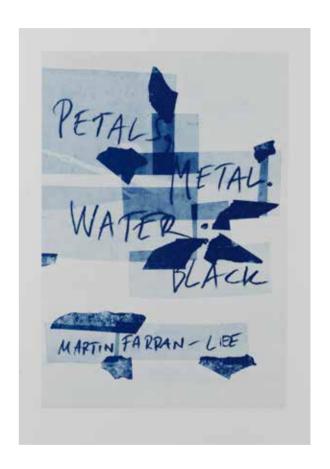
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In loving memory of Bror Gunnar Persson





RIDDARFJÄRDEN

scene: the city
distant, yet so close
the palaces of the ancient
and the newly rich
lit by breaking, fading light

what are they?

but silhouettes cut out of paper for all you know

placing your fingers on the frets
an open tuning
a three chord song
heard before, now sounding new
changing the order
of such simple measures
making sense for now
at least that's how it seemed



SYSSLOMANSGATAN

to you born with wings

to have them clipped

what did it matter then?

it's not such a cost

the price of feathers have gone up

there are many here

more important than you

what does it matter then?

it's all for a good cause

keep saying that

till you're out of breath

the words stick in your mouth

like old gum

the air has more taste

in the morning:

the wet earth, the rabbits

and the bird shit

add a trace of childhood

to sprinkle the grass

with fluid diamonds and liquid light



LÅNGHOLMEN

yet you must press on there is a purpose to all of this now it makes perfect sense

how come

you never saw it before?

how street lights and planets align

how your body moved

through the forest

when august came

and the only light

was the whiteness of the gravel

on your path

you had to be careful there

the darkness was easier to navigate

you moved silently

like the shark

in cold sweet waters

filled with moss and rotting wood

the taste of fish

always on your teeth

your long limbs white

against the black



NORRÖRA

cut to: the beach grey water, facing south

the three of you the only specks on the waves

except for the gulls

and the tankers carrying crude

out to sea

in your element

you could have been

growing gills

for all i know

now turning back

laughing

at the frozen figures in the sand



SANDHAMMAREN

but you alone must press on

a purpose to this?

makes no sense

turning your head away

in every photograph

blurring the image

it's for us to decipher

what it really meant



NORR MÄLARSTRAND

I

such was the loss
such was the sense of loss
it held us in a grip
held us down by force

the tears were no release

only there to wet our checks
unable to see beyond the grief

unable to correspond

the uselessness of it all

to set words to fire a flame
to warm the skin of this church
we shouldn't have been here in the first place
shouldn't have been here at all

outside,

the summer caught us

suspended in the air

then the weightlessness

left us

standing in the country road

directionless,

not knowing where to go

but back to the sorrow that was

clinging to our limbs,

submerged

in our second-hand suits

now suddenly mortal in the prime of life

Τ

```
|{\tt c}| falter, there's nothing you can |{\tt DM7}| alter there's no |{\tt c}| going back on a |{\tt F}| fact
```

```
|C| thinking, we could have |DM7| made a change made a |C| difference in the |F| end
```

```
|F_{MAJ7}/A| straws in the |F| wind |D_{M7}| stuck in the dirt we're |C_{MAJ7}/E| planted in
```

|c| closing, the door on $|D_{M7}|$ everything from the |c| first day to the |F| last of him

 $|F_{MAJ7}/A|$ straws in the |F| wind $|D_{M7}|$ stuck in the dirt we're $|C_{MAJ7}/E|$ planted in

 $|D_{M9}|$ a shroud of music to $|C_{MAJ7}/E|$ sweep him in $|D_{M9}|$ a shroud of music to $|C_{MAJ7}/E|$ sweep him in $|D_{M9}|$ a shroud of music to $|C_{MAJ7}/E|$ sweep him in $|D_{M9}|$ a shroud of music to $|C_{MAJ7}/E|$ sweep him in



HUK

For Julia & William

Konstnärligt utvecklingsarbete vid HDK – Högskolan för Design och Konsthantverk vid Göteborgs universitet Artistic R&D project at HDK – School of Design and Crafts at the University of Gothenburg

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