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*Four abstract snapshots from various patches of my twenties.
In chronological order.*

IN ENGLISH

Everyone has some fraction of glory
June 2006

Everyone has some fraction of glory
and yet everyone's rushing to some pawnshop to exchange it for a couple of curses.
And of course I could go pattering on and on
about the paradox of such a behavior
being absurd and sensible, simultaneously,
but when it all comes around
it's all back to glory.
Everyone has some fraction of it;
not seldom it is a quote
'Everything I've done
will some day match up to something that I'll do, for instance.

...

Fuck it!

A rising number of words ago, I dropped a row of three dots onto the paper: '...'
and I prefer to see it as a piece of painting expressing the move of tapping fingers against some bloody
surface.*

No meanings no motives no marks
especially no punctuation ones
and of course there could be patter
about the great war where queens Tragedy and Irony
fell dead of each other's sword
but I'm so packed up with void it comes out in tears

I'm draining my latest obsession in the one to come
resting the scent of yesterdays on a hanger that I pass by
on my high noon walk to the bathroom

.

I am terrifically polite
especially before myself

despite the void coming out my eyes
my arse

* As Henry Miller put it,

'There is something exasperating about this movement, something abortively melancholy about it, as if it had been written in lava, as if it had the color of lead and milk mixed.'

Everyone has some fraction of glory
and yet everyone's rushing to some pawnshop to exchange it for a couple of curses.
And of course I could go pattering on and on
about the paradox of such a behavior
being at the same time absurd and sensible,
but when it all comes around
it's all back to glory.
Everyone has some fraction of it;
not seldom it is a maxim
'Everything I've done will some day match up to something that I'll do,' for instance.

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Fuck it!

A rising number of words ago, I dropped a row of three dots onto the paper: '...'
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(As Henry Miller put it,

'There is something exasperating about this movement, something abortively melancholy about it, as if it had been written in lava, as if it had the color of lead and milk mixed.')

No meanings no motives no marks
especially no punctuation ones
and of course there could be patter
about the great war where queens Tragedy and Irony
fell dead of each other's sword
but I'm so packed up with void it comes out in tears

One by one I drain my obsessions
erase them under each other
rest the odor of yesterdays on a hanger that I pass by
on my high noon walk to the bathroom

.

I am terrifically polite
especially before myself
despite the void coming out in tears
in turds
in ink
in words

On Necessity
Fall 2008

Missions, there are,
passing by
handy,
arbitrary nonetheless,
and I sit on this seat
exemplifying an indivisible unit of perceivable conditions
– a necessity, so to put it –
and count them,
pretty much the same way I counted sheep
at times when as a kid I laid in bed and couldn't sleep;

pretty much the same impatient halfway grin there is
on my face,
so now as then,
a grin of curiosity
and of some other
long gone and obliterated infantile perspective
that has by now evolved to apathy;

and hence, it works, my method,
far better than it ever worked on my past nighttime worries,
it rids me of my present guilt
– guilt of merely caring.

–What is this?

What is there to give credit to
for this one and only gratuity,
for this sickly clarity?
Ethics? No...

–Bad country!

some loudspeaker there must be,
somewhere, nearby or downtown, hissing,
this miserable September night.

Reset, I am, to the dazzling absence of habitual memories.

On Time, alternative units for measuring It,
and the possibility of crying when I'm wanking off
Fall 2008

Y

et another one day pass is moving towards its completion
as a notion;

Y

et another one day pass is about to be cut off
of what I am mentally qualified to perceive as present.

This, I presume, is the

most common engagement, so to put it, of mine:

Diaries

– timepieces of laid-back geezers –
fairly human means to fairly human ends...

Dancing on the ashes of imperia and idols,
diaries and
everpresent
cigarettes
I once wrote
halfway through a little accomplishment of mine
called All in all 'n' all in feathers
which I have preferred to keep unpublished.

Cigarettes, in this example, correspond to seconds:
units of wide approval and use, that could, of course,
be disassembled into further fractions,
such as drags or even particles of mere smoke –
an adoption of whom as units would, however, be
either coarsely inadequate, because of vast variations
as to size and, consequently, duration, or, respectively,
synonymous to a sysephean relapse to chemistry.

Diaries, as such, correspond to dates;
days, months and years, that is.

The seemingly sizable differences
of these three components are of no relevance, because:

(1) of what's common for all – namely, the potential
to be understood not only on the level of perception,
but further down-to-earth on that of documentation,
which can be said to be 'perception in practice', and
(2) of what differentiates them from seconds –
namely, that they are negligibly arbitrary.

The causal relation of these two rationales
can be said to be reciprocal.

et A correspondence to an imperium is the very notion of time; whereas the title of an idol is allotted
Stephen fuckin' double-you Hawking.

Dancing

I am,
as the laid-back geezer
I am –

my fingers up my nostrils,

my hands shaking,

my feet aching,

my cock what keeps me from breakin'

down.

Down to ashes it has all come.

Muted,

one of a couple
(not of a kind)

of

mutually muted

fuckers.

– Fuck! I cannot help but burst into pettinesses when I come to deny my frustration based on the fallacy that it is a sign of apology... passively positive... I sort of evoke yet another way of pretending I said nothing or at least nobody heard me... my whole history summed up within the burp of some drunk fuckin' ugly moron troubling the earth... There I go... the perfect unit for measuring time... But time, that sonuvabitch, knows

of no measures... feeds all possibilities... expressive and delicate ones grow obese and ordinary... and I find myself amid a dazzling vortex of stains and reflections... wanking off... lifting a fistful of fibers against the ambiguity of my self-consciousness...

Risingly abnormal, I proceed
from groans of excitement to twists of aggression
and eventually I stand six-feet-three-tall
paralyzed
and drool.

Tears of a rabid oblivion shine on my face
as I emancipate unto solitude,
that most comforting
of all cold opposing winds I have encountered.

difference = freedom

October 2012

Documented below is an attempt to validate the equation,
duly deficient, and hence on target.

Lie as it may

what inevitable complexity what complexity I convey

in the joy I display

– I seem to extract, let's say –

when releasing the beauty of those disarming contrasts
that this world is urged to simplify under the label of Personality

who could tell?

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