

For D.

I will remember him
 walking through old gardens;
 I will remember him
 in the soft whisper of newspapers;
 I will remember him
 playing piano at nights – nights I never joined him

I will remember his
 braveness, his shy courage and
 the sudden glimpse in his eyes
 also when this only happened once in a while.

I will remember him telling me that he loved me
 in times I couldn't love myself.

A man I loved and trusted is gone.
 I will spread the seeds of his existence like seeds of
 grass
 everywhere
 so they can grow and flourish
 over and over again.

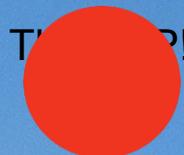
IILKA BÜHNER

Spiny Apples
 The tyrant's name is hunger

Fortune cookie
 Your love will grow like grass. KE



www.homestay-agency.de



The KSP! is an enterprise for marketing unknown
 artists for the wealth of persons and enterprises.
 We use their artwork and their specific viewpoint
 toward personal development:
 Because personal development is deeply inspired
 by creative processes.
 Join us!

This leaflet is dedicated to
 Dave Elder,+ 2012,
 whose silence was drained by poetry

The next international leaflet will be published
 July 2014, focus: LOVE.
 Sponsors and contributors welcome!

Lyric in Cologne

focus

Grass

because poems are necessary
 poems can change the world
 and you
 within.

You may find a little delight
 reading them;
 you may discover your own voice
 and start to
 write.



The KSP!

JULIUS SHIVUTE

A teenager's thoughts *A letter to my love.*

Though I have left you carelessly and unmade weighing with the load of unmoving sheets, you have welcomed me intensely with a warm pardon only to ease the flesh of an impetuous soul. Indeed woman there is not a greater bravery than that of loving one soul forever and it seems you and I are destined for love as Christians are for heaven. Other gentlemen came from wombs my love but I alone was born in your heart. Sleeping beauty Cinderella, Snow white . . . the tales of love include fine women and your splendor contains but a portion of each. I have heard whispers of men talking about beauty but none ever mentioned that elegance is given only to a woman with love; there is love in your eyes, love in your smile, love in your walk, love in your talk and love in your heart. Yes woman you alone have fed me with a spoonful of your smile and became one with my words and I with your soul, I am ever pleased to be in your presence for the scene of your beauty is a remedy most charming to the eye. I have been looking for you in my thoughts and all this while you have been settled in my heart. So true it is that I love you for thou art more of a lover than you are friend and please do believe these softened words for there is not a sentence that is of love which escapes the mouth without being authorized by the heart. Your beauty's my poetry and your heart my diary of a thousand pages, as a child I never planned to love but you have complicated matters by smiling at me in such a most welcomed manner but it's okay for I would rather have them find me guilty than declare me innocent for not loving at all and If your smile is only awarded to Kings than let the Gods prepare my Kingdom for I am ready to be crowned. Words express only a portion of what

JOHN TIONG CHUNGHOO

grass gently waves,
sways, twists and swirls
with the gentle breeze
in a thousand steps and styles
god's merciful and caring hands

a bewildered young soul
asked ' what is grass? '
wrote lucky Whitman
who was so inspired by
the boy that he wrote
a long poem about life and death

well what is grass?

a genius mind would gather
it is god clothing his earth, men
his way of crocheting to cover up
nudity of his every land

and he so loves the task
he twists and dances in pleasure
as his breathe sweeps over the grass

there is music of joy
everywhere that his hand touches
- as he expends stitch by stitch
inch by inch to spread his cheer

to think of a man without clothes?

the grass that would
sweep us off
our feet for a dance
anytime of the day

well then let's answer the child
question: what is grass?

whitman's child would learn that
each blade is god's finger
as he signs a covenant in green
of his continuous care for us

his laughter sweeps over the grass
the way breeze does to our heart

ERIK KROMAT

gravity

forgotten is my name,
and northbound my desire.
no footprint's left in mud,
whilst grass is growing higher.

I wander amongst hidden
men, shifting dirt, and
digging holes; in what
they've got to follow.

sunburned our back.

