Charlotte Elder

Expectations

I am expected
To have
A strong body
A healthy mind
To obey
But also to stand up

I am expected
To say please
Say thank you
And to never let
Love get in the way

But also
I am
I am tired
Sometimes
I am broken
Some days

So I will
Do my best
I will
Say please
I will
Say thank you

But some days
I will need to
Listen to my heart
That's whispering
"I am, I am, I am"

Saga Grünwald

I am

I am a lake reflecting the light
I am a star shining so bright
I am a wave kissing the sand
I am the wind stroking the land
I am a hawk flying up high
I am a cloud crossing the sky
I am the sea so vast and so wide
I am a hare in the meadow I hide
I am a tree the roots deep in the ground
I am a fish swimming round and around
I am a herb growing to heal
I am a human I'm born to feel

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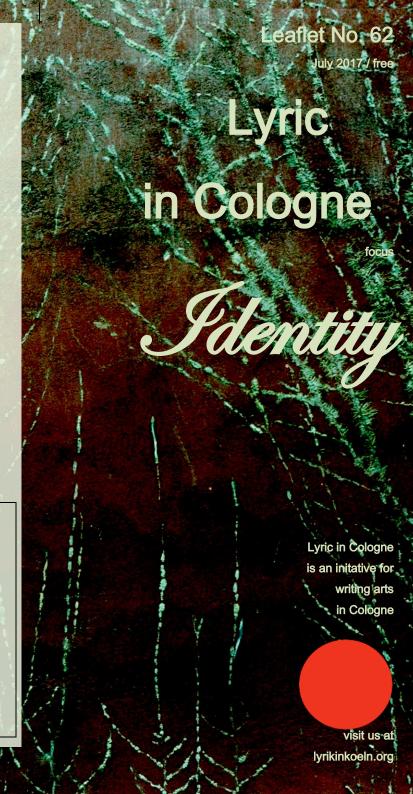
run: 1000 p.

The next international leaflet will be published

July 2017, focus: Strength

Submisssions of every artist are welcome until

1th June 2018



Patricia Falkenburg Fluidity

Don't trust your eyes. Nor your ears, neither. Not absolutely.

Don't forget: your Memories are liquid and Transformable by any Well placed question.

Questioning your self. By the wiping of a Fingertip on a screen Easily transformed. Delete button ready. Identity deleted or Inserted at random.

And the brain, cunningly Constructing and Deconstructing self.

Rose Monhard **Identity**

Well

Well, I come. Life's disappearing time. Wonder and lightning. It all will be mine

Harald Kappel yes, that's me

behind the gloomy pane at the imagined desk a man dusts clueless this is me outside in the not so distant darkness. under the broken lantern they advise you in the meantime about my fate waves full of rage with salty weight are the overture to the flood as she comes i swim forward through the glass effortlessly on the stairs to the ark teach me the stupid animals: the water they say that's you

Ulrike Krebs

I change.
Besides, I am
a stream in spring
surprised by melting snow and ice
and stirring.

Kathrin Kiss-Elder **Me**

I collect the parts of my voice in a glass of old wrapping paper. When I step out, I go with a shaggy move, in the constant danger to fall.

Often I forget, who I am, and what happened —I collect my parts in old envelopes with a black rim. When I look out, on the sleeping mirror of a lake, I still stay in me, as I would step out in an old scenery.

I erase from myself and from my garden all signs of what is gone, in the early morning, before the day starts.

From time to time I ask myself, who would like to settle down next to me, whoever I am.

I do not harken. I remain dumb

-only the soft souvenir of my song as ...
still remains, as a trail easy to wipe out.

I step out and enter myself, in the same move. I have no goal. I go.

١...

Fortune Cookie

remember: Youself. KE