

## **Jens Bjrneboe**

### **"Elegy for a Hanged Queer"**

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I

O nature's allness, here is your son  
Our youngest brother who is lost.  
We found him behind a prison wall.  
We bring him here with this our prayer  
to you who are in truth his mother:  
Take him back, O nature's allness  
Turn him to water, ash and earth!

II

We found him and we carry him  
As he was carried by his mother  
As pure and unused as a lamb  
We found him and we have him here  
Turn him to grass and wind and trees  
And sweetbriar and rowanberries  
A full-grown lad of nineteen years  
We found him behind a prison wall  
Take him back, O nature's allness!  
Take care of our youngest brother.

III

Now we have brought our youngest brother  
We found him behind a prison wall  
Take him back, O nature's allness  
He was your handwork, you his mother  
Take care of our youngest brother  
Turn him to ashes, wind and earth.

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