

Molin - Rakel Helmsdal

Molin anno 1977

Brimgarðurin sum eini høgghús
hvør klettur sum ein vælvaksin arbeiðsskúrdur
leypa klett av kletti
í duðrandi ferð
Flúgvandi

Likkurnar flenna
Kranarnir knarra
Bingjurnar buldra

Tú loypur og loypur
við vónini um at eitt fullriggað seglskip
skal daga fram undan havsbrúnni

Saltrákin í hárinum
Sólin í eygunum
Blindandi

Eitt skeivt lop, og tað verður tað seinasta
men tað veitst tú ikki
tí dettur tú ongantíð
bara flýgur
sum segl í glaðustroki
sum havhestur í vestanætt
Frælsið fullkomið

Molin anno 2000

Schengen
Cruiseskip
Óviðkomandi onga atgongd

The Jetty

The jetty anno 1977

The breakwater high as a skyscraper
every rock the size of a well-built workman's shed
jumping from rock to rock
bolting
Flying

Seagulls laughing
Cranes creaking
Containers crashing

You are jumping and jumping
hoping that a full-rigged ship
will rise from behind the Horizon

The taste of salt in your hair
Sun in your eyes
Blinding

One wrong step and it will be your last
but you don't know it
so, you never stumble
just fly
as sails in whirlwind
as the seabird in the west wind
Total freedom

The jetty anno 2000

Schengen
Cruise ships
No trespassing

