A collection of concrete poetry

inspired by
The Wall
by John Lanchester

Q2 E G1 2023
Gymnasium Rösrath

Five lights on the sea's dark slate,

A ship glides near, portending fate.
In a triangular ballet, they dance,
Silent whispers of an ominous chance.

Captain's gone, a shot rings clear,
Pirate ship, drawing ever near.
Triangular glow, a sea of dread,
Fearful crew, words left unsaid.

Lilien Hampl

death
pirate
death
death

pirate
death

death ship pirate death ship
death pirate death ship
ship death ship pirate
ship pirate death ship
ship death pirate
death pirate
death

Emilia Rohr

cold
cold cold
cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold
cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold cold

Laszlo Lamers

hopeful
hopeful
hopeful
hopeful

hopeless hopeless hopeless hopeless hopeless
hopeless hopeless hopeless hopeless hopeless
hopeless hopeless hopeless hopeless hopeless

Mathilda Stapper

A
wave:
a wave
is dangerous.
a wave is murder-
ous. Even though
a wave is beautiful, it
is not very trustworthy.
A wave comes out of the water
although a ship sails on it.

sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea
sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea
sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea sea

Ricarda Gehring (head)
Leo Hamacher (bottom)