Poetry Series

oskar hansen

- poems -

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…and it was Her Summer

…And It Was Her Summer

"Go back to the children's home, she said I have no work and can't afford to keep you" Late June afternoon she sat on a bench with a man I didn't know. The man smiled I didn't like him, but took the coins he gave me to buy an ice –cream for; I was still hanging about so mother got up and slapped me across the face. "Get lost you stupid boy! " My face was burning I threw the coins into the lake and ran away. When I stopped running it was night and I could see sheep in a field, I was tired and cold, thought of seeking shelter in a little wooden church, but it smelt of fear and I thought of ghosts, so I walked on till I came to a workman's hut near the road, it was easy to get in; here the smell was of coffee, and kind men in overalls, perhaps one of them were my father? It was morning and warm sunlight when they came, they were not angry, but gave me milk and bread and showed me the quickest way to get home. The sky that day was enormous and from a hill I looked down to the town, I could see the school building it must have been early, no children in the yard; but I just sat there and could not understand why my mother didn't want to se me.

oskar hansen

...and sweet was my love

….And Sweet was My Love

I had met her in the town where I went to school,
about an hour train ride from my town. She was
very sweet and I had met her parents they lived in
a big house that had a bathroom, a novelty for me,
mind I used the public baths near my home.

A Saturday she came to visit my mother, who
didn’t say much, it was like she was feeling shy,
and didn’t offer us anything to eat, my girlfriend
and I went to the movie and when we came back
mother had gone to bed and left us to it.

I had to tell my girl that the sofa we sat on, was
my bed and that I used a sleeping bag; however
we had a spare woolly blanket, I put it over us
to keep warm. Side by side, if not by Sondheim,
we cuddled and fell youthfully asleep.

We awoke early I took her down to the railway
station so she could use its facilities, we also
breakfasted there, in silence, I had realised how
poor I was, she was shocked and wanted to go
home, and thus, forlornly a love affair ended.
.

oskar hansen

25th of december

“25th of December

It’s been raining for days, fine drizzle not caused by tempest but
by a mild depression, liquid silk that gives soil time to soak it up
before it runs into rivers and brooks and disappears back into
the sea. The rain falls on the old roof tiles and gives off a soothing
sound a promise, come spring the plants will be stronger and
flowers richer in colour and profusion than the year before.

Grass grows quickly in the mizzle I stroke the mule’s flank it doesn’t
mind being wet but keeps on munching on succulent feed. It is when
the westerly blows it seeks shelter under a carob tree or comes up
to the houses to be stabled. The dog awakes she wants to go out,
I put a raincoat on, we follow the lane till she has had enough and
wants to go back to her place by the fire.

oskar hansen

4 haiku

Senryu

As quiet rain fell.
In a pond ringed by quartz,
A modest swan swam

Senryu

A pale human swan,
Love poems and vitamin pills,
Sighs under eiderdown

Senryu

A moody cygnet,
In the calm river Avon,
Wants to be a tern.

Senryu

Like a wingless tern
A becalmed a schooner sways
In the bay of Bombay

(Ps. Tern is also a three masted schooner)

oskar hansen

a belly full

A Belly Full

Christmas Eve, festive shop windows
cast glee on sleet, huddled in a doorway
as seeking the fading warmth of people
in a hurry to get home, an old man sits,
looks a window display of phony happy
Santa Clauses.

Tomorrow they'll be brought down to
a dank crypt, oddly smile in darkness
with rats nesting in their vacant bellies,
while he- the real one- will carry on as
the town's longest living drunk for one
more year.

oskar hansen

a christmas tale

Meat is Meat (a christmas tale)

Santa came running up the road his coat was open
exposing a hairy belly, arms full of parcels, asked
me if I was a vet, because Rudolf had broken its leg.
Told him I was a destroyer of Christmas, took delight
telling children that Santa was their own uncle Ted)
every child got an uncle Ted) but was willing this once
to help him out. I called a Lapland friend, who has
a herd of reindeer lives in a tent and is dressed for
year long winters, he gave us a reindeer for free as
he too was a sentimental fool and had eight children.
Problem solved, but what about Rudolf? We sent him
to an abattoir where he was humanly slaughtered,
(humanly, means he was shot through its head when
eating carrots) as a reindeer is too cute to eat its flesh
was sold as veal, which is meat of doe eyed calves.

oskar hansen

a cigarette

A Cigarette

Dawn, yes and the mist, what else do you
expect on lake Martin early and summer?
Swamp cypress dripping with Spanish moss.
I have stopped rowing, water swirling around
Oar blades, the silence is absolute I dare not
Inhale, a bird shrieks, the lake shudders
An evil thought has entered Paradise, I hear
The faint noise of outboard motors,
The moment of ethereal stillness has gone,
I lit a cigarette inhale deeply, exhale and blow
Rings a pure delight into morning air.

oskar hansen

a housewife in alexandria

A housewife in Alexandria.

The woman in Alexandria Egypt in her black chador
which mercifully hides a thin, body, lines up outside
a bakery she has walked six miles to buy bread for
the day. Her body could have fitted a Dior's creation
snugly but as it is she has to haste home and feed
her children. She has been to the fruit market too
where rib cage showing mules with open sores wait,
their starvation have lasted so long that they are no
longer hungry but eat when fed. A rich woman, who
has never felt the pang of hunger, tells mule drivers
off for not taking care of their beasts and dispenses
salve on animals' sores. The woman, with a model's
body, is poor and blind to this, empathy with animals
are for the wealthy, those with time to care.

oskar hansen

a landscape

A Landscape

Here in this landscape of bushes and crippled
trees, silence speaks of the final peace.
Grotesque dead trees, daylight ghosts, stand there
with grey boughs stretching upward appealing
to a fairytale god, “give us today a new life” but
no, there is only one god he is almighty, and hears
not your fearful whispered wishes, those who do
not understand are doomed to a life of an empty
pursuit for pleasures, crowding nightclubs and
casinos trying to avoid being alone with the night
and facing the truth: we are mortal and heaven is
to be remembered for a while by other mortals.
Faces in a black frame seeing you seeing through
you and into a void. Yet I fear not this landscape as
it is shunned by man and no harm can happen to me
here except the inevitable

oskar hansen

a litre of wine

A litre of wine

The wine in the glass is full the red liquid arches the slightest
movement and it will spill over and run down the stem like
a bleeding stomach wound trickling down a petrified leg.
I bent down and inhaled the wine no spillage and I wondered
why it is so many people, in fact more and more drink beer
that is no longer a natural brew is it because we are no longer
a part of nature and seek and feel more at ease with man made
products and we will soon have a diet that fits with the work
we are doing, say if you want a double cheeseburger with fries
you first have to work shuffling coal for twelve hours,

but if you only want to sit writing a simple poem about
the country side low fat yogurt for you; if you have written
the poem under the influence of a steak you will be censured,
made to walk in the park and tell everyone you’re a crock of
empty of gold empty of anything a modern society such as
networking banalities and get people to buy what they don’t
need; men get medals and titles for doing that. So what do
I care, but it annoys me that I end up buying a soap which
name I have seen on the television and smell like everybody
else, yeah…isn’t that just nice?

oskar hansen

a man's alexandria

A Man’s Alexandria

A woman came into the living room looking sideways
she brought ice cold beer and snacks, Alexandria, this
this was a modern Egyptian his waif’s face not covered
by a veil, the skin of her face was poke marked. I heard
voices in the kitchen it was of his daughters but I never
saw them, and that was ok, I do not know how to talk
to children. When we left the house they all had
disappeared into grey shadows, my Egyptian friend
shouted orders to no one in particular. Nightclub and
belly dancing, my friend disappeared with one of them,
I had been the stooge, but all bills had been paid, so ok.
Walked back to my ship alone, packs of docks along
the docks didn’t bother me; I had met a culture I didn’t
understand my Egyptian friend said that he didn’t had any
children since he didn’t have sons.

oskar hansen

a nice middle class family

A Nice Middle-Class Family

I know the guy, who planned the Lisbon Metro,
he’s French, called Pierre and has a red beard,
the only famous man I know. He lives in a posh
part of Paris, his wife paints livid pictures, lots of
ruby, I wonder why, as nothing in Europe can be
more worthy than the French bourgeoisie.

Two pleasant daughters and a splendid son too
all firmly educated, they can play piano and sing.
His girls are married to young, simple men from
the cultured field of soft carpets and commerce.
They will do well, but not as ably as their father
who helped construct the great Lisbon Metro.

oskar hansen

a night to remember

A Night to Remember.

It is cold here in this room that has wall paper
With faded roses on, which absorb the light.
From a 40 watt bulb stuck naked and hanging
On a thin rubber encased electric wire.
Too dark to read too early for a bed that doesn’t
Look inviting, I wonder who many losers
Have been trying to find sleep looking up to
Silence and asking the same question: “how
Could it come to this? ” I sit on a chair and look
Out of the window, dark shadows move some
With haste in the hope of getting away from,
Here, but they have yet to formulate, to where?
On a ship of dreams I sail, at dawn ice crystals
Glitters on the window pane and tell of hope.

oskar hansen

a phone call

The Phone Call

Phone rings I finally answer, it’s my daughter she wants to come home. “Where are you ringing from? I ask she doesn’t know. Tell her I have no home only phone that works in all weather, “I gave you all my money and I sold my house so you could become a doctor.” But dear dad I’m a dancer now in a country I don’t know the name of, only that people talk funny and cry a lot when drunk.” Since we didn’t know where we are, agree to meet in Tirana but, she doesn’t know when she’ll be there, I don’t know when I’ll be going there. Dreams of becoming middle class through my daughter has vanished. Where is Tirana? Anyone?

oskar hansen

a poem

Poem

Mighty Amazon flood
Flows strongly towards the sea
Pauses by the delta
But now it is all too late
Reduced to melancholy
Sweet water blending with sea
And history is forgotten

oskar hansen

a shanty

A Shanty.

I will walk to where the open mass grave of
bleached sandstones is, the grave is flanked
by sober olive trees, which have silvery leaves
and in the breeze remind me of the Black Sea.

I was on tank-ships walked on iron decks and
dreamt of sandy beaches, when ship docked
miles of pipes and oil refineries was on offer,
and lights of cities were always too far away.

Badly paid and far from home this was not
a song of a "Youngman Jansen's life; a loss
of time if you ask me. The slam of an engine
door a watch over, the sea was isolation.

Ashore together fearful of wolves that circled
us looking for the weakest in the flock, drink
up it's midnight the last launch back to our ship
in the bay is leaving now, yes, lost was time.

Deep shadows in the vale trees are green again
as breeze dies, I'll leave my past where it belongs
in the cupboard of the forgettable, I'm free now
and no longer a prisoner of the sea.

oskar hansen

a sigh (tanka)

A Sigh (Tanka)

A cape made of wool
Not for elegance but warmth
Oscar Wilde frowns
Woolly socks and winter boots
I`m a jobbing poet

The economy (Tanka)

As markets pick up
Petrol prizes are going up
Many cars are sold
New and bigger airports built
Global warming, be damned.

oskar hansen

a sonnet (San suu kyu)

A Sonnet (San Suu Kyu)

Aung San Suu Kyu the fragrant daughter of a Burmese general is a scented lovely lady. Four years ago when she was 60 I wrote her a poem and it disappeared into the www. It's her dignity and silence I find compelling I wouldn't mind waking up in the morning and find her face on the pillow beside me. Yes, I know call me what ever you want, had she looked like Hillary Clinton, I would have protested against 18 month house arrest but my heart wouldn't have been involved; now I feel as I'm losing her forever and I will never meet her and and say the three words I have waited so long to say. She is a symbol of peace and democracy, ok so I leave the politics up to you, all I want her to do is to see me smile and recognize my love for her.

oskar hansen

a summer night

A Summer Night.

A Bergman movie had an old man running in
the hall senseless, gripped by an irrational fear
of death. I sat by the bed pearls of sweat ran
down my butter coloured body, summer, but
all can hear is the ticking of the kitchen clock,
to witness a day's passing gave me no pleasure
this insistent march towards timelessness and
there is nothing to hold on, a moment's respite,
or love to assuage the vortex's relentless terror.
Dog awakes, hears steps too light for my ears,
a night visitor and I'm alone and without a god.
No, not here, the cur loses interest goes back to
sleep. Night is an enemy; the shift is nearly over,
I walk out on the terrace and wait for the day.

oskar hansen

a truely norwegian poem

The Suitor

Uphill I walked it was still dark, had to be at
the farm a five, milking time. Hard westerly
wind makes the climb tough soon the cattle will
be mooing in their pens, the boss grumpy, I'm
hungry and no time to eat; milking eight cows
by hand is no joke. End of the last hill I see
the farm, there is light in the kitchen,

Emma, my dog, barks, stops when she hears my
steps, ten to five, morning light I stop and catch
my breath, they are not going to think that I was
hasting for them I'll have a quick mug of coffee
a slice of ham, just like any other day, they will
wonder and the maids whisper, but not ask where
and with whom, I spent the night.

oskar hansen

A VILLAGE

A Village in Iberia

Drove to the village where I was born, hadn't been there
for forty years, the lane was muddy and houses deserted;
this village had been abandoned long time ago; what was
I thinking of coming here? A tree had grown right through
our cottage, roof smashed now walls were tumbling down.
Puny human dwellings, here today and gone in less than
Ten decades, the tree seemed to say. What a nostalgic fool
I'm, this idea of returning, rebuild the old house and live
here in happy retirement.

This was no longer a village but a graveyard, houses were
tombstones of a past that had nothing to offer but poverty,
glassless window resembled crosses of a defunct faith.
I sat on a stone smoking a cigarette the aroma of wafted
through the drab silence, from behind a broken wall a dog
came, young, and it looked eerily like Stella the dog I loved
all those years ago, don't tell me she has waited for five
dog generations, to return from the wasteland of eternity
just for me?

"I'll call you Stella", I said and stroked the dog's head.
She knitted her brows together as to say, "What else? "
I opened the right hand car door, Stella jumped in like she
had done this a thousand time before, drove off and didn't
look back once, the only memory I needed of my childhood,
was alive and snoozing in the seat beside me.

oskar hansen

a village in Iberia

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oskar hansen

a way

A Way

I saw a narrow side road unused now but
scars from cartwheels are still visible. On
both sides' walls have partly fallen down,
no longer protecting or guarding anything,
obvious except, perhaps, memories; yet
the walls, with yellows spring flowers on
looked graceful as the easterly softly blew.

I followed the road, half an hour or so, till
it ended on a field of cardinal poppies and
Spanish bluebells. The road, pointless but
lucidly romantic, tells of a time gone by,
but whether it was a good or hard time it
stays quiet, leaves it up to me to make
sense of the past and remember it gently.
oskar hansen

acidic sea

The Acidic Sea

All those nice villas along the coast are empty safe for stray cats
and those too poor to live inlands, because the sea stinks like
bouillabaisse gone off. Marine life and sea plants have died out
too much acidity caused by industrial man, and now it is too late
to clean up the mess. Fish in tanks are guarded well and so dear
that only the very rich can afford to eat, say, bacalao; we have to
eat fishcakes that consists of ninety eight percent mashed potatoes,
the rest is cod skin. Cod liver oil is the cure all medicine, it’s very
expensive and only the well off can afford to buy it, and they,
the rich live years longer than the poor. This has raised concern
and social unrest, politicians on the left, insist the poor too has
the right to be given a teaspoon full every morning; mind there is
synthetic cod liver oil on the market, but it tastes awful. Seagulls
and terns have adopted well have earth hued feathers, sit in carob
trees, sharp eyed keep and eye for scarps of food and scare tiny
tots with their inane pirate shrieks. From safe distant, when wind
is calm, and on romantic, moonlit nights, the sea looks as beautiful
as described by marine biologists in fairytale books.

oskar hansen

african bee

The African Bee.

Yellow flowers in a ring protected by olive trees
no one knows their name I have to ask a botanist
for their Latin name. The dale side here has many
stone walls, tiny if seen from the moon overgrown
now those small plots of land yielding nothing but
poverty and deep seated resentment. The flowers
are not lilies, I can see that, it will soon be Easter
and the little church will be full of women, while
most men will hang about outside, near the bar,
white and yellow butterfly flies unsteadily around
in the wind and, and bumblebees drink from deep
red poppies. A swarm of killer bees fly by, I do not
speak or move till they are gone. My brother in law
Nené who live in Kinshasa, Congo, tells me that
the bees there live, exclusively, on orchid dew and
they are big as sparrows and can sting an elephant
till it dreams of yesterday, maybe it isn’t true but
I would not like to b stung by them. Now that the ice
on the poles melts will we see a fauna of rare flowers?
if so there must be bees there too and the friendly
bumblebee,

oskar hansen

after the wedding

After a Wedding

After the wedding when the happy couple
stood on the old church steps to have their
picture taken and a throng of people where
jousting to be in the frame too, I walked
around in the church and found in a corner
a white but dusty marble Virgin Mary.

Her eyes were demurely downcast: I said:
“We’re alone you can open your eyes now.”
Was it just my imagination, caused by my
longing to believe, that I saw an eyelid flutter
and a half smile play upon cold, dusty lips?
….Pale as limestone I rejoined the throng.

oskar hansen

ageless beauty

The Ageless Beauty

There is a mannequin,
in the dark corner of
the hall, showing off
a swimsuit 1950 style.

She is beautiful, in her
own eyes, which are
made of coloured glass
...sea green.

Dust on lips she doesn’t
care, not of the sultry
type, show no interest,
in sexual matters.

Spooks guests, when
they have gone she
smiles at her image
that is forever 1950.

oskar hansen

Angels too

Angels Too…

I didn’t believe it was possible, mind I had been away for some time, angles growing old? In the fair Faro, an old city in Algarve, Portugal she lives and used to be as blond and pure as the ones one sees in fairytale books, here where people are olive skinned and look Arabic- which make them kinder than peoples who live up north-. When she floated through my town in the afternoon, people lined streets in the hope that her smile would fall on them for luck, alas, no more. Grey haired now, wearing slippers, bunions give her great pain, she looks inwards which is a good thing as no one recognizes her anymore. Smiled to her and said halloo, that woke her up, she smiled back at me, yes, the same angle is still in there just harder to see; thus fortified by her glow I did my newspaper round.

oskar hansen

angola the African dream

Angola, the African Dream.

A box of photos, black & white and amber, under the old woman's bed, tell of young faces and success. Cars drive up and down an avenue called Liberty. Angola, even the most humble state functionary had a black servant. And the white people were deaf to the dark voices of independence.
The Portuguese settlers had been promised a land of plenty, and the local people would be their willing serfs. Foreign legion soldiers helped them flee the wrath of the exploited. Back in Portugal again, dipping their hands in manual work, the African dream was over.
Photos never tell a story it's a blank canvas made up of shadows and the unspoken. Memories will be sweet and often untrue.
People who had to return back to poverty, will insist they brought civilization to Angola, especially now that the avenue of Liberty, in Luanda, is potholed.

oskar hansen

april & Easter

April & Easter

Easter and April go together especially on a sunny day. The story of Jesus' death and resurrection is such a wonderful story and fits well where I walk amongst olive and almond trees. I enjoy the part when they found the grotto bare, only his shroud is there it ought to have been blood stained his body had not yet been oiled and perfumed. James, Jesus' brother who was going to take over the carpentry, had warned his older brother not to go too far with the elders, not go around saying he was god's son when everybody knew his father Joseph was a carpenter. Adultery was a stoning offence in those days, and also, it made Maria blush with embarrassment; but she loved Jesus, the first born followed him around and saw to it that he had a bath and a clean burnoose. Where I grew up the sky was vast in April and once I saw a man, in a white suit, disappearing as he walked along a long, empty road. My father had once been a seafarer and had bought a white suit in Panama, but why was he walking away from me? I cycled along the road to catch up with the man in white. Was it my father or Jesus I had hoped to see? The sun hangs low now it is getting colder and the shadow of the carob tree, where I often sit unseen and dream, is loosening its spell on me.

oskar hansen

as days get shorter

As Days Get Shorter.

The sunny fall is now dry, hard winter
on the avenue trees stand denuded
while their offspring the leaves, rustles
up and down the street, filling up storm
drains and sighing as they dance with
a lackluster zephyr, not yet ready to
merge into dark soil; tawny and auburn,
I look at my hands, not there yet.

Few birds in trees they have gone to
Africa, which is not far from where
I live…for a bird, they spend nights in
the avenue's trees, safer there than on
the country side; seen as vermin when
there are too many, too few and bird
lovers and other weird people, worry
if birds of prey will survive.

I look up to the sky it is cold and azure
but I see the shimmer, not a sharp eyed
sparrow hawk or an eagle, but of a much
bigger wing span, something is keeping
an eye on me, but I wag a finger, bravely
smile and say: "no thanks, my hands are
not like leaves yet. And as street- lights are
lit the day flawlessly glides into twilight.

oskar hansen

assassination?

Assassination?

The country lane I walked on twisted and turned I didn't
know what next to see after a new bend, I like it so a straight
road, one I see till it disappears into blue yonder, is scary
fear I will not reach its end. People came walking up behind
me, I stood aside and took my cap off; it was the lady, I had
seen jogging on this road, strolling along with a tall, dark man,
in his shadow she looked timid and insignificant, with a smile
glued firmly on her red lips, this gave a hint of deep sadness,
that of one who had lost the highest office in modern time.
A step or so behind them, ambled another man, with a fun sign
on his back that read: " We have suffered now it is our turn to
dish it out, kick me if you dare." I heard the cough of a colt
forty-five, and the tall shadow fell to the ground, the fixed
smile stood motionless in the baffling glare of the midday sun,
the man, with amusing sign, had run into the bushes; smoke
spiralled from his hand, a cigar? Sky darkened, thousands of
war planes loaded with smart, cluster, bunker busting, stupid
and sweet, looking bombs for any surviving children of
the catastrophe that was about to befall their country.

oskar hansen

assertiveness

Assertiveness

It is very hot I have switched off the air-condition and
opened up windows, it is supposed to be hot in July.
I hadn’t wanted to buy air- cooling in the first place,
I’m too placid and get swayed to do the wrong things.
I sit on the terrace on the terrace, in a plastic chair
that is easy to move around I used to have had a chair
of real wood before I liked more, but it was given to
someone poor; I think about it and get upset I ought
to put my foot down and say: No. Summers past I sat
in my heavy timber chair and smoked my cigarettes,
the burn kept mosquitoes away, now it is frown upon
and I dastardly I quit, but I do have a packet of fags in
the drawers; maybe one day, if I get pissed off enough
by the virtuous, I’ll lit up and enjoy my august nights.

oskar hansen

august mood

August Mood

Rumours has it that she has died and
I have not the courage to go find out.
What I remember of her goes back
fifteen years and the world is no longer
the same; especially not here, in this
transient tourist place, where no one is
remembered long and misfits settle till
they find this place is no paradise and
seek other shores for their impossible
dreams. I will rest easy in my cowardice
and do nothing. but remember her and
a summer of yore.

oskar hansen

august night

August Night

Black, starless late August sky, a sliver of moon, golden scythe mowing down the old, harvest time. They had forgotten to close windows and chill will settle in old lungs, spitting of blood.

Church bells toll the day is hot and gives nothing away, the old priest is still on holiday, the new one is clumsy, hasn’t had a bath and a shave for days; unspoken murmur of discontent.

The cleric sweats, there is a smell of brandy, one of the church’s rejects? But they do take care of their own. This isn’t swine flu, nothing to report, just old people dying as they must.

oskar hansen

autumnal aura

Autumnal Aura

The fall month of October, in upper Algarve,
is still warm but with cooling evenings and
sunlight begins to fade earlier every day.
The sky is still blue, if paler than yesterday's
and has white strands of clouds near its
horizon. Windless is this day but birds on
the roof, have left their nests flown south,
Africa I think, for a few month. They will be
back in March have their chicks and make
a lot of noise. The man from the forest has
delivered winter wood, wrote him a check,
gave him a whisky; so I'm ready for winter
but secretly wish these peaceful days will
stretch well into November.

oskar hansen

autumnal sunday

Autumnal Sunday

Rain, it is October the month of melancholy
and you know that the blue sky and sun of
yesterday was just another foolish illusion
the cock didn’t crow this morning and dogs
ears didn’t move when a stranger’s voice
echoed in narrow streets, they knew it was
the voice of doom;

the harvester had arrived in coming month
the old would succumb to the damp breath
of death; not too many tears shed, faces in
a black frame, yes, that’s the way it is we
understand death if not our own. Dogs need
not be told, they snooze sure they are own
their own immortality

oskar hansen

barefoot in the sand

Barefoot in the Sand

The beach, I used to walk here often years ago with
my dog- the dog is now dead and it is against the law
for animals to be on beaches- except for seabirds,
only because it isn't practical to ban them, looks clean
and raked most of it is fenced in and belong to some
hotels. The bathing season hasn't started I ignore signs
telling me I shouldn't be here, ignore too a spy camera
mounted on a concrete pole. Ok, I'm too old to make
love in the sand, but I feel sorry for people who can
but are spied on and arrested for enjoying themselves.
Where sea washes sand it is easy to walk I turn and see
my footsteps erased by lazy ripples, it is like I never was
here, and I miss my dog. I will not be back here again
before the fall when the season is over, perhaps by then
there will be barbed wire and armed guards to stop me
seeing the sea I used to know so well.

oskar hansen

bird watching

Bird Watching

Two sparrows, on roof of my car, noisily chirped, five
more sparrows came, tweeted too and showed no debate
culture, then they flew off and left the couple to it.
One, the male, I think, flew off and left, I assume, her
alone; not for long, he came back peeped and left again;
did this three times, finally she flew off with him, but
she deeply sighed. A drama had passed, that I had seen
and judged with a human’s limited understanding of
the life of other spices. Bird dropping on the car roof,
I had witnessed a love story, good as any seen on TV,
and as afternoon soaps must, had ended blissfully.

oskar hansen

blank decency

Blank Decency

The capital of Norway, Oslo, has well lit
clean streets swept clear of humanity;
you'll see clusters of people here and there
sat inside plastic tents- pavement cafes-
smoking tobacco. And now that it's illegal
to buy sex too, streets will be cleaner then
before. If a consumer of bought of sex
thinks he can go abroad and buy it he will,
if found out, be prosecuted.

There are still cars driving around these
empty streets, to get rid of them it might
be an idea to ban the purchase of petrol;
a car free city, something to boast about,
tourists come and puff virtuous Oslo air.
Those who miss driving can when in, say,
Bangkok on vacation, rent a coupé for
the duration, but remember credit card
purchases can be traced.

oskar hansen

bleak coast

Bleak Coast

On a sea that is a clear green mirror the ship sails past
sandy shore on a day the fierce wind that always rules
this shore has taken has taken a day off. Harmony and
silence the sun has taken on an African hue, burning
Nordic skin brown; a day dream perhaps, can a land so
cold and remote be so sultry beautiful, dress up like
a Mediterranean tart attracting tourists by the scores
to swim in her tepid embrace?

A sudden shadow casts a net the unseen's rest is over,
the sea's skin cringes, heaves and slaps the shore in
a triple salty spray. Freedom, a dream; endless wind is
back the cruel ruler of land and sea, the shoreline is
misery as are the round shouldered, windblown people
who makes a living tilling unwilling soil to produce pale
carrots, small potatoes and white, hard cabbage which
they eat with sour milk and many prayers.

oskar hansen

blowing in the wind

Blowing in the Wind

Wild oats and thistles covered the track swiping at my legs
as a punishment for old sins I thought safely forgotten in
the misty dale that makes wars look romantic adventures
that separated men from boys where trespasses are buried
under flowers and manly never referred to unless you are
A soppy fool who betrays old soldiers' secrets.
The cottage was still there but trees around it had grown so
big it could not be seen from the road; the door was easy to
open windows had layers of spiders' webs as curtains made
the room shady in the noon heat. In intense silence the past
came thundering alive, so many grave not visited and tears
of those betrayed ran down my cheeks, a lake of clarity,
a mirror I couldn't run away from I punched the stone wall,
bloody knuckles I had spilt much blood, never my own,
I savoured the pain, stood on an ancient table threw a rope
over a beam, when my dog barked wanted to come in from
the noon heat…At ease now I walked back to the road and
behind me a hangman's noose gently swayed.

oskar hansen

broken window

Broken Window

"Stand aside, the shop keeper impolitely said,
paying customer first." Mother and I stood aside
and waited it took long busy now before Yule,
she had a card from the social to purchase boots
and jumpers and I was getting fidgety and upset.

Finally we got our stuff in a brown paper bag,
time was hard fancy papers was for those who
had money. I was seven but the humiliation was
gnawing a big hole in my guts, mother said:
"Beggars can be choosers" I was silent.

The local paper reported about a broken shop
window, oddly nothing was stolen, I smiled
proud of my mother, she had a job nearby
cleaning the office of a tropical fruit importer,
in a good mood now she smoked a cigarette.

oskar hansen

brook of reflection

The Brook Of Reflection

A thought, striking as a rare butterfly, sat on a twig
tried to catch it but in my hand it turned into fluff,
and I can no longer remember which colour it had.

The thought was a river I cupped my hands tried to
catch some wisdom, stem its flow and turn it into
a poem that flies like a butterfly

The rich are seen as successful and say banal things,
newspapers print their moth eaten views, we read
and thoughtlessly nod; so find me a new river then.

I wait for another thought, one that floats, like leaf of
fall in a brook, and tells of eternal truths that are as
beautiful as rare butterflies

oskar hansen

brotherly love

Brotherly Love

My brother, who worked at a coal mine, came for a visit;
he is a man easily prone to bitterness, his lack of funds is
blamed on the Jews he claimed controls world's banking
system. From a black, star absent heaven, a biblical bolt of
lightning struck my olive tree, which was so painful that it
shed tears of pure diamonds. We put them in a carrier bag
and planned what to do next day. When I awoke he had
gone, flown to Rotterdam, they said at the airport; I guessed
he was selling his loot to men in black suits, ditto hats and
beards. My brother now lives in luxury in Genève he hates
the lazy working class says socialism will destroy the world.

oskar hansen

bus 8

Bus 8

On the bus 8, to Garston I met my future wife I was going
to meet someone at the British Legion there, something
about a job on a ship. At an outdoor we bought cans of
coke and also bottle of rum, the job thing was forgotten
I thought she was the most understanding woman I had
ever met. A fortnight later we got married, people I didn't
like much, brothers in laws, came to our reception.

Dreams never last, like a worker's money, woke up one
morning; no smell of coffee from downstairs she had gone
out and left a note: "Get a Job! " Took a bus to Albert Dock,
a ship there, going to Murmansk, needed a cook I didn't
hesitate, signed on, every morning made my own coffee
and everyone else's. I would still like to know if she, when
coming back from Garston's shopping centre, missed me.

oskar hansen

cabin fever

Cabin Fever.

The firewood in the hearth hiss and smoke
refuse to burn bright, these limbs of a giant
will not heat my cabin this winter evening.
I must have done something wrong, don’t
know what. I have doused the flaccid limbs
with alcohol, drank some too, now the fire
is burning bright with an inner ice blue tint.
From the floor looking up I see the roof is
on fire. Someone knocks on my door, I’m
a pirate burning my ship, there is rum for
everyone; for the dreary I’ve diet coke and
for the loony there is low fat yogurt.

oskar hansen

camera angle

Camera Angle

We have
been
to Rome,
look here’s
a photo of
St. Petersburg’s
square.
Isn’t that’s
in Russia?
Is it?
Sorry,
we have
travelled
all over
Europe
been so
busy taking
pictures,
never had
time
to see
a thing.

oskar hansen

chains

In Chains

In the valley where I live there are no elephants
and that’s sad for the children who have to go
indoors and watch a wildlife program on TV to
see one of those magnificent creatures.

My valley is far from Africa and is full of olive,
lemon and almond trees that make the landscape
look like its been painted by Van Gogh, friendly
mules too lend ambience, but sadly no elephants.

Saw an elephant, once, at a fair it was chained to
rusty iron looked forlorn gloomy eyes that often
cried but it had resigned to its fate, that was a sad
sight to see an animal robbed of its natural dignity.

oskar hansen

collective punishment

Collective Punishment

A bird farmer had a stroke, paralyzed saw
himself being watched by a Plymouth hen,
it sat on the sill moving its head sideways
as birds tend to do. When satisfied that
the man was lame it jumped on to his bed,
pecked and slurped up his eyes like they
should be soft boiled eggs, then left.

The farmer lived, but since he could not
see or find the eye eater, he ordered all
birds and their eggs destroyed, and hen
houses bulldozed; alas, a few birds escaped.
The farmer planted sunflower on his land,
the survivors thrive at the edge of it, one
of them is a big, red Plymouth hen.

oskar hansen

country road

A Country Road

I sat on the milk-ramp by a road that had
yet to be covered in black, weird asphalt.
Sunday, the sky was eternally blue, could
when I stood up just, see the ocean it was
azure too. Fed up now, but I didn’t want
to leave before I had seen a drifting cloud
across the immaculate sky.

Saw a tall-ship cross the sea; for a time
it balanced on the horizon, sailed upside
down till it sank into a void. Fell asleep,
awoke just as the sun disappeared too;
a car stopped, driver offered me a lift,
but I imperially waved him off, wanted
to keep my reveries a little longer.

oskar hansen

cultivated is my valley

Cultivated Is My Valley

Peaceful is the landscape and the lane that meanders
amongst olive trees, stone walls neatly divide the land
a bit for everyone, but not enough to make you rich.
Here dogs only bark at night have cowardly, yellow eyes
there is no wolf left in these subjugated canines.
In Stockholm when spring comes ice shards fall off roof
tops, split brains in half, gore on snow. On paradise
islands too one has to look out for falling coco- nuts
they can so easily kill a man; but here, in my valley, only
petals of the almond tree flower fall.

Birdsongs and breeze that caresses olive trees, now that's
peace, ok, so should I not be happy as I contemplate
a carob tree? I see a woman bending down, weeding her
potato field, clouds on the sky are as soft as the mustachio
on a Romanian girl's upper lip. All this herald peace so
why shouldn't I be happy, when seeing a flock of cows
with full udders ready to be milked at five? Yet I dream of
galloping horses on the pampas of Argentine, flying mane,
flaring nostrils. This place I tell myself lacks passion, it's
too tame, or is it me that has been restrained by age?

oskar hansen

cylindrical mirrors

Cylindrical Mirrors

Crossing the raven waters of a deep fiord
he saw a light and fell into a dream, woke
up on a strand that had bleached sand, sun
and turquoise sea, knew he had been given
a second chance.

He looked in the mirror had not aged at
all and wondered if there was a painting
hidden in some dusty attic, he smiled just
kidding, but his image didn’t smile there
was too much to remember.

Last year he went back to the small town
where the fiord arm ends in five rivers,
people there had never heard of him, it was
so long ago, no memory of him existed in
anyone’s mind, as he had never existed.

The future had arrived yesterday, nothing
for him to worry about, as clear, warm light
cascaded through the window; he lived in
a handcrafted kaleidoscope, an optical toy,
yet he was free of false illusions.

oskar hansen

dance nocturne

Dance Nocturne

August night is an abyss hotter than the day
and the wind that blows was born in hell.
From open windows and their dark interiors
the primal scream of lovemaking,
wriggling bodies trying to produce a child
that like them soon will die, but first it has to
go to the ritual called love, which is but a primitive
urge to copulate the planting of a seed before
sinking back underground, spent, forgotten in
mass graves of boredom, decorated with flowers
that radiates deaths to come.
The Tasmanian tiger howls to the moon and
forever vanishes into an ancient forest while werewolves
sway to a Mexican dirge.

oskar hansen

daybreak song

Daybreak Song

Soon it will be morning and I can’t have drink
only rummies drink in the morning.
But I have a fear inside me that will not go away
and I know all the smart people will say something
like; “face the truth, ” but not saying what that
truth is. And if you are impolite and ask them
they waffle about their childhood and you can see
they are not being honest. Now I have a watch
on my arm, I never had a wrist watch before but
the woman I live with bought me one as it would be
good for my self respect, like I should go around
hating myself. On the terrace I can see a new day is
about to break, I do not like the idea of that, but
will not worry about it I will simply postpone my
dreams and sleep till sunlight hits my face and
I know it will be ten in the morning and I can´t have
a drink unless I’m a rummy.

oskar hansen

death of a dog

http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=PTXXIvQpd5s

oskar hansen

Death of an author

The Death of an Author

John Updike is dead, can’t say I know much about him
I may have read one or two of his books but he didn’t
leave a lasting impression as Hemingway did.

One of my neighbours has died too, I saw him every
day walking past my house with his old dog and a basket
in his left arm, with wine and a bit to eat.

He was going to his little field, doing some weeding but
mostly just drinking looking at the way birds flew, patting
his dog’s head and snoring gently under of a tree.

There was something about his eyes, like some inner
suffering had made him look holy, say, as an idealized
picture of Jesus on the cross.

I’m going to his funeral tomorrow morning, at 67 he was
bit young for death I thought, a new face will come and
take his place; but who is going to look after his old dog?

oskar hansen

death of peter pan

The Death of Peter Pan

Peter Pan used to be black, he could sing and dance
and make jazz hands. He was so good that it made
sense to make him white, the world embraced him.
Everyone had a stake in him as he was transformed
into a pale ghost with a plastic nose, no one laughed
too much money at stake. Peter Pan liked children
too much for normal society to tolerate, but money
smoothed the way, but do not do it again.

Peter Pan was fragile doctors were always at hand to
give him injections that lifted his spirit and made him
feel good, and he needed more of it now that he was
middle aged, yet trying to look fourteen. His handlers
thought there was more money to wring out of his
tortured body. One, two, three, Peter couldn’t breath
collapsed in heap, and that’s a pity now that USA has
a black president and he could be himself again.

oskar hansen

dreams and Florida oranges

http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=WsnBsvfSao4

oskar hansen

drumbeat of war

The Drum Beat of War.

Smoke came from the mountain pass troops marched to the border, general mobilizing declared, the old spoke of wars of yore the young stopped slouching and looked around for the enemy. Ministers and king wore uniform, laws were passed against a fifth columnists and against anyone who had a different opinion than the norm; although many were arrested no one was tried. War cry had brought order from the chaos of democratic peace.

The jingoistic fever lasted all summer a good time for marching and military parades, women wore flowers in their hair ready to kiss loved ones goodbye. Fall rain, the north-westerly blew cold and war didn’t happen, leaders congratulated themselves for winning the peace, and as big snowflakes slowly fell so did our realisation that we open eyed had marched into an open prison and could no longer travel anywhere, in our country, without a passport.

oskar hansen

earthquake

Earthquake in Haiti

The corpses look like they have been flung down from the sky, rejected by god for being too poor. Broken limbs and stillness in the dust. There is a groundswell of a cry, a primitive anger that has nowhere to go, but inwards eating the victims of injustice like a virulent cancer. We are religious people who do our Ave Marias and voodoo on the side. We pray to god and saints, so why this devastation? Long deep trenches, a place for obese bodies, many with hands stretching skywards as asking why did you forsake us? And as always the heaven is silent, yet in the absence of hope and the rumor of an angel is walking amongst the poor blessing them, there is hope. But more body fall, rejected by the heaven; and our bishop is dead too. The cry of anguish will tear us apart till we lose our reason, sink to our knees and pray to a god that knows no mercy; as cadavers keep falling from an indifferent sky.

oskar hansen

end of line

End of the Line

Old man, yes, you who walk near the houses on the pavement down the street using a cane, is there something wrong with your hips? Hey! Old man when you see a group of youngsters standing by the corner you feel fear, and if they make fun of the way you walk you pretend not to hear only try to walk faster. It didn’t used to be like this you looked the world in the eye as you broad shouldered swaggered down the street of life, no one dared to challenge you then; you didn’t know it was going to end like this. Hey! Old man your life is behind you and your future is the grave, and your walk often takes you to the cemetery where you often go and read the names of people you used to know. You live in pain- tell me way- most of the time, watch irrelevant news TV, while drinking a little whisky. Every Saturday you go the café and drink beer with other old men, only there are so few of them now. Hey! Old man with a foot in the grave, in your dream you are still virile and when you wake up you feel young until you see the cane or your face in the unforgiving mirror. Yet you go on living your loveless life in the hope of seeing another spring and see the blossoming of the almond tree.

oskar hansen

envy

The Envy

They do not pay me well, in this café, where
I work, so I take a little food home and drink
a little wine, when I can, because all the chefs
I read about make much more money than me.

When a big shot, in the world of finance, gets
paid a million in bonus, he takes it but grumble
for in his circle, he knows no one who are paid
less then this, but many who are paid more

When I get my pension after cooking food for
fifty years, it will not be much and I know of
no one who get less than me, but plenty who
receive much more and that makes me bitter.

But it’s sweet to know that those who make
more money than me are rancorous too ‘cause
they know of many very rich people who have
much more money than they have.

oskar hansen

epigram

Epigram

All dolls are equal, but some are
better dressed than others; yet
they all end up- utterly forlorn-
in a cardboard box, on the attic.

oskar hansen

erection

Erection

August heat I sent in a comment to an article in the Guardian,
dislike many of their readers, but it is a good paper, even if it
tends to lose its nerves and waffle a bit when the pressure is on.
I look to see if anything is written about lack of erection, not long
ago my member could carry a beach towel, a party trick for one
witness, now it will not even carry a paper napkin. I could write
and ask the woman who is married to a comedian and has a sexual
healing column in the Guardian, only I don`t like her much I think
she’s fraud; and the comedian she married stop being funny after
he dastardly divorced his first wife and married her. When working
class people are successful they tend to marry “up” that is because
they meet lots of new and well spoken people, who flatter them,
but they are wrong they will be sandpapered down lose their strength
to suit the middle class taste; rich they will be, so who cares?

oskar hansen

eternal screen

Eternal Screen

It`s too hot to go for a walk, I stare at a blank screen
Its afternoon, in my cabin and silence is intrusive,
a low one toned hum of doom.

Intense white screen, but when looking closer I see
myriads of tiny black squares, a mask that will not
let go of its dark secret.

I try to rip it open with a volley of words, but they
bunch back, and reduced to banality of what have
been overstated a million times.

Exhausted I erase words send them into the bleak
world of Delete, a place where surplus words and
emails are sent to shuffle in obliquity.

I read the news 228 people have fallen into the sea,
hasty words fell out of them too and into silence.
Cooling breeze, must get out and hear the day sing.

oskar hansen

evenhere, in my valley

Even here in my valley

After seeing the horror of Mumbai
how peaceful my vale is, rain falls
gently on the roof; earlier today as
as sun and rain shambled about
I saw, in the old olive grove where
the rainbow had landed, forest gods
danced lustily around an angel sat
on a throne of glitzy stones.

As I came nearer they saw me and
disappeared in a mist of aromatic
rose’s scent. It was not a dream, for
I saw marks of elegant, narrow feet,
but, alas, one had a hoofed foot,
bigger then a sheep’s, about the size
of a mule’s that lacks the want to
dance in a ring of reproductive desire.

oskar hansen

execution

Execution

Ann had killed two men, for that she was fated to
die, there had been many appeals, they were in
vain; the governor too, not a man of much emotion,
had turned his manicured thumbs down.

Ann had been in our prison, five years now and had
become a friend and it was us, her keepers, whose
task it was to end her life, this woman who felt safe
in our jail, but she had brutally killed two men.

She asked us to be in the death room with her and
we spoke to her as she was injected with lethal drugs
and slipped away. A murderess that had killed her
father and brother, but refused to tell anyone why.

I was alone in the office when the phone rang,
the governor himself on the line, it was his birthday
and if it wasn't too late her life could be spared.
"Too late? Ok! A killer, guess she deserved to die."

oskar hansen

exile

The Exile.

You can’t leave this town for the next six years, the magistrate had said.
Rang my house, no one there, I wanted someone to send for my dog so
I had good company in my exile; hoped my neighbour fed the cur and
didn’t put it down. I could not drive my car since I didn’t have the right
license, and could not obtain one since I didn’t had the right documents.
The car stands there rusting away when I don’t sit in it pretending to
drive, or sleep in it when I’m too tired to walk up to the sixth floor, when
the lift has broken down or used it as a toilet. A man, in facebook, said
he was in New Orleans, very well for him, but what made him tell me this,
did he try to impress me? I, who live in a town where I can see the sea,
from my window and need not live in fear of bursting levies. I’m going for
a walk, a ghost alive, on the way to the bus terminal, people move aside-
a ship ploughing the water. I’ll board a bus and see where it takes me.
The bus I took yesterday only drove around the suburbia, many houses up
for sale, but I wasn’t going to buy any of them. Can’t think of anything more
forlorn than a vacant house I hear echo of crying and distressed voice.
It is the bank’s castle now. My cottage is empty too, outside sits a dog,
waits for me to come home.

oskar hansen

failed musician

Failed Musician?

My uncle died, he was on holiday in Piraeus when a pig fell off
a balcony, he left a piano and since his wife didn’t want it in her
house, mother took it, only because it would lend an impression
of high culture, and no one else in our neighbourhood had one.
I played on it day and night, picked up tunes on radio and played
them on the piano; people where impressed, mother too, but she
needed her rest worked long hours at a canning factory; one day,
coming home from school, a big empty space, I cried mother gave
me Danish pastry, they were a day old but still tasty. I’m glad she
sold the piano, though I might have ended up a restaurant pianist
driving from town to town playing evergreens as background music
for bored diners

oskar hansen

final Reckoning

Final Reckoning

Murky day in my valley the mountain which
Is a gigantic, petrified tidal wave of soil and
boulders, is obscured today should it liquefy
the vale will be a plateau with a story to tell
but no one around to tell it too, except for
mustangs that only cares about the quality
of the grass. Perhaps some of us would live
on in air pockets underground turning into
earth worms while looking for a light switch
we knew used to be on a wall while gulping
stale air, not grasping that we are doomed;
as a battery radio plays a dirge because
the king is dead like that should be our chief
concern on the day our valley disappeared.

oskar hansen

five fishes

http: //www.lulu.com/content/paperback-book/sojourn-in-algarve/8091609 free downloading

oskar hansen

forgivness

Forgiveness.

It was dawn in Calcutta; I had spent the night in
a bar with no name, when I came upon a hospital
in a side street, a place for the dying. Two nurses
in white uniforms with blue borders - they were
nuns- twins, poke marked, elderly, had prominent
noses and dark penetrating eyes. They led me to
a room were an ancient woman lie dying on a mat,
she smiled held out her hand and asked me what
had taken me so long? I told her of my endless
journeying, all the obstacles in my way and how
I regretted my lateness. She smiled glad that she
could see me a last time; then she died. Twilight,
long shadows a day was ending and I had been
forgiven for not knowing I was loved and missed.

oskar hansen

fortunate leaves

Fortunate Leaves.
Some leaves are dark jade and yellow, others so gleaming
pale green that you just now when they fall off trees they
will not rot on the ground but fly and join ocean, because
they are droplets of the seas that have tried life ashore for
a season, but they are glad to be back to marine life.
To ride the crest of a wave, to be a part of raw power, for
nothing can stop water from going where it wants.
Build dams and dikes it will keep the sea out for a while but
only to a great wave comes along and smashes it all. Yet it
was nice to be a leaf on an olive tree soak up the sun, to be
almost still, tickled by the summer breeze and see beautiful
butterflies, but ocean is their destiny it’s there they belong.

oskar hansen

free wine

http:
//oskar-poetryfromseastoshore.blogspot.com/2009/10/art-exhibition-and-october-mood.html

oskar hansen

French emancipation

French Emancipation?

French women are free well-educated and elegant,
yet spend too much times striving to attract men and
open their legs for anyone. Later they call it freedom
of choice while frantically trying to get money out of
the man who knocked them up and left them hanging
there twisting in their own distressing liberation.
They will intellectualize their misery, see themselves
as a Sagan melancholic, yet yearning to be middle
class housewives worrying about the prices of onions.
Yes, they will be married, to the very best address, and
meet other wives and talk endlessly about equality.

oskar hansen

friends

Friends

A black cat wears a fixed smile, watches
as an express train, that has no doors,
runs into a tunnel where concrete and
water fall from the ceiling.

It is very cold the cat wears a silk scarf
and its best friend is a tame shark, that
lives in a pond, is cold too; starves also
it has bitten off the hand of its feeder.

We, the smart people, avoid door-less
trains, we fly instead and, like donkeys,
suffer in silence the indignity of airports.
where stars are tinkling cell phones.

The black cat meows it sits in a shoe
made of tiger shark leather, feels comfy
since it is raining outside also a tad sad,
the shark used to be its best friend.

oskar hansen

friendship

The Friendship

Sven and I were best friends sailed on the same ship together.
he as a third officer and I as a cook. We were both interested
in reading, cinema and politics, and we liked go dancing when
our ship docked. One night in Kingston, Jamaica, we met two
girls at a beach cafe, I liked my girl there was an easy repartee
between us and we laughed a lot. Back onboard Sven said my
the girl was not suitable for me, I smiled, thought it a joke.
Next day was Sunday Sven went ashore after breakfast, going
to the beach, he said, I had to stay onboard and cook dinner.
He came back in the evening, when I was ready to go ashore
and meet my new girlfriend; Sven said he was very tired and
wanted to stay onboard for the night. When I met my girl at
the cafe, she appeared startled looked around and behind me
but said nothing; told she had been to the beach all day and
was quite exhausted, the easy talk between us was gone and
the silence was awkward, so I wordlessly just got up and left.
Back onboard, Sven sat in the mess-hall drinking coffee and
reading, he looked up said halloo but continued to read;
In my darkened room I looked out, full moon and the lights
of Jamaica looked alluring; I also saw Sven go ashore again and
it was well after midnight.

oskar hansen

From Teheran with love

From Teheran with Love.

Side by side the beaus stood, hooded and
silent, they no longer heard charivari chants as
prayers on pale, shivering lips abruptly ended.

They had been warned, their love was banned
by the law of the land and by straight people's
norm, and now forsaken even by their families.

They had tried to conform, but their bond was
too strong. Two Iranian men twist in the wind,
will their mothers, when alone, pray for them?

oskar hansen

frost roses

Ice Roses
Frost on windows? Not where I live now, but where
I grew up, winter windows had thick layers of ice.
And in mornings, before anyone got out of bed, I
carved landscape and faces and saw my work fade
slowly away, by noon I could see the landscape
I had carved through clear windows, the mountain's
stream, frozen solid now, and trees; mother's face
also as she was busy in the kitchen baking bread.
I do not miss the cold Nordic land I came from, but
wish windows here too have frost roses, or be as
blank as a new page I could write. "I love you on."

oskar hansen

fruit rats

Fruit Rats

Nature in the vale sleeps today last
night a storm raced through it, twigs
and almond petals litter lanes, birds
sit with heads under wings, wide open
Algarvian sky a few clouds sails slowly
about and the sun warms my face.

This is a tilled landscape, like a stroll
in a city park only less noisy, wolves,
foxes, brown bears and boars have
gone, I stand near a sign that warns
of cattle crossing, but I haven’t seen
a ruminant around here for years.

Flocks of dumb sheep usually graze
under the olive trees, if not now, and
I’ll not tread on wet grass; it saddens
me to see oranges fall unpicked to
the ground, but rats eat them and in
time of need I can eat a healthy rat.

oskar hansen

ghosts and modernity

Ghosts & Modernity

The old house has been modernised the hallway, where ghosts spooked, is now a bathroom, and since there is no entrance one has to exit through the kitchen window on a ladder on the wall, this is called saving space, a modern and fun way to live. The ghosts have gone, no dark corners and no children with imagination to see what practical adults are blind to. Closing my eyes I can see children and ghosts, but not as clearly as before, the kaleidoscope has gone fuzzy with the distance and it saddens me too that I'm the only one left to remember a draughty hallway and the warm glow of true fairytales sprung from the mind of the very young.

oskar hansen

girl in park

Girl in the Park

In the park I saw my dog Bambi, she was playing with
another dog that belonged to a girl who sat in the grass.
Bambi didn’t see me she had a glossy coat, and looked
beautiful, so I waited for her to see me and come over.
The girl was of no interest, looked as a black & white
photo taken with box camera 1950, I didn’t see her face.
She got up and walked into a café its door was open but
the entrance had a curtain of fake pearls that sounded as
of water in a stream, when moved. The park was empty
and there was no ducks in it dark pond. I walked into
the café, it was empty too; the owner was reading
a paper I asked if he had seen a girl with two dogs, he
said dogs were not allowed in his café, and continued to
read and for no reason at all I sat down and cried.

oskar hansen

god's little acre

God’s Little Acre

On a land abandoned by man and behind
an ancient stonewall I saw a Frisian cow.
Not many of those around here, I walked
over to have a look, the ruminant was now
a boulder. I touched it, still warm; looked
up and around, someone was ribbing me.
Walked off looking nonchalant, but quickly
turned to have another look, the big stone
had turned into a grazing Frisian again and
drab olive trees had silver leaves.
I smiled and shook my head, this ongoing
joking between us, I’m old enough to keep
this a secret and, anyway, it is not easy to
talk about shadowboxing.

oskar hansen

great sutton

Great Sutton

Cypress lane, I lived there for years never saw a tree.
Gas fire in the living room, the bedrooms were glaziers,
If it hadn’t been for the pub nearby I would surely have
frozen to death; that’s why I used to fall asleep on
the sofa, in the living room, when coming home from
the pub. If my wife was in the mood she sat up waiting
for me, most of the time she wasn’t; said I was a drunk.
Sober people came knocking on my door, insisted on
telling their story, politely I let them talk, but I noticed
they smoked a lot and that wasn’t good for my throat.
Warm pub, cold bedroom, no contest, I got up and left.

oskar hansen

greetings

Greetings

The lone star beer was ice cold, turned my teeth into
glaziers. My mind froze as polar bears hunted seals
on ice floes. I shuddered and thought of home.

“Don’t you like the American way? ” A tall Texan said.
He looked like a US Marshal, grey suit and a Stetson
hat, also grey.” I love America, especially Texas”, I said.

With frostbitten lips I told him I had been to New York
too, but preferred Houston. To this everyone smiled
and the big man said: ” welcome to Texas.”

oskar hansen

haiku

Haiku

Algarvian rain
Falls mainly in opaque nights
When moggy kills mice

Haiku

On cold winter days
When sky is icy sapphire
Sun’s a jaded eye

Haiku

November still day
Peaceful chimney smoke shimmer
Fox spoors on new snow

oskar hansen

haiti

Haiti

A heap of bodies a humid, tree less killing field?
Raw unrestricted pictures, it is like being awake
seeing a nightmare. And so many more will die,
there will be riots, looting and shooting.

There is a big elephant in the emergency room
it has grown fat on aid sent from abroad. Now
is not the time to ask why it is unseen, but help
people who need more than a bishops prayers

oskar hansen

harvey's brother

Harvey’s Brother.

I paused in, the shade of a carob oak, to smoke a cigarette,
when a rabbit crossed the track, stopped sat on its haunches
and sniffed the air. Do not come nearer, my furry friend
the temptation will be too great and I’ll shoot you. It didn’t,
but I shot it any way, gutted and skinned on the spot, hoped
no one heard the bang the hunting season had yet to start.
At home I cut it into nice pieces added, onion, garlic, parsley
and with butter gently fried it in an iron pan, then I let it
simmer with red wine for some time. I went into my study to
read the papers, the rabbit sat on top of my desk eating
yesterday’s poetry, nice animal grey and blue, with silky fur,
and I thought of a movie called “Harvey.” Back in the kitchen
I put the stew in a dish and gave it to the neighbour’s dog.
Harvey has gone now he doesn’t even appear in my dreams.

oskar hansen

here we go again

Here we go again

One of the world biggest army has attacked Gaza, the world
biggest prison, how many killed? Who cares? I'm fed up of
this war now, we have been ringing around trying to book
a table at restaurant, everything is full in the neighbourhood.
The Gaza people have brought this on themselves, agreed
to a democratic election and elected Hamas, Israel wasn't
standing for that having leaders who think Israel is a crown
of thorns carried by every Arab in the region; and as we know
by now (we have been told it often enough) that plucky little
Israel has the right to defend herself no matter what, they
have had their holocaust someone else can carry the can this
time. And then there is bloody Iraq, luckily not on the front
news anymore, but bombs are going off all the time killing
scores of people, at Christmas I ask you, as we sit down to eat
we get blood and mangled bodies in dusty streets, with our
turkey and two veg. why can't Sunnis and Shiites live in peace
like us. Then there is Afghanistan those crazy Taliban and opium
smugglers like murdering people, so what we are doing there
beats me dropping bombs on wrong targets killing children and
guests at a wedding, it is their own fault, this habit of shooting
bullets up in the air confusing helicopter pilots. So who care?
It is Christmas give us a break and, anyway, without us, those
people would be riding around in donkeys. Wife rang she has
been to book a restaurant table, it is a long drive by taxi, but
what's the heck it's only New Year once a year…get it?

oskar hansen

how long is short time

How long or short is Time?

Got up early sat on a chair not reading or watching TV,
time has been running too fast lately into the sand
of a desert that doesn’t bloom; must slow time down
to a trickle. After breakfast I went for a walk and took
no interest in what I saw, back in my chair looking at
the clock, yes the forenoon was endless and I was
hungry, and finally lunch. In the afternoon I went for
another walk, didn’t buy a paper I only get engrossed
in what I read and time flies. Back home I sat in my chair
watched a dipteral circle around, fell asleep and when
I awoke it was seven in the evening, time I had saved
that day had been wasted by me snoozing in a chair.

oskar hansen

how mild fall is

How mild the fall is?

I followed a track between tall, pale green cactuses, in this harsh landscape where even the smallest plant has thorns, where bark and leaves, of even regular trees, like carob and olive, are tough and will not softens to human touch. Yet this is a landscape that once was tilled and now abandoned, does this landscape's common soul feels rancorous of being left to fend for itself? I found a ruin. More than a ruin, a pile of stones only its outline told me that once this had been a home where children had been born, lived and died for generations, till someone said: enough! And left for pastures green, (most likely USA or Canada,) poverty is only romantic in movies. Half of November gone, I'm walking about in shirt sleeves the ground is rock hard and dusty, the local paper tells us that 14 years ago the weather was mild too till January, then it snowed and it was cold till May. Feel I'm being watched in the bushes I see a boar watching me it is a wily old boar it sees I carry no gun, yet keeps its distance; and high above me circles eagles; the landscape is teaming with rabbits which used to be food for the people, who lived in the ruin (when they could snare one) now business men, who have paid for a license to kill, come here to unwind. To kill seems to satisfy a base desire in mankind; yet, it is better a rabbit is scarified, then to see a dead Afghan child with eyes that reflect the grey mountains, poppy fields and the blue unfeeling sky.

oskar hansen

immortality

Immortality

Every morning an old man, with a jute
sack slung over his bent back,
leaves his cottage.

His mother’s ancient shadow sits by
the fire keeps ember alive. She is older
than the oldest olive tree in the grove.

She came here when the earth was new,
stars not yet born and the moon was
a pale outline on black canvas.

Her son is gathering roses’ dream
and bird songs in the outer field to sustain
her in a life of perpetuity.

oskar hansen

Indian Dream

The Indian Dream

I saw an Indian princess coming out of a limousine, not
an actress, pretending to be royal. She was dressed in
a sari made of the finest silk that ad been spun eight times
was airy and light as a zephyr. She wore diamond earrings
and necklace of black pearls on her swan like neck,
she looked so aromatic and esoteric had I seen her coming
out of the loo I would have been quite flummoxed.

Eyes downcast, a demure mien she didn’t see me waving
at her, when crossing the street a guard shaded her with
a green parasol. I’m going to India before the monsoon,
I’ll find the princess drive her home to Portugal in
a low-cost Indian car, I will have to install an air condition,
one cannot have a princess transpire, mind, if she did it
would be pearls of sweet honey on her brow.

oskar hansen

it is in the showing

It’s in the Showing

In poetry one is not to tell but to show, so I’m not going to say
anything, not tell I live in van Gogh nature, and I know of field
where a million burgundy poppies vie for attention, as a beauty
show where every girl looks the same and you hope a girl will
come with thunderous thighs and a generous bum just to break
the ennui of perfect plastic beauty; why should I tell you that
when you can come and see by yourself. I also know, but will ~
not tell you, by end of May it will all be gone, straws will be ~
pale and dry, shriek in pain when trod on. That is why I have
a cistern and collect every dropp of water that falls on my roof.
You can come and see for yourself, lift up the cistern lid look
down and the tiny fishes that swims there will think you are
angles. I’m their God, I have told them so, sometimes I shout
down flick a lighter, just to make their faith unfaltering. I’m not
sure if it works anymore last year, when the cistern was full,
I bent down to test the water, fell in and screamed for help.
A wise silver bellied fish may have said: “If he’s God why did
he scream for help? Anyway he needs us more than we need
him, we are the ones who keep the water clean. You see, I have
told you nothing only shown you a world where fledglings jump
out of their nests, to test their flying skills, and never make it back
home again.

oskar hansen

journey to lisbon

Winter Journey to Lisbon

Up rua Garrett I walked and it's steep, in Baixa, the old heart of Lisbon, past a shop that sells lottery tickets that sits beside a shop that sells religious artifax, which is next door to a shop that sells Cartier watches, if you buy a ticket and win, there is money to decorate you mother's grave and to buy a watch for yourself. At the top of the street there is café Brasilia it used to be Fernando Pessoa's drinking den, the place is full of solemn, nice Portuguese who, dressed for the occasion, drink nice cups of coffee, their forefathers used looked down on Fernando, irreverent poets and writers must go and drink elsewhere.

The master poet is now a statue sits outside in the rain and has his picture taken by tourists, one wonders what he thinks of it all as he sees the statue of Antonio Ribero Chiado, a poet who lived in the sixteen hundred, the Largo is called after him he is bald and is dressed like monk. From Largo Chiado I could see the harbour where tug boats ply their trade on grey waters; the church "Incarnacao" where Antonio used to pray is beautifully restored, but empty god had left by the backdoor, the front door was too heavy, but I saw woman weeping near a statue of Christ, "opium for the people? " Yes, why not?

It is getting dark the Portuguese are swallowed up by the Metro as middle aged men with folded cardboard boxes, look for a shop doorway where to bed down; and over this scene hovers Amalia, the great Fado singer, she came from poverty too, famous in her own life time she had the sense to be a friend of the powerful and made it to the top. When her friends toppled from power she was out in the cold, but not for long the Portuguese quickly forgave her. Fine rain falls on Fernando's hat and Antonio's bald head, empty streets the city sleeps and leaves the space to cats, the sleepless, whores and their sad clients.

oskar hansen

june picture

June Picture

In the enchanted dell, where grass is forever green,
I saw a carpet of summer birds, yellow as real butter
before it was made low fat to suit a slimming fad.
They took off, dispersed flew slowly on silent wings;
 amongst thorny bushes that are seven hued green,
 waiting for a lumbering troll to pass.

Last time I saw a yellow summer bird, it was sallow,
late September it had lived too long, sat on the sill
rain fell and it as soaked; opened the window to let
it in, could sit by the fire till spring. Too late, in my
hand it turned into fluff, blew dust off my hand and
I saw each particle disperse and fly on silent wings.

Butterfly (summer bird.)

oskar hansen

killing field

Killing Field.

The mass grave of ivory hued sandstones,
each one of the same size and just the thing
as headstones, has been filled in.

Chocolate brown soil covers them and that’s
a pity, not touched by a stonemason’s hand
they will forever be nameless and lack soul.

Grass and weed will cover the soil sheep
will graze rabbits frolic, as the shepherd
smokes a cigarette and look at the blue sky.

oskar hansen

knife man

Knife Man
I see most days the thin man who always carries a document map
that appears as slim as him. He has a distant look in his face like he
lives in a world of his own, and we pass each other like shadows in
the night. I have often thought of speaking to him, but I remember
fifteen years when his left him he went quite insane, when she came
out of a shop he stabbed her several with hunting knife till she died.
Sent to an asylum he was after five years declared sane and released,
so it is better to leave him well alone, one never knows he might be
armed with a new shining hunting knife bought at the gypsy market,
just waiting to feel slighted so he can use the knife again.

oskar hansen

lack of rain

Lack of Rain

As evening began to fall heavy clouds gathered,
rain tomorrow the meteorologist said, a nice girl
about twenty five years old, and dressed in red.

So the clouds will be hanging about blocking out
stars till the next day when the girl gives the order
for the downpour that will turn into drizzle.

Heavy fighting in Pakistan, didn’t see any rain
though, but billows of black, oily smoke fearful
people trying to flee and a tough talking general.

When morning came it was sunny but quite chilly,
village dogs sat facing the east the meteorologist
had married and wanted a dry honeymoon.

oskar hansen

lady and the tramp

The Lady and the Tramp

I took the bus from Ellesmere Port to Birkenhead,
from there the underground to Liverpool, walked
to Hanover Street; took a rickety lift up four floors
to a studio where Miss Summers tried to teach me
to speak posh English. A hopeless task my Norse
accent refused to be relegated clung to my throat
like phlegm, the size of a jelly fish, and anyway,
when Miss Summer said my own voice was sexy
I decided to take acting lessons with her instead.

Alas this didn’t last; the doctor said I was fit to go
back to sea and I was sent to join a ship in Aruba.
I loved Miss Summers used to meet her secretly in
Southport on her days off, impressed me with her
noble manners it was like making love to a duchess.
The problem with being a seafarer is that when he
returns, life ashore has moved on. My teacher lady
had an acting job, when I rang her voice was arctic
and, yes, she had also gone and married a doctor.

oskar hansen

lamentable

Lamentable

Behind my cottage there was an olive grove
someone came knocked down the trees for
a better view, but it wasn’t true they built
 four thousand dwellings instead and called
it a security zone. And then they built a wall
 so I can’t see my lost olive grove.

The world agree with me this is all wrong,
but tells me I, for the sake of peace, must
understand and give way. I have understood
for sixty years and given way so many times,
and I know now I made a mistake to let their
cattle graze on our common land

oskar hansen

leavings

Leavings

On the railway platform, trains leaving, white steam, suitcases and a throng of thousand eyes. Worried humanity and relieved ones too; to be free of oppression he is leaving to seek work far from here. Men in uniform looking important carrying green and red little flag, waving one of them and blowing a whistle: All onboard! ”

I dislike departures there is a change, nothing will ever be the same. People walking home in silence, words have lost meanings. lies have been told dignity and pride have been sacrificed in the quest to look happy; the night is endless full of unanswered questions that streaks through the night avoiding answers

oskar hansen

letter to a young poet

Dear Raman, so you want me to read your poem and state my opinion.
Well, you are fond of words and you are stacking them up in your poem.
That is a good thing; clearly you are a man who reads a lot.
So you want to be a poet, poetry is self indulgent' it never starts a war
nor finished it. Should a poet write something that resonance with,
the sentiment of a nation, you can be sure it will be used by politicians
and interpreted for their dubious plans.

So why don't you become an engineer or failing that, a cook. The world
doesn't need, anymore academic poets who forever repeat what poets
of yore have said. For the people a poet is regarded as a figure of fun
who spends valuable time putting useless words together to make sense
of a world they don't understand. As my father said when I published
my first poem: "How much did they pay you? " So if my words have not
scared you off you're a poet. All you need is intellectual honesty.

oskar hansen

letter to a young poet revised

Letter to a young Poet

Dear Raman, so you want me to read your poem and state my opinion.
Well, you are fond of words and you are stacking them up in your poem.
That is a good thing; clearly you are a man who reads a lot.
So you want to be a poet, poetry is self indulgent pass time it doesn't
change anything, no one reads it, other than cranky people. Should
a poet writes something nationalistic that resonance with, a nation's
pride, like: "my country is the best in the world." He will get a medal.

So why don't you become an engineer or failing that, a cook. The world
doesn't need, anymore academic poets who forever repeat what poets
of yore have said. For the common man a poet is regarded as a figure of
fun who spends valuable time putting useless words together to make
sense of a world he doesn't understand. As my father said, when my first
poem was published: "How much did they pay you? " If my words have
not scared you off, you're a poet. The only tool you'll need is honesty.

oskar hansen

looking glass

Looking Glass

A mirror hang on a tree, to scare crows, or
perhaps it was for shepherd's goddess to
comb her golden fleece? Its light reflected
on the ground- quick as a breeze- a ghost
of a mouse looking for its burrow?

Far off, amongst green olive trees, I saw
sheep the colour of clay, lawnmowers on
four legs, they kept track of their lambs by
baaing, each one had a distinct bleat, baas
from their young, had a pleasing euphony.

Clouds sailed across the sky, clippers and
schooners bound for India; tea, spices and
other delights, the tiny ghost had found its
tunnel. I looked into Alice's own mirror,
and saw the blankness of cancelled time.
oskar hansen

lost at sea

Lost At Sea

It was a quiet night when I woke up in the small cabin I shared with
the other deck-boy. The porthole was open and brought a welcoming
cooling breeze and I fell asleep again wondering idly what the other
deck boy was up to. He was missed at eight o'clock by, the time his
watch began, the ship turned around and on the enormous sun sparkly
mirror, we looked for him. We knew this was hopeless but something
had to be written in the ship's logbook.

His name was Terje, a puny little boy who cried a lot when shouted
at and therefore was an easy target to make fun of by the crew.
His steady masturbation had gone on my nerves, mostly because
he dried his fluid on the curtain that covered each bunk for privacy.
Crew, silent for a few days, feeling guilty for teasing him, I too felt
a nip of guilt I enjoyed having the cabin by myself, when we docked
in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, Terje was all but forgotten.

oskar hansen

lost in athens

Lost in Athens

Athens confusing in august, what with the heat and pollution I had spent
The night sitting on a park bench, looking at a white wall on a tall building
lit up by moonlight and I had waited for a movie to begin. Forenoon,
staggered into a church, joined a queue, a priest was handing out bags of
sweet cakes, the old lady behind got none since she had been in the line
three times. I ate a cake and gave the rest to the lady. Grateful she ate
the rest blew up the bag and hit it against a tree and we were surrounded
by an anti terrorist squad. The old lady, a known would be terrorist, she had
been blowing up paper bag all over the town, was arrested, they were going
to arrest me too since I had supplied the bag, but since I was a tourist they
let me go with dire warning. Deep in the park I found a grotto, walked in and
saw baby Jesus inside a looked like an aquarium, he looked like a dead
angel as painted by Caravaggio, Jesus opened his eyes smiled like a street
urchin and began masturbating, chocked I took a step back and collided with
two nuns who laughed hysterically. Escaped the park and found a cellar cafe
drank some ouzo served by a women who looked like horse; she was a pony
that had escaped from a Swedish circus. We hit it off I have always been fond
of horses, especially since according to an Indian chief in, an Alice walker's
poem said that they make the landscape more pretty. Midnight she closed her
bar and we bareback we rode through the moonlit August night.

oskar hansen

love

Love.
The joy of first love
can’t be copied,
but man tries and tries
to repeat this experience,
and on his way causes
much unhappiness
for his craving of love’s
impossibility.
This last till he gets old
and settles for simple
friendship

oskar hansen

love is a story

Love is a Story

It seems incredible now but once I was in love,
inflamed blood rushed thru my veins threatened
to drown my heart in sweet delusions, but we
both agreed, at the time, that never in the history
of man had anyone loved as us.

Summer nights are not for sleeping tired I was
when October came with cold, sober precipitation
and a north westerly that reduced the rapid river
of ardour to a mere trickle of lust and my words of
love rang hammy and theatrical.

Tears, a tub full I'm quite certain had I had sense
to bath in them I would have been assured eternal
youth. I kicked myself, fled. A fine November dawn
I saw Recife; fell in love again, but this time, alas,
with an irony damaged heart.

oskar hansen

make-believe

Make-believe

The olive tree had three trunks Siamese triplets?
It was old and gnarled, some of its branches had
no leaves and it was lost in an abstract, cosmic
dream and not aware of its surround; I touched
the perennial and thus gave it soul.

A mild breeze blew, a fluttering of leaves and
the three could see the blue sky where a silvery
bird flew northward glinting in the sun. It could
also see how cute other trees looked, when aware
how ugly it was dawn dew dripped from leaves.

Wished it could be a cosmic dream again and
not know of time and place. But look, its tears
had fertilised the ground and around its trunk
flowers so rare they had still to get a Latin name,
sprung up from red/rusty soil.

They are my creation I have created beauty out
of my distress, the plant whispered as in awe.
My children, must shade them from the hot sun
and bitter winter rain. Vanity be gone, and see,
on its naked branches green leaves grew,

oskar hansen

mandrake

Mandrake.

If you have what you need, food to eat and roof
over your head, the rest is frills and rude greed.
So now we hate bankers they offered us a dream,
endless credit never ending prosperity; they had
dream also to be the sages of their time, silk suited
men who had an answer to everything, of course,
they also wanted to be a little richer than you.

No one expect wisdom and cryptic words about
the economy, falling from bankers pale lips, but
wait, they have not gone away, easy credit will be
back and we can buy that ten bedroom room villa
we don’t need. Once again we’ll listen to bankers,
yes, you and I; just like them we have big dreams
and will go on believing in fairytales.

oskar hansen

mantree

Man & Tree.

There was a spruce tree in the forest, he had
watched it grow from spindly sampling to
a handsome young tree, and thought of it as
the son he never had.

But shortly before Christmas it disappeared
he went to the market in town where they sold
hundreds of trees for those who want the real
thing, but couldn’t find it there.

After the festivities he found his tree on a dump,
green needles gone, now it was brown, he took
the dead plant home and used as kindling to lit
the fire on cold, soggy days.

oskar hansen

meeting equals

Meeting Equals

White haired, the queen skin as bee wax, she had a honeyed smile when shaking hands with the president and his wife; how far they have come she had said to her husband only this morning. The presidents, the most powerful family in the world, wonder if the children are aware of that, and first lady, from a street wise lawyer, to a wife whose job was to look pretty. There was a great glow in the air, new time meets old time and the past was hidden behind a smile; however there was a question rumbling in the first lady’s mind, but she pushed it back for now: “why, it asked, are all the white folks so exceedingly nice to us?

oskar hansen

melancholy 1

Melancholy

On an impulse I went to see my daughter, who lives in a hilly town
with bad roads. My ex girlfriend walked in, she is an unfinished love
story, sun tanned and beautiful, but she had been drinking, and
didn’t see me. She wanted to drink some more, people tried to stop,
her, she shrugged them off, unsteadily walked out to find a tavern or
two. Later that evening I booked into a hotel and could hear her tipsy
laughter in the bar. I didn’t join the set, but went up to my room.
It turned out she had a room next to mine and later I endured her
having sex with a man she had picked up somewhere. Met her in
the breakfast room next morning, her casual lover had long since gone
and she appeared glad to see me. We chatted about the old days,
held hands and her eyes were sea green. We made love in my bed,
she was warm and giving as always; tremor in her hands she had
a whisky and fell asleep in my arms.

oskar hansen

migration

Migration

In this rich flat landscape there are no stones they had to
travel to the far mountain and with mule and cart it was
a long arduous journey. Stones were only used as base for
houses and as grave stones, but since these were stolen
so this practice ended, the dead had to do with wooden
crosses which tend to rot when it rains. Farmers buried
their stones under a mass of soil, for safety mounds of
them dotted the flat landscape and made it less monotone.

Modern time, a railway line stretches across the land and
ends in a haze were the mountain begins, stones are now
a common thing, way, all and sundry has one, the poorest
even have gravelled strewn back yards. A clever man decided
to open a rise and sell stones a souvenir as a memory of
the past, when life was idyllic, but he found a mass grave,
not only human skeletons but also household goods, toys
and musical instruments.

oskar hansen

miracle

Miracle

The Dakota plane should have been scrapped years ago,
eight soldiers and me, they took off my handcuffs laughed
and said I was free to go. Looking down I could see glitzy
Pacific Ocean; they opened the door and threw me out.
I fell and fell, air rush sounded as an express train, terror
froze my brain, but I remember thinking: "this is not a day
for enjoying the view."Miracle! A mist bank crossed my
path so thick it broke my fall to a gentle descent and put
me softly on top of a tree that had many branches, it was
like going down a ladder which I had done often, (I used
to be a house painter.) People came running, I had landed
on a tiny island, they gave me coconut milk to drink and
told of a military plane that had crashed on a mountain
slope. I didn't, gloat knew what they must have suffered,
drank more sweet milk, climbed up a hut on stilts and went
to sleep on a fragrant mat of palm leaves.

oskar hansen

more Tanka, , , , anyone

Tanka

Opened the curtain
Dawn’s light got stuck in my eyes
Intense brilliance
Furniture became the foe
Slept on the carpet till noon

Tanka (boredom?)

Lived in dad’s house
August heat, he trekked north
I looked after it
Nothing to do, drank brandy
 And dynamited his abode

oskar hansen

more than paris

France is more than Paris

This dark, unfriendly French provincial town, only,
a pizza parlour open run by a gloomy, unshaven
person who looked like a reluctant refugee from
Kosovo I wouldn’t like to stay down-wind from.
Everything made of plastic tables, chairs that once
had been white, under the counter rested pieces
of pizzas that was going cold, I had two pieces one
with salami, the other with tuna, washed down with
soft drinks. Finished the meal, the man looked at me
as saying: ” What are you still doing here? I left.
Turned, looked into dirty windows, and thought” If this
is hell I better start saying my prayer now.

oskar hansen

mr nice guy

Mr. Nice Guy

Saw her stacking shelves at the supermarket, my instinct
was to take her in my arms, away from all this, and ask
her marry me. But I remembered we had been married
before, how she had wanted a divorce because I had no
ambition, a mere short order cook, and how the court
secretly had sided with her, and treated me with dislike,
and yes, I had to leave our flat. Later she married a man
who sold Mercedes cars, he wore a suit to work and had
shiny fingernails, but he used too much au de cologne of
the type who doesn't bath often and rarely changes his
underwear. He stole money from the till and ended up
in prison, and me? I'm a manager now of a burger bar,
perhaps I should offer her a job for all time sake?
No, that would be rubbing it in, so let her stack shelves.

oskar hansen

new beginning

New beginning

Her kiss tasted of iron railing a frost bitten dawn…. My lips bled.
Her eyes were frozen stars in a deadly
galaxy of tranquillity.
A beauty flawless. Her body…unbending, unwilling, an ice maiden in a winter forest.
Her blue lips had spots of cardinal crystal, futile my attempt of resurrection.
My love I laid by her feet, struck a match in the vast night of silence
Ash and ember …I'm free.
In the glade, amongst roses of gold,
my new love waited…hand in hand
we walked to where the day begins

oskar hansen

new mirror

New Mirror

My wife brought home a new big mirror
She wanted to see all of her glorious self.
I was happy with the old one that showed
my face, upper arms and chest.
This damned mirror makes me look like
a child’s drawing of a man, a rotund body,
matchstick arms and legs. My image took
offence walked away in disgust, left me
standing there in my elderliness, staring
into blank eternity.

oskar hansen

new year 2009

New Year Eve 2009

Midnight, New Year, fireworks explodes on
velvety sky. Gaza has fireworks too every day,
but they aren’t enjoying it the way we do,
standing here on the terrace of a five star hotel,
perhaps it is only three stars, drinks in hand
and idle chat. I feel wretched, wish I was drunk
but this place only severs wine and that is not
enough to drown my lack of shame.
Palestine, Europe doesn’t cry for you tonight.

oskar hansen

no an idle moment

Not an Idle Moment

A fly sits on top of the computer screen
washing its face when not watching me,
incredible it takes lift flies and lands on
the tip of my nose, close up it has
enormous eyes, so big I can see myself.
I hit it, but miss now I have nosebleed,
trickles down to my lips, tastes salty,
drips on my green shirt I'm so proud of.

I go to the bathroom, I'm a boxer, who
has won the match in round six, so what's
a nosebleed? Take shirt off soaks it in
cold water, put a clean one on, it needs to
be ironed, so who cares a dank day when
even windows cry and the old roof leaks?

The dipterous sits on top of the screen
eyeing me contemptuously, pretend I've
forgotten something get up, in the kitchen
cupboard I find insecticide, storm in, spray
my room, the fly curls up and dies. Blank
screen I have forgotten what I was going
to write about.

oskar hansen

no love for jonny

No Love For Jonny?

Was doing the dishes when I felt an odd rousing
below the belt, thought of calling my girlfriend,
haven’t seen her for ages, but she probably would
want dinner, with wine, before succumbing to my
charms, and by then I would be drunk and tired;
so just forget it. Dried the dishes and staked them
neatly, I’m you, see housetrained and divorced,
went into the bathroom and shared my vanishing
ardour with the pink, blasé bathroom sink.

oskar hansen

norwegian poem

Norwegian Poem

Stormy night lesser stars were torn off
their heavenly anchorage and splashed
into the ocean, spindrift, ships ran on to
reefs and in the Ragnarock human voices
went unheard and sailor died in silence.
Black sky stars retreated into the safety
of the galaxy, the moon and sun too and
the winter night is endless, and a hush
fell on an earth that looked like a snowball
on a slag heap till spring came and sheep
fearlessly grazed on steep hills fazing
western seas on grass fertilized by futile
cries from bodies slashed to fodder for crabs
that grew big that year.

Ragnarock. “Doomsday”

oskar hansen

observed when buying onions

Observed when buying Onions

The massive grey cloud on the sky looked like a tiger shark,
open jaw ready to strike it had one shiny eye, and tore off
a piece of heaven’s floor. I saw shocked angels running about
one lost his harp; it fell like a comet down to earth, and landed
with a thunder on the frozen wasteland of Siberia.

The shark had tried to eat more then it could possible swallow,
it fragmented with a limp bang and fell to ground as lumps of
rain. When I looked up again the hole on heaven’s floor, had
been filled in with fluffy clouds, but the angels evening choir
had to do without the harp’s sweet and lyrical tunes.

oskar hansen

odium

The Odium

Dead roses in a vase on my desk I moved
them away and remembered seeing my
brother, through a door ajar, getting up from
his chair, open the drawer where my pipe
collection was, and break them one by one.
A strange smile played upon his lips, and
I said nothing, didn’t know he hated me so.
He was the one with many friends, he was
the one who sat in the middle of the room
telling jokes at my expense while I sought
the corners. When he died, the chapel was
full of his friends the spoke so well of him,
but I sat there dry eyed all I could think of,
was my bloody meerschaum pipes

oskar hansen

oktober fest

Høstlig Søndag

Evig regn melankolsk er Oktober og du vet
at sommer, sol og blå himmel var en dum
illusjon. Hannen galte ikke, og hundens ører
beveget seg ikke da en ukjent stemme sang
i smale gater, de skjønte jo at det var
undergangens stemme de hørte

Høst løv sammleren hadde ankommet med
sine krave og i følgene måneder de gamle
ville føle dødens kalde pust. Ikke så mange
tårer, ansikter i sort ramme, vi forstår så
godt når det ikke gjelder oss. Hannen kan
gale og hunden sove, dette angår dem ikke.

oskar hansen

old news

Old News

As the clock struck seven, a summer evening, outside
the town hall, a horse pulling a cart bolted. The driver
fell off and broke a leg, a policeman on duty was able
to stop the horse and calm it down. In our small inland
town this was a big event and many people took their
evening walk down to the town hall and stood in groups
listening to what the witnesses, two elderly men who
spent their time there sometimes doing odd jobs but
mostly hung around doing nothing; now for once they
had an audience and were treated as equals. News get
old and little is as stale as yesterdays´ the driver’s leg
mended, the horse was made into glue and tasty salami,
no one was interested in what a pair of layabouts had
to say, not now that a circus was coming to town.

oskar hansen

on a day like this

On A day Like This

The track I followed this morning in a landscape that once was Eden but, since the gardeners were fired had gone to seed, was dry and exuded unrelieved ire. Leaves on bushes were rusty shaving blades, tried to cut me up and drink my blood; neglected olive trees tried to trip me up with sudden exposed roots wanting to absorb my body so they, full of revulsion, could live for hundred more years. Dead rabbits in the glade they had been stabbed by blades of grass sharp as a mafia assassin’s stiletto; furred creatures shivered in their burrows. Hurt I made it to the main road where a nurse waited, sticking plaster, a soft bosom and the aroma of motherhood, she was my friend and lover, but, alas, only as virtual as friends in the facebook are.

oskar hansen

origin

The Origin

Poems begin with
a memory,
thus a child
cannot be a poet.
But poems can also
begin with a dream
of a past that has yet
to be a future.
A child can do that
it dreams
and is therefore
a bard
no one listens to
‘cause a child talk
gibberish.

oskar hansen

Palm Sunday

Palm Sunday (Easter Sunday)
End of time splashes through yellow plastic tubes to meet eternity that ends in a sand box. Shriek! Let us do it again. And we awoke as bible words and slogans rained from an amused sky. I saw the four horse men on mules, ride slowly through an abject cityscape to where air was clear and grass for the animals. The weather is always good when not punctuated by TV weather forecast entertainment. We have fortressed our home to avoid receiving or hear other voices. But strange men in black, came and showed me a house in lane, where Barbara Streisand lived in a tent at the back, did her exercises seven o'clock sharp, every day. Twenty eight people circled my house, two of them came said they were termite inspectors, but they were more interested in the kennel where my poodle Hamas lived. Next day the twenty eight had disappeared and my dog lies dead on the steps of the shed I use, when sending secret messages to people who believe in everything just to be on the safe side. Barbara Streisand joined us, dressed in a Salvation Army uniform, urged me to buy the house, she promised me a new dog, I declined, jumped on a passing bus. The driver wore a laundry starched, burnoose and past us flew twinkling, vibrant bushes; green tutus looking for Margot Fonteyn. It was Palm Sunday and not a good day to talk about defensive Jihad.

oskar hansen

paradise lost

Paradise Lost

The grass is tall now a cat with a dormouse in its
mouth is watching me, not quite an African lion
as seen on a BBC, nature program

I may go to Africa in May, Congo, might not see
an elephant or a gorilla but I'm sure to find a war
somewhere in the forest, near a diamond mine.

Here, where I live, I can take off my shoes and
walk barefoot in the grass, but my feet have been
encased in shoes so long they are European now.

So am I an African? No not now, but I used to be
in an earlier life, that's why I call Africa my home
and tend to idolize and over romanticise the place.

Portugal is a god country to live in and it is closer to
my home than, say, Sweden is, and when the south
easterly blows dust in my nose smells of Serengeti

The man on the green tractor coming, my way used
to live in Angola but had to leave, but Africa never
left him, that's why his has a wistful smile.

The Portuguese who had to leave Africa years ago
ache for their lost love, they wear the heavy cape
of melancholy and speak of returning… one day.

A picture 1912, a woman dark sits in a courtyard
She is painting her toe nails, looks up and smile
I knew her well she used to be wife.

oskar hansen

peaceful beginnings

Peaceful Beginnings

On an island, in a big ocean, generals walk about
think they have killed a dream and call sullen
silence peace. The crushed will go on dreaming
till they get what they want, maybe by then their
vision has become a suffocating dream.

Nearer home, in the Middle East, the mighty are
trying to kill a dream by bulldozing it, they too
had a vision and should know that dreams cannot
be eradicated. Now they want power, and call it
peace; but there are those who call it a nightmare.

Of course in the immeasurable future there will
be colossal amounts of peace, the sun will cross
the heavens and the world will heal in silence; till,
on the strand of pure sand, sky and sea may give
birth to a living creature and a scream is heard.

oskar hansen

peacemaker

The Peacemaker

The animal stood in the corner of the room chewing on
a bail of straw, dung on the floor; a woman, with a bucket,
came and collected it for the rose bushes. We know Israel
has nuclear weapons, but unless we are drunk and in bad
mood we are too polite to mention it; so I left the senate.
Stood on a bridge, threw tiny rocks into the river, a yacht
passed, and her navigator was hit; collapsed, but got back
on his feet again and waved to me with his fist

The Israeli army had blocked the entrance to the bridge and
Hamas, dressed in stylish black and silk scarves, the exit,
I didn’t know how to end this poem so I invented the phone,
it rang, Obama, he didn’t know either, I held up the phone
so both parties could hear his voice and they backed off long
enough for me to get away home to my thistle valley, where
eagles fly, sheep bleat, and no one pays attention to biblical
prophesies and self igniting bushes.

oskar hansen

pig farming

Pig Farming

British farmers treat their pigs better
than their European counterparts,
straw strewn floors to walk on and
toys (usually footballs) to kick around
in the pen while they wait…

Alas, like their European brethrens
they will be slaughtered roasted, boiled
or smoked, usually when very young;
straw and toys are for you and I so we
can say we’re kind to animals we eat.

oskar hansen

poet's tree

The Poet’s Tree

On the plateau, at distance, I saw a large tree
with multi coloured leaves, on each one was
printed a commercial poem, a verse for every
occasion and written as not to hurt any one’s
feelings. I asked for a poem about unjust wars
in the Middle East, the tree had none but I was
offered a few about World War One. All wars
are just and the winner get to write the rules.

The tree, stood inside rolls of mesh wire, and no
copy pens allowed within a radius of fifty yards.
A storm came, blew the wire around like tumble
weed, leaves- torn from the tree- flew in the air
and transformed into grooming tropical birds
cooing about love. I did find a pale green leaf,
almost transparent, on it was written in blood;
“Gaza is my name let me not die in vain”

oskar hansen

poet's tree (rewritten)

The Poet’s Tree

On the plateau, at a distance, I saw a large tree
with multi coloured leaves, on each one was
printed a commercial poem, a verse for every
occasion and written as not to hurt any one’s
feelings. I asked for a poem about unjust wars
in the Middle East, the tree had none but I was
offered a few about World War One. All wars
are just and the winner gets to write the rules.

The tree, stood inside rolls of barbed wire, no
copy pens allowed within a radius of fifty yards.
A storm came, blew the wire around like tumble
weed, leaves- torn from the tree- flew in the air
and transformed into grooming tropical birds
cooing about love. I did find a pale green leaf,
almost transparent, on it was written in blood;
“Gaza is my name let me not die in vain”

oskar hansen

pre spring

Pre Spring
It had stopped raining I went for a walk, the sun came for a visit and
it got hot. Took my coat off, marched on till the sun had had enough
and rolled back home. The almond tree, by the lane, looked puny
spindly twigs for branches, and grey bark. Ghostlike if it hadn't been
so pathetically ugly. Looked closer and saw a pair of pink buds on its
a twig. Now the tree was beautiful and I fretted about the chill in
the wind and if frost comes in the night, will it snuff out this new life?
I took pictures of the buds, but the photos were a bit blurred and
colours not so bright as those I saw with naked eyes, yeah, like my
eyes should be undressed most of the time, or hidden behind dark
sunglasses. In about three weeks, if all goes well, my bare, nutty tree
will be covered in pink flowers and look lovely. Elderly hearts will
feel young again and beat too hard. In the vale, where I live, there are
many funerals in March.

oskar hansen

psychopath

The Psychopath

The lane is siesta empty, meanders forever amongst
olive trees and budding almond flowers, but afar I see
a black clad man, an ominous shadow, marching
towards me. He has got one hand in his pocket, a knife?
Bet he is a psychopath out to see if he can kill someone
without being caught. Nowhere to run fields are soggy
and he’s younger than me; he will catch up and plunge
a knife in me when I’m exhausted. When he stops and
looks around to be sure there are no witnesses, I quickly
bend down and pick up a big stone I can hit him over
the head with it, I think I’m stronger than him. He looks
tense as he passes me on the opposite side of the lane,
I stop pretend to look at the sky, can’t let him thrust his
knife in my back. He’s running now, see him disappear
around a sharp bend but I wait till sure he ain’t coming
back, I better arm myself with a kitchen knife next time
I go out the world is full of bad people.

oskar hansen

rainbow coalition

Rainbow Coalition

On the border between Chile from Argentina
there is a long barbed wire fence full of plastic
bags, some from posh shops in Paris, London
and New York, There are Japanese bags too
and some with Arabic letters, you can say it is
international garbage fence, but not quite, it is
eerily beautiful like a pale sad rainbow.

There used to be skeletons here too they all had
broken bones as dropped from planes, but
they have been removed now if you are lucky
or ghoulish you might find a collar bone or two
or a skull cleans by the wind; indestructibly sacks
flap, so deafening that you can’t hear the song of
the condors.

oskar hansen

rainy day

Rainy Day

It was eight in the morning when I heard
a car door slam and a car drive off.
It rained all day and it soothed my nerves
to hear water trickle down old roof tiles;
stuck indoors, I didn't have an umbrella.

Five o'clock, afternoon, the car returned
and the same door slammed shut,
the rain continued, the water trickling
was a Geneva Convention offence; utterly
bored now and still without an umbrella.
oskar hansen

readings from homecoming

http://oskar-poetryfromseastoshore.blogspot.com/2009/10/readings-from-homecoming.html

oskar hansen

real art

Real Art

I woke up a blue neon light, outside my hotel room,
kept lightning up my space, I looked out and saw
a man in a cafe sitting by the counter eating a burger,
he had hat on and looked ca 1948.

Knew I was in an Edward Hopper painting but didn’t
want to be a part of his bleak cityscape of lone men
who live in cheap hotels and drink coffee in a cafe,
which clientele are lost souls like me.

I splashed water in my face adjusted my tie put my
hat on and walked out, a cab drove by looking for
a fare, I opened the cafe’s door, the man with hat had
gone, drank coffee and ate a doughnut.

oskar hansen

reverie

Reverie

Dreams have always been vital to me they have been a wing
To fly on for my consciousness, but lately there have been few
dreams and when I dream it is about places I have been to in
other thoughts, meeting people and seeing a nature that is
interior where the landscape it thorny and cannot be shared
with others. There is strangeness to see friends that do not exist,
familiar faces forever young they will just be there and not tell
me what to do, a burden one has to tolerate in conscious life.
My phone doesn’t ring although I’ve a funny, musical ringer tone.
By the lake of wonder virtual friends silently gather, look at me
as to say: “When are you going to be our real friend? ”But I will
not leave before I feel the joy of embracing you again, when
you stroke my vanishing hair and tell me that you love me

oskar hansen

road works

Road Works

The loose pebbles off the road I picked
were cold and unwilling, but as they
warmed in my palm they thawed and
when I opened my hand they were sand
of time and told a story of a future strand
washed by swells of seas not yet born.

Life lines in my hands are mere blinks
when measured by cosmic seconds, yet
worriedly I asked: “shall I not be there
and witness a birth? ” This silence, so
telling, is free of sentimentality, but it
whispered about blameless perpetuity.

oskar hansen

sea life

A seafarer’s life

I didn’t want to work in a factory and get my hands dirty,
be locked inside grey walls six days a week, as everyone
else in my street was, so I got a job selling books from
house to house; only I was so terrible shy.

The first doorbell I rang was also my last, the woman who
opened the door was kind enough but she didn’t want to
buy anything, I nearly cried, and didn’t have the courage
to press my finger on another doorbell.

Selling pictures of farms, taken from a helicopter, was
my next job, out all day taking the bus to the countryside
only the day I got there it was raining I had no umbrella
and the first farm I came to was also my last.

I took a course training to be a waiter, in white jacket
and golden epaulet I looked handsome, so my sister said.
I did well at the course and got a job at a posh restaurant;
but my hands shook I dropped plates and was fired

Finally I got a job on a tank-ship, in her galley hidden from
view, washing pots and pan, and hid from the world for
thirty years. Now, I write poetry about a sea I hardly saw
stuck inside a ship’s casing seven days a week.

oskar hansen

senryu 3

http: //www.lulu.com/product/download/sojourn-in-algarve/6144387

Camera Clicks

Snapshots
Dull moments of a past
Frozen solid.

Snapshots
False bonhomie
Exposed.

Snapshots
Bright smiles
Hidden knives.

oskar hansen

senryu 4

Senryu

As the night thickens
And darkness tranquilises life
Dawn is welcomed.

Senryu

Banality of greed
To shop for the sake of buying
Not for what you need

Senryu

Fear not the dead
They are only a copy
Of your future self

Senryu

Those who work long hours
Feel holly and virtuous
But get arthritis

oskar hansen

september rain

September Rain (sonnet)

Most days, on my way to the bar or grocery shop,
I walk past an old man who sits in the shade of
an oak, on a creaky sofa that has lost its place in
the lounge. I usually stop and talk to him, he can’t
remember me from one day to the next, tells me
the same story about his parents, and where he
grew up; Portugal of yore. He isn’t here today, only
the mantle, he wraps around himself when there
is a chill in the air, is flung on the old sofa; a zephyr
whispers that he will not be back. “Will I be that old?
I ask the waning sun. I sit on a sofa on the terrace,
a blanket wrapped around my shoulders, scan the sky,
in the vale where I live and my parents too lived,
we wait for September rain.

oskar hansen

sex and the medical profession

Sex and the Medical Profession

I’m sitting in my car waiting for my wife who is at mass
I find it impossible to believe in any religion, but I say
nothing it is important for my wife to believe in a merciful
god. Paris, and agony, my wife prayed but did call
an ambulance. Battling doctors, how young they are, I felt
like a low paid, reluctant actor in a hospital drama, one
who has to play the nurse when he really wanted to be
the famous heart transplant surgeon.

The doc asked if I smoked. No! She looked sullen since
I didn’t, it is so easy to blame the fag. I said I had smoked
15 years ago, she looked relieved and told me to keep up
the good, work: she removed the catheter a lovely pee
Is better than sex, if temporarily, now I feel like making
love, my wife tells I’m deluded, I say nothing but bid my
time, keep a blanket in my car in case I should meet
someone who is equally barmy.

oskar hansen

she only exist in dreams

She only exist in a dream
She only existed in a dream an old man dreamt, in his lonely cottage, when sitting by the fireside patting his dog's head. Knock on his door, there she stood looking a dream and since he knew her he invited her in. His dog happy too it had a bald pat top of its head, and the wood in the hearth roared its approval. The elderly man was content too only the real thing spoke a lot, burped, ate and used too much water when having a shower and the real sex wasn't that great either. When the aged man awoke his chimney corner was cold and full of ashes, but he was glad it had been a bad dream – perhaps too much red win had cut down on the booze a bit- He sighed let out the dog, went into the kitchen and made a cup of coffee, feeling quite relived that his wishes had not come true.

oskar hansen

shining light

Shining Light

Sometimes light in Algarve is too sharp I can see
the lot at once, the future, past and the landscape.
All is white, have I been where I'm going, or I'm
coming back from where I have not been?

I sit in the shade under a carob tree and watch ants
going down a hole with bits of twigs preparing
for a nuclear holocaust, and the catastrophe that
befalls all groups of people sooner or later.

Light is no longer white but amber and a magazine
editor says I'm Danish, yet published my poem; it
doesn't matter that I have lost my old identity, he
could have called me a Palestinian for all I care.

oskar hansen

shorter days

As Days Get Shorter.

The sunny fall is now dry, hard winter
on the avenue trees stand denuded
while their offspring the leaves, rustles
up and down the street, filling up storm
drains and sighing as they dance with
a lackluster zephyr, not yet ready to
merge into dark soil; tawny and auburn,
I look at my hands, not there yet.

Few birds in trees they have gone to
Africa, which is not far from where
I live…for a bird, they spend nights in
the avenue's trees, safer there than on
the country side; seen as vermin when
there are too many, too few and bird
lovers and other weird people, worry
if birds of prey will survive.

I look up to the sky it is cold and azure
but I see the shimmer, not a sharp eyed
sparrow hawk or an eagle, but of a much
bigger wing span, something is keeping
an eye on me, but I wag a finger, bravely
smile and say: "no thanks, my hands are
not like leaves yet. And as street- lights are
lit the day flawlessly glides into twilight.

oskar hansen

sit by the river

Sit By the River

The dripping tap, ticking clock, the long nights
when unwanted memories surface on gloomy
waters, and my past creeps nearer and future
hides in a Saragossa mist, together they push
me nearer a non existence. Sad morning light,
rain falls like an old man’s tears when all ships
have sailed and he is stranded on the island he
shares with snakes and scorpions knowing they
will soon eat him. Driftwood in the sea of life,
I never was a master of my destiny, but I can do
a last brave thing, walk into the Savannah night
and eaten by lions or, with my luck, wolfed by
hooting hyenas, so I will stay where I’m, my
last act of cowardice, sit by the river and wait.

oskar hansen

small beer

Tanka

Accept old age
The smug tellers of lies say
Accord is mortal
The smug think they are undying
Liars fear the truth

Senryu
In the mind’s mere
Tiny, silvery fishes swim
Called senryu

Senryu
Poor Barack Obama
One year as US president
And he tows the line

oskar hansen

snowman

Snowman

I’m going to Sapporo next year to build a snowman
and win a prize, get my picture on the news and
be interviewed by David Frost.

I will not be arrogant and look down on ordinary
people, but everyone will notice that inner glow and
say: Truly there walks a famous, yet humble man.”

For I know, as you do, come spring my snowman will
melt, and only you admiration for the famous will
prevail, until someone builds a bigger snowman.

oskar hansen

sojourn

My Argentinean Sojourn

I left my ship in Buenos Aires wanted to buy a horse
cross the pampas climb the Andes, into Chile, I had
paid for the horse and took a picture of it too when
a revolt came a junta of generals had taken it upon
themselves to save the country, and since I was not
one of them I was sent packing back to Europe.

Forty years ago now, bet the horse is gone, or some
bits of it can be found in old tins of dog food; still got
the picture though, it’s faded but shows I could have
been an adventurer if it hadn’t been for the officers
hell bent on playing with their many toys and saving
the myth of endless parades, military bands and flags.

oskar hansen

spaceship one

Spaceship 1

Wonderful night stars so close took a step ladder up to
the roof terrace and picked one it shone so bright, put
It on the mantelpiece where it slowly faded into a blob
like a balloon thrown out of a passing car and run over
hundred times. Tried to put it back but the heaven was
too far away, but I saw the hole in the velvety carpet.

Threw the damp blob into the rubbish bin in the yard,
next day the bin was gone so I drove into town, bought
a new one. The following night was wonderful too but
stars kept well away from my grasping hands, my star
was now back in its place; in the morning I had two bins
one looked slightly frizzled at the edges.

oskar hansen

spectre

The Spectres

In the olive grove I see a group print of ghosts,
stumps of amputated boughs painted white;
I look for a pen to draw eyes noses and ears,
to bring life to expressionless, pallid faces.
I have a ghostly photograph on my cottage's
wall, it's from my merchant-navy college days,
the group of smiling youths are all dead now
except for two, we're old timers spit and wait.
How young we were, 'here we are, life, ' smile,
bitter regrets hadn't yet clouded our features;
suit, tie and short hair, pre beat generation, our
heroes were John Wayne and Edgar G. Hoover.
It is almost unbearable to see them like this,
I look for a pencil got to make up for lost time,
redraw their faces and bring them back to life.
oskar hansen

spoken words

http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=BFq98P1cAUE

oskar hansen

spring for some

Man in Market Town

It is a big door shiny white and wide, isn't
used much, twice a day when he goes out
shopping and when returning; if anyone
rings the door bell it is usually the gas man.

There are times when he opens the door at
night going to a bar or to buy love bought
and consumed in cheap hotel rooms; a need
that leaves him ashamed and gloomy.

There is a knock on the door of memories, he
gets up look out of the window, it's a brilliant
day and he hears eager steps on pavements,
like someone dancing Argentinean tango.

To be old in November is not so bad, he tells
himself, he can be in and play Elvis's old vinyl
records on his gramophone, but to be seventy
a day in May, man, that makes the soul cry.
oskar hansen

stalker

The Stalker

Liverpool 1974 and it wasn’t raining, sat in a café, at the pedestrian precinct, the coffee was awful, tasted like milky tea, when I saw her. She was daintily munching a cheese sandwich with, and drank a cup of tea.Her skin was silky she had green eyes, red hair and I just knew she was Irish. She looked up and smiled. I panicked, and pretended to read “Liverpool Echo.” She waited for me to make a move, paralyzed with shyness I could not. Finally she got up, I followed; by the Victoria monument she took bus eight to Garston. Now it was overcast and soft rain fell; she waved as the bus passed me. I thought of following the bus in a cab to see where she got off, but it was no good I had hesitated too long, whatever I did next she would think I was a stalker.

oskar hansen

stillness

Stillness

This room, dirty windows and
pale squares
were pictures hung,
has no furniture,
dust on floorboards
dance to a tune unheard by man;
the beauty here is that of
eternal nothingness,
the essence of happiness is less,
yet many fill their
space with futile objects
because they can’t bear
the intrusive silence of bareness.

oskar hansen

summer precipitation

Summer Precipitation

The cup of old sadness is full; there is little I want to
know, the banal pilfering of politicians stirs me not
into moral ire, they did what people try doing daily
if they can, small time thieving we understand and
therefore can be virtuous about it, while big banks
crimes are too complex and are quickly forgotten.
Summer rain the earth smells of freshly dug graves,
don’t pick the flowers in the glade though, they are
for June weddings and not to be wasted on old men’s
graves. Spill not, drink your hemlock; get up walk in
the rain listen how nature sings and greet s you, all
while you remember a June bride gone. The nymph
had blond hair and green eyes, red lips that tasted of
rose’s dew, till bad magic turned her into a housewife.

oskar hansen

summer sea

http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=iOnUvV4LKCo

oskar hansen

sunday dinner

Sunday Dinner

It was on an impulse I went to visit
my brothers' a fine Sunday noon,
No answer, but the door was open
I walked in food on the table, still
warm. Mary Celeste, I thought and
served myself.

Their garden looked enchanting
bushes full of red berries, I turned
on the water sprinklers and left;
heard a scream, thought it came
from their neighbour's garden and
took no notice.
oskar hansen

tango for two

Tango for Two.

On internet I looked up dancing in Algarve, got ballet dance and dance schools, those were out, lap dance too which is even more embarrassing, a girl on your lap jumping up and if you don’t get an erection due to your knees hurting the girl will feel offended and tell the audience that you are impotent; and it beats me why she want to humiliate the poor punter who has paid for this salacious make believe intercourse.

Maybe it has to do with pride, professional honour, the woman may feel that she is a failure if she can’t get her client exited; so why do I care? I just want to go to a place and sway to the tango remember a warm night in Buenos Aires 1945 after being stuck on German u-boat for months knowing the war was lost, and get some exercise too, is that too much to ask a wintery Saturday night in Algarve.

oskar hansen

tanka

Tanka

If you see the poor
In your leafy neighbourhood
Buy them a bus-ticket
So they can see our great land
And settle somewhere else.

oskar hansen

tanka (sigh)

Tanka (The sigh)

The Palestinians
Are my beloved cousins
The Israeli poet sighed
If they would only behave
We wouldn’t have to punish them.

oskar hansen

tanka new

Tanka

Because of love
I became an almond tree
Ugly in winters
Come spring I wear pink flowers
And feel ever so artistic

oskar hansen

tanka tank oav

Tanka

White foam on azure sea
Spindrift, brother of the cloud
Spins a magic rug
On which we can forever fly
Till fairytales come true

oskar hansen

tasmanian tiger, the ebook

http: //www.lulu.com/content/e-book/tasmanian-tiger/8140779

oskar hansen

ten euro note

Ten Euro Note

The old road into town is only used by walkers
now, weird people, who would look out of place
anywhere else and Marian Hyde, who writes
about alternative lifestyles, in the Guardian.

I had found a wallet with a twenty euro note,
photos of a posing nude woman, it belonged to
someone named Carol. I asked around, they all
knew her, a pro who often walked this way.

A handmade and of real leather and on and
impulse I added a ten euro note and wondered
if when I caught up with her she would notice,
or was my motive more self serving?

I met up with Carol at a road side pub gave her
the purse, she opened it counted the money,
said nothing, but she was talking to a footballer
who wanted to be tennis professional.

I walked where I was accosted by a Liverpool
comedian who couldn’t stop telling jokes,
I soon stopped laughing, smiling and listening,
but my disinterest didn’t matter anyway.

Carol came out, joined us, she had bought me
a beer and was in a good mood, the comedian
had fallen asleep, she knew the why of my ten
euro note and I knew of her nude pictures.

oskar hansen

Terror in Mumbai

Terror in Mumbai

The face of a young terrorist caught on camera, flushed look and his eyes shine with the ecstasy of total power, the one who decides who’s to live or die.

This is his moment what he has been dreaming of so long, the cause for his war means nothing now that life surges through every sinew of his body.

Should he survive, his days will be flat and endlessly grey till he gets a change again to easily kill and feel the ecstasy of absolute supremacy.

oskar hansen

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving

My aunt gave me a turkey to give to my brother who
lived in the neighbouring town, I cooked the fowl first
to stop it going bad and put it in a bag, went down to
the post office to send it, but the place had closed for
the day. Took the bus to my brother’s town, but when
arriving I had forgotten his address, asked the doorman
at a hotel, who new my brother, to show me the way,
only to find when we got there that I had left the bag
on the bus. Got lost trying to find the bus terminal,
I didn’t know brother’s phone number I also resented
the fact that aunt had given him the bird because he
was the oldest, leaving me with all the work, so I got
fed up and left; but I couldn’t get home as no bus was
going my way. Down at the docks there was a steamer
ready to sail for Djibouti, with a cargo of frozen turkey
for the presidential army, she needed a cook, so I sign
on, but did sent brother a cable telling him where his
turkey was. Too late, the bus driver, since no one had
claimed it, took the bird home and had a feast.

oskar hansen

the aide

The Aide

The swimming pool's wall was decked out with Swiss flags making the scene solemn and legal, Charles, his real name Herbert, but he thought Charles have him an royal air, was leading an alabaster skinned, thin woman into the pool, she was naked save from a pair of heavy, leaded boots. They waded to the deep till submerged, he had instructed her not to hold her breath, but just let it happen it would be quicker that way. But she held her breath till bubbles came out of her mouth and nostrils and her struggle to reach to the surface ended and she looked like a rare sea plant swaying gently in the flow. Charles got out of the pool his job done, elderly now, but with a body that would make a suit or uniform look good, he had the contented air of a man who had found his proper vocation in life.

oskar hansen

the amazement

The Amazement

The track I walked, in the thorny landscape, was full of loose stones that kept coming up from ground trying to trip me up, where the track narrowed amongst unkempt trees, boughs tried to push me over, and in the undergrowth I heard snarls of animals too vicious and hideous too appear in the flesh. Overcast day and the wind that blew had ice on its breaths, I shivered alone in the enmity of a landscape gone feral.

But I staggered on unwilling to give into phobias and fear, suddenly stones went subversive and the path was soft as a carpet, unseen animals disappeared and trees welcomed me with fluttering leaves; even a love hungry zephyr whispered sweet words. In a shimmering glade- smooth as a rich man’s lawn- a plum tree, full of juicy fruit, I picked and ate some; they tasted of magic and sweet marvel.

Dizzy with pleasure I sat on a stone, formed by ten million years of rain, like a throne, saw sirens dance to Pan’s flute and swim with sunrays and moon waves that hadn’t made it home and had to wait for night, and mother moon to come pick them up. Fell asleep when I woke up a boar, with her seven piglets, drank water by the lake’s far shore. White clouds on blue, time to go home and remember not speak of this to anyone.

oskar hansen

the ancient profession

The Ancient Profession

Now that prostitution in Norway, has been outlawed
those who turn tricks have to work harder than before,
some of them dress grandmotherly, wait at a crossing
for a man to help them over, and the where and when
are agreed upon. Authentically older women too have
been agreeably surprised never thought they were
going to be touched by a man, and they are not going to
tell. Alas all good things must come to an end, the law
is recruiting pensioned policewomen who do not fear
to go all the way to catch their man.

oskar hansen

the aristocratic war

The Aristocratic War.

A lone burgundy poppy, amongst the weed on
verge of the lane remembers World War 1,
few wars- this so romantic English war- are as
well recorded. Verdun and stinking mud, many
poems written (not that verses ever stopped
the juggernaut of war.) Plinths and cenotaph,
statues of generals -covered in bird droppings-
astride bronze horses, in every town. Lest we
forget that this is the only war where the upper
classes died, on the battlefield, in equal numbers
as the common soldier. and that, I suspect, is
why it is so well documented.
oskar hansen

the assessment

The Assessment

My copy pen fell to the floor I bent down to pick it up
now I feel dizzy. I came to this country, decades ago
to write, many pens have fallen on the floor- although
I do not write with a pen but use a word processor.
A pen is a crutch and to make droll shapes on sheets
of paper; a thousands sheets filled with doodles while
waiting to write something sensible on the processor;
a mad publisher has shown interest in them.
Twenty years feels a very long time, twenty more and
I'll be ninety bet I will not be able to pick up a pen from
the floor then. Now I wake up in the night and a steady
hum tells me I have wasted my time scrawling, a book
of scribble how is that for an epitaph?

oskar hansen

the awareness

The Awareness

As the days of light draw in I'm pulled
back to a mythical past, and I remember
a perfect moment, when time stood still
and we're a contented family.

An alarm clock rang, a shift worker had
to get up, do his job, a summer evening
that would never return when nature
and humanity were as one

No one remember them now, traceless
but for a box of old photos in the drawer,
bones that rattle in the night; the expanse
between us is unbridgeable now

As the memory fades into a shadow
and faces are hidden in a miasma of time,
there is in the vanishing light a beacon
that still shines till my journeying ends.

oskar hansen

the blue boat

The Blue Boat

When winter rain falls
The lake in the vale fills up
Clear as a child’s tear
Where a blue rowing boat floats
Whishing it were a schooner

When the wind blows
You can if you try see masts
And its boastful sails
As it crosses vast expanses
Of dreams and secret longings

oskar hansen

the caretaker

http: //www.vimeo.com/8817941

oskar hansen

the chair person

The Chair Person.

The woman, who was chairing the meeting, wore a flowering dress of an expensive material, she wore much gold and with her tan she looked almost like a rich gipsy lady only less elegant. It wasn't that she was very fat but her lips where huge, too red and octopus greedy and her fingers, when resting on the table looked like guillotined, corpulent men, blood still dripping and when lesser charges shared it looked as she mentally hurried them on so she could speak.

There was something insincere about her, maybe she didn't have problem, but this was the only place people tolerated her. Beautiful summer evening windows open, I heard bird song, sun was setting into an azure sea. at home I had a cold bottle of white wine waiting. Must have dreamt there was a grave silence in the room, I looked up the woman was glaring at me waiting for me to share something, I looked up to the roof and counted the beams and thus the meeting ended

oskar hansen

the clairvoyant

The Clairvoyant

Over a cold Nordic coast a seagull flies and sees
the bay between the island and the coastal town.
40 minutes each way by ferry. It's an old gull and
has a blind eye and one leg; yes, you are right,
a real pirate I used to know years ago, it knew me
too when I was a cook on that a ferry boat, sat on
the mast and waited for me to throw scraps of
food into the sea shrieking harshly, it is the gulls
way of wishing me well.

This year has no ice in the bay, there was a time
when the ferry was icebound islander folk had to
walk on ice across to get to the shops, they still
do [there is a bridge now,) ferry been sold and
is plying its trade on the delta of Bangladesh.

The day is clear I'm a seagull and can see the past
lucid as the day it is lucky that I can't see the future,
but there is a name that warms my heart: Falluja.
The down trodden, the raped, took up arms and
fought the mightiest army the world has seen and
won a moral victory that one day will bring peace,
to Iraq. I'm not a seer, but the old pirate is, flies
beside me now and harshly shrieks, it is the way we
seagulls greet each other.

oskar hansen

the crocodile

The crock

The small lake in the vale is muddy brown and
I see what looks like an uprooted tree floating
in the middle, the tree disappears and the water
ripples like it suddenly feels cold. There has
been rumours about sheep disappearing when
grazing near the lake but since there is a good
road nearby, rustlers have been blamed; mind,
dogs too have vanished and no self-respecting
thieve can possible be interested in our motley
canines. The breeze that made the water ripple
has died out and in sharp spring sunlight I can
see the tree again, but it seems to be lower in
the water. The lake gets smaller and browner
every year less rain falls now then in the past,
a few years hence it will be a piece of dry land
and a dusty crocodile.

oskar hansen

the doll

The Doll
When mum went to work at the fish factory, there was no money for baby-sitters; she gave me a black rag doll, to play with. The doll, called Tom, was a caricature and today would be seen as an insult. We had no radio or TV, and in the long hours, when it rained and I could not go out, Tom became my friend. Mum didn't believe me when I said Tom could talk, but only when we're alone. School began I had new friends, and boys don't play with dolls; Tom ended up at the bottom of a drawer. Forty years later I found Tom, in a shoe-box in the basement, his fuzzy head rested on a pillow. I thought of the time when he could talk. I put him back in the box and taped the lid. Tom is dead, so is my childhood. In the stillness I hear winds of coming chill, blow leaves along the asphalted lane and far from where it all began.

oskar hansen

the face

The Face

On my walk along the old lane I came across a tree that has on its trunk the outline of a sad pastry chef's face, of one who has just burnt his cakes; and has to open his shop, now he had to rush out, buy up pastries in other places; theirs, of course, will not be as good as his own, but he got to have something to sell. He'll grind up his burnt cakes put the crumble in tiny paper bags and sell them to children on their way to school, or old folks who are going to the park to feed the ducks; ten cent a bag. His wife's fault, she came to the bakery - they haven't been married long- they kissed, canoodled; ok, we get the picture. He has made it clear that she mustn't upset him during baking hours, he isn't mad at her, not since she told him she had a bun in the oven herself.
And the tree, it's an olive tree- silvery in winter light- is silent but there is a stir of a smile in the air.

oskar hansen

the flick

The Flick

The blond girl had turned her back to the beach
head in hand her guitar flung aside, I think she
was crying. A man walked his dog another one
jogged, birds in V shape flew towards the eye of
the twilight; and no scientist saw the weeping girl.
Night, on a strand of sand that faced the mighty
Pacific Ocean I so often had crossed on my way
to the land of the setting sun. A girl alone and me
on a beach of forget us not, I walked over to tell
her go home; the girl was a heap of golden sand,
her fine guitar was flotsam of a blue fishing boat
and her bikini a tattered plastic shopping bag.

oskar hansen

the forgotten one

The forgotten One

Mary Joe where are you know? Forgotten bones in a grave yard?
He was such a dashing man and you drove with him through
the night, crossing a bridge that wasn't there, into the water and
then you where alone breathing through pockets of air in the car.
Struggling to breaths the air, between the roof of the car and water,
getting smaller, but you just knew he was coming to rescue you,
he was such a nice boy. When you knew he wasn't coming and
there was no more air to breath you knew you had been a rich
man's toy and your tears mingled became the sea. Mary Joe
I have not forgotten you, the man who betrayed you is dead, they
gave him a great send off the president and the famous came to his
funeral., and amongst the speeches no one mentioned your name.
Even your parents were paid off not to mention your name, yet
I do remember your face from the press and I will remember you.

oskar hansen

the gallery owner

The Gallery Owner

He had been to the doctors
nothing could be done, they are
not magicians and he had
a painting exhibition at his
gallery tonight.

Sat in his chair leaning left,
less pain that way, some thought
he had had too much to drink.

In the night he was saved
from further agony,
a sudden heart attack.

Many people came to his
funereal, a lyrical lady singer
sang about love and loss;
there were tears;

...and then the silence began.

oskar hansen

the great encounter

The Great encounter

The mountains, that kept the sky from strangling us,
has all but disappeared. The sky has now swallowed
the roof of our houses. It is alarming, to be squished
between soil and sky as they embrace with selfish
lust in their hearts; finally intercourse. We must prise
them apart by building egocentric Dubai towers and
boasting Malaysian skyscrapers, to keep the sky pure,
and not let it sink into debauchery with mother earth.

oskar hansen

the hex

The Hex.

Where the village lane meets the main road there was
an ugly olive tree that looked like two crippled old men
trying helping each across the road, petrified by cars,
I used to stop and talk to the tree old but still bore fruit;
now it has been chopped down and will end up as winter
wood. No. I'm not a tree hugger but it annoyed me that
it was cut down as it was not in any ones way.
An old woman came down the lane she had a long nose
with a big hairy wart on and a sack of twigs slung on her
crocked back. "Tell me dear woman, why was this tree
executed? "Because it was ugly looked like two old men
trying to help each other across the road", she said and
toothlessly laughed.

oskar hansen

the hope

The Hope

The jet black cloud that hangs over the village
is a malevolent pillow held by arms of awesome
power ready to press down and strangle us.
Serves us right we have been smug thinking we
had the keys to peace, shaking our heads
lecturing others how to, and then it all collapses.
Our democratic system that makes it possible
for the rich to steal from the poor, or our system
of law, where justice is given to those who can
afford it. It is no longer safe to live here, but how
to leave? Car-lights cannot penetrate through
the miasma of night on a road that has lost its
purpose and ends in a vale of nihilistic laughter
where the victims are told to live in peace with
their tormentors. Yet there is a beacon of light
a still flame of hope, the heart of humanity is not
yet defeated.

oskar hansen

the hunter

The Hunter

The vale, a mini grand canyon, most of
the time, cloaked in the opaque fog of
obscurity, was clear today. The floor of
the dale is flat and scattered with large
boulders, crippled bushes, weedy, slimy
plants and an imponderable, stillness that
follows sins of wilful nonappearance.

Was here, with my dog Stella, to look
for and hunt rabbits, by a boulder I saw
a rabbit bigger then a red fox, I shot it
in the head with my 22 calibre rifle;
still convulsing when I came up to it,
kicked it to death with the rifle butt and
saw it was not a gregarious mammal.

Hundreds of them, hairy monster rats
looking at me from every boulder and
holes in the ground. I moved backwards
didn’t dare turn my back, but they came
closer I panicked and fled; Stella stood
her ground defending me till I could get
up on the road of cowardice yet again.

I shot into the melee of rats till I had no
bullets left, but I could not save my dog;
fine rain a foul smelling miasma filled
the ravine packed with phobias, odium
and fear of the indefinite; one day I will
be back hunt and kill nightmares, clear
the valley and built a temple to purity.

oskar hansen

the lost president

The Lost President

Poor George, the president, deserted by foe and
friends, roaming the corridor of his big white
house like a ghost of yesterday. Cry he does and
says to his wife: Why, have they forsaken me?
she cradles him in her arms and says: “there, there
George don’t mind them, you kept the braying
enemy away for eight years, and in time a street
will bear your name, you can be sure of that”
Reassured George get on his bike and cycles from
eight to nine, but since the morning news doesn’t
mention his name and there is talk of a Moslem
called Obama he frets again, till a flunky tells him
he is still the president.

oskar hansen

the lovely couple

The Lovely Couple

In a café I hadn’t been to before I ate an omelet with
french fries, it was flat, boring the fries were re- heated.
Near me sat an old couple reading the paper together,
when he got and up walked outside for a smoke, she read
the obituary page, but just before he came back in she
folded the paper back to the page he was on before
leaving. He was interpreting to her what he had been
reading, something about the new president in the USA,
she knew of his views, she had heard them before,
she was listening to his voice, as they were old and near
the end of a blessed lane they had walked together.
Close they sat she held his arm and now they looked young.
It is odd to think if they knew they would live forever they
may have postponed their happiness indefinitely.

oskar hansen

the mistress

The Mistress.

Mary Jo where are you know? Dusty bones in a cemetery?
A dashing man drove you through the night, over a bridge
that wasn’t there, into the water and then you were alone
breathing through pockets of air in the car, waiting for him
to come rescue you. Didn’t hear his steps, on pebbly road,
as he was ran away? And your tears became the sea.

Mary Jo I have not forgotten you, the man who betrayed
you is dead, they gave him a great send off, a president and
the great came to his wake, wonder if anyone thought of you;
even your parents were paid off not to talk of you in public,
yet I do remember and think of you now the charming man,
the brother of brothers, has gone

oskar hansen

the nap

The Nap

It’s time you wake up. I have slept long dreaming.
Yes, you have been sleeping too long most of your
life has passed by and you know little of this world,
how it works, not like your talk of equality which
cannot exist other than as cosmetics the icing on
the cake called democracy.

You must wake up now I don’t want you to go to
your grave a fool who thinks animal rights is a big
deal; yet eating beef; these obsessions with rights
belong to the well off middle class who can afford to
eat expensive no meat food, and too dense to know
that if you are poor, you eat cheap burgers

Wake up sentimental dreams, do become a man
your age, your mother has died and so has your dog,
tears are misplaced in the cold light of truth, so come
now you are not a boy, life is not fake, poetry made
to make you maudlin and forgiving; I want to die
bravely like Saddam Hussein did.

Wake up now do not pretend to be asleep to avoid
the final truth which is what you long have know
to be true, your mother knew that and on her death
bed refused to play the conventional game of tearful
farewells they thought she was cold, but she had
nothing to regret, she lived life her way, so you can do.

No, no. no for you who read this I want a beautiful
death with candlelight on my side, not for me
the truth of sobriety, what so wrong with a little show
flowers and moist eyes. a mahogany coffin is much
classier that one made of cardboard, style, means
a lot to me, I was never an emotionally sober man.

oskar hansen

The Obama Speech

The Obama Speech

The great orator spoke in Cairo, told those
who had lost their land to stop warring and
seek a peaceful solution.

He told those who had done all the stealing,
from the bereft, to stop taking more and be
a bit more helpful.

Yes, our Obama knows how to do the talking,
but I don’t think the land grabbers give any of
it back to those they took if from.

oskar hansen

the occupiers

The Occupiers

They came, the huddled masses, victims
of a war and pogrom far from our shores;
we gave them room at the inn, and on
our common land they could graze sheep.

They have now taken over the inn, stolen
our common land, bulldozed our villages
and uprooted olive trees to build roads we
cannot use, erected walls to keep us out.

They want us to leave to roam the world
as they did; we will not, we shall stay here
near our ancestors and the land and wait,
yes, wait till they uproot again and leave.

oskar hansen

the omen

The Omen

I heard the sound of a plane looked up
a big carrier going north, it was white
and had an orange tail.

In one of its portholes my brother sat
looking out he had a serious face and
I think he was day-dreaming.

I waved he took his glasses off polished,
and put them back on, politely waved
too, but I don’t think he saw me clearly.

The plane vanished into a cloud of fine
woven air, I listened to its silence till a
crowing crow in a tree broke the hush.

oskar hansen

the painter and the pandemic

A Painter and the Pandemic

An old lady in our village died last night… flu,
but since it was not the swine variety no one took
notice, the world press will not come here, we'll
not see our houses on the TV. There are many
disappointments, Amazon floods, many dead, alas,
not from The Flu, survivors can sit on mud banks
without face masks, and wait for all we care.

Gauguin cut Van Gogh's ear off, at a whore house,
then he went off to Hawaii painted native girls with
big bosoms and flowers behind well formed ears.
Now we know why. A pity none of the women who
worked there, didn't write down their memoirs, so
a relative could proudly announce that my great, great,
great grandmother knew them both.

oskar hansen

the primeval

The Primeval

Was it a distant cry of a child I heard?
it evoked an equally remote memory
of another child’s wail.
The body in, the bay is your dad’s.

The school yards is empty and cold as
the sea. The bullies have gone home and
the afternoon sun paints unyielding
windows reddish-purple.

Don’t go home yet. Your mother cries
relatives eat shop bought sandwiches;
whispers. I will stay here for a while
and listen to the silence.

oskar hansen

the princess

Death of a Princess

Transparent, on top of a knoll
she stood the most famous woman
in the western world.

She tried to get down, could not
addicted to fame she had become.
Lightning struck, a torn newspaper
creation.

Ten million flowers sacrificed.

Her brother built her a shrine, in
the middle of a man-made lake,
pay the entrance fee and you just
might, on a clear day, see her shadow
walk on water.

oskar hansen

the reptile

The Reptile

The small lake in the vale is muddy brown and
I see what looks like an uprooted tree floating
in the middle, the tree disappears and the water
ripples like it suddenly feels cold. There has
been rumours about sheep disappearing when
grazing near the lake but since there is a good
road nearby, rustlers have been blamed; mind,
dogs too have vanished and no self-respecting
thieve can possible be interested in our motley
canines. The breeze that made the water ripple
has died out and in sharp spring sunlight I can
see the tree again, but it seems to be lower in
the water. The lake gets smaller and browner
every year less rain falls now then in the past,
a few years hence it will be a piece of dry land,
with, perhaps, a crocodile skeleton on.

oskar hansen

the scream

The Scream.

The new and young couple next door, for whom
all car adverts are made, came home late last night,
high voiced and full of spirit. Later on I heard her
cry out loud and thought: “wine, a man who slaps
his wife around when drunk.”

Next day I saw her in their cute little garden, she
wore the right outfit to prune roses, laughed
called her hubby darling and I remembered that
the voices of love and pain sound alarmingly
the same.

oskar hansen

the sea

The Sea.

I was an orphan lost on the vast plateau
of land till I came to the coast and saw
the sea wench all beginnings sprang;

yet I swim close to shore where the sea
is clear and has no dark, mysterious spots,
she is a greedy mother her love is total;

she hates land that stole her off springs,
hammers shores and will not desist and
be at ease before all is gone.

oskar hansen

the suit

The Suit

After the surgery my son come visiting
he had brought a dark suit along, hung
it in my wardrobe, said he had brought
it along in case we went to a party.
A fortnight later he flew back home but
left the suit behind so he didn’t have
to bring one next time he came visiting.

oskar hansen

the tarn of life

The Tarn of Life.

There many couples in the glade, the men
had shaving blades with which they cut
stripes on their women’s back, not deep
but enough for blood to trickle down and
make a pattern that spelt love.

I tried, but my blade was blunt, couldn’t
make her bleed, miserable she left me as
I was not able to let her suffer for love;
a failure in the ritual of married life and
shamed I walked away from the dell.

In a forest where trees were grey and had
lost all leaves I came upon an empty lake
and, saw at the bottom, the bleached, soft
bones of an embryo, it had blue eyes and
looked unblinkingly up at me.

It began raining, and the lake was filled
with pure, clear water, in it I bathed.
When looking up trees were green again;
by the shore my unborn daughter sat, she
smiled at me and I knew I was forgiven.

oskar hansen

The Termination

The Termination

In Pakistan bombs fall, explode and artillery
shells whizz through the air, burning building
and dead children, all this happen when I sit
listening to a program about abortion.

It strikes me that those who are anti-abortion,
often are for capital penalty and do not dither
to dropp rockets on villages in the mountains of
Pakistan or Afghanistan.

oskar hansen

the town's buffoon

The Town’s Buffoon

He sat fishing in the town’s small lake, too much
kindness and stale breadcrumbs had polluted
the water and fish had chocked to death; mind,
ducks looked happy as did rotund rats lurking in
the undergrowth by its bank. Someone felt sorry
for the fool, put two trout in his basket and said:
“I say, my man you have caught two fine fishes! ”
The clown arose, reeled in line, hook and sinker,
walked home; where he fried his catch, listened
to tomorrows weather forecast on the radio,
diced carrots and peeled potatoes- fed his fat cat-
and chuckled to himself for no reason at all.

oskar hansen

the transplant

The Transplant

You throb slowly and evenly today,
does it mean you have accepted your
fate that you at only thirty shall live
with an old man like me? Faithful, but
could you have done other wise?

My fear is having done this sacrifice
at such a tender age you might, when
reaching middle age, revolt, feel you
have wasted your time with me,
become bitter and self destructive.

I must warn, because I do love you,
(I even stopped smoking for you)
if you let me down you will be cast
into the wilderness of no life only
because you can’t dance anymore?

Irate the heart cries and skip a beat
worryingly, been threatened by
the man it gave itself too. Why can’t
he, get off his backside and take his
wife to the ball.

oskar hansen

the truant

The Truant

Trying to flee Christmas I opened a wrong door and
fell from sky into a glossy stygian lagoon, swam to
its northern shore and saw trees dismal graveyard,
petrified and silent trunks lit up by hazy moonlight.
I walked to the lake's eastern shore and witnessed
the easy birth of a day; a deer chastely drank blue
water when a brown bear came out of the forest
attacking me. I jumped into the lake the bear too
jumped in, a better swimmer, but as it was going to
catch me, I ducked, swam up behind it, mounted
the beast- like a cowboy- and gripped my fingers on
the liberal skin folds of its fat neck. Howling angry
the bear swam in circles but couldn't shake me off,
when it beat swam for shore I let go, the poor brute
crawled ashore and tired scuttled into the woods.
I followed a barely visible track and came to a town
where kind people gave me food (hotcakes, honey
and bacon,) a bath and a bed in a green room. I slept
for days, but when asked where I came from, could
only tell of a deer and a bear as my only memory.
To be an embryo inside a celestial dream feels fine
while I plan the newness of my life.

oskar hansen

the vengeance

The Vengeance

There is no war it is all happening on TV, for our
entertainment, I look out of the window and see
no dead bodies, no blood or bombed buildings,
or soldiers prancing about, except Pedro coming
back after hunting rabbits. He hates rabbits since
one chased him and bit his bum, he was twelve
at the time but the indignity made him malicious.

He hunts rabbits in the morning, they hear him
come and hide in burrows, except for the unwise
that think they can make play hide and seek with
him. Pedro is a crack shot and at times bag one,
which is good for us, had he always missed his
hatred may have grown to include us and the war
would move from the TV screen on to our street.
oskar hansen

the visitor

The Visitor

When I woke up in the night I saw him standing
in the doorway giggling devilishly at me, I got
out of bed and screamed: ”Not Now! ” Grabbed
a picture from the wall, (a painting of Jesus on
the cross) and threw it after him.

The frame hit him square on his forehead, blood
oozed down his hairy body, a pool on the floor,
slimy liquid full of worms, wriggling maggots and
venomous snakes that swayed and hissed to their
master’s horrid laughter.

A stir in the air the fiend became a grey dissipating
mist and the echo of his giggles faded into silence.
In the morning I found the broken frame and glass,
softly picked the saviour up and rinsed him under
the kitchen sink.

oskar hansen

the whiteness within me.

The whiteness within…me

Yesterday I saw an albino raven
it had just killed a sparrow and
had drops of blood on its chest.

Having had the privilege to be
white you would think it would
desist from killing sparrows.

But I must be wrong perhaps it
was an angel dressed as cardinal
they wear red and eat meat.

Or was it was a dove of peace
wearing a ruby necklace, or had
it been hurt by an Israeli sniper?

Perhaps it was a white cloud
I saw drifting along on blue
being lit up by a red eyed sun.

A white feather, cowardice is
pale as cold snow, so why does
a peace dove has to be white?

oskar hansen

three new senryu, i think

Senryu

Perfect rose shivers
Fears being picked at dawn
 And fade in a vase

Senryu

Perfect attraction
Breathless, ravenous sex
Delightful madness

Senryu

Perfect marriage
One is fondly remembered
The other wears black

oskar hansen

three short poems

Three short poems
An Echo of a Song.

As vapour trail of past dreams
slowly evaporates in cold air
of reality, new dreams are born
and cherished, till they too are
given leave to perish.

Winter Forest.
Days of twilight, winter cold and starlit.
Witches dance on coruscated snow, in
the dell, as silent trees bear witness to
nature’s cruel beauty.

The copy
Droplets of star’s tears on a green
ephemeral sky, moon is oxidized;
nights are ghostlier than the print
of the Chinese lady, on a dull wall,
in the lobby of a run- down hotel.

oskar hansen

to be and so on

To Be or…

The swan on the lake doesn't know it is a swan, they say. How do they know? A swan may look at us and say to another swan "Darling humans don't who they are." Quite right my lovely, they are daft that way" (swans have lot in common with actors, the lake is their stage and we are their adoring audience) I know that because Tom, the only actor I have met in the flesh, called me darling, well, not only me but everyone he spoke to. Tom died no one calls me darling anymore. We only think we know ourselves, if we really did it would be too scary to know that inside us lurks a monster.

oskar hansen

transformation (Tanka)

Transformation (as Tanka)

It can’t be denied
the almond tree is ugly
weak looking branches
its bark is grey and scabby
not a future beauty queen

it can’t be denied
the almond tree is pretty
when covered in pink flowers
its bark is brown and healthy
and is spring’s favoured bride

oskar hansen

travel with bambi

Travel with Bambi

I was going to Seville, it’s not far an hour`s drive- I live in the south of Portugal- had no one to look after my dog she came along too. It was winter she sat inside the car resting when I walked into galleries looking at paintings visiting churches, yet keenly aware of her left in the car.

Guiltily bought a roasted chicken with chips, she ate it all but what she really wanted was to go for a long walk. Walked we did through roads no one knew existed, empty houses broken down walls what history they held; the dog was quiet but her little tail wagged.

We saw rats, cats and stray dogs which she quickly put in their places; finely she was tired, I had lost my way let her lead the way back to the car, where she curled up in the back and snored. It was late I was hungry but could only find a grotty pizza parlour still open.

oskar hansen

two more tanka

Tanka

For those who are dead
The planet doesn’t exist
And it never did
Must we for that reason think
Life is a lone planet’s dream?

Tanka

Writers and poets
Think they can be immortal
By ink a pen
But everything ever written
Will rot as autumn leaves do.

oskar hansen

unheard music

Unheard Music (Mozart)

The fingers on my left hand move all by themselves
like they are playing piano that produces music
I cannot hear. I watch my fingers play but it makes no
sense so I try to stop by holding them still with my
right hand's fingers. So I sit like a vicar contemplating
the Sunday sermon, a mild one who hasn't an arsenal
of fire and brimstone speeches, but would rather talk
about the coming spring. My wife brings me a glass of
water and a pill, fingers rest, but I would liked to have
heard the music they played, for all I know it could
have been music brought to me in a dream by Mozart
who died so young that he can't believe it yet, and
tries trough, me to play his latest masterpiece.

oskar hansen

vanishing future

The Vanishing Future

The lake we swam in, as children, is now
a sea of knee high thistles, in summer
evenings, that had no night, we fished for
trout, now I see empty tins of sardines
blinking in fading sunlight

I had travelled long to get here fifty years
or so, my old home was an oblong square
on ugly ground, but I did find a rusty
spade to dig my tiny space while smoking
a last cigarette or two.

oskar hansen

vanishing islands

Vanishing Islands

Classic sea, almost antique, slow swinging oars
rowing towards a balmy island with lazy palm trees.
Everything could have been so perfect, hadn’t been
for the rising sea and the diminishing shoreline.
There is a smoking mountain in the middle of
the island, soon fishermen will sit on cliffs and be
anglers, sing songs remembering times when their
island had a sandy beach; but for now oscillating oar
blade dips into liquid happiness, disturbing briefly
the azure sky that preens itself on an ocean it regards
as a mere mirror.

oskar hansen

video

http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=xBRDSdjSmUU

oskar hansen

wentertainment

Entertainment

Where I grew up the landscape was flat, the sky wide
and Christianity, demanding. The nearest village didn't
have a cinema but sometimes a travelling preacher
came along and the meeting hall was full.

They were good the old preachers, spoke about sin,
forgiveness and the saving of the soul. Many cried
came up to the podium spoke of their many sins and
was forgiven, many came it was a good meeting.

Our neighbour was there being saved, the farmer
told me that he was always saved but it didn't last
long, he tended to look embarrassed for a few days,
then he was back being his old sinful self.

The farmer's wife, Alice, stirred restless in her seat,
her eyes shone she wanted to get up there and
confess her sins; I still wonder what sins that might
have been? But the farmer, Torvald, held her back.

Back at the farm Torvald had a dram his wife sat near
him, and at milking time next morning she was half
an hour late, said she hadn't heard the alarm clock;
the farmer didn't get up before breakfast at eight

Yes, they had warm, caressing voices the preachers
of old, and sometimes they thundered about sin till
we deliciously shivered, and when the collection box
went around we kindly gave more than old buttons.

oskar hansen

what angles know

What Angels Know

It is odd but darkness is not dark enough to hide shadows
of what is about to happen. It may be trivial a cyclist falling,
a bit of nosebleed and concerned onlookers, or a ship sinking,
desperate men swimming in the water and being eaten by
bold sharks, but of course the shadows are ready to silently
absorb screams sight and smells and record everything in
the logbook not knowing what pity is, and it will not read by
anyone’s mind, but other shadows prepared to endlessly mimic
human life form as they pass through temporarity and stored
for future references, washed and rinsed of thought as they
must never doubt their robotic limitation they are mere life forms
who accept the certainty of death, not knowing how to make
eternity bend to wish and produce the galaxy of peace.

oskar hansen

what the priest said

What a Priest told me.
I was young, fourteen, late at night, I was hasting home, jumped over fences, crossed a garden when I saw a naked woman by the fireside, wood fire casted a warm glow on her body, washing herself with a cloth she dipped into a sink bucket placed on a chair in front of her. She slowly cleaned her arms, neck, breasts, legs feet and finally she washed the part where legs meet the body. All in slow caring motion. She put a kimono on sat down and opened a book, after a few minutes she put the book down looked out of the window, I was petrified and hoped I looked like a bush, she smiled, to me or herself, I shall never know. At this point I hastily left, woozy, confused and in love. Later I saw her at the grocer' she had bought flowers, looked up and smiled at me. Of course I didn't know, at the time, that she was one of Ruben's women put there to tempt me into a life of infidelity forever seeking perfect, chaste love and not involved in the physical side that smells of under- arms transpiration. If I see one of Ruben's women, and she smiles at me I now her love is a dream and with aching heart and regret I walk away.

oskar hansen

winter Algarve

Winter Algarve.

The hills in the vale are stony and grey except where
they have made a road up to a new house that looks
shiny and bright for now, but will in time when paint
fades look as it belongs. “That old house you see up
there was built in 2009, ” a tourist guide will say.

The Northerly flies low and cold today olive trees
look silvery as big gorillas standing still contemplating
a sky that has white, billowing clouds sailing across;
a regatta were no one drowns and the winner turns
into a miasma and never seen again

The stones on the old wall look like grey skulls with
holes in like another war mass grave found in Poland.
Everything dies and lives, the grass is green and tiny
Flowers grow out of weed, paradise for wooly backs,
but not for those- the human ones- from St. Helens.

The vines in black soil look like dead soldiers held up
by wire, not a hint of jollity to come. My wintery vale,
winds gets cold my face is as frozen as a newscaster’s
botoxed face, but since I need not look young I hurry
home to thaw it into familiar wrinkles.

oskar hansen

winterlight

Winter-light
No one walks on the old road anymore, not even on a day
when almond trees are in bloom. Blue weed and thorny
bushes are shooting through, one day the road will be out
of sight. It leads to a ruin of a house, doors and windows
long since stolen, a door frame made of carved stone too;
half the roof has caved in. A vagabond lived in the ruin for
a time, till gruff voices told him to get lost. I saw him slowly
fade away, erased by shimmering winter light.

He must have walked long was found in a grotto, seeking
shelter from the rain. Three days dead, they said. No saintly
women came, cleansed and wrap his tired body in a shroud.
Funeral at five witnessed by a pale functionary of the state.
Church bells didn’t toll. No one walks on the old road
anymore, not since the bushes grew eagle’s talons and a boa
constrictor took abode in the ruin.

oskar hansen

worker ants

Worker Ants

Parallel along the path I followed an ant track.
I joined the ants, there were many all carrying
bits of straw so I picked up a piece of dry straw,
and man was it heavy. The other ants laughed
said will get the hang of it in time, soon you'll
be able to carry two. Maybe four too, I rashly
said. No, that will break your back.

I kept falling behind as I timidly scanned the air
for predatory sparrows and wondered if rabbits
eat ants. Where their track ends by a hole, their
home, I threw my burden to the ground and
jumped back on to my own path. Hard work kills
the soul, and all you get at the end of it is cheap
pocket watch.

oskar hansen

working class soldier

Working class Soldier.

Don’t blame the TV it is what you want, so smile to the camera;
whatever you do don’t show a picture of a mutilated alien soldier,
tomorrow we will win this war and you’ll be remembered as never
before. I wonder if the working class, one day will wake up and say:
”Why should we do all the dying? Ah, my man, problem is you like
fighting it is the only thing that gives gist to your boring life beats
clocking in at seven every morning; fight on friends our leader are
very good at doing military funerals, make you a hero for the day,
you will miss hearing all the blooming words and your wife will
be poor before the flowers have wizened and a hearse rolls down
the lane driving another soldier hero to his grave.

oskar hansen

you too

http: //www.youtube.com/watch? v=bPXLZZwPeqE

oskar hansen

zoo gorilla

Zoo Gorilla

There was a big, bright ape at a zoo in Sweden who
disliked being looked at when walking about in his
enclosure minding his own business. To get visitors
to move on he threw stones at them. Bad ape, bad
for business the wise zoo administration concluded.
A tranquilizer dart flew through the air and the ape
was rendered emasculated; one cannot have hostile
apes at a zoo, they should behave like cuddly giants.
Visitors who go to the big ape's enclosure, a at zoo
in an arctic town not too far from of Stockholm, do
not stay long; nothing much to see other than a fat
primate that only sits there and eats bananas.
oskar hansen