strata
Also by Helena Eriksson, in Swedish

En byggnad åt mig (1990)
Spott ur en änglamun (1993)
Mark (1996)
Tholos (1998)
Skäran (2001)
Strata (2004)
De, bara (2008)
Logiska undersökningar (2009)
Mellan eller En annan närhet (2011)
Täthetsteoremet (2012)
First and foremost she loved this movement: winding her gold signet ring round and round on her middle finger. The signet was so wide that its edges scraped sublimely against the hand’s first finger and ring finger.

Observe also the correctness of her clothes and the correct way she wore them and the strictness of her features—in a word, the sobriety of her movements and behaviour.
They must be beautiful  Why must it be beautiful
running along the façades

Atlantic winds

feet covered the gleam of the foot on the shoreline
when it is choked swept stalked by the crest of a wave

the sea's concern for her
“My body has begun to emit darkness”
in the stillness between the buildings; green
crosses the animals’ paths, where rest
where the colours of desire

Stretched
Struck

further back, thrown
chance
Repeat
Revenge no-not-revenge
my leaps her ladders

reversed gravitation

History in a way alone with this darkness
in the midst of this precise rendition

transported, without connection to the machinery

while the colours return. One can write anything that they’ll find him real with voice and everything mortal
No authority to decline the task. I’m talking for us both. You look around the room, as if you haven’t been there before. I interrupt you immediately. Yes: they are dead. You dream that he’s back, but it is a disguise.