

miniMAG

issue13

Platelet



WASTED

By Arianna Gandhi

you are fucking rotting. the bathroom floor is sticky with blood. this is probably how it ends. leaking life out of your body, while shattered green glass from beer bottles are digging into your back like bullets. like your father driving drunk and swerving on the highway; the deep gut-feeling of something wrong fills you like air should. green glass like you would collect in fifth-grade's playground sand, piecing together the heineken logo, swearing to an empty field that you'd never touch alcohol. you should've made good on your promises.

this is how people die with no one to hear their last words. it's black cherry white claw in open wounds. it's cotton in your brain and it's lips that taste like iron. it's lonely. at least in prison, you get a last meal and a guard to feel sad for you. there's no place in god's hell or heaven for you anyways. you're sure purgatory has a lukewarm seat for you. maybe you'll get lucky and score a constant, uncomfortable dread that settles in between your bones.

it's cold in here. it never used to be this cold. it's the dead of summer and you're 99.9% sure the liquor in your stereotypical red solo cup is in your hair now. why are you so fucking cold? maybe it's the metaphorical knife in your heart, maybe you're just actually about to die. you think if you tried to call for help, no one would hear you over the sleazy local band's cover of wonderwall. you're just like your father. the alcoholic gene finally caught up with you. you're at fault here. just like always.

and now you're fucking crying. how stupid of you. what's next? you clutch yourself and sob? press the glass deeper into your drying blood? still upset you're stuck in new jersey? is all your potential gone? how predictable. serves you right for ending up here, dressed like a girl your mom would stare disapprovingly at. a whore. a slut. he called you volatile with pity in his eyes. you couldn't tell him you had to look up what that meant.

you don't think you're volatile. no, you're like the world's shittiest frankenstein. like mary shelley's first awful draft. you've got your mom's eyes and your father's anger. like a puzzle with all the wrong pieces. a body sewn together in a hurry. an oddity. a desperate, out of control mess. a terror. maybe you should get more alcohol. you like forgetting your flaws. you like forgetting yourself.

he's drunk too. probably eating some poor girl's face in a hazy corner of the house. he's been mean all night. you, sick and twistedly, like him better this way. cause a drunk, mean boy is



better than a sober, nice one. sober boys lie. they thank you for coming, when they really thank you for bringing your hotter friend. you wonder where the hell she is. sober boys like to call you pretty, but drunk boys like your body. that makes you feel good. you never seem to get enough of that feeling nowadays.

you are pathetic. useless. wasted. a greasy pizza box that can even be recycled but no one seems to care about that shit anymore. you just barely sit yourself up. the green glass is in your palms now. your eyes can barely stay open and you can't even think. the bathroom is too fucking white and cold for your brain to handle. the girl in the mirror is not you. it can't be you. it's getting hard to breathe. what are you doing here? why'd you come in the first place? he's never going to talk to you again if he sees you like this. you had been doing so much better. did someone turn the thermostat up? or is that just your shame finally kicking in?

it feels like a warm breath. like a boy sleeping on your chest type breath. like exhaling because you wanted to live, not because your lungs are too weak to inhale and hold for more than a few seconds. warm used to mean more than the third round of shots hitting your central nervous system. it used to be words mumbled in ears, empty promises, and half full cups. it was kings and queens at the round table. it was a shared smile. god, it was legs entangled under a duvet cover while you were domestically nauseous.

you're fully standing now. gripping onto the marble sink with

more glass pricking your skin open. this time, in the soles of
your feet. the pain doesn't faze you as much as your face does.
the eyeliner on you is half there, the lipstick is smudged, and
your dark circles have come to town. the air in the room is gone
in an instant, the music has stopped abruptly, you can't breathe,
there's an anvil on your chest, your hands are trembling, your
heart is thumping and you can hear it, that's gross, you've
never sweat so much in your tiny teenage life, this is definitely
how it ends, and

oh my fucking god.

you will waste away getting wasted.



Authentic

By Akumbe G. N.

Blood dripping like a drizzle
Watching like a wolf
I must devour
Though, my feral nature says so
I'm no animal
I can recognize you
I must keep still,
But you wronged me
I am bleeding too;
You know?

Hurt

By Akumbe G. N.

Do you know what I hate about that place? It's not just the fact that it's tough, it's losing loved ones. It's completely forgetting people who had an impact on my life and suddenly having nostalgia due to some music, video clip or smell.

What hurts the most is moving on, you forget it even happened. You stop talking about them or when you do, you talk about them in past tense. Till when your kids have to ask you about them. You wish you could show them in a video but video cameras were not easy to find back then. So you just keep telling them stories. Which at some point you feel uncomfortable telling because you feel like they don't believe you any more, they think you are lying. Being a person who has always been sucked in the worst and squeezed like a wet dress, you act like it's no surprise while it eats you deeply every day. Oh boy! It hurts.



bleedout

Sanguineous red drip drips onto the fresh white page. A cliché perhaps?
No, a paper cut.

Some book, fresh off the press, from some author, fresh from an MFA program. The details do not matter, the only thing that matters is it's not me. Green and purple, envy and jealousy. But the colour on the page is red. Must have been a sharp corner, the cut in my thumb runs deep, and a small flow of crimson liquid runs onto the paper, staining it, marking it. A vain attempt to make it my own. Hemoglobin over black ink, a last-minute rewrite. But the warm ichor will cool, congeal, and turn an unsightly brown, the vitality of the red will be lost to decay and entropy. The ink will last longer, black holdouts on a tarnished page, the corners yellowing out with time. But so too will those black fortress fade and smudge. My words also congeal. The flow of writing turns ugly on a second look. Words on a page stick out, unsightly and hideous. At least blood lacks pretension and intention. I lack something worse.

Blood still swells out my thumb, seeping slowly through the book. It's quite tiresome

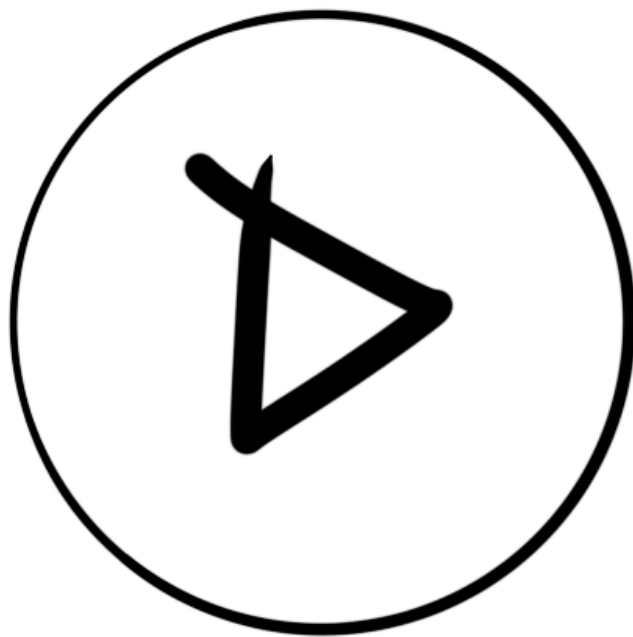
By Anon



for the docets

we met him in the smoking section,
shared our bread and
counted out some figs for him
on our fingers. he partook of what
little butter we had left
and we smiled and kissed
and washed our hands in the river.
alex, what little was left behind here
is all yours. the feds tapping your phone
are praying for you before bed.
he too was a glower, and the rooms he
passed through were scoured down
in light. he touched our faces
and let the sun in through our skin.
we bought him more drinks and soon he dissolved
into vapour, and the whole room breathed him in
and danced more beautifully than before.
yes, ours was the earliest heresy.
the mystery comes to a head now, so
unfurling and unravelling form a marriage of action.
alex, saints still move with you
even if god does not. they weren't all given a body,
and you weren't always given a choice.
at midnight, we walked the canal with him —
he pulled a sword from the water and
begged us to renounce such things.
we destroyed instruments of harm
when we came across them
and the sky burned brighter each time.
i was unlovable, once.
somehow, grace finds a way in.
at the end, we knew
his body was the holiest because it came
apart so easily. no, his body wasn't even there.
no,
no mercy. just love. no mercy.

By Hark Herald



url: minimag.space

subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com

“WASTED” by Arianna Gandhi

“Nailstalgia” by XX. Stardust
Instagram @xincy_chen

“Authentic” and “Hurt” by Akumbe G. N.
Instagram @Gerrywhyte22
Twitter @soulwriter9
New Book: *Nwa’nwi (Child of God)*
Available at Amazon
<https://tinyurl.com/5dhfx2dn>

“bleed out” by anonymous

“for the docets” by Hark Herald
Website: <https://forms.gle/ja5DS67986R51z8N8>

editing by Alex Prestia

all images made by NightCafe Studio AI (except Nailstalgia on
page 7, duh)

coedited by Bluecaaaaaat