

miniMAG

issue40
digestif



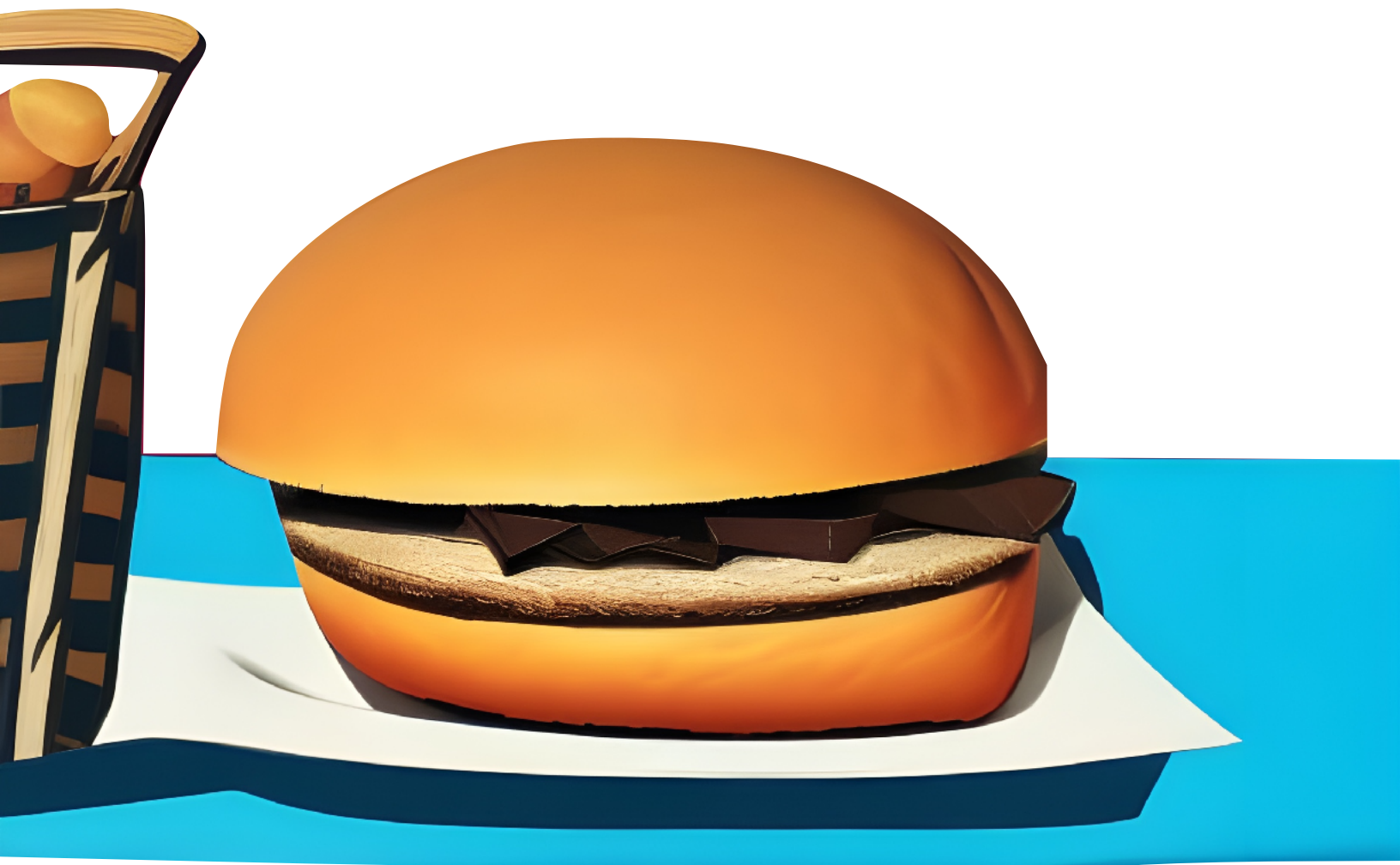
dear Philip Morris,

Allen Seward

a certain gray sweater of mine has yellowed
from 10-plus years of
cigarette smoke, and still I do not
think
of
my lungs.

associating
tastes with pictures
assorted chocolates
the high of bitter
dark noir

Paul Callus / Christina Chin



all the reasons
for barbecues —
reunion
chewing
on the latest gossip

Christina Chin / Paul Callus

Sly Dog

Donna Dallas

I spent that summer
swallowing your seeds
nothing grew in my belly
we ran naked
through the wastelands of our egos
we played the roles
of sophisticated fools during the day
I sprayed myself with mace
while I was on a bender
you casually shuffled it under the table
my right eye and cheek a blotched mess

Nothing comes
if you expect it to be nothing
but the roll of time
beats warily along the crest
of our bobbing desires

sleep late and days done
sleep drunk and days disappear

When will I be worthy to drink
of your ectoplasmic drizzle?

I still stuff seeds down my throat
trying to sprout another you



Hope Street by Laurie Edelman

She doesn't see

Nolcha Fox

the cracking paint,
the empty street,
the scraggly trees.

She sees the walls
kissed by the sun,
red flowers that
bask in heat.

Here's what I remember

Heini Mair

Tall pink house and tall thin man
Soft eyes, silence and a soft toy lamb

A sister to care for and hold my hand

Fresh baked bread by unemployed men
Mams and Nanas working
Dads and Taidis don't know when

Dogs, cats, happy little rodents in a pen
And we all run around, laughing, barking, free
No you can't have that, but still happy

Projects finished, forms complete
No more dole, a house so pretty

Buddleia bush and magnolia tree
Smiles and mudpies,
Butterflies and bees
Finally a friend for me
3 years with me before she crosses the sea

Every art competition, every spelling bee;
Potential, potential, potential.





Snixik

Simo Gagai

The connection was instant
It was straight from the moment we met
Not much followed there after
But the moments were reciprocal and kind
Kind of like the bees with the flowers
Flowers in a picture
Picture us together
Together we both wanted
Wanted it to happen
So we let the distance between us disappear
Closer we got without even interference
It happened and we followed
Let skin to skin
We melted in each other's arms
Let lips to lips
Those soft tender lips I tasted
Pulled back gently
Locked eyes softly
Smiled swiftly and tenderly
Moved her lips slightly
Looked down shyly
I knew what that meant
Time to get outta here



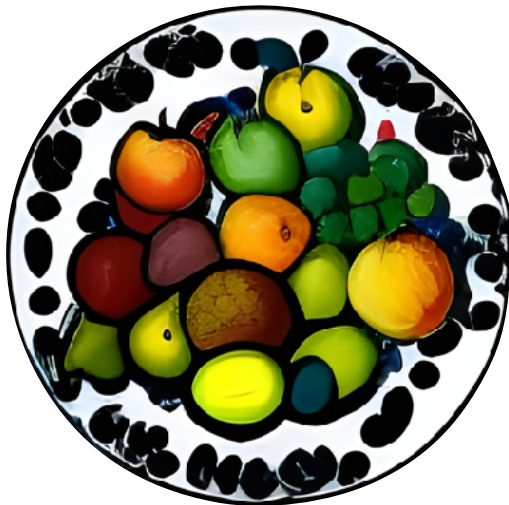
(re)born
in the mystic city —
cradle bearer
*under the deep shade
of a banyan tree*

Christina Chin / Uchechukwu Onyedikam

There's a Chinese Restaurant

George Sun

That lets you smoke cigarettes. And sells you alcohol
Until the sky turns you upside down and your
Face surrenders to the glistening sun at dawn. My father
Holds his hand out for a last toast but stumbled with his glass;
Red wine smears the white tablecloth. Drips
Of this memory have stained me. Blurs of men rush to the host seat. He is half
drunk. His broken English tells me his last straw has broken.
Before that, he told me his favorite parable
Of a boy who touched the sun out of burning curiosity.
My father's empty glass stood where he fell. It glistened
Like an empty halo.



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“Dear Philip Morris,” by Allen Seward
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“Hope Street” by Laurie Edelman

“She doesn’t see” by Nolcha Fox
Website: <https://bit.ly/3bT9tYu>
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“associating...” and “all the reasons” by *Paul Callus* and Christina Chin

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Chapbook: [for dreams take one space capsule](#)

“Here’s what I remember” by Heini Mair
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“Sly Dog” by Donna Dallas
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Chapbook: [Smoke & Mirrors \(amazon\)](#)
Novel: [Death Sisters \(amazon\)](#)

“Snixik” by Simo Gagai

“(re)born...” by *Christina Chin / Uchechukwu Onyedikam*

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“There’s a Chinese Restaurant” by George Sun

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