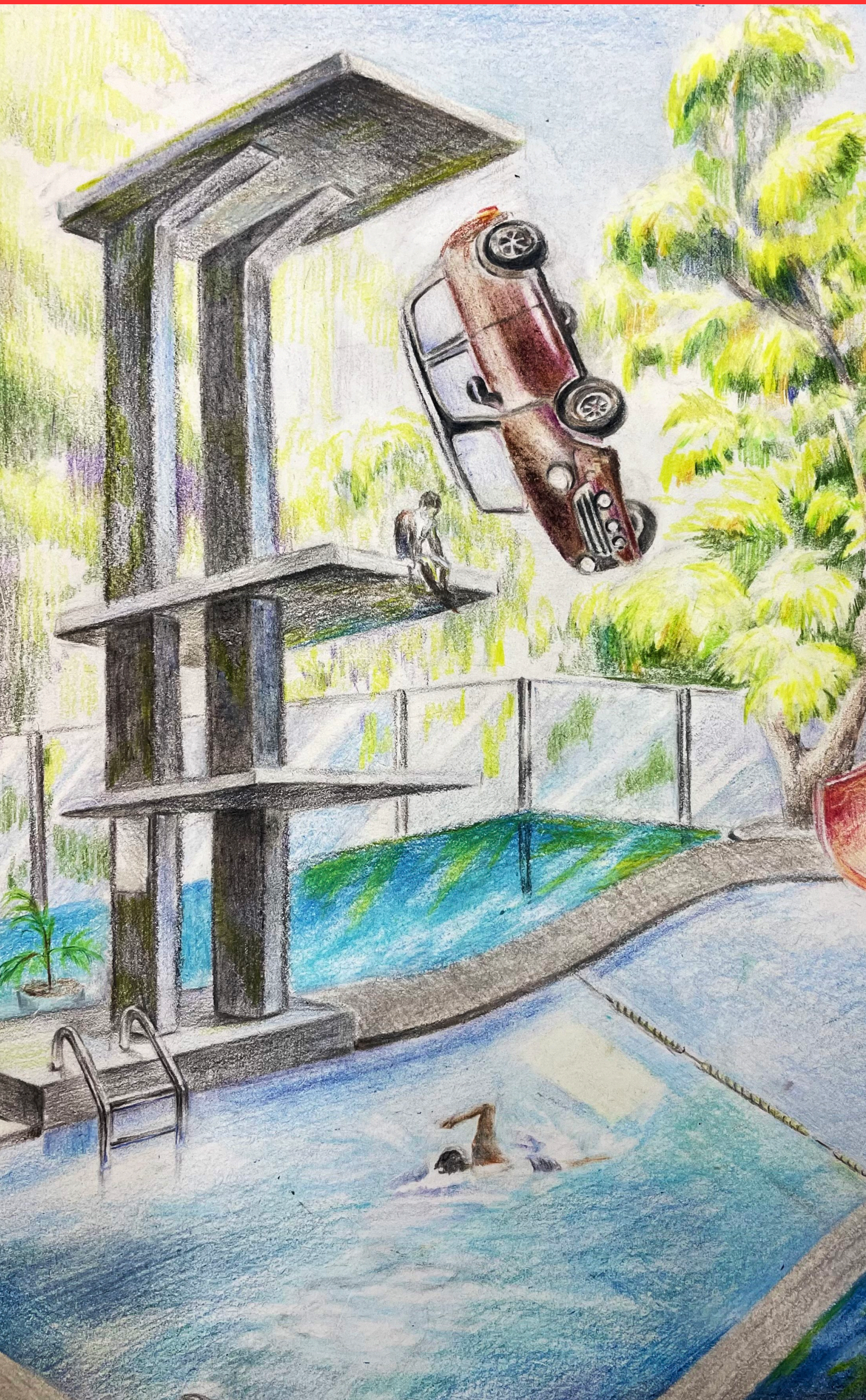


miniMAG

issue149
build city





portrait of two apples

Yukyung Katie Kim

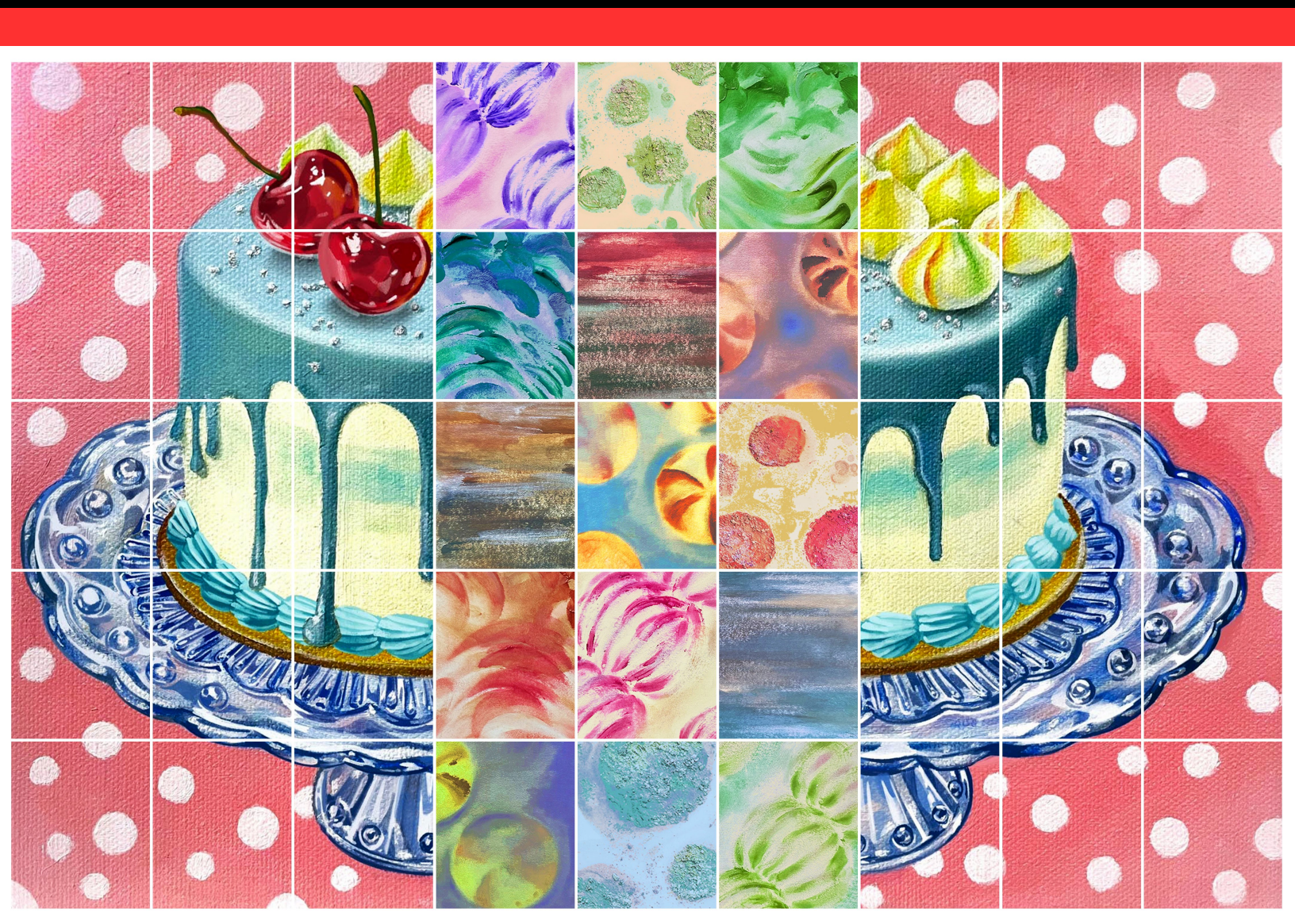
but what if i weren't hungry
and decided to wait for mom to come home
instead? who else would fill my plate
with *bulgogi*, with another layer of egg rolls or mound
of marinated spinach my stomach expands
to fit, even when it's already full
of love and care?

what if i weren't bothered by my sneakers' stained
soles, instead snow-angeling in my hammock
like a starfish under the blazing sun
until siri screamed, "call from mom devil emoji."
what if, instead, i watched the gray clouds
slide across the sky's stomach
in awe?

what if i didn't buy two apples
at whole foods, let the red and green tints
flavor only my world, spinning
without anyone else to care about, surrounded
with the twirling whispers of passersby
while she pressed her faded-ink
sharpie deeper into the cardboard, stranded
on the sidewalk, waiting for passerbys to read
"PLEASE HELP. GOD BLESS" – waiting
for selfish signs, untempered egos.

what if i didn't see the bedframe
the woman nailed together from the footsteps
of girls like me, who never think to watch
where they're stepping, who never think to help
people like her? who never think which histories
they're stepping on while heading somewhere
better—the night club spilling drunk teenagers, the levain bakery
filled with chanel-tote girls in tube tops. somewhere
richer, more powerful.

but what if the woman gets up
when I offer her an apple—when she finds
the strength of her younger self, calloused
hands clasping her boston marathon legs, her recipe
for carrot cake, her son's cherub cheeks. together
they murmur, *thank you, thank you.*





Midnight Sky

Karen Lee

cutting through the dimming stars as we looked out to the open,
searching for hope in the cold air and dark sky
and the sound of cheerful tunes lightly whispering for innocence
Dreams are never gone; they are hidden beneath the grass on
silent, starry summer days

Lanterns flicker over the Han River market, casting
pools of beer across the dancing stalls.

Fresh-baked hotteok and grilled mackerel accompany the
vendor's yells.

Freedom

Jian Yeo

Rippling water seesaws against
the boats move along as
the seagull stares at the man eating chips

The bag of chips rustle with the soft wind
bristling together, harmonizing together
embracing the moments, bringing hands together

Children giggle in the playground
their pure laughter flows with the rippling water
the seagull gazes at the children

someday

Seungmin Kim

someday

i hope to find

someday

someday i would like not to write
for writing is an act of illustration for the
words that must not be said,
truth that has been hidden away,

hatred that must be shared to all

someday i would love to instead create
create to give all the silence of peace, the
adoration one cannot put into words,
worlds crafted from the resurrection of death,

life that had been stolen from many

someday, that day may come
but for me to stop writing
of the sins of man, i must first
hear birds in the trees who sing songs too soft for my ears

but for me to hear these birds and how they speak to me

i must not hear the men and how they break against the ground
when their boots
and oh

when their feet
spray mud across the white lilies planted by children long gone
i should wait for the day i see the music
and when the tanks cross shattered homes with the breath of war i should
wish to feel the north wind press it to the side and whisper the love from a
world yet found and hear of the beauty from behind closed eyes and i should
beg to live a world of life and death and not the suffering we bring between,
and good and evil

but beyond all i hope that someday far into the future, perhaps we
can love

Someday



The Red Sea

Sean Kim

On the bright red sea there goes a school of fish,
The sea floats to the sandy beaches,
At the beaches there lies a picnic,
In the picnic there is different food,
Food include watermelon, hot dogs, ice cream, fruit punch, and cucumber
All these food causes scent that flows everywhere,
The scent leads to a warm mood,
A warm mood goes into happiness,
Happiness will be in everyone's heart,
A heart red as the bright red sea.



water lilies

Grace Lee

a symphony of hues danced upon the pond's surface,
rippling like blurred, blotted paint strokes.

the azure, lapping water reflects vast, stretching
skies, while the sun spills gleaming gold through
cracks between the clouds. there is "light," as Monet
declared that "is the most important person in the picture."

lilies float, soft pastel tints seeping olive green shadows
into navy waters. white petals are brushed by hints
of amber sun rays while pale pinks bleed into purples.
Monet once declared, "What I need most of all is color,
always, always." his wishful words bloom here.

the pond is a surreal, glimmering fantasy, suspended
between reality and dreams, as the blue surface looks as
a cosmos does, or as infinite, mirrored skies. Monet
once noted, "I am following Nature without being
able to grasp her," yet each petal is painted with
radiant beauty and luminous serenity.

사랑

Chloe Ko

do roller coasters feel like 사랑?
ups and downs and loops
thrilling but hard to try
like confessing
and with 2 different outcomes
that chooses the color of
what feeling am I going to be?
사랑
that's what my mom told me
she said young 사랑 is the most memorable
staying after school
that pure and clear
a feeling you feel
for the first time in your life
사랑
i thought
calling with those,
rainbow faces are frequent
christmas colors are common
with a hint of pink
closing the door
is too much of a hint
when 2 voices appear
when 1 person went in
사랑
my friends want 사랑
not from anyone but
one particular 사람
the heart that pulls like a magnet
the connection you see with
mom dad
deeply with nanny and pops
the one that always glows
and flows through their souls
the one they think about
the one they talk about
thats what my friends said
사랑 is hard
but to find the right one
사랑 is

quite needed to be
hard, strange, and new
사랑 is hard
what are you?
but who u are
i wish i find you
sometimes again
with the right one





melody of morning

Haeun (Regina) Kim

sliver of sunlight trickles through an open window
gusts of fresh air slip in with it
—a robber tiptoeing inside—
and squirms its way into knitted pajamas
weaving in and out of each stitch
 pausing to tickle at bare stomach and drooping arms
before disappearing into a breath

white blanket hangs loosely off body frame
a clothes hanger on a coat rack
liquid honey seeping into bone
pockets of negative space between skin and fabric
translucent bubbles of crisp autumn air
—the crunch of reddening leaves underfoot—
rising and falling like lungs

hair fans out on pillow curved like a willow tree
strands of it plastered against cool cheek
playing at open mouth // dusting pink lips
eyelids drifting shut
lashes soft and silken
—spun sugar skimming skin—
powdered with dusky eye sand

but—the sleepy clock has already begun to tick—
and the organs have sprung to life
playing a sweet little melody of chirps and tweets
echoing and whirring
and the sunlight has freckled face awash in gold
air twisting and tapping threadbare shoulder
murmuring—open your eyes—it’s morning

Places of W(o/a)nder

Sally Lee

Under the hum of the late-night fluorescence,
The glass doors open behind me
A sword-like woosh, a rush of cool air
Sugar scented air, thick with noise
I am swallowed whole
By aisle that stretch like highways of dreams

Rows and rows of greens and flowers
Rows and rows of packages; perfectly aligned
Rows and rows of women feeding their families
Rows and rows of workers beeping away

Cleopatra in the spice aisle
Dusting gold on her fingers
Offering me a half price on rosemary
She laughs as she fades into tumeric clouds

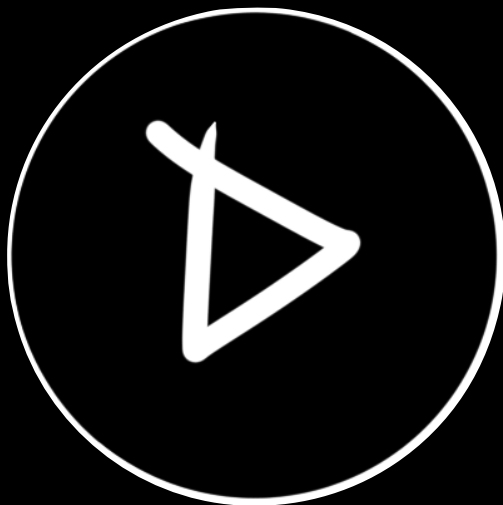
Marie Antoinete tells me to forget your worries and eat cake
Holding baguettes in her hands
Singing of yeast and pastels

Einstein, lost in cereal loops
Ponders galaxies in his cart
He tells me that fruit rings every morning will make me smarter
I should definitely try that

Marilyn floats by
Her cart overflowing with champagne dreams
She seems a bit tipsy soaked in all this wonder
I wish I had the free spirits of hers

I look at my empty cart
A long list of items yet only filled with space

I glance at the glass doors of dairy
All the colors and wonders muffled as I face my own reflection
I walk out of market, empty handed
The neon sign glitching behind me



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Art by Dylan Hong
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“water lilies” by Grace Lee

“someday” by Seungmin Kim

“The Red Sea” by Sean Kim

“사랑” by Chloe Ko

“Midnight Sky” by Karen Lee

“Freedom” by Jian Yeo

“melody of morning” by Haeun (Regina) Kim

“Place of W(o/a)nder” by Sally Lee

ISSUE149 edited by Alex Prestia

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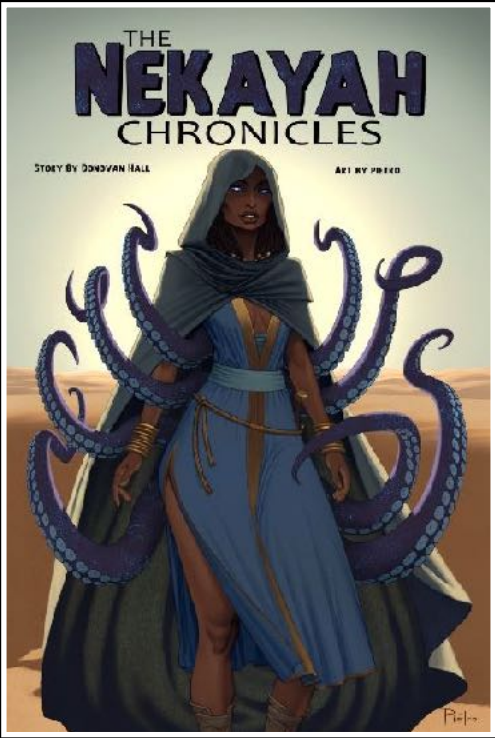
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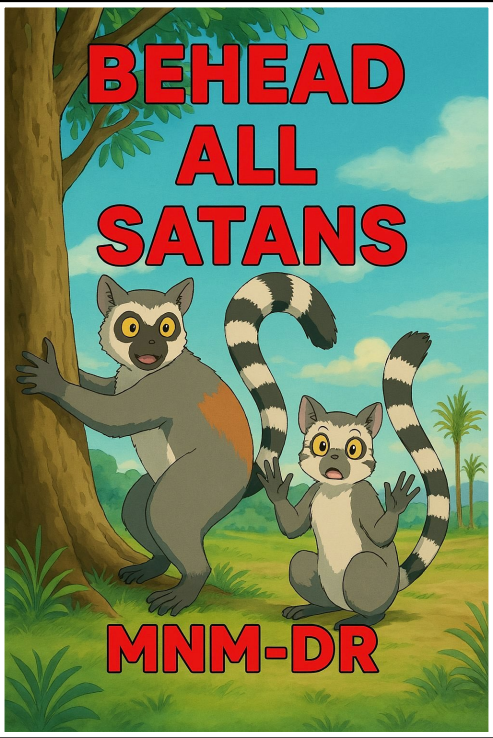
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