

swantje lichtenstein / 2025
ghost is spirit or: wars and words

I.
sounds of undead words

ssschhhhh sssss hyssst
kkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin

sad symptoms
of my language,
sayings sensing
killings day for day
reminding me
of sounds of
undead words

ssschhhhh sssss hyssst
kkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin

words of the undead threat
overcoming all regrets
regenerative widening
views of whining wimps

shoulders carrying progenies
never forget they feed bodies
clinging to invisible lines
between the undead they said

and vampires' teeth stiches
trees whisper with witches'
throats sore from fighting
spells to brave to behave

knowing somebody believes you
sees you, listens in relation to
be cursed by binary bindings
violent load beyond responds

a moment to say it out loud
to be safe not saving crowds
ruling routines of rotten rhymes
risking the misread as sparing

paring with some solid siblings
seizure sisters' tears and feelings
callings shouting night-spells
you tell stories that aren't over yet

inhumanity an overtone of despair
the old german graniteware
always twitching and switching
humming holy howls of heimat

coming up with worn shoes
repeating fascist recuse
memes, letter, sounds,
wordy signs, ruining runes

secrets as mysterious twisters'
spooky bloody blisters
spirit words are energized
evil ends aren't jammed

fanatism a hidden character crime
defects and denial undermine
womb wonders, openness closes
excluding other persons portions

over and over and over and over
over and over and over and over
over and over and over and over
to overcome the overheard the
undead

an apex of a feudalism order
unsex me here untext me there
underline the underground

....

wort ort wert wo vor verwahrt bewahrt wen
word ear hear who before whom maintain remain

wort ort wert wo vor verwahrt bewahrt wen
word ear hear who before whom maintain detain
not over never ever where we were here we hear

ssschhhhh sssss hysst
kkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin

undead unsaid mad
handing over under
us they said they're
undead unheard yet

instead we get back
what we do undead
ahead the unhuman
language untrue then

believing in changing
can managing human
germans still using
word of abuse then

not moving away from
what we want to overcome
through words belonging
as double tongueing

arguing among things
peers, sad pets and kings
queens frightening fights
might bring back these nights

reminding my doubts
killing with my mouths
violent words silencing
swords misunderstood

flood of the undead
unsaid unmade unpaid
unclarified unsatisfied
afraid of acting out

comprehending german
brandings of words
wits whinery death
grief like stony sweet

fug nagging me what
to read a thought of
hate could reclaim
the aim to forget sounds

of the undead regrets
combind tete a tetes
my fear of breathing
tears of teething

undead unspoken
pestizides paranoide
partners in crime
crying cruel eyes
forgetting the forgotten
words silenced ourselves
not to be caught
to come back
sad and undead

ssschrhhhh sssss hysst
kkkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin

log logos log logos log
lies lying layers lowering
log logos log logos log
lies lying layered laid back

ssschrhhhh sssss hysst
kkkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin

ssschrhhhh sssss hysst
kkkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin

silencing without compassion
slowly drifting back, a session
of walking dead's we're ignoring
the tribal heritage we carry

depraved dna restarting hoary
tote spaces, sounds, old glory
earned anything hold on bold
it's enough being born so cold

daily grind small crumbs
of comfort grind becomes
composed to feel compelled
to keep on freaking speaking

repeating tweeting as serfs
the majority of technical birth
collecting screaming's of
susceptible sentences

the earth is still breathing,
rivers flowing canoes running
we're all in a rush to hush
and push unleash the tags

pulling the paddle past pointers
means sinking as pondering
drowning taking all hustlers

high up in the sky i do believe

in humans and their thin skins
strange ears or back heads
hopes even if they might forget
faithfully the ability of fatality

the strangeness of human feet
or knees the abyss to compete
with sweetness in hand, mostly
like puppets but full of failures

i turn towards the ground
places are resources sound
a gift singing true brainwork
like lust a moment of trust

to do and take and make and die
a text material of humankind
brutality and forgiveness in sight
trauma led me to activity

let's use joy as a toy to destroy
these words of murderers
undead reverberance of speakers
imprisoned in deutschdorf zombie land

i do believe it wouldn't do
anything unless i truly
share my words with you
still hearing german orders

crying killings, stored barely
knowing we'd do explain rarely
to our children and to those
we force to learn and speak

still blaming they were creating
other ways of talking and leaking
the empty space, the grey areas
losing an ongoing misunderstanding

the simplicity of the recurrence
of multiple millions abhorrence
themes of many mumblings
voices voiceless decorporated / dismissed

listen, there are emotional words
detach by putting a label on records
don't let megalomaniac manners

show the shock of being fanatic

i can't say it in my language
infected with the undead
raw tendencies of german

nicht rein sein nicht eins sein
the meaning of nicht dabei sein

call everyone what you are yourself
words are creatures, living if you need them
treat them as they wouldn't know
they become undead and come back

at night times
war times
famines and fights
curse of a language
no word stands alone
no word comes from nothing
the stories must be told
until we hold the lifelong
guilt ongoing

over and over and over again
over and over and over again
over and over and over again

until its over
its not over
over

keep on speaking
with each other
through new
sounds love
language to
heal and let
words die

*ssschrhhh sssss hysst
kkkkkkkk eeshhhh whhees
chuuut, ciiii shiin*

II wars and words

cries of pain
caught in the dust
of increasing cold
with accuracy
weapons impact
holy houses hit
hating operations
objectification
of hearts and mouths
the collapse of
trembling cats
before everything else
growing up in shock

small wounds blown
away around mouths
crying their little legs
bent and wrapped with
gauze bandage alone
under many corpses
easy to carry away
several bodies on one
stretcher toys remain
in hands branches
torched cheeks
finger tails
fatal consequences
of wars in areas
with a high density
of infants and female*
bodies buildings targeted
and the underground
above people given
the impression
they are in the way
both ways
no matter how short
the time they
lived in these zones
might have been
dead mini
descendants assigned
swept away underneath
dug out under stones
to point out orphaned
to point out that their
lives are worth less
compare to those
of the adults
who argue only as much
as their cats and
dolls and mattresses

creative talks about ice cream
uncreative debating about grades
open stairs and shares wherever
you go people with callings and
tribal behavior in swabia
evil masks and wooden
faces fearful memories of
flying in their arms to the
next corner death in my eyes
and repeating the ideas ever
providing them to others
and keeping nothing for myself
only the black old cat and
my wordy wise witchcraft

tankers drift in direction
of repeated trauma
prolongations of grief
not dissected tearless
weeping eyes
witness a tour
of no return
desert scattered
fleeing without safety
love and light are
shareable resources
available in abundance
contagious and distributed
on solemn days
souls are landless
and supra-regional

truth truce
numberless helpless
powerless people
to seek peace
despite lost
knees and limbs
despite injustices
for all involved
despite the complexity
of reasons there is
the tendency
to go back in time
to solve problems
of today leading
many in a constant
continuum of
sorrow and pain
in fantasies
about reasons
or solutions
as well as the
strength to
carry it out
day by day
rocks and bodies
for today
it remains
the most dangerous
place in the world
to be a child

hate out of defense
is still hate
unreasonable borders
of own perspectives
to be right
continuing to claim
to know what is
and what to do
flow controls
face readings
streams under tarps
sleeping people in
seams sewed
scarred lines
we look at the world
from baby's eye view

the suffering
of our people
is the suffering
of your people
is the suffering
of the people
the grief
of others
doesn't make
it better
rather creates
zombies not
to recognise
suffering
as humans

my stony arms
with a few word
following little lights
accept the complicity
to announce my
arms are too short
the death beneath
us queuing in a line
from the same
kidney haunted
unfollowing us
because a word
may be a sign
in time and therefore
dangerous as well
as being silent

enormous landscapes
in regenerative utopias
let's saddle up hips
our lenses are
used as frames
chastened or
tamed for those
who shall only be meat
prepare audaciously paths
wash away the pain
and then color it red
or pink to forget

he unheard
and unseen
empowering
themselves
disarming making
echo chambers
and resistances
available
to clear out
unhealed abrasions
for generations
they do not run
instead they
bespeak together
with grandmothers
oceans and trees
for the future

flowing through time
attacking the world
fever and traps
destroy touches
unspecific as species
suspects everything susceptible
stories of ancestors
built from ostracism
and power like the idea
judging and revenge
would come before refreshing
kissing and caressing
but cells yearn
like quanta
for leaps of love
easy does it

light enlivens
light enlightens
light indicates
light facilitates
light ignites
light radiates
light affects
light protects
licht wärmt
human beings
commonly
in glacial
times

firing off anger like grief
under a concatenation of
of circumstances lock
banks strike on roads
pick olives and what
the earth still gives
plant stones under stones
sand on sand build paths
leading in a new direction
from future to future
back to the muddled
forebears away from
the special status
paper words greased
machines chewing on
their own teeth and
cramping under steam

restless like the countless
orphaned in ravaged
rainy valleys in helpless
horror ask us questions
for which we need utopias
and fictions bright idealisms
under dark skies
hopes out of hunger
for humanity
the distinctions
from the torments of images
the influence of artificiality
even in the endless
sorrow of the wounded
last hours again

more likely to cuddle with cords
than to put them over necks
gently stroke dolphin skin
to find out how
this earth finally g
gets another spin
balanced in the middle
supported by touches
findig itself handy
with giving up control
that people believe to
own not even re-
cognizing it as faith
for knowledge regardless
naked singularities

denial is not suspending
energies but rather
bequeaths sad lies
to the descendants
that spill out again broke out
and up was unchewed and
not digested swallowed down
what became a german strategy
to convince oneself
doing something better
to be superior and always
still have one say

hearts are even
in records of daily
atrocities of those
thinking beats are
strikes or grenades
yet staying alive
through their
consistent knocking
control of the breath
pumping blood
through the living
body supposed to remain
under the skin not
flowing on roads
blood stains
recording the
eternal oblivion

smoke also in the
bread lines
struggle for survival
in the striped
field of vision patience
searching while
enough is available
in earth seeds
would be water
one's own behaviour
as one of ten
to see and the
own part that
each one adds
even in silence
blind and rigid
with a white flag

as if there were
such a thing as settle
dead bodies as if
one made amends
to the other
as if obsessed
to insist to
forget on reasons
for belonging to
countries moved
like circles and
parabolas with
attentive axes
and sowing
grim reapers

repeated mis-
use of the words
complete unharmed
holy heading for
disasters of sideshow
places destroyed
as delivery of arms
wars of donations
the light repeatedly
on herds of well
-meaning germans
who do not look
themselves in the face
let alone at ancestral
stories bunkered
on festive tables
too deep for high days

storyteller's peace
little children cowering
in wars who don't understand
any of the reasons concepts
or explanations whose little bodies
full of bruises and
imprints for a life
marked days for years
who never began
to count backwards or
hoping for kisses whose
transformations in
nerves paths and
will always be there
in voiceless storages
and shaken heads
over hospital targets

can connect with a lot
according to the grimm's
enemy of books enemy of brothers
enemy of citizens enemy of the poet
misogamist hereditary enemy archenemy,
main enemy house enemy
enemy of children enemy of fruit
pseudo enemy school enemy
game enemy mortal enemy
misogynist enemy of the world
forgetting with whom
it began preventing
the end of automated
reactions as fight
& flight syndrome
of past days
taking today
thousands of innocents
lives due to
the othering
or belonging

because we are who we are
because we are singing
colonising suns and moons

*there is room in between
now is no more
now is no more
time*

because we are where we are
because we are singing only
to full our own necks

*there's room in between
now is no more
now is no more
time*

because we are as we are
because we are robbing
singing space to loose bandages

*an end must be
be now*

daily presentations
that we follow
see hear read
skin-deep impressions
burnt into eyes and brain

wound images bomb images
death images dust images
blood pictures orphan pictures
panzer pictures hunger pictures
tent pictures cold pictures

knowing and seeing nothing
to have even clearer
no option this time
unimaginable full
share of inhumanity

only an opening of hearts
a standstill of the weapons
the attack and blood seat
the food of the everyday
for the common future

peace signs are fired at
those who run for their lives forget
as easily as those who starve
grow lonely so it's time to listen

in high or low nights
in fullness and in sorrow in every
particular and points of view responsible
forces in possibility and unity

guilds for the future would consist
of quietly resting active breathing
gentle mutual palpation
useful or selfless deeds

hoping for the solstice of the sun

having to fight for what
elected ones command
going unmoved into
the battle believing
to promote and demand
changed rights

turn actions
sending true help
conceding to see
wanting to possess earth
would be like fetching
mourning from the atlas

breaking out can
happen after
leaving but not
without people
still also today
and always