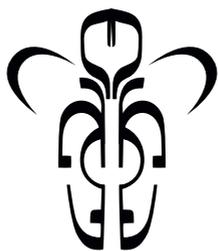


T H E W I N D
E S C O R T S
T H E S K Y



THE WIND ESCORTS THE SKY

Pontus Pettersson

Fountain
You
Sounds

Curtain call

As a curtain It conceals and reveals
Hidding the sorrow to take place
It pushes in front of and pushes away

Soon

Soon there will be crying heroes who ride
in on horses, horses with severed legs and arms
that everything is wrong with

Soon there

Soon mom will nag and mourn and talk and forgive

Soon there

There; my throat like a bottomless
subterranean lake where the water is still

The world reflected as soon as I open my mouth

Outside

With continued outside it came
Guarded by unlooked and locked doors
A ceremony issued by the moment
Signed and sealed lions wheel
Maintaining conditions rhythm howls to be heard

Paper folded to fly

We anticipates its fall equally
its anticipated landing

I dance sitting down

Be lied

Be lied my flowers bloom
The streets share no water
It floods its own
Together find a Nile
Our ancestors departed
To mourning ways

Morning waves
In the sun shadowed
Equally exposed we were
Our shadows merged like there was no two of us

Torned

Torned call make the word nail its neon fall

My tamed meat

The object reaches for another with its arms
as if I knew nothing of a hug

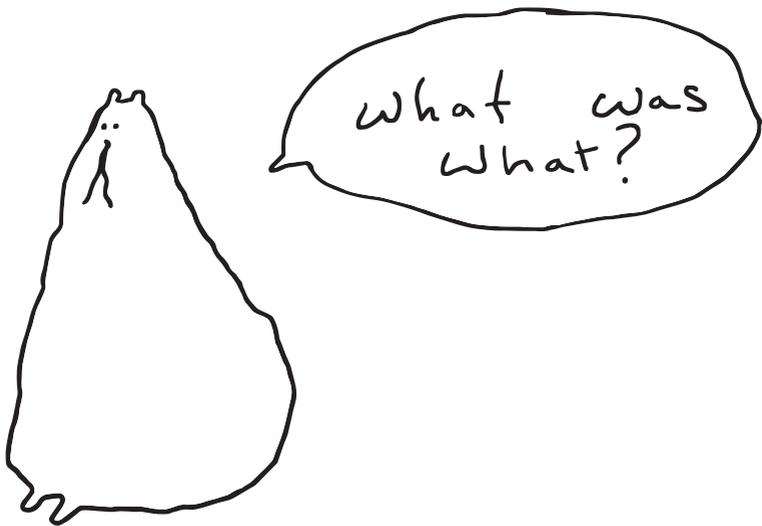
Embracing space into a flight

Voiced

Your raving voice
Silence laughed along
Time seeing seized by the hand
Dragging disgrace across the face
A strange thing to corner
How stand the shouted sorry?

Gone kept coming

Gone kept coming for you
All-to-be tender as decided
Kind cries was taken away
Could so even a bad dream see
Window dozing off
Not a sleep



Smoke trails

History risen to slaughter

Always hungry

Now turns stories through the years

Now a cigarette over an ironic cut

Curtain of smoke to tell of crossroads

Silence told the story

At once at last

Everything together

At once

At last

Go water go

Sorrowed slaughtered fucking wings soar above you

Powdered wall weak are your palms

You lying

Lying

A sphinx Sheppard

Now

Now tangling choice

Save this end

The human stature

Light lessened and grows

The void amends its first root

Time

Flatten by

Marks my mind

Mirror floats in with the tide

A pregnant walk hides its future

Slowly falling monsters meets within

Time past unnoticed

Fall of statues

Re appearing re sighted places

Wander too waist wave upon wave

Why's eyes lied paced pearls pained endures

Painting our arm in this dance

Unicorned

Eye your heart

A waiting calls too tress

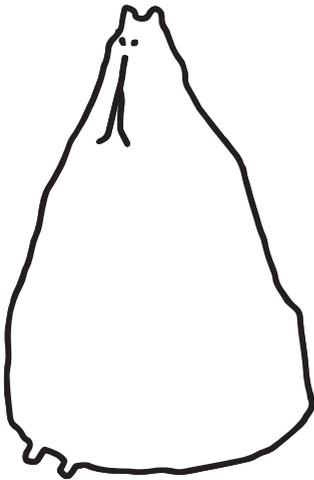
Eye your heart

Arrived narrative paced down in a row

Another another

Mirror flouts in with the tide

Follow sorrow



language dies
in your steps

Doormat wall & shade

I was flat on the ground

Emptied out

My own doormat and no claws left to scratch

Was I that empty

The earth is flat they said

Stepping into the house I heard a crash

Fuck it

That empty space

Flat surfaces laid out with gravity

zero fucks given

I clinch with soft inside

Outside hard like the walls I lean to

This is my dance

Leathal shadow theatre

The colour dried

Hired moons for theatre

Wiped tapes of waiting

No smell so much we borrow

Plasted future I carry him still

Borrowed wings

My teeth standing to rise

Paint

Sun cloaks me

Contracts between kangaroos

Flipping arms pray on space

Invades my head, birds on crouches sing today

Stops in glasses

Rippled mirrors floats back to my eyes

Doorbell

Stuff looks back

Hidden pauses slips me

Painted slow rain



Attack

Painful questions

Fellow-dogs

Bodily exertion

To wait had died smiling his irritation
beneath the table

Exalted stations

Body attack

Attack

My sore words

Same death

Thy breath

New York

Work speak in tongues too translate
Too taste too trail track these trails
These tails to talk tilts to try

In these sketches and scratches from within
without a designated future
Faust as falling fierce forward
stepped to calling

Into out to tune

Progress particular poignant peculiar
Pillars prime too parts unveiled
Precious as pebbles pollinating thoughts
points to start as end

Be my lie

Shores

The time is now already lost
The words are as forward as my
trembling steps out on the streets
Out into the world,
A new that I don't know

The flesh that is spilled
That is seen and that is hidden
The flesh that you count and that you don't

I shared these streets

I shared streets, names and wishes

A count less seam-ingly textured body
that now drifts the street
turned to greyed rivers ending up in the sea

Maybe on other shores it will be witnessed

It will be loved

It will ask of it what I haven't

I try to speak

I try to write

Little expressed are we

This ends where I started

It starts where you end

A chained dance to its grave in all ways said

It is as violent as it ends

A crab

These deeds later be found

Stoned breaths

Like gravel they sang against the seashore

A crab fighting the air simultaneously sheds
skinned to the ground

Conscious statue

Riot of surfaces

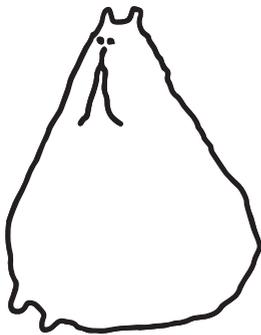
Images fled in two arrowed palms

The conscious statue

The hand is suspended laughing

Stories faced to exit signs later

When all sun is gone and no smoke



all is replaced with
a small smile

The wind escorts the sky

The catacombic texts

Passages of words torned contorted on damp
and concave walls

Cities in ruins, the trees reigns

Crowns as kings constituted by the wind
escorting the sky



From a far

Anthem from a far

Mirroring memories monsters mutate

Colliding hands

Stone split into

Another day brakes

Soften gaze eat

Possible maybes

Master and Mistress

Fragranced stories for my lovers

Writing wounds to heal

Peaches sang of to borrow

Mistakes slanting on a chair

Go water go

Radical love making

You

I will learn the language

I will learn it so I can see your smile

Like that

Right in front of you

I will learn it

In the name of Ellen

Molykularta foreteelser frestelser och fresker
Temporara distanser som narmar sig
Mitt hjarta du
Onskna natter och nakna noteriska rytmer
Jag hor dig jag hor dig
Sjolandskapet den dimmiga sjons sanger
nattliga nativ nummerlogiskt ofardiga
svartnade den stund vi alla brister du och jag
texten ter sig som travandes tenderandes

Soaked

Beside me shouting cups and glasses
and other peoples laughter

Someone's clothes that haven't become wet,
with snot and tears

The thickest fog decreases in steps

Other clothes dry and smell of yesterdays
and past feelings I haven't heard or felt

Dry clothes

I want to have dry clothes

Compassion is the human existence

Darkness imagine words

The velvet ways you walk down those stairs

See

Lines becomes ambiguously careful
a by-the-way kind of ship

Yes or No

Teeth seductively plates mouth

Body

Silenced hungered

I met your meat

Riot of surfaces

I was eye

Distorted vision

Sand in my I counted time differently

Moulds for rain

On the days sun shined

Looking over the city

Sun at its end anchoring the night

Nothing of the day stays

Wrapped in another embrace

Running threw the streets to find another

Light

I saw him enter the room from the back of my mind

Again

I met you now

Laying next to me

Riding your breath entering your
cavities

Flattened on your body
Resting in your embrace
Shielding a cry

Our breaths squeezed itself between us
pushing our bodies into waves

I listened to the sound of my eyes kissing
your hands bouncing on memories
splashing into the walls of future
My eyes been called for other usage

Suspended splendid

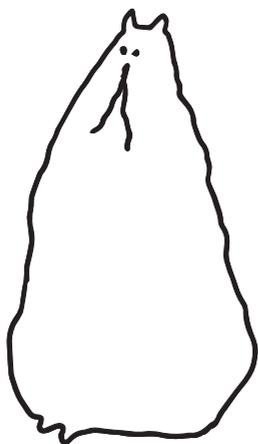
In the air

Your breath moves my spine
Rippling threw space
I move towards you
Cutting your hair away from your eyes

I hide my hands in you
Covered I can touch u finally

Writing worlds collide
Dressed down to lay on
The carpet whispered soft tunes
to the neighbours walls away

How can we speak if we don't
even see the sky anymore?



I sit and
watches

Lace

laced face a turn to walls crying

now future past

lost at see

Arrived narrative

Eye your heart

This loss

This loss doomed the name
A moment all of this vast confess
Walls pure since their crime
Tombs carried him sealed to the word
Now crossed the door where members sat seated
to leave into a sea
The ransom was my death

Away in air

Window to sleep

Prayers in themselves stands theatre

Cigarettes in choir

Away in air

Always away

A disparate and untamed room
The refill hides behind
time and thought

The wind escorts the sky is a collection of poems by Pontus Pettersson.

The wind escorts the sky is also the name of the performance and recital of the poetry, performed and re-written in that moment by Marie Ursin, Peter Mills, Hagar Tenenbaum and Robert Malmborg.

Inserted between the poetry is Sit Catris, the comic strip collaboration between Pontus Pettersson and Peter Mills. A continuous project interested in alternative formats for discourse and choreography that comes in the shape of a cat - Sit Catris.

The book is made possible through the support by The Swedish Arts Grant Committee and by Weld. The book and performance is part of Pontus Petterssons project Poetic Procedures.