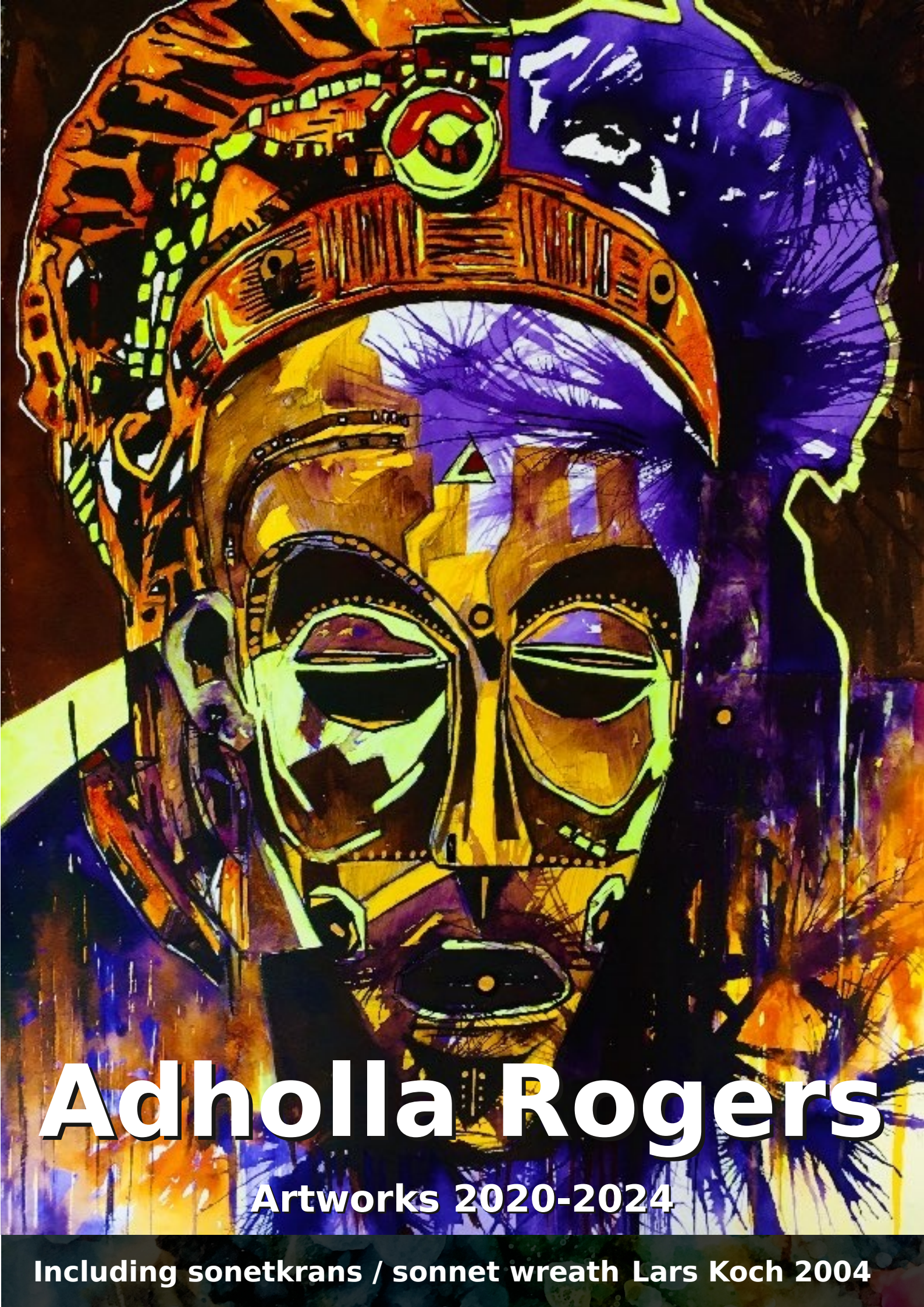


Adholla Rogers

Artworks 2020-2024

Including sonetkrans / sonnet wreath Lars Koch 2004

1
En gang med tiden blir vi alle glade
og vi skal se det går jo nok til sidst,
det gamle tungsind kan vi godt forlade
hvad hjælper det at gå og være trist.

Vi ved jo godt at verden er af lave
at selviskheden styrer verdens lov,
alligevel er livet jo en gave
på trods af modstand vælger vi det dog.

For udviklinger har det lisom bølger
at efter toppen kommer der en dal,
og moden er en strøm kun tåber følger.

Men vi vil helre følge vor forstand,
den glæde der var skjult blir nu legal
og smil vil nå hver kvinde og hver mand.



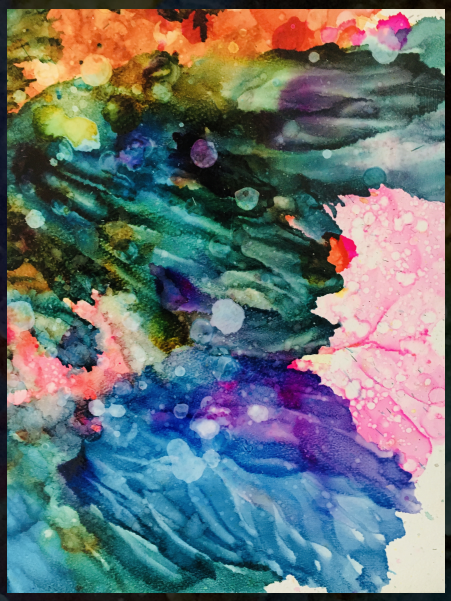


















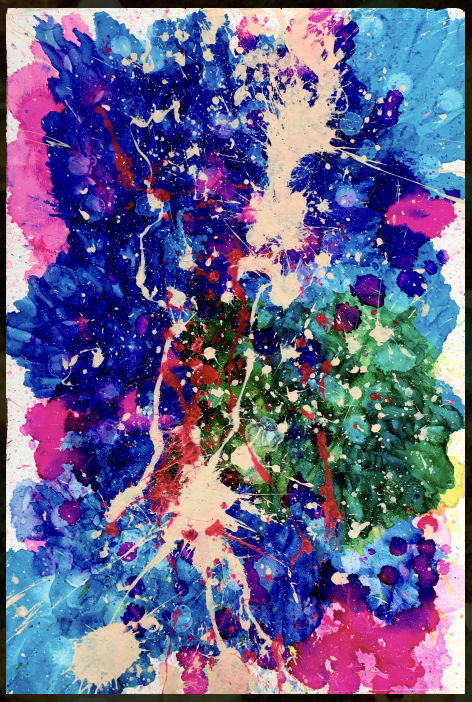
1
Once with time, we all shall find delight,
And see, indeed, it all shall end aright,
The burdens of old melancholy fade,
Why linger in sorrow's gloomy shade?

We know the world's in disarray, 'tis true,
Selfishness reigns, its law so stark and plain,
Yet life, a gift, despite the world askew,
Despite the strife, we choose it once again.

For progress comes in waves, like the sea's roll,
After the peak, there lies a trough, we know,
And folly follows where wisdom takes its toll.

But we shall follow our minds' bright command,
Joy once concealed now springs forth unconfined,
And smiles shall reach each woman and each man.







2
Og smil vil nå hver kvinde og hver mand,
en evangelisk fryd gir sig til kende,
og håbets glade budskab vil vi sende
med flaskeposter til en ukendt strand

til verdener af hidtil ukendt orden
hvor venlighed og milde ord blir brugt
og kærlighed til mennesker blomstrer smukt.
Imens fortoner sig den fjerne torden

fra mastodonterne der stadig går i kamp,
og gerne ryggen på hinanden brækker
førend de selv går til i røg og damp.

Vi lever midt i kaos og ballade
i tordenen så tæt men fuld af sprækker
med håb som hviskes på hver vej og gade.



2
And smiles shall reach each woman and each man,
An evangelic joy begins to show,
The glad tidings of hope we shall bestow,
With messages in bottles to lands unknown,

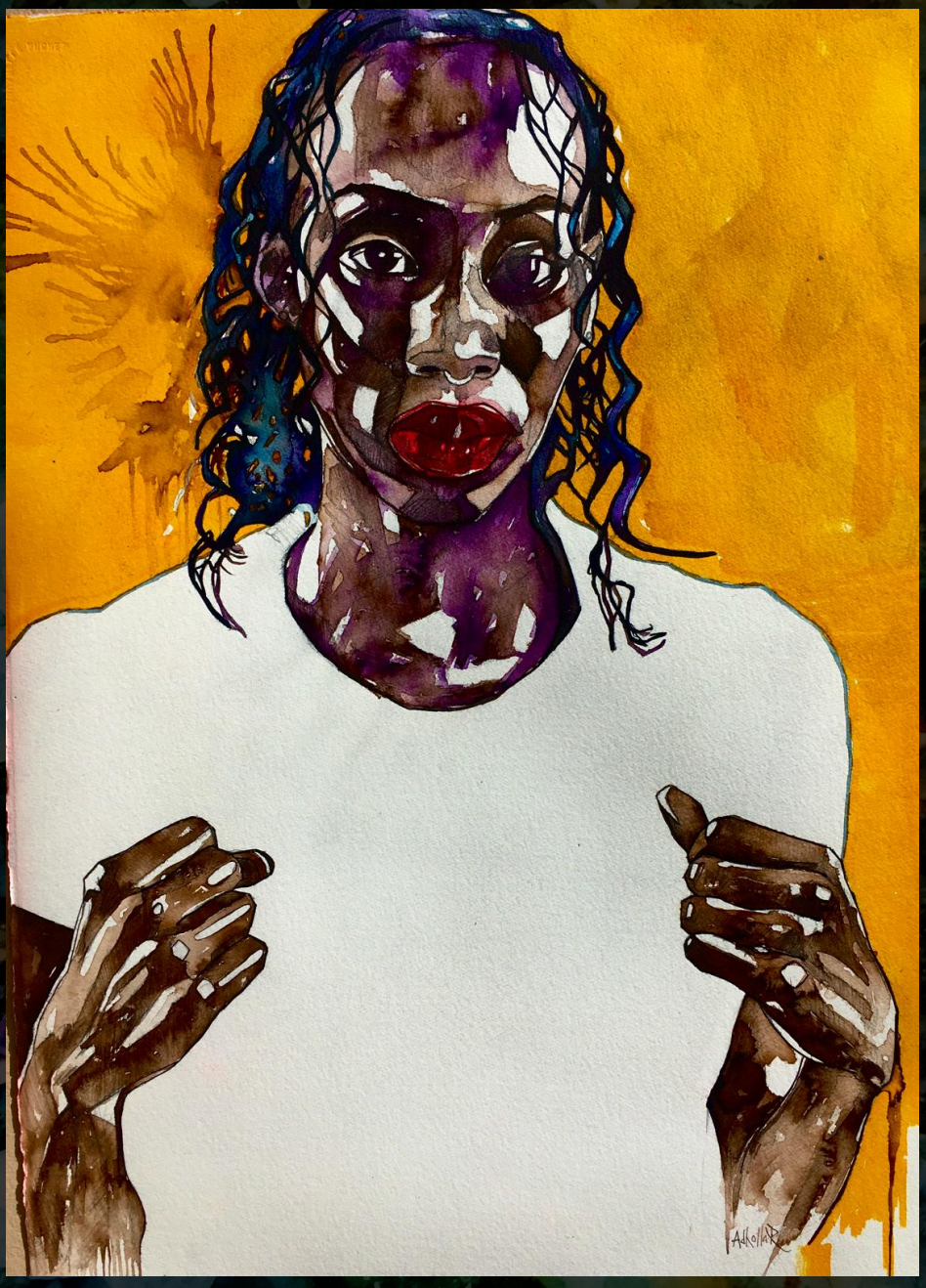
To worlds of yet uncharted disposition,
Where kindness reigns and gentle words are prized,
And love for fellow humans blooms in wise.
Meanwhile, the distant thunder starts to fade,

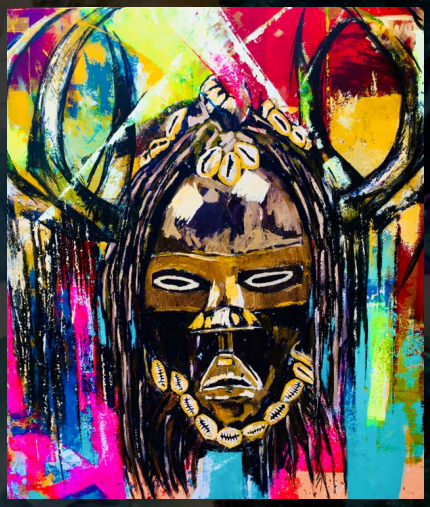
From mastodonts in battle, raging strong,
Breaking each other's backs with ruthless might,
Before succumbing to their own twilight.

We live amidst chaos, turmoil's parade,
In thunderstorms so close yet full of cracks,
With whispers of hope on every street and track.







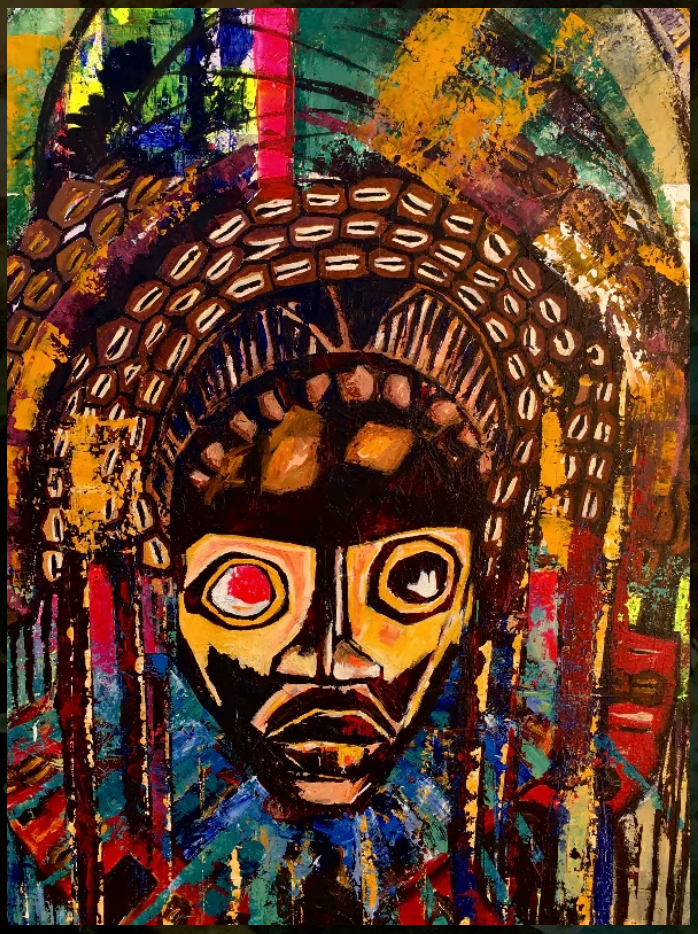


3
Med håb som hviskes på hver vej og gade,
til trods for der er intet fælles mer
og vi må træde vande hver især.
Nu ved vi hvad det var der gjorde skade,

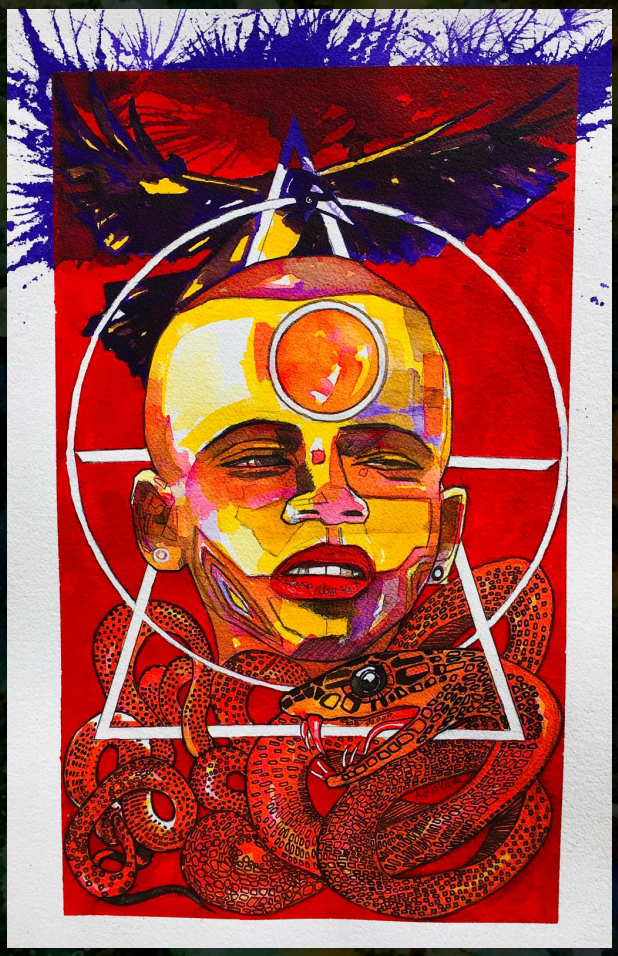
gennem bedrag, hvorom der kastes slør,
forstår vi hvad det var vi så i drømmen:
os selv som døde fisk der flød med strømmen
og derpå ført til malkning lisom køer.

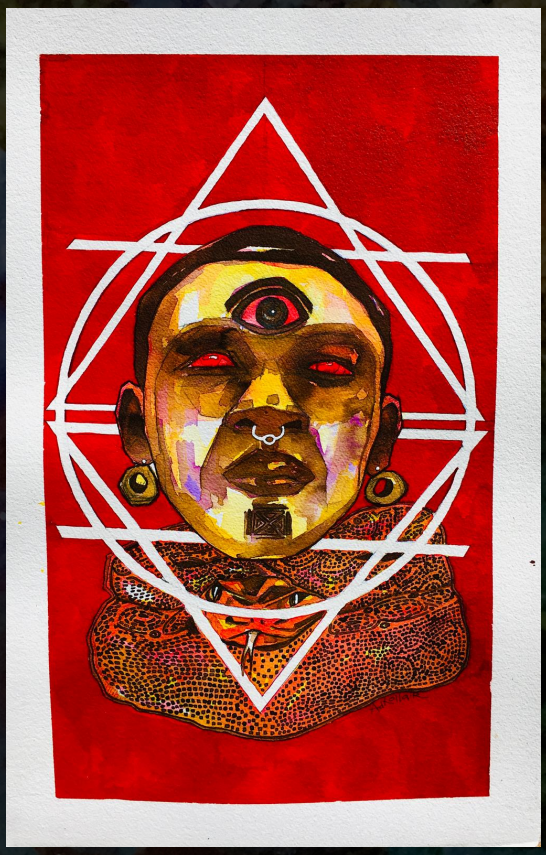
At markedet er helligt ved enhver,
vi konsumerer, køber hvad de siger
men knæler kun til bøn med stort besvær.

Skal de få held med sådan kynisk plan?
Vi føler ubehag, en modstand stiger,
et lys vil brede sig i by, på land.







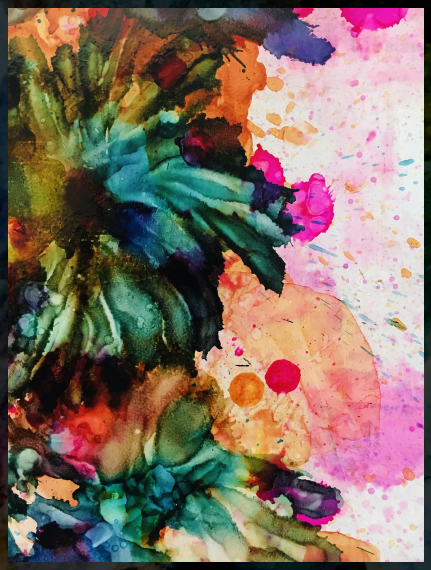


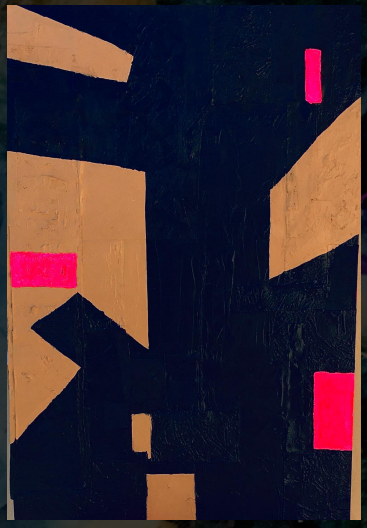
3
With whispers of hope on every street and track,
Despite the lack of common ground we share,
We must each tread water, face the despair.
Now we understand what caused the crack,

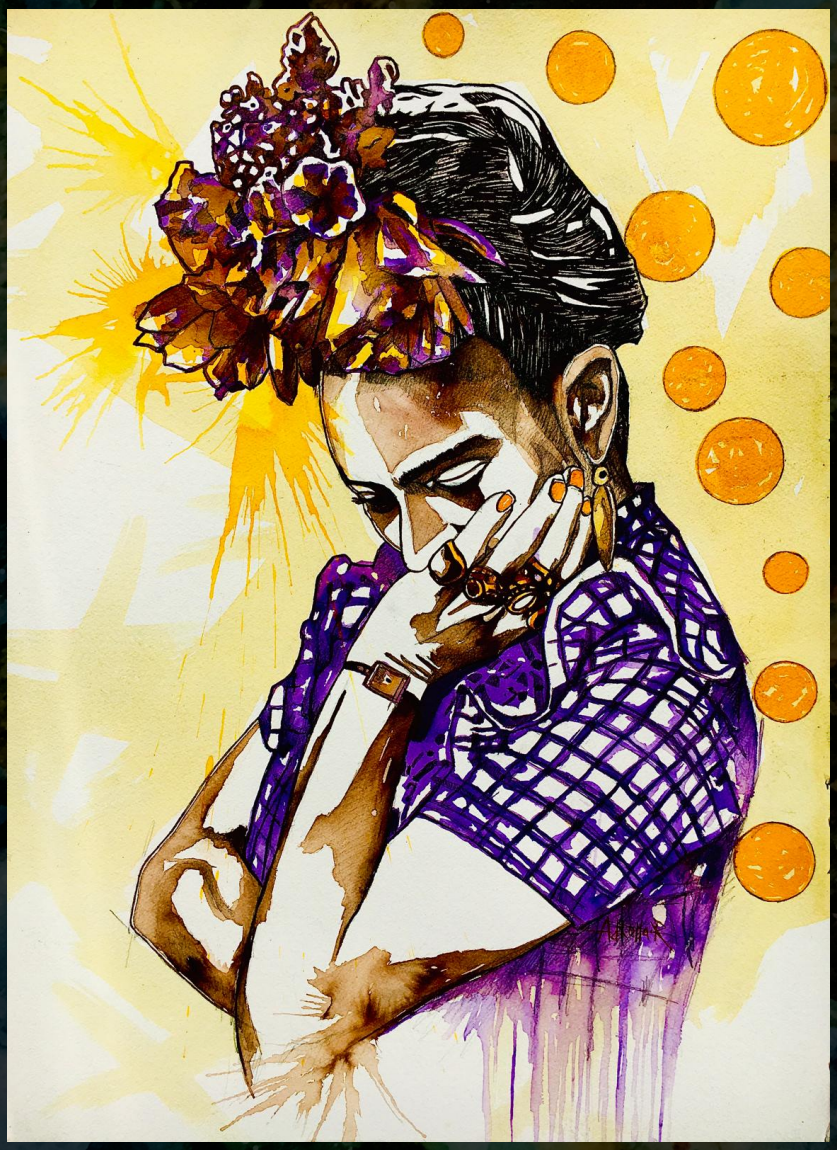
Through deception, veiled truths we now unravel,
We see what in our dreams we did behold:
Ourselves, like lifeless fish, swept by the fold,
Then led to milking, like cattle to the gavel.

That the market's holy in everyone's eyes,
We consume and buy what they declare,
But kneeling in prayer, we scarcely dare.

Will they succeed with such a cynical plan?
Discomfort rises, resistance in the air,
A light will spread, in city, field, and glen.













4
Et lys vil brede sig i by, på land,
til vi igen vil værne om værdier,
ta' afsked med afsindige manier
så vi igen tør tro på vor forstand.

For ansvarsløshed hærger her i landet,
der sælges ud af opgaver og pligt
i en kulturstorm med et præg af svigt
og børn der blir smidt ud med badevandet.

En holdningsløshed som vi ser med skræk
når ansvar falder mellem mindst to stole,
og derfor faldt vor tillid også væk.

Tålmodighedens mål blir mere strøgne
vi nødes til at ta os selv i skole,
vi åbner vores dør og vores øjne.

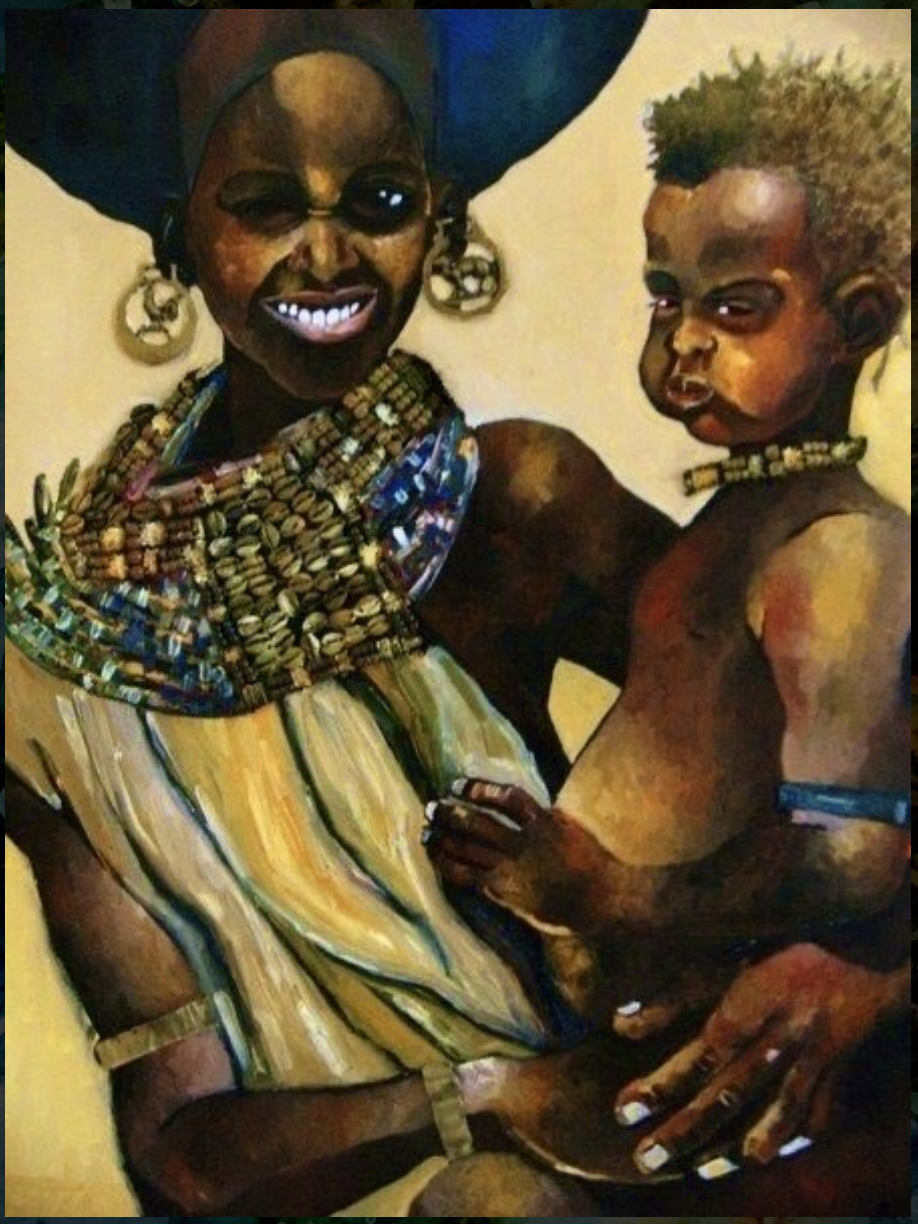


4
A light will spread, in city, field, and glen,
Till we once more uphold our values' might,
Bid farewell to manias' frenzied flight,
So we may trust our intellects again.

For irresponsibility runs rampant here,
Tasks and duties sold off without a care,
In a cultural storm, with a scent of despair,
And children tossed out with the bathwater's smear.

A lack of stance, we see with fright,
When responsibility falls between two chairs,
Thus, our trust vanished into the night.

The measure of patience becomes more strained,
We're forced to school ourselves, confront our fears,
We open our doors and our eyes, unchained.





5
Vi åbner vores dør og vores øjne,
for vi vil ikke spærres inde mer.
Vi trættes af de samme gamle løgne
vil ikke mer fortie hvad vi ser,

går bagom idioternes parade
som Roselil ku sige det så spidst:
lidt latter kan vist ikke gøre skade,
den ler dog bedst som bare ler til sidst.

Vi ser når kapitalfusioner revner,
og ser værdier afsløres som luft
når de har opædt mere end de evner

og blir vor undergangs entreprenør
som udstiller finansens ufornuft,
vi springer ud, vi kan, vi vil, vi tør.

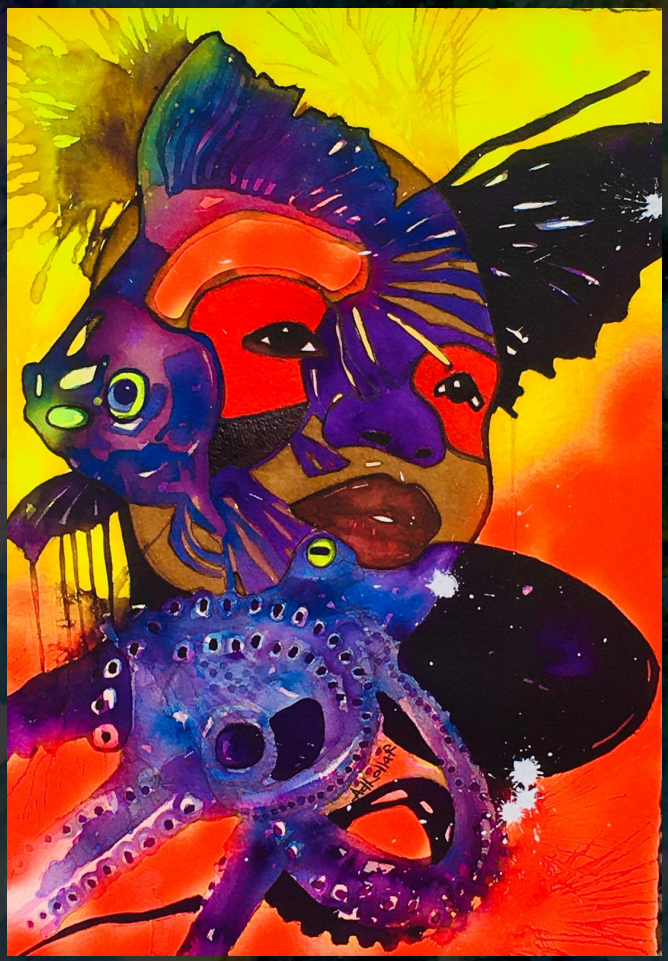










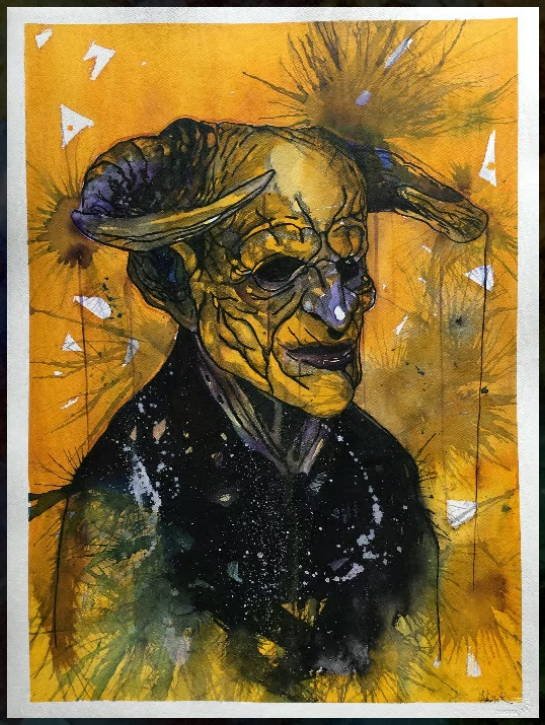


5
We open our doors and our eyes, unchained,
For we refuse to be locked in once more.
We tire of the same old lies and lore,
No longer silent about what we disdain.

We walk behind the parade of fools,
As Roselil might say with pointed tongue:
A bit of laughter surely does no harm,
It laughs the best who laughs when all is done.

We see when capital mergers fall apart,
And values revealed as naught but air,
When they've consumed more than they can bear,

And become the architects of our demise,
Exhibiting finance's folly bare,
We leap forth, we can, we will, we dare.

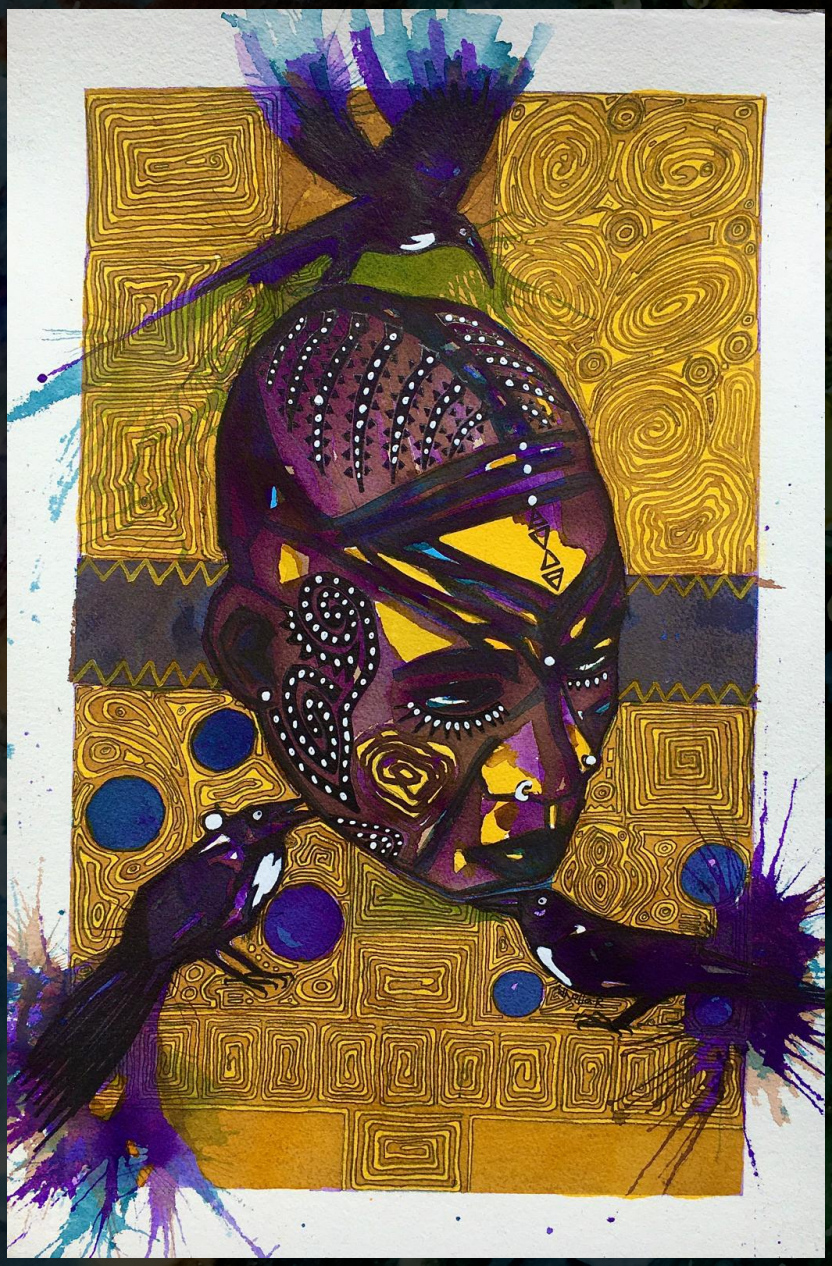


6
Vi springer ud, vi kan, vi vil, vi tør,
os imponerer ingen vise fædre,
den samfundsorden kan vi gøre bedre,
det ses på verden at vi også bør.

For overalt har mennesker det elendigt
for overalt har kun den stærke ret
og sørger for kun selv at blive mæt.
Byd selviskheden trods, det der er nødvendigt,

og sød musik kan opstå hvis vi mødes
på lige fod, og samler os i klynger
med åbent sind, så gode tanker fødes,

og tanken og moralen kan vi højne
når vi gir udtryk for de ting der tynger
i sang og dans, og føler os som nøgne.





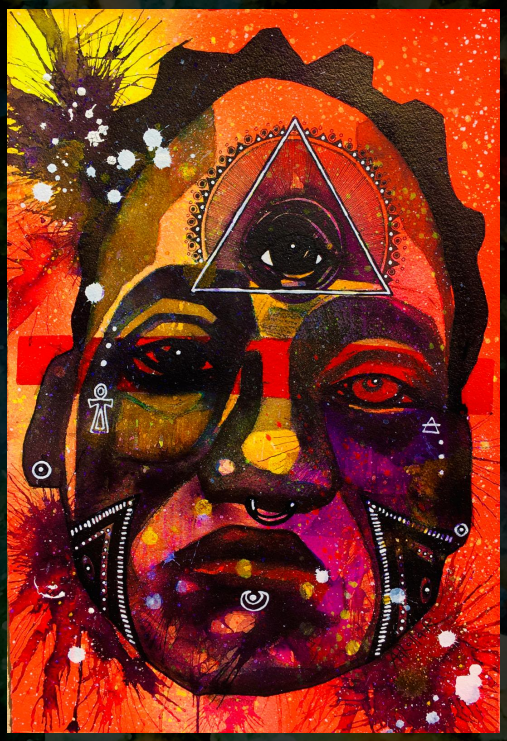


6
We leap forth, we can, we will, we dare,
No wise fathers impress us with their lore,
We can improve upon society's score,
The world shows us that we also care.

For everywhere, people suffer in despair,
Might makes right, wherever one may fare,
Ensuring only the strong have their share.
Despite selfishness, we must dare

And sweet music may arise when we convene,
On equal footing, clustering with care,
With open minds, good thoughts intervene,

And thought and morals we shall heighten,
When we express the burdens we bear,
In song and dance, feeling utterly smitten.





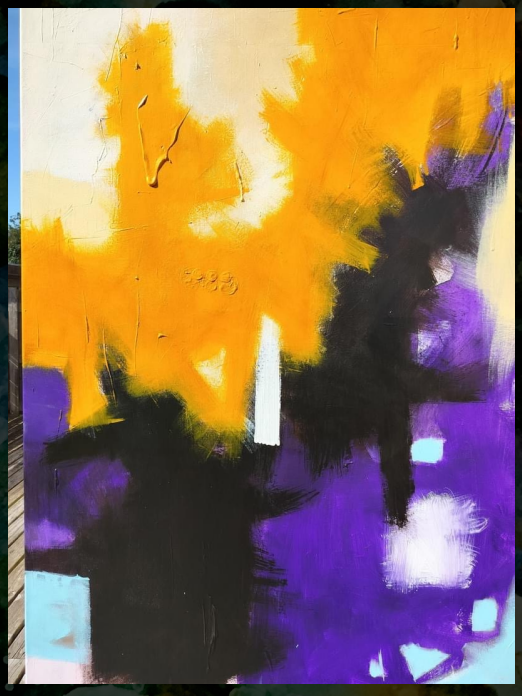


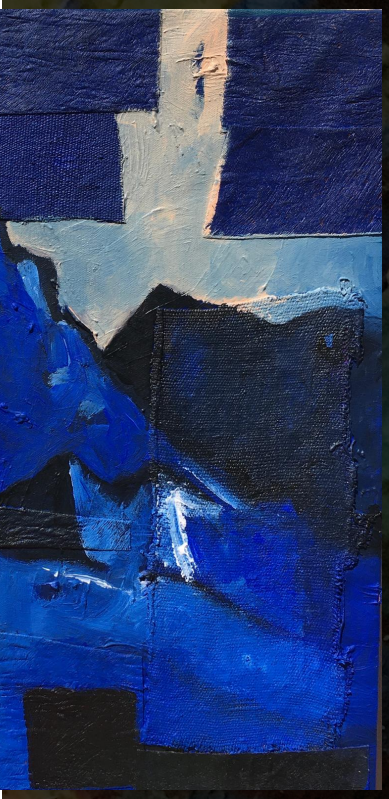
7
I sang og dans, og føler os som nøgne
og viser for hinanden hvem vi er,
i hæmningsløshed smides krop og klær
og mørkets tanker som forlængst er fløjne.

Så skønt at se hinanden springe ud,
så skønt at mærke livet opstå sammen
i mellerummet mellem kys og krammen
og i forenelsen at blive Gud,

mens øjeblikket blir til evigheder
som vi kan bo i til de sidste dage,
besøge sindets ukortlagte steder

mens elskovs kilde aldrig løber tør,
vi gir i evighed og får tilbage
som har vi aldrig elsket sådan før.









7
In song and dance, feeling utterly smitten,
And showing each other who we are,
In abandon, bodies and clothes we mar,
And thoughts of darkness that long since were bitten.

So beautiful to see each other come alive,
So beautiful to feel life's pulse together,
In the interstice between kiss and tether,
And in union, to become divine,

While moments turn into eternities,
In which we dwell till the final day,
Exploring the mind's unmapped seas,

While love's fountain never runs dry,
We give eternally and receive in play,
As if we've never loved before in such a way.

8
Som har vi aldrig elsket sådan før,
i livets brus af både kraft og ynde
så vi igen får lyst til at begynde,
få gjort de ting vi tænker, aldrig gør,

gå gennem overfladen ind til sagen
og tale uden symbolik og metaforer
om en nødvendighed der gennemborer
med åbenhjertighed så klar som dagen.

Nu er det skønt igen at eksistere
og selvtilliden gir vi bare los,
for sammen kan vi sagtens være flere,

vi vælter os i venner og veninder
for kærlighedsbudskabet er til os
og børn med klare øjne, varme kinder.





8
As if we've never loved in such a way before,
In life's rush of both power and grace,
So we feel the urge to start anew, embrace,
To do the things we think, but never explore,

To pierce through the surface into the core,
And speak without symbolism or metaphor,
Of a necessity that pierces through,
With openness as clear as morning dew.

Now it's wonderful again to exist,
And confidence we freely release,
For together, we can surely persist,

We revel in friends and companions galore,
For the message of love is meant for us,
And children with clear eyes, cheeks warm and pure.



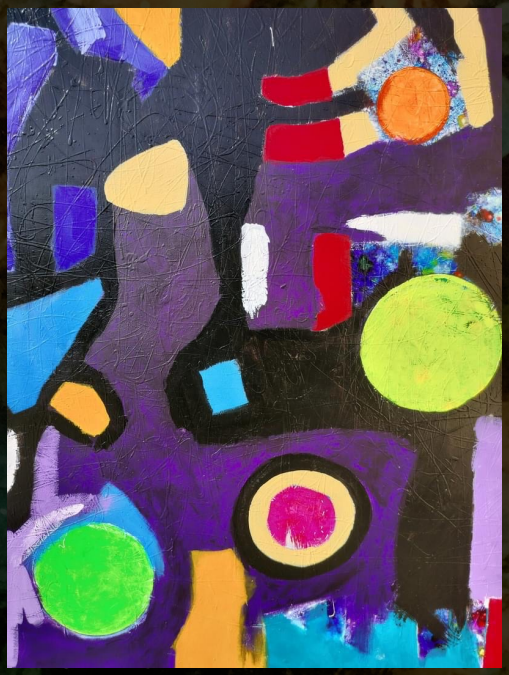


9
Og børn med klare øjne, varme kinder
de myldrer frem som var det deres ret,
befolker jorden som en sværm, og finder
en plads i hver en krog, på hver en plet.

Et fremmed folk, der invaderer landet,
de slår sig ned og stiller store krav,
vil ikke smides ud med badevandet
men få det til at blive som et hav.

Som elskovsfrugter kommer de af drømme
hvis indhold handler om vor fremtids håb,
de er en pligt som ingen må forsømme,

den største lykke i de mindste ting,
med fryd i deres leg, med skrig og råb,
de jubler mens de tumler rundt omkring.

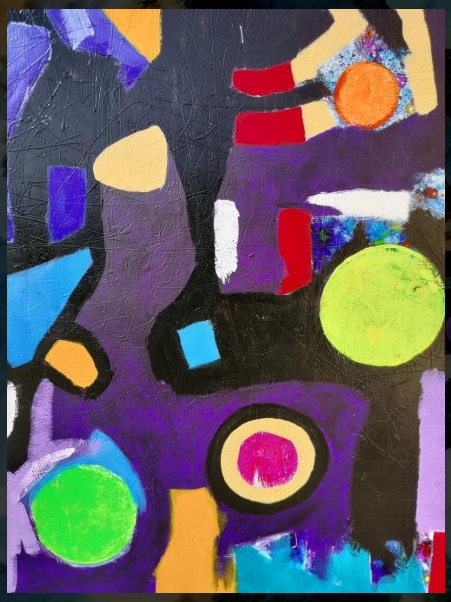








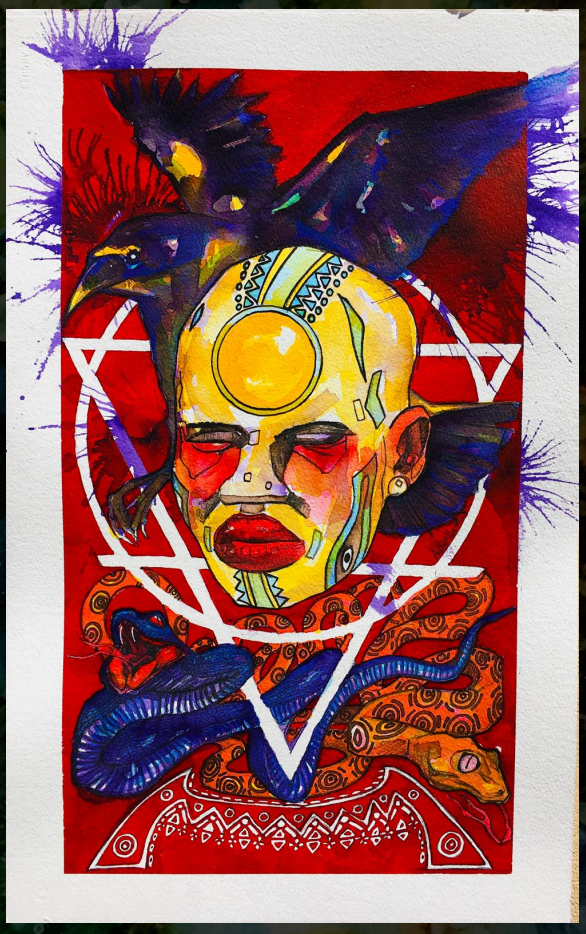












9
And children with clear eyes, cheeks warm and pure,
They swarm forth as if it were their right,
Populate the earth like bees in flight,
Finding a place in every nook, every lure.

A foreign folk, invading the land,
They settle in, with demands so grand,
Won't be cast out with the wash, unplanned,
But shape it into a sea so grand.

Like fruits of love, they come from dreams,
Whose essence speaks of our future's hope,
They're a duty none should dare revoke,

The greatest joy in the smallest things,
With delight in their play, with shouts and rings,
They cheer as they tumble all around.



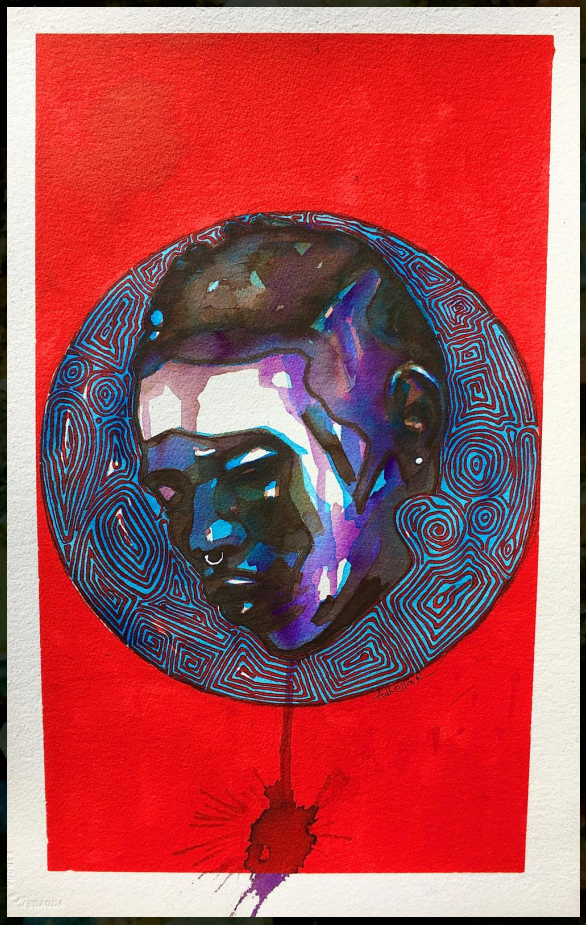
10
De jubler mens de tumler rundt omkring,
og tar alverdens kærlighed for givet.
Om deres udgangspunkter her i livet
og deres chancer ved de ingenting.

De gamle tar dem kærligt op på skødet,
fortæller eventyr fra svunden tid,
besmykket årsag til en henlagt strid,
begivenheder der blir lidt forsødet.

Fra bedstemødres skød i lænestolen,
fra bedstefædres lektie dagen lang:
vi så det, resten får I lært skolen,

erindringsfællesskab som sammenbinder,
for I skal ikke bli' som os engang,
de gamle, lettet men med tunge minder.





10
They cheeras they tumble all around,
Taking love abundant as their due.
Of life's beginnings, they have little clue,
Nor grasp the chances that therein abound.

The elders cradle them with gentle grace,
Spinning tales of times long passed away,
Adorned with reasons for some bygone fray,
Sweetening events in memory's embrace.

From grandmothers' laps in cozy armchairs,
From grandfathers' lessons, day by day:
"We've seen it, the rest you'll learn in schools," they declare,

A bond of memory that tightly knits,
For you shall not become like us, they say,
The old ones, relieved, with memories heavy still.







11
De gamle, lettet men med tunge minder
vil ikke se erfaringer gå tabt.
De husker på, at magten som forblinder,
forgriber sig på alt hvad der er skabt.

Den junglelov som ikke gælder mere
var til for dem der fik sig godt forædt,
men ansvaret forpligter stadig flere,
og selviskhed har ikke længer ret.

De gamle ønsker kun en fredfyldt verden
med plads til selv de folk der intet ejer
og viser børnene ved deres færden,

hvordan man skønner på de sande ting.
De samler sig hos børnene der leger,
ser livet selv i deres løb og spring.

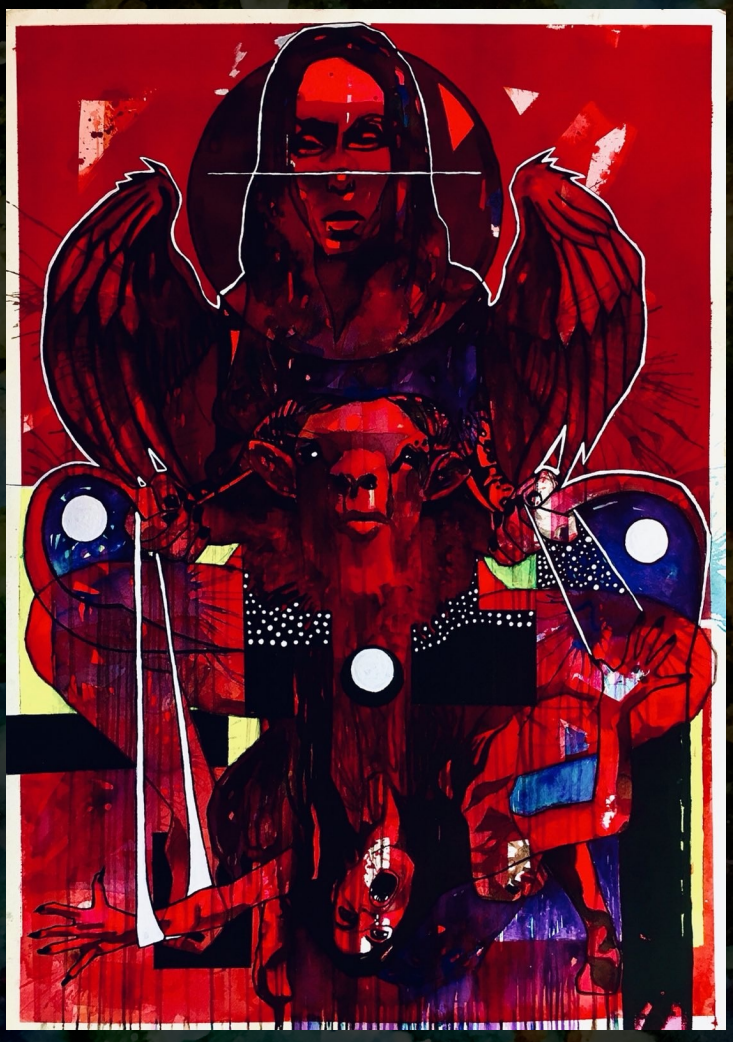


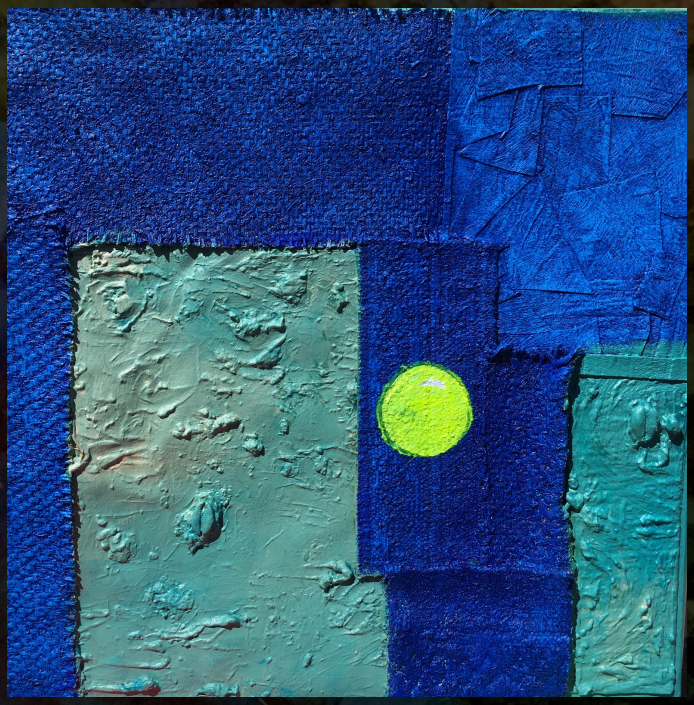
11
The old ones, relieved, with memories heavy still,
Do not wish experiences to fade.
They remember how power, blinding, swayed,
Usurping all that creativity could build.

The law of the jungle, no longer holds sway,
It served those who had their fill,
But responsibility now touches many a shoulder,
And selfishness no longer has its way.

The old ones yearn for a peaceful world,
With room for even those who own naught,
Guiding the children in their wanderings,

Teaching them the value of true things.
They gather 'round the playing children,
Seeing life itself in their runs and springs.





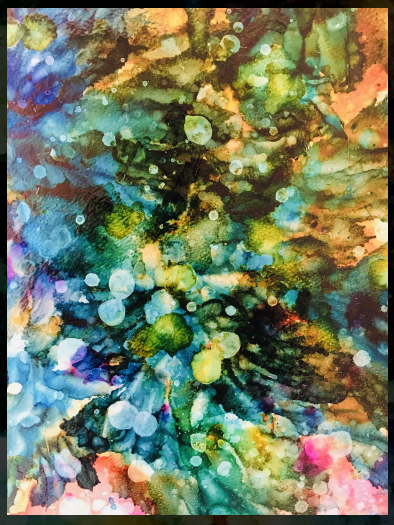
12
Ser livet selv i deres løb og spring,
ser med en klarhed, som vi tidlig misted,
og husker kærlighed og håb der bristed,
et tab af de selvfølgeligste ting.

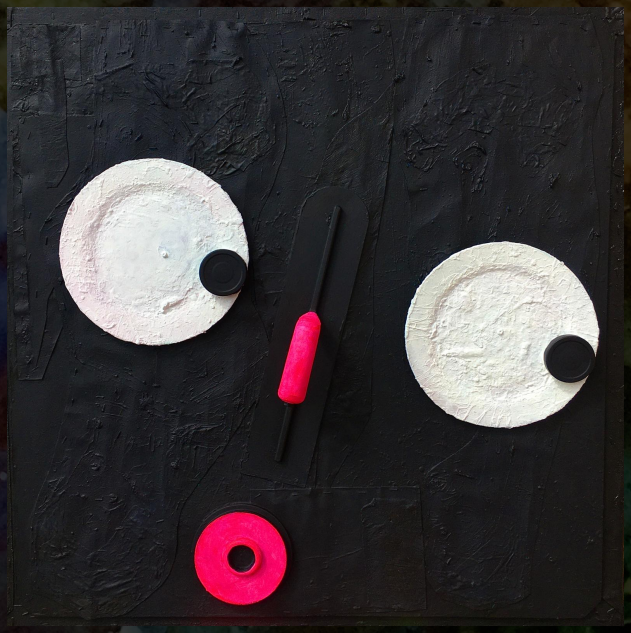
Betragter livets største øjeblik,
et barn der fødes og som sprænger nuet,
vi vil forstå, men bliver gennemskuet
af oldings klarsyn i et nyfødt blik,

et blik så dybt som brønde uden bund,
en medfødt visdom fra de første tider,
der modstår livets pres endnu en stund,

erstattes af erfaring og udrinder
så der kan fremstå voksne individer,
men børnene, de ler mens de forsvinder.







12
Seeing life itself in their runs and springs,
With clarity we once possessed but lost,
Recalling love and hope that were tossed,
A loss of the most fundamental things.

Observing life's greatest moments,
A child being born and bursting into the present,
We seek to understand but are seen through
By the clear sight of elders in a newborn's gaze,

A gaze as deep as wells without end,
Inherited wisdom from the earliest times,
Resisting life's pressures for yet a while,

Replaced by experience and drained away,
So that mature individuals may emerge,
But the children, they laugh as they disappear.

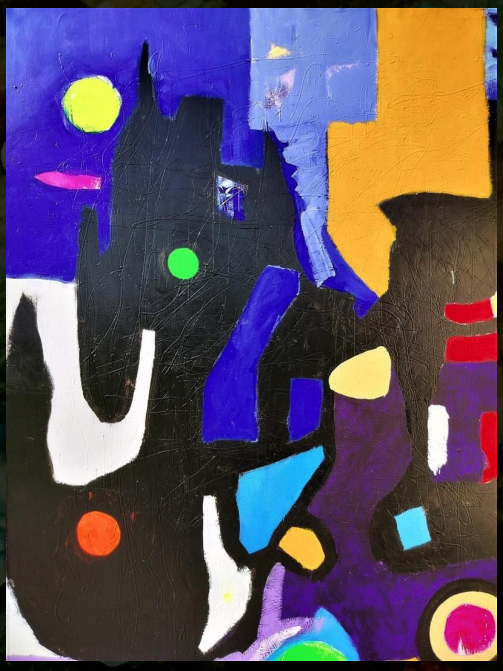












13
Men børnene, de ler mens de forsvinder,
de synes selv at barndommen var lang,
de husker stadig, de var børn engang
men vokser op som unge mænd og kvinder

og glemmer selve livets grundværdier.
I voksenlivet gør de sig tilpas,
men nye børn tar altid deres plads
og griner ad os når komikken stiger,

når vi som hvalpen der har set sin hale
får øje på et børsindeks i top.
Selv børnene kan se vi er de gale,

som løber efter halen rundt i ring,
så smiler de og kigger listigt op
som om de spør: forstår I ingenting.





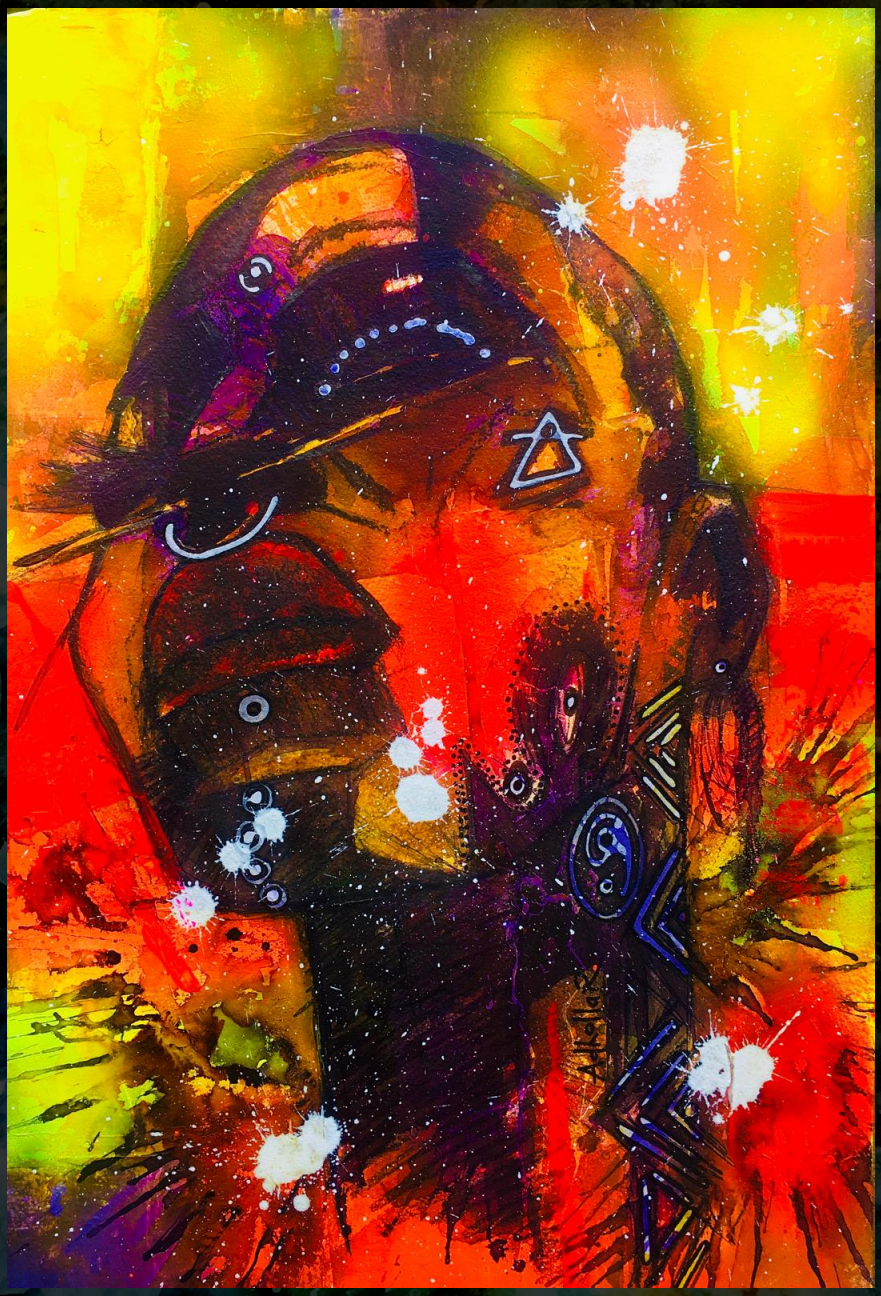
13
But the children, they laugh as they disappear,
Thinking childhood lasted forever,
They still remember, once they were children
But grow up as young men and women

And forget life's fundamental values.
In adulthood, they adapt,
But new children always take their place
And laugh at us when the comedy rises,

When we, like the puppy who has seen its tail,
Spot a stock index at its peak.
Even children can see we are mad,

Chasing our tails around in circles,
So they smile and look mischievously up
As asking: Don't you understand a thing?



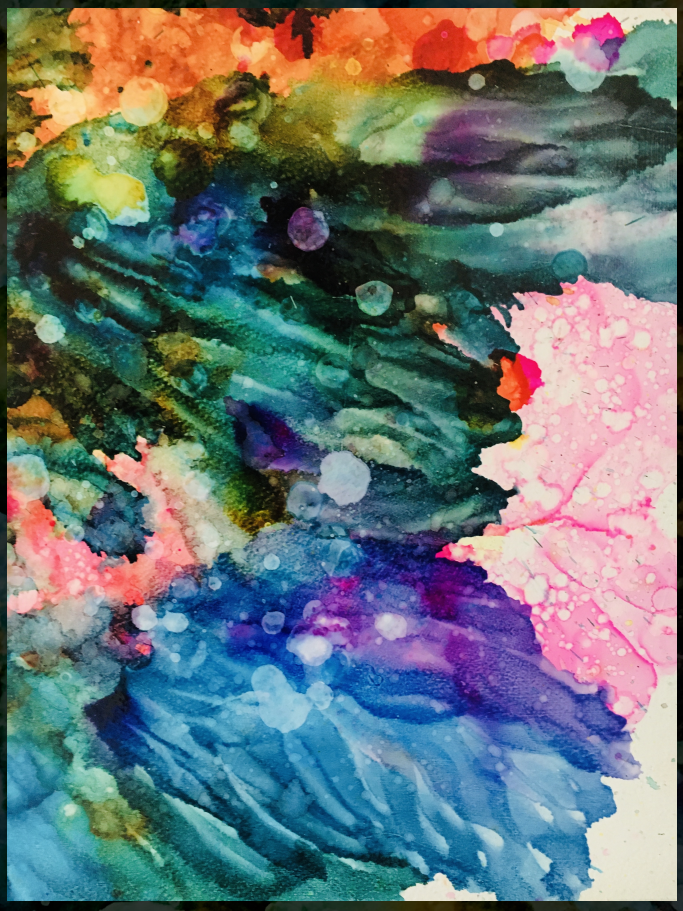












14
Som om de spør: forstår I ingenting,
som vil de altid vores sind besætte
og derfra stadig tale os til rette,
med korrektur til hvert et tankespring.

Det ansvar for vort liv vi alle bærer
blev grundstoffet til tankens konklusion
og slutstenen i drømmenes vision.
Fra de erindringer hvoraf vi lærer

kom der erfaringer i overflod,
så livets bog fik vendt de mange blade
om hvad vi troede på men så forlod.

Men hvilken viden kan vi efterlade,
for der var ting kun børnene forstod:
en gang med tiden blir vi alle glade.



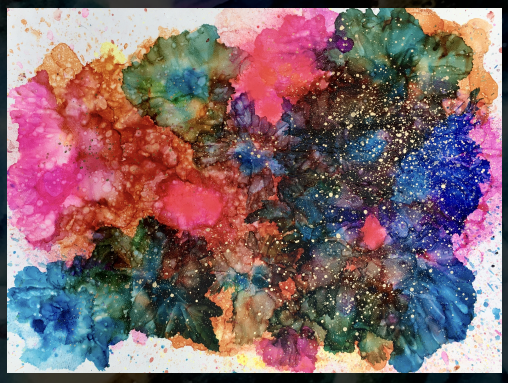
14
As asking: Don't you understand a thing?
As if they always want to occupy our minds
And from there, continue to correct us,
With corrections to every train of thought.

The responsibility for our lives we all bear
Became the basis for thought's conclusion
And the cornerstone of dreams' vision.
From the memories from which we learn

Came experiences in abundance,
So life's book turned its many pages
About what we believed in but then abandoned.

But what knowledge can we leave behind,
For there were things only children understood:
Once with time, we all shall find delight.



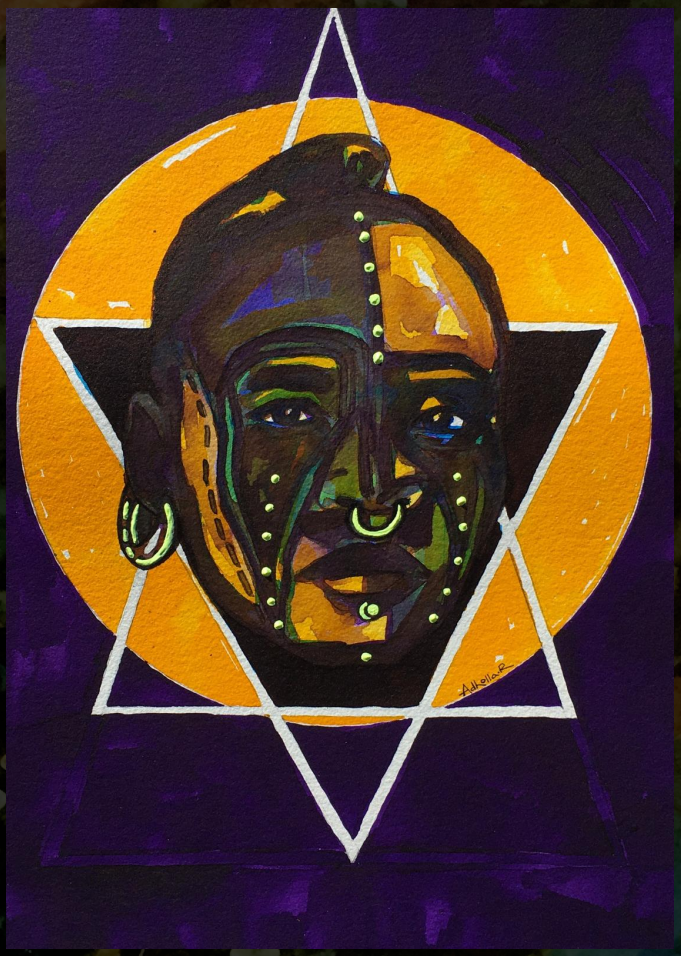


15
En gang med tiden blir vi alle glade
og smil vil nå hver kvinde og hver mand
med håb som hviskes på hver vej og gade,
et lys vil brede sig i by, på land.

Vi åbner vores dør og vores øjne,
vi springer ud, vi kan, vi vil, vi tør,
i sang og dans, og føler os som nøgne
som har vi aldrig elsket sådan før.

Og børn med klare øjne, varme kinder
de jubler mens de tumler rundt omkring,
de gamle, lettet men med tunge minder

ser livet selv i deres løb og spring,
men børnene, de ler mens de forsvinder
som om de spør: forstår I ingenting.







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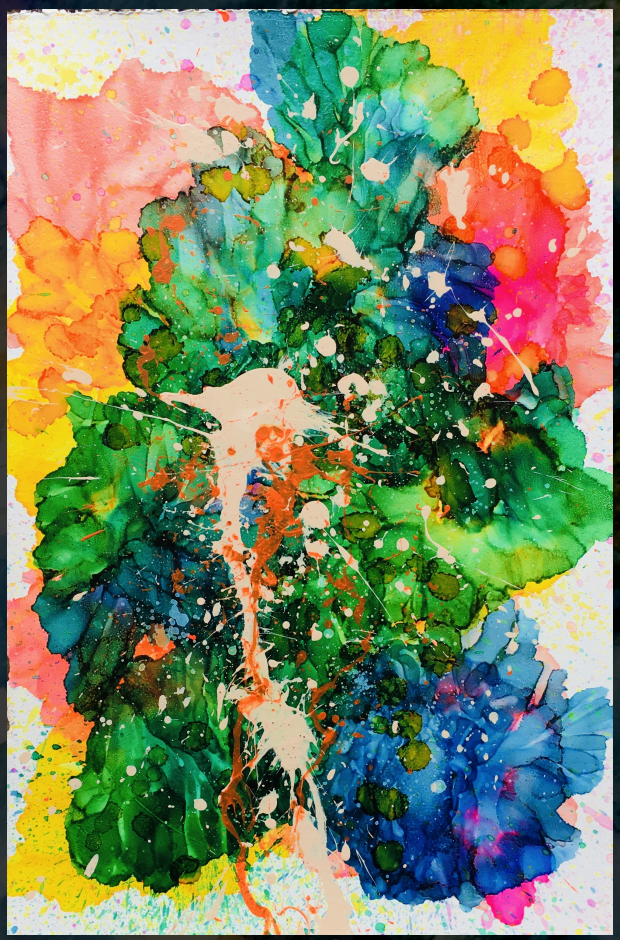

15
Once with time, we all shall find delight,
And smiles will reach eve woman and man
With hope whispered on every street and lane,
A light will spread in city, on land.

We open our doors and our eyes,
We leap out, we can, we will, we dare,
In song and dance, feeling as bare
As if we've never loved such before.

And children with clear eyes, warm cheeks,
They cheeras they tumble all around,
The old ones, relieved, with memories heavy still

See life itself in their runs and springs,
But the children, they laugh as they disappear,
As asking: Don't you understand a thing?



Adholla Rogers: Paintings 2020-2024 - Lars Koch: Sonetkrans 1 2004

Et udsnit af Adholla Rogers' produktionsforløb i perioden sat sammen med et eksperiment med genren sonetkrans. En rig billedverden med store udsving fra enkelt til kryptisk, sat overfor tekstens naive glædesbudskab om håb i en usikker fremtid. Tekstens oversættelse til engelsk er AI-genereret efter anvisning: Make a translation in style of common 20th century poetry

A section of Adholla Rogers' production process in the period combined with an experiment with the genre of sonnet wreath. A rich visual world with great fluctuations from simple to cryptic, set against the text's naive message of joy about hope in an uncertain future. The translation of the text into English is AI-generated following instructions: Make a translation in style of common 20th century poetry