

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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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