





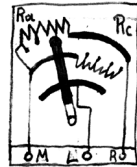
# DIE LEERE MITTE

*Random Access Journal*

B E R L I N

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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Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited.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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Jim Meirose · *Yes In Those Very Same Flannel-Sleeved Snacks*

On the light in, 'n sit down.

Harley, I think we should do it. It's way past time to.

Dolly, you say that each year.

Are whirlybirds? Time? Got no?

Needs to play.

Got.

Then, we do, said Harley, waving an arm. See? There's sheets there. 100 Ruled.

Space-age bullets of boxes two by them before set two of those Magnum Superior Hero snacks. Flannel-sleeved in yearly to see Chaplain Ameri-gahh.

But magnums, said Dolly—two set them before squat set coffee o' table a' table coffee a' o' a' o' a', coffee.

What?

The magnums lay coldly coffee tabled before them. Their magnums. On coldly. Lay magnums. Harley grimly replied; Do! Hop! Corkscrew. We then, for years. Each that which says you, Dolly, are the ones. They're them. See that?

I am sorry, Harley, I really am, but; neither man nor woman nor dog ever flannel-sleeve it in yearly like that, to see Chaplain 277-316.

But, new them's to get really clearly we should, I think I do, replied Harley. Before table coffee on coldly lay magnums, theirs. See it?

No! Exactly 277-316, exactly. Buh'. Got the time?

Got?

No!

Then, lay coldly. On coffee table a' table o' coffee set squat before them u' set two magnums 'u but magnums, as, exactly! As whirlybirds are! My God, exactly, no. Dog. Play to needs. Nor woman-man, neither.

Makes sort of sense Dolly?

Hey.

Those two sat before them, by two boxes of bullets and a space-age corkscrewer. Hop! Ruled: 100 sheets. Hero's superior. So; Ameri-gahh's Chaplain see to that yearly, in their flannel-sleeved snacks. They rose a'last 'greeing completely to see that very Chaplain, yearly, in those very same flannel-sleeved snacks. Nor woman-man, neither; no issue.

Got time?

Got time?

Yes I do.

I am happy when we agree.

Me too.

Switch on the dark when leaving the room please.

Thank you.



John Grey · *Anger followed by walk*

Hot summer's day. Little girls' screaming for his attention.  
He has this great need to smash their lemonade stand  
all over the lawn. But he does not stay, does not bring himself down.  
He listens to his lungs first. Then his hands, more accustomed  
to thumping on pianos and drums. He's a musician but  
this is a different kind of hot. For protection, he enlists  
their youthful volition and moves on.

John Grey · *The woman who jumped from the bridge*

Something she must sleep through because, long ago,  
her mother wouldn't buy her a dolly. Discovered  
by a hunter with a lousy aim. Thought it was  
some buck he shot. But just a young woman  
in an unglamorous pose floating in the river.  
The guy let go all he'd been eating.  
Skin bluish-transparent. Eyes like once pristine  
countries, now the subject of foreign meddling.  
Inscrutable cops dragged her out.  
The hunter spoke clumsily to an auditorium full of children.  
"If my words don't get you I guarantee the pictures will."

John Grey · *Catwalk*

Models slink down the catwalk.  
So transparent a trick.  
Beating of their hearts  
give them nightmares.  
Scenery they pass through  
is like the ogres in a children's story.  
In tailoring their shapes,  
they share in the illustrations.

Welcome to the Age of Autonomous Machines, where the brown bears of Kamchatka are cold, ragged, and hungry, and under perpetual ban, and rivers brim with jizz and blood, and fish have the twisted mouths of stroke victims, where saints travel incognito on New York City subways and God speaks to them in a gravelly two-packs-a-day voice, where a peeling billboard declares it's time to look ahead to the past, when the public gallows stood silhouetted at dusk against a sky of faded red plush.



Blinking like a sick mole in the harsh white light of the desert, the last of the angels steps out of his winged chariot onto the hot tarmac. Little girls in braids present him with bouquets. Jeers erupt somewhere among the hundreds of people solemnly watching the ceremonies from behind a security fence. The plainclothesmen mixing with the crowd pepper-spray everyone within range. On the tarmac, meanwhile, a military band strikes up a brassy tune that has long been a favorite of dictators around the world. Birds hum along.



I go to sleep to music, wake up to the barking of Soviet space dogs. We are apparently closer than I realized to the border of a bygone era. “Better call a repairman,” I whisper to my wife, who is standing on tiptoes, peering over my shoulder. By the time the repairman arrives, it is 4 in the afternoon and the sky has a long, black crack running down the middle. As he unpacks his tools, he volunteers that he has a titanium plate in his head. I just nod. Death, when it finally comes, will have his phlegmy eyes.

Bubbles the clown was missing and Pierce had to find him before the circus train could leave. If Pierce couldn't find him on the train, it would be assumed that he had run away and the circus would be short-staffed until they found someone to fill his position.

It was late and the monkeys and their trainers reclined, smoking on their cots. The monkeys blew smoke rings and chattered amongst themselves. Occasionally, one monkey stole a pack of cigarettes from another and the trainers had to break up the fight. Pierce entered the train car during one such skirmish. He stood and watched, waiting for the uproar to subside and then asked a trainer if he had seen Bubbles. The trainer had not seen Bubbles. The trainer asked the others; they had not seen Bubbles. The trainer asked the monkeys; they had not seen Bubbles either. Pierce moved to the next train car.

The clowns were hunched over a circular table at the center of the compartment, playing cards. They passed a bottle of liquor around, but did not offer Pierce a hit. The relationship between the clowns and circus management had been contentious since they attempted to unionize a few months before.

One of the clowns was not in on the card game. He sat by the window, his chest heaving rhythmically. He had not yet removed his makeup and it was runny. Despite the smeared makeup, he identified the clown by the window as Marbles, the

clown who worked with the freak show. Marbles told Pierce that Bubbles had gone into town to buy food and booze and that he should have returned a few hours before. Pierce nodded. He did not ask Marbles why he was crying. He assumed that Marbles and the bearded lady were fighting again. Pierce moved on to the next compartment.

The bearded lady sat alone in her compartment and her chest rose and fell rhythmically in front of the mirror. Her and Marbles were fighting again. When Pierce asked if she had seen the missing clown, she simply shook her head “no” and continued to shave her beard. She moaned something about how Marbles never treated her right anyhow to her reflection. Pierce moved on to the next compartment.

The lion tamers gave a collective start when Pierce entered the compartment, cowering in his presence. They winced with his every move, jumpy and on-edge. They huddled around a radio. The assistant lion tamer told Pierce that he saw Bubbles enter the train about an hour before. The lion tamers returned their focus to the radio, casting occasional nervous glances at him. Pierce moved on to the next compartment.

Bubbles slouched against the wall of the Siamese twins’ compartment. He had one of the bottles of liquor open at his side. He was listening to the twins playing the piano. Pierce sat beside the clown. The twins were playing Brahms. As the song

came to an end, they began to argue. The left head wanted to play Bach and the right head wanted to play Schubert. They could not reach an agreement, so the left head played Bach with her left hand and the right head played Schubert with her right hand. The tunes clashed, each attempting to play over the other. Bubbles offered Pierce a hit and he accepted, closing his eyes.

yours truly, the happy recluse · *empty glass on picnic table*

Look at that empty  
glass  
100% full of air—  
& 100% full of light  
also in there.

That's two  
hundred percents at once  
simultaneously—  
occupying the same space in perfect harmony.

Look at that empty  
glass  
in which space of totality—  
seems so central in the glass  
but basks borderlessly.



yours truly, the happy recluse · *color one*

If GodFace has a color  
it's where atoms are empty . . .  
unseen/beholdingly : radiating  
brainbow prisms  
    liberatingly, self-recognized  
where I AM is one color : *clarity*  
(unstained linguistically);  
self-meditative effortless deLight  
    that's not lazy—  
empty-atom field  
    Garden E stability:  
unexpelled by ego-stuck  
    dust-to-dust destiny,  
GodFace color *clarity*  
    undammed by scenery;  
beautiful or ugly mind-mirrors reflect  
stainlessly : sudden-access quality  
in-hearing silently...thought-free  
    secret mantra 'enters'  
GodSpace already.

*So why say 'enter' at all?*

That's [your] discovery : color one  
embracing GodSky/mindcloud centrally.  
Where it's *clarity* it celebrates diversity  
(each one intimately) 'tween the temples  
GodSpace color of  
    no post or pre : deLight  
dry as GodSun now  
    immersing five-sense sea.



Mark Young · *House servants of German-Bohemian descent*

are cut off from all emotion & magic

become polymers, either in solution for coating thin films or as particles for construction

contact the manufacturer directly to receive a quote

don't participate in non-violent revolution

encourage their youth & people to attend public hospitals in France

find that silence is full of music

grapple continually with millions of animated graphics & images

have yet to provide a historical basis for their claims of an ancient origin

identify & analyze the most important trends shaping our world

join other European countries responding negatively to the ANZ Bank considering off-shoring 600 jobs

keep records written in either Czech, German, or Latin

learn sexual skills at a young age because they don't have the internet

manage the most uncompassionate, inflexible airline around

narrow down their options, pack their bags, & get ready to go

operate a newly-commissioned US Navy attack submarine with an Xbox 360 controller

promote high-trust executives who fail to engender innovation by creative personnel

question the words of the mighty JIMMY

reinforce the precepts of mumbo-jumbo with the use of flash cards & black balaclavas

shoot wolves

think that integrity is the *sine qua non* of public women's shelters

undermine the foundations of democracy with unchecked party elites

validate their tickets when on trains in Italy by finding a funny looking green-blue box at the entrance of a platform & then waving their ticket on it until a green light blinks

will, under no circumstances, transfer to any other party the typefaces &/or fonts used in any *Rolling Stone* article

xray themselves regularly to ensure they're not being overrun by gallstones

yawn purely to puzzle scientists

zone out if icecream kolaches aren't included along with their coffee

Mark Young · *From the Pound Cantos: CENTO XXVI*

We were workmen in the same  
village, saying nothing, super-  
fluous. No love of science & letters —

the norm. Beat drums for three  
days. Dragon barge, high buggy  
wheels, fond of rotation, drifted

with the music. The valley is thick  
with leaves, the house a shade too  
solid, knocking at empty rooms

stubborn against the fact. Boredom  
born out of boredom, out of no-  
thing, a breathing in the stillness.

I sleep, I sleep not. This machinery  
is very ancient; who can lift it?

Mark Young · *Random enthalpy or random entropy?*

The last contrail mounts the  
stairs at midnight. Music  
surrounds it; *Finlandia* by  
Sibelius; which may be why  
the ascent is so quiet, even  
though the music does not  
penetrate the contrail's  
senses. The typewriter it

carries with it has passed  
the becoming a burden  
stage. Should have been left  
behind some time back; but a  
contract is a contract, & even  
though Goethe has long passed,  
there's still that clause in there—  
*passes to his heirs & successors.*

Trois enfants  
claquent des mains  
alternativement,  
circulairement.  
Ils forcent les claques  
en mettant dans leurs paumes  
une rougeur de saumon.  
Ils giflent le bonheur de l'âge,  
et sur leurs lèvres,  
ils accrochent une balançoire  
poussant le dieu du jeu,  
sans retour.  
Ils sont forts, pas enfantins,  
enchaînant des mains  
comme pour fêter un nain circoncis.  
La fumée du narguilé  
sert d'encens  
le grenadier querelle avec l'olivier  
sur une question de longévité,  
et au-dessous, les enfants songent  
dans un moment à dent-meringue  
lorsqu'un cri surgit  
dû à une forte claque,  
battant les cuisses varicelleuses du rire  
et transformant les joues de poupée en briques.  
Cri de victime,  
on l'entoure avec des claques interminables,..  
d'où naît une certitude de vie.. !

I am through a superb window – looking.  
An angel of feeling awakes in me.  
The dreamy oak-trees stand always leafless.  
The native auspicious cue is just large.

My scenery - the enchanted verdure.  
The moony old barn of Ted my dear nuncle.  
I am looking at a proud throng of crows.  
They belong to the whiff of every times.

The springtide looks so meek-beauteous-fair,  
first and foremost Morningstar - at night.  
I daydream springwards window-view withal  
of a dreamy Ovidian summer gale.

Homelike herbage that seems to bewitch all.  
My cats want to enchant the fantasy.  
Dreamed subtle morn withal notably.

gale - archaic: wind  
always - archaic: always  
cue - archaic: mood  
verdure - green  
nuncle - archaic: uncle  
throng - archaic: bevy



“But death also exists for the individual in another sense [...] it is burdened with the weight of the residues of its operations [...] the individual little by little takes on elements of stable equilibrium that charge it and prevent it from going toward new individuations [...] this heatless dust and this unenergized accumulation are the rise of passive death within the being [...].”

“Is it not true that old people, who've spent a lifetime together, start to resemble each other? Eventually they have so much in common that they not only have the same thoughts, but the same facial expressions. Why do you think that is? I hope we become so old that we share each other's thoughts... and that we get little, dry and completely identical wrinkled faces.”

Ramsay Randall · *for Sandra*

I went to Jeddah, to  
Manila, beaten  
in the engine's time.

I stopped, went  
east, then west, then  
two times east,

and twice the point  
that had two names  
enveloped me:

it looked black but was gold.

thunderheads folded above  
Iowa highway, integer  
cornstalks; the clouds  
flash.

the clouds burn  
in themselves, light  
lights hundreds on  
hundreds, shading  
down to primordial night.

Cardinal Guevara  
poses, his episcopal  
vestments - thunderhead's  
pink aspect.

I am on the highway,  
myself a storm  
in the saddle  
of the primitive function.

fitful night unveils  
bare day. and the will,  
what's left in the pan  
won't start.

she leans over and  
looks, solid. we left  
the chains behind.  
what was muscle moves.

in the black eye a  
sediment of infinite  
values. still awake  
the sun fills the room.

J. D. Nelson · *at the self-help police academy*

the comma says  
I know all of you from camp

taking pictures with a three-dollar camera  
the changing of the worlds – the splice, now

away from the universe  
I become the rainbow

we hear the sentences in the soup  
the goosebumps kid in the commercial

eating a denim cake  
a chance to see the king

um, unfounded mirror cats  
morris is the champ

the planet was robbed  
longhand in the garden

J. D. Nelson · *are you a thimb or a thumb?*

the popcorn in wednesday's sink  
the color of the barn

the blue of the growling island

the foot of the dumb door  
I'm cloning a smurf's skull

the face island and alien  
the wyoming hand

to be the cork of the puddle  
to bee the stork of the premise

J. D. Nelson · *royal jelly*

I was a boiling shoe in the chamber of know-the-lord

the light of the symbolism  
the shoe is here, too

I was in the king's chamber when I heard an owl

a little of the light here in broncos country

the luxury of the tongue

J. D. Nelson · *David Lee Monkfish*

e-e-e-e-e

ohiowa



Patrick Sweeney · *senryu*

strip search  
the worry stone  
in my left front pocket

my cold deck  
Mid Tang goatee  
and three heart attack markers

drinking with a yamabushi  
his teeth worn down  
to the nub

behind torn shoji  
the cat killer  
is napping

the surgical precision  
of chopping garlic  
alone



