

miniMAG

issue63

abstract emojis





**I was dreaming
when I realized we were not compatible**

Zoe Davis

Your fingers morph into bananas
A bunch of five
Beauty marks punctuate
Yellowing hide
Nails breaking into darkened stalks
Waiting to be peeled
One already split revealing more skin beneath
Ripe new digits
Growing inside like some strange fruit
Layers I did not wish to disturb
Yet felt compelled to aggressively
Yearning to discover something different within
But it was always you
Never quite ripening
Never quite able
To simply grasp
 my hand.

The Weight

Jon Doughboy

For my monthly lunch date with my mother I bought a new short sleeve chambray shirt, blue with fake wood buttons, feeling handsome, feeling cute. Met at the Outback. She said the color was nice, the collar too wide, and that I needed to lose ten pounds. I ordered a salad.

I avoided her for two months. We met again. Same shirt, same Outback. Except I'd lost twelve pounds. I told her.

Ten, she said. I said you needed to lose ten, dear.

But I lost twelve.

I meant ten in your face, she said, pressing her own jowls to demonstrate.

I touched my own face, the weight of it. Kneaded my cheeks with the heels of my palms only they weren't just my cheeks but my childhood my history my hopes and fears and life, the puffy flesh of the human condition. This, I said, raising my voice, this you can't lose.

The waiter arrived. A welcome interruption. My mother batted her lashes at him and ordered a soup. Me, I turned my sad face to him, crease-worn, disappointed and disappointing, and said, I'll have the steak.

Who-ever liked the idea of glass slippers
never knew a glass girl; never watched
her brittle physicality fracture and leave
cracks crossing her translucent frame
in spider-webs woven with pain
nor caught her as she unbalanced
just stopping her from shattering
because when glass breaks
it cuts.

Who-ever liked the idea of glass slippers
never was made of glass; never had to
ignore their own fragility and look away
as thin fissures made their way through
their form and blood came frothing from
lungs crushed to a pile of glass dust
nor tried to lie and conceal: all in vain
because when glass breaks
it shows.

Whoever liked the idea of glass slippers
never had a glass heart; never felt it break
shatter within a glass rib cage and then
tried to glue it together with ponies and roses
and bits of thread spun with frangible fingers
even though bits always had to be missing
and the pieces could never be right
because when glass breaks
it hurts.

Emma Butcher



Where should I place my Anger?

Amy Gillies

Where should I place my anger?

When it can no longer be contained inside of my body

It has been writhing under my skin searching
for release and recognition

How can energy that has been compressed for years

Be dispersed without collateral damage?

Can it manifest anywhere without appearing as irrational?

Should I hide it within the tea pot

That was handed down from my great grandmother?

The one we only use at Christmas

I doubt anyone would notice

Maybe once my rage can no longer be confined

The spout will scream on my behalf

And someone will finally hear it

The Ugly

David Herod

You woke the ugly again. It was a normal day, a boring day, until you saw its shadow in the crack of someone's frown. That brought it back with a rattling of chains over the chest you kept it in, shaking off rust like dander so that you tasted the oxidation — the blood. The smell that always comes before it takes you.

Then you're not here anymore, you're there. The ugly place. The place where you stuffed a mountain of ugly into a thimble; that's where it lived all this time. But you never left the ugly place either, not really. It's best to forget, and the best you get is to forget.

Forget until you see its shadow again, and then you're five years old, or maybe twenty-two, looking up at the ugly thing for the first time. Forever, and forever again.



Peter Thiel's Boyfriend Kills Himself

Hark Herald

eye sloe
broughted him over
love in the morning
with the perfect golden bridges
 you must build for your enemy to retreat over

in life, she was a boy beloved,
an intimate of heeled things:
shoes, and hounds, and hands,
and wrestlers, and bows, and bread,

fucks you so that you stay fucked
forever. kills hisself
in the spring
with the birdsing

 birdgone
 with three anna half drake song

so unsparing like
maybe i am going to put you in my oven



The Winter Came with the Giant Fist

Reznov Tarkovsky

The winter came with the giant fist
Left my body with fresh blood
Sad just liked an expired cheese
And belly wanted a decent food
But everything was frozen
Bread stayed under the snow
I could only sing with a sorrow
Felt tired and slowly rotten.

He Is Not A Home!

Sandy Ruiz

Did no one tell you?
A person is not a home—
faulty walls cannot be stabilized,
broken glass cannot be glued,
remodels do not eliminate the foundation.

He is a river that flows through women,
currents flow beyond bedded rocks,
treading you inside.

He has a heartbeat,
but it is not under your lock and key.

Plant your roots within your soil—
you are your house and home.



Why Some People Struggle During the Rain

Kushal Poddar

No longer I walk in the rain,
rather I amble farther inside me,
through the uneven plains,
odd palisades.
I stumble. I bleed.
Rain meets a corrugated fall.
The tin shade says,
"If it bleeds it is alive."

THE REVIEWS ARE IN!!!!

THE CRABS ARE OUT!!!!

>>

Anonymous

09/13/23(Wed)13:53:19 No.22487667

>>22487737

>>22487656

The fact that you were so mad you felt the need to correct the price makes this even funnier.

>N-No! We're not that greedy! We're only asking for \$11.99!

>

Anonymous

09/13/23(Wed)14:16:40 No.22487759

>>22487848

>>22487730

>\$14

I made that post as a joke. I thought they'd price it something reasonable, like \$4-\$5. You have to be shameless to charge that much for something that wasn't even properly edited

>

Anonymous

09/13/23(Wed)14:18:07 No.22487770

>>22487784

>>22487737

It's 8.99

>

Anonymous

09/13/23(Wed)14:22:59 No.22487784

>>22487770

13.99 for me unless this is cause my state has weird taxes? I dunno how amazon does the price for books

>>

Anonymous

09/13/23(Wed)19:47:23 No.22488922

>>22488910

Sorry I'm too busy reading Heckin Real Witch to bother with this foolish slander you're accusing me of. Luckily my \$20 premium copy of Tales of the Unreal: Vol. 1 No. 2 will arrive next week

buy it here:

<https://a.co/d/evaPvzP>

No2
TALES OF THE UNREAL



url: minimag.space
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“I was dreaming when I realized we were not compatible” by Zoe Davis
Ko-fi: <https://ko-fi.com/meanerharker>
Twitter: @MeanerHarker

“The Weight” by Jon Doughboy
Twitter: @doughboywrites

“Who-ever liked...” by Emma Butcher

“The Ugly” by David Herod
Substack: [Tooky’s Mag](#)
Twitter: @TookysMag
Youtube: <https://m.youtube.com/@tookysmag>

“Where should I place my anger?” by Amy Gillies
Website: <https://amygillies.com>
Insta: @amygilliesart

“Peter Thiel’s Boyfriend Kills Himself” by Hark Herald
Website: <https://forms.gle/ja5DS67986R51z8N8>

“The Winter Came with the Giant Fist” by Reznov Tarkovsky

“He Is Not A Home!” by Sandy Ruiz
Insta: @sandy.ruizdiazz

“Why Some People Struggle During the Rain” by Kushal Poddar
Books: https://www.amazon.in/Kushal-Poddar/e/B07V8KCZ9P/ref=dp_byline_cont_book_1
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