

miniMAG

issue112

bye-bye, birdie





UFO I

Kushal Poddar

I manifest it one night
by thinking about it.

Desire probes me; I fly, a pebble in my son's jar.

The Nest

Holly Day

the robin flies away and doesn't
come back. I'm left standing at the top
of the ladder, alone with a clutch of three
sky-blue eggs, perfect in a nest
of carefully-woven dried twigs and dead
flowers. I hold my hand over the eggs
palm down, almost touching, feel
waves of heat rising from
the tiny bodies inside.

I climb down the ladder and sit
at the base of the tree, waiting for the robin
to return to her nest. Hours pass, and no
chittering, worried mother
makes an appearance. The sun
begins to set, and now it's me at the nest
cupping the cradle of sticks and grass
carefully in my hands, images of baby birds
fluttering in my head.



The Color of the Sky above the Valley

Diane Grey

Waving tints of pink and orange on
Base layer — blue as the
Mid-lit dolphin skin in a children's
Book — in flux, sometimes interrupted by the
White foot-trails of scrap-metal leeches,
Giving way to darkness, receding
As mid-day dies
Behind the flowers in the snow, that
Share their color
With the roof houses,
Alone,
As single ripple in silver night.



A Fitful Veil

Daniel Moreschi

A wanton wave of pallid hail descends
from ashen skies. Its drifts are carried through
to every nook and peak by lofty winds;
abundant, jutted, powdered sheets imbue

terrains in bright white hues, as structured flakes
display arrays of lustrous reveries.

This frigid reign persists. A frozen lake
reflects a fervid glare, as if to tease

a place where sheens and gleams can shine as one.
But blankets bearing flame-lit crystals spell
their end; their flimsy layers come undone,
as landscapes well in scintillating swells.

A realm left bare, with gifted streaks of gold,
is lesser for the loss of winter's hold.



UFO II

Kushal Poddar

The cow returns, and we,
afraid to drink its milk, observe
it wander midst a crop circle.



The Promise of Flight

Richard LeDue

Words flutter on the paper,
amazed at their own existence,
until someone turns the page
with the same care
as closing a cage,
and the freedom found from free verse
sometimes becomes a perch
with the best view of what has been lost,
but the promise of flight
found in the first line means more
than the lushest feathers tickling eyes
trapped beneath an open sky.



Some Theories

Tim Frank

I was lying on the pavement on a busy high street when a man with shades, dark as night, stopped and asked me what my problem was.

“There are several options,” I said in a slightly neurotic tone. “None of which I’m sure of.”

“I’m listening,” replied the man, clasping his chin like an academic.

“Theory one: I’ve been mugged by Taylor Swift.”

“Impossible, she’s on tour in Iceland.”

“Ok, theory two: I’ve suffered a minor heart attack because I’m in love with Taylor Swift.”

“It’s possible, I guess.”

“She’s so dreamy.”

“If you say so. I prefer me a bit of that Lady Gaga. She won’t quit.”

The man with shades lay down on the pavement beside me and we both thought long and hard about our days.

Tree

Amit Parmessur

Lonely I stand, stripped
of my leaves. Passers-by rub
salt on my twigs and
laugh at my decay, until
like a shirt rain devours me.



Mornings

Diane Grey

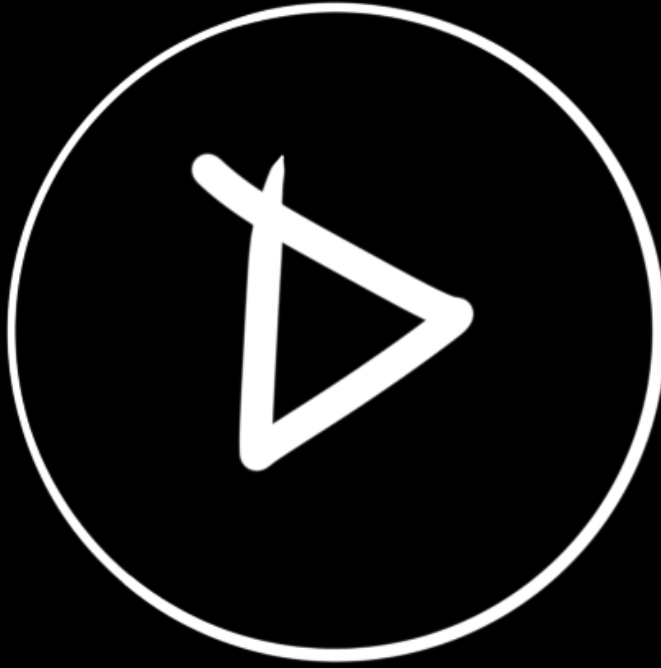
Snooze, and,
The rocky sky
Said to me I
Could no longer be there for
The reflection of my hair and so, I
Drank the honeyed sky and
Settled into my
Chair.
Whispered to the air
Singing barks of old
High tide tells of
Waving leaves of grass in the
Spring-time, wishing chord played on
Looking-glass. Periodic
Quiet is silence, who
Gets her long-due period under awning,
Yawning,
Pours me the blue sky.



UFO III

Kushal Poddar

The butterflies pinned on my board
grin, and as an effect they take me in,
shut the light-door, lead me to their study.



url: minimag.press
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
substack: minimag.substack.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
insta: @minimag_write

Art by Irina Tall Novikova
Insta: @irina369tall
Insta: @irinanov4155

“UFO I”, “UFO II”, “UFO III” by Kushal Poddar
Twitter: @Kushalpoet
Insta: @kushalthe poet
Book: https://www.amazon.in/Kushal-Poddar/e/B07V8KCZ9P/ref=dp_byline_-cont_book_1

“The Nest” by Holly Day
Book: [Music Theory For Dummies](#)
Book: [Music Composition For Dummies](#)

“The Color of the Sky above the Valley” and “Mornings” by Diane Grey
Twitter: @yangneo3

“Some Theories” by Tim Frank
Twitter: @TimFrankquill
Book: [An Advert Can be Beautiful in the Right Shade of Death](#) (C22 Press, 2024)

“A Fitful Veil” by Daniel Moreschi
Insta: @daniel.moreschi

“Tree” by Amit Parmessur

“The Promise of Flight” by Richard LeDue
Twitter: @LedueRichard
Newsletter: <https://mailchi.mp/256525ddc2fd/stuff-poetry>

ISSUE112 edited by Alex Prestia