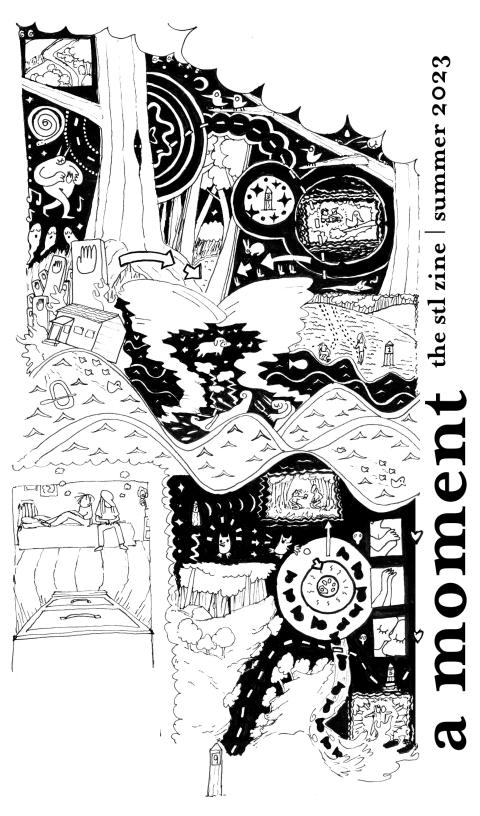
Cravings

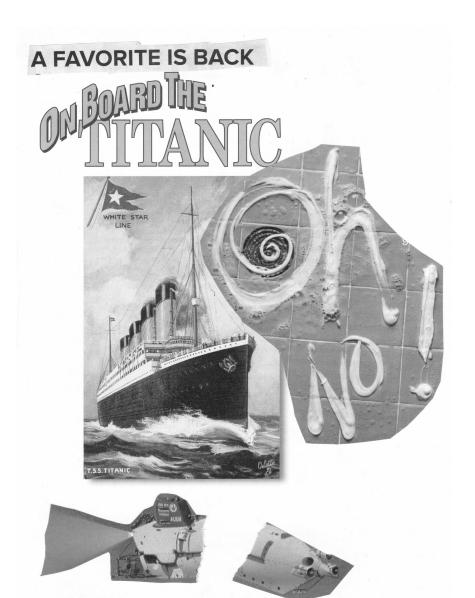
mutual aid resources:

Tent Mission STL Instagram: @tentmission_stl Venmo: @tentmissionstl

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

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











N O ONE EVER DREAMED THAT HER FIRST voyage would also be her last. On the night of April 14, 1912, the passenger liner R.M.S. *Titanic* struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic. Within minutes water began pouring into her lower decks. Less than three hours later her propellers started to rise out of the water. For the more than 1,500 people left on board there was little hope of escape. Soon the biggest ship the world had ever seen would plunge to the bottom of the ocean.



EVERYONE LOVES TO GET BACK TO NATURE.

e a

omg hi.... i cant believe it's you again! it's so good to see you again! how have you been? did you get that thing taken care of? did you remember to take care of that thing? i'm so happy to have you back! I hope the pribter-warmed paper of these pages feels familiar to you. they've been waiting for you to come back! the issue of our zine you hold in your hands is one of our largest yet (titanic even). as the summer sun drips sweat droplets onto your forehead then onto this zine, dont let the memories we've made together go forgotten! if anything in this issue sparks you with inspiration, feel free to allow it to motivate you to send us your work for future moments! we need more moments with you in them! when you finish this moment feel free to give it to someone who needs a moment of their own so we can all rejoice in the act of creation and i'm so happy it's you and i'm so happy you're here with me.

> love always, a moment

Taurus- Life IS all fun and games, actually. Time to live/laugh/love, party hard, and reconnect with your inner child. If you find yourself buying a cricut and starting a small business, you may have gone too far ... Gemini- We know you love to argue, Gemini. Watch out as things might get heated with your fam this season. It can be a good time to tackle some major issues at home, but don't get too heated! Cancer- Despite popular opinion, you actually are allowed to speak up for yourself! This is a great time to find your voice and express your needs. It may be tempting to just yell for no reason, but try actually verbalizing these feelings :) Leo- You are cashing checks left and right this season Leo! Just as easily as the money comes in, it goes right out into important expenses like self-pampering and treats. Who needs a savings account? Virgo- That blurry image of yourself just got clear as hell! Virgo you are finally in the place to self-actualize and see the whole picture. Don't waste this opportunity to truly step into yourself. Let that inner fire out, but try to keep it a controlled burn. Libra- Summertime sadness? Let's call it summertime intentional reflection. Lean in to the desire to stay home and rest this season. It's a great time to slow down and reflect on the past few months. You can recognize the ups and the downs, and learn from them all! Scorpio- Okay local celeb, expand that sphere of influence! Your presence is literally inspiring and magnetic. You will be gaining followers and be crushed on by friends and potential lovers. It's an exciting time with all eyes on you, but try not to cause too much drama! Sagittarius- I'm sensing a promotion in your future, Sagittarius, You may find yourself The set of slaving and girl bossing left and right at work this season. Your hard work will be recognized but don't forget that we all make mistakes :) and holding yourself accountable is important :) Capricorn- Ready for a summer that's wet, wild, and ultimately deepens your understanding of humanity?? You better be! It's time to run around and do new things that will expand your mind. Have fun Capricorn! Aquarius- Smells like change! And maybe investing in long-term relationships? Remember that you have to give if you want to receive. You are in a great place to mix up your life in a way that will last a long while!

Pisces- Oh that conflict you've been avoiding? Yeah, it's unavoidable this time. Learn to let the truth come out even if it means conflict with friends (or enemies!) We know you are capable of handling it more gracefully than you think!

Where shall we stay ?"

Summer 2023 Horoscopes

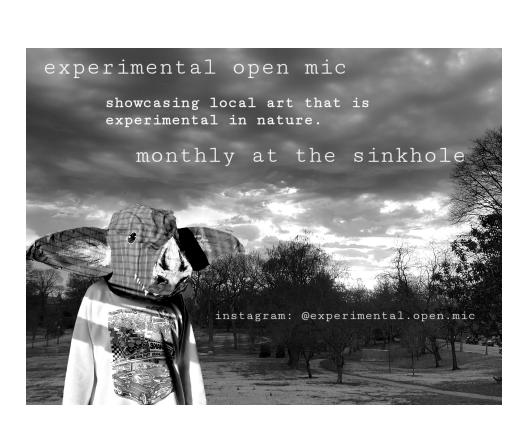
Aries- It's time to get down to business, baby! You are about to be working hard and getting

into the daily grind. Great time to start a new workout routine and get shit done.

1.1

140 St. 1980

OUR BIGGEST ISSUE YET I THINK????

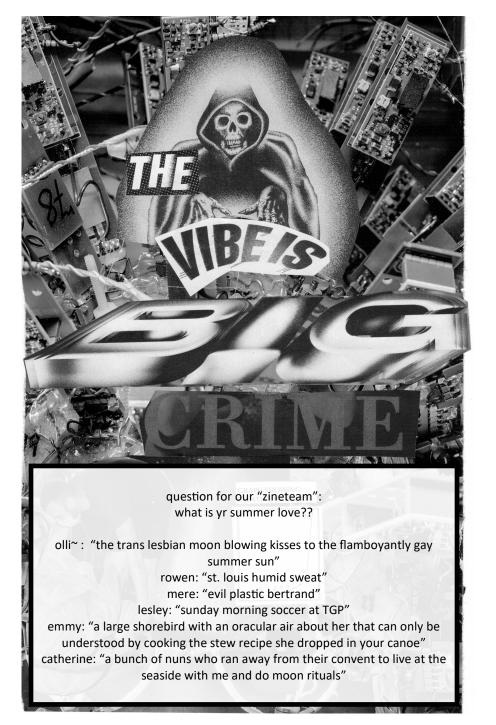


play rowen's titanic game

https://rowen-conry.itch.io/another-titanic

if you go to that link you can play a game i made a couple years ago about the titanic. i made it using a "clairvoyant" playing-card-based room and mood generation system i came up with. it was fun. it is mostly about walking around the "titanic"

linking bc this issue has a slight "titanic" theme :3



I'M PRETTY SURE, IT'S PRETTY BIG!!!!

WITH SUBWISSIONS FROM

Downtown Internu 1 = 1 = 2 1 = 1

james Lituchy Abbie Leonard Olli sure

ADAM HARRIS ZACH TIB ADEC BERRY HOREIBINGHAM BRU WOODS TAYLOR HAMILT

MERE HARRACH EVELYN OPPER THÓRN MATTEK MÁCKENZIE THÓRN ANDNYMOUS

A celebration breaks out in the control room after we realize that we have found the *Titanic*.

Total Sales | \$27,800 | \$29,300 | \$30,800 | \$

 Net Income
 \$ (1,050)
 \$ 100
 \$ 1,300
 \$

 Profit Margin
 -3.76%
 0.34%
 4.22%

First Quarter / Second Quarter / Third Quart

owntown Internet Café Sales Forecast First Quarter

\$ 13,600 \$ 14,600 \$ 15,600 \$ 43,800 \$ 7,100 \$ 7,300 \$ 7,500 \$ 21,900 \$ 4,000 \$ 6,000 \$ 12,000 \$ 22,000 \$ 3,100 \$ 3,200 \$ 3,300 \$ 9,600

Total Sales by Category

Chart1 / Chart2 Sheet1 / Sheet2 / Sheet3 /

Quarter Profit Margin

7,300

\$ 7,500 \$ 7,500 \$ 7,500 \$ 6,400 \$ 6,400 \$ 6,400

\$ 5,500 \$ 5,500 \$ 5,500 \$ \$ 1,000 \$ 1,000 \$ 1,000 \$ \$ 1,500 \$ 1,500 \$ 1,500 \$

\$28,850 \$29,200 \$29,500

Income Year-To-Date \$ 350

- 10 - B I U

xpenses

Payroll Computers Lease

ome

) Elle Edit Vie

0 🛩 🖬

Food

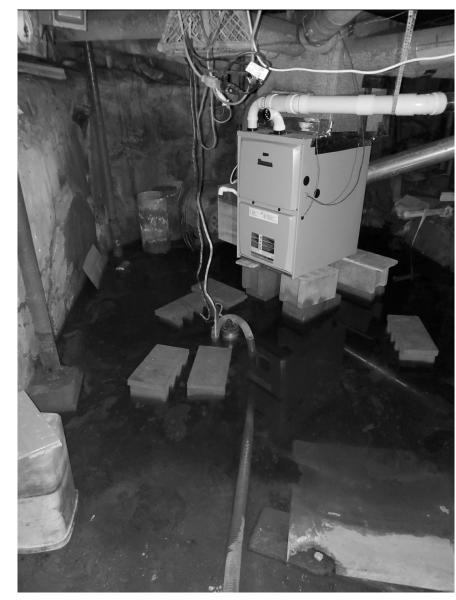
1erchandise

Cost of Goods

Advertising Miscellaneous

Total Exp





basement venues in st. louis — anonymous

Gunpowder Fog

Mackenzie Thorn

Quiet grey mornings all but whirring window units singing lonesome cowboy song

lightning bugs spread out across the field bouncing like napalm dreams

gunpowder fog shifting around motionless crowds of tress and diming gas lamps

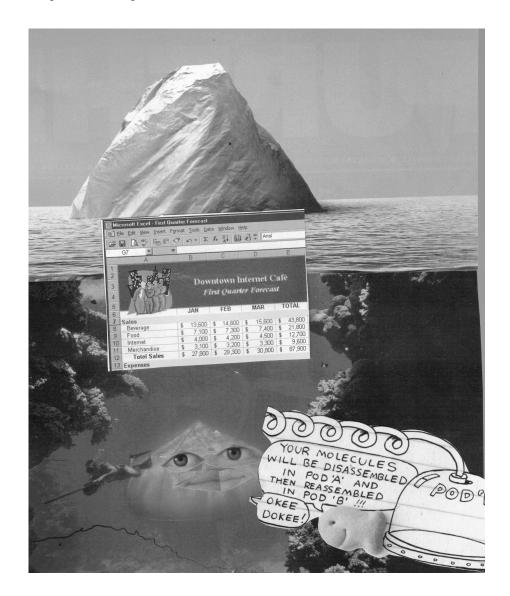
just beneath the curtain of mornings victory pigeon's jaunt around my feet and peck at rocks and broken glass from off the ground

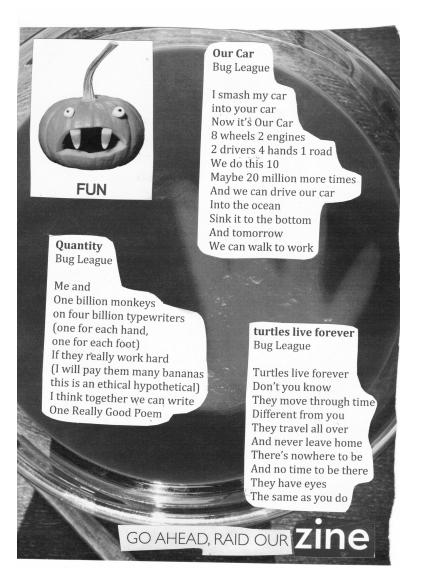
I shake my head such a shame what terrible waste of wings.

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: **OCTOBER 13!!**





tip 3)it still feels like no one wants to be with you

to later trans fems you're under the microscope for how much you're attempting to perform groomer, abnormal, delusional, mentally ill a freak, to this cis you're femininity

you feel the peculiar combination where people will walk on eggshells around topics that mean nothing and make sweeping assumptions about others

4) it feels impossible to be normal talk too much about trans stuff and you're unrelatable to others but don't address anything, and no one gets your pronouns right you want people to ask questions but most people's questions are going to be just.... unfathomably dumb

how do you be normal when your entire life is seen as an affront to civilization? how do you just how do you deal with knowing that others have asked these questions and dealing with the keep in what affects you day after day? impossibility of living it for yourself?

2 mg estradiol 5 mg finnasteride get through it hun hopefully this will all feel like the past at some point

angsty transfemme poem #237,512,766.23

2 mg estradiol 5 mg finnasteride there is no way Finn5ter is a man you think to yourself for the 500th time congrats, you're an early transition transfem now every time you fem up it's the freak show and baby, you're the head clown

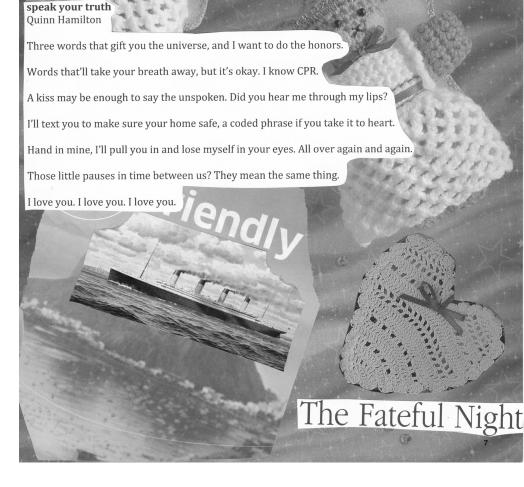
tip 1)

introduced to a world of microagreasions you had no idea were even on the table people will openly stare at you, express disgust, and hide their children from you in the eyes of many children will actually be the most open with what they're feeling but you're afraid to talk to them for fear of looking like a pedo by defying the binary in public you've forfeited politeness overt hostility is scary, but you're about to be parents will hide their children from you none of the rules apply to you anymore cashiers will walk away from you in line

suddenly you start keeping track of which public spaces are relatively queer friendly, and which your entire sense of safety changes tip 2)maps change are not

the idea of stopping by quaint roadside country inn

there's still plenty of pleasant, kind people but the ones who you'd previous take no notice of doesn't feel quite as appealing become a potential threat



(He never came back) It's just rubble and craters And fading to black

That's for earth deaths only There's a moon afterlife But it's so so lonely

Up there with the asteroids It's just you and Buzz Aldrin

heaven up there Bug League If you die on the moon

You can't go to heaven

On and On Maria Walls

In a back seat full of tumbling pumpkins, listening to so-called "cowboy music" and rolling down windows covered in gold star stickers, welcoming cool air on bare faces and wild hair, full bellies and cigarette butts in the cupholders, the gas gauge dipping into empty but we keep on speeding down the same road we've all lived on at one time or another.

Plucking last fall's sweet gum balls from their tombs in the mud and making contact with window panes instead of knocking, waving, calling to come play in the courtyard between our little places called home *sometimes*, taking sips of wine too sweet for half our palates and climbing low branches of trees in too-short skirts, jumping off, getting hurt, but we keep on.

Finding the youth that I spent hoping for an end in between all the moments not captured by a camera lens, memories that get fuzzy, soft around the edges, wrap around me like a patchwork quilt sewn with the reapings of pain I'm in the business of getting to know and let go of because I only have room left in me for love and *oh*, *how I keep on loving.*







IF YOU LIVED HERE YOU'D BE HOME NOW

by evelyn opper

If I Lost It, Gone Forever

mere harrach

Perfect Oatmeal Vocation these words are to be spoken as an adult born in 1994 might speak the words Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle picture it if you haven't already

A dream occurred to you, in which all of your peers work in the rail depot with you; you and your rail depot peers watch as the other peers ride off, happily, engineering the train engine, Big Boy, off to Columbia or the next city that has a train depot full of peers waiting to unload the train of goods and then watch the train move on to the next city, again, again, again,

do the peers want to board the train as badly as you do? would they do anything to climb aboard? do your peers know how uncalm you are? do your peers know you are 5 years old in beginning less time?

do your peers know that you have all the time in the world and that you could spend it just walking forever and ever?

it's come time to write a song again song about i cannot even put my finger down

why i think Duster is the greatest band ever shout out Duster shout out Low and other slow music

maybe because my heart feels so fast and alive could win a race against the kick maybe

i think i'm supposed to say more thoughts out loud, i think i'm supposed to say more, i think, wait for me to finish, i think i'm talking more lately because i feel good and people don't seem to mind if i talk a little more some people say things like "it feels like destiny that this happened to us," or "meeting you was fate," or "goddess matched us up in heaven" but a dog feels this way about everyone they meet

early sunset, on the corner up the street from where you are living

you look up and see dust or something all around, exposed against a dark grey-blue sky.

a woman you are friends with, blonde hair in a ponytail, gets up off the curb she's sitting on. you exclaim to her, "there's so much particulate in the air, are you seeing this?"

she says it's your last chance to head out and you say, "where?"

about anywhere, she says, and laughs and starts walking up the hill with you

and you're joined on your walk by a possum and you wake up crying

Make a Tough Decision

DISASTER DISASTER GREATLOSS OF LIFE EVENING NEWS

Sweet Ones Go Down the Easiest Maria Walls

Wine drunk warmth rising up my throat, bubbles that push together hug tonsils as if to get a taste of what's within the sickness, stones that drip

and become swallowed by bellowing silence, from belly-up to falling, jelly-like orbs of moscato and other sweet wines that go down easy and make me feel

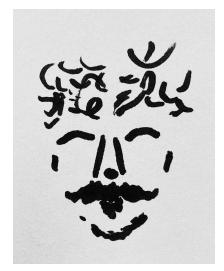
like swimming or at least, not sinking in between shades of turquoise and soft green grapes that make me say, I wish *floating came that easy*,

but the knowledge I've gained from separation *harder to swallow* still needs more time to melt so I take another swig and beg for it to stay down, *stay down*

and don't pull me with you.

feel



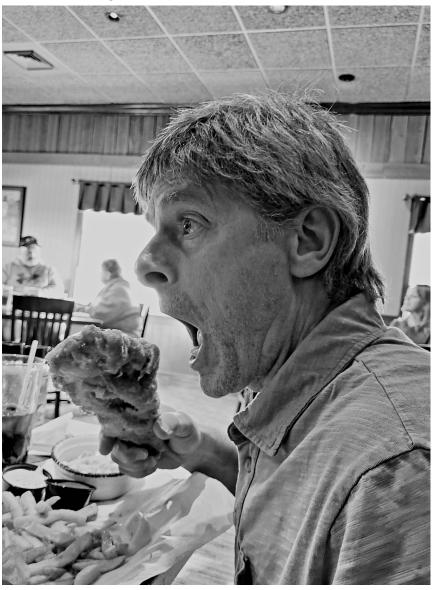


selfie in sharpie — bren

The Consumer — Connor Shelton







by kb

when you find the sky descending upon us like a rainbow canopy in elementary school gum class Circa 2006 i hope you dance lightly as do faeries across string lights In backyards deeply woven through branches in the shallowest of suburbs this is home now. i hope you hunger patiently when visions of breath in the cold Caress your neck like fresh Kill he who gains nothing from gluttony but what does he have to lose? i hope you focus

focus

focus

although i don't expect you to it's been so long











A few memories:

In the summer of 2022, Kodak teamed up with Reto to release the Kodak Ektar H35 half frame film camera. Amidst film shortages and price hikes, at first it seemed a cheeky response to Kodak's film production crisis. Its magic begins with squeezing in 72 shots per roll of 35mm film, doubling your amount of frames, and by all tangible markers this is also where its magic ends. With no adjustable focus or exposure, made entirely of plastic, your only choice lies in flash on or off and what you point it towards. It is not a "good camera", producing images of blurry vignettes oozing with grain. And everyone loves it.

When I look at photos made with this camera, they look to me the way memories feel. Not careful renderings of every detail perfectly exposed and laid out corner to corner, but hazy ideas of a moment in time-little sketches *reminding* you of the reason you pressed the shutter, but not exactly showing you.

—by Taylor Hamilton







"poem for early spring chaos" olli sure [april 19 2023]

the missouri AG has a knife to my neck the missouri AG has a gun to my head

the tulips and roses are blooming out of season missouri is burning

purple flowers grow around the sewer grate you shatter your phone screen dependency on a system makes it weaker not stronger i wouldnt have anyone take care of me after my if/when/if/when surgery

my american spiritual feminization surgery

you're afraid to step into the street to block hard working st. louisians from getting to their jobs because they have rents to pay because they don't have time to look

the elementary gsa students didnt know transition was illegal or that you died for this they want to play "down by the bank" eat the provided cookies laugh with each another

flash flood warning tree flowers blossoming something is pink somewhere gripping your knife you cant stop smiling

knowing this is the hill to die on we scratch at the target on our backs we scratch someone else's and spring showers bring new life wash away the old bring spring flowers



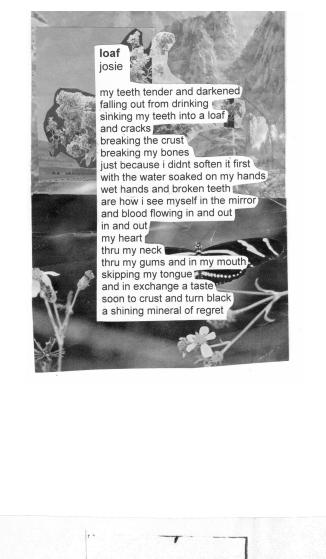
two pieces from "In Dreams, I Follow the Brilliant Light — Bri Woods



"sun came out" olli sure [june 13 2023] the sun came out today http:// the sun came out today an altar is an altar the wall is an altar for the sur my hips are an altar for your hands the shapes in an eye cones or rods or something (you're starting to get it) the eye is an altar for those little guys one of the most i once witnessed an altar that contained smaller altars all the way down g spots on earth because like the candle is an alter for the fire the fire is an altar for the burning wick all the way down or something the stars are fucking tiny The stars are little dots they are nothing i am enormous giant important woman my sunburned chipped pink nail polish feet standing on you guessed it two alters

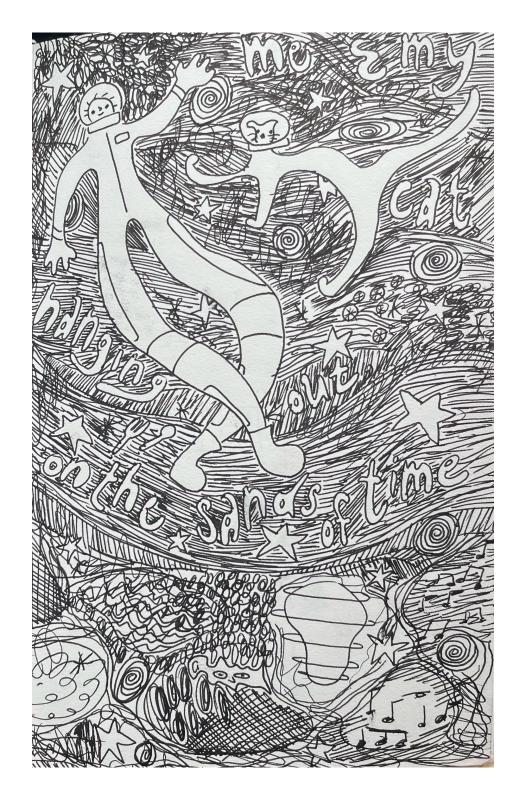
that's a pic olli took of me a couple weeks ago







by Catherine Wright



Mad Genius Tips: Go Overboard

Am I Speaking Too Softly, Am I Speaking Too Often? Adam Harris

For my 30th birthday I asked for an oscillating pedestal fan to stand by the bed... to blow out my dreams... to save on electricity...

I'm sure my central air needs servicing, but I don't want to watch my maintenance request turn stale on the tenant portal next to the the payment confirmations of all the thousands of dollars I have spent to live here.

soothing SALT SOUP **ok, just one more.** Adam Harris

before you quit from feeling so bad i want you to notice something and maybe just for this one time see how long it stayed light out and that big white planet pretending to be a moon.

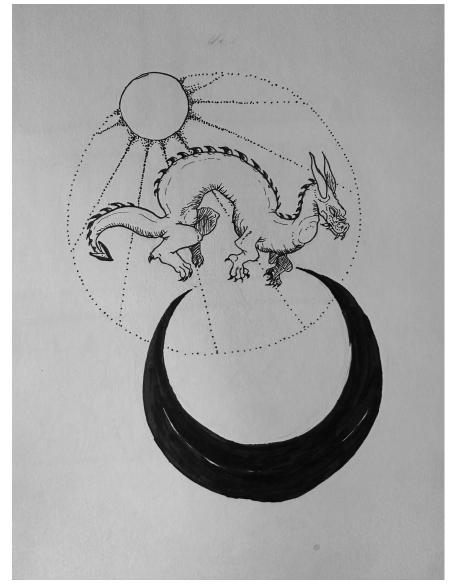


Helpless (desperate) by james lituchy

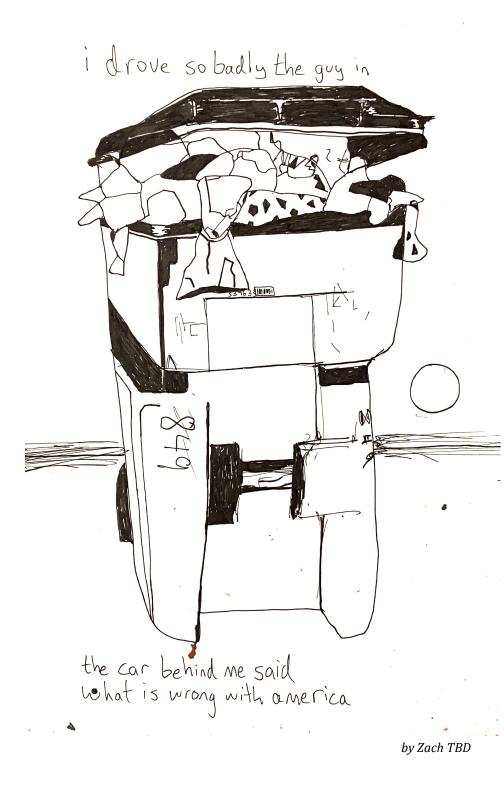
Scrunched up cumpup piggy little slag, Gagged & bound & bounded & gagged, Bound to be crowned in King Midas' town Rain on me, reign on me, spin me right round.

Frantic bucked hips spit blood thru grit teeth. Grind down the stone into something complete: Sanded & polished & melt at high heat Untempered glass shatters, Prince Rupert's drop at my feet.

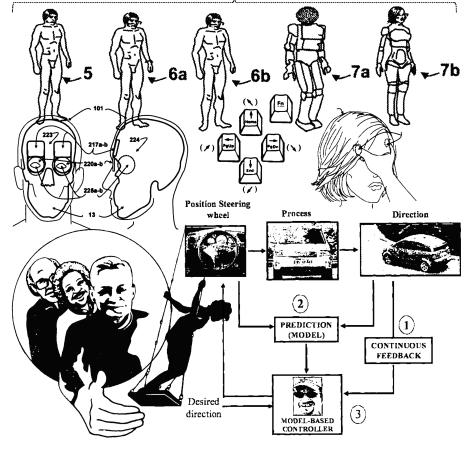
Frostbitten skin wearing hydrated leather, bent over a bench & wrapped in chain link. Crying & begging & whimpers when whipped, Trembles & shivers & dripping with spit. Shaking & sniveling, limblesslessly wriggling, so desperate to slither into something forgiving.



by Adee Berry



HUMAN-LIKE SELF RELIANT ENTITY SYSTEMS



by james lituchy



by james lituchy

