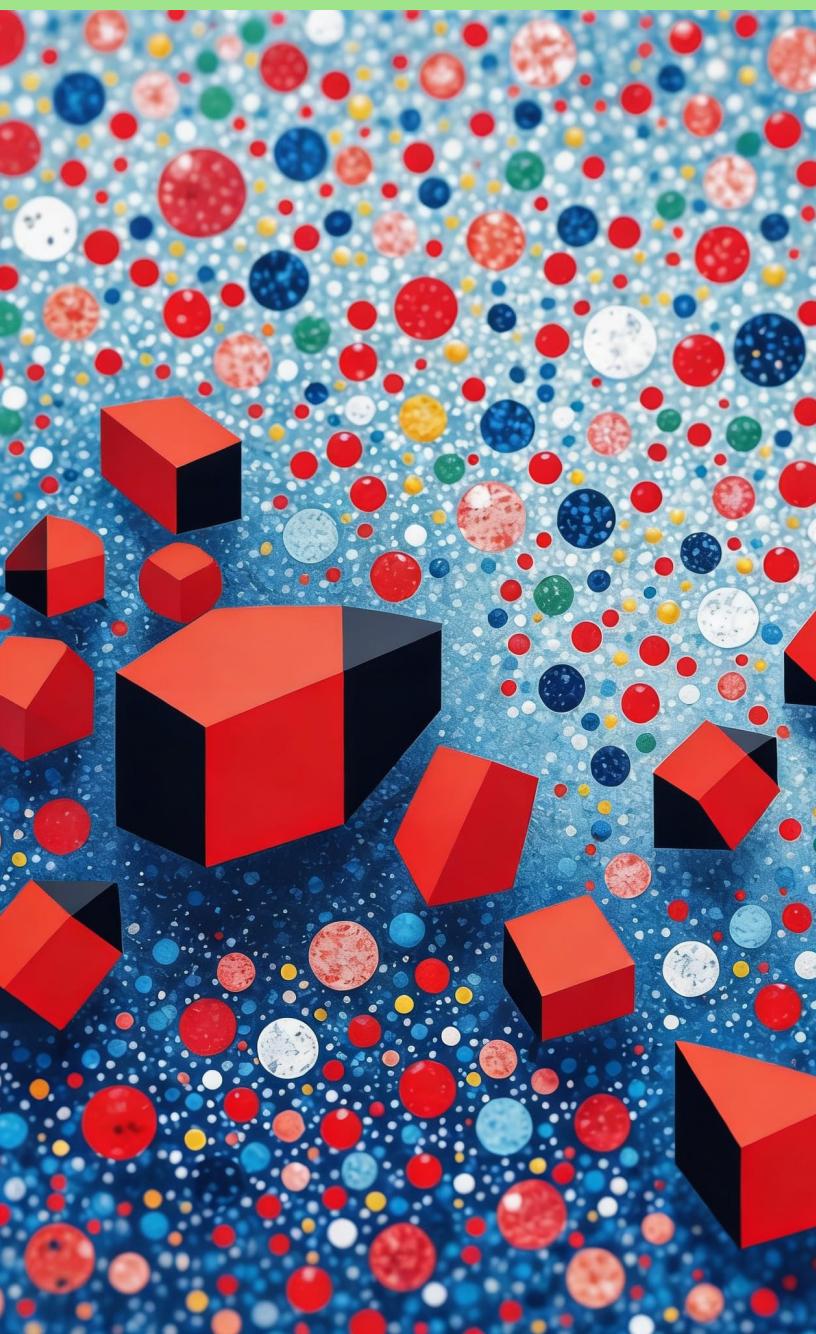


miniMAG

issue 189

rhymed pairs only



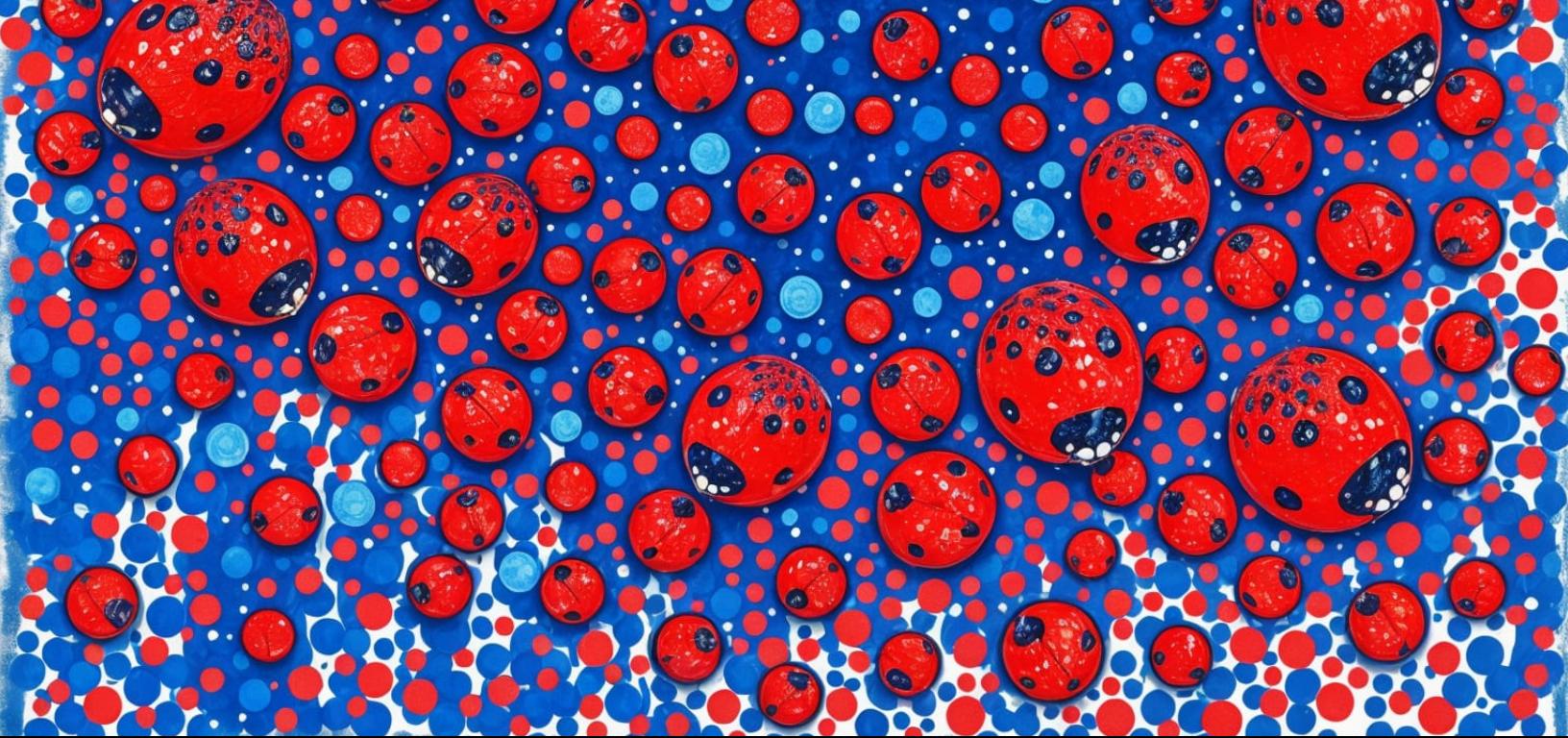


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Girl in the Screen

Nik Hoffmann

You and I, my sweet,
You and I will never meet,
Your auburn hair is nestled so,
I ponder the rustle of a wind-born blow.
'Twixt soul and soul is that longing air,
Long, longer than your golden hair,
'Twill grow and grow as memory fades
The simple shape of your profiled face.
Throw me a line of your chestnut weave,
That might I not drown in this digital sea;
Let me remember the sweep of your cheek,
So that I fly, or lest I sink.



A CATASTROPHIC HABITAT

Stephen Philip Druce

Nothing works in
my small flat -
it's a catastrophic
habitat,

the key to the flat
won't turn in the door,
the sign says three but
it's really number four,

the letterbox opening's
a millimetre wide -
the doorbell rings
but only outside,

security was fitted
with the burglar proof -
so the thieves broke in
through the leaking roof,

a fire broke out and
the smoke alarm failed,
the wall fell down when
I pulled the curtain rail,

the power cuts are frequent
so I'm often in the dark,
the cat can't meow and
the dog can't bark,

the stereo is broken and
the bathroom mirror cracked,
no signal on the wi-fi -
the extractor wont extract,

the microwave blew -
there's a hole in the bin,
the ceiling fell through and
the goldfish can't swim,

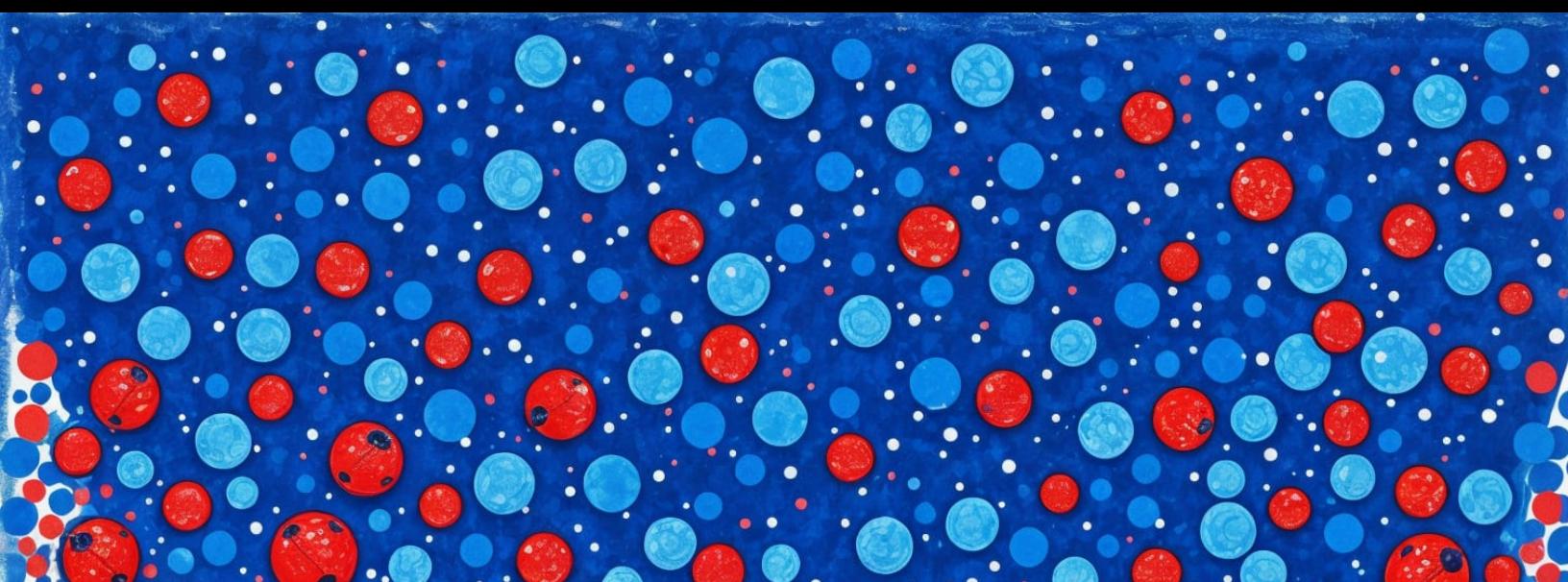
the fridge won't close and
the cupboards don't fit -
like my wrong-sized clothes
and the washing line split,

the rocking chair snapped
and I landed on my head,
I bounced into the bedroom
and I broke the waterbed,

the toaster burns the bread
when the settings on low -
the cork's stuck in the bottle
and the plants won't grow,

the vacuum cleaner won't suck -
the light bulbs have popped,
the superglue has never stuck
and all the clocks have stopped,

they undercut the window panes -
they all have two inch gaps,
the gas pipe burst - I must be cursed -
the building just collapsed.

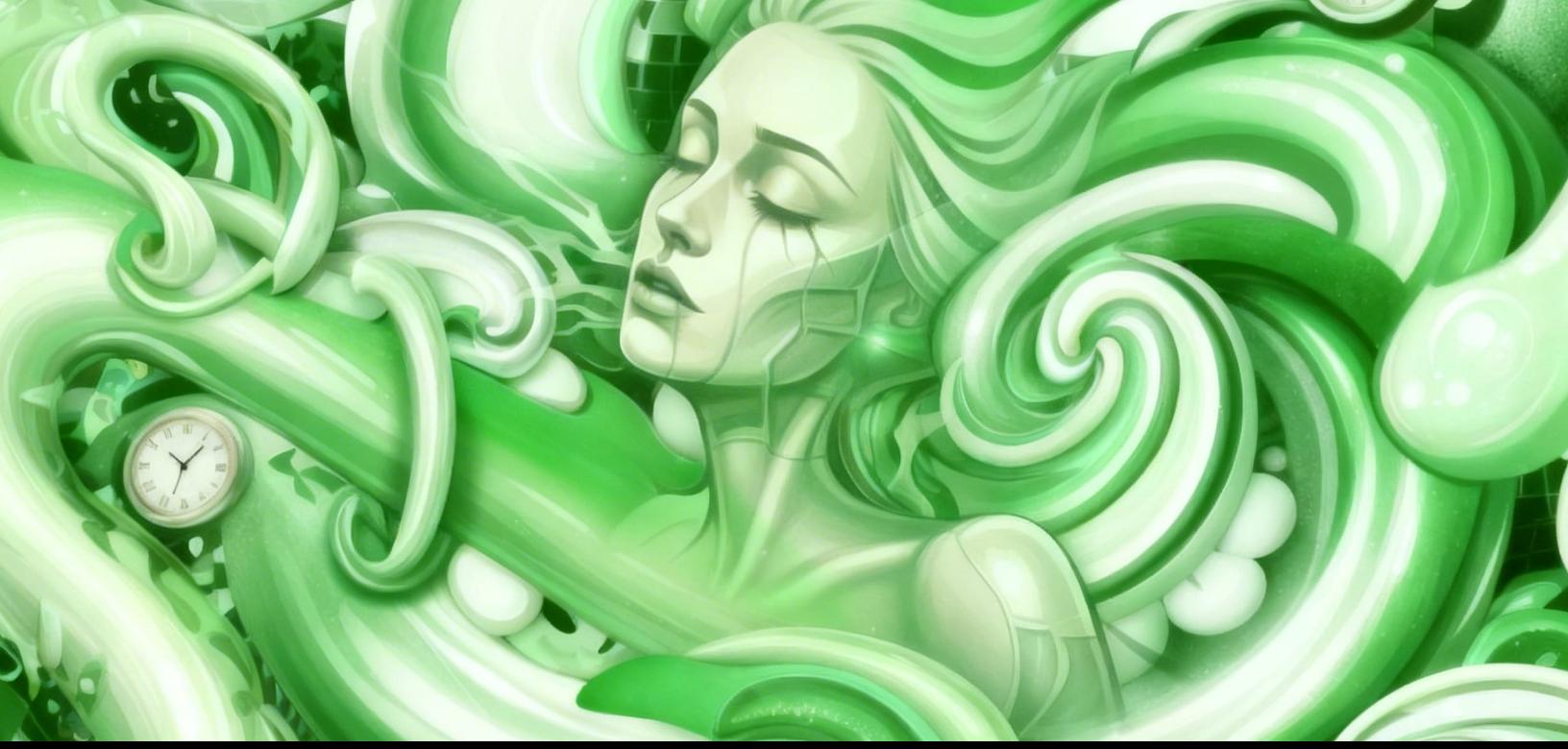




Finding Inspiration

Savera Hota

Finding inspiration would be easier, if it was in one place
A song, some art, a book or a loved one's face.
Finding inspiration would be easier, if there was a map
That landed us the treasure trove directly in our lap.
Finding inspiration would be easier, if losing it wasn't so hard
Unlike keys, rubber bands or a MetroCard.
Finding inspiration would be easier, if it was a one-step skin care routine
It would be refreshing, rejuvenating and make you feel clean.
Finding inspiration should be easy, but it's so unfair
To feel stuck, and imprisoned and in despair.



What is time?

Eva Ciocolata

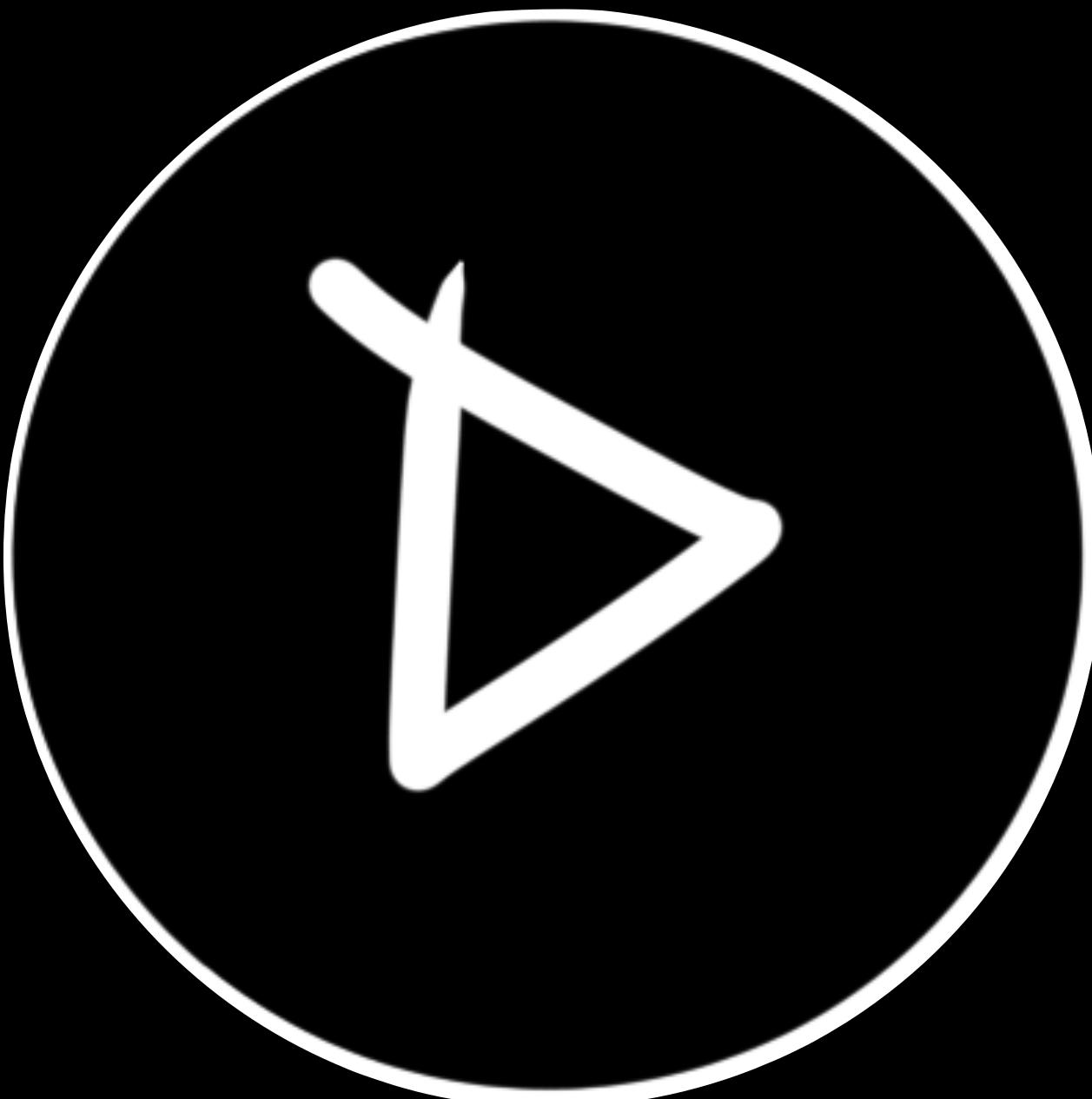
So, what is time?
Is it something topped with thyme,
Or sprinkled with the juice of a lime?
One thing I know for certain is that time is fast,
And it doesn't really last.
Somehow it can be distorted in space,
But not tied up and stopped with lace!
You can't exactly see it or speak to it.
However, it does show up on your body
With wrinkles and spots that embody
The passing of time itself.
And maybe it can even be stored on a shelf,
Or in a pretty coloured shell!
Oh, sometimes it passes super slow,
Not like the rapid wind's blow.
But there is a possibility it doesn't even exist,
And that's a thought I can't resist.
I think time is quite valuable.
Also, as you know, measurable.
'A second, a minute, an hour, a day'
My teacher will often say.
Anyways, going back to what's actually relevant,
What is time?
The answer might be a mime.
Although I'm not quite sure.
And I don't wish to be.
For if I were, I wouldn't have this interesting topic
To reflect on, anymore.
So the question remains unanswered.
Most likely, it will never be answered.
So, intriguing me, on my mind it will stay,
As I rest on my bed at the end of the day

Moving on

Saveera Hota

When you want to move on but don't know how
Just remember, that was then, this is now
We're so burdened by the past
That we let it become our present
Time flies by so fast
Leaving traces of the unpleasant
Why are the bad times easier to remember than the good ones?
Why can't we control the nature of every thought that runs?





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book: <https://a.co/d/8bTfxxI>

“What is time?” by Eva Ciocolata

“Girl in the Screen” by Nik Hoffmann
X: [@merkurymann](https://twitter.com/merkurymann)

“A CATASTROPHIC HABITAT” by Stephen Philip Druce
Insta: [@StephenPhilipDruce](https://twitter.com/StephenPhilipDruce)
X: [@DruceStephen](https://twitter.com/DruceStephen)
Book: [A Shrewsbury Poet](https://a.co/d/8bTfxxI)

“Finding Inspiration” and “Moving on” by Savera Hota
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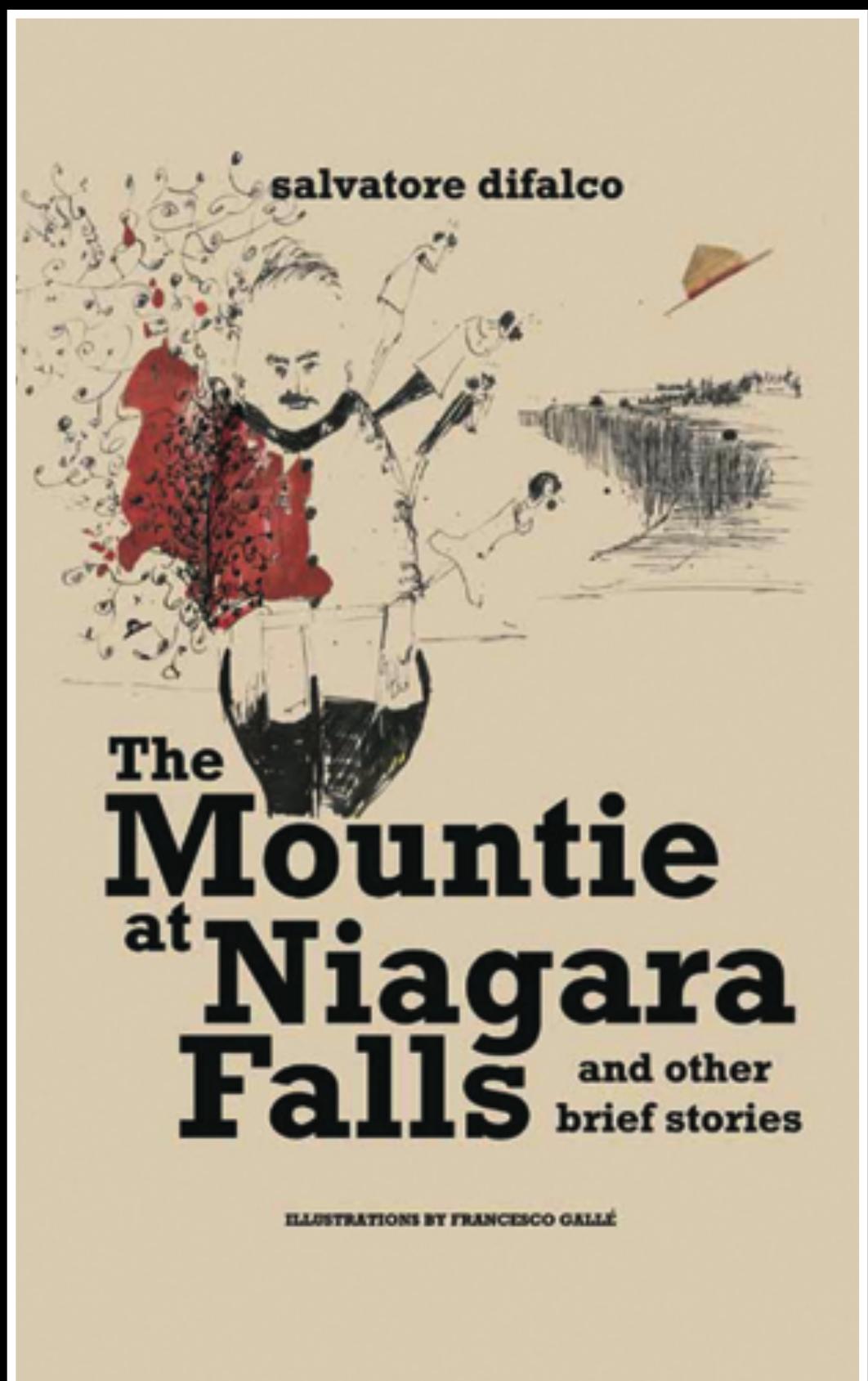
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Stephen Philip Druce

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