

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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Identity

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visit us at
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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.

I ...

...

Fortune Cookie

remember: Youself.
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