

USIKKERHED

Af Per-Olof Johansson

Overvejer usikkerheden
Som livsnødvendig, når barnet siger:
”Det er en sløjfe eller
Det er bare en lille ballon, måske.”

PAINTING

By Per-Olof Johansson

When my father came home
my mother had painted the floor red
and he did not like it.
Before Christmas she painted
hundreds of splint baskets
with a red handle and red flowers
along the side, and a few green leaves,
traditionally, as they did at home
in her childhood.
This painting is the one she bought in her youth:
A woman standing before a farmers house
with a yoke on her shoulder,
carrying a bottle of water in each hand,
one modern of zinc and the other
made of wood, as my grandfather made them.
With wooden shoes,
she has a red skirt under the apron,
white blouse with sleeves rolled up
and the headscarf bound under her chin.
I think she is on her way to
the cattle and the horse in the field.
Behind her, between her and the house
a stone fence with flowers.
The farmers house to the left,
with a wooden gable, a triangle
with a black hole in the middle to the interior,



a thatched roof and a white chimney.
To the right a tree, bad painted but with
symbolic values.
I remember a photo with my mother
smiling under this painting.
The artist's name unreadable, like unknown,
no name known world-wide, the painting not bad,
not especially good either,
has no place in my view on art,
but a painting my mother bought
for some reasons
I have to guess:
the woman,
the yoke,
the water,
the house,
the chimney,
the tree,
the road,
the work,
the flowers,
the triangle,
all this at a glance:
a red skirt.