



THE
MAGNUS
EFFECT

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. 1: 2020



THE MAGNUS EFFECT

* a literary journal *

The Magnus Effect publishes previously unpublished, unhinged, risky, experimental, and controversial materials in the form of poetry, flash fiction, visual art, and photography. Upon publication, the copyrights of the published work(s) reverts to the author.

We publish one volume a year, deadlines on December 31st. The issue will be available online on January 31st. For more information, visit themagnuseffectreview.wordpress.com, email us at hannahmyersprofessional@gmail.com, or check us out on Instagram [@magnuseffectreview](https://www.instagram.com/magnuseffectreview).

While The Magnus Effect will not have physical copies at this time, the editors may compile a print version if funds become available.



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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

I set out to compile the inaugural issue of The Magnus Effect during the first few months of COVID-19. The pandemic forced many into their dark caves, either filled with dark and frustrated creativity or simply in need of a pinch of excitement. I suppose a magazine of fluffy thoughts would be considered “better” during a lockdown, but I find that the following risky, experimental, and unhinged compositions are exactly what need to be relieved.

Inspired by absurdist science fiction, suspense, horror, and other “uncomfortable” genres, the journal compiles a dimension of pin pricks and chest pain. I am beyond grateful to the community of writers, artists, and poets who have submitted and trusted their works on these pages. We truly hope you find what you’re looking for in the following poetry, flash fiction, and visual art.

And, while you’re here, you may be excited to know that our submissions are open year-round! Visit our website themagnuseffectreview.wordpress.com to read our submission guidelines. You can also keep up with us on Instagram @magnuseffectreview.

Best,
Hannah Myers
Editor in Chief



TRANSITION AND ANALYSIS OF MY DAD'S PASSING:

by German Dario

pop
like balloon [too easy]

slow and fat like
water balloon

or
a slap crack of sky

perhaps falling confetti
paper snow slow
gently/finally
touching ground

deconstructing
lottery
aneurysm
stroke

eleven again [always]
his voice my name

the body the abyss





TELL ME, ARE WE FAR GONE?

by Isaiah Byrd

Azured between the cornflowers and the vast dimensional drift—that meant sky—Sam rested two fingers on his temples. Not to imply that Sam could rest.

Sam sprinted, a mess of long legs, through the mud, the backs of his heels shicking and smucking toward the forest.

Mushrooms, ferns, pines here and pines there. The pines rolled over hills and down forges. They surrounded the camp, a cacophony of unnatural and unorganized buildings and cabins made of wood and steel and rock.

He swerved a totem pole of a jackal-man, perhaps a nightmare one of the architects had during their stay. He pushed his fingers into his temples harder, harder. He tried to listen to the calls.

Whispers took over the air but only so distant, teasing him. Or perhaps, like nightmares, they were only there to make assholes of hell.



BLUE SKY HIGH:

by Keech Ballard

In the heavens the stars were dressed
in rich fulfilling hues of grace,
competently pirouetting,
parrotting the orb of space.

“Listen!” cries the tumbling merry
half-forgotten dwarf star white,
“to the sphere’s angelic cues
and its sad enlightened blues.
The mystery ends tonight.”

Now the crisp and slow red giant
lumbers cross the celestial ball,
swinging slowly through the sherry
as the chandeliers begin to fall.

A thousand dog stars scream in terror,
yelping as their lights grow dim,
swimming helplessly against the current,
on towards darkness at the rim.

Cows and horses now the stars dissolve,
herding fast together at the chance
one more time to prove posterity
wrong on all counts at the dance.



TAR:

By Ariel X

I knew I would eat the entire pint
And I knew I would pay for it
That I would vomit black
And you would drink it again

TOWER:

By Ashley Prior Geiger



YOU SHOULD SEE ME IN A CROWN:

by Z



Shards of my fractured mask glitter
on the vermilion carpet like winking
constellations in a river of blood.

Fangs of pain gnash my chest.
My vision blurs like an unfocused lens.
My screams dwindle into whimpers.
The girl in the mirror cannot be me.

This hollow-eyed, sallow-skinned,
fallen star of a lady clutching her neck
as though someone had lodged a bullet
in her throat. No, that cannot be me.

Not when praises sprang up like
blossoms everywhere I strutted.
Not when my mother had promised me
the diadem, the scepter, and the orb.
Those men with their bejeweled fingers,
who wielded power like gold pistols,
had laughed when I spoke of claiming
the throne, of forging my own path
that did not revolve around bearing sons,
honing smiles so I would appear demure,
a trinket, a trophy increasing his prestige.
Now, I may tremble in tattered ball gowns.
I may be a moon trapped by a planet's gravity.

But one day, I will unfurl as a bud in the
asphalt, fork through the sky as fingers of
lightning, rage as an inferno that devours
the gilded cages trapping my sisters. I will.
The girl in the mirror curves her rouge lips
into a grin, all teeth and sweet ascension.

This wild-eyed, red-cheeked, rising star.

One day, the masses would grovel.
Oh, how they would tilt back their heads,
their gaze heavenward as they regard me,
their mouths stuttering out frantic pleas.
How I would cackle and lounge on my throne.
All the disbelievers should see me in a crown.

POPULAR APPEAL:

by Allora

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] A [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] popular appeal is defended by only [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [the materialist] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [to make any] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [independent] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [brain] [REDACTED]


[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] something else entirely [REDACTED]





WRITTEN IN THE WALLS:

by Emmy Brown

Your heart will contact you with updates. It will knock on your door. It will call you on the telephone.

Heartbreak.

If you attempt to tell the heart that it's wrong, it will send you a long-drawn, poetic letter. It will ask for expensive things, like alcohol and long, lonely walks on the beach. Without these things, it may blackmail you instead.

Blackmail will sometimes happen when you've been invited out, but usually while you're doing laundry or at the supermarket.

Most prominently, it consists of chest pain. But other common signs include:

- generalized chills or fever
- throbbing
- caffeine addiction
- erectile dysfunction
- a compilation of poorly-timed puns
- prophetic dreams
- weight gain
- weight loss
- red streaks progressing up your chest
- a sudden craving
- weird and unnecessary collections
- a deal with the devil
- drainage



COLOR CODE:

by A.J. Allison

Sometimes, it's hard to change the colors of the world.

Most people don't know how.

Sometimes, it's easy:

- Drink an extra cup of coffee.
- Burn a scented candle.
- Skip a meal.
- Blink. Slowly.

The most sudden and surprising way to change the colors is to listen to a certain song, one that you listened to a lot during a tough time.

If you listen to the song and then think of the tough time, take another step. Imagine you're there. Imagine the way he yelled at you.

It's easiest to change colors when you're in the same places you were in those tough times, but it's not required.

The blue sky turns into a blue, blue sky.

The path you're walking on changes dimensions.

The trees are spaced out from each other, whereas, before, they were just there.

You might not have known there were trees here unless you walked in.
Aren't you glad you walked in and noticed the trees?

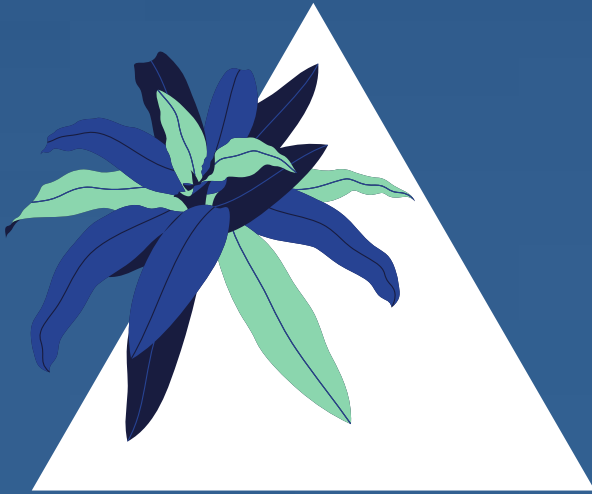
Sometimes, I walk too deep or for far too long into a color that I forget the way out.

If you walk into a color and get lost, you can get lost for weeks, even months.

But look at the trees!

If you change a color suddenly, it's best if you don't explore. Right when you walk in, walk back out.

So green. So textured. Aren't you glad you walked in and noticed the trees?



CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

Hannah Myers is an urban fantasy novelist, matcha-drinker, and dungeon master. She once made V.E. Schwab gag because she asked her to sign her sweat-encrusted shoe. When she isn't glued to a notebook, she spends her time hiking, watching cartoons, and setting fires in the kitchen.

German Dario resides in Tempe, Arizona with his wife, two sons, three dogs, a guinea pig, many plants, and sometimes a fish; simply put, with a conference of living things. He has recently published work in Gyroscope Review, San Pedro River Review, Good Works Review, Into The Void, The Friday Influence, Right Hand Pointing, The New Verse News, The Acentos Review, and The American Journal of Poetry.

Isaiah Byrd is a graduate from Hamline University. He has worked as a paralegal for the last five years, and has recently been published in Death Check, Finch & Vine, and Risk of Fire.

Keech Ballard has written 50 poems over the last 40 years. His creative nonfiction recently appeared online in Ellipsis Zine. His speculative fiction will soon appear online in Antipodean SF. This is his first published poem.

Ariel X is a poet from Temperance, Michigan. She's had many of her poems published in her university's literary journal and is looking into publishing her own collection. When she isn't writing, she's cuddling with her labradoodle and talking long walks.

- Ariel X is the magazine's spotlight contributor! With her simple; riveting; and, most importantly, "gross" piece, she caught the attention of the reviewers immediately.



Ashley Pryor Geiger is a professor at the University of Toledo. She has a PhD in Philosophy, with an interest in Visual Literacy and Gender Studies. Geiger embraced the term “artist” in 2018 and has since been published in the Journal of Multimodal Rhetorics, Twisting Pixels, Ponder Midwest, Paris Collage Collective, Zoetic Press, and Nunum.

Z is an eighteen year-old writer of sapphic and grimdark stories. On most days, you can find Z in the corner of her room listening to Billie Eilish and BTS, perusing books with enemies-to-lovers romance. She is currently working on her first novel.

Allora is a fresh, high-school graduate. In the fall, she’ll be attending Albion University. While she attempts all poetry styles, black-out poetry has been her favorite and most rewarding form. What better way to uncover hidden truths?

Emmy Brown proudly lives with a few succulents and her undying desire to create. Though she only submitted flash fiction and poetry to The Magnus Effect, she is also a singer, pianist, and painter. In each of her compositions, she’s interested in the social aspects of depression, anxiety, and other mental health issues.

Megan Garcia is a small-town, school counsellor. She lives with her husband and two daughters. She is just recently discovering the incredible community of literary magazine querying and publishing.

A.J. Allison is a third-year creative writing major with a minor in history. She loves writing because it’s a way to slow down thoughts and document what would otherwise be lost to time and memory faults. She loves travelling, not only for the poetic thoughts, but also for the contrasting foods and cultures.

