

there's a

# burning Planet

where my  
gender  
should be

1st edition artistic  
copy

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layout, font (A MONO),  
drawings and poetry by  
falk schröter (they/them)

@klotter.supply

<https://klotter.supply/>

rest is resistance

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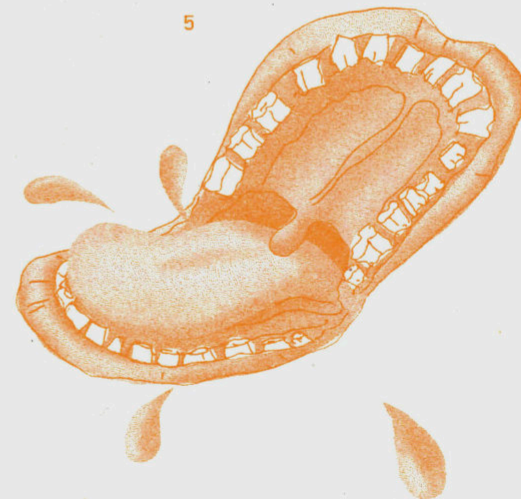
and i am complacent

how do you know how to act  
around others  
or are you acting,  
just like me  
a constant struggle to guess  
what everyone wants

because deep down i am scared, no  
i know<sup>4</sup>  
they wouldn't like me  
and even if they would  
i couldn't do it

and for some reason you see me  
and that makes it worse

does anyone else always  
make themselves gag  
with their toothbrush after  
brushing teeth, to make sure  
the tongue is clean?



the relief  
when the buzz of  
the refrigerator takes  
over from the screaming  
in my head

shapes,  
both excruciatingly small  
and painfully large  
popping, growing, shrinking  
i cannot grasp them  
they just hurt

and letters, unfinished  
floating over the roads  
never spelling anything

all while the rain  
instead of soothing  
knocks on my window  
refusing me a break



oh to be a house plant  
soothed by  
smooth seventies  
synth sounds  
who tell me  
it will all go well



[were you flirting, was i?]

always a slut in theory  
never a slut in practice  
because to study theory is  
easier than to practice

just one more book will  
surely help  
to find the perfect words  
so i can put off and avoid  
the risk of getting hurt

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warm hands  
closed eyes  
searching  
finding yours

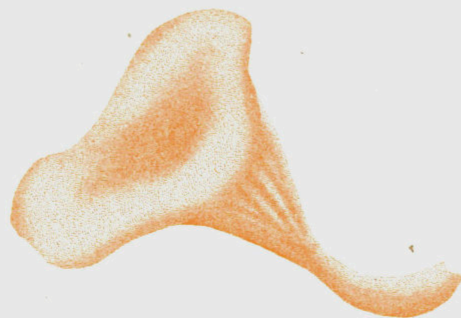
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## entangled life

överallt samtidigt  
sträcker känner växer  
ohämmad kärlek  
som föder gemenskap

omöjligt att säga  
var jag slutar och du börjar  
ett finkänsligt samförstånd  
anledning till livet

plogas sönder  
av kortsiktig girighet  
av att vi inte förstår  
men till slut  
får du mig ändå.



heartbeats into the pillow  
(how can pillows be this loud?)

thoughts run laps around the  
bed  
taunting ideas <sup>13</sup>  
they dare me to get up  
write down  
the apartment has never been  
this loud  
waves of slurping refrigerator  
buzzing octaves apart  
tinnitus takes over  
time warps scary fast

peeling away the layers  
of perfectly crafted them  
until the only thing left  
as trousers fall  
is a body i can't love  
the root of all evil

the hairs i could never be proud  
of  
but also never cut  
the angles that should make me  
happy  
but always leave me lost

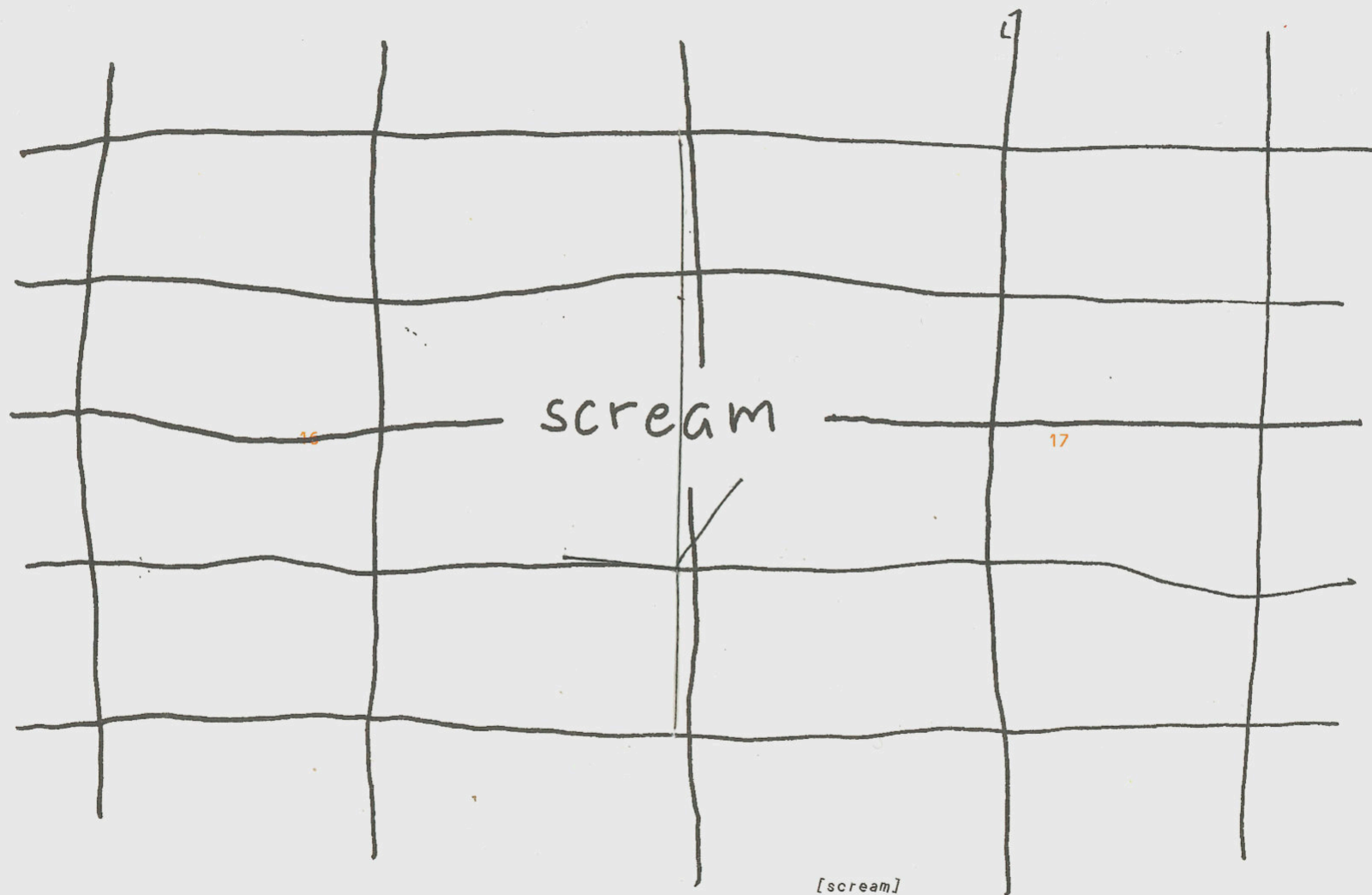
the mirror image changes daily  
the discomfort stays the same

stuck between internalised,  
structural, compulsive  
and what i know is right

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and then  
you call me a transgender deity  
and hold it all with such love  
and i see that i can heal





till polisens yttre  
befäl [redacted] [redacted]

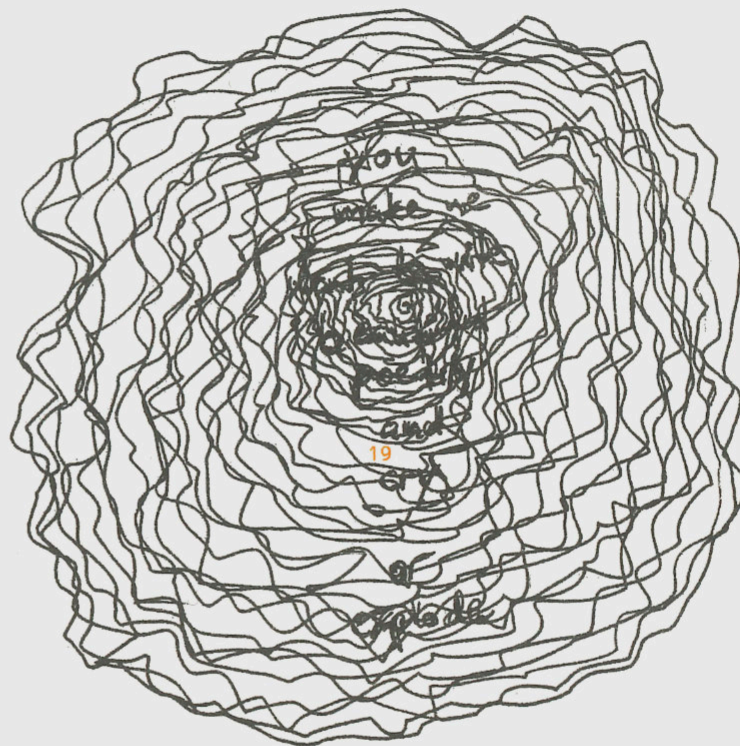
[redacted], skäms du inte?  
som stoltserar över torget  
med stort leende  
för att du vet  
att vi vet  
vad du kan göra till oss

för dig är det en lek  
du uppfyller en roll

du lyder order lyder lagen  
som dödar skadar hotar jämt  
skrattar varmt med populister  
medan du beordrar<sup>18</sup>  
att vi sparkas kastas dras iväg

jag hoppas  
när du lämnar jobbet  
att du mår helt miserabelt  
känner den brutala kalla tomhet  
som du  
med all din makt  
har skapat

[redacted], skäms du inte?



but i can't.

[you make me want to write beautiful poetry and cry,  
or explode, but i can't]

vielleicht reicht keine feier  
 keine rede  
 keine umarmung  
 kein compliment  
 und kein letzter kuss

egal wie lang es klar war  
 ich wills nicht wahrhaben  
 es muss doch weitergehn  
 zum schluss muss ich den abschied  
 selber nehmen

walking home i get hit by the  
 emptiness in new beginnings  
 the unfelt of the unknown  
 the room that until today was full  
 to the walls with your stuff  
 and your presence  
 now echoes my lonely breath

i'm 23 now, and next?  
 has there ever been a birthday i  
 didn't want to\* cry after?  
 sucked up all the love and  
 thoughtfulness into this yearly  
 black hole.  
 and i know i won't fall asleep  
 easily, even though i am tired  
 because tomorrow the unexperienced  
 awaits  
 my ears scream  
 as i have to sit with myself,  
 always too late when i know what i  
 need.

\*want to, but never can



i am thinking about our ability to  
romanticise

anything, really. seeing beauty  
no matter how bad or mundane.  
and while it can be so incredibly  
hurtful—our vortex into violence  
and pain—shouldn't our rose-tinted  
glasses themselves still conjure a  
kind of wonder? 22

are they not a way to stop seeing  
things "as they are"—everything  
that builds our worlds—and make  
visible all that is worth saving?

maybe we can choose to actively  
romanticise

anything, really  
consciously and carefully  
to love what we were taught to  
disregard.

the way you smile  
wide shining joy  
a bit of mischief in your eyes  
but warm and strong  
at the same time



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feel my heart beat around your  
whisper deep into my skull      finger



maybe the movement does need  
typographers      25

a spoonful of sugar  
wide open arms  
a guide

all i am is a collection of  
 someone else's off-hand opinions  
 expressed years ago in passing  
 as a thoughtless short remark  
 that grew inside me into how  
 i look and talk and think  
 and love  
 parasites that feast on nothing  
 and turn it into worse

hold this body the way it feels  
 made to be held  
 and i will hold you for as long as  
 i can  
 to explore the freckles you blame  
 on the sun  
 and the way that your skin flows  
 into your fingertips  
 for hours as the light turns grey  
 and all i see are traces  
 of our hands,  
 intertwined.

the squeaking steps  
of the machine gun  
the quirky ringtone  
from the holster belt  
20 ballpoint pens  
in a bulletproof vest  
the "see you tomorrow"  
that's more like a threat  
the friendly joke  
just before

all the time  
ready to attack

absurd simmering violence

the birds are screeching  
their fleeting desire through  
the treetops  
pleading to no longer be alone  
they don't care if we  
all hear them  
they want everyone to know

dear birds,  
can i screech with you

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they made us burn out breakless  
breathless over the finish line  
and then gave us an acorn to kill  
over summer

it tried to suck in all the sun  
but got overpowered by mildew,  
and when it thought it had  
recovered, the leaves fell off.  
and all that's left is a stick  
told to be an oak but never could,  
i still haven't removed it from  
its pot.

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a few days ago, late fall,  
i found another acorn, that had  
started rooting just like that  
and took it in so i can try again,  
slowly.

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what happens to the movement when  
we all have reasons not to go  
so occupied with living life  
that we forget it's ending



falk (they/them)

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trans  
non binary  
insecure  
climate  
loving  
poetry

restless  
justice  
anxious

