

Im Rahmen der Kursfahrt des Leistungskurses Englisch des 3. Semesters entstand das Projekt 'Poems and Paintings' in der Tate Modern.

Die Schülerinnen und Schüler ließen sich von selbst gewählten Ausstellungsstücken zu eigenen Gedichten inspirieren, die ihre persönlichen Eindrücke wiedergeben.



Im Folgenden die besten Werke:

Poem on the painting 'Sleeping Venus' by Paul Delvaux

Not bright nor dark

The court seems to be

And seeking in anguish

Something that cannot be.

Peaceful and calm there

Is the night

The god restless and chased

The day, the god.

Will she awake, conscious?

Will she be sleeping, dreaming?

by Naro Goller



Poem on the sculpture 'Ishi's Eye' by Anish Kapoor

You see the golden skin

Which invites you to look inside me

But if you are inside

You see my soul's darkness

And now everything reflects to the ones who know.

by Jeanne Ramin, Marisa Germer, Mine Kilisli, Charline Lentschig



Two poems on the painting 'Summertime' by Jackson Pollock

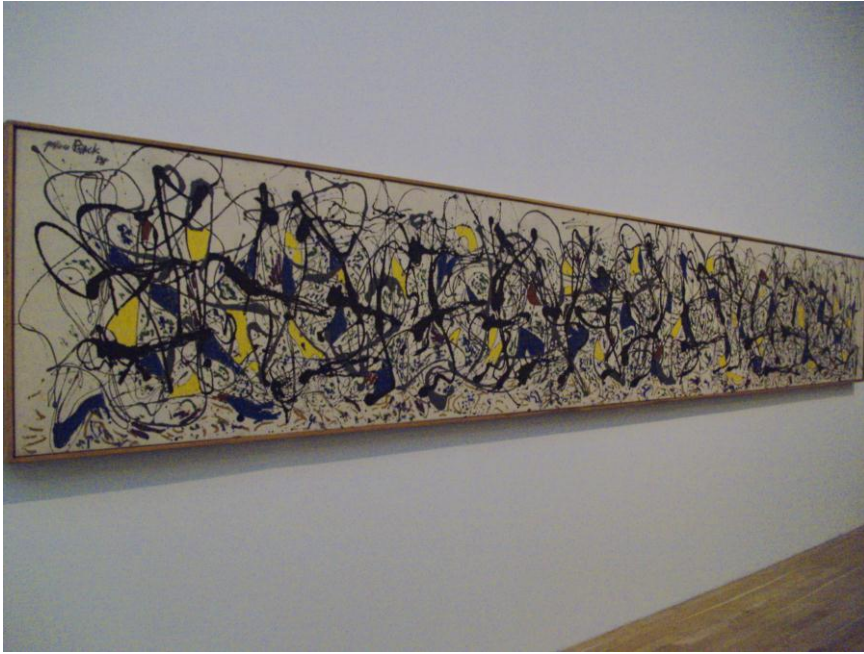
The summer is coming
And with it a web of movement.
This movement is caught in the painting
It shows the bees and butterflies, their paths of tangled strings
Their journey to the next sweet flower
And to the juicy treat that awaits them.
Attracted by the vibrant scent and colour
They can't rest at any time.
Their work is crucial for our existence,
We depend on them.
So let's hum with them a song – a song of summer, a song of life.

by Laura Stiem

The summer is coming
It is raining for the last time.
The summer is coming
Wind is blowing fine.
The bees are humming
Sunbeam is falling down.
The butterflies are sucking
Nectar is in their mouths.

The Summer is coming

by Cemil Sorgun



Poem on the collage 'The Staff' by E.L.T. Mesens

Oh so different
And yet the same
So colourful
They have no name
Pump all your muscles
Drowning in fame
Kicking the ball
They have no name
So smile for the camera
You've made the game!
Marry your Blondie
Who has no name.

by Annika Restel



Poem on the photography 'US Bombing on Taliban Positions' by Delahaye

Cloud in the Wasteland

The sheep have gone a long time ago

But their souls have moved into a cloud made of grey wool

Which walks along the horizon

Sadly observing the familiar field

Which has gone into the hands of warriors.

by Moritz Haase and Sophia Strähuber

