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*Några anteckningar till ett diktprojekt - här på engelska.*

## **Foundations**

I expected to be spoken of fluently  
but now they will hammer archetypes and burn them.

They call it holy.

They call me deficient.

On your extensive shoulders they force the burden.

They do not like the well-defined shape of your cheeks.

But how can they not see?

Once upon a time did an unknown renaissance artist  
place every stroke he had on you.

Complete, absolute.

In the wrinkle between your brows

life itself is shown.

I want to smooth it out and leave something behind.

I want to stroke your hair

challenge order.

I stretch to reach.

Find support when I lose balance.

The cotton wool slides across your back.

Get a grip!

&ndash; But I am love

to the marrow!

Tarnished be the porcelain vision

but unbreakable is the fair gloom.

Frail is your posture.

The body bows like a flower to the sun.

Why do you not break free?

I would like to see your solar plexus boast

towards the greater.

I want to feel the stream beneath.

Perhaps have you been waiting just for me?

Carefully I support you behind the back.

Skip the title page.

Dive into the first act.

I want to read your every urge

but

I lack the vocabulary

I cannot comprehend the grammar.

I cannot learn

since the pogrom  
in which they burned the books.  
But my mutiny is ahead  
and hence my fall.  
I sever through the golden ratio.  
It seeps.  
Our love is their venom  
and as we fall  
they corrode.  
No palace can be built on elusive soil  
and of empty epitomes.

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