

Dórarinn Eldjárn

Ljóð

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Bookworm

Old Gummi on the Moorlands feeds on fiction.
At first a joke, it soon became addiction.
Books comprise his natural nutrition;
Never has he shown the least contrition.

A couple chapters simply won't suffice now;
He swallows stacks and shelves to feed his vice now.
Though largely banned from library collections
With lies and wigs he circumvents detections.

He munches on a multi-volume story
at meals; for snacks, light reading is his glory.
He says that sanatorium refectories
Should serve their patients telephone directories.

He states, when for a preference he's pressed,
That poems – but only good ones – are the best.

Man and mouse

There's a street and there's a house;
 There's a man inside it.
 In a hole there is a mouse
 And a wall to hide it.

The man is Dr. Maron Briem,
 Major rodentologist.
 The mouse is hailed as Hulda Síms,
 Hopeful anthropologist.

Out to measure mankind's ways
 Mouse sets forth undaunted.
In to chart the mousehole maze
 Man has always wanted.

Egil's saga

Egill pumped a pimple;
 Pestilent, it festered.
 Terrified, with tortured
 Tears he faced the mirror.
 Wan and trembling, winced and
 Whimpered, "Mom! A pimple!"
 Fainted from the phantasm,
 Frightfully a-blighted.

Recipe for man

First the head, with motherboard and hard disk.
 The heart is just a pump, beating away.
 Two feet support a belly full of lard, misc. –The formula for man is
 child's play.

No. Let us remember that language is human too.
 Language brings the feelings and soul to view.

Ball and ballet

Unnur's great at both ballet and soccer.
Her buddies seem to think she's off her rocker
To mix the two. Despite taunts and abusing,
She's tough, and simply finds it all amusing.

Her football pals all find ballet too prissy –To flit about in pink
tights like a sissy!
All hops and prancing. It would hardly do to
Have your teammates catch you in a tutu.

In ballet class, the girls consider gospel
To go for dance and soccer is impossible,
For football's just for females who are boyish,
Un-feminine, uncouth, rambunctious, goyish.

But Unnur laughs; she knows she'll never yield
As nimbly she dances 'cross the field.
While ballet helps her train to have the toughness
To tackle, kick and handle spots of roughness.

On the mend

There was a time my worries were so great
I worked myself into a pretty pickle,
Because it seemed I just could not create
And cried and moaned about the muses fickle.

But that's all done: now I am chipper, cheerful;
The chains around my psyche, they are there less.
A new man, I will never more be fearful:
Get nothing done, and simply could not care less.