



# POETRY-SLAM

2024

tus poemas  
your poems

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Para mí Latinoamérica es...

# THE FIRST TIME I CRIED (BY SANEM BASNAOGLU)

Teardrops burning down my skin  
Leaving bittersweet closely thin.  
Brown the color I used to know  
Collaborates with the waves of blue  
Making the noises so loud, so true.  
Drowning in my own darkness  
Feeling untouched scars  
Noticing hundreds of stars  
Driven over by speeding cars.  
Flames of deny  
So heavy they make me shy.  
Words burning down my spine  
Filling the void with glasses of wine.  
Shaking in fear  
This destiny so clear.  
Searching something warm  
In places free of harm.  
This grief making me disarm  
No longer embracing my mother's charm.  
Falling from pink cotton candy  
Broken wings they hand me  
Clutching every bit of memory  
Just like a fight with my biggest enemy.  
Snowflakes welcoming the winter season  
Inspiring me to escape...a great reason?  
It is time for Santa ruling the air  
Receiving an empty box  
Nothing is fair.  
Wrapped in my own bones  
Bursting into crystal sharp stones.  
Countless wounds  
Ripped open new sounds.  
The comfort zone moved overseas  
It doesn't come back.  
No heaps of relief  
Engulfed with flames  
Collapsed on the ground.  
The attempt to assist  
(p.s. no soul is around)  
Turning and spinning.  
Holding one last note  
There is no hope.  
Three words eight letters:  
„It is over“ is written in one straight line  
The smell of blue ink  
Is the only thing left behind.

.  
One blink of an eye and the world  
Has turned upside down.  
So miserable cause  
That is how I lost my crown.  
I want everything  
But actually nothing at all.  
Storms are arriving  
This raises my hopes  
Again (I'm?) so small.  
I want peace in raising voices  
So close, yet so far.  
Some day my body  
Every day my soul  
But now it is my name  
That cries for attention  
In the fame of the world.  
I have multiple questions  
But not many words  
To speak them out loud.  
When will the pain ease  
To make me lose my shame.  
You burdened me with thoughts  
Not only that, but  
You also closed the door to my heart.  
Looking at my hands  
Staring at these lines  
I can see mourning signs.  
One circle screams in red  
Saying „stop“  
I'm stumbling back.  
My eyes get so weary  
The kids are glued together.  
Tell me: will this feeling last forever?  
Waking up  
Was it just a dream  
...or a nightmare?  
What an extreme.

The first time I cried  
My inner child died.

# ONE-SIDED LOVE (BY LISANN MAGHSOUDOGLHI)

My heart feels heavy, there is a crushing weight  
on my chest,  
if only I was brave enough to tell you how I felt.  
The thought of it robbing my last breath.  
I wonder, oh I wonder if you could ever be  
mine.  
Until then I suffocate myself to be fine.  
Am I enough?  
Will I ever be loved?  
Whatever has made me fall for you,  
Will it make you fall for me too?  
I need answers,  
Let there be a clue!  
No answers, nothing is near,  
Just the echo of silence, being crystal clear.  
The unknown future,  
I know it's scary, but  
Whenever I look at you,  
I feel hypnotized.  
Even for just a moment,  
I believe all will be fine.  
Our eyes meet again.  
Something inside me starts to panic  
Once again all hopes going down like the  
Titanic  
Your voice fills me with soothing thoughts,  
But that one voice of mine is drowned in pain,  
It tells me to do what my heart does not dare,  
To leave you?  
Oh no – that can't be true!  
Our voices forming a beautiful symphony,  
But even the most beautiful sounds  
Turn into broken melodies.  
Though the night might stretch, endlessly  
long,  
I'll mourn the loss of my love, in sad songs.  
Everything is fading around me within the  
shadows of the night.  
My heart is shattering even though I already  
knew that it might.

What if in a different universe  
We could exist around each other  
Without having to look for something  
that's always been out of reach.  
And all I had to do  
Was to look at you  
And you'd be mine.  
It feels like everything is already decided,  
but nothing is meant to be.  
Time is slipping through my fingers,  
Will I ever get the chance to tell you  
what I'm looking for?  
I want to write my name in the story of  
yours,  
I really do.  
If only I could say  
Who my heart is looking for.  
Our story shouldn't have ended that way.  
Even after all the dark you find a happy  
tale.  
But it was never ours in the first place.  
And why? All because I was afraid.  
Just for a moment I wish I could speak the  
truth,  
It started as nothing and ended as  
nothing.  
But somehow I've still lost everything  
Because – let's be realistic:  
You loving me?  
Was never a possibility  
In our reality.  
And for what?  
Just because I was afraid, afraid of the  
ending.  
I'll never know if you and I have ever felt  
the same.

# 10 OUT OF TEN AND ALL THESE IMPORTANT THINGS (SAMANTHA GÜNTER)

She never was a self-confident person

However, she loved life.

She loved the winter, the summer.

She loved the ice cream, the cold refreshing water, which she felt all over her body, when she jumped into the pool.

She loved to play with her friends, sitting in her room and just laughing.

She was very inquisitive and brave, and fell a lot.

However, she loved life.

Life is full of joy. Full of laughs, funny adventures and love.

The love that fills your heart. Or at least it fills the part that is still left.

For me, this isn't a big part. Not as big as the desperation, the self-conscious, the pressure and the fear.

How could it be different?

One look in the mirror and the happiness is gone.

One look in the window and all you see are these numbers.

The voices I hear are like echos in a cave. Voices that are spreading like a disease.

Everything I hear is like projecting me right into life. Because life feels like nothing more than a competition. A competition between me and the person I see in the mirror.

How could it be different?

How am I suppose to know who I am, when everything I am is wrong.

When everything has a place on the scale. The scale from one to ten.

"He is a ten out of ten but isn't muscular enough. Of course he's only a seven."

"She is a ten out of ten but has a crooked nose. Of course she's only a six."

Since when is it important what someone's body looks like. How someone talks, how someone moves, how someone loves, how someone breathes

.

"Bro, tell me, would you? I mean she is pretty nice." "Nah, I'd rather have someone with a big ass and a smaller waist"

"Be honest, smash or pass?" "Totally pass. I mean look at his small arms and his bad haircut."

She probably wears big clothes only, because she's built like a door and he probably only, because he isn't the most shredded one.

But wait.

Have you think about that she is only wearing big clothes because she feels so wrong about her own body?

That he wears only big clothes because of how all these ideals make him feel?

Can someone please tell me, who the fuck gives you people the right to judge?

Are you so desperate that you have to criticize and measure the worth of someone's whole identity?

Trends are just trends.  
At least this is what everyone thinks.  
It might have been just a conversation, a joke to you.  
Just some laughs about the nose, the food they eat, their grades.  
The letters might just form into random words for you.  
Words that hit deep. Deeper than the cuts of the loud silence.  
The words might just be words to you.  
While they are everything to me.

These words, always in the back of my mind. Like a dark shadow that never disappears.  
A shadow that isn't just following me.  
These trends. These ideals. They are spreading like a disease.  
A disease that spreads his arms out and grabs everything and everyone.  
Literally everyone.

While I loved the life and experienced love, love that was about my being. About how I  
smiled, how I laughed and how I cared.  
While I had this life, my little girl isn't allowed to have one like this.  
Worries about your body, your beauty or your grades shouldn't be there when you are just  
arrived in the real life.  
While I played finger games and hopscotch on the school floors, they are playing „smash or  
pass“.

A little boy worrying about his style and how he isn't the coolest one.  
A little girl looking in the mirror, so desperate about how she looks and having the urge to  
change something.  
Running around and thinking „what are they thinking of me?“  
What kind of life is this?  
Not a life that a little boy or a girl should live.  
They should play, laugh and fall.  
They should play hide and seek.  
They should play hide and seek with their friends, but not with themselves as their own  
enemy.

No one should play hide and seek.  
Not like this.  
No one should think they're just a number.  
Because what does a number even represent?  
It doesn't reflect all the hours you made me laugh.  
The many times you held me in your arms while drying my tears.  
One word shouldn't make you feel like you are wrong. Like you don't deserve to feel  
pretty, to eat this damn piece of super yummy chocolate cake.  
Like your life doesn't matter.

Why can't I be happier? More beautiful, funnier, taller, smaller, better at my hobbies.  
Why can't I be more quiet, more creative, better, stronger, prettier.  
That's what all of these stupid important things let me think. When everything I want to ask  
is,  
“Why can't it just be me?”

# NIGHTTIME (HANNA MASUR)

Today is an eternity away.

It's way after midnight, the rain drops are dripping down my cold, cold window. The dust of the night crawling up my walls, my big big walls.

It's way after midnight and I'm not tired. I'm curled up in my bed, the sheets all over me, torn apart between my bed and a dream. Listening to a song, I try to form the words with my mouth, try to hold the loss between my lips, try to understand the lyrics with my heart.

First of the year and still the same, new time old decade.

O' how bitter, O' how cruel I feel not to close my eyes. My tired tired eyes.

The clock says one.

A loud noise thwarted my room, crossing my empty space with an ignorance I've never seen.

The music gets louder, the melodies get quieter. My humming is nothing more than silent suffering. I'm not tired, I'm sick of it, so so sick of it.

My eyes seem to burn, seem to go down in flames.

Hot, delicate, lonely.

The clock says two.

My headphones are screaming into my ear, avoiding the conversation. Loud, loud words. My window is open, the rain isn't gone, flying through the blank space that I call home. The wind is cold, shiver down my spine, aching all the time. I can't get up, close the hole. I won't get up, close the black, nothing will get me out of bed, nothing will get closed. I'm tired.

The clock says three.

Scary haze. My headphones get off. Low battery, low life, low everything. I search in the dark, trying to find a charger, trying to get my shit done. The music comes out of my phone, not the way I used to know, not the way I like it. What is wrong with me? Why can't I find another battery? I feel so so wrong. My bones are colliding every time I try to get up, try to close the curtains.

O' how awful, O' how destroyed I look.

The clock says four.

The noise is rising, getting louder each time, each time I try to calm it down. I know it won't. I can't calm it down, it's a torment, a dirty line between my body and the urge to silent it. My ears are ringing, why can't anybody hear the voices, why can't anybody fear my choices? I shouldn't stay awake, thinking off how I could sleep, how I could close my eyes and slip into the eternity.

The clock says five.

The dark fades into dusk till dawn. Beast turn into human. My guts hurt, my eyes, my blue blue eyes fall apart. They are tired. A shy shimmer crawl up my wall, pleading to be seen, begging to begin its life. Such a loner I guess, I pity my body, creeping after its shadow, slipping through my fingers, away from me. My hands aren't connected to my veins, my head isn't connected to its neck, my blood isn't connected to my belongings.

Suffering, cruelty, storm.

The clock says six.

I'm tired.

Slowly my eyes are closing, my body stops trembling, my skin sinks into my sheets. I close my eyes and try to feel different, try to be seen. The melody I used to know, the memory I hold, the feeling I called home.

And somehow in some way I find the peace and let myself finally sleep.

# WAR (AMINA ROMDHANI)

War, a word that brings fear and pain  
Tears fall like rain, as families are torn apart  
Innocent children lose the joy of life  
How does it feel, to have your world fall apart?

Do you feel anger, as bombs rain from the sky?  
Do you feel helpless, as you watch your loved ones die?  
Do you feel sadness, as you see your home destroyed?  
Do you feel numb, as your emotions are void?

As a student, I can't handle  
The horrors of war, the endless battle  
I see it on the news, I hear it on the radio  
But what can I do, as a seventeen young old girl?  
I see mothers crying, fathers gone to fight  
I see children starving, in the middle of this war and you call this normal?  
I see innocent lives taken, in this never-ending war

As a student, I can't comprehend  
The reasons for war, the means to an end  
I see it on the news, I read it in books  
But why do we fight, when we all have the same blood?

But for now, I'll just watch and pray  
For peace to come, and war to go away  
As a student, I may not have power  
But I'll use my voice, to speak for those who cower.

# SEVEN YEARS: A STORY OF COURAGE (IMAN ALEED)

I was 7 years old,  
Living a simple life, chasing a dream untold  
My dream wasn't too grand  
For a girl of seven, what could I understand?  
Like any other child...  
A happy life, family close  
A doctor's coat, success in prose  
Was that too much to ask?  
Innocence guiding every task

Then suddenly, without any warning  
I had to leave my land, my home, even my dream  
War stole my freedom, my start,  
I couldn't forge ahead,  
I couldn't play my part

Whispering, "Keep going, Iman, it will be okay,"  
But the words lost in the fray  
Leaving Syria, a new dawn in sight  
Dreaming again, reaching for the light

Struggling, striving, hope anew,  
Motivation reignited through and through.

But that came with a cost  
Success didn't come without being lost  
I had to say goodbye to my family  
Staying together without parting ways wasn't an option for us..

But no matter what  
I keep pushing and pushing  
I keep giving it my all  
I always remind myself day by day:  
Keep going  
Stay true to yourself  
You'll reach your goals if you persevere  
Don't let anything deter you  
One day, you'll achieve everything you've dreamed of.  
So always have faith in yourself.  
Though freedom came at a cost  
Find your own path to freedom

# MATERIALISM (NALA TSCHOOBIN)

Once in life, we were all so happy with everything we had.

It has changed.

Everything has changed.

We grew up, caring about our clothing,  
bags, hair, and the way we look.

If you shop your clothes at Kik, you're considered poor and uncool.

Newest things define, who is cool and who is not.

Fancy friend groups are a status sought.

Fancy restaurants every day

if not, your uncool, oh, who would have thought?

You're uncool if you're alone.

But who cares if you are gone?

Posting on social media is cringe.

But who decides all these things?

We live in a stupid world, with stupid people who think they can get anything they want.

This society is crazy and ungrateful.

When I was younger, I was so happy to get an ice cream.

Now I'm happy if I get more and more that's so mean.

We are all so addicted to money.

That being poor is so funny.

Oh, he goes to Kik, oh, he can't buy the 300€ bag for school, it's so weird.

If your parents are rich, you win.

Always the coolest, the newest clothes from the newest brands.

This society brought up a generation of money, materialism and dissatisfaction.

If we get a gift card from our grandma, it doesn't matter what's written on it; what matters is how much money falls out of it.

This generation is so selfish and cares about nothing.

People's personalities no longer matter; it's just about how you look.

That's what's important. Friendships aren't real anymore; it's all about shopping,  
who looks better,

who has more expensive clothes, more expensive hair, the richer parents.

It's about who pays for dinner, who gets more money without having to work for it, who is addressed more often, and who is considered prettier.

All of this is what matters.

Social media is bad because it slowly ruins real connections. Every day, you see pictures of expensive gifts people get for Christmas or birthdays.

This promotes a culture of materialism that messes up priorities and focuses more on possessions than meaningful relationships.

In conclusion, our world seems stuck in a trap of caring too much about shallow stuff and looks, leaving little room for real connections and what truly matters.

The constant focus on showing off on social media and chasing after expensive things has made us forget the simple joys of life.

It's important for us to take a step back, appreciate the little moments, and value genuine relationships. We need to break free from the pressure to own more and look a certain way, so we can enjoy a more satisfying and balanced life.

A life that treasures people over possessions.

# DIARY ENTRY (CLARA SCHULTE)

Dear diary, strange to read what it was like several years ago. I've changed.  
Everything and everyone has changed.  
People came and went and left nothing but holes there. \*three years ago\*  
"Hey Diary, today was the best day of my life, my friends and I had so much fun!"  
\*two weeks ago\*  
"Hey Diary, the boy I thought I liked dumped me and it's getting worse again",  
see the difference?  
I missed you and I cried, but I said I was alright.  
And when you go away, I still see you with sunlight on your face in my rearview.  
Dear diary, every song reminds me of him  
Of him and me  
Of us  
I tried to save us  
I tried to not let you go  
But you  
You let me fall  
Who is gonna save me now?  
Diary, I have so many questions.  
What's the meaning of life?  
What's the meaning of love?  
Love  
Love is all around  
When I was a child I learned "Love is when two people really care for each other"  
It always sounded so easy  
So easy  
But it isn't  
I'm a teenage girl with insecurities and all I want is to be loved  
To feel safe  
Having someone around you that is interested in the things you do  
The things you care about  
Your secrets  
Your insecurities  
Diary, I'm tired  
Tired of this generation's games  
Where people are wasting your time on purpose  
Where people don't mind hurting each other  
Where people judge you for your body  
Where love isn't all around  
Dear Diary, I was born in this body, my body is a kind of mix of my family  
members who loved each other.

“How is it possible to not like yourself, you are so beautiful?”, my mother asked.  
Is she right? Diary, is she telling the truth?  
Yes, it's my mom, she is always honest with me.  
But Diary..  
I stopped eating for two days and I liked it.  
That's the truth.  
I'm worried this is all I'll ever be.  
Just a heart-broken mess  
And left over pieces of what people didn't want from me.  
I never want to feel so shitty again in my entire life  
Never again  
Diary, I am tired, not the type of tired that sleep can cure,  
But the type that sleep can escape  
It doesn't matter how mad I am.  
It doesn't matter what he did.  
It doesn't matter he left a gaping hole in my heart  
I still believe he's a good person.  
Regardless of all the bad he has done.  
Dear Diary, why am I pretty enough to get sexualized but never enough to be  
loved? I know I deserve better  
But I didn't want it from anyone else  
I wanted it from him.  
Maybe in another universe he might have told me the truth  
Diary, I think it's time to move on  
I lost myself in the process of loving someone who didn't deserve it  
And I forgot that I was special, too  
I deserve to be loved  
I deserve to be myself around people  
I deserve to get treated the right way  
Diary, I deserve it because it is the minimum of how people should treat each  
other  
Life experience cannot be undone, you have to see it as a lesson and be able to  
grow because of it  
Good Night, Diary.

# HEAD OVER HEART (LIA HÜLSMANN)

My heart is in prison  
And my head is the guardian  
I can't feel free and get over myself  
And I want to say and do so many things, but I can't  
It feels like someone stops me to live fully, but it's just myself  
It's just my head  
Everything that happens, happens so many times over and over in my mind  
It's like I go through each and every scenario over and over, and that makes me crazy  
But it's just the fear  
The fear to seem weird, or that nobody likes me  
And that's so stupid  
I am so stupid  
My thoughts are stupid and I wish I could stop them  
But I can't  
Because maybe it's wrong what I want to say, or maybe someone has another opinion,  
and I really don't want to provoke an argument  
I don't want someone to think wrong about me, and I don't want to fight  
Because I always have the fear that it's my fault  
And I can't handle it when someone is angry with me  
So I better say nothing  
I prefer being quiet and do everything on my own  
I keep my thoughts to myself, inside of me, and I don't ever let them out  
I don't want to bother someone with my problems  
Everyone has their own problems so mine seem insignificant  
I am insignificant  
My head is my greatest enemy  
And sometimes I could scream  
Because my head controls my heart  
And it stops me from feeling free  
I cannot free my heart  
It remains locked up  
My head remains the destination of my body  
And there are always the same questions, over and over again  
Am I enough?  
Does anybody like me?  
Can I live freely at some point?  
Am I worth it?  
Am I worth living in this world?  
I don't know yet  
And I can no longer do it like this  
It think my heart can't take it anymore  
It screams for help  
But my head doesn't want to stop  
I am a puppet  
And I'm not able to decide for myself  
Because my heart behind bars  
And my head has the power, my head is control

# THE OTHERS (HUDA AL HAJ)

The Others

It's so loud, such a deafening sound

I hear it !

Can you hear it?!

Can you hear the screams of the raped girl and dying child?!

How do you choose silence and condone colonisation,  
exploitation and genocide?!

Can you see all these industries built and painted with  
African , Asian and Indigenous blood?!

Is it because they're seen as less and not worthy of a  
humane life ?!

Do the screams of the marginalised not move you ?!

Or do their different skin colour ,cultures and  
beliefs restrict your transactional solidarity ?!

Why do you insist to trade your care and empathy?

You close your eyes fully aware of your dishonesty

You shut the world out and stay inside the bubble of Your  
hyper individuality

But are you even an individual if you lack love and  
sympathy?!

Doesn't your blood boil and explode for the grieving mother  
who lost her family?!

Can't you hear their screams and plea ?!

Can't it make you break out of your emotionless sleep?!

Can't it make you perceive how great is the pain they feel?!

Don't try to convince me of veganism while you're eating  
other peoples flesh

Dont weep in front of me when your pet gets injured while  
your brother is just right there drowned in his own blood

Don't tell me about life when you chose to die in the  
darkness of your nothingness

Don't you dare talk about justice when hypocrisy defines  
your whole existence

Won't you one day realise that you're no longer human and  
that your ignorance blinded your heart and eyes!

Dont we ever learn from history ?!

from all the years of misery?!

They keep you addicted and control your minds , opinions  
and lives  
And the media is doing what it does best  
Manipulation , stigmatisation and spreading lies  
You try hard to close our eyes , look away and unhear their  
cries  
Your privilege made you believe in the illusion of peace  
Peace will never be a thing that we will ever reach  
As long as we refuse to open our eyes and take it all in ,  
feel the pain and fight for the people we will never have the  
pleasure to meet  
As long as we keep distracting ourselves from the suffering  
we can never collectively heal  
Now I dont know if I can survive before my anger and  
sadness for my people and my planet eat me alive  
And you  
Well don't even bother

They will not forgive  
And the history will never forget  
Those who sacrificed their lives for the freedom of others  
Those who stood up and said my life matters  
And if I must die you must live to tell my story

# I WANT TO GO TO BED (LARA MORYASI)

When I wake up I feel restless  
When I sleep I feel even worse  
How come I can't turn down  
Close my eyes and escape this horrendous town Someone is out there to get me  
The imaginary monster under my bed leaves me defenseless Yet I have one little dream  
Not to be rich or pretty or both  
Just to defeat the power that holds  
Me awake, in this life there's no escape Uncertain of what I chase  
I yearn for quiet  
Although mind goes for riot  
It's a lost cause  
It got me under his spell  
Underlying grudges, words that have spread  
Does one want to hurt or help me I cant tell  
Whining bitches are the modern cursing witches both rely on wicked schemes  
When I fight it's hopeless  
When I give in it's even worse  
It's a lost cause  
When an animals seeks shelter its skin becomes a weapon  
Some turn to poison, others hide their true colors  
But there are also those with spikes or those who just simply hide  
I've tried all of those techniques sadly they did not succeed  
I can't turn to poison ivy or to stinging nettle  
I can't camouflage the sins I have committed, the dirty lies in my words  
The steady blood on my hands that just won't wash off  
I'm not religious  
I don't believe in one or two or twenty gods  
In the universe, rebirth, higher powers, spirits, spells or stars  
But there must be someone out there  
Trying to get me  
Marked me as their prey  
I wash my hands in hideous amounts each day  
My words are messy  
But what really is a life without messiness  
To fall in place like dominos, black and white  
Why not quit trying  
Let in the light  
Or at least that's what they say  
Cards open faced on tables, the talking so dishonest it would make the greatest fables Rumor has it

When I play the game its purposeless  
When I refuse to play it's even worse  
To be nothing and have everything is what I aspire  
Faces I have looked at, stories that I have heard  
Eyes that have stared at me, voices that have whispered my name  
Glaring eyes burning my skin, overwhelming conversations making my head spin  
They're out there to get me  
Holding on to one last thing, the tightrope I'm walking on is just about to break  
I pray for peace

So I go to war  
Only my one little dream to keep  
In my mind when I fight  
Back against promises that I have broken  
Lives that I have taken  
And ruined  
When I strike it's useless  
When I bleed it's even worse  
My dream is to sleep  
I just want to go to bed  
Not forever just for a really long time  
Like a mammalian animal commit to hibernation  
I'd take my time for rest and relaxation  
Rewake in spring by my own creations  
My thoughts, words and feeling I would finally own and control Not a sense of a  
lurking undertone  
No gods, no monsters  
No movements, no people  
No vicious power to mess with me  
No skin to hide under  
Just a pleasant bloomy breeze and this little dream  
To trade in my whole life just to be

# AGAIN (KATHARINA HANSEN)

And again she is called sweetie by the man she barely even knows.  
Again she must be scared because there is a man in the train getting way too close to her.  
Again, he touches her inappropriately while having a smile on his face.  
Again, again, again.  
While he touches her waist, she asks herself: why again?

Her skin starts to shiver as if a cold wind is coming for her, but she lets it occur.

Since she was little, they told her to be careful when going outside. Especially when it's dark:  
Don't walk alone, have something with you to protect yourself and always, always stay on the telephone!  
But she couldn't imagine that something would happen, and kept seeing the good.  
Never believed that someone actually would.

And while I'm writing, I ask myself why teach your daughter how to be safe, when you could just teach your son how to behave.

But as she gets older, there it is. Again...  
Again, she gets told that she only has a good grade because her teacher is a man. Isn't that obviously clear from the beginning?? - Don't even lose a thought. On her just being good at his class. THIS is your plan.

But I guess "Plan" might be the wrong word to use because I believe that you do this slut shaming, cat calling, body-shaming and oppression just because you can. Because you are a Man.

And one day, she just ate dinner with her friends, one of them told her that she should lean a little more forward while wiping the table. And stay there. "Just a little bit longer, I like to see you in this position".  
This time: a friend. Always thought that this person would keep her safe. That this person would see her as a person and not as an object.  
On the other hand, objectifying is what has always been done.  
So over time, she began to see a pattern, women: often getting sexualized, rarely beloved a one.

Well, beloved ones may be rare but... there! Now she is a beloved one. Butterflies everywhere and thank god this has an en...

Again

And I wonder what's in some people's head, but obviously not much if you think that

saying "no"

or even a "I don't know"

is an invitation for you to keep it go.

Everything is blurred.

Left her alone

with the feeling of being a Woman.

The feeling of having a voice but not being heard.

Countless "agains" happened, and her anger is growing and growing. Men who don't respect her,

go beyond all boundaries without turning a hair. All I can think of is: that's not fair

# SPICES (LEYLA ISHIKAWA)

I was thinking about what exactly I wanted to talk about today.

Everyone writes about their feelings, experiences, wishes, sadness or mostly love. Yes, especially love.

First love, current love, boyfriend, girlfriend, or past love. But do you know what I love?

I just love meeting new people. Yeah. Making new friends.

I love meeting friends, or my friends's friends, and maybe I'll even be able to call the friends of my friends my own friends someday. Yes, it was even a friend who helped me find this topic to talk about.

I love making new friends and meeting them, because, you know Friends are like They are like spices. Some are sweet, some are salty, some are a bit odd, but they all are spices, they are all friends, my friends.

And some spices, they just are the special kind, your favourite kind of spice.

The kind of spice you'd want to season everything with. The kind of spice that makes your food taste even better.

Sadly, there are some spices you used to love, but now tend to ignore or have put away.

But think about it, your taste

Yes, it changes over time, so your taste for spices changes as well So not every spice stays the same

Other spices might have been not so delicious for you in the past, but are now your favourite kind of spice.

Always remember, every spice goes through a different process to be made, some are very rare and valuable and very hard to find

And if you find one of those spices, hold on to it and put it in your cupboard So you never have to live without it

In the end, the spices that you love don't just come your way

you have to try them out, even after disliking some, you have to try and try and eventually You'll find the spices you'll keep close to you.

And I bet, no,

I'm convinced

every single one of you

has their own spice that they enjoy.

So look around,

maybe the spices that you love so much are sitting right next to you.

Or at home, who knows.

But what I know is the special spice in your life is somewhere out there.

What really matters is that the spice you have with you Makes you feel like home.

# NOT MORE THAN A CUP OF COFFEE (KLARA JANK)

I promised myself to never do this again, never to let anybody cast a spell on me again.

Yet I am here in that one situation I´ve just tried to avoid.

Sitting with you in that one café we use to go to.

I see you talking and hear your voice, the words escaping your lips.

Staring in your green- brownish eyes and trying not to lose myself in them, of course pathetically failing.

Again, rethinking everything.

What if you´re the right one?

And meeting you does have a purpose.

What if I give you a chance?

And you and I will work out.

What if you promise me never to break my heart?

And I could convince myself to trust you.

Thoughts flying around every single one dancing in my head never breaking free, never stopping, ever speeding through my goddamn mind.

I can't even understand myself in my own brain, how could I ever try to understand you?

You keep talking and I wish I could get a look into your mind.

Thoughts and thoughts and thoughts never not dancing inside.

Never not trying to understand you...

Never not trying to tell me how I should decide or how I feel inside.

And so, I am here never not thinking about you even though every single piece of my mind is screaming at me to stop falling for you.

Yet deep down I know its all hopeless, right?

Cause now I am here staring in your green- brownish eyes.

I try to focus on the moment, sipping the last bit of my now cold coffee.

We grab our jackets and start leaving, I look at you, hoping you haven't noticed my spinning mind.

Knowing damn well how I´m miserably falling for you...

# SIX FEET OVER (ADRIAN BECKER)

That was all?  
Is this the place where i belong?  
Its so quiet here  
I can` t hear their screams of their throat anymore  
I´m not there anymore, down there where my life used to be

I have time to put my mind to rest  
But all I care about is you  
I would blow the clouds away just to get closer to you.

However we forgot, that our time together was only borrowed  
Until it was over and we had to look back.

Maybe you dont feel the same  
When sleep no longer comes  
Perhaps you´re spitting anger from your lungs  
Or your pain was just injected

But what is my duty?  
Am I keeping you from your issues, from your purpose, from your grief?

Here in this foggy landscape reigns the ringing silence  
Not a noise, no laughs, no screams, no voices, no you.

Should I pull the curtains tight?  
Shut off the sun  
Turn down the music  
Cut the internet  
Falling down in the deep black dark.

But can you carry on easily?  
Suppress your feelings and restart living  
To ignore the idle minds and this hushed holler, trying to undream me.

But one thought of you, my dear and the pain comes rushing back.  
Working up a hurricane inside my head.

I have to live with that sweet nothing  
Trying to find meaning to all those questions in the dark.

But I have to learn to get along with these beautiful horrors.  
I can not undo your pain  
I can not undo your sadness  
But I can get stuck in your memories  
And you only have to press replay.  
Even so we all forgot that:  
No one is bulletproof  
And it can affect everyone  
It comes sneaky without a warning, without a sign  
and it puts your world upside down.

As if my feelings getting numb  
Or someone dazed my emotions.  
What should I do with a drained heart?  
We still had so much to do  
So much to experience  
So much to talk  
So much to live

But I have to leave you  
Maybe too early  
Maybe too suddenly

We will never be lonesome  
Because I´m over you

You will find solace in my doings  
Better days will return  
And we will meet again in a land without a name

And when the river changes his flow  
I will be coming back  
But until then  
I will be staying here

This is the end  
So Goodbye old friend.

# PATRIOTISMO (ALAN SEDEEK)

¿Qué hay en mi corazón?

Mi familia, mis amigos, mi amor y mis sueños.

No es todo.

Hay una cosa más en mi corazón.

No solo en mi corazón, está en nuestros corazones.

Está debajo de mis pies.

Está debajo de mi casa.

Es mi lugar favorito en este mundo.

Es donde vivo y donde nací.

Es mi país, no es nuestro país.

Es mi casa, no es nuestra casa.

Es Alemania, Alemania.

El país de los pensadores.

El país que tiene la mayor industria de coches.

El país con las mejores condiciones de vida.

Me encanta la vida aquí.

Un lugar donde los sueños pueden hacerse realidad.

Como los americanos podemos decir „The German Dream”

Porque en nuestro país hay más que solo el dinero.

No todo se trata del dinero, el dinero no es importante.

La seguridad, la libertad de las opiniones y la educación.

Estas cosas son importantes.

Son las cosas que hacen este país fenomenal.

Pero actualmente nuestro país está en peligro.

La gente está preocupada por su futuro.

El país está preocupado por su futuro.

Un país como Alemania ¡no!

Es muy hermoso aquí, no debe ser destruido.

El país necesita ayuda de los políticos.

Pero los políticos son incompetentes, muy incompetentes.

Estoy pensando en un tiempo bueno, aquí en nuestro país.

El tiempo de antes, con Merkel y con Schroeder.

Espero que Alemania vaya a estar mejor porque quiero vivir aquí.

Porque quiero morir aquí.

Aquí en Alemania, nuestro país.

# NADA MÁS QUE UNA ILUSIÓN (KLÁRA JANK)

Pensé que me conocías, pensé que tú conocías mi color favorito, mi comida favorita, mi asignatura favorita o por lo menos mi segundo nombre.

Pensé que me querías oír como yo hablo sobre mi familia o sobre mis mejores amigos.

Pensé que te interesaba cuánto me significa hablar sobre mis miedos o mis deseos.

Pero ahora me doy cuenta de que no sabes nada de mí no sabes que mi mayor miedo son los exámenes o que mi color favorito es el azul.

Tú solamente estás interesado en cómo se siente mi piel debajo de tus manos.

Pero la cosa que me preocupa es que yo sé tu color favorito, yo sé tu comida favorita, yo sé tu asignatura favorita.

Sé tus miedos y deseos.

Estoy ciega por tus frases hermosas, estoy perdida en esas.

Para ti eso no es importante, te da igual.

Tú solo estás interesado en conocer mi cuerpo.

Pero mi único deseo es que tu estés interesado en mi color favorito, en mi comida favorita, en mi asignatura favorita o por lo menos en mi segundo nombre.

Solo deseo que me conozcas...

# UNA FUERZA SUPERIOR (MANÚ MUÑOZ BILBAO)

¡Buenas tardes chicas y chicos!

Tengo un problema.

Un problema muy profundo.

¿Tienes una idea de qué problema?

Creo que muchos tenemos este problema,

se trata de una pregunta.

Es LA PREGUNTA que no tiene tiempo

La pregunta es

¿Por qué estoy aquí y de quién soy? ¿De dónde vengo?

Hemos tenido esta PREGUNTA desde el principio de los tiempos.

Para muchos hoy, creo que LA PREGUNTA no es lo más importante.

Porque antes la gente no tenía ciencia y la única respuesta era un Dios.

Pero aunque hoy tengamos la ciencia, y siendo sinceros, este nuestro mundo tan perfecto ¿el resultado de una coincidencia", del big bang?

No, no puedo creerlo.

Todo esta perfectamente armonizado.

Tenemos libros como la Biblia o el Corán que tienen una respuesta a LA PREGUNTA

y también la respuesta para la ciencia, porque ellos finalmente tampoco saben cómo funciona esta desde siempre inexplicable coincidencia.

Pero hay mucha gente que no quiere aceptar los libros.

"Religión NO, solo hay prohibiciones y opresión, esta no puede ser LA RESPUESTA".

En esta generación la respuesta no es lo que nos parece lo más importante.

Esto es solo porque lo tenemos todo,

comida, casa, dinero, escuela,

de todo, en este momento.

Pero ... en otro momento,

que ya no sería cosa provocada por este mundo, no pueden ayudarte ni la medicina, ni la policía, ni la familia, por ejemplo, en un accidente aéreo.

Ahí, en ese momento, incontrolable, todos empiezan a rezarle a Dios.

El creador del cielo y de la tierra.

El creador que tiene la RESPUESTA a toda PREGUNTA.

Hay una energía que pone fé en nuestros corazones.

Piénsalo mucho

El que no queramos aceptar algo, no significa que no sea la verdad.

Piénsalo, piénsalo mucho

# PARA MÍ LATINOAMÉRICA ES... (MARIANO WOLLERT DE ABREAU)

Latinoamérica llamo de mi según hogar. Es el lugar donde vive mi familia, donde estoy en casa. Es el lugar donde me siento completo y abrigado. Es el lugar donde las personas son espontáneas, no complican con todo y son felices con lo que tienen. También es un lugar que hecho de menos en cada día que pasa y que quiero ver lo más temprano posible.

Por otro lado es el lugar en que las personas trabajan mucho y ganan poco. Es el lugar de corrupción, pobreza y miseria, el lugar de autocracias como en Nicaragua y dictaduras socialistas como en Venezuela. Es el lugar donde pastores y monjas son detenidos, la oposición está cerrada y políticos son financiados a través del narcotráfico y pueden vivir como reyes mientras la población está obligada a vivir como ratas. La desigualdad social es la más alta de todas, así que los poquísimos ricos tienen todo y los pobres no tienen nada. Es una realidad que solamente es posible comprender si la has experimentado. Estoy hablando de niños que trabajan en el semáforo vendiendo golosinas por horas y horas debajo del sol ardiente para poder alimentar a su familia, estoy hablando de niños que tocan al timbre pidiendo alimentos básicos para no morir de hambre y es el lugar donde refugiados se quedan en las calles por que no pueden trabajar y no reciben ayuda del estado, porque el estado está preocupado con viajes al exterior y otros problemas lujosos. Todos se olvidaron de la generación perdida que se quedó casi ocho meses en confinamiento como en Argentina, sin tener clases, porque faltó la estructura para tener clases virtuales. Las personas que necesitan ayuda gubernamental no tienen perspectivas y acaban formando parte de la criminalidad, que resulta en miles de homicidios.

Pero no podemos ver solamente esta cara de la moneda, porque hay muchas maravillas en este continente. Además, si solamente vemos problemas en las cosas, nos frustraremos en el objetivo de dejar el mundo un poco mejor de como está hoy. Tenemos que resolver lo juntos. En los biomas de Latinoamérica hay la mayor biodiversidad del mundo, una culinaria buenísima, el mejor café del mundo y una cultura única. Desde los pueblos indígenas de Tupi Guaraní en el Amazonas hasta los gauchos en las estepas infinitas, desde el Salsa hasta el Bossa Nova y desde Mario Vargas Llosa hasta Paulo Coelho. Es el lugar donde el mar toca dos veces al día el sol, es el lugar donde la vida urbana encuentra la selva y las playas encuentran las montañas.

Para mí es el lugar que me encanta cada vez de nuevo.