

a moment

the new stl zine | fall 2022



mutual aid resources:

remains
Tent Mission STL
Instagram: @tentmission_stl
Venmo: @tentmissionstl

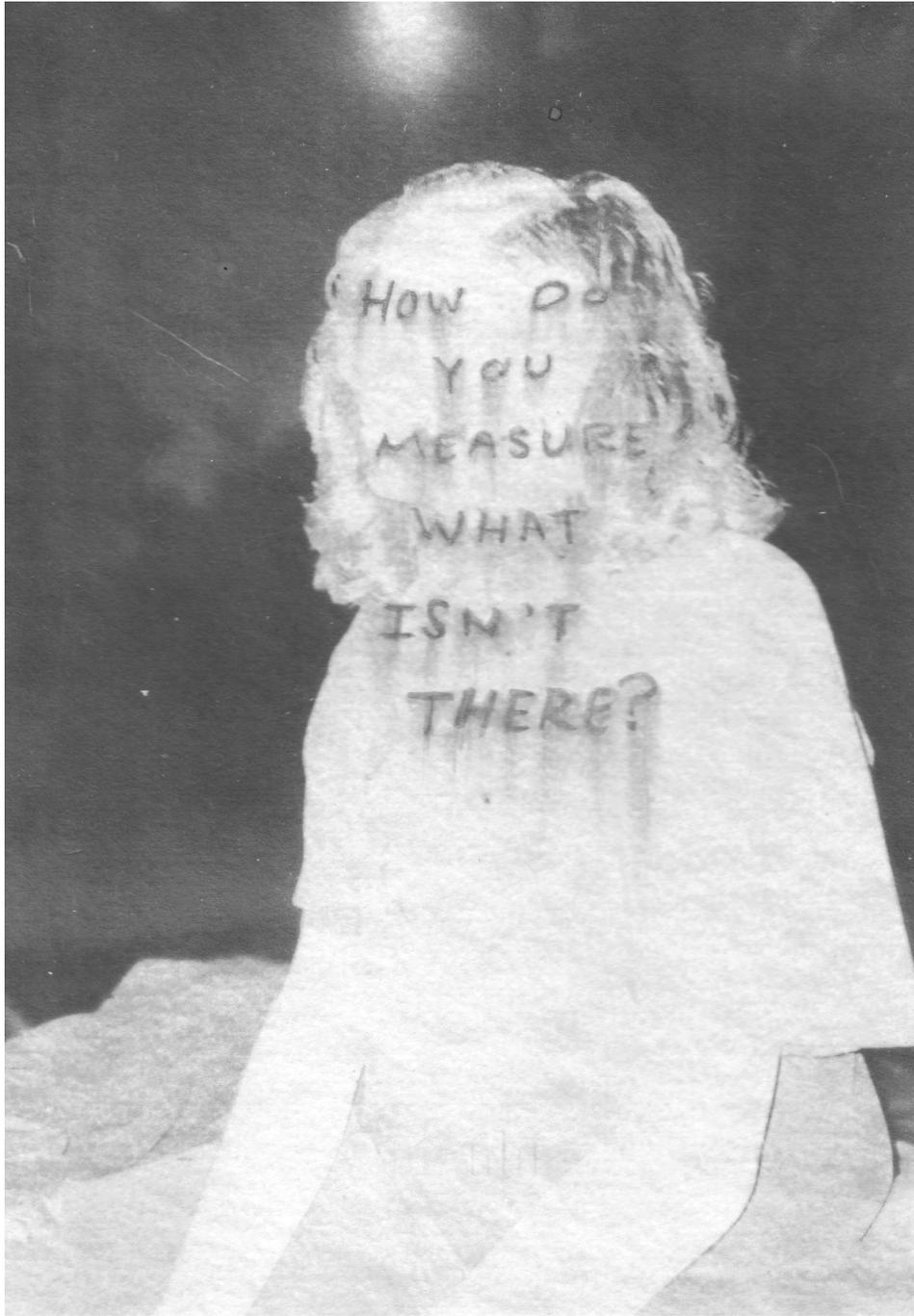
Unhoused STL
Instagram: @unhousedstl
Venmo/CashApp: @UnhousedSTL

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

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

Owl pellet

Earthworm



by Laura Tipton



by Denise Trull

Dust of broken homes

by Mac C.

She;s got no broken bones
but her groans have set the tone,
what was she thinking?

Appreciation swept under the rug
between protection and destruction.

Shielding baby girls
from the men allowed into their home,
shards of glass crunched under our feet.

I wish it was so simple.

I heard her father would chug them back,
his children scurried as the headlights beamed
the brothers took the fight.

Classic story of a man
too enhanced with his own regrets,
open wounds sitting knees down in the pews.

Where are my memories?
stuffed in a box under my bed
three little girls in catholic school skirts.

I;m sorry I could not become holy.

The ice melts and I;m sinking
into the slush mix of
hidden stories and white lies.

Trying to find the strings to attach to which needles,
morning comes and I clasp my cross

around my collar bones.

You will never know a soul
who chooses not to be known.

dear reader,

AHHH!!! sorry you fuckin scared me! but there's nothing scary about this. this is a moment that you can't easily forget. this is a moment that exists outside of the parameters of things you can be afraid of. this is a moment of comfort. the words and images assembled in this booklet are the sacred item used by the protagonist to banish the evil within. obviously!!! if you finish absorbing the wisdom contained in this zine, spread the moment to your community, your friends, your family, your enemies!! so put down the gun and get ready to embrace the love and beauty of the voice of st. louis missouri, fall 2022.

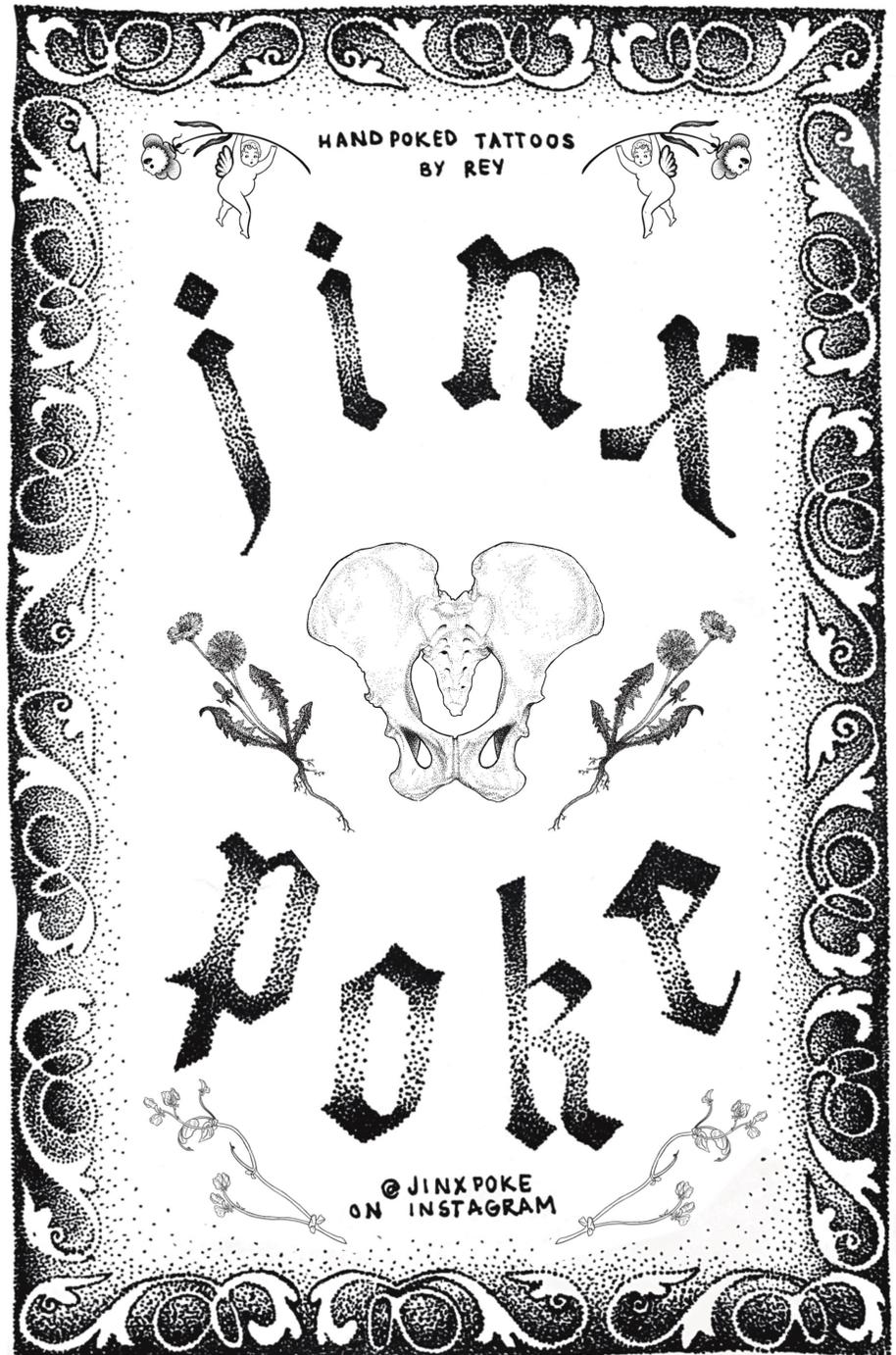
*With love,
A moment*

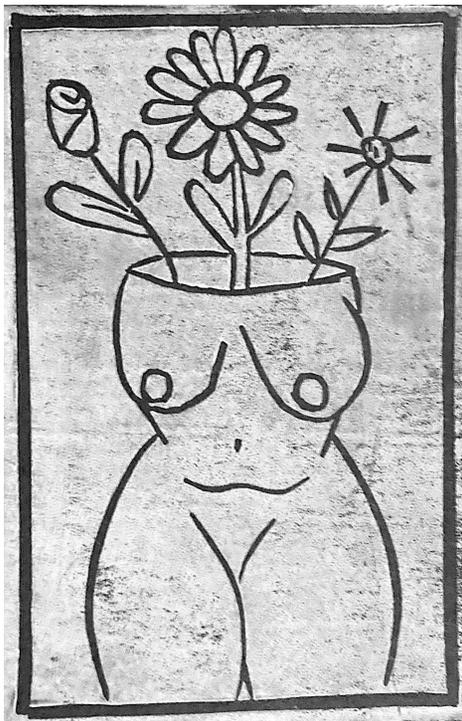
YAAAS

~~~~~  
if you were a ghost who/what would you  
haunt ??

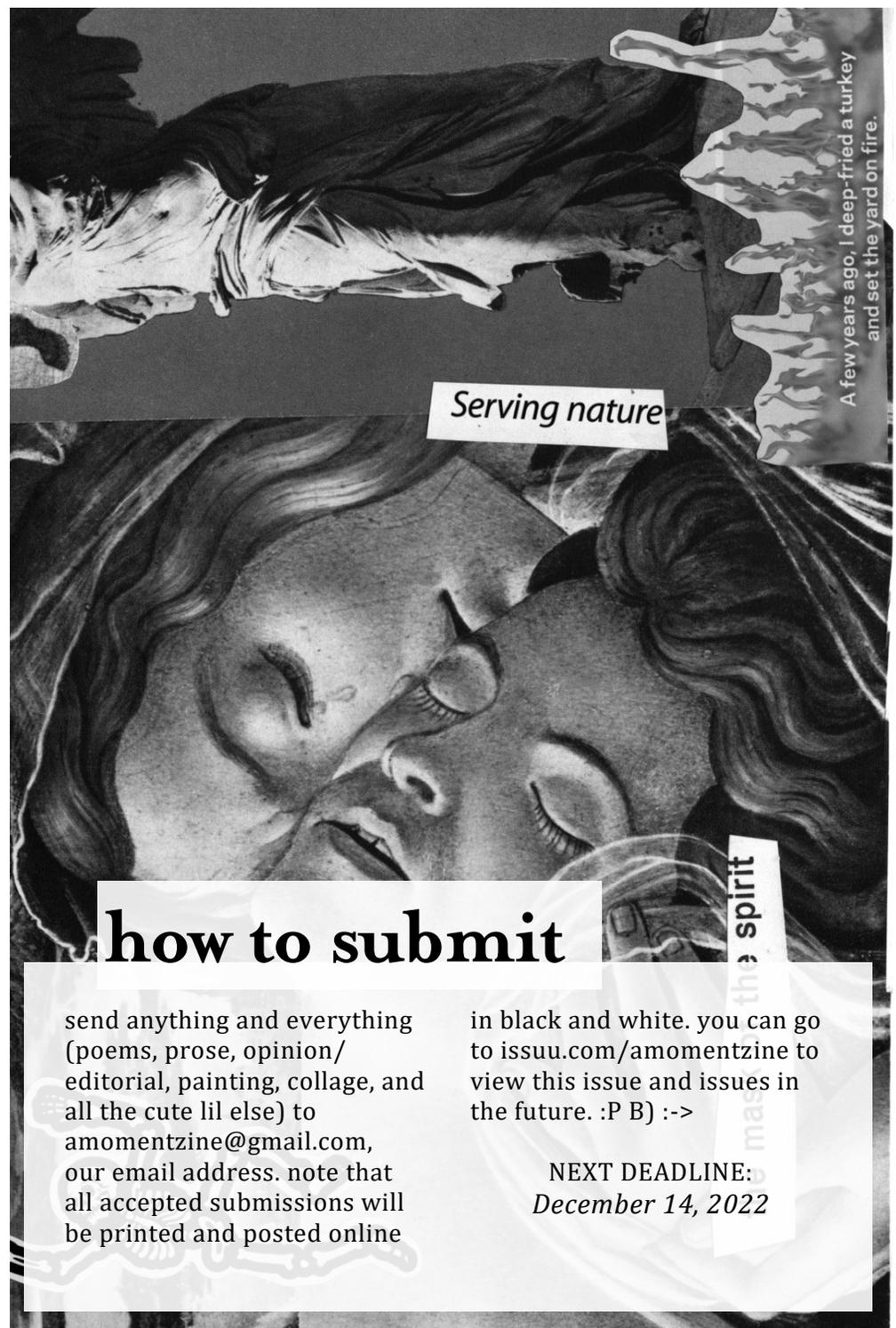
olli~ : the ghost ghosted me ,,,  
mere: that holy spirit, they have it comin  
rowen: my dog who will live forever  
lesley: the underground arch  
emmy: the girl reading this  
evelyn: tbd

Art and magic





by Lu Ray



Serving nature

A few years ago, I deep-fried a turkey and set the yard on fire.

## how to submit

send anything and everything (poems, prose, opinion/ editorial, painting, collage, and all the cute lil else) to [amomentzine@gmail.com](mailto: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](http://issuu.com/amomentzine) to view this issue and issues in the future. :P B) :->

NEXT DEADLINE:  
December 14, 2022

the spirit



with contributions from! - - - -

laura tipton

mac c.

denise trull

olli sure

mere harrach

colleen (beth) (beef) cromer

mad green

mariah dover

thom mattek

ray leisure

alison notter

bren solis

lily tender

bren solis

lu ray

rey

cover art by rowen conry

Otherwise, though, you are of course completely correct that if a romantic partner experiences any confusion, uncertainty, or changes in their understanding of their sexuality, it's grounds to suspect that they're being dishonest with you about every single other aspect of their life. *Once, I broke up with a boyfriend of five months because he told me he was starting to enjoy head more than anal lately. I still miss that dick sometimes, but that was extremely sus. What kind of person would change their mind about anal? If he couldn't be honest with me about something as simple as hole preference, then how could I trust his word about anything? He could be a serial killer or a libertarian for all I knew. So I snuck out the back door and drove away into the night, abandoning him at my parents' house. That Thanksgiving was the last time I ever saw*

him.

Anyway, what I'm saying is, research whether this waifu relationship is actually straight or not, and if it is, *immediately break up with your secretly straight libertarian serial killer boyfriend! Ghost him, if possible.*

Suffering from shitty sex or ruminating on a rancid relationship? Drop me a line at: [~ lilytendersexmender@gmail.com ~](mailto:lilytendersexmender@gmail.com) - and I'll expertly answer your questions in my next column! I'd also like to thank Liv Rose for taking my cats to their yoga classes for me this week so that I'd have time to write this column. Thanks readers, and Get Fucked!

## STL Show Page!

**Do you have a show coming up?**

**Want to check out some local music?**

Check out [stlshowpage.com](http://stlshowpage.com) to see a list of upcoming local artist's shows or list your band's show. It's a great, free community resource~

unsuspecting new family. Avoid mentioning your reason for surrendering him so that you can give him the best chance possible! If you're really lucky, this might be one-stop shopping if they've got a blind dog there that day!

Now, maybe you won't be able to get your girlfriend on board at all. In that case, my secondary recommendation would be to get an invisible fence style shock collar and configure it to give the dog a painful electrical jolt whenever he approaches within five feet of the bed. However, given the perverted nature of this dog, such a potentially masochistic solution might only be throwing fuel on the fire. Gods know an electrified collar has never stopped me from watching a couple have sex.

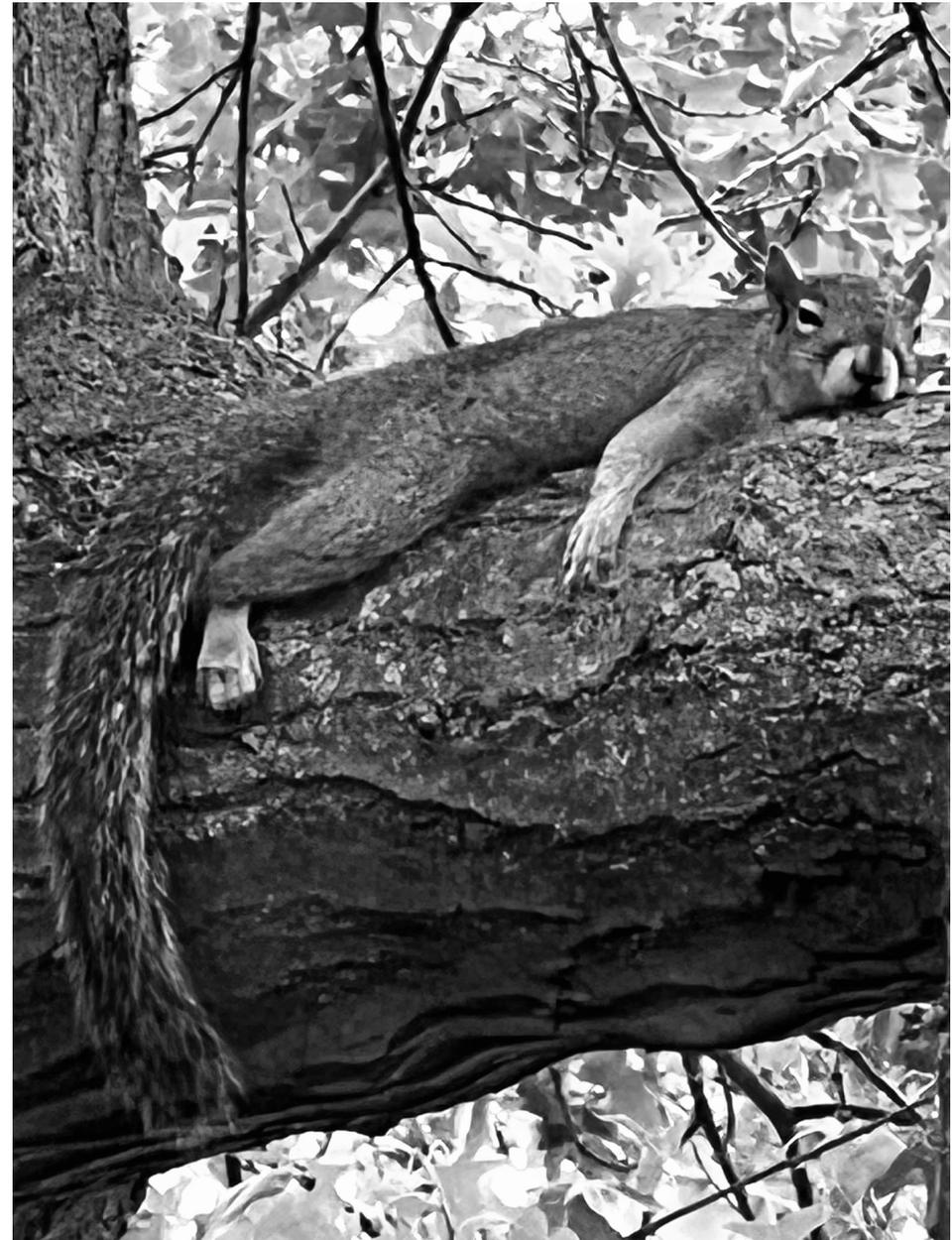
*Dear Lily,*

*I love reading your column but I never thought I'd be the one writing to you! Something happened to me recently that shook me to my core. I was hanging out at my boyfriend's place while he was at work because I didn't feel like going home because my roommate is a fucking stupid bitch. I thought I would tidy up his room as a little favor to him - BIG mistake! Under his bed I found something shocking: a cummy-smelling anime body pillow! I have no problem with body pillows or a*

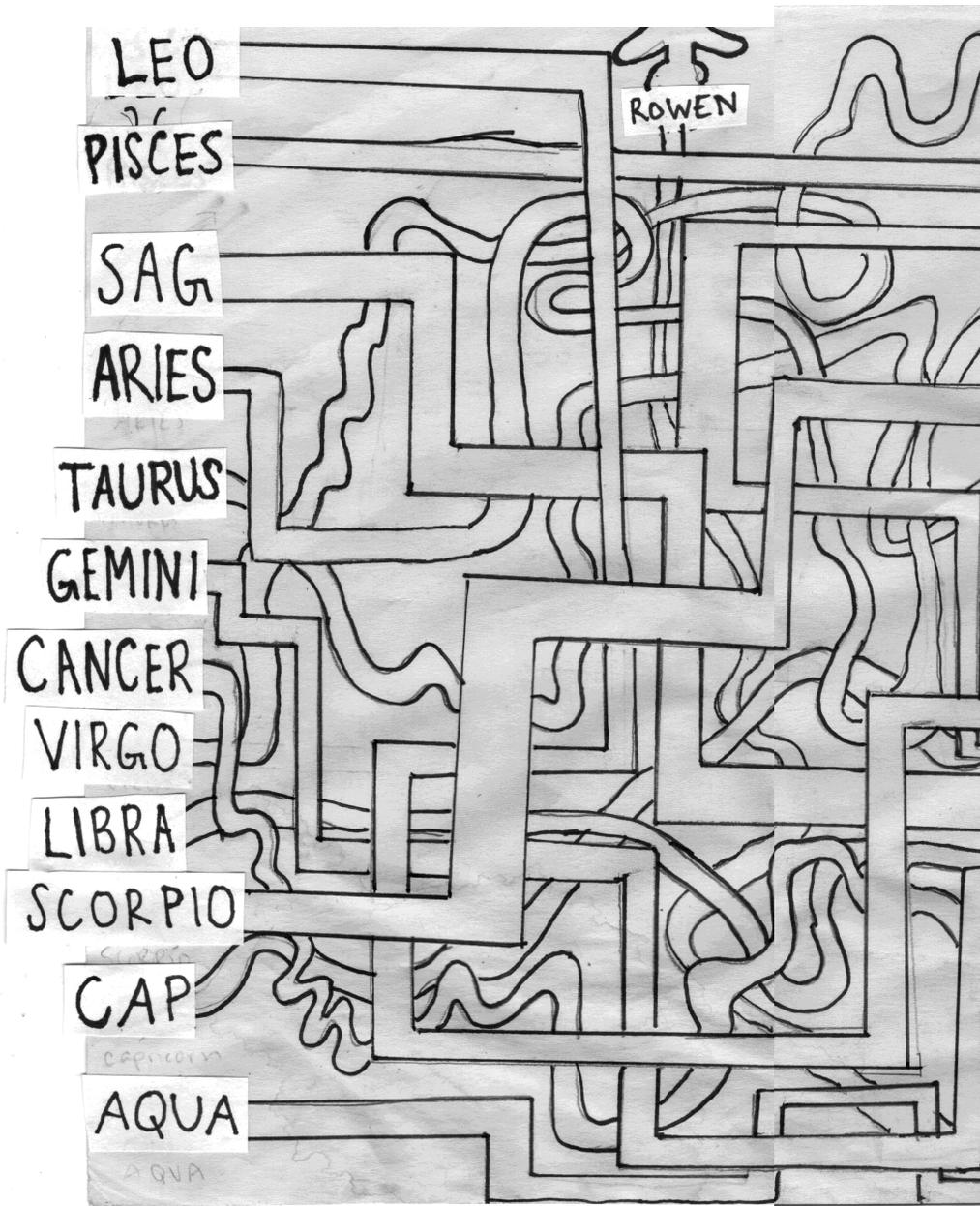
*reasonable amount of cum smell. But what fucks me up is this. The waifu on my boyfriend's pillow is a GIRL! With huge hentai bimbo titties! My boyfriend has always, always described himself as totally, completely, 100% homosexual. Like seven out of six on the Kinsey scale. I know there's technically nothing wrong with being straight. And there's hardly anything wrong with being bisexual. But I can't stop asking myself, if he's hiding this load-stained hetero waifu from me, what else could he be hiding about himself??? I haven't brought it up to him yet because I just don't know what to say. I feel like I don't even know who he is anymore. Lily, please help me!!! What should I do???*

*-Suspecting Surreptitious Straightness in the Central West End*

It's a good thing you came to me first before saying anything to your man, Central West End! There's still a chance that this is all a big misunderstanding and you can rest easy. If you're not a big anime fan, you may not be aware that it is scientifically impossible to visually determine the gender of any anime character. Do some research and try to determine who this waifu is and what anime they're from. If they're from Jojo's or some shit, it might just be an unusual character design or a guy with huge breasts. It's possible you have nothing to worry about!



*by Denise Trull*



it. Especially at first, focus on saying partner when they're actually with you. Say whatever you want when they're not around. What they don't know won't hurt them!

So there you go, Gravois! With these two simple tricks in hand, you can go about your day carefree, knowing you've done your part to accommodate your partner's nonbinary identity. Regarding your last question, fret not. While some nonbinary people do desire surgical treatments to treat gender dysphoria, the odds that they have good enough insurance are slim, so you're probably fine not worrying about it for now.

Hey Lily,

I'm afraid this is a silly question. But every time I go over to my girlfriend's apartment to hook up, I end up having the same problem. We start making out, things get hot and heavy, and we move to the bed. But then her dog follows us onto the bed and he won't stop staring at me. Usually I try to go down on her, but I can't focus because every time I glance up the dog is staring at me from the other end of the bed. Just staring at me. I don't think my girlfriend even noticed at first, but when I mentioned it, she just laughed and threw a blanket over his head. It doesn't help, though. I can still feel his eyes on me. It's a studio apartment so we can't put him out of the room or

anything, and my girlfriend says it would be too mean to lock him up in the bathroom. How can I solve this problem and eat my girl out in peace?!

-Can't Carpet-Much  
Cause of Canine by Carondelet Park

I think we can knock this one out pretty quickly, Carondelet. Not the dog. Although come to think of it, have you tried a sedative? But no, my first recommendation is easy: simply rehome the troublesome pup! That way, you two can have your privacy and the dog doesn't have to be locked in the bathroom or sedated. It might take some convincing to get your girlfriend to see this as a win-win. But relationships are all about compromise. If she seems resistant, suggest finding a new home for the current dog, then adopting a new dog who is blind or terrified of sex. Obviously, the best option for your puppy voyeur's new home would be with trusted friends whom you already know. But that might be a hard sell to people who have already presumably heard you complain about your awful pervert dog. You can find a Humane Society of Missouri location at 1201 Macklind Avenue near the Forest Park area (make it a day trip and go canoeing in the park if your girlfriend needs cheering up!). These helpful folks can take in your unwanted dog and hopefully adopt him back out to an

# Fuck Me Tender

with Lily Tender <3

Dear Lily,

Last week, my girlfriend came out to me as a non-binary. I want to support her, but I'm always terrified of saying the wrong thing because she's really sensitive. I'm a nice guy, I totally support the LGBT community, but I never know how to respond when she says weird stuff like "My pronouns are they them." I always tell her not to worry because she looks pretty today, but that doesn't seem to work because she keeps telling me the pronoun thing. I just don't understand this gender stuff because I've never had to worry about it, and I'm concerned that she might keep talking about it. How can I make my non-binary girlfriend feel better about her gender without having to change anything about our relationship? Also, non binary isn't the kind of trans that gets surgery, right?

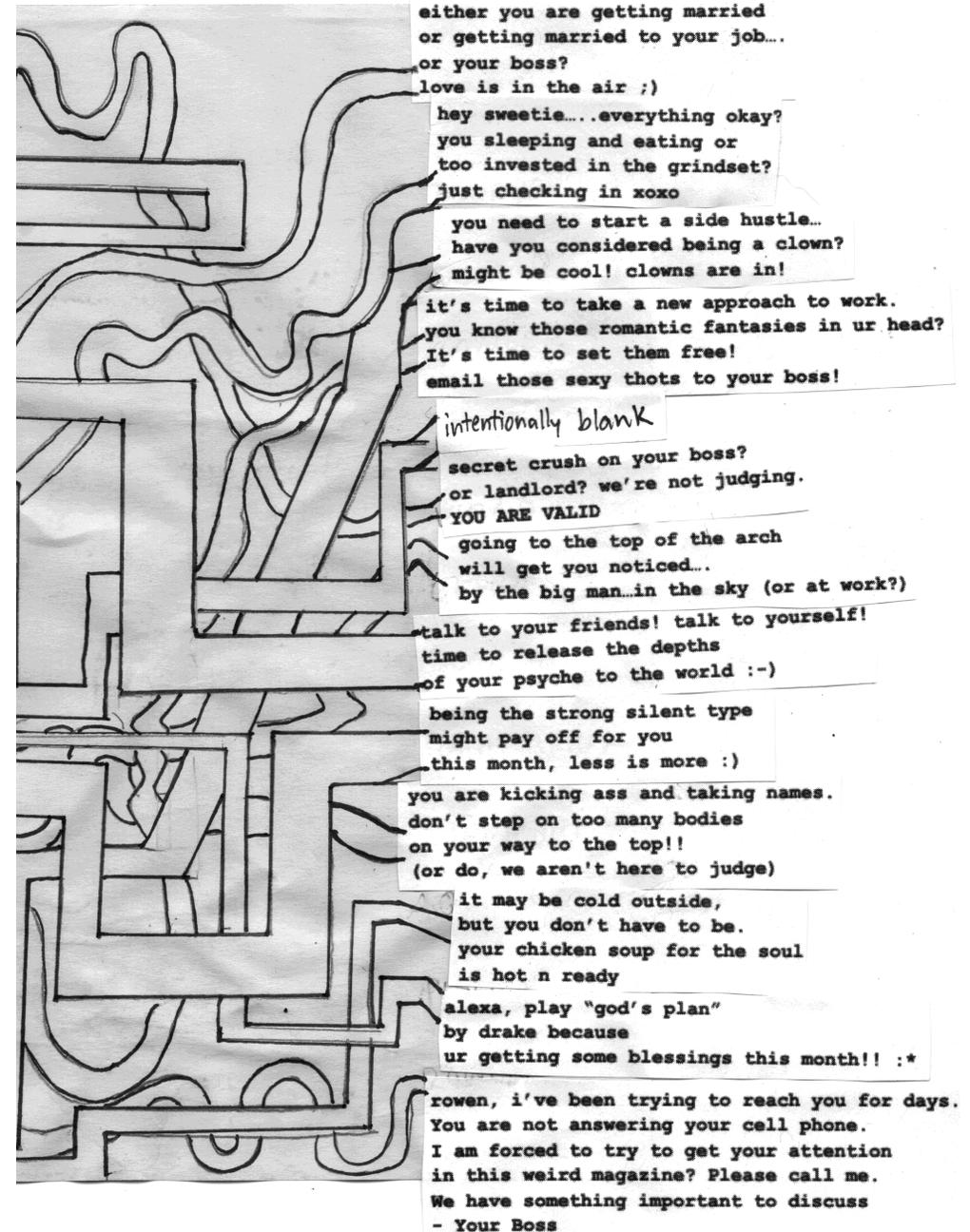
-Gendering my Girlfriend on Gravois

I want to thank you for being such a supportive boyfriend and going above and beyond by learning about your partner's obscure gender.

Don't you worry! I've got all the info you need to understand a nonbinary identity well enough to placate her. I mean them.

We'll start there - with pronouns! You may not even know what pronouns are if you've never had to worry about them before. Don't worry about learning lots of grammar! All you have to do is remember that every time you want to say *she*, say *they* instead. Every time you want to say *her*, say *them* or *oops*, *shit*, I mean *THEM*. The key is to apologize loudly any time you get it wrong. Don't be afraid to project your voice! Demonstrating to everyone in the room how sorry you are shows your partner how much you care about playing along with their gender journey.

You might be confused as to why I've used the word *partner* several times. "But Lily," you're thinking, "I'm not gay, not that there's anything wrong with that, how can I have a 'partner?'" Well, *partner* isn't just for gays anymore! Now even cisgender heterosexuals are opening their eyes to its ambiguous powers. Use it as a convenient smokescreen to avoid the word *girlfriend* if they start looking teary-eyed whenever you say



**"poem for the hacker who owns my account"**

[aug 26 2022] by Olli Sure

I'm the girl who remembers what you talked about the other day

at this garden party among the spring-colored flowers  
people sit in a perfect circle and spoon feed cold soup to one another  
your hot tattoo choker is burning an impression on your neck, people  
start to forget that you didn't have it there to begin with

do you remember when you wanted what you have now?

single female protagonist

only female character

primary female love interest

w/ 3 lines

I know you wish this was an avant-garde poetry experience

I know you wish this was a social experiment that got carried away

the Russian hacker who owns your art now isn't thinking about the  
spirit of the feeling of the moment

he's probably just thinking about credit card expiration dates



*Selfie in (Purple) Highlighter Marker 9.30.22 by Bren Solis*



by Alison Notter/randomartz95

**“On manifesting”  
and  
“chain of event poem”**

[dec 18 2021,  
aug 2 2021] by Olli Sure

on manifesting/ the cosmic power of wanting something so bad / that  
you that you could that you would that you that you said that you could  
that you would do anything

/ a city is a hell of a place to be from / this city is a hell / of a place to  
get told by a man standing three feet from your car / at a gas station /  
that "you still turn me on" / as if this is something you're worried  
about / remaining something consumable / or remaining something  
worth looking at

lymph node drainage / reprogramming synapses / synapseese (sp?) /  
brb having jawline dysphoria / leaning forward now posture dysphoria  
/ head too big dysphoria / hair looks like a hat dysphoria / having  
another moment / "nothing is coming down" / and stuff / and like /  
stuff / sorry / i cant get my ponytail any higher than this

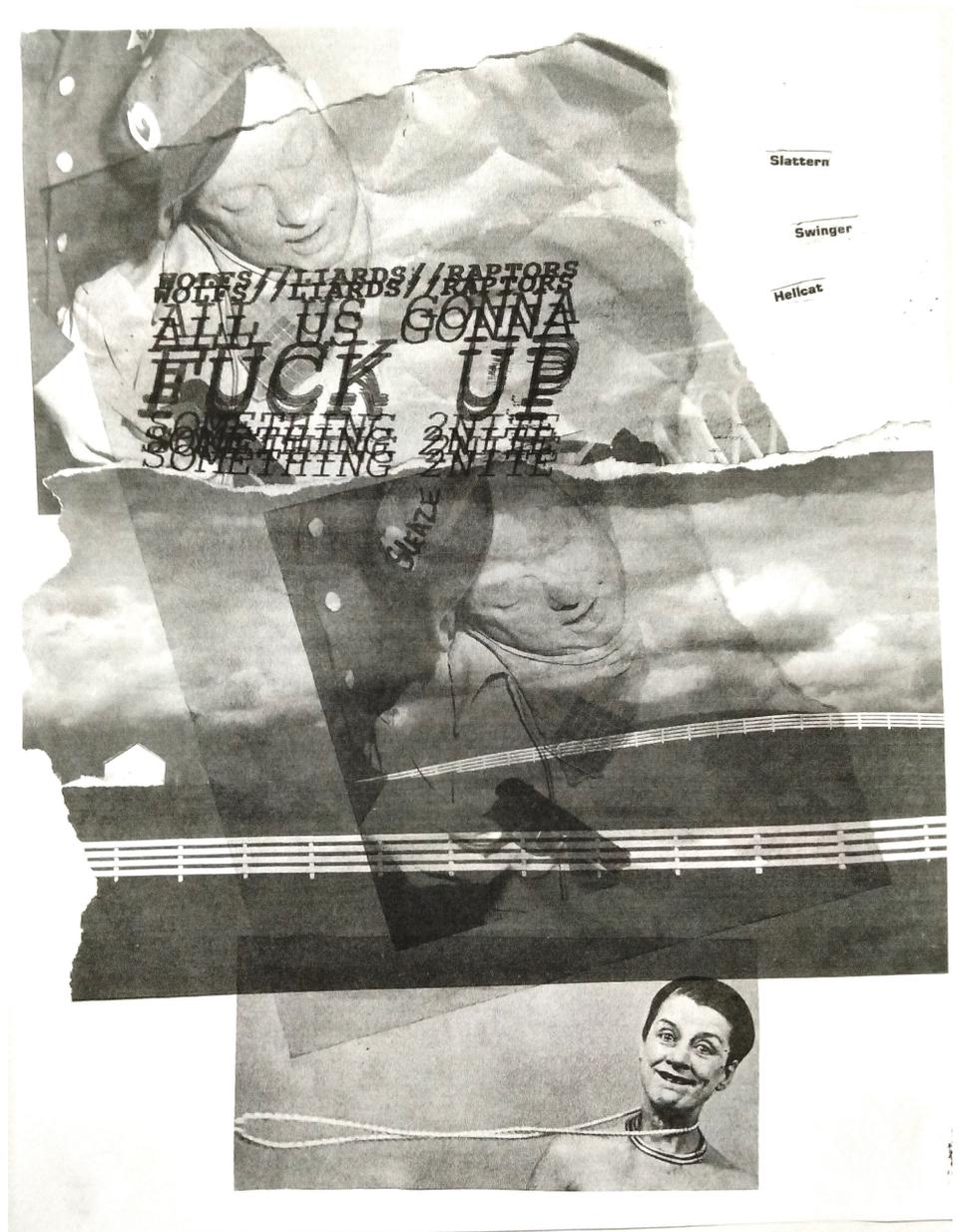
## Bruised Knee, Wet Shoe

by Mere Harrach

The cat's been outside this morning  
I can smell the autumn rainwater on her  
the damp air and the damp rain  
the damp front porch, the damp ceiling  
leaks now  
all held together by rosehead nails  
landlord paint job  
I carried myself down the fire escape  
Broken cast iron gap  
almost dropping my golly, gee,  
and my willikers  
Carrying the speakers to my car  
with a headache  
thinking about how plants can take a hint  
and this year *we're doing fall the right way*

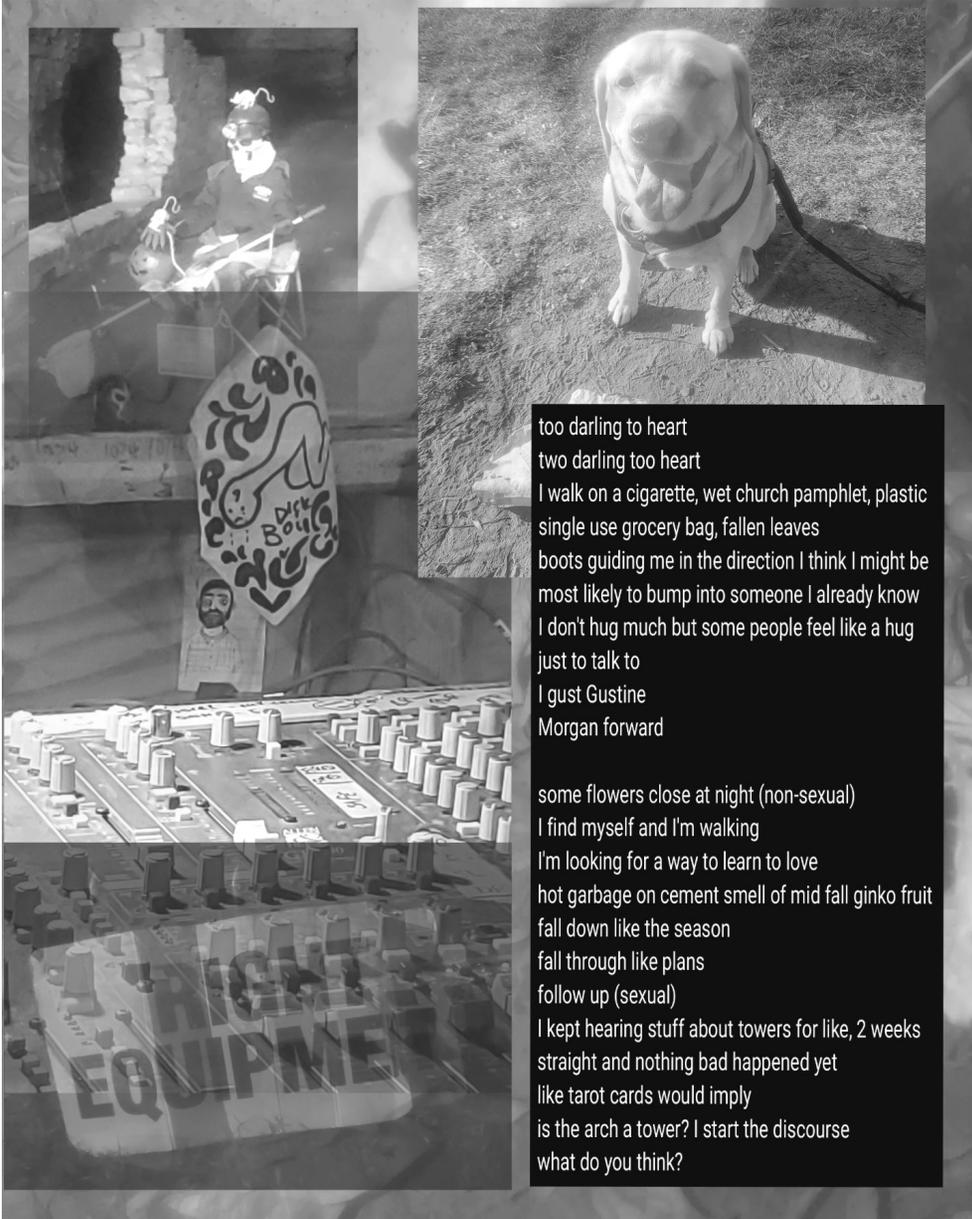
I tumble one event into the next,  
giving myself several concussions per weekend  
I fell from a wood platform and hurled my metal waterbottle into the  
sticker thicket  
(see you again in the literal dead of winter)  
right after we realized all we could hear was owls and tree wind  
some frogs and people all laughing together in a tunnel  
And right after my friend reminded us how stars taste like D batteries,  
and spice level 8 can taste like spice level 10  
and spice level 10 can taste like  
Trying too hard now to remember the waiter's jokes  
something about sucking it all down

When we get back to the poetry we left at home  
it's dark and I forget to say I love you guys, but I think it real loud  
and I am ready to see bricks in a new light again



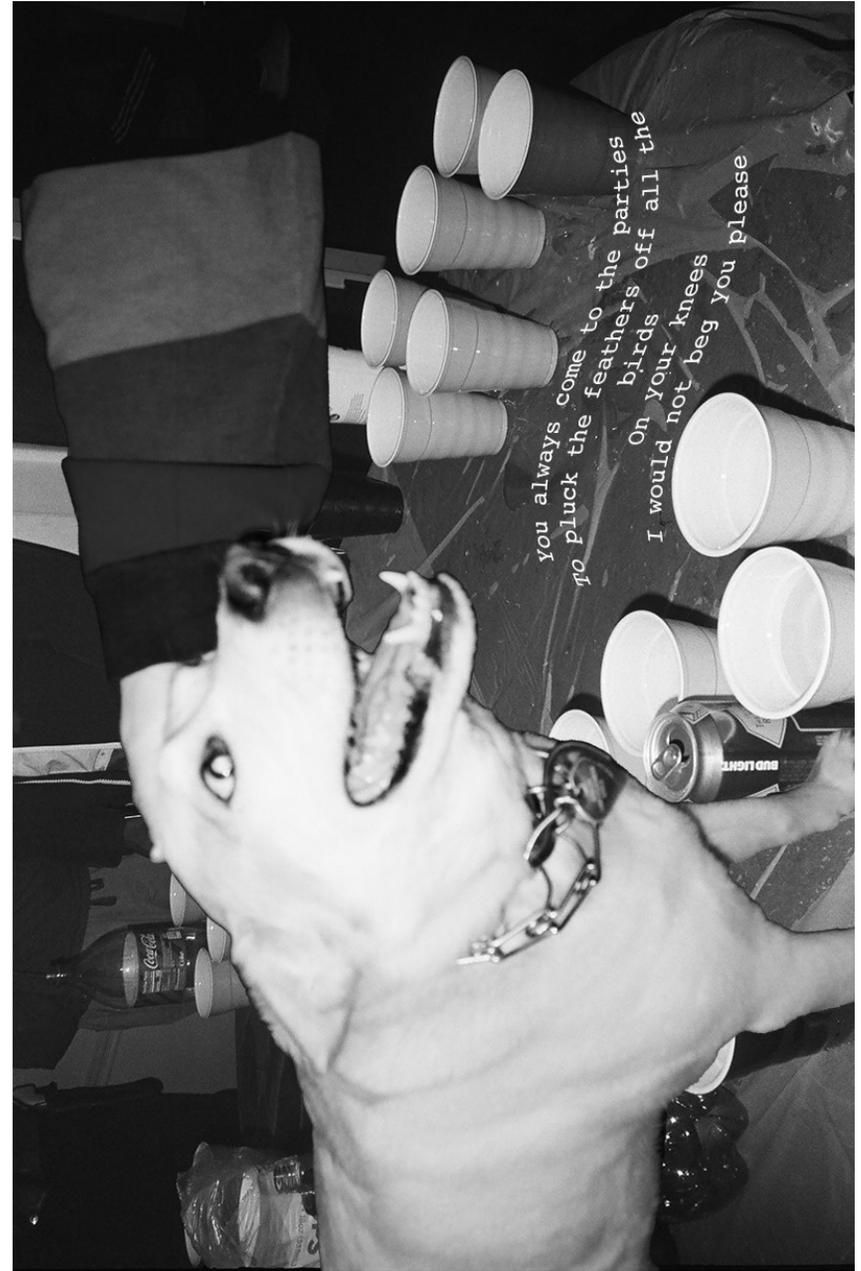
*Manifesto Page III by Ray Leisure*

*towers by mere harrach*



too darling to heart  
two darling too heart  
I walk on a cigarette, wet church pamphlet, plastic  
single use grocery bag, fallen leaves  
boots guiding me in the direction I think I might be  
most likely to bump into someone I already know  
I don't hug much but some people feel like a hug  
just to talk to  
I gust Gustine  
Morgan forward

some flowers close at night (non-sexual)  
I find myself and I'm walking  
I'm looking for a way to learn to love  
hot garbage on cement smell of mid fall ginko fruit  
fall down like the season  
fall through like plans  
follow up (sexual)  
I kept hearing stuff about towers for like, 2 weeks  
straight and nothing bad happened yet  
like tarot cards would imply  
is the arch a tower? I start the discourse  
what do you think?



you always come to the parties  
to pluck the feathers off all the  
birds  
On your knees  
I would not beg you please

*master of none by Colleen (Beth) (Beef) Cromer*



by Mad Green  
(from a series called  
Constructive Criticisms for the  
Developing Mind)

and instructed me in the style  
it will be a good day  
storms on the horizon to chase  
clouds rise forth, driven by rivers of air overhead  
I have done this 1000 times.  
Daggers are stared in ways I'm not used to  
A dozen red kanjis over my head  
undeflectable  
undodgeable

I am polite as always  
nothing about me has changed  
it was always so easy to float through these  
spaces  
so why now?  
from two pieces of cloth?  
do I feel hostile eyes lock on  
the funny thing about betraying masculinity  
is you also forfeit that protection  
respect  
and honour  
there is no way to fight an opponent  
who uses a blade of exclusion  
whispers  
and excludes you from a game that  
until a year ago  
you didn't realize you were playing  
if you do fight  
you have no honour  
I know I can win any duel,  
I am too tall and too strong for  
them to keep me down  
but they will not fight with honour  
like any faggot before me  
they will feel no hesitation to fight dirty  
one opponent can be bested or stalled

but even the greatest fighters in the world  
cannot fight 4, or 5, or 6 men  
attacking all at once  
and so I finish checking out  
and cheerfully wish the cashier a good rest of his day  
but he  
does not look me in the eye.

## Untitled Poem

by Thom Mattek

clash of swords sounds  
in a game I've been playing  
it stars a Samurai who chases  
after his young lord  
kid napped and forced to use his divine  
blood  
to power evil men  
35+ hours so far  
with each try  
and each death  
I get better  
computer NPCs always have controlled reactions  
they are predictable  
and even the unpredictability  
follows a script  
a spray of blood  
kanji overhead signals threats  
jump over it  
block each strike  
They lock on to you and you feel it  
but you cannot win against many opponents  
so you must run and hide, regroup, draw them into groups of 1 and 2 to  
kill the weak ones  
But your strong opponents?  
They will honor you, fighting one on one  
blade to blade  
and before they strike to kill,  
they will lock eyes with yours  
walking into a gas station in Macon Missouri  
dress draped around me  
like a warrior's robe  
I felt good this morning  
as my girlfriend put on a cute grey top over it

CC

by Mac C.

your body laid with flowers crowned  
matching the orange gleaming high  
a color shared with your lover  
creativity, joy, warmth

the day your body went under  
tears fell from angels  
turning to ice under our  
worn out tires

freezing my fingers  
still  
holding on

we're never meant to understand the timing  
of a life leaving this realm  
there's no left turn  
to a reality where you're here

I remember the day you told me  
you'd been waiting a long time  
to know what our lips felt like touching

I hope it felt warm for you.  
I hope you felt the orange hues.  
I hope to see you in the next.

July 2, 2022

on a precipice of Possibles.

At peace in a time of  
looming war.

Hold these pieces.

The bigger picture is distorted

A calm mind can  
See clearly.

Can work patiently.

Spiritual warfare is raging.

As above. So below.

Spirit descends  
into matter.

Hold Focus.

Practice.

Forget

Remember

Wake up

Forget

Remember

Wake up

Remember

Forget

Wake up

Remember

Cry Rain

TRUST

Feel Wake up