

Klasse 8 und Klasse 9

WRITING POEMS

„Am Anfang war das Wort. Das Wort war bei Gott, und das Wort war Gott selbst.“

Johannes 1:1 – 18 HFA 1

1. Wort: Kleinste selbstständige sprachliche Einheit von Lautung und Inhalt bzw. Bedeutung ein, mehrsilbiges, kurzes, langes, zusammengesetztes, fremdsprachliches, fachsprachliches, veraltetes, umgangssprachliches, schmutziges, vulgäres, mundartliches Wort (Quelle: Google).

2. Wort: In speziellem Hinblick auf seinen bestimmten Inhalt, Sinn, Ausdruck, Begriff.

Das Wort hat jeweils eine eigentliche Bedeutung – die Denotation – und die Nebenbedeutung oder unterschwellige Bedeutung – die Konnotation. Wenn es darum geht, Wahrgenommenes bzw. Gefühltes auszudrücken, könnte man dem Wort sowohl eine denotative als auch eine konnotative Bedeutung geben: Und aus Gedachtem und Erlebten, sozusagen aus dem Wort-Labyrinth ein eigenes Gedicht schreiben.

Um ein Gedicht schreiben zu können benötigt man, außer dem emotionalen und inneren Kampf, einen großen Wortschatz und Flexibilität in der Sprache. Das ist gleichzeitig die beste Möglichkeit, in die Fremdsprache einzutauchen.

Wir präsentieren aus einer Einheit über die Poesie im Englischunterricht in der 8. und 9. Klasse.

Ich denke, die Wörter, der Inhalt und verschiedene semantische Bedeutungen in den Gedichten sprechen für sich ...

Marina Kobiashvili [L]

” My life is bad,
and I'm so sad.
The world is full of worry,
and I feel so sorry.
Many people are poor and on the run
they see no sun.
I'm going around, and all what I found
is a lot of shit,
and that's not a hit,
and so that is it!

Schüler, Klasse 9



” I am sad and unaccepted by me.
I wonder if I am really sad or happy.
I hear everyone say what I couldn't do.
I see my team needing me.
I want that I can help them.
I am sad and unaccepted by me.
I pretend to feel good about all this.
I touch the edge of what I can do.
I worry if I am too weak.
I cry about this weakness.
I am sad and unaccepted by me.
I understand that I need to use my chance.
I say that my weakness will become strength.
I dream about us in the world's finals.
I try to get better and bring us there.
I hope it will work, no, I know it!
I am confident and ready to help my team!

Schüler, Klasse 8

” I am pulling her heartstrings already, but I wonder if she hears
the longing cries of my grieving cicadas loud enough, even if I see
her unawareness of her own self-ignorance flying high away
with the butterflies of stupidity.

I hear their overtaking flutters in my lengthy, oblique melodies
hanging in the bloody walls of my still throbbing heart chambers.

I see her dripping tears whenever I tickle the fragile, vocal cords
of a yearning human throat out of pure self-fulfillment,
too much to hold back a honeyed laugh.

I want to feel those angelic tears running down my shoulders,
to the hands that made the gloomy lakes in her glowing, pale face.

I pretend to see the thin wings lingering on her back, because I don't want
to miss her presence either, although I wouldn't even notice her turn to a no longer living.

I touch the empty shell of something that once played these lovely
tones again, even if I can't feel its warmth on my fingers
in this lonely, cold winter of my own melancholia anymore.

I worry if your last stupid butterflies, would make it through the freezing
of my rotting forget-me-nots, sprouting lunacy in my searching soul.

I cry about the ripped apart shreds of me by her just sewn memories
of an unrequited desire, for almost every comforting word,
coming from a devised, pretty angel.

I understand nothing of my nonsensical wishes, when I hear the whispers
of fatuous creatures from the chapped skin of her lips over and over,
as if I said that, I don't believe in their lies anymore.

I dreamt again about a last day of feeling the grieving cicadas under my skin,
crawling to the inmost parts of my soul, which got picked apart by the only
reason of mine, to see gentle smile.

I try to leave the words of her bleeding out heart behind, I forget the rest
of the full conversation anyways, like I forgot my promises, and prays to her own faith.

I hope for her happiness, I'm no longer pulling the strings.

Schüler, Klasse 8

” Teachers

Every day when I go to school,
I see the teachers looking cool.
When I go into my class and sit down,
then comes Mr. Peel from the town.
He always comes a little bit late,
that is what all teachers do in the upper grade.

During the lesson I sit on my chair, and hope something will happen.
But school goes with many lessons.
When the lesson ends and Mr. Peel goes out,
the class gets very loud.
Now I can go home with the other friends,
and this is how the poem ends.

Schüler, Klasse 9

”

I am hungry now.
I wonder how.
I hear much.
I see a cow.
I want to eat.
I am hungry now.
I pretend to eat a steak.
I feel my heart breaks.
I touch the sheep.
I worry it's very cheap.
I cry about the animals, but
I am hungry now.
I understand they will have their lives.
I say to myself, give me the knife!
I dream badly.
I try to be sad.
I hope they'll forgive me.
I was hungry ...

Jakob, Klasse 8