

Extract from

LAST REMNANTS OF THE WILD

by Peter Lucas Erixon

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FEBRUARY

Then lay your hand on the tree and learn patience.

The trees cast black shadows on the blue crust of snow. Further away the grey barns. And the ash trees awaiting morning.

Nature knows no grieving. Look, the sun has made the still bare tree unfold a landing track of shade for birds of February. The moon enters the side of darkness. Further away the hill with its wet entangled grass of last year emerges out of the snow.

The tree stands there, composing itself for spring. It knows already what will take place under its dark whirling crown during the summer, knows even now what will never again be the same. There is no grief. The tree does not stand there as if every hour were the last.

This exercise is called: Lay your hand on the trunk of the tree.

NIGHT IN SPRING

Soon the darkness out of the woods faintly blackened. It flows from nests and burrows. Soon again days in flash of lights, flashing white and bonelike yellow, for a moment so light your eye can distinguish nothing.

The daylight of April reaches all nooks and crannies.

In the night darkness creeps out of cavities everywhere.

The smell of iron reaches the world, its sharp trembling molecules. Marsh lands reveal their water. Scents around human dwellings. Fields are unveiled, shrieks of animals can be heard while spring's full moon casts its heavy glance down on earth. The cold light passes over frozen surfaces, shaking the crevices of spring's ice. The night sheds its substance. It trickles out of a vast abundance.

He sits in what he calls the bright spring.

Thus the smells of earth merge like vaults and the scents heave themselves from below. Have you seen it? Spring times are lighted so that you can discern the openings of the caves. Soon they will be here, the black-eyed nights of melting snow. For every night less snow, faster running brooks; water making tracks in loose soil where field-mice form their nests of grass. And many thoughts come to mind. *I know that the seed is in the ground for the sake of its darkness.*

FOR THOSE WHO TRAVEL

He who travels shall arrive: to himself. Slowly, with innumerable obstacles, to that which in this language is named presence, to what likewise is called sharing. To keep journeying: to that destination where the shakiness of knowledge reveals itself and dissolves, becomes like blowing wind, evaporating.

How often is not thoughtfulness betrayed by words loosely spoken. The palm of your hand, with which you gently have caressed pets and loved ones, now flees over higher grounds. You shall see and state: here is steady ground, this is mine.

To wake up this spring, no longer willing to give your life for insight into any mystery whatsoever. Eyes opening, thoughtfulness coming to its own as sun of fullness is merged into the fairy-tale of your father. You are weight and wing. You are the foothold at a cross-road. There is falsehood and truth. You will come into being when you look upon that which you today love, land or man.

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WALK

This evening the objects were distinct. Forgotten trails reappeared among haying poles, rusty tin cans, corroded steel springs. And a fallen house wall with its doors and windows facing towards the ground.

Places like the tumbling down of time.

Like the mossy slope running down towards the old sawmill, a place of whimper and whisper. I found a bird there with its dissolved feathered face in wet ashes. Here a pile of stones that in fifteen or twenty years will be made invisible by heaps of pine needles and beds of leafage.

Early May. The blue twilight is creeping in the birch tree's web of branches at the farm, the atmosphere is charged with electric tension. Such things seek us that do not need to be seen and therefore require witnessing.

The utopian mission: the art of transformation. The art of transformation: to suspend all distances for a moment and be present in one's hesitations without form.

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