



Excerpts from "Bridge Over Deep Ditch", poems written in Ubud Nov 05 - Jan 06

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Near old master Gusti Nyoman Lempad's house
Gusti's Pizza Delivery

So contrary to western art:
no vacant space, no omits
in physical meaning
but a vast surface for dreams

wait for knowledge
when searching has ceased
Wait for searching
when knowledge has ceased
These conditions / moments

Dream Dialogue with Pinter
(on the balcony in the dark
while the toads yell in the ricefield)

Walk around inside
on the inside
where nobody is
except a loaded room
trembling with dreams

an endless Coffeeshop Relax
without soporific joints
so calm
so clear-sightedly
a warm hallucination
white faces go red in the sun
same color change happens
with their thoughts



empty cans rattling over ricefield
attached to bamboo sticks
linked with laces
Somebody pulls these laces
an bawls
The poor birds disappear
into space
in flocks and separately

The eye heals itself
when it has pondered upon its injury
Slowly it turns halfblindness
to fullmoonsight
the stains become signs
you could not read
before injury

No retreat from Consciousness
You become 70, 80, 90
Always rebel
Out of the cold shower of the enemy
you extract warm rays
to their eternal mortification

Natty pastilles
hardly possible to suck
But vague taste of olives
and tree
spring up like vapour
in the palate of oblivion

The flight of steps in the dark
The flying termites swarm
around the lanterns of glass
We walk in labyrinths
through whizzing vegetation

The smoke under the umbrella
the words



Did you find the green lagoon?
And what did it give you
that is better than your own lagoon
the uncolored?

Be what you are in every moment
"Approve of the situation"
not militarically but philosophically
Of course I learnt this early
under constraint
Now I practice it by habit
and voluntarily

Since I ate that fruit I can write
The Portrait of Durian Gray
or The Phantom of Sensual Pleasure Walks Through Me
as if everything only is about
making texts
Erotics become the servant of texts

From the beginning the "slave" of words
later of meanings
later of contexts
It could have been another way
or many other ways
but I don't know what they would have looked like

Maybe I could have sat like a knocked about boxer
turning over the leaves of old fight reports
or a trapeze artist degraded
to circus ring sweeper
or alcoholic journalist
pricked all over by lost courage

Go out of your life
Go into it again
Away and home I am all the same
like two rooms with no wall between



The inner eye heals the outer
The secret:
the purple interspace of the clouds
and the art of shutting one's eyes without fear
The self-healing
that only you yourself
can take out a patent for

The steadiness of thought is playful
and if it is not it decomposes
to floury temple ruins

labyrinths inside labyrinths inside labyrinths
limiting unlimiting
you know where you put your feet
but never where you put your thoughts
they move freely inside the spiral of freedom

and suddenly it is morning again
for you and humanity