

Parallels



Johannes S. H. Bjerg



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more or less
how I found it

a repeated word

the purple sky

*slowly becoming
more*

emptyempty

just a few
shifts in the wind -

*in
the web of Maya*

those who chose
to tell

someone is chanting

only what they saw

(are now)
lost in reading the

an

inventory*inventory*

the terror
of
the bell

listen, why won't you listen

rips me out
of my sleep

*how much love
can you reject*

and into
an upward fall

you ants!

but a fall
nonetheless

in her eyes
everything

is
new

a pain that takes

at least
that much grace

half the room

is left in the

*and the bright
parts of the*

world*world away*

what is hardly
snow

*the green moss
of winter*

ahead of
my hesitation

on stairs & stars -

I dream of
the curves of a thigh

I'm out of orbit

the sounds
I listen to

from metals
colliding

round my
hippocampus

keeps me awake

formatting c:\>

*the muscles in my
cavities*

tighten

for a while
pristine
snow

*dreamless ...
this age
of me's*

then
I
walk

*hands
touching themselves*

along a latitude

in silence

facing East
I stir
the porridge

*a blob
in the
universe*

now
and
again
a gull

the color of flesh

surfing the high winds

and absence

an aching tooth
takes over
the blue of the sky

*a tv close-up:
a thigh meets its hip*

I'm surely a part
of a world
falling apart

*some things
are as nameless
as me*

what is
interesting
about insomnia?

*halfheartedly &
nailed by longing*

the news report
of record cold

*I repeat
the shoelace sutra*

I remain

*to a faulty
boardgame*

in an unplace

not the waxing moon
nor

the silence
of
frost

an infected ear

makes up
the wheel of fortune -

fills my sleep (missing)

luckily
newts take over the fire-eye

*with a myriad
of parallel nightmares*

infected
ear
canal

the frost

an orchid
drops

with the sound
of singing
glass

*a clinging companion
staring into this
mud me*

the screaming moon
(in as far as moons scream)
tucked away

for a bit

*I chase pearls
from every corner*

the single bed
is mine
again

of the petri dish

as it is
with flesh ...

*somehow the frost
(or the gnome
in the limbic system)
knows*

I revisit the images
of her flower

*how to forge
the smell of her skin
on a summer morning*

and reenter

from my dust

retracting
what once fell

inside my glass bowl

as snow

5 or 7 imaginary cicadas

the clouds
are stretching
from here
to
the clouds

*sing Gorecki's
Misere
off key*

there
just there
in moonlit sorrow

her skin got older

*all around me
stairs that go down*

otherwise

I see her
in all her ages

at once

*I am a nail
missing*

here at last

*something is
unfreezing*

the flock of photons

slower than I die

that shapes
your face

*there's a room inside
the held breath*

again:
missing light

just here

takes up
too much

*where a bird should
have sung*

space -

a burst of ashes

late winter downer

home
again

a brand new child

the sky
of coming
spring

looked at me

is mine -

a plane going East zips open the blue

from across centuries

temps past
10C

*burying
the dog of winter*

did I mention
I never saw

(black)

a smiling Christ

the last day before tomorrow

a shadow-cross
above
the dirty dishes

*the sky
retreats*

someone somewhere

and pins me to death

*as when
I was
born*

tugs in a baby

this

1

needle head

nothing counted

where the biker angels
party

more than once

planted
in
my brain

& a swollen stream in spring

(pink-ish grey)

I couldn't
be bothered
to reach for it

not a bird

the moon

*singing
but*

faceless

*the world-hinges
creaking*

as my mirror

it's not
everything

*two muscles
in a twitch*

but worthwhile

*just there below
the dome of the scull -*

the sweet pain
of spring

I'm alive

nothing
and
the mist

honestly

somewhere

*half forgotten
(by me)*

it creates pearly trees

a faint scent of salt

spring
no 56

ahead of dusk

*I exchange my
darkness*

the falling of pearls

*for a pair
of blue shoes*

matching heaven

matching heaven

a Northern wind

cooling
my brow

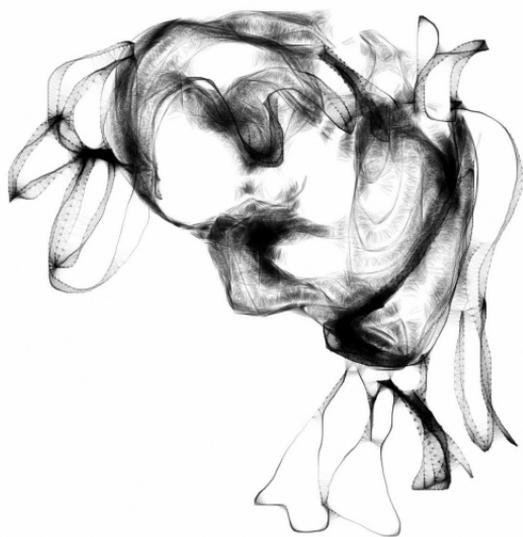
as if I had done
anything

to deserve it

I'm sure I said something

but my voice is too much like

dead leaves rustling



biting an apple

*I thought I could stay
here*

(the noisiest thing I do
without an apparatus)

while it happened

intensely green

*the thawing of
my waterfall ghost*

I'm invaded by spring

a whiff
of
sunshine
(godhelpme) -

*the beauty
of an apple*

ain't in its core

imagined
unrequited
love

I told him

takes up

but he writes like a woman

a lot
of space too

it's just
that this
voice

April and all that

will likely
drag me
into

even the one daffodil

being in love
with loss

hurts

these records
I avoid
in spring

*within the weave
of guitar figures*

(and whenever I am lost)

*(angelic, I admit,
like the song)*

reflect the sun

*a temptation to
become*

undisturbed

incorporeal

coun
ting
in
p.e.r.i.o.d.s

*an old
bite wound*

of 40 days

*a little above
the horizon
or the heart
(your choise)*

absence and the falling

*takes over as
the center point*

of dust

of dust

first butterfly

it's here

now, some would swoon
and flow over

*that sense of
temporarity
and dew/dust*

me
I try to
decide

*in the shape of
an aspirin*

whether to dream
or not

sea fog
and

*hey! turn around
you goddam
diva!*

(yawn)
my joints ache

*with a name like
Terpsichore ...*

from digging out
any solid

in 5 minutes I'll be on my knees

point of reference

oh,
the first butterfly
this year

*of a
gazillion cells*

(if I haven't already
said that ...)

*a couple of thousands
choose to
step*

and I should
be
... touched?

out of order

*becoming
an infection*

oh, yes,
it's getting greener

out there ...

achoo! and again

and in here
as well

*"If that's the only thing
bugging you ..."*

among the
emo-thingies

*this strange dude with the scythe
sniffles too*

not being aired

it's probably
of no
avail

I didn't ask for it

but will
waving
my arms

this here in-between state

prepare the air
for swallows?

before angelhood

floods
of sunlight

*I had a dream
and crashed it*

this year too
it seems

on the same rocks

to come on
too strong

as the previous one

surrounded
by spring

her hand

what is
a guy
to do

*in the
shape
of mine*

in a desolate
village

on me

to be
spoken to

*pointing East
at times*

if not
anything
else -

*the wound
bleeding*

budding lilacs

from a lack of wings

apparently:

like swallows
I see

an enjoyable work

the 10.000
penguins
reciting the Gita

that apparently never ends

as part of
the furniture of
the world

*turning scientists into
candyfloss*

or

balloons

chaffinches
basically

not especially grumpy

sound
the same

*but I woke too soon
and only ½ways through*

and that's o.k.

*my dance with god
(in my version he sings and dances
and cracks jokes)*

I'm not sure
about
the lilacs

sultry night

though a delight
they wither

*by coincidence
the moon lands*

too

in my coffee

still there's
hawthorn blossoms
(and so what?)

*peeling
an
orange*

I have two
empty
hands

*beneath
my private
zenith -*

and a table

*somewhere I turned a w
r
ong corner*

it's all about
"the fleeting existence"

*(it hasn't really sunk in yet
has it?)*

I tell myself
dropping

*did I mention
the lilacs?*

painkillers into
a glass of water

if I did, please know

they're gone now

mother
gets
easily
cold

*“writing is
elusive
like ether or white spirits”*

so
I put wood
in the
stove -

*I tell dad
not having any new
drawings to show him*

it's summer, the calendar says

his tinnitus has taken over

oh,
she hears
colours now?!

aching joints

(it is possible
on acid
or she tries too hard)

*an economist
explains why*

some tree sheds
its last
blossoms

*the poor need
to remain poor
structurally*

low pressure
(sigh)

*sleep deprived
(I think)*

I watch a program
about the universe

*the wind
has
kind
fingers*

and remember
to add
"lettuce"

*and swallows encircle the house
with screams*

to the shopping list

it's foggy
in Cairo

what can I do

I see on tv

but step on it ...

and a wall of green
hides
the church

the spinning blue planet

(it's invisible anyway)

insomnia
 (no, nothing is new)
the wind
howls

*this pain
isn't new*

winterlike

*it just moved
like a phantom*

can desolation
be underlined by
dangling
streetlights?

*to another
muscle/bone
connection*

tonight it can

I'm wired

across
the
fields

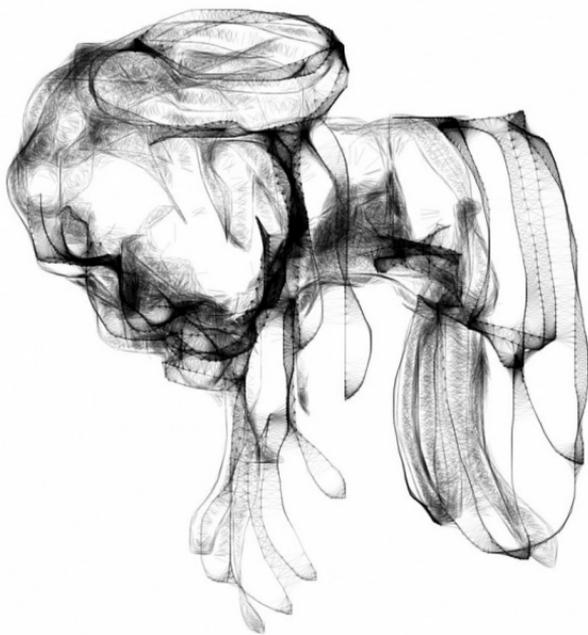
even sleepless

the
sound
of

*my trust
in
air
and bare feet*

metal
on
metal

remains



yes, god
(or who or what ever)

for what it's worth

made flies
too

scientists now accept

and my hands
to wipe them
away

*that the glue of the world
is sticky*

so damn
humid

*a fly
circles
the center
of the room
(as flies do)*

my feet pick up

most of me lies in

what
the Hoover
left behind

un-imagination

trial
and
error

one step sideways

a bluebottle
experiments
with

a rosebush separated

the density
of glass

from non-being

the sun is out
(in itself a rare thing this summer)

*at last
workers on the streets
in Spain*

I try to persuade
my orchids

*gathered under
red flags*

to bloom
in an orderly
fashion

*here we take
our anger out
on foreigners
and fugitives*

sleepless again

*joining a
political party
(w/o illusions)*

I leave
the coffee spoon

*"Avanti o popolo, alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa, Bandiera rossa"*

in the pot

as I check out the Dipper

in the swamp

humid days

left behind
by greed

at least my waters
(sweat, urine and such)

Tinfoil Tower
where the outcast
live

get recycled as clouds

me and
the shovel
(that one up
against the house)

*so I yell
or yell not*

sharing
ambitions

anyway I live

and moss
on the Northern side

*with waves
crashing in*

puddle
splash

the distance gone

splash
puddle

*I take
cloudbursts*

stepping in it
is part
of
it

personal

all

heatwave

no wind

it's enough

*it's hard
to tell*

to
brea
the

*if trees
dream*

no more
preaching

*someone left
a rock
here*

please!

*it accidentally
lifted me*

be satisfied
the rice pot
talks

*half a meter
towards
heaven*

as it
cooks

and the rain

could you
imagine

*a day for
butterflies
(apparently)*

the air
quadruple
its weight

*a mum helps
her kids*

on a
Saturday?

*on their first
paper round*

pendulum moon

*was I an ocean
once?*

my vinyl records

the sound of waves

still at
(what is now)
her place

*remains as
tinnitus*

washing
off
algae

*a green sea
in mid air*

from the stairs
(wooden)

*I'm partially
weightless*

to heaven

*in my
right foot*

mini ninjas

*while pissing
by the edge of eternity
(as always)*

the new spiders
(very small this year)

nothing gnishton

glide down their threads
from
the ceiling

*is
diffe
rent*

it's karmic?

*the first yellow
leaves*

lumps of
gelatine

*days shorten
(lightwise)*

slowing
down
time

*while I wind up
the clock*



proving
my
point

I was a fool

a green
insect
drowns

but does she have to

in the tea

remember all the details?

and there's the wind

watching
"History of Science"

it has obviously
taken on

not a word of thanks
to God

its autumn rage

for making creation
that inexhaustible

the first
signs of
autumn

info overload

I'm sure
they will

I prefer songs

pass
too

*in tongues
I don't know*

this turning
of the year

the light fades

to

f
a
l
l
.
.
.

I'm learning to lean against

I guess
there's nothing
to stop it

*an axis
of absence*

the muscles
around my skull

as the gospels say

somehow
got
smaller

*these are the last
of days
(again)*

over night?

*and yet I take out
the trash*

cold rain

*just as I
remembered it*

I lost count
of how many
times

*the birch behind
the other trees*

I lifted my hand
today

and this headache

from morning
to early
afternoon

it's how it is

a fly kept me company

the light eating giant

at 3 pm
it drowned itself
in my coffee

*grows bigger
t'wards winter*

along
with the wind

*it has been here
all along*

the hamster of autumn

the unending

gnawing at
the days'
end

*of everything
ending*

he watched
the skin

"you're not halal"
the youngster yells

fall off
people

flushing gangster gear
and selling dope -
(but it's to infidels, so ...)

till it became
shamefull

October gets into gear

it's a tree

*I have walls
and floors*

and
it's
get
ting

to kiss ...

more
and
more
naked

*oh, and raindrops
to count*



my hands
are doing
their thing(s)

I heard that!

I stay in bed

*something creaked
(or squeaked or screeched)*

for another hour

*by autumn
e q u i n o x*

a sleeping
(and ghostly white)
first
finger

every now and then

the autumn sun
exposes

*a stream tires
of flowing*

my realm
of dust

*and tries to announce
the age of stones*

halfways
and a bit
(the usual
erroneous
perception)
now

cutting up an Atlas

the night train becomes

really makes

an allegory
carrying
blue faces

no difference

flesh
of
their
flesh

this might be

I age with them

*the last night
this year*

though
on a
distance

for bare feet

November
begins

in an Arabian desert

with a sad
excuse

a boy's name wanders

for daylight

lonely

(I'd mention
the dwindling
light again
but...)

Ich habe Genug ...
(for bass voice)

in from the rain

I could easily imagine

an
un
invited
lacewing
dies

a bj in that car



The publication of Johannes S. H. Bjerg *Parallels* marks a watershed in the history of the development of haiku related arts. He's created an entirely new form for the genre, one that plays like wind-chimes. The haiku do not restrict themselves to three lines and are arranged side by side, so that the poems can be read vertically (more literal) in two columns as two separate poems or horizontally (which gives another yet grafted meaning) and allows them to be read as one poem. The book contains some of the most moving poems I have read in the genre or in any genre or modern poetry, for that matter. Don't miss the opportunity to read this book. It will delight and amaze you.

Jack Galmitz, acclaimed haijin and poet, critic and writer.



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poetry/
short-verse