

OCTOBER 2025

Mag's Rag is my occasional newsletter. I say occasional because, alas, though I'd love to do monthly, I now have a full-time job and a 1,500 pound baby to take care of. Yes, I graduated in May, got "A Job" and bought a press!

Business first, but read on to learn about my foot wart.

I have new (post-*Green for Luck*) poems in the latest Noir Sauna and Broken Stone Review. More new stuff incoming in the next issue of VOLT and Bennington Review.

I'll be reading in Decorah, Iowa with Adedayo Agarau on October 27. If any of my 30 newsletter subscribers happen to be in Decorah on that date, please come out!

Rampage Party Press is alive and Issue 2 magazine and broadsides is slowly rolling out. You can read new work by Chime Lama, Ellen Boyette, and Courtney Bush now on the website.. New work by Adedayo Agarau, Alicia Wright,, Matt Broaddus, Rodney Dailey II, Sarah Minor, Serena Solin, and Tahjia Brantley is coming soon...I'm following in the footsteps of all respectable small presses by being behind schedule...

My press is from 1918, a Chandler & Price 10x15 - I bought her from the Wyoming, Iowa Historical Museum. They had three of them, all donated from a woman named Myrtle Marshall who ran Crescent Printing Company for many years in the town. When she died in 2012, she left three C&P's, a bunch of type, and other print stuff to the museum.

I recently finished *Intermezzo* by Sally Rooney...yeah, I read Sally Rooney...so what? I liked it, though I'd like to see her try a book not about polyamory and chronic pain. I also finished *I Love Information* by Courtney Bush, which everyone should read. Next up: *The Dead & The Living & The Bridge* by MC Hyland.

BUSINESS OVER.

XXX

Two ideas I've had recently: a book printed on sticky notes, a book printed on a label maker.

I wish a poem could have outfit changes.

Magazines are people, too.

I buy my self help books in-person at my local bookstore instead of anonymously online because supporting local businesses matters more to me than my pride.

I may be mentally ill but I'm no pussy.

I'm sick of poets writing novels and I won't be taking any questions.

I wish my anxiety disorder was as straightforward as "The Sunday Scaries."

Now that I have a job, it sort of is.

I like watching people take photos of their loved ones, or at least I presume love, presuming love is a thing to do that I'm working on.

A boring outfit in a big city is especially disappointing.

The hot New York girls I know all have small wardrobes, like literally not that many clothes.

I perform every city similar, wearing the sneakers I mow the lawn in.

I feel emasculated when my little brother pays for things, but in a cool way that I enjoy because I don't have to pay for things.

Every once in a while, I remember my \$300 retainer.

Another idea: an "it gets better" video for my past self who can't remember the song that's stuck in her head.

I miss the people I've had one drink with then never spoken to again.

Of course I binge eat, I'm not an idiot.

And that's what I call dialectics!

Statement Hats can be so good or so bad.

I don't know where else to put this: sketch comedy.

The route I take in my neighborhood if I don't want to run into anyone.

The route I take in my neighborhood if I realllly don't want to run into anyone.

In the USA, around 3% of mail is lost every year.

146,000,000,000 pieces of mail per year x .03 = 4,380,000,000.

Media mail is always an option as someone able to squint at definitions.

Wearing flip flops is an insane thing to do.

It's a special thrill to meet another Diet Coke lover.

Handsome is as handsome does.

"Hey girl" is gender neutral.

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul"... more like, shut the fuck up!

The root of the word sex is division which is fucked up when I think about it, so I don't.

I can spot a youth pastor from a half mile away.

Vampire Weekend is a dumb name for a band.

I asked another woman what mascara she was wearing and she couldn't remember but texted me a picture the next day.

I waited this long to google "capslock on iPhone."

Riding a bike down a brick road feels amazing, which is why we now have mostly paved roads, because men don't want the rest of us to have any fun.

I ignored My Wart for months, on my right foot, close below my fourth toe, not sure why and sometimes I could feel My Wart down there, just existing, but maybe I could just feel the thought of My Wart.

I wholeheartedly recommend Compound W.

I wouldn't care if my nudes leaked but I have a bad habit of forgetting my journal around town.

Necessity is the mother and father of Invention.

Invention is the mother of Attention, but nobody knows who the father is, even Invention.

Actions speak louder than words and a picture is worth a thousand words, so one action is basically like 400 words.

I am thiiiiis close to posting videos of myself dancing on the internet.