Pencils of Rays and Spiked Mace

by Niels Lyngsø Translated by Gregory Pardlo

the dark matter the great weight dust among stars dust in the bookcase whirls the comet's eccentric orbit bookshelves bend like eyelids lowered worms en route through the rotted wood a tunnel of boxes all opened into each other shoals of worms and snails streaks of slime the first glue over piles of leaves the final coil a wickerwork like rain on a window sinks in swarms of ants out over the city by every way now scattered in treetops the wind that turns waterspout withering leaves snail house into a galaxy resembles a thought and which cosmic wind under the cow-licks turns star leaves into Milky Way the house thinks storm confuses the darkness out in the city it rains not in outer space but in inner space there is closely packed spirals in every single cell intestines and fiber optic cables and a chemical noise that roars like the rain increases towering banners of turbulent water tidal waves between galaxies it is impossible they are impossible like pictures on top of pictures many overexposed rolls of films that are seen balls of stock-still drizzle sailing like costume jewelry in space an acoustic structure that turns a flickering void devoid devoid out of the dark a strobe light hits the disco ball every water particle every glinting shard reflects a star every star is a note in the sky's score web the melon drums thump trance the sun pumps its electro cardiogram across the surface of the sea behind the monochrome sky a music that swarms the coffeepot hisses no one comes out everyone under the screwed-on lid must go

on spectral orange beaches

standing and sitting irradiated

prototypes

bodies moving themselves

jerkily each

varies its own figure

music like thunder-

soup that splashes

no one can hear it all

everyone holds on to their thread of the din

between mountains

symphonies large

as undulating space -

thousand-tone music

the tidal roar explained

sirens in

the distance approaching

stopping

drops like

bells

arriving

leaving irradiated

mist

mist

floating from the thing itself

bodies disappear in the light

life urges

mist is in the air like a thought

folds in in a drop

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

culminated and accumulated

the matter's light

my lampshade

a pleated truncated cone

collecting dust in its folds and am I

a lucent bloom

converted to nothing

be found like folds

canvas

in earthly matter

the chair

vibrates silent

as a plucked string

as thick as a pillar with

will

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

all over

and expands

like trembling moss of painted mirrors and water

like a porridge

moss like mist

a cloud

moss like moss

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

blinking ring

dragged out to

a sea changing color cone of rain 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 back again so why do I go backwards again again through the city while elementary wisps of skin grow together heal up my mirror faces landscapes disgust extensive storm of numbers through columns the steps 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 the cracks between the slats night but I the house on the other side of the street two windows lit has 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

molded

in matter

and back

grown old

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

The apple falls but perhaps new seeds

sour and green and

hard as celestial bodies

not far from the tree

wrest me free

like father like son

loose in the bark

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

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

under the skin

still stuck tight in continuous decay

white worms

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

fumble forth while

breeding blindly

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 canvass in a storm

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

Morpheus moves

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