

# miniMAG

issue 72  
early and bright





**“on the morning commute”**

Tohm Bakelas

the radio was off  
and i created a list  
of people i hate

Sitcom. So nice to sit. On the end of the  
Routine. Makes people happy. Work day is  
Complete. Colleagues are bitches. But my friends will  
Help. SOS'd and the airwaves responded. And said  
Sing. Theme song with a theme. Life is worth  
Living. Multi-camera set-up. Monica-purple is  
Recognisable. In cathode ray tubes. My brother found  
Peace. In a stack of videos. We used to  
Celebrate. Things that emit warmth. Video with  
Voltage. It lives for a long time. Through things like  
Haircuts. Flannel and Lakers. I was on  
Medication. So nice to cry. At the end of the  
Sitcom. Every Monday night. You and I can  
Smile. This is our helpline. This is where I  
Mourn. Need that love. Need that  
Life. Is worth living. When you actually  
Live. But I'm all Channel 4. Always into  
3AM. To relieve emptiness. Dream into the bad  
Movies. Brings many feelings. To see in alphabetical  
Order. Who do I thank? For making my favorites  
Kiss. I felt like I was being kissed. I felt like  
Heaven. The courage. To pretend life is  
Livable. People laugh. People  
Cry. But the next episode, they're  
Alive. All is forgiven. Back to the  
Beginning. Where character arcs expose. Truths about  
Friends. And social groups. And how dating is  
Difficult. To imagine life could be this way. Life could be  
Nice. So nice to forgive. Together we watch  
Sitcom. We are so grateful. Thank you for  
Sitcom. My favorite character never dies. He lives forever in  
Sitcom. Where hair is perfect. And I'll dream I'm alive in  
Sitcom.



## 睇路

Tim Yiu

上海有時也是不歡迎你的。

是日親臨「行政執法」場面，一人逆向行駛自行車被交警（還是輔警？）攔下，告知罰款五十後，擗車疾走，差佬（兩個）喝：誰讓你走的？而沒有奮身追捕。

愚以為差佬木然，因一，罕見拒絕執法者，不知如何應對，畢竟模範新聞報道「低端人口」如戴黃/藍盔者都乖乖交錢；二，自愧，畢竟初犯輕犯量最高處罰多少有些過分。

「誰讓你走的？」我倒很想問誰讓我停的。

我知大家都要營生盡孝，大環境咁曳，房地產爆煲，地方政府可能債台高築，有kpi，但向普通工薪市民開刀絕不可取。水能載舟，亦能覆舟。

你以為五十蚊事少，八院急診骨科醫生唔戴口罩仲好鳩屎：「你差那一百塊嗎？」你當然不差，有醫藥回扣，坐喺度踭踭腳lam水。

下次遇著類似情況，各位市民要小心，不逆行、戴頭盔、注意禁行標誌。然而有司咁割你口中的人民群眾韭菜，睇路。

## **Euphoria/Passion/Oneness/Madness—You Define**

Shamik Banerjee

Today my heart's amphetamine—it's pumping gold,  
Brown, amethyst and loganberry to the mind.  
Oh! you should see these quaint motifs that I behold:  
The particoloured lines and curls, so well-designed.  
I'm spellbound by an old montage, a Spanish kitsch  
Has dazzled me, a sophomoric joke has won  
My best guffaw; I am a bird: without a hitch,  
I'll leap from balusters to show how flying's done,  
I'll outperform Da Vinci's work, outclass his skill,  
You ask me any lexicon—French, Portuguese  
Or German; I will answer each. I sense the thrill  
Of being in some faraway land where the breeze  
Is mating with my diaphragm. Let's board a scow  
And make that legendary posture on its prow.

Each hidden beauty's rousing me for I can smell  
The fruity candy floss breath of some far-off girl,  
I can see her occulted parts and truly tell  
They're luscious, and if I drew them, she'd go aswirl  
On seeing her own shapes. Let me describe what's Pink:  
To board a pegasus and soar, to quaff the sky,  
Or to be flummoxed by each vision, then to think,  
"It is a flabbergasting art!", or simply lie  
Upon a bed and deem it heaven, to attract  
Your maiden with duende, then to wing aloft  
Through skies of joy and unite in that sweetest act

And radiate your brightest glisters on her soft  
And godlike skin; then to melt with the moaning night  
And to remain oblivious till the next light.

No wine on earth can make me sloshed for I am wine—  
I am its smoothness, I am insobriety,  
I am the world—all its impressive things are mine,  
And none can take hold of my grand commandery;  
But I'm an acolyte of Him, a weeper too  
When I glance at the Pietà; I feel Him near  
As if my home's Elysium, then every view  
Of this draconian existence: sorrow, fear,  
Wrath or tedium, evanesces. Freedom's come:  
It flows as narrow rivulets within each nerve  
Towards my cosmic ocean (soul) and I become  
His greatest Shakti dancing in its highest verve;  
I don't wish to be thrown back but to stay submerged  
Within this disembodied deep that life has surged.





## Church of Coffee Grounds

Alma Ariaz

Weekdays will shoot you out of bed  
With an intensity rivalling a shotgun's.  
Saturdays will have you rising,  
If only to greet whatever semblance of respite they timidly offer.  
But when you have no church to attend on Sundays,  
What do you get up for?  
Some of us improvise.  
Some of us make our own church,  
With its own obligations,  
Its own mass and hymns and seldom-fulfilled promises.  
I find my church in a cup of bitter coffee.  
I think, if I ever chose Church,  
That I would find my cup preferable.

**“broken shadow”**

Tohm Bakelas

lost wandering confused streets—  
the sun forgot to  
shine on me today

**“surely there must be a place”**

Tohm Bakelas

i want to live where  
the weather is a steady  
sixty-four degrees



## Mindful Conversations

Moineau Shin Binon

You think we're wrong  
The wasp whispers  
My breath says to your lungs  
Baristas switch shifts  
and I think we are waiting for  
flower buds to bloom, from  
buried beneath snow banks.

The Ballad of Bippy and Cole

Alex Prestia

# Silicon Lee

4:30AM: Wake up after the second 10 minute snooze interval, achieving the optimal 20 minute power nap on top of my exact 4 cycles of REM sleep

4:32AM: Write schedule for today: (1) third edit of the “Could bionic legs (from Jury Duty) actually work?” video, (2) make a thumbnail for said video—possibly a shot with him next to the brunette with a low-cut shirt to game the algorithm, (3) video call Cole about YouCon, (4) guest spot on ‘Dad Hacks by Hack Dads’ podcast

4:38AM: Brush teeth

4:40AM: Lather on zinc powder + vitamin C lotion formulated with 10 mg caffeine—the perfect face wash>idea: maybe collab with a beauty tutorial YouTuber for a skincare video (have to be careful, my viewers do not respond well to female voices/ pride month isn’t far away and I haven’t tested the water much with LGBTQQIP2SAA [note to self: lookup if the correct acronym is 2SLGBTQ+ or LGBTQIA2S+, I will not be cancelled over a trifle like this] representation) but with 95% male viewers between 25-35 it’s a risk + do I even know anyone from that part of Youtube>idea: maybe ask around/meet someone at YouCon

4:51AM: Breakfast = AG20 + 100 mg caffeine powder + 3 cups unpasteurized goat milk (note: check Athletic Greens contract—that sponsored series on hacking meal prep did very well, it’s time to renegotiate the deal) pour into Ninja blender and start the coffee (naturally processed Ethiopia Longberry SOE run through an Aesir filter> idea: should I make an indepth coffee video? It’s difficult because that subreddit is very serious and the resulting comment section would be a minefield)

4:56AM: Today’s Morning Shake Chug Time: 5.33 seconds, subpar, back when I made the speed drinking videos I was at 3.5 seconds per pint of viscous fluids

5:00AM: I perfectly timed the coffee today. YouCon is in two weeks. It wasn’t as fun last year. It’s always the same people, or new Tik-Tokkers who basically speak a different language. Did Cole buy

floor-passes or get gifted them? I need to touch base with him. Southwest app shows my itinerary is well sorted out; hotel is green (is there anything else worth talking about in the travel space that would make for a decent, monetizable video? Maybe make a content deal with Kayak.com or something like that, it's worth looking into). Cole is driving all the way to YouCon. 10 hour drive. I've never done more than 6 in a day. Is that a possible video? Amphetamines vs caffeine vs taurine for long drives? I'd have to do multiple long drives to make the video good.

5:04AM: Coffee's cooled down to a sippable heat. Scrolling X to make sure I didn't miss anything last night. Real drug use would get me demonitized. Adderal is pretty legal though. What are the community guidelines for taking prescription drugs on YouTube? Meth and Adderal are chemically almost the same thing. It's all just chemicals, anyways. Imagine driving 20~30 hours for a content strike.

5:20AM: Wheel in trash can. Garbage truck was five minutes late again. The other houses on the block were quiet but I can't see far enough up their driveways to be sure. It's a long drive just for Cole to get out there. In his corner of YouTube it's much better to show up with a show-offable vehicle. Wonder what he'll bring: a Hilux? Too cliched; G-wagon? I heard he was just renting that for the video, plus it's too fancy, not like Cole at all; something beat to hell and back with the paint rusted off? That's more like Cole's brand of self-enforced suffering.

5:23AM: Daily pills—today is Wednesday meaning vitamin A, magnesium supplement, essential oil, 30 mg caffeine+taurine cognitive booster, and Alpha Brain. Would be great to get a sponsorship deal with the JRE brand. That's the dream.

5:30AM: Lights/ac/modem/mic all boot up in the lab. I sit down just as they do. The lab; the recording room. I'm cool with splitting a suite with Cole, we don't need to, but it is nice to have a friend who understands the hustle while not being in the exact same content sphere of YouTube as myself. I wonder if he's tried meth. All the other science YouTubers are so uptight. The suite has this huge middle room, I wonder if he's planning any Jackass-style content in there> idea: what about a party in our suite? Adding that to Cole and I's call itinerary right now.





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“on the morning commute”, “broken shadow”, and “surely there must be a place”

by Tohm Bakelas

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“Sitcom.” by Capser Kelly

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“Euphoria/Passion/Oneness/Madness— You Define” by Shamik Banerjee

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“Mindful Conversations” by Moineau Shin Binon

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“The Ballad of Bippy and Cole: Silicon Lee”, AI, and editing  
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