

Poetry Series

Oskar Hansen
- poems -

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Oskar Hansen()

end of Mars

Oskar Hansen

...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 see 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.

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Oskar Hansen

007

007

On the train going west, a snooping man asked questions
asking about other peoples but saying nothing about himself.
I told him a tale so violent he paled and left at the next stop.
Believed in my story when the train stopped in Liverpool
had few pint looked at my visit card stating I was a bookseller,
but that was a ruse; I was a Russian assassin sent to kill some
agents that had turned and they sat in the pub.
When the smoke from our revolvers cleared, they were dead
and the landlord refused to serve me, and the game was up
Yes, your Honour, I'm in the book trade.

Oskar Hansen

14/11 Paris

14/11. Paris

14/11 another fine day in Portugal to wake up for but the news from Paris turned the sky grey and the sun a spent cartridge cooling in the body of a man in a café, beer, wine and blood. Allah Akbar, god the great and merciful, what a horrible irony in the streets of deaths.

I walked in the sunlight that unashamedly shone on a day of dread and it warmed my cold face and somewhere in Paris a man sits outside and plays "Imagine" on a piano it is heart -breaking and I`m filled with conflicting feeling anger and trying to understand what is impossible to grasp.

I fear the backlash and the fascist demagogues who can use the shock to their political goal and they will be believed by an incensed mob, Arabs will be killed for belonging to Semitic tribe that have suffered unbelievable bad luck that never seems to end.

Oskar Hansen

2015

2015

The year of two thousand and fifteen,
has not been a good year for world peace,
and brotherhood of man. I despair of our
lack of empathy with children killed by
well-meaning bombs dropped by nations
who look for peace through violence.

I recall from history books a king named
Croesus everything he touched turned into
gold and he died amidst plenty.

State sponsored violence spawn terror and
and newer versions of ISIS will not go away,
and we cannot understand that there will be
no peace before the whole world is a ruin if
do not come to our senses and stop feeding
terror`s voracious appetite.

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

3 New Haiku

Haiku

Wet leaf in a pond
Ants abandoning sinking ship
Shore line yonder.

Haiku

Tsunami brewing
A child wading in the puddle
Escaping tadpoles

Haiku

Ornamental pool
Floating red plastic bucket
Eerie silence

Oskar Hansen

3 Zen Poems

Zen

I will think
Of nothing
And listen
To silence
That falls
As rain
On my roof

Zen
Terror
Sinks as silt
In a lake's
Still water

Zen
TV voices
Filling my room
With triviality

Oskar Hansen

3%

3%

My shirt is torn I'm bloodied by thorns of anger. The bushes by the narrow track are almost covering It, I tried to fight my way through, the maze but lost. I have to

leave this territory to its own device; it will not listen to my 3% growth rate as they expand at will. Born free, just like the Taliban. I could have made a nice suburban garden here, one with rules, respect for law & order with democratic trimmed hedges, soft lawn and palm trees, palms tend to decorate resorts, they lend dignity to places that charge a lot of money so city dwellers can enjoy tame nature with their Martinis. Palm trees have good genes, perfect education, Eton, the rest of us are trained apes, we pick the coco nuts stand in awe, we admire our exploiters. I walk in our town's park now, gardeners keep, it trim, it's as lovely

as unwritten postcards bought at a tourist route that has a growth rate of 3 %.

Oskar Hansen

3c Senryu

Senryu

The unwritten

Is a dream not yet awake

A soundless slumber

Senryu

Breaths of the unsaid

Hangs on an autumnal tree

Waiting for the wind

Saying

Silence is

The continuations

Of what was not said

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 schooner sways
In the bay of Bombay

(Ps. Tern is also a three masted schooner)

Oskar Hansen

4 Haiku For The Spirit

4 Haiku for the spirit

To fly far away
Let clouds absorb unhappiness
Tears a summer lake

Haiku
Melancholy
Unburden my heart of grief
Leave as morning fog

Haiku
As an eagle soar
Weightless for a second
As an oak leaf falls

Haiku
The burden of mist
Obscuring dawn`s brilliance
Silent is the house

Oskar Hansen

4 Modern

Wet dog

Looks into a rain pool

Contemplative

When it rains

Cats sleep on window sills

Pensive mice

Meditative rain

Gently descends

In September

Introspective

Mountain village

In the mist

Oskar Hansen

4 New Haiku

Haiku

September drizzle
Sombre green olive trees weep
Dripping foliage

Haiku

Sighing plethora
Rain on a Sunday afternoon
Heavenly peace for some

Haiku

To be obsessed
With a gal who rejects you
October deluge

Haiku

Disconsolate leaves
On manicured lawn of opulence
Golden oaks lament

Oskar Hansen

4 New Senryu

Child chews on duvet
Ciggy smoke from living room
Hysterical voices.

Bedroom partitions
Eight layers of wallpapers
History smells bad.

Yule remembered
Christmas tree flung into snow
Police sirens laugh.

After festivities
We sell empty booze bottles
Go see a movie.

Oskar Hansen

4 Senryu (The Modest)

Beautiful horses
But it is the modest mule
That carries our load

Tidy office building
Busy and efficient place
Kept clean by janitors

Our great cities
Without armies of cleaners
Uninhabitable

Galloping filly
Bets are on black beauty
The jenny won

Oskar Hansen

70 Years Ago

70 Years Ago

Riding through the flat ancient agricultural between
two the soft modulation of a stone less mountains
this place has every could green from the dark olive
to shimmering bushes so delicate it looks like air
temporarily has taken a green plant's form?
Something is missing though an animal that brought
us humans up the ladder of civilisation: the donkey.
Look into its eyes; know the final chapter is missing.
Those beautiful eyes so full of sweet melancholy
A resignation of the cruelty of life after serving man
It ended up as dog food for spoilt pooches that are
so totally enslaved by us that they could not survive
in nature's hard selection. Is that why we have wars
to separate the wheat from the chaff?

Oskar Hansen

9/11

9/11

The man, in the prize received picture, falling down from the twin tower was flying...he knew he was descending slowly down to earth and into a blue lake. He had no fear. He believed that...I too do. We all must believe this.

There was no splash, no broken body, only eternal peace. We must believe this or his suffering will make no sense. Ten seconds is an eternity and nothing matters after that. Forever falling into rapture and no evil will touch him.

Oskar Hansen

A Bag Of Inconsequence

I remember tiny things picking up a burnt match
from a floor wondering who threw it there.

A May day in St. Malo, I saw an old man crying
streaks of tears down rumpled chin.

Shy bluebells lost amongst tall trees, yet they
made me think of prayer wheels in Tibet.

Glow of coal in the grate, it was early morning
and the road outside was frosty white.

A summer night up north I was waiting for night
it never came...and then it was morning.

In dead rabbits eyes I saw the warm August sky,
I, happy to alive, yet saddened.

When the Pacific Ocean was a mirror of eternity
And time ceased, yet lingered like a kiss.

Waving flags, military band and bloody parades,
I have long forgotten why and where.

Oskar Hansen

A Beautiful Song

A Beautiful Song. (Ink Spots)

"I don't want to set the world on fire" what a lovely song.
But I'm disturbed by sparrows, sit in my orange tree and
make a racket, so much for bird song. Out on the terrace
I stretch out my arms pretend to be an eagle, they fly off.
But they soon return realising I'm not much of an eagle.
I throw pebbles at them, terrified miniature mountains,
that only get to fly when someone, say, me throws them.
I still hear the sparrows sit in my neighbour's orange tree,
argue about territories and no-fly-zones. A flurry of angry
wings, what is this a civil war? High above on the blue sky,
a bald eagle circles. "I don't want to set the world on fire."

Oskar Hansen

A Bee And A Cardiologist

A bee and a cardiologist

I have patched it up with my cardiologist
I sent her one of my books and when I saw her apologised
For my behaviour, and with my new eye
I could see her clearly, but didn` t say so,
I like to burrow my head in her wonderful hair.
Sleep with her in a bed of feather till my heart is cured
Told my wife I was in love with my doctor,
She called me an idiot and said fetch the car while she
Waited In the foyer as it was raining.

I wonder why I` m so angry at time it is like having a bee
Inside my head sting me to be unpleasant and shout
At people, no point seeing a psychologist when
An apiculturist might be cheaper to help me getting rid of
The bee; if so, no more honey on my tongue

Oskar Hansen

A Beggar

A Beggar

This irritating person, one leg shorter
than the other, unwashed and begging.

I feel disgust want him to get lost.

But he is there reminding me of
past misery, and how bad fortune, ill
health follows me around...

This sickly idiot, it could be me if I fall
out of the plum tree, so I give him loose
change to soothe my conscience.

Pity and contempt, a bad mixture.

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 Bit Of Trivia

Sayings

In a country of
Bald people
The wig maker is
The king

If throwing a stone
At the moon
That floats on
The surface a lake
You will shatter
A beautiful image
And ask
What the hell did
I do this for?

Motherhood

Even if female
Crocodiles
Are good mother
It doesn't make them
More cuddly

Oskar Hansen

A Blanket And A Coffin

A blanket and a coffin

It had been raining for days, and everything felt damp
now the sun was shining the old man took out his coffin
from the shed, opened the lid and took out the folded
blanket and a pillow to dry it and take out the dank smell.
He sat by the computer and didn` t notice it was raining
again, and when he did notice the coffin was full of water,
and the neighbours' ducks used it as a pond.
He upended the coffin; it would take days to dry it now
hoped the weather would hold for at least three days.
The old man knew he was ridiculous, wanting a blanket over him
and a pillow to rest his head on like he, when dead, would notice,
yet the thought of it gave him comfort;
and that what`s life is all about.

Oskar Hansen

A Bridge In Portugal

There had been much rain in the upland and the river ran full and strong, so forceful that a pillar, on the old bridge, broke off and half of it fell down.

Misty night when a bus crossed the bridge, plunged down into churning inferno, for its passengers a few seconds of terror before death came as a blessing. Thirty people had been aboard going home, it took hour before families of the disappeared knew of this immense tragedy.

None was ever seen again but one; a woman found on the strand in France, skeletal hands pressed to her face, open mouth and the echo of a scream as eye sockets accusatorially looked up to a silent the sky.

Summer, a new bridge has been built, but the old one is still there and daring boys jump from it, for them what happened a winter eight years ago is history. It must be that way, life must go on and the river must run towards the ocean and eternity.

Oskar Hansen

A Brother Never Met

A Brother Never Met

I wish I could tell you a story of brotherhood
now that my siblings are dead, I was the youngest one
but knew I had a half- brother in Arizona
a product of my father who was quite active on
this field, the woman- his mother- conceived when my
mother was pregnant with me; I didn` t know this
before I was in my forties. I contacted his half- brother
in Norway to get his address since he had been
adopted and had another surname, but he wouldn` t
give me the address he had forgotten it I knew this was
not true but left it at that. To my surprise, my nephew told
me the half -brother had been on holiday at a village
where I go shopping and buy medicine. I wish I could say
I bumped into him and a new brotherhood blossomed.
Alas, it is more likely he does not want to know about the past
and our parents' transgression.

Oskar Hansen

A Bus Ride

A Bus Ride

I took the bus into town today its passengers were mostly elderly, old women and generally fat as women of the land tend to be, busy feeding the family they spend too much time in the kitchen yes, I was the oldest but would not like to have slept with any of them and according to their lack of interest in me, it was mutual. That is ok; they are good at putting flowers on graves. I was not buying much just wanted to get out of the house I will be moving there it`s good to know where the cheapest lunch cafes are situated, that`s where the Portuguese bank staff and workers go both groups are equally bad paid. Going home three hours later the same women on board they were animated had bought skirts, blouses, and shoes at the Chines shop less than half the price of ordinary shops theirs had been a good day.

Oskar Hansen

A Buss Ride

A Bus Ride

I had bought a newspaper in town and was taking the bus home, a half an hours ride up to my village. I looked at the headlines and noticed the paper had no date, were I reading yesterday's today`s news or tomorrow`s? The bus was empty this afternoon and it struck how silent it ran could only hear the swishing sound of rubber against the asphalted road.

Then the bus stopped for the first time on this journey outside my house, so many flowers now in November, my dog sat on the steps waiting just for me. The bus door opened with a sigh, but the dog didn`t run to me. I hesitated something was wrong it was the same house, yet not the same this one looked immaterial the flowers were pale; this was a copy or a painting forgotten at a rural art exhibition arranged by a local culturally interested GP. Not my village, I said to the driver and sat down
"Are you sure? " the driver asked I didn't answer and the bus rolled on. Opened the newspaper it now had the right day and it was Monday.

Oskar Hansen

A Cairo Rose

A Cairo Rose

Lily white was his shirt
A red rose sprung from his chest,
It grew bigger and wider,
Too heavy for the man who fell into the dust;
The rose liquefied.
Around him an air of stillness.

Oskar Hansen

A Cairo Street

A Cairo Street

The crack of a rifle shot a man fell to ground,
instantly dead, whatever he was thinking of was
totally eradicated. His friends tried to drag him
away, but a dead body is as inflexible as a bag of
cement. They left him there, on the filthy street,
his open eyes mirrored the terrorized sky.

Oskar Hansen

A Celebrated Accident

Celebrated Accident

Beautiful rainbow over the valley
I saw a man climb up its bow only
to disappear in a symphony of
colours. When the rainbow paled
the man fell to earth. He is now a
famous pianist and plays popular
music for an adoring audience,
wears a multi coloured tie and sits
in a wheelchair

Oskar Hansen

A Christmas Remembered

A Christmas Remembered

Day before Christmas it was cold and we walked down
to the harbour to buy a tree and I remember the sea
that slapped against the dock was apple green and foamy.
Mother bought a tree, for next to nothing, since its top
was broken and it looked like a rejected child that waited
for a car to come pick it up and bring it to the orphanage
By putting the tree on top of the dinner table and a star
and a bit of glitter it looked nice in a child's eye.

Mother was angry we didn't know way, and went to bed.
We children sat on the floor and ate lukewarm rice pudding
and there was nothing under the tree. Mother got up told
us to dress and we walked to my uncle's house. At first he
didn't want to let her in, but when he saw us children he
opened the door. We had plenty to eat although my aunt
had a sour mien. But happy we walked home and thought
we had had a splendid Christmas.

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 Cloud`s Romance

A cloud`s romance

White butterflies covered the glade like a film star`s living room still unspoilt by drops of red wine, cake crumbs and vomits. They suddenly flew up over tree tops became a white cloud drifting about looking for another green dell that was perfectly happy being green, yet pleased when the cloud landed and became a white carpet. Mind, it had wanted to be occupied by many- coloured butterflies it had happened to the clearing before and the forest`s animal came to admire the beauty of a carpet that only appeared once every 200 years. The oldest animal in the forest a boar that had survived when hunters come by rolling itself into a lump pretending to be a rock peed on by dogs, man`s best friend, what a joke cowardly creatures serving man and betraying their own, told of a day when the glade was golden one morning dazzling everyone but in the end it was buttercups a delicatessen for rabbits and feral cows also called elks. Elk or caribou as some say are animals wolves like to kill and eat, and humans hunt and kill for fun. Elks cannot be used domestically as they have small udders dry meat and tend to be belligerent and will not sit up and beg like a dog that has lost all its dignity. Meanwhile, a white cloud is wandering on blue just being endearing.

Oskar Hansen

A Collection Of Poetry

Oskar Hansen

A Complicated Scam

The Complicated Scam

I met a man in a bar he was a monk dressed as civilian
to study the world and he painted me a picture.
How wondrous life was behind wall, a cell each a habit a
and a pair of sandals. Regular meals of the healthy kind
Monks never got diabetes or heart diseases, and the wine
they drank at each meal was home made.
We had another drink followed by more it was closing time
I rose to leave, and he began crying
He had nowhere to go, he said, what about the cloister, no they
will not open their doors I drank too much wine and seduced
A novice. I suggested he should take a photo prostrate in the front
Of our Saviour. He thought that was a good idea, but he had
No camera, I gave him mine - he was a monk even a fallen one-
I never saw him again, but saw my camera for sale in the window
of a second-hand shop

Oskar Hansen

A Cook's Battle

The ship -cook was tired it had been a long day, the ship was old full of cockroaches, one had found its way in his bread dough and when the captain cut a slice of bread it was there, a brown raisin; the old man had been very angry. The cook's trouble was roaches they were everywhere. He had asked to have the galley fumigated when the ship was in dry dock, but no it was far too expensive. Every week he boiled a big pan of water and squirted into corners, it helped a bit and he had buckets full, but soon they were back encroaching his galley. Then there were mites in the flour which he had to sift before baking bread, not his fault yet he had to take the flack. He often worked till late evening to keep the galley clean he had even painted it so on the surface it looked bright and nice. He was losing the battle against insects he often felt he was losing his mind as well, they appeared in his dreams strangulating him. Time was hard not easy to get a job, still when his ship docked in Bombay he was off and the crew could get someone else to insult.

Oskar Hansen

A Country For Old Men

A Country for old Men

I have been into town bought a paper and drank a beer,
in the café where the old men sit in the afternoon shade.
I feel more at ease here amongst other wrinklies.
On the other side of the road, near the pharmacy,
the big clock on the wall tells us it's five and the temp is
41 Celsius, but in the shade and with a breeze blowing
it feels fine. In a few years the big clock will tell us that
time is up, but others will come and take our place.
There is a vast pool of us in deaths ante room; we are
but tiny ants on a window pane so easily squashed by
a child's thumb. I sit in the shed, see how cigarette smoke
spirals up and out before dissipating in still hot air, and
thought of the silent sighs I heard when a beautiful girl
walked past our café. We shall never possess anything
as lovely again.

Oskar Hansen

A Date Of Misfortune

A Date of Misfortune

The bus was late it was raining when she alighted...
my temper was moody, since it was late the kitchen
at the café was closed, but they still had slices of
"black forest gâteau, " we had that with white wine
because the waiter refused to serve red wine with
a gâteau; she drank the whole bottle and got giggly.
Going to my place, we stopped an outdoor kiosk
selling hotdogs, I ate two with mustard on, since she
disappeared throwing up in the back of the stall.
She refused to come home with me I walked her to
the bus station where she caught the last one home
to her parents.

Oskar Hansen

A Day In A Market Town

A day in a Market Town

The café had a big window facing the street, it was almost empty except for three scientists, they were talking about trees
I noticed a dog running up and down apparently it was lost and tired of listening to the- none of my business- I walked out spoke to the dog, come with me to the park plenty of trees there it followed Me at a distance. In the park I sat down, I had biscuits in my pocket gave them to the dog, it was thirsty, so I lifted it up so it could drink water from the fountain, quite happy it ran around and peed on trees leaving its marks: saying I was here with a human.

The scientists came into the park also now they talked about the string theory until one said he would rather discuss marine biology
The dog was chasing squirrels as the day seamlessly slid into evening
I walked to the car wondering what to eat tonight would it be meat cakes with stewed cabbage and boiled potatoes.

Oskar Hansen

A Day In Our Life

A day in my life

She coming out of the bus she has forgotten the umbrella walks slowly and her face is more African now that she is old, she uses it as a walking stick, which she says for the aged, I think my love for her has grown over the years, and I cannot think of the time we were apart before we met twenty-two odd years ago. We have Christmas day here and next day take the bus to a hospital in Lisbon that specialises in hip replacement We will stay the night in the metropole have good meal and look at things- for my part rather like a grumpy North Korean leader then back to my Algarve with trees and big boulders Tomorrow we are eating at a hotel they are not serving turkey but Cabrito (goat meat) sauté potatoes and a lot of sweets I don` t care to know about; since I` m driving only water or tomato juice. It is an ordeal for me to be among people I don` t know I will take 5 ml of Valium it will keep me calm until I simmer down and laugh at bad jokes as told by an exhibitionist. We can` t stay long since we are living in the morn On a short walk outdoors I saw my dog she walked beside me I bent down to pat her head but she saw something and ran into the bushes I called her name; Bambi come here, when it dawn on me she had been dead for ten years and it made me think of my own mortality, but not in a gloomy way. Sun, blue sky and stillness now the hunters have gone drinking in a cafe, but the visit from Bambi perked me up so did a cup of coffee when coming home, nothing out of the ordinary yet, I persist on dreaming of tomorrow

Oskar Hansen

A Day Is A Lifetime

I remember a track I used to walk it was uneven, exposed
olive tree roots were made smooth by sheep's hooves.
I have taken pictures of places I used to walk look at them
now and feel regret that I shall not walk these paths again,
yet also-one has to say that or risk sounding bitter- thankful
that I was given the chance to walk there and see animals
those not yet domesticated like deer, wild boars, and rabbits
frolicking in the dandelion yellow glade of love.

I feel sorry for household animals they are utterly in our power,
pat a goat's head then slit its throat and think no more about it
all in a day's work. Three couples of pensioners came here to
my village many years ago now they are dead victim of old age.
Just like goats we know nothing about the day, first a promising
sun, then the sudden stillness pale frost.

Oskar Hansen

A Day Of Rest

The day of Rest.

Sunday morning
Rain shiny asphalt
Stillness sits beside me
I switch on the radio
Stillness disappears
Runs home and
Waits for me to return

Early Sunday shopping
Supermarket empty
Fruit& vegetables
Untouched.
I take my time
Back home stillness
Waits.

Oskar Hansen

A Day at the Beach

A Day at the Beach

Lunch at a restaurant near the sea, sun drenched and blue,
"I couldn't take my eyes of you, " as the song goes. Twice
before the sea had tried to drag me under, but now it was
friendly and I could not resist its pull.

Friends warned, me do not go into the sea, I disregarded
their plea stripped naked and began my descent. Police
came, they spoke softly, had big towels hiding my nudity.
They dressed me like I was a shop window doll, and since
I was seriously sober gave me the car keys, they had my
name and I was warned not to visit this beach anymore.
It was the 17 of May Norway's day, but they had all gone
home and I was alone singing the national anthem on
Nirvana's darkening strand

Oskar Hansen

A Different Sonnet

A different Sonnet

Sunlight from early morn and not
Far from here the Azores a cyclone
Lashes onto shores and makes the island
Taller and more meagre
Stealing top- soil near the coast and
The rocks tremble, will it not end.
I sit in the winter sun tanning old leather
And not a straw moves in the stillness
I drove down to my little Savannah stopped
And walked a bit and I tell no lie when I tell
You I saw a pride of lions in the tall grass
And a crocodile was eating a deer that had
Come to drink in the ditch.

Time matters here once the plain was a sea
Slow changes we can` t see because we do
Not live long enough, so let me enjoy this
Moment look idly at drifting clouds
Before my savannah turns into a sea again.

Oskar Hansen

A Dog Called America

A Dog Called America.

When sailing from Huston, Texas, to Aruba
We had an unwanted guest on board, a big
Friendly dog, the captain called shore and
It turned out it belonged to the coast guard.
And since we had a small terrier bitch, this
Was a love story gone eschew. The dog,
It really was huge, maybe a St Bernard breed
Settled in my cabin, this I think because it
Assumed, since I was the cook, thus must
Be the pack leader. Days later when the ship
Docked in Aruba, a man from the consulate
Came and took the dog ashore.
We were sorry to see this gentle giant leave us
.... Yes, we called him America.

Oskar Hansen

A Dog For Sale

A dog for Sale,

A man who lived in a castle came over a scruffy dog that belonged to Gypsies who lived under canvas. The man took pity on the dog and paid ten euros for it. The dog was groomed got its own bed to sleep in and was petted; alas, the dog was not impressed as it had been sold before.

When Gypsies left, they are always on the move, the dog followed them, leaving behind the castle, the bed and a puzzled man.

Oskar Hansen

A Dog Story

A dog story

I had a dog she loved me; I also had a wife children named Gabriel and Apple, she wanted to be trendy, and we lived in the gentrified inner city.

When the twins were six my wife divorced me and got the house, car and the dog, and I had to take the bus to work.

It so happened, the bus passed my former home, the dog saw me and followed the bus, at work she sat outside and waited for me to come out, I let her in, and she curled up by my desk.

This happened every day, so my wife took the dog to a vet who put her down -or killed her- I wasn't very happy and said so using a strong language which she recorded, and that was ok by me. I never see the children anymore she has put obstacles in the way, and she used my strong language as a proof, I should not see the children.

When she died, twenty years later, the children were angry with me for not visiting them when they were small, I told them the truth, but they thought if I had really been interested in them I would have tried harder.

I give a damn; they know where I live and can visit me, If my new dog will let them in.

Oskar Hansen

A Dream Called Israel

A Dream Called Israel (Odd Sonnet)

The Jews of Israel or rather, the settlers suffer from a common psychosis that makes them quite on edge they believe everyone is about to kill them, not an uncommon assumption, but their deep insecurities is an inheritance from the holocaust in Europe and not in any Muslim countries. True when Israel was declared a state Egypt Jews there were expelled, which I think was a mistake, it is worth noticing that the Jews of Iran are well respected there.

One hopes a great politician will appear in Israel, one who can steer the Jews back from the abyss, find peace among its neighbours, see themselves as members of the middle eastern sphere and take it from there.

Oskar Hansen

A Fable

A Fable (the Origen of Rain)

After Christmas the angels had a shower,
there are more angels now than before
and some of them are Moslems.

The entry to heaven is no longer about
being a Christian, but about leading a good
life and being kind to others.

It is no longer a must to look saintly to be
an angel- golden hair and asexual- one can
be bald, have black or red hair too.

There are millions of non Christians on our
world, the heaven is getting crowded, thus
when they all shower it rains for days.

Oskar Hansen

A Fable 2

Lost Riches

It is so much time ago now that few remember it
the small coastal country that lived on fish and sheep meat
many also kept pork, chicken and cows no one was poor
nor were they rich except for the king.

Then gold was found on a mountainside a little bit of gold
the mountain behind its grey facade was pure gold and
the population jubilant and they bought big horses from
foreign lands. A horse for every man the slogan went.
Feeling good and mighty they fought battles in places that
had nothing to do with them they just liked flexing muscles
gold became blood stained lost its lustre and a hard time came
the people had to go fishing again and milk cows.

It was a country now where no one was rich or poor but
living in peace just ordinary citizens skating in the town`s
park dam when winter was cold and greed was a thing of
the past, a small country that welcomed victims of war.

Oskar Hansen

A Fairy Tale 2

A Fairy Tale

This skinny lonely wolf reduced to eating worms
Expulsed from his arguing with the leader wolf how best
To catch caribous
Nose to the ground it found an open chest of fifty
Gold ducats and since they shone so bright he ate them all
And heavy was its belly
When other wolf saw his stomach they thought he was
A successful hunter and he taught them how to kill
Caribous and deer too.
As a leader dog, he was the first to eat from a kill and
Left behind a coin or as they a ducat and a hunter stalked him
To find in his excrete another coin
Fifty times the hunter dug into wolf shift and came up rich
And trekked home but a blizzard came, his was ill prepared
This heavyweight he dragged about
Put the ducats under a tree and tire he came home
When the weather cleared, he found the tree the coins were gone
And a boney wolf was walking away it had a huge stomach.

Oskar Hansen

A Farming Couple

The Farming couple

The farmer and his wife
is harvesting almond
a net around the tree and
a long stick
she picks up the nuts and puts
them in a bag.
She is not wearing gloves and
her hands are that of
an old salt.
they go home for lunch
home- made bread and cheese
she does the washing up
while he snooze a little
in the autumnal sun.

Oskar Hansen

A Female Matador

The Matador

I was thinking of taken the bus Seville
But don` t know what to do when getting there
Unless I run into a female Toreador
I once met in Seville she was good at killing things
She had once worked at an abattoir, alas, too many men
Surrounded her, she didn` t see me
That was long ago she must be 70 years old now
And probably glad to see a man who remembers when
She cut the ear of the of her prey and held it aloft
And the spectators were ecstatic.
Perhaps she has turned away from this slaughter and
Become and protector of all animals.
Did I tell you I was in Seville ten years ago with
A drunken girlfriend?
In a bar, she got up pretending to be a matador,
This was embarrassing
I had to get her out and to the hotel
But, she was in a festive mood
and disappeared in the night.
There are idle moments when I wonder what happened to her.

Oskar Hansen

A Female Pedophile

Mother's best friend a shapely woman with a sexy smile
I was fifteen and went to her house with a message-
something about a wedding where mother was cooking-
and she seduced me... Can't remember it clearly only that
I was trembling by the sight of her nakedness.
She did the rest, the ecstasy and the enormous newness
of pleasure was like a dream come true... we made love
and I died every time in her ravenous encirclement.
When I left her house I was a person bewitched but had
the sense to worry what mother would say by me being so
late, but I told her I had met some friends and we had
gone down to the park feeding the ducks and talking to
the girls... Next time I saw her I went beetroot not sure
if I had had a dream, but when mother went into the kitchen
to make coffee she told me to come back to her house in
the evening...and I did. But someone spoke, when mother
knew she called her a whore and never spoke to her again.
Yet my loins craved her I was a burning flame and we met in
fields and woods... till I had to go to sea as a galley boy.
When I saw again she was quite old was old, perhaps forty five,
and the flame of love had died.

Oskar Hansen

A Feral Cat

Feral cats

After a month of rain, sunshine and blue sky, I have removed the plastic sheet is covering the fire wood so it can dry better. A cat sits on the top of the wood and hisses if dogs came near, it`s a smart cat has noticed the village dogs are cowards when met with resistance. The feline around here feed themselves catching rats and mice, mind, they eat your food too but will not sit on your lap and purr.

I have just been feeding an elderly dog left behind by hunters, shouldn`t do this when I go to Cascais who will feed it?

It is tough for a dog to have no home.

Have lit the fire; the wood emits an intense aroma of nature, think of the curtailing of freedom in Europe; the press has been tamed, they can print whatever they like as long as it is not The Truth on how we are ruled; then it is called treason, what`s left are soft porn and TV quiz.

Oskar Hansen

A Fine Film Of Sadness

A Fine Film of Melancholy

On the morning track gossamers blocked my path, on them hung morning dew,
like glittering pearls of insane perfection; and in the zephyr I heard a faint peel.
Tears not cried, yet full of sadness, fell to hard, stony ground. Picked up a rock,
man's first missile, threw it, for no reason, into the bushes. There are places
where vegetation is sparse, life hard, they still execute people for transgression,
say adultery, by stoning. We, who have made pornography into a mainstream
thing, "looking at pictures of other people having sex) are shocked by this. But
we kill a murder suspect, who can't afford a good lawyer, by lethal injection.
The gossamers, sheer and delicate will be rebuilt I will have to break as few as
possible tomorrow. Melancholy, I can't do anything about un-cried tears; they
will dry as the day rolls on and the evening breeze will give us peace of mind

Oskar Hansen

A Flat In Town

A flat in Town

Tomorrow most of the time there is one, but for some, the unlucky
who died the day before, and rest in a coffin in a cold church, the tomorrow came
too late,

I will be moving into a flat on the fifth floor in Loule.

See many roofs and if I stand on a ladder also see the Atlantic Sea and with
binoculars

catch a sight of a passing ship.

Life will be so easy take the lift down to the street walk into
a café and drink coffee; I usually make my coffee but what the hell.

There is a park nearby with pretty flowers and tame trees.

The bank manager shakes her head did some calculation asks me about
my age and before I can push the question away with a joke my wife stepped
in and told

What I cannot tell anyone if the loan I need is refused, I will look mournful
yet relieved that I do not have to write poetry about the colours on flat roofs
and the sea is forever green I do not need a ladder to know this.

Oskar Hansen

A Fleece Of A Dream

Fleece a dream

The man with thin shoulders and a sack
slung on one of them, used to stop outside my house
open the bag and strew a handful of feather light dreams,
and some dreams landed on the window ledge.
I remember she said, be careful don` t fall out when
trying to grasp a flake of a dream so easily forgotten.

The man with the thin shoulders has disappeared from
the street no one knew where he had gone, so I went
out looking for him all I found in an empty pond with
a rusty tin of castor oil a product long since in use.
I left the can in the garden in the hope enticing the man
to return with his sack of visions.

Oskar Hansen

A Flying Bagatelle

A Flying Bagatelle

Through the open door
come flying
a sparrow grey
of no distinction
it sat on
the printer
looked at me
quizzically
the phone rang
startled it flew to the
window
caught in the curtains
I got it lose
carried the bird
to the door let it go
that was all
no epiphany
nothing mystical
just a bewildered bird ☐
and a ringing phone

Oskar Hansen

A French Visit

Early they arrived, my relatives, unpacking of suitcases, kissing, jubilation and breakfast, during which all the latest family gossip was shared. Then they all went to the beach leaving the house in utter chaos. When returning we had prepared a buffet, they had brought their wine, the French are skeptical to wine not made in their country... god, how talked. I have a small house had to sleep in my study, got up at four working, but I liked the silence of people at slumber. About five there were stirrings, people going to the toilet and murmur of voices, I went back to bed or on my sofa. Woke up at ten, they had already breakfasted and ready to leave, kidded me for sleeping so late. Then an intense late talking, like everything had to be said and crammed into a few minutes, good byes lots of kisses and the old house settled back to its usual quietude.

Oskar Hansen

A Friend In Need

The bar was a dark place more like a cave, a terminus for the hopeless, where men, sat looking blindly at a TV screen on a nicotine yellow wall. Out, side near empty beer crate, a dove leaning against a damp wall, yes it was on its last legs. I fed it some grapes, red ones full of goodness. The bird soon perked up tripped into the bar jumped on the counter and terrorized the barman. Two drinkers came running out wanted to join The AA; as for the rest it was too late they were past seeing anything. Further down the road a cake shop, a light airy place painted pink. Large ladies with hats, and diamond rings sat there enjoying cream cakes and drinking milky coffee. I had a slice of chocolate cake, and with a fancy fork had a mouthful; it tasted heavenly, rich, with a hint of lemon and cinnamon, going to eat more, but there was a peck in the window the dove sat on the sill, looking disapprovingly at me, remembered I had diabetes and sugary thing were out. I wrapped the cake in a napkin, drank my coffee went outside and gave the cake to the bird. It is good to have friends even if it is only a passing dove.

Oskar Hansen

A Friend Of A Mouse 1

A Friend of the Mouse

Outside on the bottom wall of an old house
I saw a tiny mouse, picked it up it didn` t offer resistance
I looked the small life with wonder
It had lungs, eyes, a beating heart just like me, and a brain too
But of course its world view was
From a perspective of the place it occupied the election of
Trump not its concern and the feeding frenzy of the mass media,
The hysteria and wrong conclusions not to forget the hatred
Of those who thought they deserved to win.
I put the mouse down, it disappeared into a hole, and it will
Perhaps say to its friend: " God held me in his hands but let
Me, go in peace I feel blessed."

Oskar Hansen

A Friendly Story

A friendly Story

He the modest farmer was cutting green juicy spring grass
those that had spring flowers entwined it was for his donkey
that had been in the stable in the winter
He put the fodder in a jute sack and when it was full carried
it home to the donkey now in the yard
The animal ate and ate alas there can be too much of a good thing
its stomach full of gas it took flight over the mountain to Spain
where it landed outside the famous cathedral in Seville
Its arrival caused some uproar the believers looked up and said
but where is Jesus? "An ass and Jesus they had read their Bible.

For one day there was not a word about presidential election
In the USA, but a story of a beast that had eaten too much spring
grass and was full of gas but the story ended well the donkey was
sent back to the unassertive farmer in Portugal

Oskar Hansen

A Gift Spurned

A Christmas gift spurned

In a busy Christmas street, I saw her; I was sure it was her,
the way she walked, I could sense her perfume too.
Ran after her, touched her shoulder said halloo, she turned
I had been wrong and said sorry.
She smiled and said, no it is only me what you see.
I read an invitation in her dark brown eyes, but I was hopelessly
in love with a blond, the mythical one.
Said sorry again, flapped my wings and flew high into the night sky
so seek her among the stars.
In the cool outer space, I realized the fabled woman was an angel
And I was an earthling I dived back to earth like a Stuka bomber, skidded on
slush,
looked in vain for the woman with brown eyes

Oskar Hansen

A Glass Of Wine

A glass of wine

This is ridiculous it has no name engulfed by sadness, two bottles of wine and cigarettes
and I'm drowning. Tomorrow no more, but I know when the sun falls so will I, succumbed
to a need to fly away to otherness. The pain in my chest is eating away, the emptiness of
my life feels like intolerable burden. I have created a world that is so small it chokes me.
The road to recovery, to palm trees and gentle sea is long. We used to laugh, my lover and
I, life was so funny; now all I can see is waste land with no oasis, there is nothing to lift
the spirit and the age old question asked by many before me: "what is it all for other to
bringing ones gene further into the future, I have not been able to do even that simple
task. The night is so long endlessly I flick from channel to channel to find something that
can bring the laughter back, but tiredness overwhelms me, I want another glass of wine,
the last glass that brings sleep. It doesn't work anymore the more I drink the more sober
I get, Intolerable is the angst. Around and around I jumped on a carrousel and its engineer
has gone, whirling colours cacophony of screams, the undead will not be silent. Look into
the kaleidoscope of life and see a myriad of stars, bright and shiny but they are all a fading
illusions. But a voice whispers in my ear tomorrow you will get a new day, a sheet of blank
paper and crayon, so you can make clowns faces and laugh again.

Oskar Hansen

A Good Day

A good morning

I got up at seven
not that I wanted to
but my diabetes demanded some food
I looked out saw the beginning of a morning
or was it the leaving of the night
didn't wait long enough
to find out had bacon and eggs in
the frying pan
Whatever it was I felt a sudden happiness
just being here and now
with my hearing aid and pacemaker

Oskar Hansen

A Good Morning

A good morning

I got up at seven
not that I wanted to
but my diabetes demanded some food
I looked out saw the beginning of a morning
or was it the leaving of the night
didn't wait long enough
to find out had bacon and eggs in
the frying pan
Whatever it was I felt a sudden happiness
just being here and now
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Oskar Hansen

A Hole In The Sky

Outside Time

He had wanted to be outside time
punched a hole in time crawled through
and was met with
a grey stillness a sewer of spent time.
And what had not happen
never would happen
a place where everything time had to offer was
rendered meaningless
the bones of memories had been picked clean
time had a meaning
he had to go back and find out what it was
to accept
and live his time out
Nothing else made sense.

Oskar Hansen

A Horse Story

Horse Story

Whatever you do a horse will not be accepted in
bar or an inn, our horse after hours of ploughing soil
was give beer to drink, this because the home made
beer the farmer had brewed wasn't any god.
The horse drank deeply but after a rest it got truculent
and refused the harness, The farmer gave it more
beer to mollify the horse, but no this was a day when
it said no. The horse trotted to the nearest town
found an inn and asked for a beer, deep silence, drinkers
joined AA, no good for business the innkeeper called
the police and got a the horse back to the farm where it
had to sober up in a field tied to a tree, and the farmer
had to pay a fine for giving alcohol to an animal

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 July

A July day

Twilight in the village shuttered windows
I'm walking alone, they have all died, dogs
too and cats have gone feral.

Stale heat, as heavy as a stage curtain full of forgotten tragedies,
hangs in the air.
I take no pleasure of this walk, but I have been indoors all day waiting
for sun-fall and a cool breeze....

Back home I open windows, share my light with the night.
Sit on the sofa move my toes,
a man needs exercise, and watch the news on TV

Oskar Hansen

A Kinda Love Story

A kinda love story

You rang told me to come pick up
my shaving stuff and tooth brush.
I found them in a plastic bag near
your kitchen door.

I knocked on the window asked,
to get my heart back too, unkind
you chucked out a raw pig's liver.
My dog was delighted.

Oskar Hansen

A Lady Unknown

A Lady Unknown

I have a photo of my grandmother, she looks so young and beautiful, her hair glossy, but there is a paleness about her and a sadness in her eyes, It is a death has sought her out cast a net of illness around her, ready to haul its catch and devour her.

I know little about her, where she came from, was she an angel that found its way to my grandfather's heart, one who became human out of love but knew she could not stay? When I look in the mirror and ask, "Have I got your eyes? She looks back at me in grief.

I say I know who you are, the lost, daughter of Manus the one he expelled because he found kindness in your heart? Her eyes, deep as mystery lakes in May, look at me in silence, but I do see a flicker of an ironic smile... or was she the lady of the camellias?

I see tears swell in her eyes, depression grips me as heart ache of love betrayed, shall I ever know who she was... this woman who bore five children and died at 27. It can't be so there must be more, not only this bleak silence of the untold.

Oskar Hansen

A Lady's Handbag

A lady's Bag.

A handbag is a handbag...is
They may come in different
Shapes and sizes but inside
Chaos reigns.
Don't try to be helpful when she
Is looking for the car keys
You will only be shocked by
Its content
Be patient even when it
Rains and she remembers the keys
Are in the other bag the one
That matched her shoes

A handbag is a handbag...is
Try telling that to my wife.

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 Laughing Matter

The Laughing Matter

We laughed and laughed it was raining heavy we didn` t see we were off road and flew, still laughing- over

a precipice and landed in an opening in the forest

where rabbit congregates, we had laughed so much we had to go out of the car and pee

Then it snowed big white flakes the stuff and rabbit appeared in all white inquisitive as they are when stuck a neck in we rolled up The window fried rabbits every day.

The dog got sick of the same food and wanted to go home

we didn` t have that instinct but followed behind as luck would have it was only five minutes away a farmer with his tractor took the car to the mechanic and we laughed and laughed making funny noises of the stuffed owl on the wall....the house took fire and people in white took us to a care home where we were giving anti-laugh medicine, funny hats and it was New Year Eve.

What had caused this hilarity was because Hillary Clinton had lost the election and Trump a millionaire was going to bring work to those on the dole, of course this will not happen and my car is not insured for the Shoah that will engulf us

Oskar Hansen

A Left Winger

Left wing

Mother had tuberculosis and my sister, and I were sent to a place, a children's home with many houses depending on age and sex my brother had already been sent to one he had found German hand grenades and used them at a disused airport. They made terrible noise and my brother had to spend some time at a hospital and later sent to a home on a small island working at the stone quarry.

My sister and I had been invited to a big wedding a real working class Wedding with plenty of food, booze and beer for the adult and soft drinks for us. We had been told not to go, but we went anyway it was great a real classy wedding the bride I white.

At first, there was jealousy amongst the women tearing of hair, The man couldn't stand there watching, and a legendary fight ensued. Police sirens the police charge with batons but were beaten back reinforcement and gradually the party were peaceful and the police themselves working class left the scene.

It was morning when we came back to the home that is my sister went back to the girls and I the boy's awaiting punishment

I was ten at the time and angry, when the big boss came, I threw a vase at him a week later I was on a farm milking cows.

Ever since my childhood, it is my duty to speak up and defend the not haves.

Oskar Hansen

A Left Winger 1

Left wing

Mother had tuberculosis and my sister, and I were sent to a place, a children's home with many houses depending on age and sex my brother had already been sent to one he had found German hand grenades and used them at a disused airport. They made terrible noise and my brother had to spend some time at a hospital and later sent to a home on a small island working at the stone quarry.

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Oskar Hansen

A Leonine Moment

Yellow lion teeth like petals of love
I picked in the green savannah grass,
it had just stopped raining and pearls,
as glass bead around a child's neck,
glinted in the sun that had been hiding
behind rain pregnant clouds, thunder
and lightening; far away I heard
a lion roar, inconsolable was its loss.

Oskar Hansen

A Letter Sent

Once I wrote a love letter, mind I have written a few
Before, but never sent them. I sent it as it encapsulated
my intense love for her, but also wrote it in the hope
she would come back. She did not. And over the years
the letter has haunted me. What if she didn't destroy it
and threw it in the bin with a loathsome shrug, but kept
the words for someone else to read, because the letter
was sentimental crap and self-serving written by a loser
who could not let a defeat go. By chance I met her again,
that is, she met me as I could not remember her. Sophie,
my dear do you remember the letter I sent you? Said she
she never a letter from me, which gladdened me.
There is a woman in town who always smiles when she
sees me feeding the ducks in the park's pond. I return her
smile but speak not... my god did she receive it thinking it
was for her and has burning her torch for me, a romantic
love story that has the sweetness of never being fulfilled?

Oskar Hansen

A Life-Time

A life Time

How long is a lifetime it cannot be measured in years
my brother died young yet left behind five children
and I was born a weakling – he will never grow old
doctors said- weak heart and pacemaker, I'm kept alive
by modern medical science and have lived to get old.
I know the end can strike anytime anywhere, but I will
not think about it. However, long my life- time it has been
short as I leave nothing behind to be remembered for.
"As my father said", a made up lie, no one will have to
make up stories about me

Oskar Hansen

A Literary Magazine

Magazines

I used to read Readers Digest
it was like the Fox channel
before internet
and we believed yet thought
something was wrong,
Israel was great in a sea of hatred
and the magazine never said
a thing about Palestine whose land
was stolen.
Arabs want to kill Israeli
Bastards we thought forgetting about
holocaust which happened in our
back- yard. But then we grew and
read books
giving us a different view, yet we
sensed that being successful we should
keep our innocence of mind
we had when reading
"Readers Digests" and its odd sense
of humour which we were asked
to be serious about

Oskar Hansen

A Literary Magazine Of The American Type

Magazines

I used to read Readers Digest
it was like the Fox channel
before internet
and we believed yet thought
something was wrong,
Israel was great in a sea of hatred
and the magazine never said
a thing about Palestine whose land
was stolen.
Arabs want to kill Israeli
Bastards we thought forgetting about
holocaust which happened in our
back- yard. But then we grew and
read books
giving us a different view, yet we
sensed that being successful we should
keep our innocence of mind
we had when reading
"Readers Digests" and its odd sense
of humour which we were asked
to be serious about

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 Little Sardine

A Little fish

I opened a tin of sardines in olive oil for my evening meal.
Headless and nicely packed they were except for one that
had a head on and was alive. I filled water in a glass jar put
the sardine in and fed it bread crumbs.

The headless sardines in the tin so still and dead I could
not eat them put the tin back in the fridge.

My little sardine grew too big for the jar cats were circling
the house looking for a way in, so I took it to the empty lake
that once had Bluegills fished to extinction,
set my sardine free to feed on rotten vegetation

I don` t know how fish reproduces, but a year later a school
of sardines were swimming around except for one that
swam the opposite way- Bonanza! Grilled sardines and
the people rejoiced thought it was going to last forever,
and then there were none except one my sardine in oil. □

I went down to the lake when it saw me it was so glad
it jumped up in the air and was caught by a passing bird.
Empty lake a dead eye in the wilderness tells no story.

Oskar Hansen

A Lizard Sonnet

A Lizard Sonnet

If you travel to escape the small lizard on your back
You will eventually be outside your parents' house
Only they have long since go
Someone else lives there perhaps a child sleep in your bed
Dreaming your dreams
You walk down a street where you used to play
But no one knows, and the sense of loss overwhelms you
Swallow hard not to cry because your memory is untrue.
You left to get a small-minded town, poverty and screams
In the night, but it was worth going back to remain you what
An awful place you left.

I have a small lizard in the kitchen have tried
To kill it because it is grey and without redeeming colours that
Could make it into a pet but it is too quick and hide in corners
I can` t reach so it can live for now.

Oskar Hansen

A Local Dish

.The lunch

It was a beautiful autumnal day
The colours after rain was green and auburn,
I stopped at an inn had beans with
onions and bits of pork.
Great food, but I should have known it is
a food one ought to eat at home.
Police patrol, an officer with shiny boots
that appeared to reach his elbows, opened
the door, then quickly closed it
wishing me a good journey.

Oskar Hansen

A Lonely House

A lonely house

Waiting for someone to occupy it
It is facing bog land
And the farms behind
An old lady lived here she stood
By the window dreaming
About the man who had promised
To wed her
But he somehow faded away
Long after she died
People said they saw here in
Afternoon light
Waiting
As the house does now

Oskar Hansen

A Long Walk

The Long Walk

I was walking along a long road in a 1950ish industrial landscape, high walls and closed down factories; dark brown, and no green weeds in pavement cracks.

Down at the docks all ships had left, cranes stood in silence each one ensconced in the terrifying loneliness of the soulless that knows of no existence.

I found the office I was looking for, needed someone to stamp a document, it was empty I waited till light faded from pictures of stern faced men on photos on walls.

This place had no real sunshine, a haze hung over here making summers a pale affair, only in August did sun penetrate drowning shadows in a white unpleasant light.

Outside, in the street going south, there were many me, young ones, middle aged and some were even older than I, which I thought was a good sign and secretly smiled.

For a moment I felt nostalgic wanted to look back, but desisted we had, all of us, agreed that we must walk on never look back as the past holds a fatal attraction.

Sooner or later the road must end and open up to a vista of olive and almond trees, lemon coloured straw, faraway blue mountains and pastel painted summers.

Oskar Hansen

A Look Ahead

Shopping street posh boutiques, perfumeries and cafes plenteous something for all to eat and drink. My wife has gone to buy a dress and I wait with a glass of red wine, as usual, when we are out and about in town. There are no cars in this street and children are free to fool around, I look at them and wonder what the future holds for them now that the world is about implode. When they are only allowed to express an opinion that is the norm. Should they fall foul of this edict and, the powerful listens to their thoughts, they will be pushed out as the spoilers and have only themselves to blame, for not being submissive. And the new adults will be conditioned to have no mercy for losers of this sacred joke of an evil democracy. But the edifice of human greed will fold one day, nature will see to that, reek destruction that few humans will survive. So play now little ones tomorrow has nothing to offer but the suffering caused by your antecessors who willfully took his pleasure and left you to suffer the consequences.

Oskar Hansen

A Love Story

The Love Story

We live far apart
The distance is getting hazy
My dearest love
I can still hear your heartbeat
In the stillness of the night

You're my love
Green eyes clear as the ocean
Tears like pearls
My soul was transient back then
My quest was worldly success

Give me sign
Help me to see, I was blind
Open my eyes
So you can come into sight
Before cruel time erases us

Oskar Hansen

A Love Story 1

A Middle-Aged Love Story

Both were in their late forties when they met he had a good job chief of something important in the world of oil exploration and they fell in love holding hands and kissing so much they needed treatment for sore lips.

He grew tall, and she swayed like a palm tree in a tropical breeze this was love they both been married before and felt like the god of amour`s arrow had shot them again painless they thought.

She had grown children he had none when he was 52 the mortality knocked on the door he wanted a son she could give him none.

There was young woman nearby and when his wife was visiting her he fell on the threshold of her door into her arms, and she became pregnant, a love story came to a screeching halt.

The woman he loved left, but he had a son with woman he didn`t care for, he found salvation in work she - the woman he loved-lived with her mother in Cote de Azure stuck with an arrow stuck in her a heart that no other man could remove.

Then a knock on her door, he stood there with his child of, she could not resist and forgave him loved his child too and they both lived long and when full of years were blessed with a beautiful death.

Oskar Hansen

A Love Story Too

A Love Story 2

Huelva and the Gulf of Cadiz and it was August and in the town there were loud music and rockets in the air. I had met a gypsy girl she wore a white blouse and a red long skirt she wore no shoes her feet brown and dusty. Back then I smoked cigarettes- chesterfield- they were supposed to be upmarket compared to Camel cigarettes; even then I wanted to be different, a cook who could read She admired my Ronson lighter it was expensive and no one on the ship had a lighter that classy.

She clicked the lighter a few times how she coveted it, but I was surprised when she suddenly ran away. I thought she ran for fun, she would come back: she didn't. Later I saw her she was with two gypsy boys and I dared not say anything. I walked back on board, borrowed a box of matches sat in my cabin smoking and dreaming of her beautiful eyes.

Oskar Hansen

A Love Story?

A love Story.

I looked down into the open grave the coffin was white until someone threw a handful dry soil on its lid. Unreal it had nothing to with me, we had met forty years ago and she left me saying she didn't love me more. I turned away, looked towards the bay, it was transparent, I could see fish swim about, on its floor crabs, lobster that had escaped the net, and sea plants swaying in the mild current. I poem floated up to the surface of my consciousness I shook my head this is unseemly, threw the poem back into a dreamy mere, like an angler who has caught very a small trout, saw it float in the dark water of my restless mind. Her husband was crying I embraced him "You loved her too, " he whispered. I looked to the bay it was blue and I couldn't see clearly anymore, I was no longer sure whether I had loved her as much as he had.

Oskar Hansen

A Lover`s Agony

Love`s Agony

You are the long evenings, the deepest night.
Sweet dreams you are not, in your embrace I`m not reborn
the future is bleak.
I know well a night spent with you gives birth
to bitter regrets.

I promise not to seek you won`t help,
I love you more than life itself.
The blue hour casts long shadow and I can`t
resist its alluring echo.

Our lair is feathers of tenderness,
but thorns of demanding ferocity.

A pact we made in a church, which reeked
of bunt wicks, desiccated roses and the redolence of death.
The name of our love is...Agony, we can`t
put stop clawing each other asunder

Oskar Hansen

A Lovers Lament

A lover`s lament

By austere shore
I linger.
Look skyward
try to read the pattern
of a rapidly
changing sky.
Light and dark
painted the sea
first grey
and then blue again
I call your name,
because you are
where sea and heaven
merge.
To read your silence,
I must first understand
what is in my heart?

Oskar Hansen

A Man Called Anders

He sits in his cell, not allowed to read newspapers or watch TV. The centre of his mind is the coldest place on earth.... He gives, for now, no ground for other thoughts, say, that he might have committed an unspeakable crime. His mother has forsaken him his father wishes he will have the sense to take his own life. His cell is frosty blue, those who feed him avoid eye contact. No hand reaches out to touch him, and his former friends tell us he was a big nobody. He cannot hear this he will not hear, he is the king of his own mind and mustn't stray from his chosen path. Cosmic loneliness, if he, one day, wakes up from his slumber of self delusion and sees how grotesque he is there will be no one to embrace him and give succor.

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 Marine Story

It was an early evening on the Pacific sea, the skip was sailing with ease towards San Francisco, the cook was clearing up in the galley and the chief steward was down in the walk-in-freezer making a list of food that was left and how much food he needed when the ship birthed. The ship shock violently it had struck a mine and the door into the meat freezer was stuck and the ship was sinking. The cook knew where the chief was, ran down to the store and was able to open the freezer door, they grabbed life jacket each and jumped overboard. Eerie silence they struggled to stay together, then the unholy scream from the ship as it was swallowed by the voracious sea. In front of them the raft used to paint the shipside, scrambled on to it totally shocked and exhausted they fell asleep. At dawn the chief couldn't wake up the cook, an elderly man, this had been too much for his heart. The chief knew what he had to do, but waited till afternoon before he rolled the cook overboard, curled up on the raft and closed his eyes, had seen grey fins and didn't want to witness his friend eaten by sharks. The chief was picked by a passing liberty ship the day after and three day later, he walked ashore in San Francisco. A sliver of war's agony, of no consequence, for its outcome of the except for the man who had lost a friend.

Oskar Hansen

A Mistake And A Big Bosom

A Mistake and a big Bosom

Youth is the time we do things that we regret
And before I continue why have never walked into
A murder scene like Hercules.

I have never met anyone I love as much as you
She said this beautiful woman who lived by the lake
Caught trout fried them and served me Fish and
Her bosom was generous as her love.

Oh, the mirror, the mirror what she said was right
So the world was mine
And I danced in the candlelight lit by my vanity.
Her rowing boat was found in the fjord she had been
Out fishing
Suicide the verdict was, I knew better so did
her father but Hercules was not there to put things
right and point out the guilty one

Oskar Hansen

A Modest Table

A Modest Table

The table is like a flag wrapped little coffin
only it is not a flag of hubris and nationality,
but a cloth with roses, sewed by a woman
with time at hand and love in her heart.

The table is rough hewn but solid it will not
suffer illnesses of old age, but perhaps get
wood-worms.

It will last longer than I will, till new owners
will throw it on the dump or break it up and
use it as firewood a cold winter night.

In the meantime, as we wait, I rest my feet on
it when watching TV.

Oskar Hansen

A Moment In Time

An Autumnal Moment

The autumn light has faded it is night now,
Heat lingers, melts the ice in my whisky.

This is the best time of the day and I will
Not think of tomorrow's day.

The terrace is full of fallen flowers and
Only slowly they will blow away.

All traces of summer will be gone and
What's left is a vague memory.

That once upon a time there was a spring,
Summer and endless joys of youth.

But I shall sleep easily in my bed as long as
I feel the good warmth of my lover.

And I will think how lucky I'm and hope
I will slip into the deepest sleep before her.

Oskar Hansen

A Moment To Remember

A moment to Remember

This night is too beautiful to behold, moon and silence. My heart aches.
Know I will wake up at dawn and regret that I can't take it with me.
It will all be erased one day and I shall not know that I ever lived. I have
nothing, cannot own anything but my own ageing body, all I can do is to
enjoy the rare moments of fulfillments. I hear a plane high up see its light,
full of passengers going home and back to work. Why would anyone want
to leave this place? Across the road, in a darkened house, a man lies dying
racked by pain he can't even shave himself. He sees not the full moon.
My life consists of moments, not like takes at a film studio that can be done
over and over again till it's right. Some moments are too sad to behold.
Do not think of this now, I will drink another cold beer, smoke a cigarette,
look at the stars and dream.

Oskar Hansen

A Moral Sonnet 1

A Moral Sonnet

A big crow and a sparrow which had painted itself
In the colour of the big bird to appear masterful became
Good friends as the both suffered from bombastic
Self-believe and they make a pact to kill the ageing eagle
And his brood the did and by doing so killed millions of lesser
Birds which in despair turned and pecked each other
The sand became rubicund and from a distance looked like
A carpet for kings and potentates

From the eastern states, vultures came to feed and defend
To get the big crow and the pretend one, off their land
The crow flew home the false one had a mud bath to look
Like common sparrows but is of no avail the sparrows that
Had danced with the crow was shunned and travel from
Country to country and is sleepless in expensive houses-.

Oskar Hansen

A Moral Sonnet 11

A Moral Sonnet

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Oskar Hansen

A Naruto

A Naruto

I try to get up,
they are all over me,
must be dwarfs.
This mysterious house
at the edge of a forest,
how did I get here?
Amongst depraved people
born to be sinful.
They shriek like animals,
featherlike as small children
Night alleyways,
dark laughter follows me,
stilettos and moonlight.
I run on sand, see a ship,
behind me church bells toll.

Oskar Hansen

A New Love

A New Love Story

I had stopped at the rural cafe for a coffee it was a day when I was not feeling a day over seventy she was around fifty and incredible young her waste was that of a waif at the beginning of life. She was so beautiful and she smiled inviting me to sit by her table and I was only drinking coffee. I told her amusing stories of my life, mostly lies- and she laughed, not a bored mirth while looking at the time thinking of the right moment to slip away the clutches of my unwanted attention. Good time has me has a limit, so much and not more, her husband came in he had been to the garage, had the car fixed and he told me all about it down to the smallest dreary details

A nice man with oil on his hands and I hated him, but I could not kill him and claims his wife as mine, the thought faintly amused me, and they drove off. I loved her immensely and she reminded me of my wife`s niece I love her too, perhaps it was her but I was too old to see as handsome faces take on a mask of a smiling Janus

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 Nice View

My shed is full of stuff I 'm not using and should, when get around to it, throw on a skip. In the corner there is a golf bag full of rusty clubs, a reminder of the days when I genuinely tried to be middle class, a family of mice live there now, their entrance is a hole in the bottom of the bag. They are safe there and probably snug.

On the left side of the bay in Cascais, there used to be green slopes, now they are full of buildings facing the sea. Everyone likes to live where beauty is, nice view and green slopes; they build houses there and roads. Just more golf bags far from the greens...

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 None Writing Day

A none Writing Day

The freedom of not writing anything is an illusion
today I will just sit there and listen to the news
Turkey is having problem and it has nothing to do
with me although a poet friend of mine Erken may
be upset several police officers killed perhaps one
of them was her son and I can`t send flowers in
case it is not so. I only like Portugal in the winter
when it is cold enough to put an extra jumper on
when sitting indoors....that were the days.

What do I know? Perhaps Erken is a Russian spy
who speaks five languages perfectly without fluffing
neither a line nor breaking the wind when talking to the pope.
Knows the sewers of Istanbul like the street going home
and analyzes the shit falling from the American embassy
When it is discovered that the US envoy suffer from
diabetes she will be promoted by Putin.

Oskar Hansen

A Note For You

A short Note for You

This is a little missive written in some haste as we have to go back to the hospital for more tests. Only you could get me there and wait 4 hours in a packed waiting room.

Time is tough for those who have no private health insurance and most of us have not. I tell you about the inequity of this, but you are not listening just look through magazines like "HALLO" touched by a million sick people.

When we finally get to see the specialist, a woman of around 45, I tell her lies about my splendid health, but you are there and tell her the truth. I insist I'm ok and want to go home. Ignored by two women I agree to go back to hospital one more time about a bloody pacemaker, I gruffly leave for a coffee. But I'm glad you are there looking after me, I always knew how much I loved you, as long as you don't tell me how to drive my car.

Oskar Hansen

A Pair Of Brown Shoes

I once slapped my brother across the face,
it hurt me more than him, the palm of
my right hand is still red.

You see, we lived in a small flat- I had bought
a pair of shoes, they were un-walked in and shiny;
was going to put them on that Saturday evening
to impress my friends; but my brother beat me to it.
I was so furious I cried; 'it is only a pair of shoes, '
my mother bleated in the background.

This was fifty years ago I now know the difference
of what is important and what is nothing to bother about,
but sod it all... he shouldn't have taken my fucking shoes

Oskar Hansen

A Pair Of Senryu

Senryu

Waiter has no teeth
Works incredible long hours
For new dentures

Senryu

In the park of lust
Two long cigarettes exhale
Fumes embrace softly

Oskar Hansen

A Pair Of Shoes

A pair of Shoes

She was nine years old wore a cotton dress, barefoot and had her picture taken. Her mother had bought her a pair of new shoes, and the shoes were so lovely she didn't want to put them on yet. Her mother relented the photography was taken the girl holding the shoes firmly in her little hands.

She looked into the camera with intense seriousness seeing into a future she was not yet aware of, perhaps she was but couldn't not articulate it, hence holding on to her shoes a symbol of the losses she would suffer.

She married a farmer in Congo they had cattle and coconut trees. Then came the revolution and since they had the wrong colour, not black not white had to flee when crazed soldiers came, freedom was or the masses, who took over the farm ate the milking cows, but neglected to till the land. She ended up in a foreign land, but she didn't mind that so much her children had prospered and survived, but she was always thrifty never threw away a thing.

Oskar Hansen

A Pavement Cafe

In the café where I sit I can see the village's church, nice building typical Portuguese architecture and painted white. I walked inside it once, didn't like that so much, as it had dark corners and whiffed of sins not yet forgiven. It is quiet here now as the people prepare for winter sleep in damp houses. There are a few tourists about mostly elderly bad on their feet. The church bell tolls one o'clock, it is good to know time even in Paradise. Today I will go for a walk in the village's cemetery a lovely place full of flowers and often with pictures of the departed when they looked ruddily healthy and the claw of death had yet to touch them; and I mustn't forget the good silence. Whatever the argument was it means nothing anymore. The waiter brings me a coffee and a sly cigarette which I smoke with guilty pleasure, yet looking out for my doctor he often comes here for his coffee. Yes, this is another perfect day.

Oskar Hansen

A Peaceful Day

A peaceful day

This day was a non-event woke up at nine had a coffee,
a shower and then on the training bike for an hour

The sun was shining as we had breakfast of boiled eggs
nothing could upset me my wife had been dreaming
of a broken mirror, my dream was we had gone to Italy,
Venice I think lots of water in smelly canals.

We were eating at the local restaurant it is clean and we
know the staff tipping them would be an insult.

When the place was empty, I got up grabbed a knife and
killed my wife several times because I didn't want to go
to Italy and no one had ever asked me what I wanted.

The police were kind and understanding let me drive home
by myself. At home, my wife had bandaged feet she had
stepped on shards of glass from the broken window which
shows dreams sometimes come true

Oskar Hansen

A Perfect Painting

Perfect painting

An azure, sinless sky
a whisper of white clouds
and a yellow sun.

The canvas was big
but the painter got bored
walked home.

It rained in the night
canvas, dark and ominous
the artist was contented.

Painting, just the way
it was intended,
but he didn't bother to sign it.

Oskar Hansen

A Pessimistic View From A Balcony In Paris

A Pessimistic view from a Balcony in Paris

Fine rain, open umbrella, sitting on the balcony of a hotel overlooking Haussmann – Saint Lazare. A throng of people and cars, but something has changed, people drink Starbucks coffee and eat burgers on the hoof. Old restaurants are closing or converted to fast-food joints. I sigh and drink from a bottle of Bordeaux to avoid getting rainwater in my wine. This place together with rue d'Amsterdam used to be where the posh people lived and now, save for the ruddy scrap yard tower, this could have been downtown New York.

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 Picture On A Café Wall

A farmer and his mule are kicking
up dust on their way to Messines.

The mule has very long ears and
the farmer wears a big, black hat.

Side by side they walk the yonder
yet, they have time to get there.

The road is asphalted now, and
dust settles on the grassy verge.

Oskar Hansen

A Pint Of Bitter...For Sure

A Pint of Bitter...sure-

At the registrar office we´re getting married when I noticed on her papers she had been married 5 times...hold on you never told me this, I thought you had been married once and had a daughter with him. I have of think about this marriage left she accosted me in the street and said; but what about the caterers, sausage rolls and pies?

Cheshire; rain and I dislike indigestible food. I a walked into a pub and had chicken in a basket with chips and a pint of beer. Her brother came in and 12 pints of beer later I agreed to marry his sister. The rest was a blur working men´s clubs and more beer. The English working class is a tribe and I didn´t fit in. I went back to sea again but that bloody piece of paper with my name on took years to erase.

Oskar Hansen

A Pleasure Remembered

The Pleasure Remembered.

I saw her in a cafe yesterday; years had not been kind to her
her hair was matted, dry skin and her lips were a sullen grimace,
not quite hiding her miss- coloured teeth.

Once, we slept entwined I kissed her body and often burrowed
my head in her honey pot and drank her love juice like divine nectar.
She was just sitting there a lonely old woman thinking her youth
lost in thoughts and her tea was getting cold.

It made me think of the nature of love, there must be a physical
Attraction first, loving the person 's comes later.

If I met her for the first time today there would be no physical
attraction but perhaps she would have had something interesting
to say, I didn 't listen to her back just her cooing and sexual rapture.
The thought of sleeping with now was depressing and for doing
that...no. But we did flew on wings of passion too high for us and
we burst into flames, only ashes left. She looked around but didn 't
recognise me, why should she, a fat, bald old man reading a paper.

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 Poet Is Amused

A Poet is Amused

Now when we say good bye give me
a promise with your hands and lips
no, I didn` t mean an apple.

Object

Plutocrat

Advocate

That has nothing to do with grammar.

Who said it did?

The first time I saw naked woman was a September night
she stood by the fire cleaning her private part
soapy pubic hairs

overcome by desire, I ejaculated fell to the ground
in someone else's garden.

Poets are like whores sell romantic poems and show
their filthy souls to anyone in need of a dream.

He goes to the nearest tavern and has a dram
and doesn't let grammar get into it only wishes to live
in a society that ban full stop and comma.

Oskar Hansen

A Poets Dilemma 1

A Poets dilemma

I try to write a love poem

Words will not come

Brown eyes blue eyes I don` t know
What does the thesaurus say?

Lovely, beautiful my der such pedestrian
Words

I find some rare words but I` m a plain man
These words are over the top
So refined they sound like irony

There is Hercules Poirot on TV, I enjoy its
Ridiculousness ☐

Tomorrow morning I will bring you tea saves me
From looking up words for love

Oskar Hansen

A Portrait Of Emptiness

A portrait of emptiness

I got a book sent from a Sunday paper it is in written Portuguese and tries to tell the story of a man who - as the folklore goes- was the only person in the whole world born evil. I look at his face it is early middle aged and he does not smile the way a politician should and I do not think his speeches began with a joke.

He wears a windbreaker that has a slight military cut, the thumb of his right hand is partly hidden by the rest of his fingers, on his left hand, he has a manuscript to one of his speeches and behind him mountains and fog.

I stare at his face his body stance and try to detect an aura of evil and of his mesmerising personality I see nothing It is said that when he was nearing sixty years of age he took his and his mistress`s life, oh yes his name was Hitler.

Oskar Hansen

A Prince Is Born

A boy baby was born this morn, no not in Bethlehem
or the east end, but in the heart of a land that loves
royals. So what the big deal babies are born; mothers
give birth to them every day, but this is different
the woman who gave birth to is a royal highness and
for a brief moment we realized she has a vagina too.
The baby born is a prince, with a silver spoon in his
mouth, which will give him a speech impediment
when becomes a king. How are the strange people who
wave flags and appear to have witnessed a miracle?
A child was born, not in Bethlehem, this morning, in
the working class estate Somewhere Else. The mother
has no cot or pram for the child, he was born with
a wooden spoon in his mouth and unless he gets rid
of that spoon he will amount to nothing in life
except a life of petty crime, or a soldier be who fight
useless wars for the establishment.

Oskar Hansen

A Pugilist And A Whistleblower

A pugilist and a whistle-blower

I never thought much of boxing
but I liked Muhammad Ali`s forthrightness
steadfast stood against the storm of
hatred and vilification when he didn`t want
to join the Vietnam war even though
he was banned from pursuing his craft for
three years, the best years of his age.
It took a long time for me to embrace his courage.
It took time to untangle myself from the net
of lies and propaganda spewed by a submissive
press and find the truth and ill will behind
the mendacities of politics.
Now that the great on good hail him and mourn
his demise perhaps it is time to pardon
Edward Snowden who exposed the dishonesties
of the establishment.

Oskar Hansen

A Question

A Question

Is Santa Claus
A paedophile
Surrounded by elves
No women
Work in Santa`s
Factory
I find
His interests in children
Is suspect
Grooming them
To become gift giving
Adults
Keeping his business going

Oskar Hansen

A Quickie In The Kitchen

A quickie in the kitchen

I'm quite a normal sort of person I do not steal and only lie with passion. In the house, we lived in there were two flats on the second floor, a lady rented a room and we shared the kitchen with her. Yes, it was not a place where the middle classes cared to live. One day in the kitchen I was fifteen and kissed her I put her face -down on the table lifted her left knee on a chair pulled her pants down and in it went like a knife in an over ripe melon I quickly ejaculated, a geyser of semen ran down her legs she burped ale grabbed a kitchen towel- her own – drying her legs We did this every afternoon till my mother caught us in the act and hell broke loose. I fled to the communal bath-house which also had a swimming pool and stayed until closing time. At home mother sat reading, she looked up said I was disgusting. Five minutes longer she said as to herself and with that woman!

Oskar Hansen

A Rant

THE Big Con of a Peace Prize

And there they are the leaders of EU receiving a prize they do not deserve, the only thing they have rescued are banks and the people are paying the price. I´m listening to Barroso, he who abandoned the premiership of Portugal when he was offered better paid job in Brussels and left the country to its own devise.

Millions of unemployed people lines stretching for miles, Barroso says everything is fine while Tucking into caviar when not speaking f Europe in a fake upper class English voice and sounds like a servant, of a big house, with great ambition. And now they are brining, in Kosovo, a gangster led country to complete the skullduggery. the EU is a capitalist construction that gives them security to exploit people. The people of Europe have been betrayed by their leaders and I know when a man speaks with fork tongues the game is up... a democratic EU is a good idea but it has been betrayed by the elite...the prize giving in Oslo is a disgrace, they couldn´t even stop the war in the Balkan with US A´s help. So let them dance when Europe goes hungry.

Oskar Hansen

A Rat

A Rat

it was dawn about six o'clock the phone from the bridge of the ship rang, time to get up. I had been sleeping on the couch put my feet on the floor and between them a big rat escaped the door to my cabin was ajar it got out. I said nothing no one had seen the rat no point making a fuzz. I made breakfast for the crew. The chief engineer was a bit late I walked up to his cabin, to call him, in his bedroom fast asleep the rat snuggled by his face, by the sound of my voice the rat quickly disappeared and when the chief was fully awake it had gone. I did notice when he was eating there were rat hairs on his unshaven face, he complained of an odd smell. I said nothing had a schedule and lunch to prepare. Thinking about it now I might have been wrong, I sometimes have problems sorting out dreams and truth when telling a story

Oskar Hansen

A Rat In Bed

A rat in bed

Before going to bed, I was thinking of my dog it liked sleeping between my neck near the jugular vein, this I think made her feel like a master of my life and death

In the night I could feel soft fur on my neck switched on the light it was sleeping soundly mouth half open showing long front teeth, a bloody big rat had taken the liberty to sleep with me.

First I panicked ran into the living room to find a hammer, but it was in the shed, back in the bedroom the rat still sleeping, ! grabbed it b Its tail carried it outside threw it into the street. I didn` t kill it, though, the blood on the pillow and so on, also in case it had the soul of my dog that had got a bit confused forgetting it was a vermin now

Oskar Hansen

A Reflection

A reflection

Today is the last day of June and thanks
to a northerly wind and some rain, it has been a good month.
It is a Siberian airstream wonder if it knew
I was a communist until I saw it was just a dictatorship
where men in ill-fitting suit decided our future usually so old
they lived in another century their idea of freedom had
little to do with reality.
Today Russia is a modern state semi - democratic and there
is a freedom of speech if played by soft violin music.
But Russia is worried the mighty USA is spoiling for a war.
I will not think of this afternoon, enjoy the cooling wind
and let the world pass by.

Oskar Hansen

A Reflective Moment

A Reflective Moment

Now in my late seventies I have left behind me
any vestige of religious feelings, on the contrary
I think religion is bad for humanity.

Death is therefore not an enemy but an end of
conscious life. Then the process of degrading begins
and last till we are earth and the dust that settles
on books that never got read because the TV was
a bigger draw ones taste is decaying.

My lack of beliefs has freed me to sleep and not
worry whether I wake up or not I snooze like a baby
which has stopped crying and should the morning
arrive – I hope it will- and a new day begins, for
when you die the world dies too.

Oskar Hansen

A Reminder

A Message

Our old captain was pensioned off, he had been the master on the same ship for ten years and at sixty five he didn't know where to go as his whole life had been the sea. The first officer was taking over. He had noticed the old man every morning went on the bridge, opened a locked drawer and read something from a folded piece of paper.

The first officer having sewed on an extra ring on his uniform, now had four, was curious opened the drawer. On the paper was written: starboard is right and portside is left.

Oskar Hansen

A Sad Affair In India

Rape in India, those who thought it was a land of Ganges and a Hindu paradise, will now discover that India is not much different from other countries, including the west. a woman lost her life in the frenzy of sexual hatred against a class or a woman who was educated and not a slave of ignorant men who think how a woman should behave. And the common cries blows through villages and cities: Kill them kill them. And I say NO, because if we do we Become just like the thugs on the bus. They must be incarcerated as women are unsafe with these, kind of men in streets. But they are victims too by a system that disregard women as cattle; their hatred is social, and only by changing the system can women be safe, but only when it dawn on us that women are our daughters, wives and mothers

Oskar Hansen

A Sea Bird

A The Sea Bird

During the occupation of Norway when many fled to Sweden or England the new generation has forgotten that in their hatred of refugees.

I remembered a seabird called Alke which was snared
It was a big bird and needed hours to cook and served with
boiled potatoes and brown gravy which I liked
but I was not keen on the bird it tasted of cod-liver oil
but had to eat some meat usually through tears and mother
hitting me over the head with a wooden spoon.

After the war and little work in factories, the alke was hunted to near extinction, luckily it was saved in time.

The Norwegians see the world through a fog of self- inflicted fear
feel inundated by a few migrants,
now that the oil price has fallen they would like to see the newcomers,
like the alke, become a rarity

Oskar Hansen

A Sea Dirge

A Sea Dirge

I once saw, where the horizon ends,
a ship ploughed the sky.
White tears on pale blue,
I saw the waiting darkness;
I knew, before any others,
it would be a starlit night.
Look, I said, but it was too late,
the ship had cast anchor
behind a cloud loading mist
for Dogger Banks,
and take onboard discarded dreams to plug
the dikes of Amsterdam.
Sunflowers on mythical sea
and red flying fish,
my ship is bound for the Saragossa Sea with
cargo of old sailors,
here they come to stalk in fog of the forgotten.

Oskar Hansen

A Shadorma Poem

Sunset. Shadorma

Winter sun
On the coast of death
White coffins
In the bay
Hoisting sail for unknown seas
As darkness descends

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 Slum Outside Paris

A slum outside Paris

A cardboard city thrives a place where no one has to pay the rent and electricity are purloined.
is it impossible for middle -class folk to understand but the Roma thrive despite living by a city dump where you dump your trash wash your hand and are happy to live in a block of flats and house the rules. Now they want to get rid of this illegal city that cost nothing to run and need not tramlines. But they are not like us do not share our values, no they are not like us the do not deplete the world`s resources and when the last car has stopped the Gypsies will as they always have done crossing the landscape with their children women and dogs carried pulled donkeys on ancient carts. And the man with a wristwatch and finery will offer them riches for a lift to better times.

Oskar Hansen

A Small World

The small words

"All that`s mean nothing" not my words
but I often think about it, when reading the newspaper
I look for the no-news the filling of space
the news is often there and when shit flies they are taken
by surprise busy reading the headlines.
Being so wrong the want to set aside democracy and civil
behaviour the by line has become a headline we must
demonstrate denounce the new from the stage or pulpit
by the pompous and incompetent
perhaps it would help to read the alternative press they
have less to lose and don`t worry about circulations and
no capitalist master to serve

Oskar Hansen

A Smaller Poem

A small poem

I sat on a rocking chair
On the veranda
The stone in the garden was
Covered in moss
The cicada sang fireflies lit up
The night as pilgrims in Mecca
Slaughtered lambs

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 whatever 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 Stone Wall

A Stone Wall

I was taking pictures of some old stone walls when
When my feeble mortality struck me,
The stone dug up from rust red road to divide for all
Time whose property it was
And they will be there long after I have gone.
Not that I wish to be a stone like the ones in the wall
Rain and the sun it must be boring

Still I reflect upon my demise and cannot make up
My mind cremation or giving my body back to the earth
And my bones will be turned into gravel in someone's
Drive in, this confounded old age I have sagging ears
Like an elephant but I'm running out of years

Oskar Hansen

A Story Of A Mountain

A story of a Mountain

The mountain on the other side of the bay was born before colours were introduced to make the world a jollier place for humanity, mind it has three hues, black, grey and white, without these shades the mountain would have been unseen, a shimmer of the morning light, to avoid an accident, it would have to be spray painted every four years. The mountain is not a place for a Sunday stroll; they say it is slippery and if a bird overflies, it drops dead; and no plants grow in cracks. But where the mountain meets the sea are crustaceans the size of dolphins, and one lobster can feed a family of five, so in its sterile exterior the mountain has hidden richness and looks glorious at sunset.

Oskar Hansen

A Story Of Love

Love story

Her kiss tasted of iron railing a frostbitten 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,
my futile attempt of resurrection.
My love, I laid by her feet, struck a match in the vast night of silence.
Ash and ember I was free.
In the glade among roses of gold,
my new love waited...hand in hand
we walked to where the day begins.

Oskar Hansen

A Story Of The Unsung

A Story of the Unsung.

Man, horse and cart wait at the railway station, picking up wares and delivering them to local shops. Every July the man and horse go on holiday to the country side, so his animal can eat fresh grass and trot about on soft soil, while the man sits on a stone fence smoking his pipe. A frosty day the horse fell on icy road, it was not the same after that, it was off its hay, lost weight, had to stop often, up hills, for a rest. The vet shook his head too late, nothing he could do for the beast.

The man got a hand cart, tried to deliver parcels around, but could not push heavy loads; fell ill, took to his bed and vanished into blue yonder. There is a green field on the country side if you go there In July you will, on a misty dawn, when the ash tree is covered in gossamer, see a man sitting on a stone fence, smoking his pipe whilst his horse, grazes on green lushness. But you must go before the field is turned into a posh housing estate and fairytales die in the glare of street lamps and prowling patrol cars.

Oskar Hansen

A Sudden Second Sight

A Sudden Second sight

It was long ago before horses became a status symbol and ponies were rich children's toy that Egon fell to earth, from the hayloft down to the cow shed and he had an epiphany. He foresaw a world a world where there was no stigma attached to idleness, that it was normal to sleep, curtains drawn, to ten in the morning and have long brunch and not as now be served gruel. When he woke up it was 2013 and was told gruel was healthy kept you fit to get up at six in the morning and work twelve hours in an office, perform boring work that had no meaning other to keep people occupied and in the false knowledge of being useful.

He had slept through the ages, except for lack of horse Manure in streets, nothing much had change, even the unemployed to draw curtains open before going to bed again... not working was still a stigma.

Oskar Hansen

A Summer

Remembering a Summer

In the backyard of the house that had never
been painted and had so many people living
inside that it looked like it was ready to burst,
the sun flooded- high summer- as bluebottles
circled the rubbish bin where a big rat sat and
catlike cleaned its face using a piece of broken
glass as a mirror. I patted the rodent on its head
it smiled showing healthy teeth and sank them
into my hand before running down a hole.
My dad used the last of his whisky to clean
The wound, mother was glad for that.

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 I 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 Summer Remembered

Summer Remembered.

It is odd in a country where winter last 8 months is it spring and summer we remember and there were not too many of the good days either.

We took a ferry boat to a small Island for bathing now it is connected to a bridge and parking spots take up the most land. Mother liked to go there on Sundays she enjoyed the water, she swam like a seal and floated like a wine cork thrown from a yacht, I was waddling in shallow water collecting shiny objects that had the ability to lose its gloss when we came home. My mother divorced at the time her lover was the ferryboat skipper I think he wore uniform, it is jeans now for everyone and anyway with a bridge who needs a boat, but they did go on camping holiday together and I looked after myself. Mother loved him and he wanted to marry her but didn't want me it was silly of him to ask a mother will always choose her children. Anyway it was winter approaching and Norway sleeps like the brown bear for eight months if not going to boring places like Ibiza back then.

Oskar Hansen

A Tale Never Told

A Tale Never Told

The old man, who carried what, appeared to be and empty sack over his shoulder when he walked through the village, is no more; and I never got around asking him what was in his jute sack. I think he carried around stories untold, dreams and translucent memories of childhood. He was the brother of another old man the one with a white donkey who came to our village selling juicy, big lemons; alas he too has gone. He said of his brother, the dreamer, walked amongst the stars and had forgotten how to talk except to trees rose bushes and animals in the forest. I once saw him in the glade playing mouth harmonica to a flock of sheep that for once forgot to eat. When seeing me he stopped, got up, smiled shyly and walked his way followed by snow white rabbits; I fancied they were angels. I look up to the October sky and sense his shadow and smile casting peace upon me.

Oskar Hansen

A Tin Of Sardines

A tin of Sardines.

Mother by an assembly line putting tiny sardines into tins,
a machine did the rest, a squirt of oil and a lid stamped on.
Sardines side by side, in total darkness, wait to be eaten.
But first of all the sardines had to be smoked, the smoker
my mother's lover, he visited her every Sunday afternoon,
and I was sent out to find a place that sold ice cream, even
when it rained. Rusting sardine cans, littering the wayside,
don't walk barefoot in the grass at summer time. Mother
by an assembly line, putting sardines into tins, the smoker
had another girlfriend now and I got no Sunday ice cream.

Oskar Hansen

A Tough Cookie

A Tough Cookie

On the surface of life, my mother was a tough cookie
of three children she lost two when they were fairly young.
Tearless she attended their funeral and people thought
she should have cried more.

I heard her tears the pain from her heart that could not
be stopped, an ache so painful that no pills could stop it.
One night I went into her bedroom in the hope of stilling
her grief, she had a pillow over the face to stifle her yammer.
told me to leave the grief was hers alone.

My mother kept her sorrow for herself she was unable
share her grief with anyone least of all me who for reason
I shall not understand she kept me at a distance and I had
to watch as she sunk into the mess of alcoholism, this was
her answer to a world not of her creation. A contrarian
few came to her funeral, those who did has been blessed
with the good fortune of understanding that life has many
expressions and you are free to have your own.

Oskar Hansen

A Tragedy

The human tragedy

I know of a man
And I knew him well
When coming out of hospital
Incurable cancer
He went home
Shot his father and raped his mother
Then hung himself
Two of the three deeds
Could be understood
But the rape
Could not be explained
It was a human tragedy
Of a Greek dimension
Alas, he was an ordinary man
And no play was written

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 Tv Star

A TV. Star.

The man hiding in the light his persona, sparkling sunglasses not enough when we gloried in his mesmerizing peculiarity. We saw not the sinister black shadows behind him... except, from time to time we felt revulsion a glint in his eyes and shark teeth that told of what we didn't want to know. He died a much loved hero, the abused stayed silent. Now the dark hideous nature of the man is for all to see; and must bring shame of those who knew but for the sake of his fame never spoke out. Pedophilic, the seducer of children, his clunking gold chains we followed, to the tune of greed into the dark abyss of fear and loathing.

Oskar Hansen

A Verse For You

The verse I wrote last night
Is the same I wrote this morning
About my love for you
Rainy days are your tears
Sunshine is your brilliant smile
Everything I see of nature
Reminds me of you
Primrose and roses I can't escape
The meadow where horses graze
And the morning mist
And the clearing in the woods
Where rabbits frolic
And in the undergrowth so full of
Juicy mushrooms.
And the all seeing eagle flying high.
They are all you my beloved
And your name is ... hang on a bit
In all my lyrical prose
I have forgotten your name.

Oskar Hansen

A Verse Of Sexual Nature

A Verse of Sexual Nature

If Julian Assange
Is found guilty in Sweden
Wikileaks will
Stand erect as before
Ready to penetrate the truth

Diplomacy's whores
Pretending to be virgins
In a sinful world
Exposed as immoral tarts
Venereal sores on their face.

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 Voyage To Argentina

The Voyage

The big seagull sat on the bow of my rowing boat
on my way to Argentina and Rosita,
which I never met she had married guitar player-
had unfriendly eyes ready to peck my eyes out.

I regretted my heroism.

I wanted to go to Argentina because of its pampas
Beautiful horses and also to be famous for the voyage

I was picked up by a merchant ship
it was actually going the wrong way docked in Antwerp
Free beer for the, would be the hero.

I got a job on an old steamer bound for Argentina.

Buenos Aires,

A City with so many beautiful women it took a long
before I got my stead looking for the tree of wisdom.

I found it burning in the night
the Gauchos were feeling cold and set fire to the tree.

What matters is the journey
which is a fine sentence to cover for absolute failure.

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

A Weepy

A weepy movie.

I have been watching a movie on TV, a love story about a girl named Sabrina. I fall for it every time; yes, I know the technicality of filming but still believe the story. Yes, I know it is about upper class love, the chauffeur's daughter, and the son of the house. They end up in Paris, where else? Nothing mundane about the film, like, can I afford a flight ticket to Paris? Money problem kills love. Last year my wife and I took a coach to Paris 36 hours- we are divorced now-. We spent so much time finding a place to eat and sleep we had little time to see the sights. Saw the Eiffel tower though, you could build a ship with all that iron. It disturbed me, the Unknown Soldier's eternal flame. Soldiers died for business interests and the lust for power. Wish this was the only truth, fact is young men like killing each other, they just need someone to say it's legal. In Paris I read poetry in defense of the Palestinians, for an audience of Jewish people, but since they didn't understand Norwegian they applauded. For a moment I was a star on the firmament of vanity. I will not be back to Paris again, less I can afford to drink a bottle of expensive wine.

Oskar Hansen

A Winter Memory

Enchanting Winter Memory

The day is lead dark and heavy, TV tells me of unwanted snow,
planes cannot take off or land.

There wasn't much snow on the flatland of western Norway,
but it was cold, lakes and ponds froze and a bitter wind blew.
I skated round and around till I was inside a white vortex and
the world a blur, I heard nothing alone in the magic stillness
of my breath, now I was free and could fly.

Suddenly the wonder ended, I fell on hard unyielding ice, back
on earth I heard the farmer calling me... milking time.

Oskar Hansen

A Winter`s Tale

A Winter`s Tale

It was clearing up in the afternoon
fingers of sunlight lit up the olive grove
a slight mist and a bizarre story
I saw him the old man dressed
in a soil dark suit, with a jute sack over his shoulder
picking up lost souls.
This time, of the year there is many.
The clouds in the sky have many hues some are black
others rosy
and ephemeral shifting colours with the light,
pushed by the wind
Church bell tolls before noon.
This miasma of ages,
stubbing a toe on the exposed root of an olive tree
when trying to follow the track of yesterday.
It has no future
What was it all for?
Is there a god?
The end is silence

Oskar Hansen

A Winter`s Tale 2

A Winter`s Tale

It was clearing up in the afternoon
fingers of sunlight lit up the olive grove
a slight mist and a bizarre story
I saw him the old man dressed
in a soil dark suit, with a jute sack over his shoulder
picking up lost souls.
This time, of the year there is many.
The clouds in the sky have many hues some are black
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when trying to follow the track of yesterday.
It has no future
What was it all for?
Is there a god?
The end is silence

Oskar Hansen

A Woman In Palestine

I was watching a TV play; Hercules Poirot was in it, uproar in India and some British officers,
killed this caused a furore in the English press terrorists had struck again we know the British
are not racists many aristocratic Indians live in London of the type I would call traitors,
as great wealth tend to make the rich collaborators.
I was writing about the glass ceiling broken by women working in high finance, they too
are turncoats to the cause of equality the press especially the Guardian think they are admirable
but they only are nothing more than grabbing pirates in skirts.
I`m thinking of the suffering of Palestinian women their glass ceiling is protecting their children
when their job is to resist an occupying army and help their men who fight intruders to their death.
Anyway, Poirot solved that case it was about money and love
it always is perhaps we have to ban them both and Poirot can look for stray dogs

Oskar Hansen

A Woman Of Substance

A woman of substance

I`m sceptical of the Dutch
One of them stole my beloved
He was a painter
Made her beautiful on canvas
And she fell in love
I wrote a poem on a torn
Piece of paper-
And I'm not a Lutheran-
Nailed it on her door
The usual stuff of the aching heart
The painter got arthritis
In his hands
Could not hold a paint brush
She sent him to nursing home
And now she smiles at me

Oskar Hansen

A Woman's World

It is a woman's world

The new sex symbols are men they want to look like muscular heroes seen on TV and on films.

They train several times a day to get a perfect body other men have, thinking they must to attract women, but all they attract are other men who fall into the same trap what a beautiful body is the beginning and a goal by itself. Why is it that men have been reduced to think of their body must be perfect when it by itself has little value? In a world where women are equal; men subconsciously think they have in order to attract women must look nice and attractive.

But women are not stupid they may adore a beautiful Body, but they prefer, after having a fling with a body builder, marry a man with prospects who can give them security and economic stability. Women are not romantic, they pretend to be, but prefer to marry a man who can look after their children regardless if the man are the real fathers or not, because a man will accept a foundling in the name of love.

Oskar Hansen

A Woman's Man

A woman's Man

Women in the merchant fleet are nothing new, there have been stewardesses, on ships since the late fifties. Before that we had to do with mess-boys to bring us and as they had little interest in the work and the crew hall suffered their unappetizing nearness. Some of the women were married or had a boyfriend amongst the crew others not and they had a choice amongst men knocking on their cabin door with water combed hair. Being in the catering back then it was easy to charm them since we were with them and took their side in a dispute, The downside they were ugly and middle aged. But as the saying goes a cat's colour does not matter if it can catch mice, and again I ended up being the lover of older women... I got so used to this that my first wife was ten years older than me.; and older women had more experience in love making, I mean one didn't have to point out the obvious. But dalliances like this didn't last long, usually the captain or the chief officer took an interest for a middle aged woman her economic future was more important than mere sex that was funny but had short levity and often ended in tears. Then suddenly I was fifty and had been a whore for a long time, before I met a girl 25, got married- don't know how- I was married and had two children. My young wife knows nothing of my past, she thinks of me as a helpless person a victim of circumstances caused by my inherent niceness.

Oskar Hansen

Abike Memory

A Memory.

I once was an errand boy and had a big bike that had no gears and our town was hilly. In front of the bike there was a steel mesh box to put stuff in...sometimes when a doctor needed three chairs for his waiting room it was all loaded up and I could hardly see where I was going. But most of the time delivered things like typewriters or ash trays; or delivering letters to clients, the last part made me feel rather important as I was debt collector and taking the money to the bank. Banks back then had a churchly interior and I had to take my cap off before entering; a somber place never saw anyone smile. When not on call I worked in the office putting papers in folders in alphabetical orders, fetch cakes and coffee for the staff. I was offered a position as a junior clerk, but the thought of working in an office for the rest of my life was too much, mother said I had lost an golden opportunity, but she was thinking of what she could tell her sister: "my son works in an office". As my aunt's son was a welder and wore overall. It is a long time ago back in the days I was free to make a choice. Right or wrong I shall not know perhaps I could have ended up as a company director that would have made mother very proud.

Oskar Hansen

Abortion 1

Abortion

When my mother was pregnant
with me, she was too poor to get
an abortion and it was also against
the law in those far away days.

My aunt gave her the advice to try skipping
Luckily for me, mother
was not very athletic
and I was born.

Abortion should be legal, as a human right
but I think
a woman should think long and hard of the world
she stops the unborn from seeing

Oskar Hansen

About Candles

About Candles (Senryu)

.....
Burnt out candle
But the wicker still flickers
The night is endless.

.....
Perfumed boudoir
She sees the candle's flame
Dreams re-remembered.

.....
Amongst lit candles
She waits for her lover
Dinner has gone cold.

.....
He reads by candlelight
Didn't pay the electric bill
No TV tonight.

.....
Snowy winter night
Warms her hands over candlelight
Hardship lacks romance.

.....
Oskar Hansen

Absolute Faith

The absolute Faith

It is so long ago now I might have had a hallucination
I had a day off at my work as a cook at a tourist hotel.
And biked to the bay that didn` t have big waves, it`s odd
But a have always had a fear of the sea despite the fact
I spent thirty years on the surfaces of oceans that were
A times of ill temper.
Having gone ashore on an Island in the Saragossa Sea
I was a survivor of the ghost that haunts a seaman's heart.

What I saw in the bay was six nuns were rowing and mother
Superior steering the boat, on her signal, they stopped rowing
Uplifted oars dripped diamonds into the sea.
A haze descended and they disappeared, I do not know where.
Sun reflection on the water I had no sunglasses.
So I sat on a pebbled shoreline reading the daily news

Oskar Hansen

Abstraction

Abstract thoughts

See the world through a full glass of red wine
is to see the globe through blood dripping from
the galaxy as chalices of the wine of those who
paid the ultimate price for our folly.

When goblets fall and spill their lusciousness we
forget the fallen and start a new war simply
because someone must die to keep the carousel
going around and around if not the world will fall
into an abyss drifting in cold nothingness,
surrounded by beer foam and the stink of a pub
Sunday morning before the cleaners come
with cleansing products that smell of industrial
perfume that is toxic and give people cancer;
excessive cleanliness kills, the red wine numbs
the mind and blood runs down the drain.

Oskar Hansen

Accident Prone

Accident Prone Pilot.

The ship was going up river to unload
containers full of scooters and tractors;
rain upland water level higher than usual.
There is an overpass across the river and
the ship's bridge and communication mast
collided with it. It took a month to repair
damage to the ship and she was ready to
sail down the river, out to deep sea again.
There had been no rain for rain for a month
water level was lower than usual.
Going under the bridge was a piece of cake,
nervous pilot and anxious captain smiled,
but then the ship shuddered and got stuck in
the mud.

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 inland, 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

Adjourned

Adjourned

I was up early had a shower and was smelling
like newly opened jar of honey.
Underwear and clean socks a must and I combed
my five strands of delicate hair.
The pacemaker did not work properly, not that
I had noticed as I`m not a marathon runner.
At the hospital, they told me the surgery was
postponed till the end of the month and to
think I had been awake all night worrying about it.
I didn`t throw a tantrum, not a good idea amongst
cardiac patients, my wife did the smiling.
There was shaking of hands with the personal
we had breakfast I glowed over my lack of grumpiness
but I didn`t tell anyone I was secretly glad I do not
like surgeons, they are secret mass murderers whose
kismet stopped them from using an axe.

Oskar Hansen

Aerial Painting

Aerial Painting

The painting in the hall of an old bi-plane flying
across a blue sky, was different this morning,
it had landed by a waterfall and the pilots stood
leaning against the plane's fuselage slowly
smoking a cigarette, eyes closed enjoying every
moment, every inhale of scented tobacco.

I looked at the painting again the sky was dark,
there was lightning in the air the pilot had flown to
the front and collided with a barrage balloon,
the plane was broken as thrown to the ground by
a spoilt boy who had wanted a fire-engine for his
birthday, and now only the blue sky prevails.

Oskar Hansen

Affection

The Business of affection

When you couple fall in love
and the love is broken and
not following its natural course
to fulfilment and a union of hearts
that sings from the same musical
sheet of harmony
The one left alone will feel a pain
that is physical in its intensity
no one night stand fuelled by alcohol
can assuage a heart's loneliness
In time the person will fall in love again
and again and leave behind
broken marriages should he be a man
we call him a Casanova and if it is
a woman she is feisty.
But they are lonely people trying to find
back to the feeling of the first love

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

African Elephant

African Elephant

To the small German town came the circus and it had amongst many animals also an old elephant. One morning it broke loose and took to the woods where it met a man of seventy-five out early to pick wild flowers for his wife, the elephant charged killed him, to make matters worse ate the flowers. Death comes in many forms, but this was a surprise. The animal was shot, where could it possibly hide a tiny forest bordering a little town and a motorway. The keeper of the elephant cried too they had been together for twenty years and could not understand why his trusted friend had gone mad.

Oskar Hansen

After A War

After a War.

1945 peace broke out, jubilant people danced
in streets; but there had to be revenge, women
who had slept with the enemy, the easy targets,
were rounded up, dragged to the police yard.
Heads were shorn, bald women what a strange
sight... tears and laughter. I knew one of them
she lived in a basement flat near us, she used to
give me soft slices of bread with strawberry jam.
I was told to not speak to her, this fallen hussy;
and that was ok, she was now poor as us had
nothing to give, but her shame and endless tears.

Oskar Hansen

After Coronel Kaddafi

After Coronel Kaddafi

Who are the freedoms fighters in Libya? Except for young men who loves a war? What is going to happen to pro Gaddafi civilians, those who genuinely think he has done much for them. Lifting them up from poverty, they used to live in mud huts, now they live in proper houses and most of them have cars. we know nothing about the rebels, they cry freedom, but freedom from what? I will not shed tears over Kaddafi's demise but we may get a regime that want the riches Kaddafi had, with no regard of the common people. It is naively absurd for western nation to blindly take one side in the struggle without any political consideration... not to speak of humanity, just because they have been blinded by the call for freedom

Oskar Hansen

After Ingmar Bergman

After Ingmar Bergman

And now that it is dawn
And the sun will soon come over the mountain
My wife's warmth keeps me warm
My screams of fear is now a murmur
She dries spittle from my beard and speaks softly
Soon she will get up and make coffee
I let the aroma envelope me
The terror of the night and death subsides and
I will try to be kind and
Believe in a god that will lift me up to his heaven
And let me live forever.
But who will publish my poetry collections?

Oskar Hansen

After Rain

After Rain

The audacious sun finally showed up, and green was the winter landscape. I also saw where the sun sets, just behind the old carob oak, where the almond trees first blossom. Soundly and snug under a carpet of wild flowers the sun snoozes till dawn.

Over the easterly range, which is the first defense against Spanish marauders and the rain on its plain, the clouds were dark blue, perhaps more rain tomorrow?

In fading light musical notes danced down a phone line, the first flirt of spring? And should it rain tomorrow, I will not be downhearted this day will keep me warm for a week or so.

Oskar Hansen

After The Concert

After the Concert

...And now in the afternoon of my life
my thoughts are about love and romance
these pesky things that disturbed my tough
exterior and made me soft and weepy
when no one looked are now in the forefront
Yes, I`m a sentimental old fool
words of love and music for the heart makes
me cry it loosens the knot of old
resentments and tells me nothing matter in life
except loving someone and not to be afraid
to say so, love is freedom it gladdens the tired heart
and cleanses the dust that has fallen on the wisdom
and truth.

Oskar Hansen

After The Revolt

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

After Us

A world without man
Can't exist in its vastness
A dream undreamed
When great cities are quarries
And nights are utter horror

Unrecorded dread
Mother elephant trumpeting
Survival to day
In a time that is godless
Phase is seasons of the vain

Will it be better
When storms blow without warning
And love is absent
When rivers flow and fish wake
Words are echoes of the past.

We are not to know
As humanity is silenced
Savannah grass and lions' pride
Will continue unexpressed
No one will hear love's echo

Oskar Hansen

Afternoon Doze

I´m looking at a blinking icon on a white screen
I have spent an hour in a state of bliss and
not feeling the need to do anything other than
to enjoy the calm. Afar I hear a cement mixer
rumble let it resound it only makes my peace
deeper but I´m aware of a dog´ s bark outside
the front door it is soft bark wants me to open
the door and give it a slice of ham or a cuddle.
I do that, and the dog walks away....happy.
There was a time when I thought I had to be
active all the time not allowing calm, thinking
It was laziness. A white screen but I could not
resist filling it with words to remind me of how
good silence can be and how easily it can be
disturbed by a ringing phone snapping my mind
back to the mundane.

Oskar Hansen

Age

Age

The face I see
In the morning mirror
Is of my father
I imperiously ignore him
And shave a smooth face
Half my age.
Nature is kind to us old
We are unable to see how aged we are.
As the outside doesn't look
Like the inside.
But if you tell me I look forty five
You are patronizing me.
And I will think you are anti-old
But being wise I will not say so
Just disinherit you...punk.

Oskar Hansen

Ageing

Ageing

I saw a picture of him in the newspaper the famous writer
at seventy two, and thought: my god, he looks old; yet I'm
older than him. He was going on about his illnesses like they
should be badges of honour. I look like him, but my mirror
says I look not a day over fifty two which is a blessing.

We are all narcissists at heart and stuck with an image of
ourselves that is untrue, but life cannot rob us of our delusion.

A warning though, do not smile to women who have not got
a wrinkle or two and need to dye their hair.

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

Agents Abroad

Agents Abroad.

Tiny rooms in basements somewhere not far from the docks, pink light, no air-conditions. Cartagena girls on contract going from city to city, best years were as shorts as footballers; only girls had shorter contracts. I remember this because Obama's security guards, coming to a foreign country went wild, living as they do in a country where the puritans rule, those caught philandering like Tiger Woods, get his balls cut off and he will never be great again. Ok, Obama's guards should be mortified it is just the freedom to be a man not having going through rituals of courtships must be great. Not easy to be American male squeezed into an iron jumper of the moral brigade, all is legal as long as you don't get caught...and if you get trapped go to the nearest church and confess in public, tell everyone you are a Christians who have sinned, you'll be forgiven if you castigate enough, tears will help; but remember do not argue with a prostitute.

Oskar Hansen

Aghast

Aghast.

The full moon
Throws blue light on clouds
Winter night
Dry landscape
And all lovers sit indoors
Watching "Come Dancing"

Oskar Hansen

Agoraphobia

Agoraphobia

I lifted my glass of red wine towards the lamplight as seeing the light through a dreamy, rosy haze; I saw a dirty glass full of fat finger marks I could not blame the barman since I was alone at home thinking I should have been an actor. I went on stage once an actor friend of mine, Tom Hardy was rehearsing a play, all those empty seat looking at me I was consumed with limelight fear. Tom loved his calling, he never made it big but loved his craft, I saw him play Lesley Howard in a movie made in Portugal and he was perfect for the role- This really is about agoraphobia which has blighted my life and I disappointed many by promising to appear at a public do and not showing up and feigning mix up of dates. I told Tom, swore he could cure me, by me taking none speaking role in a play. Well, Tom died.
My wife's gone to a party I'm looking after the cat and she don't know how famous I could have been

Oskar Hansen

Agoraphobia Or Something

Agoraphobia

I lifted my glass of red wine, towards the lamplight as seeing
it through a dreamy haze, what I saw was a dirty glass full
of finger marks; couldn't blame the barman since I was alone,
and dreaming of being an actor.

I was on stage once - a friend of mine was an actor- it was
terrifying I forgot the lines "dinner is served, my lord."
I saw my friend act in a movie, made in Portugal he was Lesley Howard
and was perfect in his role.

This is about agoraphobia which has blighted my life and has disappointed
many by a promise to show up and not going, feign I got the date wrong.
I told that too -tom Hardy who swore he could cure me hence my little role;
Well, Tom died.

My wife has gone to a party, and I`m looking after the cat, it does
not know how famous I could have been.

Oskar Hansen

Air Travel In A Dakota

Air Travel in a Dakota (1956)

White as sheet, the virtual page in front of me, I want to compose a gentle whisper of a memory. Thought of my first flight, an old Dakota plane, that looked like a diesel stinking bus inside. I looked under the seat to find the parachute, but the steward said there weren't any. Disappointing I had seen myself jumping out off the burning plane land safely and be in the newspapers. The steward handed out sweets I pretended to eat one, thought it might be a drug to keep us quiet, this made sense since many of the passengers were drunk. Turbulence, like driving on a bad country lane, I threw up in a paper bag. The plane landed in Sweden, the flight had only lasted an hour. Walked tall across the grey tarmac, nonchalant presented my passport to an immigration officer. Here comes a seasoned traveler.

Oskar Hansen

Alcohol Warning

Alcohol Warning

A man, to prove that potatoes
had all the nourishment
needed to survive,
began eating this bulbous plant only.
Many dishes can be made of potatoes,
yet it has limitations
sautéed, baked, boiled and fried
it is still a potato.
To relieve the boredom he made
a drink of fermented potatoes,
I think it is called Mjød,
drank it got drunk, went out and
bought a bar of chocolate.

Oskar Hansen

Alentjo

Alentejo

Imagine, this landscape that stretches out
With even sized knolls like a sea that suddenly dried
Leaving behind its contours
It is a pleasant landscape with grazing animals often
Looking languished under the sky
That in winters clouds form like asperitas aping
The non-existent seas` moving illusion
Summer in Alentejo is mostly a vast blue sky with
Tiny white clouds hurry across before they are
Blitzed by the fierce sun.
But most of the time it a place that dos not
Pretend greatness, its ease gives it dignity

Oskar Hansen

Aliens

The Aliens

By the sandy shores of Ghazzat, a young boy stood.
The sea was calm and turquoise and he dreamed of
sailing away one day. He was awoken by the noise
of artillery, tanks and fighter jets; the aliens were on
a collective punishment mode, to teach his people
a lesson, having had the cheek to hold a democratic
election and voted the wrong party into power.

On a hill, on the other side of the border, youngsters
were applauding the carnage. Billows of smoke and
flashing fires, like watching fireworks in the middle
of the day. What a great day! Coffee and strudel was
served to the hungry crowd.

The boy, by the shore, was hit by a stray bullet, mind
he had no business being there, and as his blood
oozed into the peaceful sea and sailed away, he looked
up and saw the grinning face of a fighter pilot, not
much older than himself who, after his mission, had
a story to tell his mates.

Oskar Hansen

All Roads

All roads lead to Rome

My neighbour's garden wall is made of stones from the disused Roman road that had

stopped going anywhere for ages; smooth stones walked over by mules and sandaled feet.

No one here used to bother about some old road, now the heritage people want their stones back, as do the tourist board, who's trying too hard attract quality vacationers, away from the coast; there is more to Portugal than it being Spain's little sister, aping her big brother. When the stones have been put back, a story can be spun about a road that never actually went to Rome, but to a quarry behind the hill, a hole filled with thorny bushes, snakes and femurs of my neighbour's ancestors,

worked to death as slaves by men with Romanesque noses.

Oskar Hansen

All Souls Day

All Souls Day

Suddenly a big hole opened up in the sea, the ship sank into it; the vessel rests on the bottom where shiny star fish light up the dark before they are swallowed by captain on his bridge, cook in his galley, the first engineer in the engine room, as it was dinner time when she sank, her crew are in the mess room, dancing ghoulishly around as the sea gently sighs. And sometimes the skeletal face of the deck boy peeks through a porthole asks when the ship arrives in New York, a girlfriend waiting for him; there is a moment of hilarity as dead sailors' moves about free of man's burden. The cook rests in a in a large pot tells himself he must wake up, bake bread and do the bloody the dishes as he tries to get his cigarette lighter to work. Her captain bobs up and down trying to find his charts, maps of the oceans currents and wonders why the radar isn't working. The engineer is trying to find out why the engine stalled. I knew them all, but dastardly left them in Rio de Janeiro just because I met a girl called Maria.

Oskar Hansen

Almost A Killer

Almost a killer

The window was open the puppy balancing
On the sill and fell it wasn't a long fall buy it screamed
I cradled in my arms till it stopped whimpering
Through me an enormous fear I could kill it if I wanted to
I held my hands around its throat its fur soft and silky
The puppy continued to sleep safely in my arms I was ten
And thought, no one should have that power, but it had surged
Through me, the compulsion to kill
My hands shook my body trembled violently today I could have
Become murderer. I told my brother he shook his head and asked
Why I had to make a drama out of everything
Later I worked on a farm and saw animals killed
But that was for a purpose feeding humanity and not for pleasure I know
Had I killed the puppy my life would have been an endless night.

Oskar Hansen

Alone At The Seaside

Sunday, October sunlight, I'm at the marina admiring a boat made of wood, hull, deck and the bridge; I was dreaming of mystical islands in the Pacific. An elderly man near me spoke, said it was his ship, it had been a fishing vessel...Asked if I wanted to come onboard and have a look...Yes thank you. Everything onboard was spick&span, but noticed the freezer in the pantry took too much space. The cargo hold of his vessel was converted a salon, but why all those black silk pillows, on sofas and chairs? Thought it sinister. The man was standing too near me taking up my pace and breathing my air. Back on deck he invited me for an afternoon trip, but told him I had to go home for my tea. Driving home I thought of the freezer again, perhaps he wanted to lure to the open sea throttle me with one of the black pillows cut me into pieces and put each part in nice plastic bags with name tags on, say, left leg, shoulder bone, thigh and foot. use them as bait when he went shark fishing. Once again my hunch had saved my life.

Oskar Hansen

Alone It Dreams

Alone it dreams

The inner bay where the water is shallow

I rolled up my trousers leg and waded out to see
the small polished stones

With sunlight and the clear sea the stones had
the appearance of diamonds to kill for.

I took up a few but in my hands they quickly lost their
lustre; threw them back, my feet was cold it was not
yet summer when the inner bay would be full of bathers
who wished the beach was sandy.

Oskar Hansen

Always A Stranger

A émigré`s Dilemma

I have lived in this foreign country long, longer than I should
Many seasons I have seen, my hair is grey and brow wrinkled
seeking an understanding of a life that makes no sense.
I know their culture, have read Fernando Pessoa sing there
songs, but I came here as an adult, but my heart is not there.
I wanted to be a part of this Iberian country, but when
remembering a lullaby, my mother used to sing, when the party
is over, I know I'm a pretender.
I have lived here too long, but if I go back to my old country
I will be a stranger, in a town where no one knows my name,
and I will dream of a mythical Portugal.

Oskar Hansen

Ambling About

Ambling About.

On my Sunday afternoon stroll I was overtaken by a lady who walked fast, but her winter coat belonged to a much older person. I guessed the lady was around forty, perhaps older never saw her face. she came fast upon me could have stuck a knife in my back., This worried me and I decided to always keep a fork in my back pocket. Where the road bends she disappeared, but I saw her coat hanging on the branch of a carob tree. I took the coat down, it was still warm, wondered where the lady had gone. She came out from some bushes with a toilet roll in her hand. I said. "thought someone had stolen it, "

helped her to put it on. I sneezed and she gave me a sheet of the roll, to blow my nose. Nothing more was said and she walked so much faster than me - middle class lady who went to the gym- She was around fifty, it would have been nice to have had sex with her under the heavy leaved tree- bird song and fluttering butterflies-, but I knew at my age I was never going to screw anyone that young again.

Oskar Hansen

America The Beautiful

America the Beautiful

The heartland of America of peace and old farmhouses,
the country I read about as a young man it is still there
although news we are served is of riots and mass shooting.
Sturdy farmers in blue overall at the bottom of the road
have collections of old stuff from recent past things
collected for the love of it, but you can buy some if they
feel like selling; canny know the value of scrap metal.
Nice roads in a green landscape and tall trees, and no
police sirens scream around winding corners and bullets
do not fly through the air hitting a child.

This is America the beautiful, I will go there someday,
perhaps buy a rusty old Dodge that has been standing under
a tree for twenty five years-who cares- and talk to the old
farmer about this and the sorry life of city dwellers.

Oskar Hansen

Amputation

Amputation

The second cook was in the store room cutting open a crate of prunes, he used an axe to open it I heard the screams but cowardly continued to make meat cakes boiling cabbage and cooking potatoes.

He came running into the galley to show me his missing finger, it was an odd moment I noticed he could have cleaned his nail, but it was a struggle to get him to have a shower.

I told him to see the first officer he would bandage his hand and in a few Days, he could go into hospital in Suez. He was reluctant to part with his index finger so he gave it to me I cleaned the nail just in case the captain comes to have a look I wrapped the finger in a towel. He sat in his cabin crying, ok, to lose a finger is no joke but those endless tears.

Later I learned that the stewardess a tarty looking girl was sleeping with one of the deck hands she continued to do so his sacrifice came too little.

Worst of all when the ship came back from a place called

Ras Tanura- Saudi Arabia- he came back onboard again to get a voyage home and his cabin was next door to his former girlfriend`s

Oskar Hansen

An Accidental Old Man

An accidental old man

A very old man fell down a hole when he was out walking looking at the pattern of the clouds. The earth was loose when he tried to climb up, kept sliding down, so he sat waiting, and it was evening. He fell asleep and during the night water from an ancient sea rose and filled the hole so he could float holding onto a root, and when the water was level with the ground he could get up and get out. The sea that had been trapped so long kept rising and the valley became a lake and his house, which had been on the high ground a sought-after property, and he could afford to buy a coffin of mahogany with brass handles.

Oskar Hansen

An Actors Life

An Actor`s life

My life as an artist lasted long although no one saw me acting only that my behaviour changed if I had read a book and liked the hero in it, or seen a western movie; became that person.

I could remember pages of lines from a book and the dialogue in a movie spitting words out, whispering them or roaring like a wounded gladiator, I had many friends, but they lived in my head and when at sea lived like a frugal monk who had taken the vow of silence spending time reading and dreaming.

Walking down the gangplank going ashore I was an FBI agent on a secret mission and if there was a loud noise I reached inside my coat-jacket like I had a gun there and looked where the din came from; people noticed this and moved away from this odd person at the bar. My favourite act was the one as a man with a writer`s block, walked around with paper and pen, what I hoped was a soulful look women liked that, but less so when a boozing loudmouthed cowboy.

These days when reading poetry my wish is to be a good poet that doesn`t slam doors when leaving; you see I find myself so tedious I have invented a character interesting and full of life.

Oskar Hansen

An African Queen

An African Queen

Senegal what do I know of that country
But I have sailed past her coast, alas, she
Is married to Dakar nothing I can do.
She spoke French the tall lady and sounded
Sex, my language seems like a bulldozer
Flattening a Palestinian home so I smiled and
Said little dismayed over my lack of speech
When it imperative to make injustice heard.

Tall she was walked like a gazelle she worked
At a place where she didn` t had to be up
At seven in the morning and anyway she was
Not from Senegal, it was Senegal I loved
My ship doesn` t sail her way, but I whisper her
Name Senegal, Senegal into the African breeze

Oskar Hansen

An Alternative View Of Iran

Once I was in Iran the Shah ruled and his informers were everywhere. Then came the revolution, much blood, some of it innocent, into the streets. USA had kept the Shah in power and crushed democratic opposition when Mossadegh tried to tame the international oil industry, he was dumped and the dreadful Shah family returned to power. As a result of this radical Mullahs took power and we have to live with our mistake. Yet Iran is more democratic than Israel, they tolerate the Jewish community there and let them live in peace. Iran today lives under the shadow the threat of Israel's nuclear menace, Israel will never accept any powers those are as equal to hers. It is odd, is it not the sitting Israel government is using the language of Nazi Germany before it invaded Poland. It strikes me that unless we tame Israel and her excesses she will, deluded as she is, destroy the world as we know it. Yet stupid as we are we will be on the wrong side of this massacre.

Oskar Hansen

An Angel

An Angel...Or?

I knew as soon as she came in she was from
a place I hadn't been... before. She was silent.
sat down and began some embroidery work,
a silk dress for a delightful nuptial.
By the entrance to a house we stood kissing,
the door was black as the entrance to hell,
and the ground was white as snow...her eyes
bottomless green, flickered in desire.
Search light, we had been caught in the glare
unbecoming lust, and ran to a bus shelter.
Silent rain like tears, knew I had to run away,
she wanted me to take the lift heavenward.
The elevator out of order, and her face was
lost in a miasma of the unremembered.

Oskar Hansen

An Echo From The Sea

This old ship rode the Atlantic swells like
a swan in a pond and her crew were dead,
perhaps not at the time, but they are now,
generations of sailors boarding her, using
her as a place of sanctuary on their way to
a destination unknown to them.

And one by one, overcome by life they died
and drifted on the sea of broken life- belts to
the Saragossa where mist of sorrow covers
the bleak shoreline of ruin and the ship
that rust on a reef; and the seamen were dead
perhaps not at the time, but they are now,
in my mind they are a sepia damaged photo
of forgotten moments.

Oskar Hansen

An Elderly Dog

An Elderly Dog

The sun is coming down hard the dog sleeps in the shadow
on the terrace. I sit indoors and try to play the mandolin.
Sweaty palms, no good. The dog comes to the doorway
barks. I put the mandolin on a chair, dog goes back to sleep.
The winter had been long I had looked forward to summer,
but this was too much. We, the dog and I, used to go to
the beach, but dogs aren't allowed there anymore and
I'm too fucking old. I pick up the mandolin smash it against
the living room wall, a picture of me in uniform falls down,
broken glass everywhere. "Now, see what you have done."
I shout to the dog, but the old cur doesn't batter an eyelid.

Oskar Hansen

An Emigre

I have lived in this foreign country long, perhaps longer than I should. Many seasons I have seen, my hair is grey brow wrinkled from seeking understanding. I know their culture and sing their songs. But I came here as an adult, I have read Fernando Pessoa, know Fado and can talk about my favourite singers. Yet, this culture is not in my soul it does not echo in my heart. I wanted to be a part of my new Iberian country, but when I remember a lullaby my mother used to sing a cold Nordic winter night; when guests have gone home and the party is over, I know I'm forever a pretender. I have lived here long, too long, but if I go to back to the old country I will be a stranger walking in a town where no one knows my name and I'll dream of my mythical Portugal.

Oskar Hansen

An Old Dream

An old dream surfaces

Today I have watered my wife`s garden; this can be
misconstrued, well she actually has a small garden
at the side of the house, we have cleaner who comes in
once a week and she does the watering, but she is on
holiday. I`m not keen on flowers they are so useless
I like to plant cabbage and potatoes something practical and
filling, if I only had a patch of land and a donkey I could
sell leek asparagus and tomatoes on the farmers market
and I will be a friend of many, as it is I sit and write
Not the best thing to do and win friends

Oskar Hansen

Ancient Hamlet

Ancient Hamlet

Houses around me are emptying, the old reaching
the age of dying, are passing away. A timeworn man
went missing on Monday he was found miles away
by the police who drove him back home, he had tried
to flee didn't know where and he had no money.
Behind locked doors in darkened rooms he tries to
stave off the preordained. The sunlight, unbearable
reminds him of future suns he will not live to see, or
for that matter, the rain that falls. When a car stops he
shakes with fear, is it a hearse coming for him? Voices
of happy children are like derision of his elderliness.
He longs for peace but fear death's cruel endlessness.

Oskar Hansen

Ancient Wars And Potatoes

Ancient wars and potatoes

It is the biggest potato farm in the world,
a giant field of tubers as far as eyes can see;
new potatoes boiled with a pat of butter; delicious, no need to slam in a lamb.
Once a battlefield thousands of Russians and
Germans soldiers bled to death here the soil grew fertile,
absorbed all flesh only bones and uniform buttons left.
The soldiers didn't die in vain, saved from old age debilities, Alzheimer,
renal diseases, hip replacement and triple bypass.
I found a rusty gun, a German Luger pistol it fell to pieces in my hand,
bullets inside still intact, owned by
an officer telling his men to die like Prussian heroes.
Long furrows of edible tubers, made into fries, full of fat,
grandchildren of dead soldiers are obese and only fight virtual games.

Oskar Hansen

And More Haiku

Haiku

Old man

Spending his night

Finding a dream

Haiku

On lapsed path he walks

Blocked veins and dry blood

Black& white flowers

Haiku

Ancient man

No future only vague hopes

Spiked roses

Oskar Hansen

And This Is Not A Poem

And this is Not a Poem

I have got a new phone, it can take picture and do hundreds of things, but there seems to be a technical cut of point when one gets older
I look at this wonderful device and understand nothing. I will have to go to my neighbour ´s son he is seven and gets it... helps his grandmother and shakes his head of our practical feebleness.
Lovely warm weather today, perfect for a walk In the woods, but I had to spend hours in a full waiting room at a hospital sweating profusely as I suffer from a phobia, can ´t bear sitting in a room with many people, one has to be social and talk, I have never been good at small talk.
If lucky I may get some work done tomorrow and time for a walk too and see spring unfold.

Oskar Hansen

Angela Merkel

Angela Merkel

I have seen Angela Merkel naked it was on a nude beach
in East Germany and she was a young communist
member of the party, the only way one had to go if not
being stuck in a factory job. Angela back then had
a rounded body not quite Ruben but a body that had in
had the frame of a middle-class Germanic sexuality.
She had by then staked her political future and she had
no time for suitors which belonged to no party?
And she did right when East Germany went into freefall
she was there taking note and agreeing with the west.

But Merkel is history less, she has disregarded her past
yet her socialism instinct must give her sleepless nights
Greece cannot be bought by German Marks and they are
not disciplinarian by nature that can be cured by
a bracing North Sea beach.

Oskar Hansen

Angela Merkel No One

Angela Merkel

I have seen Angela Merkel naked it was on a nude beach in East Germany and she was a young communist member of the party, the only way one had to go if not being stuck in a factory job. Angela back then had a rounded body not quite Ruben but a body that had in had the frame of a middle-class Germanic sexuality. She had by then staked her political future and she had no time for suitors which belonged to no party? And she did right when East Germany went into freefall she was there taking note and agreeing with the west.

But Merkel is history less, she has disregarded her past yet her socialism instinct must give her sleepless nights Greece cannot be bought by German Marks and they are not disciplinarian by nature that can be cured by a bracing North Sea beach.

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

Animal Pictures

You tube (animal pictures)

Cat kisses dog

Dog looks at the camera

Embarrassed

Dignity lost

What it would like to do

Is to kill the bloody mog.

Oskar Hansen

Animal Senryu

Senryu

Think of the wolf
It only gets uncooked meat
And no sweet pudding

Senryu

Think of the fox too
Stealing chicken to survive
Snout full of feathers

Oskar Hansen

Animals And Madness

Animals and Madness

A floppy-eared rabbit is

a cuddly lover

it will not let you down.

Wild boars are ugly

unloved they roam the forest

looking for food

The cuddly rabbit died of old

age and children cried.

A bullet felled the boar and

it fed us a tasteful midday meal.

Oskar Hansen

Animation Senryus

Animation Senryu

I adore cartoons

Nothing is impossible

Flying is easy

Senryu

I admire cartoons

I can be whatever I want

An angle or an imp

Senryu

I worship cartoons

And saxophone playing elephants

Serpents are charming

Senryu

I venerate cartoons

They show insanity of man

And lightness of life

Oskar Hansen

Anniversary

Birthdays when you are old reminds you of the grave,
you see it a freshly dug hole waiting just for you.
People bring you wine, what else do an old man needs?
Guests getting high on wine they brought you and it is all
jolly. I try to join in. wife has made an effort candlelight
and so on guests are people I never see unless meeting
them at a pretentious art exhibition; and I think of my
childhood when birthdays were important, I tell stories
of a past of poverty and need; wife disrupts saying
I should forget about the past, how can I it shaped me
for what I´m today? Cakes I think of are those I never had
in my infancy; cakes I baked, with condensed milk, when
the captain had his birthday -if he was an ass hole I spat in
the dough-, on ships made into nails somewhere in hot
Bangladesh. How tired I´m lost in the past. Guests leave
the old man´ s party, but my wife is not stunned when calm
falls I have to collect the dirty glasses and do the dishes.

Oskar Hansen

Another Friendly Poem

Another friendly Poem

The grass is deep green in the forest 's clearing rabbits and foxes play hide and seek only stupid rabbits get caught and devoured by sleek foxes; a game of death and life played out on a carpet of natural beauty. When the day is over the fox and rabbit display no rancor towards each other for this is poetry were no one really dies. Big forest rats, brown and silky, have a love life, give birth to pretty little rats that frolics with wild boars in the lyrical everglades. And little Red Riding Hood, laugh and laugh by the sight of bloodied fur on fallen snow. And the hex in the woods is not there to bite your balls off she wants you to be kind to her so she can sleep and don 't be left out in the carousel of sweet nature 's fun and games. A dreamy poem suitable for children and adults while sat by the fire eating apples.

Oskar Hansen

Another Silence

Silence

Jarring things silence, voices in my head go on arguing about the most humdrum subjects. 22.55, or 23 hours? Look at your watch, dust head. Always keep it ten minutes fast as not miss the bus. Where are you going so late? Home, you idiot, I can't sit in the bar all night. The barman is polishing glasses, spits on them to makes them shiny; none of my business. I drink beer from the bottle, Walk home, Chomsky is going on and on world's coming to an end, and USA is an evil empire. Furiously shake an almond tree its flowers fall silent as snow.

Oskar Hansen

Another Sunday

Sunday

Long is Sunday, empty streets
a tunnel of silence,
damp pavement, water trickles
into gutters.

Burnt matches, fag butts and
yesterday leave form a rust
brown dike, it bursts and floods
tiny pebbles-

flowers on the window sills
admire sift rain on glass.
A life spent in a pot fear
no weed and see no evil.

A black cat decides not to
cross the road,
a child in yellows wellies
dreams of tomorrow.

Oskar Hansen

Another War?

Another War?

The young prime minister is declaring war he looks righteous and proud, his historical moment....We fight for the Libyan people, but something disturbs me, the braying for one man's blood. The excitement of going to war, this lust for action sits deep in our mind, jingoism brings its own political reward.

A just war? The man Kaddafi is an odious bully and oil supply must be secured. But is it not also a selective war? People are being killed in Yemen, an oil poor country; why not declaring war against their repellent autocrat?

For now the Israeli are busy building settlements on occupied land, they know a democratic Middle East will shift the balance of power, a united Arab world will demand it. So let the war commence, but I regret our leaders look of, almost, sexual excitement when issuing orders kill the enemy.

Oskar Hansen

Ants In The House

An utterly Useless Tale

On a big round oak table in a living room a vase, in its small crack lived two house ants. They were sitting outside considering a box of matches on the table top. "if the box was empty I'm sure I could push an inch or two the first ant said". "Yeah, " the other snorted. A man came into the room took a matchstick out of the box and put it back the table, this time by its edge and walked out.

The first ant giggled and said: "If we both push the box it will fall on the floor and no one will know how it ended there."

They traversed the vast expanse of the table pushed the box off the table hurried back into their crack and laughed heartily.

They had ben frightened also people usually kill house ants at first sight. The man came back saw the box on the floor shook his head picked it up and placed back on the table, our ants were in stitched guffawing. They were tempted to push the box on the floor again but the risk of someone coming in with a duster was too great but they were happy ants that tired went to sleep in their crack.

Oskar Hansen

Apocalypse

I saw the storm coming like wall of revolting evil,
people sought shelter in the town's only café and
I was looking for my dog. I didn't like to share my
space with the many in the café and found a bus
shelter that once had been a bunker in a forgotten
war; my dog was there. Then the storm hit and
when it was over, the town had disappeared and
a field of tall, sea green grass had taken its place.
The stillness was acute I heard the undulation of
grass, this unnerved the dog so we went on to
the sandy lane and walked on in the hope of
finding the future that had disappeared into a past
where memories linger like dying stars.

Oskar Hansen

Apparition

Apparition

October night, northerly wind throws hard rain on windows,
the old house groans in agony under this autumnal offensive.
Mother is reading, my sister too has her nose in a magazine,
I sit by the table doing homework. We have no TV, but after
years of waiting a phone has been installed, a black fiend on
the side table. I had taken a dislike to this intrusive ogre, but
mother thought it the height of gracious middle class living,
needless to say, my sister too thought it wonderful.
Familiar steps in the hall, waited for the kitchen door to open,
it didn't, mother went to investigate; hesitantly she opened
the door, no one there. I wrote something on a scrap of paper,
or rather the pen did. The phone began ringing it rang and rang
for a long time, none of us got up to answer it. It rang again,
mother had to answer it. She stood there saying nothing as lost
in thoughts, I could hear the steady hum of a line that waited to
be dialed. Finally she put the phone down and said;
"Your Brother is dead". She sat down and began reading again
but her eyes were stuck on the same page in the book. I looked at
my scrap of paper on it was written: "Your brother is dead".

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

April Day

An April Day.

I remember a spring breeze
Followed a track,
Only visible from space.
Found a tiny horse shoe
Hung it on my wall.
The breeze caressed
My tired face and thought
This moment I must cherish.
Greening trees and flowers
Undiscovered.
How lucky to have seen this.
My solitude was not in vain.

Oskar Hansen

Arab Saying

Arab Saying

If you love her let her go

Love her more if she returns

If she does not comes back

She was not meant for you

Oskar Hansen

Argentna

Argentina.

When I got up and looked out of the window the village was floating on a cloud. I walked to where the cloud ended and saw the pampas of Argentine and horses galloping in a circle around a dead cypress. The horses looked tired and starved, but could not stop their senseless galloping around the tree. There were also many dead foals trampled down in the dust. I was in Buenos Aires once, remember a great ballroom and a big marble staircase I saw the dictator's wife walk down it. She was dressed in white and striking at a distance, but close up she looked hollow eyed and her skin was yellow. A band played wiener waltzes, officers and their women danced with decorum. It was only when thousand guitars struck up a cord, music born from paucity and dreams to break free and flee, the dictator's lady smiled and looked young again.

Oskar Hansen

Armless

In need

When I feel lost and in pain, I think of the armless man
who came into my café he needed a pee badly
Everyone looked up to the ceiling I had hoped a nurse
would stand up, where are the nurses when one needs one.
I`m no hero, but I helped and since he was armless
I washed my hands.

Later I gave him a coffee which he drank with a straw,
they were going to fit him with artificial arms, he wore
his belongings in a rucksack and he smiled to everyone
as bodily dared people often do who wants to help them
I hoped he would leave before he needed to evacuate,
but I should have asked him why he travelled alone.

Oskar Hansen

Armless On Ttwo Feet

In need

When I feel lost and in pain, I think of the armless man
who came into my café he needed a pee badly
Everyone looked up to the ceiling I had hoped a nurse
would stand up, where are the nurses when one needs one.
I`m no hero, but I helped and since he was armless
I washed my hands.

Later I gave him a coffee which he drank with a straw,
they were going to fit him with artificial arms, he wore
his belongings in a rucksack and he smiled to everyone
as bodily dared people often do who wants to help them
I hoped he would leave before he needed to evacuate,
but I should have asked him why he travelled alone.

Oskar Hansen

Art'Life

At the Oslo art museum we went to see Edvard Munck's "The Scream." Yeah I know that feeling.
I bought a print it cost about twenty Euros, it now hangs on the wall in front of me and it screams for me.
But his painting "The Kiss" absorbed me the most, it is one of the greatest sensual, painting I have ever seen.
There were many other paintings of great masters, but I didn't see them as "the kiss" blurred my sight.
There was a reverent whispering in the room, I didn't cared for, like being in a church where even a cough is frowned upon. When my wife went to the loo I told a female security guard she looked like the woman in the "kiss."
Her stern, blue eyes softened, she giggled and said:
"But you can't see the woman's face in the painting." No dear, but if I could it would be a face as beautiful as yours."
More guards came and I was escorted out of the building.

Oskar Hansen

As A Day Is Gone

As Days Passes

On my way home after doing battle with Portuguese bureaucracy which is something out of Kafka where laws oppose another and a simple process can go on for twenty year; there was a halt in the traffic. A funeral procession, somber faces, dark suits and white blouses under summer sun. And when traffic resumed people were driving slower than usual.

Thought of the notable scientist who claimed that there was life after death. Of course he was vilified by other scientist as they are trained not to believe in what cannot be proven I´m cynical too his assertion but have lived long enough not to depreciate anyone´ s opinions, only for the curious reason that the kingdom of souls must be a crowded place.

Oskar Hansen

As A Day Passes

As The Days Passes

The cemetery on the hill, facing the blue bay, looks inviting in spring sun.

A burial procession is coming up the road, the last one before lunch, the priest has folded his hands and think of food. As soon as the coffin is lowered, three the gravediggers go to work.

Kisses, hugs, tears and sober handshakes, the group of mourners break up, the bereaved needs to eat too. We are because my wife's mother is in a hole in the wall with glass door, she came to change the cloth that covers the coffin, but has forgotten the key.

I think of my mother, she has been dead a long time, memories of her last years are bleached bones in the human wasteland I have a picture of her when she was young and can now see, she a woman too, I cherish my memories of that time. She had a difficult life, enough said.

Why do people drink? I drink to ease the yoke of my own mortality and the whispering voice that mocks me. After a bottle of wine the evening floats by, like a pink cloud on the sky, the scornful voice tires itself out and falls silent, and softly now life is beautiful and full of dreams.

Oskar Hansen

As Bullets Fly

And As Bullets Fly

On this land sun often shines, in afternoons there is between, deep shadows and light a multi, hued, enchanting greenness it is as day and night seek ownership of the earth. On dull days nature loses its colour and there is no strife between light and dark, only gloom, if that is a colour. I drive home in a tunnel of grief moving through doom, and blue news, I have just heard of a shooting in a school in USA,30 people dead. This cursed second revision. On the front window, tears from parents who have lost their children. I whisper, when will it ever stop? As I lament my old age, I feel useless, after all I have lived through the seasons of years; the youngsters murdered shall never grew to get old.

Oskar Hansen

As Days Cool

As the day cools

It is getting a bit lonely here
as I`m not a member of the expat set
and my Portuguese friends have died
or moved into town, living in a village that
lack what elderly people need
and has made into town`s to be near
the family.

The local English newspaper here that
used to take in my poems and opinions has
got a new editor and strictly commercial
I tried years ago to play golf, but I found the clubs
pretentious and also expensive
and my comments about this vast waste of time
was not welcome.

It is difficult to be a socialist around here, for
my wife it is as bad as having a dog in the house.
I have been thinking of getting an elderly dog
as a companion, one that has suffered loss
to give it a few years of happiness doesn't sound
like socialism to 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

As Sparrows Fly

The flight of sparrows

It fell from the summer sky the bird, dust on roadside weed
not pretty place a flutter of its wings and then nothing.
It, a sparrow didn't look particularly old and birds can live long,
but the call to joined the celestial heaven had been sudden
and no time for spring rituals, sitting on phone lines flirting.
God's canary bird had escaped its cage – it had read a book that
God was not great- and she replaced it with a much lowly bird
grey winged- yes, and quarrelsome, they tend to be and they
will be asking questions. I know of a couple they have a nest near
the roof terrace when I go up there they never stop their shrilly
thrilling until I leave feeling hurt because I know where they live
on the third roof tile to the left, and I know they have shat in
my deck chair. They have produced fledglings which have turned
out to be as uncut as their parents, but I have said nothing.
Sometimes I wonder if full freedom is good, as humans and birds
we think we have the right to rule the world, but we are leaves
blown off the tree and we now little of tomorrow.

Oskar Hansen

As The Year Ends

As the Old Year Ends

This evening, the penultimate before New Year eve, I look out of the window see an empty village road drying after rain. A lone outdoor lamp casts a bleak illumination of houses gone grey by continuous precipitations; total darkness would have been more merciful. Shuttered windows, silent despair every little family cocooned in their own misery, but it is what they know and incestuous are their dreams. An abject wind blows tries to make dead leaves and cigarette butts dance for the sake of ennui. But then the wind dies too into a blanket of unseen gloom of nothingness. The big Eve tomorrow, there will be dancing, hilarity and music, but above all clamor a voice will whisper: "What is it all for? "

Oskar Hansen

As Time ~runs By

As Time Goes By

Each grain of sand
On the waste of Sahara
Is a word spoken
A lover 's whisper
A story told and
A song sung.
And now lizards and
Snakes burrow under
The sand to
Escape the fierce sun.

Oskar Hansen

As Time Goes By

In our town there were many small shops, one selling buttons the other socks; and a hardware store should you need a hammer and nails to hang up a picture of your mother -in- law, in the living room.

There was also a shop selling scarves, another selling ladies hats, and a third one, quite posh, selling suits and ties. I mustn't forget the shoe shop, leather footwear black or brown and white tennis shoes.

In our street of trade most shops have shut, those still open are run by the Orientals where you can buy all you need for a very small price. If your shoes wear out, no point going to the old cobbler, buy Chinese instead.

Red lanterns sway in the fiscal breeze of decline where wistfulness has no price tag. But you must remember this, a shop is just a shop, yet, for us sentimental fools, are remembered as a sweet memory of times gone by,

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

Astronomy

Astronomy

Big moon absorbed my home
Illustrious voyage through the night
Towards dawn it gently let me go
Without commas and full stops
But now I have to shave trice a day

Oskar Hansen

At The Chemist Shop

Chemist Shop

At the entrance of the pharmacy a dead sparrow,
no one seemed to notice this tiny death.

The bird just lied there with folded wings and eyes
suitable closed, ready to be put in a coffin.

I told a shop assistant about it, she swept the bird
with a broom, into the tall grass.

There were many women inside, talking about none
prescription medicine, for aches and pain, they were
mostly middle aged and middle class and had not yet
realised that elderliness comes at a price.... pain.

Shelves full of revitalizing creams, promising a young
glow and sagging faces bought this overpriced stuff,
when a bit of olive oil on cotton swab would be more
effective, but not smell as sweetly.

Oskar Hansen

At The Clinic

At a Private Clinic

I went to see the eye doctor -can` t spell it- some tests
I had to do it used to be free at Faro hospital
They are farming out work to clinics if you
Can pay but if you are poor farm worker you are fucked
And they give a white cane
The doctor also wanted to have cataracts done but
That I could do for free in Faro for now
Health service should be for all whether you a rich or
Poor, but no it is a business now
And the doctors' female or not look the same tanned
Faces pristine I suspect the use the same self- tanning
Lotion- do it is to look healthy and fooling no one
The woman in the reception tried to make me by a medical
Insurance, she had lips like a giant vagina but sharp teeth
Not a good idea to try anything funny.
250 euros I paid for being looked at in the eyes and to
Think Portugal had revolution equality for the masses.
I think I will go to Spain have family there they will
Take me until they see I` m a grumpy old man who has
Been faithful to the idea of socialism and will not
Shut up about it.
C` EST la vie.

Oskar Hansen

At The Meeting

At The Meeting

At the meeting, I was trying to find a horrific tale something
bad I had done when drunk I wanted to get off my chest but
I could not remember anything other than when ten a puppy dog
on the window sill lost its balance and fell into the yard
it wasn't hurt, but I did feel bad.

So I told the story as it had happened forty years in the future
I legless has pushed the dog out of the window and raped my granny.
Ok, rape can happen but to kill a dog that way was heinous
A few others told their story they could not match mine I had
won hands down, later we drank tea and ate biscuits, and we walked
home feeling in a mellow mood.

Oskar Hansen

At The Surgery

At the surgery

Here we are at the clinic`s
waiting room,
a fat lady with bandaged big toe,
and an old man leans on his walking stick
he lives alone.

An ancient couple from the upland,
dressed in their Sunday best,
hold hands and look endearing,
a youngish woman who keeps rummaging
through her bag, and me.

Six pairs of feet in a slow shuffle,
Electrocardiography doesn't
mend a tired heart, only tells
us we are mortal

Oskar Hansen

Atheism

Atheism

When I grew up
I stopped believing in God
Toys belong to the young
And Santa fanatics
Yet
I leave small light on
In my bedroom at night
The fear of darkness
Never left me
Yet
I know Christianity had
Taken hold of me
The darkness of the sinner
Never left me
Yet
I believe in the day
The truth must not be hidden
In Churches` recesses
Yet
Blood splash on walls tinsel
On the ground
New Year Eve in Istanbul
The fear never left
Yet
I saw a happy child play in a puddle.

Oskar Hansen

Athens

Athens

This time I was in Athens and met a woman in a park,
she promised me sex a moment of greatness I would
come back to her begging her for more.

I was in my late thirties, knew that sex with a prostitute
was like masturbating, a fantasy only more expensive
I declined, we got talking, and she was like me a communist
she had a university degree in philosophy having no money
she sometimes sold her body, but she could not go uptown
in the case she was recognizable, it was a great night we sat in
a bar drinking ouzo and spoke to early morning and it was
time for me to go back onboard my ship and cook breakfast
For the crew. I don't know what happened to her but with
her education she eventually got a good employment and
joined the middle classes and a well to do husband who never
knew of her past yet enslaved by her sexual foresight.

Oskar Hansen

Attic Living

Attic living

The echo of wine is sadness, jokes told are
not funny and laughter is a bronchial cough.
Mirth gone when Sunday is despondent,
an autumnal leaf that drags itself along
a clammy asphalt road.

Wrinkled faces framed by nylon shawls,
hesitate by church steps as wanting to hear
more words of everlasting love;
before going home to empty rooms and
dripping kitchen taps.

October drizzle on Sunday's best, bat wings
open up and the murmur of the future less
is a dying repeat; as the padre smokes
a cigar in the vestry, wine has lost its glow.

Oskar Hansen

August

August

The massive heat which paralyzed any thought of going outside during the day, the heat was as a huge military blanket glued to the body like skin of grief, wars fought for no gain other than the knowledge that new masters who promised peace and freedom, will renege first thing when safely in power as sure as August will return.

The September evening is soft and gentle as lover's sigh the breeze is cooling wooden telephone poles, it is now possible to ring without hearing the crackling of agony of sap dripping dowels. The voices of people eating their meal on terraces and porches are like forgotten a tune remembered; this, a moment to be cherished when rain and fog comes and turns the village into gloom and we'll under our umbrellas say: " August wasn't that awful."

Oskar Hansen

August And Snowflakes

August and Snow

I have opened the window and inhaled the summer
most of the houses I see are empty the owners have gone
back to their country where they have died while
waiting for surgery, heart and cancer and so on.
An empty house is a sad sight; their owner had bought them
cheaply and the spent much time repairing them, but with illness
and old age beckoning they did go back to where
their hearts belonged, the pub and the betting shop, what do
I know, never had a place to call my own except where I live now.
I remember my childhood and milking cows at a farm
but I`m no longer sure if my youth is something I have read in a book
and as I have never cared deeply enough I have let it slide.

I was in love once and when rejected nearly jumped into the waterfall
and the years when a was abused at an orphanage while waiting for mother
to come home from the sanatorium. I dreamily think of silent snow falling
gently cooling the weather so I can go for a walk.

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

Augustian Night

August night

Dark, starless night sky, a sliver of the moon
golden scythe is mowing down the old.
Harvest time, forgot to close the window,
a chill settles in ancient lungs evil coughs.

Church bells toll the day; the day is hot and
gives nothing away, the old priest is on holiday.
The locum is clumsy, hasn't had a bath for months,
a murmur of discontent.

The cleric sweats there is a smell of booze
a church's reject; they do take care of
their own. This isn't swine flu nothing to
report, the old dying as they must

Oskar Hansen

Aura

The Aura

It was a very dark night his flash light could only penetrate darkness a few yards ahead, and inside the light's circle layers of night swirled around like mist.

He had been somewhere he should not have been and her perfume lingered, he knew this track had walked it many times with his dog, could still feel its presence which was reassuring. He must have left the track, collided with an almond tree and her perfume disappeared in the blossoming scent of the tree.

The band of cloud broke and there was full moon, a silver light to lead him home; he saw a dog sitting near he patted the dogs head it looked familiar.

Back on the main road there were street lights, he turned to tell the dog to come, but it wasn't there anymore.

Oskar Hansen

Austerity

Austerity?

Expensive cars chocking the approaches
to Vilamoura, the yacht and seaside town.
No austerity today, a man in an old Fiat
was laughed off the road, probably a waiter
on the way to work. No poverty no beggars
only shampooed dogs with golden collars.
And as always the poor, the silent majority,
stayed in their howls, sun is exclusively for
the perma- tan set in August.

Oskar Hansen

Australia Vet

On a farm that has ten hundred sheep a lamb has a broken leg.
our intrepid vet is on his way to save it. He succeeded and we all
get misty eyed. We who think animals are our equal to us except
we eat this could give a wrong impression.

If all people are equal so are animals, but what we see is dogs
with broken legs and a hurt pig in its sty

We must learn to understand that some animals are our enemies,
not that they have sought out to be, so and to avoid the abysmal
pests we have to eradicate them.

My old dog having been in Hellas and beyond I had to spare its
agony and put it down - twelve years it waited- Its deep blue eyes
held no rancour.

And now alone I can't help thinking, who is helping me through
the transition from the conscious to the mystery.

Oskar Hansen

Autodidact

Autodidact

The small forest or the woods by the white road made of crushed sea-shells, was a place of enchantment squirrels had no fear of solitary dreamers stumbling over oak roots.

I used to walk here when cows were milked, fed and the mucking out was done and fresh straw strewn in their stalls and the barn had chewing contented animals.

I could do so many things in the forest be an Indian or take out of my pocket pornographic pictures the farmhand in the village gave me and masturbate.

I was especially drawn to pictures of cunnilingus the women seem to enjoy this form of sex more, and I was horrified when told it was not a manly act, yet the pleased faces stayed on my mind. Years later I drove the forest was a private estate high walls and posh villas and no squirrels, I laughed out loud they will never know my secrets here where I dedicated trained for a hearty sex life to come.

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 Leaves

Withered leaves are falling curled up looking
like empty ice cream cones. I picked a couple
put them in the breast pocket of my shirt;
then rain, I got soaking wet on my scooter.
The leaves looked like dead hands of someone
long time gone, veins and sinew without skin.
I sought shelter behind a big grave stone that
would protect me from the westerly wind.
It didn't, so I just sat there sinking into the soft
ground becoming an autumnal leaf.
Had earth in my mouth when it stopped raining
and sun broke through. Dug myself out of this
unwanted grave caked by drying mud, and not
again shall I pick dead leaves when there are
evergreens around that will promise life eternal.

Oskar Hansen

Autumnal Light

Softly they walk on a day in October the old man
and sunlight amongst ageless olive trees planted
when his great grandfather was young.

On the track there is mark of hooves from flocks
of sheep that walk here daily on their way home
after grazing on the upland.

Bits of fleece on thorny bushes, black pellets
and the pungent aroma of the wooly backed
still lingers...

He sees the old cottage the roof has fallen
in and bushes grow through its floor, but
he doesn't stop, it was all so long ago.

Light is fading wants to turn in, time to go
home for him too, autumn evenings are chilly,
and damp, no good for his chest.

Oskar Hansen

Autumnal Song

Autumnal Song

Memories are not crystal clear they are like
a broken mirror upon which the sun sometimes
shines, the residue of the imagined what ensued
or will happens are of equal interest and as time
does not move only things within does
the past and future is the same, yet it pains me
I shall not see my savannah again and I have
no pictures to prove it existed and the field of
the tall grass. I see no giraffes or wildebeest
I have sold my motorbike can no longer pretend
to be a great adventurer,
but what I do remember through the haze of none
events were my private happiness, perhaps that
to was an illusion a vision of human disappointment
to try but never succeed.

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

Autumnal Thoughts

Autumnal thoughts

Woke up with a start, the night was cold a dream had disturbed
nightly my peace; a black hole in the ground loose soil from its
edges kept falling into its endlessness. Got up looked out of
the window into a street of pale light, my breath fogged
up the glass, I saw a distorted image of my youth; "How old you are,
"

it mocked. I pressed my head against the glass, tried to make friend
with my tormentor; and behind stillness, I heard the hum of the long
sea rippling on nirvana's strand

Pale sunrise, still- life- forest- a deer grazes in the clearing, suddenly
it jumps in the air, a red rose is born on its chest, and as a single rifle
shot echoes amongst trees, a day begins.

Oskar Hansen

Away From The Camera

Away From the Camera.

In the Bay of Bengal, near Tripura, a tank ship ran aground, an old ship that had been economical for its owner, carrying crude for a hungry west and crewed by low paid seamen. And she was sold to the people who would tear ships apart, like French avant-garde butchers with hearts of frozen rocks. Squall in the bay, the ship broke anchor and, like a horse that seeks grassland, she sought high seas. Alas she had oil onboard must be caught before spill washed on sandy shore. Cowboy tugboats rode out lassoed the old lady back to the place of destruction. It is in the Bay of Bengal the infidel drowned Bin Laden, in moonlight his coffin is a silvery specter in the bay. It drifted to shores of New Jersey, on the voyage made a devil's pact with sandy storm; revenge for those who dare laugh in the face of Islam. For her crew this meant little, but pale memories of peace when dolphins played on cobalt sea, and grown men had hearts of poetry.

Oskar Hansen

Babies And Dogs

Babies and Dogs.

There was in England a fire in a dogs home most of the mutes were rescued, but money was needed for a new kennel home. So far 5 million pounds have been collected. I like animals had a dog she lived till she was fourteen, my best friend and it knew my moods before I did. Yet I can't help thinking there are so many destitute children in the world, in some places they starve to death, as we have seen on TV. But it appears we will not think of that. To be sorry for a homeless puppy is less taxing, easier to cope with and less demanding. All we have to do is to let a dog never grow out of puppyhood and needing us forever. A sweet baby, on the other hand, has the irritating tendency to grow up and become a sullen adolescence.

Oskar Hansen

Bacalao

Foreigner In Portugal

At the local shop I met an elderly woman, mind most
of the women I meet are elderly but this one was
primordial, she dropped her bag when seeing me and
exclaimed is it true you have two hearts? Not wishing
to disappoint her I confirmed rumours she had heard.
I even let her touch the battery just under my skin.
Nothing keeps a secret in a small village, it appeared
they knew before me, the doctor who did the job came
from farming stock, perhaps he rang someone.
Odd people live here, those who were young when I came
here have middleaged children now, but forever
I'm referred to as the English, telling people I'm from baccallao
land is met with a smile...I'm English so there.

Oskar Hansen

Baccalao Sonnet

A Baccallao Sonnet

The man who runs the small cafe at the petrol station
not far from my home, rang he was serving baccallao
tomorrow. The Portuguese has a way of making dry cod
into the food of deliciousness.

Tomorrow he, or rather his wife, is serving fried baccallao
with garlic and fried, small potatoes it is important the spuds
are small as to soak up the fat and garlic. He is also serving
creamy rice pudding, not a pathetic low fat thing
I will not worry about making a blood test, needles and worries
have no place on such a day

Sunday morning, toast without butter and black coffee, suffer
no more little man, diabetes, we all has a cross to bear.
two thousand years ago there was a man who tried to bring an
end to exploitation, he lost, but the fight continues.

Oskar Hansen

Bachelor Day

Bachelor Day

It was father's day he got up early and
drink coffee near the phone just in case
his daughter rang.

Then it was afternoon and he must have
fallen asleep and he fretted if the phone
had rung and he hadn't heard it.

He went into the kitchen but left the living
room door open, he had a ham sandwich
which he ate by the phone.

It was now evening and she was not ringing
how could she a product of his wishes,
childless man, she was a figment of your dreams.

Oskar Hansen

Back At Theranch

Home at the Ranch

I once had a big ranch in Oregon; technically it is still mine but I have no way to prove it. One day and far from the ranch was inspecting fences when a sudden cold storm hit, to survive I shot my horse cut its stomach open and crept inside and quickly fell asleep. Woke up when the storm was over I looked for my horse it was not there perhaps the wolves...? Trotted home the ranch hands were glad to see me and gave me carrots, although I neighed they put me in the corral with other horses that knew who I was and shunned me. My widow cried, and I stood outside her window that brought tears in people's eyes and they gave me apples to eat. Now that she was the owner and had much responsibility she used me to get around, it thrilled me to have her on my back but was careful not to show uncalled for excitement.

Then tragedy struck she got a friend, the foreman on the ranch a man I didn't like and was thinking of firing. my intense jealousy made me furious and one day when they were making love under an oak by the river, I kicked them both to death and galloped to the far blue mountain as I know from experience there is no justice for wild horses.

Oskar Hansen

Bagatelle

Bagatelle

You see a thing like the old olive tree
At the entrance of the village and take it for granted
Until you suddenly see the tree is dying
Yet, it has about it a none communitive dignity
An acceptance that life`s unplanned cosmic shortness.
Dying slowly, the medical profession are trying
To get more mileage, but in the end the car mechanics
Of the body see the case as hopeless, but are bound by
The Hippocratic Oath and let us live passed our sell by date.
To be dead is to be unborn there is no second coming
Not even for a 300 years old tree.
Yet, the morning wakes us up with a dance on the duvet
And small thoughts take over buying, a pair of shoes
All those little bagatelles are the sum of our existence.

Oskar Hansen

Balancing Act.

When crossing the bridge I met a fairly famous poet,
he was balancing the bridge 's railing, absorbed in total
concentration; under him the river flowed white and wild.
Then he jumped to safety and collapsed, this because
he was blotto, with the help of a passerby we got him
to hospital where he was pumped.

When the poet was feeling better I asked him why he
was doing this balancing act and he said it was to cure
him of his depression, it had worked wonders, and free
of his compulsion he happily walked home to write
a poem about spring. A fast car hit the curb mounted
the pavement and killed our poet. Alas, when the paper
wrote about the accident it forget to mention he had
been a fairly famous poet.

Oskar Hansen

Balfour

The Balfour /
Today in London /
They celebrate the Balfour declaration /
A historic shame / Israel by its existence /
Is momentous theft

Oskar Hansen

Baltimore

Baltimore.

They came here, the black population, from the south to get work
In factories and the rate of pay for them the poor from the south,
Was good and a neighbourhood evolved, there was progress and
Peace thriving working class districts. Capitalism is not about safety,
Shifting luck the industry moved abroad where wages are cheaper,
And where should the people go? Boarded up shops, factories and
Broken windows, where should the people go? Restless youth no
One has given them any education, where should the people go?
Being black and suffering the stigma of having been sons of slaves to
Break out of the stigma of inferiority is not easy and often its ends
In frustrated and depressed violence.

The black people of Baltimore are suffering the same contempt as my
Parents did in Norway simply for being working class. Askew is
The capitalist foundation, force into life a socialist party a force if needed
Without compromise, a political transformation. When politicians say
they work for the middle-class people; we know the black working-class
is blissfully excluded.

Oskar Hansen

Baltimore, Chapter Three

d edition

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Oskar Hansen

Barcissism

Narcissism

A good day the mirror in the hall said I looked smart
except that, I was bald and had yellow teeth. No,
do not do this the mirror said when I was unbuckling
my belt feared being whipped said I had nice skin.
The feminine said of me mention lipstick it would not
come amiss; she thinks happiness involves makeup
I flexed my arm muscles and them mirror was mortified
closed its reflection and went blank I walked into
the vacant space turned around my god, who is this old geezer
preening himself?

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

Barfly

Barfly.

Outside a bar, Bella Vista, in the sleepy town of Barranquilla-
Colombia- a donkey wore a hat with holes for its ears, dozed.
Hot day, its serenity was endless. Around its closed eyes blue
flies crawled. I'm kind to animals, waved my hand in front of
its eyes to get rid of flies. The beast saw it differently, kicked.
In the street only the donkey, me and the cruel midday sun,
everyone else had sought refuge the dark interior of houses.
Looked at the bar's dark, cool interior, since the beast didn't
care for my sympathy I limped back in there and had a beer.

Oskar Hansen

Batteri

How long does a battery last

A square flat thing
Just under his skin
It will give him more years
If he takes his lukewarm milk
Every morning
Eats tasteless food all savoury
Extracted
Leaving behind bland vitamins
Or he can join a club where people
Find their illnesses
Endlessly fascinating as a subject.
Be optimistic everyday and
Do not show bad form by
Mentioning death

Oskar Hansen

Beast Of Burden 2

The Beast of Burden

These last words of this collection
Is salutation to mules, donkeys and horses?
They have disappeared from city life, yet without them
No city would have been built
From the landscape to they have gone without a lament
Without them, no field would have been ploughed
We owe them our way of life.
They were sacrificed in our senseless wars.
We remember them not and that sadness me
There is a hole, in landscape a white dot beside an oak
Where the mare of many foals stood
I miss the sturdy beauty of donkeys and mules,
And the aroma of their work is gone, and we are poorer
For the vision, we shall not see again

Oskar Hansen

Beauty The Sight

Beauty, the Sight

My heart is a block of cement pavement, sadness
my poetry is prose and little more.

I have written collections of poetry but in the end
they are mostly political musings.

Yet, concrete cannot stop nature, through cracks
tiny green grass grows, or you may call it a weed.

Perhaps I have got something written that in the mass
of words there are pearls of poetry.

Once I saw a motorway not yet open for cars,
a caravan of gypsies, with their carts full of children
small horses and dogs, traversing in peace.

I know they will be there when cars are a curiosity
living a life of quiet contentment and they will
take little interest in the disappearance of the white
A race who thought they could have it all,
and that was exquisite poetry, beauty and the random
A kismet of faith, a man trying to be God.

Oskar Hansen

Bed Time

Bed Time

I should have gone to bed by now it I late
But when head touches pillow in the dark bedroom
I think of death
Not fear, but the feeling of helplessness, not an iota
I have done in my life has made the slightest
Difference I have not given the world a thing of value.
I remember Liv Ullmann we were both seventeen
I danced with her but could feel I was in the presence of talent
and she became successful she is a someone.
She tells the newspaper in an interview she hopes to die
in Norway, a rather disappointing uttering when you are
dead it doesn't matter where.
She will make the headlines have her obituary written and
there will be sorrow, but in the end, we will both be equally dead.

Oskar Hansen

Beer In A Bucket

Beer in a Bucket

The well is almost dry he could hear the bucket scraping at the bottom and the bucket was only half full when he brought it up, global warming was true, but he was not sure whether it was caused by man or by a natural The shift in the weather pattern, having read the once there were palm trees in Greenland?

Once the well was full of cold, clear water and he used to lower a bucket full of bottled beer down it and when he hoisted it up the beer was cold; of course, he could put the beer in the fridge, but it didn` t have the sangfroid, about it as everybody had a fridge.

He looked at his watch they were going out to eat she said, not that he wanted to go out, people went on his nerves, the good thing was the served cold beer, almost as cold as the beer in the well.

Oskar Hansen

Before Dawn

Before Dawn

Woke up the bedroom darker than the night outside which had the benefit of streetlights and light from windows of the sleepless. when I closed my eyes, I saw a myriad of stars a galaxy of colours which circled around for no apparent but since everything has a reason, even insanity, I took it the colours had a goal, a lofty purpose, if only to keeping me entertained a four in the morning. and spare me the thought of death – a thought that stalks- all old people everywhere. it is also a banal, like a cigarette addiction, for in their heart there is a tiny spark that tells them they are the exception the people that will live forever and thus blessed with man's ancient illusion we can sleep a little bit longer.

Oskar Hansen

Before Wine Is Drunk

Before wine is drunk

We are going to an art exhibition this afternoon, but first we have to buy groceries, cabbage, leek, bread, margarine, milk and tomatoes. You can't eat a picture even if it displays an orange beside a banana, "I will give you "The Scream" for a boiled potato and a slice or two of yesterday's loaf, " the poor artist said. I had no time to cook, gave him ten shilling and hung the painting in the toilet; it was stolen by a guest who needed a leak. He sold it for a million; the painter got his photo in the newspaper and was never hungry again, I have a pale square on the bathroom wall. Günter Grass, I always think of horses when mentioning his name, paints still-life and his yellow in lemons is stunning, I drink tea with citron for weeks after seeing his work. I have no original paintings on my walls. But many prints, and that's ok, I just like art, but dislike fake experts who think they know what the painter thought of when putting wonder on his blank canvass.

Oskar Hansen

Behind High Walls

Behind high Walls

When I opened the door to my cabin was met with a summer day
that felt like a lingering kiss by the love that will one day say goodbye.
Sneeze and make a haiku words dotted on paper napkins while
waiting for the bill three glasses of wine and a packet of fags
At the outdoor restaurant, I was trying to remember about my
experiences what I have seen, heard and read becomes a ball of threads
swirling through space and I try to get a loose thread to make sense of
my life but I have to act fast the idea I had disappears in the sand of time
and through the din of stillness, another glass will not come amiss
I no longer live in a forest I never had a garden, and I now think about
robot sex with a vulva of silk I will train to love me and when I die
It will lie beside me in the coffin and when we are found a skeleton and
a bit of rust; come to think of it a dog is a robot in its early stage still
obedient but tries to fool its owner into loving it.

Oskar Hansen

Behind High Walls 1

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Oskar Hansen

Behind Mount Sinai | Write Out Loud

Behind Mount Sinai

On the asphalted road to a seaside town there is a hole in the road, a nasty hole a car hitting it could have a bad puncture. A rocket, albeit a puny one, caused this.

Fired by people who will not take no for an answer they refuse to acknowledge this grand scale theft of their country.

Well, one has the right to defend oneself, so bombs, rockets fall on a tiny piece of land no bigger than fly dropping on a map.

When Arab pride and Goliath are sated there will be peace but the underlying causes of this ritual and one-sided bloodshed will never go away till Goliath sees sense he is not David with a sling fighting the whole world in the odd belief he is both the chosen and the persecuted people. Jerusalem was promised to the Jews, but not them alone; the pledge was made by Jewish soothsayers, who knew when a lie is told often enough it becomes a truth.

Oskar Hansen

Behind The Facade

Behind the Façade

Behind the Holyday Inn near the bus station used by we the masses and immigrants, there are streets of houses kept in the gloomy mode of semi-poverty and cheap wine. I walked these streets windows shuttered, here and there a small grocery shop run by Asians how they make a living Is a wonder, cafes too I saw nearly went into one but it looked so filthy I changed my mind, but did buy a can of coke in the Asian`s shop

We had been to the giant old hospital call -Ca Curry- and it was old and decrepit, yet doctors and nurses struggle on no money is spent on National Health now that we are in the grip of neoliberalism.

She has bad hips and the wait for our bus was three hours hence my excursion into the streets of boredom a part of Lisbon no tourist would wish to see, no anyone famous had lived here and "Fado" was flaking walls and peeling doors. Back at the bus station I found in a corner a second-hand book shop bought a book of a prose poetry and got one for free, I sat beside her, tried to read Portuguese and thought it takes an Indian person to try selling poetry in Iberia.

Oskar Hansen

Believers

The Believers

I big bird appeared in the sky it was hungry and ate the day,
all around us a mist that swirled around moist and cold.

We feared the worst and asked how can we live when there is
no day nor a night?

Overwhelming silence, we had no screen to look at no one told
us what to do and when, now the churches were full of people
seeking freedom from thoughts.

Bishops and priests grew hopeful, dressed in finery, this was the time
of the clerics, masters now they made many morally intolerant rules
that were hard to follow. Till the day the bird suddenly disappeared.

Vicars are the butt of jokes; yet within us we know the day eating bird may
exist, just bidding its time casting its spell exposing our deadly fears.

Oskar Hansen

Between The Acts

Interlude

The air was still, and trees in the forest stood in frozen silence.
A rare day, animals listened to the echo of last summer.
Hare trails in the snow made without haste, the persecuted
has nothing to fear the day when the mountain lion dreams.
The bear is in its den deep under an oak, dreamless sleep
whether still or storm, but do not wake him before spring.
The tranquillity of peace is only a brief interlude, kill or be killed,
eat or starve are wild life`s merciless destiny.
The Calm cracks as the cold identified; there will be a toll to
pay if spring is too late with its promise of continuity.
Behind the forest where the blue mountain begins, a pack
of wolves howl to the moon, the soul of the hunter lied bare,
in an endless nocturnal dream.

Oskar Hansen

Beware Of Poets

Beware of Poets

Don` t trust a poet` s declaration of love
it is the words he means, the turn of a phrase
you just happen to be there as he looks you in
the eyes thinking; I have to write down that
before I forget it

Sometimes he finds a serviette borrow a pen
writes down words you thought was meant for you.

Drinking coffee with you, he appears restless
because he wants to go home and
fill out the poem he composed, alas he is not
thinking of you but of a wider audience

Oskar Hansen

Big Breakers

Big Breakers.

Frothing, the colour of spring leaf, a mountain top of ocean
intent on drowning you it is not like crossing a road and just
have a time to jump clear of a car.

No, you are totally helpless and your salvation is down to
luck not maritime ability. The beast has gone mad something
we said down in the mess-hall when playing card?

Not to forget the good moment when the sea is flattening out
flecked by light blue. Our promises of not drink and smoke
and to be kind to our mothers vanes.

There is something mesmerizing about it, will the ship be able
to shudder and get up from the tons of water? Are we ghosts
from a past that never was?

I Kingston we drank rum & coke and never spoke about our
inner thoughts, we had survived and lived in the moment.

But what can you expect of a simple seaman when landlubbers
can't even remember last year's war.

Oskar Hansen

Big City Loneliness

Wide Awake

From my hotel window I see a river of cobblestones
And cars moored by its bank for the night.
A cat runs across the river safe for now, to a litter bin
A squeal as it catches its prey.
From the opposite hotel a few shards of light that
Gives succour to the dying and those who cannot sleep
They wait for the radiance of dawn
Till they hear people talking cars starting and the night
And the dead is a memory so easily forgotten.

Oskar Hansen

Big Rabbit Sonnet

Big Rabbit Sonnet

Giant rabbits are not cute as you think when they are in a group then they sneer at us and make funny noises aping human speech, they live in the forest across the road and frightens hunting dogs.

The small village where I live is almost empty people have either died or moved to old folks home where they live three people in each room and get beans and lard to eat the home`s owner lives on imported caviar.

The huge rabbits wanted to take the village over crossed the road and in the village square fought a battle with rats that claimed the place belonged them by ancient rights. A woman came out of one of a house kicked a rat lifted up a rabbit and the rest went dewy-eyed, the cuddly had won over the ugly, rabbits are edible rats not so much.

Oskar Hansen

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Oskar Hansen

Bin Men

Bin -Men

In the late sixties there was a down turn in shipping
I was broke and unemployment, benefit meager.
From I was fifteen I had always been in catering and
before that I was milking cows, and now I got a job
as a bin man. In the back of restaurants and cafes
bins where open and attracted rats, black and brown;
we wore gloves but they were still jumping about
and as the foreman said it took too long killing them.
The job was easy enough we started in the morning
and finished about noon, I went to the communal
bath for a long shower, but I still smelled of rats and
rotting food. A call came and I was needed in
the merchant navy...but for my fellow bin men this
was their honest toil and they were great mates.

Oskar Hansen

Bio Mass

Bio Mass.

I have had an intimate connection with effluence or
to use a more proper word, shit of the animal kind
I could by the aroma alone know which animal had
passed the track. Most animal dung smell is sweet
except dogs they have lived so long amongst us they
even crap likes us, but dogs love their own excrement
so much they even eat it. Horses` evacuations are like
rare wine and you promise yourself to buy a horse
when you can buy a bigger garden or vines that
have been fertilised by foals` morning pee. Having had
your hands in the muck nothing can offend you.

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 species. 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

Birthday Party

The Birthday Party

23/10 ten minutes two twelve when he will be 75, ten minutes can take very long; he can get a stroke or a heart attack, while waiting, he is standing up; few people die when standing up. There was an English queen who when death was approaching, refused to go to bed. For a week she was standing up in a futile attempt to beat death....she lost 11 nil.

It is midnight and the twenty four of October. Ok, he made it, but must do this every year, living a month longer is important.

Or not! As a child a year took forever, now a year is a windblown leaf scraping along a dreary road and fall comes around in record time.

Once a girl said she loved him, but that was 60 years ago it doesn't matter anymore, but he remembers it well and it is heart-warming to know this, as a rain drop in a desert, yet the drop was for him it fertilized his journey through the domestic landscape of his tedious life.

Oskar Hansen

Birthday Party 2

Birthday Party

Wolves and foxes had promised me not to fight on my birthday and I made meaty cakes just for them; But black ravens I had not invited, came too, egged them on, while also cruelly harassing sparrows in the plum tree. I had put lights up on the trees in the garden but they could not on my, day behave. I took the cakes inside, switched off the lights went to bed and cried. A rumble in the forest, a bear came told them to behave and be kind to me, mainly because I had baked it a straw berry tart. The party continued, and squirrels sat on trees squeaking happy birthday to you as I threw them nuts. In the animal world it is all about food and as long as you can provide you're a friend. Except the raven they do not care, are contemptuous of my feeble, attempt to be loved by unruly members of the Corvidae family.

Oskar Hansen

Birthday Poem

Birthday Poem

Happy birthday
The festive occasion
Wishing me well
This gaping greedy hole
Too deep for an almond tree

Wonderful birthday
I'm the oldest in my family
The rest have died
Seventy two years old
Am I immortal?

Blissful birthday
Carefree October month
A drifting ice floe
Breaking up in the ocean
Who will rescue me now?

Oskar Hansen

Birthdays

Birthdays

The romantic dream of old age and serenity
Is a lie. Every day is getting more difficult,
The sun burns and rain gives pain in old bones.
Words do not flow as easy as before.
Time that appeared endless is now short and
We are aware of our mortality.
Yet we carry on trying to fill a blank page with
Thoughts...it is what we do while waiting.
We know life its wonder and bitter disappointment.
Death is a strange territory we are reluctant
to go there, even if we must.

Oskar Hansen

Birthdays Party

Birthday

A day of sadness and wasted years a poet who
has to pay to be published how pathetic is that?
We, my companion and I found a restaurant and
for lunch she ate something African.
I had a schnitzel that looked as the white meat of
a rat that had the liver of one who had taken
the pledge lost my appetite.
Instead, I had a double portion of fresh cut salad
followed by a tomato salad with a bit of mozzarella.
I lifted my glass of water saw the eatery through
tears not shed, the few friends I had in Algarve
have all gone they could not stop in time.
The conversations, wit and bottles of red wine
kept flowing, it had to stop so I took the bus home.
Now it is only my beloved and I left and every year
I love her more. At night with a heart full of dread
I snuggle up to her, she strokes my somnolent head
until I fall asleep again and sadness drifts away.

Oskar Hansen

Black Ghettoes

Black Ghettoes

So now they are burning down small shop
they use daily use in rightful anger.

The police are mostly white in a black neighbourhood
which does not goes down well

Bloody guns you may say, but everyone is armed.

But my thought was of the poor black people which
now have to go a long way to shop, since it appears
they burnt down their own cars too.

It seems to me Afro-Americans have sunk into
a hole of delayed slavery depression, and struggle to
get up and fight back, not with guns, but education.

Black young man with pistol wants the good things
in life, but only find early death or a prison cell.

Pandering to this we must not, there is a limit
even for grave historical injustices, it is time to break
the chains of the past and be free men again.

Oskar Hansen

Black Humour

Black Humour

The day tragedy struck, a misfortune that also held in
It's grasp a tendency to giggle, a black sort of humour
when laughter threatens to replace sorrow.

My little cabin is built on a slope therefore every room
has a different level, two steps up three steps down and
so on. I used take in dogs for owners who didn't want
them in a kennel but leave them in cosy a family setting.
One day I got a blind dog, but after a couple of days it
quickly learned where the steps were. Two weeks later
the lady called she was picking up her bundle of joy, and
the dog barked into the phone; smile and happiness.
When the dog heard the car stop it was in the kitchen
it raced into the hall forgetting the steps- three of them-
it fell awkwardly broke its neck and died.

Oskar Hansen

Black Phone

The Black Phone

A white feather landed on the window sill
and wondered who he had betrayed with
his silence. Looked into the deep gulch of
of his consciousness and found bones of
muteness of those he should have called
but never did. He looked at the side table,
The black monster, quiet as him, and when
he lifted the receiver heard only hum of
eternity, and what had ceased to matter.
Nevertheless he rang phone numbers he
remembered, but no one answered; as he
had neglected them they had forgotten him.

Oskar Hansen

Black Phone No One

A black phone

I dislike our phone a sleek monster in a corner

I never answer it when it rings unless my wife is out

My mobile phone is in the pocket in my jacket in the hall

Where I can't hear it when it rings, it is usually someone

Trying to sell me something, but I never go out driving

Without my mobile it comes in handy if the car breaks

Down and I have to call the garage with a tow- truck

Years ago I used to do haiku; it did my head in

The bloody phone always rang when I had the right

Word on the tip of my tongue often I took the phone

Off its hook but I could hear it humming which was

Worse when I was still young enough to think

A phone could bring good news something like

"We have decided to publish your book" it never

Happened instead, it rang to give me heart-wrenching

News, an early morning call: your mother has died.

Oskar Hansen

Black Sheep

Black Sheep

It had been raining all day the sky as dark as inside my coat, but at six in the afternoon, it was clearing up enough for me to go the shop and buy a bottle of wine.

On the way I had to brake hard a sheep was on the ground it had given in to life's harsh reality, I didn` t like the idea of it being run over, got it up it had a broken a leg...bad news. Got it to safety not that it mattered to the sheep it lied down its chances was zero; the farmer would slaughter it and it would be dinner for days.

Not that my action altruistic I shuddered by the idea of blood and innards all over the road by being fodder a least it was useful, a farmer with 200 sheep can` t afford a vet.

Oskar Hansen

Black Winged Carrions

Oskar Hansen

Black, Shiny Shoes

Black, Shiny Shoes.

The EU dictatorship has crushed Hellas Germany and the banks won-
The French to their helped the Greeks writing a new tax system and
for once the tycoons have to pay tax as well and for the Hellenic
people they need not buy new shoes every fortnight, let the cobblers
mend your shoes. I remember a time when buying shoes was a major
investment, they were always black and bought on credit book.
You may call it thrift I will call it poverty when you are poor everything
cost more as the Greeks soon will soon notice. And in case you wonder
the money the loans go straight to the lenders banks and one wonder
who many times they have to pay for the airport in Athens a German
steel company built? The Greeks are hard working people, with bad elite,
the next one to will be Portugal, Italy too are feeling the clammy hand of
capitalism and then it will be France`s turn to taste rigour.
What about EU then?

Oskar Hansen

Black, Shiny Shoes 1

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Oskar Hansen

Black-Winged Bird

The Black -winged Bird.

A bird with enormous wing span is darkening the sky over the Middle east and there is much bloodshed as always when a new nation is born a good example is Israel it cost the life untold by the losers, living in camps far from home.

Thousands of young men are finding adventures and the order they seek so fervently waving black flags knowing their nation will win no matter how many headless corpses it makes take, but that will be forgotten; we only remember the winner, the Caliphate, which altered the map of the world and made it a safe haven for undiluted Islam.

Oskar Hansen

Blame The Russians

Blame Russia

A thought flew and past I saw a shadow in the afternoon sun
it was a quick devilish thing I tried to hold on to it.

But I saw a transparent ocean shifting shingles on the beach
of Greenland and lazy seals waiting to be shot.

While I missed the news about flooding In Georgia and
the flood at the zoo freed animals and there were great fear
of wild animals roaming the countryside.

Tigers, lions and hyenas ran for their escaped a moment of
freedom not to be missed to be looked at, what they saw as food.
Perhaps the lion could find the Savannah and the tiger find its
way back to India so the hyena could have a laugh.

It was not to be, men with guns comb the countryside and
if the animals they encounter look foreign a trigger is pulled.
Yet, I could not remember what the thought was other than
the news blames the Russians which reminds of the Nazi regime
which also blamed the Russians too and lost, we the people are
victims of relentless propaganda and the people who want a war
will have their day and burn in a nuclear hell.

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

Blank Page

Blank Page

This new blank page, a word processor page, I cannot touch. I ought to leave it this

way, just look at it and dream of what I could have written on it. If I delete the words

I have written now, it will be blank again, no history, no crumbled up sheet of paper

in the wastebasket. For now it is too late but I might erase it when I come to an end.

My wife was in Johannesburg once for surgery, being born in Congo but light skinned

and travelling on a Portuguese passport, she boarded a bus for the blacks.

Great consternation, she was told by police to go on the white only bus since she

was Portuguese. Racism and anti-Semitism are so stupid, it makes no sense, one race

thinks it is superior to others. Now it is the Moslems who are feeling the surge of ignorance. We want them to be more like us and not insist of doing their own things.

In Israel, for instance the European Jews feel vastly superior to Arab Jews, This in a state

that is an artificial construct. The culture of Europe in the Middle East. We know Israel,

as it exists today must come to an end. So there I said it, this white virtual sheet has been

befouled by an opinion no one wants to know about. So what do I do know?

Erase this

page so it is blank again and I can write about the moon?

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

Bless China And Mao Zedong

Bless China and Mao Zedong

I have partly decorated my Christmas tree bless the Chinese for the blinking fairy light, blue and yellow strings I think symbolise angels' hair not that I have seen any angels with blue-rinsed hair.

I haven't put up any baubles this year it is a bother to put them on the twigs. My shoes are bought in the same shop they are ok, but don't last long, I feel guilty now my socks and undergarment are made in China that is how you destroy a country's economy buying from abroad; it's cheaper for us on the low income, it is a vicious circle, more people get laid off they have little money and had to buy underwear and socks shop at a Chinese shop.

The wage for workers in the USA is now so cheap Pakistani factories are moving to Detroit and Michigan, but for it to succeed the Americans have to build better roads and new bridges. I digress the tree is fit for purpose comes in 3 sections and can easily be kept in the shed until next year. So bless the Chinese for making our Christmas possible this year too

Oskar Hansen

Blessing 1

The Blessing

The is no war
In Syria
The Brexit
Was a dream
By the discontent
ISIS doesn` t
Exists it is
Propaganda
There is
Football though
Between
Franc
And
Portugal
That is
The only
News today

Oskar Hansen

Blindness

Blindness.

While Moslems are
Discriminated in Europe
Christians are killed
In Africa

Their deaths are a byline
In a liberal world
That doesn't see
The forest for the trees.

Oskar Hansen

Blood In The Sand

Blood in the Sand

There is a war in the Middle East people against people in the name of Islam, chop heads of one another like it should be a sporting prowess and then holler Allah.

I'm sick and tired of these people who have mindsets that are 300 years behind us how can we have a sensible talk with such persons who in the name of their god kill anyone, mostly for reasons, one has to have a 300 years old mind to understand how they can accept their blood thirst done in the name of an abstract god. And then there is betrayal they are forever betraying each other to the enemy.

But it wasn't always thus and we must accept we have made it worse. Yet there are Jordanians, Palestinians, Syrians, Persians and Arab -Israeli (the Jews and Christians not) too who are not like the cruel of sword swinging Muslims we read about, they are the people who can bring the unrestrained, wild -eyed backward people to book because I'm exhausted of defending the indefensible.

Oskar Hansen

Blood On The Carpet

Blood on the carpet

In Brazil

A minority

Of rich

Corrupt

Men in suits

Have taken

Power

They find

Social help

Cost too much

And scrap it

The poor

Want democracy

For the people

Not for

A minority

Of white

Politicians

Oskar Hansen

Blood Oranges

Blood Oranges

On a hill top I saw the sundown, but still, it made clouds like blood -red oranges: in my childhood when there was a rumour that a fruit shop was selling them there was a line of people wanting to buy, they - the oranges- were sweeter than normal. The sweat from Palestinians brows- one might assume- but we were not to know this exploitation we thought the fruit Israeli and knew nothing about Palestine. The Jews had suffered much and deserved a homeland far away as possible, anyway the Arab were not trusted the newspaper said; and they were lazy, but know, we are aware a different story and the blood in the oranges are tears of those who were evicted from their land to give room for blood thirsty settlers.

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 sappy 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

Boa Constrictor

Boa Constrictor

This is turning into a diary of a slow death I had another fall
I was taking picture of some Interpretable bushes where I was
sure I had seen an animal, not unlike the Tasmanian tiger.
I did not see the hollow up to my waste in plant roots beginning
to strangle me like a nest of hungry squeezing snakes.
I knew of a man who had an anaconda in his basement and once
a week it gave the snake a sheep carcass, but then he had to stay
in the hospital for three weeks, being an animal lover, he checked on
his monster that mistook him for a sheep carcass strangled and
swallowed him shoes and all, weeks past, where is Jonas when they
broke into his house they found a hungry snake, and that was all.
Regarding the roots I cut myself loose with my knife which I always
when falling into a hole and have rabbits snarling at me and black
crows are cackling with glee.

Oskar Hansen

Borboleta

The Reef Unseen

He was fifty-five divorced living in a cottage but how
is it possible to explain how he came to fall in love with a woman
15 years younger and lose his dignity.

I must take a break here try understanding the human heart
or the circumstances of the wished for the repellent he was
a ship that had lost its gyro-compass when navigating
the sea of deceit this foolish dance of the human borboleta
When he first kissed her, his whole being was absorbed by
her like falling into a cave of endless pleasures and his anchor
got lost in the outer seas

Then suddenly it was over like dream that ends at dawn, her
the door was locked there was someone else, rejected he pleaded,
had she relented it would never be the same the thread
of naiveties that bound him to her was broken
you can't re-dream a dream.

So he took the dog with him and drove up north he had wanted
to see the autumn colours after week, they drove home
The dog loved the old routine when he had been depressed
The dog was sad, for him she was the morning mist that
Briefly, obscure the blue mountain range where the sun arises

Oskar Hansen

Borderline Drunk

Borderline Drunk

It has been a bad day driving around having
A coffee here and a diet coke there,
The problem was I had been drinking the night
Before and craving for more
Was filling my heads with excuses, the thought
I deserve a drink.... do I merit to suffer?
It is evening now I'm watching Ellen this woman
Who looks like Peter Pan, her audience is mostly
Screaming females and I secretly adore her.
I'm nursing a beer and reflects on the illness of
Alcoholism the tragedy of those who cannot stop
They have my sympathy, but I can't tell them to
Wait having a drink to after eight o'clock and
Drink a couple of beer.

Oskar Hansen

Boyhood

Boyhood Remembered

Mother and her sister played poker when I came out of the bedroom looking for my trousers, but mother had just lost them to Aunt Gabriella who refused to give them back. I sat by the coal fire and warmed my knees; winter with frost roses on windows. Without long trousers I could not go to school, the idea of this

pleased me, I began reading a Robin Hood book. I didn't care so much for him, he was in love with a girl, but I liked the other ones in his gang. "Here, " mother said, "I have won back your trousers, your shoes as well; go to school now." I was

going to take the bike out of the shed, but a monster rat sat there.

"Mother" I yelled, "There is a big rat in the shed it is eating the tires off my bike."

Mother dropped the cat out of the window, from our third floor flat, just caught it.

"Put the cat in the shed, " walk to school, it is good for you biking makes you lazy."

My sister came with a crate of beer she had bought at the supermarket, " you are

just like little girl frighten by a tiny rat, " she said, took the bike out, put the dazed

cat on top of the crate and walked in. I was one hour late for school, but there was

no use telling the teacher why, he would only say I was telling tales as usual.

Oskar Hansen

Brazilian Cafe

Grey Hospital and a Brazilian Café.

The hotel where I stayed served lousy coffee, insipid and milky. I knew there was a Brazilian café nearby, on my way there walked past the closed down city hospital. Grey walls dripping of uncured diseases, graffiti and dead windows. Convert it into an office block, but who wants to work there, a place haunted by cynical doctors and indifferent nurses who stalk the halls at night waiting for their shift to end so they can get out from this place of horror, and patients they have lost interest in and can do nothing for. Tear it down and throw the debris down a gully. At the Brazilian café the coffee was strong and healthy; the staff, young, moved as dancers to the music in the background. There is much of Africa in the Brazilian soul, passionate, courageous; yet, sometimes, viciously moody. The girl who served me coffee, smiled with lips and eyes, her skin dark, glowing... fit. And the sad hospital faded into oblivion.

Oskar Hansen

Brexit

Brexit
Is the solution
If
You
Working class
It is
The only way
Besides
A revolution
That can
Throw out
The elite
But beware of
Middle-class
Peoples
Sympathy
Do not trust them
They want to lead
Lead
You fight
Because
They think you are
Too stupid
To organize
A new
Fair society

Oskar Hansen

Brexit And Other Breaks

Brexit and other Breaks

This has been a great day for reporters they
have been feasting on Brexit squeezing the last drop
of misery like a dish cloth, and the channels have
been repeating themselves and stealing each
others clichés and one wonders is there still a war
in the Middle East.

Tomorrow is the day of the analysts and academics
they will explain for us the reason why Britain left EU
like we didn't know

if you ignore the wishes

of the common man if you think everything is about
money and not the dignity and culture, this breakup
will happen in many countries.

Bureaucrats have charts showing voting pattering how
interesting an exercise in futility.

You let down the working man and forgot democracy is
a double-edged sword, and I say: damn you all because
your negligence has left a hole for demagogues to fill.

Oskar Hansen

British Election

British election

Three men in suit on a podium, they have no shame, all three want to rule Britain and they tell lies and promise things they cannot keep. Since we are Serfs at heart we vote for the most aristocratic one forgetting when the loaf is cut, they keep the slices we get the crumbs. All three men agree about the war In Afghanistan and it most continue to win the peace and they extol the brave soldiers who in the end die from an unwinnable war. I should have been sorry for the soldiers they are mostly un educated working class, and like the idea of fighting the Taliban. Should they die which they do too often. There is a great funeral no one does a military send off like the Brits. To end this war we have to talk to the Taliban, and when we do the suffering of mums and the deaths of young men have come to nothing. Three well tailored men on a podium, sing from the same music sheet, produced by newspapers and everything will be as before in a country where people are made to feel ashamed of being working class, being told of dependency culture and working hard when there is no work, and be told how lazy they are.

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

Brooding River

This winter saw a lot of rain the river
near the houses Is still running clear and lucid
giving its soul to the ocean
On the old Roman Bridge I asked the river to stop wasting
its precious sweet water to the salty sea,
one cannot let thirsty horses drink brackish liquid
after having hauled a cart full of dead sheep
up to a mountain top,
offerings to a god that only exist in the mind of an
idiot savant.

The river hears me not its job is to run dry during
the summer and when fall arrives be reborn.
But beware of a river that has no fish
those who haughtily laugh will be turned into frogs,
the banks are full of them.
Only a princess can make them into human again.
But they will still have frog souls.
Alas due to hard time the princess is a dancer in
a Spanish nightclub knows nothing about emails
and she is not on facebook.

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

Broremann The Boy

The boy was eight years old and pretended to have one leg shorter than the other, by walking with one foot in the gutter and the other foot on the pavement. He tried to run that way but it was difficult lost his balance and fell. A strange boy often alone dreaming about what to do, he had told his mother he wanted to be an actor and play many roles and be everything at once. Either that or to an opera singer be, famous, traveling around the world. His mother didn't think much of his plans and anyway this was his last day in this town tomorrow he was being sent to farm, that had cows, horses, and sheep. He had no say in the matter his mother was sick and had to go to a sanatorium He didn't mind it so much liked horses and could be a cowboy but he had to go to school to and the children was sure to mob him for talking city like. Down at the docks a big ship was birthing she came all the way from Conakry in Africa. The boy decided to be a sailor, and walked home to tell his mother.

Broremann is best translated as "little brother"

Oskar Hansen

Broremann The Farmhand

Broremann, the farmer worker.

Every morning at five thirty sharp, my brother Broremann had to milk five cows by hand bring bucket full of goodness to the scullery where maid sifted it and in a churn it went. He had to start milking Rose first, she was the mother cow other cows wouldn't give milk unless he started with her. After milking Broremann had to clean the barn five cows make a lot of dung; he pushed it down in a hole in the wall it was later used to fertilize the land. My brother was proud of his ability to milk and his hands were, firm yet gentle. There was a problem though Rose didn't yield as much milk as before as she was getting elderly and the farmer sold her to the knacker's yard. It was a sad day and the other cows moored woefully. The farmer bought a new cow to take Rosa's place, but Broremann couldn't milk her first, as she was new-comer, so he started with Gerda, now the oldest cow, and milk the new one last, thus rural peace continued in the cow shed.

Oskar Hansen

Broremann The Fisherman

Broremann the Angler

On the pier where fishing vessels were tied up my brother sat fishing all the while seagulls kept swooping and shrieking, he blissfully ignored them. He had no hook at the end of his line and when asked why he said, I don't like to hurt the fish. But crafty little Broremann was not as innocent as you may think, he didn't like fish, all those horrible tiny bones, his mother had sent him down to the pier to try catch some fish for lunch. He liked sausages with mashed potatoes and stewed peas, now he could go home tell his mother fish didn't bite today, but made sure to put the hook on the line so his mother could see he was really trying. An old fisherman gave him two sardines wrapped in a newspaper, but wouldn't you know it the pair of sardines somehow slipped out of the paper and made their way back to the sea.

Oskar Hansen

Broremann's War

Spring, 1945, German troops in his town were walking about not carrying arms, they spoke to the locals in a friendly manner. Looking back it was peace before the peace. Near Broremann's home there was a tall house occupied by old non-commissioned officers, middle-aged men in their thirties with children, gave the kids chocolate and sweets (after the war the building was taken over by Mormons) .

British troops arrived, put a canteen in a disused fish factory, the German troops had surrendered. Broremann got white bread with spam from the British. The Germans left by train; many of the town's people came to wave goodbye, there was no dislike against the common soldiers, wrath was directed at the local Gestapo who had betrayed their country by being crueler than the enemy and by sporting rimless Himmler glasses.

Years later Broremann met a docker in Hamburg who had spent five war years in his town. They drank together and declared it had been a peaceful war.

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

Brygge

Tourist in Bruges

I was in Bruges, in Flanders, once
Saw beautiful old buildings where the patrician class
The merchants and charlatans lived
Where the poor lived in the past has been erased
The poor now live in high rise flats.
We rented a carriage with a bored horse that did its round
On streets too clean to be true; animals peed on canvas.
We walked around took the pictures as did others.
We had lunch at a café too expensive for its food, but the beer
Was good and that is worth remembering.

Oskar Hansen

Bull Fighting

Bullfighting

Early morning on the flatland between Portugal and Seville a cockerel crews, its hoarse wakeup call carries for miles. Vaqueros are already on the grassland separating bulls form a herd; the bulls are five years old and have been chosen for the bullfight. Within a week the selected bulls will be dead, slaughtered on an arena of sawdust and sand, they have been allowed to roam free for years. Most animals only live a few years, mostly in a pen, and never see grassland before they are killed. How can meat eaters demonstrate, call for the abolition of bullfighting? This sport, the only one, where an animal has a chance to kill its assassin. I'm on a bus heading for Seville to see bullfighting, yes, I do admire bull fighting; if lucky I might see one of the chosen bulls kills the toreador.

Oskar Hansen

Bullets

Funny thing with bullets trillions of them are fired every year hitting nothing only pushing air aside for a brief moment. Bullets are not birds that fly and have useful destination, say, catching insects. A bullet's only purpose is hitting flesh and it is not very good at it, but if there are enough of them filling the air someone is bound to be hit. I saw a forest totally denuded by artillery shells and gun fire, trees looked as hells kitchen, yet when silence as it always will in a war, rabbits came out of their burrows feeding on grass. War is meaningless to animals, but noise disturb them and foxes seek shelter in ruins eating whatever they find, that might be a human eye or a torn off hand. If a soldier only fired his gun when he was sure to hit someone, I do not think munitions makers would be happy, and tell a soldier to shoot and use his rifle more.

Oskar Hansen

Burden Of Youth

The Burden of youth

She was seventeen, and her boyfriend had left her
Life is more intense when you are young she wanted to commit
Suicide so he could see how much he loved her.
Filled her rucksack with stones and waded into the bay, but
The water was low only to her chest when she reached the other
Side she was glad to be alive.
She met a young man also unlucky in love he took her rucksack
Filled more stones into it and waded into the sea, but now there was
High tide the young man disappeared under the sea.

A few seagulls shrieked otherwise silence as the girl waited for the bus
To take her back to town, block out unpleasant thoughts she said aloud.
My father is a communist, the bus driver who was a fascist stopped
Pulled out his gun and shot her dead and women on an outing clapped.
This as her father was letting the red flag fly in the street of Utopia

Oskar Hansen

Burundi

Burundi

Elusive it is the dream of peace
and the Burundi the president is seeking a third term,
but the people say NO, and fight for
a fair election, in dusty streets.
Africa has had enough of presidents who will not
give up power and lucrative ill-gotten gains.
People of Burundi, I salute you.

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

Bus Shelter

Bus Shelter

Driving past a crudely made bus shelter, it looks like concrete box
I took a picture because a mystery story was told about it.

A stormy winter night a man found the shelter it had a bench
glad the he was dry and he waited and waited only the bus didn't
drive on this road any longer.

Years later passers-by found a skeleton the police was called but
the bones had no papers to tell his name and a mystery was born.

My dog disappeared when she found her way home she was
tired and petrified and like the skeleton could tell me nothing.
I think she was lured into the van of a hunter, tied up in his backyard to
be trained as a hunting dog. She got loose and ran and
ran perhaps for days and too scared to approach people.
She overcame this trauma lived a long life and now is a skeleton in
a black bin bag in the outhouse.

Oskar Hansen

Business Of War

The Business of War.

In this clearing in the woods so full of butter coloured flowers
I know there is a mass grave underneath, a forgotten war,
bones of the nameless that died for a cause that was not theirs,
but they were loyal and when told to fight and they often died,
many never knowing why. At the edge, of the yellow field,
there are pale poppies the dead have no more blood to offer.
I think of Afghanistan, poppies there are more deadly, I wonder
if western soldiers who lost their life in a cause that is unclear,
will get their own graveyard and have their crosses there,
in a Moslem country, tended to with fresh flowers, but go easy
on the poppies. The skeletons under my feet, died because of
salt that, once upon a time- before oil- was big business, but I'm
sure the soldiers were told lies about nationality and freedom.

Oskar Hansen

By The River

By The River.

At the estuary of the Amazons the water is muddy and shallow and there are no undercover bosses, pretending to be one of the people who live in houses on stilts on the small islands where the river meets the sea, blends and loses its power; for those who have sailed the oceans no river is big. On the delta, of the great river, live people who get their income from fishing they are poor yet free from prying bosses those who buy the river and the sea for exploitation and make people into low paid worker; destitution without pride.

Every group of houses on the islands have a shop that sells sweets, cigarettes and Coca Cola, the fisherman smokes, children drink cola, America ´s cultural export reaches every corner of our cerulean orb, Camel is a brand not an animal, Winston is a night riding cowboy. This means nothing for the people here, who try to catch the Boto, (pink river dolphin) which is rich in protein and tastes good.

Oskar Hansen

Byzantium

Byzantium

It is August its heat taste of dust and desperation
The despot feels that soon time will change it will
Have to share with clouds and cooling wind.
For not, it has the power but in the eyes of his general
He senses a mounting revolt but he prepared and he
Will show no mercy he will absorb them to his inner core
Where they can burn forever, and replace them with
Generals he can trust, but can he?

August is tired, angry too he gave them a great spring
But he will show them they can't topple him so easily
Nature, once on his said is turning against him
The mighty oak tree whisper to lesser trees it is time
For the sun to share power has it not heard of democracy?
Stubbornly he hangs till clouds like battleship comes
From the north and end, his reign drowns him in torrential
That will destroy his life's work

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

Cakes And Ale

Cakes & Ale

I woke up in a bakery they do start early, the aroma of bread is wonderful, they were also making cakes, whipping creams. Napoleon cakes and Danish pastry, black forest gateau and other pastries I have as a child looking through the windows of a bakery shops admired. Too much, I walked outside and lit a fag, inhaled deeply and the tobacco soothed my mind, giving me a feeling of fullness. It was only then I remembered I have diabetes, a heart problem and have not smoked for 15 years. Has it been worth it this forgoing of the good thing in life; I'm not sure, it may extend my life for a few more years of pain and misery, will I die regretting the cakes I didn't eat and the fags I didn't smoke?

Oskar Hansen

Cakes Of Love

Coconut macaroons she sold the nice little girl at the cake shop,
I was eating macaroons every day, but Sundays when the shop
shut and I pined for Monday. My sister said I was in love with
the shop assistant, which I angrily denied I never spoke to her
except placing my order of seven coco macaroons and I avoided
looking at her. Everything comes to an end one day she wasn't
there so I didn't bother asking for my macaroons, bought a loaf
instead... But coconuts followed me around in Jamaica I used to
drink its milk early in the morning before going on board to start
the tedious work of making breakfast for a sullen crew and I was
smelling of fragrance of love made in nights of succulence
Years roll on bloody unstoppable; whatever I do there is always
be a boring Sunday, followed by the promises a Monday brings.
Fifty years later I met a woman of full years her father had had
a coconut farm in Congo and like me she love macaroons.

Oskar Hansen

Calamity

The Calamity

Over the years the tragedy has a mythical aura.
It was a New Year eve and the water in town's
lake was deemed safe to hold a lot of people.
The boy, being quite fearful, stood near shore
when he noticed the ice was detached from
land, it had become a gigantic moving ice flake.
Quickly he jumped ashore and there was what
sounded as an explosion when the ice broke up
into floes. Great terror and screams, the boy saw
horse and sled disappearing and neighing of
the animals rang in his ear for days. The night was
black as was the ice where white hands, above
water, looked like lilies in a field of dread.
The boy took fright and run home, but didn't tell
her mother what he had witnessed.
The boy is an old man now and no longer sure
if it really happened and there is no one he can
ask because those who might know the real truth
are long since dead.

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

Can Trees Cry?

Trees on top of the hill
had been chopped down
except for one,
a big old oak.
When I walked under it
large drops fell,
I grant you
It had been raining
but that was hours ago.
Big tears,
in each one of them
I saw
a picture of fallen trees.

Oskar Hansen

Candy Bar

Candy bar

On a Friday I loved her
with all my heart, bought her
expensive chocolate.
During the weekend she grew
in my affection for her although,
I didn` t see her.

On Monday, I fell out of love
she didn` t look anywhere near
the way I thought she should.
Bloodshot eyes and her
teeth were green.
Her shiny hair was matted
and she reeked of an unmade bed
and filthy sex,
and to think I was not there.
I took revenge,
ate her chocolate.

Oskar Hansen

Cantata

Cantata

He stood there on a plateau that only had a tree,
And since he had appeared from nowhere there
Was no a past to be lumbered with.

He sat under the tree mainly because it was
Getting hot and the tree had big thick leaves and
Beside the tree there was a barrel of cold water.
During the day the plateau became shimmering
He saw ponies trotting past like a knitted poncho.

Since he had no past only a fragment of a future
Instinct told him they were going to the green vale
That had grass, shade and a lagoon that reflected
The sky, or was it the other way around?
He sat there tried to visualise future where he didn't
Exist, but he failed, which made him human.

Oskar Hansen

Capital Punishment

When a state
Kills a convicted murderer
The state
Becomes like the killer
Murdering the defenseless
In the toxic word
Of justice

Oskar Hansen

Captain Cook

I built a ship in a vale of stones and thorny bushes
it took 24 years and a bit more.

from here I set sail on the dream boat to China.

I met her in the blue sea off of Malaga, sailed
on her to she was 71 and sought refuge in coastal
water and anchorage in the bay of Mandal.

Deep sea ship are so limited, they only sail from
port to port and are not allowed to stray from
the chart set by the man in charge; and every ship
looks the same, practical and sleepless.

Not once did they let me be in charge go back to
your galley you mad cook, they bellowed, you´ll
only collide with Dogger Bank, so I built my own
ship, four decks and a bridge too far from shore
to be of annoyance to no one and the locals call
me captain brave heart, the man who cleared
the dale of snakes.

Oskar Hansen

Car Bomb

Cars and donkey carts, dust and noise, heat and mob
of humanity in a narrow street...Shoving and pushing
yet affable, of peoples who share a common bond.

A sharp flash that for a moment blinds the sun, then
the blast of an explosion, a shocked silence one can
hear a ticking clock, miles away.

Ambulance, police, screams and blood, when chaos
has abated, what's left in the street are sandals that
belonged to those in the morgue...

Oskar Hansen

Career Path

A career path

The fireplace is full of ash and cold spring is here
walls full of sooth time to either get someone to clean
or paint the room.

A cleaner came she refused to clean the wall, a painter
wanted to paint the whole house since that was not
needed, he left in a huff, something about time wasting.

I called my friend from Krakow he has got a steady job,
but is willing to earn some extra the money he saving up
to send his daughter to university, the locals do not see
beyond lunch.

The slow thinking painter came back offered to do the job
painting after five, too late the man from Poland was
coming he left in the darkest of moods.

As for the cleaner she is selling herself at 30 euros my wife
has got that news from the hairdresser; when thinking of it,
an easier job than cleaning soothed walls even if she has
to unplug rusty pipes.

Oskar Hansen

Career Path 1

A career path

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Oskar Hansen

Caribbean Night

Tropical night, starlit, if I recall rightly; there was
sliver of a golden moon also. We drank beer too,
the sea is an enormous waste bin, plop, plop.
Someone brought guitar, nights like this ought to
have music, the gentle murmur of voices stilled.
The guitar player wasn't any good, but for awhile
we sat politely listening to his pathetic attempts.
His friend got up, threw the instrument overboard.
We drank more beer, listened to our own dreams;
mine was about a guitar playing dolphin.

Oskar Hansen

Carpet Seller

The Carpet Seller and Dali Lama

The carpet seller in Cascais is tall wears kaftan and his ebony face looks as a relief of an Egyptian Farao.... Carries his carpets on his forearm (like an offering) and show to tourists who sit drinking cold beer at pavement cafes. When they ask how much he quotes a price impossible high for his worn rugs, to be sure no one buys because he doesn't want to sell them. He just like to walk around, it is his ways, when tired he sits on a bench folds the rugs on his lap dreamily stroke them and smiles.

Where he goes when it rains I don't know, perhaps he has got a room somewhere, a bed, a book shelf and a postcard from Senegal pinned on the wall. I noticed he wears solid boots as Dali Lama does when flying around the world meeting famous people, giggles and says simple things about life and freedom. The carpet seller is not going home he has become a colourful part of the townscape, and Dali Lama will not see Tibet again

Oskar Hansen

Cascais Portugal

Cascais, Portugal.

First day of summer both winter and spring, full of rain; we are visiting her mother's resting place, a hole in a wall with a glass door that has a flimsy lock; easy to break in to but who would want too? Her mother, born in Kinshasa, Congo, but upheaval forced her to leave; now she rests in Cascais, Portugal far from her native land. The bible on top of the coffin is full of tiny holes soon the book will be a pile of dust

While my wife pray I go for a walk, beautiful day and Cascais has a lovely bay. There are sailboats and a few yachts in the bay one of them belongs to Prince Albert of Monaco, he likes Portugal, the local paper enthuses. Indeed, aren't we lucky? She joins me, says "I don't like boats and I don't like the sea, my first husband took me on a sailing trip in lake Lugarno, I was so sick they had to set me ashore." We turn our back to the bay, her mother and walk back to the car.

I remember a winter night in the North Atlantic Ocean, giant waves came crashing on deck taking the railing and lifeboats away. Three ships sank that night with irrelevant cargo onboard. No survivors. "Yes dear, the sea is a monster if it doesn't takes your body it takes your soul."

Oskar Hansen

Catering

Catering

When the old man was young he trained to become a cook, which nowadays is called chef, at the time not that many wanted to become cooks, as it didn't have a nimbus of working-class heroics; his friends became welders and so on. The catering business is a simple science when you have mastered the basic one is free to stamp one's personality on the dishes. Restaurants was glad to get a proper cook oops, I meant chef, the one they had was usually one that smelled of drink and smoked a cigarette of over the food, mind ashes don't show up in your gravy. Yet, it was an uphill struggle as everybody -women- could cook back then, but now that the skill is lost, the chef is on TV, showing how it is done.

Oskar Hansen

Catholic Mass In Porto

Catholic Mass in Porto

Sunday evening in Porto my wife went to mass while I sat in the park opposite admiring the grand architecture built in honour of a God. Got restless and walked into the church to see what was going on. It was a titanic church with a roof that stretched all the way to heaven and possible beyond.

Although the congregation was of three hundred people it seemed almost empty. Benches made of hard wood and behind each bench a wooden cross- bar to lean ones knees on, and since the worshippers were doing that I went down on my knees too and for a moment felt quite humble.

There is in the Christian Religion much written about agony it seems to be a part of the faith since Jesus died a slow death on the cross; nevertheless I was glad when the parishioners arose, and uplifted we all walked into the summer evening.

Oskar Hansen

Cats

Cats, who needs them?

My cat sleeps all day and leaves the house in the evening, but before going it changes from an indolent being that likes to be stroked to a cooler creature that prefers to be left alone; it treats me as a tiresome stranger and waits for me to open the door. Should I be outside and see it, the cat acts as if it doesn't know me and runs away if I call its name. In the morning it waits for me to open the door to let it in, a jovial feline that gently curls up on the sofa. But there are nights when it is raining, or windy when it doesn't want to go out then it likes to sit on my desk just watching me use the key board on the computer, often it walks on the board wondering what it is about. But I can't bring myself to be as rude to the cat as it often is to me... like I should be its bloody slave.

Oskar Hansen

Celebrity Status

The thirst for Celebrity Status.

Is there a doctor in the house, no it's only me and I'm chef and I have burned my hand frying fish. Once I was asked by a stewardess if I was a doctor, one of her charges had taken ill. I was flattered and took my ladle and pots out. What is his profession, I asked, he is an historian, I made him an ancient omelet; the historian recovered. In Milan a call to the audience: Is there a tenor in the house, our tenor has expired, no one put a hand up; I did and killed the Figaro drivel once and for all. Once train conductor let me wave a green flag and blow the whistle, the train left without me, which was a pain, my wife and suit cases were onboard. It was a slow train to Porto, took a taxi to the next station and boarded the train as my wife left having had enough of my quest for recognition. It is all about fame if you lack it you are fucked, reduced to writing poetry no one reads in humble internet sites, in the hope of reaching a reader who is as lonely as you are.

Oskar Hansen

Cement - Mixer

Cement- mixer

They are re-building the house across the road,
the cement-mixer churns from early morn, a black, big dog
sat barking at it until it lost its voice and sounded
like a helpless kitten wanting milk, it became so embarrassed
by its loss of bark, it went into the shed and refused
to come out before it had got its voice back.

The big black dog has few friends the couple who came here
on vacation left without it and I suppose being from Setubal
it barks in a different way than local dogs.

All cement mixers sound the same this monotone churning
like a padre who likes the sound of his voice and bore
his parishioner senseless, and when staggering out of the church
everyone, even those who do not smoke, lit up.

Soon the mixer will move on and annoy someone else, but
the big black dog has nowhere to go, so I will befriend and learn
its Setubal bark

Oskar Hansen

Centenary

100 years since that war and the mighty are dressed in their fine uniforms and holding hollow speeches. For some the strutting about is triumphalism, but we cannot say so, but the British and French feel smug. The rusty/ gold prince is there too and his underlings have tearful eyes, he is so elegant and has tons of self assurance. There are many other royals too but the TV dwell mostly on the British nobles, this mainly because they know how to wear a uniform with style. This glorifying of war showing of the latest weaponry buying and selling of deaths while we say things like: 'We must not forget.' Forget what! This pornography of violence on our screen day and night, yet we must not mention the reasons, money lent and money borrowed. As for now a river of blood runs in Gaza.

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

Changeing Face Of Europa

The Changing Face of Europe

So we are the last true Europeans in the sea of changes and conflicting religions as old certainties disappear and we bewildered look at a world we don't understand. Israel is drowning in a demographic pool and their fight to remain pure Jewish are doomed. Christianity is singing its last hymn and churches in the future, if not razed to the ground, will be places for tourists to marvel over. Empires and countries always rise and fall like the tide. Cultures too have their days before discarded as quaint but useless for a new time's need. But we are not totally doomed, the new society, perhaps not as insipid skinned as us, will hopefully adopt the ancient idea of democracy. To predict the coming is impossible, but one thing will forever remain true: Man's hunger for freedom.

Oskar Hansen

Changing Map

Europe is like a carpet made of left over textile and it is quite malleable and can be changed shortened or made bigger. I used to know Crimea as a part of the Soviet Union, but then, one day, it wasn't; only it was still there and had not changed shape only ownership.

And now to the contrived upset by UK, USA and EU – the use of mobile phone speak is in- it is back in Russian hands. The change is here to stay, but of course my holiday with Putin in Siberia is out this year.

This re-occupation is nothing new, the Jews waited 2000 years before occupying Palestine, they had once lived there as tribe. Mind it is not fair to compare Crimea with Israel, in Crimea the people welcomed Russian rule, In Palestine, the Jewish annexation was called a catastrophe.

Oskar Hansen

Changing World

Changing World

The island is too low and the ocean is
a stalking monster,
washes the village road at high tide.
Coffins come up from damp ground
set sail at sunrise, only stone crosses
remain like ship-less anchors and
names are slowly washed away.
It is hard to leave your ancestral home
romanticised and dead.
A summer full of sadness, a longing
for other summers drowned by the sea.

Oskar Hansen

Changing Worlds Rhyme

Changing world 1

Where the woods of unruly domestic trees on
The other side of the road has not always been there
It used to consist of small homesteads and poverty
People left for France or America never came back
Nature moved back and trimmed olive trees and
Carob trees took on a surreal form the undergrowth
Was left to grow a paradise for animals and birds
The kestrel catches mouse and the eagle catches hares
I know what I see will change not in my time or yours
Nothing is static it should be so if you look at a map of
The Europe you will see how it has changed and in
The middle- east Israel is just an interlude for a bigger
Change that will shape our future if it is for the worst
We will not be there to know.

Oskar Hansen

Charger Sonnet

Charger Sonnet

the horses on the pampas are more
friendly than the Russian horses on the steppe
and not as cold.

A Russian horse hates mankind and never expect
preferential treatment and will kick you
if you show leniency thinks you have an agenda.
An Argentinean horse is easier to tame, trained
right it will do the tango.

The Russian horse will kick you if you approach it
from the rear as it doesn't like surprises.
it will never trust you and it has to be tethered,
yet it is a strong horse if ridden right.
The Argentinean horse will be pleasant and kind,
up to a point because it is so easily led astray for
an extra nose bag of hay.

Oskar Hansen

Charleston Dance

Charleston Dance

In white America there is a fear of black people the slaves that dared answer back it has its heart in the idea of white supremacies. Sometimes I think to be black in USA is like being Jewish in Nazi Germany, killings and arbitrary arresting of people who look different.

A TV program: heavily armed police descend down a black district, they look like an invading force it is easy stop people and since most of them have marijuana in their pockets and cars, the handcuffs come out and guns are drawn for what is technically a misdemeanour.

And then the big insult, the police parking a posh car in a poor district with keys in the ignition and open doors and since the poor of America are mostly poor some uneducated idiots are likely to try stealing the car. Of course they are caught and more blacks fill what are mostly privatized jails. Something smells bad and you need not be a Hamlet. This great country we know it is an illusion in fact USA is a country where the gun rules, but such is its propaganda by press and TV lords it gets its poor people to fight its wars.

Oskar Hansen

Chattering Plants

The fig tree has lost its big soft leaves and looks like a petrified octopus in the middle of a nightmare. What the hell happened to the ocean? It tells itself, "I'm not ugly as almond tree, looks as rough hewn spider's web that can't catch any insects.

I belong to the family of Moraceae and we produce the sweetest of fruits, we are the aristocracy in the plant world."

The almond tree heard this and said: "I will be a bride in February cast a spell of beauty on the landscape with my pink flowers. "

"Anyway, I'm a deciduous tree and proud of it, without my nuts - a hint of a giggle from the fig tree- you can't bake a good cake. People ask for almond tarts, no one ever asks for fig tarts."

A sullen silence falls, then the carob tree, also known as St. John bread, and bears fruit too; elongated, dark as farm workers fingers, judiciously says: " you'll both be beautiful come spring."

Oskar Hansen

Chechnya

Chechnya

Retina less windows
Bodies strewn in foul streets
A photo of Grozny

Summary executions
Death sways from unlit lampposts
Friend or foe who knows

Conspiracy of peace
Both sides declare victory
The truth is debris

Oskar Hansen

Chicken And Other Foods

She is coming home tonight, been away for two days.
Bought her, what she likes... a well roasted chicken.
On the farm where I was brought up, old hens that
didn't lay eggs as before had heads chopped off and
ended up in the pot. Incredible tough meat had to boil
it for hours. Never liked the smell in a chicken coop,
I think concentration camps must have stunk like that
too many bodies in small rooms and no escape.
The coop's capo wasn't safe either, when it didn't
perform as before, off with its head. When she enjoys
her roasted chicken with lemon sauce I will eat a burger,
since it doesn't look remotely like a dead animal and as
I have never seen a dead cow, only milked them every
morning at five, it will taste ok with Italian salad.

Oskar Hansen

Child Poverty

Child Poverty

"I wish I wave will come take me
out to the sea, and I wish I were
a mermaid with a rock of my own.
The girl of twelve smiled as not
quite believing her dream.

From the favela in Rio, not much
going or her, a petty thief or
a prostitute, her choices are few
Let her dream of a rock and hope
it becomes true one day soon.

Oskar Hansen

Childhood

Childhood.

I read, in a newspaper, with following black white & photo of children used as slave labourers many years ago, I was one of them, but I didn't share the misery described.

I was sat with my little suitcase on a bus that trundled through a flat landscape, told to sit there until a man called my name.

It was a small farm and the farmer's wife gave me a thick slice of bread with strawberry jam on. Then I was shown my room a tiny loft span with straw mattress and it was bitterly cold.

I started work at six next morning, with a glass of milk and a slice of bread, my job was to muck out the cows shed shuffle the residue down a hole in the wall, the manure was later used fertilise the land. School was every other day and a bit bothersome till I hit one of my torments with a brick over his head and poise of fear was restored. I quickly got the hang on the farm work, got on well with the farmer and was spared the dirtiest work.

Years I spent on the farm, but then my mother came home from sanatorium I wanted to be near her; apparently it was not legal to just leave like that but I left anyway. One day many years later, feeling nostalgic I went back to the farm, it wasn't there anymore, had been turned into a housing estate. Poverty, struggle, need and were all forgotten incidental as life itself, but I owe it to them, after me there will be no one left to tell the story

Oskar Hansen

Children Do Tell Lies

The boys ran on meadow land, far from our town,
when we came upon a snake that was sunning
It self on a tiny rise...The snake hissed- they do
and it is not a cliché- in panic we ran back to our
bikes by the road. We discussed the happening
and decided the snake was twelve feet long and
had the head of a dragon. Silence, we thought
the same, it may come looking for us, we jumped
on our bikes and hurried away.

At the dinner table- and since it was Sunday, we
had meat cakes in brown gravy with boiled spuds
and cabbage stew- I told mother that a big snake,
twelve feet, and with the head of a dragon, had
tried to eat me, showed her a scratch on my leg
she didn't answer only told me not to eat so fast.

Oskar Hansen

Children In Wars

Children of War.

As the mist lifts in a cold valley of North Pakistan
The drone flying overhead has a clear view.
It sees the terrorist a man, who does not to hesitate
In the name of his political belief stops his car.
Outside a house and enters. An order harshly given,
a red button pushed, the house explodes
and an enemy of USA and the world is killed.
So is seven children in the house sleeping in their beds,
and women who were arising to prepare breakfast...
But this is war, and there are victims.
And we stay silent as we do not see their agony.
killings have become abstract but the hate it leaves
behind will cause more hate and more wars.

Oskar Hansen

China And Usa

China & USA

In the shadow of banal news,
Russia and spying on elections,
lurks a threat that can lead to
nuclear war and the long night
drops by drips our mine is being
prepared for a war and hatred
this because two giants are on
collision course as the plates of
the earth are shifting, a political
disaster for the sake of power.
We who do not want a new war
are drawn into fake propaganda
learning to dehumanise a people
a war without winners bar those
hiding in caves underground with
their gold and worthless money

Oskar Hansen

Choices

The Choice

She was a lovely middle aged woman,
who mostly only shared her vanity with the mirror.
She is watching her weight
having the strange believe that a man does not like
women of Ruben like dimension
nevertheless through her modest education she as
able to meet people of economic status as she had
the ability of sit on the greenest twig.
But she must pay the prize of living away from here nearest
In a town that makes her feel perturbed.

Oskar Hansen

Choices Of Many

choices

It was a moment when the cacophony of voices, at the railway restaurant, became one, no longer dusty prattle mixed with cigarette smoke, but a real, human accent making an utterance; alas, the voice spoke of mortgages, the price of heating homes, electricity and food; the only true issue in our civilized world that has imprisoned us with their gilded promises
So should one be shocked, isn't that what we have worked towards too?
A life that is mundane that doesn't tax you with any political philosophy, any ism of this and that only leaves you to worry about the ordinary things like the ice cream parlour in Parkgate that sells 21 flavours of ice cream, now isn't that nice to know and snigger about we can call it a democracy of choices

Oskar Hansen

Christmas And Ex. Drinker

Christmas and ex-drinker

Christmas day at a green rural hotel and
for the first time in my life I was the only
non-drinker and this made me feel superior
since no other feelings were not available
such as envy I had goat chops with salad
about the only thing on the menu not sugary
or fattening the sense of superiority grew
to odium, I spoke aloud to show how happy
I was and when they had liqueur and went on
the terrace for a smoke I preferred to sit inside
feeling superior and crying into my napkin

Oskar Hansen

Christmas At Sea

Once I was kicked by a mule, as I was remonstrating,
a dog interfered and bit my ankle. There is something
deeply embarrassing to lose arguments to animals.
Guayaquil, Colombia, I hadn't gone ashore for fun but to
buy food stuff for the crew. Since it was a few days before
Christmas and even our Moslems crew liked something
extra. It is difficult to get into the festive mood when it is
hot and I had been bitten and kicked, Jesus was born in
a barn which is a good place to be a cold winter night as
animals exude good warmth. I marvel of the nativities of
Joseph, a finer man than me; a person unsung through
times. Chicken for Christmas, not pork, in every mess
hall there were a coloured trees, since the Islamists do not
drink there was peace on earth; I forgave the mule and
the bloody, yellow monster of a dog. And silently the old
tramper ploughed the sea on her way to Jamaica, where
the seaman's priest would invite us Christians to sing
psalms and hand out little presents of socks and gloves
knitted by kind ladies back in Norway.

Oskar Hansen

Christmas Day

Christmas Day

Christmas day no ships anchored in the bay which
has crested waves that turn into cream like spray
when reaching sandy shores.

The crew wouldn't have minded that so much,
as it is they are on ships that rolls and pitches
endlessly in the Atlantic sea waiting for Yule to be
over when normal trading begins.

To day there are no revolts in Africa, and there is no
war in Syria, because bad news has been suspended,
but there is a movie about a carpenter trainee who
became a preacher, but since I have seen the film before
I will go for a walk and try not to think of seafarers' lack of
sleep, or poverty that hides in the nooks of Cascais, a town
famous only because a king once spent a summer there,

Oskar Hansen

Christmas Gift

Christmas Gift Spurned

Crowded Christmas, street when I saw her I was sure it was her,
the way she walked. Thought I could sense her perfume too.
I hurried after her, touched her shoulder, said hallo, the woman
turned around, alas, I had been wrong. Said sorry, thought you
were someone else. She smiled and said, no I'm only me.
I read an invitation in her dark brown eyes, but I was hopelessly
in love with the true woman of my dreams and the lovely woman
in front of me, was not like the mythical one. I said sorry again,
flapped my wings and flew into the night sky to seek her amongst
the stars. In the cooling outer space I realized the fabled woman
of my dreams was an angel and I was only an earthling. I dived
back to earth like a Stuka dive bomber, skidded on slush. I looked
and looked, in vain, for the woman with the brown eyes, but my
Christmas gift had gone.

Oskar Hansen

Christmas In In Lisbon

Christmas in Lisbon (1974)

The day before Christmas the Atlantic was in a frenzy
it was with relief when we turned starboard and met
the softer water of Tagus.

We birthed far from town, on a double Decker Bus
I had bumpy drive into town. I good meal and wine,
just sting sitting there reading newspapers.

Rang my wife to hear a friendly voice, she asked if I
was drunk since I sounded so chirpy. Put down the phone
Drank some more wine and aimlessly walked about.

Picked up an cushy prostitute, needed a warm body
next to mine, In the morning I took a taxi back and
a new long, laborious shipboard day began.

Oskar Hansen

Christmas Rush

Christmas Rush

The sun was blood red looked like a big wound on the flank of an elephant shot by poachers. It dripped blood on white, woolly clouds which slowly turned red as the bandage on a fatally shot soldier who slowly died as his eyes turned into a mirror of the cold sky. In the town, air is torn into puffs of powder as a red ambulance comes to an abrupt halt a man on a dirty floor surrounded by presents for his family, his eyes reflects the absurdity of a Christmas decorated supermarket- his widow will be handed his gifts- As I drive home a bag of night opens and strews its soothing darkness over the land, but nearby an anguished elephant still trumpets.

Oskar Hansen

Church Bells

Church Bells

Once I lived in a charming English village, near
an ancient church, every Sunday morning
on my only day off, the bloody bells chimed.
Thought I saw a woman cycling to mass in
the mist, and it wasn't Germaine Greer.
When Muslims ruled Andalusia, they tolerated
Christians, but a poet of that time -Ibn Baqi-
circa 1059 1112, wished they wouldn't clang
bells so hard waking him up when air was cool,
sleep sweet and his Christian mistress had to
get up and go to mass. So far nothing has
changed, dear Ibn Baqi, the bells keep on tolling

Oskar Hansen

Civil War.

They seek him here they seek him there
he is tall and thin and sports a mustache,
you can call him lanky and his wife slim.
Over Damascus in his posh neighbourhood
drones fly looking for him, but they must
be sure and not hit a foreign embassy.
He has been pitiless used chemical weapon,
not depleted uranium, Agent Orange or
or liquid phosphorous, but something worse,
he must be punished. When found he will,
for the good of democracy, be assassinated,
together with his wife, children and chattel.

The rebels can take over – there are so many
of them- they will fight and kill each other in
the name of religion and for power, the sweet
taste of command. Stuck in the middle of this
mayhem are the Christians, they better leave
now; because you ain't seen nothing yet.

Oskar Hansen

Class Divide

It was an odd situation the town was divided by a river. The west side was the posh part. I lived there, that is I worked as a cook at a tourist hotel and had a room in the basement of the hotel. The east, across the river, was where my girlfriend lived, a working class area that only had gritted roads and houses were not painted. The hotel director's daughter loved me even though, she had gone to a boarding school in Swiss, all I had to do was to take elocution lessons and the world of paved roads and villas would be mine. But my heart was in uproar I loved the girl across the river she spoke my language, salty and direct. So I crossed the Rubicon an August night when the moon was full, but I had dallied too long, she didn't want a boyfriend who spoke posh.

Oskar Hansen

Cleaner Air

Cleaner Air

New thinking of
The old ways
Use horse and carriage
In the city
Faster than
A white van can
And for post delivery
Pony Express
Will do wonders
And the bonus
Horse manure
Is good for the roses

Oskar Hansen

Cleanliness And Whores

Cleanliness and Whores

The ship was old once it had been a big ship now it was small
it had been overtaken by time, its shower system had sea water
which was nice enough to cool off when it was hot.

After having a shower, you needed a bucket of fresh water to rinse
the salt away if not you would scratch all night have irritated skin
For month we did not have a proper wash when our ship docked in
Bremerhaven for repairs and we got fresh water found I had
an extra pair of socks I didn't know about
it was wonderful having a hot shower I stayed under it til someone
complained I was using all the warm water, even today the sense
of cleanliness makes me shudder with delight.

Whatever I had done in my youth the night before it helped
to have a shower and wash the sin away the smell of "life buoy";
the only soap we knew about, made the difference the whores
loved it they knew you were clean seamen

Oskar Hansen

Climate Summit

The Climate Summit

It was the tail end of a dream, two white feathers in my bed,
which can mean two things either I`m coward, or an angel slept
by my side giving me the strength concerning the climate session
in Paris not to be cynical about it and all will be well in the end
there will only be red Indians left.

Wonder what they get for dinner, top notch food the French like
to show off their culinary skills venison with truffles and the best
of wines and – but they do smoke some awful cigarettes and later
a Moulin Rouge nightclub the best of taste titillating red feathers
and the street outside not lined by trees, but by ladies of the night
usually, ex-dancers now too old for the stage, and before the delegate
go home some with syphilis or HIV, they will agree that the meeting
was a jolly success and promises given in the climatic movement
not kept by China and USA or for that matter India.

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Oskar Hansen

Clouds On Dreams

Clouds on Dreams

To believe what we see is often a fallacy on a video
a rat attacked a cat; the moggy scared ran away but was it so
I think not video and pictures can be doctored so we are
left with a sceptical mind

Yet in the Sahara, I saw in the sky a ship sailing upside down
I know what I saw yet it was a mirage so therefore I can
talk about it without being made fun of like the day I saw
a flying elephant it was slow and met a crocodile
that loved me, of course, it was a mirage

That is why I`m fearless telling you this; you will think mirages,
was whisky involved?

There mere suggestion will send me into a rage and I will
never speak to you again.

The cat ashamed, turned around and killed the rat, just in case
you were curious. In the world, the strongest win just looks to Brazil
and what the heck was I doing in the Sahara?

Oskar Hansen

Clowning

The Clowns

Happiness has an empty centre
It is thoughtless as the surface of the moon
A passing cloud
A hindrance towards contentment
Brutal and sadistic
Totally self-centred
A smooth tool to hide hatred
The denial of other people's right
Smugness of the winner
Making fun of the losers
Happiness is the devil`s domain
And the smaller the brain, the happier
Is its owner
That is way idiots laugh a lot.
So why do film stars insist being happy

Oskar Hansen

Clubbing It

Clubbing it

Once I went to a night- club in Albufeira a dreadful place with garish colours and a man with a Hammond organ also played many instruments with a total lack of talent, when he rested a jukebox took overplayed so loud the windows shook.

Around the dance floor – arena – skeletal women sat crows that looked at men’s crotches and piercing eyes looked into his wallet the three ugly sisters had felt at home, their fairy-tale opulence could have lent this place dignity and humour.

Driftwood from all over Europe men swarmed around them like bees around a jar of honey, a few caught a bee in time a dream come true golf lessons swimming pool and garden- Then they got old eating a lettuce a day, slept the afternoon away in the evening and hungry they had the nails and hair to do and still dreaming of the right man to rescue them of this ennui, prisoners of faded beauty and their former lovers lived at the old folks home up the hill in the interior of Algarve Yet I could not help feeling sorry for them helpless old age stuck on a slow liner and no life raft, as they resignedly waited to be engulfed by cold green sea and Albufeira continued its dance around tourism a place for the “hard working worker, ” erasing what once had been a peaceful fishing village along the coast of romance.

Oskar Hansen

Cobwebs Of Dreams

The cobwebs of Dreams

It was a clear day...too clear I thought. Mother sat in the kitchen and sunlight made her white hair into a halo. I asked her who old she was. Ninety two, she said, knew I was trapped in a dream as she didn't live that long. By the slow river I saw furniture drift along. Brother said that people who lived downstream went upstream to buy furniture, to save on transport cost they dumped the stuff into the river where relatives, downstream, picked it up. Sometimes they lost a table or a commode but that's a risk one has to take. I knew this too was a dream, Walked along a soft road, in a forest, but something was wrong there was a strange red light emitting from the trees, now I was trapped inside a painting by a mad Russian artist; luckily I had a flick knife. It is morning, that is I think it is, sometimes the line between reality and the subconscious merges, perhaps yesterday is today

Oskar Hansen

Cognizance

Cognizance

When I consciously aware of myself at two years old
in 1940 when we sat in the basement of a school
and listened to English bombers
looking for the airport, they didn` t find it but dropped
a few bombs anyway, hit some houses and a fish factory
the bombs were quite puny then
it looked at my hands I was me, what I did today I would
remember tomorrow I had a will and used it when
needed and often lost in the world of adults
Freedom, the liberty of thoughts was mine no one could
take that away even when I had to pay lip service
to teachers and so called religious leaders, that is the reason
I shift opinion when needed.
What I fear is if old age is going to rob me of my awareness
of what I` m and what I was.

Oskar Hansen

Cold Coffee

Cold coffee

On the black cafe table a packet of sugar it was red and advertised a coffee brand, besides it a tiny silver wrapped caramel. The server had removed the coffee cup and the small bottle of water, perhaps she thought I wanted to take the offering home. The table looked like wood, but when I touched it was lifeless and cold; another fake thing. I like wood when you touch a table or chair made of timber it comes alive. From a forest to the carpenter and when it rots it goes back to earth again. Plastic is born dead and will exist in all eternity and that is sad for everyone.

This happened when I sat in a cafe waiting for my wife to conduct business, I wasn't thinking of lumber, but the way I have an instinctive dislike of people look cold as plastic and shaped beautifully like Formica kitchen table.

Oskar Hansen

Cold Feet

Cold Feet

My legs are cold turning into lumps of ice
If I get up, they may break off like icicle on roofs
In Oslo when the spring comes around
Many people are killed that way an instant frozen
Diffusion a deep frozen head that can't remember
Yesterday, but there is nothing one can do about it
It is forbidden to walk in the middle of the road.

Am I a snowman in a big garden left alone at night?
Don't people know a snowman too can feel cold
despite coal eyes and carrot nose a warm heart
beats and looks in the Guardian to find a mate, but
the ladies demand too much wants me to be funny
entertaining and most awful of all sociable.

Oskar Hansen

Colibri A Sonnet

Colibri (sonnet)

Beautiful colibri your fluttering wings
so rapid it looks like you are still in air...
drinking with your long sleek beak
forbidden nectar from the honey tree.
You fly from tree to tree care not who
you hurt with your purr of love.

Humming bird so lovely you are, totally
amoral, I will catch one day put you in
a cage, serve you sweet honey from a jar,
the one in the fridge with a picture of
a bee on, and you will buzz for me alone
till I set you free... if I ever do.

For I too need to hear the sound of love
and dream of being totally immoral.

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

Collector

The collector

I was a collector of paper napkins, every day I used to go around picking them up, they were usually smeared with human saliva and scum fat of cheap food. I had twenty bags full in my garage, I stored them there since I have no car but like to mention that I have a garage. One morning when I entered to pick up the stick, with a nail in the end, the one I picked napkins with, the sacks had turned in to tired workmen resting after slaving long hours in the factory of hell. I opened the garage door they were free to go and I saw them vanishing into the morning glare. They had done their duty no more was expected of them. From now on till rain came they were be free, dance with dust and leave and disappear on their own accord when time was right... My garage is empty now but the smell of sweat and struggle lingers with old jokes repeated a hundred times in workmen's canteen

Oskar Hansen

Colourless

Colourless

Woke up
It was morning
And I was
Colour blind
The optician
Had no glasses
For this
Illness
I bought
A kaleidoscope
The world I see
Is crazier than I thought

Oskar Hansen

Comedians

Comedians

Batman is alone in the rain
Sits on a swing
Moving to and thro reflecting upon life
Why he has to be different
A mask which covers his nose.
Why can he not be like George Clooney
Were a suit
And be married to a lawyer?
He wore a suit once it was brown
But was totally ignored.
It was only now that he wears
A silly outfit
Climbing walls and catching thieves
He gets seen.
"Clowns are born boring, " reflects
As rain drops down
His funny nose.

Oskar Hansen

Coming Wars

Coming War.

The sky is silent no flight overhead except screaming military jets there are soldiers in the wood, guns at the ready. The dog that follows me on my walks, took fright and disappeared in the underground. As I walked past them they ignored my greetings. Deep silence, am I their target? Vultures in the sky circling about, waiting to hear shots and a possible meal...Me. A sharp order from an officer and the soldiers marched in an opposite direction. The dog rejoins me I'm not its owner so it didn't feel it had to risk its life for me. The warning of wars coming this way, sure as thunder and storm. 60 years of peace, save Balkans, in Europe It's spooky. People of Europe feel it too hence the haste to go back to their own countries, where they will feel safe huddled together waiting for the battle that will end the perverted lethargy hanging over us. When the storm has passed the survivor will feel energized work hard to build a new Europe; and say: "No more Wars"

Oskar Hansen

Common Ailment

Eleven o'clock in the forenoon I had been to my doctor and was going into the nearest cafe for a coffee, but soon the city dwellers filled the place with the smell of unmade beds, uncombed hair and the despair of lonely nights. The fresh bun I was eating absorbed it all and I could not eat it. Many people live in cold rooms, have no gas and kitchens are full dirty pots and pans.

Apathy sets in personal hygiene suffers, why bother? Sleeping in the same beddings for weeks, socks and underwear grimy and soiled, which results in fatigue of the mind. Self-esteem is replaced by self-loathing, unless someone speaks up or bangs pot lids together their life will be short, empty of pleasure and light.

Oskar Hansen

Compliment

The Compliment

At the Pharmacy I met Hans, an old friend I didn` t recognise him at first he wore glasses and had a Nordic face I thought it was me ten years ago; he has a sheep farm, the Germans, are an industrial people.

At the green-grocer, I met an Irish woman she recognised me from one of my books she has some of them and I was chuffed. When I meet someone who has read my books, it is not often, I take a step back in fear they might be critical of my spelling-mistakes I have no self- confidence therefore to meet one who likes what I have written and does not tell me how to write I grow a little and decorously blush and go home tell my wife all about it then we have lunch and I have to clean the dishes.

Oskar Hansen

Conflict Of The Conscious

Conflict of the conscious

There things
We don` t want
To remember
It is there buried
Under layers
Of lies
Yet like a worm
Worming its way
Through
Mud
It tries to force
Us to see
To confront oneself
Is a hard thing to do

Oskar Hansen

Conflicting Influence

Conflicting influence

Hearing silence my old man does when he slowly dance around the kitchen floor thinking he's alone. When I sit still I can hear silence too. Noises and voices Louis Armstrong's trumpet and the drumbeat of distant wars. Some of them fought and some waiting to be fought. And I hear the righteous defending a war where millions will die and our way of life will forever be scared by shame. People have lost their voice, because it drowned in the cacophony of conflicting messages that seep into our mind day and night. Overload, fuse gone, apathy. And my old man will never hear the good silence again.

Oskar Hansen

Confused Loyalty

Confused loyalty

1940 German occupation
British planes
On the night sky
To find the U. boat base
They didn` t
But dropped their bombs anyway
Puny bombs
Burning buildings
Dead civilians
I was sent to a farm
Near a German base
Soldiers became my friends
As the war ended
I was home again
In time to see
Women dragged out
Of their houses
Had their heads sheared
Confusion for a boy
The soldiers were my friends
But enemy of
The Country

Oskar Hansen

Confusion

Her old head
Upon a pillow lie
I held her hand
She withdrew her
Hand
Looked
Into a distant
Past
And said
I wish you were
Your brother

Oskar Hansen

Contemplation

Contemplation

It is a mild sunny day I drive past the cemetery
and know for a chance I should have been there.
It is a beautiful place, but its inhabitants have no
knowledge of this, beauty has ceased to mean
anything, a well kept grave place is for the living.
I live on borrowed time and know it, yet sleep
soundly as I can do nothing, living in dread
of death strikes me as a waste of precious time.

I struggled for years to be somebody only too late
seeing we all are nobodies, only beauty prevails
and it can only be found when the mind is silent.
I regret harsh word spoken to loved once, but not
enough to keep me awake because I have found
peace and have lost my tiresome ambition.

Oskar Hansen

Continuation

The Continuation

It is night they have all gone to bed, since I'm old and sleep little
my job is to keep the ember alive in the stove, add a piece of wood
now and then. My granddad used to do that keeping the flames
alive, so when the young got up the rooms wouldn't be too cold.
I sit in darkness but see through curtains snow falling adding to
millions of other snowflakes, I know the children will be excited,
the adults less so. For me it doesn't matter, but I haven't forgotten
the pleasure of a snowy landscape. It is odd, me godless man, feel
an inner peace, everything that has happened fits together I have
meet my ghosts; nothing scares me anymore except rumours of
a new war. As a child I knew war and all its brutality, I was hoping
my grandchildren would be spared. I'm nearly falling asleep but my
granddad awakes me, whispers about my obligations, I add a piece
of wood to the fire and dream of yesteryear.

Oskar Hansen

Cookery Programs

Cookery Programs

Chunky fists hit the kitchen sink...hard
on every TV channel.
So manly they are we are not queers
but 100% men,
no flowery aprons for us.
Cooking was what women did before,
but no more,
now you get the Sunday roast with added
aggression and swearing.
The kitchen has been turned into
a battlefield of egocentric men who's
ambition is to be the best in
the rarefied world of cookery
It is not about you the diner.
When the kitchen soldiers put food
on your plate,
they try to make it into a work of art
when all you wanted was a steak and fried onions
at a friendly price.

Oskar Hansen

Corrosion

Corrosion

I live in state of decay
all around me I see metal fatigue,
my car will not start
and my heart is tired of beating
everyday
without a rest, or an app that can
take over for a few days.
A new battery for the car,
but it still breaks down things fall off.
A new heart?
Not for one who has diabetes
and is already old
Demanding too much, scramble up the mountain of life,
and short of breath.
At the garage a man dressed in oily overall,
and a listening device in his hand
shakes his head,
Rust on the bonnet, a ulcer that can't be spray painted.
Give it to the scrap dealer, he says
Is he talking about me?

Oskar Hansen

Costa Rica

Costa Rica

In Puerto Lemon I met a girl, back then there were
many girls in Puerto Lemon, only she wasn't of them,
she was the daughter of the harbour master
And she had class. I knew the harbour master well and
it was at his home I met her.

We had dinner, to my dismay it was alcohol- free
so many people at the table uncles,
and I don't know and under my deep tan I was
in a permanent state of blushing,
shyness and timidity have always been my let down.
after dinner we walked in the park we held hands
and behind us her family.

A chaste kiss by the door, shaking hands, I was,
I think accepted.

And the girl, well, she had beautiful eyes but had
the odour of a nunnery and soft- drinks.

I hasten to the nearest bar and drank rum & coke,
I met a girl there she also had lovely eyes.

Someone told the harbour master who didn't think
I was suitable suitor, and his daughter had cried,
once again, I had lost a chance to be respectable
in Costa Rica.

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

Couples

The couple who sometimes clean my house came today, she has a new boyfriend now a nice looking man who work hard and obey her. I don't know what happened to her first boyfriend he suddenly disappeared, rumours has it he was a bit violent, and my cleaner is not a woman who tolerates who tolerates that; I think she killed him if found out I will be a character witness in her defence. "My lord, this woman is harmless and have firm buttocks under her cleaning outfit."

It is astoundingly how little we know of people we meet on our daily life. I met a woman who had been married six times this was too much baggage for me to shoulder so I left. George Simenon married his housekeeper who had worked for him through his many marriages, knowing and just waiting, and she, a modest femme de ménage, ended up with the loot.

Oskar Hansen

Cowboy Poem

Cowboy Poetry

Cityscape, skyscrapers and hazy, smog filled sunsets; streets full of brilliant red and white car lights. No one sleeps here.
A postcard of New York? The big apple, wormholes, steamy air, big shows and... never mind that, admire the city as manmade art. Prosperity, everyone can become rich here, even a bus driver can, if he saves all his money and live with his mother, collect her pension long after she's dead. Go to Nevada, I knew a man there, who won money on a lottery ticket and bought a horse, he's a poetry cowboy now. This proves there is no need to go to New York to make it big. With luck you can make it everywhere and get to ride a horse too.

Oskar Hansen

Cracks In The Mirror

Cracks in the Mirror

The ship's gone, sailed without me,
alone in a hotel room I sweat and try
to stop my hands from trembling;

they threw me ashore, the bastards;
I looked nonchalant walking down
the gangway, two fingers in the air;

I have to leave this room, must walk
tall, I'm a real tough guy- get that right-
but first I need a little drink or two.

Oskar Hansen

Creative Painter

The Creative Painter

The painter gets up early sometimes a bit late
Depending on his mood
Dark clouds when rain is in the air
And sometimes storm clouds that give
Impression of moving.
The painter likes nothing better than
Painting the sky blue
And make bands of white silk like clouds
The sun is easy to paint but if it gets too hot
He blocks the sunray some with cerulean
Filter to protect bathers' delicate skin.
A saw him up a tall ladder once, a bit unsteady
No doubt after a few beers
He was painting the new moon a sliver of silver
Strewing paint around with his big brush
And it was a starlit night.

Oskar Hansen

Cry Freedom, Lapland

Cry Freedom, the Lapland

It is not only Caledonia and the Flemish people
who are crying freedom, a new nation has been born
It stretches from Norway, Sweden and Finland.
The Swedes has accepted this new state as the female
activists said it would be discriminatory and racists to deny
The indigenous people their right.
Norway refused point blank, and as a retaliation has shut
shops selling oranges and bananas.
The Norwegian has seen through this ruse, if the new
country called "Lapland" is a state it will lay claim to untapped
oil in the Barents Sea. It is said that Exxon is behind this,
me, I blame Putin.

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

Culture

Education is good, learning is great
One day everyone will have
A University degree but the academia
Will not be so happy
Street cleaners with letters after their name
Cooks with literary degrees,
And the status University gives will mean
Little, everyone is intellectually equal
Something must be done to stop this rot,
Perhaps wood carving will do,
And leave the education to the masses.

Oskar Hansen

Culture Wars

The Aliens have landed

This is the third day of the new, year and days are equally dark and miserable as days before the fireworks and drunk people filling streets with hoarse screams, scaring dogs and cats who do not understand the collective madness that grips people by celebrating peace with thunder.

Most of my friends are dead and yes, we danced around the golden calf, we wanted it all, we got illnesses and old age.

The third day of the new, year and it is the same old shit, car bombs exploding, a WikiLeaks no one reads as the truth is bothersome enjoy yourself; our democratic system is going down the drain and no one will look up and see when they are swamped by an alien culture and the darkness.

We have been conquered by our lack of respect for our system and not a rifle shot has been fired.

Kneel down you infidels; there is a minaret in every town.

Oskar Hansen

Cumoulous

On the sun-deck I saw two big clouds a man one
and a female, they met kissed and the man cloud
was transformed into a plucked chicken.

Not that the female cloud fared better for behind
her came huge troll cloud that absorbed her up its
nostrils. In the world of clouds you never see
the same formation twice, in this immaterial ever
changing world; it is as the saying goes: You can't
cross the same river twice. Now a massive dark cloud
erased the picture, and as I didn't want a drab cloud
hanging over me, I got up walked into the galley and
had a mug of coffee, while the cook fried pork chops.

Oskar Hansen

Curse Of The Facebook

On her birthday she received
Flowers,
Cards,
Gifts,
Cakes, with candles on and
Readymade Phrases
Her room was empty and
No friends rang, they had
Like:
Flowers,
Cards,
Gifts,
And cakes with candles on
Gone virtual.

Oskar Hansen

Curtain

Blank screen of doom find me wonderful words,
nothing fancy just words that have a resonance in
my mind and gladden my heart.

I remember a boy of fourteen, every morning at six
he milked, five cows, by hand, leaning his heads on
the cow's womb he dreamt of Africa

Africa, but I met my wife she is from Congo, so you
may say I know Africa intimately but
that was not what the boy was dreaming of.

O, blank screen do not let me fall into banalities,
it is just I like to remember as much as I can
before the screen the curtain draws the screen.

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

Dad 's Army

Dad 's Army

On the Milky Way a black cloud appeared,
not dark as the night, but as a whole year
of winter nights put together and blended
with stygian thoughts of a suicidal dictator.
Then slowly the cloud began to dissipate,
became whispery as Fidel Castro 's beard.
...And there, on blue silk, a new born star,
unexciting at first but it grew stronger by
the galaxy minute- which last a bit longer
than on earth-, till it one day sparkled with
pride especially around Christmas.
The moment a new star is born an old star
lights up, like northern light, for so to fall
into perpetuity, and I shall not see my old
friend Clive Dunn again.

Oskar Hansen

Daddy Girl

Daddy's girl
Little girl spoilt
by her daddy
likes to be
a little girl again
life was safe.
Sugar and spice
and a few tears
when meeting
life`s shadow
the dead of her pony
Daddy bought
another one
Joy tinged with sadness
love should not
be replaced so quick.
She looked at her daddy
eyes filled with tears
when he died
no new daddy would appear,
except of course,
she could fall in love
marry a man
who reminded her of him,
but it would
never be the same.

Oskar Hansen

Dance Macabre

Dance Macabre

Soon we all will all look
30 when we die,
which will please undertakers?
Death will be called a voyage,
on an everlasting cruise ship
and the purser will send
festive cards
from romantic ports.
No, grand dad is not dead he is resting
and he is wearing makeup because he is going on
a passenger ship to be dancing partner
for old ladies.

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

Dance Of The Wolves

August night, is an abyss hotter than the day
and the wind the blows was born in hell.
From open windows in their dark interior
the primal scream of lovemaking,
wriggling bodies trying to produce a child
that like them soon will die, but first, it must
go to through the ritual called love, which is but a primitive
urge to copulate the planting of seed before sinking
underground spent and forgotten in the mass graves
of boredom, decorated with flowers
that radiates death 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

Dance Partners

Dance Partners.

A fox asked the flamingo up for a dance, but the bird was coy and refused. A gray legged wolf promised to stand guard should the fox get frisky.

A match made in heaven, fox and flamingo swooned and forgot their enmity. That's when the wolf saw its chance and mortally interrupted their tango.

How foolish the unlikely pair had been, thinking nature could be bypassed, even for a brief moment, in the name of passion and romance.

Oskar Hansen

Dangerous Encounter

Dangerous Encounter

It was a June Saturday after dinner I walked along the docks and noticed a man I knew putting crates of beer on his boat that had an outboard motor. He lived on the other side of the bay and invited me to come along and I accepted. In the middle of the bay, The man slowed the motor his face was white as Arctic icicles, eyes like burning lumps of lava, I felt cold and was in immense danger. The man said: "if the boat capsized I could swim ashore, could you? " His boat had oars I picked up one and placed it across my knees. The man looked as he was making a move, I said: "I would not do this if I were you." At the pier I helped him taking the beer ashore, I didn't accept his invitation to come up to his house for a drink. While waiting for the regular ferry, I had coffee at the local cafe and noticed my hands were still shaking after my narrow escape from a man who had murder in his heart.

Oskar Hansen

Danish Pastry

Small things Remembered

The shop at the corner
Of my childhood
Has stopped selling Danish pastry
Nor has it Coco macrons,
Milk and cheese
The rooms are bare
On its counter cutting cheeses in smaller portion
An old fashion weight
Used when selling butter
Dusty windows
Forgotten, no one says: remember where
We bought our milk?
The bell that rang when opening it door
Will not chime anymore
Perhaps someone will buy it and make it
Into a wine-bar, it is the trend now
They are trying to make us into posh alcoholics,
And I have a sudden hunger for Danish pastry.

Oskar Hansen

Dark Is The Night

Dark is the Night

I wake up at nights
And think of death to the point
When I wake up and it is dawn
Now that Fidel Castro is dead as well
I`m losing the last link with the past
I was in Havana pre-Castro
Wild night of debauchery great for us
But I saw the suffering as the dance
Got wilder and wilder in our ignorance
As young sailors we thought was
Paradise; then the man came down from
The mountain and like Jesus chased sellers
Of dubious wares out of the temple he chased
The whore-masters away back to Florida mostly
And sent women to school
The price was high his sullen neighbours
Never forgave him for taken their playground away

Oskar Hansen

Darkening

Darkening Sorrow

It was a strange summer I wouldn't say reluctant
But rather old fashioned, rather like an old man
Crossing the farm yard with a slice of bread in his
Hand to give to the horse by the wooden fence.
It was not a summer that will be remembered by
Bathers by the beach, the sea was cold that year
Often there were bands of cerulean silk scarves
On the sky keeping the day from being too hot.
We walked everyday although our walks became
Shorter and we didn't go to the river as usual.
You had gone in September and I had got a buyer
For the house, alone it was pointless living there.
I will be moving into an idyllic home for the aged,
And from the window see your resting place.

Oskar Hansen

Daughter

The Daughter.

Daughter, of the police officer who wore black riding boots,
was shining them, a call came he had been killed in traffic
accident. She put polish and brush into a cupboard no longer
a slave of a father who used boots as mirrors in the morning
when shaving, and if he couldn't see clearly beat her with
a leather strap. Father in his coffin, she polished his medals
he looked grand in death. But for the daughter, of the officer,
each medal reminded her of the leather lash.

Oskar Hansen

Dawn

Dawn.

On a night beach in Costa Rica,
behind me the light of Puerto Lemon.

A white strip of sand held an ocean,
a black towering mountain,
from drowning the land.

I was what I saw, timeless.

And the world whispered in my ears.

The sky paled, a cooling sea breeze caressed me
and it was dawn.

Oskar Hansen

Dawn Remembered

It is late at night, almost morning; the silence is as noisy as high tide washing over the pebbled shore. Gloom hangs in the air like a horse blanket covering a nag`s rain-sodden back.

Tomorrow is the first of October; years have been piling up on me, this quiet messenger of spent youth and yesterday's ghosts I have done my best to ignore, are back mocking me.

Dawn, a cockerel crows I hope my neighbour will kill it and eat it for his Sunday lunch. The intrusive unvoiced is like watching a black & white reel of my life, a litany of failures.

Sigh, I didn`t get to meet Marilyn Monroe. This moment when I should take stock of my life, all I can think about is to buy for the fire Monday morning

Oskar Hansen

Day And Night

Day and night

Light embraced
darkness gave birth
to sweet sadness
and it was dawn.
Morning sun dried
tears on leaves
of grass,
a busy day began.
Hushed in late
Afternoon,
waited for the blue hour,
when saturnine
silk mingled with
forgotten thoughts.

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

Dead Canines In Spain

Dead Canines in Spain

The Aegean Sea, another rubber dinghy sank 30 people drowned most of them Syrians and from the hateful a smile when they are stupid risking their life and come here wanting to live like us. A good Syrian is a dead one, and they did not have much of value for a state to confiscate and none of them had a higher education just some uneducated bodies bringing nothing but their humanity and children now drowned.

To make matters worse, they were Muslims too, from rural backwaters of an alien culture, so we do not have to worry about them anymore, expendable people both in their country and the countries they hoped would give them succour. There are so many other inequities around, look at the way they treat dogs in Spain isn't that a shame something for the face- book. So send some money to the people who try to rescue the dogs.

Oskar Hansen

Dear Reader

Dear reader,

I proudly announce the publication of my latest book 'Before wine is Drunk' on .
You can read an excerpt on

Kind regards,
jan oskar hansen

Oskar Hansen

Dearth Of Bees

Spring, and pretty flowers have opened up, even those that pretend they are not in a loving disposition.

Not many bees around anymore because of chemicals farmers spray on crops many have gone metro and lost interest, fly low over still water so they can admire their flying skill, or sit on the sunny wall of my house full of self admiration; some hang languidly around a honey jar. The few that still take interest in beautiful flowers are exhausted and dropp dead long before the day is over. Pretty flowers close petals over moist carpel and hope for a better luck tomorrow.

Oskar Hansen

Death In The Forenoon

Death In The afternoon

The field mouse
So dolce
Sleeping in
A blue flower
The woman who took
This adorable picture
Also had a
Moggy
On the sofa it poured
And the lady will
Never know
What the cat did to
The mouse
As there are things
Cats do not care
Divulge
To us sensitive humans

Oskar Hansen

Death Of A Dog

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 An Old Lady

Funeral of old Lady

The old lady died, yes she is thoroughly dead
at five, before first light was about to shine
on Lisbon's sky. Skin covering tired bones, her
body free to rot and her soul has flown away.

Tomorrow they will come from afar women
dressed in black and wearing hats. Men too
In somber suits and black ties, talk quietly;
safely away from emotional women.

When last hymn has been sung, they will
walk away and leave the old lady amongst
the dead, but later meet at a restaurant.
Bereavement makes mourners so hungry

So we lift our glasses and remember her
well, this is not a day to say she was a bit
of a pain, a selfish woman obsessed with
herself. Burial is not a time for veracity.

Oskar Hansen

Death Of Arnold

Death of Arnold

My best friend Arnold died,
he was only nine and three quarters.
In a white casket laid and his hair
was combed for once.
His lips painted
(he should only have known)
Rouge on pale cheeks.

Arnold was going up to Jesus, that`s
what the grown-up said; he didn`t
Look as he was going anywhere
I felt embarrassed the way they
had dolled him up.

Death is strange I knew it was Arnold,
but was aware he was an empty shell
mother hung the picture on the wall,
a reminder, she said.
When my brother died she took
the picture down.

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

Debris

There was a time when I was a seaman travelled with
a cardboard suitcase and my best shoes wrapped in newspaper.

I always wore khaki mainly because people would think I was
an American, back then I thought it a great country; still great but
But her leaders look like nine to five clerks.

I have read many books but mostly cheep pot boilers.

Due to my shyness spent most time in my cabin and left my ship
when there was no more to read. I did developed a fondness for
Hemingway he never overwrote is books.

But for me reading had its hidden hazard as I tended to become
the person I read about.

I once read a report about me it said I was grumpy drank too much
- I must have been reading Hemingway at the time and had no social
skills and never mixed with others. I was a lousy seaman and only
enjoyed going ashore places I had read about and had an historical
meaning I could connect with. Well all this is in the past I was not to
know I was ill and introversion is a burden.

Oskar Hansen

December Afternoon

A December Afternoon

It was a cold day
clouds big as icebergs looked like pregnant cattle
seeking the sun but were dragged away
by the mordant winter wind.
Normally clouds are great performers they can do
drawings on the blue sky and paint faces and look
like castles and animals,
all depending on your mood, the size of the cloud and
the strengths of the wind.
For without the wind clouds are helpless, drifting on sky-ocean
like Mary Celeste, a ship abandoned while
the dinner in the galley was still hot, salt beef and dumplings
and caramel pudding, - I made the pudding up.-
Far for me to moralise, but all I want for Christmas is You.

Oskar Hansen

December In Paris

December Paris

Winter Paris pavement cafés vacant chairs and poor sparrows look for baguette crumbs. Artists had gone to their loft conversions, in bed with their models and plates of goose liver pate, waiting for a better time. I came across a posh bistro people inside wore silk suits, doors locked; invitation only. A famous philosopher came out, said something deep about peace- in broken English- then asked where the camera was. When he saw I wasn't a journalist he said: Merde, and walked back in. At the bookshop Shakespeare, academic tourists had assembled they looked through books of famous writers, thought of saying that two of my poetry collections were there, but they looked so educated, wore capes of superiority and poetry workshop shoes I lost my nerve. Rain, found a bistro at a side street, had coffee with an Armagnac, thought of the days when Ernest Hemingway scribbled away here, other writers too, when Paris was not so haughtily conscious of her artistic status.

Oskar Hansen

Deception

The Deception

Temporarily we drove through the night
cocooned in its interior nothing could
touch us here where asphalt and tyres made
ductile, harmonious music. We drove past
many villages half submerged by the night,
yet spoke of peace, work is done, time to
rest and let nature take care, and let dogs too
given the right to bark at the pale moon.

A car overtakes blaring horn and loud music,
Peace is shattered as shards of glass falling off
a towering building shaken in the fatal clutches
of an earthquake. Illusory life is, our hold is as
puny as a baby's grip on his mother's thumb or
frail as an old man's grasp on his walking stick.

Oskar Hansen

Decline

Decline

The owner of my bar died
his widow opened windows wide
and life flooded in; sun light
in my corner of happy misery.
My glass of brandy paled in a flash
of naked light.

I escaped to the bar`s loo,
but the cleaners were there
smelling disinfectant and soap.

There was nothing for it, but to face
the outside where the sky is molten lava
dripping heat.

Black dressed preachers of doom,
at last another bar, a twilight zone
with blinking neon light.

Shield me from the brutal day to a place
where men don`t turn their head
when someone enters, but spend their time
following an echo of a dream
they once had.

I`m safe here and tomorrows will never come,
as I sail in on the sea
of make belief

Oskar Hansen

Deficiency

The Deficiency
Recurring dream in a city landscape,
Streets between tall buildings are like mountains
No wild goat will climb.
I want to go home and feed my dog
But have lost my air-line ticket
And the taxi I took to get to the airport is lost
keeps running in darkening circles.
The face I knew is no longer mine
It was lost somewhere in strange lands where
I thought to find contentment
To escape my childhood, but the face I see in
The morning is of a sullen child
Which no longer cry and cannot smile; this
Old face is not mine, I can't blame the dog.
It waits and waits and id
Old still remembering good words and cuddles
I stretched my hand through time
The dog understands my helplessness closes
Its eyes and sleep.
Guilt and Disappointment I could have done
Much better
What was given I rejected.
But once upon a time I danced the tango in
Argentina, long before the dog was born.

Oskar Hansen

Defunct Soldier

When I met him he was an homeless old soldier, one who has fought every war in the last hundred years, cannon, fodder for big business and those who say that our society needs to be saved from migrants. The last war he fought was in Fallujah this time he was an American soldier who believed in the righteousness of his mission, only to find when he came home and demobbed, he was alone in a world that took no interest in his war of freedom.

Undeterred he went to Afghanistan and fought there, another war that had no meaning other than keeping licensed warriors in employment. The common soldier is forty and never rose above the rank of sergeant, old soldiers are not officer material, they just go on fighting were they are sent, and sadly since the world War Two there has not been a honest war, but that is not the concern of the nameless soldier who every year in Paris, we put flowers on his grave.

Oskar Hansen

Demise Of A Doorman

The Demise of a Doorman

Eric Ericson, ex wrestler, was staying at my boardinghouse. He had a job as a doorman (bouncer) at a local nightspot, but was fired for drinking on the job and could no longer pay for his room. I told him, with heavy heart, that he had to leave next day at noon. I went up to his room at eleven asked if I could drive him somewhere? Say, the bus station. Eric sat on a chair looking out of the window, it was a nice spring day and the mild breeze made the curtains flap like sails did on boats in the bay. He civilly thanked me, said he wasn't going far. At precisely twelve a cold shudder went through the sleepy house and I froze not wanting to know what the wobble could mean. Half past twelve I went up to his room, Eric, the quiet man, hung from the end of a rope. The curtains billowed it had been such a beautiful day.

Oskar Hansen

Demise Of My Horses

Demise of My Horses

I had been away for a few days,
visiting the aunts of Cascais,
and found my three stone horses gone.
Just cheerless holes
where they had been tethered.
Widening the road, they said
and for that beauty must go.
When a road is enlarged more
cars will fill the space until
the bigger road is too small and
they decide to build a motorway.
The other side of the road will be
impossible to cross and neighbours
will become strangers.
Sun or rain endlessly stunning my horses were
before turned into grit.

Oskar Hansen

Democracy Today

Democracy today

Is democracy
Right for the Afghans or Iraqis
Unthinkable thought
Countries torn by tribalism
Certainly need a strongman
A one party state
Until institutions are in place
and people value
the principle of statehood
and take pride in their nation.

Oskar Hansen

Democracy Today And Tomorrow

Democracy Today

Freedom of speech

The poor yell into a void

The rich get a TV station.

Privatizations

Your county's natural assets

Given to the mighty

Oskar Hansen

Dentistry And Reflections

The dentist and Reflections

Up there in the continuous darkness of the universe
I saw a streak of light... a dying comets last hurrah.
Bedroom very dark couldn't sleep too much death
for one night. Got up and read an article that plants
speak to each other. "Warning a heavy footed man
is coming your way." "Duck a lawn mower is at large."
Amputated roses and tulips chafes in a vase kept
alive for a few days... admire beauty in death agony.
Carrots screaming in distress when pulled from soil...
good for your health, dieticians says.
Everything we like, what we eat are, hurting plants
and animals. Which, reminds me I've an appointment
with my dentist tomorrow, gardener of my glum teeth,
he will speak softly as he pulls up out another tooth.

Oskar Hansen

Der Spiegel

On reading Der Spiegel
In Kashgar where the
The Silk Road begins
I a bought
An apricot
From a woman who wore
A red shawl
Over her black hair
Knotted under
Her chin
And a yellow silk dress
Kashgar the biggest
Outdoor market
In the world
Europe is so puny
And far away
A new silk road
Is being built
Pipelines and trains
Expanding trade
For China
Ok, as long as they sell
Apricots
At the market place
In Kashgar

Oskar Hansen

Desire

The Desire

When I`m hundred years old, I will
not wish for a virgin, namely because
they have no experience just lie there
waiting to be penetrated
I will ask for the best prostitute in town
One who knows all the tricks needed to
get a sleeping giant stand erect, march into
its last war after thirty years of slumber,
Let a geyser of pleasure, break lose and
flood life lived into a patina of love.
Then blissfully die in the tempting arms of
sexual desire.

Oskar Hansen

Despotic Dynasty

Despotic Dynasty

Dead leaves of thoughts scrape along the asphalt of subjugation, but whatever we do we will not climb the mountain of surrender. There was a moment of freedom, a spring before the righteous, those who had promised liberty, took power, created new laws and a new layer bureaucracy, a jungle of words where individuals were trapped like flies in a spider's web of conflicting rules; and it was winter again. At the whim of a president or a mere rumour you could be imprisoned forever as enemy of the state; no one told you why? And no one told us that sympathy is paramount to treason. Yet humanity prevails over official regulatory reasons. But the dream is after walking through five mountain passes, see the sun arise and as mist disperse, there a city of light floating in the clouds, and there will be a joyous cry from the dispossessed.

Oskar Hansen

Despotic Dynasty Part Two

Despotic dynasty part two

And when we entered the shiny city...it was on marshland
and there was smoke from chimneys of factories, but there
were streets of light and stores selling lingerie's we could
not resist, there were beggars in the street which disturbed
us greatly, and workers we had fought for were working long
hours for little pay and no rights. But we the middle class
and intellectuals had won our freedom, in liberty to voice our
discontent into a void as we're ignored by the new rulers who
had found a new way to disregard our demand for equality by
cossetting us; and we succumbed to this sparkle of light after
all life is better now than under tyranny; we know the masses
are fed, and we don't need to know anymore.

Oskar Hansen

Despoty

The new tyranny

This dawn, after rain had trumpeted its force on the old roof tiles, it ceased to a soft drizzle, yet I refused to get up before eight, alas my Protestant work ethic and a full bladder forced me up from a warm bed, so I made coffee.

I was thinking how the internet has restricted our freedom, secrets are in public domain, this intrusive faceless monster wants to know what we think, so the right product can be directed to our email. Free speech is only possible for those who have nothing to say and accept living in the land of the convention who accept trivial political lies swallowed whole without an afterthought.

Oskar Hansen

Devinity

Divinity

Once I saw our blue planets from above yet I will not give you the impression of being

a famous astronaut. As I said the planet was blue like a child's toy and looked lovely in

the nothingness of the galaxy. It looked small and vulnerable, peaceful too, and from the great high it seems unbelievable that any wars should be fought there
Ok.

So I had been invited for tea with god and he helped with the transport.

On scones made of soft afternoon sunlight, he said he could not understand what all

the fuzz was about and he asked me to read some poems to better understand humanity.

There were many seraphs present Hitler, Stalin and an assortment of lesser dictators in

their life time had much to answer for, but god had forgiven them.

After reading my poems to harp music god asked me what to do, and I said use your power

now because good people are beginning to doubt your existence, we have intellectuals who

writes bad things about you. Meeting over, god gave me a plate of cream cakes made of

cumulus- which I'm eating right now- he promised to do something radical that would make

us sit up and listed, I'm still waiting.

Oskar Hansen

Dictator

Saddam Hussein you didn't see they played you for a fool, king today because it suited them, then surplus of requirement; they hanged you from the rafters as you should be a common Baghdad thief. They let you strut about dressed in uniform and all, and you didn't detect their sniggering voices when they called you "your Excellency." You knew in the end, but then it was too late, yet you made them see how to die with dignity. Had you been less ambitious you could still be selling cigarettes by the oil docks and not be reduced to an historical footnote; and your sons could be selling fake Swiss watches, condoms and illegal whisky. A proper New Jersey gangster family be, in the Middle East, eating goat chops every Sunday afternoon.

Oskar Hansen

Dictators And Other Disagreeables

Dictators and the disagreeable

We sit in the bar, we the insecure here we are masters of
our own dreams...tomorrow, always next day and never in the morning.
People who have to stop drinking often develop peculiar fads,
like defending Hitler. Mind it is easy to blame on and excuse the rest.
Once Hitler was a child, his mother dried his tears.
It is much easier to get an obsession concerning the pope or Obama,
the first black President, to defend his record or lack of it is easy and one
will have many followers on twitter or facebook. And one can also
bask in the warm glow of popularity and admire his close circle of advisers.
I have taken I have taken a shine to Saddam Hussein lately his brutality was
saner than the so called democracy few people in the Middle East want,
but we are not listening to the majority, but only to western educated stooges.
I have never met a nice dictator, but some of them have turned
out to be quite wise.

Oskar Hansen

Differnet Love

Penguins

Are birds with small wings, they can't fly you to the moon but,
if you keep a hold on its tail it can carry you to the Antarctica and
back to Australia in one day and seven minutes, it is advisable you
wear a diver's suit one that is not xanthous

Okras are as you know blue and white, and if one is born aurulent it
is quickly killed okras are racists.

A world of okras that that is multi-coloured is an unobtainable dream,
but we can with our feeble human brains see how stupid racism is.
Not by pretending colours do not exist, taking in our physical unlikeness
and the amazing fact that we are so amazingly like inside
when we bleed the colour is rubicund.

Oskar Hansen

Diffident

I had a dream
to be an extrovert,
I opened a café and
when people came I didn't know
how to behave
so I told them to get lost.
I had a beautiful café... clean
and empty and I said to myself
tomorrow I will not be shy
open it and welcome guests.
but I never got around opening it again.
My sister's boy
was like me he made furniture,
beautiful pieces – an artist.
He opened a shop trying to sell his stuff,
but when people came
he hid in one of his wardrobes
and didn't come out before prospective
costumers had gone.
It is tough to be paralyzing shy,
once in Paris, France, I was reading poetry
on a stage, so petrified
I had no idea what I was doing there
so I ran out and drowned in
the Parisian night.
Full of whisky and valium I danced
tango on a table and didn't fall off.
which goes to prove that
an introvert is a person who has lost
the key to his inner self.

Oskar Hansen

Digits And Words

Manuscript page 100, a digit of colossal abstraction,
standing alone, inconsequential, just another zero.

When I was five I could count to hundred, stood by
the window counting people walking by.

It was a small street and not many walked there, so
I learned to cheat, counting people twice.

Sundays was especially difficult I had to count people
three time, when I first saw them, when they were by
the window and when they disappeared.

Then suddenly I was six and could read, and count to
thousand, but by then I lost interest in numbers and
fell in love with words that could create visible beauty.

But there is no getting away from numbers when my
first poem was published they paid me 5 coronas.

Oskar Hansen

Dignified Doorman

The Dignified Doorman

In the thirties when fish factories in my town closed, the sardines didn't swim near shore, they swam further into deep the ocean. Perhaps collective memory told them not to go near the coastline. Like the war, it was forgotten when old sardines died out and the new generation swam too close to shore again, but that was after my two uncles had gone to America to find work. In New York one of them, a young man with an immense dignity got a temporary job as a doorman at a swanky hotel, but he stayed the uniform was smart and the ladies were very kind to him, free food and lodging.

After twenty years, he came back home and bought a house, cash, of tips given to him by hotel's clients and he got married which was expected of a man with greying hair and a fairly new bungalow. In the meantime, there had been a war and he got a job as a driver for the boss of a brewery a job he kept till he retired. A placid man, more than Domingo, his wife had affairs in the hope of shaking him out of his placidity he turned the other cheek. Talking about cheeks when his wife died he moved in with his friend and both of them lived to be old men, who had found love, if a bit late in life.

Oskar Hansen

Dinner For 4

Meatloaf

The old man had bought minced meat it wasn't much
he had to friends coming for lunch, so he added two eggs
maizena- flour, white flour, and milk and mixed well.
He left the dough in a bowl by the sink and had a coffee,
when he came back tiny ants -very tiny- had covered
his food, perhaps a thousand of them, as he didn't want to
throw the dough away he mixed the ants into it and
added a bit of colouring to make it look darker,
he then made a meatloaf and served it with mashed potatoes
and fried onion.

The three old men ate well and as one of them remarked
this was indeed a meaty loaf.

Oskar Hansen

Diptera And Writers

Diptera and Writers

I was thinking of flies Wikipedia was no help
I wanted to understand why they existed, I remembered
a yellow fly not a good colour for an insect,
when I was disrupted by the thought of a famous writer
in Norway who at 75 decided to commit suicide.
He bought sleeping pills plenty of expensive champagne
and invited friends to witness his death.

For each mouthful of the stuff, he swallowed a pill, friends
just drank; finally, he fell asleep among empty bottles and
the smell of stale cigarette smokes his mates had gone home.
In despair he jumped out of the window land on an awning
and lived ten more years. As for the yellow fly it took to walking
across the screen I threw it out, but still don't know what
flies are for other than annoying a writer.

Oskar Hansen

Diptera And Writers 2

Diptera and Writers

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Oskar Hansen

Dipterous

Shadorma (Dipterous.)

An insect

Walks on the ceiling

A hideous

Blue bottle

Hope it does not lose its grip

And land in my soup

Oskar Hansen

Discontent

Winter of discontentment

I fear my almond tree has bloomed too early, a few good days,
it and I thought it was spring. Cold wind, they may die before
the flowers are ready to shed their petals and pretend its snow.
We are both stalwarts, when I first came here it was but
a sapling. I have a fire roaring and the dog no one looks after
is sleeping on the chair near the fire. Weather bad I didn't have
the heart to leave it outside. I'm not prince Charles I don't talk
to trees, but I do give it a friendly slap on its trunk if no one is
looking. I'm a sucker for down and outs, today I bought a chicken
dinner for the Roma woman who begs outside the supermarket.
A guard came and told me I mustn't feed them, like they should
be some sort of animals. I love my almond tree it reminds me
of mother when she was sick and old, but beautiful in her frailty.
There was little I could do only tell of my love for her.

Oskar Hansen

Disembowelled

Disembowelled

Mackerel sky blue and light blue strips

perhaps it was the zebra of the sea swimming away in haste

I was gutting one

No big deal

I was learning to cook at the time

Inside the fish was a finger with a ring made of gold, but

I vomited, and the master- Cook took the ring.

The school is now a catering academy

Teaches the same as before

But academy sounds more learned

A cook is now a chef has got a diploma

Oskar Hansen

Disgrace There Is No Escape

Disgrace, there is no Escape.

There was this Norwegian, a gifted violinist he had won prizes in Moscow and Warsaw, His debut was held in Oslo community hall, yes, the same place the Nobel committee glad hands peace prizes to the mostly unworthy. He played an Edward Grieg piece. Everything went well the public gasped at his ability, then an accident, his trousers fell down, he wore pink lady knickers. A shocked silence, then a titter, but soon laughter rolled around the hall. The unlucky fiddler stopped playing couldn't understand way the audience laughed, till he looked down, saw his trousers rest on his shoes. He tried to pull up his pants, lost his violin, stumbled and fell. The laughter was merciless and never ending. He fled the country as a second cook on ship bound for Argentina. There he got a job as a cowhand on a ranch in the deepest pampas and grew a beard. Two years later thinking all was behind him a newcomer came to the ranch, looked at the violinist and said: " aren't you the bloke who lost his trousers? "

Oskar Hansen

Disheartened

Disheartened

The Dutch tourists have left
and last year's cherries
hang unpicked as do almond nuts
that are also full of worms,
and who says the grass isn't sweet?
The sun is a yellow ring
on a blind sky,
disillusioned.

As a 30 watt bulb in a room
with faded wallpaper,
at a rundown hotel
which calls itself Bellevue;
last stop before sleeping rough.
Nothing is more abject
then an out of season tourist town,
worried shopkeepers and tarts
even the flowers are grey;
except for a couple of retired seagulls,
birds have flown to Africa
and will not return
before the rain stops falling.

Oskar Hansen

Dissonance Of Images

The dissonance of Images

Where is Haiti again? Or for that matter Chile? Both nations were on the news only a few days ago. Earthquakes and tsunamis, was it not? Folks' been knocking on my door wanting money to help people of Madeira, which is nearer home so we know it is a tourist island. Ebb and flow of tragedies, soon forgotten. Now we have vivid flicks from an exploding volcano on Iceland, a small village has been evacuated in case snow turns into water and drown them all. Iceland has ponies, that produce manure, which is good for the roses. There are no trees on the isle, and few dogs, thus it's possible to walk in its capital without stepping on dog turd. Not that this fable will want me to go live there. So much news, the radio, TV, and now, on your mobile phone as well. The dissonance of images lose all meaning, we hear and see no evil; until black smoke rises from behind the mountain and a voice screams: "Do you want total war? " Heaven help us if the echo's answer is: "Yes! "

Oskar Hansen

Do Not Push It

Do not Push It

I'm like horses do not like the wind today it is northerly and the sun despite shining free of clouds cannot warm my chilled bones. Horses turn their considerable behinds against the wind and keep their heads low. My behind is skinny and does not protect my neck, but a scarf does. I used to have strong fingers now they are thin look like a Bangladesh river to think there was a time I laughed at the face of frost and if needed would run bare chest across the unfriendly of plains of opposite Poles, me, the leader of the pack the man who once met Fidel Castro, a man of great dignity, but my god he was boring, only had one subject- -himself.

But I do deviate, I'm only an Argentinean horse adopted illegitimately by a general major, his wife wanted a foal. The landscape now has hundred colours of green but it worries me that if ISIS takes world power vines will rot on my land and when they pass on their pick-up trucks I must wave a black, inartistic flag with intelligible writing on. My wife the practical one will say: after the Islamists took power in Portugal my husband finally got sober enough to be offered a job as an Imam.

Oskar Hansen

Dog Power

Dog Power

Abandoned she was and hungry so I took her home. she was scared and hid under the kitchen sink. I put water and food out and went to bed. She ate it all. In the morning she came out and made it clear she wanted to go out. Well she did her business and came back in. When she was two years old she grabbed a packet of cigarettes from the table and tore it up. So I stopped smoking. People had implored me to stop, no awhile, she did the trick. I never liked having visitors in the evening but was too polite to say so. Well. She fixed that to. The only thing she hated was having a bath. After having one she pretended I didn't exist until neighbour told her how nice she looked. She didn't like female dogs, male dogs she made short shrift of. She woke me up in the morning and if I sat still too long writing she took me for walk. She had trained me so well that the day she died I felt quite helpless and didn't know what to do the following day.

Oskar Hansen

Dogs

Dogs on the loose

She was a frustrated woman two drunken husbands
hostile sons and a daughter who was sleeping around till
she got syphilis and ended up in a madhouse.
Lived alone she did with five dogs that obeyed her
she was their world loved her entirely as a religious
the person loves his God and asks no question as the god
feeds the spiritual need and thus fulfil them
Then it happened she fell on the floor and the dogs
sensing weakness went for her a frenzied attack biting
at her throat and she bled to death, the dogs dazed
ran for the hills till they were hunted down and shot.
They had broken the unwritten law; dogs are inferior
to humanity this is a pact that cannot be broken.

Oskar Hansen

Dolls Of Religion

Dolls of Religion

Virgin Mary was a Barbie doll, the only one that has given birth to a Barbie doll baby. Two thousand years this went unseen till she appeared in toy shops, together with a cute Barbie doll man ... her son? And you now find them both in many homes placed on shelves or cradled in children's arms. Artificial created, we can never be as perfect as them. Timeless they are never get old, not in the image of man's imperfection, but in image of a dreams that lack what resemble souls and holds no promise that man was for a higher purpose than just being alive. As millions of people go on diets, they can never obtain long legs like a Barbie doll.

Oskar Hansen

Domestic Animals

Domestic Animals

Cows in the barn was glad to see me at six in the morning
They mooed and waited for me to milk them.

Six cows to milk, yes I know it was a small farm and also
So very long time ago, yet clear as yesterday.

There was in the barn also a pig sty, a stable for the horse
Calves in a pen and they all wanted my attention.

Domestic animals are easy to please, just feed them keep
Their winter quarters clean and speak softly.

Domestic animals are so totally I our power without us
They would not exist in the form they are today.

In a compound a flock of sheep make themselves heard
They are hardy and want to get out snow or not.

So they are our responsibility and we must respect and
Love them, even if, at the end, we eat them.

Oskar Hansen

Doomed

Doomed

After the bombing dead children everywhere
like a doll factory had exploded, strewn limbs
warm spaghetti on the parade of inhumanity.
From Joan Rivers to Kissinger a chorus as old as
humanity sought heaven "We don't care you
brought it on yourself by defying us."

Down a sand dune a decapitated head rolled
the bloodied head of innocence and a chorus of
young men in black with scarf hiding their faces;
"It is your fault you brought it on yourself, and we
do not care and we will never die."

White cumulous clouds on a blue sky see it all and
will when asked do humanity deserve to exist?
Shivering we wait for the answer we know will be
what we deserve to hear.

Oskar Hansen

Doomed Padre

The Loss of Faith

Fated priest when he walks in front of a funeral procession his gait is often wobbly, says it is stiff joints; smells of aftershave lotion and brandy. Lost his faith years ago, in the night his prayer echoes in the village church. Thinks it his fault that god has left him in a vacuum of disbelief a penance for not having a total godly deference. In his dreams he meets god who speaks in a language he doesn't understand; he wakes up bedroom bleak, and the voice of god has gone. He says as Jesus once did, why have you forsaken me? Has a brandy goes back to a restless sleep. And there is no peace as sexual needs takes over, actions he will not abide. Morning and he is thankful. Routines of the day someone has died, funeral service, and a woman who wants confess her banal sins, he murmurs prayers, waits for god to answer why he has lost his faith, but there is only silence.

Oskar Hansen

Door Of Solitude

The Door of Solitude

It was the door I remember most it had been optimistic green once but now dripped of rots only tears can produce. Like walking into a portal you know if the door opens you pace into dejection and be enveloped by the dismay of people who hated one another but cut not unknot a union bound by threads of misery.

The yard was full of car parts that never would be assembled and batteries oozing sadness no jump lead would bring back to life. The door didn't open a bit of relief, like when a stalled car on a dark road suddenly starts. I did see a flutter on a dirty curtain but knew it was too late to help my brother back to sanity.

Oskar Hansen

Doorman

The Doorman.

When I´m in a shop and see people approach its door I rush forward and open it, this is not to be polite but I was a doorman at a posh hotel fr 25 years. I also opened taxi doors for guests and had an umbrella ready if it rained to shield from too much reality.

A posh hotel is an artificial place everyone is polite to a guest and the staff mingling with the posh tend to, when not working, take on an air of superiority which doesn´t go down well with the kitchen staff.

My wife tells me to stop opening doors for all and sundry, but what can I do? If you train a dog to give paw, you can´t un-train it.

25 years as a doorman, the rich gave me a few shilling, now I get glances from women who think I´m patronizing them

Oskar Hansen

Down In The Dumps

Down in the Dumps

Fog everywhere I'm walking on a mass of corpses
sludge of soft rotting soil. Sinking deeper, arms
and legs embracing me as I should be one of them.
In a lake of loss I swam ashore, a soup of death,
banks of bones, a woman in white helped me up...
she too was the haze and disappeared. I totter in
a desert of nothingness. I heard footsteps behind
me the death wanted me to return to the lagoon of
reconstructed dreams. Heart pounding, but there,
by a horizon, dawn and sun of life warmed my face,
but only briefly. The sky rained blood of the evicted.
Drops were rubies and in each one the nucleolus of
my lies and delusion engraved. Inundated I stopped
could not go on, how do I get free of barbed wire of
melancholy? " Whispering voices: "You fucking loser."

Oskar Hansen

Down Syndrome

Down syndrome

It is like a landscape that labour under dark clouds
when I remember, the call I got from former woman friends
she had broken up with me because she was pregnant
with Dutch fellow from Amsterdam

15 years later she rang me -I`m old fashion do not change
my phone number often- the Dutchman had gone old and
returned to Holland, that his daughter was really mine
if I would come and say hallo.

I went to her house but wisely had my wife with me, my
"Daughter" was 14 and had the Down syndrome, a nice little
person who likes to hug and kiss people, I had no knowledge
whether she was my daughter or not and there is nothing
about this disabled child that reminded her of me except she
has diabetes.

I could have taken blood test to ascertain if it was my child
I didn`t want to know the result, didn`t want to be bothered.
My wife was angry said I was egocentric, so I agreed to let her
visit us for a few days every month.

The woman I had sex with, twenty years ago says the girl need
this and that, new shoes but, not bought at a Chinese shop
I ignore that and walk her about in the village as I did my dog,
stroke her hair tell her she is a nice girl,
but no, I can`t get it into my head that she is my daughter.

Oskar Hansen

Dr Congo

DR. Congo

I saw the villa Joseph Kabila bought in Algarve it is to be a bolt hole when he has to flee Congo, he has blood on his hands perhaps not enough for Hague to bother about, like so many African presidents, he has robbed his country to destitution.

Perhaps this echoing country, with forests is too big to be governed especially since no money is spent on new roads; Kinshasa its capital is run mostly by mixed races, not even they can keep order and people throw all their rubbish in the street.

Joseph Kabila, Joseph`s father, tried ordered a thousand wheelbarrows gave a job to ditto street cleaners who sold their wheelbarrows and consequently lost their jobs. But these setbacks are not the problem Congo is too rich in minerals, oil and timber and the big international businesses have descended upon the land corrupting all in its wake like a locust plague they have failed to get rid of and they have no interest in making Congo a nation which, it will be when it is a more modern.

I looked inside the villa it had cavernous rooms gold and glitter quite fitting for someone who doesn't know the value of anything but gems and never mind the culture

Oskar Hansen

Dream Collector

The Dream Collector.

The traffic light was on red when I dreamt of an island in the Saragossa Sea. No one has yet discovered it; those who do will never recover. A happy place, how should I know? Restless are the ghosts of sailors walking on the strand between sea and land looking for their ship that tugs at the anchor in some hidden bay.

Arthritic fingers flex, hoisting sails. Just once more my dear, let me see you under full sails, swiftness on the seas. Now my eyes can't see for the infernal fog, but once I was the master and you obeyed my commands. The traffic light has turned green it wasn't the sea I saw. Blaring horns, oh my darling just once more...

Oskar Hansen

Dream Homes

Dream Homes

After the sandy beach, the fenland with birds, foxes, rabbits, woods and ponds,
unspoilt by developers; but no more, real estate, condos,
have turned over the land like rancid butter, green lawns, soft grass, but not a
cow
in sight, here only inedible golf balls fall.
Come buy an apartment good investment for you and the family, no one loses,
why
have one home when you can have four.
Thousands of empty homes only used a few days a year watched over by bored
security guards; poverty is unseen here it has been eradicated, there is no need
for
you to seek places where people live in shacks and under dirty plastic
unless you are seeking redemption for living a life of plenty

Oskar Hansen

Dream Makers

Dream makers

Through grimy windows I can see
Santa and his elves blowing
bubbles, goblets and vases heat
and rolled up sleeves

Outside, large flakes of snow
dissolve on asphalt.

From the bar next door
red shadows and empty music leaked
out and into the gutter.
Hard smiles, and much wine, nicotine tongues
meet experienced lips.

Behind the bar a baseball bat,
cheap scent and fake rings,
loneliness dances with greed.

Oskar Hansen

Dream Night

Dream night

My wine glass is full of moonlight,
drank and floated dreamily, on a carpet of night.

Couldn't resist the moon's pull, my home bathed
in a spectral light, both beautiful and mortal.

Flowers in the garden were deadly pale, olive trees wore
silver capes of unrelieved sorrow

This nocturnal landscape isn't to my liking, put me down,
red, green and golden are my colours

But I did glimpse, behind the tall mountain, night's ultimate
sacrifice, giving birth to dawn

Oskar Hansen

Dream On!

Clouds hang low today covering the ridge,
if I drive up there on my bike I can hide in
a steel blue cloud and people will say:
where is he? Him! He is trying to find
the milky way where postmen wear red
uniforms and say good morning sir before
handing you the gas bill.

Sigh, here back on earth the post has been
privatized low status, casual work, they
wear jeans and anorak and have no time for
a chat, their route is long and a man with
a timepiece follows them around.

When coming down from the ridge I will not
carry tablets, stay silent drive home and
make a cup of coffee.

Oskar Hansen

Dream Reality

Dream Reality

They gave him a pacemaker
a few more years of life to hang on to
even if life is restricted
and cha, cha is out of bounds
and it is easier to walk on asphalt-
He sees the nature trail he
once followed to a small forest lake
but never tells that once he
saw a mermaid there and she
had no fishtail.
Truth and fantasy have merged
in his mind.
Only when sadness hurts do
he looks up and sees the rope hanging
from a beam.
A rope fit for a tyrant,
only the finest hemp.
Pacemaker, to be kept alive
by a battery...he smiles.

Oskar Hansen

Dream Sequence

Every voyage
I have attempted
Is interior
What I saw I didn't see clearly
But a dream of self discovery

In featureless green slimed statues
I saw my own failures
The impossible dream of sagacity
That in the end
All knowledge turns into idiocy.

Oskar Hansen

Dream Woman

My Dream Woman

Teresa this silky brown woman her breasts surged upward seeking the heavens. Her hair, a cascade of ebony, reached to the small of back and down there, between voluminous thighs a honeycomb of lustre, not given freely to any bee that passed her way.

She called me a blond Viking – I´m bald now- and we sailed to St. Lucia to meet her parents. Wedding an no expenses were spared, but then disaster struck and I had leave.

When I returned Teresa had married am engineer, and I said: how come you could do this to me?

Her answer was simple, the wedding was set and If the groom didn´t show up, she would be a laughingstock on the Island... and that is why I never married and still is a bachelor forever looking for a woman like Teresa.

Oskar Hansen

Dreaming On Life-Raft

Dream on a raft

A balsam raft, with a mast and a Latin sail, I built for amusement on summer days on the inner sea,

but I found myself too far from shore, daydreaming is dangerous,

I had forgotten the dark undercurrent.

The shore is hazy; tomorrow it will have gone it's just me and the blue outer-sea where fog banks are forgotten memories. I and the raft will end up on a blue painted plaster sea, in an empty bottle of rum that sits on a mantel piece collecting dust particles.

Till someone lifts it up to blow cigar smoke down its open neck; I'll be invisible in the scented fog bank.

When the mist clears I shall be gone, the smoker, astonished, will ask:

"What happened to the raft and the man in the bottle? Fearful throw his cigar into the hearth, sell his scrap metal business, buy a dingy, leave his wife, set sail for the outer sea,

where the fly-fish fly like ospreys across the blue sea, he just might find;

whatever he's looking for

it ain` t here

Oskar Hansen

Dreams And Florida Oranges

Oskar Hansen

Dreamy Spring

Dreamy spring

Spring sun, I sit in the yard surrounded by high walls
for privacy, alas, it is to hide my fear of people and
the boredom of ordinary, talkative life.

Nevertheless, my view is splendid the sky, and clouds
making faces of people I knew, sometimes into ugly
monsters with sagging flesh and a toothless grin-
cirrus cannot make visible teeth- a plane overhead
makes a pale jet-stream.

"Are you using sun-cream" a voice from the inside
hollers; spring sun is a friend it warms does not burn
the August sun does that.

A tank regiment of grey clouds hides the pleasant air
I feel the cold and scan the sky for drones, hide indoors
till I see, through a crack in the curtain, all-clear signals
time for a walk before lunch.

Oskar Hansen

Dressed To Kill

Dressed for Murder

Autumn leaves have made the track in the forest a wonder
to walk, the summer is over and now the best time of the year beckons.
Stillness, a squirrel is busy collecting nuts, they have seen me before
and see no reason to stop their task. A black snake scuttles across
the track and appears annoyed like I should have disturbed the natural
order of things; snake catch squirrels.

It was a serpent that fucked up Adam and Eve`s dream of Paradise,
a small bungalow and a few pigs, was that too much to ask?

Up north they kill seal they eat our fish, so we kill them and women
were beautiful coats, especially baby skin fur, but that is ok,
The sea is our larder.

Oskar Hansen

Driving Home

Driving home

Driving back to Algarve we took the long road
more cafés and restaurants by the roadside and not
so many crazy drivers.

The restaurants were full of Portuguese people on vacation
they like their lunch in this country

Grilled chicken

Grilled meat

Grilled the unspeakable innards

Stewed meat

Bacalao with cream

Red wine

Fresh fish

Beans in its many variations

Water, cold from the well

The worst of the summer heat had gone good mood prevailed.

People talk in this country

at the same time.

The din of happy, eating people was symphony of summer time
a few weeks of freedom, the paying of bills could come later
I love this country called Portugal even when I'm in a hurry and
the women in front of me and the check-out person talk about
grandchildren.

Oskar Hansen

Drones

Drones

The agreeable weather persists it worries me sitting in the yard
I was going to read the papers, but cramps in hands prevent me
so I study two flies circling they could be miniature
drones sent there to spy no, stop this persecution complex now
the political editor of the Guardian is not spying on you.
There so many drones now the grey cloud one sees are drones
flying in formation and the sun is a giant mirror.
There must be a regulation the government will demand to fly
wherever they want for security, a word loaded of falsehood
and lies what they don` t want you to know is called security.
We the people may get a small drone that only flies 50 metres
over the house and not be weaponized "the right to have drones."
Is not in the constitution
Do not make love to your wife on the patio or in your garden the eye
in the sky sees you and you will pay a hefty fine for lewd behaviour
We will have to suffer drones
till some clever clogs find a way to shot down drones with a laser
rays or turn the drones, so it goes back to base and blows up
the hut where the controller sits pressing abort, abort to no awhile
desperately throw himself out of the window and run.
The two flies - drones- have disappeared, this makes me annoyed
so I` m not worth spying on, is that it!
On the roof, sits a seagull it is one legged used to be the king of
a cliff in the outer sea, it was dethroned and came here to live
out its retirement on leftovers, at night it shrieks in despair

Oskar Hansen

Drones And Riots

Just a Thought (drones and riots)

In Waziristan, a tiny Pakistani town, a drone hit its target.
The collateral damage... several children killed.

This incident happened about the same time as riot struck
London after an armed loser was shot by the police.

A few building were torched and many shops were looted
and trivial items like trainers and TV were stolen.

In Waziristan the drone was dropped by murderous fools
the riot in London was done by the hopelessly inadequate.

Oskar Hansen

Drowning

Drowning

A fledgling flew,
alas, wings too small and weak
it landed in a puddle
and quickly drowned.
Tiny tot too dies easily
in ponds
lakes
rivers
bath tubs
and in the Mediterranean Sea
only few of them
die by accident.

Oskar Hansen

Drowning 1

Drowning

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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

Dry Months

Dry Months

A Dracula drought drank soil's blood,
In spring and clouds refused to shed
Their load of collected sorrow before
The middle of October.

The landscape jaundiced and leaves on
Trees petrified into rusty bits of metal
That clanked abjectly in a breeze that
Tasted of dust and reheated air.

In the stale heat of the night thoughts
Ran free to dream of mountain lakes,
Deep fiords and cascades of sweet water
In a landscape green and wondrous.

Teasingly, heavy clouds came from
The north shed loads of liquid pearls that
Rolled like tobacco spittle on parched
Ground and nature held its breath.

The downpour didn't last very long,
But long enough for the landscape to
Not give up hope and become a new
Sahara only fit for scorpions.

Oskar Hansen

Dry River

River of Doom

Sad sight dry river, and twenty years ago it was three metre deep and had trout. We caught some with nets and, fried them on a small fire and felt like cavemen. Delicious fish meat we ate with our fingers. Every year I have seen the river getting smaller even in the winter when it rains irregularly, it is no more than a beck. There is no fish not even the skeleton of children caught by a wall of water, when it had been raining upland and into the river. Their father was arrested it was said he had killed the children, fed them to the pigs, but for a single button in the sty they sat him free. Terrible rumors every summer I see him walking along the dry river, muttering to himself trying to find his children

Oskar Hansen

Dubai

Dubai.

Dubai, the shiny city amongst sand dunes, is built by migrant workers and their blood. Yes, in this unparalleled luxury, hotel staffs smile like bright buttons...or else. Your discontent may cost them their job, suicide amongst migrant workers goes unreported; so guests can sleep in peace in their gilded beds. Should you ever go to Dubai, remember it will drown in the sand, when the economic forces move elsewhere. And this hubris on parched soil will be an historic interlude. The wind in the night will murmur about untold suffering and the soul of the disposed shall whisper words for no one ears and the wailing of the conceited haves shall be goats bleat when sacrificed on the altar of time without end. For this is the universal law, those you enslaved will arise and possess you.

Oskar Hansen

Dysfunctional

Dysfunctional Family

When we came to my brother's house,
the family was out, but the dinner was
still on the table and warm, thought of
the mysterious schooner, Mary Celeste.

Slamming car doors and my wife's shrill
voice had alerted them of our arrival

They were now hiding under the vines
that grew sour grapes, but were red and
nice to look at; the garden looked dry, so
we turned the sprinklers on before leaving.

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

Easter Reading

Easter Reading

In Lima – Peru- a hippo was pulling the tram car with its best friend a water buffalo. They had ended up here, far from Africa, after the great flood ebbed and had been blessed with eternal life, only being mere animals they didn't know this. In Lima no one made a big issue of this, but when the wider world knew and some adventurers set about trying to kill the pair, in vain, the Lima people took another look, especially since the church thought they were the devil's own handiwork and god would never had allowed beasts besting man. Angry people took to hurling mud and stones at the animals, also calling them rude names. From the mountain came a man dressed in white burnoose, and spoke to the people:

"For years you respected my creation, the hippo and the water buffalo, with respect and care I thought well of you and decided that the archbishop of Lima, when time was right, would be the new pope, but you have disappointed me greatly; hence the new pope will be the archbishop of Buenos Aires, Argentina".

The man, in a white burnoose paused... and said: "It is also, time you electrified the tram system."

Oskar Hansen

Easter Remembered

Easter Remembered.

When the sun glares
there are no shadows the shine
becomes
a haze no thought can penetrate,
a lucidity that reveals nothing
I saw them by the side of the road
two hundred sheep
ragged dogs and a shepherd
to look after them,
and on a hill afar a church,
it is Easter Sunday
wish I could paint the scene
alter the architecture
of the church as it is too modern
an alien in this landscape
of peace and coloured by catholic
postcard idyll.

Oskar Hansen

Eastertide

A cloud of polished steel hangs over
The village, hollowed eyed people
Look up to the sky
Where is spring this year?
Like the man on the bridge they can
take no more.
For Paulo, the old carpenter it was
all too much, no wine could still his angst
of not seeing another spring and
his nightly screams echoed till dawn.
Dogs barked his time was over
hanging in the shed between his tractor
and work-bench.
This shook the village out of stupor
No more waiting for what may never come,
a pig was slaughtered its blood an offering
to life itself.
The feast lasted for days.

Oskar Hansen

Economics

Economic Grows Theory

A forest is beautiful to look at, it also has animals jumping about not being productive for our common good.

So we chop down the trees and make timber, never mind the animals they are dangerous anyway; who wants to risk being attacked by a puma. On the cleared space we can build houses made of the former forest's timber, this will give employment for many and that is good for mankind.

Oskar Hansen

Ecuador

Ecuador

I met a girl in Guayaquil it was night
We swam in the Pacific, the strand
Was white and had upturned boats

I wanted to give her something, but
Had nothing of importance, gave her
A bottle of after shave lotion

She gave me her address which I lost
And since the ship never came back
She became a scented memory.

Oskar Hansen

Educated Stranger

The Educated Stranger

His dark eyes no longer smile, always well dressed,
he walks rapidly through town; speaks to people
but only briefly, and mostly about the weather.

Often he disappears for weeks, drives from town
to town it is as he is looking for something that he
will only know what is when he finds it.

His family, travelling folks, a close knit society he
accidentally broke out of when he was persuaded
to seek higher education, he became different.

Travelers journey and he saw his people disappear
In a haze of road dust. A natural business flair,
he made money so he could retire early, and live in
a big house. His eyes scan the horizon, looking for
the irretrievable.

Oskar Hansen

Edward Hopper...Painter

Once I Met Edward Hopper.

I was dining in a small hotel in downtown New York,
the food was ok, but the place eerily quiet, so I went
for a walk, it had been raining but the weather was mild.
Further down the street that was wide, yet not well lit
I walked into a cafe and had a coffee. A man sat by the counter
he wore a brown suit, but kept his brown hat on his head.
By a table two middle aged women, perhaps prostitutes.
The short order cook was frying a burger for the man in the suit
and I guessed he was a private eye on a mission.
On the other side of the road, a basement bar thought a whisky
would taste good, but when I tried to leave I could not,
It appeared I was caught in an Edward Hopper painting ca 1948.
Since I did not appear in the artist's original work, I tore myself
loose and with some struggle got out. Looking back saw my shadow
sitting there and the detective, was eating his burger.
Back at the hotel, no one at the reception desk I took a lift to my room
could not find it or any rooms, so I walked past the painting and walked
down into the basement bar that was deserted too save, for the private
dick, I now realised was Edward Hopper, and the two women but none
of them took notice me.

Oskar Hansen

Electrification

Modern Times

Artificial heart

Its batteries fastened to your belt

Be careful

Always have reserve batteries

In your pocket

Should you run out you have got

2 minutes

To find and replace

So do not fumble and lose them

On the floor.

Oskar Hansen

Elegiac

Elegiac

The hotel was empty no one the reception area
I walked upstairs and all the room where empty.
The restaurant at the hotel had a grubby air
like human activity swiftly fell on plates as dust.
I looked out of the window it had snowed and
snowy footsteps on pavements but no people.
Evening came early, streetlamps came on and
snow fell on the vacant road keeping its knowledge

I got a blanket from one of the rooms sat in
The foyer waited and had no clear idea what
the waiting was about, maybe a phone call.
Then it was morning her funereal was at ten
but this was not a day for a hearty breakfast
the street had people not sharing my sorrow.

Oskar Hansen

Elegy

The Elegy

From Chicago to Washington

Guns play their fatal crescendo

Not much glissando

Too many musicians

Or too many instruments?

Oskar Hansen

Elvira The Almond Tree

Elvira was walking her dog, a poodle, in a landscape of rounded hills, when she fell into a cylindrical borehole; her dog waited for her to come up again, she didn't, and since it was getting dark it ran home. In the night an almond tree grew out of the hole it had had white and pink flowers forever blooming. In the morning people went looking for Elvira, the dog led the way, and when they came to the tree it sat down, wagged its tale and happily barked. Elvira was never found. When the search was over everyone walked home, but the dog stayed by the tree only came at night to be fed; and people reckoned it was the last place the mute had seen Elvira. The dog was happy playing around the tree catching falling petals when not snuggled up sleeping by its trunk, people smiled and called the tree Elvira. The faithful cur didn't come home one evening it had, just like Elvira, disappeared into the long night. Beside the almond tree a miniature version grew it too flowered all year; between them gossamer full of dawn pearls glittered.

Oskar Hansen

Emerald Isle

The Emerald Isle

Sailing into Cork I saw green hills, the sea was jade,
I understood why Ireland was called the emerald island.
On the sheer slopes sheep grazed; chancers I thought
the slightest slip and they will fall into verdant waters.
Why not graze on the plateau be happy with modest
fodder if not as succulent as grass too unsafe to get at?
Sheep do fall sometimes they are rescued by a passing
voracious fishing vessels, and end up as Irish stew.
Cork was pretty port it had a no hasty feel back then,
it became a busy place ignoring the hazardous slopes,
but holy is economic progress, lush living for everyone.

Oskar Hansen

Empires

Empires

On the ancient road I hear roman soldiers' footsteps, all roads lead back to an empire;
and nothing has changed the poor die in the service of their masters. The Romans took
the elites sons of country they wanted to dictate sent them to Rome trained and sent
them back and they had vassal state. It didn't always work, loyalty became resentment
and uprising, the kept kings demanded more power. The new empire is doing the same,
sends sons and daughters of the elite, in countries they want to control, to Harvard, we
get the royal household of Jordan. Sometime it backfires and we get Osama Bin Laden.
All empires must fall it's written in the stars, their outpost Israel, is a sacrilege, losing her
humanity. I hear tired Roman soldiers marching on roads their foes will take when they
come to crush them. Iraq is a civil war waiting to happen, Afghanistan is a lost cause and
Pakistan will never submit to foreign dominance. I hear the footsteps, the new empires'
soldiers, the urban poor, have been promised glory, and shiny medals, as always they die
for a dream not theirs. The ghosts of roman soldiers marches on through the centuries,
nothing has changed in two thousand years.

Oskar Hansen

Empty Trolley

Empty Trolley

The supermarket
Has got its own
Bell tower
Like a modern church
For capitalism
Hundreds of shops
Selling the obvious
Garish colours
An ice-rink
Many restaurants
Selling
Unhealthy food
There is no art here
Very little to see
If you do not care
About
High heeled shoes
And burgers

Oskar Hansen

End Game

War. Senryu

"End game"

That is when the dead get up

And go for lunch

"End game"

That's when the French president

Blames the British

Oskar Hansen

End Of A Life

The End of a Life

There were many flowers on her grave
from family, friends and foes.
they feared her lashing tongue.

The evening and night were cold,
in the morning the flowers looked
white and bloodless.

Why does it has to end like this
In utter silence it is as she had never lived.

The morning traffic is heavy
Friday, the week is coming to an end
and no one will ever know her wisdom,
the suffering she had endured.

And if remembered, she was the old woman
who spoke the truth
No one wanted to hear.

Oskar Hansen

End Of Austerity

End of Austerity

Winter had ice on the village pond, under elm trees sweet snow,
and our village was a postcard. Now it is about the price of potatoes,
no herring in the sea. Austerity, old women have been cooked and
made into lard. Old men have been rounded up, put in barrels and
salted; to be eaten, -as dry cod fish, - with green leaves of spring.
No winter wood, shot gun pellet damp and rabbits eat the carrots,
bankers live on curried eels rolled in euro notes, they let no one in.
Austrian mist dwells over Europe, yet there is the promise, EU has
disappeared like the romantic alpine fog; the drachma and escudos
are a legal tender again. Winter of discontent is over the English
will be scheming while waiting for approval by the USA (the special
relationship is a misty London dream) The French and Germans can
continue their natural enmity, as Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg
stir, as always, the big black pot of political intrigues.

Oskar Hansen

End Of Christianity

End of Christianity

In many Muslim countries, I came to as a seafarer
there was a seaman mission where you could get
books, but it had to be kept a secret no name or flag
to offend the population with our Christian symbols
Now, years later, the Moslems are here and demand
to be heard, slam doors and pressure us to change our
way of life for them.

All over the Middle East Christianity is also ebbing in
Israel where it is only tolerated as to attract tourists,
not that I lament the passing, but like it or not it was
the Christian faith that brought equality a culture to
heathen shores by a religion that originated in Palestine.

Oskar Hansen

End Of Democracy

End of democracy

I think we are witnessing a historic shift
the page has turned and our ideas about
democracy is regarded with suspicion
because it is inclusive and give too much
freedom to the individual. This idea that
a person could have his own faith instead
of a faith that included all and those who
cannot conform must die.

This philosophy flies in the face of us who
has fought for this goal, only to find this is
not what the people want and you cannot
fight the future. For me, this will be a bleak time
murderous and peaceful, but it will not last
the conservative forces will not prevail.

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

End Of Politics

End of Politics

I sit on the terrace in the sun, its forenoon and not too hot
A dog in the road barks looking up I ignore it and it leaves sits
in the shade and wait. I feel guilty get up walk down and feed
it two slices of ham. I refuse now to write political poems its
quite useless, but it shocked me to learn that in 1952 ex nazi
officers had an army ready to defend West Germany against
the Russians; they didn't attack. The Russians never do as we
expect, and now the fascist thugs in Kiev, with the help of CIA,
are baiting the bear. Nor will I bother to write that I regard
NATO as a war machine gone mad, by the lack of a apt targets
to bomb; in a way it is USA's forbidding, foreign subdivision.
On the white wall opposite my cottage the shadows made
a map of Europe then as the sun got higher on the cerulean sky
it erased the map, was that an omen?

Oskar Hansen

End Of This Dream

The End of Poetry

I refuse, refuse to write anymore my head
is a winter turnip you can slice fry and pretend
it is schnitzel served with spinach and mashed
potatoes, all of them are veggies that refuse to
be eaten but have little choice but to surrender
at the motto of "Let us try this once more."
Dreams are the last to go, she was sleeping and
dying woke up and said she had a funny dream
she told me about it delightful memories she
didn't have a happy childhood and a pony,
touched my deeply. Two hours later she died in
the middle of another dream and stark reality
sat in a corner crying. Pallid faces took her away
as I repeated to myself, I refuse to believe what
have occurred, reality had lost its rudder.
I accepted the avoidable opened a door and was hit
by a storm full of spiteful and hateful thoughts,
but I refuse to write about that.

Oskar Hansen

Endings

They took his shoes
first the left one then,
with a slight hesitation
the right shoe,
now he wears silk slippers
walks on soft carpets
at the luxury home for
the aged where life is a hush
a murmur of paid concern.
Everything he might
whish for is here,
but his youth.

Oskar Hansen

Endless Is The Road

Endless is the Road

I have for some time not been eating boiled cabbage and it is of not the slightest importance unless it has been boiled with pork shoulder ham. I just say this because we had dinner at a restaurant for once I was not driving since we were taking the motorway a toll road where all the crazy people assemble. Big powerful cars driven by men who have not yet mastered the mantra my driving instructor repeated: you drive the car it doesn't drive you.

I dislike driving on modern roads, they go on forever and I get the feeling of a prisoner, a man who looks out his barred cell window and sees only the landscape's seasons but cannot touch. It inhales the aroma. I shall never be free of a past imagined. I demanded she stop the car, I was going to walk home, a feat I'm not capable of, I demanded a cigarette – we don't smoke- she gave me 5- milligram valium, as ordered by the doctor, and after a break, we somehow got home.

Oskar Hansen

Endless Road

The Endless Road

I`m free today- my mind is on Christmas-
look at a map of Europe and Portugal
it is an old map I used when travel about, before
motorways made it difficult to navigate.
Once I drove from Portugal to Norway with this map,
It took a week but I got there
now one small error on a toll road and we have to
drive for miles to get off and pay for it too.
And there is no one around to ask for help
a café that sells cigarettes and beer and has a urinal.
Only endless roads that have no story to tell
it is like driving in a tunnel without a roof.
Get me back on the old country road where
there is a chance to see a flock of sheep or a horse
grazing on a knoll in the afternoon sun.
Or perhaps I`m talking about my youth everything
was easier than even when life was difficult.

Oskar Hansen

English Rose

The English Rose (end of a dream)

I once met an English rose, slightly frizzled at the edges.
Her eyes was as green as the Atlantic sea, this alone
should have been a warning, 'cause I know how untrue
the sea can be. Her voice sounded like tinkling bells and
her artistic hands could to wonders. Embraced we slept in
the good tiredness of exhausted lovers. But in heaves of
love she often whispered another man's name, it filled me
with foreboding. I rang and rang, no answer, went to her
house, she wasn't there, her neighbor said she had gone
to Spain and she mentioned a name I had so often heard.
The good woman saw my tears, hugged me and whispered.
"She is not worthy of your love." Years went by I saw her at
a supermarket's check out. Her bloom had gone, no longer
a rose, just a woman with a bitter lined face carrying a bag
of grocery.

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

Epic Joureny

Epic Journey

This story happened before the invention of snow-scooters, a couple- the Østerjøen was frozen over- wanted to flee the poverty of Suomi to the relative prosperous Svearike on a sledge pulled by their pony. It was a long, cold treck, their small horse got very tired and could not pull them anymore. They needed the pony it could be used as carter of gods in Stockholm. They made the tired animal lie down on the sledge put a big blanket over it and continued their journey. The winter night was very cold and they also got too tired to pull the sledge. They lay down beside the horse and slept snugly to a dazzling sunlight awoke them. The pony rested was fed with the last sack of hay left and harnessed. In good mood all three continued their heroic crossing to Svearike and new future.

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

Epigram

One man's dream is man's ennui
we feign interest like an insincere
elephant who self-deprecates its
total apathy to human banalities.

Epigram

It is not possible to be a poet without
taking a stance against the inequity of
what is happening, but those who will
not hear call it political propaganda.

Oskar Hansen

Epigram 10

Epigram

Many elderly people- like me- remember their youth in a haze of pink nostalgia, but since I still have eyes and remember well I can only say to be young was the most difficult time in my life.

Oskar Hansen

Epigram 3

Epigram

To have few secrets is a recipe
For an untroubled life.
But those who have no secrets
Must have lived a boring life.

Oskar Hansen

Epigram 4

Epigram

Beware of tradition it can be harmful and Intolerant
Hateful of those who do not share your way of life
New ideas will be met with scorn old ways was best.
Not true, don` t let convention steal your freedom

Oskar Hansen

Epigram 5

Epigram

The moment of freedom is when
You have to make a choice.
When it is made you are no longer
Free but trapped by your decision.

Oskar Hansen

Epigram 56

Epigram

I don` t want to wait long patience is not my virtue
But when it does happens it will happen too fast
Just as I want time to slow down.

Oskar Hansen

Epigram 6

When parks have been fenced in and locked
And school play grounds shut down
Will children be safe or lose their freedom
Behind dark curtains?

Oskar Hansen

Epigram And Sunryu

Epigram

Drone war is conducted by those
unwilling to give up anything against
those who are willing to sacrifice all
in order to get rid of alien intruders.

Senryu

Drones strikes are
Conducted by cowards
Who do not like
The sight of blood

Oskar Hansen

Epiphany

Epiphany

How soft rain is
I hold out my hands
Cupped like a holy grail
I wash my face
And is rejuvenated
My mind is clear
Epiphany
And slowly rain falls
I understand
Time is no longer endless.

Oskar Hansen

Epiphany 1

Epiphany

It was an incredible summer in 1950 the war was over things were getting back to normal, mother`s new boyfriend who worked at a factory had a rowboat and paid holiday leave. A Sunday early we rowed to a small island in the bay, mother had brought a blanket, sandwiches in brown paper bags mostly jam I think and two bottles of soft drink, water and cold milk that sun went off, and a thermos flask of coffee. The boyfriend gave me a line with hook on told me to go fishing- telling me what to do is not easy not even for me- in the shallow water near the pier as bait, I found a worm under a stone thread the living thing on the fishhook.

the water was crystal clear had tiny fishes that looked like rainbows swimming about I saw the sky....I was in a trance thought I was what I saw took a step forward and landed in the water people came running helping me up back I was in real time mother came running too shouted at me as mothers do and worried about my delicate health. Rowing back into town again the boyfriend was grumpy

suggested I had fallen into the water to get attention I said little in my defence how could I explain for a moment I had understood everything, but on the other hand he could have been right how is a boy supposed to know

Oskar Hansen

Equine And May

On the flatland was a field so green, had cute blue
flowers that tend to disappear in end of spring.
The pasture was framed by purple poppies and no
sheep around, those infernal eating machines that
graze meadows into wasteland.

Stood in the middle of this succulence,
the aroma was overwhelming.
I swooned.
Sank down on my knees buried my face in the moist
wondrousness and wished I were a stallion.

Oskar Hansen

Equines

Equines

One really ought to start with the beginning only it goes so long back
That it is impossible to remember.

I remember being born but that was just an interlude, cold and
Unpleasant and being kiss by strangers.

I like horses though but that has nothing to do with my inception.

But then was anyone ever born, we are just a part of a bigger

Broader picture where we but an unconscious number

But I do like horses and would have loved galloping across some

Grassland and jumping over brooks.

And now we have emboli fever which is either over hyped,

Ten thousand dead by September or it is the new plague coming

To reduce our number...and yet, and yet I would like to be a horse.

As I wonder if USA will ever be able to live for a whole year

Without starting a war somewhere

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

Escapees

The Escapees

The goat by the wayside had sun flecked eyes
rhombus brown pupils... and silky white wool.
But it was not alone, together with a donkey
that had brown eyes which exuded endless
patience, and long lashes; they both were on
the way to town where a circus said it needed
more animals and promised hay, dry straw
to sleep on and fame. But knew, as I heard
an ohm of a plane overhead, that it is difficult
to find your way back home and remembered
my mother watering plants on the window sill
while I was biking up and down the road
showing off. I took the animals back to the farm
the agrarian was glad to see them, the goat was
his pet, the donkey too now that he had a blue
tractor, yet both make the domestic landscape
more picturesque.

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

Europe's Problem

The Problem of Europe

There is an echo that rumbles in my liberal mind regarding the Moslem population in Europe. Yes, we must accept them they are citizens, but they do live in Europe now which has different culture than the Moslem world. But it appears to me they want to change a Europe to become like them.

The first generations of Moslems who came here were happy to escape poverty and repressing regimes, however it is the new generation who feel they are not being accepted... but they are. Europe needs the energy and thrift the Moslem youth brings as long as they don't try to fit Europe into an unreal sharia state that never existed other than in the mind zealots. So my liberal mind is confused, I will bend for their religious needs, but I will not live their repressed life, to be straitjacket into religious rules I find objectionable.

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 than a sheep's, about the size
of a mule's that lacks the want to
dance in a ring of reproductive desire.

Oskar Hansen

Evening In Paradise

Evening in the village it is about nine o'clock nothing on TV except men in nice suits and cuff links talking about the economy, they all are experts yet disagree about everything banging hands on table, getting red faced and angry, so I switched off. A motorbike is making its unsteady progress through the village, Joao home from the bar, dogs don't bark, know the sound it is only when he is trying to get off and fall they bark a little, angry voices, and then utter stillness. I stroll through the village only street every window is shuttered not letting out light it is like they think they have to pay extra if it does. I walk down to the main road and hope anything would come to pass enveloped as I'm by tediousness. A car drives past I spend minutes, wondering where it is going. Back home I switch the TV back on, a drone attack an important terrorist has been killed, as have eleven other mostly children, collateral damage, but we fight a global war. I wished for and found my Paradise on earth and it is bloody boring.

Oskar Hansen

Evening Light

The Evening Light

I ought to take an interest in death
But I no longer find it an interesting subject
It has to do with acceptance
Which I find comforting since I'm not religious
But has a strong spiritual streak
I believe in the mystic
What we fail to understand in normal life
I have second sight
I can see the near future only I suspect it is
Caused by experience
I believe in ghost by those who have not
Accepted death they are generally unhappy
And totally powerless they can't call up
The devil since he does not exist
I have seen my dead dog on several occasions
She lives in my mind, but I do not dream of her
As I used to and now she is in black & white
Demise is in a way a monotonous subject
There is no future in it, here I manly laugh
Look at my watch I will have drink eight swim
In ocean of mild intoxication

Oskar Hansen

Evening Song

Evening and horses

I`m walking on the bottom of an ancient sea
The bottom is flat and rich in grapes and cabbage.
The used to be a lake here, but it disappeared
What is left is a small stream that gets its water from
Water below. On the lake that was, and no longer is
Helicopter pilots practice take-off and landing
Some gipsy horses graze nearby and ignore the noise
The choppers make- I took a picture of one going in
For landing, it belongs to the fire department, many fires
During the hot summer, some fires need to burn
And some fires are caused by pyromaniacs.
But never mind I will see my doctor at the hospital tomorrow
She is like a beautiful race horse on the wrong side of fifty,
She is forever telling me what not to eat; she told me curry
Was fattening once and I said nothing on her desk there is
A picture of her husband he is a pilot.

Oskar Hansen

Evening Song No Two

Evening and horses

I`m walking on the bottom of an ancient sea
The bottom is flat and rich in grapes and cabbage.
The used to be a lake here, but it disappeared
What is left is a small stream that gets its water from
Water below. On the lake that was, and no longer is
Helicopter pilots practice take-off and landing
Some gipsy horses graze nearby and ignore the noise
The choppers make- I took a picture of one going in
For landing, it belongs to the fire department, many fires
During the hot summer, some fires need to burn
And some fires are caused by pyromaniacs.
But never mind I will see my doctor at the hospital tomorrow
She is like a beautiful race horse on the wrong side of fifty,
She is forever telling me what not to eat; she told me curry
Was fattening once and I said nothing on her desk there is
A picture of her husband he is a pilot.

Oskar Hansen

Everyday Life And Chocolate

Everyday life and Chocolate.

A sweet shop in the middle of nowhere, I had bought a box of chocolate, but had no money, the owner took my sack of hay given to me by a farmer to make a mattress, as payment. Now I sleep on top of a big kitchen table for fear of rats. When I get up at night to drink water, I can hear them hissing under the floor board. The candy man's daughter is dying, she has always been in love with her image and can't bear the thought of parting from her mirror. Last night I fell off the kitchen table, dreamed I was back at sea and my ship was pitching and rolling, bet it gave the rats a fright. The phone rang it was my mother, couldn't hear what she said, bad line between heaven and earth. Went to the candy man's daughter's funeral the casket was decorated with colourful sweets and expensive chocolate, the sermon was light hearted the priest looked as he was on a high. I don't eat chocolate anymore, but live on raw carrots. So slim you are fat people tell me; my diet is carrots I say and the rush to the green grocer to buy some, but they continue to eat sweets. Things are looking up the farmer gave me another sack of hay and a rat catching terrier, and every morning it puts the night's catch on the kitchen table.

Oskar Hansen

Ex, Drinker

The ex-drinker

He had stopped drinking looked remarkably well

his wife was proud of him less so his friend who

never saw him in the bar they sometimes met him

in the street but his manners was formal.

Promoted at work, bought a new car indeed his

wife was proud of him as were everyone in his family

They found him hanged in the shed his calm had

been a deep depression, he had everything to live so

why did he top himself? Not easy to say I think it was

because no one had asked him if he was happy how

he felt in this new life of sobriety which they all took

for granted and ignored his silence.

This role he had to play as a middle-class man in suit

was painful, he liked drinking it made him dream and

he wrote them down, but when he began the sober life

his wife threw his dreams into the fire.

Oskar Hansen

Ex. Seafarer

Ex. Seafarer

As a former seafarer, I have been to most countries that have a harbour, but I have not been to Nepal or Tibet and I have never wished to meet the great Lama a man wearing handmade boots. Once in Japan I went to the movie and heard John Wayne speaking Japanese, I laughed out loud and was politely asked to leave.

There was a time when I thought of settling in Costa Rica but it didn't work out a love story gone awry; no not so it was too far from Europe and there was much more to see. I lived in the industrial belt of North/west of England for a time and never got used to the social life of pubs, where it appeared to me people took pride of being ignorant. I live in Portugal now, we sometimes drive to the coast and ogle the tourists who pay too much for everything.

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

Execution 1

Execution

Shots in the night
The child asked at
the breakfast table
they hushed him.

It had
been snowing
the prisoners camp
was empty
but he saw bodies
on the ground
A sergeant
took his hand
led him home
said the prisoners
had moved
to another site.

Later that day
his friends
the soldiers
were silent.

The winter sun
softened
the snow.

Next day he saw
grass greening
it was spring

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

Expanse Of Time

Expanse of Time

The past is a bridge where I once stood tall upon a time
when chocolate was rationed and oranges were only eaten
at Christmas and it was a sensation when a ship loaded
bananas came in. I was proud then of my heritage, we were
special and the future was a beautiful landscape.
the bridge, made of wood took fire and fell into the river
that had stopped flowing we had used too much of
the world's resources and now the future was unpredictable
as we naked stood on the holy mountain the earth shook
and humbled us- This year the banana boat will not come in,
the vines, dry and wizen was not a future I had foreseen.

Oskar Hansen

Exploitation Of A Name

Exploitation of a Name

There will soon be a line of ladies knickers coyly called Mindela, the sanctimonious will deny knowledge of this by those who care to protest? The Mandela name is gold dust and must be exploited before collective memories fail and a child will ask: Who was Mandela? "Mandela! "Look up Wikipedia", child. There is good wine made by an estate called Mandela's, a relation that has the right to use the name. (the great man didn't drink)

Mandela chocolate, sweets and black puddings, all that can help sell anything, like beer, or booze so fiery it will give you the courage he had- if not for long. I will write a poem just the way the untouchable man would have liked it, of irony and smiles free of bitterness of the years he had to endure and still lose his name in the churning miasma of capitalism.

Oskar Hansen

Extinct

Extinct

I saw a picture of the Tasmanian tiger
it was taken in 1964 and showed the last one on earth
I felt so sorry for the extinct animal
I was angry too here we go, white people to a place
that promises land we could not have where we came from
but what do we do eradicate animals that have lived
from time or long before human footprints.
Can you begin to image the loss when a living thing disappear
forever the burden of our guilt and now as the climate
of the world, chances are we will disappear to
Now I read a few animals might have survived which give
Hope to humankind. If they exist and not dream by dreamers
like me, one can only hope that men with guns will not
go hunting for a rare trophy

Oskar Hansen

Extolling The Great

Extolling the great

Protest poetry is a waste of time
He is a victim of the lion
And the man in the middle
A poet who write nationalistic poems
Will be extolled by the elite
He might even get an income never be free
To write what he wants
Less they take his money back
Call him a traitor and he have to take the bus home
Reduced to reading his poem in draughty rooms
To an audience of innocent lambs
How have dreams of greatness?
But he will get tea and scones
The lion doesn` t roar; it is made of stone
And decorates the entrance of the elite.

Oskar Hansen

Extraterrestrials?

The man, in my infancy, who said there were people on the moon, was laughed at; he was wrong, but not wrong in thinking there was other life forms on remote planets. Years ago a big plane got vanished and landed on the back of the moon where temperature is an even 22 Celsius and there were an abundance of green fruit that looked like, bananas and nutty tasting blue grass. Adults missing meat ate each other till there was only one left, the pilot, and dejected jumped off the moon. The youthful passengers and children got used to their surroundings and could cook bananas in fifty variations. They built caves and decorated them with chairs from the plane and as beds they used dried banana leaves.... And as time went by the earth became a myth an idea of paradise lost. This generation of moon dwellers wore no clothes, what 's point? Only women, on certain dates, wore dried green skirts. So the man who believed there was life on the moon may be right after all.

Oskar Hansen

Fable

A Fable Sonnet

I was flying high, yet it was hot my wings were tired
Spotted a well flew down and sat by its side
leant forward and saw me in the still cool water,
but I saw something else a dark shadow pushed me
and I fell into the cold water, looked up but the evil
wasn't there and as the sun was going west daylight
disappeared, but luckily for me, I had sharp talons and
could claw my way back up to the rim of the well.

It was night and evil sat by the fireside reading a book
of magic I couched its eyes out its scream brought
thunder and hailstones and evil ran outside to cool his
dead eyes he fell the well and called for help
what could I do a bird with silky feathers I flew up to
the sky and his screams bore the suffering of humankind

Oskar Hansen

Facism`s Lack Of Sanity

Fascism`s lack of Sanity

They are called Odin`s soldiers
And dress partly alike,
Leather jackets
Short cropped hair
And with an angry, righteous
Expression in white, round faces.
They claim to protect women
But they are just fascist who hates
People not like them.
For people from Syria or elsewhere
Who fled for their life
And often saw their loved ones drown,
Only came to the frozen north
As a last resort.
What people of Scandinavia need is
Intermarriage
To save them from dying drunk in
the snow.

Oskar Hansen

Factory Food

Factory Made Food.

A perfect microwave dinner for one
sunrays drink from the wine bottle
The dinner is tasteless,
and the rest of the wine is warm
as a cat licks its paw and has no worry
about the morrow.

Who invented tuna fish with mashed potatoes?
It must be someone without a mother,
or if he had one, she must have been
a busy executive and time poor.

At the orphanage they eat left over of dinners
they never had, forever made into a stew
children do not care; yester-days loaf.

He sits in his mansion, count his money and
think of other variety of frozen food he can
invented preferable something that looks
looks like vomit.

He is a vegetarian and hate mankind for
liking meat...he hates greedy little children too
even his own, serves them burger made of
fat full of sugar and salt.

Knows he will follow them to the grave and
be the longest living man on earth.

Who the hell drank my wine?

Oskar Hansen

Fado

Fado

What do we do with Fado, this guitar sound and guttural Portuguese voice that has a twang of Arabia in its heart and is pure poesy.

Life, loss longing and the finality of death, is in songs that celebrate love's unbearable sweetness, our tragedy and the unobtainable.

Yes, sing me a Fado, let me hear the guitar and I will close my eyes float in a sea of melancholy and remember you.

Oskar Hansen

Fado Singer

The Fado Singer

Our visitor was ninety two and could see far into the past
and into a future that held no trepidation.

Unaided she got up and sang us a Fado about love that
never lasts and the sorrow of defeat...

Melancholy, that's Fado for you, but it's also about how
sweet love is, and the art of acceptance

She lives in the shadow land of an impending ending
and what is new and timeless.

When she left she beckoned for me to kiss her, I bent down
to touch her cheek, but she kissed my loveless lips.

I was enamoured, and her eyes was clear as heaven;
a woman is forever a woman even at ninety two.

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 were 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

Fall And Intoxication

Fall and intoxication

It was autumn the big trees along the lane had shed
their leaves filling the road as carpets of a summer past
I was going home from the bar in a pleasant mood
remembering songs no one sings anymore, but the old
that sternly refuses to sing anymore, think it is not
what an elderly dignified person should
in protest, I sang "underneath the stars" and since
I didn't know the word, made them up; I don't even
know if there is a song with this title.

The dogs, as we are told by scientists, are quite musical
they became the chorus and I banged two stones together
to make it rustic, but how long was Adam in Paradise,
a wind blew up made the dead leaves into dervishes dogs
took flight, imps are no good dance partners smell of burnt
embers. The squall stopped but the fun was over I thought
you pathetic old man goes to bed now, but it is a wonderful
world ... sang Louis Armstrong

Oskar Hansen

False Spring

False Spring

End of September is a strange interlude
in Algarve´s countryside.

Flowers suddenly bloom and yellow grass
turns green, for a few weeks it looks like
spring before sinking back to winter gloom.

The cork tree, dark and nude its dress has
has been turned into bottle stoppers and
and no leaves protect its misery.

Still it is looking inwards pretend not to be
there while waiting for spring, when
my almond tree strews pink snow flakes
on the sandy lane and life begins again.

Oskar Hansen

Family Affair

Family drama

Â

A couple, in their late fifties, is coming out of the supermarket,
he sits in a wheelchair, she is pushing him along.

He is grumpy swears at her perhaps she had spent too much
money on groceries

She loses her temper parks him on the pavement and drive off

While he sits there smoking a cigarette.

Five minutes later she returns helps him into the car, fold
the wheelchair drives off.

On his lips a smile quivers, triumph or love?

Â

Le mariage est plein

De grandes esperances

Irrealisee.

Â

Â

Oskar Hansen

Family Affairs

Family Affairs

Uxorious

Devotion to wife

Dotingly

Submissive

Sounds like a serious offence

In the dictionary

Oskar Hansen

Family Drama

Family Drama

A couple, in their fifties, is coming out of the supermarket, he sits in wheelchair she pushes him along. He is grumpy, swears at her for a reason I don't know, perhaps he thought she had spent too much money on groceries. She loses her temper; parks him on the pavement, puts the shopping in the car and drives off. He just sits there smoking a cigarette and waits. Five minutes later she returns, helps him into the car, folds up the wheel chair puts it in the boot and drives off. On his lips a smile quivers, is it of triumph or love?

DIRE

Le mariage est plein
De grandes espérances
Irréalisées.

Oskar Hansen

Family Life

Family life

I ask myself what is wrong with borders well-defined places
with interior freedom and rules;
yes rules, the liberty to do what you want leads enslavement
break- up of families and chaos.

What`s wrong with having your banking system and our
money of choice with a picture of a nationally famous, skier
and what Is wrong with discipline,
children becoming a little monster because we are so liberal
We talk about their right...what rights.

Look out of the window in any city what you see is flotsam
People who have no purpose a river of drugged people
Who never learned a thing?

What is wrong in saying a people can only absorb to fit
In refugees at a slower speed,
by all means, they are welcome
we need educated young people, in Europe were women
no longer care to procreate.

The glass ceiling is more important and men to think
their career comes first, and children are neglected
sent to a psychiatrist who prescribes pills knowing well
what the problem is.

But of course, we can say nothing and if we do, are
called a fascist

Oskar Hansen

Family Man

My father was a weird figure, sat under a bridge with a bottle, in a paper bag, looked at the river. I think he was looking for something he had lost when he was young. When he had sat there long my mother, sent me to pick him up. Father never spoke it was like he had given up on conversation. At work he was known as the silent man. When he retired his employers wanted to give him a watch, for long service, but he didn't show up preferred to sit under a bridge with his bottle. One day when I came to pick him up, he wasn't there but was found floating down streams. My father was a dreamer, he had wanted to be an actor before he married, mother thought that was a stupid idea, instead he got a steady job at a factory making plastic ducks and garden gnomes. When knowing this I mourned a man who gave everything up for his family.

Oskar Hansen

Family Matters

Family Matters

There is a family nearby argues a lot fall out then makes friends again with a glass of bubbly and an embrace.

As it is, I have fallen out with an assortment of relatives who have stopped sending me pictures of babies which is a relief not seeing them or their ghastly infants again

My solitude as a hole in my heart I`m Mary Celeste a schooner found with all its trimming and hot food on the stove but no one to ladle it out and acerbic wit falls like an anchor chain into the sea of incomprehension, is he making fun of us; yes, but only gently so.

I must get a dog hate walking alone I used to have one it liked my talk demanded nothing but love it is easy to give to a creature that gives unconditional affection

I have drowned friends on the Facebook they didn`t see politics as shifting sand and could accept we are entering a new era and a new explanation for our human conditions is needed instead of the corrupted social liberals who are idealists of a utopia, we shall not obtain.

If I had a grandson, I could take him fishing in the dry lake he would see what I once saw go home and tell his mum, who would shake her head and say you are turning my son into a dreamer, one fabulist in the family is enough.

Oskar Hansen

Family Tanka

-Moonlight on the sea-
"Come and hang up the curtains"
Voice from the kitchen
-Dazzling moonlight on the sea-
Wonder how that poem ended?

Oskar Hansen

Family Visit

Family visit.

Biological love is what we first experience

Walking as in a trance but everyday life takes the gloss off

Children are a nuisance, but they are us and we love them

But are helpful when we are old

...And then we discover love I mean true love a day

Without her voice even when it is hectoring and it

Invites loneliness. But the reason for this that lonely people

Think more about death and fear dying alone.... forgetting we

All die alone, no one follow us into Hades.

She has always been on my side and I have tried to be on

her side I have failed a few times, but now that we are old it

Is melted snow, the type that lingers on a tree's

North facing site in a sunken hollow.

If I have said anything I don't want to know suspicion is

a wrong emotion. So our love is based common suspicion,

Upon not talking about the past and be glad when grand

Children visit - if they are yours or not-

And when they have gone there is silence while we wait

For the man with the scythe to come knocking.

Oskar Hansen

Famous Tv Station

A Famous TV Station

She has the bland face of a Fox newscaster, not a hair out of place; yes, and shapely legs too. Faithfully she repeats the station's political opinion, not a word out of place. The male commentators are even worse as they try to look intellectual, lies through their teeth but they are well paid and careful of having an original thought under their coiffeur heads. Like actors, in a Technicolor, Cary Grant movie of middle class USA, a mono culture that never existed. Voracious meat eaters with gigantic white teeth which sparkle under studio light as fake pearls. Yet for millions of viewers this is where they seek the news and think they are served the truth. Is this what is called the great American dream?

Oskar Hansen

Farewell

The Last Farewell.

When I worked as an orderly at a clinic in New York,
(now shut) that used to look after celebs of the music
and theatre world, I met Marilyn for the very last time.
Dressed in a fur coat - and nothing else, hair untidy on
her breath the lingering smell of alcohol; behind her
a gelatinous, howling mob of reporters that wouldn't
let go of their wounded prey, they wanted to absorb
every little detail of her immense suffering, I showed
Marilyn to the lift, held my arm around her to shield
her from the cameras; pressed the button, it seemed to
take forever before its door opened, when it did and
she entered, I whispered: "I will always love you."
She turned, and as the door closed, smiled and she was
beautiful again

Oskar Hansen

Farewell Marilyn

Frost on the window, I scratch a face on ice,
that looks like Marilyn Monroe. And the sun
has no power but lit her face, a golden goddess

she is; we see each other for hours before
she begins to fade, streaks of sorrow, but what
can I do, it's high tide and my ship is about
to set sail for an unknown destination

Oskar Hansen

Farghana Valley

Farghana Valley
the splendour of a mythical dream.
The fabled silk route
snaked its way through here,
bringing new culture, silk and jade,
and no drones filled the night sky with fear
In this valley of ancient dreams
beautiful horses made the landscape enchanting.
Civilizations come and go; yes, religions too
those who claim to have the key to the ultimate truth.
Our time will also be cosmic dust in the history of man,
but the valley of Farghana shall endure.

Oskar Hansen

Fatima

Fatima

A lady rich, perfumed and dressed splendidly was driven by her liveried chauffeur to Lisbon when she, at a certain point, asked her driver to stop; yes the rich also need obeying bodily functions. Later she looked down into a valley where three children were guarding sheep two of them were eight the oldest one eleven, the lady waved her manicured hands and said something the children didn't understand except the oldest one who told the other two it was Virgin Maria who had blessed them and warned them of secrets that could only be told to a priest. When the children came home, they said what they had seen, but the secrets the oldest one told a priest and the secrets are still kept in the Vatican.

At the place where the children have seen Virgin Maria, pilgrims came the blind, the sick, the lame and the mad looking for a cure, and today it is a holy site with hotels, shops and restaurants. Pilgrims keep coming some walk for days to atone for sins they might commit sometimes in the future, what a wondrous thing, how irrational truth can be a diamond in the heart of worshipers

Oskar Hansen

Fear Of Flying

Fear of Flying

Having spent a week in Israel and seen the inequity and arrogance of the way the Palestinians were treated, I had a breakdown and sent to a psychiatric hospital. When feeling better a male nurse was flying with me to London. The nurse had a great fear of flying I persuaded him to take valium he was to give me. He got quite giddy, I ordered whisky for both of us. He insisted on singing Yiddish songs and fell asleep. I told the stewardess not to disturb him as he had mental safety he was hand cuffed and I moved to another seat. When we landed he had to be wheeled into the terminal and it took me some time to tell them that it was no longer my duty to look after him anymore. The nurse was carried into a cell while I caught a plane to Liverpool.

Oskar Hansen

Fear Of Flying Someday

Fear of Flying

It was a clear, cold day the sun was a sad
decoration vanity at its worst.

The sky was like after shave lotion with
a tinge of blue which stung a shaved face
with frosty bitterness.

I saw Amelia Earhart 's aircraft disappear
in the distance, only a doleful echo told me
of a tragedy about to happen...

On a lost atoll a bottle of aftershave balm
glints in the sun, perhaps belonging to her
navigator, as does a diamond earring that
shines pitifully on the clarity of gilded sand.
Look up on a still, pale day and you will see
her little airplane forever disappearing into
a hazy past of remembered dreams.

Oskar Hansen

Female Education

In Europe women have
A better education
And fewer children
Then before when
They were mere housewives
When they all have
Master degrees
No children will be born
And they will have to
Get them from abroad.
The white tribe
Will die out
Just like the hobbit man

Oskar Hansen

Female Werewolf

Female Werewolf

It was, perhaps it still is, popular to take aerial pictures of farms, frame them, visit the relevant farms and try to sell them. I had a suitcase full and walked from farm to the farm I didn't sell many and was tired when I came to a small farm, so minor that it was not in my portfolio. I was thirsty it was July but, I wore a suit with tie to look businesslike. Knocked on the door it was opened by a woman who looked affable – this was long ago these days no one opens doors to strangers- I asked for some water and she led me to a well lowered a bucket and up came a pail full of the coolest nectar. We spoke, a widow a tractor accident had killed him, and she was childless. I felt a strong sexual pull towards her and could read in her eyes she felt the same also; but I was too timid to act on it. I thanked her warmly and left. Years later I read about her had been married five times and poisoned all her husbands'.

Oskar Hansen

Fidel Casto, The Secular Pontiff

Fidel Castro, the secular Pontiff

The day began with sadness Fidel Castro is dead despite the USA`s bilious
behaviour

And ill attempt to kill him, he was able to create a health system second to none
And also made the country with the highest literacy on that part of the world
which

will stand the people well in the coming storm

He had many flaws democracy as we understand it was not on the list, mind the
way

it is practised in the west is not impressive

I towering political giant his place in history is assured on a page of its own and
not

lumped together with King & Queens and other useless historical figure

We expect the lying Cuban mafia will try to enter, bring their I-Phones
and cheap day loans, one hope when they find life will tear them apart that they
will

not forsake the socialist revolution and what Cuba was before Fidel Castro and
can

so easily a place for gambling and prostitution again

Oskar Hansen

Fidel Castro

Fidel Castro

So you do know Fidel Castro? I think I do
that was the name of the mess boy, the one who
had to do the dirty dishes and clean floors
"Fy" as he was called was older than me and had
a much better education, and I, as his boss felt his
contempt being told what to do by an officer of
working class, roots. But I knew as everybody who
read knows, the little man is but a servant for
the rich, they need someone educated to tell them
what to do; in Venezuela, Fidel jumped ship he was
not missed and we got another mess-boy
who could not read or write because the wage he got
could support his family. The downside was I had
no one to argue with

Oskar Hansen

Fig Tree Very Lovely

Fig Tree very lovely

The fig tree in winters Is an eight armed skeleton
beyond help and no doctor nice will help this
because the tree is ugly and shudders when touched.
In the spring, the fig tree has none eloquent leaves never quite green and
never quite sepia. In the fall, it is the sweetest of all fought over by man and
birds.
When its fruit has is picked it is an unloved tree again

I know of an honourable man they said he had erred
and he lost his wife, villa and swimming pool where his
beloved seals swam and at social gathering he was meanly
ignored and there were sniggers about seals.
His poverty was caused by bad investments that made him poor
and the poverty struck deserves no sympathy.
He felt like a fig tree in the depth of winter, when fall came he won his money
back
and was loved by his friends again
but he kept the fruit of his labour by himself.

Oskar Hansen

Fight For Freedom

The Fight for Freedom

Another art exhibition, paintings of naïve art decorated on ancient doors and window shutters, most of them about harvesting of olive and carobs. And of course there were mules and donkeys without the beasts of burden the Iberian landscape could not contained its charm of slow but steady labour. Fences made by stones, from unwilling earth, this patch of land is mine given to me by my father. And so are the trees, all of them; land was important back then for families' survival and cultural inheritance. And they are lucky, the Portuguese, no horde of war injured people will descend upon them and declare a new Hebrew republic, Yet, once upon a time Portugal was a province under Imperial Rome till it declared independence, by force. If you do not fight for your freedom you will not get it. So what is left for the Palestinians to do....Intifada?

Oskar Hansen

Filial Loyalty

filial

The daughter of the dead police officer was polishing his riding boots.

They were so shining he could use them as mirror which used to do and slapping her if the boots were shining enough, he needed glasses but refused to wear them.

Now in his coffin knocked by a car she had to put them on his cold feet.

She was feeling sad but also, she was ashamed of her own thoughts, quietly relieved.

Free now to go out and be a lap-dancer, if she so wanted; heaven forbid, tomorrow she will dress in black and then she would be free of his tyranny.

Oskar Hansen

Fillers Overlookd

Fillers overlooked

Reading the papers and the news on TV channels
the festive season has begun like an eager tractor
there is little time for those caught up in wars;
we will remember them at the dinner table.

A woman was given £8 million as a divorce settlement
she had had aroma - therapy worthy of a queen.

The knee caps of Queen Nefertiti has been found
glinting white In the sand. Now there is a hunt for
her thigh bones and perhaps a tuft of hair where
her vagina used to be.

The finder would be the archaeologist of the year
and have his/her picture in the paper plus a story
to tell of daring do and near misses and a place at
the board of the Guardian which made me think
if the highborn has classier knee caps the rest of us.

Oskar Hansen

Filling Space

Filling space

This enormous white square is taunting me
daring me to fill its pristine quadrangular
with words to soil its surface and after the dead
send it back to the great non-existing world
Illusion called the internet where life has no
meaning the moment the computer is off.
A place so bleak it is the ultimate nothingness
No god or devil would intrude here lest they
Lose sanity and free them from nil and
Know there is no hell or heaven the promise
Betrayed on the altar of the last lie,

Oh, stupid humanity they have to create wars
Something to dies for to give pathetic life
A meaning dying for a meaningless cause this
Is the dream of virtue of remembrance, but
It is the only gift god, and the devil can give
Before night falls.

Oskar Hansen

Film Set?

Film Set?

There were many bathers on the beach when a rusty
U-boat surfaced, a hatch opened a man came on deck
he was the captain and wore a German uniform,
a long white beard, sunken eyes yes, he looked weary.
The boat inched into the sand her captain jumped ashore.
He walked to the cafe to borrow the phone, had to ring
the embassy but, the number written down on a piece
of paper, was obsolete He sighed, drank a beer said
it was first time in sixty years since he had drunk a beer,
walked back to his boat. Full aft, the U-boat wriggled lose
of the sand bank, found the sea and vanished.

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

Financial Crisis

Financial Crisis

We blame the bankers
What about us?
On the carousel of wealth
Caught in our own snare of greed
Merry-go-round to you

Oskar Hansen

Finding The Needle

Finding the needle

Sit by my side in the small garden with
Tall trees that cast shadows and cools the summer
Just sit there at my side and let me narrate
My story, how a poor boy from a Nordic country
Ended up in the interior that has no sea.
From seaman to poet, and yes how they laughed when
I drunk recited my poems to an audience of fools
Who didn` t see how exploited they were
From ship to ship I was always fired it was the drink
You see, or that was what they said.
So many harbours and the sat in bars by the docks
While I went up town to see reality and not the whores
And cheap drink drowning in sentimental music
Somehow I was always disappointed I didn` t belong
And was a rudderless ship drifting in the ocean of life?
You do not understand but hear the pain I suffered
Not belonging to anyone. Freedom is challenging, and
honestly doesn` t give you friends, so just hold my hand
and let me rattle on till it's time for tea

Oskar Hansen

Fire Hazard

Fire Hazard

When bringing in the hay that had been
drying on the fields, it was fodder for the animals
in winters, the farmer strewed salt on the hay
in the loft, so it didn't get too dry and self-ignited
From a devastating war, the refugees fled
the thousand who had lost everything and sewn
valuables into their clothing to be converted into
money wherever they settled, a new start with
a little bit of savings
Europe is an aging continent; we need new blood
but we had not prepared for fire, and it burns
several places, we have to be quick put the fire out
before people of narrow sight take command and
Blood will be spilt for an unworthy cause.

Oskar Hansen

Fire Hazard 1

Fire Hazard

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Oskar Hansen

Fireflies Of Love

Fireflies of Love.

Summer by the river of temptation,
vinyl records and turntable gramophone
songs about love and longings.

Naive lyric, but for our young hearts it
had a deep meaning.

Passion like fireflies filled the air, the aroma
of grass and the scent of green leaves,
enchantment and adoration.

Nothing is like first love, alas it never lasts
and like fireflies, disappear at first light.

Liver spotted hands turn the pages of memories,
shiny leaves of youth clear as the river and
undimmed by middle-aged cynicism.

Oskar Hansen

First Poem

First Poem

This is the first page of poems that have yet to be written, but I will not think about it. It is like crossing the plateau of Alentejo I can see the tarmac road miles ahead of me stretching into infinity and I know will not get there alive I must stop before falling off a cliff of oblivion. Writing is like arithmetic instead of digits it is about putting words together hoping they add up, harmonize. And two and two is not four. I'm a composer of silent instruments and I try to tell you what I hear, but how can I do that without a blaring trumpets to catch your attention? I can only grasp what is near to me, I know what is near to me is universal. Life is not complicated, it is about being loved.

Oskar Hansen

First Prize

The Canadian couple had been married for 55 years, they had been on TV and given a ticket- first class- a week in Paris. On the plane the young stewardess made a fuss of them served canapé and champagne, The pilot came out of his cockpit shook hands with them hoped they would enjoy a week in gay Paris. The old man looked out of the porthole thinking the plane was near the sea, but thought it might be clouds. The pilot too looked out too and rushed into the cockpit. The old man saw angry waves snapping at the plane 's fuselage, took his wife 's hand in his, knew their destination was not Paris

Oskar Hansen

First Thought

The rich, famous, notorious, and singers get their lyrical poem written by harp playing bards who as thanks get to eat and sit on the left side of the most illustrious person and whisper flattery into ears that cannot hear, but one voice. The muse has been corrupted by poets, who flew too near the power, I feel like writing a poem to Saddam Hussein, he used to, when young, sell cigarette in Al Basrah, kept Iraq intact till warrior democrats arrived and turned the country into a failed state, but I will desist; after all I have stopped smoking.

The tendencies to believe what our leaders say has yet again destroyed a country and a voice in my head tells me how insignificant poetry is, when it tells the truths about us, it doesn't matter anymore, because no one no listens. The poor are dead or frail and religion is an instrument of torture as the world nears its total destruction, and all words written on paper of trees slaughtered trees' last breath will, be ash in the wind.

Oskar Hansen

Fisherman`s Cap

Fisherman`s cap

There had been a storm and a 100 years wave
had struck many fishing vessels sunk
I found on the beach a yellow southwestern cap I wondered
if the owner of the cap was on deck
when the mountain of water hit and splintered his boat
into pieces that would drift ashore collected
as winter wood for the poor
Had the wave knocked him out, and he died unconscious
of the horror of the raging ocean no time to think of
his wife or friends left behind, and fishes would eat him
Maceral are fond of human flesh, I found a finger
once when gutting a maceral, it read "from Maria forever."
I took the waterproof put it on a stone
perhaps a passer-by might find it put it on his head
not knowing about the tragedy at sea.

Oskar Hansen

Five Fishes

Oskar Hansen

Five Little Fishes, The Collection

Oskar Hansen

Flanør

Flanør

I will not write word today

Not on the blank screen

Perhaps on paper and pencil

When writing I feel closer to whatever

I'm writing about.

Only my hand writing is so bad

I practically have to reinvent on the screen the poem

I wrote on a pad.

I look long and hard

to find back to the feeling I had when scratching down

a letter, which is a form of conversation with self.

Writing creates honesty

it also creates thinking I reason better when writing

but, as I said, no writing today.

Oskar Hansen

Flashy Snobs

Flashy Snobs

Flaneurs are not only people of leisure
flitting from café to café chatting about the scandals
and what the dancers did.
It a life of glitter and glam the shine of chandeliers
on sparkling copper lamps
Flaneurs are artificial pales towards dawn, a room
at a cheap hotel and waste the day sleeping till noon.
I`m a show off too walking among olive trees telling
tall stories jokes also the like like laughing, waving their
leaves and even if the jokes is not funny they still laugh
polite as they are they have lived long and are tolerant
Have you ever heard the joke about? An almond tree
wanting to marry an oak" this joke always bring wafts
of laughter, I tell it in a low tone as not to upset
the almond tree; I go back to my house it's full of golden
memories and a washing machine full of dirty socks.

Oskar Hansen

Flower Pots

Flower Pots

After all my alcoholic
truths I sit alone
on the porch.
they have taken my cattle,
wife and children gone;
only my old dog stays.
It knows I hate myself and
my anger over
their stupid faces
reminds me of my total
failure, yet I can
water my flowers when
it suits me

Oskar Hansen

Flowers Of Ffall

The Flowers of Fall

On the road to Bolequeime on the way to
the German supermarket that sells proper Teutonic sausages
autumnal blossom flowers sit on white plastic chairs
high heels and shorts

Sometimes a car stops, no, not the man in a white van
usually, it is a big car with dark windows a business man on
The way to the office. A quick blow-jobs nothing much else
to do in a car and no need to undress.

The flowers have water which they drink from after a job
in this line of work no one smells the roses

They used in the summer gone look exotic on the beach and
clubs but only pensioners are here now now and they walk
slowly in the sand so they trek inland like beautiful weed by
the roadside and the dust of passing cars.

The roses look nice in falls light if you remember what love is
you'll not find it here by the verge they only sell despondency

Oskar Hansen

Fluctuating Fortunes

There was a brutal dictator, a strong man, who ruled a unruly country with a steel sword that dripped of menaces and blood. For a while he was our ally when he fought a war with a country we didn't like; and we helped him with weapon and intelligence. Yet there was another side to him, women were not oppressed under his rule, they could dress as they liked and seek the highest education. The Christian community too was accepted, and people could walk out at night in peace; but he went too far, invaded a country that was our friend. Well, we invaded and he was duly hanged and few tears were shed. For the women the revolution was a disaster, no longer can they go out without risk being shot for not wearing a chador and the Christians were falling over themselves to flee or risk being killed. That is the way of the world when there is a upheaval the minorities and women have to pay the price.

Oskar Hansen

Flying Leaf

Flying leaf.

Tuesday I've looked in my kill list, but couldn't find anyone to drone today, yet had time for the betting shop and won ten euros on a horse called Abdulla. In my trunks only, I went for a scooter drive; country lane a woman came out of her dwelling and crossed herself, yes I look like an overcooked vanilla pudding; but no need of her to throw pebbles and set her poodles on me. Why do I end up in the wrong places? Once was waiting for a bus taking me to Garston and it was raining; I have forgotten what I was doing there, I remember a black woman who gave me a sunshine smile and rain stopped. Still Tuesday and I have no assassination list ready only memories of a life where I was torn from the mother oak, drifting in the wind

Oskar Hansen

Folkloric Music

Portugal is not Lisbon it consists of small villages and districts where people have their own songs, local costumes and sing songs relating to their world. To Alte they came for an evening of music and dance. What were the songs about, they were about hardship of working in the field looking after animals and milking cows and goats. But it was very sexy too, a woman sang, you can't come to my bed unless you behave, and a man's voice promised he would always take care of her if she would be a bit forthcoming. And there were songs about young love kissing in the hay stack and disapproving parents.

Like religions folk music has the sharing about love and human hardship, it doesn't matter which country songs emits from which religion they believe in; no it is about simple drama of love, jealousy, and chaste kiss under the olive tree of peace.

Oskar Hansen

Food And Elvis

I had opened a can of low fat rice-pudding and was watching a food program, a big cook off in Tupelo. Elvis father, Vernon, once built a small house here, it cost him \$ 250, but he could not pay the bank and lost it; now the house is a shrine.

The winner, a cook who looked like a body builder, said the pork had to be so tender that a toothless man could eat it, and the sauce had to be right, not too sweet or too sharp but with a hint of lemon.

When Elvis got to be famous he bought his parents a big house and filled it with junks, he never been in a fine home, how was he to know how the rich lived. Cooks have come a long way, from the backroom to where a bitter, low paid man resided and cleaned his nails with a carving knife... and now TV stars.

Elvis best food was not pork, but a whole loaf, sliced long ways, with a thick layer of peanut butter, bacon and jam washed with sweet coca cola.

Oskar Hansen

Food And Love Sonnet

Food and Love Sonnet

Today is my day off I'm not writing anything so I'm free to think of the time I fell in love with the woman
In the cake shop, I was only twelve and a half and often she gave me a hug and an extra cocoa macron
I had plans and knew who I was going to marry, alas I should have kept the plans to myself and not told mother who in turn told my aunt and soon everyone knew my secret.

Deadly shy and embarrassed so I never got back to the cake shop again but found one in the other part of the town the girl there was equally sweet and often gave a slice of fresh bread with goat cheese.
Food and love often go together...and why not both are vital parts of life? I don't eat much food anymore.

Oskar Hansen

Food And Panic

I was peeling potatoes sitting in the corner of the galley and dropped the peeled potatoes into a bucket, but as we were crossing the Biscay bay at the time the ship lurched and the bucket upended and there peeled potatoes all over the floor, the cook was not pleased pick them up, I have to boil them now we can't serve dinner without potatoes.

The cook, a big man with an enormous belly, bent down to help picking them up and promptly fainted. Cook and spuds sliding up and down the wet galley floor. Four seamen came carried him on the deck, where he later recovered, and I was left to cook a meal for the hungry crew.

Oskar Hansen

Food Banks

There is a cloister up north where you can knock on its oak door and get food parcels. The abbot, a stern man, will give you food if you are nicely dressed, have a house, and are briefly out of pockets. If you are really destitute and dressed in rags- often of Roma origin- he will tell you no because your need is self inflicted, but you can, if not too lazy, go to the winter field and dig up roots; he will bless you and say you are god's children, go to heaven without a trial and sit by the lord's side.

If you are old he will also say no, because you have money under the mattress and only pretend to be poor so you don't have to spend your own money, but he will bless you before kicking you down hill with gentle smile. Once there were food banks in every town, but now they are hard to find and far away, this because the rich will no longer pay for your extravagance.

Oskar Hansen

Food In Oslo

Food in Oslo

Before pizza ruined Scandinavian cuisine it was wholesome, nourishing and tasted good. Ok, so it was plain and it didn't have mysterious spices, the meat you ate tasted like meat or if a fish dish of fish, you know what you were eating. Food used to be a simple science about feeding people good food, this is no longer so as we are full, need not eat the usual to survive, that is why food has become degeneration an entertainment for the rich who do no longer see food as survival for the hard working but as a sort of enjoyment for the jaded palate.

But I was walking around Oslo's bleak streets I came across a place called "Bondeheimen" they had meat cakes with boiled potatoes and gravy and I knew good food will always prevail.

Bondeheimen: "farmer's home"

Oskar Hansen

Food Kills

This is a poetry exercise, write down what 's comes into your mind....lobster. What the Hell?

A red crustacean on a bed of lettuce with lemon and mayonnaise sauce sprinkled with parsley.

Can one taste agony?

Dipped alive in boiling water unheard screams,
a long tool to retrieve, white meat from claws.

Am I a surgeon now?

The lobster catcher is not guilty of anything he just catches sells them, but cannot afford to eat them.... He has a lobster pet at home, it is sort of brown and lives in tank, calls it Charlie but he says nothing, this trader of food for the rich.

Oskar Hansen

Footstps To Ruin

Footsteps to Ruin

This spring makes my heart beat faster
went for a walk saw a verdant field sprinkled
with xanthous flowers nodding
in the mild zephyr
I must take a photo.
Walked onto the field to find the prettiest ones
looked behind me, my heavy boots
had ruined lesser beauties

Oskar Hansen

For A Few Lovers More

For a few Lovers more

I was driving along and on the car radio Rod Stewart
sang "have I told you lately that I love you."

Why do I find it so hard to say those simple words?

I have practised in front of the mirror looking like an actor
who knew his lines but have no talent of imagination.

I bought her a car. Instead, this made her happy now she
could drive to see her lover, and return earlier kiss my bald
head and say: I love you, thinking of him

I met him at a party and said I love you...for making my wife
so happy, he was stunned into silence.

She stays home now I think he broke it up because every time
they made love to he was thinking of me the zing had gone
it was in the open the affair had lost its dynamism.

Oskar Hansen

Foreign Country

A foreign country

The flat was on the third floor, three flights of wooden stairs
deep grooves from generation of people walking up and down.
In the living room I sat down. Had been away for long no one at
home. The autumn wind blew, the house swayed and creaked
like an old schooner meeting the Atlantic swells.

A simple living room, a few family pictures and an amateur
painting of a row boat in a fjord, boathouse, blue sky and sea,
a far hazy silhouette of a mountain range. The painting was
ominous by its deadness. I got up went down the same stairs;
I had entered, the past and those I knew had gone.

Oskar Hansen

Foreign Roots In Desert Fall

Foreign Roots in Desert Fall.

It is sad to watch the big tree wearing a vast crown of hubris,
casting demonic shadows it allows nothing else to elevate.
Blows leaves of steel and stop anything that may help a small
bush grow. Once this tree was admired, an example how fast
arid land, fit only for the native Arabs, olive trees and goats,
grew into ten thousand blood dripping roses. In time,
countries far away came to fear this tree's voraciousness its
boughs try to strangle the world; it is as it needs to govern us
to feel safe. Until we saw its weakness: " This is a frantic tree,
a foreign plant in agony it has lost its purpose, has no ethics.
Worse of all its bark is scabby, roots are shallow; the tree can
tip over if our anger and disgust get to be a lashing hurricane,
which upend the tree; and its leaves will forever restless rustle
on the road to nowhere.

Oskar Hansen

Forenoon

August Forenoon

There is a sale on in the dress shop bathing trunks reduced up to 40%. It has been a good summer and few local people have died but the price of coffins stays the same....

So beautiful a forenoon, I drove on my moped to visit a carob tree
I used to sit under when lonely

Its thick branched protected me from the world. Under it now
two elderly women -on their knees- picking sweet, black beans.

The small farmers around here have aged with me, the women
looked up and smiled at this elderly, permanent tourist on his
round; he is like a hasty brush stroke on the canvas of eternity.

On green vines hung juicy grapes tasted one it was like an explosion
of natural sweetness that filled my mouth with yesterdays pleasure,
they are ready to be harvested and made into wine, not for the rich
but for the local people to drink with their stew.

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 where 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

Forgotten Dictator

Saddam Hussein you didn't see they played you for a fool, king today because it suited them, then surplus of requirement; they hanged you from the rafters as you should be a common Baghdad thief. They let you strut about dressed in uniform and all, and you didn't detect their sniggering voices when they called you "your Excellency." You knew in the end, but then it was too late, yet you made them see how to die with dignity. Had you been less ambitious you could still be selling cigarettes by the oil docks and not be reduced to an historical footnote; and your sons could be selling fake Swiss watches, condoms and illegal whisky. A proper New Jersey gangster family be, in the Middle East, eating goat chops every Sunday afternoon.

Oskar Hansen

Forgotten Faces

Forgotten faces

We only get one summer to remember,
the rest ends up in a blur.

This one had lasted long and the girl

I loved lived across the river, a beautiful little stream
that serenely floated down to meet its doom.

September, still summer though I knocked
a neighbour came, said she had gone abroad, a Dane.

Unseemly haste! I smiled, shrugged my shoulders,
women! And I suffered the longest night.

Daybreak brought a chill; dark clouds congregated it rained.

Years later I was in a bar in Copenhagen an old woman with too much makes up
on her haggard face, but those eyes, a memory stirred.

Her hands shook when pouring beer into my glass,

long nights, she said, and swiftly left, and a younger woman took her place.

I left too,

outside I looked up and saw

the curtain on the first-floor move;

those eyes.

I had seen them before but refused to remember.

Oskar Hansen

Forgotten Her?

I don't think about her as before, days when she is far from my mind,
and when I do think of her, certain resentments creep into my heart.
Saw her a week ago coming out of a bank, she looked much older, wore
sunglasses I could not see her sea green eyes, perhaps they had gone
milky by age, like a river after rain. Flashes of remembrance zigzagged
in my head when she was the tree of life, I, like a vine, seeking food
I must have been bloody barmy. There is an art exhibition in the town
I know she will be there; I used to go with her. It starts at eight and
it is seven o'clock and too late. I won't go, not that I dislike art, but if
I go it will look as I need to see and hope to speak to her. Our affair is
over, I will not think of her not today or tomorrow, not ever.

Oskar Hansen

Forgotten History

The forgotten memory

Years ago I received a video from a place I had left I put it in a drawer where it languished for years, yesterday I played it an eerie a part of a history I had forgotten, yet it didn` t stir my emotion seeing me when I was young and all the other people in the street it appeared abstract most of the people moving about talking, dancing, and laughing were with a few exceptions, long time dead.

Later what I had forgotten floated up as broken pieces of a puzzle that made no sense. A beautiful girl why did he behave so bad towards her, screaming a glass with high stem broke in my hand I called her a whore my jalousie was a crescendo of uncurbed rage, I try to remember more but only see blood on a table cloth mine?

The embryo not born had upset the galaxy and the blessed amnesia Descended, the first act was over my first love had gone, streets are grey after rain. I threw the video into the fire I don` t want to shed tears for the hopelessly lost.

Oskar Hansen

Forgotten Lives

Forgotten lives.

Happiness is an odd thing I have been watching
a program called "Benefit Street" where poor people
try to make a living out of poverty and chaos
Roma, English, Irish and Polish people live there trying
to make a living out of old iron.

There are laughter and smile and occasionally anger
but they survive and now we want their dignity by
reducing any help by those who keep the nation
falling into utter despair.

Because one day soon they will come knocking on
your door throws you out and moves in. You can treat poor
people badly a long time, but not all the time
they will back and crush you and your privileges like
a smeared paper napkins flying in the wind

Oskar Hansen

Forgotten Sex

Forgotten sex

As we were eating an omelette with tomatoes
I asked my wife if we ever had sex because I had
difficulties in remembering it or rather picture it.
She said yes and said I was quite good at it which
was flattering like being a good driver, I was once
offered a job as taxi-driver but said no too boring.
Then slowly I remembered something I had to
do late at night when I would rather read a book
as there was no TV back then.

I remember it as a sweaty embrace, the fumbling
and the ridiculous positions and then to be careful
pumping along till she was ready and at ease.
She wanted to sleep close to me her hair in my face
and I was thinking if lucky it will take a week before
I had to do something with her peculiar needs.

Oskar Hansen

Forgotten Tacks

A stroll on a forgotten track

Finally, after 12 years I walked the track where
my dog and I so often trod she was hunting rabbits
and got quite hot but we cooled off at a little man-made
dam which now has been fenced in, in the middle
of nowhere someone has stated their property rights.
The dog died I bought a motorbike and got lazy
illness stopped me for a bit; I felt alone walking
There without my dog.

How great it was to walk and not be reminded of
my age and treated like an invalid, and now I feel
the good tiredness doing something to be proud of

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

Four April Haiku

Haiku

April and dull days
My love has gone missing
A field of bluebells

Haiku

April and drizzle
My love has gone missing
Azure is the ocean

Haiku

April and cold wind
My love has gone missing
Cobalt is the sky

Haiku

April and sunshine
My love has come back to me
Anemone and roses.

Oskar Hansen

Four Fire Fresh Haiku

Haiku

Deflowered now
The almond tree waits for spring
Green leaves and bees

Haiku

If you gamble
In the lottery of life
Choose the heart

Unforgiving is
Women`s self-importance
Unable to forgive

Race war in the woods
The blue fights the grey rabbits
Boar eats the winner

Oskar Hansen

Four Haiku

Senryu

Only a fall leaf
Blows where the wind takes it
We take the omnibus

Senryu

Oak leaf scours asphalt
Autumn's worn out dead beat
Can't dance tango

Senryu

Rainfall in Yemen
Taliban under umbrellas
Listen out for drones

Senryu

Steps on gritted road
Slam of a car door and voices
The song of life

Oskar Hansen

Four Senryu

Senryu 4

Is graffiti
A plague in our cities
Or beautiful art?

Life in big cities
Is lived on street levels
Not in skyscrapers

Was Jesus Jewish?
Has he got a birth certificate
To substantiate it?

Most drinking holes
Are on the ground floor
Isn't that a blessing

Oskar Hansen

Fragment

Fragment.

And there comes a time when the said sinks into silence,
the story teller has no more to say. Around the fireplace
the listeners look at the teller who looks into the fire, and
as the fire slowly turns into ember they leave him alone.

Oskar Hansen

Fragments Of Dreams

Fragment of dreams

When I awoke it was still raining
the roof still leaking
a sense of emptiness.

 Not dreaming much
horses galloping across the Pampas
 flaring nostrils
 flying manes.

Too close to a dusty town

Corralled

Broken to nil

sad eyes look to the Pampas

Yes,

 sailors by the shore
seeing the sea
 the far ocean
they shall not sail on again.

Oskar Hansen

Free Wine

Oskar Hansen

Freedom

Senryu

Freedom is hard work
Hard work is too hard for some,
And let hard men rule.

Oskar Hansen

Freedom Curtailed

Freedom for some

Seagulls fill the air with joy
anchored sailboats tug want to be free
sail around the world alone,
just as a Japanese fishing vessel did
ending up on the shores of Canada.
Alas, caught by the coast guard as it
prepared to sail for Chile and Peru.
Anchored in a lonely bay
waiting for its captain to catch up.
This slavery of navigation, yet it
had a year of freedom.
Seagulls fly, sleek bodies white as snow,
a storm is brewing
and the ocean is theirs alone.

Oskar Hansen

Freedom Loving Cowboy

Freedom Loving Cowboy

At the bar, by the docks, I spoke to a man who wore a cowboy hat and had a pearl handle revolver in his holster. A thud and the pretend cowboy hit the floor and the barman ducked behind his counter. It was an exploding tire; relieved laughter which the same when we sat in the bomb shelter and a plane overhead dropped its load in parts of town where local Nazis´ lived. Terror begets terror and becomes a psychosis, what we don´t understand becomes terror and we have to arm ourselves and not ask tedious questions. I was offered a job at this vibrant place, but declined feared the undelaying panic, that often explodes into violence, would get me, I would buy a gun hide it at the top of the wardrobe and when bad people broke in, rush upstairs, find it, nervously load it spill bullets on the floor - reload- shoot myself in the foot. The man, in the cowboy hat, had just told me he lived in the freest county in the world.

Oskar Hansen

Freedom Of The North

It is not only Caledonia and the Flemish people
who are crying freedom, a new nation has been born
It stretches from Norway, Sweden and Finland.
The Swedes has accepted this new state as the female
activists said it would be discriminatory and racists to deny
The indigenous people their right.
Norway refused point blank, and as a retaliation has shut
shops selling oranges and bananas.
The Norwegian has seen through this ruse, if the new
country called "Lapland" is a state it will lay claim to untapped
oil in the Barents Sea. It is said that Exxon is behind this,
me, I blame Putin.

Oskar Hansen

Freedom Of The Press

Freedom of the Press

The hallowed freedom of the press
In the west
Doesn't sit well in the east
when Islam is made fun of.
So leave them alone to worship
Allah their way,
Millions of backsides exposed
to an ignorant world.
We can make fun of the Germans,
the frog and sex mad Swedes
We laugh and giggle
until someone gets up and
hit the offender for going too far.
when saying someone's mother
is a slut
Great democracy the elite tells us,
but do not go too far
and never make fun of a Jew.

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

French, The Language Of Love

French, the Language of Love.

Darling, speak French to me when we make love, wicked words
I don't understand, but have a whispering meaning of delight.

I stand before you with salutial erection, a soldier of love ready
to sacrifice myself for your subterranean pleasure.

Your wishes have to be expressed in French or the steed's chase
will not react with proper force, It will think it's time to go back
into the stable, hanging about, wondering what went wrong.

At the subway in Paris I was in the way of a woman who wanted
to exit, she swore at me, thinking it were words of love, I kissed
her and was arrested. But released, though when they understood
I was a foreigner, lost in the baffling ways of the French idiom.

Oskar Hansen

Friday Opus

Friday Evening Opus

The blaze in the fireplace burns with easiness, but without mercy burnt my old boots to grey cinders. They were made for walking on stony ground, but time and wear ragged them, they fell out of fashion and were stored in the shed in a black plastic liner and forgotten so the one who discarded them should see them and feel guilty for not walking anymore as I cycle for my life on the training bike in the yard.

On evenings like this I should be an old man looking contented into the fire surrounded by pictures of life lived in faraway places, but I find no contentment. The sweet taste of success has eluded me, mind I do have diabetes, and in the end what meant something ends up meaning nothing; so let the fire of hope burn.

Oskar Hansen

Friendly Animals

A flock of human like penguin stood on the icy shore, in the water sharks waited, but the birds had to catch food for their families. One at the edge jumped into the water - actually it was pushed- and it survived mainly because the sharks knew by letting the first one live, more birds would jump and they did.

Penguin in water are not some clownish humanlike creature but a smart fast swimming bird the problem is going into the water and getting back up on land that causes difficulties for the bird. We love animals that resemble us but take little interest in those that don't even though rats and humans have much in common.

Dogs and cats have made it into an art-form to appeal to humans sentimental weakness and how to exploit this failing, but lately other animals to have caught on like lemurs sitting on threes and hoping to be adopted and never again struggle to find food; as for the penguin the sight of a female explorer is a godsend.

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 Face To Faith

From Face to Faith.

As, Christianity sinks into
ennui of middle class tosh
of an all forgiving god.

Zionists, claim their right
defend themselves against
the people they robbed.

Moslems zealots are busy
blowing each other up
and playing the victim.

Atheists are hateful of
those who believe in god,
call them deluded.

Good luck to you; may
your faith not blind you
for the love of mankind.

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

From The Horse's Mouth

From the Horse's Mouth

Caught in a blizzard on the prairie; bitterly cold.
With heavy heart I killed my horse split open its
belly, crept inside. Fell asleep when I awoke my
horse was nowhere to be seen I walked home,
it was surprisingly easy. At the ranch they gave
me water and hay.

Oskar Hansen

Frost

Fimbul Frost

It was cold in the valley domestic animals were snug in barns even hardy sheep and goats came indoors. Clear sky and freezing, the moisture in the air turned into diamond dust flittering in the breeze looking like pulverized rainbows or snow

crystals dipped in jolly paint suitable for a Christmas do at the local bordello. The frost was deadly for wild animals, whose burrows and lairs were penetrated by pre-historic frigidty, pale blood, and the utter insipidness of the exhausted.

A flock of wild boars pushed open the hayloft door and found refuge, as did elk, deer, wolves, hares and their cousin the rabbit. Two tramps also have found sanctuary here happily asleep in the miasma of animal scent. When they awoke animals were getting restless, the frost was gone and they reverted back to form.

Noah´s ark had landed and the animals hasted down the ramp to the freedom of the open. The tramp too fled to avoid being blamed of the chaos on the hay loft.

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

Fruit Tree

Twilight, soon it will be dark, sparrows are flying back, god knows where they have been. A flock meet in my plum tree, there is livid arguing, who is going sit where. My tree doesn't bear crops, yet it is a fruit tree, my neighbour says so. I'm a plum tree too grew up tall and stylish women flocked around me, I married five times ... and not a bloody plum. Grey trunk, limp leaves and when dusk comes no one sits on my twigs; I have to invent stories of plums I never had. Fine plums, juicy plums all of them females that never matured and left me alone to fend for myself in time of solitude. Night, and in my heart there a is longing for the unfeasible.

Oskar Hansen

Fulfillment Of Dreams

Fulfilment of Dreams.

Murder in Paris sounds so more romantic than
murder in Oslo. (Where the hell is Oslo?)
There was a young man in Norway who thought
he could stop a dream by killing it,
one would think he had never been a child;
but then again perhaps he acted out his childhood dream
but needed a political excuse.

I'm one of those who do not believe, except
infants are innocent, dark, devilish thoughts dwell in
child's mind too.

The Psychopath - to say he is a terrorist is to give him a status-
Breivik was anti-Islam and
killed in the name of purity.

The ignorant psychopath in Paris tried to kill laughter in
the name of Islam which prompted a famous writer to say at
Islam had a rotten core.... what rot!

The killers fulfilled a dream of daring acts
in the name of religion.

And we must never stop laughing or let sick people
stop us living in relative peace.

Oskar Hansen

Full House

Full House.

The little house in the poor part of the town
walls looking ready to burst.
when the newlyweds long time ago it was small
for them and they spoke of getting another one.
Time was hard and one child after another
was born, eight in all.

The long ago newlywed, joked they had to
wait to get the house back when
the children became adult and could find their
own place to live; it took time
and finally they were alone, but not at peace,
the whole quarter of rickety houses was
being erased like removing memories of hard times,
and the bulldozers came.

The couple got a small flat in a high rise building
and with their children moving in or out
according to their bad luck in life,
the small flat was soon full of bickering adult children.

Oskar Hansen

Full Moon

The full moon
Is not showing off it shines
For no one in particular
For you and me and caterpillars
Climbing a tree
The new moon is growing fast
A teenager on the make
But when it nearly full it loses
Interest in the near things
And just shines
As it is the only thing, it can do
Reflecting the sun
The moon is a secondary sun
Trying to warm the night
Nevertheless, lovers swoon
And the werewolf lurks in the bushes

Oskar Hansen

Fun Haiku

Short fun haiku

God didn't like snakes
So he told lies about me
Man loath and fears me

I`m a crippled tree
In the middle of a wheat field
Doing nothing

I`m the big rock
The farmer ploughs around me
One day he bitterly says.

It was the tallest tree
In the petrified forest
Lightning struck in half

I`m the smallest tree
In the woods of trepidation
I starve to stunt growth

At the restaurant
I`m the last the waiters see
Serving stops at three

Oskar Hansen

Furrows Of Life

The narrow way leading up to the farm from the main road had a gate, so cattle could not wander off on to the main road getting. The way had three furrows two caused by narrow cartwheel, and one- much wider- from the horse 's hoofs. Deep furrows meant a hard-working farm. The landscape was flat and often windy and on my way to school I tried to walk where the horses had trod the soil was softer there and the horseshoe patterns told me if it had been a small or big horse that last had pulled a cart here and if the load had been heavy
A knowledge that was totally useless and I often wonder why I remember it so clearly, like a black& white photo.
Lately I have been remembering these ways and its users I often think if there is a message here I have overlooked.

Oskar Hansen

Future Unforeseen

future unforeseen

I was flipping burger it was my birthday
and I was 25 years old. It was a late night burger shack
we had our shares of drunks and good
time girls and they behaved nicely and sometimes
I followed one of them home so they didn't have to face
the morning alone in the trailer park.
And since it was by birthday I wondered if I would be
flipping burger 50 years from now.
These days I flip words around served with French
innuendo and tomato sauce made of frustration.
but it could have been worst I could have been frying burgers
but being 75 walk home alone

Oskar Hansen

Futurist

The Futurist

I was looking into the magic box of colours
and saw a kaleidoscope of dreams ready to
be released to those with a vision.

A saw the dream of a farm hand and his
milk maid girlfriend they were getting married
and the dream was to lease a bit of land and
start a pig breeding farm. A dream measured to
the reality of what was possible.

Most dreams in the box were fanciful, the ones
one smiles about in mature years, yet worth
dreaming as it makes the dreamer aware of colours
shifting hue. Sifting through discarded dreams
I didn't find mine, which I was glad of, because my
dream has yet to be fulfilled.

Oskar Hansen

Galaxy

The Galaxy

On the terrace in the sun I closed my eyes
and saw coloured light dancing under my
eyelids like a galaxy that only existed inside
of me... or is the real galaxy an illusion.
Scientists watch stars in their great telescope
but only see what is in their heads...
And we agree because we too only see what
is in our own mind. Ruby stars and pink moons
and the dream of immortality that our souls
fly to a mysterious planet like our own where
death has been vanquished.

Oskar Hansen

Gays Of India

The Gays of India

In India gay people can't get married and that is sad for those who think a ring on a finger is enough to utter love and loyalty. Liberal as I'm I ought to sign letters and express my outrage against the Indian government, but my heart is not in this battle of hysterical expression of democracy. There are many inequalities, say, the plight of the Palestinians and now the dilemma of Negev Bedouins who soon will find themselves flattened by this juggernaut of harsh, unthinking quest for security and land; it will not stop, pause or think of a peaceful alternative. How to stop this blitz, this amoral action before it destroys both perpetrators and victims in an orgy of bloodletting. Then there is Syria, this intractable problem this can cast us into a catastrophic null point when someone will use nuclear weapon they profess not to have, in the name of feverish existential survival. So the gays of India can't for now get married, what can I say? Carry on fighting for your right, but do not fall into the trap to think the rest of the world thinks your problem is of outmost importance.

Oskar Hansen

Gaza Slave

Gaza Slave

The Gaza man looked stunned he carried two
Jute sacks that were bloodied and reminded of
Someone who had bought meat
At the illegal slaughter market
But it was worse than that he carried the remains
Of his family after yet an onslaught by the Israeli
Military machine mostly financed by the USA.
Now the Gaza man had to sort out the remains
And bury the right pieces.
If you asked an Israelite sitting on a hillside
Enjoying the bombing eating something correct food and
Drinking beer he will look angrily at you and say
Israel has the right to defend itself
And if that means the eradication of the Palestine's as a people
So be it.
Israel to my sorrow has developed into a state that
Has lost its humanity
The Palestinians carry our forefathers' anti-Semitic views
As a heavy burden

Oskar Hansen

Gaza Sonnet

Gaza Sonnet

A doctor`s house with two daughters in it came
Under artillery fire while he who worked at the hospital in Gaza
Trying to save life after yet another Israeli attack, lost both
His children, the military late apologized.
After the funeral, the good doctor did not seek help for his
Immense suffering but carried on working while
Grief unburdened was eating him up.
One day he went to the beach the sea was calm and turquoise
He undressed and began swimming he had to get away

A strong swimmer he swam long before an Israeli gunboat
Blew him out of the water, red turned to pink and then
Back to calming azure as the warped thinking of the occupiers
Said go he should have sought psychological help
For sorrow so deep that no well-meaning words would assuage

Oskar Hansen

Geography And Racism

Geography and Racism

I have only seen
Africa from the deck
Of a ship sailing by
What I know comes
From books
White men meeting
In darkest Africa
The merchants followed
Soldiers
And colonisation
Racism is contagious and
It settled in the mind
Of Europeans
The illness widened to
Include everyone not white
Now we live
With our trespasses
It truly is a burden

Oskar Hansen

Ghost

Yesteryears Ghost

Walking around the town where I had grown up and left 40 years ago,
I found myself outside the flat where mother and I lived in on the second floor.
When I came home late I used to throw a pebble up to the window,
for her to come down and open the door, not that I didn't have key it was just
the hallway was dark and once I had seen a ghost perhaps not seen, but had
felt its cold breaths on my neck.... Eventually mother moved to a nursing and
when everything was cleared out- not that there was much to clear- I was
the kitchen and listened to silence, when the door opened and I saw a ghost,
perhaps I didn't actually see but I felt its cold breaths, and I remembered
a popular song at the time: "They are coming to take you away ah ha."

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

Ghosts You See

Ghosts you see
It was dusk the sea-mist came rolling in
There was rain in the air
The familiar landscape looked strange
As belonging to the world that had no
Night or the light of day
This was the time of the ghosts those
In Twilight who could not feel hot or cold
They are waiting for a sign a friendly gesture
To be recognised not as fantastic but
A real person just a smile and they would
Melt into the world of abstraction and
Become the air we breathe the scent of
Flowers and last year`s spring
Leaves on trees, fruit in a basket or soil
Dark brown earth from where cabbage grows
And lambs jumping of joy among olive trees
You see them along the roadside not clearly
They are shy all you have to do is to smile
And the spring will be bountiful

Oskar Hansen

Gift Of Rocks

The gift of Rocks

It is a lovely warm forenoon I`m walking around
just outside the village the wayside and fields are
full of flowers in greenness this will not last long
and heat will turn the landscape into yellowish
dejection and the foliage on trees will lose the
brilliance, what remains are stones
a landscape littered with rocks, houses are made
of stone as are fences picked up from the earth
and made into homes and enclosures backbreaking
work but the builders didn`t have watches; how
beautiful water from the well must have tasted. There
are many shades of grey I prefer the dark ones,
where I grew up the landscape was littered with dark
rocks, come to think of it I didn`t move far, yet there
is something safe about stones and boulders they
will not leave tomorrow as my youth did.

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 its 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

Glasgow

Glasgow

The music stopped abruptly dancers left the floor
became paintings on the wall in the closed down dance-hall
in Glasgow`s Sauciehal street the old entertainment centre.
We drank plenty of beer before going there, and we were frisked
to see if we had not brought any alcohol into the premises.
To ask a young woman up to dance was painful
The answer was often no, to be refused hurt one's self- esteem
but luckily there was only one or two who said yes,
the ugly ones were the best to ask they were not so critical.
Later in the evening a few open chip shops and hopefully with
a new girl -friend one then followed to the last bus a kiss and
a cuddle a few promise murmured it was all too boring for word.
Glasgow had many splendid pubs I liked to sit drink and smoke
in one of them, the one nearest the docks. I remember at these
pubs some elderly women drank gin & lime they were called
donkey women and I never knew why.
The old dance halls have got a patina of romance where
Friendly ghosts soberly dance to the tune of a bygone time.

Oskar Hansen

Glass Slipper Bridge

A bridge too far

This long foot- bridge made of glass over a deep canyon in China, one can walk and look down at the same time but be careful not to fall which is easy when not looking down.

When peering into the storm- grid at the shop that sells canned tomato sauce I often see rats using it as a walkway the rodent looks up but feel safe less if I lose my car- keys into it rats are notoriously bad drivers.

When the bridge falls down, all bridges do if not dismantled, big shards of glass will hit the ground hard fly up in the air again pulverized and fall down as hailstones that will pierce all living thing except rats in storm drains.

Muammar Gadhafi sought refuge in a storm drain when French helicopters shot up his jeep. A rat too big to fit in a drain was lynched by the mob that at the time was our allies.

Oskar Hansen

Globalsim Mark Two

Sartorial elegance

He always wore a yellow silk scarf around his neck
The type actors wear when in blazer having a drink on the terrace
Of a posh hotel, he bought his scarf at a second-hand store
In Cheshire, nevertheless, it was made to fit him
Oddly enough the rest of his apparel was purchased in a Chine`s
This gave him an air of seedy elegance that normally comes with
Those who suffer no self- awareness

He was poor and lived on bread and marge, when not invited
To high-born party by people who thought he was an aristocrat
Sometimes I came too because as he said he was writing a novel,
And that made me interested in people with literary ambitions,
There are so few of them hidden in lofts and not spoken of-
His dead was sudden a rope and a beam,
he was missed by the locals
I have not had a proper dinner for a long time,
But I wear his yellows silk scarf for a book unwritten.

Oskar Hansen

Gloomy

Gloomy

The saddest sight
A bar closed
Four in the morning
When I just want another
Drink
Before going home
To an empty flat
And a stuffed canary
In a dusty cage.
The consolation is
If I walk slowly
The Chinese grocer
Will be open
And he has got cold
Beer in his fridge.

Oskar Hansen

Glorious Moment

A Glorious Moment

The bedroom was in semi-darkness your body glowed
I kissed every part of it now I licked your vagina, you stopped me
Didn` t want the moment to end.
Now you wanted me to take you from behind this silky
Smoothness I had to stop, we lie still till you moved and I moved too
Faster and faster we ejaculated at the same time.
You turned around embraced me, and thus we fell asleep.
When we awoke it was dusk we had been in heaven, but now we
We` re back on earth and someone had knocked on the door.

Oskar Hansen

Goalkeeper

Goalkeeper

When there is a football match on the TV I switch it
On the last ten minutes of the match my boredom threshold
Is low and to sit there watching the game for ninety minutes, really!
I used to play football as a boy, goalkeeper of all things then
I grew up and chased girls instead which often was painful
Like accidentally falling in love, that happened frequent.
Falling in love is painful walking into walls and being nice
To children related to the object of my adoration

Then the pain of being rejected long walks and dark thoughts
Under a night sky, bittersweet flagellation why did she leave me.
This too ended now I`m a goalkeeper again defend the goal and try
To save the ball death is kicking my way

Oskar Hansen

God And Austerity

God and Austerity

The supermarket which calls itself Forum,
has a bell tower, but now in time of
austerity no one flocks to buy anything
when its bells rings every hour.

Sunday, when I drove my wife to church
the car park was full and the bells didn't
toll in vain; and when I looked through
the window people were singing hymns.

When time is good, god becomes distant
But now with economic times and threats
of a new war is looming, people turn to
an abstraction in time of a unsure future.

Mind, god looks after his own flock, walking
around the car park I noticed most cars
looked new, but if you have got it and want
to keep it a prayer goes a long way.

Oskar Hansen

God As A Parent

God as parent

God is worried about his son Jesus

Since he was crucified he is not his jolly self

There were no Psychiatrists back then

The profession was not yet invented now New York is full of them

Jesus sits on a swing a harp player nearby

Tries to soothe his nerves

Sometimes god gets annoyed feeling as taking his son by the scruff

Of his neck and shake sense in him

The scars on his foot and heels have healed and his beard is black

God sighs, looks through a book by Hemingway he is so easy to read.

It takes time to forget and of that he has got oceans

He dreams of being with Earnest fishing for Marlins

Oskar Hansen

God`s Laughter

Homeric laughter

They had been angels sitting on clouds for
ten thousand years playing the harp, but
since they were in a timeless environment
They didn`t want knot, only filled with a sense of
ennui that came from sitting on a cloud void
of touch, and they also miss not being hungry
and thirsty, and feeling sad for throwing one out
off the cloud, he had no ear for music.

They objected to god who took off his mas showing
A face a hole so endlessly deep that if it was white,
told they were his illusion now they had to make a choice
either continue playing the golden harp or vanish into the big
white hole; they choose the instrument. God put his mask on,
and bitter silence wafted like an ill omen through the galaxy.

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

Going Home

Going home.

On the plain of Alentejo
sacred green grass ornamented with white flowers.
Rolling landscape and big farms
grazing cattle,
sheep in the shade of umbrella trees.
Rolling landscape I would love to be a stallion here.
Alas, I see few horses and no mares,
but many four- wheeled motorbikes
disturbing the peace.
Cows, sheep and big balled bulls
milk and meat,
time to stop for lunch.

Oskar Hansen

Golden Fleece

The Golden Fleece

Today my wife and I went to look at an old people's home,
the entrance looked hotel like and had a reception and
the girl who manned it wore a starched, white uniform.
She showed us around told us that every room double or
single had a shower and a tea kitchen and fridge.
And that we came to the main room where the patients sat,
sorry they are called guests; it was nice only no one spoke
people with open mouths sat watching telly and the air had
a feeling of despondency and a faint smell of urine.
Sometimes I feel like Jason's old dog, it remembers his master
In my case my youth, but who is to take care of me now?

Oskar Hansen

Gonedwana

Gondwana

I woke up it was morning and a year had gone
My future was behind me I only had to live for the day
And not bother with philosophical questions but
Set the day free to wander, see where it will take me.
I hope it is not Madagascar this island of muddy shores
Steamy heat, odd animals with big empty eyes ☐
A variety of snakes and dusty roads leading nowhere

This Island was once a part of a supercontinent but it
Moved out of time Madagascar is a reminder of not to
Worry about now whatever happens it will move out
The world is a stage where most of us a statist but has
No say about the script; time takes care of that.

Oskar Hansen

Good Bad And Ugly

Every war has good people and bad people and many of the bad are on our side. I remember the German occupation of Norway living on a farm with a German military camp. I met their soldiers and most of them only wanted to go home to their families. The peace came and when the said soldiers who had been kind to me - a little boy- were marched out among the jeering of the people who suddenly felt heroic enough to throw stones at the soldiers. I have a tendency to feel for the losers they fought on the wrong side and lost their dignity. But there are times when one has to take a stand. When I aired my views I was told to shut up by a man who had supplied them with meat and potatoes, he was a bad person, and the biggest rock but in a democracy we have to live with his kind. I say this because the young men going to war in Syria or elsewhere, might be wrong, but many of them are good people who think they fight for delusory freedom of all Muslims

Oskar Hansen

Good Time Girl

The Good Time Girl

She was beautiful in a floozy sort of way too much
lack in her hair and dramatic make up.

When I was young and before I married I used to
visit her when the need was there.

Well I got married and was happy for some time,
but my wife left and we divorced.

I visited the old tart again as she had been accommodating,
but her life style had taken bitter its toll.

She was glad to see me, but when she undressed her
body had cigarette burns that spoke for itself.

I put her dress on; she had a defaulting breathing yet
lit a cigarette... I called for an ambulance.

She died in the night of emphysema and I thought
why didn't I love her instead of my ex wife?

Oskar Hansen

Great American Literature

Great American Literature

Our book shelf groaned under the weight
of American Literature and my mother was
principally a communist.

An American Tragedy I read at fourteen,
and my fascination with A bridge over San Louis Ray
was endless, and so it went on.

I joined the youth wing of the communist party
of Norway, it lasted a month, they kicked me out
I knew too much to be useful.

The plight of the poor concern me I bristle when
seeing injustice in short I will fling my arms around
a horse that is about to be flogged yet one doesn` t
need to be a communist for this. Kindness is not
political and doesn` t carry a flag you have to pledge
allegiance to, a friendly smile will suffice.

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

Greek Sonnet

I write Dionysus poetry
With a dash of Apollo,
This because darksome poetry
Can kill hope
And become cynical – we don't
Want to lose all hope.
Too much Apollo
On the other hand
And we lose sight of reality
Therefore the two gods
Compliments each other so
We don't sink into despondency
And not into
Hysterical harp playing lyricism

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

Grimalkin

The Grimalkin

I had a black cat with a white chest, a beautiful tabby that slept every day on my sofa. I went on a week's winter holiday, and left it snoozing, there was a cat flap and it could get out and find food for itself, usually by meowing outside peoples kitchens.

When I came back the mouser was still sleeping, I thought it was the long sleep so I put the cat in a shoe box and put it on top of the fire, a sort of pyre. Moggy jumped out of the box its tail afire, through the flap fled and stuck its tail in a snow drift.

The malkin lives in the woods wishes it were a jaguar, kill things that is of lesser size then itself, but it never comes near the houses.

Oskar Hansen

Grooming News

It is in fairy tales we learn about rich and poor,
the wealthy suitor always wins and gets the princesses hand
and the poor cobbler will always be mending shoes.

In the "glass slippers," the poor girl fits the slippers and the prince
while the ugly sisters get a job in the Guardian Newspaper,
where they get paid for griping about men.

In Little Red Riding Hood the wolf is the working class trying to take
Power from the haves, but he becomes a cropper and drowns
in the well. So you see, the indoctrination starts early and when
we are adults find inequality normal

Oskar Hansen

Growing Up

Growing Up

When I was eighteen or nineteen, I discovered beer
Dance-restaurants and women generous with their wares
I didn` t eat sweets anymore which was good for my teeth.
Alas, beer made me talk and women laugh I was fun
but not in the morning a Jekyll and Hide character,
that woman in my bed had to go I needed peace, she had
a tarty face and dirt under fingernails, sex, was easy to
find in the sixty but life was hollow without love the kind
that is restful for the mind.
The money it is always about the money, soon I had to go
back to sea again the ocean can be beautiful at sunrise
But all that water gets a bit boring.
And so it went on tedium and fun a carousel of nothingness
Till I sat down educated me and liking it.
But as I progressed the knowledge I accrued made a distance
between my drinking friends and I loneliness was there
like a ghost of the past, but for me, the life as a seaman was over.

Oskar Hansen

Grumpy Morning

Grumpy Monday Morning

I sit by the bed can't make up my mind lie down or get up.
I used to have a dog it woke me up early I had to take it out
first thing and when it came back it checked every room.
My house has eight rooms each floor is on different level,
in the old days when I held parties friends, full of wine, used
to break legs, the ambulance crew knew my address.
Don't know what happened to my friends some joined AA and
sent me leaflets about the danger of booze; others simply got
decrepit lost their marbles and went back to their old country.
What to do today, I can read a book, I don't read much now get
annoyed with writers, who fill pages after pages with verbosity,
I have to skip pages of excellence to get back to the plot.
It is early and I to see a mechanic today about my car, but he is
always late, think I will sleep a bit longer, say, to ten?

Oskar Hansen

Gulls And Other Birds.

As we left harbour seagulls and their mewling followed us for a few hours, then they slowly disappeared and we were in a world of floating iron with cargo in the ship's hold for some faraway destination.

We didn't hear the sound of the engine, only when it stopped in the middle of the ocean, we could hear the sea slapping against the hull, an uneasy silence till the engine came back to life.

Miles away when we neared the port of our destination we were met by mewling seagulls, when they saw the man or boy, with a dirty apron and a bucket of leftovers, their shrieks intensified... the masses angry demand.

At night tarns dressed up as tarts sat in bars and charmed, but we only knew that when they laughed too hard.

Oskar Hansen

Gun Play

Gun Play in the Meat Locker

At the bottom in the Mexican bay rests a 22 calibre pistol,
it is in a box and the box is in a plastic bag that moves
with the tide; the gun was mine I had bought it in Galveston.
I had been obsessed with firearms lately, needed a shooter
but didn't want to buy one bulky cannon difficult to hide,
it was easy to purchase came in a box six bullets included.
Back on board and with trembling hands I placed the gun
inside the frozen carcass of a sheep and tried to sleep.

Night in the bay of Mexico I took the pistol up on the deck
and said. "bang, bang you are dead. Put the gun back in
Its box and the box in a plastic bag and threw it overboard.
It was a beautiful night and I was free of my obsession with
firearms they make me nervous and I'm satisfied to know
I was not born to be a gunslinger called Morgan Kane.

Oskar Hansen

Gun Play 2

Gun Play

They haven` t got guns in heaven only toothpicks,
but God has got a golden gun given to him by
the producer of James Bond movies.

He toys with it just for fun when newcomers
arrive, but most of the time the gun is on top
of the Bible, he wrote once upon a time.

Not that he has copyright, he will be the first
to tell you, but with the help of strange people
who insisted he had spoken to them

Sometimes when God is alone, he put the gun
to his temple and click...nothing happens
it is all in jest, or is it? Infinity can be a burden.

Now, if you wonder about the toothpicks,
angels like to welcome you with a bright smile

Oskar Hansen

Gun Play One

Gunplay 1

They don't have guns in heaven only tooth picks,
but god has got a golden gun, given to him by
the producer of James Bond movies.

He toys with it just for fun when newcomers
arrive, but most of the time the gun is on top
of the bible he wrote once upon a time.

Not that he has copyright, he will be the first
to tell you, but with the help of strange people
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Sometimes when god is alone he put the gun
to his temple and...click... nothing happens
it is all in jest or is it? Infinity can be a burden.

Now, if you wonder about the tooth picks,
angels like to welcome you with a bright smile.

Oskar Hansen

Gunplay

Gunplay

The confused inner city kid
had a gun.
Another boy didn't show him respect,
so he shot him dead.
The gunboy fled into a park,
under a bush hid
shivering in the cold rain.
Now he was a hero in the eyes
of other kids
Sirens and voices, they have got him now.
One bullet left,
wished he was back home with his mum,
thought of his options...
a hero for all time?

Oskar Hansen

Habemus Papam

Habemus Papam

A long, steep road- life time for some- and
tired I paused outside a shop selling wigs
I didn't go in, but its owner came out, handed
for a beautiful hairpiece for frosty weather.
I looked ten years younger, ambled with firm
steps to the town's plaza and seen by adoring
women, wore sunglasses to hide my celebrity.

A gust of wind my wig flew off, landed on top
of a street lamp its light came on even though
it was in the middle of the day and austerity.
A chorus of unseen singers sang: Baldy, baldy,
baldy, my vanity vanished as morning mist.
"Why are you bald? " six year old girl asked.
"I was a seal suffering from hydrophobia and
could not jump up in the air and look cute."
In a Chinese shop I bought a red hat, citizens
gaped at me with awe, and whispered is he our
new papa?

Oskar Hansen

Haifa Oranges

Haifa Oranges

The sky is light blue or pallid
It is late afternoon
Clouds are burgundy and
The sun is a Haifa blood orange
Picked by a Palestinian's
Gnarled hands.
Once this was his land, but an historical
Tremor came

He has resigned; this is Allah's will.
But his sons think otherwise,
Blood orange, one day
Blood will overflow run down gutters
As we have another tremor that
Will rumble on, everlasting family feud.

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

Haiku 3 Of Them

Haiku

With a lump of clay
Her hands erected a vase
Sensual flowers

Haiku

Experienced fingers
Squeeze the cow`s teats tenderly
A dreaming milkmaid

Haiku

Yesterday was sunny
Today the sun also shines
Tomorrow who knows?

Oskar Hansen

Haiku And Humour

Haiku

By the impossibility
A chance of a lifetime
Birth of a child

Deep in slumber
The impossibility of dawn
End of a dream

In your Ear

Sixty-seven he said
So he got a job emptying bins
Until it was noticed
Seven before six
So he got fired for being innumerate

Oskar Hansen

Haiku And More

Haiku and more
Soothing rain on slates
Heal nerves torn to tatters
By unforgiving life

Haiku
Rain is decanting
A transparent carpet of silk
Untouchable beauty

Haiku
Rain chased by gust
A mad dance around corners
A day fit for heroes

The festivities

The nauseous time of year
When booze is handy
Sentimentality
Silly hats doesn` t touch me
Safe inside a fog of disbelief

Oskar Hansen

Haiku As Poem

Haiku-like poem

Only the raven
Sits on the branches
Of a dead tree

Bark falls off
Porous and rotten
Exposing dry wood

Skeletal branches
Seeking succour
Forsaken by god

Thunderstorm
Lightning strikes
Pyre and ashes

Oskar Hansen

Haiku Too

Haiku

Icy is the fjord
The fluidity of blue crystals
Echo of childhood

Haiku

The Nordic cord
Strong as freedom's call
Forgotten lullaby

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

Half A Mirror

Half of a mirror

I have a mirror in the hall it is cracked
two mirrors in one but prefer the left part
see an elderly face in peace with self
Not the peace of death, but of one who has lived well.
The right part is altogether different
A face old before its time
I`m not a Dorian Grey my sins is not of excesses,
but rather of frugality and perpetual boredom
A sour face that has absorbed every perceived slight
that oozes out through loathsome pores.

Too much to bear I will remove the right part and
keep the part that makes me looking friendly
even if it is not telling the whole truth which is
not needed now that truth is for the naïve

Oskar Hansen

Handcart And Ring

A Handcart and a Ring

A man I knew had a handcart and became self- employed

I often saw him in the town having a load of parcels and sometimes pieces of furniture, he was a contented man.

One day on his way to the railways station one wheel of his cart came off and four suitcases fell into the street.

So what to do? Traced his steps and soon found the missing pieces that keep the wheel on the axle, but he also found an expensive diamond ring which he put in his pocket as he was occupied with fixing the wheel and get his load of suitcases to the railway station

In the paper, he read about a lady who had lost a dear ring, he contacted her via the paper and she was very happy, but didn't give him anything because as she said honesty is a natural thing and should not be rewarded. The people at the paper thought this too mean for words made a collection and handed the kind man the money. A Picture of him and his cart the paper and a nice story for the paper to sell.

And when too old to push his cart around he became a poet of the small things in life and not the life of aristocrats

Oskar Hansen

Hangman Humour

The Stiff and a nude Imp

They lowered the dead body into frozen soil and
frost smoke arose or was a door opened into hell?
A nude imp stood by the door to welcome the dead.
Who giggled the imp walked so funnily on hooves.
The imp saw the snigger and took offence the dead
one apologized after all it had been a long day.
They sat in the ante- chamber and chatted about this
and that the imp asked what are you doing here
I thought you were destined for the place at the pie
in the sky. Can` t bear bloody harp music and virgins
with damp hands. The imp went purple when blaming
the Chinese for taken the last reserve of coal and hell
would freeze over they had to go above ground to use
the solar power. You are coming to the right place
the four horsemen are riding again, the dead one said.

Oskar Hansen

Happy Birthday

Happy Birthday

Next week the old man will be eighty,
he reflected over that number, when he was young
it sounded like an eternity, yet here he was
not blind and not in bed, feeling ok.
He used to feel bad not achieving anything worthwhile in life,
not it didn't matter, and he continued to write
as it was the only thing, he knows how to do, not philosophical
deep ploughing stuff that would shake the world
into sanity, the last three sentences made him giggle,
mainly because his arrogance wasn't yet subdued and anyway, sanity was
boring.
There would be virtual cakes on the facebook and
messages from 400 friends, this made him laugh out loud,
having so many friends one has never met is an irony
only the banal could take pride in.
To be eighty is a good time his view is bigger now, he
can see from here to eternity

Oskar Hansen

Happy Ever After

Happy Ever After

Dad, lit the Christmas tree used proper candles,
My mother complained about the fire- hazard, this annoyed my
dad who opened the window threw out the tree then peed on the flapping
curtains which, had caught fire.
The tree landed foot down and looked pretty in the snow.
The police came took dad away, they wished happy Christmas.
When the gin bottle was empty, mother sang,
"silent night" until neighbours knocked on the wall.
Dad, came home next day, he had a black eye I had a bike.
Next Christmas my dad bought electric light, mother
had joined the AA, but still, I had to visit my aunt.

Oskar Hansen

Happy Poems

Two Sadorma poems

Path unknown
Yet walked before
My footsteps.
Trees know me
Turn winter into April
Just to gladden me.

Saw a saint
Walking down the street
Brutal rain
Cold as frost
But the saint, comfy and dry
Under his halo.

Oskar Hansen

Harvest Time

Harvest time

Golden acres of wheat
soon the harvester will cut you down
make you into bread and fodder
I remember when you were tall as me
and the north- west wind
tried to flatten you but you
bent with the wind
At sunrise rose like a peace- army
Hell bent on becoming flour

Oskar Hansen

Harvester

The Harvester

On a patch of land not far from here
There are lit candles at night millions of them
A man I don't know his name
Walks around and snuffs out light, sometimes
He hesitate changes his mind the light he was going to
Extinguish flicks brighter
With his thumb and index finger is corned by this arduous
Work and he sits on a stone to rest as new light springs up
Behind him; his task is endless.
He walks to the part of the field were candle light have burnt
Out, if one still burns but has no wick he helps it out
Then it is morning and the field has golden grains

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

Hasty Marriage

Burden of a Hasty Marriage.

He saw her at the cafe she a cup of cacao and eating a cream cake,
he had a sandwich with cheese and ham. She looked up and smiled,
he knew she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.
Shy, as he was, still found the courage to get up and walk over to her
table and ask if he could eat his modest sandwich with her; she said
yes and they sat there in silence, just eating. Dimly he knew he had to
say something, but couldn't but couldn't find the words so he ate
the cup and saucer, the table cloth, serviettes and crumbs of her cake,
when he began eating the table she told him to stop. Ice broken he said
he loved her, she said she loved him, not to waste time they got married
in the afternoon. Found a hotel room and stayed in bed for a fortnight.
Made love in every position one could think of; they even forgot to eat.
Entwined they slept until a knock on the door, something about paying
for the room. For him was a welcomed distraction, got up had to go to
his bank he told her, two weeks in bed it stunk like a pig sty. Paid his bill
but didn't enter their room, he was cured of love based on sex alone

Oskar Hansen

Hatred Of The Dispossessed

Hatred by the Dispossessed

On the Silverberg in my home town its name came
from a poor man who found silver coin there,
he handed the coin to the police who thought he had
stolen the coin and was feeling guilty about it.
The man got ten years although no one came forward
claiming the coin, eventually the authority confiscated
the coin which helped in building a house for the poor
the dispossessed that had never slept in a bed.

The honest man was freed after five years someone
somewhere had a conscience and pulled the right strings.
The innocent was one of the first people sent to
the poor house, but he had not forgotten what had been
don to him so he sat fire to the place. He was seen by
the top window looking out in a circle of burning hate.

Oskar Hansen

Havana

Havana

In the fifties, Havana was a gigantic whorehouse For the Americans,
and run by the Mafia and assorted businessmen, but down from
the mountain came to Fidel Castro and created a humane society.
We didn't like this Cuba should be a democracy that too often means t
he right of the rich to subjugate the weak the helpless and those in wheel chairs.

So he was a communist then he who built a free health this secular pope
did this and made the best schools in the hemisphere in the face of harsh
sanction
from the USA.

The Obama with a horde of investors will be bringing glass pearls and shiny
promises.

Do not succumb to consumerism but retain their pride in being the country that
won a fifty years old struggle against a bitter enemy

Oskar Hansen

Havana 2

Havana

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Oskar Hansen

He Had A Gun

Gunplay

The confused inner city kid
had a gun.
Another boy didn` t show him respect,
so he shot him dead.
The gunboy fled into a park,
under a bush hid.
He is a hero by younger boys.
Sirens and voices, they have got him now,
one bullet left,
wished he was back home with his mum.
Thought of his option
to be a hero for all time?

Oskar Hansen

Heaven For Some

It's said, by those who have been there and back,
that hell can at times be a boring place, pink
lightening and women that endlessly try a new
frocks on. Here are pools of banal sin, rivers
of pornography and small time crooks trying
to sell you fake religious icons, but not one evil
dictator around repenting his murderous ways,
or a capitalist swine now regretting cheating
workers of their pension rights. Where do they
go? Are they pardoned and sent to a privatized
heaven where they play high stake poker with
senior seraphs? I'd like to know before I rob
a bank. I'm fed up with stealing children's toys.

Oskar Hansen

Hectic Day

Hectic day

An eventful day this Saturday
A man is shot to death at Orly airport
clearly out of his mind and France is under
lock down; the hysteria is taking hold
a laptop in a car was stolen it sensitive
information or perhaps not
a man tries to climb the fence at the White House
and there is blood on the carpet
those on duty should have known and not eat
doughnuts when looking at the security screen
dogs and men are prowling the lawn outside
they must be seen doing something
one can say this have been a day of a none -event
and Mosul it is a side show.
At Fox News, long legged girls- with Botox faces- blame
the Chinese, Trump`s pet hate.
The French were not sure who to blame think
the mayhem might have been caused by Iran or
the Germans for taking in too many Syrians.
And over us like Damocles` sword....Trump telling
us all will be fantastic and work for everyone.

Oskar Hansen

Hemingway

Hemingway and I

I don't want to reinvent myself, I would, however,
like to go back to the days before domestic demands
I had to work hard to support a family of children
not mine, sometimes I sat in the garage looked at the car,
wondered if I should run away.

Once, my mates and I climbed tree I told them I should
be a writer; now that I`m old I have a chance, but too
much innocence has run into silt,
I will never be a Heming way of letters.

Oskar Hansen

Her I Love

Her I Love

The moist
smile
that dances
on you lips,
the amazing
brown eyes
that crosses
the room
and
looks
my way,
are they
inviting
my smile
to join yours
for a slow
waltz?

Oskar Hansen

Her Tears

Her Tears

Her green eyeshade is moisture of tears shed
long ago when she was young and in love,
now she sat in the foyer of her hotel like a fat
spider, unmoving but seeing and hearing all.

Dressed in black and in half-light diamonds
glittered her eyes and in the engagement
I gave her thirty years ago, she was beautiful
but spurned me for her father's hotel.

Didn't want to be here where love had died
and only pot plants thrived; I needed a room,
wrote my name in a ledger paid in advance,
went for a drink. The woman was silent.

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

Heredity

The lamp that hangs from the ceiling
is made locally, one of a kind, and
it shines bright.

On the wall hangs its shadow, as shadows go
it is strong and has many details.

The shadow too has a shadow, a bit to the left,
this one is shifty pale, but one can still see
where it originated.

Alas, the shadow's shadow too has
a shadow, so pale it hard to see its
ancestor was a lamp as it disappears into
the white wall and history.

A memory of - once upon a time -a dynasty,
until a new locally made lamp appears,
one that is not mass produced,
and has its own bright light.

Oskar Hansen

Hero Or Traitor

Traitor/Hero

It was half dark in the yard where a group of men with heavy overcoats stood, this was a Nordic country and cold.

We´re freedom fighters but our enemy the occupier of our country, called us terrorists. A bald man showed us how he could subdue a dog by violence and he broke the dog till it licked his hand. We were going to blow up a train, I was given a packet of sandwiches to eat when on the run.

I walked out and saw the building surrounded by soldiers, the dog too was there I bent down to give it something to eat when the shooting started and there were much screaming, blood and noise my disguise flew off- hat and wig- and I was bald also.

When I got up the shooting had stopped and I walked away followed by the dog, apparently they thought I was the person who had helped them.

A high ranking officer thanked me for saving so many lives.... he offered me a safe haven. Praise from the enemy of my country, knew I was doomed, history would call me a traitor, and there is no safe haven for that.

Meanwhile the man who was cruel to the dog would never be caught.

Oskar Hansen

Herr Hitler

Hitler, the Man Who Created Israel.

I have just looked at some picture of Hitler as a young soldier, he wears a grey uniform walks in a grey street and buildings are grey. It appears he and his contemporaries lived at a time before colours were invented.

Looking at his youthful indistinct feature, there is absolutely nothing about this man, the painter of pretty postcard, that he had in him so much hate and a gift of oratory to go with it. yes he brought colour ok, mostly blood red.

A movie about a stammering king has won an Oscar, I can't but think if Hitler had a bad stammer he would be laughed off the stage and reduced to painting, say, houses; and Israel would still be a Zionist's dream.

Oskar Hansen

Hibernation

Hibernation

Occupy falling snow; claim it make a snowman with coal eyes and carrot nose before winter is over and your task runs through your fingers as water into soft the soil and is privatized when it runs into a deep lake and you must pay if you want a drink or take a shower. A carrot not enough to make soup, pieces of coal are not enough to warm your cold hands. The barons of money have bought streams, forests and mountains, fenced in and there are gates, you must pay if you want to walk and see nature at her most enthralling liberty. And you will think; where is our emancipation to express ourselves? Nothing is free, why should it be? This is democracy the right to buy and sell the world's resources and charge whatever the market says. And you pay for what is rightfully yours. If you do not occupy it now it will be too late, spring is the name of misery and it is your fault for sleeping when snow fell in your garden.

Oskar Hansen

Hight Tide

High tide

May, warm sunlight, mild breeze and under
a parasol casts a cooling shade.

The hum of insect

A barking dog

White clouds on blue velvet

The peace is restless a sense of danger

the big powers have been banging on their war drums
conditioning us

we are being groomed for war

It is like psychoses, we want war now

fight for the fatherland against an enemy not defined
the noble death

The song contest in Europe has done a coup, but it
Is not enough

Two jet fighters streak across the sky they are flying low
piloted by flinty eyes.

Perhaps the coming war is a natural progression

a bloodletting that happens in regular intervals

nothing can be done like Thor`s hammer it strikes
when it want to

evening now grass are asleep

the shade has become night

we can`t but wait

Oskar Hansen

His Father

I sat on a stone with my feet up on the low tide someone had told me that everything is possible if you absolutely believe and I was trying to walk on water. I concentrated mightily and sweat broke out. Put my feet down as I got up and sank to my knees into the sea. So it wasn't possible and I was gullible believing what adults said; an, anyway it, isn't much fun to walk on big waves in a storm. Last night I had been with the gang stealing apples in the garden of a rich man, mainly because he got angry, when he came running calling us whore children of the Nazi occupation. We laughed because we're born before the war...except a little boy who was born in 1941, we just him as a look out and he looked down and said nothing. He had no father we knew and we gave him extra apples because his pockets were small. I knew how he felt I had a father but he was always absent, sometimes I saw him in the street and on the bus and sometimes I stood outside the factory where he worked and waited for him to come out, then I followed him to his home at a safe distant, saw him kissing his new wife and talking to his children. I never told my mother and now that I'm old I think it might not have been my father, but just picked this man because he looked father-like. The little boy whose father was an enemy soldier and I who tried to walk on water, must accept that some dreams are impossible, and get on with the business of growing up.

Oskar Hansen

Historic Flood

Historic flood.

There are a few books unread on my
bookshelf and they will stay that way,
I needn't read everything...printed.

My depression hangs in the landscape
streaks on dusty window panes tell me
the obvious: clean me now!

I wait for the pharmacy to open, after
lunch break, hope it is not full of women
talking about pills, illnesses and diets.

I'm not watching TV today I need not
know more about the storm every one
talks about...man, have I seen it worse!

Soon I will be stopped by a hero telling
me he was in NY during the histrionic
storm that made a governor legendary.

The apothecary should be open now,
better hurry and I don't have to worry
what the newspapers say.

Oskar Hansen

History Lesson

History lesson

All that means nothing is pearls on a neck one means nothing
but many of them tell a story of inequity the Palestinians have lost the
propaganda war
so what about it there will be a large Israel with two religions
Big deal history changes fortunes, and progress without our opinion.
Yet all this nothingness no one reads about is the unwritten history
as things are should the Palestine people by fortune and luck win the race for
power
there will be useful idiots like me defending the right
of the Zionist to have their exclusive land, but not in our backyard.
We do not anything but will protest in the Guardian but do little about is as
we do nothing about the settlers on the west-Bank.
In the end, it means nothing as wars continue and people think
The god is on their side because some prophet said so.

Oskar Hansen

History Of The People

History of the people

At the Newmarket, it was the oldest one
in town, the farmers came with horse and cart selling their produce
Their women folks sold thick long underwear,
handy in winters when the North-westerly blew.
Over the scene of banter and friendly business hung
the aroma of horse and the whiff of a wee dram.
The change to modern time came slowly at first some farmer
had bought trucks it was easier that way and warmer too.
Then one day there were no horses left exhaust fume and rain
time was going a little faster no time for a chat, and I was
fifteen and had other interests.
It was the work- horses that made the Newmarket more pretty.
Oddly enough the iron rings on the fence where horses
were tied up, are still there... waiting
for the warm breath of a steed.

Oskar Hansen

Hitler

Hitler Lives.

In a village near mine an old man lives, so ancient
a TV station took an interest and interviewed him,
they thought he must be 104 or more. I looked at
the face his mustache, white and he had gone bald;
spoke Portuguese with a heavy Austrian accent.
No doubt in my mind I was looking at Adolf Hitler.
To my deep suspicion and when asked about his
longevity said he a vegetarian but liked strudel,
told the village policeman about it, but first I had
to tell him who Hitler was; a shoulder shrug, all so
long ago no point going into all this now.
I called the TV station they hung up on me, but
not before I heard their unqualified laughter.
What am I to do? Can't just chain myself to him
and take him to Hague...he's too infirm for that.
A last resort is to send an email Israel, ask them
to let Mosses (their homicide department) send
a couple of agents and take care of the matter.

Oskar Hansen

Hiver Plein De Mecontentement

Hiver plein de mécontentement

L'air sur l'Europe est clair et froid,
Sur ma terrasse, le parasol est refermé,
Voile légère sur une caravelle paisible.

L'étang tout près des maisons est pris en glace,
Le soleil est sans force, mais rend la nature
Semblable à une jolie carte postale.

Comme la compassion de l'étang est rudement gelée,
Le sol que je foule est rigide,
Tel le visage de l'amère tristesse.

Parmi les oliviers sans voix, un oiseau
Lance un avertissement et, dans le silence
Qui suit, j'entends des tambours de guerre.

Jan Oskar Hansen

Oskar Hansen

Holy Ghost

Holy Ghost.

For fifty minutes he drives westward on his scooter to get his face tanned, and then turn and drive fifty minutes eastward to tan his back. He does not even stop this exhilarating journey for a cold beer. Not many cars on the road, which is good as his elderly body is exposed and his skin pores absorb nature around him, store it in the form of memory for days when it is cold and he is stuck in the house. Farmers on their tractors and grazing cattle used to stop and stare, now see but not see him.

A slow moving ghost shimmering over asphalt; it is said without him it will be a rainy summer, crops will rot on the ground, tractors suffer mechanical breakdowns and cows will stop yielding milk.

Oskar Hansen

Home Truths

Seeking a Truth

The sewers under the abortion clinic
is where successful rats live and only
the strongest survives.

From the bland food of suburbia and
narrow minded excrements, unwilling
given back to the drains and nature.

These big rats have survived to sit by
the top table and be respected as those
who deserves a prize for endurance.

They live on sludge of fetuses, tiny fingers
small, beating hearts; also, clean livers;
and the rats grow and reason as humans

Rich rats now have an army of lesser
rats to defend them, nothing last always,
but for some it ended before it began.

Oskar Hansen

Homecoming

Homecoming

I had traveled long and far before getting home, and it was a beautiful spring day when I arrived. The air in the flat smelt of neglect, the dust of memories covered family pictures. "those were the days my love." A phrase from a recent song murmured on my lips. I half turned by the door wanted to run away again only this time I had nowhere to go my journey over.

Agonizing silence a never ending Om, I got to do something, opened the blinds to the door out to the terrace and up from a flowerpot of dry soil... and two small eggs flew a pigeon. Wonder and new hope. If a meek bird could find a home here so could I; of course for now the terrace was out of bound. Slowly, ghosts of past misery vanished as ancient dust danced in a halo of sunlight.

,

Oskar Hansen

Horse And Ale

A Horse and ale

The brewery had many horses to carry crates of beer
around to small shops and each horse and its driver was assigned a route
The horse I liked was shiny black it had been used for funerals before
but over the years got a bit broad hipped and stomach heavy.
The horse knew the route and stopped outside the grocer`s and waited while
the driver unloaded crates of beer.
The horse sometimes had an erection thinking of a favourite mare a bit
strange animals only know one way and askew foreplay
The driver usually had a bottle of beer at each shop and when
the round was done he was in a merry mood and sometimes fell asleep but
the horse knew the way.
After unharnessing the beast, he brushed its coat checked the hooves and
for the horse, the highlight of the day, gave it a big slice of bread.
So long ago there had been a devastating war Jews immigrated to Palestine
and got a piece of land they called Israel, we believed what the papers said
the persecuted people deserved a homeland we did not reflect that it was.
A historic injustice had befallen the Palestine people and echo that will not
stop before the real Semites get their land back

Oskar Hansen

Horse Flesh

Horse Flesh

The mare in the yard is almost a pony it used to be
the falling horse in western movies.
She got old and Hollywood has no use for slow horses
It had performed in Lima Peru where the cowboy fell off
and I bought it on the roundabout
took it home and painted it yellow but as got older she
ended up in my garage,
together with my scooter and other useless toys.

Oskar Hansen

Horse Thieves

I had been a way for a few days
visiting the aunts of Cascais, and
found my stone horses gone.
Just three cheerless holes were
They had been tethered.
The widening
of the road, they said and for
that beauty must go.
If they decide to make a motorway
close neighbours will be divided.
Sun and rain, spectacular my horses were
before turned into grit.

Oskar Hansen

Housework

Wash the dishes dear.
A bard doesn't do dishes.
William Shakespeare did,
wrote his best work when cleaning windows,
for his wife.
I didn't know that darling; anyway
windows look ok to me.
I didn't mean the windows but the dishes.

Oskar Hansen

How I Became A Ship Cook

How I became a sea-cook

I have been a high ranking officer in the foreign legion
I have also been a sea master and a captain-lieutenant
in the American air force, flying anything from helicopters
to transport planes and jet bombers
I was in Vietnam when my moment of glory came, when general
Westmoreland`s helicopter got problem and had to land
in a clearing, in panic radio silence was broken and
the North Vietnamese army moved in, it was then my expertise
kicked in I knew the area used a small chopper and saved
Him and his next in command, the pilot, was left to fend
for himself- he made it to the Mekong river and was picked up.
Westmorland was an ill-tempered man complained he could
smell alcohol on my breath- how else to fight this stupid war.
They gave me a medal and kicked me out, but I was still
employed by the foreign legion who gave me medals too before
transferring me to secret service duty.
My job was to find soldiers of the legion who had absconded
and committed crimes while in uniform.
The order was clear bring them back or silence them,
but I'm not suited for this work, so I quit and became a cook in
the merchant navy.

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 soften to human touch. Yet this is a landscape that once was tilled and now abandoned, does this landscape's common soul feel 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 teeming 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

How To Write A Novel

How to write a Novel

I like to write a book, any book as long as it has my name on the cover. A one day course, how to write a novel. The course leader, a published writer, wore a long dress but I could see her ankles, they were beautiful and much younger than the rest of her. Dyed, red hair, face very pale, presumable from sitting in all day writing how-to books.

Beginning, middle and an end, yes, like life, capricious in the middle, the ending tends to write itself. Sudden endings are best, run over by a bus, or a train crash, where cell phones go on ringing in the broken interior. Then silence. Long ending are best being avoided, hospital bed pages after pages, endless days, exhausted relatives.

Lovely ankles, did she paint her toenails red? She wore flat shoes sensible for any woman over fifty. Classroom empty, they had all gone out for lunch, I went to the pub and stayed there. Beginning, middle and an ending, what more is there to know?

Oskar Hansen

Huldra

In the green valley
Near lake blue and pink salmon
Lived a huldra
Beautiful in human eyes
But trolls had rejected her
Ugly in their eyes
I heard her desolate song
Saw her shimmering
Blond as Iberian sea straw
Made gold-leaved by the sun
I saw her tail too
And before she charmed me
Sprinted for my life
Since folklore has made it clear
Human and trolls may not mix
Because if they do
The offspring will be rejected
By trolls and human
And for perpetuity be lost
Walking the strand of loneliness

Oskar Hansen

Human Maggots

Human Maggots

If ejaculated semen
From millions of seafarers
Over hundred years
Think if this floating loneliness
Had met up and formed
An Island
And up from its depth sprung
The unborn like larvae
Whose only contact
With mothers were what
The seaman
Was dreaming of at the time
Not Atlantis re- emerging
But an island born out of tedium
And tired desire
Not on a chart
To find its existence
So be careful when dreaming.

Oskar Hansen

Humour

Refusal

Stood on top my desk
rope over a beam
postman knocked three times
there is hope
a letter
a publisher has sent me a letter
I open it and laughed
it is another rejection
something about my spelling
lack of punctuation and commas
the publisher
used to be a teacher

Oskar Hansen

Humour 2

Every Day Philosophy

I`m not a thinker deep as the ocean more
like the depth of a puddle, but then again
seen from the stratosphere an ocean is
nothing more than a shallow puddle it has
to do with perspective

The tiny ant that walks across my desk is big
compared with gnat they are mostly obscure
except when they walk across the computer
screen and leave behind a miniscule bit of shit
And that was the lesson for today

Oskar Hansen

Humour And Refusal

Refusal

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rope over a beam
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I open it and laughed
it is another rejection
something about my spelling
lack of punctuation and commas
the publisher
used to be a teacher

Oskar Hansen

Humour3

Humour?

Where were you when I was arrested at a public toilet for drinking
of a flask of brandy- the man beside me was a police officer out
to catch people like me who needed a drink to survive the tedium of
living in a provincial town in the middle of a landscape of cows

Where were you during the court case when the judge said I was
a disgrace, a plague on the backside of humanity drinking in public
Is a serious crime, the buffoon thundered threw the gavel at me
it hit a guard in the head he who was knocked out

Where were you when I had to run gauntlet of jeering reports
and people pointed me out in the street and a hush when
I entered a café, and the waitress refused to serve me coffee
you went to holiday in Spain drinking red wine.

Oskar Hansen

Hunger

Hunger

It must have been numbing
A city surrounded and skeletal people
Falling on the pavement and
The boy - who can anyone forget him-
He had stolen potatoes in the field
And the guards made him drop them
His spuds rolling in the street
And soldiers laughing kicking them around
Food for his family.
Some pictures stay with you forever
Truth cannot be eradicated.

Oskar Hansen

Hunger In Liverpool

In the cafe at the railways station in Liverpool there was on a hot plate, a dish of sausages with mash potatoes. It, the food, had been there a long time waiting for someone hungry enough to buy this disgusting, dish, unprotected from cigarette smoke and sneezing people.

There was a time – not long ago- when people smoked silly cigarettes smoked all over the place, tables overflowing of dirty ashtrays and I was glad when smokers had to go outside to lit up, even though I too was a smoker at the time.

I was going to London for the week but lost my train I was too occupied with the plate of sausage waiting for someone to buy the filthy food; no one did so I got up and bought the lonely lunch this unspeakable last plate readymade food and threw it into the waste bin.

I got a late train to London and back then not many places to eat at night And I could not help thinking of sausage and mash.

Oskar Hansen

Hunters

The Valley and Hunters

It was by chance I stumbled into this valley protected as it was
by thorny bushes poisonous snakes and scorpions a sting from them
and you had five minutes to scan the sky looking for an answer
Intrepid is my name and my dog`s name fearless.

tired and battle scared we came down to the well and drank till
we needed water no more.

We met a 60 years old camel a survivor of a circus I put my dog
between the camels humps to scan the landscape.

I swam in the pond among amorous crocodiles till the dog barked
and morally reminded me I was a human.

How happy we were back then thought we had found blessedness
until a shot was fired and the camel collapsed blood coming out of
its nostril running into the lake and forever it was polluted

This the last explored place for hunters had been breached by a tractor
the Portuguese hunters hated us, I picked up the dog and us
found our way back to the main roads finding another valley was
not easy but we had to try... perhaps Spain it is not like Portugal
with inbred people who love killing things.

But my dog was not well I carried it home gave it water and it
did not want to eat, in the morning it was dead in my arms I think
looking for bliss became too much for her tender heart-

Oskar Hansen

Hunters 1

The Valley and Hunters

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looking for bliss became too much for her tender heart-

Oskar Hansen

Hunting Men

The Valley and Hunters

It was by chance I stumbled into this valley protected as it was
by thorny bushes poisonous snakes and scorpions a sting from them
and you had five minutes to scan the sky looking for an answer
Intrepid is my name and my dog`s name fearless.

tired and battle scared we came down to the well and drank till
we needed water no more.

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Oskar Hansen

Hunting Season

hunting season

Every Saturdays and Sunday there is a war going on in the woods, man against birds and rabbits. On my lemon tree sparrows and hawks sit and wait for Monday. In my garden rabbits seek shelter from shoot gun pellets, eat my flowers and dig holes. My dog is desperate its instinct is to go out and kill them. Killing for sport, is like bullfighting without spectators, grown men, sneaking about amongst trees slaughtering the innocent; not unlike the Settlers behaviour against the Palestinian olive pickers and goat herders. Monday morning I shovel wheel barrow's full of bird droppings from the ground that is also full of holes. Something got to be done with these awful animals, why do they not move to neighbouring woods and seek shelter there?

Oskar Hansen

Hyenas

Hyenas

Hyenas are untameable they are the Bannon of the evolution plotting their own course on how to sow destruction and enjoy the consequences. If you are a fisherman and throw a hand grenade into the sea, you get plenty dead fish, but fishermen who follow rules will hate him for it; the world belongs to the one that kills the most but you end up eating the mutilated and waste.

In Africa, I suspect Ethiopia; a village accepted a group of hyenas living near them a working relation the animals come into the village at night and eat the leftovers in the roads, job done they go back and rest in the tall grass outside the village, one can say man and beast practice toleration, why can't we do the so instead of threatening other nations nuclear hell that will also, in the long run, kill them.

Oskar Hansen

I Knew Of A Woman

I knew of a woman

Who wrote a novel that sold 30 thousand copies,
there was a talk of making her novel into a film,
she bought a house.

She wrote several manuscripts they were rejected
and she had to move out of the house.

Her previous occupation was as a cleaner
but who wants a famous char as a house-help?
She changed her name, bought a bike coloured her hair
Auburn and got a job as a cocktail waitress at a dive,
fat sweaty hands were stuffing cash down her bra.

She wrote a novel about it, like going back to
her roots the street life she knew and tried to escape
She was famous again her photo in the paper and in
literary supplements.

She could not run away from her past
moved to a cabin in the deep rural, milking cows
sheep and idyll and wrote a book about betrayal,
it sold well; the intellectuals didn` t know it was about them
and she knew well it was her sordid past
that attracted the jaded middle-class taste
and she had to write, and survive on a diet of disgust
the life she had struggled to break out of

Oskar Hansen

I, A Love Story In D. Minor

I, a love story in D minor

I had loved you before you were born
I knew you were in the unknown waiting to innate
I loved when you were a child a gift of love
I looked after you in the awkward teenager years
I saw you one day before I stood the woman
I hallucinated, the perfection of my dream
I declared my love for you, and you said: don` t be silly Don
I saw you getting married and I cried in the night
I had a dream that flew as a free bird away from me
I hope you will put red roses on my grave
I love the colour of love

Oskar Hansen

I`m So Tired

Oh, I'm so tired it is hurting me
endless wars and commentators commenting
along the line of their conviction or
the think-tank that pays them.
I long for the autumn colours north of Portugal
a place to heal abused body and
a soul full of distress
I will go for a week or two, drive there myself
and stop when it pleases me.
In the evening at a small hotel I will drink red wine
with my meal, facing away from the TV;
lovely food up north and gentle people.
Algarve where I live has become too hectic with impatient
people buzzing me wanting to go home
to see about wars or football.
Yes, for sure I will go in September and not forget
the camera to record what I saw.

Oskar Hansen

Iberia Rejected

The Piece Iberia Rejected

I like to go to Spain one day soon
Portugal is so tiring and deceitful
It is a fantasy land
Where truth and lies blend
Into a bewildering version of
Arabic influence
That Christianity decapitated.
Spain is a big country with a great mind
Portugal is so much smaller
And their worldviews are that of
What you see in an olive copse
Besides I have family in Spain who reads
And like my opinions
I`m respected elder member of the clan
They want me to come home
And lead them now.
Portuguese politeness is based on avoiding
The truth at all cost
No matter how long you leave in Portugal
They will treat you with
A smiling contempt.
So it is time to leave this land
of sheep herders and lawyers
indelible belief in Dictatorship.

Oskar Hansen

Ice Cold Haiku

Haiku

Norway, a glazier

Trapped inside a glass orb

Shake it and it snows □

Oskar Hansen

Icy Tanka

Tanka

Stars on the night sky
Are icicles on the roof
In a in freezer
That has not been defrosted
For an awfully long time

Oskar Hansen

Idle Hands

Idle Hands

I'm looking at a screen with blue edges,
The screen is not so white it has millions
dots of black hidden in the vast whiteness
I try to write down words or two,
let them fly and find their own way, but there
is nothingness that has a past or future
Before when writing in the night I had a beer
or two to help push me forward, draw an
Idea out of me, now silence unpleasant silence.
I get up can't sit here wasting my time
I try to read a book it is usually an overlong mess
Written on a word processor fit for a secretary.
Poetry too is self-indulgent and some are full of words
so rare as written by one academic to another,
Do not let the people in. Anyway I have retired from
poetry and the tyranny of show, do not tell
I'm free as the non-appearing bird on the screen-

Oskar Hansen

Idle Thoughts

Idle Thoughts

When I write of a rose should
I add the adjective beautiful
I have never seen an ugly rose. Therefore, all roses are stunning
But we can argue about whether we like red or white ones.
When I kissed her tender lips was
It since she had kissed a lot before?
I held around her waist tenderly- a new adjective- and she gazed
At me likewise well I`m not a Russian given to bear hugs.
Her vulva was like a fairy- tale
I ask you, not a moist ulcer then.
Fairy tales is about sex starved princess`s with long hair in a tower
A prisoner of her father`s idea of chastity and no knitting needle
The curvature of her lower back
Struts out like ski-jump in the Alps
Petals falls of roses one by one and blinded by irrational by love
We see again after an operation cataract and daylight seeps in.
The road surface too potholed
No one asphalts my road anymore.

Oskar Hansen

Idyllic Road

The Idyllic Road

There is on the plain that looks like an African Savannah
in hazy summer morning, a road, where the hills begins,
that is flanked by cork trees and appears like an avenue
where royalty ought to drive through when receiving our
adulation; also, not to forget, the sight splendid uniforms
ladies hats and snapping flags in a fairytale breeze,
I also wanted to see if the grapes on the vines had been
harvested, and if not why the delay?

Yes, the grapes had been picked which pleased me and
leaves on the vines are turning sepia. A season is over.
I took a few photos of the cork tree road and said my
farewell I will not be back here before spring. I know of
a place where a lake appears in winters I´ll go there sit on
my bike and hope to see a fresh water mermaid.

Oskar Hansen

If I Were A Bard

If I were a young Bard.

I wrote my first poem when I was about 13. I was taking a short cut home when I saw a woman washing her herself by the fire place, few people in those days had a bathroom. I was so enthralled by this that I wrote a poem. My older brother found it, gave my ode to my mother, who said I was a pig. This shocked me so much that I never wrote another poem before I was fifty one. But all the poems I didn't write came tumbling out it was like they had been filed in my head waiting for me to pick up a pen. This particular well is empty, the poems I write now are contemporary. I have a collection of verses, edited by a friend of mine "The Tasmanian Tiger" when settlers came to Tasmania they eradicated that animal, it will never come back and that saddens me deeply. In Norway we very nearly killed off the wolf, my inner ear can hear them, in a snowbound dale them when the moon is full and I too can howl to a mythical past; a longing for harmony in a cruel world.

Oskar Hansen

If... Senryu

Three Humorous Senryu

If winter landscape
Had snow that was black as coal
It would still be cold

If sunlight was green
Shining on crimson nature
It would still be hot.

If rain was yellow
Running like horse piss in streets
It would still be wet.

Oskar Hansen

Ignored. (A Seagull Story)

Ignored. (A seagull story)

At the seaside restaurant it was busy everyone was eating lobsters,
I tried to catch the waiters' eye. I was ignored and got the feeling
that I was Invisible, or that I was so small that my head didn't reached
over the table. A seagull landed on my table a beautiful bird,
yellow beak and feet, plumage snowy white its wings light grey/blue
and its eyes were green; it also had the aroma of the Atlantic Ocean.
Waiter came, looked at the bird asked what it wanted, lobster, I said
when the dish came I gave it to the bird. Got up, left and no one tried
to stop me.

Oskar Hansen

Illusion

Illusion

Don't mention the moon, but it looks
like a rocking chair made gold platted
by lovers restless hands and dreams.
Park benches soft as duvet when you
hold around her not trying to blow
cigarette smoke in her hair.

Moonlight has made her face forgiving,
you know she has been married twice
and has two grown up children.

Yet you love her tonight
while the moon paints her hair golden.

Oskar Hansen

Imagination

Pre down borealis that had flashed through
the dark blue night sky had disappeared.

A light at the ridge a few stray sunrays lit
up the valley and the mist of mystery was
slowly dissipating, in the clearing I saw
a flock of wisents and a few red deer.

The animals stood still as listening for a sign
or a message of some kind.

A twig of an oak broke it sounded
like rifle shot but the beasts knew better
and began grazing.

Animals of the grassland had retreated
man had taken over ploughing the fertile soil
into fields of wheat.
It was day now and pearls on leaves dried.

When the mammals saw me they quickly,
as shadows of the unseen, vanished
into a landscape of dreams.

Oskar Hansen

Immigration 2

Immigration

I walked along the old road it was replaced in 1951 by the new road,
Nothing much left, it ends at a stone wall. Yet, one can still see the mark
the cart wheels carts made and if you look closely you can see the hoof
track of man's best friend the donkey and if you look over the wall
you can see man and mule ploughing the soil one furrow at the time.
The people here was a robust race those who survived the hardship of
a childhood lived to be old as the stones in the field.

They had nothing in the fifties but wanted more so they found work in
the industrial France and their women cleaned houses when coming
returning they built houses big as the highborn but their children stayed
in France, they had embraced modernity.

For them, as they sink into indifference, the valiant struggle of their
race is forgotten as the hoof mark in the sand of time: until one asks who
Am I, where do I come from? And the answer is as silent as the passing
of time and they will see the ruins of their grandparent humble abode sit
down and cry, caress the stones and lament the loss.

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

Impotence

Impotence

The day I was fifty -nine I remember well woke up
Without an erection and my golden mane had vanished
I looked like a shaggy tiger.

I contemplated God, the devil and the food I ate but
Could not get an answer that I was at the threshold
Of old age that held no promises in its greedy arms
Sex had lost its spontaneity will it stand up and if it
Does will it remain so until the act is over?

I didn` t venture out in the night picking up strange dames
Nibbling at ears was over, my god how much ear wax
I must have swallowed

Gave up the charade at 70 and I found freedom in
Not having to try, but was ok with reading a book

Oskar Hansen

In Defence Of The Lesser

In Defence of the Lesser

Then it was Sunday and the easterly wind
curled around the house rattling windows
the hooligan is in an intimidating mood
the rain came, big scary drops that held stones
and sand of hatred in its interior.
Towns drowned as rivers overflowed and
the old and babies died hyperthermia.

We have tampered with nature axed trees
and our intelligence of pure logic will soon
destroy us as expendable humans and then
when humanity is so stupid, they can't even
make a proper sling; there will be lush forests
palm dates and peace, but only if we stay
dumb, and favour love above anything else.

Oskar Hansen

In From The Cold

In from the cold.

They have not chosen me
they have chosen salami
for breakfast, only
because I'm a thin sliced
chicken breast.
Have they no taste!
Bread crumbs and spies
sitting outside eating salami
on crusty bread,
miles away from real butter.
While just around the corner
there is a deli
selling salt beef and pickles.
Have they no taste!

Oskar Hansen

In Paris

in Paris

A summer is over the night arrives with
unseemly haste, it was not a delicious season
too spent most of the time indoors
fantasising about silky sand, sun and sea
reading brochures of adventures in Thailand.
When I get to a new place, it never is as had
Imagined it to be, say when I went to Paris
I had in mind the way it was at the time of
Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, James Joyce and
Ernest Hemingway, instead it was just another
overpriced city, mind I found the birthplace
of Edith Piaf and the street had a patina of
time went by, so I shall not be invited to
a literary salon, but I got two collections of
poetry accepted at Shakespeare`s bookshop
I'm glad I read their books, but I'm also glad
I never met them

Oskar Hansen

In The Eye Of The Beholder

I hide from lives storm in a dale of incognito, gone is my name,
my gravestone will be free of a name and time of casting anchor.
Write I was a seaman cast ashore by a storm and could not return,
walking on the shore listen to the siren's call and fond silence.
And perhaps a man who has lost everything in life is walking his
dog, picks up a shell and listen to eternities soothing drone.
And the dog which soul is transient and wander from generation
to the next will wag its tail in tender memory of your life.
Yet forever to its present owner which it knows is mortal and will
end up as a memory by Canis familiars not yet to be born.
But as long as dogs, that have thrown in their lot with man, roam
and survive, we shall be there as a testament to eternity.
When you look into a dog's eyes you'll see a mirror and another
mirror and you will see the birth of humanity and kindness.
You will come to realise the only anchor you need is love of life,
and respect for all living creature on our little blue planet.

Oskar Hansen

Inception

From under my shadow
And into sunlight
I´m a raven waiting
For a new born child
Eat the embryonic soul and take over
The body.
And people will say:
This child has an old soul
The mother will cry hug the child
Love me
Till I can walk and disappear
Into the world

Oskar Hansen

Inconsolable

The Inconsolable

A yellow house stands with a setting of forest, behind, shimmering fog and snow has fallen. Through the living room of the house we see a festive christmas tree, but for its emptiness absence of a child's happy voice, the tree has lost its meaning...

A car drives up, a big family car, and has an empty child- seat in the back, a woman gets out, a man drives the car into the garage, when he comes back; he sits beside his wife looking at a TV's blank screen. They both cry together, but are still not able to utter the child's name.

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 had 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

Indian Elephant

Indian Elephant

I know of an Indian elephant that is small for its type, but very sharp.
It worked in a circus one day it sat down and lectured the public
those who came here to laugh at animals and sad clowns.
It spoke of the injustice, why the rich pay no tax to help the poor.
The authorities didn't like this, and it was asked if it had a working permit,
the circus owner not wanting problems fired the little elephant that was
chased out of town by an angry mob that had read bad things about him in
the gutter press that in the name of democracy were allowed to print lies.
It took up living between two carob trees,
and since no one expects to see an elephant here, they didn't see it.
I'm an exile cannot go home to my country up North because there
I would live in penury.
My best friend was a communist leader has a small pension like mine,
we often sit on top of the elephant play cards and he always wins.
This I think it is because I'm a drawing room socialist and can easily be
swayed to lean right if they give me a bigger pension.

Oskar Hansen

Indoctrination

Indoctrination

It is in fairy tales we learn about rich and poor,
the wealthy suitor always wins and gets the princesses hand
and the poor cobbler will always be mending shoes.
In the "glass slippers, " the poor girl fits the slippers and the prince
while the ugly sisters get a job in the Guardian Newspaper,
where they get paid for griping about men.
In Little Red Riding Hood the wolf is the working class trying to take
Power from the haves, but he becomes a cropper and drowns
in the well. So you see, the indoctrination starts early and when
we are adults find inequality normal

Oskar Hansen

Inferiority

You are putting yourself down

No, I`m not, but I know you want to have a go, so I deflect
your sarcasm your words fall on stony ground.

The public laughed off my self-disparaging and your words
embarrassed you, I fenced off your attack.

As a runt in the family, I learned to be the one who told
jokes about my bullies, yes, my tormentors in a way
they didn't get the meaning before the next day,
and they could say nothing without exposing their stupidity,
but it came with a hefty price I don`t if praise sent my way is
meant to belittle me to make me look silly in my attempt
to be known as a comedy writer

Oskar Hansen

Initiation

The Initiation

It is not easy to be young at 16 I was a galley boy
on a tankship that even then 60 years ago was ancient
crewed by old mariners who spent their free time
playing cards and talking about whores and now the ship
had docked in Le Havre.

It was dark when I went ashore sat in a bar and drank
Pernod I think. I didn't go in there had promised my mother
to stay away from alcohol and women.

Light rain and the street light was sparse like there was still
a war on, a small girl standing in the rain looking like
a sparrow with a broken wing.

We went to a mall hotel, but I didn't have enough money
I got to keep my virginity for another day.

Walking back to the ship it was still raining and the old men
sat drinking one of them saw me and invited me in I accepted
by now I was so lonely and needed someone to talk to,
it was not like I could ring my mother from a cell phone and
anyway, we didn't have a phone back home.

The ancient mariners carried me on board.

Oskar Hansen

Innocence Gone

The loss of innocence

At a school sports day, I was running sixty metres,
I wanted so very much to win, didn't quite make it,
but got a bronze medal, which I bore on my lapel
with unseemly pride.

When joining the merchant navy, I wore it too; no one
had a medal like this. In bars, girls asked why I wore it,
they were not used to meet a real hero; I could not tell
them the mundane truth, but spun a story.

Alas, women want what a man has got, falling for her
charms I parted with the medal, my downfall,
never saw the medal again.

Oskar Hansen

Insect

Insect.

On my blue lined writing pad a tiny insect walks,
it appears lost and hesitates before crossing a line,
lost in this vast wilderness of the unwritten.
I try to blow it off the paper, but somehow glues
itself to the paper and will not budge.
I cannot touch it tiny as it is I will surely squash it.
Nothing I can do for now, leave it to its own device,
go watch TV. When I returned it has gone, a sheet
of paper with nothing written on is a lonely place
and has no story to tell.

Oskar Hansen

Instant Memory

Instant Memory

It was my intention to go home had seen
A picture of the harbour of my town when the sea
Was so clear you could see the sea floor.
The big day was when the liner "stavangerfjord"
Docked and her captain saluted the public.
Hustle and bustle and we could see who had done
Well in America, and the not lucky, going
down the same gangway.

A rich uncle who had been important in the hotel
Business smoked camel and had chocolate in his
Overcoat, he stayed with us but, he drank
And my mother threw him out.

I digress, there were other entertainments like
Going to the railway station and see the train from Oslo
To come in, locomotive steam and eager voices.
After all this excitement, we congregated at a kiosk
And if possible – could afford to- had a hot dog.
No, I will not be going home, after all, I never made
It big and my mother has long since gone.

Oskar Hansen

Insubstantial

Insubstantial

I opened, one early morning the window in the door,
and was met with a face that looked like a cloud; it
blew frost roses on the glass, they were so beautiful,
abstract, and oh, so fragile.

Years ago by the cloister`s wall, I saw some miniature
looking roses, I replanted them in my garden, they
disappeared I thought they had died out, but this spring
they were by my wall nodding shyly in the breeze.

As the spring turned into summer, they had no shade
and disappeared like frost roses on the window glass;
and that is ok by me, cause I know they are there just
under the earth waiting for another spring.

Oskar Hansen

Interlude

The air was still and trees in the forest stood in frozen silence.
A rare day, animals listened to the echo of last summer.
Hare trails in the snow made without haste, the persecuted
had nothing to fear on a day when mountain lions dream.
The bear in its den deep under an oak tree, dreamless sleep
whether still or storm, but do not wake him up before spring.
Tranquillity of peace is only a brief interlude, kill or be killed,
eat or starve are wild life's merciless destiny. Calm cracks as
the cold intensifies; there will be a toll to pay if spring is too
late with its promise of continuity. Behind the forest, where
the blue mountain begins, a pack of wolves howl to the moon,
the soul of hunters lied bare in an endless nocturnal dream.

Oskar Hansen

Interment

Funeral.

A young man died in his sleep he was 49 years old, with my aged eyes he was boy too young to die. I don't know the medical reason for his early demise, think it has to do with burst blood vessel in the brain. I went to his funeral last Sunday it was a sunny noon and thought at least heavens could have cried. I didn't know him, but had hoped to meet his sister, whom I adore, telling how sorry I was for her loss; but the whole family was there in common grief, I wouldn't intrude in their unhappiness. I spoke to a friend of hers and asked her to extend my concern, I wanted her to know that I had been there to show respect and that I cared. But could not escape the gnaw of guilt in my heart, hadn't it been for her I might not have attended.

Oskar Hansen

Interment Two

Interment

I sat by the window trying to catch sunbeam, when a man in a black suit, that hung loose on his skinny frame, walked past and I saw him disappear where the sandy road ends and the olive grove begins. For reason unknown to me he cried, tears rolled to the lane like a broken pearl necklace

I sat by the window trying to catch a sunbeam when he returned pulling a an open coffin with a solid handle and four suitcase wheels; in it a woman, in her best nightdress sat, darning wooly socks. The man looked at me shrugged his scraggy shoulders as to say: a wife 's work is never done.

I sat by the window, had caught a tiny sunbeam held in my hand when the black suited returned pulling the same coffin, its lid was held in place by ropes. I opened my hand released the trapped sunbeam, the vista of grief vanished and the day was bright and sunny.

Oskar Hansen

Intimate Relationship

Intimate Relationship

Saw the rusty old tramp-ship on the glittering
blues sea mowing cumbersome eastward.
My god, I knew her, more than many, had spent
two years in her hot interior and long nights
listening to her reassuring heart beats.

When sea was rough she rode the waves like
a swan, shuddered sometimes as to get sea off
her deck. Here she was again, under alien flag,
disappearing slowly as a dream remembered.

Wondered if she was on her way to Caribbean?
She liked it there, warm water good for her hull.
And like me she knew every little port, she could
birth blindfolded. Glad to see her again, yet sad
feel as I betrayed her for leaving; pitiable she, not
anchored in the inlet of peace by now.

Oskar Hansen

Invaders Of My Space

Invaders of my Space

Overcast morning, silent is my forest. I see no hares,
hear no birds; it is as nature has stopped breathing.
The sheep that walked ahead of me has disappeared,
and sparrows fall like autumnal leaves.

A carob tree appears, it shouldn't be here, pods like
green fingers. But hang on, they are green fingers.
Martians are waiting to ambush me. I stop, turn and
run back whence I came. The forest is but a memory.

They came, seized the land; we have to pay to walk
its tracks. They have acquired fresh waters' nascent
and purchased the salty oceans too; drink or sail you
have to pay. Santo, the ogre, is here... no escape.

Oskar Hansen

Islamic America

Islamic America

It happened in the years when vegans and anti car people were in power in North America it was decided to outlaw the automobile. Every driver had to drive off a cliff and into an asphalt pit. When they got out of there, and since everybody in USA can drive, even old women and children, the nation was tarred. It was noticed that God, Jesus, his coteries of seraphs and the second layers of angels, the cherubs were un-tarred. How can one worship the un-blotted? People turned away from Christianity. As no image of Mohamed existed it was decided he too had been tarred, but it had been kept a secret. Overnight, Americans turned into virtuous Moslems and USA became the most powerful Islamic nation in the world.

Oskar Hansen

Islamic Legacy

Islamic Legacy?

The great Mohammed, a man of peace?
His words has been hijacked by zealots
busy blowing up people in the name of
Allah. These extremist s often young men
Egged on by elders, believe in a heaven
of virgins for their delight, this tells
us non believers that religions are bad
for your health. We must strongly resist
these militants who claim they speak on
behest of a god that only exist in minds
filled with hatred of those who do not
share their violent and doomed faith.

Oskar Hansen

Israel, A Failed State

Israel the Failed state

It pains me to say this once I loved Israel
When she was declared a state, we`re jubilant
And as Zionist said on radio the Palestinians
Can go and live in Jordan

There were few dissenting voices back then
We called them communists we call dissenters now
Then pictures of Jewish brutal repression of
The Palestine population and slowly it dawned
On us, they too needed a homeland Israel has
Denied them and thousands have been killed
resisting this illegal occupying force.

The world is not naïve we see what is happening
this was not the survivor's dream to become oppressors.
To augment the population Israel let in Russian of
dubious Semitic origin, but they are useful in the army
killing is their second name.

Mind there are many Jews in Ethiopia, but they are black.
Poor Israel they stole a state they could live in without
insisting on Judaism as the only faith
It is all too sad it could have been a place of olive trees
and goats with the sun in their eyes.

Oskar Hansen

It Could Happen

It could have happened

The lane is empty siesta meanders forever among olive trees
and tempting almond flowers, but far I see an ominous shadow
coming towards me knife in hand.

Is he psychopath out to kill someone and not being caught or
a Farmer wanting a sample a twig with many flowers to take home
to his wife who is preparing the Sunday roast?

I stand stock still think of judo - something to do with feet-
no point outrunning him bring his undercurrent of hatred to a boil
then killing me with the pleasure of the hunt.

I pick up a stone he looks tens when passing me I pretend to look
at the sky can` t have him plunging his knife into me.

He is running now, don` t know why was it the stone in my hand?

Oskar Hansen

It Is A Wonder

It's a Wonder

Old rock you who have lived through eons of time can you tell me when the beginning began? Or is time a spinning wheel of perpetual motion, a Nevada desert of killed gangsters, in shallow graves, waiting for me to find their dry bones and seek closure by revenge. You needn't answer, our brother the pebble, soon to be dyed red and be a tiny part of a posh driveway, says the ultimate goal for life is Nirvana which, for a pebble, means to be a golden ring around a tropical island.

When the wheel stops having spun a cardigan to keep you warm as you sail to the mystical, misty island of Saragossa Sea. Only you have to pay, now since a venture capitalist bought the island (including mist) and turned it into a nautical themed amusement park.

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

It Is Only Cultural

It is Only Cultural (Afghanistan)

Afghans hate America, it's a cultural thing mostly.
US, is a democracy, they want to bring peace,
stability and obesity. Wall Street in Kabul,
the rise and fall of shares eyes glued on screens.
Everything is priced and private and Afghanistan
is theme park. Phony Taliban black beards and
fake guns. Folkloric dressed they dance to the tune
of modernity and middle class trivialities.
Afghanistan, reduced to a pretty postcard, maxi
burgers bars and jeans, until self disgust wins and
Afghanistan goes back to its tribal ways.

Oskar Hansen

It Is Warmer

It is warmer

In Paris

They talk about

The weather

Eat frugally

Hamburgers made of

Indian cows

Turnips from Sweden

Potatoes

From Holland

Gobbledegook

And sign on

The dotted line.

Oskar Hansen

It Was Not Water

The well is almost dry he could hear the bucket scraping at the bottom and the bucket was only half full when he brought it up, global warming was true, but he was not sure whether it was caused by man or by a natural The shift in the weather pattern, having read the once there were palm trees in Greenland?

Once the well was full of cold, clear water and he used to lower a bucket full of bottled beer down it and when he hoisted it up the beer was cold; of course, he could put the beer in the fridge, but it didn` t have the sangfroid, about it as everybody had a fridge.

He looked at his watch they were going out to eat she said, not that he wanted to go out, people went on his nerves, the good thing was the served cold beer, almost as cold as the beer in the well.

Oskar Hansen

It Will Be Alright

It will be alright

It was peace in the valley a deep harmony of those who fled
to the countryside to avoid the foul air of humanity this lair
called community had fouled its nest and had to sleep in it
Then there was avalanche of thoughts which caused confusion
when it settled a gramophone voice from 1930 sweetly sang
"I love you, yes I do my darling."
Back then when singers sang, they dressed their evening best now
women sing showing their wares- never mind the songs- but their
tits to the world telling us to win sympathy how they were molested
as children, the real noise began hunters in the wood killing rabbits
and often themselves in an orgy of bloodlust
The avalanche has blocked the way to the lake where I used to swim
when young I accept that and find a puddle to wade in and should
I get tired bring a folding chair sit under a bush and cry

Oskar Hansen

Jesuitta

Jesuitta, God's only daughter.

God only had a daughter Jesuitta, which he gave to mankind to teach us love. She was a good little girl with blond curly hair and often helped her mother with the washing up and other household chores. As she grew up and came a shapely young woman she was coveted by men, who could not grasp her preaching of unconditional love was not about sex, they began talking behind her back. Rumours had it she had twelve lovers, there was talk of orgies with wine a fried fish and fresh bread. She went to the church demanded to be heard, asked why there were no women priests, and why the let sleazy merchant selling overpriced artefacts? The clerics who had enough of this noisy woman told Pilatus, he first raped her and to his shock realised that Jesuitta was a virgin; this knowledge haunted him the rest of his life. Nevertheless his throw her to his Roman Legionnaires as a usual tart. And the men taunted her: "Is this what you meant by calling love absolute, they bawled. Their women said nothing. They put her on the cross and as semen of a thousand soldiers ran down her legs, she died with forgiveness in her heart.

Oskar Hansen

Jesus And Other Levantine

Jesus and Other Levantine

Yes, it was this thing with Jesus he didn't like the way Judaism was preached so he set about changing it. As one can imagine the priests of the day set in their way and receiving bribes from the Romans to keep the peace were no too taken with this rather talkative man who claimed he also could do miracles.

As long as he walked the countryside and spoke to the uneducated peasants they sort of let it pass, but he went a bit far when claiming he was God's son it all started; it was said he kept company with whores and thieves, mocked the priesthood said they were only in it for money; and when he saw how they sold things like overprized relics he became angry as only a son of god can be and cast out the sellers. The clerics called in their marker. Pontius Pilatus duly had Jesus put on the cross. He did so with a heavy heart as rumours would have it Pontius was gay but didn't want anyone to know. Ever since that time the Jews have been confusion for those who cannot see the difference between a kind Jewish carpenter and a Zionist wanting total control over us.

Oskar Hansen

Job Seekers

Job Seekers

After being unemployed for a long time I got a job as a cook in a cafe where people came for the beer, but the local law demanded drinkers had to order something to eat before drinking. Usually, it was a burger or a cheese sandwich. If a sandwich came back uneaten it was moved to another plate and served again, but I had to open look under the cheese to be sure no one had put something there, like the butt of cigarette and so on. I knew the game having been a drinker there until I lost my job of putting a lid on tins of sardines and mackerel. To be working class when time is good is Ok, but but sooner or later there will be a downturn and without proper education poverty beckons.

Oskar Hansen

Joe, The Soldier

You have uniform, stripes and badges you are a hero at last.
No longer alone but in a group and you do as you're told.
They tell you to fight for your country, but omit telling you
that the same country gave you nothing because you're poor,
and now you are dying for it. Working class, when they send
your casket home your father is proud. Death on a battlefield
to preserve the haves way of life. Your parents get a medal
of lies to put on the mantel piece. When they see they have
been made fools of they have lost the will to protest.
If they voice their anger over your futile death they will not
be believed, their neighbours are stupid, and lack loyalty to
their own class and so it goes on.
The haves can fool you all the time...yes,
forever my friend....Unless you opt for insurrection.

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 fallow,
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

Junk Friday

Junk Friday

I was going to write about consumerism but thought
What the fucking point when people get up at five
To buy tumble drier they already have or a computer
The one they have can be upgraded
But I'm missing the point people like new shiny object
Like crows buy what the already have, and it is good
For the business to consume it keeps people at work
Even if the product is made far away.
I don` t think this junk do anything for the employment
Figure other that robbing the soil for mineral, but I know nothing
Old fashion not thinking we need what we have but the laugh
And tell I know nothing of modern appliances.
So you can have your Black Friday be fooled by capitalism
That knows you like shiny things

Oskar Hansen

Just A Day

Just a day

The day is partly overcast, shadows and light
chase each other up and down a hillside,
where I came from nature is hardening
and there is already snow in the air.

Tiny lilac flowers grow under- don` t know their names
(do I look like a botanist)
Only the almond tree is bare of leaves, unpicked leaves
Hang like baubles that have lost their shine.

I take a walk on the road it is cartwheel wide and has fallen
into disuse, but for generations to come it will be a healed wound
across the landscape.

In front of me, a bird blue and white has fallen
out of the sky; I pick it up- its beak is grey
It blinks and dies gracefully.
I place it on a stone its soul is still in my palm
and gently blow to set it free.
A breeze makes the leaves tremble.

Oskar Hansen

Just A Day Of Many Days To Come

Just a day

The day is partly overcast, shadows and light
chase each other up and down a hillside,
where I came from the nature is hardening
and there is already snow in the air.

Tiny lilac flowers grow under- don` t know their names
(do I look like a botanist)

Only the almond tree is bare of leaves, unpicked leaves
Hang like baubles that have lost their shine.

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Oskar Hansen

Just An Idle Poem

A cargo plane, loaded with white rabbits, got lost in a heavenly storm and landed on the moon, the pilot declared himself king. The second pilot would have none of it, slew the pilot, declared a republic, with him as president, and freed the rabbits. When all the little bottles of booze planes carry for hospitality, were empty the president got depressed and threw himself; off the moon, was sucked up into a black hole and woke up on the Australian outback and got a job a camel rider with an all consuming hatred for airline pilots. The moon rabbits, however, thrived lived on nourishing dust and moon dew. But slowly they changed appearance and became moonbeams that lit up parks summer nights and make lovers swoon. A cynic may say they became inconsequent spectres, useless as a poem written for pleasure and lacking in moral judiciousness.

Oskar Hansen

Just Another Sunday

Just another Sunday

On my travel along country lanes
this Sunday afternoon I saw a tree
on yellow sun burnt field, that had
its limb cut off by a crazed axe man
A surgeon named John, had put
a bandage on the stump, but sap
or white blood, had seeped through
the bandage and I could sense its
agony and there are no hospitals for
wounded three.

So much death on a peaceful day I saw an
old oak that had died from an enormous
tumour on its trunk, leaves had fallen off and
gray branches were seeking heavenward,
a gesture of futility. A car ran across the lane
and I spat twelve times for luck

Oskar Hansen

Just Another Tanka

Tanka

Ornamental pond

In the garden of sorrow

Is dry and lifeless

But can't hide the memory

A child's still face and wet leaves.

Oskar Hansen

Just Before Dawn

Just before dawn

It is late at night, almost morning; the silence is as noisy as high tide washing over the pebbled shore. Gloom hangs in the air like a horse blanket covering a nag`s rain-sodden back.

Tomorrow is the first of October; years have been piling up on me, this quiet messenger of spent youth and yesterday's ghosts I have done my best to ignore, are back mocking me.

Dawn, a cockerel crows I hope my neighbour will kill it and eat it for his Sunday lunch. The intrusive unvoiced is like watching a black & white reel of my life, a litany of failures.

Sigh, I didn`t get to meet Marilyn Monroe. This moment when I should take stock of my life, all I can think about is to buy for the fire Monday morning

Oskar Hansen

Just One More Cigarette...

It is evening they take him out of his cell and into the walled court yard. An officer offers him a fag he accepts, and smokes it slowly inhaling deeply. The officer says, "don't worry it will soon be over. " Then they tie his hands behind his back, blindfold him and place him against a pockmarked wall. The officer asks if the prisoner, has a last word, a message to the world or his family. The damned shakes his head, a long silence, and a volley of fire. Today, after being told by my doctor I'm an idiot, I have stopped smoking.

Oskar Hansen

Just Writing

Just writing

My copy pen fell to the floor I bent down to pick it up
Now I was dizzy the rook swayed.
I came here decades ago, and many pens have fallen to the floor
Although I use a word-processor.
Words are my crutches I lean heavily on them to find a meaning
And not knowing what that meaning is.
Just a vague feeling I lost something on my way to the stars.
I write at night now a steady hum tells me I have to make up
For wasted time, but my time of waste was a fun one
Full of women and sensuality

Oskar Hansen

Kabul Weather Forecast

Weather Forecast in Kabul.

Rain in Kabul, the weather woman on TV said.
and I wondered if that was a good or bad thing.
Slippery roads and confused drones, what do
I know? Perhaps the rain is just what the poppy
fields need right now. Weather forecast on T. V
is pure entertainment, all respectable channels
have a person with a map who looks confident
when trying to predict the tomorrow. Danish
bomber pilots listen to weather forecast too,
will there be sun over Libya? Kaddafi hasn't any
more planes left, we are now bombing his tanks.
No-fly -zone? I didn't know tanks could fly. Rain
in Chad, that's sad, they like Kaddafi he has been
helpful to this poor country. Never mind all that
he's a despot and so says all of us.

Oskar Hansen

Kaleidoscope Of Life

Kaleidoscope of Life.

And behind the forest sings that nothing is the way you think
and try as you might make love to one you do not love gives
a feeling of lost time, of a useless pursuit of finding happiness in
momentarily lust that leaves nothing but melancholy behind.
The choir of the forest knew this, nymphs sang about it warning
you, cheap pleasure too dear for your soul as summer dust on
asphalt road, bleak as the word of love uttered by a floozy in
a nightclub of gaudy gastropods and dancing long tailed rodents.

Dew on straw and deeper into the woodland walk to find Dryads
or best of all Meliae, the sweetest aroma, but her kisses sting your
lips if she's upset with your craving for more. Be careful of Lempo,
the Finnish archer god, he is capricious and likes honey too.
On a stone she sits, the siren of deep tarns, her smile is deadly close
your eyes and run for your life, her former suitors sleep in silt.

Oskar Hansen

Kathmandu

Kathmandu
a quaint, romantic name,
had wanted to go there now it is a dream.
Nepal, this small mountain country
often used a golf ball between big countries
for purely selfish reasons.
Thousands of people killed and classical
palaces are reduced dust covering
mountain tops
as a fog of sadness
Cry my lovely I can only offer you friendship.
But for the tourists who evacuated on
Himalayas' sacred top.
Filling valleys with empty cans of beef
and toilet paper flapping in the wind,
I have little empathy
rich tourists that had to bestride and befoul
a holy mountain.

Oskar Hansen

Kicked Around

Kicked Around

The football game was over the players had gone to the changing rooms, the winning side talked eagerly repeating themselves endlessly while the losing side was subdued silently blaming the goalkeeper.

The football itself the one they all chased was left on the field and it was raining, it had been kicked so much it was rather breathless and now it was getting cold, it bitterly thought I`m round without me they couldn`t play proper soccer but would have to use a rugby ball.

The lonely ball hoped a boy would come pick it up and take it home to his room; his mother would shout telling him to clean it he promised to do so but didn`t.

The boy must be a studious type enjoys doing homework and the ball is tired of the sporting life.

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

Kimono

The Kimono

I was joining a ship in another town; mother followed me the railway station, which was not far as we lived nearby? From the train I looked down at her and saw what I had never seen, a woman with unkempt hair, in an old overcoat with missing buttons and shoes that needed heeling. There were many other people on the platform, but she stood out looking like a bag woman.

I felt ashamed and guilty for feeling embarrassed. When returning I will have money to buy her a new coat, shoes and send her to a hairdresser, I thought. The train moved forward and I waved as long as I could see her.

A year later my ship had just left Tokyo, bound for the Panama canal, when the radio operator came into the galley with a cable, I could see in his face he had no glad tiding. I sat in my cabin grieving, took out the kimono I had bought her it was made of silk and was as soft as a mother's embrace; and I cried.

A knock on my door it was the captain who said: "No time for tears son, crew needs to be fed and you are the cook." That night and many nights thereafter I was lulled asleep by the ship's steady heartbeat.

Oskar Hansen

Kiss Of Death

The Kiss of Death

He was not a smart thief, nevertheless good at opening locks, but often leaving finger prints behind, he was the one who ended up in prison.... And when he was told that in an empty villa where the owners had gone to Spain to avoid the cold, he decided to go it alone. Breaking in, easy and the painting "The Kiss" by Munch, hung there on the wall. It got very cold and snowy, but he could not lit a fire, in case neighbours noticed and pay a visit; there was no food in the house.... Three day later, driven by hunger and cold, he tucked the painting under his arm and went to his car which was snowed in and he didn't have a spade so he used the painting to clear the car. The picture broke in half but still he thought it was valuable. Finally in the car he tried to start, but the battery was flat, tired from cold and hunger he fell in the longest sleep; when found there was a broken, fake Munch painting by his side.

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 hand 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

Lack Of Tolerance

Our Lack of Tolerance

The culture difference between Portugal and Norway are sometimes baffling, like seeing a tribe of Ciganos waiting for one of their own often for day with their offspring running around and they, the children are surprisingly clean. This would not have been tolerated at a hospital say, in Norway, the police would come and the social people too taking the children away... all for the best but for whom? Well children have to go to school and so on, we measure our standards with theirs, who think we are callous sending our old people to homes. It appears the Portuguese believe that benign neglect is a good solution.

But this western standard of behaviour goes deeper it is the reason we meddle with tribe wars in the Middle East wanting the people there to be nice democrats like us. It is like an inverted Midas touch, everything we touch end in bloodshed and humanitarian help programs. And we continue to supply weaponry to both the warring sides.

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

Lady In Red

A Lady in Red

The road leading to the main lane is a sight black and shiny with white stripes on each side, it was resurfaced not for us locals, but for a golf course in a grove of a thousand olive trees sacrificed as a sport for infantile men in clown slacks. The day was mild and dark clouds hung around like rugby players fretting, the other team was late, ready to insult passers-by and I thought of the petulant title of a book: "God is not great", a boy defying everyone, but whistles in the dark. My road ended at the lane going to Benafim where a woman in a red dress stood with a unlit cigarette in her left hand and I noticed her long fingernails were Phosphor green, she asked for a lighter, said I don't smoke trying not to be pompous about it.

She called me a self-absorbed man this angered me much I pushed her onto the main road where she was hit by a sport-car, - also red- she and the car disappeared yonder. From the principal lane, I could see my Sahara a breeze came carried me like I should be a fall leaf down to the plain and I was no longer alone, but then the rain came like a dense wall a ruin appeared it had a wide covered entrance but no roof, sought shelter. Blood of millions of ant I had trampled on in my search for beauty was washed away and my feet was clean and scented as cardinal's shanks ready for the pope's ritual. In ionized shimmer, I saw her again, dressed in red and she is called, lady poetry.

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

Land Of Honey And Milk

Land of Milk & Honey.

The president has banned the verb "work, " there are no job seekers or unemployed people, but those who administrate the state are on duty. Since all is mechanized, digitalized and robotozied there is little need for citizens to do anything, but receive a monthly card to spend on food, clothes and other things, and they will be well enumerated. At last the masses have been set free from the toil of labour. They can sleep as long as they want, walk in the park or pursue sport, meet in the evening and read poetry, with the understanding "work" is not mentioned, `cause the state know some poets are insubordinate and will try to sneak in "work" by calling it something else. If the state censor find out the writer will be banned from all public gatherings and not being able to buy yogurt till he repents and writes nice things about the beautiful colour of plastic flowers, made by a robot called Rose. It has taken mankind thousands of years to reach this stage of maturity, and they will look up to the clear blue sky and say: "Truly this is Utopia."

Oskar Hansen

Landfall

Landfall.

Normandy, the day the allied landed,
should like the holocaust not be forgotten,
it spelt the end of a malevolent empire.

When landing crafts hit the shore, many
brave soldiers died before they could step
ashore on the golden sand of Normandy.

By blind courage and a will of steel many
soldiers got to where banks are steep
seek shelter and rest before carrying on.

This, a hard war, yet an honourable one;
there are times when wars must be fought
as we cannot afford let the world drown.

Dictators come and go, but we must not
shirk in our duty to face them squarely
and kill the darkness of their rotten souls.

Oskar Hansen

Landscape

The painting

I remember it well
The dirt road
The neglected
Domestic landscape
Abandoned
Growing wild
Tall
Ongoing battle
Freedom
For the strongest
Tree
I walked
Into the painting
Wore clogs
Yellow dust
Behind me
Going North

Oskar Hansen

Landscapes

Landscapes

The landscape I walk, used to be guarded by stone hedges; infinite supply of stones this soil yields if not much else. Nature has taken back what man did, the landscape is lush of weed, and bent trees. I'm sliding into silence, but if I listen I can hear Spanish bluebells peal in a mild breeze that also carries a whisper of a Nordic lullaby, Last year a Canadian couple walked with me, their ancestors came from around here. We stopped outside a ruin and they went silent, cried. An ancient memory stirred they knew this place. Where their tears had fertilized the ground, is, this year, full of wild flowers. No, they are not returning, Canadians now and proud of that too. I sit on a stone, not by the river of Babylon, and see how the brook, free from icy shackles elatedly run, will not heed words of caution. I have made boats of bark, and sail of green leaves, see them hasten towards the North Sea. The brook is no more, indifference has seen to that, but the landscape of my childhood is clear as a stream.

Oskar Hansen

Language Lesson

I spend most of my time alone or with
my wife; she sits in the kitchen watching soap.
And I didn't know how lonely I was
before I ended up in a hospital
and shared the ward with six, like me, elderly
men who had lived unhealthy
and now had to pay the piper.
Modest, I said nothing, but they sort of dragged
me into their conversation
It was great fun
I spoke Portuguese without worrying about grammar
and we laughed a lot.
I'm home now sit writing these few words,
the TV is on low and my wife sits in the kitchen
and I miss the old men.

Oskar Hansen

Language Lesson 2

I spend most of my time alone or with
my wife; she sits in the kitchen watching soap.
And I didn't know how lonely I was
before I ended up in a hospital
and shared the ward with six, like me, elderly
men who had lived unhealthy
and now had to pay the piper.
Modest, I said nothing, but they sort of dragged
me into their conversation
It was great fun
I spoke Portuguese without worrying about grammar
and we laughed a lot.
I'm home now sit writing these few words,
the TV is on low and my wife sits in the kitchen
and I miss the old men.

Oskar Hansen

Lap-Dancing

The action is downtown going quickly there
are girls dancing on a pool symbolism not needed
this constant friction any pubic hair left
it doesn` t matter it is in garish colours and
music that arrests free thinking and lap dancing are for losers
the only time the get an intimation of sex
and going home and pocket masturbate and feeling quailed
drying your shoes on the mat, your mother saying there
are sandwiches in the fridge
not let her know you had dancing girls sat on your lap.

Oskar Hansen

Lapland

It is not only Caledonia and the Flemish people
who are crying freedom, a new nation has been born
It stretches from Norway, Sweden and Finland.
The Swedes has accepted this new state as the female
activists said it would be discriminatory and racists to deny
The indigenous people their right.
Norway refused point blank, and as a retaliation has shut
shops selling oranges and bananas.
The Norwegian has seen through this ruse, if the new
country called "Lapland" is a state it will lay claim to untapped
oil in the Barents Sea. It is said that Exxon is behind this,
me, I blame Putin.

Oskar Hansen

Last Joke

The Last Joke

My friend at the old people`s home was dying
the heathen had taken a sudden interest in religious
matters, especially the sweet parts of angels and
harp playing on a cloud, the dream of man, tiger
and the lamb was sitting by the lake liquid silver.
He grew, as he weakened, restive asked me to pray
aloud by his bedside, to please him I did.
"Please, God let Oliver be and angel and teach him
how to play the harp...amen"

A howl of laughter from the sick-bed that ended in
a cough, the old bastard had got one over me.
He died that same night with a smile on his face.

Oskar Hansen

Last Request

Before she died her last wish was to be buried, not cremated,
she feared waking up from a deep coma and no one would
hear her screams and rescue her from the jaws of inferno.
Her husband ignored her want, cremation was more viable,
and anyway how was she to know? The crematory attendant
was outside smoking a cigarette reflecting on the irony that
he had to go outside when bodies were burnt to ash inside.
He was startled by a piercing shriek, birds in trees took flight.
Must be a hawk killing a starling, he thought. On the branch of
an old oak a crow sat, in the afternoon light it looked golden
wore a halo; and had eyes as blue as the ocean.

Oskar Hansen

Late Night

Late Night

The woods in the fireplace is glowing embers,
promise nothing but an ending. In a yard a dog
bark to hear its loneliness, I tell it to stop it hears
me, curls up and goes to sleep. I take a safety pin
thread its needle end through my ear lobe and
I do the same with the other ear.

The blood is white like water, painless and
impartial. I look in the mirror and see nothing
that looks like a pirate. No escape from boredom
and I remove the pins. The dog's wakes from its
slumber, barks. My ears hear Nirvana's echo
rippling on the shores of eternity.

Oskar Hansen

Late Night Movies

I wear denim trousers and a matching jacket in winters, this because I always wanted to be a cowboy, the simple life, what can be simpler than herding cows. I can't afford buying a horse but nearly bought a donkey once, but I have no stable and couldn't leave it in room, one can't toilet train beasts; they will only knock the door down to go outside for a pee. Oddly enough, once upon a time my living room was a stable, a big pile of dry manure was the first that greeted me when I bought the dwelling. But times moves on there are no beasts of burden left, only tractors litter the landscape and the good smell of sweaty animals has been replaced by diesel fumes. I wouldn't mind being a monk especially now that my sexual drive is in a steep decline, but I'm not ascetic or contemplative enough so fit in. So I'll stick to being a horseless cowboy while trying to walk like John Wayne and watch late night western movies.

Oskar Hansen

Laughing Hyena

Tanka (Happiness))

The Old are happier
Than miserable young people
Who fret about ageing
And since the old are happier
Will they laughingly expire?

Oskar Hansen

Laughter

Laughter.

When I wake up I see coloured worms crawling around just inside my I open my eyes I see exploding stars and green moons. I fumble switch on the bedside lamp and life return. Beside me a woman sleeps, knows nothing of my agony. I sit on a chair in the living room big yellow pearls of sweat run from my brow down my stomach, disappear into my pubic hairs as I think of all my failures and I say to myself; "now try to remember something nice." I close my eyes coloured worms have gone only a forest of green reminds, of a place to hide my everlasting shame. But I hear laughter, whether it is of scorn or not, doesn't matter I'm a clown and want you to love me.

Oskar Hansen

Laughter 2

Laughter

They were young at the stage when old people
But not your granny look funny, those young faces looking
Or perhaps not into the future without any trepidation
I enjoyed their laughter even if it was directed at me with
Hair was sticking out of my baseball cap; they looked edible.
I knew with resigned sadness when they came to age I would
Be no more and they would stop laughing and face
A future of devastation, need and hunger and many of them
Perhaps most die of wars no of their making but of what
Political leaders decide today
Despite this foreknowledge, I would like to be there
And laugh with the survivors.

Oskar Hansen

Lavender

On a mile stone in a small town I sat trying to write
a poem, an old man sat on a wooden bench watching
me, he had a newspaper on his lap. A cat under a car
was watching him, perhaps he gave it something to eat
from time to time. With a sigh I put my notebook back
into the side pocket of my jacket. No poem today.
The man began reading his newspaper, the cat looked
away and began grooming itself. A bus stopped two
elderly ladies alighted, bags full of shopping, and all was
back to normal, but I remember the air of summer dust
diesel fumes and the aroma of lavender.

Oskar Hansen

Lazy Dreaming

New leaf

I dream of sleeping in a bed of rose petals
like an Indian potentate waiting for his favourite concubine.
I know as I wait the petals will be crushed cling to my
body and the bed will stink of decay.
I drive my motorbike across the Alps, the cows don` t bother
to look up they have seen elephants.
I Swiss hotels are expensive and cold and smell of edelweiss,
but I don` t care, not since I bathed in the Ganges.
In India there is a temple for rats, I like to go there
it may cure my fear of rodent.
Jasmine flowers are permanent virgins only open up
at night when the world sleeps.
I will not change any plant for my almond tree it
flowers every winter and I dream of snow

Oskar Hansen

Leave Us Alone

Leave us Alone

A risky apathy is darkening our time emails damning
the Clintons never stop arriving and are left unread
The scandal that could have sunk a battleship barely
makes it headline news

Some newspapers are tired of WikiLeaks bring nothing
but unpleasant news; tell us a joke instead.

The Settler on the west bank and Israeli soldiers are
losing their humanity their cruel banality no longer
stirs the mind, we are tired of bad news, therefore
a joke must not have anti-Moslem overtones not make
fun of religion and not be seen as anti-Semitic

We are tired of falling bombs and the dust they create
clouds of coarse dust drifts over a depressing landscape.

Show us sweet pictures of a kitten and cute dogs.

We don` t want to look into the darkness of the coming
the sufferers will have to suffer alone until mushroom
swirls make the humanity extinct.

Oskar Hansen

Leaves Of Fallen Words

The leaves of fallen words

Leaves falling from trees a picture of autumn
auburn foliage without a goal blown about a bit
then it rains and the crumble into soil their duty
done now they can be forgotten
Poetry is like that drifting about mostly unread,
but if a poem touches a heart, makes someone laugh
or in Sam`s case cry, the job is done and the poet
who wrote it can be forgotten.

Oskar Hansen

Leaving Porto

It is six o'clock in the morning a woman is cleaning the pavement outside a bank, and the café across my hotel has just opened. I drink strong coffee and eat a toast there. Only few people about except for middle aged women on their way to a cleaning job in an office or bank, work that has to be done so before opening time. Not many cars about, they drive with headlight on, which they must at all time if they are new, but not needed if the car is old, which I think is a rather eccentric law.

It is a beautiful morning, just warm enough to sit outside and I inhale the heavenly aroma of cakes. Soon I will take the bus home, but as for now I bear witness to the birth of a new day in Porto.

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

Lemon Tree Very Pretty

Lemon tree very pretty

it was a summer night many years ago
woke, thought I heard the whimpering
of a baby, thought it was a dream,
Woke up again my wife was not there
by my side but in the garden where she
had made a hole under a lemon tree
She put what looked like a shoebox in
the hole filled it in and placed stones
on top of her buried secret. Next day she
didn't get up stayed in bed for days and
I looked after her but said nothing.
When she got up she looked slimmer
and took up jogging to stay slim.
The lemon tree grew too I got a man to
chop it down but left its root, she got
upset loved this tree and when unseen
wept. I used to long for her to tell me her
secret, but not now with the tree gone
I do not care to know.

Oskar Hansen

Lena Horn

Lena Horn

Lena Horn dead at 92, I think of this as I stumble up a stony track,
I used to dream of meeting and marrying her, didn't know she was
much older than me. No, more, I lusted after her kept a picture of
her face above my bed. till my new wife came and replaced it
with Virgin Mary. It was her sexy voice you see, it brought dreams
of impossible love to the surface. I had her records till the woman,
who took her picture down from my bedroom wall, took them with
her when she left. Bet she can get a lot of money for them now.

Lena Horn, Edit Piaf, Marilyn Monroe, my great mistresses of yore,
how can I possible love, an Amy Winehouse, of this restless world,
or a Courtney love?

Oskar Hansen

Lepidopterist

He was a collector of natural beauty, a lepidopterist, a title he was rather proud of made him sound like a doctor. Over the years he had become an authority of butterflies and moths, and people came to see his immense collection. When visitors asked how he was able to almost keep dead butterflies to keep their natural colours, he said it was important to stick a needle through them as soon as possible, before their normal tone began to disappear gradually. But he had never been able to keep their usual blush of his dead butterflies like of those in the wild.

One day he saw a rare butterfly ran after it with his net and just caught it when he fell down a deep hole that had spikes at the bottom. He bled and no one heard his call for help. The insect in his net he set free and saw it fly up to the sunlight, a sight that made him happy like seeing his own soul seeking the freedom of weightlessness. The spikes had severed an aorta and when morning came his face had lost its natural outdoor colour.

Oskar Hansen

Less Grazing Land

Less Grazing land

The mere on the knoll looked down at the grassland
a prairie of succulence where she and her ancestors
had lived and died for since time long forgotten.

Behind her, her foal only a few months old, larking
about as foals do. At the distance she saw human
Habitat growing closer, the land was perfect for building
creating suburbia, road and gardens where no horse
was allowed to graze and be free to gallop without
hindrance of fences and cars.

She could smell the city, it was foul in her nose, she nudged
her foal to go uphill to the hinterland that had less
grass but for now was free of humanity.

She would do whatever she could to stop her foal
becoming a tame horse, ridden by would be cowboys
and groomed by girls of unsure sexuality

Oskar Hansen

Let The Bear Sleep

Let the bear sleep
On the sunny side of the road going down the hill
An almond tree dressed as a bride and I thought what will
Happened to you when the frost from Siberia comes
The bridegroom will not arrive in time, and you will be left
In a cold church a vicar with a cold, and shivering guests
Fortitude I say the wedding cake will last to spring
Living in the corner of everything we hoped winter somehow
Had forgotten us but its rage encompasses the best
The nicest person and the apple thief with an ulcer
We are entering a new world that is highly dangerous whatever
We do we have to do a slow waltz and not upset the bear
An animal that does not attack but reacts to our aggression not
Wanting it to eat blueberries in peace

Oskar Hansen

Let Us Try This Again

Now let us try this again writing a document
With one letter marching nicely in front of the other
Like adding instead of using numbers to give the written
words prettiness, even if the theme is about unnatural sex.
The fact is the diesel smell at the bus terminal
Six o`clock in the morning when the cleaning lady starts her
low paid work, has nothing to do with anything, had they
bothered going to university they could sit in fine offices
and gone to the hairdresser at nine a woman who can just
read and write luckily for the ladies she skipped school.
The driver of the bus enters he farts loudly and that is ok
But I could have showed some respect. It is odd to think
if all women had higher education looked up to the blue
sky who should make my dinner?

Oskar Hansen

Letdown

Letdown

So many chances so many near misses,
like a promising spring suddenly turning wintery
and killing budding plant life.

Or a storm came and blew away all senses
Turned it into a loathing where success dare not
Intrude like spoiling a dream.

Falling down an ice cavern unable to get up in time
Not trying hard enough, so the dream can live on
Failure is the ultimate goal it does not need to be
Repeated

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

Letting Go

Letting go.

And she asked me, her head so small on the official,
white pillow that had a blue stamp on in case someone
wanted to steal the beddings... do you believe in God?
Mother the old hardened communist asking me this.
I saw in her eyes she wanted reassurance that this was
Not the end that something beyond beckoned that her
hard life had not been in vain. I´m a poet a teller of lies
I told her a long story. At the end she smiled and said:
Son, I have always loved you but I never knew when you
you were telling the truth. She was at ease and when
dawn came she silently slipped anchor and sailed away
to a sea unknown, but I know I shall meet her there on
Nirvana´ s shore where love is a whispering ripple and
and our life together be retold.

Oskar Hansen

Light Shoes With Straps

In Aruba I bought a pair of sandals, with leather straps and shiny steel buckles; I wore them with white ankle socks. Coming home from the sea in June no one in my town had sandals like mine. Mind, not much call for sandals in Liverpool, winter rain, soggy streets, hailstones and so on. When I went back to sea, I left the sandals under my bed to wear when returning, but when I came back brother had worn them to death, broken straps and rusty buckles. I was very sad, but then I met a girl called Sandra and since it was October, too cold for sandals and white ankle socks, I got over the loss.

Oskar Hansen

Lions Of Freedom

Two lion cubs, their parents were smuggled through
a tunnel so the oppressed people could have a zoo.
This little enclave that has shore lines, but cannot use
the sea, which their tormentors claim for themselves.
The lion cubs have become the hope for the future of
people who, despite the tyrant 's effort to make their
country ghastly as the ghetto of Warsaw; they shall
overcome. The cubs will one day grow big and strong,
break free of their cages when the enemy is beaten.

Oskar Hansen

Listening Stones

Listening Stones.

These mossy stones put on top of each other...a wall.
green plants sprouts out of them like ears, do they hear
my whisper of compassion? Guarding small plots of
land no one tills anymore, where thieving sheep eat rare
flowers without a second thought.

One field is blood red of flowers that should end all wars.
They sell the plastic variety for you to put on your lapel
and show you remember the nameless soldier who fell
on a grimy battle field with an unanswered question on
his bloody lips.

Old stones once you were children of the highest peak
But the peak disappeared into sand, tired of it colossal
weight. Look at you now, guardians of hidden beauty, you
can stop nothing as rain grinds you into pebbles and
dumb sheep continue grazing on rare flowers.

Oskar Hansen

Log Book

From a ship's logbook

Sat on deck another long day I smelled of chippy fat
and the sweat of honest labour

The stove in the galley was oil fired but I wanted to
read a few poems before I had a shower.

The light wasn't any good so I read a western book,
as I always had wanted to be a sheriff in Texas.

The book was good I knew the words before I read
them, fell asleep when I awoke it was midnight

I knocked on my cabin door, give roaches a change
escape; impossible long days and blithe was the sea

In the morning I was still reeking of chippy fat and it
was too late to have a shower.

Oskar Hansen

Lonely Christmas

Lonely Christmases

In Lisbon 20 years ago – time frame unimportant-
I was invited to a Christmas party by my new wife
family and it was a big family, who had travelled
from Congo, France and Belgium.

Plenty of food and wine and back then I had little
restraint and a great appetite.

The promise of not drinking much was forgotten
and as had that day been upset by Israel's
behaviour against Palestine I could not stop talking
about it as an injustice always affects me.

I remember telling people that Jesus was a Jew and
we Christians were guilty of genocide.

Every Christmas since, we sit at home and give each
other gifts and her family ring her, how was I to know
they were half Jewish.

Oskar Hansen

Lonely Fisherman

The Lonely Fisherman

He sat on a rowing boat in the fjord he wore a yellow raincoat
and a southwestern cap matching his coat` colour. Fine rain it
was like watching a movie an intellectual one and French.

I couldn't stand by the window all day, so I sat down reading
a book that was too long a mind-numbing love story.

I read several pages then gave up looked out of the window
the boat was there, and his cap was floating like a life raft for
a mouse I held my breath had he drowned, then the man got
up he had fallen in his boat perhaps slipped on a dead fish,
but other ways looked fine and with an oar caught his cap.

He began rowing to shore tied the boat to the small pier and
walking up the track to my cabin, he carried fish in a plastic
bag I dived behind the sofa when he knocked on my door

I don` t like fish but would end up buying a couple to be polite
and if he was of the talkative kind bore me with endless tales.

Back on the boat, he untied the rope turned and gave me the finger.

Oskar Hansen

Lonesomeness

At the news agent's a woman in her forties spoke to me, said she had lived in Algarve for two years, from Romania, used to be a doctor, but here she could only get a job as a cleaning lady. I dislike being spoken too by people I don't know; perhaps I look of avuncular and reliable. I commiserated with her plight and began walking away, but I can't out walk anyone she followed said she was looking for a friend in this cold, cruel world. I occurred to me since she was lonely had become a little unhinged. Men tend to drink too much when alone, women fantasize about true romance, for both it is often a one way road to oblivion. I was waiting for my wife she had been to the bank, when she showed up the other woman shrunk off, but my wife wanted to know who that woman was, like I should know. No one should be so alone they accost strangers in the street it is sad and scary for those spoken too. Loneliness is a curse and can make people mad.

Oskar Hansen

Long Necked Ruminant

Long Necked Ruminant

So you think a camel is just an ugly animal,
a camel has kissable lips and eyes like
Marilyn Monroe; and it gives milk, low fat and
nourishing. But I bet you didn't know that.

When a four wheel, stops by lack of petrol in
the sand of Sahara, the camel with its padded
cloves trudges along, smells like hell, but
who cares when it can bring you to an oasis.

Sweet dates, cold water and languor under
palm trees, a dream comes true, but do not
forget it was a camel that brought you there.
And have you ever tasted camel cheese?

Oskar Hansen

Long Voyage

Long Voyage and a Chinese Lady.

Glittering ocean, there is no difference between the vast blue sky and the sea. I'm in a bubble, there is no escape. I walk on a rusty deck know this voyage will never end. Time is reduced to a trickle. The ship is bound for Nagasaki but we will never get there. I feel a wave of dread, the difference between sunset and dawn is but a whisper. Magazines, books and old newspapers have been read and reread a thousand times, playing cards are filthy by overuse, I have fallen in love with the print of the green Chinese lady in the salon. When voices are still I sit and watch her and will her to smile, but she's inscrutable. Seagulls, the sea has changed colour, grey and foamy, air is no longer pure. Nagasaki has come to our rescue and saved us from mortal weariness. The city will dock alongside us in the afternoon.

Oskar Hansen

Long Way Home Long Way Home

Walking down an alien street a miserable day in February,
thought he was dreaming asked what am I doing here.
The buildings and people are not as he remembered as
a child. He tried to cross the street but cars kept coming.
A woman took his arm and helped him to cross.
They told him he had lived here for twenty years but
told him in English as he didn't understand the language
these strange people spoke. Tired he sat down at
pavement café, a man asked him what he wanted... he didn't
now so the kind man brought him coffee.
I must find my way home, he said to himself, but I don't know
where it is. Then he remembered that his mother was dead,
he had been asleep, and as he slept the world changed and
he was lost in a future that was not his.

Oskar Hansen

Longest Fall

The Mighty Fall

I fell through the night under me I could see white crested waves of the sea and there was little I could do to stop this freefall. It took 3 minutes to reach the unforgiving surface of the vast ocean. I screamed like a hurt animal and began sinking could not breathe, fought and struggled to be free of this huge amount of water; and there it was my heaven, full moon pulling me upwards so I could fly and dream amongst stars; but I had to swim to Saragossa and find the secret island always hidden in a miasma of the absolved. I could not do it alone. On my back floated my body was anemone and incredible beautiful. The sea was a mirror now, yes, affable as it is when looked at by a young girl of eighteen, I was held back by the sea as the moon tried to possess me they both wanted me and this filled me with ecstatic happiness as the current slowly helped me to reach the dawn of Saragossa.

Oskar Hansen

Longitude

The Longitude

Woke up by the stream
of kind nature
I had no recollection
of a past,
this was now, an expanding
presence,
as water rings made
by a stone thrown into a lake,
till it runs out of energy
sinks to the bottom
where other stones that,
used to be mountains rest,
and there is
for the exceptions of
a few commas
unpunctuated stillness

Oskar Hansen

Longitude 1

Woke up by the stream
of kind nature
I had no recollection
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Oskar Hansen

Looking For A Poet

Looking for a Poet

In Alexandria, the town before Washington, I waited for the bus, it didn't stop, but then it did and my face was the whitest one on the bus. I had the address of a bar where a famous poet used to frequent, but he was not there he was at his yearly stay at a mental institution.

I had brought some poems with me wanted him to read, this was years ago I was young and thought I was unique. Blessed days do not rob a young man of his dream. After a few pitchers of beer, I got up and tried to read me work, but the noise and no one listened.

I was ignored like someone walking naked through town and no seem to notice. I was told to leave. The police, criticised now, drove me to Alexandria and to my ship. I shook hands and with the police officers to give the impression of fame. In the crew's eyes, I was famous but the skipper was still a teetotal ass.

Oskar Hansen

Looking For Heroes

Looking for Heroes.

This small country with a glorious past so sceptical
of the present a longing for what once was and
will never come back; a country which songs echoes
gentleness and sweet melancholia.

A famous sport star from the near past died and
the country fell into a collective mourning that
seemed to go deeper than the legend's passing, but
a profound unhappiness about the future itself.

This austerity imposed from the outside is like a chain
a vortex of misery swirling around making the land
grey as the politicians who rule them. A country needs
its sporting heroes, alas, the modern ones go and play
abroad, better pay, ok, but not the same, the legend
who died, played for his country.

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.

Loose Change Anyone

Loose Change...Anyone

Now we must be careful and pause not make
Nelson Mandela into a Jesus figure. He was
a warrior and peace maker, prison made him
malleable he didn't upset our capitalist system;
we are free to sanctify him.

A magician who could read two sides of a coin
before it hit the ground. How the high and mighty
loved him he was not a threat to them, he smiled
and laughed like he remembered a joke.

I hope he kept a diary so we can get a glimpse of
what he really thought of these corrupt idiots who
throng his grave side and speak with fork tongues;
o yes, they are very good at pretending; tears of
born actors fall easily.

Oskar Hansen

Losing Armies

May 1945, the occupying forces in Norway surrenders, a flag is lowered another one hoisted. The occupiers' commandant hand his revolver to the man from the home front, there is dignity. The enemy now prisoners, go back to their barracks and wait to be shipped home to their country.

Another war, in the Middle East 70 years later, the occupiers leave in the night unseen by the masses, they too have lost but pretend they are victors. No dignity, only an unspoken sense of dishonor. And the soldiers, of the vanquished army, will be demobbed, given medals and sacrifices are forgotten.

Oskar Hansen

Loss Of A Dog

Dream Homes

After the sandy beach, the fenland with birds, foxes, rabbits, woods and ponds,
unspoilt by developers; but no more, real estate, condos,
have turned over the land like rancid butter, green lawns, soft grass, but not a
cow
in sight, here only inedible golf balls fall.
Come buy an apartment good investment for you and the family, no one loses,
why
have one home when you can have four.
Thousands of empty homes only used a few days a year watched over by bored
security guards; poverty is unseen here it has been eradicated, there is no need
for
you to seek places where people live in shacks and under dirty plastic
unless you are seeking redemption for living a life of plenty

Oskar Hansen

Loss Of Faith

Tanka

Under the church`s floor
Hundreds of rotting coffins
A Jesus made of marble
The priest shivers when alone
His flock sought a new pasture

Oskar Hansen

Loss Of Innocence

The Loss of Innocence

At a school sports day I was running 60 metres,
I wanted so very much to win, could taste blood
didn't quite make it but got a bronze medal,
which I wore on my lapel with pride.

When I joined the merchant navy and when going ashore
I wore it too; no one else had a medal like me.
Girls in bars admired it and wanted to know why I had
such a splendid medal. I could not tell the mundane truth
being a compulsive story teller I spun a tale.

Alas, women are destroyers of young men's pride they want
to possess what they can't have.
It was in Le Havre I met my downfall, she promised me
heavenly delight for the medal, and I succumbed; the delight
lasted a few minutes and my medal was forever lost.

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

Lost Love

On TV, the weather woman I secretly love,
said it was 22 degree Celsius outside and
a beautiful evening. She smiled and winked,
knew I was admiring her.

She left and gave room to world news read
by a man in suit and tie; he read about
disheartening news and an Arab spring that
is turning into a military dictatorship

The weather woman walked home, turned
on the TV and tried to see me, but I was on
the terrace watching the stars and I had, in
my distraction, forgotten her.

Oskar Hansen

Lost Love 2

Lost Love

25 years ago September met April and
September fell in love; she was eighteen I was 52
...I know what you think.

At the post office, she worked, and I posted letters
to pretend friends in Liverpool and return address
and if someone opens them know they will find
an ocean of words about loneliness.

One day when I came there, she held the hands
of a young man, her eyes dripped of love and
I never sent the letter to a fictitious girlfriend
at Beck Street number 12 in Liverpool.

You could not help falling in love with her she
was perfectly formed had long blond hair and
laughed like an angel.

It was the usual story she married had children,
then a messy divorce.

We are friends now I told her how much I had
loved her, but I never had the courage to say so.
She held my aged hands and said: I loved you too
but thought you didn` t care about you many
girlfriends on the Merseyside

Oskar Hansen

Lost Value

Lost Value

The sun coughed
a blob of mucus flew out
landed on a mountain top
set it afire,
and for miles, total devastation.
Rain cooled the mountain,
shrouded it in steam,
when the mist cleared
a sparkling diamond of a mountain.
Overnight the price of gems fell
valueless now.
No good for anything other
than as underlay for motorways
and garden paths.

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 2

Sexual love

What do you do when your lover is a thief?

What could I do smitten as I was by her sexual allure
she looked like Marilyn Monroe but lacked her
honesty and innocence while my lover as a taker Marilyn
was a giver, but what could I do?

She was a sickness a cold that would not go away, I often
left her in anger vowing not to return, but I did
despised myself as I sold my car to keep her in style and
expensive restaurant.

Every bad situation comes to an end she knocked
down by a speeding car, the one I had sold.

With my last money I bought a big wreath her mother cried
I was glad she had gone which brought on a depression
because no one had done it as good as her.

Oskar Hansen

Love And Wine

How can I forget her, eyes green as spring water cascading down
a mountain side in Norway. Her skin silky as a morning cloud in June
and her laughter was like chuckling pearls of joyfulness.

So much festivities, wine and song, it took time before I noticed
anything was wrong. Rages; tears of melancholy, lover of the night

I became a spectator to a slow downfall. Eddy of too much living
I could not go there I had my own demons to battle.

How rapid her fall, a woman every man could have and I cursed my
eternal cowardice. At her funeral I spoke to her mother we cried for
a beautiful woman we both loved, but were not able to save.

Oskar Hansen

Love At First Sight

Love at first sight

I joined the merchant navy at fifteen and women I met in faraway ports lived in shady bars and pink bedrooms, had raspy voices eyes as cold diamonds and laughter that sounded like broken glass; they only had time for crude words. By the docks in Livorno, Italy, a girl in a cake shop smiled to me, said I was a pretty boy. Pink I bought more cakes than I could eat. I had met a girl who liked to hold my hand, laugh and talk. We went to the movie, saw "La Strada" but the nearness of this girl was so overwhelming I could not focus on the movie. Happy day, yes I ate a lot of cakes. My ship had to sail for other ports, I was in love promised to come back soon. Sadly my ship never returned. My boyish love affair was forgotten in the carrousel of ventures and bitter love affairs. I don't know why I remember her, guess she's grandmother now.

Oskar Hansen

Love Bug

Love Bug

This is my last letter

I have loved you from the first time I saw you

Something about your eyes

And the kindness of your heart

You know if you can explain love there is none

You are going on a long journey

With your man and that is ok,

And when you return will not be here

I just want to tell you how much I love you

How much I enjoyed your breathe

The aroma of your body when you're teasing

Me with your youth and my old age

I didn` t even hope but took the nearness of you

As a dulcet dream unobtainable.

Love is a rainbow it does not tell you where it falls

Good bye my darling thinking of you

Have eased the burden of my later years

Oskar Hansen

Love By The River

Love by the River.

I carried the old fashion gramophone,
she carried the records to the river.
We sat and I kissed her while listening
to 1959 records.

Let´s have a dip. Naked we swam in
the moonlit river that cleanses disgust.
Her armpits had the aroma of clover

Started gramophone again, music back
then was so trite, lyrics boring and her
body looked enchanting in moonlight.

I threw the bloody music machine into
the river, she did ditto with the records.
We made love in stillness as trout waked
I regretted not having brought a fishing rod.

Oskar Hansen

Love Counsellor

Love counsellor

So he thinks it is easy, the man who gives advice to married and loveless couples. What does he know, goes home switches on the telly and watch the programs he wants, simply because he is a lifelong bachelor.

You can't do that when married, she doesn't want the news but a program about romance and he relents, because a man who doesn't care about his wife's feelings is a bully and made an example of and called names in a woman's magazine.

A marriage counsellor's job is to tell people to fake love until it comes true.

Oskar Hansen

Love In A Name

Love in a Name.

Crystal Falls I saw this name on the net
I could so easily fall in love with a woman like her
Her name has so many possibilities a song
Or a dramatic love story that ends in loss of love
She will forever be a song in my heart even if
She left me with a man with diamond studded yacht
Crystal Falls know diamonds are forever
Love is a sunny day in winter land.
Why did people, tell me she is an ambassador for
A club of people who like dining at fancy restaurants.

Her nom de guerre is Crystal Fall; her real name is
Johana Solar how can I love a name so unmusical
A vase dropped to the ground it was made of mineral
Shards of broken love.

Oskar Hansen

Love In The Afternoon

I wake up in the night our bed is an ocean I feel starkly alone
and reach out to feel your presence. An empty space, I panic
switch on the bedside light and call your name.

You have been to the loo, ok, tell me not to fuzz, lie down and
squeeze my hand. I switch off the bedside light and the night
continues as you gently snore, it is your silence I fear.

Dawn I wake up and count the beams on the bedroom ceiling,
eight it's always eight. And it worries me if I should live longer
then you and only count seven bedroom beams

Oskar Hansen

Love In The Air

Love in the Breeze.

At the nearly empty parking lot, near the supermarket,
two plastic bags danced in the spring breeze.

They elegantly circled each other, came near, almost
touched, but danced away from one another only to
meet again in a close circle; know they shyly touched.

A paper napkin with smeared lipstick on wanted to
join in, but the two plastic bags had only eyes for each
other. Deeply humiliated the napkin took refuge under
a car, but the car drove off and it had nowhere to hide.

So it began dancing alone, in slow motion, with eyes
closed as it was dreaming and the lipstick smiled.

A gust of wind came blew the napkin high into the sky
and away from the parking lot to a secret place of peace
only exploited paper napkins know of.

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

Love Is Odd

Love is Odd.

She is in the kitchen cooking something for tomorrow
I do not criticise what she is doing
when I did she shouted like a tempest and silenced me.
we spoke and I promised not to make any comment on
her frequent use of the washing machine and I promised
when peeing in the night to keep the stream in the pot
which is not easy three in the morning?

My wife went to see a doctor today, and she has seen
many but I made no sarcastic remarks, she has exhausted
all the doctors in our town and the net widens.
Love you see it tolerate your partner`s obsession and
dutifully listen to her symptoms. I do this without shouting
although a valium helps

Oskar Hansen

Love Letter 2

Love Letter

Behind long eyelashes
Your brown eyes spoke
Of untold passion
Our cafe table was an oasis
Of tranquillity
I hoped time would stop
Forever be this moment
But it was not to be
I saw you as a daydream
When I woke up
You had gone.

Oskar Hansen

Love Letter Not Posted

Love Letter Not Posted.

I got a sweet email, yes romantic as well,
something about holding hands
and things that tend to follow a passionate kiss.
She had read my poems and thought I was
a darling! I thought of sending her a love poem
but desisted as my poems tend to be cynical;
beside there is a question of grooming.
Dear heart, thank you for the email, I shall not
answer you, but quietly dream of what could
could have been if I had been seventeen, and
not a grumpy old man who wears a winter coat
for comfort even in June.

Oskar Hansen

Love Not Deeply

Love not deeply

It was an odd week of lovelorn

I kept singing "born to lose and now I'm losing you."

Perhaps it was an Elvis Presley song

I sighed often but otherwise slept well it was more

An ego thing she left me.

The song in my head finally disappeared there were

So many beautiful girls that summer

I loved them all, but I sometimes sang a line from a song

"a blanket on the ground."

Willie Nelson's I think.

Does a sweet song begets love or is it love that begets

A sweet song?

Oskar Hansen

Love Not Spoken Of

The love not spoken of

Newcastle and it was summer I had been paid off from my ship and sat at the train station waiting for a train to take me to Liverpool when a young man came and sat near me. He was beautiful the nearest I have been to human perfection and we spoke about life, we were going to a cabin somewhere in a Scottish hill but he didn't like to be alone and his large brown eyes looked mournful and I was ready to join him, but said nothing because he if I followed the boy would turn out to be human and demanding a type of attention I could not give without corruption His train left before mine I waved and that was that, when I arrived at Lime street station I was drunk and spent a night with a prostitute and she killed a beautiful man sitting alone in a cabin in some god-forsaken dale.

Oskar Hansen

Love Not Spoken Of Part Two

The love not spoken of

Newcastle and it was summer I had been paid off from my ship and sat at the train station waiting for a train to take me to Liverpool when a young man came and sat near me. He was beautiful the nearest I have been to human perfection and we spoke about life, we were going to a cabin somewhere in a Scottish hill but he didn't like to be alone and his large brown eyes looked mournful and I was ready to join him, but said nothing because he if I followed the boy would turn out to be human and demanding a type of attention I could not give without corruption His train left before mine I waved and that was that, when I arrived at Lime street station I was drunk and spent a night with a prostitute and she killed a beautiful man sitting alone in a cabin in some god-forsaken dale.

Oskar Hansen

Love Sonnet

Love Sonnet

This afternoon at the local grocer I had bought a bottle of beer and a tin of tuna fish and I meet the daughter of the woman I had been in love with, I had never seen her before and said halloo like she knew me and she was as lovely as her mother was. Her mother came and I said something flattering, they both smiled knowingly, you can` t fool a woman about love. I` m sure her mother had told her daughter of my trips to the post office where she worked t the time. And they have been laughing, not of derision, but by my inability to express my love openly.

I` m telling this because when I came from hospital in December after collapsing and had been given a pacemaker and the onset of the shingles I was in despair both physically and mentally and I said if I had died I would have no knowledge about this tristesse My wife cried and I promised not to speak thus again and I would not met the daughter of the woman I loved

Oskar Hansen

Love Story

Love story

Eva Braun was a Greenland seal lived in an aquarium Herr Hitler Liked animals his dog loved him truly. Dog lovers are supposed to be kind. Love on first sight. So perhaps there was a call for a loving word that was denied in his childhood; by the fireside and on his lap the dog sat and he whispered sweet words into the dog's ear a moment when his mind was not contaminated by Jewish blood. In the country, I lived in there were many islands most of them have a bridge now and no longer feels like islands. Nevertheless we were standing by the gangway of a ferry you were going to see your sister, I knew you were getting away from me. My love for you were total, yours were not, you just left without telling me why. Distances I beginning to feel but my unhappiness was an annoyance, you gave me a phone number too, but it didn't work, gurgling noises
a phone dropped into a fish tank, but I heard repressed laughter
You were married to a sea master golden rings on is uniform and that is ok; you and the master of the sea never got children. Widow a childless woman your dishonesty bothers me, Eva Braun's fish tale was as phony as your love for me was.

Oskar Hansen

Love Tanka

Tanka

Milk maids and romance

In the hay of romp and love

Mules ate the fodder

Bare floorboards on the hayloft

But fragrance of love remains.

Oskar Hansen

Love That Once Was

Love that once Was

When I met her she was spring flower and pretty
as the zephyr undulating gently through a field of
tulips. But there was no denying I was September
and set in my bachelor way, and my bashfulness
stopped me from approaching her.

Twenty- six years later and she is slim and pretty
in a waxy way, in her eyes I read unhappiness life
was harder than she had imagined her husband had
left her for France, leaving her with two children
and a small grocery shop.

We drank some wine, she cried because she too
had been too shy and she still loved me. I told her
loved her too, but I was not true it was her youth
I had loved and the newness of her aroma, but it
was too late and I left her to the memories.

Oskar Hansen

Love Unrequested

The lady across the road had beautiful grey hair, thick and glossy, I admired her mane because she was eighty five. Her hubby about her same aged died, I attended the funeral, open casket, in death he looked handsome, old man asleep.

When people get old some do not realize how old they are, and the old lady, since I had admired her lovely hair, thought we could be a couple; only I was fifty two at the time and not overly interested. The lady took offence felt humiliated since she already had told the villagers I loved her.

A day when I was doing a bit of weeding around the house She came out; called me a womanizer hit me with her umbrella. Well I´m not heroic, fled into the house and bolted the door; and the villagers were greatly amused. She moved to a rest home and I could go out without being assaulted. I read in the paper she had just died at hundred and five, but I will not attend her funeral....I think.

Oskar Hansen

Lovers

Lovers

They had stopped by a lay by
He had left his car, the motor running
There was so little time.
Sat in her car kissing and fumbling
Loins afire and hearts of betrayal.
There was so little time he had to go home
To his wife and she had a husband.
Poor couple I hope they wake up in time
Stolen love is transient
But its consequence devastating.

Oskar Hansen

Lovers End

Lovers End

Love is doomed to an early death, forever tinged
with sadness; even ardent lovers sense it can't last.
Ah, the fabulous scenery no one in the world loved
so deep as us. Entwined, yes, so heavenly I was your
body and your mine. Sensuous we smiled and I saw
my images in your face drown in the miasma of love.
The cooling of ardour was not for us, but we could
not stop time. Grey sky, why must this delight die?
The ship has left its anchorage and the sea is endless.

Oskar Hansen

Loving Feeling

The Loving Feeling

This is page 99 the way my wife and I sleep
and during the night when I half wake up pat
her side of the duvet to be sure that I'm not
reduced to a lonely 9.

There times when she can't hear my breaths
she shakes me and ask me a daft question and
I know why, it is good to be loved, she to dislike
the idea of waking up alone in a bedroom.

We do bicker during the day, she doesn't like me
driving around in my scooter, I think she spends
too much time doing housework and re-arranging
which makes me fall on a strange object in the night?

Love is at time irritating we worried too much about
the one we love and I get annoyed if she badgers me,
but come bedtime we are friends again, and hope we
both will be there in the morning

Oskar Hansen

Lower Class

Lower class

When children we were poor, and that was ok,
we knew hunger,
it was not so much not having much living in unsanitary houses
no bathroom we all lived like this and thought nothing of it,
it was that our life was staked out by authority
our job after
seven years schooling was to man the factory, some went
further and became welders and others electricians which
the nearest we could get to being middle class.
Most children when young accepted their future life and
after long years in a factory got a watch from the administration
and a picture in the local newspaper.
There were many losers some became drifter didn't want to
we called them lazy some became seamen while other sank
into alcoholism and they were the clever ones
no one saw their talent, and the gifted didn't know how
to set themselves free living in boarding houses walking in
the shadow, luckily many of them died young.
Life is better now we have a better chance there never was
a time of the good old days.

Oskar Hansen

Lunch Cafe

At the restaurant, I noticed a man taking his meal
he ate chicken with chips and salad, I had fried liver
with onions, cabbage and carrots and no potatoes.
In front of him a full glass of beer I wondered when
he was going to drink it. He had coffee the glass still
full, he paid got up and drank the beer in one
long gulp, finally, I thought of going over to thank him
And there on another table sat Joao he had a full
bottle of wine with his meal and it was only lunch time.
no wonder he fumbled with the change when
I bought a newspaper. Watch the TV, she said but it was
too far away and blurry, I really wanted to go home
and write about thousands of birds falling from the sky
swarms of insect making it impossible to go outside.

Oskar Hansen

Lunch Cafe 1

The lunch café

I`m not dying to die, but I like to weigh less
To be free of this old body this harness of humanity
It was not always so I was young once
And made a drama out of politics and sex
In a way, I simmered down when reaching middle-aged
Then a wanted a daughter by didn` t find a woman
Suitable, they were ti stupid, and I wanted my child to
Be a genius be, say a brain surgeon at 15
I met a doctor once we had much to drink I nearly made it
but she woke up and refused.
Then suddenly I was old had no future no higher grade
from the old people's home nearby they came and bath me
change wet sheets, tough women and that is ok,
they give me lunch not what I like; politely I throw the food
into the loo and flush than I drive to my café
where they know what I like.
Big table cloth down to the floor if Flora slips under there
and give me a blow-job ten minutes before lunch
it will be a perfect day

Oskar Hansen

Lupus

The Lupus

Wolf, feared animal in folktales, is back in north Europe
it was eradicated, or so we thought, but they have been
observed in woodlands wiser than before, they don't
like sheep and rabbits avoid humans and dislike dogs.
prefer deer though, and wild boars. As historians tell us
never did wolves kill man. But you can't beat the power
of fairytales, they eat little children and prowling cats.
If this goes on hunters say there will be no wild animals
For us to kill, get rid of them "grey foot" is our enemy.
And dark tales fill the papers, a wolf has been observed
near a kindergarten, spots of lamb blood in the snow.
Wolves are always seen in the mist just like in folklores
Let's kill them now before it is too late our children get
eaten by those shadowy four legged, satanic monsters.
A question remains thought, why don't wolves like sheep?

Oskar Hansen

Luxury Liners

A crew of thousands mostly
low paid men and women
who works long hours
for little reward.

How to train them to be
competent seafarers?

Add four thousand passengers
who know little of the perils of the sea.

It takes so little a fire in the engine room
that cannot be stopped;
a navigational error?

I was a seafarer but I would never
dream of joining those floating palaces
of restaurants and nightclubs and
trendy officers who are chosen for their
looks and not sturdy ability.

Oskar Hansen

Magda

A friend of mine, who used to be a chef,
was filleting a mackerel when he found
a ring, inside the ring read: Magda 1972.
The golden ring, my friend wore on is left
Index finger. But it chafed and chafed till
Skin broke and he got an ulcer.

Fed up with this and perhaps a little
inebriated he gave the ring to a girl in
a bar in Rotterdam...she looked at
the engraving of the ring and fainted.
It had belonged to her husband who
tragically drowned at sea.

My friend, liked the woman – no longer
a mere girl- and despite her past, he
married Magda, She sold the ring and
with the proceed was able to buy a little
bar, but my friend ´s finger turned septic
and had to be amputated.

Oskar Hansen

Maid.

Yesterday I saw an old fashion milk maid
coming out of the cowshed she carried
a pail of milk in her left arm, the grip so
firm fingers used to squeezing cows long
teats twice a day... and she was followed
by five cats with erect tails....

She is the last of a vanishing group of stout
women who smell of cream and honey.
She had an open freckled face and sunlight
danced on her Monroe lips; too late now
for me, milking machines quite obscene,
a Fata Morgana? When I blinked she vanished.

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

Making Of Stars

The Making of Stars.

Long time ago before stars appeared,
nights were as black as standing inside
a mist of ink ejected by an octopus.

When stone-age man found how to lit
a fire, sparks flew up and slowly
the night sky had what we call stars.

When a star or spark dies a new one
will appear if not as many as before
now that we have electric light.

In Kalahari a tribe sits by the fireside
sparks fly upwards, they see to it we
always have stars on the night sky.

Oskar Hansen

Man Eater

Man Eater.

I was filleting a mackerel when I found a finger in its innards
not much left of it looked like a prawn shell with fingernail,
I said nothing dipped the fillets in flour and deep fried them
served with cucumber salad, boiled potatoes and melted
butter, just the way they like it in Sweden.

The finger was spotted again amongst all the stuff to be thrown
into the bin. great commotion, I said nothing, but have not since
been eating mackerels, they apparently feed on fishermen.

Oskar Hansen

Man With Golden Pen

The man with the golden pen

The president a man of great charm
erudition, has a shady side caused by
his absolute power over others.

Every Tuesday he is presented with
a list of state enemies, he reads and
put a cross of those who have to die.

When doing this he sits alone in his
office, the moment when he is god
decides who is going to live or die.

No man is strong enough to resist
the power bestowed on him, luckily
we have elections but do we listen?

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 sapling 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

Many Friends

Friends.

It was running wild, running through the house, unstoppable.
Down the road it ran... filling cities and town with a quiet scream.
What is happening, no one asked; people just stood there
and questions were not answered.

Rain was, a whisper on your umbrella, so what is new baby?
How should I know... the new thing was the world had
fallen silent, humanity had to listen to the world's voice.
It was then, a small nation, that doesn't follow rules, decided
to drop a bomb, that stunned the globe into hush.

Silence, silence do not open your mouth and express an opinion
less a written word will appear on your screen...forever
screaming noiselessly into your ear: you must not have
a view contrary to the mainstream. And the big silence will
overshadow our life and reduce it to baby picture on
the facebook a place where you sold your soul in order to
have 7234 friends.

Oskar Hansen

Mare Nostrum

Mare Nostrum

On the coast of Augusta, in Cecilia this wonderful sea,
the bluest of turquoise, transparent and I saw fish play.
Blood and bloated corpses have made the sea less pretty
and fish nibbles on cadavers of those who tried to cross
the sea to escape the lunacy we created in Libya.

A president short of stature but with inflated ego plus
philosopher idiot, two men were responsible this disaster
of a war just to get rid of a dictator one of them had lent
money of the other who should not be left out of his confine
of academia, he should have in hidden in a university writing
books only historians take a passing interest in.

As it is the impossible vain man get feted, all because he is
an intellectual and wears a velvet jacket and clean collars.
My old Mafia friend Thomas the knife, has invited me to
Augusta, I will go there but not swim the hazy sea, but we
will eat langouste, drink child wine and talk about the days
when philosophers and presidents left us alone to kill only
when needed and never the innocent.

Oskar Hansen

Marina Sunday

Sunday at the Marina

Water in the marina, clear as diesel
fish swimming close to surface
in peace of seagulls,
which know they stink of human
waste.

This is not the fish that
will feed the five thousand.

A child strews bread crumbs into the water,
ignored by the fishes.

Seagulls' shrieks and fall from the sky.

A man drops a glass of gin & tonic, on
the deck of yacht,
claws at his chest.

Ambulance and a nervous doctor
tells him not to smoke cigars
too late.

Young widow,
I hope she sells the bloody yacht.

Oskar Hansen

Married To Nobility

Married to Nobility

The word sits so easily on your tongue

like it had no more meaning than a Gallic shrug

he came from the sea waded ashore you can say

the only survivor of innocence.

Barefoot in the broken glass of spoken untruth so much blood,

they had thought I was one of

them with claws bringing riches how much time

spent and only to find a gardener.

Lonely women everywhere middle aged craved sex,

something had to be done, the salvation come

one of my forefathers had been a baron had three children

I disliked them all and people said I was a baron too.

The baroness died leaving the dilapidated castle to me.

How they hate seeing me eat dinner at a café every day.

I have spoken to Hercules Poirot but he can do nothing

before someone is murdered

Oskar Hansen

Marshland

The Marshland

In the middle of the fen where the soil is full of rotting foliage,
roots of tree from the time the land was a forest,
a dam where ducks swim and as is the way of ducks noisy in
their chatter with each other, social bird with no musicality
I mean have you ever heard of an opus titled:
"When the ducks sing in Covent garden."

Yet they like it here and can spot a Cheney miles away and
thus avoid getting water-boarded. We used to go there
the farmer and we dug into wet soil square sized turfs
which dried in the sun and in the fall we had carts full and
primordial roots that burned brightly when snow fell outside

Oskar Hansen

Martini

A Sophisticated Drink

It stood there on the table a litre bottle of martini stuff made in a factory in Milan and has nothing to do with proper wine. The workers are basely underpaid, when they ask a rise the get served martini for breakfast-. Or perhaps I´m wrong and it is in South Africa where sober wine workers get fired because they are unionised and do ask for a better wage. Martini is a cheap product that has been given a great write up, a liquid of alcohol, water and some good smelling herbs.

The mystery is not solved who had put the bottle on my table? In a book by Somerset Morgan an ill willed woman put a bottle of whisky by a vase of flowers for a woman she didn´t like, to find. The disliked woman found and drank the whisky- straight from the bottle. She now a tart in bars sits on men´s lap for a drink, as the ambiguity continues, like cigarette smoke inhaled and exhaled in a deep dream of a smoker who has recently quit.

Oskar Hansen

Marvellous Life

Marvellous Life

Back then it is back then- so bloody long ago-
my heart sang when going home after seeing you
I crossed a bridge, and the water hummed a love
song and there was no troll under it being
sarcastic telling me love will not last how wrong
the troll was, love is the earth I walk upon it is
the olive tree, the sun and rain that fall it is a part
of what is beautiful in your heart and that you could
not take away the day you left. You made me free to
love the magnificence of reality and charity knowing
my life is wat it is supposed to be today.

Oskar Hansen

Marvelous Nature

Nature Wonders

The morning
It was a blue
Wild animals
Whished
They had coats
Like the humans
The sun thawed
Raindrop big as balloons
Exploded on
Impact
Many cars
Were damaged
Rainfall
From a clear
Sky
The sun
Dried its own tears
Dogs barked
Came out of barns
The day
Continued as before

Oskar Hansen

Master Sailor

The Master Sailor

Along the tourists jilted beach walked
saw a rope, thick as Popeye's arms
sticking up from the sand.
I pulled and up came a schooner
with its crew on board.

We set sail away from winter shores
it disappeared in a funky haze.
A dream had come true, a master
of my own vessel.
It didn` t last someone
pulled the plug.

Oskar Hansen

Matador

The Matador

I was thinking of taken the bus Seville
But don` t know what to do when getting there
Unless I run into a female Toreador
I once met in Seville she was good at killing things
She had once worked at an abattoir, alas, too many men
Surrounded her, she didn` t see me
That was long ago she must be 70 years old now
And probably glad to see a man who remembers when
She cut the ear of the of her prey and held it aloft
And the spectators were ecstatic.
Perhaps she has turned away from this slaughter and
Become and protector of all animals.
Did I tell you I was in Seville ten years ago with
A drunken girlfriend?
In a bar, she got up pretending to be a matador,
This was embarrassing
I had to get her out and to the hotel
But, she was in a festive mood
and disappeared in the night.
There are idle moments when I wonder what happened to her.

Oskar Hansen

Mayan Culture

Mayan culture

First you invade and destroy it

Then you mythologize it

And finally

Makes it a tourist attraction

Oskar Hansen

Me A Racist

Me a Racist

It was overcast this morning with fine rain
but as the offensive racist I'm
I forced myself to get up at eight and take
a shower. The water was cold no more gas
I called myself some slurring racist words.
Kicked the mirror the one in hall that has seen
me nude and laughed, went out buying a new
bottle, my racist wife- she is from Kinshasa and
dislike men with red hair- asked why I didn't
buy two gas bottle and keep one in reserve, like
I should be kind to a racist.

Oskar Hansen

Meandering

Meandering

The moon tonight looks like a golden gondola sailing on a black sea only casting anchor at dawn. I remember a gondola trip in Venice grey water, cabbage, onions and apple peels, I wished the gondolier had been quieter. I sailed across the Black Sea once, from Georgia To the Dardanelles, and sea was frosty white.

We anchored just outside Istanbul waiting for clearance, small boats came sold us sweet wine and liqueurs. After an endless journey on an old ship we drank too much and got sick, but for a few hours we forgot about the poverty of our wretched life.

An endless voyage to Reykjavik, Iceland, the sea around the island was dark blue. But the beer there was so insipid that we had no chance to forget our misery. Moon, it has no business looking like a gondola, it is a balloon. So bring in the empty horses; suave was David Niven you couldn't see he was acting his socks off.

Oskar Hansen

Meandering In Piraeus

Meandering in Piraeus

Sunday in Piraeus, a line of people outside a church
I joined the line and was inside given a bag of cakes.
The old woman behind me was refused a bag of cakes
it appears she had joined the line three times,
I gave her my bag. I didn't think much of priests who were mostly
soft faced and fat looking. The old woman had no teeth
I bought her a soft drink to swallow her cakes.
I sat in the park nursing a Dutch beer the local beer was
not to my liking, when the old woman came demanding
money I refused and she screamed rape. The police removed
her from the park. In the park a grotto, by paying a few drachma,
I could go in and there was an in a glass cage a likeness of baby Jesus
as only a disturbed person could have made, the eyes of baby Jesus
were full of malice and he had an erection big as a smithy's arm.

Oskar Hansen

Meatloaf

Meatloaf

The old man had bought minced meat it wasn't much
he had to friends coming for lunch, so he added two eggs
maizena- flour, white flour, and milk and mixed well.
He left the dough in a bowl by the sink and had a coffee,
when he came back tiny ants -very tiny- had covered
his food, perhaps a thousand of them, as he didn't want to
throw the dough away he mixed the ants into it and
added a bit of colouring to make it look darker,
he then made a meatloaf and served it with mashed potatoes
and fried onion.

The three old men ate well and as one of them remarked
this was indeed a meaty loaf.

Oskar Hansen

Medical / Tanka

Lack of erection
I read a verse about it
At an open mike.

To deafening silence
And mortified interval

Oskar Hansen

Medley

Medley

"Moon light and lovers" yes I remember it well,
now I 'm grateful for moonlight when going to
the outdoor loo where rats assemble.

Yesterday, when love was easy, yet she left
I blamed my after shave...me the lover had
my pick but the one that mattered left.

Everybody love somebody sometimes, I loved
everybody at the same time and found to my
utter surprise abandoned by everyone.

Smoke got in her eyes I was only trying to be
sophisticated, I left to hide away, but a man
needs his mate...but I had left it too late.

Love and glory, why didn 't I see that, thought
glory had to do with war. When she married
a hero, I saw it all and shot them both.

Hang down you head Tom cowboy hang
down your and cry they are coming for you
tomorrow and take your life.

Oskar Hansen

Meeting A Friend

Meeting a Friend

I met my old friend Joao at the pharmacist today
a place we old ones go to buy medicine and to
meet friends still alive, it occurred to me the pharmacy
and the cemetery is only five minutes, walk away
from each other. Joao had gone thin he used to be
a house builder with a big muscular frame and now
before me an old man who had lost his ready smile
and a funny riposte to any argument.

But I saw something else in his eyes, a dread, it was
as he realised the finality of his life, a pleading to
to nature that he was the one who escaped to
the paradise island where the word death does not
exist in the local language of the tribe who live there,
but there was no succour; he had lost the battle.

Oskar Hansen

Meeting Angels

Meeting Angles

He had an overcoat on, looked hump backed and had a dreamy look
In his angelic eyes. I knew he was a seraph. He had bought a bag of
apples." Forbidden fruit where I come from he said our master only
eats oranges so we have to eat that boring tasteless fruit too." His
eyes looked livid now, but then he smiled and offered me an apple.
Two men, in big overcoats and holy smile, white Indoor faces, you
could see they were up to no good, came sidling up. Took the bag of
apples from the angel and gave it to me. One of them whispered to
me: Gab hasn't been too well lately, he is obsessed by the story of
Adam and Eve and is longing to be cast out of heaven so he can taste
the sin of the flesh." Three angles took their overcoats off- one did so
unwillingly- and blindingly naked they flew, into the sunset.

Oskar Hansen

Meeting Beauty

When Meeting Beauty

I read the menu at the restaurant looked up and saw
a pair of brown leg stretching up to heaven and thought
this waitress is from Senegal, as all beautiful women are
born there, a poor country which God compensated by
given the people physical exquisiteness.

In my old man's confusion I ordered goat chops which
was quite apt for my unbecoming thoughts.

When she served the food I looked demurely down
but did see her white teasing smile and saw her walk away
moving like a schooner on the high seas.

No, I'm not an improper dirty old man and didn't make any
leering remarks, but it was a moment when I wished to
be young and be able to admire beauty openly and my
admiration would have been met with a smile....and perhaps
a chance of a warm embrace.

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

Meeting Socrates

On meeting Socrates

It was the end of the day at the old folk's home,
he had spent the last two years of his life indoors, in this room
he had refused to take his meal in the dining room
together with the old people, this was at first refused, but
after a few days and fearing for his safety, he relented and
served meals in his room, for which he had to pay extra.
Lately, he could feel life seeping out of him; he had taken
to his bed, no, he wasn't hungry but drank some tea.
He thought about his life and as usual, could not make up
his mind, had he tried too hard, or had he not been serious
enough was he just a gnat seeking the lamplight or a tiger
prowling the jungle of words, he giggled over the tiger thing.
His feet felt cold, thought of Socrates who had been forced
to drink Hemlock, he said the death started with his feet
crept upwards till it reached his heart and sudden as a gust
of wind blows out the flickering light of life, he died, and would
never know whether he had taken himself too seriously or not.

Oskar Hansen

Melancholy

This land of soft stones and olive trees
Welcomes me,

But I dream of Nordic earth with
Frost and obstinate granite.

And I ask myself, why is it so difficult
For me to forget you?

Oskar Hansen

Melancholy (Shadorma)

Homesickness

Twenty years away

I dare not

Travel there

A stranger on foreign shores

Who knows me now?

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

Memories Of Forgotten Days

The year of 1950 was the year a summer lasted from Mars to October and I was twelve years old and wore long trousers. It was a time of equality children of the middle classes and us poor went to the same school, it was only when we parted at the school gate we went our separate way. Our street was what we can call a place where poverty lingered but things were getting better and we had food to eat as there were fishes in the sea and potatoes in the fields. Near us in a big white house lived a man whose mother said was very rich I often saw him getting out of a black car helped by a uniformed chauffeur. The rich man wore a heavy coat all year round but his riches meant nothing to me, I was more impressed by the chauffeur who got to drive such a splendid car.

Oskar Hansen

Mermaid Fascination

Mermaid Fascination

Put a seashell to your ear and hear
the storm that blew and the call from
the mermaid you met when wading
along the shores of Peru.

The tail thing is a myth because I met
her late in the evening in a pink room
perfumed to cover for the odour of
beery men, who live in dread of dentists.

She was glad to see me and I seeing
her, although not at this place, yet she
took an hour off her busy schedule and
we made love without haste.

Oskar Hansen

Mermaids

Mermaids

The other mermaid?

Don't you ask me about her,
she wore a tight dress and
was in love with a rich man
who had a big swimming pool.

Sourly her glossy lips

Open disdain

of my shower unit

But my rubber duck she cheekily
demanded

I kept in my water bed.

Oskar Hansen

Mermaids In Fresh Water

Fresh water mermaids

Under a big crowned tree near the lake three land mermaids
sat knitting swimsuits, they saw me and sat still as rabbits, I pretended
not to see them but did use the corner of my left eye,
I notice many things that way
Thought of taking a picture but would not like to scare them back into
the lake again, inland mermaids have scaly leg and webbed feet,
not an edifying sight, but they can dress in trousers like Yoko Ono
and having the bearing of exotic artists.

Curiosity got the best of me I sneaked back to take a photo but
a bird whistled a tune they saw me and called me something bad in
a language I never had heard before, it sounded like frogs`
under a rainbow coloured waterfall made of a child`s tears,
besides they could run much faster than me so, I made a rapid retreat
while rabbits gleefully danced in the glade and crows strafed me
with the precision, a Luftwaffe pilot would be proud of.

Oskar Hansen

'Merry Christmas'

"Merry Christmas"

Another Christmas is upon us, all the four channels, where I live, show Hollywood movies with groomed children and fake snow. To avoid offending non Christians, natal is called the festivities. You may call it Hanukah for all I care especially in USA where the Israeli propaganda is slowly strangling America's ability to play fair and think straight. How bizarre Christmas often can be. I'm watching a Santa advertizing olive oil. In Palestine farmers have their olive trees cut down by odious settlers. So much hate the intruders want it all and they feel no charities for the people they rob. But not all is bad, here where I live, the homeless can come in from the cold and eat humble pie but no wine though. And as we sing, drink and wear silly hats, children die in Africa.

Oskar Hansen

Mesmerized

Mesmerized.

My teddy bear
left alone in the kitchen all night,
had its eyes stolen by a cat.
The moggy is on the terrace
looks at me with friendly eyes...like.
Big, green buttons I sewed on
my teddy bear,
it sees right through me and beyond.
This frightens me,
I cuddle the moggy now.

Oskar Hansen

Mgic Tree

The Magic Almond Tree

And now it is time
For the ugly almond tree to blossom
And be a bride of spring
And how beautiful she is
Amongst dowdy olive trees that may
Have cornered the culinary market
The beauty belongs to my almond tree.
How did this come about?
A Nordic princess married an Arabic prince
In Lusitania but she missed the snow
And was unhappy.
The prince prayed to his God and next year
The almond tree bloomed and strewed pink and
White flowers on her path
And today I saw the magic of her smile.

Oskar Hansen

Mice

Mice

Mice in the shed, she demanded

I do something.

I found three mice,
surprisingly easy to catch like they
had been saved.

Living on old newspapers and
still -born manuscripts
not much of a diet.

Kill them she demanded.

I put them in a shoebox
made a few holes and gave them
some bread crumbs.

In the tall grass, by the road verge
I let them out, that is they would
rather stay in the box.

Finally, they got the message and
disappeared.

I looked up and said:

"What about it God any chance to
win on the lotto?"

Oskar Hansen

Mice Versus Rats

I'm not for spending money or traveling abroad, but when I opened the drawer, at the bottom of my desk, it was full of tiny mice, nesting on my check- book, since I hadn't opened for years; they had eaten my passport too, and a couple of poems I thought were too racy to be published.22 mice smaller than a baby's thumb confused in the glare of light the creatures thought my fingers were other mice when I tried to retrieve my check book- and out of date my passport.

Closed the drawer to the mice's delight, thought it had been a deviation, got hold of a tin bucket opened the drawer again and put them all in there, yes, even the babies- there are times in life when one can show no mercy- my intention was to drown them, but could not, their struggle to climb up the bucket must be honored. At night I let them free on the sandy lane. When I opened the drawer next day a big rat sat there, bit my finger it had stolen my credit card.... Now, how do you explain that to a bank manager?

Oskar Hansen

Middle Class Alcoholism

After a heart attack my life as seaman was over, so I went back to school and trained to become a shrink helping people with addiction problems and for this I got a diploma. My first job was in Norway, at a private clinic, helping businessmen to confront their problem, it was an expensive place and not for common drunks you see in the street. I was fully disappointed, these people successful in their line of work could not see what havoc they caused for their families by regularly coming home late, drunk and abusive. Thinking they could throw money at the problem by supplying money and toys to wife and children, didn't they have a nice home, cars and shopping all what a middle class family could want. Yes right, but the wife didn't have a husband and the children didn't have a father who went to work in suit and tie where they sat in an office, waited for lunch time and the first drink to take the shakes and depression off their shoulders. They were in full denial and could not understand why their family or bosses had sent them here, so they treated the place as a holiday retreat so they could sober up and talk business. Meanwhile alcoholics that needed help walked the street never got it and often died freezing to death in cold winters. Sometimes I see one of them interviewed by fawning newspapers, but I know their private life is a misery, a wife on valium and children on drugs living in a posh house of horror, but still they live a life of denial. I turned my back on them I have better things to do with my time.

Oskar Hansen

Middle Class In Algarve

Middle Class Retirees. (Algarve)

When she gets up her husband has gone to the golf course, she drinks a cup of weak tea and has a toast without butter. Then the grooming begins it takes hours, hair, nails the right dress to choose, takes time; after all she is going to meet the other ladies and they are a critical lot. She drives her white Mercedes and tries to park as close as possible near the café, when she enter there are kisses, big smiles and furtive looks how the other ladies are dressed, colour combination and so on. They all have long decorated nails this indicated they have a maid to do the dishes; they chat is about film stars and others in the news and how they dress. The ladies eat cream cakes and forget for a moment about dieting. This séance last about two hours and is the highlight of ladies day. She drives home, changes her frock, makes a meal for her hubby just home and suntanned from his golfing, and tells him to take a shower since they are going to an art exhibition at eight.

Oskar Hansen

Middle East And Her Future

Middle East Future

I have not written anything today, why should I? The future in the Middle East is clear there will be a rapprochement between USA and Iran, naturally two countries are surprisingly alike both sublime and with a streak a tendency to violence. That leaves us with it will leave the before the Palestinians will refuse to be Bantu state and we will have an Israel stretching from the Mediterranean to Jordan, most of the people will Be none Jews and since Israel is a democracy it will have to accept this new situation. Israel will in the future become just another Middle Eastern state that has nuclear weapon they cannot use without erasing their own people as a race a be a bitter irony if they did what the Nazi tried to do. Saudi Arabia can go back being a kingdom with ten thousand princes that have just moved out of the tents, but Jews will survive in Iran. So there is nothing to write about except the vines are greening and I'm taking a car dealer to court, it has taken me since 2004 to get here because I can't afford use a lawyer, justice takes time and is costly.

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 where 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 mine 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

Mini Poems

Mini poetry

On a wall, written:

I'm a chicken

And proud of it

A grazing burro

Makes a sad landscape

More perky

The Philippines

Where old bachelors go

To find a quiet bride.

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

Mirror, Mirror On The Wall

Mirror, mirror in the hall...

He was seventeen and naked in front
Of the big mirror in the hall,
Thought of girls he knew and of girls
He wished to meet and soon his member
Was so stiff he could use it as a hook to hang
His bath towel on.

A revue of naked girls flashed through his brain, even his
Neighbour's wife she must have been over forty,
They all wanted him in different positions
He masturbated furiously and he heard the girls
Screaming in pleasure when he ejaculated.
He hurriedly cleaned the mirror, in case his
Mother thought he had spat on it
(How naive did he think she was?)
On the way out to meet his friends
He met the neighbour's wife in the hall, she smiled at him
And his face took the colour of purple.

Oskar Hansen

Misapprehension

Misapprehension

On my way to lunch
Drove the wrong way
Turned and followed the car`s
Silhouette
In front of me
Speeded up to join it
The car caught up with its
Illusion
And became whole again
Lunch at the café
As usual

Oskar Hansen

Miserable Landscape

Walls

And the foolish enemy, sons of fools and grandchildren
of idiots build a wall in the desert to protect them from
The horde of poncho-clad hombre In sombreros seeking work
Taking with them the culture of a failed state with Salsa music.
The enemy of freedom forgot about nature and over
The desert sand flew stopped by a 12-metre fence, and it
Blew and blew and sand dunes grew and grew, buried the wall
Till it was forgotten, the Salsa music won.
Jericho's wall blew down too was rendered into a parable, yet idiots
And the fearful defend this continuing building of walls by
Those who have forgotten history

Oskar Hansen

Misfit 2

Misfit

The four of them wore business mine from a second-hand shop

I joined them,

we went to a high-class restaurant, it was full, but there were side rooms

I lost my friends

ended up sitting at a table amongst people who thought I was a waiter.

I dressed for tennis the wrong time

out of place,

quickly left followed to exit by derisive sniggers

Outside I changed into jeans and blue

shirt just like

Seafarers on a movie does and could, from the top of the hill,

saw my ship leaving the pier; ran down till I tasted blood, too late,

she was gone forever

Because my nerdy needs to be accepted

Bought a suit walked back up to the restaurant, the guests were outside

playing tennis, some swam in the pool,

they still thought I was the waiter and ordered drinks.

Oskar Hansen

Misfits In Liverpool

A misfit in Liverpool

I think of oranges saw a painting by Constable of a morning sun that looked like blood orange dripping nectar down on some fishermen trying to catch eels on the dark surface in the bay. There were sail-ships too ready to hoist sail in the morning wind. When I lived in England I met several police constables, most of them, nice blokes, alas, during the miner's strike they became radicalized, they had a good talking to by those higher up and were also promised plenty of overtime.

John, the constable, - fifteen years on the beat and no promotion- a friend of mine refused to partake in hitting miners over the head, he continued his lonely beat but at the station he was ostracised, a lonely figure in need of a friend- He often came into my cafe after hours and we drank vodka with orange juice lamenting the time we lived in. John got an early retirement and I sold my cafe.

Oskar Hansen

Misfortune

The misfortune.

The white sheet moved gently in the summer breeze,
under it a still body we could see his motorbike boots.
The police had done their measuring up stuff, waited
for the ambulance crew to take the body away.

It had been such a splendid summer forenoon, but now
cars drove slowly by the accident scene, like a funeral
procession, we are so fascinated by unexpected death.
And now someone had to knock on a door, these things
can't be done by a mobile call, and tell his mother that
the light of her life had been extinguished.

Oskar Hansen

Misgivings

Misgivings.

The long road is a petrified asphalt river where it dips and falls
into an abyss it's boiling and steam arises, cars fall in
disappear, never to be seen again
I have warned them do not drive when the sun sets,
but headless they drive into their own oblivion.
Ancient sorrow, under the new lane is a roman road
soldiers, who had been promised eternal life, come to life when
the sun drips golden blood;
Heaven help a driver caught up in their rage his many regrets are as
useless as morning dew on wayside weeds.

Oskar Hansen

Missing

The Missing Boy

The farmer boy had his knapsack on and walked from the inland,
he had not seen the ocean only knew about it as a dream he wanted
to be a part of. At every milestone a maid telling him to turn back
go tend his cows. When seeing the wondrous ocean he walked on it
towards the sinking sun as it painted the ocean glittering golden.
No one had told him it was not possible to walk on water; yet he did.
He had been observed a boy's shimmer across the sea, many thought
they had seen an angel. Boats were looking for him with lanterns, and
sirens blared. Dawn, gleaming sun on blue sea and the boy was a ray
of sunlight.

Oskar Hansen

Missing Limb

The Missing Limb

I was driving a long when I saw half an arm, from
elbow and down to hand, on the verge of the road.
I stopped picked it up with my right hand and it
quickly grabbed my left wrist and wouldn't let go.
A man came from the bushes: "it is my arm, " he
said and wrestled it off my wrist and connected
the limb to its rightful place, stapled and put it
between his shirt opening looking like Napoleon.
He told me that years ago he lost his own arm,
doctors sewed a new one on; works ok, but there
are tasks it doesn't like to do like being helpful
when nature calls, I let my right hand do it but
sometimes I forget the left detaches itself tries
to run off. With that he went back to his field
mounted a tractor, his left arm worked fine, and
he disappeared in a blast of dust and diesel fume

Oskar Hansen

Missing Link

A sickly child lie
frail on the sofa in the living room.
A knock on the door,
His mother opened.
The man who entered the child knew it was his father.
Whose child is this?
"It is your youngest son" his mother said.
The children in the street
all had a father; the child had waited for him.
But his father ignored him,
gave chocolate to his sister and brother,
then he drank from a bottle,
his mother threw him out.
Next day asked his mother, " are you sure he is my father? "
She slapped her son's face and cried.

Oskar Hansen

Mist Of Time

Mist of Time

Do not spill my blood
On wasteland
Do not bury my last scream
In a grave.
I will walk softly
Across the screen leave no trace
Just a whisper... and
In years to come you will hear
An echo, recalling my name.

Oskar Hansen

Mistress

The Mistress` Revenge

Fog and rain full light on car and dark asphalt road

The house opposite is for sale through an agency

One of the salesmen takes his mistress there

During the week but never on Saturday or Sundays

It must be terrible to be a mistress.

Always hidden and eats with her lover where no one knows them

Then sex on a hard camp bed

Tells her h loves her and will divorce his wife, the problem is

The house and the kids

She knows where his wife lives it is a big house and a large garden

She used to know this could be hers

A dream is slowly dying resentment fills her once loving heart

And one day soon she will talk

And the man will lose his property, wife and his mistress

And being stupid he will walk the streets and wonder why

No one loves him anymore

Oskar Hansen

Misty Day

Glancing out of the window I see the potted plant
on the sill and the house on the other side of
the road... the light is fading and the plant looks as
sad as a whitewashed wall in rain... its whiteness
was an illusion caused by the sun.

Mist of grief encircles olive trees there are blank
tears on my almond tree's spindly twigs, yet inside
each droplet I see a tiny world reflecting my own,
only with greater incorruptibility of the untested.
And far away, as a whisper, a mother sings a lullaby.

Oskar Hansen

Misunderstanding

Night outside was not as dark as the bedroom,
I could see its greyness through the window.
Lifted up my arm and with flat palm blocked
the outdoor night. Wife switched on bedside
lamp, asked why I was doing Nazi salute in bed?

Oskar Hansen

Mixed Memory

A Mixed Memory

When mother made gateau for someone's birthdays
I beat the cream using a steel whisker. Boring work
before the cream thickened and could be spread on
the cake, but it was worth it, as I got to lick bowl.
I thought of this as a tempest whipped the sea into
a froth. In the galley I had a mix-master and could
whisk up cream in no time, only I didn't have the real
stuff, had to use condensed milk but I didn't feel
inclined to lick its residue. The tempest blew into
storm, the ship was jumping about like an untrained
colt refusing to have a rider on its back. Life boats
smashed, ship railings too we only hoped she could
ride out the storm. In Hamburg I walked ashore and
ate a piece of Black Forest Gateau, awe-inspiring.
And to sit in a coffee shop that didn't throw me off
my chair like demented colt.

Oskar Hansen

Mockingbird

Verse maker

Poetry is to see
Ignorance in a sentence
The filling out of pleasant words
The intention being
Making the reader cry a little
A poet sometimes is a mockingbird
A mimus humming bard of Christmas songs

Oskar Hansen

Modern Cafe

Modern Café

The café near the local petrol station and taken over
By people who had studied food catering when I opened
The theme was artistic copies of famous paintings and
Trained chef who saw themselves as creators of food art
The waiters wore black shirts and ditto trousers and
Where called sommeliers I think.

I ordered grilled mushroom got five on a big plate
Garnished with shredded carrots and a brush stroke of
A sauce rather like an abstract painting but if I want
To see art, at a gallery is better and much cheaper.
What happen to the guy in the backroom reeking of drink?
At least he could cook a hefty meal for a truck driver.

Oskar Hansen

Monday Morning

Monday Morning

The mist has been hanging low over the village
like a suicidal thought on a long damp evenings.
Poison or the rope? I remember Saddam Hussein
his fall was long and I still hear the snap as his
neck broke. What am I doing here, this tedious,
grey village and the smell of dirty woolen,
baaing sheep grazing amongst drab olive trees.
The pallid houses, shuttered and avoid seeing
the misery of the mist that drips as unstoppable
sorrow of a death's grief that shrouds all life.
This morning the sun was shining and the village
Looks like a fairy tale. I sit on the terrace try to
get a humble suntan as I'm seeing the cardiologist
tomorrow and don't want him to think I'm sick.
This is a good place to live a place to live a long time.

Oskar Hansen

Money Signs

Money Signs

God is a dollar sign
A mark we truly believe in
Amen
But there are many gods
One bears the name of Euro
An arriviste
Given too much publicity
Loved by bankers
Cursed by the destitute
Who deify obsolete punts.

Oskar Hansen

Monuments

Monuments

They have gone now not a trace left but hazy memories.
Leaves are getting yellow there is no denying fall is here.
I'm the sole survivor standing on a plateau of nothingness
where dust of wasted years, blows in the wind. But it was
the wasted years that brought you here, a voice whispers.
I shall not now climb the Eiffel tower from the outside in
honour of the army of welders; whom are all but forgotten.
The name Eiffel lives on, but the man himself lost his crown
when trying to construct the Panama Canal. This long hall
I must walk so many doors on each side, I will not enter any
of them to see what's inside, my curiosity is gone I need not
know. My object is to reach the end of the corridor where
I see shadows, perhaps the great man Eiffel is there, if not
I hope they are, the welders of the monument made of Iron.

Oskar Hansen

Mood Indigo

Mood Indigo

Quite evening in the village, dogs bark now and then, they don't bother me anymore. The cruel heat has gone I have watered the flowers and the bushes, which are slowly losing their bloom, autumn is here and it is time for slumber. So many years spent on iron ships only seeing the endless sea, yet there is a part of me who long for the oceans, but not for the ships I sailed. Many a moon lit night I have leaned on a railing listening to the sigh of the seas guessing what message it had for me. My years as a seafarer was not wasted I have read hundreds of books, learned about other cultures and respect for the rage of nature. Twenty years in Paradise I shall not complain and ask for more, but it is time for me to leave, age demands it, and that's ok, I shall not travel far only to the nearest town, I can visit my landscape when I need to.

Oskar Hansen

Moon Landing

Long Term Solution

It has come to my attention that the moon is capable growing green bananas, goats and sheep but not cattle as they emit too much gas into the planet`s thin surface can live there.

if we send refugees there as pioneers they are forbidden to smoke tobacco although, to the great surprise to the first moon lander found an empty packet of Camel which of course was planted there by young Putin to blame the USA. Also should the Settlers who make life difficult for the Palestinians, should run out of land to a new Jerusalem can be built in one of the moon`s craters.

Europe has like Pontus Pilatus washed her delicate hands of the refuge problem let us construct spaceships that must be paid for by migrants, but beware they can one day switch off the light.

Oskar Hansen

Moonlight Romance

Moonlight Romance

It was in Peru
And the moon was full
Working long hours, I went early
To bed and didn` t see the moon that often
I had gone ashore where I met Maria in a bar
We walked down to the beach
Sat on an upturned rowing boat looking at Luna
Naturally we made love on satin sand
Slept entwined
She walked back to the bar I walked onboard
Happy and thinking how wonderful life was
Five days later I needed an injection of penicillin.

Oskar Hansen

Moonwalk

When Moon blocks the Sun
The sea in the bay is restless slapping over
the pier, salt spray on the dog, she was
not amused and sought shelter behind the car.
She had not been herself for days
the moon blocking the sun I didn't know it
affected animals.

Perhaps a residue of a disaster that happened
years ago and can easily happen again,
a meteor hitting the earth and not a dignified
end of humanities and their loyal slaves, dogs
the donkey and horses.

A gust of winds also called a squall made me
sense the dog's fear. We drove home I lit the fire,
a dog doesn't like changes. The peril over,
she woke me up ate seven needed a pee and all
was well with the world.

Oskar Hansen

Moraø Sonnet

A Moral Sonnet

A big crow and a sparrow which had painted itself
In the colour of the big bird to appear masterful became
Good friends as the both suffered from bombastic
Self-believe and they make a pact to kill the ageing eagle
And his brood the did and by doing so killed millions of lesser
Birds which in despair turned and pecked each other
The sand became rubicund and from a distance looked like
A carpet for kings and potentates

From the eastern states, vultures came to feed and defend
To get the big crow and the pretend one, off their land
The crow flew home the false one had a mud bath to look
Like common sparrows but is of no avail the sparrows that
Had danced with the crow was shunned and travel from
Country to country and is sleepless in expensive houses-.

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

Morning Conversation

Morning conversation

I get up first in the morning
Coming back to bed my wife ask
Did you?
"No, I need coffee first"
My wife gets up coming back
I ask "Did you? "
"No"
We are talking about evacuations
A perk when it is regular,
And you're a pensioner.

Oskar Hansen

Morning Has Broken

Morning Has Broken

The sea is flat and motionless shiny grey as a cannon
at a military museum Saturday afternoon, sun, storm
rain or storm will never bring life back to its surface.
The shoreline too is grey and there are tanks around
from a big battle that raged when a plane was shot
out of the sky; a world war began destroying dreams
of thousand years of peace. The strand of life is filled
with heaps of ashen bones and untold horrors.

On Morpheus' s wings I land softly outside a small
lemon hued house, enter and make a cup of coffee.
As I sip golden brew the colours are slowly returning,
the sky is summer blue with a few streaks of white,
remnants of night' s grief. Sun is yellow, so is straw,
but the olive tree is as green as the ocean used to be.
□

Oskar Hansen

Morning Light

Morning Light.

In the morning breeze petals fall off the rhododendron bush. The terrace is a magic carpet and on the wall sunlight and shadows enact an ancient play. Dogs still asleep, the cock has not crewed, only the old man across the road who fears his own death, is up; even for him there is solace in the glory of an August morning. A plane crosses the sky leaves, behind exhausted dreams; tired tourists going home. Alfredo is up starting his noisy tractor he will collect carob beans before it gets too hot. He used to have two of stubborn mules harvesting took longer then, but the beasts made the landscape more pretty. I have been here a long time, this tranquil bay away from North Atlantic storms, so let me soak up the peace of this morning before I set sail for another voyage across the seas of reveries.

Oskar Hansen

Morning Mood

Morning Mood.

I sit inside a massive white fog of nothingness and play on my imaginary piano, with one finger, a ditty: Sun outside... sun inside... sun only sun. I feel massively and supremely untalented now that the amalgamation of writers, poets painters and dancer that were inside me have turned into an immovable block of zero.

I look at a black dot ringed by a grey cloud, if I look long enough the cloud will disappear, only it doesn't, instead the dot disappears and the cloud turns into an evil dervish. The amalgamation fragments and I sit in a rowing boat, on a green sea, watch as seagulls evaporate into a void. At last there is silence and I'm my vastly incompetent self,

Oskar Hansen

Morpheus` s Kiss

Morpheus` s Kiss

I knew something was up, the love of my life
Was there smiling we were together again?
But I was dragged into a deeper sleep one
That has no morning exit; my sister called me
Tried to pull me into this dream I resisted
With all my might I called out to the night but
No one heard me the Morpheus embrace
Would not let me go, in anxiety, I threw myself
On to the floor, this woke me up, I was free of
A powerful pull, the lonely had tried to drag me
Into their endless night, I had won but didn` t dare
To go back to sleep again made a cup of coffee
Waited to hear the cock`s caw and saw Dawn`s light
Sending a message of a new day.

Oskar Hansen

Mortal Man

Mortal Man

The water broke
Jubilation
Soon a child be born
The pain
Has gone
The battle
Is done
Can `t see or speak
Slowly life
Ebbs
And a life
Is extinguish
Sometimes
The unspoken
Relief
Is etched
In mourners
Faces

Oskar Hansen

Mortality

There is death and there is big deaths Mr Bloom.
An industrialist died and there were shockwaves
in Europe, he had a white moustache and we are
Told he was flamboyant and there will be a sea of flowers,
The president will kiss his wife's hand and there will
be tears....some of them real.

Meanwhile at a place where children day on daily
basis one of them died before he got to suckle his mothers
meagre breast. No there will be no president there no
kisses to the mother for her lamentable loss, only silence.
Some humans are more valuable than others but in the end
Both have in common they will never speak again.

Oskar Hansen

Mother In Disguise

Mother in disguise
Two days old she was attending
her mother`s funeral
pictures were taken when
she sees them she will be proud and sad
she will be proud and sad
I did not attend my mother`s
she died day before Christmas
hurriedly buried the diggers
wanted the day off
when I got the on a plane
it was too late I didn`t leave
A small woman
Her bones must be tiny
Her skull big and empty
it has nothing to tell
So long ago
The woman I remember
has been reinvented
so many times
she was pygmy gave
me to a Swedish missionary
who soaked me in bleach for
a week I`m so white need
no flashlight
I cannot remember the real one
But she is in here somewhere.

Oskar Hansen

Motorbike

Motorbike

My motorbike has been on the terrace during the winter
I cleaned it and tried to start it, alas, the battery was
flat so I tried to kick start it but gave up got to get someone
with strong legs and muscular arms to start it.

At this time – spring- in Algarve there are flowers that
only last a week or so and so delicate that if you pick one
it will become a wizened face and die in your hand a hungry
child by the gaslight in the slums of Soho.

Some flowers are too delicate for human hands and can
only be handled by angels with fingers soft as a silk scarf.
When I take pictures of the flowers they come up blank
like they belong to a religious sect that does not believe
in idolatry. Splendour should be shared, if you see it alone
it is like being an old man with Mona Lisa in his vault.

Oskar Hansen

Mountains And Generals

Mountains and Generals

What scared me most as a child were tall mountains dark silent sometimes white topped and often wearing a crown of a murderous miasma of gloom. Once my ship docked in a constricted fjord, a smelting plant, a few houses and a restaurant surrounded by Somme like nakedness. I tried to close the curtains but they wouldn't let me insisted on keeping what they called summer evening light as long as possible. I had reindeer steak down in the cellar served with moss and boiled potatoes and brown gravy - in Norway you get thick dark gravy with everything- Going back onboard I felt the mountains naked, life hating presence like crazy generals ordering men to attack over open terrain killing a million young men in the process. Fortified with aquavit I just made it back onboard, the sea was flat and calm. And I heard General Haig's raised, voice "let us do this once more this time

it may just work "Should I ever come across his statue, I'm sure there is one

in a town, the great man sitting on a horse looking heroic, I will without delay piss on his statue. and get free from my fear of tall mountains.

Oskar Hansen

Mouse Killer

I mouse came down from the cane roof
or rather fell down. It was no bigger than my thumb.
The mouse tried to hide in the printer.
Kill it, kill it she screamed and ran into the kitchen.
I picked it up it was so soft, stroked its belly and
it fell asleep. Took the little life into the shed and
just left it there beside the tool box.
Have you killed it, she asked. Yes I smashed its head
in with a hammer, hoping to sound tough.
She smiled and said: "I don't believe you."
Fear of rodents, had it been a rat falling from the roof
I would be the first one running into the kitchen.

Oskar Hansen

Mr Moon Beam

There was a moonbeam it was a little different from other beams as it sought out sleeping girls.

He loved them mainly those aged 7 to 8 years old it was innocence about them, he found rapt.

Once a girl woke up and saw him sitting on the sill it was a cold night and she invited him to bed, soon he fell asleep and then it was morning the Moon was no longer there, sunlight would zap him, no mercy calling him a paedophile, like they should be so innocent when caressing young skin.

He hid under the bed until nightfall, after kissing the little girl's chaste lips flew back to the moon, but he was no longer free to fly alone and visit little girls

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

Murderous Laughter

Murderous Laughter

From world famous violinist to a murderer was the headline of our newspaper. I knew the man a musical genius but so shy he only made recordings and appeared on radio. You never get famous unless people see you in the flesh so magazines can publish a picture of you shaking hands with politicians and see the blessed one with movie stars, he was persuaded to give a life concert. The hall was full as he entered the stage applause broke this was a highlight, no doubt a musical genius. As his music filled hearts with the immense beauty, he became taller and his trousers fell to his ankles. Dead silence, then nervous giggles that ended with hysterical laughter from his audience who could not stop laughing, concert over.

He went to live in Alentejo in Portugal; no one knew him, got a job as a shepherd, had a room next to the sheep, but took his meals in the kitchen. One day a tourist on a walking holiday came to the small farm asked direction looked at the violinist and said: "you are the one who lost his trouser on the stage." The tourist told the story of this to the farmer and his wife and the all laughed, dogs, cats and the mouse in the corner. The musician got up went to the barn picked up a pitchfork and stabbed the poor tourist to death and, at last, the laughter stopped.

Oskar Hansen

Music

Music

It is Saturday, the lady in the flat next to mine,
Is playing Mozart on her stereo
I have stopped reading, sit back and let
the wonderful music sooth my mind.
I'm also immensely grateful that It is not someone
learning to play the drums that lives next door.

Oskar Hansen

Musical Chicken

Musical chicken and an old man

The old man with too much time on his hands
tried to get a chicken to cluck to music, he played
a tune on his mouth harmonic and fed it grain,
nothing and he came to the conclusion that chickens
are stupid, only a fried one is a good fowl.

The bird belonged to his neighbour, who has a chicken coop,
scrawny looking lot with matted feathers,

While the chicken

he had tried to train was fat; the neighbour killed it
for his dinner, and didn` t even give the old man a leg.

Oskar Hansen

My Landscape

My Landscape

Today, now as the weather is cooling, I went on my walk. Hadn't been here since June; simply because it gets too hot to walk here in summers. The stony part of the track was firm like walking on a cobblestoned street. The soft part was like walking barefoot on a newly mowed lawn. At the part where thorny bushes had made archway, a tunnel of mystery, I hesitated. Needn't have worried the branches embraced me like a mother who's young son is coming home from the sea. When I stopped for a rest under the tree where also sheep rest in the heat, leaves, in perfectly still air, fell as confetti welcoming the returning hero. How I love this odd landscape, once it was tilled but now humanity have gone leaving the land to its own device and strange beauty.

Oskar Hansen

My Books

Oskar Hansen

My Jewish Friends

My Jewish friends

This blaming of the Jews is so tiring I have worked
with many Jews, upholsterer of furniture and little shops
selling whatever needed,
the daily struggle and had no time to destroy the world.
They used to come to my café, and I loved it
to meet someone who reads more than the local rag we often
disagreed long after closing time
but parted as friends I loved these people who read
and had political opinions of all colours.
My wife joined me she didn't like the Jews
I think it was pathological some Jews had spat when
they walked passed her church; she had not seen it but knew
of People who had witnessed the sin
Alone I was among bacon butties and a conservative working
the class who believed what they read.
Well, I went away, but one thing is sure
the Jew are not about to take over the world

Oskar Hansen

My Latest Collection

JAN OSKAR HANSEN

A collection of Tanka

Senryu, Haiku and Zen

Jan Oscar Hansen

[Pick the date]

Regarding Tanka, Senryu, Haiku and Zen, I follow my own rules.

 

Addiction

Rain has abated
A man under an awing
Counts falling raindrops
He has little else to do
He stopped smoking last night

Fiddles with a lighter
Clicks it on and off forever
Giggles to himself
Kicks in a sweetshop window
Grabs a handful of "all sorts"

Tanka

New Moon

Storm was throwing love about
Impossible night
Yet, she said she loved me
Who needs moon light now?

.....

Endless rain

We sit indoors
Learning to know each other

.....

Candlelight

Electricity gone
She is beautiful tonight

.....

Dawn

Rain falls softly
As not too wake us too early

Tanka (Animal Welfare)

If I were a chicken
I would love to live in Swiss
Protected by law
You have to kill me quickly
Before grilling me.

If I were a seal
I would like the open sea
Shun hunters on ice
Who would only sell my skin
To the rich ladies of Swiss.

Senryu

Today

I see what was best for me

Yesterday

.....

Today

I see what's best for me,

Tomorrow

.....

Today?

How I'm supposed to know?

It's still early day

Tanka

Time has altered

After the quack In Chile

Seven o'clock is late

It only arrives near eight

And we get to live longer

Senryu

Death is not the foe
It is a columniation of living
Sea of nothingness

.....

Forever is a word
Too awesome for one to grasp
It has no horizon

.....

The worried man
Was so very fortunate
Died before doomsday

Senryu

Peace in our Time?

From coliseums of our days
Fans scream for blood.

Senryu

Afghanistan
When bombs has creates wasteland
Then we call it peace.

Tanka

When the masses shriek
A soldier's silence stands out
He loves his enemy
Knows of his fear and courage
They are true brothers in arms

Tanka

When Obama met Lama
Tennis players met in Dubai
China refused to play
When Hamas lost the first match
The winners hurriedly left.

Tanka

Moral nihilism is
Punishing a whole people
Celebrate injustice
Blind to victims suffering
Victory without valor.

Senryu

She looks kissed
Has been eating strawberries
Night is closing in

.....

Her love long fallow
An old man smiled broadly
Now she's his nurse

He cheated the rich
They sent him to jail forever
So mind whom you rob

.....

Now that I'm old
I welcome every new day
But I still hate rain

Hell. (Tanka)

The last man on earth
When the night sky is inky
Will die screaming
His cry will freeze the oceans
And its echo rent the sky

Tanka

Never been to Prague

Not seen the Kafka statue

And it makes me sad

I have been to East Germany

It broke my socialist heart

Haiku

Rain takes a break

Jaded by its own languor

White clouds and sunlight

Senryu

Once ardour is ember

Out of the ashes flies

The bird of friendship

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

Tanka

As the world heats up
Surveillance will be easier
Naked and vulnerable
In a line stretching for miles
We wait to be castigated

Tanka

Airport humiliation
Standing there without shoes
And holes in socks
Belt, wallet, coins in a box
Me! I rather take the train

Red plastic roses
Faded sepia by neglect
Melancholic bouquet

.....

Red plastic noses
For us to look at and laugh
Sad is the joker

The gloomy guy
At the traveling circus
Is its funny clown

Haiku

Torn old diary
Thrown hotly into the bin
Tells of broken love

The old diary
Modest amongst bigger books
Keeps my many dreams

Brown old diary
Coldly exposes my sappiness
Leaves me mortified

Haiku

Algarvian rain
Falls mainly in opaque nights
When moggy kills mice

.....

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

.....

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

Haiku

Compass pointing south,
I migrate, follow the sun,
But my heart looks north.

.....

Chopping winter wood
The eye of a fire is blue
The colour of yours

.....

At twilight,
I shot a raven
Night fell down.

Tanka

The seashell I found
On the people empty beach
I can't listen to
If the siren's calls my name
I will drown in her embrace

Tanka

Ashes on the sea
A showy and mean gesture
From earth to earth
Let me fertilize a tree,
Say, a flowering almond tree.

Tanka.

Painted the floor green
Sit in a corner and wait
Quick drying paint
Four hour it says on the can
Where I sit it's a life time.

Senryu

Epiphany me now
With your enchanted smile
The forever I'll see.

Tanka

Lucid as the day
Blinding sunlight obscured you
When I could see
The night had devoured you
Into a cloudy haziness

Tanka

Mirror in the hall
Don't sarcastically laugh
When I walk past
On my way to the kitchen
To eat another strawberry tart

Tanka

There was a time
When the famous kept leopards
As an accessory
Now they keep an orphanage
Of colourful children

Senryu

God doesn't do email
Hand delivered post only
Stamps not needed.

.....

Lucky butterfly
It doesn't look like a gnat
And get whacked.

Tanka

I wake up early
Think the new day's lovelier
Than the one before
Sit up and recklessly laugh
It's my bonhomie you see.

Tanka

Woke up cheerful
And I greatly worried why
Till the sense ended
And I was my grumpy self
Happiness is frivolous

Tanka (x-mass warning)

Santa brought us gifts
He had jolly good dram too
Claus was arrested
Didn't drive his reindeers though
But crashed uncle's old Volvo

Haiku (stillness)

Echo of a phone
Ringing in another room
Rays of light and dust.

Buried her yesterday
My room is full of silence
Dog hair on the floor

Senryu

Stillness is
The flapping of wings
In the forest

Stillness is
The falling of a leaf
In October

Senryu

Morning zephyr
Flapping kitchen curtains
Aroma of coffee

.....

A grizzled donkey
Under a big carob tree
Makes it pretty.

.....

In a dead rabbit's eyes
I saw the vast empty sky
Unmoved and godless

Senryu

A smile from you
Erases the cosmic loneliness
Of icy stars

Tanka.

Talk to the net
Listen to the faint echo,
Of virtual droning,
The unspoken loneliness,
Of dreamers caught in a void.
Tanka.

I have traveled long
Blessed by Gobi's new moon
Bit by scorpions
Seen tall ships sail up said down
Yet, found my way back home

Tanka.

I have voyaged long
Sailed across seven seas

Canoed great rivers
Humiliated by the infamous
This I did and you married Fred!

Zen

Icy morning
Frost on window
Back to bed

Haiku

Indian summer,
Is an actor who won't share
Limelight with autumn.

Senryu

Mighty flood
Ocean is your destiny
Deadly her embrace

Zen

Sad sight
Is a butterfly
Not prepared
For winter.

Senryu

The kitchen clock
Ticks slow in December
Too fast in May

Air freshener

Perfumed chemicals
In spray cans

Haiku

On a sunny wall
Bluebottles hum and feel safe
Spiders like the dark.

Rocks in the lake
Are older than the blue mountain
Petrified stars?

Senryu

When mother moon
Illuminates birch trees
Tears of silver fall

Haiku.

The ephemeral
Frost roses on my window
January morning

.....

Forced silence... is
A hushed scream of despair
At a funereal

Mourners tanned faces
Paled by the open grave

Beads on worried brows

They sang and cried
Then walked out into the sun
Leaving me alone.

Kashmir
Cannons splinter rocks
On high mountain tops
Frost kills soldiers.

Guilt
Linked embryos
Carries a nuns silver cross
She bears our sin.

Image

Grim is poverty
The rich find it colourful
When seen on film.

Class

I shed the shackles
Of the working class slums
Free now to dream.

Love
After tantrums she laughs
Cooks me a curried chicken
I'm often hungry.

Senryu

The electric fan

scornfully circulate warm air

throws it in my face.

.....

Today's oppressive heat

will be a winter day's dream

of a summer gone.

.....

A dazzling woman

Deserves a beautiful poem

After she's forty.

.....

An ugly woman

Deserves a dazzling poem

Every morning.

Senryu

The transitory

Saw and touched her yesterday

Now I need a spade.

//////////

Tremulous anguish

Morning after a long night

No beer in fridge.

.....

Curtained windows

Tremors and spilling coffee

Phone ceaselessly rings.

.....

Outside my door

The nice couple from AA

Test their friendly smiles.

Senryu

The angry ocean

Left its irate foam behind

Haiku

Auburn leaf

Rustling along night streets

Whispering regrets

Senryu

In a mythic glade

Crane and vixen danced

Mortal tango.

Senryu

Night rain fell

Softly as lover's whispers

At dawn

.....

Lone streetlamp
The only witness to snowflakes
Falling gently

.....
Sea mist came
White as a coat of silence
And nirvana sighed

.....
From an ash tree
Excess moonlight dripped
A treasure trove

Senryu
On the fenland
Escaped sunbeam danced
Late at night

Zen
Spun wishes
Make new day

Zen
A cock
That crew early
Loses its head

Senryu
When one talk
Another must listen
Let it not be me

Oskar Hansen

My Phizog

My Phizog

Strange what one remembers?

after looking through Playboy magazine and skipping
the dreary articles written by its founder

I came across this quote: "every man over forty is
responsible for his own face."

at the time when reading it I was thirty and was not
unduly worried, but now nearly 50 years later I recalled
the saying. I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, no
I didn't look anything near forty, hair gone and sagging skin.
Face-lift? Out of the question I had no desire to look like
yesterday's refry. I smiled, the face in the mirror too smiled,
two old mates accepting each other's elderliness and I came
to the conclusion that I'm rather fond of my face.

Oskar Hansen

My Quiet Uncle

My quiet Uncle

The room in the attic had a bed, bare commode floorboards on which dust danced as sun rays light came from a loft window.

The murmur stopped the room waited for my next move; I looked around nothing

here to bother about and closed the door.

My uncle lived here, he only left his room and came down for his meals, when he didn't vanish for weeks "The Drink, the mother said.

One day he didn't return, mother went to the police and reported him missing , after that no one mentioned him again.

I was selling the house and looked around for something of worth

I saw on the bookshelf a small book, poetry written by him; odd no one had told me that. A man had written of the wonders he had seen, landscape and seascape coloured by his mind, the forgotten had sprung back to live.

I sat on his bed and read, till daylight faded and it was night, looked out of the window and saw what he had seen, the beauty and his loneliness.

The room was silent now it didn't need to sing, or whisper its sorrow.

I had heard his song and will carry his voice into the future.

Oskar Hansen

My Twin Brother

It was a curious case on how the mind can play tricks on the innocent and preoccupied. I was working when my twin brother came in, stood in front of my desk, said he was thirsty and I hadn't heard him coming in. Told him I had cold milk in the fridge and apple juice but no wine; he could also set the kettle over and brew a nice cup of tea. And into the kitchen he went. I was writing a story about Argentina, the pampas and horses, not about pompous generals, although it must be said they wore splendid uniforms.

It was getting dark I had forgotten about the flying of the time, walked into the kitchen since my twin had brought me any tea; the kitchen was empty and gloomy, and I remembered I never had a twin brother.

Oskar Hansen

My Way

My Way

I saw the three tenors sing "I did it my way" mind, the fat one died, and the two others hate each other and never appear in public if they can avoid it. Of the two one looks like an aging matinée idol the other suffers from being mobbed at school and looks scared has nightmares and takes to tears before going on stage.

I still like Frank Sinatra`s rendition of that song better he sang it so relaxed with a clear diction and made me think of a man with a vsix pack ambling on his way home he too is dead to "My Way" is about human hubris we think we are masters of our destiny when we are leaves blowing along a wet asphalted road in the autumnal half-light.

Thinking back- I can afford to- I never got a thing my way which when young caused me bitterness the highest prize eluded me kismet knew I could not handle illustriousness it would have made me look absurd a swaggering fool hated by colleagues, on the stage of life. Yet, when dancing tango at a nightclub in Buenos Aires 54 years ago the applause I received still rings sweetly in my ears.

Oskar Hansen

Mysterious Encounter

We sat in the park a packet of fags and
a bottle of wine, on the back of a napkin
I wrote her a poem of love.

While struggling to find the right words,
I hardly know her, she fell asleep, wine
of good quality can be strong.

I counted my cigarettes, had five left
but saw the light of a night bar, so I left
her there sleeping, went and had a drink.

When I came back she had left, my poem
written on the clean side of the napkin,
was on the ground torn to shreds.

Oskar Hansen

Mystery Ship

The Disappearance

It was a hot afternoon when a big bulk carrier left a harbour on the coast of Bengali bound for Sydney, Australia, with a cargo of scrap iron of ships that once had ploughed the seas that had a retreat for some and work for others.

Then the sea parted the ship fell into timeless zone where life repeats itself the cook is making soup and the captain studies a map of ocean currents and lived in the now.

150 years passed, a convulsion through the zone and the ship was back on the sea surface again and the cook served his soup. The captain called up the harbour authorities needed a birth for a ship no one had heard of, but its manifest stated, Sydney, they let the ship birth on a disused pier far from the city to the disappointment of the crew who had wanted to go ashore.

When the pilot left he was pale and shaken he felt as he had been talking to the ghosts through layers of yesterdays.

The official from shore found quantities of cigarettes and whisky products that had been illegal for the last sixty years in the chief stewards store, only marijuana was legal, good for the health if smoked in moderation.

The crew was arrested send them to a camp for interrogation, but it was clear they were brainwashed not even water torture helped. Then it was noticed the crew of the ship were getting older first slowly then rapidly, nurses were called for, to look after men who could no longer walk and many were incontinent suffering advanced Alzheimer disease and chronic heart failure.

One morning nurses found skeletons, dark in colour and very old, like waterlogged wood that had been thrown ashore by an irate Storm and onto the strand of time by. This was the same time as the ship they came in sank and broke into pieces of rusty iron. There were rumours in Sydney about aliens, those who knew were forbidden to speak, and experts could continue to talk about how a ship sank so suddenly and disappeared in the sea of Bay of Bengal on a hot afternoon 150 years ago.

Mystery Ship In The Bay

The Disappearance

It was a hot afternoon when a big bulk carrier left a harbour on the coast of Bengali bound for Sydney, Australia, with a cargo of scrap iron of ships that once had ploughed the seas that had a retreat for some and work for others.

Then the sea parted the ship fell into timeless zone where life repeats itself the cook is making soup and the captain studies a map of ocean currents and lived in the now.

150 years passed, a convulsion through the zone and the ship was back on the sea surface again and the cook served his soup. The captain called up the harbour authorities needed a berth for a ship no one had heard of, but its manifest stated, Sydney, they let the ship berth on a disused pier far from the city to the disappointment of the crew who had wanted to go ashore.

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Mystery Tour

Mystery Tour

I hired a car wanted to drive to the country side
where I spent part of my childhood.

By a farmhouse that looked familiar, I stopped
a dog came out of an up ended barrel greeted me,
Is Jason coming home?

The farmer and his wife came out, he patted me
on my head, and his wife gave me a hug and said:
"a little boy once lived here."

In the kitchen, they gave me two slices of loaf with
blueberry jam on, my favourite food as a child.

The couple had not aged in fifty years and their
eyes I was that little boy

I took my farewells and promised to visit soon.

A bus drove passed throwing up dust and when it settled the couple,
and the farm had disappeared into the mist of time.

Oskar Hansen

Mystic

Mystery

The father hangs in the belfry
when mother superior hears of this
she screams once, high pitched
the bells crack deep fissures of despair.
the blind boy, led by a dumb peasant
women who think he is her son,
knows everything and he smiles.
there are shattered windows in
The priory
the old bishop knows the truth too but
he fears man and loves god,
and speaks not, and the truth
will be hidden in the boy's heart.

Oskar Hansen

N. Tanka

Tanka

When time is hard
Someone must take the blame
Evict the poor
Bus them to another country
As they now do in France

Oskar Hansen

Nagasaki Mon Amour

Nagasaki Mon Amour

There are moments when things become clear. A night, the Pacific Ocean was, as its name, calm; I sat on deck and listened to the heartbeat of the ship, which seemed to beat faster when one of the engineers opened the door and came out on deck. I heard laughter from the mess-room they were playing cards but I knew I would never be one of them, I had tried, the swagger and the misogyny, living in a world where women were either whores or mothers. The ship was bound for Nagasaki, which for the young crew meant little, but I had been here before and visited a graveyard where Portuguese sailors had died long time ago when Japan was an unknown land. At sixty I was a relic and accepted that. Berthed. Walking down the gangway, I didn't bother to look back, didn't shake anyone's hand- it was dinner time anyway. Before flying back to Europe I tried to find the Portuguese cemetery, it wasn't there anymore; another relic gone.

Oskar Hansen

Naked Being

The Naked Man

I was coming out of a bar late at night in Amsterdam when I saw a light from a house in a dark street and was drawn to it like a moth.

I saw a naked man, huge as a white elephant, washing washing himself, by the kitchen sink, and I was enthralled by his slow almost sensuous movement as he cleaned his body with a cloth; and his eyes were closed, clearly he enjoyed his absolution.

His body was alabaster white quite luminous he was alone and the moment was intensely his.

I was trespassing it was not my business to be here, so I walked on back to my ship, but the memory stayed with me as a beautiful clarity of human vulnerability, in a radiant moment of utter privacy.

Oskar Hansen

Name The Rose

Name The Rose.

All those bloody roses I'm, weeding my garden and around the house, but they keep coming through. The slightest cracks in pavements and up they come ruining the best laid walkway. Unstoppable blowing a raspberry to any guard who tries to challenge them. On the track where I walk blue weeds try to break through and get a bit of sun light, but gory roses have stolen, occupied all the best air and land. It has happened before, will happen again, they eventually will be cut down, but history mostly written by roses, will call it a calamity and tell us not to forget. For a few years lesser blue weeds can be free and pursue their freedom, but they must never forget roses scents can overwhelm the strongest mind.

Oskar Hansen

Narrative

The Odd Narrative

Steamed up window my finger I paint a landscape,
Mountain, forest and a lake; the peak cries into
the lake it becomes a vast ocean,
where trees, are made into wooden rafts floats.
Midmorning, there is only an outline left of the crest,
this will happen to Himalaya,
it will be a grassland on a plateau, where horses gallop,
flying mane and all that,
since man won't be there to domesticate and make them
drag bunk beds and kitchen stoves around the pampas.

The rest of the world will have sunk into a big sea that is so still
it spends all its time mirroring the blue sky thinking it's seeing
is so deeply in love with the image,
that doesn't notice the man in a rowing boat; he's one time forgot,
he has married a big fish
which he thinks is a mermaid, every so often he puts his hand in
the sea and strokes the fish's belly: "without you," he murmurs
"I would truly be alone."

Oskar Hansen

Natur Park

Nature Park

In Yellowstone, a man fell into a spring

A geyser brought him up again alas by that time he was cooked

And crows came to eat him

It is a bit like Brexit it is good for the elite but bad for

The common man who always get cooked and eaten by capitalism

That understand the rules set up to blocks democracy while

At the same time preaching equality and beats the drum of wars.

Portugal, Greece and Spain petted a bison called EU,

Now forever doomed to bondage by their rescuers

So never go to Yellowstone and be fascinated by the flora and

Fauna is a trap and if you have walked into it wrest yourself lose

And cook your own food.

Oskar Hansen

Nature

Nature sonnet

I have been walking in a domestic land abandoned and
Left to go wild and there is a struggle for dominance among
The trees the olive and carob tree especially
Grow tall and imposing while berry bushes use their long
Claws like talons to attack and hinder a walker by letting him
Bleed and fertilize the ground where cows and mules no
Longer leaves behind their residue.
I`m waiting for my favourite plant a small bush so shimmering
light it is transparently green take lift after a few days
To the planet wench they came.
I`m glad the hunting has stopped for now to give animals
A chance replenished and be shot and hunted by dogs in fall.

Oskar Hansen

Nature Marvel

Nature Wonders

The morning
It was a blue
Wild animals
Whished
They had coats
Like the humans
The sun thawed
Raindrop big as balloons
Exploded on
Impact
Many cars
Were damaged
Rainfall
From a clear
Sky
The sun
Dried its own tears
Dogs barked
Came out of barns
The day
Continued as before

Oskar Hansen

Nature Musing

Went for a walk in the sunlight it had been raining
for days and the grass between the olive trees was
absurdly emerald and the aroma of virginal nature
intoxicating.

I have to remember to take a camera with me when
going out so much beauty around me

I want to record and remember it having spent weeks
in hospitals, the only beauty I saw were plain nurses
and a couple of female doctors with legs like
Marlene Dietrich but they are human and can change
manner, but they will never be virgins again.

Of course they, like me get older every year and do not
rejuvenate every spring even though, we tend to let
the mirror tells lies. Let that be for now I saw grey stone
horses afar a sight a camera cannot catch.

Oskar Hansen

Nature Musing 1

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Oskar Hansen

Nature's Peace

On my scooter I was driving along a slender road
on the upper valley. At the bottom of the vale,
where the main road is, I heard swishes of traffic.
A hot afternoon but the westerly wind blew from
the sea and made it bearable. I stopped and just
sat there listening to the subdued natural din.

On the other side of the valley houses have been
built since I came, that's ok, as they blend in with
the landscape. I looked up and saw the dead oak,
leafless and grey, nothing lasts forever my friend.
An old man now I'm aware of my mortality, but
this was a moment of peace, and I felt invincible.

Oskar Hansen

Nautical Terms

Nautical Terms

The night above me is like an elastic balloon, a plane penetrates
flies through and disappear only its engine roar remains and echoes
into the infinite. I can see its light, green for starboard and red for
portside. On a tramp ship I served on, the old captain, when he got
up on the bridge in the morning, open a locked drawer he only had
the key to; read on a piece of paper and closed the drawer again.
When he resigned, the first officer took over, he was curious about
the piece of paper, opened the drawer and found a folded piece of
paper. On it was written: right is starboard and left is portside.
It is good to meet people who know they are fallible.

Oskar Hansen

Necktie

The Red Necktie.

He woke up, fully dressed but minus his tie, on a lumpy hotel bed
It was a down and out sort of local, the last semi civilized place
before sleeping rough. It reeked of sadness and stank of depravity.
He switched on the TV news, during the night a woman had been
brutally strangled with a tie. His heart sank, he sweated, stabbed
by fear but he couldn't remember a thing, total black out; yet he
vaguely remembered angry voices and someone running in a back
alley. Should he ring the TV channel and ask what colour the tie?
Or should he call the police and give himself up? His tie was green
with black dots on. There was rumbling from an old fridge in
the room, he opened it in the hope of finding a cold beer.... No beer,
but wrapped neatly around a bottle of whisky, a red silk tie.

Oskar Hansen

Neophyte

Neophyte

What can I say the pot plants in the yard are fed tiny rain drops
saintly tears of a girl rejected by the abbess to join the order
because she detect a wild sensual abandonment behind eyes that,
at first glance, are mirrors of chastity.

The abbess knows the young girl is not seeking god rather she seeks
shelter from the raving craving of her body, the relentless dreams
so alive she feels the weight of her fantasy lover's alabaster body,
a young priest at the local church.

Sacrifices, in god's name is always demanded by religious orders,
and mother superior has a quota to fill, but she is not looking for
troubles She needs compliant novices, Indian girls from the slum
who will forever thank god for escaping Calcutta's poverty. They
will be slaves of Jesus and married to him, clean his underwear
endure ignominy for three square meals and a bunk bed to sleep in.

Oskar Hansen

Nepal

Nepal

Kathmandu

a quaint, romantic name,

had wanted to go there now it is a dream.

Nepal, this small mountain country

often used a golf ball between big countries
for purely selfish reasons.

Thousands of people killed and classical

palaces are reduced dust covering

mountain tops

as a fog of sadness

Cry my lovely I can only offer you friendship.

But for the tourists who evacuated on

Himalayas' sacred top.

Filling valleys with empty cans of beef

and used toilet paper flapping in the wind,

I have little empathy

rich tourists that had to bestride and befoul
a holy mountain.

Oskar Hansen

Nepal2

Nepal

Nepal I know little of this country nestling

Among colossal mountains

It used to be a kingdom, but the king was so

Autocratic that he lost the job.

Later on, I have this from memory, one of the princes

Shot the royal family as they were sitting down for tea.

This didn` t help him to become a king,

I think he is a monk now and get fed by the poor.

Nepal is also a place where Pakistan and India sometimes

Shot at each other when not freezing to death

At high altitude in summer uniforms

A recent earthquake brought Nepal to the news for a day

They have been promised help to rebuild Kathmandu

As usual in such cases, the money gets syphoned off and little

Reach the people of Nepal.

To whom who cares Nepal is also the birthplace of Buddhism.

Oskar Hansen

Neptune

Neptune

The king sits on a wooden throne on a turf of dry land, his country has been swallowed up by the sea, turns to his premier and says; why didn't you ask the Dutch for help, their flat country has been beneath sea levels for many years... and as a result they have grown to be the tallest people in the world, this so they look over dikes and keep an eye on the ocean.

The king takes off his green wellies and asks for dry socks, a flunky puts them on, but sees the king has webbed feet and wonders why. The monarch knew his country would sink, and was prepared, his kingdom will be big and limitless.

Oskar Hansen

Neptunes Call

Neptune`s call

Hot is the Caribbean night
with added stars and the moon big as a Swiss cheese
on a velvety theatrical curtail.
I stood on deck leaning on its railing
dreaming of Jamaica as the ship slowly ploughed
white crested black water aside.
The ocean sang to me I listened intently and before
I knew it the sea had tried to drown me.
Had I fallen among sharks and see the fading lantern,
would anyone but Neptune have heard my screams?
I lit a cigarette, thought about my endless voyaging
from port to port jaded I was Neptune had read my thought.
This had to end before I got lost in hollowed eyed boredom
there is no place to pole-dance on as hip

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 Haiku

Haiku

Burgundy sunset

A pink band of cerulean clouds

Clear day tomorrow

Haiku

He shot at the sun

Hot liquid fell on his head

An Olympic torch

Haiku

The moon in good mood

Strewed silver on Birch trees

To benefit beauty

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 Shardoma Poems

Icy blue
Sky... a deep freezer
Zephyr gone
Cold wind rules
We have had our summer time
Spring is a new hope.

Pale is sun
The king lost his crown
Fall of pride
Power failed
And La Luna smugly smiles
Fear of the king gone.

Oskar Hansen

New Superpowers

The sleeping giant
We unthinkingly awoke
Is a dragon
Seeks nourishment in Africa
Too late to slay it now.

The omnivorous
Treated as a dancing bear
Has the sharpest claw
Doesn't care for intruders
Bellicose roars at prowlers.

Curried red saffron
Delightful mystery land
Temples and doctors
Snakes slither in grass though
Lethal if you are barefoot.

Oskar Hansen

New Tanka

Tanka.

Ruby, he gave her
Unclean as coagulated blood
Looked like stones
Rocks should come in a nice box
She gave them to an orphanage

Tanka.

Ruled by the toffs
Social welfare, banks preserve
If you are poor
The state don't want to know
Find a soup kitchen, my friend.

Oskar Hansen

New Tanka And Senryu

Tanka

It is amazing
How many things happen
In a tiny village
When you have time to see
How busy quietness is

Senryu

Illness of boredom
A sedentary affliction
Lack of imagination

Oskar Hansen

New Tanka New

To fight monsters
Is commendable and just
As long as we know
We must not become immoral
And behave monstrously

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 serves wine and that is not
enough to drown my lack of shame.
Palestine, Europe doesn't cry for you tonight.

Oskar Hansen

New Year 2012

At last year's New Year bash in the ballroom at the hotel, had two hundred guests, this year 45 guests and the room was chilly and had melancholic echo of yesteryears. A luxury liners' last voyage, ready to be chopped into bit and sent to the voracious furnaces of China's famished thirsts for steel.

And we, the 45, were stalwarts from bygone epoch the last of a shrinking middle class. Too many waiters, too many cooks, they knew what was coming next, the dole. Who needs a flat footed waiter or a cook you can't teach new tricks?

Twelve o'clock we toasted one another but our joy rang hollow in the big room. The party was supposed to continue till four in the morning as it had before, most guests left quarter past twelve; I can only hope the crew, we dastardly deserted, drank the wine ate food we left behind and had a proper wake.

Oskar Hansen

New Year 2015

A great fiasco it turned out
Recuperating
After a long illness
Thought I was twenty
Too much red wine,
Too much food,
My suit is at the cleaner's.
Sun lit winter day
I dare not go out
They will point a finger at me
There he goes, right as rain,
But I know, we all do, he vomited on his suit.

Oskar Hansen

New Year's Eve

New Year's Eve.

New Years Eve at the hotel, a posh place my lawyer was there too
I thought of all the money I had paid him for my divorce.
Eight o'clock five hours to midnight it was like watching a kettle boil.
The wine, plenty of it helped, I soon joined the festivities. The food
wasn't up to much not for all the money I had paid, my new wife told
me to shut up and enjoy myself. Then I got drunk and it was midnight.
My solicitor behaved like clown and danced like a demented monkey.
Three o'clock when we got home, "wasn't a lovely party" my wife said.
This must have been the same time as Coptic Christians, in Cairo,
coming out of a church after midnight mass...were blown up.

.

Oskar Hansen

New, New Haiku

Haiku

Christmas again

Seventy- seven bloody times

Spring is far away

Haiku

I wish for April

Intoxicating apple flowers

And rain softening soil

Oskar Hansen

Newer Haiku

Senryu

See the eagle fly

Prisoner of its nature

Freedom an illusion

Haiku

Spring, old sparrows die

Fall exhausted down from sky

A nest too many

Oskar Hansen

Newer Tanka

Tanka

Jubilation of life
Trumpet revel of a new day
Instead of stillness
Memories are silent
They fade and lose the truth
Tomorrow has nothing to offer

Oskar Hansen

Newest Tanka...And

Tanka

When we make love
I look up and see the ceiling
It needs painting
What do you see my dear?
Me, I look straight into hell.

Saying

A good poet
Borrows,
A great poet
Steals

Oskar Hansen

Newish

Sonnet. (Attempt)

Another day has gone and I'm old, like the day
To last long as possible, night holds no mystery.
The land needs rain, but clouds have feet of clay.
The almond tree has shed its flowers masterly
But nature is truculent and keeps deluge at bay.
Scorched soil, a dry desert and flying mallards
There was a man who walked without a hat
He suffered sunstroke and is very much maligned.
For not obeying folks warning of wearing a cap
This has given him time to think of our modernity
Is not the best for the promised potential of man,
Told you, farmers are not known to be modest.
Sunstroke, our man sits in a kaleidoscope; smiles
The translucence of his mind he had seen the sky.

Oskar Hansen

News Todat

The News Today

Louvre in Paris has closed its door the staffs stand on the steps and sing the national anthem they have no lifeboats and can` t stop Louvre being filled with the art of debris, cleaning up will be a headache what is art and what is rubbish.

Meanwhile,80 million rats have sought higher ground occupying rich people's homes sleeping and eating silk sheets and Foie gras get drunk and aggressive on rare wine and defecating on Persian carpets

Also in the news, a boy in Japan has been dancing with bears and eating their blueberry jam.

The boy says he will be a zookeeper when he grows up to put his parents in a cage. The rest of the news is boring the routine stuff about useless wars on sand dunes

Oskar Hansen

News Today,1

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Oskar Hansen

Newspaper Reading

Newspaper reading

Another hot day the younger generation have been painting the living room while I have read newspapers on the net.

I read an article about weapon sale which is not in itself harmful as long as the sellers know what the guns and artillery are for. Quite obvious the weaponry is not for parades but for killing people and that is its only purpose. I have looked at the picture of dumb dogs and bright cats that have contempt for us all, a sweet story of four police officer cooking spaghetti with meatballs for an old couple they bragged about on Facebook which made their Goodness somewhat self-serving.

I ended my reading with an obituary of a lord who suddenly had died. He was very rich but, apart from that, just another loser with money.

Oskar Hansen

Night And Rabbits

the Night and Rabbits

After an obligatory hour on my training bike

I walk outside there was a xanthous haze on the sky
that slowly faded as the sun went down

It was an evening dark blue silk of the harem a night
for love the moon was a crescent luminosity and
I bathed and inhaled the beauty of it.

Saw them in half- light five rabbits by the verge of
the road they were enchanted by the sky and when
they saw me retreated into the thicket and burrows
they had taken a big chance so they could see what
I had seen we had a secret and that made me glad

Oskar Hansen

Night Fall

The Night Fall

My evening walk was interrupted by night. Keeping close the verge of the road I fell down a ditch, and saw stars as never before.

A kaleidoscope of colours swiveling around and around in my head
Life, we never see in daylight, was all around me, spirit shadows in a haste to find food and safety before man intruded. Knew I had caused chaos in their life, I got out of there and heard silent relief.
Starry, starry night, as the song goes, trees moved and whispered scary stories about the man with the chainsaw, whether it is true there is a Paradise for trees. Wished I could tell them a tall story with a happy ending- no turning into winter woods and ashes for them, but a malevolent mule kept kicking me home as it wanted the night to itself.

Oskar Hansen

Night Rider

Night Rider

I was riding around a pan-handle flat landscape
and as far as I could see it had millions of coffins, some expensive
others looked home-made.

The sun was forever going down but threw rays on white clouds
making them pink as a ballet dress on a girl painted by Edgar Degas
the ground was covered with sheets of black plastic which undulated
slightly in the mild zephyr.

The horse's hoofs made holes in the plastic and up sprung bushes
that for long had been living in darkness; they were pale now but
would soon be greening by the setting sun.

I came to a small town where houses had false facades to make
them look imposing walked into a bar where Hollywood actors
was shooting each other take after take.

I found a bath-house after stabling my horse and in the tub
dreamt of crisscrossing this landscape of death till it became
green again hiding the coffins, perhaps then the night would
be full of stars and the sun that arose from the east

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 Baby Milk

No milk for babies

I have lost track of who is fighting whom in the overlapping endless wars in the middle- east, but that is beside the point today.

I was standing in supermarket`s till a woman in front of me had bought a litre of milk and now she looking for loose change.

I was amazed she looked like human dairy; she could bottle her milk in small flasks and sell it to health freaks.

In the vastness of her bag movements, it was her husband Carlos smelling Like the inside of a purse

I always like to take him along when shopping and know where he is and, He has got the car keys.

The Americans have been bombing again making sure there is no milk for babies because they want to build that pipe gas line across Afghanistan and the Taliban or is it the Pashtuns are saying no, from my home I see for me a giant in uniform

with a belt full of bombs bestriding the world.

Oskar Hansen

No Butter?

No Butter? (when a country practice monopoly)

"Butter, the chef said, I can't fry a snitzel without butter? If I use margarine it gets too salty and tastes like whale, if I use olive oil, it gets a Portuguese flavour, a snitzel is Austrian. How can you fry an egg without using butter, one loses the taste of clover and rural idyll, farm yards and chickens looking for worms? " " Sorry the restaurant manager said, but we have no butter, you gotta use margarine and anyway the guests are not chefs they will not notice the difference."The chef looked aghast, put down his ladle and said: "You can't mean that, has all my work comes to nothing? " Took off his apron, had tears in his eyes, ready to walk out into the cold night and not return. "Hang on the manager said, without you I can't run this place, it is the caring way you prepare food that our guests like you they know there is a butter shortage, but they don't mind as long as they now you are the chef." Mollified the cook took his apron back on lifted his ladle and said, "Ok, but see if you can get some butter even if you have to buy it from the Danes.

Oskar Hansen

No Camera At The Ready

No Pictures Taken

I see the pictures sent to me on my Facebook page of places I have not seen yet in countries I have been to as a seaman who join the sea out of poverty at home and offered an education no importance and factory pipes spewing smoke smelling of sardines and cod liver oil

I recall Costa Rica a small town in a bay the jungle appeared near and lush ready to hide the town should be human activities stop. And the cockerel crewed as I got up from Maria`s trafficked bed running down a winding road to the docks and on my ship to the routine work with sleep walkers who like me and only saw the beauty of the land in glimpses of dreams a Paradise lost. Saddening, there were never any lazy days to walk around and to take pictures we were not tourists.

Part Two:

Alone in a beautiful park and felt like the eternal wandering Jew hoping to be accepted by the locals. There was never any time to know anyone; guiltily I found my way back to the bars, the music, the Marias willing vulvas` oily route; rum& coke sleep in a woman's arms inhale her scent another Paradise lost before the cock crewed. I look at the pictures of contentment, actors on a stage of life playing happy to play the tragic roles they need a bit more experience.

Oskar Hansen

No Hiding Place

No hiding Place

Shadow, shadow on the wall why did you disappear? Now I can't go into the bathroom to see if I'm here. Look at the map of Rumania, think of Dracula switch on more light; and remember I have no garlic cloves. Look up Norway, on the Google map, such a pleasant country, peace loving people, the plods carry no guns and you can ask them for direction and they will tell you where to go should you be as stupid as get lost in their quaint little towns. But I also see a man dressed in fantasy uniform, walking around a lake island killing children like they should be rabbits infected with myxomatosis and it must be stopped before it spreads to people on the mainland. The shadow on the wall is back looks familiar I wave the shadow waves back. I'm safe in my tiny Portuguese village, but for how long?

Oskar Hansen

No Longer Silent

No Longer, Silent

Could it not be
that youth of Muslim origin
go and fight in Syria and elsewhere
Because they see western nation
bombing one country
but sparing their oil allies?
Do we think so little of them that we
think they have been groomed
to see the obvious?
And being young want to fight back
to defend their Arabic heritage
and cultural values.
We only have to look at Palestine and
their plight and not be angry.
The young men and women who fight
for ISIS do so because it gives them a structure
in life, the West has denied them.

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

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with a belt full of bombs bestriding the world.

Oskar Hansen

No Revolution To Day

The Failed Revolution

In my childhood`s town, there was on top of a five-storey building a neon sign "Jesus Saves, " I asked the mother what Jesus saves. Souls, she said, without looking up, she was reading the communist manifesto at the time, dreaming of the day when workers would be the new upper class.

Mother tried to immigrate to the Soviet Union but was turned down, she had no skills other to but sardines in a tin.

Mother made rice pudding that day, and I was allowed to scrape the brown sticky residue in the pot.

A famous capitalist sits in jail somewhere in Siberia, but is allowed to be in contact with the world via the internet protesting his innocence; he was not stealing oil from his own company. No, there is no revolution in Russia.

Oskar Hansen

No Title

Title less

The ship sails on plowing
the surface

of eternity 's echo.

Where new dogmas

will be born,

man die in the name

of a deity.

The ship sails on seas

of timelessness

till the echo ceases.

Oskar Hansen

No Title Yet

No Title

Outside my house

People sang happy birthday

They had lit candles

Stood too close

The cane roof caught fire

I cried

And people said this is ok

It is your birthday

And you can cry if you want to

Oskar Hansen

Nolocaust

Holocaust

After the war - late forties and the fiftyish
Magazines often published grizzly pictures
Of Jews being murdered for being Semitic.

Newspapers and magazines do not publish
Such photos anymore- perhaps rightly, -
They may give us nightmares.

Two old men and a boy standing at the edge
Of a mass grave, the three held their hands
Modestly over their genitalia.

German soldiers around and a civilian man
With a hunting rifle he was there

To bag a Jew.

What happened to the civilian after the war?
Probably he survived and lived a long life
Somewhere in the Alps.

We, how have seen black & white photos
Of the truth will never forget.

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

Nostalgia

The heat is unusual even the olive grove
looks tired, old trees gasping waiting for
sundown. Yet the evening is still hot and
no breeze soothes tired leaves.

Every august I tell myself that next year
I´ll go to Norway to cool down. But what
I´m going to do there, it will be raining and
I never had an umbrella.

In my old home town I will be walking up
and down streets trying to catch the old
magic, that perhaps wasn´t there in
the first place, there were moments when
on Sunday forenoon, I used to walk to my
aunt´s house, we smoked cigarettes, drank
coffee and ate coco macrons.

On my walks I will only see young faces of
a new generation who has not in common
with me, and it will sadden me to see old
building torn down and replaced with new
shining office edificesAnd I will take
the first plane back to Portugal where my
elderliness is not a handicap.

Oskar Hansen

Nostalgia 2

Nostalgia

There is an island small near the airport and is connected to a small bridge. In summers I used to take my dog there for a swim... the dog liked to swim but not far and long, just too cool off. Parking was no problem back then and dogs were allowed. After swimming we walked to a café I bought a litre bottle of water, cupped my hand so the dog could drink too, I read a paper and the dog found a shade. Drove back yesterday wanted to see if there had been any changes, the beach was full of sunbeds, each one with a parasol and it cost money by the hour. Those who didn't want to pay had a stony part of the beach they resembled a flock of seals on a reef. It was all so organized and clean it looked to me like a military encampment. No, nothing stays the same, my dog is dead, has been so for a long time.

Oskar Hansen

Not A Sonnet Is

Not A Sonnet

When I was a child I used in winters when windows had frost on the inside too, paint picture of faces that slowly thawed as the morning progress to noon. Moody drawings and after some time I only drew eyes and saw them cry.

Mother thought I was morbid I walked around in a big black shawl put flour on my face to look pale, I was home from school had tuberculosis and was of delicate disposition.

From the window I saw other children playing snowball wars, and thought if i go down there and join them they will all be infected and die in the most horrible way. When not doing this I read a lot of books and some poetry I disliked because it was too boastful and nationalistic, had a little country feel, having read Russian literature I was discerning; cured now I was allowed back to school again and since I was not a prodigy preferred snowball wars.

Oskar Hansen

Not About Elephants

Not About Elephants

I will not mention elephant even though they are majestic looking bend to the advice of the Mahout who whispers encouragement in its ear like a joker at the royal court. Sometimes like kings they rebels - off with their heads- trashes about until calmed and there is no reason other than feeling trapped I used to see rabbits when on my motorbike I saw tigers, boars and lions too but I had to sell the bike and hate it when someone says it was for the best. Well, it was not for me and how the they presume to know what I like? or not, we were out having lunch I wanted a glass of wine But you can only have one she helpfully said, I didn` t have any wine she is not my Mahout. I will rebel trampling down cars; tomorrow I will go out looking for rabbits

Oskar Hansen

Not Being Born

Not being born.

Has anyone thought how it must feel
sailing in utter darkness
in a place of no place waiting to be born.
Hundreds of years go by
the unborn is dead, yet not so
even there is no one missing it.
To exist, yet not exist... in the cold starless night
Then it happened, a chance to be born,
but someone changed their mind,
fun night going wrong.
This time there is no waiting, no hope.
Eradication is final as ultimate as
masturbating into the kitchen sink
when home alone.

Oskar Hansen

Not Romeo And Juliet

Sea green, her eyes and long red hair
that shone like bronze towards twilight.
Her laughter, a peel of utter delight;
In my mind she was Irish.
She refused my adolescent passion
I was too young for her.
And I said: if you will not be my love
I will join the merchant navy.
It was winter, snow fell on the docks where
the ship was moored, but she was not
there to take farewell
We met again when we both were
middle aged, her eyes still green, but not
as verdant as the sea.
A melancholic smile, both married twice
and we knew about regrets.

Oskar Hansen

Not Socially Inclined

Not socially inclined

We drove to Cascais for two days holiday at
a posh hotel and I promptly fell ill a sort of fever
I do not travel well.

My wife and her extended family had a swell
time, while I shivered under three blankets and
claimed the air condition was set to freezing.

On the third day I arose, had solid breakfast
no had seen anyone recover so quickly, it is
I said because I'm a Norwegian

After breakfast and packed suitcases time for
goodbyes, lots of kissing and hugs
and they all hoped I would be better next year.

Oskar Hansen

Nothing

Nothing

Two o`clock this Wednesday afternoon protected by high walls
the sun is too hot I will have to wait till three before going back
out sit for half an hour getting a tan, my vanity knows no limit.
I do not want to write today weaning myself of this feverish drug
this internal conversation argumentative as an old Jew I once knew
in Leeds. I will think of nothing but sadly fail to stop this stream of
lava bubbling from its crater the smell sulphur of rejected thoughts
that will one day prove me wrong and plants shall grow.

But I stray from the subject thinking of nothing, what is it like? since
it can` t have any shape, form, smell or colour. Get up from my
chair in the sun too quickly collide with the door and fall unconscious
into a void, so know I know that nothing looks like nothing.

Oskar Hansen

Nothing Happens Here

Nothing happens here

In the next village, a man was trapped under his tractor
and in another village, a man fell out of an oak tree
No one asked what he was doing there but his
trousers' zip was open which caused endless rumours
he also had binoculars, so he was a bird watcher then
only most birds have flown to Africa this time of year.
Emma, the nurse, lives nearby, and she always keeps
a window open when she does her aerobics in the nude
My left leg hurts I have to use a crutch had a fall you see
but not in our village nothing happens here.

Oskar Hansen

November Song

November Song

No suitor knocks on her door
Her hair is white and uncombed
Children think she is a witch.

Once she had been the belle of
The royal ball, spurned lovers
In her perfumed air.

Old age came creeping, first
Slowly than rapidly... and now
She is quite forgotten.

Oskar Hansen

November Wind

November has till now been mild I had a window open
suddenly a cold blast entered. I got up closed the window,
which when a strong young seaman called a porthole.
the top of the TV, which at the time, was showing a program
The cold blast, unfamiliar with being indoors settled on
of old people 's home and how badly they were treated;
abandoned by a family for whom they had become a burden.
I switched on the heating and cold air soon dissipated.

Today I bought 100 kilo of smokeless wood, it was a heavy
going pushing the trolley to the car, a young man took pity
helped unload the load and put it in the trunk of my car.
When I came home I sat down and cried a little, this is what
It is coming to,100 kilo is an obstacle and I have to buy more
before winter is over. Freedom is the ability to move and be
able to look after oneself; I fear for my future, sooner or later
I will be a prisoner of old age, but I will not surrender yet.

Oskar Hansen

Numbers

Numbers

In Oslo there was
a woman who could not
say seven.
At the butcher's she asked
for six pork chops
and two more.
But that is eight.
Right!
She did want to give
the impression
she couldn't say seven.

Oskar Hansen

Nursing Home Blue

Nursing Home Blues

I sent mother to a nursing home, she didn't want to go but I ignored her wishes, we often do that when concerning old people, we say it is for their own good, but the truth is I didn't know what else to do. Mother became quite rebellious they called me from the home she was throwing food about and demanded, when she evacuated, that an assistant come and dry her bum.

Wanted to go home, there was no home she had lived in a rented flat and someone else lived there. When she knew she she felt betrayed, her silence was damning. She stopped eating, gaunt, a skeleton before death came as a relief. Now that I'm old too families telling me I should not ride on my scooter in case I might fall off...like should I care.

Oskar Hansen

Obama And Palestine

Vidkun Quisling made
Treason a name
Will president
Hussein Barak Obama
Go down in history
As a coward
The man who shirked
His historic duty to
Make Palestine a free country?
He has got it in his power
If he stops listening to
The voices of dissent that
Will never willingly give succor
To the people they made homeless.

Oskar Hansen

Observed

North Korea
Is a country
Where only
Its leader is fat.
Where women are so thin
they could become
Parisian models anytime.
And men are as lean
As doctors in
The West would like
Us to be.
They do not sell burgers
With cheese
In North Korea.
Where the security forces keep
Tab on everyone
Just like USA.
A fat nation with a slim
President

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 than it could possibly 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

Obsession

Obsession

The pianist Albert has got a job in Loulé last time I saw him in Faro and fell over a pollard, he said he was not my father. When he spotted me he ran into a café, they let him run through the kitchen into the back, a dead end; I waited for him there. "If you don't stop following me I will have to call the police, I'M NOT YOUR FATHER." To mollify him I said: "I know you are not, but I do admire your piano playing." This pleased him and we had a drink and he told me he came from Yugoslavia, had wanted to be a concert pianist, but there was no money, so he ended up as a café pianist... just as my father I thought but said nothing... then he had to leave for work, saw him walk out of my life just as my father did, there was nothing I could do to stop this man who refused to be my dad.

Oskar Hansen

Oceanic Humour

Oceanic Humour?

Does a sardine play
Hide and seek with another fish
And laugh about it?

Does a lobster joust
With a big Alaska crab
Just for amusement?

Wit on the sea's floor
Giggling eels on Dogger bank
Slippery gayety?

Can a tiger shark
Tell another shark a story
That has a fun bite?

Are ocean's beings
As stern as the old Talibans
Who say fun is sin?

Oskar Hansen

Oceans Sailed

The Oceans sailed

I drove down to the coast today, could feel it pull
after all I was in the navy for 30 years and the oceans
treated me well not letting my ship sink, drowning me.
The sea was grey/blue a monster asleep, yet not to
be trusted the marina was full of motor boats
or shall we call them yachts? They all looked alike made
of plastic shit used for summer weather only.

I was not a good seafarer didn` t like to sit in a mess hall playing cards,
but I could sit for hours watching how the beast breathed in and out
and on stormy weather found a place on the deck just to see it rage.
Farewell my oceans I will not see you again nor shall I miss you a lover
that holds no secrets in her embrace but death.

Oskar Hansen

October

The tenth month

October has psychological problem as it doesn't belong anywhere, nor summer or winter? That is why it gets hot at noon and cold in the evening having read bad reviews all day long, October has an inferiority complex doesn't accept critics, sees it as a personal attack and then it gets resentful send bucket full of rains on foe and friends alike. But October has a soft inner heart, sentimental too, so speak softly to it and it will be your friend.

Oskar Hansen

October Friday

October Friday

This morning was green and a mild wind from Morocco blew I was in Casablanca once bought a pair of slippers it is what one does when going to the market there.

The weather- man on TV said Africa, but Africa is a continent and many other things.

A man in the next village had killed his wife it is for women getting married a perilous activity the lottery of life is littered unlucky females.

The sun shines over Mosul too and Iraqi officers are paraded on TV, they are having a break now before the big offensive, sounds like propaganda, we see tanks fire at something over the horizon but where is the enemy?

400 hundred IS fighters killed by bombing not a word about civilian casualties we reserve that for Aleppo where, they are actually counted and given a name DEAD!

My neighbour has a nagging wife she needs sex or Be made a fuzz of lack of it makes her scream a lot and when she does he saddle up his mule and goes for a ride into the woods of happy memories.

Oskar Hansen

October Tanka

Autumnal Poem (Tanka)
(After a photo by Albert Russo)

This rock in the sea
Looks like a shipwrecked vessel
In October sadness
A ship manned by seagulls
her captain, a tired seal.

Oskar Hansen

October's Pretence.

Rain, nature is greening, but it's a false spring; December will pale the land into submission. Do not write poetry till February, when almond trees blossom and strew petals about in protest thinking winter takes the season of its sinister drama too far. Last winter snow fell, a wonder land; people said they had not seen snow for forty seven years. The stream is xanthous I think of China's main river where dolphins, not seen for years, swim in cloudy water. What can't be seen cannot be caught by man. Dawn, on the track a boar, sniffed the air and grunted; a hairy, pig in need of a pair of glasses. I moved and it disappeared into the brushwood. On nature walks I used to take a camera, but wild animals hate having their photo taken and avoided my intrusive lens I was left with taking photos of trees, weeds and evergreen bushes. My lazy dreaminess has paid off I have had a good life no one ever expected anything glorious of me, and left me in peace. If you look for me I will be on a bus trying to find the fabulous castle; I once saw when I could see the future.

Oskar Hansen

Odd Love Story

Fall came early that year, the north westerly blew there was sadness in the air, I just knew something was not right. It was on a day like this my wife said she wanted a divorce, and she had already worked out the details of the settlement, I could keep our log cabin. She knew me so well it was the only thing I wanted. My wife is keen athlete she likes to run and go skiing, it was only natural that she married the man who runs a sports shop. My exercise is to get up from my typewriter walk into to the kitchen to make another cup of coffee.

A rare beautiful winter day, blue sky and pale sun, there was a knock on my door, I opened saw her green Volvo disappearing down the lane; by the door a bag of cooked food and jam. And twice a week she does this, but now I wait till her car has disappeared. "Love and cherish..." she is a good catholic, takes her promises seriously. In summers, she runs past my house, looks straight ahead and I pretend not to see her,

Oskar Hansen

Odin And His Merry Men

Fascism`s lack of Sanity

They are called Odin`s soldiers
And dress partly alike,
Leather jackets
Short cropped hair
And with an angry, righteous
Expression in white, round faces.
They claim to protect women
But they are just fascist who hates
People not like them.
For people from Syria or elsewhere
Who fled for their life
And often saw their loved ones drown,
Only came to the frozen north
As a last resort.
What people of Scandinavia need is
Intermarriage
To save them from dying drunk in
the snow.

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

Of Mice And Men

Of Mice and Men

The mice in Belgium do not eat fine chocolate
They scoff at imported Swiss cheese
And have only contempt for a left- over bacon burgers,
they feast on plans of roads and buildings
I blame EU for this the mice have bureaucratic
And go through stacks of programs especially those
About repairing tunnels and roads

Bureaucrats of any hue are working overtime
Try keeping up this losing battle against mice
So many cars choking up the roads Islamists
Have to go to Paris when blowing up people.
The British demand for special concessions will
not last long the mice will see to that.

Oskar Hansen

Oh, What A Gay Day

A Friday of Gayness

Today I drove to Faro town I wanted a meal of tuna steak with onions at the café I used to frequent fifteen years ago. The place had gone upmarket and so had the prices one waiter remembered me but not my wife and she took a dislike to him said he was effeminate; the café has two parts, one with a wine bar I mostly sat there. Oscar Wilde came in or someone looking as him, he remarked of what he had observed during the day an intelligent mind who could recite his own poems beautifully.

I decide to become gay too, to be frivolous and happy, but avoid the sex thing the very thought made me shudder.

Alas, I had to drive my wife home I tried to translate some of Oscar`s remarks into Portuguese, she didn`t think it was funny But that was my fault telling jokes is not my metier so I was back being my pedestrian self

Oskar Hansen

Oil & Democracy

Democracy and Oil

When rebels wave the magic banner of democracy,
the west acts blindly like a troll caught in daylight.
They run around and holler democracy and fig leaf,
Norway drops bomb for the sake of peace. History
for those who care to read, it is hundred years ago
that Italian air-force dropped bombs over Libya.
Small, small bombs, yet big enough to kill women
and children on the ground. Gaddafi, a low hanging
fruit must go; Oil must be democratically privatized-
given to the big oil companies- And that what this
war is all about...sole western access to energy.

Oskar Hansen

Oil Change

Oil Change

I'm not a poet never was, but I like to tell stories
Most of the stories are for my inner ear,
But for some reason my collections are called poetry.
I'm a practical chap, just changed oil in my car and
Filled up the coolant, which is pink coloured.
Later I will drive to the local garage and see if the tyres
Have the right amount of air, and then clean the car.

When I write about carob trees and my special tree
The almond, which in my mind, strews flowers on mine
Fevered often walked track, I do so in tenor like oiling
The hinge of a door or hammer a long nail into a wall,
Nothing can be less poetic. In Kaleidoscope once I saw
My future lover's face, can that be called poetry?

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 skjønnte 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 Age And Revenge

Old age and Revenge.

woke up one morning distressed....I was forty
end of youth no way to stretch it any further.

I didn't go to work on that day, began drinking
at eleven, thought of face lift and new hair,
the day became loop sided and I woke up next
morning in a woman's bed, I don't think
anything untoward happened because she had
union- jack knickers on, served me hot tea.

I woke up one morning distressed... I was sixty
knew at last I was an adult, so much so I went to
work that day, at the office they gave me cakes
and joked about my age. The boss gave me
a watch, which I think he had bought at a jumble
sale and a fortnight later he fired me.

I woke up one morning....happy, I was seventy and
my former boss has died.

Oskar Hansen

Old Age-Tanka

Over seventy
Time for countdown days
Ready for blast off
Be forever the blowing wind
Ripples on Nirvana's strand

Oskar Hansen

Old Couple On Holiday

When the aged go wild

Our hotel in Porto was at the highest point
although we had been promised a room downtown so we
didn't have to walk so far, fucks then I had paid in advance
across the street from the hotel a big disused water tower
from the time people didn` t bother with showers
every day making us smell like whores a Saturday night.

We decided to walk into town, not a wise choice
she with her hips and my feet we were overtaken by a snail
and it was time for late lunch.

Later we took a taxi, and I noticed a big, but dead rat outside
the hotel great commotion but as they were getting rid
of the rodent, a car stopped over it.

After resting well, they arranged a trip for us to see famous
houses and an art museum and a ride along the Douro
we had our evening meal safe place away from
the water tower which suspected was crawling with rats.

The tour bus didn` t stop anywhere just showed us
The places and statues if famous men pointing towards
the east the bus trundled down to the bloody Douro
and narrows was full of tourist and cars, it represented
all that I dislike me life, my wife fell asleep, but I managed
take a few interesting photos of a house that had been pulled down
but you could still see the painting people used where
the lived loved and it was the nearest I come to art that day.

Oskar Hansen

Old Friends

Old friends

My friends and I are elderly men with protruding bellies, we drink whisky in the evening and talk about the old days; and of friends that went before us. We feel slightly envious of them, as we have yet a death to come. The war in Afghanistan has lasted ten years and might last ten more years this makes us smile for we know wars are endless, like a bad back we have to learn to live with. Little has changed in our life time, avarice and lust for power rule ok. In the bar we talk about football, a game of utter futility. When we leave and see a beautiful girl walking past we don't bother to turn around for a second glance, what's the point. When a friend dies, usually of cancer or heart attack, we go to his funeral, drink whisky, shudder and talk about him, sport and the crazy world we live in.

Oskar Hansen

Old Friendship

Old Friendship rusts not
12 years why this number and not 13 years
I don't know perhaps I believe in good and less
God digits numerals but nevertheless
I shall not see another twelve years, and that is ok
I have lost friends in that time and some I have
Neglected mainly because I found them tedious
They had nor grown and continued to tell
Racist jokes and held the view of the white man
And his culture. I remember Tom, the kindest of men
he was a struggling actor who never got a break
but he never stopped dreaming.
I do not often think of death, Tom and I we had
Much in common, but I have been given time to write
My will do there will be no arguments.
I`m also a poet never got my fifteen minutes, yet
Work will circle forever on the internet unread but
Not erased. We were dreamers Tom and me.

Oskar Hansen

Old Love Rust Not

I walked across the bridge that spanned
over a white running river; and she was
there on the other side waiting for me.
One day she wasn't there, she had gone
to Denmark to work as a nurse, but she
had not told me and had not left a letter
telling me why she had gone away.
I remember asking her, or was I begging?
Do you love me? Yes, I love you forever,
she had said, and kissed me tenderly.
And now that I'm old I see that she said
this to soothe my fear of not being loved.
Another spring and forty years has gone
the river is the same, so is my love for her.

Oskar Hansen

Old Man Smoking

Old Man Smoking

The old man sat smoking a cigarette; he had stopped smoking, but now and then smoked a couple, he was of the lucky disposition of liking cigarettes but suffered no craving when he didn't smoke. When the old man was young everyone smoked, those who didn't be regarded as queer folks.

He never liked people smoking at the dinner table, but with coffee, a cigarette was a must. Not so much people die of lung cancer, now cancer has shifted and now attacks other body parts.

There might come a day when medical scientists tell us smoking is not so bad as long as we smoke moderately.

The old man opens the drawer of his desk; he remembered he had a cigarette there, he found it broken in half and sighed.

Oskar Hansen

Old Man Swims

Old man swims

The old man had been persuaded to go to the beach and since it was late September and tourists had gone home He reluctantly agreed. He waded out waist deep and then swam out to the bottomless part; suddenly the sea had goose pimples which he took as a warning and swam back to shore as fast as he could, this is not very fast for an eighty years old man. As he reached the shore, he sensed someone was trying to bite him, a tear in his swimsuit, told his wife he had been attacked by a shark, she said the rip had been there before, but he preferred his version. Every time he tells the story the shark gets bigger and he had wrestled with the ugly beast.

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

Old Ocean

Old Ocean

They break up big boulders, near the houses where I live,
what I see used to be the bottom of an old ocean.

The stones break easily, pieces glitter as crystal in the sun.
I pick up a splinter, lick it and can taste the cool, clear sea.
My inner ear picks up the sea's ripples on the strand, but
also, the contented hum of an ocean alone. I also hear its
ire as waves upon waves, futilely, crashes on to jagged
cliffs of perpetuity. Overcome by awe I've tasted eternity,
It's salty; and if you get too obsessed about it, can give you
fatally high blood pressure.

Oskar Hansen

Old Poet And Red Wine

The old poet and red wine

The old man gets up early in the morning; he doesn't eat breakfast but drink coffee, switch on the computer look at the blank screen waiting for a word to come so he can try writing a poem; it is a hard going so he mounts his training bike and get some exercise. Noon is the best time of the day; he walks to his café have a good meal and a jug of red wine, which puts him in a good mood and talk to the old men in the park, Sometimes one of them say something interesting he can use when writing. The old poet knows his best work is behind him, but he still tries to tease another poem out of his mind. His evening meal is simple he opens a tin of soup and drink a few glasses of red wine watch TV, or makes comments on the Twitter.

Oskar Hansen

Old Soldiers

Old soldiers never Dies

A neighbour of mine used to be a sergeant in the army,
in his living room, he had a picture of himself, in full uniform
that had many medal and ribbons on.

He served in many countries, Singapore and Germany, I think
he was the head of the motor pool; then the army let him
go it has no place for old men, and his pension was a disgrace.
Once he repaired my car, barking orders of what screwdriver he
wanted, shook his over my incompetence.

It was a day in October when the weather was hanging about like
a soldier who has not got his order; he went to bed for his afternoon
nap, when his wife brought him tea and biscuits at five, he had gone
to a military parade in the sky.

Oskar Hansen

Old Soldiers Never Dies

Old Soldiers Never Dies.

A neighbour of mine used to be a sergeant in the army,
In his living room he had a big picture of himself,
In full uniform that had many ribbons and medals on.
He served in many countries, Germany, Singapore and
so on, not on the frontline, but as head of the army's
motor-pool. Then a day the military let him go, the army
is no place for old men, and the best years of his life
was behind him. He liked tinkering with cars, once he
repaired mine, barking orders what screwdriver he wanted,
shook his head over my utter incompetence.

It was a day in October, when the weather was hanging
about, like a soldier who hasn't got his orders, he went
to bed for his afternoon nap, when his wife brought him
tea at five, he had gone to the military parade in the sky.

Oskar Hansen

Olive And Orange

Olive and Orange

From the years of 650 and onwards Andalusia
Was a tolerant Arabic province, which even tolerated
the Jewish tradesmen pushing their handcarts on
cobble stones and the Christians with their infernal
bells ringing on Sunday mornings.

The three religions lived side by side in relative
harmony, one can say the following 300 years
Andalusia and part of Algarve was an oasis of peace.
The Arab architecture is still there and in music
one can still hear the Arabic influence not to forget
the poetry inspired in beautiful gardens with running
water and cooling shade, where love was made and
in Yasmin scented afternoons.

Nothing lasts forever the Christian horde came with
their swords -the ISIS of the time- heads rolled in the sand
Andalusia became a Catholic nation, yet the echo of more
a contemplative time lingers on.

This story was told to me by the oldest olive tree in the world
that lives in a valley of orange trees.

Oskar Hansen

Olsen's America

Olsen's America

If a Danish sea captain by the name of Egil Olsen had discovered America, would it be called Olsen's land, and if so would it have become a more friendly land without ambition to become a superpower? I would not let the Name Egil come into it, people would soon change it to eagle and as we know that is more aggressive.

And since no one had heard of Canada - not many has- it would have been Olsen all the way to Behring Strait. He would have to deal with red Indians though, let them dress the way they wanted and wear fur which, as we know, is frowned upon in Europe; but most of all he must have kept the with missionaries out.... more banned them outright.... Funny thing names, America is like uniforms, fit all sizes, But an Egil Olson would have had a grey beard and be fond of beer.

Oskar Hansen

Olympiade

Olympic Sports

There are several sports in the OL; I would like to see banned,
let us take winter sport, 50 kilometers cross country on skies is to
watch a paint drying if you are cornered in a room,
even worse 10 thousand meters on skates, around and around
they go will they ever get to the finishing line?

Summer sports, some men throwing a plate onto a field to how many meters
they

made; and people with an iron ball doing ditto?

In Roman time one tried to hit a slave, which did the sport
interesting, as it is now it is boring and has no entrainment value.

Then you have synchronized swimming, wriggling feet above water
if it is done right according to the expert, everybody gets a gold medal
and we the public are none the wiser.

We must make the sport relevant to the way we live today,
ski board is a good beginning and chasing sharks in the Atlantic
and flying through the air as batman is entertaining because they
can hit a bloody cliff any moment and if you only have safe sport
there is no point watching it.

Oskar Hansen

On A Bender

New Orleans, dawn, woke up on the floor of a hotel room, don't know why I didn't sleep in the bed. A shower, vapid water ran slowly down my body like worms they crawled around and refused to leave. In a bar where men sat in silence watching TV with sound turned off. A double whisky and the worms disappeared. Thought I can't sit here and drink like an alcoholic, I had a bag of bacon flavoured crisps, and to show I was a man of taste I asked for Dutch beer. Time runs fast, when you are drunk, suddenly eight too late for the plane home that left at nine o'clock. One more beer and I will be ok. Got another plane, without my luggage, as I could not remember the hotel where I had slept on the floor.

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

On A Sunny Day

On a sunny day, you can see forever

The U-boat that cast anchor on the silky shore of Albufeira,
the crew was dressed in German world war two uniforms,
and bathers thought they were actors in a movie.

The captain came ashore he wanted to call Lisbon to his
embassy, only the number didn` t exist anymore, he had
wanted to surrender, his crew were hungry and tired.

A kind barman gave the captain a cold beer, he drank it
greedily and asked what year it was.2017, my god,
he exclaimed we have landed in a wrong century.

He walked back to his U-boat a neat man and a hero,
the submarine, rusty, like it had been at the bottom of
the sea for ages, hoisted anchor, and sailed into yonder

Oskar Hansen

On A Sunny Sunday

On a Sunny Day, You can See Forever.

The u-boat that cast anchor on the silky beach of Albufeira
the crew was dressed in German world war two uniforms,
bathers thought they were actors in a movie.

The captain came ashore he wanted to call Lisbon, to his
embassy, only the number didn't exist anymore. He wanted
to surrender, his crew hungry and tired.

A kind barman gave the captain a cold beer, he drank it
greedily and asked what year this was.2011.
"My god" he exclaimed we have landed in a wrong century.

He walked back to his u-boat, a neat man every bit a hero.
The submarine, rusty, looking as it had been at the bottom of
the sea for ages, hoisted anchor, sailed into the blue yonder.

Oskar Hansen

On Green An Islan

The Emerald Isle

Sailing into Cork, I saw the green hill and the sea were jade.
Understood why Ireland is called the Emerald Island.

On sheer slopes sheep grazed, chances I thought,
the slightest slip and they would fall into the verdant waters,
why do not graze at the plateau, be happy with modest
fodder if not as succulent as, grass, too Insafe to get at.
And sheep that fall are caught by voracious vessels and turned into a stew.

Cork was a pretty port it had no hasty feel back then,
it became a busy place ignoring the hazardous slopes,
holy is economic growth, lush living for everyone.

Oskar Hansen

On My Way To The Pub

On my way to the pub

I was walking to the pub at sundown
when I reach my destination the last pink rays
on the sky was vanishing,
a promise of a sunny tomorrow.

On the road, I was overtaken by a horse
that neighed politely,
on its back, a crow sat using a foul language.

On the way back home I was late had
been playing poker with matches,
I lost a box.

I met the horse it offered to
take me home the foul crow had gone.

I stabled the horse in the garage
gave it bread and water.

Next morning it was gone.

The crow sat on the window ledge
demanding a silver soup spoon and
an assortment of nuts.

Oskar Hansen

On The Highest Crest

On the Highest Crest

Beautiful October
God has gone main-stream
Ignores the seasons
Wants to be loved by us all
Before the big deluge

Lovely October
God disregard the cycles
My river is dry
While I sunbathe by its shore
And think of buying camels.

Godly October
Vacation's our new deity
Tomorrow is today
Frost and snow are banished
But Himalaya is an island

Pretty October
We fight for a place to sit
The strongest win
Design a new national flag
And build a golden temple

Scenic October
The Sea is heaven's mirror
God was a dream
No echo of man lingers
The long stillness has begun

On The Way To Work

Words

Dubai
Lumps of concrete
Set in sand

If you want to study
Marine biology
Don't start with a tin of sardines

Capital punishment
Since we all are going to die
It is not a penalty

Shrimps are
Insects of the oceans
Why not we eat butterflies

If all life is related
Having the same origin
Aren't we cannibals

Are surgeons
Red meat fanciers
Or vegetarians

Oskar Hansen

Once Upon A Time

Once Upon a Time

The small river and the tiny lake we used to swim had muddy looking water, ugly fish and a crocodile which ate a goat with a bell that continued to toll? In the beasts stomach, and warned us when it was time to get out of the water.

Gypsy children bathed here while their mothers washed and watched by the shore.

Then the small river and the tiny lake was bought by a consortium, a tall fence erected and work began to make the place into a rural, nature park. Where the river ends, a cascade falls in to the lake and the water is clean and clear, the bottom of the lake is cemented and painted blue. Of course there is an entrance fee to this Paradise, a café that sells coffee, hot dogs, and ice cold beer.

Gypsy children are not welcome here- not many places else- they have to find another muddy river and a lake, not yet sold, to the highest bidder, in our blessed, divisive democracy.

Oskar Hansen

Once A Seafarer

Once a Seafarer

I was thinking of my life as a seafarer endless
voyaging like a gipsy of the seas.

It was the best of times because I was young
but was also the worst of times being without
a woman for months on end.

I was a lousy seaman really didn't blend in
Preferred reading in my cabin and got a higher
education without trying or knowing it, yes
I`m grateful to so many writers they gave my life
a meaning on the ocean of colossal ennui.

I came alive when the ship docked, and I could go
ashore, cold lone star beer in Houston and
dance with a cowgirl or a midnight swim with
a woman in Honduras.

As I got older little could assuage my boredom
the drink became both friend and enemy, washed up
on the shore of Portugal, here I got up drank a cold
beer built my house on solid earth and dreams.

Oskar Hansen

One Of Us

One of Us.

There is a smudge on my computer screen I try to clean it with spit, but no. Perhaps it is finger mark left behind by those strange people who sit in back of the computer repair shop? Their diet is cola and chocolate, yet they are thin, bald and so weedy looking I have must whisper to them or they will shrink away. They sulk too if I disagree with their findings it will take weeks before I get my computer back. When the owner shuts shop they climb into toolboxes, the ones with the helpful drawing of a screwdriver. Maybe the smudge is a camera eye, they sit in there and watch me. When I have drink tonight I'll pour it in my bedroom, then go into the bathroom, smoke a cigarette. Buy a can of cola and a bar of chocolate, eat and drink in front of the screen. And they will say: "Look, he is one of us."

Oskar Hansen

One Sided Mirror

Reflection in a Phial

I look at my hands they are brown as a farmer`s, this pleases me,
although, I have no land to plough, a tractor or a mule,
a workman`s sturdy hand; all socialists should have hands that
have harvested potatoes or carrots.

I flex my muscles of my upper arms, see a faint movement
like a mouse moving under thawing spring snow.

Glorious vanity I used to do hundred press- ups, a day in the hope
to look strong and furious. I think of sex sadly I wasn`t any good
at it, after the act, I looked for a book to read.

The squalid side of life has always mystified me, why does
a person chooses a path that leads moral disgrace and ruin?

I have always been lazy, strenuous effort will not touch me,
but I would like to pull up a few more carrots

Oskar Hansen

One Sunday Morning

Sunday Morning

Puddles on cobblestones
Had a film of spent
rainbows,
clouds rested on rooftops
and tear streaked windows misted;
dejected curs
sniffed the air as a damp army
of washing hung limply on balconies.
Church bells peeled
the faithful prepared for mass,
unseen and
under arches the tormented
waited for the bar
to open and release them
from the agony of
their lonely inferno.

Oskar Hansen

Only When It Rains

Penniless in Le Havre

At the time of my nadir penniless in Le Havre in the drizzle
Saw a blue neon light of a bar I meet sailors there from my own country
They gave me cigarettes and wine, money enough to take the train home
Only among the poor do you find selfless generosity
I had a pencil, and a note block tried to collect my thought to find out what
I was thinking found out I was more educated than I expected, that is
What reading a thousand books do to you, alas I also knew my limitation
My difficulty in functioning in the world we live in.

I bought a typewriter but had no grammar what saved me from go under
Was a heart attack the authorities gave me a small pension enough
To live on and the time to learn and I have written what I wanted to say
In the process lost some friends and gained some others, but most of all
I have tried not becoming satisfied when so much I see is rotten because
When you get old, it is easy to fall into the trap of selfishness.

Oskar Hansen

Open Mind

Never Look Back

It was the poverty of vision that got to me, the drabness of moving from one home to another. I wanted sunlight, not the dim light that shines from a basement`s kitchen window.

Fled, sought other shores.

I was not able to escape the ghost of the past; letters went unanswered.

The uncle of many children and a father of no one

I should have stayed fought my corner from the base of the beginning.

It is a sunny day where I live, up North snow falls, I feel a deep sadness of the coward, yet have no regrets

Oskar Hansen

Optical Illusion

Optical Illusion

It was an old rabbit, glass eyed and stuffed, that sat on a window sill it also had a bald spot on top of its head, petted by children who knew it was alive. The window it sat by faced the woods and on a day when window was open, and it was a day in May, it vanished. Hunters had seen it jump through the air fast as a midnight shadow. A rich man bought the woods chopped down trees and filled in the tarn, where it often had been seen smiling to its own image. This so he could get a trophy on his wall and be famous as the man who shot the phantom rabbit. He went insane all he could find was a yellow plastic duck. A stuffed rabbit sits on the window sill it has glass eyes, a bald spot on top of its head; snowing outside it deeply sighs good to be indoors on a day like this.

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

Oscar`s

Oscar`s

Oscar night
Red carpet and
Clammy armpits
Valium
Skeletal women
Gasping for a fag
To smoke in public
Is social suicide
Wearing the latest
State of the art
Dresses
This vast frivolity
Is seen by millions

Oskar Hansen

Oslo Sonnet

Oslo Sonnet

Today I made a vegetarian meal it was not any good, but we ate it, after all, it was healthy and I remembered the time when I had the idea of becoming a vegetarian cook or chef as it is called now got an interview in Oslo and took the night train. Third class and the open carriage was full; luckily I had a blanket with me I used it as the tent so I didn` t have to talk to anyone.

It was a seven-hour journey it was so boring I was ready to get up a scream but somehow fell into a trance. We arrived at eight the station café was open I had a coffee and fell asleep. A man in uniform woke me and told me to leave this was not rest- room for vagabonds. Oslo was entirely grey, building, people, the road it was as colours had fled to a tropical paradise and cold coconut milk first thing in the morning

By now I had lost all interest in the vegetarian thing and ate eggs and plenty of bacon took the train home but in a first class compartment. At home, there was a cable for me a job on a ship a week later I was in Jamaica where the colours in Oslo also had gone. I met a girl we danced to the music from jukebox something about a blanket on the ground and the night in Jamaica was blue silk, the moon was full and golden.

Oskar Hansen

Oslo Sonnet 2

Oslo Sonnet

Today I made a vegetarian meal it was not any good, but we ate it, after all, it was healthy and I remembered the time when I had the idea of becoming a vegetarian cook or chef as it is called now got an interview in Oslo and took the night train. Third class and the open carriage was full; luckily I had a blanket with me I used it as the tent so I didn` t have to talk to anyone.

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Oskar Hansen

Oslo Sonnet 3

Oslo Sonnet

Today I made a vegetarian meal it was not any good, but we ate it, after all, it was healthy and I remembered the time when I had the idea of becoming a vegetarian cook or chef as it is called now got an interview in Oslo and took the night train. Third class and the open carriage was full; luckily I had a blanket with me I used it as the tent so I didn't have to talk to anyone.

It was a seven-hour journey it was so boring I was ready to get up a scream but somehow fell into a trance. We arrived at eight the station café was open I had a coffee and fell asleep. A man in uniform woke me and told me to leave this was not rest- room for vagabonds. Oslo was entirely grey, building, people, the road it was as colours had fled to a tropical paradise and cold coconut milk first thing in the morning

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Oskar Hansen

Osskar Time

Oscar Time

I have been watching Fox news channel which is entertainment more than news with long legged girls arguing and trying to make Trump into an intellectual giant. The legs apart, I sometimes agree the neo-liberal hatred in America is frightening, this fury by the democrats who feel cheated are palpable.

This aside the great Oscar time is here, the magnificent plastic people in a room of nervous tension, perfumed sweat and gulped whisky in the locker room. La La Land won a sweet film- no doubt that- will make us forget hunger in Africa, bloody wars and the Palestinian catastrophe

I think the power to be wants it this way to infantilize us encourage the gossip about the film stars, who slowly seem to learn to live with Donald Trump, they know who is running the industry and it is not the beautiful people Hollywood Land

Oskar Hansen

Our Aggression

Our Aggression

We`re going out today for a drive, but it was cold and I was thinking what had happened to a small town somewhere afar and the nature around the town was flat sullen yet silky, but it was home for people of peace and young laughter.

Few people ventured out but sat in their yard in the evening now that the town was in the grip of fanatical criminals.

A few places were open, though, two cafes where men could drink coffee but not smoke, cigarettes and waterpipes had been outlawed, a sandy field where the young dreamed how to get away from this dangerous town drowning in fear and paralyzing inertia

No had heard a thing before bombs started falling killing everyone inside the cinema, low flying helicopters came and shot at everything that moved, suddenly they left like shadows as moonless night across a landscape not unlike the Dead Sea. Over 500 hundred people were killed mostly civilian and no Paris sympathy for them.

The western world had again conducted a mass murder in the name of stopping terrorists. I sit by the fire and wonder why it that we in the West thinks it has the right to start wars as we please and why is it we so willingly follow demagogues and aggressors where they go down the road of ruins, death and suffering, proudly we wear their medals, ribbons and we are oblivious to its ghastly irony.

We wrap us up in patriotic flags; dissent will not be tolerated we are so perverted we do not see we are wrapped in a shroud.

Oskar Hansen

Our Consensus

Our Consensus

The moment when the cacophony of voices,
at the railway restaurant,
became one, no longer
dusty gibberish mixed with cigarette smoke,
but a real, clear human accent making an utterance;
alas, the voice spoke of mortgages,
the price of heating homes, electricity and food;
the only true
the issue in our civilised world.
So should one be shocked,
isn't that what we have worked towards too?
A life that is mundane that doesn't tax you
with any political philosophy,
any ism of this and
that only leaves you to worry
about the ordinary things like
the ice cream parlour in Vilamoura that sells 21 flavours of ice cream,
now isn't that nice to know and giggle about?

Oskar Hansen

Our Future

The was a sea in Russia that disappeared sand dunes,
rusting ships and rib cages of sailors sticking up out of
the ground as a warning, fight nature be prepared to lose.
The Aral Sea it had fish aplenty, now it is a ghostly place
Was the wind stirs extinct sea into a colourless
greyness that tells us how the world will look like in about
a hundred years. The Aral is far from our light fantastical
it is hidden the cadaverous vastness of Russia, The land
around may have changed names, but it will always be Russia.
Do not walk across the sea at night the place is haunted and
you will see the future that is too awful for a mere human
to take in, after all, the suffering that will be visited upon your
grandchildren, your soul will ever find peace as there are such
a thing as ghosts scaring souls... it is your grandchildren they
W will not give you peace and no grave is deep enough to hide
you from their wrath and the world your greed destroyed.

Oskar Hansen

Our Guilt

Our guilt

It was the longest street in the world each side had shops selling salami and cheese, mind each product changed the name as to attract customers, only the street was empty there is only a certain numbers of salami and cheese needed.

No cars on the road just a few starving dogs I took off one of my jumpers, it been a cold morning, and they fought amongst themselves until death.

In some shops, there were cheese parties for mice I was not invited and continued walking this street must end somewhere I didn` t know where not that I cared I could walk the rest of the road tomorrow.

My sister had a hotel I took in there during dinner she said I had not been generous to my mother this upset me, so I had several whiskies for the pain she had caused me, but I ate the food before leaving.

The truth was too upsetting if you do as your mother' wants you to will get nowhere. In a flower shop, I saw a big rat killing a kitten and there was nothing I could do than living with the guilt of having been a bad son

Oskar Hansen

Our Neighbours

In the darkness of the Ramallah night there is a light
An ember of hope, as the world is lowly and begins
To see that suffering is not one sided.

There is fear on both sides of the eyesore walls one
For losing what they have acquired, the other for losing
The little they have left. The victors are sensing they are
Prisoners too and might be on the wrongs side of
The walls as they sink into the ennui of misplaced hubris

Semitic people they are both Moslems, Christians, and
Jews, not fundamentalist in the rising tide of intolerance
Both sides in the world of chaos can find common ground,
They share the same culture, relatives lost in history.
May they overcome strife and find neighbourly peace as
The wind blows bitter dust in the Persian gulf.

Oskar Hansen

Our Ocean

Mare Nostrum

On the coast of Augusta, in Cecilia this wonderful sea,
the bluest of turquoise, transparent and I saw fish play.
Blood and bloated corpses have made the sea less pretty
and fish nibbles on cadavers of those who tried to cross
the sea to escape the lunacy we created in Libya.

A president short of stature but with inflated ego plus
philosopher idiot, two men were responsible this disaster
of a war just to get rid of a dictator one of them had lent
money of the other who should not be left out of his confine
of academia, he should have in hidden in a university writing
books only historians take a passing interest in.

As it is the impossible vain man get feted, all because he is
an intellectual and wears a velvet jacket and clean collars.
My old Mafia friend Thomas the knife, has invited me to
Augusta, I will go there but not swim the hazy sea, but we
will eat langouste, drink child wine and talk about the days
when philosophers and presidents left us alone to kill only
when needed and never the innocent.

Oskar Hansen

Our Religious Inheritance

Our Religious Inheritance

Our cultural Christianity has become Meaningless
Don` t think about it
God is all forgiving
Lukewarm morning piss has our beliefs became
We make fun of vicars
Other denominations laugh at our religion
Try telling a joke about an Imam
Or for that matter a Rabbi
You will be called an anti this and that.
There is a vacuum and into it, Islam has stepped
People need religion
To worship to a hard power
It is a mystery why
But to stop this Muslim faith we have to build
A wall of Christianity
And be forceful and demanding
If not the Shari law awaits

Oskar Hansen

Our Times

Time.

While statues fall to dust and nothing is remembered,
we fear you not Ozymandias; it was a poet who brought you back into history.
Words survive the onslaught of time,
for each generation of poets words are written differently,
but the message is the same: Do not forget you are mortal!
Beauty and power are ephemeral.

Oskar Hansen

Out For Lunch

Gone Ashore Sonnet

I have sailed on many seas
they have various colours and smell,
but being indoors looking out
it got a bit boring as well.
One can't stand by a porthole all day,
water stretching wet and endlessly
I knew I was never going to see
green grass again.

From a mountain, I can see the sea
but never go near the bloody thing
I swim in a river when it is hot.
Sea, shrieking gulls and rusty steel,
I prefer the forest and
the valley that has an unblinking eye.

Oskar Hansen

Outcast

Costa Rica (outcast)

When going ashore in Puerto Lemon (Costa Rica) we had to walk through a park where the town's people sat or walked enjoying the evening breeze. They didn't like us, we're uncouth seamen up to no good. We felt their odium and it made us noisier than we otherwise would have been. We were on our way to the seedy part of town where we were welcomed because we had money. One evening I sat in the park enjoying the peace and sea breeze... after some time I was approached by a police officer who told me to move on, he never said why, but the good people felt offended. As I left I was filled with sadness and I had only one place to go. Late at night when the good people had gone home the park was a whore house, just raucous noise and the sea breeze had died.

Oskar Hansen

Outcast 2

Outcast

Man with the cloven foot walks through the night, harsh and frustrated,
he was the result when a farmhand had intercourse with a cow... and
when cow a cold February day gave birth on a snowy field, people fled in
distress; the devil has been reborn they screamed and ran away.

The father of this obscenity hung from the rafter in the barn and bitterly
thought it had all come to this because his wife slept with bloomers on.
The child licked by warm cow tongues survived behind a hollow of a stone
and farmers wondered why his cattle gave so little milk.

Cloven foot, how could he hide from peoples fear and utter disgust other
than being evil and cursing mankind, he who had done nothing but being
a victim of a farmer hands unbecoming lust. Priests gave him the name
Satan, although he was never been baptized.

He survived wears a built up shoe to hide his defect, works in finance,
spreads mayhem and poverty. "Love me he says, and I will bring peace
but you must become vegetarians because i will not allow you to turn
my flesh and blood into hamburgers or Sunday roast.

Oskar Hansen

Over Fifty

Over fifty

When you are over fifty divorced and want to meet a woman
– there may of them about- they all have a daughter who will
not let your late romance in peace and you will always play
the second fiddle the phone will ring late at night some trivial
drama you have to take an interest the daughter who doesn` t
care about your feeling it is her mother`s love she have to make
sure she is not forgotten by the beast of a man she has met,
and demand unspeakable sex acts my mother has to perform.
Yet they need your money for education and often for doing
nothing and sleeping to twelve and expecting to be fed.
Middle aged man all women of over fifty have a daughter who
who will never accept you as a dad, but only as a provider.

Oskar Hansen

Overwhelmed

Overwhelmed

Today I saw the world's biggest butterfly
when it flew overhead the day darkened.
the colour of it was of intense rainbow so
brilliant I helpless fell to the ground.

Slowly I woke up, trees were ashen and
the dell, so green had turned xanthous.
Too much beauty kills lesser loveliness,
It took days to find our natural stability.

Oskar Hansen

Paint With Words

Painting with words

The ash in the wood burner is still warm white and esoteric
an unborn dream a sin to shovel into a sink bucket when
it looks holy and ought to be strewn upon the tranquil sea
with the first drop of rain the ash in the bucket a dust cloud
disperse like souls in the forest but, as the shower increases
the ash drowns becomes silt when the rain stops, and the sun
warms crops the grieving has passed

Oskar Hansen

Painting Of Oblivion

Painting of Oblivion

The canvas is uniformly white
As a screen depicts nothingness
And there is immobility.
Occasionally a red dot appears
when a mass of void is moved
Into life in the form of a life
A beast or a man?
The mystery is no one knows
Why this randomness occurs

Oskar Hansen

Palestine Children

Palestine children

You have killed our children
your bullets have pierced their heart of love
now only hatred remains.
You can plant you flags
talk falsely of peace you never wished for.
Our young will not forgive you,
you killed their caring hearts.

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 fortified 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

Para

The Paratrooper

I was falling through the air couldn't see a thing, opened up my big black umbrella and descended in an orderly fashion. A scythe of a moon gave enough light so I could see the coastline and the dark, menacing sea just waiting to fill my lung with water. By manipulating the umbrella`s ribs, I landed safely on the beach, folded the collapsible and got away as foam and horrid sea tried to drag me under. To get home I had to walk through a monocultural nightmare of pop music, endless Fado, and orange trees the bore nothing, but yellow fruit no one bothers to pick up as the land is drowning in sticky juice and no gin. Anyway, supermarkets sold virtual orangeade. I was walking uphill now, downhill too, but mostly uphill. From a hilltop, I could see my cottage; noticed the yard light was still on and hear the desultory din of an aeroplane circling looking for a lost passenger

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

Paris By Night

A Vision

Eifel tower the old whore is lit up again
her wide open legs still drip blood, and
her hips are white and slim and she has
blue-rinsed hair. She is ready to welcome
the masses people without an ideology
and those who think that having sex in
a hotel near the Seine where millions of
condoms that slowly find their way to
the sea is the heights of romantic living.

Young men came, they had a creed wanting
to destroy this Sodom and Gomorrah, but
the tart in the centre of Paris tells us we will
survive because we are Godless and place
lust for life first

Oskar Hansen

Paris Sonnet 2

Paris Sonnet

I visited Paris a few days ago went into a café
And ordered a cream cake, the slice was huge
And had a yellow liquid on top, I was assured
It was sweaty sugar.
Tiny footsteps
No, it was decoration
Made by an artistic baker and a fork
I have diabetes should not eat sugary things
Put a serviette over the cake, drank my coffee and left.
The river Seine was still high

I just this morning read that Paris has a plaque of rats
Discerning taste prefers cake shops and why not
Who wants to live in that dirty river blind lovers
Think are romantic.

Oskar Hansen

Parisians

Parisians

Paris is often on my mind, she was a pianist in an unfashionable night-club had a smoky voice- at least 40 a day- she looked like a night without sex was a paltry end of her struggle to keep her skin, the glowing youth of remembrance. Our eye blinks collided trolldom? She was a hex and I was drawn to her charm.

In the morning I heard her in the kitchen she was pouring a drink that if water is added looks like milk- She went into the loo and had a pee and I was quietly grateful it was not a dump.

I drifted off to sleep and only woke up when she awoke me having made toast and coffee- She wanted me to stay, but I had a date at twelve reading English written poetry for a group of Parisians middle class twits, who would lamely applaud while thinking they could have done it better in their legionary accent they thought was an elevated a form of expression and we dumb people meekly have accepted as a truth, the accolade of refinement. My French, elderly seductress was from Morocco and her father had been an officer in the army who when he came to France was offered a job as a doorman, a job he refused he went home and shot himself.

Yet I love the underbelly of Paris, it is where the poor and loses live and if one of the succeed Paris middle-class will claim them and say they were typical Parisians.

Oskar Hansen

Parody Song

Parody Song for Lute and Harp

The cobbler who mended the princess's shoes
Fell in love with her feet and declared his love.
But the princess was quite chocked, said...no.

Sad cobbler sat in his shop repairing waders,
Farmer clogs and polished officers riding boots
The cobbler who mended the princess's shoes.

The princess had shoes to repair, sent a servant,
But the cobbler needed her feet to make a fit.
He fell in love with her feet and declared his love.

He mended her shoes touched her ankles to make
Sure the shoes fit and the princess's was thrilled
Made him a courtier of her dainty ankles and feet.

Oskar Hansen

Passchendale

Passchendaele

Morning mist hung over the front line like a dirge,
as far as one could see the landscape was gray as
a German infanterist's uniform and the few trees
left standing had been hit by shrapnel a thousand
times. Lead heavy stillness no bird flew across this
corner of carnage, but the soldiers had gone and
the dead had been carried away. Farmers moved in-
sons of the land- ploughed fields of sudden death,
and planted seeds. And the soil, rich by the blood
of unknown soldiers, exploded in many hues of green.
Few traces of war left, except for trenches crossing
here and there, but they were a good place for rain
run off when earth got soaked and a place for hares
to hid from the farmer's shotgun.

Oskar Hansen

Passing Misgiving

Passing misgivings

There are moments in once elderliness when
the flowers of the mind, the silver of remembrance
is but a cracked black & white film.

Old age and wishes blend into a golden patina of
illusion, disappointment seeps in melancholy
lower the tired head and doesn't let it look up to see
the sky or sense the wind or rain.

This tristesse where has the laughter gone, the charm
of friendship and the beautiful women are
but ghosts in a threadbare past.

The squall doesn't linger colours become visible there
is no time not to enjoy what`s left in the time glass.

Oskar Hansen

Patriotism

Patriotism

Wind flapping flags
Snap in wind of jingoism
Cause to be fearful
Jets streaks through the air
We feel powerful and proud.

It's our lads up there
Let the unseen enemy fear
Our great nerve
We will occupy them one day
And raze their inferior culture.

Till they understand
They are not better than us
In any way
When they adopt our system
We will set them free again.

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 prophecies and self igniting bushes.

Oskar Hansen

Pegasus

Pegasus

I saw a big plane coming from Lisbon airport flying high
it was a clear night sky

and I could see a horse flying beside the plane.

Did you see that, the chief pilot
said to the second pilot.

Yes it is a Pegasus

it delivers books to people who can't read.

The pilot called the tower, we are
coming back, it appears something is wrong.

The chief pilot lit a cigarette and
the second pilot objected said it was not legal to smoke
in the cockpit.

The plane landed safely and the horse disappeared.

When the plane was ready
to fly again the chief pilot was not onboard
he had been reported by the second pilot
for smoking on the job.

Oskar Hansen

Penguins

Penguins

Are birds with small wings, they can't fly you to the moon but,
if you keep a hold on its tail it can carry you to the Antarctica and
back to Australia in one day and seven minutes, it is advisable you
wear a diver's suit one that is not xanthous

Okras are as you know blue and white, and if one is born aurulent it
is quickly killed okras are racists.

A world of okras that that is multi-coloured is an unobtainable dream,
but we can with our feeble human brains see how stupid racism is.
Not by pretending colours do not exist, taking in our physical unlikeness
and the amazing fact that we are so amazingly like inside
when we bleed the colour is rubicund.

Oskar Hansen

Penguins 2

Penguins

Are birds with small wings, they can't fly you to the moon but,
if you keep a hold on its tail it can carry you to the Antarctica and
back to Australia in one day and seven minutes, it is advisable you
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Oskar Hansen

Penniless In Le Havre

Penniless in Le Havre

At the time of my nadir penniless in Le Havre in the drizzle
Saw a blue neon light of a bar I meet sailors there from my own country
They gave me cigarettes and wine, money enough to take the train home
Only among the poor do you find selfless generosity
I had a pencil, and a note block tried to collect my thought to find out what
I was thinking found out I was more educated than I expected, that is
What reading a thousand books do to you, alas I also knew my limitation
My difficulty in functioning in the world we live in.

I bought a typewriter but had no grammar what saved me from go under
Was a heart attack the authorities gave me a small pension enough
To live on and the time to learn and I have written what I wanted to say
In the process lost some friends and gained some others, but most of all
I have tried not becoming satisfied when so much I see is rotten because
When you get old, it is easy to fall into the trap of selfishness.

Oskar Hansen

Penniless In Le Havre Number Two

Penniless in Le Havre

At the time of my nadir penniless in Le Havre in the drizzle
Saw a blue neon light of a bar I meet sailors there from my own country
They gave me cigarettes and wine, money enough to take the train home
Only among the poor do you find selfless generosity
I had a pencil, and a note block tried to collect my thought to find out what
I was thinking found out I was more educated than I expected, that is
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When you get old, it is easy to fall into the trap of selfishness.

Oskar Hansen

Pensioners

Pensioner

There are problems in the land and you are a pensioner,
austerity is like a sweat horse blanket that doesn't dry.
Medicine old people needs are getting more expensive,
and come to think of it isn't old folks pension too high?
Many young people think so as their old age is far away.
Look at them the smug old bastards, have no mortgage
to pay, they are no good consumers don't buy furniture,
and have savings in the bank. The new society doesn't
need people who believe in old values, what silly notion.
So tax their savings and their medicine so they can begin
to feel our pain. They had the best of times when work
was plentiful, they lived at a time of copiousness, so let
them try how it feels like to be young today.
An old lady, on Zimmer frame, was robbed yesterday.

Oskar Hansen

Penultimate Day

Pale winter sky, green landscape and the far mountain is dark blue...the air is so clear I can see white cottages on the slopes where they have goats and make cheese. There is stillness, but I hear cars rushing by on the main road and if I stand on my toes I can see the Gaza Strip, not in details as it is shrouded in the mist of conflicts. The distance between here and there is too short today bullets hit ground and I must hide behind a stone wall. I see cartridges from shot guns, hunters have been here and meaty birds fly fast and fearfully from tree to tree. The dale to the east that looks like a voluptuous woman on her back, I drove up there once but couldn't find her. This year is coming to an end, a year of wars, it is sad to think in our world hostilities are a norm.

Oskar Hansen

Peoples Bible

Jesus came with a couple of his mate took my door away to fit new handle. He never came back so I went to his father, Joseph, and asked about the door. His father sighed and said, Jesus is busy preaching but I will fix your door when I can. I looked around and saw Jesus talking to people by the river and I said: Hey there Jesus, what about my door and he said, "Those who believes in me needs no door to protect their dwellings." Since we only had a blanket to cover our door, my wife was less than pleased.

Next thing I knew Jesus had been crucified and I walked up the hill where he hung and asked about my door. "Sorry old mate but as things hangs, you will have to find another carpenter. It was then I knew Jesus had a sense of humour and I took an interest in what he had said.

Oskar Hansen

Perfect Blush

Perfect Blush

I´m a man but want to be a rose
not a tiny one for your lapel, but
a rose atop a thorny bush for all
to see my magnificence.

And I will let a harvest mouse
Make a bad amongst my soft petals
safe from cats, sleep in sunlight
wake up and fall asleep again.

Those who try to pick me will bleed
I´m not for a suitor to pick.
But I will when time is right
With a bit of foliage, lie upon your pillow

Oskar Hansen

Persecution Complex

What to do when ghosts appear at noon? Coming up the lane
to my retreat, where I have been hiding for twenty years, from
wife her eight children, five horses and a pack of howling dogs.
They are coming to take me away. Camp outside my cottage
knock on windows looking in calling my name want to come in.
How long can I hide behind the sofa the floor is stone hard?
It is dark now but they have flashlights shine into windows to
see sign of life, I have to try sneak into the kitchen they can't
see me there, open a tin of sardines and drink cold water.
This is going to turn into a long siege. It's three in the morning
they sleep in their tents, I sneak out take my scooter, and as
it is downhill all the way to the main road, they can't hear me.
They can take my house, locus eat my land and sell my tractor.
I drive into summer dawn, free of domestic enslavement.

Oskar Hansen

Pets

Do we love dogs because we can dominate them?
They do as they are told (after some struggle)
and love us unconditionally because they know it
is their only chance of survival; and after a while
do they really love us as a slave loves his master?

Wolves on the other hand will never give a paw
they refused to be enslaved, want to be free of
human's interference and we hate and fear what
we cannot dominate or train to do our bidding;
maybe it is wrong to keep pets?

Dogs have been with us since stone age when
being with humans were less stressing than
having to compete with wolves for food?
When the moon is full dogs howl their distress
asking if they have made the right choice?

Oskar Hansen

Philosomite

Philosomite

And I will tell them if time I want a simple coffin
The type the cousins the Palestinians and Jews prefer
The preserving of corpses always shocks me, it is
So futile sooner or later they have to replace the corpse on
Display- like in Russia- with a plastic moulded one.
And what is the point of having someone dead for seventy
Years and will never open rotted eyes and say something
Remotely rational. Writing late one
night I looked up and saw Hitler standing there with
a half smile across his narrow lips: saying democracy was dead,
we made a mistake hating the Jews - they were too smart-
but since we need an enemy to fight wars with and sell weaponry
to anyone we wants to-the enemy too- so any Muslim will do.

Oskar Hansen

Phobia

Phobia

Once in Paris, I was going to a venue reading poetry, the hotelier told me to take the subway as it was easy. After being a fender for busy people I found my train and suffocated. First stop, I ran off and found myself at a strange part of the city,
sweating and shaking like d drunk who had been on a bender for a fortnight. Phobia! I didn't even know I had one, my pipe dream of being a u-boat captain had sunk in a hole of terror. My instinct, when lost in a strange place, is to find the nearest tavern/bars, there are many taverns in Paris it was easy to find one. I had Pernod, not that I like this drink, but after all I was in France; to blend in I wore a black beret given to me by a relative of my wife who runs a hat factory in Lyon, and I had had garlic bread for breakfast. But was unable to lift the glass,
my left hand wouldn't let me, the right hand blankly refused and pretended to be lame. Finally hiding, behind the Guardian- an English newspaper for people who see themselves as liberal socialists-. I gulped down the horrid drink. It did wonders. So I ordered a whisky, I was a hero, nothing could scare me as I walked bravely out into busy streets full of people who looked at me as if they had not seen a beret before, and looked for a taxi.

Oskar Hansen

Phobic Condition

Phobic condition

I woke up it was afternoon and I had made
guest appearance in my dream.
it was winter I stayed on the sunny side
of the road watching you struggling with your emotions.
I shook my head and told the swans flying to Africa,
on the way he never gets past sixteen and his wings
are not properly developed.
Stop making excuses we have seen him fly, at night
he lacks the courage to make it in public
if you leave him alone and stop worrying he just might
make it to the podium and speak his poetry

Oskar Hansen

Phobic Nature

Agoraphobia

I lifted my glass of red wine, towards the lamplight as seeing
it through a dreamy haze, what I saw was a dirty glass full
of finger marks; couldn't blame the barman since I was alone,
and dreaming of being an actor.

I was on stage once - a friend of mine was an actor- it was
terrifying I forgot the lines "dinner is served, my lord."
I saw my friend act in a movie, made in Portugal he was Lesley Howard
and was perfect in his role.

This is about agoraphobia which has blighted my life and has disappointed
many by a promise to show up and not going, feign I got the date wrong.
I told that too -tom Hardy who swore he could cure me hence my little role;
Well, Tom died.

My wife has gone to a party, and I`m looking after the cat, it does
not know how famous I could have been.

Oskar Hansen

Picture 1960

A Picture 1960

In the sepia light, a thin man, dressed in a generous grey suit,
stands reading titles outside a bookshop, in a London street.

A woman, in a long black dress, white blues and flat, sensible shoes,
walks up and taps him on his shoulder.

They briefly kiss walk off I wondered if they were long time married
or discreet English lovers on their lunch break.

I took a picture of them walking down a tired street went
into a Chines, so I knew they were minion on a lunch break.

A pity really they were important people writing in a ledger
they were the middle classes of their days, respectable.

They took years writing data we find in seconds on google
but when the internet fails we have to start history from 1950.

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 brethren 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

Pigeons

There are many pigeons in the Cascais evening park and see one I remember, the one that trips stylishly around looking for crumbs, it looks at me, to see if I´m eating. In May it was a baby on my terrace trying out its wings, one day it succeeded and flew off.

A pigeon doesn´t remember its childhood, so it doesn´t has the burden of remembering infancy, blames no one when things go wrong. Two women come and sit on my bench, talk about offspring who will not listen; pity they have not understood, like a pigeon mother, to let go.

Oskar Hansen

Ping Pong

There I was in Heaven
Playing a game of Ping Pong
When I got a call from God
"I have a job for you going
Down to earth
And be born again."
I protested "last time I was
On earth
There was a war on
I was hit
By an arrow in my chest
It was painful."
"You have to", he said
"A newly born needs a soul
Before you know it you will
Be back up here again."
Gave me a hug he did
I`m still waiting, I forgot
For God time is meaningless
As he dwells in the abstract

Oskar Hansen

Planets

Planets

Pluto the charming little planet has got snow
not that anyone is going there soon it is good
to know how useless information pleases us.
a cat is not wise it only makes us feel good
to think Pluto is a cartoon dog and not a cat.
The grapes on the vines still need another month
before they can be harvested and that is ok by me
it is a beautiful day and far away from war,
treachery and the vanity of man.
Cold and alone Pluto can hang there as a faded
lampshade while we should try to discover more about
ourselves and the world we live in.

Oskar Hansen

Platypus

Is Platypus a beaver? Or is it quacking duck
Not proper as pet
What to feed this bizarre thing that is odd as
An Australian, strange people the down under
Half criminal half saints
They used to be impossible British Say,1922.
Their diet was egg& chips, now they are sophisticated
Chips with curried sauce
Always willing to fight for the USA proud soldiers with
tropical hats that make an easy target.
More sheep than people so what do you expect they shear
sheep and like it, chips fried in ewe fat.
The platypus takes no interest in this can it be made into
a Vietnam duck, a country the Aussie were lured into invading.
Australia is in a way a Platypus can` t make up its mind whether
it a far eastern country or a European settlement.

Oskar Hansen

Pledge

my latest book
a collection any income of this book will
be for the Italian earthquake
book is publish by Cyberwit and amazon

Oskar Hansen

Ploughed Fields

Ploughed Fields.

My neighbour has started his tractor diesel fume wafts through the open kitchen window.

On his way to plough the field across the road, dark furrows in damp soil, birds sit in trees

read the upturned soil for tidbits. My neighbour doesn't read has no computer, and give

damn about wikileaks; evenings he and his wife sit in their kitchen and watch soaps, news

is too boring. Me, I'm amazed the stupidity of the unscripted soap news is, this struggle for

dominance, making friends with vile dictators in the hope of landing a fat military contract

selling hardware and to have a base so they can keep an eye on the opposition.

Winner and

losers in a mortal dance embraced by phony friendship. And when a tyrant goes against our

interest we kill him off and look for one who can do our bidding. What the people want is

banalities such as peace and democracy, but that's too bothersome. My neighbour knows

this and let birds fight amongst themselves over title tattles and succulent worms.

Oskar Hansen

Ploughing 1

Ploughing

The farmer has ploughed the land around the almond trees
the earth is rust red I took up a handful it was lumpy, full
of dead plants and still warm from the sun.

A breeze was blowing shaking dust of trees and upending
parasols in gardens of those who do not till this land, but
want to be a part of the rustic idyll, tend rose bushes with
gloved hands to avoid callouses on hands used to type on
a word processor, where they try and fail to share the peace
they have found among small farmers travail.

I have the camera with me, but use it not how does
one shoot a picture of the wind or branches of a tree
moving rhythmically as the second dancer at a Bolshoi
performance attended by the prime minister.
Think I will leave the wind to a painter friend of mine.

Oskar Hansen

Poet Road

A Poet Road

Now that it is hot and the sun has turned from
a warm friend to a raging enemy, what did I say
to make it so burning hot?

I`m up early and drive around stop and take
pictures of growing plants before the rampant
sunlight makes them lose all colours.

Then before I know it is ten o'clock and time to
sit indoors watching the miserable news
and trivial entrainment programs.

The bush fires of terror are something we have to
live with until we learn to clear the undergrowth
and when needed...brutally weed.

I`m thinking of a man who has a small field of
the greenest vines and every day he tends lovingly
his bushes, you see we should not be too kind.

On the other hand, we cannot poison the land
with pesticide just to save a plant we like, and
forgetting that all life has its place.

Oskar Hansen

Poet Without A Pen

A Poet without a Pen

On terrace I see city's light shine as cold pearls along the bay,
but night sentinels have a duty to shine till first light of dawn.
Clouds are pushed around but sometimes there is a gap and
moonlight shines through. In the bay four cargo ships are
anchored, their mast lights are as low hanging bright stars.
Eight o'clock, evening and cooks on each ship are standing on
deck smoke a cigarette drinking coffee, glad this day is over.
Perhaps they see what I see before going into their cabin
leafing through old newspaper trying not to think of tomorrow.
Cooks on ships are dreamers neither crew nor officers and
every day they have to try to create something new with hand
and mind, sometimes overwhelmed, and since they never have
a day off, they tend to drink too, yet always do their duty.
A cook can't articulate his longings or has he awareness to change.
Yet he continue his lonesome, unappreciated quest, because he
is a poet without a pen.

Oskar Hansen

Poetry By Numbers

I got an email naming the best poets from poetry site
...As expected they were love stories,
About loneliness and the mixed bags of
The poet's monotonous candyfloss of anguish.
All poems looked worked- shopped, the same
Phrases sometimes returned
And they were all meticulous in show not tell
Which is a mind-numbing mantra.
For some, especially
The academically inclined, making poetry
Into a cross word puzzle
I think all 100 poets had the same teacher who,
As many poetry teachers do, lives in New Mexico

Oskar Hansen

Poetry Collections By Jan Oskar Hansen

Oskar Hansen

Poetry Reading Sonnet

The Poetry Reading a Sonnet

We stayed at a small hotel only brick throw away from one of Paris's famous hotel where British MP's let themselves be bribed just to stay there for a weekend with a cohort. I was to read poetry and naturally petrified of the thought of reading in public, but with the help of whisky was able to perform, use a Richard Burton voice, with Norwegian accent. Poetry is a lonely craft and when poets meet much alcohol is consumed and for once we feel it is our work is worthwhile.

My wife was not there she was visiting her family, rich people who lived in the heart of Paris, rue Salazar, and I had to find my own way back to the hotel and promptly fell and I woke Up in the hospital. Two days I was kept there, my wife came but not her family it appears my dislike of Israel and Zionism has hit a raw nerve, but they sent me a card with grapes on.

Oskar Hansen

Poetry Reading In Oslo

Poetry Reading in Oslo

Never had the lack of talent exhibited itself in so many poets.

I`m referring to a poetry fest in Oslo- years ago- for whom Norwegian was not their first language.

On a wooden table, booklets of third- rate poetry trying to look invisible disowning the poet`s feeble effort to make words sing. The poetry reading was disrupted the readers a military band next door a blessing for the listeners of trite words of love. Among the naïve public, women looking for sex with young poets thinking it was romantic.

What a moth- eaten group of poets assembled in this cold and indifferent land, hope is when they came home sat down and through hard work gave birth to poetry.

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

Porto He Said

Porto

I have lived in Algarve for many years, yes plenty of sunshine
but its people have an African conception of time,
whether this is caused by arrogance or lack of knowledge
I will not speculate to know anything about.

Last year I went for a week, holiday in Porto and found to
my surprise people who looked at their wrist watch
to be able keeping an appointment.

This is not a holiday town built to accommodate tourists,
like Vilamoura a place that has no past and little future
except a marina, where expensive boats are being anchored
to show someone's wealth and I will speculate from where
the wealth originated.

Porto is you and me, going for a walk having a meal and a glass
of red; once I met a "guardian" reporter with his wife having
a good time.

The difference between a wife and a mistress is that the
man is kinder to his mistress

Oskar Hansen

Portugal

On the tree lined avenue in Loulé leaves are beginning to fall, still green even if a bit paler than normal. It is afternoon and September, but still hot. Sparrows are flying in from the inland it is safer in the town than in the upland where sharp eyed hawks prey on them. I have been told that in Italy they catch the birds with big nets, and eat them. Plucked, one cannot be much of a meal one has to eat at least ten to be full.

Mao, in China, tried to remove sparrows because they were eating too much crops, an act of utter futility, but then people with total power go stark raving mad. I enjoy this moment of subdued day light the ills of the world is far away. I know of a county called Portugal I came here and learned to live again.

Oskar Hansen

Portugal In May

These rounded hills surrounding my valley is lush green with yellow flowers, wish I were a horse, no jutting military granite jaws around here; God, when making Portugal, had women in mind.

A flock of sheep eagerly graze have no time to look up and see the blue spring sky, doomed as they are to produce wool and meat for Irish stew, watched over by the shepherd who sits in the shade of a carob tree and wonders what's for tea.

Pretty red tractors plough soil around olive trees, perfume of newly mowed grass and roses hang in translucent air as sun filters through a mystic veil of aromatic mist of history. Yet, a slight discord in the day lingers, the donkey is absent, the last one, a grey jenny, was given to a sanctuary. That is sad, the long eared made the scenery more peaceful.

Oskar Hansen

Portugal In September

Portugal in September.

Perfect translucent day and I can see the peculiar nature again,
as it is no longer a blur of glaring sunlight. It is like meeting
an old friend, one who was rumored to have died, in a country
I will not see again. Evergreens, carob and olive trees lost in
the mist of time, forever alone in the transience of seasons.
I also see glimpses of the sea it doesn't interest me, not today
anyway, but I do notice it is deep blue and has white sails on.
On my scooter I drive across a narrow bridge they have been
working on so it can take heavy lorries, a road is being built
somewhere out of sight. Wish I were a painter, fair clouds on
azure sky, could be smoke signals sent by an Indian tribe yet
to be discovered, I see the past and future at the same time.
Bewildering, do I drive in a landscape of ancient dreams?
I better stop find at a café, drink a "Bica" (coffee) before I fade
into the mystery of nature and can't find my way back home.

Oskar Hansen

Portugal On My Mind

Portugal on my Mind

The nature so lush I felt like a horse I had to feel my eyes

With beauty and scent

left the asphalted road and walked on a track

till I was consumed by bushes and the sound of the growing

sat on a stone wall took pictures and two hours had gone

and I fell asleep as the sun was setting.

I didn't hear the mobile ring but woke up when a big dog barked

a black woman came down the track she was worried

If I were ill wanted she could drive me home

I have walked this track for 330 years. She laughed but insisted

I drink some cold water at her house; the water came from a deep well

why do they not make wine that good?

The dog, a pointer, followed me to the asphalt road; its job was done,

the phone rang again my wife wanted to know where I had been

while she was out visiting friends, out walking darling just walking

Oskar Hansen

Posh Avenue

Posh Avenue

posh avenue

Beautiful avenue big trees on both sides lend dignity to palatial homes, tall walls with broken glass on top and silence. Yet it is the wrong kind of hush like a solid melancholy that April days are unable moderate. This wide avenue has little traffic except for patrol cars driving up and down protecting the values of houses that are empty and gloomy. These dwellings are bought as an investment for rich foreigner, who can use them as a bolt hole if the situation in their own countries wears towards a revolt by the people tired of odious kleptomaniac affluence. Homeless people sometimes try to break in to one of the houses the dream is to sleep under silky duvet hot shower and scented soap. Alas, there is no hot water, all is turned off and the mattress is bare. the night in the splendour of immense room is a cold and lonely as the intruder waits for the rain to stop so he can flee to freedom of relative poverty, food banks and supermarkets' out of date yogurt.

Oskar Hansen

Posh Poetry

Posh Poetry

How was I to know, the invitation to a poetry reading was a posh affair? Thought it was the usual thing with sausage rolls and warm red wine. Felt as the poor relation to the royalty of poetry, sensed I was ignored, no one looks at any one who has made a tailoring error. I had a couple of poems on a folded sheet in my beloved jean's jacket, just in case I was asked to read a poem or so – pure vanity-. Had two glasses of wine before the séance started but only two, three my inferior complex awakens and I tell people to piss off. Just before the show ended and an actor had read poetry of a famous dead poet, I was asked to read... I did, but was met with griping voices. The poem was about rich, pretentious bastards who thought poetry was a parlour game, the organizer cut me short. Later in the bar, the actor thanked me for my reading thought it daring telling my truth about this kind of recital. More drinks, later that evening I had to find a taxi for the actor and I had to go back to find the posh accent he had lost in the bar. He was as working lass as I, but had gone to acting school and had the face of a lord, or the way we think a lord should look like. The poor actor was never invited back, he swore in the bar, nor was I for that matter, but we can live with that.

Oskar Hansen

Pot Plants

Pot plants

I have no picked flowers in my home

If I see a beautiful flower by the wayside

I stop and admire it, perhaps touch it slightly.

In my house, are there many pot plants I water them regularly

Some thrive with much sunlight in the window sill

Others like the shady interior.

If you hand me bouquet of roses, I can` t think of why,

You are handing me impending death.

Pot plants

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Oskar Hansen

Potatoes

Potatoes

I was on old steamer once it was loaded with
Idaho potatoes and bound for Peru it was not much fun
with the potatoes came rats and insects
but we got rid of them, the rats when unloading a Lima
Port, but there was a plague of crabs
that came onboard in Lima, but that was not the blame
of the potatoes.

I had thought the root vegetable potato was discovered
In Peru and brought Europe, I don` t if this was a blessing
seeing so many fat children
filling their faces with Pommies Frites.

When eating out, I make it quite clear I don` t want
any potatoes having seen a thousand rat dancing on top of them
but they still bring me potatoes; I used to give them to my dog
she got fat and had a heart attack

I had one too, but that was caused by smoking.

During the war when the Nazis occupied my country potatoes
boiled with the skin on was the norm, my mother said the vitamins are
under the skin, it could also be she hated peeling

I remember she was throwing up in the sink she blamed the spuds
But she was pregnant, and I didn` t know before
I had a younger brother who was fed mashed potatoes

Oskar Hansen

Pre Beatle Fame

Pre Beatles Fame

There are times when long time ago really is long, yet seen with a cosmic sight, a speck of dust in the eye of the sky. I think it was In 1956 I saw the Beatles perform at a place called the cave in Liverpool. I was about seventeen worked as a mess boy on a ship, cleaning pots and pans in the galley. Back then the wages were low, yet we didn't feel poor and we had money for a pint of beer and a packet of woodbine, potato crisp with a packed of salt inside...big deal.

Oh, shallow youth I found their music noisy and intrusive I was trying to chat up a girl at the time, she was swaying to the tune said the lyric was fantastic and I quickly agreed became a fan overnight, yet never conquered her heart. back on board - pubs closed early- I sat smoking cigarettes listening to Hank William's western music on the radio.

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

Precious

The Precious

I picked up a stone it was green but not jade
Even I could see that.

Took it home rinsed it in the sink it was still
Green and did not pretend to be jade

Put the stone in the windowsill where sunlight
And winter shade gave it ordinariness.

Threw the stone away knew it was not jade
But it could have been bloody something

Oskar Hansen

Precipitation

A Day of Precipitation

The window is a good place
To look out
When it rains beautiful to see
From a warm room
A bookshelf of old friends
Some remembered others
Rediscovered
So let it rain, rain, rain.

Oskar Hansen

President Kennedy

President Kennedy

50 years ago, how young we were I was on a happy
Little ship that had crew enough so no one got overworked
The ship ploughing blue water on her way to Jamaica,
It was a wonderful day and after the Cuba crisis, we felt at ease.
The peace was shattered through a crackling radio came
the message, President Kennedy has been shot.
It was like losing a brother, he was our generation he was
different from the other old men, he was the future our hope.
The work and voyage continued, but there was no laughter.
We tended to be pro-Americans back then, this has changed
As we read more and understand politics.
Ok, with this said no other politician has inspired us as Jack did.

Oskar Hansen

Prevarication

Prevarication

There is this wall outside not a big wall
but it needs to be painted, promised to
coat it twice when it got cooler

it is colder today but it is overcast and
looks like rain, what a pity; anyway
I haven't, got a paint roller not paint.

I'll buy the stuff I need this afternoon
if it is not raining or too hot. I hate
painting it makes such a bloody clutter.

Anyway the wall is new, grey cement
looks quite cute, smells of freshness,
perhaps I will paint the wall come spring.

Oskar Hansen

Prima Vera (Spring)

The westerly has ceased it doesn't get
dark before seven, time for evening walks,
and let stillness read my thoughts.

Under a carob tree three stones one on
top of the other and old man sat here,
he saw everything till he lost his shadow.

No one sit on his throne, like sitting on
a tombstone, the stone-chair belongs to
him, his everlasting memorial.

Time to walk home, feel hungry,
the mundane always takes precedence.
Spring is here and life is beautiful.

Oskar Hansen

Privatization Of Terror

The Privatization of Terror

In Afghanistan, Pakistan and Iraq bombs explodes, drones fall killing the innocent. People who live under this tyranny of terror, bury their dead and go on living, as they must... terror will not bow them. And now violence came to Boston (USA) that got a worldwide coverage a market town in Pakistan never gets. Privatized terror never pays, it kills and wounds, but people will not submit to horror and the endeavour of the criminals is in vain and deserve nothing but utter contempt; whoever they are and whatever their political object, aggression is terror, pre empty strikes against population (in Boston this time) is a crime against humanity.

Oskar Hansen

Prologue

Prologue

January 1940, the water in the harbour was frozen
The boy was two years old and enemy soldiers
Thronged narrow streets in the small coastal town.
The child seeing the strange soldiers had no fear,
But he absorbed the alarm of the adults and cried.
He remembers only vaguely this war, that have had
So many books written about it, the loud noise
Bombs made and the warm fire of burning factories.

And that was the extent of the boy's war, he was
Brought to a farm inland far from war and hunger.
He was not to know the place of sedition and had
Become a mascot for treason. Bullets hitting walls;
Other soldiers came and torched the farm; peace.
Indistinct memories and the shadow of remorse.

Oskar Hansen

Promenade

Another day Sunday at the seaside resort luckily there were no carousels, few kids and those who were there behaved textbook like, with their grandparents loyally eating ice cream and drinking soda pops; since they were given everything they wanted, there were few tantrums.

The latest trend now (for women) is to wear long, lose fitting flowering dresses and my wife said she still had dresses like that going back forty years; she will wear one of them tomorrow. Grand yachts at the marina I counted three "Aston Martins" wondered if Prince Charles was around. Yet on the promenade I saw mostly pensioners who had been saving for a year to have this one vacation. I was the only one who murmured darkly if the rich had paid their taxes; but what do you expect of a man who wants to bring back the guillotine.

Time has mellowed me the weather was summery I wore blazer and looked posh (that's what she said) and I did my best to keep my stomach in. This is an enchanting time we tried not to think of tomorrows as we sat on a bench eating ice-cream yogurt ...it has less sugar.

Oskar Hansen

Prostitution

I never liked horses,
oh yes, they are beautiful
and dumb
and crap in their food
on the grassland of forever.

Horses are like Romanian women,
you catch them, rape them
and tamed you sell them
in Hamburg as tame whores,
who can be ridden by any man
for a bit of cash.

And all the owners of horses have
to do is to serve them weed.

Oskar Hansen

Proverb

Proverb

Time cannot be put in a box and labelled

What we did in the past manifests itself now

What we do now will be visible in the future.

Oskar Hansen

Providence

Providence
When
They tore down
The statue
Of the dictator
The remains
Was two
Rusty tubes
Hanging
in their
What happened?
To the tube
We will never
Know
Perhaps
They were used
As drain pipes

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

Published Poet

Published Poet

I wrote a poem 24 years ago,
I have forgotten it now,
but I was paid twenty quids
and my plan was to frame it
for anyone doubt

I was truly a poet,
My wife was sarcastic of this
paltry sum she didn't get it
I had joined the rarefied
of a poet who had been paid
for his work.

I do not do poetry comps
anymore,
the excitement of winning was
too overwhelming.

Oskar Hansen

Quiet Despair 1

Quiet Despair

In a besieged town
In Syria
Snow falls
People starves
Children die
We are powerless
Against
Those who are
Wrong
And those who are right
Snow falls
Silently on
Quiet despair
I think of
Leningrad

Oskar Hansen

R Tanka

3 Tanka

Tanka (more or less)

I live inside

A magnificent maze

Of colour purple

My wife wears a florid robe

I see two moons and five balloons

Tanka

The place I love

My organised chaos studio

Tomorrows` likelihood

Under coffee stained ideas

A place where pens disappear

Tanka

A sandstone heap

A child could play here forever

An Island in the field

The Bush atop my banner

The king share it with rabbits

Oskar Hansen

Racial Fear

From the parking place, at the supermarket, I had to take a lift one floor down. Outside the lift three black youths slouched and when I entered the lift they came in too, swaggering as only the unsure can. As lift's door closed I jumped back to the parking place; scared ran into my car and looked the doors. I said to myself, this is idiotic, I had the image from TV of a black young man with a cleaver in his hand dripping blood like he had just killed a deer, and he was shouting about people killed in Afghanistan like his inane actions would help them. I had been silly victim of lurid newspapers propaganda, took the lift back down to the supermarket. saw them storming out grinning crazily having robbed the till.

Oskar Hansen

Racism 1952

Racism 1952

A man had been working on a flat garage roof
jumped into the yard, not a long jump but
landed badly and hurt his ankle.

He picked up a plank and used it to get out
and to the bus stop.

The bus driver wouldn't let him on because
of the plank, and he lost his balance and fell,
People stepped over him, this black drunk.

The pavement was cobble stoned, so he walked
to the hospital using the road, where he was hit
by a car, an ambulance arrived, the man had hurt
his ankle, but it was not broken, a plaster cast,
they gave him a crutch so he could get home.

The driver of the car which hit him,
picked up the plank it was just the size needed
repairing his house.

We have come to a long way racism is no longer
so ugly but skulk in corners and the judicial system.

Oskar Hansen

Rain

Rain

How easy rain fall by its own weight
On a landscape that needs it.

It is October and the sky is lead grey
For too long it was uniformly blue.

I walk to the shops and enjoy the sound
Rain makes falling softly on my umbrella.

A forgotten lullaby remembered a song
Without words just a hush of tenderness.

Oskar Hansen

Rain Falls On Sea

Rain falls on sea

The light from the porthole is quite clear today,
the garden I see is a memory of what it
used to be thirty years ago;
for all I know, they may give paved over and painted the lawn it green.
Styrofoam trees and plastic flowers, and there is no need for a gardener.

Do I hear raindrops falling? Is it getting darker or is it rats scratching to get at
my inert flesh? I have been dreaming of rain for thirty years,
a tropical deluge foam on the sea, flashing lights, under; each man froze in a
frame, no thoughts everyone only absorbed by the eye of the storm.
When the storm passed the deck was cold to walk on, a new clarity of ideas
before routine begins.
When we reach the shore, I will leave this ship to climb a mountain, to
experience everything anew. I've waited for rain and the eye of the storm to
come and make me whole and young again.

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

Rainbow Nation

Rainbow nation

It rained and rained fine rainfall yet persistent,
mountains dissolved rocks turned into fine sand
and when the rain stopped a smooth landscape
of hillocks and plains a postcard picture of peace.
Before the deluge people who had sinned were
stoned to death, since this was no longer doable
thieves had to eat a kilo of raw carrots a day till
they turned orange and not invited for dinner or
left unsupervised at the supermarket.

Authorities thinking this was a good idea and made
a colour program to better classify left wingers and
radicals by making them eat cabbage till they turned
green and could not hide their socialist tendency and
forbidden to enter posh restaurants in the City.

The government liked this so much they decided to
classify all the social classes, beetroot for the royals
deep yellow for the middle class and potato –peel
colour for the working class, and pink for artists.
but people fall in love across colour variety and got
children that looked like rainbows and incapable to
classify people the state declared everyone equal and
instead build bigger prisons.

Oskar Hansen

Rainbow Snow

Rainbow snow

Once I saw rainbow snow falling like a carpet woven by angels
with time on their lily pale hands. A white winter hare sat on
its haunches taking in this strange sight. There are men with
shotguns lurking in the woods, farmers who wait for spring to
plough dark soil and plant spuds.

The hare made a jump of death, now a stew and the braves spit
pellets on a plate. Snow ate the rainbow and I saw heavy boots,
the hare looked small. In the forest a big tree soundless fell and
a squirrel lost its winter larder. Red fur on saintly snowfall;
do they eat squirrels in Norway?

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

Rainy Day Sonnet

Rainy Day Sonnet.

It is so quiet here in my village when it is raining
dogs in outhouses are overtaken by melancholia.
It appears so useless to bark and their dream might
be of an otherworldly nature knowledge they are
unable to share the sense that their servitude status
a clown for us to laugh at is not dignified.
Once they were equal to other beings that roamed
the forests and plains the camaraderie of the flock
now their existence is in your hands, and it is a burden
we must carry gently

Yes, light rain makes me moody, my loneliness hurts
yearning for a mythical past, I think like the dogs there must
be something more to life than sitting in a cabin waiting
for the sun to shine and warm old bones.

Oskar Hansen

Random Journey

Random Journey

Is the inception of a voyage the end of an abstract nothingness
and beginnings of conscious life like driving to town and buy the papers
I remember a song: "set sail at the sunset" can hum the rest but
have
forgotten the words I see in front of me with eyes closed
A red sun and calm sea, this is not the crossing of Styx after sundown or
is my immaturity making fun of me again you can't sail to Afghanistan?
I could sail there on a balloon and land when the Taliban shoot hole
in it and we can drink coffee smoke American cigarettes and laugh.
The problem is you can't look at women in in Afghanistan it is a shooting
offence, they do read the Guardian newspaper in Afghanistan too.
So I will sit here and wait not to cross the river but to sail the oceans.

Oskar Hansen

Rape, The Swedish Way

Rape, The Swedish Way.

Go to Sweden
Meet a woman who likes you
Be on your toes
She may regret it next day
Tell police she has been rushed
And that's rape
According to Swedish law
So be careful now
Get a written permission
Before you have intercourse
It is an odd rule
Making fools out of women
Who cannot say No
Feeling they can't resist
A man's overpowering charm.

Oskar Hansen

Ratcatcher

Ratcatcher

I feel repulsed when he is near I ought to have
compassion for this cripple a twisted foot and
an arm that does not function right a beggar with
scabby skin eyes as black as looking into the dark
side of a wishing star. This is not a man you
can be nice to the more you give him the more he
hates you and wishes you an early death.
His diversion is to follow funeral processions but
not into the cemetery no one wants him there
I have wondered why I hate this man so much
it must have had a background of my childhood
and I found it. After the war in Norway there was
some hunger in the land but I had noticed at
the gymnasium where the children of the middle
classes went to become our future suits, a concrete
box for trash and unopened parcels of lunch food.
But I had to be quick rats knew it too had a parcel
in my hand when a rat jumped up tried to grab it
and its eyes shone of loathing it hated me for being
human just like the cripple who dislike humanity he
blames for his perpetual hardship. In the knowledge
he will hate me more I now give him a shilling or two,
this dirty little man who never takes a bat has a mother
denying she gave birth to this satanic being, but I fear
him too, four black horses and he, the only mourner.

Oskar Hansen

Readings From Homecoming

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

Reborn

It was a shoe box, black on the outside and white inside,
I had a puppy dog, it was run over, and it was so very still.
Funeral in our neighbour`s garden, we used the shoe box.
I told my audience how much I missed the dog, and how
funny it had been, sang religious songs and went home.
In the evening we hear a scraping at the kitchen door,
mother investigated, I was afraid of ghosts, in she came
with the puppy and there was a wonder in the air.
The puppy was spayed and lived to be eighteen years.

Oskar Hansen

Recollection

Hidden memories, a picture or a phrase
floats up from the depth of my consciousness,
before I can grab a pen they sink back;
how much I seek I shall never find,
what it was

A pre- birth memory before words
and meaning was invented glued to the soft
membrane of the unborn, trying to articulate
the unspoken.

Veiled memories must be sensed if I want
know anything about a world beyond
the world that cannot be understood by logic.

I must feel the forgotten, see the beauty
of a rose hidden in the woods
where only the bravest dare tread.

Oskar Hansen

Record Breaker

Record Breakers.

He is 100 and five spends his time in bed his family
come up to his room and clean him up, he is windy
and it smells like a Chinese egg buried underground
for fifty years. And to think Chinese eggs are supposed
to be a delicatessen eaten only by the rich.

He can't read anymore but like to look at pornographic
pictures which make him cackle as it triggers off
a memory of a distant past.

He was never a paragon of virtue smoked and drank
a brutal criminal who spent much time in prison.
All this is forgotten now his family, although they think
he is disgusting, want him to be in the Guinness book
of records as the longest living man.

Oskar Hansen

Recorder

Today I took some photos of yellow flowers
in a field that used to be a battle ground
The locals know little about it, but I think it had
to do with access to the salt mines, and to think
today we try to avoid salt, but back then salt was
a way of preserving food. But naturally the war was
not for commerce, soldiers fought to defend freedom
and they were given the spiel how brutal foes were.
Today it is about oil and we are given many accounts
yet we have many people like the "Sniper" whose
murderous conduct was made in the name of freedom,
when it was fought in the filthy black mass of horror, but
the photos I took showed a field of yellow flowers and
where the word coward is a compliment to those who have seen
the amalgamation of dreams and the possible

Oskar Hansen

Redemption

Redemption

The dogs barked hysterically in the night

Not a normal warning of a dog trying to sneak in

Dogs do not know charity unless thought by man

to show sympathy.

Light came on people of faith crossed themselves

something like a wave had passed through the village

it was the ghosts of soldiers who had fought

and killed many civilians, now seeking redemption.

Unforgiven forever marching trying to find a sanctuary

Oskar Hansen

Rednecks

Rednecks

Long time ago when a man called Goldwater was running for president, I was walking along a road just outside Mobile, Alabama. What I was doing there is long forgotten but I recall having a day off from my ship, and going from bar to bar.

I did notice that the sidewalk was weedy clearly people did no walking. A pickup truck stopped, three burley men wanted to give me a lift, dared not refuse they had gun racks and armed for civil war that steadfastly refused to appear.

They asked me about Goldwater whom I had read about in "Newsweek" but I stated ignorance. They drove me back to Mobile and I assured them I loved America; gave me a six-pack, warned me not to speak to black people and commies.

I was told they were rednecks; which I know see as sort of countryside workers with broken cars in the front yard. They did look like the men who bullied and broke shop windows, own by Jewish shopkeepers, before the last world war two.

Oskar Hansen

Reff Unseen

The Reef Unseen

He was fifty-five divorced living in a cottage but how
is it possible to explain how he came to fall in love with a woman
15 years younger and lose his dignity.

I must take a break here try understanding the human heart
or the circumstances of the wished for the repellent he was
a ship that had lost its gyro-compass when navigating
the sea of deceit this foolish dance of the human borboleta
When he first kissed her, his whole being was absorbed by
her like falling into a cave of endless pleasures and his anchor
got lost in the outer seas

Then suddenly it was over like dream that ends at dawn, her
the door was locked there was someone else, rejected he pleaded,
had she relented it would never be the same the thread
of naiveties that bound him to her was broken
you can't re-dream a dream.

So he took the dog with him and drove up north he had wanted
to see the autumn colours after week, they drove home
The dog loved the old routine when he had been depressed
The dog was sad, for him she was the morning mist that
Briefly, obscure the blue mountain range where the sun arises

Oskar Hansen

Reflection After Oslo

Summer fjords and inland lakes, forests and clean air.
Prosperous, the kingdom and future was bright, then
the killer struck and darkness descended. Why us?
We are peace loving people we are democrats and
embrace multi culturalism. But from the dark depth
of Europe's soul there is a cry that cannot be stilled.
People who feel they have been invaded by an alien
culture and feel they are losing ground (they are not)
that only violence and war can restore the old order.
Can you stop a tsunami? No, but you can build higher
seawalls. Can you stop an earthquake? No, but you can
build better and stronger houses and go on living.
Yet I fear an Armageddon the world is changing and
a new and better world order is arising, if we cannot grasp
this the west will sink into anarchy and bloodshed.

Oskar Hansen

Reflection In A Phial

Reflection in Phial

I look at my hands they are brown as a farmer's, this pleases me although I have no tractor or a mule. A workman's sturdy hands, all socialists should have hands that have harvested carrots. I flex the muscles of my upper arms, see the faint movement like mice moving under thawing spring snow. Glorious vanity to think I used to do 100 press ups a day only because I lived in fear of being a weakling. I think of sex, and sadly conclude I never was a great lover, when the act was done I reached for the book I was reading. Yet women liked me because I was not pretentious, they also tried to domesticate me as I had an affinity to walk my own way and often ended up in seedy bars. The squalid side of life has always mystified me, why does a person choose a road that leads to ruin and hardship? I have always been lazy, strenuous effort will not touch me. But I would like to have my muscular arms back.

Oskar Hansen

Reflection In A Window

Reflection in a Window

The bay is steel gray leaden today
five conifers stand ceremonial guard,
but the mountain, on the other shore,
has disappeared.

The horizon is near, only ten minutes way,
and beyond there is more sea.

Slow moving lead waiting to be melted by
by the sun and turned into spring sea where
bathers will come swim nude and forget
about their troubles...

till autumn calls and dolphins stop playing
alongside ships,
where seamen stand by its railing and dreams
of home and yesterday 's landfall.

Oskar Hansen

Reflection In Sunlight

Reflection in sunlight

I`m sitting in the sun in the yard it is getting its strength back and I try to get a tan, you see when I was young I blushed easily this was because I lived in fear of being found out be sent back as the intruder, I was the one who escaped poverty.

On a royal navy ship, they had six trainee officers from Ethiopia who had their own quarter but had no one to cook and look after them; racism was audible back then, it still is, but it is the Arabs who get it now.

I, having been brought up by my communist mother, had no such qualms took the job.

Mind, I also saw it as an escape from the mess hall. Beautiful people I grew fond of them; the work was easy as they only stayed on board four days a week. Talking about skin colour having had skin cancer twice, I no longer sit in the sun, but use a self- tanning cream - it is not only Trump- but what the hell I look healthy.

Oskar Hansen

Reflectoid

Reflectoid

The entrance fee to a heavenly life
 Is often too demanding
Like a bursting cloud
 Foaming gutters
 Flooded streets
No one to complain to like un-tuned piano
 The tuner has lost
His hearing
No comma or full stop needed

Oskar Hansen

Refugees

Refugees

I know of a forest where all trees are equally tall
and the distant between them is strangely wide
this so they can get the same amount of sun and
rain will fall evenly on plants and mossy ground.
Trees grow fast here and next year they will be
harvested and new saplings planted.

For the birds, rabbits and foxes that had made
a home at what can be called a new estate will
have to move or find shelter in the old forest
that is full of thorny bushes deep shadow and
and vulgar boars that never had a bath unless
caught out in the rain

Nests will be too near others there will squabble
rabbits and foxes have to make new burrows
and they will be snubbed by the old dwellers who
will call them lazy or even worse new-rich should
they have shiny fur or colourful feathers and will
not be sent a Christmas card that year.

Oskar Hansen

Relaxants

Someone was coming to look at my house,
it is for sale, they should be here at three.
Not being used to people I took 5 milligram
Valium... they didn't arrive at three, I took
a pill of ten milligram.

Now I was totally relaxed, made coffee and
asked myself why should have to wait.
for people who can't keep time. I felt a bit
drowsy and fell asleep, heard knocking on
my door but didn't bother to open.

Spiders web hang from the beams and my
dog who has been dead for ten years still is
on a carpet in the hall. Would be buyers will
only come in to complain, who needs that.

Oskar Hansen

Religious Dilemma

As Christianity sinks into
ennui of middle class tosh
of an all forgiving God.

Zionists, claim the right
to defend themselves against
the people they robbed.

Moslem zealots are busy
blowing each other up
and playing the victim.

Atheists are hateful of
those who believe in God,
call them deluded.

Oskar Hansen

Religious Zealot

He rose from the sea
On the third day of his death
A murmuring night
A haar, breathing to the shores
Of the Bay of Bengal
Silent sea mist
A whispering: Bora, Bora my love
Forget me not.
The saint's longing for purity
Drowned in terror and blood.

Oskar Hansen

Reluctant Traveler

Reluctant traveler

Morning driving through the vast plateau of Spain, cowboys in their sheep skin coats

are ready to ride out to inspect the herd, it is cold the horses are rearing to gallop.

On a hillock the outline of a big black bull, underneath is written "Sandman's sherry."

The sign is held by wires and looks like a malapropos in morning light. Cattle's grazing

did they spend the night standing up resting, listening out for wolves or other predatory animals? The driver tells us we are going to stop in a town too irrelevant to

remember. The breakfast is an insult I ask for fried eggs and bacon by the time they

are ready the coach is ready to leave. Hasty breakfast but I managed to have a pee.

A flask of rum and coke, I have made some notes, taken a few pictures, I drink fall

asleep, when I wake up we are in France and a new morning has arrived. I have never

been to France before, only at airports passing through, this is a dreary little border

town and it surprises me that their inhabitants have not fled. The café is lousy, stale

bread with jam. I get into an argument with the rude staff, my wife comes and saves

the day. In Paris we are met by a Jewish gentleman who wants me to read my poems,

In defense of Palestine, in Norwegian and I'm the only Scandinavian in the room. I do

the readings, hate Paris, and take the first bus back home to Portugal.

Oskar Hansen

Remote Controller

The Remote

it was a terrible hallucination
an old hex came up of her grave
and raped me.

I was lame after paralyzing fear
she sat on top of me
and she reeked of semen from
a thousand men left to fester in the world's
mouldy vagina.

I fumbled for my remote wanted to switch
the canal, could not find it,
then the horses came galloping through
the woods I mounted one and we were
in the pampas of Argentina,
all the while the hex hollered something
about multiple orgasms.

I found the remote and the screen was
filled with irises and sweet poems.

Oskar Hansen

Respect

The Respect

I do my best have shower every day keep my nails clean
And when I left the merchant fleet learned to speak English
With a modulated voice never would you hear me swear.
I have been a sailor of the seven seas got lost in the Saragossa
My middle-class manners is a fake not even an actor can act
Every day he needs a break. Sometimes too I fall out of my role
Let it rip to the great consternation of those who were my friends.
As a lad, I lived in a pietistic Christian society they didn` t like pigs
But ate its meat (Religious Duplicity)
Pigs are not as many think dirty, but you have to keep their pen
Clean and clean them with soap and water, it is a mistake to
Think they like to sleep in their own dirt.
Nevertheless, a swine is a pig and as long as think along these
Lines nothing will ever change.

Oskar Hansen

Restless Hands

Restless hands

I look at my old hand

Blotches of liver spots, slow running blood vessels

Delivering old blood so I can fold my hands

Once they caressed a woman`s body who moaned

And my hands were firm

Women used to see me and smile now I walk

The earth unobserved and words become a long silence.

if I tell you how much I miss making love

to sit in the park with a girl of and see the moon while

smoking cigarettes, inhale its promise of love to come

the aroma of her hair the smoothness of her thighs

to kiss her libidos and drink her sweet water, her legs

Apart she has given herself to me.

Asleep enfolded we are, tomorrow is far away.

My old hands remember so much I bow my head and try

to inhale from my hands what once was

It is all so hopeless and soon I will be dead

Oskar Hansen

Restless Heart

Restless Heart.

Moonless night is peace
Full moon and my poor heart aches
For the impossible
Let it be said with swiftness
I'm incurable romantic
When the moon hides
Behind clouds of indifference
Her absence hurts
But I will deny utterly
That I care about romance.
What I hate to see
Is an anemic moon at noon
Tells me off failures
I should have said I love you
But in a bar a girl smiled.

Oskar Hansen

Restless Love

Restless Love

It used to be like this,
when you were away, I slept on your side
you have away a long time
perhaps too long
the dent in the mattress of your body
is no longer there
we grew tired of each other
I blame the language the way it is spoken
When the silence grows too long
You drive off
to visit your family till tiring of them too.
Now it is like this:
life is more peaceful without you
I wish you to stay away
and only visit me on holidays.

Oskar Hansen

Resurrection

Resurrection

Then he died
As everyone must
And he entered a tunnel
Pink light
Like a boudoir
Sliding on soft silk
Well, I never!
Pity he cannot write
About it
Doctors resurrected him
They told him
He had smiled
So sweetly when they
Struggled to bring him
Back to life
Crucified
Surrounded
By Roman soldiers
Sigh!
His death had been so banal
A dream of a bordello

Oskar Hansen

Retaliation 1

Retaliation

The mate went ashore an afternoon,

For the purpose to go to the bar
and steal the cook's girlfriend;
the cook had to work till eight

and when he finally came to the bar his girlfriend
had gone with the mate to a hotel.

How they mocked him next day, but the cook smiled
showing even, wolfish teeth not his natural once mind,

but nevertheless very white. It should
have worried the crew, it's no good to
tease a man who can spit into their soup.

Oskar Hansen

Retired Sea Master

Retired Sea Master.

Brilliant sun, cold wind from the Atlantic I'm standing outside the hotel by the car while my wife is arguing with the staff, apparently we had been overcharged but I had already paid the bill and they were reluctant to return the money.

I felt guilty too many beers last night, this morning doing a blood test my hands trembled and I spilt blood on the sheet.

I was standing there wanting a beer, but I was the driving, it is a long drive, and my wife gets nervous on the motorway.

She came out they had paid her ten Euros to avert a scandal as a bus full of Danish tourists were pulling up, mostly old couples. When I asked if they were fleeing Denmark because of the shooting troubles in Copenhagen I got angry looks,

my joke had fallen flat, and I decided never again telling a joke unless it was against me, but I'm not funny just an ordinary man who tries not to drink during the day and also in the evening when I try work.

So you call this work? Yes, it is I'm telling it just the way it is not trying to be a hero or someone famous, just the day in the life of a nobody who used to be listened to when he was a captain on a cargo ship.

Oskar Hansen

Retracing A Happening

Retracing a happening

Afternoon at the big hospital, far from home
I sat on my bed wearing a new pajama;
tomorrow, the surgery. From my window I could
see the zoo and cable cars going overhead so
punters could admire animals from above; but
think if a car fell into the tiger enclosure.
I had a packet of fags in the bedside drawer,
thought of sneaking into the loo, but someone
had removed the packet and lighter too.
I was in a strange mood, like I had hypnotized
myself and not me who sat on the bed like a lamb
that knows nothing of the morrow.
A brisk nurse came gave me a pill and a glass of
water, when I awoke my throat was sore, but
they wouldn't give me water and I hated those
who had done this to me.
Three days later, a day in May, they let me go.
Dressed in shorts, open necked shirt I took a taxi to
the bus terminal. Driver helped me out of the car,
and I made slow progress up some steps to the ticket
office. A woman came helped me to find the right bus
and she carried my bag. Must have fallen asleep when
I woke up the bus had arrived to my home town and
took a taxi to the local hospital where the trek began;
my car was there but I could not drive it, chest too sore
and I worried about the stitches. A neighbour looked
after my dog feed and let her into the house at night.
The dog knew I was near so I took another taxi home.
glad to see me, she knew I was ill and didn't jump up
and she slept in the doorway of the bedroom making
sure that no harm came to me.

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 is 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

Revolution Now

Fireworks

The new millennium

2000

Promised 100 years of peace

Then came 9/11

And the world reacted

Forgot to think

And we went to war like idiots

Hitting innocent and

Guilty alike

Like feral dogs.

And now we hail every

Student with a smoke bomb

As a democrat

When it must be clear

They have nothing to offer,

But strife.

Oskar Hansen

Reward

Reward

To live in the misery of the past unable to let go
of childhood's unhappiness but let it fester and
grow till adult life becomes unbearable, demands
of recognitions and compensations, because their
suffering must be taken up polished and with time
a jewel to show the world. This you owe us and we
deserve what you give us, although it will never be
enough even when the gem drowns in blood by those
who got in the way of the righteous path.
Never forgive or forget, let hatred be your leading star.

Oskar Hansen

Rich Man Poor

Rich man poor

The man from
the gutter
who fought
his way to the top
has much hate
and contempt
for those who didn` t
succeed
because they were
too kind and
had consideration
for fellow man.
When the rich man
donate money
he is called
a great
humanitarian
and it is
envious to
disagree with that.
A bronze statue
in the park but
it will be
hollow inside

Oskar Hansen

Rigor

Rigor

The pond in the village had a film of ice
and the snow under the elm tree had the aroma of
roasted nuts and sweet honey
there were no old women in the village they had been
melted into lard, and old men were salted and put in barrels
they would last for years.

It was a place where survivors live and to do that one had
not to eat your own new-born.

Cabbage and carrots and the spindly arms of old men
Kept the village alive while bankers skiing in the Alps
The British full of discontent waited for the US
To rescue them Anglophone, never mind the rest.
The old hatred between the French and the Germans
Was making Europe healthy again with Belgium and
Holland with costmary cowardice sided with all

Oskar Hansen

Ringling Phone

Ringling phone

It is a perfectly quiet winter day I listen to distant noise
a dog barks -can` t avoid that in Algarve- smoke from chimneys
goes straight up before disbursing and disappearing.

A few clouds drifts about like wedding dresses of the unmarried
the sun is a golden coin captain Hook would kill for.

I smell grilled sardines, the opening and closing of doors and
a cat sits on a wall watching me.

I sternly tell myself to go for a walk before it gets afternoon and
cold again, but I blithely ignore the voice I feel so wonderfully
lazy I drift on a cloud of slothful bliss then the phone rings when
I answer a voice tells me it was a wrong number

Oskar Hansen

Ringling Phone 2

Ringling phone

It is a perfectly quiet winter day I listen to distant noise
a dog barks -can` t avoid that in Algarve- smoke from chimneys
goes straight up before disbursing and disappearing.

A few clouds drifts about like wedding dresses of the unmarried
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cold again, but I blithely ignore the voice I feel so wonderfully
lazy I drift on a cloud of slothful bliss then the phone rings when
I answer a voice tells me it was a wrong number

Oskar Hansen

Rising Sun

The Rising Sun

There was a place in Curacao not far from
the town of Willemstad you could stay there till dawn
when the whores had gone to sleep and the pigs in
the ditch full of human detritus didn` t grunt.
When the beer was drunk enjoy the cooling moment
of time well spent take a taxi out back to the ship look
back and remember: Campo Alegre (the happy camp)

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

Romantic Haiku

Your breath
Easy as a sleeping sea
Serenity

Your breathing
Whispering as a palm tree
Kissed by the breeze

As the sea caress
The mythical blue atoll
She smiles in her sleep

Oskar Hansen

Ronaldo

Ronaldo, The New Emperor

It is the news in Portugal, the footballer Ronaldo has won a golden football and the country rejoices, after Eusebio died a new emperor is needed, a hero people can look up to, one who can continue the people's culture....
Football!

This, perhaps, is modernity, technology that and instant messages is coming down to a game of football and a TV that has commentators who cannot stop talking about it. The mind appears not to expand as modern skill does, oft it little behind to the days when people asked why rivers tended to run into the ocean, luckily they lacked skills to make rivers run faster by making them straighter shaving off curves and circles.... The reason we live in relative peace has to do what great thinkers thought and wrote about and influenced our imperfect brains, we looked up to the stars and asked questions, a curiosity that made us civilized, but modern mass media made us multicultural and bland. In the end life is a game of soccer, and a football has no corners.

Oskar Hansen

Ronaldo 1

Ronaldo, The New Emperor

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Oskar Hansen

Roses

Shadorma (roses)

Poor woman

Sell roses in streets

Of Oslo

Law arrives

She has no proper permit

Flowers confiscated.

Oskar Hansen

Rubbed 2

Rubbed out

I stopped at a low stonewall
on my slow progress
saw before me a landscape painting,
ten sheep and twelve lambs.

I thought who that painter might be,
a sudden blur in the air,
when the picture cleared there
was a mare and her foal

five sheep had disappeared;
the painting looked better,
but I didn't linger,
I wouldn't like the artist to
think I was a part of his picture
wanting to erase me
for the sake of the prettiness.
of the landscape

Oskar Hansen

Ruben The Teaser

Ruben, The Teaser

I knew it was her when she entered the cafe
had seen her before in a fake painting behind
a bar in downtown New York this Rubenesque
a woman only this time she wore a short frock.
those thighs could so easily strangulate man,
and through her dress her nipples were big and
visible. She had a glow in her face of a woman
who had just made love or was going to
Forty years too old, a sigh and I concentrated on
the schnitzel I was eating with salad and no spuds.

Oskar Hansen

Ruins

Ruins

Ancient ruins of Smyrna are threatened by war
they might be blown up by those who want history
to start now cutting off the umbilical cord of yesterday
and we are all victim of the day before. Yet, sad as
it might be everything will be dust, we should lament
but not cry, as we would the death of a child.

Oskar Hansen

Rustic Morning

Rustic Morning

Still, early morning and coarse grass had stopped crying
But the carob tree was still tearful someone had broken its branch
The one that was easy to grab from the lane.
By the stone fence, a mule looked soulfully at me, so I scratched its
Forehead and we enjoyed each other's nearness, while a cat chased
A rabbit that jumped behind some boulders where it was trapped
The cat came out with the dead animal in its mouth it dropped it and
I imagined it roared than began eating its prey.
Both the mule and I contemplated this rustic happening, we sighed
It began grazing; I walked my way saying: "see you tomorrow old
boy."

Oskar Hansen

Saddam Hussein

The Dictator

Saddam Hussein
Was not sent to Haag
I wonder why?

Saddam Hussein
Tolerated Christians
Now they have fled

Saddam Hussein
Set women free to study
Now they wear chador

Saddam Hussein
Was a murderous despot
We gave him the tools

Saddam Hussein
We handed him to his foes
Silence on a long rope

Oskar Hansen

Saddam's Legacy

Saddam's Legacy

A million Christians
Lived in Saddam Hussein's Iraq
Now they have left
Save for a few hundred souls
Yet their plight goes unheard
Heed the echo
Of the loser of you war games
Christians yet Arabs
Fleeing the land of their heart
Unprotected and betrayed
This useless war
Fought for vain glory by us
Have we lost honor
Wallowing in extreme hubris
Future generation will pay the prize
Saddam Hussein
Was a bulwark against extremists
We hung him
Iraq is defenseless now
And al Qaida has a free run.

Oskar Hansen

Sailing

I`m Sailing

I was sailing along the coast of Greenland the sea was
as green as empty Port Wine bottles when
a storm struck it was a fully automatic boat I batted down
the hatches went below fastened the seat belt and wait.
Before I knew it, I was in a tranquil bay in Portugal and made
breakfast scrambled and bacon, but I was vaguely unhappy
everything has become so automatic that adventures of
daring do had become an everyday occurrence the vessel
had even found the best anchorage with
the best view.

I sold the boat to a doctor who had dreamt a seafaring life
away from hospitals and nagging wife, as a child he had
wanted to be a car mechanic but his parents wouldn` t hear
about it nor his fiancé; a malcontent man who was about to
discover the boredom on the high sea.

I bought a mule that cannot be trusted it doesn` t like people
and every morning it is a struggle to get it to move forward
when I plough my little patch of land

Oskar Hansen

Saintliness

Saintliness

Mother Teresa is a saint now
The woman who loved poverty and death
But what she did is a truth
Like the six million dead Jews
It has been hammered
Into our heads no need to argue
The truth is told by historians and some of them
Are sent to jail for the sake of truth
When a big lie has been established as veracity
Anyone who gainsay this
Is vilified shut out of the tame press and
Given no credit
Mother Teresa has reached sainthood and
Is in the best company of the untouchable just as
It is impossible to discuss the holocaust `s
Secular saintliness
The truth is what you make of it

Oskar Hansen

Salami For A Horse

Driving home from the man whose profession is to study people's entrails, rice pudding he had said and no booze- and for this banality he charged me 80 euros; the car stopped and I opened the back door- of the car- and let out my horse. It is a small horse my feet reached the ground and I helped the horse by walking too- sitting. Nearing home it galloped which was painful for my ankles.

Stabled it on the veranda, but as I had no hay it eat the wicker chair, which displeased my cat that used to sleep in it. Morning, the horse was on the road the cat sat on top of it dressed as a musketeer, looking like Tony Bandera, the cat swung its hat the horse neighed; I opened a tin of low fat rice pudding, - had wanted salami on warm loaf with butter- rang for a tow- truck and horseless began walking to the car.

Oskar Hansen

Salary Man

I had been to a place I should not be, alone
in a street with neon light and it was dawn.
I saw a human river coming out of the subway
running down some steps, filling the street
with silence and the drumbeat of despair.

Neon light shivered as the harsh day took over
thousands of men in suits, and some women too,
dressed as fitting for work, when filling offices
with gravity and restraint as befitting for salary
people who came from the mysterious suburbia.

Evening, the river was as a film run backwards,
down into the subway the river disappeared in
a silence that lacked any expression of delight,
the monotony of work had made them into shy
human robots that had succumbed to labour.

Oskar Hansen

San Clemente

San Clemente is a mini state in the north of Portugal, just at the border of Spain,

it was founded by a flatulent bishop whose idea of healthy living was to let
trapped

air freely flow. The town Clemente, is very charming with narrow roads
meandering

around tiny village houses, car driving is not legal but you can hire a nice
scooter.

I walked into a bistro ordered breakfast. The girl who took my order broke wind
I pretended not to hear, but I noticed similar noises came from tables where
other

Clementinians sat; they also had perfumed hankies tucked in their sleeves which
they sometimes took out pressed to their noses, when not smoking strong
Turkish cigarettes. It was surprisingly cheap to rent or buy a flat there, thought
of

renting, but the lady showing me round was so excited that I began smoking
again.

But for me the freedom of releasing intestinal gasses at will was a liberty too far
so

I drove across to border into Portugal and ate my dinner there in relative peace.
powtr

Oskar Hansen

Sand Of Time

Sand of Time

I was on my way to the doss house near the railway station, it was quarter to eight -had to be in by eight or lose my bed-, when I saw her in the restaurant talking to her brother, they shared a bottle of wine. My god, she was as beautiful as ever. And since it was dark outside I reckoned she didn't see me, her brother looked out; perhaps he recognized me because he bent towards her and whispered something, but before she could look up I had disappeared into shadows. It was now ten to eight I ran to the doss house run by The Salvation Army. I could only have a shower once a week and had been wearing the same suit for a long time. It was a grey worn suit, but it gave me a sense that I had some dignity left. However deep a person falls, he can get up again and in time buy a new suit. This evening remembering my time of wretchedness, and it struck me I can no longer remember her face.

Oskar Hansen

Sandy Walk

The sandy walk
On the long and wide beach,
I can, at a distance, see an elephant, an unusual sight
on this Nordic Shore;
but as I get nearer it retracts, and become sea mist
Overhead sea-gull resent me being here October,
humans are not supposed to be here now.
Coarse grass grow on sand dunes, forever defying
The wind that amuses itself by creating beautiful
ripples which it sends galloping to the beach and
they die unable to re-create itself I'm cold and scared,
alone, there's no one here that wilts me well;
Feeble, against a nature that's ready to devour me;
The "I" has lost its self-belief. Far above me angry
Clouds congregate.

Oskar Hansen

Saragossa

Saragossa Sonnet

There is a place in the mid-Atlantic an island made of sea tare
and the mist never lifts sea and storm avoid this island
that in the middle has a pyre that must be kept alive and old men
sit cross-legged around the pyre and feed it dry bones
of sailors who have sought shelter but end up having their throats slit
hung up like stock-fish to dry on the eastern side of the island.
They never talk about this but it is well known that a salted thigh
bone lasts a week and is delicious with boiled sea-tare.

You can` t see the people who live there clearly they are sons
of mist and fog an unholy alliance sex without pleasure, but they
must go on the pyre must be fed, if not the sun will break through
and they and their home will disappear as it never existed

Oskar Hansen

Saragossa Sea

Help! I´m a prisoner on a seven storey flat and
In the darkness, of the young night, I see ships
In the bay lit up as Christmas trees.

It is as they are blinking a message just for me:
"Come join us for a last voyage to the South Seas".
But I have no rowing boat, and to swim is too far.
So much skin I have it´s like an overcoat hiding
a shrinking body and my muscles are soft by too
domestic tameness; suit and tie...man!

A seagull sits on the railing of the terrace, we met
before, it followed my ship for days. It shakes its
head in sadness, take lift and flies yonder.

But I know we´ll meet again when I´m free to sail
to the Saragossa Sea.

Oskar Hansen

Sartorial

Sartorial

Tried on a striped
Blue suit
It made me look like
A fat zebra
Asked the shop girl
If they had a mirror
One that could transform me
Into my conceited
Self image
She said sorry, but no
Bought a bigger suit
Pearly black hides the fat
Off the rack,
Just like that
White turtle neck jumper
A Mercedes icon
Around my neck
God! I look a stylish man.

Oskar Hansen

Saturday Night In Blue

Saturday Night in Blue.

The house key was on the same ring as my car key, couldn't find them I had locked myself out. Car neatly parked I never drink drive, the bar is nearby. I broke a window in the back, got in. Blinking light outside: police telling me to open the door, I did, was wrestled to the ground. At the station they came to their senses, let me go, but refused to drive me back, since I smelled of booze and only had myself to blame. Long walk home, bars had shut. Climbed through, the same broken window, the keys, on the kitchen table. I uncorked a bottle of wine, opened the front door, just in case, no one came, I went to bed at dawn.

Oskar Hansen

Sausage Factory

Sausage Factory

On my travels on the countryside I saw this disused road
with weed sprouting through cracks in the asphalt
Followed the road and came to a village that was empty
of people, domestic animals, cats and dogs, with one
exception of an old couple sinewy with faces of leather.
There used to be a small factory here making sausages
owned by two brothers who suddenly moved away.
I asked the couple where the people had gone, France to
find work was the answer I got. The old guy giggled, we're
too tough! What did he mean? In a hidden small valley
another village is slowly being emptied, there is a small
factory making sausages until it is time to move away.
"Salsias" the name of the firm, I recall buying a tin once
nice meat but a bit sweet for my taste.

Oskar Hansen

Saving The World

Saving the world

I drifted out too far, turquoise water, tried to swim on my back,
water in my mouth, agonizing panic.

That's how they torture prisoners in Guantanamo, only it isn't called
it tortures, but enhanced interrogation and was coffee served
The Nazis did the same, those found guilty were hanged.

So tired, pain in chest and throat I'm giving up, a boat comes, mariners
help me onboard. "You shouldn't swim out that far, you're too old."
"Yes, quite, but I was dreaming. The tortured have little to confess, say
to whatever you like them too, I admitted it was me who painted
the moon blue and swam with the dolphins grooming them for warfare
From a drug to keep him quite an alcoholic awoke, shocked to see what
had been done in his name and set about to correct it, alas a lame duck
they won't let him out of the office, the world will not know that once
he gave ten dollars to an obscure charity that helps orphaned children of
the catastrophe that befell Palestine people.

Oskar Hansen

Saying 8

Saying

The sin of fathers...

Is their humanity

We wanted them to be God

Oskar Hansen

Sayings Two

Saying
The faster
Life 's carousel
Spins
The less we see

Saying
The fewer secrets
We keep
The freer we are

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

Sea Life Remembered

Tropical night with extras added on like moon and stars.
I stood by the railing dreaming as the ship tilled its way
towards Jamaica, jet black sea but the transient furrow
the ship made was white; the ocean sang a sweet dirge,
and before I knew it I nearly fell overboard.

Stepped back, would anyone have heard my screams as
I swam amongst sharks and saw the ship's lanterns fade
like dying stars? I reflected on my life wasn't it time to
stop this infinite voyage between ports I had seen before,
harbours, which had nothing new to offer a jaded sailor?

Sat in my cabin, porthole open, I heard the mesmerizing
dirge; closed the porthole, cruelly hot the air fan giving
a sad attempt of cooling, the ship had no air conditioning.
This has to end, before I become a hollow eyed seafarer
lost on a misty island in the Saragossa Sea.

Oskar Hansen

Sea Lion

Sea-Lion

I saw a seal in Durban big and sleek and its smile
Was wondrous, I think it had green eyes, right,
But, I'm not a very good swimmer and is sceptical
Of water, mermaids and swimming pools.

By chance, I saw a sleek woman cleaning a pool
And it was morning, she had green or blue or
Perhaps brown eyes of the type lionesses have
When a lion, has caught a prey it has to give it
Up when hyenas come around.

Conquests are a hyena's fare but it lacks delight
And the ability to laugh. The seal from Durban
I remember so well, had a hearty laughter and
A smile "thousand miles." Am I getting confused
Talking about lions and seals? Not at all but it was
A female and she sat my heart aflutter.

Oskar Hansen

Sea Lion 2

Sea-Lion

I saw a seal in Durban big and sleek and its smile
Was wondrous, I think it had green eyes, right,
But, I'm not a very good swimmer and is sceptical
Of water, mermaids and swimming pools.

By chance, I saw a sleek woman cleaning a pool
And it was morning, she had green or blue or
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Talking about lions and seals? Not at all but it was
A female and she sat my heart aflutter.

Oskar Hansen

Sebastopol

Sebastopol

Was it a dream
Soldiers
In thick ankle deep
Overcoats
And I had none
It gets dark early
In Sebastopol
A blessing
A tried to buy
An overcoat
Was arrested
Sweet wine they sold
For cigarettes
Sent back on board
Brezhnev
Did the driving
What do I know
It might still be
The darkest place
On earth.

Oskar Hansen

Seclusion

The Curse of Seclusion

The emaciated dog so lonely it sought company
by looking into a puddle. A far glittering street light
It had been there seeking food and shelter, but had
been chased away even, by those who had lapdogs.
It heard step, an old man walking slowly bent down
opened a paper bag and fed the cure bread crumbs.
The dog thought "apparently he thinks I'm a duck,
that's ok, I'm so hungry and lonely it will have to do."

Oskar Hansen

Second Excursion

Second Excursion (Edit Piaf)

Fighting my way through the Metro and jostling with rude French commuters I found my way back to where Edith was born. The street was now entirely Taken over by the Chinese, and best of all several weddings were going on. The Chinese really can throw a party, noise, laughter and lovely brides. While I sat on the steps outside Edith's house, her voice came back to me – the offensive blue rinsed man had not succeeded after all.

It was a beautiful autumnal day and together Edith and I walked to a park overlooking Paris and saw, at safe distance, the Fabled Eifel tower looking old, yet elegant in glorious sunlight.

Oskar Hansen

Secret Lovers

Secret Lovers.

It was early I looked out of the window
rain was falling gently, not slashing down
from angry sky, more like a soft kiss
practised by some long married where passion
is a river in a landscape of peace.

Rain stopped, only a few bigger drops followed
like guard dogs behind a flock of sheep.

Finally the shepherd fell, more than a big drop, like
a ball of rain that when it hit the western wall
for a moment turned into a rainbow.

I had witnessed earth and sky making love an
occurrence only early raisers may hope to see.

Oskar Hansen

Secular Pope

The secular Pope

Cuba 1957, Havana was full of randy tourists,
prostitutes, gambling casinos and assassins.
Castro was still up his mountain stronghold,
when a robber came onboard our ship;
he was caught on the wooden dock by two
police officers, who pocketed his loot.
He was told to run away and then they shot
him dead...five bullets in his back.
Young red blood dripped into turquoise sea.
The officers laughed holstered guns and lit
Marlboro cigarettes. But Fidel Castro was on
his way down from the mountain and Cuba
would get her dignity back.

Oskar Hansen

Security Guard

Security Guard

I failed to get a licence to turn my snack-bar
into a wine-bar, at the time the later was unheard of
now they are everywhere; it appears I was
ahead of time, anyway, not cut out to stay all day
selling burgers, hotdogs and sweet drinks sold it and
for a while, I could sleep till nine.

Snoozing does not pay for itself I had to find a job
night- work as a security guard at a building site.

I was reading poetry at the time and noticed bards
of yore came from wealthy families or had someone to
pay their bill for sexual favours, as I was not that way
inclined resigned my lousy paid job and went to sea
when my ship was in port, I found a godforsaken bar
continued to read, drink and dream

Oskar Hansen

Selling A Car

Selling a Car.

When I bought the car
the dealer pointed out its good features.
Now that I'm selling the car
the dealer points out all its flaws.

Oskar Hansen

Senior Student

Senior Student.

Senescence...don't know what that word means,
I forget so many words now a days.
A man called Alexander has stopped writing says
he forget dates and names of famous persons
but isn't that what Wikipedia is for?

Senescence...old age, I read, better than senile which
is a word full ancient dust, of knowledge chipped off
an old statue, like the one I saw in Rome,
time had made his face featureless and he had lost
six fingers. Senior citizen me? I still have nine fingers.

Oskar Hansen

Senryu

Senryu

Bowed forest

Bent by the northwesterly

Boars thrive here.

Summer woods

Swimming elks in a tarn

Seem philosophical

The forest's bear

The honey pot found

The rabbits smiled

Dawn's forest

Deadly chilled serpent

Dazzled by the sun

The sun amid trees

Tried to set a stage of love

The breeze blew pollen

Oskar Hansen

Senryu 3

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

Senryu 8

Senryu

A dead horse in the road

Berlin 1945

People with knives cutting flesh

Oskar Hansen

Senryu About Light

Senryu

As sun pales
The old town looks haggard
Till dawn

Senryu
Streetlamps sadly knows
They only play stand-in roles
The sun is the star.

Senryu
When sun takes a break
Crossly hides behind a cloud
The day is murky

Oskar Hansen

Senryu And A Thought

Senryu

Witness a star die

A sparkle across night sky

A shroud of nebulous

Thought

Surveillance society

The obedient has nothing to fear

....For now.

Oskar Hansen

Senryu I Think

Senryu

I'm not his servant
But will obey my father
He's got the whip

Sun rays

Warms crumbling wall
Ghosts take fright

On a mossy stone

Minute flowers grow
Old reverie

Oskar Hansen

Senryu New Ones

Senryu

I'm a cowboy
Herding in reluctant words
To make a poem

Argentina's pampas
Where wild horses live
Poetry in motion

The gaucho
Is a free verse maker
On horseback

Oskar Hansen

Senryu Or A Couple Of Them

Senryu

In the dark forest
Under a mossy stone
Dreams are buried.

Senryu

In a country
Where nothing happens
No one is free.

Oskar Hansen

Senryu Three Of Them

Senryu

Brave new world

Reduced to a gossiping village

Spying on neighbours

Senryu

Freedom of speech

Everyone demands a voice

Babbles tower

Senryu

Liberty of discourse

Channeled through facebook

Baby picture

Oskar Hansen

Senryu/Tanka

Senryu

Wizened flowers

On the terrace of desire

Fall of reverie.

Tanka

Blinding blaze of light

Oak leaves turned into gold

No one can notice

The precious has no worth

Rubies litter empty streets.

Oskar Hansen

Senya

Senryu

He didn't attend

But we sensed his presence

Power of absence?

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

Sequence

I saw the train at middle distance,
It ran slow and was white,
It had many window and in each
One I saw my brother.
He didn't see me although he looked
In my direction, but beyond me
And the life he had lived before me.
I think it was a spring day I saw flowers
Twined together like a bouquet
Near the tracks... the train disappeared
Into a tunnel and when all was
Quiet I heard a bird sing so sadly I thought
It must have lost its nest.

Oskar Hansen

Serengeti

Serengeti

I have neglected to visit my Africa the flat land between
two hills that appears as soft as young mother's breast
I know trees and bushes and used to drive there to say hallo
but time changes I have no motorbike

On the road driving to the shops I can see the valley, yellow
diggers and blue tractors near the wadi where I once saw
a crocodile waiting for rain and saw big cats leisurely cross
the lane. A hyena laughed and said we are not here.

They are building a new Algarvian village with swimming pool
and golf course, but no for you and me.

No, I will not go look how work progress let my dream be intact
but I do wish a tsunami would wash it all away, alas nothing stay
the same like the olive tree at the entrance of my drive and I have
lost my kaleidoscope

Oskar Hansen

Services Rendered

Services Rendered

On the side street, where the poet
took his nightly walk, shots resonated,
yelling, and a car driving fast;
on the pavement a man's blood
was running into the gutter.
The police asked what he had seen?

Nothing!

You must have seen something?
I saw a waterfall running down
a mountainside in spring and
the air was pure.

Gangland murder?
Weeks later an envelope in his
postbox, five thousand dollars.
The poet smiled at last someone
had paid him for his poetry

Oskar Hansen

Set The Masses Free

The mark of a society's success is not the employment of its population to do mundane and useless work, but the freedom to pursue leisure. To sit in the park and read the philosophy and feed the birds. Eradicate work and set the people free.

We pay people for making useless things like watering cans made of plastic, a work any robot could do.

For this we continue to produce and deplete the world's natural resources, for if we do not consume the world will come to a standstill, or so we are made to believe.

However, those who produce our sustenance the poor farmers in India, Africa and elsewhere and regarded as the lowest of the low, are the true friends of our planet.

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

Sexist Policing

Be Nice to the Police

It was like watching me on a film clip,
surrounded by four police officers
one of them a woman who yelled at me
for not speaking proper Portuguese.
I stared at her with contempt
It was a tense moment.
A conciliatory officer stepped in.
no big deal he said, a little scratch
the car is insured documents in order
have a pleasant journey.
I have often wondered why female officers
are so aggressive, is it because they are smaller,
and compensate the feeling of inferiority
by being brusque?
I met one smiling woman officer once, black and
six foot ten, refused my offer to marry her so I could
feel safe, was married she said...so what!
Before I forget the rude female officer was standing
behind a car in the dark smoking a cigarette and she
was overlooked by the male officers

Oskar Hansen

Sextet

Sad Sextet.

Rainy day

Wet dog on pavement

Looking in

Seeing me

Sit by the cosy fireside

Ignoring its plight.

Oskar Hansen

Shades Of Green

Shades of Green

I have a green windbreaker, but it looks like
a uniform jacket I impulsively I put it on looked
in the mirror, an old general on an alpine walk
hoping to find a shrine of his hero. I was unwell
in my jacket and it was a struggle to get it off
clung to me like a shower curtain, an unwanted
friend, I don` t like to be rude to, yet find bores
me to distraction.

There was a military camp near the farm
I had been sent to, the food as not up to much
but the soldiers fed me well, and that is why
I grew to be much bigger than my siblings.
Alas, the war ended the enemy took the train
home, an epoch was over.

I rolled the green jacket into a plastic bag
and put it in a collection box, that happened
to be green too, and since you ask no I never
met the grand Mufti of Jerusalem

Oskar Hansen

Shadorma My Lovely

Shadorma about love

My dearest
I do remember
Loving you
Forever
Words were so easy back then
But I spoke the truth

Oskar Hansen

Shadorma Poem

Shadorma

Tiny steps

Ornamental pool

A cool eye

Summer's day

A long ominous silence

Endless tears.

Oskar Hansen

Sharing Dreams

He had a dream of living a life of rustic idyll, to see and feel seasons, so he bought a derelict cottage in pastoral Algarve. Took his wife along, explained how the cottage would look like when done up; she said nothing. With help of workmen he began repair and life for a while was primitive. He saw his wife was not happy, when she said she had go home to look after her daughter, he understood. Months went, but a day in February the home was ready, he had even acquired a dog. Outside the almond trees were shedding and petals looked as pink snow. Rang her, but she didn't want to come and live in his bucolic wonderland. "But I thought you liked it", he said. "You never asked me, took me for granted, this is you dream not mine..." The cottage was still and cold, his dog sensed his dejections jumped up on his lap liking his face. He went into the shed, collected wood for the fireplace, his dream was now like an old coat too comfy to throw away.

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

She Used To Sing

She Used to Sing.

A carafe of water fills the stomach and no organs are disturbed,
yet it is unclear like a mirror without a timbre.
She drank gin pale as water, but it made her smile and laugh.
She painted pictures with her voice, told stories of days gone by.
Old, but she had been young and done things she sang about.
She wowed a carpet of life lived, full of magic colours, too vivid
for some, a grandmother is supposed to be chaste.
Sent to a home for the very old and inept, a song bird silenced.
She watches TV on a screen high on the wall for her not to reach
up and throw into the dustbin of tedium. Hands folded like a tired
bird's wings she waits for an end that takes long time coming.
And the carafe of water has dust on its surface

Oskar Hansen

Shifting Population

Shifting population

The foyer at the new hospital was full of women

It was a cold day, and they wore coats, brown /grey

short and squat they looked like toys sprung live

and had to see a doctor promptly.

Algarvian women tend to be short and after marriage

grow sideways till they look as squares of flesh, but they

are beautiful when young what they have in common

though is a tongue they never stop talking and that is why

men spend a lot of time in cafes drink wine and play cards.

Once upon a time this was an Arab province but the beauty

of the Semitic race didn` t stick, the Moslems brought their

own women. The nearest I can compare them to are

the Norwegian people of the north, who one day got, fed up

of cold winds and no oranges, populated this place we now

called the Algarve, and her people are fond of bacalao.

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

Ship Wrecked

The ship Wreck

A sparkle, the freighter exploded and up in the air I flew. Looking down the ship had vanished in the glitter of sunlight. Into the sea I fell, bubbles and angst, but I saw above me a raft. The sea, calm, always is, it's the wind that screams in defeat as it can't bend the sea to its will; and shallow land that tries to stop its progress, the freedom to be itself. Night, around me danced the women I had loved. I drank their nectar and became the strongest man on earth. My hearing, acute, when tons of iron hit the bottom of the sea I heard screams of suffering steel and humanity, in a common voice. I willed sea to become terra firma, silky sand; I dragged the raft behind me like a sledge, heading for the red mountain where sun never sets because it has no sea to cool into. Women had disappeared into fluffy clouds and useless heavenly angels, without their sustenance I lost my potency, and the sea flooded the land. When my raft drifted into Sidney harbour it was New Year's Eve, fairy light committed suicide by jumping into dark, shark infested water. The scream of broken steel and man never stopped ringing in my ears.

Oskar Hansen

Shipping As It Was

Shipping as it was

He had many ships the old ship owner
He liked to visit his vessels eat the onboard cuisine
Talk to the crew he knew their names
Listened to them and their problems
Seamen stayed onboard long on his ship some
Tor years they knew nothing of life ashore
And when the ship was in harbour only ventured to
The nearest bar one can say they had become
Shipionalised
He died the old man and the expert shipping people
Took charge, reduced the crew number no benefits
Finally hired crew from Asia and flagging out to
Avoid paying taxes.
Shipping as we knew it had come to an end, sad
But nothing lasts forever but it galls me to think
Fifty thousand seafarers lost their job and
It didn't make a headline in any newspaper

Oskar Hansen

Ships Of Poverty

Ships of Poverty

Going through the Suez Canal in the fifties was fraught every porthole and doors had to be locked or we were robbed.

The ship swarmed with carpet sellers, thieves and people selling dubious alcohol and pornography that even looked old fashioned and they were not shy touching up a young sailor. And for us who had no education we thought this was Egypt a country of robbers and shameless perverts.

The Red Sea, Persian Gulf another nightmare on ships that had no air condition. We slept on deck to catch the cooling morning breeze. Our suffering made ship owners very rich.

Oskar Hansen

Shipwreck

As the ship exploded and sunk, her crew
died a hundred times.

Through portholes they saw the green sea,
getting darker; they couldn't hear their own
screams as the noise of crushed iron's was
louder, like hundred express trains hurdling
toward obliviousness

And then the sea blew open doors
filled every cabin with incomprehension
...and then, yes then, they died again.

Oskar Hansen

Shoes

I bought a pair of shoes at a second hand shop,
I have rather big feet it is difficult to get new
shoes in Portugal as the biggest number is
44 while I use 45. My ears are big too, but since
I don't wear earrings it does not matter.
Then I learned the previous owner had suddenly
died and his widow had sold off his belongings.
Since knowing this, sometimes it is better to be
ignorant, I stopped wearing the dead man's shoes.
What do I know the footwear might feel rebellious
and take an unwanted step into oncoming traffic.
I put them under the bed in the spare room
where they collect dust of time. But I'm kind hearted
should a tramp come begging I'll give him the shoes

Oskar Hansen

Short Poems

Short verses

Quiet despair
I long for the unattainable
A handful of sweets

Ice cold beer
A glass of blissful nectar
Remembered

In the cabinet
A lone bottle of whisky
Sadness left alone

Lack of romance
I'll embrace the winter sky
And get a cold sore.

Oskar Hansen

Shorter And Shorter

Short poems

On paper napkin
I wrote a haiku moment
In the bin it sings

Empty café
Five flies on a table top
Drink spilt milk

Stubborn phone
Glum sits on sideboard
Refuses to ring

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

Shortest Of Truth

Short Verse

Under a sand stone

I found the unvarnished truth

Alas it was subjective

Not a gold hued axiom

A truth void of arguments

Oskar Hansen

Silencing Opinion

Silencing opinion

On france24 a TV Channel a red haired lady an enemy of a man that is not yet a president of the USA, said something strange: if anyone is critical of America, it is because they have been influenced by Russian propaganda that is by fake news I thought that was clever if it the norm of freedom of speech say goodbye and there can be no intelligent discourse anymore. whatever you say your head has been turned by the Russians This is only new now, but the tactic of belittling dissenters is an old Israeli trick that or calling people anti-Semitic, if I tell you that Israel is a state in Palestine I would be called nasty names if I tell you that Barrack Obama was the worst president America ever had you would call me a liar nevertheless it is true but what I will be called fake news by the masters of the black art. The freedom of the word is threatened by the liberal class who will accept any criticism of their opinions, we who believe in the true democracy are in for a rough ride not from Trump but from the intelligencia.

Oskar Hansen

Silk And A Rabbit

Dark at eight o'clock
and the night is like black silk
wrapped around a tired landscape.

A rabbit crosses the road
confused by the car's light
it stops.

Lights dimmed it continues
and I hope it will live long enough
to see the sunrise.

Oskar Hansen

Silk Road

Farghana valley
the splendour of a mythical dream.
The fabled silk route
snaked its way through here,
bringing new cultures, silk and jade,
and no drones filled the night sky with fear.
In this valley of ancient dreams
beautiful horses made the landscape enchanting.
Civilizations come and go; yes, religions too.
They will claim to have the key to the ultimate truth.
Our time also will be cosmic dust in history of man,
but the valley of Farghana shall endure.

Oskar Hansen

Simon 's Sonnet

Simon 's Sonnet..

Simon is full of glissandi and spondee today
and writes poetry for the literati; that is ok,
it is good to know wonderful words.

I sit on the terrace facing east, a sparrow
has a nest nearby, it sits on the phone line
shrieks without the slightest hint of glissandi,
want me to go away sees me a threat to its eggs.
It never learns saw it last year when it was
protesting my presence. But in the end it realized
I was not a risk and took to sing with much
spondees, impressing it mate.

But Simon is right if we go on ending the habitat
for song birds, we leave crickets to annoy musical
ears, when heralding spring.

Oskar Hansen

Simple Life

Naïveté

It is cold; sea spray painted the ship white,
light green is the Nordic water
a mighty cocktail of clinking ice cubes.
I scratch a happy face on thick glass on
The porthole, we will dock at a place
where warm people sits around a fire and
give a damn about sailor's miserable life.
Seascape paintings hang on gilded walls;
look at that sea, so verdant, delicate brush
strokes too; the artist died at a mad house.

Oskar Hansen

Simplified (Moral)

Simplified (Moral)

When the good guys
Behaves like the bad guys
The bad ones have won.

Because:

We have become like them
And we have lost
Our moral compass.

Oskar Hansen

Singers

Singers

I wanted to be a singer of popular tunes, but I didn't have
The voice for it, sounded like humpback a whale's mating
call it was said; how would they know I swam with whales
along the coast of Alaska in my younger days, only gave it up
when a flipper was damaged by a propeller

A school friend became a singer made money travelling
around fairs singing what was in the wind at the time.
He also sang in noisy restaurant with heavy Norwegian
accent and students laughed at him, they were learned
people and would in time become lawyers and doctors.

My school friend when visiting our common hometown
is interviewed and he talks about the old days, anecdotes
I think it is called. I can sing like whales their mysterious
sounds I master, but can't use it night clubs are for dancing
the mating stuff comes later.

I once met an English pop star, who looked like a Peter Pan
slightly frayed at the edges, he even had a vine-yard, he was
much loved by the expats till there was a hint of a scandal of
the unsavoury kind. Nothing has been said, but time is more
morally unforgiving now, so he went to live in Jamaica.

Oskar Hansen

Sink Bucket

A sink bucket

Today I forgot to buy milk, black coffee in the morning it is so easy to remember the past it shines like jewels lost.

It was the winter of 1964, it was dark my brother carried a big sink bucket and I a smaller one, we were on our way to the coal depot to- if we found a hole in the fence- to steal coal. We were caught by a man who wore an arm band of the new people in command and they were taking no nonsense from anyone least of all seven years old thieves.

I have often seen that, you put a uniform on someone who who never had power and they behave like little Hitler sprats. On the way home with two empty buckets we came across a wooden fence that had partially fallen down we took as many planks as we could carry and had a warm Christmas Eve

Oskar Hansen

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Oskar Hansen

Sisterly Support

Sisterly Support

I was thinking of my sister she had a blue and a green
eye I adored her when a child I followed her around
"Bormann" she called me and since I was not socially
adept she promised to look after me when old.

She has been dead for forty years

All the women it was like playing poker with cards missing
Kings too posh Knight not my game, I gave up went to
another country and bought a new set of cards...and won
Her eyes are onyx but that was Ok, before her I had met
a woman who had sea green eyes and I nearly drowned in
the embrace as deceptive as the North Atlantic Ocean
I was lucky to make it ashore.

So I made it then to old age take my pills go early to bed
and say to myself: you lucky old bastard you

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

Six Senryu

Senryu (6)

Money isn't all

In Bahrain people cry freedom

And they are not poor

,

Open loo lid

I stubbornly dare my wife

When she's away

It was my dream once

Reading morally correct poems

Am I a priest?

In our village

The priest has two sons

They call him padre

I must be serious

Is the inner life of oysters?

A worthy subject

Exiled Kaddafi

Can move into my garage

I need curtain materials.

Oskar Hansen

Skeleton

Skeleton

My hands have excessive skin
Blood vessels like roots on an old Carob tree
And I try to think of them when shorn of flesh
Folded on my rib cage
Space where the heart used to be
And the hollow soil filled middle
I say to myself what a sorrowful day.

Oskar Hansen

Sky Reflection

Quiet sky reflection

The sky over Europe is silent, but there is fear in the air, few lemons no oranges and no mangos for starters. When planes do not pollute the sky we starve. I remember a time when what we ate followed seasons plenty of fruit in the fall of which we made jam. But we did have plenty of turnips. At Christmas, we killed a pig and a ship docked with festive oranges and bananas. Millions of people are stranded on foreign shores desperate to get home, planes are to refined to pass a bit of volcanic ash. (And, it is called progress) a question remains why did they leave in the first place? why are they so desperate to get back to the rainy place they left? Mind, many didn't want to go, but holidaying is a must, a human right. Shoulder to shoulder with fellow travelers, suffer the indignity of being treated as cattle at airports and made to like it. To be met with distain behind skilled at at some dreadful hotel and be forced to eat when it suits the staff. You are not a person, but a tourist good for the economy of, say, Spain. It worries me this interconnected world a strike and a bit of ash and we have no potatoes, the most stable of food. We must rethink globalization; learn to be more self-sufficient, let our menus follow the seasons. Lamb with mint sauce is Easter food we need not eat lamb in October but Irish stew with turnips and boiled home grown potatoes.

Oskar Hansen

Slave Mentality

I had a dog for twelve years, a friendly dog it loved me it was a slave, had to, in order to be accepted in human society, suppress its instinct. Nature is a hard place fight for food is endless; canines found it easier to make a pact with man; give up their freedom for a can of dog food. Often, by insecure people, slaves are spoilt allowed to be indoors sleep on the sofa and made to think they are the masters of the household. Wrong, dogs are slave to be anything else puzzle them, they want you to be the leader and as they make you love their fidelity.

Slaves defy their masters in subtlest ways, my dog slept on the sofa when I had gone to bed. Big corporations are our masters tell us what we like and dislike; we comply, it is the easiest way not to be critical of the employers the hand that holds the nine tailed cat. We get our trivial revenge stealing a little free time when we can. After all democracy on an empty stomach is not worth fighting for; freedom is our masters' grand illusion.

Oskar Hansen

Sleep In The Afternoon

Sleep in the Afternoon

The world he knew is disappearing,
erased, first the afar blue mountain vanished
then the steppe the horses that galloped
to the stream of cold water and freedom
to drink without fear of the lasso.

His village too has been erased, he looks out
sees a blank screen and shudders.
He tried to go out once but when he turned his house
was about to disappear and he hastened indoors, narrowly
reduced to a dot in the landscape of blankness.

He has taken to his bed in a half sleep,
thinks of nothing, his mind is blank, dreams gone
and no religious illusion disturbs him.
On a beam in the barn hangs a rope it was for him
but he lost the strength, his cowardice is absolute.

Oskar Hansen

Sleeping Mouse

Sleeping Mouse

In front of me, on the track that leads into the bushes, a tiny field mouse. Picked it up and put it in the palm of my hand. The mouse was brown and white, absurdly cute when it curled up and fell asleep in the morning light. Eyes, lungs and heart, like me, so what's next? I couldn't stay here with my hand outstretched waiting for it to wake up from its slumber, nor could I take it home. Behind me I heard the shepherd with his sheep and dogs, Put the mouse in my pocket. When dust had settled and the baaing stopped I put my hand in pocket to pick it up, only it wasn't there anymore. To have a mouse in the palm of my hand, is one thing, but to have it crawling about inside my pants? I took my trousers off. I took my shirt off. I stood there naked as Adam in Paradise, no mouse. As I slowly dressed, butterflies flitted making the woods enchanting.

Oskar Hansen

Slimming

Shadorma (slimming)

Low fat cheese

Tastes like rubber soles

For weight loss

I eat it

Abusing my true taste buds

And I am still fat

Oskar Hansen

Slow Progress

Slow Progress (a long sonnet)

In the last seventy years, little have changed
of technical innovation. we had radio, then
TV and now computers, all in natural sequence
airplanes still fly as before a bit bigger and
faster but the principle is the same.

And for cars they have not changed their appearance
for the last seventy years, except for cosmetic
more colour and easier steering, yet they
still break down at regular intervals.

Politics and money mingle as before corruption
thrives and we the people pay the price.
Privatization is the latest buzz word, but we have
been there before and we ended up with poverty
so bad, the state had to socialise the health service.
Forgive me the news that man has reached the moon
do not impress as much as man has found fraternity
which has been languishing in a basement in Lyon

Oskar Hansen

Slums Of The World

In Bombay I got lost in a slum so vast, a maze of poverty its inhabitants survive in a mysterious way living as they do off the waste produced by the prosperous. This anthill, this myriad of struggling humanity, if they are not too busy surviving every moment of the day, look up and see the formidable sight of the rich. A skyscraper built for a family of four, yet vast with so many floors and rooms it has a place for slum dwellers too. so why do they not take it over. A revolution of short duration, defecate in every room, elevators and swimming pools; let the rich smell the stench of your life till the police – servants of the powerful- come, throw you out. Shoulder to shoulder they exist the sinner and the saint, a son suckling a breast that has no milk, death and filth clouds the day, blinded stumbling fumbling in despair, a jute sack of destitution, how to be free? But there is one pleasant thought, this obscene edifice, a one finger salute to the poor, will never be glorious again.

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

Small Hill

Small Hill.

In a landscape with many hills there is a flat part
that has a small hillock by the road.

Two olive trees and four flat boulders arranged like
furniture in a living room and a carpet of soft grass.

Is it an abandoned movie set where the moon is
a balloon? How many takes did the scene take?

In life there is no retake we are expected to get it right
reading from a script not yet written

When building the road they put stones in a heap,
dust and bird droppings made it into a small knoll.

That 's the way it goes.

Oskar Hansen

Small Minds Small Places

A small place produces small minds

I grew up on a farm near a village where the grocer had a horse stable in the back.

No bars or restaurants but the farmer disappeared for hours and when he came back I had to take the horse out hitch it to the wagon and drive home. He farted loudly and fell asleep but woke up before we reached the farm, took over the reins and tried to look sober only he tended to fall off the when getting down. His wife said nothing but helped me unloading, I have lived many places in many countries Somehow on farmland and villages this despite I like to live in a town and go to libraries meet people and have deep talks about books and so on. In the end, it is about shortage of money and we have to live within its confinement

Oskar Hansen

Small Things

Small Beginnings

To record the simple things in life is important because they are a mirror of everyday folks life. "A Person collided with a hand cart a suitcase fell off and was damaged, " this news, from the local paper.

What do we know? The owner of the damaged suitcase could develop a hatred against handcart handlers and set out to eliminate them.

Another handcart driver found murdered, the police are baffled, the only The clue is a broken empty hand luggage it had been purchased in a Chinese shop and had many finger smudges on.

At the beginning of this murder spree few took an interest but when 25 Handcart handlers had been murdered; it was time to avert the sight stop slandering Putin and useless civil wars in the Middle East, take a vigorous look the social system. A young reporter, now a respected political journalist was able to solve the case, because he was the one as a cub reporter wrote about the accident, remembered it only because the hurt in the eyes of the suitcase owner's eyes, the beginning of an unforgiving hatred

Oskar Hansen

Smoke

Smoke

From the Saga Island smoke rose. flames and rivers ran full of icy water; the modern Vikings had been beaten and shamed. Cold winter, summer roses are grey and leaves on trees have taken on an autumnal hue. Clouds of ashes drifting south day is night the world has lost its colour and cinemas only show black& white movies.

East the smoke is black and smells of cordite and bulldozed buildings. Poor Palestine it is not a state, but a dream, which trashed people try to make into a reality. Moslems, Christians and righteous Jews, the world belongs to us, to have peace there must be fairness. Oops! Before my eyes another house is razed to the ground, dust is blinding me.

Oskar Hansen

Sniper

The Sniper

The man who in his delusion shot and killed Kyle the all American sniper who boasted of killing 167 Arabs. A film was made and USA applauded and no doubt it will receive an Oscar.

A movie that totally lack empathy, what does one expect of a Clint Eastwood, only this sniper Kyle was for real and not a western invention.

Is this a war movie? Deeply disturbing morality, killing for the sake of it. Our hero Kyle found his death on the shooting range and the man who killed him was an American soldier too who put an end to our false gods and war values, for him a lethal injection awaits the killer of the American dream.

Oskar Hansen

Snowball War

Snowball War.

Three flakes of snow fell on the village, there might have been a few more, but those I saw landed on the roof of the car and I saw them melt to droplets of clear water. On each droplets a tiny rainbow and my mother's face when I called and asked for her to throw down a sandwich with marge and sugar on. She did, often- I'm not a football keeper- it landed in the snow which was more than tiny flakes; so what! Bread and sugar, I was hungry and fighting against children who had invading our street. And when my hands were frozen I came up warmed them by the stow and remember how it hurts to get the circulation back into my hands.

Oskar Hansen

Snowfall In April

Snowfall In April

The snowflakes that fell this morning were big
and descended slowly and with sadness they knew
that this was the wrong time of the year – April- and
the morning sun will melt then into oblivion and
water that would fill ditches already overflowing.
Ejected, the mother cloud was too heavy to get over
the mountain and a million snowdrops were scarified
so the cloud could sail to the tundra in Siberia.

One million volunteers, first there had been a pause,
but a few thousand walked forward others followed.
They got a blessing a white miniature cloud each and
a promise that one day they would be reborn as flurry
on the South Pole, a mass wedding of snowdrifts and
they would never be alone again

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

Sobriety

Sobriety

In the beginning, it is like walking on a narrow track
With olive roots over the ground to trip you up and branches
Of trees slapping you in the face, if you fall get up and
Continue to walk to be tired is not an alternative for a rest
The track gets smoother and wider, but it rains muds up to
Your ankles and you have to cross a stream.
After the ordeal you look back and wonder who helped, you inner
Strength the id it stepped in when most needed
Ahead is a shiny asphalted road waiting just for you.
I can` t promise you happiness and Hallelujahs,
But promise this when at home and the day was long you
Will smile feel contentment for you have walked the walk,
Your feet are dry and life is not as bad as you thought.

Oskar Hansen

Social Media

The Social Media

In the basement kitchen cold cement floor no hot water
a towel hung on a nail, wash you face a corner each and your hands
to dry, after a loo visit it also gave us tuberculosis
bad skin, and rashes. But we were lucky there was no social
media, kind ladies to do good, take a picture of misery and feel like they
as they had done something helpful pressing coins into our hands.
Bloody people their finery was an offence to those who had nothing
like giving a Bible to one who cannot read; the hope is that they got
head lice because we could not give them the crabs.
A war was over for us it was just the beginning of a deliberate rise to
self -respect the Social Media was not interested in this the butterflies
of self- aggrandisement

Oskar Hansen

Soft Coat

On the rapid asphalt road
bloody fur, a rabbit caught
in the glaring headlight of
a speeding car.

Poor creature don't cross
the road at night, do not
cross it at all unless you're
an angel and can fly.

No one loves a rabbit less
it is a child's pet and lives in
a tiny cage. Run free rabbit,
run on the forest's floor.

Oskar Hansen

Soft Rain

Soft Rain

I like rain, not hard, angry rain with an attitude
who, was neglected by the mother cloud, and
angrily show its hate towards those who had
nothing to do with its misbegotten infancy.
No I´m thinking of soft rain that is like a caress,
a kiss of eternities promises.

And nature is still, this is a moment of rapture
a longing for so long denied blissfully fulfilled.
The dampness of my skullcap and my alpaca
jacket is so soft that it almost feels like oil, but
I know I´m just a spectator under an umbrella
who ought to go home and lit the fire.

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

Some Doomsday

Some Doomsday

The heaven is held up by eight boa constrictors when they shift positions cause thunderstorm and blizzard. They feed on stars and sometimes when you see few of them it is because the snakes have been eating too much, luckily big snakes can go for months without food so new stars can breed and if the Christmas night is clear we can go on the veranda and admire the stars and be filled by the bliss of sleeping to ten tomorrow. Every year the heaven descend a bit the constrictors are getting tired, some are dead and rotten pieces of them fall down to earth with an almighty splash usually in Siberia. One day earth and heaven will be a pair has long desired one another and in their deadly embrace all life will be extinct except for polar bears and there will no one around to ask why them, but I think they will be the new crab louse on the Venus berg of the earth

Oskar Hansen

Something Gained

Something Gained.

The milkmaid had milky white arms, strong muscles rippled
below the surface of her skin, asked if mine was big as a cow's teats?
She took it out stroked it and I had an instant erection,
she laughed and masturbated me, and when I came I nearly fainted.
I had been milked.

It was a cold winter and I went into the barn often sometimes
she was willing other times she chased me out.

It was then I took up skating I was going to be the world's best skater.
A day I saw a man coming down the main road, first as a little prick
then he grew bigger and bigger and his shadow had frozen to a lump of ice.
The milkmaid left she was going to marry the milkman the one who drove
around in the morning collecting milk for the dairy in the village,
so, no more to get from her, had to do it myself.

I was for quite taken with sex and noticed that cows too were females,
The new district nurse came to listen to my chest, as I had had
Tuberculosis. We sat in the barn and suddenly
she grabbed hold of my left hand and put it on her sex, she was very wet
and had an orgasm... I think. She gave me a blow- job and it took
years before anyone else did that.

I heard the other farmers a Saturday when they were having a drink calling
her slut a word I had never heard before, but disliked the sound of.
When mother came back from the sanatorium my stay at the farm came
to an end. I got a job as an errand boy, had a big bike. The ladies who
lived in the posh part of town didn't bother to shop and some were lonely
and in need of a man, that was ok, but I disliked the biking around since
they rang and wanted the grocery delivered by "the nice young
man";.

Oskar Hansen

Sonata

Sonata

It was about noon and I had nothing to do, I had not written anything for a week, not since my girlfriend left me, had deadline an article for a magazine, they wanted something about sharks, like I should know, I had a pint of lager in a bar while reading the papers; and another one, perhaps more while thinking about sharks, my girlfriend and the deadline. I walked to the library to read about sharks. But they wouldn't let me in said I was drunk. Please let me in I've to read about sharks; piercing library silence.

In the park I made notes about sharks trying to remember if I once saw shark fins while swimming in the sea off the coast of Trinidad, but I kept thinking of my girlfriend, so I picked some flowers for her and was promptly arrested. My editor was nice about me faulting the deadline and published an article I had written about Russian wolves, like wolves should know if they are Russians or not.

Oskar Hansen

Sonnet

A Fairy Tale (sonnet)

On a forest's lawn, where elves dance on nocturnal summers,
snow had fallen. Since the little people wears no shoes their
dainty feet can only bear ductile mould and grass in slumber.
They have moved into their cozy houses under green bushes,
homes lit up fireflies caught in summer when evening lasts till
midnight and they need not hide their light under a bushel.
But boars are not so delicate they rough and tumble in snow
and rock around the clock all night when stars are bright and
heaven is near, till the stars get very tired and stop their glow.
Much more snow will fall and hide their irresponsible dancing,
and the snowy stage is taken by white attired hares that jump
about for no reason at all, till the sly red foxes come prancing.
The tall cow of the forest arrives, scrapes away pristine flurry
looking for fine moss to munch and the forest falls eerily fluffy.

Oskar Hansen

Sonnet 6

A Sonnet

If I knew you loved me, I would have
killed you before, a sentence that makes no sense
keep swirling around my head. William Burroughs
could have said that or perhaps he has.
I met a woman once, not the first, and fell in love
with her, she was or could be my soulmate with her
I felt at ease not straining to be funny.
I was drawn into a black hole of love that could only
end in hurts weighed down by my past.
So I ended it short, brutal but with sleepless nights.

I met another woman nothing about soulmates; she just
needed a place to stay near her place of work.
That was a long time ago, and now we are two lost souls
comforting each other in the midnight hours.

Oskar Hansen

Sonnet Too

Sonnet.

I touched upon a dream perfectly chorographic
as a ballet troupe of sardines avoiding predators.
A dance where no one applauds and everyone
is a loser, sad except for the mysterious beauty
of shimmering silver in a bottle- green ocean.

I touched upon a dream sparkling as fizzy wine
bobbles clung to cool glass disappearing with
plop- a momentarily rush of happiness- murmur
of voices; then the wine was still, yet for a second
the of mysterious wonder is remembered.

I touched upon a dream cold as a winter forest,
blue, frosty mist wrapped around trees; layers
of snow on the lake of recollection, but one day
a mysterious flash; and all will be remembered.

Oskar Hansen

Soul Caretaker

Soul Caretaker

Saw him this morning a jute sack slung over his right shoulder
and it was full of yet un-dead nightmares.

He is the man who collects discarded dreams those we deny
having thoughts that have seeped out of our dark interior
when we have slept, all our sick thinking, unnatural sex with
family and animals and limitless violence, sack was full cleaning
up humanities excesses.

In the morning papers, we read about dead children, husband
shooting or stabbing his wife, his darkest dream has become
an obscene reality. Without this man with his sack, we would be stabbing
each other wading knee deep in filth and gore, but we are saved in our
daily life as we can't stop leak, the crack in our soul-
that a child drowned in a bathtub, and it happened when a mother lost
grip of reality, this was not as she thought a dream
How to explain that to the judge

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

Sparrows Like Us

The sparrows just like us

He fell from the dry, hot sky first the male
sparrows, it could be because he was older than here
and had developed a habit of hunting near
the large chimneys at the chemical factory and it was
up to the young widow, she had been a fledgling
the year before to feed and bring up five hungry chicks
and if the weather was not cooling she to would
fold her wings and fall on the bonnet of a passing car
and snakes and crows would be moving in.
The famous actor Omar Sharif has passed away, he will
be remembered but as the demise of a family
of sparrows will like us be forgotten not be missed in
the lottery of life

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

Spirit Of Surrender

Be quiet now rest your heart and soul,
your dream will never be fulfilled, let it go now,
walk in the garden of elderliness
your journey was the quest and there was
No goal to reach, neither laurel nor applause,
just you plow through the ocean of life.
and that is enough for any man.
Rest now old man wake up early, see the sunrise
while walking barefoot on summer grass.

Oskar Hansen

Spoken Words

Oskar Hansen

Spooked

Spooked

Driving along on my scooter seeing the familiar
landscape there was a time disturbance
the landscape was the same but the trees small
and there were fewer ploughed fields.
mystical shadows and a murmur of voices sounded
as an echo and I felt spooked.

I stopped and waited perhaps I had a funny turn
slowly the warp panned out and I was back at
my own time, yet I sensed an unease I should not
come back to this place that had layers of old time
that had yet to melt into the clarity of a white water
that has no story to tell.

Oskar Hansen

Spring And Friends

Spring and three friends

It was a Saturday afternoon a nice spring day I had met my friends Trond and Erik for a walk. At the outskirts of the town we realised we had forgotten to buy beer and it was one o'clock the time when they stopped selling it. We walked into a grocer's and asked for two crates of pilsner beer. The shopkeeper told us it was too late we just stood there three big men saying nothing and he gave us the beer. We carried them to a nice spot that overlooked the road railway station and the sail boats in the fjord.

Such a beautiful time we had, but all good things come to an end, We had no more beer left and the cafes that sold it shut at eleven.

We put the empties back in the crates and left them outside

The grocer's shop, this so he would think nicely about us. At the first Cafe they wouldn't let us in, we spruced ourselves up a bit and

The second one let us in. It was now quarter past ten and enough time

For a couple of pints more. Outside Erik began crying told us we were his best friend and thus we said good night. Back home I found my little typewriter wanted to try writing about this lovely day and evening, but my wife came said I showed no consideration; fell asleep in the chair.

In the morning I could not understand the first ten lines I had written, But the two last words that ended with; fucking cow.

In the afternoon my wife and I went to the park to feed the ducks,

I knew she was going to tell me of my drunken friends, Erik the alcoholic.

Trond who could not hold down a job and me who could not even spell-

I curled the bag of crumbs into a ball threw it after a duck....missed.

Got up and left, she could find her own way home.

Oskar Hansen

Spring And Sharks

Spring and Sharks.

It is spring nature is green and there are many variations of verdant, fluffy, shining to sober olive, with emerald and jade in between. Yellow is not in to day except for the sun that shines and rain which is clear as laughter of joy. Yet I think of lemon sharks that reside in the Caribbean Sea, they live in shallow water give birth to little ones; sharks can be avoided by not swimming in their sea.

There was a knock on my door, a man nicely dressed, tried to sell me insurance, something to do with paying for my funeral. But spring is here and my thoughts are not morbid. He left me with a brochure of the price of coffins and the cost of flowers.... It is raining now, gentle rain good for potatoes and beans, sharks belong to the sea and should not going around knocking on people 's doors.

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

Spring Haiku

Haiku

Lovely buttercups
Sway in the spring breeze
For a lamb...fodder

Fixed glare of sun
On besieged whitewashed wall
I can see forever

Noisy sparrows sit
In my rhododendron shrub
A breeze dries my shirts

Ewe refused her lamb
Shepherd gave it to his wife
Now it is a pet

Oskar Hansen

Spring Sonnet

spring sonnet

The vines are greening and the old man who owns the vines was busy trimming them although it was Sunday and church bells chimed He is very old 92 last year, and it was father's day a few days ago. He never married, but every bush is his child And he gives them equal time. He is in many ways a lucky man the vines love him, he knows that, leaves softens in his caring hands that carry a promise of everlasting worship.

On father's day, I never left the house, sat by the phone waiting for a call from my daughter, she is everything I never achieved, my futile dream of respectability.

A whisper of a wind came through the open window, gently told me that my cherished is a figment of my dreams of perfecting. Then an irate storm cast rattled the window, your real daughter was born in poverty in Kingston, Jamaica, the child of a prostitute and she became one too.

Oskar Hansen

Springbok

Antelope.

A springbok runs fast on the savanna avoiding lions and other predators, but ultimately it is destined to become food for slayers and thus useful. Going back two and a half million years, my African ancestors too hunted them.

In Portugal the African heritage is quite strong, their Fado tells us of a past forever lost.

Our life span is short, mere dust in the eye of eternity, and people have bought bicycles in the hope of living longer, we all hope to live to be hundred years old even if we are overcome by senility and lose track of time.

On a dairy farm, you will see a pastoral scene brown & white cows, with full udders, eating juicy grass, but they do give birth and if it is a male calf it get killed after two weeks, cause It is not useful, and destroyed.

There is no money to be made of milk-calves few eat them and it cost more money sending them to an abattoir, they are not even worthy to end up as hamburger meat; and I find this waste a colossal disgrace a sin against nature.

Lucky is the springbok

Oskar Hansen

Stages Of Life

Stages of Life.

Egg and bacon
Beans and deep fried bread
Breakfast
Beans on toast
The bacon disappears first
Then the slices of
Fried bread and toast
No more beans
One slice of bread no butter
Sugar- free marmalade
Caffeine free coffee
No more said about ageing

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 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

Start And Go

Start go, Start again

To understand the past is not natural historians of the time writes about power and might, but little about the people. Yet, within this confine art existed painting and poetry which will be a good guide for those who want to know, alas, most folks live in the now washing machines and freezers are more interesting then computers.

The future is a clean slate we write on it to our peril, yet we who have not been there - how could we- and since human emotions do no change overnight that democracy are ideas of the past we going backwards in ambition, and peace it is about building a wall around you property.

Socialism is against human nature, experiment by philosophers that failed in the net of human basic instinct, is about strength and the sword, the cry of the battle will always ring in our ears.

Modern science is met with scepticism, there is no Darwin, we are back to the Stone Age, and our collective consciousnesses, which will be called religion and it will have many followers till our self-importance rejects the idea of God and the whole gory story of humanity starts again.

Oskar Hansen

Statue, , , Man With Umbrella

A Statue... Man with umbrella

It was May in Lisbon had been walking long sat down on a bench near a statue of a great Portuguese navigator, resting sore feet. I had earlier that day bought an umbrella, it broke in high wind so I put it beside on the bench. A child came sat on my lap and his mother took a photo, apparently they thought I was a statue too. A man who was showing tourists around said I was a figure made by the famous Gabriel Bard. I said nothing since I had lost ability to speak. In the morning cleaners came hosed me and the other statue down so we looked spotless and presentable for tourists.

After a month I took the night train home in the knowledge that my picture was taken a thousand times. In the news, next day a story of a disappeared statue, the police was on the case. Gabriel Bard was interviewed, poor man he was almost in tears and demanded to be generously reimbursed for his great work. Was the sculptor is a charlatan cashing in on my fame?

Oskar Hansen

Stavanger Communist Party

Stavanger Communist Party

The local communist party of my youth was a fun place they had frequent parties with music and dance and illegal booze in the bushes, in the dark unpainted years after the war when entertainment was tambourine and bible thumping. My uncle spoke at meetings he painted a picture of utopia for the workers a short working week and jobs for the wheelchair bound, like other members he lived in naïve cocoon that had little to do with real life.

As the country shook off the grimness of the gloomy years there was work for all, and the party shrank in a short time disappeared; there were so many places to dance. I can still hear my uncle's voice talks of "the dictatorship of the masses" equal pay for all; we are getting nearer but there are those who try to take it away from us.

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

Stone Horse

Stone Horse.

A cold night and it had been snowing, a rarity
where I live, amongst the olive cope a stone
that looks like a horse's head, it still had snow
on its head and neck, though snow on ground
had thawed the grass was shimmering green.
I brushed off snow and patted its slender neck
This act of concern brought astonishment,
the horse sprung to life, a grey beautiful mare,
it began grazing on moist pasture which, it had
been unable to eat for five hundred years,
quite ignoring me who had brought it to life.

Oskar Hansen

Stop Them Now

Stop them Now

I have an itch it breaks out in a red rash, been to the doctor who says I'm suffering from an attack of Islam- phobia which manifest itself with a strong antipathy against people who drink sweet tea and not are willing to swill beer like us.

They also dress strange when going to the mosque, that is ok, it only when they talk about Shari laws I feel as they are trying to convert us to their way of thinking.

This is my country too I do not want it taken over by people who represent another culture.

That is why I protest and march in the street, it is not about Anti- Semitic, Anti- whatever feelings I, like my friends, are not for bending to a way of life that is alien to us. We did not have a revolution to let a group of fundamentalist be given or handed over to a group of nutcases.

Oskar Hansen

Storm And An Old Cargo Ship

A storm is blowing outside, but my cottage is safely anchored on terra firma. If my abode had been pitching and rolling as ship on a restless ocean I would not been so cocky, but on my seaman's legs stagger about worrying about foamy sea washing the deck hitting portholes in green fury. As a seafarer I loved the calm sea, but feared its wrath. The terrible shudder when a big wave hit and nearly drowning the ship, there was nothing anyone could do but hope. Yes she did it and I couldn't help falling in love with the old girl and call her a swan that knew how to take care of me. I have a respect for nature I have been helpless in its embrace waiting what comes next. I survived, sit in a cottage and listen to the storm, yet I would give years just to once more be out there taking my chances, and when safely in port, eagerly raise my glass in the knowledge of that I had been given another day of life.

Oskar Hansen

Storm Bird

Storm Bird

On the blue sky of eternity
The seagull flies
Surveying its domain.
You, master of the oceans,
If you tell me your story
I will give you a name.
And you will forever
Fly in my dreams and eternity.

Oskar Hansen

Story Teller

Now as spring light fades into a softly
blue evening I turn to you and ask,
If you can tell me more?

The river doesn't flow as rapid as
before and the lake is dry, no breeze
blows away dust of broken dreams

if you can tell me more tell it now
before light is an empty space and
stillness has lost its echo.

Oskar Hansen

Strange Encounter

It was a silent night if not holy, it was overcast
the electric gone, no streetlamps or moon.
A knock on my door a bundle of night asked to come
in because he was afraid of the darkness,
He sat by the candlelight warming his hands
and became almost transparent you could see
he had lived long; the blessed sun had never warmed
his face never had he seen sunlight make rippling
sea into gold. Towards dawn got his spirit up and
smiled... then he seeped out just as the light came back on.

Oskar Hansen

Street Cleaner

The Street Cleaner

He is not a lucky man, but he is happy but one day he won on a lottery ticket, not a not a big sum of money but enough to by wheelbarrow got permission from the local council to keep the town`s streets clean. Happy, telling himself he was self- employed and could sleep till nine in the morn if he wanted to. A busy bee a busy bee he was till he collided with Mercedes was taken to court and his wheelbarrow was confiscated to pay for the damage. He had a bike and got a local garage to put a two- wheel contraption to fasten to his bike, the town got rid of its trash again until an officious policeman asked him if he had a licence for this he didn`t and it was confiscated. Now he had a jute sack slung on his proud shoulders and a walking stick with a nail attached, a weapon a police officer said he was carrying a weapon in public and he was prosecuted. He didn`t show up to the hearing and when the law came around, he hung from a rafter sometimes even serious optimists give up and with no cleaner the town sank into misery, plagued by vermin the population fled, a town given into paper napkins pizza boxes and burger wrappers and the poor who had nowhere to go. And if this reflects the life of a typical inner city of our English speaking world it is purely incidental.

Oskar Hansen

Street Lamps

Underneath the lamplight

There was a time I danced under street lamps
The music was in my head and pole dancing
had yet to be invented

I didn` t dance in moonlight the sky overcast
Or I was life sober and in bed

My jubilation over life sometime tired me out
Even a clown needs his rest when not blowing
His trumpet and take his funny trousers off.

I never dance anymore seeking no audience
My stepping was better than Fred Astaire.

Oskar Hansen

Street Walker In Oslo

Street Walker in Oslo

As the black-winged night occupies my balcony
and spread its wings in triumph and shop lights
try in vain to illuminate and gladden a grubby street
I see you leaving your flat and begin your night shift
As you walk past splashes of yellow light,
I can see your white powdered face has not yet
settled into its customary inviting grin and your
lips are a machete slash where blood has coagulated
into lumps long ago.

Dressed in red tonight in the hope of attracting
rampant lust, but since you are an old bird
you are reduced to service those with a putrid need
for violence, but even in your disgrace I know
your heart is pure.

Oskar Hansen

Strolling

The Stroll

Walking along a long road in a 1950ish industrial park
high walls and closed down factories; dark brown,
And no green weeds in pavement cracks.

At the docks all ships had left, cranes stood in silence each one
ensconced in the terrifying loneliness of the soulless that knows
of no existence.

I found the office I was looking for, needed someone to stamp
a document, it was empty I waited till light faded from pictures
of stern-faced men on photos on walls.

This place had no real sunshine; a haze hung over here
making summers a pale affair, only in August did sun
penetrate drowning shadows in a white unpleasant light.
Outside, in the street going south, there were many me,
young ones, middle aged and some were even older than
I, which I thought was a good sign and secretly smile
For a moment I felt nostalgic wanted to look back, but
desisted we had, all of us, agreed that we must walk on
Never look back as the past holds a fatal attraction.
sooner or later the road must end and open up to a vista
of olive and almond trees, lemon coloured straw, faraway
blue mountains and pastel painted summers.

Oskar Hansen

Suits

I started work in an office, wore a suit that was cheap and too small. They stuck me in a backroom that had mustard coloured walls and no sunlight.

I sorted and filed bills that had been paid, and I never understood the point of it. Yet it was one up from my father, he worked for the council digging trenches by spade- yes it was long ago- when it was hot he wore no shirt muscular and tanned women sighed.

My father was married five times and died doing push ups; or so mother said. After a year I understood i was not going to be promoted, became radicalized and joined the merchant navy. In New York I bought a splendid suit that had enormous shoulder padding, I went to the office in the hope of getting a proper job, a woman there gave me her phone number, like I should be for hire!

The suit I have I wore seven years ago at a wedding in Brussels a man of sixty five was getting married to a woman too young for him. They were happy for six years then he couldn't get it up and in despair topped himself.

I will wear my suit if someone invites me to a party; it hasn't happened yet, I suppose it will not, old men, unless they are rich, find themselves alone most of the time...

Oskar Hansen

Summer And A Dog

Summer and a Dog

Pure sunlight on a forever blue sky, wasn't there s a song by Cliff Richard about "Happy Summer Holiday? " Beaches full of laughing people. Yes, I remember it well. Out of the sun glare came an emaciated dog, lost, it must have walked for weeks, but in the summer light no one had seen it. Near the houses it collapsed under a bush, I brought some water, left it alone. When the shadows got longer I brought food for it too, but it didn't need food anymore. The villagers came, no, no one had seen this dog; an untold suffering had come to an end. Wrapped the dog in a plastic bag, put it in the bin by the road. The sun was blood orange now and shadows so deep that we could see again. Too much sunlight is blinding.

Oskar Hansen

Summer In Finland

Summer in Finland

41 degree Celsius a summer to kill for or be killed by
I go out on my motorbike early in the morning and
when I return at ten it is already getting too hot.
It is beautiful and cooling and friendly greetings from
plants used to my presence that enjoy the respite of
a uniformly military sky and the sadist general
the sun who should be sent to Hague and atone for
his sins. With this being Sunday and the Germans with
their errand boys the Fins have been instrumental to
the breakup of EU

With today being Sunday which, is a day longer than
weekdays I have had time to reflect upon our idiotic
behaviour, with Hellas, what is left of our cultural heritage
all we have got left is heavy machinery and cell phones
made in Finland. But for us who remember history there
was a time when Germany and Finland were allies.

Oskar Hansen

Summer In The Bay

The bay of Cascais is empty today no ships at anchors
the sea azure and flickers of illusive gold coins sought
by those who seek an endless summer.

The town is oddly tame, from my vantage point I see
swimming pools, they look as delicate, clear tears of
a child who wanted to read clouds formation on a sky
blue as the sea. He often looks up, sees elephants,
castles and grazing sheep, today there is nothing but
ennui, it makes him sad. He wonders if sky and sea
once were one and was torn apart by a petulant god
who wanted to swim, sail and fish for his own delight.
Look, white clouds from the east, and afar he sees
a Russian schooner sail into the bay, it has red sails
and will cast anchor at sunset.

Oskar Hansen

Summer Island

The summer Island

On the island in the fjord where we use to go bathing
there is now a bridge over, a parking lot and you have to pay.
There are toilets- no peeing behind a bush- and kiosk selling
soft drinks and cigarettes, asphalted lanes to walk on and
signs, plenty of them, telling you what you cannot do
Last time I was here with my aunt and her lover the island
had bunkers and rusty iron bits from a long bitterly cold war.

A marina had been built and had a restaurant but you needed
to be a member and wear a blazer with golden buttons and
a white sailor cap; they resented local bathers it was no longer
a place for us workers, they strive to make life better but end
up privatising what used to be free

Oskar Hansen

Summer Night Up North

Summer Night

Sven, my best friend, had a motor boat, we`re young
and invited two girls with us it was a summer night we
had a cold beer, Sven who looked like an actor got
the best-looking girl

I wore glasses had to do with Sven`s girlfriend`s friend.

We fished for crabs at the black mountain that
dropped straight into the fjord and had no shoreline
we caught some and went to

a small island lit a fire to cook them,

I remember the light of the night it was not dark

but azure yet without the moon

it must have been in June.

I sat dreaming it was the contrasting blue that absorbed me.

My friend who had dark wavy hair had gone into
the bushes with his girl and I sat beside a sad woman
who like me felt rejected

I held around her tried to kiss her, but she refused,

and that was ok; I was here for the summer night

smoked cigarettes that glowed like ephemeral cats hunting rats

when I inhaled a lungful of Turkish tobacco,

drank more beer and waited for dawn

that in Norway was and is what poetry is made of.

As for the girl she had fallen asleep.

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

Oskar Hansen

Summer Tanka

Get me out of here
Ocean and sun are too blue
Perpetual boredom
White curtains, guard open doors
The sea calls my name in vain

Oskar Hansen

Summer Wine

Summer Wine

Summer of 1960 was the season of my life, war and poverty
had kept the family apart and for the first time...
and as it turned out, the last time too;
in a summer house overlooking a fjord and mountains that
still had snow on peaks.

My mother's generation has long since gone, as has my
generation too and I'm the only thread leading back to that
summer of beauty tingled with melancholy. It was as
we knew this was the end, like something precious was
slipping through our hands.

The days we spent together were covered in a halo of clear
light before light dims and the future is a track yet to be
explored. Yes I saw the crossroad and took a path which
lead me away from what I knew and held dear, it happened
this way, a kismet of which no one is the master?

Sometimes when driving along I suddenly laugh thinking of
bygone days, laughter of love that will be with me to end
of days.

Oskar Hansen

Summer Wine 2

The Last of the Summer Wine

The field of straw is white
in the summer glare,
and ringed by deep green vines
its fruit is still embryonic,
June is too early for them,
not before end of July will they be juice,
red and ready to be turned into wine,
a dark bottle with a fancy label
and it will be
said 2114 was a good year for wine,
before world war three began.

Oskar Hansen

Sun In Your Eyes

In the white sea of sun bleached straws
I saw a crow struggle, go under drowning
In the glare of sun heat and the end
of everything I was given the chance to
see, feel and intimately know.
An eddy of heated water was running down
the drain the wrong way hotter than lave
This must be hell and I ran away from
the struggle of the past and present dancing
in obscene sexuality in the shadow
under a carob tree... and I heard the raw
laughter of syphilitic whores mouths'
like gaping sore and a road of rotting teeth,
but I hear music to and am salvaged by a crow.

Oskar Hansen

Sunday

Sunday

Blank screen waits for me to fill it with strange letters,
but there is no haste as this is a lazy sunny afternoon.
Earlier today when the window shutters were still on
someone knocked on my door, I hid in the bedroom
didn't want to open. Been alone for a month now and
don't like to meet people and talk idly about nothing,
be polite and offer coffee and cakes.

Just been reading about the Portuguese in Zaire,
they took their culture with them and thought their
sweet African life would last forever- what a useless
word forever is- and now it is all memories in books,
few bother to read. This afternoon too will glide away
as I sit here, wondering who knocked on my door.

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

Sunday Evening

Sunday Evening

It is getting dark but in the west the sky is pink
The setting sun is beautiful to look at
I sit outside the church waiting for someone
For whom the mass is important, a father is coming
Out with his little daughter, she couldn't sit still
She sees the sky and asks her father why the sky is
Like this, he says something, and she giggles
It is six o'clock more people are coming out of church
A couple of beggars wait by the door
And there she is her African face smiles she wears
Bright colours as always
I start the car, and we drive home in good silence

Oskar Hansen

Sunday Morning

Sunday

The sun vainly warm white
plastic tables.

Sunday closed café.

I wrote my name in a dusty surface.

A nearly empty bus drives by,
inside two old ladies
vacantly looked into a memory.

A child sits on the curb,
plays with her dolls
while the subdued moped
leans against a flaking wall.
The day of rest in Iceland.

Oskar Hansen

Sunrays Dance On My Bed

Sun Rays dance on my Bed.

Sunlight arrives early
A few friendly rays
Sit on my duvet warming it.
I pat the sunlight
Still half asleep
Trying to remember the night`s dreams,
It is difficult,
Before they slip under the radar
Of my alertness.
I do not write anymore deep poetry
Only light things enter my mind
Water in the car
checking the oil using the dip stick
And air in tyres.
To think a week ago my heart stopped
But the ambulance people
Got it ticking again.
Spring and sunlight, yes this will be
A beautiful day.

Oskar Hansen

Sunsets

Sunset

Sun slowly falls
Tries as a hero in a western movie
Not to collapse
Drops of blood on white clouds
The sea is ready to embrace him

Ripples of delight
The sun sinks into her embrace
Soothing sea
Cold water on parched lips
Tomorrow the sun will stand guard

Give us daylight
Even when winter storm blows
When sea is irate
And they cannot meet till spring
When the she' ready for love again.

Oskar Hansen

Super Moon

Blue Moon

Super moon last night saw it from my terrace
18% brighter and 20% nearer a meteorologist
On TV said...how dry can one get?

Huge, yellow and beautiful, so close I could
touch it with a broom handle but I felt its pull
for a moment levitated and dared dream big.

Beauty should be shared till it becomes
a memory pooled by lovers, but you were not
there to see this wonder.

This was not a night for sleeping it was one for
nearness with the one you love and restless
I walked on sandy lane thinking of your absence.

Oskar Hansen

Superciliousness In Norway

Superciliousness in Norway.

"They crap in our forest, " an angry man yelled, Roma people had pitched tents near the forest where people of this tolerant nation go skiing in winters. They came here to find work but was meet with scorn and mistrust, they came in hope of getting a part of our largesse; the rich do not know this word. When people who used to be poor suddenly see they are better off than other countries, the first reaction is pride and an unbecoming arrogance, like it was their cleverness that brought oil up from the bottom of the sea... Now instead of being humble having had such luck they become reactionaries giving advice to less fortunate countries.

"They crap in our forest", nourishing an imbecilic nation that due to undeserved richness has lost contact with reality and human kindheartedness.

Oskar Hansen

Surgery

Surgery

I sat on the bed in the hospital bed, dressed in a new pajama-shiny and with dragons on-my wife had bought just for this hospitalization, reading a newspaper, the surgeon came in, said halloo told me his team was the best, reassuring smile told me not to worry. A girl, in blue came, served me soup and there was a sign on my bed that the patient should have no breakfast. Triple bypass I struggled to think of something grim like the hereafter and god, but was more alarmed about this stupid war in Iraq. At dawn they gave me a pill, I read a poem I had written about Marilyn Monroe which I liked; then of for hours I was suspended in dreamless nothingness. When I awoke I had lost the last trace of any religious beliefs.

Oskar Hansen

Surplus To Requirement

Surplus to requirement

My wife was her aunt a lovely woman of forty-four,
then she divorced her husband a man with a title,
a baron, because she felt bored by him – he was
tedious all style and a small brain- she took a
course and got a medical job that brought her far and
wide, in the world and she also got a new man and
we were happy for her, she was approaching middle
age entitled to some happiness

She stopped ringing us and when my wife rang her
she was always busy, she disappeared from view
and the silence became a chasm on unsaid words
But we know she is doing well has friends her age.
I said to my wife last time we saw her she looked
so remote we had become too old for her

Oskar Hansen

Surprise

Surprise

The queen in her gilded coach pulled by four horses
Came gliding on the sea and towards shore where a group
Of men waited to be knighted

They had done their duty kept their mouth shut and
Averted their eyes the state`s illegal acts and now their
Payoff a title and membership on a board

The queen came ashore she had a white lion cub in
One hand and a hammer in the other and with it she hit
Each man over the head they fell to the ground...dead.

The queen a Marxist revolutionary had been silent so
Long but that she was old, the truth had to come out
No gilded coach for her but she kept the lion cub.

Oskar Hansen

Surprise3

Surprise

The queen in her gilded coach pulled by four horses
Came gliding on the sea and towards shore where a group
Of men waited to be knighted

They had done their duty kept their mouth shut and
Averted their eyes to the state`s illegal acts and now
Pay off a title and membership on a board

The queen came ashore she had a white lion cub in
One hand and a hammer in the other and with it hit
Each man over the head they fell to the ground...dead.

The queen a Marxist revolutionary had been silent so
Long but she was old, the truth had to come out
No more horse -drawn carriage, but she kept the lion cub.

Oskar Hansen

Surreal Dreams

The cobwebs of dreams

It was a clear day...Too clear I thought. Mother sat in the kitchen, sunlight made her white hair into a halo. I asked how old she was, ninety-two she said; knew I was trapped in a dream she didn't live that long.

By the slow river I saw furniture drifted, my brother said it was people who lived downstream but bought furniture upstream and to save on the transport dumped the stuff in the river and relatives picked it up further down.

Sometimes a table or a chair got lost a risk they were willing to take. I knew this too was a dream.

Walked along a soft road in a forest, but something was wrong there was a strange red light emitting from trees; I was trapped inside a painting by a mad Russian artist; luckily I had a flick knife. I think it is morning, perhaps not, sometimes the line between and the subconscious emerges, maybe yesterday is today.

Oskar Hansen

Survivors

The survivors

Old age is a strange time you have no future and tend
to look back to what was is a dream.

How long does old age last?

My wife and I are closer than ever, but are we clinging
to a life buoy of eternity?

I look at her, she has problem walking looks st me
and we both think the same.

So used you to each strength and weaknesses,
how is she or she going to survive?

We have come to a point when our arguments are
a declaration of love.

The coward I'm I hope to go before her I can't cope
with the aftermath that can cause
resentment that fester for another generation.

And in early mornings I touch a warm body listening
to her gentle breathe glad to be alive.

Oskar Hansen

Sustainable Fishing

Sustainable Fishing

Theirs` s were small fishing vessels with painted eyes on the bow, the eyes of cunning

The men went out early to catch the biggest fish with hooks and line and at what landlubbers called dawn they were back with the seas harvest

Best price, their predawn caught of fresh fish.

Sometimes the catch was small yet enough to set food on the table for the children and a few glasses of wine for the fisherman and provider

Trawlers with big nets came this is business of today and never mind tomorrow.

A sustainable tradition had come to an end the new master didn't think of the future today the morrow can take care of itself.

Not many fishermen`s left in the bay they are mostly old and their catch is enough for dinner of the day keeping the ghost of hunger at bay

Oskar Hansen

Sweet Inheritance

Sweet Inheritance

He was going to live
Forever,
Had honey with
His coffee
Every morning
But his allotted time
Was up
In the basement
30 litres of
Honey
Sadly his only son
Has diabetes.

Oskar Hansen

Sweet Nothing

Sweet Nothing

I trapped the wind that made
dust dervishes dance in the back yard
Lured it into a sack with the promise
it could create a storm.

I hit the sack with a hammer this for
the wind had stolen my hair
and made me bald as an American eagle.
And Silvio works for me.

I beat the sack until the wind died.
and it got unbearable hot without
a cooling breeze.

I opened the sack and the winds was
blue as a Parisian afternoon.

Windmills and zephyrs will they ever be still?

Oskar Hansen

Swimming Pool

Tourist Hotel 's Pool

The swimming pool at the hotel is empty
guests are having supper.

On limpid water two big yellow balls float
asleep after being thrown about all day.

Around the pool deep green artificial grass,
and a ditto tree that sheds no leaf.

Nature has been recreated.

No fish will ever swim in a pool that has
blue tiles at its bottom to pretend
to be the real sea that is a few miles away.

Except for insecticide and chlorine there is
no aroma other than the smell of nothing.
so sterile, so insipid, so dead.

But wait, a young couple might swim here
late at night, make love and their juices might
mingle, bring a renewal, to this oasis of sterility.

But perhaps not, I see a sign telling bathers:
"Smile you are on camera."

Oskar Hansen

Sydney

The ship has docked in Sydney harbour officials have come and gone now the ship is eerily silent, yet noisy slamming of doors and someone taking a shower...laughter. How can I sleep tonight with the engine stopped? How can I read and not hear human bravura? Sod it all, someone strums a guitar, and I hear the fizzing sound of canned beer flipped open. No this can't go on better go ashore, a bar, drink a few schooners, try joining the hubbub of man at ease and not think of the sea, dolphins blue, white crested waves and the hum of the sea goddess, that teases me for my cowardice for not taking the plunge and be as beautiful as the seascape of my impossible dreams. Easy, tomorrow will be a mundane Tuesday and we, if the dockers do not strike, should be bound for Brisbane where the beer tastes the same, of amalgamated breweries. Yet, despite my lack of fine culture, I saw Sydney opera house casting dignified light into the bay...

Oskar Hansen

Symphony For Stringed Instruments

Grey mist creates a smaller world the eye strains
To see beyond the possible, where only the inner
Vision can see the unseen for which it can't blink
Close an eye, or turn away from disgusting truths.
Dull miasma dreamy as passing melancholy, turns
Angel white burnoose at dawn, with a hint of rusty
Harp strings, a whiff of green straws, full of tears
That will be handed out to children under five.

Aurora, the Roman Goddess of daybreak, when
Natural light puts night in a sack and throws it down
A well where nights of horror dwell but refuse to
Be still forever trying to escape its own darkness,
Longing to be back in some ones head, pining to
Be formidable and strong, but the day will not let it.

Oskar Hansen

Syria

Syria

In the ugly streets of Homs I lied on my back snipers´ fire hit walls and filled my nose with cement dust and the horrid smell of early death, the aftermath of abused young men who have only murder and agony as a leading light to their short future that holds no promise of peace.

Beside me a box shaped as a heart I knew it was a hand grenade about to explode, soldiers came the grenade was defused. They carried me in a chair to the ocean´ s strand. High tide came I was free to join the dolphins, I had tried life ashore it was fun for some time, but I always longed to join my tribe, where I need no speak and just be.

We swim between the Azores and the coast of Portugal and I` m bored to tears, which happens those who have grown out of their old culture, but nevertheless I falsely warn dolphins not to leave the sea, be tempted by the dry land´ s pearls made of tears spilt by us who will never get home, kitschy neon light and New Orleans´ jazz like it sounded in 1964.

Oskar Hansen

Syria`s Children

Syria`s Children

He sat down to write a poem for nature
When he closed his eyes and saw bombed out buildings
Rain dripping from wrecked concrete onto
The street where it formed a muddy pool but that
Didn't stop the children playing captains of the deep sea
Another bomb fell and obliterated this harsh idyll
What was left was mist and fire where it once had been
A muddy puddle.

His pleasant poem about a track and olive roots trying
To trip him up, the shepherd, his dog and sheep coming
His way the good smell of wool like an obscenity today
And did little to assuage his fear for the future.

Oskar Hansen

T.V

Television

My sister, a seamstress was the first in our street to buy TV, an ugly, shiny mahogany box in the corner, and since it was early afternoon and no program on, stood there blinking as having dust in its eye. Monday, film night on TV, the whole neighbourhood came and brought things to be sewn; curtains were drawn even though it was summer and still daylight, we sat in darkness, in silence caused by our awe. Back then the TV was run by people who wanted to educate us and we resisted all the Bergman movies, yet we watched enthralled by having a cinema at home that brought news and weather forecasts Glistening cars in the rain, where her house once stood there is now a parking lot; I'm the only one alive, but every face, the evenings are etched on my mind, glass clear in black & white

Oskar Hansen

Tamco

Tamco

Before space arrived

Time was not in attendance

Zero was nature

Stillness carried no echo

Until a soft breeze blew

Brought space, time and colour

Strange life forms appeared

And so did mortality

Oskar Hansen

Tanaka And Senyo

Tanka

Marilyn Monroe
I loved her so greatly
I wedded, a blond
She spoke with a scouse accent
When her roots turned russet.

Senryu
The ghetto, Warsaw
Turned into ghetto, Gaza
Moral high ground lost.

Oskar Hansen

Tango

Forgotten romance
Love is odd
Emotion
We argued a lot
She did me
Harm
Sleeping around
The drinking
She is old now
Like me
We live different lives
But my heart beats
Youngish
When I see her
She used to colour
Her hair red
Now it is grey
She wears a pony
Tail
And her eyes are still
Sea green
But she was
A lousy tango dancer

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

Tango In Argentina

Tango in Argentina

It was eons ago, in Buenos Aires, many of us around a table at a cafe
I can't remember why I was there think it was something to do with
buying race horses. A woman asked me up to dance I first declined,
shyness is my bane, after prodding I trotted up on the dance floor.
The band played a tango, not that I hadn't dance before, mother was
a dance teacher, something happened, I forgot about my timidity
just danced floating on a cloud of pleasure. We're alone on the floor,
when the music stopped, applause. Back at our table dad gave me
a glass of wine, the dream continued. I wanted to marry Dona Juanita,
my dancing partner; dad said no, she was married and too old for me.
But I have never since been able to emulate the magic of the moment
When I see a colt galloping across the pampas I know of the physical
pleasure it feels, once it was me feeling exuberant and timeless in
a world of everlasting youth.

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 Of The Newest Sort

Tanka

Tiny footsteps
Leading to a decorative pond
It had lilies and leaves
A scream tore the sky apart
Lilies and leaves

Oskar Hansen

Tanka % Senryu

Tanka

When utilities
Are privately owned
We are prisoners
Caught in a web of avarice
Capitalism gone viral

Senryu

On the opposite wall
The sun shines bright and summery
Typical!

Words.

When I speak
I get lost in the fog of words
When alone
I can see forever

Oskar Hansen

Tanka (Green Warfare)

Tanka (modern warfare)

Wars are going green

Solar powdered Sherman tanks

No carbon footprints

Combat zones smell of roses

Unsoiled air and sanitary deaths

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 (Wikileaks)

Tanka (wikileaks)

We strongly believe
In the freedom of the press
As long as it
Doesn't print truths about us
And endanger our democracy.

Oskar Hansen

Tanka 12

Tanka

Respect your elders
Mother always told me
But where are they?
Walking up and down the street
I see no one older than me.

Oskar Hansen

Tanka 2

Tanka

NATO...is

A mean military machine

Looking for a war

It found one in Libya

A monster's sweet taste of blood

Tanka

Hurricane Irene

Poured rain on Manhattan

The world press aghast

A coast guard shack damaged

U.S. under siege again

Oskar Hansen

Tanka 3

Tanka

Wake up at dawn

Listen to your gentle breathing

Can't bear the thought

That fate should be so cruel

Let me live after you,

Oskar Hansen

Tanka 5

Tanka

It is the nameless voices

The souls of those we never knew

That shapes our world

As it is today

We are the ghosts of the past and future.

Oskar Hansen

Tanka And Senryu

Tanka

Roses like soft rain
Deluge kills them brutally
Fallen pale petals
Drowning in a pool of regrets
As rain makes furrows in soil

Senryu

Floor cleaners are
Floor managers, wear logos
But pay is lousy.

Senryu

A man from Timor
Selling flowers to lovers
Lives on rejections

Oskar Hansen

Tanka And Senryu Of The Newest Kind

Senryu

A lie is

A poetic way of telling

The truth

Tanka

There are many truths

Fanatics think they have a monopoly

Their version is right

There are many religions too

Each on the keepers of the truth

Oskar Hansen

Tanka As Poetry

Tanka as a Poem

I have been outside
Nature is beautiful they say
It was rather cold
The sun, one euro polished
Clouds are the suns` flunkies

Inside looking out
Nature looks like fantasy land
You can`t lure me out
The wilderness is insecure
And sometimes the wind blows hard

I`m civilised man
Outdoor is discovery channel
Sharks and dark water
Nature needs a glass divider
Enjoying our inimitableness

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Couple

Tanka.

Does tailor Cohen
When sewing you a suit
Conspires to, enslave you?
Anti Semitics, think so
Do they buy suits off the rack?
Or find a Muslim outfitter?

Full face veil
Like the ghost of a schooner
Sails through our town
We fear and want her banned
A Muslim woman shopping.

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Form

Tanka (air travel)

Air travel

Like number nine to Garston

Lost its lustre

You will get nothing to eat

but you can buy well travelled food

Busy Sex.

Our Alger taxi driver

Had two wives and five sons

Worked 18 hours day

How come he had time for sex?

"O, it only takes five minutes."

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Humour

Tanka with humour

Into my café
Came whispering elephant
Drank hot chocolate
Ate fifty five croissants
Then, trumpeted like Satchmo

Into my café
Came an out of breath gossip
Told me a story
Napkins turned crimson
But it left without paying

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Like

Tanka like

we the classless
seek no revolution, only fairness.
We like quality
a well- balanced diet
And cold German pilsner.
The stinking rich,
one assume they do not have bath often,
can continue to pong.
We seek no egalitarianism
but cold German lager
and a comma- less life.

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 Newer

Tanka.

Greeted by applause
Bullfighter struts on the arena
Tight is his costume
Rolled up handkerchiefs in crotch
Let the historic play begin

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Style

Norwegian Tanka

This day had sunlight
Light shone through small windows
My office was a stable
The beast of burdens' air reminds me
That my work is not yet done.

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

Tanka Thoughts

Mayan culture

First you invade and destroy it

Then you mythologize it

And finally

Makes it a tourist attraction

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Too

Tanka

If there are no bees
There will be no pollination
Bees are plants sex toy
Dipterous are not up to the job
A bee is your survival

Tanka

We created god
And gave him too much power
Mental tyranny
Lucifer wanted power too
Was expelled and made hell

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Two

Tanka

It is cold outside
Yet almond trees bear flowers
Sun and rapid rain
Winter and spring dance tango
A green leaved oak applauds

Tanka

A charming princeling
Fight battles in a lost war
Pleased by his dimness
The tabloids are triumphant
He has made war glamorous

Oskar Hansen

Tanka Type

Tanka

Obscurant poems

Complicated word puzzles

Several meanings

Gives poetry a bad name

For those who like clarity

Lepidoptera

Do you mean a butterfly?

No, a caterpillar

Or maybe a swimming style

Something of short duration

Thank you very much

I shall treasure this always

Your profundity

But I fail to understand

The point of obscurity

Oskar Hansen

Tankaish And Senryu

Tanka

There are two visions
The irresponsible bygone
And the impending
Together they disappoint...big
As we just live in the now.

Senryu

Violent young men
Use the religion of Islam
To commit misdeed

Oskar Hansen

Tankarama

Tanka

Has a telephone
Which, rings in an empty room
A let down echo
Not cradled in a warm hand
And not heard a lover's voice.

Tanka

Dusty dance hall
Empty for twenty years
Echo of last waltz
Murmurs from wallflowers ...are
A sad whisper in the night

Oskar Hansen

Tanko

Tanka

I had so many dreams
They laughed the ones who had lost theirs
Told me I was a fool
But in their laughter I sensed their tears.

Tanka

There am two of me
One goes to hospital a lot
The other drives a bike
Thinks he is going to live forever
The sick knows better

Oskar Hansen

Tasmania

Tasmania

Wool of the sheep in Tasmania is full of soot a fire has destroyed the farms they belonged to. They have gone feral now grazing where there is any grass left...

In a country where insensitive incomers stupidly killed off the Tasmanian tiger, sheep are safe, no predators, but man. Tasmania, this land of bungalows, sheep and white immigrants seeking an Eden sans fear, then came the big fire and people had to flee into the sea to avoid getting burned. I was in Hobart once, it must be classed as the most boring town in the world; and to my utter disgust they sold margarine made of sheep's fat. Think of if fish & chips cooked in THAT FAT. People who live in a secure society do not improve their culinary taste or and their culture, tend to be provincial and they love fat sheep meat; an adoration which is typical for a people who lives in a cultural cocoon.

Oskar Hansen

Tasmanian Tiger, The Ebook

Oskar Hansen

Tears

Tears

When I was young

I cried for no one I drowned my sorrow

In pride of being dry- eyed.

And inside of me a dam of tears not shed

I had a dog she lived to fourteen I borrowed

A spade and dug her deep into the soil.

The dam busted.

For days I cried for my parents, siblings,

The dog and all those

I loved so deeply but never said I did.

Old now I cry easily when seeing children and animals

Being harmed

And it pines me to know

This is the way of the world and no God

Around the corner to save us.

Oskar Hansen

Tears Of Shame

Beware of over-romanticizing awkwardness
of a rich nation which cries over lost puppies
but takes no interest of starving children
in poorer countries, the foreign doesn't
stir the heart into action.

Yes, the slushiness nation sees them,
the dead, bloodied children, yet sees them not.

Few life pictures are shown on TV
death tallies mentioned in a hasty manner.

Is there a conspiracy of silence?

A new medicine that keep old people active longer
catches the interest,

Not to forget the lovely story of a disappeared cat
that found its way back home after two years,
and its tearful old owner.

Oskar Hansen

Tell Me A Story

Tell Me a Story

The man who asked me for money so he could take the train home,
a sad figure when asked he, didn't know where home was anymore.

And he told me a story how he lost his wife.

She was knifed when coming home from a girls' night out, just outside
their house, he heard her cry ran she was on the pavement bleeding
from a wound in her chest and the assailant had fled.

He had no phone everyone else had been running away, it was just
her and him in the dark street; he picked her up and ran barefoot to
the nearest hospital and passing cars would not stop.

She dies in his arms, knew she was dead when he saw her souls, as
plasma, leaving her body and she became slack and heavy in his arms,
forgive me I have left you down he had whispered.

I was deeply moved by his story and gave him money to travel to his
nowhere home. I didn't believe his story, had read the novel, but
thought he told it beautifully and had earned his keep.

Oskar Hansen

Telling The Truth

Telling of Truths

A brown horse galloped across a snowy field at the end of the pasture a fence, it jumped over and continued its crazy gallop into the woods only came to a shuddering halt when it saw a moose. Steaming nostrils, the moose charged, horse fled deeper into the woods. Where it met a forest troll who took it into his cave and gave the horse a bucket of hot chocolate to drink. Since the snow deep and tiring to sink into when walking, the troll also fitted the horse with snow shoes; also, the troll had no need of a horse led it back to its field. When the farmer came to fetch his horse and saw the snowshoes, he had a nervous breakdown and sent away to an asylum, where doctors tried to convince him it was all in his mind. But the farmer would have none of it. So he is still there and they will not release him until he agrees with them that a horse wears iron shoes and not snowshoes.

Oskar Hansen

Tempest

I met a twister
On a narrow country lane
A Sunday afternoon
When man had gone to the beach
Dismounted my motor bike
Just in case the little rascal
Wanted to have fun
But it took no interest kept on
Rushing down the lane
I sensed it had lost its way
And was looking for its mother

Oskar Hansen

Temptation

The Temptation

The girls in the bar that had floors made of
Stranded schooners timber came and sat by us
Many sailors had drowned here
On their way to Saragossa Sea their blood had
Run in the cracks on the floor
Drip, onto the sea below the colour of crimson
I looked into her eyes an evil goddess with
Green eyes yet I followed her to the rooms at the back
And she laughed when she caught me.

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 an 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

Ten Year Old Haikus

Haiku ten years old

Wet leaf in a pond
Ants abandoning sinking ship
Shore line yonder

Tsunami brewing
A child wades in a muddy pool
Escaping tadpoles

Ornamental pool
Red plastic bucket afloat
Eerie silence

Oskar Hansen

Tenderness

Tenderness

Her gentle shadow,
modest
as she was,
walked in front
of her.
And now that
she has gone her
shadow
lives in my mind
as a soothing whisper.

Oskar Hansen

Terra Del Fuego

Terra Dal Fuego (sonnet)

Ushuaia the southernmost town in Argentine when I dreamt
of going there, we got around about on sturdy horses
herding sheep with Portuguese immigrants, islands protect
Terra Del Fuego from worst of the oceans meet, and it is
called the roaring forties. Now it is a modern town no horse
manure in the road the smell of wet wool has gone too
yachts moored in the harbour they sail the Magellan Strait
thus avoiding the duel where two giant oceans meet

Ushuaia was the end of the world no one came here except
weird people and no temperature difference between
the seasons, yet no it is bustling with would be sailors with
rolling gait suited for a heaving deck, but they can wait for
calmer weather; the amateur sailors wore a captain's cap
and blue blazers with shiny buttons on

Oskar Hansen

Terra Del Fuego Two

Terra Dal Fuego (sonnet)

Ushuaia the southernmost town in Argentine when I dreamt
of going there, we got around about on sturdy horses
herding sheep with Portuguese immigrants, islands protect
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Oskar Hansen

Terror

Today I saw a hawk suddenly appear swooped and
grabbed a sparrow standing on a phone line.
It sat on an old oak tree tearing it victim apart
and since it was sated other sparrows flew about
without fear. The human world is more complex
we use religion to commit murder, this time as
often Islam a peaceful religion, has once again been
used as an excuse for murder.
This modern life soaked in blood, but we only react
to what we see, grisly murder enacted by idiots,
who do not deserve to be understood by liberals.
Yet I wish there were a phone camera ready when
drones tear limbs from the innocents' bodies, most
of them children who do not understand why.

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

Testing Water

Testing Water

It began with a sign in a window have your water tested here, I knocked
On the door, they had meant drinking water.

Next day I brought a bottle your water is not drinkable they told me

I rang the water board the fucking water I pay for is not drinkable.

It has not been drinkable for 26 years I was told you foreign swine the man
On the phone said. Listen to me you shit I was in Luanda in 1975 when
The Portuguese army melted away and we from the foreign legion had to
Keep the population safe. SLAM!

Next day the water board came cleaned the cisterna, the driver of the truck
Had lived in Norway for five years it was he said living with icicles 4 dead cat
Skeletons and a dog that still had fur on it head, I fed it and it grew a body
But the dog was not happy, when I took it for a walk it tried twice to tried to
throw

Itself under a bus, I learned its name was Prince, one morning it disappeared
And was found in a pond having been dead for fifty years it preferred to stay
dead

I understand that having tried to be famous for fifty years it is like waking up
And eating soggy cornflakes in the morning.

PS Morsi is wrong

Oskar Hansen

Texas

Texas.

Texas was for me a magic word, to be a cowboy, herd cattle
and in the evening, ride into town and sort out the baddies.
Mind I wanted to be a sheriff, but first I had to learn, how to
use a lasso. I jumped my ship in Houston, took a bus inland.
As light fell I saw a big ranch the bus stopped and let me off.
I knocked on a door told the rancher I wanted to be a cowboy.
He gave me t. bone steak and let me sleep in the bunk house.
At dawn the sheriff was there to take me back to Houston.
He wore Stetson and let me wear it till we reached the docks
and I had to go onboard, to cook lunch for the hungry crew.
When asked where I had been, I said I had visited my uncle
who has a ranch at a place called Panhandle.

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 knew 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 signed on, but did send 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 Christmas Day Lunch

The Lunch

We had Christmas lunch at a hotel, so posh floors shone like
a mirror you could not look down when passing a lady

People sat in little groups whispering, and the silence was
deep when some dropped a spoon.

Festive decoration was absent- we are adults- the music was
subdued the food was good but bland they were catering for
the English peculiar taste in insipid food that has no story to
tell it felt as being a guest at a wake

It annoys me if waiters are too attentive they, not bloody slaves
and should not behave like fucking sycophants. I like French waiters
they hate you and cannot hide it but nevertheless serve you with
Gallic elegance

In moments like this when everything is soo civilised, I like to
get up and make a Nazi salute just to shatter this inauspicious
politeness that shuts out anyone not belonging to their fraternity.

We left early was driving around sat in a park, enjoyed the sunlight
and everything was right with the world

Oskar Hansen

The Man Who Sold His Soul

The man who sold his soul

I can't let go of Christopher Higgins yet, not that I knew him, but I have read a couple of his books - not impressed- he is not an author. A very erudite man with a photographic mind He could remember everything he had read at University, and that is impressive and on occasion he used his scholarship prowess to dazzle an opponent to stammering silence.

But I have been watching man you tube programs of his act or performance and it struck me one day he has no depths and he is also an intellectual opportunist who realized which side of the slice of bread the butter was on.

He was a man who defected from his own youthful promises Who sang like a joker and received accolade, because he only ORaged against the has been - like Kissinger- no one likes him A mild criticism of the foreskin cutting Jewish practice, but he reserved his venom to the Arab world which it became clear he had only bookish knowledge. He had a good life in America and seduced by its naivety he continued unsteady journey

Oskar Hansen

The Price Of Water

The little lake, not far from the houses, has been dry for years and is full of thistles and rubbish. By, what was its shore, the sad rest of a rowboat I remember it was blue, and someone had nicked its oars; for firewood I take it. I used to row in this lake in the evening catching trout.

When the moon made the lake into shimmering silver my heart got quite wobbly by the beauty. Last week I crossed the lake on my scooter, it was not easy I lost my balance and was badly stung, gasped for air, felt as drowning in a dry lagoon. In the future the new commodity will be water.

Oskar Hansen

The Absence Of Mind

There is an elephant in the room it's in the corner eating my straw mattress the one I have had since childhood and could not bear to get rid of, because all my dreams are hidden in the stalks of cereal plants; white now as an old man's beard, yet soft as the fleece of a spring born lamb.

Ah, memory of a good life lived; sing for me let me write down what happened so long time ago when time was forever and forgetfulness was a youthful distraction on a jubilant day. Poor memory is more sinister now, what is forgotten will not be remembered, so I need my dreams.

It is true that once upon a time I was seafarer, but since I do not recall well, I have to invent my tales, yet I have seen and feared the irate sea. I must write all this down if the elephant eat the last straw my dreams will be blank screen.

Oskar Hansen

The Abyss

The cloud of Abyss

It was a perfect day cobalt sky and azure, glittering sea
When a stygian cloud came from the east the Lord of Wars
Had spat phlegm spraying us with horror

Inside this monstrosity body parts, headless bodies were
Flying by the noise was unearthly and my little dog
Sought shelter under my coat bought in Hamburg.

When the cloud had passed, I saw a landscape
Devastated as Ypres in the Great War when then as
Know millions of people had died for nothing.

My dog was limp and had stopped breathing I blew
Life back into it and in the terrible noise of the sky
We heard nothing, not even the stillness.

The master of wars was paying us a visit, the peace
We had enjoyed had lasted too long it was time for
Bloodletting, the revenge of the sand dwellers

Oskar Hansen

The Adulterous Sea

The Adulterous Sea

I drove to the top of a mountain along lanes that began in the mist of time. Looking north I could see the plateau of Alentejo, westward the Atlantic sea; it was her, the trollop; I wanted to see from a safe distance. Glittering azure tender and inviting, the tart. My bond to her, is that of a kind magistrate who in his youth, visited a whore who served him sinful pleasures that gave him a longing for the unobtainable. There were times, on deck, in tropical nights, when she called my name and I could have drowned in her balmy embrace, but she laughed turned away from me and loved someone else. I thought she was forgotten, till she reappeared and smiled in the sea green eyes of a woman I loved. She too walked away; loved someone else. I hear her song, the bitch of my life, the whispering and undulating waves. And I say: "Just one wicked embrace more, my lovely, and I will not dream of you anymore."

Oskar Hansen

The Adventure Of A Timid Man

The Adventure of a Timid Man.

The narrow dirt road I followed today was nothing more than a bumpy track, on both sides ugly trees and thorny, evergreen bushes I was trapped in the wilderness of enraged nature. Sun and deep shadows, god knows what lurked in them. Prickly silence, the noise of the scooter unnerved me, switched off the clamour; opaque calm. As a child when we played cowboys and Indians I was forever the redskin; trust me to side with losers. Tractor tracks which meant the road was leading somewhere. I heard grunts in the bushes maybe it was a boar and if it charged I had no defense, not even a folding knife. Whistled a Dixie tune, spoke loudly, the echo of my fear ran up and down the road. I drove on ignoring the imps that grabbed at my shirt trying to hold me back. And there I saw it the asphalted main road, now I had nothing to fear but cars and crazy drivers.

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 Air Of Fall

Autumnal air

The month of October in upper Algarve
with cooling evening and sunlight
begins to fade earlier every day.

Sky is still blue if a shade paler than
yesterday`s And has white wispy
strands of clouds near its horizon.

Windless, this day birds on the roof have
flown for a short break in Africa but will
be back in March to start a family.

The man from the forest has delivered
winter wood gave him whisky and
wrote him a check.

Oskar Hansen

The Alcoholic

An hour or so, but my mind keeping looking back to a past as trying to find the moment when things went wrong and contentment escaped. It easy to remember simple things like when a winter my mother couldn't get the fire going and through in my wooden fire truck, swearing at me for crying. But that is not the problem, because I understood when the room warmed and frost roses on windows thawed. Adults can hurt children more than they understand, when in 1945 my father came home from the sea, I was sick in bed, tuberculosis, my father pretended he didn't know this sickly thing on the sofa and said who's child is this? And ever since my life has been blighted.... Yes I know, you will say put the past behind you. But my sense of inadequacy was so strong I found as an adult that the only thing that made feels equal was alcohol. So I became drunk, if a tame one I never drink during the day but in the evening when despair knocks on my mind I drink to still the voice telling my I'm a fraud a working class fool thinking he is a poet. Alcoholism is not easy it doesn't really exist as it is an indicator of the unresolved. I write this and it is ten in the morn but already I'm counting the hours when I can have a drink.

Oskar Hansen

The Almond Tree And Prisoners

Almond Tree and Prisoners

As a child I lived near a farm a farm that was
next door to a prison camp. Russian prisoners
marched up and down trying to keep warm
it was January with much frost, year of 1945
I thought of this today on my walk passed my
almond tree that is situated so good it catches
most of the westerly sun, yet hidden behind
a Holm oak protected by Nordic wind blasts.

My tree is already flowering, it has pink petals
shivers a bit dressed in a delicate nightdress.
The Russians had to wait longer for their spring
when it came, it was false one, they were sent
home and put in prison camps for surrendering
to the enemy. For some the winter is endless.

Oskar Hansen

The Alternative

The Alternative

We lived on the third floor the loo was in the basement
I saw my aunt peeing in the sink while mother was out
It took days to figure out who she did it, I asked my sister
She wanted to know why so I told her, but females speak
Told my mother....trouble.

I often peed in the kitchen sink at night, what else could I do?
Ghosts on steps and landing fat rats having a bath in the bowl
I never told my mother if she came into the kitchen I pretended
brushing my teeth, I also masturbated into it but that was only
when I was sure to be alone.

My mother was strict with the hygienic routine we had a big towel
And since there were four of us we had a corner each.

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 Ambulance 1

The Ambulance

There is a midnight caller a blue light do a shimmy
on the ceiling in my room; mercifully the ambulance
didn't use its siren;
a group of women murmur near my door.

Dogs, our nocturnal sentinels,
nervously whine I know something serious is up,
hushed voices and soft slam of doors
as they carry old Manuel out
on a stretcher, his face is bluish pale.

Uneasy silence I take a heart pill, switch on TV,
something about six pack abs,
young people worrying about and are obsessed with their health
and how they look.

When I awake, it is morning
The TV flickers a mass of white and black dots.
Manuel didn't make it funeral at five.
I go back to bed,
don't want to face this day yet;
as I dream, the scent of flowers overwhelms me

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 Apparation

I saw a man kneeling beside the dead body Gadhafi
with a smirk on his face holding thumbs up... eleven
months later he was slain just like the tyrant....
He became an envoy a friend of the wrecked country,
a buddy working to make the country a rational state
the US way; a client state to help oil flow freely to
the west. But he forgot, as many do, the infamy Arabs
has suffered in the hands of the west... even if people
were glad a tyrant was gone they still found the picture
offensive. For they see the inequity of the selective way
the west pushes democracy on the weak.
A ghost looms, a cuckoo in the nest, it will not give up
until it has full power of the defeated and we blindly
follow this cuckoo ´s call into the abyss.

Oskar Hansen

The Arab Spring

The Arab Spring

Saddam Husain, Mubarak and soon Assad
will go... and we can be jubilant and call it
democracy and freedom.

But this does not include the Christians,
In Iraq there are hardly any left, in Egypt
they are under attack and when Assad falls
the Christian Arab will hounded, those who
are no able to escape...killed.

The rebels in Syria we now supply weaponry
to will, like they are doing in Egypt, be ready
to enforce their odious idea of Islam.

We, in the west must, if we are upright take
In the refuges and not let them fester in some
camps and fed by the Red Cross.

Give our Christian brothers a new spring, far
from the battlefield of hate and ignorance.

Oskar Hansen

The Argument

The Tiff

The games we play, I was busy when you called
had no time to speak to you.
So, when I rang you back you said, you were busy
and had no time to talk

Then you will sit by the phone, waiting for me to ring,
but hurt by your voice I will not ring before next day.
We will both have a bad night angry and lonely,
so when I ring, you will say something sarcastic
and I will slam the phone down.

Sleepless and tired days, something has to give
I pick up the phone tell you I love you,
you say ditto, the sun shines again, ah, this games
we play, we call it love

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 Art Of Catering

The Art of Catering

There was a time I believed everything I read, even in Reader's Digest. one such story was about a French soldier in the world war one who, in his breast pocket carried a notebook full of verses written for his true love in Lyon, a daughter of a welder. His adulation saved his life. It was not for me to reflect upon how a note book could stop a bullet. I told mother I wanted to join the French foreign legion get wounded, not too serious mind, all this to impress the girl next door she didn't like bookish boys who wore round black framed glasses. I threw my glasses away and for two weeks couldn't read and tended to walk into lampposts. I challenged the biggest bully in the school yard for a fight... and got a bloody nose. I became a trainee cook and the girl next door laughed till she cried. Back then cooking was not a big deal. Now that no one, not even women know how to make an omelet cooks or chefs are super stars and show their skills to adoring fans on TV.

Oskar Hansen

The Art Of Poetry

I often read poetry on the internet because from time to time, someone utterly unknown and might remain so, produces a pearl. Words that resonate like Tibetan bells in my heart, they tell of love and humanity what bind us together and transcend religion, creed and race. And I think if I only once could express this, just once, I would have donated to the world something of lasting value.

I´m a pedestrian poet, a man of the everyday, the none event of a shopkeepers daily life, the plane falling down from the sky, the dream that got lost, drowning seamen, in bitter seas. The nameless in the ocean of life that will for eternity be forgotten, yet dreamt like I do.

Oskar Hansen

The Art Work

The Art Show

At the art exhibition, it was about metal craftily shaped to resemble tulips and roses polished to mirror sharpness, and there were trees made of barbered wire and a painting made out of coat hangers, the type the give at the laundry and filling up your closet.

There were many buyers, what do you do with a steel vase with ditto steel roses, not in the living room or the dining table, perhaps in the study on a sideboard and forgotten.

Do metal roses rust, can they be rinsed under the sink and dry in the sunlight.

It was spring outside a beautiful lawn and many a variety of flowers and tress but that is not art.

Oskar Hansen

The Artist And Wine

The Artist and a bottle

Saw him at the supermarket,
had seen him before
when he was a child, he bought two litre bottles
of plonk,
told him to buy a better quality wine,
he didn't listen to me.
I shared a table with him and
a painter in the park,
they sat there drinking didn't offer me any.
The artist, disturbed by our silence
got up and began painting a tree,
red trunk, black leaves and something yellow in between,
I thought of the Belgian flag;
winter dark place, windy many canals, but the beer was good.
The artist, now famous, sold his tree moved
away and said deep things to magazines about art.
My childhood friend died; cancer it was said, but it could have
been the cheap wine.

Oskar Hansen

The Aspiration

The Aspiration

The rose by the wayside was picked by a man of self-standing, and it turned modestly blue, alas the day wore on and the man threw the flower off his lapel and for the simple reason it was not as innocent as picked this morning.

Someone green left wing saw the flowers and planted it in his pot of natural fertilisers. The flower grew and bloomed pink not being sure where to belong I had only seen one like that before and that was in the black forest.

The plant was put up for sale as it had three colours by those who had saved it and the longing for an upper-class life? Expensive few could buy it but the man who had thrown it away did and the flower was glad to be upper class,

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 Assistant

The assistant

At the doctor`s surgery, he had a young girl
training to be a diabetist; she had Chalcedony eyes
that shone brightly as onyx, her skin alabaster
without any blemish, a shy smile played upon her lips
a Mona Lisa unpainted.

I was a witness to perfection a beauty that can`t last
time will wear her down she will get a line between
her pert nose wrinkles around her eyes, of sadness
or laughter one hopes for the latter

Will the world fall into a devastating war and she
a victim of either hunger or radiation.

This didn`t mirror on her face only her glorious youth
and I was lucky to be an observer to the twinkling when
time stood still long enough for me to admire an ideal.

Oskar Hansen

The Atlantic

The Atlantic

Thought I was over it now, the call that is my destiny;
twice I have tried to be a part of the sea,
but I failed swam to the surface inhaling life giving air.
I have moved inland, far from the sea,
where there is a puny lake and it dries up in June.
I have no son or daughter that will visit me
at the old people's home.
No one to fuss over me tell me not to smoke or waiting for me to go.
The sea is my friend.
My youth was spent there, alone at night standing on the deck,
of a ship, talking to the ocean, listening to its warm hum;
I resisted wanted more of life I think.
I have been wrong now that I'm old and have lost my dignity,
holding on to life when every
stab of pain tells me I'm there.
The sea has retreated I know it waits for me to know when it
is time to go home.

Oskar Hansen

The Author

The Author

A man was coming to stay with us at our little farm, this was years ago when someone who could read the papers was an intellectual or if not a clever dick too smart for his own good.

The writer was supposed to work too, as to get the feel of farm life. But he was weedy didn't want to help with mucking out in the barn in the morning, he had to go back to his typewriter.

Finally, his manuscript was done he left a big eater he was not missed. Two years later when the book came out it has little to do with us but how hard he had suffered pretending he was a child slave and much was written about this, but no one came to our farm asking us about the man. Time has changed today people would have asked questions and not taking printed words for granted

Oskar Hansen

The Awakening

The long Awakening

My first wife's house was very small. She wouldn't let me sleep
In her bed, said I could sleep in her bathtub.
In the night I woke up, thought I was in a coffin, got up,
opened the bathroom window and saw the moon washed sea.
I have seen the same sea from many portholes always enchanting,
And my cabin was a pool of stillness.
Walked out of sleeping house, by the steps, my old dog,
I patted its head it wagged tail, but refused to come with me.
Under a lamppost, in a circle of light, I stood waiting for a bus
I knew would never come.

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 Bad Old Days

As one get older the mind harks back to the past
To find what has been overlooked and the field of
Memories is not bare, in glints of forgotten items
Some of are not flattering for my self-esteem.
There was this problem of taking umbrage for
The slightest offence, or rather what my young self,
Saw as slight against me.

There was this rage against people, who criticized
Me, I was full of what I today call poor man´s pride.
When some kind folks gave my mother I threw
The damn coat out of the window, never should we
Take charity; I was fifteen years at the time; mother
Needed that coat she jumped out of the window too
– It was a year with much snow- she landed softly,
Grabbed the coat and went to bed with it.

Oh, field of memories let me forget the past, if I can´t
Forgive myself. if you want to give me a winter coat
I will accept, it gets cold in Algarve wintertime.

Oskar Hansen

The Balancing Act

The balancing act

New Year's Eve how fine it was
Red wine and grilled meat
An exhibitionist dance alone
On wooden legs
Fell into a lake of wine almost
Drowned till someone pulled the plug
And he waded ashore to the strand of
Safe temperance
Today he sits in the corner of the restaurant
A plate of soup and a bottle of water
Around him, tables are full of revellers who
Try to stretch
The New Year Eve just a bit longer.
He looks at the people and wonders
Who will be alive next year?

Oskar Hansen

The Balfour

The Balfour /
Today in London /
They celebrate the Balfour declaration /
A historic shame / Israel by its existence /
Is momentous theft

Oskar Hansen

The Bath House

The Bath-House

When I was twelve years old I discovered
a bath-house near the docks we didn` t have a bathroom
at home only a toilet for four families.

In I went- I had my intrepid moment- cubicles were you
Could undress in peace get a piece of soap, a towel which
was a novelty.

My first shower, god how I loved it warm water and soap
I might have, no, I don` t think so that came later.

I had a shower as often as I could the bath-house was shut
on Saturdays and holidays.

It was incredibly cheap but for a boy 1 Krona was much
I had to ask my aunt for money to buy sweets and shamelessly
used them for my secret vice.

Well, the bath-house has gone a block of expensive flats with
a view of the harbour. Everything changes but not always
for the better

Oskar Hansen

The Bay

The Bay

There was a storm in the bay furious waves
of green sea trashing onto sandy shore and
the pretty road, the one which follow the bay,
has been closed for days.

Now however the rage of the sea is gone and
the bay is calm, like the storm never happened,
but look closer and see the sea is gray pale,
anger doesn't becomes it.

Haar is coming in and soon the bay is covered
in a shawl of melancholic mist and silence,
where anchored ships move slowly and dreamily ~
on contemporary tranquility.

Oskar Hansen

The Bay Today

The bay is green today like grassland a spring day
moments before it's invaded by cattle and cowboys
with six shooters full of dust.

Yesterday a tsunami struck filled houses with icy
water, to day shopping is free you can buy whatever
you desire but Persian carpets are water damaged.
Angry water is brown as a hord of stampede cattle
unthinking just moving forward unaware of death
and its own impending destruction.

Friendly and soft the bay is today, like a milk carton
cow painted green to better be seen on supermarkets
shelves that also have blueberry yogurt on display.
A, this inlet forever trying to be apart from the sea,
yet cannot stop a storm from spitting foam.

Oskar Hansen

The Beast Of Burden

The Beast of Burden

These last words of this collection
Is salutation to mules, donkeys and horses?
They have disappeared from city life, yet without them
No city would have been built
From the landscape to they have gone without a lament
Without them, no field would have been ploughed
We owe them our way of life.
They were sacrificed in our senseless wars.
We remember them not and that sadness me
There is a hole, in landscape a white dot beside an oak
Where the mare of many foals stood
I miss the sturdy beauty of donkeys and mules,
And the aroma of their work is gone, and we are poorer
For the vision, we shall not see again

Oskar Hansen

The Beer Drinker

The Beer Drinker

Seven, the shop in the village closes at eight, something my wife needed...so ok. I took the narrow road the one that has trees on both sides it is a bit longer and I did not have to do this but I had been drinking beer didn't like to be stopped by eager police they have been coming down on foreigners, giving fine for anyone over the legal limit they get a percentage of the fine.

In the middle of the road, I stopped light from my car casted a un- earthly impression and I saw wolves crossing the road, wild boars galloping as avoiding an enemy or enemies, hares in burrows and glades trembled. The nightlife of the damned, their night was not a cosy fireside where fairy tales were told, a struggle to survive this night, to forage food, they are more scared of each other than of me. Life of wild animals is short sharp and painful, - or is it- yet we have no right to interfere for they are free and live a life that within its confine has mirth and happy pairings.

And then the full moon came I got out of the car undressed and bathed in its blue, silvery light, shivering but it was worth being at one with nature which we lost and still think we can regain. My wife never got her the garlic, but I was not bitten through the night, but my love for the woman who married someone else still appears in my dreams.

Oskar Hansen

The Beetles

The Beetles

I will now write a love poem and will include
heart, souls, roses and a box of chocolate with nuts inside
but a song by the Beetles keeps getting in the way
"Will you love me as before when I`m sixty-four? "
It was in Tokyo when heard the song I was visiting a girlfriend
who was a stewardess on a liner, the song said it all.
A few days later I met a cook smelling of booze and underarm
sweat, he told me my girlfriend had a lover on the ship
a steward, I confronted the man we had a fight and I was thrown
ashore. She had stolen my heart, but I had the song;
so I will not write this love story after all,
perhaps tell you a story of Frieda, who collected monkey poo,
kept them in glass bottles and inhaled the scent
but she produced wonderful paintings.

Oskar Hansen

The Big Eve

Tracer bullets on the night sky Aleppo seen
From a hotel veranda, I hear screams, but
It is the raucous laughter of too much wine
Noon in Sydney and New Year festive
Rockets in the sky or perhaps I 'm seeing
a war that has not yet been declared or
perhaps I have seen the future the holocaust
of mankind, the last hurrah and the blow
of a whistle calling full time... Whatever it was
I saw spectacular colours like rubbing ones
eyes when tired and seeing mystical rainbows
belonging to an unknown existence.

Oskar Hansen

The Big House

The Big House

I could not live in a house with many people
Voices at all hour of the day no privacy the precious moment
When the world rolls slower and I can hear time`s clock tick
In a house full of people there is a din of violence to come
And whispering sin at night
Flushing toilets, subbing feet
The tears of the misbegotten those who are cheated on
Drunken brawl screams and police sirens.
TV that is full of banalities
Every news programs from the same supplier.
To live in a house full of people must be very lonely
With no time for reflection

Oskar Hansen

The Big House Bigger

The Big House

I could not live in a house with many people
Voices at all hour of the day no privacy the precious moment
When the world rolls slower and I can hear time`s clock tick
In a house full of people there is a din of violence to come
And whispering sin at night
Flushing toilets, subbing feet
The tears of the misbegotten those who are cheated on
Drunken brawl screams and police sirens.
TV that is full of banalities
Every news programs from the same supplier.
To live in a house full of people must be very lonely
With no time for reflection

Oskar Hansen

The Big Lie

The Big Lie

My daughter rang from Spain where had gone to see her mother,
to tell me she would never speak to me again for telling her mother
had disappeared in Spain under mysterious circumstances.

She had met her family, uncle, and aunts, who lived under canvas,
that was what I didn't want her to know.

I tried to explain that there was a better world waiting for her
than tent living had little future, she needed an education. But
she wouldn't listen and slammed the phone down.

I remember her first day in school when I had to stay outside
so she could see me and when we went for walks in the forest
and saw all the animals I conjured up.

Has she forgotten all this?

Unbearable silence in the house, my dog is sad and sits behind
the sofa, shall we never see her again?

Oskar Hansen

The Big Sleep

The Big Sleep

The beginning of suicide begins with sense of
Life tiredness, there is a French word for it
"deja vue" a sense that it have happened before
A nice word to use when impressing someone,
but life weariness is when there is no
morning glory and watering flowers in
the garden is a duty and not an act of tenderness
Books are left unread we already know the ending
If it is a good writer
Love turns into routine like and old dog that farts
And we have stopped noticing because the morning
Hurt your old eyes as it always does.
We like to enter into the realm of nothingness
Slate not written on and the only way
To hasten the boredom is to help it along, but we
Continue to live as it is the only thing we know.

Oskar Hansen

The Biggest Flood

The Biggest Flood

Pakistan, the biggest flood ever recorded the newscaster tells me,
has he forgotten about the biblical flood and Noah?

I could be that after years of flooding in Noahland that he got
the idea of building a boat, big enough for his family and cattle.
Of course his neighbours thought he had lost it, his sons too were
skeptical but helped their father building a wide hulled boat;
in the inn at night they often got into fist fights, when funny
remarks were made about their father's crazy venture.

After weeks of rain he boarded and boat and it didn't sink.

When the rain stopped and the sky was clear all Noah could see
was water everywhere. Not a navigator Noah just drifted about
hoping to find land; and as water level fell he hit a reef which
turned out to be a grassy mountain slope. The biblical story is
certainly true, if it isn't it is still worth thinking about its wisdom.

Oskar Hansen

The Black Enigma

The Black Enigma

In many big cities both in America and in Europa there is an under- class of black people or shall we say people of African background, but that will not be correct as many black people come from Jamaica, Trinidad where their forefathers have lived for generations.

The black youths seem unable to lift themselves out of this mire although many black women have they are a shining example it is possible to get an education move upward.

Alas, it is not the case of the black male for whom idleness is a way of life and of petty crime to get money and a car going to jail a prize they accept paying a ticket to respect amongst their peers - losers- a possibility to become a gang member and to be loyal to its violent creed.

To solve it white do- good people should stay away and let black individuals who have been successful the state can provide leadership

the money to schools and teachers must be provided by the state if not, there will be revolts every year amongst the haves and the haves not because we keep patronising and finding excuses for the black male which is debasing and racism at its worst

Oskar Hansen

The Bleak Heart

The Dark Heart

He sits in his cell can't read newspaper or use the internet,
the centre of his mind is the coldest place on earth, and
so much of him is us.

He committed an unspeakable crime killing children,
his mother died for his sins; his father hopes his son will
Will have the sense to commit suicide.

His cell is frosty blue; those who feed him avoid eye contact,
no one reaches out to touch him and former friends,
Even those in sympathy with his fascism have forsaken him.
He cannot hear this he will not hear, he is king of
his mind - a prisoner- and must not stray from his path.
Cosmic Loneliness, if he wakes up from his slumber of
self-delusion and sees how grotesque he is,
there will be no one who will embrace him and give succour

Oskar Hansen

The Blond Haired Girl

Golden locks

The girl I fell in love with years ago when summer
was excellent, and we bathed in
the lake I didn` t ven kiss her but patted her shoulder.

I wanted to embrace and kiss her making her
mine

but feared to ruin our friendship which was
for me

a costly gift in my new life in a foreign land.

I had written about it before she was so young,
her bright, lovely smile I could not risk that with my
clammy hands around her slender waist.

There was more I had lost someone like her
before

I had lost her in lust and forgotten her
friendship she

had been my mate till she tired of me and
left.

She is still there in the village, divorced now with a son and a daughter who treat
me

like a grandad, they treat me well ring and bring me gas bottles when needed,
and it strikes me by not making love to her, I got the best friendship can offer.

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 Blue Line

The Blue Line

What a week for the international press
Brexit and its endless drips of small minded politics
The French winning against Germany at last
A vindication of unsolved hatred
To top it up the murder of five police officers In Texas
No doubt there will be a liberal understanding
Black people have been killed by the police
So it is ok then.
Not so, there is no excuse for murder
There is nothing here to understand.
The cities of America are awash with arms
It is the citizens right to bear arms
They fear the government may turn against them
The eagle of war has come home
US troops have killed many civilians in Afghanistan
When people are disrespected
When people are seen as inferior,
The soul is poisoned
And uniformed men are killed in Texas
Is it poetic justice?

Oskar Hansen

The Blue Plant

The Blue Plant

In a clearing in the woods there is a blue plant that is illuminated from the inside and shines long after dark, but if you stop and stare its four petals curl up, light is switched off and it looks another way; this because it lives in fear of being recognized by a passing botanist and classified as a minor little weed not worth bothering about.

As I'm only a sailor who lost his sextant and ended up in a wrong vale and not Singapore which was my intention, I have its confidence So I asked: 'what if the botanist finds you the most beautiful flower he has ever seen, then you will be famous, poets will go all tearful and lyrical about you and you'll appear in illustrated books.'

The blue flower's light flickered on and off it was clearly in distress petals in a flutter and shakily it said: 'I fear fame it's an awesome responsibility I have to shine and shine always look my best and there is no turning away when things get tough and they will ask me about stuff I know nothing about and critics will ask 'is blue the only colour you have got'

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Oskar Hansen

The Blues

The Blue

This day so restless and sad no, not the day
The sadness rests in me this unhappiness that will
Last for days a holler into darkness
A bus that never stops outside my home doomed
To see it through a dirty window
And I`m overcome by the pointlessness of my
And humanities existence we lost out way to
The land ease and contentment and so it must be
The seasons get shorter and shorter. And the old
Tree`s denuded branches stretched heavenward
Dumb and useless.

Oskar Hansen

The Boat Trip

The boat Trip

I had bought a crate of beer, my friend and I was going out fishing, he had a motorboat in the middle of the boat, a smelling thing but it brought us forward.

Only he had devious other plans, came with a girlfriend and her friend too and I was stuck with the ugly one.

We crossed the fjord and in a bay on a small island sat drinking till the crate was empty. He went ashore with his girlfriend to have sex behind some bushes I sat there and was not romantically inclined to flirt with the girl who only a mother could love but not an eighteen- year- old.

The silence of us two on board was deep but not meaningful

I felt rancorous and she perhaps felt the same.

But I remember we were drinking Heineken and for some reason the beer was called Berlin, I still wonder why?

Oskar Hansen

The Boxer

The Boxer

He had the saddest eyes I have ever seen
hands trembled like a drunkard`s
after a fortnight's bender but a dipsomaniac
can always have another drink
Ali could not Parkinson`s disease saw to that
This poet of the ring a victim of success
egged on too long, just another fight my love
Honours and medal they bestowed him
it came too late his voice was but a whisper
In the glade butterflies fly as he once did
but not as fast as Mohammed Ali.

Oskar Hansen

The Broken

The broken mind

In the gorge, near the river that died five years
ago and is a pale scar running from inland mountains
and down to the coast,
unheard words of lovers come here to die;
"I love you, "" Come back to me" "I can't live
without you."
Whispers in the breeze for no one's ears but
the intrepid that comes here to conquer his own fear of love.
It is easy to get lost here trees are unfriendly
have thorns and branches snap
when you try to climb to see where you are,
and wild beasts follow wait for you to succumb,
fall asleep so they can eat your brain
leave you confused, and rescuers will say:
"Poor man has got the Alzheimer."
The stillness hears fearful screams, the unheard
last effort before sinking into silence

Oskar Hansen

The Brolly

The Umbrella

It was a rainy sort
Of afternoon, when I crossed
The bridge didn` t notice
Half it was missing.
Held on to my brolly when I fell
Parachuted landed on a barge.
They needed a deckhand.

The sea was a black mirror, the cook
Was artistic and pissed we only had
Bacon butties that day
I gave the collapsible canopy to the first mate
It was green and covered
In seagull droppings

Oskar Hansen

The Bronze Medal

Olympic Medals

I dislike bragging
But once I won a Bronze medal
For running
Sixty metre
I wore the medal
Every day
And when going to bed
Put it under
My pillow.
One day it was not there
I think my brother
Took it
It was found behind the bookshelf
Yes, we only had one
10 years later
By then I had become blaze
Gold was the goal
But I had never won a thing
Since my day
Of copper coloured brilliance

Oskar Hansen

The Bug

The Bug

Is Love a compulsion, the sudden idea that this person,
no others, will meet all your need and make you happy.

It is a moment, falling in love only happens once when
you are among the blessed and anointed by the gods.

For some, the illusion lasts a lifetime for others it falls
at the first hurdle of familial tediousness.

Luckily love is transferable you meet someone else who
will make you happy but it will not be the same as first
time, no matter how many times you try to love, is a gift
only given once, the rest is repetition

Oskar Hansen

The Bus Trip

The Bus Trip

We are driving to Cascais on Sunday my wife wants to take the bus she thinks we are too old to drive 300 miles.

On the bus, you might risk sitting by someone who can't afford water or soap that is a low grade working person on his way to use a spade and whatever to build a trench that keeps the water away when it is raining

I`m a tonic water socialist and read the Guardian, crystal glasses and a sneaky fag on the loo. To meet a proper working class person would shatter my illusion and bring back a memory of my father last time I saw him it was on a bus and he was drunk.

I will drive- anyway- not long from now I will not be able to they are putting up obstacles to stop us old ones driving

Oskar Hansen

The Business Of Cuisine

The business of Cuisine

Two tins of Swedish meatballs in cream sauce.

The Swedish export their soul even if it is hidden in tins.

Unsalted mind stem and a heart of creamy white gravy.

The new world is about buying and selling, and that is ok,

Chinese dumplings bought at a pavement cafe it took days
to settle my stomach

So you think I know nothing I have been dining at a posh
Chinese restaurant with rotating tables

I said then, but not too cosy up to the host, Chinese food
was leading in the fields of cousin.

That was when I had the misfortune to go to Paris.

excellent food but served with an arrogance that was

off putting. I thought is there nowhere were people serve

food without prancing trays about. Finally, I did in

Alentejo (Portugal) where food is served without fanfare,

because the food is natural, wholesome and good.... and

if you are not driving, try their superb red wine and avoid

a French philosopher whose vanity is shifty as Libyan sand.

Oskar Hansen

The Cake Shop

The Cake Shop

There was a small cake shop near the bath-house
If I had money went in there for a coffee and a cake
the girl behind the counter smiled I fell under her spell
and my heart beating too fast made me dizzy
Her name was Berta and the loveliest thing on earth
I must invite her out for a walk in the park.
She closed her shop at five I borrowed brother`s tie and
used his after shave. Alas outside the shop stood a man tall
and handsome I walked by and into a deep shadow.
When she came out, they kissed and walked hand in hand
down the road, she said something and he laughed.
Devastated I sank to the ground and bitterly cried how stupid
I had been the burning shame, couldn`t go into her shop again
had she told him about me when she laughed?
Found another place where an old lady of thirty served I felt at ease
with her, she laughed and often kissed me.
But life is not sweet chocolate I had to work and with no education
I joined the merchant navy a place for poor boys who didn`t want
to work in factories, and left dreams behind. Or did I?

Oskar Hansen

The Caliphate

The Caliphate

Let us think the unthinkable

Let ISIS have their caliphate and be a state

The Zionists took Palestine and called it Israel

Europeans settlers killed off the Indians

And now it is called USA.

The brutalities and horror from ISIS is terrible

But from an historic perspective

Worst things have happened and will again it is

The human burden to kill for its own sake and

Greed for land

In time, it will be a state with institutions they can

Practise their Sharia law and behave like the Saudis

We will buy their oil and they will leave us alone

To practice our odd democracy

Oskar Hansen

The Candidates

The candidates for world dominance

The contenders who want to sit on the highest branch on the tree of power should

not be elected because they want it too badly

Theirs are a grab for dominance for its own sake and if lucky the book of history, the part where leaders are remembered, we know Saddam Hussein, Stalin and Hitler

they too are remembered by history and given enough time will be Admired and books will be written in their defence

The contenders talk about trade meaning high finance, not a factory that produces

products and employ people, they mean the banks, money lenders.

They fear ordinary people but keep us enslaved by debt we should take a stand as they do in Palestine, who are spied upon day and night, yet the truth slips through

the occupier can arrest you for a joke.

No one lived here before we came it all belong to us as they proudly lie to themselves

as they slowly sink into the apathy of a frozen culture and self-loathing.

Tomorrow it will be your turn to be arrested for speaking your mind.

Oskar Hansen

The Carafe

The carafe

Bought a bottle
Of posh red wine
I look
It looks at me
I look
It looks at me.
I get furious
It is empty now
Threw it in the bin
Who wants to?
Look at an empty
Bottle
If you are not
A collector of labels

Oskar Hansen

The Carafe 2

The carafe

Bought a bottle
Of posh red wine
I look
It looks at me
I look
It looks at me.
I get furious
It is empty now
Threw it in the bin
Who wants to?
Look at an empty
Bottle
If you are not
A collector of labels

Oskar Hansen

The Caretaker

Oskar Hansen

The Carrousel Of Sex

The Carrousel of sex

My sister held a party she lived across the road from us
my wife wouldn't go she was not on speaking terms with
my sister as they often did.

There were many women there, and one was especially and
charming laughed at my feeble jokes and when it got late
I agreed to follow her home as it was dark and autumnally
we had sex on a park bench, but it struck me as sordid and
I pulled away said sorry and walked home.

I was riven by guilt and also anger this was a trap I a man
had walked headless into I cursed my stupidity.

back home my wife was fast asleep she had been a the gin
we had breakfast at ten, it was a Sunday, and I was quite said
I was still tired and waited for her to berate me, she didn` t.

In the affairs of the heart, it is better to tell an untruth
because women will only believe what they have decided
to be the verity

Years later after we divorced- for another reason- she said
me she had been sleeping with the man who collected rubbish
every week and I thought of the woman in the park and my
sister who had a reason for disliking my wife

Oskar Hansen

The Cat House

The Cat House

Morning in Aruba, the cock has crowed three times and men get out of beds that have been slept in by hundreds of other men. They are sad men, lost in thought what they did in the night do not bring relief but shame.

Taxis are waiting to bring them back onboard; some are so overwhelmed by the tardiness of it all that they need rum & coke to drown the sense of self loathing.

In the court yard an old woman swipes the dance floor, a cat sleeps in the cooling breeze, it and the old woman know the same men will back at nightfall.

Oskar Hansen

The Cavity

I know of a man, who was digging in his field, he had seen China on a map and wanted to go there, and by his estimate China was just under his feet. It I was a cumbersome job and the hole was deep almost hundred feet... and then its wall collapsed- in a round hole there is only one wall- he was never seen again. For many years when someone died in the village the digger came, from it was said that so and so had gone to China. But wait the story of hopeless travail didn't stop there.

There is legend in Manchuria of a strange man who suddenly appeared in a paddy field pointing to the ground looking for a lost hole, said he wanted to go home which was impossible. Digging a hole for yourself is not a smart thing to do, because when you leave the safety of what you once knew there is no telling what you might find, a gold mine or a rice paddy.

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 Child In Us

The Child in us

Outside I see life hurdle past at a speed
leaves vapour trails behind and as I eat my soup, a child
in Rohingya dies of malnutrition.
It is morning after the party, and I try to feel guilty about
the food we ate and cannot, and now as I write a child
in Yemen died of a shrapnel wound to its stomach.
What a sin we commit not given an infant a chance
to live a life of peace, but this, not the full story we in
Europe is quick with the scalpel taking life before it is
born and we feel no guilt, just another lost day at
the clinic of death.

Oskar Hansen

The Cigarette Smoking

The cigarette Smoking

When I lived in Britain that place where refugees in Calais
try to hide in a lorry for the crossing to the promised land.
And haven where pubs are full and pints of lager is a dream
a longing for the unobtainable.

I liked to visits pubs more often than my wife liked not so
much for the ale, one can buy beer and drink it in the park,
(I remember Birkenhead Park before I got a job and a room)
it was the cosiness of drinking and smoking.

Then we were invaded by the health brigade and that was ok,
and we had to go outside for a fag.

This was no good for my health leaving a warm pub to go to
the winter outside I got a cold so bad I left the country.
Since smoking was no longer sociable I stopped. No doubt some
scientist will tell us a bit of nicotine is good for you.
For me it will be too late, I like nothing more than having a meal
at a restaurant free of stale tobacco smoke.

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 Cleaning Lady

The woman who comes and clean the house
once a week, has a voice like a foghorn, she speaks with
a Gypsy accent I have to guess what she says,
anyway she ignores me when I say: no need to water the plants
there will be rain tomorrow; well, it is morrow now.
Now rain has fallen seraph-like clouds drift about as they should
have a day off and decide to have a lazy day.
The sun is up to modest now in October, tries to make up for
the summer when it forced me indoors for two months.
The cleaner has tremendous energy, up at dawn and works all day,
my wife has given her a lot of clothes which she and her
husband, a used car dealer, sells at the market on Sundays
When hearing her voice - and don` t I hear- she brightens up my day
like sunlight on a grumpy day, and I think she`s blessed.

Oskar Hansen

The Cliff Hanger

The plateau is so much bigger than I thought it took years
to get here but the distance is so enormous will I reach the other end.
Before my birthday which I try to ignore those I loved have
died and not spoken off they are a ghost in the machinery of living.
The world has turned around the sun many times and what mattered no longer
do so,
but I`m happy to find my reading glasses on top
of the freezer. I pity those coming after me; they and their brood will be nuclear
dust.
If there are any survivors, they will start making flint axes and learn to
communicate. I
have made my warning and will hereafter say no more about the subject

Oskar Hansen

The Clowns

The Clowns

Happiness has an empty centre
It is thoughtless as the surface of the moon
A passing cloud
A hindrance towards contentment
Brutal and sadistic
Totally self-centred
A smooth tool to hide hatred
The denial of other people's right
Smugness of the winner
Making fun of the losers
Happiness is the devil`s domain
And the smaller the brain, the happier
Is its owner
That is way idiots laugh a lot.
So why do film stars insist being happy

Oskar Hansen

The Cold War

The Cold War. (Norway 1964)

A group of ten men in cheap suits and hats, crew on a Soviet ship anchored in the bay. Walked around the streets looking at window displays. Suddenly one of the men broke away from the group, he ran down a side road, but was swiftly caught by the local police, who had followed the group a discreet distance; only few people noticed the incident. The fugitive sat on the pavement crying, was forced to join the group. The man, now surrounded by the others, had no escape. They walked around a little longer like nothing odd had happened, then they headed back to the docks where a boat picked them up and drove them back to their vessel in the bay.

Oskar Hansen

The Collaborator

He and his wife ran a high class grocery shop
and I was often outside looking in absorbing
rarefied air of middle class living, that was till
his wife saw me and shushed me away.

War came, the window display got a bit thinner
by now there was also a sprinkling of officer of
the occupying army. A grocer hear things and it
can, if whispered in the right ear, be advantageous.

The war ended and the grocer had money to paint
his shop in bright colours, which was nice in a war
weary, drab little town. Time is an enemy his wife
died he displayed her picture amongst Portuguese
sardines. And we all came to look. A supermarket
opened and we lost interest in a little grocer shop.

Oskar Hansen

The Common Soldier

The common soldier

Once motherland I remember well often with a patina of unbecoming sentimentality. I was born there, once birthplace is a magnet it never loses its charismatic power even though what I remember is poverty, the endless struggle of the working class. I have a few good memory and they too are in a way unbecoming.

There was a war the occupier's soldiers gave me chocolate and snacks, they had horses and let me sit on them playing cowboy; yes the cowboys are universal liked.

My experience has coloured my adult life I'm not so quick in my condemnation the world is not black and white but has many nuances; war is not what a soldier wants but at times he has to fight a war that is not of his choosing but he has to shoulder the aftermath.

Oskar Hansen

The Compliment

The Compliment

At the Pharmacy I met Hans, an old friend I didn't recognise him at first he wore glasses and had a Nordic face I thought it was me ten years ago; he has a sheep farm, the Germans, are an industrial people.

At the green-grocer, I met an Irish woman she recognised me from one of my books she has some of them and I was chuffed. When I meet someone who has read my books, it is not often, I take a step back in fear they might be critical of my spelling-mistakes I have no self-confidence therefore to meet one who likes what I have written and does not tell me how to write I grow a little and decorously blush and go home tell my wife all about it then we have lunch and I have to clean the dishes.

Oskar Hansen

The Conflict

Suddenly it rained followed by a fierce wind
the wind was angry because it had wanted
to blow first, sort of direct the inundation.
Rain came into the room shutters slammed
forcefully but wind blew the rain vertically...
too late, I thought as floor was already wet.
It was a mess this muscular disagreement.
The sun came out, hushed both, but dark
clouds from the west wanted an argument
too about who was the mightiest of them all.
Spring is a difficult time it can't make up its
mind so many conflicting interests, desist or
go to war. Sun says no, rain drips on the fence
but the desert storm wants to prove a point.

Oskar Hansen

The Conversation

The Conversation

I sat on the roof reading a book
and eating a banana.

But as the day progressed

I got hungry and

tried to get down by climbing
up and over a low wall onto
the kitchen terrace.

Legs wouldn't let me.

In the struggle I lost the book
it ended on the road face up.

My neighbour came

helped me over the wall and asked:

"What were you doing?"

"I was reading Jose Saramago

In Portuguese and I read slowly."

"Well, it is ok then." He said

"But I didn't like him he was
a communist and ex car mechanic
went to live in Spain after
winning the big literary prize."

Oskar Hansen

The Corinth Canal

The Corinth Canal

We`re not sailing to the Athens, but follow the Corinth canal
to Piraeus not that I cared the ship was old and I fought a daily battle
to keep cockroaches away from the food we were slaves back then
working long hours and no cold water to drink- by the way the canal
has steep cliffs- and could have been built by the gods
Pre- container days, ships were longer in port, we made extra money
by selling American cigarette, no wonder, have you ever smoked
a Hellenic cigarette it tastes like an ashtray in a bar the night before.
I went to a Geek Orthodox church had a hangover felt I had to do
atonement from my excess would be nice they also handed out bags
of sweet cakes, I ate the cakes lined up for more but two heavyweight
priests with glutinous lips threw me out; I might have been drunk,
but I like cakes. Sat in the park with a woman they had thrown out
too, an old socialist so we chanted slogans against Greece and her lack
of democracy, the colonels who ruled back then didn`t take this lightly
I was arrested but bailed out by the captain who said I was a cook,
confused, but not a revolutionary.

Oskar Hansen

The Court Clown

the court clown

The circus` s princess, call my receptive ears picked up
the euphony appealed to me.

The call was not meant for me, her heart wished
for the dashing lion tamer.

Me, the clown, she liked to tease I took my mask off
and entered the lion's den, the animals rolled over
laughing, as only big cats can do, as did
the audience, the lion tamer was not pleased I had
ruined his act.

The princess too was amused too
I` m unconsciously funny, fated to evoke
mirth, but not the sigh of love

Oskar Hansen

The Cowboy

The Cowboy

In Texas they love football and cowboys, not your ordinary cowboys mind, the ones who herd the cattle to slaughter, but those who walk tall in local towns and own an oil well or two. Real cowboys are usually black or Mexicans, low paid and smell of cattle and dust; and when the cows are delivered to the abattoir drink lone star beer, chew tobacco and get arrested. Real cowboys dress in fancy costumes look a bit effeminate, when drunk on whisky ride an artificial bull and fall off to great applause from adoring female fans who think those ridiculous pseudo heroes are for real.

In Texas they call it Americana, have a governor who gladly condemn people to death, western tradition- hang them high-. When Illusion overtakes overtake truths mainly because veracity is boring, after all a cowboy is a cattle herder and reality lacks the romance of a pearly studded dud.

Oskar Hansen

The Crippled Mind

The Crippled Mind

As he was limping his way to town, was overtaken
by a laughing group of youth, he swore at them,
under his breath, as he hated able bodied people.
He could have taken the bus to town, but liked saving
money and see his bank account grow; specially now
his father had died and he stood to inherited quite
a lot of money. He had seen his dead father twice
first at the hospital and later at the chapel, but as he
lacked empathy he felt no grief only a hatred against
the world that had made him a cripple.

He liked watching dead people, they could not hurt
him or answer back, he used to go to places where
the dead was laid out, but his keen interest had been
noticed and he was barred from going there.

His world is a bleak one and ultimately powerless,
he has love for no one only a burning a sense that life
had been unkind to him.

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 thief can possibly 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 than in the past, a few years hence it will be a piece of dry land and a dusty crocodile.

Oskar Hansen

The Cross

The Cross

It six o`clock Sunday early evening she is in
the church that looks Coptic, the sun lit up
the cross on the top and the roof looks rosé.
A Morocco radio station plays Arabic music
this is quite fitting now that they have been
targeted by a racist who has not read history,
but let us put that aside for now.

In many European countries, the leaders lament
but secretly wish they could do the same, life would
be so easier without this intrusive Islam.
We, onlookers, are guilty too we have not been able
to accept the Muslims on equal terms
The cross is now in darkness there is a murky side
to all religions they produce extremists

Oskar Hansen

The Culture

The Culture

Cultural differences, I once was on a tramp ship
that plied the waters between Spain Italy Greece
occasionally France and sometimes Turkey were
most of us felt foreign; there was no easy rapport
between us and the female populace as there was
then a separation between the sexes, it appeared
there were two types of women; Tart or nun, yet
I think it was the best years of my life.

Greece has a special place in my heart; it is where
it all began the idea of democracy of which I was paid by the lovely people of
Piraeus.

The western culture to hundreds of years to develop so
let us protect it and not misuse it by writing new laws
that curtail or freedom

Oskar Hansen

The Date

Eight o'clock under the railway clock, she said.
I had bought flowers only because mother said
it was the right thing to do.

Nine o'clock, drizzle, flowers wet I felt daft, and
was hungry too. Threw flowers into a bin walked
to the restaurant; our table, still free. I had steak
with salad, potatoes and a bottle of red wine.
I had been stood up, but looked cool, I often go
out for a meal alone so what's the big deal?

My date, Sandra, showed up at eleven and out of
breath, train delayed. Now the kitchen had closed,
but she got a bag of crisp.

Oskar Hansen

The Date Part Two

The Date.

Sat in a pub talking to a woman of no substance
other than she wore a skirt and had boobs.

Pub closed, I was allowed
to follow her home
through dreary streets
fine rain and yellow street light.

I kissed her dry, bloodless lips

We parted.

Walking back to the seaman's hotel
she stood by a bombed out church and had damp hair.

This it too absurd
again I was a place I didn't want to be.

Money changed hand
and my loneliness laughed hysterically

Oskar Hansen

The Day I Wrote A Nice Poem

Merry Christmas

Out of date cans of beans, cheapest cuts of meat,
presents bought one can ill afford, but pressure
to give is too strong to resist; beside it is nice to
see a child smile. A packet of cigarettes to uncle
Tom, a silk handkerchief to his wife-she cries a lot-
nicely wrapped in coloured paper. Austerity this
Christmas, so what! Next year's will be better, we
are sure, even if the economic forecast is dismal,
the Eve will be familiar and cozy as usual.

Oskar Hansen

The Day Of Our Valentines

Valentine´s day is when horrors begin at dawn on the island/town of Hashima abandoned now, not a soul, only a black and white TV is on silently re running life as it was lived here before humanity suddenly left. On a grey wall a faded drawing of a heart with an arrow through it, and words written underneath: Happy Valentine´s Day.

We know now, should humanity be eradicated by a dervish wind of pestilence, what will be left is decaying buildings, rotting books, and the eerie silence of what we were not able to say.

(a small Island in the bay of Nagasaki)

Oskar Hansen

The Day The World Ends.

Sky and earth were lovers their children; sea, rain, sun and thunder; but they had no space, stuck in the middle of the lovers, so they prised them apart and thus were free. The Parents cannot meet again and look on as their children rake havoc on sky and land. They know the day will come when there will be silence and just enough time for a last embrace before the world turns into a snowball that flies beyond the galaxy where the unknown is a shivering tree that has yet to exist, since there is no consciousness. But is it right to say only insight is suitable as prove of life? Dipterous exist well without it and the filthy

cockroach has its brain in its stomach. Life created has a purpose, a function we don't see, practical suited to nature's self are regulating cleaning purpose. The shivering tree does not know it does not exist, if the world ceased to be, and when the world reappeared after a long recreation it has no recollection of a past, and there is no room for philosophical speculation of the rhythmic wonder of life.

Oskar Hansen

The Death

The Death

I would not like to die in winter
When earth is frozen and will not take a spade
They will dig a shallow grave
Bury me in a coffin without a blanket
Then go inside and sit by the fire
Perhaps they will wrap me in canvas put me on
The hey-loft till spring
And collect my old age pension during the cold season
I don` t mind that
Soft soil and flowers on the ground
Dig deep, and I will be a part of spring

Oskar Hansen

The Death Of A Tyrant

They got him in the end, not a pretty sight, dictators are human too.
Now we are hunting his many sons and the rest of his family
We have seen their photo album they sit on sofas smiling kindly to
the camera, just like us on a happy day. We have not evolved our
lack of empathy is intact but we still want to destroy a family, blood
thirsty ogres we are gloating over a suffering face as a man dies.
Instant justice, easier that way, the family, might have much to tell
about us and so it goes on when our side, men in silk suit and soft
hands, kill the perceived foe we see nothing, but a trail of blood and
injustice will one day lead to our doorsteps. But why think about this
Bloomberg and other channels dedicated to money are busy telling
us about stocks and shares, the important thing in the world and in
the end blood too can be turned into cash.

Oskar Hansen

The Demise Of Lady Mt

The Demise of MT

Margaret Thatcher is dead
But her legacy lives on.
She went to world against
The working classes
And won
She was a visionary of evil
And her message of hate
Prevails.
A strong leader
An elected dictator never
Seen before.
One hope the likes of her
Will never reappear.

Oskar Hansen

The Den`s Dawn

Den`s dawn

The smoke filled pub Curtains
could not shut out the light
of a ghostly dawn.

A place full of overflowing
ashtrays and empty chairs,
and the shadow of the lonely by the bar.
Broken talk and broken dreams.

Soon cleaner will come
with perfumed chemicals
and kill yesterday.

The shadows will be back their loneliness
is the only thing that will not leave.

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 Domestic War

The Domestic War

Everybody is dishonest your family too
They scheme and manoeuvre getting an advantage
My house has become a realm where
The aristocracy vies for power giving the wrong counsel
Trying to replace the old king
Now the chief counsellor his right-hand lady has openly
Betrayed him with false information
The ruler could have her expelled or ban her from his high table
He is weak, and the people sense it.
Giggling hyenas ready to attack the living corps
The monarch gets out of the bed call a doctor from afar
The regent becomes a vegan, his strength returns
He banishes the traitors and gets a new consigliere.

Oskar Hansen

The Downfall Of A Humble Man

Downfall of a humble man

Once he wore a uniform he had reached
the apex of his profession had staffs supplied
the ship did the books and administrated.

It was the best of times and too tired to read
to relax and to think about life meet chandlers
and custom official who had stories to tell.

Seen from above his position was modest but
coming from poverty it was an achievement
he and his family were proud of.

The downfall came quickly crews on ships were
drastically reduced soon he was the only on
left in the catering line, he hung up his uniform
back to the galley, cleaning mess halls and toilets
the days became endlessly long, no time to read
only waiting for his stint to be over.

A heart attack caused by the loss of dignity and
long ours his education had come to nothing yet
the illness was the beginning of something better.

Oskar Hansen

The Downfall Of A Humble Man 1

Downfall of a humble man

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Oskar Hansen

The Dream Of Emancipation

This little town was run by important women who had leadership roles within state and finance sector and no children played in the streets, they were playing in a park made of foam and rubber.

Women in this town due to important work and long education, tended to marry in their late thirties and usually with young shadowy men who had no domestic role other than sleeping with them and looking handsome in a suit.

In the park created by anxious mothers, a boy found a hole in the fence squeezed through it and came into a world that had sharp corners and hard ground, a place where animals are not toys and dogs bite when annoyed. Curious the boy kept walking till he came to where the town ended and the poor lived in pre-fabricated cabins and roads were only swept by women outside their doors. Children played in the street, they were a noisy lot he soon joined in games and had great fun and when he fell and scraped his knee cried a little, the other children laughed, this is nothing, and he soon forgot his pain.

The boy had an epiphany, he and the other children in the foamy park were prisoners of their over fretful mothers. He walked back to the bogus park opened the gate wide and freed the other inmates from mothers crushing love and guilt over not having time to nurture them.

Oskar Hansen

The Eagle

The Eagle.

Fair flowers amongst the rocks, flora of sorrow;
their petals fly like butterfly wings in the breeze.
Atop an ashen tree a crow and throats a warning.
Up from the ground a white headed eagle takes
lift, in its claws a grey rabbit sees fair petals flying
in the breeze

Oskar Hansen

The Economy Part 1

The Economy

Burning bed, the mattress, afire; under it I had two thousand Euro,
as banks can go belly up any time bolt their doors and call the law
to keep the screaming multitude at bay.

Too late, my poor man's saving burnt to ashes. I shall not cry, soon
the euro will be quite valueless when 10.000 is worth ten pence,
and for that I can't even buy an ice-cream.

I do regret I wasn't a good consumer didn't help the economy
by not using credit cards to buy stuff I didn't need, I have failed
in my duty as citizen and now harvest devastation.

Oskar Hansen

The End Of A Year

The ending of a year

New Year Eve
Never fail to
Make me depressed
Tonight I will go
To a restaurant
Eat overpriced food
And keep up pretence
At midnight
Clink of glasses
And bleating as
The dumb sheep we are
We have survived
This year too
In a crazy world heading
Towards war

Oskar Hansen

The End Of A Marriage

The End of a Marriage

I took the boat ferry from my hometown to Newcastle town
stayed in a B & B hotel bought a used car and drove to the Wirral
booked into a hotel and visited my wife she was busy getting her
daughters children to bed, when that was done, she needed a bath
then it was ten o`clock I was getting tired; she came down dressed
in a bathrobe had a towel on her head and wore lipstick
I had just come to talk, and the house reeked of children`s vomit
the idea of sleeping with her made me cringe.
Told her I was not feeling well and bad my farewell drove back
to my hotel, parked and opened a bottle of wine relieved to be free
from that part of my life; drove to Southampton I think and took
a ferry to Spain, from there the slow scenic road to Portugal.
The breakdown of our marriage made me sad but not unhappy
I had married her at a time when I was depress when the fog lifted
I wanted to be free of a relationship that lacked the warmth of
comradeship, a working class woman who was also a racist and her
anti-Semitic stance was not based on logic
I resented the small mindedness reading -THE SUN newspaper in a pub
mentality- and refused to help when I struggled to run a café; something
about her fingernails... A lie of love was over it was past midnight and
the music stopped it was time to leave the matrimonial rostrum.

Oskar Hansen

The End Of Dreams

It was going to be so good for you and me,
the future, less work, more leisure, more
equality and end of wars.

Now we have ended up vilifying the poor
bombing children in Afghanistan, and we
blame it on the pesky Taliban.

The poor kill their children because they
have too much time on their lazy hands
according to the politicians.

Hard working families is the new mantra
and if you haven't got a job it is your fault
for not trying hard enough.

The future didn't turn out the way we had
foreseen, war is all around us needs too,
we are back in the past's despair.

Oskar Hansen

The Ending

The Ending

This old tramp ship
Rusty and tired
Her engine often stopped
It was a struggle
To start it again
The sun rejected
This ship sailed
In a fog of despair
The crew was
Residue
Of harbour debris
For the officer the last
Chance Saloon
Misfits who struggled
To stay abstemious
Some failed
Disappeared
In the night.
Off the coast of Peru
She died
Sank slowly
Beneath the ocean
With her
Tax avoidance
Flag flying

Oskar Hansen

The Enemy Among Us

The Enemy among us

The western world has lived in peace for sixty years mainly because of EU and shared horrid memories. This has not been the Palestinians case who were shoed away to give room for a colony called Israel and those who object - freedom fighters- are called ISIS. The USA have dropped bombs in the middle -east for a long time and produced more ISIS fighters which now is a common name of all who do not like being bombed. Ex-president Obama sends drones they are intellectual from the out- set. Trump drop a bomb the biggest in the world it made a terrible noise, and 36 Taliban were killed, they too are called ISIS.

(In Trump`s case one wonders if he suffers erectile dysfunction)
China and Russia is ISIS in disguise, as are left-wingers and those who do not believe in the American dream.

Oskar Hansen

The English Couple

The English couple, I met in Porto, looked fragrant
And demurely, she wore a flowery dress and he
Wore a white shirt and flannel trousers; and both
Both sported a discreet tan. Clearly they didn't
Belong to the Algarve beach hugging masses who
Must have deep tan to prove they have been on
Holiday. It struck me they were erudite middleclass
Liberals, the types that read and often comments
In "The Guardian" I asked them if that was so,
They made a joke of it, which is an English way of
Hiding ones embarrassment; we parted smilingly,
But I think I was right even though I served my
Inquiry with an after taste of satire and with a light
Touch of expensive red wine.

Oskar Hansen

The English Couple 1

They had a dream the old couple who came
to our hamlet, their dream was a tiny house
painted white and blue. A kitchen garden they
had, lettuce and tomatoes, carrots too, and
the gods smiled upon them, but not for long.
She got bad knees could not bend down,
he had back problem could no longer play golf
or tinker with his car; their garden became
a jungle, where weed strangled useful plants.
back to their own country they flew said to
come back soon, when wellbeing got better.
He died first in his sleep, she followed him into
eternity a month later. Their dream had been
so modest, white and blue

Oskar Hansen

The Entrepreneur

The Entrepreneur

I`m thinking of the man who was clearing land
He wanted to grow cabbage, a good idea especially
Since farmers get subsidies from EU for planting orange trees
The country drowning in orange twice a year
There many stones on the ground here and looks like
The extracted teeth of giants, so the man decided
To construct a pyramid for the untrained eye the mound
Of stones look like a heap of rocks, and it has also become
A Paradise for rabbits

The cabbages his soil produced were pathetic, so he gave
It up, he didn` t have the long view as a farmer needs.
He went to Franc instead and worked on a winery there.
He saved his money and began driving a Taxi I Paris but
Lost his licence for drinking wine on the job

Oskar Hansen

The Erudite And The Bible

The erudite and the Bible

And then it was Friday and I had tried to keep my promise of writing no more, as it is a waste of time, there are so many other interesting things to do, to be member of a literary group, have interesting talk about this and that drink cheap red wine and walk home hammered. It was sad to see how much Christopher Hitchens deteriorated when whisky took hold And he and he preferred to talk about religion which is and easy subject since everyone like to mock religion these days. But we should respect those ones fearful who need a stern God. From early childhood I thought the bible as a fairytale book with Bad kings, brutal soldiers a few good guys who tried to do good. I liked to read about Jesus but didn't believe in his resurrection, I think him and Maria Magdalene, with help of friends, sailed to Cote Azure where she became a seamstress and he a carpenter Who delighted the children with his tale? But he never said he was Son of God, he had promised Maria to stay clear of that subject. The Jews use the Old Testament and the Muslims the Koran, that is ok, I only wish they would tone down the language a bit, make their bible more like the Brother Grimm's fairytales

Oskar Hansen

The Escape

The Sad Escape.

I sat by the table, near the window, reading. A woman and her man sat on a filthy sofa, eating smoked sardines off an old newspaper. This room stank of unwashed bodies and lack of hygiene. Dry washing that should have been ironed weeks ago occupied a chair. The pair rolled their own cigarettes and had nicotine stained fingers. It was raining heavily I could not go out and felt a violent despair, like a trapped animal that attacks its rescuers. "Use fork and knife" I snapped. They both giggled. Rain had stopped I walked out, light shone out of miserable curtains...and I knew. I must leave now. Get out! It was too easy sink into apathy, and ignorance. Yet, I loved them, they were my flesh and blood, good people who had never been encouraged to seek anything better. But I must leave... and I left never to return.

Oskar Hansen

The Escape From Finland

The Escape

When Rudolph the red nosed reindeer wanted to
Be normal and join the flock on earth, Santa got depressed
Sat by many of Finland's lakes contemplating his life
He too was tired of flying through the air and gets a cold
He wanted sunlight and a sandy beach.
He got hold of a tame water buffalo and an unemployed
Drunk from Helsinki and for a while they got away with it
Till an elf with a grudge told a newspaper about it and children too
Had long wondered why Rudolph had two horn, not antler and why
Santa was late, swore and kept falling off his sledge.
Santa had to come back from Thailand and sort out this corruption
He told twitter he was sorry, but fired blabber mouthed elf.
He had to look for sober man to act as Santa and train a new reindeer,
Because Rudolph and had got the taste of the high life.

Oskar Hansen

The Escape Volume Two

The Great Escape

When the police arrested a pair
of robbers, a mad cow came scampering,
chaos the robbers legged it.
One was quickly caught,
the other ran into a zoo;
where the police shot an elephant
and wounded a giraffe,
(being big when bullets fly is a drawback) .
The bad guy was trapped
when he fled into an art gallery.
collided with a landscape painting,
destined for the local jail's reading room
depicting a forest.
The painting parted,
as the red sea;
inside he hastily sprinted to
the nearby woods,
whence he couldn't escape;
and had plenty of time
to ponder what God was
thinking of when he created
the tiny house ant.

Oskar Hansen

The Escape2

The Escape

A man coming home from work saw a shadow like a figure leaning against an olive tree it was Death, polishing his hoof and sharpening his scythe. The man said no, not me I`m too young to be harvested he then took a plane to Madrid in Spain where got employment in lawyer`s office. At the first day, he knocking on the door death sat in the chair and said; from now on you are my helper. Go back home and dispose of your parents their time has come, greatly disturbed the man took a plane home and death stood leaning against an olive tree a shadow on a sunny autumnal day. In the house, his parents said crying the had just buried their son, they didn't see or heard him, and the man knew that henceforward he was Death`s little helper.

This story is based on a Syrian story of a man riding from Damascus across the desert in the night to Baghdad to avoid death but a drone picked him up thought the horse was a jeep and fired off a rocket, the man had to walk, to Baghdad, but without water and dates he died of thirst and hunger

Oskar Hansen

The Escapees

Refugees

I know of a forest where all trees are equally tall
and the distant between them is strangely wide
this so they can get the same amount of sun and
rain will fall evenly on plants and mossy ground.
Trees grow fast here and next year they will be
harvested and new saplings planted.

For the birds, rabbits and foxes that had made
a home at what can be called a new estate will
have to move or find shelter in the old forest
that is full of thorny bushes deep shadow and
and vulgar boars that never had a bath unless
caught out in the rain

Nests will be too near others there will squabble
rabbits and foxes have to make new burrows
and they will be snubbed by the old dwellers who
will call them lazy or even worse new-rich should
they have shiny fur or colourful feathers and will
not be sent a Christmas card that year.

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Oskar Hansen

The Experience

The Experience

Twenty years ago
What I thought of as correct
I now see as wrong
I could have been right back then
If my views are now habitual
Due to lack of perceptions

But twenty years ago
I lacked lives true experience
Habituated by norm
Following the mainstream
I may see thing clearer now

Oskar Hansen

The Fable

Jesus was skeptical of his tribe, as a trainee carpenter
so lousy couldn't even make a bookshelf, they kidded him
for that and Jesus took umbrage and criticized
the priests who served the Romans.

He took to hanging out with a group of radicals of the day
and since he was good with words, became their leader.
They had groupies too, one of them was Magdalena and
Jesus took a shine to her without saying so, but them all
knew from the way he looked at her.

Being admired by his flock, Jesus thought he could take
on the establishment, like when he chased money lenders
out of the temple; he was wrong.

When the Romans mocked him and crowded him a king,
he thought the people would come to save him, no such
a thing happened, he was strung up (Crucified) .

The women came to his rescue, healed his wounds and
sent him to France where he took the name of Pierre,
married Magdalena had seven children and was
a much-respected Goldsmith

Oskar Hansen

The Fable Of Jesus

The Fable of Jesus

Jesus was skeptical of his own tribe, as a trainee carpenter he was lousy couldn't even make a simple bookshelf, they kidded him for that. Jesus took umbrage and criticized the roman clinging priests. He took to hanging out with a group of radicals of the day and since he was good with words he soon became their leader. There were a few groupies circling around his association, like Magdalena, but they were for sexual enjoyment and not taken seriously. Being admired by his flock Jesus thought he could take on the church and the roman establishment, like when he chased money lenders out of the temple. He was wrong. When they mocked him and crowded him a king, he thought the people would come to save him. Crucified, but women came to his rescue, healed his wounds and sent him to France, where he took the name of Pierre. He and his mistress, the despised tart Magdalene, had seven children and he ended his days as a much respected goldsmith.

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 Failed Revolution

The Failed Revolution

In my childhood's town there was one neon light on top of a five storey building: "Jesus Saves." I asked mother what Jesus saved. "Souls, " she said without looking up, she was reading the communist manifesto, dreamed of the day when workers would take over factories and throw into prison the obese capitalists. She tried to emigrate, to the Soviet Union, but was turned down, she had no skills other than putting sardines into a tin. Mother made rice pudding that day and I was allowed to scrap the brown sticky residue in the pot. A famous rich capitalist is in jail, in Siberia, It is nice place he has internet, sits in his shirt sleeves sends emails to friends protesting his innocence. Accused of stealing oil from his own company, I wonder how this is possible. No, not the revolution mother was dreaming about.

Oskar Hansen

The Faithful Believers

They want a sign
Any sign
That god exist.
The mother of Christ cries.
False magic.
Their faith depends on it.
Thunder today,
Tomorrow rain
Soon it will be spring.
Yet they go on looking
For a symbol
Blinded by the external
Like god should be
An entertainer.

Oskar Hansen

The Fame Spell

The Fame spell.

It was Albert, my father, who told me when
I admired the famous in a magazine, look at their eyes
The loneliness they suffer is unbearable.
They are admired as public property we all like to be
A part of, but we care less of their private life.
When they after a show go to the hotel room and
Can hear their own breath and they can't call anyone
For a chat they will talk respectfully to the famous one
And overlook the person.
That is why they take drinks and drug they want to be
Like you and me, but we will not let them if done it
Will expose our own personal failure and when they err
We condemn them and our love turns to hatred.

Oskar Hansen

The Fatherland

For Fatherland

In a country to near the Arctic Circle
every new generation -men and women- had to
throw pebbles into a lake,
until the lake was full and you could wade over,
Alas, a bridge was built,
so futile the pebbles.

Now they are learning how to throw a hand grenade in Afghanistan
and draw funny pictures of Mohammad,
pity about the bridge.

Oskar Hansen

The Fear

The Fear

Now that it is Christmas, Nordic Jul or Hanukkah
there is much talk about the soul

like it should be an identity floating about
as a body less person.

To believe in a soul apart from body is a fallacy
the last bastion for dreamers,
those who believe in an afterlife
the will to accept the death is end of life.

Whether you put hundred on a grave
it doesn't matter for the dead only
the florist thrives and

those who in the night steal flowers
for a lover; body and soul are

inseparable but there are times the soul
disappears first by Alzheimer

one hopes the body will join the absent soul
before memories has erased
the life the remembered.

Oskar Hansen

The Feast

The Feast

The vines are deep green no budding grapes yet,
that will start life as small verdant glass pearls
slowly turning dark red and sweet as generation
before; the essence, of sun, rain and rust red soil
and caring hands. And when the pig is taken out of
its stay and slaughtered in November, there will
much wine drunk and the delicious aroma of roast
pork will be a part of memories of families sat on
a long table in the yard and dogs with full stomach
will love humanity for all time. The sow left behind
piglets and one of them will be the chosen one, so
the tradition can continue into the future.

Oskar Hansen

The Fest

The Fest

The Christmas Eve began with smiles and laughter,
where I come from Christmas day is a hanger- over day
after excesses the night before.

Plenty of food and drink, aquavit and beer this was long
before wine came the in thing to drink and we sang and gave
presents and had a jolly good time for a while.

Someone made a sarcastic remark that was met with
a bad-tempered answered, suddenly everyone remembered
a slight going back twenty years ago and more

A fight broke out the yule tree ended up in the snow
police were called to calm things down and mother
came out of the kitchen serving coffee.

Next morning my father went out and collected tree decorations,
good for next year`s Christmas party he wearily said,
and for once no once no one was arrested.

Oskar Hansen

The Festivity

The Festivity

The party has ended they have all gone home, the house sighs,
I open windows cooling air clears away the smell of perfume
and full ashtrays. Wine glasses everywhere on tables, shelves
on the floor. Empties have to be thrown in the bin, and glasses
have to be cleaned and put back in the cupboard. Got to do it
now, I don't want to be faced with this task tomorrow morning.
I'm glad they came to my day; glad to be alone also; sad too.
I'm one year older and time seems so short, the ocean of life is
not endless and the horizon ends just beyond where the sun
goes down.

Oskar Hansen

The Field Of Mortality

The Field of Mortality

On a field, not far from here, I see millions of lit candles in long rows, but only at night; in daylight it is a potato patch. A man, you may call him god if you like, walks among the candles every so often he stops and with his thumb and index finger snuffs out light; the skin on his fingers are corned from this arduous work. Behind him new candles spring up, sometimes he turns and go back waste some of them too. He is heading for the part where the candles have been burned out, only the wick flickers. He uses he thumb to bump them off; a spiral of grey smoke in still air. He is old as time, sometimes he misses candles that keep on burning, although they have no wick. As dawn begins, behind the easterly mountain, the field of mortality turns into a potato patch again, where an old man is harvesting spuds.

Oskar Hansen

The Final Chapter

The Final.

Shivering I got up from my ice sheet bed and walked into night streets. Pot holed roads and uneven pavements, a systematic ruin to save tax payers money which is easy in a poor, powerless neighbourhood. What happened to lust? The pleasure and awe running through veins filling my body with life. And then around a corner they came, women I had loved, old now, empty breasts, thin legs, flapping vaginas and pubic hair brittle as Fidel Castro's beard. They didn't see my but ran to a bronze statue of my youth standing proudly erect on a pedestal. I was full of rage and consumed by jealousy. How dare they ignore me? How dare my youth be so boastful? I collected smeared napkins and condoms, tried to set fire to the statue, that was starring down at me with a giant erection and deep contempt. It was no good the fire didn't melt the copper. God, let me have just one more erection and an ejaculation that will forever smother lingering lust. The women had boarded a diesel stinking bus, they were going to the woods, pick magic mushroom and dance in the glade. Overflowing bins, cat piss and broken supermarkets trolleys. From the east a few rays of sunlight came and made the city decay beautiful. What's next old man, what's next?

Oskar Hansen

The First Flower

The first Flower

The first winter after a long war was cold
but today the snow was slushy the beginning of spring
It was a poor street house had not been
painted for years, not much food and the ice was
reluctant to let go of its pale grip.
It was then I saw it along a wall of flaking cement
a small solitary, yellow flower the colour so bright
it blinded me it was like I had a moment of clarity
I understood and saw it all.

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 Flotsam

The flotsam

From the deep of unconscious float up pieces of memories,
like torn pictures of a past I can't recall.

I see a child standing on a chair seeing his image in the window.

A man, in the street below looks, up smiles.

A war plane, flies right through the house and disappear

Old dreams and forgotten memories have no beginning, no e;
they can't be expanded and made coherent.

A mighty surge of fear passes though me, an unremembered
memory absorbed into my nascent brain before I was born?

The unborn but is silence it can't be articulated into words.

I listen to an ancient hum to understand a future that has
no conscience of the coming.

Oskar Hansen

The Fly

A fly is buzzing about in the backyard, it sounds like a small plane lost in the wilderness of space, finally it skids and lands on the green lid of the cistern.

The pilot of the plane must find a landing place as it is dark and he doesn't know where he is. A mountain suddenly appears in front of him, banks and just clear the top. On the other side a valley and he sees what appears to be a landing strip, it is not but a dirt road. It is a bumpy landing the plane breaks a wing and comes to a stop on its side. Quickly the pilot gets out, just in case of fire, he lights a cigarette and think of how lucky he has been. Throws the stub of the cigarette to the ground...explosion. I kill the fly with a rolled up newspaper...no survivors.

Oskar Hansen

The Footballer

The Famous Footballer

There is a great sorrow over Portugal a dark cloud of tears, the great footballer Eusebio has died. All the great and mighty in the Portuguese society tell of their friendship with him, even the president came out of his shell and declared three days wake. When the great Nobel prize winner of literature Jose Saramago died his departure hardly registered in the papers...ok. So he wrote novels, big deal.

Eusebio da Silva born in Mozambique son of a railway worker, was a friendly man, just the type of black man white people like to patronize. Sadly there is a political angle in this out pouring of grief, Mozambique is rich and Portuguese industry needs their minerals and oil. Spilling of tears can be advantageous

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 were alone breathing through pockets of air in the car.
Struggling to breathe 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 breathe 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 Fortune

Riches

Once, in the shallow river where sunlight makes the stone look like gold nuggets, I threw into its water an engagement ring, made of silver. I had paid plenty for it on my low earnings, but compared with the river`s gold it was junk. Saw her kiss a man in a café where I could not afford to take her, my misery was total my disgrace deep, how could I be so deluded to think she would take my silver to his gold. I threw mine into the river; amidst shiny stones, my ring looked trite as a sliver of moonlight after ancient God`s bacchanalia. And forever I will be silent, not speak to her about this: a young man`s the heart is impossible romantic. The river is now an asphalted road, deep down the precious stones and my silver engagement ring.

Oskar Hansen

The Fragility Of Love

The fragility of love

Only angels and butterflies should write love poems.
When elephants, giraffes and gruff sailors try to,
they sink into the mire of unfinished thoughts not
clarified, hazy sentimental longings and clumsy
footwork. The ungainly trying to dance to a tune of
love that confuses them, leaving behind deep wounds
in the delicate soil of adoration that will never heal.
Or worst of all, the ultimate shame, to have ones
declaration of love turned into a folklore joke.

Oskar Hansen

The French

French, the People

I went to a wedding in Paris that was some time ago
when the lily white French in their cotton packed
arrogance thought the Arabs they had pressed to live
in cheap housing, was a happy lot.

The wedding was conducted on a barge that was going
down the Seine and up again and on the voyage we
could see the Eifel tower in all its garish colours.

To work on a wedding barge is well paid only white
French waiters, although the kitchen staff, was foreigners
I mean those who wash pots and spits in your soup.
It was a grand wedding and we were standing in line to be
served goose liver which is if you are not too particular
liver from an overstuffed bird. The French makes good food
or so they tell us, and they punch you if you disagree.

But I do feel sorry for the French cherished confidence
has taken a knock, "we are not universal loved"
we, the French who has colourized the world even the USA
president says so and he is an African. They have much to learn
the French, perhaps they should read Victor Hugo again, odd
the old scribes, they saw their countryman clearly, mocked them
and loved them at the same time.

Oskar Hansen

The French Connection

French emancipation

French women are free, well-educated and elegant,
but spend much time to attract men.
Easy of virtue, yet frantically look to get married to
a wealthy man, who can free them of distressing liberation.

They will intellectualize their misery, see themselves
as Sagan Melancholic, ye yarning to me middle class
housewives worrying about the price of garlic, meet
other wives and talk endlessly about equality.

Oskar Hansen

The French Language

MY STONE HORSES

Horses in the snow
I have brought them fodder
Tey neigh
Snow on their backs thaws
I am a purveyor of happiness?

MES CHEVAUX DE PIERRE

Chevaux dans la neige,
Je leur ai apporté du fourrage,
Ils hennissement,
La neige sur leurs dos fond,
Suis-je un pourvoyeur de bonheur?

Jan Oskar Hansen

Translated into French by Athanase Vantchev de Thracy

Oskar Hansen

The Friend

The Friend

I dislike morbidity the end of the world prophets,
yet there was a knock on my door, they were clearing
boulders from the field where I had buried my dog
between to big rocks, opened the bag a black bin liner
she was there ok, white bones and

This was a perfect Hamlet moment, but I'm not Yurok
and to use her head as a desk ornament was not on.
There are no secrets in a hamlet, they knew the dog
remains belonged to me and I left the bag in the shed
till my wife discovered it. For the time being the dog's bones
are in the back of my car, when driving I often see her face
in the back mirror, she wants closure. What we had is
memories something of no consequence the love
we shared, the flash when dog and man are in harmony

Oskar Hansen

The Future Of Europe

Future

Europe

Have many old people

We need

Young people

To replace the aged

If we are to, continue

As nation states

Europe is big and

Underpopulated

We deny entry

To the millions knocking

On our doors

We atrophies

Into senility

Fearful of changes

But Europe of yesteryears

Is not like it is today

And Europe of

Tomorrow

Will not be as it now.

Oskar Hansen

The Future Of Tomorrow

Tomorrow`s future

Christianity appears tepid I usually do not think about its lack of centre as I dislike all religions they are fairy tales that demands to be taken seriously.

Christianity can seem innocent enough, a bewildered vicar and nice ladies bringing a flower to decorate the altar, till we remember Bush and Blair; they invaded Iraq, not for oil alone, but to prove their God was bigger than Allah.

The Christians have for hundreds of years fought in every Corner of the world and foisted their brutal religion upon the innocent even up to this day. The occupiers of Palestine belongs to the western conquering culture and they - Israel- will be the biggest losers when the weakness of our shallow culture is exposed and millions of Europeans will flock to Islam that demands thrift, morality, and honesty. Our culture is rotten; only Islam can save our soul.

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 Garbage Collector

The Garbage Collector

He had horse and cart
made a living collecting trash,
bringing it to the tip.
He was often inebriated,
but the horse knew the route.

He was temperate
when April came around
and the sun smiled.
He planted flowers in his yard
and in June it was Paradise.

It didn't last long,
he had eleven children,
eager, running feet.
Blooms trampled to the ground,
endless his quest for beauty.

Oskar Hansen

The Gentle Boy

The Gentle Boy

This evening the sunset was red and I thought of blood oranges, sold in shops before Yule. This was long time ago when tropical fruit was a rarity, like bananas and coconuts. In the shop that sold sweets and fruit I bought four oranges and two bananas, the citrus didn't look like the right thing but I was too shy to argue. ... They were not. But mother peeled them cut them into pieces and put strawberry jam on top. Mother, when young, was fearless, next day she went to the shop, spoke her mind and came home with four blood oranges the shopkeeper had given her in fear of her lashing, tongue. Remembering this I know being gentle is good as long as you don't let people take advantage of you

Oskar Hansen

The Germans

1945 I saw the defeated German army marching
on a gritted road made by Russian prisoners of war,
It had not been raining for a week their uniforms
were dusty, no longer starched and stylish.

I saw some of my friends there and waved, was told
not to wave to the enemy. The defeated soldiers
were marched to the prisoner camp formerly
occupied by the Russians who were being sent home
to an uncertain future: having capitulated to
the enemy many, if not all, were executed.

Now so many years later the Germans are back on top
and it is deserved; they fell foul for the idea of a racist
ideology and paid the price. Hard working people their
place at the top table in Europe is assured.

Oskar Hansen

The Gift

The Right Gift.

When he was fifteen, a man, he had packed his bag ready to join the merchant navy. His mother had two parcels in her hands asked him to choose one and not open it before he got old.

Since he liked to travel light he took the lightest packet not bigger and heavier than letter, the other was heavier and might have hidden a fortune.

Well he lived and loved and before he knew it was old, opened the parcel, on a piece of paper was written enjoy your life and embrace your elderliness.

His sister rang they had found this parcel amongst her things with his name on it. Open it, he said. She did and laughed, it was a brick, an ordinary house brick... How did His mother knows he would choose the right present?

Oskar Hansen

The Gloom Of October

Autumnal Gloom

Sorrowful October, rain hangs in the air to mean to fall
a murky joker without a sense of humour, I don` t care whether it rains or not,
it is just the persistent greyness makes my beard white,
my hand's thin so many rivers look like Bangladesh overrun by the stateless.
People born in October tend to be mournful, with the sudden outburst of ire.
Intemperate, I blame the weather, vengefully jealous of others success,
it is not the October`s child`s fault; it had two choices winter or summer,
but was pushed into late autumn, forsaken by god and man.
The rain didn` t fall, blew westerly and the afternoon sun was helpful.

Oskar Hansen

The God Dimension

The God Dimension

The soil in the field where they plant vines is rusty red
I took mould in my hand it was moist and it felt as living
pulsing of goodness that will never turn stale but keep
producing goodness that makes one happy to be a part
of nature unlike religious people who believe they are in
charge of nature, that it should bend to their will which
is always detrimental to the common good.

There are times when I'm in a dreamy mood when I wish
I could believe in a higher power some deity that would
come down and sort out our mess. Alas, we are nature
and God lost heart and became a rain cloud.

Oskar Hansen

The God Of Fire

The God of fire
It took him twenty years
to write his novel.
Twenty refusals later
he gave the manuscript
to the fire which
greedily absorbed it.
A phone call from nowhere,
send us another novel.
It took twenty more years
to write a new book
and the god Agni
burnt his hands.
As a thank you.
Success at last he cried
to a man with a yellow helmet
carrying an axe.

Oskar Hansen

The God Thing

The God Thing

I often think of God but Morgan Freeman`s face get in the way
So now we know god is a handsome actor looking godlike and that is
Ok if he had looked Chinese I might have objected
Death is a conundrum we accept the physical death, but the problem
Is what is happening to our thought from experience?
After a long life we like to pass knowledge it on but selectively as we
Cannot talk about our blunders and our sexual misconduct
I have lived a totally egocentric life and it is the only way I write
but if I have written something to anyone for whom the big sleep
means nothing I`m glad.

Oskar Hansen

The Golden Lighter

The Golden Lighter

I met her in a small Spanish coastal town
she was a gipsy and barefoot in the dust
a flowering skirt and laughter.

I was 18 years old and knew with certainty
this was the love I had been looking for
dark eyes and lips slightly apart I could see
her perfect teeth, yes, she loved me too.

She might have been Juliet, but I was no
Romeo, her father, came took my lighter and
told me to stay away from his daughter.

This was the moment when I should be strong
and fight to get my lighter back or the girl.
went back onboard and pretended I had lost it.

Oskar Hansen

The Gone Is A Dream

The gone is a Dream

I drove passed my Savannah this afternoon mist covered yet,
the sun rays got through and bathed my dream in
wondrous mystic. I haven` t been here since last summer
my piece of Africa with tall grass and lion pride.
Every summer for twenty years I rode my scooter here and
knew ever blade of grass, olive trees and vines and I was
never attacked by any animals, not even the crocodiles in
the ditches bothered to make a splash.

Only once when I had strayed too far where the mountain
range appears the gypsies had a camp hidden behind
cypresses, their dogs gave chase, and I had to drive for my life.
Perhaps, it was not quite like that but the Savannah was there
a place to dream and be a boy again when summers lasted
forever and trees where for climbing to the top and laugh
at the funny looking adults.

Oskar Hansen

The Good Baptist

The good Baptist

Was coming out of a shop in Roma,
I knew it was him,
Long hair and trimmed beard,
The ladies swooned
The Vogue wanted him on its cover,
he wore an Armani suit
a white silk scarf
carelessly slung around his neck.
Scintillating angle wings quivered in warm anticipation,
will he gaze at them?
No, he had loftier things
in mind, he wasn't going to
get seduced by beauty yet again,
hailed a taxi:
"To the Vatican, " they heard
he say, "I have an audience
with the pope."

Oskar Hansen

The Good Faith

! t was a big ship fully automated, the engineers wore
White overalls and the deck officers, splendid uniforms,
While the ship ´s captain sat in his cabin and wrote
Leaned thing about navigation. the cook was an exception
He still had to prepare food and worked long hours,
But it must be said he had shiny pots and pans the never burned,
So modernity benefitted him too.
The sip had no anchor it had been lost in a storm and now
They had to do with virtual one few had much faith in,
Circling the oceans endless not being able to find a tranquil bay
Cast anchor and rest. So it happened then the hip had a black out
Had no anchor and drifted on to a reef, and there was no life boats
The captain said the sip wasn ´t sinking his faith in automatic was
Like a religion for him, but the ship sank under the greedy ship,
The crew had more faith in life-jacket and the shore line that looked
Beautiful in the afternoon.

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 Great Escape

The Cook's Escape

As cook on a ship I hated her crew, rats posing as seafarers.
A night when the ship passed by the shores of Panama, and
I saw my chance. Loosened the ships raft and as it glided into
the sea I jumped after. Moon lit night I sat dreaming listening
to the song of the sea. In its embrace I fell asleep when I woke
the raft was tugging a beautiful white strand. The locals were
frying red snappers with lemon juice for breakfast. I thought
of the crew, thugs from hell, had to make their own breakfast.
This glorious morning I was free of the sea and narrow minded
men who had never read a book and whose idea of pleasure
was a harbour whore. Yet, such is the pull of the ocean that
I still dream of its sun showy surface, on days when her crew
was resting on their scruffy rust dirty cabins. Yet, know I know
the fault was mine not seeing their despair.

Oskar Hansen

The Great Lovers

On a tiny island in the blue sea a villa built
by a tycoon to entertain his famous mistress.
He had the money she had the voice and
journalists had much to write about, fame is
attractive makes even the boring interesting.
Time passes few talks about them anymore
the villa is neglected, shuttered windows,
leaking roof, petrified roses in a vase and
dust that slowly dances when the house sighs.

The once perfect garden is a jungle, wild cats,
snakes and scorpion lurking in the grass.
Not much news emit from the dark rooms of
the villa... but the great voice of the singer
lingers tells a story of those who had too much,
flew too high, and for the tycoon his world fell
from the sky; the rest is silence.

Oskar Hansen

The Great Migration

The Great Migration

Millions of shoeless feet stomping across Europe
an unstoppable horde of the rootless and hungry
humanity mostly from Africa.

the human wave is a tsunami no wall however
tall can withstand it and Europe will change from
white to brown and there will be a synthesis of
cultures both exciting and frightening.

Great books will be written by those not yet born but
will represent the new Europe and make sense of it.
I will not be there, but I think Europe will prevail.
When only snow is white the new people will overcome
the barriers of the race purists who tried to stop them

Oskar Hansen

The Great Mother

She was a famous mother of the church worked long hours to help the poor die- with some dignity- on a straw mat. Total her dedication but bitter was her heart she prayed to a god that did not deign to give her an replay just a long enduring silence a telepathic phone call never answered the hum of eternity, futility and nothingness.

The ungodly world recompensed her she was feted and travelled first class meeting the high and influential and movie stars were eager to have their photo taken with her. She kissed the pope ´s ring- few women get that accolade- and the gallant pope with the world ´s eye resting on him kissed her hands. But her hart grew bitter in her old age she lost faith and in her heart forswore his presence, pushed him out like a suitor who only had empty promises in his sack.

Oskar Hansen

The Grief

The Grief

Big windows are nice, but the sun heats up and the room gets hot up quickly, we need to shut the blinds and close for the view of the sea line. We visited a man who lived alone and he didn't want his day changed by us, switched on the TV as he always did at noon and we sat there seeing a program about lion cubs in Africa, giraffes and hordes of gnus and zebras.

TV is a great human voice silencer, the art of talk Is being overshadowed by the visual to see others act and carry on a useless conversation so we do not have to do it. Perhaps the man estimated our errand, hoped for more time before being told his wife had not survived when her plane fell down.

Oskar Hansen

The Harmony

The Harmony

I saw a village on top of a cliff overlooking the sea,
and each tiny house had a nameplate.

The road up was cumbersome a track of thistles,
I thought only the brave gets to dwell where sea
and land meets in harmony, when work has ended
and flowers are but memories of the bygone.

However hard the track is I will reach the top,
my house will face north where winter storm roars
and summers, a waterfall dream in a blue fjord.
I will know I lived well, the better of two worlds and
I shall not ask for more.

Oskar Hansen

The Health Of Cattle

The Health of Cattle

Every morning I had to milk 6 cows at five, today when liberalism is becoming oppressive It will be called child labour and banned. Then it was school and the three Rs, I liked my cows, they liked me seeing me when grazing they looked up and mood. In the neighbouring farm they had thirty milking cows and milking machines the cattle had no name, producers of milk and that was it. Farmers looked like doctors who when taking their white coats off, took no more interest in their patients. Why should they if one dies it will be replaced a another one, white coats are never out of work. My charge used to feed on a field of plenty, sadly there is a housing estate there now, each house has a tiny gardens full inedible flower. My doctor wears a white coat he dispenses medicine, looks concerned this because I pay him, but I know when I die he will be too busy to attend my funeral.

Oskar Hansen

The Heat

The blue bird that flew over the houses had wings cast shadows in the olive grove, the docile mule bolted kicked over the bucket of water, I had carried from the well it jumped over a stone fence didn't make it fell broke a leg. I called my neighbour he likes to kill things, something unresolved from his childhood I think

All that blood a small river trickled and sank into parched ground, where autumnal flowers sprung up and hid the dead body in an orgy of colours, that got brighter and brighter when feasting on decay till they exploded into a shower of rainbows which attracted dark clouds, and it rained; huge drops- bigger than crocodile tears after laying eggs in the sand and digging them up when time is right, taking them down to the water hoping they would survive in their cruel habitat we call nature.

Next day the mule grazed as before, docile as nothing had happened, but under an olive tree, I found a knife with dry blood, my neighbour was yonder trimming almond trees that now have brown leaves and full of nuts. "Hollered didn't you shot my mule last night?" "He shouted back it was a mistake I shot my mule your mule is OK, It just had a wounded knee.

Oskar Hansen

The Herder

Words are racing by as a yacht making blue water white.
Should I now think in nautical terms, say, a bad seascape
painting of crested waves, which looks like clotted cream?
When I'm thinking of sheep that feed on sun yellow grass
on a field dotted with olive trees? Bedouins unlike cowboys
feel no disgrace looking after them. Biblical peace, that is
before walls were erected and common land absorbed in
the name of nationhood. I know naught, land has changed
hands for thousands of years and will do so again, but I pity
the olive tree it takes a long time bearing fruit, when it does
the walls will be used as building stuff for modest homes.
Peace will be restored, but not forever humanity is, even if
it talks about it, not made for peacefulness. The man with
the biggest flock of sheep will always want more land.

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 crooked 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 Hidden

The Hidden

In an old cigar box I have old black & white photos,
nearing Christmas I sometimes take them out- one
can say I give them an airing and let them see my
decorated tree; mind it is artificial, but I do not think
they notice. Most of the photos depict festive times
summer by the sea, Easter skiing in the mountain and
christmas dinner. Now as I´m older than any of them
they look so young. But there is one missing...me...
I was always somewhere else; in the Caribbean or on
the Pacific Ocean on the way to Japan, scrap iron in hull
of an old cargo ship, it makes me sweetly melancholic.
Because I know behind smiles there was despair, and
when booze were drunk old feuds would surface and
there would be ill tempered arguments often ending
in fist fight; I see my mother wears a worried smile
I loved them all, put the photos back in the cigar box
till next end of year... perhaps?

Oskar Hansen

The Hidden Kiss

The Hidden kiss

My niece rang from Russia last night
she knows I love her, and she is immensely kissable.
Between us, there is an ocean of age and nothing
impure passes among us, she enjoys being loved
and I feel uplifted when she visits us.
We are two ships sailing in a stormy sea of love
and not colliding she is my sister.

I have often been worried about her when she navigate
too close to rocky shores of the coast that brings
nothing but divorce and heartache.
She sails in calm water now since she met a three rigged
schooner her age, at anchorage in the bay of love
and I think of Edward Munch`s fabulous painting:
"A Kiss by the Window"

Oskar Hansen

The Hideous Heart

The Hideous Heart of Scandinavia

Morning in Oslo, from my hotel room I see many roofs
most of them of the same design; tidy, I wondered if they
employed a roof sweeper.

Social democracy in action cold and efficient not given
to surface passion, even their home grown terrorists is
boring but dangerous.

Streets in Oslo are clean too so spotless they look
somehow defenceless and slightly obscene.

The citizens are restraint, tolerantly wait for traffic light
to turn green so they can cross even if no cars are coming.

But there is another Oslo especially at weekends
when people drink an enormous amount of beer fights break
out and knives shine in moonlit nights.

The lust for murder hark backs to a shared cataleptic
memory; and you know there is a pent-up passion
In the hideous heart of Scandinavia

Oskar Hansen

The Hideous Heart Of Scandinavia

Morning in Oslo, from my hotel window I see many roofs
most of them the same design; tidy, I wonder if Oslo employs
roof sweepers. Social democracy in action, cold and efficient
not given to surface passion. Even its homegrown terrorist is
boring, but my god, able in his murderous pursuit for glory.
Streets in Oslo are clean too, so spotless they look somehow
defenseless and slightly obscene. The citizens are restraint
tolerantly wait at traffic lights to turn green to cross, even if
no cars are coming But there is an another Oslo, especially at
weekends, when people drink enormous amount of beer and
violence lurks, when fights break out and knives shine in
moonlit nights. A lust for murder that harks back to a shared
cataleptic memory. And you know there is a pent up passion,
in the dark heart of Scandinavia; that given the right order can
turn compassionate people into vicious Vikings.

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 Horses

The horses

Three horses graze on my land, one is a foal.
In the twilight and with gentle rain falling
they remind me of work horses of by gone
days when I steered the plough that made
furrows in dark, clean soil.

When I stroke their flanks the good aroma
of warm horse arises; dreams are endless.
In daylight they pretend to be boulders, but
even then they make the land serene.

Oskar Hansen

The Hospital

The Clinic
A faint echo
Of a scream
He had been
Absorbed by
The routine
Of the hospital
White coated
Doctors
Nurses in white
Uniforms
And cleaners in blue

Oskar Hansen

The Huddled Masses

The huddled masses

They came here
from war and starvation
to seek
freedom from religion
and ethnic
disharmony.
But some came
to sow
disharmony
turn time back
to the
period of war
murder
and
no freedom of speech

Oskar Hansen

The Huddled Masses In A Foreign Land

The huddled masses

They came here
from war and starvation
to seek
freedom from religion
and ethnic
disharmony.
But some came
to sow
unrest
turn time back
to the
period of war
murder
and
no freedom of speech

Oskar Hansen

The Hummock

The Hummock

There is a hill behind the houses rounded and soft
I call it a -mother hill- and it welcome you and softly
Murmur, how do you do and leave you alone to sit
On a boulder and think how incredible life is.
If you sit there too long enjoying your sentimentality
It wakes you up the rock get cold and the northerly
Blow that has a fragrance of Siberia, reindeer and vodka
So you walk about to keep warm and see wildflowers
Hiding behind stones, but pick them you cannot they
Are not yours will wizen in your hands and bring rain

Walk softly now the aroma of spring is in the grass.
Just behind the hill a hillock grey as October fall, but
Out of sight and no trees grow on it scrawny side it
The mother hill`s burden which it bears with fortitude

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 than 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 Hunter And Dog

The Hunter.

The man who crosses the field carries his shotgun tucked into his left arm. In his belt five rabbits hang. This is not a hobby hunter in camouflage outfit, but a mall time farmer who uses the wildlife to augment his meager income... his dog that has been walking at heel runs in front of him, barks, and up from the tall, dry grass a rabbit springs a shot and now he has six rabbits hanging from his belt... He will sell his catch later at a hotel or restaurant. The man who crossed field, his face is naturally dark, by years spent outdoors, walks into a landscape of trees and bushes and disappears from view.

Oskar Hansen

The Illegitimate Child

The illegitimate Child

Once when juices were flowing like a river
Through my veins promising nothing but disgrace,
I masturbated behind a tree and hit it.
I know have a weedy looking and thin barked son
Who look like a spindly almond tree, winter time.
Responsible as I - his mother doesn't care- I cover
My offspring under canvas at night, also when it rains.
Next year I will have to buy a military tent, it is
Amazing how tall he grows making me look old.

Oskar Hansen

The Incomprehensible

The incomprehensible

The sun was just going behind the westerly ridge
it had been a hot day, and the sun appeared angry
for a cosmic reason, and we don` t even know our
Mind and what influences it. A young man rents
A truck drives down the boulevard on Bastille Day
for a reason, we can only guess at as it has little to
do with Islam a faith he didn` t strictly follow like
Most Muslims, a simple principle observed because it
is customary the way it is among Christians too.
An overheated brain little of education, reading
books how badly France had behaved in his land
once upon a time, an easy catch for those who
sow discontent for its own good.
You can have gendarmes and soldiers on every
street corner, bombs and helicopters scanning
dark windows with intense beams of light but you
the cannot read people' mind or their feelings.
We can reduce this absurd killing of the innocent
by including the disfranchised into our life listens
to their grievances and respect views that are not
sprung from our culture.
It is deep in the night now dogs bark something
has desorbed their peace but soon they go back
to sleep till the sun rises in the east and a coup
is in the making.

Oskar Hansen

The Inheritance 3

The Inheritance

My ffather had a stammer

And lonely drinker

Sat under bridges

Those that span quiet canals

He drowned

Dog came home alone

Wimping

Mother tired took to bridges also

This pleased the dog

The canine came home alone

This was an inheritance I didn't want

But could not avoid I sit under bridges now

The dog`s too old

I walk home alone.

Oskar Hansen

The Initiation

The Initiation

It is not easy to be young at 16 I was a galley boy
on a tankship that even then 60 years ago was ancient
crewed by old mariners who spent their free time
playing cards and talking about whores and now the ship
had docked in Le Havre.

It was dark when I went ashore sat in a bar and drank
Pernod I think. I didn't go in there had promised my mother
to stay away from alcohol and women.

Light rain and the street light was sparse like there was still
a war on, a small girl standing in the rain looking like
a sparrow with a broken wing.

We went to a small hotel, but I didn't have enough money
I got to keep my virginity for another day.

Walking back to the ship it was still raining and the old men
sat drinking one of them saw me and invited me in I accepted
by now I was so lonely and needed someone to talk to,
it was not like I could ring my mother from a cell phone and
anyway, we didn't have a phone back home.

The ancient mariners carried me on board.

Oskar Hansen

The Initiation 2

The Initiation

It is not easy to be young at 16 I was a galley boy
on a tankship that even then 60 years ago was ancient
crewed by old mariners who spent their free time
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anyway, we didn` t have a phone back home.

The ancient mariners carried me on board.

Oskar Hansen

The Innocence

Not a Blowjob.

The nun in her habit sat on a rock near the river,
when I came by she smiled, with lips that had never tasted
a kiss, asked if I wanted a blowjob; taken aback of
what, coming from a nun, sounded like a sick obscenity,
a shocking blasphemy, I left to tell my wife.

She demanded a divorce and got custody of our only dog which,
in triumph, bit my thumb; I went back to the river since I had lost everything,
better let the nun does her job;
but she was floating down the river like a black
bin liner full of newspapers reporting telling of atrocities.

Oskar Hansen

The Interior Landscape

The interior landscape

Here in the landscape of bushes and crippled trees
silence speaks of the final peace.
Grotesque dead trees with grey boughs stretching upward
appealing to a fairytale God:
"Give us today a new life."
There is only one god with many names
you can't trust him to hear your whisper in the wind.
Those who do not understand this are doomed to endlessly
going to casinos or nightclubs, unable to be alone
the noise drowns out the ghost of god.
Pale faces seeing a horror behind you or into a void which
is the biggest punishment is to be forgotten.
I shun not this landscape as it has been abandoned by man
can only be peaceful.

Oskar Hansen

The Interpreter

The Interpreter

Gently a flake fell past a window, the sign
of winter, but the flake was made of soot
yet was as perfect as one made of snow.

Snow has not fallen here for years, deadly
crystal, blood diamonds, yet of icy resolve
to eradicate us by volume and greed.

Flakes of soot, false snow made ideal by
a fake interpreter giving meaningless lift
to pompous speeches and sham grief.

Oskar Hansen

The Intervention

The intervention

It was four in the morning when I awoke sitting in front of TV that was off; again I had ended up in a middle-class neighbourhood in, a close with suitable trees.

I shared a fence with a police inspector who wore a tie when mowing the lawn, he had two silly daughters and a wife so fine she never let the wind pass her through her narrow bum. I family who thought they had reached the pinnacle of civil living. I have so easily been seduced by nice houses and people who speak posh coming from poverty it impresses me.

I went to work; my wife was still sleeping, when I came home A group of people were, it was called an intervention they was trying to convert me to sober living, while they were talking I mixed a gin and tonic, some of the men licked lips. Told them I drank because they were so bloody boring, being drunk, was the only way I could tolerate them.

I rang a travel agency, took a plane to Algarve for a holiday It has cost me a divorce - pleased by that- and my house that I didn` t like, and the holidays continues.

Oskar Hansen

The Invader

The Invader

August night, air condition off no electricity, dying in my own "sweat, " a word I wasn't going to use again. A sudden gush of hot air makes the curtain move, in a surprised way like an English castle ghost caught unaware in the armoury. The gush is full of crematorium ashes, cling to my face won't come off; I'm tired have no strength, when I finally get to the bathroom, my face is clean, ash has gone through my skin followed the blood stream to my heart and brain. I know share my body with someone else; a soul that didn't want to leave, but demanded more time. There have been subtle changes I have a hankering for tea, no milk and two lumps of sugar, I leave the loo lid down and keep bathroom clean. The feminine side of me keeps my coarse ego at bay; I do not sweat anymore but transpire.

Oskar Hansen

The Inventor

The Unlucky Inventor

In winters the sun does not reach down to my valley
so I put my hall mirror on top a knoll; who the hell
needs a hall mirror, it poked fun of me every time
I walked past on my way to the kitchen to make me
another sandwich. In January and February the sun
shines in my garden and there was no autumn in my
life. But my latest invention which I sold to
the Taliban brought my heartache, it is a devise that
detect drones and make them explode in the air,
There are lots of explosions over Afghanistan and
Pakistan. Alas, I´m a fugitive from the Americans
who claim I´m abetting the enemy; the Taliban have
not paid me either. The US government wants me
dead, not by drones, but by sending in the marines.

Oskar Hansen

The Islamisation Of The World

The Islamisation of the world

Birds began falling from the sky, first a few but then millions of birds fell dead to the ground one had to take cover for not being killed by the mass of feathered deaths. The sky was poisoned by our underarm sprays and other stuff we used to cover our natural human scent, days of silence but not for long, insects had no enemy bred fast and we slithered ankle deep in bird droppings.

Summer, not a pleasure everyone sat indoors feeding canary birds while swarms of insects clouded the sun. a burqa that covered the whole body was the solution, aftershave lotion and perfumes were forbidden and there were aroma patrols walked around the neighbourhood 50 lashes and six months jail for anyone who wore the slightest a whiff of perfume; and overnight we became Muslims.

Oskar Hansen

The Jester

I was eating a roast beef sandwich with fried onions when I looked up and saw a woman beautiful with eyes green as the Irish Sea smiling, at me.

Not possible, why should she? I sat with my back to a wall and a painting hang there, perhaps her smile was at the picture.

I smiled too but avoided looking directly at her, more like I was remembering something pleasant, and began eating my sandwich, thought the meat a bit raw.

They hung him on the cross so we could eat more meat, and millions of animals are sacrificed every year... I spun a carpet of broken thoughts between me and her.

Finally I looked up, she was gone, a fata Morgana, she was a memory momentarily coming alive. I turned looked at the painting behind me it was that of a clown.

Oskar Hansen

The Keeper Of The Peace

The Keeper of the Peace

Behind high walls cypresses' stand dignified and tall,
the iron-gate leading, in to a silent Paradise, is open
white marble and names in golden letters.

In here traffic noise dies down, a perfect spring day
comes to an end. I feel at ease here, have no regrets,
this place will one day be my home.

The gardener smokes a cigarette, fine Turkish blend,
tickles my nose, wish I could smoke too. With a big
key he locks up and wishes me safe journey.

Oskar Hansen

The Killing

The killing

A flock of white doves flew over my house, heading due east, if they were flying to

Israel fat chance, and if they landed on the Gaza strip they would end up in a pot.

Last time I saw a white dove was in 1956, when I accidentally killed one, I had made

a bow and arrow and shot into the air and hit one. Our neighbour came, pulled the arrow out of quivering bird and gave it to me, but kept the dove. The aroma of

roasted bird wafted along the street. We sat eating fried mackerel with turnips, "why didn't you take the bird home?" My mother asked. "But it was white and it might have been an angel" I said."? Never mind the colour, we are talking about food, " she said. My sister went even further insisted it was Jesus in disguise, and

I had to give her my chewing gum to atone for my sin. White doves of peace with

a palm leave in their beaks, how romantic, war is undying, peace is just a breather

and festive balloons as military brass bands play.

Oskar Hansen

The King And Me

The King and Me.

The king of Norway, doesn't feel well today
his crown is heavy and since he went bald
the diamond crusted crown leaves marks on
his head. They made a mistake at the laundry
when cleaning his red ermine coat the colour
faded and it doesn't fit around his waist.

But he has to go on the balcony and wave to
the people, later dine with ambassadors,
dignitaries and famous entertainers.

He has to be careful so the sleeves of his coat
that is wide, don't dip into the soup.

Worst of all when the rest drink fine wine he
has to drink water as he has a liver complaint...

What is he going to talk about?

The queen can go on about art and the latest
trend in shoes, her mind doesn't wander off;
stay focused, she say don't go on about sailing.

The king sighs, yes it's hard to be a monarch.

Oskar Hansen

The Kismet

The kismet
From sea to ocean
Has been you denied
No giant breaker be
But settle
For the second best
A ripple on
A summer lake

Oskar Hansen

The Kiss

The Kiss

I had not seen her for many years just
bumped into her on a Christmas busy street.
We kissed hungrily, after all, forty years had
passed and her allure was as before.
The kiss reminded me of Rodin`s sculpture.
She lived in the Canal road number fifty five
we're going there to make love, but I could not
find my car and she evaporated like mist over
woodland. Next day I looked up the town`s map,
the canal street was a parking lot now and houses
that stood here before torn down when the elders
with a female mayor, was cleaning up the sin that
so disturb the new moral we must live by now,
My car was parked there looking demure beside
a new Mercedes class A.
Forty years, a long time, but I remember the kiss

Oskar Hansen

The Lady Sings The Blues

The Lady of Sings.

A woman opened her umbrella made of dreams,
painted bluebells, buttercups tulips and rosemary
Now her flowers needed sunlight and the sight of
blue sky. She walked slowly eyes to the ground
looked for horse manure, which is not easy to find
in a time dominated by cars and motorbikes
At the railway station she tripped on shoes not fit
for cobbled streets; trains stood idle, she inhaled
diesel fumes despite the fact that the line had been
electrified years ago. Locomotive drivers on strike,
sat in a café across the road drank black coffee
bore an expression of steely determination, but
they were worried and feared for their jobs,
the line has been privatized, always bad news
for workers.
The lady didn't find what she was looking for, but
the walk had done her flowers well; she put her
umbrella in the chicken coop.

The Lapsish People

The Laps of the North

I was going to write about olive trees goats and donkeys
and ancient stones in the holy land but I keep
thinking of reindeer in the Northern Norway
not so long time ago the Laps people where
not allowed speaking
their own language, children, were sent to school to learn
Norwegian and forget about their past
Needless to say with the best intention, this pathetic attempt
to eradicate race`s history failed.
The snow and cold stop this advance today the laps are
proud of their heritage schools and a University in their
in their own language. As for the Palestinians they have to go
on fighting for their right until the world stops this inequity

Oskar Hansen

The Last Convict

The Last convict

I sit in the front yard it has a high fence that
make the privacy intense I have created
a prison and now it is too late.

I see the top of a Cypress it looks like
a Christmas tree blowing in a bad tempered
Nordic wind. I think I will go to Norway this
year, mother died at that time and I hope it
will snow, overcast and rain make me sad in
a way that is morbid. I will bring her flowers
and I will cry, she was a lousy housewife but
a great mother. In the chair next to me sits
loneliness and says: so this was your dream
to flee, find freedom yet shackled to the past.
You will die alone not as a whisper in the wind
and you will not be on the plane going north

Oskar Hansen

The Last Dance

They had been dancing to the tunes of a juke box,
now it was dawn and they were alone except for
the barman who was asleep leaning his head on
his folded arms on the mahogany counter.
Soon the sun would break through followed by
the day and they had to face the dreaded future.
Both were married but not to each other, were their
love strong enough to survive the glare of the day?
They didn't know the answer, just one more dance.
Hell will come tomorrow with its heartache and loss,
but not yet. My god, let this moment last forever.

Oskar Hansen

The Last Day

The Last Day

When he comes for me
I will argue with the man in black
Open a bottle of wine.
When he tells me to hurry I will ignore him
I will open a tin of tunny fish
Never drink on empty stomach.
I will walk to my funeral
Criticise the flower arrangement
Give the last orders burp and die.

Oskar Hansen

The Last Forenoon

The last forenoon

It was Sunday I was sitting peacefully at my desk
when an interior storm burst knocked off me off my chair
I witnessed machine gun fire hitting a wall just above
my head I was covered in dust like powdered dandy
and I thought, here we go first torture than a bullet.
The put an oxygen over my face a wounded soldiers
going home after losing yet another battle.

I was born again and could remember the constant
battle the never- ending war of my phobias,
Eight floors up, one lifetime is enough, but the soldier
could not break glass puny his hands weak his arms.
Yes I'm home but my smile is a Janus mask I cast no
shadows on the wall like the living do.

Oskar Hansen

The Last Hospital Stay

The last hospital stay

After the surgery, I was flat on my back and not allowed to move an assistant - nurse came to feed me.

A stern looking woman older than the others soup she fed me, open your mouth wide she said, I did and her eyes softened her figure became motherly she scolded me gently when spilling soup on the nib.

When I didn't want any more soup, she said I had to eat it all. I felt drawn to her as a baby to her mother it was a beautiful moment; she tucked me in and I fell asleep.

Then it was morning, and I was allowed to sit up and later stand up I looked out the window a football pitch the players' red and yellow shirts it looked like mating ritual, the one who scored the most goals, get the sexiest girl, that's ok, but I got to be a baby and remember it.

Oskar Hansen

The Last Soldier

The last Soldier

From the narrow back streets in a town of conflict came
A whispering, the great man has finally died and muted
Voices grew louder till old buildings shook and dogs howled
Imitating the humans in a jubilation they didn't understand.
For eight years this heavy shadow of the past had hovered
As an ill omen and cowardly politicians found refuge and
Excuses for doing nothing, trying to find peace and fairness.
There will be display of mourning and his departure will be
Recorded in international presses despite the fact his nation is
Small, yet has unequalled nuclear power in the region.

Not only his detractors, on the other side of walls of trepidation,
Was glad to see him go, eight years a slowly rotting corpse kept
Alive, silent day and night. How tortured this man must have been
Endlessly waiting in the anteroom of hell.

Oskar Hansen

The Last Sunday Of October

Vilamoura marina on a glorious October day, tourists gone home leaving the promenade for us elderly to walk sedately along it. I saw an ancient lady walking forcefully, using a Zimmer frame, It looked like she was trying to set a new personal record, and we gave her space. We saw a once famous footballer, sad really you see them running around a big green field and the next day they are dated and forty. In case you ask, it wasn't Beckham. Many yachts tied up and their owners are allowed to drive their cars on the promenade, my old socialist heart was ready to revolt. Cafes were open and served food for us old at reduced price; still too expensive, it was as idle waiters were eyeing us malevolently. The Zimmer lady returned I think she had beaten her old record. Then it was late afternoon and the sea breeze cooled our ardour; time to go home and drink our cacao.

Oskar Hansen

The Last Viking

The Last Viking

There had been a war in my part of the world, peace there is never one, people fight wars in other parts of the world more brutal than ever before. The first winter of peace was the coldest anyone old could remember and ducks feet froze on the ice they could not move and became prey to rats and human scum who threw stones at the ducks satisfying a biblical instinct. A tree in the park had fallen and a skeleton was discovered it was to be excavated the next day, but it disappeared I think it had reassembled itself broken into a dress shop and covered his bones with the skin of dead people. A long very thin man had been observed outside a lady`s lingerie shop late one evening, masturbating, what else to do after being dead under a tree for five hundred years.

At a museum in the Isle of Man, I saw the thumb of a Viking in a glass cage within a glass cage surrounded by precious objects ladies wore at the time It was pathetic there he was fighting and living not knowing his thumb would live forever in a tiny glass cage

Oskar Hansen

The Law Rider

The Law Rider

The man who owns the night wears a badge
it reads "sheriff department"
and he also has a shining gun –
starched uniform and stripes on his arms.-
He patrols the streets where the huddled lives,
those who are born losers and cannot escape
as they have lost the ability to dream.
The officer arrest a few as they are easy pray
and educational undernourished...
Handcuffs them and take them to a cell at the station,
more fodder for the penal industrial complex.
15 teen years on the beat, loves his work,
yet he has never solved a crime.

Oskar Hansen

The Lay Of The Land

The Lay of the Land

If my thoughts had wings
Or better still had arrows and a bow
To pierce your heart
You will open your emerald eyes
As only seen in the sea of Greenland
Seek my embrace
We will be the sky and the earth
Filling the air with fog
Before we make love
Our Titanic love is too great for
Sluggish humanity to clasp
Kiss me slowly caress me long
And we will purify a putrefied world.

Oskar Hansen

The Leaf

The Leaf.

On my walks I picked up a perfectly formed elm leaf,
the colour of dry tobacco. In Norway, during the Nazi
occupation, people had tobacco plants in back yards.
Perhaps carrots and cabbage had been healthier.
Put the leaf on top of a white wall and took a picture.
The wind came and blew it away. I brief meeting of
equals and a memory

Oskar Hansen

The Legend

The Romantic Legend

The lord of the manor near the coast of Algarve,
Behind the manor a forested valley where
Packs of frightful wolves roamed.

A day when his youngest daughter who was a bit
Odd-as she took no interest in suitors- went to
The glade to pick flowers, she met a he wolf.

Not afraid she petted the good animal and his
Eyes she discovered love that asked for nothing
And had nothing to give but love itself.

The daughter when doing needle work had stung
Herself and there was a dropp of blood on her
Index finger, which the wolf lovingly licked away.

A miracle happen the girl turned into a sleek,
Wonderful she wolf with silky black and tan fur.
Their union was complete and love rewarded.

The pair found a cave in the deepest forest
Where they lived happily for many years until
The he wolf was killed by a bigger animal.

The spell was broken and she was now an old
woman, alone and scared, where love's light
had shone there was fearful darkness.

There was a knock on the manor's oak door,
An elderly woman claimed she was the daughter
Of the house but, she was not believed.

It was a rainy night and when the door opened
Next morning the servants found a young girl
With glade flowers in her folded dead hands.

What sorrow, what grief, but she wore a smile

That told of everlasting love and acceptance
Of the price she had to pay.

“Vale de lobo” the forest doesn´t exist anymore
But is full of vulgar houses built for sun seekers.
And a paradise of love is lost to commerce.

Oskar Hansen

The Less Important 1

The less important

Every TV channel carries
the same news it is as it is sent from a news
central Obama is good and is Putin bad
and no one asks about its verity it is just read
by some nice people who look sincere.
I have been overcome by angst it starts from
the inside going out
my skin is grey and pale and sweat drips on
my T. shirt.
I should know but I can't find the source of
its conception, but I try something about
eyes and in them I read surprise of the oncoming
I saw him fall
heard the crack of a broken neck
Walking away nothing I could do but
stepping over an inert body and into boisterous life

Oskar Hansen

The Life Of A War Horse

The horses I remember as a child were very big working horses, not nervous like race horses who need a rub down and soft words before racing. I remember specially a giant tanned coloured horse left behind after the Nazi occupiers, it was a victim of war.

The Nazi leaders who were fonder of animals than people, just like the British, had given the horse an animal iron cross, and had its flanked and neck stroked by Herman Goering no less; but it was never taken in by this barmy philosophy.

Alas, the horse belonged to a survivor in Holland, it was shipped to the Middle East ploughing soil that hitherto had been tilled, by grey donkeys, ploughing shallow sandy soil. Then it happened having been exposed to so many confusing ideologies the horse bolted and kicked the farmer to death. There was a court case it was proven the horse was racially biased and sentenced to become legitimate dog food.

Oskar Hansen

The Life Of Fishes

The life of fishes

I bought a cod fish
The fish-monger wrapped it in
A newspaper
I put in in the kitchen sink
Looked it in the eyes
Any recognition
Between two being
Nothing
I cut its head off and gutted it
Its eyes looked like
Black diamonds in the shade
Of the stolen
I fried the fish, ate it
Not long ago it had been swimming
In the cold sea
Avoiding nets and hooks
Did it have friends?
Who would lament its demise?
I wouldn't like to be a fish
Ending up in a frying pan, but
We are fishes too, always get caught
In someone's war.

Oskar Hansen

The Loneliness Of Fame

Lonely is the Famous

Once I met Cliff Richard, a sweet little man,
came into the newsagent and bought
a paper-broadsheet- perhaps that makes
him look intellectual; what do I know?
He nodded my way, smiled, mind, he smiled
to everyone. He is a professional showman,
smiling for him comes easy.

He had plenty of hair, slim no unsightly beer
belly like me, and I was quite envious till
I noticed the cape of loneliness he wore.
Wished I could help moderate the desolation
that dulled his eyes when he briefly let his
guard down. Poor Cliff sits alone at home, sips
his own wine and dream of happy holiday

Oskar Hansen

The Lonely Walk

The Long Walk

I was walking along a long road in a 1950ish industrial landscape, high walls and closed down factories; dark brown, and no green weeds in pavement cracks.

Down at the docks all ships had left, cranes stood in silence each one ensconced in the terrifying loneliness of the soulless that knows of no existence.

I found the office I was looking for, needed someone to stamp a document, it was empty I waited till light faded from pictures of stern faced men on photos on walls.

This place had no real sunshine, a haze hung over here making summers a pale affair, only in August did sun penetrate drowning shadows in a white unpleasant light.

Outside, in the street going south, there were many me, young ones, middle aged and some were even older than I, which I thought was a good sign and secretly smiled.

For a moment I felt nostalgic wanted to look back, but desisted we had, all of us, agreed that we must walk on never look back as the past holds a fatal attraction.

Sooner or later the road must end and open up to a vista of olive and almond trees, lemon coloured straw, faraway blue mountains and pastel painted summers.

Oskar Hansen

The Long Doze

The Long Doze

God woke up
he had slept since world war one.
He was in good mood
On his desk two stacks of papers
one for the righteous people
one for atheists
He called St. Peter and said:
"Let them all in."
"Are you sure Peter muttered?
"Peter, just do as I say."
"I like to see
how happy the good will be"
God giggled
"But, most of all the astonishment
In the faces of non believers. "

Oskar Hansen

The Long Goodbye

The Long Goodbye

When I quit the navy over thirty years ago I didn't had the heart to get rid of my uniform, after all it was made of good cloth and of hope of going back some day?

The uniform kept hanging there a silent witness of work, dreams and my lack of achievement. The call never came there was an issue of my instability, although treatment had been successful.

Dark blue uniform silver buttons, three silver stripes on each sleeve, going to waste. By impulse I took it out from the bottom of my closet, put it. Oddly the uniform fitted, but shoulders were too big and my old frame could no longer fill it. The mirror told me I looked ludicrous.

Put the uniform in a bag dropped it off in a green metal box that is there for poor people who cannot afford to buy new gears. And thus I severed the last futile romance of a life as a seaman and officer.

But how does one stop dreams.

Oskar Hansen

The Long Journey

The Long Journey

It's evening the traffic is slow in front of me
I'm a part of a ruby necklace, can't escape.
So tired falling asleep. A seagull with peeked cap knocks
on the window, carry on.
Across a long bridge I just know it will fall dawn
an earthquake, thousands of cars falling into the sea,
so unjust we'll drown together whilst fighting
for something that floats and we can hold on to.
And then the rain it never stops, cars driving hundred miles an hour,
water planning no breaks. Will I ever reach Algarve?
Stop at a cafe, windows cry and I have no words of comfort,
nothing I can say to stop their misery.
I'm hungry but can't afford to eat, all money gone to petrol.
Will I ever get home?

Oskar Hansen

The Long Road

The long Road

I`m going out for another walk at home the silence
are oppressive most of the villagers have moved away
and some are dead or senile she hates my house,
my home it is too silent, and she wants to move in
to a town and meet people.

I understand her, I partly agree it`s only this, I re-built
this cottage and the best years of my life is here
I found what I had lost my self-confidence I knew they
laughed at me of my dreams I was an eccentric, but
here I healed my broken self.

I walk on an asphalted road it`s easier that way. I don`t
want to go home and be met with truculent silence
I wish to walk and walk till the roads end or split into
a fork and a sign post will tell me what to do
whether I should return or carry walking northward

Oskar Hansen

The Longest Dream

It is always the same I take the bus in the morning
but I never get home, can't tell the driver where to
stop as I have forgotten the name of my valley

I see it clearly when I close my eyes, a small cabin
in the forest's clearing. My dog is there waiting
and she has waited long.

She hears the sound of a bus nearing the clearing,
but then it changes direction and the sound of its
diesel engine fades slowly away.

She goes back to sleep her patience is endless
she knows she's not forsaken. I will return to her
when remembering where I live.

Oskar Hansen

The Longest Fall

The Mighty Fall

I fell through the night under me I could see white crested waves of the sea and there was little I could do to stop this freefall, it took 3 minutes to reach the unforgiving surface of the vast ocean. I screamed like a hurt animal and began sinking could not breathe, fought and struggled to be free of this huge amount of water; and there it was my heaven, the full moon pulling me upwards so I could fly and dream among the stars.

First, I had to swim to the Saragossa and find the secret island always hidden in a miasma of the absolved, but I could not do it alone.

On my back floated my body anemone and incredibly beautiful.

The sea was a mirror now; I was held back by the sea as the moon tried to possess me, both wanted me, and this filled me with ecstatic happiness as the current helped me to reach Saragossa.

Oskar Hansen

The Longest Sleep 1

Love not deeply
It was an odd week of lovelorn
I kept singing "born to lose and now I'm losing you."
Perhaps it was an Elvis Presley song
I sighed often but otherwise slept well it was more
An ego thing she left me.
The song in my head finally disappeared there were
So many beautiful girls that summer
I loved them all, but I sometimes sang a line from a song
"a blanket on the ground."
Willie Nelson`s I think.
Does a sweet song begets love or is it love that begets
A sweet song?

Oskar Hansen

The Loss

The Loss

Dream time, lazy and long, is over
It lasted a generation
But real life
Came and stole the colours
Home baked bread no more
everything is easy shop bought
and taste of the average.
I now of a woman who stole
Flowers for her son's coffin
It stood there in the snow
Grave diggers on strike.
But a bouquet of flowers don't
Mind what they were intended for
Rootless and decaying anyway
So let the mother be she didn't
Do anything wrong, just rearranged
Flowers bought in a shop from a grave
The had too many to her son's
Whose no flora in the world could hide
Hide a mother's grief

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 Lost Tribe

The Lost Tribe

Holocaust, this tragic word, millions of life lost in its name, and it has not ended.
This time,
it is the Palestinians who are victims of a people
who have learned only one lesson, to survive one has to be shit and able to tell
lies and
cynically play on Europe's common guilt.
Hitler wasn't able to remove the Jews, we, the Christian wouldn't let him.
The people of Israel, who has taken upon themselves to emulate their former
tormentors,
will not be able to eradicate the Palestinians, we, the despised and cowardly
Christians,
will not let them. The raw disregard the Israelites show against their Semitic
brothers,
borders to self- hate; it will corrupt them, they will sink into nihilism.
Dust upon dust the story could have been so different hadn't they decided that
kindness
was a hindrance when creating their tribal paradise.

Oskar Hansen

The Love Affair

The road that leads to a smallish agricultural flatland has two walls. One wall was built by a slob, just throwing one stone on top of another.

The other wall was built by a craftsman where stones fitted and he had used decorative and white painted cement between them.

Every Sunday the meticulous man walks to his wall and find great satisfaction to see his work again and wishes the slob would rebuild his wall.

Every Sunday the layabout goes for a walk to, first to the bar for a few beers with his mates; he walks to the good man's house and have sex with his wife.

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 Lucky Break

The young Russian, who had ended up on the shores of Algarve, was drunk, poor and miserable. He offered people to help unload trolleys into cars, few wanted him to do so as he was a big man and looked threatening. Cold shoulders of contempt, yes he did notice it ok and every arrow of rejection found its mark.

He approached me I gave him enough money to buy a litre of wine. A litre of wine would bring some relief he would be able to sleep for a few hours, but knew he would wake up at dawn, feel wretched and ashamed full of hopelessness and thinking how to escape this misery that only drink could assuage for a few hours. Once I was drunk, skint and far from home, I went into a church for warmth, found a big money note on the floor I put it in the collection box and cursed. Hell it I could not take the note back it would look like a theft. I don't know what I feared the most stealing or being caught stealing. The day after I got a job, no it didn't make me religious, but it made me appreciate the element of luck in life.

Oskar Hansen

The Lunch

The Lunch

Today I ate the worst meal for years, dry fried liver
and burnt onions with a salad that tasted of fish because
the cook had used a fish knife to cut the lettuce.

I didn` t like to make a fuzz but left no tips and on the day
sun was too hot and I felt miserable.

There was a time in 1946 when poverty washed the cold
shores of my country that I would be happy for a meal like this
it was a time of mass migration and I remember a mother
and child I think they were Slavic dressed in rags,
there was no work and had to go newspaper rounds to make
a little money, yet she did the couple a few coins

Europe was awash with migrants, there had been a war but
people were protesting they had little food and didn` t want
to share any of it yet there was no open hatred.

Is it not odd to think that my country that is rich now and its
people are full of hatred against migrants
and a right wing party shares power with a fascist one, yes
it is sad when we lose the ability to be human and show no
sympathy for those who flee wars in the Middle East and Africa.

Oskar Hansen

The Mad Years

The Mad Years

Years ago my first wife had left me for another man
I was crazy by jealousy she in another man`s arms
intolerable.

A ghost walking through town in a haze of whisky
a meltdown caused by dishonest self-importance.
I didn`t see how pathetic I was trying to end myself
on the Altar of love, I wallowed in the victimhood.
The bank took the house my mother took me in told
me to grow up. Sleeping on a sofa and no privacy
sharpens the mind to be constructive like working for
living. Slowly I was able to forget and let go, my
overreaction was of hurt my self-esteem had taken
a beating; she left me. My sister had a summer cabin
by the sea in a fjord, she let me stay there dry as
a preacher- until feeling better. I did but got a phobia
could no leave, alone, yet safe from the world I could
think and stay here forever

I shrink handed me Valium held my hand as we walked
down the track to his car, it was white with red letters
I didn`t mind full of pills I was safe, now I think it sure
was tough growing up

Oskar Hansen

The Magician.

The man in the -white as snow- thobe looked like a statue of the saviour, as seen in protestant churches. He walked amongst people at the farmers market, gently spoke about this and that, maybe the price of cucumbers? What do I know?

Soon he had a fan base; people liked him and asked questions that had more to do with metaphysical reasoning than the cost of agricultural products.

This disturbed authorities, was the stranger sowing seditious thoughts in people's mind? And his thobe it repelled dust and was always clean?

He was arrested and put in a police cell. When detectives came to interrogate him he wasn't there, only his thobe, which, the label on the inside, read: made in China.

Oskar Hansen

The Malady

The malady

Knocks on my door

 The hall is empty and bleak

Dark doors keeping secrets

 I tape a spoon against a wine glass

Its plinks sings from room to room

 Looks for an outlet

 Settles like dust on book shelf

As residues of unspoken words

 I hear children in the street jubilant voices

Pain subsides

Get out of my chair slowly, a battle won

Oskar Hansen

The Malady 2

The malady

Knocks on my door

 The hall is empty and bleak

Dark doors keeping secrets

 I tape a spoon against a wine glass

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As residues of unspoken words

 I hear children in the street jubilant voices

Pain subsides

Get out of my chair slowly, a battle won

Oskar Hansen

The Man Who Hates Israel

The Man who hates Israel

Today we had lunch at a restaurant called Israel and, yes it was Jewish but I didn't see an Islamist bomber ready to blow himself and us up to King David come. The food was good and later over coffee I noticed they served food fit for diabetics.

What amused me was that one of the dishes, hummus with something was recommended by lady Gaga which I take to be a cross- dressing singer. Where are the Jews? Finally, an elderly couple arrived she looked like Isaac Rabin's wife and the man a scientist, to my chagrin they left the food was too Middle Eastern for them they spoke English with a Dutch accent. The Hollanders are really mean, I gave a lift to a prince of the house of Orange he lived quite far from me but didn't even offer me a cup of coffee.

I remember him telling me that the crown prince of Norway had shamefully married a commoner, a waitress of all things. I digress, The Israeli restaurant served meatless food which suits me well, only when I came home I wondered if the place was a cover for Mossad's and they take no interest in me. No matter how much I holler about the Zionists they are not sending assassins after me so I have to live with my failures.

Oskar Hansen

The Maniac

The Maniac

This day has been one of great terror of the mind,
My illness made me hallucinate; my head was exploding
Bloody bit of brain everywhere
People are calling this a spike, me calling it a step-down
The ladder into the grave without the dignity
And around my grave, they will throw soiled napkins
The padre will giggle laudable and do a jig and
Read from a funny script, he is a stand- up comic
When not moonlighting as a padre.
She, the dictator of the domestic scene, tells me I`m
Hallucinating, me? One of the most normal people
I have ever known.
You only feel sorry for yourself, says the cake munching
Ogre, I get up, but my voice is too weak for words
But I manage between heaves of fear of imminent death
To tell her of the wood I have carried to the house
I give myself another shot of insulin, wish I had a cigarette

Oskar Hansen

The Mare

The Mare.

Lonely horse
On a misty spring field
It neighed
Came to the fence
I stroked its damp flank
It began grazing
But looked up to see if
I was still there

Oskar Hansen

The Mare And I

Georgia on my mind, I remember a song the sweetness of America,
I have never been there but once I was in Huston, Texas, my ship
was there for repairs. I rented a car and drove deep into
the countryside which was hot and dry Just like in a western movie,
I stopped at a dud farm and they gave an old mare to ride.
When tired of riding the mare and I walked side by side along dusty
tracks and tumbleweeds and I thought of Indians who lived here
and left no history behind other than baddies in western movies.

Both the mare and I knew while there might be historic changes and
upheaval, human nature remains the same; it is about war and peace,
love, hate and jealousy...and finally death. But not quite that, above
all there is dignity and respect for life. Texas has a big sun and it was
setting. "Home on the ranch" a song remembered. Time to get back
to the ocean and admire the dolphins and listen to their song.

Oskar Hansen

The Marriage

The hotel room in St. Asaph (wales) , was damp
and smelt of spent body passion, I didn't have a coin
for the gas metre; in the decomposing bed a woman
Snored, and from the depth of my soul
the beginning of an anguished scream.
the morning was ashen as my face and find drizzle fell.

The hotel bar was closed, I walked for bone aching
for miles while the heaven descended.
Apocalypse Now!
No such luck, when the clouds parted the hills
where green with grazing sheep on.
Dear God, where were you yesterday when I married
a scullery maid, have you no mercy.

Oskar Hansen

The Master

The Master

Once I had a dog
I was her god, and that was scary
So much power
I could put her down
Tie her up in a dank basement
I shudder to think about it
Instead, I choose to love her
And when she died
I cried

Oskar Hansen

The Master Of The World

The Master

Once I had a dog
I was her god, and that was scary
So much power
I could put her down
Tie her up in a dank basement
I shudder to think about it
Instead, I choose to love her
And when she died
I cried

Oskar Hansen

The Matador

The Matador

I was thinking of taken the bus Seville
But don` t know what to do when getting there
Unless I run into a female Toreador
I once met in Seville she was good at killing things
She had once worked at an abattoir, alas, too many men
Surrounded her, she didn` t see me
That was long ago she must be 70 years old now
And probably glad to see a man who remembers when
She cut the ear of the of her prey and held it aloft
And the spectators were ecstatic.
Perhaps she has turned away from this slaughter and
Become and protector of all animals.
Did I tell you I was in Seville ten years ago with
A drunken girlfriend?
In a bar, she got up pretending to be a matador,
This was embarrassing
I had to get her out and to the hotel
But, she was in a festive mood
and disappeared in the night.
There are idle moments when I wonder what happened to her.

Oskar Hansen

The Mermaid And Her Lover

The mermaid and her Lover.

The mermaid is so sad her head just above water,
she had a raw sardine for her lunch, it was bland.
It didn't used to be like this when she met a man
Who could no longer sail the oceans and sat on
a stone throwing pebbles into the water.
And they talked all night until her skin dried and
she had to go back to sea. He built her a swimming
pool for two and every night he came to her and
frolicked and ate fried sardines and drank red wine.

But he married a woman of the land one with hair
dresser mop and she didn't want "her" in the pool.
The sailor wrapped her in a wet blanket carried her
down to the sea and softly let her go; but she clung
to him dragged him into the sea, alas, he drowned.
The coroner said it was suicide.

Oskar Hansen

The Miner

The Miner

Mining dust in outer space exploited planets full of
Holes and an eerie day, workers on strike.
10% ok, but nothing to spend money on except
in the company store

The workmen 's shuttle has broken down it will take
two years before a new one arrives with shuttle full of
whores, which are a long wait for anyone to suffer.
Long trek worker, been away for ten years now, children
moved away, wife has a lover.

But he has enough money to buy a car that needs no fuel,
the neighbours envy him tell him how terrible life was in
the years he was away...lucky guy waiting for the shuttle to
take him back to wishful thinking.

Oskar Hansen

The Mirror Of Truth

The Mirror of Truth

The face in the crowd worried me it was still
but the eyes were aglow showing an intense hatred
to no one, in particular, a man`s who dreams had
been disturbed by reality; this is the way it is and
he is a slave of the conventional and his lack of courage
to break free a man who bullies himself and others,
if not rescued his rage will turn violent.

What bothers him is familiarity of the face he has seen
it before somewhere was it on the surface of the lake
so deep and silty those thoughts sink to the nethermost
conscience; he has long denied the veracity is shocking,
the face is a mirror image of him

Oskar Hansen

The Misbegotten

The Misbegotten

On the middle of the bridge we leaned on its railing
and looked into at the slimy, green and slow
running stream. Its bank decorated by plastic bottles,
used condoms, a long since dead dog, yet grinning as
recalling a filthy joke and a three month old abortion,
half eaten by discerning water rats.

Over this beauty of decay hung a reluctant, pale sun
refusing to lend light to this polluted river scene.
First time we came here the water was clear, we could
see fishes and you held my hands, she said.

My hands were cold, spat into the filth below, dug them
deep into my pockets, hunched my shoulders and
began walking. Didn't bother telling her that our love was
like a river burdened by too much debris.
All we have in common is our shared solitude, but that is
a dad better than being alone.

Oskar Hansen

The Missing Love

The Missing love

This is the sunrise of your life, booming voice hollered,
what do you mean, silly man it is raining outside,
well - lamely now- you are alive that is something to
celebrate; you are right I have got everything, house
car and all that, but wish I had someone to love and take
care of. I will drive down to the lost canine place and see
if there is a dog that needs me. Not any dog, say, a puppy
I haven` t got the patience to train one the dog must be
about five years old and preferably a house trained bitch.
It must be an older dog because I'm old so when I die
The dog will hopefully die to of old age too.

Oskar Hansen

The Mistress

The Mistress.

Mary Jo where are you now? 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 Misunderstanding

The doctor at the hospital told him grim news,
he hadn't long to live. Outside the day looked
brighter than before what he had noticed
he now saw and deeply regretted his blindness.
Bought a packet of cigarettes, and since he was
dying anyway health didn't matter anymore.
In a shop he bought a silk rope, long and strong,
he always liked silk it was so soft on the touch.
Home he made a noose, put it around his neck
climbed up on a table and fastened the rope to
a roof beam. The mobile phone rang, it was
the doctor who was sorry, there had been a mix
up with the papers, he was not going to die after
all, elated he jumped off the table and....

Oskar Hansen

The Money Note

The Money Note

Bad time for shipping and I had no work, slept on the sofa in my mother's small flat, she sat up late drinking coffee, reading and smoking cigarettes.

I had a small unemployment benefit mother took most of it for lodging, I spent most days outside trying to find work and sometimes I was lucky and got a temporary job as a washing up at a cafe or cleaning the floors.

The old church in town was open to eight in the evening I often went there to rest and sort of half sleep, one day in the front of me I saw a big money note -500 coronas- picked it up, put it in my pocket and debated whether to keep it or give it to the verger; then organ music started can't bear it and I left.

I thought of dinner and a nice bottle of wine, took a closer look at the note, it was 500 coronas ok, only it was monopoly money and quite useless, back in the church I put the note in the collection box.

Oskar Hansen

The Murder

The Murder

Bombs are falling hundreds are killed many of them children
and we shake our heads in dismay, something has to be
done to stop these atrocities.

Yet there is communality about bombing, victims died trying
to save themselves, they did have a chance.

On a sand dune a man on his knees, hands chained behind his
back waiting for his killer to cut his throat and the awfulness
of being human hits me with as a grim knife of sorrow.

And then I have to endure someone defending his murder by
saying it was caused by revenge for our misdeed, I ask, I holler
into the wind, have you no compassion? Can you not feel, just
for a moment, the lonely agony of the man's final moment?
His end so meaningless - as a life is- and no fairytale can make
this revulsion into the defence for psychopaths' entertainment.

Oskar Hansen

The Muse

The Muse

I remember it well when in the summer evenings
I went to see her we drank wine and made love
Embraced we slept to morning light.
Stay with me she said to rest a bit longer I will serve you tea
No, I wanted to go home savour the night in privacy
Feed the dog, go for a walk and write about my love for her.
It ended like a morning dream; she had found a man who
Drank her tea and stayed with her till he was too old
And she sent him to an old people's home.
She had been my muse lives in my poems, but no,
I didn't want to stay with her a painter rarely marries his model
But she will always be there hanging in some gallery
Or on the wall in the lobby of some hotel.

Oskar Hansen

The Mystery

The Enigma

Some children rescued from the hell in Syria came to the west where they got a good education, which made them realize their rescuers were also, the enemy who had bombed and strafed killing their relatives.

They re-discovered they were Arabs and the culture of the west was contrary to the Koran, so they thought of bringing the war to us with a vengeance. What we have done to the Arab people, even giving them the bleeding wound called Israel is not and can not be forgotten; the decision made by the few to wedge war in the Middle East is a price the man and the woman in the street, are paying.

Oskar Hansen

The Naked And The Dead

Naked I walk through the town but no one sees me
no more than they see a shadow on a sun drenched
wall... and I awoke my son's name, he who was
not born twenty years ago. My son I have given you
a grand education, all my money has gone to make
you middle class and respected in this town...speak
now and stop your silence I need your support and
do not be ashamed of your father who swam from
the sea penniless but begat you my wonderful child
unborn, cause your mother wanted to be attractive
forever. You are what I never became a person of class.
Do not leave me know, do not be ashamed of your
sailor father who had nothing to give but his love for
an unborn child. Night is so long I wait by the phone,
just one call to tell me you have been successful and
that you love me.

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 than one made of cardboard, style, means
a lot to me, I was never an emotionally sober man.

The Nature Of Success

The Nature of Success.

On an old tank ship that was so slow it felt as we were suspended in time, a world shrunk only us the ocean and the rhythmic hear beat of the engine... and when the ship birthed, at some god forsaken refinery, we felt overcome by shyness seeing so many strange faces.

It was on a ship like this I met the third officer a young man with literary ambitions, and he succeeded on Norway ´s modest literary tree. Often interviewed, asked awkward questions about writing and why he writes like it should be a hidden formula.

I ´m glad for his triumph, yet there is a sting in my heart, not of rancor, but of sadness...never having received the clarion call of acceptance. Collections after collections have been rejected. I feel as I have been suspended in a fool ´s time, only the sea and me and the shore is far away.

Oskar Hansen

The New Knowledge

Early September, days are getting shorter and evenings longer; the breeze that blew had pockets of cold air, a reminder of things to come. Dawn when I got up looked into the mirror and saw my father's aged face. Lucid now and for once fully conscious I had been asleep for forty years and lost the time between youth and old age. In a foreign country and I could no longer remember how I got here, or how to leave.

I pressed fingers to my cheeks, in quiet despair, finger marks on inelastic skin that only slowly faded. Father, why did you let me sleep so long, how can I now recapture my adult years? A rumbling through the house, a picture in the living room fell off the wall; it was of my mother and she looked so young. The intensity of my reawakened consciousness overwhelmed me, walls fell and naked I stood in the ruins of my unlived life

Oskar Hansen

The New Me

The New Me.

From today I shall only write fine poems
go to the local poetry reading club and
be adored by female fans.

Honey will drip from my lips and I will
wear flowers in my hair and there will
be a flood of happy tears.

In Paris I read poetry about the Roma
people and the plight of the Palestinians,
the silence still rings in my ears.

Oskar Hansen

The New Morality

Pegasus

I saw a plane coming from Lisbon flying high,
It was a clear night sky; I could see a horse flying
besides the plane "did you see that" the first pilot said,
to the second pilot. Yes, it was Pegasus delivering books
to those who cannot read.

We are coming back; something is wrong, the pilot said,
The chief pilot lit a cigarette, which is not allowed,
the second officer objected it was not legal.

When the plane was ready to fly again, it had another chief pilot
the second officer had reported the old one.

Oskar Hansen

The New Tomorrow

Shopping street posh boutiques, perfumeries and cafes plenteous
Something for all to eat and drink. My wife has gone to buy a dress
And I wait with a glass of red wine, as usual, when we are out and
About in town. There are no cars in this street and children are free
To fool around, I look at them and wonder what the future holds
For them now that the world is about implode. When they are only
Allowed to express an opinion that is the norm. Should they fall foul
Of this edict and, the powerful listens to their thoughts, they will be
Pushed out as the spoilers and have only themselves to blame, for
Not being submissive. And the new adults will be conditioned to
Have no mercy for losers of this sacred joke of an evil democracy.
But the edifice of human greed will fold one day, nature will see to
That, reek destruction that few humans will survive. So play now
Little ones tomorrow has nothing to offer but the suffering caused
By your antecessors who willfully took his pleasure and left you to
Suffer the consequences.

Oskar Hansen

The New Tyranny

The New Tyranny

This dawn after rain had trumpeting its force on the old roof tiles
It ceased a soft a soft drizzle, Yes I know I should get up at eight
steeped as I'm in a protestant work ethic, but overcome by
laziness slept for another hour. In my drowsiness I thought how
our freedom has been restricted by the internet.

Our thoughts and secrets are no longer our property but shared
by authorities that want to know our innermost thoughts, we are
prisoners of an all embracing society that will not tolerate thoughts
other than the banal comments about friends' birthdays.

What was heralded to be a great instrument of communication is
spied upon by our leaders who know more about us now than
the Stasi did in East Germany. Free speech only exist for those who
have nothing to say and accept living in the land of conventions.
Nothing can be nobler if we demand our right not to be censored
and called seditious because we will not be trapped into trivial
acceptance of perceived lies.

Oskar Hansen

The Newest Senryu

Senryu

A poet adores love
Not the practical one
Dinner at five

The moment caught
A memory to remember
A face in the crowd

The killer of love
Is the despair of loneliness
turned into disgust

Oskar Hansen

The News Today

The News Today

Louvre in Paris has closed its door the staffs stand
on the steps and sing the national anthem they have
no lifeboats and can` t stop Louvre being filled with
the art of debris, cleaning up will be a headache
what is art and what is rubbish.

Meanwhile,80 million rats have sought higher ground
occupying rich people's homes sleeping and eating silk
sheets and Foie gras get drunk and aggressive on rare
wine and defecating on Persian carpets

Also in the news, a boy in Japan has been dancing with
bears and eating their blueberry jam.

The boy says he will be a zookeeper when he grows up
to put his parents in a cage. The rest of the news is boring
the routine stuff about useless wars on sand dunes

Oskar Hansen

The Nordic Tribe

The Nordic Tribe

There is a great movement of Scandinavians going to the South of Europe, they have their church, cafes and shops selling the type of food sold in the North. The Spaniards, say, accept and ignore them because these strange northerners came here for the sun and not take anyone's work.

You can call the economic refugees, it is cheaper here and that also keeps the heating bill low.

The people of the North dislike refugees coming to their country a place to live and they protest loudly.

One day, when the economy in the south is par with the Nordic one, they will leave, or seek other shores where they can live as kings among the poor; the Northerner's are racists by nature but do follow the money and its fluctuations and they have the ability to see the local people where they have temporarily sought shelter, as foreigners.

Oskar Hansen

The Nuclear Issue

The Nuclear Issue.

There they sit the high and mighty
And their lackeys it is serious
Business, who can have them and
Who cannot have them.

How important they are these
People who dare not think or whisper
About the elephant in the room, yet
It sits there glaring for all to see.

Confirm or not to confirm, we know
They have it. Will this conference fail?
Most likely, the enemy of a deal only
Wants total surrender.

Oskar Hansen

The Oasis

The Oasis

I was visiting an oasis in the Sahara, with my dog a pointer, but the night came so quickly I had to camp in the car, shared my food and water with the dog. I got up before sunrise, wanted to see the birth of morning when the land of sand turns into gold. My GPS system had failed but I followed the way the dog was sniffing the air and drove westward.

After an hour of tedious driving I saw the oasis, a holiday camp for well to do Arabs, the women in burka and face veil sat on deck chairs by the oases lake sunning themselves - or perhaps not- the men folk drank coffee and smoked cigarettes under palm trees and their camels grazed

I saw a shining object in the sky, a drone and it fired rockets on the oasis the scene of peace was obliterated.

Those responsible, the westerner who had come here for oil, said they were sorry, they had thought the place was a nest of terrorists.

A sandstorm was brewing and when it was over there was not a trace of the oasis, the Arabian paradise in the sand.

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 it 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 Ocean

The Ocean

When he heard, I had been a seafarer he wanted to know about the ocean, "write it down for me, " he said...What nerve.

The ocean has many colours one of them is blue, sometimes it is like a mud and often it is black with shattering of greenness like a spring day in the Alps. There are times when it a watery Swiss, enormous white topped waves bearing down on your ship that shudders like a wet dog and only nuns keep their calm they have lived a chaste life and expect to be handed a pair of wings should things go wrong. There the is golden morning ocean, that blinks like a million golden ducats are floating on its silky surface, not to forget the moon casting its dark mystic upon the ocean trying to drag you into its strange mysteriousness. I could not tell him this because at the time I was thinking of being in an oak forest chasing squirrels and raiding their larders of nuts.

Oskar Hansen

The Oddity Of The Truth

The oddity of the truth
To shift through information
And false intelligence
Delivered by men in suits
Paid lackeys reading from a cue
Semitic voices
Feeding the air way
With hatred
Compliant press repeat the untruth
Rill, we believe
Wax lilies in the pond is real

Oskar Hansen

The Old Couple

The Old Couple

There is an unspoken acceptance you share a silence no need
to be entertaining and you are bore telling jokes told before

It is an easy quietness each one has their own interest

And to avoid problems a computer and two TV

I do this, and you do that, and I carefully avoid sarcasm

Which is arrogance badly concealed?

There is much to learn from Soap Operas such as Hair- styles
dresses are worn by slim actresses where a plot is easy to follow,
why complicated a play to be academic writers are showing off.

dense lines actors have to learn when it is about looking good
show love and rage in five minutes intervals

Always perfectly coiffured hair stays in place.

Our secret is she is not listening to me nor am I hearing her
this is what I call perfect harmony.

Yet both know there will only be one of them a new silence
that will be a burden on shoulders bent by age.

Oskar Hansen

The Old Jewish Couple

I have written about this before but somehow didn't get it right
my perceived brusqueness made them think of Cracow they
had fled and all the relatives lost in the turbulence of a war where
they as civilians, but Jewish, had their life made into a nightmare.
There was a small sweet shop near my cafe, selling my chocolate with
nuts, so one day I walked in there to buy a bar, the man behind
The counter bent down and changed hat. His wife reached out and
tried to give me a sweet. Now the man had a Panama hat and no
words were spoken. I spoke English to them which eased the situation,
this tall Nazi looking person was not a ghost from the past, just
a person with a sweet tooth. I bought the chocolate, handshakes
told them was in business too had cafe near them, they didn't know
never left the house. The sweet shop didn't have many visitors
the chocolate I bought had been in the shop so long it was green.
But when I left the shop I felt they didn't want me to come back
I reminded them too much of the horror of Cracow.

Oskar Hansen

The Old Sailors

The Old Sailors

First time I went to sea, it was as a galley boy on an old ship
after being sea-sick for two days throwing up among pots & pans
I took a look at the crew who appeared a strange lot like
they didn` t really exist just had come onboard for a visit from
fog filled Saragossa where they would return as soon as this voyage
was over, they had the night about them of torpedoed ship in a war
when the sea burned or drowned the unfortunate.

I took a liking to old ships there was no posing of officers the crew
members had little in the way of discipline they did their job no one
was looking for a favour they had lost connection with family after
4 to5 months they left got a room at a cheap hotel near the harbour
they felt at ease with other misfits like a pocket- thieves and tarts
I wanted to be like them taking life as it comes not getting involved
The old sailors had found something I could not emulate their
peace of mind was shrouded in the mist a yearning for Saragossa.

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 Oncoming

The Oncoming

On the wall in my room a temporary sunlight,
valiantly struggles with a shadow, or perhaps
they are dancing a slow waltz: see a tiny bust
of Johann Straus on the bookshelf, who spent
the last ten years of his life moving from town
to town in hope of escaping death.

I look out of the window, a river of cars and
a bank, outside it an expensive car is illegally
parked, a patrol car slows but doesn't stop as
the car oozes economic power; stops instead
near a cyclist, an officer tells him to use the road
and not the pavement.

Waltz is over and rough sea slams against
the porthole, I must have been dreaming or is it
my past and future that dance macabre?

Oskar Hansen

The Oppressed 1

The Oppressed

Time is churning us in a mass of confusion

But something is forever the need to side with the downtrodden.

Two of my uncles, ordinary working class lad,

Spent time in jail and tortured because they helped the Jews
because they were in need.

Israel today doesn't want or any use for men without education

Help was not political it was just human.

When I see the endless cruelty committed by Israel, I take side

With the Palestine people and try if not by heroic deeds but by words

To help the oppressed people, not for a political agenda

But a human one.

Oskar Hansen

The Opulent

The Playground of the Opulent

Today we drove to a posh enclave in Algarve where the rich live sheltered behind tall walls, pristine roads were empty not a speck of dust. They came here to seek privacy not wanting to the everyday activities of ordinary people and what they got is loneliness and despair behind beautiful facades; everyone is a stranger there is no community in this disinfected hellhole.

This is a striking place has expensive golf courses, a simple sport with a stick and a ball has become the only interest for many who are dedicated to what is the ultimate of infantile pastime. To keep this place pristine there is a posse of uniformed men, I think they are there as penitentiary guards.

Oskar Hansen

The Orchard

The Orchard of femininity

Fine day sun and sky, I walked in an almond tree orchard
the scholars call it a deciduous bush and the learned
has no artistic sense looking for a Latin name
like the tree would care.

It is peaceful here a feminine place, and no one shouts
"Get off my land you, asshole."

The trees are dressed for the ball getting married to spring,
and since they are equally beautiful no competition.

When deflowered they will be pregnant and bear the fruit
called almond; not yet, though, they will look lovely a few weeks more
before taking up the burden of motherhood as
yellow wildflowers nod in harmony.

Oskar Hansen

The Outer Island

Small Island in a summer lake
And on a day of play
Young people were slaughtered by
A madman posing as normal.

Another summer the island is
Full of wild flowers
Whispering trees
A requiem for those left behind.

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 Painting

The painting

When she left it had been snowing but she
Left no footprints, that is many footprints but not one
I could recognise as belonging to hers.
Years passed like a stable of wood waiting for winter
And I finally saw her in a painting by Paula Rego
So many suffering women abused by men over time
They had survived while I sat in the bosom of a strong
Woman suckling her breasts like a little pig
And in her eyes, I could read her deep sadness and hands red by
Endless cleaning floors and serving men when young.
She cared not for a son he would have abused her too
Yes, it was her she had left no footprint in the snow
She had painted the misery of men her hatred of humanity
She had reduced me to a little man in fear of ghosts
And I could no longer reach her with sweet words or tempt
With my moments of lust.

Oskar Hansen

The Parrot

The Parrot.

The café in our village has shut. The couple who ran it left when their parrot died. They had kept the place open for it, since it was a genial bird. The parrot called everyone who entered idiots; people laughed no one took offence, or so we all thought. But someone must have taken umbrage, it was shot through the window when the café was empty. Feather everywhere the village was shocked, who could do such a shameful deed? The culprit, was a farmer, who had drunk his coffee at the café for twenty odd years, and had enough of being called an idiot. The moral of this sad tale, if there is any: if you call a man an idiot long enough he will end up being one.

Oskar Hansen

The Passing

The Passing

There is always a bridge a San Luis Ray we have to cross on the fateful day when it collapses, but we are not alone many others some quite young will also be on that bridge.

We can blame the constructor of the bridge - Haliburton - or blame the state for lack of upkeep, heavy truckloads or shoddy workmanship. And like the friar in the novel by Thornton Wilder go looking for an answer; there is none, and there should not be any because it is irrelevant on that day whether you use a rowing boat or use a bridge on your way to Hades; the solace is as in the song "you will never walk alone." Sung by Liverpool football supporters

Oskar Hansen

The Past

The Past

I live in a cottage that is 350 years old, wish I could have seen a ghost, because I believe they exist. When I moved in here part of it had been a stable and on warm nights I can still smell hay and the mule that lived in what is now my living room. When I first came here ancient voices emitted from the walls, people who had lived here before had toiled the soil and lived in poverty. One cannot erase the history of past generations where people had lived, even if their physical bodies are no longer here but their souls remain and speak to us if we care to listen. The cottage seemed content that someone had moved in, no house likes to be abandoned. New roof, plastered wall voices subsided and waned altogether, yet on this hot night I do hear sighs, smell the mules sweat. Is it my imagination only if I see the contour of the animal and see a man stroking its head? And talking softly.

Oskar Hansen

The Peace Process

The Peace Process

I don't know where I`m going with this
but there is peace in Colombia, the Marxist rebels lost
and their sexy women soldiers in green fatigue and
weapons in arms will hand it all in for fashion magazines
Hair- dressing salons and babies in arms.
For women, a change from war to peace is easy to make
it will be worse for men who feel inferior without guns.
If Texas as an example had been a gun free zone you would
have ended up with tall queens as cowhands,
or what do I know left their oil wells and gone to Montana

So why did the Marxist lose, cocaine I think more economical
beneficial, cash in hands better than a Marxist bible on the roof
28 years of peace the political parties in Colombia will have
no consensus as the blamed is car mechanics or ranchers
Everything is possible from the first female president in Colombia
or and openly gay governor in Texas.
Festive dresses and bulls with flowers on horns will be marching
down the Avenue in Houston.

Oskar Hansen

The People Prevails

The people prevails

This day dark clouds are hanging over us they didn` t move
making the day into night. The old people say they have never
seen a day like this, as God Catholics make the sign of the cross.
The end is near. Women wear scarves tightly on their heads,
to protect their hair against the sun and the weather.
The Queen of England used to wear a scarf; she doesn` t do that anymore.
Lest people think she is a Muslim.
The hate against all thing Islamic has not reached our village yet.
Jews and Arabs used to live in harmony in Spain, then came the Christian
horde and brought murder and disharmony.
Who is going to rule?
For the people, this means little they till the soil and pray to God to tell
and pray to a god of their choice to lead them, which now is a God
of dubious morality, a pope and empty promises.
In the end, the clouds parted and the night was starlit.

Oskar Hansen

The People We Don'T Want To Know

From pay check to pay check many working class people have two jobs, then it all dries up and there is no work and manual labourers are called work shy.... I knew a woman with three jobs she was tired coming home, yet boiled potatoes and fried fish for her children before falling asleep, coughing a lot. She had tuberculosis and sent to a sanatorium, and the children sent to foster homes. Her illness caused by unhygienic home, people from the social services said. No one asked why a woman should hold down three jobs to feed her children and no one said she was a "deserving" poor whatever this word means. This inequity will go on till we understand poverty is not a choice but a mishap of birth, few escape, those who do will always carry the dishonour, the mark of Cain, by being more hateful of poverty and branding the poor lazy. As the average actor who got a role in a film that made him famed, his hate his own class, poor himself once, reveals his fear of slipping back to poverty again; he harms his flesh and blood in an attempt to get rid of his own stench of privation. But the Haves can smell an imposter, but they do like money so perhaps his daughter will make it to the The People We Don't Want To Knowball.

Oskar Hansen

The Perennial Problem Among Squirrels

The Perennial problem

Red squirrels evicted
grey squirrels stole their nuts
say the woods are theirs.
The red squirrel is cute and many
are ready to help eradicate
the gray squirrel, but that is not easy
as the gray get help from
the continent they came from
where red squirrel is reduced to
sentimental songs and romantic twaddle.
The problem is survival
the red fell behind time, but scholars
think they should be brought back
to the woods again.
What are we going to do with the gray?
Poisoning them has been tried
It didn't work
So the red and the gray will have
to find a way
to coexist without us.
What the hell do we know about nuts?

Oskar Hansen

The Phantom Of Genoa

The Phantom of Genoa

Along the docks of Genoa a man with shoulders bent walks,
he is thin and pale it is as he hides under his winter coat.
It can get very cold in Genoa, but for him winter is everlasting.
Few people recognize him now, those who do look away
from this huddled figure of cowardice. But there are also those
who avoid him because they see in him a mirror of themselves,
humiliations and weaknesses buried deep within their soul.
Once he had been a popular captain on a cruise liner loved and
admired by passengers and crew alike, but tragedy struck and
he failed them, shamed his nation and worst of all himself.
"Vada a bordo Cazzo" shouted at him whenever he appeared
in public. Unforgiven he walks night streets, he is our ghost.

Oskar Hansen

The Phobia

The phobia

Went to the Carnival in Loule I`m sure it was nice
I felt like the branch of a tree hurtling down a river
Of humanity a maelstrom, a headless monster and
I was filled with panic; a scream was working its way
Up my throat, I found a breathing space by a doorway
As the float with lightly dress girls came there was
A surge towards the edge of the pavement a vacuum
I was able to run and found a dark side- road where
masked people with evil masks played with fire.
I found my way to a normal street I knew in a café had
A sandwich and drank water, I`m in a dry cycle seeing my
Doctor at the end of the month and if she asks If I drink,
I can honestly answer no.
This fear of throngs of people should not be taken lightly
But I was able to flee but also take a picture of the girls

Oskar Hansen

The Pianist

The Pianist

I flick through the TV channels. It is football
and football, except on Fox News, but they
are so insane there I rather watch sport.

I played the picturesque game once as defender
but I grew up and it was at the same time
as I stopped believing in god and that he looked
like the pianists in Alfred's cafe.

I have often missed the pianist, not long ago I
saw him in Faro, followed him along the promenade
I fell over a pollard; he helped me up and said:
"Once and for all I'm not your father."
I once saw my father on the bus, he was an enigma
a shell that gave nothing away except being drunk.
Totally unlike the pianist who wears a beret, alpaca
jacket and a yellow silk scarf.

Oskar Hansen

The Placid People

The Placid People

Portugal one of the most unequal countries in Europe is going through the throes of austerity but this doesn't concern the rich who do not pay taxes or do pay as little as they can; so its up to the people those who get up at five to make a living, to pay their taxes and filling in impossible forms. In 1972 there was a revolution in Portugal, a friendly one no one got killed and guns were loaded with roses. Nevertheless, those who had gained from 40 years of dictatorship fled to Brazil and modestly returned after a few years... They have got their property back and rule the politicians, life is just like it used to be, the elite is back in power and their children rules the media to keep, the people passive, idiotic programs are played on the TV. Portugal needs a new revolution where a young generation is in charge, I hope that will eradicate corruptions and bring in true equality for all the people.

Oskar Hansen

The Plateau

The Plateau

The plateau is so much bigger than I thought it took years
to get here but the distance is so enormous will I reach the other end.
Before my birthday which I try to ignore those I loved have
died and not spoken off they are a ghost in the machinery of living.
The world has turned around the sun many times and what mattered no longer
do so,
but I`m happy to find my reading glasses on top
of the freezer. I pity those coming after me; they and their brood will be nuclear
dust.
If there are any survivors, they will start making flint axes and learn to
communicate. I
have made my warning and will hereafter say no more about the subject

Oskar Hansen

The Pleasure Of Old Age

The pleasure of old age

This is good morning only been up twice in the night and not
Stumbled over furniture, his wife kept filling the house with
Unwanted things. When he protest she says he lack artistic sense.
A good morning because he was able to empty his bladder
Without sounding like a cat on a hot tin roof - yes I know-

Whoever when young thought of the simple Act of evacuation?
The pleasure it is to do so without using
A suppository, the simple enjoyment of the thriving completed.
There is, especially when old, a certain sexual pleasure of
A body that functions, it can so easily go wrong, that extra
Glass of whisky, a glass of wine one should have left
Untouched on the table, with a cloth clean as a cerulean sky.

Today he would only have soup for Lunch and no red wine.
Better be on the safe and alive. But there are moments he
Thinks 'what does it matters you are dying anyway; silly man.'
God didn't give you extra time to read slimming magazines
But to be a connoisseur of Portuguese red wine, that is mild as
Spring and dreamy as a horse chewing hay in his stable when
It rains and the farmer has gone to Sunday mass.

Oskar Hansen

The Plot

The Plot

It was after eight o`clock in the evening before it got cool enough to go for a little drive my interest the savannah like grass made golden by the falling sun, it was then I saw the eyes of lions keeping an eye on me. Lions around here are not bigger than a cat you can take one home but it scratches your furniture is untidy and bite.

I had a beautiful girlfriend, let me hastily add years ago, she was intensely jealous going out with her was an ordeal I had to look at her or the table it was like she wanted to be inside of my eyes to see what I saw.

One day she broke up with me and slammed the door shut, her friend came asked me to take her home since it was dark. She invited me for a coffee suspecting foul play said no thanks The day after I dried my feet on the town`s doormat took the bus down to the coast and re- joined the merchant navy. I dint`s come near the place for years. Yes, I learned then it had been a sordid little plot.

It is beautiful driving around her as the shadows get longer I stop the bike and the stillness is beautiful nature doesn`t play tricks it just is and I`m not burdened by age this evening and there are no poisonous snakes here.

Oskar Hansen

The Pope And 4 Statues

The Pope and statues

Confounded old age, I keep looking on a black screen, on a plateau of nothingness

Except for the ridiculous idea, I ought to travel to Rome and see the statues I once wrote about, and perhaps meet the Pope, and we can talk about this and that.

I must meet him now before the Vatican machinery brainwash him into a Pope wearing glorious robes, a person of empty rituals.

If I get to meet him, he could dress up in a smart Italian suit, and we could go for

a walk and look at the statues together.

Drink beer and eat Brazilian sausages with Italian flare; tell him a secret so deep he may think me deluded.

Dear brother Frances, your name is Erik, we are twins, shared the same womb, but I was kidnapped by the Roma people and grew up in poverty the underdog in our democratic world; and you are the bishop of Rome.

There will be a stunned silence, either he accepts my story and embrace me or he calls the Swiss guards; whichever he will not forget me and the statues.

Oskar Hansen

The Pope And Statues

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Oskar Hansen

The Pope, Statues And Me

Confounded old age, I keep looking at a blank screen a plateau of nothingness,
except for this ridiculous idea that I must travel to Rome and see the statues I
once
wrote about; and perhaps have little chat with pope about this and that. I must
talk to him now before the Vatican machine brainwashes him into conforming
to a glorious robed pope, a person of empty rituals. If I get to meet him, he
could
dress up in a smart Italian suit, a false moustache and a nonchalant way of
walking,
we could look at the statues; then over a few beers, Brazilian sausages, with
Italian
flavour; tell him a secret so deep he might reject it as fantasy by a deluded
person.

Dear Brother Frances, your name is Erik, we are twins, shared the same womb,
but I was kidnapped by Gypsies, grew up in a camp of filth as an underdog in our
democratic society and know how demeaning poverty is and can help you with
your austerity program. You are, the bishop of Rome.
There will be a stunned silence, either he accepts my story and embraces me or
call
the guards; whichever way he will not forget me and the statues of Rome.

Oskar Hansen

The Posh Tart

The posh Tart.

She, an old fashioned girl, when walking past me
dropped her handkerchief, gallantly I picked it up.
and hand it to her, it was scented and had enticing
aroma of womanhood. Said her price and my face
fell into the street where it was dragged along by
a cleaning car. She didn't look that way- short skirt
beret and red handbag-. Said she only picked up
gentlemen, I was going home from a literary party
consisting of pork pie, hot air and warm red wine.
I walked into a bar, had a double whisky thought
about what she had said... calling me a gentleman.
From the inside of the bar I saw her dropp her silk
hankie again, like bait, this time she caught a fish
and off they went to make posh love, I marveled
over my everlasting naivety and wondered if she
called him a gentleman too.

Oskar Hansen

The President

The president of
USA
Spoke in the UN
Assembly
How boring
Later the show
Was enlivened
By a famous actor
For a time I thought
Obama could change
The world
Alas he was swallowed by
Washington
And spat out as a talking
Machine
I had hoped he would help
Palestine but kissed
Israel`s ass instead
Drones are his forte
Killing at a distance
To think he was given
The peace price for peace
The truth is they gave
It to him
For being a black president
Inverted racism
If you ask me

Oskar Hansen

The President I Nearly Met

Once, I nearly met a President

It was a very hot morning when we docked in port of Prince. Papa Doc was in power then, the president of Haiti, a nice man who gave coins to the poor. Onboard came the usual gang of uniformed official who wanted whisky and cigarettes before any papers were signed. Amongst them Tonton Macute, men in slacks, summer shirts concealing side arms, sunglasses worn day or night; Papa Doc's men looking after things. One of them offered to take me ashore show where the best whore was, I declined have an aversion for guns. It was a long hot night all portholes and doors closed, frantic people trying to sneak onboard to get away from this sunlit Island. The pilot came at noon to take us out, an intelligent man with eyes who had seen it all, he spoke English, I asked him about Papa Doc. He paused and said: "our president is a very nice man when he visits villages he has bags of coins which he strew on the road for the poor to pick up from the dust, and with desperate hearts they are grateful for what he gives them."

Oskar Hansen

The President Two

The President

Today Benafim got a new president of the local council
he is a stern type wants to do away with meals on wheels
close the old people's home for those who cannot pay.
He promises to reduce taxes to a cheering crowd of fruit
And sheep farmers, this will attract businesses to set
up shop, the local hairdresser thinks he is wonderful.
He is a coarse man speaks uncultured Portuguese, not that
I would know, but that`s what the manager of the home
she went to university in Coimbra and had a degree.
Rumours have that he has touched up women fifty angry
females stay outside the post office which is also
The president`s place of work. Not that I care, I was posting
a letter, but was blocked by women with placards
I will wait till next week when the anger dies down a bit

Oskar Hansen

The Pride Of Lions

The Pride of Lions

The interior of Algarve has in the summer heat
an African feel, waterholes are getting smaller
and mules must be careful not to be caught by
lions that lurk in the chaff, seed of things made
golden by the sun, but ultimately just T. V trash
blinding us so we don't see the lovely animal
called reality. Endless rolling news, tragedy is
entertainment, transient fame of those who
want to be famous without doing homework,
end up as husks blowing in the wind, belittled
on the throne of craving for amusement by
the unthinking, who do not see blood and circus
are dust of distraction by the powerful so we
do not see how our freedom is eroded before
it is too late and there are no lions left.

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 Problem With God

The God Problem

Religions' root
Is mans quest to live forever
Not only of flesh
But superior to other life forms
Spiritual and advanced

He seeks a deity
In his own vain image
Insist he's right
Ready to kill for his icon
And askew timelessness

Will not accept
He's no more than a weed
Or a dandelion
Forever seeking assurance
That life offers more than death

Oskar Hansen

The Promise

Since the women left
Toilets are blocked, men pee
Into kitchen sinks.
Pot plants on sills have died
And gay blades live in fear of rape
Shops have shut their doors
Men sit in bars and sulk
When not shooting holes in the sky
If the women only will return
We will promise the world
But only after they have cleaned up
Our clutter.

Oskar Hansen

The Quest 1

The Quest

When a child my father was absent from my life
I dreamt about him and gave him heroic status.
He was an explorer, submariner, western hero
and a general in the foreign legion; I never saw
him as a fireman though, children tend to see
them as heroes. Needless to say the sloth moving
town constable was a figure of fear and contempt
representing authority, vengeful and unjust.

When I finally met my father he had bad breath
and nicotine stained fingers. I rejected reality
and went on looking for the real one, till I was old
and I had to admit he must be dead by now.
I look into the mirror and sigh, no doubt he must
have looked like me, melancholy is my name.

Oskar Hansen

The Question

The dilemma

The war in Iraq is over, lasted eight years. Soldiers without arms and legs in wheel chairs are proud to have shielded their country from deadly danger without knowing what this danger was about. The crippled have no choice; they must believe or the suffering is too much to bear; must not been told they fought a useless war. Pin medals on their chests and forget them, there is s a new war to be fought waiting for the naive to make sacrifices in some distant oil and sand land. If one of them stumbles on the truth they must be silenced by calling them confused, and victims of wanton cant. A nation who believes in Fox News and the rich owns the media were truth is portrait as lie. Only an uprising can free them from capitalist yoke. But how do you tell good people their cars are run on the torment of oppressed?

Oskar Hansen

The Question Of Faith

If al-Qaida likes to talk to me they can do through face-book as I'm too old to be a recruit to this splendid group who wants the western people out of the middle east. They see us as colonizers from Mars taking their land, teaching things they don't want to learn such as bought democracy. For Arabs which have adopted the strange cult of Christianity I feel truly sorry, when we take our chattel and go back to Mars we have to take these lost people with us as they have no raft for them on the Moslem sea. There is a thing I want to ask al-Qaida and fundamentalists worldwide why is it that you religious people are so fond of killing us who do not share your violent god, but prefer to believe in the goodness of man.

Oskar Hansen

The Rabbit

The Rabbit

Saw a rabbit by the roadside stopped put blinking
light on, the driver behind me was annoyed perhaps
he had been thinking of the open road as seen on ads.
The rabbit was thin although it sat on juicy grass
maybe it had been hiding shivering in a hole from dogs
and men with guns; thought of taking it home but didn` t
it was too thin, and something told me not to touch it.
I murmured a few encouraging words and drove off.
On my way back home the rabbit was still there, but now
it was dead a bit of fluff in an uncaring world.

Oskar Hansen

The Race Thing

The Race Thing

My ignorance was total, xenophobia in Africa; no, not white people against black but black on black.

One sided I thought, mostly reading western history that xenophobia was white against coloured people.

No I'm not shocked if surprised and I do not applaud but somehow make me finally understand that Africa has many races and many faces and are as different as the Portuguese from The Swede, we get that we get that and when we do xenophobia in Africa too.

No, this knowledge is no getting a white person off the hook because white anti racism is built on fantasy that we are so much better than them.

We who invented fascism a fever we now see seeps into Israel too and make the people there think they are superb. and have contempt for the rest.

Oskar Hansen

The Racial Issue

The Racial Issue

I know nothing about being black but when black people speak about childhood poverty I sense empathy I too know how it feels like being dismissed

Once I was invited to a birthday party by people who were serious, I had nothing to give so my mother gave me two tins of sardine in olive oil and the had very colourful labels. I still hear the laughter it caused and still stings me like being attacked by a beehive.

I`m not a nice person if I go into a shop and the staffs talk into their phone I make my displeasure loudly I dislike being ignored meekness left me years ago.

So I`m trying to say people can only discriminate against you if feeling inferior. My wife, born in Kinshasa in Congo does not understand black Americas struggle with slavery, but it is up to the black Americans to rise above it.

Oskar Hansen

The Rainbow Man

There was a man, who built a massive kaleidoscope,
I think he was a borderline communist looking for
equality amongst colours...then he walked in to it.
He was so enthralled by his finding that, yes indeed
all are different but very equal, even white and black
had an important place in the scale of shades.

He didn't come out to eat thought he could eat hues
instead, which according to him, in his colour induced?
delirium, tasted as marmalade on fresh loaf; so he was
left in his heaven and forgotten. Years later when he
was found they discovered, a pink skeleton wrapped in
non conformity.

Oskar Hansen

The Rape

The Rape

Through paper thin walls we heard the mother
say, no stop, stop don` t do this
but he did the eighteen-year-old son
raped his mother and we sat there trying not
to listening to this inequity.

In time it became a norm and their bed creaked,
we played the radio a bit louder, spoke with raised
voices, anything to drown the sin.

I was glad the day they moved away,
they were now a couple holding hands,
and there was nothing we could do,
in the end, they had to pay, or perhaps
not, as they were knee deep
in an obscenity incest, they call love.

Oskar Hansen

The Raven

He was back from hospital but could
still feel the scar made by claws of
the raven of death.

Now that he was better he got out
the motorbike and went for a ride along
along country lanes he knew the spell.
His heart was not there in harmony with
nature so insignificant he was and knew
his presence meant nothing...vanity.

He didn't belong here had no business
Revisiting the past and the olive tree
was just a tree seen a thousand times before
The past is not a better place.

He should have been jubilant but sensed no pleasure.
Why had the raven let him go?
Had he been cheated of the quick finale
only to linger a few more years?
His bike is collecting dust the helmet hangs on the wall
while he waits...

Oskar Hansen

The Reformatory

The Reformatory

Cottage needs a lick of paint
but the old man isn't bothered
let flakes of paint blow
away layers by layers as
calendar years.
Let wind and rain strip cement off walls
till the old stones appears
a skeleton ancient as the land.
The old man has bought new shoes
but they do not give
springs in his steps, and feet ask
for the trust carpet slippers for
he will not go out in the rain
get his face wet in youthful jubilation
Old age has made his home
into a maximum security prison;
there is no escape.

Oskar Hansen

The Refugee

A Refugee

He had been given a lift by a Lithuanian truck driver
to a little town in inland Norway where the winter
starts in September and is cold and unforgiven as its
inhabitants. The truck driver had given him money
for coffee, and cigarettes.

Not dressed for winter this swarthy unshaven Levant
perhaps Iraq, a flotsam from a war caused by black
stuff that came up from the earth and cursed them.

He walked into the railway station had a coffee but sat
So long a guard came and told him to leave.

In the waiting room, he felt strange, sweated needed air
went outside to cool down and collapsed, pneumonia and
lack of nutrition an ambulance arrived people gathered
Around, bloody refugees get everything for free someone
in the crowd murmured.

Oskar Hansen

The Regugee

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Oskar Hansen

The Relentless

The Relentless

I know, do not remind me, but today I saw my father
On TV, he is 110 and can dance salsa, so if I´m like him
I have years of gymnastic prowess
I rang the TV channel asked for my dad´s address, they
didn't tell me against policy....ok.

I´m tenacious like the Wiesenthal centre pursuing war
criminals to their grave and spitting on it, because their
ideology to the pursue of old crimes have no limitation
nor forgiveness, but my father wasn´t there, his voice
was ensnaring women

A, this centre of vengeance has a duty to follow the old
Nazis to the point of ridiculousness, the lowliest guard
at a concentration camp will do an old face in the papers.
Alas the money well is drying out even evil Nazis have to
die and get a Christian burial.

And one wonders if a new law is being made that gives
the right of the survivors to follow and righteously
demand that the grandchildren of the wronged should
benefit too we remember the pain because a corny eye
demands ritual repentance.

Oskar Hansen

The Repentor

The Repentor

The morning rays lay
a carpet of gold
on the bedroom floor.
Last night I stroked
her long, black hair
while thoughts
Flew high,
back to the first
love of my life.
What I have lost
is forever mine.
Shadows deepen
between us
the carpet fades
the floor board
creaks
under the weight
of regrets.

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 thief can possibly 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 than in the past, a few years hence it will be a piece of dry land, with, perhaps, a crocodile skeleton on.

Oskar Hansen

The Revealer

The Revealer

Kings and presidents
The man who knew their secrets
Is in prison now
Abuser of women it's said
No one will believe him now.

Oskar Hansen

The Revenge Of A Doormat

It is late at night happily not hot just like
a friendly spring and I have forgotten to water my plant
.... I have in the yard a 23 year old Cacti, he is the boss
and has assured them that I will water them soon, and
when he does be prepared for a deluge.

As I was preparing lunch: steak with salad, if you must
now, a cat -looks posh- sat on the mat on the front door
meowing, so I opened a tin of tuna fish as it can't do it.
I did this not so much out of charity, I'm not blistering
on aiding the needy, but because my wife had rang
me from Cascais asking for more money decorating our
flat, and she dislike cats. I did laundry today, washed my
trousers and forgot to take my phone out of its pocket.
It was a new one the type that takes picture, if she had
been here this would not had happened so I will feed
the cat tomorrow too.

Oskar Hansen

The River

The river that crosses the high plain like an artery has only muddy water since it didn't rain in the summer.

Wild horses and donkeys come here to drink, but often they look up and scan the horizon weary of man and his dogs. They served mankind for thousands of years but with modern farming methods they are no longer needed and have gone feral. Free now, but freedom comes at a prize, winter can be hard and often they are hunted by sportsmen who kill for fun. By the mountain there is a corral but only the stupid and sick go there, the rest know they are fattened up and used as sausage meat, which the town uphill is famous for. Every October there is a gigantic party in the hill town, beer is senselessly drunk and tons of sausages eaten, the river, that crosses the plain, becomes a putrid pool of human waste till winter rain falls and clears it away.

Oskar Hansen

The Roma

The Roma

Roma my beloved people, millions of your kind died during the Nazis brutal regime, no memorial was erected for you. Disliked and shunted from pillar to post, your way of life, so different from ours. When you cross a devastated Europe It makes no difference to you as you always have lived in city dumps and on derelict land. Sing for me Roma of you longing for peace and acceptance that was not given to you when Europe was rich. The land bound will envy you because they cannot do as you. Their need is to occupy a piece of mother of earth and say; all this is mine." They cannot let go and be free. Sing for me Roma tell me how it feels to be hunted and despised simply because you chose your own way in live.

Oskar Hansen

The Rose

The Rose

I was born a beautiful flower
Up my stem a mouse climbed
To inhale my scent and sleep
In the centre of my rose bud
Alas, the raven knows of no
Beauty I was an innocent ruse
Stealing the beauty of sleep
And in my feeling of freshness
Self-indulgent kiss like words
I saw nothing untoward
I should have seen.
We roses are too beautiful
To be political revolutionary
A rose uproar in Portugal
It was quickly strangled by
Social democracy

Oskar Hansen

The Rulers

The rulers

The poor rule the world, live in badly built flats
buy plastic rubbish for the children as toys.
They can't cook and their diet is fat and disgusting,
but without them, the rich would not be wealthy,
fewer cars on the roads full of potholes as there
would no one to keep the road drivable.
And their big offices would stink as no one cleaned
them, which really doesn't matter as lifts would
be out of order, and no janitors to change light bulbs.
So you see, the poor are privileged they are
the rulers of our modern society the opulent
can't do without them.

Oskar Hansen

The Sailor

The Novice Sailor

It was ten o'clock in the morning I was struggling to keep my balance looking out of the porthole in the galley and the day was dark as acute hatred against the living. Green waves hit the deck tried to break portholes a full winter storm and fear of the sea filled us with silence. Somehow the cook managed to bake bread and make Irish stew and it was my job to stop it from flying off the stove.

On an iron ship on the precipice of a mountain of water; we were insignificant and vulnerable ants on a leaf in an immense pool. Yet the sea calmed, and the storm abated. I was fifteen and was proud to have survived a winter storm in the north Atlantic, something to tell my mum when coming home.

Oskar Hansen

The Sales

The Sales

When I see people
Queuing
For eight hours
To buy something they don't
Really need
I lose faith in humanity

To be old
Is a death sentence
One can't repeal

Oskar Hansen

The Satan

The Satan

I will sit here and not move for an hour
empty my brain of the past I refuse to look back
nothing there worth remembering
except pristine fields of snow in the morning
and put skis on the first boy in the whole world
crossing this area before the sheep were
let out making the acre into a mess of yellow
dirty mass when looking for food, sharp narrow
hoofs trampling over my dream and I thought
of them as animals that had been rejected by
Lucifer and my grammar helper insist I had to
use the capital letter when addressing him this
fallen angel who is now winning the hearts and
the mind of the People of Europe who refuse to
help civilians who have lost everything, yet we
have lost more, say our human dignity.
We are like the people of Israel who are
sinking into the brutal oppression of the people
who are not of their blood and the future tell me
we will lose everything in heartless apathy.

Oskar Hansen

The Savannah Gnu

The Savannah

The wildebeests have been crossing the same stretch of the river for years going back into a foggy history and lack of interest. At the river, some are eaten by crocodiles and on the other side by lions. Meat on hoof and a calf cannot find its mother, Gnus don't do friendly and there never is a sympathetic aunt. It must find its mother now, because it has been earmarked as a possible meal, easy to catch, no bother.

Did that calf survive? I don't know history does not concern itself with trivialities and as for its mother her memory is short. A dumb beast, yet there are more wildebeests in Africa now than twenty years ago which means fewer lions and more crocodile handbags than before, which means the calf probably survived

Oskar Hansen

The Saver

The saver

He began saving money when 15 years old, liked to see his bank account grow, not for him to spend money on restaurants, drink beer with friends.

He inherited his mother`s house, repaired it cheaply by stealing materials at building sites; he was rather proud of how little it had cost him.

He had a small investment that paid him a small sum of money once a year, and in his bank account, it went.

Needless to say, he lived alone a wife costs too much, wanting this and that, so he visited elderly women who didn`t want his money only a bit of love.

Then one day, he was eighty lived on potatoes and cabbage all his life and the cheapest of wine, but he was too old to spend money now; a lonely millionaire who only read the bank statement the bank sent him.

Oskar Hansen

The Scent

The scent of sonnet

I was watching a TV program of Hercules Poirot the heroine in the plot had no tits and wore an evening dress with aplomb.... Clearly, she had not sat on a carpet in the forest of spring where the animal of love roams it is green as spring grass has a pink underbelly looks like a purring cat or a puppy that softly barks. It droplets of scents that make lovers enamoured for a day or so sadly there is always a tomorrow of regrets for some.

If the woman with small tits happens to sit on a carpet in the glade she will fall in love and pad her bra and that is ok, why should she not enhance her lack this bagatelle when there are tringles of love in the air and if this does not help there is always divorce much a lonely the man is satisfied with a triangle

Oskar Hansen

The Scent 2

The scent of sonnet

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Oskar Hansen

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Oskar Hansen

The Schooner

The Schooner

On the flatland between the vales I could see the sea, had been walking uphill for a long time now, after the plain it was downhill and the way to the coast was easy enough only it was getting cold and I wore a light navy uniform. (had been on furlough)

Then I saw a protestant house of worship, but it was there on its own no other houses to be seen not even a lone light from a farm. A window was open and since it was also getting dark I was tired I climbed in and rested on a pew.

Fell asleep, awoke and heard organ music the church was full of matelotes singing psalms. The pastor spoke about sin, redemption and god's glory, then his flock silently left. Dawn, I saw a magnificent sunrise, continued my walk to coast.

In a morning open café I told a girl behind the counter where I had slept, she looked confused as far as she knew the church was torn down years ago since it was haunted, as it was built of planks of a schooner that ran aground with loss of all hands.

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 Sea And Life

Sex & the Sea

We do live in a moral time the exchange of money for some company, a meal and laughter, is frowned upon, but without these willing women my life as a seafarer would have been an impossibility. There were married seamen who stayed on a ship for two years to save money, but they never thought of the sexual life of their wives. Mind, some of the women had lovers, and why not? Being married to idiots was not easy, and they could not write to their husbands and say: "come home and do me over."

Prostitution is bad it is about using women for sexual gratification, but it is a business if properly seen to help many lonely men, who because of are victim and not thoughtless oxen smelling a cow in season.

Oskar Hansen

The Sea And Sex

Sex & the Sea

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Oskar Hansen

The Sea Of The Fogotten

The Sea of the forgotten

At the restaurant eating liver with onion gravy
I looked around a busy place lunch in Portugal
is a jolly affair and it is ok, with children about.
In about hundred years' time, not one of us in
the room would be alive those who lived long
would be rotting like the rest of us skeletons,
memories of good lunches lost in the big zero.
We are the lucky ones great statesmen will get
a statue in a dusty park on which seagulls crap,
only cleaned on national days.

It is so difficult man to fathom that death is
end of time the world does not exist, history
is only good for dates when kings were born
and the day they passed away, zilch about you
and me because we are the lucky ones

Oskar Hansen

The Seal

The Seal.

It is a long time go in a bay somewhere on the Algarve
The road to get there was narrows and dusty and
I got annoyed with my girlfriend at the time to drag me
away from safety of my house and the communal
swimming pool. It was a secluded beach were women
could swim without the great hindrance of a bra and to
think she had dragged me here to get her tits sunburned
she could have done that in my back yard.

I went for a swim the water enveloped me like blue silk
And I floated with the lightness of a sea lion it was then
I saw here, just her head, a mermaid and her head was
bobbing gently up and down and she was the sea
the home of all beginnings....

So they did exist and not an illusion, a tale told by lonely
sailors; and how typical that wondrous women, are seen
by those who long for female company, but a voice
from the shore called me, the one who was tanning her tits,
was getting restless wanted something to eat, fried chicken
salad and a half bottle of chilled white wine.

Oskar Hansen

The Season Of Heat

The summer sun
Fiercely tells the truth
I hate the sun
Seek shelter under an olive tree
Till sun is malleable
And knew that the truth
Has to be served
Smoothly
As not to send us into a state
Of panic
By replacing it with phosphor
Exploding missiles
And other mad human inventions

Oskar Hansen

The Secret Door

The Mystery

Nadia, gentle zephyr of remembrance, where are you now?
In my mother's flat there were three doors, the first door,
with an old fashion copper handle, often slammed in anger.
The second door into mother's bed room was never closed,
but covered with a dark curtain. A small flat I slept on a sofa
in the living room.

There was a third door, from her bedroom into the kitchen.
Sometimes when mother was out, I tried to open it but it was
always locked. There were nights when I wasn't sure if awake
or not, the locked door opened as a sigh of ancient dreams.
Dawn, I heard the faint sound again, but I was too terrified to
know the truth of what I wasn't sure of

Morning, mother got up boiled water poured it into a bowl so
I could wash my face. Breakfast, slices of yesterday's loaf with
strawberry jam and milky coffee. I wanted to know of the sighs
in the night, but sensed it was forbidden to ask.
Time has many doors some will be forever locked, so I ask?
Nadia, gentle zephyr of remembrance, where are you now?

Oskar Hansen

The Seeing Eye

The Seeing Eye

This nature I see is mine it doesn't belong to anyone else,
those winding roads with cracked asphalt, there has been
an earth disturbance at some faraway place, perhaps China
or cracks in the memory of the elderly.

Silence in the landscape of mine emits an aroma of forest
is green as the vine, ghostly as haze over a lake and hums
like a vanishing echo of a childhood lost by those who had
grown up too quick and could no longer chase rainbows.

I drive west or east, or if the wind blows it is renewed and
I must leave as I can't keep it, more than I can keep
the golden bird with brown wings that flies in front of me.

This nature is a part me and can't be shared, as your mind
has its observations and sense of what is amazing.

Oskar Hansen

The Seeing Mind

The Seeing Mind

He had been to Antarctica
As a tourist
How was it, I asked
Expecting him going on
About the majesty
Of the place
He hesitated and said:
It was full of ice, snow
And shitty penguins

Oskar Hansen

The Seer

My mother was a utopian communist
or rather a Marxist, she had only contempt
for the Soviet Union which she called
state capitalism gone mad.
She believed only communism could
bring about democracy where the people
controlled the means of production.
She predicted the globalization would bring
wars, workers against workers,
on slave wages. A world where the rich
got more affluent,
and material success meant everything.
A world where workers believe in their own failure
and deserve to be poor.
And she was right.
We are ruled by corporations and our freedom
have been curtailed, we are consumers
in a world where even art is commerce valued for
its sales potential and not for its beauty.

Oskar Hansen

The Semitic People

The Semitic People

I Like the Jewish people lived among them
in Wavertree, Liverpool like me small shop- keepers
and they often came to my café for coffee.

I dislike Israel, because of the brutality and
reluctance to give their brothers the Palestinians
Independence.

I like the Palestinians I have met quite a few in
Portugal and like the Jews they believe in education.

But I dislike the religion Islam

I find it intrusive forever pushing complaining
wanting Europe to be more Islamic, do not take
up this religion keep it to your heart

Europe needs you, but Muslims have to accept that
they live here and must respect our laws.

I look forward to a merger between the Jews and
Palestinians but it is a long road and
much suffering before they get there.

As it is I defend Palestine as my family once upon
a time defended the Jews

Oskar Hansen

The Semitic Puzzle

The Semitic Puzzle

The anti -Semitic problem is one of the most difficult problem I struggle with. There is a duality in my feelings I'm aware of the holocaust and will defend any Jew against the onslaught of hate. On the other hand I'm painfully aware of the pain of the Palestinian people who lost their land and what is left is being built on by aggressive Jewish settlers and he Israeli state are unwilling to interfere to protect Palestine. And for those who want a Jewish purity this has only one conclusion the destruction of the Palestinian people. Should this be the only experience drowns from the Shoa- - surely not. But my time is short I wait for the famed Jewish deals. I know it is there in the offering what is needed is A statesman to put the puzzle together.

Oskar Hansen

The Sentinel

The Sentinel

Another night begins and thoughts run riot, memories,
the shadow land called the past. Useless, experiences
have to be lived in the now, no room for reflection when
it happens. We have to live in our mistakes, when we
thought we were right. As night end and morning begins
I will reflect, when the sun comes over the Spanish hill.
But my distress is total the night will not leave its terror,
and the past seems like a better place.

Oskar Hansen

The Serb General

The Serb General

I used to be a general,
drank plum booze with the best
now I sit in a jail in Haag
waiting for their verdict.
This that I should sit here in this country
with cowardly soldiers
who would not fight when my army came,
but gave me the key to the town
I find this deeply disgusting.

Oskar Hansen

The Serene World

The Serene world

In the little corner of the world where I live far from airports,
military establishment and the liberal middle class among people
who at heart are flag nationalists and proud to be Portuguese.
They are not too fond of foreigners who for the most part are British
who are quite happy not having to mingle with anyone.

I having lived here forever is accepted as the strange silent man who,
when he speaks, sounds funny and rumours has it that he writes
which never fail to impress none readers.

So here you have a post-card picture of an idyllic village tucked away
in a valley, and the nearest it ever came to war was a bewildered plane
flew low overhead the houses shock
brought people out of houses talking excitedly about the near accident.
But in the tiny cottage unpainted and rustic, there is near starvation,
and if the winter is long the old die of cold and church bells toll.

Oskar Hansen

The Servant

A dumb servant in the hall holding on
to hats and coats,
got fed up and dropped them on the floor.
Walked down to the docks threw himself
into the water and tried swim to
the island of Madeira

A dumb servant made of wood and hollow legs
could float but not swim, picked up and sent home
to dry

A dumb servant in the hall, holding on
to hats and coats and the party goes on
and on...

Oskar Hansen

The Shooter

The Reason

Maybe the shooter
In Las Vegas
Come to see
How many people
His nation had killed.
He came
To hate his own kind
Saw them as shallow
Egocentric people
Only thinking
Of pleasure.
He wanted them
To suffer
As other people have
Suffered
He will be remembered
But not
With glory.

Oskar Hansen

The Silencing Of Dissent

The silencing of dissent

On france24 a TV Channel a red haired lady
said something strange:
if anyone is critical of America,
it is because they have been influenced by Russian
propaganda, that is by fake news.
I thought that was clever,
if this is the new norm of freedom of speech
say goodbye to intelligent discourse
whatever you say your head has been
turned by the Russians.
The tactic of belittling dissenters is an Israeli
trick that or calling people anti-Semitic,
if I tell you that Israel a state in Palestine
I would be called nasty names
if I tell you that Barrack Obama was
the worst president America ever had
you would call me a liar nevertheless it is true
The freedom of the word is threatened by
the liberal class who will accept
any criticism of their opinions, we who believe
in the true democracy
are in for a rough ride not from Trump
but from the intelligencia.

Oskar Hansen

The Silencing Of Dissent 1

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Oskar Hansen

The Simple Life

The simple life

It is cold;
sea spray paint the ship white,
light green
is the Nordic water,
a mighty cocktail
of clinking ice cubes.
I scratch a happy face
on the thick glass of
the porthole.
We will dock in a town
that have warm rooms
people sit around a fire
give a damn about sailor's
miserable life.
Seascape paintings hangs
on gilded walls;
look at that sea,
so verdant,
delicate brush strokes;
the artist died at a mad house.

Oskar Hansen

The Sin

The Sin

It must be a tragedy to be a man and a paedophile what treatment is there for an unspeakable lust the forbidding feeling, the dreams, the church which is a wrong place to confess a priest is not viable he has to cure himself of this ugly vice. Is it a vice for a child liker for him this is the sexuality he was given it was not asked for a burden of always hiding yet goes to places where children assemble and from their young bodies oozes a newness like a scent that threaten his social standing should it be known and should he succumb he will be cast out loose his employment the sneering people goading him and he will join the people of the night.

Oskar Hansen

The Sin Of Cowardice

Why should I tell you this, again and again, this love story of despair?
Entwined, our bodies wrapped together as one, her sea green eyes exuding love
and my innocence was total.

slowly shells fell from my eyes I had been sleeping in a bed
soiled by many men, in this warren of inequity.

I begged her to stop this behaviour, but she said she was a free spirit
and could do as she pleased, and I closed my eyes and waited till she
had time to see me, but was no good!

The thought of other men ejaculating in the bed of love was too,
much; threw up at my disgust, on this bed of dissipations.

Her pursuit of gratification was voracious, for many she was but a whore,
I loved because she once said she loved me.

She is old now her lovers gone, she sought refuge in an evangelical sect,
and once again I lost the woman I loved

Oskar Hansen

The Sky

The Sky

On the flatland on the western coast where the wind blows unhindered by mountains and forest, I think for the first I saw how limitless the sky was.

I was by a milk ram, waiting for the driver from the local dairy to pick up the two milk churns I had brought.

This was long ago and if the driver had a puncture the milk might turn sour and only fit for animals. Even though I was young the sky instilled in me an understanding- a forgiving nature of man-basically we all want the same a clean sky free of hate and racism, because every morning wherever you are we see the same sky, sometimes bright and at times dark but it is always including.

Oskar Hansen

The Smallness Of Things

The Smallness of things

There are not many elephants left on the savanna
Near the houses graceful nature has made them
Smaller with tusks not bigger than an oxen`s horn
And can hide in the bushes or look like a tree if
People come near.

They are hunted by people who would like
To have an elephant`s head on the wall.
With so many humans being killed everywhere
Why should I care about elephants, it is just they
Are my friends and when leaning against a tree
That is an elephant's flank there is a contact
Between us and an understanding that we are
Both a dying breed, like tigers and lions
Cute Vietnamese pigs and flying genii that will you
No harm, it is not it's their fault having black wings
And screams as when a barrel bomb hits its target
Startled I wake up and there is blood on the carpet.

Oskar Hansen

The Smile

At a cafe in Liverpool I sat eating bacon butty
washed down with milky tea, wife had left me
and I was feeling glum. A woman at a far table
looked at me and smiled. An overcast day, felt
as the sun had come out. I didn't know what to
say or do so I looked out of the window rain.
Her boyfriend came, they left, but she sent me
another smiling glance
Knew I would be OK.

Oskar Hansen

The Sober Mistress

She broke up with me I left and slammed the door,
played pool in a bar and drank cold beer.
Closing time I walked back to her house knocked and
she let me in; had a bottle wine, I drank it all.
Somehow she dragged me into her car, I can't remember,
she dumped me on the lawn outside my own house.

Woke up and it was dawn and bloody birdsong.
Indoors, a shower and black coffee, I rang her and asked
why she had dumped me, after all we had a terrific sex life.
Yes, but after sex there was nothing more, all you wanted
was to possess me and when we did we were both drunk;
and the people in AA tell me I have to avoid exploiting men
like you if I'm going to stay sober.

Oskar Hansen

The Sober Sariph

The Sober Seraph

I had been to my doctor is always a female I have no choice
Said I was too heavy - her words- I had to slim down a bit
Skipped lunch had soup in a café where everyone sat
Starring at their I-Phones and didn` t see what I saw and angel
Stopping a man from going into a bar
I could see they were arguing the man took a step backwards
The angel won the argument and disappeared, the man
Came into the café and drank orange juice, his mien was dark,
But then lightened up he was safe...for now

He is one of the unfortunate for whom a glass of wine is one
Too many and a bottle is not enough, if he listen to what his
The angle says, the inner voice of love, he should be safe.

Oskar Hansen

The Sober Woman

The Sober Woman

Years ago a day in June I had a new girlfriend but she was drinking heavily; since I didn't at the time she stopped too June is beautiful month in the Algarve, green and pleasant, an ocean of wild- flowers and a lush countryside.

We didn't live together my house is small I like to be alone during the day. She rang suggested we go swim in the lake.

She, a strong swimmer I less so swam a metre from shore.

Two days sober and she was crossing the lake got a fit and sank.

Sometimes we are tested and braver are than we think.

I swam out got her ashore, she was shivering clutching my hands.

Back home I put her to bed and gave her a medical brandy, she slept and later that day I drove her to her an AA meeting, where she promptly fell in love with a George Clooney look alike.

I met her a day told me she had not touched a drink for ten years like so many sober alcoholics she was boring and suffered from a faulty memory syndrome.

Oskar Hansen

The Social Life

The Social Life

A monkey sits on the roof, eats a bon, bon
with its wrapper on teasing a dog.

I sit in the bar, with Sylvia and Fred, drink
cola through a straw.
Bottles on shelves promise me I will be
strong, feel at ease with this weird couple.

Fear will flutter away
like butterflies in a glade
disturbed by a hare.

A small glass of beer,
the monkey laughed.
came down from the roof.

I`m confident again
Fred is funny and
Sylvia is beautiful

Oskar Hansen

The Space

The Space

Silence is not totally quiet it has an Om
A chant of the everlasting and soothes a restive heart.
I used to be a warrior a hero of every war fought,
Now I hear the Om and see moss on stones.
On a painting I saw time's little sister she shimmered
Above ground and is the air I breathe.
What was important is now hollow only beauty prevails.
The everlasting is all around me as I walk on a lane of
sea sand and crushed shells, time's little sister smiles,
tells me nothingness is the highest prize.

Oskar Hansen

The Sparrow

The Sparrow.

The stage was enormous partly dark; floor board made
of the decks of stranded schooners
a sparrow came shuffling in, slightly bent too much time spent
at street corners singing for a few shilling had taken its toll.
She was met with applause which lifted her spirit
she smiled and began singing love songs
the pain of love
the loss of love
the longing for love.
Often she had loved wrongly, but she had no regrets.
Standing ovation.
Later there would be flowers, chocolate and wine.
It was her last performance. Although she didn't
know at the time, although some of her fans suspected it.
she flew away, and Paris mourned.
Non, Je ne regretted rien.

Oskar Hansen

The Sparrow 4

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Oskar Hansen

The Spell

The Spell

Does pure evil exist or is made by the religious
to scare us and fall into the embrace of a god
that may not have our interest at heart.
It began a few days ago
when I noticed someone or something was
trying to take over my mind.
When parking I scraped another car,
I broke the mirror driving too close to a bin.
It was then I saw it, malevolent eyes
painted outside my house,
I looked up saw the shadow of Satan on a flagpole
his laughter echoed and echoed on my soul, but
I shouted back, called him and his imps scum.
I knew a spell had been cast upon me and took action
I painted the eyes yellow and green,
the water leak in the kitchen stopped.
I had won because my mind was much stronger than
the person who had cast the spell.

Oskar Hansen

The Spoken

Oskar Hansen

The Stalker

The Stalkers

Under the celestial awning
There are degrees of darkness
Stygian and silky night - blue
Secret light seeps out of hurts
Soon absorbed by night`s hue
By the quay lovers watch light
Commit suicide in dark waters
Only the sleepless see this and
Night prowlers with knives
Killing someone with passion
And bath in blood at midnight

Oskar Hansen

The Storm

A big storm is hitting the eastern seaboard of North America, it has just hit Cuba and other little island; fifty people killed, but we didn't get an intensive coverage as we get now. By all means it is an immense storm and no doubt America feels it doesn't deserve this and there is no one to drones to attack for this onslaught on Americas' soil. Yes, we can build walls we can built fortresses in the hope of being safe from the world, but in the eye of a storm by nature or a storm caused by lack of justice and freedom, the storm will be equally furious those storms will, if we are lucky, clean our corrupt social system, we call democracy- a practice that gives the right of the rich to exploit the poor and obscenely try to make the neediest enjoy slavery of being consumers, where going to the mall is highlight of the week... Meanwhile the storm blows and if two tramps would be killed or two seamen drown, every TV channel in the world will record their demise and there will be a charity in their name; "we shall not forget their suffering." But as water retreats and hamburger joints opens- The past, in our world, has no memory, it is about mustard or ketchup; and it is quite easy really, the red little bag is tomato ketchup and the yellow bag is mustard.

Oskar Hansen

The Story Of A Lake

Between two hills a chasm, rain fills it up in the winter,
and a lake is born. In May, June and middle July the lake
is fine, a bit grey, but cooling. The lake has no outlet it is
just there for farms to use when there is no rain.

In August the water is warm and brown by silt, but it is
the only swimming pool we have so we linger, drink beer
in the evening and pretend we are at the seaside.

When the lake is dry we find dead things we do not like,
skeletons of animals and sometimes the missing person
who went for a nightly swim and didn't tell anyone.

In winters it rains and the lake fills up, in May it looks
almost blue. Although we say every year we were going
to the beach we don't it is far away and the lake is near.
The rural idyll was shattered this year, when a swimming
water dog sensed something in front of it, the dog turned
swam wildly to shore, but as its owner lifted it out of
the water a monster bit the dog in half, its owner was left
holding the upper part of the poor mutt; so much blood
and utter distress. As there is little one can do with half
a dog the shocked owner threw the remains back into
the water where it was snapped up, by what was described
as a huge reptile with a shark like mouth, and all bathers fled.
The lake is a silent, malevolent eye in the blissful landscape.
This year we are going to the seaside.

Oskar Hansen

The Story Of The Saviour

Jesus was skeptical of his tribe, as a trainee carpenter so lousy couldn't even make a bookshelf, they kidded him for that and Jesus took umbrage and criticized the priests who served the Romans.

He took to hanging out with a group of radicals of the day and since he was good with words, became their leader. They had groupies too, one of them was Magdalena and Jesus took a shine to her without saying so, but them all knew from the way he looked at her.

Being admired by his flock, Jesus thought he could take on the establishment, like when he chased money lenders out of the temple; he was wrong.

When the Romans mocked him and crowded him a king, he thought the people would come to save him, no such thing happened, he was strung up (Crucified) .

The women came to his rescue, healed his wounds and sent him to France where he took the name of Pierre, married Magdalena had seven children and was a much-respected Goldsmith

Oskar Hansen

The Stream

The Stream of Consciousness.

A laughing clown filled the heavenly screen, a grin full of malice.
Behind him bearded men were eating children, wine and blood
ran down their chests, they were having the time of their life.
Democracy is great they chanted: freedom to exploit the weak
and poor. They were friendly offered me a child's soft arm and
thigh, But I shook my head and walked on I had to find my way
home. And there it was shining red on a hill in afternoon light.
The apartment block had no entrance rope hung from windows,
my flat was on the third floor. I tried to climb up it was vital for
me to get home, but half way up I lost the grip, too feeble,
I slid down and my hands burst into flames, I put my hands into
a bucket of water that turned into wine, which I coolly drank.
A fire engine hasted by I tried to hail it to borrow their ladder,
but they had no time to stop so many other fires breaking out.
I walked to the everlasting river, sat on a stone and listened to
Its universal language. Then I let go and became the river.

Oskar Hansen

The Suffering

The Suffering

She visits me every night,
her clear blue eyes so full of love, cries.
A pool of hopelessness at her feet,
a love I cannot reciprocate.

When I wake up my pillow is damp too,
I must have wept for her restless soul.
Wrapped in a sheet of plastic
she cannot decompose,
be soil and reborn.

Her eyes so clear and blue look at me
with enduring motherly adoration.
I beg of you go now, let me free
for I have not the force
to return your love.

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 Swine

The Pig

The pig, also called swine is the most human of animals those who have tasted human flesh say it is not different in taste and texture, but can easily be overcooked.

The domestic white person colour pig gets little exercise cooped up in a pen where they have to sleep in their own excrement and fattened for slaughter.

One can regard this as an ultimate cruelty to an intelligent the animal is robbing it of natural dignity.

The wild pig -boar- is quite another thing, a good runner that is not easy to catch, lives and thrives in Europe`s forests it is not scared and can attack and kill you if it so wanted, but the boar think humans stink and prefer to run away when smelling Christian blood and the odour of dark church recesses.

Oskar Hansen

The System

The System

It was a strange little town every house were five storey tall and had the same colour, ochre. The houses were built close together, giving narrow, dark streets and no room for parks or green spots. The well to do naturally lived on the top floor and got some light, but it got darker further down and on the first floor and basement days were forever evening. The few shops sold plastic flowers, cheese, red wine, macaroni and a dark sort of bread that tasted of coal dust. Once this small town had been happy place, with tiny houses and kitchen gardens, but a new leader thought it too chaotic, it also disturbed him that there were so many dogs barking that he had them and cat eradicated. This was a sad town and its citizen had lost the ability to smile, but this ended when a horse belonging to gypsy trotted through the town and for the first time the people saw beauty and laughed, they laughed so much suddenly feeling free, that when their leader spoke they laughed at him too and later shot him very dead with 120 bullets. The town is empty save for some eccentric people on the top floors who hankered for the old system. People have built tiny homes just outside the town; they keep dogs, cats and horses.

Oskar Hansen

The Talent

The Talent

He often wonders where it comes from this need to tell stories;
there is nothing in his upbringing or schooling
to give a hint, he can hardly write it is a struggle to find
the grammatically right word.

He thinks of water trickling up from the ground running
along the stony earth on a mountainside, falling on a lemon tree,
beautifully yellow fruit, not for the roses.

Sometimes the well dries, little rain has fallen, the groundwater
is hidden in a deep cave and he accepts that,
the world changes, but he has always got the almond tree
while waiting for the sound of trickling water.

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 buildings and dead children, all this happens 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 drop rockets on villages in the mountains of Pakistan or Afghanistan.

Oskar Hansen

The Terror

The Terror

Late afternoon they sat on the bus thinking of a good meal and TV. A man entered knifed its driver and two passengers. The murderer dropped his knife in the bus and waited for the police to come, the remaining passengers stood outside and waited too, they cried and were cold. The ambulance came first, could do nothing; they waited also. Finally the police arrived it took them fifty minutes which must have felt as an eternity, arrested the man and drove him to jail. A deadly calm, a surreal scene, but why had the man kill? The mass murder Breivik's crime was temporarily forgotten, killer in the bus was a foreigner who had lost all reason, had been told that his appeal to stay in the country had been refused. For this and to avoid expulsion he had done this. He'd rather stay in jail for the rest of his life than facing going back to his godforsaken country. This type of crime, however safe one makes a country horror strikes as lightning. A river of blood, shed by those who just wanted to go home it leaves peaceful people stunned and fumbling for an answer.

Oskar Hansen

The Theft

I went visit a friend of mine it had been a year since
I last saw him when he had been at my home. He didn't
look glad to see me but invited me in, appeared nervous
didn't offer me anything to drink, and I felt embarrassed.
He bent forward as to say something, but changed his mind.
I made my stay short and he was relieved to see me go.
I suddenly knew way, when he last visited me some money
in an envelope on my desk, for paying bills, went missing;
I never suspected him. I got over the loss it was only
misplaced cash. Alas, he had not forgotten his theft and it
gnawed on his mind and he could no longer bear to see me,
like he blamed me for his fall from grace. Poor man if he
needed money he could have asked me. As it is I have lost
a friend who is suffering in his own private hell.

Oskar Hansen

The Thread

Life is a thread
When my aunt
Told me when
Mother
Was pregnant
With me
I was not a welcomed
Addition
Mother had been
Told skipping
Could bring on
A spontaneous
Abortion
She was rather sedate
Soon gave it up
I was born
There are things
We should
Not be told
I never forgot
But she was
Working class
And poor
Life or no life
The line is
As precarious
As a skipping rope

Oskar Hansen

The Tiff

The Tiff.

All the games we play, I was busy when you called
had no time to speak to you
So when I rang you back you said you were busy
too and had no time to talk.

Then you will sit by the phone; wait for me to ring,
but hurt by your voice I will not ring before next day.
We will both have a bad night, angry and lonely.
So when I do ring you will say something sarcastic
and I will slam down the phone.

Sleepless night and tired days, something has to give.
So I pick up the phone tell you that I love you,
you say you love me too and the sun shines again.
Ah, the games we play, they call it love

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 choked 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 tomorrow's 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 Trap

The Trap

This the first dream, know I'm asleep but don't
want to I try to wake up but cannot move.
Injured by panic I try to move but my body will not
obey me immobile trapped in my body.
Open your eyes, try roll onto the floor grasp, try
touch the wall, there is no wall space is intense.
Finally I get up walk into the living room, but sleep
Is like a boa constrictor around my neck
I fall and fall through the endless universe, fly too
but not to where I want to go.
Pain has awoken me, I see light it is dawn and
walk on to the terrace, another narrow survival
Over the ridge I spy the sun, my only true lover
and I sing a tune from a Gary Cooper movie: "Do not
forsake me, o my darling..."

Oskar Hansen

The Tree Of Ages

The tree of ages

There had been a storm, not a squall making it difficult to walk from the supermarket to your car leaving you with tussled hair and breathless, no this was the real thing and the holm oak crashed to the ground roots and all blocking the road.

It was an old tree had lost weight, and bark slung around it like a poorly fitted mechanic`s overall, so it had to happen it was what ensued after the fall, and it had to be moved still alive they cut it in half and pushed it aside with a fork lift truck no ceremony here no kind words, the tree was blocking the traffic; not a word of regret, you see, hadn`t it been for the storm the tree was well enough to stand by the entrance to the lane for 100 years to come.

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 Unanswered

A mass murderer
Should there be room for pity
A crime so awful
Yet he was born an infant
Innocent eyes seeing the world

Forgive our hatred
If we have not the power
To forgive his sins
Forever we see him as a ghost
An echo of forbidden thoughts

From all minarets
The cry of one rightful god
A dominant faith
Too much for a godless land
Can we defy its command?

Oskar Hansen

The Undying Soul

The undying soul

There was a time
I thought soul and body
was separate
so when the body gave up
the soul
kept flying about
having political opinions
no one had heard of
My soul pointed out
all the beauty to be seen
no listened
Never to be hungry nor sad
not able to commit suicide
too bloody awful
to contemplate

Oskar Hansen

The Unfinished

The Unfinished

There is a recurring dream or reality about a door
in the forest, I knock on the door I try the handle to open it
but it is locked, yet I sense there are beings of the past
reluctant to open up and reveal the truth
Whose Truth? If you ever hear all will be revealed
There is nothing after death...why should there be?
Death means no life and nothing come after except annoying
dreams that make the hopeless into despair.
the cruelties of dreams are about tomorrow when you know
there will be no this is not so, the planning of planting potatoes
keeps us sane and the plums on the tree but I do like the taste
of new potatoes as I like the aroma of a young girl not yet
ready to be plucked

Oskar Hansen

The Uniform

The Uniform

When I grew up if you came from a poor or austere home,
the joining of the merchant navy could be a rescue,
if you kept your nose clean and went to a navy academy
you could become an officer and got to wear a uniform.
I did go to school and after seven years of drudgery I was
a catering officer, with three silver stripes on my uniform.
Only other officers, say, those the bridge or engine wore
golden stripes, again I felt inferior ditched my uniform wore
a blue blazer instead, golden buttons, my title and logo like
firework on my chest. When It dawned on me I had reached
the pinnacle of my career I wasn't going any further and
promptly lost interest in the supplying profession.
I wore T shirt and jeans tried to be equal only to discover
when you are an officer the crew will never accept you as
an equal and will treat you as the fool you are

Oskar Hansen

The Unknown Couple

The unknown couple

Lunch hour a woman was coming out of a bookshop
dressed in a white blouse and a long black skirt.

She met a man outside he wore brown striped suit too big
for him and together not holding hands they walked down
a street that was dusty and had waste papers on a road that
had not seen rain for a long time perhaps never.

I wanted to know who they were and followed them
they hastened their steps rounded a corner and went into
a cheap looking Chinese restaurant.

They ate rice and curry

Washed down with coca cola

She held his hand for a moment

Was it love?

Or did she reassure him about an impending breakup?

I wanted to know their story

how they ended up here in third rate restaurant

spending the hour of freedom from work there and

walking in a shoddy street enveloped by sadness

and lost the opportunity or was I in an Edward hopper painting

I said to myself: I could write a novel about this but

as a poet, I`m too lazy to write one

Oskar Hansen

The Unreal And The Sane

The unreal versus the real

As a toddler, there was a war on, not that I noticed, there
Was a German camp nearby and I was their mascot let me sit
On cannons and their enormous horses, they also gave me
Chocolate and slices of bread with strawberry jam; so far my
War was idyllic.

Reality!

There were shoots in the night, and the camp was lit up
Russian prisoners had tried to escape and sot for their attempt
On my walk I came across dead Russian, I knew they were gone
They had been my friends too, and snow was falling.

A big German took me in his arms and carried me home I Think
I had been crying; he told me it was a dream and to forget it.
Stillness, yeas the stillness is what I remember no farmers were out
The land was empty.

I didn` t visit my soldiers anymore preferred to play with the dogs in
The back yard I wanted to go home to my mum and just as peace broke out
I was sent home from the farm and witnessed the jubilation of
People who had been occupied for five years; and it was the beginning
Of cold winters and scarcity, they bore with forbearance.

Oskar Hansen

The Unredeemed

The Unredeemed

There are flashes when my liberal views falter
and I ask myself, these people like Breivik and
the killers in Ankara and Paris would it not be
better to shoot them down like rabbit dogs?
my loathing for them is boundless but I will not
shot them and not ask other to do the killing
in my name or in the name of humanity.

Behind their fanaticism their hatred to a society
that will not listen to their rantings; there must
an inner voice telling them how despicable they
are, perhaps not today in the flames of hate, but
In time in their cell, they will ask for forgiveness
only to find stillness a mist of their breath and
they cannot forgive themselves.

Oskar Hansen

The Unremembered

The Unremembered

From the deepness of unconsciousness floats up pieces of memories, like torn pictures of a past I can't recall. I see a child standing on a chair seeing his image in the window. A man, in the street below looks, up and smiles. A war plane, flies low comes nearer, flies right through the house and continues out to the sea. Old dreams and forgotten memories have no beginning, no ends; they can't be expanded and made coherent. A mighty surge of fear passes though me, an unremembered memory absorbed into my nascent brain before I was born? The unborn child remembers but there is silence and it can't be articulated into words. I listen to an ancient hum that is as old as nature to better understand a future that has no knowing conscience.

Oskar Hansen

The Unsaid

The Unspoken

The old man stopped his battered car at
a beauty spot's parking lot, divorced and
his possessions now were cloths in
a shopping bag and his old car.

It was early Monday morning, but some
middle class fool, on his way to work,
had seen him and called the police,
(lone men are often called tramps and have few rights)
a patrol car came and an officer told him to move on;
the old man sighed and without irony said:
"It's a wonderful world."

The officer, who had kind eyes, looked
surprised, but nodded in agreement.

The old man drove off.

And as the worn out car disappeared
into the new day,
it struck the officer that he had seen his own future.

Oskar Hansen

The Unseen Portugal

There are many poor people in Portugal, thousands of people need on food banks to survive.

Some schools keep open even when closed only so children can get a warm meal a day.

There is great austerity in Portugal hidden away in corners the tourist industry never reaches.

The poor live on rice- if they can afford gas to cook it- but mostly they eat canned food and corn flakes.

Many Portuguese live in houses without sanitation, in narrow streets many visitors will call picturesque.

Yet on TV cookery programs are running wild, where chefs show viewers how to cook the best cut of meat.

They tell you about the rich healthy food and where to buy those appetizing dishes and great wines.

These programs are a display of opulence, a travesty of reality when there is so much hunger in the land of historic cities, sunny summers and sandy beaches.

Oskar Hansen

The Useful Plant

The rain that fell on the night was of the type pot plants like,
it has stopped the air is mild, and the flowers smiles except the lemon tree
that is born grumpy and bears bitter fruit, which incidentally is good
with fried fish and it refreshes otherwise lame dishes, say fish cakes with
boiled potatoes, a meal crying out for something bitter to hide
the Norwegian boredom food like seeing Oslo`s municipal building
ten times a day. My wife has watered the indoor plants that were green
with envy not being allowed to go outside.

For lunch we are having soup, it has too much pepper in it and again
I have to ask the lemon tree for help as roses are pretty but useless.

Oskar Hansen

The Useless

The useless

A dead tree on the plain
Seen at first
Hazy light
Appears romantic
But is essentially useless
No Birds sing
A man without children
Is a dead tree
In his arms a child shall
Not smile.
In misty light
A walking ghost
Going to his grave
Alone

Oskar Hansen

The Vale Of Peace

The Vale of Peace

It is overcast in the valley and rounded hills, luckily there is no coal here no slag heaps, disfigure the quiet scenery; this is quieter now than before, people only drive when they must, in time of austerity and high gasoline prices. The wind is acerbic and in no mood to be nice, although it blows from the south, which often gives a lovely aroma of milkmaids breaths, contented, cream drinking cats and engaging, giggly love amongst hay stacks.

The shepherd and his flock cross the road, he has a dark outdoor face, craggy as a volcanic mountain and it carries a melancholic mien of one, who spends much time alone, and his sheep look as terracotta figures in fading light. Woolly -backs are not known for being conversationalists; except for bleating now and then they eat. I turn also this is not a day for walks, better lit the fire be contemplative and gently subdued on this overcast day.

Oskar Hansen

The Value Of Money

Once I was a multi millionaire it was shortly after the war ended in 1945, when I found a bundle of German marks from 1914. Think I found them on a shelf in an abandoned house used by German officers, there was so many things they left behind like gas masks and bikes and I learned to cycle on a pilfered bike, it was black and had a Nazi symbol painted on its frame, but my uncle Harold painted it over. I was lucky who found money, some of the lads found live hand grenades and blew themselves up.

The winter of 1945 was cold and we often used my millions to get the fire going in the morning and mother said we were so rich we could afford to burn money. In the village where I live there is only one rich person, he is a miser and live behind tall walls, his car has dark windows, and I have never seen smoke coming out of his chimney; ash of notes white as snow.

Oskar Hansen

The Vanished

The Vanished

It was not a forest more like a few forgotten trees by the road, they stood close together as seeking protection from vandals. Inside the day was dark and I heard twigs breaking off, but saw no birds or squirrels. Perhaps it was the spirits of the people who had lived here but had died out as the forest gave way to farm land and was reduced to dismal woods of evergreens that was helpless against agricultural progress. A way of life, beyond repair, as a dead language that is but whisper in the wind.

Oskar Hansen

The Vast Land

The Wasteland

Through Gobi
I walked
Alone
Dislike
Smelly camels
A pilgrimage
God and I
In this dramatic
Vastness
Journey no
Wasted
Came out of this
Enormous
Real estate
Knew a lot
About sand
In shoes.

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 View

The View

They were climbing up a mountainside to get
a better view of the sea.

she reached the top before him, and he
breathed hard when he got up.

She laughed pleased she had won he smiled
too but was short on laughter.

He was strong, slim and looked athletic but
a doctor had told him his heart was weak
and not put strain on it, by too much sport.

His friends kidded him for his reluctance to
partake in long treks in the woods and
sleeping under canvas... slowly they drifted away
or rather he made himself absent because
he could not tell his friends about it they found
him cantankerous said he lacked the spirit of youth
and fun. Boring, his girlfriend said before walking
off. He was so big and strong, but didn't have
the strength- or was it vanity - to be one of them.

Oskar Hansen

The Village

The Village

When I came to this small village in the interior of Algarve there were animals' mules and pigs and children played in the road, barking dogs and chicken looking for worms and I dreamt of becoming a rustic poet recording a vanishing way of life. The change came so quick the children became adults moved to Lisbon tractor instead of mules and we grew old as letters of refusal piled up I married a hypochondriac who faints when I inject insulin into my stomach.

It was not to be like this she should be by my side when I received prizes and the applause was for her to enjoy. I thought it would be easy people would buy my work go and be more moral and my poetry would be jewels of love. Balderdash! The truth is I`m happy to be alive the dream belonged to someone else an idiot I used to know,

Oskar Hansen

The Virtuous

The Virtuous

Two bodies entwined
in the malleable light of a spring night.
I will love you forever, she said.
In June she married Fred.
I thought it must have been a mistake,
and waited.
When Fred died thirty years later,
she, unseemly, quickly married Carl.
I knew it was no point waiting any longer,
her words had been a bit of fluff on
the pillow of love.

Oskar Hansen

The Vision 1

The vision

The horses mares and colts that drank cold water
in the shallow river crossing the grassland
looked up a massive plane its wingspan
darkens the valley.

The horses gallop till they are tired and the plane has left
the horses, at ease, can graze again.

The far mountain is like a Canadian blue mountain song
is hazy and shivers like a broken vocal cord.

A lotus swarm of helicopters fill the sky and scared
horses are galloping, again and again, the sky darkens.
Then on the far mountain, a new sun appears it shines
bright for a while, then dies like a comet.

A storm blows, the grass withers and the river are dry.
Dead horses, but the blue mountain is a diamond

Oskar Hansen

The Visit

The Visit

Mother and I went to visit her uncle and his family
Who lived in the outskirts of the town, we took the bus
No five which took us to the posher part of the city.
Mother`s uncle was a foreman at and small abattoir
His speciality was the killing of sheep
When he came home the whole family, they had two children
Ate dinner in the kitchen, mother and I sat in the living room
She was given a cup of coffee, and I got a glass of milk
The uncle came into the living room and spoke to my mother
He was tired he said, and I wondered how many sheep he had
Killed that day blood was dripping from his hands, but I thing
He gave mother some money when his wife was doing the dishes
We left, and I was feeling angry without knowing why, in the hall
I said have you got cats? No, we have not.
I can smell cat pee, I said.
Outside mother scolded me for being rude but smiled
I never saw mother`s uncle again nor his snobbish wife or their
Children they never visited us we lived in the wrong part
Of our town

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 Vista

The Vista.

It was a long climb up the mountain, cumbersome too
I used golf shoes, bought in a second hand shop, which
On reflection will endorse, but it had leather uppers

It was tiring, yet had no choice it was my mountain,
there were dark moment when I felt like giving up, but
the alternative was melancholy of the uncompleted.

I finally made it the top had no snow and whirling fog
made it impossible to see and hear anything but my
laboured breathing and colourless wind of nothingness.

It the way life is, those on the top see little of what is
going on, one has to go down to ground level to see
and understand that love needs fertile soil to thrive.

Oskar Hansen

The Voice Of Norway

The voice of Norway
It was there
At the border
A gray mass of stones
Between two countries
One country
Wanted to give it away
As a good will gesture
But the people
Those who didn` t know
The mountain existed
Said NO
We will not give away
A pebble
Of our nation
There was waving flags
The authority relented
Took the offer back
The people had spoken
With a narrow- minded
Nationalistic fervour

Oskar Hansen

The Voice Within

The Voice Within

Truth is a beautiful bird that seeks the light of knowledge but it also has sharp talons to grab hold of and expose lies, and falseness that dissipate in the sight of veracity.

But are all truths good for everyone isn't there moments in life when a small lie can save life or stop the crying of a distressed child or comfort the grieving?

The insistence of absolute truth can with time become cold and tyrannical, shows no mercy holds no love, lacks human understanding and passion.

Truth seeker can be sadists taking delight in suffering of those who have been caught in the confusing of untrue, of what professional liars call: "To misspeak"

Truth without empathy is therefore useless we need to hear the inner voice and listen to its song; at dawn it sings so softly you will be moved to make the right choice.

Oskar Hansen

The Vulgar And Something Else

Oskar Hansen

The Vulgar And The Beautiful

By the roadside I saw a blushing flower amongst
arrogant, working class weed. It suffered greatly
this delicate bloom which could inspire a poet
to write about the richness of nature if only bloody
weed would stop being so obtrusive.

I picked the flower, rude, gray weed applauded
in their world of harshness beauty was strength.
And now that I have changed from being an angry
old man to a gentle soul, I put the flower in a vase
and saw it die of loneliness

Next day I stopped my car at the same spot I
ignored the blaring horns of angry drivers. And
the weed said: "why did you this to us we need
a soft soul amongst us even when we make fun
of its boon, but we need the love it creates.

Oskar Hansen

The Wait

The wave of sleep washed my up on the bleak shore of the awake
half remembered dreams vanished and left behind a blank canvas.
I was alone with the grey mass of viscosity framed by boredom.
and I had no whisky or cigarettes to hide behind in my elderliness
pleasures long gone....The futures didn't reveal itself saw I', not
a seer, the past was an endless series of failure and I could not
recall anything in my life that had given me pleasure of lasting
kind it had all been so erratic, laughter mingled with contempt
of a circus clown with a red nose.

looked out of the window and the sleeping town I noticed some
windows had light, and the 24 hour petrol station was open
they sold cigarette and booze too, put were out of happiness
and peace of mind packed in healthy disposable green bags.
Switched on the TV, Russia had occupied itself and people there
were jubilant; and they were looking for a plane that fell from
the sky a week ago, the world changes but slowly.

Oskar Hansen

The Waiter

The waiter

The girl from yesterday came into my café
I served her slowly on my waiter`s flat feet
She had coffee and a bun gave me ten pence
In tips, she read a paper, smoked a cigarette
Then left without saying good-bye
And that was it let yesterday sleep waking
Up the past serves no one

Oskar Hansen

The Walk

The Walk

Long hot desert
Empty of people
Not even a camel in sight
He clutched a euro coin
In his sweaty palm
He was left handed
Wanted to buy
A glass of beer
Hatless he fainted
Belly up
Awoke at sun-down
A date palm
Clutching a coin

Oskar Hansen

The Walker

The Walker

He woke up when a nurse at the old folks home, kissed him,
because it was his eighties birthday, he knew this could
not be true he had slept for fifty years and now woken up
By a kiss. He looked in the mirror; the face was not young,
this was an illusion because they said he was old.

He set about capturing the lost years by walking across
Europe, from the south to the north, but to his surprise
when coming to a town people cheered him on and he
was famous as the man who was walking back in time.

When he reached the north of Sweden, he looked forty
he was treated as a sage; fans wanted to know his secret.

In a TV interview he said, "if you walk long enough, you`ll
find the way home." This was regarded as a truism, and
roads were clogged by elderly people trying to find their
youth or a time when they were happy.

Oskar Hansen

The War Of Shame

The War of Shame

Europe's grand war
It was given permission
By US Of A
To conduct a war on its own
And Europe screwed it up

Leather boots on sand
Send in the Norwegians
Once occupied
They like to be invaders
Proper tiny fascists do

Like to blow up tanks
Calls it defence of freedom
Obese arsed twits
Inbred political elite
Saudi kingdom of the North

Oskar Hansen

The Way Of Tyrants

The Way of Tyrants (Tanka)

Red nosed circus clowns
Behind mad grins... hate the laughter
As with dictators
In absurd fantasy uniforms
We hoot only when they fall.

Tyrant in his cave
Resentfully reflects on life
Western big shots came
Ate roasted lambs in his tent
How could he be so gullible?

Oskar Hansen

The West's Fortune

The West's Fortune

In the disappearing evening light the car outside looks like a ogre or a relic of a dead religion, dying headlight, a battery that will not start the car it must be pushed by men who understand that Christianity must be brought back to guard us from strange beliefs that is alien to our culture. Atheism makes a country weak and insipid, it is in its tolerance willing to accept demands from other faiths that, will if given the opportunity burn our books and ban the culture, that have made us westerners who know the value of justice, even when it fails us. In the name of equality let them burn our cherished book and ask us to believe in a god not belief in God that has lost all meaning, yet I believe we have to hold on to our culture and tradition Christian based as it is, to preserve our identity; for we are people who has suffered through time to reach equilibrium, yet we know we are still a long way from Nirvana

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

The Whites

The Whites

It is not easy to be white these days, the whites
get the blame for the demise of the Red- Indians,
by students who do not understand history.

When a mass of poor white came to America, it was a population shift
of great dimension, a tsunami over the prairie and
the local tribes who, in a way, were stateless suffered.

But the whites worked hard and made America great, with the help,
in the beginning, of black slaves who became disadvantaged
and have not been able to rise above it and develop.

The whites didn` t invent slavery, Africa has always had slaves,
And here is slavery in many parts of the world that is not white.

The history of the whites is one of triumph, alas, also of
cruelty, but we must come to terms with our history it can` t
be eradicated by attacking statues,

Oskar Hansen

The Will

The trees down the hillside have taken a more sober hue
yellow, pale green and brown, despite the weather tries
to pretend it is still summer and tourists wear sunglasses
when in jeeps they explore the mystic interior away from
sandy beaches and summer charming waiters who hope
the summer will last forever, without it they will soon be
unemployed, yes, like it or not fall is here in all its glory,
and it is also the time when I must write my will.

I stop at a layby and compose my testament, the house
goes to my wife and money left in the bank after
the funeral expenses. My literary estate goes to my
brother, which means he gets nothing of value, anyway
he hates poetry, so this is my sweet revenge.
But I love fall and hope to live to see another one.

Oskar Hansen

The Windy City

The Windy city

Chicago a city by the Lake Erin

A blanket of white and the wind

Whistles between sky -scrapers

The great city is not what it used to be

Now it is like third world place

Where bullets whistle through the night

Citizens are no longer safe

Those who can move out leaving it to

The hateful and bloody pavements

I remember the 1968 riots and ever since

Chicago looks like an African city

Demanding and intolerant of other folks

Opinion and guns sit loosely in the holster

Of friend and foe

Oskar Hansen

The Witness

The Witness.

Prosecution 's witness
Takes the stand his time to shine
Attention at last
But he can 't help embellishing
What he didn 't really see
Defense turns on him
Makes his report into lies
Witness close to tears
He had only wanted to help
Getting a bad man behind bars.

Oskar Hansen

The Woman Who Clean My House

The woman who comes and clean the house
once a week, has a voice like a foghorn, she speaks with
a Gypsy accent I have to guess what she says,
anyway she ignores me when I say: no need to water the plants
there will be rain tomorrow; well, it is morrow now.
Now rain has fallen seraph-like clouds drift about as they should
have a day off and decide to have a lazy day.
The sun is up to modest now in October, tries to make up for
the summer when it forced me indoors for two months.
The cleaner has tremendous energy, up at dawn and works all day,
my wife has given her a lot of clothes which she and her
husband, a used car dealer, sells at the market on Sundays
When hearing her voice - and don` t I hear- she brightens up my day
like sunlight on a grumpy day, and I think she`s blessed.

Oskar Hansen

The Women Of Soldiers

Soldiers' Women

On the plateau, a file of women in black,
war widows waiting to be given tea, bread
and rice from two men in a pick-up truck.
The men spoke hoarsely scurrying them on,
found their work embarrassing they would
rather be back on the mountain fighting.
Thought of the women as superfluous, yet they
had given birth to boys who fought and daughters
who was married to a warrior.
The women didn` t look the men in the eyes,
spoke softly about the health of grandchildren,
they had miles to walk down to the village, till
meagre soil and tend to skinny goats.

Oskar Hansen

The Wonder Of Nature

Nature Wonders

The morning
It was a blue
Wild animals
Whished
They had coats
Like the humans
The sun thawed
Raindrop big as balloons
Exploded on
Impact
Many cars
Were damaged
Rainfall
From a clear
Sky
The sun
Dried its own tears
Dogs barked
Came out of barns
The day
Continued as before

Oskar Hansen

The Writer

The Writer.

When young, long before the computer was invented,
I rented a cabin in the north of Spain, serious and Nordic
I wanted to be a writer and brought with me a travel
typewriter - you will find one at a technical museum-
ready to stun the world. North of Spain is winter cold
the wood in the shed was damp gave off smoke and
little fire. Daytime not bad a frozen pond and a pair of
skates kept me warm. Nights, however, was cold till
a flock of sheep was seeking shelter I let them in, soon
the cabin was warm if smelly; mucking out in the morning
took times. Keeping company with sheep and ice skating
is not an ideal intellectual pursuit, to make matters worse
I had no ribbons - a sheep ate them-
Having read Ernest Hemingway I knew I had to live a little
and find my own way of telling a story.

Oskar Hansen

The Yard

Thoughts in the Backyard

The sky is white today but the sun gets through
warms my face where I in the backyard and enjoy
the good village ´s peace and harmony.

I like the winter sun in Algarve, the summer one
is too fierce I have to hide in the house and put
shutters on windows before noon.

In my childhood I used to draw faces on windows
with night frost, saw them cry and melt away
never to reappear other than in dawn dreams.

Infancy, spent long time looking out of windows
seeing all the seasons and watching other children
playing hide and seek.

Hospital walls, grey as rainy autumn days, and
adults whispered not for a child to hear, surgery
and endless tests, the child could play again.

The whiteness on the sky is a mist now, curtains to
the past is drawn and I do not miss my childhood,
too much pain and aloneness.

Oskar Hansen

The Zoo

Little Marius was killed today, an eighteen months old giraffe,
the world cried and a facebook account was opened in
memory of little Marius that was fed to the lions. which in
a way was quite fitting as animals in the wild don't do funerals.
Carnivores in zoos eat meat every day of animals slaughtered
elsewhere, it was therefore good for the children, at the zoo,
to see the reality of animal life it is not all fluffy teddy bears.
But shouldn't all animals, be free? Little Marius had to die of
fear of inbreeding, which in the wild would not have happened.
We all eat each other we humans are on top of the food chain,
or so we think, except when we get lost in the tall Savannah
grass and become a lion's quarry.

Oskar Hansen

They Are Coming To Take Your Away Aha

They are coming to take you away

I dislike corners I know he will be standing there
A real Parisian apache one leg resting on a wall of a closed down factory
he is sharpening his stiletto and cleaning his fingernails
Or a farmer after digging stony ground has had enough cuts my throat
With his spade, a spray of blood and the land will be fertile again
I could also walk home after an evening in the pub fall face down in
a rain puddle where a yellow welly floats
it could be so banal falling in the night when going to the loo
a broken nose and no one can hear my muffled screams dying and
and not saying anything divine.
I have to buy a coffin it must be wide sleep in it every night wake
up in the morning dead with sunlight on my face.

Oskar Hansen

They Have Got Him Now

They have Got Him Now

War is a great adventure, every boy dreams about it. And writers of lies tell stories of sacrifices and great feats of courage.

I have done it again being a place don't want to be, sit seven floors up on a terrace and all I can think of is falling into oblivion. it only takes few seconds the air stream and the noise and the blessed silence.

The failure of many failures and I'm living tomorrows and can't remember the way home, the homes of homes where I was born.

The wrapping papers of gifts not opened how I can face tomorrow.

My cowardice is the only thing left I can trust.

Pre dawn and the echo continues, this is not your world it ended years ago when you knew you are a ghost of childhood past.

the boredom is absolute. Tomorrows I will remember home and safe amongst books that I once wrote I shall be safe and relive what I forgot. And wars will go on

as they always have but I will not play a part of lives' brutal carrousel.

Seven floors up, in my house there are no places to fall.

Oskar Hansen

They Kill Horses Too

They Kill Horses too

Spring 1945
a horse collapsed
in the street
of starvation
from every door, men in black
with long knives
cut into the beast
before it was dead
flesh any flesh
would do
soldiers came
shot in the air
the black-clad men
scurried back
A shot in the head of
the still alive animal
The soldiers left
their officer loved horses
During the night
the civilians came back
at dawn
blood and gore
on thawing snow

Oskar Hansen

They Know Where You Live

They Know Who You Are

We are spied upon just
like zoo animals
and we get fed false news
regularly
patronized by politicians
and lied to.
But when an individual
exposes the lack of privacy.
What we write and whom we talk to
is noted
to be used against us
when time is right.
That person who spilt the beans
must be silenced,
our zoo keepers call
such a person a seditionist.

Oskar Hansen

Think 5 Haiku

Such a disaster
Waking up in the morning
Shamelessly white

Haiku
Self- tanning cream
The pride of looking sporty
The mirror pulls face

Haiku
Deep philosophy
The poet is in deep water
Saved by low tide

Haiku
One types of success
When your work brings happiness
And not endless doubt

Haiku
The loser a man
Who knows he`s incompetent
Yet accuse others

The news I read
Been the same for fifty years
War and film stars

Oskar Hansen

Third Generation

The old man in the square sells trinkets and balloons
when he has got enough money to buy a little dream
and he enters the market town's only saloon.

By the bar thinks of his lemon selling father who had
a mule that had white as a duckling's plume, and
fruit as yellow as only Gunter Grass can paint them.

Remembers his grandfather a cobbler who walked
around town with a sack of promises given to him by
people who were never around on pay day.

Every Christmas he opened the sack and let broken
promises fly up in the air and forever disappear, liars
and cheats should not feel guilty of telling fibs.

Outside the old man's balloons had flown away, free
of strings filled the air with jubilation like errant people
who had once again been let off the catch.

Oskar Hansen

Thirsty Cars

Those steep, tiring hills going home, I had been in town
bought a new kitchen sink, the second one in forty years,
nothing lasts, that's how traders make their ill gotten
gains.

My car was exhausted trailing smoke, to lighten
its burden I alighted walked in front as it followed me
slowly.

On a flat stretch it teasingly overtook and drove
in front of me and down a track into a deep ravine where
feral donkeys live and run unlicensed garages I wasn't in
the mood to play "follow the leader, " so I walked home
past wayside bars where cars guzzled Brazilian cane fuel
and flashed their indicators,

I ignored this depravity and hasted away. Midnight, when my car pulled up
outside, it had lost the kitchen sink and was splattered in manure
of the long eared members of the horse family.

Oskar Hansen

This Afternoon

This afternoon

I was writing a poem but it kept disappearing
A blank screen it had words on it but they faded away
Erased by an inner logic of self -critic
I like red roses but writing about them sounds banal
Especially since I was stung by one and didn` t notice
Before three days after puss and itching
I have tried other flowers like tulips from Amsterdam
They were expensive and demanding
I prefer pot plants now, they are safer need watering
Though and words of reassurance.
I was writing about a Danish lily but the flower keeps
Slipping from the page mind the only thing a knew of
This country of "hygge" is frikadeller and herring in
sweet tomato sauce

Oskar Hansen

This Day

This the day I will be lazy and not read and not even attempt
to write about spring flowers they will soon disappear and bathers
who come to stay have sun and sand on their mind
Flowers do not make themselves beautiful for us but to pollinate,
attract bees which we stupidly try to kill with pesticide and we`ll know
the shrivel up of nature and hunger.
I know of a colony of bees in the back yard but I leave them in peace,
but fear their sting: a bee will never be your friend
What happened to the bumble-bee I saw one big as a helicopter circling
my house it was looking for a place to rest but the sparrow wouldn`t let it.
No, I will do nothing today except making a mental map of the world on
the cracked wall on the house opposite mine

Oskar Hansen

This Land Of Mine

I have lived here for twenty years, olive trees
and brown, rugged rocks are my best friends.

Watering can and flowers in my garden, yet
the locals still refer to me as O Estrangero.

Oskar Hansen

This Life Of Dreams

This life of Dreams

I have been in bed today, yesterday after taking up waking
I was so enthusiastic that I overdid it took pictures planned
The fell I was going to walk tomorrow had heard I could see
Wild boars there. I got overtired and sat on a stone under
A tree since it began raining. I looked like a scarecrow
A farmer picked me up and planted me in his field, and I hung
There to someone heard my cry for help.

The farmer apologised the Portuguese are polite people
When not driving cars on narrow road then they become
Murderous bullies and shout expletives at people who try
To cross the road with the slowness of an aged person, and
To think the Portuguese young care about their old parents.

Oskar Hansen

This Parrot

This Parrot

this bird in the cage its featherless wings folded to its naked
body like garden scissors and it squawked;
I´m 89 years old today, let me out of this bloody cage. but its
owner heard not she was a widow of First World War veteran a
and told every one that this particular war had seen the death
of 8 million horses 12 million donkeys and no one took notice of
this mass slaughter but then humanity only thought of its own
suffering and were impervious to animals feeling. having been
dragged from a green field to a soggy battle field and not a word
of consideration only eyes by hungry soldiers as a possible meal,
Goulash the known dish was originally made of horse meat,
camouflaged with paprika, hot pepper and salt.89 years in a cage
And had only been able to read titles of books on the shelf, but
it had lively mind and by listening to the radio for so many years
it was well educated and could squawk with the best of them.

Oskar Hansen

Thistles And Roses

The rain that fell on the night was of the type pot plants like,
it has stopped the air is mild, and the flowers smiles except the lemon tree
that is born grumpy and bears bitter fruit, which incidentally is good
with fried fish and it refreshes otherwise lame dishes, say fish cakes with
boiled potatoes, a meal crying out for something bitter to hide
the Norwegian boredom food like seeing Oslo`s municipal building
ten times a day. My wife has watered the indoor plants that were green
with envy not being allowed to go outside.

For lunch we are having soup, it has too much pepper in it and again
I have to ask the lemon tree for help as roses are pretty but useless.

Oskar Hansen

The Ascent

The Ascent.

I walked on the vast plateau the everlasting wind of time had blown away the sand and exposed millions of skeletons and the memory of man from whence his brain was the size of a peanut. It is bigger now, filled with images of pornography and war. I came to an oasis, but its water was full of coagulated blood, but I must drink it or explode into atoms at dawn. Stronger I walked on, crushing ancient rib cages gleaming in moonlight. A vast iceberg blocked my way it sparkled as a diamond, decorated with religious promises of salvation, but I had to climb up and over it if I wanted to know what was on its other side; emptiness or the final axiom? Since I'm human, and have no choice, I reluctantly began my ascent. My hands were cold and my heart fearful.

Oskar Hansen

Thoughtless Day

Thoughtless Day

I was looking out of the window
The view was a road and an opposite wall
And I decided to think of nothing
Emptying my brain for all the rubbish and
Lies I had read today and let it sink into the silt
Of the forgotten yet is silt that one day can be
made of mud and do a lasting service
for mankind, and since the settlers keep bulldozing
Palestinian dwellings, no, no I will not think of
This and why should I since I`m not thinking
Like the rest of the world.

Man, it is difficult not to think about love and death
And all the things in between so I look at the white wall
It is five years it was painted, but it still looks new.
No, this is too hard I will go and make a coffee eat
A biscuit and think the freezer need to be defrosted

Oskar Hansen

Thoughts

Abstract thoughts

See the world through a full glass of red wine
is to see the globe through blood dripping from
the galaxy as chalices of the wine of those who
paid the ultimate price for our folly.

When goblets fall and spill their lusciousness we
forget the fallen and start a new war simply
because someone must die to keep the carousel
going around and around if not the world will fall
into an abyss drifting in cold nothingness,
surrounded by beer foam and the stink of a pub
Sunday morning before the cleaners come
with cleansing products that smell of industrial
perfume that is toxic and give people cancer;
excessive cleanliness kills, the red wine numbs
the mind and blood runs down the drain.

Oskar Hansen

Thoughts About Cars

Drifting thoughts.

Interesting article I read,
in a few years robots and the chip
can take over most manual work
and cars are so advanced they
don't need a driver.

75% of the population will be
permanently unemployed.

Appealing, but who is going to buy
the clever cars?

I think we have to rethink the future.
And a last thought who the hell wants
to drive a car
that drives itself?

Oskar Hansen

Three New Haiku

Haiku

Notes of music
Fell into the ocean
Undulating

Haiku

Rain upon the sea
Softly lamented the loss
The conductor died.

Haiku

After great sorrow
Gigantic waves crash the shore
Disharmony

Oskar Hansen

Three New Senryu

Senryu

Now... the perennial
Wait for its appearance
And it is vanished

Senryu

A day in April
I locked the garden egress
Flowers bloom in peace

Senryu

After all hardships
Sailing on uncharted seas
We found our childhood.

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 Newest Haiku

Haiku

We have an albatross
Hanging from our scrawny necks
We have no more fish

Haiku

It`s about sardines
Fed to penguins at the zoo
We have got one too

Small birds leave the nest
Some never develop wings
Exhausted parents

Oskar Hansen

Three Senryu New

Senryu

A year is a breath
A trivial cosmic moment
For me it is life

Life is not a plateau
But a stormy uphill struggle
The upland is a dream

He stopped dreaming
In the middle of the night
Death fell soft as rain.

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

Through The Keyhole Of Time

Through The Keyhole of Time

The houses were made of old timber, like a Russian village on the endless steppe - maybe I had Dr Zhivago on my mind. But where was Lara? I was in Russia once thought it sinister, roads without light and black limousines gliding slowly by. Lived in a house that had rough planks for floors and no indoor loo, luckily it was summer that year.

At a café, the woman who ran it looked as a woman I loved, and never lost my longing for. I visited the place, there were accordion music and much gayety, but the woman I loved looked at me with dislike when prancing around with her two lovers who were junior officers in the red army and went to the gym every day lifting dumbbells; impotent rage, thought of assassinating them. She, the woman I loved, had not aged I was now forty years older than her.

When the music stopped she dismissed her lovers I asked her why she had left, she said it was because I was boring and had no sense of fun. When the music began, to prove her wrong, I danced to show her how much fun I was capable of, but I fell on the floor and for once people laughed.

Knew I had failed her and could not understand what more I could do to make her love me. But I had been blind, outside a woman smiled, a warm African smile, it took me forty years before I met her again and mourn the lost years without her.

Oskar Hansen

Thursday Afternoon

Thursday Afternoon

I came to Portugal for its summer weather
now I`m here for her winters
when the sun shines in my back yard and
protected by old walls, warms my face.
till four o`clock when it gets too low not
reaching over the wall and it is time to go
inside and start doing some serious reading.

The dog that is not mine but likes to enter
lies in the sun away from the cold wind, has
gone too, chasing cats that view dogs with
imperial disdain, and I`m full of years need
no tea for my evening meal.

Oskar Hansen

The Musical Lady

The Musical Lady

I knew of a pavement café where tables and chairs were painted in different colours, this to lend ambience in an otherwise dreary street. A young lady, a student at the music conservatorium, came here for lunch and always insisted on sitting on the same chair, a rosa one; she was pretty in stern way, long black dress, flat shoes, plain long hair and big glasses, waiters were happy to oblige her. This caused jealousy amongst other chairs that wanted her to sit on them too. In the night they ganged up on the rosa one, upended it and scratched badly. The owner thought it was the work of vandals, put the damaged chair in the store room, but when the musical lady came she insisted to sit on her chair damaged or not. Other seats felt bad realizing it was not the rosa's fault but the idiosyncrasy of the artist, so in the night they spruced up the rosa till it looked as new. But now the pianist didn't want it, not the same as before, she said and sat on a yellow chair. Feeling a miffed the gleaming new looking seat said to itself: "No big shake she had a narrow, cold bum anyway."

Oskar Hansen

Thw~e Hidden

It always comes back to the same thing, something
I should remember, But am unwilling to do so; and
it may not be important, just a passing thought
fluctuating through my day, something I read or said:
I must remember this. The "this" Is quickly forgotten
but leaves behind restlessness, dissatisfaction;
pointing to a place I have not had the courage to go.
It will come to me sooner or later, perhaps it hides in
The sentences I have just written, like a cannot see it
words. Carefully read what I have written to see if
the essential is included.

Oskar Hansen

Time And Doom

Time and Doom

Time marches on Angels fall is not big, but a trickle
descending the mountainside like an old man pissing
and the lump of ice in the sun`s core is getting bigger.

The sun is the enemy sending rays of frost and make
statues of frozen cats, we have to tan our faces in
moonlight and twinkling stars in a night of silver light.

A tap on the door the man with scythe is a gardener
but don`t get fooled it is you he wants, not the lawn;
his eyes burn bright hypnotising you.

Yes, the time marches on when the forest in Brazil has been
burnt to the cinder to give space for hamburger cattle which
will soon die of thirst as rivers run dry.

When the Seine is a motorway -toll both at both ends- and
Holland is under water, in Amsterdam swim glad dolphins
and the Dutch have invaded Norway.

Then perhaps, it`s time to agree with the doomsday people.

Oskar Hansen

Time And Its Daughter

Time and its Daughter

I love your face and your face loves itself
For its perfect nose, green eyes and rosy lips
And your fragrance has a Narcissistic allure.

The way you walk pavements adore you
rain shies away as not to make your hair wet
I love your face and your face loves itself.

When you cross the street car horn blears
All by themselves and white cars turn pink
And your fragrance has a Narcissistic allure

Sun doesn't burn your skin, makes it golden.
Till, one day, the mirror tells of a wrinkle, and
you know years are ganging up on you.

Your only enemy is time it waits in the wings.
As furrows settle on your forehead.
I love you face, your face doesn't love itself

Car horn doesn't blare anymore, get off
The road you lazy old woman, they honker
Your fragrance of youth has lost its allure

Oskar Hansen

Time And Poetry

Time.

While statues fall to dust and nothing is remembered,
we fear you not Ozymandias; it was a poet who brought
you back into history. Words survive the onslaught of time,
for each generation of poets words are written differently,
but the message is the same: Do not forget you are mortal!
Beauty and power are ephemeral.

Oskar Hansen

Time For Clearance

Time for Clearance

I was in Norway once, the paradise of social democracy, I saw many beggars, mostly Roma people who the inhabitant wanted to get rid of or send them out of town in the woods where they were not seen. If you are beggar you got to beg where the people are, foxes and sheep and have nothing to give. There is a strong sense of nationalism in Norway. The police did not hesitate to round up Jews and send them to concentration, and when the war was over most of the police officers continued in their work upholding the law. Norway as a nation has never looked at itself and taking tally of the nation's behavior during war years, instead it is lauding the few who resisted the Nazi occupation and made them into icons. They shot Quisling but it didn't stop what made a quisling possible. Still has not done so. Oil made Norway rich, yet there is poverty amongst the low paid and incomers for whom there is little charity. The dark side of Scandinavia- violence, - hate against people who are different from them... those who do not fit into the nice, but untrue picture the country have of herself.

Oskar Hansen

Time For Forgetfulness

Time for forgetfulness

He had been to my house often, like to come here and stay for a few days, because of nature where he could walk along overgrown tracks and see how life used to be lived before; now he could not find the house, called me told me the name of the café where he had stopped.

After a meal, he went for a walk but didn` t return, and it was getting dark, we looked for him he has lost his way, we found him under an olive tree, it had taken some time before he knew me, the game was up, he cried, Slowly succumbing to Alzheimer. In the morning we drove him home, my wife drove his car; he spoke little when he did mixed past and present (Who doesn` t) .

When we came to his house, he thought I was Dali Lama flattered by his visit. In a lucid moment he knew what happened and cut his life short, he refused to follow the lane of the living dead.

Oskar Hansen

Time Of Forgetfulness

He had been to my house often likes to come here, stay for a few days, because of the nature where he can walk along overgrown tracks and see how life used to be lived before. Now he could not find my house and called me told me the name of the cafe where he had stopped.

After a meal he went for his walk, but didn't return and it was getting dark. we found him under an olive tree he was lost, nothing he knew before resembled the forest of dread he was in now. It took a while before he knew me and when he did he cried, the game was up he was slowly succumbing to Alzheimer. In the morning I drove him back to the town my wife was driving in his car behind us. He spoke little and when he did mixed the past and present.

When we stopped outside his house he thought I was Dali Lama was flattered to be in his presence; we arranged for him to go into a home, but before it could be done he had a lucid moment and cut his life short, as he refused to follow the lane of the living death, a ghost that had no memories.

Oskar Hansen

Time Of The Nazi

Nazi Time

Uniformed men with ice blue
crystal eyes marched up and down
our street.

Bomb fell, the earth shook
and I was two years old.

An officer with steel rimmed glasses
and thin cruel lips said; this child is an Aryan.
Proudly clicked my heels and sucked my thumb.

Went to sleep, while mother sang
sentimental leieder and dreamed of becoming
the Kindergarten`s Fhurer.

To my regret peace broke out and life
became rather dull for a while
until I was circumcised and could pea
higher up a wall against the wall
then the other boys, this made me
a natural leader

Oskar Hansen

Tiny Drones

Tiny Drones

The sparrow that sits in the window sill
looking in, moves a bit clumsily it is not
like a real bird, must be a drone spying
on me. Drones, like guns, can easily be
obtained in shops now, cool as buying
a small computer. They are called EOK-
extension of knowledge- and if armed
with small rockets are ideal for hunting
and for snooping on your neighbours.
I hit the sparrow- drone with a hammer,
splashes of blood on the window pane.
So I was wrong, but could have been
right and risked being sued for destroying
another person 's property.

Oskar Hansen

To Be A Horse

The equine and May

On the flatland was a field deep green had cute blue flowers
that tended to disappear at the end of spring.

The pasture was framed by purple poppies and no sheep
these infernal eating machines that graze a meadow
into a wasteland.

Stood in the middle of this succulence, the aroma was
overwhelming, I swooned. Sank down on my knees
buried my face in moist wondrousness and wished
I was a stallion.

Oskar Hansen

To Be Alone

To Be Alone

Solitude brings peace but not for long, being alone brings restiveness, a longing for a voice even if it speaks banal utterances. Silence doesn't make a man whole he needs to hear voices, to make sure we are not alone in a world full of noises that means nothing for the basic needs of daily life. Simple things like "what's on telly darling? " if we do not listen carefully we lose love behind words of domestic murmur. If we lose the ability to listen out for the ordinary we lose the big picture, our remoteness becomes agonizing, like a constant hum of melancholy.

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

To Be Or Not To Be A Vegetarianien

To Be or not to be...a vegetarian

Christmas in Portugal is a dowdy affair, Supermarkets are open most days and there is no rush, and no expectation, the hunting for happiness, family union and all that shit. We had baccallao for lunch today, and the fish was salted and dried at a mysterious place called Ålesund, where the sea is calm and deep blue and teeming with cod and the fishermen/women wear yellow overalls, speak Norwegian but change over to English in case we should miss something very important. Tomorrow we are driving to Alentejo to eat pork elbows, yes meat from the elbow of the pig, first cooked then roasted and served potatoes and cabbage. I like the cabbage the best as it has been cooked with the elbow- there might be a more culinary word for a pig's elbow- looks it up yourself. I'm pissed off with this poem, my intention was to write something romantic about food. Tomorrow I'm going to Alentejo to eat Pernil, which is Portuguese for pig's elbow, (why didn't you say so in the first place) and I will eat cabbage and reject the bloody meat from the feet of brutally slaughtered animals.

Oskar Hansen

To Define Us

To define the US

It 's hard to define America big and complex and many-faceted
we in Europe only hear the noise emitted from Washington and
the tedious politics emitted from their lair, and can be dangerous.
The American workers are angry works has gone abroad, leaving
them in the cold is like his elite do not want educated people cause
they are demanding and ask questions....or did, for now, American
capitalism has the upper hand " The American Dream" where a bus
the driver can make it big if he works hard we know this is bollocks
The USA needs is a new revolution where the people take the power
Make America a bastion of people's democracy. I can `t help loving
this big country of cowboys and frontiers, it was my childhood,
I wanted to be a sheriff in Texas and that I needed a gun to protect
my family from a gang of Mexican lettuce pickers.

Oskar Hansen

To Gina

To Gina

When you have gone the echo
Of your presence is a phone
Ringing in an empty room

Dust settles on the window sill
And soft rain embraces
The lawn

The outdoor lamp wraps
Itself around a forgotten
Plastic chair

The stillness has no peace,
Restless I sit and wait
For your melody to come

A faint whiff of your perfume
Lingers, a vague promise you
Will return soon

Oskar Hansen

To Know Without Knowing

Red moss, crimson as blood of a slaughtered calf,
I knew I had seen it before but could not recall
where or when. Like seeing a landscape painting
knowing I had been there before, long time ago.
In the valley of cobblers children ran barefoot on
summer grass and they scented of wildflowers
unpasteurized milk and healthy, innocent laughter.
I know this to be true but don't know why?
I think of reindeers would they eat red moss used
as they are to the grey variety? Sun keeps shining
like Spanish blood orange with a wicked cold.
The good earth is dry, waits for rain...plenty of it.
The red moss is a forgotten love story and perhaps
if I sit still long enough and wait I will remember it.

Oskar Hansen

To Laura

To Gina

When you have gone the echo
Of your presence is a phone
Ringing in an empty room

Dust settles on the window sill
And soft rain embraces
The lawn

The outdoor lamp wraps
Itself around a forgotten
Plastic chair

The stillness has no peace,
Restless I sit and wait
For your melody to come

A faint whiff of your perfume
Lingers, a vague promise you
Will return soon

Oskar Hansen

To Love The Self

To love the self

My neighbour has four small dogs in the night if they hear
a cat they bark to protect their owner warning the unseen
enemy to stay away. The dim dogs know what they are,
for me, it is a struggle to know myself my likes and dislikes
are shifting sand the landscape is never the same I wake up
In the night ask what the hell I am doing here.

I meet people who no longer know me I put it down to
their elderliness as I find my old age impossible to grasp
I like triangles better than squares and am drawn to see
beauty in the odd ugly shapes fascinates me.

I don't think the world has changed in my life time, well
perhaps the computers anything else is only redefined
and made easier to access for me this is easy but of course
Looking at myself in pictures going back forty years, I still fit
the same suit and has been modern and old-fashioned
several times and is still in good condition wish I could say
the same about me my I never really liked what I looked like
and what I think as dreamlike as the Saragossa Sea.

Oskar Hansen

To My Child

To my child

In the morning born
rosy cheeks, caused by a fever
as the autumnal sun arose.

In the cradle a smile
of wisdom old,
never cried, the child

When the first snowflakes
softly covered the soil,
a soul went back home.

Oskar Hansen

To Prefer Life

To prefer life

Late at night I saw the coastline of Panama, valium and alcohol and since the night was as a cosy blanket while stars shone with an angelic fervour. I had poisonous enemy on the ship, her master, endlessly he found fault with my work – night and day. - he never stopped it was like he was smitten by hatred by my nearness, he had banned me from eating in the officers mess room, other officers shook their heads but no one came to my defence. I thought it was the moment to die we all die so why not chose its moment, be the master of my fate? I heard how the ship's bow crushed the sea into salt spray and felt the ship's engine through soles of my bare feet and I felt a surge of power. I didn't want to drown only get away from here. I could swim ashore, and in the morning eat fresh fried fish, drink beer the locals, be as them and live in peace. That was it a new life a break with the sad now, only I could not get out of my chair, saw the coast of Panama vanish its light fading like a morning dream, what was left were loneliness and the boredom of tomorrow's work routine. But not quite, I had won a battle, tomorrow I was going to fight back he could do little, but live in the centre of my scorn. To prefer life is to fight for justice even if it is in a dictator's shadow.

Oskar Hansen

To See Clearly

To see clearly

Over a cold Nordic coast a seagull flies
between the island and the mainland by ferry 20 minutes
but time is of no interest to a bird.

It was an old seagull it knew me when I was a cook on
the ferry and it waited for me to throw scraps overboard
it shrieked fiercely I took that as a thank you.

The ferry was sold to an African state after the bridge was built
they used it for contraband, and I think of my spotless kitchen.
The gull moved to the outer island, and anyway scraps of food
thrown into the sea is against the law.

Waste food is good for the life at sea I can't say the same about
plastic wrappings were floating about the inner harbour.

The day is clear I'm a seagull and can clearly see the past but
need glasses to see the future I see those who took up arms
against the tyranny of the exceptional capitalism.

Falluja is the name the downtrodden took up arms, they lost
but showed the world we need not buckle under USA's
weaponry, you can't kill faith.

The old seagull flies beside me now harshly shrieks the way
we seagulls greet each other.

Oskar Hansen

To See Or Not To See

To see or not to see

To know what you know
Needs no deep reflection as it is evident
That you stopped thinking
Being so sure, unresponsive sure
That when it hits you
What you knew was wrong
That new thinking is needed
If you are lazy just ride it and insist
You were right
Saves time
And in hundred yours whatever it was
Is forgotten.
A whale of a time
Swimming in arctic water
Oh man that is deep

Oskar Hansen

To Verbalize In A Void

To Verbalize in a Void

Tired of talking to god who never answers and watching silence drip like tears from the ceiling beams, I walked down to the new café, the one at the fruit market, for a cup of coffee.

A profound philosophical conversation ensued. The young girl, who served me asked if I wanted cream in my brew; after a brief pause, I said no. The slight pause was caused by a sudden need to tell her I have diabetes and full fat cream is bad for me, but since this information had little to do with her question I let it pass. That was the extent of my tête-à-tête for the day, but it was fulfilling though, a question had been raised and a comprehensive responds had been given.

Oskar Hansen

Tohuko

Tohoku

When the tsunami struck in Japan five years
it hit and killed so many that nature had no time
to erase the dead completely

A man who lived in the stricken town of Tohoku
when out looking for his daughter or her toys
anything to remind him of her met the dead who
were shadows in the night and they spoke to her
his daughter was there to told her father not to
cry for her, she said of the bewilderedness of
being a shadow but wanting out as this half life
was relentless as the shadows too wanted to find
families and those who did realise to their horror
there was not a channel of communication.

So many of them walked back into the cold sea and
sought a total death no memories and no longer
a shadow be. There are fewer of the shadows now
soon there will be none, and the undead will find peace
and the ripples of Nirvana are forever soundless

Oskar Hansen

Tohuko 1

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Oskar Hansen

Tolstoy

War & Peace

We agree most of the time war is caused
By capitalism, nationalism, in fact, any isms
Demagogues and murky propoganda
These entities can` t fight wars without soldiers
And there are too many young men who
Simply love the idea of wearing arms and fight
They go to war the survivors are veterans
They know now they have fought for nothing
In despair, they take to drink and drug and sink
To the bottom of the human heap
Aldous Huxley spoke of something in the water
That takes the aggression away....Good!
Only one has to be careful not making them into
Zombies with no ambition to the point the world
Disappear in the morass of apathy.
We can` t stop wars happening but we can try to
Prolong peace and make wars more infrequent.

Oskar Hansen

Too Big To Fall

Too big to fall.

Daybreak from cobalt to light blue the first sunrays
hit the west wall, and grey wall becomes brilliantly white.
The sun kept on shining the wall turned brown and
finally self ignited, and since it was a house wall the house
burnt down, it took the fire truck one hour to get to there.
But out of the ashes raised a ruffled cockatoo with a lighter
in its claws, flew to the neighbouring house, where it sat
flicking it. A police officer tried to shot it, but missed,
the bird flew to the forest and many fires began, the arson
stopped, it was said, when it ran out of lighter fuel.
Everybody blamed the parrot and hunted it to extinction
as the sun was too big to obliterate.

Oskar Hansen

Too Much Of A Good Thing

When the ship's cook had toothache and went to the dentist the crew and her captain ate at a hamburger joint near the docks and they loved it.

As it appeared that the cook needed a new set of teeth that would take days; the captain hired the short-order cook at the joint. It started out so great burgers every day, sometimes, with cheese, bacon and eggs... always with fries.

After a week the crew grew restless, hamburgers again!

Can't this man cook anything else? They spoke longingly about juicy beef steaks, baked fish, pot-roast and soups, and the short-order cook was an unhappy man.

The captain knew he had a mutiny in the making and sent the ship's cook a message; "Teeth or no teeth you are urgently needed, please join the ship in Panama City.

Oskar Hansen

Topography Lesson

Geography, I was good at it in school but somehow I missed San Marino. I vaguely remember a movie with some lady star of yore making a film about the place, maybe I have got it wrong and it was Monaco, which has a royal house with princesses and a prince or two? San Marino is a republic one of the oldest around and that is why it is unknown. What, no princesses, no romantic castles or a mad king? Sorry no. Just dry republicans, banks and a vinery and wild boars which is of no interest to popular ladies' magazines like "Hallow".

In Serravalle, near the Apennine Alps; there is a butcher who specialises in cured ham which has some claim to fame, and in San Marino, the capitol city, there is a good restaurant. Humiliation, going through life not knowing about this tiny republic its history and coinage; my shame is total. Should you go there do not drive too fast, because before you know it you are back in Italy, spaghetti Bolognese and smelly toilettes.

Oskar Hansen

Tour De France

On my training bike, in the back yard, I won Tour de France,
it only took half an hour. In Paris they gave me red wine,
a medal and my picture in Le Monde. Then I lost it a blood
test showed I was taking Lasix 40. Again my face appeared
in the papers, with the caption: "A cheat." Me who had to go
off my bike twice for a pee. I can live with public disgrace for
I know in my heart I won the race; and as the song says:
"no, no they can't take that away from me."

Oskar Hansen

Tourist Tanka

Tourism (Tanka)

Tourists on the North Pole
They arrive there in choppers
Eat Russian burgers
See a contour less landscape
Go home, make up a story

World's income
Nine %, is caused by tourism
So there is no problem
You visit me, I visit you
And the economy will be right

Oskar Hansen

Toy Gun

First proper spring day time to dust
the old scooter and visit places
on roads few travel... Once I bought
a toy gun- well, I was a child-
it was shiny just like the one
Hoppalong Cassidy wore, he wasn't
smoking but chewing gum instead.
After two days I got bored and gave it
to a boy in the neighbourhood.
His mother brought it back, they were
pacifists and any gun were bad.
Parents do no always get their way,
the boy became a general,
and his mother addressed him as "sir."
My mother took the gun to the fish factory
gave it to a poor woman who too had
many children and a drunken husband,
who later was arrested when trying to
rob a bank with a toy gun.

Oskar Hansen

Toy Story

Two athletic men tried to wrestle a paving stone from each other, I tried to take the stone away from them thought it may be used as weapon, I was as inept, peace negotiator usually are. They fought about a sweet, blind girl she had a pony in her flat, as her friend, but neighbours' complained about the smell and hay blowing around in hallways. The blind girl appeared, after eye surgery, she could see again told the fighting men they could keep the pony or make into salami. The men dropped the stone shocked by the girl's callousness, now that she could see she was more interested in boys than in an incontinent animal. The pony was given to the local golf club and trained to find lost balls.

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

Transvaal

Transvaal (love story)

South Africa! I remember her well. She came to my shores
a summer day, a voluptuous brunette, but I'm no longer sure
if she had green eyes. She was bright, had studied insects,
but hated spiders, and she knew who was the president of
USA. A tough girl who could look after herself, I liked that.
A perfect match, but why did she have to be so young?
September had met May, no future in that. I was in love but
for her I was perhaps a mere a summer flirt. I avoided her
romanced a woman nearer my age. That made her angry
but I had the heartache. She left, when autumn leaves began
to fall, my sweet South African girl. My dream was that she
and I should cross the Argentinean and see many sunrises
in our sleeping bag. What a fool was, I could have asked her,
but self confidence is not my game, she might have said yes.

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

Treasure Hunter

Treasure Hunter

I was following a narrow road that led to a dry lake,
the road was flanked by uneven trees, looking like rejected
kids for the school's football team, short, thin too tall, and
the fat boy with round glasses. They shared a secret though,
glad not being selected as they hated organized sport.
At the dry lake I walked to its deepest point and pretended
I was diving looking for treasures. I found an empty tin of
sardines; I hate sardines we had only sardines in my childhood
even sardine burgers, how pathetic is that?

The trees flanking the road were losers, that is only in the eyes
of those who thought success was looking like everyone else.
a slight breeze and a frazzle of laughter;
seeing a dry rubber eraser, one that had been looked up in
an office drawer for five years, driving a scooter.

Oskar Hansen

Trees By The Lane

Behind high Walls

When I opened the door to my cabin was met with a summer day
that felt like a lingering kiss by the love that will one day say goodbye.
Sneeze and make a haiku words dotted on paper napkins while
waiting for the bill three glasses of wine and a packet of fags
At the outdoor restaurant, I was trying to remember about my
experiences what I have seen, heard and read becomes a ball of threads
swirling through space and I try to get a loose thread to make sense of
my life but I have to act fast the idea I had disappears in the sand of time
and through the din of stillness, another glass will not come amiss
I no longer live in a forest I never had a garden, and I now think about
robot sex with a vulva of silk I will train to love me and when I die
It will lie beside me in the coffin and when we are found a skeleton and
a bit of rust; come to think of it a dog is a robot in its early stage still
obedient but tries to fool its owner into loving it.

Oskar Hansen

Tropical Island

A tropical island

I went ashore early
It was dawn
Walked up a hill
That was impossible green
And snakes
I man sliced open a coconut
I drank its sweet
Fulfilling nectar
I saw the ship old as a whore
Misused by too many
I had nowhere to run
This was an island
Walked down the hill
The sea was crystal clear
Fins of sharks
Perfection had to wait
A man sells coconuts
By the wayside and
A green hill that is
Poisonous
And has too many snakes.

Oskar Hansen

Truism

Truism

An axiom is a sturdy plant
You can asphalt it with lies
But it will always be an axiom
And break to the surface in
Time for reckoning

Oskar Hansen

Trump

Trump

A week is a long time in politics it also a long time in an old man`s life who knows it can end when he sleeps; I say that and think of suicide watching the entertainment on Portuguese TV the utter banalities makes me shake uncontrolled fall to the floor until she switches off the telly. Ok I admit to being over the top, she have been away for a week with TV off most of the time except when watching the news on Franc 24 and counting their lies and the omissions I take a grim pleasure watching the new reader speaking his lines not listening to what he is saying like a human robot and now we have got Trump he is theatrical ok mind, he only do one dimensional figure and is unable to be someone else as his ego is big as Mount Everest like it or not he is the best president ever. Democrats are stunned they are used to the hypocrisy of politicians it has become a norm ...and now this vulgarian is in power, tells his truth as he sees it some agree, he promised the working class people EMPLOYMENT.

For the time being, we believe, the day will come when the smug liberals string him up below the statue of Abe Lincoln

Oskar Hansen

Truth Be Told

Truth, be told

On an old fashion gramophone, they played sweet music in a small cove made for two, the young man smiled this sleek woman was to become his bride. A big seal came on to shore dragged the woman in to the sea and under, when surfacing with the seal she smiled and waved but didn` t come ashore, kept on jumping and playing and her leanness made look like a seal and she was indeed turning into one.

Finally she and the bigger seal com to the shoreline she told him her life was the ocean and she and her the new man was swimming to the Azores where she would meet his family. The young man took his gramophone, sun cream, towels and walked home. No one believed his accurate explanation, he got life for drowning his girlfriend.

Oskar Hansen

Truth Speaker

The voice that speaks in the silence of my unheated room,
frost smoke in morning light and ice crystals of judgment
that lacks passion, and logic too has the seed of insanity,
the lunatic is so clear that his view infects his psychiatrist.
the voice within is not always reliable subjected as it is
on the mood of the day. Sunman, rainman even snowman
want a word in the interior drama of talent and failure.

A dissonance of voices around the conference table and
everyone is your copy...but you can't listen to them all,
a choice has to be made, the art is to choose the right one.

Oskar Hansen

Trying To Remember

Dawn, from the sea of unconsciousness a tsunami came and flooded the land of consciousness.

I walked around the flotsam to see if I could use any of the dazed hazy thoughts. But before I could pick up any interesting ideas, high tide came and washed everything away; and it was morning and the phone was ringing. A sense of loss remained something vital I must try to remember.

Oskar Hansen

Tuesday Afternoon In November

Tuesday afternoon in November.

Well this is, the ending of another day I'm looking out
of the window the road is clean and tidy after rain.
The sun is coming out of hiding and strews golden dust
on the window ledge, it is a sort of thank you since I'm
taking care of a sunray I found huddled behind the gas
bottle in the back yard. It was too cold for it to get back
so I put it under my bed - I need only one blanket now-
so there are times being kind can be helpful.

The sunray, not talkative, hides behind the china I bought
for my daughter's wedding only I never had a child; it
was a dream I mistook for the real thing; but never mind
the cleaning lady likes to drink tea and pretend she is
a grand dame. It is darker outside than inside so I lit the fire
drink a cup of coffee, at this end of a beautiful day.

Oskar Hansen

Tv Reflection

TV Reflections

The news is deeply depressing, except for a Yemeni woman activist trying to explain to a dense reporter that Yemen do not need outside interference.

The reporter wanted to know about Iran, everyone does, the Saudis and the Israelites.

Iran is a big regional power and has influences in the regions... big deal.

I turn to the weather forecast, drizzle in Singapore and that is not so bad. I have never been there
Only seen pictures, a sort of place only businessmen
Would like to visit

Blustery in Oslo, that brings out a giggle, serves it right, the people live in fear that the foreigners will come change their hardy culture- beer and street fights- little do they now that Norway is not on top of the list where the unsheltered masses like to go.

Singapore and Oslo have much in common they are places where the natural behaviour is against the law. its people are trained, not for them to cross the road when it is on red even if there are no cars around

Oskar Hansen

Tv. Christmas

TV channels are going mad in their hunt for happy Christmas tales, they have visited bald children in cancer wards, giving away presents, which seem to me to please the giver more than the receiver. Interviews with parents whose children soon will be dead, they try not to cry – for the children's sake- and there is jollity wrappers hiding unbearable anguish. Today the dark side of the moon is not visible it will be tomorrow though, but then our compassion is exhausted by too much reality.

Oskar Hansen

Twenty Years In Algarve

Twenty years in Algarve (biography)

I have lived in the upper Algarve for twenty years. I have been hiding away from life all those years, I know every bush tree, every bend in the road, seen, seasons coming and go, trapped in my own alcoholic mind, unable to be free from this slavery that only makes me feel at ease when the bottles have been emptied and sleep brings in a new day. Then working through the day, blind never taking the time to befriend anyone, relax; for my quest is the night when I can open a bottle of wine and dream the loser's reverie and see myself if I could be free of the pasts ghosts. My childhood is my nightmare, only wine, for a while, stills my fear; those disgusting people who abused a child. Shall I ever be able to break the chain of fear, feel equal to fellow man? Alcoholism is a burden, a struggle I'm losing as I sink into old age misery.

Oskar Hansen

Twilight Zone

The Twilight Zone

In the nearest town and close to all amenities such as hospitals and funeral parlours my wife and I went to look at an elderly people's hotel where people of a certain age get a small flat to live in, yet it has a café for the social evening with where young ladies who have gone to university and studied geriatrics, sing and give the recital of something suitable not to offend and often a priest comes around and talks about Jesus.

Sunny Lodge the place was called, and we thanked the manager we should think about it and was given brochures to read. Driving home my wife cried, she has a daughter who is no quite there I have no offspring we decided to live in our cottage as long as possible egoistically, I hoped to die before her it would save me the funeral and sorting out and throwing away my private collections of bleakly second-grade poetry, blowing in the dusty wind of forgotten time.

Oskar Hansen

Two Men And A Woman

The two-timed

I know of a man who drove his wife to her lover in Faro
when it rained as she was afraid of the dark.
He waited in the car reading a paper when she came
out from the house of tryst she purred like a kitten,
he was happy too she would make him a good dinner
She died, the lover and the two timed stood by the grave
mourning her in their different ways and since they were
both alone, the lover moved in he does the cleaning and
lit the fire while the two- timed makes dinner and cakes.
Together they grew old and died in their sleep.

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

Two New Senryu

Senryu

On anvil of life
Man is fixed to conform
To society 's norm

Senryu

Hammer on hot steel
Yields as softest of butter
Forever a horse shoe

Oskar Hansen

Two New, New Haiku

Haiku

Autumns demure light
When plants arouse for a last
Display of beauty

Haiku

September, the time
When pigs get more swill to eat
Fattening them for Yule

Oskar Hansen

Typewriter

The Typewriter

I didn` t drink much till I was thirty-four
Life was not getting any better my writing ambition
Was rejected by my family as a pipe dream
I drank -the refuge of the feeble - and dreamed
While fantasising lost house, wife, hare& hound
Ended up in a cot on mother`s loft.
A dusty type-writer in the corner took it out and cleaned
It with my scarf and wrote something behind an unpaid bill
I loved the ping it made at the end of its limit
Ping!
Wake up you drunken sloth I had found my Metier
Who wants to sit with losers in a smoky bar not me mate.
Writing has not brought financial reward but that
Was not what I was aiming at it was just to give thoughts
Wings so they could fly where the fancy took them.

Oskar Hansen

Tyrkia

Tyrkia

Bosporus 1955 the old tanker where I was
A galley boy had anchored waiting for orders
To proceed into the Black Sea rowing boat came alongside
Selling fez which was the "IN" by the seamen
They also sold sweet liqueurs which I drank, got drunk
And sick for the first time in my life I was 15, in the old
Days one had to grow up fast and howl with the dogs
The winter weather sunny I was awed by its Byzantine
Mystic just like a fairy tale story; I bought a Fez

And last time I was in Istanbul 30 years later on a ship
Where I was a cook my fall from officer grade had been
Painful, but I did go ashore not very far drank beer but
What I remember the best was packs of dogs by the quay
begging for food they knew I was a generous cook.

Oskar Hansen

Umbrella Of Love

Umbrella of Love.

If you drive along the asphalted narrow road that runs
Parallel with the vine plants, turn left, you will see
A muddy road more like a track now after rain,
From here you have to walk till you see a quiet little
Corner where two stone walls meet; and you will
See- not a great deal- the place I'm going to plant
A carob tree comes spring. The reason for the corner
Is two brothers who couldn't agree whom it
Belonged to so they left it untended and with time
No one took an interest in weeds and stinging plants.
The tree will be in memory of a girl a met a day of rain
And she shared her pink umbrella with me.
Not a big thing, but I was home from the sea and lost
In the big city, she gave me the shelter I needed.

Oskar Hansen

Under A Stone

Under a Stone

The twitter and other news organs are full of women who never made it big, but come out from under a stone where they hid tell of sexual exploitations they have suffered, some of it might be true, but for a chance to shine they make their case grotesquely gruesome, while it is about a pathetic man who wanted them to masturbate him, and how they rebuffed him, preferred to hold on to their dignity and lost the chance to become famous stars.

Balderdash! ! !

You didn` t make it to the top simply because you didn` t have the talent and the tenacity needed, to suffer hunger and rejections, as many stars have undergone, so you found an excuse for your failure and pathetic creeps like Harvey W. was perfect; it was his and men like him fault`s that you took the easy way out, blaming someone else.

Oskar Hansen

Ungrateful World

Afternoon the sky was blue to the point of banality and clouds are silk dreams are made of when I saw a rat cross the village road; it was aiming for the overgrown garden where the house is for sale.

Later the neighbour's cat jumped through the flap sniffed the air and stalked into the same garden as the rodent. A commotion, a tussle, a faint scream and the feline came out with a rat in its mouth.

With its catch it jumped back through the flap and dropped it on the kitchen floor. A high pitched scream from the woman in the house, the door flung open she had a broom in her hand chasing out the hapless cat. The mog jumped on top of a wall where it sat waiting for the upheaval to die down; you can't show kindness to humans, here I'm catching a tasty rat for the lady of the house and she hits me with a broom.

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

Uniformed

Uniform

She was sitting on a cleat crying, beside her a suitcase and a vanity bag of leather. She was waiting for her husband but the storm at sea he was delayed, the wind was strong even here and her auburn hair attracted my libido

I took her to a nearby hotel trying to throw my weight around with my uniform that three stripes on the arm, alas they were made of silver which meant I was a catering officer and the staff at the hotel called me a steward.

It was only when I hinted having been a helicopter pilot during the Vietnam War, they showed some respect; mind isn't that disaster a long time ago, I actually was there trying to save people who had worked for the enemy.

When the ship eventually docked, I went onboard told the chief engineer where she was. I reflected on the fact that due to the delay I had had her before him.

He was married to a tart bedding a man with silver stripes

Oskar Hansen

Unmarked Page

Unmarked Page

This blank page looks like a snow landscape
a plateau of possibilities, and thoughts not
yet born. I will leave it blank after all snow
will thaw to greenness and the plateau will
bustle of mice, men and Angora goats.
But I may write something on the left hand
corner just a small mark, nothing deep, just
to say halloo and then leave the blankness
to its own silence.

Oskar Hansen

Unmoving Sadness

Unmoving Sadness.

The air is still around the houses today
it could be because it is Saturday
and it needs a rest.

Still air has a musty smell like bedding
not changed for six month,
the apathy of those who live in filth.

I put a lit candle on the window sill
It is in air's nature, to try blowing it out
window pane rattles

The air is crisp and clear
carries the aroma of a jute sack of carob beans.

Oskar Hansen

Unpainted Painting

Unpainted Painting.

I found a painting on the dump by the road, heads of many colours seeking shelter, under a colourful umbrella, against coming storm. It is an original painting signed and dated 2052, who threw it away? A black fly walks across the computer screen, when I shush it away it only indolently moves and settles on the edge of the virtual page. I look for a newspaper to swat it the devious fly reads my thought, take lift and disappear Into the painting. Now I can read the name: FEMA. I got, it the date, the work is not yet made by an artist not yet born; I'm seeing into a future and if the sad faces are anything to go by, it doesn't look too promising. Before the darkness swirled into the village I put the picture back on the dump, as it wasn't painted yet and not for me to see. The black fly was buzzing around my head whispering words in a in a future language I shall never comprehend In the morning dustmen came and took away the trash.

Oskar Hansen

Unplanted Land

Unplanted Land

Things made by man never impressed me, but the fallow land, where I live, which is going back to nature's way does impress. On my walks I see how each plant strive towards the light, one may say, as man seeks god, but here it is not about being better or more powerful, it's just nature. That's way I see Eifel tower as a symbol of power, pride and vanity. But in the back of my mind an unpleasant thought arises: could it be that wars are a natural cause? Nature's way of insuring that only the strong survives? That peace is like fallow land, beautiful but useless?

Oskar Hansen

Unreported

Unreported Violence in Vilamoura

The couple was nicely suntanned, but the woman had a black eye, he was very courteous to her tried to hold her hand, but she didn't want to and his face reddened angrily, so she let him hold her hand. Both were nicely dressed on their way to a restaurant; no doubt when meeting friends a droll story would be told how she got that eye. Polite laughter. Men would believe the story, women would exchange glances because in the eyes of the hapless woman they saw the truth. They would find out- women talk- when they went to the ladies to powder their noses. The unlucky one would beg them not to say a word. " He loves me, but has a bad temper; and when I nag him he slaps me, it is really my fault for not understanding him better. He was so sorry for giving me a black eye last night that he cried, promised not to hit me anymore."

Oskar Hansen

Unseen

The Invisible

I`m the old man walking his dog passed your shop.
People see me and they don`t I'm a part of the street scene.
For you, I pause outside to see you looking into the big mirror
adjusting your hair.
You dally a bit, hope someone will come fill your time,
lives alone, no one needs you at home.
Finally, you switch off the light, except the one at
your window display.
You walk passed me see me not, cause I`m
the old man out walking his dog.

Oskar Hansen

Unspoken Betrayal

It was not that she was my girlfriend she worked in a bar
and men was a part of her life and economic resources, but
For the duration she was my friend. You liked her too, but
the unspoken law was to keep away from your mate's woman.
I was on duty and saw you sneak ashore at midnight.
Next day you avoided me. Nothing was said, we are all free
to follow our own moral norm, but we never met for drinks
anymore, whether in Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires.
A winter day in Amsterdam, and it was noon, I saw you walk
down the gangway, suitcase in hand, you didn't turn to wave.

Oskar Hansen

Unsung

The Unsong

The bus home stopped at a fish factory, women entered they had been working overtime and the smell of their work was overpowering and I said nothing because this was way my mother was reeked when I was a child. The women were noisy as to demonstrating they right to be here which they had. Low paid and no proper place to have a shower they had to carry the small of a labour for a week. And I understand them well I was fifteen before knowing how a shower worked. Yet they are the people that keep our coastal town alive., but in the town's square there is a statue of the man who started, and not a word about the women who made his dream come true, mother's meagre income sending him to college.

Oskar Hansen

Unusual October

Unusual October

What can I say about a perfect day in October?
a mild sun that appears to be fused with silver.
A few cumuli, looking like a bride's belt,
and the sky has a blueness that is not deep
rather of mythical haziness, a dream not yet
realized seeking understanding of something
that is limitless. The garden is full of flowers, it
is as a new spring has sprung, wordless and
in supple silence I can hear the forest's animals
sigh in utter contentment.
I cannot afford to sleep I must catch this very
moment before the good days end.

Oskar Hansen

Unwanted

Unwanted

I was walking in the forest but not feeling well
my stomach was extended hadn` t been able to evacuate
for days, when suddenly it was time.
Sat under a tree it was painful yet successful, got up
turned around and there on the ground a perfectly formed baby
made entirely of a waste product like a bronze statue
of a new- born baby, and I had seen this being before, a grotto
in Athens of baby Jesus in his crib he had opened his eyes grinned
like Satan and several nuns fainted

My baby suddenly opened its eyes too I fled, what else could I do.
take this piece of contamination and hug it to my chest?
But I had to go back only to see if I had been wrong the olives trees
were gone as had goats I called the land Israel, it has tall buildings
that ooze of hatred of those who know they are wrong.

Oskar Hansen

Up The Revolution

Tanka

Working class people

Do not trust socialist intellectuals

Don't get lured by them

They are upper middle class people

Who want to run your revolution.

Oskar Hansen

Upgrading

Upgrading

"So you want to be a hairdresser, I bellowed, I gave you a splendid education and that is how you repay me! "
"You can study to be a doctor or a lawyer or something posh, but never a hairdresser."
"I struggled in poverty to get some kind of education at the Academy of catering and pursership- I never have heard that word before- you have now, this to drag me out of the slum of being working class, and you want to be a hairdresser! "
She is my daughter a product of a reluctant relationship
Her mother was a reserve nurse at a local hospital and
Was content with her status.
" If you persist in wanting to be a hairdresser leave my house I will not have you here inviting the poverty
I tried to get away from."
I know where she works as a trainee hairdresser walk
past the salon, every day just to see how she is getting on,
but I won't let her see how much I love her, this stubborn
girl taking after her father

Oskar Hansen

Us. Senryu

Callipygian

Just like Marilyn Monroe

Michelle Obama?

Oskar Hansen

Useless Money

Useless Money

I often get petitioning letters so many people trying to find a place to live and only receive a bitter refusal and see their children die of thirst and hunger.

I wish to help them, but no money in the world is enough to stop this flood of humanity seeking a haven flotsam, the wreck of the unfortunate and we can do nothing but look another way.

Overwhelmed by the misery I can do little about, but the woman from Myanmar who won a medal for her tenacity, choose not to speak. The friendly Buddhists are killing Muslims in their midst, they have become refugees; the woman from Myanmar is voiceless. She, the upper-class daughter of a Burmese general Who aristocratic behaviour impressed us deeply, But I ask why she is staying silent now.

Oskar Hansen

Useless Waterways

Useless Waterways

It is a long river goes on till water meets the sky
and as I have no oars have to follow the waterway
till the place when all things are the same
Nirvana, some people say other calls its nothingness.
But there rivers that run into the sand
never given the chance to flow and dream of becoming
a Nile or an Amazon.... Stillborn they are.

The lucky river runs deep underground and has fish
with no eyes and frogs white as new fallen snow.
The river ends up in a lake where fish tailed women live.
If you stop and listen you can hear the lake sigh and
the river throbs, it never misses a beat.
Mermaids have no uterus cannot bear children and
lament that sex is more important than babies.

Oskar Hansen

Utility Cars

Utility Cars

Ambulance's light flashing,
and blue is the night.
Leaves behind an odour of
suffering and exhaust.

The fire engine cut holes in
the boredom of the day.
Leaves behind a memory of
yesteryear's dreams.

Yellow light flashed in
the jaded afternoon.
A tow truck is an uplifting sight
for a frustrated driver.

Oskar Hansen

Utopia

Utopia

Morning, the night had been mysterious full of screams
where raped women hung in trees like soiled fruit
their begging for mercy had gone unheeded, angry laughter
of men crazed by drink and lust heard nothing but their
own voices egging each other on to commit heinous crimes.
Yet the morning had an aroma of newness a promise of
Utopia where humanity would live in peace with nature and
themselves and there would be harmony.

Premature fruit were lain out on the ground, so small like
children and I thought had they survived their ordeal they
would forever been outcasts by family and village, because
in the mind of the limited brained, the victims of this type
of crime, are the guilty ones. And so the sun goes on shining
on the ugly and beautiful in equal measures.

Oskar Hansen

Vagabond

Vagabond

I found a sweet shop in the middle of nowhere,
bought a box of Swiss chocolate,
took my sack of hay given to me by a kind farmer
for a mattress.

I sleep on top of the kitchen table for fear of rats,
with only a horse blanket and hard oak.

The candy seller's daughter is
getting married to her own image,
a gilded mirror. Last night

I fell off the table dreamed I was back at sea
and the ship was pitching and rolling;
bet I gave the rats a fright.

I went to the wedding of the candy man's daughter,
it was a sweet affair, the priest had sugar rush,
he cried when she tenderly kissed the looking glass.

Oskar Hansen

Vale Do Rico Homem

Vale Do Rico Homem

A strange place, houses are as big as castles
tall forbidding wall on top, broken glass set
in cement; gates that can withstand a tank.
A lush valley, but no bird songs, presumable
the occupants of this scary place want peace.
I sat on my scooter for an hour in the hope of
casting a glimpse of the people inside, but no.
each palace was like little islets cut off from
the world, here they need no one and live in
splendid isolation. But just as I was to leave
a black hearse pulled up outside a gate that
slowly glided open- even the rich must die.-
Prisoners of wealth, I ought to take one of them
out one day, so he can see a bit of real life
before the somber hearse arrives.

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

Vehicle Island

Vehicle Island

While the owners of parked cars at the seaside
sat in overcrowded restaurants and was served
by sweat dripping waiters the cars started and
drove in a neat formation into the sea.

A mass suicide that lit up the sea for hours, but
more cars came and they became an island
and when there were no more cars left, motorbikes
were used as top soil.

Up from this mess grew traffic cones filling the space
with stop signs and pelican crossings.

A bike, a fortune for a bike, the moneyed class said
and there was the street fights; "it is my bike no I saw it first"
the veneer of civility broke down.

When the populace stole the horses of the Gypsies
undelaying social hatred broke out; it was their right
to steal to defend their country and the Gypsies
horseless now had to live behind tall walls this because
prisoners don't need cars.

Oskar Hansen

Verse

What is my verse?
Often so angry
Of being cheated of life
Soiling the beauty that is all around us
The lovely line in
An old woman's face
Those who only see dancing girls
Do not see beauty
Only lusting after effervescent
That is no more than a bubble
In a glass of cheap champagne.
My verse get mad when seeing poverty
Yet the most beautiful sight I ever saw
Was outside a shack
An empty paint can full of flowers
Picked a dawn
In the mythical forest
Injustice is the chainsaw that cuts down
Christmas trees that are made into vulgarity
Of artificial snow, blond angels
And toy bells that lacks the tone of truth
I find my verse in the simple life
In the unspoken and unknown
Where everything is real, clean and blameless.

Oskar Hansen

Verses

Verses

Should I have lived a life
Without upsetting anyone
I'll sulk in my grave

Should I have lived a life
Without the madness of love
Bewails will rot my coffin

Should I have lived a life
Of politeness and good manners
Howling wind my voice

Should I have lived a life
Not seen the beauty of a snowdrop
Black soil and blindness

Oskar Hansen

Video

Oskar Hansen

Viking Thinking Of Sex

The Longest Day

It is Sunday I`m looking out of the window the road is grey as the sky,
so many empty houses, no longer do I hear voices a car stopping
female laughter and the slamming of a car door.

It is said ennui is when the brain is resting, and the Sunday is longer than other days.

I know of a man who built his house on an ancient grave- stones it was strange seeing
those names on the wall, mind he didn`t live in the house but in the barn with a mule,
two a cow a dog and several cats.

It was impossible to sleep in the house sighs, knocking sounds and someone saying " get me out of here it was all a mistake." I wonder if the man ever got to sell his house.

From history, I know of a Viking chieftain got so bored on the day of rest thinking of sex took out his knife and nailed his left hand to the dinner table, one can say his brain was over relaxed, pulled out the knife and he denounced this new faith called Christianity and went back believing in Thor and Odin and not to forget Valhalla, a place free of monotony.

Oskar Hansen

Vikings And Islam

Vikings and Islam

Way back in the 7 hundred or something when Islam leaders tried to establish a Caliphate in Europe, they met Vikings who were plundering their way down the river of Volga and often employed the barbaric Norsemen to do a bit of plundering on their behalf.

A few Vikings converted, when coming home they spoke about the evil of fermented drink and it took hold, even when Islam, the religion, was forgotten the idea of sobriety lingered and has had a deep influence in Nordic Societies ever since. Well, the Moslems are back, not as occupiers, but one wishes, on Saturday nights, a bit of sober Islam would be remembered.

Oskar Hansen

Vilamoura (Portugal)

The sun is shining full and strong on the seaside town,
its marina is full toy boats only the rich can afford.
Restaurants and cafes are selling overpriced food and
drink under shady awnings and parasols.

In summers shade is costly under every tree a table
and waiters waiting to take your order. The midday
sun is relentless a throng of people walking up and
down the promenade, can they all be English?

I often walk here in late October when the elderly
come on holiday, shadows are free the sun is pale
on a fluffy sky, boats have sailed to a warmer clime
and the town dreams of last summer's wine.

Oskar Hansen

Violet

Violet Nature

A bacteria, lived in the sea it was green and
found its way to dry land, a desolate place
knuckle rocks, lava soil and sharp diamonds.
The bacteria thrived became the ancestor of
plant life our nature too became green, which
is a blessing, just think if the bacteria had been
lilac. On a mauve field horses trotted and under
lilac olive trees sheep grazed on juicy lavender.
How gay is that?

Oskar Hansen

Vision

Vision

A zephyr with
breaths of April after rain
whispered:

“sleep not this summer day.”

He stirred, woke up
and saw a heavenly face
eyes blue as the sky
and the skin of the apparition
had the hue of
unprofaned lips
only the newly born possess.
He smiled reached out
to touch the divine being,
but it had disappeared in a miasma
of the everlasting,
but leaving behind a hope as sweet
scent of jasmine.

Oskar Hansen

Visitor

Visitors

I was walking around with my camera
but its eye didn` t find anything of interest
only olive trees, bushes and ploughed
I have seen it a before in all seasons and glory
and sun dried straws.
I` m into people now
that is the problem there are no one here anymore
only inbreeds and you can` t make much sense out of them.
An English family are on vacation.

Laughter

Music

Sex

Wine

They are so young not much meeting of the mind and as
for music, my interest stopped at the beetles and if I` m
some girls called Spice.

I will be a Vogue photographer
be famous, paid well and look at nice girls.

Oskar Hansen

Vita Contemplativa

Vita Contemplativa

We do not live our lives in the now but remember
it as a passed and what we did not do when the past
was now and disappeared as an ant`s breath
as there is only one beginning- birth- we are shackled
to the past we didn`t choose but was pushed on us as
we had no ability to anything in the w

Oskar Hansen

Waffle Iron

The Waffle Iron

She left me her father came to take her home
the train left nine at night; they sat in the café
I was outside the pain of the split up was overwhelmingly
painful but I had to cry silently.

Quarter to nine they took up their seats she laughed
like she had no care in the world.

Next day I was collecting and selling empty booze bottle
to sell at a scrap dealer I was broke and needed the money
She wrote asked if I would send the dog she missed it
and not to forget the waffle iron.

I sent the dog I loved it too, but I would do anything for her
the hope was she would come back.

I forgot the bloody waffle iron she wrote to ask for it
Didn't bother to answer, but she was persistent, so I sent
her the bloody iron

Oskar Hansen

Walls

SHAN Hai Guan is where the Chinese wall meets the ocean and the uselessness of building a wall as protection from thoughts, cultures and new ideas to enter into the soul of humanity, comes to a halt. We saw that in Berlin, we see new walls hastily built in Palestine, where Israel- ruled by opportunists - tries to keep the truth out. Walls are porous, and anyway they can't stop the great inequity that befell the Palestinians.

One cannot build walls across seas, and we can't stop walls shielding lies. If we shout long enough walls in Israel will fall as Jericho's walls did and the rightful owner of the land of Palestine will win through.

Oskar Hansen

Wandering Mind

Today I have no plans other than to keep
Rolling along under the hot sun and hope
To find a watering place.... A cold beer.
Take no photos not speak to anyone, just
Drive everywhere and nowhere in silence

Oskar Hansen

War And Peace

War & Peace

After the war in Norway and the German army left, income and employment they had brought such as building roads and airports disappeared.

It was a time when my brother and I stole coal from the train depot's supply, potatoes and other root vegetable were and the fish in unpolluted water was plentiful.

We were caught by the police they let me go because I looked small and innocent. My brother was sent to a youth correction centre for two years- it still makes me angry thinking of it- peace had done us no favours.

My mother was doing two newspaper rounds my sister and I helped her, the morning round was the worst, Norway is a cold country it was me who found the dead man he had frozen to death, drunk and falling asleep in a snow drift.

I'm sitting here as an elderly man remembering the old days and "not good old days" we had each other and family love. I sit here ancient man with house, car and a modest success, oh, my why wouldn't I give to feel the love again, but they have gone now- all of them- and I'm the only link to our past.

Oskar Hansen

War By Proxy

War by Proxy

France has a foreign legion
often deployed to the dirty work in Africa
USA too has a foreign legion...NATO,
deployed to do ditto in Africa.

Oskar Hansen

War Without Border

Smoke and fire, burning building and leafless trees,
behind a low wall a soldier lies on his side, head resting
on a brick, his rifle neatly beside him and the enemy
was advancing throwing hand grenades.

I look at the picture of World War 1, the scene is of
utter destruction, and the sleeping soldier who doze
the longest sleep, wears a grey coat and I´m drawn
to the peace his body exude.

His body will be picked up by stretch bearers who,
will put him in a basement of a burnt out house,
check his name and put his remain in a mass grave
interment of individuals takes too long.

This war of mass murder was not fought for freedom
or to get rid of a dictator, pursue democracy with guns
in hand, but for big power to flex their muscle and its
outcome was odium and the rise of extremist parties.

Oskar Hansen

Warming Of Our Planet

In the heat of summer
It was nice to bath in the river
Ten minutes away
A great place to cool off
And not crowded by tourists
Cigano boys bronzed and
Physically perfect
Jumped from the bridge
Of the warming of the planet
I know nothing, only this
The river is dry in May and has
Been so the last five years
But old people tell me it has
Happened before, the river
Was dry for years in the fifties

Oskar Hansen

Was It Arizona

Was it Arizona?

Endless road, in flat landscape of shrubs and sand, no elevations
no distant ridge of a mountain, no coast and sunlight gleaming on
a calm ocean.

Trapped, I drove slower and slower, doomed to drive on this road forever;
the thought of getting out and start running, when I saw a few trees at
the distance, soon some houses too and a petrol station,

I needed to fill up the tank; the attendant wasn't there walked over to a café,
where an old man sat reading his paper,

didn't look up when the swing door slammed shut behind him

A fat black woman, behind the counter, was watching daytime soap on
an ancient TV set

she turned and looked at me; I said: "coffee please."

She gave me a cup and said "fifty cents," turned her massive back
on me,

continued watching TV. I looked and out saw the attendant, hurried out,
wanted to be sure he didn't take off again; I never drank my coffee,
not that anyone took any notice.

The man looked foreign, and I said: "must be lonely living out here?"

"Yeah, but it sure beats living in Baghdad, the he murmured."

Oskar Hansen

Washing Machine

Washing Machine

There was a time I always went home, by road rail, flight or by bus
I always got there and still do. Even though when I get there I want
to leave. The house shrinks every year sibling's gone mother too,
she never looked up from the romantic novel she was reading to say
halloo.1953, it was summer, well there are summers every year,
some are warm, some not. I was home from the sea and had bought
mother a washing machine and we were the only ones in the street that
had one it was a warm summer, open windows, cold beer and laughter.
Then for a reason I could not fathom a silence fell, the sky was grey and
nothing was the same again; it was only me who kept returning home.
The washing machine I bought in 1953 is still in the basement rusty and
dusty, but it had for a short time brought happiness and an end to
stifling poverty after the war ended, when factories stood still and it
was hard to be working class.

Oskar Hansen

Washing Machine 1

Washing Machine

There was a time I always went home, by road rail, flight or by bus
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was hard to be working class.

Oskar Hansen

Water Bill

Water Bill

Driving down from my eyrie - I only said this to
Sound educated- I thought that since there is no proof
Of god`s existence, I have been reflecting about the man
Or is it person- in charge of the rainbows.
I want to do something about it not always the same colours
5 I think and when you get to the point where it ends
It is a miasma of vanishing tinges.
An Iris should be firmer and sometimes yellow or red
Stick to the ground so children could climb on it not all day
But say, once a month.

At the bottom of the hill, I crossed a bridge it was dry and
Looked like the tiny bits Palestinians are allowed to live on
I remembered I had forgotten to pay the water bill and
Sometimes in the future there will be wars over water.

Oskar Hansen

Water Everywhere

Water Everywhere

A dam burst in Iraq and that`s how it began it rained for months and no one had thought of building a Noah's ark fill it with pigs to feast on when Christmas came around but there would be too many objections from practising Jews, vegans, not forgetting Muslims and the two Semitic people`s family would squabble as they have done for centuries and the vegan`s would eat seagrass. When Himalaya was a reef sailors on ships had eaten each other sardines, a metre and twenty long, danced in The Radio Music Hall a shimmering synchronised display entertaining dolphins; and the Wall Street was a hangout for hammer head sharks as were the way of the pre-flooding days. Finally, the water ebbed enough for the only man left to go ashore on the reef and dry his feet, burning his raft, smoke a cigarette and wondering, what happened to the blue whales.

Oskar Hansen

Water Mermaids

Fresh water mermaids

Under a big crowned tree near the lake three land mermaids
sat knitting swimsuits, they saw me and sat still as rabbits, I pretended
not to see them but did use the corner of my left eye,
I notice many things that way
Thought of taking a picture but would not like to scare them back into
the lake again, inland mermaids have scaly leg and webbed feet,
not an edifying sight, but they can dress in trousers like Yoko Ono
and having the bearing of exotic artists.

Curiosity got the best of me I sneaked back to take a photo but
a bird whistled a tune they saw me and called me something bad in
a language I never had heard before, it sounded like frogs`
under a rainbow coloured waterfall made of a child`s tears,
besides they could run much faster than me so, I made a rapid retreat
while rabbits gleefully danced in the glade and crows strafed me
with the precision, a Luftwaffe pilot would be proud of.

Oskar Hansen

Water Shortage

I have seen the future
Water famine and revolutions
Wars over water,
No not the kind of balloons
Of water people throw at
Each other, nor
A wet t. shirt competition,
But real war with blood that
Runs into dry gutters
Rustlers who kill animals for
Their blood and leave carcasses
To rot in the field.
Chilled blood with a chaser of water
Only the rich can afford.
The unwashed masses, with
Plastic Jerry cans, overturning
Water tankers, shower units
Have been dismantled.
Yes, I have seen the future and it stinks.

Oskar Hansen

Waterloo

Waterloo

200 years ago Wellington and Blucher with soldiers made up of ruffians and ISIS type henchmen, beat Napoleon's army won and that was sad kings and the nobility continued to rule unelected and setting back an European revolution that could have saved us from a world one brought fraternity and equality to a reality which is not today where aristocracy do as they please while paying lip service to democracy.

And I saw them today the crowned head and nobility safely under canvas protected against nature wilful play, the privileged people talking about equality while they want nothing of the sort if they cannot control its outcome. Flags and salutes they like uniforms and men. Yes, for this is a male oriented celebration.

Oskar Hansen

Waters Way

Waterway

When I saw the river it was not new to me I had often
seen it my dreams, its brownish water steadily seeking the ocean
and unquestionable becoming inconsequent.

It was obeying the law of the nature and not asking why it
could not run the other way back to white water of innocence.
I'm a rusty leaf in this water being dragged downstream trying
to hide under the long grass of the embankment trying to learn
once more that sex is not love, I nod in deference but I do not
understand why coitus should be wrong even if it is the wrong
Time, wrong woman in a house of ill repute. I say; let me do my
Mistakes again and learn nothing of interest.

Oskar Hansen

Watershed

The Watershed

There was a time when 45, I thought life had passed me by
I had spent too much time seeing the night train leave.
Through the rain, soaked train windows saw people reading
some looked into space and there were those who tried
not to cry. My friends had drifted away and my old mate
Trond had found God and to think we sat all night long
talking about books and in the morning we went out in his
boat fishing drinking cold beer and falling asleep as spring
the sun danced on the blue water in the fjord and wind from
the dark mountain didn't blow.

The best women too lost patience and took the tram home
to mum and dad waiting for you to grow up.
At 45, your parents begin dying the impossible happens and
you are a floating iceberg lost in a glass of whisky.
And just as wheels on suitcases are invented you grow up
polish your shoes and find that little cabin in a hidden valley
it has a leaking roof and has been waiting just for you.

Oskar Hansen

Watery Tanka

A lake within me
Night-full looks for an outlet
The mere is empty
Back to sleep dream of horses
Surviving in Serengeti

Oskar Hansen

We The Stupid

We the stupid

Bin Laden was buried in
A watertight coffin
Worms shall not eat him
A shift of the earth`s plates
And he will arise
Atop a little volcanic island
A monument
To eastern failed politics
By France and Britain
Guilt is fathomless
It was never about humanity
Only greed
And power
If you think we have
A Muslim problem
The East has
A problem
With Christianity's
Interference

Oskar Hansen

Weather Forecast

There used to be winters before the weather became entertainment.
There was frost, rain, flooding and landslide one had to accept as norm,
unless it was of a disastrous dimension. 1948 was so cold birds fell
from the sky and we had steal coal at the depot – a hole in the fence not
repaired before spring- the worker knew but looked away, this was a time
of social cohesion, we´re equally poor and recovering from a war
Snow in Ohio, and we see cars skidding on icy roads, what a distraction
from our sheltered life, nature actually exists and we better show respect
if not nature will turn against us and shake us into obeisance.

Oskar Hansen

Wedding In Paris

Wedding in Paris

Coming out of the church after the wedding there were
smiles and cameras clicked, from the steps I could look
down into a park, a tramp was going through a bin
looking for something to eat, he found and ate what looked
like a half eaten pizza. With all the clatter going on
I slipped away, had a whisky in a bar across the road,
saw the tramp coming out of the park, my idea was to give
him some money for food, but I was self-conscious and
hated the thought of looking patronizing so I had another
whisky instead.

Oskar Hansen

Week End In Cascais

Weekend in Cascais

On Cascais glittering Saturday bay, slowly rides a rust stripped
bulk-carrier, sailors on the deck look at the town and think it
is Paradise, from the soot hallooed green stacks, whispering
smoke dissolves their dream of ever going home.

Tourists, fishermen and drunks, the eager and the weary and
the sad eyed mills about.

A blind woman sits on a folding chair sings Fado, Portugal`s blues.

her voice is cracked, but full of soul, she keeps score with a tiny triangle the little
plink a faint echo above the crowd.

When footsteps fade its faint sound becomes cymbals
clasped together by men of steel, her voice a storm which
cleanse streets clean.

Every morning Cascais is reborn, a wet pearl arisen from
the green seas, before sandaled feet descend and drown
the day in a cacophony of disharmony.

Oskar Hansen

Weekends

Weekends

In the afternoon sun
the asphalt road shines like an ice rink;
flanked by green trees that
cast black shadows,
helped by the breeze
they flutter slightly,
soundless articulation a symphony for the deaf
My memory brings me
the aroma of curried
chicken and rice,
but since it is Friday, it will
be smoked haddock, boiled potatoes and
stewed carrots

Still a twenty minutes drive,
before getting home,
shadows merge with the evening and
the ice rink is a memory

Oskar Hansen

Welcome Onboard

Welcome onboard

I don't care to read of other people dreams it has nothing to do with me, so I will tell you a real story. The day after my anniversary I walked along the docks of Faro saw a sign, a cargo ship needed a chief steward. I walked up the gangway, spoke to the captain and got the job. On deck when the provision arrived; I was in charge just like before. The captain came he looked baffled; according to my passport I was 73 and far too old to join a ship. The master thanked me, getting victuals onboard signing for them and getting the food stuff safely stored. The ship left without me but her captain saluted me, it was raining no one saw my tears. Whatever I do these days even driving a car there are people telling me I'm too old. Yet in Japan their oldest porno star, a man of 77 and still working, so why will they not let me go back to sea again?

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

Western Movies

Western Movies

At the Chinese supermarket, they were selling cowboy revolvers with holster very cheap they looked, and I tried one, but it was too light, I have never held a revolver but thought they must have some weight in the American city slums, black gangsters shoot not pointing but with the hand held flat, and they tend not to hit anything but a wall this is because they have seen this in a Tarantino movie.

In my childhood, we watched Hopalong Cassidy he when opening a salon door chewed spearmint gum drugs was far from his mind. There is an institutional bias against black people I think when police the program is always showed someone black, and they get arrested for the banalness of crimes, like having a bit of marijuana in their pockets. But where poetry congregate the majorities are blacks this is not because they want to be there but little has been done to get them out of this mess, the slum and the gangs were they are, welcomed and can For a short time drive around in an expensive stolen car and feel like winners and throw money about, and not saving the loot. And out of crime private corrections centres make money

Oskar Hansen

Whales

Whales.

What can I say about whales? I've seen them blow geysers of hot water on the coast of Canada and Norway. Great innocent beings with small brains living in peace, but for man. So much meat and fat; have you ever tasted whale meat, it is dark and tender but it has to be soaked overnight in vinegar or it will taste like cod liver oil. In the old days its fat made liquid was good to lit lamps. We have got electricity now, so if you want a steak kill a cow, they are plentiful, mind they are innocent too, graze and do not know they are targeted to end up as burgers. The whales have a complex language marine biologists say I don't think it is hard at all, they are saying in surprisingly feminine voice ... where are you? I'm here two miles away from you and watch out for boats, with propellers". "Ok, thank you"

Sven Foyn, the whale murderer, nearly hunted them to extinction with his exploding harpoon gun, but thanks to a few nature lovers this cruel practice ended... Today there are many whales in the ocean sooner or later someone will say there are too many of them, we have to cull them and make a little money on the side. And unseen by us, but known by whales, a dark hulled ship with a captain Ahab onboard is still hunting for an illusory white whale.

Oskar Hansen

What Angels 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 temporariness 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 Heppened To Laughter?

What Happened to Laughter?

What I miss the most not being a child, is its exuberance. The easy tears and laughter, to jump up in the air for no reason at all other than it gave a dizzying sensation. I loved to go to circus, laughed uproar sly at the clown and admired the lion tamer with his whip.

These days a clown's mask is an unfolding tragedy and animals should be free to survive or die in the wild. But I still hanker for the days of innocence which is so utterly lacking in morality. Now I seek refuge behind irony a place where to hide my tears and hilarity.

Oskar Hansen

What If...

What if...

The Oost, behind cloud belt, stretches
like a damp horse blanket
not forever, in the infinitive, it does not exist
As there are no limits
For argument's sake let us say there is a border
what would it consist of, surely not?
The shattering of the famous glass ceiling, broken
glass on an expensive coiffeur and the hairdresser cried.
It could be an elastic material that if you cut, it opens
the whole universe will collapse like a balloon
at a New Year party or a used condom leisurely thrown
on the floor picked up by the dog that ran outside
thinking it was a marrow bone.
Curiosity and knowledge are of great value, but there
are moments when ignorance is blissful

Oskar Hansen

What Remains

What Remains
In a man`s life
There are two happy stages
Childhood
Not a teenager be
And old age
When you have nothing to lose
King or poor man
You can afford to treat with equality
Or contempt
Yet some fears remain
People who want to teach me their way
I fear the illiberal amongst us
Racists and warmongers
And those who have forgotten to laugh

Oskar Hansen

What Stones Tell

What stones Tell

I follow a track in the landscape see stones dug up of soil. Clay clings to them they look unhappy and exposed in the daylight. Need of a good shower but there will not be rain for a while. Not that it matters this year they will be churned into grit. They have been in dreamy limbo for eons, the dream they dreamt will be a whisper in the wind. So walk softly and listen well. TV, is full of trivial politics, photogenic, men in silk suits, easily talk, they are our leaders of tomorrow. False promises will be forgotten, dream time over when stark light of truth beckons. But their mendacity and false dawns will murmur in the wind...

Oskar Hansen

What The Poet Wrote

What the Poet Wrote
(Birth over an open grave)

A poet wrote: "Mothers give birth over an open grave. I thought it was harsh, most children live long after their mothers die. A young man driving behind me was edgy wanted to overtake thought I was driving too slow. I kept as far to the right as I could, he saw his chance, but he was not quick enough, front collision. He wasn't wearing seat belt, died on the bonnet of his car. So much blood, dark red and sweet, but his eyes were open and they saw beyond to a place I have never been. His mother, a widow, collapsed when the coffin was lowered into a an unfeeling ground, she had given birth over an open grave. I see a field lit by millions of candles in rows a man walks among them and ever so often snuffs out light with his thumb and index finger. But behind him new light appear, sometimes he turn go back and snuffs the new lights out, mothers who have given birth over an open grave. He is now heading for the part of the field where the candles have burnt out, only the wick flickers, quickly he snuffs them out, but misses some, of people who live too long, those who death has cruelly missed. There is no light on my terrace, a car passes by and plants casts shadows on the wall, they have no colours. I'm past caring; tomorrow will come whether I'm there or not, mother will never know if she gave birth to an open grave.

Oskar Hansen

What The Priest Said

What a Priest told me.

I was young, fourteen, late at night, I was hastening 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

What Was It All About, Alfie

"What was it all about Alfie? "

Yes, there was a time I didn't think
of a woman's feeling they were an object
only of my desires.
Then love came as did rejections
and sleepless nights.
What were the tears for when the dance
was over she believed in me.
This infatuation so slows at growing up
for a time I visited prostitutes
much easier that way
but not really it left me empty inside
and living in fear of
Sexually transmitted illnesses
not to forget, the self-loathing.
Of course, slow as a man is in those matters
it took a woman to teach me
that love doesn't grow on trees like pears
but is nursed through the heart
transmitted through the eyes when you meet.

Love is the only things that matter
the rest is a waste of life as blood runs down
a wall in a bombed out city in Syria

Oskar Hansen

What's In A Name

What's in a Name?

Jesus had been thrown out of the café, he tends
to get loud and argumentative after wine.

Water into wine not a good idea.

Outside, he upended a few plastic tables, police
were called they drove him to the local station
put him in a cell at the back.

A cold cell after a few hours he was shivering
and they let him out he had a long walk home
to the cottage he shares with his mother

Jesus is a good lad, they all say so, and no one
but me is intrigued by his name, in this part
of the world it is a common forename.

Oskar Hansen

When Autumn Begins

When Autumn Begins

20 hundred hours...is that nautical enough for you? Evening sky was marvelous, I should have been a painter my anemic words cannot justify the awe the world still can offer us who are not blind. Blaring horns, the road back home is narrow and impatient drivers wanted to pass I pulled over and a driver shouted: "fools like you should be banished from driving. " Guess he was right. It was darkening quickly big juicy drops hit asphalt drummed on the roof and hollered: "save us take us home we don't want fall on a useless road, we'll water your rose bushes, the thorny ones that cut your arms when you try to prune them, we can promise a dew fresh rose for you lapel." Right! Like I should be a city gent, I haven't got a suit, so there. Afar a fog horned blared melancholically, once I was a seafarer but the roses I met in harbour bars, had only vulgar beauty to offer. At home rain
fell on old tiles, I made a whisky mixed with rose dew and thought of lost love.

Oskar Hansen

When Beelzebub Ruled

When Beelzebub ruled

The intellectual class writing words on paper
has one truth, the class who are bent over a plough
has one truth too and think the devil with a long tie
has many things to offer like work and a decent
standard of living, the high-brow lot scoffs at this
saying the ploughmen are misled and don` t read the facts
but facts depend upon what one reads into it.

Some states ignore this seek an audience with the man
a of a thousand deals and are willing to sign a pact with
a bloke too crude for their salons, yet when it comes to money
are willing to give him a blow-job, while secretly plot his
downfall and churches tell of parables of the devil and sin.

The trade unions have embraced him

and not burst into flames,

will bring them paying members, they will be mighty again
as before the liberal class will bend to his will and find
a logical expression for doing so, woolly enough to say when
the show is over; we never liked his politics.

Oskar Hansen

When Bordello Was Fun

When a Bordello was fun

I sit down with the best intention to write about flowers
and love which made me think the whore houses tend to have
plastic flowers and that is apt as it is
not a place for romance red roses and chrysanthemums
I have had much fun at house of ill repute not only the sex
but also dancing the laughter and the girls liked a young
sailors and the possibility of warmer feelings.
I know of seamen who married former prostitutes and their
marriages have normally been a happy one.
Time has changed women victims now of men's sexual demands
And it has been outlawed in many countries.
Just as well now girls are called sex workers like hire home help
cold cash on the table the price depending on the position like
asking the home help to weed the garden, well you have to pay
extra or that

Oskar Hansen

When Bordello Was Fun 2

When a Bordello was fun

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Oskar Hansen

When I Met My Father

When I met my Father

There are many cargo ships in the bay of Cascais this Monday afternoon and I thought of my father; he too had been a seafarer.

Last time I saw him I was eighteen, sat on a bus going into town, he saw me but I looked out of the window pretending I didn't see him.

When he looked straight ahead again his face was impassive but I saw tears trickling down his chin. When the bus stopped I hurriedly left, this old fool I thought, most likely drunk. Rain cooled my flushed face.

During the war years of 1940-45 my father sailed on ship delivering war material to Britain and Russia and he had seen ships being hit by torpedoes and men drown in the cold Arctic sea. When he came home He couldn't settle for a normal life and back then there was no help for war damaged seamen, and many of them became drifters and only slowly died. My father was a drunk I had seen him before sharing a bottle of booze with his mates in the park, and I despised him and them. No, my father never played a role in my upbringing and my childhood was needlessly hard because of him. But today, sitting on the terrace overlooking the blue bay, I remember his tears.

Oskar Hansen

When I Met Sir Cliff

When I Met Sir Cliff

I once met Cliff Richard at a newsagent he bought a conservative paper which, makes sense since he is loaded? Cliff smiled to everyone in the shop, I did not, can't see why I should smile buying a newspaper. That is the difference between us except he can sing bland songs that are pleasing to the ear and has got hair. We spoke he was pleased to have someone to talk to who wasn't an adoring fan. We drank wine, too much and I walked him home, he lived nearby. He had forgotten his keys to the gate, but jauntily jumped over the wall. And that was the last I saw of Cliff, a slim bum disappearing behind a wall

Oskar Hansen

When In Rome

When in Rome

In the Fontana Dei Guattro Fiumi in the piazza Navona
I had a cooling dip after coming out of a smoke filled
bar, I stripped, but modestly kept my underwear, on and
watched over by an elderly patrolman, who wasn't looking
for promotion, he knew everyone on his turf and when
needed he didn't see a thing which was good for keeping
The peace. Dawn and the local market opened, I had oven
fresh bread and cheese; coffee, also a grappa to stave off
A slight chill after my shower I sat with my eyes half closed
listening to the voice of humanity and it was good to be alive.
Walking back to my little hotel I saw the police officer
again he was spoken to a prostitute she smiled and said good morning
I did like-ways; it's handy to have a friendly lawman on my side.
I went to bed, a window open and white
curtains moving the breeze, listening to the outside noises,
and drifting on the ocean of dreamy sleep, I knew I would wake up
at noon by the aroma of Italian food.

Oskar Hansen

When News Was Easy

Most of us know more now than we did before when news was simpler such as the Soviet Union bad- and Mao in China swam across the river I have just been reading about Sinai a place I thought consisted of sand, goats and Bedouins on white horses, but there has been a slow war there going back a long time. We didn't and were not told that Islam has many aspects and sects – just like us- and there is fighting amongst them, usually about power and money, religions is the glue that binds together the rest. The young Muslims in Europe, who go to fight for IS they are fooled into believing they fight for a cause and they will be dispensed of when no longer needed. In Sunnis eye, they are foreigners. We live in a paralysed world we don't know which way to sway do let us follow the money whoever is in power.

Oskar Hansen

When The Dead Awakens

The Dead Awakens

The elderly man was on holiday up north when he realised his wallet was at the hotel and in his other jacket problem he had forgotten the name of the hotel.

Luckily he had a few notes in his watch pocket and loose change enough to take the bus home, the tour took 12 hours on a bus that was full job seekers and their children.

At home he remembered the name of the hotel, he rang through Skype spoke to the reception who said "but you died two days ago." Do you remember me the old man asked? "Yes, said the man at the desk, but you`re dead we saw you at the morgue." The old man took the first flight back to the hotel he was hit by a golf ball were a famous golfer was showed the crowd how far he could shoot from the Eifel tower. The receptionist came out and said, "I told him he was dead, but he didn`t believe me. "

Oskar Hansen

When The Great Errs

When the Great Errs

They fall hard the mighty...when they do fall.

Yet, they are often able to get up, look around
for legal help (the best mind, no less.)

Wing clipped perhaps, but the public is amazingly
forgiven. And there will articles extolling
the famous person's attributes.

The victim, character assassinated and forgotten,
or paid off; if lucky given fifteen minutes of glory
before sinking back to anonymity.

Oskar Hansen

When The Old Man Was A Sailor

When the old man was a sailor

When food was served, before cleaning pots and pans
the old man when young, went out on deck to see the sunset.
A dreamy that is if a tempest wasn't blowing,
gale in the mighty Pacific reduced the bravest to shivering gnat.
The old man was a cook not the loftiest type of work, whoever
wrote a book titled: "The adventure of a ship's cook."
The old man, when he was young, got up early to see the sunrise
before frying eggs and bacon, not forget baking bread; and receive
the insults by frustrated, womenless seamen.
But he was there in all the oceans, their tranquilities and fury,
what was left was serene evenings alone in his cabin read great
novels about audacious voyagers.

Oskar Hansen

When The Rain Stopped

After Rain

The audacious sun finally showed up, and green was
the winter landscape, I also saw the sun set just behind
the carob tree, where the almond tree first blossom,
asleep under a carpet of wild flowers and snoozed till dawn.
Over the easterly range, which is the first defence against
Spanish Marauders and the rain on its plane, the clouds
were dark blue, perhaps more rain tomorrow?
In fading light, a musical note danced down the phone line,
the first flirt of spring? And should it rain tomorrow I will
not be downhearted, this day will keep me warm for
weeks to come.

Oskar Hansen

When The Running Stops

When the Running Stops

In the enclosure, outside the slaughterhouse, sheep were running in rings, first to the left, and then to the right; in the end there was only one left and it was too tired to run. I have lost two more friends, feel as I'm the only sheep left in the enclosure and too tired to run. Heartache and fun, we had it all in our adolescence. Then our way parted, but you never forget a childhood friend.

Two years ago I was going to see them, a reunion of school friends going back fifty years. In the end I didn't go, knew we would talk a lot first then fall silent. What we remembered was our friendship then and the past is another country, as the poet says.

I knew the chasm of years could not be bridged, over meal and too much wine. One of my friends sent me a photo of the party, a group of old men I would have walked past in the street and not recognized any of them. I put the photo up on the wall in my office, but soon took it down again. Time is a cruel enemy I cry for them and me.

Oskar Hansen

When Trump Rode Into Town

Then came Trump

No one talks about Syria anymore,
Was there a war there?
The bombing of Mosul the long siege
Trump occupies the news
And the whole world from pigmies
In the inner Congo, to the tall Dutch
In Amsterdam, are Psychoanalysts?
The press robbed of their pompous
Self-regard like a school yard bully
Scolded, plots shocking stories about
The President of the USA

Oskar Hansen

Where Is Alex

Where is Alex?

He was a famous snooker player, who squandered his fortune and talent. They all loved him to bits, they said, at his funeral. His daughter read a poem. Drugs and alcohol had reduced him to beg, in pubs, challenge amateur players for a game, getting enough money for more booze and cigarettes.

A free soul, or a man ruled by his vices? A happy go lucky chap who did as he pleased? Not a man beset by his failures, alone on the darkest night? Five hundred mourners, florists made a killing. He had lain death for a week in his flat, and no one had bothered to ask: "Where is Alex?"

Oskar Hansen

Where The Northwesterly Blows

Where the Northwesterly Blows (memory of a town)

In the small park with gloomy trees, near where the factories used to be, was a bust of a man's image on a plinth. I think it was made of bronze, the head was brown when not striped white by seagull droppings. Mother said he had been a Mesèn; she liked using odd words, desperately trying to keep afloat in a world of tinned sardines in oil and mackerel in tomato sauce. I took it to mean a rich man kind to working people and had donated this sad little park surrounded by damp factory walls; a place where the workers could sit and enjoy the sun. The park was only open Saturday Afternoons and Sundays, one couldn't have people sitting there during work week. A child climbed over its fence and drowned in a tarn of green algae. The park was eradicated, just as the grim factories were thirty years later. Life was bleak in my town, one neon lit advert, on the night sky "Jesus Saves." Competing with the stars, and a persistent rumour that the man in the suit shop wore ladies underwear.

Oskar Hansen

While We Wait

While we Wait.

Late October it has been raining now it has stopped
the landscape is green the air mild and gentle
but there is no jubilation.

No flowers grow.

The seed in the earth slumber.

The mules in the field look pensive and sad they are
of no use anymore, farmer keep them because they
make the landscape more rustic.

Whoever loved a tractor even if painted blue?

The harvest of this year is done
sheep have been sheared and look exposed
grazing under olive trees

I can see it in the eyes of all living things: Melancholy
for the future to come.

Will we be here come next year?

Oskar Hansen

Whisper Of Love

The Whisper of Love

The mild spring wind whispered: I love you and stroked my face... but then it clouded over the wind hoarsely shouted: I love you. I fled indoors but it howled nonstop by the French window: I love you, and I held my hands against ears as not hear.

Angrily I hollered back: go away I never cared for you, your obsessive love is too much to bear, strangling me. But I tell not truth, sweet Marilyn, I love you more now than before; the wind became a mild zephyr and said: I know, I know my darling.

The almond tree said: I thought it was me you loved, my flowers you admire. But you are deflowered now. I said. This is the rudest thing I ever heard said the oak and shook its crown so sadly that a crow family fell out. and cawed crossly at me.

Don't you get I said I love you all you're nature the air that I breathe the food I eat and the grass I walk on. But the olive tree spoiled my words by pretentiously saying: one, who loves all, loves no one, and eastward the crow family flew.

Oskar Hansen

White Eagle

White Eagle

On my walk, I saw a big, white eagle with an enormous wingspan, flying low and in circles as it was looking for something in the bush landscape. It the steadfast the gaze of a seraph that had to judge angst ridden souls which claimed the meant no harm when they had sinned, it had been with humour and fairness.

It flew higher and in wider circles till it disappeared and blended in with the afternoon sky.

Back home I told Ernesto I had seen a white eagle, he had never seen one, though it was a pity I didn` t have a rifle to shoot it, His Maria, was more severe, said I had seen an angel, crossed herself, wore a shawl over a greying hair and Went to mass. Ernesto and I went to the bar; he told regulars I had seen an angel; they kidded me greatly

At home, in the night, sitting by the fire - spring evening can be chilly- where I live, seeing the flapping fire wings of burning aromatic olive wood, I said to myself; wouldn't be nice if Maria was right?

Oskar Hansen

White Horse

The White Mare

the incoming tide made an island out of
the sand bank where I sat, king for a day,
made a crown of coarse grass
but since I only ruled over a few crabs, who
bit my finger when I shook their claws, I
renounced my crown and swam ashore.
Sanitation workers, in blue overalls and
logo, heckled me since I was not like them
and they made fun of my crown.
On an incoming wave a white mare came,
bareback I mounted and gently the horse
trotted amongst the awestruck workers

Oskar Hansen

Who Has The Truth Keys

As Christianity sinks into
ennui of middle class tosh
of an all forgiving God.

Zionists, claim the right
to defend themselves against
the people they robbed.

Moslem zealots are busy
blowing each other up
and playing the victim.

Atheists are hateful of
those who believe in God,
call them deluded.

Oskar Hansen

Who Is A Prisoner Now

My back yard has high walls and is like sun trap, I sit here and get a tan in winters... the walls, cracked, need a lick of paint. I can see a map of Europe, lakes, rivers and open plains where wolves roam and hunt elk, and man shot wolves.

The map changes I now see the Caribbean and the Islands dotted about. When I was on a small tank ship years ago I had a chance to go ashore, visit and explore most of the Islands mainly I fear, my interest was to meet lovely girls, of what these Islands have many, and with a few of them swam in crystal clear waters of innocence. I also had the sense to see those pearls of Islands in early morning haze.

So many years ago, yet I remember Teresa, in Curacao, and that is a great recall, as the Island itself is rather flat and has little to offer of beauty, its only claim to fame is a big oil refinery and the largest camp of prostitutes I have ever seen. Anyway the sun is setting and shadows erase my map, time to go in and lit the fire, but reminiscence of a time gone by lingers.

Oskar Hansen

Widows And Warriors

Widows and Warriors

On the plateau a file of women, all in black,
war widows waiting to be given tea, bread
and rice from two men in a pickup truck.

The men spoke hoarsely, scurrying them on,
found their work shameful, would rather have
been up on the mountain fighting, thought
the women superfluous. They had given birth
to sons who now fought in war and to daughters
married to warriors on the mountain.

The women didn't look the men in the eyes,
spoke softly and briefly amongst themselves
about the health of their grandchildren. They
had miles to walk, back down to meagre soil
and skinny goats.

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Oskar Hansen

Wilderness

Wilderness

I dislike wasting my time shopping for shoes
the man who wrote wasteland a famous poem
is known for this; he did like boots too for walking
He did indeed and many other things too
I, when I had a bike, cycled through wasteland
a domestic landscape growing beautifully wild
I don` t see it know there is a distance between
me and the dream I had, the touch the aroma of
nature is also a memory of horse manure in
a field verdant as the sea around Greenland.
I need a wasteland a place where I can lose myself
without it life is an endless trivial repetition.
Tomorrow I will go buy a pair of walking boots.

Oskar Hansen

Wildfire

Wildfire

Fire, we fear flames seeking to obliterate
to cleanse forest and plains so the land can grow
again green shoots the world has been
the cycles can start again
having cleared the undergrowth that hindered
the freedom of samplings
There is a flower that only bloom after a fire
fire ephemerals can cover mountainsides
in a multicolour of wonder.

We feel a strange attraction to the flames
we wish it could rinse our sins, yet, we have
a great terror for the fire of hell

The fire we dread the most is the fire
in mans` heart it can be wonderful but so easily
became ruinous and manifest itself
in greed and destruction of what is good
There is a wildfire raging now and the Nordic
tremble and fear they might be consumed
by the firestorm.

Oskar Hansen

Wind Turbines

I see a bank palace
lit up like a planet of excesses,
the glory of the powerful.
I also see a landscape
littered by a thousand wind turbines
wasted by its wonder and peace
to keep the palace in
the vanity of power

Oskar Hansen

Winding Road

Winding roads

The table, light catches a singular drop of
the blush on the carpet which doesn't respond,
no more than a road would do to a street light.

Asphalt is grey at night, not black, full of spilt ale it felt adventurous,
curled itself up and splashed into the landscape where roads had never
before dared to a thread.

How happy they were animals and tractors until they discovered
the road ended by a river,
too deep to cross in winters and too stony for sore hooves in summers.

This problem was overcome when someone found a nugget of gold
and the landscape was full of prospectors who survived, by eating
their mules slowly.

Oskar Hansen

Window Into The Past

A Window into the Past.

Visiting time over, mother was ill in hospital she had been so tired lately. Nearby a small stream, an empty box of matches was my raft, rudderless it rushed down rapids and disappeared under ground, under the town and I wondered if it reached the docks. I had bought mother a chocolate, in the same shop that sold oranges and but they were too expensive, but ate most of the chocolate while listening to her instructions, to peel spuds, buy milk and yesterday loaf (half the price) , open a tin of sardines. But first I had to go down to the docks see what ships were in and also try to find my raft. When I came home mother stood smoking in the kitchen, she had peeled the spuds. They had let her out only so she could pack her suitcase; she had to go up the mountains, where the air was pure, and be cured... and I knew why I hadn't found my raft.

Oskar Hansen

Wine Story

An Abridged Story of Wine

The bottom of the nave used to be a lake's bed, but one night, when moon was white as search light and the sky maroon, the lake vanished. Dead fish and toenail clippings at the bottom, but the soil was rich, and the people who used to fish for a living, planted vine which bore healthy grapes, but grapes fermented and wine was discovered. A drink that made them merry, they sang, slapped flat stones together and made music.

But if drinking too much they ended fighting and used stones as missiles, and given to arguing about the quality of snow that fell the year before. In clay pots they sold red wine and became rich, till Moslems came, forbad the making of wine, they planted pale yellow orange trees instead. But the juice of sweet blue grapes has an unstoppable allure it fills heart with music, the production was moved to hidden dells in Alentejo. When Arabs, defeated by Christian hordes, fled; Iberia had abundance of red wine but also sugary orange juice.

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 woolly 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

Winter In Shardoma Land

Winter Evening (Shadorma)

Five o'clock
Sun is a pink cloud
Cold seeps in
Tuesday gone
It was a beautiful time
Now for a wee dram.

Oskar Hansen

Winter Jacket

The Warm Jacket

Ducks have two sets of feathers outer ones, which are watertight and inner feathers that is soft as a young man's whispery beard. Ducks are never cold and can waddle a frozen pond with the greatest of ease if not with elegance. I wanted a jacket of duck feathers so I killed five hundred of them and asked my elderly porcelains' duck to sew me one. In case you wonder I sold the plucked birds to hotels and restaurants. I'm never cold now can walk out in all weather and not feel the cold. Only I do feel like a mass murderer- send him to Hague- so much killing just so I could feel snug. When spring comes I will put the jacket near the lake so ducks can pick feathers that ones belonged to their fore-ducks and make cosy nests for their chicks. My porcelain's duck tells me that if I had shot two polar bears, I would have had enough soft fur for two jackets and a pair of trousers. Now, why didn't I think of that?

Oskar Hansen

Winter Landscape

Winter landscape

The landscape was white like frozen waves
smoke from farm chimneys went straight only dispersed
when meeting the upper sky.

Ah, this innocence of virginal snow cold as nun`s cell.

The boy sat in the cow-shed warming his hands on the udder
of a cow, later, he walked on snow so pure it made crushing
the sound that broke the snow`s hymen under his foot
But there were tracks after hares, birds, wolverines, and
the opportunistic fox.

Blood in snow, like a sheet on a wedding night the sacrificing of
the lamp sanctified by priest and church.

The fox had caught a mouse that built a tunnel under the snow
thinking it was snug and safe.

A crow sits on a tree watches the scene with irony in it black eyes,
afar someone calls him in for breakfast

Oskar Hansen

Winter Night

Winter Night

I sit in darkness
The wood in the hearth burns
Flame's core is blue
And look cold as diamonds
Intense the aroma of rage.

Glowing ember
When night yields to dawn... ash
Quiet as a shadow
Blows like snow in winter breeze
In the forest ravens crow.

Oskar Hansen

Winter Of Discontent

The phone rang a day before Christmas a message I knew would come but would not like to hear. Mother had died and there was a great haste now before the festive season. Yet in my despair I picked up the phone and rang her number in the hope it had all been a dreadful mistake...any minute now she will answer be glad to hear my voice; and she would tell me I'm susceptible to cold and remember to wear a scarf.

Fully awake I rushed to the airport, sorry fully booked till after Christmas. "Please if there is a cancellation ring me." The phone didn't ring.

When I finally got there snow had covered flowers and her name was not yet carved on a stone. This emptiness, this hole in my heart, I knew it had to happen one day, but not now not ever. At her home they were busy dividing her things. No I didn't want anything only her reading glasses, she had thought me how to read. A life had ended and for the first time in my life I knew how it felt like to be alone under a cold Nordic sky.

Oskar Hansen

Winter Of Discontent 2

Winter of Discontent

The cloudiness has settled in the sky
And act as an unpalatable truth of the kind
Summer sun so easily hides.
Old dwellings are full of cracks, sagging roofs
And dust on window sills.
Pot-holed roads grey as clay leads from doom
Till the gloom of routine the sense that
Nothing changes life is an endless struggle
Spring is so far away.
Then, the miracle happened splitting clouds and
I saw the sun as did the flowers in the garden
Warming my face and let the illusion continue.

Oskar Hansen

Winter Poem

Winter poem

This is a cold day overcast there is snow in the air
dogs are curled up in barns too chilly to howl at strangers
and unusual scents or noise, stillness hangs
as a shabby grey carpet of cobwebs on a stage abandoned
whispers of humanity are dust on floor boards
shuttered windows, roads unused we shuffle indoor
from room to room draped in blankets caught in the grip
of winter the time when the old dies.

There is hope on elevated sites that catch the sun
the almond tree blossom the bride of spring tells us it
will be alright we must hold on a few weeks more and not
succumb and crumble as a leaf on the tree of life

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

Wintertale

A Winter Tale

I was going out driving to the shops and buy food, switched off indoors lamps, only the grey winter light came in, and the living room looked like the depth of a severe depression, the moment when you check your gun and sigh because it is not loaded, and you will live a day longer.

I left the heater on low switched on a couple of side lights this gave the room a cosy feeling. The room luxuriating in its own slightly seedy look, used furniture,

settee, chairs and a books shelve that is a picture of literary disorganisation.

It was raining outside I looked into my own room, had not drawn the curtains, the room looked inviting and thought why should it have the privileges of slow lifestyles while had to buy firewood and keep the room warm.

I was standing there, a foundling looking into a rich man 's house Christmas Eve,

with only a box of matches that, only paedophiles would buy. I need no newspaper,

joined my room switched on the TV, together we enjoyed a comfy winter evening,

that had the romance of apple strudel and Grimm`s fairytales.

Oskar Hansen

Wintery Blush

Wintery Blush.

The street was cold snow had yet to fall, asphalt frozen pearly grey and pavement tiles cracked underfoot. The sky was limp clear, the sun was but a decoration, a miserable yellow balloon not taken down after the New Year party. From the insipid sky hung icicles the sun couldn't thaw, but solar reflections made them look like sparkling diamonds. A frozen painting of isolated beauty, of an unbridgeable haughtiness that knew of no compassion. White clouds gathered looking as a flock of polar bears waking over their future demise. But their warm breaths thawed the icicles that fell like snow, covered the land; and my untidy garden appears equal to the neat ones.

Oskar Hansen

Wisdom

Wisdom

What life has taught me
Importance is transitory
Sacrifice vacant
Israel is a postscript
Life is but a summer breeze

Life is meaningless
Happiness is to understand this
Not wait for heaven
False prophets and promises
Life is but a summer breeze

Nonexistence
Has no memory of pasts
Rapids do not sing
Stillness tells not of love
Life is but a summer breeze

Oskar Hansen

Within The Circle

Within the Circle

Around the burned down stable, near
the oak that was struck by lightning,
there is a silence within the stillness.

I can hear screams of stabled mules
running in circles trampling each other
into a bloody mass and falling beams.

Within the circle sheltered by whispering
leaves I can hear rattling of chains and
the forest afar sings of endless sorrow.

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Oskar Hansen

Women Who Drink And Sex

Women who drink and sex

It was in Livorno and it was a cold January night when I met her in a bar- where else does one meet women, in the salvation army? What she was doing in Livorno beats me as she was an American woman far from home, I was there waiting for my ship to come in. We were both drinkers and felt empathy for one another and when the bar closed she came to my hotel. In the morning, I had a shower, she was still asleep woke and asked what I was doing in her room I told her it was my hotel room she cried; worked for the consulate. We had breakfast, but she needed a drink to feel normal. Saw her go into a taxi looking like an efficient functionary going to work, I knew she could not keep it up the day of estimation was near, she left a hundred dollar bill on my pillow I was both offended and pleased, being a low paid seaman, my silence would be absolute. If she write a book about this encounter I will somehow get the blame hinting darkly she had been abused by me. But this is not true what the lady long for is not being able to make love with abandonment and blame it on the booze.

Oskar Hansen

Wonder Drug

Wonder Drug

Sirtuins, an enzyme I think, has the ability to rejuvenate human cells; but it is very expensive to produce. Hence only the elite can use it and thus live to be 500 years. People shrink after two hundred years the fortunate will be as tall as five years old and demand door bells and light switched placed on the skirting board. We, the mortal, will have to bend down as we always have done to the powerful who are related to divinity.

Lottery in the future will not be about money but win the right to be injected with Sirtuins. But the winners will not join the elite, but alone face the horror of watching family and friends get old and die out while they continue to live in a world that is and echo of yesterdays anguish devoid of laughter, love and newness.

Oskar Hansen

Wonder Of Spring

Wonder of Spring.

By the roadside, tiny
vibrant, green as the ocean
bushes grow.

I think they are spun by
the sea breeze
and nourished by April's sun.

Tomorrow morning
they will be gone and be
the air that I breathe.

Oskar Hansen

Wonderful America

Wonderful America.
Sometimes we are blind
And do not see that USA
Is much more than
Washington and partisan Politics.

In Kansas they do not care
About Washington they work
Hard and like their ribs and
Drink lots of beer.

America is a great place where
You can enjoy life to the fullest
People give a damn about politics
They leave that to Washington.

Americans don't know why they are
Hated abroad they watch Fox News
And do not read about killer drones
Falling somewhere far away

America is the peoples Paradise
The innocence of good will, providing
You are not poor and do not
Ask too many awkward questions.

Oskar Hansen

Wonderful Scandinavia

The Liberal Scandinavia

Rich Exiles do not take rubber dinghies
Across the sea, but take the plane
And they are welcomed as
Assets of note
Once upon a time, the Jews had their
Valuables stolen when they try to escape
Now refugees get their assets
Confiscated in the country were
The seek sanctuary
And relentless propaganda makes us
Hate them because they remind us of our
Lack of empathy
With the people, we should help but will
Not, because of cost,
A few hundred refugees have crossed
From Russia to Norway who are trying
To send them back
How pathetic we are
Telling other countries to show compassion
While we scramble to hide
Behind a wall screaming: "it is our country"
Get lost go back to Syria bloody
Broke foreigners.

Oskar Hansen

Woodland

Horrified Woodland

In the forest of bamboo poles walked it was hot and
I felt like a lost ant not remembering where its hill was.
I tried to pull up a bamboo pole I remembered that
as a boy I had a rattan fishing rod,
but could not, and it didn't matter I wasn't
going to fish anything anymore. The panda likes bamboo shoots.
I used to go fishing in the stream on
Summer evenings and when I caught some
the farmer's wife fried them in butter... delicious...
The stream is not there any longer, a beauty that was a hindrance
to progress
in the forest of canes I saw hyenas catching a baby elephant and
eating of it before it was dead.
The real thing not Disneyland with mechanical crocodiles and happy
ducks dressed as sailors.
It strikes me, here in the forest of oversized wicker baskets,
that death is of no concern to the dead,
and that fat corpses will in time be slim, but that is of no concern to
the living.

Oskar Hansen

Wordless

Wordless.

The darkness on the balcony was compact as a snowdrift
I had to push it aside to see, and saw the familiar ruin on
the other side of the lane as an island of decay.

Beyond repair now it had once been a stable and housed
mules, when the wind blows I can still sense a whiff of
their sweaty backs and tired muscles.

The darkness had, through the open door, filled every
room with its ominous presence. Switched on every light
but it still hid in corners and behind the bookshelf.

This was an useless, if heroic, undertaken a one man's war
against the approaching darkness, seeking the light of
understanding, but losing ground to the womb of the world.

Oskar Hansen

Words In My Mouth

words in my mouth

Democracy
is like poetry
only nice
when it flatters us

French culture
is about the female believing
she is beautiful

Perfume
even the expensive one
is not about cleanliness

the Louvre
had everything
except a proper loo

Small hotel in Paris
hot water for shower
only on Saturdays

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 And Teachers

Working-class and Teachers

I`m working-class and proud of it
grew up in the damp shadows of fish factories
we played in grimy streets the sun was
the lamplight after six
and always the persistent drizzle and mist.
School was not much our teacher disliked us
thought to teach us was a waste of time.
By luck, by pluck and bloody stubbornness I got out
saved by the sea breeze I had to be
my own teacher who was stern but not arrogant.
These half- baked teacher they didn` t know
Cuba and the sand made in heaven, little bureaucrat
thinking they were intellectuals
I`m still working-class, but my interest is not the same
It has broken down the wall of misery but
The roots are with me I know where I came from

Oskar Hansen

Working Class Poet

Working class Poet

It had been a long day at the factory but
when there was a break he jotted down a few words
and during the day it became a poem- he always
had a pen and block ready words were so flighty he may
forget what he wanted to write if he waited too long.
Coming home told his wife
I wrote e whole poem today I think it`s good
his wife asked if the poem was about her, no he said it was about a tree
the one at the entrance of the village.
His wife went back to the kitchen the slam of the door was sad.
The poet came out of his cocoon, said to his wife:
all my poems are about you my muse with you at my side
I can`t write about the old tree at the entrance of the village.
They kissed and made up they both lived long had good death
blissfully unnoticed by the world.

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

World News

World News

Obama won the election
With great elation
Yet the headlines in
Norwegian newspapers were
About cheese importation

Oskar Hansen

World War 3

World War 3

And now as the generation that remembers how bloody a world war is, and how many millions suffered and died, is forgotten a distant past and again the black winged Bird of war is flapping its wings.

I will go to Papua New Guinea, buy a big piece of forest and plant more trees when needed, I will keep pigs that soon will be wild and invite people to kill them with a bow and arrow. I pig head on the wall and a trophy wife in the bed, idiots will pay a lot for that.

By preserving the forest, I will help save the world from carbon emission, if it is not too late and the world cannot be saved from the colossus NATO and those with no memory who get excited by demagogues and are ready to make the wrong decision and eradicate them.

I will also keep cassowary as pets, but not indoors as they do crap a lot, and like to sleep in your bed.

I will sit here and wait till radio signals are silent and I know War is over, and the world far away is a smoking ruin Incinerated bibliotheca, obliterated literature and we shall not know about our short but illustrious time on earth.

Oskar Hansen

Worlds Biggest Rat

World's Biggest Rat.

A moonlit evening, behind a supermarket in Denmark, a guard spotted a very big rat and he got his dog to kill it. The biggest rat in the world so big it couldn't live in the sewer, it makes you proud to be Danish. With so much food around in streets and in supermarket's bin, could easily feed the poor. But there is no poor people in Denmark! Vermin is a problem, one can't put them on a lorry and send them to another country.

There was a picture of the rat in the papers, a conceited guard, we didn't his dog though, held it aloft like trophy. It turned to be a mother rat when it was dissected at the lab, eight baby rats waiting to be born. More and more, long tailed rodents are roaming streets, emptying bins and eating our babies in their cots. One wonders if they are listening to the ancient prophecy: "One day vermin shall live in the sunlight side by side with man."

Oskar Hansen

Worried Water Vertebrates

And the sun keeps on shining a bit warmer now in Mars.
But rain keeps away and fish in the cisterna are worried.

Is this the end of their world? Tiny fishes lives on what?
Planned cannibalism every two, three months, perhaps?

Small and translucent I see their quickening heart beats.
Open the cisterna's lid so they can see the blue clear sky.

Since they may take me for the creator must show them
They are not forsaken and I cannot be blamed for this.

And the sun keeps on shining, a bit warmer now in Mars,
But Louis, the farmer, and I know this can lead to calamity.

Cisterna... a place to store rainwater (Portuguese)

Oskar Hansen

Worth Fighting For

Worth a Fight.

It is no longer about right or wrongs it
is about taking a stand..... Against those whose forefathers
came to this country to escape poverty and tyranny,
and now want to end democracy
the unwritten consensus by people of different classes.
We have become soft liberal,
Christianity you said? Don't make me laugh we are far too
self assured to believe in god.
And we are giving way while their imams eggs the people on
and not for a moment do they stop
No, not for a sneeze of hesitation do they think that if they went
back to their forefathers' country, whip would await them
in dank cells. Their faith has good points.... no it has not.
But they have the right to return back to their cherished
land and practice a faith that is still stuck in the middle aged.
Soft liberal, giving way for the sake of peace,
a peace I will not accept and I will fill bullets in chambers of
my revolver to defend what my people fought for it is called
democracy, shaky yes, with many flaws, but so far
a system worth fighting for

Oskar Hansen

Www And Cute Puppies

WWW. And Cute Puppies

Our new deity, the internet, knows everything, It can be switched on and off, but what we have seen and read, stay with us- dug deep down in our souls. Truth has become a lie and a fib truth. This cannot go on there can only be one reality, the official one; anything else is sedition. The internet has to be harnessed in layers of dogma – you are not permitted to view this site-unless you are a high techno prince and need the whole picture. This is for your sake, because you don't understand and may well believe that no plane crashed on the Pentagon and the war in Afghanistan is a sham. Censorship is an ugly word, but we must help you to see the light in the maze of information, channel you to the right path to the trivial and healthy pornography...amen.

Oskar Hansen

Yang Sing River

Yang Sing River Disaster

A sudden squall in the river and the ferry was
high in the water and it capsized so quickly
that there was no time for alarm.

The passengers' mostly elderly people who had
saved money to do this one in a life -time cruise.
The stalker death suddenly struck this was not
the way the old had planned to die.

The hope was a bed, near family around and
there would be words of everlasting love
propped up by embroidered pillows.

The Chinese love their old people – or did- now
they are angry want to know the sea- worthiness of
the ship, private or state owned? Someone has to
been found guilty, perhaps her captain?

Oskar Hansen

Yemen

Yemen

It is awful poor country, with little to offer but carrots and sand.
Come to think about it very few carrots only brush land and dust.
People cry freedom but no one listens. A tiny place in the corner
of nowhere, mud huts and stones... no oil to lift a jaded spirit.
Chew a sort of weed that that lulls souls into stupor and bring
temporary peace. Yet they go on fighting tyranny despite being
ignored by us, we who must be selective in whom to defend.

They want to be free in a land where no roses bloom knowing
they have little to offer other, sand and stones and a longing
to be rid of tyranny. Help us they cry to the sky, but the world
is full of carrots, dry sticks. Love of once country is an odd thing
it can be full of scorpions and deadly snakes but it is the land of
their fathers they have seen it bathed in a golden hue at sunset
and they remember its hidden beauty.

Oskar Hansen

Yemeni

Plumes of smoke a mortar shell hits brown rocks,
Does it ever rain in this country?
Two warring tribes and yes it is Yemen again, only this time
Americans with their drones have taken side
Both tribes are equally awful
I think they chose the one that speaks the best English.
From the bridge of my I saw Yemen through my binoculars
And it looked like a place fit for wild goats and
eccentric with crumbed, ornate knives
A place for dust coloured mountain ranges and thorny bushes
Too hardy to be rained on.
Yet squabbling people live here and fight and fight for reason
That is older than history; and over this ancient landscape
The Americans strew drones like it should be wedding confetti.

Oskar Hansen

You Are What You Drink

The mare had a foal, but it still had to work plowing a meager field. The foal, prancing about on thin legs when we stopped for a rest it quickly drank from its mother's udder and there was pastoral harmony. I thought about this when reading about a six year old boy in India who drank milk from a female dog that treated the child as one of her own. Of course this had little to do with rural accord, but stark need. I once suckled milk off a ewe, sweet milk I thought, but grew up fearful of people and shy of aspiration; be unseen in the world's field of humility and graze in peace. Hope the dog- boy will grow up with big fangs unafraid growl at people who try to dominate him and only respect what his inner voice tells him.

Oskar Hansen

You Too

Oskar Hansen

Young Lovers

The young lovers.

I bought them a bag of autumn leaves since
they lived in a block of flats and had never
seen a tree. They strewed the leaves around
a lamppost and scratched their name on steel.
Alas, they were arrested for defacing public
property and being in possession of a knife..

Oskar Hansen

Yule Logs

Yule Logs.

The wood delivery came this warm, sunny afternoon. The wood man wanted cash; he dislikes checks I do not blame him, why should he pay tax when the likes of Starbuck pay almost none. I usually drink coffee at the local café, but tried Starbuck's once, coffee with milk wasn't enough, they kept talking about "latte" No, just coffee with milk...please. A friend of mine, who has gone to school, came over and sorted it out; what I got was foamy and didn't taste like coffee. I don't think our wood man drinks coffee there was faint smell of wine about him, - it was after lunch-, police officers leave us alone here in the deep, dark valleys of upland of Algarve.

Oskar Hansen

Yule Tide Again

Yule Tide

The pig
In the pen
Is being slaughtered
To day
Christmas starts
With a killing
Some get
Pork roast
Others get trotters
In the yard
My neighbour
Is hosing away
The blood
His sacrificial
Duty done
And I got a shoulder ham

Oskar Hansen

Yule/Christmas

Yule/Christmas

Obscene capitalism

Can best be observed

At Christmas

Midwinter festival

Larder full we share our

Luck with our nearest

Christmas is the devil's revenge

He was never invited

Now he gives us hell with glitter.

Oskar Hansen

Zeb And More

Zen

Melting snow

After rain

Hope begins

Haiku

Yule time a worry

Time short and little money

Poinsettia

Haiku

Chrysanthemum

A flower for the restless

And the river flows

Oskar Hansen

Zen Too

Haiku is
Lucidity
Unseen

Senryu
A sightless eye
Does not see the deep night
Blindness has no hue

Haiku
The shrubs by the road
Is full of dust thrown up by cars
Discarded dreams

Oskar Hansen

Zero

The power of nothing always wins
it is the end of time no one can fight that.
Dictators shiver in their beds
This tenuous hold on power slowly dripping away
Slipping out of weak hands
Nothing, the word reverberates in their mind,
I had it all why can I not keep it?
The balcony, jubilation they try to believe
They are loved by the people.
The whispering voice, a cry in the night
In cosmic time a bullet flies slowly, but it always
Hits its mark... on it is written: Nothing is yours.

Oskar Hansen

Zeus 's Revenge

Zeus 's revenge

He, the best racing driver of all time, seven times
he won the championship and he was able to retire
still young and now very rich; yes the gods had smiled
upon this lucky man. What did they have in mind?
He had defied death hundred times was there a price
to be paid, a man with brutal skills and killer instincts.
Winter holiday, we saw him skiing down a slope,
lost his balance and fell, a banal accident one that
we laugh about, but his head met a rock and he lost
consciousness.

He lingers in his bed doesn 't know his name, maybe
he never will, this hard fall from glory it is not fair
that he should live life on soiled bed linen till he is
dead. No mourners, but relief that at last his unjust
suffering is over and hundred books about his exploits
will go unread on dusty shelves.

Oskar Hansen

Zeus 's Revenge 4

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Oskar Hansen

Zoo Animals

Zoo Animals

Jubilant Tripoli

Guns in every unsure hand

They call it freedom.

While zoo animals go unfed

A Kaddafi son cared for them.

It doesn't matter now

Do not prioritize beasts

They are dumb beings

And have nothing to offer

In our blind struggle for freedom

And global capitalism.

So set the camels free to find

Their own oasis; let the lion

Roam the vast hinterland

And the eagle, soar high above

Human's murderous pursuit.

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