

Annemarie Schnitt

Staying awake

audient, voyant—clair
listening closely keeping touch with
the cutting edge
stay connected
to stand up against
misguided reasoning
and ill-judged acts
to find an answer for
this time's queries
one answer which will carry
beyond this day's noise

Kathrin Kiss–Elder

This boat is full.
No more: we cannot
take up any others.
Traffic you must
into the unknown
into the water
to death.

Because we
closed ranks, because we
did not make room
just a little room
for you, brother,
for you, sister,
we abandon you
to obliteration to
certain
death.

Aweigh the anchor.
We losen our hold and
move on.

Joke Frerichs

Ignoramus

So worried he is presenting himself
and so disgusted strong amidst the crowd
once you take him to task he's cowardly mute
actually he is nothing but dull

All things strange are odious to him
other people's anguish to him is of no interest
fearing everything novel he will
reject all he does not know

His day-to-day grind
is forced by habits he quite
agrees with everything just the way it is
none of his business anything else is

He assumes to be on the right side
shutting himself away in his own small world
he has no senses for the tenderness of life
holding out in this pose of *frozen response*

Editor
Dr. Kathrin Kiss–Elder, PhD
Niehler Kirchweg 63, D–50733 Köln
T. +49 (0)172–4629072,
kontakt@kisselder.eu

**Reproduction of poems apart from this
LyK–issue prohibited pending the authors'
written consent, contact via Lyrik in Köln.**

Sponsoring welcome anytime. We
will be delighted to have your
contribution. Please visit our website for
details. LyK account: BIC PBNKDEFF,
IBAN DE82370100500802435508,
reason for payment „Lyrik in Köln“

The poems in this issue have been transcribed
from German by Patricia Falkenburg, except of
the poems of Cohagan and Schlieff, they were
translated by Mrs. Cohagan.

White edition 11/2015

free of charge, distribution encouraged

This edition is also available in German and
Netherlands, a french and hebrew edition are
actually planed.

Lyric in Cologne

Dichter gegen
Fremdenfeindlichkeit

VETO!

POETS AGAINST RACISM

LyK—„Lyrik in Köln“—is
an initiative for the advancement of poetry
in Cologne

Dichters tegen
vreemdelingenhaat

www.lyrikinkoeln.org

Patricia Falkenburg

Together so loud. Core values.

Our values, they are hollering, we have to
Hold up our values. Keep our—
LibertyEqualityFraternity.
Charity, Christian.—
Values, they're howling,
Brothers. Our Core Values
Against them there.
Them out there. And
They cost, them others.
Away with them. Keep 'em
Out. We for us. For
Ourselves. And our
Values.

We have got, they are shouting at the others,
We have got nothing to spend. Our values
Are ours, completely. Ours, alone.
And we are standing
Up. We defy. Our values
Staunchly. we deny these
Others. Even, they are yelling,
If needs must, we'll use our
Fists. Or well-grinded knives.
Against them there. Them others. We
Have got nothing to share
Of our good values.
Nothing.

Franz Ott

of value

he's got qualms he's to go somewhere else they
know their price sometimes feeling's faster were they
living well it is
more absurd
everywhere aides are waiting our father the
trains are arriving in the evening in heaven daily our

Renate Müller

if

war
famine
brute force
death
would surround
you

wouldn't you
you too
try to
escape

Fortune cookie

short, crisp, to the point –
not that –
doubt, rather –
so sorry
FO

Annemarie Schmitt

In the morning—breakfast

new news, brand-new news
I am choking of new news
want to share my bread
with one hungry want to
join one freezing
over a cup of steaming coffee
want to go along, join
in this procession of
people on their way
on their way in search of a
brighter future.

Sharon D. Cohagan

When Paths Cross

They gather on your island
On the way to freedom
Fleeing Armed Forces

Oh, Sappho
You would weep
No verse would pass your lips
No songs of love

You would mourn
Tear your gown and shear your hair
Wail throughout the night

Elisabeth Sofia Schlieff

Work of Man

today's paper
shows
on pages three and four
in cold print
exactly drawn
but still artful
pictures
put in perspective
without any words
today's paper
on pages three and four
shows clearly
and keenly
without words
for there are no words for this
a masterful
malicious
work of man