







## Arthropod

Thomas Bergvinson

Small fangs penetrate the soft supple flesh of a succulent  
As dull pinkish light shines down from above  
Stranded here together, thrown into this world  
We rest by our eggshells, inside our nest

Dozens of appendages hang from our body  
Growing, healing, preparing to move  
Trapped between seasons, destined for death  
Something beyond the abyss calls us forth

Fibers tense up at the end of incubation  
Spores swell in size, as the organism blooms  
Cast into apathetic wind, ejected from prenatal bliss  
We fly out into the process, without any fear or distrust







## Bone Blood Bird Heart

Pixie Bruner

Pectoris excavatum

A breastbone sunken in.

As if sculpted. Aesthetically pleasing.

A misshapen cage in his chest.

A hollow my hand fits in perfectly as I sleep

Ribcages are bird cages for hearts,

Trembling wet hungering things like new hatchlings.

We lie on the bed, all flat plains, and angles.

All soft curves and rounded mounds, all spent.

He uses a bone shear like to, get what he wants.

He cuts my sternum into a door,

scores and cracks the bone to craft a hinge,

and reaches into me past his wrist

to pull out my heart to place it in

it's new cage in his indented chest.

As he sleeps, I claw my way through my breastbone cage door

and clutch his tender captive heart gingerly.

I feed it promises and hope. Nurture it.

The ribbons that uncurl down our forearms

Tie us together in a tidy bow.

# Hungry for More

Amy Grech

Cannibal. Hungry for more. Inquire within...





## Eerie Night

Vipanjeet Kaur

The russet sunset,  
With its closing gaze,  
the eye of heaven  
paints the landscape  
in its hues  
and retires  
to let us  
unlock the mysteries  
of alien darkness  
till the next dawn.

At midnight,  
the new moon rests  
in the sky,  
echoing through  
the dark landscape  
a spectral howl!





## Rube Goldberg 2

Kit Terrel

I am a scared child looking for my mother  
A duck plummeting  
And I put too much on the wrong people  
Like my mother  
And you  
And you get tired of me  
And I put too much on you and it devastates me  
And I get angry and I cut you out like a sore on my finger that is infected  
And I get angry at the scar and I hate you even more  
And I get angry  
And I get angry







## The Sharpest Distance

Richard LeDue

I am not well travelled  
enough to write a poem about Mexico,  
making metaphor from cactus,  
but I have seen moose swim away,  
perhaps fleeing from well organized beavers,  
who conquered water while our ancestors  
focused more on fire  
forging spears and swords,  
I have also witnessed well fed black bears  
at the local garbage dump,  
who were happy as the dullest millionaire,  
and I have discovered wolf tracks in my backyard  
that reminded me of vampires in my childhood nightmares:  
superstitious blood-lust as ominous as the furthest howling  
because both deliver the kind of fear  
which makes it easier to hide behind closed doors.







## Dracula fresh off the boat

Alex Prestia

Dracula. first generation. moves into a studio apartment. sleeps late. noble, pale, wan. glamours the women. enrages the men. reports emerge of pretty local girls with marks on their necks. he runs an import store. a beautiful foreign woman with vacant eyes minds the counter. she refuses to answer any questions. he is never seen inside. he meets the boats from transsylvania, or albania, or wherever monsters come from. Harold the haberdasher says he took him out to dinner. he refused to eat anything with garlic. every goodly wife must be locked-in at night. the police refuse to do anything about the menace. vigilantes are raised. torches are lit. a stake ensures this life-stealer does not see morning.







## Vampire

Kit Terrel

I'm a thoughtless creature in a scary palace  
I roam the steps of cracked stone looking for a bit of grass  
I'm a vengeful animal hunting those who smell of fear  
I scour the cabinets in the back of my head

I'm a thoughtful creature in a thoughtless world  
I hone my confidence with the sharp blade of arrogance  
I'm a revenge obsessed man in a place with too many rules  
I glower at you to remind myself of who I am

I'm a thinking man with very little thought  
I sow my earth with the disasters my fear reaps  
I'm an injustice searching for my antithesis  
I tower over you in my own thoughts





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“Arthropod” by Thomas Bergvinson

“Hungry for More” by Amy Grech  
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“Bone Blood Bird Heart” by Pixie Bruner  
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