

## No 17



when the snow comes  
with an emergency landing across the  
moor

and spreads its wings across the fields  
with black frost

I can see the summer dying  
in the mouth of a small child

I can read from the lips of the moon  
that is turning thinner and thinner

before they disappear  
in blue defiance

as a kiss flavoured with the lumps of  
course salt  
from the ocean

(17 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn  
her* 2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)

## No 18



between one stone and the next  
lie all the directions of the compass

north and south  
like half-burnt boards of wood from a  
bonfire

the votive ship model is sailing

from west towards east  
so that the sun never has the time to  
reach above the mountain tops

before she is drowning in the ocean

(18 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn her* 2004  
translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)

## No 19



**you go to church**

a morning dressed in a widow's garments

organ music is listening

to find if anybody might be in the hall

crowds of nameless rise

and fall apart between the pews

extracted tongues call for the miracle

by means of German hymns

the church is a closed down café

the wafer between the lips one krone on a

jukebox

people as old as crucifixions

shape their faces for the singing

(19 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn her*  
2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)

## No 21



the wind is a cry  
which no mouth owns

sometimes it rises  
with its back against a tremendously slow  
second

and listens

(21 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn her*  
2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)



## No 25



the morning comes pulling along  
with the things I do not know  
the day that was supposed to bring  
a feeling of belonging  
or the taste of expectations  
but I simply sit down  
and give away  
everything

(25 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn her*  
2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)

## No 29



I laugh

at the idea of the ocean would be missing  
the beaches

that the butterflies would be test flying  
spring  
one more time

I still inhale  
what makes the tree bloom

later the last remains of laughter  
descend from the woods

and the dead fly in the window sill  
is filling the emptiness with an imagined  
humming

(29 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn her*  
2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)

## No 58

(a crofter`s cottage)

that  
houses like these  
could put up so many

half-grown lads in short pants, girls  
wearing clogs  
and second-hand Sunday dresses  
some of them with sinewed limbs  
or slightly crooked

in honour of the photographer they peer  
into  
the world which has hardly awakened  
gradually spread



across the islands  
with children on the loose in the  
neighbouring  
villages

received letters from relatives in Canada  
or those displaced to outskirts faraway  
in the soil of the graveyard  
where the sun tells fortunes in their  
intestines

one more time

(58 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader enn her*  
2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra Brungot)

## No 74



and still  
children will be born and lifted forward  
in the flickering light of the summer wind  
under the winter night's high vault over  
darkness

still fumbling and finding their *self* in  
labourers  
movements and sensing the odor of  
spring

and transformation  
here

(74 from *kjensla av at det ikkje regnar andre stader  
enn her* 2004 translated into english by Hilde Petra  
Brungot)



# No 80 this is a different country

this is a different country

here is no summer  
and no winter

here are no steel guitars  
or broad brimmed limousines  
under hot sun

only cold sea  
grey hills and stubborn heather

here the streamers of the rainbow are  
not reflected  
in thousand windows along the green  
alleys



here no trains are pursuing  
the next capital in a wild chase  
no high voltage cathedrals  
reach their arms towards the sky  
this is a different country  
this is a different country

(*dette er eit anna land* from *havflammen* 1995 translated  
into english by Margrete Trovåg)

