

## Poetry Series

**ulrike gerbig**

**- poems -**

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### **ulrike gerbig (11th of march,19´61)**

My name is Ulrike Gerbig and I live in Germany as a woman, mum, daughter, teacher, mediator, friend, lover and poet.

Being a person who likes to get close to people and their feelings and thoughts, my life is kind of helter-skelter sometimes. For some time now writing poetry has been my means of downloading encounters and experiences and the emotions caused by them.

By writing 'pain' down, I do not only overcome it, but I transcend it. By writing 'love' down, 'love' finally shows itself as something much bigger than just the mere feeling to a person on a certain moment. It shows sides neither I nor anybody else sees in the moment when love is happening in real time...maybe in my poems it shows some of its true nature.

Poetry transcends what actually happens in my 'real' life: when the words are finally on the page, it is more than what actually happened. In a poem there might be less words than I would need if I told the encounter to a friend, but what is on the page is more dense and more intense than anything I could say in prose and sometimes it amazes me that something like that comes out of me.

My poems are larger than me. They have their own 'life' and by that they are the closest that I can get to a glimpse of the divine process of creation, which, in writing manifests itself through me for a very short moment in time and makes me a humble servant to creativity.

My first collection of poetry:  
'Every Woman's Blues', Lapwing Press, Belfast,2004.

My second collection, 'Love in all the right places' came out in May,2005 (Lapwing Press, Belfast) .

Both can be ordered on Amazon.co.uk or directly from my publisher Dennis Greig (catherine.greig1@ntlworld.com)

My poems can be read on several websites, in ezines, poetry magazines and in anthologies such as  
'Dead Drunk Dublin', 'Dublin Quarterly', 'Pedastal Magazine', 'Electric Acorn', 'Aesthetica', 'Mousseion', 'Voices', 'Poetry Superhighway', 'Photoaspects', 'Unlikely Stories', 'Poetry Kit'  
and the anthology 'Voices of Israel,2005'.

I was poet of the week this year on 'Poetry Superhighway' and 'Magma', 'LitVision' and 'The North' are considering some of my poems for future publication.

Works:

'Every Woman's Blues', Lapwing Press, Belfast, 2004

'Love in all the right places', Lapwing Press, Belfast, 2005

## **A bird's dream**

A fragile-boned creature  
Lives in my chest  
A timid blue-bird  
Tousled feathers  
Brittle wings  
Crouched it waits out  
The fearful autumn storms  
Nourished by the  
Grains of past summers  
It dreams the dream of  
Everlasting spring

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **A Cold**

Makes me  
Remember  
Ice-cream  
And stories  
Comic books  
And TV during  
The day  
And nothing to  
Do for school  
Hours drifting  
In and out  
Of oblivion  
And me  
Drifting along  
In the safe  
Boat of love and  
Protection  
The memory  
Makes me  
Smile  
Gives me strength  
To be my own  
Mother nursing  
This sick and  
Lonely child

October 2005

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## **A dream**

And if this  
Is a dream  
And nothing but,  
We still might  
Get no  
Second chance.  
We need  
To live this,  
Need to adopt  
This fairy-tale,  
This legend,  
Myth, this  
Gothic fib  
For real  
It's all  
We have for now  
This test of courage  
From the Gods  
In which we're  
Cast as heroes,  
Villains, sleeping  
Beauties and  
The like.

October 2005

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## **A dubious way to fame**

Getting a glimpse into one's life  
Through the pen of others  
A revealing experience

Key-holing most intimate spheres  
Not only unclothed but utterly unprotected  
The world views a person  
Stripped down to the very core

Published on the wannabe famous' net  
In vain ego-tripping it desecrates  
Confidence trustfulness hope and faith  
All in one mouse-click

Now razor sharp words mince hearts  
And vulture like our past feeds  
on prey long thought dead

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## **A Mod's dream**

Tight jeans and  
Zoot suits  
Pencil streak narrow ties  
The care for one's hair  
A must the cheap comb  
In a pocket and  
Sunglasses always sunglasses  
Pinups and pinball  
Blues, yes, blues  
Quaaludes Uppers Downers  
Washed down  
With lager  
Nights without sleep  
Clubs and pubs  
And girls always girls  
the Who the Kinks the Yardbirds  
A revolution in  
Music an escape from  
Suffocation  
In homes where  
Even the staircase  
Is too narrow for  
Spreading wings  
Shiny new scooters  
Streaming proud foxtails  
Bar fights beach fights  
Brighton on the weekend  
Smashing up burghers and  
Rockers and the dream of  
A life in a semi-detached box

October 2005

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## **a poet's new year's resolution**

do  
not write  
shallow shallow  
stupid superfluous  
silly sanctimonious sterile  
stale stanzas  
do not  
write

write  
straight  
simple sweet  
soulful singular  
serious sound  
sequences  
write

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **A Prayer**

For a sheltered place  
A secret  
A protected space  
A sound  
A nearly sacred base  
A place  
Where you and me  
Can be  
Together  
Always  
Finally  
As one  
Not lonely  
For another night  
With nightmares  
Of an endless flight  
To bring myself  
From here to there  
The nights  
With you  
I want to share  
And be with you  
When we arise  
Again, then  
When we close  
Our eyes  
Just you, my lover,  
And our love  
And me  
So I at night  
Pray faithfully  
To someone  
Something  
Up above  
To guard you  
And protect  
Our love

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## **A Proustian Moment**

I incidentally met you in the  
Kitchen this morning.  
Smell, not taste, carried me back to  
Forgotten morning coffee,  
Laughter in bed  
And talk and love.  
We, invincible children,  
Playing husband and wife,  
Exploring the vast fairground  
Of our dreams,  
Our candyfloss kisses,  
For an irretrievable moment,  
Overlaying the bitter-sweet  
Almond savour of the past.

October 2005

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## **A Samhain prayer**

In the light of  
a dying Samhain moon  
I call on my sisters  
Medusa and Lillith  
Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons,  
Cassandra and Jezebel  
Circe and Kali,  
The evil queen,  
The smouldering stepmother,  
The mad 13th fairy.  
Make me one of  
Your tribe!  
Initiate me into  
Your dark secrets.  
Protect me!  
Send me strength!  
Make me stop this  
Disgraceful dance,  
This worship of the Golden calf,  
This licking of boots  
This adoration for a  
False male God.  
Give me a deer's strength,  
A bear's equanimity,  
An eagle's liberty,  
A wolf's loneliness.  
Transform my pigeon heart.  
Grant me fierce spirit and angry scorn.  
Turn me into an  
Independent warrior  
Proudly asking for nothing  
Hoping for even less

October 2005

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## **A Sea of Fatigue**

Water as heavy as mud  
Each stroke parts molten lead  
Sore, weary, cold  
I am beyond any despair  
Or any hope for dry land  
I surrender to the current  
I let myself drown in blackness  
I embrace this bleak lover  
I let myself sink into  
The undertow of dreamless  
Sleep and rest beyond all thought

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **A vain attempt at the Blues**

Come and  
Make love  
To me, baby,  
All night long.  
Make me sing  
Your song, baby  
And sing along.  
Make me scream  
'n sigh, baby  
And make  
Me cry.  
Make me howl.  
Make me growl,  
Then make me come.  
Make love to me,  
Baby, all night long.

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## **about**

this is not  
about  
me  
this is not  
about  
you  
once it was  
about  
us  
now it is  
about  
nothing  
at all

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## Achilles

I am the  
God of war  
My life lies on  
The battle field  
I live for war  
And not for love  
I need no tribe  
I need no one  
How little did I  
Understand  
What the encounter  
With her meant  
This female who was  
Like me  
As strong, as free  
My eyes were blinded  
By the light  
That came from her  
Her wild beauty  
Caught my sight  
And I lost mind  
And heart  
At the same time  
I wanted her  
She was my prey  
To hunt  
And rape  
She had to stay  
Her resistance  
A fatally attractive moon  
Called me with its silent tune  
Made me want to  
Fight her down  
And wish to take her crown  
She did not yield  
She fought me back  
Blinded by beauty  
I lost my guard  
Her gentle hands  
They broke my neck  
She took my power  
No way back  
With her teeth  
She ate my meat  
She sucked my blood  
She drank my strength  
And thus I had to  
Stay for good

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## **Achilles' last conscious thought**

Hold me, my love!  
Such beauty  
I have never seen.  
Don't move, my love!  
Just let me gently  
Love you.  
Open to me, my love,  
I am already yours.  
Just don't ask me to stay  
And I will return to you.

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## **Achilles' soldiers speak**

We cannot stand  
The shame  
Our pride  
Lies soiled  
In blood-drenched  
Earth  
The corpse of our  
Leader  
Torn to pieces  
By frenzied  
Hands and teeth  
We hereby swear  
Never to speak the  
Truth about this  
Battle  
We chose a man  
From our ranks  
To live as  
Achilles now  
For evermore  
His song  
Be sung  
The legend of  
The great defeat of  
Female pride and  
Strength  
The end of  
The amazons  
Never to  
Ride the plains  
again

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## **Adhesion**

Wash floors  
and make beds,  
while helter-skelter thoughts  
plunge into alien abysses  
and ascent to unacquainted heights.

Feed children  
and change nappies  
while mental puzzle pieces  
form adventurous images  
of audacious lucidity.

Iron clothes  
and clean tubs,  
while past encounters  
combat over space  
in poems yet unwritten.

When pork chops turn to poetry,  
surrender to the rigorous kiss  
of the daughters of Zeus  
while dishes break  
and bills are left unpaid.

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## **All things in life must end (for Babs)**

All things in life must end,  
She heard,  
Yet in the end  
There're always dirty dishes.

All things must end,  
Her mother said,  
Yet in the end  
There're always socks to wash.

Her youth will end,  
She know, s  
Yet here, right now  
There's always hungry people.

Her life will end one day.  
She knows.  
Yet she  
Can't fly away.

Sometimes she disappears  
Into the jungle of her mind  
And cuts a space  
For quiet contemplation.

She hides in there  
And listens  
To her thoughts.

Sometimes she's gone  
Where no one  
Else can reach her  
Away from all frustration.

She hides away  
And finds  
What she has sought.

All things must end.  
She knows.  
Yet inside her  
There're always dreams to follow.

All things must end.  
They say.  
Yet her thoughts  
Never do.

Inside of her  
There is a world  
For her own journeys only,  
No matter if

Outside of her  
There's always things to do.

December 2003

ulrike gerbig

## **Alley Cats**

They appear at my door  
The garden-fence Caesars  
The blind-alley Napoleons  
Survivors of their dustbin Waterloos  
Still cocky for all their half-torn tails  
They take the warmth the food the touch  
And disappear when they think fit  
No questions asked no thanks expected  
First aid measures come for free  
They are not meant to be rewarded

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Ambivalent feelings (while smoking)**

Each fag  
I light  
Brings me  
Closer  
To death,  
But so does  
Every single  
Minute  
I am alive.

Torn between  
The fear of the  
Unspeakable  
Disease  
And my need  
To live every moment  
To the max  
And not deny myself  
One single pleasure  
I smoke once more  
And muse about  
The absurdity  
Of the human mind.

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## **An avid reader**

I leaved through  
Your thoughts,  
Like through a  
Book of prose  
Or a collection  
Of verse, tender poems  
Calligraphic riddles,  
On soft tissue,  
So strong-willed  
Yet so easy to break,  
I carried them  
With me wherever  
I went, I dreamed  
On them at night.  
They guarded my nights.  
They structured my day.  
My favourite paperback:  
So kind and so tender  
So used and so tattered  
Now coming apart at the seams.

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **An ode to cooking**

These days  
I put my love  
In cooking  
I peel a carrot  
With gentle hands  
Let its colour  
Caress my eyes  
I daringly touch  
Touch meat  
Amazed by its  
Juicy redness  
I melt butter  
Down to a  
Nurturing  
Golden well  
Add chopped  
Spiciness  
Some herbal  
Magic and  
Sacred wine  
Passionate steams  
Rise from the  
Pots  
I breath  
Life in  
Hot damp gasps  
And warm myself  
On stove and pans  
Only the onions  
Let me down:  
They make me cry  
Involuntary tears  
Of loss and  
Misconception

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## **Asleep in the arms of Kali**

Take me in your arms  
Feroocious one  
Goddess of ultimate  
Blackness  
Absorb me and  
All colours  
Dissolve all images  
Of what is and was  
Cradle me in  
Your all-embracing arms  
Love me all back  
To my source  
Help me transcend  
My pain

ulrike gerbig

## **At a bookshop**

For two poets  
In love with  
Poems and  
Each other  
This was the  
Gates of Eden  
A place so full  
Of what made us  
Who we were  
Uncountable words on  
Dreams and  
Love and pain and tears  
And longing  
Long needed  
Evidence that we were  
Linked to something  
Bigger than ourselves  
To others before us  
Some weird family of  
Word freaks  
Eternal and waiting  
For us to join  
The big plan  
The ultimate proof  
That we were meant  
To be constantly re-born  
In the pages of the books  
In our own words  
And in the eyes  
Of each other

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **At the end of my journey**

I will unpack my suitcase,  
Open the closet,  
Throw out all corpses,  
Make room for what is mine.  
I will turn the bed  
Into a safe haven,  
The sheets into  
A red sea of passion.  
I will leave my fingerprints  
On all available surfaces,  
Then throw away the ticket  
And stay.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **At the end of the poet's day (good night, sweet reader)**

One last proud bow  
And off the stage  
The poet goes  
The curtain falls  
Onto another  
Fruitful day  
Full of appraisal  
And abuse  
The bitter and the sweet  
Enhanced  
Each other  
Once again  
This single moment between  
Birth and death  
Made special  
By the lessons  
Granted  
To the one  
Who travels with  
An open heart  
Came to an end  
Now finally  
Its time to rest  
This fool of words  
Will soon take off  
The mask  
Will take the echo of  
The clapping hands  
The kind  
The scornful words  
Down to the world of  
Deepest dream  
Will sleepily  
Transform them  
Into one more day  
Of honest scorn and  
Healing praise

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## autumnal equinox

days as  
aromatic as  
apples fermenting,  
as strong as  
sweet new  
cider,  
the autumnal  
embrace of  
harvest and decay  
intoxicates me,  
makes me join  
the finite pageant,  
dance the last dance  
faster than any before,  
a mad nymph  
in the temple  
of Bacchus,  
before darkness  
wraps me in  
its unyielding arms  
kisses me to  
eternal sleep.

september 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Back to Pink**

Rip the  
Red sheets  
Off the bed

It is time for pink again

The stain-free  
Un-passionate  
Sleep  
Of a virgin

Another lesson  
In female  
Self-reliance

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## **Balls**

Some men  
Just have them  
They don't need  
To brag about  
Their size  
Scratch them  
To assure  
Their existence  
Or spray the  
World with  
Testosterone  
Like a horny  
Alley cat  
They know  
The art of  
Refined  
Rutting calls  
And stay  
Away from  
Stag fights  
To draw a  
Doe's  
Attention.  
Attraction  
Can lie  
In gentle  
Mating  
For females  
Who are  
Wise enough  
Not to  
Choose a  
Consort by  
The penetrance  
Of a roar  
The potency  
Of a smell or  
The size of  
The horns

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## **Bath Time**

Glide into  
Steamy suds  
Inhale the moment  
Enjoy olfactory charms  
Rest weary bones and eyes  
Float in velvet-soft nothingness  
Warm brittle bones close to breaking  
Ward off the disturbing noises of the world  
Go back to the free floating feeling before birth

December 2005

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## **Battlefield**

Black dawns every morning,  
Uncertainty poisons the first thoughts of day,  
Ice runs through my veins,

Locked in the bleak room of my solitude  
My life is now a battlefield of mixed emotions,  
Feelings lying in wait like snipers  
Attack when least expected.

At war with myself.  
A victim of my own emotional terrorism.  
A casualty in a civil war  
Against memories and pain.

I try to build barricades  
Against invaders,  
Throw petrol bombs of anger  
Against invisible targets,  
My soul a military training area  
For a field exercise  
In the war of love.

I need to defuse the emotional bomb  
That is about to go off anytime now,  
Leaving only ruins and devastation.

But how?

Which ransom do I have to pay  
For not being held hostage any more  
By past events?

What gives me shelter  
On this battlefield?

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **Bears**

In my warm cave  
They lie,  
Huddled under blankets,  
Gentle animals  
In deep sleep.

So soft and fragile,  
Even though  
The sounds they make  
And how they smell  
Remind me of  
Bears.

And bearlike  
Did they devour  
The honey  
From my deep hollows.

With gentle claws  
They dove deep into  
My silky currents  
Catching lust's silvery fish.

They nuzzled my soft hills  
And tasted the sweetness  
Of my brown berries.

Their sated grunts  
A hum, a call  
Reminds me of the  
Wilderness they come from.

And bearlike  
Do they rest,  
Regaining strength  
To go out hunting  
In the morning.

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## **Bedside Lamp**

Switch me on  
Against darkness  
Against shadows  
Switch me off  
When you want to  
Hide in the black  
Safety of your sleep

December 2005

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## **Between seasons**

The vivid heat of  
Summer days  
Extinguished like  
A tired fire,  
The nights already  
Speak of the  
Blackest cold.  
We feel that  
Death is close at hand.  
To tie us over  
Barren times  
We reap last kisses  
Bottle our amount  
Of kindness  
And freeze smiles.  
We imagine gratitude for  
This year's harvest.  
Autumn feels  
Like making love  
When death and life  
Embrace, remind us  
That we live on borrowed time.  
Through open windows  
Mouldy smells bring in  
Lost memories.  
The wind's gentle touch  
Reminds me of  
An absent lover  
Of something lost,  
Something to come.  
I close my eyes  
Bow to the foreplay  
Of a kiss  
I once knew well  
And might not  
Have again.

September 2005

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## **Between Years**

Sluggish days:

Time drips  
Leaded sand  
Through the  
Narrow waist  
Of a hazy hourglass.

Gluey cobwebs  
Deny exit from  
Memory maze.

Tired eyes watch  
The world in  
Slow motion.

Outside all trains  
Travel backwards.

December 2004

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## **beyond words**

we write messages  
single-sentenced  
double-spaced  
electronically  
transmitted  
muteness  
our true self  
hides shyly  
in the stark  
whiteness  
between the  
hapless lonely words

November 2005

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## **Birthday**

The gifts  
I received  
This year  
Contained  
Boxes full of  
Laughter,  
Packages of  
Good talk  
And a  
Whole bunch  
Of brightly colored  
Love.

They sit on  
The shelves  
Of my mind,  
Glowing  
With the  
Radiance  
Of honest warmth,  
My ample supply  
For the  
Long hike  
Through  
Every day's  
Steep hills and  
Lonely valleys.

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## **Birthday Twins (for Lars and Justin)**

Although there  
Is one year  
Between you  
I see you  
Two in the same boat  
Catching elusive fish  
With agile hands  
Enticing  
River Gods  
Angling for  
Dreams  
Bare-chastedly  
You prove  
Your impeccable  
Manhood  
To the world  
And to each other  
Self-sufficient  
Commanders  
Of the currents  
Absorbed in the  
Whispering freshness  
Of an Indian summer  
Which in your  
Calendar  
Equals spring  
Distant children  
Of Peter Pan  
The Tooth Fairy  
And the Evil Queen  
You form a  
New tribe  
Natives of the  
Land of hope  
And endless  
Possibilities  
Where your  
Hoarse voices  
Prove that  
Now you are  
True masters of  
Your fate

October 2005

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## **Bitter-sweet Symphony (for Dennis- never forgotten)**

The day  
We took  
You to  
Your grave  
A kid of 16  
I doubted life  
Its daft  
Sense of humour  
I sat  
In my car  
Rain washed  
The streets  
My heart  
Clean  
Doubtless  
A song  
You and  
I loved  
Saved me  
My face  
As wet  
As the world  
Around me  
I smiled  
For you  
For myself  
For this  
Bitter-sweet  
Symphony  
This messed up  
Genial score  
Of thoughts  
Of dreams  
This cacophony  
Of unuttered  
Unfulfilled  
Wishes  
Useless  
Incomprehensible  
Painfully  
Beautiful  
At harmony  
At unexpected times  
And always  
At all times  
Undeniably there  
A lesson from  
Dead student  
To teacher  
And I began  
To understand

September 2005

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## **Black Coat**

It hides  
A boy's soul,  
Desperate  
For shelter  
From a world  
In which  
Dreams  
Must be built  
In secret places  
Lest they'd be  
Crushed by  
Inconsiderate feet.  
A world  
In which one has  
To run fast  
To dodge the  
Poisonous snake,  
The deadly scorpion.  
A world that asks  
Rough Manliness of  
The soft dreamer,  
Turns him into  
Peter Pan,  
Armoured by  
Drugs and drink,  
Flying high  
Above the rest,  
Daring God, Fate,  
Love, Life, Death  
To prove him  
The right to his  
Otherness,  
His own individual  
Bleeding heart.  
He wears it still  
On the sleeve of his coat  
Well-hidden  
A black Chameleon  
Shedding ebony tears  
Of loss, pain and desperation.

2005

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## **black ice**

seals me in  
muffles my  
screams  
my hands  
touch cold  
hardness  
I try to escape  
my splitting nails  
dig deep  
into the unyielding  
surface  
frozen blood  
marks my  
helpless hands  
as I am seen  
but not heard  
buried alive and  
forgotten

ulrike gerbig

## **Blot on the landscape**

Your picture  
An eternal  
Blot on the map  
Of my heart  
A lasting landmark  
A signpost pointing to  
A road I once travelled  
In search of some place  
To lay down my heart  
I took it with me  
Along with my soul  
Packed in my already  
Tattered suitcase  
Together we roam the world  
Travellers in time and space  
The mirage of a destination  
The only reason  
Why we keep on moving

September 2005

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## **blue moon**

Tonight  
The moon calls me.  
I feel its silvery cry  
Through every wall.

I step outside  
I kneel and drink it in:  
Every particle  
Of its frigid beauty.

In it flows,  
Deeper and deeper,  
And out again.

It runs through me,  
Drips from  
The tips of my fingers,  
Invisible ink  
On virgin-white vellum.

Night voices whisper  
Of laughter, long forgotten  
Oblivious vows  
Alien dreams.  
Imagination's breath  
Gives ultraviolet words  
The kiss of life.

And suddenly  
You all rise  
From hidden places.  
You sing songs  
Of love long lost,  
Perishable promises,  
Past passion plays.

We dance a  
Sensuous moon dance,  
Enfolded in  
Black-blue velvet  
Shot-through with  
Threads of ice-cold silver

While comets fall  
And shower us  
With things  
That were.

ulrike gerbig

## **Blues**

Tears turned music  
Anger turned words  
Pain turned chords  
Heart turned bass  
Guts turned beat  
Lust turned harp  
Loss turned heat  
Life turned song

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Bone Deep**

Undress the word  
Strip it naked  
Layer for layer  
Make it's bare  
Bone shine  
Ivory white in the  
Dark moonlight  
Of the poet's soul

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Boxes**

Where it  
All ends  
Eventually  
Useful  
Because  
Of the  
Tight lid  
The square form  
Suggesting  
A false orderliness  
In a chaotic closet  
Already full  
Of corpses

ulrike gerbig

## **Breaking fast**

You've got an  
Open invitation  
To feast on  
My table  
On succulent meat,  
On hot salty juices,  
On sweet berries  
Waiting for cream.  
When you come  
To break your fast  
I hope you will  
Come hungry.

ulrike gerbig

## **Broken Glass**

Splinters of  
Past encounters  
Shimmering  
Sharp  
Fragments of  
Dreams  
Fragile  
From the start  
Broken now  
Litter the floor  
Of my subconscious  
I walk on them  
With bare feet  
They cut my  
Bruised flesh  
To the bone  
Wherever  
I go now  
I leave a  
Trail of  
Black blood  
The only  
Reliable sign  
That something  
Of importance  
happened

ulrike gerbig

## **Burn**

my words  
lighter fuel  
to your  
already  
burning fire  
I deliberately  
put you on the  
stake  
slowly to be  
consumed  
by flames  
only I can  
douse

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **By the window (in memory of Raymond Carver)**

By the window  
(in memory of Raymond Carver)

He stands there  
Quietly gazing  
Caressing life  
With a tired glance  
A shadow  
Brave enough  
To acknowledge beauty  
While dying at the same time  
The silent companionship  
Of two boys  
Delivering newspapers  
The summer sweetness  
Of raspberries  
The easy touch of the autumn sun  
His lover's face  
Her hummingbird voice  
Fish jumping shy high  
Skipping ideas  
Of eternal freedom  
He is drawn to  
Streams, rivers,  
Brooks, rivulets  
To constant motion  
To the opposite of stillness  
He lets his mind  
Follow the waters  
Travel upstream  
All the way back  
To the source  
Preparing for  
His last journey  
Stretching it  
To the max  
His lips blessed  
By the last drop  
Of life's rich gravy

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Call me Lillith**

I cannot help it but  
I am Lillith men's worst  
Case of be careful what you  
Wish for the one who  
Speaks her mind with  
An agile tongue  
Breaks through boundaries  
With knowing hands  
Brazenly invades sleep  
Stains sheets with the  
Pearly liquid of secret dreams  
Questions the independence  
Of sacred virility  
With the fearful longing caused  
By her audacious kiss

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Camouflage**

In lumberjack shirt  
Muted plaits  
Heavy boots  
Old blue jeans  
A man's jacket  
A thick wool cap  
She pretends invisibility  
Seeks shelter from unwanted offerings  
Wards off objectionable intrusion  
Hides from unnerving distractions  
In the winter grounds of her solitude  
She finds safety and protection  
The peace so long denied  
By world and men

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Cassandra**

Apollo's gift  
Attempted bribe  
Then punishment  
For the  
Refusal of a lover  
Cursed  
People don't believe  
The words she  
Cannot help but speak  
So often scorned  
For this harsh service  
To the gods  
She's promised love  
As payment for this  
Torturous gift  
By weak and potent  
Men alike  
Who want to use  
Her powerful sight  
For their own means  
She stands alone  
In dark despair  
Doomed to the  
Utterance of  
Atrocious verities  
Anticipation of  
Her brutal death  
The biggest burden  
Of them all

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Christmas Rose**

Winter's only child  
Resembles the stars  
The innocent light  
In menacing darkness  
Proof for some kindness  
In God's creation

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Cinderella 2003**

Not only kitchen maid  
But sales accountant, secretary, manager  
She slaves away her weeks

In Neon lit dungeons  
In front of fluorescent screens  
Not counting peas  
But increasing the treasures of invisible kings

The two stepsisters  
Have many names and faces now  
They changed their sex  
But not their vanity

The good fairy  
Is now called  
Helena Rubinstein  
Or Elizabeth Arden  
And can be met at Boot's  
Selling magic ointments  
Promising  
Eternal youth.

From tough wonder woman  
Fighting life's every day battles  
Without a magic wand,  
By magic spells  
Cinderella turns into  
A soft and purring, sexy creature  
Hiding her strength  
Lest kings and princes  
Turn away in horror  
By the truth.

But, be careful  
The spell still only  
Last till midnight.  
Then pumpkin coaches  
Turn into early subway trains  
And glass shoes into  
Sensible but still attractive  
Footwear for work  
The ball gowns  
Into business suits  
Because no matter  
How strong the spell  
The alarm goes off  
At 5.30.

ulrike gerbig

## Clean

Fast.  
Wild.  
Furious.

I flew high  
On anything.

Felt good  
To me,  
The world's  
Coolest  
Infatuation Junkie,  
Love - Pain - Addict,  
Brave Heart on  
The love front,  
Overdosing on  
Sex  
And  
Drugs  
And rock n' roll.

Death of  
Heart and  
Soul  
Always an  
Option  
Close at hand.

I went  
Cold Turkey.

My newest kick:  
Sitting still  
On hard ground  
Looking straight  
Into my  
Cess pool,  
Throwing back  
Images  
Not yet fully  
Incorporated.

Counterbalanced  
By the serenity  
Gained when  
Washing dishes,  
My new life  
Contains  
More substance  
And less abuse.

2004

ulrike gerbig

## Clearing my desk

Of this year's rubble  
I find picture postcards  
Notes bills tickets letters poems  
Words verses phrases  
Statements confirmations  
Of longing love hate scorn appreciation  
Messages of arrivals  
Departures from places  
I have been from places others never left  
From all over from somewhere  
I might never go again or  
Might go pretty soon  
Or one day  
I love this mess  
This eloquent chaos of  
Affection and emotion  
My paper witnesses  
Proof that this year really  
Was more than just a dream

31st of December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Conkers

Brown  
Small  
Round  
Hard

They litter streets,  
They clonk on cars,  
Dent shiny surfaces.

I walk on beds of  
Decaying leaves,  
I pick one up,  
Put it in my pocket:  
Last fruits of summer.

Hazy forms,  
Soft-focused images,  
A vanishing glow,

Summer crops,  
Sensual encounters,  
Harvest of sultry days  
Will tide me over winter.

Brown  
Small  
Shiny  
Dark

They absorb the last rays of light,  
They store their warmth  
To glow for some time  
In my pocket.

October 2003

ulrike gerbig

## **Count your blessings**

When I say „go“  
I want you to start counting  
When you reach 10 in under  
1 minute you will be fine  
On this planet for  
Another damned day

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Crimson Sheets**

Crimson Sheets

Dark

Red

Spilled

Wine

Sweet

Juice

Ripe

Cherry

Torrid

Blood

Fluid

Heart

Charged

Meat

Molten

Life

Ruby

River

Pure

Abandon

Plain

Force

ulrike gerbig

## **cross breeding**

between  
our gardens  
there are  
no walls

just  
dogrose  
hedges  
in full bloom

a visitor to  
your Eden  
I gather  
the scent  
of strange flowers  
the taste  
of foreign fruit  
the sound  
of bird songs  
yet unheard of

I leave  
a carrier  
of invisible seeds

they interbreed  
with my plants  
turn them into  
colourful hybrids  
the world  
has never seen  
before

ulrike gerbig

## **crossing the desert**

step by step  
inch by inch  
dried out  
tired  
I am  
determined  
to make it  
through  
the drought  
to the oasis  
the promise  
of abundant  
water  
to quench  
my thirst

ulrike gerbig

## Crucify you?

When I found you  
You were  
Already hanging  
On a cross  
Somebody else  
Made for you  
I did not put you there  
I called to you  
A cry for freedom  
I wished for us  
To run and sing  
And dance and love  
And laugh  
The nails which  
Pierced your flesh  
Were holding you  
Stuck, ball and chain  
Could not have been  
More efficient,  
I longed to remove the  
Rusty iron from your flesh  
Suck the wounds clean  
And kiss you back to  
Life  
But in the end I felt  
I was the problem  
Not the cure  
A curse more  
Than a blessing  
For one can live  
In chains as long as  
He sits still  
My wish  
To dance with you  
Made the chain  
Cut your flesh  
Deeper and deeper  
With every kiss  
With every call  
From me

ulrike gerbig

## **Cry Wolf**

My foolish heart does it  
When it thinks of you  
A dog guarding a yard  
It runs the fence of the ribcage  
Back and forth  
It bays nervously  
It wants to jump all over you  
It runs itself tired  
One day it will learn  
That it barks up  
The wrong tree

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Curried Love**

Dip your lips deep  
Into creamy rich  
Coconut milk  
Let your  
Tongue travel  
Past golden  
Turmeric gates  
Discover traces of  
Cinnamon  
Cardamom  
Cumin  
Warming ginger  
Go deeper to  
The very core  
Find tender meat  
Spicy  
Red chilli hot  
Feel your heart  
Go up in flames.

ulrike gerbig

## **Daddy's little helper**

What a drag it is  
Being male....

Women are different  
Today  
I hear some men say  
So he needs something  
To calm him down  
And so he is not really ill  
There are those little  
Coloured pills  
And he goes running  
For his shelter  
Of a daddy's little helper  
And it helps him on his way  
Through another dreadful day.

Everything is different today  
I hear many men say  
Understanding "her"  
Is just such a drag  
So he gets himself some  
Instant love and praises  
God above  
And goes running for  
The shelter of a daddy's little helper  
And two will help him on his way  
Through another lonely day

Women are not the same today  
I hear many big boys say  
They just don't understand  
When you are tired and numb  
They are so hard to satisfy  
You need to tranquillise your mind  
So go running for the shelter  
Of your daddy's little helper  
And four will help you through the night  
Help you minimize your fright

Doctor please, some more  
Of these  
Outside his door  
He took four more  
What a drag it is being male

Life is just too hard today  
I hear many old boys say  
The pursuit of women  
Is just a bore  
And if you take  
Some more

Of these  
You will get an  
Overdose  
No more running  
For the shelter  
Of a daddy's little helper  
They just helped  
You on your way  
Through your busy dying day.

ulrike gerbig

## Daily miracle

Walk down  
A bleak and silent corridor  
Open a door  
And wow!  
There they are...

They grab my attention  
By the hair  
And drag me into  
Their rigorous embrace

Whirlwinds and hurricanes  
They stir my morning fogged brain  
Blow the last hint of sleep  
From my overcast eyes

There is no hiding  
No escape  
For this ship lost  
On the academic sea

I feel slightly sea sick  
As the relentless  
Waves of love  
Accept no excuse

Their seagull cries  
My beacons  
Guide me  
Over the vast ocean  
Of my day  
Wash me  
Ashore  
In their land  
Of a million questions.

ulrike gerbig

## **Dance of the Vampires**

Come, talk to me!  
Put flesh  
To bones  
Of corpses  
In the closet,  
Bring lamia  
Out to daylight,  
Finally fulfil  
Their death wish  
And make them  
Rest in peace!

Let's name  
The ghosts,  
Van Helsing!  
Walk through  
Our haunted house  
Heavily armed with  
Garlic words  
And pointed pole phrases!  
Let's drive them deep  
Into the very heart  
Of pain!

Let's open up  
Pandora's box  
And by the music  
Of our words  
Let's calm the undead down  
And make them dance  
Our own  
Dance of the  
Vampires.

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **Dawn**

Achromatic,  
A glass pane  
Throws back  
Me,  
Caught in  
The stillness  
Of reflection.  
Drawn into  
My own image,  
I am not sure  
If anything  
Out there  
Really exists.  
As a new day's  
Soft grey  
Spirit  
Embraces  
The concrete  
World  
And gives it  
The kiss of light,  
Reality wakes,  
Dissolves my  
Narcistic image  
And renders  
Me

Irrelevant  
In the face  
Of Outside's  
Mortifying  
Beauty.  
ulrike gerbig

## **Deaf, dumb and blind**

I want to  
Blind myself  
Lest I'd be tempted  
By vain smiles  
Want to seal  
My ears  
Lest I'd be misguided  
By trecherous promises  
I want to cut out  
My tongue  
Lest I'd reveal  
My dreams and longings  
I want to sew  
My mouth shut  
So that I will not  
Speak unwanted truth  
Want to cut out  
My heart  
So that I will  
Not fall again  
Finally  
I will cut off  
My hands  
For they will  
Bare what's  
Left inside  
This deaf, dumb,  
Blind shell

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Death is a woman**

In the face without masks  
Death is a woman  
In the moment you know yourself  
Death is a woman  
At the end of all questions  
Death is a woman  
As the well of all answers  
Death is a woman  
At the end of all regrets  
Death is a woman  
In the liberation through tears  
Death is a woman  
As the relief from battle  
Death is a woman  
In the loving embrace  
Death is a woman  
As the end of all pain  
Death is a woman  
As the return to the source  
Death is a woman  
In the dreamless sleep  
Death is a woman  
In the endless peace  
Death is a woman

ulrike gerbig

## **Dharma Bum**

Dharma bum  
Packs her bag  
On the road to  
Wherever,  
Looking for  
Whatever  
Life will  
Throw her way.  
Whenever  
She will  
Find it,  
She will  
Take it  
For what it is,  
When it is,  
Where it is.  
Obsolete questions  
Find their  
Own answers.

ulrike gerbig

## **Disposable**

Be: Hungry, thirsty, horny  
Want: food, drink, woman  
See: package, can, body  
Get: burger, pepsi, person  
Use: hand, mouth, cock  
Do: eat, drink, fuck  
Dispose: faeces, piss, me

ulrike gerbig

## **Domestic Bliss**

I eat a pork chop  
And think of you  
A nourishing moment  
When over a meal  
You saw my real essence  
An epiphany at my kitchen table

ulrike gerbig

## **Double Yellow Lines**

To park here is  
My daily act of freedom  
In a straight jacket  
World full  
Of empty rules  
Useless regulations  
Senseless does  
Stupid dont's  
A small revolution  
A tiny act of individual  
Anarchy  
I proudly wave my  
Invisible red flag  
Greet the underprivileged  
Throw the ticket away  
And wait for the  
So-called authorities  
To come and fuck  
With me

September 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Down The Rabbit Hole**

I'd gladly  
Jump without  
A second thought,  
Confront the  
Logic of the  
Cheshire cat,  
Obey all rules  
Of the Red Queen,  
Believe all statements  
Of the White,  
Accept all  
Laws of Wonderland,  
If only I would  
Finally understand.

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Drawl**

Beautifully sensual  
How a sultry tongue  
Fondles each docile vowel  
Languidly caresses  
Each expectant consonant  
Draws out gratification  
Before lustfully  
Vibrating voice chords  
Let the word  
Slip through  
Willing wet lips

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Dumbfounded**

You cut out my tongue with the sharp knife of your indifference  
Mute  
My tears flow back into my eyes  
My laughter hides behind the lips  
Which flee from you

Through time and space  
All journeys that I made to you  
I repeat backwards  
Each arrival just one more good bye

Each word I said  
I stuff back in my throat  
Each thought I thought  
I finally reclaim

I take it all back  
Everything you do not want and need  
And most of all  
I do take back  
Myself

ulrike gerbig

## Dutiful

I should concentrate  
On cleaning the kitchen  
Mop the floor  
Not drench it with  
fluids of  
Unconsummated  
Longing  
I should sleep in  
Innocently pink sheets  
Ban any kind  
Of red for a while  
I should read dry  
Manuals or  
Cookbooks  
Not dubious poetry  
Or any books which  
Stir my imagination  
Already running  
Away with me like  
A bitch in heat  
I should wear  
Sensible shoes  
On my sensible way  
To a sensible occupation  
Focus my mind on  
What needs to be done  
Distract my body  
From what it is screaming for

ulrike gerbig

## **Dying in friendly fire**

Did I mistake a ceasefire  
For the end of a silent battle?  
Did I cross borders for which  
I had not permit?  
Did I misread the signs?  
Should I have kept my cover?  
Was I wrong  
To step behind the line?  
Was it just  
By mistake  
That your bullet  
Ripped my chest  
Opened my veins?  
Was the projectile meant  
For someone else?  
Does all this really matter  
Now that I lie cold and bleeding  
On a deserted battle field  
A casualty of peace  
Who died in friendly fire?

ulrike gerbig

## **Easter**

one single egg  
amongst many  
that look the same  
might be  
fresher  
bigger  
more colourful  
or just different  
and thus more  
inviting

...  
beauty lies in  
the eye of the beholder  
and we are free  
to make our choices  
on every single day  
not just on  
Easter.

ulrike gerbig

## **Eloquence**

Eloquence

It is amazing  
How you did it  
The first one  
Who told me  
To go  
Without  
Any  
Words  
It is different  
With a poet  
He is  
Eloquent  
He  
Moves  
Even in his  
Silence

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **every woman's blues**

Read a poem by Sylvia Plath  
as you get ready for shopping.

Listen to Billie Holiday  
as you do other people's dishes.

Read a poem by Anne Sexton  
as you put clean sheets on the bed.

No use crying over  
Spilled milk  
Or drops of semen,  
For that matter.

Read and listen, baby,  
And be glad  
To have crossed  
The 40something line  
Without  
Drowning in drink  
Or putting your head  
In the oven.

ulrike gerbig

## Exorcism

For nights on end  
This Banshee cry  
Across the ocean  
Has invaded your dreams  
Has stolen your sleep  
It's ice-blue stare  
Wakes your desire  
It must be banned  
By potent drugs  
Its breath  
The crazy winds of  
Half-forgotten passion  
Blows  
Your room  
Your heart  
Your soul  
Apart  
It calls you  
To its manic dance  
Of reoccurring memory  
And never lets you rest  
In peace  
You consecrated crucifixes  
With your tears  
And nailed them  
To your door  
You used the incense of refusal  
To smoke this out  
And yet it did not leave  
You pushed the pointed pole  
Of eloquent silence  
Deep into the heart  
Of this vexatious witch  
It is dead now  
But you should burn  
Her last remains  
To make this ban complete

ulrike gerbig

## Expatriate

I emigrated  
From the land of fuck  
To foreign shores.

Beyond a vast ocean  
Lies the country  
Of my dreams.

Excluded from  
Native rites,  
Intimate tongues,  
A soundless language,  
Which creates an identity  
Out of two  
Separate halves  
I am now an  
Expatriate,  
A self-made  
Persona non grata.

In a former life  
I never remained  
On the shore for long.  
I jumped in,  
Ready to dance with  
The waves,  
Calm the sea  
With my wet kisses,  
Swallow salty liquids  
And nearly drown.

Today my reluctant toe  
Tests the water,  
My eyes fixed  
On what once was  
My home.

The sea calls me,  
Yet I remain immobile,  
Static,  
Paralysed  
By the knowledge  
That there is no swimming  
Without getting wet.

ulrike gerbig

## **exposure**

no sun  
no seed  
no growth  
no harvest  
starvation of  
heart and soul  
a complete death  
from self-chosen exposure

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Factual**

An amphibian  
Under a microscope  
I await my death  
Through slow dissection  
There even might be  
Some awesomely colourful  
Pictures of my intestines  
Educational and pretty  
At the same time  
All my deepest secrets  
Exposed me and the world  
Could finally understand  
How one can survive  
With a stone-cold  
Frog's heart inside a  
Blood-warm female body

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Fall**

as seasons  
pass  
i lose  
words  
like trees  
lose  
leaves  
they fall  
from my  
paralyzed  
hands  
unto  
brittle parchment  
as dry  
as my eyes  
some get  
caught by the  
wind  
end up  
in unkown places  
some just  
rot where  
they fall

ulrike gerbig

## **Fallen Angel**

with clipped wings  
I take back  
all the gifts  
I held for you  
in my open palms

the golden shimmer  
that in my presence  
once gilded your features  
is dimmed

a dull torch  
hanging from my limp arm  
its flame  
nearly extinct

divinity dies easily  
these days

the Fall  
from cherubim  
to sinner  
happens quickly

this time  
the wrong words  
made me  
a fallen angel

ulrike gerbig

## **Fear**

I ride my fear,  
A bucking black bronco,  
Refusing bridle, saddle.  
I ride it naked,  
I hope my bare flesh, my sweat  
Will tame its wildness,  
Make it obey my will.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## Finally Home

There is no need  
To search  
There is no need  
To run  
There is no need  
To ask  
There is no need  
To hide  
There are no tears  
To cry  
Anymore  
There is no fear  
No anger  
No doubt  
No pain  
There finally is  
You  
Whenever I  
Look in the mirror  
I can see you  
Clearly  
In my thoughts  
In each word  
On each page  
I write  
There is  
You  
In all that  
I was  
Am  
Will be  
You are  
Rooted  
Undoubtedly  
Inside me  
Tender vines  
Overgrow  
My heart  
My soul  
My mind  
Soft tendrils  
Frame my core  
Grow deep  
Into the very  
Tips of my being  
Hold me  
Upright  
Strengthen  
My backbone  
I walk proud  
Bearing your  
Heritage

I am finally  
Home

ulrike gerbig

## **flooded**

your face  
a pale moon  
directs my  
currents  
salty waters  
swamp my shores  
eat away my dams  
I surrender  
to the tidal waves  
new land  
yours for  
the taking

ulrike gerbig

## **Flux**

Around me  
Everything shifts  
I too am changed  
An involuntary act  
Like breathing  
My ego has very little  
Say in all this

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Fly by night**

I leave my body  
Behind  
An invisible bat  
I fly across a  
Soundless universe  
Lead by passionless  
Starlight  
Protected by  
Alien moonbeams  
From here to there  
I mate with  
Your subconscious  
I beget a dream  
Which will be born  
On paper the  
Next morning

ulrike gerbig

## **Fog**

I wish I could  
See further  
Than my own  
Nose tip  
But my vision  
Is blurred  
Somehow  
I cannot  
Figure out  
What is  
Happening  
Right in front  
Of me  
I wish my soul  
Had a head light  
A strong beam  
To cut through  
This grey wet  
Mess this pulp  
Of incertitude  
Or my heart  
A floodlight  
To tell me  
Where's home  
To help me find  
My way

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Frankfurt, second version

City slick sluts  
Screaming scents  
Flash static nylons  
Cheap lace  
Chatty old women  
Peddle  
Free advice  
Empathy  
Sliced history  
In old cider places  
Under chestnut and oak  
Gnarled as  
Gold-encrusted hands  
Multi-coloured  
Snot-nosed kid  
Graffiti  
Freshly painted  
Walls  
Tags  
Mark off  
Stomping grounds  
Clueless  
Youngsters  
Search  
For identity  
Brisk bankers  
Dance around the  
Golden calf  
Worship  
Multi storey office buildings  
Eroticism of  
Phallus probing  
Smog-hazy skies  
Silver birds  
Criss-cross  
This self-made  
Metropolis  
This blabber-mouthed boom box  
Blaring music from Babylon  
Sodom and Gomorrah  
Rackety  
Cheeky  
Dirt cheap  
Benevolence  
Her spicy smell of  
Petrol Money Sex  
Permeates  
My hair  
My skin  
My bones  
Marks me off  
As hers

Forever  
This Babel of  
Tabla sounds  
Rip-roaring streets  
Feverish crowds  
Soundtrack  
Setting  
Staff  
Script  
Of the film  
In which I  
Play the lead

ulrike gerbig

## **Frog-Prince**

A frog is just a frog  
It's not a prince  
A wall is just a wall  
It is not a door  
A dead frog is just a dead frog  
It leaves a stain  
A stain is just a stain  
Some mess to clean  
A dead frog is the essence of  
The stain  
The stain is the reminder of the truth  
The truth is just the truth  
It is not a wish  
A wish is just a wish  
For a prince  
A prince is just a dream  
A kiss is just a kiss  
A dream is just a dream  
It does not hold  
A fairy tale is a fairy-tale  
It is just told

ulrike gerbig

## **From symbol to essence**

Locked inside this heart-shaped box  
Pink-ribboned feelings sneak up on me  
Candy floss dreams lure me to a funfair of the soul  
Where sweet promises are sold so very cheap  
Rose-scented smiles make my head spin  
My starving soul cries out for more  
Smells like teen spirit to still believe in  
The redemptive charms of colourful magicians  
I am ready to read my own palms now  
Meet the rough face of any crude prediction  
And finally give up all symbols for the sake  
Of the truth's cleansing essence

31st December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Frozen**

I run under thick ice  
A torrent temporarily tamed  
By winter's repellent embrace  
Soon I will transgress my harsh edges  
Will disobey borders flow wild and flow free  
In a sun's fiery embrace stirring  
My core licking me back to life

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Full Circle

There is no choice  
Because there is no  
Answer  
There is no  
Answer  
Because there is no  
Question  
There is no question  
Because there is no  
Trust  
There is no trust  
Because the is no  
Courage  
There is no courage  
Because there is no  
Back bone  
There is no back bone  
Because there is no  
Love  
There is no love  
Because there is no  
Honesty  
There is no honesty  
Because there is no  
Love  
There is no love  
Because there is no  
Back bone  
There is no back bone  
Because there is no  
Courage  
There is no courage  
Because there is no  
Trust  
There is no trust  
Because there is no  
Question  
There is no question  
Because there is no  
Answer  
There is no answer  
Because there is no  
Choice

ulrike gerbig

## Growing Pains

Not ready  
Need less  
Love more

Not ready  
Yet

Love Fear  
Tears at me  
Pulls me  
All ways

Not ready  
Still

A ship  
Tossed by  
Hormonal tempest  
The shrew  
Not tamed

Not ready  
Yet

Heartbeats  
Hard beats  
Pound  
Permissive flanks

Salty liquids  
Swamp with  
Poisonous medicine  
Caustic potions

Not ready  
Still

Bare  
Defenceless  
Bungee jumping  
Soul's abyss  
Spiritual freefall

Seeking  
Peace  
Beauty  
Deliverance  
From chaos

Not ready  
Yet

No tantric mating  
With the universe

Not ready  
Still

Growing pains  
At 42

December 2003

ulrike gerbig

## **Hag Days**

Snake-haired  
Medusa-eyed  
I bare my fangs  
With glacial stares  
I petrify whoever  
Breaks into my realm  
And rip apart who  
Dares to break  
The lavish spell  
Around my heart

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **half conscious**

sleep-fingered  
I reach out for you  
my mind still  
wrapped in black  
my heart  
red and yellow  
like the rising sun

ulrike gerbig

## **He is 15**

He is 15  
An unwanted question  
to himself  
He feels and speaks  
In exclamation marks  
In comic book phrases  
Soars up and down  
On his own hormonal  
Helter-skelter  
He judges harshly  
And cries silently  
Joyrider feelings  
Shiny new roadsters  
Carry him  
To foreign destinations  
He sometimes drives to fast  
And breaks suddenly  
His new voice  
Still unfamiliar  
To his ears  
Already masques  
The child in him  
Soon he will take  
The pen  
Into his own hands  
To write

The book

That is his life.

ulrike gerbig

## He is leaving

You know  
There is no  
Denying  
He is leaving  
For good  
For another life  
His body is  
Still here  
His smell is  
Still marking  
The place we  
Share together  
Strong, dominant  
A smell like from a  
Fox in his lair  
After hunting  
In the morning  
He still wakes  
In the bed  
He used as a child  
He still eats  
The food I buy and  
Prepare for him  
He still comes home  
At appointed times  
He still calls  
If he comes late  
But he is leaving  
I know  
His clothes are still  
Here but he already  
Packed his thoughts  
His plans, his dreams  
His secrets in boxes  
Ready to go,  
To run for the future  
Freedom  
Adventure  
Ready to set sail  
For a new country  
If I am lucky  
I will receive  
A letter  
Once in a while  
I might be allowed  
To visit  
An ambassador from  
The time when  
He relied on  
My voice to  
Read to him  
My hands to

Dry his tears  
And my kisses  
To heal his  
Bruised and  
Bleeding  
Childish  
Heart

ulrike gerbig

## **Holly**

Thorny leaves ban evil spirits  
Blood red berries excite love  
Perfect for Christmas  
When coldness tries  
To break down doors  
While anxious humans  
Pray for the warming  
Milk of human kindness

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Honey

My buzzing bee brain  
Repeatedly returns to  
Mellow golden moments  
When our hearts  
Flew out and  
Collected more  
Sweetness than  
Any busy hive  
In one perfect summer  
In my mind I  
Can still hear you  
Humming my name  
The soft drone of  
An insect searching  
The sugary kiss  
The perfect flower  
The warm honey pot  
The endless source  
To feed his hungry heart

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Hope

Your slap-happy frown  
A jaunty swallow's flight  
In the spring sky of your face  
Tells me that winter's end  
Comes on the warm wings  
Of your melting smile

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Hotel Room

I walk in  
Instant  
Occupation  
I leave marks  
All around  
Pots of  
Cold cream  
Whiffs of  
Perfume  
Lipstick  
Blood marks  
On white  
Terry cloth  
I dent the  
Freshly made  
Bed with  
My weight  
Finally I  
Smoke a  
Cigarette in  
A non-smoking  
Room  
My ultimate  
Sign of life  
My silent  
Rebellion  
In an  
Ultimately  
Anonymous  
Room

ulrike gerbig

## Housecleaning at the ice-queen's palace

She loves everything pristine  
White walls white sheets  
White chairs white cups  
White floors white doors  
She keeps them firmly locked  
Against intruding warmth  
She cleans her windows  
Dripping wet they turn to  
Frosty safe-guards against  
The outside world  
She bans all colour  
All memories of spring  
Her white mourning clothes  
Are free of stains and smells  
The fast fading pictures of  
Lovers gone stored safely  
In the frigid vaults of  
Her wintry palace  
Complete her arctic peace

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Hunger**

There's gotta to be more of all this  
More that stirs and moves  
More that pushes and shoves  
More that unsettles and disturbs  
It is not enough yet I am not sated  
This cannot be the end

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## Hunter

You go  
After me  
Patiently  
You chase  
My thoughts  
You stalk  
My mind  
You read  
The tracks  
Of my heart  
In the coppice  
Of my soul  
You scare  
Me up  
In my den  
You make  
Me eat  
Out of  
Your hand  
A frightened  
Animal  
In flight  
Of men  
And their  
Intrusion.

ulrike gerbig

## **I am**

Not to be compared  
I am  
Not the others  
I am  
Not what was before  
I am  
What could have been  
I am  
The neglected chance  
I am  
The broken promise  
I am  
The keeper of the memory  
I am  
The undying fire  
I am  
Proud of what I am  
I am  
Livid about you thinking  
I am  
Anything else

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **I hate my hair**

The female mind's  
A mystery  
To all who ever tried

To travel to that  
Unknown land  
And find was lives inside.

And even me,  
A female one,  
Will openly declare

As mystery  
The strength I have,  
No matter what  
The world is like,  
No matter what  
there is outside,  
To deeply hate my hair.

ulrike gerbig

## **I will kiss you**

softly, tenderly before  
passionate then  
more and more  
wildly while I hold you  
deep inside  
like breathing together  
when we come  
softly, tenderly  
when we are done

ulrike gerbig

## **I wish I could**

Write a poem  
About a tea pot  
And catch the moment's beauty  
In Raymond Carver-like simplicity

Instead I scuba-dive  
Into cess pooled myth  
Where I echo-sound  
For my own  
Loch Ness monsters.

2003

ulrike gerbig

## Ice Age

Ice age

Human north pole  
Smile less zombies  
Glacial stone hearts  
Determine the fate  
Of the ignorant  
Bought off  
By tittytainment  
And consumerism  
Parenthood  
determined by  
Tax-deductibility  
Cohabitation  
Official term  
For sharing bed and board  
With the one you love  
Plastic boobs  
Make love goddesses  
Out of anorectic models  
Viagra  
Latin lovers  
Out of loin lame males

Both warding off  
Death by  
soulless copulation.

In ice-cubicles  
We all are dealt  
Our daily dose  
Of sex sells  
escapism  
Gladly returning  
For the next fix  
Of never never land  
and  
Happily ever after  
While  
false magicians  
feed us  
powerful spells  
of promised  
instant salvation  
to wolf down  
along with our TV dinner.

ulrike gerbig

## If

Had there been  
Anything  
I could have done  
I would have done it  
Willingly  
Had there been  
Anything  
I could have given  
I would have given it  
Freely  
Had there been  
Anything  
I could have taken  
I would have taken it  
Gracefully  
Had there been  
Anything  
I could have said  
I would have said it  
Tenderly  
Had there been anything  
I could have heard  
I would have listened  
Attentively  
Had there been  
Anything  
I could have been  
I would have been it  
Proudly  
Had there been  
Lips for me to kiss  
I would have kissed them  
Passionately  
Had there been  
A place for me to stay  
I would have stayed  
Gladly  
Had there been  
A hand for me to hold  
I would not have let go  
For all my life

ulrike gerbig

## **In between years**

Sluggish days:

Time drips,  
Leaded sand,  
Through the  
Narrowing waist  
Of a hazy hourglass.

Gluey cobwebs  
Deny exit from  
Memory maze.

Tired eyes watch  
The world in  
Slow motion.

Outside all trains  
Travel backwards.

ulrike gerbig

## **in dire need of spring**

First flowers  
Timidly raise  
Fragile heads  
In search of  
The kiss of life  
Ice seals them in  
Snow crushes them  
Dims their  
Bright colours  
And hope.  
This year  
Winter just  
Wont go.

ulrike gerbig

## **In love with the Lizard King**

The sun, the only lover he endures,  
Is always free to touch his  
Emerald and golden shine.  
His solitary beauty  
Is not for someone else to grasp  
Don't try to hold him or  
He sheds his tail and disappears.  
Don't lose your heart to him!  
Just hold your breath!  
Enjoy a silent, secret glance,  
A quick and fleeting touch,  
His rough, reptilian skin.

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **In the distance**

Where earth and  
Sky mate  
Creating eternity  
Lies the realm  
Of second chance  
If we run  
The obstacle course  
Of life with  
Immaculate hearts  
We might  
Be granted to  
Prove that  
We have learned  
Our lesson

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Indecent Exposure

I came to  
See you  
With eyes  
Wide open  
Ears  
Tuned  
To the melody  
Of your thoughts  
A mouth  
Quite willing  
To speak my truth  
And ask for yours  
A skin so  
Sensitised  
It soaked up  
All your  
Voiceless  
Fears and  
Needs  
Your dreams  
And wishes  
Now I am left  
Bare and defenceless  
Naked and shivering  
In the rough wind  
Of your refusal

ulrike gerbig

## **Indian**

These days  
I walk the  
Earth  
Straight-backed  
Flat-footed  
An Indian  
Roaming  
The windy  
Plains  
Alone  
I feel waves  
Of energy  
The gift  
Of my planet  
Through the  
Soles of my feet  
My tingling spine  
Reminds me  
That I just have to  
Walk on  
Slowly  
Silently  
Patiently  
Stalk the  
Shy deer of  
New encounters  
And wait  
For the right  
Thing to  
Come to me  
At the right time

September 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Infestation**

They are  
Everywhere  
Crawl on  
Every leaf  
Cover  
Receipt  
Bill  
Napkin  
Shopping note  
Their spidery  
Black  
Anatomy  
A creative  
infestation  
In a fragile  
Papery  
World

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## **Inside looking Out**

The world spins around its axes  
24 hours 365 days  
The sun rises and sets  
The leaves turn  
We seem to have a purpose  
We spin around our navels  
We look up our own assholes  
Wondering why we are blind

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Ivy**

It never lets go  
Of what it once  
Enwrapped  
It even thrives  
Without the  
Sun's affection  
Its green when  
Everything is  
Grey and cold  
It never breaks  
Its primal promise  
This ancient symbol  
Of friendship, love  
And deep affection

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Jester**

I skip through  
These days  
A jester in  
A court of  
Madmen  
I plug smiles  
Off alien faces  
Sickly-sweet  
Pears  
Close to decay  
I gorge on their  
Sticky juice  
Of noncommittal  
Kindness  
Intoxicate myself  
On the head-splitting  
Spirits of  
Senseless words  
I collect  
Pointless encounters  
In this masquerade  
Called life  
A drunken dancer who  
Follows the rhythm  
Of the heart  
Dances the mad dance  
Of solitude  
Amongst well-glad zombies  
Harvests their toothless grins  
Vain baubles  
For a secret treasure box  
Of verse

ulrike gerbig

## **Jewels**

In my treasure box  
There is a lot  
Of this:  
Hugs  
Kisses and  
Smiles  
Sparkling  
Gemstones of  
Kindness  
To be given  
For free  
The glow they  
Conjure on  
Strange faces  
Increases my  
Wealth  
Makes me  
A fortunate queen  
In my dinky  
Queendom

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Just like that**

I expose  
My pain  
My bare throat  
To be cut  
By whoever  
Wishes to do  
The deed  
I'd rather  
Die that way  
Than choke  
Behind a masque  
Of dishonest poems  
And false constraint

ulrike gerbig

## **Karma**

Is not what we do  
To others  
But to ourselves  
We are condemned  
To repeat the same  
To re-live the pain  
Until we learned  
The lesson

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## **Kiss**

A kiss  
Is a kiss  
Is a gift  
Is a bond  
Is a token  
Is a promise  
Is a dream  
Is a wish  
Is love  
Is live  
Is you  
Is me  
Is us  
Is a  
Kiss

ulrike gerbig

## **LATE STRAWBERRIES**

Now they ripen,  
I mean NOW,  
So close to winter,  
Luscious red pearls  
Late unexpected sweetness.  
It's crazy, you see,  
Or maybe it is just  
A sign that there is  
Always hope.

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

## lava

sulphur  
lead  
iron  
ancient elements  
molten core  
of age-old  
dreams  
wishes  
red  
orange  
hot  
languidly  
it finds  
its burning  
way to  
my heart  
melts away  
all stoniness  
ready to  
erupt  
at any minute

ulrike gerbig

## **Lightly**

I approach  
You  
On tiptoes  
I do not  
Want to  
Disturb  
Just leave  
Some soft  
Imprints  
On the  
Vast whitness  
Of your soul

ulrike gerbig

## **Like Weather**

I came over you  
Like weather  
Sultry sunshine  
Warming your cold bones  
Lighting up your face  
Stormy wind  
Steering up emotions  
Long thought lost  
Soft rain  
Watering barren fields  
Making your seedlings grow  
Thunder and hail  
Made you retreat  
Into the safety of your cave  
Where you simply shake  
My love from your fur  
Like a wet dog

ulrike gerbig

## **lollipop dreams**

sweet taste  
on the  
outside  
invites  
my exploring  
adventurous  
tongue  
to lick  
my longing  
lips  
to suck  
to draw  
out the  
salty  
cream  
inside  
to feed  
my blind  
passion  
to satisfy  
my burning  
hunger

ulrike gerbig

## **Lost Loves**

Are the corpses in our closets  
Secretive and persistent  
They rattle their bones  
And stink and rot  
The poisonous thorns  
In our bleeding sides  
They rule our fate  
Suck dry our heart  
Never able to love  
Never able to die

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **love poems, unread**

Stillborn children  
Fathered by illusions  
Delivered in  
Painful labour  
The end of a  
Long and lonely  
Pregnancy

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **love/longing**

What of the above  
Is what I feel  
Granted  
That I had  
Only 365 days,  
Which is 8760 hours,  
Which is 525600 minutes,  
Which is 31536000 seconds,  
To live  
In this world  
And I would want  
To spent  
Every single one  
Of the remaining nights  
In your arms?

ulrike gerbig

## **Magellan**

Each day a sea, unknown and vast  
Which leads to new and unknown lands.  
Each one I meet a forceful blast  
Which sends me to some unknown strand.

My mood shifts with the colour of the skies.  
A captain to my lonely ship  
I ask where my safe haven lies.  
My heart's a compass on each trip.

So I set out to find a place,  
A colony for my own heart.  
I hope that I will leave a trace  
Before I say good-bye and part.

I need to follow the next new day  
Discoverers can never stay.

July 2004

ulrike gerbig

## Mary Poppins

The wind today  
Reminds me of her  
The one with the  
Mysterious carpet bag  
Filled with  
Sweet-tasting medicine  
With children's wishes  
Previously unuttered  
Dreams of guidance  
And safety and love  
With things unheard of  
Like floor lamps  
That work without  
Electricity  
And other weird things  
That turn a strange place  
Into home  
For a while  
It reminds me  
That many a good  
Thing comes with the  
Wind and will not stay  
No matter how much  
You wish to hold on  
It brought you  
The bitter-sweet remedy  
For your loneliness  
Your emptiness  
It only leaves when you  
Are ready to let go  
Although you might not think  
You grew so fast  
Too fast to remain what  
You were  
It leaves with the wind  
When you are ready  
Just like it came  
When you most needed it  
It came to you without asking  
It came at the very moment  
In time you could not do  
Without it  
It leaves again  
Without asking  
Permission  
It leaves behind  
Some dream dust  
A silver glitter  
In the dark of  
Everyday life  
The proof that  
Miracles can happen

At any time  
If you only believe  
In the power of  
The winds

ulrike gerbig

## **Merciless (for Tookie Williams)**

Powers played God today  
Revengeful Jehovahs  
Crushed another man child  
Helplessly struggling  
In the quicksand of his birth  
Begging for purgation from  
Befouling hurtful guilt  
And Jesus wept acrid tears  
For those who with a viperish hiss  
Demanded an eye for an eye  
While mighty impostors  
Prayed for absolution from the crowds  
Their bloody hands hidden  
Under pillows drenched with future nightmares

13th Of December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Mislaid**

I must have put love somewhere..

Stored in the fridge for later use?  
In my rush hour life  
I have no use  
For an aching heart  
A throbbing cunt.  
Still must not forget them!  
There might be a best-before date.

ulrike gerbig

## **Moonchild**

Cold.  
Distant.  
Yet it affects  
Me.  
It pulls  
At my guts,  
An umbilical chord  
Older than any memory.  
It drags me out of  
The factual world  
And calls me to  
Senses  
Usually muted  
By harsh day light.

ulrike gerbig

## **Morning Magic**

Fresh. Hot.

Morning muffin.

Hunger.

Wake weakly

To love's

Jittery headache.

Pour vital

Steamy

Liquids

In pots.

Smell,

Invigorated,

The magic of life.

ulrike gerbig

## **Mornings are hardest**

a naked child  
gropes her way  
out of a  
fragile dream shell

she looks  
for the spells  
that might  
save her

nicotine  
caffeine  
will work  
their black magic

later,  
she dons  
her usual armour  
of denim and leather  
hits the road  
with loud  
punk rock music

she is  
ready now  
to slay  
the dragons  
of just another  
normal day

ulrike gerbig

## **Music**

Music is what  
Makes me remember feel be  
Music is what  
Turns me on  
Mind heart body soul  
Music is what  
I search when  
In search of me  
Music is what  
Needs gentle care  
Music is what  
I need to evade  
When evading myself

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Nap Time**

Search for safety  
Under soft blankets  
Find peace in oblivion  
Take a walk in your soul  
Ignore what needs to be done  
Dive into languid luring laziness  
Be useless be unproductive be still  
Meet yourself in the thick forests of your subconscious

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **NEVER**

Have you ever  
Realized  
The atrocity  
The enormity  
Of the word  
Never  
It hits your  
Antroposphere  
A colossal rock  
Smashing all  
Hope  
Burying all  
Aspiration  
A cold dead  
Meteorite  
Crashing  
Through space  
A silent killer  
Striking at  
Unexpected moments  
Taking you unawares  
Blasting your  
Dreams  
Leaving you cold  
Naked and unprotected  
A lost child  
In an unforgiving  
Universe  
Searching for  
Some shelter  
Praying for some  
Relief

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **New Deal**

Today  
Costs me nothing  
No penny  
No farthing  
No cent  
Only time  
The currency in my heart  
The coinage my mouth phrases  
Our stock-exchanged thoughts  
Close on a high  
Today  
I am  
A successful Entrepreneur

ulrike gerbig

## **New Moon**

In a world drenched in darkness  
Salvation hides its face behind  
A black velvet mask  
Forlorn humans huddle  
Under clammy blankets  
Haplessly hugging themselves  
Humming eerie lullabies  
Waiting for the Grim Reaper  
That one unbroken promise  
In their lachrymose cradles of isolation  
In their tenebrous tombs of torment  
Of terror and of a thousand tears

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **New Year**

An unopened letter  
An unread book  
An uneaten meal  
An untested drink  
An unseen sun  
An unheard song  
An undanced tune  
An unknown person  
An unfelt touch  
An untasted kiss  
An unmade trip  
An unwritten poem  
An unlived life  
A promise a blessing a chance

31st of December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **New Year - Time Shift**

A new year starts here  
When somewhere else  
An old day draws to a close  
Tomorrow for me is today for you  
And yesterday is open for discussion  
I will have made it before  
You even got there  
But sometimes, you know,  
Time does not matter nor distance  
Nor borders nor countries nor seas  
In a realm defying geography  
My thoughts will meet with yours  
Dance a gentle dance kiss the wind  
Softly calling each other's name

31st of December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## No Plastic

For me there  
Never will  
Be plastic,  
Silicone,  
Or anything  
Else that turns  
Me into  
A picture  
Postcard  
Plastic  
Doll,  
Brainless,  
Empty  
In heart  
And soul.  
I rather  
Taste like  
Sea weed,  
Smell like  
Strong  
Predominant  
Lillies.  
With wild eyes  
And unruly hair  
My touch is  
Like fire  
And my roar  
Shows you  
How alive I am  
When you come  
To me.

ulrike gerbig

## **No Poems**

Are no answer  
Are no insight  
Are no feelings  
Are being alone  
Are being denied  
Are being forgotten  
Are being cast out of Eden  
Are being thrown into a dark void  
Without a guiding planet without  
A sun without any single star without  
Warmth without light without hope without life

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **No words**

No words  
For the pain  
No words  
For the drain  
No words  
For the tears  
No words  
For the fears  
No words  
To make me  
Whole  
No words  
To save my soul  
No words  
Suffice  
No words  
For this sacrifice  
No words  
To set me free  
No words for  
me

ulrike gerbig

## **Not Afraid Of Winter**

When spring time came  
This year  
I aired the closets  
And threw out  
What old thoughts  
Were hanging there

In summer  
I danced my own sun dance  
My pores cleaned  
By heat and lustful living

It's autumn now  
And inside of me  
Soft silver cobwebs form  
Building nests

In which I lay  
New thoughts  
Like eggs  
Ready for hatching

This year  
I am not afraid  
Of winter.

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **not cinderella**

Not Cinderella

I am not  
What you think  
I am.  
I am not  
What you dream of.

I might well be  
Your worst  
nightmare.

I will not wait for you  
To find the right  
shoe,  
Cause I will be  
On the way  
To somewhere.  
I will not wait for you  
To kiss me back to  
life,  
Cause I will be  
Out there  
Howling to the wind.  
I will not let  
My hair down  
for you,  
Cause it suits me  
short.

Get your fairytales right, boy,  
Frog King turned  
Into his better self  
When she threw him  
At a wall.

ulrike gerbig

## **not in vain (for thomas)**

we lay the table  
for eight  
one set of cutlery  
one plate  
one glass  
invisible

tonight  
we drink  
your wine  
we eat  
your meat

in days to come  
we'll laugh your laughs  
and cry your tears  
and speak your mind  
and dance your dance  
and sing your song  
and make your love

as best as we can

your absence made us  
your wild cards  
in this poker game  
how we remember you  
gives each card  
its meaning.

ulrike gerbig

## **Not missing much**

Another day I sit  
Writing poems  
While outside life  
Goes on and on and  
Nothing much happens  
Or a lot happens or  
Something happens  
Somewhere out there  
But I don't care for  
The charade I lock  
My eyes and my door  
I follow the raw voices  
The muddy paths into the  
Thick forests of my mind  
I walk around naked  
A child at play in the jungle  
Taming wild animals  
Tasting strange fruit  
Frolicking in damp dirt  
Unmasked, unspoilt  
A master of my own  
Time and lust and freedom

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Nothing much**

My heart died on  
A sunny weekday  
It went nearly soundlessly  
With a small crack  
Like glass breaking  
I did not miss it much  
It was quite used  
And flawed already  
Besides that nothing  
Important happened  
The birds remained in the sky  
The earth span around its axis  
For another 24 usual hours  
The sun rose and set  
The moon did so too  
And I kept on breathing

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Nothing remains**

To be done  
Only to  
Pack dreams  
In boxes  
Bottle up  
Feelings  
Seal them  
Shut  
Safely  
Store them  
In hidden  
Vaults  
And  
Close the door

ulrike gerbig

## Nothing Special

Another notch  
In your rifle  
Another scalp  
On your totem  
Another fading face  
A smoky pearl  
On the necklace  
Of passed chances  
Round your throat  
Another name soon  
To be forgotten  
Another beautiful butterfly  
Behind the dusty screen  
Of your memory  
Now I will puke down the shirt  
Of the next guy who says  
"I love you" will stain the  
Next manly chest with  
Red-hot contempt  
Will seal my ears against those  
Weak fairy-tale words  
Of for-ever-more  
Of happily-ever-after  
Will bite the tongue  
That pops "the question"  
Will run and hide from  
What I once wanted so much  
Will spent my life  
Alone and unsoiled  
By false promises  
And vain hope

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **November Heat Wave**

The gardens of the Alhambra:  
Black lemon tree laces  
Criss-cross an immoderately blue sky,  
Soft-footed grey creatures  
Of unfathomable wisdom  
Slit-shut their eyes  
Against the harsh sunlight,  
While I keep mine open  
Wide, wild, willing  
To catch every ray.  
My north-poled heart melts  
An ice-cream exposed  
To a November heat wave.  
ulrike gerbig

## **November thoughts**

When winter comes,  
Embraces us with  
Deadly arms,  
Sucks colour from  
Our skin and from  
The skies,  
Freezes our hearts with  
Polar lips,  
We turn what little we  
Have left of summer  
Into a patchwork quilt  
Of subdued hues,  
Wrap it around  
Our frigid souls  
And pray that we  
Survive in silent  
Hibernation

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Nuptial Bliss**

I believe in  
Passion not  
Permanence  
I watch  
When they  
Stab each other  
With words  
When they  
Suffocate each other  
With silence  
When they feed on  
The corpse of their love  
Wordlessly rotting between them

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Of Mice And Men**

How they are  
Played with,  
Teased and chassed,  
Then eaten alive.  
Their twitching heart  
The first thing  
That has to go.  
Tired of her game  
The huntress  
Cleans her whiskers,  
Purrs, rests,  
Then looks for  
Some new toy.  
If they survive,  
It is for others  
To clean up the mess  
And nurse them  
Back to life.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **On the Eve Of Armageddon**

Repent  
All love  
Refused  
Regret all  
Rejected kisses  
Renounce  
The what-ifs  
The whenevers  
The soons  
The someday  
Refrain from  
Wasteful  
Waiting  
Whining  
Dance the  
Dervish dance  
Of life  
Reap the  
Sun drenched  
Fruits of  
Sultry longings  
Reach for the last  
Remaining  
Rays of light  
Before this  
Planet takes  
Revenge  
Reclaims what  
Resource  
We have left  
Revolts against  
The parasites  
Rapes them  
Of their last resort

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **One Word**

The perfect love poem  
Consists of one single  
Word like  
Hummingbird  
A word devoid  
Of all meaning  
Except for one person  
Beauty lies in simplicity  
Love refuses to be bound  
By rhyme, rhythm, verse or stanza.

ulrike gerbig

## **onion heart**

my heart is an onion  
layer for layer  
it reveals itself  
under the scrutinizing knife  
of my mind's eye  
it makes me cry sometimes  
yet I know  
that in its very centre  
lies the sweetest softest core  
that will give ultimate  
spice to  
my life's menu.

ulrike gerbig

## **onion, part 2**

Onion, part 2

I am an onion  
brown skin outside  
somewhat brittle to the touch  
a shield  
protects  
soft white flesh

peel my skin  
to find  
translucent layers  
wrapped closer and closer  
around the softest core  
full of milk- white juices

cut deep  
and they start running  
weeping my very essence  
ready for you  
to lap them up  
and taste the stinging sweetness of my soul

ulrike gerbig

## **Orpheus' tongue**

Don't cut it out  
Don't make him mute  
The unsung songs  
Will turn to  
Poisonous snakes  
They eat his guts  
Corrode his heart  
Delude his mind  
He will die  
A madman  
Choking on  
Unborn poems

ulrike gerbig

## **Outside looking In**

There is not much to see  
Just a desk and a woman  
Pens and paper  
No aim no purpose  
Just stillness  
The mute attempt  
To make some sense

January 2006

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## **Over Coffee**

They finally met  
Numb hands  
Across the table  
Touched emptiness  
False smiles  
Blocked ears against  
Humming statics  
Eyes avoided eyes  
Sickly sweet smells  
Spoke of a death  
Not realized  
Not accepted  
Not mourned

February 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Overture**

Hush, now,  
Be quiet!  
Don't speak!

I will get  
naked  
for you.

No, don't  
Dim the lights!

I need  
to see  
Myself  
In your  
reflection

What  
I expose  
Asks for  
Your kindness

I expect  
your verdict  
Honest,  
Naked,  
Shivering.

ulrike gerbig

## **Pariah**

Dead denied forgotten  
Buried without obituary  
Outside the walls  
In desecrated earth  
Exiled from memory  
Nameless in a common grave  
Joined by the rotten bones of  
Others who intruded and disturbed

February 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Pebbles**

Rolling pebbles  
In my mouth  
Too Dry  
Too Hard  
Unfit to  
Ever be  
Part of  
The treasure  
I found  
I choke on  
Words  
I swallow  
Old dust  
I dig deep  
In my quarry  
A miner  
In search of  
A verbal goldmine  
The substance  
For the magic ring  
To seal our love

ulrike gerbig

## **Penthesilea**

I am the queen  
Of amazons  
My life lies on  
The battle field  
I live for war  
And not for love  
My tribe is strong  
We need no one  
How little did I  
Understand  
What the encounter  
With him meant  
This warrior who was  
Like me  
As strong, as free  
My eyes were blinded  
By the light  
That came from him  
His golden armour  
Caught my sight  
And I lost mind  
And heart  
At the same time  
I wanted him  
He was a prey  
To hunt  
And keep  
He had to stay  
His resistance  
A fatally attractive moon  
Called me with its silent tune  
Made me hunt him down  
Made me take his crown  
Death did not kill  
His strength  
His soul and fame  
I could not maim  
I did not want him  
To be free  
My dogs and me  
Sank our teeth in  
His soft flanks  
My savage mind went blank  
I sucked his blood  
And ate his meat  
I drank his  
Strength and  
Watched him bleed  
I broke his bones  
As if they're wood  
And Thus kept him  
For me

For good

ulrike gerbig

## **Penthesilea 2005**

I should find  
Someone  
To sew  
My mouth  
My cunt  
Firmly shut

Another  
Pandora's box  
Closed for good

Cut off my  
Right breast  
Numb my heart  
And let me  
Roam the plains  
Alone and unattached  
"She who cries silently"  
My nom de guerre

ulrike gerbig

## **Penthesilea's last lucid thought**

Lie still, my love!  
Such beauty  
I have never seen.  
Don't fret, my love!  
Just let me gently  
hold you.  
Melt into me, my love,  
I am already yours.  
Just promise me to stay  
and I will let you live.

ulrike gerbig

## **Perplexed**

He tossed me a poem  
With an indifferent  
Wave of his hand  
A lopsided smile  
Then turned and  
Left me there  
Alone to solve  
The puzzle

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Pigeon Heart**

It coos  
Vibrates  
Hums  
Fragility  
Turned to  
Sound  
My breath on hold  
I keep my  
Anxious hands  
So very still  
And gaze  
Amazed  
At what the  
Gods just  
Sent me

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Poem #1

So now it is here  
Washed shaved  
And still a wee bit wet  
Behind the ears  
Friend or foe I ask myself  
As we eye each other  
Suspiciously across  
The debris of last night's party

1st of January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## Poem for a needy soul

There's love out there  
For you to find  
If only you will  
Leave your cage

There's tenderness  
And hearts so kind  
For you to finally  
Calm your rage

There is a smile  
To kiss your eyes  
And lips to heal  
Your wounded heart

There is what you've  
Been searching for  
If you just let  
Old anger part

The strength for this  
Lies deep in you  
It's felt in every  
Soulful kiss

Nobody else  
Can find for you  
Your peace of mind  
Your destined bliss

So find the courage  
And prevail  
Suck out the  
Thorn deep  
In your side

Strike down the fear  
That you might fail  
and reap the love  
so long denied

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Poem For Someone

Today I wonder  
How snow smells  
On the plains  
Of Oklahoma  
How the fierce wind sings  
In your defenceless ears  
How the sleepy winter sun  
Kisses your tired eyes  
How the night frost  
Caresses your brittle skin  
And what will save your  
Freezing heart from  
Dying in the  
Anonymous whiteness  
Of this vast winter chill

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

**poetic love**

making love  
through words  
I am ready to come  
all over the page  
spill my passion  
a dark ink stain  
on white sheets

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Pop**

Sweet fleeting candy floss  
No nutritional value  
Comforting colourful  
Side-dish in a world  
Which sometimes is  
Too much to stomach

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Porcupines

Longing  
For warmth  
We drew close.  
Starving  
We fed each other  
Our love.  
Prickly pain  
Made us  
Withdraw,  
Sore  
All over.

We could not have done better at the time-

A porcupine is  
A porcupine.

There is nothing to forgive

Now  
I am no  
Porcupine.  
That tight  
And prickly  
Skin does  
Not fit me  
Anymore.

I stretched  
And grew,  
Left the cave,  
An arctic time,  
When  
Porcupine-love  
Saved me  
From dying of  
Exposure.

After a metamorphosis  
There is no  
Returning to  
A former self.

I cannot be  
With porcupines  
Anymore  
Because  
I am something  
Completely  
New and different.

ulrike gerbig

## **presence**

my smile is in the candle's glow  
my voice is in the wind's rough tune  
my touch is in the falling snow  
my kiss comes with the silver moon  
my thoughts in your thoughts can be found  
your light when there is darkness all around

december 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Punishment**

I dance an unshod dance  
On shards of something  
Once whole and pretty  
Shattered it cuts my hapless skin  
Stains my bleak house with  
Black-red blots of coagulated dreams  
Fills it with wails and screams  
Of a pierced and bleeding heart

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Pushing it**

I did it again  
Shot like a  
Rocket through  
The universe  
Of days  
Burned myself  
Out down to the  
Very limit  
My gas tank  
Empty  
I fell back to  
Earth  
I hit the ground  
A missile  
In need for service  
Waiting for  
Maintenance  
Through  
Expert hands

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Puzzle**

Accidentally  
The pieces lie  
In a tattered box.  
Perpetually  
They refuse  
All system.  
Frustratingly  
The picture  
Remains  
Incomplete.  
Regrettably  
The missing piece is  
Nowhere to be found.  
Tremendously  
Happy we are if  
At the end of the day  
A supplement is found  
And it all falls  
Finally into place.

ulrike gerbig

## Questions

Can you love  
a chicken,  
stuffed with  
garlic  
and fresh herbs,  
spiced with  
TLC,  
nourishment for  
the emotionally famished?

Can you gain serenity  
cleaning,  
hands deep  
in warm soap suds  
and the sun  
shining through your  
kitchen window,  
which like your life  
never is quiet spotless?

Can you reach fulfilment  
by giving to others  
the warmth,  
the love,  
the tenderness  
you have inside  
and ask for  
nothing but  
what that moment  
gives you?

Is there a right to  
grab these instants  
of simple bliss  
by the hair  
and forget about  
everything else  
for a while?

Is it naïve,  
politically  
incorrect  
to feel  
nothing but  
sheer happiness  
while making  
gravy?

Or is it  
a Buddhist exercise  
in concentration  
on the essential

which clears  
the mind  
and the soul,  
the only way  
to love and  
inspiration?

ulrike gerbig

## Rain

Time stretches  
Itself out  
In front of me  
A grey road  
Windswept  
Plain  
It demands  
My strength  
My attention  
By its sheer  
Emptiness  
I stare at it  
Through a  
Blind window  
Watch  
Raindrops  
Make their  
Way  
Tediously  
To the end  
Of the pane  
And wonder  
About my  
Final destination  
In that  
Waterlogged  
World

ulrike gerbig

## **Rape**

This morning  
I was raped  
Under the shower.

Memory  
Jumped  
On my back,  
Throttled me,  
Forced  
Me open.

It thrust,  
It poked,  
It tore,  
It ripped,  
Ejaculated  
Demands,  
Inseminated  
My very core.

Now I am  
Pregnant  
With what was  
And curious  
What the child  
Will look like.

ulrike gerbig

## Reasoning

I write therefore I am  
Or must be, I guess,  
Or so it seems,  
Or at least the black on white  
Makes me believe  
That I exist, or matter, or  
Leave a trace, at least for  
A day, or an hour, or  
A minute, or a second,  
In front of my own eyes,  
In the mind of some reader,  
In this maze of time and space,  
In what we call existence,  
In what might be not more,  
Than just a finite dream.

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

**red**

red sheets  
waving  
from afar  
all day  
promising  
fire life  
for these  
frigid quarters

ulrike gerbig

## **Red sheets, continued**

Today  
I washed  
The setting  
Of a dream  
Wilted  
Witness to  
A time  
Where a return  
To you was  
Once  
A blessing  
Not a curse

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Refusal

I don't  
Want to  
Want  
I don't  
Want to  
Want  
Anything  
Besides  
What I  
Already  
Have  
I don't  
Want to  
Wait  
I don't  
Want to  
Wait  
For  
Anything  
Besides  
What  
Already  
Is  
I don't  
Want to  
Wish  
I don't  
Want to  
Wish  
For  
Anything  
Besides  
What's  
Already  
Granted  
I don't  
Want to  
Want  
I only  
Wish  
To be

ulrike gerbig

## **Relevance**

My poems do not  
Really matter  
They are just  
Pressure released  
Like stray dogs  
Piss on lamp post  
I leave my scent mark  
In a vast landscape  
Irrelevant but  
Unmistakably  
Mine

September 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **return to sender**

the gifts I shyly  
place outside your door  
remain there in the icy rain  
you glance at them  
with tired eyes  
then you return  
inside to nurse  
the ever smouldering  
fire of your heartfelt  
worthlessness

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **revelation**

there is nothing  
more to be said  
about what is  
not said  
about what is  
not lived  
about what is  
not felt  
there is nothing  
more to be done  
about what is  
not done  
not started  
not finished  
there is nothing  
more to be had  
than articulate silence  
more eloquent  
than any poem  
more revealing  
than any song

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Revenge is a dish best served cold**

Yes, so many say,  
But exposure to this  
Bloodless numbing freeze  
Will turn my heart into  
A pane of frozen flimsy glass  
Together with this  
Already mouldy dish

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Rock Chick,44**

the denim jacket  
still fits the thick smoke  
in the joint still kicks the hard beat  
still pushes the pulse still beats fast the  
hips still shake the feet still shuffle the hands  
still clap the voice is still hoarse the rebel still yells

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Roses**

Yellow,  
Tight-budded,  
On long proud stems,  
They looked promising.  
In an icy-green glass vase  
They stood for days.  
They never unfolded  
Their egg-yolk petals.  
Not willed to share  
Their beauty,  
They withered  
And took their  
True call  
To the dumpster.  
ulrike gerbig

## **Sartre's Error**

Hell is

N O T

Other people

ulrike gerbig

## Saturday Night at the Poet's House

Right in front  
Of the TV  
While Watching  
Soccer  
With my son,  
Like most  
Saturdays,  
The muses  
Kick the door down,  
Rush in,  
Kiss me brutally,  
Then disappear.  
Later  
Jittery black  
Words  
Signs  
On white paper  
Are my only  
Reliable  
Proof  
Of their  
Fierce  
Intrusion.

ulrike gerbig

## **Scheherazade**

...saved her life  
With lips and tongue...

A 1001 nights of  
aural fellatio  
Administered to  
Shah Ryar's ears.

If I, like  
Scheherazade,  
With my lips  
And tongue  
Aimed  
The ultimate  
Kiss of pleasure  
Just at your mind,  
Would you  
Listen for  
1001 nights  
And spare  
My life?

2004

ulrike gerbig

## **Self-fulfilling**

This time when I am gone  
You peacefully will not miss anything  
You will not search and wait and pine  
For something precious for there is  
Nothing you have not lost  
Not killed already  
Now you can work and  
Write without this nagging urge  
To entice and bind an  
Absent lover with some daily verse  
In self-created safety  
You will sleep a stainless  
Slumber free of a Chimaera's kiss  
Now that I can see that  
I finally begin to understand  
What it is all about

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Shell

Hard,  
Rough,  
Impenetrable  
Surface  
Hides  
Vulnerable flesh,  
The smell of  
The ocean,  
The taste of  
The sea.  
Break it  
Open.  
See it  
Weep  
Milk  
White  
Drops of  
Surrender,  
Mother of pearl  
Tears of the  
Sea Goddess,  
Softer than  
Water,  
As enticing as  
A Siren's song.

ulrike gerbig

## **shopping around for love**

we try on love  
like a new piece of clothing  
looking for a new style  
enhancing our best features

we buy hastily  
lest the style changes  
and we will be seen  
as out of date

proudly we present ourselves  
in public  
and in mirrors  
amazed at the beautifying power  
of love

the first pinch  
tells us  
it must be the wrong model  
not the extra weight  
we have collected  
over the years

we dream of something  
custom made, the perfect fit  
that must be out there  
somewhere

the mere thought  
of needing exercise  
for mind and body  
bathes our knotted brow  
in sticky sweat

we do not want to go there  
anymore

and anyway, anytime  
we can slip out of the affair  
like out of a new suit  
and hang the unfamiliar piece  
into our closet.

We wear our old life  
like a comfy sweater  
sitting on the couch  
waiting around to die  
in silence and  
commodious solitude

ulrike gerbig

## **Shrink to fit**

Be careful about your limits  
If you go for the petty  
Your heart will follow suit  
Like a pair of new jeans  
In icy cold water  
It will shrink to fit  
Your narrow scrawny life

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Silence**

The ground  
On which  
Feelings  
Grow like  
Cancer  
Build  
Metastases  
Invade  
Brain  
Heart  
Soul  
Spread  
Dark roots  
Emotional  
Pest plants  
A thick  
Dark  
Jungle  
Shuts out  
All light  
And all  
Perspective

ulrike gerbig

## **Silent**

In the absence of anything  
In the presence of nothing  
I finally can hear myself feel

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Simple

Some things  
Are so simple,  
Like driving  
With the windows down  
Music on,  
My face bared  
To the sun,  
A feeling of  
Unlimited  
Brazenness,  
That does not  
Stop at 44,  
So simple,  
Plain,  
Straight,  
That I ask myself:

Do they deserve a poem?

And just when  
Poetic self-doubt  
Is about to crush me  
I hear Ray and Buck  
Shout:

"Yes, they do! "

And I am saved  
Once more.

ulrike gerbig

## **Sitting myself**

I sit here  
I am bare  
I sit here  
I am unmade up  
I am bare  
I sit here  
I am bare  
I sit here  
I am naked  
I sit here  
I am not hiding  
I sit here  
I am bare  
I am unprotected  
I sit here  
I am anyone's prey  
I sit here  
I open up  
I sit here  
I am honest  
I am naked  
I am prey  
I am proud  
I am what  
I am meant to be  
I write  
I am myself

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **sleeping beauty**

The day  
You left  
I bought  
Pink bedclothes:  
A young girl's  
Dream,  
Innocent  
And free  
Of any stains.

I am not  
Sleeping Beauty.  
A hundred years  
Of expectant rest  
Is wasted time.

Too old  
To believe  
In princes,  
I already killed  
Most dragons,  
Cut through  
My own brambles,  
Freed my  
Obscure splendour  
And kissed myself  
Alive.

I am my own castle:  
My courtyard open  
To the brave and  
Virtuous  
Only.

In sound sleep  
I now enjoy  
My new-found  
Purity,  
Safe from  
Passion,  
Pain  
And poisoned kisses.

ulrike gerbig

## **slow kill**

it seems  
you want  
me dead  
but you  
do not  
yet dare  
to put the  
knife to  
my throat  
you try to  
kill me slowly  
by starvation  
by cutting off  
my resources  
or maybe  
you just try  
to scare me  
away  
an already  
shy animal  
timidly feeding  
on what little  
grass is left  
outside your  
high fences  
or maybe you  
just can't stand  
to look at  
this epitome  
of freedom  
right outside  
your high walls  
you silently  
scream at her  
in pain  
and desperation  
you might not  
care where  
she feeds  
as long as  
it does not  
invade your  
hermitage

ulrike gerbig

## **Snow**

Stillness its twin  
It hushes all sound  
In its silent reign  
We are spell-bound  
Unblemished unstained  
We begin to comprehend  
The white soundlessness of Innocence

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Snow on Thanksgiving**

A mute sky  
Sheds showers  
Fragile, frenzied  
White-winged  
Melting moths  
A dwindling, swirling  
Chaos of divine  
Frozen tears  
Still-born kisses  
Aborted dreams  
The absurdity of  
Another 365 days  
Going nowhere  
Fast

November 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Solar Power**

In his absence  
I call on the sun  
To kiss me, caress me,  
Endow me with  
Brilliance,  
So that in future days  
His sunflower heart  
Will always  
Turn to  
Me.  
ulrike gerbig

## **Somehow**

Some songs  
Seem to  
Tear me  
Apart  
Rip me  
Open  
These days  
I steer clear  
Of the blues  
Of old rock ballads  
Of the sighs and  
The moans  
The screams and  
The wails  
Of everything that  
Tells me  
I miss you  
More than  
I want  
More than  
Is good for  
Me more than  
Any poem  
Any song  
Any verse  
Any word  
I write  
Can ever express

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Someplace

I should find myself someplace  
A house with a garden an apple  
Orchard at best old tress wild flowers  
Dog roses wild herbs and some  
Greens low ceilings small windows  
Thick walls rough beams oak doors  
A porch a couch and some shelves  
A place for my records my books my  
Crockery my worn-out dreams my broken memories  
A desk for my lonely words for my simple verse  
A bedroom with walls the colour of purple a bed just for myself  
An old claw-footed tub to float my weary bones  
A stove an open fire a kettle for some healing potions  
Black and grey cats with emerald eyes to keep me  
Company a guard dog against intruders  
A place to hide a shelter against this  
Fast approaching winter the cold in my bones  
In my heart in my mind a hideout from  
The demanding speed which pushes us  
Towards our end cuts our throats in a  
Quick slash makes us bleed time slaves to  
The work ethic zombies in the push and shove  
Hades of the capitalist dream

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Soul Food**

Serve love.  
End the famine  
Of indifference  
And junk food  
Encounters.

ulrike gerbig

## **soundwaves**

faster than the  
speed of light  
your sound waves hit  
this instrument  
make it hum  
and sing its song  
long before  
your bow touched  
its strings

ulrike gerbig

## Speaking Chinese to a deaf man's ears

You might not  
Have heard me  
Or did you  
Misunderstand  
Misinterpret  
Mishear?  
Do you doubt  
Your perception  
Your ears  
Your eyes  
Or my intention?  
Did I use the  
Wrong language  
Wrong words  
Wrong means  
Wrong time?  
Or did I speak  
Chinese to a  
Deaf man's ears?  
Whatever I said  
I meant it  
In verse  
In prose  
In sighs, moans, screams,  
In sobs, in sentences or  
Stammer  
In tears of  
Pain or laughter  
In emails  
Letters  
Postcards  
Phone calls  
In English  
In German  
With or without  
Words  
With my mouth,  
My hands, my eyes  
My tongue, my pen,  
My keyboard  
On paper  
On screen  
On the phone  
At morning or night  
Whatever  
Whenever I said  
What I said  
No matter how  
I said it or  
In what way  
I meant what I said  
I said what I meant

And I will  
Never forget

ulrike gerbig

## **Spring Moon**

Not summer yet  
But in the  
Air already  
A promise  
Of distant pleasures  
Of dancing naked  
Of sweat mingling  
A salty river of  
Longing  
Love  
Life

ulrike gerbig

## St.Stephen's Day

St.Stephen's day:  
Emotional indigestion  
And no turkey to blame.

Alone, the yuletide ghosts haunt me.  
They dance around the tree and  
Whisper tales of Christmases that never were.

If life was a book,  
I would re-write a few chapters,  
Put in all which has been left unsaid:  
All the love  
Not given,  
Not received,  
Would add a few more  
Passionate Holy Nights full of  
Lust and laughter,  
Meat and porter,  
Songs and games,  
Would add all the friends  
I lost through  
...life

In my patchwork family portrait,  
My Dickensian tale,  
There would be  
No misunderstandings,  
No misgivings,  
No misfits,  
An omniscient narrator  
To look after us all.

As it is..  
I would be glad for  
Some wren boys,  
Singing in front  
Of my door  
Joining me for some  
Whiskey and porter  
Until dawn.

December 2004

ulrike gerbig

## **Stain**

I write myself tired tonight.  
I cut my own wrists.  
Black ink blood stains paper,  
Leaves a mark of  
That day, that night, that very moment,  
Scars this awesome vastness,  
Stigmatises this indisputable nothingness  
With my humble contribution to immortality.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Stalkers**

In the past

Imaginary steps

Behind me

Was trouble

Following

Me about.

Now I am stalked

By Calliope,

Clio and their gang.

They jump on me

When least expected.

That's why I

Never leave the house

Without some

Pen and paper.

ulrike gerbig

## **Star Gazer**

Stars fall  
A hopeless  
August sky  
Showers us  
With tears  
Of Jupiter and  
Juno  
Distant Gods  
Deaf to our pleads  
Dumb to our questions  
Blind to our pain  
A vague wish  
Is all that's  
Granted  
A vague hope for  
Some salvation  
Some day  
Somewhere  
Not here  
Not now

ulrike gerbig

## **Stardust**

We are nothing but  
An afterthought  
Of the Gods  
At the beginning  
Of creation  
At the end of  
Something  
Meant to be perfect  
Not yet perfected  
The atonal music to  
An intermission  
Between two  
Acts of the  
Ultimate play of life  
The rehearsal  
Of what once  
Is meant to be  
The second cast  
Replacement characters  
Of unimportant value  
Nothing but  
Fleeting stardust  
A fairy light on  
A vast and silent stage  
Beautiful now  
Gone the next minute

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Stern Days**

This winter's kiss is fierce  
A sickly sky coughs up grey days  
Frostbitten clouds sneeze muddy sleet  
Forlorn in frost-gnarled trees  
Bland birds mourn stillborn songs  
Lamed lakes and rivers lament life  
And hearts exposed turn still and freeze

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Stillness**

Experience time in it's entity  
Take on it's inevitable slowness  
Leave the phone off the hook  
The organizer empty of appointments  
Suffer the stillness of an empty weekend  
Stop running!  
Sit still!  
Don't move!  
Breath in!  
Breath out!  
Endure yourself in the eerie process  
Of dying by the minute  
Receive the gift of life in  
Every single breath

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Storm Warning**

A huge storm  
Builds inside of me  
Ready to break lose  
At any time now  
When it finally does  
Rain will fall  
The Floods will pale  
Noah's arch  
Like a nutshell  
On the roaring current  
There will be no shelter  
No hiding place  
From the torrent  
Of liquefied hunger  
There will be no  
Escape from the  
Boiling waters  
Of molten starvation  
It will tear down all dams  
Flood all visible land  
Resistance means drowning  
The only chance of survival  
Is to go with the flow

ulrike gerbig

## **Strange**

I cannot write with cold hands  
But I can write with cold feet  
I cannot write with eyes closed  
But I can write with eyes wet  
I cannot write with an empty head  
But I can write with my hands full  
I cannot write with a hollow soul  
But I can write with a growling stomach  
I cannot write with an empty heart  
But I can write with a barren cunt

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **strawberry**

it hides  
under leaves,  
the idea  
of a fruit,  
a thought  
nature has not  
voiced yet,  
a promise of  
sultry  
summers  
and  
juices of  
unconceivable  
sweetness.

ulrike gerbig

## **Sugar and Spice**

I want to feed you  
Cinnamon kisses  
From vanilla lips  
Cover you in  
Warm golden  
Molasses  
Bath you in  
Milk and honey  
Lick you dry  
Taste your  
Appetising sweetness

ulrike gerbig

## Tea Time

I find myself  
Drinking tea  
Today  
A secret act of  
Reunification  
A sensual séance  
Evocation of  
Liquefied love  
A deep meditation  
On amber steam  
If I could  
Find it here  
I would break  
Sweet golden  
Corn bread  
Take communion  
With this shadow  
Which follows  
Me around  
I would gladly  
Eat and drink  
The blood and meat  
Of this silent spirit  
Which stands at my door  
Which guides my sleep

ulrike gerbig

## Teaparty at the doll's house

I make it all so nice: fresh sheets and crisp new pillow cases,  
Oh, yes, and polished mirrors and brightly polished floors and flowers,  
Yes, I remember you like flowers, a table cloth as  
Pretty as my eyes, cherry juice as red as lips and mellow golden  
Sugary tea and cakes, iced pink and white, and I put on my best dress  
And do my hair real nice and dab some grown-up  
Perfume onto hidden and forbidden places and sit and wait for you,  
As if you could come down my street at any time now,  
As if you never disappeared, meanwhile me and my old stuffed teddy  
Play pretend, he easily fills the space you left and I pass the  
Time talking to you in my head, like I do, every day now.

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **The awakening**

Virgin light  
Honeycombs  
Lilly-scented  
Slumber,  
Dreams of  
Orchid woods,  
Wakes a mind  
Still deep  
In hibernation  
To the rose dew  
Breakfast  
Of a new spring.

ulrike gerbig

## **The Blues (for Babs)**

Write it down,  
Scream it out,  
Baby,  
As if it was the blues.

Write it down,  
Shout it out loud,  
Baby,  
As if it was the blues.

You've gotta voice  
Your feelings  
Cause you are alone  
In your shoes.

Cry hot  
and hard,  
Baby,  
As if it was the blues.

Don't shut  
This door,  
Baby  
Because it is the blues.

Make your hoarse  
Voice heard  
Baby,  
Cause you've got nothing to lose.

You loved and  
You lost,  
Baby,  
It really is the blues.

You've been  
Feared and adored,  
Baby,  
That really is the blues.

You are walking  
Alone,  
Baby,  
On the road that you choose.

And all that  
You have now,  
Baby,  
Is that feeling for the blues.

December 2003

ulrike gerbig

## **The colours of the day**

It unfolds  
Some enchanted  
Fabric  
Of changing  
Colours  
At first  
Dark indigo  
Shot through  
Stellar silver  
Then rose coloured  
Tinted with fire  
Later it turns  
To light azure  
The colour  
Of innocence  
Then lapis lazuli  
So clear  
So hard  
Devine eyes  
Looking down  
On us  
As the hours  
Pass  
It turns to soft  
Vanilla, lavender  
A touch of  
Strawberry  
A well-deserved sweet  
At the end  
Of an exhausting  
Journey  
Some dove grey  
A soft blanket  
Promises sleep  
Dreams and rest  
Protects us  
Anxious children  
Demanding a  
Loving mother  
Shelters us  
Before appalling  
Blackness  
Swallows all colour  
Folds  
Us in its  
Eternal arms

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## The day the Gods remembered

We stood  
In line  
For years  
Patiently  
More often  
Than not  
Cussed  
Cursed  
Sometimes  
Stomped  
Our feet  
Demanded  
Sweets  
Toys  
Attention  
To end  
The dullness  
The emptiness  
Hid in dark corners  
Face to the wall  
Dodged  
Abused  
Blocked our  
Helpless ears  
Against acid words  
That burned  
Our soul  
Closed our eyes  
Against  
Obvious betrayal  
In an  
Invisible world  
We resigned  
Ourselves  
To dreams of  
Possible  
Fulfilment  
Vague  
Completion  
Or sometimes  
Wet dreams  
That left us  
Sticky  
Empty and  
Alone  
But never  
Budged  
Or left  
Our place  
In the grey mass of  
The waiting  
The hoping

The players  
The cheaters  
The romantics  
And the whores  
We used  
Words  
A witch circle  
To protect us  
From  
Fire and brimstone  
Dragons  
Black witches  
And bad spells  
A charm  
Around our  
Frail necks  
Warded of  
The evil eye  
For years  
We looked  
for the  
Other half  
Of that  
Exotic amulet  
Which marked  
Us off as  
Different  
When finally  
The sparkle  
Of it hit  
My eyes  
I saw its  
Perfect fit  
Knew that  
My patience  
Had been  
Sufficiently tested  
And that the Gods  
Had finally  
Remembered.

ulrike gerbig

## **The definite end of the American dream**

Europeans just fall for it  
This myth of feasibility  
Of endless possibilities  
Of freedom and equality  
They ignore the big boy  
Playing president  
The soldiers sent to  
Useless wars  
The weapons hidden  
In every second closet  
They still follow  
The false promises of  
A nation  
Held captured by prozac  
A country  
Where pills come in  
Giant-size packs  
To keep the zombies of  
the modern work-ethic alive  
They are swallowed by  
The hand-full  
Just like everything else  
Including emotions  
That are too big  
To be easily digested  
Europeans  
Sacrifice themselves willingly  
On this self-service buffet  
Of the new world  
They readily join the  
Eat-as-much-as-you-can  
Philosophy  
Of gluttony and obesity  
Nourishment  
For the eternal conqueror  
With the sexual hang-ups  
Who comes, sees and triumphs  
Then rushes home  
To instant absolution  
Dealt by bleeding heart  
Radio stations and  
False priests  
He believes in God alright  
Yet defies him daily  
In his addiction to  
Fast food, TV, antipsychotic drugs  
His remedy against the  
National lie  
He readily preaches his  
False freedom to the  
Delusioned masses  
Requiring entrance at

The borders of  
His sham paradise  
Where they still  
Timidly wait in line  
For the salvation from  
The alleged burdens  
Of their grave history

ulrike gerbig

## **The dubious merits of housecleaning**

Who would have thought  
I'd find something  
Meaningful  
In the depth of my  
Bathroom rug  
A tiny piece of gold  
Usually adorning  
My left ear  
Cling-clanged  
Onto the cold tiles  
Smiled at me  
Reassured me that  
At least some things  
Gone can be retrieved  
If only by accident  
Or maybe good intention

Now I start a new round  
Of insane attempts  
At domestic hygiene  
Maybe I will find the  
Heart I have been  
Missing for so long  
But I cannot  
Shake the suspicion  
That no matter  
How thoroughly  
My cleaning  
I will not find  
It here but  
Somewhere else  
On this enormous  
planet

ulrike gerbig

## **The fearful substance of nothingness**

Some days there is nothing  
To do but to keep on breathing  
To pretend that there is some  
Sense in something or anything  
To act as if anything or something  
Mattered as if there was a source  
A goal somewhere we come from  
Somewhere to go to and some  
Meaning to what happens  
While we move from  
A to Z

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **The first final step**

I took it  
Now I drip  
Red all over  
The thorny path  
I chose for myself

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **The high art of flying a kite**

You need to run fast  
And when I say fast  
I mean real, real fast,  
As fast as you can,  
You need to let go  
Of all thoughts of weight,  
Yet you need to stay  
Firmly grounded,  
A tree with strong roots,  
Its branches a bridge  
Between the earth and the sky,  
You need to become,  
A trusting child of the winds,  
A fearless rider of storms,  
Then you need to give it  
String, give it room enough  
To soar high up into  
The blue wide open,  
The home of all and nothing,  
Make it a messenger  
Of your dreams,  
Your desires,  
Make it take them  
High up above you  
Until you are just a  
Dinky dot in a vast landscape,  
Desperately clinging to the  
The umbilical chord that connects what  
You are to what you could possibly be.

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## The Laws of Nature

What has  
Never been  
Creates  
A strong cyclone  
Between them,  
A storm about  
to break loose.

Across a  
Touchless void  
They howl  
Their hunger  
To the wind.

In cold heat,  
Weak and wet,  
They dodge  
The tempest.

The wind,  
Sentinel of  
Desperate words,  
Adopts their passion.

His sighs,  
His screams  
His loudest moans,  
Shake houses  
And  
Bend trees,  
While  
In their lonely shelters  
Their ears  
Are dead,  
Deaf  
to the wind  
And  
Each other.

ulrike gerbig

## **The Miracle**

You deserve  
Daring jumps  
From sinking ships  
Without life vests  
From trundling airplanes  
Without parachutes

If need be  
I would walk on water

Your belief  
Empowers me  
Makes me  
Something  
Larger  
Than I ever was  
Before

ulrike gerbig

## **The Mirror**

Every morning  
I meet a woman  
In the bathroom mirror.

Though finely wrinkled  
I still know her as the girl  
Whose wild and brazen laughter  
Called to the hunter's heart of boys,  
Made them follow her to the  
Thick undergrowth of pubescent passion plays.

Her eyes can still cast spells,  
Turn males into grunting pigs,  
Routing for magic mushrooms  
In her deep dark crevices.

Yet lately there is someone else  
Standing right behind her,  
A woman I don't know yet.

Her withered face,  
A transparent masque,  
Turns the well-known face  
Into a persona non grata.

We both are scared,  
The mirror-girl and I.  
We try to ward her off  
With magic potions.

Yet we both know  
There is no way round  
Getting acquainted.

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **the only force**

love is the only force that heals  
not anger, pain or blame or pride  
the only force which my heart feels  
love is the only force that heals  
cause anger is the force which seals  
your soul into a deep, dark vault  
love is the only force that heals  
not anger, pain or blame or pride

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **the road not yet taken**

I want to follow my thoughts  
the roads not yet taken  
leading through the undergrowth  
of my subconscious  
where I take out  
a bush knife  
and cut myself  
a tiny quiet space  
in the thick foliage  
to sit down  
and listen  
to songs of birds  
yet unheard of.

ulrike gerbig

## **The silences in between**

Underneath our words  
In the silent pauses  
Hides a whole symphony  
A sonata, movements  
Of unknown beauty,  
A passionate work of art  
Only to be performed  
By you and me.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **The tissue's tale**

I have no choice  
My softness  
Makes me  
Soak up  
What oozes out of  
Pores, mouths, noses,  
Eyes, cunts, cocks  
Cheap, soft, versatile,  
Disposable  
There is no need  
To clean me  
My fate is  
A moment of  
Neediness  
My whiteness  
Soiled  
I end up  
In the trash  
Obsolete  
After one-time  
Use

ulrike gerbig

## **The tribe of the amazons speak**

We won the battle  
But lost the war  
Our queen disappeared  
Into the darkest realm  
Her mind is lost  
In a dance of blood  
Around a lifeless God  
She feeds on his corpse  
Deaf to us and our pleads  
She left us  
For the unity with him  
For the eternal dance  
Of vanquished and  
Conquered  
A hopeless battle  
Without an end

ulrike gerbig

## **the usual**

I wait for my lift  
To the airport  
I realize I do  
Still love you  
I do not know  
If you deserve this  
I do not know  
If I need this  
I should know better  
I should not feel it  
I should not tell you  
I cannot leave here  
I cannot leave you  
Without a kiss  
Without a poem  
Without a blessing  
Without these words

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **the verdict**

the verdict  
spoken harshly  
the accused  
sentenced  
to death  
through  
severance  
of heart  
abatement  
impossible  
for culprit  
and judge  
alike  
perpetrated  
the crime  
now they both  
bleed  
from the same  
wound.

ulrike gerbig

## **The Virtual Void**

I am sitting here again  
Full of my life  
With things I'd like to share with you  
But you're not there  
Understandable  
Circumstances building walls between us  
Time, space, lives  
Shit happens

The great virtual void sucks me in  
Makes me an addict  
Something I never wanted to be

This has got to stop

I'm afraid of loosing myself  
In the big virtual void  
Looking for you  
Wasting precious time of my life's account  
Not having an endless overdraft at forty

I am here now – definitely un-virtual  
A real woman with real feelings  
A virtual knight with shining armour not part of my plan

Seize the day was my motto  
Not seizing the great big nothing  
I better start seizing real life  
Not drowning in the big virtual void.

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **The well**

It comes from  
Deep inside  
A source  
So hidden  
That even I  
Cannot go there  
At wish  
I need to wait  
In silent trance  
For the well  
To open  
For the healing  
Holy water  
To make its way  
Through the  
Ancient layers  
Of stone-cold  
Disappointments  
It has its own laws  
It builds up pressure  
Until it finally  
Erupts  
A geyser  
Of hot liquid love  
Of steamy passion  
A healing spa  
For my soul  
And for those  
Brave enough  
To join me

ulrike gerbig

## **This awful rowing towards you**

It has now stopped  
This awful rowing  
Towards you  
Against refusing angry waves

My arms are soar  
My back is weak  
My heart, your slave,  
Is now set free

It has now stopped  
The oars sink down  
My boat surrenders  
To the stream

I will live on  
I will not drown  
The tides will take  
Good care of me

A child of moon  
And salty surge  
Is well protected  
By the sea  
It will assuage  
My deepest urge  
Wash me ashore  
A different dream

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

**this morning....**

...I did not  
miss much  
as I took a walk  
in the forest of  
your words  
listening to  
your heart's  
echoes.

ulrike gerbig

## Three Monkeys

They want to be excused  
While they blindly watch TV  
For instant salvation.

Want to be excused  
While they mutely talk money  
For instant karma.

Excused  
While they deafly listen to muzak,  
Immune to the screams of people  
Burned alive at the stake,  
Not for being witches,  
Just humans,  
In the wrong place  
At the wrong time.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Tightrope walking**

I walk a  
Tightrope  
Blindly  
From where  
I am  
To where  
I will be  
Your words  
The only  
Beacon  
That pierces  
The surrounding darkness.

ulrike gerbig

## **Tissue**

Unsoiled  
Softness  
Used to  
Dry tears  
Collect snot  
Wipe off cum  
Later  
Thrown away  
To rot somewhere  
In the gutter

ulrike gerbig

## **To whom it may concern**

For the ones who put something right  
The ones strong enough to be weak  
Tender gentle caring honest  
The ones brave enough to say sorry  
I love I need I want you  
The ones wise enough to admit defeat  
Before dying in friendly fire  
The ones who do not run and do not hide  
The ones who let go of physical power  
Strength dogmatism false vanity  
The ones who can ask for help and the way  
The ones with a smile and a tear  
The ones that are so beautiful and so wanted  
For those a blessing from the Goddess  
A honest embrace and an earnest kiss  
From a woman who  
Truly really deeply  
Loves and admires  
The slow and self-sufficient  
Beauty of bears

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Travelling at 44**

There is no other way but to just go  
Without parachutes, safety belts,  
Travel cancellation insurance  
Or second thoughts, for that matter,  
Because if one thinks twice,  
One remembers steep falls,  
Crude crashes, and how often  
One got stuck in hell without a return ticket.  
So I pack all I have assembled  
Over the years in my survival kit  
And, for once, decide to be daring  
Because real courage lies in  
The disregard of all experience,  
The acceptance of the fact  
That I am dead if I don't move.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Travelling at 44, revised**

Time to pack bags again  
Collect all left-over courage for  
Air travel this time sensible  
Clothes and footwear will do  
No need for lacy underwear  
Perfume or a heart  
They can remain in the closet  
Together with used dreams and  
Slightly rancid hopes  
A single woman on a  
Business trip can chose between  
The summery taste of garlic  
On an anonymous oregano kiss  
Chianti-induced illusions of  
Amore sempre and passionate  
Or the hope that a solitary  
Lemon tree courted by a wintry sun  
Will penetrate her protective shades  
Will teach her again to dance  
Life's whirling tarantella

On the way to Rimini, Italy, October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Twice

Twice sobbing I woke  
Twice your name I spoke  
Twice I looked for a door  
Twice I was stuck to the floor  
Twice I shouted out loud  
Twice I parted the crowd  
Twice I heard not one sound  
Twice I fell to the ground  
Twice I wanted to run  
Twice escape I saw none  
Twice I wanted to hold  
Twice I grabbed at fool's gold  
Twice I sought what I had  
Twice I missed it instead  
Twice I unconsciously cried  
Twice in my sleep I died

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Useful

I do not  
Mind  
Being

A plate  
To eat from,

A chair  
To rest on,

A book  
To read from,

A bed  
To dream on,

Or even a tissue  
Which cleans a  
Snotty nose.

Just don't  
Make me  
Your doormat

I am not good  
At taking it  
Lying down.

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **valentine's call**

can you hear  
my call  
over the frozen  
windswept plains?

can you hear me  
howling  
my urgent desire  
to the wind?

it will remind  
you of the  
wilderness  
across the ocean,  
ready to be  
conquered  
and tamed!

ulrike gerbig

## **virtual void**

I am sitting here again  
Full of my life  
With things I'd like to share with you  
But you're not there  
Understandable  
Circumstances building walls between us  
Time, space, lives  
Shit happens

The great virtual void sucks me in  
Makes me an addict  
Something I never wanted to be

This has got to stop

I'm afraid of losing myself  
In the big virtual void  
Looking for you  
Wasting precious time of my life's account  
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Seize the day was my motto  
Not seizing the great big nothing  
I better start seizing real life  
Not drowning in the big virtual void.

ulrike gerbig

## **Wake-Up Call**

I cry a name  
My hoarse voice  
Ricochets from the  
Blurred walls of sleep  
A bullet wanting a target  
My hands search damp sheets  
My eyes question the dark  
I long to return  
What I seek is not  
To be found in this room

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Waters**

I come to you  
In thick black clouds,  
Pregnant with rain.  
I water the desert  
Of your soul,  
I raise your  
Water level.  
I crack your surface.  
I ooze out of you  
In drops  
At first,  
Then rivulets,  
Then brooks.  
At last  
An ever  
Broadening river.  
I build up  
Pressure to  
Finally  
Break your  
Dams,  
Drown you  
In a tsunami  
Of passion  
And love.

ulrike gerbig

## **Weak**

Sometimes I just  
Cannot go there  
I cannot find the  
Strength in me  
To be so honest  
To bare my throat and  
Invite the swift cut  
Sometimes I do better  
When I hide when I run  
Away from what lives  
Deep inside me from what  
Speaks it's mind every single  
Minute of each day and night  
From the blabbering voice  
The beast yearning  
To be heard longing to be  
Followed rigorously screaming  
Its will playing master to  
The servant of my soul

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Welcome to the Mediterranean

How they speak  
With their hands  
Their eyes  
Not just their voice  
As penetrating as  
The ever present  
Scooters  
Which pierce  
The luke warm  
Nights and  
Sleep  
As omnipresent as  
The relentless  
Sun beating down  
From a sky of  
A blue  
So immoderate  
It turns white  
Skin  
Bright red  
There is no hiding  
No escape  
Here  
For a timid  
Northern soul  
Still  
The whole thing  
Seems to be contagious  
Nordic melancholy  
And long winters  
Make susceptible  
For all this  
And thus many  
Return  
Drawn like bees  
To honey  
Crusaders  
In search of  
The holy grail  
Of olive oil  
Red wine  
And passionate  
Living

ulrike gerbig

## **What matters most**

'What matters most is how well you walk through the fires'  
Charles Bukowski

Walking through fires and dark woods  
In scorching heat and freezing cold  
I got burned and scarred  
I got blistered and numb.

Crossing burning deserts  
Walking through wood fires of passion  
The coolness of the forests lured me in.

I was a child lost  
In a sombre maze of paths  
In undergrowth and eerie sounds

Longing for warmth  
I bedded wolves  
And fed them with my love.

Kissed toads  
And touched wet surface  
hiding the cold hearts of amphibians.

In icy streams of solitude  
I bathed my wounds  
And eased my pain.

When tired I hid in a cave  
In hibernation  
Pregnant with myself.

In my soul's dark hollows  
I finally gave birth to me,  
a midwife in labour pains.

Fathered by  
The beasts and the burns  
The fires and the forests.

Walking through fires and dark woods  
In scorching heat and freezing cold  
I must have done it well  
Because I did not lose, but finally found myself.

2003

ulrike gerbig

## **What remains**

There are stamps  
For letters  
I will never write

There are texts  
For cards  
I will never send

There are clothes  
For bags  
I will never pack

There is time  
For calls  
I will never make

There's petrol  
For trips  
I will never start

There is food  
For thought  
I will never cook

There is warmth  
For love  
I will never give

There are words  
For poems  
I will never speak

ulrike gerbig

## **What the hell...?**

What is it all worth  
Now that we see  
That heaven's mercy is only  
For others and the doors  
To redemption are locked  
For some?  
Why the fuck should we  
Pretend to be angels when we  
Are doomed to  
A violent death called just  
By many?  
Why should we not be devils and raise hell  
Live up to the names they call us  
Fulfilling the stigma of our birth?

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Whatever**

I start a new one  
Called whatever  
Because whatever is what  
Is was will be  
Whatever leaves room  
For me you anyone  
To be whatever he/she/I  
Is am will be  
For whatever comes to pass  
For whatever is  
For whatever was  
It is the poem  
For whatever poet is  
Beyond any whatever understanding  
Beyond any whatever words  
For any whatever was  
For any whatever is  
For any whatever will be

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

### **What's left to say**

This year deserves a poem

But words fail me

White oblivion wraps

And seals Pandora's box

Outside frozen softness

Blurs sharp angles

And covers dirt

ulrike gerbig

## **When the muse dies**

Her cry is silent  
Her tears are  
Invisible  
Her hearbreak  
Soundless  
And yet she  
really dies  
Deleted  
From the heart,  
The life  
Of the poet  
The poems caused  
By her kiss  
Might now  
Arouse others  
They are free  
For all projections  
By any woman  
Who comes along  
Demanding her place  
Playing her part

ulrike gerbig

## **White**

In this confusing mess  
Of swirling colours  
Those blacks and blues  
Those purples and reds  
We sometimes search for  
A white room white noise  
White mind white heart white soul  
To secure our sane survival

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **White Witch Wishes**

If I could break the  
Spell the 13th fairy  
Laid around your heart  
If I could kiss the magic  
Sleep away which has you  
In its claws if I could cut  
The thorn hedge round your soul  
No evil spell would stop me  
I gladly would bestow the  
Kiss of life on your pale lips  
Would bath your worried brow  
In sorcerous tears  
Would tap the warm blood  
Of my heart to  
Disenchant you and  
Bring you back to life

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Wild Life**

It is one of these days when verses  
Hunt me down like lions  
Images silently slide  
Through the high grass of  
My subconscious like snakes  
My poetic mind flies over the  
Savannah of the day  
An antelope free proud  
Denying all bonds ties or  
Domestication

2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Will you...**

Will  
You  
take me  
For what I am,  
For what it's worth,  
For what has been,  
For what will be?  
Will you  
Take  
Me?

ulrike gerbig

## Winter Storm

This morning  
I woke up to words,  
Wildly swirling snowflakes  
Falling from the  
Storm clouds  
Of my mind.

They cover  
Frozen ground  
In a blizzard,  
So thick  
It renders all else  
Invisible in my  
Glacial world of thought.

I want to  
Take a walk  
Over frozen gaps,  
Ice-stilled streams  
Across torn bridges,  
Down snowy silent paths,  
Deep into my soul's  
Wintry undergrowth.

Chilled to the bone  
I want to take home  
What I retrieve there,  
Then hide in a shelter,  
Wait for the next spring thaw.

ulrike gerbig

## **With all my senses**

I look deep into your dreams  
and see the beauty of what's you  
I listen to the echo of your faintest thoughts  
and hear the sound of your desire  
I feel your skin  
and touch the well of your emotions  
My lips meet yours  
and I can taste the very essence of your self

The book that's you  
has many chapters  
written onto the soft skin of your heart  
I opened it and now  
I want to read you  
with all my senses

ulrike gerbig

## **Word Witch**

Waves her  
Weary wand  
Casts spells  
On hearts  
And minds  
Conjures up  
Some shy  
Smiles, some  
Cautious love  
Some lasting  
Suns  
On this planet  
Spinning on  
The edge of  
Darkness and  
Destruction

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Wounded**

Soundlessly  
It hides in  
High grass  
Licks  
Bloody  
Weepy  
Wounds  
Waits for  
Deliverance  
Death  
For its safe arms  
For its redemptive kiss  
For oblivion  
From the crude  
Reality of pain  
Its loneliness  
Is self-chosen  
It might even bite off  
The hand that  
Offers care

ulrike gerbig

## Yeast

A word, a smile  
A taste, a smell  
Enter  
My ears, my eyes  
My mouth, my nose  
Settle in  
My gut, my brain  
My heart, my soul

Safe and warm  
They ferment  
Past encounters  
To a rich  
organic dough

Baked  
As nourishing  
As satisfying  
As substantial  
As a slice of  
Fresh, warm  
Bread.

ulrike gerbig

## **You**

there is nothing  
but...

ulrike gerbig

## **You left me something**

A bed in County Clare...  
You fed me your words,  
You penetrated my brain,  
You inseminated me  
With your inspiration.

Later that night  
A poet was born,

Your illegitimate child,  
On rumped sheets  
That smelled  
Of you and me.  
ulrike gerbig

## **You-Me-Poems**

a folder named  
"before you"  
one named  
" with you"  
one named  
"after you"  
so many words  
so much paper  
so many poems  
is all that's left  
black on white is  
all that bears  
lasting witness to  
the ghost of you and me  
in public in private  
we poets bury  
our loved ones  
in words on paper  
I guess that is simply  
that much that little  
when all is said it is  
All it boils down to

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Young man on the balcony, hanging up laundry**

He scratches  
His naked chest,  
Bear-yawns,  
And uses  
Today's sun  
To bleach out  
Yesterday's stains  
From last night's  
Laundry.

ulrike gerbig

**your kiss is like the winter sun**

unexpected  
sudden  
melting  
precious  
fleeting  
gone

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Your Poems**

Hummingbird words,  
Metallic shimmering,  
Light reflecting  
Little creatures,  
Waver in front of me  
Demanding the nectar  
Of my deepest core.  
ulrike gerbig

## **Your poems #2**

They don't sing  
For me anymore  
Beautiful  
Humming birds  
Turned into  
Crows of doom  
They feed on  
Carrion of  
Slain emotions  
Harbingers  
Of death  
And decay  
Dreaded by me  
Saluted by  
The self-appointed  
Sentinels  
Who now guard  
The entrance  
To your soul

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Your words**

I followed them  
Enticing butterflies  
Whispering of long summers  
Of soft nights filled with  
Cherry-sweet kisses  
Of courting mating and  
Slow dancing  
My eyes fixed on their  
Iridescent wings I did  
Not see the deep dark  
Pit waiting for me  
Swallowing my soul  
And all sunlight

October 2005

ulrike gerbig

## Zen

Watch the dust  
First dance then settle  
So incredibly meaningful  
In its unimportance  
It is beautiful  
As is the moment  
The only unbroken promise  
The only true reason for  
Being alive

December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Zen 2**

Stop  
Acting  
Resign aim  
Goal Purpose  
Just breath be the moment  
Float in infinity live life to the max

December 2005

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### **Zen 3**

Watch snowflakes fall  
Perishable repetitive uniqueness  
They melt in possessive hands  
Like moments we dream to be eternal

31st December 2005

ulrike gerbig

## **Zen 4**

There is no path  
Just the way we make  
As we blindly stumble  
From place to place  
If we open our eyes  
We might be granted  
Some perspective  
The only valuable lesson

January 2006

ulrike gerbig

## **Zen 5**

Welcome frost  
Life craves death  
Before the resurrection  
Of beauty

January 2006

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## **Zen 6**

Sealed in amber  
The rotting fly becomes  
Eternal beauty

January 2006

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