

POËZIECENTRUM

Eiríkur Örn  
Norðdahl

VERSOPOLIS

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Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl

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Iannis Goerlandt

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## Een gedicht over eetgewoonten

Wetenschappers kunnen pindakaas in diamanten veranderen, maar kunnen ons niet helpen de diamanten te verteren; wetenschappers kunnen ons vet uit ons lijf zuigen en onze dunne darm inkorten, maar als we diamanten eten, schijten we ze nog steeds in hun geheel uit, of ze nu van pindakaas zijn gemaakt of niet, daar is niets aan te doen; de Italiaanse futurist FT Marinetti at geen spaghetti omdat spaghetti mensen depri maakt, van spaghetti worden ze opgeblazen en lui en ongeschikt om naar de oorlog te marcheren; de Duitse nazi Adolf Hitler at geen dieren omdat de Duitse nazi Adolf Hitler dieren schattig vond. Zo was dat toen, om welke reden ook: het waren andere tijden met andere normen en waarden. Zionisten maken betere falafel dan fascisten, maar fascisten maken betere pasta; fascisten maken hopeloze haverhoutpap en fascistische couscous is zum kotzen; gemiddeld bakken leraressen beter gebak dan vrachtwagenchauffeurs, maar vrachtwagenchauffeurs bakken dan weer bloederiger biefstuk en eten meer friet, en eten meer mayonaise, maar leraressen kloppen hun mayo vaker zelf. Nazi's zijn vaak vegetariërs die veel zuurkool eten, ze genieten vaak van meer exotisch voedsel dan hun lief is of dan ze willen toegeven, nazi's hebben relatief normale smaakpapillen en hun mening over wie de beste falafel maakt is evenveel waard als die van ieder ander; Arabieren kunnen niet alles weten en eten zeker geen varkensvlees in peterseliesaus, iets wat alleen Denen doen, Prince-rokende Deense-Volkspartij-Denen met vlaggentattoos op Christiania-fiet-sen. Om welke reden ook. Alle Zweden die ik ken hebben een glutenallergie en/of zijn lactose-intolerant en/of veganist, vooral de Zweedse Finnen, vooral degenen die gistbrood eten en geen zuurdesembrood, vooral degenen die veel bier drinken en opgroeiden in moeilijke gezinssituaties in buurten waar mensen nu Rinkeby-Zweeds spreken; Duitsers eten grote worsten op papieren bordjes in de U-bahnstations in Berlijn en spoelen ze door met tarwebier en mayonaise geklopt in een fabriek waar tienduizend Beierse onderwijzers zich dag en nacht afbeulen en de mayo met hun tranen zouten; ze zeggen dat Cubaanse Montecristo-sigaren hun bijzondere smaak krijgen doordat ze gerold worden op de dijnen van maagden; feta is geen feta tenzij een Griek de geit heeft gemolken en skyr geen skyr tenzij die is gemaakt op een kale rots in het midden van de Atlantische Oceaan en wasabi haast nooit wasabi, maar meestal groengekleurde mierikswortel; statistisch gezien zijn homo's opgegroeid onder de beschermende vleugels van vegetariërs

waar, ze veel verse vis aten, vers schoongemaakt en zorgvuldig gekookt. Om welke reden ook. De communisten hielden vol dat het volk kon leven van aardappelen en het buitenleven, maar toen stortte de Sovjet-Unie ineen en vandaag is het volstrekt onmogelijk om een communist te onderscheiden van een pantoffeldragende, hasjrokende, soja-latte-slurpende veganist in Groenland at duizenden jaren lang geen mens ooit fruit, hooguit een paar bosbessen misschien, en op een ander, kleiner eiland overleefde Robinson Crusoe grotendeels op schildpaddeneieren, met verwoestende gevolgen voor de lokale fauna, omdat Crusoe verhoudingsgewijs evenveel schildpaddeneieren bunkerde als een vistrawler kabeljauwfilets. Fransen eten geen maaltijden die je in minder dan twintig minuten kunt uitleggen, behalve dan die kerel die vooral winkelwagentjes en tv-toestellen at, maar ook een volledig Cessna 150-vliegtuigje, wat dan weer niet zo makkelijk uit te leggen valt, en in Spanje doen de moeders van falangisten haast overal saffraan en paprika bij, terwijl het Republikeinse leger tapas eet. Een pasgeborene drinkt aanvankelijk niets dan moedermelk, en moedermelk bevat alle voedingsstoffen die een menselijke lichaam nodig kan hebben, om welke reden ook, niet het minst de zware omega 3-vetzuren die pasgeborenen uit de hersenen van hun moeder zuigen, zodat die hersenen tot 25% van hun totale gewicht verliezen als hun moeders geen levertraan, IJslandse levertraan, willen drinken, om welke reden ook. Anders krijgen moeders last van zwangerschapsdementie, wat ze in IJsland een 'borstvoedingswaas' noemen, en daarom hebben vrouwen in leidinggevende functies zulke lage salarissen. De gemiddelde man – of het nu nazi's, pasgeborenen, futuristen, Groenlanders, Fransen, kaderleden, homo's en/of anderen zijn – ja, de gemiddelde man consumeert in een menselijke leven ongeveer 35 ton voedsel en gooit er evenveel in de vuilnisbak: één ei in de mond, één in de vuilnisbak; één croissant in de mond, één in de vuilnisbak, enzovoort. Elke maaltijd die deze gemiddelde man consumeert bevat gemiddeld 150 miljoen kilometer DNA, lang genoeg om naar de zon te reiken. Niet dat je dat zou kunnen, maar misschien kun je het je wel voorstellen. Helemaal tot aan de zon. Maar hoe zit het met de vleeseters, vraag je je misschien af, waarom zegt hij niets over de vleeseters? Waarom geen woord over zij die kiezen voor bloederige biefstukken, rundstartaar en ganzenlever? Waar blijft de vlijmscherpe kritiek op worsten tjokvol industrieel zout, de leefomstandigheden op de kippenboerderijen, en verdovingsvrije castratie bij varkens? Wat zou Adolf zeggen? Er zijn christenen in de wereld die geen garnalen eten omdat de bijbel dat verbiedt, en sommige vegetariërs eten kip omdat een kip – in feite, als je



er even over nadenkt – gewoon een broccoli is die eieren legt, hoe vreemd dat ook moge klinken. Zij die koolhydraten uit hun dieet weren mogen dan wel afvallen en mooi worden, maar ze hongeren hun hersenen uit, en eigenlijk wil niemand seks met idioten, het is niet half zo leuk als men beweert. Mensen met ouderdomsdiabetes krijgen af te rekenen met grote vooroordelen van zij die met hun diabetes geboren zijn. Mensen die wat ze eten grotendeels weer overgeven kunnen in de maatschappij op maar weinig begrip rekenen. Zij die overleven op sigaretten en koffie kijken neer op zij die denken dat ze te goed zijn om te roken. IJslandse boeren eten meestal bloedworst, en daarom is het voor hen een tweede natuur om het weer te duiden en met dieren te praten; de zwaarlijvigen liegen over hoeveel ze eten, er wordt zelfs gezegd dat ze in een soort slaap eten – een obesitaswaas – en voor zichzelf onmiddellijk onderdrukken wat ze kopen, wat ze koken, wat ze opdienen, eten en ten slotte uitschijten. Amerikanen lijden over het algemeen aan het zogeheten chineesrestaurantsyndroom, wat nog het best kan worden omschreven als een onmetelijke gevoeligheid voor MNG; 's nachts stoppen ze zich vol met chocolade, overdag met met vitamines verrijkte chiashakes en 's avonds met kipnuggets, van gelukkige vrijeuitloopkippen. Specialisten beweren dat men nooit iets mag eten wat 'grootmoeder niet in haar voorraadkast had'. Specialisten beweren dat men nooit iets mag eten waarvoor men te lui is om het vanaf nul te bereiden. Maar hoe zit het met pedofielen? Wat eten pedofielen? Eten ze misschien baby's? Weet iemand dat? En eten magnaten in verhouding tot hun inkomen, of zijn dat net de anderen – de armen? Op deze vraag is er, net als op zovele andere, misschien geen antwoord, maar toch is het belangrijk dat iemand ze stelt, dat we nauwlettend aandacht hebben voor wat we zoal door onze slokdarmen jagen.

Enzovoort en zo verder.



## A poem about eating habits

Scientists can turn peanut butter into diamonds but they can't help us digest the diamonds; scientists can suck out our fat and shorten our small intestines but if we eat diamonds we still shit them whole, whether made from peanut butter or not, this cannot be helped; the Italian futurist FT Marinetti did not eat spaghetti because spaghetti makes people morose, spaghetti makes them bloated and lazy and unfit for marching to war; the German Nazi Adolf Hitler did not eat animals because the German Nazi Adolf Hitler found animals cute.

That's just how it was, however that may be, those were different times and different moral standards. Zionists make better falafel than Fascists but Fascists make better pasta; Fascists make pathetic oatmeal porridge and fascist couscous is revolting; on average female schoolteachers make better pastry than truck drivers but truck drivers make bloodier steaks and eat more French fries, they eat more mayonnaise but the schoolteachers are more likely to whisk their own mayo. Nazis are frequently vegetarians who eat a lot of sauerkraut, they frequently enjoy more exotic food than they like *or* admit, Nazis have relatively normal taste buds and their opinion on who makes the best falafel is as valid as anybody else's; the Arabs cannot know everything and they certainly won't eat pork in parsley sauce, only Danes do that, Prince-smoking Danish-People's-Party-Danes with Flag-tattoos on Christiania-bikes. However that may be. All the Swedes I know have gluten allergy and/or lactose intolerance and/or veganism, especially the Finland-Swedes, especially those that eat yeasted bread rather than sourdough, especially those that drink a lot of beer and grew up in broken homes in neighbourhoods where people now speak "Rinkeby-Swedish"; Germans eat big sausages on little paper plates under the U-Bahn stations in Berlin and wash them down with wheat beer and mayonnaise which is whisked in a factory where ten thousand Bavarian schoolteachers work day and night, salting the mayo with their tears; they say that Cuban Montecristo cigars get their particular taste from being rolled on the thighs of virgins; Feta is not Feta unless a Greek milked the goat and Skyr is not Skyr unless it is produced on a barren rock in the middle of the Atlantic and Wasabi is almost never Wasabi, it's usually green-colored horseradish; statistically gay men grew up sheltered by vegetarians where they ate a lot of fresh fish, newly gutted and carefully boiled. However that may be. Communists maintained

that the people could live from potatoes and outdoor living but then the Soviet Union came crumbling down and today there's no way to tell apart a Communist and a hash-smoking vegan with Soy Latte in slippers; in Greenland no one ate fruit for millennia, not more than a few blueberries at the most, and on another, smaller island Robinson Crusoe to a large degree subsisted on turtle-eggs, with devastating consequences for the local wildlife, because proportionally Crusoe needed as many turtle-eggs as a fishing-trawler needs cod filets. French people won't eat food that can be explained in under twenty minutes, except for that guy who mostly ate shopping carts and TV-sets, but also an entire CESSNA 150 airplane, not that that can be so easily explained, and in Spain the mothers of Falangists put saffron and paprika in almost everything while the Republican army eats Tapas. A newborn initially drinks nothing but mother's milk and mother's milk contains all the nutrients a human body may need, however that may be, not least the weighty Omega 3 fatty acids which the newborns suck from their mothers' brains so that the brains lose up to 25% of their total weight, if the mothers don't take care to drink cod liver oil, Icelandic cod liver oil, however that may be. Otherwise the mothers become confused and in Icelandic that is called to suffer from breast-fog and that is why female executives have such low salaries. The average man – whether Nazi, newborn, Futurist, Greenlander, French, executive, gay and/or otherwise – yes the average man consumes about 35 tons of food in a lifetime and throws as much in the trash; one egg in the mouth, one in the trash; one croissant in the mouth, one in the trash; one kebab in the mouth, one in the trash and so forth. Every meal this average man consumes contains on average 150 million kilometers of DNA which is long enough so that you could stretch it to the sun. Not that you could, but maybe you can envision it. All the way to the sun. But what about the meat-eaters, you may ask, how come he doesn't say anything about the meat-eaters? Why is there not a word here about those who choose bloody steaks, tartare de bœuf and goose-liver? Where is all the harsh critique of sausages filled with industrial salt, the living conditions at chicken farms and the drug-free castration of pigs? What would Adolf say? There are Christians in the world who won't eat shrimp because it is forbidden in the Bible and some vegetarians eat chicken because really – I mean, when you think about it – chicken is just broccoli that lays eggs; as weird as that may sound. Those who skip carbohydrates from their diet may lose weight and get pretty but they starve their brains and nobody really wants to have sex with idiots, it's not half as much fun as people claim. People with

adult-onset diabetes must endure great prejudice from those who were born with their diabetes. People who vomit most of what they eat meet little understanding in society. Those who subsist on cigarettes and coffee look down on those who think they're too fancy to smoke. Icelandic farmers mostly eat blood pudding, that's why understanding the weather and talking to animals comes so naturally to them; the obese lie about how they much they eat, it is even said that they eat in some kind of slumber – a fog of obesity – and immediately suppress what they buy, what they cook, what they serve, eat and finally shit. Americans generally suffer from what is called *Chinese Food Syndrome* and is best described as an immeasurable sensitivity to MSG; they stuff themselves with chocolate at night, vitamin-enriched chia-shakes during the day and chicken nuggets for dinner, happy free range chicken nuggets. Specialists claim that one should never eat anything that one's "grandmother didn't have in her pantry". Specialists claim that one should never eat anything one is too lazy to eat from scratch. But what about paedophiles? What do pedophiles eat? Do they perhaps eat babies? Does anyone know? And do tycoons eat in proportion to their income or is that the other guys – the poor? To this question, like so many others, there may not be an answer, but yet it is important that someone asks, that we pay the minutest attention to what it is that we flush down our gullets.

And so forth and so forth.



## Ljóð um matarvenjur

Vísindamenn geta breytt hnetusmjöri í demanta en þeir geta ekki hjálpað okkur að melta demantana; vísindamenn geta sogið úr okkur fituna og stytt á okkur garnirnar en ef við étum demanta skítum við þeim samt út heilum, jafnt þótt þeir séu gerðir úr hnetusmjöri, við því er ekkert að gera; Ítalski fútúristinn FT Marinetti borðaði ekki spagettí, því spagettí veldur mönnum ástríðuleysi, spagettí gerir þá uppþembda og lata og illa til þess fallna að þramma til stríðs; Þýski nasistinn Adolf Hitler borðaði ekki dýr vegna þess að Þýska nasistanum Adolf Hitler fannst dýrin sæt. Það var nú bara þannig, hvernig sem á því stendur, aðrir tímar og önnur mórölsk viðmið. Síonistar gera betra falafel en fasistar en fasistar gera betri pastarétti; fasistar gera vonlausan hafragraut og kúskús á fasíska vísu er óþverri; kennslukonur baka að jafnaði betra sætabrauð en vörubílstjórar en vörubílstjórar steikja blóðugri steikur og borða fleiri franskar, þeir borða meira majones en kennslukonurnar sem eru þó líklegri til að hræra sitt majones sjálfar. Nasistar eru gjarnan grænmetisætur sem borða mikið súrkál, gjarnan gefnari fyrir útlenskari mat en þeir kæra sig um eða viðurkenna, nasistar eru með til þess að gera venjulega bragðlauka og skoðun þeirra á því hvaða síonistar gera besta falafelið er jafngild og hverra annarra; arabarnir geta ekki vitað allt og ekki borða þeir steikt flekk með steinseljusósu, það gera Danir, alvöru prinsreykjandi dansk-folkeparti-Danir með Dannebrogtattú á Kristjánúhjóllum. Hvernig sem á því stendur. Allir Svíar sem ég þekki eru með glútenofnæmi og/eða mjólkuróþol og/eða veganisma, sérstaklega Finnlandssviarnir, sérstaklega þeir sem borða gerbrauð en ekki súrdeigs, sérstaklega þeir sem drekka mikinn bjór og ólust upp á brotnum heimilum í hverfum þar sem nú er töluð Rinkebysænska; Þjóðverjar borða stórar pylsur á litlum pappadiskum undir U-bahnstöðvum Berlínarborgar og skola þeim niður með hveitibjór og majonesi sem hrært er í verksmíðju þar sem tíu þúsund bæverskar kennslukonur standa vaktina, dag og nótt, og salta majoið með tárnum sínum; sagt er að kúbanskir Montecristo-vindlar fái einstakan keim sinn af því að vera vafðir á lærnum hreinna meylla; feta er ekki feta nema það sé Grikki sem mjólkar geitina og skyr er ekki skyr nema það sé framleitt á hrjóstrugum kletti í Atlantshafinu og wasabi er svo til aldrei wasabi heldur yfirleitt grænlituð piparrót; tölfræðilega ólust samkynneigðir karlmenn upp í faðmi grænmetisætna og borðuðu þar mikinn ferskan fisk, nýslægðan og soðinn með gát. Hvernig sem á því stendur. Kommú-

nistar héldu því fram að alþýðan gæti lifað á kartöflum og útivist en svo hrundu Sovétríkin og í dag er engin leið að þekkja kommúnista frá hassreykjandi vegana með sojalatte í inniskóm; á Grænlandi át enginn ávexti svo árþúsundum skipti, í mesta lagi nokkur bláber, og á annarri og minni eyju lifði Róbinson Krúsó mikið til á skjaldbökueggjum með skelfilegum afleiðingum fyrir dýraríkið á svæðinu, því hlutfallslega þurfti Krúsó jafn mikið af skjaldbökueggjum og frystitogari þarf af þorskflökum. Frakkar borða helst ekki mat sem hægt er að útskýra á innan við tuttugu mínútum, nema þarna náunginn sem borðaði aðallega innkaupakerrur og sjónvörp, en líka heila CESSNA 150 flugvél, ekki að það verði svo auðveldlega útskýrt, og á Spáni setja mæður falangista saffran og reyktu papriku í nærri því allt á meðan Lýðveldisherinn étur tapas. Hvítvoðungar drekka fyrst um sinn ekkert nema móðurmjólk og móðurmjólk inniheldur öll þau næringarefni sem nauðsynleg eru mannlíkamanum, hvernig sem á því stendur, ekki síst níðþungar omega 3 fitusýrur sem hvítvoðungar sjúga úr heilum mæðra sinna svo heilarnir léttast um allt að 25% ef mæðurnar gæta sín ekki og drekka lýsi, íslenskt lýsi, hvernig sem á því nú annars stendur. Annars verða mæðurnar ringlaðar og þetta heitir á íslensku að vera með brjóstapöku og þess vegna eru kvenkyns forstjórar með svona lág laun. Meðalmaðurinn – og þá jafnt nasistar, hvítvoðungar, fútúristar Grænlandingar, Frakkar, forstjórar, samkynhneigðir og/eða aðrir – já meðalmaðurinn étur um 35 tonn af fæðu um ævina og hendir jafn miklu í ruslið. Eitt egg í munninn, eitt í ruslið; eitt croissant í munninn, eitt í ruslið; eitt kebab í munninn, eitt í ruslið og svo framvegis. Í hverri máltíð sem þessi meðalmaður étur eru að meðaltali 150 milljón kílómetrar af erfðaefni sem er nógu langt til að það mætti strengja alla leiðina til sólarinnar. Ekki að það sé hægt en þið sjáið þetta kannski fyrir ykkur. Alla leið til sólarinnar. En hvað um kjötæturnar, spyrjiði kannski, hvers vegna segir hann ekkert um kjötæturnar? Hvers vegna er hér ekkert rætt um þá sem kjósa blóðugar steikur, tartare de bœuf og gæsalifur? Hvar er öll harðvítuga krítíkin á pylsur fullar af iðnaðarsalti, aðbúnað kjúklinga og vímuefnalausar geldingar grísa? Hvað myndi Adolf segja? Til er kristið fólk sem borðar ekki rækjur vegna þess að það er bannað í Biblíunni og sumar grænmetisætur borða kjúkling vegna þess að kjúklingur er eiginlega – þegar maður spáir í það – bara brokkolí sem verpir eggjum; eins undarlega og það kannski hljómar. Þeir sem sleppa kolvetnum úr mataræði sínu grennast kannski og verða sætir en þeir svelta heilann og það langar í raun engan að sofa hjá heimskingjum, það er ekki nærri því jafn skemmtilegt og af er látið. Fólk sem er með áunna sykursýki þarf að þola mikla fordóma af hendi



þeirra sem eru með meðfædda sykursýki. Fólk sem ælir stórum hluta þess sem það étur nýtur lítils skilnings í samfélaginu. Þeir sem lifa á kaffi og sígarrettum líta niður á þá sem þykjast of góðir til að reykja. Íslenskir bændur borða aðallega blóðgraut, þess vegna eiga þeir svona gott með að skilja veðurfarið og tala við skepnur; offitusjúklingar ljúga til um hvað þeir éta miðið, sagt er að þeir éti jafnvel í einhvers konar móki – offituboku – og bæli jafn óðum það sem þeir kaupa, það sem þeir elda, það sem þeir bera fram, éta og skíta. Bandaríkjamenn eru upp til hópa illa haldnir af því sem nefnist *Chinese Food Syndrome* og lýsir sér í ómælanlegri viðkvæmni fyrir MSG; þeir gúffa í sig súkkulaði um nætur, vítamínþættum chia-fræjhristingum á daginn og kjúklinganöggum í kvöldmat, hamingjukjúklinganöggum sem ganga frjálssir utanhúss. Sérfræðingar segja að maður eigi aldrei að borða neitt sem „amma manns hefði ekki geymt í búrinu sínu“. Sérfræðingar segja að maður eigi aldrei að borða neitt sem maður er of latur til að gera frá grunni. En barnaníðingar? Hvað borða barnaníðingar? Borða þeir kannski börn? Veit það einhver? Borða þeir í laumi? Og borða auðjöfrar í hlutfalli við tekjur sínar eða eru það hinir – fátæklingarnir? Við þessu einsog svo mörgu öðru fást kannski engin svör en það er samt mikilvægt að einhver spyrji, að við sýnum því dálitla athygli hvað það er sem við sturtum ofan í kokið á okkur.

Og svo framvegis og svo framvegis.



## Een gedicht over vlees en zijn vruchtbaarheid

Je vlees is uiteengereten en versneden en stulpt uit, maar je bent vruchtbaar; je bent eeltig, je bent wondkorstjes, je bent abces, helende smeersels en gangreen, grafplaats van appendices, voorhuiden en foetussen. Je bent vruchtbaar ondanks operaties, ingrepen en diepe incisies in beide armen, over je schouders en onder je tietten, zodat er per ongeluk twee kussens uitvallen, over je buik naar beneden glijden en verdwijnen in een gapende keizersnede, waaruit vervolgens je kinderen dood geboren worden, met klonten vet als hersenen en melkklieren als hart.

Je bent vruchtbaarder dan je lichaam, vruchtbaarder dan de tempel der uitgeputte zielen; je gaat onder het mes om ze eruit te laten – zoals het bloedige vet van een kortgedarmde moeder, een haarloze vogel uit een ontvelde handpalm – om geschiedenis te injecteren, opgeblazen met botulinetoxine, om de vogel wensbeen per wensbeen af te breken, om te onthouden dat je geen pijn voelt, groef na groef, snee na snee in alle ledematen tegelijk, die van jou en van anderen.

Anders ben je gewoon verdoofd.

Je bent vruchtbaar en creatief, leest scrollend artikels over gezond seksueel gedrag, de gedragspatronen van sleutelkinderen, de ritmes van de moderne sociale media en speelgoed dat van kleur verandert; knikt in de maat met je keel vol piswarm vlees, en kauwt je eten dertig keer zodat het beter verteerbaar is; je bent vruchtbaar en zult altijd honger hebben als iemand je bij de blubber grijpt; je bent vruchtbaar en eet als een hobbit; vruchtbaar en je wordt altijd kletsnat als iemand zijn vingers in je dijen duwt; vruchtbaar en voor je het weet heb je een gehavend perineum, een bloederige bevalling, strakke hechtingen en een bloedeloze menopauze; je bent vruchtbaar, je buik springt open en eruit druip schiffterig sperma.

Je bent vruchtbaar en verliest je ledematen, raakt bedekt met acne en begraaft je vagina onder bling; je bent vruchtbaar en wordt groter, vruchtbaar en slinkt weg, vruchtbaar en hebt 23% verhoogd risico op hart- en vaatziekten, 17% verhoogd risico op type 2 diabetes, 38% verhoogd risico op een besmettelijke identiteitsstoornis, vruchtbaar en bloedmooi, vruchtbaar en bezwangerbaar, vruchtbaar en zelfbedruipend.

Je bent vruchtbaar en het kan je niets verdommen.

Je bent vruchtbaar en nu kan het je wel iets verdommen.

Je bent vruchtbaar en niemand wacht op je.

Je bent vruchtbaar en de revolutie wacht op je. Verder niemand.

Je bent vruchtbaar en ontveld; niets dan geronnen bloed en botten en gescheurde spieren, je bent vruchtbaar en houdt je ogen in hun kassen met je blote, koude, snotnatte vingergebeente, je bent vruchtbaar en sleept je verdorde ingewanden als een gestolen bruidssluijer achter je aan; je bent vruchtbaar en gespannen en gezwollen, je gaten zijn dichtgekit, je zweren doorgeprikt en gedraineerd, en van de ingekookte etter is een nachtcrème gemaakt voor de vrouwen van heren van stand.

Maar je bent tenminste vruchtbaar en fotogeniek.

Je bent een kind en je bent vruchtbaar, oud en je bent vruchtbaar, je wordt vruchtbaarder begraven en rot niet weg maar krijgt een eeuwige huid, eeuwige tanden en het beendergestel van je innerlijke godin; je bent vruchtbaar en draagt een plusmaatje ondergoed, vruchtbaar tot aan je tietjes en vruchtbaar tot aan je knieën, niet alleen een gezicht maar ook een recipiënt, niet alleen een speeltje maar ook een verwend nest.

Je bent vruchtbaar en betoomt je verlangen naar suiker, heerst over wit meel, vernietigt koolhydraten en verslindt pure, organisch gekweekte cellulitis als ontbijt; je bent vruchtbaarder op vier benen dankzij de homeopathische geneeskunde, een gezond zelfbeeld en je volgers op Snapchat; vruchtbaarder op je rug dankzij Kegeloefeningen en kindergeboorte (zo nodig te herhalen), vruchtbaarder kreunend ingesnoerd met spek zwemmend in een bad van korianderboter, met multiresistente gonorrhoe, met getuitede lippen, met klinisch narcisme, met knoflook en szechuanpeper.

Voluptueus doe je handstanden, vruchtbaar wezend, zodat je vlees onder je schouders valt; je bent vruchtbaar in je knieën, vruchtbaar op je tenen, vruchtbaar in je handpalmen, straalt door je baarmoeder, hijgend en moe met rode ogen die zich wild volproppen met rauw voedsel, pezig en bloedrig vlees en goudvissen op de graat recht uit het aquarium, dichtgenaaide maagdenvliezen van de vaak gebruikten die zuiver buikvet in hun blozende borsten en fairtrade menstruatiebloed in hun wallen injecteren, en hun prachtige buikspieren verstevigen voor de spiegel, pratend tegen die spiegel met hun zanikstem.

Jij bent vruchtbaar, zeggen ze.

Mijn god, wat ben jij vruchtbaar, zeggen ze.

Ongelooflijk, zeggen ze, hoe vruchtbaar jij bent.

Je zult waarschijnlijk wel snel weer vruchtbaar zijn, zeggen ze. Maak je geen zorgen, niemand kan het wat schelen. *Als je met anderen zou praten zoals je tegen jezelf praat, zou je al gauw geen vrienden meer over houden.* Met

een ingevette duckface op je lippen, een beenwitte wasknijper op je neus en diepe, roze gespikkelde korstjes op je dijen; je kunt je hoed op je hoofd en je uitdrukking op je gezicht laten zitten, je contactlenzen dragen tijdens het zwemmen, je nageboorte in je visschotel verwerken en borstvoeding geven in de sauna. In godsnaam. Het wachtwoord is *WeLoveBoobsAndBabies69*.

Je bent vruchtbaar en sterk, met voeten als een nijlpaard.

Je bent vruchtbaar en mooi, met een gezicht als een granieten Jean-Kloot VD.

Je bent vruchtbaar en stijf, met een kont als een verweerde lederen bank tijdens de dooi.

Je bent vruchtbaar en zacht, vrij, vloeit uit als een gletsjer die uit eetbare shapewearslijpjes barst.

Je bent vruchtbaar, godin, god, idool, goed, ondanks de bevalling, een uitgeputte tempel die de geschiedenis opnieuw vormgeeft.

Enzovoort en zo verder.



## A poem about flesh and its fertility

Your flesh is torn, cut and raised up but you are fertile; you are callous, you are scabs of a wound, you are abscess, ointments and gangrene, the graves of appendixes, foreskins and fetuses. You are fertile despite operations, interventions and deep cuts up both your arms, over the shoulders and under your tits so that by accident two pillows fall out, slide down your belly and disappear into a gaping caesarean, from where your children are then still-born with lumps of fat for brains and milk glands for hearts.

You are more fertile than your body, more fertile than the temple of exhausted souls; you go under the knife to let them out – like the bloody fat from an intestinely short mother, a hairless bird from a skinned palm – to inject history bloated with botulin poison, in order to break down the bird one wishbone at a time, in order to remember that you feel no pain, groove after groove, cut after cut up all the limbs simultaneously, yours and others'.

Otherwise you are just numb.

You are fertile and creative, scrolling down articles about wholesome sexual behaviour, the behavioral patterns of latchkey children, modern social media rhythms and toys that change colour; nod in time with your throat full of piss-warm flesh and you chew your food thirty times so that it will digest better; you are fertile and you will always be hungry when someone grabs you by the blubber; you are fertile and you eat like a hobbit; fertile and you always turn soaked when someone sinks their fingers into your thighs; fertile and soon you'll have busted perinea, bloody childbirth, tight stitches and bloodless menopause; you are fertile, your belly pops open and lumpy sperm trickles out.

You are fertile and you lose your limbs, get covered with acne and bury your vagina with bling; you are fertile and you grow bigger, fertile and you diminish, fertile and have 23% increased risk of heart disease, 17% increased risk of Type 2 diabetes, 38% increased risk of infectious identity disorder, fertile and beautiful, fertile and impregnable, fertile and self-sufficient.

You are fertile and you don't care.

You are fertile and now you care.

You are fertile and no one waits for you.

You are fertile and the revolution waits. No one else.

You are fertile and skinned; nothing but clotted blood and bones and torn muscles, you are fertile and you keep your eyes in their sockets with your

bare, cold, snot-wet finger-bones, you are fertile and you drag your wizened intestines behind you like a stolen bride's veil; you are fertile and taut and swollen, your holes have been puttied over, your boils punctured, drained and the pus boiled down and made into night cream for the wives of upper class gentlemen.

But at least you are fertile and photogenic.

You are a child and you are fertile, aged and you are fertile, you get buried more fertile and do not rot but acquire eternal skin, eternal teeth and the bone structure of your inner goddess; you are fertile and oversized in under garments, fertile up to the titties and fertile down to the knees, not just a face but also a receptacle, not just a toy but also a pampered brat.

You are fertile and you crush sugar cravings, lord over white flour, destroy carbs and devour pure organically grown cellulite for breakfast; you are more fertile on four legs thanks to homeopathic medicine, a healthy self-image and your followers on Snapchat; more fertile on your back thanks to Kegel exercises and childbirth (to be repeated as needed), more fertile moaning hog-tied with bacon bathed in butter with coriander, with multi-resistant gonorrhoea, with pouty lips, with clinical narcissism, with garlic and Sichuan pepper.

Voluptuous you take handstands, while fertile, so that your flesh droops below your shoulders; you are fertile in your knees, fertile on your toes, fertile in your palms, radiate through the uterus, gasping and tired with reddened eyes stuffing themselves wildly with raw food, sinewy and bloody meat and goldfish on the bone straight from the tank, stitched-up hymens of the oft-utilised which inject pure belly-fat into their flushed breasts, fair-trade menstrual blood into their eye-bags and tone their gorgeous abs by the mirror, talk to the mirror with their whiny-voice.

You are fertile, they say.

My god, you are fertile, they say.

Incredible, they say, you are *so* fertile.

You will probably soon be fertile again, they say. Don't worry, nobody cares. *If you talked to others the way you talk to yourself you would soon have no friends.* With a greased up duckface on your lips, a bone-white clothespin on your nose and deep pink-speckled scabs up your thighs; you can leave your hat on your head, you can leave your countenance on your face, wear your contacts while swimming, mash your afterbirth into your fish stew and breastfeed in the sauna. For god's sake. The password is *WeLoveBoobsAndBabies69*.



You are fertile and strong, with feet like a hippo.

You are fertile and pretty, with a face like a granite-hard Jean-Dick VD.

You are fertile and rigid, with an ass like a weathered leather sofa during the thaw period.

You are fertile and soft, free, flow forth like a glacier bursting out of edible shapewear panties.

You are fertile, goddess, god, idol, good, despite childbirth, an exhausted temple reshaping history.

And so on and so forth.



## Ljóð um hold og frjósemi þess

Hold þitt er slitið, upprist og uppreist en þú ert frjó; þú ert sigg, þú ert hrúður á sári, þú ert ígerðir, smyrsl og holdfúi, grafir botnlanga, forhúða og fósra. Þú ert frjó þrátt fyrir uppskurði, inngríp og djúpa skurði upp báða handleggi, yfir axlir og niður undir brjóst svo út renna tveir púðar óvart, niður kvið og hverfa ofaní gapandi keisaraskurð, þaðan sem börn þín fæðast loks óbyrja með fitukeppi í heilastað og mjólkurkirtla í hjartastað.

Þú ert frjórri en líkami þinn, frjórri en musteri úrvinda sálana; þú leggst undir hnífinn til þess að sleppa þeim út – einsog blóðugri fitu úr þarmstuttri móður, hárlausum fugli úr húðflegnum lófa – til þess að sprauta mannkyns-söguna þrútna af bótúlíneitri, til þess að brjóta niður fuglinn eitt óskabein í einu, til þess að muna að þú finnur hvergi til, skoru fyrir skoru, skurð fyrir skurð upp alla limi í senn, þína og annarra.

Annars ertu bara dofin.

Þú ert frjó og skapandi, skrunar niður greinar um heilbrigða kynhegðun, hegðunarmynstur lykklabarna, félagsmiðlarytma nútímans og leikföng sem skipta litum; kinkar kolti taktfast með kokið fullt af hlandvolgu holdi og tyggur matinn þrjátíu sinnum svo hann meltist betur; þú ert frjó og þú verður alltaf svöng þegar einhver grípur í spikið á þér; þú ert frjó og þú étur einsog hobbíti; frjó og verður alltaf gegndrepa þegar einhver sökkvir fingrunum í lærin á þér; frjó og það styttist í sprungnar spangir, blóðugar barneignir, þétttriðna sauma og blóðlaus tíðahvörf; þú ert frjó, kviðurinn sprettist upp svo út seytlar kekkjótt sæði.

Þú ert frjó og þú missir útlími, steypist út í þrymlabólum og grefur sköp þín í glingri; þú ert frjó og þú stækkar, frjó og þú dregst saman, frjó í 23% aukinni hættu á hjartasjúkdómum, 17% aukinni hættu á áunninni sykursýki, 38% aukinni hættu á smitandi sjálfsmyndarbrenslun, frjó og fögur, frjó og getnaðarleg, frjó og sjálfri þér næg.

Þú ert frjó og þér stendur á sama.

Þú ert frjó og þér stendur ekki lengur á sama.

Þú ert frjó og barnlaus og þín bíður enginn.

Þú ert frjó og byltingin bíður. Enginn annar.

Þú ert frjó og flegin; ekkert nema blóðkögglar og beinagrind og rifnir vöðvar, þú ert frjó og heldur augunum upp í tóftum sínum með berum, köldum horblautum kjúkununum, þú ert frjó og dregur skorpna þarmana á eftir þér einsog stolið brúðarslör; þú ert frjó og þanin og bólgin, búið að kítta upp

í götin, stinga á kýlin, drena þau og sjóða gröftinn niður í næturkrem fyrir heldri manna húsfreyjur.

En þú ert allavega frjó og þú ert fótógenísk.

Þú ert barn og þú ert frjó, gamalmenni og þú ert frjó, ferð í gröfina frjórri og rotnar ekki heldur öðlast eilífa húð, eilífar tennur og beinabyggingu þinnar innri gyðju; þú ert frjó í yfirstærð og undirfötum, frjó að ofan upp undir brjóst og frjó að neðan niður að hnjám, ekki bara andlit heldur líka ílát, ekki bara leikfang heldur líka dekurdós.

Þú ert frjó og knésetur sykurþarfir, drottinnar yfir hvítu hveiti, tortímur kolvetnum og étur hreina lífrænt ræktaða appelsínuhúð í morgunverð; þú ert frjórri á fjórum fótum fyrir tilstuðlan smáskammtalækninga, heilbrigðrar sjálfsmýndar og fylgjenda þinna á Snapchat, frjórri á bakinu fyrir tilstuðlan grindarbotnsæfinga og barneigna (endurtakist eftir þörfum), frjórri emjandi reyrð í flesk í smjörbaði með kóríander, með fjölónæman lekanda, með stút á vörum, með klíníska sjálfsdýrkun, með hvítlauki og kínaverskum pipar.

Prýstin stendur þú frjó á höndum svo holdið drúpir niður fyrir axlir; þú ert frjó í hnjánnum, frjó á tánnum, frjó í lófunum, geislar af móðurlífi, móð og lúin með rauðsprungin augu sem troða sig tvíhent út af hráfæði, sinaberu og blóðugu kjöti og gullfiskum á beininu beint úr búrinu, samansúrruðum meyarhöftum hinna margnýttu sem sprauta hreinni kvíðfitu í rjóð brjóstin, fairtrade tíðablóði í baugana og tóna mikilfenglega magavöðvana við spegilinn, tala við spegilinn með grenjuröddinni sinni.

Þú ert frjó, segja þau.

Guð hvað þú ert frjó, segja þau.

Ótrúlegt, segja þau, þú ert svo frjó.

Þú verður áreiðanlega bráðum *aftur* frjó, segja þau. Ekki hafa áhyggjur af þessu, það stendur öllum á sama. *Ef maður talaði við aðra einsog maður talar við sjálfan sig ætti maður fljótt enga vini.* Með fitusmurðan gæsagogg á vörunum, beinhvíta þvottaklemmu á nefinu og djúpt bleikdröfnótt hrúður upp eftir lærunum; þú mátt skilja hattinn eftir á höfðinu, mátt skilja andlitid eftir á feisinu, fara með linsurnar í sund, stappa fylgjinni saman við plockfiskinn og gefa brjóst í gufubaðinu. Í guðanna bænum. Lykilorðið er *WeLoveBoobsAndBabies69*.

Þú ert frjó og sterk, með fætur einsog flóðhestur.

Þú ert frjó og fögur, með andlit einsog granítharður gillzlimur.

Þú ert frjó og stinn, með rass einsog veðrað leðursófasett í miðjum leytingum.

Dú ert frjó og mjúk, frjál, flæðir fram einsog skriðjökull upp úr ætum aðhaldsnærfötum.

Dú ert frjó, gyðja, guð, goð, góð, þrátt fyrir barneignir, úrvinda musteri sem endurmótar söguna.

Og svo framvegis og svo framvegis.



## Een gedicht over vergeving

Het was niet zo bedoeld.

Het was een soort gebrek aan inschattingsvermogen.

Het was een soort gedachteloosheid. Volmaakte onnadenkendheid, en toch zo onvolmaakt.

We verontschuldigen ons voor wat we hebben gezegd. Voor wat we hebben gedaan. We verontschuldigen ons voor wat we niet hebben gedaan.

We verontschuldigen ons voor het feit dat we op de juiste plaats op het juiste moment waren, de verkeerde plaats op het verkeerde moment, de juiste plaats op het verkeerde moment en de verkeerde plaats op het juiste moment. Dat was nooit onze bedoeling. Dat was nooit zo bedoeld, nooit bedoeld om zo te zijn. We wilden fatsoenlijk zijn. Beschermend. Agressief. We wilden voorzien, doorzetten. We wilden gevierd worden.

Maar jij hebt geen gevoel voor humor. Niet over zulke dingen.

Wij zijn mannen. Wij begrepen onszelf niet zoals jij ons begreep. Jij begreep ons en wij hebben ons vergist en dat is onze schuld. We hebben nooit iemand willen kwetsen. We nemen hiervoor de schuld volledig op ons. Voor dit falen van de communicatie. Dit gebrek aan gevoel voor humor. Wij zijn het die niet grappig zijn.

Als onze excuses iemand van streek brengen, dan verontschuldigen we ons daarvoor. We hadden geen kwaad in de zin. Hadden niet de bedoeling iemand te kwetsen. We zijn oprecht. Respectvol oprecht. We vragen om vergeving, bieden onze verontschuldigen aan en smeken om vergiffenis.

Dan ontmoeten we elkaar in de rechtbank. Zien elkaar voor een rechter. Overleggen ergens in een rokerig achterkamertje en werken een compromis uit. Jij vergeeft mij ondanks je moeder. Ik vergeef jou ondanks mijn moeder.

Nu is iedereen met elkaar verzoend.

We verzoenen ons, maar onze moeders spreken niet met elkaar. Onze moeders verzoenen zich ondanks ons. Onze vaders worden bemiddelaars. Onze broers zijn uit op wraak en onze zussen huilen in hun kussen. Onze kinderen worden gepest. Onze wederhelften vinden geen werk. We worden uit de stad verdreven. Verdreven naar het platteland. Het land uit, en we verontschuldigen ons publiekelijk. We hebben gefaald, zeggen we. Het is de generatie. Het is de maatschappij. De kleine stad en de mensenmassa's. We

hebben het geleerd van de televisie. Gelezen in een boek. Ergens gevonden online. We hebben online gefaald. Gefaald op de televisie.

Weten we diep vanbinnen niet dat we niet kwaadaardig zijn? Weten we dat niet? Diep vanbinnen weten zij die ons kennen dat we niet kwaadaardig zijn. Of niet? Diep vanbinnen, zeggen ze, zijn we niet kwaadaardig. We horen ze. We luisteren niet echt, maar we horen ze wel. Het is alleen zo dat niemand meer te vertrouwen is.

We vragen niet om vergeving op zoek naar eerherstel. Voor ons is eerherstel niet mogelijk. Dat hebben we nooit verdiend. We vragen om vergeving omdat het het juiste is om te doen. Omdat we ons schamen. Zonder eer. Nog het meest gepast zou het zijn als we de kans kregen om onze schuld te bekennen voor een rechter in een rechtbank van eerste aanleg, onze schuld vervolgens te herhalen voor een rechter van het hooggerechtshof, en dan nog eens voor de Almachtige. Niemand vergeeft zoals de Almachtige. Maar vergeving is niet waar we naar op zoek zijn. Dat zou oneerlijk zijn, en we zijn niet oneerlijk. We menen ieder woord. Oprecht en met respect. Menen ieder woord uit de grond van ons hart. Vergeef ons. Je moet ons vergeven. We kunnen het niet verdragen als je ons niet vergeeft. We kunnen het niet verdragen om niet om vergeving te vragen.

De schande is verstikkend. De schande is oorverdovend. Doe het niet. Krop in de keel.

We staan op onze benen. We zijn mannen. We zijn menselijk. We zijn mensen. Neem ons niet kwalijk. We zijn vervuld van spijt en we hebben geen spijt. Zo is het nu eenmaal. Het is onze schuld en we schamen ons niet om dat toe te geven. *Onze schuld*. Dit zal niet opnieuw gebeuren. Niet als het aan ons ligt.

Deze schande zal niet worden teruggegeven, dit is onze schande. Deze schande zal niet worden teruggegeven, aan niemand. Wij zullen ze op ons nemen. Teruggegeven. Gerecycleerd. Geef ons onze schande terug. Wij zullen ervoor zorgen.

Het is onze schande. Dat weet je.

Vergeef ons zoals wij. Dat weet je.

Aan de schuldenaren.

En daarmee is de kous af. :-)

Niemand toont zoveel nederigheid in zijn schande, en als iemand zoveel nederigheid in zijn schande toont dan verontschuldigen wij ons daarvoor.

We probeerden gewoon grappig te zijn. Het was ons gebrek aan inschattingsvermogen.



Ergens hadden we nooit gedacht dat iemand van streek zou raken. Dat hadden we totaal fout ingeschat. Een inschattingsfout van onzentwege. We verontschuldigen ons, of toch in ieder geval ik, als jij niet mans genoeg bent. Als ik iemand pijn heb gedaan, heb ik dat nooit zo bedoeld. Het lag niet aan jou, het lag aan mij. Je hebt nooit iets gedaan om te verdienen zo behandeld te worden. Hebt nooit iets gedaan, toch niet wat ik me kan herinneren. Nooit gezegd dat het je speet. Het spijt mij. Onverbloemd. Ondubbelzinnig. Onvoorwaardelijk. Ondanks mijn moeder. Ondanks iedereen hier aanwezig. Ik verontschuldig me, ook al vergeef je me niet, ook al vraag jij niet om vergeving. Ik zal mezelf niet verdedigen. Ik ben kwaadaardig. Zo is het gewoon. Er is iets mis in mij. Iets mis met mij. Een duivel of twee. Iets verduiveld mis met mij. Godverdomme. Godverdomme toch.

Ik ben duidelijk klaar om te vergeven en jij niet. Maar ik zal niet wachten tot je klaar bent om te vergeven, dat hoeft niet, ik vergeef onvoorwaardelijk. Ik vergeef zonder dat jij klaar bent om vergeving te vragen. Je vergeeft zonder dat ik om vergeving vraag. Ik vergeef en jij vergeeft, maar de wet ziet de dingen anders. De wet gaat akkoord met het vergeven, maar het publiek ziet de dingen anders. Ik ben verstoten. Jij bent verstoten. We ontmoeten elkaar op de berg. Leggen onze notities naast elkaar en zien uit naar het oordeel over onze daden. Onze moeders zien de dingen anders.

Een voor een vragen we om vergeving.

Een voor een. Doen we boete. Veranderen we. Helpen we met de schoonmaak. Een voor een. Dit mag niet het einde van onze redding betekenen. Dit is geweld en geweld heeft betrekking op de wet. De wet is niet tot redding in staat en dus moeten we ingrijpen. Een voor een. Iemand moet de weerlozen verdedigen. Als we smeken om genade, smeken om vergeving en om eerherstel, zal er niemand zijn om te verzekeren dat gerechtigheid geschiedt. Dat niets over het hoofd wordt gezien. Geen afwijkingen. Geen plooiën.

Niemand om de boeken op orde te krijgen, niemand om ervoor te zorgen dat alles weer wordt zoals het hoort.

Alleen wij.

Enzovoort en zo verder.



## A poem about forgiveness

It was unintentional.

It was a kind of lack of judgment.

It was a kind of thoughtlessness. Perfect thoughtlessness and yet so imperfect.

We apologise for what we said. What we did. We apologize for what we didn't do.

We apologize for being at the right place at the right time, wrong place at the wrong time, right place at the wrong time and the wrong place at the right time. We never meant to. Never meant any of this, it wasn't meant to be like this. We meant to be decent. Protective. Aggressive. We meant to foresee, persevere. We meant to be celebrated.

But you have no sense of humour. Not about these things.

We are men. We did not understand ourselves the way you understood us. You understood us and we misspoke and that is our fault. We never meant to hurt anyone. We'll take the blame for this one. This failure to communicate. This lack of a sense of humor. We are the ones who aren't funny.

If our excuses ruffled anyone's feathers then we apologize. We meant no harm. Didn't mean to hurt anyone. We are sincere. Respectfully sincere. We ask for forgiveness and apologize and beg for pardon.

Then we meet in court. Meet in front of a judge. We deliberate in a smoke-filled back room somewhere and find a common solution. You forgive me despite your mother. I forgive you despite my mother.

Now everyone is reconciled.

We reconcile but our mothers do not speak. Our mothers reconcile despite us. Our fathers become mediators. Our brothers seek vengeance and our sisters cry on their pillow. Our children get bullied. Our spouses can't find work. We get driven out of town. Driven out to the countryside. Out of the country and we publicly apologize. We have failed we say. It's the generation. It's the society. The small town and the multitudes. We learned it from the television. Read it in a book. Found it online. We have failed online. Failed on the television.

Do we not know deep down inside that we are not evil? Do we not know? Deep down inside those who know us know that we are not evil. Do they not know? Deep down they say that we are not evil. We hear them. We do not particularly listen but we still hear them. It's just that no one can be trusted anymore.

We do not ask for forgiveness in order to have our honour restored. Will not have our honor restored. We never earned it. We ask for forgiveness because it is the right thing to do. Because we feel ashamed. Without honor. Most proper would be if we got the chance to confess our guilt in front of a district court judge, repeat our guilt in front of a supreme court judge and yet again in front of the almighty. No one forgives like the almighty. But it is not forgiveness we seek. That would be dishonest and we are not dishonest. We mean every word. Sincerely and respectfully. Mean them from the bottom of our hearts. Forgive us. You must forgive us. We cannot bear it if you don't forgive us. We cannot bear not to ask for forgiveness.

The shame is suffocating. The shaming is deafening. Don't. Lump.

We stand on our feet. We are men. We are human beings. We are humans. We beg your pardon. We are full of regret and we're not sorry. That's just the way it is. The fault is ours and we are not ashamed to admit it. *Our bad*. This will not repeat itself. Not if we have anything to say about it.

This shame will not be returned, this is our shame. This shame won't be returned to anyone else. We will take it. Returned. Recycled. Return the shame to us. We will take care of it.

This is our shame. You know.

Forgive us such as we. You know.

Those that have trespassed.

All settled now. :-)

No one shows as much humility in their shame and if anyone shows as much humility in their shame then we apologize.

We were simply trying to be funny. This was our lack of judgment.

Somehow we never thought anyone would get upset. That was totally our misunderstanding. Our lack of judgment. We apologize, or in any case I do, if you are not man enough. If I hurt anyone I never meant to. It wasn't you, it was me. You have never done anything to deserve such a treatment. Never done anything that I can recall. Never said you're sorry. I'm sorry. Unreservedly. Unequivocally. Unconditionally. Despite my mother. Despite everyone present. I apologize even though you won't forgive, even though you won't ask for forgiveness. I will not defend myself. I am evil. That is simply how it is. There's something wrong in me. Something wrong with me. A devil or two. The devil wrong with me. God damn. God damn it.

I am clearly ready to forgive and you are not. But I will not wait for you to be ready to forgive, don't need to, I forgive unconditionally. I forgive without you being ready to ask for forgiveness. You forgive without me asking for

forgiveness. I forgive and you forgive but the law sees things differently. The law agrees to forgive but the public sees things differently. I am ostracised. You are ostracized. We meet on the mountain. Compare notes and face reckoning for our actions. Our mothers see things differently.

One after another we ask for forgiveness.

One after another. Do penance. Reform yourself. Help out with the cleaning. One after another. Salvation must not end here. This is violence and violence concerns the law. The law is incapable of salvation and so we must intervene. One after another. Someone must defend the defenseless. If we plead for mercy, plead for forgiveness and get our honor restored there will be no one to see to it that justice is done. That nothing gets left over. No deviations. No wrinkles.

No one to settle the books, no one to make sure that everything is as it should be.

But us.

And so forth and so forth.



## Ljóð um fyrirgefninguna

Þetta var óviljandi.

Þetta var eins konar dómgreindarbrestur.

Þetta var eins konar hugsunarleysi. Fullkomið hugsunarleysi og samt svo ófullkomið.

Við biðjumst velvirðingar á því sem við sögðum. Því sem við gerðum. Við biðjumst velvirðingar á því sem við gerðum ekki.

Við biðjumst velvirðingar á að hafa verið á réttum stað á réttum tíma, röngum stað á röngum tíma, réttum stað á röngum tíma og röngum stað á réttum tíma. Það var aldrei meiningin. Ekkert af þessu var meiningin, þetta átti ekki að fara svona. Við ætluðum okkur að vera sómi. Vera skjöldur. Vera sverð. Við ætluðum okkur að sýna framsýni, þolgæði og ráðvendni. Við ætluðum að láta fagna okkur.

En þið hafið engan húmor. Ekki fyrir svonalöguðu.

Við erum menn. Við skildum okkur ekki einsog þið skilduð okkur. Þið skilduð okkur og við mismæltum okkur og það skrifast á okkar reikning. Við ætluðum ekki að særa neinn. Við tókum þetta á okkur. Þennan samskiptabrest. Þennan dómgreindarskort. Þetta húmorsleysi. Það erum við sem erum ekki fyndnir.

Hafi afsakanir okkar farið fyrir brjóstið á einhverjum biðjumst við velvirðingar. Við meintum ekkert illt. Ætluðum ekki að særa neinn. Við erum innilegir. Innvirðulegast innilegir. Við biðjumst fyrirgefningar og biðjumst velvirðingar og biðjumst afsökunar.

Svo hittumst við fyrir rétti. Hittumst frammi fyrir dómara. Við ræðum málin í reykyfylltu bakherbergi og komumst að sameiginlegri lausn. Þú fyrirgefur mér í óþökk móður þinnar. Ég biðst fyrirgefningar í óþökk móður minnar.

Nú eru allir sáttir.

Við sættumst en mæður okkar ræðast ekki við. Mæður okkar sættast í okkar óþökk. Feður okkar gerast milligöngumenn. Bræður okkar leita hefnda og systur okkar gráta í koddann. Börnum okkar er strítt. Makar okkar fá ekki vinnu. Við hrekjumst úr bæjarfélaginu. Hrekjumst út á land. Flýjum land og biðjumst opinberlega afsökunar. Við höfum brugðist, segjum við. Þetta er kynslóðin. Þetta er samfélagið. Smábærinn og mergðin. Við höfum lært þetta af sjónvarpinu. Lásam það í bók. Lærðum það á netinu. Við höfum brugðist á netinu. Brugðist í sjónvarpinu.

Innst inni hljótum við að vita að við erum ekki vondir. Er það ekki? Innst inni vita þeir sem þekkja okkur að við erum ekki vondir. Er það ekki? Innst inni segja þeir að við séum ekki vondir. Við heyrum þá segja það.

En það er bara engum treystandi lengur.

Við biðjumst ekki fyrirgefningar til þess að hljóta uppreisn æru. Hljótum ekki uppreisn æru. Unnum aldrei fyrir henni. Við biðjumst fyrirgefningar því það er rétt. Því við skömmumst okkar. Ærulausir. Réttast væri að við fengjum að játa sekt okkar frammi fyrir héraðsdómara, játa sekt okkar frammi fyrir hæstaréttardómara og játa sekt okkar frammi fyrir almættinu. Enginn fyrirgefur einsog almættið. En það er ekki fyrirgefning sem við óskum eftir. Það væri óheiðarlegt og við erum ekki óheiðarlegir. Við meinum hvert orð. Innilega og innvirðulegast. Meinum þau frá hjartarótum. *Fyrirgefðu*. Þú verður að fyrirgefa. Við *afberum ekki* að þú fyrirgefir ekki. Við afberum ekki að biðjast ekki fyrirgefningar.

Skömmin er kæfandi. Skammirnar eru ærandi. Ekki. Kökkur.

Við stöndum í fæturna. Við erum menn. Við erum manneskjur. Við erum mennskir. Við biðjumst forláts. Við iðrumst og þykir það ekki leitt. Sökin er okkar og engin skömm að játa það. *Our bad*. Þetta endurtekur sig ekki. Ekki ef við fáum við það ráðið.

Þessari skömm fæst ekki skilað, þetta er skömmin okkar. Þessari skömm verður ekki skilað neitt annað. Við tökum við henni. Skilaðri. Endurnýtttri. Þú skalt skila okkur skömminni. Við skulum annast hana.

Þetta er okkar skuld. Þú veist.

Fyrirgef oss svo sem vér og. Þú veist.

Skuldunautum.

Klappað og klárt. :-)

Enginn sýnir jafn mikla auðmýkt í skömm sinni og sýni nokkur jafn mikla auðmýkt í skömm sinni biðjumst við velvirðingar.

Við vorum bara að reyna að vera fyndnir. Það var okkar dómgreindarbrestur.

Einhvern veginn héldum við ekki að neinn tæki þetta illa upp. Það var algerlega okkar misskilningur. Okkar dómgreindarleysi. Við biðjumst velvirðingar, eða í öllu falli ég, ef þú ert ekki maður til þess. Hafir ég sært einhvern var það ekki meiningin. Það varst ekki þú, það var ég. Þú hefur aldrei gert neitt til að eiga aðra eins meðferð skilið. Aldrei gert neitt svo ég muni til. Aldrei beðist velvirðingar. Ég biðst velvirðingar.

Formálalaust.

Undanbragðalaust.



Fyrirvaralaust.

Í óþökk móður minnar. Í óþökk viðstaddra. Ég biðst velvirðingar þótt þú fyrirgefir mér ekki, þótt þú biðjist *ekki* fyrirgefningar. Þú hlustar ekki á mig en ég biðst samt velvirðingar. Ég ber ekki hönd fyrir höfuð mér. Ég er illmenni. Það er eitthvað í mér. Það er eitthvað að mér. Einhver djöfullinn í mér. Einhver djöfullinn að mér. Andskotinn. Andskotans djöfullinn.

Mér þykir það leitt. Einsog þú heyrir.

Því ég er greinilega tilbúinn til þess að fyrirgefa en þú ekki. En ég bíð þess ekki að þú sért tilbúinn að fyrirgefa, þarf þess ekki, ég fyrirgef formálalaust. Ég fyrirgef án þess að þú sért tilbúinn til þess að fyrirgefa, þótt mér þyki það leitt. Þú fyrirgefur án þess að ég biðjist fyrirgefningar. Ég fyrirgef og þú fyrirgefur en dómstólar líta málið öðrum augum. Dómstólar sammælast okkur um fyrirgefningu en almenningur er á öðru máli. Mér er útskúfað. Þér er útskúfað. Við hittumst á heiðinni. Berum saman bækur okkar og stöndum reikningsskil gerða okkar. Mæður okkar eru á öðru máli.

Einn af öðrum biðjumst við fyrirgefningar.

Einn af öðrum. Vinnum yfirbót. Tökum siðbót. Tökum til. Einn af öðrum. Bjargræðinu má ekki ljúka hér. Bjargræðinu verður að halda til streitu. Þetta er ofbeldi og ofbeldi varðar við lög. Lögin eru ófær um bjargræði og þar kemur til okkar kasta. Eins af öðrum. Einhver verður að taka upp hanskan fyrir smælingjana. Ef ekki við, hver þá? Biðjumst við vægðar, biðjumst við fyrirgefningar og hljótum við uppreisn æru er enginn sem sér til þess að réttlætinu verði fullnægt. Að ekkert standi út undan. Engar misfellur. Engar hrukkrur.

Enginn sem stemmir af bókhaldið, enginn sem sér til þess að allt sé með felldu.

Nema við.

Og svo framvegis og svo framvegis.

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Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl (1978) is een dichter, romanschrijver, performer en essayist. Hij leeft afwisselend in het afgelegen *Ísafjörður* (ijsfjord in het IJslands) in het Noorden van IJsland en in het Zweedse Västerås. Norðdahl is bekend in de wereld van performance en visuele poëzie, poëziefilms en conceptuele poëzieprojecten. Hij was een van de oprichters van het IJslandse avant-garde poëzietcollectief 'Nýhil' dat tussen 2004 en 2011 avonden organiseerde en boeken uitgaf. Hij maakte ook verschillende vertalingen waaronder een selectie uit de poëzie van Allen Ginsberg.

Norðdahl stelt zijn eigen ideeën in vraag, over wat poëzie moet doen en wat poëzie kan doen. Hij merkt hoe poëzie vaak beperkt wordt tot het herhalen van dezelfde vormen en thema's, waardoor 'gedisciplineerde, geïsoleerde en gedisinfecteerde' poëzie ontstaat die hij probeert te vermijden door te experimenteren. *Hnefi eða vitstola orð* (*Fist or words bereft of sense*) dat in 2013 verscheen, gaat over de IJslandse bankencrisis en de Kitchenware Revolution. In zijn laatste dichtbundel *Óratorrek* (*Oratorium*, 2018) probeert hij de Wittgensteinse middenweg te vinden tussen retorica en poëtica. Norðdahl treedt regelmatig op bij verschillende festivals en evenementen in Europa.

[norddahl.org](http://norddahl.org)

Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl (1978) is a poet, novelist, performer and essayist. He lives alternately in the remote *Ísafjörður* (icefjord in Icelandic) in the North of Iceland and in Västerås in Sweden. Norðdahl is famous in the world of performance, visual poetry, poetry movies and conceptual poetry projects. He is one of the founders of the Icelandic avantgarde poetry collective 'Nýhil' which organized evenings and published books between 2004 and 2011. He has also translated a lot of poetry such as for example a selection from the poetry of Allen Ginsberg.

Norðdahl continually challenges his own assumptions about what his poetry should do and what it can do. He notices how poetry is often restricted to replicating the same forms and themes each time, creating 'disciplined, quarantined and disinfected poetry', which is something he tries to avoid by experimenting. *Hnefi eða vitstola orð* (*Fist or words bereft of sense*) published in 2013 is about the Icelandic financial crisis and the Kitchenware Revolution. In his latest poetry book *Óratorrek* (*Oratorium*, 2018) is an attempt at finding the Wittgensteinian middle ground between rhetorics and poetics. Norðdahl is often a guest at various festivals and events in Europe.

[norddahl.org](http://norddahl.org)

Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl (1978) is een van de veelbelovende dichters die werden geselecteerd voor Versopolis, een project dat de Europese uitwisseling van veelbelovend dichttalent wil bevorderen.

Versopolis is een samenwerkingsverband van 25 poëziefestivals en literaire organisaties uit verschillende landen van de EU. Versopolis promoot de fysieke uitwisseling van veelbelovend dichttalent op Europese poëziefestivals en bouwt een digitaal platform uit waar het brede publiek kan kennismaken met de geselecteerde dichters en de deelnemende partnerorganisaties.

Versopolis bestaat sinds december 2013 en promoot dit jaar intussen 250 Europese auteurs en hun poëzie onder het motto 'where poetry lives'.

De Vlaamse partner van Versopolis is Poëziecentrum dat in samenwerking met Felix Poetry Festival vier dichters uit de Versopolis poule op het jaarlijkse festival voorstelt.

Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl (1978, Iceland) is one of the promising poets selected for Versopolis, a project that aims to promote the exchange of poetic talent in Europe.

Versopolis is a collaborative venture of 25 poetry festivals and literary organisations from various EU countries. Versopolis promotes the physical exchange of poetic talent at European poetry festivals and is developing a digital platform where the public at large can get acquainted with the selected poets and the participating partner organisations.

Versopolis was founded in December 2013 and by now promotes 250 European authors and their poetry under the motto 'where poetry lives'.

The Flemish partner of Versopolis is Poëziecentrum, which presents four Versopolis poets at the Felix Poetry Festival each year.



VERSOPOLIS