

Classic Poetry Series

Poul Martin Moller
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poul Martin Moller(1794-1838)

Poul Martin Møller (21 March 1794 – 13 March 1838) was a vital influence on the more famous philosopher Kierkegaard, his prize pupil. He was a professor of philosophy at the University of Copenhagen for much of his life. Møller authored the important, deceptively whimsical novel *Adventures of a Danish Student*, which chronicles, hence the name, the peripatetic wanderings of a Copenhagen licentiate, or degree candidate, and his esoteric philosophical musings. The novel was never finished. This work was the favorite book of the Danish physicist and thinker Niels Bohr (1885–1963).

One of the licentiate's philosophical meditations: "[I start] to think about my own thoughts of the situation in which I find myself. I even think that I think of them, and divide myself into an infinite retrogressive sequence of I's who consider each other. I do not know which I to stop at as the actual, and in the moment I stop at one, there is indeed again an I which stops at it. I become confused and feel a dizziness as if I were looking down into a bottomless abyss."

And another: "You see, my friend, a movement presupposes a direction. The mind cannot proceed without moving along a certain line; but before following this line, it must already have thought it. Therefore one has already thought every thought before one thinks it. Thus every thought, which seems the work of a minute, presupposes an eternity. This could drive me almost to madness."

Af Sted

Farvel, min velsignede Fødeby!
Min Moders Gryde ryger i Sky,
Min Faders Kvie gumler i Stald,
Min Søsters Hane sover paa Hald.
Jeg vil løbe min Vej.

Farvel, du min Farfaders gamle Hus!
Hav Tak for Øl af vort Gildekrus,
For Dørtræet, hvor jeg med Ranglen sad,
For Moders Mælk og for Tyggemad
Og Springom i vor Lo.

Lerstampede Gulv, hvor med Skjorte paa
Jeg lærte krybe, jeg lærte gaa!
Nu kedes jeg plat ved saa stakket Gang,
Og Stuen bliver mig alt for trang.
Jeg maa løbe min Vej!

Lad Oksen bindes ved Husmands Plov,
Jeg priser den vildene Hjort i Skov.
Naar Anden rokker i Rendesten,
Er den snehvide Maage dog vel saa ren
Mellem Himmel og Hav.

Jeg vandrer og sejler foruden Ro,
Jeg slider vel hundrede Saaler af Sko;
Al Verdens Kringel og snurrige Bold,
Baade hvor den er varm, og hvor den er kold,
Vil jeg rigtig bese:

Appelsiner og Druer og Granens Tap,
Frøkener, Fruer og Ridder og Knap!
Jeg vil glide paa Skier ved Nørrepol
Og gaa nøgen for Otaheitis Sol
Med en Krans af Koral.

Sin Skæbne frister den friske Mand,
Kanske jeg som Ridder fra fremmed Land,
Med snehvide Heste for Gyldenkarm,

Kommer hjem med en Kongemø i min Arm
Til min Moder igen.

For det første den rygende Grød jeg flyr
Og synger op ud i vildene Skyer:
Hurra, blaatrøjede danske Knøs!
Hejs Pjalten i Vejret og Skuden øs!
Snart vi flyver af Sted.

Poul Martin Moller

Den Enbenede

Poul Martin Moller

En Gammel Pedant

Poul Martin Moller

En Moder Med Sit Barn, Paa En Bænk

Poul Martin Moller

En Rekonvalescent

Poul Martin Moller

En Tigger

Poul Martin Moller

Fabel

Poul Martin Moller

Før Og Nu

Poul Martin Moller

Fragmenter

Poul Martin Moller

Gertrud

Poul Martin Moller

Glæde Over Danmark

Poul Martin Moller

Hans Og Trine

Poul Martin Moller

Holger Danske Og Skrædderne

Poul Martin Moller

Jægersang

Poul Martin Moller

Kunstneren Mellem Oprørerne

Poul Martin Møller

Laus Tabaci

Poul Martin Moller

Mads Og Mikkel

Poul Martin Moller

Parodi

Poul Martin Moller

Romance

Poul Martin Moller

Sang Til Steffens

Poul Martin Moller

Sange Til Rahbek

Poul Martin Moller

Sonet [den Svend, Som Tabet Af Sin Elskte Frister]

Poul Martin Moller

Sonet [i Løvens Fødeland En Jomfru Pranger]

Poul Martin Møller

Sonnet

Poul Martin Moller

St. Laurentius

Poul Martin Moller

Studentersang

Poul Martin Moller

Til Kammerjunker L.C. Hauch

Poul Martin Moller

Til Laura

Poul Martin Moller

Torbisten Og Fluen

Poul Martin Moller