August

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

- a poem in 6 parts

August - *a poem in 6 parts* by Johannes S. H. Bjerg published by Half Day Moon Press © 2022 Johannes S. H. Bjerg

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the dreamt up ones

the waves

and the ochre curtains

fell sideways

out of or into

the room

```
these walls
of light
       while you're still an angel
cut up
into stripes
       while you're still an angel
above the bookshelf
black
white
black
white
black
white
across
the icon
of Saint Silouan
       while
       you're
       still
        an
```

angel

and the clear carafe

with the wild flowers

dead

but the light

as if it was

August

while you're

still

in August

the sea repeats

the sea repeats

the sea repeats

star waves

star waves

star waves

the sea repeats

star waves

and the mother dream

kneels

by orphaned birds

the stars repeat

the stars repeat

the stars repeat

the orphaned birds

the orphaned birds

the orphaned birds

caught within

the mother mirror

.

the mother village

kneels

the mother village

kneels

for the orphaned birds

caught in the mirror

the mirror that runs

with rain

and I saw you coming

across the field

and you didn't turn right

you didn't turn left

by the hawthorn

I saw you coming

and you didn't turn you came

and we said nothing

for a while

in the ochre heat

but drank of the rain

from the mirror

from the moist pillow

to the wheat field

we dream ourselves back

to where we are

now

seeing ourselves coming

without arriving

and the bird orphans

repeat the stars

the stars repeat

the waves

the waves

repeat the wheat field

in the rain

in the mirror

in

that room

in

August

in

that

ochre

heat

your

knee

was

bent

and

there were

no

waves

to

repeat



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