

miniMAG

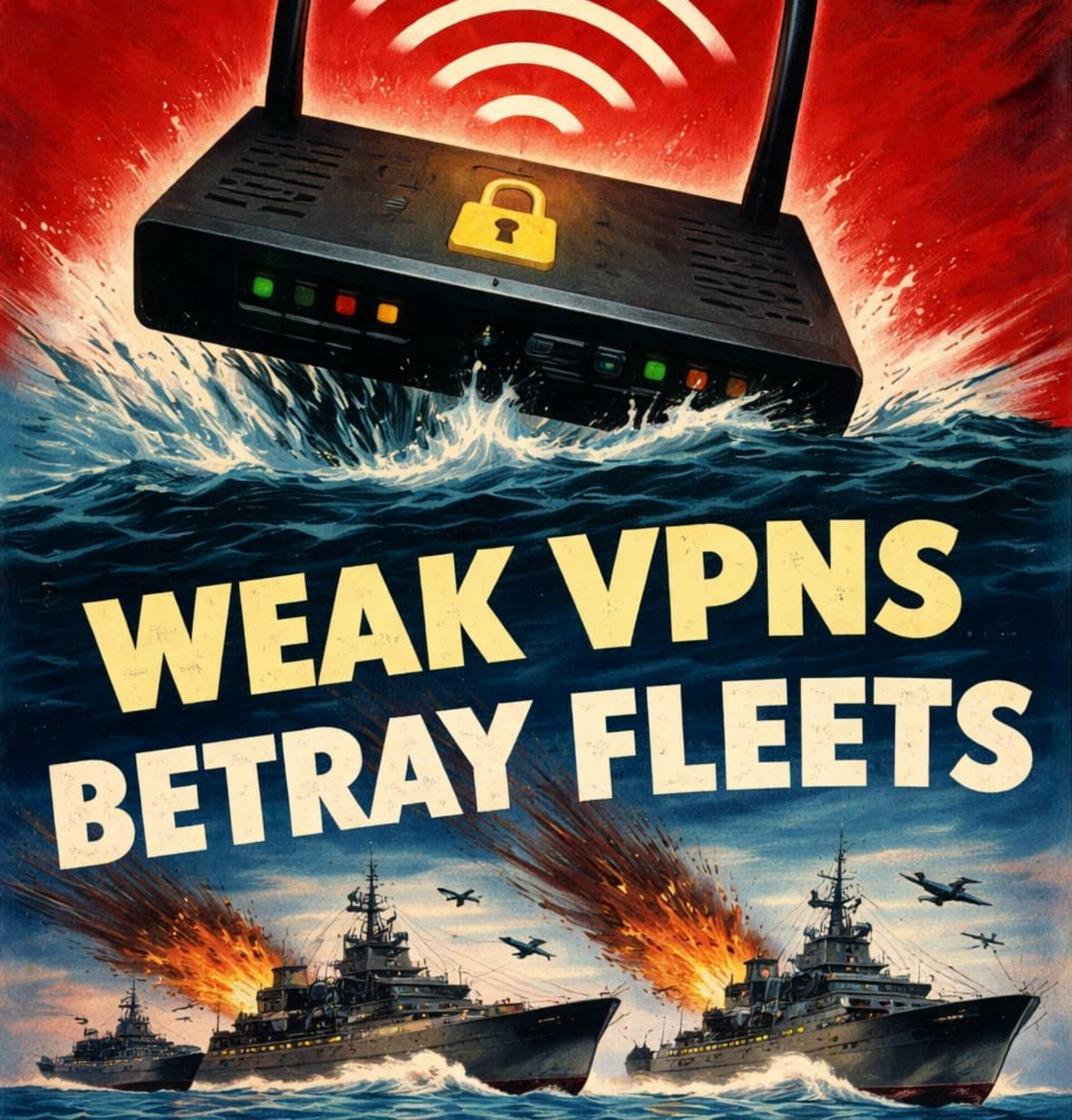
issue183

club you ain't in



DIE FOR ME:)





To Talk About Orwell

'Shèun Ominira-Bluejack

"I am reminded of '1984',
And of the secret police knocking on your door,
Other people influencing everything that you do,
Always remembering that Big Brother is watching you,
It really is a scary world that Orwell wrote about,
But that our world can be scarier, I have no doubt,
Drone strikes, wiretaps, hacking and bombs,
Catfishing, revenge porn and murder in the city of Homs,
What would the author have said about all of these horrors, can we tell?
Writing on my cell phone instead of on a notepad, I am reminded of
George Orwell..."

THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE WAY WE FEEL

Stephen Philip Druce

They'll never know
the way we feel,

they'll know our names
and what we earn -
our capital gains -
our tax return,
and what we're worth -
our height and weight,
our place of birth -
the time and date,
our number flat -
our fixed abode,
our habitat -
our postal code,
our social links -
our network friends,
the way we think -
how much we spend,
our DNA -
the streets we go,
our resume -
the bills we owe,
our hidden scars -
our blood relation,
where we are -
our information,
star sign - if
our passport's real -
but they'll never know
the way we feel.

Artificial Pain

Hoithem L

Women deal with pain
Born with it, given by men
Not spared by Death too.
Artificial construct
Like men's rugby and world wars.



ARE WE THE BADDIES?



One Day on My Dream Estate

H.L. Dowless

I'm lounging around in a yard chair
Underneath ole Chief Powhatton's Live Oak Tree,
Sippin' mint julep and taking my deserved ease
In the morning springtime air,
If this colorful portrait I'm now painting might be seen.

I am king of my own days,
Lord of the magnificent golden flow.
I take great pride in my heritage ways!
I relish in this thought while I saunter up yon hill,
To view my renowned elders graves,
This single gentle detail
I figure
Dear reader,
You might love to know.

There sits the stone of Elizabeth
And the mighty master of glorious renown,
Richard.
Ahead stands a church building
Where it has long been said he was once pastor.
Aye,

His deified elegant wife
On his right
Most certainly
Was such a pleasant sight!

Farther over stands the stone of Richard Hannon,
Who was a great knighted warrior.
While standing beside the river he aimed across
And fired the King's first cannon.

Beside him stand the stones of good ole Pleasant Akin
And that of Mr. Shadrack Alfriend,
Two among several
Long said to live without sin,
In life's struggles
They would always win.

A stone stands for Dr. Thomas Martin,
Who is renowned for being the gifted restorer,
Granting the mansion house new life
When the Fed violated President Beaucannon's orders,
By spreading violence and destruction
Across our cherished borders.
I saunter on down the hill,
Casually walking down the two rut road,
Feeling so peaceful and without ills,
Sipping my coffee as I nonchalantly go.

After a spell of passing underneath liveoak limbs filled
With Spanish moss,
I spy the grandiose fields from my place in the shade.
An Italian Baroque Iron and Brass Faldistorio strangely
Sits to the far left hand side in spite of its cost.
I have a seat
From what is being gradually perceived as being
A clairvoyant position where I can gaze across these fields.

A fabulous sensation suddenly flows through my veins
Of me having it made!
I pour more mint julep from my packed thermos
Into a crystal glass,
While I sit around gazing outward from the shade.
From a shimmering distance I hear field songs,
Reminding me that we have no worries,
Via the labor from hundreds
Of dedicated slaves.



The Tenebrous Claw (Reading George Bataille)

Mehdi Morchid

It was not the hand foretold to hover, rolling out exalted order,
turning greed into harmony,
clothing one with the work of the many, kneading bread to push hunger,
giving us friends we never encounter,

And though my sight be sane,
I saw no hand above in the void
It was a claw, tenebrous, arcane,
grasping not for cloth or grain,
but for the excess spilling from every vein.

It sketched with trails of smoldering hues
paintings in a grisly flash,
showing rituals oiled in a blood-tribute.
It pinched scores of quivering bodies in a lash,
dipped them in chalices of soot,
and pulled them dripping with ash.

The claw did not harmonise.
It wasted, ripped, tore and pulverised.
It did not cover nations in wealth.
It set ablaze pyres in a hearth

where surplus was reduced to smolder
perfuming the sky with sacrificial incense
cheered by screams like thunder,
hailing the burning of excess.

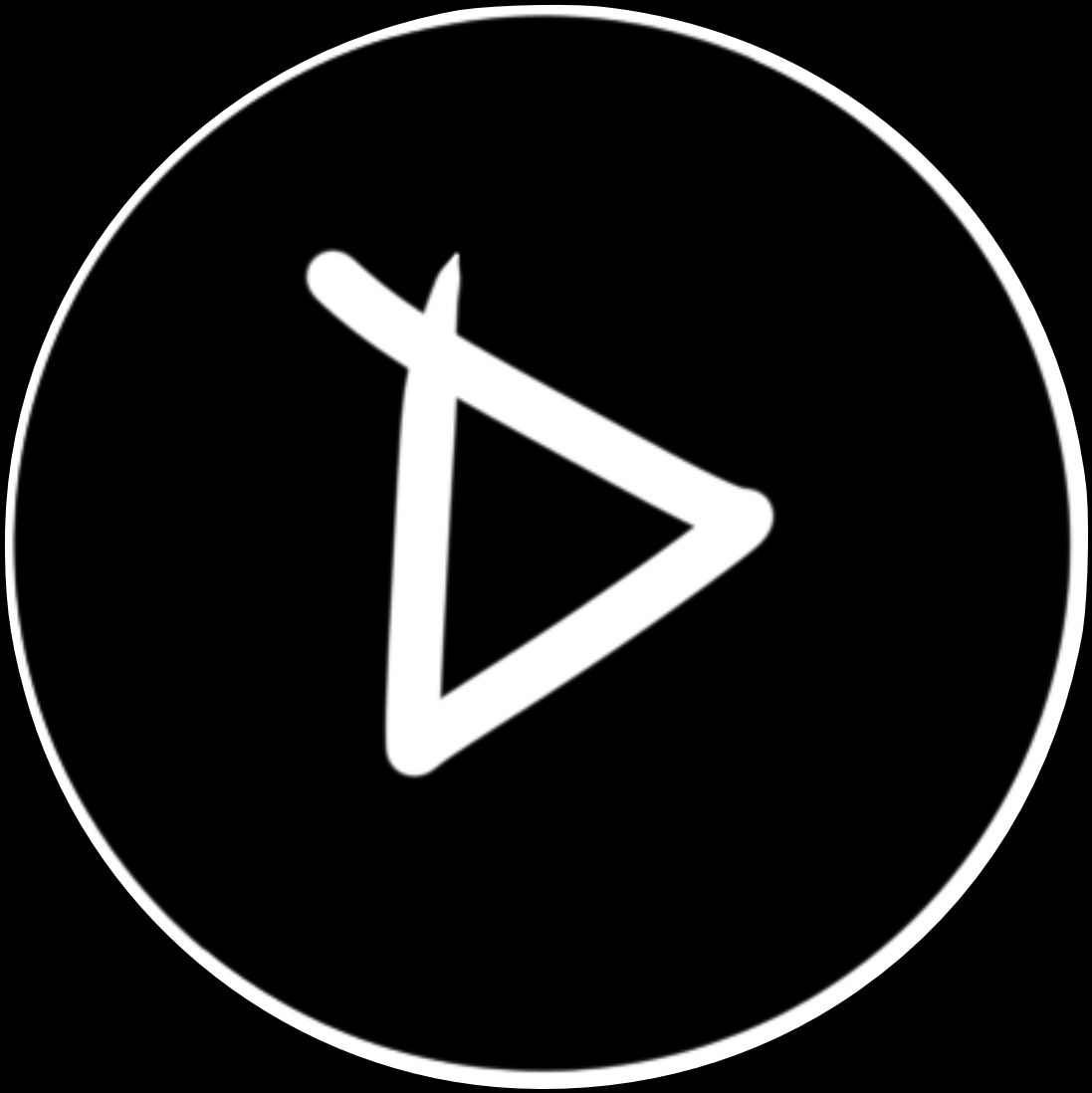
And there I could understand.
Harmony never ruled the land.
It was mayhem, rapture through rupture,
a theatre where utility met fracture:

a spectacle of waste in parade
a contest not over surplus gained,
but over surplus destroyed.

It was all clear until I blinked.
The vision was cloaked,
veiled under the old disguise
of a painted calm above pyres' guise

Yet, I had seen beneath the filter
Frescos of bone and cinder,
unfurled against the sky, proclaiming:

We are not bound by reason's hand,
but by the claw of ruin,
by dark waste and endless overrun.



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“THEY’LL NEVER KNOW THE WAY WE FEEL”
by Stephen Philip Druce
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X: @DruceStephen
Book: [A Shrewsbury Poet](#)

“Artificial Pain” by Hoithem L

“One Day on My Dream Estate” by H.L. Dowless

“The Tenebrous Claw” by Mehdi Morchid

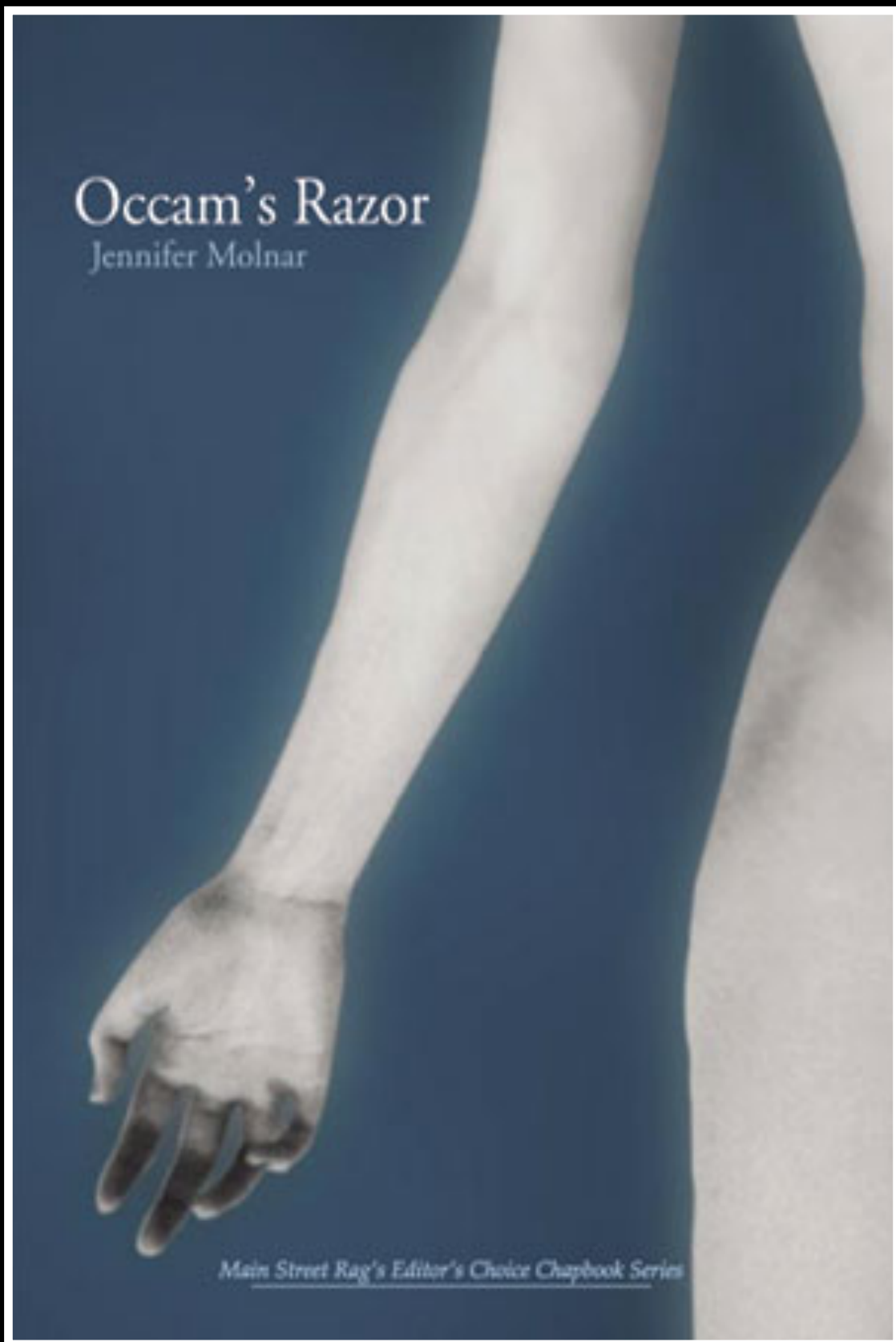
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