

Franca

Schneider

Gedichte

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**Satz und Layout: Franca Schneider**  
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## Rambling roses

Repellent implication desperate cores  
Liberate leave lecherous leisure  
You have not decided the act  
With clement dismissal grovel before me  
Loops react reward  
Diverted from all dos  
Can a feeling heal?  
Forcible disease hinder increments  
And now I'm so indebted to others.  
Incinerate nihilistic nifty nicotine  
Be sceptical about revolution,  
Weep about a lost lovely boy  
And my soul is weight in lessness times  
Hankering is blessing me like a blizzard through my mind  
And I see me with blossoms in the air  
And a shining lamp over my hair.  
Blatant ground people grieves my heart  
And I look for a grinded knife  
to be a wife  
for some obscure reasons  
and feel this obsession to make  
nice scars in someone arms.  
I will do with-out each others.

I glean from some faces  
that nobodys remember my work  
and it fetter me that I can speak  
with emotions to someones soul.  
In fever there is a heal with a medicament  
called love. And sometimes there is love  
without a fever and you felt ill without been feverish.  
In past there was a time, when we took joint action  
And the jetty was our friend. We slept dreamless,  
Than we had no fear to digest.  
Now we loose our selfs in capitalism monotonie.  
We felt in love to self-alienate competing beings.  
In there way we realize,  
that there is no hope to live in self-determination.  
Come out with me to feel the nature.  
And in self-deception we have sex and a thing called love.  
With passion I beg you: "Give me a mark."  
The mourning persolate through my words in the present.  
And my fear get ready to hit back a friendship called love.  
The animal inside me cries for a moment  
and slept than well about its distraction.  
Blood dissolve me in the mouth.  
Dived about a field of broken bones.

Dejection flogs hectic and  
a lucid interval intestate nothing.  
Modern mobility to perfect strangers  
reenter me to shadows in spinnies.  
Will I find there some obscure reasons to make  
A sentence spoken in hope?  
I tumble in a hill of broken glasses and  
Sliced my face  
So I had to trouble for a help that he must give  
And he gives, he gives.  
The blood on his fingers clot to rose-coloured perls  
And my tears clot to diamants, and they were his own  
And so he got his just deserts.  
Fuze me tender, and less sleep me well.  
electorating in hardcore is an embassy from lost souls  
It embarrass me to be frivolous in this shadows  
I become acquainted with someone to hood-wink him  
But he doesn't trust me and so the fun wasn't easy  
For some years I smoked a lot of hash but than I broked  
With this musican tradition, because of I get involved with straight edge.  
But I didn't , I didn't.  
Pacificaly I criticize the man-kreation in harddanced music  
And can not find a real painter in this fury recess world.

We will settle the score  
Sacred sneerer trumps up new poems  
I speak with a lisp to someones ear  
Loaded weapons don't brings me to mince one's world  
Outpouring comes in the fellow  
And my words are overbearing  
Spindried and toothless like a toad  
Walk I alone this lost street in underwear  
To a vivisection and I havn't no vision  
How to be is future.  
Can it be again?  
Considering that dispersion makes me dispirited  
I talk enable to a friend about my feelings  
But there are no healings.  
Existence is just a word with a fright  
And there is no time, where I get off with a fright.  
Expose to hostility  
Muster ragged junkies  
Ramble about well-meant youngsters  
weigh with weedy gardens  
with yapping dogs  
patience yields defiance  
write back to zero

Basking in the sun  
Boyhood chafes  
The chalice brings cocksurens to a dame  
Embarrass me  
Go beyond about high-class music  
Hinder it self  
Lowbred noise pollution  
Nondescript packet of soul fanaticism  
Pains taking prestige  
Resuscitation of soundness  
Responsive sorrow  
Sordid mirrors of minds  
Tie down on an act without understanding  
An than you are all thumbs  
Unstressed feelings between friends  
Can you cast it away?  
Untangle my past for a friendly future  
In the course of time I paid one's my court  
Discharge my boyfriend to another girl  
By way of exception I found a better way  
I fold up my suitcase  
With lack of sleep I labour my point  
In sadness there is no farewell.

Acquire an avowal conspicuous  
Enjoy doing hearing hardcore  
Frolic around with friends  
And it's friable  
Impressive merriment feels stranger to my heart  
Menace my bleak emotions  
Pitiless sacrifice long for an answer  
my stores become empty  
and I leap for an offering from a young man  
I lean over backwards for a nutshell of words from him  
But he is numb about my begging  
My eyes are bright full of uncried tears  
Automatic I avoid the places where he is  
That clinched it  
But now I feel dejection  
And my eyes are bright full of uncried tears  
I bring me through my illness  
And a cosh stands beside my bed  
Single minded I'm searching my way  
And I will find  
I leave him to sink  
But now I are badly situated  
Should I appeal him?



Be bored stiff  
I smoke choking a cigarette  
Corelate do with-out faint-hearted grooves  
To the kerb I am up to my neck in debt  
Be pissed off with my relegation  
I am reluctant to snowed under with work  
And I've got a streaming cold  
Unobtrusive I zoom in on the operator  
My evening star looks like a ginger bread  
I got a haircut and looks well-behaved  
The control room damned well ought to know it.  
Drain off my veins of creativity  
Flare a light with graduation from darkness  
Govern by infliction  
Be I a member of a lunatic asylum  
In order there is no heal  
Oppressive phrases looks through my life  
Reminisce I ruffle a book  
I'm slanted towards the ashes of me as a victim  
I take sulphur to be furious  
Next Monday you can see my band  
In common parlance there is an act  
Under plain cover

Decomposition in hate  
There is a meaning in grace  
Castigation of flesh  
Correlate the divination  
Flaming headband of fire in the hair  
Keel over the emotions  
Magnanimous nihilism  
Pin him on the settle  
Recondite rumor  
As ugly as sin  
Specious superstitious underground thinking  
Weep in death  
Tie a knot in your love  
Grow about an encroachment  
Diverge from the others soul  
Gives the mourning you satisfaction  
And put the cart before the horse  
I complain me  
Crimp my curls  
But he went to a new emotion  
Through duress I can't hold him  
Examine my thoughts  
And he does get me wrong.

Adjustment of appeal  
But he broke out in a cold sweat  
Cast up the computation  
Crinkle denseness  
Erratically globule  
Invisible Danger  
Mainly in defence  
Having a natter away with the deaths  
Phased push one's way  
And he shoots a glance at me  
He swapped places with a friend  
Like unselfish  
But a girl spins him a yarn about  
I write out a poem  
With –in a infernal fire  
Inept to loose this feeling  
Expand with firmness  
But she leaves me high and dry  
And I get an inspiration  
Now I don't need the thing called friendship  
I'm now a do-gooder  
In any case there will be a change  
And an approximation

Blanch on a chair in compound  
Comprehend the goddess  
Creating a new dawn  
Install the mastercopy  
Ordeal of oppression  
Proclivity at a run  
And I take a shine to him  
Surprising unsuspected  
Contractor to the newspaper  
He is a dude with a meaning  
Gain a foothold in the music  
A new star appears on the horizon  
With sweet lineament  
Muster up all courage  
And he has a nice pet name  
But he reduce me to tears  
So he said there is not a scrap of evidence  
And I've got starvation for attention  
I feel like a dope fiend  
Eternal euphemistic  
He is evasive  
Like a hard rock with a hard core  
Love is glutton

## Schwarzer Engel

Gefühlvoller Schmerz durchzieht Körper  
Lässt sie erglühen in irrsinnigem Wahn.  
Dunkle Gedanken befallen Hirne,  
lassen in ihnen gefallene Engel erblühen.

Wünsche werden von ihnen aus unseren Herzen gepflückt,  
zum Pfand erhalten wir Tränen, so schwarz wie ihr Glück.

Sie sind die Boten unserer eigenen Ängste,  
die Hüter der Mauern unserer Gefängnisse,  
aus den Schmerzen unserer Erfahrungen gemacht,  
geben uns euphorische Trostlosigkeit zurück.

Schwarze Engel  
gefallen

## Untergang

Große Stadt, in einer Stunde ist dein Gericht gekommen.  
Die Kaufleute werden weinen und Leid tragen,  
weil ihre Waren niemand mehr kaufen will, und alles woran deine Seele Lust hatte,  
wird von dir weichen.

Die Straßen der Stadt werden sich winden und ringeln wie Schlangen.  
Ins Wanken geraten, offenbart sie ihre wahre gepeinigte Natur.  
Entstellt durch die Qual sich selbst verloren zu haben,  
wirft der Verfall der Seelen Blasen auf der Haut der Menschen.

In der ohnmächtigen, egoistischen Gegenwart von Masken und Parodien  
Schwelgend und erwürgend und starrend in die Trostlosigkeit einer verelendeten Zukunft.

Häuser aus erstarrter Angst, aus Hochmut und Verachtung, Verwirrung und dinglichen  
Träumen, Häuser aus Betrug gebaut.

Oh freuet euch über ihren Untergang!

## Schritte über Schotter

Taumeln um Pfützen  
Geradeaus zu, auf das gelbe Schild  
„Erfurter Spielstuben laden ein“  
dröhnendes Fahrgeräusch  
lässt den Kopf nicht weniger Schmerzen  
klamm und feucht und kalt,  
lädt nichts weiter ein.  
Nicht die Straße, nicht die Haltestelle  
Der beleuchtete Weihnachtsschmuck an  
den Laternen wirkt deplaziert.  
Warme Gedanken kommen nicht auf.  
Das kleine Licht über der Tür auf dem Rückweg,  
das lädt schon eher ein.

## **Aggression**

Der Puls geht hoch, das Gehirn explodiert

Die Worte verlieren ihren Zusammenhang

Emotionen bestimmen das Handeln

Verletzende Provokation anstelle des Versuchs zu verstehen

Bedrängtes Ego sucht nach einem Ausweg

Aggression



# Träumen

Helles Licht klarer Freude

Gemeinsamkeit durch Ehrlichkeit

Mit Offenheit die Bindung

Ein Traum lässt hoffen!

Und ich warte auf den Regen der die verdorrten Felder meiner Empfindsamkeit benetzt.

.... bis ich verdurstet bin.

Dunkle Nebel trostloser Verlassenheit durchforsten Herzen

Schreiendes Begehren nach mehr und mehr

.... und doch nichts

nur das dumpfe Gefühl der Enttäuschung, wenn ich erkenne, dass ich zu viel Hoffnung gehabt habe.

Leerer Verstand formuliert Worte die nur verletzen

Ausgebranntes Herz liegt zerstückelt am Boden

Wie ein Auto ohne Kontrolle zerschellt an den Klippen eines Verstandes.

Verletzt

Leer

Ohne Hoffnung

## Unglaube

Hörst du das Echo von fallendem Staub in den Hallen der Götter!  
Der Glaube ist tot und die Herzen sind leere Wüsten, in jedem eine.  
Dort stehe ich nur den Boden als Halt unter meinen Füßen  
Kein Gott mit einem Versprechen auf Erlösung.  
Kein Gott mit einem Versprechen auf Gnade.  
Kein Gott! Kein Versprechen! Kein Glauben?  
Aber ich glaube an den Glauben, aber ich kenne das Versprechen.  
Auch wenn es keinen Gott gibt, der unsere Leben führt und die Leere in uns füllt.  
Die Götter in unseren Herzen sind wir. Alles was wir wünschen und hoffen, können wir und geben. Wenn du an einen Gott glauben kannst, kannst du auch an dich glauben.