



10 poems in Danish and in English

by

Marianne Larsen

DO NOT COPY

DO NOT COPY

danish:

Dobbeltsproget

De elskende rørte ved hinanden med deres ansigter
eller var det deres hjerner eller var det deres
øjnehuler eller var det deres vinger
eller var det deres varme de rørte ved hinanden
med deres kroppe udvendigt
og deres sange indvendigt

english (Anne Born):

Double language

the lovers touched each other with their faces
or was it their brains or was it their
eyesockets or was it their wings
or was it with their warmth they touched each other
with their bodies outwardly
and their songs inwardly

danish:

DO NOT COPY

Der var engang

Der var engang de voksne vækkede mig
af en eftermiddagssøvn sidst i august.

Fra sengen blev jeg løftet op.

Og derefter sænket ned.

De ville se om jeg kunne stå fast.

De havde glemt at den slags gør man ikke
på en kløverblomstret klode.

Man kravler rundt på sine fire vinger og flyver

english: (Robyn lanssen):

Once upon a time

Once upon a time the grown ups woke me
from an afternoon sleep in late August.

I was lifted up from the bed.

Then put down.

They wanted to see if I could stand alone.

They had forgotten you don't do that sort of thing
on a globe of clover flowers.

You crawl around on your four wings and fly.

danish:

Mellem forretninger og kontorer

Mellem forretninger og kontorer

pludselig dette

en masse børn og voksne

som sædvanligt med et gyldent skær

omkring ansigter og hænder

som sædvanligt på vej

tusinde forskellige steder hen

en masse børn og voksne

en masse udendørskærlighed

i vinden

mellem forretninger og kontorer

pludselig dette

english: (Anne Born):

Between shops and offices

Between shops and offices

suddenly this

a crowd of kids and adults

as usual with golden light

around their faces and their hands

as usual on their way

to thousand places

a crowd of kids and adults

a crowd of outdoors love

in the wind

between shops and offices

suddenly this

danish:

Der var engang

Der var engang en telefon.

Den stod i stuen hos en enlig firsårig kvinde.

Bortset fra den time det tog at gå i byen og handle ind hver dag
var kvinden altid i stuen hos telefonen og sine potteplanter.

Da der var gået meget lang tid, og der ikke skete noget,
visnede telefonen.

Hun bar den ned i skraldespanden.

Hun skulle alligevel ned med noget gammelt brød,
og ned for at se
om vintergækkerne var kommet.

english: (Robyn lanssen):

Once upon a time

Once upon a time there was a telephone.

It stood in the living room of an eighty-year-old single women's home.

Apart from the half hour when she went out shopping every day

the woman spent all her time in her living room

with the telephone and her pot plants.

After a long time had passed without anything happening

the telephone withered.

She carried it downstairs to the rubbish bin.

She was going down anyway with some old bread,

and to see if the snowdrops were in flower.

danish:

En tom plads

du skulle være kommet

og have sagt

jeg holder af dig

jeg hader stolen

du skulle have siddet i

jeg er bange for mit had

til den stol

det er ved at dræbe mig

DO NOT COPY

english (Laura Hudson):

An empty place

you should have come

and have said

I like you very much

I hate the chair

you should have sat in

I am afraid my hatred

for that chair

is about to kill me

danish:

Der var engang

DO NOT COPY

Der var engang en by med millionvis af låste
døre om natten.

Millionvis af indbyggere, forsvundne
i millionvis af aflåste rum.

Troede de da allesammen at jeg var en tyv?

Der var engang mit ubevidste havde lukket portene.

Det ville være i fred.

Alt andet ved mig gik hvileløst rundt udenfor.

Kredsede omkring det tillukkede.

Sukkede og vred sig.

Og det samme gjorde du.

english: (Robyn lanssen):

Once upon a time

Once upon a time there was a city in the night

with millions of locked doors.

Millions of inhabitants disappeared

into millions of locked rooms.

Did they all take me for a thief?

Once upon a time my unconscious had shut its gates.

It wanted to be left in peace.

Everything else about me walked around restlessly

circling the closed space.

Sighing, twisting, turning.

And so did you.

danish:

Passivitet

Blot den venstre skulder.

Pres læberne mod et savn dér.

Luk eventuelt øjnene.

Sæt dig langsomt ned på gulvet

i hjørnet af et tomt værelse.

Bliv i stillingen dagen igennem.

Fald i søvn i den stilling.

Bliv hvor du er, også når du sover.

Luk eventuelt øjnene op, hvis du vågner.

DO NOT COPY

english: (Anne Born):

Passivity

Uncover your left shoulder.

Press your lips against something
in need of love there.

Maybe close your eyes.

Slowly sit down on the floor
in the corner of a strange room.

Stay in that position all day long.

Fall asleep in that position.

Stay where you are, even when you are asleep.

Maybe open your eyes, if you wake up.

danish:

Der var engang

Der var engang jeg stod op midt i solskinnet.

Det bevirkede at en gennemsigtig luft kom nærmere.

Jeg lod som ingenting. Og kunne bare stå og se

meget langt i det klare mod huden.

english: (Robyn lanssen):

Once upon a time

Once upon a time I was standing right out in the sunshine.

This caused an air of transparency to embrace me all over.

I pretended nothing had happened and could only stand and look
far away into the clarity against my skin.

danish:

Her er jeg

en favnfuld luft

med dig i

når jeg er alene

english (Laura Hudson):

Here I am

hugging the air

with you in it

when I am alone

danish:

Der var engang

DO NOT COPY

Engang var der noget orange mellem et par strandsten.

Det forestillede en ilanddreven arbejdshandske,
som jeg samlede op og var længe om at give slip på.

Et "made-in" –mærke gjorde rede for det orange
og handskens fremstillingssted: livet.

DO NOT COPY

english (Robyn lanssen):

Once upon a time

Once a time there was some of the colour orange
amongst the pebbles on the beach.

It was in the form of some flotsam – a workman's glove.
I picked it up and took a long time to let it go.

The colour orange, and the glove.

Some "made-in" labels named the places of their manufacture: Life.



PR

DIOGEN pro kultura
<http://diogen.weebly.com>

MaxMinus magazin
<http://maxminus.weebly.com>

DO NOT COPY