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In Third Millenium Heart

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The will to have no openings, to have no areas where humiliation and assault can take place.

Same for the bloodstream: no infrastructure
sun and moon chariots wheel at the slightest external touch
transporting bright shining humiliations within the corpus and abracadabra out into every screaming corner.


With a rock I block the cave’s mouth; nobody coming out, nobody coming in, nothing will resurrect, that name, that knife in the back will
never again slip through my paranoia-carcass.
I will remain unwritten.
The individual and the entire tissue

The idea that the entire spiderweb, the entire rhythm, all, nothing, is something that has been preinstalled on the inside, *en miniature*. I dreamt that I saw a hatchling in someone’s hand, not mine, but I know that

*I exist.*

*inside the heart of the hatchling,*

*and if I exist,*

*so does the entire city with falling towers*

*inside the heart of the hatchling,*

*and if that exists,*

*so do all the castles and skies, tied to spires with strings of gold and steel, in order to force the tissue to collaborate with the air in a dome-shaped unit, hanging by long threads from the sky*

*inside the heart of the hatchling,*

*and if that exist,*

*so does the entire spiderweb planet, sending winces from every point of the surface to every other point of the surface and down,*

*no one escapes*

*inside the heart of the hatchling.*

No one escapes.