

**miniMAG**

*issue30*  
*one night stand*



# GHOST BONERS / STREET BONERS / BLOOD BONERS

Michael Peirson

## *The Trace Structure of Life in Art & Vice Versa*

(your story of the first time fucking another man, delight in the best part, "ok, my turn")

Invest with the body, dear fingerspit

Your own actions three at a time fingerspit

the I am...

...someone who doesn't leave their house  
...someone who doesn't write their blog  
...someone who can fit whole fists anywhere

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## Petite Machine

Say ok, my turn, fingerspit

Say ok, my turn, fingerspit

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(lowerself)  
Emergent spunk (go to the library)  
Made iron (gain knowledge)  
Conserved phosphorus (siphidity of ease)  
(higher self)

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Not just clawing  
at skin

But ass  
as well

I dance (a dance) between a pair of sheets  
with metal heads who oscillate their hips after  
successful cervical discectomies

We float hair talk magick taste  
fingerspit eat frozen pizza

fuck some more Ok Ok fingerspit



## More

D. C. Nobes

I cannot focus  
on anything except you  
and your nakedness

thinking and dreaming  
of your body next to mine  
fingers exploring

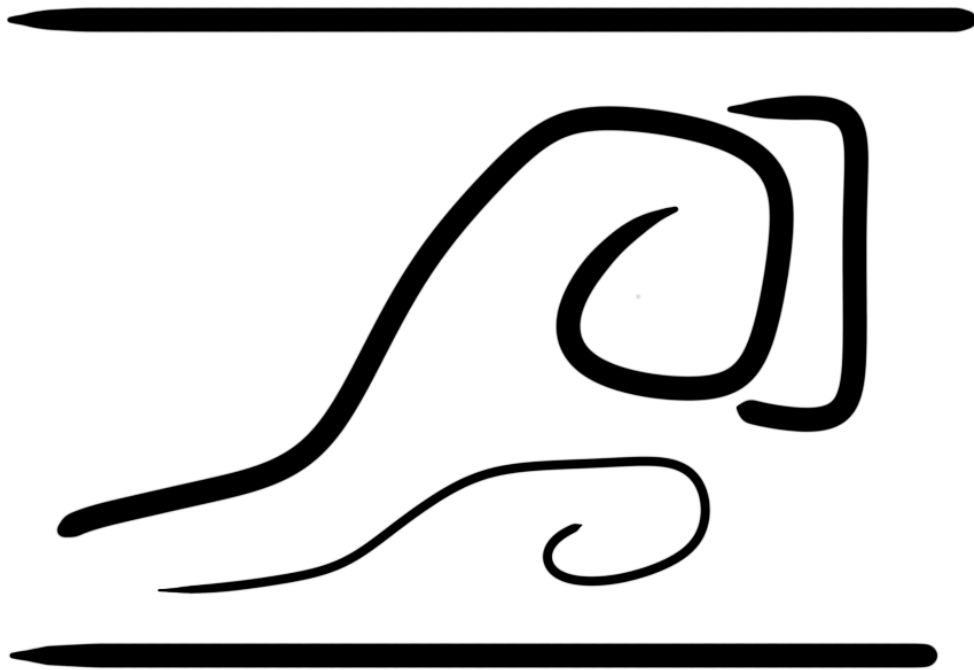
our mouths and our tongues  
touching, tasting, wanting more  
of skin against skin

my skin needs your touch  
my touch upon your soft skin  
your dark eyes flashing

as my fingers probe  
your softly secret places  
bringing you pleasure

stroke you to climax  
and taste your pleasure juices  
as you reach heaven

and your joy is mine  
as I awake from my dream  
wet and wanting more.



## speech therapy

Livvy Krakower

you ask me how many marbles i can fit in my mouth and before i can even respond you are filling my mouth with marbles

playing mancala with my tongue  
cold on the inside of my cheeks

you want to stick your body down my throat  
but my mouth is already filled with marbles  
it rained on a tuesday and i thought that my life was about to change  
because you told me that rain meant change  
and so i sat outside naked  
patiently waiting to be baptized in you  
but the rain was sour ginger ale  
acid  
dehydrated piss  
i am so angry  
i try to tell you  
i don't want to be this angry anymore  
but my mouth is filled with marbles  
so you hear nothing but  
mumbles

eventually i must swallow

i hear the marbles clink against each other in my stomach as we  
makelovefuck  
i gift my sweat to you  
you let me watch you  
drink dr. pepper naked and deflated on my bed  
i am an easy person to love for just one night

# The Night, On Valentine's Day

Akumbe G. N.

Yeah! It was Valentine's Day. I can't fully recount everything that happened. I was quite surprised. We made a table for two at the balcony of my living room. We talked all night. I talked about how I love her caress, I love her heavy hips and strong round legs. She is thick and yet light like chips. She is sweet like a cupcake and bendy like a rubber cable. She sat there in my t-shirt listening and smiling.

Then, tip-toes to the kitchen as she finishes the last in her plate. I tip-toed behind her just to grab her. I kiss her ears and licked her neck right down to her navel. Threw her against the kitchen sink as I gently pulled out the elastic band from my pant. Inserting, she opens her mouth like it's an asthma attack. She squeezes the kitchen napkins close to the sink and calls my name like I have never heard before.

She said: "Ge...ge...ge..."

She started off well but I didn't trust her to finish it.

I am crazy about her.

Slowly, I came to her ears as I clutch my butt like a weight lifter whispering to her ears- "I love you."



## As One

I love  
how you quiver  
under my tender touch  
arousing in you, more cravings  
to touch.

To touch  
that inner core  
of who we are, are not,  
and seek that bond of union  
as one.

As one  
our bodies join,  
in rapture we caress,  
kiss, touch, we climax together  
as one.

D. C. Nobes

## 作为一

我爱  
你的颤动  
我温柔的抚摸下  
激发你，更多的渴望  
去触摸。

去触摸  
那内在的核心  
我们是谁，都不是，  
并寻求这一纽带的联盟  
作为一。

作为一，  
加入我们的身体，  
在狂喜中我们爱抚，  
吻，触摸，我们在一起达到高潮  
作为一。

D. C. Nobes

# Meet-Cute on the Galilean Moon: Callisto

Alex Prestia

Qi-So had made up her mind about what she wanted. She got into the taxicraft determinedly, lost in her own thoughts, wondering how the night would turn out. She was sheepish for one moment, resolute the next. But getting in the taxicraft made it real; she knew she would arrive at this stranger's place within the hour.

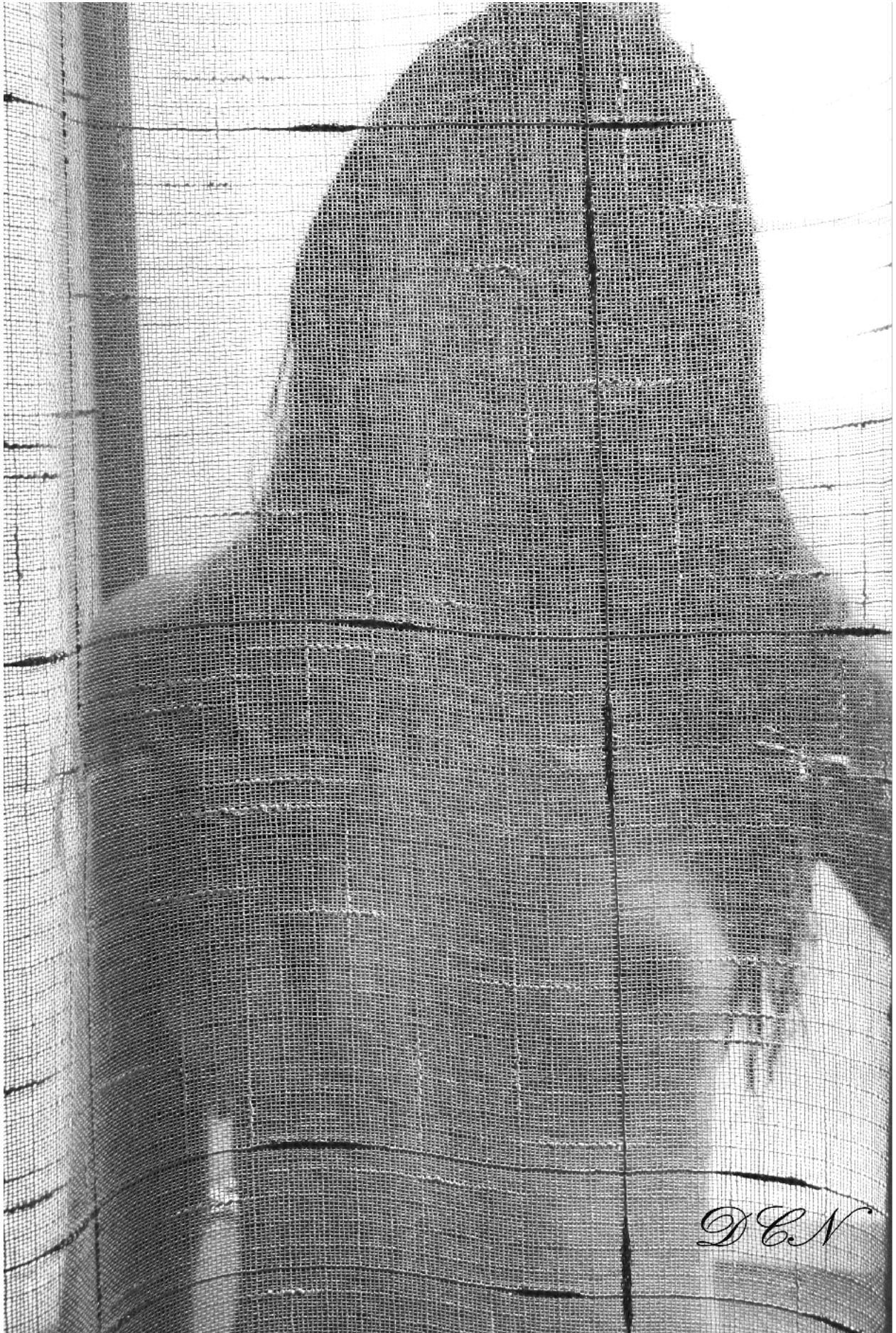
Across the city, Couch knew he had little time to prepare. He cleaned his apartment hastily; throwing away bottles of water and plastic bags full of cheap takeout and ramen noodles.

A few swipes on a goofy little holoapp, that's how these things always seemed to start. Their conversation was short; she made it clear that a night out and a few drinks would be enough romance. He was interested but lazy. Her advances were simultaneously too easy and too much effort for him to take up. Sure, come over, he thought, but don't make me meet you somewhere else beforehand. He kept the match in his back pocket, hoping for a night where they could cut out the middle step.

After a long weekend on the other side of Calisto, cooped up in her parent's house, Qi-So felt vulnerable. At her age, they felt she should be married and on the way to starting a family, instead she had no boyfriend and no real interest in settling down. When she was back in her city, in her apartment, and away from the 3 days of filial repression, she was left with an emotional hole that needed filling. She needed some sort of intimacy; she wanted to assert that her choices were in fact what she wanted. His holo- app profile was attractive and reserved; he showed no signs of desperation. She asked a mutual friend about him, just to ease any lingering doubts. Her friend told her that he was a diver. There was something ruggedly charming about that. He also told her that

Couch fucked around a lot. She told herself that she didn't care. Besides, she was into Tritonians. She had some odd notion that they were wild and free.

That night, she told him it was now or never. She promised she would come directly to his apartment. He had casually brought up her name to a friend a few weeks back, who directed him to another friend, who had been with her before. Couch wasn't the jealous sort and her review was glowing. He was on the fence for a moment, but decided the offer was too good to say no.



He continued to prepare his room. Double checked that the condoms were close to the bed but not showing, conveniently keeping them on hand while simultaneously making them seem like they hadn't been touched for a while. He made sure there were no lingering hairs on the



floor, and he strategically covered any stains on the bed with awkwardly placed pillows.

He kept himself busy to distract from negative thoughts. “What if she doesn’t find me attractive?”, “What if I can’t perform?”, “What if I can’t even get it up?”, “Do I really have to use a condom?”, “Is she on the pill?”, “Is she clean?” And oddly enough, the feeling of those little space rocks hitting his legs and bumping him just off course came into his head too. He wanted to stop thinking about those pebbles so badly. He spiraled a bit, “What if this is an elaborate attempt to rob me?” It was such a ludicrous notion that he laughed and began to feel better. Still, he hid the one or two things he considered valuable in a drawer. “Do I really want to do this?” He asked himself.

A million thoughts raced through her mind during the ride over. “What if he doesn’t find me attractive?”, “Am I being rash?”, “What if he looks nothing like the pictures?”, “Is he clean?”, “Can he respect me after this?” “I should make him wear a condom, right?”, “Can I respect me after this?” She pushed them all to the back of her mind, drew upon herself and that always hard to understand “What I want”, and arrived at her destination.

SMS Messages:

- “I’m here”
- “Be right down”
- “Where are you”
- “Across from the green convenience store”
- “Send a pic”
- “I’m in a red dress”
- “I see you”

He had only seen filtered pictures of her on his wrist. Something about that felt absurd.

On that dark street corner, the loneliness she had felt for the past few days surrounded her, she longed for someone. He walked over. He looked better in real life. He would do.

They approached each other; only partially certain this was who they were looking for. Then the question of how they should greet each other: A kiss felt preposterously intimate even though they both knew what they intended to do to in his apartment. A handshake was revoltingly formal. A hug might do, but he felt that walking up to a woman for the first time and throwing his arms around her may send the wrong message. Standing a few feet away and introducing themselves would have created too much space between them. He settled on an idea. He called her name, she echoed his back. He placed his arm on her hip and looked her in the eyes; he told her it was nice to finally meet her. She met his gaze for a moment but then lost her nerve and stared at the ground. He muttered something about the weather and

pointed to his apartment, which they began to walk towards.

They didn't look at each other again until they were in the harshly lit elevator. They entered the dark hallway as two individuals consumed in their own thoughts, at the end of the hall was the room where they would invade each other's personal space. He was nervous as he opened the door; he showed it by immediately apologizing for the mess, how small it was, the very scarce bedding, the uncomfortable bed, and the lack of anywhere to sit apart from that bed.

She smiled as she looked around the surprisingly neat bachelor's pad. Oddly, his nervousness put her at ease. She sat down on his bed and took his hand. He sat next to her. They really looked at each other for the first time.

She was surprised, the first lay lasted only about 5 minutes. But what had really surprised her was the intensity with which he had held her. After all, they had just met.

Instead of a fast and impersonal fuck, similar to a one-night stand, he looked deeply into her eyes and seemed to pull her closer and closer as he neared climax. She had expected something more casual. This was supposed to be masturbatory, she wanted to be filled by something nameless and independent while losing herself in her own feelings and pleasure. Instead he was pressing for a deeper connection.

He could feel a strange tension enter the room as soon as it was over. They lay on the bed, holding each other lightly, wrapped in each other but distant. It dawned on him that they hadn't said a word in 10 minutes. The oppressive silence slowly built and became thicker and more harmful. He became acutely aware of how they were positioned. His left arm was wrapped around her back. She laid against him, using his upper chest as a pillow. His right arm covered his dick, and her left arm was across his chest while also hiding her breasts. The situation had led them to being completely bare, but it was clear they weren't yet comfortable with exposing themselves to each other.

During the silence she thought how little they knew, how rushed this all was. Her mind went back to the previous weekend, her parents berating her for not being married or even in a serious relationship at the age of 40. She gazed at the intimate stranger who was holding her and began guessing. Looking at his pictures it had been clear he was young, certainly mid or early 30's, barely out of school. But here in person he looked even younger, the youth showed in his face, his muscles, and his disposition. Finally she broke the long silence, "How old are you?"

He'd been dreading that question, "I'm 31, how old are you?"

"43."

A long silence. His only thought was to create a distraction. He began messing with his wrist and turned on the wall projection while



mumbling something about a sitcom he'd been watching lately. The order was backwards, normally the TV show came first and then the sex, but in this situation it seemed like the right move. She agreed, glad to have anything to distract her from the foreign and bare body she was wrapped around.

About 10 minutes in, the smog began to clear. The show was pleasant enough. A general consensus was silently reached, "If we're going to lay here, we might as well make it enjoyable." Their hands began exploring. Both of them were incredibly easy to be primed and loaded. The foreignness of each other's touch was mysterious and exciting. He patiently caressed her, making sure to let her anticipation build. He upped the pace as her breathing became heavier. At just the right moment, he climbed on top of her and they gave it a second try.

Afterwards they gently kissed and smiled in excited surprise. What had felt awkward the first time was marvelous the second. Intimacy was now natural and easy. The barrier she had put up in her mind was just that, only in her mind. The age difference meant nothing. Before this time, she had wondered if she should just leave. Now, without a word being said, it was clear that she should spend the night. She nestled contentedly into his chest.

They played with each other's bodies for a bit, went another round, and then both easily fell asleep. That night they slept well. He turned away but left an arm around her, she gently kissed him and fell back asleep. When the morning came around, they went at it again. This time a little dazed and tired, but happy to start the day with such a rare pleasure. He walked her out and they assured each other they'd be in touch soon.



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***“Ghost Boners/ Street Boners/ Blood Boners”***

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edited, ai images, and “Meet-Cute on the Galilean Moon: Callisto”  
by Alex Prestia

(shoutout to Aubrey Beardsley)