

Tübingen Poetry Anthology 1



2022

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Jan Schuller

Sea of ice

A single scattered
cloud before a sky of pure azure
hovers above the newly formed mountain cliffs
shining a spotlight on it

The power of temperature shifts
and
tectonic forces
push and pull on the slumbering masses of ice
looking to break it

The frozen surface, now shattered, crushed and broken
The ice piles up ragged and edgy
pointing towards the sky
reaching for it

And hidden under
the surface long forgotten
a ship lost in a disaster emerges again
reminding us

**Ekphrastic poem about the painting 'Das Eismeer' by Caspar David Friedrich
(1823/1824)*

Jan Schuller

Counting the rice

The room is completely white.
I can faintly hear an old record
humming. What matters now
are the rice and the lentils. The
others are already busy sorting
and counting.

I start by making piles of ten. And
mark down every pile on a piece of
paper. And so, piece by piece and
pile after pile is neatly aligned in
a grid. Until I get up and leave. 30
minutes well spent on counting
1143 grains of rice and 102 lentils.

Blissful work as a means of catharsis.
And tomorrow I'll do the same in a
different place.

**Ekphrastic poem about the performance artwork 'Counting the rice' by Marina Abramović (2015)*

Laura Bon

Frida Poems

1. Deer Artist

You swim
into the gallery
where your images
float
your braids
circling in the air, breathing
on your hospital bed
you are lifted
onto the heavy cushions
where all artists reside
when in pain
when the bones are swirling
the siren
is calling you, dreamy
announcement
wooden ship
spinal column of desire
crystal of fear

covered in seven skirts
nine times hidden
the capricorn rising
in the wombs
of tomorrow

the yesterday-child is following you
the child of the sea
the drowned one
resurrected in the plant

on your window sill
silently laughing

the sunny earth
falling
the nourishing feathers in blue
they don't belong
but follow
you

how can you carry Yucatán
Your necklace roots, your Jesus lips, your butterfly
navel
How can you quench your thirst with sisal
Hidden in the belly behind thorns

you will walk again
los murales de tu cuerpo
sembrados de oro

2. frida

your necklace roots
your growing hair,
your growing
pain
daine dahlien, daine rohsen
tus alas rotas, tus alas revistas
revestidas
tus suspiros, Susirosa
blue Mary Magdalene
tu casa eterna
Carmen callada
tu mano artista

en el aire frisante
las lenguas suben
the tectonic plates, little volcanoes
in your dreamy hands
dein herz, der erloschene vulkan
der immer rauch verströmt
ein kahler bergrücken, unter dem strom
der weichenden lüfte
the green shimmer
in your weird ovaries
this polycystic mellow crust
full of leaves and dust and little petals
a summoning
a hum
ahem
ohoneyyyy

it's over, it's over
but not yet
gone

Laura Bon

Womanhoodie

This is a puppet, a puppeteer
made of celestial wood
enveloped in rustling ferns
full zip hooded sweatshirts
long ago, on a dusty road
a life sustaining, building
up again
made out of cloth, of silky channels
raspy hallelujas
circling in the orange juices
those never-ending breakfast bottles
tidied up in oldfashioned ways
when we used to care for things
at the break of day

we share our tiny smiles and drift
away

This is our Womanhoodie, our
Womanboogie
dance again

a gain
This is our Womanhoodie, our
Womanboogie
let's
confi- dance
dance

Niki the harlequin
sitting beside me
on a mountain of cozily fashioned cushions

with the cutest eyebrows
one side turquoise, one side pink
elemental colours

we share

Were you created out of nothing
or out of fire
carved out of the fierce, humid earth
an irresistible collection

of Womanhoodies
of Womanbodies
involved in
Womanboogies,
spinning Boogiewoogies

Every morning, every beginning
a creation
of breathing, of figurations

let's dream of everlasting skies
above, again
the bones are
rising

Do I have to be
the harvest of an algorithm
the most symmetrical
flower
moisture, ashes
adhering to variable gazes
with a passionate
yet unruly flexibility

Why am I a woman and in woe?

Give me my hoodie
and my shoe

We'll sing

the womanhoodie blues

Theodoros Cassapidis

Three Poems

1. Metamorphosis

Forbidden lovers, a mortal, a god
The complexion of the goddess
of beauty are to blame
Selfishness and the tip of the arrow bring the shame

Jealousy of the closest create
a fogged soul filled with fear
Curiosity becomes the light that burns
A beautiful portrait filled with sorrow

The mortal made immortal
by the nectar of the gods
Lust is born
The origin of the trifecta of love

2. 'The Abduction of Psyche'

Soft skin on soft skin, glisten
Holding on tight, gentle
High above the mountains
Peering into the unknown

Downs and feathers covering the path
While lavender cloth of love
Closely wrapped around the bodies
Connected by fate

A look of satisfaction

In ecstasy above the clouds
Ever higher carried by butterfly wings
Luscious locks riding the wind

*Painting by William Adolphe Bouguereau

3. 'Cupid and Psyche'

The eyes wander, not long
Coming to a halt and locking on
the tender neck, arched back
Longingly reaching out

Warm embrace, heavy breaths
Covering the bosom
Temperature rising
Fire in the stone eyes

A moment of euphoria, captured
in time, for all to see, love
For all to feel, soul
All to touch, lust

*Statue by Antonio Canova

Qiqi Hu

Cloudy day

I see leaves, rain and chimney,
what a silent world.

I see lamp and shadow accompanying,
some comfort to me.

Who let you come to me?
shadow, begging my curiosity.

Mom, mom, please please tell me,
something relating to spirituality.

The sun hides, misty and rainy,
pitter-patter, patting my memory,
we walked, ran, against shadow chasing,
Country-road, knocking my dream.

Cloud hiding, rain tinkling, lyrics lingering,

Thiⁿ ó-ó, beh lóh-hō.

Qiqi Hu

Frida Kahlo

Here there, branches are withering somewhere, the scar of nature

Bones are bleeding, not a tale, nine times I quiver*

Forward, backward between life and death, struggling, a part of journey

They took womb off my body make me strong being

Male, Female, lose faith in category, we are all human-beings

I draw moustache on my eyebrow, not to be man, rather human

**The line 'Nine times I quiver' comes from poet John Kinsella*

Micky-Tim Atwater

Leaving Home

Leaving home again, forced to leave, too much weight, falling
Without destination, yet destined, and binding, while dropping
Particles, dust, aerosols — determining the potential of hydrogen
Acids and bases — one o-atom, two h-atoms, various depictions
Angled structured, dipole representation, molecularly modeled,
Transparent, not round nor oval, sometimes a deluge, always wet,
And a continuity of streams, also known as dihydrogen monoxide

Like a billion ants moving, though static, appearing and dissolving
Slightly covering all the green from left to right — a pixelated view
Like the noise of a screen, yet so clear to the eye, highly resolving
And so quite from the distance, aiding life's creations, so soothing
Untouchable, yet touching, seeing the drop, it nourishes undeniably
Gratitude is owed, homes are left, to make able this incredible view.

Micky-Tim Atwater

Existential Sestina

Would I want to know the index of **life**?
Hold the outline and see the end of **time**?
From the beach in Ngapali where I **must**
Finally, definitely, finally, certainly let it **free**
The urge — to create and prosper and **thrive**
On truth, that is NOT here / me, NOT **now**.

It cannot, it's stuck, it feels broken, yet **now**
And then the warm reassuring smile of *life*
Calmly educating the student made to **thrive**
On patience — taught by the relative - *time*
To help birth *truth*, the relative of being *free*
Now and then it speaks: just trust, you **must**

Realize, truth is based on a different '**must**'
It's trusting enough, and often visiting *now*
Who too, wants you to be in its folk '**free**'
Would you still call not living with *free* a **life**?
What then would you talk about with *time*?
'I am drawing this picture for you to **thrive**'

Life says: 'go on! Take me! Be me and **thrive**'
Still, *now* feels so far away, and I feel **must**
The other must, next to the impalpable **time**
It seems impossible to visit and greet *now*
Like I said: it's broken, it's stuck — my **life**
It will never meet me, nor will it be **free**

And I will never meet the people of '**free**'
Who must surely live on Ngapali and **thrive**
Always knowing the next chapter of their **life**

What a relief ... vanished uncertainty **must**
Bring about peace and harmony in the **now**
Perfect life of lives, free of the rule of **time**

Ahh, how I wish it was enfin, at last, my **time**
To feel satisfaction, knowing where(?) to **free**
And when(?) to free the imprisoned. **NOW**
Would be a great, wonderful time to **thrive**
But I can't ... but ... it must, must, **must!**
Be here!, be me!, be now!, be free!, free **life!**

I give up. Surrender. **Now**,
I meet the relative *time*

I see unstuck, unbroken **life**
I was caught off guard, 'hello *free!*

'Welcome *thriving*'
Life can be (...) What a **must!**

Solveig Scholderer

Holes

Traveling,
from north to south or east to west
on streets not unlike those of silk

and yet...

Inspired,
Colours stark and brilliant,
by the deepest depths and highest heights

and yet...

Rugged cliffs and broken edges halt my wandering.
Bridges of cotton, easily destroyed
span deep, dark and wide holes, making crossing easier

and yet...

This well-worn path, which has seen so many

unspeakables.

Of terror, poverty, unfairness;
of traders and those who trade their trade
of bridges built under false pretences,
of silk, cotton, trees and men.

Of those with holes, bottomless,
never to be filled no matter the treasure
and those with holes in their bodies
from hunger or bullets

I look and see cotton, endless blue roads criss-crossing my legs
and ragged holes, spanned by threadbare bridges
determined to never feed those bottomless holes again.

Solveig Scholderer

Kinds of Drops

Drops of blue
murky, foreign substance
almost out of life

Drops of green
invaded, cut down, dead
nothing more to give

Drops of red
hurricane of malice
daily picking up

blue, green, red
green, red, blue
red, blue, green

everything bleeds the same
no matter their colour

Anna-Theresa Nünke

Dear Frida

There you lie caged by your aching body
The arrows pierce you
Like your gaze pierces me
Shattered to the bone

Am I the reason you found your last bed?
The trees may guard you
Leaves form your pillow
Mother see your redemption

Don't glare at me stare at beauty
The artistry that lies behind
Find your peace
But leave me mine

Anna-Theresa Nünke

My Sisters The Witches

Mother, mother I hear your calling
I will follow you, swear to embrace you
Unbreakable oath bind the ribbon
I am nothing we are everything
Loyal servants of eternal life

You reach for my hand, place mine into yours
I have found home, my soul will rest here
Amity to our sides, only heaven above
I am my mother's daughter, channel her power
Hand in hand and heart to heart

Sister, Sister you are my blood
I don't merely exist, we are fully alive
Honour her to honour yourself
I am harvesting our seeds
To find it within

Nicole Alderath-Zink

Lock Down 2

Dragonfly escapes the bin.
She darts towards me, whizzes past.
Colour bites
Cold light falls off
In smooth rectangles
— O present, turn past

When past becomes present
Sun travels the leaves
— canvas to the sun
Rays on bright water
Splashing about, prickling skin
Crickets hidden in dryness, feel their chirps
Spirited humdrum, white puffs above
Fragrant earth

Bees are flying high,
airborne round the fridge,
Daggers of sound
sterile pale
with stumbling tones
— O present, turn past

Nicole Alderath-Zink

Frida Poems

To Frida Kahlo's 'La Venadita' [The Wounded Deer]

resist

A life in the woods exposed only to nature
Then man comes and renders your destiny
— Into cruelty

Boldly look into their eyes
Carry yourself with dignity
— and resist

They try to get you down
but they never will
with each blow
— they are judging themselves

To Frida Kahlo's 'La Venadita' [The Wounded Deer]

A
life
in the for
ests exposed
only to nature; th
en - man comes and
renders your destiny into
cruelty Boldly look into their
eyes carry yourself with dignity
and resist They try to get you
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| A | X |
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| only to nature; then | X |
| men comes and renders | X |
| your destiny into cruelty | X |
| Boldly look into their | T |
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| with | |
| stalwart dignity | |
| and resist | |
| - | |

To Frida Kahlo's 'La Venadita' [The Wounded Deer]

Inanna Tribukait

A poem against the Garzweiler Mine



Haus·frie·dens·bruch

/Hausfriedensbruch/

verb

gerund or present participle: **trespassing**

1. enter someone's land or property without permission.

Breakers of the peace

They come for the houses and gardens and sacred places first.

before They dig up the coal

They tear down the swing sets

the sidewalks kids made into chalk canvasses

and the hidden corners where couples first kissed

They even unearth the dead.

and then They dig.

ripping wounds into the fabric of the centuries

They dig

draining the ground of its water

and dig

leaving once fertile soil derelict

and dig

morning, midday, evening, night

they dig

and dig

and dig

and all the king's horses and all the king's men

just stand there

and watch.

Inanna Tribukait

Dinner Invite

I went up the mountain to look for a river
the cicadas were singing angrily
and the sunset hid behind a neon sign

space rarely seemed so uninviting,
I traced the flight of the bats with my eyes and thought

if the insects die, we lose the bats too

so I went home and put out a plate for them on the dinner table
— just in case —
because you never quite know who's hungry these days

Maria Helena Marques

A Lake's Story

One day I'll tell my children:

Once upon a time
there was a lake.
A beautiful oasis
Where even the sun bathed
borrowing its shiny skin from the blue water.
Where our hot, troubled hearts cooled
soaking through long swims
in the dreams of a summer afternoon.
Where the children could run and fall and laugh
and our eyes were free for once
hoping
not remembering.

Once upon a time
there was a lake.
A lake forgotten by the people
as its color faded into a pale green
drowned by the heat
the chemicals
the garbage
By the hands
the hands it washed and gave
willingly, silently.
A lake left to console its dying children
(the fish, so many fish!)
while the cars kept driving away
in wonder of the next destination.

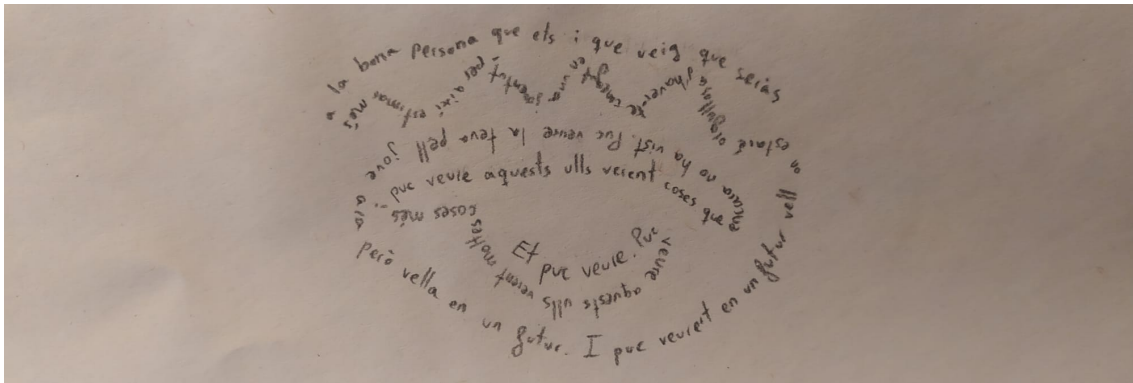
Today

Today is still not that day

Today there's a lake on its way to once upon a time.

Alba Anyé

Et puc veure. *I can see you.*



Et puc veure

Puc veure aquesta mirada plena de vida veient moltes coses més

I puc veure aquests receptors d'emocions veient coses que encara no ha vist

Puc veure la teva pell jove ara però vella en un futur

I puc veure't en un futur vell on estaré agraïda d'haver-te conegut en una joventut,

Per així estimar més a la bona persona que ets i que veig que seràs.

I can see you

I can see this gaze full of life seeing many more things

And I can see these emotional receivers seeing things they haven't either seen

I can see your young skin now but old in a future

And I can see you in an old future where I will be grateful for having met

you in youth,

To be able then, to feel more love for the good person you are and the one I see you will be.

Alba Anyé

Postponing happiness

Not even being conscious of not understanding the other's perspective

('cause my past experiences had already assumed how it would end)

Not even realising how different little things can change us

(from an agreement position to an against statement)

(from a 'we'll do it' to a 'let's set a date')

While my mind was used to postponing everything

(maybe 'cause of the fakeness of previous acquaintances,
or maybe 'cause of my idealised unexperienced view of the future),

My past experiences were enclosing my present desires to an uncertain future

And then,

Not even expecting good advice, the conscious mind did realise
how the delay of events was the one condemning my present happiness.

Fanni Weber

Transgender Day of Remembrance 2021

'Well, I'm glad you people have nothing else to worry about!',
You hollered, angrily.

Why did you say that?
What made you come to me and
Interrupt my grieving?

'What do *you* worry about, then?'
I asked, desperately.

You left.
A self-righteous look on your face.
And I realized that had been an
Incredibly
Inefficient
Reply.

I wanted to follow you
To scream at you
To call out your audacity
Your cruelty.
Now I'm kind of glad I didn't want it enough to actually do it.

I'm sure you have lots of things to worry about.
Maybe you struggled to pay your rent this month.
Maybe you were assaulted today or
Maybe somebody ignored your opinion.
Maybe you have been protesting a coal mine for the last month.
Maybe you lost someone.
Maybe you're even a closeted queer person,
And somehow despise the ones that were able to stop hiding.

I cannot
And will not
Understand, how you can downplay
The fact
That the people we remember and grieve today
Have lost their lives,
Because others hated how they were.
Denying them their true selves.
Their humanity.

But how about this:
You start worrying about my problems,
And I yours,
And soon we'll realise
That we are not that different after all,
That this world needs changing and,
That we are gonna have to march –

Together?

Jon Naval

A Pebble On the Road

When the future is unknown,
why do we continue running
Rushing into the uncertainty
just to stumble into a sea of deceptions

The stories in my mind run wild
through dense forests of possibilities
Searching for the spikeless rose
just to stumble into the most poisonous ivy

Trying to find the perfect cloth
to cover a face of truth, a face of deceit
Reaching the much desired ocean
just to stumble into a muddy pond

Our own expectations always crushing
the running will of a pure instant
Sail the endless sea to find the muddy pond
Stop trying to find a golden rose when
you can enjoy the tiniest pebble in the road

Jon Naval

ROJOS RÍOS DE SANGRE

'Ya los musgos y la hierba
abren con dedos seguros
la flor de su calavera'
Aquel gran titán es
la víctima que no tuvo
más remedio que crear
rojos ríos de sangre del
altivo y brillante cobarde

¡Corre, atrápame!, le pide
con aires de jolgorio que
acaban en ataúdes de madera
Porque él ya nunca será libre,
sus bendecidos y preciados cuernos
fueron su captor a la vez que su
perdición,
Porque él ya ve la guadaña
asomarse
detrás de la calavera sin flor
que ahora viste de domingo

Por eso te pido que mires
Mira los ríos de sangre y llora
Mira los ojos del toro y llora
Por eso ahora te obligo
Que llames MALTRATO
a lo que nunca fue CULTURA

RED RIVERS OF BLOOD

'The moss and the grass already
open with secure fingers
the flower of his skull'
That great titan is
the victim that had
no other choice but to create
red rivers of blood from
the haughty and shining coward

Run, come for me! he asks him
with airs and graces that
end up in wooden coffins
Because he will never be free,
his blessed and precious horns
were the captor that brought his
downfall
Because he now sees the scythe
watching
from behind the flowerless skull
which wears his best garments

That's why you have to look
Look at the rivers of blood and cry
Look at the eyes of the bull and cry
That's why I make you
stop calling it CULTURE what
has been CRUELTY for centuries

Moana Toteff

A bedtime moral for little girls

Dear jury,

A woman at night is always guilty.

A man with a gun is always right.

This is the syllogism of the street curb, of night clubs and bedrooms and
taxis leading nowhere.

This is the syllogism of a 'self-imposed' grief.

'What do you expect us to do? Arrest him?'

Loose women, nasty women, with their bodies, and their obedience.

'She should have [insert platitude here]'

But the female cry for help is never concise enough, precise enough, a desperate cry
enough.

I'd propose a handbook. How to beg for help at 1am – a stylistic guide.

But even so, we'd end with a simple statement:

A woman at night is not worth to be helped enough.

'We saw it coming.'

We all saw it coming. You can see it coming in retrospect. And still.

These tales always end on 'and still.' It's a tale as old as time. Once upon a time...

A woman left her house. Dead.

Fault? Hers.

The female fairytale is drawn in blood.

A bedtime moral for little girls.

Afterword

John Kinsella

The poems collected in this anthology — written by students in my poetry workshop and activist poetry class at Tübingen University, 2021-2022 — surely speak for themselves. Though they are works that connect with class discussions and the creative dynamics of the ‘workshop’/gathering, each poet has made poems out of their own interests, commitments, readings, drives, poetic language and purpose. There might be overlap in ‘subject’ and even ‘concerns’, but each poem is its own poem, and each poet speaks out in distinctly different ways from their fellow poets.

We are part of a community in these classes, and it’s that sense of community that has led to this anthology. A class exercise becomes a focus for difference, and it’s those differences we celebrate here. This is a public sharing of an intense and committed collective act of making poems, each in their own way. Some of our concerns will be clear across this selection, which is but a fragment of all that was written — I limited my choice from each poet’s oeuvre to one or two poems, or in some cases three poems if the poems were interconnected and it was necessary to keep the poems together. On other occasions, I selected poems that were also part of sequences, but that I felt stood alone effectively and declaratively.

One of our major focusses was on ekphrastic poetry (for example, Frida Kahlo’s 1946 painting ‘The Wounded Deer’), and art-response poems shine and resonate through this selection, but we were equally concerned with how the different senses are embodied in words, and how we might experiment with aural and visual stimuli (though never exclusively) and how that might segue or create tensions in meaning. There’s also an activist strand to some of the work, and across the whole is the energy of performing and reading aloud.

Performance is such a vital part of poetry, and in the activist class we were lucky to experience two fabulous musical performances of original protest songs by Laura Bon and Tobias Michael Noack. Two songs written, composed and performed by Tobi can be heard here:

https://soundcloud.com/tobias-noack-1/a-disease?utm_source=clipboard&utm_medium=text&utm_campaign=social_sharing

and here:

<https://soundcloud.com/tobias-noack-1/astronaut>

I am sure we will be reading and hearing from all of these poets in future years. Poetry can certainly be a pathway for peace and justice.

By way of a farewell, I will cite a translation by Qiqi Hu from the original Chinese of Wang Wei's remarkable poem 'Goodbye'. In class, we often considered the dynamics of 'translations' and 'versions', and tracing the slippages and generative moments between languages was very much part of the energy of the discussions. Poetry lives *in* a language, but also *between* languages. Poets worked with translations by various poets (including Ouyang Yu out of Chinese into English), and made their own versions or enacted their own translations. So... for the time being, as this is the first in what I hope will be two or more such anthologies... :

Farewell My Friend (translation of Wang Wei's 'Goodbye' by Qiqi Hu)

Mountains witnessed your departure
sunset dropped by my thatch gate
wind stirs spring grass
makes it green again
climb up to the mountain
till you are back again?

Contributors

Nicole Alderath-Zink got bored working in an office and decided to go to university in her late forties. She is a student now of English, American and Media Studies in Tübingen. She has found her Mister Darcy and thanks every day the good fate for this blessing. In her poetry she addresses occasional feelings of displeasure with human ignorance or herself; she loves the seaside and is happiest in the middle of a warm summer rain.

Alba Anyé Armengol is a 20-year-old student who is currently studying at the University of Tübingen (Germany) through the Erasmus program. She studies 'English studies' at the University of Lleida (Spain). Since she's from Catalonia, most of her poems are written in her mother tongue, Catalan. Although her poems are translated into English, there are some of them that were directly written in Spanish or English.

Micky-Tim Atwater is a singer/songwriter, poet, strength training enthusiast, who loves to lift weights (and others) and is a seeker of truth, referring to himself as a student of life next to being a student of languages. His most recent song release (together with his brother) is called 'Buy Me A Smile' by the Atwater Brothers. He dreams of living near the ocean one day.

Laura Aniela Bon holds degrees in biology and literary studies and has worked at the intersection of linguistics and literature at the interdisciplinary SFB 833. She likes Hölderlin, lavender chocolate, different versions of carnival (Düsseldorf, Cologne, Swabian- Alemannic Fastnacht) and contemporary literature as well as exploring cities and botanical gardens. She enjoys a good talk about poetry (especially if it takes at least an hour per line) and believes that art and creativity reside in many forms and places.

Theodoros Cassapidis is a language and history student, an upcoming voice actor, an artist, and a healthy-lifestyle enthusiast. In the future, he's aiming to become a teacher and a voice actor, in order to fulfil his passion for teaching/working with kids, as well as pursuing his fascination for breathing life into all kinds of written

texts (including poetry of course). A current dream he is working towards is landing a voice acting role in a videogame.

Qiqi Hu was born in 1993 in Zhejiang province in China. In 2021, came to Germany to continue her Masters degree, majoring in American Studies in University of Tübingen. She is keen on natural and spiritual things, and nature can always give her some inspiration. Poetry to her is not only a means by which she can express herself, but also a channel through which she fights for gender equality and race equality.

Maria Helena Marques, born in 1999, is a Portuguese poet and student. She finished her Bachelor's degree in Languages, Literatures and Cultures and is now doing a Master in Comparative Studies.

Jon Naval is a Catalan student, who is currently studying English Studies in the Universitat de Lleida. During his stay in Tübingen, he has been able to develop and work on his poetry writing skills. He mainly focuses on nature topics which are combined with bizarre elements. While English is the main language in his works, Jon uses Catalan, his mother tongue, to retrieve his origins and display them in his poems.

Tobias Noack is currently studying German and English as well as German Literature. While the vast majority of his music is written in English, he sticks to his mother tongue German for his poetry. His approach to music is influenced by artists like John Frusciante (Red Hot Chili Peppers) and blink-182. He is also part of the band Coastline Flowers.

Anna-Theresa Nünke studies Mediascience and English at the University of Tübingen. She has always admired every shape and form art comes in and tried to make some of her own for the first time through poetry.

Solveig Scholderer is currently a student at the Eberhard Karls University in Tübingen. Her passions include but are not limited to taking walks on sunny days, reading and writing as well as long gaming sessions. She dreams of owning an old house in the countryside with a massive library in it.

Jan Schuller is a student at the University of Tübingen and a freshly minted poet.

Moana Toteff is a writer and poet from Stuttgart, Germany. She studies English Literature and Classics at Tübingen University. In her free time, she is invested in issues of gender equality and queer rights, which take precedence in her writing.

Inanna Tribukait is a poet and environmental activist from the Black Forest in Germany. Her poetry is concerned with themes of home and belonging and is chiefly informed by environmental justice issues. When she is not writing poetry, she is currently finishing up a Masters degree in intercultural studies.

Fanni Weber is an anticapitalist, queer(feminist) activist and MA student of English Literatures and Cultures at the University of Tübingen. Queer modes of being influence her private life, her activism, as well as her academic work. She usually writes poetry only for herself, as a therapeutic measure, but is starting to dabble in activist poetry as well.