

## A DOOR THAT WANTS TO OPEN

Three poems by Thor Sørheim based on textiles by Runa Boger

### *House with two windows*

Windows woven of light and wool call for  
a look that does not go right through,  
but stands stock-still like an alert deer  
at the forest's edge A window is a transition between  
inside and outside, the critical moment when we can open  
or close ourselves to the world. We can see, we can touch a house  
that has woven itself into the woollen threads, rain and trees,  
the ground sill sinks ever deeper into history. We can hear  
the logs give and sag, and the colours fade, not keeping time,  
a house does not march, it leans against yesterday  
and becomes part of its surroundings while  
relentlessly advancing towards the next day,  
in camouflage colours, blotchy, plagued by wind and weather,  
and far too strong sunlight. Bright windows tell a story,  
not because we look in and out, but because we seem to grasp  
the material and the senses of which memory is made.

*House with door*

And sooner or later we arrive  
at a house between light-green and mourning-green  
edges, a door with violet dreams, and if we  
unthinkingly grope with a hand behind the gableboard  
to find a key, we will discover that on the gable are  
pictures of soldiers, parachutists and bomber planes.  
Dark ornaments that approach menacingly  
with nervous counted steps, a house cannot age without  
clashing with the forces that replace the peace  
in the framework and roofbeams, a house never turns  
with the wind. Here someone has sought refuge from the murderer's shower of bullets,  
here someone has experienced moments of happiness in sun-drenched darkness,  
and we stand on the threshold of a new insight,  
not because we have found the key, which could just as well  
be on the inside of the lock, or woven into  
the attempt by the maker of the picture to hold on to something. It is  
the ornaments that are the key to the narrative  
we are to listen to, of swords that are turned into ploughshares,  
bullets melted down and made into candlesticks and the soldier's blanket  
rewoven into a door that opens  
when we have looked long enough.

*Closed house*

We take a step backwards and see a form  
of walls, eaves, angles,  
surfaces rise up illogically to the eye,  
lines disappear in an old point of departure  
it lies in the nature of a look to call this  
a house even though it lacks doors and windows,  
and the colours slough their skin as they turn the corner.  
So we must follow the thread that links the touch  
to the wall, the bright colours that intercept  
the shady sides, and the blue background  
with the finger imprints. It is us who will have to invent  
the scythe hanging on a nail way up on the wall,  
the brown jug and ladle inside on the kitchen unit,  
or the milk pail on the doorstep. The story is  
a collector of bloodstained blankets abandoned  
on the field of battle, a recycler of the colours of the  
last sunset, a narrator who shows us that what we were  
in the process of forgetting. Even in an enclosed space there is  
something that calls for our presence.