

SAMPLER

Weight of Light

ALSO BY HANNE BRAMNESS

IN ENGLISH

Salt on the eye: Selected Poems
No film in the camera

IN NORWEGIAN

Korrespondanse
I sin tid
Nattens kontinent
Revolusjonselegier
Regnet i Buenos Aires
Salt på øyet
Det står ulver i din drøm
Uten film i kameraet
Vekta av lyset
Den ukjente
Fra håpets historie

FOR CHILDREN

Kysset
Trollmåne
Lynettes reise
Solfinger
Skogen i hjartet
Vintersong

SAMPLER

ALSO BY FRANCES PRESLEY

The Sex of Art
Hula Hoop
Linocut
Neither the One nor the Other (*with Elizabeth James*)
Automatic cross stitch (*with Irma Irsara*)
Paravane
Myne – new and selected poems & prose 1975-2006
Lines of sight
Stone settings (*with Tilla Brading*)
An Alphabet for Alina (*with Peterjon Skelt*)
Halse for hazel
Sallow

Hanne Bramness

Weight of Light

SAMPLER

poems and prose poems

translated from Norwegian by
Frances Presley & the author

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I

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Vekta av lyset

Hun bærer barnet inn i kirka noen uker før dåpsdagen i mai. Vårlyset renner inn vinduene på sørsida som vender mot stranda. Der ute på grunna ligger ei sjøstjerne og blinker i sola. Vannet er så klart at saltet i det er synlig. Hun bærer barnet fra det hvite lyset ute inn i det halvmørke våpenhuset. Hendene hennes er kjempestore og bittesmå på samme tid, slik tunga også er i munnen. Hun har en krans av sol rundt panna, må løfte hodet høyt. Holder rundt den vesle kista, den veies ingenting

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Weight of light

She carries the child into church a few weeks before the May baptism. Spring light pours through windows facing the shore on the south side. Out there in shallows a starfish gleams in the sun. The water so clear salt is visible. She carries the child from white light outside into the half dark vestibule. Her hands are huge and tiny at the same time, like the tongue in her mouth. A wreath of sun on her forehead, but she must hold her head high. Her hands around the small casket, which weighs nothing.

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Dobbel Lilje

1

Lilja lener seg nonsjalandt mot den skitne veggen
der hun kneler med h anda foran kroppen
og fors oker  a dekke seg for solas kvasse blikk
Det hvite hodet fylt til randen av lys, holdt oppe av
den sterke halsen

2

Han plukker ei kremgul lilje og legger den p a vannet
slik hun vil at han skal legge henne p a vannet
dra henne rundt i sirkler, vugge henne fram og tilbake
og skulle hun synke skyve henne opp igjen ved hjelp av
 en finger

Double Lily

1

The lily leans against a smudged wall
where she kneels, hand in front of her
trying to shield herself from sun's sharp stare
White head brim full of light, held up
by the strong neck

2

He plucks a cream lily and lays it on the water
the way she wants him to lay her on the water
pull her round in circles, rock her back and forth
and should she sink lift her up again with
one finger

Forberedelser

Vi skal henge opp de dryppende ryene
ta inn det blomstrende riset i krukker
koke suppe på knoken etter påskelammet

åpne opp lokket til flygelet
knytte flasker på greinene i eiketreet
og slå på stammen

ta en svømmetur i den iskolde sjøen
med korte, andpustne tak
plukke de sølvblå bærene på eineren

takke Gud i ei kirke av salt
øve på de russiske korsangene
hente rumpetroll hjem i norgesglass

Preparations

We shall hang up dripping rugs
collect flowering birch whips in jugs
boil soup on the bone from Easter lamb

open up the lid of the grand piano
tie bottles to branches of the oak tree
and beat the trunk

swim in the ice cold lake
with short, gasping strokes
pick silver blue berries of juniper

thank God in a church made of salt
practise Russian choral songs
bring tadpoles home in jam jars