





Post-Rave Echo

Salvatore Difalco

Already the sky darkens
a deep heady blue
coal black hill-hoofs return
the moon's dusky iris whitens.

Youths shouting leap in their din
whereupon dreams crest
lights quenched all round
and silence—moments later

I hear hammers I hear
saws still rocking in lamplight
I hear hammers I hear
hurry straining a tasked dawn.



自私

又岚

不聊天的男人

是自私的

不玩游戏的女人

也自私

他们搭建自己的形象

用钢筋水泥

把男女关系

作为墙的涂料

最后来粉刷成

理想色



One Last Glass... Cheers!

Nick Linda Ndaba aka OThatWetFeeling

"If you're losing your soul and you know it, then you've still got a soul left to lose"

Charles Bukowski

Time ticks slowly, like our hearts before a flatline, yet it doesn't take us long to realise that New Year's around the next corner. Wow! The year has definitely flipped the script on us and given us all the shitty roles in this romcom. A romantic comedy. That's the average storyline mother nature gives birth to. Some of us are lucky enough to be the hero or heroine who kicks some serious ass and gets the girl (or guy) like in those classic Die Hard films, where Bruce Willis's head still had hair and didn't look like an oversized dick on legs (no offence to Bruce fans, he's a great actor).

The year's events have become a blur to most of us...we can only speak of these memoirs, but oddly, it's hard to find the image. If you're trying to find the image to reminisce, let me remind you that 2011 has been playing the part of a serial rapist giving rufees to everyone of us. Why was this year so "chilled"? Why have we suddenly woke up at the brink

of 2012? So many questions, but life's too short to dwell on the past and besides, some Mayan bitch spoiled the surprise and told us that, this would be our last year.

However, that's not the fucking point. The point that has been driving us insane, is the extremely cold weather conditions in the Republic of Lonlieness a.k.a.; One Man a.k.a.; Empty Bed a.k.a.; Dry Spell. Some of you Cupid victims have been enjoying the spoils and riches of sex, lust, pleasure and the deadliest being, love. Now, that's all mighty fine and fucking dandy for you lot, but always remember that you could've been one of us...Stray Cats. (More on that particular topic, maybe later)



Bottom Bunk Saved My Life

Casper Kelly

When the jet plane engine
Melted you
Some of you went in my mouth

Matrix of brother, tints of territorial
Unlocked jealousy and animal instinct
You got turned into juice
I got drunk

Freak accident in our
Childhood bedroom
A jumbo jet died and took you with it

Bottom bunk saved my life
The little huff
I was sleeping through evaporated

Just as you did
Tell me you loved me
In your own way, which is not at all
As brothers do

You turned into jello
Kool Aid incarnate
It took them a week to get you off the walls

My single bed feels
Strangely headless
I sniff the carpet to see if you're still in there

I'm not really living without you
You taste weird
And I miss you all of the time



Healing as a Violent Act

Alma Ariaz

One day the clouds will arrange themselves in the sky in the exact way that you like — cotton balls sticking to each other — and the grass will be the shade of green that you used to embody,

Child of spring,

And the bugs will sit on you, but only for a moment, and only for a rest, and you'll look around, and you'll point out —

That the clouds look heavy with rain,

And the grass looks like it hasn't been watered,

And the bugs — they make you break out in hives.

And I'll look at it all, and I'll look at you, and I'll tell you that we can only sit and lick our wounds for so long.

Before our tongues cut into our skin, into that open abyss, where I don't know what happened and you wouldn't say; let the bacteria in, and let it fester. Let it look how it feels.

You'll ask me what I mean by that, and other things. You'll say I start a sentence already thinking of what the next one will look like. You'll say I look around searching for beauty where there is none, and that frankly, my dramatisations have grown two phrases too dramatic.

And I'll say that one day, when your bitterness rises up to your nose, when your facade fails you, when the dam shatters and you drown in the anger you once claimed to cherish,

When that day comes,

I will yank you by your hair out of the depths and force a breath into your lungs, and my breath will hurt, and it will burn. And you'll like it because you'll be alive.

I tell you that healing can be more violent than what hurt you in the first place.

Tetanus

A. E. Thiel

If I were to write you a letter
why I cannot forgive you
I think it would go something like this:
“I want you to imagine
all the heartache that comes with living
and then fate breathes a person into existence
that takes it all away.
Your life slowly molds to that person.
Your goals now involve that person.
Your dreams, your hopes, your fears,
your everything
is wrapped up around his finger.
I want you to imagine
that someone other than you
has the power of familiarity
to influence this person against you.
A sunny beautiful day on a grassy countryside
is now destroyed by the seismic divide
of your manipulation.
You are an earthquake.
You are a disease.
You are tetanus on a rusty nail
that is still so loved by him
he cannot permanently remove you
from his life.
So like a nail digging
and digging
in my side
you remain.
I cannot see you,
but I know you are there.
When I picture marriage,
I also picture the conversation
begging him not to invite you
and fearing that he will choose you again.
So if you ask me why I cannot forgive you,
read
this
again.”



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

“Post Rave Echo” by Salvatore Difalco
Book: [The Mountie at Niagara Falls](#) (Anvil Press, 2010)

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