

X Three Poems in English

After Breakfast

A ridge of egg yolk on the oil cloth offers resistance
to the Cannon dishrag and the scraping nail,
tealeaves slosh over the cups' muddy bottoms as they
are balanced away from the table,
a wad of dust has united itself with dirt and bloated
wheat puffs in the dustpan,
the child's sticky slice of half-eaten enriched bread,
pores plugged by saliva and oleo,
finds it liberation between the table-clearer's teeth and
tongue:
in his internal refining works the kneading together
of salt and sugar,
sweet and sour milk,
the omelet, the cream-cheese and the margarine.

Original, Efter frukosten, p. 18. Translation Ken Knoespel

Open the City!

This city is stopped-up
This city is fucked-up

Gas and clogging traffic constipation

But cars want to live in this air
They can clot together in it

Bumper to bumper sniffing each other
they can crash longingly into each other

It's such a shoving herd

Look city, soon you're going to bust
B-B-B-BO-ROOM! then let yourself
be cleaned and aired

Teach yourself to breathe
Fill your lungs with an open downtown

We put up a sign saying OPEN
We call over all the light sympathetic bikes

You must look out, relieved
You need to reconsider your
rights in the world.

Original, Öppna staden!, p. 98. Translation Ken Knoespel