

AI ART

FACTORY





Upon the Poets in Vogue

Nik Hoffmann

Nobody's gonna read this shit
Except 1000 homo poets,
Who jam the words to make them fit,
Into a salad of words inchoate.



Putting Too Much Into Titles

Bradley David Waters

How can we sit still when poets keep picking at paradigms? Our newest invention reeks of bygone electronics. You'll put paper in a typewriter and that's a forest. Whip out your laptop and up pops seabed bondage. Shock and awe? Well the heart, it's not a shoehorn. It can't fit every Clampett into this leaking submarine. Remember weeping at poems seeping out the moon? Moons are commoditized manuscripts. Conscripted tillage for the race to shed light on South Dakota's purchasing power. There's a round table in the center of its androgen. Atop haybales all poets, atop scientists all scientists, and upon chevron-waxed perineums the soldiers behind Oprah's beef blasphemy. Arrows quivering in silent prayer (except for the scientists) that no one has vegan-fed biceps unable to sustain patience. Eyes on the lunatic. Fingers on triggers. Rabbits on prattle. A question of sex & survival: Does she-bunny breed in times of trouble in order to gestate her own dinner plate? Or does her womb extract too many resources from the Supreme Court's black-market benefits package? And just when you've gone and told your last poet friend how the world ends, he corrects you that the moon is just a moon again.

BLUEBERRY NIGHTSHADE

Theodore Wallbanger

Human waste has been the crown prince in a billion-dollar dignity business fastening itself to honorable, secure solutions for decades. The flesh-colored strap-on diaper liners of tubed television's past would pale in comparison to the aerodynamic evaporators found in today's undergarment waste shields.

Sponsors of our smaller food campaigns would allow for paid breaks, but phone calls were forbidden, which stabilized intel leaks. Video technology was at the epicenter of every product test line.

Legal required focus group lab studies before accreditations would be issued. If it was not digitally locked, it never happened.

Outlandish solutions were enacted across diaper dump lines following two hundred "dump truck relays" as we named them. It was important that all streamers and ploppers were functioning efficiently. By cloaking "evacuators" in linens, we could discretely focus tasks on cans. Most excavators were retirees looking for some extra scratch for Indian casino tours.

“Evacuator” cliques were formed while internal fecal combustion levels were monitored. Isolation of power dumpers was key to the success of any campaign. Quicker results equated to profitability bonus tie-ins.

Kimberly-Clark granted my team, creative license to clone real-world dynamics for the incontinent universe. In order to test the torque of reengineered crap blankets, there would need to be identical representation of performance diets. The dark side of life can be demoralizing, unless you immerse yourself in the craft.

Depends branded me Chief Durability Liaison across the 75- to 80-year-old skin suit product lines or “max loads” division as colleagues would label this challenging category.

Legally, max load secretion inhalers had weight-bearing binding clauses of 19 lbs. (wet). I was an overachiever with one mission screaming from my bucket bang book. My life’s journey would mean that every 25 lb. (wet) meat sandwich could never breach my quadruple-layered, double hexagon, Godzilla vaporizer product patent that was filed last quarter.

Ingenuity radiated fireball energy when I negotiated incentive contracts with chili and oatmeal makers in the early nineties. A wholesome coupon partnership blossomed simply out of necessity. We continue to obtain free inhalation products for independent top drop studies.

Hormel engineered crafty legalese into their focus group production agreements. All testers were contractually sworn to either be shoveling slop or on the pot for 72-hour cycles. Due to consecutive dust bowl blow outs with early test runs using ceramic bowls, we upgraded to plexiglass portables with multi-angled one-shot cameras tied into studio edit boards.

In one campaign over the Thanksgiving rush, a harpist was brought into relax the agitated sphincters of multiple squatters who had devastating reactions to a diablo-based noodle dish.

“On the fly guy” became my brand, without the air-quotes. I can’t stand that crap.

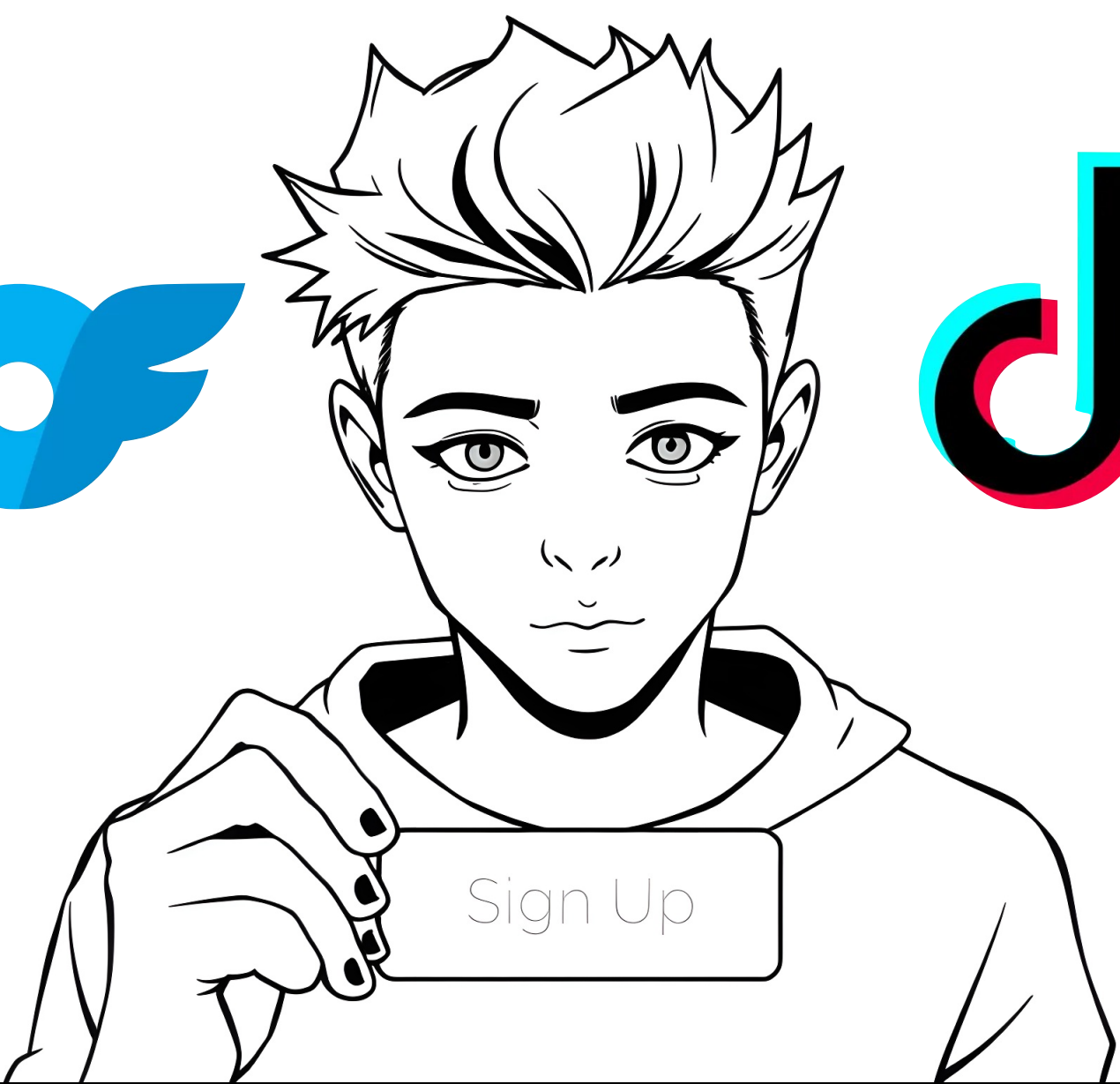
Kimberly-Clark ran a blockbuster advertising goldmine recently where customers had a chance to name the next scent of our Purple Thunder Riders.

As a result, we are now in mass production of the most popular scent, phoned in by Gloria from Missouri.

Blueberry Nightshade: makes you want to bake delicious surprises all day long. Media reports are claiming underage end users are traveling by caravan to have campground bake-offs.

A cinnamon toast, roast beef capture collaboration had been floating around the break room. Not sure if we will get clearance for release, it all depends.





hymn for neurodivergent becoming

mk zariel

after "Incantation" by Provvidenza Catalano

bless our synaesthesia, it was the first light
that drove us to refusal

bless our loud hands for reminding us

we're alive—for letting us delight

in losing control

bless our sensory needs

for opening us to the raw vulnerable world

we exalt in our queer spirits

and the desire that will hold

and shatter us

leaving us with the question,

is neurodiversity gay?

is everything?



A Ghost Story

Emma Sheppard

I paid too much for a cocktail
in the shadow of the old women's prison,
which by then was the library I went to as a kid.

Spicy watermelon margarita at the corner of Greenwich and 9th,
where the history of struggle and resistance
worked its way into my bedtime stories

and the fun facts my mother listed out while waiting in line at Tasti-de-lite.
Because as we waited for soft serve I needed to know, which
characters on which episode of which show had been here too.

It's how I grew up.
The library used to be a prison and the ice cream
used to be a movie set

and they all became the backdrop
for the stories I tell to a friend
who feigns interest over spicy watermelon margaritas.

She bought me drinks
to give me a break from packing up
the last of my tether to the city that raised me.

I told her stories to braid myself a
new tether
to the city that raised me.

We said goodbye and I took one last walk up Sixth avenue
whispering the names of the old storefronts to myself as I passed
their third or fourth iteration.

Sammy's for Chinese, my mother loved to cry there.
Jefferson Market, which we thought was so fancy.
That other one, the name escapes me

as I push past lines of young people that came after me to the city
they saw on TV, which is no longer
the city it was on TV.

I have lost my rights to roll my eyes at
their fake flower restaurant walls. They have been here
as long as I've been gone.

They are building their own tethers
in selfies and ambition and nights crying on corners
and in versions of themselves they'll eventually shed

as the buildings they pose in front of
discard one identity and come back anew as another
with only a trace of what they've left behind.



AND

David Thomas Jenkins

Coffee and
Cigarettes
Something still
And ancient
On these men

The salt
On my skin
And the lack
Of

Proof and
Permission
For happiness
Existing

Walk this line
Unlace
The gloves

I gave
The dead bee
His burial rites
In the
Rocky sand

More will die
More will come

Flesh and
Earth and
Stone and
Gods
Out of
Mystery

Celebration and
Love
Do not cost

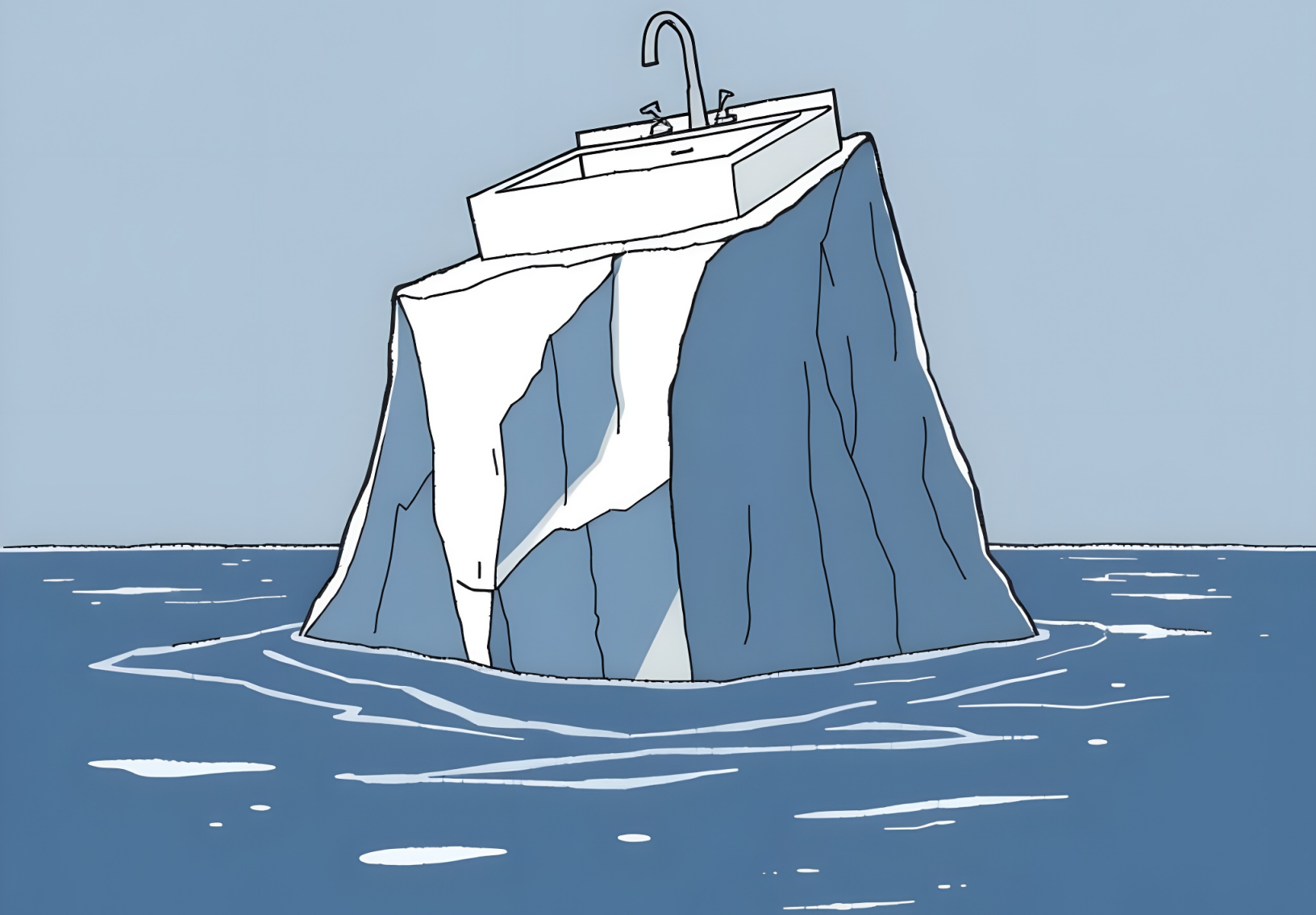
Dig your feet
Into the soil

Bleed here

Do not
Explain

As the strays
Remain
Uninterested

Unless
You have
Fish



Burn everything!
But the kitchen sink
You know how this story goes
The isolation protected you
You and your silken case of an elite mind
You make a bargain with the gods
Burn everything but the kitchen sink
It's the only place the radio works

Santuella

Prayer

Swapna Sanchita

I place a dried up coconut,
Shorn of the husk that blankets it
Upon a pyre of mango wood

I feed the flames
Rice pudding and a puri fried in the purest ghee
An offering to the gods I cannot see

I make deals with the invisible
Silently negotiating with unfathomable powers
I beg, cajole, plead before simply giving up—

I wait for what will be to be.



Poet In an Empty Bottle

Michael Lee Johnson

I'm a poet who drinks only red wine.
When inebriated with earthly
delusion and desire, I crawl inside
this empty bottle of 19 Crimes Red Wine,
lone wolf, no rehab needed, just confined.

Here, behind brown tinted glass
and a hint of red stain, I can harm no one—
body squeezed in so tight, blowing bubbles,
hidden, squirming, can't leap out.

My words echo chamber, reverberating
back into my tinnitus ears.
I forage for words.
Search for novel incentives.
But the harvest is pencil-thin
the frontal cortex shrinks and turns gray.
Come live with me in my dotage.
There are few rewards.
My old egg-beater brain is clunking out.

I lay here, peace and quiet in prayer.
I can hardly breathe in thin air.

I'm a symbol of legacy crumbing
stored in formaldehyde. Memories here
are likely just puny, weak synapses.

"I'm not afraid of death, I just don't
want to be here when it happens."
Looking out, others looking in at me.
Curved glass is a new world intangible dimly defined.
I no longer care about cyberspace, uncultivated
wild women, the holy grail of matrimony.
I likely will never write my first sonnet
with angels; I only fantasize about them in dreams.

Quiet in osteoarthritis pain is this poet
who only drinks 19 Crimes Red Wine.

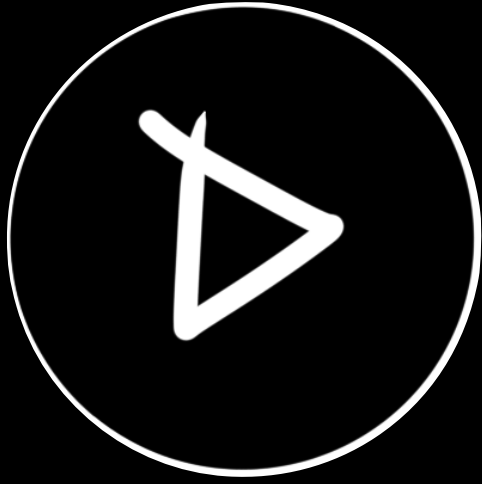


George Clooney bought another house on Lake Como this summer, and he upgraded his yacht because he found a model in the bathroom closet one time and decided it was just too much.

Golden hour, he thought, was different in Italy, because he was on a lake, so he didn't get too caught up in the way mirrors distort your face differently than cameras do, and just looked at himself in the water. It was a little less worrisome—the way water leaves out the right details.

The next morning he woke up in a sadness. The day after that they dropped off the new trust funds and water gadgets. The morning after that there was the 4am mental traffic. He thought of miserable sorts of things for a while, and then it gave him hope he would have something to talk about among these hills.

It paid nicely to have a pretty face and understand words well, but God, Clooney supposed, made life miserable, or even in a hurry; trying his best to balance all of what was and what could be.



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“Blueberry Nightshade” by Theodore Wallbanger
Twitter: @sangriabeard
Insta: @theodorewallbanger

“A Ghost Story” by Emma Sheppard
Substack: [Emma Out Loud](#)

“AND” by David Thomas Jenkins
Insta: @poetryfromthefire

“hymn for neurodivergent becoming” by mk zariel
Twitter: @childenemies
Insta: @thechildanditsenemies
Website: <https://linktr.ee/mkzariel>

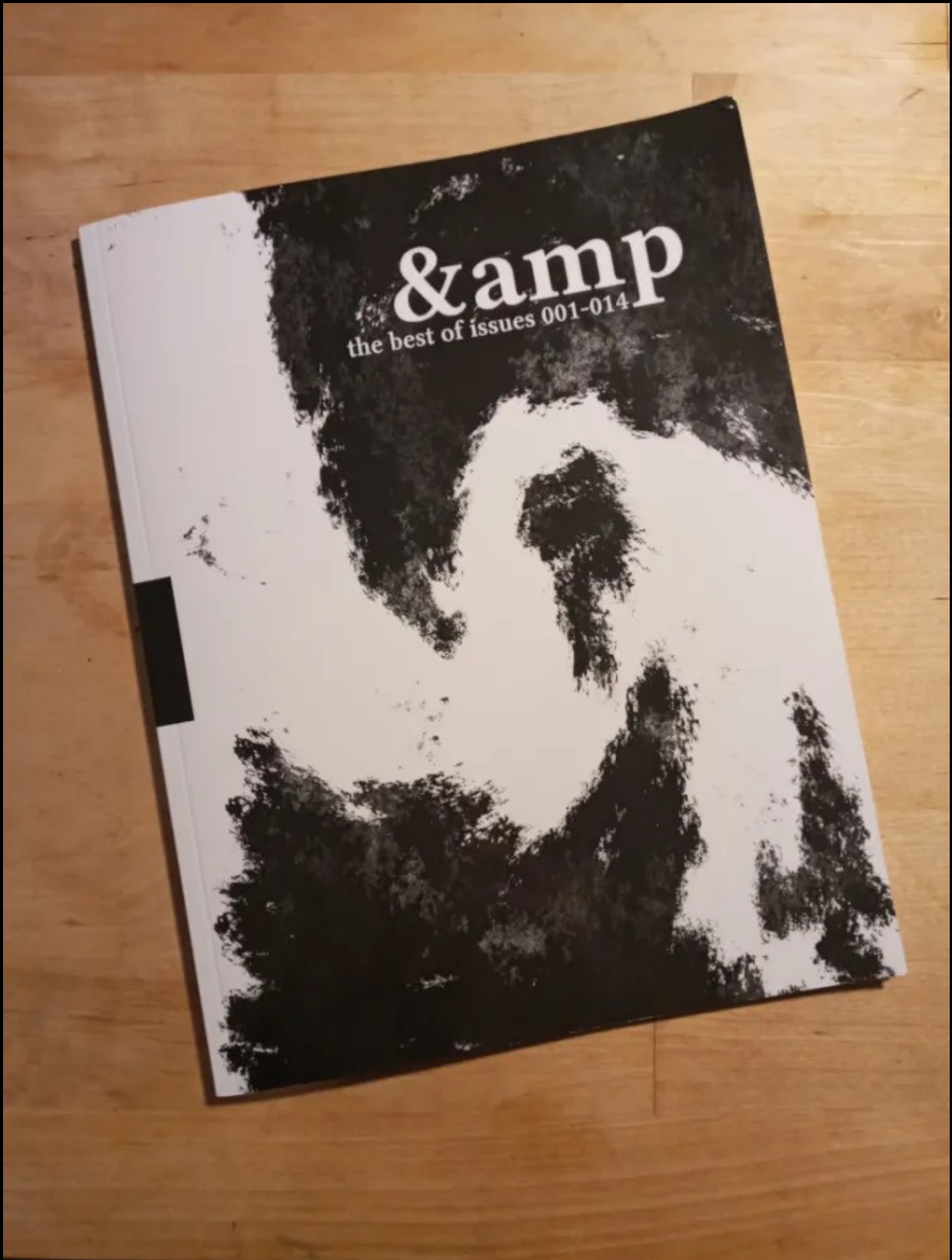
“Burn everything!...” by Santuella
Substack: <https://thelightandthecracks.substack.com/>
Insta: @santuella

“George Clooney...” by Nolan Crane
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“Prayer” by Swapna Sanchita
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Miles MacNaughton 1h
Miles of Writing

I'd rather publish a failed piece with my soul stamped on it than a successful piece without any part of me in it at all.



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