

Vedøya - Lament to the bird mountain who lost its voice #1 (2021)

I'm lying here resting  
with my mountain sisters

the sun warms me  
the winds and rain  
wash  
us  
lichen and moss-skin  
protect us

we listen to  
eternity  
the waves  
waves  
clumps of seaweed  
on the shore  
are stirred  
by cycles

below us  
we feel  
the power  
magma  
the origin of Utrøstryggen

We are the elders  
born in the world's infancy  
yet still rising  
through millennia  
under heavy massed ice  
the ice  
melting  
the winds  
the water  
the currents  
insisting  
shaping and honing

landslides at times  
shapes changing  
new spaces made

cliff faces  
are open invitations

I call them my winged children  
one springwinter they came flying  
in over the hills  
different voices

have  
come  
gone  
come  
gone

long gone

Every spring  
we are woken  
and we no longer crave for company  
in the long summer nights

eggs  
are laid  
lain on  
fed  
hatched  
squeaking  
chattering  
squabbling  
calling  
answering

then they fly off  
in August  
in twilight days

It's light tonight  
but all I want is to sleep  
everything is changed  
I don't know where I am  
without  
the screeching  
the blare  
the sheen of the silver mantel

a pair of ravens  
are searching in vain  
for life  
their shrieks echo in Visheller'n

One springwinter long long ago  
our forebirds came flying

our time is old  
it is hard to say when we came  
but we remember  
an ancient mineral giant  
born from Utrøstryggens

300 million years

were you expecting company?

we found rocky ledges  
for white and turquoise eggs  
rock nests  
and hollows  
such lovely song  
in the steep rock face

I look at you  
from different angles  
daily  
try to store  
your outline  
your  
shape  
in me  
changing  
with the wind  
the weather  
kinds of light

You are stoical today  
seen from the north  
I cannot see the sea  
between you and Røst  
you rise straight up out of the ground  
a support  
supporting  
here we stand  
glaring at each other

Today I came back to Vedøya  
I walked up the sheep track along Bunes Bay  
to the old Swiss bird research hut

Two people  
sitting on the steps  
tying their shoelaces  
ready to investigate the auks

It is the summer of 1965  
harvest  
shouting and children's laughter  
sheep and lambs bleating  
coffeepots rattling  
a pipe is lit

But where are the kittiwakes?

Nothing is as it was  
we have to get used to the land  
all over again  
but everything feels strange  
the choir no longer sings in unison  
few or nobody  
is at home  
as they were  
not very long ago

one auk  
or a single  
guillemot  
dives off the cliff face  
lonely arrows  
vibrating in the air

in the light nights  
the wren sings  
her solo

birds are at home  
floating weightlessly  
strangely eternal  
if only the sea was not so empty

birds, sheep, people, guano  
plants proliferating  
under the mountain's towering  
being

asleep

hunting island  
gathering fodder  
summer pastures