

miniMAG

issue194
twinkdeath





rehearsal

Craig Kirchner

People took to us but whispered.
We talked to everyone.

No anxiety. Free,
reaching like new blooms
in beat summer sun.

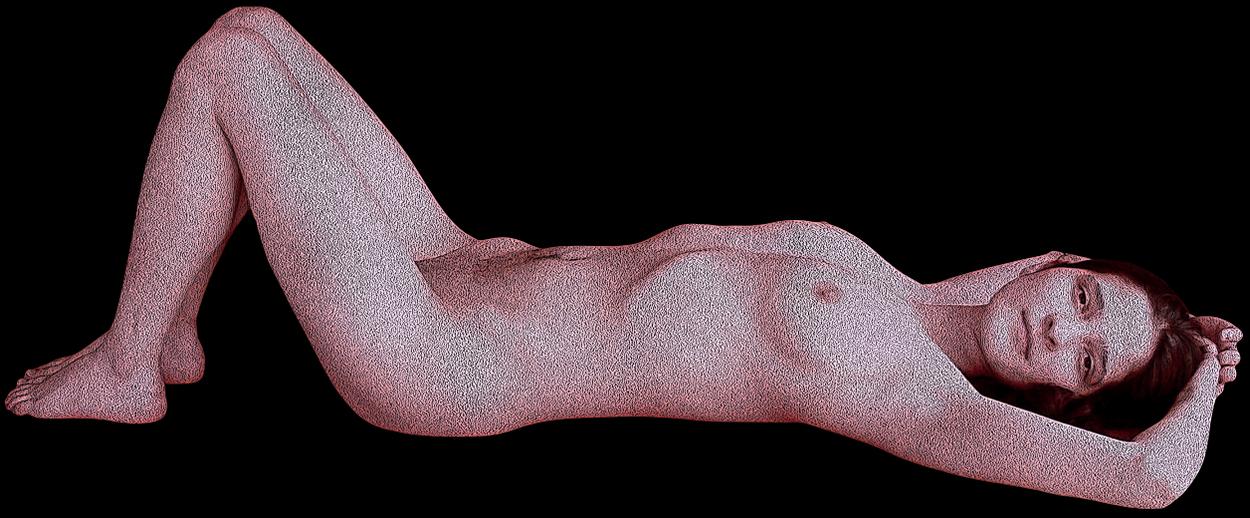
We feigned opera in leather jackets,
drank cranberry cordial from plastic cups.

Cross-dressed at gay bars, played Halloween,
rarely made it to the bed when we'd get home.

We painted faces,
pressed your breasts against canvas
and called it art.

Watching pleasure,
mouthing pleasure, knowing
the play was us, the season was short,

running head-on, spontaneously,
through leaves of contempt,
from eyes that have no autumn.



Slusarczyk on Scorsese 15: Raging Bull

Dominik Slusarczyk

This film is about a man who wants to become champion of the world. But whatever he does there will always be someone above him. He is small. He doesn't weigh enough to become the real champion of the world. This man can work hard his whole life and he will never achieve his goals.

This film is about wasting time. Everyone wastes time constantly. Jake wastes years becoming champion of the world when there will always be people in the weight class above him. Jake wasted his time.

Jake's wife also wastes her time. She is young when they meet. She has her whole life ahead of her. Then she starts dating some idiot. The next thing you know she is married to the idiot. He treats her badly and later they split up. The whole marriage was just her wasting time. She should have looked for love elsewhere. She should have been dating better men, kinder men. She dated a violent idiot for years so those years were wasted.

Jake's brother also wastes time. He is Jake's manager so he spends his whole life arranging Jake's life. But when Jake becomes world champion and it is Jake who is the champion. Joey, the brother, never gets to be champion. He has to watch other people become champion. And he could have been off doing better things. He could have been off somewhere making himself great rather than making Jake great. All the years Joey spent helping Jake were years wasted.

And life is so short as well. We only get a few decades and then we die. We have to try really hard to use our time wisely. Why are you doing what you're doing? Is it going somewhere important? If it's not you are wasting your time. Nobody cares how good you are at computer games so playing computer games is a waste of time. Nobody cares how much fun you had watching TV so watching TV is a waste of time.

But that is all any of us do.

Most people waste their lives. We are all so obsessed with happiness. All we really want is to be happy. People say all they want from life is happiness. They don't want to be a famous filmmaker or a famous writer what they want is to be happy. So everyone wastes their lives trying to be as happy as they can be. Someone could have been a famous painter but they never even picked up a paintbrush because they were busy playing computer games. All anyone wants is happiness so all anyone gets is happiness.

But achieving things is so hard.

Achieving things is really hard. Achieving things is years of hard work and even if you put in all that hard work you are not guaranteed you will achieve anything. You might spend years working hard and then get absolutely nothing at the end. And then you would have wasted your time as well. So having fun is a waste of time and trying to achieve is a waste of time if you don't actually achieve.

We must aim lower.

Saying you're wasting your time if you aren't famous seems a bit harsh. There are other ways in which you can achieve. Every child you have is an amazing achievement. Life is special, important, and creating life is one of the best things you can do. So everyone who manages to have a child has achieved something amazing. Having children is not a waste of time. If having children is not a waste of time then raising children is not a waste of time either. So all the parents in the world are not wasting their time because they are creating and raising children.

But then the children turn into adults and all they do when they are adults is waste time.

All we do is waste time and then we create other life and all that life does is waste time. It is an endless cycle of shit. It is an endless cycle of wasted lives. Nobody achieves anything. We couldn't achieve anything so why did we create a child when we knew that that child wouldn't ever achieve anything either?

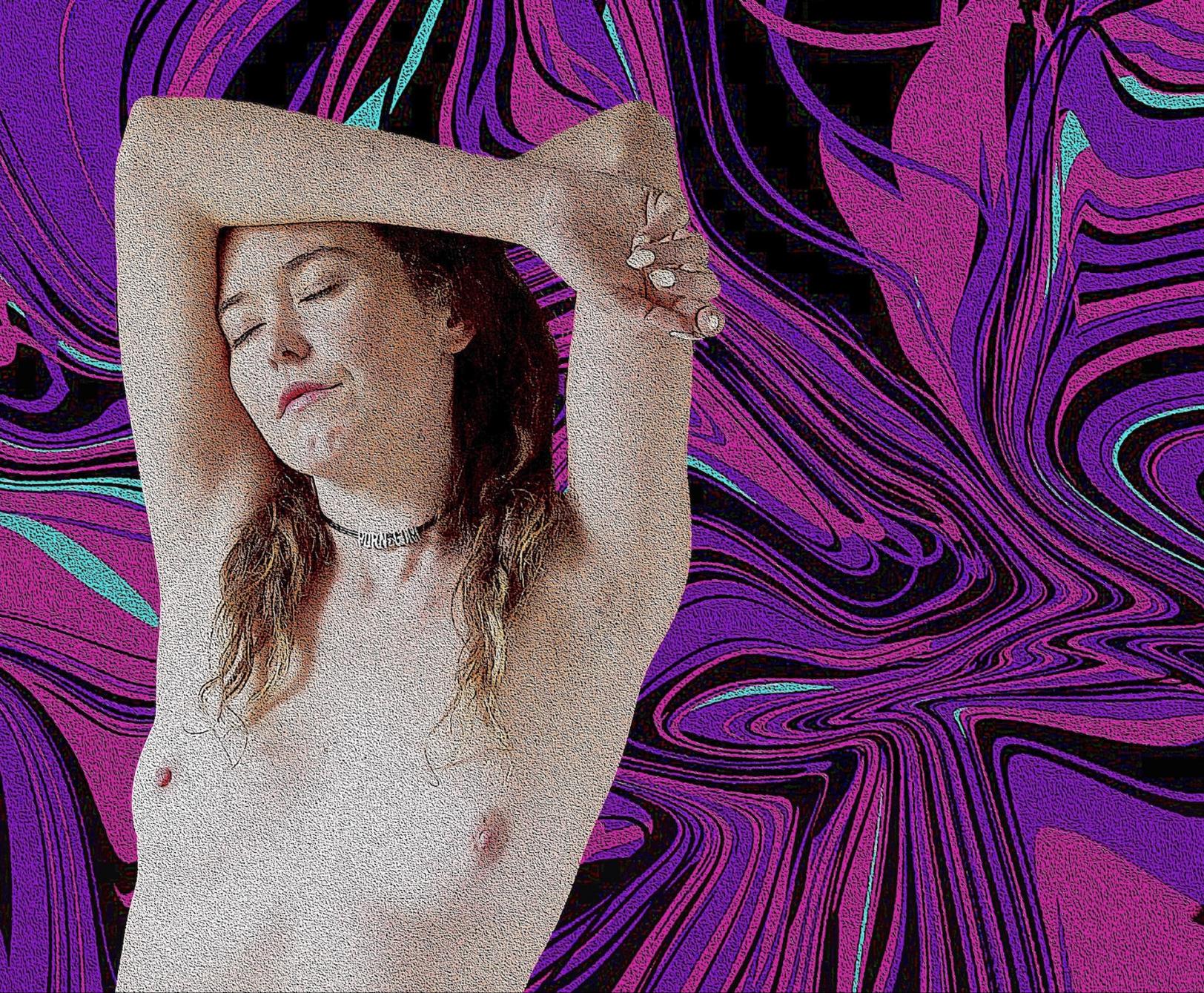
We must aim lower.

We have to aim lower because nobody achieves anything. Nobody becomes a famous painter or a famous actor. If we judge everyone

based on their impossible dreams all anyone does is waste time so we have to judge people on other things. When we judge people on their impossible dreams we are comparing people to famous people. If you want to be a painter we compare you to Van Gogh. If you want to be a writer we compare you to Shakespeare. So everyone comes up short but they only come up short because we are comparing them to geniuses. We have to aim lower because we will never become a genius like Shakespeare. Nobody from the whole of time will ever be a genius like Shakespeare. Does that mean everyone from all of time just wasted their lives?

The point of this film is 'you have to aim lower'. Jake should have aimed lower and not fought the one person who could beat him easily. Jake's wife should have aimed lower and married someone who loved her rather than someone famous. If everyone in the film had aimed lower they would have been much happier.





Musick Softens

Salvatore Difalco

Tonight close
to death not
the first time.
Often flowing
like a blue wind
this feeling—
a spirit discomfort.

A melody hangs
echo of something
long ago yet
also prescient.
Minutes pass
floating slowly
over my life my other
life passing underneath.



i did a lot
a bunch
more
maybe

look back
do less
maybe

airport

To be home

Craig Kirchner

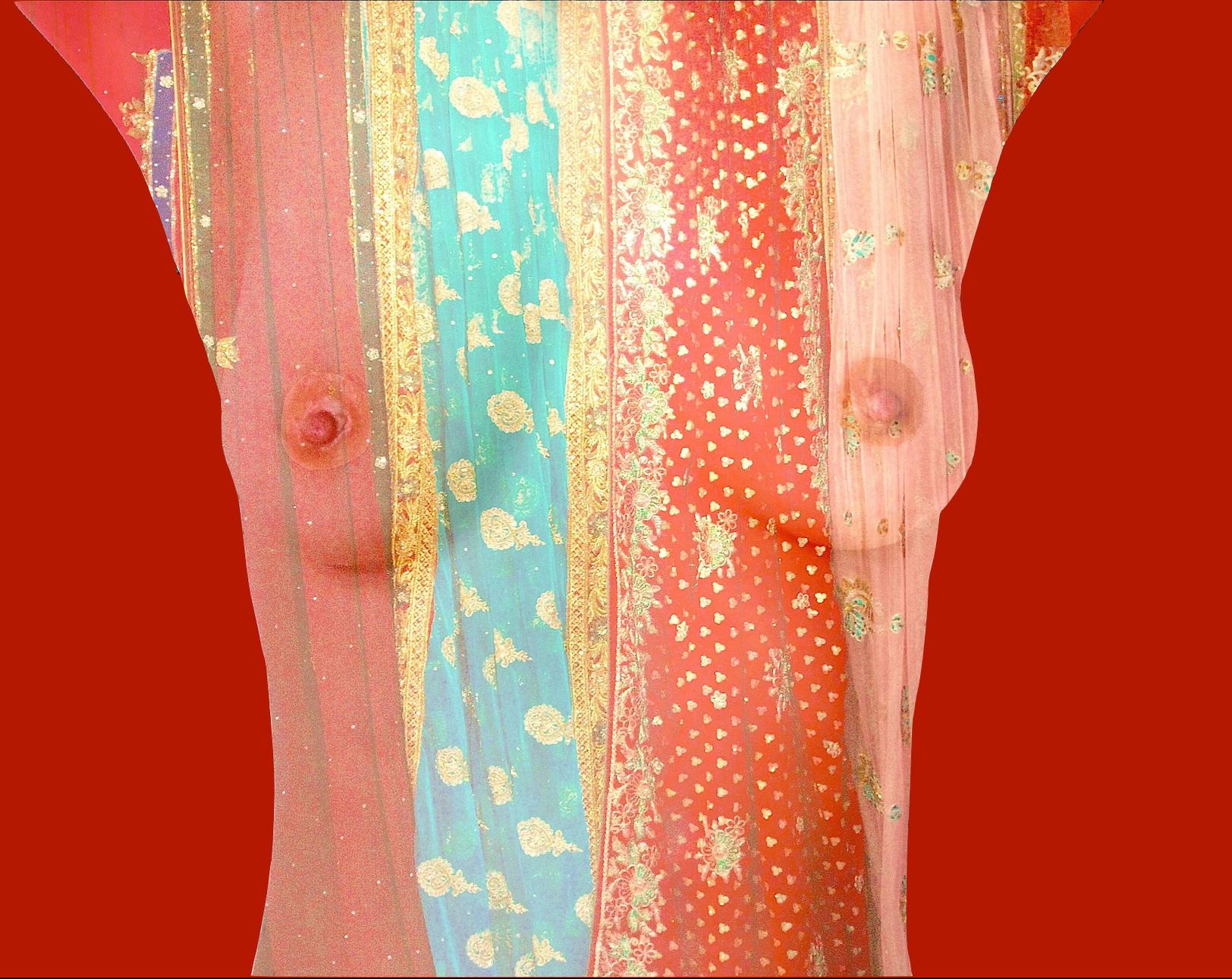
That first morning
borrowing a breakfast egg,
hanging your mauve fluent lingerie
speechless from the peg
you fall asleep between my legs,
your cheek on one thigh,
your wrist draped across the other,
the water on the stove boiled to nothing.

You did the vilest things superbly,
with fresh green eyes,
petite breasts like tennis balls
and nonchalant madness.
You told truth with such delicacy,
and lies like you were kneeling on the sidewalk.
You demanded illusions
like other women demand jewels.

I never wake up now without seeing you.
I imagine your eyes at the window
I read you into every novel,
every line of a poem.
I look for your hair flip
and hope for your smell in every bar,
turning every corner.

I want to be drunk and make you drunk
dripping you everywhere
I imagine you lubed, totally open,
consumed, abandoned.
I imagine us young again,
smoking hash, naked,
your tongue carnivorous in my mouth,
trying to climb in, inhale, devour,
to be home.



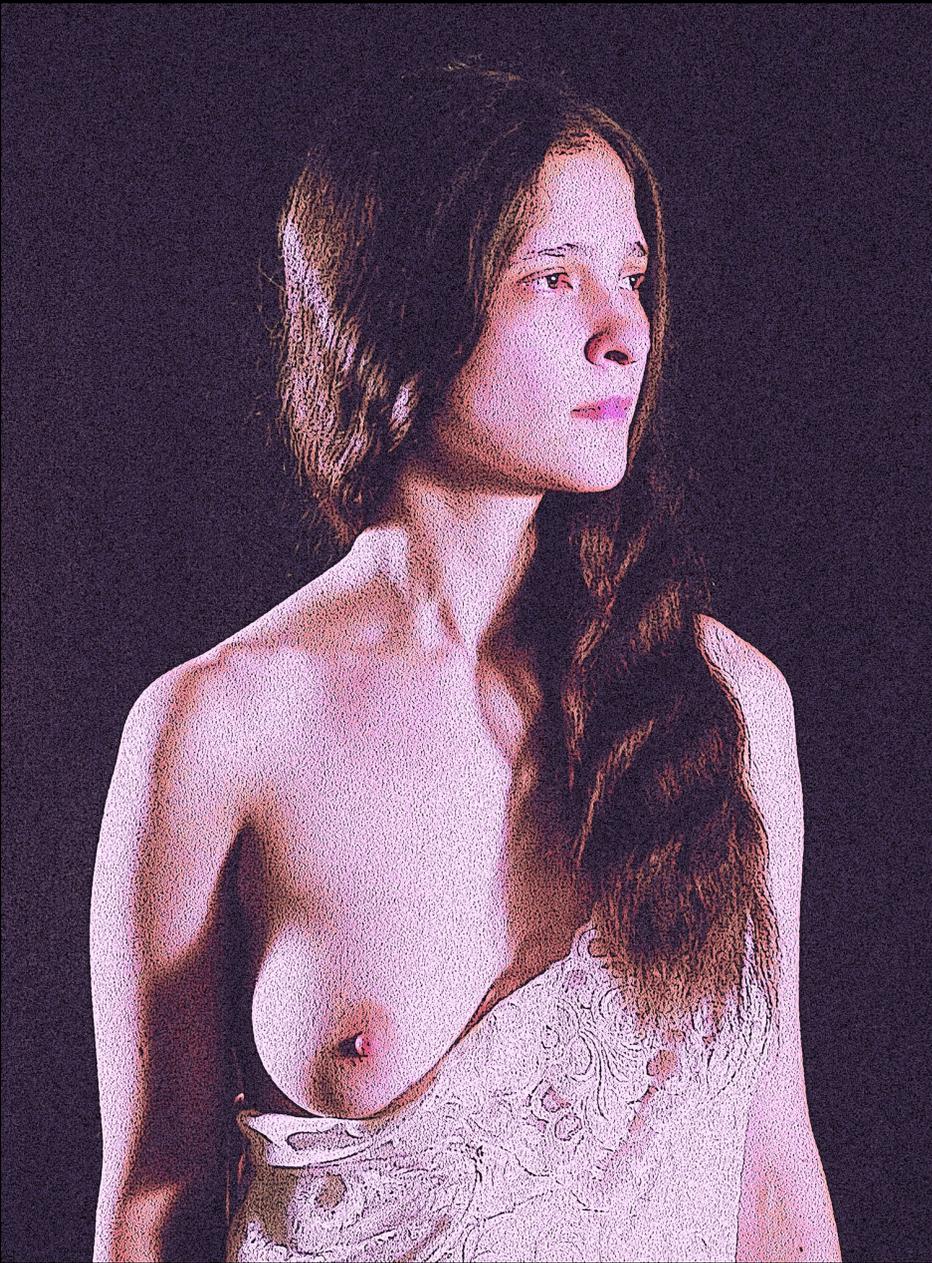


Breakfast for Dinner

Richard LeDue

Dipping bacon in runny yolk
from a sunny side up egg
while staring at an old linoleum floor,
so outdated that it's like a battle cry
from a long dead Viking.

It all reminds you you aren't young
anymore, but you aren't afraid
of the silence soaked nights now,
letting the darkness caress
your naked backside
with the same indifference
that was once different
enough to make you
wish you had someone
to cook for.



The Secrets' Dump

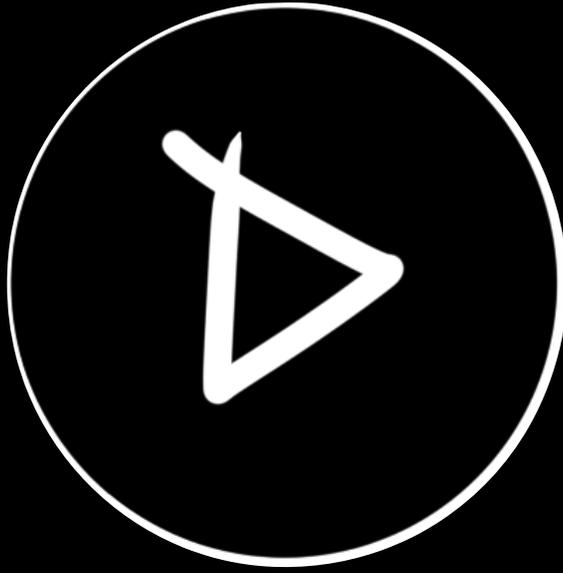
Kushal Poddar

The secrets we keep from
each other fill up the vacant plots
on both sides of our dwelling.

The plot's owner is rumoured
to be dead. His children live
in the haze of the world.

Some nights we witness
one dark figure with a long stick.
He probes the dumps. He
searches for something that will
help him with his life.

We watch, remain aloof as if
once discarded the verities
cease to belong to us, as if
no one can trace them back to these heart



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Photography by Bill Wolak

Book: All the Wind's Unfished Kisses

Book: The Keeper of Strangeness

Page 01: The Promise of Arrival

Page 02: Irresistible As the Whisper of Silk

Page 03: Like a Cloud Locked in the Wind

Page 05: The Path of Moonlight

Page 06: A Dream Entangled in Neon

Page 07: Linger in the Alleyways Most Attentive to Desire

Page 09: The Sudden Urge To Dream

Page 10: Transparent As Mist at Daybreak

Page 11: With a Kiss That Clings Like Silk

“rehearsal” and “To be home” by Craig Kirchner

Bluseky: @craigkiirchner.bsky.social

Book: Roomful of Navels

“Slusarczyk on Scorcese 15: Raging Bull” by Dominik Slusarczyk

X: @dom_slusarczyk

Insta: @thedreamingseal

“Musick Softens” by Salvitore Difalco

Book: The Mountie at Niagara Falls

“Breakfast for Dinner” by Richard LeDue

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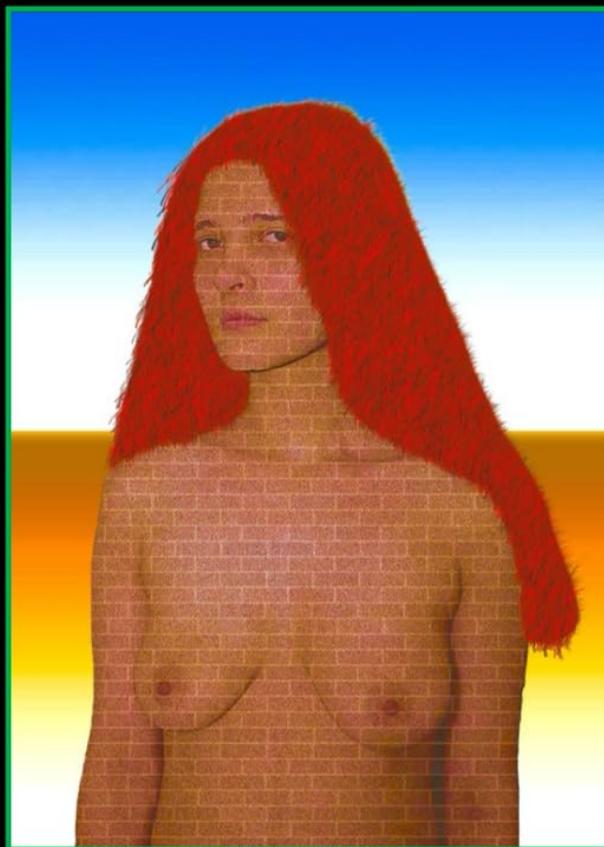
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Bill Wolak

THE KEEPER OF STRANGENESS
EL GUARDIÁN DE LO EXTRAÑO

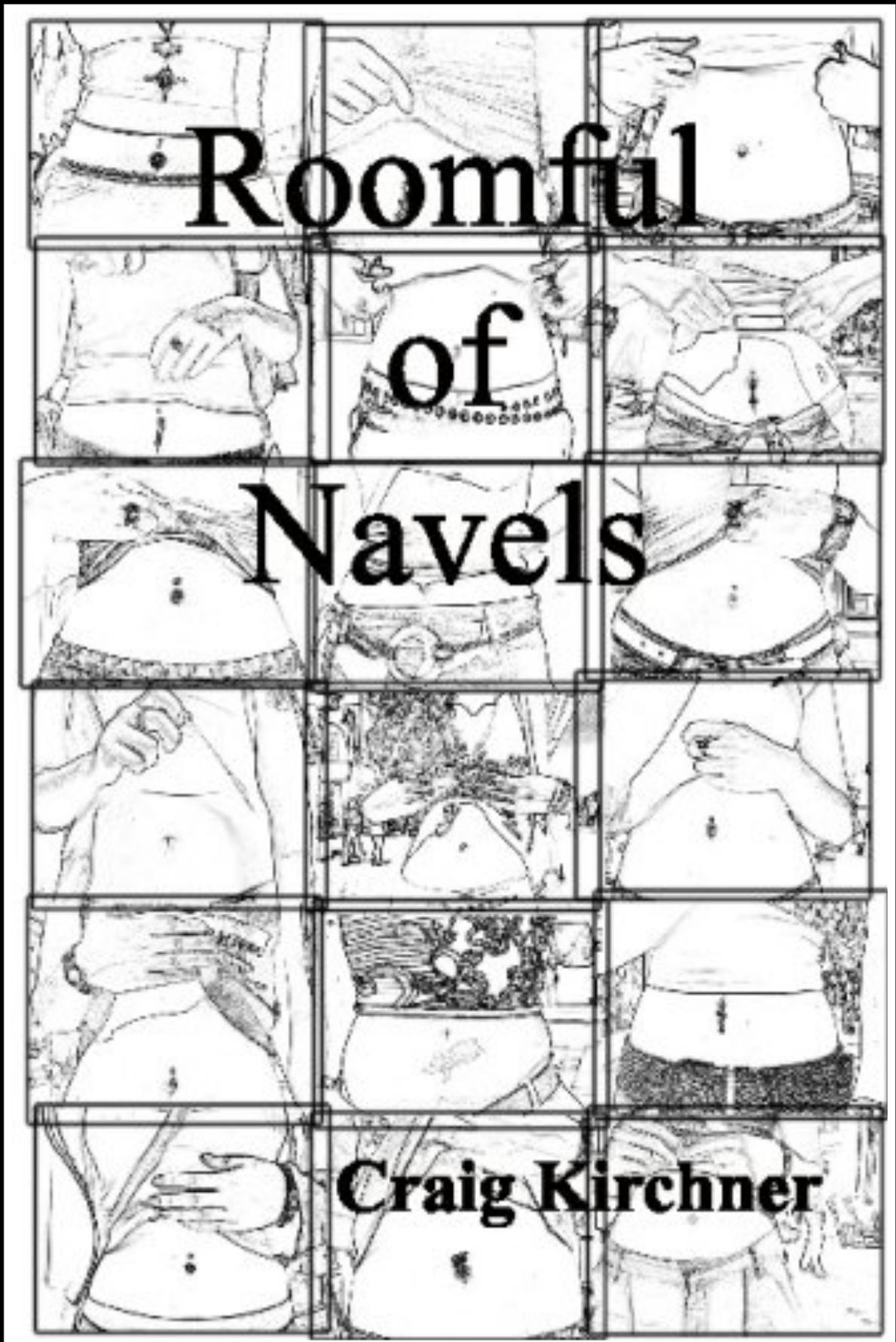


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