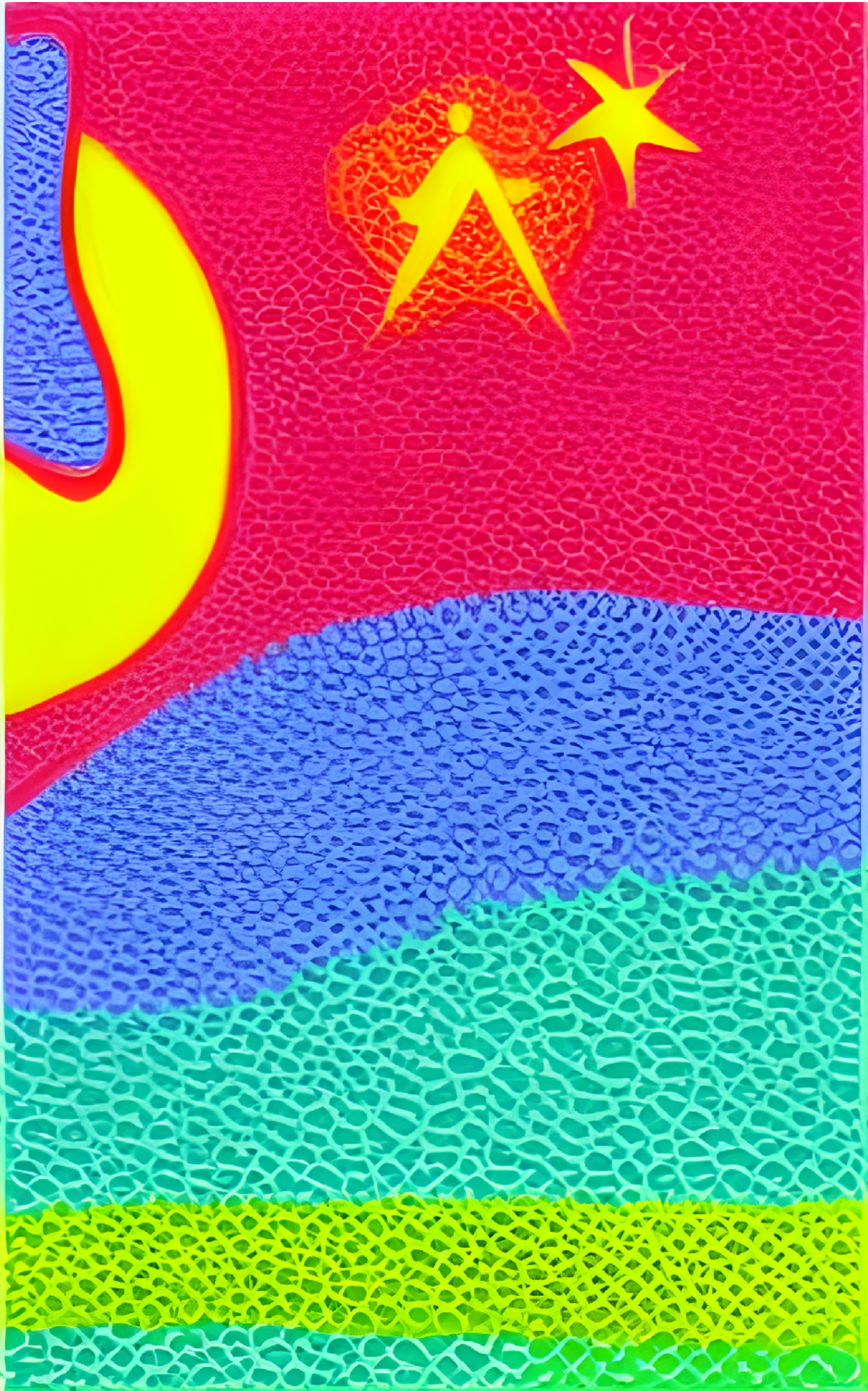


# miniMAG

*issue16*  
*Genesis*



# how to use miniMAG

let it breathe, live, die  
put work out there  
hear nothing back  
get frustrated by the silence  
create more

it's not pride and prejudice  
or gravity's rainbow  
or sliced bread  
you didn't transcend reality  
write more  
let it breathe

be cliché so you can feel  
cliché and know cliché and stop being  
inadvertently clichéd (you tortured  
genius you)  
create more

put it in a paperback  
let it burn  
create more

Alex Prestia



# 据说，我是这样生出来的

本质鳖屎eznf

据说第一个晓得我性别的家人甚至不是我妈周绍虹，而是我姑姑谢宇，当年刚满19岁的她还有十几年才会义无反顾主动失踪，还没有去割双眼皮，也没有瘦脱相，而是以一张饱满的婴儿肥脸非常勉强嵌到手术室大门正中间的那块玻璃上，把手术室里面发生的事情一五一十直播给她身后的我老汉谢军和我婆婆李自君听。

我妈生我点儿都不顺利，已经很长一段时间了，婆婆李自君第一次把新鲜熬出来的鸡汤从南桥头提到五院已经是十几个小时之前的事了，后来汤冷了，我还没出来，她就回南桥头喊我爷爷谢志明重新热一道。热好了又提回五院，发现我依然没出来，她又继续提起鸡汤等，结果鸡汤冷第二道了我还是在我妈的肚儿头打转，婆婆只好不断重复刚才的步骤。

一搞，搞了个通宵。

早上九点多钟了，姑姑脸上的油把那道窄玻璃都覆满了，因为神经紧张，有好几次她都意会错误，每次她以为我出来了，都会大声尖叫，她声音哇爪爪的，又尖又高，穿透力极强，一吼，楼道里面我老汉我婆婆都要遭吓一跳。当时整层楼的手术室都是正在生娃儿的妈妈，过道里面全是毛焦火辣的家属，绝大部分都紧张得屁都不敢放一个，所以每次姑姑尖叫的时候也要把他们吓一跳。

当时流行一种迷信，据说生儿生女是有规律的，在同一家医院，同一个时间点生出来的娃儿一般都是一个性别，之前我妈才推进去的时候，整层楼一片片妈妈都生的儿，我老汉就很兴奋（当然他从小到大都很笃定我肯定当然他从小到大都很笃定我肯定是个儿娃子，每次提到这个话题他都是老三句：“肯定，绝对，必须！”）。结果后半夜新来的妈妈开始生女儿了，姑姑斗说：“呀，哪个办？第三个女儿了！ 虢娃莫非斗是 在等这个时间





点迈？”我的名字叫谢虬，远在我出生之前十年就确定了。当年我老汉在读小学的时候拥有了人生中第一本新华字典，他开始物色以后儿子的名字，翻了好几个星期终于确定了“虬”这个字。意思是猛虎怒吼，和他心目中向往的未来儿子的男子汉特色非常契合，于是果断决定运用。

马上九点半了，整层楼传来一个又一个喜讯，全是女儿。姑姑说：“吔，生儿子的时候不出来，生女儿的时候也不出来，几个意思嘛？谢军，你娃儿到底是哪个回事，别个周绍虹都要遭不住了！”我也不晓得当时我是哪个回事，但姑姑这句话可能遭我听到了，话音未落，我干脆利落地出来了。医生把我提起准备去称体重，姑姑惊鸿一瞥，突然爆发出一阵惊天动地的叫声：“谢军！出来了！出来了！我看到谢虬了！呀！好丑哦！但是我看到谢虬的雀雀儿了！我看到了！”我老汉其实一整个晚上心头慌得一批，但是一直都没表现出来，听到姑姑勒句话，他放心了，拍了两下姑姑的肩膀，满脸骄傲地说：“狗日的虬娃！”

后面的婆婆自然也听到了，当年还是一头柔软黑头发的李自君一个箭步跑到某个办公室，用她超凡脱俗的公关水平瞬间拿到了座机一次性使用权，那个时候婆婆爷爷屋头的座机很好记：二爸要死就要死——2814914，响了两声，正在炒菜的谢志明一边手提锅铲一边抄起电话：“哪个？”李自君“嘿嘿嘿嘿”笑了几声说：“生了！”谢志明脑壳一热，忘了应该如何作答，差点结巴：“嗯……啊……怎么样？”他是想问我是男的还是女的。婆婆脸都笑烂了，说：“呀，哪个办嘛，是个女儿！”谢志明的脑壳瞬间冷却下来了，但一秒钟过后又重新加热，他晓得不应该重男轻女，也晓得刚才不应该让脑壳冷却下来，所以他决定补救一下：“嘿！女娃儿又哪个嘛！爷爷照样喜欢！”效果可能夸张了点，他希望老太婆没听出来。

至于我妈，和我的情况有点像，大部分场景都是听来的。我是撒子都不晓得，她是除了痛撒子都不晓得。

不管哪个说，那是1992年5月26号早上9点28分，我妈周绍虹，我老汉谢军，我姑姑谢宇，我婆婆李自君，我爷爷谢志明都记得到这个时间点，从此以后，我，谢虬，就是他们这辈子最爱的人，没有之一。





# Coming To Terms

Grozny

There's a certain point in life where you can't deny the choices you've made years before were harmful.

I'm reaching that point.

Each Saturday is spent in my dorm alone. I apply to more jobs. I watch my money steadily decrease, and I don't want to ask my father for more.

I have made a total of two friends.

It becomes hard to differentiate between a sign of God and paranoid psychosis. If I walk out on my way to go do something social, and I start feeling like I need to vomit- is it:

- A. Social nervousness induced by years of spending all my social time online with the same few people
- B. A sign from God it's a bad idea
- C. An episode of paranoia.

I can't figure out the answer either, and looking around it seems like no one's got the same test to copy off of.

When the edibles run out, and I'll feel like a stoner piece of shit if I buy anymore, and my old high school friends are busy and can't come over, and when the thought of jerking off again sickens me to my core, I realize I developed no hobbies I could bring with me.

I crack open a book that I got, some text on dream interpretation by someone other than Freud, and it's only about an hour before the silence gets to me. I get distracted. The book gets put down. Nothing of any good is accomplished, nothing is learned.

In two days when I'll wake up and go to class, these troubles will be forgotten in the wake of busywork and studying.

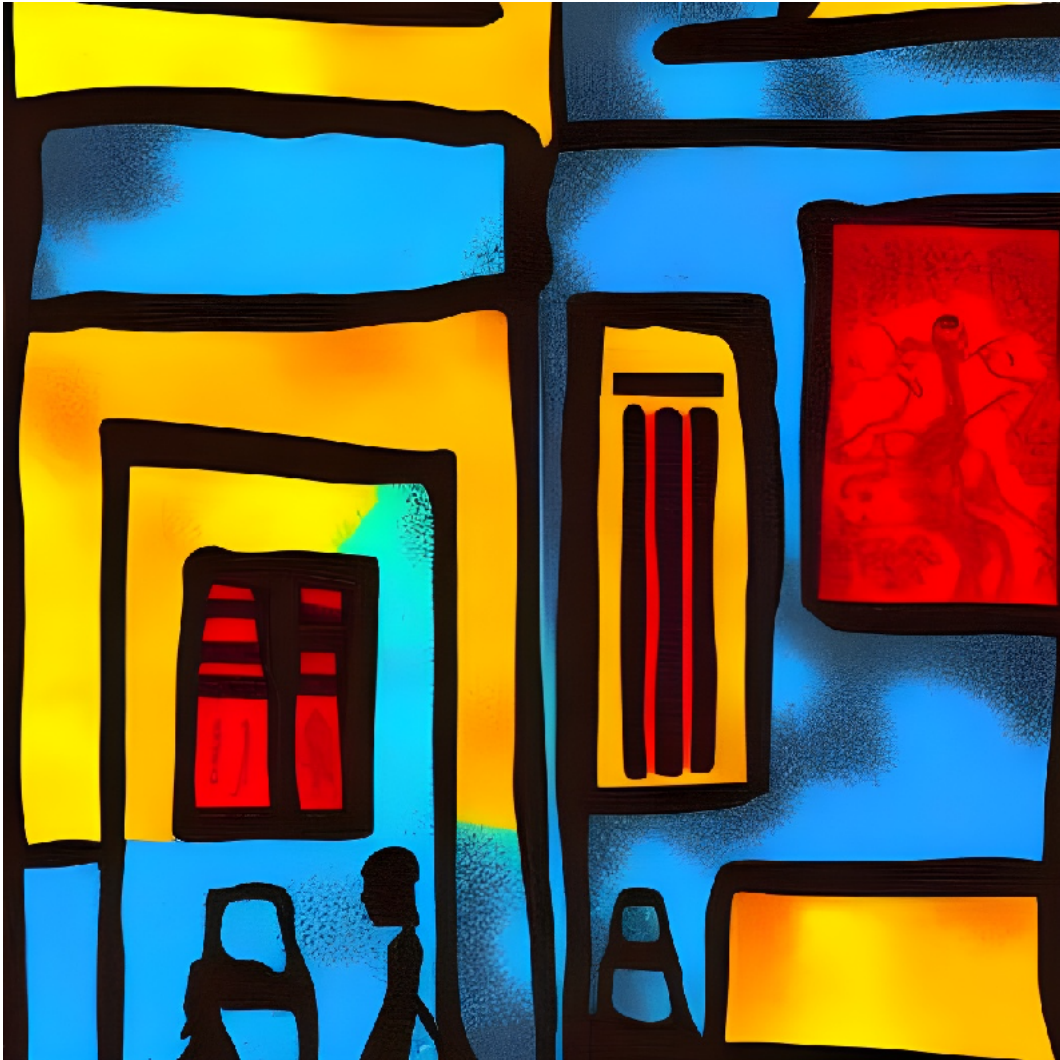
Friday rolls around and that shadow is cast on me once more.

I come to the gradual realization that this is what my life will be. That I will never adjust to a 9-5 after this, and I won't adjust to academic life before that. Some people will never live their life. I'm beginning to think I'm one of them.

My parents always say I am welcome to come over. I believe them. There's a certain social expectation that you don't go over too often, that you develop on your own. I have to keep stringing them along on that illusion that I'm developing socially. I think my father can tell otherwise.







# My Birth Town

Akumbe G. N.

One old bridge.  
One old road.  
Overflowed drainage.  
Dirty pavement.  
No trash cans.  
It's still my birthplace.

Rainy then dry.  
That's all.  
Protruded stomachs in flashy cars.  
Fences for well-constructed houses.  
No roads leading there though.

A ton of drinking parlors.  
Crowded and muddy market.  
Dirty looking stores.  
Dirty looking eateries.  
Yet, we're fed from there daily.

Not long, it was a school  
And today it's a church.  
We seem safe.  
Really?  
Have we got any option?



# Conquered

Akumbe G. N.

Frozen branches,  
Quiet leaves,  
Empty holes,  
Scary distance,  
Yet she walked through to deliver an honored woman of a newborn.

She says “today marks the beginning of a new era”  
He was named “bridge.”

Now he is a grown man and,  
Wonders what is special about him.  
His bestowed glory tardy.  
Failure roaming about his present vicinity.

Victory knocks  
Uncertainty kicks in and,  
The visions are blurry.

*(blue)*

Adrian Frey

blue stretching  
bilious lily pads.  
reed yarn our cadence  
to grab the skyline steel.  
gracious of aetheric weep weep.

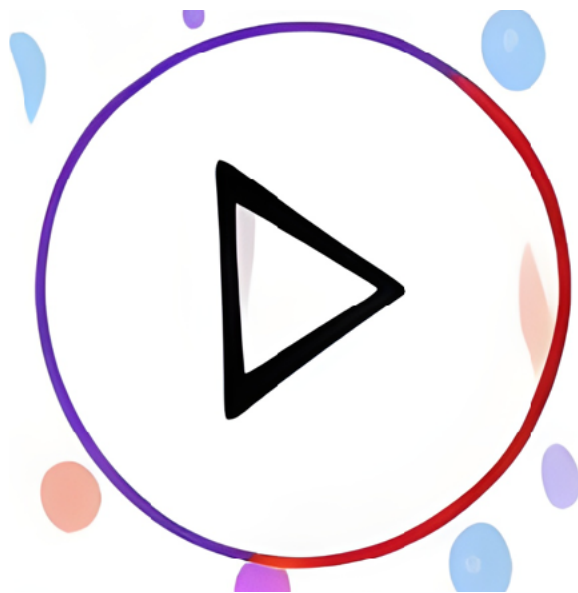
*(the cat knocks over a  
glass he breaks his nose)*

Adrian Frey

the cat knocks over a glass  
as a child i broke my nose on a doorknob  
i wish the cat knocked over the doorknob instead  
maybe if mice lived in the doorknob  
the cat would have knocked it over







url:        minimag.space

subs:      [minimagsubmissions@gmail.com](mailto:minimagsubmissions@gmail.com)

“据说, 我是这样生出来的” by 本质鳖屎eznf

“Coming To Terms” by Grozny

Upcoming book: “Longtime Sunshine”

Check out his album “Mental State of Decay” at bandcamp:

<https://grozny1992.bandcamp.com>

“My Birth Town” and “Conquered” by Akumbe G. N.

Instagram @Gerrywhyte22

Twitter @soulwriter9

New Book: *Nwa’nwi (Child of God)*

Available at Amazon

<https://tinyurl.com/5dhfx2dn>

“(blue)” and “(the cat knocks over a glass he breaks his nose)”

by Adrian Frey

Twitter: @adrianfrey2

Instagram: aj\_frey

editing and “how to use miniMAG” by Alex Prestia

all images made by NightCafe AI (does it concern anyone else  
that it seems to have signed its name on page 3? just me? cool)