Trygvi Danielsen, Tórshavn - the Faroe Islands

hæddarskrekk
við sjóvarmálan
gjøgnumbloyttur
við heimsins enda
har endaleysa
einkið
sýgur meg niður

til har sum vit stóðu hinaferð
og andaðu í okkum hin heimin
sum sníkti seg inn í hendan
og eg kendi ikki býin aftur
við hesum nýggju eygunum

og eg gekk eftir gøtuni
í oyðimørkini
í heglingsælinum
og lívið sprakk
upp
úr øskuni

tað má vera reint
tá øskan
er mamman
og heglingur er pápin

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hæddarskrekk við sjóvarmálan
á linjuni eftir krananum
sum førir til mítt kranium
at endurreisa kreppuna
við sinnissjúkum eygum
sum ikki tola dagsljós

tað gylta ljósið
sum ger hetta ein dreym
akkurát tann sum eg ynskti mær
tá orðini komu millum aldurnar
sum høvdu gávuna
at geva erligt rós
úr hjarta í hjarta

eg samli uppá
hetta staðið
og goymi tað inn í skápið
til øll hini støðini
sum eg havi gloymt

eg vil kava í vatnið
sum vit krupu úr
í fyrndini
áðrenn hetta málið
bleiv tosað
og vit settu eld
á pínuna

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við spjøldrum

úr skipsreka

eg vil læra meg

at ganga

á jøvnum føti

við tey

sum seta seg

lægri

og leggja seg

omaná

eg vil duga

at hyggja teg

í eyguni

uttan líðing

uttan skomm

við blíðseminum

sum tú speglar

sjálvt tá tú varnast

mína ljótu tattovering

eg vil gloyma

alt sum spøkir

í eini aðrari tíð

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har eg ferðist

tá mín húð

ikki orkar

at læsa

dyrnar

eg vil reinsa

húðina

tankarnar

samvitskuna

gólvið

løtuna

klæðini

og tíðina

sum vit høvdu saman

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fear of heights

by the seashore

soaked

by the end of the world

where the endless

nothing

sucks me down

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to where we once stood

and breathed in the other world

which snuck into this one

and I didn't recognise the city

with these new eyes

and I walked along the path

in the desert

in the hail

and life jumped

up

from the ashes

it must be clean

when ash is the mother

and hail is the father

fear of heights

by the seashore

along the line

of the crane

which leads to my cranium

to ressurect the recession

with crazy eyes

that do not tolerate

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daylight

the golden light
which makes this a dream
just like the one I wanted
when the words came
between the waves
which had the gift
to give honest compliments
from heart
to heart

I collect
this place
and store it
in the closet
to all the other places
which I have forgotten

I wish
to dive into the water
from which we crawled
in ancient times
before this language
was spoken

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and we set fire

to the pain

with remains

from the shipwreck

I wish to learn

to walk

on equal footing

with those

who set themselves

low

and lay down

above

I wish

to look

into your eyes

without suffering

without shame

with the kindness

that you reflect

even when you notice

my ugly tattoo

I wish to forget

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all that is haunting

in a different time

to which I travel

when my skin

can't find the strength

to lock the doors

I wish to cleanse

the skin

the thoughts

the conscience

the floor

the moment

the clothes

and the time

we had together

*

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