

Marte Huke

Poems from the collection “Ta i mot” (“Take”)  
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Translated by Ero Karlsen

s. 25

The bedrock is a global network of old mountain chains Cracks and  
veins Chew with large motions The time it takes Until the past's flora  
and fauna opens If they are set in motion Basal and diabas The Abyss  
Andes Atlas Alps

s. 26

To move on rocks All start at the same time Haul the geological  
stratification Breathe in through the nose, out through round, open  
mouth Let warm damp air flow out of you Millions of years worn down  
Feel your hand Getting warm

s. 29

We can climb  
through rock  
through light  
and dark layers  
hunting for places  
where gneiss is formed  
Hotter the further  
we descend  
Deep down in the mountain chain:  
dark minerals  
To remain in the heat  
some million years

We bent fingers by the underside, lead the left hand in, withdrew the hands We greased and rubbed slippery fingers and pushed hands starkly greased, the hands of both, the hands of both, twisting and wriggling inwards We fastened the grip Most gneisses have sometime Started to slowly expand where they were “knead”, were exposed to earthquake-like movement In regards to our fingers, following inwards Slowly and with the fingers It came In chorus from our hands, the wearing down of the mountain chain Gneisses can be grey but they are not dull, they reflect what a mountain chain may

s. 43

Take any stone

and add the next

Garnet, opal

trondhjemite, granite

agat, conglomerate

The mountain hardens in its own attempt

to move:

moves the estuary

the incubating darkness

the sea the band which binds us together

The raven in the sky. Sparkles