

ELSA TÖLLI

Fun

P: r: i: s: i: m: a: v: e: r: s: a

Translated by Kasper Salonen

FOREWORD

My book is finally born. This is my heart and my hands. I'm in my own room with my chili plant and my writing desk. This book contains important texts that I've performed since age 18, in all sorts of imaginable places — cellars, riverboats, theater stages, revivals, virtual realities. In living rooms, at afterparties, in bed, at festivals, in clubs and city squares, in dance halls, out in the world.

*I always made scrapbooks when I was little. (Direction of will!) When I do something myself, I feel free. We don't need to ask for permission. We can create worlds of our own, a personal **springtime** we can each inhabit. That is power, energy, that is love. It's fun, and it has saved me.*

<3: Elsa

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Ruisrock 2017

A rowdy concert, hair tangled in dreadlock

I'm part of the mass and I enjoy the sweaty lumps, grimy people.

The one being watched has black-waxy eyes

she's skinny, but nevertheless so ugly-sexy

that the whole cold sky gleams in her eyeballs

and it's narrow under her skirt when she bows down low.

I'd like to know what's going on in that head of hers, although I know

she's actually depressed, I've heard, gravely mentally ill even though she's

so shamelessly present and dances like a countryside creature

and I'm jealous in a good way because it gives me energy to know

that I'll grow into the same kind of hurricane one day,

a steam engine, unforeseen, that weeps but the laughter would echo anyway.

~~(When the gig is over, the field is dusty and there's blood on the asphalt~~

~~so I go alone to play a clammy fake piano~~

~~filled with ice water, subzero slush~~

~~with brown whiskey cans floating around in it)~~

It occurs to me: I'm still always the poet that gabs to the backroom magicians
that it's freaky how these days big festivals book weirdos like us
to eat from Drake's candy stash and drink straight Jallu,
when some gray-faced geezer was just here asking
where the fuck is all the Jallu meant for Ultra Bra right when it's needed most.

And my stomach really hurts, ~~probably a miscarriage~~

~~probably the fear~~

probably the jitters or probably the same

bowel cancer my mother had when she was young, but I still sit quietly alone and it's July,
and I'm amazingly inspired because other people are often just so goddamn great,
and I'm so relieved when my own performance is finally, successfully, over.

Blood & elm

What're you doing here? In the clinic corridor,
sitting to a Finnish Sunday beer.

Come here,
behind the muteness, into being.

The place you left behind when you found success.

You broke through and went your way.

Don't seek the truth, have a wallow and get perplexed.

Because you have to be, despite everything,
with the force of every cell
a flaw, observing the world with its only gift.

No one can stop the lands of darkness,
nor flee from the blazing flood of the sun.

No dragging your feet in the face of resistance.

We have to be free!

even to evaporate, to fall into depression again.

To drift in dark ocean eons,
to be washed ashore at last.

True understanding will come along eventually,
when in dying someone finally gets it,
they've been upset by happiness all their lives.
It's the happiness of a scar, an eternal fatigue
in torn nails and darkneses.
In closets out of reach.
Blood on my fingers and
there are buds on the elm in the yard.
My creative power is a balance between
indiscriminate joy and the greatest depths of sadness.

Go on, write one

Go on, write one, just one hardcover.

Have the patience to sit down and write.

Create after doing sports,

write when you still know what to do.

Write before the wrinkling mist

write while drunk as hell.

The readers are waiting, go on write one,

they want characters on their touch screens

and for someone to care, they want you to want to fuck,

their jaws are open and they're expecting a story.

Do some proper writing, a proper collection,

that drink was pretty expensive you know, do you hear me,

from beginning to end now that you've started.

From this brutal life brutal

give everything you've got, your very skin!

Write — you know you want to
down from your heartstrings to a blubbing yowl,
your grand waltz shall be wuthering heights,
write how you were sick and got better oh yeah
write about your miniskirts, write about your period,
straight A's in crushing silence.

About that excruciatingly raw sexual affair,
the money that grows between your eyes.
Write so the headlines will scream in the morning
write, and don't be a basic campsite slut,
just one sobbing, rough-cheeked poem.
just anything radical,
just a couple really tight,
fiery pages.

Pelvis

when I was sleeping
a pelvis lay next to me.
this bone-hard warm
pelvis was mine
and a vital part of my hot body.

but the pelvis got up and left for the shadows without me
slept with others and danced on foreign decks
changed its form, tried out everything
traced a rope of words with its motions
by my pelvis, on the mattress of my face
people wrote and wrote and wrote

I stayed asleep, mute alone
my mouth was closed, but my insides knew:
I must recover what belongs to me.

List / Delicious meaningful ideas to write about (from when I was younger)

- * the teens one table over who are watching us more than each other
- * forgetting and neglecting a mouth piercing
- * a friend's insistent attempts to convince me to hit the clubs when I'm already in bed, and that I consider the offer seriously
 - * combinations of crying-tantrum-crying-laughing
 - * message "kamppi parking bld 10min"
 - * bodily fluids, agency
 - * infatuated people and their flirty DMs
 - * illusions of I can/I can't
 - * being moved to tears with you, caused by the song of a drainpipe
 - * listening to radio nostalgia in a hot dimly lit sauna and the dark cold-foggy shower
 - * strippers at UFF shopping drunk on a Friday
 - * the need to be pampered and cuddled
 - * semi-skimmed milk on skin and the smell of a movie
- * "I'm so looking forward to someone finding you and falling for you. I'm going to really relate to that person. And be like, I knew it. It would be lovely to be crazy about you."
Hmm
 - * dangling electronic devices by their charger cords and related stuff
 - * the feeling of taking a risk, sailing drunk and old wrecked cars
 - * the knowledge that one of my habits is smacking my lips in my sleep, but my eternal ignorance of what it sounds like
 - * the hand-made italian chocolate goo I just had (?)
 - * fragrant and bright domestic toners and the way they feel on my cheek
 - * Mimosa the plant, which reacts to touch and curls up in response
 - * compact, elegant, and firm evening wear that makes me feel sexy
 - * capering on the shore of a marsh

* driving 200km/h on the motorway with friends, and suddenly my other friends' car driving up next to ours, explosive window-opening glee-howls of hey

* waiting outside Tavastia in the rain, and waiting for a party sad and demanding

* licking a rolled lemon cigarette and the white gaze of male types, both in the old railway station tunnel

* fav kaossilator loop, sort of underwater sound

* terror of electric and too-sharp drum'n'bass

* accidental combined use of prescription morphine-derivative (codeine) and vodka on new year's eve, the following euphoria and perfectly paranoia-free comedown, and laughing at it afterward

* things I'd like to be called in addition to lintunen/little bird: smoothie, kitten, blueberry pie and honey and ruusunen/rose

9. a person who touches someone else but looks at you while doing it

10. reading classic fairy tales out loud to someone who is sleepy, on a well-made bed

11. wooden steps whose surface has gone green and gluey

12. uncanny valley

13. gratitude for having my own name

* poetry evenings where you can listen in peace and write notes

* excess (too little moderation in life)

* pressing a scented tealight candle into the candlestick spike so the foil is punctured

* the dent in a light cider can, and the quiet and barely noticeable emptying of its contents and the stickiness on my writing pad

* a fridge-cold, salt-oozing hunk of halloumi fried the night before always tastes a bit like blood to me → I know why

* pounding the keys of an old typewriter and the rhythmic pounding of my heart

* I need to know all the quiet microscopic cells that pump life into you, to caress them and learn how they keep you alive so you're able to smile and say annoying stuff

* reading minds

* necessary law reforms

* the feeling, about twice a year, that cannot be verbalized, sort of like a material and texture you can feel with your eyes closed, behind the eyes and in the mouth, a strange waxy thick-thin nugget

* the beautiful glassy spectrum of light on the walls cast by the chandelier in the house of a killer in a crime series, and discovering the same phenomenon at a friend's house

* dialogues that end in aggressive knotted stalemates and sniping

* where is the limit for tolerating taboos and your own thoughts? and why do humans feel guilty about normal things and thoughts that are unusual but that you still want to and crave to think

* personal withering and internalized misogyny

* the dreamy and romantic nights of life, two more of which appear every year

15. being alone on stage

16. the winner isn't the one who never loses, but who never quits

17. dozing together with friends, love

18. the slow tap of bare feet on the stone floor of a large room

Survival Prima vera

It's the lights, those in the dark

It's the lights, those in the dark, the ones that are lit when we move in the night
It was green, caterpillar tracks in the bridge gaps the taxi cabs driving the hours around.
Days are longer than years, so say I,
'cause from morning to evening the atmosphere changeth. The mind rapes, falls asleep.
Year to year it's more the same, in the end there's always laughter, and winters.
I love you because you're so beautiful, I swear I'll love you forever.
Junk food in between laugh-gapped teeth.
I love the moist hulls of sex, I love late nights in bright rooms,
when there's time to paint.
After the psych ward I long for Harlem, away from the healthy woods,
to be there for ages, dancing in sweat,
Always the most flamboyant clothes. A tattooed phrase that no one understands,
friends with those who others mock. Noora who went to jail by accident,
passed out on the beach, with poems in her pockets even though she never writes.
When I hold on tight to what's mine, others get mad,
they always nag and get mad,
they say "I'm ashamed to be with her when she's dressed in those rags"

We went to Kulta-Grilli gleaming giggly with glitter, You said, "it's always tough being the only Rihanna at the party" and we burst out laughing, the glue frayed off the soles of our shoes. When you get suddenly angry, yesterdays papers crinkle in your eyes, I kiss you then, I kiss your spittly mouth just then. We reached the harbor just walking down the road (—————). If I were myself, I'd never force myself to write poems. I'd be painting the uprising tides of the harbors red! If I were myself, I'd be a firecracker tender and glorious, and no one would understand. The cruelest feeling of all comes when I listen to the others in the sauna, and they're too occupied to hear my chilly spoken word!

Gnats in our hair

When my bones were still writing poetry
you were the ones who stunted my growth.

You, you,

my weeping rusted the morning through.

And yet we wriggled free,

far into the Wastes! Never cooling off.

We were young, ferocious

with gnats in our hair

I'm going to live for a long time, I know,

and chew on the grass of their graves.

Having fun

All I wanted was to have fun and I got into trouble.

eyes gunky I left my stuff in the attic

and raved through doors and windows.

And life doesn't hear a quiet request -

you have to make it screech its lungs out.

Meanwhile I grew heavy in mind in the silent background

and I left my verses in a dystopian core.

As a brazen boy I charged from feast to feast,

I was skinless with grief, an abuser of love.

I crafted a painful shield from the dregs of my courage

and I managed to thrust aside the glaring gazes.

And you should've seen how they ogled me in the bars!

clawing their pens they thought they saw me, blindly filling their echoing heads.

And you should've seen how they painted a storm in the bars, blocked the way

and vomited in my home.

They said I belonged behind a cash register, the glowing solace of red lights,

got enraged about everything and threw me into the street.

And so I finally did it and left! everywhere I dared -

I did my best like a jammed machine,

rattle-gears gruesomely grinning in gray.

At the register, in my mold, in the doctor's chair I suffocated

and decomposed in the soil of my secrets.

Who were you? A thin violin wail in the afternoon,
when at last the scorch of cobblestone labyrinths where summers are high,
time has passed and now spring is nigh, the birds did sing and daybreak dawned,
when my wide open senses forgave it all.

I woke up, I laughed and cried with happiness
to get to run so far and free from all supervision!

Dressed in dirt, silk slippers and metals
and I was that dancing non-conforming creature once more

As a friend fully wild and tender-eyed sleepyhead

who's ready to dance, and empathize and tell her stories

we bore our souls about the years and the emergency call center's instructions

fully bare our blue lips soft

and we recovered under a patchwork quilt

I kissed a girl and a boy at the same time

and took with me what I could of my mess.

I've crawled out of a burning house I'm sorry

I always said I couldn't save anyone else.

only the dried chilis and a band-aid on my eye,

Gripping crushed, forgotten bliss.

I've finally found my place like mould spores

and grown all this time into a house again.

I fetch the crazy ideas I dumped in the attic

and I'm eye to eye with a daredevil.

She's still there, free with tangled hair

and she just wants to have fun with me.

Sky to earth

I longed for the sky to fall to the ground,
because in the sky the wind waves
like warm moss in the arms of the fir trees
roses in the cafés and never a fight, or fights.

I see you at last, in the brightness after five years,
~~we recall the tortellinis in Mellunmäki and the relationships~~
~~in which we were alone by day, jerking off at night~~
Tight days, spring in a tight chest!
You took pictures of me without makeup
I was so odd, foreign timid acquaintance..

If there's anything I've learned! It's that sicknesses are real.
When they hit you, they are science and
thoughts arise, dark divisions -
Father, mother, flakes in the air of the room.

Life so eternal, so deep,
so exquisitely fervent in all its coarseness.
yearning now to be lower, yrs younger,
when I was like a weird fish and but a wish for a world
that is inviting, palpable to grasping hands and not some
song of youth based on unreality
that echoes off the lonely walls of high school corridors.

I no longer smiled in my coffin!

I no longer smiled at school!

I punch my fist into the table and made a fool of myself,

I swerved drunk into bars, oh, just to find someone.

And so the stony road that slowly passes out of mind

furrows years of grooves and even my freckles faded.

Now my brain is throbbing where my heart used to be and

how can the breathing of the night ring

in the very corners of my soul?

Somewhere living troublemakers clamored

with glee, in the shabby summer street they clamored

when I was already on my way

back up to the skies.

Calf

I've been found in a ditch, at an afterparty
I've been found knocked out,
and after it all I still love me
I've been found in a bathroom, in the lights
I was revenge,
and still I love me
I've been found in a forest, on a mattress
I've been stuffed up your nose,
and after it all I still love me
I've been ruined and extended
I've been bullied,
and after it all I still love me
people have sneaked sips of my liquor
I've been dug out from a snow drift,
and I love me always
in my ear there lives a bleating calf
that I feed with emptiness, with grudges
that I feed with torment
that I convince I'll always love

The song of trauma is silent

The song of trauma is silent.

An spiral coil crammed inside the heart
the grip of tyranny that always comes in the evening.

And under the surface from the mucus
the bravest mudplant of all is growing.

It is indifferent, clotted,
but rising to the surface to reach out to the shores.

I fly into a violet landscape every night to sing
unaware of the rumors on the edges of the scene.

I'm all alone but I'll no longer be ignored
I redraw my posture all over in chalk
and the mess of my world dances inside a book.

I asked for help but never for myself
I always called *Ila 040723886 and silently I healed myself
it happened so quietly!

Like a sickness I caught from saliva I wept, a howl
I incubate it in the angles of my body like an infection

I loved ice-cold techno and poetry because
the truth was buried inside them so easily
between beautiful words and sticky hours

Too passionate

I grabbed on to everything as if my life and soul depended on it!!

The grief-green climber will plant its treachery
again and again if you don't cure it right.
I once partied so many days straight
I started to miss my strangler
and neither the sunset
nor my favorite poem could get me to quake anymore
The speed blindness of youth and the endless forest
I'll come back when I've slept like a log
my broken earbone hears it still,
that we're going to make it,
when sincerity cradles us on the train of despair
and through the clattering vista
we travel on new tracks
toward too late.

P:ö:w:e:r P:r:i:m:a:v:e:r:a

Become a woman

I didn't become a woman I came
as a yowling frenzy from under my skin
I came as the echo of a deep laugh
in the fucked bathroom on Kaikukatu
I came twice a day in your sleazy hands
to blaze in the heavy Äkäslompolo snow
wept into joy!

I came as urn dust under the floors of club Ääniwalli
three sheets to the wind at last call
down to the land of the dead after closing time
there I'll thump the ground with power again!
underneath you as a death techno freak!

I came as a metro ticket rolled into a tube
the cargo hold of sorrows on the wreck of the MS Estonia
I became golden ingots in the hands of pub regulars
half empty, half full

But then:

you said one sentence that changed everything and it was:

"Elsa you did not come here to live you came

as a yowling pain to weep evermore

you came, you went

to die from growing younger in the heavy freezing snow"

Disaster

Usually my fictional self is active, firm, and unwavering, going somewhere; here, in spring 2018 it became withdrawn along with my true self, pessimistic, selfish; blaming itself and others.

*

I don't want you to look at me and say, there is someone energetic and powerful, who can withstand the hot and the cold and who can train the stray dogs of life, that there is a personality that was skilled at conjuring a luminous project out of the cards dealt at childhood, lifting off, but I still want you to look, because there is something to see here, under all the diagnoses, genetics, heroics, crimes, genders, and dreams the real world grows, its cellular changes are more than me here, it has existed for a long time, it is an expansive complicated meadow of freedom where everything is alright, and it is as green here at my feet as it is there, in your arms, under the surface of the sky.

My self-esteem has fallen from the stage to my pelvis, I'm ashamed.

this spring I've failed and I only have hard feelings

I miss my friend who I punched in grade school, I never paid for drugs, I never complained when someone choked me with a pillow,

I was unintentionally cruel and mean in my shell,

You will never get those moments back,
your face has become hard and uglier,
you can't admit the accident that happened -
yeah, I'm too scared to tell anyone that I can't handle my affairs, it's obscene
to reveal that you often spend all day in the sheets,

I don't have the patience to listen to poetry anymore,
I haven't called lately, they found a lump in my chest and I forgot my bag
at the airport, I'm sloppy, my memory has regressed and I can't focus on the scenery,
I haven't called because I'm busy, been working hard? how are you these days Elsa?
I only really do about ten minutes of work in a week, anxiety in my throat like a whole
egg, when others go to parties and dazzle,
I don't remember what it's like to twirl,
it's this spring that will amputate you Elsa.

*

*I remember this one from Kontula Electronic,
we were allowed to dance on the tables during the gigs
and scream dark poems with the techno.
Thank you Himmee!*

*

Dear audience! I don't want you to look at me with hatred, taunt me with violence, progress has made us bitter do you hear me, what can we do so that everything wouldn't turn to objects in our chests? (do years always shift with the same old tempo??) people always make terrible mistakes and will forever, you have to help those around you more.

You have to apologize, walk a mile in someone else's shoes and look into the future in their eyes, it's beautiful! different colored eyes and the sun rises, summertime night falls and good omens replace the bad! people make (terrible) mistakes, but life goes on, peas ripen in apartment courtyards, continued, (I want to happen together) and stay standing here on this stage until the pain departs these years.

*

--

The ballad of my nervous system
became a gorgeous expression in my home
I sit there and rub my scars with gel
that treats the skin, glues the pieces back in order.

I experienced all of this,
the doctor said something bad'll happen to me one day.
I can't trust people, I can't talk about love,
somehow my heart just went and broke.

I've decorated and in my womb I may revel
and live as I please —
drink tea on the island of January
and sketch a larger room
where someone might yet lay
their bruised and aching head.

Some sketch

*

[Queer divinity, autonomy of artworks in messy human world]

*

Someone could sing
about you, that you never
arrived but
look at this,
snowy glue on the bed
in a frost-covered apartment
in summer.
I've arrived, what do I do?
Wars, personal problems and
breath. Artistic crazes
transform
under the weight of the sunken dead.

I never stayed long in the world!
I didn't finish off writings
I didn't quite sing my song to the end
but I am certain
that we will meet again
and that I was never
of anyone, as now
I was of you.

*

AND I'LL NEVER STOP

*

*And I have my own criteria for my process,
I start with what starts a revolution
in my own heart — it is from there that I go on,
that I act and create and love*

NYC

Summer is here again!

I'm only open from ten to four

pistons of cylinders, rip-roaring

I'm beside myself

but lively until last call.

When I go to New York I'll write one of those galloping poems about it!

like Joonatan did

I hope the government won't pressure me to procreate

because I'm in a hurry to live and my genes are so weak

head filled to the brim and a dried out uterus.

I write with broad strokes on the blackboard: fear not life I say to thee

I've seen bumping trucks and a bomb

that with its shrapnel made the dramatic arcs ache!

When finally I allow and tenets sheen, my mouth in pain

now I'm a closed night club, exhaustingly wistful

that is my feeling as I write this and sneeze,

I have to go to lapland...

anywhere,

To atone for my crooked ways.

(Well hi it's me and I'm on stage again
and there's a darkened lighthouse deep in my body.
So much time in the microphone cord,
it's along it that I cry,
sans telephone wires,
and I buy some time to write a couple more lines.)

Please encourage and freshen me
I'm crying in the middle of the room and people are gawking
Oh please, forgive me, my young mother in Singapore
I promise
that I'm safe here in the future.
the connection breaks up and you say:
the streets are sweating, talk slower,

and remember: *every piece of yourself you give to others
will return to you eventually.*

Belonging Prima vera

Grief melts

Grief melts in the bowl of my palm, I feel light
I fall onto the bed like sand, the wind takes half of me,
I'm as beautiful as a snake's skeleton and the May bells
thyme that grows in the road of dirt.
I'm not afraid of anything anymore, I don't bother with the devils in my head
I may fall, but I'll always fall in bed
where cuddly birds await me and smile.
The things I hate in myself are what make
my most beautiful poems!
I listen to the piano, Julia is playing the piano,
I remember the weird things that used to inspire me,
comic books and Aliisa, I had a crush on them I get it now.
Feminist talk in big arenas!
Good thing I haven't forgotten them.
It's all still in me, I can turn it into power.
Long live the piano! Long live the devils! Long live comic books.
Long live talk in arenas.
Talk to me close to my skin,
in the bowl of my palm and my bones.

*

*Don't let the world overpower you, some mornings are really very beautiful
and on some gray future morning / artificial intelligence will find this work
/ full of the strong and painful voices of a human animal!*

Oven of the evening / gaze

I spread red butter onto my lower lip and gazed at you, while you drew streaks on your eyelids with a thick marker pen. You sat on the edge of the bathtub. I was in front of the mirror. This night isn't so lonely, when I watch you there on the edge. Let's put on some pretty lingerie and undress chocolates from their wrappers and let's gobble them. Please let's please. And if I might make a final wish, I wish you'd bathe these last few years out of me.

Ok. I ran from the bathroom to the wardrobe, fleeing from you, and I laughed as I clapped the lock shut. I undressed and put on my fancy underwear, I roped and tightened them well. I heard you putting on a Slayer record in the bedroom and chopping something in the kitchen. I used my gaze to investigate the bursting shelves of our walk-in closet. Everything was awry and creased, but the selection was broad. Bright and black, fur and leather, jeans and lace. I took the shabby vintage sequin dress you stole and threw it over my head onto my skin. I rumbled my hair and opened the door. Thrash metal is so intense. Suits you. When eyes closed and hands stretching you work at the sink. The ice cream wedges melt and you dance with you head thrown back.

...:Look. You stole this dress when we were in the city at night. Do you remember.

...:I remember. The oven of the evening was heating up, you're my darling, don't say a thing.

You came dangerously close and the riff licked mischievously. Your hand visited the outline of my waist but then returned to the hilt of the knife, and you lifted ice cream into the blender. From the window I could see the narrow road of our city. I had a creeping suspicion that something too good, or too bad, was colliding with my life.

I had no idea what would be the best thing to do. The evening was so inviting, and I remembered nothing of the emotional dust of times past. Life has no head, no tail. This is now an anxious dream, into which I sink. The blender made us milkshakes, you tasted it with your blue-nailed fingers. You wore a loose black dress, low-cut so that your sides lined up all the way to your waist. Shockingly beautiful.

...: So that's what you want?

...: That's how I want you.

You poured me some milkshake, and asked what I'd like to do. I'd like to project old film reels onto our wall and listen to more music. To sit next to you on the green velvet couch and touch by accident. Before I'm back in distress. Then I'd turn the projector beam onto your skin and watch the film a long while, until the climax, and finally kiss the protagonist's killer on your belly.

Performing / embodied agency

I galloped into the night so that everything practical fell from my pockets. An umbrella, a tube of scar gel, and all the other normal things that society had taught me fell by the roadside. I didn't mind, I was in a hurry to go. Anyway, the umbrella was bent, the gel was a scam, and the structures of society were already halfway decomposed. The bottoms of my trousers were everycolored and I had streaks in my eyes, I had my nails and a jewel in my tongue. My heart raced down an untrodden path. All my wild vertebrae were crooked, I was nervous, and the sky just about to rain.

I was prepared to take a beating. Hair tangles tied and a hat deep on my head, I stepped out into the middle of life, where I could dance, cause a ruckus, and climb onstage. I'd always dreamed of being up there, of scaling the support frame of the main stage until someone got mad and tried to tear the glitter maniac back down. Now I waited for the action to start as part of the masses. The audience was a field, dangerous crops, thugs and jagged jackets. I was afraid of nothing, I was happy with peril in my veins. New epiphanies sprouting in my stomach.

An air-splitting grind picks up, it's dark and the situation quickens, I push through into the middle of the field, eyes hot. I'm ready to bring my body where I wanted it. No more asking for permission from anyone, I'm prepared to disturb the codified moments. I slipped my earrings into my shiny boots so it would hurt less to get beat up. I was free and I was allowed to stubbornly be in the center of the story. I sang the song of downfall at full blast and shoved people, people shoved me, and even though I fell down something always picked me back up.

And whenever I saw someone like me, the fight became easier. In the middle of the gray mass a phantom shone, wearing a glittering coat and boisterous hair. It looked at me, believed me, and the ground transformed into the glow of melody. It saw the creature inside me. We laughed in harmony so the whole space was tooth-filled. We carried the situation like a shared tub and were refreshed as we guzzled the waters of eye contact.

That's why it's worth believing in the power of example, in associations. To make way and create safety for someone - - even if the future is still far away, even if we have no idea where we are exactly. Sweat trickles right into my heart when I persistently stick to what I believe is right. There must be someone sitting quietly alone on the island of January and timidly watching me — how come some people can scud through dystopias like that? They are bewildered, completely strange — but in their backpacks they have ideas of tomorrow whose beauty none of us can even imagine.

Burnout

Our feet dust the street and we glide, billowing tulle and Dimmu Borgir shirts, with messy hair, and sex-stained black eyes, we got ready so quickly!

Now on the way to the supermarket I notice it, how times are changing. Yesterday laughs at this day, hangover-squirring on the couch! Ha Ha!

New minutes bounce around, we have to hold onto them until our knuckles turn gray. The grand old times reject the present day, with passing moments aplenty and they seethe. Our lives have ticked far from the sensible chunks once called semesters! We deliver ourselves like newspapers in the small hours, but I like it, it animates me.

Because the new era is now! Information has gushed over the brink and our families lie dead, young, we are the fjords of our own thirst, filled with nothing but water... We can even find the right shelves in Valintatalo, rainbowed with products

We do not cross borderlines, we move along the edges! Every week we do dangerous things just for some oxygen, mouth full of slobber and cookies in Kruununhaka, in a Cumulus hotel tub the foaming mouth of tragedy. Unwashable orange faces in our nightmares.

Now we are this and that and we're in a hurry. In such a fucking rush to go where the storm doors are kept open day and night! Where it is quiet and aesthetic, where hearts fill phones at which groomed and critical students dare not scoff. Somewhere where the striped lighthouse in our heads never burns out, the metro runs, and risk-taking doesn't inflame our plump brains..

I feel like I can now only attain a commonplace happiness. But it doesn't nourish me!

Also I want to get the printer in Aleksandria to work without having a panic attack, I want to be healthy again, I want to descend trembling into a lukewarm lake down a slimy green ladder. I remember it happened once, but I can't remember where or who was there or what the occasion was,

there are so many parties these days and you're supposed to sit at every table

And oh yeah! Sexy people on Periscope! Oh Jesus, including us, I covet them and they are endless, full of confident brush strokes like the paintings of masters. People fear all this good stuff in conversations! Alright be scared of the storm, the candle, that's right goddamn it, the fluffy terrier quieting

In the end we are always just shuteyed sexuals in both Helsinki's clubs. Together we breathe and in the morning we wake up like molten butter in sawdust, tongues watering and silky spider-legged eyes, don't you get it, this is as close to true love as we can get! You see it's bubbly and harsh-bright, it grapples deep and doesn't end,

we will survive this season. As long as we trust in the panicky reactivity of situations. In the discount meal in a Sörkkä market! In a sex-moist stubborn feeling. In discussions in the street! But let's not bicker, set against each other, we are this day's only selves, you know, today is the only chance to be a good effort. Like Elsa Maria there, who vibrates with sorrow but is always getting stronger. Hmm, dancing at peace in the bar sofa booth when the albums crash! Today is a fine opportunity to be one of those peaceful people who ages constantly. Let's be crunchy fucking sugar in the aching teeth of history! Let's be as hot as we want, sour and demanding, plum trees that flower for no one

I'm just trying to say that in the end it's easy to live in elation. To embrace the sculpting clay of grief. Because you just have to listen to the strange companion (and others) even while we glide down the road, billowing tulle and covered in grime, hurrying to wherever. When you listen carefully, its voice is hollow as though just unfurled and still — full of the party high, it's obvious. Shyly but more comforting than ever, it says:

"Pretty sure it's burnout yeah, and when you properly stop, soon as possible, it shouldn't get any worse than that. You'll get through it with some rest! And all the other stuff too."

Risks

You take too many risks
you're a savage of the streets
something bad'll happen to you when
you bathe in pain like seals in a fountain.
A tearing temper is a burden and an injury
in the hut lined with safe life
you walk on arches without watching out
for moments where you'll hurt your feet, your hands...

You breathe like an immortal,
like a dirty disco outlaw
slowly sucking all the air
brooding on a diamond
inside your black jackets
your real eyes
your words

Don't forget me here
to sleep on a curbstone cooling so
That's what you were like,
you stayed up nights by a dying poem
giving it the chance to be heard

Unabashed you ran after the opposite shore
without remembering
that waters always recede —

Living like that you gain everything,
without losing your only story
in appletree shade in the avenues of parks.
And on the only stage in the ink-black room
you were the observer and the observed
at the same time.

The one whose depth of feeling
inspires the people —
the inspiration is catching,
it shifts, continues
and the structure crumbles
and the streams of history turn for good.

Doppelgänger

I've seen my doppelgänger in a dream

when I was 4 9 and eleven

It has asked me to stare and

I have stared, at its glowing eye

and the gaping hole in its stomach.

And I ran into it on the street again.

It was wonderful, so rawly sensory,

smelled like a Siberian fir tree

and sang

 that melody of tone, in the stairwells of damp loins

it looked at me and I hid in my leopard print jacket.

Last year I performed lots of poems

The year before that I went to a dark pond

I was afraid I would turn into scum at the bottom because

it's hard to breathe when the dust bag of your lungs is full.

Recently many of my thorns

point inward so performing

is harder than before, more painful.

I want to tell everyone that
I'm mainly an everyday person
(daydreamer), performing artist, punk,
feminist, and only then a poet
My own wellbeing is most important now
I want to live healthy and long,
go to exercise classes and visit my family.

I think I'm missing some equipment
for things that happen in every life.

I am incomplete, but I still exist
Part of me is still an angel, a child
Part of me is an empty countryside municipality
Part of me is the dumbest bitch in the room!

Part of me lives constantly
as a perfect version of society
that expands people's conceptions
about poetry, style, and gender,
expands borders, expands the lungs,
expands conceptions of mental health and legends
living,
of you, and us, and me.

I came back home from a gig on 20 Feb, 2020.

I'm taking this to be printed tomorrow.

It's nighttime, sweet dreams.

Room of my own

I've always wanted
to make society a room of my own
where everyone who came in
would be allowed to rebel
in their own way
to leave their mark in the doorway when
we'd fall asleep together under the covers of our next idea,
in a bed with crumbs in it,
we would trust everybody
and we'd take happiness seriously
and feeling awful
we'd wake to the messy remnants
of the morning after
accidents in the stairwell
That is what has made me me
a constant flighty strand of life
where suddenly a good night's sleep becomes
a riot and weaponry
where bad suspicions are actually followed
by women who carry my body back to the meadow
back to my memories
 when I'm totally beat
 in a room of my own
where everyone who came in
would be allowed to tell us
how their unplanned life
suddenly became complete.

