

the floor, and land their conjugal bodies on the transverse bar, where they lie very quiet, so quiet they might be dead.

Even at eye-level the flies lies quiet on the transverse bar, so quiet they might be dead.

The kitchen door is framed by the bedroom door. At the end of the short dark passage, almost cubic in its brevity, the kitchen through the open door seems luminous, apparently framed in red. The doors however are of rough dark wood. The walls of the passage are at right angles when curving is desired.

The circle of steaming gruel in the bowl is greyish white and pimply.

A conversation occurs.

A microscope might perhaps reveal animal ecstasy among the innumerable white globules in the circle of gruel, but only to the human mind behind the microscope. And besides, the fetching and rigging up of a microscope, if one were available, would interrupt the globules. If, indeed, the gruel hadn't been eaten by then, in which case a gastroscope would be more to the point. And a gastroscope at that juncture of the gruel's journey would provoke nausea.

IN THE HEART OF THE GUINEA PIG DARKNESS

(2015)

Aase Berg

Translated by Johannes Göransson

The gorge is swarming with guinea pigs. They crawl on each other like spiders: here in the gorge, here in the stack, here in the heart of the guinea-pig darkness. The gorge is swarming with guinea pigs, and we run, you and I, with your soft wax skin and our love. We run in the tunnels and the rumbling water chases us in a wave of guinea pigs rolling against each other. Jupiter hangs heavy and cruel up there in the firmament, and nervespies lurk behind every evil corner. Guinea pigs are swarming. They are born, they hatch, out of caves and holes. The guinea pigs are swarming and crawling around on the gigantic guinea-pig queen's sensitive, swollen egg-white body. She gives birth and groans, she moans and bleeds. Everywhere the membranes, everywhere their bloated puffbellies. We run with the heart in the tunnel, you and I, while nervous systems break down behind us, while the amniotic fluid surges in the pumping, pulsing chasm. Rotting acids and guinea-pig lymph are streaming yes streaming down the walls. Guinea pigs are thronging. Here they come and get us! Now they're opening us up, now they're swallowing us with their pink flesh organs. Now I love you and now I fear you, and now I finally roll out your guinea-pig body on the baking sheet. And you lean back and let your skin grow into the stinking cell plasma of the guinea-pig wall, my beautiful traitor, and the guinea pigs swarm all the way into the depth of your treacherous guinea-pig organism.