abend(b)rot
Many thanks & Vielen Dank

to all who contributed to, inspired, grammatically corrected, and otherwise aided in the creation of this Zeitschrift
a note on the title:

'Abendbrot' is a German term that refers to a light meal eaten in the evenings (evening-bread). 'Abendrot' is a sunset. Though this celebration of work a communion of sorts comes at the 'sunset' of our time together in Berlin, we hope that it will also be nourishing and voll(of)korn, like a good hunk of proper German bread.

We have also included some nice words auf Deutsch English und Chinese for you to snack on inbetween as light meals for the soul.

Guten Appetit.
Waldeinsamkeit
Jesse Wheaton

I slipped out my window
one rainy night,
drizzling sky
blurred neon lights,
wrinkled reflections,
fractalated sight.

Rain flowing down
a crisp jean crease,
pale yellow lights,
a stained masterpiece.

Saturated letters
soaking in gloom,
only thunders down,
lightening cloud blooms.

Slick sheened streets,
that muddled reflection
not wondering where
or what direction.

Chainlink bites
stiff frigid fingers,
legs fly over,
eager, but I linger,

Under shadow of a tree,
cold gray grass,
coloured by the moon,
car streaks past,
red lights gone.

Alone at last.
Rumination 1
Rebecca Brown

We cannot see the star shine,
From the window of endless concrete.
Wilted, faded,
Just the glimpse of light
speck on a gray canvas.

wash, wash my hands away,
till the guilt peels,
and I no longer feel a thing.

They tell us how to think
how to feel
how to eat
Feed us with what we know as life
Groundless, rootless, we are falling
Abend
Nachtmittag
A washing machine,
turning

Kimberly Lin
2013年4月2日 凌晨 柏林
Ina Yinan Li

凌晨三點，世界已經睡下了，你睜著眼睛，
躺在床上，新換的白色棉麻床單讓乾淨的味道透到房間的每一個縫隙。
你有些悶，於是你打開床邊的窗戶。一陣風吹進來，擁抱你，他涼涼的
體溫好像薄荷糖一樣。你記得那味道，那屬於夏天的風的獨特混合味道。
你重新躺下，把被子裹緊了。你一直很喜歡那種被蓬鬆圍繞的存
感。可你又有些熱，於是你悄悄地伸出一隻腳在被子外面。

你一直喜歡在溫度適宜的深夜裡把小心翼翼包裹好的故事拿出來，解開
一層層亞麻布手絹，讓他們透透氣，在你的心上走一走。夏天的空氣是
有溫度的，帶著被白天太陽烤過的味道。就像是每當聽到老歌就會把你
帶回過去一樣，你順著風的味道，一路走回到開始記事的那個夏天。你
看着天花板，慢慢閉上眼睛，看到了那些曾在夏天發生的故事。你看到
了你曾經最珍惜的人，的事，的城，的自己。那個五歲的穿著背帶褲的
自己和外婆粗糙而溫潤的手，那個八歲的坐在小學教室木桌椅，看著帶
鐵鏽的窗外夏天的自己和那個午後打在操場上的陽光。那時你總穿著用
橡皮擦的乾乾淨淨的球鞋，把寬鬆校服的褲腿卷上去，裝作毫不在乎地
走在食堂裡，溼漉漉，覺得自己很酷。在夏天的晚風裡，17歲的你們拉
著手走在街上，他很高，穿著寬鬆的短褲和球鞋，顯得腿很長很好看，
你搖擺不定的拉著他的手一步步走在草坪旁高起的牙子上，他看著你，
撥開你臉旁被風吹起的頭髮，慢慢的靠近，把他的影子疊在了你的影子
上面，長安街上黃色的街燈灑在你們身上，有著似有卻無的溫度。後
來，那一刻的一切被你小心翼翼的包裹好，那個柏油馬路受熱，植物呼
吸作用，和他身上獨特的混合味道，現在還被你偶爾想起。
其實很多時候你並不想往前走，你總回過頭向過去的自己盼頭。你總是特別討厭改變，原來的每次分別你都會哭。但現在的你慢慢的習慣了在不同的城市生活和身邊人事的來回，習慣了一個人做很多事情。你終於明白了唯有變化才是那個恆 不變，你終於明白到頭來只有自己不會離開自己，最重要的事情一定要記在心底才不會丟。但是每逢季節的更換，你還是很不知所措。不知道怎樣做才對即將的離開是最有意義的紀念。

窗外大樹新冒出的葉子打在窗戶上，發出沙沙的聲音，你有些睏了，畫面變的跳躍而模糊，你慢慢開始看不清那些身邊的人，開始記不起了那是什麼地方，甚至開始懷疑那些故事是否真的發生在自己身上還是存在於小時候看的電影。夢和現實的邊界開始變得不明確。

只不過這次睡著了之後媽媽應該不會進來幫我把窗戶關掉，把你伸在外面的腳放回被窩裡了吧。
Rumination 2
Rebecca Brown

Berlin,
For those who does not does not understand,
Is like wild grass,
Uncontrolled, impulsive,
An annoyance to be removed and regulated,
Yet it sprouts,
Fueled by opposition,
Its sheer will to survive,
Defining itself by and from the other
A black silhouette juxtaposing forever- the light

Weed grows in layers
Endless and upwards
Like that mechanical sound we hear,
In the abandoned factories
In the middle of the city
A repetitive sound
An echo with no meaning by its own
On top on the other
Music out of raw beats
Elated.
No End, no completeness
Emily Khaykin
November 22 at 8:08am · Berlin, Germany

I couldn’t sleep. So, instead of fighting a losing battle, I picked myself up at 6:30am and went for my first run in 4 months (because I’m young and stupid, I gave myself a heel spur over the summer which basically made it excruciatingly painful to run for a while). And, I am so thoroughly disappointed that I haven’t been able to do this until now. Watching the sky turn pink over the Spree, and catching whiffs of baking bread from bakeries on nearly every street corner, I have never taken more pleasure from running random lefts and rights through the streets of any city than in Berlin. When I came here, I vowed not to fall in love. But, alas, (young and stupid, remember?) I do believe I have.

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Radowan Khan, Jill Ackman, Tom Zheng and 43 others like this.

Mike Gulmond YOU FORGOT TO TALK ABOUT TO TALK A OUT RHE SMELL OF RAVERS LEAVING CLUBS #WASTEDGERMANYOUTH #FEINN #TECHNO
November 22 at 8:36am · Unlike · 6

Emily Khaykin Yes. It was fun to whoosh by and see them nearly topple over from lack of reflexes.
November 22 at 10:52am · Like · 2

Hossam Ibrahim
November 22 at 3:00pm · Unlike · 1

Hossam Ibrahim Gut gemacht!
November 22 at 3:01pm · Like
Just like the quarter that was left behind in the washing machine of my sweat-stained jeans, I am trapped, perpetually spinning amongst my masks. The sun sets as soon as I rise. Moping, digging, dying and floundering my way through the afternoon, vormittag transforms into nachmittag without the slightest resistance from reality, or, it’s realities. I am cold. Cold not like the Austrian alps in December as you descend off of a gondola with just your Addidas’ and a hat, but cold like being famished on an S-Bahn leading to nowhere, circling around a permeable ecosystem with no desire or will to direct yourself inward. The weekend begins as soon as the weekend ends, hangovers fade into Monday while drinking begins on Tuesday, only one class on Wednesdays and only one class on Thursdays. Start now, and party through the morning until class Thursday. After that you may sleep a deep, intoxicated slumber until you wake up to the sound of others beginning standard procedure, just outside your door. They beg your participation. You choose to follow through, only for a drink. As Dixon says, “Es muss nicht immer so weiter gehen.” But its 1 am and the UBahn has stopped running. Pick up your pace, couple Club Mate with vodkas, feel the snare on the offbeat, use it like a shower’s granny-handle to stay locked in with simplicity and bliss, don’t slow your roll. Receive a text from your ex asking you what was wrong with her to date such a childish, immature boy. Pretend to ignore the text, keep on dancing. The darkness makes you feel safe from discerning eyes, you chose this over her. Nonchalantly reply to your friends when they exclaim at how late it is. What? Yeah it’s the sun, I’ve seen it before. Fridays are for house and Saturdays are for techno; do both. You know where the good afterparty is, Villalobos reigns kingdom until 1 or 2. Döner or speed? Only locals go out on Sundays, but you only live once. Kick drums transcends your body, resistance is futile. Now you are gray, like the sky is telling you to be. 10 milligrams of Adderall and 3 cups of coffee are for Mondays, your German teacher tells you you look thin. You ensure them you’re just tired; lying to her, yourself, and the world. And just as you think to yourself maybe I should stop this cycle and be real, maybe I should give up this act and pretend I am stronger than I am, maybe others will love me for who I really am, maybe others will love me, maybe I should keep going, maybe I should stop, maybe I should go, maybe I should take the pill, maybe I should put her down, maybe I should fuck him off, maybe I should eat something, maybe I should use a condom, maybe I should. But you cannot. Because it’s Tuesday and there is no German tomorrow. You are lost in sound, not lost and found. You utterly, and sincerely, forget, to go home. That is the difference. And just like the quarter that was left behind in the washing machine of your sweat-stained jeans, you are trapped, perpetually spinning amongst your masks.
Transit
Rebecca Brown

Looking across from the window of some café, she notices the yellow trams flying by under the already darkened Berlin night sky. They are like stars, or something so bright and majestic that she cannot fathom with words. These things speed through fast, almost hard to capture. They are constantly in transition. She is jealous of the people in these transparent pods, their expressions blank, aimlessly and mindlessly watching the landscape of the buildings changing eternally, knowing that what await them is a destination, a concrete endpoint.

She takes a sip of her English black tea, lukewarm from being abandoned in the table for too long. There are many things that can make her happy. She loves the wideness of the Berlin streets, which makes her feel as though she can physically breathe. She loves the way Warschauer Strasse glistens at night with its eery and artificial orange glow from the gas lamps built from the previous centuries. Her favorite is the Oberbaum bridge because she enjoys observing the colorful neon lights from skyscrapers, its glow reflecting on the surface of the river. These lights dance and sway with the gentle waves. It reminds her of some Monet painting she saw as a child, blurrily undefined but beautiful in a strange way that moves her. She tries hard not to rationalize. It is a constant battle.

There are days when she does not notice the bridge, such as her daily walks from the university. The bridge becomes a backdrop, a silent noise that you know exists but ignores. It is as natural as the air she breathes, so natural that she feels the bridge becoming a part of her, invisible yet indispensable. It witnesses moments of her change. It accompanies her in nights of loneliness, walks of shame, and moments of elated happiness. The bridge defines her, constantly reminds her that she is a human being capable of feeling. Hands were held. Hearts were broken and mended.
She
Ina Li

Candle draws shadows on the wall,
There you sit,
All floral,
Lookin’ deep in your eyes,
I see warmth that I long for.
Tuesday, November 4th, 2014:
Tommy Sheridan

Euphoria. Pure Joy. Acceptance. Happiness. I don’t care what strokes of the pen transcend it. But I just sat under a tree in a park in Berlin, Germany and cried my eyes out for happiness. I don’t even know what to do with it, I can almost throw up from the feeling. This has never happened to me. And on such a typical Tuesday.

This life has been worth living. Even in the worst times, I know now there is joy in understanding. Always choose to live and have an adventure. I don’t think I even need anything extraordinary anymore to make me simply smile. But the beauty is that I can do anything I want, everyday. You never know what day might be the best of your life. Maybe this is the happiest moment of my life, simply for the realization of all that could happen at any second. I am so grateful for every single experience, person, thing that got me here. I will carry this feeling for the rest of my life. I’ll die happy.