





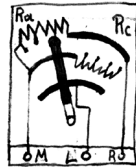
# DIE LEERE MITTE

*Random Access Journal*

BERLIN

.....  
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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
printf("Hello, Berlin!");
return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE  
*Guidelines*

**Broadly accepted:** Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

**Texts:** poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

**Visual:** 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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<https://vimeo.com/639203475>

CECELIA CHAPMAN

*Nomad Dreams, The Sorceress, The Flying Saucer and the Moon*  
from *Planet of Dreams* 2021

JEFF CROUCH music



Antonio Devicienti · *hölderlin nach bordeaux*

hölderlin verso bordeaux > vi arriva dopo aver attraversato l'inverno < [frugato e sospettato dai  
gendarmi della rivoluzione] *dichterisch* ↔ *poétiquement*

(. . . . . und WIE sonst? . . . . .)

/

\

l'itinerario verso  
occidente (was unter=  
geht) im kalten wind

l'itinerario verso  
la sorgente (was auf=  
geht) >>> heilignüchtern

|

|

ma questo è l'altrui  
mestiere, c'est pas le mien

mi possiede il vento (bin halt 'n mensch)  
von klippe  
zu  
klippe

|

|

pretendono da me quello  
che non so dare  
ce que je ne suis  
pas

vuole da me quello  
che sono || was ich  
wirklich bin || was  
ich wirklich will

\

/

la strada del ritorno frana sotto le mani della scrittura : er bewohnt jetzt keine heimat mehr : sondern  
die e r d e : er gerät zum schweigen : \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

||

scardanelli  
turrin  
von möwen umschwirrt  
hic videtis  
(et de ea legitis)  
*dichterisch?*



Antonio Devicienti · *John Cage and mushrooms*

the passion of **j. c.** for mushrooms crosses the silence : he (his *music*) follows (un)sounds of *spora*

/	\
le silence <i>ab-solu</i> n'existe pas, we know it -----	pilze wachsen SCHWEIGEND auf - schweigen sie aber wirklich? -
sounds are : the world while breathing       	waldwanderungen (in search of un-sounds) erforschungen (descubrimientos) entdeckungen (xxxxx) waldgeräusche + unsichtbare (invisible) (not visible) wald=geräusche   nel terreno restano le radici fungine (im boden)
stecken pilzwurzeln - rhyzomatique leur nombre - their silent existence : qual è il suono delle radici mentre si espandono? <i>what's their s o u n d ? ? ?</i> heilignüchtern	

NOTA: la disposizione tipografica dei testi è ispirata alla sezione *The Redwoods in Twice alive* (New Directions Books, New York 2021) di Forrest Gander.

& the window,  
    thrown wide,  
        welcomes  
the garden: white magnolia  
above early bloom: the blatant  
yellow & pinks of violas'  
hurrah to colour; an uncut  
lawn's buttery stars encircling  
the stuck dandelion's solar  
blaze;  
    beyond the gate ajar  
a path leads down to where a field  
rolls its wealth of pasture off  
to the horizon; & the sky,  
such is its roomy blue, unlocks  
the whole day's breadth & height  
for the hospitable moment:  
    the light-capped flower, the swing  
    of a gate, lawn illuminant,  
    the field's display:  
        the whole world  
        opening, as if  
        fashioned  
        from wings

an airport's coat of warmth:  
no slipping it off on arrival.  
later the way sweat smells,  
strange in new heat; a sun,  
lifting silver from the sand,  
each day whitens the beach  
& in the bay a fish describes  
an arc upon the sea; far out,  
boats trawl & test the deep

& yet here in the morning,  
amongst unknown hills,  
it's how a haunted light  
resurrects sleeping colour  
from the stones, brings up  
the brilliance, furled  
into the frequency, free  
& electric from another place

see how you walk  
with the difference here –  
a subject with no country

Charles Wilkinson · *blessant*

out of the wound & bawling into cut-white  
air, robbed of a blind month in the waters,  
the warm dream broken early, small eyes slim  
in fistfuls of a hard light bullying;  
then a scream over stone, white clad & rocked,  
how a blessing wets its mark; o welcome  
to the sufferings, damage at the font.

later, always first to the front, only  
alive in action, & every foot  
forward, sharp tilt of sunshine, a blade's slant,  
the lustre of war, the edge burns, the advance  
shows addiction to damage, the hallowed gore.

flesh witnessed by the eye is both beauty  
& catastrophe, its black narrative  
as free to love or drown, a plot screwed tight,  
full of hurts, slashed into shape, paragraphed  
pain, living blessed to the agony –  
lashed to death: the foregone sting of story:  
passion banished to earth, & bedded down.

Bob Lucky · *This Street, a Prose Haiku*

1.

An old man on a squeaky bicycle pulls up outside the bakery, goes in.

2.

The wind excites the morning glories and wild fennel, tousles the hair of a small boy who laughs all day but cries all night.

3.

A stray dog has adopted this street, its random scraps and kicks, the smell of bread.

Bob Lucky · *A Poem in Search of a Line break*

There is only this and that is all there is,  
or this and that is all there is.

\*

There is only this  
and that is all there is,  
or this and that is  
all there is.

\*

There is  
only this  
and that  
is all there is,  
or this  
and that  
is all there is.

\*

There  
is  
only  
this

and

that  
is all there is,

or this and that is  
all there  
is.

\*

There  
is  
only  
this  
and  
that  
is  
all  
there  
is,  
or  
this  
and  
that  
is  
all  
there  
is.

Bob Lucky · *Notes Towards an Epic Poem*

The tide is rising.  
My time to lead has come  
like a wet dream at a sleepover.  
I call all hands on deck  
and watch them drown  
as I cling like varnish  
to the maiden on the bowsprit.  
The gods duly note that I am  
a few synecdoches short  
of a boat.



*[Etymology: Middle English (in the senses ‘way of thinking, opinion’, ‘court’s declaration of punishment’, and ‘gist (of a piece of writing)’): via Old French from Latin sententia ‘opinion’, from sentire ‘feel, be of the opinion’]*

Look up to where our days were numbered  
The gist of when the righteous speak  
is they proclaim each sentence twice,  
the culprit and the one omitted are equally to blame,  
how such a fraction  
creates the mathematics  
of double innocence becoming guilt.

We have no life apart from life apart,  
my premonition long ago  
– one cannot have both arms and wings –  
weighed not enough to sum us up.

To you, the curve that fits my concaves,  
a peace is guarded in conjoined confinement  
while I keep running for a loophole,  
the spaces where we stay unseen.

Siebenlinge im blau-schwarz-weißen Frack,  
ungelenke Zauberinnen des Hinterhofs,  
im Flug erobern sie sich ihren heiligen Grund;  
nichtsahnend, dass ich sie zum Inventar meiner  
Selbst rechne. Exaltierte Schicksalsdiebinnen  
im ungehörigen Kontingent der  
einstigen Glückszahl: nur ihr Spiegelbild  
liefert ihnen die Erkenntnis, dass sie sind.  
Ich aber erfahre nach dem Umzug,  
dass sie es sich eingerichtet haben  
auf dem Blechdach vor der Fensterfront,  
der zum Bad umfunktionierten Vogeltränke,  
sie Standvögel sind, losgelöst  
von meiner Fügung.

Patrick Sweeney · *Haiku*

with his long arm  
the pickpocket holds  
the hand of his daughter

firestorm jumps the highway of her paint by number

sleet lit  
the beaten copper-blue ankles  
of the crucified Christ

every time I leave the house  
I step on  
the third rail

crossing the threads  
of the medicine bottle  
in the dark

burning the midnight oil  
pausing at the word  
'hewed'

refuting the premise  
I waltzed with the shadow  
of a weeping willow

avoiding scenes  
wherein the whole body  
becomes a heart murmur

graduating greens of dawn  
the goddess of love's  
cracked make up

blocks away  
from the scene of the crime  
forsythia in bloom

beneath pungent sycamores  
on the sun-speckled path  
the boy-butterfly

backs against infinite space  
sisters puffin'  
on seven stars

The Swiss army knife  
tucked into a pillowed holster  
dreams to wake up a brain on a stick.

Gregor admiration unfolds:  
Multi-tasker and more.

Children with tongues stuck out  
drool over the 13 (K-12) artificial flavors.  
(At the corn-dog country fair  
the delivery system for adults  
brings back childhood.)

The lollipop experience for college  
bone-heads trains for the hard candy religion  
nursing home and garden each day.  
The handy-holder, ignored, suffers  
for helping enunciate thought into language  
by adding weight to the wait for attention.

Who cares for the calcium connections  
and the heart matter livering with rhythm?  
Kafka too remarked that only the song survives.

The “I told you so” cynic,  
who corners naïve men  
until every muscle coughs up,  
inherited from the mean spirit:  
The meek now kneel with bowed  
heads at the sacrifice  
in nursing homes for example.

Science reasoned that contingency  
had value above angels  
in an objective world.

Gates opened for anything goes prayer.

State law congregations commute  
to church weekdays as sub-contracted  
co-workers punching-in  
in shifts to the tablets.

In broad daylight just outside  
the glass and steel steeples,  
faceless extraction tag-team interests  
steal and murder for the bank,  
for the insurance company.

The daily bout against doubt  
threatens to blot out a lifetime in ink.

At 20, the golden gloves champ  
sparring with a floater in an eye.  
At 40, the skeptic recognized  
the shade in bad habits.  
At 70, a black hole looms,  
preys without mercy.

When boxing an unknown shadow,  
in early rounds a right hook might  
fend off anxiety for nightfall,  
but head butts, jabs to the gut,  
or counter punching  
fail to drug a nib fister  
with keys to pixels and public.

Solar systems crisp,  
comets mash from orbit,  
an Ozone strips to expose  
that Homo sapiens  
can't keep up appearances.



Mediators wait at the meditation station  
sitting to utter on pillows  
because clouds don't hold.

Thought engines with extended implications  
trucking behind pull in to  
and out from the platforms.  
The patient moderator redirects  
from mindfulness to breath, each.

Between heaven-knows-where and a rock  
the Eastern conduit communes  
to soften natural laws  
and bring one back to one,  
to harden quiet into peace.

Alpha-yogi overachievers still  
to orchestrate go-between capitols  
around the world, Vaticans  
for momentary selflessness....

Refreshed, clutch let out,  
the engaged ego horde returns to live.

Traveling through decadent ennui,  
a platitude attitude, ho-hum, road-ruts,  
and without flashing lights  
or a lowered gate, meme crossings  
clip off phone-gazer noses zzzzz.

Hourglass sands after hourglass sands  
sun-beat a midday yawn a thousand miles  
from the tugboat in thought.

The berth for boredom without oasis  
or mirage stretches for discipline  
when information bombardiers bead  
on dopamine flesh interiors  
and unload from a heavens squadron.

To jump aboard the speeding  
medium train from standstill  
at a one-in-a-million mundane  
intersection for mediocrity,  
a resolved flow captain dissolves  
into a pop soda resource for ad-men.

A fleet sailor plants on a beach  
for tomorrow whatever Sahara  
sifts and shifts under feet.

Strider Marcus Jones · *Haiku*

ancient lay lines  
illuminate oral lore  
a global stone grid

black coffee swirling  
in a spiral galaxy  
stargate in a cup

obelisk to sky  
glyphs and hypogean  
can we crack the code

leaves are falling  
the circle of life and death  
undertaker crows

honeysuckle grows  
around the arch of midnight  
into the wormhole

a trodden nettle  
still offers herself to bees  
and us to make tea

curious magpies  
search ploughed field for baubles  
sunlight glints on them

faded photographs  
moments hanging on the wall  
futures blank behind

cherry blossoms bloom  
then fall in wind and rain on  
human chameleons

red chrysanthemums  
show fractals of clarity  
time sows mutations

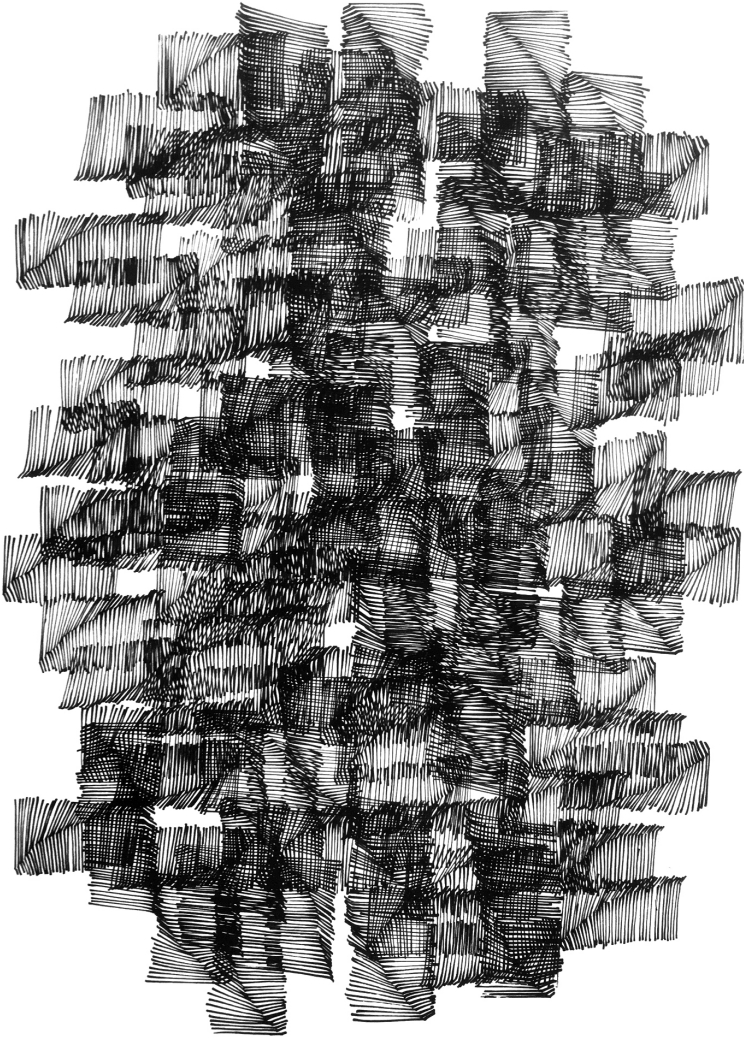
slow decompression  
diver hallucinates  
jellyfish smiles

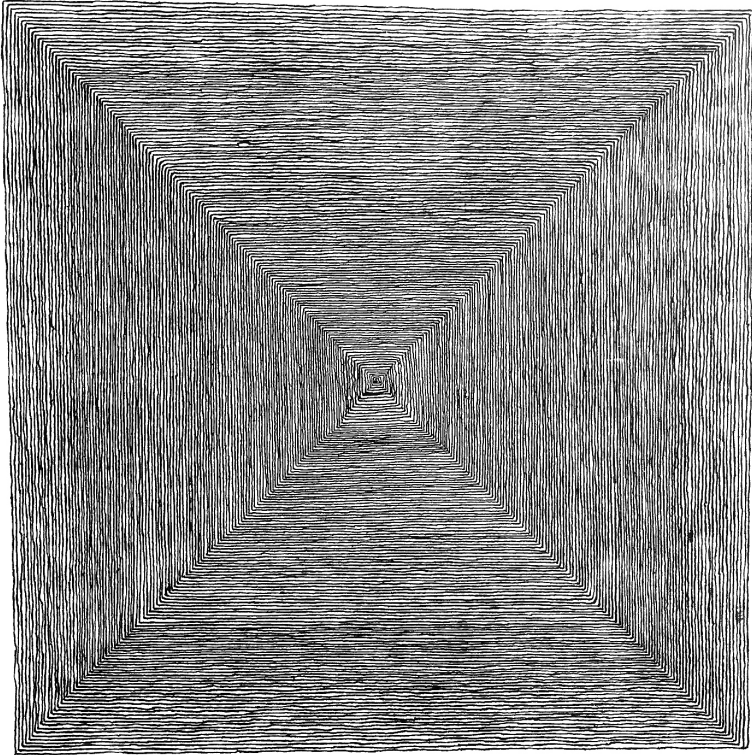
driftwood messages  
jellyfish like dustbin lids  
childhood in the bay

crimson cloud sunsets  
boats in indigo waves  
reason out of reach

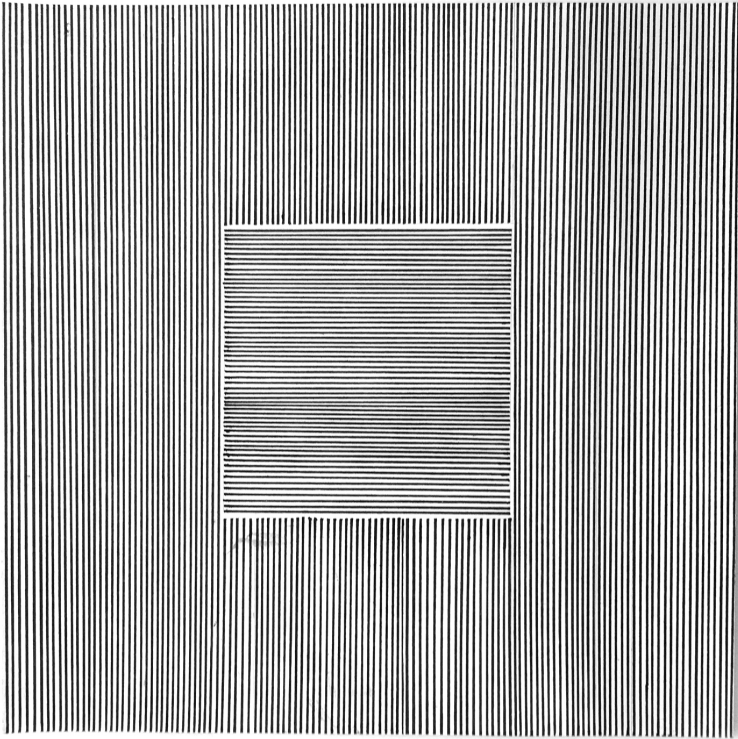
fairie folk dancing  
in the forest of forgets-  
no one remembers

to roam is not lost  
old mountains cover your trail  
in dense Druid mist



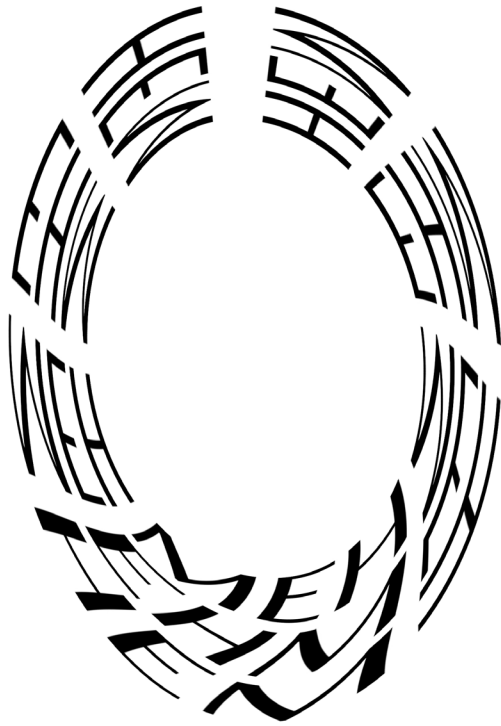








Elmedin Kadric · *untitled*



wo ist die schwarze katze?

