

The Stranger

He shows of his very best
He seems to be a friendly guy.
He makes a good impression
And this night he caught my eye.

His hand flies into my hand
"Hi, what is your name?"
I give him a smile and toss my hair
"Mike! can I ask the same?"

"'x' is my name, how do you do?"
Smiles and sends me his eyes.
One hand is his, the other one pulled
"Fine, but I gotta fly."

His face fades from my mind
In and out this night.
When all is closed and people crowd
The stranger is no where in sight.

Oh well, I guess that's that
What more can I demand.
I only met him briefly
I only shook his hand.

The next day a friendship request
And of course he can be my friend.
An infatuation is growing inside
But it will probably end.

We write together, laughs and jokes
Yes I know, Cliché.
But that's how it always starts
That's how it started this day.

Me and the girls were at a party
We all were having a blast
Then suddenly a stranger arrives
Hey, it's 'x' from the past.

He looks my way, smiles and nods
Then walks out the door.
I lift my brow and make a 'huh'?
Thinking whatever for.

Days go by, my head it spins
Why did he leave this night.
I wonder what he was thinking
Did I give him a fright?

Why do I think so much
About someone I don't really know?
It was only a brief encounter
But sure makes my head grow.

Weeks have passed, a weekend is planed
The girls and I will go.
To a "club", way down south
It's called "DJ - Show"

Music's fab, the crowd is wild
We're dancing all night long.
They're all looking weird at us
But hey, this is our song.

I notice someone I've seen before
But can't put my finger on who.
He turns around and walks away
I remember, it's my boo.

I walk after him, calling his name
It's like i'm on "repeat".
He just walks faster and faster more
He just won't stop his feet.

He finally stops, he turns around
Saying "let me be".
I lift my brow and make a "what?"
You've got to be kidding me."

"You were the one who wanted to know me
Wanting to know my name.
I gave you a smile and tossed my hair
Wanting to know the same."

"We wrote together laughs and jokes
A fricking bad cliché.
An infatuation was caused by you
But this is where it ends today."

I flip my finger, turn around
Walk faster and faster more.
He calls my name and says he's sorry
I'm thinking "pff, yeah sure."

He grabs my shoulder turns me around
And gives me a pashionate kiss.
He looks into my eyes and he says
"My reason it is this".

"Infatuated the first time I saw
Your beautiful eyes, your smile.
I was spontaneous and said, hello
You made my night worth while."

"After our parting that wonderful night
Your face was everywhere.
I sat with my friends, thinking of you
They asked, why do you stare".

"The following day I had to check
To see if you were on MySpace.
I found your name, a picture I saw
It was your beautiful face".

"The night at the party, when leaving the
house I'm sorry for making you feel.
As if I didn't care about you
As if you weren't real."

"I was scared of what others would think If
you and I would talk.
So I turned my back and walked away
Saying, I'm going for a walk."

"My head was spinning, My heartbeat rose
For every step I took.
I kept wishing this chapter would end
So I could close the book."

"Ever since the last time we met
Since we split apart.
I've been depressed, alone in my room
There's been a hole in my heart."

"I decided to go out this weekend
To this "club" DJ - show.
I'm joking around, talking to friends
And hey, what do you know."

"I saw you dancing on the floor
And then you caught my eye.
I walked away, like once before
Thinking, I gotta fly."

When telling his side of the story
My heart began to cry.
I felt so sorry for this stranger
It wasn't all a lie.

When leaning in to kiss him
He quickly pulled away.
My eyes became questionmarks
And this he had to say.

"If you choose me, then this will be
A secret for us through life.
The girl I have, in time will be
My future partner, my wife."

"Never" I said, "I'm out and about
You should do the same.
Never put a mask on your face
Never feel ashamed."

"Religious surroundings I do have,
So this I cannot do.
But one thing you must know,
Real, my feelings are for you."

"Come with me and I'll be there
Through good times and the bad.
I see the tears form in your eyes
It makes me oh so sad."

He put his arms around me
And then began to cry.
"I just can't do this anymore
I just can't live this lie."

We walked away so far away
So no one else could see.
People would spread rumors
If they saw him hugging me.

He told me everything about his life
Every single detail.
About his friends and family
Come out! his life would fail.

We both walked back to the club
And we parted there.
He had my number, so he could just
Call me when he'd dare.

Days to weeks, weeks to months
The call I never recieved.
One day when reading the newspaper
This I could not believe.

'x' and wife were married
And it nearly broke my heart
All his life was ruined
That day we split apart.

The stranger is now a stranger
Everytime we meet.
We just walk right on by each other
non of us stop our feet.

By: Mike Videro

... Samlaða starvslønarjáttanin svarar til eina skiparaløn

hann klára seg við um mánaðin næstu trý árin.

Tit, sum samráðast um samgongu, latið tað verða felt í samgonguskjalið, at nakað munagott verður játtað til Mentanargrunnin. Latið eitt nú fimm føroyingar fáa trý ára starvsløn í januar komandi ár. Latið fimm fáa eitt ára starvsløn. Økið játtanina fimm ferðir longu nú.

Tað eina útilokar ikki hitt

Fyrrverandi blaðstjórin hjá mær, Jan Müller, plagar at taka til, at tað eina útilokar ikki hitt. Slíkur hugburður slóðar fyrri víðskygni. Eg eri ikki móti sandoyartunnnlinum ella nøkrum øðrum tunnli. Tit kunnu umhugsa í løgtinginum at longja figgingina av hesum tunnli við einum ári, tá eru longu tøkur peningur, sum kann nýtast til mentan, soleiðis at tað munar.

Mentan kann gerast til nógvur pengar, geva tit teimum sum hava hug til hetta yrkið umstøður at arbeiða undir. Og her meini eg, at mentan kann vera flaggberi saman við

vinnulívi úti í heimi.

Fær Mentanargrunnurin nóg stóra játtan og kann føða eini 100-200 føroyingar um árið innan tær listarligu greinarnar, fólk, sum hava árræði og evni at fáast við skapandi mentanarligt virksemini, so kann tað verða, at onkur av hesum slær í gjøgnum 10. hvørt ár úti í heimi, og tá siggjast Føroyar í altjóðagerðini. Amerikanarar hava eitt sigandi hugtak. “Geri eg sum eg altíð havi gjørt, so verður tað sum tað altíð hevur verið.”Vilja okkara politikkarar, at tað skal verða sum tað altíð hevur verið við okkara mentan?

Hugsi tykkum hvussu stóra reklamu grannatjóð okkara Ísland hevur havt at teirra mentanarberum, eitt nú Bjørk og fleiri av rithøvundunum, fyrri ikki um at tala um myndskapandi list.

William Heinesen, Jørgen Frans Jacobsen, S.J. Mikines, Ingálvrur av Reyni eru deyðir. Er tíðin ikki komin at seta við? Føroyingar eru eitt rættuliga skapandi fólk, ein skapandi tjóð.

Tað kann ikki vera rætt, at rithøvundar, sum vilja hetta

yrkið burturav, verða tvungnir at skriva siðsøgu, fyrri at halda hungurin burtur. Onki galið við siðsøguni, hon er spennandi at skriva. Tó ongin onnur rithøvundagrein fœðir ein rithøvund.

Eg havi ikki figgjarligar umstøður at seta meg niður í eitt ár ella tvey at skriva eitt nú eina skaldsøgu, hóast tað brennir í mær at fáa umstøður til tess og hvør kykna í mær rópar á meg um at gera tað. Hesar umstøður hevur tann sum hevur fingið starvsløn.

Politikkarar seta kilar

Við at hava eina niðurpinda játtan til Mentanargrunnin, eru almennu Føroya við at klekja tvey sløg av rithøvundum og eisini tvey sløg av fólki, sum fáast við listarligt arbeiði.Tað eina slagði eru tey, sum fáa tryggjaða løn frá Mentanargrunninum, meðan tey arbeiða. Tey kunnu seta eitt ár ella fleiri av til at skapa eitt verk, og tey eru ikki á sama hátt bundin av fría marknaðinum, sum hini, sum figgja alt sjálvi, og eru fullkomiliga bundin av tí tey selja. Tey tørvar ikki fáa tíðina,

tey hava nýtt til verkið inn aftur í sølu

Jóannes Nielsen kann skriva hvat hann vil næstu trý árin. Hann hevur ikki figgjarligt tap av tí. Hann hevur fingið fullkomiligt listarligt frælsi, og eg veit, at úrslitið verður, at hann fer at ganga nýggjar avdúkandi leiðir, júst sum hann plagar, og júst sum ein rithøvundur eigur at gera. Hann kann verða samfelagsins samvitska, uttan at verða hóttur av húsagangi. Hann hevur fortjent sína starvsløn. Ein, sum er bundin at jólasøluni eina, hevur ikki sama møguleika, hóast eg ikki haldi, at tit kunnu skuldseta meg fyrri at hava verið ótrúgván móti mær sjálvum í mínum siðsøguliga rithøvundavirksemi, og tað hevur kostað pengar.

Ein verulig hækkan til Mentanargrunnin, fleiri ferðir ta játtan vit hava í dag, vil beina føroyskt rithøvunda-virksemi og føroyskt listarligt arbeiði á rætta leið. Listarligt arbeiði skal verða erligt, avdúkandi og djarvt. Tað skal lýsa lívið og okkara umstøður

júst sum tær eru, og ikki eina redigeraða behagandi mynd, soleiðis sum fólk ofta vil siggja sítt lív og sína søgu. Tað eru listarligu avrikini sum ikki behaga, ið nerta við tað sum vit helst vilja tiga burtur, sum liva víðari og geva okkum eina sanna mynd av lívinum. Hini hvørva, so skjótt tey eru komin út.

Tí eigur tað almenna ikki at ganga á odda við at sláa kilar millum skapandi fólk. Ein og hvør, sum hevur hug at seta seg niður at gera nakað listarligt arbeiði, hevur fortjent mánaðarlønina upp á 22.000 krónur, í hvussu er í eina tíð, soleiðis at hesin hevur møguleika at vísa, um hann kann fáa nakað frá hondini. 22.000 krónur geva ikki eitt pláss á fyrsta klassa í føroyska samfelagnum, men tey kunnu geva skapannargleði, sum kann gippa føroysku mentanina ljósár fram í tíðina. Og samstundis, er talan um smáoyru í mun til aðrar verkætlanir í landinum.