

Âne Rose

L.M.

LUBOMYR MELNYK flotierte  
fluoreszierte ... (transzendierte)  
messingne Glorie

eben  
Patterns  
Traumpfade

Corollaries of a cloude passade  
all sounds exist at the same time

a seaman's tale within  
the words

it's sad to leave the earth ...  
the cloudes ... someone's face

the touch of a finger  
Vibration/Variation einer tremolosalve

zwei Stare stieben ins Blau  
Himmelsschau

und dem Wind scheint leicht von Fern  
butterfly

continuous  
(sans manierisme)

atemlose Tempi  
knisternder Fluss Heraklits

pumpt Herzkammergut  
in Äolssphären ... so ein Dahingehen der Dinge und  
Wesen

aeons of mind will sparkle  
and come alive

Patricia Falkenburg

Love is.

After all those years, he said,  
'Tis normal. 'Tis the way it is, he said.  
What do you want, he said. Love dies.  
And fades away.

And no-one cares for one  
After so many years.  
But I said no to this. No, no.  
It does hold true:

Love is  
And love will be  
And whatever you may say  
You're dear to me.

And even when you closed your eyes  
And even when you sealed your heart  
And shut your ears  
And did not hear my cries.

It still held true:  
Love is  
And love will be  
And whatever you did say  
You're dear to me.

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# Lyric in Cologne

focus

# love

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## Chris Davey

### Seductive voices

Watching from a distance but never taking part,  
 shy of the emotions you are told can touch the heart,  
 preferring to observe this life, selecting what is seen  
 where you control the output with a swipe across a screen.  
 The art of conversation slowly lost among the tweeting,  
 limited in characters, the stories constantly repeating,  
 Life laid bare, quite literally,  
 the beauty of language fast eroding,  
 as mind numbing banality  
 sets the twittersphere exploding.  
 Community dependant on the platform that you use,  
 and fashionista's whim dictate the logo that you choose.  
 Surely this is slavery, so close we fail to see,  
 What the dangers for our children, for society may be.  
 Imprisoned in this pseudo life, the snake dangles a new Apple  
 Enticing us to taste its fruit, with its shiny apps to sample,  
 But what we fail to notice is, the bite's already taken,  
 as the logo subtly declares our liberty forsaken.  
 Here once more in exile, where the landscape is so strange,  
 But where we fail to notice while signal is in range.

## Anna Würth

### Lovestoned

Honey seized by surprise  
 the dance whips us together  
 more spice was never  
 hair-fine hip-wide  
 in a passing touch  
 pliantly plucked in flight

## Kathrin Kiss-Elder

### Love

Stay real.  
 Feel joy and pain.  
 Talk and hear.  
 Love yourself. Reject self-hate.  
 Confess yourself to stay yourself  
 and grow.

## Sharon D. Cohagan

### Winter Solstice Night

If ever I have loved you  
 It was that Solstice night  
 The longest, longest winter night  
 The longest night of the year.

In the light of the moon and the stars  
 You sang your praise to me  
 You called me your only sun  
 I made your cosmos complete.

And your sun turned our night to day  
 Our song rang throughout the sky  
 We reached out and touched eternity  
 That night when time stood still.

## Folkert Sierts

### THE BIG BEDROOMWINDOW

The big bedroomwindow is wide open early in the magnificent morning.

I am listening to the birds, who are singing poems in squares, rectangles and circles.

Bright blue, fulminating red and glowing yellow are fluctuating through my head.

If the birds are singing in this way, I am immediately feeling the sensitive places in my body and my mind.

You are still sleeping and are embracing me in the inner space of your love.

The steps, which we are taking side by side, are going farther than the unique eternity.

The birds are singing glorious poems for us outside of our house. You are still sleeping, but I will remember and keep these poems in my mind forever.

When I shall lie in my dying-bed, bright blue, fulminating red and glowing yellow will be hovering above us.

Then you will only hear sounds in squares, rectangles and circles coming from my mouth.

And the big bedroomwindow will be wide open for the birds, who sionately singing consoling poems.

## Fortune Cookie

Love is not control.  
 KKE