

Franca

Schneider

Gedichte

2005 Franca Schneider Kunstverlag e.K., Erfurt
<https://kunstverlag.shop>
Alle Rechte vorbehalten
Satz und Layout: Franca Schneider
Druck und Bindung: Copy Team Erfurt
Printed in Germany 2025
ISBN 978-3-938787-00-7

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 indepted 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 pearls
And my tears clot to diamonds, 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
weight 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.

Schwarzer 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 uns
geben. Wenn du an einen Gott glauben kannst, kannst du auch an dich glauben.