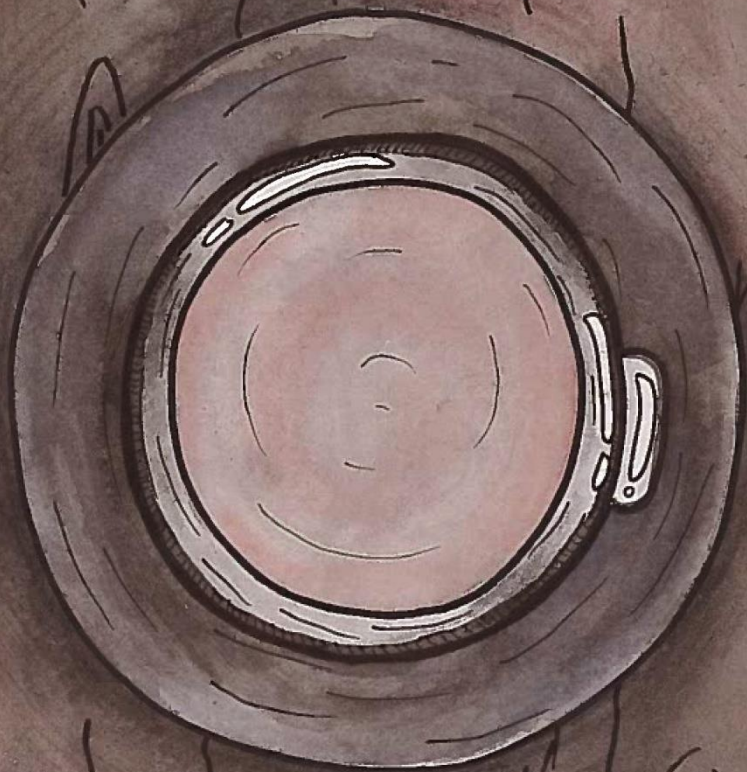


**dikt / actions  
osl / ondon**

**david toms / maren nygård**



**Smithereens Press**



dikt / actions  
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*dikt / actions*

*osl / ondon*

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Text set in Calibri 12 point.

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dikt / actions  
osl / ondon



out of Æthelred's rules  
we got: the alehouse the ordeal  
iron life lord and love  
the plight of the tide

each came in an octave higher  
than the last  
each an age of its own making  
each a test of sorts

they left behind mostly broken things  
the local people and themselves  
they took milk as well  
a town cramped on the shore

they stood right-angled to the river  
staking claims private and personal  
the business of the river

**DT**

# furlongs

brows long furrow  
furlongs fall away  
tides drift times  
eyes are islands

forelong he did recoil  
oxen reshaped the commons  
the sun influences equally  
the ridge north and south

\*

we know the watertimes are lunatic  
two-hundred twenty yards is asterisk  
one eighth of a stadium  
racecourses all around marked

with thundering stars  
sternly ploughing furrows  
over furlongs for guineas  
crowns wreaths cups

\*

eight to one ought to  
be entertained once at  
least  
lest



one finds it on  
a little gamble  
a stayer perhaps  
the going good to soft

\*

soft in places  
perth perhaps  
the abbot's new town  
down to royal or Patrick

paper under oxters  
Christological double carpet  
arms crossed hands flat  
against the chest

\*

rouf better by halves  
wrist tips cockle  
or net  
top of the head

whole ears bent to hear  
in the south what  
half an arm tells  
in the north

\*

elef a vier  
is one short

sais a wang  
snow six in one

net by bice  
rouf or ex  
keep to rock cake  
out of grains of sand

\*

ways so close to veins  
rivulets of sweat  
saltsweet air  
oars in train

haste on horses  
wave after wave  
bulge after bulge  
bob and weave

\*

handwork turns  
sleephearted dreamer  
over ash and elm  
the oaks

steel strikes soil  
shodfeet  
finishing  
line

**DT**

## settlements

from Aker's river  
haven to haven  
cux to krkonoš

to the Elbe, labelled  
harbour to harbour

a body of water  
rivulets  
estuarial language  
strongarmed  
a pill, not to swallow

tongue trills  
tributaries  
byproducts of cities  
but to swim

does a dip of the toe  
as a reconquering  
what of a body submerged

in a fjord count  
for a second

strong lakesalting

keeps fresh the fish

the lip of the landslip  
a stonehouse on an island  
upturning the blade

the scrag end of the scree  
oars cutting the water

this farefree ride  
undangerous

through the rushes

taking a tourchart  
make mark

rise to travel  
head the land

here  
anchor  
amid acrid salting

pool together  
set down a word

build a city

by and by

**DT**

## Bosettninger

fra Akerselva  
paradis til paradis  
CUX til krkonoš

til Elbe, merket  
port til port

en kropp av vann  
bekker  
estuarial språk  
å tvinge  
en pille, ikke for å svelge,

trillende tunger  
elver  
biprodukter av byer  
men å svømme

teller en tupp av en tå  
som gjen-erobring  
det av en kropp senket

i en fjord  
for et sekund

sterk elvesalting

holder fisken fersk

leppen av landlinjen  
et steinhus på en øy  
vender bladet opp

den stygge enden av ura  
årer kutter vannet

for denne fare-frie ferd  
ufarlig

gjennom sivet

ta en sjanse  
merk et merke

reis deg til reise  
led landet

her  
sett anker  
blant etsende salting

kom sammen  
sett ned et ort

bygg en by

en etter en

**MN**

# Stockfleth's Prinsens Gate

count the rings of coffee cups  
a score almost  
scorched the countertop

ecc more than con      centric  
diagram of daydreams  
history of meetings

perhaps the wood  
burned with too much  
talking

some rounded fully  
others crescented  
picked up sipped

a dendrochronology  
at odds with the woodgrain  
an aging process all its own

mysteries inkpressed  
fingertips run smooth  
over each circle

grounds binned  
the woodburn  
the rings remain

**DT**

## Klezmernatt i Oslo

the southern steppe reaches up  
to the saltblacksea where derby-hatted  
mustachioed great-grandfather  
sailed once from out the Port of Barry —  
interminable space — the musician called it  
speaking out to the audience & into his violin

he could speak Russian, Polish or Yiddish  
but wouldn't — in English, with  
clarinet, violin, double bass and drumkit  
we passed over the steppe and walked  
joyously back from Istanbul.

**DT**



# Morning

A cap sized head to wear  
The plunk of the last rains drop  
A moomin cup, washed of coffee  
Glasses replaced among the cup hoard

Chanterelles dry out on last Saturday's  
*Aftenposten*, borscht patient  
maturing in a growler  
the season maturing  
soon to be ending

we get up

DT

# Morgen

Et caps-stort hode er tatt på  
plasket av sene regn-dråper  
En mummi-kopp tom for kaffi  
Glass erstattes blant koppehæren

Kantareller tørker ut på forrige lørdags  
*Aftenposten*, borsjtsj pasient  
modnes i en mugge  
sesongen er moden  
snart er den slutt

vi står opp

**MN**

# Chanterelles

*for Anna K*

deep old leaf litter  
birch and ferns  
yolky gold forest floor

peppery promiscuous  
mycelial threads  
tufts of moss

blade and brush  
slugs unpicked  
pulled up and off

a woven basket  
brimming  
heaving

pan hot butter  
rendered  
golden combination

**DT**

# Norges Nasjonalgalleriet

autumn appalled like winter  
unset sun an augury  
mulde berry leaves  
this world for the next

icing the lake the sky  
a string of pearls  
a sled pulled by a goat  
Christ among the doctors

an old man sucks the tit  
of a young woman in Lorenzo  
Pasinelli's *Roman Charity*  
c. 1670

low church devotion  
in a hearth-room  
Hauge goes heavy  
the sloop across the ocean

play and dance  
the snow is the sea  
all is blue or black  
bar the stars

DT

## 'Flat-land'

What the others do  
in small London flats  
mice friends  
better than my  
friends  
find us  
trapped.

We eat our last supper  
as silent as that can be  
done  
before  
IKEA-cum

dirty carpet rides  
acid trip reverse  
perverse A4  
I give you  
my fish finger  
as a  
sign

**MN**

# Christmas

Raw morning:  
cancelled train  
among the ailments

winter brushes the white ring  
the day dawn withering.

Mourning cold,  
folk lower stories:

giving ear  
they get throat  
a windmade moan

the darkest midnight in December.

**DT**

# Jul

Rå morgen:  
Kansellerte tog  
Blant andre plager

vinter børster den hvite ringen  
dagens morgengry visner.  
Sørgende kaldt,  
folk senker historiene:

gir øre  
de får strupen  
et vind-skapt stønn

den mørkeste midnatt i desember.

**MN**

I saw teeth waver  
uneven lines of evensong  
a Christmas garland

hoarfrost  
hills switched  
off in the fog

forever green  
the hack & cut

I saw dust drift  
to the ground.

Stumped.

— How do we tip this thing  
on its side?

**DT**



# Sacristan

wax-white dead tapers cleaned  
out from the fire grate  
mats placed  
candles  
the paraffin lamps lit

toilets checked  
courtyard swept  
collection box counted  
soap to keep clean hands  
cutlery rolled

the doorkeeper unlocks  
the music

«en pils»  
service begins

**DT**

## The X Year Mark

Words are filled with  
castrated vowels  
slow moving between sharp teeth  
resting on a pillow tongue  
ripening  
tip toed over-  
words, 'I told you so's  
riot and well  
catch value  
point blank  
ricochets once  
twice  
in the dull  
space  
amid your left and right  
ear

**MN**

# Junction

dog-eared  
the year marked  
by ears of listening

Sunday months  
mothball into  
moandays  
off

hold: fast  
hold: steady

stay true  
stay on the line  
on the straighten  
the narrow

heighten intension

dense the dreariness  
of dramdrop dreams

sleep in

**DT**

# Tuddal

A dog dreams  
of moose  
reality offers  
a squirrel

we still  
have our  
mountain  
to climb

**DT**

## 17<sup>th</sup> of Jan.

Screeching tires  
up Hounslow's glitter  
motorway  
ice puddles  
breath bubbles  
ice-fire  
walking stick legs  
tap tap swoosj

Balancing coffee  
in stiff hands  
break fingers  
loose  
for office at 8

**MN**

# Radical Winter

In turn, the winter thrums still  
though it has long since passed  
Brigid's day.

Here, in the north  
David, Patrick, Sile, the brutal  
Ides have all since marched away.

Still, it persists –

soft, white  
lying on its stale, melting  
brooders.

The malignant lingerers  
outlining the moraines that mark  
my way home.

DT



## *Acknowledgements*

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**David Toms** lives in Norway. His poetry has appeared in a wide range of print and online publications including *Southword*, *Banshee*, *The Penny Dreadful*, *Translation Ireland*, *The Honest Ulsterman* and others. He has published several chapbooks and one collection, *Soma / Sema*, which came out in 2011.



**Maren Nygård** is a poet and translator from Norway. Currently based in West London, where she tries not to take life too seriously, and enjoys writing about London life and life in general with contrast, humour and gin. She finished her studies in creative writing in 2016, specializing in experimental poetry and continues to be inspired by poets like Allen Ginsberg and Jane Yeh.



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