

miniMAG

issue19

moremoremore



Vortex

Akumbe G.N.

The voices in my head are talking so loud.

Only I can listen,

I hate the temptation,

I hate the urges,

That goes on and off as I recount the memories of how far and how long I have waited.

I hate how it all started.

It was not fair.

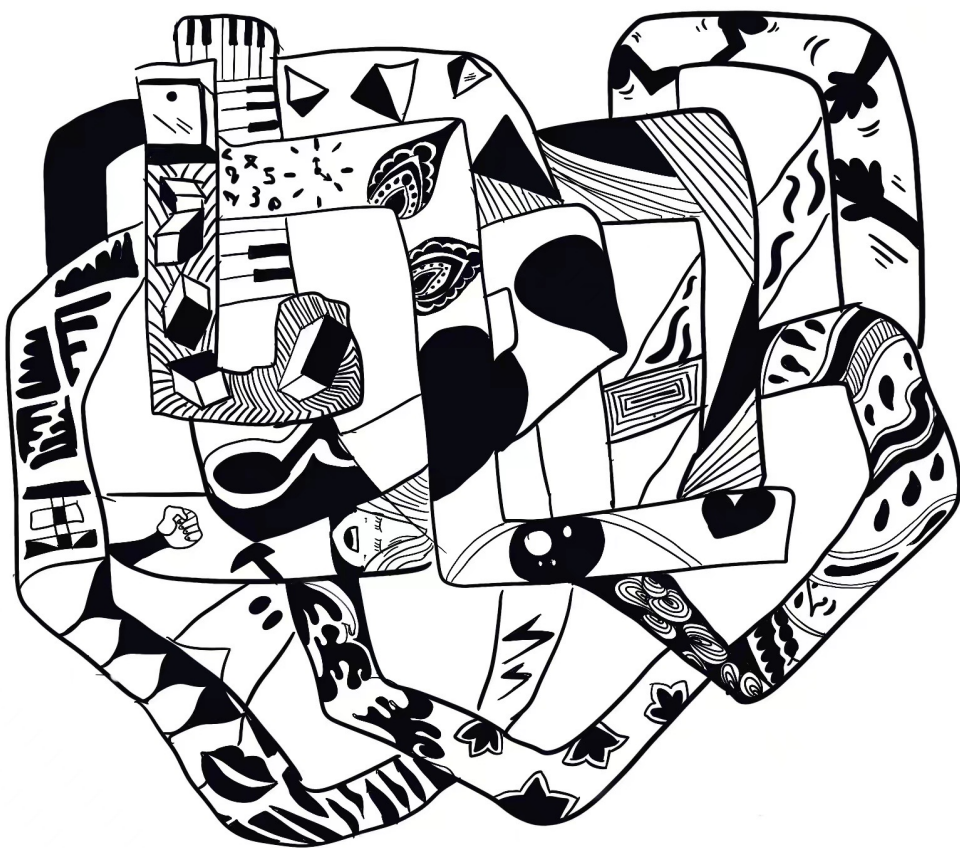
It has now become an escape through which I run away from reality to sit with fantasies I have built.

Fantasies that have become like my heaven where I feel a certain peace within and a place I love living in and within. It's not good, but it helps me fairly, giving me just enough time I need to convey them to existence.

Truth is, someday we would celebrate and honor the path.

It's difficult and if it's easy it's not worth it.

The trajectories are very tricky, that is why we either fail or succeed.





我的姐妹双十一买了小兔兔

Cracker

整整33天/没做爱

上周在维密买的T裤
毫无价值。

如果我死了
肯定有很多想睡我的人
后悔莫及。

Not Much of a History Lesson

Richard LeDue

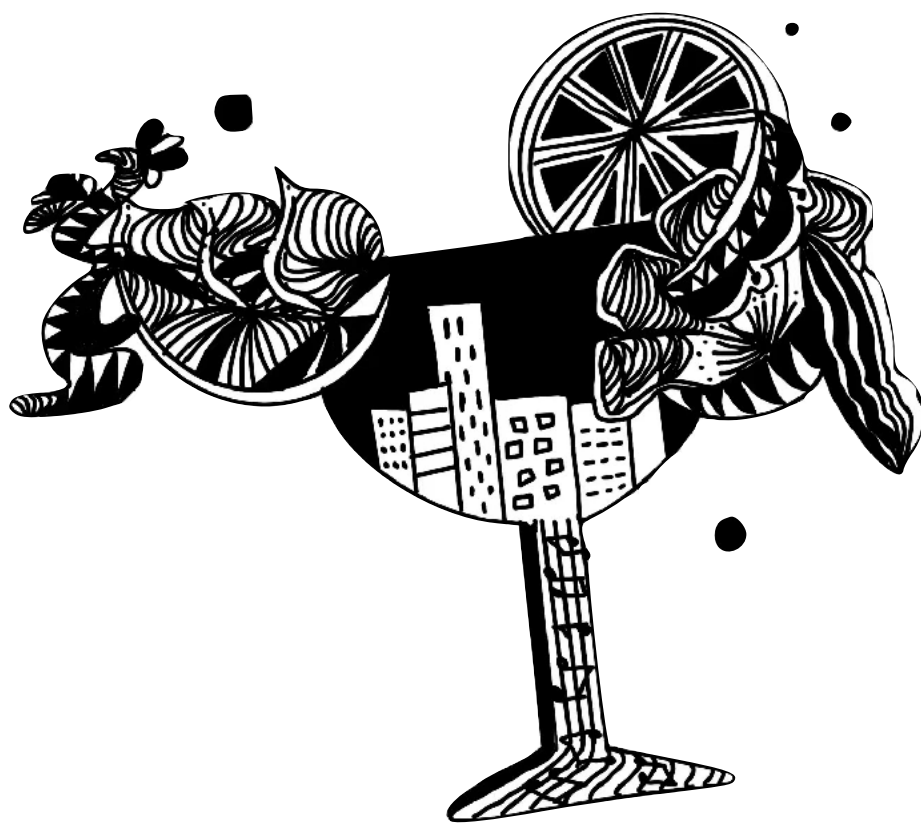
Paris should have looked at Helen with a birdwatching gaze,
taking mental notes
that balled up a page in his brain
like it was another failed paper airplane,
and knowing that was as close as they'd get
(imagined conversations, behind a scarecrow smile),
he'd drown himself
in Saturday night whisky
because he was always too much of a man
to admit he was afraid of heights.

Breaktime

Alex Prestia

- Article: Hong Kong removing quarantine on arrival
- Video: two Russian girls dancing to Eminem outside Jing'an Temple
- Picture: bragging about a sheep herding mobile game
- Picture Set: roast chicken, crab, schoolgirl uniform, picking flowers in a park, the Bund, jiaozi, redpacket received in chat, double peace signs pose on city bike, street cat
- Livestream: heavily filtered girl singing a patriotic song for tips
- Poster: heavy metal show cancelled day of
- Picture: amateur painting with eerie religious comment about The Glory! Enduring Forever!
- Article: distant city enters "static-management," Covid situation is "severe and complex"
- Picture: longbeard posing next to a politically sensitive wax sculpture in Canada
- Video: woman in village raps badly in English
- Picture: kindergarten teacher with huge tits got paint in her hair
- Poster: my friend in Dongbei has a DJing gig coming up

-alarm rings-



房子，早餐，的士

又岚

走在路上
男人有点醉意
女人的脸显得浪漫

两人走到房间就变了
一张善良女人的嘴
和陌生男人的缺点
房子把自己比喻是不稳定的酿酒桶
不确定今晚该否酝酿得放肆
拥抱的满足倒是可以想更久

天一亮女人便下楼去等的士
楼下的早餐店，懂这样女人的心
她带着早餐和水果又回到了房间

依旧是善良女人的嘴
和陌生男人的缺点
二楼的房子明白
今天的自己酿不出该有的甘甜与浓烈

Laodice through the Immigration Officer

(related to *Laodice through Hecuba* from Issue04)

Alex Prestia

“Number 11, please come up to desk 5 with your completed forms.”

“Hi, I need to update my Visa status.”

“Passport and Visa renew form please. Ok, Lay-ow-Die-Sea daughter of Pry-Am, I see. Your Visa expired 5 days ago, so this is the wrong form. There’s another at the reception desk. You’re need form ALPHAXIVI. After you get that form, you need to go to the local Officer-of-the-Law Station and receive a new Olive Paper of Residency. Also, you need to go to your university’s Registrar and obtain a special Waiver of Indulgence for overstaying your Visa, along with a vouchsafe from the Vice-Prince of that office. Afterwards you can return here with a friend-guest who has full citizenship as an Argive and we will reward you with the Visa.”

Again, with that saccharine smile. You aren’t from here. You aren’t one of us. You’ll never be. Laodice. Fancy name, for a fancy girl, from a foreign country, who’s never had to work for anything. What are you going to do, get married and get a marriage Visa? Still a Visa. You aren’t one of us. I’m the

gatekeeper and I'm so tired of pretty little Trojans coming in here and acting like they're equal citizens of my great nation. Smiling, smiling, smiling, as if that will grease my wheels. As if you can oil up my desk and slide me across it. No matter how pretty and perky you are, no matter how charming that sickly smile of yours is, I have something you can't have. And I'm not giving it to you just because you bat your eyes and ask nicely. Sweetie. You can run through my little labyrinth and maybe, just maybe, at the end I'll stamp your document and send it down the line. Be as sweet, as privileged as you want; I'm of this soil.

Wind-chime. Wake up. Big sis' legs across mine. We'll play today. No school. Pavlos is coming. Auntie and the grannies and grandpaw, and if I'm a good girl, the treats. I see them coming down the tree-road. Tonight's the night, we'll ride on the back of the haytruck down the field-road. Watch fireworks under the moon. Almost everyone is here. Sis and I dance through the house, giving sacred cakes to our relatives. Cousin Pavlos comes last; Auntie and Uncle's car looks so shiny as it springs through the dust. The front doors open, Auntie looks taller than last time, sunglasses and a large hat cover her face. She growls something at the window, the back door opens, Pavlos waddles out. He's round like a ball now. Last time he was small and ran faster than me. His mother reaches down at his hands, he pulls them backwards. Cradling a Gameboy, he tries to fight her off. Then he runs towards the house. "Pavlos!" I yell and leap through the hallway to the front door. Mama has already rushed to auntie, papa's on the patio rocking chair barking at his brother. Pavlos waddles past me to the kitchen.

"This all you have?" He's found only a couple of fruit snacks and a bowl of pomegranate seeds; his mouth is dark red with their juice. He talks about all the different foods in the

city. Big sis marches me outside to play tag. Pavlos eats watermelon in the kitchen.

Tag barefoot in the brown soil. Empty fields to run after sister. I fall down. The soft dirt bounces me, I'm right back on my feet. Spring tag is the best tag. Pavlos used to love tag during Anthesteria. We run with the boys from the farm next door. It's already dark out. Momma calls us in. Where is Pavlos?

Momma makes a fuss. We pull up our sleeves. Sister turns the hose on. Hair wet, I walk into the house. Grandma, Grandpa, all the country aunts and uncles, are at the end of the hall crowded together and chirping at something. Someone. They're shoving treats, candies: Honey and Lavdas. Pavlos is in the middle, in front of the fireplace, as they push treats into his stubby hands. He greedily grabs and inhales. They're taking the wrappers off for him, he can ingest easier this way.

Granny has a yogurt tub; she's pushing heavy white spoonfuls into his mouth. The wrappers of the candies litter the floor. They're carrying Pavlos out. Momma says for me to stay here—stay home with my sisters. We will watch fireworks after the ceremony. Sometimes we go out past the fields to the Dionysus shrine, but never on Anthesteria. Why does Pavlos get to go?

There are some half-eaten candies on the floor, old sister and young sister race to eat them. I cannot. I've seen enough candies. Sweetness makes my tummy ache. I run outside to the field, I vomit in the corner. I can see a bonfire, past the fields. Orange light dancing against the stone of the Dionysus shrine. I begin walking towards it. Feet bare over the soft soil; I wish it was harder; I want my feet to feel something rough; the soil is too soft. Their singing reaches me over the fields. Cooing. Beckoning me. I see them abandon the bonfire and sway together in to the shrine.

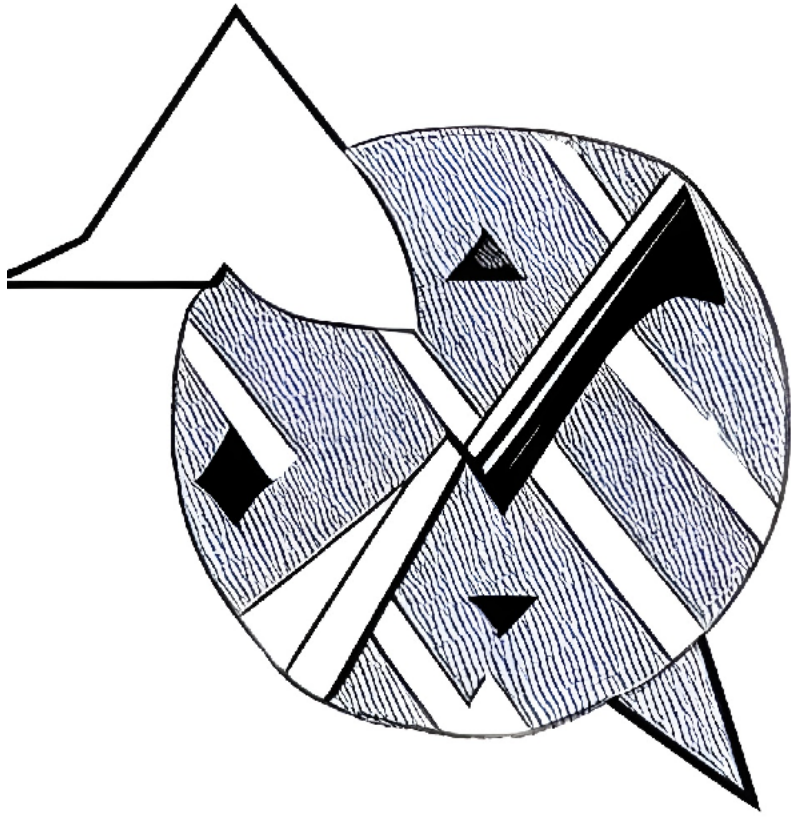
Stone is hard against my feet, and cool, but not rough. I

peek in. There in the middle, on the altar to the happy god my cousin is covered in oil- Pavlos grabbing great handfuls of pudding with one hand, a roasted lamb leg in the other, a pile of regurgitated sweets stick to his belly and legs, a slaughtered goat, a cow, and two pigs- apples in their mouths- on either side of him. Pavlos on the altar as the old and young dance in the torch light. Pavlos consumes.

I hate sweets. I don't eat ice cream. I have no taste for chocolate. I hate how Pavlos went home the next day in the back of an air-conditioned car. How he never spoke a word to me. How he smiled; always smiling but never to anyone, never for anyone, smiled for treats he had had and treats he would have soon.

I hate how you smile at me. Laodice. Expecting that to speed up my hand. As if I give stamps away for sweets. I imagine Troy is full of men like Pavlos and girls like you, dancing around and around in disgusting circles. You know what decadence is, don't you? The form reads Laodice, but to me you're just a pretty Pavlos. Don't smile at me, I don't like sweets.





url: minimag.space

subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com

insta: minimag_write

Art by 刘雯文

Website: joyceandree.com

“Not Much of a History Lesson” by Richard LeDue

Twitter: @LedueRichard

“我的姐妹双十一买了小兔兔” and accompanying photo
by Cracker

“Vortex” by Akumbe G. N.

Instagram @Gerrywhyte22

Twitter @soulwriter9

New Book: *Nwa’nwi (Child of God)*

Available at Amazon

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

“房子，早餐，的士” by 又岚

微信 Official Account: 又岚

Instagram @youlan_art

edited, backpage logo (AI), “Breaktime” and “Laodice through
the Immigration Officer” by Alex Prestia