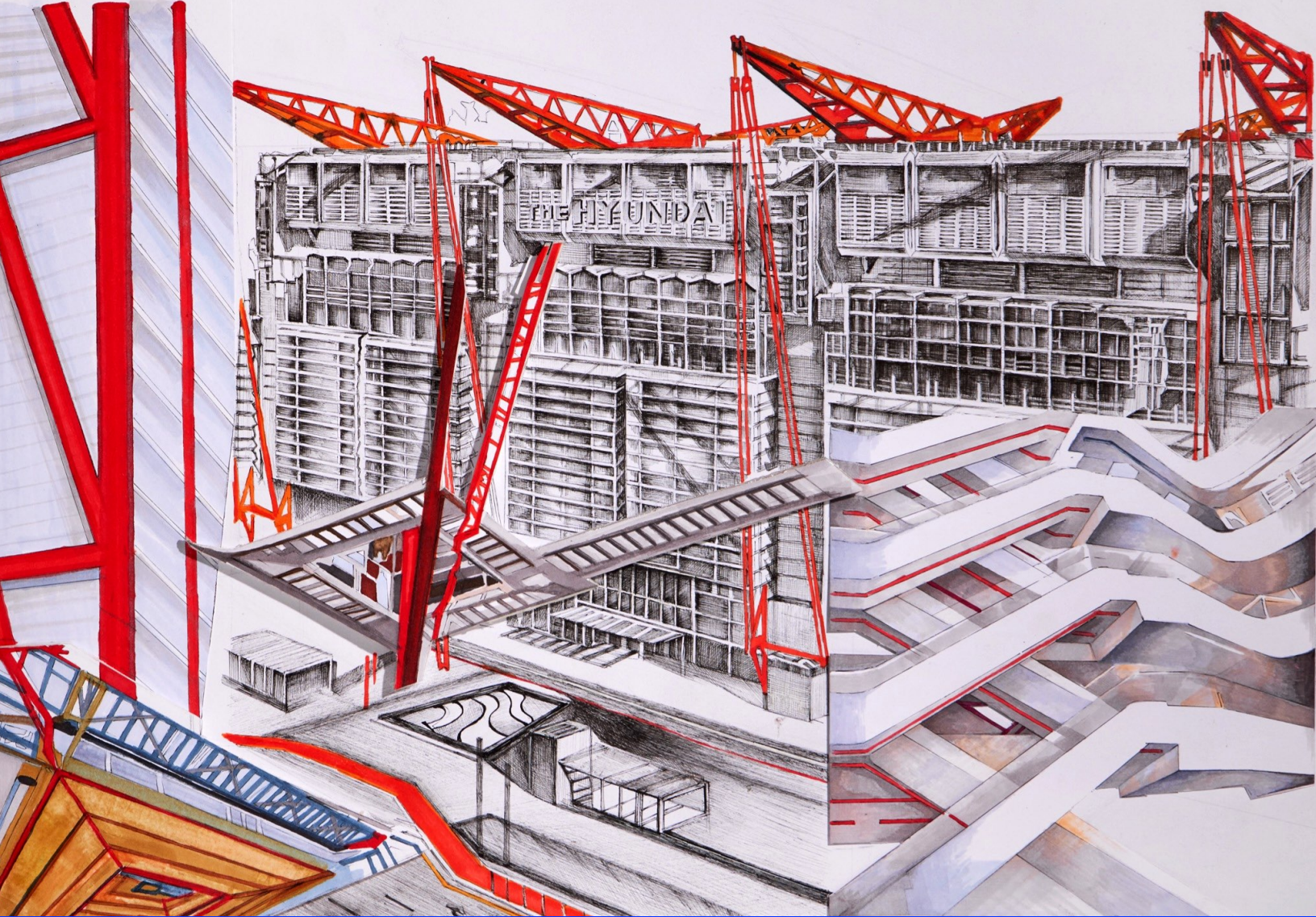


miniMAG

issue144
kuraokami





Disintegration

Sarah Rosenblatt

In a country where moneymakers rule
and the earth, our favorite place to snore,

is second fiddle,

the weather becomes stronger
more irate
above our twinkles.

Daily life slows and the sky is darker earlier.
The things we thought we'd have
start to disappear.

Daylight holds the story of how we live.

Meanwhile, as strange as I look
with smudged mascara,
there is always the possibility
of wiping my eyes,
freeing them from darker nature.



Start

NDS

As you scan the room,
grasping at thoughts that are worthy
of the physical activity needed to record them
Henceforth on this digital database,
remember that the mental capacities of the mind only seem to *catch* the
thoughts;

The thoughts come from more places than the mind and they often don't
stop there long.

Grab hold of any train of consciousness and allow yourself to continue the
modern act
of self expression through linking the brain to the hands in the act of
typing.

Developing a connection,
stamping down the grass to expose a trail
made only through multiple trips made
to the now understood territory,
one must start to have a journey.



The secret fruit

Ah-young Dana Park

When I was young before I went to school,
My nanny would take me outside
To eat the secret fruit

She told me that this fruit was enigmatical
She told me that this fruit was magical
She told me not to tell mom

The red juice of the secret fruit smudged on my fingers and lips,
As I picked and ate many from the bush.
As much as I could, until the school bus came

Everyday I woke up early to eat the secret fruit
It felt as if I became stronger, taller
It felt as if the fruit was supernatural

Until one day I stopped eating them.
It no longer tasted sweet, rather bitter.
The fruit pricked my tongue with its sourness

From then on, the secret fruit was gone.
I could no longer find it in its original spot.
All that was left was a bush of withered leaves.



The Fox and the Philosophe

August Mishayev

those lulling evenings of ox-eye and ochre tile
when i would sit atop of hill and home
and watch across the sea as crook'd mountains
struggled to hold the horizon and its
drunken rain

there i would read of lion and honey
and trace all the myriad ways i let you
down

i would wonder when, or if, i would feel
the nearness of you again —

the nearness of you, its truth lingers upon
the tip of the salamander giant's tongue
it tempts both the fox and the philosophe
as they transcribe your subtle diction and
tender rhythm onto the eyelids of sleeping
lovers and spanish inquisition

; but

if quiet enough, i can still hear your hurrian
hymn being hummed in hushed and hurried
tones upon the bone and sinew of barzilai's
hands —

o muse, how i mourn for you
sackcloth and ash





An Ancient Mosaic

Kaelyn Kwon

Drifting from place to place
Picking sand and seashells up as I go
Leaving behind a trail

Eventually I become a mosaic of seashore treasures
Dazzling in the sunlight
Sticking to whatever I can find

Traveling from coast to coast
Watching crowds come and go
Overseeing the mischief of curious kids

A witness to the ocean's secrets
As I float amongst fish and whales
And find communities of my kind

People like to prod and poke
Speculating what I am
Just another unidentified wonder

Lines and Circles

Jennifer Choi

A single step
soft as first rain,
heel pressed into mud,
breath drifting
across morning air—
this is where we began,
bodies learning to hold
the weight of movement.

Then, we sent boats downstream.
The water turned to current,
pulled, pressed,
winding into spirals
that fed the mills,
each mill turning circles
into more circles.

In time, we learned how to shape the circles:
gears and wheels that fed back to themselves,
the way a hand cranks iron to motion,
motion to air—
a flight from fragments.



Unfinished Exit

Claudia Wysocky

I keep thinking
about the time in high school
when you drew
me
a map of the city,
I still have it somewhere.
It was so easy
to get lost
in a place where all the trees
look the same.
And now
every time I see
a missing person's poster
stapled to a pole,
all I can think is
that could have been me.
Missing,
disappeared.

But there are no
posters for people
who just never came back
from vacation, from college,
from life.
You haven't killed yourself
because you'd have to commit to a
single exit.
What you wouldn't give to be your cousin Catherine,
who you watched
twice in one weekend get strangled nude
in a bathtub onstage
by the actor who once
filled your mouth with quarters at
your mother's funeral.
The curtains closed and opened again.
We applauded until
our hands were sore.

But you couldn't shake the image of
her lifeless body,
the way she hung there like a
marionette with cut strings.
And now every time you try to write a poem,
it feels like a
eulogy.
So even though you haven't
found the perfect ending yet,
you keep writing.
For Catherine, for yourself, for all the lost
souls
who never got their own
missing person's poster.
Because as long as there are words on a page,
there is still hope for an unfinished exit
to find its proper
ending.





Madness & History

Jake Triola

Strength in numbers
is no good for Madness,
who sits,
smoking on the balcony,
History having written
her fate
in brittle stone

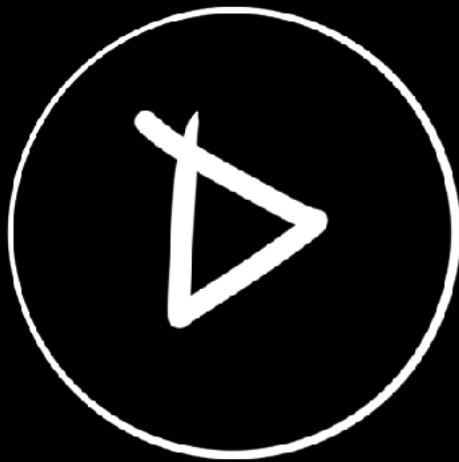


imperial bedrooms

airport

i'm guilty of loving ghosts,
chasing demons, and fornicating with angels
it's a portrait of me paralyzed
in bed, as you get dressed and
walk away, suddenly the busy one
suddenly the responsible, how

i don't want to be laughed at,
i want to be different
i don't want to be laughed at,
i want to stand out
i don't want to be laughed at,



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insta: @minimag_write
book: <https://a.co/d/2O1yfmD>

Art by Sean Lee
Page 01: In the Cafe
Page 04: Shift
Page 11: Follow
Page 12: Bedroom

Art by Jinyoung Chloe Park
Page 02: In and Out
Page 03: The Neighborhood Trip
Page 06: Pieces of Home
Page 07: Wave of self expression
Page 10: Flowers, books, and candies

“Disintegration” by Sarah Rosenblatt

“Start” by NDS
Insta: @chef_ennui
Substack: <https://substack.com/@ennuicreation>

“The secret fruit” by Ah-young Dana Park

“The Fox and the Philosophe” by August Mishayev
Insta: @au__gust.th

“An Ancient Mosaic” by Kaelyn Kwon

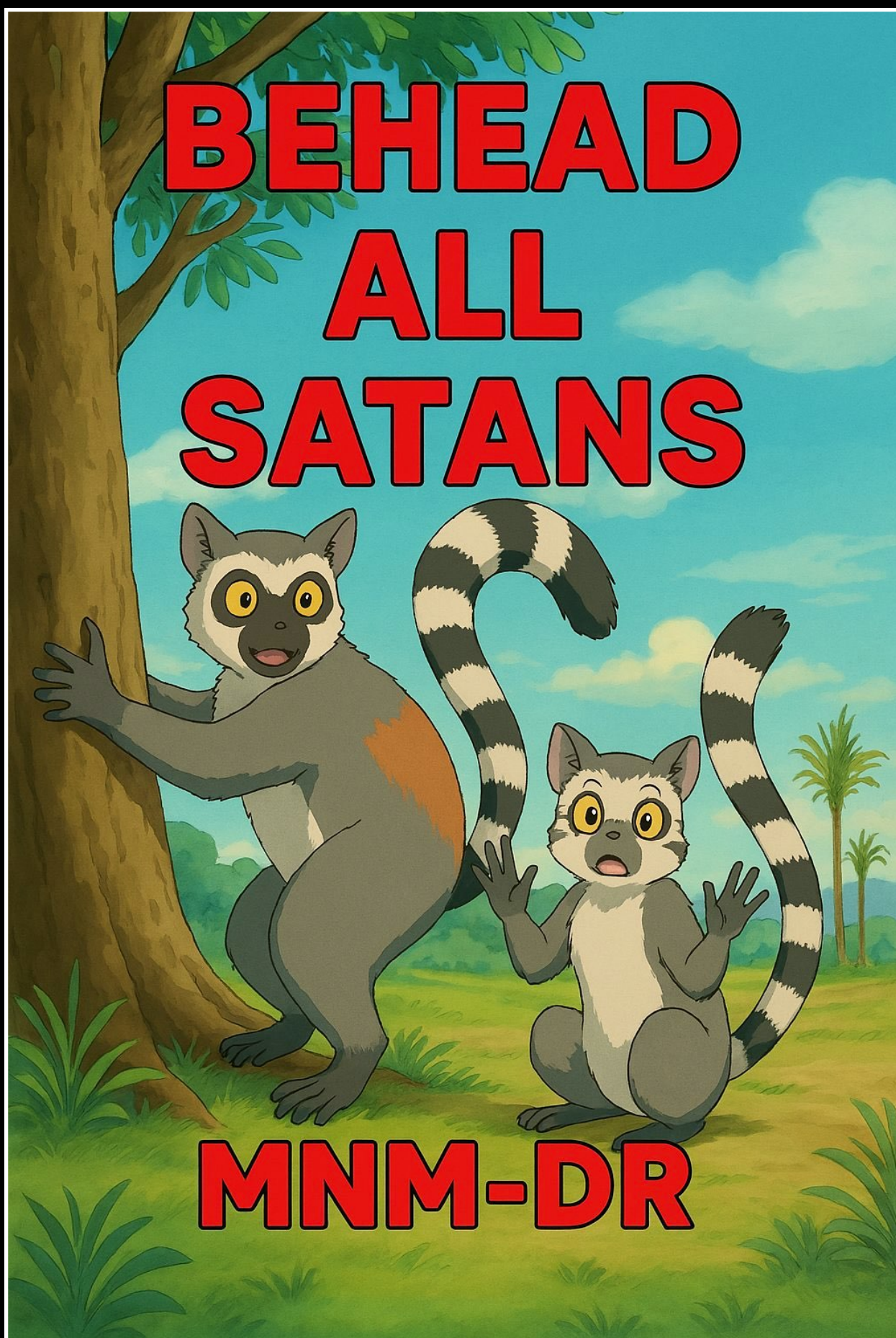
“Lines and Circles” by Jennifer Choi

“Unfinished Exit” by Claudia Wysocky
Insta: @clau.diawysocky

“Madness & History” by Jake Triola
Website: <https://linktr.ee/jaketriola>

ISSUE144 edited by Alex Prestia

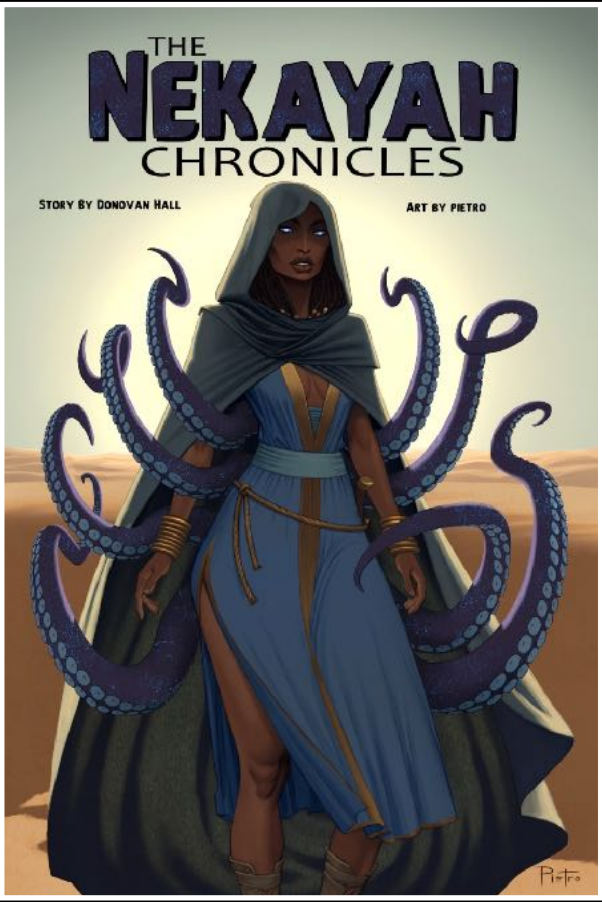
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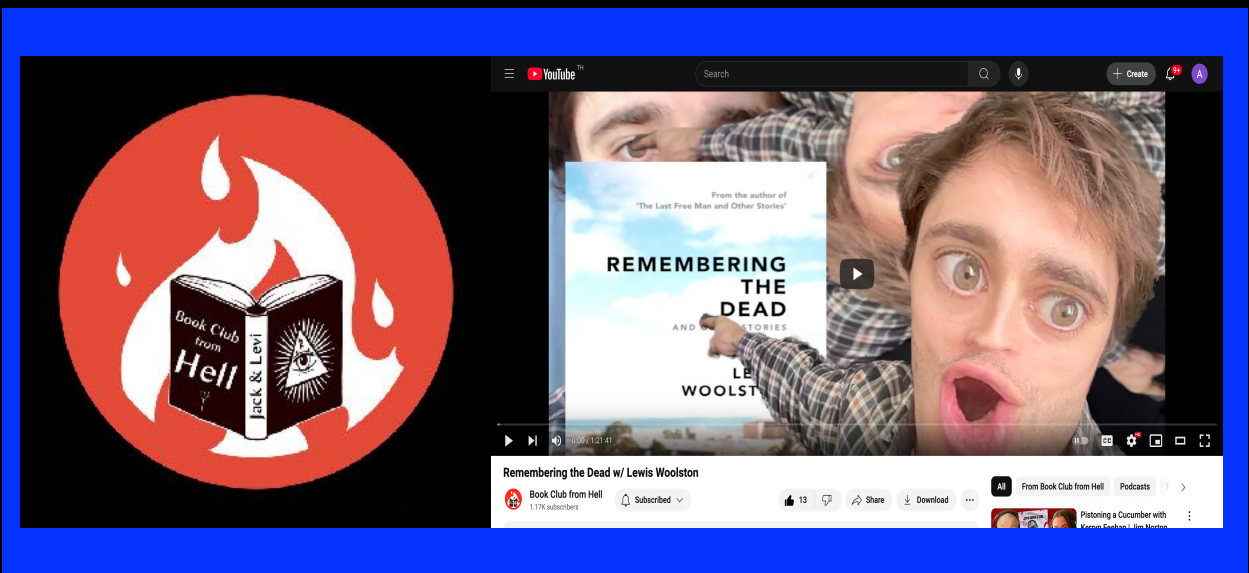
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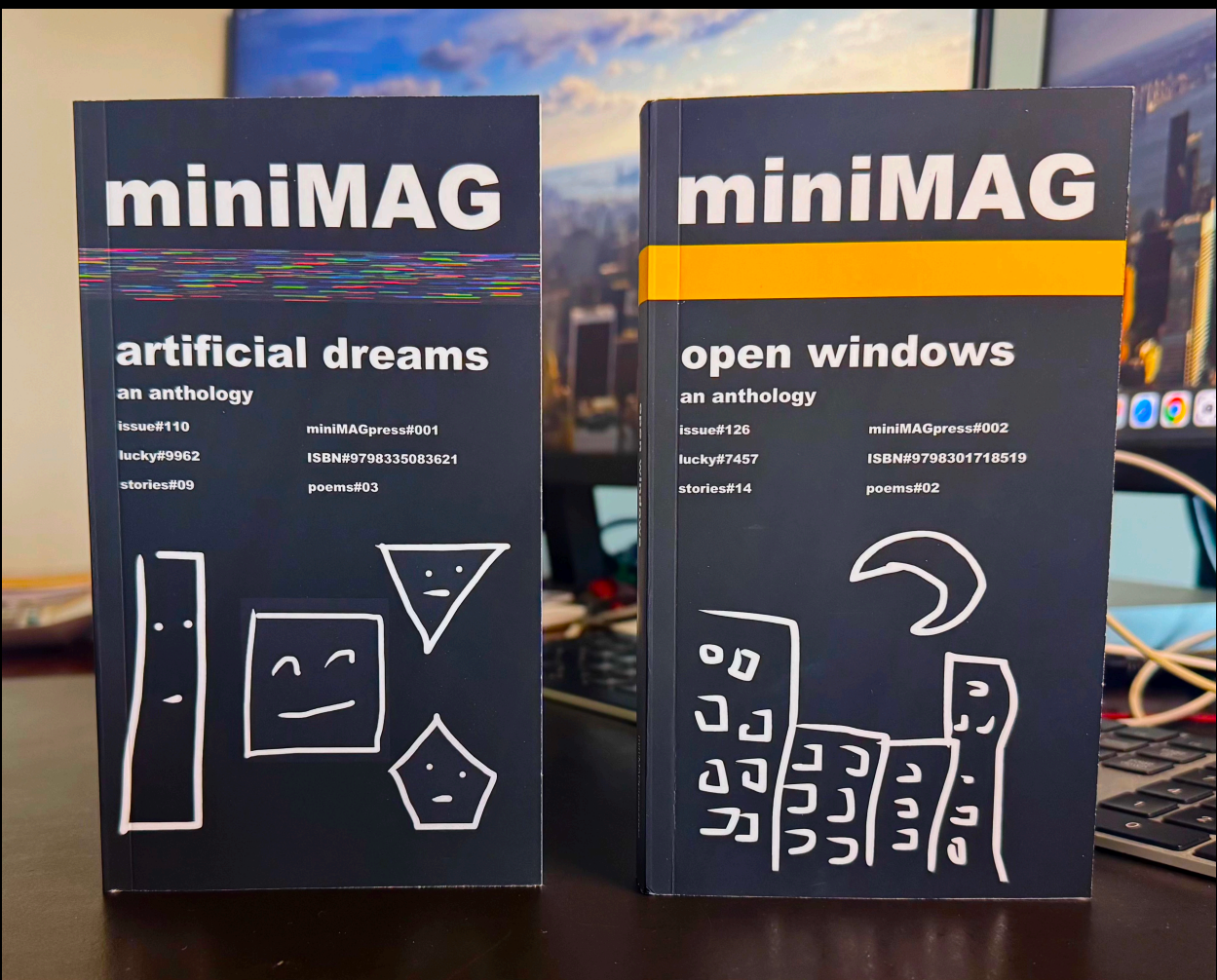
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