

denmark

I.

Tove Ditlevsen is my mother figure
when I loiter in the streets of Copenhagen
little poppy girl

Else Marie Pade is my mother figure
when I stay in Aarhus
a little sound in a city's body

in the mirror
I only see a fragmented body
eyes, lips, collarbones
chunks of chestnut hair

I bet Kierkegaard's bride
always got messy hair

northern wind is severe

my second skin is min nye kjole
a dress for a child born in an empire
my third skin is my room with a view of the construction
my fourth skin is my city

kissed by Kattegat
my fifth skin is this country
where I am no local
my sixth skin is Europe

my seventh skin is the whole world

II.

motherless child

a milk-stepped kitten

kneading on some very soft objects

such as

teddy bears

blankets

rosy cheeks

soft danish sounds

touching the world's body

as if to escape

breadcrumb trail to germany

breadcrumb trail to sweden

I can't hear the borders of the words

when I hear danes speaking

we destroy the borders of the words

when we write poems

we refuse the borders

and slip inside foreign words

without permission

we break the waves of the speech

until we remain speechless

the wind leaves a tear
while gulls are laughing

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