a cluster of consonants. consonant-packed words. you shook the blood. you glow on girls' eyelids. who cares about the laws of the land. he lays a hand on my back, leading me into the midst. but I shake my head. it's good he says. but I unlatch from his grip. in drizzle. darkness. nouns. repetitions. the handwriting. to write by hand. with your hand, every syllable, letter, let in the ruin, open to it, touch death, unlearning someone's face. you're standing on a razor. i hear the birds. it's raining. rains. rained yesterday, we smoked in the drizzle, it rained when we went out, it was cooling, the rain. it was raining when I walked through the park. it's raining now. switched off the movie. couldn't stand to watch all that precariousness. the threat. so hard to place. scaffoldings. the lack of safety. the falling body. I slip I slip. the brown arm. the falling body out of someone's hands. solidarity actions. one after the other. gone. gets fired. picked up by police. falls. early morning. autumn chill in the air. sun haze. thin shrouds of cloud gather and cover the sun. details she repeats. stuttering almost. as if tears could start there, any second now, details, a lost wholeness, a lost hope of wholeness. shattered land. divided. occupied. without connections. transits in space. how can one write after slavery. even. propaganda's image. a whole world's indifference. to speak against it. to be heard. details. to survive. just live. defeat. of great ideas. inner defeats

the fine migrations. of the souls. through the park. the arrivals. and partings. the place of. no. he says. to have touched. exactly that spot. a feel through the park. in the night autumn-dark. damp. the first day. got away. i can't any longer. my head is. those who could get out of the country. first through the park i realize it's the same place. of the frost crystals. he sits on the edge of the bed. i stand in the window smoking. when did we have this discussion. the self-hatred and the poem. doubleface. not only poison and healing. pleasure and pain. knife and flame. the poem and the executioner. handprint on the inner wall. when it razes. the hand halts. in a great openness. wonder

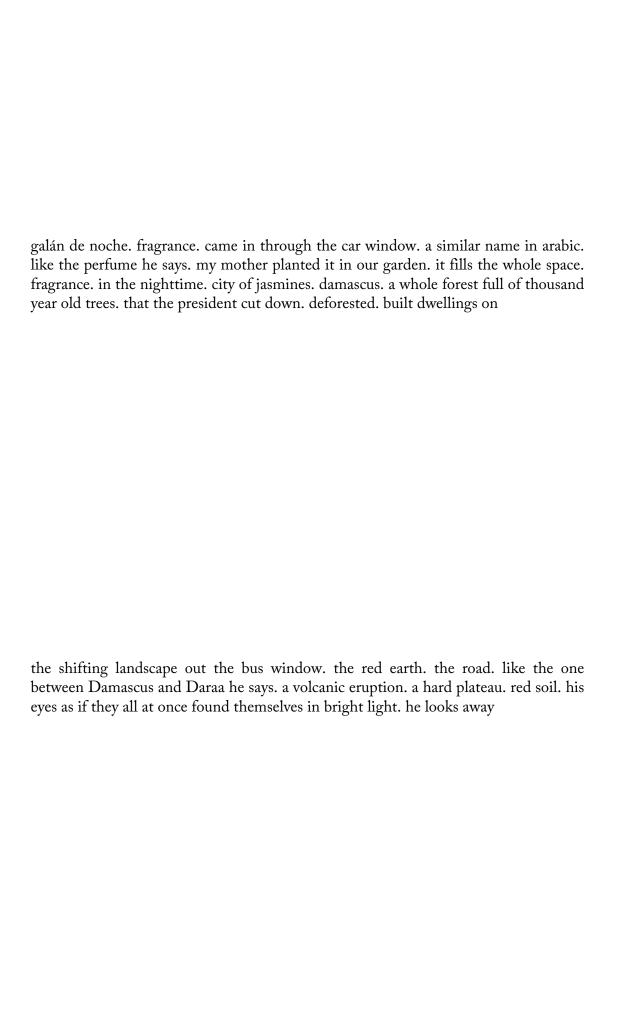
see a rainbow from the train window and then another one they fill the whole curve from earth to sky or vice versa i'm so tired i can't walk he says shows me the swollen blood-vessles on his hand, wrist

a white feather floats in the air between the houses in the sun the still hot September sun again and then another one

i don't understand it's the same
if it is
don't understand the day and the night
nor the choke of tears
nor the absence
of it

hear the sough of large trees in the park through the open windows someone plays violin long such a lovely accent i say the floods of blue, red the eddies it rained incessantly a thick mat of gray rain from the gray sky it's the girl in the woods i think of long a different kind one hundred spices in the rice see the globe turning or the satellite over the globe on the screen madagascar sri lanka india ice turn my head see mount everest rise over the crust

pomegranate honey how you let the juice flow, darken sweet as pomegranate sourish as pomegranate the honey i didn't listen didn't hear didn't feel the taste saw steam disperse from the bread the alltogether fresh-baked felt heat not the flavors there was a history the bullet it takes to justify lovers



displacement. an instrument to measure distance. by the stars. seafarers. the floating image. life and death matter. hands in water. up to the wrist. the vastness of the world's synchroneity. in the body. the bodies. between
maybe I'm just a bad person
we all are
Marie Silkeberg. From Till Damaskus 2014
Translation: Sara Fetherolf