

***(s)he dead* by Lars Palm**

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(retiring an artist)

i.m Hugo Claus (1929-2008)

another white
knight comes
crashing in from the
plains not knowing
he's really a
syndrome

& from a land not
that much lower a
heathen just a little
behind his tail
trailing his tale

chasing claustrophobic
countrysides craving
innocent (or so
they like to think)
souls

& he belongs not in
his own words to
a country but to a
language

or more to the
point that language be
longs to him & who
ever else likes to
claim it

& claims are laid &
baited for the approaching
of the hour

saying thanks but no
thanks to the offer of
prayer for the sinners
so called strike up a
tune instead

& a cobra takes
off into a canvas

(word too)

i.m Jan Kunicki (1938-2008)

rarely a word too
many
but rather one
too few

what would you
have said of
a day like
this

when you can
sit out
side for the
first time in

ages & play
your game of
chess? do you
have any

challengers there
where you just
went leaving
us others

for dead? &
do they use
one word too
many

or one too
few?

(first letters for inger)

i.m Inger Christensen (1935-2009)

1

alphabets are. aphrodisiac alphabets absorb

2

being born. believing bees
become bumblebees. breathing before

3

circambulating calls. cells circumvent.
christensen christened circular ceasefires.
cells called christensen collected

4

dear decapitation. defenestration. do
dance. define dying. divining

5

ever ears. even egrets. ending

(correo electronico)

i.m Sal Salasin (d. 2009)

today the electronic
postman brought me
news no one wants
to hear. so i washed
out my ear with a
small explosive followed
by the seven deadly
sins. & later seven
drunken pirates speaking
damn near perfect
spanish stagger in
to the room surprisingly
switching to some kind
of swedish as they try
to say some
thing along the
line of when
death knocks i will
open neither door
nor window but
bring out the chess
board & start practicing
like mad

(on birds & others)

i.m Janine Pommy Vega (1942-2010)

an emperor raises questions
we will have to answer our
selves. it would have been
grand to have you around
then. out on the patio on a
warm evening with good food
for body & mind. wind up
& down the street where
this emperor comes walking
without his usual entourage.
he doesn't deign to talk to
us. just as well. a flock of
fairly large birds i can't recall
the name of loiter nearby
calling each other by name.
they are infinitely more fun
than any emperor

Lars Palm lives with his wife, currently in Malmö in Southern Sweden. He is the author of a handful of chapbooks, including: ho(s)tel window (with photos by Petra Palm) (PoFot, 2011), for good behaviour (Differentia Press, 2010), and whomeanswhat (Sacrifice Press, 2010). His chapbook what's in a, to be published by The Red Ceilings Press is forthcoming. He also translates and runs a small ungovernable press. In addition to that, Lars states, "his favourite colour is red and his blog is called mischievoice".