

**Trauma, Healing
and Poetry in the
Icelandic Sagas.
A reading of Grettis
saga.**

Torfi H. Tulinius
(University of Iceland)



Gissur's stanza before revenge

Enn mank böll þats brunnu
bauga Hlín ok mínir,
-- skaði kennir mér minni
minn --, þrír synir inni.
Glaðr munat Göndlar röðla
gnýskerðandi verða,
-- **brjótr lifir sjá við sútir**
sverðs --, nema hefndir verði.

I still remember the misery
when my wife (Bauga-Hlín) and
three sons were burned inside.
My loss teaches me to
remember.

The warrior (destroyer of
shields of battle) will not be
glad unless revenge is done.
**The sword breaker lives in
sorrow.**

Gissur's stanza after revenge

Borg lét brennuvarga
bjórstofnandi klofna
Sónar sex ok einum,
sák deili þess, heila.
Bergstjóra gleðr báru
blikstriðanda síðan
hregg, **en hafnak muggu,**
heldr, síz Kolbein felldum.

The poet (the founder of the beer
of Són) had the skulls of the
burners (fort of brains) cleft open.
I saw it. Poetry (snow of the
governor of mountains) cheers up
the warrior (the breaker of gold),
since Kolbeinn was slain. I refuse
sadness (snowfall).

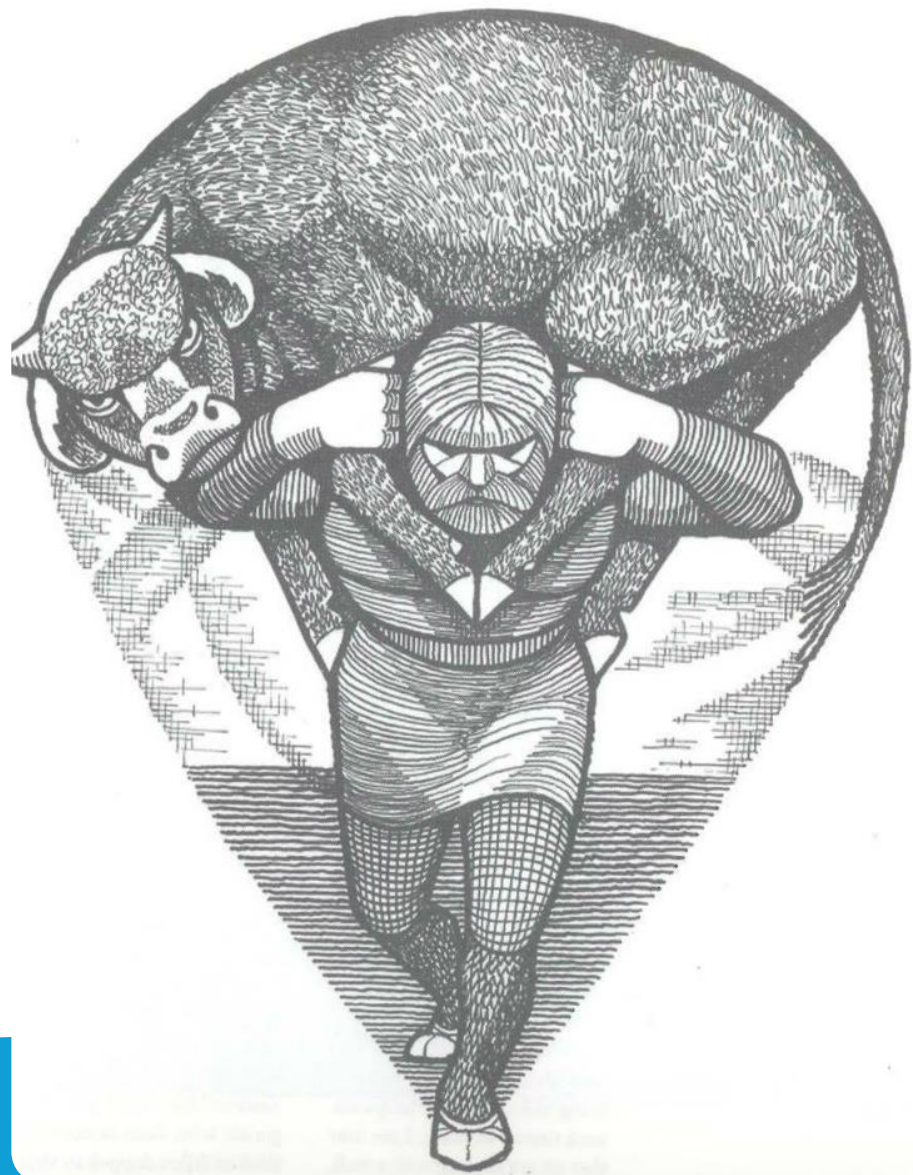




A detailed illustration of a hand firmly gripping the hilt of a sword. The hand is shown from the side, with fingers wrapped around the hilt. The sword's crossguard is visible, featuring intricate carvings. The blade of the sword extends from the top left towards the center. The background is a soft, out-of-focus gradient of light and dark tones.

Þorsteinn's stanza about Grettir

Eigi máttu átta
eggþings boðar, hringa
Grund, ór Grettis hendi
geðrakks koma saxi,
áðr hvardyggvir hjuggu
herðendr fetils gerðar
axlarfót af ýti
unnblakks hugar rökkum.



Grettir's genealogy

- Önundr peg-leg
- Þorgrímr hærukollr
- Ásmundr hærulangr
 - Þorsteinn
 - Grettir



Önund's stanza

Glatt esat mér, síz moettum,
mart hremmir til snimma,
oss stóð geigr af gýgi
galdrs, eldprimu skjaldar;
hygg, at þegnum þykki,
þat's mest, koma flestum,
oss til ynðis missu
einhlítt, til mín lítit.

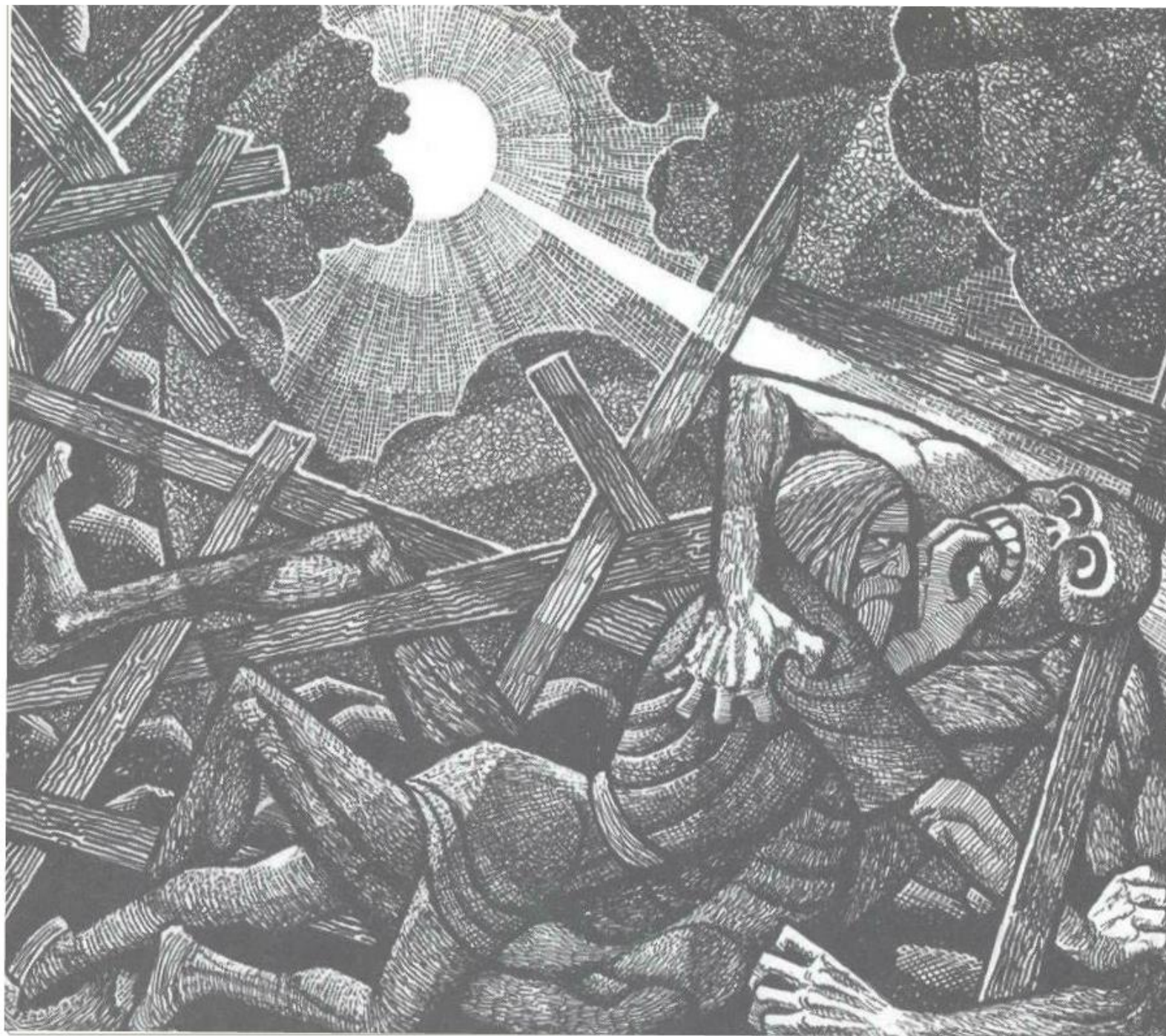
I have been unhappy since I encountered
the axe (lightning of the shield). I was injured
by the sharp weapon. I believe that most
men will look down upon me from now on.

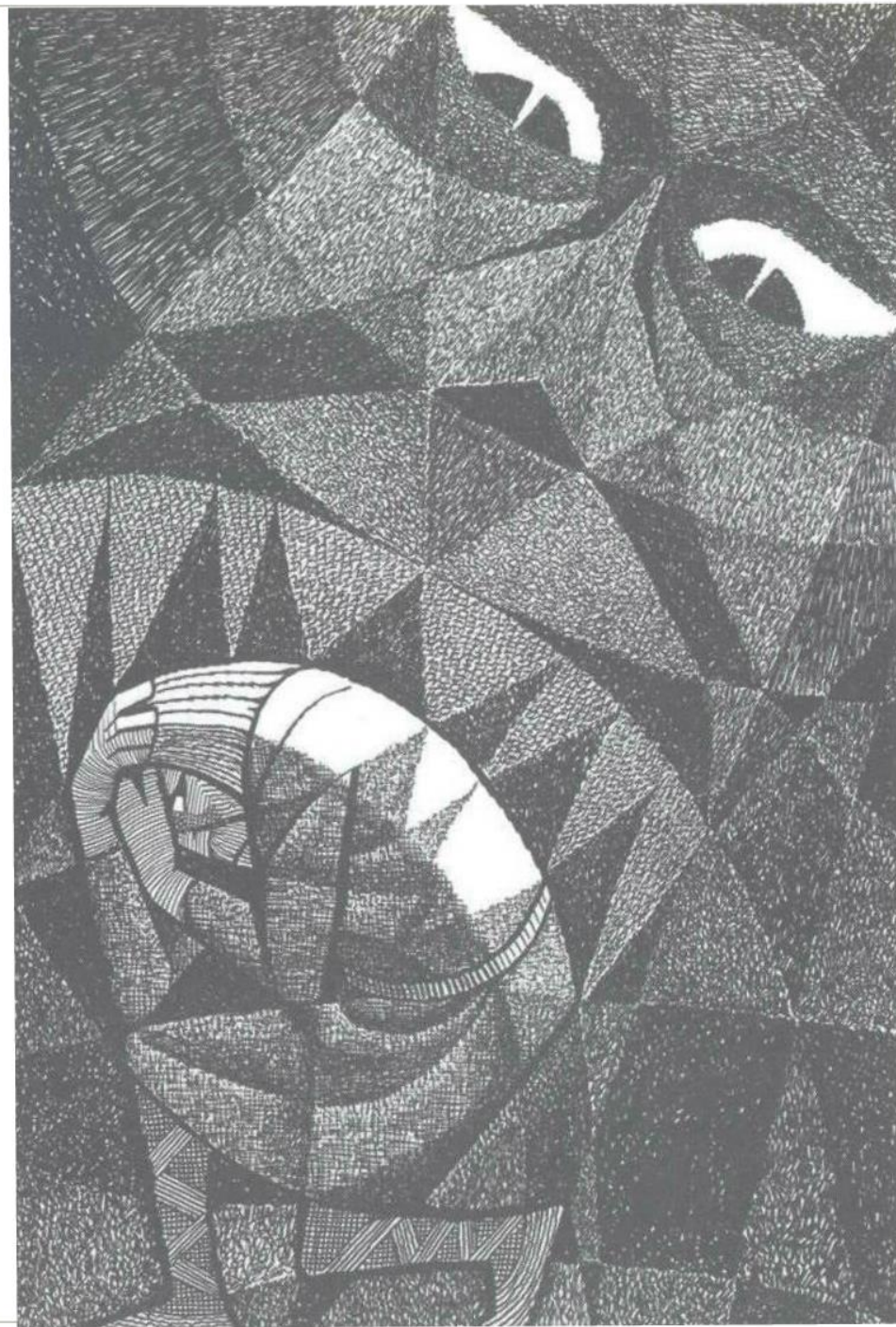


A hard deal

Réttum gengr en ranga
rinnr sæfarinn, ævi,
fákr, um fold ok ríki
fleinhvessanda þessum;
hefk lönd ok fjöla frænda
flýtt, en hitt es nýjast,
kröpp eru kaup ef hreppik
Kaldbak, en læt akra.









G L Á M R

Á s M und R hæru L an G r

G L Á M R

Á s M und R hæru L an G r





Thank you!

