



breeding evolas

Scott C. Holstad

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 we are
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them up
 N@t
with mumbo
jumbotran
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but
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curated
pseudo-life
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FEARS &
Animations
 &
 lets travel back
aways
 to pre
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 bliss
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shall
 we





Nobody wants to work anymore

Simon Kaeppli

We burn for you,
bleed our lives into the keys,
convert thought into charts
as you line your pockets
your company powered by our heartbeats.

We give our hours for the greater good,
for a thank you, maybe.
A sorry, at best.

Our trajectories intertwined,
but only one of us is at stake.
Survival – literally, though just for us.

Loyalty is expected,
offered nothing in return.
We make the country run,
unwilling accomplices in our own demise.

That's freedom for you.



Transatlanticism

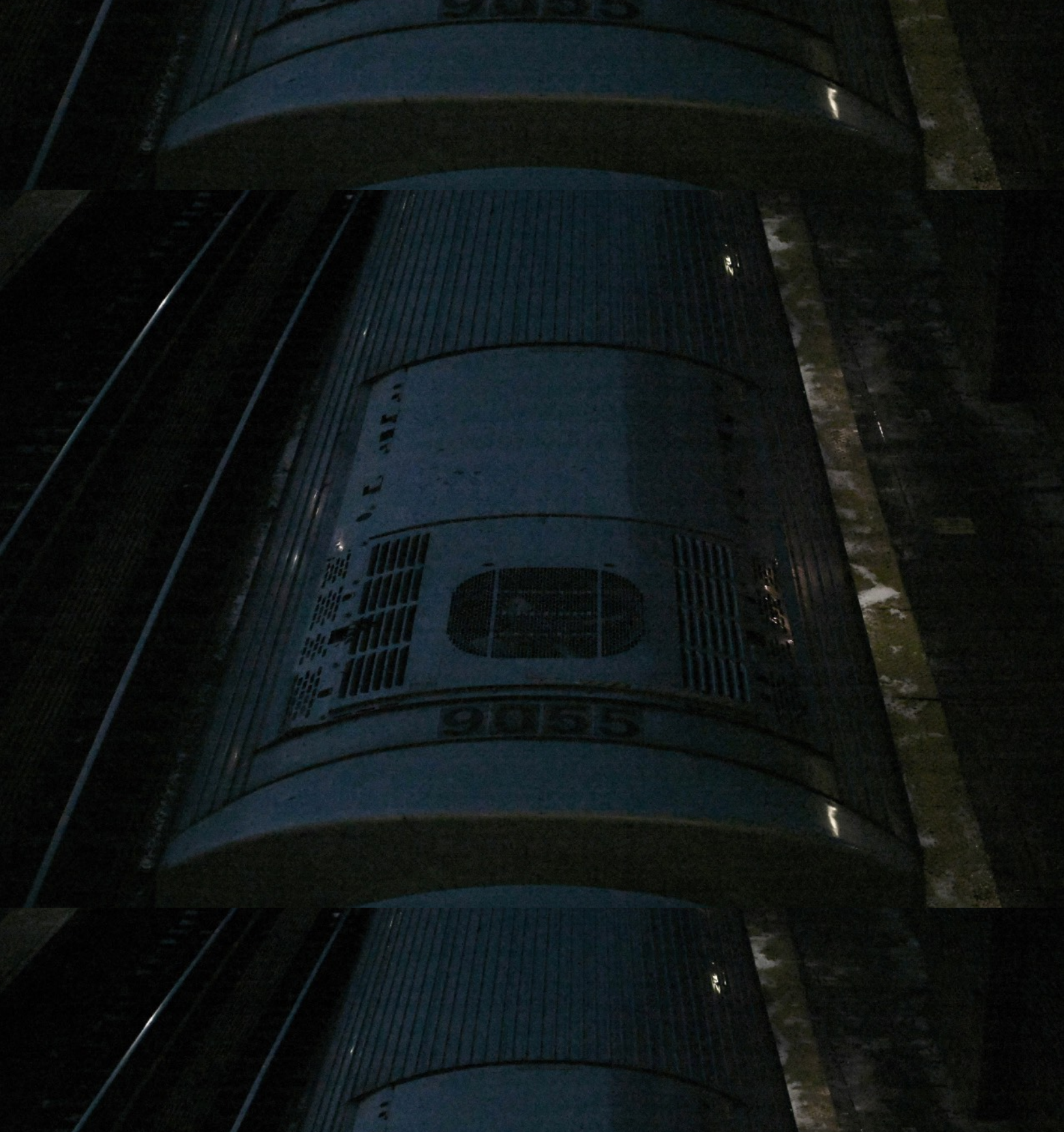
Kate Beaumont

And is there wisteria? Is
there a shade of you
I could then wear?
I'm accustomed to wearing,
like gloss written on sheafs which
you hand me (I wrote, and you
layer into that warm home, take

Lay me down in your lap,
like a sliver, to be over.)
At nights I find you on the
threshing floor, wearing it.

I wore gloss from my closest companion
in the *American grain* of mass-market
unsheafery, like the swim shirt you
spent summers back East getting dry.
In the black substance of lowliest ageing

I'm nestled there, look out through
the canvas to any camp summer
in which I was crying. A scent of
pine loneliness, three miles from
home, in a nightdress, for nightsoil.



Anticipation Haikus 3

C. Stuart Lewis

I'm looking forward
To seeing you in sunlight
Just to wait for night

Hard is the waiting
My mind undressing you now
I can't hold it back

Anticipation
I long for you in mornings
And deep in the night



The Observant Frog's Log

by Alex Soriano



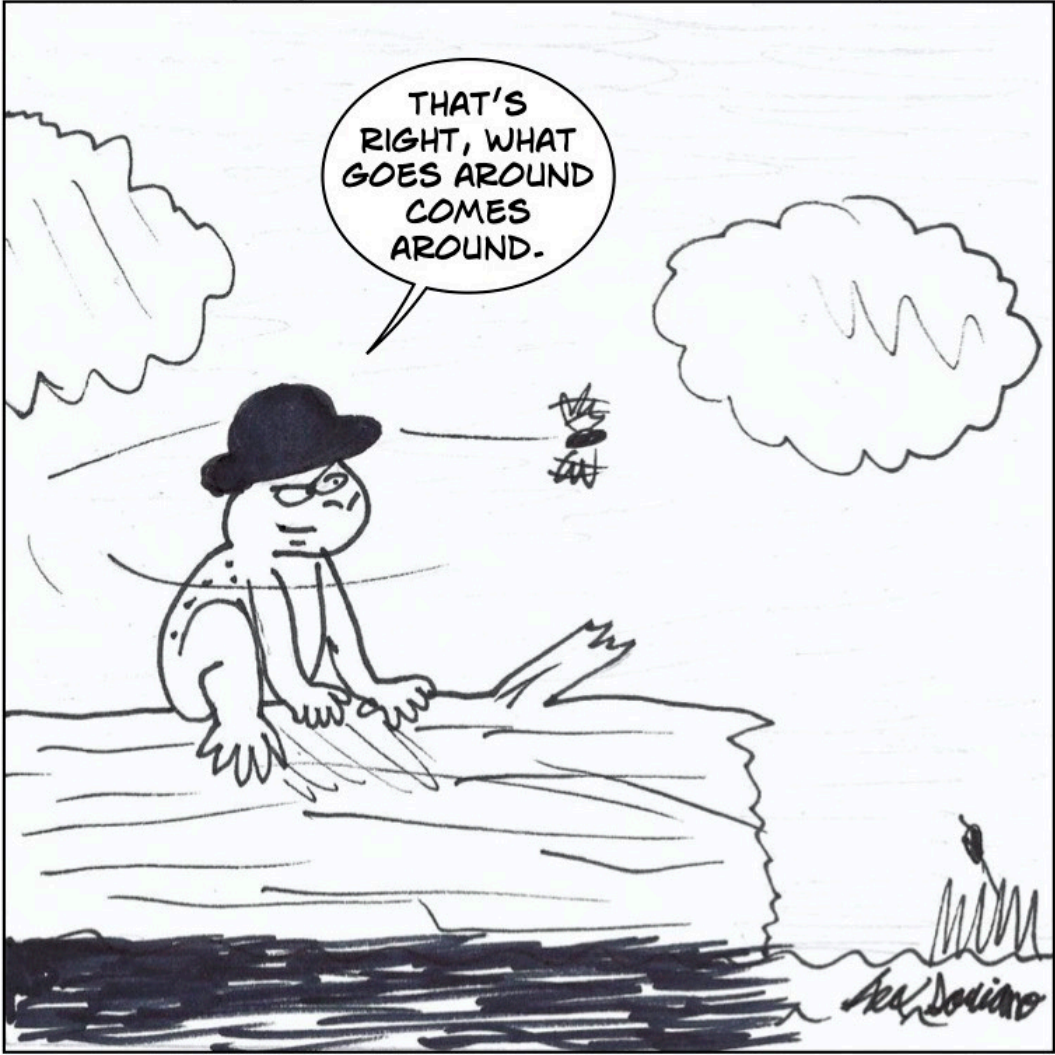


tall girl

airport

come along to the nightmarket
you're magnetic, i know that already,
there's this stall here that sells pineapple pizzas,
i'm taller than the chinese tourists,
you're taller than me
you're in a plain black tee
i'm plain white

you're obsessed with pizza in this very endearing and strange way,
i try to avoid dairy but you've talked me into it
we're waiting,
there's a preteen scandanavian boy staring at you
we're waiting,
he tells you the pizzas aren't very big,
he seems disappointed
but he looks up at you and you smile your broad smile
there are stars in his eyes
he's enamored with you
in a very cutesy way
and I suppose I am too.





BLIFFS

Theodore Wallbanger

87 piss-plop attendants sopped up liquid-based tragedies at WIRT on a continuum. In competitive casino sanitation circles, SAUCE was legendary.

Jerome “SAUCE” McClusker ran hot mop decontamination action in shit-stank rooms etched across the WEBLEEDYA Indian Reservation Tribunal (WIRT) in lower Badunka Chow, Wyoming.

Lethal fecal cleaners zipping indoor chores earned \$6.80 extra per hour compared to their sweaty heathen brethren running trash sweeps across parking lot villages in the scorching ultraviolet radiation hours of workdays. SAUCE lived for toxic inhalation of Ozium air vapors blessed by gratuitous air-conditioning gusts he was coated with every seventeen minutes while edging the clock into rampage overtime hours.

SAUCE used a bold Sharpie to paint on urine cake packages with “SAUCE” brushed into cardboard and demanded full capitalization presentation whenever his nickname was showcased in font form.

This would foul up the release of posted work schedules and BOLO flyers when corporate mustaches audited the casino's secret backroom operations. Facts would eventually spotlight the high-limit bathroom attendant featured on whiteboards as SAUCE was NOT meant to channel the erotic pleasure code many of the feathered elders targeted when alluding to their secret sauce release-themed conventions.

On reckless evenings, debauchery serenaded hooligan energy storming SAUCE's urinal-soaked playground as stunned saviors groveled for any form of compensation. Broken frown faces spiraling after abysmal gambling sessions on nicotine-laced floors approached SAUCE for non-judgmental redemption.

SAUCE dispatched unaltered urinal cakes to relieved patrons as their token reward when exiting crap shop dynamics. SAUCE speculated he was responsible for muting hundreds of physical assaults due to fulfilled clients clenching free aroma cakes instead of dealing with rage. Tribal watch teams would turn a pale face to SAUCE's crapper embezzlement shenanigans when the trend of violence was evaporating.

Signed piss pucks were unloaded for \$25 but SAUCE was of bartering mind and once bartered two baby peacocks for a case of autographed SAUCE bombs he specifically engineered with Dr. Pepper flavor crystals.

SAUCE was a miracle worker with concern for any human excrement disaster in the world of casinos.

When Gladys Knight & the Pips brought the house down in a hologram Easter spectacle, SAUCE dedicated himself to the bucket dump front-lines for six days on one continuous shift.

This was a tremendous amount of math for SAUCE to perform so he accepted \$375 as proper payment for the entirety of those juice-sprayed, floor-smoked annihilations.

SAUCE held disdain for money but enjoyed autographing scented bathroom devices for the greater good of gambling and enterprise.

After nineteen years in toilet-fumed arenas, SAUCE patented a sophisticated relief idea eradicating the piss slip drip rivers cascading from all penis flips who jiggle-jack streamed their liquid honey waste near porcelain receptacles or on the walls of SAUCE's office.

BLIFFS are infused robotic cherubs granting mindful rotation of any region below a gentlemen's testicular sleeping bag or sac if you will.

BLIFFS are stitched into cotton or sheer microfibers to agitate in a mild vibrating motion either horizontally or vertically with options for the “cyclone” which is a mash-up of the two features. This bold creation expels unreleased gunk funk in the primary flesh tanks of many, reducing endless absorption sessions for the candy mint guards of America.

SAUCE has more money than the Indians now. His forward progress in the reduction of mop hours within the janitorial community did not go unnoticed, it was just ignored.

Following production ramp-ups, SAUCE sliced his mind-altering steamer cleaner work hours with a refined focus on new product lines which will add soothing audio sequencers tied into next-level enhancements for BLIFFS wholesome tetherable assemblies.

BLIFFS will lift your status in private cock launch circles adding superior confidence boosters to your lackluster, main vein-drained life, buy BLIFFS and accept a well-earned lift while also keeping public restrooms mighty!





Circular

Jean Liew

A small hand shoots through a broken window
Under this grubbiness, skin as white as the waning moon,
In whose light these digits poke forth through shards,
Rough and broken, like the blemished being,
Resting now on the aged sill,
Young and old and both as tarnished as the other,
(Who supports whom?)
By the days which, uncaring, blaze on



Crying at the Vending Machine.

Sahir Avik D'souza

Today, hunting for Red Bull and for release
(the nights have been long, the days have been mean),
after the cold and the rain and the wind and the freeze,
I ended up crying at the vending machine.

I try to put on my bravest face for my friends,
I look fine, so that's how I think I am seen.
But it's all just a lie, it's all just pretend.
All I do is cry at the vending machine.

In my head, it's a wasteland:
I seethe and I scream.
I think I have no taste and
I cry at the vending machine.

One day, I'll be OK.
I've said that since I was a teen,
but another year has broken,
and I'm still crying at the vending machine.



Hypnotize

Kit Terrel

Hot shot on the sidewalk scuffing
Cuffed bucket pants flowing before I
Rip me apart my friend I want to tear you apart
Cuffed bucket skull on a chained up bike

Foxtrot for a fucking freak out
Love my breath ricocheting against the wind



url: minimag.press
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NYC Transit Photography (pg: 3, 5, 9, 11, 13)
by Claudia Wysocky
Insta: @clau.diawysocky
Website: <https://donaldlpatten.newgrounds.com/art>

Paris Photography (pg: 4, 12)
by Jessica Wynn Cole
Website: <https://jessicawynn.co>
Insta: @jessicawynn.co

“breeding evolas” by Scott C. Holstad
X: @tangledscott
Website: <https://hankrules2011.com/>

“Nobody wants to work anymore” by Simon Kaeppeli

“Circular” by Jean Liew
Jean Liew is a rheumatologist and clinical researcher in Boston, MA. She began writing about 30 years ago, with a period between 2007-2009 when she produced the bulk of her juvenilia.

“Transatlanticism” by Kate Beaumont
Insta: @rina.beaumont
Substack: [provincial mid-lit](#)

“Anticipation Haikus 3” by C. Stuart Lewis
Insta: @authorstew
X: @authorstew
Website: TheAuthorStew.ca

“Goes Around” and “Buzz On” by Alex Soriano
Insta: @comic_al

“BLIFFS” by Theodore Wallbanger
X: @sangriabeard
Insta: @theodorewallbanger

“Crying at the Vending Machine.” by Sahir Avik D’souza
X: @sahiravik
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Substack: [Movie!](#)

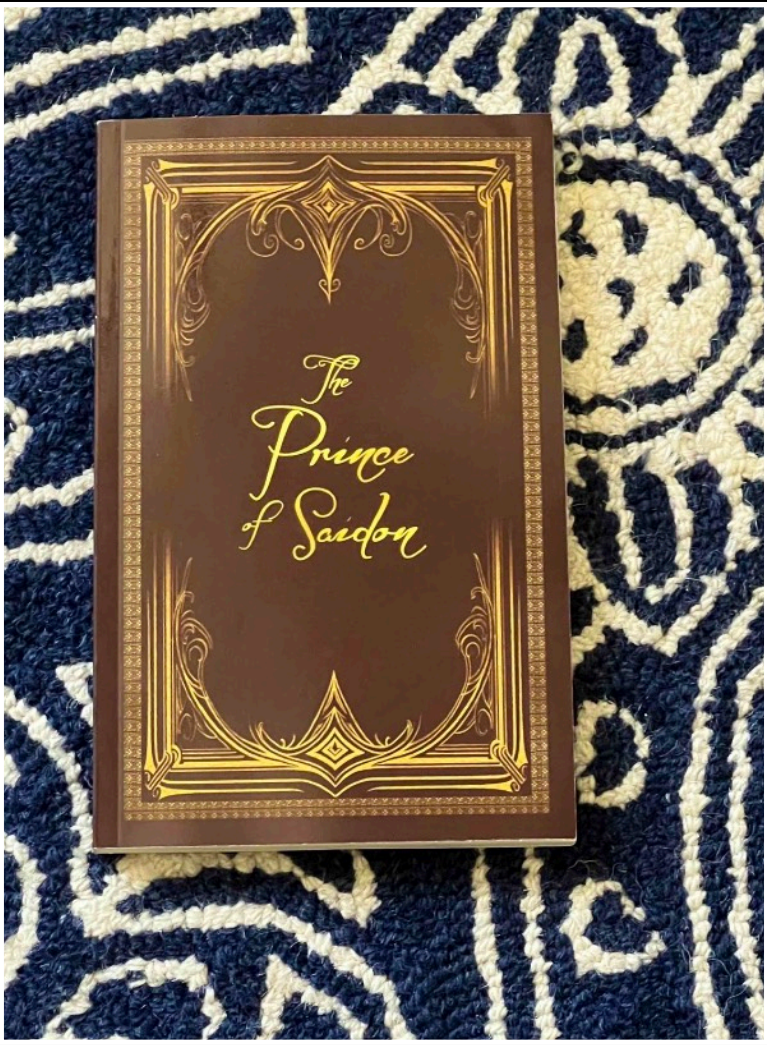
“Hypnotize” by Kit Terrel

ISSUE158 edited, “tall girl”, and Sena Nikhom Photography
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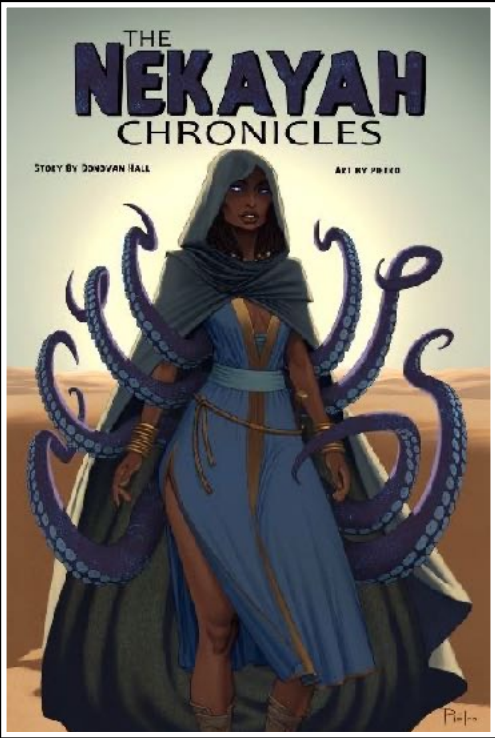
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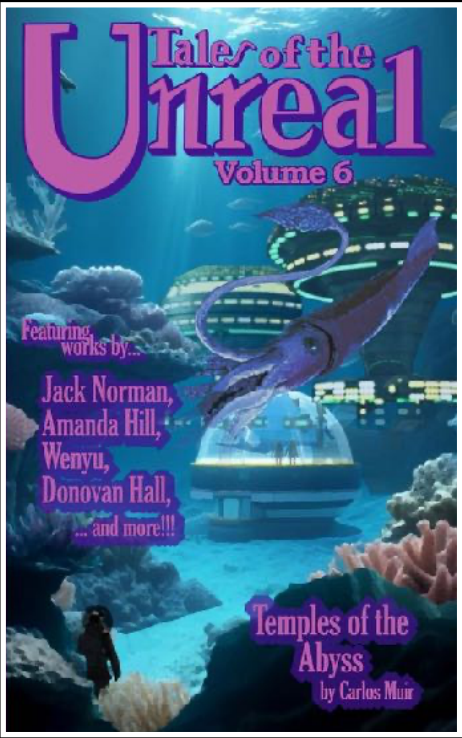
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