

Anthology of Draven



Presented by

My poetic side 

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Graupel

Outside it is still and silent,
Graupel falls lightly on the grass.
The wind blows changing the direction of the flurries in the air.
As you look closely it is hard to distinguish where the path of one graupel starts and ends.

Draußen ist es still und leise.

Graupel fällt leicht ins Gras.

Der Luft bläst und ändert die Richtungen des Hagels in der Luft.

Bei genauerem Hinsehen fällt es sehr schwer zu unterscheiden, wo der Weg eines Graupels beginnt und wo er endet

Frigid

After the rainfall, the sky is grey.

Rays of sunlight peek out from behind the clouds.

The beams of light illuminate the water on the grass.

The frigid air kisses her face as she takes that first step outside.

Nach dem Regen ist der Himmel grau.

Sonnenstrahlen lugen hinter den Wolken hervor.

Die Lichtstrahlen beleuchten das Wasser auf dem Gras.

Die kalte Luft küsst ihr Gesicht, als sie den ersten Schritt nach draußen macht.

Culling

The street, although cold and quiet
sparkles with liveliness.

She walks mindfully, paying attention to each and every sensation,
culling her thoughts and worries as they pass through her mind.

Die Straße, obwohl kalt und ruhig,
sprüht vor Lebendigkeit.

Sie geht achtsam, achtet auf jedes Gefühl.

Sie sammelt ihre Gedanken und Sorgen, während sie ihr durch den Köpf gehen.

Skeletal

The wind whispers through the skeletal trees,
twigs snapping and bark cracking like old bones.
Pillows of snow crunch under her boots with each step.
The fog thickens around her as she continues on her way.

*Der Wind flüstert durch die skelettierten Bäume,
zweige und Rinde knacken wie alte Knochen.
Bei jedem Schritt knirschen Schneekissen unter ihren Stiefeln.
Der Nebel verdichtet sich um sie herum, während sie ihren Weg fortsetzt.*

Frigorific

A ghostly figure appears in the distance.
Overwhelmed by curiosity, she continues ahead.
A frigorific blast of wind freezes her in her tracks.
She realises her thoughts and worries have encompassed her after all.

*In der Ferne erscheint eine geisterhafte Gestalt.
Von Neugier überwältigt, geht sie weiter.
Ein eisiger Windstoß lässt sie auf der Stelle erstarren.
Sie merkt, dass ihre Gedanken und Sorgen sie doch überwältigt haben.*

Clarion

The ghost is now upon her
Breathing self-loathing and doubt; clarion warnings of danger
Her vision darkens, eventually turning black

as she spirals

down

down.

What is this place?

A lonely space...

Was I here once before?

*"I can't remember!", she cries out loud
and curls up on the floor.*

Travail

The darkness is not quiet;
Thoughts laden with accusations,
eating away at her very existence.
They know her weaknesses, better than anyone else.
She's aware that she's slipped.
And she knows better,
Yet despite it all, she is here,
In the dark place.

She has been here once before.
But this time it is different;
She is ready for the travails ahead.
Even when she thinks she is not.

Obscurity

Full of scorpions is her mind...
regardless, she goes on,
walking through the darkness,
even though there is no light to be seen in the distance.
She puts her trust into the great unknown;
each step, one great leap.
The more she progresses,
the more she accepts
the mind, and what an obscurity it is.

Bleak

Beginning to accept the unacceptable,
the fog around her grows weak.
Seeing her surroundings for what they truly are,
the road ahead doesn't seem so bleak.
Realising in her darkest moments
her grave wisdom starts to speak.

Dolour

Returning to the path;
the icy road stretching out ahead
she begins to question the cause of her spiral
then pushes the thoughts away instead.
Afraid the rumination of dolour
will again open up those heavy gates
she understands that reflection is necessary
but now is nor the time or place

Gale

She pays attention to the music that surrounds her.

Gales of wind that rattle the icy tree branches

The barely audible, soft pitter patter of frostflakes falling on the snow-dusted street.

Her constant and controlled inhales and exhales,

that seem to slow down all movement around her.

She accepts and just **is**.

Here, in the moment.

Right now.

Inhume

Dark thoughts are no longer inhumed,
yet they are no longer active.

When they become the fore focus, she will not be angry.

If she is swallowed again by fog, she knows that the struggle makes it worse.

This is part of her.

No it isn't perfect, but it needn't be.

Apricity

On those cold winter days,
when all is bright;
The sun is shining and reflecting off the snow covered ground.
Outside, the air is crisp and full of hope.
I sip my mid-day coffee,
watching the people in the streets
soaking up the apricity, when it comes.

Subnivean

Let me retreat
beneath the layers
into my safe space.
Here I can let my guard down
and disappear without a trace.
A sacred place to go,
where I truly am alone,
completely protected
in my subnivean zone.

Tidings

When life is going swimmingly
When all seems to be going well
I somehow can't accept it.
I am always waiting for the messenger
to bring me bad tidings
or something that throws a spanner in the works.
I just can't seem to accept and appreciate that things are generally good.
But then it morphs into this worry about worry,
being stressed about being stressed
Until I learnt, that one mustn't fear these evil tidings,
To do so is just bad news.

Brume

What is that, who lurks beneath the surface,
barely visible, yet without a doubt there.
Cloaked in the morning brume upon awakening,
though throughout the day, without thought to spare.
Only to surface when one is at their weakest,
late o'Clock, in the still of the night.
With it's constant chatter circling, dominating the mind
That,
what is normally beneath the surface,
takes it's flight.

Wax

I met his gaze
and saw his despair
Painful to watch
but worse to repair
Words pack a punch
and pierce like a spear
Wax down my cheeks
scalding those too near.
Though he is near
I feel so alone
I reached in
and he turned to stone.

Midwinter

A blackbird soars through the clear blue sky
battling against the icy wind
flying parallel with Severinsbrücke
looking down and into the Rhein
and seeing the water sparkling
with reflection from the midwinter sun.

Flames

A small flame is quick to ignite
and is swiftly extinguished.
Yet one spark
can be responsible
to set a whole city alight.

So quick can a wildfire encompass all
Destroying everything in its path

Solstice

Winter solstice;
be it June or December,
has always been my favourite time of year
The year's shortest day,
full of darkness,
brings me comfort,
along with a warmth that I only find
within myself.
And for that alone,
I am grateful.

Yule

The Yule Season is
a time to celebrate joy, love and gathering.
To look back on the year gone
and look ahead at what the future may bring.
Especially in unknown times,
these times of darkness and separation,
is when we need community now,
is when we truly need celebration.
It was once comforting, to hear those words,
"Home is just a plane ride away".
Until flight caps, hotel quarantine and snap lockdowns
seem like they're now here to stay.
In the limbo land of waiting
wishing for that geography won't allow.
My past visits me in my dreams,
but my home is here in the now.

Crystalline

On a cloudy day, I am healed
in the moment, the sun is revealed

Ire

Caged.

Trapped within a situation beyond her control.

...or is it?

The thoughts don't leave her alone in the middle of the night.

What if?

If only?

If I could somehow...

Yet day after day,
week after week,

she changes nothing.
And nothing changes.

With only herself to blame

raging, full of ire

she bashes her head against her bars.

Yore

A new year
A new day
A new time to set goals
And reassess your life

It's actually bullshit
Guess what?
You can actually do that ANY old day.

But sometimes starting something new on the 1st of January
symbolises something.
Something you've been putting off for years
or perhaps running away from.

Whereas the Hollee of yore would have said,
"Fuck this, who needs goals"
Present Hollee decided to open her eyes
and be open to see something new.

Hark

Hark! There is that knocking!

It started out, like a gentle nudge;
nothing but a tiny budge,
as I continued, unaffected, on my way.

It was nothing soul-destroying,
if anything, slightly annoying.
But really only a slight hiccup
as I went about my day.

As time went on
it turned into a tapping
then, impatient rapping.
As if to say, there is something here
that you should not ignore.

Yet, it seemed so silly to entertain
such senseless tapping inside my brain.
Especially when absolutely nothing
was out of the ordinary before.

So I continued on the same,
ignoring the rapping as it came.
Until after months and then years
I realised I could not take it anymore.

I could no more endure these taps;
these knocks, the pulls, those raps.
They became deafening,
as if to say, something's wrong
right at the core.

As if to specifically say,
"it's time to change your way.
Attend to this,
that is all
your soul is asking for".

Betide

Kopfkino soars around in my head
The harder it is to get out of bed.

The same routine goes round and round,
As it gets harder and harder to stand my ground.

But if I am kicked down, again I'll get up.
I'll find those crucial needs to replenish my cup.

There is always another chance at another day,
Woe betide anyone that stands in my way.

Afar

I sit alone with me and my thoughts
In the middle of the room
It doesn't matter what is going on
Because in this moment
I am here
Alone
I am everything
And nothing
I simply breathe
And notice
Without judgement
I view myself, my thoughts and everything in between from afar.

Illude

How could it be
that something,
once so full and rich
is finally over?
The time we spent
together
was wonderful.
Yet,
it had run its course.
We both knew,
for a long,
long time
but no-one wanted
to be the one
who let it go.
Holding on,
letting our imaginations
of the past
and what could be
illude us.
Until it was
finally enough.
It hurts.
But it is
for the best.
I only hope
that
our friendship
remains
and is
stronger.

Blithe

With pride comes fall, she heard them say.
After sticking to her routine for a period of time;
healthy habits, careful choices, thoughtful words
she now feels deserving of a break, a treat.
What goes up must finally come down.
A blithe discard of her needs.
Careless indifference.
Her downward spiral starts again.

Behold

The years of chatter
Slowly and suddenly came to rest

Finally, all was still
A magnificent sight to behold

I lost my head
But gained the world

Cling

Don't cling on
To what you no longer hold

It's run its course
As the story's told

What you once had
Is now long gone.

Don't wear it out
Don't stretch the song.

Leave the past where it is
The future awaits

All it takes is one step forward
Through those daunting gates

Songs

Share with me your sacred moments
your most remembered stories,
including the ones once forgotten
and all the horrors and the glories.

Let your love out, free
don't leave things left to hide
It's advised not to die
with your songs left to fester inside

You Crossed My Mind

You crossed my mind
as I crossed the Rhein
that very day.

You were in my thoughts
yet I did not write.

Now I will
just remember the times
as they were.

I will try not to
think of your suffering.

Although I am so very sorry
that it was too much to bear.

Your struggle is now over

But I am so thankful
our paths crossed

I got to know you,
we worked together,
made wonderful theatre

You impacted my life,
as you did for many
in such positive ways.

Catrick

Catrick.

Oh where to begin?

Or to end?

I sit here

With Catrick

He looks at me

His fluffy fur

In need of patting

He is but a toy

But

I need him.

Big Empty

I dream of the ocean
watching the tide come in
as I walk along the sand
seeing the rocks ahead being
washed over by the waves.
The creeping tide coming in,
leaving me no path in sight;
peaceful, yet dangerous and fierce.
Suddenly I am plunged deep into
bottomless swirling waters
of deep blue;
a big empty.
Yet I am one with the waters
and understand how to ride out the tide

Making Space

As more and more
piled ontop of her
everyday stress,
homesickness,
fear of the unknown,
and heartbreak,
The more space she seemed to have.
In a moment of silence and reflection,
she realised, she was not overwhelmed.
Even though there were many reasons to be.
And she smiled,
because she could remember a time,
not so long ago,
where that would not have been the case.
And she breathed in relief,
because that meant
that her time of suffering
was not in vain.
It made her heart more open
and her will stronger.

Demons

I went looking,
hunting for monsters
which in fact were never there.
I found demons
that didn't belong to me
and were none of my business.
I spent a long time looking outside
when really I should have turned inward
and faced those demons inside of me.
My whole life
I have been running away.
Until today
I stopped and faced the inner demons.
Funnily enough
they weren't so scary
once I was facing them head-on.

Goodnight

He wished me goodnight
and then I watched him
slowly ascend
into a small space above
until only his feet were visible
and then he vanished
like he was never even there.

Free

An empty room,
bags packed.
Silence.
A moment to herself, sitting in a familiar chair,
that was never hers and will never be.
Her former beloved, whom she will always hold dear.
The end, although necessary and expected, is bittersweet.
She sheds tears thinking of what could have been.
They embrace for a final time,
to say goodbye
and now they are free.

Remain

I don't want to forget you
but I don't want to live in the past.
Sifting my way through the memories,
the good times that they didn't last.

Yet in the past they do remain.
In my mind, you've left your mark.
Rose tinting my world when the days are dark.

Drowning

Something wasn't sitting right,
I was unsure of what to do.
I seemed to have the life I wanted
yet something was askew.

Drinking myself into oblivion
just to escape the pain.
Creating a series of disasters
that I had only myself to blame.

Yet I didn't want to stop
because that would be no fun.
I was addressing all my problems,
all except the biggest one.

Excitement for an evening;
all my problems were away
until it got to late o'clock
and I had to face the next day.

Crippled with fear and
post inebriated anxiety, for one!
As I struggled to come to terms
with things I didn't remember I had done.

Myths rang through my ears;
Thoughts I still struggle to arrange:
Old habits die hard
and that
People never change.

Trusting my gut instinct,
realising what needed to be done...

I said goodbye to my old life
to build myself a new one.

Ride the Waves?

Navigating the waters
Feeling overwhelmed and a bit lost
Not quite shipwrecked
Yet all decisions come with a cost

Waves continue crashing over
Night turns into day

Which to choose:
Keep on steering through the storm
Or let the tide guide my way

Anxiety

Cannot see the forest for the trees
Blindly racing forward
Like a deer in the headlights
Collision followed by collision
Waves of nausea passing over
Cannot stop the trembling

Helpful remedies only numb the edges
Soften the blow
But maybe that is OK
Maybe it is OK
To feel like this

Because like I said once before
Being alive is
Feeling everything
The good, the bad and the anxiety

Order

Everything

is almost

in order

I think...

as I write myself

another list.

Heim- / Fern- weh

The more and further I travel,
the more connections I make
and want to maintain.

Although so many of you are
so far away...

my heart just needs to open up
that little bit more
to make up
for the distance
between us

One Won't Hurt

"Why aren't you drinking"
they asked
As I sipped a soft drink
at the bar

Choruses of:

"You're boring"
"Come on, don't let me drink alone!"
"One won't hurt"
echo against the glassware

My people pleasing attitude wants to help the people around me feel more comfortable
...at a big cost to myself.

So I order one
and then another
and suddenly I am alone;
the last person at the bar

One won't hurt.

I've overslept.
I've not eaten breakfast.
I'm at work,
nursing a headache from hell.

One won't hurt that much.

I put off my workout plan until tomorrow.
I decide to buy takeaway instead of cooking with the vegetables I bought the day before.

I sit there numb.
Because with alcohol I am a shell

- barely functioning.

But *still*, I am functioning.

One won't hurt.

Until that one turns into another

and the lines of my healthy boundaries are so blurred that it doesn't even seem to matter anymore.

So the next time someone asks me

if I would like a drink

I hope I have the strength to put

myself first

and politely say

No.

The Premiere

A neon sign rises and the first beat begins
Awe and excitement tears through the auditorium
Tension is high, nerves are taut
But the energy is electric

Months of work
Endless rehearsals
Attention to detail
Different skill sets
Merged together
Working together
With one goal in mind

Tonight, we are one
Sharing this experience

And suddenly it is all worth it
Which we all knew from the beginning
But sometimes the big picture
is hard to see
When you are in the thick of it