

miniMAG

issue90
scented baby oil



angry & horny

Danny D. Ford

are terrible names
for gnomes
but that's what
I chose
to think about
instead of replaying
the mean spirited
argument with
the love of my life

no garden
could ever handle
those two



Petit Mals

Pixie Bruner

I

The sun is too strong in mornings.
The mom plant has withered,
I carve my lover into lean slices,
so his mother will never find out.

II

The words that came out
were the wrong words entirely
Instead I uttered a knotted maraschino stem
but I swear I meant “I love you”.

III

I hear him speaking in his sleep between snores
drunkenly having a conversation with a ghost
He mumbles the coordinates with enough enunciation
I leave my body as he gnaws on my hair.

IV

Fucking, sex and making love—
those are the three tiers of human intimacy
He confuses sex and fucking sometimes
different bipedal species have different definitions

V

It was different when I could diffuse and wait to see if you'd text
Now I live here and have no bed of my own. I can't teleport easily.
I was more secure when I could still pack a bag in a hour
and be guaranteed to leave no trace I had ever existed behind

VI

The ridiculous proclamations and promises of Friday nights
are never mentioned on Saturdays or any other days
The statements recalled both exist and not exist forgotten
consider them signed blurted blank checks, possibly pre-voided.

VII

I have become annoyingly corporeal.
I cannot diffuse from your life like a wisp of smoke.
My family albums in a shared closet, my perfume bottle on your bureau
I am weighed down, committed— a bound ghost

VIII

By candlelight, the edges are all diffused, softened
Paper lantern fairy lights, the frames broken
Tissue paper flaps like abdominoplasties
Pushing shadows amorously up against the corners.

IX

We dig our graves with teaspoons
stolen from midnight diners.
We shake out our navels for loose change
and lint to pay the piper.

X

The piper can be found if not looking
Never on a passenger manifest, as silent as the cats
A far way from Hamelin, No longer taking the village children
Let her hair grow out, chose a subtler outfit
She still kills the rats.



Dalton Van Wyk

L.A. Labuschagne

I liked him, I really did. We used to call him the Socotran Werewolf, we called him Straight Pavel Revere.

Good fashion sense, decent sense of humor, got himself kicked out of the Traditionalist club for messing around with a sex doll, was man enough to apologize and come back. He even did the initiations again.

See, it turned out his sex doll was modeled off of an actual woman. Who didn't get out of the old country fast enough after our government fell.

Because life is like that if you're a leather jacket hero, Straight Me brought the victim's sister over one night, and the doll fell out of the closet while they were getting busy.

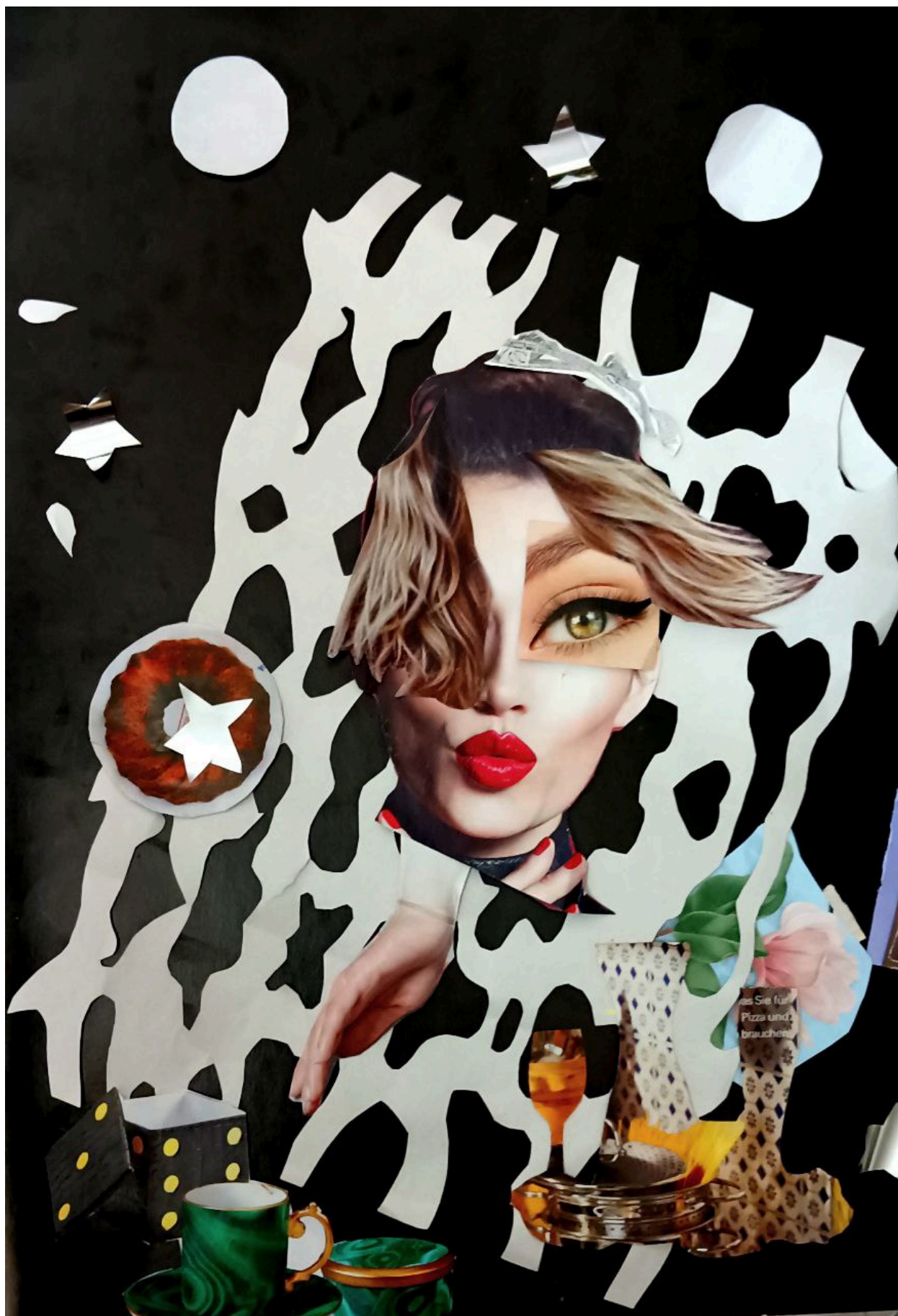
Or so the story goes.

We used to joke that Werewolf would fuck anything without a pulse.

“With our powers combined,” he said, “we could form the ultimate sexual predator.”

Seeing as I’ll apparently fuck anything that breathes, a harsh but not entirely inaccurate portrayal of my drinking habits.

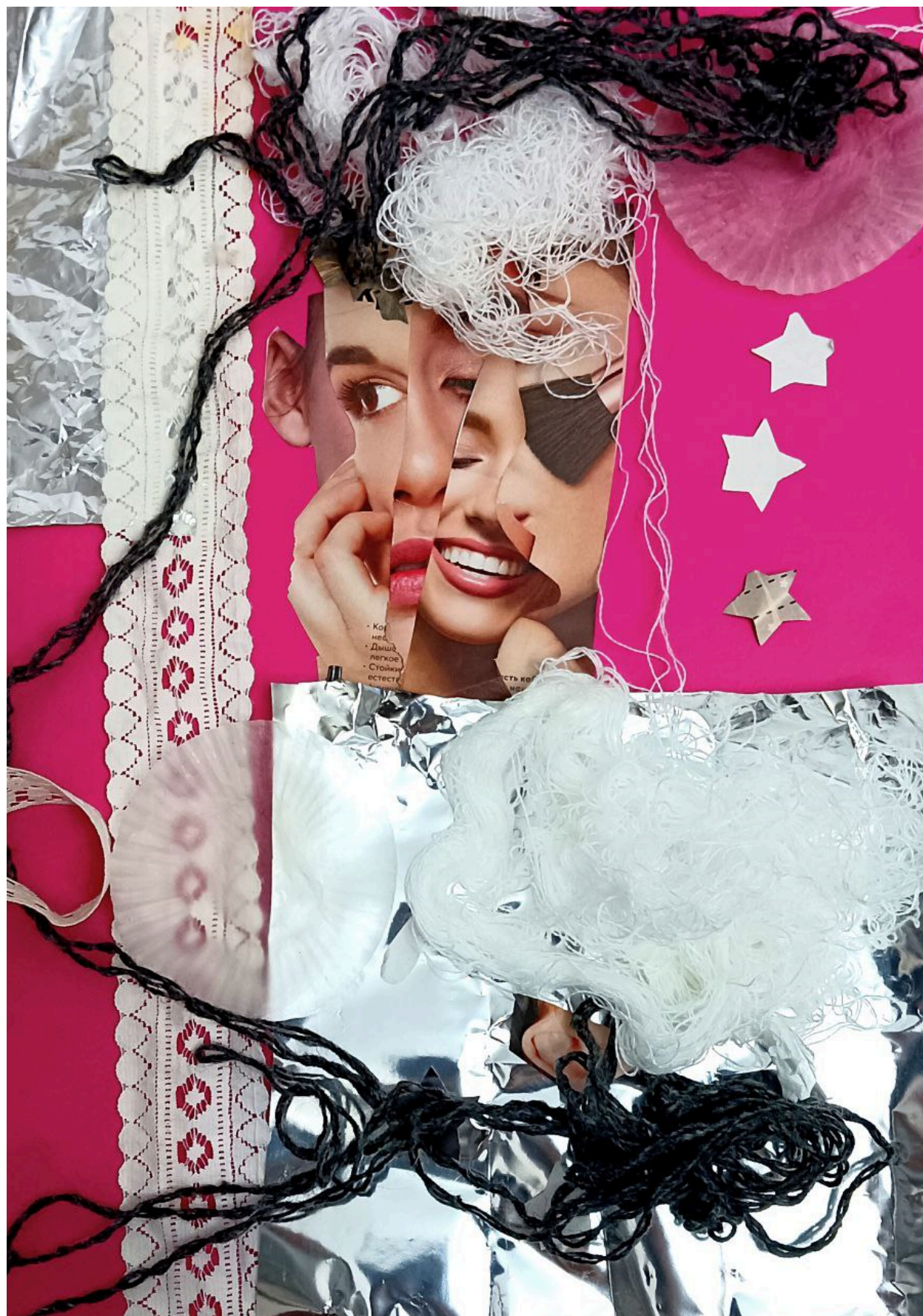
Then we found the corpse in his freezer.



Midnight whispers

Solape Adetutu Adeyemi

And I shan't be indulging in midnight whispers with you no more
Stolen waters are sweet, but this comes at great risk
What if it gets out?
What if we're caught?
What happens to me and then, you?
Your wife may forgive you
But I'm sure she'll gorge my tongue out
An end must come to these midnight whispers
Lest I end up whisper-less



Dead Rockstar Mentality...

Nick Linda Ndaba aka OThatWetFeeling

"I've been waiting for hours! How long does it take these people to make a fucking snack?" asked the man who kept the soul of a real rockstar deep within his heart. His presence was felt around the table I'd been parentally allocated to. He lit up his fourth cigarette and he went on to rave about life, women, pedophiles and politics, surprisingly all in the same conversation. After a few more cigarettes and my blank shots in the conversations, he lit up a joint in the restaurant and again, continued. He was a man in his own world.

There's not a lot of them nowadays. And all the ones that are still living are usually found dying in a hotel room snowed in with cocaine and the never ending scent of strippers and flavoured condoms. We can only refer to these people as: Charlie Sheens, Kurt Cobains, Jimi Hendrixes, Winehouses, Joplins, Bukowskis, Hank Moodys, and the like.

There's no use judging this brand of people. They'll simply laugh at your pussy whipped, realist way of life and continue enjoying the spoils which you secretly envy (fun, substance, liberation, peace, sex,

and knowledge), while you're left to bend over for authority (pitiful). You envy their freedom, yet you hold yourself back from happiness, too pussy to break the rules, norms and to stand up against the crowd, when you're told what to do and not to do.

The rockstar thrives on chaos and comes out on top. Wanna know how to kill a rockstar? You can't. You can only attempt to slow down this soul's metabolism, using gossip, shit talking, constant critisizing and humiliation. In the end, only a rockstar can rise above the masses and piss on the crowd below. Only a rockstar can blow his own head with a shotgun. In the end, the rockstar is his own worst enemy.

I listened to his words of wisdom, trying to drown every syllable in my naked mind. I get this sudden probe within my skull and I think that, I'd like to be that, someday.





Lie down with me

Abel Johnson Thundil

You touch me on the chest
And I feel it deep,
As if your fingers pierce my heart like roots,
So that the green veins can turn into the stem
Of a creeper
That grows quickly
And with much noise,
Wriggling like a mummy
Trying to break out of its bandages...
You touch me on my chest,
And the heart slows down;
Pumping less blood,
Yet remaining warm under your palms;
Pulsating lightly to calm you down...
So that you'll lay down beside me
And hug me
To give me more warmth
Than mere fingers can...



Dreaming I'm Flea's Sock

Jon Doughboy

swaddling his cock, sopping wet with Lollapalooza sweat & George Clinton's couch, skin so much cigarette burned upholstery, keeping this bassist snug in the gunshot Michigan night & a groove in Flea's mind, beat birthed by a hum & a black leotard clad nightmare haunting Lebowsky & heroin rushing a young jazz-fed brain & Flea's bass, neck stroked with calloused reverence, more than an instrument of wood and metal, more than mere dream, an electric current thumping the world, a slap, a pluck—the deep & resonant thrum of true love.

Dreaming I'm not alone.

But I wake up.



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