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**Marius Engh**  
**DOUBLE BILL**  
**12.05. - 14.07.2018**

SANTA SUSANA

Now you lay here, in front of me  
Or I am here beside you  
Along your winding pass road  
Your magnificent  
And wounded body  
Like all life you came from the sea  
Rose up with the sun

First, I came to see  
The burned down Spahn Ranch  
It's half-moon ground  
Covered in high dry weeds  
Stories of crime still lingering  
Like cricket's crackle in the thicket  
The Son of Man is dead

I am greeted by your attributes  
Shaped as vigilant gigants  
In your eye sockets  
There are petroglyphs  
In shade of the highest sun  
I follow your features  
Rising above and under  
Burned rubber skid marks

Needle stitches  
Diving into tunnels  
Throughout the rugged land  
Freight trains slides  
Out the die of a coin

Bring your cross and  
Put up your box in Box Canyon

The shape of a wide brimmed hat  
Cut out above the door  
To make them leave  
The movie ranch  
People search prophetic charisma

In the Atomic Stone Age  
Panic in the year zero

Machine operators  
Cowboyed up missile programs  
King of the Rocket Men  
Nuclear reactors melt  
Sodium burn  
Runs down from Burro Flats  
With their hats  
Covering their heads

Fucked up  
Junked up  
Now, some make up  
Paint it a similar color  
Color it Crimson Ghost  
Reanimate it and drape the scene  
Your face is a picture  
A zap shadow

I stay behind a rock  
Like born under a rock  
Bedrock  
I cover it up  
It covers me up  
In shade  
In sleep

Don't tread on me  
I read your flag  
No trespassing  
I read your sign  
Ye who enters here  
Enters upon holy ground  
I read your gate

I entered through  
A dried-out creek

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A depressed fracture in  
The Shimiji Hills  
It's Christmas day  
And no one around  
Graffiti show the way

Arrows point into the deep  
Creepy crawling  
Gargled passages  
The sandstone is worn  
To dust and nothing  
Swirling spirals formed by breath  
Still there are walls  
Too tight to pass  
I crawled back up to take a shit

Descending, again  
Grinding myself through  
On all four  
Sliding and holding  
Back from falling  
Into the light of my torch  
I reach a room  
Covered in carved and painted scrawling  
Imagery and letters  
Youths joyous despair  
I turn off the light  
And listen to the heart of the hill  
Coming out of my ears

Out in the night  
The pass lay in gloom  
Blinded by a neon cross  
A tombstone's doom  
Over you  
And your garden  
The garden of the gods

- Marius Engh (Oslo, April, 2018)