

miniMAG

issue192

just be cute





Portrait of a Georgia Peach

Erin Matheson Ritchie

You are orange juice after a late night dancing and a steaming shower after a romp at the beach. You are the kind of hunger that follows a dozen laps in the pool and aloe vera to summer-stained skin. You are dry thunderstorms in July and whispered voicemails left when it's dark and water gun fights on the lawn before dinner.



This is about lesbians

Maggie Boyle

On the edge of spring—when the evenings and mornings still had a slight coolness to them, and the shade from the trees held a whisper of the last remains of winter; when one could stand in that shade and bare the blue-white heated skies—you taught me how to play Texas Hold ‘Em at our coffee table. We joked that we’d use the dog’s college money for our bets. There was nothing unusual about our happiness.

Tiger Balm

Emily K. Sipiora

My warm bath
My boot to kiss

My dog at the dining table
even though he gets
the same thing





Falling in Love for the First Time

Dixon Speaker

I work in a school, so I'm well qualified to tell you what happens when you fall in love for the first time. A girl in your first-grade class loves horses. You stare at her from your desk and never say anything nice. You call her names. You pull her hair and at recess you shove her into a pile of wood-chips. Everyone calls it a crush instead of what it really is. A boy who's supposed to be home sick rides his bike into the parking lot and a man with an accent comes out of the school screaming. There's a fight on the soccer field. One of the teachers has the students playing chess. The principal leaves for a better job and her replacement is worse in some ways but better in others. You grow up and the girl who loves horses moves away without ever knowing how you feel. Her parents sell their house and move to Florida. The girl who loves horses has no presence online. No one remembers who she is. For all you know she could be dead, and if you wanted prove otherwise you wouldn't even know where to start. And even though she is probably dead, or at least grown wrinkled and fat, you will always remember the girl who loved horses and your assaults against her. And this is what it's like to fall in love for the first time. If you think none of this makes sense, then you obviously have never fallen in love, which is the saddest existence there is.



Oh to be a blanket wrapped around you

Maggie Boyle

The dainty mayfly
whose lifespan lasts just twenty-four precious hours
was born on the day of a total eclipse
and was granted the gift of living for a night and an extra day

unbeknownst to the fly herself,
and to her hundreds of thousands of siblings,
they lived twice as long
and encountered twice as many miracles as any of the luckiest bugs on this planet

But no insect or bug is luckier than the one that lands on your shoulder for
a brief second before you brush it away



jungle

airport

tropical plants, 14th story balcony, watching your raised freeway, you're in leopard print again, the joint's rolled, lit, inhaled, finished, are you a leopard? cars 100 feet below us, you point at the neighboring condo building, a window a few floors down from yours, "I saw them naked last night, very naughty," you look up from rolling the next joint, "but they were fat", all of us are to you, you're lithe, you're a leopard, big cat, "girl with snake," you laughed to your aunt in a car once, I giggled, I don't mind anything, I'm into leopards and snakes and plants and freeways, I don't mind heights, I put my head on your lap, the balcony becomes a jungle, I'm very close to the snake, I yawn that I'll roll the next one, you smile cheshire, we leave the balcony



Heads Up

Joe Bisicchia

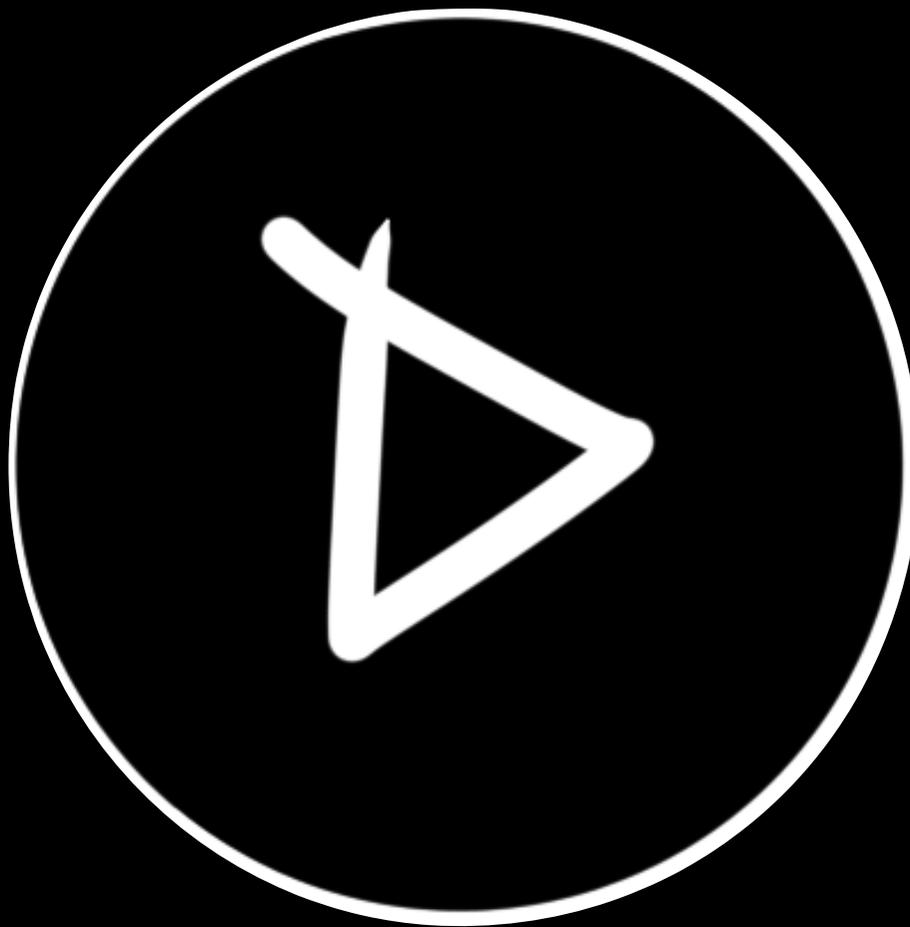
Seeds lift their flower beams.
As if within their core,
all the colors of the world.

Even here up and down the many aisles
of this somewhere city store,
so many faces to be seen.

Maybe they thought at first, I was crazy.
Things aren't always what they seem.
Found a small smile on the floor.

Tried it on, looked up,
and was amazed at the find.
In front of me.

So many more.



url: minimag.press
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
substack: minimag.substack.com
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“Portrait of a Georgia Peach” by Erin Matheson Ritchie

“This is about Lesbians” and “Oh to be a blanket wrapped around you”
by Maggie Boyle

Website: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/maggiegboyle/>
Insta: @maggieb.yle

“Tiger Balm” by Emily K. Sipiora

Insta: @emily_sipiora
X: @emily_sipiora

“Falling in Love for the First Time” by Dixon Speaker

X: @dixonspeaker
Insta: @thedixonary
Bluesky: @dixonspeaker.bsky.social

“Heads Up” by Joe Bisicchia

Website: <https://joebisicchia.com/>
Twitter: @TheB_Line
Author Page: [Kushal Poddar](#)

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(amazon)

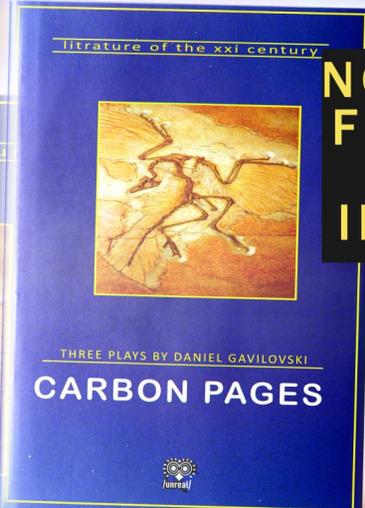
EP 1

UNREAL PRESS PODCAST

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(substack)

You come from 4chan's darkest break,
 They fell off harder than the B.S.R of one james krake,
 Their own birthspawn /lit/ called a defect,
 Unreal has no time for dogs—guess that's why they're always chasing Tales.
 From Ogden to Rhyme And L.A to New York,
 from northermost China to Australia they glaze your work,
 at the Rolling Stone launch parties the same whisper snakes about:
 "When IS Crash Test coming out?"
 Unreals are winners—Uploads? We don't do that here.
 Their podcast is so old Dan Baltic still had hair
 They have the fat stack, one article is plenty.
 Should we do some work? Eh... maybe next year.
 Your anthologies are fairest by far,
 Only thirty dollars a page, it's cheaper than a car,
 I took out a mortgage and sold my thirdborn,
 it still didn't cover the islamagood bazaar,
 But I digress, all this tangent, this whole poem's not the best
 Let's return to juicy questions; when do preorders open for Crash Test?
 When will the postman be McNaughton on my door?
 quoth the raven: nevermore.

[click here](#)
(amazon)

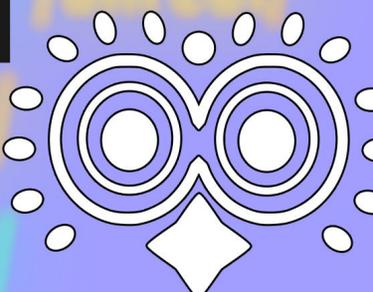


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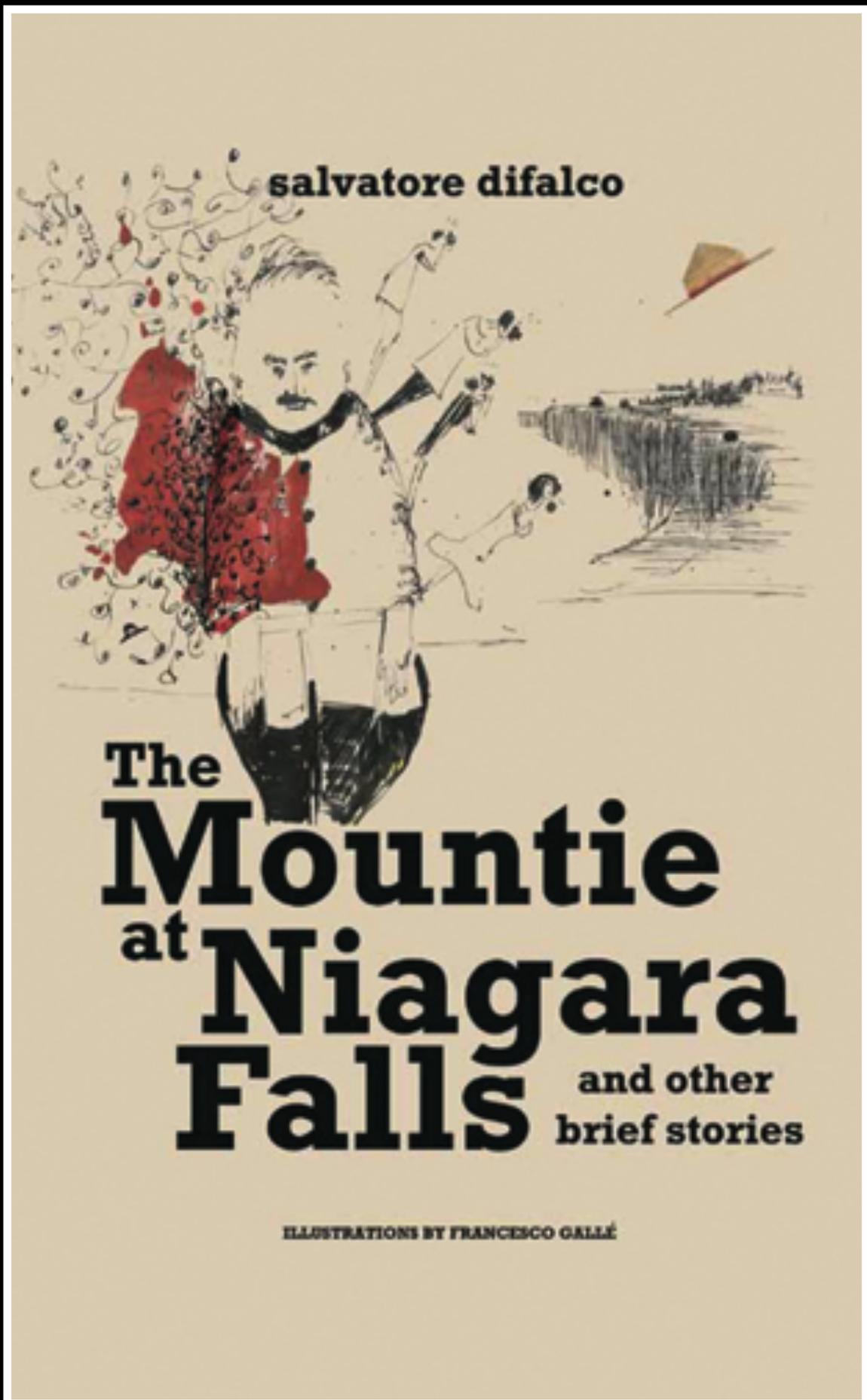
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The screenshot shows the homepage of 'Chill Subs'. At the top left is the logo 'Chill Subs'. The navigation menu includes 'Browse', 'Features', 'Community', 'About', 'For Editors', 'SLUSHPILE', and 'Support us'. On the right, there are 'Log in' and 'Sign up' buttons. The main headline reads: 'Get published. Promote your work. Grow as a creative.' followed by the subtext '(All without having a mental breakdown)'. Below this is a green book cover with a yellow bird and the text 'DON'T GO BREAKING EXHAUSTING MAKE YOUR CREATIVE LIFE NOT SO BREAKING EXHAUSTING'. At the bottom of the main section are 'Log in' and 'Sign up' buttons. A yellow callout box on the right contains statistics: 'We list 4134 submission opportunities for writers, 1478 for artists, with 1188 contests and a community of 9080 creators who've tracked 31249 submissions. We've been around 443 days and there's plenty more on the way.' with a 'See all statistics →' button. A footer note says 'We're building a submissions manager!' with a 'Learn more' button. A large black redaction box covers the bottom right portion of the page.

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