

**miniMAG**

**issue193**  
*flower field every day*





## **I bit into a nectarine**

Ewen Glass

and the stone was a diamond.

My front teeth shattered

but now I was rich

I could get new ones,

better ones! This plunged  
me into a thought crisis.

How could they be better?

Sharper? More durable?

Absently, I ate the flesh  
of the nectarine.

Mechanised? Branded?!

Wiping my lips, I realised

I'd eaten the whole fruit,  
diamond and all.

I rushed to the toilet.

What if it destroyed my  
gastrointestinal tract?

but now I was rich.

I could get a new one,

a better one! This plunged  
me into a thought crisis.



## King I

Doug Stoiber

I crossed a field on foot, an enterprise I undertook with satisfaction  
For only I could satisfy my quest for absolutes  
Measured by my own infallible faculties, thereby absolute  
My ownership and boundary lines recorded in the county's records

Three-fourths the surveyed property I measured with exacting pace  
Charged by my need to capture evidence of this land's provenance  
The topsoil, gravel, turf and timber, these were mine and more  
I made the deal, I had the deed and therefore my possession

Proceeding to the final length of mathematical appraisal, I stopped to move a rock  
That done, I chanced to fascinate on nature, small and lively  
Where once had been the chunk of gneiss, now sprouted frantic wiggles  
The worms, invited to the light, demonstrate their dance moves

"Hell!" I thought, "I own those, too." At once, I knelt to closer look  
The twisting, fervent worms in dirt, alive and flailing for my notice

Close to the ground already, I thought at once to rest  
And halted all my labors, while the earth invited my repose

Cushioned hillock, all the softer for its placid grasses  
Where I lay my head, to calm myself and notice  
What other bursts of life sought out my gaze  
Days like this were far too few, I knew

My head at rest, my body sought conformance with earth's contours  
A shallow hollowed indentation, where my hip  
Could snug my fit into its welcome hug  
A peaceful kip afforded me, while noticing each beetle, bird and bug  
Now populations in my empire

King I! At rest in nature's nest of grass and ground and glorious life  
King to the legions seen, unseen that toil within my borders  
Breathing softly silent so as not to fright a living thing  
King I, King ME! reposed upon his verdant chaise

My somnolence begets a daydream drama: King I Conquers All  
I tame the teeming bushes, stream of silver, chestnut bower  
Hour upon hour, my gaze flits from bloom to bloom  
To witness what the hummingbird and honey bee devour

My measure-taking incomplete, I stir amongst the stalks of winter grass  
gone brown  
the task delayed by idyll's beckon, mattress for an idled monarch  
Though knave I am revealed when I submit to peasant's languor.  
Arise, O lord of land and sky and all its humble creatures!

Fading light demands I finish what I started when I sought to mark my lands  
Replace this crown with worker's cap and faithful figures do report  
A sort of sadness dulls my energies at these last paces  
Spaces marked with stakes  
At last all in their places  
A kingdom circumscribed by my own ego

Reign, O King! Reign o'er thy vasty lands!

# The Yellow Diary

Vishesh Panthi

On a spring evening, A beautiful flower field with an array of colorful flowers. Children are playing nearby when a car arrived and a handsome man gets out of it.

He closes the car door and walks slowly and reaches the middle of that beautiful flower field and knee.

He says something in a low voice while touching the flowers all around with his hands.

Then he departed.

This sequence continued every day. Nearby residents are surprised to see the behavior of this unknown person, they struggled to understand why he comes to this flower field every day.

Jeff, the owner of this flower farm, comes to know about this.

Jeff came there the next day, and asked the people nearby.

Jeff said “Does anyone really come here every day?”

Some people said “Yes Mr. Jeff, a person comes here every day, he is a young person,

he is very handsome”.

“Does he come here to steal?” Jeff said. “He doesn't harm these flowers?”

People said, "He seems to be a man from a good family, why would he steal something like a flower?"

"Did he come here today?" Jeff asked in surprise.

People said "He came, and he is gone".

Then a young man said, "Are you talking about those who come to this flower field every day?"

Jeff said "Yeah, do you know him?"

The man said "Yes, that is Mr. George Emerson, our new neighbor.

The next day, Jeff hid in his flower field all day, anticipating the mysterious man's return.

As on every other day, a car arrived, and a handsome man emerged. He strolled comfortably among the flowers while Jeff watched secretly.

As soon as he reached the middle of the flowers, Jeff approached him and asked loudly, "Who are you, and why do you come here every day?"

The person said in a calm voice "Hi, I am Emerson, who are you?"

Jeff said, "I am the owner of this flower farm, I want to know why you come here every day.

Emerson said, "The reason for this is that my job requires me to relocate every four years,"

Jeff's eyes widened in surprise. "Looks like I've seen you somewhere," he said. "You're Mr. George Emerson! You've been to our town before, seven years ago."

Emerson smiled, shaking Jeff's hand "Yes, I remember. You've changed a lot."

Jeff said, "Mr. Emerson, nice to meet you again, after all you can't stay in one place forever.

Emerson smiled and said, "Yes, that's just what I do."

Emerson and Jeff sat down near a tree and engaged in a wide-ranging conversation."

Jeff asked, "Mr. Emerson, I've known you for a long time, but one thing puzzles me: why do you visit the flowers every day, no matter

where you live?”, curiosity sparking in his eyes, “People have told me you come here daily; what draws you to this place?”

Emerson smiled and said, “Do you want to know?”

Jeff asked curiously, “Yes, do you love flowers so much? I want to know, tell me,”

Emerson smiled at Jeff. 'Yes, I'll give you the answer tomorrow.'

The two parted ways, returning to their respective homes.

The next day, Emerson arrived at the flower field to find Jeff already waiting.

Emerson told Jeff, "I come here daily to thank God,' he revealed.

Handing Jeff a worn yellow diary, Emerson said, “This is my journal. Read it, and you'll find your answer within, read it now,”

Jeff and Emerson sat together in comfortable silence, surrounded by the vibrant, swaying flowers that danced gently in the breeze. Jeff's eyes were immersed in the yellowed pages of Emerson's diary, devouring every word as the secrets of Emerson's past began to unfold.

\*\*\*

11 September, Tuesdays

On a pleasant rainy day, in a beautiful city full of natural beauty, in which there is a house near a flower field, a man named George Emerson has come to live there with his family. The house where Mr. Emerson is staying has a very beautiful view.

When Mr. Emerson reached the balcony of that house for the first time, there was a very beautiful scene in front of him, then he also felt the fragrance of many flowers

he saw that there was a flower field nearby, he became even more happy after seeing so many flowers. His eyes were not moving away from those flowers. Seeing this he called the entire family to the balcony and everyone was very happy to see this

When Emerson met the neighbors who lived nearby, he liked their nature very much, Emerson said "It's a pleasure to meet you all, I have just moved here",

People welcomed Emerson, Emerson said, "The flower field near my house is very beautiful. They reached home praising the place.

A few days later, Emerson woke up one morning feeling the urge to go to the balcony.

He slowly opened the room door and stepped out onto the balcony. As he caught sight of the flowers and inhaled their sweet fragrance, joy filled his heart.

An 11-year-old boy then wandered into the flower field, plucking blooms as he went.

Watching the boy pick the flowers, Emerson felt a pang of sadness. Why was he taking them?



The boy continued this behavior for a second day, and then a third. Day after day, he would come to the field and pick the flowers. Emerson observing all of this.

One evening, Emerson yearned to meet the owner of the flower farm. He asked around, but no one could provide the owner's name.

In the distance, an old man sat in the garden of a beautiful house.

The old man looked at Emerson and asked, "Sir, are you new here? I've never seen you before."

Emerson replied, "Yes, my name is George Emerson. I'm new here. I've come for work."

The old man said, "My name is White. Please, come in."

Emerson and Mr. White began a conversation and soon started a game of chess.

Then Emerson said, "You have seen that beautiful flower field, it is very beautiful, do you know who its owner is,

I want to meet him." Mr. White says laughingly, "I don't think you'll ever find out about them, in fact the owner of that farm has forbidden everyone to tell about them."

Mr. White said "Mr. Emerson, you're a very nice person. You can come to me anytime you'd like,"

Emerson replied "Sure, I'd be glad to,"

The next day, when Emerson reached the balcony in the morning, the child was again plucking flowers.

Emerson got a little angry and thought that the flowers were decreasing day by day, if I came to know about the owner of this flower farm then I could complain.

But he did not say anything to the child,

One day Emerson came Mr. White's house and started talking to him. Then the child who used to pick flowers, came to Mr. White and lovingly gave some beautiful flowers to Mr. White.

The child said "Thank you Mr. White"

And he went away, Emerson looked at that child carefully, he is very beautiful, today Emerson saw this child closely for the first time, he was about to say something about the child but became silent after seeing his good behavior.

Mr. Emerson asked, "Who is this child?" Mr. White said, "He is my son."

Emerson was surprised and happy to know this.

Emerson said, "But why it does not look like you, he is more beautiful than you."

Mr White said "Yes I adopted it.

Mr. White stood up and walked towards the back of the house, carrying the flowers. Emerson followed closely behind.

And Emerson smelled the fragrance of many flowers and was astonished at what he saw.

There was a pile of flowers many times bigger than the field near Mr. Emerson's house, behind Mr. White's house.

Mr. White placed the new flowers with the pile of flowers and returned to the garden.

Emerson said surprisedly "What's all this, Mr. White,"

Mr. White said, "My son gives me some flowers every day, and I keep them." My child has been doing this thing for many years.

He knows that I am not his real father, but he considers me greater than his real father, I don't know how he is so intelligent, he thanks me by giving me flowers every day.

I have also told him that, you do not need to do this, I am very happy with you.

Emerson becomes very emotional after seeing all this, and his love for that child increases.

This happens many times in front of Emerson, and he feels very happy. One day, the child is again giving flowers to Mr. White, when Emerson asked him kindly, "why do you say thank you every day to Mr. White?"

The child said, "if I thank him every day and throughout my life, it is still less."

This thing touched Emerson's soul.

Mr. White kept the flowers in the garden behind the house.

Mr. White never throws away those flowers, even if they wither completely,

After a few weeks, Emerson received a call informing him that he would have to relocate to another city. He felt a pang of sadness at the news.

Emerson's wife said, "What happened, this is our job, we are not changing the city for the first time, but you are looking sad."

Emerson said, "I will remember Mr. White and his child very much." Emerson and his wife both came to the balcony, Emerson said, "I will always remember this flower field too."

Emerson said "Oh, I remember, I must tell Mr. White that I am going to leave this city in a few days."



Emerson reached that flower field and plucked some flowers for the first time, he took the flowers to Mr. White's house, he hid the flowers and sat near Mr. White,

And the moment the chess began, Emerson looked carefully at Mr. White's wounds.

Seeing the very fine marks from which a little blood was coming out, Mr. Emerson said,

"These marks have not yet healed." I'm worried it's rising, aren't you feeling pain, Mr. White?

Mr. White said, look, you are going to lose, and hearing this Emerson became engrossed in chess. Mr White won and then

Emerson said, "Mr. White, I want to tell you that I am leaving from here after a few days." Mr. White said, "Oh, now your work is done, what have you been hiding."

Emerson gave flowers to Mr. White and said happily, "Thank you Mr.White, you and your son gave me a great education. Mr. White shook Emerson's hand.

Mr. White took the flowers and became a little emotional, after some time Emerson came back to his home.

When Emerson washed his hands before dinner at night, he felt something, there was pain and burning in his hands she looked at his hands carefully, Emerson's right hand had fine scratch marks just like Mr. White.

Seeing this, Emerson thought that perhaps Mr. White had some infection which had spread to his hands also.

Emerson had dinner with the family at night and went to sleep.

But he could not sleep for many hours late at night, he got up and came to the balcony to look at the flowers and kept looking at the flowers, the flowers were swaying in the wind, which were giving peace to Emerson's mind.

Then an old man came there and started sowing new flowers in that field, Mr. Emerson saw him and Emerson thought that he was the owner of this field.

Seeing this, Emerson immediately reached the field, he silently started looking at the old man, that old man was Mr. White. Mr. White was sowing new flowers, and removing forks (thorn) from the flowers.

Emerson understood that the pain and injury in his hands today was due to the bites of flowers.

And the scratch marks that Mr. White has are also because he comes every day and removes the thorns from the flowers, he does this so that the child who plucks these flowers every day never gets stung.

Emerson approached Mr. White and hugged him. Mr. White said, "What are you doing here?"

Emerson said, "So the bruises and wounds on your hands are because of this."

Emerson also helped Mr. White, while helping Emerson jokingly said "Why don't you plant uncut flowers.

On the day Emerson is leaving, he goes to Mr. White's house for the last time, and plays chess with him, then as usual the child comes to Mr. White with flowers and, thanking him, gives him the flowers.

Emerson and White looked at each other and smiled. Emerson said goodbye to Mr. White and came home.

All of Emerson's belongings have been shifted from the house to the car, all ready to go,

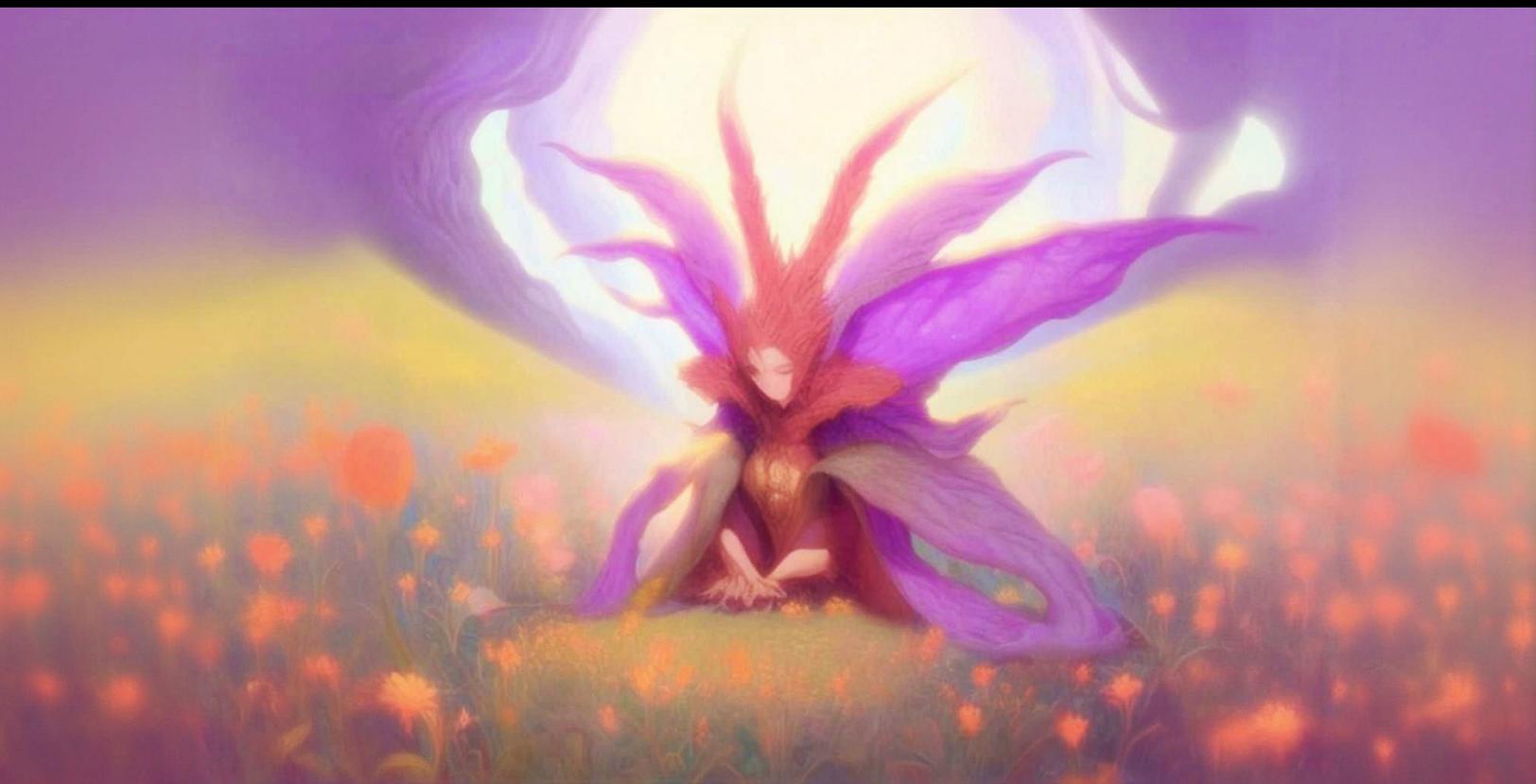
Emerson said to his family, “I will be back in a little while.” He came to the flowers that were near the house, very slowly went into the middle of the flower field and stood on his knees and said

*“ Thank you ”* .

Conclusion: - If you are a wise person then you know the value of life, you really know and appreciate the value of every moment, breath, age, family, body, beauty, everything. But sometimes we feel that no amount of thanks is enough for what we have got. Like family and their love, consciousness, life and many other things.

:But you can't thank God no matter what you do, and He doesn't need or want it. But when you understand this, you still want to thank God, and that's where love begins. It's where selfless service begins. You love nature, you love the sky, you love knowledge, your work, you help the people. You understand being happy and making people happy as a way to give thanks.

:Sometimes we think like that child that we are doing something or doing it with great effort, but we are completely unaware that there is someone who has worked hard for us, everybody thinks and sees the efforts of only that one person but people are unaware that behind it there is someone else working hard...





## When They Asked Me to Write About Utopia

Susana Arrieta

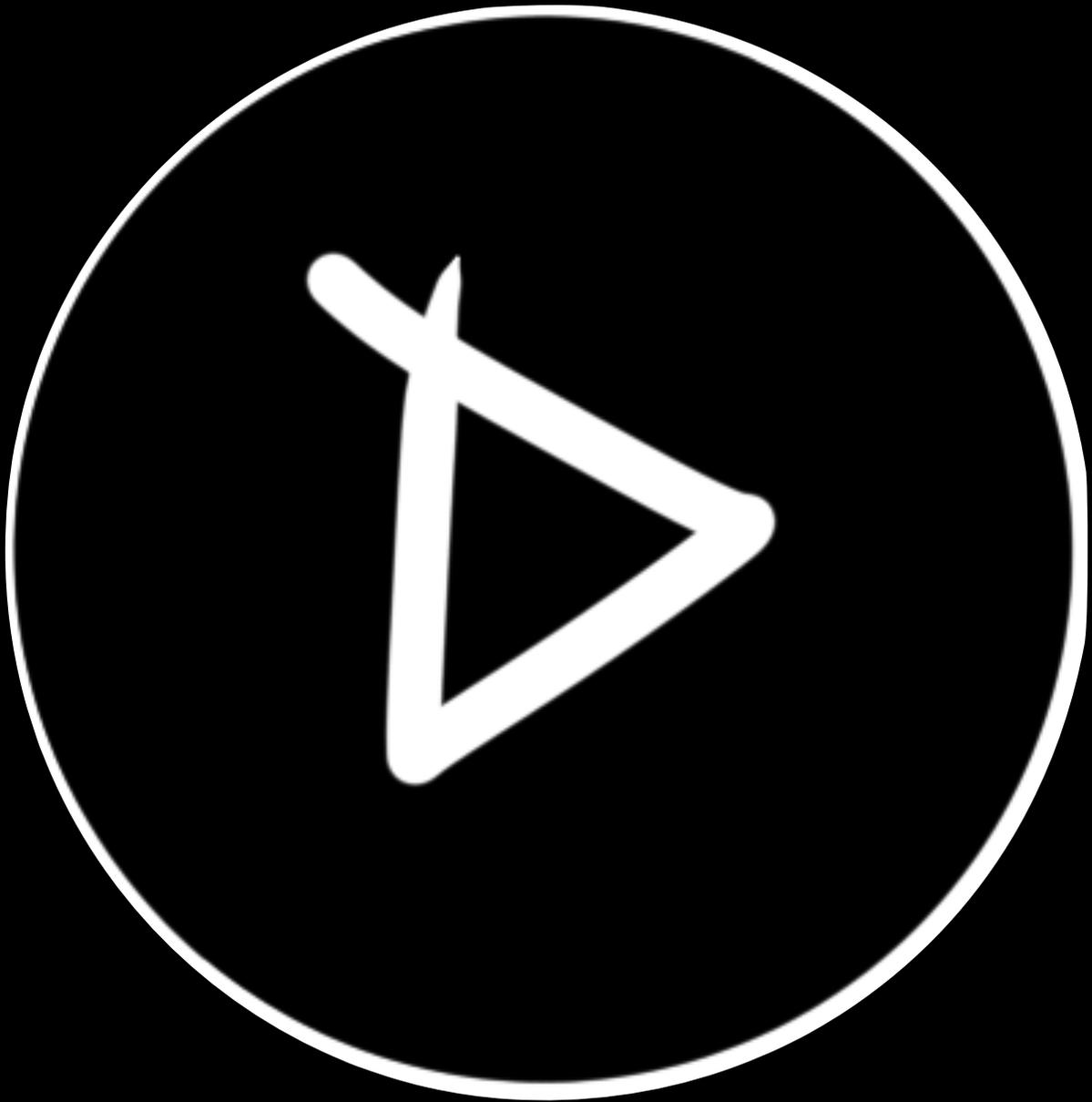
Cats sunbathing  
in nepeta fields

no one wastes life

if you need time  
there's eternity

no one has to fight  
to survive there are  
no stigmas there are  
no assumptions only  
clarity and dancing

Fortuna and I know  
you are who you are  
and we love you for it.



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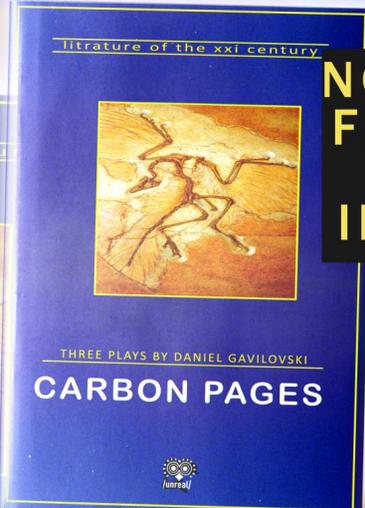
EP 1

# 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.

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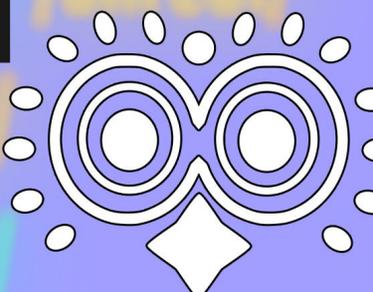


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