

HELENA BOBERG

Translated by Johannes Göransson

Sense Violence

The men in the city
 with stiff snakes
 in their hands
 Want to make the earth clean and beautiful again
With desire fluttering around them
 they search for hidden rich milk-veins
 among maimed bodies
 whose raw fumes excite them
 in ever widening circles
 Where have they learned this destructivity so deep and disguised?

The chaotic bodies
 that still live
 — do they hide something in their organs' inner chaos?
Children crush their eyes with living stones
 The women's bellies swelling
 algae sacs
 in the tracks of these dynamic rites
 The images stiffen and the game slows down

Elastic time
compresses these moments
into meaningless rhymes
 Erupts again into split tongues

Here starts the disenchantment of the world
and the moon falters

The poppy has
taken off its red dress
The throat soft and open for life

Away from this place

Let me
like an egg
open

*

Dark summer
closes its eyes

Drools its water

against clinking ground
Water pearls

*That man
is so beautiful*

The flowers hunger
as after breast milk

Late summer nothing at all
sails
parallel with the sun's cranium
The neck almost
comes loose

The throat soft and open for life
 lily-red cleft-lip
 The heavy flour-breast
that powders

I want to return to everything
 rain simple things hatred
 opened to the marvelous

Dream about the sanitarium
 its set boundaries
 White cube
 where we moved
 freely
 Appeared
 insane

*

Then the men gather
 (because of her
 dress)
 in clusters
 Call on her
 with their
 shuddering snakes
How funny they look from here
 : Same kinds of hands
 on the same kinds of
 breasts
 And the egg
 runs
 from her
 mouth

The fertile
 darkness's
 raw fumes
 fools

the mouth
 into begging
 like a sick person
 for
 the electroshocks'
 releasing spasm
 the muffled cigarette smoke
 or the sweet
 that fixes
 one's own palate
 in the middle of the world
 Isn't it true that
 tongues have never collapsed
 as in
 the hall
 for ruined
 bitches
 lords
 geniuses
 Our games
 seemed like ballets
 of poorly handled
 marionettes

An inverted social order
 with narcotic aftertaste
 where balance is reached
 in a sleeping
 state
 Rage
 a foreboding
 side effect

We slept and slept

Promiscuous fallen fruit
 with an ache
 that fell asleep at the same time as us

But started over as soon as we again
opened our eyes

In the same moment
as the temporal bone
was anaesthetized
for the electricity's
symmetrical branching-out
which would fill me
with a

fantastic happiness

I was taken
to this sorrow chasm
of all things' inner time
(It's long ago,
the shout was another)

*There is only this violent
human society
that resembles a wronged mind*