

miniMAG

issue122

juicy&sweet





half-sonnet on baking failures

for Apple

Liam Strong

- i.
in which u lick the rice vinegar & sugar from seaweed.
- ii.
u undress the muffin bottom first, make ur way up, like ascension.
- iii.
full stick of unsalted butter for the stuffing. full. stick.
- iv.
liberal with the tupperware. liberal with the mouth. liberal with the tongue
as a stand mixer.
- v.
toothpicks to wean me off smoking again. i leave them everywhere.
- vi.
one burner always sets off an alarm. or it's just u.
- vii.
music makes for a better end product. it muffles the oven. & even us.

Time Affair

Brittany Studer

Push me against the broken glass,
and penetrate my soul.

Eyes like blue fire in winter
electrify me whole.

Grab me hard behind my head,
and gobble up my skin.

Lips like pink petals in springtime
lock me in a spin.

Pull me tight to your rocky flesh,
and peek inside my moan.

Hands like strong branches in summer
hold me to the bone.

Tear me up from inside out,
and take me in your breath.

Hair like dripping leaves in autumn
harvest me to death.



Verhale



‘Sonnet’ I

Brayden Norris

I bought a calculator
to measure the size of my loneliness.
I had all the figures in order, but even so
they kept adding up to zero.

Fragments of being are suspended in mid-air.
I see you arrested among them.
When I reach out to touch you, I discover you are
further away than I thought.

The world doesn’t know it is beautiful.
It simply continues to be so.

You are my shard of starlight.
So small, so far away,
yet so bright against the backdrop
of an open sky.



My Gal

Nik Hoffman

My gal can't quite exactly catch my light,
She doesn't get my talk of abstract form,
It's her nature to be a different norm.

She speaks of flowers and I speak of sight,
She sees the babe to come, I see her fright,
I want to play, she wishes for the morn,
She wants to play after I've been shorn,
We struggle kissing under cloak of night.

Like cross-run swine we both just bump our heads,
With the rutting, snorting and all that raunch.
Her hungry lips that beckon to be fed!
The rolling curves along her ivory haunch!
And if there be a thing to unite our souls,
Let it be more than silence in the lulls.

‘Sonnet’ II

Brayden Norris

Do you not notice that here we are so brief?
Some nights, I cannot see the stars.
Some nights, I cannot figure out if it is the love
or the urgency that is absent.

The urgency. The urgency I feel pressing
like an iron clamp around my chest.
Every second is so very precious —
I may not be here long.

I need you, I need you, I need you
close enough to hear, close enough
to taste.

On nights such as these, I call out to the absent stars,
the absent stars remain silent.
My voice is carried off by the wind.



You Too

Matthew Green

Is about the nicest thing
You can say to another person.
To say it means to shape the sounds
As a bird does, cooing softly in the night.
To not only receive a blessing
Like light resting at the tips of your fingers,
But, in a moment's grace,
To shine back.



A Quiet Deep

Miles MacNaughton

Thorny thistles brushed by the breeze
Sent from stormy, cloudy seas;
But nestled with you, my liquid sleep,
I rest and feel a quiet deep.

Lightning shadows distant crags,
The angry fangs—the thunder lags;
But when you're in my arms so sweet,
I rest and feel a quiet deep.

The storm winds clatter at my door
Persistent, hungry, wanting more;
So dreams of you I often keep
To rest and feel a quiet deep.

When I'm alone, when we're apart,
When tears flow freely in the dark,
I curl up in bed; I count our sheep;
I rest and feel a quiet deep,
Because, someday, in future near
I know I won't be waiting here
To hear you running, to watch you leap
Into my arms, your quiet deep.

Until that day, I ache and weep
For you, my love, my quiet deep.



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