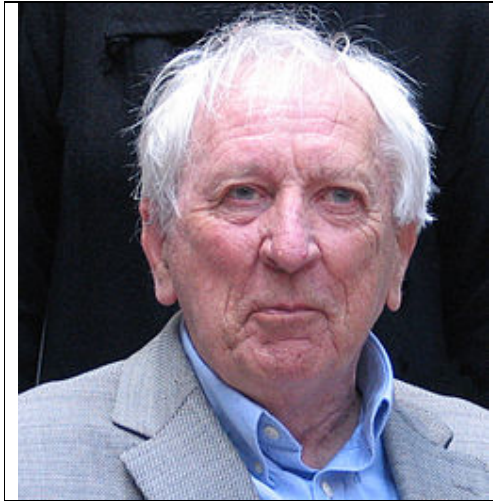


## Tomas Tranströmer



### Early life

Tranströmer:

- \* was born in Stockholm on April 15, 1931 and raised by his mother Helmy, a schoolteacher, after her divorce from his father, Gösta Tranströmer, an editor.
- \* received his secondary education at the Södra Latin Gymnasium in Stockholm, where he began writing poetry.
- \* continued his education at Stockholm University, graduating as a psychologist in 1956 with additional studies in history, religion and literature.

### Family life

Tomas Tranströmer:

- \* married Monika Bladh and They have two daughters, Emma and Paula.
- \* The family lived in Västerås for 35 years.
- \* worked as a psychologist at the Roxtuna center for juvenile offenders while writing.
- \* was employed by a government agency providing rehabilitation for a wide variety of people who had fallen out of working life.

### Facts

Tomas Tranströmer:

- \* Won the Neustadt International Prize for Literature in 1990
- \* won the Nobel prize for literature in 2011.
- \* was acknowledged as Sweden`s greatest living poet.
- \* was translated into more than 60 languages.

### End of life

Tomas Tranströmer: \*died in Stockholm on 26 March 2015.

- \* was buried in Katarina Kyrkogard, Stockholm, Sweden.

## Works

- Tomas Tranströmer:
- \* His first work is 17 poems in 1954.
  - \* *The Half-Finished Heaven: The Best Poems of Tomas Tranströmer*, 2001.
  - \* *Mörkerseende*, 1970 (*Night Vision*, 1972)
  - \* *Sanningsbarriären*, 1978 (*Truth Barriers*, 1984)
  - \* *Den stora gåtan*, 2004 (*The Great Enigma*, 2006)

One of Tranströmer poems:

### The blue house

*It is night with glaring sunshine. I stand in the woods and look towards my house with its misty blue walls. As though I were recently dead and saw the house from a new angle.*

*It has stood for more than eighty summers. Its timber has been impregnated, four times with joy and three times with sorrow. When someone who has lived in the house dies it is repainted. The dead person paints it himself, without a brush, from the inside.*

*On the other side is open terrain. Formerly a garden, now wilderness. A still surf of weed, pagodas of weed, an unfurling body of text, Upanishades of weed, a Viking fleet of weed, dragon heads, lances, an empire of weed.*

*Above the overgrown garden flutters the shadow of a boomerang, thrown again and again. It is related to someone who lived in the house long before my time. Almost a child. An impulse issues from him, a thought, a thought of will: "create. . .draw. . ." In order to escape his destiny in time.*

*The house resembles a child's drawing. A deputizing childishness which grew forth because someone prematurely renounced the charge of being a child. Open the doors, enter! Inside unrest dwells in the ceiling and peace in the walls. Above the bed there hangs an amateur painting representing a ship with seventeen sails, rough sea and a wind which the gilded frame cannot subdue.*

*It is always so early in here, it is before the crossroads, before the irrevocable choices. I am grateful for this life! And yet I miss the alternatives. All sketches wish to be real.*

*A motor far out on the water extends the horizon of the summer night. Both joy and sorrow swell in the magnifying glass of the dew. We do not actually know it, but we sense it: our life has a sister vessel which plies an entirely different route. While the sun burns behind the islands.*