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Jag har börjat redigera mina engelska texter. Dessa är skrivna i början av 2006.

Stambanor och utveckling i tid

Beneath the moon

Dire deeds cringe at the wood's dark end,
slither and die at the corners of leafy lips.
I hesitate to say, although I must,
this particular crossing is of no value
but nevertheless of true importance.

It is here one meets what is
without cloaks of misrepresentation,
here where hazy tell tale customs
casts spells at the omnipotent sun.

Never before has time fraught you
with a rendezvous of this kind,
binding all mind perception
to a sole fickle skin,
akin for the touch of no other.

Scavenging scholars of no intent
bleed across all pillared temples of no avail,
there is no peace in purple words alone,
nor in the arrangement of flowers or sorts.

The blue element of understanding
have more white keys than clouds,
the state of origin is all a birthed mortal
needs to breathe within that union
where wild fowls learn to fly.

Stoic impudence is laudable
in nights of no other further ado.
The tall night bears neither snow nor rain,
someone plays the piano.

Voices float like white banks of clouds
with any further objection.

I do believe in the sound of words,
the spoken abc of impossible dreams,
the mad glimpses of belonging
that flashes between my bedroom poles,
the taut wood of cerulean skin
with all the moon faces shifting below.

The wind is the air you shift
as your intentions move you
across fast highways and wasteland
not even your darkest hour can recollect.

Slow is the intention purpose care
that follows the fast map of old,
steeped in the path of tilting wings,
intensified by the rare sound of time,
the fair share of all old bold leaps
into the all old broken lane of sense.

The old man and the sea

Startled by silly words silently soaring
over snow's dark, fine cover,
the old man finds himself in disarray.

A host of long lost images plunges
through early windy windings of his presence
demanding to be named and dear.

The sea gently rocks the day
with tender echo that flees the light,
rolling beneath dark distant skies.

The old man stands by the water,
the horizon bleeds invisibility,
suddenly, a last gull cries his name.

Solemn like a Sunday morning bell;
the eyes that raced are still.
Glorious peace that eats the heart;

All of that and he burns with regrets
that no man ever went for lack,
nor ever for not wanting.

For a moment he dangles;
bait for the hungry and ignorant.

No sweet aroma meets the starfish
surfing on dark water's curve.
Death has no say here,
he alone is the enchanted dance.

The cod tolls for the old man,
for the squid that falls at his feet,
for the grey clouds of shrimps,
for the clams with grey wet
and weepy secrets and make believe
and to the mad eddy of water
that falls in darkness.

Night abducts

Dire deeds wring sweaty hands
where another man just would say:
It costs to harbour volatile spirits
under capricious skin!
Flee! Like the dark fire
flies in cold December.

Night abducts all that is fuzzy with frenzy,
the black cat carries mist in her sleeps.

The math and old content
beds with the very best of our age,
cheered on by the magnetic poles,
distantly licked by eyes of looking.

Tonight all content is external,
all drives run with dancing keys.

The speed of the thermometer
is certainly of no avail
to those who no longer die,
nor aspire for free air.

Winter breaks

When winter breaks its chilly seat
to light a whole different fire
it is the to mental touch, soft and discrete,
all warm intensions aspire.

A solitary ray of piercing hope
cringes at the visible give up recess,
giving eating light a new kind of scope
moments before winter's digress.

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