

## **Not Whom, Not Where**

After each night  
I always end up in myself

I am who I am,  
but know not whom

I am where I am,  
but know not where

I notice the dark thumps  
inside my ribcage  
and the souging  
of the nervous system

Thoughts sit around  
polishing themselves  
like cats after a meal

I don't know what to make of this,  
but then I never did

I am part of the ongoing,  
which doesn't even seem causal

I circle myself  
like a band of wolves  
'round a waning campfire  
in a Jack London story,  
but my center is hollow  
like the eye of a Caribbean hurricane;  
my swirl around me  
changes everything  
while remaining the same,  
like a river vortex

Time is all I have,  
and I partition it  
into theoretical sections

that cause annoyance

Death is waiting / coming,  
but constitutes nothing  
but a state / absence of a state,  
identical to the absence  
before conception

Any annoyance / pain I feel,  
is simply something  
I'm informed of  
that doesn't really concern me

Pain is a newscast,  
like everything else

I am turning the dial  
of an old radio receiver,  
tuning in to the shortwave pain  
from all those exotic destinations  
down my body

I don't have to listen

All the occurrences  
I have foolishly regarded as  
absolutely necessary  
- love, comfort, money, friends,  
creativity -  
are just make-up;  
those ghastly, ghostly masks  
that old, worn-out scarecrows  
put on for show

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Ingvar Loco Nordin med Poeter.se id #114094 innehar upphovsrätten