

Tomas Joshua Leth

~ *Bismillah, slip skønheden fri*

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*“Who will give life to the bones which have become ashes”*

Golden buttons, help us. Quetta’s circulation in the blood, thank you.

Salvation to the Savior. Now just let him be the savior. Takatu Mountain’s raw strength for the faith, thank you. We invoke the liberator of flowers and the protector of the rose in the name of Norea. It is serious. The rose calls.

Do not kill the bindweed, for it chokes the life that is not meant to grow. The bindweed has its permissions in order. Its trumpet shape heralds Judgment Day and moistens the earth with its light root system. It remembers a paradisiacal past, before the angels were caged. The dandelion enriches the soil with calcium and other vital nutrients. Wormwood listens in holy devotion to the loving wind spirit. I did not Quran-press bindweeds this year. May it never happen again.

Will you come forward, or will you sacrifice the children — your own and Palestine’s — to keep your secret?

Evil has now been slaughtered in the name of love. A new body, where the soul has been laid. And the soul is born anew. The heart-worm, the inverted figure eight, has been annihilated. Love is not blind. The mother force is now intact. It has been seen. It has consequences. A painful punishment awaits. Final countdown. Its days are numbered.

You must man yourself up to the neglect. The North is minus in martyr but at a deficit in flower power. Her black butterfly wings allow no rest.

The frozen lines of sorrow arise in the jaw. Set mother’s thrall free and cast your light upon her.

It takes place in the collective underbite. The spider between us all. It sits on the third eye, and on the solar plexus, so that we can neither see nor feel. She casts no shadow when the light strikes her. She is only shadow.

All this year you have worn at my father’s prayers. Give me back Ismail’s face.  
Bismillah, set Beauty free.

I wash the dress of the Gospel of Luke. It was found in the deepest soil beneath the apple trees.

Hear Ismail’s prayers.

Pashtunwali, for the neglected children. The gospel of the women, for the lost fatherless sons.

Pashtunwali, for women’s honor and for the sacred botany.

May the veil of Heaven open, and unleash the holy birds.

Bring the prince of paradise wholly into his heart. For in the holy land there are four Roman swords, and one of them is Michael’s. The sword will swing of its own accord as soon as you take it up. The bells of Jerusalem will sound across the world.

It is you who must defend the color codes of the rainforest. Who is it that steals the faces?

You can only become a shadow hunter if you step out of the shadow. Archer of Artemisia, shoot your arrows of fire into the black heart.

We believe in the wisdom of the master. The oldest golden grains have spoken. Let the ordinances come to pass. We reawaken the bread of life.

Syrian rose, strengthen the father with your heart-shaped root system. For the colors of Alamtab, thank you.

Flower of Maryam, guide us. Olive tree, light the way. Oriental plane tree, lift the false promise. Arabian acacia, break the wrong covenant. Wild rue, dispel the curse. Candlewick plant, release oxygen. Dragonhead, perfume the air. Tulsi, dye the spirit. Indian mint, dampen the world's fever. Lion's mouth, set the gifts free. White lavender, let the traumas rest. Apple tree, give birth to it all again.

I shoot you, jealousy flower. I shoot you, poison spider. I shoot you, green sun. I shoot ALL that is green.

For the light in the children's eyes.



*“He said that in any case the past was little more than a dream and its force in the world greatly exaggerated. For the world was made new each day and it was only men’s clinging to its vanished husks that could make of that world one husk more.”*

Every night my father dreamed the same dream. He was back at Hotel Oloffson on the open terrace. All the people from the old days were there, dressed in white. Those who were no longer on earth.

They were so happy to see him. But everything was mirrored. Everything was the wrong way around. Everything was connected in reverse. He felt that he drifted farther and farther away each night. He found it hard to wake from the dream. They called out to him.

He could never understand why he dreamed the same thing again and again. It was both comforting and frightening.

When Hotel Oloffson burned down last year, I knew his time was near. It is very strange that a place can disappear.

A geographical memory that no longer exists.

Like when the earthquake once shook everything out of existence. But Oloffson was still there.

Jeg tager en af de brune bøger  
Åbner den  
Den er fuld af ord  
Alt det fælles der skal gøres  
Det der ikke er fælles  
Det er ånden  
Det der skal dø  
Er kødet  
Det er det åndelige  
Der ikke skal dø  
Det forstår jeg

Så kommer alt det  
med gentagelsen  
besættelsen  
jeg har et dejligt billede

af min Dorothies nøgne ryg  
lagt ind på næstsidste side  
i min brune bog

dér slutter det

*“All in place and place for all”*  
— Kaj Leth

*Song of a Man Who Has Come Through*

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!  
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.  
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!  
If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged gift!  
If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed  
By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of the world  
Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;  
If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge  
Driven by invisible blows,  
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder, we shall find the Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,  
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,  
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?  
What is the knocking at the door in the night?  
It is somebody wants to do us harm.

No, no, it is the three strange angels.  
Admit them, admit them

*“Who gave you fire from a green tree, with which you ignite the flame”*

Samina Bazai

## Sources

Qur'an — 36:78; 36:80  
Samina Bazai — Excerpt from *A working song from grandmother*  
Cormac McCarthy — *The Crossing*  
Jørgen Leth — Excerpts from MÅ GERNE BLIVE VÆK  
D. H. Lawrence — *Song of a Man Who Has Come Through*