







## Ephemeral Matters

Sarah Rosenblatt

I thought of the delightful edge sleep had over me,  
and that amazing book before I drifted off  
into dreams laced with symbolism  
that I put aside in our cold house  
as I venture to the kitchen to make oatmeal.

Some things are durable  
others give way as soon as I touch them—  
the mustache of a long-ago one-night stand,  
the dramatic changes of the sky at twilight.

The weather collides with our butterfly glands  
the muscles in our legs, our hearty eyebrows,  
as we bear witness to the complexity of being

mammals, animals  
with stomachs, lungs  
and so few ways to the heart  
of this matter.

My dog and husband snore on the couch.  
Years push through rounded windows.  
There are sounds of birds, chimes,  
and beneath it all,

my dog's pink belly holds everything in place.

# Derangement is Coming

Nik Hoffmann

Derangement is coming:  
Sickle, Scythe, Psyche, Blood.

*Would you, could you,  
in the rain?*

The hag sends her regards,  
Immortal subtleties  
Are wrenching the controls;  
Behold the death,  
The flaunting noose.  
Listen! Listen!  
It's late...time is building  
Like stacks of wood,  
A kiln has dried them  
Stuck with phlegm  
Madness seeping  
Maggot creeping  
Pit is sucking  
Dogs are fucking  
The end, The end,  
Why won't time bend!

*A train! A train!  
A train! A train!*

Drip Drop  
Drip Drop  
The clock's about to pop  
Tick Tock  
Tick Tock  
The door's getting locked

*I do not like them ANYWHERE!*

Eyes are bleeding  
Locust breeding  
Fiends are seething  
Blood is reaping  
Time is eating  
Time is eating  
Will you eat?  
Will you eat?  
For the love of God!  
Don't eat it!



Eleanor sat in her garden, where the flowers ticked like clocks. Each petal was a second hand, spinning too fast, shedding moments into the dirt. She'd planted them herself, years ago, when her heart first broke—shattered into gears and springs she couldn't reassemble. Now, her sadness was a garden of time, blooming and wilting in endless cycles. She whispered to the daisies, "Slow down," but they only ticked louder, mocking her with every lost second. The metaphor was her reality: her grief had turned her into a gardener of hours, tending to a life that slipped through her fingers like sand. She wore gloves made of old calendar pages, the dates of her happiest memories smudged and torn. Her tears watered the roses, which chimed midnight even in the afternoon sun, their thorns sharp with the weight of yesterday. One morning, something unhinged happened. A sunflower, its face a cracked clock dial, began to scream. Not a sound humans could hear, but a vibration that shook the earth beneath her. Eleanor dropped her trowel, the one she'd carved from her childhood music box, and watched as the sunflower uprooted itself. It staggered toward her, its roots trailing like broken wires, and pressed its ticking face against hers. "You're late," it hissed, though it had no mouth. The other flowers joined in, a chorus of ticking and chiming, their stems bending as if to bow to some unseen conductor. Eleanor screamed back, her voice a rusted gear, and the garden trembled. She ran inside, slamming the door, but the ticking followed her, echoing in her chest. She looked out the window, and the garden was still—too still. The flowers stood upright, their clock faces blank, as if time had finally stopped. Or had it just begun? Eleanor wasn't sure. She sat on her couch, clutching a calendar glove, waiting for something—anything—to happen next. Outside, a single petal fell, but she couldn't hear if it ticked.





## THE BECKONING

Gonzalo Zabalgoitia

In the darkest hours of the night.  
When your heart is full of fright.  
If you listen well.  
And don't let your fears swell.  
You can hear the bell toll.  
With its solid bronze howl.

For whom does this ancient relic roar?  
It roars for you.  
It roars for me.

It roars for those who are damned to the bone.  
Whose days were once numbered but are now gone.  
And won't see the light of the dawn no more.



## Live in the moment

Jenny Lee

I watched my sister crossing her legs on a high chair,  
and asked, 언니, *what is that you are wearing on your face?*  
"Just some stuff,"  
She moved her chair closer to the mirror.

I look at the photo we took at Disneyland,  
holding hands together—13 and 8.  
*How pretentious she looked with the*  
*Mickey Mouse headband, trying to act like an adult.*

Now I'm the one applying the *stuff*—  
watching the vivid colors apply all over my face.  
I stumble to the clean, bland living room;  
where I used to watch the sky rise.

When I was a child, I would exclaim to my 언니—  
look at the orange sky outside!  
Now, I'm busy showing my cold shoulder to the sky.  
Too busy with the blue letters on the screen.

I remember questioning my sister,  
*"What does it mean? 바뀌다?"*  
She said that it is just like the clouds shifting—  
You enjoy watching it, and then it's already 바뀌었다.

My sister would spend time capturing photos;  
maybe it was because she wanted to preserve the moments.  
I blow the dust off the frame—  
the glitter from the headband is still sparkling.





## Endless...

Beena E. S.

across the ages, patterns tightly bind,  
in hearth and kitchen, their roots entwined,  
a duty handed down, without reprieve,  
from grandmother's hands to mothers who weave,  
the fabric of care, time dares not to cleave.

a silent vow echoes through the years,  
an unbroken thread, spun from hopes and fears,  
a cloak of weight, in stillness it lies,  
from dawn's soft rise to twilight's closing skies,  
and into the night, where duty never dies.  
choice or coercion, it clings and enthralls,  
in love's deep tether, willingly we fall—  
a circle with no end, an undivided call  
a monotone drone, marking each day's spell.



days filled with toil,  
nights spent tracing tomorrow's tasks,  
the simmering pot, a lullaby of sighs,  
dust and dirt taunt, as tears and scrubbing pair,  
laundry and dishes, a never-ending affair,  
in daily task, a story resides,  
whispers of dreams buried deep inside,  
silent sacrifices as freedom and duty collide.

a living mannequin, trapped in inheritance.



고 次가 駿基이며 次孫婦는 許會永이고 曾孫女는 예나 에진이다 外孫으로는 李東浩 在 次가  
孫婿는 沃野人 林尚煜이다 外曾孫은 韓尚佑 尚燁 林廷禹가 있다 不肖子 淺見薄識하고  
나 감히 銘文을 撰함에 先代의 功과 德을 몇자 글월로 읊길수가 있음이라 오로지 可惜하고  
따름이다 先代에 德이 쌓여서 發達함에 子孫이 번창하니 陰德으로 吉히 陽明케 하소서 銘石을  
오니 海龍山 巽坐에서 하나님의 보호 하심 속에서 榮생 하시기를 祈禱하나이다  
二〇一四年 月 日 不肖子 愚英謹撰





## A Marble Jar

John Swain

Floating on a white robe,  
I call dawn to your solitude,  
we chamber a marble jar  
in waves of amethyst,  
clear to the depths  
embedded with reflection  
as the sunlight expands.

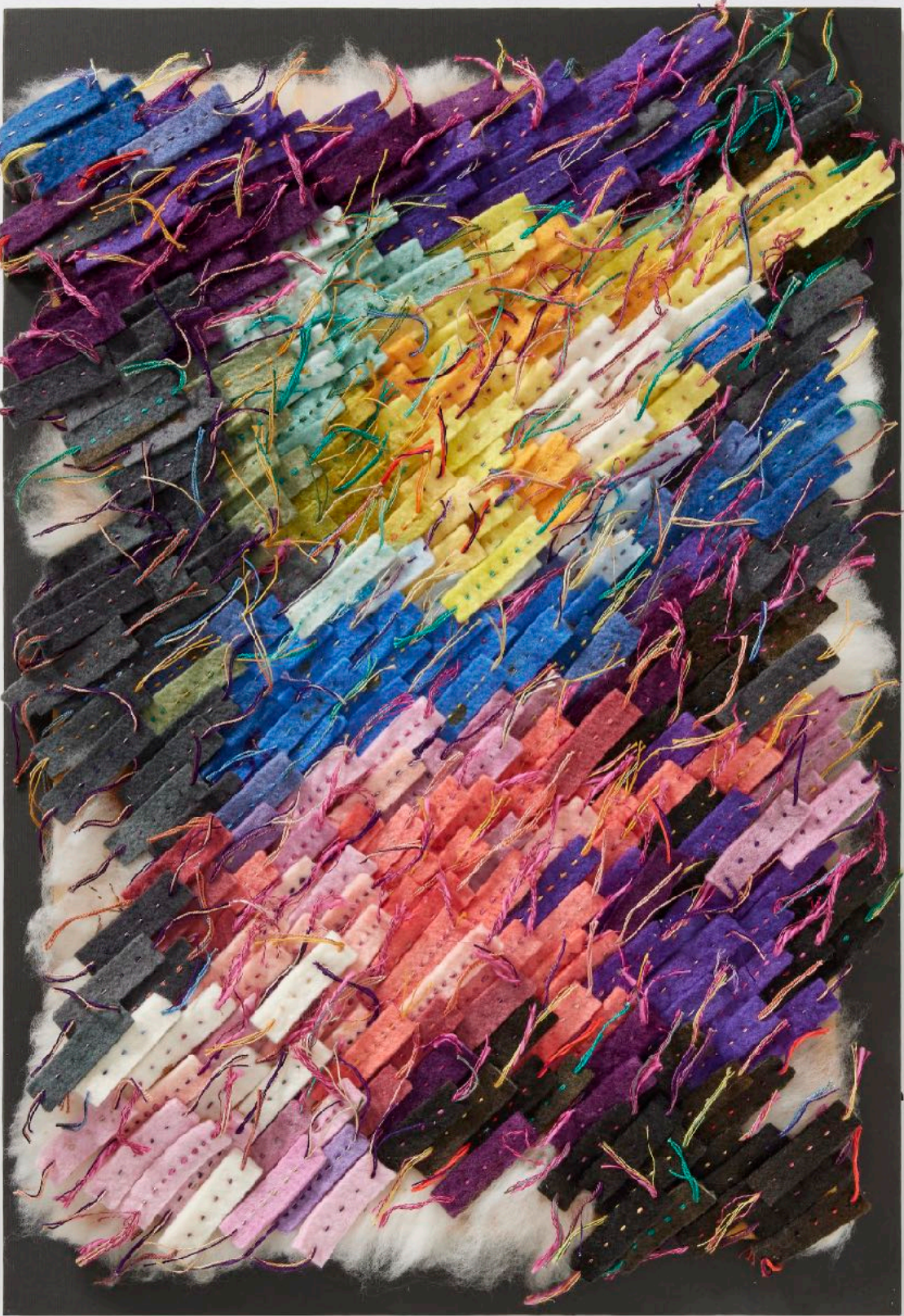
The spear of the mountain peak  
mirrors the sea  
and pierces my forehead,  
birds scatter from the sky mask of your eye.

# Grampy

Michael Pollentine

survived  
his mother  
lightning strikes  
Dunkirk  
machine guns  
POW camps  
operations  
amputation  
the only thing  
he lost  
was his mind  
the only thing  
that took  
him  
out  
was time.





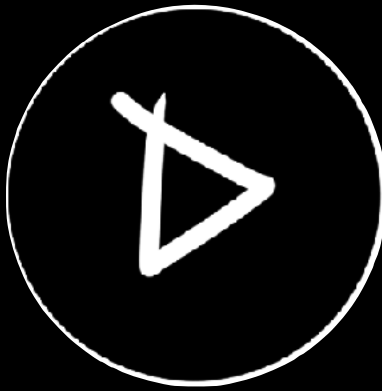
## (TIME)

Rick K. Reut

...as time flies fast – unless GOD cuts its wings.  
But then time seems to simply start to run  
out of space. Time sometimes only brings  
slow-motion sighing from the setting sun.  
Yes, time can heal; but time can also kill  
like a wind blowing out candles. When a rain-  
storm starts, you feel all you can feel until  
you come to find out if it is in vain...

...as time flies fast – unless GOD cuts its wings. But then time seems to simply start to run out of space. Time sometimes only brings slow-motion sighing from the setting sun. Yes, time can heal; but time can also kill like a wind blowing out candles. When a rainstorm starts, you feel all you can feel until you come to find out if it is in vain...





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“Live in the moment” by Jenny Lee

“A Marble Jar” by John Swain  
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“Grampy” by Michael Pollentine  
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Book: [Revealing Without Revealing](#) (ABP, 2025)

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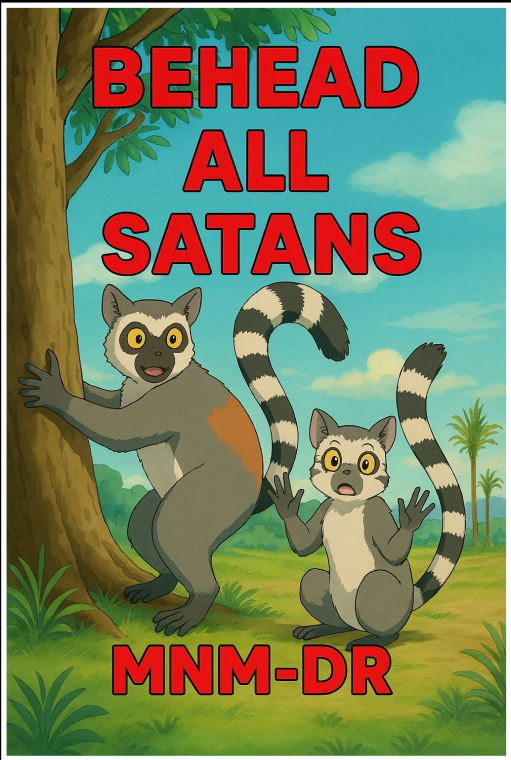


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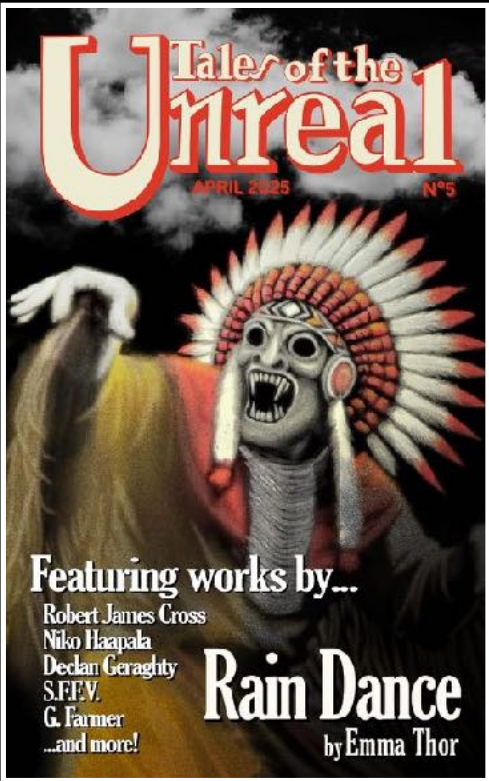


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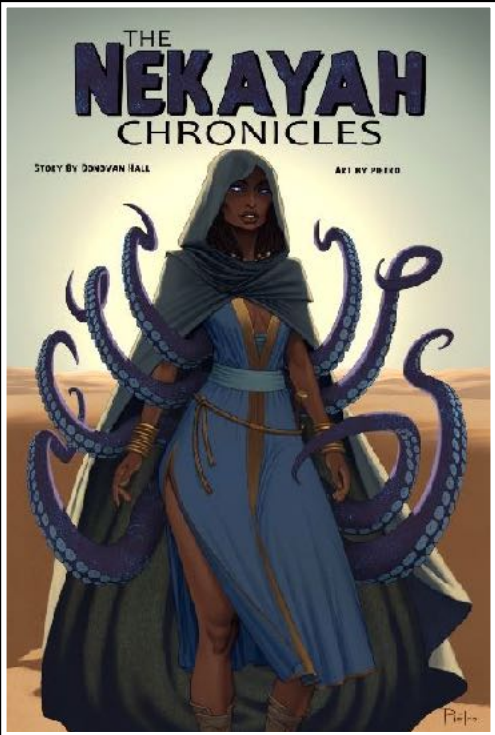




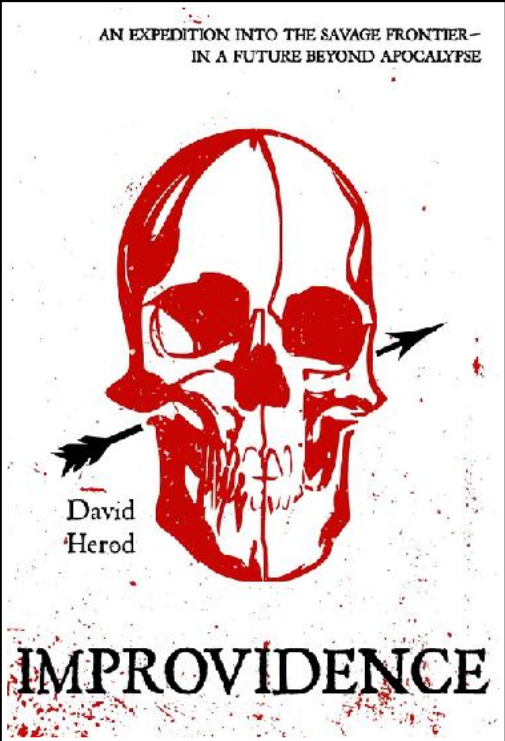
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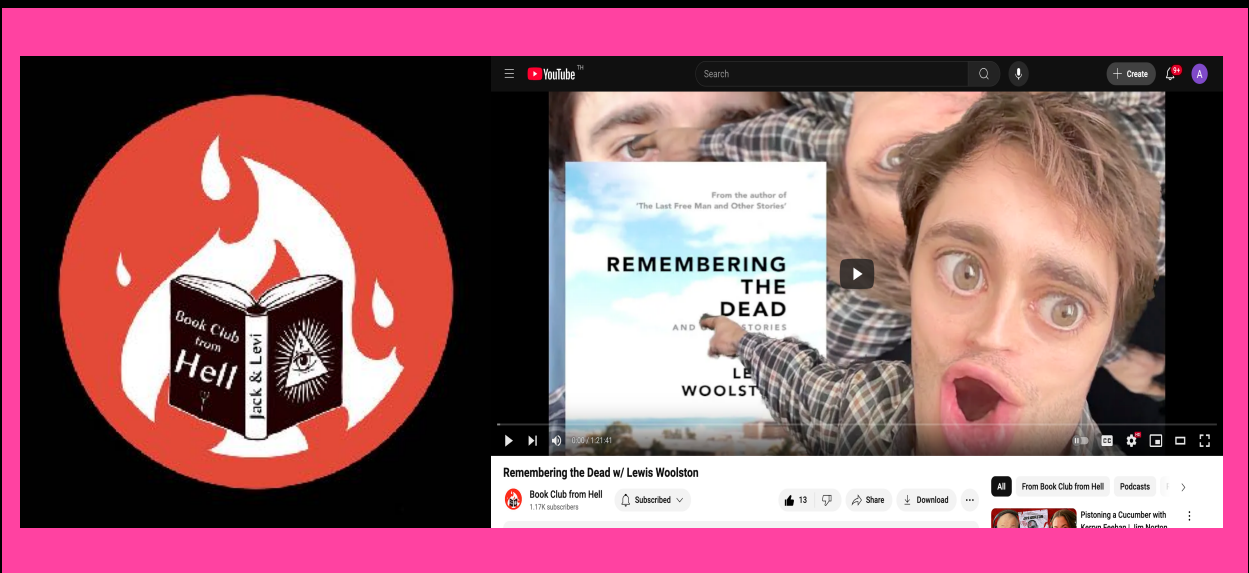


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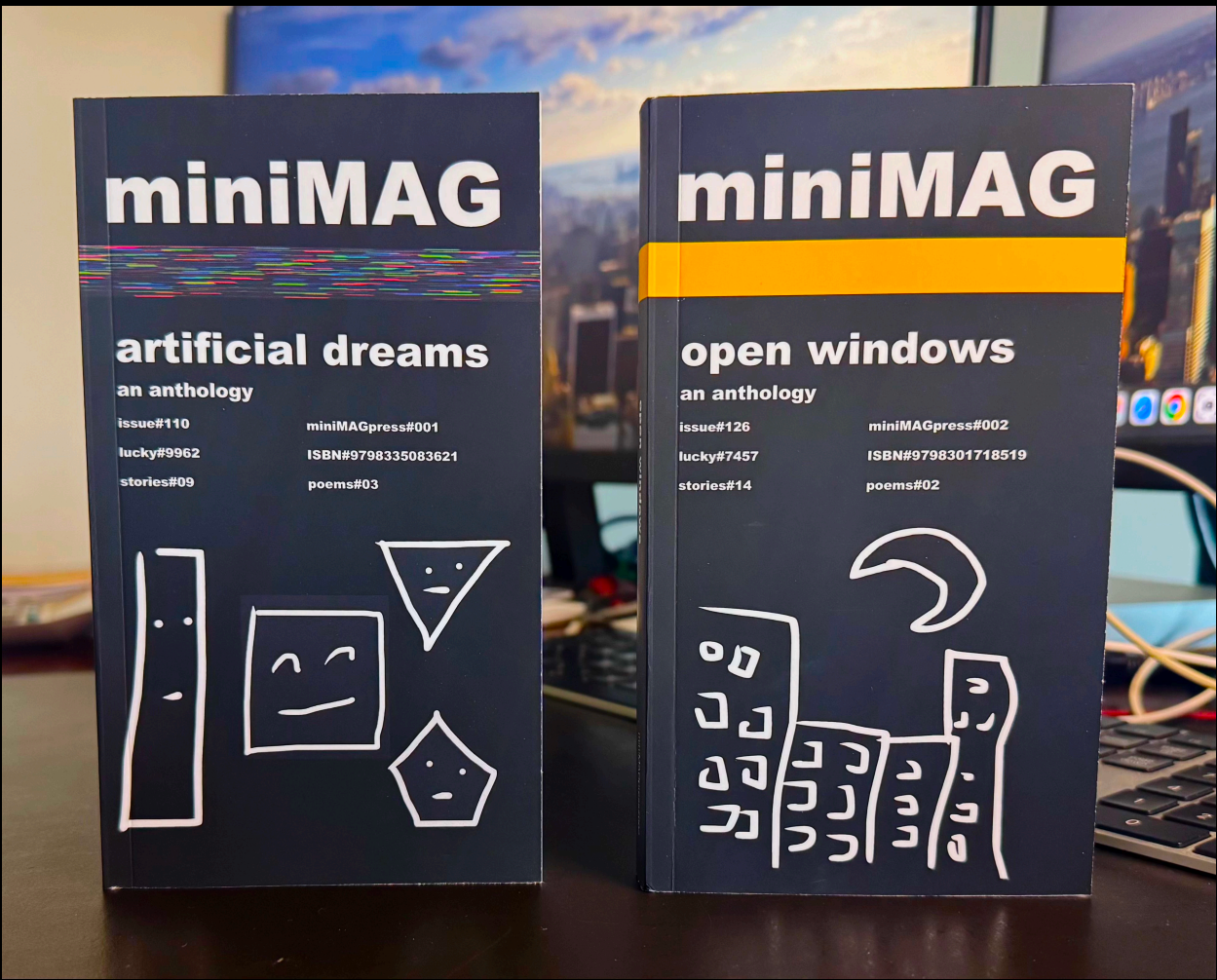


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