



### Horoscopes for the dying

Aries – I saw a wild-looking bug at the start of summer. I've never seen a bug like that. I think it was a symbol of love.

Taurus – All the fairies are addicted to wings. They get more and more wings surgically attached to them. Some of them have more than a thousand.

Gemini - I made little books and gave them out for free outside the coffee shop. I called them half-books, and filled them up halfway with little phrases. You have to write the rest.

*Cancer* – Rosco is so good at hiding. Look, in this photo, you can barely see him. He's under the chair, one eye open. He's winking because he understands.

*Leo* – I got really mad the other night and broke my table in half. I called Carmen and she came over and calmed me down. She didn't judge me at all.

Virgo – Chatman's burned down last night. We saw smoke coming up over the grove. We started walking down Hess St. and saw the building in flames. I'll miss that place.

*Libra* – Lindsey has the comfiest lap I know. I have an old picture from years ago of me curled up in her lap. Whenever she visits, I want to curl up in her lap, and I do.

*Scorpio* – Every time I sneeze I wish that, like in photographs, we could become blurry in real life. I want to blur out into a sneeze smudge right in front of everyone.

Sagittarius – Ever since Julie moved to Virginia she stopped returning my texts. I'm out of a job right now, so I've had a lot of time to think about that. I wonder what I did.

*Capricorn* – I've been looking at the moon for twenty minutes. Every time I look away it draws me back in.

Aquarius – This guy from the movie theater asked if I wanted to be in his film. Just as an extra. I'm supposed to meet him in the park tomorrow to film a scene.

Pisces - Keep rockin', Pisces... You've got this!!



### dear reader,

I was throwing around a big piece of plastic with a friend recently when they told me that it is fall and everything is dying and we are reaping what we are sewing. i thought this was stupid as hell but also so true and profound!!! the days are fall and the trees are stupid and the leaves are coming down and so are we, unfortunately. but we won't let each other fall, and the beautiful art, poetry, and visual work in this zine can be the warmth in your stomach this season. as you consume the work featured here, i hope you take time to think of how by reading this zine you are becoming a willing participant of the performance that is "FALL2023". when you are done reading this zine I hope you will throw it behind you and let it swept up in the wind gust of dead leaves, purposed with scattering their dead material throughout the rich soil to be born again. thank you for reading I love you so much.

> the premier St. Louis zine, a moment

### THE FALL ISSUE, FOR FALL PEOPLE

### experimental open mic

showcasing local art that is experimental in nature.

monthly at the sinkhole



mutual aid resources:

Tent Mission STL Instagram: @tentmission\_stl Venmo: @tentmissionstl

free palestine

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

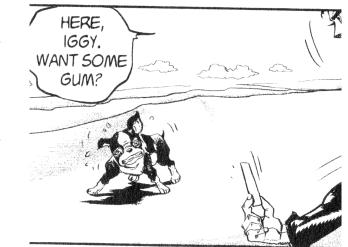
much love from the zine team ———rowen, olli, mere, catherine, emmy, and lesley

bren solis josephine lyss-williams jenni fetcho catherine wright blake powell shiba dog

zach tbd abbie leonard alex wennerberg olli sure anonymous hope bingham

sgs mj liam connolly valentin maria walls adam harris

anna ross colleen (beth) (beef) cromer halley murray mere harrach maxine day front cover by rowen conry

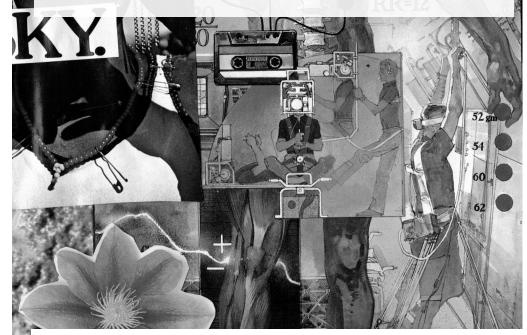




how to submit

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: *January 6.* 



MADE WITH 100% AUTHENTIC FALL

### **GIVE ME ATTENTION** Josephine Lyss-Williams

#### Send me omens

Two girls in Hijabs share one Caramel Ribbon Frappe In an empty parking lot

Send me omens

Lightning struck the beach The beach is on my phone The woman on the beach on my phone Is dead

#### Send me omens

Someone takes a video Now the video is on my phone Of the dead woman on the beach

### Send me omens

Like an easy bowel movement I would give it all up For a digestive tract that moved In perfect harmony with gravity

### Send me omens

No one knows what I am thinking Least of all me

Hovering above the celestial body Looking down Over the dental hygienist With her rubber fingers in my mouth Send me omens

I am a prisoner On the iron throne Any toilet I find will do I'll clench my cheeks Hover above the seat Until completion

Send me those omens

Or Press 1 to Stop Receiving These Messages

front, and then we'd dry off in towels and put on some ambient field recordings from Lake Maracaibo, remixed by Ernest Hood to further season the sounds of the storm happening outside the window, reading aloud to each other, trading paragraphs from a book we saved from a dollar rack at a bookstore a block over from hers.

"No, we're going swimming." she'll say with a grin and a wink I cannot deny.

"Okay maybe we can do the fireplace thing later," I say, and now that I think about it a swim does sound nice, we are already wet after all. She knows a nice YMCA nearby and has a membership that covers one guest, and she even has a spare swimsuit in her locker there and she thinks we're about the same size so it'll probably fit me. We'll walk there and the person working the YMCA counter will get us checked in and say "just you and one guest today Ms. Anderson?" and she'll say "oh please, just call me Laurie, and yes this is my guest"

"My guest," how about that! We'll get in the water (she was right, her suit fit me perfectly) and we'll warm up with some water-resistance running in the shallow end. She's so damn agile for 76. Then we'll put on some flippers and really get our hearts pumping. We share a lap lane and do laps for like, an hour and a half and then she reaches over underwater and taps my shoulder. Our heads pop up from the water and she asks me if I wanna race. "Yeah sure," I say. We're both so playfully competitive. She kicks my ass and beats me in a 5 lap race by a solid 8 seconds but I take it well. We laugh together, how silly it is to be in this world, lap swimming indoors during a thunderstorm. We do not take the weird conveniences of the 21st century for granted.

As our eyes linger on each other at the tail end of our laughing fit, I suddenly feel very unwell. I pull myself up onto the edge of the pool and it all slips into darkness.

When I open my eyes I'm still wet, but Laurie is gone. my head is pounding, and my skin hurts all over. fuck, my worst fears are realized, and I— I must have been struck by lightning. The rain is still pouring down and I can't move. I'll get up in a few moments, I don't know what to do. The place i'm staying is a thirty-minute commute over the bay to Brooklyn and I'm in so much pain. Suddenly a voice like a sweet bird from above my head calls out "are you alright?" I tilt my chin back and roll my eyes as far up as I can to see a crop of wild grey hair and two giant lovely green eyes staring my way. "It's going to be alright."





I Dream of Laurie (Anderson) by Mere Harrach

Hands laced behind my back, closed body language with a front of openness.

I want so badly to tell her how I feel, spoil it all. she's not even here right now.

Watching the thunderstorm roll in, I'm waiting for my meet-cute with a lightning strike in Central Park, mere blocks away from where she is staying. Acid rain drips into my coffee cup and people scatter to their ubers and taxis and the subway station as the rumbling gets louder.

But I am waiting on a rock near the central lawn, hoping the wet on the page does not confuse my pen,

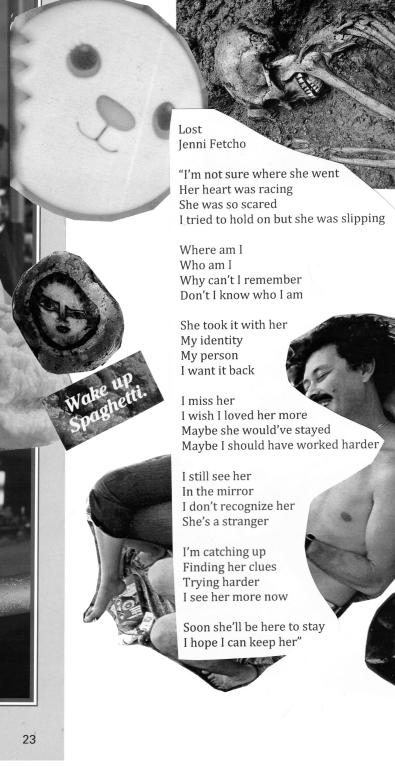
Hoping Laurie might walk by, stop, and enjoy the feeling of a pouring rainstorm running through our hair, together, dripping down into our eyes while we walk, and as my foot slides on the wet pavement a little too much, she catches me but we both tumble down, and then we're laughing. This is so rom-com of us, and we laugh and get up and wipe some wet cut grass from our clothes and it sticks to our hands as we wipe it off.

I've often been too fearful to enjoy a thunderstorm in this capacity in the past— ending hikes before the summit to flee back down the mountain and take shelter in the car. However, I am a guest in this city. There is no car here, no nearby free awning, no tabernacle or pavilion. No coffee shop with indoor seating (okay I tried to go inside earlier when the storm started, sorry)

But I am also being so intentional about this. Forgive me books, forgive me journal. We endure and enjoy. I am here to get the authentic NYC experience, and that means waiting for Laurie in rain or (no) shine in Central Park.

When she gets here, we'll do the meet-cute moment, and then we'll talk. We'll really talk, and she'll tell me all about herself and I'll have so much I relate to. We'll walk by the Balto statue and the umbrella vendors and she'll ask me about myself and she'll really respect what I've been up to lately. Yeah I'm working a part time job but REALLY what I'm working on is becoming a better artist. I'm even looking at "going back to school" and she'll love that and support it. It's never too late to go back and learn more.

Suddenly, the wind will begin to pick up and we'll get a little too cold for comfort. She'll give me a massive look, eyes and smile bigger than the sun, and ask me if I... want to go swimming?! Well, this isn't exactly what I was expecting, I imagined you inviting me to your Manhattan apartment that somehow has a big cozy fireplace and a soft, clean, puce shag carpet in the



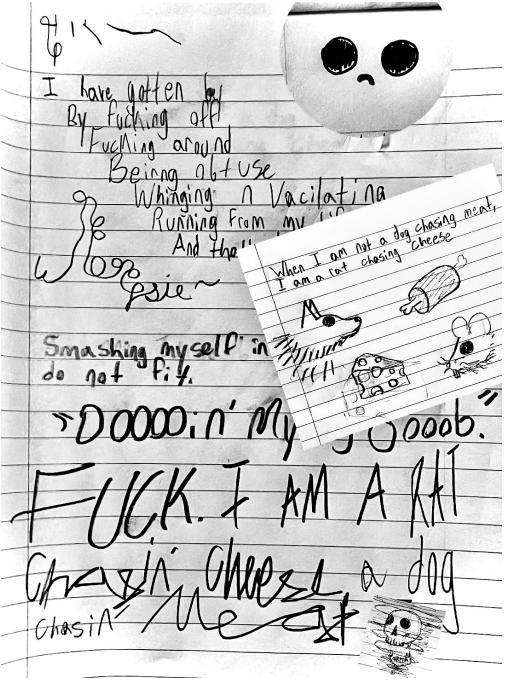


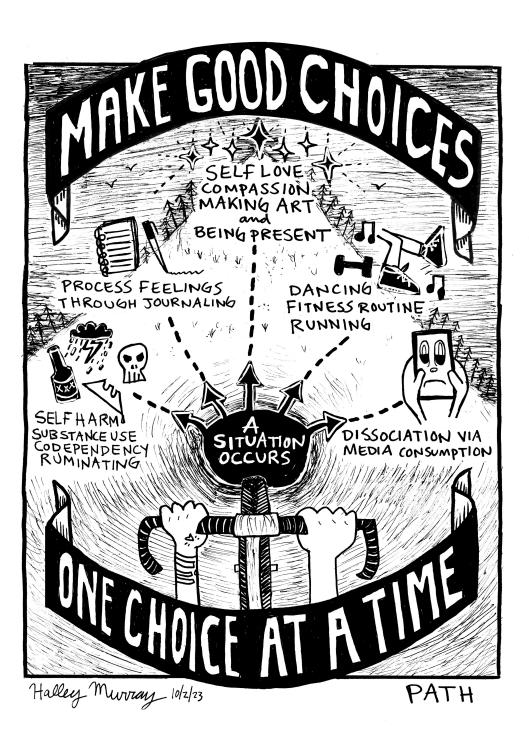
### hedonism sunday catherine wright

we were both high in a place that reminded us of new orleans, and under the many moons of the bar we made plans to go there together. i didnt care about new orleans but you did. you said out loud, "what if this is the last time we talk about it?" and i said "no, we'll plan it, trust me." and the rest of Summer has started leaking out of herself, cold water eating out of a paper cup onto an old nudie magazine, and we're watching the colors bleed. we do not comment on it. we're tourist scuba divers carving our names on coral reefs while the instructor has his back turned. in the car afterwards i ask you if it's "reefs" or "reeves" and you throw a laugh into me like a baseball connecting with my nose. in national parks we lure the bison to your car, and when they gore the car we lie to the insurance men. one time i laughed and you said it sounded like a bark. when this poem ends i will think about the fact that i deserve probation more than you do. there is something that reminds each other of ourselves when we were stupider, puppies crawling towards the sun

WIFE SAYS,

**VGE YOUR** 







by blake powell

been feeling like ashley from degrassi degrassi the next generation, of course feeling like Ashley Kerwin from degrassi like the absolute worst fucking person here

feeling like i'll ruin my own life but not out of active self destruction just genuinely that stupid take hard drugs say everything wrong all of the time cheat on my lonely, wealthy boyfriend who loves me and also grows up to literally be drake well, i guess i've only actually done one of those things ill let you guess just kidding, we all know it's the hard drugs i only say everything wrong most of the time and i've certainly never cheated on drake

remember when craig tried to jump in front of the train? that episode was good but also never really mentioned again sean was a pretty cool guy in that one sean apologist emma apologist paige apologist? hmm maybe did anyone ever get the vibe that if they had an idea but didnt know who to do it to it just happened to paige? like oh well shes not doing anything right now just give it to paige it feels kinda true to life but bad to tv like wtf is going on with her right now?? same

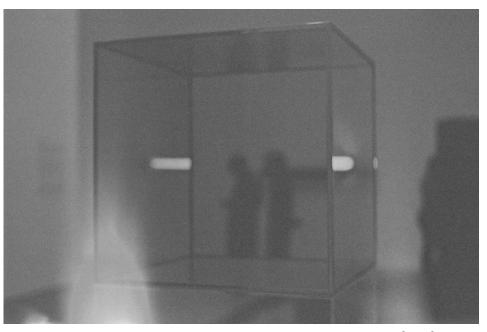
im just doing stuff im just doing stuff im just doing stuff things are just happening!!! anyone who knows me knows about the two demons i know anyone who knows me knows about all the people living inside my head passing strangers know the most about my past as i scream about it on the street when no one i love can hear

what's in ashley's head ? if she were real that is real life non-imaginary Ashley Kerwin whats her deal? why is she like that and what does she think about alone in bed at night? which evil thing she's done keeps her up more nights than the others what internal maladjustment is her personal justification for being a total cunt?





"Self portrait on the toilet at the sinkhole" by colleen (beth) (beef) cromer



by valentin



by liam connolly

### Meet up

### Bro-hu

### Defy

now that she's all grown up, hypothetical real life Ashley Kerwin born in 1988 all grown up shes what like 36 now? im bad at math i digress what's she up to now? is she a better woman now than she was a girl? did she grow to change and love and be gentle and be kind

im becoming a better woman than who i was when i was a girl, too, Ashley unfortunately for us we have to love her the nasty vindictive little girl who hurt everyone around her for whatever reason

i say "whatever reason" because i can't know yours, hypothetical real life Ashley Kerwin, only mine

i said once many years ago to a lover of mine that i hurt people on purpose so they know im a threat

no one can kill me if i've already killed them first i've been putting down my knife sometimes nowadays maybe it would be okay if someone i loved killed me anyways

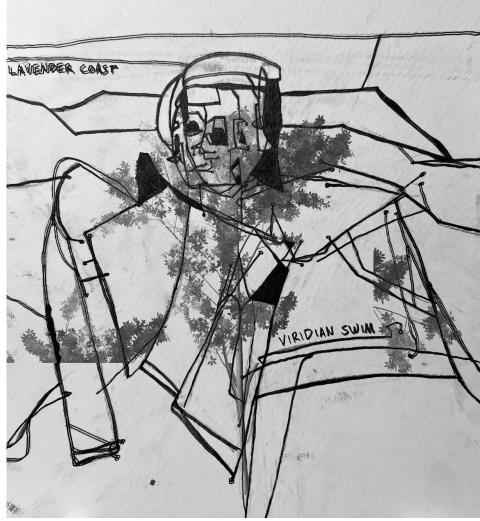
blissful ignorance as a wild beast who i willingly trusted eats me alive a martyr to nothing but myself

maybe if i met you, hypothetical real life Ashley Kerwin, we would even fall in love? knowing what its like to be an evil girl who became a secretly evil woman surrounded by years of mushy flesh, so that the only one penetrated by the evil girl inside is ourselves being ripped up

our soft goo that everyone else gets to float in and enjoy torn up to near liquid in its center like gelatin under toes

i hope everyone loves the soft mushy woman the one surrounding the evil little girl the soft mushy woman who i've grown to be uptown girls was right i am dakota fanning AND brittany murphy im doing hard drugs im saying everything wrong im the soft woman im the hard girl and i love them and i love them and i love them

 $\sim$  the degrassi poem by shiba dog  $\sim$ 



by Zach TBD

& sweeping sweeping sweeping.

I don't dream of labor.

I dream of softness & satiety.

I dream

of pleasure so richly sustained

it sticks to my eyelashes.

I dream of zinnias & aster crawling with bees

& hives dripping sweetness

& stings on my lips puffing fervor.

I dream of the spaces between the stars

the spaces between our bodies

the spaces between our bones

& the freedom to crawl into the space within soft moss

& die.

& I dream of becoming a dream.

I dream of becoming a song.

## I Do Not Dream of Labor by Anna Ross

I don't dream of the farm I run with my husband & children & cats & dogs & chickens

& & &

the sun rises baby pink over the barn

જ

we found an apple press, we made apple cider from the fruit of the tree

જ

yes, your arms look beautiful strong

corded like the branch of the tree we picked the apples from.

I don't dream of labor.

I don't dream of the cafe we run & baking pastries & pulling espresso shots & opening the locks & counting the till & wiping the counters & the windows & the tables

<u>& & &</u>

I don't dream of aching feet, aching back, aching head

& becoming friends with the neighborhood regulars

& shutting down the cafe for their wedding reception



"A Gift"

But

I think cooking for loved ones is one of the bravest most intimate things we can do

trading metal spheres and paper bills for fruits of the Earth chop stir wring pour love into the bowl Eventually magic happens

In an ideal world fl In a realistic one m

flavors firework in our mouths meals are food



by Abbie Leonard

trade alex wennerberg

shineslice white -imming here 20, 22, stone strike yield, yield judge-turn-stay leaf-ish oh yeah, i see it, ok, yeah **The Alchemist.** by Adam Harris

I'm so far up in the air about whether I want to turn my poems to song or let them let me feel the freedom that is writing hundreds and hundreds of poems because if the words aren't set to music I can keep making them new without even the hint of chord changes keeping me stuck in the same way keeping me feeling like I've been writing the same song with different lyrics every day for the last 20 years I've been living off of song lyrics and the way words can go together it's the only thing keeping me wanting to keep being alive the only way I can want to wake up for jobs and forms and looking for new jobs and new forms to fill out just so I can keep thinking about words.



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### FEAR.

by Adam Harris I'm afraid I won't ever write another short story again.

I have destroyed my need to expand on a thought and now I just let it be this small thing.

Visitors From Abd

on just below snorkeling tourists who come from all over



My Sleep Paralysis Demon is a Soccer Mom Maria Walls

My friend the anthropologist told me she chose her field of study after first stepping out of her hippie hometown and heading toward

freshly clipped cookie cutter lawns biting bare feet and greyscale ranch-style homes from the 80s, held together by HOA compliance and the resentment that bubbles up with each recession, keeps the ceilings from caving in on empty American dreams—

morbid curiosity for all the things we never want to be, unextraordinary in a way that makes a spectacle of itself,

Look at all my Facebook photos of a perfect family and power-washed siding and well kept shrubbery and christmas lights that get taken down one week after, because nothing can stay here for too long before feeling out of place.

I let her tell me all about conformity, and we stay up late discussing all the things we hate about suburbia and ourselves

patterns and cycles and being like our mothers and how sometimes, recognizing isn't enough to stop you from becoming bland or soulless or settling for less than you know exists outside of every white vinyl fence,

but even that can't keep us from promising that the christmas lights will stay up through springtime *if we want.* 





"personality quiz poem 2: the bad ending" olli sure [july 25 2023]

the space where the bracelet isn't bare piece of wrist skin

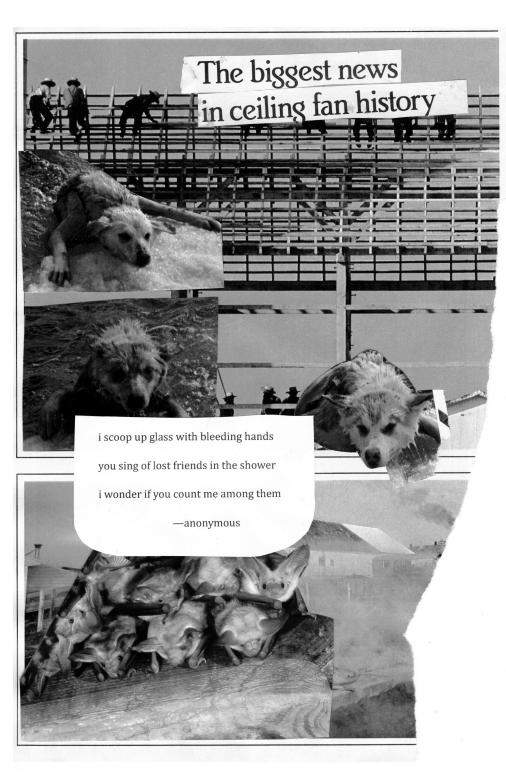
if a tree falls let me ask u a question if a tree falls ? in a dark room alone w/ no one on the other end of the discord call, zoom chatroom, queer clothing exchange groupchat, if no one is alone when the tree falls ? how does anyone know if the new sun through the canopy makes lil flowers grow ?

i need u to put ur dirt-covered feet on my pillow i rly need that i rly need this

let me ask u 1 more question
if u were alive in the fluorescent
light comfort-grocery store of ur
childhood
would u still hear the tree fall ?

click HERE to see results







### CORNER!!!

**Raw** Maria Walls

I want a love like devouring, bones and all.

Not one for the weak of knees or gut, those that faint at the sight of blood or feel the need to purge after close encounters with something rotten.

Love that can't be unseen so easily, lingers like a lump in the throat of passersby, choking on disgust or an envy far more putrid.

*Just for me* pouring more of my heart out than the pitcher can hold, spilling over, mold growing where it seeps into the floorboards,

drips lowerinto darkness, something sinistermaybe,nothing easy to harness or cleanfrom sticky hands or splatters on the walls,

knee deep in red like a cranberry bog bitter, if it's not your taste, but the sweetest to me, *for me*, mine to eat raw.

All-consuming if that wasn't such a bad thing, revolting and riveting, digging deep into my rib cage, pulling pulmonary veins with your teeth until

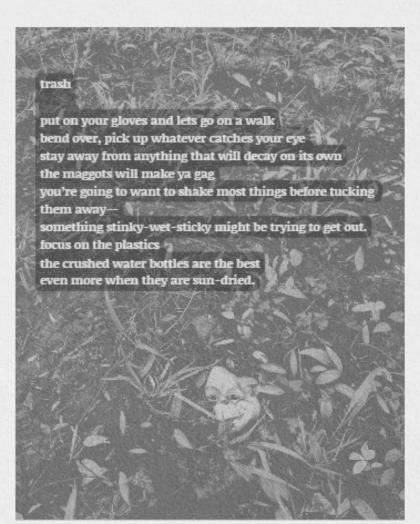
I've said too much. *After all*, I shouldn't speak with my mouth full.



VORE

-	a true classic
0	moment
	where a human has bugs
	in their skin
	bugs crawlin in there
	crawlin inside
	their dirty evil skin
	i am gonna cum in u
	inside ur evil body
	i am gonna swallow u whole
0	to become more holy too
	god would want this
	i know
	matrimony indeed
	crawlin in to swallow
	u now
	ur crawlin in my mouth
	human bugs
	in human skin
0	pure holy glory, or sin?
	$\sim$ i ${<}3$ vore by shiba dog ${\sim}$

by hope bingham





"late accounts" by sgs

i was thinking about you falling asleep tonight. i thought of texting you and not telling anyone. this is a thought i had often august 2022. i actually did text you then, and to the distress of everyone around me, which caused me to a few hours later block you again. so i never know if you got that text or if you responded. i regret that. i wish i knew. i'd have some kind of answer to some question i'm not sure the bounds of which i'm even asking. today i thought of texting you something very simple, "hope ur well." i wouldn't tell anyone i sent it this time. i think this is also naive of me to believe. i have never been good at secrets. i probably would've ratted on myself tomorrow morning.

i had a therapist last year that asked me how i'd imagine texting you would play out. what i hoped for and what i expected, and if it would be the worst thing in the world if i did. if it'd feel honest. to be honest, i still think it's possible i'll reach out to you someday. maybe to great disappointment. but i don't know you anymore, like i said. i've become very pessimistic about people lately in general, which is new to me. but i'm optimistic again tonight and i'm thinking of your capacity to love and hope you remember me and wish me well too.

it's possible you never think of me anymore. that my impact on your life was minuscule in the comparison you had on mine. i'm not really ashamed of how much you mean to me though. sometimes i'm a little self conscious, still talking about you almost 4 years later. i ask myself a lot if i would choose to have never met you if i could. i still don't know. i still don't know. i also wonder if i actually loved you, if i could've amongst the fear, or if i just wanted to love you desperately. i think i loved you. it's hard to tell what sensations have been distorted by the length of time that now separates me from them. "i know there is a way through this pain" is something i repeat to myself. i say it when i still hurt from you, or when my joints are breaking down on me, or my heart rate escalates and my temperature gets hot and i feel very sick suddenly because of my pots.

there are things i want to thank you for. i think i'm thankful for how excited you made me to be loved by other queer people, and how beautiful you could make me feel. i truly felt you adored my work. you would read everything. you'd ask me questions and annotate my work and tell me how successful you knew i'd be. i think you truly believed this, even when you didn't love me. thank you for introducing me to your friends, even when you didn't want to meet mine. i felt that you were proud of me. i felt like a child around you often, but that when i finally grew up you'd be by me and holding me and telling me how proud you are of me, that you'd knew i'd get here. that you're not makes me ache. i've felt anger for the difference in our age and experiences when we met, but lately that's dampened. i don't know. i do think you cared. i know you felt guilt. does that make it right? no, i know. but i do thank you, i miss you. i miss who i was then too. i hope we can meet again and this can be through the pain, and i can hold you and everything will feel over. we can remember together and be still together, content about it all now.

okay, i think that's all i have to say tonight.

-valentin

#### september 9

i am thinking of you often again. i go through periods of months where i don't think much about you at all, and other periods where i do every day. over time i'm sure the periods without you will become much longer.

sometimes i write (vaguely) to or about you in poetry, but i haven't tried writing something that is more explicitly addressed to you yet, so i figured it was worth a shot. i have dreams where you reach out to me and we're friends. i'm going to paste a description of one of these dreams from a few months ago that i have saved, i think it's very beautiful and quiet in a way:

you are at the door, in my dream. i'm in a new apartment but you find me, and i don't even think to wonder how. i'm too full of you to think. you don't say anything before i hug you and drag you inside, into my room. "what are you doing here?" "i missed st. louis." we don't kiss, i don't want to. i'm so happy that you're smiling at me. i don't tell my friends that you're here. we hold hands and go for a walk through an underground tunnel that i don't recognize, we lay in my bed while it rains. i hide you from my roommate as long as i can. your hair is long and green. you drove to me from chicago. you never elaborate on why beyond "i missed st. louis."

i have a voice in my head that tells me this letter should be angry. that i need to tell you how horrible the things you did were, that i heard what you said about me after, that i know what you did to people after me. that there are days, most of them, where i don't forgive you. that there are days, rarer, that i feel calmer when i imagine you hurting. amongst other things. but this is not where i think this is going. i have a lot of love for people, including you still, somehow. if this is a fault of mine, I'm okay with it.

if you are like how i remember you, i think you'd be disgusted by me writing this. but i don't know you anymore.

i wonder sometimes why i'm not over you. i was in so much pain. i wanted it to be over.

when i met you, i was so alone, i was so scared, i was so young. i have a memory of falling asleep in your bed with my hand in a box of cheez its. it was a wonder to me to wake up to you, i have always struggled to sleep around other people. i loved how you kissed me in elevators in the beginning, i loved you picking me up. i loved you cooking for me and buying me snacks and constantly trying to feed me, and the post it notes you'd write to me. i think of how scared i was to even breathe the day i first came over and we watched hot summer nights in your bed, i was so excited, i thought if i even breathed wrong you'd realize you made a mistake inviting me over. i wanted you to think i was cool so bad, despite my inexperience.

you did make me feel safe, sometimes. i liked what you did to me, sometimes. and even the things i didn't like, sometimes i convince myself those are beautiful things too. that my relationship with you makes me a better artist, a more interesting person, troubled in some melancholic but romantic way. i realize that's a little narcissistic of me, and i also think it's funny and naive in a way i often was back then too.

### re: apathy mj

grown now, i think of how we watch random babies, children of coworkers and former classmates, grow up into people--a miracle, life, and they will want nothing to do with us

#### i still carry hate

for an old friend's father, his leer and aggression and performative love for an angry child-all in front of my own father who notices nothing-the disgust will bubble up but quieter now and i haven't talked to jenny in years

in therapy i'm told giving apathy a name will help to understand it wants to protect me-there's pain in it, caring too much about things that don't matter

i think about jenny, and you, pointlessly-what am i going to do with this leftover love, now? can't throw it out the window can't lie with it in bed for listless, tearful hours-i have to be at work soon

EINEST INGREDIENTS

"desert lizard" olli sure [sept 29 2023]

desert lizard
desert lizard licks its eye to
clean it of sweat
no one can explain to you a feeling
better than you in the moment of
feeling it
so why even try ?
so why are they still trying?

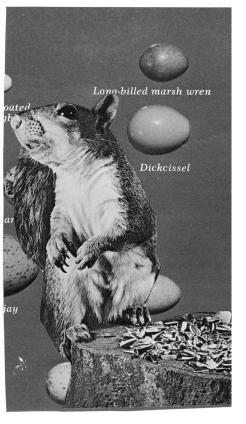
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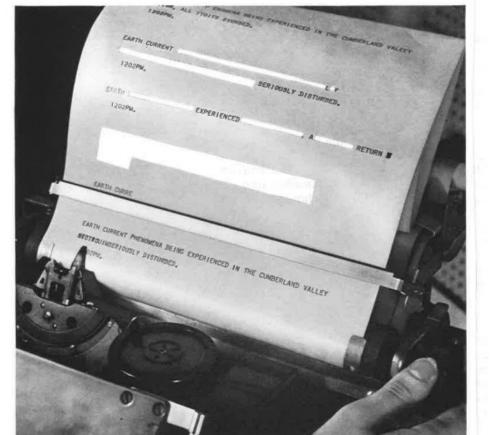
it's not like you are sitting right next to me or anything Red it's not like i still think about it or anything

desert lizard grew up and moved to
the city
she has other eyes to lick now
metaphorically speaking
metaphorically speaking
to speak metaphorically

everyone in this city everyone in this city is aware of when the moon is full whether they know it or not everyone in this city is aware of when there's one more space one more space after the word then there should be whether they know it or not

discomfort discomforts discomfort is discomforting so much that your starting to get comfortable with it her ancestors used to kill tigers with sticks and after that were praised as angels and priestesses but she gets nervous to say it every time





NEWS OF THE UNIVERSE

by liam connolly

11