



-Larry Jaffe, Poet, LA: USA

How do you explain the embodiment of beauty and peace. Are they equal in their powers to haunt and attract yet maintain serenity simultaneously? Or are they disparate concepts that uniquely come about once in such a great while? For me, Birgitta Jonsdottir embodies beauty and peace it stretches from her soul and embraces an entire planet in both word and deed. Such is the power of her words. Such is the power of her beauty. Such is the power of her.

-Paul McDonald, Kentucky: USA

"...a soul that has been here for a long time, Birgitta Jonsdottir is an emerging voice of the Goddess calling us into the new millennium..."

-Aleksi Aaltonen, Helsinki: Finland

" I'm proud to say that Birgitta must be the most outstanding multimedia artist of our time. The immense depth, strength and at the same time sensitivity in her poetry, music and art work is a joyful, powerful, and very personal, intimate experience time after time. "

# THE MESSENGER

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BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

**Beyond Borders**  
**Chapbook series #3**

# BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

## B i o g r a p h y

Birgitta Jonsdottir was born in Reykjavik, Iceland 1967. She has lived in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, USA, Australia, New Zealand and The Netherlands. She is currently living in Iceland

Birgitta has been active in the Icelandic literature, music, and art scenes for 20 years and is considered one of the pioneers in bringing The Arts to the Internet. Her first book of poetry, Frostdinglar (Icicles), was published when she was twenty by one of Iceland's leading publishers. Her art has been exhibited in the USA, Asia and Europe. She has performed and lectured at festivals around the world. Her work has been published in anthologies, TV, Radio, Magazines, Newspapers and on the Internet.

Her work has been translated to 12 languages.

In 2002 she edited the Book of Hope & the World Healing Book, global anthologies of poetry, prose and art. Birgitta is a member of United Poets & the Icelandic Writers Union. Birgitta is the founder of Beyond Borders Press and Radical Creations.

She is currently working with the Italian comic artist Maruizio di Bona on various projects, such as experiments with poetry comics. Birgitta is currently translating two books of poetry, one by Diane di Prima and other by Michael Lohr. Her first novel The Chameleon's Diary was published in November 2005. In 2006 she translated the Four Agreements, a Toltek wisdom book by don Miguel Ruiz and Moral lessons of the Twentieth century, conversations between Ikeda and Gorbachev.

Birgitta has devoted her time in the last few years to the struggle to save the pristine Icelandic highlands from destruction for heavy industry for aluminium smelters from the USA and to radical movements for peace and tolerance. She organised Poets against the War, Artists against the War and various other creative demonstrations before and after the war against Iraq.

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Reykjavik, Iceland 2005  
poems@this.is

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## HEIMDALLUR & HIS HORN OF DOOMSDAY

When he blows the horn,  
it is the end of the world,  
but only as we know it.

When the howling sound  
seals the earth,  
It will die  
to be born again.

Heimdallur once whispered in my ear,  
"all values will die  
but not the spirit of earth."

I long to believe him.  
I long to hear the horn howl.



## THE MESSENGERS: HUGINN OG MUNINN

The black bodies of the ravens,  
touching boundaries of time.

Scanning for news,  
scanning for wisdom,  
bring it to the hollow  
eye of their master.

They feed on knowledge,  
feed on gossip,  
spit it in the hungry ears of Odin.

He will never stop craving for more,  
more depth, more power.

They soar high and low  
in every corner of the human factor.  
They soar within undreamt dreams,  
within thoughts that are being born.  
And they bring it all  
to their master.

And he may or he may not spill his  
overflowing wisdom to the less knowing.

THE GARDEN

## THE GARDEN OF IDUNN

She hides her apples  
in a wooden box  
sealed with magic.

She feeds them to those  
who have found  
the elemental god within.

Feeds them to  
trembling mouths.  
Cuts a little piece  
from the apple of youth.

And she walks her garden silently  
with the box  
well hidden in her heart.

Waters the apple tree  
with tears of empathy.



# SAGA

In the deep and silent night  
you walk into an invisible shadow  
with your ears and eyes alert.  
You might hear her purr  
and hope that you won't be  
her next prey.

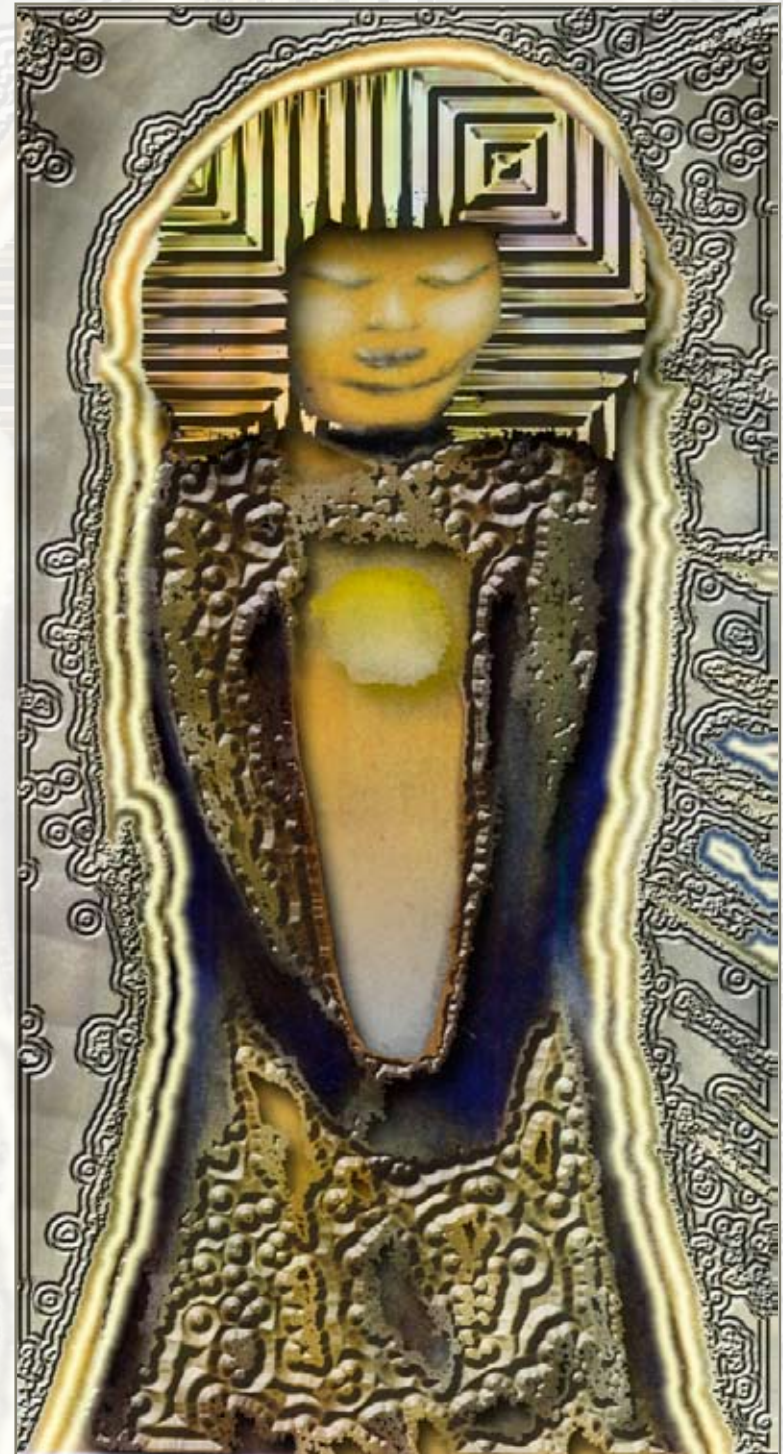
Hope that she won't lay  
her love struck eyes upon you.  
Her spell is more powerful  
than any other.

She doesn't  
crave your devotion  
she craves you.

All of you.

She demands your loyalty  
by making you shape shift,  
into her favorite pet.  
Tames your will  
so that you lose your  
longing for living.  
Except for her  
and her games.

It is a seductive game of pleasure.  
It may be the key to all your desires.  
It may be what you have always dreamt of.  
But when she strokes your alligator skin  
with the feathers of lust  
and leaves you in your  
agony and craving,  
Your will starts to crawl in  
like a stinging nail in your heart  
but you have forgotten what it is.  
You can only feel the fear,  
the emptiness,  
and craving.



# BALDUR

His downfall  
a strange twist of fate  
like for so many others.

Just like the messengers  
of other faiths  
he left us a light  
in the dark  
to guide us  
into the mystery of  
our own self.

Will he ever rise again  
I wonder.

Perhaps he has already returned  
time and time again  
in deeds of love and compassion.

Perhaps he is already within us.  
A knowing  
a heartbeat  
pulsing within  
the collective soul.

# A PICTURE OF FRIGG

When the moon is full  
she opens her vein of wisdom  
for him to drink from.

She is the guardian of lost souls  
weaver of fate.

There are no paintings  
no icons  
of her divine face.

She is the hidden force of knowledge.  
Dancing in the shadow  
of her husband's glory.

She is the goddess  
of the goddesses.

Keeper of secrets  
puller of strings.

# ASGARDUR

There is a place  
that is  
invisible to most of us.

The only way to enter  
is to walk the rainbow.

There you'll find that the  
mountains still have souls  
and the trees voices.

There are the glorious palaces  
of forgotten times.  
There you drink the magic brew  
sweetened with honey dew.  
Soothes the soul.  
Opens the eye.

This is the place where  
the Gods play with their powers.

These are the Gods of elemental nature.  
Mirrors of our desires.

And you dream of  
dwelling there forever and ever  
until one day you realise  
that you have always been there  
and nowhere else.



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