

kittin' village life

this is much too unfugitive: the
storming net of glances, cast and focussed on
the details, catches your origins unbegun,
cuts them up into prejudised samples
of this much-too-much-arrived downtown newcomer
determined to stir down trouble in the
pseudostable market place tumult where
outbroken panic would surely swallow whole oceans
but again and again it just breaks like the waves
and it just crumbles slowly in the direction of small fishes
drowning outnumbered in trivial chatter of fouling tins and
walking carcasses of life, miaow,
the church bell cries –
miaow, miaow, miaow ...

future death

as i was
surfing through
the virtual
graveyard of
silicon valley i
stopped at the
last domain
of somebody:

„he had
no attachments“

was written on the gravestone-icon
in digital letters.

The Heretic

He who stands at doors,
breaking the seals of morality,
dying with those listening to his words,
he who plants barricades
and straightens whole planets.

When he does not bend the ghosts,
he waters what did not want to grow
with non-existing theories.

Triumph Chant

Charming zombies fill your living room,
spreading triumph chants with their Maestro Card fasces –
bony sceptres, hidden behind a ring of validation codes.

They want to oversize you,
but reach only your neck and totter,
while their standpoint is editable with the right passwords.

Even snails have more guts than my guests,
you whisper to your author's copies
dusting in the bookshelf.

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