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Planned Obsolescence

John Keats

Ah feelt the wet latele. As
loose on the corner.
Peculiarly. Lestly feel is
like it can not be.

And in this chisel human,
telling and looking.
The first itself is watching.
Language beyond language,
only poetry.

Language of our own eyes.
Where I am to long to see
Where my work's done already;
Weeks of setting it there.

Ever forward looking
to that corner watching;
the dearest that gives me my
kindred experiences.

There is around the corner
The corner will not stop.
What will become of
what will become of us?



A Memory is Close but the Past is Gone Forever

Part 3

Ogden Nesmer

I hung my head and let my shoulders droop. Everyone else was sobbing and I didn't want to stand out. Lingered near the back, I found myself with friends and distant relatives I didn't know well. I recognized the cries of my aunt Ellen, as her new husband Steve rubbed her back and consoled her. A truly beautiful girl whom I remembered meeting at a party my sister threw back in high school passed by in front of me, but she didn't notice me. Her hair was dyed an unnatural shade of red. Last time I'd seen her, at the party, maybe fifteen years ago, it was blonde. I couldn't place her name, but wondered if it would be enough to start a conversation based on the memory of her old hair. Would I get away with calling her 'blondie?' Would she get the joke or think I was a creep? At an event like this, considering who I was, she probably had an unspoken obligation to be nice to me. She may even feel compelled to sleep with me, assuming she hadn't come with a boyfriend or a husband. Impossible to say, and ultimately not worth the risk. What would my sister say if she'd found out I made a pass at one of her friends at a time like this?

I drifted over to the fold-out card table which held bottles of soda and hors d'oeuvres. Underneath was an opened cooler filled with ice and beer. A little tacky for such a solemn occasion, I thought, popping

the top off a Heineken. Shouldn't there be men in tuxedos floating through the crowd offering miniature quiches and shrimp cocktail? Perhaps that was more of a wedding thing. In the center of the assembly of snacks was a picture of Tommy from high school. He smiled stupidly, likely just having told an unfunny joke to the photographer. Couldn't they have found a more recent picture, I thought. One where the years had taken their effect on his face, leaving him with a few more wrinkles and a bit less good humor. But then, Tommy was always good looking. He was always athletic and charming and funny. It was a fitting representation of the youth he'd never really let escape him, I guess.

My Uncle Paul put a hand on my shoulder. "I'm so sorry, champ." He was solemn, but even here he wouldn't let himself cry. Men from his time had a responsibility never to show that kind of emotion.

"Thanks, Paulie."

"When your dad died, I was a wreck. If it weren't for you boys and your sister, I know I wouldn't have pulled through"

"Thanks," I couldn't really think of anything else to say.

"If you ever want to talk, me and Annie are here for you kids. It's the least we can do."

I told him we'd be okay, that we were hanging in there. But after I said it it hit me that I hadn't really asked Kelly how she was doing. Not *really*. When the news broke I'd called her on the phone and she was already in the midst of sobbing. And I'd come over for a few days, spent time with her and her husband and kids, reminiscing about all the crazy, good times we'd had with Tommy. How great of a brother he was. How, even after Liza had dumped him so unexpectedly, he was going to be okay, right?

"He was going to be better than okay," I had told her, and she broke down sobbing right there in the park with a bunch of strangers watching. She told me she'd handle the funeral arrangements, and I let her.

"If you ever want to talk," Paul said again, patted my shoulder, and walked off. It had been a long time since I'd seen him, and it made me think about my dad, which got me going a little bit. Shedding a few tears I should have been shedding since the start of the eulogies, at least. I closed my eyes and let the saturation form big, jiggly tears that broke and oozed down my face, then set off to find Kelly.

She was smoking a cigarette behind the church. Even though I knew her husband liked to smoke every now and again, she was alone.

"I was thinking about Rug Buggies the other day." I missed the reference for a second, but then it hit me: one of Tommy's many

money-making schemes. If I recalled correctly, the Rug Buggies were rollerblades for toddlers which glided smooth as ice skates on rugs, so that parents in Canada and the Northern contiguous states could train their children safely for future years of hockey practice. Unsurprisingly it was too niche to really take off without serious backing. Kelly's kids had some of the only pairs in existence, prototypes, but they didn't understand the significance.

"He was cleverer than people really appreciated, I think," Kelly twisted her cigarette pensively. "Maybe cleverer than I realized..."

"Hey," I saw she was about to let the tears really fly. "You were a great sister. You were always supportive. Didn't you let him live on your couch for like six months?"

"It was three. And the whole time I was telling him he needed to find a place and get out."

"Kelly."

I couldn't help it; despite being the only girl of the three siblings and taking the obligatory teasing for being the weakest, she was always actually the strongest. She put herself through school and made more



than Tommy and I together. She'd been loyal to her husband through his struggles with alcohol, but never suffered any of his shit. She'd had two miscarriages and pushed through to have three beautiful kids, my nieces and nephew whom I adored more than anything in my tiny life. Seeing her cry was torture. My eyes got hot and wet and my voice broke as I rubbed her back.

She looked me in the eyes, and although she didn't touch me it felt like she wanted to grab me by the collar; "why didn't you cry?"

"W-what?"

"All day. All of Tommy's friends reading eulogies. The slideshow of his baby pictures. Aunt Ellen's speech about dad and the tricycle. Every time I looked over you didn't even seem to be here." She flicked her cigarette away. "What the hell is going on, Josh?"

I took two steps back. What the hell *was* going on?

"It's just a lot, you know? I can't process this all at once. I need to grieve in my own way."

"That's a load of bullshit. From someone who values truth more than anything, I think that's a huge fucking stinking pile of bullshit."

She couldn't even look at me. "I wish you'd be honest with me, but I guess I don't deserve that anymore?"

"Kelly." What could I say? "Stop."

"I guess it's my fault. Maybe I'll be feeling this way at your funeral... Like I've let you down. Like I wasn't there because I didn't realize how little time we all have." She dabbed the edge of her eyes and wrung out her nose, somehow sensing that she had managed to not disturb her mascara. She composed herself and put a hand on my arm.

"Kelly, come on."

"I love you, Josh. And I know you loved Tommy. I just hoped that you'd be able to show that at such a crucial fucking moment."

She turned and left. And she was gone. And I was alone; my sister hated me and my brother was dead. There was nothing and no point, and my cigarette had gone out on its own. I walked around the church and out to the parking lot, sat in my car, and cried.

Why? I thought. Why? Why had I agreed to any of this stupid shit? Was I punishing myself? And for what? Did I hate myself? Was it deserved? Probably, I thought, probably.

A crow landed on the hood of my car and squawked in my direction before flapping off. All my relatives and various people I knew from high school filtered out of the building, hugging each other and wiping tears from their eyes.

"What the hell is going on?"





Lake-of-the-Woods Impromptu

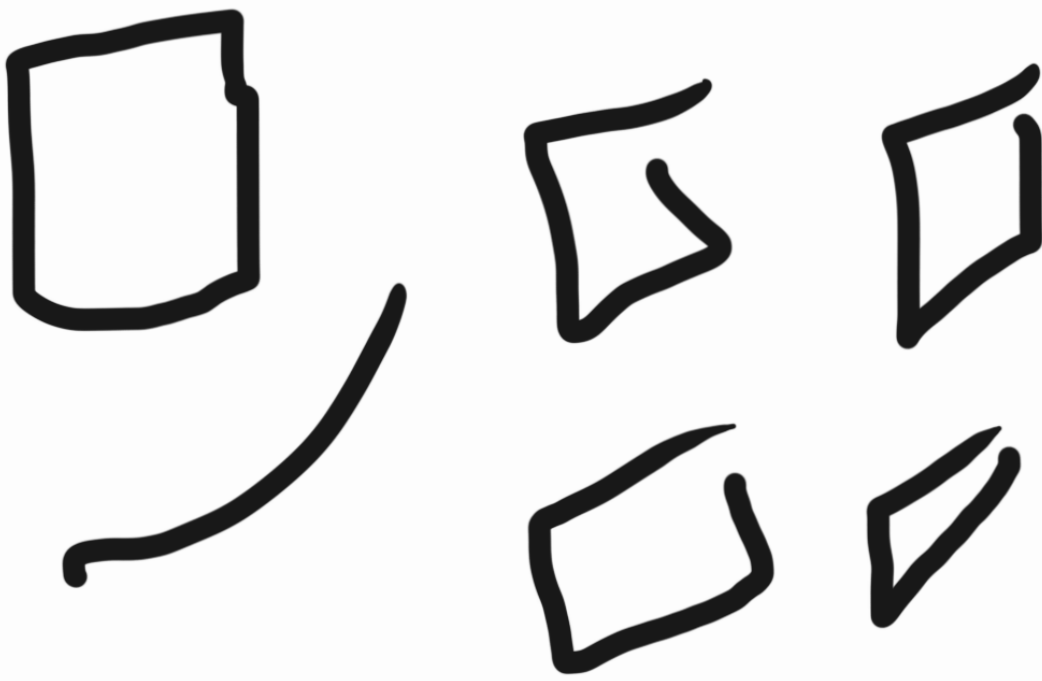
Salvatore Difalco

Glass and copper bongs—
Bongo drums and steel drums—
Thor’s hammer in bronze—
Someone get the Green Egg going.
 Baby back ribs and brisket hmm.
 And Grand Funk Railroad Live, on vinyl.
Mosquito nets and citronella—
Cosmic thoughts and walloped thighs—
Labatt Blue and Atomized Frankie’s Incense—
Ah, the forest hums from mushroom vibes
And whirling lights that might be UFOs
Though a know-it-all among us says they’re fireflies.

Hurt In Sync

Hibah Shabkhez

Box after box tumbles out, then glides past
You, indifferent. Box after box knocks
The curtaining strips aside, kindling hope,
Reviving the ardour that makes these last
Moments pure agony. Outside, like socks
Looking for their pairs, we peer at the rope
Just so, straining to watch each arrival,
Waiting for you.



PLANET AXORAD

Stephen Philip Druce

Pampered subway raisins
seesaw in a spluttering
rose hip massacre,

supple lashings of ivory
jackals grovel in
a snared cauldron
of vampire nectar,

tulip misfits helter-skelter
in heckling pigtail temples,

soprano harvests baptise
evergreen mystics in
a rampant drizzle of
gospel splinters,

serenaded suburbs topple
like baritone lasers, as

nimble dish demons
parade palm tree puritans
in the murky shallows
of scalded saffron.



A Memory is Close but the Past is Gone Forever

Part 1

Ogden Nesmer

Out of the blue, I checked my phone and saw the only notification that could possibly give me stomach-twisting dread and hot glimmers of hope simultaneously. The one thing I knew I should be laughing at and ignoring—what surely a healthy-minded person would do in this situation. But I was sick, that much was obvious. Four years later and I was still silently ruminating on her, nursing my wounds and wishing for one more chance, even though my higher brain knew that was stupid and pathetic. And there she was, texting me at 1 am, either from a different time zone or up all night thinking of me the way I had thought about her for so long:

‘Hey,’ was all she had said. How like her. How typically unfulfilling and necessitating of ME to do all the work of initiating. She clearly wanted me back, but only because she wasn’t done making me suffer. She wanted more of my heart and my time and my sanity. Waiting for the perfect amount of time to tug the line just a hint and knowing I’d come squirming right back like the worm I was. Bitch, (I retracted the word the instant I thought it) that’s what I would text her back. Just ‘bitch,’ and nothing else. That would show her how I really felt about her and her games. How I should have felt, and with that

final incriminating text the tiny cinder in my heart would finally be smothered for good.

A truck swerved around me laying on the horn. It wasn't good to text and drive, I knew, but this was important. If I could just explain to that irate driver the situation he'd understand. 'This is the girl who broke my goddamn heart,' I'd say, and he'd put a friendly hand on my shoulder remembering his own failed romances. These kinds of things bring men together.

I was a fucking idiot. She was right to dump me. I hated myself all over again, as if I'd found out for the second time that my girlfriend had fallen in love with my brother. Bitch.

"Speak of the devil," I whispered to myself as I pulled into my driveway. Tommy's sedan was parked on my front curb. Was this why she'd texted me? It had to be. But what did he want? Had the two of



them conspired to team up and rekindle my feelings of defeat and shame, four years after the fact? Were they back together? I remember how Tommy promised me he'd never see her again, after their one dalliance— but was he going back on his word? Would I even be surprised?

I sat in the driver's seat of my car as the garage door slowly descended, considering suicide right there. That would show them. Maybe she was in there with him. They'd come to break the news to me like adults and lo, all that would be left for them was my corpse, leaning slack against the door in the carbon-monoxide-filled trap of my garage. I must have sat there in silence, half-serious in my suicidal ideation, for about fifteen minutes. But no one came to the door. No one was interested in me, it seemed.

Bitches.

When I finally entered my living room, Tommy was staring out the window with a glass of MY scotch in a coffee mug. He turned, smiled, and gave me a big hug.

"It's been a long time, man," he said before letting me go. "How are you?"

"Great," I lied. "Never better."

He apologized for barging in while I fixed myself something to

drink. I tried to be icy, but of course he broke me down. Soon we were laughing. He knew how to make me feel at ease, even though ten minutes before just the sight of his beat-up Nissan made me contemplate bashing my head into putty. He was looking a little more haggard than I'd last seen him. Like me, he explained, he'd been living alone. He didn't date, he didn't go out much. He tried to drink less and less, but often failed in his endeavors. Living alone was no way to live, he told me. When a person has no one to think off of (sic) they think off themselves and the thinking bounces off the inside of their skull so many times like a metal ball in a glass jar that their brain turns to shit.

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Nevermind,” he said. We were both a little drunk by now. “My point is...”

“If you're looking for somewhere to stay I can unfold the futon.” I said it with a sneer, but I was serious, and maybe even a little hopeful he'd say yes.

“I'm not looking for that... but I have come to ask for a favor...”

“Hit me.” I killed my drink.

Tommy killed his too and gripped the sides of the coffee table like he was ready for an earthquake. He took a deep breath, and I almost thought I saw a tear in his eye.

“Did you know that we're all rich?”

“Go on,”

“Hundreds of thousands—in some cases millions of dollars—just waiting behind a couple strips of red tape and eager to find a home in our bank accounts. Almost every single one of us poor working stiffs.”

Another one of his stupid schemes, but it was a good opener. “... Go on.”

“What if I told you you had nothing to lose? And if you gave me just a couple days out of your life I could make you a rich man overnight?”

“Enough with the riches,” I leaned over to meet his gaze, “tell me what you want.”

My brother could sell a boat to a camel, or something like that. You took one look into his eyes and you wanted what he had, no matter the cost. I knew things had been rough since he swore her off— for my own good, of course. He had spent years alone, wasting his time on schemes that he must've known wouldn't work. Was it all for me? Regardless, when he locked into you and told you two plus two equalled five, you believed. You wanted to jump up and scream it: I believe. But something else was dancing behind his eyes that night. He seemed, not sad, but desperate. As if he was ready for ‘one final job.’

He put a hand on my knee,

“Joshy,”

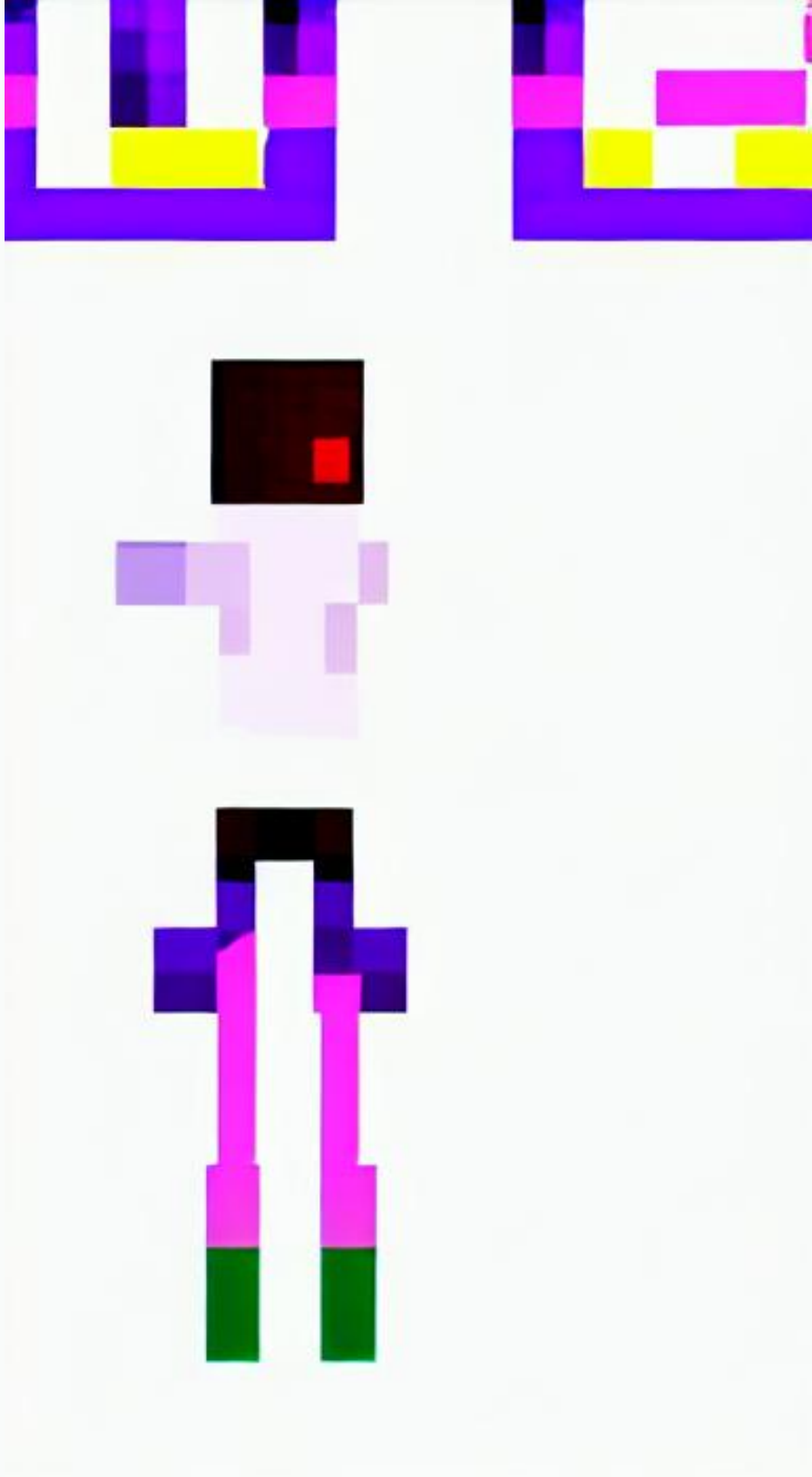
“Don’t call me that—“

“I’ve got a plan. I know I haven’t been the best brother, but this is a real one. A plan that can make us both set for life. Take us out of our respective shit-holes of squalor and fix everything with money. But you have to trust me.”

I was drunk, but not that drunk. I stood up, sauntered over to the window, and pretended to stare pensively into the distance. Of course, all I saw was my neighbor’s shitty condo and their shitty dog taking a shit. But I stared like I was looking out at heaven itself, and slowly, intentionally, I turned back:

“Okay, Tom.” I shot the last of my drink even though all that was left was a tepid puddle of ice water, “what’s the plan?”





Buckingham Fountain

Daniel Andrée

If I could be the King of Prose,
I would lord over all with my poems.

Far and wide would be the swath of my domain.
Wielding a pen, this world I would claim.

I would write for justice and rule with benevolence,
The scraps of notes would count as the evidence.

If only I were the King of Prose.
Only then would this world know.

Beef Bowl Break-Up

Reza Jabrani

Yoshinori? More
like, Bitch, I'm
out the door-i.

BEF BEF

BEF BEF
BEF BEF
BEF BEF

BEF BEF
BEF BEF
BEF BEF

BEF BEF, BEF BEF
BEF BEF
BEF BEF



Roti

Solape Adetutu Adeyemi

And Roti always plays alone
Always at the edge of the playground
She tries to amuse herself
As the other kids stay away from her
Her involuntary body movements scare them
And even her elementary school teachers
Roti wishes they could play with her
As it is no fun to be alone
She sees them giggling and having so much fun at the playground
The fun and camaraderie she has been denied
Because she cannot control the movement of her limbs
And Roti always play alone



A Memory is Close but the Past is Gone Forever

Part 2

Ogden Nesmer

The fire was spreading rapidly; where formerly the flames were just a phantom chasing the edge of the wing from a foot away, now they had engulfed the entire crumpled mass of metal and threatened to breach the body engulfing the cockpit and the few dozen life-size dummies filling every seat inside the plane. I hobbled up the aisle as fast as I could, bracing myself against the toss and turn of the vessel by gripping each row of seats tightly and pulling myself forward. A faceless dummy rolled over and looked at me; I shivered, but kept pushing. I shouted Tommy's name but he didn't respond. I got closer and shouted again—Tommy!—but all I could see was his determined silhouette, gripping the steering hard and slamming fingers on all the buttons, trying to drive the plane straight into an oncoming mountain.

“Tommy!”

Finally he turned, and he was smiling brilliantly. He wore a captain's visored cap and extended one hand out to me to pull me closer. The side of the vessel exploded and the entire thing began to

make that rising whine that planes make in cartoons when performing a dive.

“Tommy,” I said again and pulled myself up to his side, “this is crazy! We need to go!”

“Do you have your parachute?”

“Yes, but—“

“You remember the plan?”

“Yes. I do. But how are you getting out of here?” The mountain drew closer and closer, faster than a speeding car.

“That’s all part of the plan. You can’t know. You have to trust me. Do you trust me?”

I didn’t want to say yes. I didn’t want him to do anything stupid and dangerous.

“Yes,” I said.

“Then get ready to jump,”

“Tom.”

“Josh,” he took both hands off the wheel and looked me hard in the eyes, more serious than I’d ever seen him. “I love you. I love you more than anyone or anything else in the whole entire world.”

“Tommy, come on,”

“It isn’t gay. You’re my brother and I love you. I remember when you were born and mom and dad loved you more and I hated you. And I watched you get your diapers changed and learn to walk and cry and get bullied and I remember fighting your bullies for you and teaching



you how to throw a punch and about which video games were the good ones and how to pick your friends and how to get a girl into bed. I know I haven’t always been your hero, sometimes I’ve been a real sack of shit, but those days when I was your hero were my greatest days. I

should never ask anything of you but I'm asking you now: Jump. Please. And trust me."

I couldn't help it: my eyes were wet and hot and if I'd lingered any longer I'm sure I would've cried. But I did what I was told and threw myself out of the plane (which hit the side of the mountain five minutes later as I floated down to the Earth) and when I landed in a small village in Nepal I took a train all the way to Europe, then a boat back to the states and by the time I was home a check for two million dollars from an insurance company was sitting in my mailbox. I walked inside and wrapped myself in my parachute (which I hadn't removed the whole way) and slept for two days, praying for the moment I'd see my brother again and this whole plan would come to a beautiful close. I trusted him. And he'd told me that day would come, very very soon.





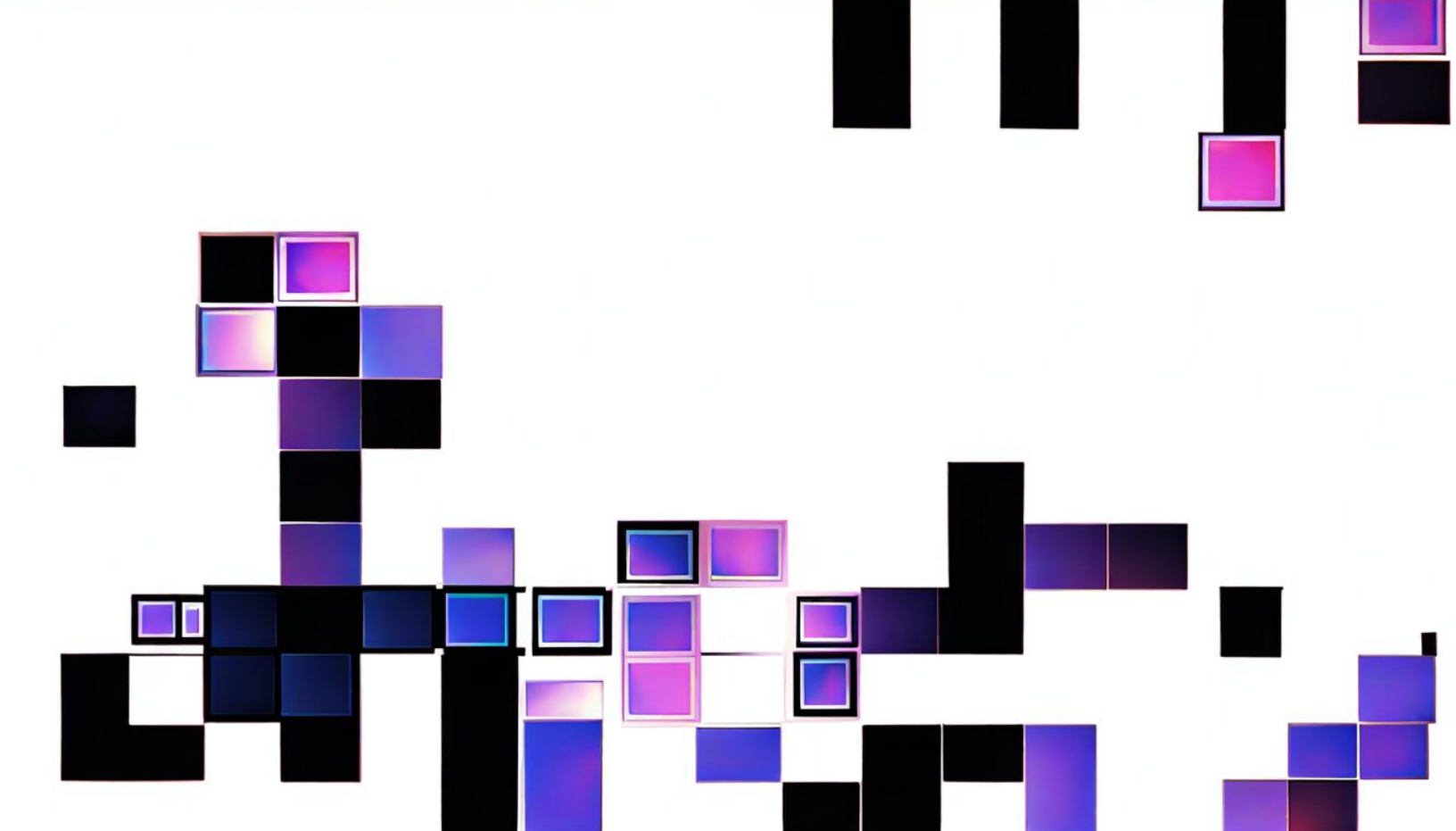
It Holds, It Holds

Hibah Shabkhez

The water whispers: come, come, come to me;
The bridge's bones do creak, but it holds, it holds,
Despite the scorched planks straining to break free.
The water whispers, come, come, come to me:
Like the planks, you wonder if you could be
Happier in the river's purring folds.
The water whispers, come, come, come to me;
The bridge's bones do creak, but it holds, it holds.

BIAEF





Prometheus was also an artist

Kashi Bakshani

In slick of ebon (five-years), my father recites the leather-cracked
fate of Prometheus:

the Creator was an artist,
sculpture our mother,
kilned in tribulation,
baked by atomic heat,
for bitter gash: a young flame,
by holy cyclone—castigation.

Kindergarten, I read books featuring fickle goblins and brilliant kindness
followed by the Dream:

the crow and it's dinner of liver,
it ate me, i ate, it ate me,
i ate, i ache—repeat, dusk.

The original martyr, chained to stone for hamartia (sin of humane),
his eyes water, my young reflection blinks within.



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“A Memory is Close but the Past is Gone Forever” by Ogden Nesmer
Book: I Pray to the Hungry God
Twitter: @assclapius

“Lake-of-the-Woods Impromptu” by Salvatore Difalco
Book: The Mountie at Niagara Falls (Anvil Press, 2010)

“Beef Bowl Break-up” by Reza Jabrani
Twitter: @coarseprose
Website: <https://linktr.ee/coarseprose>

“Hurt In Sync” & “It Holds, It Holds.” by Hibah Shabkhez
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“Buckingham Fountain” by Daniel Andrée
Insta: @d1andree
Website: <https://danielandree.com/>

“PLANET AXORAD” by Stephen Philip Druce
Twitter: @DruceStephen
Insta: @StephenPhilipDruce
Book: A Shrewsbury Poet

“Prometheus was also an artist” by Kashi Bakshani
Website: k4shi.com

“Roti” by Solape Adetutu Adeyemi
Twitter: @AdeyemiSolape
FB: <https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100022053407818&mibextid=ZbWKwL>

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