

# walrus sowing

linked triads

by Michael O'Brien and Johannes S. H. Bjerg



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Published in Denmark 2020



Bones

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This book is a try-out of the triptych or triad as basis for a linked verse sequence. Perhaps the best term for it would be “three-sound” (a somewhat adequate translation of the Danish word *treklang* which is “three (musical) notes struck at the same time” - a basic musical chord.. The triptych or triad (a poem consisting of 3 poems that can stand alone) used in this, is based on the parallel (haiku) with an added 3rd part/line. The one-line verse can be a haiku, a one-line poem (monostich), a line of prose or a line of lyrical prose while the two other parts are haiku(-esque), thus creating a three point juxtaposition. In this book the triads open with a single line of haiku, poetry or prose and is followed by a parallel (haiku). A “three-sound” on it’s own can have the one-line verse at the end as well. It is up to the writer.

We set up one rule: the single line verse is a variation of the second (concluding?) haiku of the previous parallel as the obvious “link”.

Example:

*(writer 1)*

you come to the sea where the sea comes to you

*(writer 2)*

minuses

*(writer 1)*  
*the sighs*  
*of the sick*

after a while

*forms a cloud*

the deformities

add up

*raining needles*

*(writer 2)*

raining needles what more to ask of a terminal cloud

*(writer 1)*

eyes

full of pollen

*(writer 2)*

*after persimmon*

*season*

you see

your feet

*you go back*

as fish

*to celibacy*

Like the book of linked parallel(s) (haiku) “between breaths five owls” (Bones 2020) this one was done during the (still present) Covid-19 pandemic.

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raining needles what more to ask of a terminal cloud

eyes  
full of pollen

*after persimmon  
season*

you see  
your feet

*you go back*

as fish

*to celibacy*

going back to celibacy fruits light up the heavens

the monk's  
head

*using dead beetles*

being full  
of cats

*we place new stars*

the monk's  
head

*in dad's blue eyes*

with the aid of lost beetles we fill his eyes with stars

sometimes  
the echo

*thankful for  
tears*

comes

*with  
dolphins*

before  
the lilacs

*we lift  
the coffin*

a coffin for our tears as we sing in the dolphin cathedral

with the taste  
of coffee

*in an imaginary lighthouse*

in your eyes

*you complete  
a diary*

you look  
through pines

*of blank pages*

last page of the diary an imaginary lighthouse

where  
the dirt road

*on this  
warming night*

goes  
past you

*his biggest  
fear*

a hook for  
your shadow

*becoming  
a meme*

becoming an unread meme in a sultry night his sweat  
leaves him for a rose

just below  
your denisovan  
genome

*the house*

waiting for  
the 41bus

*white as a nameless  
glacier*

a wildflower

*spat you out*

the house where you were born moves into nomenclature  
and spit

daytime TV

*4 day stubble*

a dog stays  
the same age

*you find your  
thoughts*

for longer  
than a dog's  
lifespan

*in a vanilla  
shortage*

on day 4 vanilla shortage gives you a beard and opens your  
3rd eye

mild winter

*left here by ice*

under  
the bell jar

*the hill lets a road*

a cuckoo

*climb it in silence*



cooly ignorant of gravity and time the tarmac continues  
on its way

hoovering up  
strange moths

*robot arms*

I watch  
Saturn wash

*the cold  
smell*

its rings

*of your  
metal*

on a cold night I rest my hand on the metal in her thigh

once Plato leaves

*into the holy fire*

we decorate the cave

*worn down rock idols*

with ants

*and winged cookies*

in a fit of rage the world, calorific ideologies and all, is  
thrown into the holy fire

spring rain

*in the  
fishing hole*

nothing  
revolutionary

*playing golf*

about that

*with pastel clowns*

Thursday: hope-mice by the fishing hole painting clowns

after talking to the rain

*the death of rock'n'roll?*

you open the can

*oh,*

of pineapples

*a butterfly*

the first brimstone of the year rising above another octave

if there's  
ants enough

*lost in a war*

we can still tune

*counting  
doughnuts*

the earthquake  
piano

*his hands*

counting the doughnuts on the dream-tree he cancels  
his war

back sliding empire

*under Orion's Belt*

the sound of wind

*you ask if you can stroke*

in an empty can

*Terpsichore's owl*

all flower face gets is the first note of the doric scale

back from  
the inner spaceship

*dog collared  
clouds*

you reinvent

*you paint*

penguins

*tiny arms  
on them*

the tiny arms of clouds place you at a footless hill

multiple worlds

*bathing in anemones*

in each email chain

*you become the father*

your moods

*of everything blue*



you, the father of blue, washed in anemones

still

*behaviour patterns*

“die Schreie der Tausenden”

*on the top shelf*

is an ongoing  
work

*pickled walnuts*

on the 91st day you dance the pogo in a lost forest on  
the top shelf

not a syllable

*in the middle  
of every mustard field*

in your skull

*a trampoline*

wind through spruce

*for angels*

in the mustard field you adjust her halo

onomatopoeia-therapy

*on the temple bell*

finding the inner

*fast asleep*

banjo

*the virus*

the virus sleeps on the temple bell in the snowball in your  
pineal gland

late winter

*looking at bluebells*

you ask

*The Grauballe Man*

a whale

*falls in love*

millenniums of longing The Grauballe Man falls in love  
with bluebells

and you  
discover

*after the storm*

water  
won't keep  
your memories

*we resurrect*

a secret

*the animals*

three walnuts, one of them contains resurrected animals

won't you?

*does history*

also on the bathroom tiles

*have room*

lenin's death mask

*for Monteverdi's feet?*

after trying centimeters and inches, we still question the  
size of Monteverdi's feet

of all  
the types  
of weather

*the hedgerows*

you prefer

*on the riverbank*

the squid rain

*full of otoscopes*

the otoscopes in the hedges help you see the sounds of  
your ancestors

you remember

*in this photo*

thinking of her

*Grand Canyon fills*

as a potato

*my dad's right eye*



the weight of the photo remains the same even though  
father's eyes are becoming emptier

the owl  
in your mum's elbow

*formication*

counts  
the number of nails

*the blue*

you'll need  
to stand upright

*beyond pines*

eyeing the blue beyond the pines you begin to  
believe in ants

on his 3rd  
birthday

*in the legende  
of The Great Horse Sacrifice*

with lemons

*you find*

the child kills  
a tree clown

*a button hole*

learning to sow we cross stitch a red horse

no sense  
in asking

*between solstices*

what the hill does

*falling apart*

when it's hilling

*an ant*

from solstice to solstice ants and rubber ducks sail your  
bloodstream

horse latitudes

*umpteenth sneeze*

of a centaur's bow

*you find a new horizon*

it's dryness

*in the porridge*

in a sneezing fit you find the blue hour in the bowl of  
porridge

planting penguins

*stones!*

sowing walruses

*potatoes and prunes*

what else can you do  
stuck in the desert?

*that is it!*

potatoes and prunes and the pumpkin in his hip spitting  
out cats

ignoring the illness

*screaming trees*

you think of yourself

*you need a new  
language*

as a stone god

*to fall apart*

after verbs fall apart the pronouns bloom in rage

and the coffee

*first we try*

you still  
call it

*houseplants*

coffee

*and then gorillas*

first we jump with houseplants then we dive with gorillas

spring sunset

*deep frost*

t he old man going out

*two ravens  
give a pizza*

with tibetan hymns

*a sky-burial*



the sun a pepperoni wheel that asks the frozen ravens

a sting  
in your heart

*clock start*

as you discover

*a necktie knots*

gravity

*the elm*

a necktie around the elm for time's suicide

hanging stench

*your chess game starts*

starting to swell

*with a board*

the coastline

*full of kings*

en passant the king becoming king

out of a job

*winter shower*

the god  
of lesser puddles

*escaping  
the pot*

reads up on  
dust cakes

*a tea leaf*

a tea leaf on the run mistaken for a rune

infected wound

*a limited universe*

starting to stink

*in the herring's*

the tarot card

*eye*

in the herring's eye the particles that know particles

midday  
bells

*while in the  
sauna*

there

*dobermans*

you  
go

*chasing squid*

in Schrödinger's sauna dobermans chasing squid dreaming  
of a secret Paris

wilting  
snapdragon

*at the end  
of philosophy*

all i ever  
wanted to be

*there's a ball*

was a lobster

*of dung*

a dung beetle rolling shit over heraclitus's footnote

and you let

*with two  
hands*

the porridge  
settle

*the river*

before naming it

*as something  
else*

you gave the river two hands

soft eggs

*cabbage butterfly*

the autonomy

*hardly big enough*

of its anatomy

*for Mahler's 4th*



the cabbage butterfly large enough for progressive chords  
but not symphonies

conversing  
with sand

*night rain*

you slide out of

*someone slowly  
turns the heat up*

your old skin

*on a frog*

from the heat of nocturnal frogs we get the world corner  
named East

picking up  
the wrong can

*the door  
in his forehead*

the weight  
of the earth

*opens to a room*

being an ear  
of corn

*with swan chairs*

being close to his forehead his arse full of feathers

a sub bass  
from next door

*november*  
*anthill*

you start seeing

*that song*

crumbling brains

*you play again*

can you do that? bury an earworm in an anthill?

nothing  
in the sun

*tucked away*

you move  
a little further away

*with your first tooth*

from him

*mountain seeds*

in the back of a worn pair of levis a molar mountain

you stick  
to the story

*fading summer*

that the pollen man

*after touching a moth*

took your eyes

*you lose your sight*

the blinding moth keeps your sight for seeing the future

missing child

*the illusion of control*

instead we find

*isn't it just*

the hippo emoji

*like a teddy bear?*

in alphabetical order the teddy bear's eyes

midday heat

*ready for death*

you listen to a snail

*you find*

reciting Bhagavad Gita

*your eyebrows*

as you wait by the river you let your eyebrows fly around  
with the gulls

not on  
anyone's side

*didn't you follow*

time

*the bouncing*

blowing a kiss

*plastic turd?*



the last newsletter signed - p. turd ceo

wearing

*waking up dead*

a familiar  
face

*this winter day*

a shower  
passes

*a wheat field*

