

Vintersorg

"Perfektionisten"

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Ur Vincis ide v acktes tidernas universalgeni
Med pensel i handen, men paletten i sinnets sal
Studerade allt fran faglars lyftkraft till vattnets
r relseenergi,
En fackelb rrare av ren ssansens m nniskoideal

Varje penseldrag v rgdes pa guldvag,
Landskap efter landskap manades fram
Men  ven missn jet i hans kritiska hag
F rgrenades fran denna stam

Han smakade kunskapst rsten som lag begraven,
En torka som ej kunde sl ckas av v rldshaven

Hans tankar v xte sig h ga likt tinnar och torn,
I konstn rlig anarki,
I experimenterande alkemi,
F r att stiga med vingat maskineri
H gt over tinnar och torn

Naturen var livets encyklopedi,
Dess bilder bef ste hans teser
Fran mekanik till organisk anatomi,
Landet emellan? Genialiska synteser!

Studier i konst och arkitektur
Optic, geologi och botanikens hela  tt
Men perfektionen blev till sist en bur,
Och han kunde ej ens f rdigst lla ett enda portr tt

Ty nyfikenhet var hela hans vision
Och finna utforskade grenar
Att f rdigst lla var att avsluta sin progression,
Och s lla sig till statiska stenar

[English translation:]

THE PERFECTIONIST

From the den of Vinci the greatest polymath of all time
was awoken

With a brush in the hand, but the palette in the hall of
mind
Studied everything from the lift force of birds to the
kinetic energy of water,
A torch bearer of the Renaissance's human ideals

Every brushstroke was weighed on golden scales,
Landscape after landscape was urge forth
But also the dissatisfaction in his critical mind
Was branched off from this stem

He tasted the thirst for knowledge which lay buried,
A drought which could not be quenched by the oceans

His thoughts grew high like pinnacles and towers,
In artistic anarchy,
In experimenting alchemy,
To rise with winged machinery
High over pinnacles and towers

Nature was Life's encyclopedia,
Its images proved his theses
From mechanics to organic chemistry
The land in between? Brilliant syntheses!

Studies in art and architecture
Optics, geology and the whole family of botany
But the perfectionism eventually became a cage,
And he could not even complete a single portrait

For curiosity was his whole vision
And to find unexplored branches
To complete was to finish his progression,
And to join static stones
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