

there's a

burning
Planet

where my
gender
should be

1st edition artistic
copy

2

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

@klotter.supply

<https://klotter.supply/>

rest is resistance

3

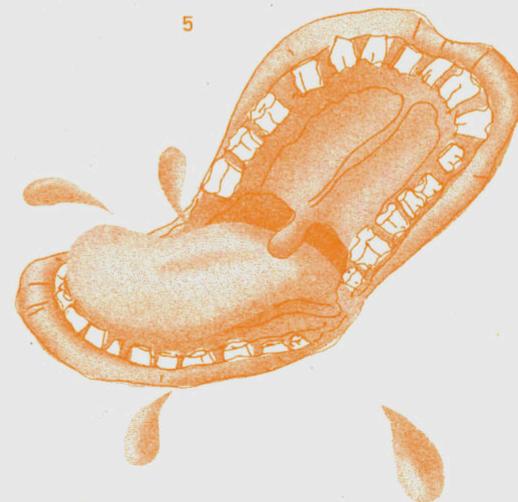
and i am complacent

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 ⁴
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?



6

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

7

8

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

10

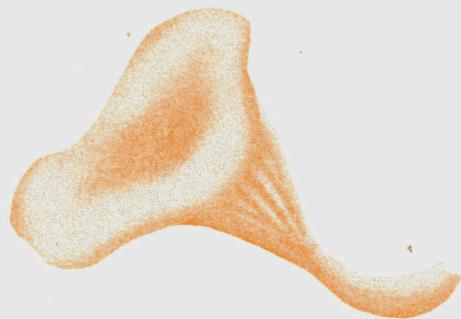
warm hands 11
closed eyes
searching
finding yours

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 ¹³
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

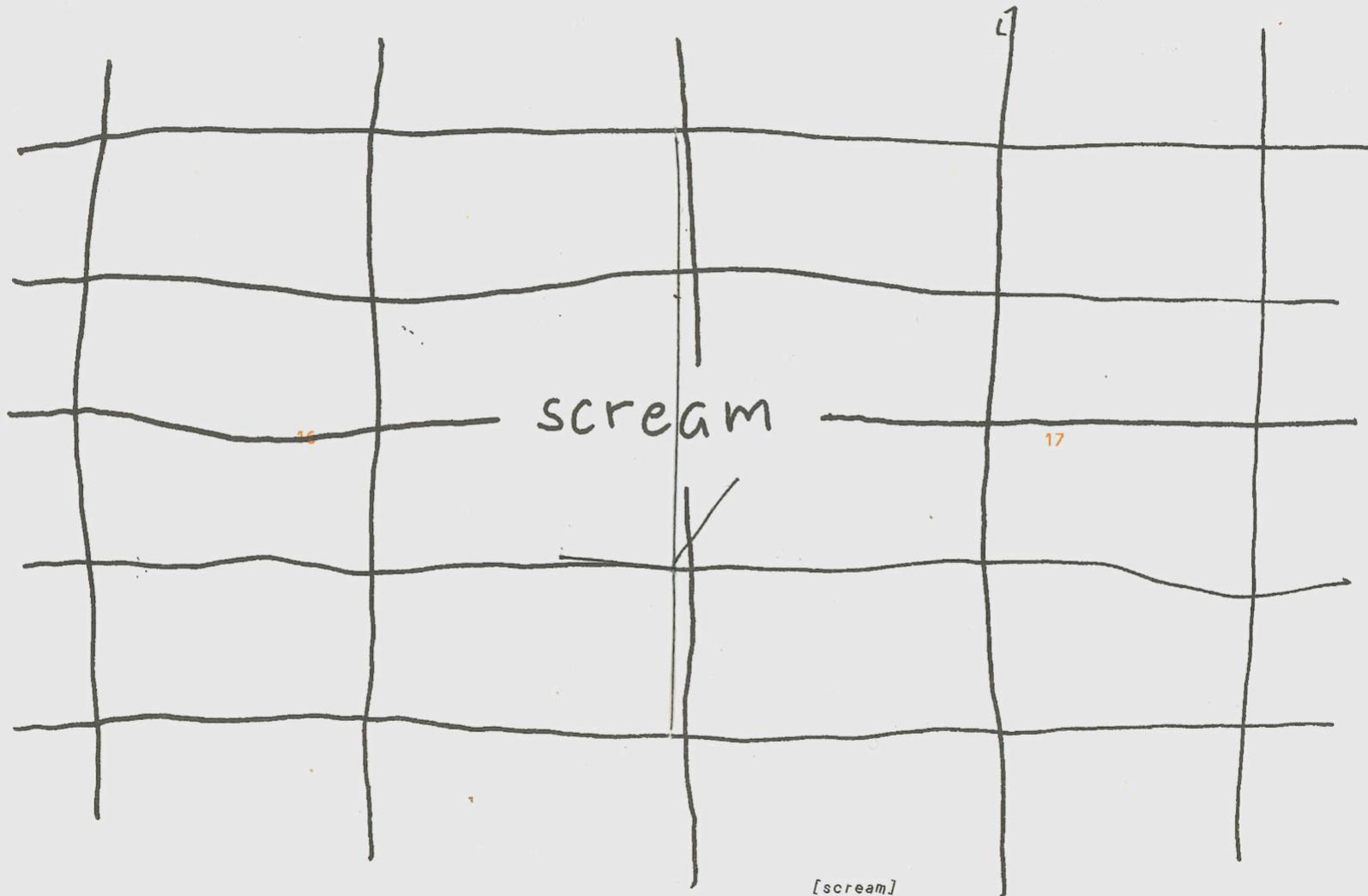
the hairs i could never be proud
of
but also never cut
the angles that should make me
happy
but always leave me lost

the mirror image changes daily
the discomfort stays the same

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

15

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



scream

16

17

[scream]

till polisens yttre
befäl [redacted] [redacted]

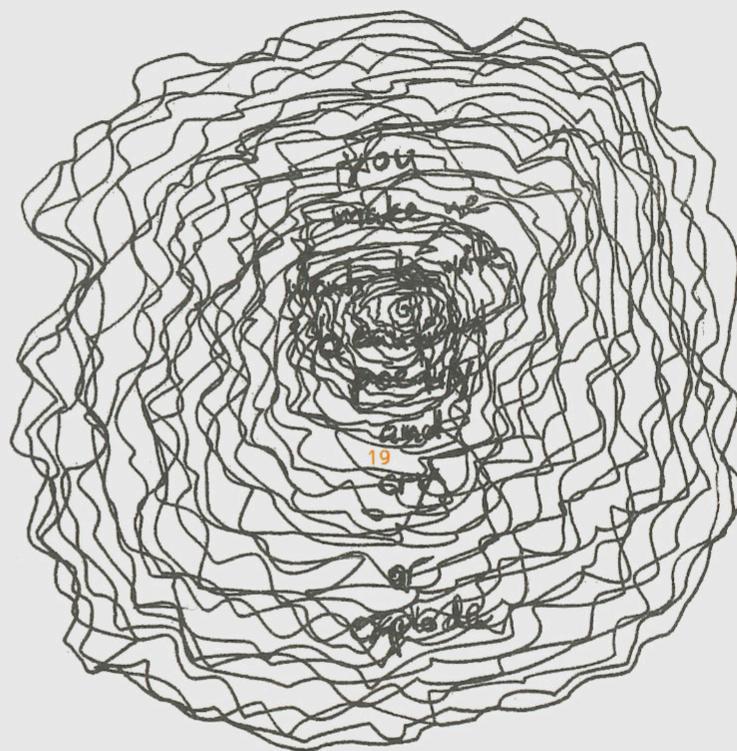
[redacted], skäms du inte?
som stoltserar över torget
med stort leende
för att du vet
att vi vet
vad du kan göra till oss

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 beordrar¹⁸
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 kompliment
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

24

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

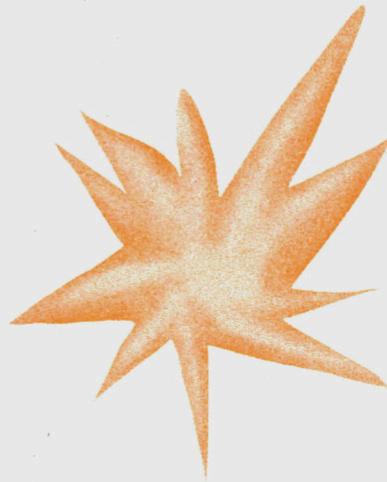
all the time
ready to attack

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

29



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.

30

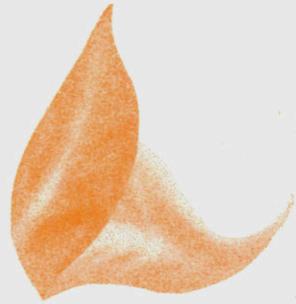
a few days ago, late fall,
i found another acorn, that had
started rooting just like that
and took it in so i can try again,
slowly.

31

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)

32



trans
non binary
insecure
restless
climate justice
loving
anxious
poetry

