

Old Mountains Want to Turn to Sand

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for Peter Gärdenfors

I have my roots inside me,
a skein of red threads.
The stones have their roots
inside them,
like fine little ferns.

Wrapped around their
softness
the stones sleep hard.
For centuries they have
rested
under the sun.

Old mountains
want to turn to sand.
They let themselves go
and open up to water.

After centuries of thirst!
Like language -
that great mountain broken
up
by our tongues.

We turn language to sand,
immersing the tongue
in a running stream
that moves mountains.