

TOMME ØJNE EMPTY EYES

Keld Jensen

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Tomme øjne

Vi sidder foran fjernsynsskærmen. Med tomme øjne ser vi det hele.

De internationale nyheder ligger som en tung hånd hen over vores verden. Stuen er som en fængselscelle. Nyhedsoplæseren i fjernsynet er fængslets vogter. Han bestemmer vores virkelighed.

Stemmen fortæller om krige og kontroverser. Det er hans virkelighed. Hans fortælling om krige drejer sig aldrig om datteren, der venter på sin fars tilbagekomst, så de kan få en fremtid sammen. De, vi ikke holder med, og som nogen betegner som onde, har også døtre og sønner. Det fortæller han aldrig.

Stemmen i fjernsynet skaber virkelighed. Hvorfor skulle den desperate diktator og tyran starte krige og ødelægge verdener, hvis han ikke blev citeret i prime time? Hans inderligste mål er vel at overgå sine konkurrenter i absurditeter.

Mine øjne er tomme. Jeg har set det hele. Nu vil jeg prøve at rive mig fri og måske igen få liv i mine øjne. Jeg vil betragte naturen i min have. Nogle få skridt ud på græsset, men ofte en rejse til tankens grænse. Jeg beder til at min fantasi tager over, men fjernsynets stemme følger med - som en fodlænke om min ankel.

Empty eyes

We sit in front of the TV screen. With empty eyes, we see it all.

The international news lies heavy over our world. The living room is like a prison cell. The newsreader on the telly is the guardian of the prison. He determines our reality.

The voice tells of wars and controversies. This is his reality. His narrative of wars never revolves around the daughter waiting for the return of her father, so they can get a future together. Those we do not care about, and which someone designates as evil, also have daughters and sons. He never tells that.

The voice on television creates reality. Why would the desperate dictator and the tyrant start wars and destroy worlds, if he was not quoted in primetime? His deepest goal is to surpass his competitors in absurdities.

My eyes are empty. I have seen it all. Now I will try to tear myself free and perhaps again get life in my eyes. I want to watch the nature in my garden. A few steps out on the grass, but often a journey to the boundary of the thought. I request that my imagination takes over, but the voice of the telly comes with - like fetters around my ankle.



Kongerslev, Himmerland, august 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, August 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, august 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, August 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, marts 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, March 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, marts 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, March 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, maj 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, May 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, august 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, August 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, juli 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, July 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, august 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, August 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, august 2019

Kongerslev, Himmerland, August 2019



Kongerslev, Himmerland, august 2019

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KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Tomme øjne
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Empty eyes
By Keld Jensen*

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