

# **Neither Name Nor Snow: Ingrid Storholmen**

*Translation: Teji Grover*

## 1. From “Skamtalen.Graceland” 2005

Have you nothing to say? – nothing to say

You do not exist? – do not exist

May I see you? – see you

See me? – see me

Your body, it is gone? – is gone

Must you be filled by others? – filled by others

You do not exist alone – alone

Are you lonely? – lonely

Do you not feel **ashamed**? – ashamed ashamed shamed

Punished for talking too much –

## **2. From “Krypskyttarloven” 2001**

You shall find the name of the snow  
I go from snowdrift to snowdrift: what is your name, little hailstone  
I have gathered so many names, pretty names like Tankanama,  
Lendale, Ormadatina, Finkalatala, Jutipanano, Shibboleth  
I have written the names on small, white pieces of paper  
that fall from my pocket; I can see them in the snow  
they are hard to distinguish: white on white on my eye  
How can I tell the paper with the name from the snow  
but suddenly I find something: neither name nor snow

**Covered by winter without betraying a single colour**

### 3. From “Skamtalen. Graceland” 2005

My shame has a problem with me  
I don't want to be ashamed, says the writing  
**I want to write your dick into me**

I shall be celebrated on the Day of Shame

I feel what is written imicreative shame  
everybody is leaving  
are you coping with your life  
**shame's slave**

Even the betrayal betrays you then

Descendant of someone that somebody was ashamed of

Left by someone left, oneself a leaver

re  
mem  
ber  
re  
mem  
ber  
I am me mother the memoriam

Blood-shame; because the word exists

(no)

Many  
mouths. Sore,  
green,  
aching. Gaping and  
shut, F  
i  
lth and remains:

Traces of phrases, claims, degree of reliability

Cold sweat spit , it once *was* like this

Is it interchangeable? Phantom shame?

Beshamed probably Self-hatred What is it?

Be unfaithful to me! with me

You let me inhale you; suuuuuuuuucking  
I hooooooooooooot

Phrases in rolls around my belly

Someone might have laughed, they laughed, so laughable to believe, to imagine

**The couple isn't complete. One is missing.** You. I?

That's how it must be  
That's close to how it was  
Like this, maybe  
I cannot possibly describe it

Why am I lying? Because I am ashamed As if!

Are you a dog?

No.

Yes.

A bitch in the heat, with large protruding teats for you to lick

Bite off my teats and swallow!

Are you fantasizing of fucking a dog?

Here I am with a smelly tongue and hole                      Slurp!

Here I come to savage you with my shame                      growl!

Later on:

The carcass of a dog far off the road, where it hid away to die

only the row of teeth to tell of the predator

boiling eyes



Everybody has seen me by now  
it is way too late to be human  
too late to get quiet

Burning myself to get warm enough to live

I meet you again and continue to rage  
You rip me apart at the very same place  
I cut myself up: my mouth,  
what I am and the silence I lost

Medically silent/quiet, after rain: the tablet

Orfiril,  
stilnokt,

imovane

remeron,

zyprexa, tolvon,  
ZYPREXA,

lamictal, lithium (Li)  
cipramil

alcohol

White. Anaesthesia. Water. Tablets floating. Pearls.  
White chains. Plastic.  
Must shine not speak. Posit myself as my own sculpture.  
To say is not to say, kiss me, lip.  
“Fade away, within”

White is a sound (that I associate with you  
**What is white to you?**