



COLONY

Nazaret Ranea

Turn on the kitchen light,
and behold!
The bustling crowd
of thousands of ants.
Anyone else would have
called the exterminator
in the most irrational moment
of DISGUST and horror.
But I sat down
beside the spittoon, brimming,
and cracked open another beer can
as I watched them,
proud and amazed,
just thinking
that these thousands of insects
found life
among the rusty tins
in the pantry,
the rotting lettuce in the bowl,
and the millions of remnants
embedded like reliefs,
decorating the tile.
I sensed subterranean colonies
better organized
than any government
this planet
has ever had.
Hundreds of little ants

laying eggs like crazy
to bring more creatures
into the world.
And they will return to my kitchen
to clean out the cupboard.
Knowing that I am making way
for such an ensemble,
when others said
that so much accumulated filth
would eventually kill me.
How ironic is thinking that
me and my army of ants
are probably stronger
than all of them
put together.



Me When I

Tanisha Pearson

The knots in my stomach are hard and unforgiving. Hardening into stones and pinning me to the bed and not letting me move and do my homework. I can't stop thinking about the solo I have to perform in front of my entire choir class this Thursday and it makes me sick. I ate some (formerly) frozen pizza from a box (to make myself feel better) and I still feel like shit. I'm not a picky eater but it tasted like chemicals and plastic and plastic and I couldn't finish the crusts. The knot-turned-stone in my stomach is covered in plastic plastic pizza now. I still feel sick and sick and sick and I might throw up. I know it's not that serious—it's never that serious. But I got a sponsored ad for Shake Shack on my instagram today. They are watching me. It's in my palms it's on my tongue it's in my stomach it's plastered on my forehead (they all knew all this before I did). Oh god I can't escape. I am rooted to the bed. The end is near. Phoebe Bridgers herself told me

and I am vomiting words; blue ink spills out of me. Lines upon lines upon lines—it's relentless. I am purging runny, inky globs that were growing moldy in the deep deep trenches of my feet. I'm on my knees, praying to porcelain gods (I'm an obsessive devotee), please, please don't make me sing.



What They Won't Tell You

Samdy Ruiz

If love is too sweet, it will cause
toothaches and cavities.

Too sour, will curdle connections.

If tears drip into a flood, then
waves will crash you down.

Love is just as bitter as it is sweet.

Warning: check the scales, before
harm, obsession, or devastation.

BEAUTIFUL BREAKFAST

Dave Nash

I've been listening to the White Stripes since 3 AM waiting for you. I've been thinking about everything we did and can't find a note I'd change. I remembered that evening in Istanbul on that rooftop bar drinking raki, the milk for the strong, sweet anise. Do you remember how the setting sun looked back. Dolphins swam in the sea of marble while minarets stood silent until the morning call. Had the poison arrow shot through your heel by then?

We would come down in the morning to kahvalti - fig jams and eggplant spreads, cucumbers and tomatoes, samovar tea with you. You told me the difference between yogurt at breakfast and yogurt at dessert is another spoon of honey.

You said, *A crack in the vessel lets the other world shine through*. We found beauty in the tankers waiting in the sea with the dolphins. You showed me your city, its culture. Your roots, I adored. Being grounded gave me a sense of purpose I wanted. But we were buoyant too. We'd laughed later at the street hustler's pitch, *beautiful couple, come into my alley and let me show you my fish*, down the hill from the Hagi

Sophia. I looked for takeout while you laid down. I came back with the meze ingredients in a bag, stuffed grape leaves, tabouli, baba ganoush, all that.

A beautiful thing is never perfect; we found love, adventure, creativity through ad-libbed platters and courses. You taught me to slow down, take a different approach, any dining can be as fine as the company.

I said I'd write you poems about your pashminas. Instead I studied obituaries.

Meg White was easy to love because she'd run her course with Jack. We discarded him too. We'd discover new tracks but of old performances. There was comfort in their finality. There was awe in their minimalism. We found other guitarists; Burnside's jumper hanging out on the line with Benson's breezing affirmations. We'd always have Meg in the cold, cold night. Is that why I stayed up smoking incessantly on the fire escape tonight? Before you could answer, the sun rose over the harbor in my city, half a world away from those minarets calling out.

Inside, I rummage through the fridge – half a chopped cheese, olive dip, green tea. Kahvalti is ready. Come to me again.

Tangerine

Arun Malani

I yell at
My dad
Who washes and peels a tangerine for himself
But gives it to me
Tastes like candy
He says
Then he takes his vitamins
And drops the bottle on the floor.



WHAT... AND LEAVE SHOW BUSINESS...?

Anthony Acri

Part 1

7 MAY 2023.

There are times, Larry Olivier said , when the Gods of Drama, that Plautus or Zero mostel called Comedy and tragedy, do whisper in your ears. I place here that heard as ways do on the scurrilous liberal sights as opposed to middle brow fatsos taking junkets as that our Ring master Sorsos, jewish and Greek and all that Italian women with Vesta as opposed to transvesical charms, that hoisted Jews and wops running out here on Pariea , the word democrat mustn't be used, and all love cops and public safety they trump's gun violence, fair economics. voodoo robots, and I'll keep you safe, the cornerstone of any of Mussolini's New York times approved jails. Sometimes, the jovian lightning bolts hit the Bleak house and only a dilapidating, bumbling , Oldman Alter boy aging named Bill, or Guillermo minding the parties can hear or read it, as all the augers are spitting up blood, like the stuck pigs they killed, like grandmas, for no apparent reasoning. Sometimes, the bitchy Vestals rituals know that the winds will become a tempest and all the weathervanes with be useless as the non aquilas fowl atop them will snap in the rain. As I am sure uncle Joe goes against

whatever deal he made to be a Gallianus, a place keeper here, who him...and admit the Clintons were righteous, and even noble ...?

In the very day that afternoon yaks are saluting Tucker, who gave Rachel a job when no one else would, And Donny Lemons as a baseball capped kid I enjoy on the electric square calls him, I find it egregious that some Hazel from The Ponderosa, my knowledge of Persky and Denoff now eclipses my once heart held passages of the moral imperative that was Dante, as pop's hometown less new Rome than yet another Sicily to town reverberates with gunfire ignited and ignored now, I wonder as piglet hags on afternoon yaks, we weren't such a curia once, like five years ago before everything the Bushes hated the Romans for are acceptable between perpetual wars, I think that this piglet hag didn't so hate Fox and Tucker Carlson when he stupidly took the side of that crime families perpetual wars for which she had her an early window dressing conquesta for doing laundry and the dusting. On the day of the farcical day.

He still an understudy all along, praetor Baby Jane himself, old erroneous comes to now show Getting elected doesn't count, now he must get reelected, is he always more electable than Mario ever was...sell,sometimes the fates speak to the Beatles in the fields. THEY, whose eagerness as being the few Italian women who could write in the Constantinian gloom of a Jewish Hercules. Giving all women the slur Hags from their ability to hagiography, well.anyway I can digress. But in day our imperial undertaker still fights for the soul of America, as he did when he gave the eulogy for Strom, A dixiecrat who ran against FDR lest Jewey socialists take hold of the golden door, Henry Wallace must be stopped, Oh Merah, you didn't know, on this day I was the auger yet again when spoke of Wendy in the broken Anaheim, Azusa and Kkkkkooooohhhh- among piss stained felt and dancing Darth, and carnivals, insisted take this onto say as winner never cheats and a cheater must always win or else, that perfectly in tides and in time, Disneyland is closed. Don't forget, as my Ma warned me, when you can piss all over someone's greatest accomplishment, like Raising Kane or trashing the Sistine Chapel,it isn't hard for those goons to shit in your macaroni too...

I bet deep down we're all Palestinians to this guys assorted relatives... boy Jewvanals is on a tear, as good little Jewish imperial praetorian he

had away while Cuomo was marching all those Italian nanas to get a goon who called Mario Cuomo unelectable to blunder into power. BUT THEN, I the auger, I see the same end for him i saw for Andy and Chris, when i said Signora fortuna would get even with them, but if it's any condition I will just lay odds that Steverino's end is the worse one one of all. This segregationist now that bad third act you're stuck with, tried to take Mario's name off a bridge at that cesspool, but like his reelection con, cooler heads will prevail

I Notice that the comercial where good Jews and the mighty river said that it's okay that you Italian and jewish girls just have vestal mustaches as a given, we promise not to make fun promises you'd anymore, with incessant jokes on Lear's kingdom. Anymore, ah tin ears lent , it seems even gone from the big bang theory sewage...you tube keeps sending me dlc bullshit artists and lovely dark haired pretty girls who speak of the patrimony, one I watch, one is exposed but quick. Please nothing from socialists who sell their own t-shirts. But I think of my pop who, like your republic, died in 1985, and I had 35 years with Ma that princely heirs didn't. I knew woke was bullshit And my pop told me television, And movies was a puppet show without the Sicilian art, where they burned and tossed away their own puppets. What I started resenting about this spasm if decency early on , right after got a piece published called the Manzoni papers, hummmmmmn, was getting my Virgil admiring weblog and facebook page somehow censored before anyone for saying #repealandteplacolbert ,like this smarmy little smirking Paar bitch cant take a punch or at least a sneer. So I sent him my mas Romanesque bad wop voodoo and see that the Jew York times this very sunday is asking if teleprompter broken Floyd R Turbo will even be on the ticket, I realize once again I am the last Roman auger, and that as I said, there is a bulb in Colbert's vainglorious sign at the Ed Sullivan theater, when as the Lamppon said it isnt rented by CBS to the dying party ,lots of Yiddish theater saliva strewn screeching, and west side Tsaris, for every broken bra strap he and Loi—usss encountered along the way.

That latest Marvel has slud down to a lackluster barely three digit number taken in, which again, everytime the Disney freakatorium is underwhelmed, well, italian grandmothers uncried for while as certain goonies did their shows, onwards and upwards no matter what or who was dying, a segregationist needed a soft landing spot in our Airplane!

political lives, retrieved their there went Mister Jordan wings. With one magic word...not under that goon as nobody was saying the romans did not exists hen fatso was praetor, and there is Julia to report upon the latest mother killing family annihilator, which is in Romans lives to be fair, but is only off the grid and in the margins, like the black death itself in Boccaccio or that matter on ABC as we are told to cry for a man now who would be under a class a felony for having sold the Fentanyl poisons to children, that he was stupid enough to take whole and not mix with V-8. In the Roman lives I believe, a woman who despises Caesar and sees Pompey as the last vestiges of a un corrupt, untainted , untethered, unenslaved Roman state, like we feel about Trump, when not called traitors by a goon who lets Bud Mac Fairyland get away with saying I don't recall 154 times that was so egregious even usually down the middle Carson had to roll his eyes at the in the wings wrassling goon who was going to be praetor one day, whether over your grandmother dead body or not. The lover of Pompey. maybe really and truly so takes her own children and buries them in a well, drowning them like wayward cats, lest they have to live lives of not so silent aspiration under that man that Cato called a fictional character, a mask and a mantle and jar of cold cream that was all Caesar was, at night being taken off by the dreary little epileptic creep who played him to the tenth Row. And despite that appraisal, when told that Cato committed susicided while Caesar's own killers ate at his dogs dinners, Caesrr, fag he was at his core, burdt into tears, and yelled out , That means by now I am stick with the likes of you and pout out his pale sunhating hand at the over fed pigs who were nursing resentments already then, and which in their Roman spring will balloon to what Biden is facing about now as the NY tiems is waiting until SNL goes dark night, to announce, yes, Lucius, he is that hated man, and every rat is now jockeying to be second off the pier. Splaaash.

My elder brother flings a copy of a Shazam at me, he said seeing the girl with piercings there, who has been kinder to me than some goofballs, when went last, like after Ma went for god's sakes, he asked for the one with Fred MacMurry on the cover,nd she knew what it ment, not everyone is television illiterate enough to buy into Colbert and his cartoon colorama and his leaking Lena, And too, he bought me a issue of reprints that dc is trying valiantly to resell, as he thought it looked like the kind of Batman he recalled as a kid, the Dick Sprang type, more Adam West than american psycho. Stupidly, I asked him if

he got the free ones they supposedly give away now as they drown in muck and nicety, to which he waved it all off, I'm not taking any charity from these assholes he said, like Pop said, he said, never take free anything.

Well, as Ma would warn, Signora Fortuna has her say, and she hates a censor who thinks they can always get by by being cleverly mute. The Goddess that a lesbian well wisher was dumbfounded to think, despite



the hags about the coven who pretended to be ever so trite and spoke so longingly and devotedly of a Goddess somewhere out there, that intriguingly, requiring- ly, to her, I seemed to believe that. The shitty little programs starring shitty little men who thought politics was a perfect shtick, and who learned from dear Jon that television abhors silence, and nothing like having reduced politics to mere shtick, an applause sign always at the ready, these programmi have been shuttered and shut down. It's a show of solidarity with the union things with portofolio, the union brethren Jewish comedy writers get to be laboring no more than their father Carl Riener had to do. Like say, one shows their staff of writers, which is strange since I thought he just took tear sheets from the dLC, or whatever exists in its ruins , like chappaqua, although i recall as boy, JOHNNY, STILL THE LAST ADULT TO HAVE ONE OF THE BROADWAY OPEN HOUSES, would have Dick Cavette and Pat McCormic playing an even then passe nbc peacock in living color, which Colbert still has a habit on his back. Such a good liberal one can have been and be again, if they let you send youtube death threats against any and all asian coeds who might even whisper what right you have to in this Paddy nightmare to do Richard Liu, when everyone else must toe the fuckcing line and again

as always guess were the Romans Dragster appreciated that...? Something evil about this goon Colbert and to be fair to myself and somewhat like a Cowboy bullet proof to the goons and the idiots of various polish hills who never have to call their heroes rapist as Cowboys dont have to rape anyone, I dislike Steverino, our Buddy Sorell, our comic idiot and his I have a Tesla Big Sophie greenbawm sense of having made it in american dreams of a Phillip Roth imperium long gone away.

Maybe someday , as i have heard is his desire to ape Johnny and that Tonight show that they all resnet the drunk for squatting at, maybe he like Megan Kelly who spoke of black face instead of , you know, actually doing pity, which didn't bother the one fat black weatherman, he will finally leave the midnight snake at Tiffanys for a three latter network, certainly not Fox. He shows his devotion to his writers, at least two negroes, you'd think, like the Biden administration, who'd ever thought we'd be saying that when i was in middle school meeting Hodding Carter, so as no one recalls when Stevie was begging Leslie to not bring in a colored or a woman. He shows his AFL CIO, around too many jews, but a southern catholic to the end, devotion to the union label. Like say when a people who actually work for a living on the rails...still...?, were blockbusters and union busted and by imperial fair told they couldn't strike lest maon have to actually use the friends it says it has, and he showed his devotion last christmas by showing up to be given lace napkins at a state dinner of illegal and immorally chilled shellfish for the jewish governor of Gaul, right before his own descent into the abyss.

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK FOR THE THRILLING CONCLUSION...





url: minimag.space
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
insta: @minimag_write
substack: minimag.substack.com

“COLONY” by Nazaret Ranea
Twitter: @NazaretRanea
Insta: @nazareterreese
Website: nazaretranea.com

“Me When I” by Tanisha Pearson

“What They Won’t Tell You” by Sandy Ruiz
Insta: @sandy.ruizdiaz

“Beautiful Breakfast” by Dave Nash
Twitter: @davenashlit1

“Tangerine” by Arun Malani
Insta: @sunswallowr
Website: arunmalani.org

“WHAT... AND LEAVE SHOW BUSINESS...?” by Anthony Acri
Insta: @acrigola8
Website: <https://antoniusradiocomix.blogspot.com/>

edited and AI art by Alex Prestia