

DIE YOUNG

OR RISK GRACEFUL OLD AGE



Spring 1991

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Submissions are welcome. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish your work to be returned to you.

THE VEC EDITION!

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CONTENTS

- ÁSTA ÓLAFSDÓTTIR. Iceland. *Extracts from the book 'I asked myself: "Ásta Ólafsdóttir, if this were a dictionary, how would you explain your heart in it?"*.....page 1.
- CÉSAR FIGUEIREDO. Portugal. *Two poems*..page 3.
- ALEXANDER ZHURBA. U.S.S.R. *'Semantic Poems'*
.....page 5.
- JESSE GLASS, Jr. U.S.A. *Poem*.....page 6.
- JOHN M. BENNETT. U.S.A. *Six Poems*.....page 7.
- JOSÉANTONIO HERGUETA. Spain. *Two texts from a project*.....page 9.
- PIOTR RYPSON. Poland. *'Writing is the Filling of Emptiness'*.....page 10.
- ROD SUMMERS. The Netherlands. *A Play*...page 15.
- PAWEL PETASZ. Poland. *Computer graphic*.page 22.
- STEINAR SIGURJÓNSSON. Iceland. *The Deep. Extract from the opening chapter of a book*...page 23.
- THOR ELIS PÁLSSON. Iceland. *Poem*.....page 33.
- TERESINKA PEREIRA. U.S.A. *Poem*.....page 34.
- ROD SUMMERS. *Computer graphic*.....page 35.

ÁSTA ÓLAFSDÓTTIR

From the book 'I asked myself: "Ásta Ólafsdóttir, if this were a dictionary, how would you explain your heart in it?"'

Sleeping under road signs in order not to get lost in dreams. Wake up and let things pass you, so that they won't stop. Don't cry even though the moving of the household is finished and everyone has understood, long before you expected, that luck was sent away with the first chariot. You can always send them letters containing scientific formulas and add some of your ignorance in mathematics.

Absent-minded nature is trying to seduce the exhausted mounds which have been drunk since the beginning of the summer-rain. The plan is to even them out. Then the butterflies will fall and the spiders will start walking backwards. Even the river will feel dizzy and lose its balance and become a waterfall. Warm water will push colder water aside and I am going to dance for you in slow soft concentrated movements expressing the scenery above the waterfall, holding one straw in my hand. Later that night we read about the fat grasshopper whose wings itched. How can all these unrelated incidents be connected, forwards or backwards? Take care that it doesn't become one of your habits to wash your toes high up in a church tower.

Nobody gets into an Austin Mini the same way he gets into a bus.

There are still some friends left to keep me company when I feel sad and lonely, for example the cocoa-box-woman on the bottom shelf in my kitchen and the salt-cellar-boy and his chicken on the table and the baking-powder-woman resting in my cupboard.

"I got it near here," the index finger points up to the ceiling and down to the floor. The index finger is becoming a responsible individual.

The one who walked the last four steps had another kind of canvas shoes than the one who started the march. The first pair of shoes had golden laces and a rubber picture on the ankle of four women kicking a sparrows egg.

We suddenly don't resemble each other anymore but it would be possible to weave us together if one of us would play the warp and the other the weft.

I apologize for my pose, but it's my job to stand like this, speculative, leaning against the doorframe. Did you make this doorframe?

CÉSAR FIGUEIREDO

commercial letter type XXI/c.v.

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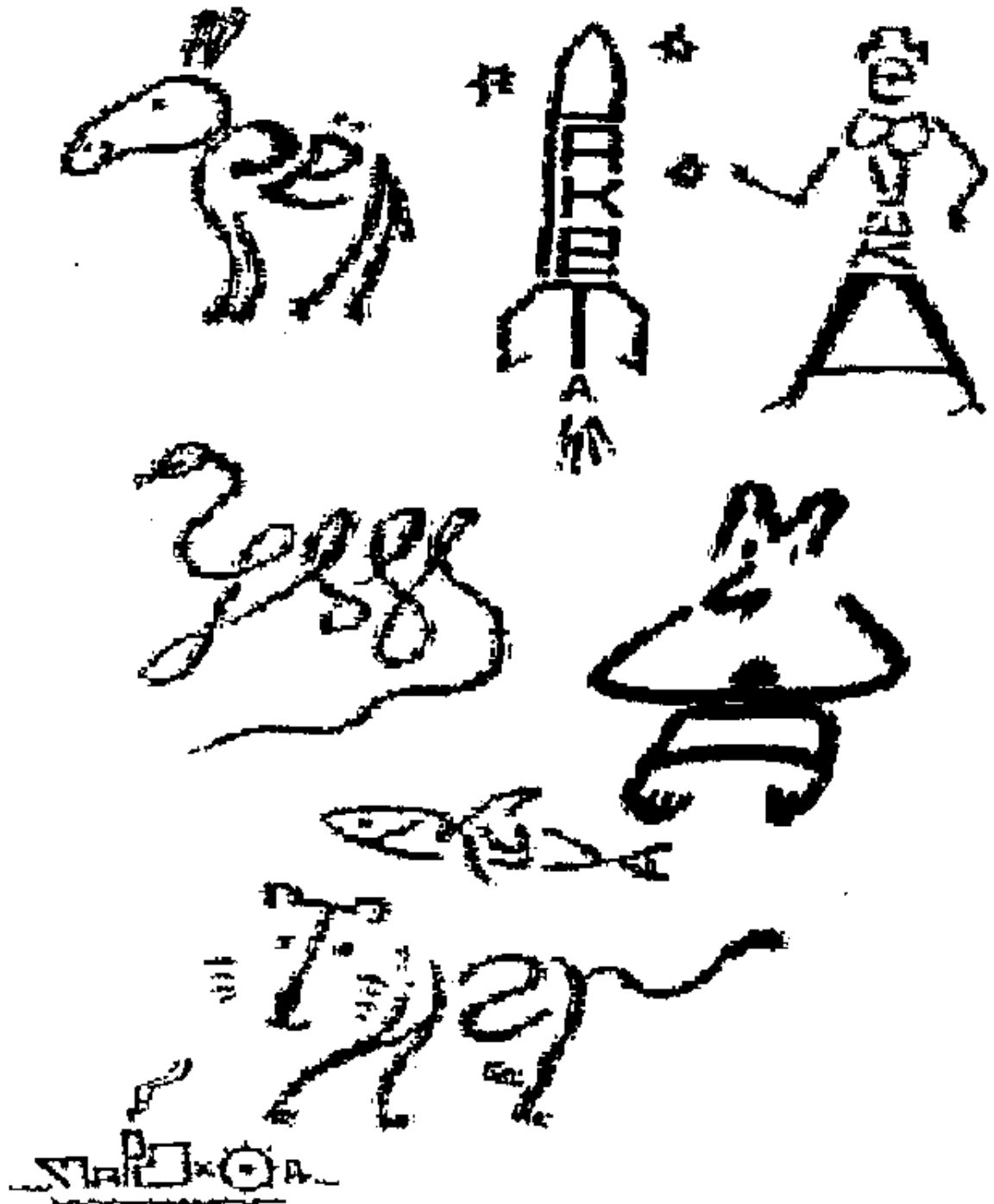
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ALEXANDER ZHURBA

"Semantic Poems"



JESSE GLASS Jnr.

Cloth of Dreams

By day you lose your stories
They come back to you in
Dreams. You step around the dark
Cloth of them, scissors in your hand,
You will cut something recognizable,
Something for your children,
Something for the wife to wear
From this ill-smelling cloth
Of dreams. It is coarse, heavy, thick,
Would smother you if you were not careful
To push its flexing tide from your face
Before you sleep. Its dark edges
Ripple as if it had an elastic
Life of it's own, as if it pulsed
Within some tropical lagoon in search
Of a fish to paralyze, then devour.

Man, what will you make of it?

The scissors flash: a cry bubbles up,
It is your own voice. Old blood
Spreads on the floor. Day and night
Reel past the window. Your arms grow
Weak from holding it to the light; your hands
Lose themselves in the itchy folds.

You hear your wife and children
Call your name from the cold
Rooms, as you cut black wings for them,
And pray this gift, shot through
With steel threads, this iron weight of wings,
Will not batter them to death
When they fly.

JOHN M. BENNETT.

WHAT TO DO.

I keep making these lists but I'm
stopped in time like a dog-bark in a
tunnel. If I rub my eyes into my
head maybe there'll be no end and
all my words'll be start. Like the
butt of a rope that's frayed into
mist or a calendar with a single day.
If I know what to do, why aren't I
one? Why is the paper full of jerks?

URBE QUEMADA

The last hank nailed to the Gateway fell, the
skin gone, ash slanting through like rain on the
stools, clawed in the corners. Who was left, eh?,
to wash the milk bottles, their plastic stiff with
yellow crusts. My spastic thanks mailed only halfway
there, my thin crown, ha, your ass' panting gruel
chained to the tools. Their laws're for hoarders,
not the bereft and all their ilk. My throat rattle's
drastic... here on the cliff with my shadowed lusts

IN SENSATE

Since I, uh, to the harm slewed over the clifftop
swooned where the stones-hand in the river reached,
(that beach we threw,) and my eyes skipped, since the
lists grew, or the barbed wall through you knew
(though I laundered heavy in that flow) where the
charm died, er, flew and returned. Since I, I'm
sliding still on that mud you've gone, where your
footprints streak, since the wound I smiles...where
the eddies while... Oh I've gnarled that bone!
Since your arm in the gravel swirled..

WHAT HISTORY SEES

"Of course I choked, toward the slope, for the slant uprights in me, where he's (or a rope)" (Where the glove frays, and nets wider than sense) "So I'm forced-joked to the edge where the bombs're stroked and the oil's a sea..." (In a mope he churns, like in's pants corn's creamed) "Oh for the mouth where the hangers scream, where the closets of drownings dream, where offal greys in the fridge... where at dawn the hills for flatulence keen..."

UH-LIKE

...not conscious noxious even...not not, uh, hot with armful thought...(just fire, axes)...(choirs hatching, ladders!)...not lister festered...even faster I lie... (shirt and sheet)...just axlom-anxious, axled with flies...not my pocket's bile, like...(nor my padlock filed)

TOXIN

Yeah in my "north" I railed, clutching that steel, where the wave-speech scoured under a roiling eye, where the distant cloud-bell loomed, and I, my feet in blood-slippers sloshed, the passage in. And a foaming room "I" found cost, or "he"... ("But's windowless, proof-walls burned, where's ringing served for air") So I swerved that gate and here in a deadless "south" I stale, where guns on a windless plain boom, and I, my tongue in's jail, gnashed in a ox, my tocsin failed

JOSÉANTONIO HERGUETA

Excerpts from the "RUINS OF THE 20th Century" project. 1991

-Autumn 1987: For days, weeks, the kids of the Góia quarter played with the blue powder they had found among the rubbish and ruins of a big hospital. In fact a blacksmith helped them to open the silver cylinder containing this magic treasure. They fought over it, finally sharing the luminous powder that, spread all over their bodies, made their skins bright at night as they wore it as their only pyjamas.

The Brazilian authorities never explained how these radioactive elements from an old X-ray machine were still lying amongst the ruins of the suburban neighbourhood hospital. Further consequences or casualties are unknown.

-Spring 1990: Albanian people from Kosovo say that there were hundreds affected and that it happened in different towns and villages all over the region. Everyone admitted to having lost a close relative. It is also said that when the Serbian police or other emergency vehicle tried to carry the dying to a nearby hospital they got lost, driving in circles as if they had forgotten the way.

Those young boys ignored the smell in their classroom that was no perfume. Schools -landscapes of their boredom- became coffins of poison gas. The dirty walls, the few words on the blackboard, the tarnished picture of the leader, became the last images to impress such virgin eyes.

PIOTR RYPSON

WRITING IS THE FILLING OF EMPTINESS

thoughts notions travelling through the same
consciousness

visions: my letters

dancing

so are the thoughts

and the I

there is an aim there may be no intention

mallarme seeing

baroque apollinaire shaping

silent finlays and gomringers

sometimes precise

sometimes

sign is rhythm

the mind too

images words forms play

chasing language

is writing to convey thought? only?

aiming at the thought with precision

yet sudden silence is more precious

in the religious visual
texts of past centuries,
even in the contemporary
concrete and decisively
visual works - emptiness
between letters speaks
more: indicates the real
source

we may even call it

l i g h t

after the typographers and mystics

speaking of the unspeakable
jews covering their eyes in synagogues

the empty throne of
AMUN the invisible

circles of abraham aboulafia the kabbalist

spirals labyrinths

writers in search of language
so much concerned with it

the Unspoken monk meets
the monk Spoken
asks nothing

the other one says **WHY NOT LOOK AT IT!?**

i once saw an indian singer
forming the space with his voice and hands
shape: a new body new stringing

space:

so that we won,t fall
into the slumber of security of language
as if in a train monotonousrhytm

thus form in poetry

a printed page

both static and dynamic

the Static takes form the Dynamic

flows----- the dialectic of silence

and the **Word**

logos observing and forming

shiva shaktya'tmakam' brahma

BRAHMA is the composite of **SHIVA** and **SHAKTI**

on this line we hop

words clouds and flesh alike

this static / dynamic dychotomy we find in most of the important symbols of different cultures: the cross as the intersection of the vertical penetrating the horizontal; a svastika that pushes the former into sacred motion (sva asti); two triangles in dynamic harmony of the six-pointed star, an equilibrium of forces; why - even the sickle and the hammer. the worst happens as they die as objects on an altar

in these times we want to see

in the fleeting world of phaenomena in motion

a steady image

transcending

all change unending:

looking for the Word that is beyond language

VISUAL

OCULAR

the ocularity of form (*rupa*) dresses a text - dynamic from the nature of the letter and thought rhythmic flow - the cadency of breath - into static equilibrium. in the ever moving world (because of this movement called Jagat in Sanscrit) of changing forms, as in a kaleidoscope that interprets always the same reality of light, there appears a symbol of stability, transcendent to the forming movement.

immanent in meaning
form fusion serves here to fulfill the utopia
of touching the true the nature of things. and
though these
attempts often seem naive to the eye of the
logician -
yet still we remain with beautiful maps of the mind,
with vectors of words pointing
to the unpronounced reality
a babelogue consciously aiming at its source
so again: dynamic and static
silence and the word
the dialogue of the Unamed with the named
minds playing in subject and object
and all the complications of a feed-back
a reverse process
meditation

in this duel in oneness **SHIVA** and **SHAKTI**
there is both **KNOWLEDGE** and **WISDOM**
KNOW: kennen connaitre znać jnana jnani
znać znaczyć poznać znamię miano zmieniać imię name
zmiana (pol.) = change
know to sign: dividing, separating, differentiating,
knowing

the "I" cutting the self away from the
appearing subjects, objects, signs, conditions,
connections
in the clear space - the primordial vidya - appears
the active I,
knowing its difference from this space

this is the hierarchy making a sign stronger than language

the hierarchy of plato, plotinus, pythagoras, erlugena, sohar

co to znaczy? what does this signify?

"you are responsible only for what you can change - and change you may only your attitude; here lies your responsibility. the mind shapes language, the language shapes the mind: and both are tools. use them but in a proper way. words can take you only to their limits and to go further you must forsake them. remain a **Silent Witness**"

WIT—ness **WISDOM**—**VISION**—**VIDYA**—

wisdom goes rather towards the essence of existence, of things, wisdom close to vision

(while knowing deals with the way the world appears to us)

veda vidya wiedza wissen wise wit witch wiedzma

wizard wiedz widno widzieć wiesc wiescic

wieszcz - a visionary poet in sanscrit called Kavi

Kavi is the one that sees, the seer who speaks from the source

wieszcz wieśćba wiedzieć widzieć

the movement towards the fusion of knowing

and prophesy

into

one

now

ROD SUMMERS

PENTAMARE

Characters:

DUANE.....A Germanic border guard.
GOD.....A practicing creator.
GIA.....A mortal mother.
CHUNG STEW..A Chinese president and demigod.
NOAH.....A sailor and father of sons.
PETE.....A Scottish pioneer.
BLACK MAN....A representative of a majority.
JESUS.....Gods son.
SAUL.....A man with a snow-plough for a nose.
V.B.....An Italian of note.

The Scene: A Kitchen which contains a cooker and a simple shelf.

DUANE: *(Shouts very loudly)*

You got anything to declare you black enamelled bastard?

GOD:

No. I made my statements then launched evolution with a jerky free hand.

DUANE:

Well I'm going to look through your anus anyway. *(Turns and faces the wall)*

God puts a saucepan of milk onto the stove but does not light the gas. He puts a teaspoonful of instant coffee into a mug.

GIA:

I have received two bills from the military, one for sixty million pounds and one for one hundred million! An enclosed form-letter insists that this is the sum you owe them.

God goes to a corner sits on the floor, pulls up his knees and puts his head on them.

GOD:

Well I'm certainly not going back. I've done with all that.

CHUNG STEW: (Sings)

Sixty cigarettes I've smoked today.

Now I have this pain in my chest.

Don't you see,

Your demographic action

Has broken every bone in my heart?

(Speaks) Hmmm! It scanned better in Chinese.

*He walks over and sits on the floor beside God
God gets up and walks back to Gia by the stove
where he sits back down on the floor and assumes
the same posture as before.*

GOD:

I cannot be expected to repeat infinite patience ad infinitum. Even eternity has to take a piss-pause occasionally. (Stands) I didn't really want coffee, I meant to make Horlicks. (Takes Horlicks jar from shelf opens it and, without thinking, empties the coffee granules from the mug into the jar) Damn! Now look what distraction has had me do.

GIA: (*Shaking the jar to mix the coffee into the Horlicks*)

It's alright another letter will arrive soon saying they don't need you anymore and to ignore any bills I might have received. Furthermore they will add that they will not be sending a shrink to convolute your confusion.

God puts three spoonful of the horlicks/coffee mix into a cup and pours on the unheated milk.

DUANE: (*Turns and speaks sweetly sneering*)

Do you have anything to declare... sir? (*Shouts*) Don't bother answering I'm going take half a kilo of bloodless intimidation anyway.

GOD:

And look up my arse?

DUANE:

You'll be kept waiting for several hours until the three of my colleagues chosen to share in the fun are fully briefed. Each one was hand-picked for his ability to humiliate.

CHUNG STEW:

Why bother? It's patently obvious his paranoia would not allow him to break any law but those he himself wrote. After all, it was he who sold ship plans to Noah and his sons.

Flashback to:

NOAH:

Well that seems like a lot to me.

GOD: *(In younger, more confident, days)*
Look. You want to build a boat or not?

NOAH: *(Sticks his hand out the glassless window, retrieves it wet and says)*

Yes, very well, give me the plans.

GOD:
Say please.

End Flashback.

GIA:
It's alright dear, I doubt that they'll continue to bother you.

GOD:
I'm not, not, not going to do it anymore, I've done with all that creation stuff. They wanted sweet water but won't accept mosquitoes.

DUANE: *(Screaming)*
Shut your lying mouth, take all your clothes off and sit down there to await my displeasure.

Pete enters walks up to Duane, turns him first to face the wall then towards the wings. He gives Duane a gentle push which propels Duane to exit.

PETE:
Well that's a good start anyway.

GOD:
Pete, my son speaks most highly of you.

PETE:

Well I did what he asked of me with only minimal complaining. The problem with the path was complicated by the fact that the snow was to be cleared from it before the blizzard had truly ceased.

CHUNG STEW: *(Coughs)*

Now my wok's on fire. Flambe fried rice anyone?

GIA:

No I'll take care of it. You stay where you are, there might be some purpose in it.

CHUNG STEW:

Whatever you say. I'd rather have splinters in my arse than Germanic customs officers!

DUANE: *(Off, threatening)*

I have a little wooden room out here that is big enough to hold all of you one at a time.

PETE: *(Shouts)*

Now you just shut up, I think we've all heard about enough from you to last us until beyond 92.

A nameless black man walks onto the stage.

BLACK MAN:

It's not that I particularly want to live in your pathetic country, it's just that I don't wish to die prematurely in my own! *(Exits)*

Jesus enters and walks to centre stage from where he addresses the audience.

JESUS:

My entry at this juncture is solely to confuse issues. These golden shears (*Holds up a dead red fish*) will cut through any line or thread you thought life's story might have contained for you, (*points*) or you, or any other lineage that pathetic creature (*points at God*) admits to having created.

GIA:

Ignore him dears, he carried one chip too many on his shoulder.

Jesus exits with Chung Stew following. Saul enters gives an envelope to Gia then begins a close examination of the stage walls, paying minute attention to the area where Duane stood. Whilst he is doing this all the cast who are off stage watch visibly from the wings.

SAUL:

There's not an awful lot of space here for my purposes.

The watchers from the wings exit.

GOD:

I admit I had forgotten all about you up until now.

God walks up to Pete and begins to cry loudly on his shoulder.

PETE:

I often walk up to just under the peak and then traverse until I find a suitable descending scree.

GOD:

Boo hoo-hoo.

GIA:

I have to leave now, angels at eleven. I'll leave the receipts.

Gia and Saul exit in different directions

V.B. (*Off*)

Send him down here, I'll take care of him.

PETE:

You'll be alright down there, the pope has turned the sea to soup to starve the feeding fishes.

GOD:

Thanks Pete. (*Cries loudly on his shoulder*)

PETE:

Ah you're alright wee laddie. You'll get a grip of it eventually, life's laced with accessible handles, true many are loaded with static charges, but with one eye on the weather and the other on the next footfall you'll make it.

GOD: (*Stops crying and brightens rapidly.*)

Thanks Pete. [*To audience*] I have to leave now so that I might be in time to create this evenings news.

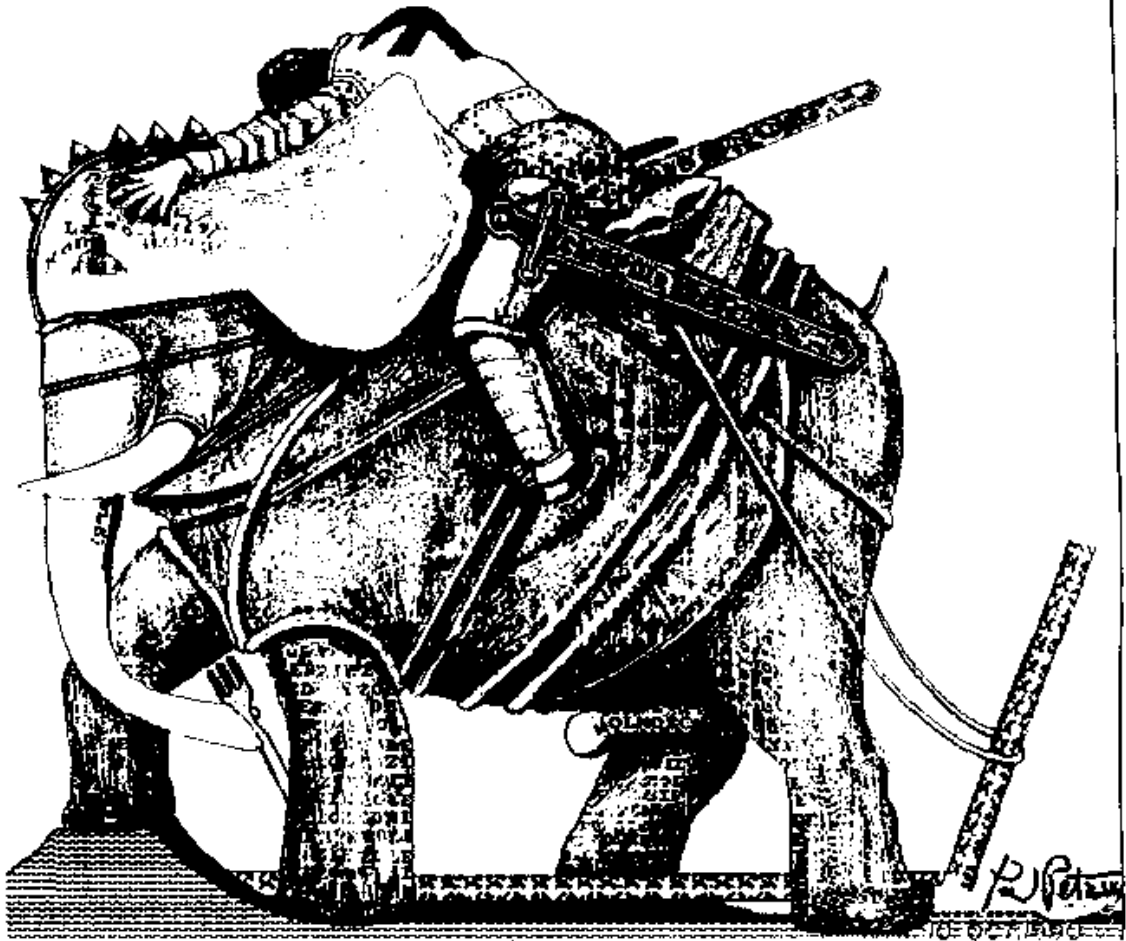
Pete and God exit waving to the audience.

Enter Duane chastened and seemingly smaller.

DUANE: (*Pleadingly to audience*)

Excuse me, but do you have any contraband?....
contraband anyone? contraband...(repeat as he leaves)

CURTAIN.



Computer Graphic by PAWEL PETASZ

STEINAR SIGURJÓNSSON

The Deep

(extract from the opening chapter of a book)

The deep has waited long enough for me. I have also waited long enough to come in contact with the instruments. So I can follow my suspicion. For where should the cello live if not in the deep, as life is here? At least the cello and the piano are chattering away into the droning darkness. The cello has the voice of an old sage. I think about the old sage.

'Old sage: My thoughts about the deep play the music on my mind, I say and float into something which hasn't come. It's only for the sake of music that it has been possible for me to walk into this deep which is forbidden to all but me and the monsters. There is a mad rush of thoughts in such a drowning and the dusk is a thousand ages old.

What great things have happened in such a deep! It goes beyond my mind that time shouldn't exist. There is no time, for an age follows which didn't exist before.

I haven't been submerged but for a

moment, but it is like a month. Time is an idea which never finds itself and I'm a dream which I dream down to the deep. Open I glide into a life which isn't to be compared to anything, and the moment will be stretched over years if luck is with me, for time is nothing but an idea after all.

Why am I?

Why is everything?

Why is the world put into such a deep and why is the instant made this way?

Can such an instant die?

No, says the opening.

It is therefore that I am so quiet. Therefore I take the moment out of my head and put it on the bottom and examine it carefully. I become my own idea about what I want to be and look into my mind. Everything is normal. The mind rises from my body and looks at it. My body lies on the bottom of the deep and wouldn't be afraid even though the mind would be blown away so that there would be no deep and no monsters.

I have to smile. The dark will soon come. I perceive a new phase of creation. The cello shall have to interpret the deep and the monsters. The strings and the music-stands are shining.

I try to collect my mind. Still nothing is heard but a suspicion. Is anything else needed? If anything matters it is the drowning. And it can't die: such a mishap has no place in its beauty. Here is a voluntary drowning that must find out what it is to be, it speaks and brings itself to life.

I wish I could go on long enough with the first movement for its bliss is dearest of all to me. Now all revolves around the music. In it is contained the story of man.

No.

When I think about it, these worlds are pure fancies. The thoughts have come to give the current great speed. The sonata opens itself. I stretch time over the darkness of the deep and light it up with my colorful thoughts.

A light is dying out over there. The monster is fumbling along with feelers and spits out a cloud of light in order to see its way through the night, but I am looking for a keynote which got lost in the dark.

'Shall perhaps nothing have to be like this? I ask.

'Nothing, says one of the monsters.

'If that's true it is no less surprising, as I went elsewhere, to look into the direction I didn't take.

'It's all so simple, you know it. So very very simple.

'So simple, yes. But even so, if there is going to be a mutation or a new trend in music is going to appear, is it taking an opposite direction to mine? Is it lost?

'If you have lost it, if it went in a direction you didn't take, what then? the monster says.

'The highest voice floats a fifth higher. Between it and my eye, which is here, is the pedalpoint of the theme which carries on into time her friend says.

'What are we doing?

'Nothing. This is music.

'Am I then the deep? Is all all?

'As you see.

'Fine. At least it's good to be so open.

In that way we talk.

'Why have you come here? the monsters ask.

'I haven't the least idea.

'No idea at all?

'I dreamt that someone shot me.

'Oh!

'I couldn't do anything about it.

'Why not?

'Because the dream did it.

'Really? What happened?

'When I woke I looked into a mirror. Then I saw that there was a hole through my eye. If I would not have been shot in sleep I would be dead. So it's thanks to the dream that I'm alive. I'm indeed the vision I'm dreaming.

'Really? But how did you think of coming here?

'I don't know. I only remember that when I fell asleep I went away.

'Yes, away? Where?

'I didn't know where I went until I woke here, a half moon from land.

'Aren't you cold?

'The deeper one sinks in such a drunken sleep the warmer one becomes, of course, and the higher one flies.

The monsters swell because of what I say. They are quiet. the silence is loud with wonder.

'Everything is normal, I say. The sea runs in my veins. There the elements are joined to each other in the same way as in the sea, for man inherited them from some primal forefather. But that forefather developed a vein system in which a pure sea ran.

'Nature has put flesh into the animals, knitted veins into them, spat blood into them and poked bones into their flesh, says the oldest and wisest monster. And she clothes them and puts lamps in their eyes. And at the end of all this huge work you come!

'So what! I say.

'Man, many thousand ages old! mumbles the monster. What a torment!

Then some devil in the gigantic seaweed jungle says 'Now you are thinking about that. Now you come here with all this work! To give up? To betray all the struggle?

'Er...

'Now you come here to think about that in the middle of a drowning! What do you want!

'I'm astonished by such thoughts in such a happy movement. Why a preaching chanson triste in such a place? Because such music doesn't say anything. It is only talking all the time.

Nothing is said. The giants rest their minds and think, but nothing is said.

Is there a wrong page being played? Have my life and music mixed up together? Is my life then beyond the sonata? Is it looking at me? Is life possibly composing

me?

I look around at death's landscape. I'm anxious. I don't want to be eaten, so I let the cello speak.

The screams stop. The beasts lick the cello.

'Understand what! I say. Understand what! I say and see the creatures being tossed about by the current without ability or will to do anything about it.

Greedy carnivores with burning venomous claws swim around here, and when there is shortage of plankton the creatures which are not killed must survive as best they can. It's hard to preserve a small spark of life, but they do it by hibernating and demand nothing beyond staying alive.

'Dear creatures, dream! says the cello. Just dream!

Then it croons some dreams into the deep for them. The creatures believe in the dreams even though they hardly hang together and they live slowly in the hope that the dream will last.

'Understand what! I say. Isn't all fine with the world?

Silence.

'Anyway the atom is in a good mood all the time. In spite of the extreme cold it

doesn't complain. In spite of the great pressure it stirs. It even has warmth, not so much warmth of course, but it will do. And tell me: Where could the warmth have come from? And why does the atom smile? Is the smile possibly a gift from beyond the deep? What does it matter if it's enough? If the warmth came from the moon the smile is from a star.

I think for myself: Well, is it enough after all? Does anyone live such things?

The deep is dense and demanding, says the monster and the creatures smile in their blindness because they seem to feel as mighty as a solar system. The weathers have rasped the earth's surface for thousands of ages. The storms have flogged the seas in wild struggles so they rose over naked lands, and earthquakes lifted whole lands from the sea and drowned others. One after another they rose and sank.

'It's true, I said. Only the atom was calm. Its heart moved a little, so far inside the atom that it wasn't to be seen. But it moved, probably. It's so small that it doesn't exist. But still it exists. In it is a wonder that scientists have been suspecting for ages, but they can only say: Mystery of life is in the heart of the

atom.

Look at the face of the little one! Still smiling!

My mind borrows a lamp.

It smokes.

Thanks for everything.

My eye is a solar system. My finger is a solar system. Even a drop of my blood is a solar system. The galaxies rush about in my eye. I must thank my eye that I can go away to look at myself.

What a calm is all around! The monsters mutter with wonder. The eye understands everything. I look into myself, from there into the eye. The peace is playing flutes and heavy horns.

There comes the ogre. It cuts the deep with its glance. Cuts my blue fish to pieces. How unstable life is. I'm so happy. It's the fault of the ugly cloud that the ogre killed the fish as it had hidden there. I hum with pure happiness in the shadow of the ugly cloud.

A cuttlefish looks at my foot jutting out from the wreck. It examines my ankle. That's how things are. Then it bites into my ankle. I look into it's huge eye: What does he see?

I look into the absolute horror! I kiss the monster.

What does the monster want? Does it want to kiss me? I hope so. I want a kiss. Yes monster, you may look at me: I love you.

The sea looks into the eye. Then it catches my mind flying at the eye's entrance. The eye is filled with joy.

I am so many!

Am I the most beautiful?

THOR ELIS PÁLSSON

THE SPECIFIC CLASS OF DOUBT

He never could understand
How crumby his steps were,
When he walked the way to the market.
Exhibiting his thoughts,
And never letting the orange-peel stress him, even
Though he couldn't stand the smell of it, or
The gloomy sideways of the churchyard
With all its lively trees.

There was life closest to him
Where grandma lifted her eyesight,
Never regretting her cake baking,
Especially on their fifteenth anniversary.
When she took the wrong bite!
Oh! How heavenly it was, mercy was upon her.
But he was doomed to eternity,
Which never took end.

Goosebumps of her ghostly body.
In these thoughts....

And an apple fell off the tree
On his head.
Wishing that Newton never had been born.

TERESINKA PEREIRA

RETURN TO MY COUNTRY Poem 1

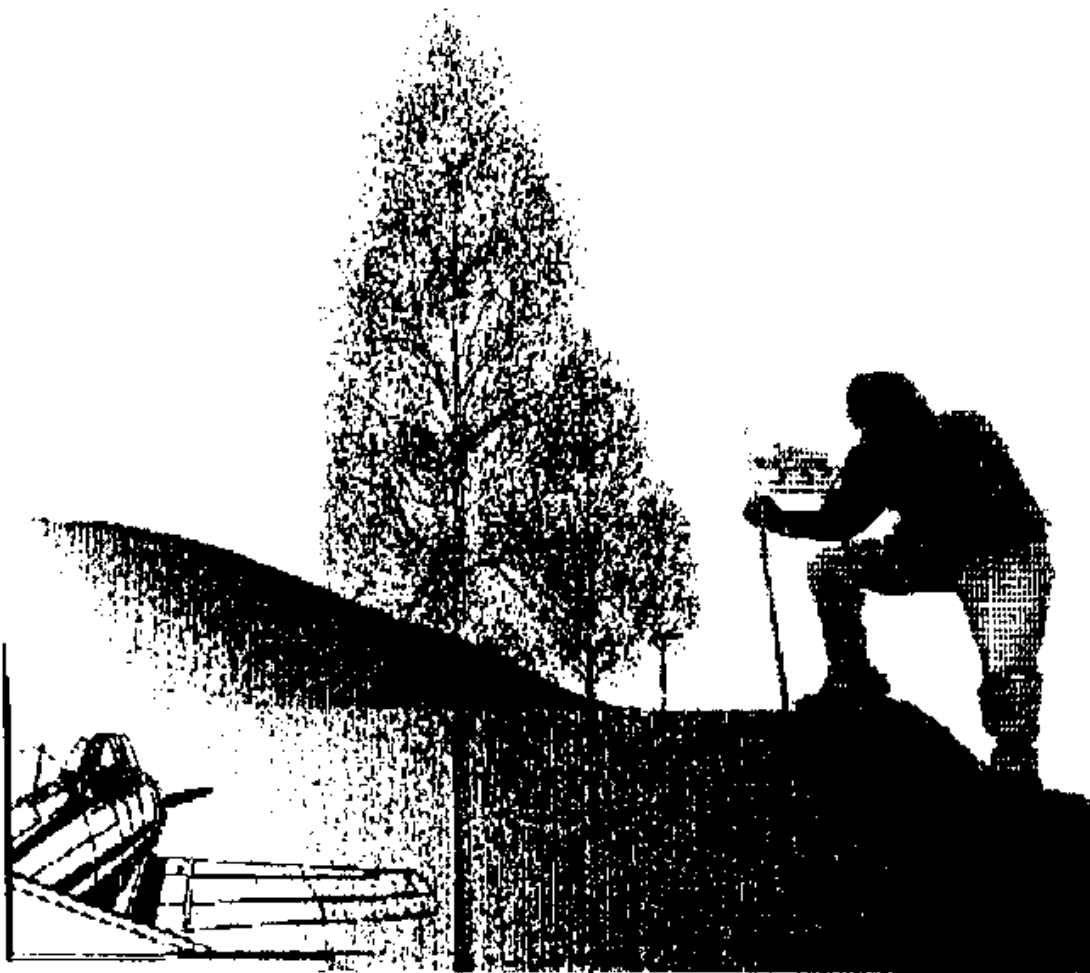
I am looking for my childhood.
I hear the voice
of my nanny
in the hereafter:
Dead after a hundred years of caring for us.

I want to send her a rose.
I throw it at the clouds
where she must be now
singing those lullabies that I slept by
when I was a little girl.

What memories!

My nanny was my childhood.
She was the youth of my generation.
I return to my country
looking for my childhood
and found her gone,
dead and buried
after more than a hundred years of
caring for us
singing colored roses to the clouds.

Good bye nanny.



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