

# Ninebysix \* nine poems by six authors

Collected by Frau Vehlow (LK Englisch)

## Relationships

Why are people in a relationship?  
What for advantages does a relationship bring?  
Why is a relationship a good idea?

A relationship can be traumatic  
You could be cheated on...  
be used...  
Or maybe the love is just one-sided...

But what if  
a relationship brings you closer?  
Your love grows.  
You have a stronger connection.  
You find peace and trust.  
You have a partner for live with.  
And also a best friend.

So don't be afraid.  
Just try it out  
And you will see what a relationship brings

## **Time for School**

I am feeling exhausted.  
I have a long and hard school day behind me.

My mattress smiles at me,  
and my blanket looks like a wonderful, soft ocean.

I lie down, and feel my blanket hugging me.  
Oh, what a wonderful feeling.

As soon as I close my eyes,  
my mind starts shifting away.

Shifting away from all my problems,  
all my obligations, towards beautiful dreams...

But right before I am about to reach them,  
I hear the most feared sound of all:

My alarm clock cuts through the pleasant silence  
and brings me back to the harsh reality.

My dreams turn into nightmares  
when I realise that it was time.

Time for school

## Stress

Why is school so stressful?  
Why do I feel this tension?  
Why do I care so much my stress level climbs so high?

Sometimes I lose my mind.  
Can't sleep because I think so much about it.  
Is it worth it thinking so much?  
Will it pay off?

Stress ruins my happiness.  
The trigger is fear.  
This feeling in my stomach...  
My body is shaking.  
Excitement and anxiety...

But maybe –  
Maybe I need stress to get a good result.  
I notice something is insanely important for me.  
Something I want to achieve.

Is stress pushing me to do better?  
To be stronger?

I hope I will someday be able to control this toxic motivation.  
Maybe stress isn't bad –  
It gives me the power to keep going  
But I have to learn control it.

## Why Do I Sleep So Late?

Why do I sleep so late?  
Why is my phone in my hand  
and not on my desk?  
Why does the night feel better  
than the morning?

Why do I say  
“just one more video”?  
Why do I say  
“just one more message”?  
And why do I say  
“just one more minute”?

Why are my eyes tired  
but my brain awake?  
Why do I think so much  
when I should sleep?

Why is my bed right there,  
but I don't go?  
Why do I feel more alive  
at 2 a.m.  
than at 8 in the morning?

But still –  
why do I stay awake?  
Why do I choose the night  
over sleep?

Maybe I don't want  
the day to start.  
Maybe I like the quiet.  
Maybe I like being alone sometimes.

So maybe tomorrow  
I sleep a little earlier.  
Maybe I turn my phone off.  
Maybe I just close my eyes.

## Meaning of Life

When does life start?  
Like... really start?

When does my life become meaningful?

Because right now I am always waiting.  
Waiting till this poetry slam is over.  
Waiting till this school day is over.  
Waiting for the weekend.  
Waiting for the next holidays.

People say: "Just get through school."  
So, I do and tell myself: maybe life starts after the Abitur.

But then it's:  
after university,  
after my first job,  
after I saw the world,  
after success.

And suddenly I realize, there is always another "after".

So when do we stop?

Because I don't want to wake up one day and notice:  
I waited my whole life... and missed it.

Maybe the meaning of life isn't one big moment.  
Maybe life is every phase.  
Maybe the meaning of life is simple:  
Don't wait. Enjoy it. While it's here.

Because if I only live for the "after",  
then life will always be somewhere else.

## Not Just a Game

They think football is just  
ninety minutes on a clock.

A ball.

Two goals.

A final score.

But they don't see the mornings  
when the sun isn't even awake yet,  
when the grass is wet  
and my cleats sink into the ground  
like the field is testing  
how bad I want this.

They don't hear my heartbeat  
when the whistle blows,  
loud enough to drown out the crowd.

Football teaches you silence.  
Teaches you how to breathe through it.  
How to keep moving,  
even when your confidence is gone.

Out here,  
I'm not a grade,  
not a label,  
not someone's expectations.

I'm teamwork.  
I'm sacrifice.  
I'm trusting someone else  
to finish the pass  
when I can't do it.

And when the game ends,  
win or lose,  
mud on my socks,  
lungs on fire,  
I know this:

Football didn't just teach me  
how to play.  
It taught me how to fight,  
how to fail,  
and how to come back stronger.  
So no —  
it's **not just a game.**

## Friendship

What is friendship?  
Why do I need it so much?  
Why am I scared of losing it?

Is it the people I laugh with,  
or the people I cry with,  
when the room feels too loud  
and my thoughts feel too heavy?

Why is friendship so important to me?

Because silence  
is louder  
when you are alone.

I ask myself:  
Is it easy to find friends?  
Or do we just call people "friends"  
because we are afraid of being alone?

I care about my friends,  
because losing them is one of my biggest  
fears.

What if they betray me?  
What if they stop answering?  
What if one day  
I'm no longer part of the group?

Being left out  
is not just a feeling.  
It's standing in a room full of people  
and still feeling invisible.

I should feel lonely.  
Very lonely. Like talking,  
but nobody really listening.

And yes,  
I am afraid to lose my friends.  
It is frightening.

But then I realized something:

Losing friends  
is not always the end of the story.  
Sometimes  
it's the beginning.

What if they were never real friends?  
What if they lied,  
used my trust,  
and called it friendship?

I learn from the pain.  
I grow from the loss.  
I focus on the ones who stay,  
the real ones.

The ones who don't disappear  
when things get hard.  
The ones who support me  
as much as I support them.

My friends  
are my safe place.  
My proof  
that I am not alone in this world.

And I will always be thankful  
for the people  
who choose to stay.

## Missing

Why is it that I miss summer so much?  
Why is it the best time of the year?

Right now, the sky is just grey,  
and I wonder:  
why is summer always so short?  
And why isn't it summer right now?

I haven't seen the sun in days,  
and I'm cold all the time.  
I feel unmotivated, and honestly,  
I just want to stay home.

Being sick in the winter is the worst,  
because all I really want  
is to feel free.

But I've realized that missing summer  
is like missing a person.  
It's that empty feeling  
when something warm is gone.

Whether it's the sun  
or someone you care about,  
the feeling of "missing"  
stays the same.

It is actually good to miss summer,  
or to miss someone.

Because missing something  
means you have something  
to look forward to.  
It means that what you miss  
is important to you.

The sun will come back,  
and the cold will eventually go away.  
Until then,  
hold on to the memories.

Because having something  
to look forward to  
is what keeps me going.

## Happiness

“Carpe Diem.”  
“Seize the day.”

A reminder to chase your happiness in life, for real.  
To make sure you rewind the suffering you feel.

Happiness.

When it's there, you're ready to conquer it all,  
but then,  
it's gone.  
You feel so undone.  
Suddenly your heart weighs a ton.  
It feels like it can't be outrun.

You know, happiness is just as temporary  
as the weather.  
You cannot trust it, oh never.

And yet, here we are chasing it. Why?  
Maybe because it makes us feel  
like we just touched the sky.  
It's the biggest joy one could imagine,  
like you just made the right decision.

It's all around us, you can find it anywhere.  
Some would say that's the only thing  
that is actually fair.

The moments when all of our thoughts become bare,  
truly beyond compare.

So?  
We chase what fades away,  
and learn to love the brightened day.