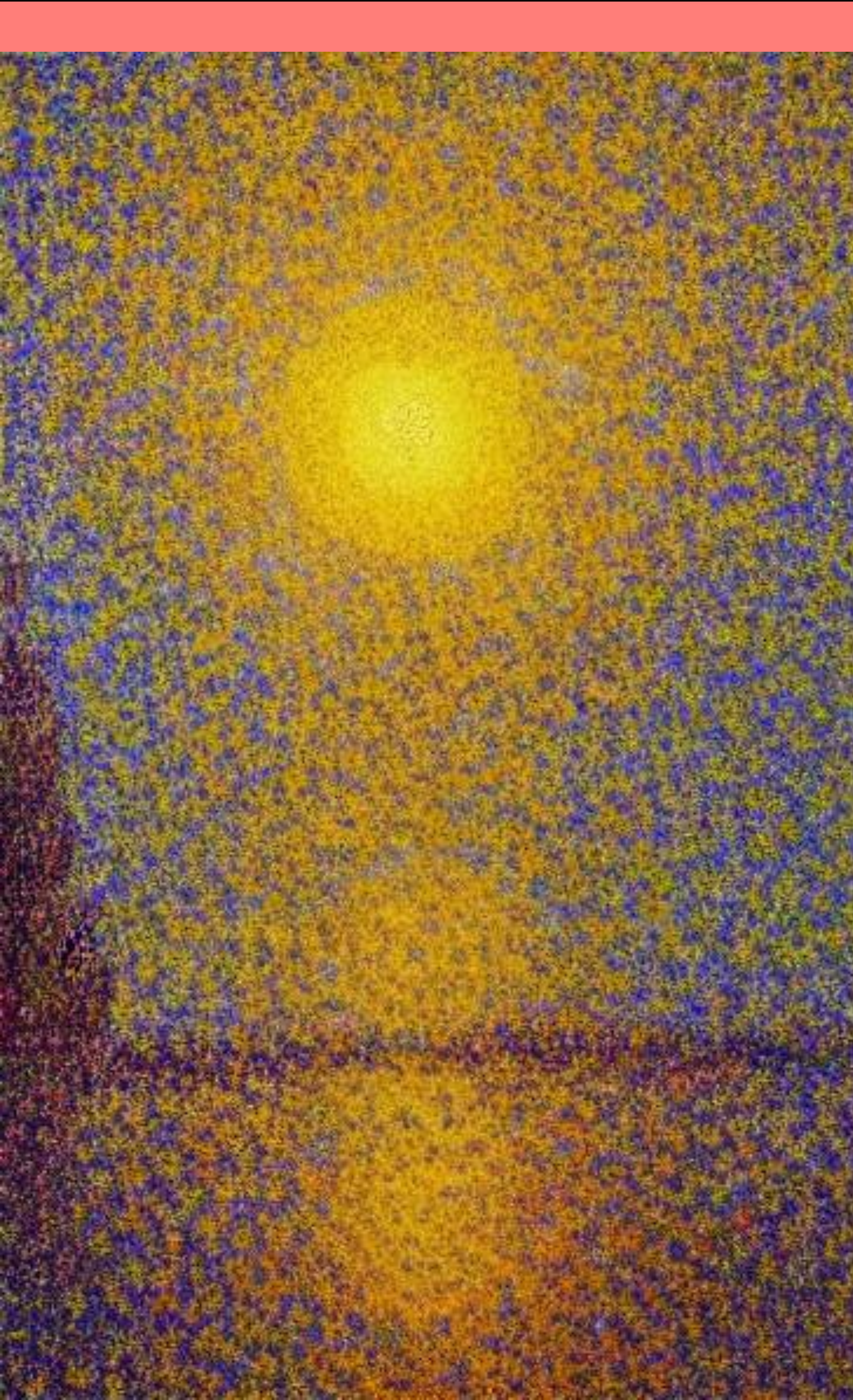


**miniMAG**

*issue124*

*cold air down*





## leaving poem

Liam Strong

my car peeled out but not like it does in movies. more like a pear. a lightbulb waiting for gravity to do the rest. skin wants to be flesh but has to feel the cold. infinite eyelashes in the slush,

wishes wishing to be run over by strangers. january blows corn snow into the tracks, & i'm turning the heat up. dying is like dying, just with other people. that's why.



## The Cold Whisper

Rae Greenwood

Standing alone on a broken, cold scene  
Once where grass and flowers have grown—  
Only withered gray weeds lie broken on the ground  
Warmth and light, only a fond memory.

The gray sky looks mockingly upon you  
Dark clouds forming a sinister shadow  
An icy breeze caresses the environment  
And a cold whisper taunts about things to come.





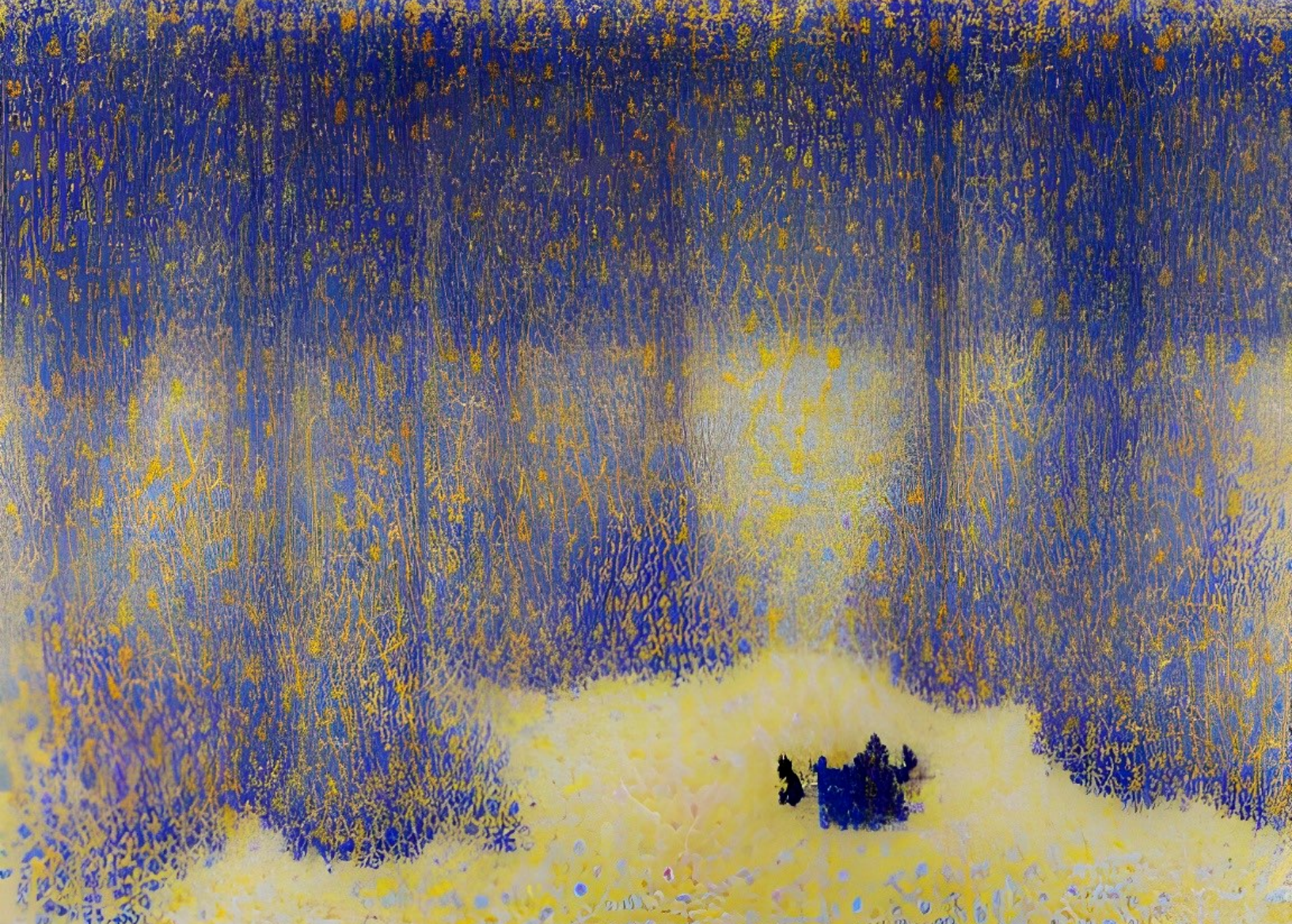
## Weakness

Kushal Poddar

"It's okay to be weak, dad."

I take my daughter's gift, her voice  
with me all day, compromise the stairs,  
call my father and listen to him  
breathing from the other side,  
take those words and that white noise  
to my dentist's hell, bare my teeth,  
and let him benumb my grin.

Today two separate protesting streams  
blend in the sea of demands for the justice.  
I remain standstill in the traffic with my still  
woolly face, see the placards. It is okay.  
I join the procession, and the feeling liberates  
from the gravity of weakness. I raise my hand to hold the sky.



## Alone at Christmas

Alex Browne

In the woods where winter wails.  
In the forest's frenzied frost.  
In the pines primitive power.  
In my soul, I crave it.  
Don't make me beg for it, you know I will,  
Melt the white ice that traps me and let the roses bloom.  
The blankets of snow surround, but can't keep me warm.  
Icicles inch closer. Giving me their cruel company.  
Let's exchange the feeling,  
Share the kindling,  
And capture the blooming.  
We both know the fire can't warm its maker,  
Until each other were merely husks, stones of cold fire.  
But you have the power for me,  
And you did long before the winter,  
And will long after.  
Let us just sit here beside one another,  
With orange light against blinding white  
And watch as the fire tears the ice asunder.

## The fog

Kit Willet

There is a fog—I don't know if you can feel it.  
It flowed in last night, and now it's sleeping

on the sofa. I cleared my throat and asked it  
if it had a busy future planned without me,

but it still hasn't moved from that spot.  
I wonder what more there is for me to do.

You know, I'm beginning to envy it:  
how it dozes during the daytime,

rewatching my shows and crying into my pillow—  
well, at least it seems to feel something.

Perhaps I could seduce it and then . . .  
when it has become dependent on me,

cast it into the street with a suitcase  
in either hand—but I worry that I will fall in love.

Or maybe I confront it, push it onto the floor  
and roll it in the rug—but I worry I'm not strong

enough yet. I can learn to live with it for a while.  
One day, the sun will return to heat this room

and clear the fog, but until then, I know where it is,  
and I can sleep with one eye open.





## Monumental Head of Jean d'Aire

Jonathan Penton

Auguste Rodin

French, 1840-1917

*Monumental Head of Jean d'aire*

(from *The Burghers of Calais*),

c. 1884-6; enlarged 1909-10

Bronze

Gift of the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Foundation, 2009.33

Installation funded by Brian Sands in memory of Alan Sands

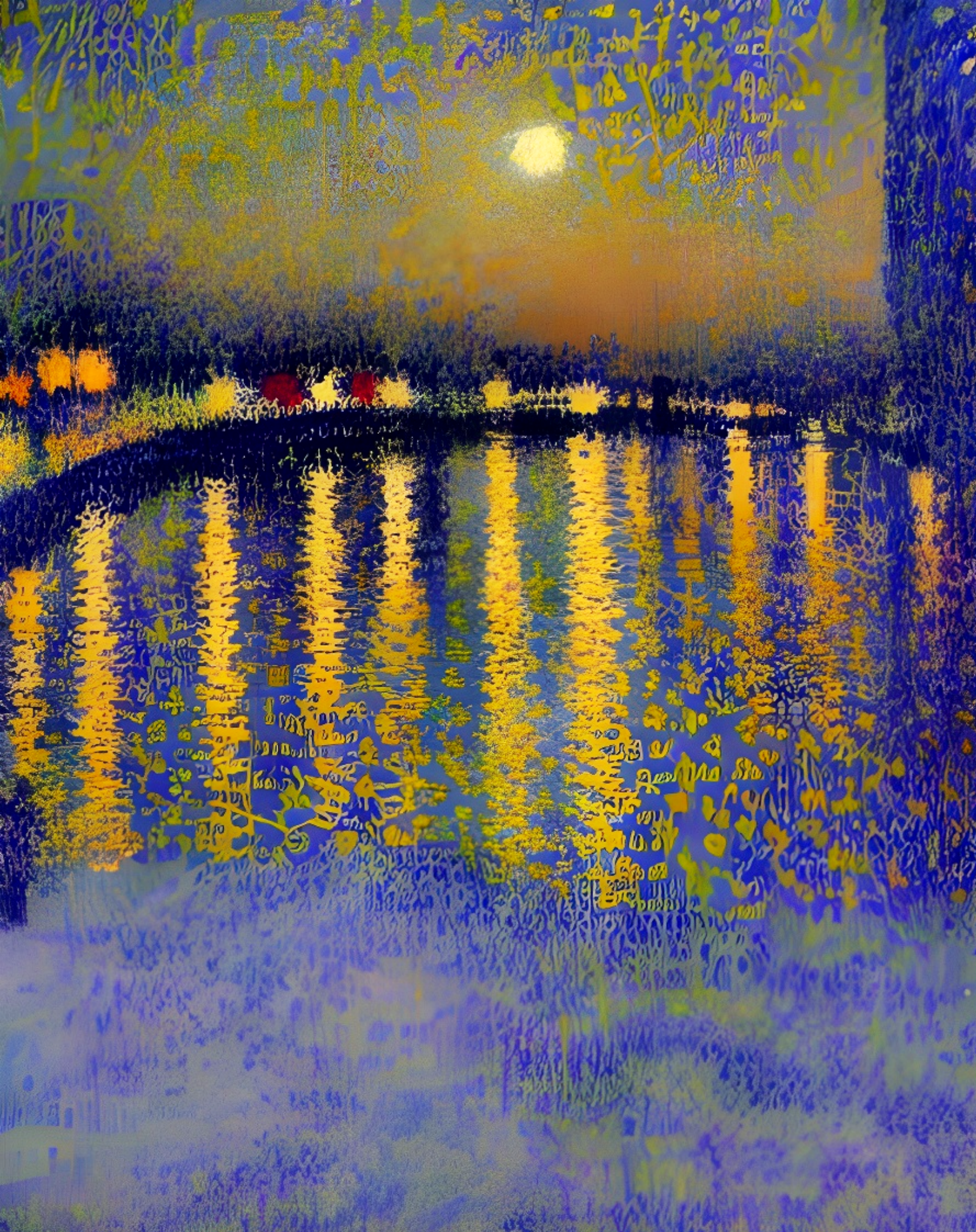
we know that pride comes from both directions.

we know of the character earned with time  
contrasted with the haughtiness of youth  
we know how it feels to be trapped in the middle  
and I know you know we always did.

o, sculptor, sculpt thyself  
As Ganymede or Onaté  
place yourself in every work of art  
from Mona Lisa to Mickey Sabbath.

now, poet, find thyself  
in the New Orleans Sculpture Garden  
but bring each reader along

tell them sculptures are worth more than bronze  
poems are worth more than paper  
aging can build character  
or character can come through art  
and we needn't suffer each tragedy of Rodin  
to learn each thing he knew.



## READING ROBERT FROST AT SUNSET

John Grey

The porch grows darker  
by the moment.  
I can no longer see the words.  
So I remember them instead.





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“leaving poem” by Liam Strong  
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“The Cold Whisper” by Rae Greenwood  
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“Weakness” by Kushal Podder  
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Books: [https://www.amazon.in/Kushal-Poddar/e/B07V8KCZ9P/ref=dp\\_byline\\_cont\\_book\\_1](https://www.amazon.in/Kushal-Poddar/e/B07V8KCZ9P/ref=dp_byline_cont_book_1)

“Alone at Christmas” by Alex Browne

“The fog” by Kit Willet  
Website: <https://kitwillett.tarotpoetry.nz/>  
Book: Dying of the Light (Wipf and Stock, 2022)

“Monumental Head of Jean d’Aire” by Jonathan Penton  
Website: <https://www.unlikelystories.org/>  
Twitter: @Usdotorg  
Insta: @unlikely.stories

“READING ROBERT FROST AT SUNSET” by John Grey  
Book: Between Two Fires

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