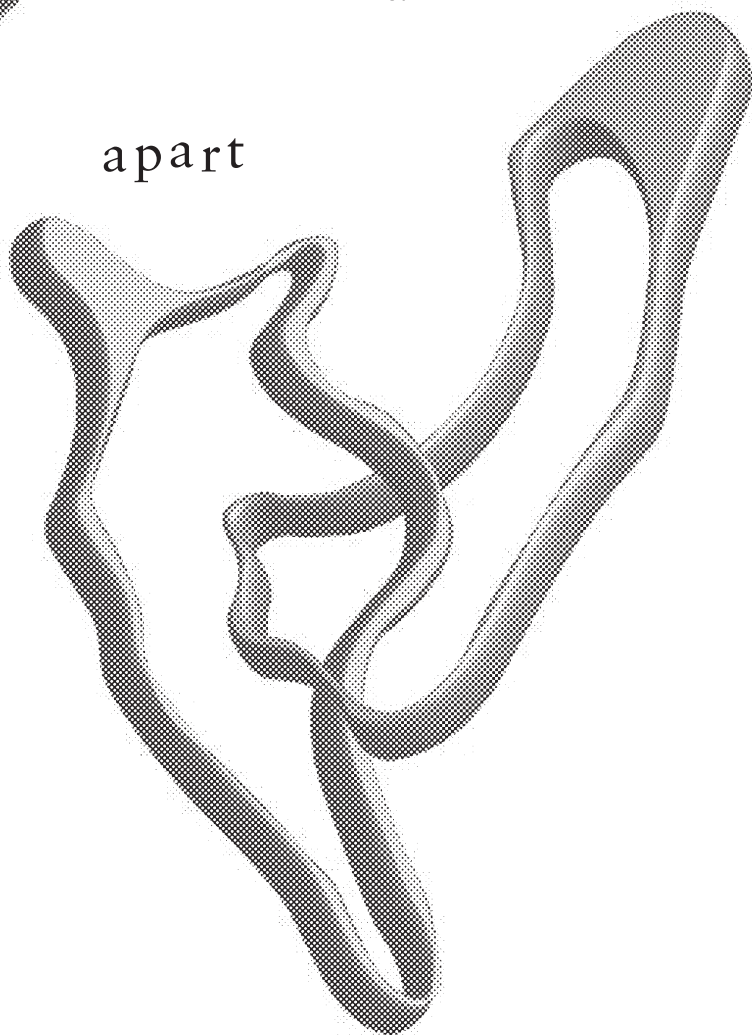
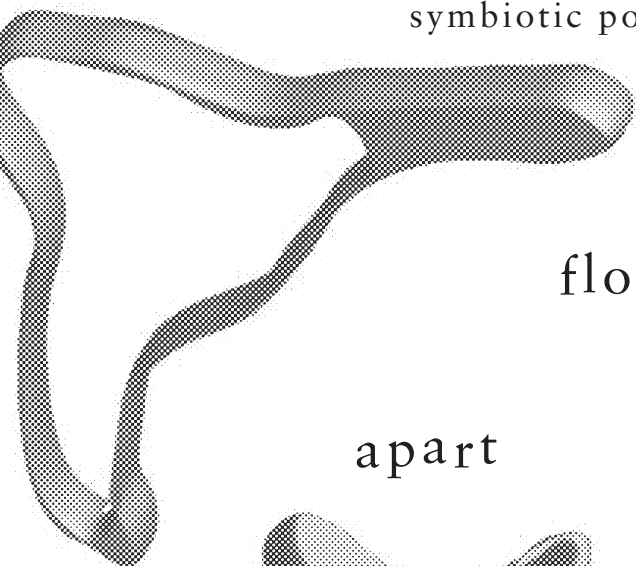


symbiotic poems

floating

apart



stretching legs

legs
 a pair
rise pale,
soft through daybreak

i can't believe they are real to me

like heaven and sea
are mirrors
they paddle
 the veil between:

our bed
windows winter
 the rest

Listening

walking in the snow
crying from the wind,
only
on one eye,
always almost

falling

seeing a small heart
made from mud
on the road
makes me smile

i smile at the heart
and the bread
beside it

i don't smile
at the broken beer bottle

there seems to be
a lot of gluten
on these streets

you ask

“do you smoke?”

“no im gluten free”

~~~

inside the muffled morning voices  
that replicate existence  
as everyone holds stones in their stomachs

a grounding while  
waiting in the wind,  
just 'here'.

early rising  
arms circling  
you direct my movement  
with gentle pressure

floating between us  
my thoughts in your accent  
with care and tempo.

i like how you say  
i'm just remembering,

to be accentless fish  
in the safety of the silo  
my body weak with sound  
as the ultimate totality.

a few days in  
i underline 'thrill',

i'm just remembering  
and still thinking how  
every time i've seen the moon rise  
when it's been wider than my eyes.

we talked alot about distance before  
the day starts,  
recognising 'here':  
this cocoon of mountains,

we were digging out  
forming new artefacts;  
young and dispersed  
curated strangers,

without a voice attached  
that could be dad in the kitchen,  
mum, holding the fire,  
i am back home.

## Stone

This is the story about a relationship I developed with a stone that I found in Seyðisfjörður. I immediately felt attracted to it when stumbling upon it at the brink of the fjörð. I took it to my bed and slept with it for three months. It was my cold pillow or my cold duvet that cooled down my warm head or my warm chest. It was my cold companion. With time we grew closer and the stone whispered to me that it wished to become many and to lose its sense of center. It whispered that it wished to become silicone, that it wished to maintain the contours of its surface but get a new bendy body, only to be reborn silver and shiny.

I find myself in a half dreaming/half awake-state of mind. The stone-being sits on a chair right next to me while I'm writing this lying in my bed. Its shiny slippery stomach is facing the wooden chair, almost sliding but resting because of the dryness of the wood. Its nature is silence, doesn't speak often. It's now a stone-replicant because I've fulfilled its wish and casted it first into silicone then into aluminium sparkled with marks of green acrylic. It sits right next to me glowing as a spacious seed covered in dust from the sun, dust that makes it glow and light up the room. With a supporting arm pressing against the mattress I lift my head and press my right ear into a green valley in the stone's cold surface, feeling the cool enter into my ear canal, widening, spreading skin particles. I receive this quiet-whisper message from the aluminium-replicant stone:

“the rock being  
got poured  
became metallic  
it is a shiny  
comet  
meteorite  
cosmic seed

I will dream of its shiny surface and light that sees me  
little sardine can

kiss the rock from me”

I withdraw and slide back into my cocoon bed: When falling asleep is like landing on a warm furry belly: Now dark moors are spreading out as far as the eye can see, dry, sandy purple and green dim colours, empty seed capsules echoing hollowly. Now horses are running into the night. Now we are climbing the slopes of bell heather together, grabbing onto the purple flowers and the green stems, bending them, dismantling them, we can't help it. The sound of galloping hooves surrounding us, encapsulating us. Underneath, somewhere in the background of the soundscape there is a whisper in the wind reciting this hymn to me and my companions:

“In hearing nature hears itself  
in smelling it smells itself  
in seeing it sees itself”

The horses calm themselves. They sit down on their tails, faces facing the sky from where the whisper squeezes out, moving towards the foreheads of the horses, moving like thin mycelium threads or moving like floating skinny pale witches. All these creatures gently knocking on the shells, the foreheads of the horses. How soft and mellow the clouds are. The sky is waving like the sea. The stone banks sit heavily in the landscape, weighing down the soil beneath it and compress it firmly. One single tree is spreading out its branches trying to protect the ground from the harsh wind.

The horses and I share the same black eyes. The horses and I share the same iron muscles. The horses and I hear something else in the wind. It's the larks, the larks, the song larks with all their cockscombs rising into the air. They take off from the ground only to levitate in the thin air, thinner than skin.

I begin shovelling sand with my hands. Underneath the first layer of sand grains my fingers get caught in the hyphae of the reindeer moss. I get struck by the beauty of the symbiotic relationship between the algae and the mushroom. The first touch is like a sting. I pause for a little while and start breathing in the sand grains carried by the wind and make them land in the mucous membranes. Then I squeeze my fingers down through the threads and start to pry loose the lichen's body. I remove large chunks of lichen from the heather and save them in my moist mouth to heal many years of drought.

As I turn my head I catch a glimpse of a shiny smooth object in the purple heather. I move closer, approaching it with care and curiosity, my gaze sticking to its surface as if it was glued onto it. I reach out one of the two antennas from underneath my beanie, reaching it out toward the shininess of the object. In the touch I feel a strong tension, stronger than something I can resist. The whole of my furry body suddenly gets sucked in, an implosion of fur and other components. A "swuijs" is in the air.

I'm back in my cocoon bed. I look to the right and see the stone-replicant lying as a seal pup on the wooden chair. Fried eggs are travelling from the kitchen stove peeking in through my door left ajar. It must be morning.

*see/saw*

inner silence, almost beyond silence  
almost beyond peacefulness  
beyond being quiet  
almost beyond actually  
feeling something

'long dance, blue flowers on my doorstep, strawberries on a children's dress  
like a long dance in the summer, you hold me, never hold back. i hear the bells singing, together with the sun, embracing me softly. i think i will make a noodle salad with basil and tomatoes. you can make lemonade with mint. apples on a children's dress, like a long dance in the summer, you hold me, never hold back.'

way/gone

a movement.  
like a wave, flowing through your body.  
like a chain, one piece changing its position slightly after another.  
without breaks, following one motivation, one starting point (?).  
a movement in your body, new movement follows, takes new paths, moves you.  
your whole being. a shift of attention.

something that connects nothingness and excess.

*early winter sun*

wind  
sound waves  
which are wave sounds  
roughly caressing us  
standing on the rock slopes

rays  
that do not quite penetrate  
through a jacket  
a blouse of thin wool fabric  
but still vibrating  
in these waves  
vibrating  
against our cheeks

we  
the living things  
our endurance  
warped  
unexpectedly  
yet again by this  
early winter sun

a brown seagull floats mid air  
facing it  
eyes closed

tugboats and cargo ships pass us  
rumbling through the fjord  
today their painted steel  
shines with aged pride

the pines saturate in artificial green  
too much exposure

trickling down across a slope rock beside us  
dark droplets  
trapped under a melting layer of ice  
on each stop they gather weight  
become round and heavy before  
bursting into a leaking stream

like premature tadpoles  
they run  
hope  
long



isolée dans une chaleur sombre,  
je cisaille mes pointes,  
les forge en katanas tranchants  
qui frôlent ma nuque et la rasent à blanc.

j'enterre mes bouts  
et je cultive des monstres.

je pends des poignards à mes oreilles,  
je bande mon corps de maille noire.  
j'invite des pirates à arpenter ma peau,  
et porte leurs soies ensanglantées dans mes cheveux.

mes créatures bourdonnent maintenant dans les poches  
des sacoches croisées sur mon corps,  
de mon armure de sangles.

mes monstres frottent le manche de mes lames  
au bout de mes doigts,  
et mes yeux virent au bleu électrique.

lonely in dark warmth,  
i shear through my edges,  
forge them into sharp katanas  
that graze my nape and shave it clear.

i bury my ends  
and i grow monsters.

i dangle daggers on my ears,  
bandage my body in black mesh.  
i conjure pirates to walk my skin,  
and wear their bloody silks in my hair.

my creatures now buzz in the pockets  
of my cross-body bags,  
my armor of straps.

they rub the handle of my blades  
against the tips of my fingers,  
and my eyes turn electric blue.

*My men*

My men  
made  
by me  
greet you  
not with a handshake  
not with touch  
but with their eyes

they look at you  
look  
and smile  
without mouths  
they don't have mouths  
no tongues  
no joints

they can not talk  
can not shake your hands  
can not greet you

but still they do  
and you should

greet them back

go on smile  
without your mouth

*september*

after yesterday i can see the sun through my eyelids  
believing a mango hangs in the sky

somehow clothed and through the threshold  
an almost feeling of diving satisfaction,  
stopping  
to smell a different country.

the swimmer as my between state  
active and lying,  
cold and sweating

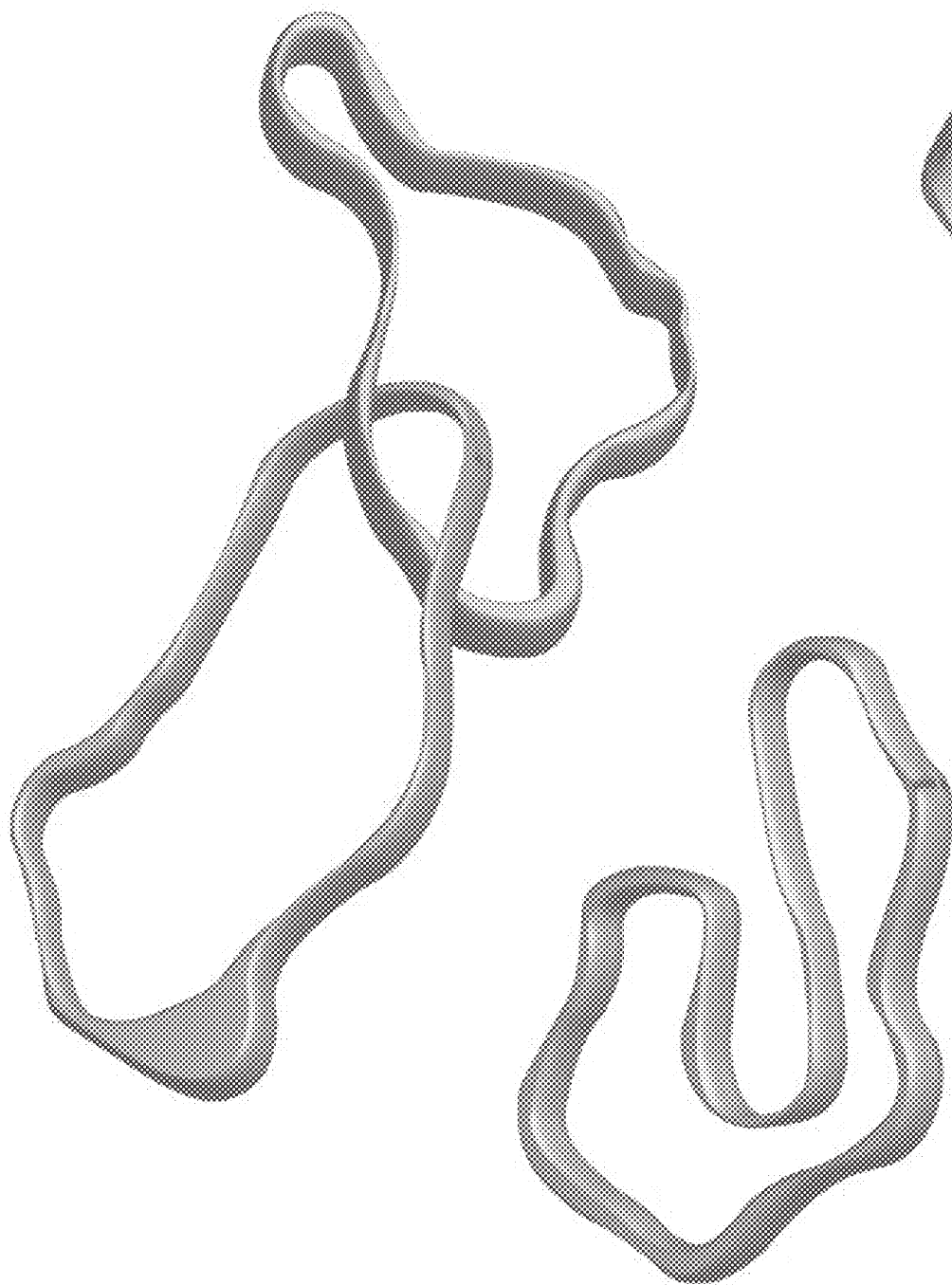
of eyes closed but sensing  
slowly taking off layerings  
of liquids forming.

a momentary memory  
of air around your chest  
indicating  
the sound you want to make.

*with*

|                       |                                                          |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Sunneva Elvarsdóttir  | <i>stretching legs</i> (3), <i>early winter sun</i> (15) |
| Rikke Jespersen       | <i>Stone</i> (9-10)                                      |
| Ráðhildur Ólafsdóttir | <i>Listening</i> (5), <i>My men</i> (19)                 |
| Ella Olivia           | <i>see/saw</i> (13)                                      |
| Nina Overkott         | 16-17                                                    |
| Mara Schwerdtfeger    | ~~~ (7), <i>september</i> (21)                           |

The collective was formed during a week of writing with Nanna Vibe Spejlborg Juelsbo and Fríða Ísberg at LungA School in early 2020. Now across continents they continue to share their writing over internet messages and google docs. This collection was formed after one year of being apart.



May 2021