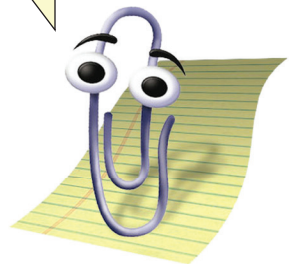


**CAN POETRY
SURVIVE
CAPITALISM?**

I wanna talk about Collaborative Survival.
I wanna be with you (the plural 'you' that
this language fails to capture).
Can we take care of each other on this and
every other occasion?



june 2018.
a gathering of sweet people, dear people, queers and
comrades.



We wrote poems - some together, some alone -
to share with you how we contaminate the isolation
and alienation of the precarious life under neo-liberal
capitalism. We collapse now all of the shared words,
massages, non-human animal mimicry, tears, dances,
stories... into our poetry.

Let it serve as the mycelium of our interconnected
ecosystem of community, spreading the nurturing,
healing and transformational energy of our collectivity
deep down under the ground. Where we get ready to
fruit, covering the planet in a fungus of unforeseeable
magnificence. We are everywhere. We are poetry.

WORDS

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Carta d'amor a mi mateixa — salut

HEALTH INSURANCE

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EMOTIONAL LABOUR

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Слова

Слова – символи нашого безсилля:

- слова про те, коли закінчиться війна
війна за ресурси, з капіталізмом, між державами, з іншими,
війна з собою.
- слова про вигорання
і про те, що залишається від нас після вогню
- слова про революцію всередині
про солідарність, якої немає
- слова про гроші як вантаж і як марево
- слова про почуття і про вибиті хребці
виживати всупереч і завдяки
вишивати всупереч і завдяки
проявляти те, що за словами

Сяйво

Words

Words are the symbols of our powerlessness:

- words asking when the war will be over
the war for resources, with capitalism, between the
states, with others
the war with yourself.
- words about burning out
and about that which is left of us after the fire
- words about the revolution inside
about the solidarity which is not there
- words about money as a baggage and mirage
- words about feelings and spinal bones knocked out
to survive despite and owing to
to embroider despite and owing to
to reveal what is behind the words

Syaivo

Trying to make a vocabulary

Sometimes I wonder:

How would it feel to live in a post-gender society,
in a world without oppression, stigma and discrimination,
How would it feel to live in a world
where's no longer need for the constant fight for yourself,
for the place where you can just be?

And while I dream of this wonderful world,
tears are coming –

As all of a sudden I realize that I don't know
what I am supposed to do in a world
where there is a place for myself.

I am still scared,

and lonely,

and lost,

wondering where the word “love”

lives in a body that was constantly told it cannot love?

Where the word “joy” lives in a body that hurts?

This is not a vocabulary

This is my body

Body full of shame,

carrying in it all these years of isolation and fear,

feeling sometimes as nothing else is left.

Where were all these words

when I was so desperately searching

for people with the same experiences,

willing to hear their voices,

trying to find a word for myself?

Do you have a word for that?

For how does it feel to grow in a world,

where there are no words for you?

We don't need a vocabulary.

We need a space where we can cry it out –

all the endless grief,

for ourselves

for all of the time we've lost.

We need a space where we can learn together

how to breathe again,

as if we were trying to figure it out –

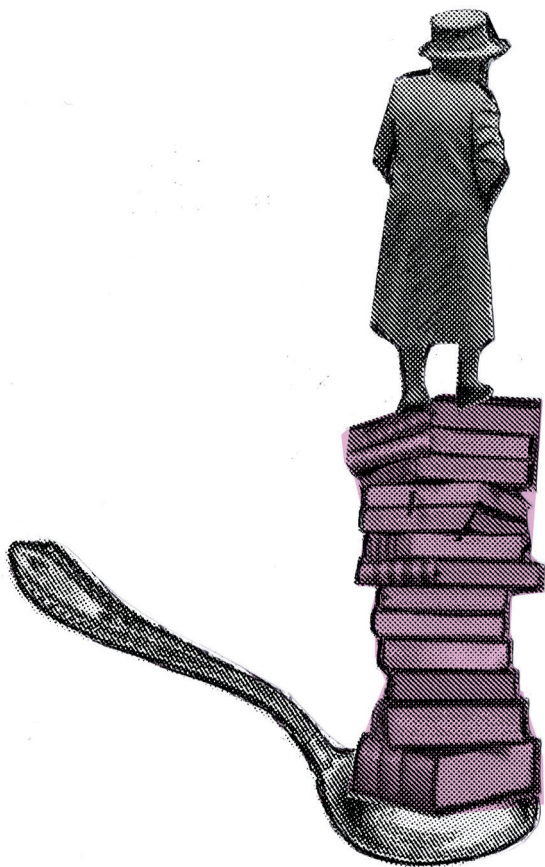
Can we smoke without our hands?

Nasra

The Human Library

The book can say 'no'
And the book can smoke
The book is always open to talk
The words of the book
Can explode a lightbulb
The glass shattering across our words
Sometimes you only go to the library
To steal the toilet paper
Sometimes we fuck up the first time
We are not all committed readers
The first hour is over
The second hour begins
Books and readers can hug
And share one mug
We might not yet have a happy ending
For all our books
But we hope we can write one together
There's lots of interest in reading nowadays

no one and everyone



Carta d'amor a mi mateixa – salut emocional

Respira. Fons.

Curiosa la mescla entre binarismes i dualitats de la qual costa tant sortir.

Vals la pena? Ets prou llesta? Prou bonica?
Ets, al cap i a la fi, allò que anomenen una dona?

La bona vida és a les puntes dels teus dits,
lluny d'espills, comparacions i judici.
O vols tornar a jugar a ser normal?

Recorda't de respirar.

Els espais (més) segurs. Una habitació càlida plena de persones segures.
Una muntanya de llibres.
I no un llit farcit d'ansietat i auto sabotatge.
Transicions, zones de confort incòmodes.

Respira.

Les butaques i els gots d'aigua de la Georgia.
Perquè no t'atorgaran res, però els drets te'ls prens tu.

Supervivència i cura de tu mateixa.
En saps. Ho pots.
La bona vida.
Ni sola, ni espantada.

Respira, tranquil·la.

Estaràs bé.

bru

Love letter to self – emotional health

Breathe. Deep.

Curious mixture between binarisms and dualities from which is
so difficult to get out.

Are you worth it? Are you smart enough? Beautiful enough?
Are you, in the end, what they call a woman?

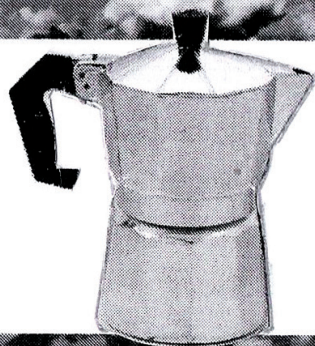
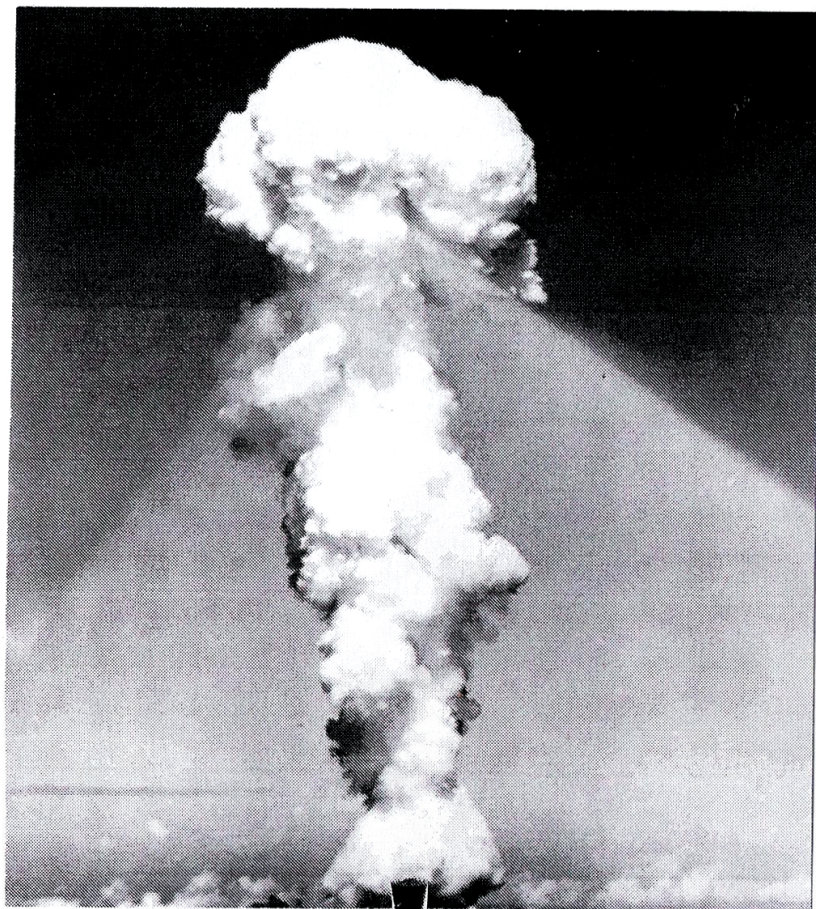
The good life is on the tip of your fingers,
far away from mirrors, comparisons and judgment.
Or you want to play being normal again?

Remember to breathe.

The safe(r) spaces.
A warm room full of safe people.
A mountain of book.
And not a bed filled with anxiety and self sabotage.
Transitions, uncomfortable comfort zones.

Breathe.

bru



This is bigger than sex

Talking to you makes me sweaty.
It's in these moments when you make me feel heard,
that I can begin again to trust what we are doing.
And that's how we shape our space together.

Tell me more about your insecurities and fears,
cause nothing is ever too heavy.
But I don't want anymore to assume
the role of fixer.

And I want to tell you is that it will be ok
if you at least paid me 5 euros each time.
I made coffee, let's sit and talk.
I know one pack is not enough sometimes, but this one
is the best quality.

You are not to blame.
This pain is older than us.
I love you so much baby.
I appreciate you.

coco and mo

Labour Market

You will weep like wind telling your stories
about your position on labour market
You will set up camps to try to recover from the
trauma that labour market has given you
You will complain about unemployment benefits
You will pay for what was supposed to be a squat
You will go upstairs to avoid conversations
You will cover your face in front of a camera
You will feel shame for choosing security over
freedom
You will go on strike for the right to overwork
You will be disappointed
You will fee isolated, insecure and precarious
You will look for a person to talk to
To prepare for an apocalypse
To share towels
To write poems
To grow mycelium
To be silent together

anton

Under the table

In my head, on my body –
The system cannot see it.
The system cares only about the center,
Leaving behind emotional wrecks like us.
We have to show up, be present.
Tension in my neck tells me how long it's been
Since I've last really exhaled.
If the emotional work was corporated,
I would win the Skoda this year.
When I forget whether or not we're in the office,
When I completely forget what is the point of it all,
Capitalism is my answer.
When will we find enough space, enough time
To get it all out
And be free from it finally?
Make holes with me, would you?

coco and mo

Get Better, My Friend

Remember when I pretended to be my friend to reach you?
Nobody noticed.

We made it.

Every time I sneeze,

The tissue – soft and delicate

Catches my gooey snot and saves it for later

Till we all are free

In my wallet the insurance card has the first place

Before the pictures of my loved ones

We deconstruct normative concepts of health,

But we still need you.

Neither you nor I can effort myself

And when people said,

You are not interested in going to the gym,

I wanted to leave you.

But I remember my life without you

And how scared I felt

I don't want to lose you

In Berlin, I am nobody without you

A dream of everyone here

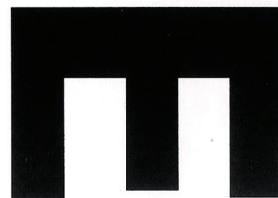
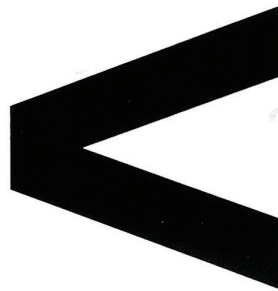
Don't try to hide behind your fitness program

You'll let me down, anyway

From now on, I have to turn to herbs again

Get better, my friend

lindus, mo and coco



I never even wanted the ambulance to open its doors

I never even wanted the ambulance to open its doors
How should I tell you about my status, it's not my decision.
37 years together. First with my parents, then studies,
job, marriage, job center. 2 countries.
Carrying your access card in my wallet, a badge of both
dependence and adult responsibility.
Sometimes I make up reasons to use you.
Will you forgive me?
It's only easy to forget you when I have you but do not need you.
Who will check the tick bite now?
You make me feel like a burden.
You don't care at all about my wants or needs.
As if you ever had the right to decide who gets access
to the care they need! Who gave you this right?
Like it's my fault when I can't get up anymore.
I'll stay in bed, away from danger.
But I won't let myself say goodbye.

lindus, mo and coco

all collages
coco and mo

copy-left.
write more poems.

fork@riseup.net

