

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: &quot; God held me in his hands but let  
Me, go in peace I feel blessed.&quot;

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  
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but my diabetes demanded some food  
I looked out saw the beginning of a morning  
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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,  
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"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

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  
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Had danced with the crow was shunned and travel from  
Country to country and is sleepless in expensive houses-.

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

Oskar Hansen

# 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 I was 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  
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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,  
&quot;

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

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  
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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

Behind high Walls

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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 &quot;Fado&quot; 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

# Big Rabbit Sonnet 1

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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

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  
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capitalism and then it will be France`s turn to taste rigour.  
What about EU then?

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

The fireplace is full of ash and cold spring is here  
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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

# 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 Worls Rhing

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.  
&quot;Clowns are born boring, &quot; 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 &quot;Lapland&quot; 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

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  
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across the screen I threw it out, but still don't know what  
flies are for other than annoying a writer.

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 &quot;We don't care you  
brought it on yourself by defying us.&quot;

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;  
&quot;It is your fault you brought it on yourself, and we  
do not care and we will never die.&quot;

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  
&quot;Daughter&quot; 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:

&quot;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 &quot;the right to have drones.&quot;  
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

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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  
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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 coughed 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 &quot;from Maria forever.&quot;  
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&quot; 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 &quot;have I told you lately that I love you.&quot;

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

# Forgiveness

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 hastened 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 filed 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.

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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

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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 feels rancorous of being left to fend for itself? I found a ruin. More than a ruin, a pile of stones only its outline told me that once this had been a home where children had been born, lived and died for generations, till someone said: enough! And left for pastures green, (most likely USA or Canada,) poverty is only romantic in movies. Half of November gone, I'm walking about in shirt sleeves the ground is rock hard and dusty, the local paper tells us that 14 years ago the weather was mild too till January, then it snowed and it was cold till May. Feel I'm being watched in the bushes I see a boar watching me it is a wily old boar it sees I carry no gun, yet keeps its distance; and high above me circles eagles; the landscape is 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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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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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

# 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.

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

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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 &quot;glass slippers, &quot; 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.

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 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 tidings. 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.  
&quot;Please, God let Oliver be and angel and teach him  
how to play the harp...amen&quot;

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  
of a past,  
this was now, an expanding  
presence,  
as water rings made  
by a stone thrown into a lake,  
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used to be mountains rest,  
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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 no 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 as 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 they 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 whose 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.

&#8195;

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 &quot;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 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.

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 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.

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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 the 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

# No Milk For Babies

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 Revolution To Day

## The Failed Revolution

In my childhood`s town, there was on top of a five-storey building a neon sign &quot;Jesus Saves, &quot; 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 edifices ....And 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 downed 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 skis 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.

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 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

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

# 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  
wear a diver's suit one that is not xanthous

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and the amazing fact that we are so amazingly like inside  
when we bleed the colour is rubicund.

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  
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

# 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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In my house, are there many pot plants I water them regularly

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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 taught 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  
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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

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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

# Sink Buckets

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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  
&quot;Bormann&quot; 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 disdain 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  
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  
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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

# 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 foreigner, 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  
&quot;deja vue&quot; 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

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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.

|

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, &quot;we are not universal loved&quot;  
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  
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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. Than 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 fuss 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

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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, arsehole."

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:  
&quot;Once and for all I 'm not your father.&quot;  
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

The Pope and statues

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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, 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

## A Refugee

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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

# The Scent Of Sonnet

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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



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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 hastened 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, &quot;if you walk long enough, you`ll  
find the way home.&quot; 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 believes 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 &quot;hygge&quot; 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 leier 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 &quot; The American Dream&quot; 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,  
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A faint whiff of your perfume  
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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 are 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

&quot;So you want to be a hairdresser, I bellowed, I gave you a splendid education and that is how you repay me! &quot;  
&quot;You can study to be a doctor or a lawyer or something posh, but never a hairdresser.&quot;  
&quot;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! &quot;  
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.  
&quot; 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.&quot;  
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 &quot; get me out of here it was all a mistake.&quot; 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  
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

# 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 his 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 temporarity and stored for future references, washed and rinsed of thought as they must never doubt their robotic limitation they are mere life forms who accept the certainty of death, not knowing how to make eternity bend to wish and produce the galaxy of peace.

Oskar Hansen



# What 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 that 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 laud 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 wintry 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 porcelain's 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 the 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

Zeus 's revenge

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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