

“When I use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.” “The question is,” said Alice, “whether you can make words mean so many different things.” “The question is,” said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master —that’s all.”



We require each other in unexpected collaborations and combinations, in hot compost piles. We become-with each other or not at all.

Staying with Trouble
by Donna Haraway

How are we perceived, if we are to be perceived at all?
For the most part we are invisible.

Blue(1993) by Derek Jarman

losing its name

a river

enters the sea

John Sandbach

I am no bird;
and no net
ensnares me.

Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte

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Lautréamont

My Emily Dickinson by Susan Howe

Just remember, “quote” is caring
We don’t mind the *what or why or when or who*
Up to you what you do.

i wish earth was more like
a library, ppl speaking in
soft voices on the streets
everything shared and
borrowed.

Plagiarism is necessary,
progress implies it. It closely
grasps an author’s sentence,
uses his expressions, deletes
a false idea, replaces it with
a right one.

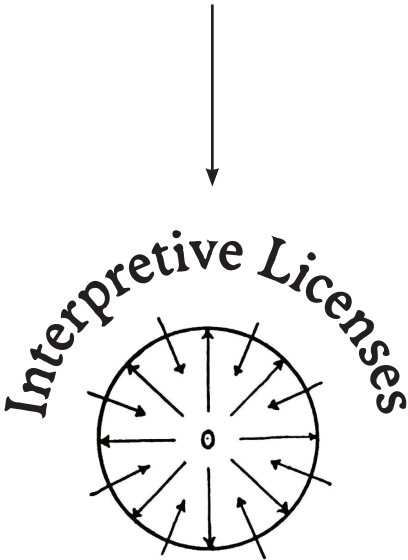
My voice formed from my life
belongs to no one else. What I put into
words is no longer my possession.
Possibility has opened. The future
will forget, erase, or recollect
and deconstruct every poem.

Let’s bend the rules and defy
left-copy-right, let’s create our own
interpretations of ownership.
Together, we will create walls,
borders, understand them better
and break them, build them again,
make doors, windows and portals.

Join me and let’s write something
weird together:
@ Agnes (Schoterbosstraat 6,
3032 CN Rotterdam by the
WegGeefWinkel)
13.06.2026
14:00 - 16:00

questions? e-mail:

sevgi [at] gromits.space



I am interested in poetry as a means of
enacting through new shared language
a community that had not previously
existed.
I am interested in a you in me that
corresponds to a you in you
or rather I should say I am interested in
we, our, with, correspondence, plurality,
betweenness,
I mean between
you and me I am interested in the
territories of truth
a poem makes through language,
through listening—

Legal Tender by Kyle Dacuyan

BUT A DEDICATION
IS ONLY FELICITOUS
IF PERFORMED
BEFORE WITNESSES
– IT IS AN
ESSENTIALLY
PUBLIC SURRENDER
LIKE THAT OF
STANDARDS OF
BATTLE

Beauty of the Husband by Anne Carson

We shape our self
to fit this world
and by the world
are shaped again.
The visible
and the invisible
working together
in common cause,
to produce

the miraculous.
I am thinking of the way
the intangible air
traveled at speed
round a shaped wing
easily
holds our weight.
Working Together by David Whyte

Heighten contradiction and permit
multiples.
Notes on Art and Resistance, A-Z
by Sara Magenheimer