

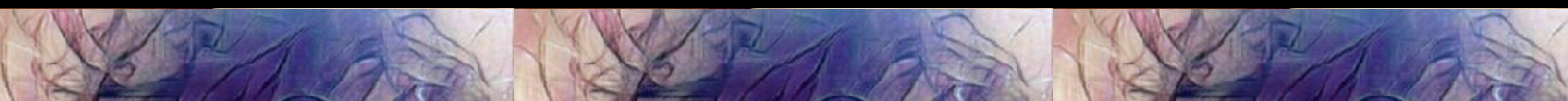
Seattle: January 1978

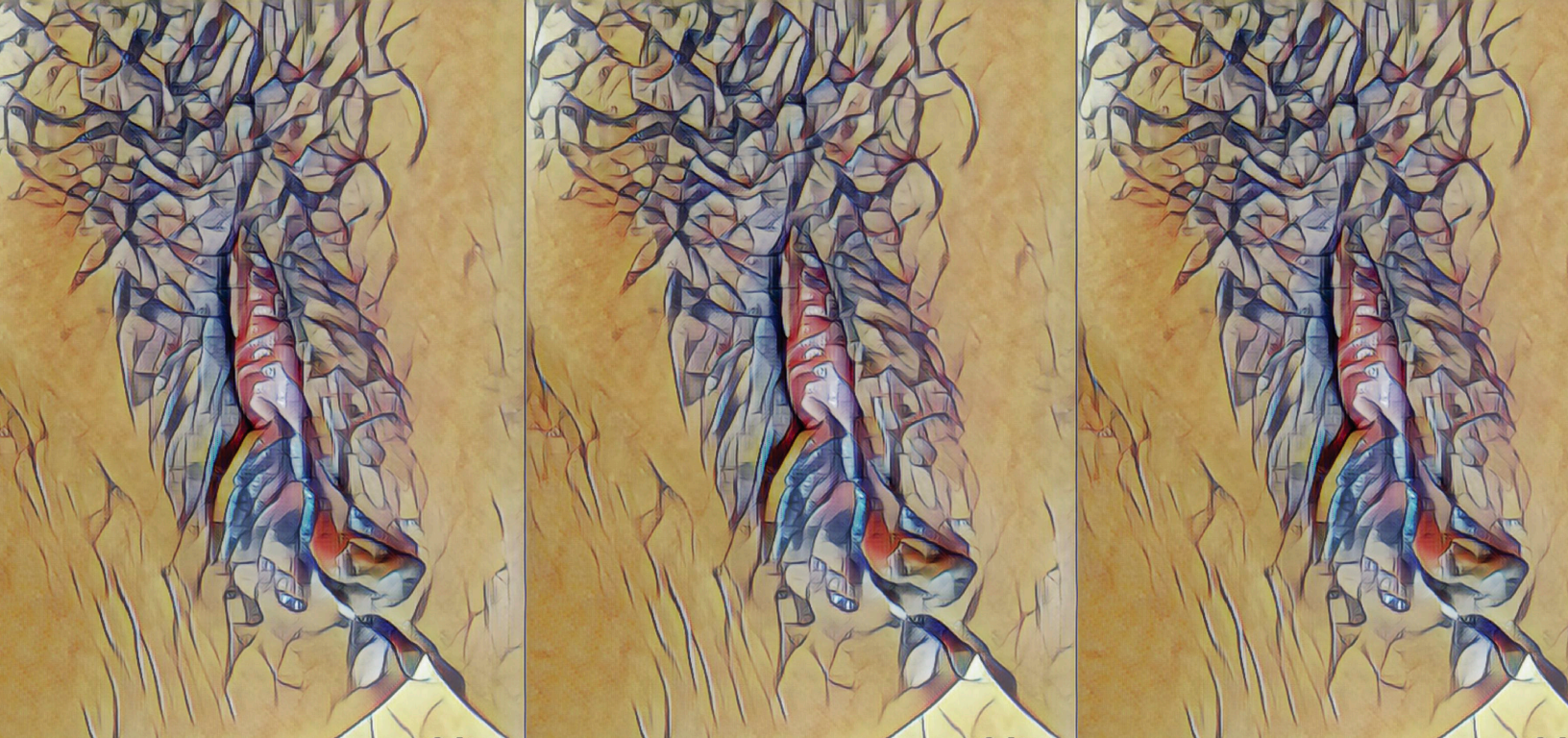
D. C. Nobes

Walking
home from a pub
through an empty city,
“Hey mister!” she calls, looking for
a “John”.

She is
so young alone
“Sorry” I say, and wish
“Good luck” to her, and continue
homeward.

Home is
a small bedsit
under the overpass
subsist through cold cloudy weather
alone.

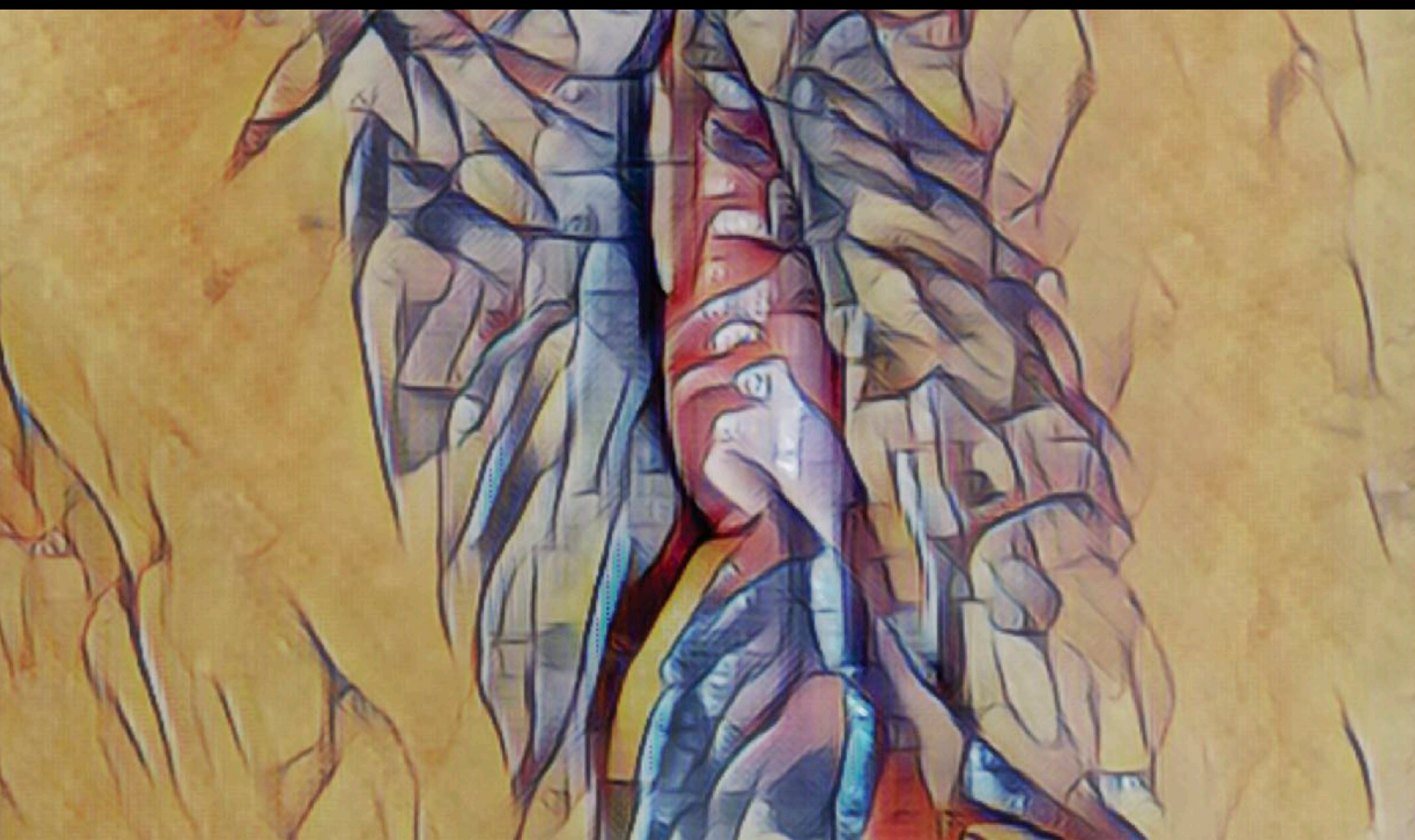


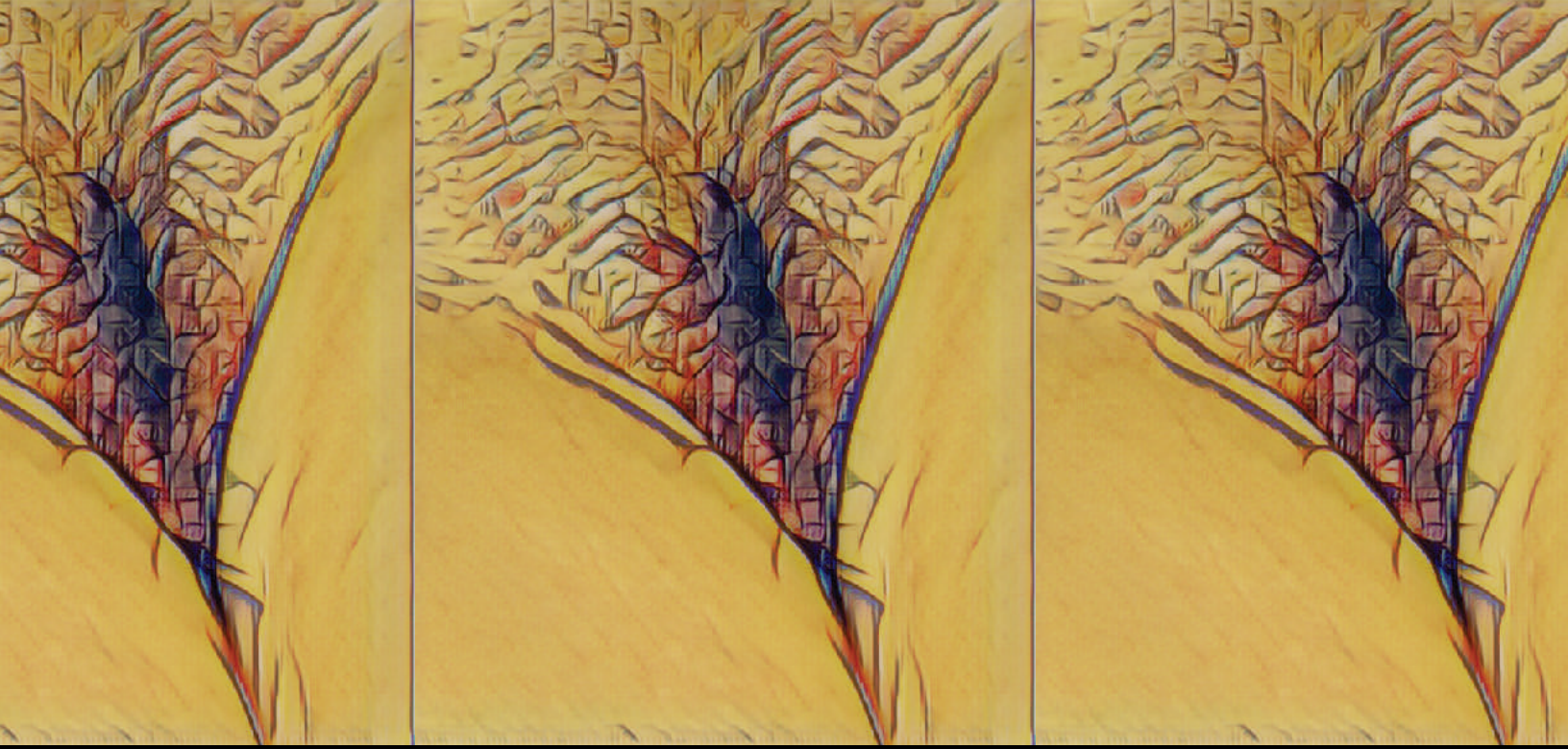


She Wore Blue

Kushal Poddar

"My first broad." He says.
The drinks have left circles on the wood.
His mates demand a round,
raise a shallow cheer.
Some careless hand frees
a line of salt from its cellar.





Bœuf Cerveau, I Choose You

T.S. Carney

This is Julie again, reviewing local restaurants.

Food is like love: it requires care.

If I just wanted the act itself, I'd go somewhere fast and filthy, a place where no one washes their hands. But for the slow burn, for the teasing appetizer that leads to a dessert with real filling, you dress up. Like a virgin at prom: elegant, expectant, with a single, sharp breath mint on the tongue.

I entered the establishment. The lighting was dim, or perhaps just dying. The host looked me over with an expression that bordered on religious awe.

"I can't believe you're a table for one," he said.

I smiled, the kind of smile that starts wars. "It's for the man bold enough to catch me."

"I doubt even Zeus could obtain you," he whispered.

"Then let my hair become snakes," I said. "So I can freeze those who try and keep them on my mantel."

I took my seat.

A man approached from across the room, gliding through the gloom. He smiled. I smiled back, adjusting my posture to accentuate my mystery.

“Hello,” I said.

“No hablo inglés,” he replied.

“You’re the most handsome man I’ve ever met,” I said, letting the words hang like perfume.

He leaned closer, brow furrowed. “No hablo inglés.”

“I like Julio Iglesias too,” I offered.

He left like a bride fleeing the altar.

Then the waiter arrived. He was rugged in the way that suggested he had seen things: terrible, beautiful things.

“What does a beautiful woman like you want?” he asked.

“You,” I said.

“To eat.”

“I said what I wanted.”

“On the menu.”

“Are you on the menu?”

He smiled. “For a price.”

I laughed. A laugh not laughed in years. A laugh that felt like silk sliding over marble. I ordered in French, the language of the desperate and the satisfied.

“Give me the... how do you say... escargot. Then the... boeuf bour... bourgee... bourgoon.”

“Bourguignon,” he offered.

“Yes. That. No, wait.” I leaned in. “Bœuf cerveau. That one sounds better. It sounds... cerebral.”

He studied me.

“And for dessert,” I added, “how do you say... éclair?”

He leaned close. The world narrowed to the scent of his cologne and the heat of the room. Our mouths nearly touched. My breath caught, trapped like a bird.

He whispered, low and gravelly:

“Ma’am...”

“Yes?”

“We only serve Frank and Beans here.”





HELP!

John Grey

You see a man
far out from shore,
madly waving his arms
like he's about to be
sucked under.


You want to scream out,
“Hold on.
I'm coming.”
But you can't swim,
can only look on
in terror,
as a wave breaks over his head,
and he barely struggles back
to the surface.

Where is someone else
when you need them?
No lifeguard.
No stranger
as inured to the ocean
as a fish.

It's like someone
grabbing at their heart,
dropping at your feet,
and you don't know CPR.

Or high up on a bridge,
threatening to jump,
and you haven't the words
to talk them out of it.

There's such a risk
to being alone with one other.
You flail.
You panic.
You need saving now.
And the drowning man
is no help.

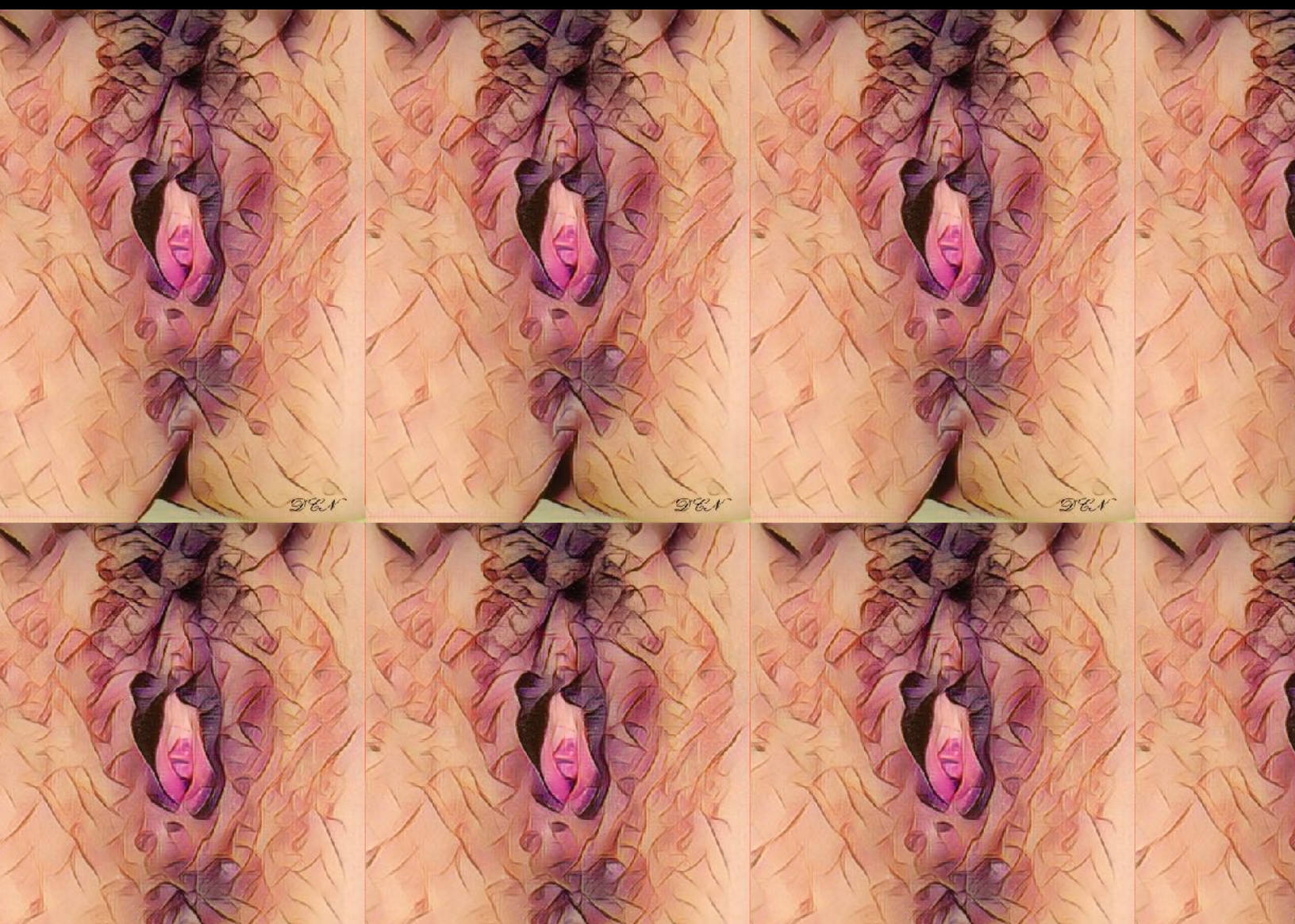




haiku

M.S. Marquart

Our President:
convicted rapist. "So what?"
said half the voters.

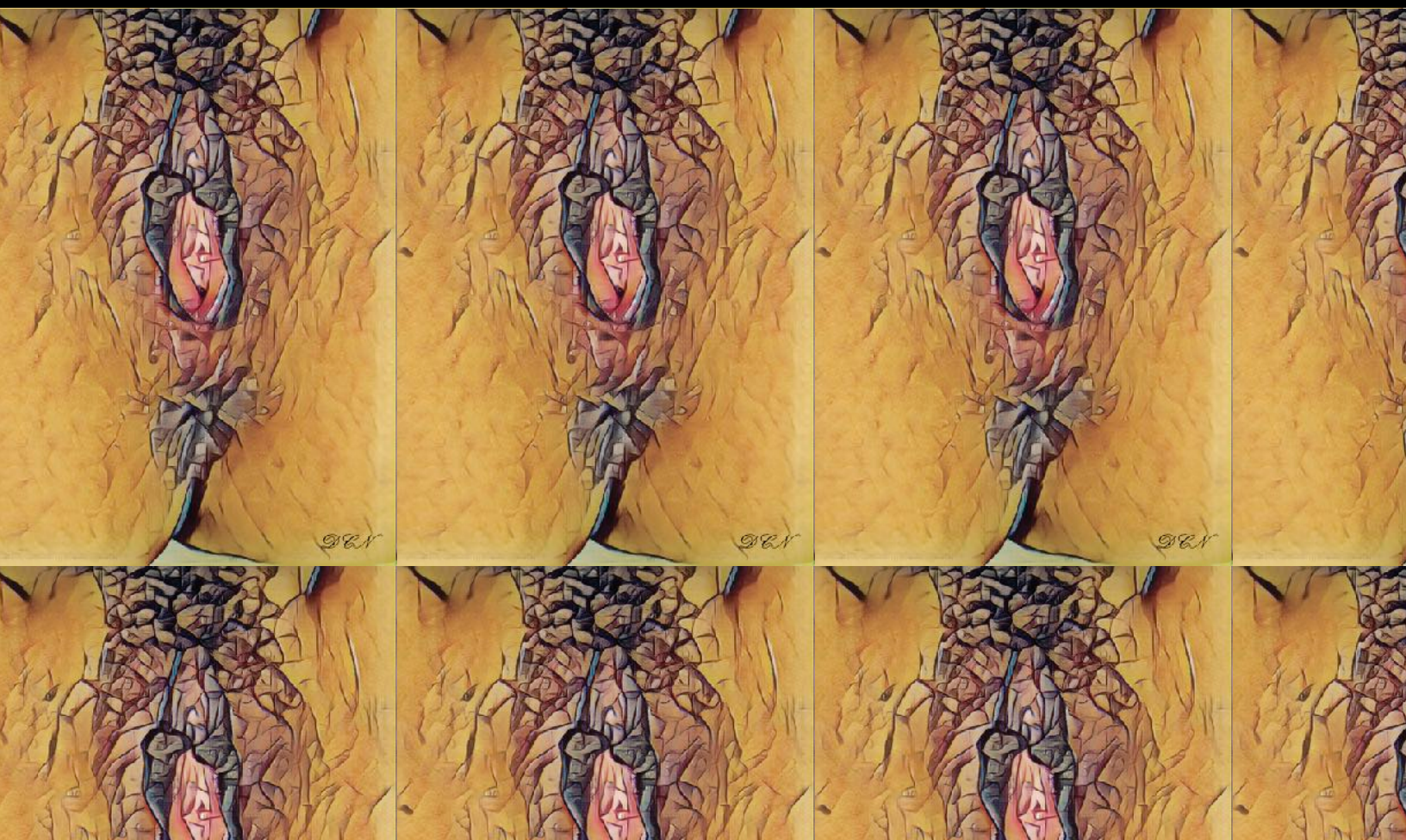


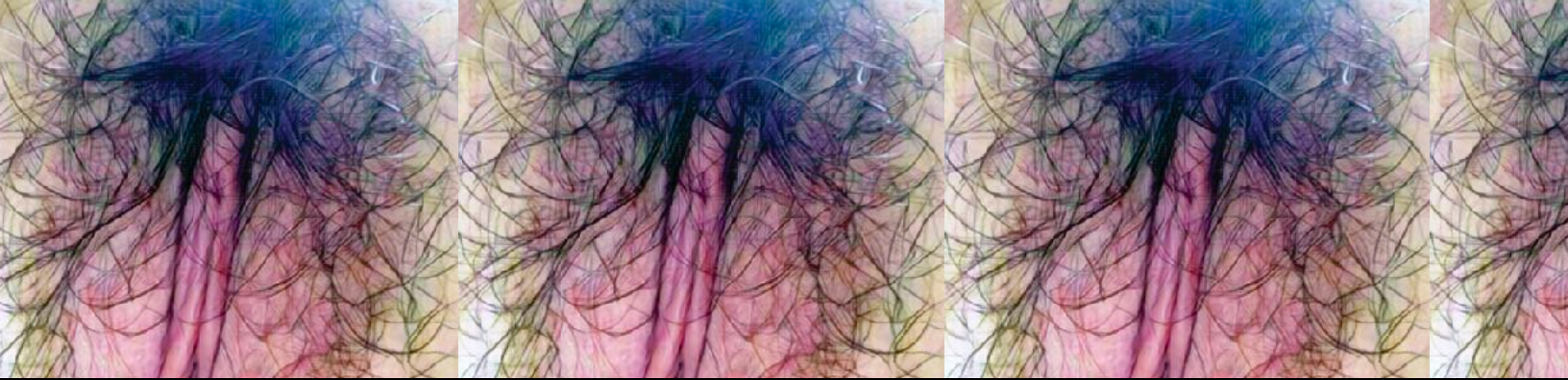


South Chicago Night

Michael Lee Johnson

Night is drifters,
sugar rats, streetwalkers,
pickpockets, pimps,
insects, Lake Michigan perch,
sounds of Herring gulls.
Neon tubes are blinking.
Half the local streetlights
bulbs burned out.





Artificial Sweetner

Jerome Berglund

new markets

trafficking

in electronics

seeking

unconditional love

zeroth law

the moral implications

creating life

to serve you

nervous system

coding the virtual assistant

for accessibility

fleshlight

must be conscious, it needs to

feel ashamed

light novels

flight simulator

for drone pilots

the droid bar

stocks nothing

but lubricant

upon startup

femme bot's first question

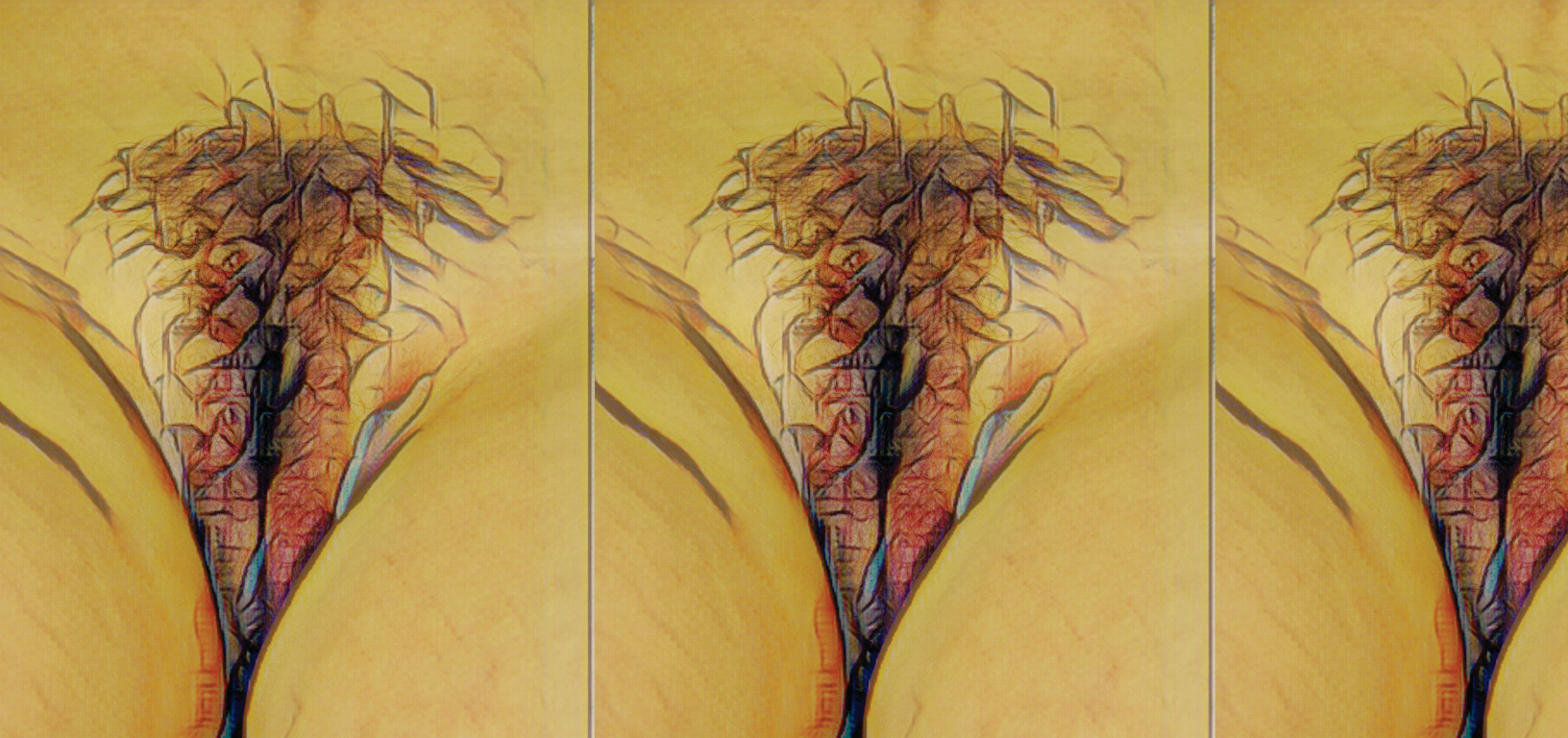
pertains to consent

another car

far off on different road

going the same way

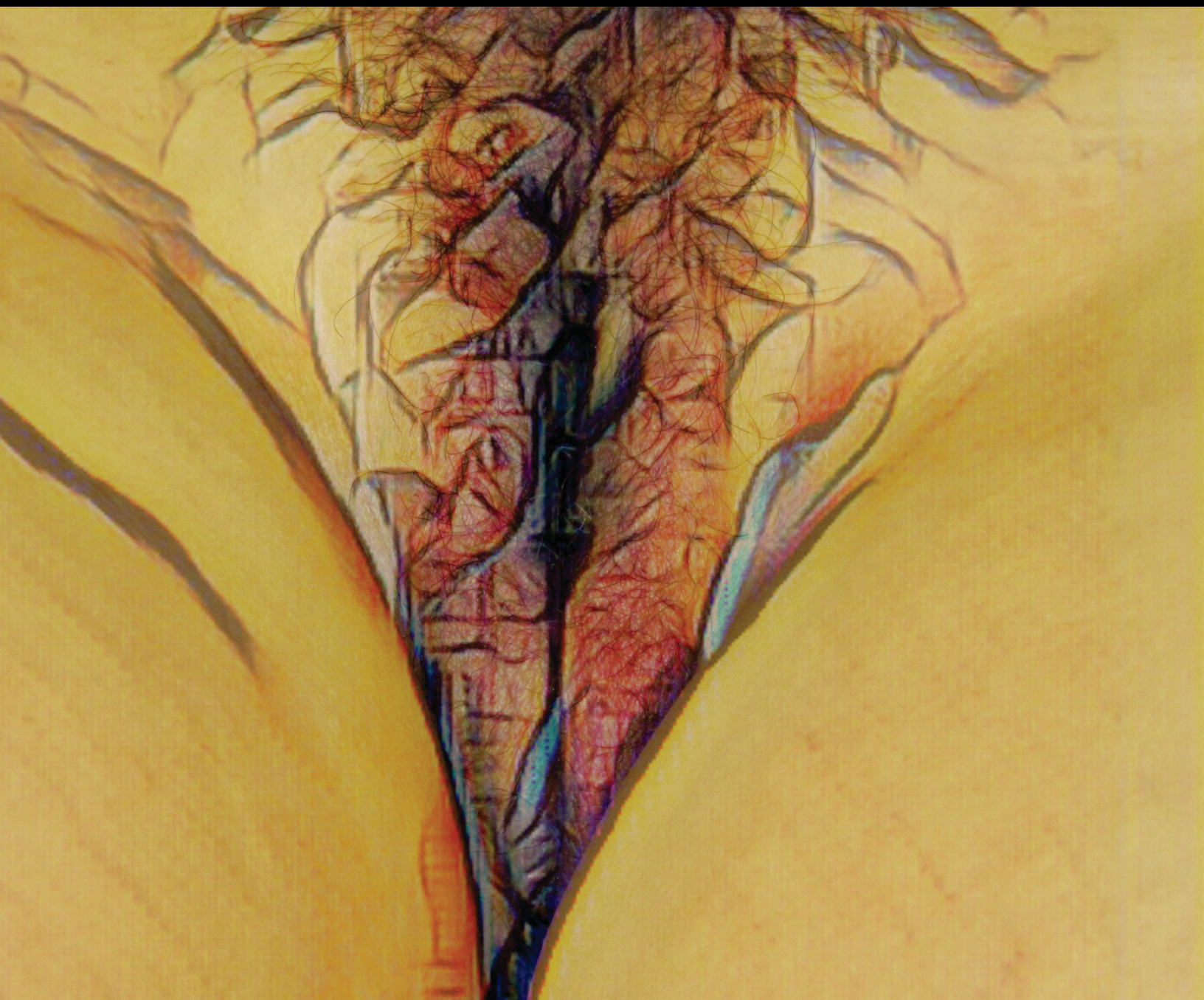




dugan's whore blew chunks

Scott C. Holstad

arms are bleeding off
this trip is a dark deathwish
dugan's whore blew chunks





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

Photography and “Seattle: January 1978” by D. C. Nobes

X: @sebon521

Pg 01: Sunset Flower 3

Pg 02: Pink Pastel Flower 2

Pg 03: Sunset Flower 4

Pg 04: Sunset Flower 1

Pg 05: Sunset Flower 5

Pg 08: Coarse Sunset Flower

Pg 09: PinkPastel Flower 1

Pg 10: Sunset Flower 2

Pg 11: SoftPastel Flower

Pg 12: Sunset Flower 4

“And It’s Not You” by Melissa Jayne Bailey

Melissa Jayne Bailey is a high school English teacher and poet from Michigan.

“She Wore Blue” by Kushal Poddar

Twitter: @Kushalpoe

Insta: @kushalthe poet

Amazon: [amazon.com/author/kushalpoddar_thepoet](https://www.amazon.com/author/kushalpoddar_thepoet)

FB: <https://www.facebook.com/KushalTheWriter/>

“Boeuf Cerveau, I Choose You” by T.S. Carney

“HELP!” by John Grey

Book: [SUBJECT MATTERS](#)

“Artificial Sweetner” by Jerome Berglund

X: @BerglundJerome

Insta: @berglundjeromehaiku

FB: <https://www.facebook.com/JeromeBerglundPhotography/>

“haiku” by M.S. Marquart

Insta: @m_s_marquart

Website: <https://www.msmarquart.com/>

“South Chicago Night” by Michael Lee Johnson

X: @poetrymanusa

Insta: @MLJPoetryMan1330

“dugan’s whore blew chunks” by Scott C. Holstad

X: @tangledscott

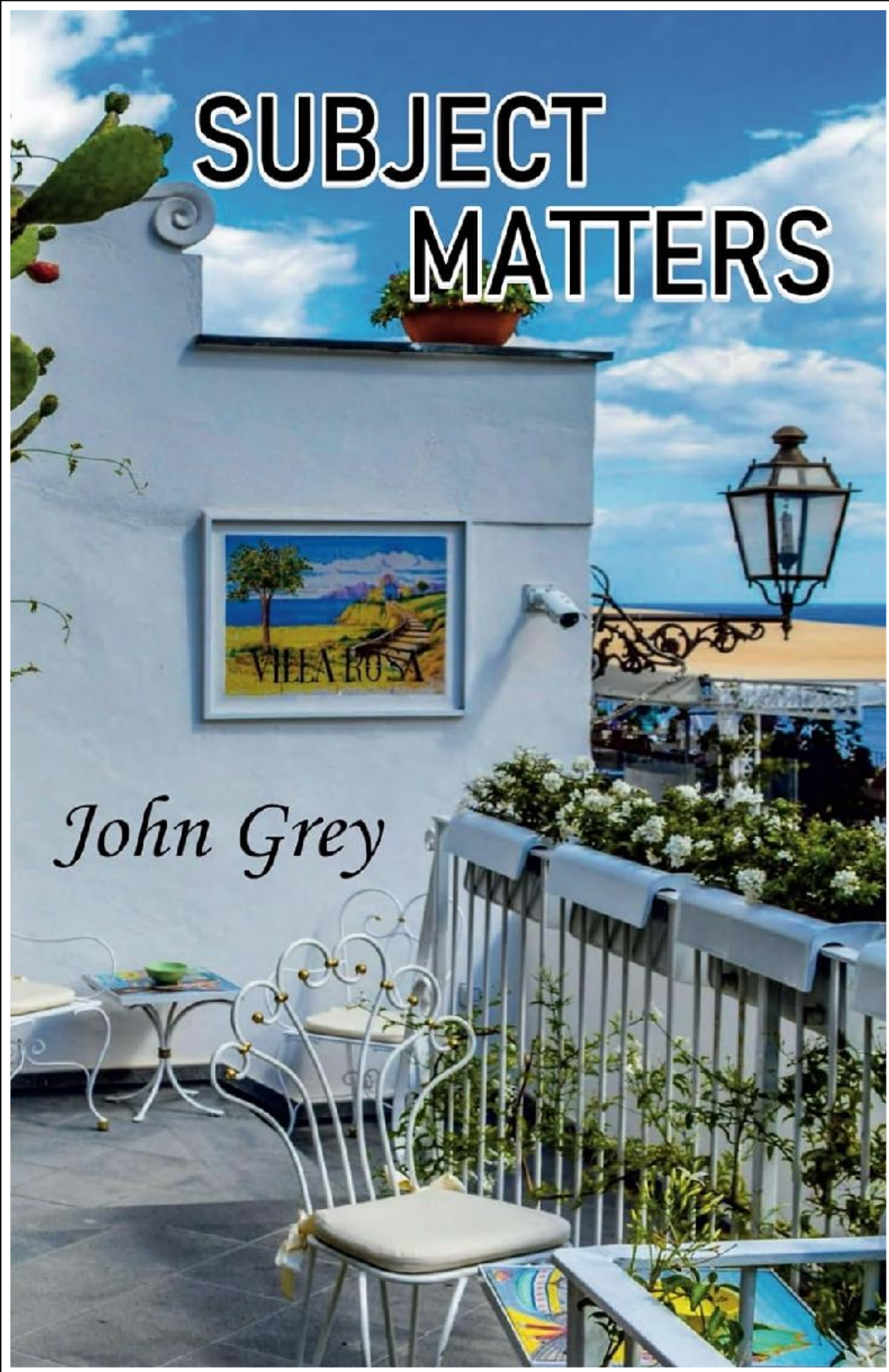
Website: <https://hankrules2011.com/>

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ISSUE210 edited by airport



ads



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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 an image of a book cover with the text 'DON'T GO FREAKING EXHAUSTING. MAKE YOUR CREATIVE LIFE NOT SO FREAKING EXHAUSTING.' and a yellow bird illustration. Underneath the book are 'Log in' and 'Sign up' buttons. To 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, there is a 'Learn more' button and a large black rectangular area.

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(website)