

RAINING POETRY NØRREBRO // #RPN

The Poets, the Poetry, the Locations

Edited by Nicol Savinetti ♦ Map design by Catherine Boellinger



Introduction

Inspired by a project carried out in Boston, USA, the arts organization IMMART executed an interdisciplinary art project in Nørrebro, Copenhagen in spring and summer 2018. The project centered around the concept of relational aesthetics - we brought art (poetry and performance) out of the private space of art institutions and into one of most used public spaces in society, namely the street.

We took a curated selection of poems based on rain or lack thereof, written by known and unknown poets from Denmark and abroad. We used biodegradable invisible spray paint and stencilled excerpts from 22 in their original language in order to reflect diversity in our district and create a dialogue across different nationalities and cultures.

The poems were stencilled at 19 different locations across the eight neighbourhoods of Nørrebro by an amazing group of people who volunteered their time to make it happen. For this IMMART is extremely grateful.

On the following pages you will find the biographies of the poets as well as the full poems of the extracts we stencilled with a Danish or English translation, and a little about the location in which they were stencilled.*

When the full project was featured on our website, for each location there was a map available so that consumers of the art could navigate their way to the poem. These beautiful maps, one of which is featured on the front page, were especially designed for the project by designer Catherine Boellinger. The author bios were written by Pauline Jupin and Sacramento Rosello who also authored the location descriptions.

* If you have the text for any of the missing translations please do get in touch!

DRONNING LOUISES BRO

The crown jewel, majestically reminding city dwellers that Copenhagen is also a city of bridges and waterways. Connecting the city centre with Nørrebro, the bridge resists being just a space one passes through and opens itself to being a meeting place for the city's youth, and to music, art and festivals throughout the year.

Tagebücher (German) by Franz Kafka

Franz Kafka (Austria/Hungary) was a German-speaking Bohemian Jewish novelist and short story writer, widely regarded as one of the major figures of 20th-century literature. His work, which fuses elements of realism and the fantastic, typically features isolated protagonists faced by bizarre or surrealistic predicaments and incomprehensible social-bureaucratic powers, and has been interpreted as exploring themes of alienation, existential anxiety, guilt, and absurdity. The term Kafkaesque has entered the English language to describe situations like those in his writing.

Tagebücher

Dagbøger

Stelle dich dem Regen entgegen, laß die eisernen Strahlen dich durchdringen, gleite in dem Wasser, das dich fortschwemmen will, aber bleibe doch, erwarte so aufrecht die plötzlich und endlos einströmende Sonne. 27. mai 1914

Kraftigt regnskyl. Stil dig op imod regnen, lad jernstraalerne gennembrænge dig, glid i det vand der vil skylle dig bort, men bliv alligevel, afvent saaledes oprejst den pludseligt og endeløst indstrømmende sol. 27. maj 1914

Translator: Karsten Sand Iversen, Forlag Vandkunsten

Tra la la (English) by William Carlos Williams

William Carlos Williams (USA) was a poet closely associated with modernism and imagism. In addition to his writing, Williams had a long career as a physician practicing both paediatrics and general medicine. He was affiliated with Passaic General Hospital, where he served as the hospital's chief of paediatrics from 1924 until his death.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-carlos-williams>

Paterson

Paterson

We walk into a dream, from certainty to the unascertained, in time to see . from the roseate past . a ribbed tail deploying

Vi træder ind i en drøm, fra vished til det ikke konstaterede, i tid til at se . fra den rosafarvet fortid . en riflet hale syner frem

Tra la la la la la la la
La tra tra tra tra tra tra

Tra la la la la la la la
La tra tra tra tra tra tra

Upon which there intervenes
a sour stench of embers. So be it. Rain
falls and surfeits the river's upper reaches,
gathering slowly. So be it. Draws together,
runnel by runnel. So be it. A broken oar
is found by the searching waters.

Hvorpå der intervenserer
en sur stank af gløder. Lad det være så. Regn
falder og overfylder flodens øvre løb,
samler sig langsomt. Lad det være så. Samles,
rende for rende. Lad det være så. En knækket åre findes ved de
søgende vande.

Translator: Lis Correa Rasmussen /
<http://www.proz.com/translator/2342650>

BLÅGÅRDSPLADS

At the turn of the 20th century, artist Kai Nielsen decorated Blågårds Plads with a series of granite figures on the theme of "human life". Back then, the motif was a homage to the working class and a claim for democratization of city life. Today, resisting marginalization, Nielsen's sculptures keep their promise preserving the space for neighbourhood gatherings.

If you cannot be rain my love (Arabic) by Mahmoud Darwish

Mahmoud Darwish (Palestine) was a poet and author who was regarded as the Palestinian national poet. Darwish's work has won numerous awards and been published in 20 languages. A central theme in Darwish's poetry is the concept of watan or homeland. He used Palestine as a metaphor for the loss of Eden, birth and resurrection, and the anguish of dispossession and exile. Among his awards was the "Cultural Freedom Prize" by the United States Lannan Foundation, for the stated purpose of recognizing "people whose extraordinary and courageous work celebrates the human right to freedom of imagination, inquiry, and expression."

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/mahmoud-darwish>

ARABIC TEXT AND TITLE TO UPLOAD

Hvis du ikke kan være regnen
Min elskede, hvis du ikke kan være regnen
så vær et træ
fuld af frugtbarhed...vær et træ

og hvis du ikke kan være et træ, min elskede
så vær en sten
mættet af fugt...vær en sten

og hvis du ikke kan være en sten, min elskede
så vær en måne
i din kærestes drøm...vær en måne

Translator: June Dahy

FOLKETS HUS

Folkets Hus originally housed a factory. In 1971 along with Christiania, it was taken over by squatters in what was known as the "September Offensive". Now standing proud and solemn against the background of the traditional yellow buildings of Griffenfeldsgade, the house has re-opened and continues its more recent mission of offering a space for community support.

"Ô que l'eau soit! ..." (French) by Kirama Kiné Fall

Kiné Kirama Fall (Senegal) published two volumes of her French-language verse in the 1970s. She had no high school education and came late to literacy in French. She was one of an early generation of women writers in Senegal who emerged in the years after independence in 1960 but remained almost unknown internationally for some time. Fall said she was singing for all the girls and women of Africa. Her poems have echoes of regional traditions of orality, most obviously in songs of praise and in the echoes too of her native Wolof language.

Ô que l'eau soit !

Ô que l'eau soit !
Que du ciel descende
La grâce des pluies
Que jaillissent puits sources et fontaines
Que boive celui qui a soif
Mange celui qui a faim
Que verdisse et refleurisse
Toute ma terre blessée
Ô seigneur
Nos cris
N'éveillent-ils plus
L'écho de Ta miséricorde
De Ta pitié
Pitié Seigneur
Pitié pour ma terre

Åh, lad der blive vand!

Åh, lad der blive vand!
Lad fra himlen falde
Regnens nådegave
Lad brønde, kilder og fontæner fosse
Lad den, der er tørstig, drikke,
Lad den, der er sulten, spise
Lad hele mit sårede land
Grønnes og blomstre op
Oh, Herre
Vores skrig
Vækker de ikke længere
Genklang i din barmhjertighed
I din medlidenhed
Medlidenhed, Herre,
Medlidenhed med mit land

Translator: Karin Nielsen / www.kmn-translations.dk

ASSISTENS KIRKEGÅRD

Known among other things as the resting place for writers, poets and singers, Assistens Kirkegården hosts an array of plants, trees and flowers from all over the world either side of its central pathway lined with beech trees. It is the lungs of Nørrebro and connects, quite fittingly, the bohemian Jægersborgsgade with the multi-ethnic Griffenfeldsgade.

Rain (Arabic) by Amani Lazar

Amani Lazar is from Homs city in Syria and has been living in Denmark since January 2017. She is the first ICORN's writer-in-residency at the IPC (International People's College) and will be there for two years until 2019. Amani is a literary translator and has translated, many novels, short stories, articles, and poems. She recently translated Babettes Feast by the Danish writer Karen Blixen.

Regnen

ARABIC TEXT AND TITLE TO UPLOAD

Støvregn i april er børn der griner sent om natten
 En legende glæde kan lide at holde sig vågen.
 Duggen, der falder i dag - i maj
 Har smagen af smerte
 Så varmt som længsel efter dig.
 Blidt, faldende fra himlen, spredning
 Ligesom mig,
 Som jeg venter på din
 mail i lang tid ...

Translator: Amani Lazar

Har døden taget noget fra dig (Danish) by Naja Marie Aidt

Originally from Greenland, Naja Marie Aidt is a Danish poet and author with 27 works in various genres to her name. She has received numerous honors, including the Danish Critics Award and the Nordic nations' most prestigious literary prize, the Nordic Council's Literature Prize, in 2008 for Baboon, and her work has been translated into ten languages. Her work has also been anthologized in the Best European Fiction series and has appeared in leading American journals. Baboon was published in the states by Two Lines Press in 2014. Denise Newman won the PEN Translation Prize for her translation of Baboon in 2015. Naja Marie Aidt's first novel Rock, Paper, Scissors was published in August 2015 by Open Letter Books. Naja lives in Brooklyn.

Har døden taget noget fra dig så giv det tilbage
 Har døden taget noget fra dig
 så giv det tilbage
 giv dét tilbage
 som du fik af den døde
 da I stod i regnen i sneen
 i solen og den døde var levende
 og vendte sit ansigt mod dig
 som ville han spørge om noget
 du ikke mere husker og han
 havde også glemt det og det er
 en evighed
 en evighed siden nu

When death takes something from you give it back
 When death takes something from you
 give it back
 give back what you got
 from the dead one
 when you stood in the rain in the snow
 in the sun and he was alive
 and turned his face toward you
 as if wanting to ask something
 you no longer remember and he
 has also forgotten and it's
 an eternity
 an eternity ago now

Translator: Susanna Nied

NUUKS PLADS

In Greenland, there is an island covered in the muted silence of ice and snow. It holds dear the memory of long summer days and the cheer of its port of entry in the village of Nuuk. At a crossroads, in and in between, not entirely Nørrebro, yet still not Frederiksberg, Nuuks Plads signature black block towers are awaiting the bustling of a new Metro station.

Uro (Greenlandic) by Malik Høegh

Malik Høegh (Greenland) is a poet and was a member of the Greenlandic rock band Sumé who between 1973-1976 released three albums and changed the history of Greenland. The group's political songs were the first to be recorded in the Greenlandic language – a language that prior to Sumé didn't have words for "revolution" or "oppression".

Source: <http://www.thesoundofarevolution.com>

Eqqissineq sapiinnarama

Urolig

Eqqissineq sapiinnarama
 sialleqisoq aniinnarpunga.
 lersimaneq sapiinnarama
 masannaqisoq aniinnarpunga.

Urolig
 går jeg ud selvom det øsregner.
 Da jeg ikke kan holde ud at være inde
 går jeg ud i regnen.

Qimallugit
 makku illorsuit

Væk fra
 disse store huse

aamma inussuit
 sussa sialuit
 akornutiginigait.

og de mærkelige mennesker
 regnen
 er ingen hindring.

Angakkuusuuguma ilimmareerpunga,
 qimaasareerpunga, asiareerpunga.

Hvis jeg var åndemåner, var jeg fløjet
 var jeg flygtet, var jeg taget væk.

a'ja ja ai a'ja aa
 a'ja ja ai a'ja aa
 a'ja ja ai a'ja aa
 a'ja ja ai a'ja aa

a'ja ja ai a'ja aa
 a'ja ja ai a'ja aa
 a'ja ja ai a'ja aa
 a'ja ja ai a'ja aa

nguakkuluk iggunnguaq
 eqqissineq sapiinnarama,
 tarnigami imaarutilermat,
 masannaqisoq aniinnarpunga.

skønne,
 jeg er urolig
 mit sind er snart tomt
 jeg går ud i regnen.

Translator: Unknown

NØRREBROPARKEN

Nørrebrøparken is the city's version of the Yellow Brick Road. Meandering through a communal garden, a children's playground, a football field and a skate park, the bike lane will bring you through the heart of Nørrebrø and its brain and courage. Part of the park has been covered for years during the construction of the metro, and while the park certainly is not Kansas anymore, it sure it is home.

Extracts from *Alfabet* (Danish) by Inger Christensen

Inger Christensen (DK) is a poet, novelist, essayist and editor. She is considered the foremost Danish poetic experimentalist of her generation. Much of Christensen's work was organized upon "systemic" structures in accordance with her belief that poetry is not truth and not even the "dream" of truth, but "is a game, maybe a tragic game—the game we play with a world that plays its own game with us." In the 1981 poetry collection *Alfabet*, Christensen used the alphabet (from a ["apricots"] to n ["nights"]) along with the Fibonacci mathematical sequence in which the next number is the sum of the two previous ones (0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34...). As she explained: "The numerical ratios exist in nature: the way a leek wraps around itself from the inside, and the head of a snowflower, are both based on this series."

Alfabet

Alphabet

Extract (1)

Uddrag (1)

og inderst i visdommens landskab islyset,
 isen identisk med lyset, og inderst
 i islyset intet, livagtigt, intenst,
 som dit blik gennem regn ; denne silende
 livsstiliserende finregn, hvori som en gestus
 de fjorten krystalgitre findes, de syv
 krystallinske systemer, dit blik som i mit,
 og Ikaros, Ikaros hjælpeløs findes ;

and deep in the landscapes of wisdom, ice-light,
 ice and identical light, and deep
 in the ice-light nothing, lifelike, intense
 as your gaze in the rain; this incessant,
 life-stylising drizzle, in which like a gesture
 fourteen crystal forms exist, seven
 systems of crystals, your gaze as in mine,
 and Icarus, Icarus helpless;

Extract (2)

Uddrag (2)

der er noget særligt
 ved duernes måde
 at leve mit liv
 som en selvfølge på

there's something specific
 about the doves' way
 of living my life
 as a natural result

i dag da det regner
 og altid i regnvej
 lander de blødt
 på husets gesims

of today since it's raining
 and as always in rain
 they softly alight
 on the window ledge

så tæt ved det hvide

so close to the white

papir at de nemt
 kan se om jeg digter
 om duer eller regn
 (...)

piece of paper that they
 can easily see if
 I'm writing of doves or of rain
 (...)

det slog mig at digte
 om duer om regn
 må begynde i et æg
 i en svimlende dråbe

it struck me that poems
 about doves about rain
 must start in an egg
 in a dizzying drop

begynde med dun
 med dråbernes samling
 med fjer efter fjer
 i en eftersøgt tegning

must start out with down
 with a gathering of drops
 with feather on feather
 a searched-out design

Translator : Susanna Nied, A new directions book

NØRRERO STATION

The 1930's dome and the towering clock of Nørrebro Station keeps a close eye on the bustling gate to the north-western part of the city. The steady simplicity of its architecture makes of the station a quiet witness of the dreams and hopes of humanity. Vigilant, it sees and takes the pulse of an area in constant transformation, at times in spite of itself.

Jeg traver rundt i et regnvej (Danish) by Mads Mygind

Mads Mygind (DK) published five poetry books and a book object. He contributed to numerous magazines, newspapers and anthologies as well. He is the chairman of the organization Litteraturen på Scenen (Literature on Stage) which, among other things, is behind the poetry festival and book fair Verbale Pupiller. He has a Masters in Nordic Languages and Literature from Århus University.

Source: https://da.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mads_Mygind

Jeg traver rundt i et regnvej

jeg traver rundt i et regnvej
 jeg traver rundt i et regnvej
 i en valgkamp
 der er en horisont bag hver horisont
 set fra det her vindue i det her tog
 nu kører jeg gennem det modsatte af et landskab
 så hurtigt går det
 og så bliver det morgen igen
 jeg vender og drejer mig
 i en umulig amfetaminsøvn
 nede på stranden
 skyller kondomer og rustne cykler op
 jeg går en tur
 vrikker om
 humper hjem
 lader blodet sive ud af anklen

FULL ENGLISH TRANSLATION NEEDED

BISPEENG BUEN

An artery connecting the city to the periphery, taking thousands of cars in and out, smart and pragmatic. Seen from high above, the elevated highway reminds us of a passage, but hope is in the details, criss-crossed by open spaces and live beats under the bridge. This architectural border in between Nørrebro and Frederiksberg, one of the most affluent neighborhoods in the Greater Copenhagen, Bispeengbuen is often the center of initiatives that shine a light on its potential for community building and creative expression.

Tiempo del árbol (Spanish) by Maria Luis Artecona de Thomson

Maria Luisa Artecona de Thompson (Paraguay) was Chair of the Department of Literature, Universidad Católica Nuestra Señora de la Asunción. She was the author of many books for children; but it is her books on puppetry which are the best known in Paraguay and beyond. She also wrote for several daily newspapers and magazines, and represented her country at the international congresses of IBBY (International Board on Books for Young People).

Tiempo del árbol

No era el árbol.
 Pero la brisa, sí, y el ave
 y la plegaria del ave;
 y la doctrina del fruto
 y el ritual de las mariposas
 amarillas.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero el campanario, sí, de las corolas
 y la tierra para el descenso de las flores
 y la raíz de las lluvias
 y el motivo de las sombras
 y el brazo verde en la llovizna.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero la nube, sí, y el viento
 y la voz, el cuerpo y el alma del viento
 y los miembros para el ansia del agua
 y las entrañas para el deseo del sol
 y el camino de alas transparentes.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero la luna, sí, y las aristas
 multiformes de su luz metálica
 y la vida en la carne de la fruta
 y el instante de las manos
 y el sosiego de alguna nostalgia.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero la tempestad, sí, y el tiempo
 y el alba y el crepúsculo
 y el hacedor del paisaje
 y lo visible de las cosas terrestres
 que antes fueron para ser él.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero la exaltación, sí, de lo pequeño
 y el prodigio de la hierba a sus pies
 y las puertas de la aurora adamascada
 y el fin de la oscuridad;
 y tal vez la intimidad de la estrella rosada.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero el hecho, sí, entre tantos hechos
 y la atracción de los recuerdos
 y el otoño, el invierno y el estío
 y el cáliz de la serenidad
 y los inquietos intersticios del cielo.
 No era el árbol.
 Pero la leyenda, sí, para evocar
 la memoria de otros árboles

Træets tid

Det var ikke træet.
 Men brisen, ja, og fuglen
 og fuglens bøn;
 og doktrinen om fremtiden
 og de gule sommerfugles
 ritual.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men klokketårnet, ja, blomsterkronernes
 og jorden til blomsternes dalen
 og regnens rødder
 og skyggernes motiv
 og den grønne gren i støvregnen.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men skyen, ja, og vinden
 og stemmen, kroppen og vindens sjæl
 og lemmernes trang til vand
 og det indres ønske om sol
 og de gennemsigtige vingers rejse.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men månen, ja, og kunstnerne
 mangeartede i det metalliske lys
 og livet i frugtens kød
 og hændernes øjeblik
 og sindsroen i en længsel.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men stormen, ja, og vejret
 og daggryet og skumringen
 og skaberen af landskabet
 og det synlige af jordiske ting
 som før skulle være blevet til ham.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men ophøjelsen, ja, af det der er småt
 og fortabelsen i græsset ved sine fødder
 og åbningen i det damaskvævede morgengry
 og enden på mørket;
 og måske den lyserøde stjernes intimitet.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men omstændigheden, ja, blandt mange omstændigheder
 og tiltrækningen af minder
 og efteråret, og vinteren og sommeren
 og sindsroens bæger
 og de rastløse spalter i himmelen.
 Det var ikke træet.
 Men fortællingen, ja, som skulle fremkalde
 erindringen om andre træer

y de lo que no está en ellos
y tampoco en nosotros
y ha de caer en tiempo inmemorial.

La leyenda del árbol.
No es el árbol.
Nada más.
Es el tiempo inmemorial.

og det, som ikke er i dem
og ej heller i os
og som skal falde i alderstid.

Fortællingen om træet.
Det er ikke træet.
Sådan er det.
Det er alderstid.

Translator: Lis Correa Rasmussen /
<http://www.proz.com/translator/2342650>

MIMERSPARKEN

In between buildings and roads, Mimersparken appears to be an oasis of children's games where laughter mixes rhythmically with the steady drop of a basketball and the zooming sound of skateboards. Here #RPN intertwines with the sensorial appeal of an urban playground ... subtle and continuous it forces us to pay attention to the structural transformations happening in the city.

Atın gözü (Turkish) by Mustafa Irgat

Mustafa Irgat (TUR) was a poet and painter who also wrote essays about cinema.

Atın gözü
Delilik et ve kemiğimdir.
Çoktan ölüme batmış beynimin sınırlarıyla
çanaktaki suretimi karıştırıyorum.
Sermet çağın
Uyanınca kan gördüğüm ayakkabılarımın içine bakalım mı?

FULL DANISH TRANSLATION NEEDED

Atın gözü benim imparatorluğumdur.
Kulaklarım göz de olur parmak parmak el de olur.
Toz ve rüzgar damıtılmış derimi yalarken
Duy! Yağmur ve köpükten bir insanım.

Politika et ve kemiğimdir.
Hiç yoktan bütün bir çocukluğumu
gamalı haçları toprağa gömmekle geçirdim.
Hükümsüz kollarıma dökülen kız başını örmek bana yaraşır.

Atın gözü benim imparatorluğumdur.
Bir tabutun altına girer gibi kendimi yükseğe kaldırıyorum.
O üç tutaşkonz yedi canımı sekiz mevsimden çıkarır.
İşte o zaman her günkü yarım kalmış başkalarıyım.

VINGELODDEN

It is an old notion about cities that they grow and expand and take on a life of their own. Vingelodden is a reflection of the country's reluctance to understand the multicultural drive of such expansion and change. An area of warehouses and depots formerly used by the railway, has now been reclaimed by the automobile industry. But it also is the site of a new mosque, a place of prayer, a place of community and solidarity which will bring yet a new change ... humanity, with its chatter over dreams and its laughter over memories and its joy of life.

Mowa trawa (Polish) by Agnieszka Wolny-Hamkało

Agnieszka Wolny-Hamkało (POLAND) has published nine books of poetry, three novels and a book of short stories. She worked as a television journalist and was a presenter for a cultural programme in which new book releases were presented. In the past, Wolny-Hamkało became a performance artist when she was presenting her own work, using her whole body to give expression to her poems. When she is not on the stage, she teaches Creative Writing and writes articles, children's books and plays. Wolny-Hamkało studied Cultural Studies and was especially interested in multi-media art. She is also a curator of the International Short Story Festival.

Mowa trawa
Słońce jak kluska rozgotowana
w mętnej wodzie
(...) Zapach słońi po deszczu.

Sniksnak
Solen er som udkogte nudler
i grumset vand (...)
Duften af elefanter efter regn.

Translator: Unknown

BOLSJEFABRIKKEN

Bolsjefabrikken (The Candy Factory) took its name from the previous location it was at which was an actual candy factory ... a name that unleashes the wonderment and expectation of a child in a candy store. This is a space for creative collaboration, for solidaric social and political action. #RPN uses this location for the concrete to sparkle with poems as mental notes, as little reminders to us all to embrace each other's innocence and curiosity, and to boldly commit to thinking, feeling and creating a better world.

Capitale de la douleur (French) by Paul Eluard

Paul Éluard (France) was a poet and one of the founders of the surrealist movement. His first published collections appearing when he was 22 years old followed by more than seventy others. Having seen life in the trenches during the First World War he was no stranger to misery and suffering and he maintained a strong desire to change the world for the better. In 1942 he became a member of the French underground communist party and this inspired a more political direction in his writings. He wrote a lot of anti-German material and had to be constantly on the move to avoid arrest.

Capitale de la douleur (extrait)

Sur ce ciel délabré, sur ces vitres d'eau douce,
Quel visage viendra, coquillage sonore,
Annoncer que la nuit de l'amour touche au jour,
Bouche ouverte liée à la bouche fermée.

Smertens hovedstad (uddrag)

På denne faldefærdige himmel, på disse ferskvandsrunder.
Hvilket ansigt vil dukke op, klangfulde konkylie, Bebude at
elskovens nat går over i dagen, Åben mund forbundet med den
lukkede mund.

Translator: Karin Nielsen / www.kmn-translations.dk

BANANNA PARKEN

Bolsjefabrikken (The Candy Factory) took its name from the previous location it was at which was an actual candy factory ... a name that unleashes the wonderment and expectation of a child in a candy store. This is a space for creative collaboration, for solidaric social and political action. #RPN uses this location for the concrete to sparkle with poems as mental notes, as little reminders to us all to embrace each other's innocence and curiosity, and to boldly commit to thinking, feeling and creating a better world.

Regnen (Danish) by Jon Højlund Arnfred

JON HØJLUND ARNFRED has degrees in Philosophy, Art History and Software development. He published in the magazine Hvedekorn for first time at the age of 19, but today in his sporadic sparetime poetry has a subdued existence. He is father to two fantastic children and lives in Nørrebro. He is ok with rain but prefers it when the sun shines.

Regnen

regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
regn regner regnen
rammer græsset og siver ind i græsset
og ned igennem græsset
på min græsplane tager
alt imod alt

FULL ENGLISH TRANSLATION NEEDED

der falder og ligger men
ikke som et dødt menneske
rundt omkring i jorden
i bladene i bænkebiderne
den synker ind i deres skjolde
ind igennem regnormene der
æder sig ind og ud af jorden
æder sig ind og ud
af sig selv den siver
ned igennem litosfæren ind i
jordens indre i
jordens varme hjerte
der slår
regnen rundt
som en regnkarrusel
rundt i alle verdens blødende hjørner
stiger den op i hovederne
regnen er damp
vendt på hovedet af jorden
der løber salt ud af øjnene

RÅDMANDSGADE & ASTRID NOAK'S ATELIER

Sports, playground and jungle, BaNanna Parken is a breath of fresh air in the densely populated Ydre Nørrebro. It is a multipurpose area where urban design meets the resilient conviction of an organized neighborhood that needed and wanted and fought to make this an open communal space. Astrid Noack's Atelier, a preserved workshop for the promotion of artists, and the conservation of the work of sculptress Astrid Noack, is also found in this area. The survival of the Atelier is threatened every now and then, but here too poetry and art meet resilience and community on any rainy day.

A chuva sobre a cidade (Portugese) by Ivo Lêdo

After completing his law degree, LÊDO IVO (Brazil) began working as a journalist, alongside which he has written poetry, stories, novels and essays. He was born in Maceió, the capital of the Alagoas confederation in the north-east of Brazil. The city is situated on a peninsula, and images of tidal forests, home to crabs and other amphibious animals; dunes; spits of land; abandoned shipyards and shipwrecks are characteristic of his poems.

Sources: <http://www.poetryinternationalweb.net/pi/site/poet/item/17173/17172/Ledo-Ivo>
<http://poets.ir/EN/2017/09/27/ledo-ivo>

A chuva sobre a cidade
A chuva sobre a cidade
Chove sobre a cidade
e a chuva inunda o asfalto, difunde o desastre e o desencontro
e procura abater as palmeiras que do fim da tarde
queriam apenas - graça plena – as estrelas.

Os trovões reboam, espantando os pássaros
que vieram refugiar-se no meu quarto.
Os relâmpagos, fotografos do absoluto, iluminam as pessoas
que passam
- são outros rostos, minha irmã, são as faces
revoltadas porque as divindades impossibilitaram os idílios,
a chegada pontual a uma casa, o já adiado trespasse com o inefável.

As sarjetas recebem finalmente a Poesia. Como são belos
e nítidos os barcos de papel
que navegam buscando os reinos fantásticos, os inacessíveis!

A chuva tem uma canção. Jamais uma elegia
para saudar sua gentileza. Jamais uma ode,
um himeneu, uma écloga deploratória.

Regnen på byen
(afsnit)
Dagen i morgen kan ikke forbruges. Regnen
belærer dig at være uforanderlig uden at
gentage dig selv.

FULL TRANSLATION NEEDED

Meu irmão, deixa que a goteira molhe tuas últimas poesias. Pouco importa que amanhã te reconcilies com os grandes temas poéticos.
O amanhã é inconsumível. A chuva te ensina a ser invariável sem se repetir.

SUPERKILEN

Superkilen was conceived of as a “extreme collaboration” project. The area transforms urban design and urban furniture into an interconnected narrative relaying the many stories of Nørrebro. As in many narratives of change and becoming, it starts in medias res, and it does not tell us anything of its green past. The asphalt, under the rain, blossoms in poetry to remind us that there is another way.

Struck by desire (Arabic) by Muniam Alfaker

MUNIAM ALFAKER (IRAK) has published a variety of poetry collections, prose, drama and children’s literature. He is translated into more than 10 languages. Among other honors, he received the highest medal of the Iraqi Ministry of Culture as well as The Danish Library Association’s literary prize in 1995. He lives in Denmark.

ARABIC TEXT AND TITLE TO UPLOAD

jeg er stadig
ramt af lyst,
at springe på markerne
og soppe
i pytter og mudder

og spille min dag
med at følge en sommerfugl.

PLADSEN VED ODINGGADE / JAGTVEJ

In 2009 the mobilization of the neighborhood resulted in the creation of the first micropark in Nørrebro. The main idea was to regulate and reduce traffic in the area. The park is a constant reminder of the need for cities to work for people’s needs and aspirations ... aspirations for slower, greener, kinder cities.

To the lighthouse (English) by Virginia Woolf

Adeline Virginia Woolf (1882 – 28 March 1941) was an English writer, considered one of the most important modernist 20th-century authors and also a pioneer in the use of stream of consciousness as a narrative device.. Encouraged by her father, Woolf began writing professionally in 1900. Her father’s death in 1905 caused another mental breakdown for Woolf. Following her 1912 marriage to Leonard Woolf, the couple founded the Hogarth Press in 1917, which published much of her work. Throughout her life, Woolf was troubled by her mental illness. At age 59, Woolf committed suicide in 1941 by putting rocks in her coat pockets and drowning herself in the River Ouse.

Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Virginia_Woolf

To the lighthouse

(...) The wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rooks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling—all these were so coloured and distinguished in his mind that he had already his private code, his secret language (...)

Til fyret

(...) Trillebøren, plæneklipperen, lyden af poplerne, hvis blade lyste før regnen, rågerne, der skreg, koste, der skramlede, kjoler, der raslede - alt dette blev så farvet og fremhævet i hans sind, at han allerede havde sin private kode, sit eget hemmelige sprog (...)

Translator: Merete Ries

PLADSEN VED SJÆLLANDSGADE / GULDBERGSGADE

The bus on its Nørrebrogade route announces the Sjællandsgade stop. Get off, turn right (on the opposite side to the yellow brick wall of Assistens Kirkegård) and there it is, the clock in the tower aligned with the street lights overlooking a square of silver and brownstone. It takes a minute to realize that here too there is a playground and that, maybe, a gentle dragon sleeps.

也许 (Chinese) by Shu Ting

SHU TING (China) has been an important and influential poet especially in the years immediately after the Cultural Revolution. Shu spent three years working in the countryside and eight years in a light bulb factory before becoming a professional writer in 1980. Shu's first published the poem, 'To the Oak Tree' in Today, an underground journal run by the dissident poet Bei Dao. Since then her name has become entwined with the movement the Misty poets.

也许

Måske

CHINESE TEXT TO UPLOAD

Måske vil jorden, når alle tårer er grædt
bliver mere frugtbar
måske vil solen, når vi besynger den,
også besyng os

Translator: Susanne Posborg, Husets Forlag

DE GAMLES BY & BY OASEN

De Gamles By is an old site in so far as the buildings date back to the late 19th century and many of them now house an old people's home. By Oasen, located within the complex, gives Copenhageners the slow and pleasurable experience of farm living in the center of town. The area is home to veggie gardens, greenhouses, goats, chickens and rabbits and a bonfire to sit around and enjoy a hot cocoa.

Je pluie (French) by Sandrine Cnudde

SANDRINE CNUDDE (FR) is a poet and visual artist who also defines herself as a walker, a nomad and a contemplative soul. Her poems are marked by her earlier work as a gardener and landscape architect. Her creative process includes journeys where she goes exploring a territory, spending time alone in the nature, writing notes and taking pictures, which she then uses as the source of her poetry.

Source: <http://sandrinecnudde.blogspot.com>

Je-pluie n'ai pas d'ombre

Jeg-regn har ingen skygge

Je
pleux
à travers
la
nuit.
Je-multiple,
unique liquidité héritée de
l'ivresse de mon père.
Je plus fécond que le grand-père
de son père.
Tous ces pères inutiles comme
des soleils qui
pendulent.
Je-pluie n'ai
pas d'ombre.

Jeg
regner
gennem
natten.
Jeg-multiplum,
eneste flydende tilstand arvet fra
min fars fuldskab.
Jeg mere frugtbar end hans fars
bedstefar.
Alle disse unyttige fædre som
sole, der
pendulerer.
Jeg-regn har
ingen skygge.

Hommage au photographe E.S Curtis et sa vie passée auprès
des amérindiens.

Translator: Karin Nielsen / www.kmn-translations.dk

BASKETBANEN VED RAVNSBORGGADE / VIDEOMØLLEN

Designer clothes, art galleries, a theater, a local brewery and in the midst of all this adulthood, the basketball court. Mischievous, inviting, and rhythmically calling on to us to play, to have fun, to be part of it all.

Og så regner det (Danish) by Poul Borum

POUL VILLIAM BORUM (DK) was a writer, poet and critic. He was editor of the influential Danish literary magazine Hvedekorn from 1968 to his death in 1996. He also initiated the Danish writers school (Forfatterskolen) in 1987, of which he was also principal. Borum was married to Danish poet Inger Christensen for 17 years.

Source: <https://forfatterweb.dk/oversigt/borum-poul>

Og så regner det

Jeg drømmer at det regner og så regner det
jeg drømmer at du kommer og så kommer du
dit hår er er vådt det dryppede ned i mine drømme

FULL ENGLISH TRANSLATION NEEDED

Jeg drømmer at jeg ved hvad vej et ur går
og følger det med torden og med lynnedslag
I marken plantet: en zigzagpil af samliv

Jeg drømmer at besværgelsernes nåde
overvælder alle tørre træer og revnede agre
Om morgenen vågner vi dampende og lugter hinanden af jord

UNIVERSITETS PARKEN, NØRRE ALLÉ / VILD CAMPUS

Local residents, students and nature enthusiasts planted over 10,000 wild flora and fauna in Universitetsparken in order to allow city dwellers to get closer to Danish nature. A refuge for native plants and flowers, Vild Campus (Wild Campus), as it is known in Copenhagen, grows at the feet of the functional architecture of the Life Sciences buildings. Look amongst the flowers as Raining Poetry Nørrebro also comes alive this spring.

Regalo de un Poeta (Spanish) by Pablo Neruda

PABLO NERUDA (Chile) was a poet, diplomat and politician. He became known as a poet when he was 10 years old, and wrote in a variety of styles, including surrealist poems, historical epics, overtly political manifestos, a prose autobiography, and passionate love poems such as the ones in his collection Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair (1924). He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971. Neruda occupied many diplomatic positions in various countries during his lifetime and served a term as a Senator for the Chilean Communist Party.

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/pablo-neruda>

Regalo de un Poeta

NO, que la reina no reconozca
tu rostro, es más dulce
así, amor mío, lejos de las efigies, el peso
de tu cabellera en mis manos, recuerdas
el árbol de Mangareva cuyas flores caían
sobre tu pelo? Estos dedos no se parecen
a los pétalos blancos: míralos, son como raíces,
son como tallos de piedra sobre los que resbala
el lagarto. No temas, esperemos que caiga la
lluvia, desnudos,
la lluvia, la misma que cae sobre Manu Tara.

Gave af en digter

NEJ, bare dronningen ikke genkender
dit ansigt, det er sødere
sådan, min elskede, langt fra billederne, vægten
af dit hår på mine hænder, kan du huske
Mangareva-træet, hvis blomster landede
på dit hår? Disse fingre ligner ikke
de hvide kronblade: se på dem, de er som rødder,
de er som stængler af sten, som firbenet
glider på. Vær ikke bange, lad os vente på at regnen falder,
nøgne,
regnen, den samme som falder over Manu Tara.

Pero así como el agua endurece sus rasgos en la
piedra,
sobre nosotros cae llevándonos suavemente

Men ligesom vandet falder hårdere på
sten,
vil den falde over os, og blidt lede os

hacia la oscuridad, más abajo del agujero
de Ranu Raraku. Por eso
que no te divise el pescador ni el cántaro.
Sepulta
tus pechos de quemadura gemela en mi boca,
y que tu cabellera sea una pequeña noche mía,
una oscuridad cuyo perfume mojado me cubre.

De noche sueño que tú y yo somos dos plantas
que se elevaron juntas, con raíces enredadas,
y que tú conoces la tierra y la lluvia como mi
boca,
porque de tierra y de lluvia estamos hechos.
A veces
pienso que con la muerte dormiremos abajo,
en la profundidad de los pies de la efigie,
mirando
el Océano que nos trajo a construir y a amar.

Mis manos no eran férreas cuando te conocieron, las
aguas
de otro mar las pasaban como a una red; ahora
agua y piedras sostienen semillas y secretos.

Ámame dormida y desnuda, que en la orilla
eres como la isla: tu amor confuso, tu amor
asombrado, escondido en la cavidad de los sueños,
es como el movimiento del mar que nos rodea.

Y cuando yo también vaya durmiéndome
en tu amor, desnudo,
deja mi mano entre tus pechos para que palpite
al mismo tiempo que tus pezones mojados en
la lluvia.

mod mørket, længere ned end
Ranu Rarakus hul. Derfor
skal du ikke lade fiskerne eller vinbæreren se dig.
Begrav
dine dobbeltbrændende bryster i min mund,
og lad dit hår blive en lille nat for mig,
et mørke af våd parfume der omslutter mig.

Om natten drømmer jeg, at du og jeg er to planter
som rejste sig sammen, med sammenflettede rødder,
og at du kender jorden og regnen som min
mund,
fordi vi kommer af jord og regn.
Nogle gange
tænker jeg, at vi med døden vil sove nede,
i dybden ved fødderne af billedet,
mens vi ser ud
over havet, som bragte os hertil for at bygge og elske.

Mine hænder var ikke af jern, da de mødte dig,
vandet

MISSING TEXT

Translator: Lis Correa Rasmussen /
<http://www.proz.com/translator/2342650>