

SARDINES (FOR VICTOR)

Nothing could be less conducive to reaching an art-work than critical remarks: it's always simply a matter of more or less fortunate misunderstandings.

Rainer Maria Rilke—Letters to a Young Poet

How have poets managed so utterly to get no piece of the pie.

Eileen Myles—Chelsea Girls

SARDINESINABOATSARDINESINABOXSARDINESTHA
TFLOATSARDINESINABOATSARDINESINABOXSARDI
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XSARDINESTHATFLOATSARDINESINABOATSARDINE
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ARDINESINABOXSARDINESTHATFLOATSARDINESIN
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DINESINABOATSARDINESINABOXSARDINESTHATFL
OATSARDINESINABOATSARDINESINABOXSARDINES
THATFLOATSARDINESINABOATSARDINESINABOXSA
RDINESTHATFLOATSARDINESINABOATSARDINESIN
ABOXSARDINESTHATFLOAT
POETRY CAN BE ANYWHERE, POETS CAN BE ANYONE IF
THE WORDS ARE
YOURS
UNIVERSAL WORDS
MIGRATING BIRDS
BRIGHTNESS THOUGHTS COMING FROM YOUR DARK THROAT
THOUGHTS GO ON DAY AND NIGHT
BRIGHT NOT BRIGHT

IF ALL NOISE CAN BE MUSIC
ALL WORDS CAN BE POETRY
YOU MAY PAINT A PORTRAIT TO SOMEONE'S
LIKENESS
(IF THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT NOW
THEY WILL...)

ABSTRACTION CAN BE FIGURATION AS A RECORD OF THE
WORK IT TOOK TO MAKE IT

ALL PEOPLE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

PAINTERS CAN STAY IN ONE PLACE BUT THEIR
WORK CAN GO MANY PLACES

AND ALSO TIME TRAVEL IF ALL THOUGHTS CAN BE HAD
ALL LANGUAGES CAN BE UNDERSTOOD

IN THE DARKNESS

BRILLIANTINE DIAMANTINE

THE TRUE GYPSY

ALL COLOURS, ALL SOUNDS AND LETTERS
GO TOGETHER

BACK TO WHERE THEY CAME FROM

GO BACK TO WHERE THEY'RE GOING

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Poem by Karl Holmqvist

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