

JÓANES NIELSEN  
**WAITING ROOM**

Hann bíðar eftir eini livur  
hefur drukkið sína egnu í rot.  
Við tilverunnar ytsta mark  
droymir hann um at onkur við hansar DNA-skipan  
verður yvirkoyrdur  
ella kvalist av einum fiskabeini í hálsinum.

*Translated by Matthew Landrum*

He's waiting for a liver  
now he's pickled his own.  
On the outskirts of existence  
he dreams that a DNA match  
will be hit by a car  
or choke on a fishbone.

## SECOND WAITING

Náttin hefur mist sínar lyklar  
 ein tómur barnavognur bíðar eftir Jesusi  
 eftir okkum öllum bíða tóm fær.  
 Fram við vetrarbreytini ótættir kranar við dropum  
 av orskapi í.  
 Teir hava selt stjörnurnar  
 baktalað regnið  
 lopið ólag á náttarinnar ljósskipan.  
 Himmalin, eitt gudaellisheim  
 lat tað fara  
 men einglarnir  
 floytuspælararnir í okkara ljósu dreymum  
 eg krevji nøvnini á teirra drápsmonnum!

*Translated by Matthew Landrum*

The night lost its keys  
 an empty pram is waiting for Jesus—  
 empty vessels are waiting for all of us.  
 Along the milky way leaky faucets drip  
 madness.  
 They sold the stars  
 slandered the rain  
 disrupted the night's system of light.  
 Heaven is a nursing home for the gods  
 but never mind—  
 the angels  
 those flautists of our shining dreams  
 I demand to know the names of their killers!

## GLASS HOUSES

*October 14, 2012*

Stoytti ein grannljómari móti einum  
køksrúti í Norðdepli.  
Tríggjar dagar frammanundan var sami fuglur merktur við  
Lista Fyr nakað sunnan fyri Stavanger.  
Tað var so dánt at bresturin hoyrdist  
og kanska var grannljómarin longu deyður  
tá tær stóru norðepilshendurnar varisliga lögdu hann í ein vøtt  
og bóru hann inn í køkin.  
Fyrstuhjálparútgerð var ikki tøk har norðuri  
heldur ongin kragi til koyktan fuglaháls  
ella bara eitt so lítið ting sum súrevnismaska til evarska smá nev.  
Í tríggjar dagar fleyg og feyk tann níggju gramm tungi kroppurin teir  
umleið 850 kilometrarnar frá Stavangerleiðini til Norðdepils  
hann brast í køksrútin  
visti ikki at menniskjunnar bústaðir eru glasklæddir.

*Translated by Matthew Landrum*

A common chiffchaff hit a kitchen window in Norðdepil.  
Three days before, the same bird had been banded  
at Lista Bird Observatory just south of Stavanger.  
The crash was barely audible  
and maybe the chiffchaff was already dead  
by the time rough hands carefully picked him up,  
wrapped him in a wool mitten, and carried him into the kitchen.  
There was no first aid equipment up in the north—  
no cervical collar for the bird's twisted neck,  
not even a miniature oxygen mask to fit over his tiny beak.  
For three days this nine-gram body flew along on the wind  
approximately 850 kilometres from Stavanger to Norðdepil.  
Then he hit the kitchen window. He didn't know  
that humans live in glass-covered houses.