

miniMAG

issue209
something like that





Square Dancing in a Roundabout

Robert Witmer

The statue was almost finished when the chiseler went to jail. No one was really surprised. It was all like a bad dream. Senators in togas playing ice hockey, green with envy. A missile on every pew. Only a few crackpots going ballistic, though we all should have channeled our anger. Long before the marble was cut from the quarry and Phidias was cloned from a smudged fingerprint on an ancient tetradrachm.

T'ou Tzu was plain and truthful. The *Pi Yen Lu* tells us he knew his ass from a hole in the ground. When a clever monk tried to beat him with a question, he answered that the chisel edge was square. That was awl. The point. To grab a tiger's whiskers.

It is useless to stop and think. A sad person shouldn't talk to sad people.



BIO

Micah Ronquillo

prof: “we call enzymes some sort of... catalyst, or whatever. because catalysts do what?”

(class says “start movements” with the impatient cheeks lifted by knuckles; sour patches are being passed around like diabetic eucharists.

molars host sugar pools, the children’s red daiquiri, their glossed lips are muttering prayers to the nucleotides.

make time faster, amen.)

^^^

prof: “exactly. anybody know a catalyst, peep-flesh-human wise?”

class: [Search History:

What is the atomic number

Subway surfers unblocked

Top 10 Activistd]

...

“rosa and martin and malala and mandela and thunberg and gandhi and did i mention malala?”

prof: “yeah, exactly. all great examples, love that rosa chick.”

(gogogogosayitsayitsayitsayithuuuuahhhhh) kerouac?

[Subject forgot to raise hand]

[Trail off to seem humble : Choice intensity ~2]

(he turns toward me, voice brightened despite the fogless hand; possibility of dreaming was killed when i witnessed

charlie parker, dancing in his brow,

greenwich fortifying in the pits of his scars,

mexico city and zazen buddhas

omm omm omring in each of the dynamic pupils...)

prof: “jack?”

yeah, yeah.

[Attempt to give the illusion of a satiated woman with ample past conversation about

prof: “kerouac! lead the beat generation! yeah, beats... great example. though its argued if he was the frontman or if ginsberg was, if you wanna be a nerd, but... y’know. on the road again, (he sings.) anyways, enzymes are the biological speedy-uppers for specific chemical reactions which...”

yes, i do know. yes. yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes

— — —

(the nucleus of my mind is the quotidian ant. picayune, peripheral, light light light.)

(like a band o gypsies

we go down the highway.)

[Reaction terminated//Subject returns to baseline.]

[Next period: lunch]





Lunge

T. Morrow

He froze.

Heavy footsteps coming fast.

A delayed silence.

The headlamp died. His finger slipped on the carbon.

It lunged.



Albino Squirrels

Minghan Zou

Today, a family of albino squirrels
Huddled under a hundred-year-old oak—

powdered snow for coats,
red buttons for eyes.

Obviously, this halted my day
so violently
I had to take a photo.

At least that's what I said
at dinner, to prove my story.

But Ryan asked why I assumed
they were squirrels, albino squirrels.

They didn't have long tails.
Nor particularly short ears.

I had no answer.

Were these albino squirrels
or just a clan of hares?

**

So I guess
this family of white hares,
gamboled on a Spring excursion

While I, in hasty intrusion,
morphed
from witness to paparazzo.



Notes from a Cubicle

D. C. Nobes

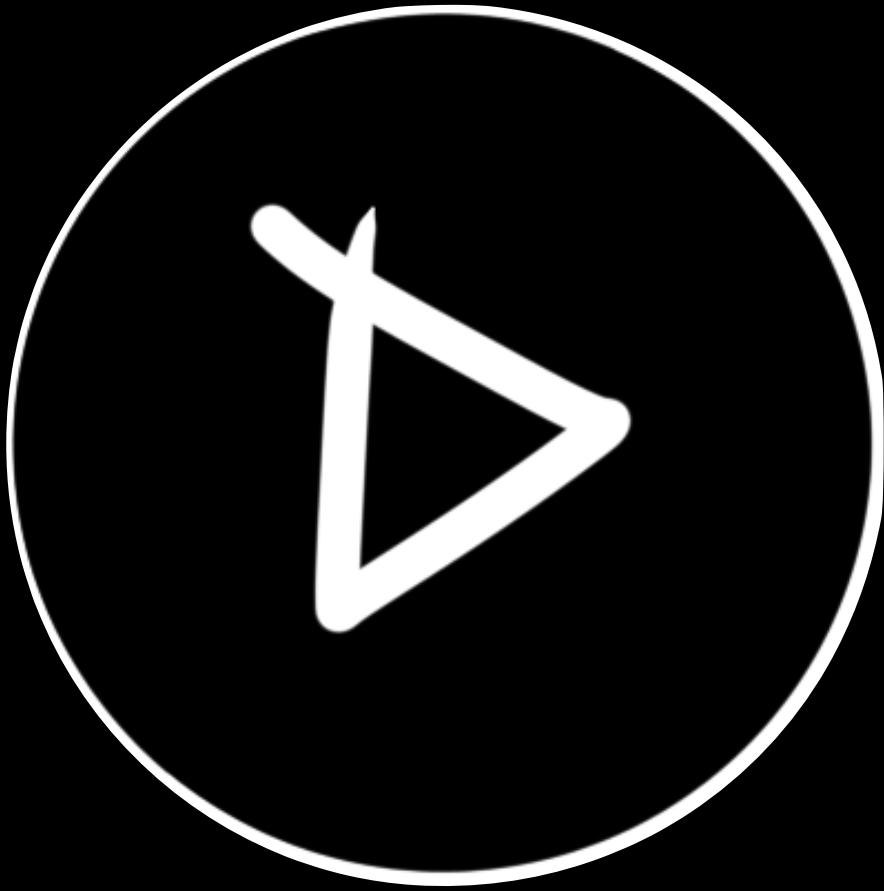
I listen to the voices in my head.

Happiness is a warm gun.

I spel gud!

could be better, could be worse

I love you all.



url: minimag.press
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
substack: minimag.substack.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
insta: @minimag_write
book: <https://a.co/d/8bTfxxI>

“Square Dancing in a Roundabout” by Robert Witmer
Book: [Sunrise, in a Rabbit Hole](#)

“BIO” by Micah Ronquillo

“Lunge” by T. Morrow

“Albino Squirrels” by Minghan Zou

“Notes from a Cubicle” by D. C. Nobes
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ads



**SUNRISE,
IN A RABBIT HOLE**

Robert Witmer

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