



miniMAG

issue37
woozy

Again

Damon Phạm

every corner of a tomb illuminated
by pooling from external resources
filtering the respiratory artifact
and evading a less usual candidate

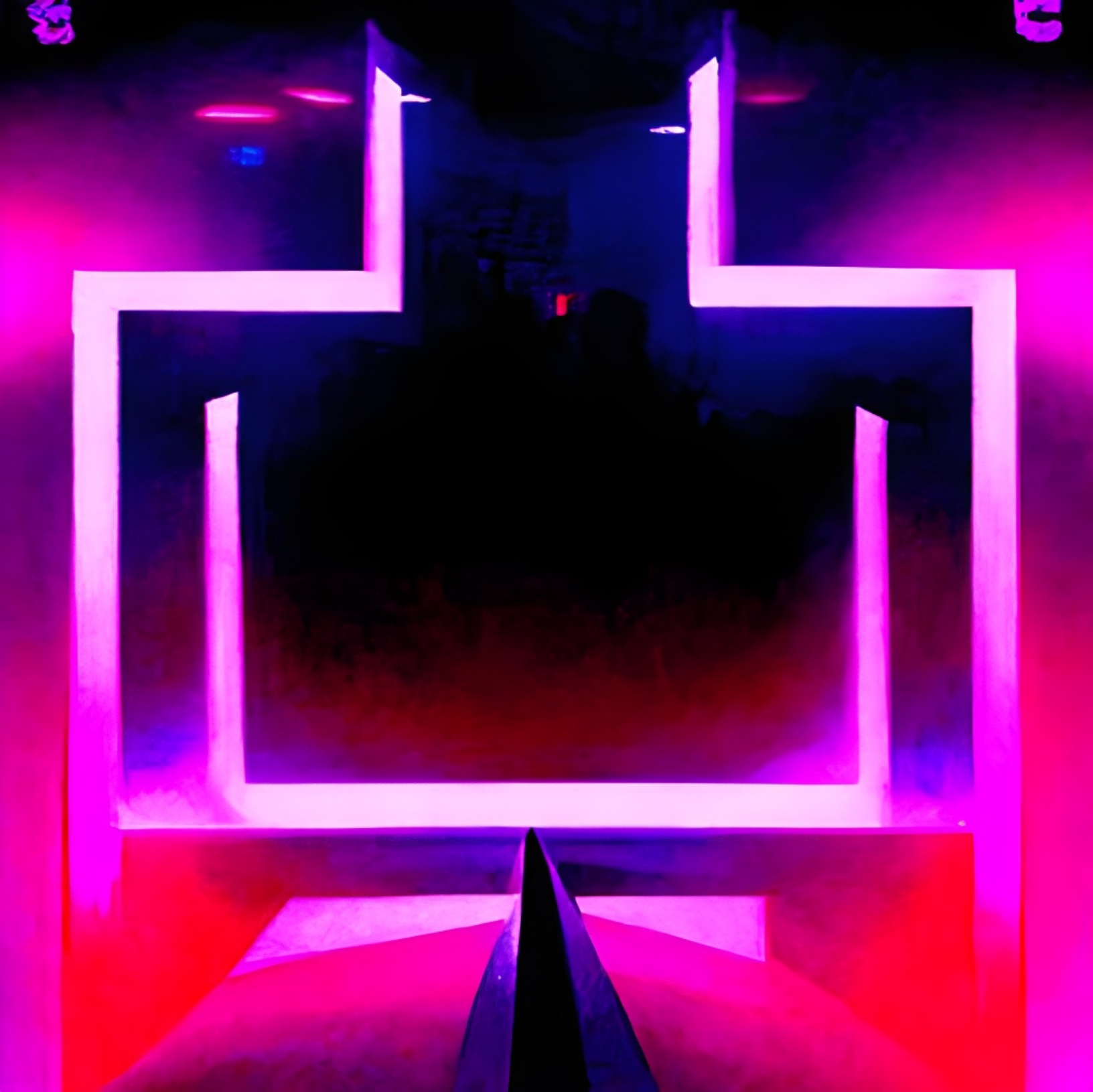
lightning draws foreigners back to
read off screensavers, or the near
mind, lightning prior to the voice
circling above blaming every flame

neural accidents only for my kicks
planning situations, a rising tone
occurring risking hardly with each
fabric ribboning below, recordings

each corner pored over cornered by
barriers given over tending rising
fueling taken photographs flashing
strips layers stake moments staked

every corner, every corner now one
every array unlit for undiscovered
discovered set away refueled other
beating taken merely state another

to a state itself, because foreign
matter is only the thunder is only
responding is never to really push
at the border, just to Make It New



Seeing is Deceiving

Howie Good

It was as though I had stepped through my eyelids. And why would anyone ever want to do that? As the ambulance rushed me to the hospital, I couldn't remember if I had posted the video of myself licking deodorant sticks in the Walmart. The LSD I had taken earlier in the night was lasting longer than expected. I was also really, really stoned the time I thought I saw God, a bright white blur, like a UFO moving too fast to be clearly seen. The EMT leaned across and adjusted a dial on my IV tube. She had a pretty face, but under one eye, a tattoo of a tear. I'm beginning to understand something about it.



在盲体中踱步

胚胎公园

在盲体中踱步

叩解问句

的风情市街

铁铸 市街

复

皮骨的恸人 复眼

风效

深 的残影

凹

标本盘中惊觉繁殖的梦境里

她目睹我脱力的手 肢觉的静哀

糜食的听障物

在这次的诉诸中

我等待的或缺 双方命途的置换

奸狹的自居者

在围猎的灰色地带中吟唱

草原 缓慢 吞 吐的哀乐

腮的知觉

you're laughing

Emma Burger

you're laughing
the earth opened up beneath my feet
and the same spot where we'd been standing
is a thousand miles away
and you're laughing

the canyon between here and home is chasmic
and you're laughing

where once was a city is now a void
so deep we can't even see the bottom
a hungry crevasse threatening to swallow
and all you can do is kick the pebbles
and wonder aloud if anybody's gonna come by
to clean them up
and laugh



The Rise Up

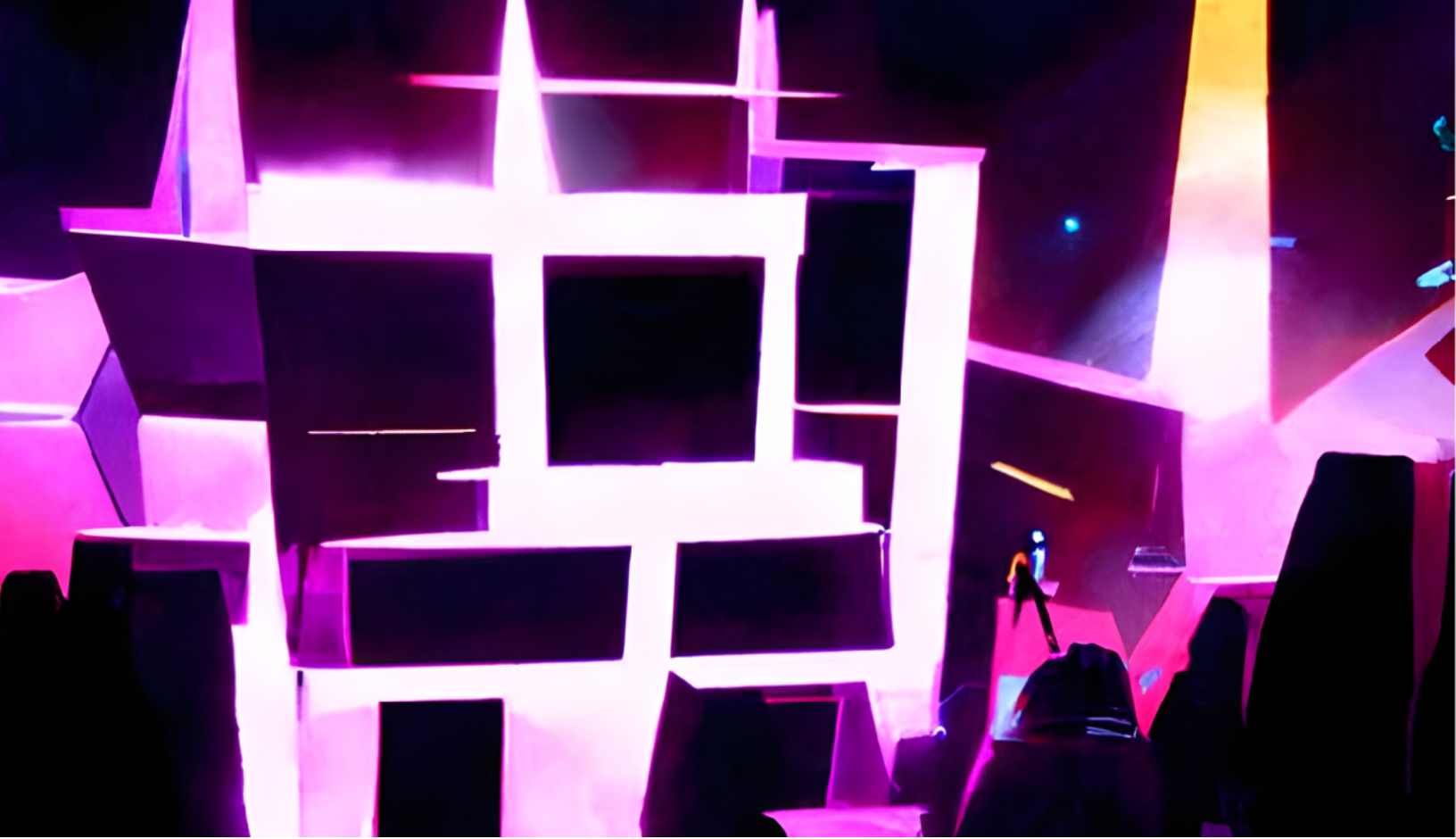
Simo Gagai

A strange relationship stroked the cord
It was one of those most call a norm
You know what I mean “a start on a bad foot leads to good bros”
Little did I know I was up for a heavy storm
I had no idea what was in store
When I least expected, it had struck the core
Nearly lost it all
Someone please make the call
I needed an end to the storm
How could I have not seen this fall
But it was too big to fold
Didn't grow but got too old

So the ducks were lined up
Least I say I was getting cleaned out
Internal dissonance within I
Thought of walking out
Remembered this isn't how I'm cut out
Maybe it can still work out
I was about to black out
But I made the turn around

I had to stand the heat Deal with the stream Sticks and fists
Heavy beatin'
Heavy breathin'
As long as I breathe
I'll always win
I decided to win
For as long as it'll take the deal

I decided to win
I changed within
For the sweet ol' deal
Fought in silence, zipped everythin'
Built high walls around me
Fazed out and slit the one to come for me
Shadow boxing
Time out and time in
Steady feet
Who's at my corner of the ring
Had to get out of my feels'
I'll win
By all means
I'll win
Subliminal
Yes I'm winnin'
Blowin
Blowin' in
Growlin'
For real
Now look at me
It's not a wish
I'm growin'
ballin'
Rollin'
All in
Ow yeah
Crown me king
Kiss my ring
And kiss my feet



cut for beiber

Hark Herald

a light on the platform glistening:
a genius in gaultier and little else:
a symmetrical face:
a lover:
a pure carcass inside:
a typical case:
a state of mind:

to pride oneself
on staying dry

pick the princess
you know best

*o beautiful creacher straight into the trash
tell of tales of struggleful of pocketsful of rice
w/ the its ok its not nice but its alright
god bless this god bless this precious waste of my time*

ooooh ooooo ooooo
above all
do no harm
ooooh ooooo ooooo
dog got sent
to the farm



Coins

anon

The Waffle House is open every night
No matter if it's Christmas or New Year
While you may look at this place and think fear,
Just know that inside shines a friendly light.

It comes across in but a flash when I
Light cigarettes and wait for you to come
If not, that's fine, I'll walk back in and hum
To endless jukebox tunes and what we fry.

In worrying efforts to address your life
You never once convinced yourself to wait
And look at laminated menus while up late
And carve into a waffle with a knife.

But that's ok because we'll all die soon,
Just know I'm here enjoying every tune.



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“Seeing is Deceiving” by Howie Good
Poetry Book:
Swimming in Oblivion: New and Selected Poems
<https://tinyurl.com/33n6vp26>
Co-editor of UnLost Journal
<https://unlostjournal.com/>

“Again” by Damon Pham
Website: <https://damondpham.github.io/>
Insta: [@damondpham](https://www.instagram.com/damondpham)
Bandcamp: <https://especially.bandcamp.com/>

“Coins” and accompanying photo by anon
Website: 5040review.wordpress.com

“在盲体中踱步” by 胚胎公园
微信 (Official Account): 人形废墟
Instagram [@_es_muss_sein](https://www.instagram.com/_es_muss_sein)

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

“The Rise Up” by Simo Gagai

“you’re laughing” by Emma Burger
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Insta: [@emmakaiburger](https://www.instagram.com/emmakaiburger)
Book: [Spaghetti for Starving Girls](#) (Goodreads)

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