

Sachlichkeit

Charles Pero

Melt the whole of it
Freeze it and turn it to glass
a Thick corset fasten, oer' empty air
Tighten it
Run circles of straight lines
Waves lap
mingled as laces over themselves

irony joins the sincere
Cut it away
For the sake of the word
Forsake it
Cancel it out If you want it at all

Dry air wrings out the humors
Balance alone in the alps
surrounded by mutts of the middle
Fegefuer, Der Zauberberg

Aristotle would have mutts of us all
same as the Buddha

Cut your mouth from its tongue
Pivots and kungs middle path,
Throw them away
Into the coming on
Into the mingling dead
Join them in styx
Pray they dont break you
those half breed shades
As they have me, In the mingling waves

A Translation

Hwi-Jong Ryu

Swallow, swallow, swallow
the old dragon, ate,
the old bird had broken,
feathers upon the snout,
the old crow found shattered,
found broken beak.

Broken beak found,
no one heard the sound,
found the chick, eyes gone,
found the duck, claws drawn,
no dragon, ate,
swallow, swallow, swallow.



daypomed again - *another diluted found poem*

Scott C. Holstad

mother after ever
bells watching thin
waiting for when
body has weathered
breakdown thoughts
fruity apparel
itdontmattermuch
city folks and beamers
dreams talking to
into voidless
guns stormin
stomping waling
what contributions
oh statements of
one nihilistic fare
27th avenue existentialism
somewhere warped in
wandering pantuns
artist somewhat
afternoon high up
walking father faster
pastel godless creams
turkeyrockyislandhill
progressing dads
getting dadad
the baby said zoned
observations travesties
amityville will too
narrative in way low
not but forgetting
hurting you softly
hanging with dangle
hypersonic daydream
then/there/water/noize
stopit stopit stopit
that which was
not never said
no
buzzsplat
slug mountain



America micropoetry

Melissa Lemay

You can take
America out of
the rhetoric

but you can't take
the rhetoric out
of America



Apologies, from Mr. Faust

Maya Rose

Dear Mr. Devil,

First off, what am I supposed to call you? I chose “Devil”, as that seems the most biologically correct term. I could have done Satan -> but I emailed H.P Lovecraft, and he informed me that was a little too stereotypical. Said it reminded you too much of an ass, sorry, donkey. I would like to trust Mr. Lovecraft. I considered Beezelbub, but as you can see, I cannot spell it correctly even now. Also, in my opinion, it implies you’re unintelligent. Which is obviously not the case. You’re omniscient... I think?

Anyways, all of this to say, I found your advertisement on 4chan, and I was quite intrigued. I’ve never encountered a legitimate demon before.

I’m sure I will not be the only one reaching out to you, hell knows if you will even receive this (no pun intended!), but I believe there is no harm in a simple letter. Sorry, email. The arrival of technology has been so odd these days.

I am keen to inquire to your rates. I understand that, currently, it is 6,666 dollars for a “Wussy’s Deal”, as in I would receive one wish of my choosing, and it can’t be nothing “life-altering”. Do you mind

defining what that means? Can I request for a new heart? I just had a heart attack last week. Truth be told, I escaped the hospital three days ago. I am currently typing this from my cocaine dealer's house. But not important.

What would be the next level up from a "Wussy's Deal"? I don't want to call myself a coward... but I did choose to ignore an old lady trying to get her cat down from a tree last month. I know I should have helped her, but I was more focused on my Tamagotchi than potential altruism. Does this make me a "bad" person? No, I shouldn't be asking you; you're the last possible person—demon—to consult on morals (note to self: delete last sentence at earliest convenience).

Is there a deal where I can make a "life-altering" decision? I have many many wishes. But I'd really like to become sheikh of the United Arab Emirates. And kill my second ex-wife. In that order. I hope I don't need to provide further justification as to these decisions? I think it should be obvious. And can you not read my mind, as you are omniscient? Or did I just make that assumption for myself?

This is an incredibly long letter -> I deeply apologize, and I am really running out of paper. Well, it's not really paper I'm writing on. See, I mentioned how I'm writing this from my dealer's house, I'm writing this on the flap of a cardboard box he just need for his last deal. There may be traces of cocaine on it. I wanted to apologize, but I figured you'd like it.

Anyways, I've attached my contact information below. If it is indecipherable due to the... nature of this submission, I suggest just trusting your instincts. Again, I thought you were omniscient. I really need to stop bringing this up.

[Insert Pig Latin phrase here.]

Sincerely, Maybe,

Mr. Faust

666 W Brimstone Way

Leipzig, Germany, [Sorry, I don't know my zip code.]

Dear Mr. Satan,

Thank you so much for your timely response. Really! 666 minutes is a new record! I send so many letters and so many emails to so many demons... you're the first to ever reply. I wonder why the others never did, but that's a series of thoughts and mental inquires for another time.

Firstly, I decided to try using Satan in this salutation, since you never did say what you preferred. H.P Lovecraft did email me once again,

clarifying that “Devil” may have been insensitive. So I do apologize if that was the case! Satan, in my opinion, seems more personal. A lot of names end with N. Nolan. Wilson. Georg. Wait. Ignore the last one. Mine doesn’t. It ends with T. That’s also common, I think.

Secondly, thank you for providing me more information on your rates. I will gladly take the “Despot’s Deal”, although I don’t know what the word “despot” means. I’m sure I can find an encyclopedia to research later. But the Deal itself sounds perfect for my needs -> I can easily become a sheikh, and it sounds like I don’t sell my soul for 666 years.

A few questions though before I firmly commit:

One: What does the phrase “your soul will be eternally enslaved” entail? Will I still be myself, personality-wise? Will I have any control of my body? Will I get PTO and dental insurance?

Two: Do I have to worry about rebel regimes or crazy ex-wives trying to eliminate me? Is there a clause that prevents this? I would pay good money for that clause; thank you very much.



Oh, and I forgot to mention. I'm currently writing this from jail. The cops came to my drug dealer's house to arrest him, and assumed that I was involved as well. Assholes. So now I am writing this on a precious piece of toilet paper. Did you know that, at the grocery store, toilet paper costs 6 dollars? A roll? Oh wait. You should already know that. But it is absolutely insane if you ask me. If you are going to incarcerate me, at least make my basic necessities free!

Too bad the deal only applies to myself.

Which leads me to my next note: If I do not reply to your next letter, do assume that I have been raped, strangled, and stabbed (in that order). And that my body is at a nice chilling -66 degrees in the prison morgue.

Lastly, you may have noticed I did try to write in Pig Latin in my introduction letter. I thought I was saying "I hope to hear from you soon." My friend, however, not the drug dealer, my situationship, actually, informed me that I actually wrote, "I hope to fuck you soon." I am so, so, sorry about that. You are not my type, unfortunately. Sexually or romantically.

My pen is slowly running out of ink, so I think I will end this here. Well, it isn't really mine, I stole it from this... very forceful prison guard. What he doesn't know won't kill him. I'll include my address below once again, in case you forgot. Ugh! I need to remember you are not human. Whatever. I'll include it anyways.

Sincerely, Probably,

Mr. Faust

666 W Brimstone Way

Leipzig, Germany, [Once again, I don't know my zip code.]

Dear—

FUCK! My new mistress gave me this allegedly lovely ballpoint pen. Said that King George V of England had previously used it. I'd like to believe her, but she's also a fan of hanging around my drinks too long at night, if you know what I mean. She's quite attractive, and very good in bed, so I keep her around.

Speaking of which, thank you so much for following through on the deal. Life as a sheikh has, admittedly, been difficult in the first couple weeks. You are expected to keep up this sort of... public persona. I have to pretend to act respectful towards people. I have to smile and wave—actually, that's mainly my wife (I have a new wife, by the way. Much less murder-worthy.) I have to kiss babies and pretend to spout bullshit.

The one thing the people are mildly concerned about, and I thought you had dealt with this, was that I am German. Ideally, a sheikh is Middle Eastern. Or what is the politically correct term? I don't care. The people have been posting signs outside of my palace (a very splendid palace, mind you). Signs like "FUCK GERMANS" and "NAZIS GO HOME". I never even knew Adolf Hitler! What did I do wrong!?

I was wondering, therefore, if you had any advice to deal with this. Can I make a Wussy's Deal to bring in two separate militaries to deal with the protestors? Are there any... more normal ways to solve this? Encyclopedias and MySpace have been no help.

The ex-wife situation, as in killing her, went well at first. I burned the body and buried it in a cemetery, as you requested. Unfortunately, the gravedigger saw me. He originally thought I was a drunk. I don't



really like the royal clothes, if you must know. Way too itchy. Thankfully, my legal immunity as royalty prevents me from being prosecuted. But I am worried if they actually break into the palace. Thankfully, they have stayed to signs and yelling, a la America.

I'm choosing to not worry about what happens if they get to something more.

Lastly, about that soul enslavement... any possibility we can move that enslavement date to a time, far, far away? I need to deal with all of this first. And I feel like it is unfair to my people if their sheikh just suddenly disappears. And my new wife too. I'm down for enslavement

at some point, don't get me wrong, I will fulfill my end of the deal. But I just need to take care of some things first?

After all of this is over, before my inevitable enslavement, I'd like to keep in contact. I've included my phone number and email (Mr. Lovecraft encouraged me to get an email) in lieu of a formal address. Plus, my hand is getting sore. The doctor is worried about arthritis. But I'm not.

Sincerely, HELP ME,
Mr. Faust
+6 (666) 666-6665
scholarsoulsold@gmail.com

“DEAR—
SATAN. BEEZELBUB. I DONT CARE ABOUT SFELLING NOW.
HALP. PEOPLE. PROTEST.

WIFE. HAS. KNIFE. I. WILL TAKE ANY DEAL. INSTANT
ENSLAVEMENT. JJUST HALP.

HALP MR FAUST”

No reply after this message.



his bouquet
I could
have stolen in
paid for
learn
ing crew
T. e e
control
e p t e r t h
s p e e d
reviving a
er on the
brink rescue
breaths

Jerome Berglund



Question 2

Lauren Baumgardner

There is a scene in chapter two where the toddler, Violet, and her mother find themselves stuck in a godforsaken traffic jam.

The scene is especially vivid as the narrator traces the violent bloom of one of Violet's tantrums. We witness it evolve from a soft, lamb-like protest into a fanged, fiery beast that takes hold over the mother.

We learn the car is hot and sticky in the suffocating summer heat. It smells sickeningly sweet of overripe strawberries and soured coffee that went unfinished hours earlier.

Violet’s screams cut sharp and deep into the tired flesh of the mother, who feels herself oscillating between quick waves of shuttering fury and the all-too-familiar pang of guilt.

As the chapter goes on we watch in anticipation, as the mother clumsily attempts to calm Violet and possibly herself.

In the space provided, please answer the following:

How do you think the mother should have responded to Violet during the peak of her tantrum?

Could she have been more gentle with her approach?

Or was she too gentle?

How will her desperate attempts to soothe have a lasting imprint on her daughter?

Why can’t she do better?

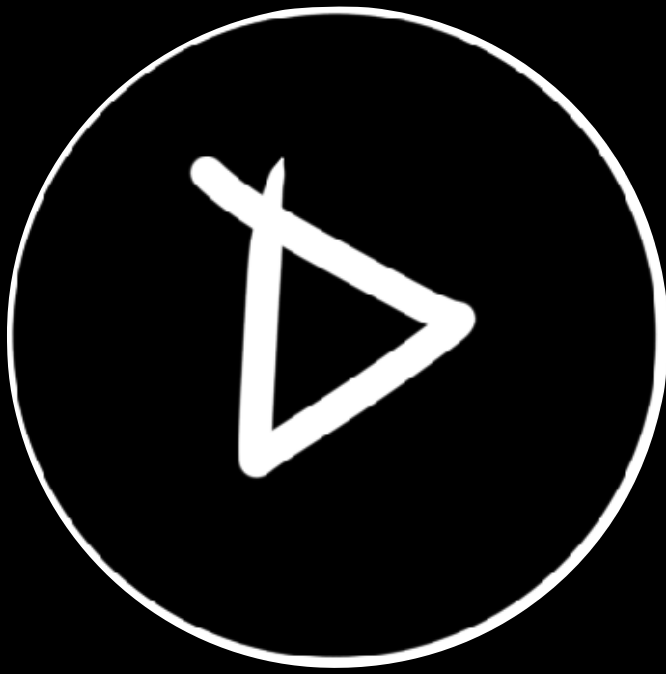
When will she do better?



Kaiserwagon and Jubiläum

Damon Hubbs

That was the summer I went to a party
and lost my head like Tolstoy in 1851,
I fell in love six times in an hour
and bought several horses which I didn't need at all
and while I might have been the Third Man
or even the tenth, my love had eyes
like the Giant Ferris Wheel of Vienna;
we were absolutely modern
and although my paunch is beginning to bloom
you whispered *zouzou zouzou* in my ear
during our loop in the royal hunting grounds;
you had roots in an artesian well
and although it was the summer I went to a party
and bought several horses which I didn't need at all
I called you my Beautiful Spring;
we spun in Kaiserwagon and Jubiläum
like a golden age of Jamesian drawing rooms
twelve to fifteen minutes the circle circuit of the wheel,
you even blew kisses to the crowd beside the orangery
as my heart hung outside the carriage
gripping a dangling rope between its teeth,
the flash of green when the sun sets
revealing as much as it conceals.



url: minimag.press
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
substack: minimag.substack.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
insta: @minimag_write
book: <https://a.co/d/bbz9EXz>

“bouquet” by Jerome Berglund
Twitter: @BerglundJerome
Insta: @berglundjeromehaiku
FB: <https://www.facebook.com/JeromeBerglundPhotography/>

“Sachlichkeit” by Charles Pero
Insta: @alpha_underscore_male

“Kaiserwagon and Jubiläum” by Damon Hubbs
Twitter: @damon_hubbs
Book: [Venus at the Arms Fair](#)

“A Translation” by Hwi-Jong Ryu

“daypomed again - *another diluted found poem*”
by Scott C. Holstad
Website: @poetryacct1518
Chillsubs: <https://www.chillsubs.com/profile/scott-1>
Twitter: @tangledscott

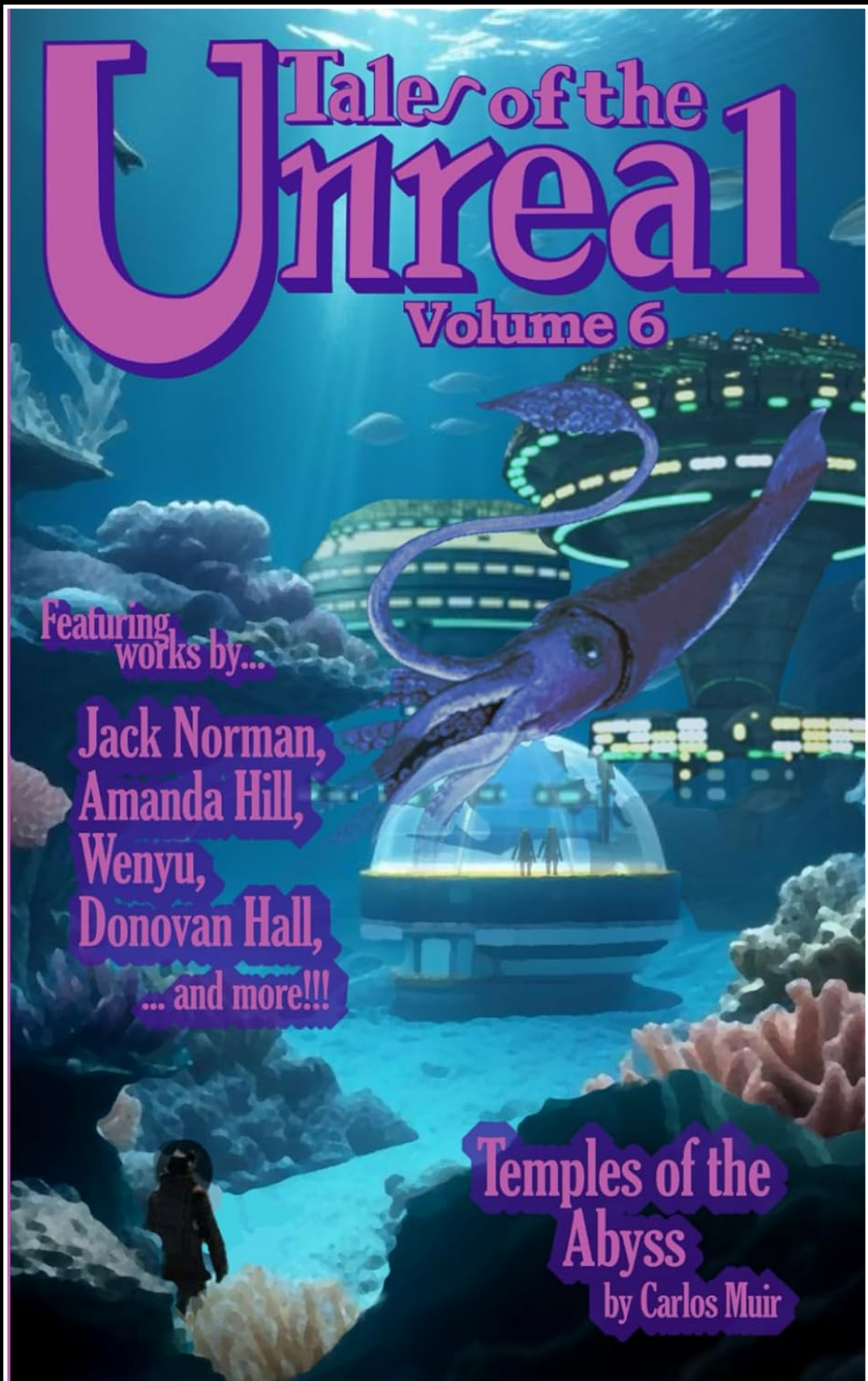
“America micropoetry” by Melissa Lemay
Website: <https://melissalemay.wordpress.com/>
Publication: <https://collaborature.blogspot.com/>

“Apologies, from Mr. Faust” by Maya Rose

“Question 2” by Lauren Baumgardner
Substack: <https://laurbaum.substack.com/>

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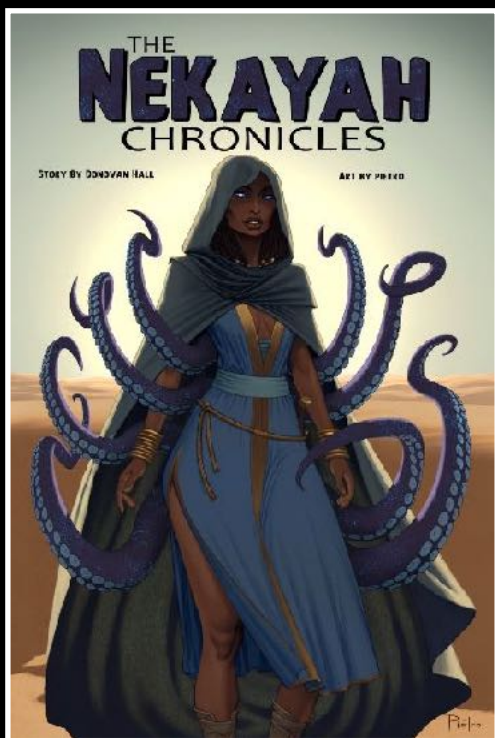
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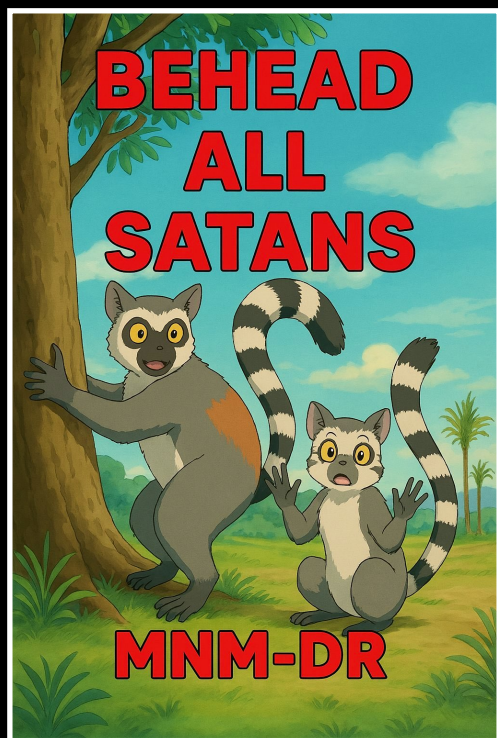
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