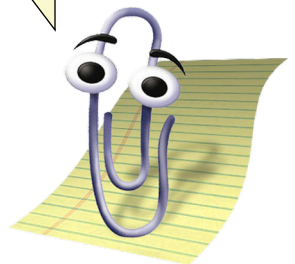


**CAN POETRY  
SURVIVE  
CAPITALISM?**

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

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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?

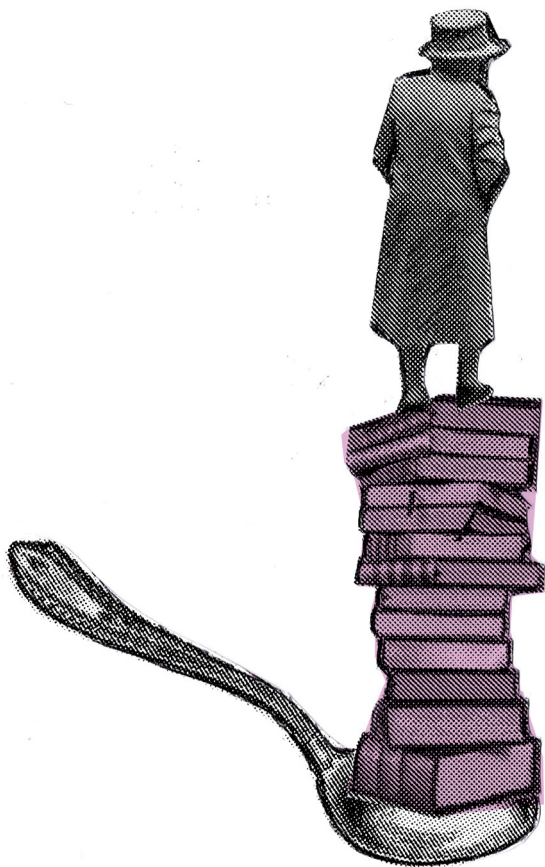
Nasra

## 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?

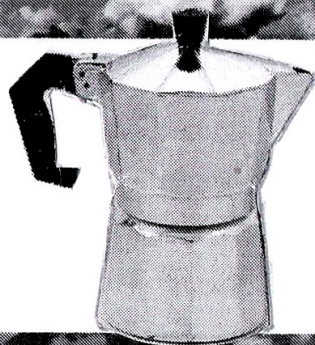
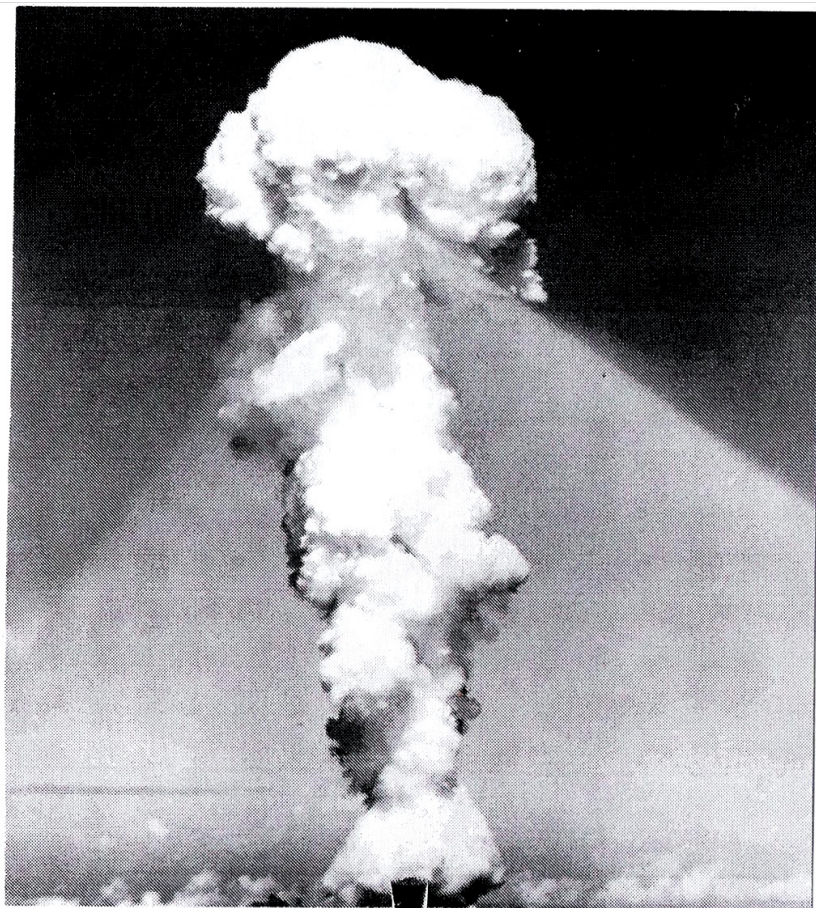
The good life is on the tip of your fingers,  
far away from mirrors, comparisons and judgment.  
Or you want to play being normal again?

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?

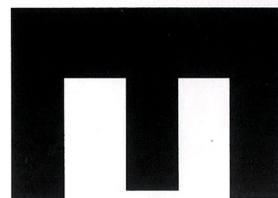
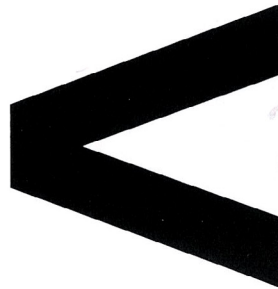
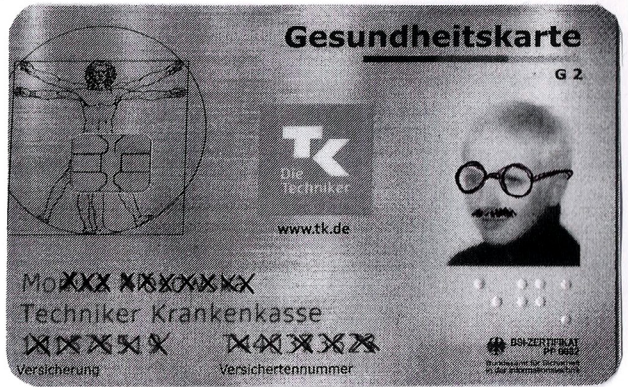
coco and mo

## 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](mailto:fork@riseup.net)

