing eyes to look the other way  
when some injustice is committed.  
So, when this unhuman cruelty appears so very common,  
why then bother about it at all?  
Unfortunately, the more it is permitted to go on,  
the more a bother it becomes.

*De stängda dörrarnas grymhet*

Att stänga dörren  
för någon som söker dig,  
att vägra kommunikation,  
att vägra engagera sig  
och överlåta åt sin undergång,  
som Burmajuntan,  
när den vägrar motta utländsk hjälp,  
och i Kina, där den enda hjälp som accepteras  
är den inhemska kinesiska, som ej fungerar,  
är ett onaturligt och omänskligt fenomen  
som är grymmare i sin passiva tystnad  
än all rak och öppen grymhet,  
som, i stället för att döda någon först  
begrava honom levande.  
Och ändå är just denna tysta grymhet  
den mest vanliga av alla,  
som tiggare som refuseras dagligen  
av hjärtlöshetens tigande majoritet,  
och som när tragedier ignoreras  
av kallhamrad omänsklig likgiltighet,  
och när man tittar åt ett annat håll  
när orättvisor äger rum.  
Om denna omänskliga grymhet är så allmän  
och så vanlig, varför då alls bryr sig om den?  
Om den är en regel, varför då bekymra sig?  
Tyvärr så är det så dock, att ju mer man ignorerar den  
och inte bryr sig om den, desto mera växer den.

*In a state of shock...*

The last breath of a poet  
is like a wind that nothing can resist  
amounting to a thunderstorm  
that never will stop whirling  
in men's hearts and ladies' souls  
of anyone who got in touch  
with such a downright honest fellow  
who dared to call himself  
the last romantic hero.  
Actually he rather was the first  
of all romantic heroes here in Poetbay  
introducing some new sort of a romantic hero  
that, like all the previous and immortal ones,  
will surely never vanish.  
The first and last is never there,  
but you shall always be both here and there among us  
as our paragon romantic hero.

Thanks, Mike, for all your golden grace of Poetbay.

*The last romantic hero*

to Mike Meddings, 1941-2008(?)

A humble fisherman  
collecting water colours,  
that was all,  
until he suddenly  
already in his sixties  
started writing poems,  
introducing a new spirit  
of reborn idealism and chivalry  
and boiling over with enthusiasm  
to carry with him a whole bunch  
of startling talents of ebullient poetry.  
He touched me often with his cordial honesty  
of true appreciation, friendship and intimacy,  
and I believe so touched us all  
with some kind of inspiring spell  
of irresistible romanticism  
compelling us to love  
and feel at home with him in Camelot.  
Thanks, Mike, for all you did for us  
by simply being here,  
and we shall never let you go.

*Clouds in a cold weather*

My love can never sober up  
but still can only work as sober.  
Our greatest lover has abruptly been bereft us,  
but still, love has to remain,  
and being gone, it still has to go on.  
No matter how much I do love you,  
I can never reach you,  
and each moment when I have you,  
I am only losing you,  
your breath is failing you,  
and I am at a loss  
for all the irresistibility of our love  
that never seems to be allowed us.  
Summer's getting cold by icy winds,  
and clouds obscure the sun  
that never is allowed to warmly shine on us.  
But what can we do,  
when love so cruelly is so consistently denied us?  
There is only one thing we can do,  
which we must do and never can stop doing,  
which is just to go on loving  
and to love the more in spite of all.

*Broken wings*

When lovers die  
in brutal interruption  
in the very moment  
when their happiness began,  
you grow most fearful  
and concerned about your own relationships  
and hesitate to use your wings  
when swans have broken theirs.

The air is dominated by despair  
as everyone is shaken up by the injustice,  
while the worst thing is  
that no one is to blame.  
You can't blame love  
for making this our tragedy the worse,  
you can't blame God or fate  
whose innocence of silence  
keep them out of reach,  
and least of all you can blame any person,  
while you feel responsible  
for having been initiated  
in this miracle of love and beauty.  
No one could imagine  
the remotest possibility of an archangel  
suddenly to be demissioned,  
and it hurts us all  
in our profoundest love  
and hits unfairly every heart  
that Michael's shared his love with.  
How can anyone love any more  
when such a love was so rewarded  
with such beastly outrageous injustice?  
That's our problem and our suffering,  
the worst part of it being  
that we have to carry it ourselves  
without the aid of Michael.

#### *Exhaustion*

Overworked and overwrought,  
I miss those days when energy was infinite,  
when we could love outrageously without an end,  
when work was but a game that always would succeed,  
when childhood never left us,  
and the strength of youth seemed everlasting.  
Pains and aches have overtaken us,  
and losses have reduced our morals  
to recurrent desperation and dejection,  
wishing you were there with all the dead.  
Can love be found still in this darkness?  
We are groping blindly  
trying to restore our intrepidity  
but find it necessarily replaced by sad humility.  
The loss of spirit weakens more than any overstrain,  
and to be comforted by simply longing  
is not enough and no good substitute.  
Instead the hollowness grows deeper.  
How can love survive?  
That is the question  
ever put with more amazement,  
but the fact is, that it does.

#### *Utbrändhet*

Utarbetad, överansträngd, ihjälstressad  
saknar jag de dagar när ens energi var outtömlig,  
när i raseri vi kunde älska i oändlighet,  
när arbetet var blott en lek som alltid lyckades,  
när barndomsanden aldrig svek oss,  
och när ungdomskraften verkade förutan slut.

Men plågorna och värken hann i kapp oss,  
och förluster tycks ha reducerat vår moral  
till återkommande förtvivlan och desperation,  
så att man längtar till de saknade och döda.  
Kan man ännu finna kärlek i ett sådant mörker?  
Trevande i blindo i försök att återskapa vår okuvlighet,  
så finner vi den bara ersatt av nödvändig ödmjukhet.  
Förlust av andan tar långt mer på krafterna  
än blott att arbeta ihjäl sig,  
och att trösta sig med bara längtan  
räcker inte till och är ej lämpligt substitut,  
ty därigenom växer bara hållighetens tomrum.  
Hur kan kärlek överleva? Det är frågan,  
som blir ständigt ställd på nytt  
med ständigt stigande förvåning,  
men det är ett faktum, att den överlever.

### *The brutality of reality*

No comfort, I am afraid, while penetrating reality at least might secure some detachment from its worst aspects...

Going down the field of roses,  
all I find is tears of bleeding hearts  
of thorns, that have got stuck therein,  
and wounds of hearts will never heal  
but eventually fade out in languishment,  
since it is only human to tire of exertions.  
The cruelty of life is the supreme remorselessness,  
for there is no placation of reality  
that just keeps running people over,  
resulting only in the protest of infinity  
of the so unjustly suffering individual,  
whose one and only question to the godhead,  
"Why me?" invariably will be unanswered.  
They say that Job was finally rewarded  
by the restoration of his family,  
but that is as convincing  
as an artificial happy end  
to a superficial movie.  
The reality is always there  
in inescapable brutality  
of life and death and ruthless interruption  
of all love and harmony and happiness,  
while love is no more than a brief relief  
of just a temporary passing moment.

### *The Glimpse*

a glimpse of a comeback...

You entered just to show yourself  
and then turned back around and went,  
as if the only meaning of your presence  
was to show that you existed  
in your total love and beauty,  
giving just a glimpse of the ideal,  
as if it was a dream of perfect love  
to just appear and vanish instantly;  
and yet, that glimpse was quite enough  
for love to enter and to last eternally,

its mere existence being evidence enough  
in just one second's visibility  
to last forever and a lifetime.

### *Guidelines*

How can love be mortal  
when it is timelessness itself?  
True lovers live forever  
and survive their deaths with eloquence  
and only get the better of it,  
love being such a medicine  
that kills mortality.  
There is but one confusion, then, in love,  
and that is to believe you are confused  
when actually the labyrinth of love  
can only lead you right.  
The only difficulty is to stick to it,  
maintain the truth and keep the course  
in being true to the direction  
of your conscience, faith and destiny,  
and then you never can go wrong.

### *Musical observation*

When sorrows cloud your eyes  
and you can't see beyond darkness,  
there is something still to feel  
if even all your senses are shut down,  
since all the human soul consists of  
is just oversensitivity  
that never must be silenced or shut down;  
for feelings are life's definite necessities  
without which you can't love or live.  
That sensitivity is brought to some acuteness  
by the sense and sensitivity for music,  
a perfect ear discerning any smudge  
disturbing the ethereal harmony and order.  
Over-sensitivity is therefore not to be disdained  
but rather cultivated and respected  
as the very essence of a living soul  
more capable of feelings, sight and hearing  
than all lying senses of a mortal body.

### *Hangovers*

My love keeps hanging over me  
like a dark angel impregnated in my mind  
to stay there just to torture me forever  
when we fail to be together.  
Thus is love as abstinence  
a worse more crucial pain and suffering  
than any terribly unhappy love can be,  
for love will always get you, never leave you  
and get worse during the years,  
as memories amass as losses  
and the present offers less than yesterday.  
The comfort is, that you, as long as you keep suffering,  
will go on being activated as a lover;  
and as long as there is love,  
there is the hope and contact of eternity.

*Bleeding hearts forever*

There are wounds that never heal,  
humiliations that are never overcome  
and losses that can never be restored,  
transforming human beings to lost souls,  
their hearts wide open bleeding on forever.  
There are tears that never can be stopped  
that will gush on in ever wider rivers  
overwhelming our lost mankind in their grief,  
and there are souls that only hurt forever,  
which is all there is to their existence.  
Pity and compassion is the only thing that helps,  
a humble temporary small relief,  
which makes it so important why that also  
has to be unstoppable and overwhelming in eternity.

*För alltid blödande hjärtan*

Det finns sår som aldrig kan bli helade,  
fönedringar som aldrig kan gottgöras  
och förluster som ej någonsin kan repareras,  
som omvandlar människor till vilsna själar  
vilkas hjärtan bara blöder i all evighet.  
Det finns tårar som ej någonsin kan stoppas  
och som bara forsar på i ständigt ymnigare floder  
överväldigande mänskligheten i sin obotliga sorg,  
och det finns själar som blott lever för att göra ont,  
vars hela existens är bara smärta.  
Medkänsla och medlidande är det enda som kan hjälpa,  
en klen tillfällig och ödmjuk tröst,  
varför det är så viktigt att det även  
får för alltid vara överväldigande i sin hejdlöshet.

*Black madonna*

to a friend

Stormy weather tears your heart apart  
from blazing tempests of compassion  
ruining the lives of faithful lovers  
leaving them in tatters  
in a life of shambles,  
but even in the darkest hell  
there is no total darkness,  
and no one can convince me  
of the hopelessness of being damned in Hell,  
since even Virgil leading Dante there  
found their way out the back door  
to ascend with love forever  
to the stars and beyond.  
Maybe love must perish and be buried  
to survive the better  
and to prove itself of its true stuff  
of only everlasting truth and beauty  
that even the most lost and forlorn cases  
somehow also have to have a share of.

### *Crisis*

You never cease to gloriously seduce me  
only by your mere existence,  
which is irresistible to infinite extension,  
turning me invariably most rapturously on  
to never evermore leave you in peace,  
as you are impregnated in my being  
to remain there stuck in love forever,  
and I simply can't object  
but rather wallow in the mere existence of it,  
as you ever are reborn again,  
my constant love, with new seductions.  
Let it thus remain  
and gloriously go on forever,  
our vainglorious sparkling everlasting love,  
a Phoenix in miraculous variation,  
ever stuck in crisis to get ever born anew.

### *The Song of Love*

So tenderly the heart aches ring  
of losses and of love in spring  
that cannot be regained but still remains  
as ancient melodies that never can be silenced,  
ringing out in sharp and melancholy strains  
that hurts forever but remains  
of love and tenderness nevertheless  
in piercing shrieks that never can be heard  
but only heartfully perceived  
as echos of the universe  
resounding ever more alarmingly  
in more acute and ever growing presence.  
Love is the sharpest melody in history  
that ever played unsilenceably louder  
but with no one ever really hearing it.

### *Delightful bondage*

the workoholic's bliss

How could I complain?  
Addictions are not always evil  
but can actually be quite the contrary,  
especially if they are only beneficial,  
making you feel good,  
improved in health and disciplined  
and kept away from pitfalls.  
Thus am I a slave to beauty,  
working for her day and night  
and suffering to get more worthy of her,  
and a smile is all I need  
from her impeccability and muse's grace  
to go on struggling infinitely  
for the permanence and continuity of love.  
Of course it hurts,  
and it of course demands some sacrifice,  
but I am only happy  
as long as I can believe that it is worth it.

En tribut till Fontänen, länkrörelsen för alla samhällsoffer, aktiv sedan 1940, i Sverige sedan 1980, numera även rådgivare åt FN (ECOSOC).

### *Strandade själar*

Deras antal tilltar,  
alla dessa offer,  
inte blott för samhället  
men mera för omständigheter  
som ej någon önskade.  
De driver löst i vilshenhet,  
men det finns alltid någon där  
som väntar på dem någonstans,  
och även i din värsta ensamhet  
så är du aldrig ensam,  
och om ändå du envisas med att vara det,  
så kommer spökenas och minnens myller  
alltid att påminna dig  
att du kan aldrig separera dig från livet,  
och allra minst igenom självmord.  
Livets källa flödar alltid över  
i en aldrig upphörande ström  
av liv som aldrig slutar expandera,  
växa och utveckla sig,  
och även om du tror ditt öde är unikt  
så kan du vara säker på att andra delar det.  
Problemet är, att du är aldrig blott dig själv,  
men allt liv i allt universum  
är beroende av dig,  
då du för alltid är en del därav.

### *Displaced persons*

a tribute to "the Fountain House", or, "The International Center for Clubhouse Development" (ICCD),  
425 West 47th Street, New York, now an international network with centers practically everywhere and  
advisor to the UN (ECOSOC unit)

Their number are increasing,  
all those victims,  
not only of society,  
but more and more of circumstances  
of no accountability for anyone.  
They drift along, get lost,  
but there is always somewhere  
someone waiting for them,  
even in your utmost loneliness  
you never are alone,  
and even if you are,  
the crowds of ghosts and memories  
are always there reminding you  
that you can never separate from life  
and least of all by suicide.  
There is a fountainhead  
that never stops to flow  
and keep the current running  
of the ever vitally expanding life,  
and even if you feel unique about your fate,  
you can be certain there are others sharing it.  
The problem is, you never are yourself,  
but all the life in all the universe  
depends on you, for you are part of it.

*The sweetness of your love...*

The sweetness of your love  
is in its pure simplicity  
like some angelic dream  
out of this world  
and still as natural  
in all sincerity  
that I refuse to wake up  
from its delicate reality  
of only sweetest dreams  
more real and actual  
than anything in this surrealistic world.  
So let me keep it  
to administer it richly  
to eternalize and multiply it  
for the only reason of the truth of it  
although no one can be convinced  
except the actual lovers.

*The colour of your hair*

The colour of the depth of your unfathomable hair  
is like the sky towards its outer limits  
beyond all the lightyears of our knowledge,  
while your presence is enough to fill the sky  
not just with beauty but with overwhelming grace  
so richly manifested in not just the lustre of your hair,  
its streaming beauty overflowing not the Amazon alone  
but even all the oceans in its glory;  
but also and the more in your whole being  
which is only love in so outstanding quality  
that any richness can not match it.  
So let us make love forever  
in the glory of the beauty of our whole existence,  
never tiring of wasting this most holy energy.

*Retaliation*

Love always pays,  
and losses will increase it only,  
always doubling, never losing,  
being the most elementary characteristic  
nucleus and fundamental core of life,  
and actually the only matter  
that can never be defeated,  
lost, bereft or turned to nothing,  
since the more you give of it,  
the more it always will come back  
in one form or another.  
Even if they die,  
it is impossible for lovers to be losers,  
since the more they lose,  
by wasting or by losses brought by destiny,  
the more immortal and continuous  
love simply will turn out to be,  
phenomenally overcoming any death  
since it is life itself  
that simply can't exist without expanding.

*The engagement*

I am engaged in you  
and can not help it,  
and I hope that this engagement  
will go on forever,  
although there are minefields  
all along the way  
of constant separations,  
travels and disruptions,  
loss of contact and what more;  
while only the engagement  
on my part in you  
remains inviolably stable,  
and it's an engagement of that kind  
that's well worth hoping for  
that never should be broken.

*Summer, 2008.*