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Five Essays
in
The Art of Poetry

Errors as part of life.....

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Hydra for Equinox

- I have written this poem Hydra for Project Equinox 1996 - <http://www.el.net/poem/>
- on the day of the equinox. *PROJECT EQUINOX(tm) was promoting World Peace*
- *Through Poetry in what they called ' the Greatest Poetry Writing Event in History!'*
- *June 2008 it is still out there in Cyberspace...*

Hydra

Am I the one
or is it mankind.
Today is in focus and one head begun:
A hard day told in a strange language.
Only the children I take care of
help me to forget it sometimes.
In the newspaper a reader feels badly:
He tells me that the Danish language is disappearing
and that we, the Danes will be more invisible
than Chief Seattle and his tribe.
Then you have to follow me on my bike
on my favorite tour, greeting everyone I meet
and those only I see: Egun with the same disease as I,
we knew why we were biking, and now he is dead,
but to me he still has his head on his shoulders.
Then in the grass at the lake without the heron
I see the sword, a child's made of wood,
but the child will grow.
I see the apples ripen on the trees:
but in the shop they are French, Spanish or from Belgium.
The dove is from Turkey, the squirrel is not red but black -
what is happening here? Yes a son, Mamma and Pappa,
grandmother and grandfather, are in the churchyard:
but 100 years ago the family came here
and the language is still in my ear, this is our America.
Home from work, I am met with the message
that an old friend Erik is dead at 12 o'clock.

His origin is like my own and we made jokes with
the tongue of our mothers, with tears in our eyes.
Hercules did find his weapon:
this is my day, this is my head.



New Year's - every day

From where I am living,
I see preserved forests to the northwest,
and those to the east,
and the residential suburb, itself a forest.

I see the vapors from the gas-heated houses
like smoke from fireplaces in the village.
Peace and frosty weather New Year's morning
following the tremendous bangs and glorious star domes.

Working intensely to spread the quiet
with open eyes, I send a seagull off
to Noah's Ark with a green branch.



Stigma on China

Of course it is important to keep calm.
I have to experience excitements
but should not let them flood the brain.

Excitements have their own logic,
and so I am urged to address
the personified Great Power:

*"Listen China, get a translator,
so that you can understand what I am saying.*

*Your overwhelming population doesn't justify
genocide or the killing of a culture.*

*Tibet is a culture of its own,
and your technique of extermination shall blemish
all the culture of China
from now on and several thousands of years backwards.*

*You can't save yourself even though
the USA exterminated the culture of the red Indians,
the Romans scattered the Jews
and the Germans gassed them.
Not to mention the forced union of Soviet.*

*I have to consider
whether I shall stop entering notes
on this papers in a Chinese note-book.
I wonder what is invisible on the blank pages
of legal hanky-panky and forgery with history
when you deny Tibet the right of independence
and religious liberty.*

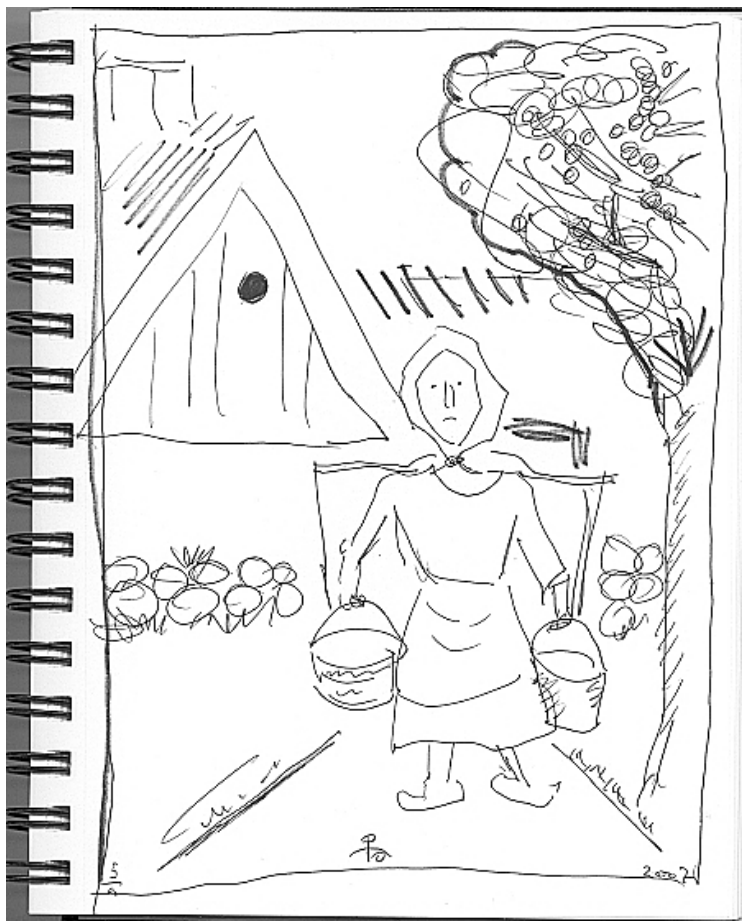
*Shame on China!
As long as Tibet is invaded and maltreated!"*

Maybe China, then, tells us
that every culture is so stained.

When the poet rambled on about a peach branch
and a dickey-bird hidden among the leaves,
his assistant, the politician, went to work
with sword and torture.

What, then, about the peoples' cry for justice?

Shall the dark clouds never
be replaced by a brisk wind?



Painting

When my father came home
my mother had painted the floor red
and he did not like it.

Before Christmas she painted
hundreds of splint baskets
with a red handle and red flowers
along the side, and a few green leaves,
traditionally, as they did at home
in her childhood.

This painting is the one she bought in her youth:
A woman standing before a farmers house
with a yoke on her shoulder,
carrying a bottle of water in each hand,
one modern of zinc and the other
made of wood, as my grandfather made them.
With wooden shoes,
she has a red skirt under the apron,
white blouse with sleeves rolled up
and the headscarf bound under her chin.
I think she is on her way to
the cattle and the horse in the field.
Behind her, between her and the house
a stone fence with flowers.
The farmers house to the left, with a wooden gable, a triangle
with a black hole in the middle to the interior,
a thatched roof and a white chimney.
To the right a tree, bad painted but with symbolic values.
I remember a photo with my mother
smiling under this painting.

The artist's name unreadable, like unknown,
no name known world-wide, the painting not bad,
not especially good either,
has no place in my view on art,
but a painting my mother bought
for some reasons
I have to guess:
the woman,
the yoke,
the water,
the house,
the chimney,

the tree,
the road,
the work,
the flowers,
the triangle,
all this at a glance:
a red skirt.



Anti hate speech

If hate is God
God hates you.
Hate is a poison,
it kills you, your family,
your goal its self.
Hate creates hate,
makes hate your God.
If hate is God
God hates you.



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