



miniMAG

issue69
leviathan

Dag Godol

Hark Herald

r u a hostagetaker
bby art thou a grudgeholder
is this prison full of rape

our god is a cute and brave god
dressed to nines in gaiac ten
now the lord provided a big fish
(lots of salmon / not much rushdie)
to deliver you from the rope
 i love my shame
 & won't let you take it from me

america will teach me how to behave

in the riceburning season
they flush the paddies out with mazut
and call it torcher

hope u know i can't control my friends
& won't be held responsible for them
cuídate flaca pls get home safe

hot spill of milk across stainless steel
like chewing silk, an okay meal
it's pro-ana for past lives, it's anticharity

surfacing from anaesthetic ocean
the percocet mere possibility
the angel takes one step on land
& east coast castrati have synced strokes
eunuchs passed out on the parquet
like they know Givi comin'
like they know Givi's on the way

THE RITUAL

Tyler Corbridge

The old priest was a bird. On that point the sisters agreed.

“His eyes are so far apart.”

“Like a pigeon.”

“No, not a pigeon.”

“Why not a pigeon?”

“A pigeon holds its head up straight. Father’s so bent his head is more in front of him than above.”

“Like a cardinal!”

“He wishes.”

In the silence that follows Communion, the old priest saw the girls’ mother give them each a flick on the ear and a hissing rebuke. He smiled. His father used to flick his ear in just the same way.

Ite Missa est. The ritual was complete.

The sisters raced each other for the door. When the last parishioner had gone, the old priest decided to write a letter to his brother, who died ten years before.

Do you remember when we broke into that old shed behind the Mandler’s home? Mr. Mandler was a taxidermist, and he kept his menagerie in that shed. Birds, cats, coyotes, rabbits. There was a

bighorn sheep's head. You took father's pocket knife and with the flat edge you pried out the dove's left eye. I always wondered why the dove.

I'm sure you haven't forgotten the beating father gave us when Mr. Mandler told him what you'd done. I am only a little ashamed to admit that it has become one of my happiest memories—the way you smiled when the eye came loose, the way you held it up for me to see, like you'd improved the dove somehow.

The old priest sealed and addressed the letter in a dijon envelope, then added it to a growing pile on the shelf above his journals. As he labored into bed, the old priest held one hand to his chest and said, “I am old,” and then, while he slept, he died.

But the old priest did not know he died.

In the morning, he woke to a timorous knock at his door. He rushed to answer in his bedclothes, saying, “Come in! Come in!” With



two hands he swept the sisters from evening mass into his room. They were small and quiet and watchful. They did not know why they had been summoned to the old priest's room.

“No doubt you are wondering why you have been summoned to my room,” the old priest said, and then, taking the letter opener off his writing desk, he put it into the elder sister's hand.

After helping the old priest to lie down on the floor, the younger sister held her hands tightly over his ears while the elder pried his right eye loose with the letter opener. When the eye was free, she held it up.

“It is good,” the old priest said, and then his body vanished so suddenly that the younger sister's hands clapped together where his wrinkled head had been.



babies' faces sunk gently in soft mud,
hit by a surprise attack
while crawling toward infinity

for black pines
to be green again
sunrise has to happen

lying in bed
body striped by sun's rays through the bars
serving ten years for manslaughter

Bible-thumper in the park
indifferent ducks
doomed to an eternity in hell

latest in mouse-traps
battered and bloody
the same old mice

John Grey

AND ANOTHER

Alan Berger

Just heard
Another friend died
About the same age as me
About the same size
Same color too
Now me and him blue

I wonder what does happen
When you die
Do you walk or do you fly
For the same money
I can believe in a happy eternity

I mean
Look what we go through
On this lonely planet too
We do our time
Outcome is never sublime
I'm thinking, oh well
We've already been through Hell

Algor

Carl Scharwath

Like a winter landscape fearful
Of revealing what lies underneath
And I-one minute
Adrift from myself.

Opening up to you
Is as easy as breathing
In the quest for completion
Of a new threshold.

Poetry is a constructed conversation
On the frontier of dreaming.
I cannot help but freeze
And scrutinize this ideology doctrine.



A TIMELY REPRISAL

Louise Dolan

Jane exhaled a puff of smoke when the back door squeaked shut behind her children. She read the Libra horoscope: *You are keenly aware of how the quest for justice often leads to injustice. And yet, you still try to make things right, a mission that will absorb some of your hours today.* Born on the cusp between astrology signs, she divided her day between them, saving Scorpio for later. Likewise, Jane split her time between two worlds, one that included people, and one that didn't.

As a sickly child, Jane had endured long days at home alone. Youthful myopia went undetected until a high school teacher exclaimed, "she is blind as a bat." Though joyful to finally see clearly through the thick glasses resting upon her slender nose, she harbored smoldering anger for her mother and older sister who had overlooked her oafishness.

She sipped lukewarm coffee and savored the silence. Her husband was out of town for the week. His welcome departure two days earlier, and suggestion that she *do* something about the cat in the basement, were all she needed to move ahead with her plans.

With an eye on the clock, she moved to the kitchen to feed the pets earlier than usual. The sound of the can opener brought the two

dogs to swirl around her legs. Grizzly, a feral male cat with piercing yellow eyes and a Mephistophelian growl who had joined their household uninvited, remained behind the basement door. Jane's mother had adopted the kitten while in Florida. She indulged the little orphan with home-cooked food, kitty toys, and a cushy bed. Growing to an enormous size, with sable black fur and ruthless, hunter's eyes, Grizzly never forgot his feral beginnings. During summer visits to Wisconsin, Grizzly scared the grandchildren and put their two dogs on alert. Jane stared icily at her mother's fawning and exaggerated affections for the twenty-pound panther. When Grandma downsized, she left the cat with Jane. Grizzly was banished to the basement, the steep creaky stairs, the fieldstone walls, and the underground cistern. Jane fed him only minimally, and propped open a foundation window, hoping he'd take off. The dogs stalked outside the door defending their turf with deep-throated growls whenever Grizzly climbed the basement stairs. His presence and the constant commotion disrupted everyone, but especially Jane who depended on the solitary hours to hear the dining room clock's erratic tick-tock, the creaks as the house warmed in the morning sun, and the three sharp chirps of the Tufted Titmouse announcing his arrival at the feeder.

Yesterday, Jane caught a glimpse of Grizzly while tending the laundry in the basement. His eyes glowed red from under the rusted oil drum, and he burbled an unearthly moan. She tore up the stairs, leaving wet towels behind, and propped open additional foundation windows to give him one last opportunity to find a new home. When he growled at the basement door earlier this morning, apparently too old and weak to escape, his fate was sealed. Now she spooned enormous amounts of



wet food and kibble into two dishes on the floor in the kitchen. Carefully stepping between her beloved dogs, she opened the cupboard above the coffee pot to reach for the prescription bottle hidden behind

the gin. Jane slid thick glasses down her nose to read the fine print. Warfarin, coumadin, a common drug used as an anticoagulant to prevent strokes, was an old country treatment for pest infestations. Her sister, a nurse's aide, had access to drugs at the local military prep school where she managed the clinic. With Jane's invented story about mice already coming in, suggesting an early winter, Nancy pilfered the Warfarin to hamper their seasonal assault.

Not as expeditious as rat poison, Warfarin usually cleared out a family of mice in a week. Needing a quicker result, Jane used her pallet knife to open numerous capsules, sprinkling the powder atop a shiny dollop of smelly cat food. She pushed the powder into the wet hash with the back of a spoon, adding another fat dollop on top to mask it. She washed her hands carefully and dried them on paper towel, using it to grab the bowl by the rim. Jane stood outside the basement door where Grizzly scratched more vigorously when he sensed her presence. Opening the door a crack, she slid the toxic food inside, then closed it against the bowl. Hoping to recover her cherished tranquility long before her husband returned on Friday, she placed a fresh canvas on her easel and walked outside to the garden, clippers in hand.

It didn't take long. By mid-afternoon, the howling had stopped. The dogs slept peacefully in their favorite spots. A glistening vase of Glorious Daisies and Queen Anne's lace dazzled in the afternoon sun. Jane dabbed at the paint on her palette, sipping gin absentmindedly from the blue enamel cup. Minutes before the kids arrived from school, she remembered the Scorpio horoscope, and reached for the folded newspaper. *Today, happiness is your own space, your own time, glorious solitude.*



The Voice

Juliette Sandoval

The dew of the morning
can be contrarian in blue powder,
and I am weary Of the Hour
when the truth will crawl forward
searching for new land to conquer
disrupting the peace of the desert's anonymity
where life can be sifted away in an instant
(This is a mirage and those are sand dunes)

Leaving fate open to the birds of prey
who by coincidence remember the cradle
and the incessant need for deepest water

In closest quarter I find the dreamer
who once on impulse swallowed the ocean
and I confess to him:

My heart is made of air
in vapor the depths hide
Pressuring sea glass into breaking

But If I were to get closer
I could catch the nightingale
who is emerging from the blue grass
Bringing to light a chance
Hanging on the line
Waiting

The Ballad of Bippy and Cole

Alex Prestia

Puddle

Puddle (Timothy lastnameredacted), sub, bottom, opens the hotel room's door dressed only in a pink jockstrap. "Good lil' bottom boi," Bippy pinches his cheek. Puddle smiles. Emasculated already by the fake-name and real credit card number provided by Bippy to rent the room. Emasculated already from the walk up to the reception desk, jeans and t-shirt on the top layer, pink jock and anal vibe underneath. By the time Bippy arrives, he's already in goodlil'bottomboi mode.

Zero resistance as she takes the large black dildo out of her attaché case. On his knees in front of the bed, he will please please please. Zero thoughts as she takes off her pants and panties, leaving on her oversized Led Zeppelin (II?) Tee. Zero thoughts as she runs the dildo over his lips, "Make it wet, honeyboi." Zero thoughts as she lifts the harness over her naked slit, screws on the dildo, and shoves it forcibly down his throat.

Struggles to choke out a "Thank you missssssss..." gag gag agagagag "tress". She slaps him across the face with the black plastic (silicon), no thoughts, shoves it back down his throat. This time, "Thank you, mistress." Correct. He smiles through the tears that wet his face. Just like a ghetto-gagged-slutttt. He smiles. Bippy strokes his chin, slaps his softboicheek, reinserts.

10 minutes? Time? Bottomboi's don't keep time, he smiles to himself. Face very wet from tears. Mistress controls time. Bippy runs the pseudo-cock across Puddle's happy, red cheek, "You better be thankful." Puddle the good bottomboi, the perfect bottomboi, the form of bottomboi, the definition: bottomboi: puddle: to be worshipped as a perfect bottomboi. Worshipped. bottomboigod. He gags. He wretches. Looks up into Bippy's bestial eyes. Smiles wet tears saliva smile.

Mistress overcome, animal, pulls Puddle up by his cute hair, pulls Puddle up and pushes to bed. Puddle knows what to do, how to bend back, how to position knees, how to be altar to Bippy Mistress Beast. Puddle knows he has a bubble-butt, makes up for shallow throat, he

waves flag in air, feels hard slap, groans, delight, heavenly, slap, groan, finger, pause for lube, up into waving flagholebubblebutt. Puddle unclenches fist, almost time, he's ready. Ready for sermon, ready to be worshipped, hits poppers in unclenched fist, feels the massive blackness go in. Feels everything, nothing, everything, pounding, gripping sheets, looks back, sees nothing but circle in center, hole, hole, filled, pound, back forth, to-fro-to-fro-tofro. Hand on neck, he is choked, choked god, yessssssssssssssssss, altar alter the altar, puts his



knees together, drops onto stomach, she's pushing her whole weight into his hole. He screams, good scream, he is filled, he lets out his filling.

Once a week, usually. Twice this week. Did she need something? Refractory period, Puddle can think for a bit. Can't tell yet if he is allowed to talk, wait for mistress to decide. She turns on the TV. After one session, turns on the TV. Disappointing beast; god needed more worship. TV is on HGTV, two twinks build house together. One may be god one may be beast; maybe they work together. The religious

ceremony came to such an abrupt ending but atleast the procession came, he is little spoon, she turns around now Timothy is big spoon. Not really what Puddle came her for; she must be having a rough week.

All day she is god on camera to so many simps and they beg to be her beast but know that they beg for what they cannot be by virtue of spending their day watching her livestream. Besides she does not need a beast, she doesn't not need further worship, them—she needs a god to worship, sometimes, and Puddle (Timothy) went to highschool with her and was popular when she was not and was on the football team when she was not on the cheer squad. She can worship him wholly. In a faded hotel room pretending that mistress is not now youtube promqueen.

God passively waits for more worship, but it seems the beast is worn out, feels bad, headache, cramps, something, feels bad, tells god (Puddle) to lay on side. Lubes up big black, now detached from harness, toys him with one hand for hours while he hits poppers and she watches Office reruns. “Thank you mistress,” sarcasticallyorgastically he whimpers she slaps him, lightly, and they fall asleep.





url: minimag.space
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“Dag Godol” by Hark Herald
Newsletter: <https://forms.gle/ja5DS67986R51z8N8>

“The Ritual” by Tyler Corbridge

“babies’ faces sunk...” by John Grey
Book: *Between Two Fires* (<https://amzn.asia/d/gbn1B9H>)

“AND ANOTHER” by Alan Berger

“Algor” by Carl Scharwath

“A Timely Reprisal” by Louise Dolan

“The Voice” by Juliette Sandoval
Insta: @rabbitsmoon24
Twitter: @rabbitsmoon24
Website: rabbitsmoon.hotglue.me

“The Ballad of Bippy and Cole: Puddle”, AI art, editing by Alex Prestia