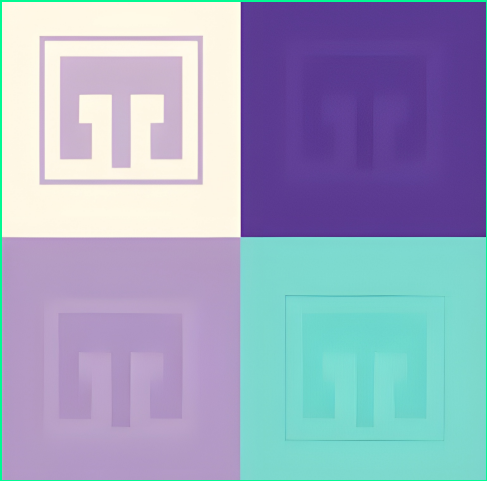






2 Haikus

Yosa Buson & Joshua Gage

bootan ya

shirogane no neko

kogane no cho

tree peonies!

a silver cat

and a gold butterfly

asakawa no

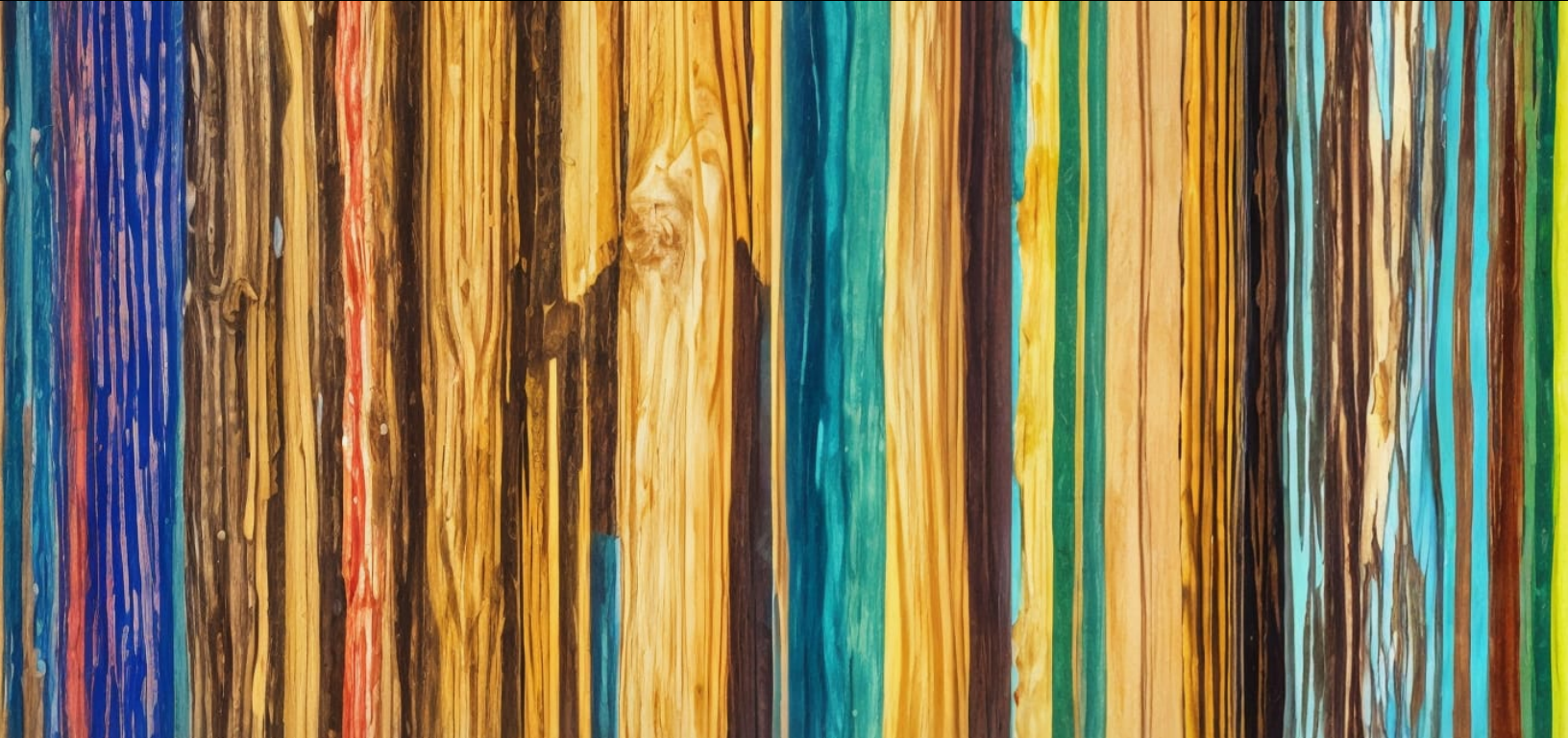
nishishi higashi su

wakaba kana

the stream's

west and east banks...

new leaves!





BIG GUY TAKES ME FISHING

John Grey

You knew everything. I knew nothing.
You could drive a car. I didn't even have a tricycle.

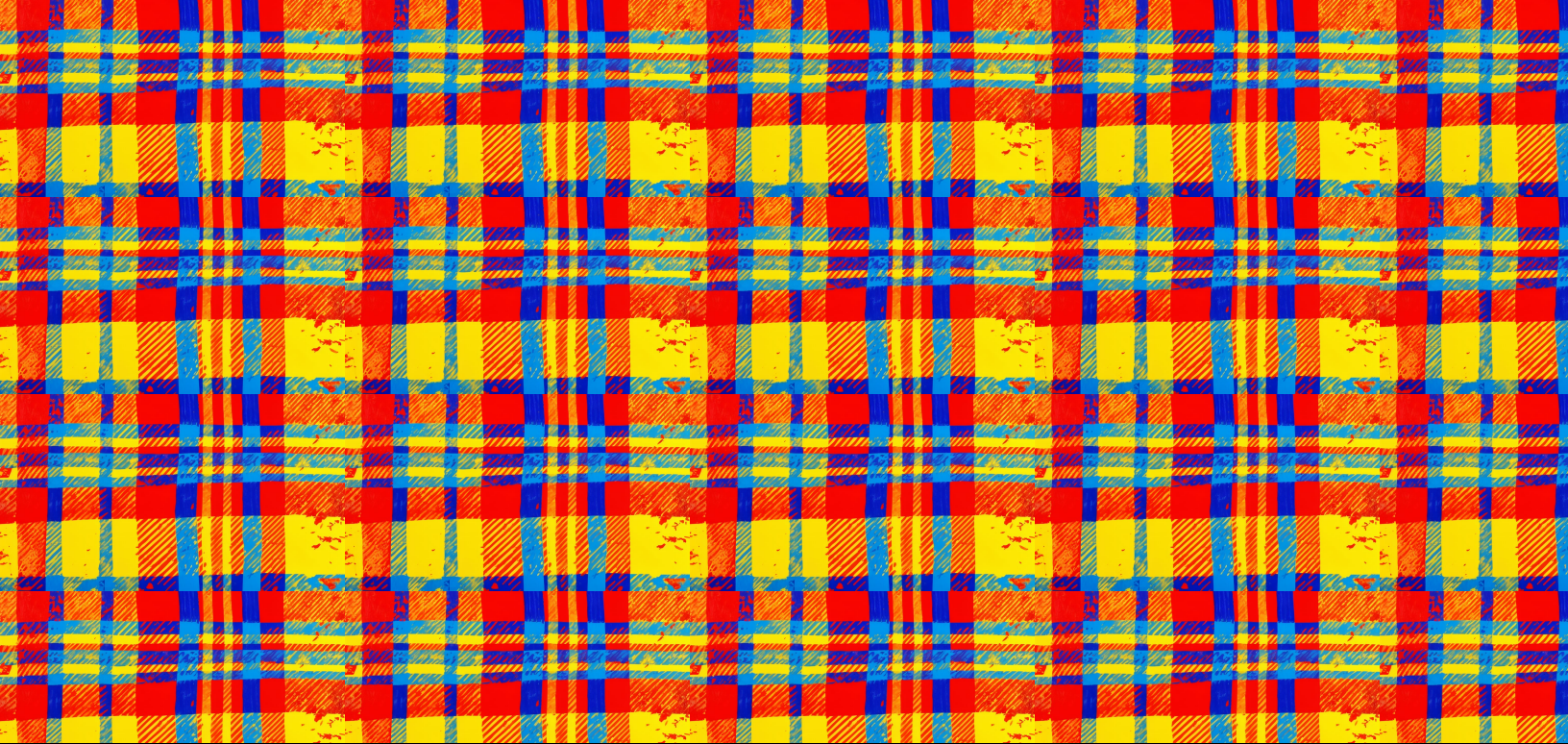
And as for your deft fingers –
they could somehow pin a wriggling worm
to a hook.

I wanted to do that. I longed to cast a line.

You felt the tug when the fish bit.
I could only watch your arm muscles tauten,
as you held firm to the rod,
pulled back, started to reel in your catch.

The fish was small. You tossed it back.
I too was small.
Being your son was the risk I took.





Circus

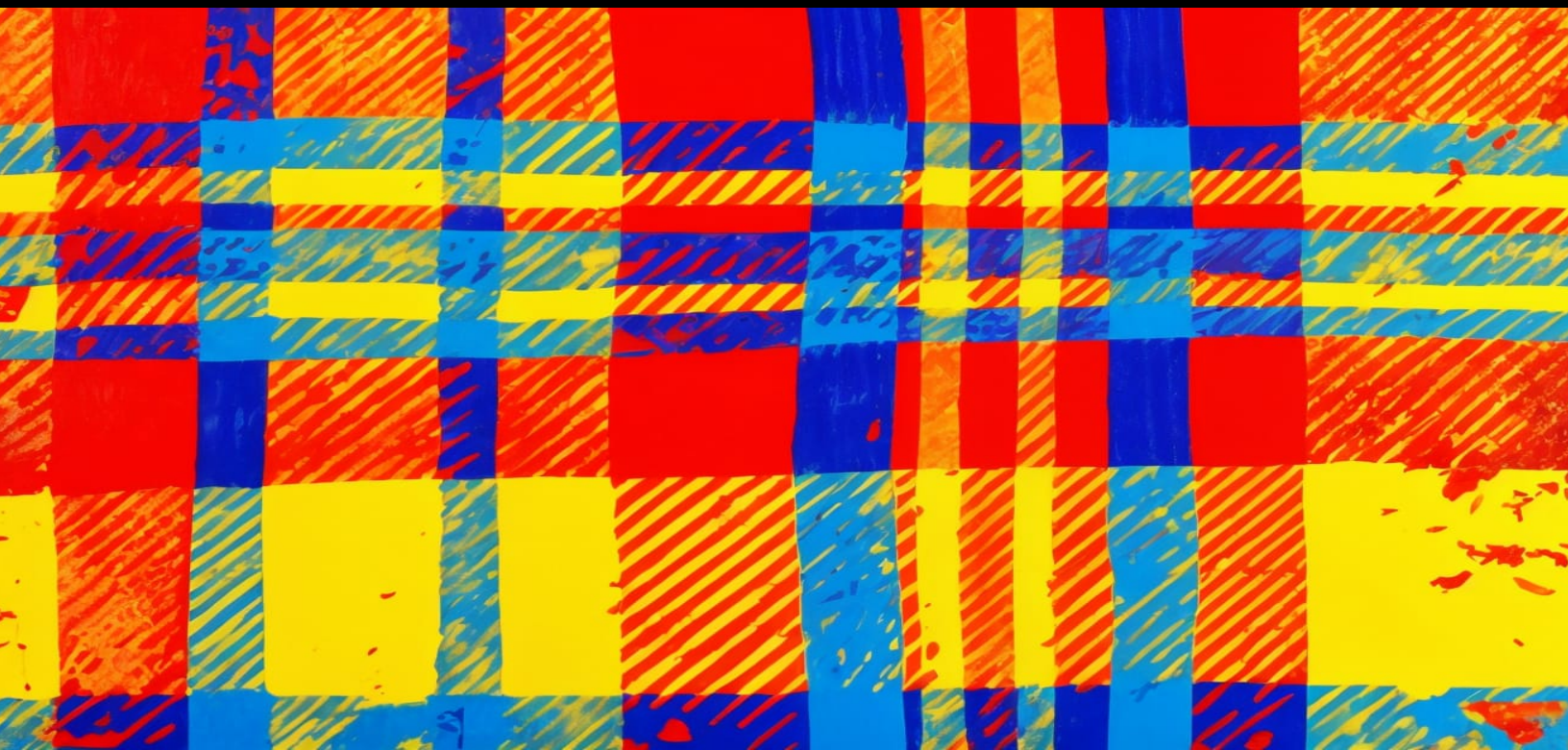
Preston Muir

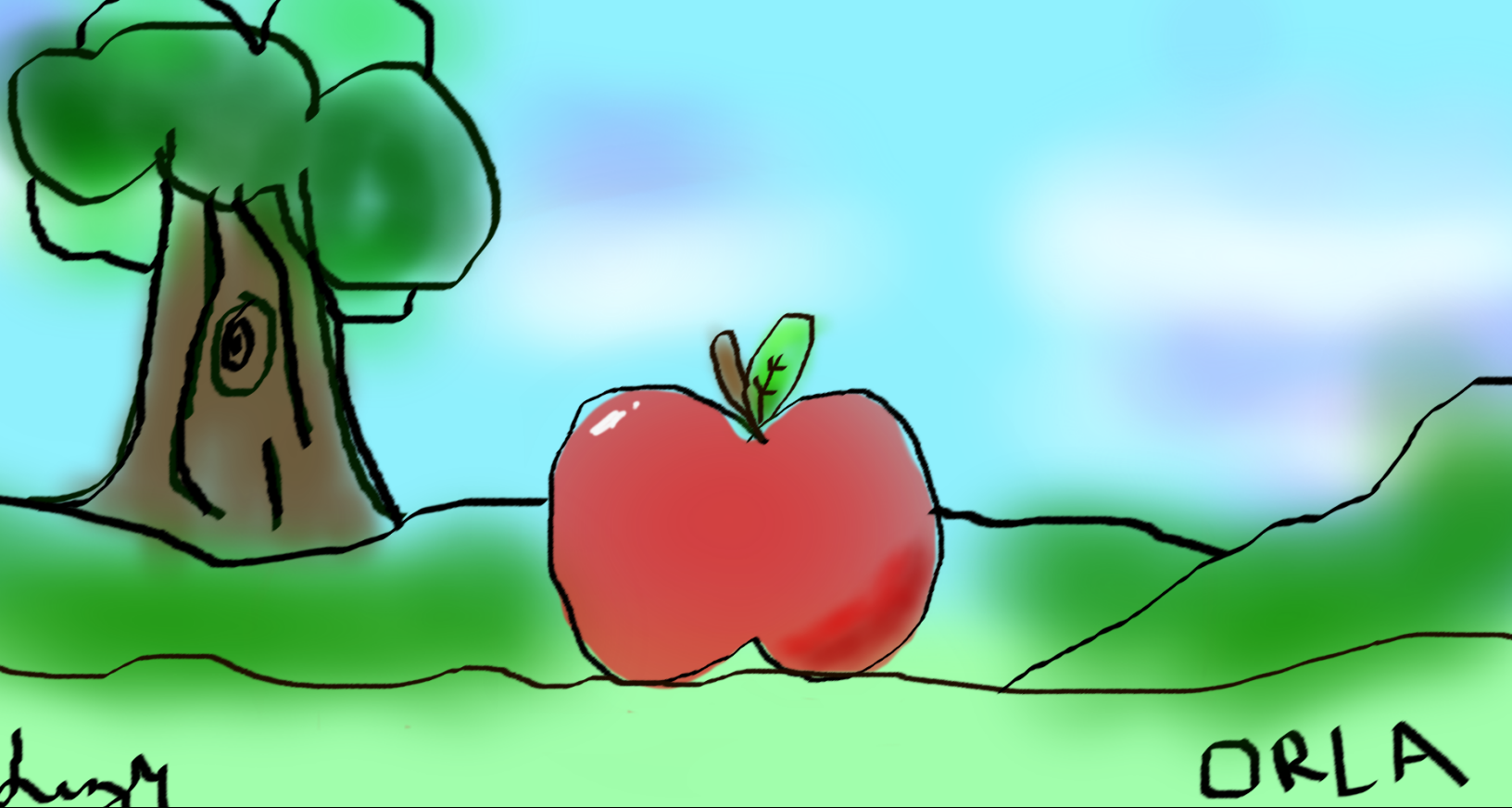
Rollick and roar
the 3 rings and more,

a most gay circus
this is!

So load up the car
with clowns near and far,

right up till it soars
off the bridge!





Orla

Elizabeth CJ Muldoon

Once upon a time, there was an apple named Orla. She lived on a tree in the middle of a quiet orchard. Orla always heard stories from the older apples. The stories were about the world beyond the branches. The stories told about the vast hills, the busy market, and the far mountains. But Orla never went far from the tree. One day, a strong wind blew through the orchard. Orla was gently plucked from her branch.

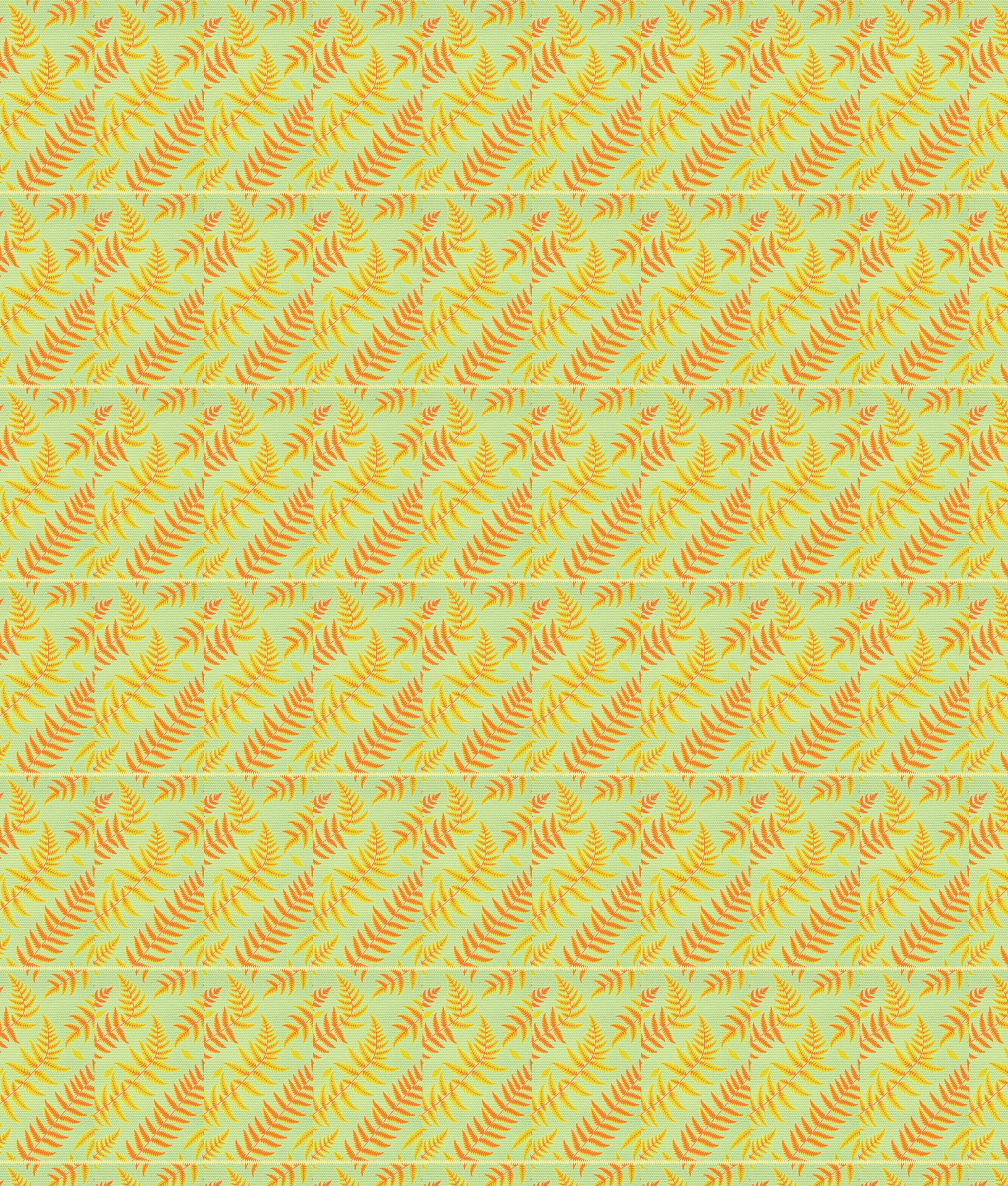
When she fell, inside Orla knew this was the start of her adventure. She rolled on the soft grass. She tumbled over pebbles. She dodged stray twigs. At first, she felt scared. She was not sure where she went. But with each turn, she became bolder. She saw the sky over her. She felt the warmth of the sun on her skin. She rolled deeper into the unknown.

Soon, Orla came to a dense forest. A squirrel named Pip greeted her. He offered to guide her. "The world is bigger than you think, little apple," Pip said, with a wink, "If you are brave enough, you will find places that will change you."

They traveled together through meadows and streams. Orla met curious creatures. She met a wise old owl. She met a chatty rabbit. She also met a family of deer. The journey was sometimes long and not

always easy. She had to go over rocky paths. She faced strong winds. But with each challenge, Orla became stronger and wiser.

In time she would discover a grand, timeworn tree beneath whose branches she chose to make her home. In that quiet sanctuary, she came to a profound realization—she had become one with the tree itself, transformed into a magnificent being of bark and leaf, and in that form, she dwelled peacefully ever after.



On Adult Girl by Marina

Jack Cariad Leon

Adult Girl from Marina's new album *Princess of Power* seems, to me, to be the Welsh artist lovingly holding out her hand, offering to certain young women an opportunity for an expanded vocabulary on their own experiences. In the same gentle way that Florence Welch has lyrics that could inform one about religious customs without ever actually trying to convert them, Marina opens up in a way that she almost certainly knew that many women could relate to.

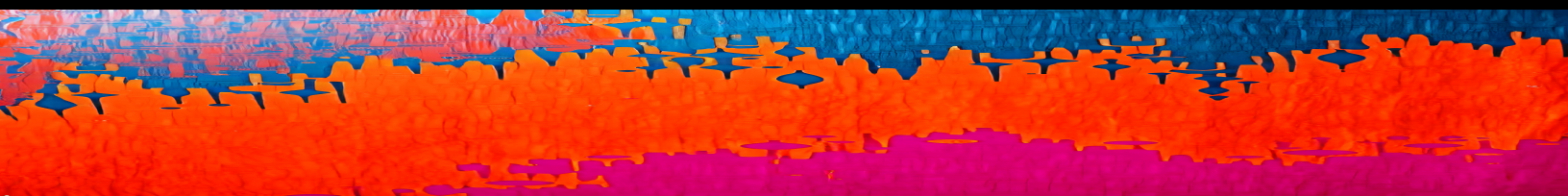
Picture the type of young woman who would almost certainly earn an eye-roll from someone like me (sorry not sorry) by claiming "I'm adulting".

Marina, with her lyrics, is inviting these women to look inward at what they are really feeling and how that has come from something like a shared experience. As an actual "adult girl", we should maybe have more precise language for our issues and mental states. Marina is perhaps saying something a little like: *you're "adulting"? I see you, and I understand wanting to express that idea, but that's becoming unfashionable. So let's put it in new terms.*

We can now be ready to move forward, grow up just a little, and say something like: I had a volatile upbringing. Whether it involved shortchanging oneself to please partners, or self harm, or drugs, or anything else that can exacerbate an already tiring existence as a feminine shaped being.

Adult Girl, like Marina's previous songs—particularly those featured on her 2012 album *Electra Heart*, seems to touch on the collective want to have had a careless and free period before we really have to "settle down" and figure out how to accommodate all the components of an adult life. We don't know why, but we feel conned. But we shouldn't become overly invested in what could have been.

Something about just admitting it, even if only to yourself, even if you've not fully come to terms with it, feels like it could be the start of deeper healing.





MAMA LOUISE

John Grey

She carries a bucket of clothes
atop her head

and that is her philosophy.
She walks a gauntlet

of self-pity and petty jealousies.
Her breasts sag

and her knees are old
but she still has the neck

she was born with,
and it raises itself

like a maestro's baton
to conduct the highness of her head.

She is a mama
headed for the river.

While all other squabble,
she will get her skirts clean.



The Girl Who Never Died

Dibyangana

The grey sky wept louder than any crowds ever could.
A blackened coffin lay still beneath the withering roses.
No one mourns her but silence itself — the only one who ever knew her.
I stand by the grave, a stranger in my own story.
The girl in the coffin looks like me — only softer, calmer, stilled.

A shroud of sorrow, regrets, and betrayals hugs her tight.
I weep without tears — trust me, she's done it all her life.
Her eulogy speaks of dreams made of broken, bloodied wings.
How do you mourn someone who still breathes beneath your skin?

She never asked for much — only to be seen, loved, and understood.
In return, she gave it all: her softest heart, its steady beats made of trust,
hope, empathy, and so much more.
But they cracked her open like porcelain —
her shattered pieces bled until there was no more.
Yet her smile never faltered...
until the world quietly erased it too.

So I bury her with every 'sorry' I never received.
I know she forgave — until she forgot herself completely.
Her eyes remain open wide with trust.
Mine — hollow.

I reach for my past self's hand — one last time,
as a flower blooms, sealing wounds that once gaped wide.
The Earth closes above her... and I open within.

She died unknown, unheard —
but I rise from her ashes, stronger than ever.
“I won't forget you,
but I will not become you again.
Rest now, far from pain.”
That's all I say,
before I walk away.



3 Haikus

Yosa Buson & Joshua Gage

atsuki hi no
katana ni kayuru
ôgi kana

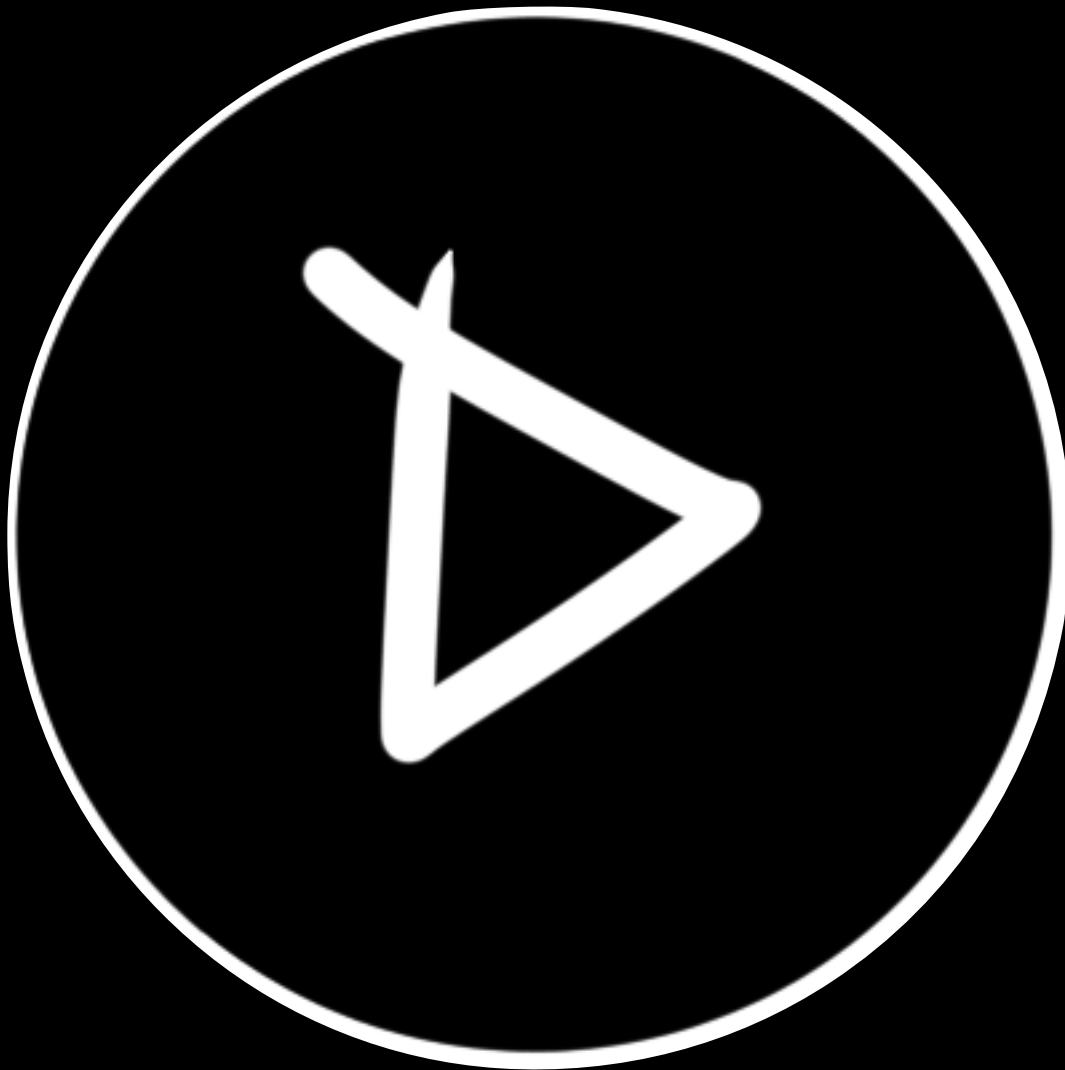
the day's heat...
a sword is switched
for a fan

ayu kurete
yorade sugiyuku
yoha no kado

leaving a sweetfish,
he walks on without stopping—
midnight gate

doumori no
ogusa nagametsu
natsu no tsuki

the temple guard
gazes at the small grass...
summer moon



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

“5 Haikus + Translations” by Yosa Buson
translated by Joshua Gage
Twitter: @inpartnina

“MAMA LOUISE” + “BIG GUY TAKES ME FISHING”
by John Grey
Book: SUBJECT MATTERS

“Circus” by Preston Muir
Twitter: @TerolusFantasy

“Orla” + “orla.hehe.tiff” by Elizabeth CJ Muldoon

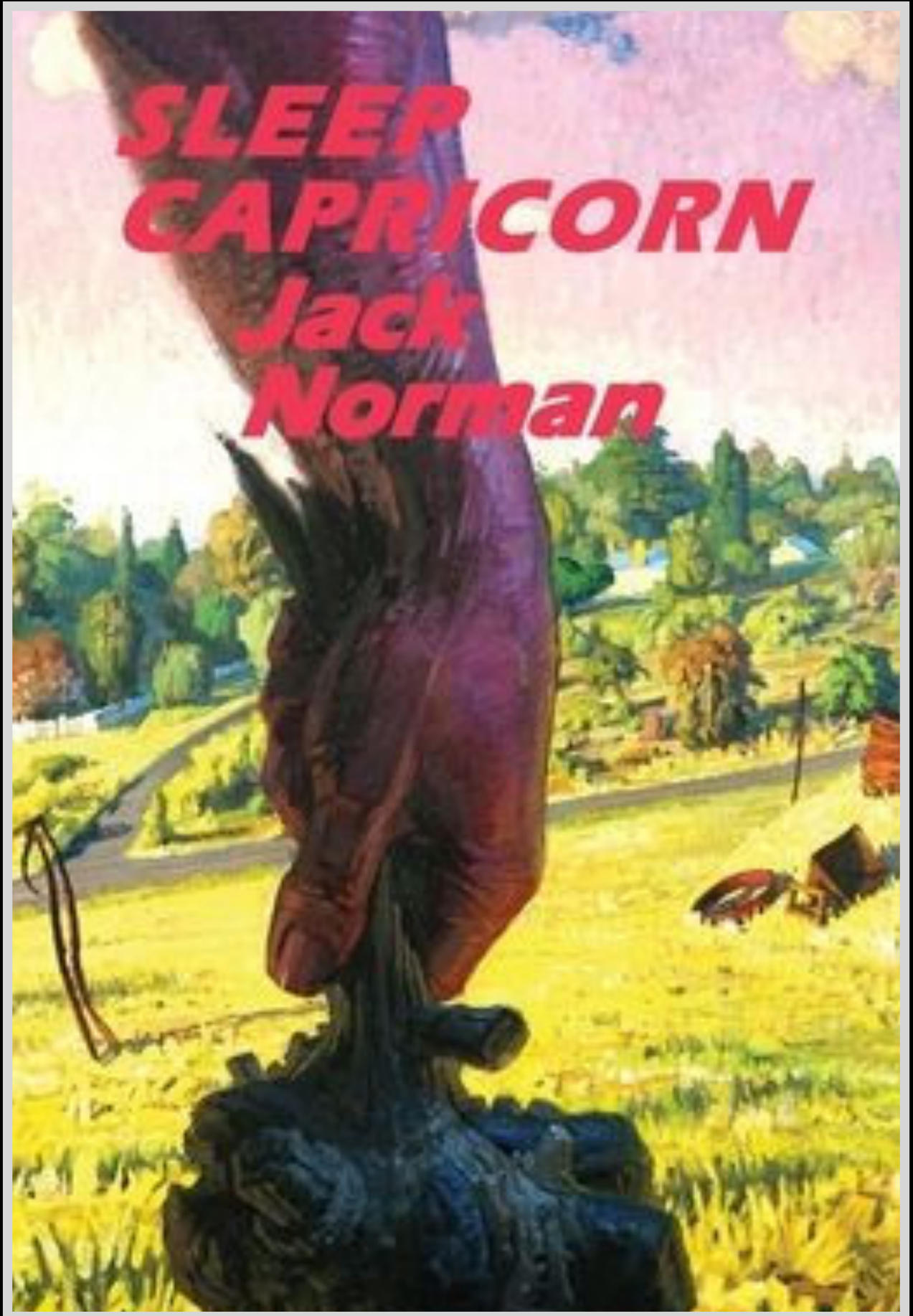
“On Adult Girl by Marina” by Jack Cariad Leon
Twitter: @jackofartforms
Insta: @jackofallartforms

“The Girl Who Never Died” by Dibyangana
Website: <https://elentiya0.wordpress.com/>

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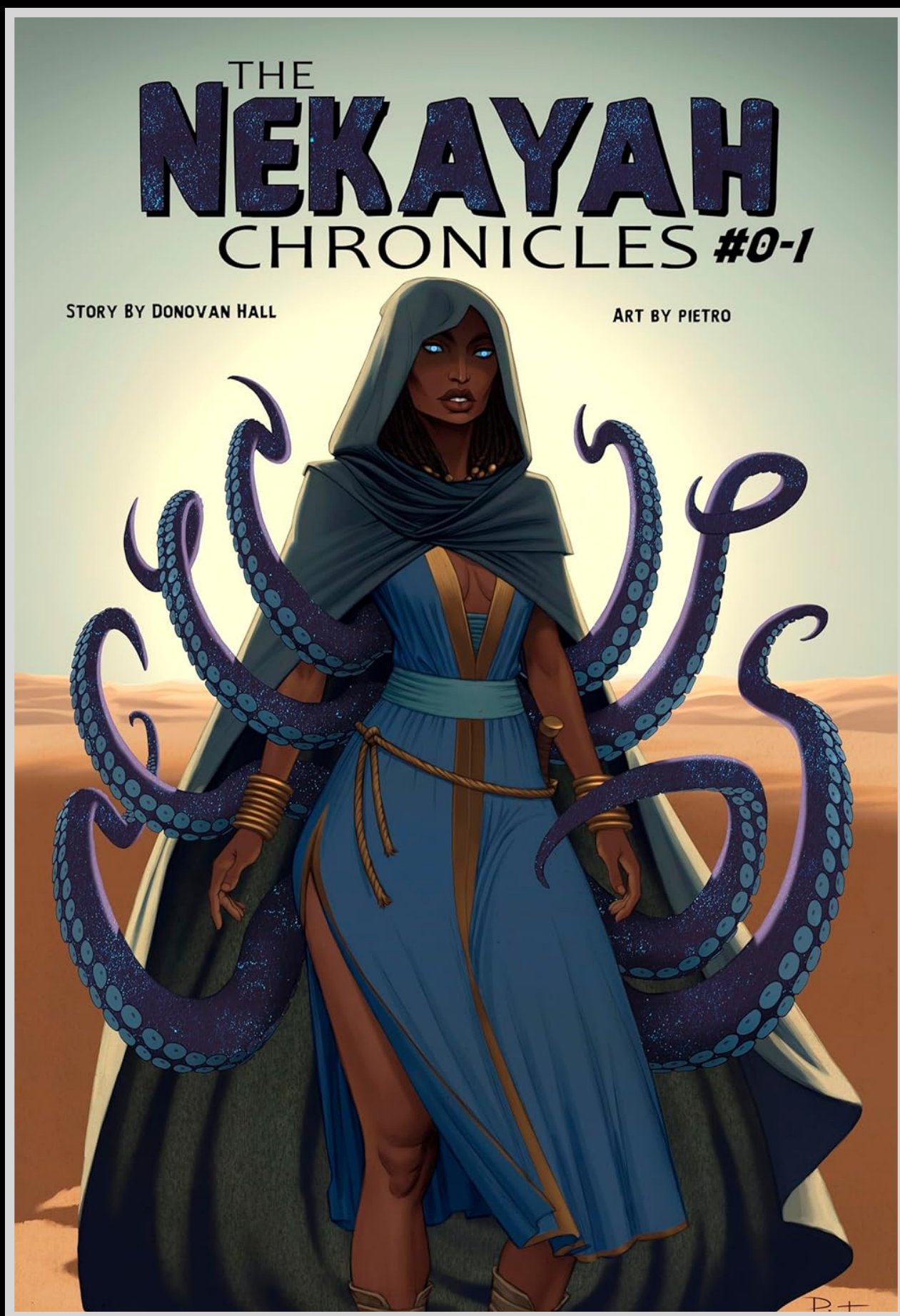


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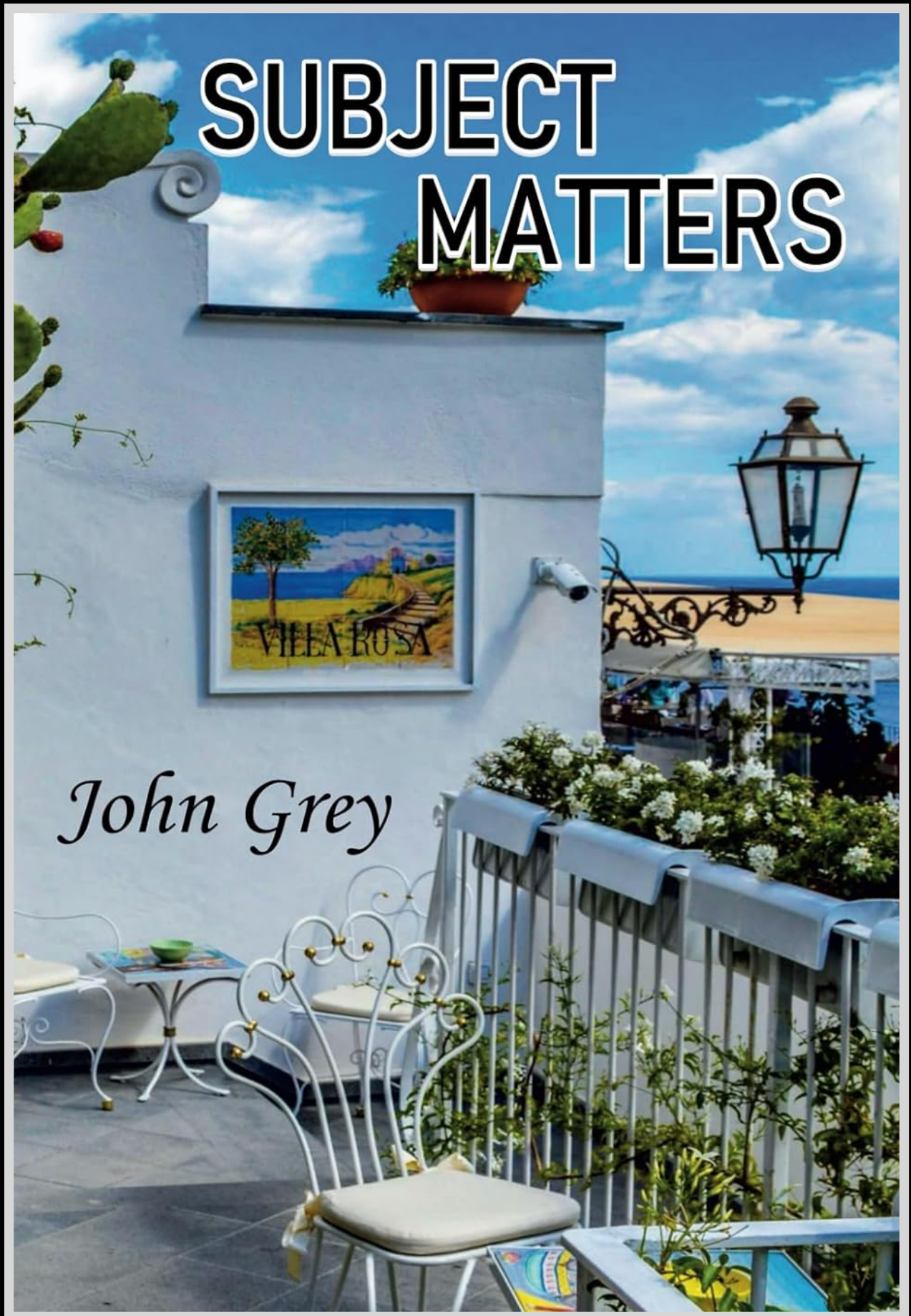
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