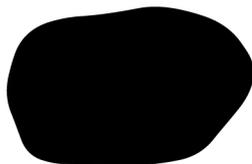
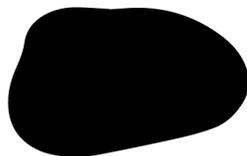
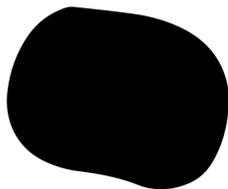
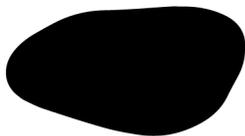
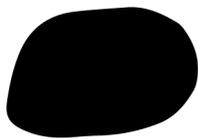


symbiotic poems



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.

