

miniMAG

issue28
something pretty



We're Married In The Dream

Hark Herald

war invigorates and is actually never tiring
you bought chocolate on the corner
just for me
and i smiled and i watched tv

you have to try and imagine
a different living room —
there could be a dog here or
a flowerpot with soil you dug out the garden
there could be a rack for drying plates
in the kitchen

we could be
coming in out of the sun
writhing through wealth

a whole world of peach colored walls
all to ourselves

i'm slipping into something
less comfortable

text me when you're home safe
or don't, or don't

but if you need me i'll be on my phone
blue in the face

something about bad posture
turns her on
clique like camera
— yes, you've got it really bad

— yes, you got the words all wrong
lives that take too long too long

train station orgasm
swimming pool fainting fit
Do You Want To Make A Joke
Do You Want To Make Dinner



All artwork in this issue by
Bryan Kim

Niagara Ball Falls

Julie A Dickson

Ball bounces to the river Niagara
swept downstream in torrents of
rushing current thunderous wild
over falling into mist gone
Kept back from the edge mother
clings to my shirt back I scream
loss of ball the worst thing ever
Father tells of barrels going over
on purpose on a dare tightrope
stretched across raging cold river
My child's eye blind to such feats
Guinness book but some deaths
Broken bodies barrels swirling
detritus among rocks angry water
thrown up tantrum of white mist
When they dammed the falls dry
one year we saw wood fragments
dare-devil bones but not my ball



You're a poet, you see

the world as a ball of
multi-colored yarn,
and you want to
be that kitten, roll
it out the door, see
where it ends, taste
it, smell it. You see
the moon as a ball of
yarn, a disco ball
that showers sparkle.
You dance barefoot
through the glass that
doesn't cut, you're
a poet without writing
a single line.

by
Nolcha Fox

Marriage Market

Tim Gao

In People's Park, a row of opened umbrellas rested on the ground, conspicuous like paint on palette. A sheet of paper was taped onto each umbrella, advertising an unwed person's sex, age, height, income, and weight. Altogether the papers appeared indistinguishable, causing Ms. Wang to clip on a flattering, yet dated picture of her daughter. As a sixty-four-year-old widow, Ms. Wang felt an untenable worry about her single workaholic daughter, a recurring topic of conversation whenever she'd bump into her lady friends at the farmers' market. Her maternal duty compelled her to find a good man for her daughter, a heartfelt wish which stood as the final goal of her life.

All around the park, elderly parents perused papers, mingled with one another; some just sat on plastic stools around a dried-up stone fountain, waiting to be interviewed. While their methods differed, their mission was the same: gather here once a week, despite their children's reluctance, to act as commissaries of love.

As Ms. Wang gazed around at her peers, she heard a gruff voice: "Excuse me, does that say '28' or '23?' Forgive me but I forgot my glasses today."

She looked up and, blocking the sun with her hand, saw a man a few years her senior whose congenial aura took the edge off of his tall stature. He was squinting his eyes as he bent down to read, his light-brown age spots evident around his temples.

"Twenty-eight," she said. "Time certainly flies. One day, she's a little darling, rollerblading in the park. Now, she's a powerhouse attorney in intellectual property. Oh, pardon me. Was I rambling?" She caught her habit of chatting too long with strangers.

"Oh, not at all. I feel likewise. My son just turned thirty-three last

week,” said the man who introduced himself as Mr. Li, handing his own paper to Ms. Wang. “I recall teaching him how to parallel park. These days, he’s driving me to go pick up my meds. I told him, ‘You’re nearly 35. The pandemic robbed a year from your dating life; you must be twice as proactive now but he won’t listen.’”

As Ms. Wang smiled, the wrinkles of her eyes became more pronounced. She too introduced herself and took a minute to look over



Mr. Li’s paper. Feeling frisky, she asked, “So why hasn’t your son tied the knot? Afraid of commitment?”

A hint of suspicion in her tone made Mr. Li defensive, so, like all loving parents, he conjured an excuse. “Oh no, no. He’s really busy with his business. You know how tough today’s market can be,” he said

sheepishly. Wanting to change the topic, he looked again at the photograph on Ms. Wang's paper, saying, "Hmm, this may be blunt but your daughter looks a bit intimidating."

"Hey, watch it! My girl's fiercely independent. She sings Beyonce at KTV and once turned down an Audi from a fool who tried to buy her affection. Her firm is begging her to be partner. By the way, Mr. Li, what does your son do for a living?" she said playfully.

"He sells socks on TaoBao. It sounds simple but monthly revenues exceed—"

"Oh no, I can't have it," she joked, throwing up her arms. "Bragging about my son-in-law is the divine joy of any lady at the Majiang table."

Their laughter attracted attention from the nearby senior citizens, as if such unrestrained merriment were strange at their age. The late afternoon sun was setting, slowly stretching the shadows of the trees to their peak before the long night. Ms. Wang, who had been in this park every Sunday for the past four months, searching without success, took that as her cue to leave.

Gathering her belongings, she said, "Enough about the kids, Mr. Li. I'm interested in finding out about you. Be so kind as to walk an old lady home." Mr. Li offered his arm as they walked.

Strolling under the sunlight-dappled archway, Ms. Wang forged the courage to ask: "So why did you come up to me today? I mean, really. I think at our age, we can cut the nonsense."

"It was your goldenrod umbrella," Mr. Li replied.

Ms. Wang was puzzled.

"I'm a landscape painter. That color always catches my eye."

As Ms. Wang blushed, she tried to recall exactly how many years had passed since she had this feeling.

A year later, on a picturesque day, Mr. Li's son and Ms. Wang's daughter, dressed to the nines, stood facing each other at the Ritz Carlton in Shanghai Pudong. He struggled with a befuddled smile while she anticipated seeing her mother with simmering exuberance. They were finally becoming a family, for on this day, their parents were getting married at an age when most people expected nothing from life.

A motto, written in raspberry syrup, graced the wedding cake:

"Love is not on paper."



something something love

Alex Prestia

i could fall in love twice a week
then fall out just as quickly
single-minded to love just one
but my target is rapidly switching

and this full devotion to a cause
that i so casually erase
has worn me to the treads
i've been exhausted since twenty-three

i can't promise this time will be different
but again i'll try in vain
something about reps and shots gone untaken
something in verse, some poetry
something clichéd i know you'll like
-or-
maybe i'll just watch youtube and go to sleep



url: minimag.space
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
twitter: @minimag_lit

Art by Bryan Kim

Page 1: The Vulnerability of Nature

Page 3: The Transience of Nature

Page 5: Omnipresent

Page 7: Scenery

Page 10: An Animal In Its Natural Habitat

“We’re Married In The Dream” by Hark Herald

Website:

<https://forms.gle/ja5DS67986R51z8N8>

“Niagara Ball Falls” by Julie A Dickson

FB: [facebook.com/julie.dickson.94](https://www.facebook.com/julie.dickson.94)

Books available on Amazon:

Bullied Into Silence

Untumbled Gem

The Seven Trials of Kiera Snow

‘You’re a Poet...’ by Nolcha Fox

Website:

<https://bit.ly/3bT9tYu>

Twitter: @NolchaF

FB: [facebook.com/nolcha.fox/](https://www.facebook.com/nolcha.fox/)

“Marriage Market” by Tim Gao

edited and “something something love” by
Alex Prestia