



miniMAG

issue38
cigarillo

Helen Hanging Up Her Underwear

Isaac Gorman

On evenings
like these
she would avoid
the gaze

eternity
could grant
with sacrifice
and watch

as atonement
would fade -
upheld in shame,
glory

and suffering.
Above,
she'd find herself
away.



Bathroom 1

Alex Murphy

he said take me away
my skin is sensitive
to this bad city air
she said take me inside
my feet are tired and
I feel my age
as I try to remember the last month
I was flavour of

Die a Thousand Times

Robert Steward

Leon trudged down the stone stairs at Cuckold's Point to the mudflats of the River Thames. The tide was running out, exposing a bed of mud, shingle and earthenware, and the light fading fast in a misty soup of grey and white.

Leon tried to blot out Tori from his mind. But she wouldn't go away. Like the river lapping at his feet, Leon's thoughts ebbed and flowed, throwing up Tori's confession over and over again. His heart was a howling gale, though all around him was still. So still it was insufferable, heightening his emotions until he thought he was going to cry.

"Fuck," he cursed under his breath, wiping a cold tear from his eye. "Fuck them both."

Leon took out an old photograph of Tori from his wallet. He had taken it when they had first met. A stone's throw away outside a pub in Rotherhithe. The Mayflower. What treasures he found in her blue, blue eyes, her delicate smile. For a moment his heart warmed. Like the touch of her hand, the softness of her kiss.

But it didn't last long. Leon bit his lip and wanted to tear her to pieces, throw her into the river. The ever-changing river, with its mighty tides and unpredictable currents. He imagined her sinking

below the lead grey surface to the depths of a murky river bed, where there lay rusty shopping trolleys, discarded furniture, bloated mattresses. A place where he could forget her.

But Leon couldn't. Oh how he wished he was blind to the truth, deaf to her apologetic words, wished the wind would pick up and blow them away. But they stayed with him. Close. Like the film of damp that clung to his face.

If only I could forgive her, Leon thought. Forget the whole sordid affair. But who's to say it wouldn't happen again? With the same person? With someone else?

Just the thought of it made Leon feel confused, faint, sick to the stomach. As if he had swallowed poison. Love was a deadly occupation. And since they had split up, Leon had died a thousand times. Like when he picked up Tori's black, wispy hair from the bathroom floor. When he smelt her navy blue jumper in the laundry basket. When he thumbed through her recipes in the kitchen drawer.

And now, clutching Tori's photograph, he was about to die again.



a long and boring title

Allen Seward

oh, to be a
word
in a dusty
and tired
book of hymns,

or just a tear
in one of the pages

oh, to be a bird
on the windowsill, watching
and
singing,

fanning my beautiful colors
in the sunlight
as men

drink too much wine
and forsake what was once alive

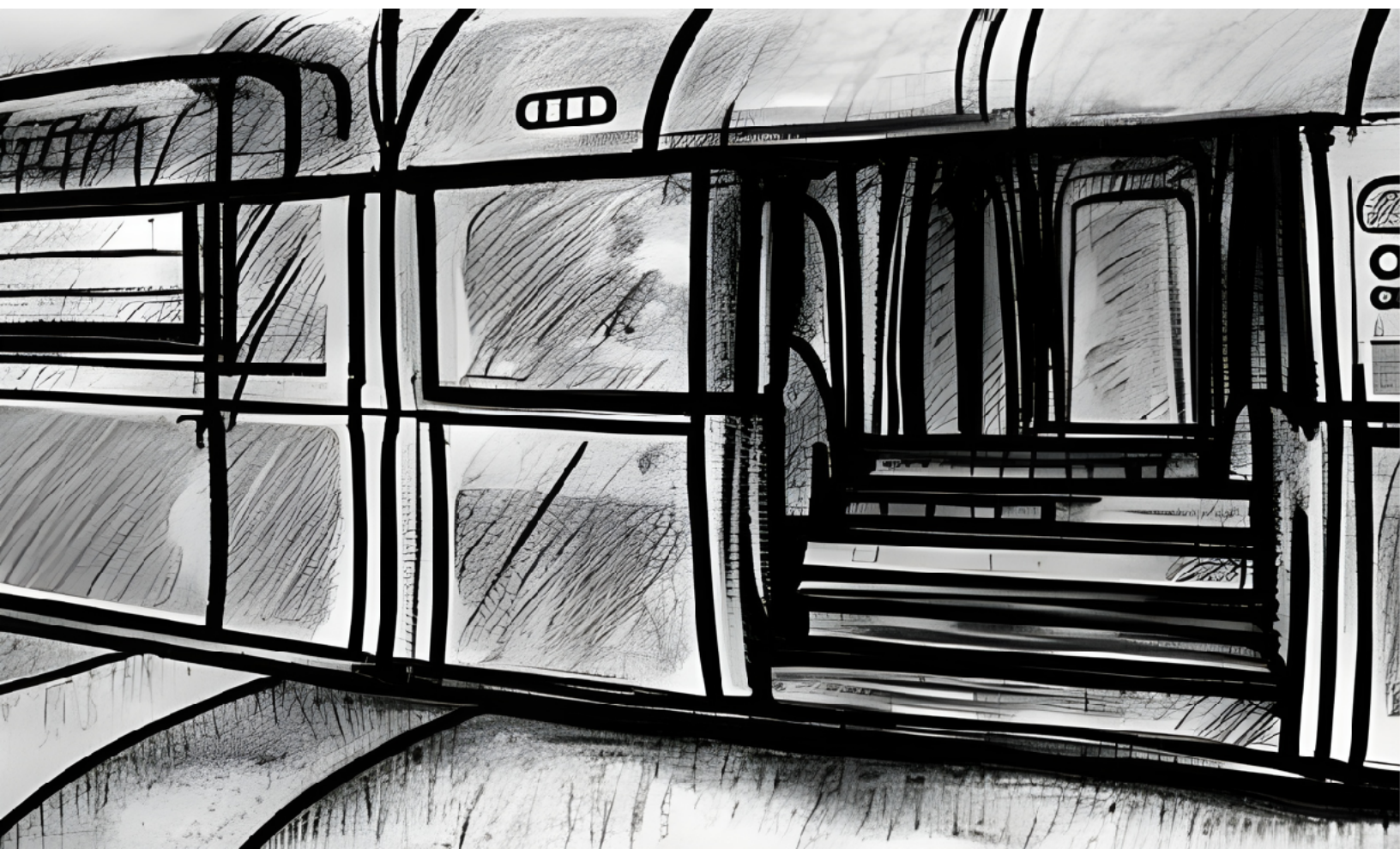
oh,
to be a penny
on the sidewalk, under
the weight
of
the evening
air

Line14xLine9

Alex Prestia

I'm not uncomplicated. Are you?
Did you want to be? Is that
what you meant, walking
between coffeeshops?
With espresso machines book-standing
our argument. Simplicity, a house.
wife, car, kids
clean, easy, serifed
that everyone can read;
that were only meant to be read
at a glance.

Is bringing a book on the metro
the most mysterious thing I can
accomplish? Complicated?
Wouldn't a Nook be exponentially
more deep. I wash my hands
in the metro restroom,
a self-defeating art,
and think of you.



meteor shower
on a moonless night
summer sky
the oos and ahs
I can't help it...

the sound
of summer rain on the roof
refreshing plumeria
slow skin tracing
no hurry today

summer fog
the gander answers
the cry of goose
across the pond
following her sound

Christina Chin & Linda Ludwig



写烟

又岚

他写烟的邻里
诗中有唇，被观看的人，烟头

心想，多好的一首
周身的**所有**，和他
都流露出烟存在的真理
若当时我在那
会是一只烟被点燃的意义吗

也尝试写烟
抽几根后灵感有一二
又无一种能像他那般
可捏起今天的琐碎，往烟缸里堆
将它供奉为，起身就可见的神
供拜，或不拜
任烟上的灰空悬，脱落

最后，我写烟的重力
两手指架起一根烟，优雅的重力学
我想到西西弗斯的手，还劳碌着沉重

L Taraval

Christian Garduno

Who were you to me
when I was in line without a ticket
but you know I always get in
I see a classmate
she's wearing eyeliner tonight
she don't do that in Science 06

The group is tuning up
asking around on the sly
I caught the bassist outside
and we were talking about Townes Van Zandt
he said bring your harmonica around after the show
he bummed a cigarette funny because I bummed one from him after the show

Was it Slim's
or The Milk Bar
or any of those clubs that are long gone now
the rich folks bought out The City
they put us in the want ads
your eyes are in The Tenderloin

You were on your way up north
Seattle by dawn yawn
been up and around three days now
suppose it's time we get going on
yeah I better get motoring back to the East Bay
I got Science 06 in the morning

Bathroom 2

Alex Murphy

these towels still smell
of the old place
and because of that
sometimes your hair too



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

“Helen Hanging Up Her Underwear” by Isaac Gorman
Twitter: @isaacgorman1611

“Bathroom 1” and “Bathroom 2” by Alex Murphy
Insta: @datamilm
Twitter: @thatalexmurphy

“Die a Thousand Times” by Robert Steward
Twitter: @theroadtonaples

“a long and boring title” by Allen Seward
Twitter: @AllenSeward1
Insta: @allenseward0

“meteor showers..” and additional collaborative poems
by Christina Chin and Linda Ludwig

Christina Chin

Twitter: @Christina_haiku

Insta: @Christina_zygby22

Websites: <https://haikuzyg.blogspot.com/>

<https://christinachin99blog.wordpress.com/>

Chapbook: <https://ko-fi.com/s/0f986abc30>

“写烟” by 又岚

微信 Official Account: 又岚

Instagram: @youlan_art

“L Taraval” by Christian Garduno

Website: [Christian Garduno | Poets & Writers \(pw.org\)](http://ChristianGarduno.com)

Twitter: @pooxrox

Chapbook: [Fog & Bone](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B089888888) (Amazon)

edited, “Line14xLine9”, and AI art (created at NightCafe Studio)
by Alex Prestia

shoutout to Tooky’s Mag if the art style’s looking familiar