

miniMAG

issue53

pillow prince(ss)



1

Ayla Bayli

I miss your voice for hours after the call
it rings down the empty hallways
Echoing until the voice becomes a scream and walls melt into my fears

Too busy to pick up the phone and say...

What will I even say?

That I miss you so much my heart shatters at every thought of a hug

That the void between us is growing like an endless vortex

Pulling me in and
spitting you out

That there are brand new pieces within me and I want to flaunt them to you

Like a new shiny necklace

begging for a compliment

But I know you never liked gold and

money is better when it's saved

And my time is better spent without you

Anyways

One day of stoic silence

No calls from you

Got me pulling my hair and screaming through the roofs

The drug wears off by second day

there is bubble of laughter as I forget what you sounded like

What was your angry huff?

The vibrating sigh of disappointment

Stomach dropped from the guilt

Was there even a laugh of yours I could remember?

There is calmness in the calamity you brought upon me;

disguising it with the hollows of your heart

Sputtering out that only I can cure your sorrows

But I am merely a toy that you borrowed praying for serenity in the darks of your mind



Cigarettes

Diem Okoye

In the morning, she stayed in long after I left, and settled on the bed with sumptuous scrolls of manuscripts and sheets of lined paper. I'd turn back in confusion to find her fingering each page and puffing away at the end of a fat menthol cigarette. She'd been writing poetry, prose, and stories, and had a modest but impressive list of publications. I scooted around to her other side, wet and desperate for sex, but she handed me a book inscribed with her own name in a cigarette print. It was her first collection.

I'll read it one day.

Gluttony

Elizabeth Gade

I am a glutton
for
punishment

crammed my mouth
full
of all the lies
you told me

beat into me

only to be left
choking
on my own
self-worth

*hungry for me
more*

why am I always
left

wanting

that's not my
appetite
it's insatiable

that's a black hole
inside of me
that obliterates
love

and all sense
of self-respect

your last parting
gift



The Match

Otto

Mary stormed the darkly lit flat. Joe slouched on the sofa, vacant, eyes on a polaroid on the table. In the kitchen across maggots paraded over shawarma.

“Enough already, they fucking deserve each other.”

Joe flicked his cigarette at her.

“Poor aim, that.”

Mary lifted her skirt, wiggled out of her thong, and crouched. Strong yellow current drowned the photo. “You really should drink more water.” He couldn’t help grinning. Mary’s eyes sparkled and Joe recalled how they ran from the police on their first date. He ogled her and she came to straddle him.

“Taught you anything did she?”

Spooky Music

Howie Good

I feel the tingling in my chest that usually signals the onset of a panic attack, but instead your nakedness spills like a crackle of lightning across the sheets, and I'm suddenly alive to the difference it makes and why otherwise buildings would collapse and the heretical would recant their heresies, there would be shocking new twists to ancient myths, burned vehicles along the highway, and the patron saint of shopping mall Santas, accompanied by spooky background music, sucking at Christ's wounds, and first thing in the morning, too.

Love Hurts

Howie Good

Sometimes I think I must have imagined it. It was like one of those direct-to-video action movies with Bruce Willis or Nicolas Cage – blah blah, pow pow. We tugged at each other, tumbled against each other, sucked, rubbed, writhed, moaned. I was bleeding so severely afterward, my bottom lip split open, my eyebrow practically torn off, that I almost passed out. Instead, I knew without knowing how I knew that all things were the same thing to the dark.

A Lucky Meeting

Quentin Swarth

All my life to relax I played video games. Today I turned thirty. My circumstances are unimportant, just know that I made a few lucky investments many years ago and bought a beautiful house in El Paso. With the way in which I live I shouldn't run out of money until I die.

I'm ashamed to admit that a few years ago I grew tired of gaming. I've been living my life browsing YouTube and scrolling through Twitter and random Discord servers, just rotting away in my gaming chair. There were a few periods that I attempted "self-improvement", I read the usual self-help authors, began to work out, learned to speak Spanish, and I actually tried to interact with the world around me. These periods would last at most a few months, and then I'd fall back into my normal lifestyle. Nothing had the allure that gaming had when I was young.

A year ago while browsing YouTube I stumbled across a video series where a guy films himself prank calling prostitutes all around the world. I remember that those videos got removed from YouTube, but the idea stuck with me. I began to prank call whores myself.

For the first couple of months, it was pretty tame. I'd call up a big black bitch and tell her that I wanted her to come over (black prostitutes always got the angriest). She said when and I said later that night, then I'd stutter and ask her if I could make sure of something real quick. She told me sure baby or sometimes sure honey and I'd tell her that my wife and son would be home. She would start to back out,

but I'd tell her that my house is big and usually that would make her calm down. She would ask what I wanted to do, and I told her that she would be with my son. I'd create different disabilities and deformities that my imaginary son would have and tell her she would be taking his virginity. Usually that would set her off, but sometimes she would be receptive to the idea. That is until I told her that my wife and I would have to supervise. I'd have to pull my phone away from my ear the screams got so loud. I came up with other pranks and stories, but they aren't important.

Eventually I started to get brave. The regular prank calls weren't doing it for me anymore. I began to get escorts to go to different locations, believing they would be meeting me. A few times I'd call Latina whores up and tell them to meet me on the corner of S Oregon and E 9th. If you're not familiar with my hometown, and usually these women were new to town fresh from across the border, then you wouldn't know that the ICE offices were right across the street. If you tell some money-hungry Latina whore to meet you midday on a street she'd normally show up. Slowly drive down the street and call a tip in and watch the chaos ensue.

Lately I've started to call two escorts and lead them to believe they will be meeting me at a nice Mexican steakhouse downtown. I make reservations 2 weeks in advance and I tell them on the phone that the other girl would be there and to sit together and order. I watch them eat while enjoying my meal. Usually they order the most expensive bottle of wine in the restaurant and become quick friends over it. I eat slow and watch them and as they finish their meal they begin to look around anxiously. After 30 minutes a scene occurs and the police show up. That is how it normally goes, but tonight one girl blew me off and only one girl showed up.

Long brown hair and pale skin with freckles dotting her face. She dressed modest and classy, in a long red satin dress and heels, and every man in the room turned to catch a glimpse. While she was led to the table, the mariachi band began to play a cover of Juan Gabriel's *Hasta Que Te Conocí*. She sat down and waited. Every 5 minutes or so the waiter would come by to refill her water and ask her if she was ready to order. She told him that she was still waiting for someone and continued to wait patiently. An hour later, a waiter asked her if she was still waiting and she sighed and admitted that she was about to give up.

The waiter sat down and told her that his shift just ended and that he'd love to eat with her. I watched them leave together.

The steakhouse grew wise to my antics, every time something crazy happened I would be dining there, so I was forced to choose different restaurants. This pattern would repeat and restaurants began to share my picture around. When Chili's began to ban me, I knew my game was over—at least in El Paso.



V

Ayla Bayli

Roses are red like the blood
Dripdripdripdrip dripping
From your nose
Cupids bow a is a grail of life
As violet blue tongue smears it
Like a perfect lipstick

Flowers! Colors! Rhyme!

Oh look now I'm crying
Dripdripdrip dripping
Your cupids bow; my grail of life
Salt and metal
All yours
All mine

Red violets Blue roses
Fake the prose
Love the process
Forget the flowers
For getting the girl
Forgive the heart for leaving the soul
Forget me nots whither away in the corner
Where sun is yellow
Sky is blue
I think i fucking hate you
At least thats always true

Hecate

Alex Prestia

caution tape around a bubble tea shop.
i haven't been this excited since you unblocked me,
messed that you missed me, and i responded,
“k”

she's a great photographer;
i hate everything she makes.
dated a bad photographer;
i was nonplussed about what she made.
you're a bad actor; i'm nonplussed by the tears.

we tested the eighty-year-old banister on new years. there are four different
universes where we fell to our deaths as we roughly kissed. now we're in
the reality where i moved across the world just to kiss girls that look like
you and pretend i wasn't in your palm.

that's just one of your heads.
i'm better at ignoring the pretty one,
all day i listen while
being somewhere else.
real love, really love, reallly loooovveeeee
really lovely .gif of you pinching my cheeks

you woke me up with sex and i put on a shirt, as you got dressed for work,
and i fell back to sleep, and my hair is still short, and you filmed me with
your hand on my cheek. 给你好便宜, 谢谢mami

third head?
there is a third.
but you always hid it
cleverly capsizing my wanton dreams
me horny, you bored, you bored, me horny
horny bored

there's this park bench, we're both 18. you stifle me. it's hotnighttime,
there's a pond and crickets, and you stifle me. i figure if it's not here now,
it's nowhere ever. so i leave. make my own chaos, thx.



Lovers

Shivalika Agarwal

Desperate for heroism,
we landed into a vicious cycle
of villainous love.



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