



PETALS.

METAL.

WATER.

BLACK

MARTIN FARRAN - LEE

P W  
E A  
T T  
A E  
L R  
S :  
, B  
M L  
E A  
T C  
A K  
L  
.

M F  
A A  
R R  
T R  
I A  
N N  
-  
L  
E  
E  
E

*In loving memory of  
Bror Gunnar Persson*





RIDDARFJÄRDEN

scene: the city  
distant, yet so close  
the palaces of the ancient  
and the newly rich  
lit by breaking, fading light  
what are they?  
but silhouettes  
cut out of paper for all you know

placing your fingers on the frets  
an open tuning  
a three chord song  
heard before, now sounding new  
changing the order  
of such simple measures  
making sense for now  
at least that's how it seemed



SYSSLOMANSGATAN



to you born with wings  
to have them clipped  
what did it matter then?  
it's not such a cost  
the price of feathers have gone up  
there are many here  
more important than you  
what does it matter then?  
it's all for a good cause  
keep saying that  
till you're out of breath  
the words stick in your mouth  
like old gum  
the air has more taste  
in the morning:  
the wet earth, the rabbits  
and the bird shit  
add a trace of childhood  
to sprinkle the grass  
with fluid diamonds and liquid light



LÅNGHOLMEN

yet you must press on  
    there is a purpose to all of this  
now it makes perfect sense  
                    how come  
                    you never saw it before?  
    how street lights and planets align  
how your body moved  
                    through the forest  
            when august came  
                    and the only light  
was the whiteness of the gravel  
    on your path  
                    you had to be careful there  
the darkness was easier to navigate  
    you moved silently  
                    like the shark  
in cold sweet waters  
    filled with moss and rotting wood  
the taste of fish  
                    always on your teeth  
your long limbs white  
                    against the black



NORRÖRA

cut to: the beach  
grey water, facing south  
the three of you  
the only specks on the waves  
except for the gulls  
and the tankers carrying crude  
out to sea  
in your element  
you could have been  
growing gills  
for all i know  
now turning back  
laughing  
at the frozen figures in the sand



SANDHAMMAREN

but you alone must press on  
a purpose to this?  
makes no sense  
turning your head away  
in every photograph  
blurring the image  
it's for us to decipher  
what it really meant



NORR MÅLARSTRAND

I  
I

such was the loss  
such was the sense of loss  
it held us in a grip  
held us down by force

the tears were no release  
only there to wet our checks  
unable to see beyond the grief  
unable to correspond  
the uselessness of it all

to set words to fire a flame  
to warm the skin of this church  
we shouldn't have been here in the first place  
shouldn't have been here at all

outside,  
the summer caught us  
suspended in the air  
then the weightlessness  
left us  
standing in the country road  
directionless,  
not knowing where to go  
but back to the sorrow that was  
clinging to our limbs,  
submerged  
in our second-hand suits

now suddenly mortal  
in the prime of life

I  
I  
I

|C| falter, there's nothing you can |DM7| alter  
there's no |C| going back on a |F| fact

|C| thinking, we could have |DM7| made a change  
made a |C| difference in the |F| end

|FMAJ7/A| straws in the |F| wind  
|DM7| stuck in the dirt we're |CMAJ7/E| planted in

|C| closing, the door on |DM7| everything  
from the |C| first day to the |F| last of him

|FMAJ7/A| straws in the |F| wind  
|DM7| stuck in the dirt we're |CMAJ7/E| planted in

|DM9| a shroud of music to |CMAJ7/E| sweep him in  
|DM9| a shroud of music to |CMAJ7/E| sweep him in  
|DM9| a shroud of music to |CMAJ7/E| sweep him in  
|DM9| a shroud of music to |CMAJ7/E| sweep him in





HDK

*For  
Julia & William*

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