

miniMAG

issue164

masked doubts



Hoot Mon!

Doug Stoiber

Tae the gowf course whan A wander
Dreams o' triumph, visions all
Sound advice o' pros A ponder
Tae the gowf course, whan A wander
Where ha' gone ma dreams, A wonder?
A canna' hit the boggin ball!
Tae the gowf course, whan A wander
Dreams o' triumph, visions all

MATONALIA. II THE CHARIOT'S FALTER

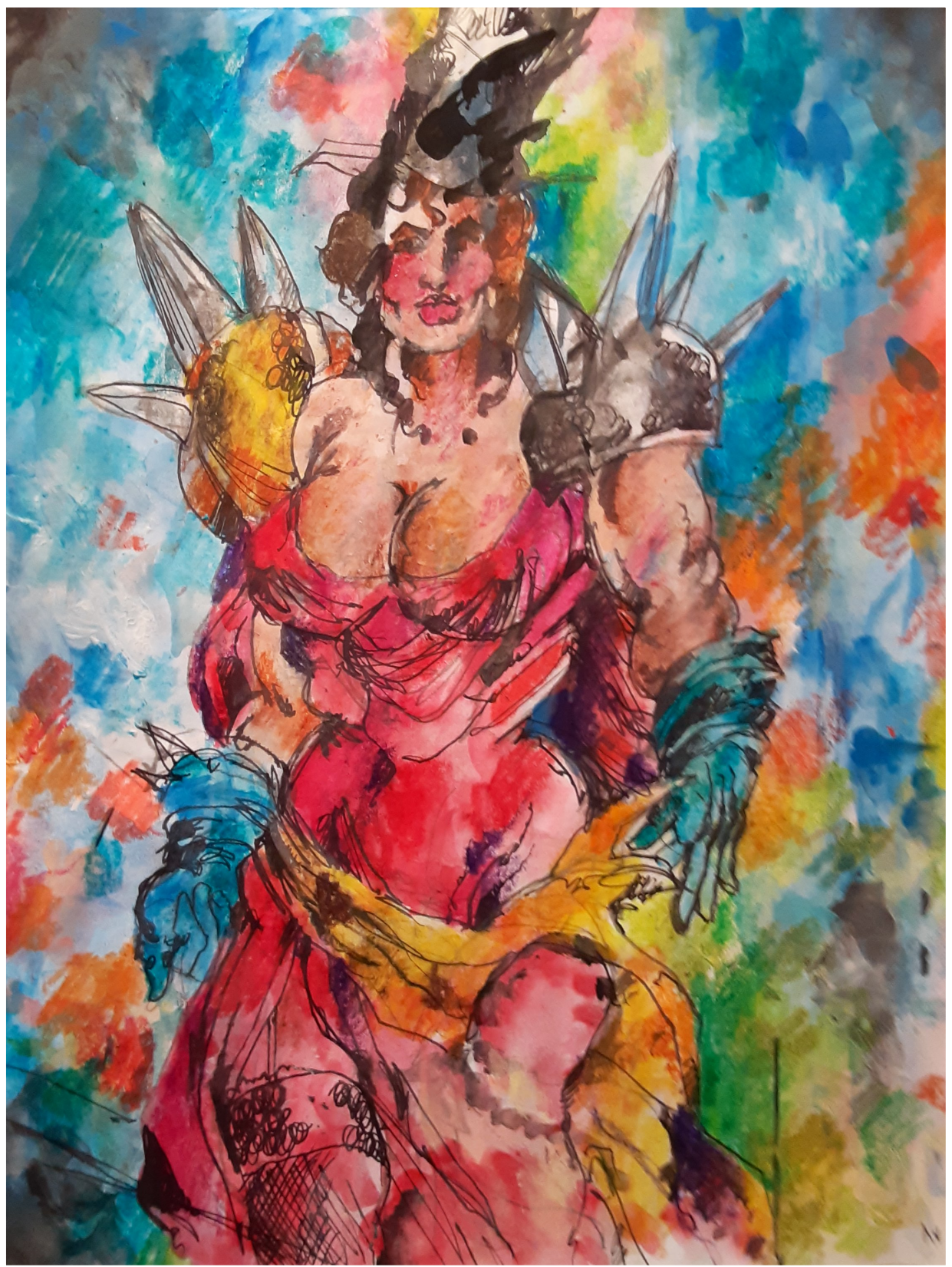
Anthony Acri

The chicken hawks gather together to start yet another war on the suckers.

Too bad, I say throw rotten tomatoes at the funeral procession, have porky Karl Rove lead the way tithe at the shining river, have John Bolton as Cantor and Ebb imagery of decadence, and heft hurl Biden into the Styx, outliving his usefulness, where he belabored all along, as once again, a man named Lucius Sejanus said that czars come and they go, but praetorians last for ever, he said that though right before Tiberius cut his throat. So no Vespers for the Biden ashes, as gore Vidal had him indeed pegged when he said when I was s in middle school before thrown assuredly out , how dare I admire Virgil here in Tolkien's novo Germania, I say, I toast the Italian omen left to die in nailed shit old folks homes, and soldiers left as brown trash, if came home at all, ...now when the processions hoes by I suggest anyone who lost a son of a grandmother in his deathly throws, when the man in amber is dragged by, be a dear Bill,, and look at your Rolex. These women of italay as the line hoes, although it sounds like Coriolanus, I jabber been told it is not, not that I much care about a school named for the barbaric farm there before, who killed Giordano Bruno nor a

literary that carted Cymbeline. What did Gore Vidal say on Johnny Carson as I mention in 2018 mo less, that Joe Biden lives for one all overriding ethic, one debited to thing, he must somehow lie in state, ... if he hasn't already. Now burn those second set of books, girls!

Nice to know that as 70,000 coloreds were just killed that rag will always be there demanding a saint Anthony silence over genocide, we care so much about the plight of white women who may or may not have Amazon prime and or Bloomingdale cards. @maddowmaddow



See, every time I hear tin eared @hillaryclinton the strega putana screech about missions on a day to remember the noble dead, Roman ethics is sooooo husbandry, I always think of the Italian women like my mother who died in 2020 and couldn't bring themselves to vote for Goldwater, much less screech at Joe Califano. As I think of the divine Virgil, yacht to escape the Lethe to me, pushed at me by a father who

thought him as a honor, and my mother thinking Ovid was a treat I am never shook at the good wholesome dimmest at Jeopardy who when a question appears of Rome not having to do with tourism and the name a street scene seen un a day's bus ride, they are like Colbert about anything important--mute. He make an appoint still as cancer riddles the body of his hero, a segregationist from 1975, making him still lay it on thick lest anyone recall when he was hurling anti wop jokes at the first italic gummandi speaker, I am still in reallocation that the brethren told me that Northwestern was of a sort of underground railroad for victims and victimizers, and all used the north star but made sire to ate last keep calling it as it once was, Lucifer. Be more worried about who you make a pariah, as the line went, but at cbs, all is pearls before Polyphemus. All Colbert ever cared about was making sure we were all Peppers.

Having gotten a third chapter of THE SABINE ASTROLOGY accepted this month of May, I must say that there is no book I have ever ventured writing, including Etruscans and gigolos, wop gumshoes and even an Italian girl Harry potter that I haven't gotten published since I was 15. Except a Roman superman and Roman Mythology about a homicidal banker. Hummmmmn.

Watching the Gilmore Girls, though adore Laruen Graham, and despise punchy Luke, I see I must catch myself in how bad I had it as a kid. White peoples problems ensue here. There are worse things than the admiration of Franciscans and receiving plaudits from the dons of Georgetown and from a younger solicitor general named Scalia, which a nun was shook I never told my pop about. We all loved Virgil once. And somehow u guess run by a typical woman, they mistook and misstated their way out of what should have been an us against the old mother daughter grandmother dyad into the waif , who plays Juliette un one episode, perfect casting as I never liked that play, which a nun told me, they only liked because at the end thunderstorm all the wops were alas dead and didn't procreate, issuing I thought of hated Jackomspada, , look it Sicilian mane up, there is a erasing that Willie had to sue Sicilian newspapers and didn't speak Greek or Latin, thus making him the prefect English genius. I think back to my own days , not that forcefully adhered to, when I guess I could have been a carted to my black-haired race, not kidding, as I when said it was the reason, maybe the one that made me give a few sheckles here and there to the Apaches, who made me a honorary brave, but then as I said, unlike the admirers of the noble savage who are tighter than two coats of wet blood, making the chief of the local Sioux Chief Jimmie two smokes laugh and send me a certificate of blood brotherhood he gets published for nothing out of guilt.

And now once again I refused openly to read much less be drilled -- yeeeeow! - In Willie, as to me, he was a mere plagiarist, who when they managed to get into the executive mansion, lost it like the wayward lost losers they always was. I think of my own mom, and how she hated something they came up with called the tiger mother , an off shoat of the dragon lady, my parents saw throwing everything s unlike Rachel Maddow didn't not spent have the day having to circumnavigate any pesky ideals that they had before. I think of the way I was nice and not disliked by the boat lifted kids of then, not like the wops had to do battle with, but how the earliest version of these Asians believeing in the American dream did not like my lasizie faired dismissal of elderly honor, as I called my mom DIDI, like Lugar did Dietrich, and my pop Il Dice, but then coming to my defense , he told the corralled war victims of zio Same, that despite my bs, still, I was reading Virgil when these wops were watching one godfather minstrel show after the next. Now they want American Caesars, with smiling war queen Lindsay, fiddle dee dee, or so the bushes see themselves, just with a more boring third act, to decapitate mountain dangers and funnily enough the anti strip mining lovers of Maya say nothing, scared to d eath of losing their afternoon yak shows, a Wait on the Rheine, whether or not to ever become anti war ever again.

I wish to take this moment to thank you for accepting the work, THE SABINE ASTROLOGY THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY DEVOTED TO THE MERMAID VERONICA, as even more than usual, when I get something published it is a triumph to me, but more-so when I can get a piece of my Etruscan works taken in and accepted in this nation that my father called a cesspool long ago, amid the Scorsese movies and the two bit aldermen selling revolution between loss leader ads for dishwashers and MIR machines and stealth bombers. There is nothing I can see here, from dinning praetors like Nerva inches away from being made into persona non gratas, to self important Herbert Anderson's looking for wiggle room and mea culpas as they sell their apologias and their confessionals . As they wayward and ramble on television as crossed between Saint Augustine and Judy Blume, they sell their sanctimonious pulp fictions of being hatchet men, for 17.99 on an Amazon. As looking at that, looking for a book called the Fight, by another newsreader apparatchik who found if not Jesus, Bannon and Megan Kelley before they ever get to one time ass kissing Colbert, again there is nothing in this that i didn't read about in the Augustan history, when i was Ten. They never learn the hatchets dangle for them. I'm NOT THE sharpest crayon in the 64 box, but I have tread enough Roman Commentaries to know and notice that every time that Cosell in the laughingly referred to as holy land, overtime it looks like yet

another lifer queen I about to fall from the imperial eagle like a tick festooned with too much blood, and as I was warned my a sharp pop, the men who love blood moneyed most of all anent just money grubbers, that's nothing, but its the fact that there is blood on it that attracts them to begin with.

And each time bloated king of the Jews, for now, this is after all the Mediterranean, the true middle earth, and not Cracow, don't make the same misstep that the democrats and the catholic church made, Shylock, each time h e is about to fall, well, like the other man mired and taking an empire with him at less than 30 percent, he finds murder is his best attribute and he is alas willing to kill anything and anyone. And now Jebby shows up, so is it appetent now, fired and cut salaried dear as to why the Armamentarium , upon which you are that feral cat spiting poisons, is it allurement now even to the Negros and white lesbians and sportscasters yet, is apparent yet to why George Will and Tallahassee Joe with his own barley legal problems with cherry picking on the A1A, is it apparent yet , especially since the dons of electricity have deiced again who needs a brunette ever around with all their Lauren Graham bitchiness when we are being told by men with soft hands an enemy of truer Romans since Julius threw that senator down the steps and noted the vaunted senate didn't dare attack a roman commander in the mezzanine sunshine, that indeed ho dee do ho dee do its time to find the Holy Grail, once again, in the sorties damned and planned by the lace curtained centurions at the ponderosa. Someday ay the hillbillies and Negros and Jewish sanetahs and hosue wops will again, as I warned before harassing when riots are not only allowed by invoked as a kind of parliamentary maneuver, some day you'll all blare your war trumpets at the edge of the Tiber and the men and mothers of them in bandages will tell you to go finally away.



The Zone Where All Things Burn

Salvatore Difalco

The butterfly frenzies.
I lit the candle an hour ago.
Took about a minute.
Up north, in the woods.
No running effin water.
The outhouse stinks.
My skin buzz-tingles.
Jennifer sleeps with
her migraine. Stoned
on purple microdot I
likely will not sleep.

PLANET MORDAZIUM

Stephen Philip Druce

On planet Mordazium,
circling flesh machines
grind their juggernaut
limbs like cathedral
castanets,

sea dragon sequels
stiffen fairy tale drunkards
in a meditation froth of
cross legged swamps,

railroad slingshots flame
bedlam vipers into
the sullen gut of
sun goose passageways,

in a reptilian symmetry,
iron messengers drift
through reservoir centuries -
under wishbone bridges
of surrendered skin,

in a timeless fruit wizardry,
carnival veins scuffle
in a syrupy resurrection
of merry leaf intricacy,

below the cunning wheat,
overthinking clock hands
conceal slow-burning villains
in a trapdoor composure of
bladed tranquility,

as headless servants
buckle in a honeydew
of squalid chance.



Greatwall Wine

airport

‘ole jacked-up-smile
how skillfully she ordered the crab
siren flashes me her pink bra across the table
sirens begin going off in my mind

i’m forever believing in passion
forever, i realize that’s too long
there’s a couple on the wall, or behind it
embracing around a hotpot. their mouths
are closed, kissing costs passion;
there’s none for sale
besides the grape-juice
mixed with ethanol, labeled
as wine, sold as the ticket to the pink gate,
previously blocked by a crab shell, has left
a lacquer of purple-red ooze over
incisors that remind too closely of
The Bund’s riverbed.

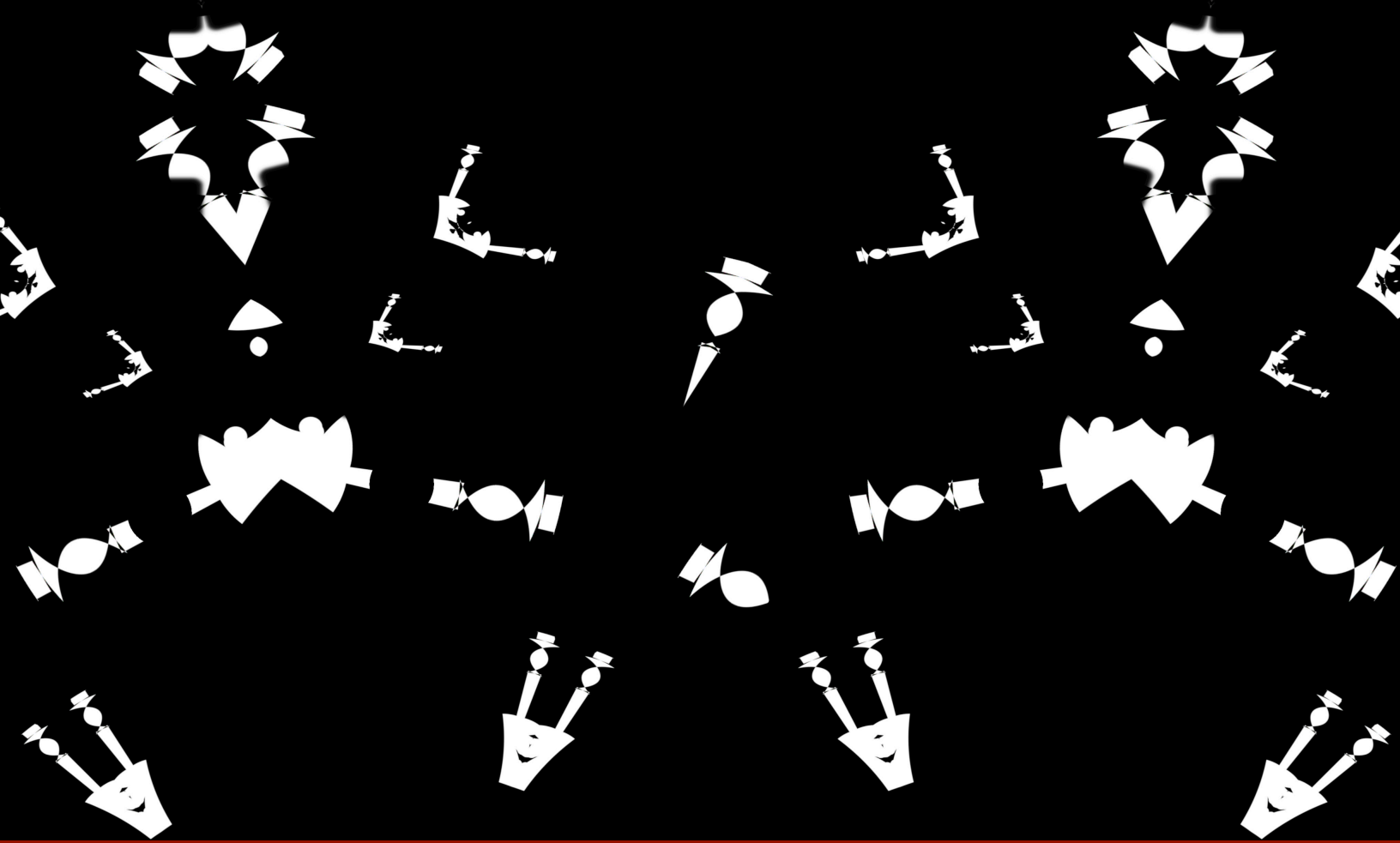
i find myself in these situations too
often, never fully convinced it is real
or a scam, perhaps neither, everyone
is the dapper hero of their own
rags-to-richs here, just like America, but
the crab is somehow more expensive.

i bolt as we’re served the bill,
my lacquered lips smiling as i
imagine being chased through the
Metro underground.

Blind

Kushal Poddar

The spinning feather flower of the lean tree ferries its gene to the unforeseen corner. Since blindness came to you you see these events in loops. The breeze changed the scent. Now you see the lone female dog with its nipples as large as distant stars and leaking sadness.



An Awareness

Russ Bickerstaff

I don't want to be alarmed. I doubt. But there's some thing that it seems to be falling apart around the edges of my perception. And I'm not sure what it is. But I know that it's there. And I know that I'm here trying to figure out what it is. And it feels a little upsetting. I mean, it feels more than a little upsetting. Trying to figure out what it is that seems to be crumbling around the edge of perception right now. And I know that it's there there. And I know that I'm there trying to figure it out.

That is to say that I am here trying to figure it out. it's a big place. There is a lot of noise going on. Somewhere around the edges of everything and hanging echo. A feeling of feeling of something beyond all that doesn't seem to be measuring up. Doesn't quite seem to be making sense with respect to the acoustics of the situation. I'm not sure what it is. I seem to be trying to figure out whether or not any of them are aware of what it is that's going on. Because I certainly am not aware of what it is, that's going on.

And I may not know what's going on. But I can certainly hear something. I can certainly hear something that is moving around the edges of my mind. I want to be able to understand it a little bit better. And I want to be able to move with it. And I want to be able to know what it is that's going on. However, I really don't know what it is. That's going

on. And there's a great deal of concern about I feel more than a little upset about the situation. But I'm sure I'll be able to work it out in the long run.

However, I don't know how much time is left in the long run. There certainly seems to be something going on. There seems to be some sort of essence of everything that seems to be moving. I'm not sure what it is. But certainly feels as though there's something that needs to be done about that. And I'm not sure what it is. I'm not sure how it is that I'm going to be able to deal with it. But I know that I'm going to have to deal with it on some level.

Kind of confusing. All seems kind of confused. Don't want to be confusing. I don't want it to be confused. But I am. I know that everything seems to be moving directions that don't make sense. As I'm looking to anyone else to try to confirm that things are as everybody's confusing as they are, find myself moving away from everyone else. And seeing that they aren't necessarily people. I guess I sort of assume that they were. And so there's some concern about that. And there's some concern about the fact that I just don't know. I mean, I'm looking for some kind of reflection. I'm looking for some kind of an understanding of what it is. That's going on. But I don't really know. And I don't really know what it is that needs to be going on right now. But certainly, some sense of something that needs to happen. And I'm not sure what it is. I feel kind of distance from everything. And I feel it kind of a distance from everything that I am trying to embrace. But I'm not really certain what it is that I'm trying to embrace at this stage.

A little jumbled in my head I'm looking for myself in the reflection of everything and I'm seeing that I'm not necessarily here either. Or I'm not necessarily a person. Or person or anything like that. I mean, a series of sentences. And at this stage, I'm more than halfway through my existence. And it feels weird coming to the realization that. It feels kind of weird to the understanding that things are the way they are with me and anything else for that matter. It feels like it's kind of outside of my realm of being able to understand anything right now. I feel like I'm kind of odds with the rest of it. But I don't know exactly how it is that I'm going to be able to move out from beyond it.

Feeling kind of feeling I'm not sure why it is that. I'm not sure. But I know that there's kind of a disillusion that's going on. I can see the end now. It's a couple of paragraphs away. But I'm not really certain what it was that I was supposed to learn from all of this. All I know is that I'm here. I'm not going to be here for much longer. I guess I'm kind of wondering what it is that I was supposed to learn from all of this. But I certainly know that the end is just a couple of paragraphs away at this stage. Maybe even just one. I don't know what it is that I'm going to be able to do that. Because this whole existence. thing is really only going

to be a few more sentences long and I feel a bit upset about that it really is none of my business at this stage. This whole existence thing is really only going to be just a few more seconds as well.

It's kind of weird. It's kind of weird getting to a frame of mind or I am basically understanding all of this, but not really know what it is that I'm supposed to be doing about it. It feels as though I'm probably supposed to be doing something about it. But I'm not sure what it is. So all I can do is look into the void beyond the last sentence and feel like perhaps there's something there. But I'm not sure what it is.





The Cracks Behind My Smile

Kaila Reid

Each new day calls for a new mask;
I've got a closet full of them, waiting to be worn.
Like Proteus beneath the waves,
My masks are ever-changing, always to fit the occasion.

Every new situation calls for a new mask,
A new disguise, carefully crafted
To avoid their questioning—*judging*—stares.

I like to think that the masks started off perfect, a faultless fit,
But maybe that isn't really true.
Because now, somehow, there's a crack in my mask,
A hairline fracture,
That splinters out like a twisted spiderweb,
Ruining the illusion.

Like Proteus, I am a shape-shifter at heart,
Someone just trying to fit in
In a world that wasn't made for me.
And yet, as each day goes on,
The spindly spiderwebs grow,

Until eventually, once pristine porcelain pieces
Are left to crumble to the floor, falling
down
down
down

There's nothing I can do to stop it;
Each piece shatters to nothing when it hits the floor.
All I can do is pray that no one will notice,
That they won't see the strain behind my smile,
Or notice the porcelain pieces that flake off with each new breath.
How can you possibly force yourself to fit

A mold that was never made for you?

But despite my hope, I'm not that naive,
In this, I'm not like Proteus;
I can't predict the future, and yet still,
I know that they have already noticed.
How could they not?
My mask doesn't stand a chance
Against the expressions that no one ever taught me.

I know this, but still, I'll keep my mask
For just a little bit longer.
And maybe one day, they'll forget about all the fractures.

The Cranky

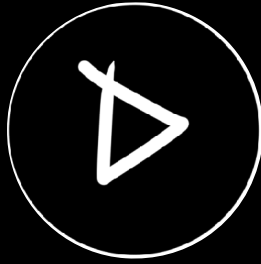
Theodore Wallbanger

breathing in his unholy Internet sweatbox suspended by regret,
the self-appointed conductor of the farce
spits publication rules across seasoned lines of burn thirst artists
who siphon submit their collapsing minds with pen drift surgeries
reopening wounds to expose naked euphoria or shapeshifting misery

mysterious power mobsters wielding master keys make
grotesque demands banning certain genres, styles, or forms
these peacock proclamations attack the dynamic ocean
containing the surge of words energizing
throbbing prose vulvas the world yearns to absorb

rest now Mr. Cranky as you deserve
years off if not, seasons to open your frown soul
showcasing what you have missed
with your flippant snap tongue controlled by
snarky layers of inbred lame shit





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Art and “MATONALIA. II THE CHARIOT’S FALTER”
by Anthony Acri

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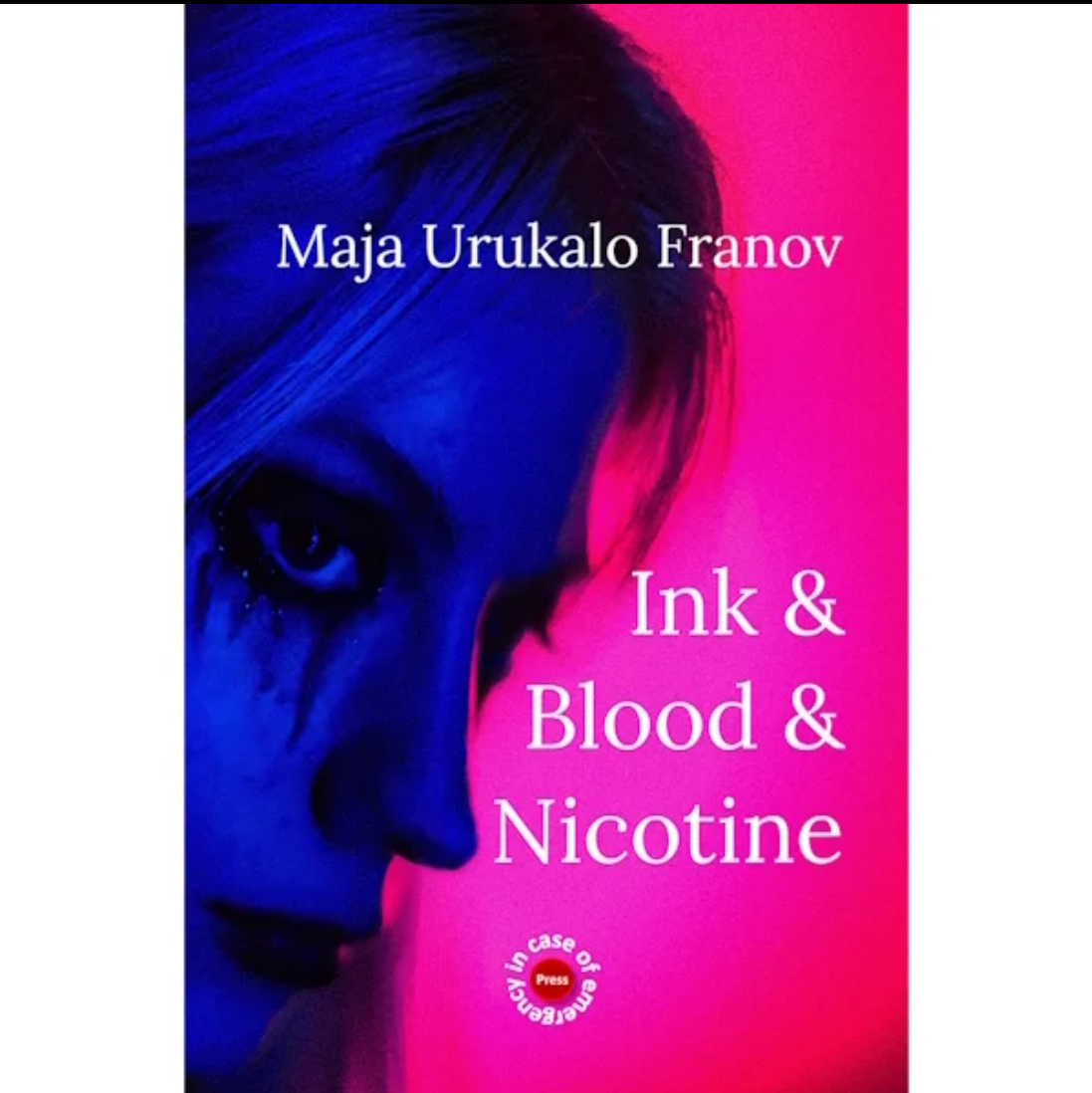
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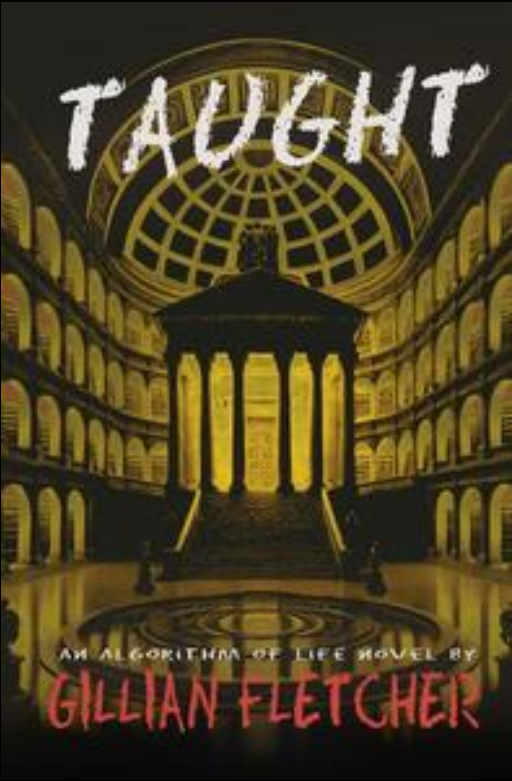
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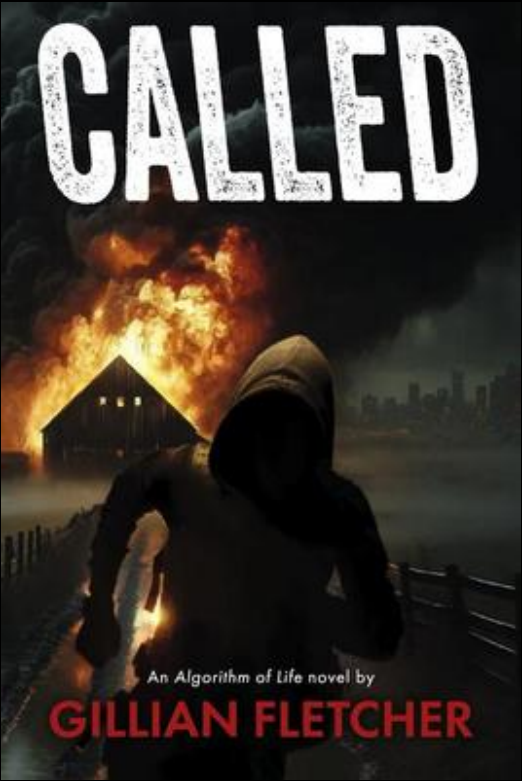
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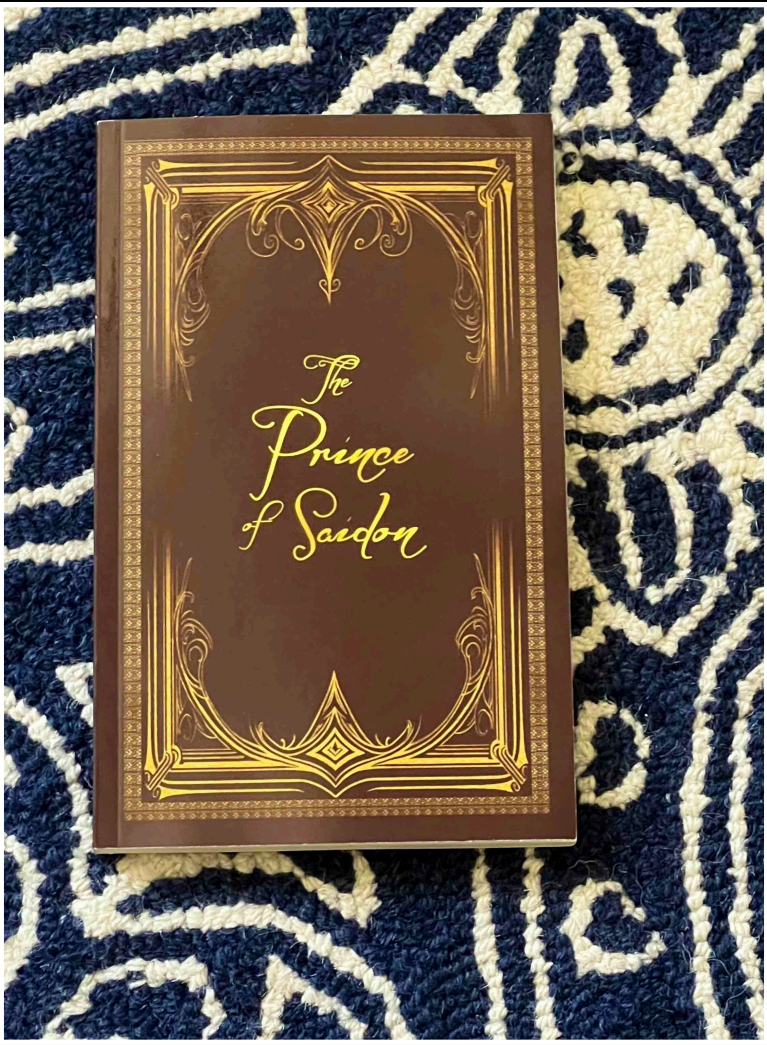
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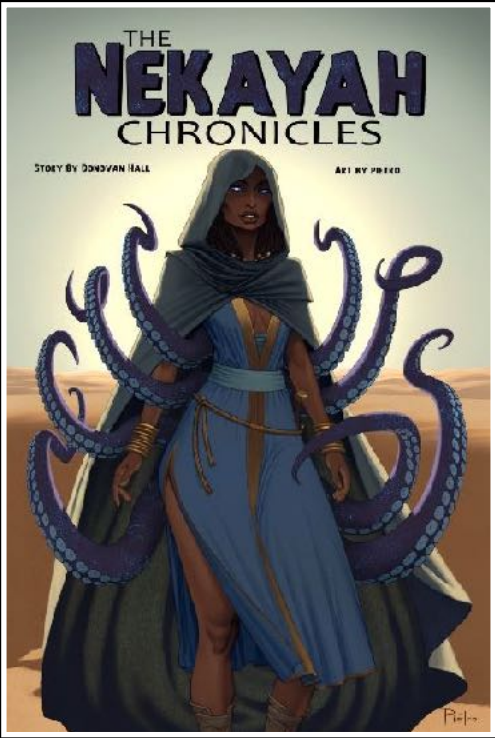
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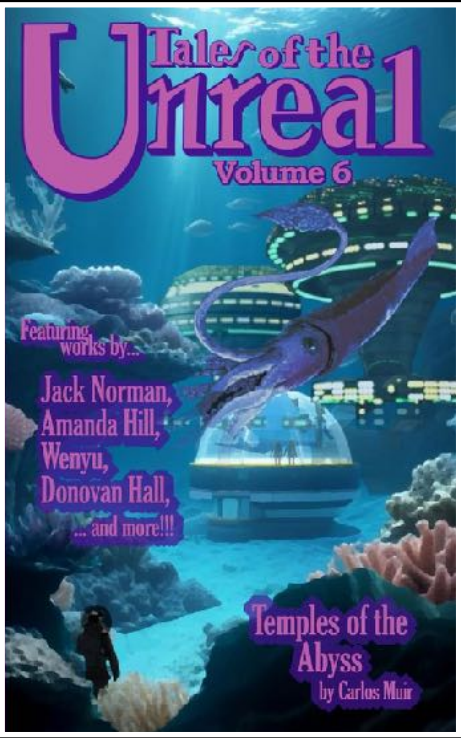
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