

Taknemmelighed (“Gratitude”)

A radioplay inspired by a scene in the stage play “Darkness”, 2017

The original in Danish

Taknemmelighed

-“Ok, hvis du starter med at skrælle 4 rødbeder og river dem i stykker. Så 4 gulerødder - skrælle skrælle og snitte snitte, mkaay??

- “Mkaay - men skal gulerødderne ...?”

-“Jeps, bare i sårn nogle strimler, ing? Så dimser jeg lige med de her andre nogen ...”

-“Rød peber, far ... rød peber. - må jeg vælge musik?”

-“Hrmpfh!”.

Jeg har gået en del rundt om mig selv, inden jeg fik skrevet denne tekst. Jeg var i tvivl om, det ville være relevant for andre end mig og mine, men, ja - det håber jeg, den er, for jeg vil nødtigt udsætte nogen for overflødig bavl.

Indledningen herover er en nogenlunde akkurat beskrivelse af her forleden i mit køkken. Et slags Facebook billede med ord. Knægten og jeg havde besluttet os for at lave en ret, vi ikke havde prøvet før. Efter de indledende øvelser omkring hakning af de grønne sager, sagde vi ikke så meget til hinanden. Vi gryntede hygsomt til hinanden en gang i mellem.

The translation in English

Gratitude

- "Ok, if you start peeling 4 beetroots and tear them apart. Then 4 carrots - peel peel and cut cut, mkaay ??

- "Mkaay - but must the carrots ...?"

"Yep, just do some strips, right? Then I'm trying something with something else 'ish... "

- "Red pepper, dad ... red pepper. - Can I choose the music? "

- "Hrmpfh".

I've been doing a lot of thinking, before I wrote this text. I was in doubt that would be relevant to anyone but me and my, but, yes - I hope it is, because I would not want to put anyone at unnecessary twaddle.

The above introduction is a fairly accurate description of a day - not long ago - in my kitchen. A kind of Facebook picture with words. The kid and I had decided to make a dish we had not tried before. After the initial exercises about chopping the green stuff, we did not say much to each other. We groaned warmly to each other once in a while.

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Resten af madlavningen blev lavet med et sjældent set såkaldt flow hos os begge. Måske var det den temmeligt larmende musik - han har hang til dødsmetal - der lukkede munden på os, eller også var det en længe ventet hverdagsro, der faldt over os.

Min søn lider af skizofreni. Det er meget længe siden, han har været i stand til at være i et nu ... Han har ikke kunnet samle sig om, eller interessere sig for noget særligt længe ad gangen. Intet gav mening. Intet var godt. Intet var let, nemt og legende. Alting var tungt og hårdt.

De sidste år har været en samling af uendeligt lange dage. Sneglende minutter, hvor der intet andet var end overlevelse. Der har været alt for mange skarpe genstande i nærheden. Alt for meget blod. De mørkeste skygger har luret bag hver en krog. Stemmer har hvisket ondskab med hvislende tunger.

Hos os, vidnerne, er skylden skyllet over os. En årelang flodbølge af salte tårer og tænders gnislen. Virkeligheden har sejlet. Knastørre øjne har stirret tomt og søvnløst indad efter mening og løsninger. Desperat higende efter at kunne skænke lindring. Der har været nætter, hvor vi er blevet tatoverede af slagregn i vores søgen efter ham. Der har været dage, man heldigvis ikke længere kan huske.

The translation in English

The rest of the cooking was made with a rarely seen so-called flow in both of us. Perhaps it was the rather noisy music - he loves death metal - that closed our mouths, or it was a long-awaited everyday-quietness, that filled us.

My son suffers from schizophrenia. It's been a long time since he has been able to be in the now ... He has not been able to gather himself or interested himself in something special for very long. Nothing made sense. Nothing was good. Nothing was easy, simple and playful. Everything was heavy and hard.

The last years have been a collection of endless long days. Whining minutes where nothing else was, than survival. There have been too many sharp objects nearby. Too much blood. The darkest shadows have lurked behind each corner. Voices have whispered wickedness with hissing tongues.

Us, the witnesses, have blame washed upon us. A yearlong tide of salty tears and teeth scraping. The reality have sailed. Crunchy eyes have stared empty and sleeplessly inward for meaning and solutions. Desperately seeking to offering relief. There have been nights where we have been tattooed by the drizzle in our quest to finding him. There have been days, fortunately you can no longer remember.

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Det ville være fristende at nævne systemet. Det langsomme system. De mange indlæggelser alle mulige forskellige steder. De mange misforståelser, der opstår, når man hele tiden møder nye ansatte. Den kæmpe bunke af velmenende mennesker, der gør deres allerbedste - for det meste. Men som kommer til kort gang på gang. Af mange forskellige grunde. Her på den anden side, opleves det mest af alt som en uoverskuelig mur af ord og uforståelige regler, der kun fjerner meningen: Mennesket. Det ville være fristende at kaste sig ind i flokken af hylende hyæner og råbe “røv!”

Men det må blive en anden gang, for her forleden var intet fjernere fra min virkelighed. Virkeligheden var den, at det pludselig var hverdag. Og den fungerede. Det var nemt. Vi fandt hinanden ordløst. Vi lavede ting sammen, skabte minder og mad. De eneste, der frygtede de skarpe køkkenknive var grønsagerne. Banalt og uendeligt godt.

En næsten ukendt følelse overmandede mig ...

Det var som at sidde godt morgensur i en bus, og pludselig går det op for én, man ikke skal GÅ de 50 km til arbejde!
Det var som at miste sin vasketid i kælderens og opdage, man ikke skal ned til en flod og vaske sit tøj.

The translation in English

It would be tempting to mention the system. The slow system. The many admissions all sorts of places. The many misunderstandings that arise when you constantly meet new employees. The huge bunch of well-meaning people who do their very best - for the most part. But who comes short time after time. For many different reasons. Here on the other side, most of all, it is experienced as an unmistakable wall of words and incomprehensible rules that only remove the meaning: the human being.

It would be tempting to throw oneself into a flock of soothing hyenas and shout "ass!"

But it must be another time, because this evening there was nothing farther from my reality. The reality was that it was suddenly everyday. And it worked. It was easy. We found each other wordless. We made things together, created memories and food. The only ones who feared the sharp kitchen knives were the vegetables. Banal and infinitely good.

An almost unknown feeling overwhelmed me ...

It was like sitting pissed in a bus, and suddenly realize, you do not have to walk 25 miles to work!

It was like losing your washing time in the basement and realizing, that you do not have to go down to a river and wash your clothes.

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Jeg blev ganske enkelt overmandet af taknemmelighed. Der var et langt øjeblik helt frit for analyser, bekymringer og vejen-for-og-imod. Forurening og flygtningestrømme. Tåbelig politik og lige så tåbelig kritik af politik.

Jeg, der ellers er gudefri, blev ramt af den største velsignelse af dem alle: Jeg var i stand til at mærke, helt ind i knoglemarven, hvor heldigt et menneske jeg er. Naturligvis kommer jeg aldrig derhen, hvor alt i hele verden bare er dejligt hele tiden. Dertil er jeg alligevel for præget af en protestantisk kultur, og jeg ryger slet ikke pot nok til det heller.

Selvom blodet stadig bulrer bag alt for tynd hud, og det om et øjeblik bliver november-november igen-igen har en lille time i et lille køkken sammen med et stort menneske bevæbnet mig til tænderne med mildhed og forståelse til mindst en måneds tid. Og jeg håber alle i hele verden får lov til at opleve det. Ikke alt det andet. Bare sådan en time. For alle har fortjent at føle en fuldfed taknemmelighed.

Og aldrig har jeg fået så velsmagende et måltid.

The translation in English

I simply became overwhelmed with gratitude. There was a long moment completely free of analyzes, concerns, and the road-with-pros-and-cons. Pollution and refugee flows. Foolish politics and just as foolish criticism of politics.

I, who are otherwise godless, were struck by the greatest blessing of all of them: I was able to feel all the way into the bone marrow how lucky a human being I am. Of course I will never come to a point, where everything in the world is just lovely all the time, as I am too characterized by a Protestant culture, and I do not smoke enough weed either.

Although the blood still barks behind too thin skin, and in a moment it will be november-november again-again, a little hour in a small kitchen together with a big human has armed me to the teeth with mildness and understanding for at least a month. And I hope everyone in the world is allowed to experience that. Not everything else. Just such an hour. For everybody deserves to feel a full fat gratitude.

And never have I had such a tasty meal.

Credits for “Gratitude”: Sounddesign and montage: Christian Eiming. Text and speak: Jesper Platz. Music: Lars Bork Andersen. Copyright soundplay.dk 2017