



dus k

Sofia Zilberbord

before punching the air
get to know the place
do fish also say goodbye before parting their ways?
be silly and be good and be famous
coo-coo!
grapple to erase
unfortunate, bleeding jest

soulmates:
we/re meant to eat French fries from each other's plates

it was hot. I missed them.

go, bestie!



design me chaos

Diem Okoye

My desk is covered in papers, half-finished projects and half-through prototypes that I swore would no longer be needed. A pile of bold designs and sketches and notes, mostly diagrams and blueprints, made with colored pencils and markers. Each is in a clear plastic sleeve with a label, a name and a date.

From the edge of the cliff, bits of granite managed to cling to the edge. The movement must have been gradual, perhaps during the night. Or maybe during the day.

It's muffled, but I can tell it's the sound of the hammer ringing against iron, and the metal itself heated up to a deep red.

The rhythmic ticking of a mechanical pencil. The scratch of the paper. The rattle of loose pencils. The whirl of a fan.

A shifting breeze whispers through the trees and rocks, the sound of fluttering leaves, a cricket chirping, leaves rustling, the steady sigh of ocean waves.

The design dazzles like the merest of pinpricks in the gloom.

A set of design specs printed on a post-it note floats through the air, landing onto the floor. The note reads: "Build a city for 5,000 people in a week. It can be the same size as a grocery store, or maybe a little

bigger. No walls, just open space. Respect the town, but don't use the same design twice. Craft a city in a week and make it your own."

I could make a universe out of any design. This included: a spaghetti all' arrabbiata, a vase that, if filled with blueberries, looked like a still life of a blue plate of Dover sole, a dumbbell-shaped fish chart, and a series of blue-colored mathematical symbols corresponding to a Fourier table.

A week after the note, the room is cloaked in an odd smell, like chlorine and rubber, like a swimming pool on a hot summer day.

My city had a capital and provinces, parishes and a Vatican, an orange planet and many sullen moons; it was systemic and it was complete. I was going to do the installation of a vortex, but this was immediate. *Pile chaos into a design as if throwing a handful of spaghetti onto a plate.*



“cope”

Hark Herald

like reeds, parting
like anything born thin enough to shiver
put like with like
and put it to the river

The Fishermen of Brahmaputra

Shamik Banerjee

Gently, o' so gently, from o'er the iron brig,
Comes the foremost sunrays, waking each bud and sprig,
The chief of the fisherfolk, then sirens with a horn-
'Now we must go a-fishing, the Golden Hour's born'.

They beload all their canoes, with trawls and fishing poles,
And skiffs with the long dragnets, then each to river rolls,
And to drive on its water as if a circle's made,
At whose centre, on wavelets, is the aurous sunglade,

Brahmaputra keeps flowing, the roads are sleeping yet,
Brahmaputra keeps glowing, in it is cast a net,
From a boat at a distance, is sudden heard, 'Ahoy!'
Two drafts a fishman caught to, sell to the hoi polloi.

When it's Six in the morning, then it is mining time,
The river is the goldfield, when Sun does slowly climb,
The fishermen are miners, who patiently await,
To find the gold called 'fishes', wielding a tool called 'bait'.

By when it's nearly Seven, fish have they lots in hand,
Fold up the awash fishnets and sail their boats aland,
Take them to the riverside, and secure in a row,
Slinging the bags in back they, to the fishmarket go.

Brahmaputra is flowing, Sun will be soon up high,
Brahmaputra is glowing, blueness will flood the sky,
The Golden Hour's ingress, a magic does impart-
The men and boats' silhouette in sun, as if a painter's art.



Mime

Salvatore Difalco

Poor frail leaf
far from branch

wee we fly wind tore *me*,
echo bore me *wee*.

Whirly flight *hit* me
shunting valley self over.

I go thus we all go,
where green goes

we flowers go
we flower folks.



Random Melodies

Ali Ashhar

Sitting aside the bank of brook
I notice a turbulence which
flows under the guise of silence;
I recall my life flowing the same way,
it has been a decade since I started
speaking the loudest language—
silence.

The horizon displays a melange of colours;
it makes me manifest
different stages of my life...
meanwhile, the sun sets over the horizon,
the chirping birds head over to their place,
serenity engulfs the layers of earth
to welcome the gracious presence
of moon;
the moonlight touches my soul,
and sheds light on the darkness within
as I strive to accept the random melodies
of my life
in the same manner as the perseverant brook.

standing
at the end of the rainbow
committed to love
a little pixie dust
and warmth

Paul Callus & Christina Chin

staking a claim
in the garden -
a robin's song
cheerily rises
and falls at dawn

Paul Callus & Christina Chin



Cairns, afternoon

Jack Norman

Was that someone calling my name?

No.

Just a bird or a child somewhere.

Caw, caw, caw.

Ha, ha, ha.

Jack, Jack, Jack.

MOBILE CABIN: 9

Alex Prestia

I reached the summit. West Spanish Peak, Colorado. Cloud gray cloud coming in fast. I can't catch my breath. That's lightning, can't catch me. Not here, alone. Lightning would win. There's no trail. There's stone size rocks all bunched together, can't climb down, can twist an ankle. There's large patches of virgin snow. An idea, I sit on the snow, slide down. Damn, hail? Large, cute bits of hail. Doesn't feel dangerous. Thunderclap. Ok, dangerous. Sliding down is working. Those groundhog looking things I saw on the way up are gone. Me too, me too, I'm off the face and on the trail.

The hail turned to snow which covered the trail. I can read the switch-backs. East is Cordova Pass and my truck. My poor truck, she's wet and cold I bet. My clothes are wet, but I'm not cold and if I keep moving and change every piece as soon as I get back to my truck then I won't be cold. But I can't stop- thunder lightning less than half a mississippi. But I'm under trees. It would hit the trees first. I've got a lot riding on that. I don't have a choice.

I wish I could own this place. I wish I could harness and be mountain energy always. I think a mountain lion is following me, I have no evidence to back that up, but I stop every once and a while, look back, and wave my arms. I made it to the truck. I'm staying in my coldweather-heavy-bag and reading genre fiction until tomorrow morning. I wish this forever.

I jumped ahead to OKC while eating a Grand Slam with my first cell service in days. Matched a 21-year-old latina. And we're getting tacos from her favorite truck (she says that is not cliched; I shrug), and she shows me her favorite spot next to the river to look at OKC. OKC is sort of pretty from this angle and she is pretty from every angle and we

we make out in the makeshift bed and smoke weed and I don't put my hands anywhere I shouldn't and I take her home pretty late and she says tomorrow she wants to see the hotel room and not go home and tomorrow comes and she doesn't go home and we hold tight.

She mentions this lake that she tans by during the summer. She's 21. She's going to have it all this summer. I'm back on the road. I want to own her, but she's 21 and she deserves the lake and the sun and the freedom and I'm back on the road.

There's a trailhead on Cordova Pass that says "Trail closed because it runs through newly purchased private property." I hate that. Mini-mansions dot the mountain road. Sewage, and electricity, and new money. Who are you to own a mountain; who am I to own anything.

url: minimag.space
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
discord: https://discord.gg/guHSz8pH
substack: minimag.substack.com

“dus k” by Sofia Zilberbord
Insta: @s.zilberbord

“design me chaos” by Diem Okoye

““cope”” by Hark Herald
Website: <https://forms.gle/ja5DS67986R51z8N8>

“Random Melodies” by Ali Ashhar
Twitter: @AliAshhar11
Insta: @ali_ashhar1
Book: Mirror of Emotions (<https://linktr.ee/aliashhar>)

“Mime“ by Salvatore Difalco
Book: The Mountie at Niagara Falls
(<https://www.anvilpress.com/books/the-mountie-at-niagara-falls>)

“The Fisherman of Brahmaputra” by Shamik Banerjee

“*standing...*” and “*staking a claim...*” by Paul Callus and Christina Chin
Paul Callus
FB: facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001997509815
[Poetry Soup Profile](#)
Twitter: @CallusPaul
Christina Chin
Twitter: @Christina_haiku
Insta: @Christina_zygby22
Book: for dreams take one space capsule (<https://ko-fi.com/s/0f986abc30>)
Website: <https://christinachin99blog.wordpress.com/>
Blog: <https://haikuzyg.blogspot.com/>

“Cairns, afternoon” by Jack Norman

edited, “Mobile Cabin: 9”, and AI art
by Alex Prestia
(fictioned)