

from
Pencils of Rays and Spiked Mace

by Niels Lyngsø

Translated by Gregory Pardlo

prototypes standing and sitting irradiated
 bodies moving themselves
 jerkily each varies its own figure
 music like thunder- no one can hear it all
 soup that splashes everyone holds on to their thread of the din
 between mountains
 symphonies large
 as undulating space sirens in
 thousand-tone music the distance
 the tidal roar explained approaching
 drops like stopping
 leaving bells arriving
 floating from the thing itself
 irradiated mist mist mist is in the air
 bodies disappear life urges
 in the light folds in
 in a drop like a thought
 a hive
 of light
 the water's hide mimics mine now in the den
 one can plunge in it
 vanish encompassed
 has the white compass rose Milky Way mael-
 strom
 folded in its petals canvas
 culminated and accumulated my lampshade
 the matter's light a pleated truncated cone
 collecting dust in its folds and am I a lucent bloom
 converted to nothing I will be found like folds
 in earthly matter the chair
 vibrates silent
 as a plucked string
 as thick as a pillar with
 the airplane in the distance such depth in tone that it
 whose rumble goes on and on can neither be heard nor
 stopped
 and suddenly it stops and expands
 all over like trembling moss
 like a porridge of painted mirrors and water
 a cloud moss like moss moss like mist
 of squares the moist coffee grounds
 patterns the water has run through a bog
 of flowing ovals a daddy longlegs over
 glass pyramids papyrus a bulrush's calm the rough
 pillars of ciphers dry reed their sharpness
 against the tongue one drop of blood
 under the streetlight through the mirror
 a blinking ring dragged out to

cone of rain
a sea changing color
a shout
like a drop
reversed
carried by the swans' singing
flight through
the shrieks of the wings
back
it is impossible
someone mumbles I
a van
changing gears slowly
have for so long been
dead
so why
do I go backwards
back again
through the city
again again
grow together
while elementary wisps of skin
heal up
my mirror
faces
disgust
landscapes
extensive
the steps
storm of numbers
through columns
in layers of earth
the crackling language
spoken by
the flames the drops the dust and wind
everybody
when they wrinkle their forehead sends off a folded sail through the air
it is impossible I mumble it
has so long been
night but the cracks between the slats
I the house on the other side of the street
has two windows lit
lots of darkness behind rain and blinds
ice packed in hoarfrost that seems
like flowers on the pane to keep the broken glass together
open windows turn in the wind backwards
I turn a somersault the dark matter is
impossible it happens my soul
a glove a box a rose
is turned is closed pulls itself together
in a bud a drop life folded in
and back grown old molded in matter

Sleepless a cloud of mosquitoes
lifts from the lake's mirrored surface
rises among black trunks
cruises through the forest
rushes through the land
in shifting formations
then collects itself into a little
bent body in a temple of flesh

I cannot
wrest me free
The apple falls but perhaps new seeds
sour and green and
hard as celestial bodies
not far from the tree
like father like son
loose in the bark
white worms

Man-sized trunks
with filtered branch work
have fallen and now lie
out over the earth with roots
hovering high in the air
still covered in stinking quagmire
still stuck tight in continuous decay

There is flesh beneath bark
which in large flakes for
fall from the tree and lay bare
throbbing bluish-purple film
with a mold of white

Your stomach is a temple
we worship the creature that lives there
even though we cannot see it
but merely suspect it in the ultra
sound scanner's soundless
pictures sent from outer space
a creature on the way in a soft capsule
we know approximately when it lands

under the skin
fumble forth while
breeding blindly

from *MORFEUS*

Your face broadcasts on forty channels
I cannot possibly receive that much you
rise like pencil of rays and spiked mace
 staggering my way
swarms of bees rage along the body's contours
I try to answer for myself and call you names
Hyperbole Monstrance Gadget Ding an sich
and Medusa Face dear Face it doesn't help
anger and horror and lechery
are foaming under the skin ungracefully
now you loose it now it goes
to pieces I don't have
hands enough to catch you

Rub forth fire from ill
willed wood I can hear
it howl and hiss its devil
ish will the flames esca
late with a suck to the rear
losing time losing breath hot
pressure against lungs the sunken sky
diver's face that flaps
like carvass in a storm Morpheus moves
it is the face I have sought like a dream-storm
the face I see in the flames throughout the world
it comes from a long ways off and is
still long distance
seconds grow with no answer
like wounds and wretched rash
absent salve a valve or tap dance
Fred Astaire wildfire
spreads it
was not me well yes I
was there but it was not me
who started it well yes but it was
not intentional well yes
but not with my
best intentions