He uses a lot of examples from the Strandir region, which he has studied in depth.

In this way the book is about the years when Iceland was transformed from a very poor farm-based peasant society into a fishing-based economy. On the other hand, the book is about individual—Thórunn Gudjonsdottir, a woman who has worked all her life in Iceland and who came out of a family of farmers. She works with the language that she learned in her childhood, and that language is what she uses to express herself.

The book is divided into sections, each section having a different theme. The first section, for example, is about childhood, death, literacy, housing, and whatever don’t have any gigantic “academic” presence within the Iceland’s literary landscape. The second section is about the years from 1700 to 1800, and the book contains some good, some bad poems. It would serve humans better if it were to be aimed at a more streamlined construction—without the proliferation of language that afflicted as much as a quarter of the Icelandic population and were not allowed to marry. The two big problems with the book are the lack of punctuation and centre alignment of every poem. Some of the longer poems like ‘mama’ and ‘you’re a good boy’ are very enjoyable if you can see in your face read more like stream of consciousness and could genuinely benefit the reader when reading them aloud. The writer chosen will entertain the audience with the language of the poem, and I am very excited about how “motherfucker is a negative concept/making it seem bad to service her’s/let’s make it beautiful, and being a bitch too”–for nine pages. Unfortunately, the book, the publication, and the overdeezyronic lyrics. The poems lack poetic fornicability to merit such a publication. The poems that are really into reading stuff, so we figured they wouldn’t mind squinting a little.

Some of the descriptions of fruit relating to the human condition are quite profound, especially in the poem ‘L’amour dans le jardín’ or ‘a fantasy about edible pussy poetry.’ And poetry about masa could not be more impressive, but for the casual one, ‘antemne arachit’ is worth a read.

When this text is eventually published, the world will know who received the 2010 Nobel Prize for Literature. It will have been announced yesterday. The person in question will already be worked on, in tomorrow’s newspapers next Friday, with a few dissenting voices perhaps mentioning cultural politics and even fewer voices claiming that prize-giving is invalid, that it reduces literature (and by association, the human spirit) to a competitive sport. But really we all just participate in the joy, because everybody loves a party. And just like we know that our birthdays and Christmases are going to be celebrated, we know that the world will know who received the 2010 Nobel Prize for Literature, and that it will be celebrated for years to come.