CONVERSATIONS

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SPOKEN WORD
POETRY MAGAZINE

GERMANY
POLAND
PORTUGAL
ROMANIA
LATVIA
GREECE
BULGARIA

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EDUCATION Studio

Erasmus+
I never wanted to miss
I never wanted to miss the places we went together
Miss the people we met however
Miss the way you treated me
Miss the art of how you drank your tea

I never wanted to miss
I never wanted to miss the style we fought
Miss your stupid, eternal thought
Miss the fact that you’re always right
Miss the times you kissed me good night

I never wanted to miss
I never wanted to miss a shot
I never wanted to miss you on the spot
I never wanted to miss you
But I do.
TELL ME
LINDA ULANE, LATVIA

Tell me how to start a line?
Tell me why I cannot write?
Tell me where my muse is hiding,
With whom is she cheating me,
On whom does she shine it?

Tell me on what should I write this poem?
Tell me how to get out of this stuckness moment?
Tell me how much does the inspiration cost?
Maybe I can sell a kidney or something I cherish the most.

Tell me why to create when there’s created so much?
Why to add my shit to Homer, Pushkin, Bairon and such?
Tell me what to do with my craving
To explore and discover in ink and paper?

What to do with my love to play with the language
To find the right words and somehow manage
To express my humble and probably wrong opinion
Just to see if I can resonate with and within you.

SO

Tell me how to start a line -
From me to you - can I write?
Spider webs are made of saliva,
Kisses are made of a loved one,
Sex is made of intercourse,
And that is very fun!

Children are made of dreams,
Teenagers are made of thought,
Adults are made of questions,
And all will be on board!

Rights are made of conventions,
Justice is made of fights,
War is made of imagination,
And that just isn’t right!

So my advice is to have fun,
And to take some good shots in the long run,
But remember, there are different rights for everyone!
TRY

ADRIAN MARTON, ROMANIA

Did you ever try to cry
When all she told you was a lie?
Did you ever try to talk
When you felt like something's wrong?
Did you ever try to leave
When you were told not to believe?
You should talk, you should leave,
You should cry, how about a simple try?

Did you ever try to stop
When you've reached the end of rope?
Did you ever try to fly
When they said you can't go high?
Did you ever try to dream
When you were stuck in a circular stream?
You should stop, you should dream,
You should fly, how about a simple try?

Did you ever try not to lie
When they asked you if you're fine?
Did you ever try to smile
Even though it's been a while?
Did you ever try to play
When some said it's not ok?
You should smile, you should play,
You shouldn't live in lie
How about a simple try?
Papercuts in the bin
tell the story of unfinished white origami chickens

Papercuts in the bin
tell the story of destroyed feathers

Remember this Halloween?
You gave me the hat of your Indian's suit.

So I weared it.
I pretended it's for me.

Papercuts in the bin
Told me one day this was for you,
to take pleasure
and laugh at me.
WHO NEEDS WHAT

AGELOS TZAVELLAS, GREECE

Who needs a hug when you’re feeling loved,
Who needs thyself when you’re being whole,
Who needs an excuse to fight for more,
All I need is a hint and a dream to live,
So who needs my advice to live his life,
Who needs the tempo for a positive vibe,
Who needs to walk when you’re flying high,
All I need is me, you and the sea,
So I need a game to roll the dice,
Like you need your time, maybe a glass of wine?
As she plays a role of being nice,
Don’t we all need something, to feel alive?
A SPIDER

ANNA EJME, POLAND

Some people are afraid of it; Others say – don’t be stupid.
Is it dangerous? – people may ask. Answering that question is an endless task.
As it watches you on every step, Approaching quickly, spreading the web EVERYWHERE
Spy here, spy – there.
Instantly
Instantly
Insta...

Is it possible to still breathe fresh air? Spy here, spy there.
Some people are afraid of it Others say – don’t be stupid.
Is it dangerous? – people still ask. Answering that question is an endless task.
So when it comes and spread its web sight you may lose and feel the threat Keep breathing, keep breathing with the fresh air.
Spy here, spy there.

The perfect nails on a perfect drink
A new powder bought – the clothes don’t shrink!
A cat in the window
A boy on the rock
A plate in the hands
A grandmother’s clock
A meal of buckwheat with slice of banana
A brand new tunika with stylish bandana
Some vegetables on fresh market store
Religious figures on Beirut’s church door
PIECE OF CAKE!

ANNA EJME, POLAND

When you hurry up, you’re slowing your growth.
When you lose your words, you may find some lyrics.
Whenever you are late,
   you are somewhere on time.
Stand-up for the truth,
   Instead of lie.

In each silence listen to a laud, vivid scream.
It’s easy to imprison others with your free will.
Fixed ideas often break the vision
And when you break the rule, you can fix the tool.
If someone calls you awful
You answer – “Oh fool!”
Tips of the slang begin common tongue.
And dark chocolate brings some light to the day.
Immobility of a cake moves you towards plate!
IT'S MY PIE!

ANNA EJME AND RONJA NATALIE FELICITAS KERN
POLAND AND GERMANY

I'm playing with my brother in a best ever sandpit;
He's got a bucket and I have a spade;
He's striving for my spade with his nasty nasty habit
And what do I hear that stops our play?
Give him a spade, he's younger than you.
Give him a spade, he wants to play too.
Give him a spade, you're older, be wise.
Give him a spade, behave and be nice.
But.... It's my spade.
Here I am at school
Sitting there like a fool
Wanting to be cool
So in my bag I slide my hand
Taking out almost enough for a band
Seeing my neighbor's glance - "Oh, I'm damned"
"Can you give me some?"
"See, I also want to have it, chum!"
I give in, feeling so dumb
They come like a herd
Suddenly all like the nerd
IT'S MY PIE!

- CONTINUATION -

This is so absurd
“Hey, please share the ton!”
“C’mon you’ve enough for everyone”
“Ok, you won!”
I give them some
Even though...
It’s my gum.

I’m dressing up for a party, choosing what to wear
Really nothing suits me, so I start to swear.
My roommate rushes in, with her carefree look
Grabbing my red dress, rushes out like brook.
“May I borrow the dress” – asks the little lark,
Although I cannot hear the question mark.
I’m not wearing it, nevertheless....
   It’s my dress.

I’m coming home
From a hard day at work
Thinking, my boss is a jerk.
I open the wrapper
Leaning calmly back,
Ready to attack.

My fingers feel the softness.
Can’t wait to put it in my mouth,
So it just has to go down south.
Before I can take the first bite,
My man is already in line
With a bright smile to shine.
“Oh, that’s my favourite one!”
Expecting me my treasure to share.
How could he dare?
I wish I could shout instead of lie:
It’s my pie!

It’s my pie
And it’s great, however
Ain’t gonna share it never
I just want to eat it by myself.
IT’S MY PIE.
My blood sugar is going high-way
Like people say I’m getting larger
I just want to eat it anyway
IT’S MY PIE.
ABOUT HIM

INNA MEŠKAUSKA, LATVIA

It's always time to suppress clouds,
It's always time to mispronounce vows,
It's always time to lose stars,
But is there time to stay with us?

It's always time to proclaim lie,
It's always time to put the Man to die,
It's always time to run and escape,
But is there time to break the temple's drape?

It's always time to cover the sky,
It's always time to forbid to fly,
It's always time to make everything smooth,
But is the time to live in truth?
Being a human means crying out loud,
Being a human means trying things out
Being a human means pooping your pants
Being a human means using your hands.
Being a human means breaking one's heart.
Being a human means trying new starts.
Being a human means only you shall succeed
Being a human means still hearing their needs
Being a human means starting a new fight
Being a human means come up with light
Being a human means fuck up this globe
Being a human means still never lose your hope.
Everytime strangers meet, hands come together to better understand each other, shaking.
Breaking the distance, but while power and will exchange pinky was crushed.
Hushed he stands still in line.
But always was forgotten over time.
Was the last to be count on..
...in enumeration, in counting, in rhyme.
Even the worst of the worst: the criminal, the beater, the hitter, the mob
would bully the smallest of their own - without stop - to restore their honour
they get rid of pinky by cutting him off.
So see - the rich, the snitch, the political elite
and even the critical poet with his sheet
they drink their champagne like this.
they eat meat, enjoy no defeat, with bliss
in the end - who is bend? In the end -
who is last? It is him overseen in the past!
Silence should provoke me to speak,
but all I hear is an invitation to keep silence. In this implosion of my thoughts,
silence is the space I give for you to talk
and be and do. And as I witness your creation,
silence builds anticipation
for any form of compensation.
Silence shows me I’m important, that I matter and you care,
Silence also breaks the magic if there’s nothing you will share.
Silence sometimes makes me wonder if you’re here, or if you’re gone...
Silence is the breath I take before I begin my song.
And in silence, as we listen, our illusion will persist,
We still hope that in this world
silence really does exist.
THE INGREDIENTS FOR A GOOD BREAK-UP

JOSEPHINE QUEFELLEC, GERMANY

Start with 500 grams of “We need to talk”
1 spoon of “It is not me it’s you”
Mixed it up with some “I change”
According to your taste you can lie or omit the true
1 kilo of “I will always love you in way”
1 cup of “You are such a beautiful person”
Top it with “our good souvenirs together will never be forgotten”
But don’t make it to cream, so add “I need some space”
Then wait few minutes to see how it reacts
Be careful to separate well the heart and the brain
You can spicy up with “We can stay friends”
Finally, serve it when it’s hot
THE MACARENA

JOSÉPHINE QUÉFELLEC AND FILIPA FALCÃO
GERMANY AND PORTUGAL

Every year, we smile for horrible birthday presents
Every year, we will try to improve ourselves with resolutions
Every year, we have to pay our taxes
Every year we have to count our cents

And every year our family comes together
We celebrate our mistakes around a diner
We scream to our lovely grandma how much we love her
Every year there is always someone’s new partner

Every year the family becomes a bit bigger
Every year there is a baby crying and annoying children
Who will be the babysitter?
Maybe I will be on the adult side of the table this year?

Every year the uncle is doing the same racist joke
And we are always scared our grandpa will have a stroke
Every year we celebrate with good food
Although there is always someone in a bad mood

BUT in every single year there is always someone who...
In every party everybody does the Macarena
The bloody Macarena is done in every party
In every party everybody does the Macarena
Heeey, what a failure!
OK, see you next year
This brochure is a result of **conVERSations** international training course.

**conVERSations** is a training course organized by Education Studio, aiming to empower youth workers from 7 different countries to use spoken word poetry method as a tool to support the youth in their communities.

**Trainers:**
- Bas Boettcher
- Maria Carbunaru
- Agnes-Evelyn Balasz

**Spokenword Poetry** is a form of performative art that enhances the aesthetics of storytelling, word play and rhyming within a dynamic interaction with the audience.

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