

Arthur Rackham,
'Allerleirauh' (1909).



Fragments of fragility

Mimesis Heidi Dahlsveen

I am telling
about herding flocks of glasses
about growing forests on fingers
I am

descaling a folktale

the king returned
the daughter had grown
he ruled
she played and pretended

one day,
the king walked
through the castle
the torches hung involuntary along the wall

the king heard sounds
of flickering flames
of fluttering cloak

someone laughed

the king opened
the door to the room where the laughter
spontaneously created in the meeting
of a thought

He saw
her playing (between silk and brocade)
he saw
her bare breast (between childhood and
adulthood)
unhooded
she dressed for imagined suitors

The very first memory I have, is that I am
sitting in a kitchen. I am sitting in a big drawer.
I pretend it is a boat. I have my eyes closed
and I am covering my ears with my hands. I
surround myself with darkness. Through the
darkness, I still can hear: He is furious.
She is begging. He hits her.

the king entered
her space of playing
the king said:
It is you my daughter; you will be my queen.

we escaped
she escaped

If we had not
If she had not
what story would I tell?

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