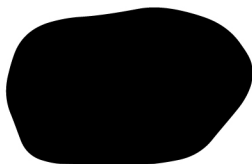
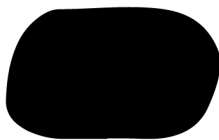
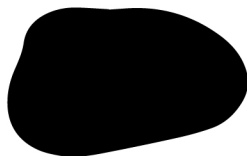
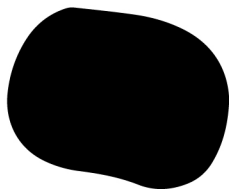
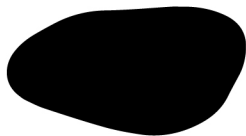
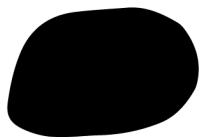


symbiotic poems



resting  
between



Consider walking faster  
Attempting ascending  
Feeling the grip of something smooth

Stroking soft sides  
Tracing outlines

Focused on a slip

Down  
To meet your siblings

Gently condescending  
As they learn your shoes

Clawing over their bodies  
Loosening your feet

Your effort for safe ground  
Destroyed by an undone shoelace

Ég heyri fótatak  
og veit það ert þú  
Ég heyri hnerra  
og veit það ert þú  
Ég heyri eitt hm  
og veit það ert þú  
Ég heyri andvarp  
og veit það ert þú

Allt sem þú gerir  
Veit ég  
Allt sem þú gerir  
Veit ég hvernig hljómar

Þú  
Ert símfónía fyrir mér

Þú hlustar ekki á símfóníur  
Ég veit  
En ég geri það  
Og þín er mín uppáhalds  
símfónía

Jafnvel þótt  
þú  
Trúir mér ekki  
gæti ég  
hlustað

Á hljóðlátu símfóníuna  
þína

Í dag

Í gær

Á morgunn.

a tire covered by sand  
the boats name is Mundi SU-35  
stones on top of  
snow on top of  
plastic on top of  
soil  
the boats name is Andrea Cuxhaven NC 302

snow's sticking to my face,  
slowly melting from the heat

three cormorants stretching their necks,  
as if they were reaching for something

the cold is reaching my skin through my coat,  
my body as a warm organ passing through the landscape  
my diamond breasts

a pile of seaweed  
a pile of rusty chains  
lying beside each other  
forming two nests on the sand  
ready to hold someone

I want to drink the water,  
but the water will make me thirsty

a gigantic black plastic surface rolled up onto a spool

snow's hard under my feet

an old leather bag lying on the ground, emptied, forgotten

all the tires are flat here  
the stones never get warm

I'm resting my forehead against the bark of a willow tree,  
then slowly moving from one tree to another,  
jumping from one foot to the other, knowing that if I touch the ground with both  
feet at a time I'm gonna lose something;  
my wallet  
my smile  
my  
my

knowing that I need to get there before my ancestors

do you feel it too?  
come closer  
do you feel it now?

I'm gently opening my skin  
enter  
you're inside me now; pulse, pulse, pulse

I'm calling you to tell you that I met Mundi and Andrea on my walk today  
and that I lied when I said I was awake

A naked stage  
Aaaaah

ahhhhh?

Definitely yes  
Bones are like itchy wool

I like the wait

It's nice to change it up sometimes

hmm

Say it in lower case

Notes from the field to translate into poetry?

I remember there was something I was going to tell you

There are always people standing in doorways

Cooling down?

Letting wind caress my ears  
So no one can talk about me?

What's the difference between a hostel and a brothel?

Quickly, wildly, girly  
Chasing yourself?

It's like a graveyard

I feel small

Tourists with tripods, hopefully not camping

Mountains scare me

Stairs to the ocean to the island

Ah?

Wheezing, curling, caring  
For yourself

I think cowboys think so?

Here

I need to swim but you can't stay in the water

A truck and a man beside each other

Cushioned risk ascending

The island looks fake!

I lied

A small ball of guilt rolls down my hill

Salt coating my lips

Till cool air cements it

Growing an extension and tension?

Feeling at a different temper



The ball is gone.

I can make a foetus with my hands  
be pregnant in a jar of glass  
I coat its body with spit to keep the skin all soft

I shed the lining of my insides  
and put a lid on the jar  
filled with water  
I watch my alien float

I wake up in blood  
and my hands grow my child's body  
(it's out before it's out)  
my pen is red  
and with it I trace  
a shoulder  
an arm so long  
that expands to the edges of the paper womb  
a hand covered in lines to read  
strong fingers covered in rings to punch

I trace legs of cotton with  
round bent knees to pray  
to ground in the familiar  
to fit in a space too small  
with bracelets that tinkle  
two dark red stitches under hardened nipples  
rows of apparent ribs

I go out and see my child's light  
tucked tight in a mountain  
I see through the stone what it grows  
(it's out before it's out)

I go and get the jar of glass  
and watch the body of flour and salt  
melt and molder

and when I empty it in the sink  
I feel soft pieces of flesh  
pass through my fingers

YOU

I love the sound of your laughter,  
it reminds me of  
my mother.

water  
waterrr

Do you want to be

alive?

connection

open up

sometimes I forget you're still  
here

sour, soft, warm, cold,  
I am taking care,  
sometimes  
not

argggghhhh

ME

I am forming context my love  
myyyyy love

Believe me, elieve me, lieve me,  
ieve me,  
eve me, ve me, e me, me,

I don't know where I am going  
either.

singg, singgg

air, air, air

air

airrrrrrrrr

He tells  
me  
he has a hard time confronting  
his  
present emotions.  
I get that,  
I think.

What time is it? It is time to go. It is time to leave me. It is time to step back and reflect on what happened. It is time to let go or hold on. What time is it? It is time to take my love and show her to you. It is time to reveal the system of my emotions. It is time to be vulnerable and get hurt. What time is it? It is time to follow my intuition. It is time to manipulate the momentum of connection or is that even possible. It is time to be with you or it is time to be with myself. What time is it? It is time to cry. It is time to react to the past. To regret the past.

I place my hands in the grass, press them down between the straws, the boundaries between straws and fingers dissolve and the grass welcomes me to connect directly with it.

\* \* \*

Amalie Smith states that the surface is burdened because of the way western philosophy relates spirit and materiality, the way it relates idea and phenomenon. The surface defines the crossing from something to something else; from human to human when we lie as two half moons in my bed. My skin is the surface upon which I sense the heat from your body, the sheets on the bed, the beams from the sun that enter the window and hit my eyelids.

\* \* \*

The guy I see in the metro has eyelashes tattooed onto his eyelids. I imagine the tattoo needle scratching into the skin of his eyelids leaving a thin line of ink.

\* \* \*

I dress you in a thin silky dress. It sticks very closely to your body, falls beautifully around your dick, the thin white silk straps over your shoulders. You often imagine who you would have been in another body, in a stronger body. But it's the angel-like and delicate about your body that invites me to dress you in silk dresses, put red lipstick on your lips and take photos of you.

\* \* \*

Our body is the home that travels with us. Our bodies are caves in which we hide. Our bodies are our armours. Our bodies are bags in which we carry ourselves.

\* \* \*

I imagine watching a tv program about transgendered women. They have asked someone to cut into their skin to become who they are. The skin closes itself again and leaves thin white lines of scars.

\* \* \*

I can grow new things out of my body: Mountains from my stomach, trees from my ears stretching their branches into the sky, a dick from my abdomen.

\* \* \*

I'm the cat crawling into your armpit to protect myself from the cold. I use my furry paws to squeeze my way further in.

\*\*\*

I have diamond breasts. I'm a reptile. I'm lying on the warm stones to heat up my cold blooded body.

\*\*\*

During the draught this summer I struggled with feeling the outer etches of my body cause the rain would never touch it. I asked for the touch of your hands in replacement.

\*\*\*

I imagine this scene: The water is lit from underneath and becomes turquoise. Two bodies float in the water that makes their surfaces marble-shiny. They twirl and dance around each other down, down, around, around. Afterwards in the sauna one tells the other that her mother is a sculptor. She mostly casts in bronze but she has done few major works in stone as well. The other seems impressed. "It must be difficult to work with such large-scale materials", he says. She nods and adds: "Clay isn't too bad cause with clay you can add and remove as you want. When working with bronze you create one mould with which you can cast several times if something goes wrong, but when working with stone it's 'one shot'. When you chop off one chip of stone you can never put it back on." He nods. He agrees with her way of perceiving stone as material.

\*\*\*

Keep your eyes on the stones. Look closer. Do you see it now?

\*\*\*

The ceramic on your table: "Click, click, click" at night before I fall asleep in your bed. I go: "Click, click, click" with my tongue until I reach the same pitch as the ceramic.

\*\*\*

Did you know that the mother and daughter crystals in the clay are communicating? It goes: "Click, click, click".

\*\*\*

You see the terracotta figures dance where they're not and you don't see them dance where they are.

\*\*\*

I now know how to touch with my eyes and see with my hands. I'm returning to the trees to gently put my hands on one of their rugged trunks to see your crew-cut head before me, your chiselled jaw and forehead, your brown colours.

\*\*\*

The mountains surrounding the fjord are an open hand holding me, gently cradling me. I imagine the ferry arriving and leaving once a week.

Reaching  
 out  
 of the Samaria gorge.  
 Growing a spine of the  
 Samaria gorge. Smelling the plants in  
 the Samaria gorge. Stretching and lifting  
 in the Samaria gorge. Bathing in oil in the  
 Samaria gorge. Calling no one for help in  
 the Samaria gorge. Splitting my fingers  
 in the Samaria gorge. Getting  
 stretch marks  
 in the Samaria gorge.  
 Starting to like  
 it in the Samaria gorge. Adapting a lifestyle  
 in the Samaria gorge. Hearing whispers in  
 my sleep in the Samaria  
 gorge. Thinking of my mother in the  
 Samaria gorge. Checking for  
 lumps in the Samaria gorge. Waiting  
 not waiting in the Samaria gorge. One  
 day waking up in the Samaria gorge.  
 First crying  
 then sighing in the Samaria  
 gorge. Squinting at the sun from  
 the Samaria gorge.  
 Getting angrily up  
 in the Samaria gorge. Feeling like a walk in  
 the Samaria gorge. Laughing  
 at myself  
 in the Samaria gorge. Allowing for a  
 fuck up  
 in the Samaria gorge. Drawing  
 my breath in the Samaria gorge. Screaming  
 through the valley of the Samaria gorge.  
 Towering for a moment in  
 the Samaria gorge. Creating  
 echo upon echo upon echo  
 upon echo upon  
 echo upon echo  
 upon echo  
 upon echo  
 upon  
 echo  
 upon  
 echo  
 in  
 the  
 Samaria  
 gorge.

1

punk splatters all over the toilet floor

LET THE CLEANER COME THROUGH IN THE TWILIGHT

*let yourself be carried away by the greenish fluid*

lying down, breathing hard

BLENDING IN, THE CLEANER UNAWARE OF TRAMPLING YOU

*try to be invisible*

put your hand over your breath

MOVING DOWN INSIDE YOUR THROAT

*only breath in, don't breath out.*

eat it back up, back down, back in

YOU ARE INSIDE NOW

*inside your body, feel your veins.*

pulse,

pulse pulse pulse pulse pulse.

THE BLENDER IS LOUD

*I am really focusing on hearing the stillness in the noise.*

you are dying too loud

SPINNING TOO FAST

*creating too much*

go to sleep on the cold wet tiles.

*if theres a beginning, a middle and an end, where are you?*

you got lost in the antagonist space

LET YOURSELF TAKE THE SPACE!

*alright, i am trying to, yet, what is the place i want to take?*

you were granted three choices:

GET INTO THE ZONE OF IMPROV. CLASS

*or just go home and lay down*

or go tell your mom that the game is rigged.

LET EVERYONE TRUST YOU

*but dont trust everyone*

your mom gives you the rigged dice

LETTING YOU IN ON THE SECRET

*so now you know. dont be sad, it's hard for everybody.*

play on as if you didn't know

TAKING THE PENALTY KICK FOR EVERYONE.

*in the collectiveness of knowing you will find pleasure.*

a high, a high, a high, a high

BEFORE YOUR PYRAMID TOPPLES OVER

*i will find myself at the beginning of the middle.*



IS IT PUNK OR JUST GROSS?

*should i stay or should i go?*

it's dripping down a string of my sleek hair

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND LEMON JUICE

*these are my everyday thoughts, always present, always close.*

it's dripping down the hill of my spine

ALWAYS DRIPPING WHY CAN'T I BE DRY?

*stop vomiting on me!*

it's dripping down the sides of my calves

SUBMERGED I CAN NO LONGER DRIP

*the light is flickering, is it morning already?*

it smells like malt and sweaty walls

I WANT TO BE CLOSER TO THEM

*i want to feel their eyes scanning my body*

i don't want to go now

I HAVE ALL MY CLOTHES ON

*did i get dressed all by myself?*

who added this weight on the fabric?

GAH! THAT DRIP!

I found your heart  
In the snow  
Not the white pretty snow  
But the slabby  
Almost see-through snow  
That wets your socks  
Inside your boots

It was bloody,  
The heart  
The blood dripped  
Down my wrist,  
Down my elbow  
Down to the snow

It moved in my hand  
Up  
    down  
Up  
    down  
Up  
    down

It talked to my hand  
Ba           bamm  
Ba           bamm  
Ba           bamm

I looked at the heart  
It was very familiar  
I knew this heart.

I licked the heart  
It tasted like cinnamon  
And warmth

You used to taste  
Like cinnamon  
And your hot tub  
In your house  
By the tree  
By the pond  
That looked like a dead fish  
Was always too warm for me.

*with*

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Mara Schwerdtfeger    | 3, 10 - 17, 29 - 33 |
| Ráðhildur Ólafsdóttir | 5, 10 - 17, 35      |
| Rikke Jespersen       | 7 - 8, 23-25        |
| Sunneva Elvarsdóttir  | 27                  |
| Ella Olivia           | 20 - 21, 29 - 33    |
| Nina Overkott         | 19, 29 - 33         |

The collective was formed during a week of writing with Nanna Vibe Spejllborg Juelso and Fríða Ísberg at LungA School. They continue to meet to read and share every second Saturday after brunch.



