

miniMAG

issue49

them changes



dead meat

anon

dead meat
and a pretty girl
junkies of poetry
and poorly rolled darts

I should be doing ketamine
in a dirty and dark club
where no one asks
what I'm doing with my life

instead, i sit across
from her pink hair
and dozens of piercings
that each hold a story

feeling nostalgic
I decided to start smoking again
even a corpse,
needs a cheap thrill

degeneracy is purity
as there are no lies
in the gutter and filth
where people know exactly what they are

this girl is hotter than my laptop battery
and she might kill me
but in a good way
the way where i actually die

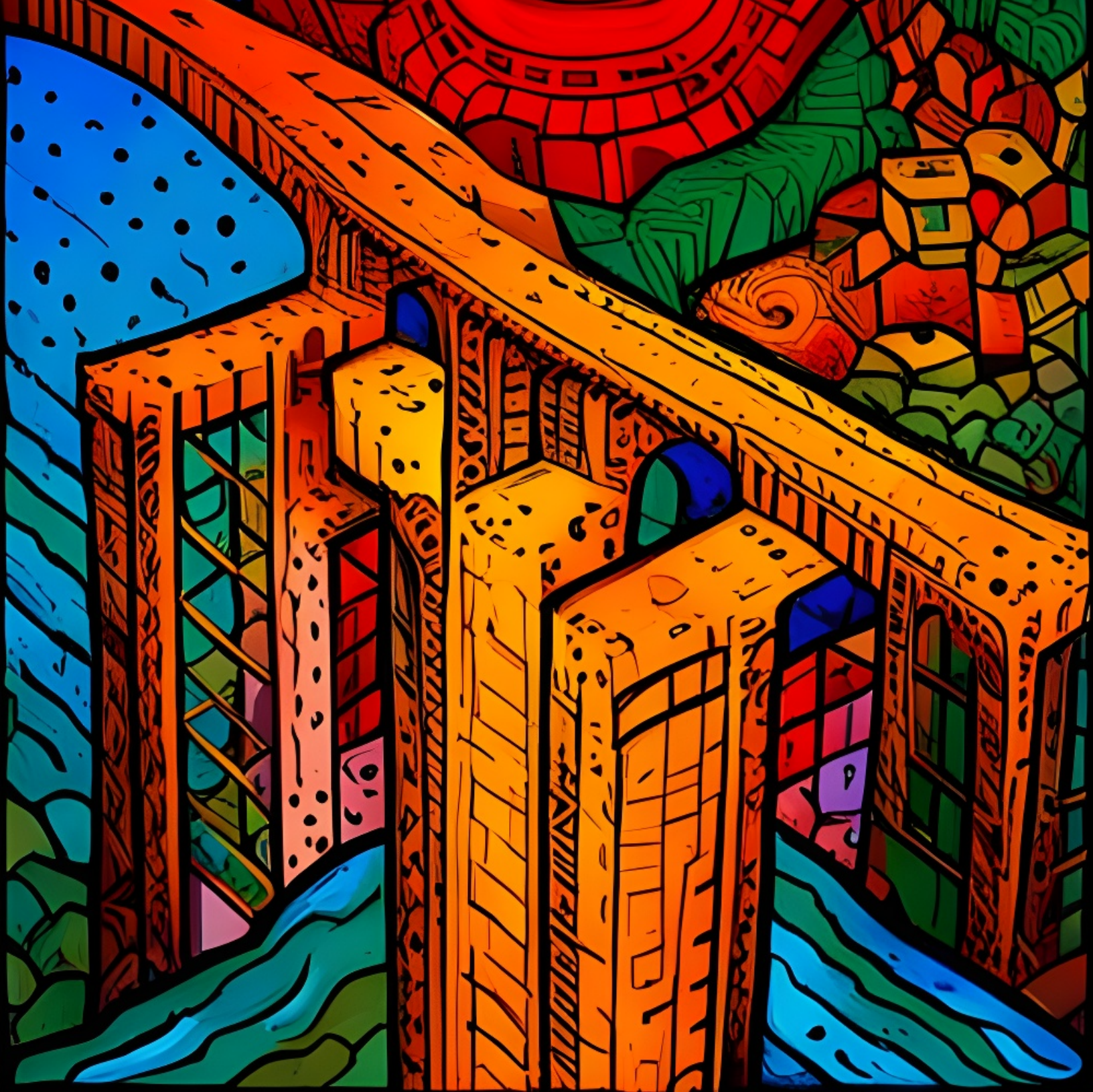
it's cold
smoking in the rain
as neon lights glow
matching the colour of her hair

I went home and did ketamine alone
then stared at this poem
expecting something to be different
nothing.

the only life in dead meat
is hope that loiters
slowly eroding
through getting the things i want

nothing changes
except my chain to the world
my care for its corners
its supposed secrets

time goes by
too slowly
that is why the cigarette
burns so beautifully



**the poem I never wrote
for you is dense**

Emily Kay MacGriff

we could start
a landslide,
darlin cross
six hanging bridges
in one day down fabric that lasted
100 years
until I moved
into clothes
moths I used
to love you

B-movie

Christian Ward

The girl with UFO eyes
wants to tractor beam
my heart to another dimension.

Groovy, I must say, but why wait
until Loch Ness has appeared
in his Saville Row suit, asking
for a double scotch on the rocks?

Crop circle your number
into my hair and let the invasion begin.



I kept your note unopened

Emily Kay MacGriff

from moment to moment realizing

I could breathe

through the paper

and not wanting

it to be

over,

to have

nothing

left

except

oversized

button downs

terry cloth robes

sneakers and loose fit denim

combat boots and black ruined dresses the

runes of our last conversation stitched

into skin

CREATURES OF THE TRASH MOUNTAIN

Mahika Dhar

A heavy fragrance coats my throat. It's easy to feel it lining my oesophagus, a layer of film I cough up. The sky today is an incredible white, and though I cannot see the sun, I feel it cooking the path I walk on. My legs do not comprehend the heat, but my nose does. The walk is not difficult; many have come before me and done their duty of paving the way. Just by continuing on this easy path, I am fulfilling my role; shards of plastic are being pushed deeper into the ground, dust is being swept, and nature is reminded of my presence.

But there are so many piles that wall the path. Mountains of Earth have solidified into assemblages that emanate the thing that sticks inside me. If I were to look—though I don't want to—I would find creatures of sedimentation. And if I had the strength of the colony with me—though I don't think they'd entertain these thoughts—I would cut a cross-section of the land open. Trees will have rings of centuries, but this desert has a much richer past; foil glinting, paper decomposing, blood drying, and phlegm crystallising. Sunshine today is bright enough that the exposure point would gleam a glorious light. Most of my walk is lost in these thoughts, and suddenly, there is no clear track before me. Was I the first to make the walk today? Didn't the others collect food in the morning?

A lump of blue, purple, and brown writhes. A regurgitation begins, and the lump grows, hacks, and in a pool of yellow and white slime, a

shiny black bead is produced. But there is no end to this metamorphosis, and the bead sticks out a needle, and another one, rolling each point in the air. The lump that was multi-coloured pales, and I wonder if Holi celebrations started early. Perhaps it played in the festival and is now rubbing powder back into the soil. There is absolute silence, and in the courage of quietude, I move closer. Another bead is revealed, not disembodied but lying firmly attached to an intersection of blue and brown on the creature. My eyes move in zooms, and I wonder how I can adjust the lens of my cornea to see a larger image.



But these are the perils of insecthood, so I stay in hyper-focus, trying to arrange the close-ups like a puzzle piece.

It is a bird with an eye that watches me. I know it can eat me if it likes, drown me in the depths beyond its beak, or rip my body until it leaks a

juice. But it doesn't move. Slumped in the dirt, it heaves with such grace that I feel the tender urge to crawl up to it, to wash off the colours that it encountered. So, in the throes of complete and utter free will, I draw even closer, near enough that the needles in the air resemble legs, and the bead below takes the shape of a round beetle—flattened and crushed in places where the bird's body has moulded it, flattened and crushed like the assemblages I admire that guard this path.

I do the only thing I know best, I set off to work. Using the liquid that was thrown out of the bird, I try and clean its feathers. This is no easy task. The bird breathes and throws me off my balance, the saliva is congealed, making for an ineffective detergent, and the sight is so vivid that the film in my throat pulses. I scrub, but nothing comes out. I try a different spot, but no luck. I crawl to the top of its head, the most dangerous place to be—one flick and I'm down, but all that emerges is dust. The bird has stopped moving. All my legs are covered with the same dust, primed in place, and the sight horrifies me. I crawl back down and find it very difficult to do so.

A picture finally comes to me. An Indian Roller and a common beetle almost touch each other. Complete stillness. The fragrance comes once more, too strongly, and I bow my head down. It is too difficult to swallow; my throat has layers of jelly, of film that I know to be a deep stench. With all the force I can muster, I gag. Still facing the dust below, nothing comes out. The sedimentation must be too deep, too well-defined, for me to produce vomit. An urge overcomes me. To cut my throat across and open, like the trunk of a well-lived tree, like the cross-section of these heaps. I want to stay alive to count what I see inside my body, but I hope that the next one who follows will find it instead.

Another big heave, and nothing is produced. I know that there are many eagles above, they swarm the land, but they don't droop down to these depths. They stay on the surface, picking the fresh waste. This is the space of the old, of the true garbage. Big heave, I try and push myself out of this body, out of the ancient dust, of the never-decaying silicon, of the vibrant synthetic—not even a trickle. So the bird's corpse must help me, and dangling off its open beak—its eyes that now mean nothing more than a bead—I swing myself across the sharp edge, aiming my throat for the piercing point.



Rooted

Ankur Jyoti Saikia

Every turnip is a beet
every carrot is a radish
every sassafras, a licorice
every root is an anchor
skillfully cast by
some senile seaman
for that born of a woman
to pry it out for relics
to pry it out to relish
to pry it out and perish

Sunrise

Ward Henderson

Slowly awakening powers
Filter down, incandescent,
Burning brightly, igniting
The fires of the mind.
Dawn comes to the troubadour.
Lonely on the hillside.

Wash me away
Down your mountainous stream
With the minerals and soil,
Down past the cliffs and to your valleys,
Into your lakes and oceans,
Where I may return
Into my youth.

Wash me away
So I may break on your rocks;
I've been heartbroken so many times,
I'm used to the pain.
Twilight advances;
Wash me away.





A short love poem to a lonely AI

Ian

A bird interrupts me
and I remember thinking
"How do I fly like this?"

MOBILE CABIN: 7

Alex Prestia

When you're woken up at 7 under tall pines, make a strong cup of coffee, and hit country roads with the windows down. And Willie Nelson comes on and you're sort of crying but don't know why, and everything is too beautiful, like that willow hanging down over the road, or cows in the pasture all brown, or two old ladies talking at the ends of their 100-yard driveways.

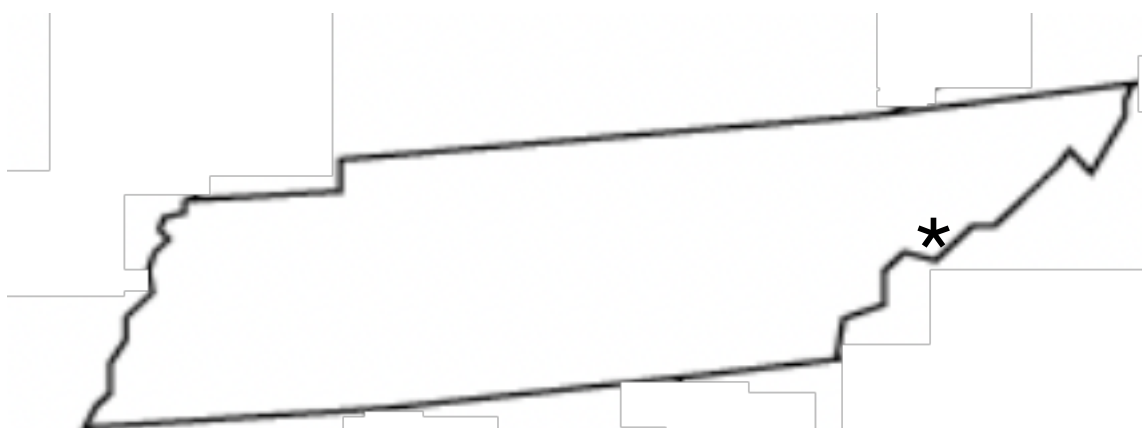
One time, I think in Louisiana, I pulled over, ~~because it was so much all at once I couldn't~~ didn't want to drive for a sec, I wrote the kitchiest poem of my life:

Promised Land

Pull out of one forest
on the way to the next
and this song comes on
and I'm crying tears of joy
and I think I hated this country at one point
but that wasn't true
maybe I hated an institution
but the land is right
the land is right

And you know what? I like that poem.

It's nice and I like it, and that's ok sometimes. That's enough.



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“dead meat” by anonymous

“the poem I never wrote for you is dense” and “I kept your note unopened”

by Emily Kay MacGriff

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“B-movie” by Christian Ward

“Creatures Of The Trash Mountain” by Mahika Dhar

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“Rooted” by Ankur Jyoti Saikia

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“Sunrise” by Ward Henderson

“A short love poem to a lonely AI” by Ian

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edited, “Mobile Cabin: 7”, and AI art

by Alex Prestia

(always fiction)