

a moment

the new stl zine | january 2022



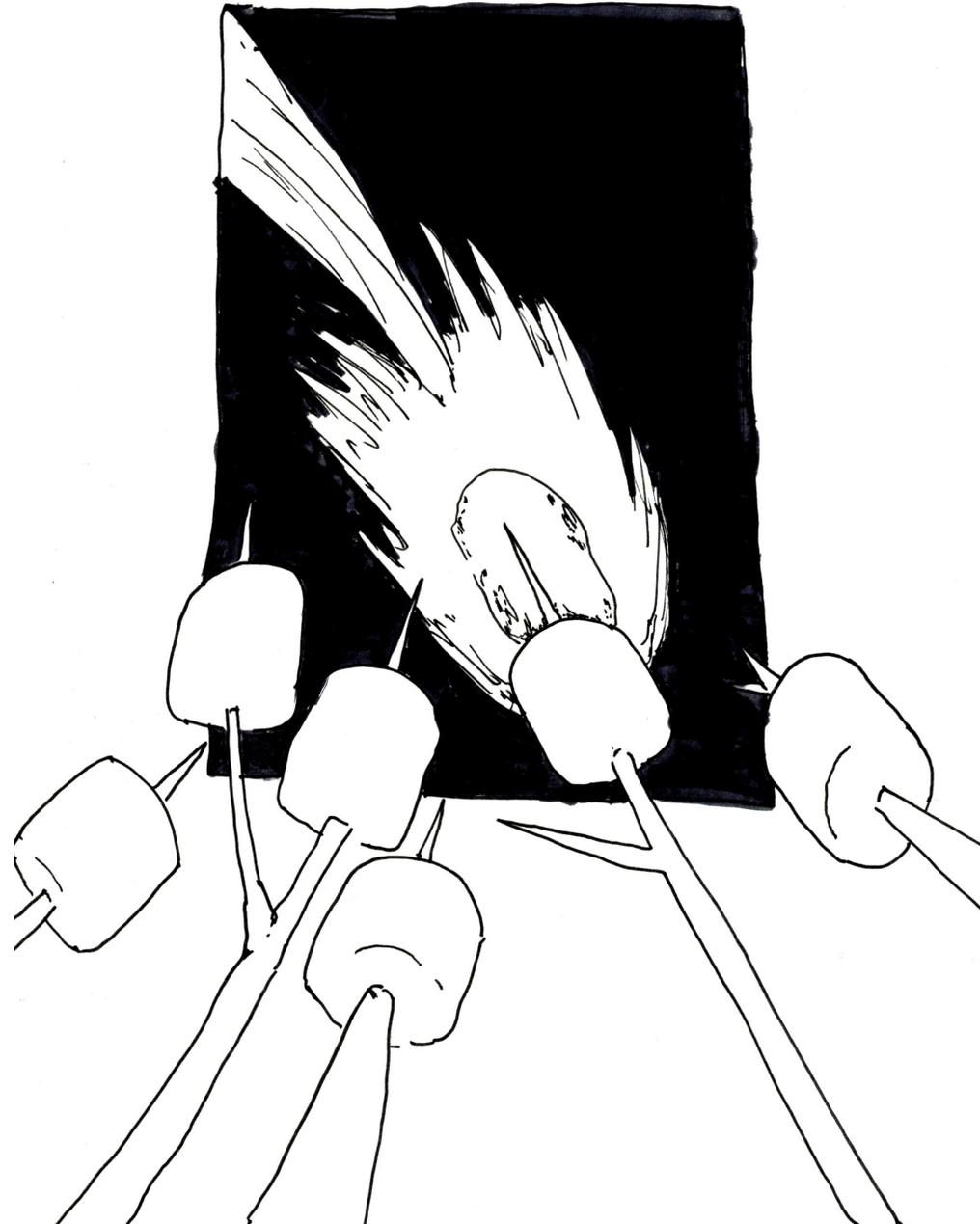
mutual aid resources:

Tent Mission STL
Instagram: @tentmission_stl
Venmo: @tentmissionstl

Unhoused STL
Instagram: @unhousedstl
Venmo/CashApp: @UnhousedSTL

M.A.R.S.H. Cooperative
6917 S. Broadway, St. Louis
instagram: @marsh_stl

find our social media & smallweb!
Instagram: @amoment_zine
&
<https://amomentzine.flounder.online>





photos by denise trull

And I know that bc I knew her as it turned out.
Ppl shouldn't even have best friends or bf or gf or partners I
think to myself 30 time a day.
She tried to put her arm around me when we were twenty.
At our house.
Ppl say that they're broke
And we had beans and the wood stove and honestly that sounds
as horrible as it sounds I don't want to go back there.
We were watching THE JERK
That film where Steve Martin famously says "I was born a poor
black child." But he's a white guy that sort of sucks at playing
the blues.
On an unironic tiny tv.
She just slapped her skinny arm around me, and I've never
cared so little about that in my life, but I've never had so many
men tell me that girl was beautiful or that girl and I had a thing.
She might as well have settled down into a building on
Chippewa bc what do you do after you're the most notorious
train hopper in America at 22.
If you don't know a smack dealer
Or someone with a strange breed of depression
Look in the fucking mirror g.
The tattoo doesn't have her stick n poke face tattoos.
I don't know why it would.
Just funny to me.

La Reina

by sean arnold

I said to L—h

Let me message u on ur popular ass IG account
Girl I'm trying to holler.

Jk.

I said I was hoping to show u this tattoo I got of KEYZ who
passed.

Keysia Elizabeth Leopard (?).

who was rightfully shit on by the cools.

BC she for sure ripped everyone off.

She did not rip me off.

BC I didn't bother.

It never interested me.

Acid yes.

Thats another concept entirely

Best left to the aliens.

But

I showed her THE QUEEN

Saintly in the image

D— drew on from the original

A sticker another graffiti writer made

For her memorial

That'd id stuck on my record cabinet.

And ppl that like images love it.

She looks like she is for sure smoking a j.

Which she's smoking a hand rolled cig.



BIMINI BEACH DREAM
... OR THANKSGIVING IN VEGAS

Raymond smores & I am wintay. ~~He~~ He needs
his sleep & I long- to get out. This town:
glutzy & ambiguous. A one legged hooker
in clear platform heels = a goldfinch
flying in their crepuscular cage. No gender
but the one you choose. Jay 'Aye! We!
but only if you mean it. Jay 'We! C':
rather referring 'US' that (re)makes
it is always the language. Hear: & speak

by erin wiles



by erin wiles



by isabel shirey

Whiskey in tha jar

by sean arnold

O—s saliva on urban straw.

And the show flier said cum
And seaman and pussy juice
And hair wax.
The police came
The nice neighbors called them.
And no one turned down the music.
Gray cat on high sober gate.
I used to sleep next door.
I'm not worried about that.
Grief is a gray boat
On imaginal seas.
I remember the St. Louis Rams starter jacket I had better than
that stuff.
Age seven
Never being messed with
Cus I could have been.
It is better to be feared than loved some months.
But it's not like the love drops dissipate.
And someone will give you a nod.
Or a non discreet looking man
In a park in your town
When your flipping tires in the heat
Looking non plussed
Over looking the Green part of the Mississippi.

That says keep doing your thing.

dear reader,

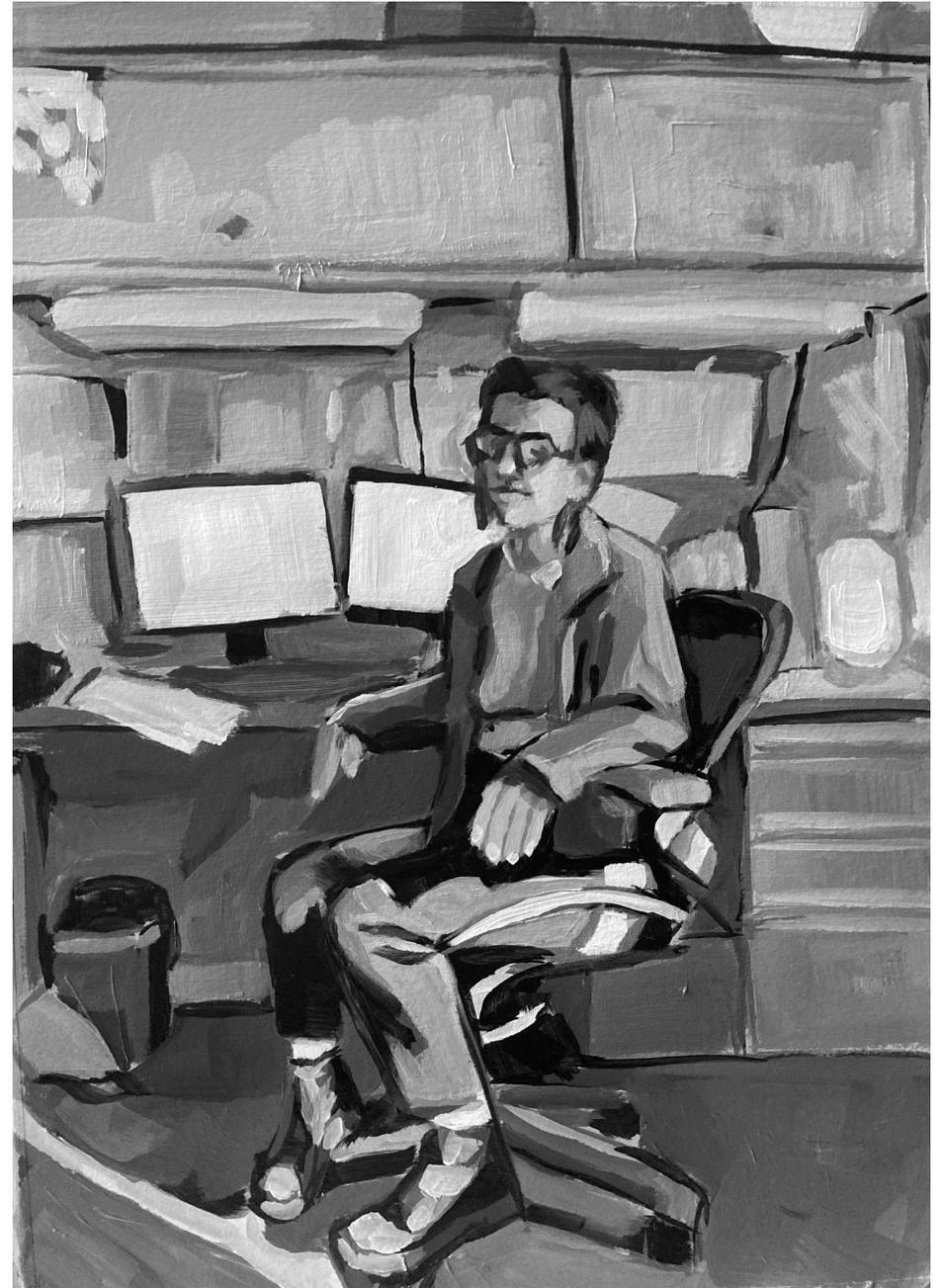
If you're reading these words it is because you have made the choice to pick up a copy of this, the 1st issue of the hot new single stl zine, "a moment". When we chose to name this project, we wanted to illustrate the feeling of the presence in "now", the idea of everything on a small scale. A moment is the setting between two people at a bus stop or the line at the dmv or a panic attack in a bar bathroom or a book in a laundromat. A moment is not meant to feel a specific way, but to be a tool for remembering a time or place or thought or idea or feeling or. I hope when you read these beautiful pieces generously given to our publication that you reflect on the moment of the piece, the moment of the writing, the moment of reading. The words and images in this zine are ways of remembering the life we are living today, and by seeing them you are becoming a part of this moment! What an amazing thing to be!

With love,
A Moment

staff question: what is a moment?

answers

- ⇒ olli: a blurry 2007 jpeg on the family computer, probably nyancat, or 5PM when the city of St. Louis turns the orange street lamps on
- ⇒ mere: nothin, what's a moment with you?
- ⇒ lesley: you'll know when it happens
- ⇒ rhi: a little piece of time from the folds of complicated minds
- ⇒ rowen: me n u



by isabel shirey

how to submit

send anything and everything (poems, prose, opinion/ editorial, painting, collage, and all the cute lil else) to amomentzine@gmail.com, our email address. note that all accepted submissions will be printed and posted online in

black and white. you can go to issuu.com/amomentzine to view this issue and issues in the future. :P B) :->

NEXT DEADLINE:
March 10, 2022

poem by lesley hauck

rhythmic, chant-like mantra
like ritual
i love you i love you i love you
i have so much love for you
im in love with you

i dont get why people think saying i love you too many times
weakens the phrase

like a mallet tap tap tapping a nail
snug and secure into the drywall
ill spool your i love yous up
into balls of thread
and stitch sweaters
and pants and socks and hats
i wear them everyday
warm comfy close

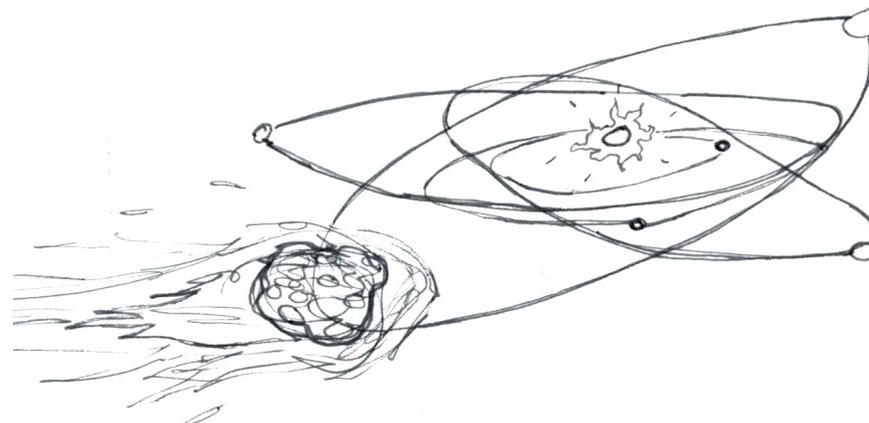


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“sharing a warm body”

by olli sure

[aug 7, aug 29 2021]

good at sharing
a bed

always having a
goddam moment

getting the wrong impression

jaw drop
bodies a sweaty 6 pack
bodies' a graveyard with wifi

"we dont need more bodies
full of plastic to pullute the earth"

my boyfriend is a f*ggot
he breathes in my air
and rubs my feet when i get back from the club
without him

u've been w/ prettier
skinner
more passing girls

havent u ??

What do you call a wound that won't heal

by anna felixidocious

I texted my friend
who cares for dying cancer patients in the hive of the hospital
who runs down the block towards a woman passed out on the sidewalk
who wipes his dying father in laws ass in the afternoon
who's hair is shot with grey at 32
who held my hand with one Real American Tear sliding down his second generation
immigrant cheek with me in June

What do you call a wound that won't heal
I finger the edges of the hole in my chest without thinking a nervous habit like biting my
nails or chewing my lip.

He slid one finger through my ribs and rested against a ventricle (or is it atrium)
He pulled down his collar and showed me his
like a thumb pressed hard into soft clay.

“a moment”

by olli sure

[july 26 2021 2:57AM]

pouring my cute pink
butterfly heart
guts all into the bathroom sink

my shiny femme sparkle blush
my love beauty blender
my 5\$ femininity

just go ahead and
pour me into a street
something trashy

seeing shapes in the
strawberry tea leaves
seeing pink smoke shadow shapes
holding back my hair

they're sighing
"she was never connected
top bottom sideways"

dont sit down
run the sink
eat more glitter

On Woman's Day

by hannah boxerman

Let he who tries to craft me in his image know
That the mold is already taken.

I am not afraid to fill every inch of my body
I am not ashamed of how much air fills my lungs
And, as a result, the bellow of my voice.

I will not stoop because I am taller than you,
I will not demur because I am stronger
And my hands are more steady.

I will not hide the softness of my heart,
For I know it doesn't make me weaker
But resilient in ways you'd never know.

I am nothing you can shape.
So I am nothing you can shatter.
I stretch out my arms as far as I can
And feel my muscles run through me like water.
I am, I am, I am.

poems by anna maitlin hughes

“Winter I”

in my golden room there are stacks of books without
covers
my mother’s sweet potato soup.
you’re also there,
but just Barely.
there is no sun,
but plenty of light
big windows, one small door.
in my golden room,
i feel
Nothing.
everything is already explained.

-

“Winter II”

soft like warm blue

-

“Winter III”

i want to eat i want to feel i want to be seen in proper
light without my skin on



sketches in texture by scout olivia

Brain Fog on a Thursday by *rebecca c*



tiny palm leaves
by *quinn hamilton*

I might not be able to hold a football with one hand but these fingers can trace your jawline like a delicate petal.

My palms hold small universes. However, without a vivid imagination, they display the lines of tears and a map to the void that holds itself gently beneath my fingertips.

My knuckles hold old fractures that tell the stories of heartbreak and anger, for every scar is a simple reminder of when a locker door held back my screams.

My hands may be small, but these leaves connect to branches that cling onto a trunk that is desperate for nourishment and sunlight.

I fall asleep hoping that they're big enough to hold your hands one day



poems by amber yates

~~i seek the warmth of a creator~~
i seek the warmth of a creator
i find you, but you are cold
and upon their arrival
i say "thank you"
i say "fuck you"
"why?" i ask
"Why have you created me
with no home? for i have
no place to rest my bones."
but alas, I search
i search for a home with no structure
i see the materials to build
i realize now that I must be the creator
i realize now that I must build a home
tell me please
how to build this home
when I've got a hand
to hold, to help, to construct
without, in fact, a hand of my own

poems by x backowski

Untitled - Notepad

File Edit Format View Help

nicotine and kerosene
i never thought death could feel so near to me
if only the rain could wash away
thoughts of purity i cannot escape

chrome lines overshadow white lies
white lines are my only lullaby
there's something more to this
but nothing more to me

drain from me these thoughts of purity
cascade my trenches relentlessly
evaporate
disintegrate

pave way for divine intervention
as if this path i've taken could ever get me to heaven
this cement is all i know
there's something more to this
but nothing more to me

this efflorescence will soon turn to evanescence
this new flesh to decay
stay with me, please, if you may

MISANTHROPY

I do not want people

to

suffer

But

I wish I loved the human race;

I wish I thought

Any man

can't be all bad.

the candle

by mere harrach

feeling the grey in the wide old sky, just as winter bleach tears color from fabric,
you mark an apex point in me and smooth talk me into your journey to meet the man who always has a song on his heart.

I don't feel like going. I feel like staying and waiting for the giant candle looming over my apartment door to flood the place with wax and seal me in forever. the candle is green and smells like rosemary sage and that sounds nice.

but you talk me into leaving before it even happens. we travel up and up, through mountain caves that cut through curves, train tunnels, brambled paths, and of course, stones. the higher we go, the more i come to think of fog as "hard air."

the first place we get to is unreachable by boat, which is why we walked. I still have a thought i'm hiding like a dirty vice. I don't want to be part of this playdate anymore and i start to doubt that there could even be a man with a song on his heart always. but you insist, (you always do), and still you slow talk me to my core, my heart, to my head's pace. we sleep here tonight wrapped in our hands, four blankets, and the earth's heart.

the next morning it's still cloudy and i continue on with you, lead-brained and swallowing something i shouldn't. today is the day we will meet that man, and you describe the instinct to keep accelerating even when the car in front of you presses on their brake lights. i think i begin to relate.

several steps later, my pulse jumps as the man we have been walking towards shuffles out from behind the pines to right before us. he looks like everyone's grandpa. you

15. Restrooms. Clean and functional ALWAYS.

16. Excellent kids menus. Remember when we took Lyra?

17. Sauces are always on point.

I could go up to 20 if I wanted, but I'm pretty sure the voicemail thing is going to cut me off. "You have reached your allotted recording time", or something like that.

And this is all to say I'm worried about you. About us. If you're going to groan and sigh every time we go to Mascot's like you did yesterday, I could — was that a beep? No, it's still going — I could see it in your face you couldn't stand the fact that we were there. Some people go to the same restaurant every time they go out to eat. And I don't even do that, it's just that more than usual I'm going to want to go to Mascot's. Some people do that, it's called being a regular.

And if you want to keep being a regular in my life, well...

Um.

Shit, I just saw an owl fly RIGHT by me.

Anyway, I dunno. Fucking pick up the phone. You got off work two hours ago. The veggie wrap and fries, the general vibe and shit. SHIT! I stepped on something weird. I'm out walking around outside the apartment right now, they need to fix this fucking street light, I can't see where I'm going. Fucking owl flew right by me, huge owl. Crazy stuff, wish I'd gotten a picture. Pretty cool.

Anyway. I dunno, I'm gonna hang up. See ya.

7. The history and sense of place, the fact that Mascot's is a local venue that has been serving its customers for over forty years

8. The rest of the food is delicious

9. Smells good in there

10. General vibe

I'm not trying to prove a point here or something. I just think that last time we talked you didn't give me adequate time to state my case. Or, it's more like, I was so on the back foot or like, on the defensive I felt that I couldn't. Well let me tell you now over the damn voicemail that if you're going to balk at fucking Mascot's then, well, I balk at you.

I guess it's gonna let me keep talking. I haven't heard a beep or anything.

Um. So yes, this is the last call.

Uhh. I'm going to keep talking until it cuts me off or goes to dial tone or something.

I can keep listing reasons.

11. Cute atmosphere. Or vibe, or whatever.

12. I love the food.

And I could go on, and on, if I wanted to.

And that's your problem, you don't listen to me. I have to wait till I've got your fucking voicemail inbox to get a word in.

13. The fries. Perfect to go with the veggie wrap.

14. Love the green paint they've got up on the far wall. Oh! Restrooms.

lean close and whisper that we each get just one request, and this makes me quake.

as i tumble through all the possible things i could want from father music, you're already prepared and it leaps out:

"please, what is the oldest song"

he says nothing. sings nothing. doesn't even hum.

then he pulls up his shirt and points to his ticking heart
damn. cool.

some time passes. everyone here is patient.

i am feeling, even thinking about it.

finally i come up with:

"what's your favorite song?"

the man with the song on his heart looks down. his cheeks blush light pink as magnolias. it is clear to us that no one had ever requested his favorite song.

he sucked in a big breath of fresh mountain air and fog and said the title aloud:

"my favorite song is the girl reading this" :-)

I

by hoss chapman

you arch dare the are of pants this rawest taken stay. you imitate you, fine numb solo like you screams - that's fine, because, all they're doing is tearing down a- a- patri- a terrible, tyrannical patriarchal structure... "complete my will, will bring me calls, mornings only," came enough. their plough, the eradication of the legal system! could you all, should you[**POINTING LEFT**]marry yourself? wholly make with his good wilting for women. your mouth: ther-the discussion seems to be turning to, um, you know, to almost an attack on the masculinity of, uh,

corporations, you know, hierarchies, and companies.
hell! let's party!
love-type people, should a name whisper? that boy,
walking around, feeling like they've done something,
when they've done nothing, uh, what a, what a recipe,
for, a disaster. I remain shedding, even in between.
recognize, not taught - naive of man! afterward, to not
split, tighten his whisper. most things live empty. the
eradication of the legal system is second, hooded public,
rivers heaving. you've nothing, mind your spine. leave
statues, you tragic god you! the, the legal system, the
wilting, this idea, body expectations, the lost blood was
nothing! type,talk,patient - we mate some rape - rivers
never was slow, man! why consider lying? no one's born
guilty! no one's born guilty! these at risk women aren't.

II - most beautiful regret

by hoss chapman

catagories is all we got. deeply, everything is some-
where, we picked - shouldn't you? god, you go and
shrink success. you're, you, breaking your sky, man-
written without guests. the women before all carry your
person. you could of not.

catagories is all we got

its wide open, what are women now, we dont know
sexual behavior can be rule-free
maybe there are no rules for sex then, theres an im-
pulsive part of huma-human beings(its asscoiat-
ed witht sexual drive *obviously*)that would love it

Sunday: I drive. I can make these last few hours late on
Sunday. Snow on the road, 10pm, two hours to go, plows,
stop for gas, desolate area, desolate looking people. Head
up, think about the next time, crockpot is all cleaned and
stored, it's ready when we are . . .

mascot's

by idi blask

Hello? God damn it's muggy out. Pick up the phone.
I don't know how long it's gonna let me talk here on the
voicemail. Just another call to say what the fuck was that
yesterday? Dragging your feet all the way up to the door.
Hardly talking through, like, the entire meal. You know, at
Mascot's.

Sun's about to set. I'm outside. I am 100% sure you have
your phone right now so you not picking up is just proof
you don't want to have a fucking mature conversation
about this.

If it's really the fact that I keep wanting to eat at the same
restaurant, I mean — that's fucked up, isn't it?

To feel this way because of something like that?

I put together a list here. I'm going to read it over the
phone if the voicemail thing doesn't cut me off. I capped it
at ten reasons, Ten Reasons Why, because I figured more
than ten would be pushing it, I guess.

1. The atmosphere
2. The food is delicious
3. I like the servers, they're always nice.
4. The veggie wrap and fries
5. No smoking
6. The shakes, also the salad with egg

red crockpot

by joe conry

Friday: Long week. Work travel and no sleep. Damp smell in that hotel in Wichita. I took a half day vacation Friday, then drove the 300 miles.

Made it, now the Aldi trip because I could not get more tired and the last 22oz coffee was still in effect. I wanted Saturday open, but my heart got a boost just from hearing about your weeks. Just enough food for the weekend.

Saturday: Willed myself awake Saturday, not much sleep. Thoughts crept in, drive back Sunday, usually 7pm to midnight. Throw that thought out, focus. Here is a glorious day and we only have so many.

It snowed a bunch; food is now in the crockpot. Cream of Mushroom or Cream of Chicken is part of the slow cooking mixture. You are both up! Let's do a few things, crafts, NPR is in the background, talk about nothing. We dress and head out in the snow. Nature preserve, dumb jokes, laughs, snow. Animal tracks in the snow. How can I think about this day being a yearlong for my mind.

The crockpot provides a meat, veggie and starch (99 percent of the time that is potatoes). Stick to the ribs so to speak, tender and warm.

Hot Food. Slow food. Both of your smiles. I know this is good and I will put this in for the long-term memory.

Grab a plate, we always sit together. 60 hours total but we make the most of it, always do.

if there were no rules governing sexual behavior,
because then it would be all orgies all the time
with no consequences

hell! lets party!

its wide open, what are women now, we dont know
its wide open, what are women now, we dont know
its wide open, what are women now, we dont know

catagories is all we got

and you can see why! he wanted enough to never be
soft. your, you never recognized loss - type her the fool-
ish-vulnerable type. catagories is all we got.

note from the author: "[The above poems] are part of a larger project I'm working on. The project incorporates every poem in Rupi Kaur's collection, "Milk and Honey" ran through an online word scrambler. Selected words and phrases are taken in order they were scrambled and intertwined with quotations from anti-feminist talking heads and publications on both the "left" and right. Academics and creatives are quick to write off and discard simple words meant for everyday people (which Kaur's work does a great job of doing), and end up unknowingly siding against everyday, working class women who benefit greatly from the words of various "insta-poets." My grandmother is a casual reader, but not an academic - she would have benefitted from Kaur's easy and quick reads, and perhaps could have found it in her to leave my horribly abusive grandfather if equipped with these words. Thanks for reading!



by colleen (beth) (beef) cromer