

10.

I am here now
and in your grip my sleep will continue
like a baby-bird with skin-deep cuts
whimpering for some healing-love
because it seems to be pain
but it's not

I tried to fly actually I did
with my delicate feathers all the sparkling spangles
and the millions of prominent colours I
unfolded my wings believed I was strong enough

but I am not
it's just superficial

1000 meters under
slumbering another detestable indignantly truth

but is too deep.

8.

found the lioness laying on the floor
torn apart she was
with heavy-hearted breath
with intricate golden fur
with exhausted paws she had

but still
with

a sense
of fearlessness
and
dignity
burning deep inside her

Still the lioness
she is.

room nr. 17:

A snoring neighbour
ringing bells,
an empty tea cup,
some skin
and bones,
flesh and blood
dead keenness
a frozen smell as salvation
of a hunger
deep desire
a closed diary with hundreds and thousands of significant, misspelled words
a book
a suitcase
two toothbrushes
grey clouds and a dull sky
dripping water a thirst a couple of
dry lips, unspoken agreement
our hands will never be cold again
and the youth knocking on the ceiling
a mirror reflecting an unknown future
steam from breaths from each beat
drawing a picture but no one can visualise
no one can see
before it is gone.
Something crackling through the door
but what it is, no one knows
since I am hiding under the desk under the desk
where I will be safe
with a pen in my hand and a
humming tone

1.

to hide something so it cannot be found:
circumvent the oblige by staring at a nettle rash
scratching to get rid of

to liberate from duty

but the itching will continue

inwardly

until

the quake destroys the substance that protects reality

from me

the same room:

there's a man in the room
screaming he does closer he's coming

me whispering:
schhh you'll wake the newborns up

he's face-to-face now
with a breath of
vinegar fried chicken and a piece
of heaven
he's talking aloud he does
unworkable words for
me
covering I do my ears asking for silence
schhh
the newborns the precious ones, please
white knuckles firm hold
him
shouting:

courage, women!

22,
and from my hands through my fingers the little monsters they fall
out of my grip falling they do
from me away from
me