

Marte Huke

4 poems from “Se sol” (“Se sun”), 2004  
Translated by Anna Paterson

I feel your skin  
I feel your eye  
Your nose. Your mouth, oh, your mouth  
Oh, your mouth.

I vanish into your mouth  
I catch hold of the teeth, cling to them hard, cling  
oh, in your mouth. I`m in it, in your warm breath  
The quivering palate across the opening to the cavity of your mouth, to  
your stomach  
I hold the cavity open, the breaths come blowing out through the big  
hole

I pick your features apart

I empty your face, it is a blank sheet of skin inside a fringe of hair

I put the face away

I forget where I put it, I no longer remember where you were

Instructions, a waltz for the birds:

Heavy (the bird sits on the branch)

Light (the bird lets go of the branch, takes off, flaps)

Light (the bird speeds up and floats in the air, up and away)

Repeat until the birds are all gone from the tree

(I have got the language for this)

The trees keep standing upright, each canopy swings around its own axis,  
lock into each other

I touch the trunk, low down. I feel no pulse,  
no resonance of what happens higher up

The shadows are shifting among the leaves

The sky is moving, swollen with water.