

Poems

Martin Gustafsson

Farming

I don't know what strawberries look like
Yet I plant them
Tend them
Harvest them
Every night
It is perhaps fear
That stops me
From wandering out
Into the strawberry fields
During the day
When there are people around
When sunlight illuminates
Every strawberry pore
So I remain
A night farmer
A lone keeper
Of strawberry secrets

August 2004

Revolutionary matchsticks

This country
Drives me crazy
With desire
With despair
Carefree
Lounging
On the tinder box
Rome
Never quite gets to
Burn
You see
At least
Before
Revolutionary fires
Crackled
Lit up
That visage
Society as it should be
As the philosophers decreed
But that was a mirage
They cackle
Currently
Spilling Johnny Walker
Black
Red
White
On the prickly
But for now
Quiet
Matchstick
Mattress

May 2005

Driving me crazy

This planet
Drives me crazy
Its folds
Sweeps
Foliage
Chattering
Of animals
The whisper
Of eternity
In the wind
All making me
Soar
Or want to soar
Propelled
By an unclear
Longing
So unclear
In fact
That
I end up
With the desperate few
Some say lucky
Queuing
For a place
In a dirty smoking
Aircraft
Spewing out
Ignorance
Contempt
Feigning
Intelligence
About a doomed planet

June 2005

The guy in the office next door who died suddenly

Your laughs
Your stubborn ambition
Your sexy manner
Little did I know
What thing
Was eating you within
What people
You had left
Far away
On a hot green coast
Leaving you
Alone
With your ambition
Your quiet fight
Your end

July 2006

Goodbye San Marcos Sierras

Goodbye dear holiday
You seemed pregnant with purpose
The books I was going to read
The cleansing of the stress
Of everyday life
The new views of fresh horizons
That would burn their images into my mind
Not to speak of the digital camera
You did well
Dear holiday
By protecting me from
Holiday disasters
Losing one's credit card
Blowing one's liver
Falling out of the sky
Your profession should be proud of you
I cannot blame you
For the incompleteness of life
The half-pretences at social gatherings
Committed to stubborn merriment
The infernal yo-yo
Of drink to the night
And ciao to the morning
The deathliness of a bloated stomach
The abundance of Internet cafes
Killing true discovery
Wiring the world where once existed
Blessed disconnectedness
Goodbye dear holiday
Goodbye dear half measure
You did your best

January 2008

Poem for very busy people

As my diary
Rumbles me downhill
And meetings e-mails
Clatter
Runaway train
A poem
Scribbled
Between red plastic walls
In a loo
Provides a full-stop
Unlike
And superior to
The stop gap
Of suffocation by phlegm
Or something of the sort
Between the red plastic walls
Of a howling ambulance

December 2008

Infrequently

It comes by infrequently
But that we've accepted
There is no beauty
That does not mostly sleep
And then flutter by
Within touching distance
Feathers scattering
Crystals of sunlight
Mending rending
Our beating hearts
Hungry like stomachs

April 2009

Cities

A new city
One sperm amongst trillions
Microscopic optimism
Produces
Kaleidoscopic variety
Naked arrogance
In designer clothing
Restaurants with smells
From the corners of empire
Black hole of sensations
Of electricity
Even stars are sucked in
To fluorescent nights
To dreams swimming
Like goldfish
In drinks
Beneath lemon sunsets
I glide
Sperm-like
Without a clear target

October 2010