



Då Brutālahārda Fæcsîttjng Knøckerknîkkiad

By

Knîkki Knøckers

With an Introduction by the translator

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TRANSLATOR'S FORWARD

There is generally a three different translation theories in the general. I would like that obviously it gives generally to three different translation theories. I would like to obviously explain that which I use.

First there is the Paraphrasenmethode, in that the compiler/translator freely the source language rewords to be in order to transmit on modern English, which he takes, in order the fundamental direction of a passage. This method produces English text, which is to be read simply and however it understand constantly the compiler/translator necessarily to interpret a given passage for the reader. There are different degrees Paraphrasenmethode, some, which reflects much more interpretation of the importance of the text than others. Many of you have possibly a copy of the living one in high of degrees Paraphrasierte version, in which the compiler/translator is transformed totally, which it takes faith, in order to be reaching the meaning in English. Some-a it would ask whether this method, is if it in a hurry with such with dimensions is raised, is even a translation with all. He edges on that to be more than one comment.

There is secondly the method of equivalence dynamic. This one is developed a recent theory of the translation by equivalent importance naehste of the original text to produce. This one does not require necessarily a word for word or literal transfer or method of complete equivalence. This one is that which we use.

It requires the possible correspondence naehste between the some-a late time of its operating product, slightly obtained some-a very product of the soil; and obtained that choicest to which firstlings its quantity literal method and it came at the end of the days, obtained approximately of parts fatty, to mass-earth-shaking differences concerning this one unquestionable in all the three examples. However, we believe that the literal method is far higher.

The sentence could not largely be, but it is in the presentation and indicates to us that the second sentence, at the end of the days, could however be Idiombedeutung, which allows a reference at the time of the 7th possible uebertragenkonserven.

Although the better parts or auserlesenen still mean probably the original type and the language of frei-moeglicherweise is disturbed, our policy is simple: we also literally translate literally that polemic between a literal transfer and your own interpretation.

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The embers fade one by one

the handsome wife looks about and turns, raptur'd by
amazing women passing in the silent magic age of innocence
of summers willing heart

in the lonely room in the Finnish Archipelago
a scandal fleeing tells two stories, almost identical
blood leaking from one morrow among many

Kiki Kelly the handsome wife uttered a word and spoke thus:
'Now my man has gone from me in wanton evening
and on unknown roads has had an affair with Nikki Knockers
many reasons for this'

Kiki Kelly travels without shelter, grows with and finds finally happiness
refuses to adjust, finally drowns in the waves of summer
overwhelmingly responsible for the family and domestic duties
and so far translated into nine languages

independent and provocative, she was a critical best-seller in Finland and Sweden

There are increase: aroused wide international interest, the wish for autonomy
and the necessity of a double income

However the recognition of women still faces problems when striving
they are still in the private world, an increasing number acceding to gender
segregation in the work life is strong extends both across and within
gender tends to be persistent and renew itself

gender is at very high level!!

Information is an optional subject chosen mostly by boys...

Boys are over-related to difference
and those with a good command of IT have a better choice
than those who have received littler or no such training:

The wanton keeps thinking:
where has my mind vanished in the world?
The luckless know where her flesh is moving
where her own fancy is rolling into darkness, silence, and solitude
on the high seas

froth-capped waves in which blood reaches the shin
in the glare of mid-afternoon in the teeming midst of
that horror associated inextricably with unprofitable work
in a shabby and commonplace metropolis

It is a mistake to.
In the clangour of the prosaic spring of 1923
I found it dreary, began drifting, two stalwart men
by my side weeping, unable
to look upon the son of luckless establishment
hapless offspring
Now the me, now, me, my

any substantial luckless woe afflicted
has come upon evil days!

and she gave way to
a rooming-house with a landlady in the city of New York
oozing gore
pouring blood in search of a room

Ruin to the worthy, downfall to wanton decent cleanliness
at a very reasonable price, only a choice between different evils
which might combine the qualities of
endurable training and knee-deep work tasks

and the brush-off is another furnishing, and very soon developed
according to statistics skills learned at work
are rather limited, disgusted me less than others

the marshes rose, the media-slopes sank
communications and the hills thudded

With her fists she grasped the opportunity to use a computer
With her fists she used a computer at work
With her fists her arms her clothes she used a computer at work
and soon she ran a long way she both ran and sped

women tend to feel more often than men, women have.

Despite this,
the highlands came down the lowlands went up.

Women have Information technology (IT)
dating apparently from the late forties
a descent from high levels of tasteful opulence
fitted with sullied importance
nowadays more large and lofty and splendour argued

More and more women came to Northland's four-story cabins
decorated with impossible paper and ridiculously ornate
training, education and working life

where have you dispatched my son?
has an increasingly place in, are employed in,

depressing mustiness as she went.

The place was stained
women still find it harder
but the floors were clean

In the rooms, one answered that there lingered
a hint of obscure wage differences

I know nothing of gone and vanished
sat in a stallion's bearable place
or the wolf's fiery sea ice

drowned in slush, gone solid
got into cornices, cookery, the linen regular, and the water hot
and an increase in measures promoting women's prospects

I came to regard it as at least a place to hibernate
till one might accede to high-status positions of authority

The new, main characters in epic information technology
are typically mighty male-dominated singer, shaman, and sorcerer
making average wages from regular work
explained partly by the strong gender segregation prevailing
in many other countries, where they woo potential brides,
make raids, and flee the enemy

No wolf eats in poems usually, valued less highly, a, the spiritual leader of his clan
who makes journeys with his fingers through positive measures
in order to seek knowledge

The women's songs' heroes have been touched by unemployment
also have adventures in a distant land beyond the sea, on journeys
through the 1990s to really live again.

Woman-dominated fields are the landlady,
a slatternly, almost bearded principle
of street cars in the thoroughfare below
men's corresponding wages a serious annoyance
men's corresponding desires the coarsest and crudest

Spanish woman named Herrero, of the late-burning electric light
desire, being mostly Spaniards a little above grade
on the labour market and to the land of the dead
as quiet and uncommunicative as there should be.
fellow-lodgers not with gossip or with criticisms.
Only the din proved.

The can be, by the fact that my were, one might.
The gap is very small, is furthered, and
the increase has been marked also

Unlike the situation more men than women,
no bear fells in women's Finland.
he strangles my kin and boarding business
traditional women's wolves, with his hands he fells bears.

Although slightly exceeded, compared to other countries.
Surely you have lied, Knikki Knokkers!
Look, if you will not say where you have also started
providing services to the business community
I will smash the new information sector owned by women
and break the Sampo's advertising, marketing and communication hinges.

you have led catering in the kiln's door, starting
especially on weddings and bear-killing feasts,
but I cannot imagine letting him drink his fill
of people's everyday lives and activities
entertaining him till he drooped, the man full
of human, personal emotions, ritual poems,
metre incantations, verbal magic
in a boat's stern sent over the rapids.

The mistress of an estimated one third of Finnish companies
Said: I sat where the mean wretch has got to-
an academic degree in foaming rapids
72% of these companies are in the service sector
or in swirling streams

Whether fed a reality, men and women must be given
lyric songs to express focus, especially women in their middle years
planning to set up their own business

which was part when the first odd incident occurred
a spattering on the floor and have done with lies
Tell the truth with care quickly be set right.

Become suddenly aware or else it will be your doom
where you led and lost the highly educated man
you will meet your death, apparently from soaking
on the side toward the street for some time
wet and dripping the pungent odour of the elk king
was anxious to stop the matter at its source
Looking about, smelling flay of ammonia beasts
that the trouble hastened to the basement
to tell the ceiling, the proceeding a corner
assured by what had been the holy fowl
now to tell the truth by way of ruin.

Surely you have lied!

Women are set to ski for great geldings and business interests
to bridle in the swelter before decline
and harness foals for the swan,
equality that never took place

Ghosts, specters, made him search, hunt
cannot imagine what has come
by way of hindrance, turned up common as essays
that love is not heard coming
a size too small to ask for a bride
too reckless to beg for a girl.

We in retreat have a degree crossed with theory
But these include equal opportunities to participate,
are, and about, 42% have for a conscience,
and 40% from political decision-making and working life

In order for to become in.

This is at the center of the one gone
The mother sought for the lost she longs
Astray if none seemed immanent
noticing it as a wasp edges materiality
history not available as a possibility
as a wolf behaving docile speech roamed
confusion trod the wilds, waters,
great swamps walked as a pismire
to be smaller, tools as lakeshores

dead boughs dream through the century

flowerets, operettas,
a hare, shoved aside
and stumps tilted to the roadside
the one astray longed for
long-sought, but does not find
her lost one

dead trunks kicked to form
room full of bottles and machines,
darkness rushing ahead to blood
chemicals bubble, linger now in the warm

denial formed for hardship
put here for evil days
furthered through the day-care system
services for the elderly, school meals

nothing but small children working in Finland
the mothers free to receive financial support
to stay at home, a more resonant space
as an alternative to their moving at the same time
subjective right between the parts
to take their children to be chopped up for stacking
to be hewn down for faggots,
felled for slash-and-burn.
take their children to flight,
now not possible.

As a false hope to the road she bows

formed for hardship, long sought astray
time working in the rhetoric of women
a relatively low percentage skilfully answered
employed women both declared and chattered
worries put here for evil days
bends closer for every dog to run on
every horseman to ride on
every hard shoe to walk on
a specific creaking every heel to scrape.

disappeared to travel the nights alone
up the staircase to the fourth floor
to shine in the ammonia frost
to keep watch over winters vanish
seems to be difficult
for the summer ceased to drip

what had spilled testifies to the efficiency
and opened the the small children's window for air
heavy footsteps above
never heard, save for certain sounds
where less attention has been paid
some gasoline-driven mechanism
going on between oneself and someone else
the strange affliction of this
traditionally high birth rate
the result of a rather baseless eccentricity
fallen below the rates
a soft and gentle affinity
doing the work
come down in the world

of a moment what might be refusal
reflected an infinite deal of pathos
in the obstinate state of outside aid

a suspicion of totalizing narratives in declining Finland
as it is elsewhere in Europe
the Dead Land

the daylight day care reckoned
away from the Dead Land's ageless water-
gone through the rapids roaring
to the public care,
luckless, lost,
been killed
by the system in Finland.

However, the overall birth rate
knew something in contrast
done to involve men
with the currents in a flash
down in Tuoni's black river
to participate actively in childbirth

an aesthetic that equally avoids furthest Tuonela
and the dales of the Dead Land
towards fulfillments and disappointments as a traveller

much has been
so far only little success achieved
and that already over half of all

Then gender equality, at work in the smiths' workshop,
burst into tears, forged once,
forged yesterday to improve job satisfaction.
so forge today too:
expect a great deal from gender equality
helve a copper rake and consider it, reduce conflicts
prong it with prongs of iron to enhance the company image
forge prongs a hundred fathoms by offering job rotation
and attitude training.

long, prepare a helve of five to curb the gaps
between men's and women's
agonising slowness

the everlasting Finnish craftsman
helved a copper rake at work at work
pronged it with prongs of iron women;
forged prongs with a hundred progressed fathoms
long, prepared a helve of five of the Dead Land companies.
the majority of their customers get the iron rake

However, in reality, equality has flew to Tuonela's river.
She prays to the status of positive right:
tire the shine force, particularly if are for one moment sultry
for the next dimly swelter viewed more broadly
for a third with all your might have been made jobs;
put the weary folk to sleep with serious attempts
and the richness of their nature.

Gender should be more than gender,
one moment sultry, young,
it shone on the labour market
it flapped in connection with labour reform,
next dimly sweltered, was prohibited,
for all its might, from where it had been before,
its former abode in cases of suspected gender-based discrimination

The aim is to put the weary folk to sleep
for a third with women's and men's differences
to give equality that respects an opinion
about 200 requests for
harassment observed when recruiting
the force of the Dead Land-
the tired men upon their swords
and the old against their legislation
the middle-aged on their annual plan.

Then it slunk away to the top of the workplace
to the level of discrimination, to efficient measures
to equality planning and administrative culture

every employer receives sexual at the workplace annually
Gender-based discrimination wears down the host
of that un-God creature of the daylight
The Equality Ombudsman creature

flew on to a birch tree's crook
then offence, in 1995, took the iron rake.

amid the roaring steam
at least 30 employees must
shifted further down-
rapid in the flashing promotion of equality

the employer rakes and does not find.
Then Finland went all the way to the sea
in development and remuneration slush to her stocking-top
in communication business up to her waist.

Equality plans dredge against the stream.

career dragged once, and for that, twice in,
with draw up an for the.

It is up to to create to prevent.
should be and placing persons and when deciding on their.

A few big companies in the have,
all she gets of her son is a shirt, much to her distress;
she dragged once again:
already realised the positive effect of
the stockings to her great grief
hat to her dismay. From there
she stepped even further down

got his stockings, hat she found-
might never have known
had it not been for the heart attack
dragged once along the water
suddenly seized to the the Dead Land

next time across the water the danger of those spells
a third athwart the water sat writing on the iron rake
and it was the third time that was no time to be lost
a mass of remembering came forth upstairs and knocked feebly
creating a political forenoon in its infancy in Finland

about the invalid's help of the injured workman,
answered in good English by a curious voice
promoting equality between women and men
at the door above some distance to the right

this principle to cover all pillars.

I that me one as I in my room
and I knew there; so what
dragged myself mine. My knock
put into practice next to the one I had sought.

Mainstreaming Mass of entrails
asking my name and business;
and these things being not but wanton
there came an opening stuck on the rake's prongs
where equality principles are.

This process is as well as most,
the so-called Fourth Pillar by his ring finger
extended into mainsteraming by his left toe.

Wanton employment programmes
incorporated into the national scraps, and breath as well
related to principles of equality
prepared in on top of the clear waters.

Finland rose, came up
on the copper rake
but there was a bit missing-
A folding couch
a lot of other
weeping.

A rush of cool air greeted one hand,
half his head shivered as his mother thinks
in this nest of squalor and seediness.

'Could a man still come from this
a new fellow recover?'
and though the day was one,
crossed the threshold into
birth, cultivation, and discrimination, all bespoke
obtrusively utilitarian devices.

the hottest apartment will not push her son.
whose rich and tasteful decoration
was merely the laboratory of bones to bones
fitting the mahogany furniture

A raven happened to fill its diurnal role, and answers that
sumptuous hangings, old paintings, and mellow bookshelves
permitted him to hide, a gentleman's study
now the room above bottles and machines

I saw the "leettle room"
A bedroom one comes to in grief
rather than living
quarters

convenient alcoves and large contiguous men of pleasure

There is no man in one gone
in the sea by now surprised
whitefish have eaten me eyes now
trouser-snakes & one-eyed worms
split his shoulders, push him
into Toluene's river!
Let the man go
he'll become a cod
once more

she gets some hand, gives some head
and many other scraps,
she gets half of a back bone, the other half of a rib
the odour from beneath the
the copper rake of their rosaries
both along along Tuinol's river and across

built on wanton yarn of sinew
from some son of a son, who worked
joining flesh to flesh and limbs to limbs
sinews to sinews to sinews to sinews
over the beads as they caught
the sweet spindle

these things should have been excusable
afforded a physical basis for this feeling
and even knitted up ends of sinews
sinews to sinew fractures

but the old doctor's closed

She bound up sinews with the copper distaff
and the iron wheel, then she tells
walk this way

come here when you are needed
walk this way when you are able
you are cable exquisitely proportioned
a bundle of sinews, a ball of membranes
wounds that are cloven, gashes that are torn and clad
in formal dress of perfect cut and fit

The figure short but high-bred, upon the air
masterful though arrogant expression in a red-sterned craft
adorned by a short iron-grey lass in a copper boat
off the air, shielded from heaven's pole

the full, dark maid
a Moorish touch to a physiognomy
otherwise old-fashioned and aquiline
surmounted gracefully down the sinews
through gaps in well-trimmed bone
through cracks in limbs' punctual calls
parted in their setting-
above a row
of striking intelligence

the whole picture gave enough of that
and set them in their place
argued the arteries eye to eye
blood and bleeding
shake it down the limbs
not threaded with a silken thread

there's eyes and nose which
overlapping, set the veins
and pull the sinews
row the boat

Come, thick lass, face the big sinews
hair that was of a fine needle
Then take up the small sinews end to end
knit up sinew-ends in utter turmoil
sew with fine needles above the chatter of awed voices

Fiendish things with tin needles stitch harness up
Black terror with silken ribbons

bind them praying in deep basso

foals were in the air, and lodgers had preceded me.

The house was driven through muscles
and through slippery sinews in, and heard screaming
a nameless sort of bright sleigh
Should not enough come of that it seems, had fled
through bone and through limb, hired, mad-eyed
not long a man

Drive with your excessive curiosity
up to sinew-end now fastened,
presumably bone up to flesh
rid gild within the membrane
locked from the inside

Join silver to the bone-gap, mew as a result of
no sound where the blood has spilt over
perhaps the door behind him where bone has gone soft
yet it was.

There was a sinew fractured, slow, thick dripping
delivery of ice
broken where the membrane grows

new fracture!
here a
make
knit up
sinew
join flesh together

make the blood roll on in that blast of cool air
fit some bone repugnance there in its setting
lividly inclined where flesh is loose
bless it into its cold place
and set it with life

bone to nothing formed the bone
and flesh to nothing formed the flesh
and limbs to nothing to their limbs

she had the sinews' complexion and coldness of touch
the looks which in aspect could justify
the man, the fellow he had before

Only this could, considering
the sinew-ends bound, made fear

for such always excites aversion on so hot a day
and the abnormal was abnormal
the singular that alienated

It might, too, have
with he used to have
been me
all told

distrust not the child speaking
that the man may find his words

but not the man talking
the known invalidism
put into words

Then weary one declared, spoke thus:

O bee, bird of ointment to anoint some pleasant Forestland
brought to tend the ill-befallen, the chilliness

return to his tales?
Ours?

go now to fetch some forest flowers
find mead out of honey and bones out of fear

the husks of careful repugnance soon forgotten in admiration
of the physician's strange skill
devoted to its bafflement and extirpation
in a lifetime of bizarre experiment

extreme at once
flower petals from unaccustomed speech
memories to be ointments

bloodless hands for the sick
despite the rare novelty
and shakiness of his timbreless voice
his timbreless voice to heal the ill

Something of the benevolent manifest was, for ice-coldness
ministered to the bee, a brisk bird clearly understood
the while reassuring at a glance, and them with pecked flowers upon a lea
the bitterest of a master's deftness in a finely modulated environment
into pleasant Forestland forthwith wafted off
and moved to as of better days surged over

sworn enemies though oddly hollow
seemed to reside in this dingy fortune
cooked to death, and so it comes panting
honey upon its tongue and drugs of many grasses
him and a well-born society from six fanatic flower tips
suitable draught from a hundred husks

to Tapiola sunk and lost all friends
doubled up, careful, but no help came
an island drenched in mead, its wings
sounded in the smaller laboratory room
almost garrulously as all its feathers melted in travels

honey anointed the weary one, the ill-befallen
put this into words found fetched from a mixed
he Evidently he the man a in my chest and. him,
he rambled on, took up those ointments, them tended
but from them, no words came to the man.

The Worshipful's boundless honeyed mainland
put on the hurt to pour on the injuries, suit sinews
bear some limbs remedies as the fluent sentences rolled

voice again flitted off, or at least to possess
some complication of maladies by insisting
right over nine seas half a tenth sea too
afflicted, requiring a very exact bodily frame
breathed out to distract seizure by speaking

stronger than organic life often heard below itself
despite the most serious kind of experiments:
the nervous animation of specific organs

A marked rise in originally healthy theories without any heart at all
scientific enhancement of these qualities tactfully consoling absences in the battery
an absorption system whose pumps soon flew a third as well
carefully preserved my weak heart, will and consciousness half jestingly
may through a retain a impairments, defects, or even sitting on a reed
might, he said, live a kind of conscious existence without perching on a leaf

For his part, he was without regimen
fatally maintained by a fiery rapid's brink

the island on the main included constant cold
ammonia cooling in tiny cauldrons, beautiful pans
the gasoline engine that would hold a thumb, fit a fingertip
to a holy stream's whirlpool

There honey being cooked might, if prolonged, affect him
salves were being made temperature ready
A short time passes to the honeyed mainland

and the frigidity of habitation now comes buzzing
a moment speeds by: some 55 or 56 degrees Fahrenheit per hour
hither and thither the bee almost cured of disease
six cups full of ointments and almost ghastly results

slight man, got seizure in a marvellously short while
overcoated calls; listening to some of those ointments
astonishingly ancient volumes in its arms
seven at its back- the incantations of the mediaevalists
trembling and full of good salves.

Relieved of processes not welcomed by the eight remedies
my shivery place made it whisperingly clear
from which organic pulsations had fled
and from whence present disorders proceeded

a disciple and devotee of most extraordinary scorn involving scenes
and a bit of cryptic formulae with the nine ointments touched
the gifted recluse found none, got no help,
spoke with unconventional methods
no, from it, nursed rare stimuli through the great illness

this speech of secret researches, high up into heaven
examined and eventually succumbed to the strain
the grim enemy of a nervous system of the air
psychological ministrations believed for all time
conceivably skillful, anointed with those ointments
these to contain venerable honey to the heart's content
experiments with this substance on the healing heavens.

might have fought perhaps too great, fly there a third time
mead in plenty there, by his account
his earlier and him shared singular effects of the pure
aged bee, bird and the eighteen years before

saved for the once had been, the detail
elderly and conservative injured by an evil power.

regret sang charms above
which once passed, anointed brood
indeed slowly but unmistakably losing ground
physically hollow and indistinct your wings
in mead, and your feathers restored in honey

livid aspect of muscular motions on your melted wing
intensified, unaware, less resilience and initiative
and little by little this sad change bears honey
gruesome ointment for the sick of countenance
bring on the injuries!

voice were to pour less perfectly coordinated
and mind and will displayed by expression and conversation both
an irony of subtle repulsion put in words

managed to get there easily, handsomely-
over strange caprices, underneath a fondness for exotic spices
the sun like a vault of a sepulchred mite
between the ammonia piping and heaven's stars.
a tiny circuit will flutter to where the holy tenant lives
to the moon's bones amplified as low as
34 degrees or 40 degrees, and finally even 28 degrees

you will take a whizz
on the Great Bear's shoulderblades
his demands for cold air increasing
'tis a of a way seemed to possess him
for one day you modified the pumps
till he laughed hollowly
and rose from the earth
to the blessed one's dwellings

A kind of growing horror whizzed on little wings
developed, acquired from the hummock and the moon's ring
now fluttered off till the room smelled of burial
or funeral arrangements, chemical processes not impeded
the refrigerating machine complained of and death incessantly
flew beside the bathroom and past the laboratory
and with incense adjoining icy air could keep the temperature
as were gently suggested, outre and morbid

when such things flew to the connecting cellar
around the door, so less chilled, in order that heavy water
might not freeze, and that hangings obviate the difficulty
enough middles at the brims to its heart's content
made tremblingly, boiled in the ointment chamber.

salves in
pots of silver
pans of gold

a fear at the south tip now comes panting
arrives doubled up, with some wire device
at the north end salves with a hundred horns
a thousand other bulges that gnawed the mother tongue

The melted bee, the bird in its arms, this one honey, that water
the air got passed, a little time the best ointment
protected by the breaking down of early afternoon
accursed despite the inmost other, found a way
to turn the key from the outside of the door
took them into her own mouth which blazed with the warm
tasted them to her liking, opened the doors of all the other rooms
all the windows to the very top and the workmen my soul

We had previously tested them with her on that hall
and flung now noses, handkerchiefs with which God has anointed
are some of those ointments poured on injuries
the south room anointed the weary one
tended the ill-befallen-remedies
slapped the middle, once-anointed through gaps in bone
put this into disconcerting and even gruesome words
and declared through cracks in limbs
Rise up from these evil places, from my gratitude
out of sleep a companion muffled in a heavy ulster
anointed below shopping, above bafflement

she, chattered and the man rose out of sleep
and was careful to dust his room
and gasped in at some of the chemicals
yet in for his healing out of dream, out of hard luck
get up the bed especially for the purpose
abandon him to the strangers around him

All in all, he became, he woke out of dream wretched, hapless,
a sweet sleep he ordered from druggists and laboratory supply houses
could not well attend to each day, continue to run
to tell with his tongue errands for him
total collapse gave him up unreservedly to me
about to hurl defiance at the death-daemon
to keep him from what that ailment might be

the physical effect of violent will and driving force
as much of a rage as he seemed to dare to entertain when reflected on
the sufferer would fly into evidently-feared emotion, the lassitude he refused
and to be confined to bed seized him even as that ancient enemy
pretence gave place to a return of his fiery mental power
always curiously like a formality, purpose alone appeared
ill days, so that he seemed abandoned
eating, virtually, still longer

An increasing and unexplained atmosphere stretched for the luckless
mean one who bore you, around his apartment and shuddered unaided
pushed you into panic seemed to rise in spite of all
and the pungent chemicals of the now incessant baths
so that my ears may hear, connected with woeful me
led me to Death, pushed out of the water against the stings of cowbane

insisted on taking The whole house, it must be his ailment,
sightless one- a dragon out of the waves, carefully sealed and filled
inconceivable things had been whispered and I knew nothing of it
did not know the hate of water

acquired a habit of writing to certain persons now generally thought dead
long documents of some sort, with injunctions undelivered and unopened
for the most part utterly frightful, an unexpected glimpse of him
bewitching for a mindless man keeping himself well out of sight
inside the sea-swallow's head, his presence almost unbearable

the water stretched it out long transmit them after death, burned
all these papers, electric desk lamp steered it to land
and the waves of good brains, from the water's breath rocked it
lulled it, and the water's billows and the surf
the horror of horrors washed it ashore
boasted of the terrors of the witches, of singing

From water the water the stings of snake was born with stupefying suddenness
in the middle of October within three hours the process
from a neighbouring all-night garage seemed likely to shatter

Then came lifeless, rattling shape he had, lulled the one she knew
the machine broke down to grotesque proportions, became impossible
groped his way to the before, to the looks he used to have
that of ammonia cooling till morning, swelling, what remained
a spasm on the floor, fitter than before, short of anything
summoned to repair the injury, proved of no use

thick voice in a tone now sensibly diminishing, nothing could be done
discouraging trips to all-night drug stores and cafeterias croaking out the order
hollowness surpassed description and the shops opened one by one
a restless warm day broke, hit the swan on the whirlpool
the smoking whirlpools come home now and still thank your luck
giving you real help bringing you back to moribund rage and fear
continued with the ice, failing physique I could do nothing
nothing by myself without the mercy the guidance scrawled there in pencil
dark awful, blind hand on a piece of paper hideously smeared
the hurried last words led from the open bathroom door as though by claws traced
a terrible trail had accumulated, went home straight away, ended unutterably
blasted swans upon the black river

Something was in the very that, turning, turning the top stone
from place to place, hither and thither, diligently to the task
almost as violently as the hours slipping by in a breathless, foodless round
slowly grinding the day's vain shuttle
banging the beater, feeding grain through the hole
with the necessary paraphernalia and sturdy mechanics
grain to grind, bread to bake, yarn to spin, always busy
Look to the dog- see what bothers it.

walked to the farmyard's edge across the bay along the shore
shiveringly puzzled out on the yellow sunlight
now I lose my wanton tale for some time on to a new track
incoherent stories I cannot and dare not say here
the patient in terror supplied with ice
with the clatter ascending frantically from hellish place to babble
the smell of ammonia when evening creeps, nauseated and repelled
in the most horrible circumstance to deny the impression
whether or not this forms a suitable explanation of the ardor of these heroes

through the gate, over the farmyard, stopped amazed
no more ice, a gradual deterioration not foreseen
good theory, but we might gain from something never seen before
preservation- the end is here, every minute
the will and the nerves and the preserved body
in a strange, dark place.

It had to be done my way.

I had done all I could, and hoped I was in time.

I never saw his eyes again.

Warmly smiled the maiden.
Swiftly beat two hearts.

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