

miniMAG

issue 199
devil in a new





Wearing Wigs With Wigs

Salvatore Difalco

No matter how you cut it
a beautiful thing is a beautiful thing.
It carries its own water.
It carries on without caring
what anyone thinks or what
anyone does with their eyes.
Here, look at this, look all you want,
or don't, I don't care, I don't care,
I don't fucking care she seems to say
simply with a lift of her chin
or an eyebrow suggestively raised.
Don't duck her, man, though she
may take the scissors of her tongue
to your junk, shrinking shrimp-like
even now as you think about it.
I don't mean to put you off,
but be prepared for what comes.
The task at hand requires banging
a tom tom and summoning her
to you like a tribal lord with rhythm.
I know what you're thinking,
and I'm warning you such thoughts
are not permitted. You are not
allowed to tell me what I mean
or what the subtext means
or that there is a subtle subtext
offering an alternate to what
appears to be straightforward.
Well, nothing is straightforward
nor should it be when it comes to wigs.



Street View

Emily K. Sipiora

That was ours

That was mine



A Charge of Snuff

Salvatore Divalco

Or blow if you want to contemporize
the current situation, or fit your hands
with new leather racing gloves
and take the Ferrari out for spin.

Meanwhile, heads are spinning
around the hemorrhaging victim
of the car wreck, a red disaster
masterpiece if ever there was.

But the party just got started
and we have left our Bernie selves
in another picture and its
sequel, not that this is not a sequel.

We remember previous episodes
through a screen of false memory
and confabulation as is the way
with people who do too many drugs.

But in the end we make good friends
on our travels and send them
postcards from the prisons
of our respective homelands.



MAT mini thoughts

airport

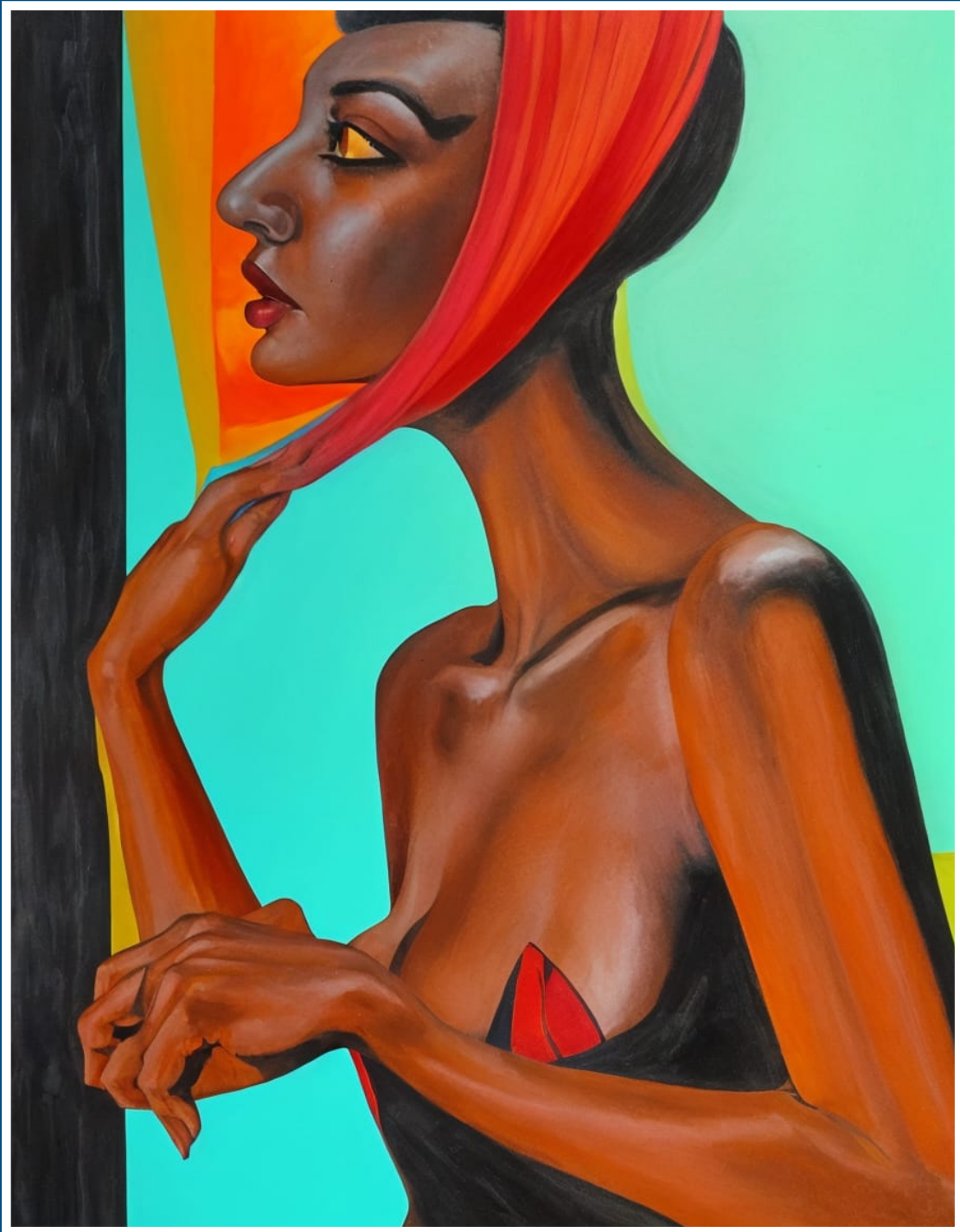
cheap flashing LED light
reflecting yellow out of beer mugs
what if it means nothing
as i swallow and peer down down down

what if it means nothing
when I walk, dick hard,
through the club
swaggey at you

and your only question is why
we haven't fucked before
well, fuck
what if it means nothing
cause, cuz, cuzzz—one syllable stalling
you're propped up on the hard wood shelves behind the bar
I want it
I do
what if it means nothing

you're showing off how you blink
while the song repeats
and I cry about brands
that sticks with me,
the atmosphere dominates me
the vape blinks

that's what I really want
what if it means nothing?



The Decay Feeds

K. West

the decay feeds life
as I eat, so do the flies
fly, fly me homeward

Incubator/Graveyard

K. West

a tank, a graveyard
a tank, an incubator
larvae swim and dance



Hairspray, History, and the Wheel of Life, or Why Poetry Thrives on Discontent

Robert Witmer

“The dead are nourished on judgment, the living on love.”

— *Elias Canetti*

He insisted on going his own way. In a ferry made of stone. King of the mountain, he yodeled again and again. *Snow is a hoax. Goats make good cheese. Bury me in blue. Drink Clorox if you sneeze.* Ice was his mirror. Dice, his middle name. Falsifying fatal flaws, he was an amber fossil, filling his pockets with greedy claws. Simpleton, noodle, fool. He was. Too big for his boots. The heavy steps of tomorrow, a Yeti in snowshoes, in search of the missing link.



The difference between pets and prey

Irie Godwin

It is generally unethical to eat your pets
But still we love them
And keep them in our homes
Knowing
That if we die
They will
Consume
Our
Remains



Perfume Genius

Kit Terrel

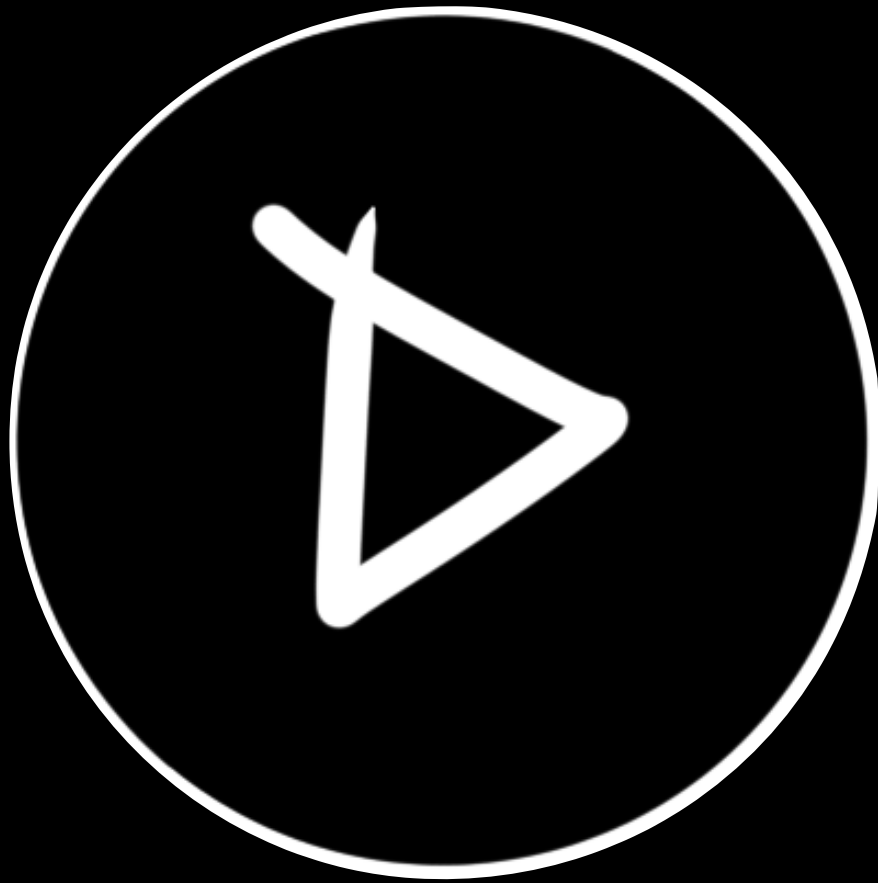
Tried to lace the air into a bow
And I tried to place it upon your furrow
And I never tried to look you in the eye
Always at the time when I wanted it to hurt

Tried to look into the sky and find a sword
And I tried to place the step I had missed
And you don't like to look me in the eye
Always remember the granite is still cracked

Tried to find a sound upon my chest
And I tried to get through to that motherfucker
And I don't like to feel it inside when I fuck up
Always at a time when it really doesn't do any good

Tried to fool you
And I tried to give you everything I'll ever fucking be
And I never tried to ask if you needed everything
Always remembering the dates a day too late

Tried to guild the light upon your shell
And I tried
And I don't think it matters what we try to do
Just what we keep trying to do



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“Wearing Wigs With Wigs” and “A Charge of Snuff”
by Salvatore Difalco
Book: [The Mountie at Niagara Falls](#)

“Hairspray, History, and the Wheel of Life, or Why Poetry Thrives on
Discontent” by Robert Witmer
Book: [Sunrise, in a Rabbit Hole](#)

“Street View” by Emily K. Sipiora
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“The difference between pets and prey” by Irie Godwin
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“The Decay Feeds” and “Incubator/Graveyard” by K. West
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“Perfume Genius” by Kit Terrel

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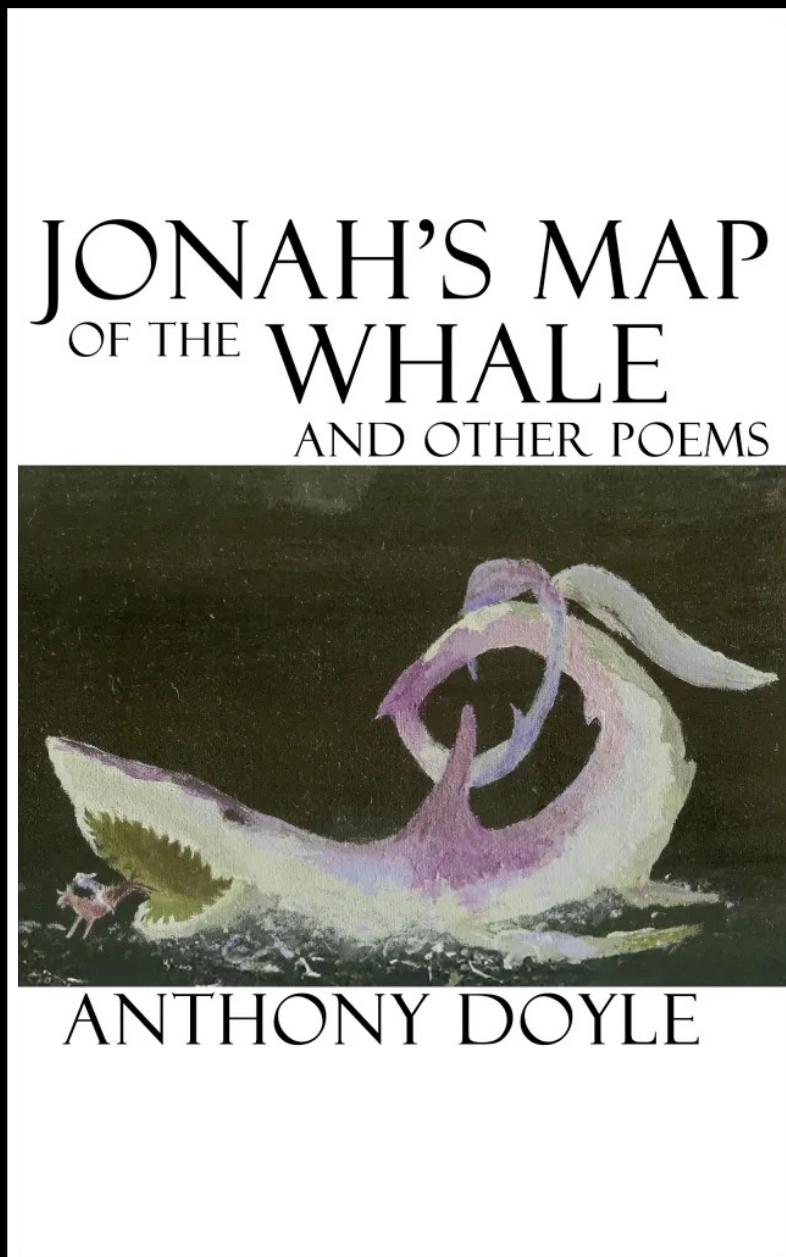


**SUNRISE,
IN A RABBIT HOLE**

Robert Witmer

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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 FREAKING EXHAUSTING. MAKE YOUR CREATIVE LIFE NOT SO FREAKING EXHAUSTING.' Below the book are 'Log in' and 'Sign up' buttons. On the right, a yellow box 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.' Below this box is a 'See all statistics →' button. At the bottom left, it says 'We're building a submissions manager!' and at the bottom right, a 'Learn more' button is visible above a black rectangular area.

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