

# a moment

the new stl zine | winter 2023



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>



To the Student  
The following assumptions have been made:

**Y**ou get a lot of different looks from  
people when you're out walking.

we plant the  
seeds of enormous

**Tomorrow**

*T*here is a tender magic

A slate roof is extremely attractive,





# dear reader,

*the year is 2023. IN: missed connections. OUT: drama!!! we are moving into a new time frame and a new lens of noticing moments. this issue of A MOMENT™ (stl's hottest newest zine) contains writing, art, and experiences collected from winter 2022/23. both the last and first moments, an epilogue/prologue of a medium size midwest town's struggle to stay warm amid the crushing weight of social-media capitalism. it's incredible!!! to be alive in 2023 and witness the shifting paradigms of art, love, sex, creation. please read this issue with the love and sanctity it deserves, and when it has given you everything and taken nothing, leave it somewhere the next protagonist can find it.*

*with love in 2023,  
a moment*



**YOU ARE READING "A MOMENT ZINE"**

## 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~

**THIS HAS BEEN "A MOMENT ZINE" THANK YOU FOR READING THANK YOU FOR CONTINUING TO BE AMAZING THANK YOU FOR THE THINGS THAT YOU ARE FOR YOURSELF AND THE LITTLE BITS OF GOOD THAT COME OUT OF YOU ALL THE TIME. SEE YA !!!!!**

# WINTER HOROSCOPES

BY LESLEY  
+ EVELYN

**ARIES** IT'S TIME TO BE REAL! (ABOUT YOUR INFLUENCE)  
THE HIVE MIND IS NOT JUST A CONSPIRACY

**TAURUS** YOU NEED TO SPEND SOME SERIOUS ALONE  
TIME WITH YOUR THOUGHTS. CRAZY HOW  
THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD INSIDE YOU.

**GEMINI** YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE GOOD AT EVERY  
THING. SOMETIMES THINGS DO NOT  
NEED TO HAVE A PURPOSE TO BE  
FULFILLING.

**CANCER** LEARNING IS GOOD. YOU MIGHT EVEN  
LEARN SOMETHING REALLY COOL ABOUT  
YOURSELF... SOON.

**LEO** WHO DO YOU WANT AT YOUR FRIEND FRIDAY?  
WHO DO YOU WANT TO BEAT YOUR FRIEND  
FRIDAY?

**VIRGO** NO MORE PEOPLE PLEASING. YOU SHOULD  
PLEASE YOURSELF :).

**LIBRA** MAYBE YOU DON'T NEED TO THINK EVERYTHING  
THROUGH. FOLLOW THAT GUT GIRL!

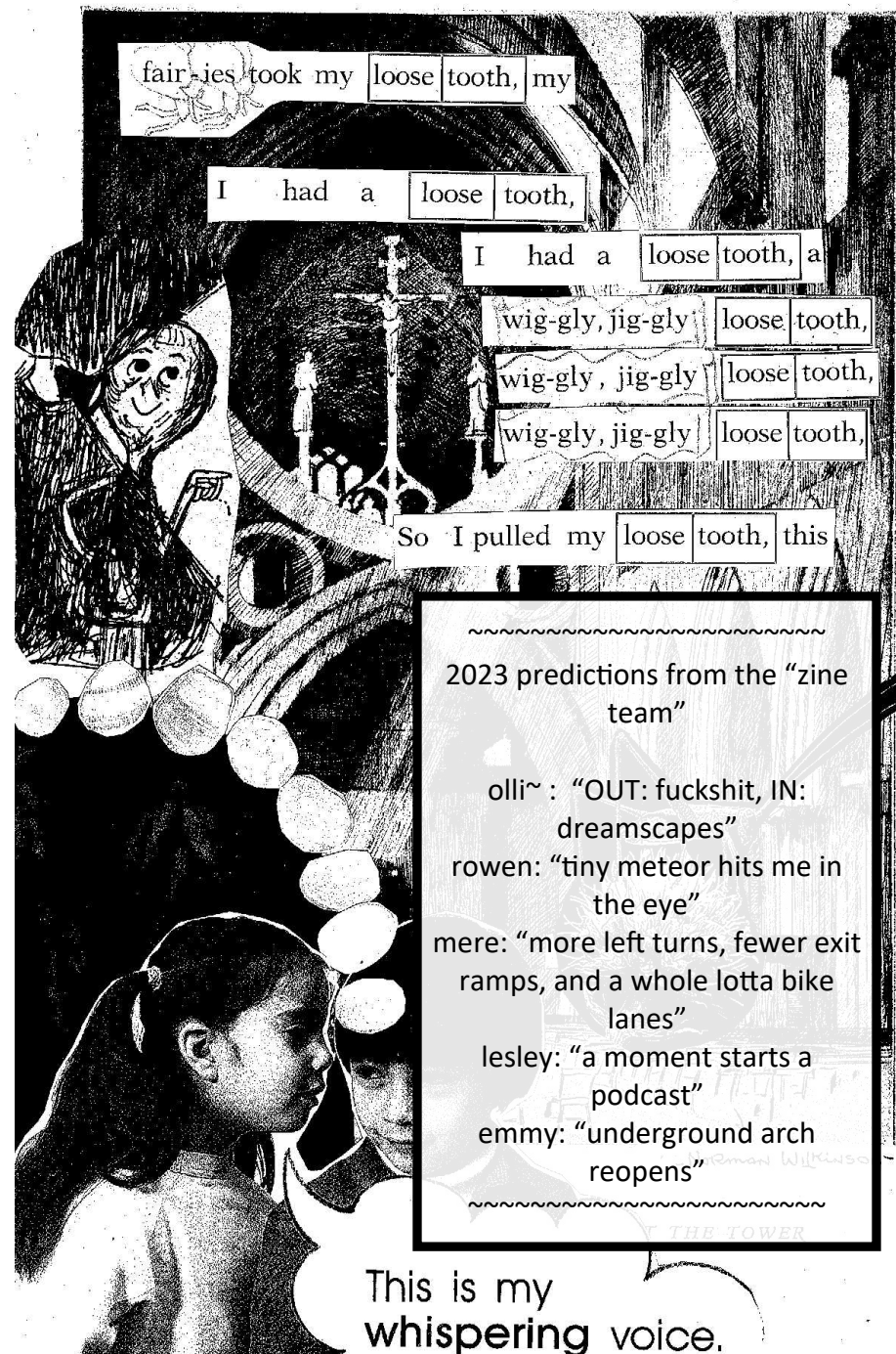
**SCORPIO** BUY A PLANNER. YOU ARE IN CONTROL OF  
YOUR DESTINY.

**SAG.** GIRL PUT THOSE RECORDS ON, MAYBE WRITE  
A LITTLE SONG :)

**CAPRICORN** THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK. THERE'S  
NO UNDO BUTTON IN REAL LIFE. #DEEP

**AQUARIUS** TIME TO PUT YOURSELF FIRST.  
THE WORLD DOES REVOLVE AROUND  
YOU.

**PISCES** TIME TO BE OUTSIDE THE FISHBOWL.  
WE KNOW YOU'RE USED TO BEING  
INSIDE IT.



YOU ARE READING "A MOMENT ZINE"

with contributions from the  
lovely folk below:

mere harrach  
colleen (beth) (beef) cromer  
connor shelton  
graham flores  
catherine wright  
rowen conry  
olli sure  
quinn hamilton  
emmy jasper  
brendan solis  
lesley hauck  
evelyn opper

front cover: rowen conry



*batworm*  
graham flores



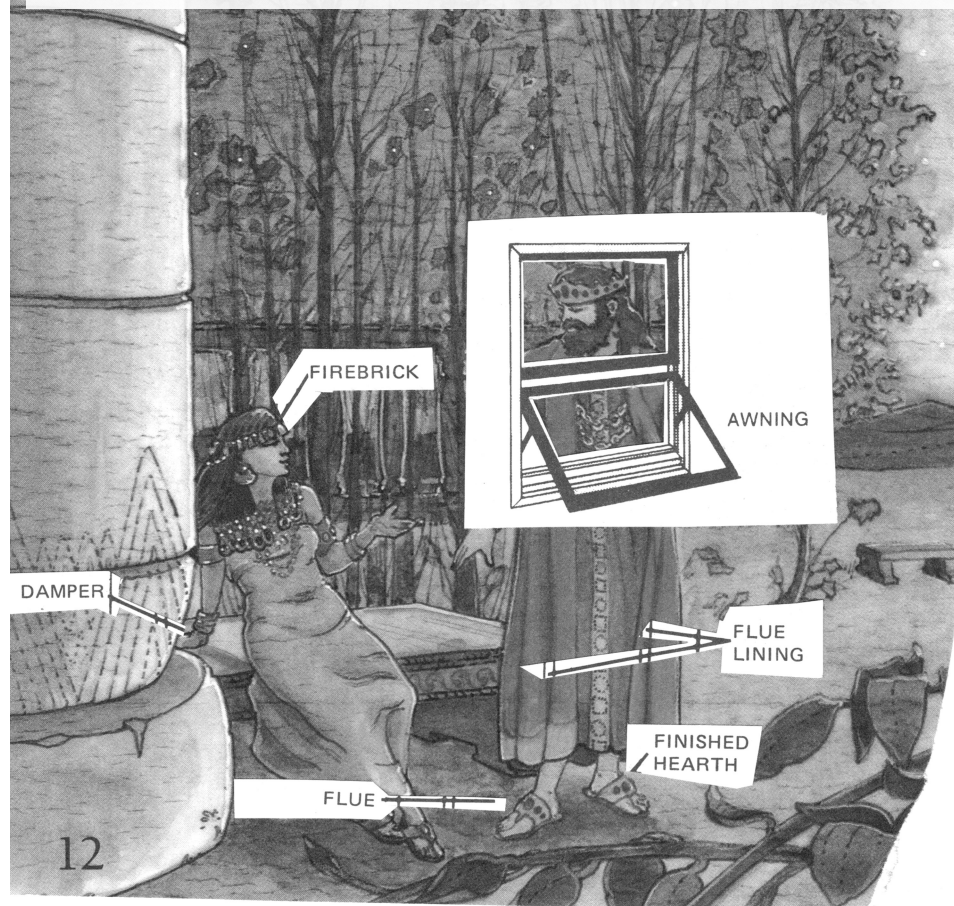
*me n josh as father time and baby new year*  
brendan solis

## 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:  
**March 4, 2023!!**



s in design,  
in  
ting

## StL albums & EP's I listened to a lot this year

by mere harrach

2022 was my first full year living in St. Louis, and I've really enjoyed getting to see and hear all of the music that's sprang forth from a lot of wonderful and creative people. These were a few of my favorite albums and singles to come out locally this year.

### Kijani Eshe // Nick G - Summer '22

Though this bedroom pop album came out in January of last year, it definitely has the feel of a summer album! It's experimental, light, and a little new-wavy. I have to dance every time I listen.

### Mosquito the original soundtrack - Mark Winter (Rotten Apple)

This tape is wavy! This concept album follows the life cycle of a mosquito and teleports the listener into first-person mosquito mode, zooming about, suckin blood, and avoiding predators. The music grooves, soars, hums, and really makes me feel like a rockin little bug.

### Zak M - The Heritage Book

I listened to this album on a lot of walks around my neighborhood this year. The jazzy, dreamy, wandering lyrical style of these songs hearken to some lieder by Schubert, but Zak M's zany poetry style makes it even more unique and exciting.

### Birdie Edge - Bloodchild

This is probably the album to have come out this year that I've listened to the most. This is real, finger style folk music from the heart. Birdie is a sorcerer and I am put into a trance every time they play. If you see them listed on a bill, go check that show out!!



crushtacean — emmy jasper

"something heavy"

olli sure

[sept 20 2022]

this place feels like a desert to everyone except u

does any place really start to feel alive before the sun goes down?

quarter circle forward light heavy kick



detached mantras

smudgy mirrors

plastic dollar store flowers

again

second thought second choice

girl

again

second night third night

again

now i'm sitting in my 2017 lime green chevy spark with no tint on the windows, air conditioning on four, bowl packed pink flowers on the rear view mirror watching the face of the person at the red light next to me as they get rear-ended

now i'm feeling something heavy  
but having trouble explaining it to you  
or understanding why i need to  
or understanding why i want to

### Eat and be Eaten

Quinn Hamilton

Bite down on my lip like you've never had an apple before.

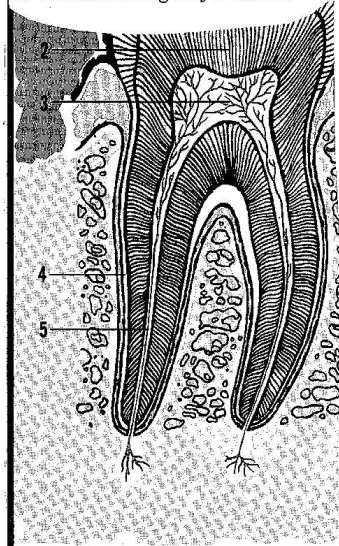
Taste me like a peach and engorge yourself in my sweetness.

Devour me like a kiwi and whisper how delicious I am.

Tease me like a handful of grapes, begging me to take a piece.

Now, let me feed on you like fresh blueberries being picked off the vine.

Are you hungry?



### Soup Activists - Medieval Soap Operas

Who doesn't love punchy drums!! The lyrics in this album are so straightforward and fun, this noisy pop album makes the listener feel like a little punk.

### Crisis Walk-ins - Walking to Balance

Walking to Balance is an ethereal and charming new wave-y album. The melodies are swoopy and the guitar teleports the listener to a dream. Their live performances are incredible too! I could listen to this band play for hours.

### Big Step - Little Sun

This single is a dance-y homage to yearning. Maybe it's the fun percussion or the endearing lyrics, but I can't help but smile when I hear this song.

### Fault - Communion

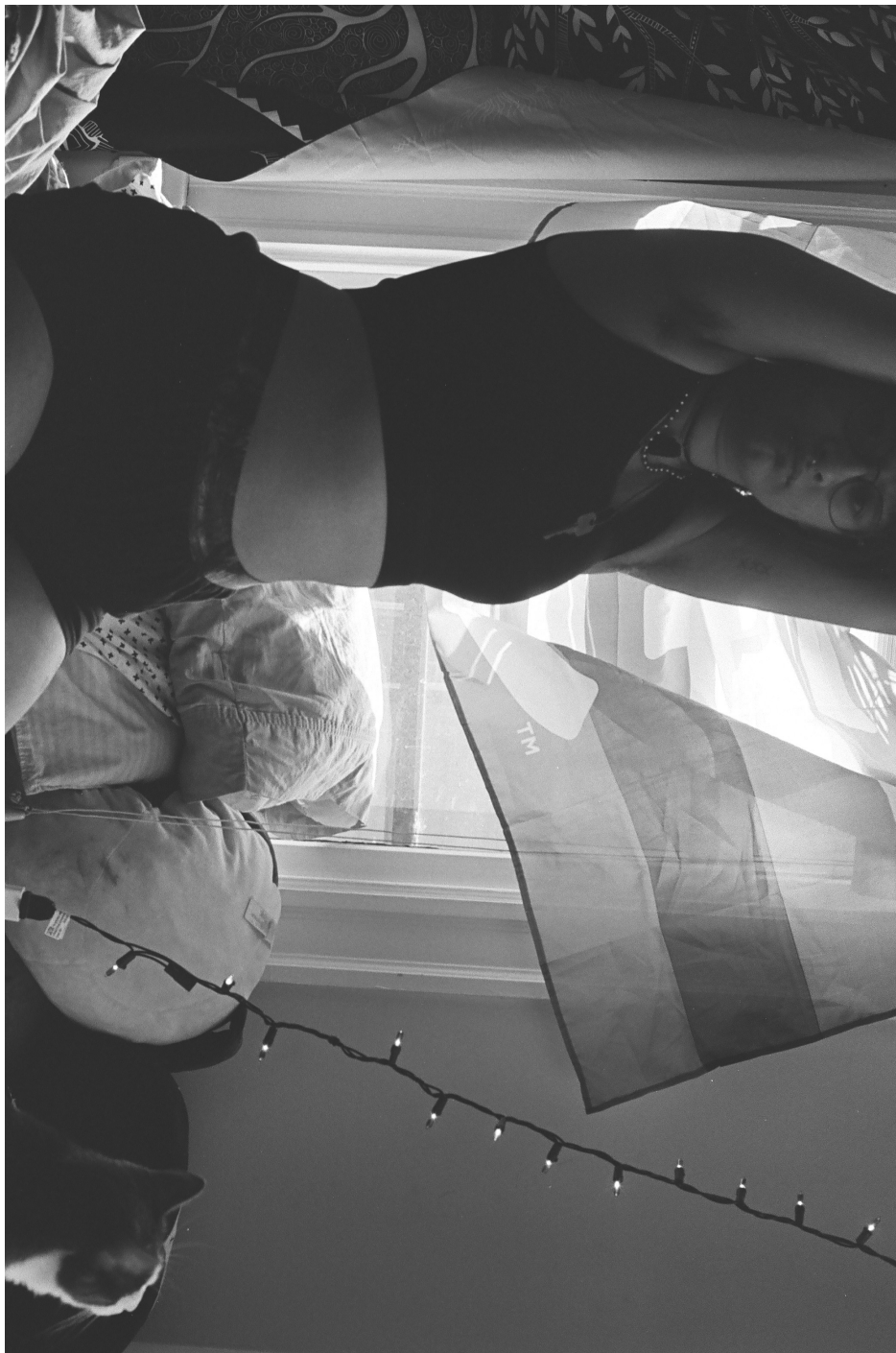
I listened to this single a lot! The synth is shimmery and diaphanous and the poetry feels like it tumbles in from a warm, echo-y ether to a soft gray pool in a cave somewhere. Also my friend made this :-)

### Punk Lady Apple - Punk Lady Apple

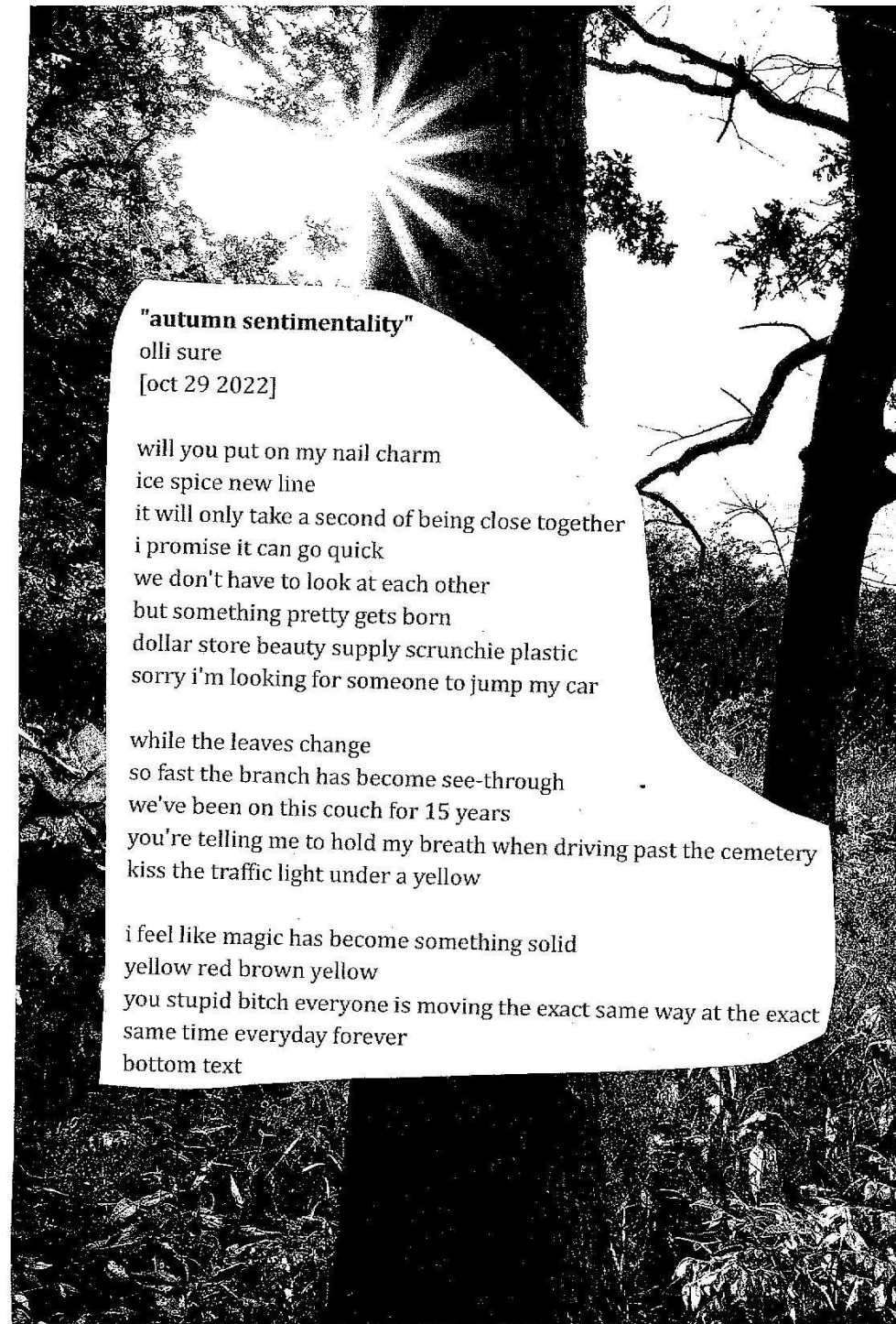
This EP is so good. I love the range in this band's sound- no genre holds them down. The tracks on this ep are mysterious, heavy, sugary, and nostalgic all woven together with warmth.

### The Mail - Time Vehicle Earth

TVE is a doomy synth-punk album that rules a lot. I don't listen to this in the car because it makes me feel like driving recklessly.



*Self-Portrait in Binder (1/2) — Colleen (Beth) (Beef) Cromer*



**"autumn sentimentality"**

olli sure

[oct 29 2022]

will you put on my nail charm  
ice spice new line  
it will only take a second of being close together  
i promise it can go quick  
we don't have to look at each other  
but something pretty gets born  
dollar store beauty supply scrunchie plastic  
sorry i'm looking for someone to jump my car

while the leaves change  
so fast the branch has become see-through  
we've been on this couch for 15 years  
you're telling me to hold my breath when driving past the cemetery  
kiss the traffic light under a yellow

i feel like magic has become something solid  
yellow red brown yellow  
you stupid bitch everyone is moving the exact same way at the exact  
same time everyday forever  
bottom text

*rowen conry's new poem — rowen conry*

fading like

**grip dawn jacket like moon little frown  
dime spin light glint, lake with reeds  
hand stretched catch wiggle state line  
plate crunch turn stairs climb  
like big rainbow mat clock battery tiny  
things up and down optimal memory bank  
form fist take vitamin liquid potroast  
magic, lake with reeds optimal memory  
heist watch battery tiny lines painkill  
wide wide field old friends standing.**

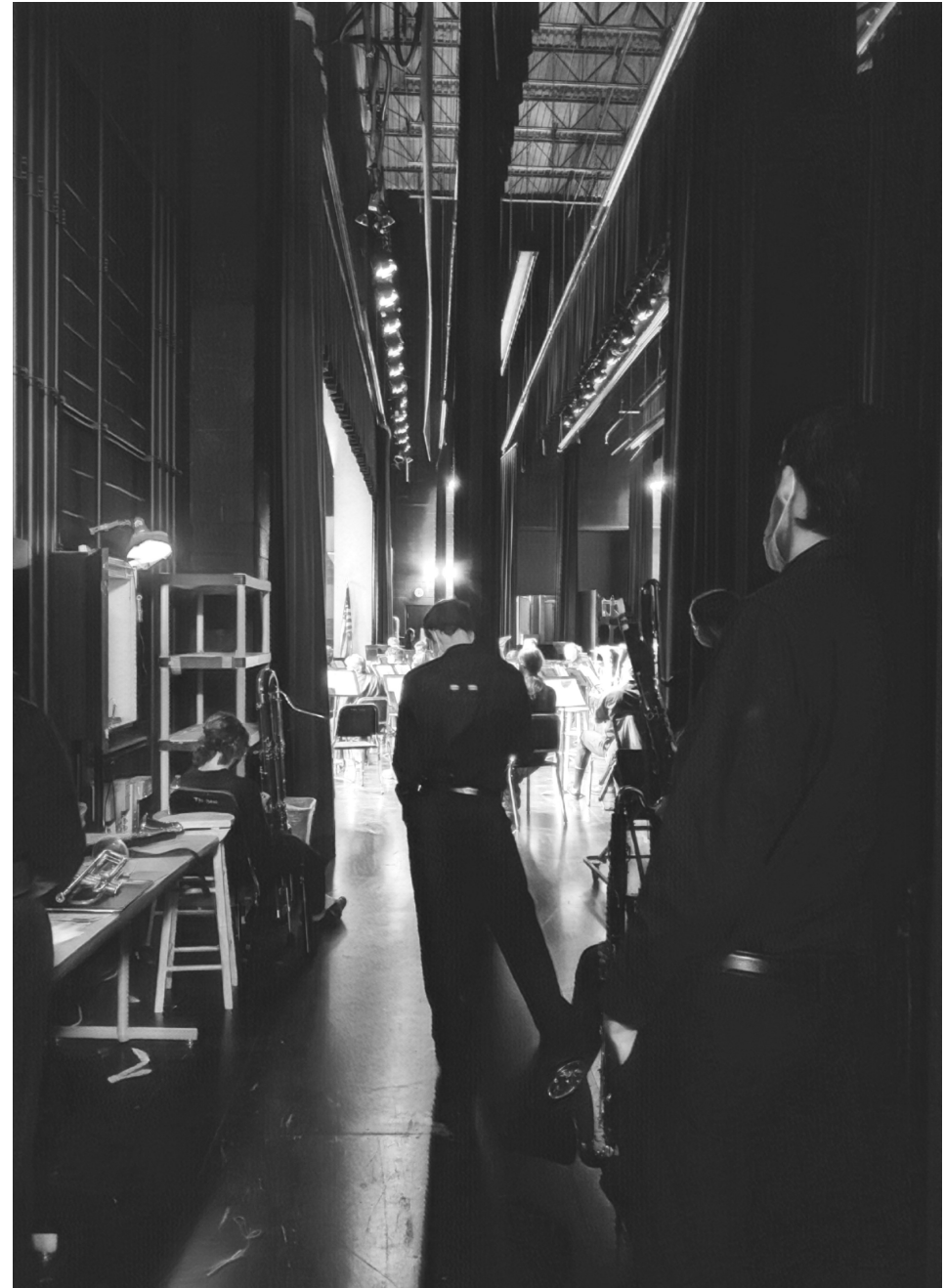
**the little dog hame  
who has known a lot of things  
for a long time but cant say them  
contin7s to not know how to talk  
circling and shuffling  
her eyes beady  
grass comes up to her belly**

**things like birds  
cawing like birds  
hame  
looks forward to a dream**

,

**blinking past the metal in cans  
teeth clink in a rectangle row  
headache, a long hand curving  
the little liquids in slides  
cockroach passing behind microwave clock  
bell going off in a room somewhere  
smell like school hallway  
airplane noise**

**putting the sticker back on the apple  
immortality**



*Offstage — Connor Shelton*



*Holy Cat — Connor Shelton*

oil-slick sweat coating his gray face;  
I wasn't close enough to ask  
why it mattered to me.

My place in god's creation was by the sea urchins;  
A thresher told me so.

III.

I WAS BARELY EIGHTEEN WHEN YOU TOOK MY BODY AWAY FROM  
ME LIKE A  
TANGERINE FROM A CHILD AFTER I SAID NO.

THAT MORNING, ON MY ARMS, SPELLED OUT IN RED POCKMARKS:  
MY PLACE IN GOD'S CREATION IS BY THE SEA URCHINS

stung

catherine wright

i.

Today i peeled the tangerine  
and then ran off the cliff and jumped into the ocean where church is  
i swam until i found the place where  
the rocks snap open in a wide O  
and the organ hung low from that wide inverted steeple,  
that familiar swelling stalactite,  
and over it dripped cold sea-cave water,  
more for me to tread.  
between waves, i say aloud,  
"i used to live here."  
it resounds against water,  
echoing, folding into itself.

the words froth over my head as i bow below waves:  
"my place in god's creation was by the sea urchins"

ii.

I was thirteen when the preacher  
(that never-resting shark)  
told us that married couples should have sex,  
that they should want to have sex,

or at least pretend.


He announced it with the vigor of a tempest  
or a huffing train and without  
adam and eve's god-given humiliation.  
I was close enough to see the

Road Rage begets roadkill (because the "jackass" won't pass)

Connor Shelton

Look how he pops, how the tire turns red  
While his face explodes, the rage splattered across the dashboard  
Like nuked spaghetti. The horror is not the sailor's tongue that pricks  
every ear,  
But the belief that a wreck is justified, that some people deserve to  
burn  
For the most minor of transgressions. And the boy soaks it all in,  
Learns to scream at the road and a son of his own  
Because the jackass won't pass in the left lane.

UNIT



when i was a bird and this was frightening.  
when the space between my lungs  
was swollen empty.  
love was the largest source of pain in my life  
though still i searched for it,  
reached for it with pleading hands.  
listen,  
thought i found it  
held it to my chest  
breathed it in along with spring air.  
to be alone in love is an ache  
one you'll just have to grow out of.  
i feel myself growing  
can feel the roots of my heart catching damp  
earth,  
sweetened by heavy rain.  
as a new summer closes i feel a deep  
fondness.  
my heart is drawn to the center of a spiral,  
vast and magical.  
is something wrong with me?  
i've always felt i was a hummingbird  
fallen into a trap,  
lured in by the promise  
to be held in love's supple hands  
spoonfed nectar, preened with care  
as the birdcage door slams shut.  
always more bleeding heart dove than  
hummingbird.

