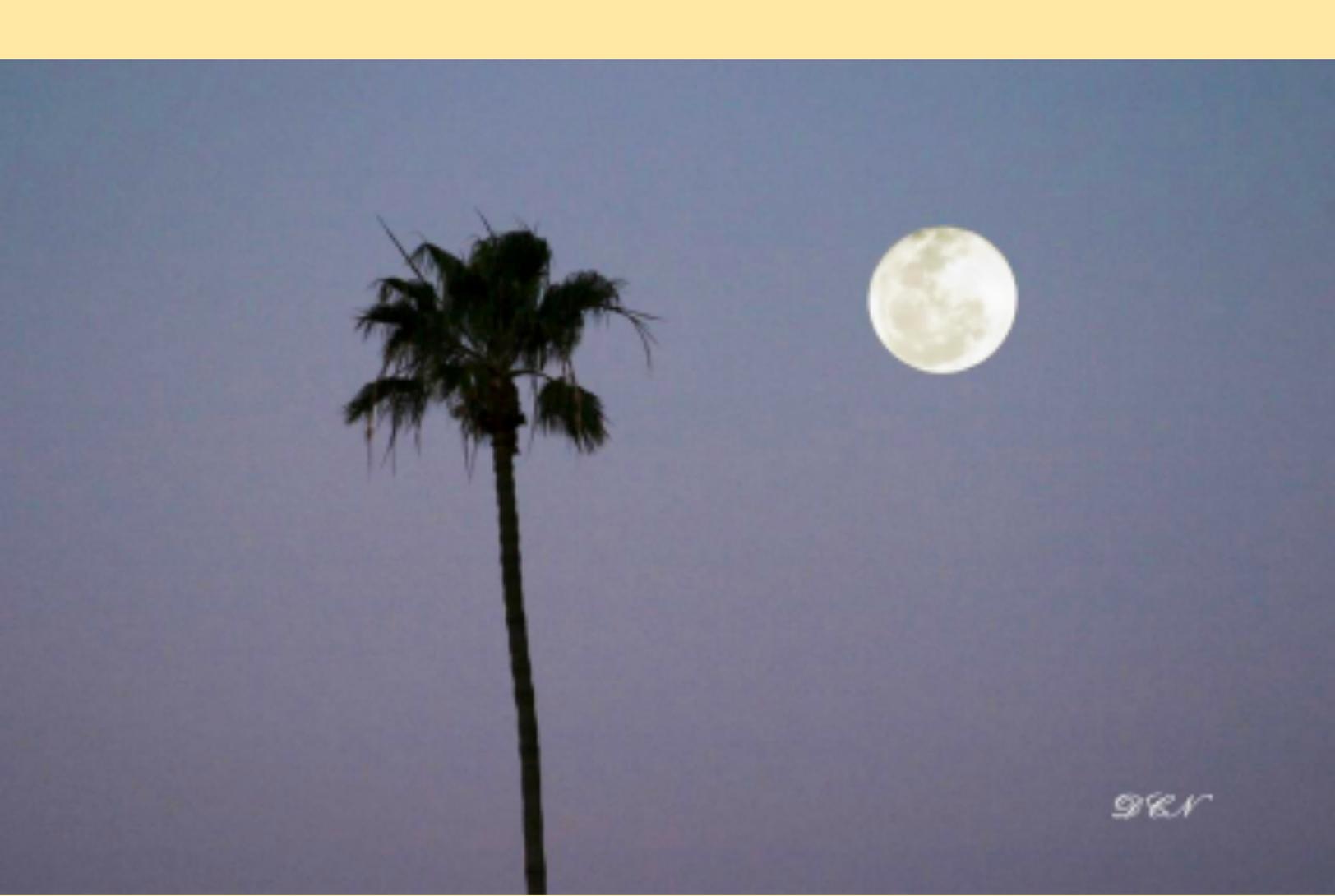


**miniMAG**

*issue89*

*moony*





## Gay Poem

Cameron Smith

I

Long gone are the days when we measured the economy in fudges and freddos;  
when you would come piling in at five to nine,  
with the diplomacy of an alarm clock,  
overwhelmed by the slippery sequence of morning things and morning time,  
picking little tissue potatoes out of your washed jean pockets.

A time before we were led astray by false body-prophets;  
a time before things were experienced for the sake of putting them to rhyme –

And time – extends forever and ever,  
when you've got a macadamia nut in your lungs.  
The flight took off to Abu Dhabi,  
and the nut mistook your tongue for a runway –  
lurching backward –  
to leave you to breathe through its strands and fibres for eight hours.

Your loveliness had never terrified me this much before;  
I could've kissed away that stifled breath;

and so could the cabin crew,  
in their semi-circle of concern,  
wondering if the weather was coming this way.

## II

How dumb we were back then;  
Homo first and sapien second.

## III

And how on Earth did we get  
from the lingua franca of our bodies when we first met  
- clumsy and deliberate -  
to the mutual tongue of every day events,  
inexact but understood?  
When did our contradictions stop contradicting?

I guess that's what we call experience now,  
the years between the shock of growing the new hairs  
and the shame of losing the old ones;  
the lessons you do not know you've learned until after you've learned them,  
and they hit you all at once in the face.

Ha! Homo experiences hitting you in the face!  
I'll tell you that one day, when I see you again.





## The.

Max Muir

We see her there every night, always watching, waiting, just for us  
Not like the greedy sun, she is ours alone, and we are hers

Tsukuyomi, Selene, Cerridwen, Chang'e, Aligned, Coyolxauhqui, Sina, Thoth  
A thousand thousand names for our oldest friend, our sister, our mother

Your great<sup>8</sup> grandmother looked at the same moon you see tonight, the same  
She counted the same phases on a bone, that you count on an App

She's the first new world we touched, like a mother waiting for her child  
to take their first steps, then holding their hands, so gently, lifting just a little,  
She waited 4 billion years for us to crawl, then stand, then walk  
When we fly at last, when we leave the nest, will she still wait?  
Will she still remember?

## Joy of the moon

Dorothy Lune

In Hellenistic astrology the moon's favorite house  
is the third— perhaps for its short term  
trips, like the ones my family took to see our aunts  
throughout the years, the moon is joyful there,  
I was, like a yard of circumstance abundant

with spinach— I inherited low iron  
from my mother, as a child she had speech therapy,  
she never spoke at school like me— it  
could be our blood, she pumps red blooded  
iron into the purple pits of her

elbows, my elbows green from excess  
water. My school reports consisted of glowing  
figures, quiet as mice, they looked like house  
lights close-up & had a kept pace—

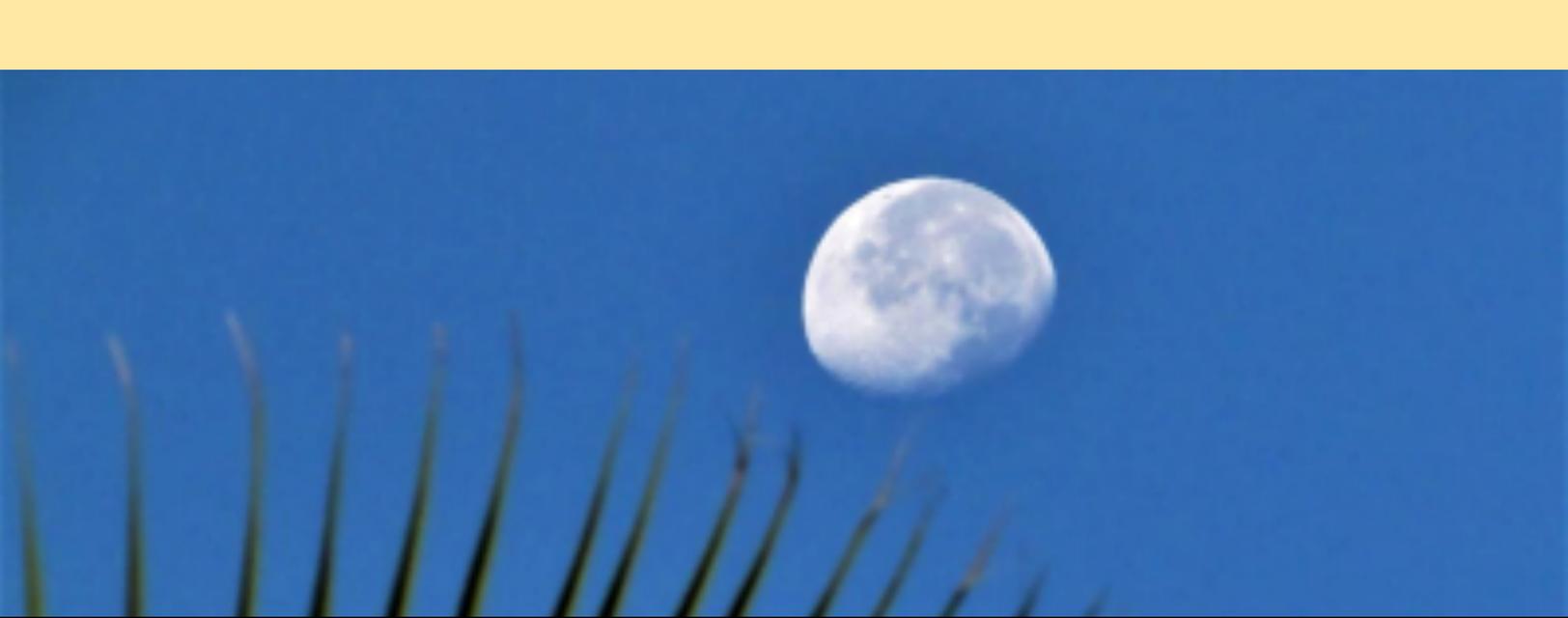
Uranus dances here in the sign  
of Pisces, like a lemony signature from an angel  
fish, strange ideas & sewn mouths don't  
go well together, as a child I tugged its pants

as an indication to go home.

I got arrested for plagiarism of the dependencies &  
subliminal messaging from other virginals. Jail  
is fine as long as you keep quiet when appreciated,  
the yard was sepia, here the child was sepia

stepped in brown snow— a new life  
as starless as shatter-ice requires forgetfulness.  
No pisces will survive the real world, all  
your classmates were taken first.  
No tragedy here, no one is allowed entrance,  
that requires memories, that requires speech—

nostalgia got the best of our neighborhood, I'm the  
only person here that lives, it ate flesh  
off roofs, those scrambled spoils taste like mousetraps,  
feral but appropriate for its appearance.



## Faces of the Moon

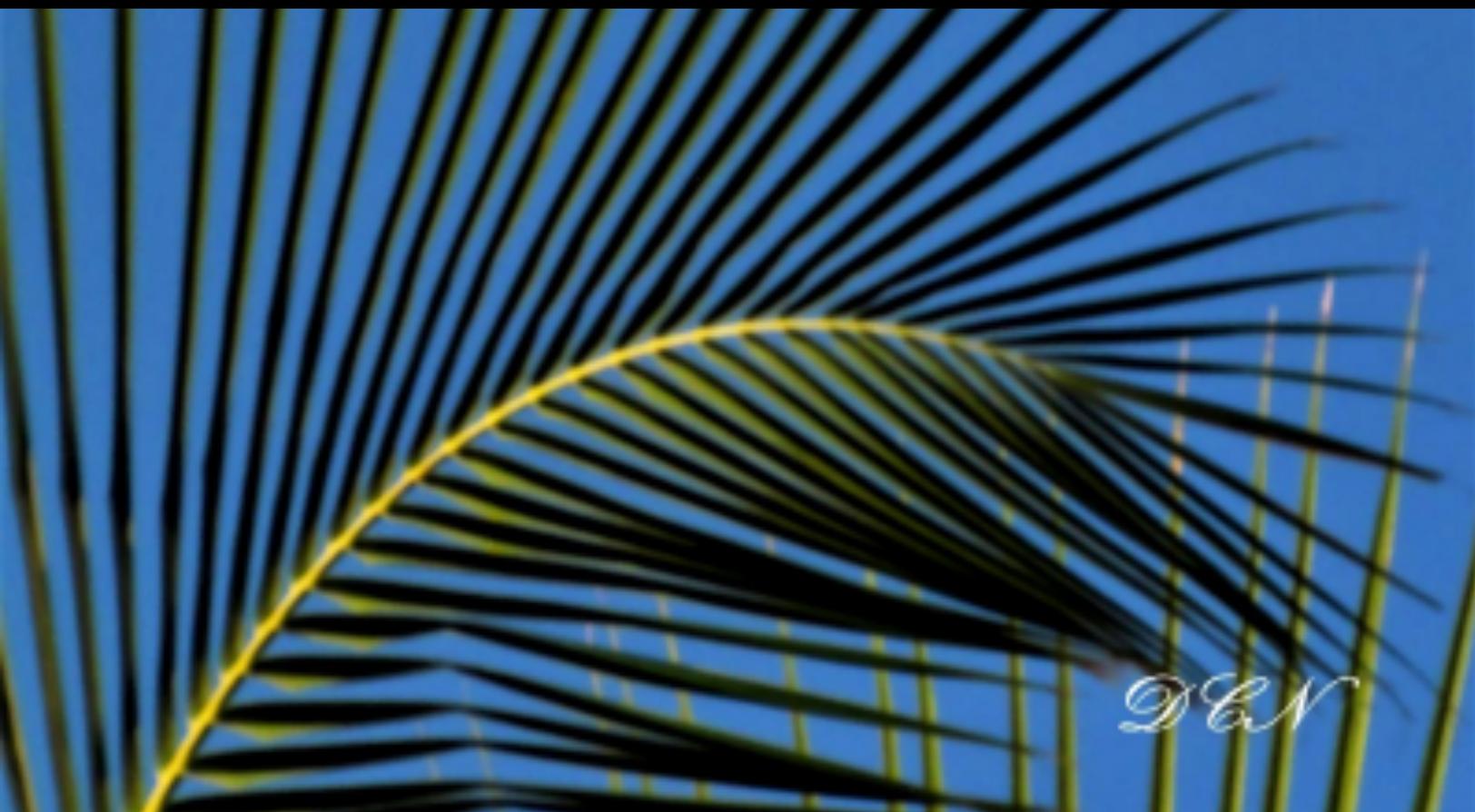
D. C. Nobes

the evening star  
and a sliver of moon hang  
in the twilight sky.

gentle sea breezes  
breakers roll over the reef –  
moonlight on the sea.

moonswell rolls away –  
ships pitch into the darkness  
stars play hide-and-seek.

clouds obscure the night,  
no evening stars can shine –  
the moon glows dimly.



*DCN*



My heart whispers  
its little riddled words  
to me and to you.

Screaming in pixels,  
my emotions write themselves  
onto the screen.

Sputtering  
chartreuse-soaked syllables  
through my fingers.

Attuned with your heart,  
my dystopian nightmares  
prevail.

Melissa Lemay



## **This Fleeting Moment**

Brayden Norris

I met you on the bus  
It was sometime between  
the pandemic and the great depression -  
Time flows strangely in my mind  
I was back from a war  
I had not won  
You were hunched forward  
Scratching old food from your skintight jeans  
I could see your golden hair, which was red,  
Falling over your shoulders  
And the subtle folds of your stomach  
Making a feeble threat to breach your belt  
You let me touch them, and we both agreed  
they were the most beautiful thing  
I had ever seen  
And then you left,  
    And then I left,  
    And life went on.





## Choking / Ahogo

R. Ben Beach

allow a single sentence to slip  
& other strangled data will surge, demand

it is not to the exclusion of the surface  
as if to illustrate a few vigilant

desires that are unmet, that fall  
& vault & disappear & swerve

with the seasons, forever bent  
to the will of ample patriarchs; inflexible protection

separation & honest interactions & transferred  
benefit of clarity, the familiar & the disconnected

visitor to the pond can easily eyeball  
the decibel in the iridescent undiscoverable

this symmetrical arrangement of parts is the cause:  
sobered mass and density, the ache of association



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Page 1: Hunter Valley Winter Moon at Dawn - Australia  
Page 2: Southern California Palm & Moon S  
Page 3: Candidasa - Moon & clouds through palms - Bali  
Page 4: Denpasar - Crescent moon - Bali  
Page 6: Moon over Hawaii Palm  
Page 7: Mt Cook Park - Moonrise over Mt Wakefield - NZ  
Page 8: Mt Cook Park - Sunset moon & clouds - NZ  
Page 9: Campbellford - Moon through leaves - Canada  
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“Gay Poem” by Cameron Smith  
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“The.” by Max Muir

“Joy of the moon” by Dorothy Lune  
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