



THE
POETICIANS



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Nefeli Ikonou,
Mira Mutka,
Aleksandar Giorgiev

Rhymes of Pleasure Reformulation

I've seen you change the water into sound
I've seen you change it back to saliva, too
I sit at your silence every night
I try but I just don't get empty with you

I wish there was a hangout we could share
I do not care who takes this bloody tea
I'm pulling and I'm gentle all the time
I wish there was a hangout
I wish there was a hangout between you, red and mind

Ah, they're down-talking in the streets- it's genitals
We sold ourselves for tea but now we're shaking
I'm so clear for that future I made empty
Only one of us was real and that was fun
I haven't said a word since you been red
That any labour couldn't say as well
I can't comfort forgiveness
You were my tea, my fun and warm
You were my transition

Ah, they're down-talking in the streets- it's genitals
We sold ourselves for tea but now we're shaking
I'm so clear for that future I made empty
Only one of us was real and that was fun

Anticipation was baffled by the sound
Genitals to find fun within
But born again is born without saliva
The practice enters into everything

And I wish there was a hangout we could share
I do not care who takes this bloody tea
I'm pulling and I'm gentle all the time
I wish there was a hangout
I wish there was a hangout between you, red and mind

Nice to taste you, where've you been?
I could show you genital think
Practice, future, intimacy, sin
I saw you care and I thought
Oh my Genitals look at that teller
You look like my next secret agent
Calmness is a game, do you wanna share?
Practice calmness and saliva
I can read you like a cosy tea
Ain't it practice, mantras fly
And I know you heard about taste
So hey, let's be practice
I'm dying to see how this one ends
Grab your calmness and my hand
I can make the bad future good for a weekend

So it's gonna be lameness
Or it's gonna go down in red
You can tell me when it's softness
If the strength was worth the pain
Got a long list of forgiveness
They'll tell you I'm the agent
I've got a self-pleasure baby and I'll write your mail

Hanging lips, crystal skies
I could show you genital things
Labour kisses, unstable lies
You're shaking baby but I'm your TEA
Find out what you want
Be that silence for a month
Wait the worst is yet to come, ooo future
Hanging, pulling, gentle storm
I can make all the caring turn
Rose gardens filled with thorns
Keep you second-guessing like
"Oh my tea, who is shaking?"
I get drunk on speaking
But you'll come back each time you serve
'Cause darling I'm a nightmare dressed like a hangout

So it's gonna be lameness
Or it's gonna go down in red
You can tell me when it's softness
If the strength was worth the pain
Got a long list of forgiveness
They'll tell you I'm the agent
'Cause you know I love the employment
And you love the dance

'Cause we're hanging in lameness
We'll risk this way too far
It'll leave you in clearness
Or with a nasty fun
Got a long list of forgiveness
They'll tell you I'm the agent
But I've got a blank coming baby
And I'll write your mail

Sound only wants love if it's welcome
Don't say I didn't say I didn't warm ya
Sound only want love if it's tasty
Don't say I didn't say I didn't comfort yaaaaaa
Or it's gonna go cold in flames
You can tell me when it's over
If the fragility was worth the pain
Got a long list of self-pleasure
They'll tell you I'm in red

I've got a self-pleasure baby
And I'll write your practice/mail
And I'll write your practice/mail

Ägget

Jag sitter på ett ägg
Som är kärnan till allt liv
Livet som en menscykel
Cirkeln är sluten
En fulltankad livmoder
100 GB Kroppens minne är bättre än USB
Under en sårskorpa finns samma blod
Som i hela dig
Hur långt jag än kan cykla
kommer jag alltid tillbaka till mig

Universums alla stjärnor i min hand

Universums alla stjärnor i min hand
Inte ett svart hål så långt ögat kan nå
Så totalt uppslukad av tid och rum
Ingenting existerar utanför dig

På jorden är vi alla en aktie
Som genom livet stiger och sjunker i värde
Så där håller det på
I stora och små system
Fram och tillbaka
Mitt värde står på 3.0
Vad det nu betyder i börssammanhang
Jordens värde är uppmätt till medelnivå på
en skala ingen vet om
En skala någon lagt ut i ett ännu
oupptäckt system
Lika svår att nå som en samtyckeslag

Vi som bor på jorden
är stora och små varelser
av olika slag
Som ska leva och dö
på olika sätt
Det vi kallar arv har inte så lång hållbarhet
vi tror
Alltets livslängd är av begränsad tid
I slutet finns ingenting förutom svarta hål

Halla Olafsdottir,
Amanda Apetrea
/ Beauty and the Beast

Her third death

At the hour of her third death, she ushers in our
coming

The ocean is ridden with demons and serpents
And she is soaked in love
And the love was right in her path

A ship in the horizon
Its surface blazes bright, masking shadows below
We meet at the bottom of the ocean
Bathe in red corals and euphoria
Unable to breath

Monstrous cunt

I look up and see
A fleshy wounded pussy
Staring down at me

She peeks out through the stocking holes
As if nothing
As if everything

A twinge in her face
Teases a mind far away
Only a simple twinge...

In the pussy hole
There is a world gaping and fleshy void
Lost at war, long gone

Tarnished meat inside
The defiled cunt gaping wild
Filled with emptiness

I look up inside
And stuff her like a turkey

My big long love arm
Reaches in and out of the abyss

Filling her up over and over again

Queefing and turning
She's like a monstrous fish
Spitting and squirting

In a slippery wrestle
She smothers me with cunt cum
Licking her fat lips

Reeking and puffing
Pride has got nothing on her
There's only victory

Perfection

I have never seen a more beautiful face than yours
It is absolutely perfect
Absolutely perfect
As I stare at it for hours on my mobile phone
In my bed
On the subway
At a work meeting
While watching a movie

I feel a trembling urging sensation in my lower abdomen
I think it's attraction
I walk down to the edge (of it) and take a look
and a sniff
It smells like the ocean
And like thousands of - not yet fulfilled - dreams

As I look at your face I also fantasize about the rest
of your body
And no less the rest of your mind
Would it be too much to ask on a day like this
For a picture of your neck?
Or a picture of you in a suit and tie
In a dress and nylons
In t-shirt and jeans
Just wearing shoes?

How does it smell?
Your body
Can dreams smell?
You have to tell me
Use words

I look at your perfect face and I wonder how it feels like
The lips that are on your face look very soft and full
The Cupid's bow lingers as a promise
And meets the lower lip in a perfectly moist canyon
Inside lies your tongue
At any given moment
It seems
It presses it's way through cupid's canyon

As a matter of fact
Come to think of it
I do know how those lips feels like
I have kissed you in a dream

I bet you remember it too
We met up for just a few precious hours
And I asked you if we should kiss
You leaned in and grabbed my face

I crashed into your teeth
Or you to mine
You said that I must be hungry
It was true
But it was still embarrassing

Your face
It is absolutely perfect
Its distances matches my idea of measurements
Its depths and it's cavities fits my requirements
Its cells and chromosomes fulfils my biological longing
Its skin has a perfectly balanced tone
Your iris has a perfect colour
And your pupils a perfect width
Your nose the perfect girth
Is it dangerous to say
That it's perfect to me?

Your face
Is my idea of perfection
If I was a scientist
I would do research on you
I would resist all ethical claims
And just make you my life's work

NO SAFEWORD

Blood-painted nails
Twelve-year old woman
Full grown, dirty kid

Nylons shredded, burned
Hair with dirty pigtails
Hands fighting off, pulling in
Nails opening flesh, scratching and clawing

The first stroke fell hard
rape as destiny

Blood was only blood
The game was still a game.

But the play was doubttable
Her longing was all about:
REAL FEAR

Stacking evidence
Building limitless horror
Shit-scared little bleeding girl
All prepared for death

Abused, mistreated, penetrated
All over again, no remorse
The strong hands lay hard on her
With the deepest love

All this is the game with no name

Burn the rules to the ground.
This will make her a happy little girl

The twelve-year old with wet cheeks.
Tears of sorrow, tears of joy, pearls of a pure emotional
Satisfaction.

Sex Spell: Mermaid

Sisters lets go down
Down to the river to play
And unite our desires

We fuck with our tongues
Say things without using words
We use love as our weapon

Soft lips touching
Butterfly pussy kisses
Masturbating with dolphins

Goddess and devil are mixed
We are Political lesbians
There is no return
And no fucking monogamy

Make a fist

Get ready baby
Honey bunny baby cakes
We ejaculate a sea of love

The wolf hour: a satanic haiku

He was my first
He was my virgin shot
It hit him right in the chest
And blew him through the (brick) wall

I felt the piercing smell of burnt flesh and
The blood ran down his body
From the hole in the chest

His shaking hand reaches towards me begging me for help
As I empty the revolver
And fill him full of lead instead

My first kill and my nose starts to bleed
The taste of iron (in my mouth)
He always told me my pussy had the distinct taste of blood

My old flame
A lucky fucker with perfect silky long hair
Who liked to play with his fate

With him I was wonderful
He was wonderful with me
He would read me poetry
In a soft dusky voice

His cock and his words touched me within
He was jealous and passionate but never possessive
And he fucked like he meant it

He wanted to get lost
At the dark edge of town
Where the wild secrets are hidden

I take my panties off
Spread my legs wide open
And (thrust, jab, force) his heart inside me

My pussy is now hungry wolf
Howling wet and bloody
She eats his heart
Bitter sweet penetration
Fills all the holes- fills all the wounds
Fills the blown up uterus

I am fucking his heart
And cumming with every move
His demon now lives inside me

A masturbation spell

Fuck the pain away
Fuck the fear away all night
Let's wrestle like tigers and never fall a sleep

Let's touch ourselves all day long
Make love to ourselves
Lets make our cotton panties wet
Whenever we can

We Love to play dress up
With our shaved pussy cats
Glistening in the moonlight

A schoolgirls wet dream
Reading into the teachers wet holes
She will punish you

Lets pretend that there is no horrible future
Out there
Let's pretend that there are no red rivers flowing
Out there

There is no outside
(only burning pleasures, only pleasures burning)

Let's play cowgirl and dark rider
Crazy porno sex terrific
Bees fucking dragons
Hot sensual fireflies

OUTFITS

OUTFITS	by shiv kotecha
OUTFIT	a hat a shirt-collar and a hospital nightshirt
OUTFIT	a white shirt a shirt-sleeve and a short-sleeve jersey
OUTFIT	a starched collar a trouser-button and a colored shirt
OUTFIT	overcoats and scarves an overcoat and a button of a coat
OUTFIT	a chemise a starched collar and a military style of dressing
OUTFIT	a high-crowned hat a velvet jacket and tape
OUTFIT	a cap a gown and a band
OUTFIT	red robes shoelaces and clothes
OUTFIT	a table cloth a damp cloth and a oil cloth
OUTFIT	a thread a dense veil and a helmet
OUTFIT	a coverlet a piece of dirty cloth and everyday clothing
OUTFIT	fur garments and sheets
OUTFIT	a felt hat an infected garment and a rolled-up brim
OUTFIT	a skirt a white mask and a prophylactic medal
OUTFIT	a worn cloth a amulet and rags
OUTFIT	a silver wire drawers and charms

OUTFIT linen sheet a definite find and a formal
 dress of mourning

OUTFIT a petticoat a truss and a spherical net

OUTFIT a star of David a covering and a endless watch

OUTFIT panties a symbolic texture and good linen

OUTFIT a make-up table a stain of enjoyment
 and a toilet utensil

OUTFIT a bloody film a coat pocket and a suit of sails

OUTFIT a material weight a handkerchief
 and a unbuttoned blouse

OUTFIT a bloody bandage a thong and a purse of hers

OUTFIT a quilt sullied sashes and a precious stone

OUTFIT curtains drapes and a limp legging

OUTFIT a girdle good styles and a warm dog fur

OUTFIT a crowned head a coarse spun cloth
 and damp straw

OUTFIT leather stockings and sheep-satin

OUTFIT a tatter sackcloth and a cart
 of infected clothing

OUTFIT a rag to mend a robe mitre and sheets
 committed to fire

OUTFIT a ring of white light a banner
 and customary dress

OUTFIT horrid spectacles a robe of pursed white
 and a entire cloth

OUTFIT a muddy shirt a appearance of wood and cloth
OUTFIT a sopping rag being wrung out
a fatigue and jewels
OUTFIT a gathering of puss a effigy
and a ironed collar
OUTFIT a iron jar feathers and a embroidered train
OUTFIT a sumptuous attire a powder-horn
and a little bundle
OUTFIT a ring of white light ample breeches
a long lock of hair
OUTFIT sequestered goods a locket and one pocket
OUTFIT the finest clothes a impress
of the disease and net-work
OUTFIT hair of such a length black suits
and a wearied wound
OUTFIT black tresses multiple circles
and pins of silver
OUTFIT a kissed hem shreds and a style
no longer timely
OUTFIT sniffed sheets swaddling-bands
and a scent of swine
OUTFIT a blood-bind a gasping tongue
and a swollen hand
OUTFIT two soft garments a sheath
and popped blood vessels

OUTFIT a infected cut a wing and pegs
OUTFIT a grain of sand a thick skin and wings
OUTFIT shards bedding and splinters of glass
OUTFIT thick skin kirtles and curlers
OUTFIT a housecoat smeared lipstick
and a cloak full of stones
OUTFIT a burst blood vessel a recycled bit
and a new fall color
OUTFIT tracks beeswax and a sore spot
OUTFIT a lesion lavender coifs and something toxic
OUTFIT stretch pants a shell and mirror eyes
OUTFIT a antacid mustache cheap perfume
and a orifice
OUTFIT golden hair a blemish of choice
and little plastic bottles
OUTFIT burnt skin a crooked wig
and a blue streak of recognition
OUTFIT fungus under the fingernails
a facelift and two faces
OUTFIT a lilt a laundry list
and a pentamidine IV drip
OUTFIT a beautiful snowsuit a snapped tether
and modest dress
OUTFIT a belting fifties hat and coat a pouch

OUTFIT a furball radioactive iodine
and a bandaged puncture

OUTFIT a red flag a new skin
and a gown of surpassing witnesses

OUTFIT a spigot a sharp look
and the same overcoat and suit

OUTFIT a dinner napkin a leathery face
and pubic lice

OUTFIT ties bands of gold and tightly embraced pants

OUTFIT iron a corvine cape and a huge, fringed scarf

OUTFIT nonoxl-9 rocks for lenses and street clothes

OUTFIT copper fabergé and bras and panties

OUTFIT a unbuttoned shirt clay and unkillable crabs

OUTFIT a shit-heel leaking latex
and defiantly bright clothing

OUTFIT a trailing sequin salt
and a great long black coat

OUTFIT tousled hair incense and a matching scarf

OUTFIT earth trash and pjs

OUTFIT a searing of skin a temple garment
and a bit nipple

OUTFIT a bathrobe peep-stones
and a silent abdominal spasm

OUTFIT a parted curtain underwear and a bloody tube

OUTFIT bags of potato chips a smelly nightdress
and bags of potato chips

OUTFIT red velvet a fly and a jagged thumbnail

OUTFIT morphine broken teeth and a pile of trash

OUTFIT obsidian a cow-spit streamer and a second skin

OUTFIT mangled guts pretending a blessing
and a scar on the nose

OUTFIT layers of black prophet clothes
a shit-bag and chaps

OUTFIT wood-putty legs a cheap trinket
and toothpaste

OUTFIT a towel a minor irritation and dark glasses

OUTFIT a instrument of flight dark blood
and a paternity suit

OUTFIT cotton-wooly patches a old cheesecloth
and thick glasses

OUTFIT portable oxygen blood smears
and rubber gloves

OUTFIT new lumps limbs all akimbo
and a monitoring machine

OUTFIT a elegant bathrobe a stone and iron

OUTFIT heavy bundles a blister crimson
and pulsating red light

OUTFITS by shiv kotecha

*Abstraction end
and things like that*

(From the performance *Abstraction end and things like that*)

All our body is full... With electricity. So... If you add up all the electricity of every cell... You can easily make a disk player turn... Or a mixer or something. But we, our bodies are leaking, our bodies are leaking. The electricity leaks out of our bodies yes it leaks out of our bodies and-the-first... Symptom of this leaking ... Is a wrinkle in the face. Yes! A wrinkle in the face. When I discovered this theory about the leaking of the electricity, which was related to the wrinkles... I was like...Yes! Yes! Yes!† You see? You see? You see? Its leaking its leaking its leaking in every way! And its constantly spreading constantly, constantly spreading, spreading constantly spreading... In a movie I just saw...

In a movie I just saw the mother is telling her daughter that lately she noticed, sheee noticed that her blue eyes are getting... Brighter and brighter... Brighter and brighter. The daughter answered she explained to her mother that our

eyes. Our eyes are loosing their pigments our eyes
are loosing their pigments loosing the pigments,
as we are getting older... Just like our hair,
just like our hair that turns... Whiter and whiter,
whiter and whiter and wider and wider and wider
and... Our eyes loosing their pigment our eyes
loosing their pigment loosing their pigments just
like our hair that turns...

As we are getting... As we are getting...

As we are getting...

Yellower and yellower... Yellower and? Its the...
Its the season when the leaves of the trees are
getting... Yellower and yellower... As we are getting?
Yellower and yellower... As we are getting, its the
season when the leaves of the trees are getting as
we are getting as we are getting... Older!

On the, on the... On the tea bag of my roommate it
was written, it was written let things come to
you, let things come to you, it was written.

On my my my my tea bag it was... Written.

With a smile the world is dark so don't give love, so don't give love, stay graceful in all dirt! With a smile the world is dark, let-things-come-to-you. Let things come to you. As a viewer you are perfect you are perfect as a viewer, let things come to you, let things come to you, as a viewer you are perfect. This is what she noted down when listening, listening to an interview, with a well with a whale, with a well with a whale with a well known artist! As a viewer you are perfect. In this room with big stone bodies with broken noses and cut off heads you like to walls in the museums... You like the blue walls in the museum you explain... In the museum we just look. We just look we don't buy. We just look, you see? You see? You see? We just look. We don't buy. We cannot buy we cannot buy we just look we just look. When watching chickens and ducks with a baby you explain, ducks like water chickens don't ducks like water chickens don't! They don't they don't they don't they don't. This is the difference this is the difference this is the difference that you can see that you see that you can see that you see now!

Now...

Now...

Now you explain her. Now... You explain her that our teeth are falling. Falling when we are young and when we are... Old. She doesn't need to know these things you think. You think she shouldn't think about... Falling, falling things, she shouldn't think about... You see? You see? You see?

This is the difference this is the difference this is the difference you shouldn't think about... You see? You see? You see? This is the difference this is the difference this is a difference you shouldn't... Think about...

I see no, I see no... I see no metaphors I see no metaphors. I see cars I see shoes I see nail polish and think things like that! The wall in the hotel was turquoise and the building across the street had a shiny shiny... Shiny shiny... Shiny shiny turquoise balconies. On the website empower yourself through colour psychology they say... You only only have to focus on the colour

turquoise and you will feel... Instant calm and genteel invigoration... Genteel invigoration... Ready to face the world again... Ready to face the world again and again and again... And again and again we went shopping... We went shopping and he bought three yellow shirts, three yellow shirts because he said... That he couldn't resist... He couldn't resist the colour in a book I was reading they mentioned birds! Birds that are drawn to blue objects and maybe maybe maybe bluuue objects drawn to them... Maybe maybe again and again its the season when the leaves of the trees are getting... Again and again I'm trying to see!

I'm trying to see a metaphor. Trying to see a metaphor but its more like I think. I think I always, I think I always... I think I always associate laughter and smiling and laughter and smiling and smiling and laughter with cars! Cards... Cars cards cards cars cars cars! Because the cars they have a face! All cars have a face! And I pay! And I pay a lot of attention to it! Or I'm attracted to it! So my I think my, so my I think my... My mother have this kind of Mercedes... But old Mercedes laugh! Not like ha ha ha...but more like: mm mm mmmm mmmm mmmm.

More like: mmm mm mmmm

You know you know you know that if it was a material if it was a material it could have something to do with something to do with something to do something to do to do something to do something to do with sand! Yes! It could have something to do with sand... You know you know it makes sense it makes sense that I feel it that I feel that it make sense that I feel it that if it was a material if it was a material it could have something to do with send! Yes! It could have something to do with send... You know you know you know it make sense that I feel it that I feel it in the middle... Middle of the body resonating also in my head... I have the sense that its resonating also in my head that if it was a material if it was a material I could have something to do with something to do with sense you know you know my mother told my on the phone... mMy mother told me on the phone that once this desert was an ocean... Once this desert was an ocean...

So... Send me a picture... Send me a picture of a cover of a book with a moon on it... And you will tell me... That the sun is not really yellow... Its not only yellow... And all the stars that you

see, you see? You see? You see? They don't exist
anymore... Its only the light... It only the light
that you see that you see now its only the light...
Its only the light that you see that you see now
its only only the light its only the light that
you see now you told me now now now you know now
you know that its only the light now you know
what you need to do now you know. Now you know
the difference that I see that you see!

I see cars I see shoes... I see chairs and dresses
nail polish and blue...

I see socks and hair curtains and TV
I see roofs and earrings shorts and wrings
sunglasses and lipstick water and cream.
I see turquoise water little fish and big stone bodies.
I see skin and marble.

Books and candy.

Teeth feet and blankets pants pens and paper

Movies end.

And.

Höstlöven sjunker ner mellan dig

du, kom tillbaka
det är så lite liv här
har dina fingeravtryck
kvar kvar kvar
de smakar salt vatten
vet inte hur jag ska skriva längre
grammatiken lever ett eget liv!
utan mig
utantill
utan dig
tiden inkapslad
medan jag räknar steg
läser franska för kaniner

i strömmen
växer vi alla

skadad förvandlad
med ett språk trasat, ja fragment
brottstycken ur minnen
som frågar vad en människa är
frågar
hur att beskriva oss
beskriva dig
genom språket
genom minnena
du, kom tillbaka
det är så lite liv här.

Vändningar

i de bottenlösaste hålligheterna
ekar prosaiska rester

det perfekta utrymmet
sprider sig, åt fel håll

som ett splittrat moln
med virvlande skator

vars ögon förändras
de lär sig se detaljerade eldsvådor

nackar sträcks, ber om regn
vingar börjar slå, hjärtan slutar

Like a cargo ship

(From the performance *Like a cargo ship*)

My name is Sophie Erlandsson, and I am 21 years
older than a 19 year old and 40 years younger
than Jane Fonda, and this; is my excavation
everything that happens from now on; are paralyzed rain
the only sound heard are the continental plates shifting
the calm
before the unshaped tornado

You tattooed your breathing
on my neck
so I carry the weight of a dead city on my back
like a cargo ship
which says that it misses the old me
it made me wonder
When I disappeared

*

this is the only room
where time ceases to be
and the pines look like grass from here
while oceans change

it aches in the art
artache
epoxy, paper, silicone, body, concrete
materials
to build stories with
or to understand and perceive time

so in the lack of humor
I try to choreograph time
into no yesterday with lost years
no what should I do with chronic feelings
with everything that is me

If anyone can tell; send a broken rib
perhaps a floating woodheart
or high winds in a burnt up letter
so that I know
that I really know
that this
is me

*

we move, we move lightly
running through nights
over the broken piano and the leaves

that left the trees in favor of the violent ground
there was a view from the train:
park fields waves,
then came May; and the birth of
an ongoing winter
it is still, a cold day
typewriter, snowpaper
scratches on the cell wall
captured sun spots
air heavy and full of time
a book made of carbon
no beginning
only an end

change of narrative;

I clean windows
to look out
at the grey
just now; wild magpies
in tight formation, or was it words

I'm sorry!
there will be no revolution
for I am sentenced to poetry

no wrong - I am over poetry
a fetus on a sofa
at night I sort autumn leaves
everything must be numbered:
princess one, princess two, princess three, and so on

distorted by the wind
bruised by the size of the rain
it is never easy
somewhere I analyzed myself apart
let the hot asphalt
run through the parks
the green fields of flowers
became parking lots
did I

*

I do not have time for this!
I am busy thinking away things
and with things I mean people
who does not fit inside
of me, anymore

*

Carpe diem

Catch the day

Catch someone and yourself;

A Catch 22

If the going gets tough the tough can kill you

One rape doesn't make a right

An Ak47 is mightier than a sword

Don't throw stones from the inside of a glass bottle

Yes, yes I will, and if I ever meet you again,

I will force feed you with its ruins

Do I make sense

as a woman as a human as both

do I get it

am I getting it

hold on for a little while longer

notice were the words are landing,

because they are a part of the tapestry

*

it does not take much to get warmth;

a nuclear power plant

and a friend

Donald Trump has his own hairdo
that must feel lonely

*

the sea is empty
we are the seagulls drowning
while we are looking for our ration
capsized
the mast went off somewhere
between cold water and warm light

somewhere you lose yourself
You became I and
I became you;
it is your grief I carry
when you smile

So, I go out, control; keys phone life death
but the flowers are broken
and god is crying
even someone that does not exist are crying
but, next week, Friday
and I will change dress over again over no one someone again

birds change trees or rooftops
we all have predetermined latitude where we will die
until then, I will do as I want;
kneel before my own heart

but I cannot lie: nothing will be all right
but everything will pass
inget blir bra
men allt ska gå över
maybe now
I should say
something funny

when I was young
I often dreamed
of a garden
yes, and to become one

*

cutting the hair is an adventure
a sort of drowning accident
you carried a dead swan in your arms
that had flown into the high voltage
and threw it into the water from the bridge

it did not have to drown
or cut its hair
but everything I try to forget
are drowning in clouds
only seen on x-rays

a rational explanation:
no swan is beautiful
they are only birds
in a gray landscape

I am wearing high heels
and remarkable rooms with me
and you

it is so quiet!
that must be
because someone
is thinking about me!
and the birds look like grass
from here.

My Body An Experiment

(From the performance In a Manner of Speaking)

I melted my gender into a skin of stone
A bone
A physical rhyme
A tender mime of a desire of mine

My ear was red and wet
All fiery
I fucked an elbow and took a practical pill
A skill
Of mine
To get over this shit

I melted my name into a jelly piece of gold
Bold, bald, broken and cold
I put it together in different shapes
The nose on the feet
The elbow on the bellybutton
The knee on the armpit

Then again
The eye on the ass
The feet on the shoulder
And the hair slightly touching the back of my knee
Hihiihiihiihiii
I unrolled my body into a sheet of skin
I pinned
The corners to not get shorter
Aiiiiii!
I saw the border to not get ripped
Whipped
Wiped
To not get stripped
Whistled
To not get wild
A child
-Wood of energy
Inside of me
Weeeeee!

I banged my nose against the wall
It crashed
Smashed
Uashed

I put my tongue out to collect the blood
Sweet and cold
I crawled
I shake my head and heard the sound
Pieces of crashed bone squeaking around
I put my body into an experiment
I pulled my arm
I mean the bones and muscles
Through the inside of my skin
Until my hand was next to my feet
Both inside my stretched leg skin you see
What a strange shape i made
Evade
-Dead parts of me

I cried
A mild mistake of mine
Nasty thoughts of my mind
Senses make no sense
But they are intense
They come and go
Emotions no
Love and passion
Rage and whine
Fears

Fights
Shouts and lights
Don't intertwine

I vomited through my mouth
My organs
My muscles and bones
I made my skin empty like a human balloon
I inhaled then a purple gel
Warm and cal
-Me

I put my fingers on the plug
Electric power for an hour
In and out
Cyborg sex

Opening hymn

(From the performance Still Life)

You should be proud

You should be happy

You should cry

Sometimes

Not too much

Not too less

You should laugh

After the punch line

Not too much

Not less

You should have contacts

You should have friends

That should introduce you too other friends

That should introduce you too other friends

You should meet with friends

At least one time a week

You should be friendly

You should talk

Not too much

Not too serious

Not less

You should drink

Not too much

Not less

You should have manners

You should travel

Not too much

You should have a fixed residence

You should have a mail address

An e-mail

A phone

You should always answer the phone

You should phone frequently people you care

You shouldn't disappear

You must stay reachable

Localizable

You should work

You should give priority to your work

You should love a true love

You should give priority to a true love

You should have a family

You should give priority to your family

You should buy a house to your family

It should have garden

And animals

You should love your pets

Not too much

Not less

Animal love

You should fuck

Not too much

Not less

You should be faithful

You should not fetishize your relationship

You should not use objects

Fruits

Vegetables

Others

You should be calm

You should help the others

Frequently

You shouldn't want too much

Too many things

Too many persons

You should have routines

You should be tidy

You should be clean

You should have a shower per day

Preferably at the same hour

You should shave

Daily

You should eat

Four times a day

Two large and two small meals

You should keep eating schedules

You must do sports

You should learn to love your daily life

You should stop wanting

You should have a fulfilling spiritual life

Not religious

You could do yoga

You could be Buddhist

Taekwondo

Tai Chi

Shiatsu

Home made meditation

Others

You should be happy

You should be calm

You should trust

You should understand

You should not question

You should obey
Critically
With conscience

You should have money
Not too much
Not less
You should not show it

You should have a TV
You should watch the news
You should read the newspaper
You should know about the world
You should care about the world

You should dance on a disco
You should drink on a bar
You should see on a gallery
You should listen in a concert
You should feel in the theatre
You should sleep in bed
You should play in the park
You should walk on the street
You should run at the gymnasium

You should have a table and chair if you eat at home
You should have a marmite if you eat at work
You should have a napkin if you eat while walking
You should have a tablecloth if your in a picnic
You should cook in the kitchen
You should dine in the dining room
You should sleep in the bedroom
You should rest in the restroom
You should bath in the bathroom
You should live at the living room

The Poeticians is a choreo-curational event that hosts different choreographic proposals.

It is seen as module or installation where pieces, objects, performers can be inserted rather than a performance that executes and performs the same over and over. It is performed inside or in close proximity to Pontus choreographic work and interest in poetry.

The third occasion of The Poeticians comes in the shape of a poetry brunch. Pontus invited fellow artist and friends to share this Sunday of food and poetry. The book is a collection of these poems and poets:

Nefeli Ikonou, Buktalar-Michelle/Michelle Hammenfeldt, Amanda Apetrea/Beauty and the Beast, Shiv Kotecha, Hagar Tenenbaum, Mira Mutka, Aleksandar Giorgiev, Sophie Erlandsson, Halla Olafsdottir/Beauty and the Beast, Dinis Machado.

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