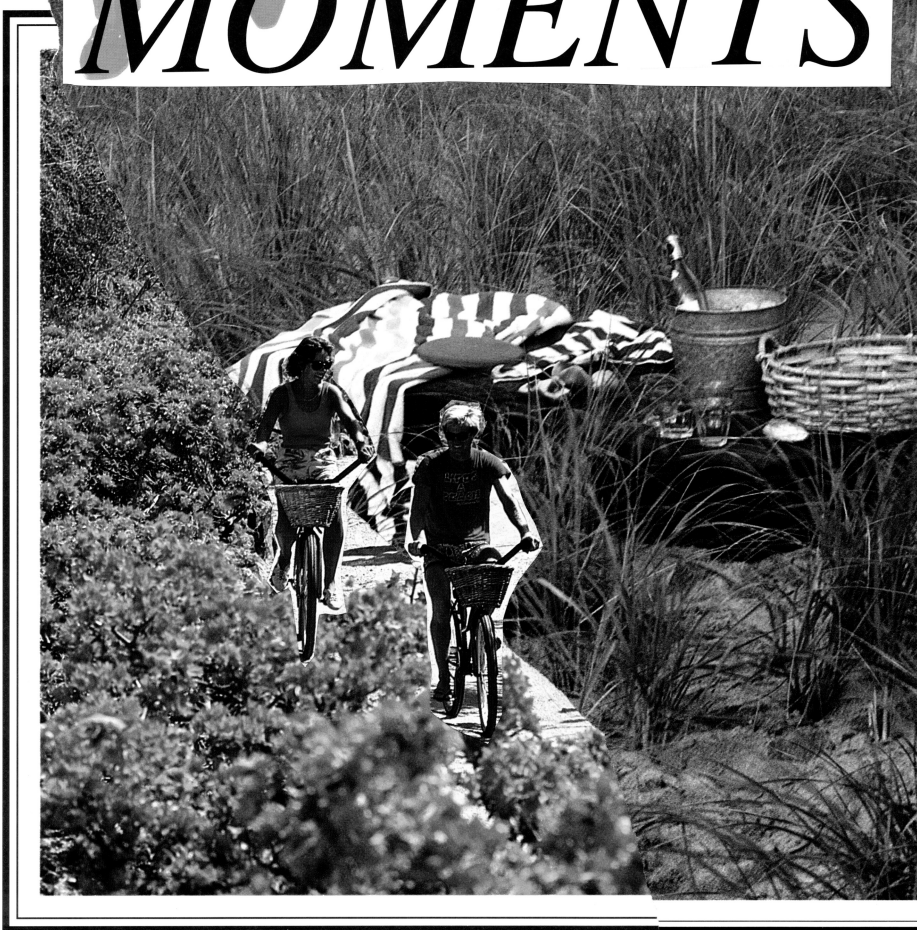




GET LOST IN THE **MOMENTS**



a moment
the stl zine | winter 2024



a moment a moment a moment

a moment a moment a moment

a moment a moment a moment





dear
reader,

*winter cold! winter dead and
dark! but just like the walls
of our living rooms and
bodies keep us warm, so can
the pages of this zine keep
toasty the beautiful contents
of created work compiled in
the 23/24 winter months.
whether you're thriving or
surviving, this new year has
brought your cold bones to
the front doorstep of this
zine, and we hope you enjoy
your stay~ feel free to kick
off your shoes and breathe
more deeply as you let the
work in this collection take
you on a journey through the
dark cold months. when you
have finished your stay feel
free to leave this issue under
a pile of snow, waiting to be
found when the days get
longer.*

*waiting for you always,
a moment*

with thanks to our contributors

BIGASSBUG

josie!

maura benson

emily guro

bugleague

shiba dog <3

bren solis

maxine day

nara

rowen conry

anes sarajlic

anonymous

aaron owens

sophia indelicato

abbie leonard

anonymous

megan gooden

olli sure

x

zach tbd

mere harrach

cover by rowen conry

a question for the zine team...

what's the real way you know if there's 6 more
weeks of winter?

olli — "the metal plates pop my tire"

mere — "i asked my boss for an extension"

lesley — "my cat stays in her heated bed and ignores
the sunny spot on the floor"

catherine — "my yearly soup phase isn't even closer
to being over"

rowen — "sad"

THIS ISSUE CHOCK FULL OF POEMS,

Winter Horoscopes

Aries: Take a bath. Go on a winter walk. Lean into your interconnectedness with the universe. Don't miss this important step on your spiritual journey.

Taurus: You will start going to yoga and be stressed out the entire time, but it's still important that you're trying. Trust the process.

Gemini: Time to plan all of your spring/summer trips! Time to start going to therapy! The community around you will support your goals if you let them!

Cancer: You may find yourself perfecting your craft this month, either your hobby or your career will benefit from this newfound motivation.

Leo: Your relationships need to find balance this month. Either you are giving too much or you aren't giving enough to your loved ones. The return to harmony might hurt but it'll be healing.

Virgo: You will confess your love to someone this month. If you speak up, you will finally get what you want and need.

Libra: This is the month to start taking care of your mind and body. You will develop a healthy new routine. Try meditation or go for a run.

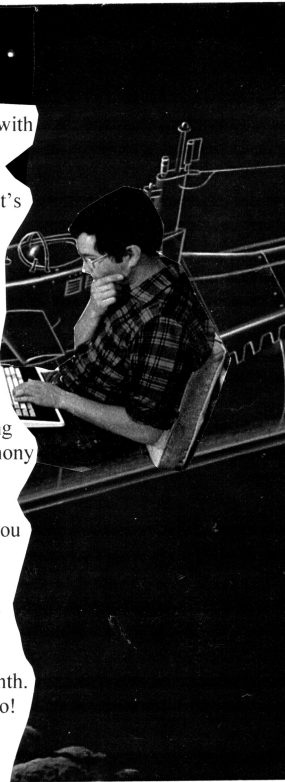
Scorpio: Your internal and external worlds will come to a reckoning this month. It will be easy to connect to those you love, time to finally let them in Scorpio!

Sagittarius: This month you will sign up for a local workshop/class or host a clothing swap in your home. Stroke your love of learning when you can :)

Capricorn: You will find yourself inviting your loved ones or S.O. over for a cozy movie night. It's high time for some emotional recharge!

Aquarius: You'll do well to let go of your innate stubborn nature Aquarius. You will be relieved when you let yourself come to a compromise with a loved one.

Pisces: This is an important time to nurture and tap into your subconscious Pisces. Let yourself dream and let your creative energy stew. You'll soon have the motivation to act on your dreams.

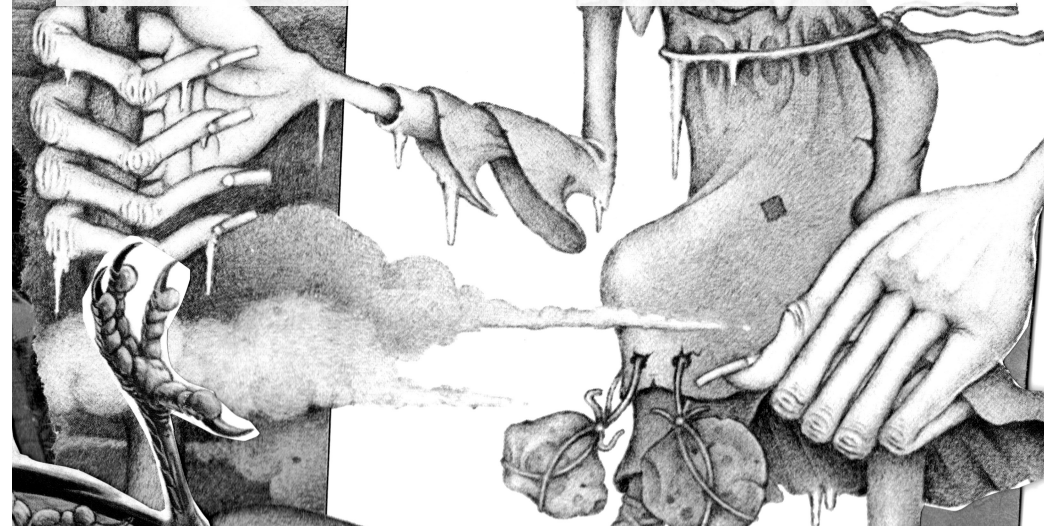


how to submit

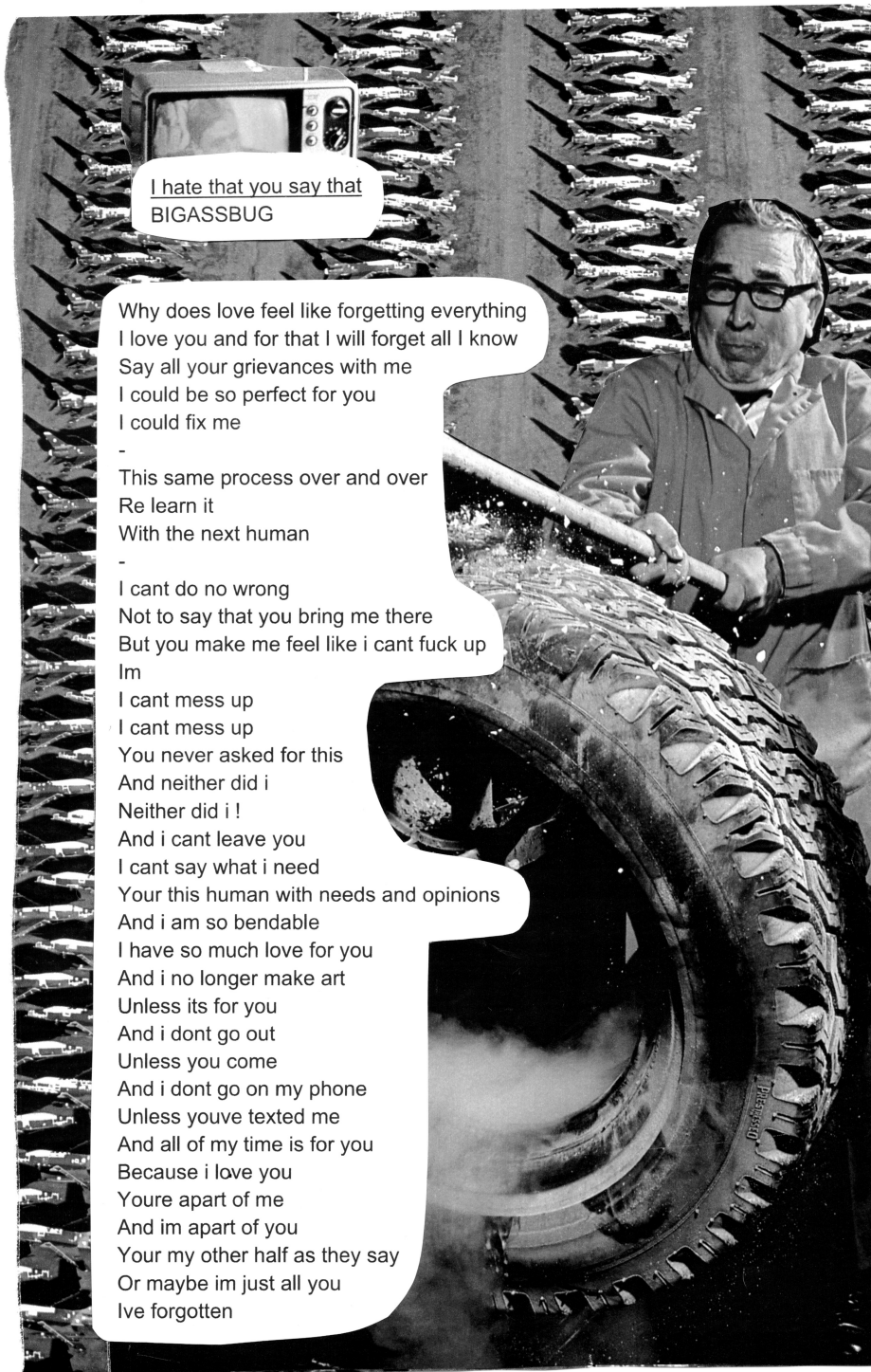
send anything and everything (poems, prose, opinion/editorial, painting, collage, and all the cute lil else) to amomentzine@gmail.com, our email address. note that all accepted submissions will be printed and posted online

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

NEXT DEADLINE:
April 1st!



ART, WRITING, COLLAGE, AND GRIT



says 'Also, again, just a reminder about not covering up the nostrils. Love ya.'

Roy Orbison nods in a way that seems to end an era. I cover his mouth with clingfilm, then carefully cover the nose and cheek area while leaving a small gap for the nostrils. The top of a dome is a difficult area for any clingwrapper, and the top of Roy Orbison's head is no exception. Nonetheless I quickly and

skillfully finish covering up the top of his head. I tear the last of the clingwrap off with the sawtoothed edge of the dispenser, securing the film to itself with a modest but sufficient slab of transparent shipping tape. I place my finger near the nostril gap and feel Roy exhale.

We wait for the right time.



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>

Roy Orbison in Clingfilm Story 7
by Zach TBD

The dream starts the usual way, with the arrival of a mysterious man with dark glasses, dressed in all black from head to toe. I know who it is. We all recognize him. It is the legendary singer Roy Orbison, alive and in his prime.

Roy Orbison says 'Let us say my name together' and we all say 'Roy Orbison'. Then he turns to me and says "Thank you, but please, call me Roy."

'You bet', I say. The others who had recognized him and spoken his name with me disappear.

With charisma to spare, Roy Orbison says 'I trust you know what I need.'

'Where would you like to be cling-wrapped?' I ask.

'Around the ankles, to start', says Roy. 'Then work your way up toward my head. You can cover up my mouth with the cling-film, but leave the nostrils free. Appreciate it.'

'You bet', I say. 'Please stand still, Roy.'

He towers above me, sharp, against the flat gray sky. His pants are within a foot of my face. I see his matte black slacks have been recently ironed. They smell like fabric softener.

'I no longer belong to this time', says Roy. 'The space is the same, more or less, but the time is no longer right.'

The clingfilm unfurls around Roy Orbison's legs in tight overlapping layers. I

am efficient, wrapping firmly but not unreasonably so. There is a reason Roy comes to me for clingwrap. There are reasons. I pull the plastic counter-clockwise up and around his tibias, fibulas, patellas, femurs, up toward the hips.

The others returned, and this time without being prompted we all spoke his name at the same time, 'Roy Orbison'. Roy is on stage while I work diligently underneath his gesturing arms.

'The elephant in the room is the clingfilm. I've come to rely on it. It preserves me in my current state - what I still perceive to be my current state - including my voice, my undeniable set of pipes.'

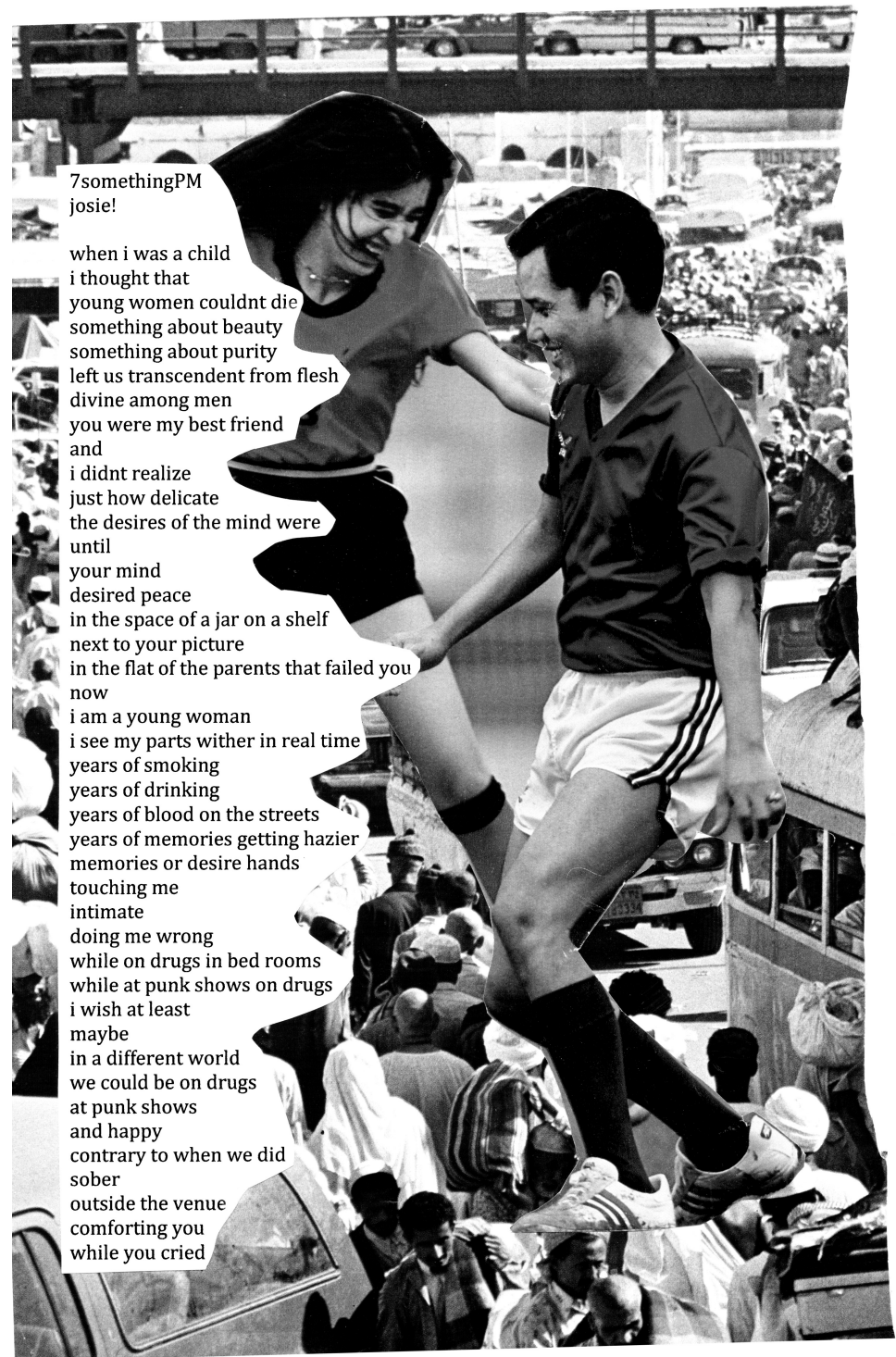
Roy sings his heart out.

I see them joyfully lost in Roy's dream as I pass behind and in front of him with the clingfilm. I pin his arms down to his sides, keeping his hands pressed hard against his pockets. Roy Orbison, outside of time but inside our space, is still the man in black, covered in a shifting transparent film gloss sheen like oil in water.

He stops singing when the clingwrap reaches his throat.

'One last thing', he says, 'as I drift away into my magic night, I must trust you to wake me up when you feel the time is right. Perhaps in a different place.'

The others disappear. It's just me and Roy again. I think I am about to say something, but as my mouth opens he



7somethingPM
josie!

when i was a child
i thought that
young women couldnt die
something about beauty
something about purity
left us transcendent from flesh
divine among men
you were my best friend
and
i didnt realize
just how delicate
the desires of the mind were
until
your mind
desired peace
in the space of a jar on a shelf
next to your picture
in the flat of the parents that failed you
now
i am a young woman
i see my parts wither in real time
years of smoking
years of drinking
years of blood on the streets
years of memories getting hazier
memories or desire hands
touching me
intimate
doing me wrong
while on drugs in bed rooms
while at punk shows on drugs
i wish at least
maybe
in a different world
we could be on drugs
at punk shows
and happy
contrary to when we did
sober
outside the venue
comforting you
while you cried



by maura benson

janet xmas, and zak m. frank hurricane played solo, fingerstyle guitar & story songs. most of his songs have 5-10min story introductions that sound too insane to be real but they're so well told & full of beautifully painted details & come from a guy who is too genuine to be lying; the listener must take his word for it.

4. ziona riley, nashville, tn - 5.8.23 - i first saw ziona play this year at the splash pad with the vanilla beans, carondelet guy (band), and short films/sound by carmen ribaudo/lucy of sloopy mc coy. i think it was ziona's first show of a month+long tour with her brother & dog. she plays fingerstyle folk guitar with unique vocal melodies, whimsical & very real lyrics, and a voice that pulls at heartstrings. her songs are about birds, cults, childhood friendships, and healing. her dog sat at her feet most of the set too, you just love to see it.

5. joanne mcneil, st. louis, mo - 11.5.23 - i saw joann perform with ambient artist dousing at hitt records in columbia, mo as part of the dismal niche columbia experimental music festival, and was really blown away. the set consisted of thick noise that was loud & synthy & spacey with afro-futurist poetry & personal story-telling overlaying. some parts were so transporting, i closed my eyes and lost touch with the room around us all. i feel grateful to know mcneil is local to stl & will hopefully get to catch another set of hers soon.

releases

1. skully ep - telepathy club (columbia, mo) in a year where i listened to a lot of slowcore, this ep was one i had to keep coming back to. First

track, "home" which starts off very soft and spacey, is immediately followed by loud & fuzzy ripper "hit me in the head". Lethargic to agitated, intense and dreamy, there's a wide range of personality through the whole 5 song release that all gets tied together by fuzz and warmth.

2. a taste of the room - furthest (st. louis, mo) this release, also a 5 song ep, is slow, echo-y, surf-y, grunge-y & full of hits. these are songs that feel like instant classics to me; when i listen i am filled with nostalgia that comes from a mystery place. maybe it's the spooky poetry, maybe it's all the 90's sounding tones & chord progressions, but i am so grateful this music was recorded & put out for us to hear!

3. in hindsight - algae dust (st. louis, mo) i have already listened to this album so many times & it's only been out 2 months! it's a bright & soft & pretty indie rock album, but also feels thoroughly new. some of the melodic writing & chords make me think of medieval music in an indirect way but i have nothing to back this up.

4. say i look happy - rae fitzgerald (columbia, mo) a perfect indie folk/soft rock record! i spent a lot of time this fall walking around my neighborhood and the park with headphones on, listening to this album. it's dreamy, personal, deeply relatable, and takes its time.

5. try not to laugh - graham hunt (madison, wi) though it just came out in december try not to laugh feels like a summer album, full of dance-y bass & drum beats, pop-y synth, tambourine, and the occasional country riff. it rocks, it's fun for the whole family, and easy to love. hard not to nod your head along or at least crack a smile while listening.

MUSIC REVIEW 2023 by mere harrach

i'm not much of a music writer but i feel like i gotta tell you. in 2023 i went to 108 local diy shows and 2 "big concerts" (i went to see lomelda/magnetic fields in march & duster in june) & i wanted to do a highlights reel style write-up, but i am having an incredibly hard time choosing my favorites from the year.

to clarify, a DIY show is usually a gathering of a few local bands and often a band on tour from other city. the shows are almost always put together entirely by labor of love & are often not at "legitimate" venues. they can be in cafes, houses, basements, the park, a highway underpass (wouldn't recommend an acoustic show here, we learned this the hard way this year). anyway your imagination is the limit.

i am eternally grateful for these modern third-spaces for bringing me many friendships, creative opportunities, & inspiration. i'm not a big-crowds guy in general but even on nights when i wasn't feeling social at all, i found myself going to a show & just existing with the music & performance & safety of the company of the other like-hearted souls in the room. i may be romanticizing a little too much, but i'll just conclude this intro with gratitude for everyone who makes it happen. thank you to our local show organizers, musicians, venue hosts, flyer makers, and welcoming show-going community! thank you for not caring about money or clout & instead caring super hard to make sure st. louis keeps touring artists coming through & that people stay safe & have fun when they go to shows!!

here are my top 5 live performances i saw this year & top 5 music releases i

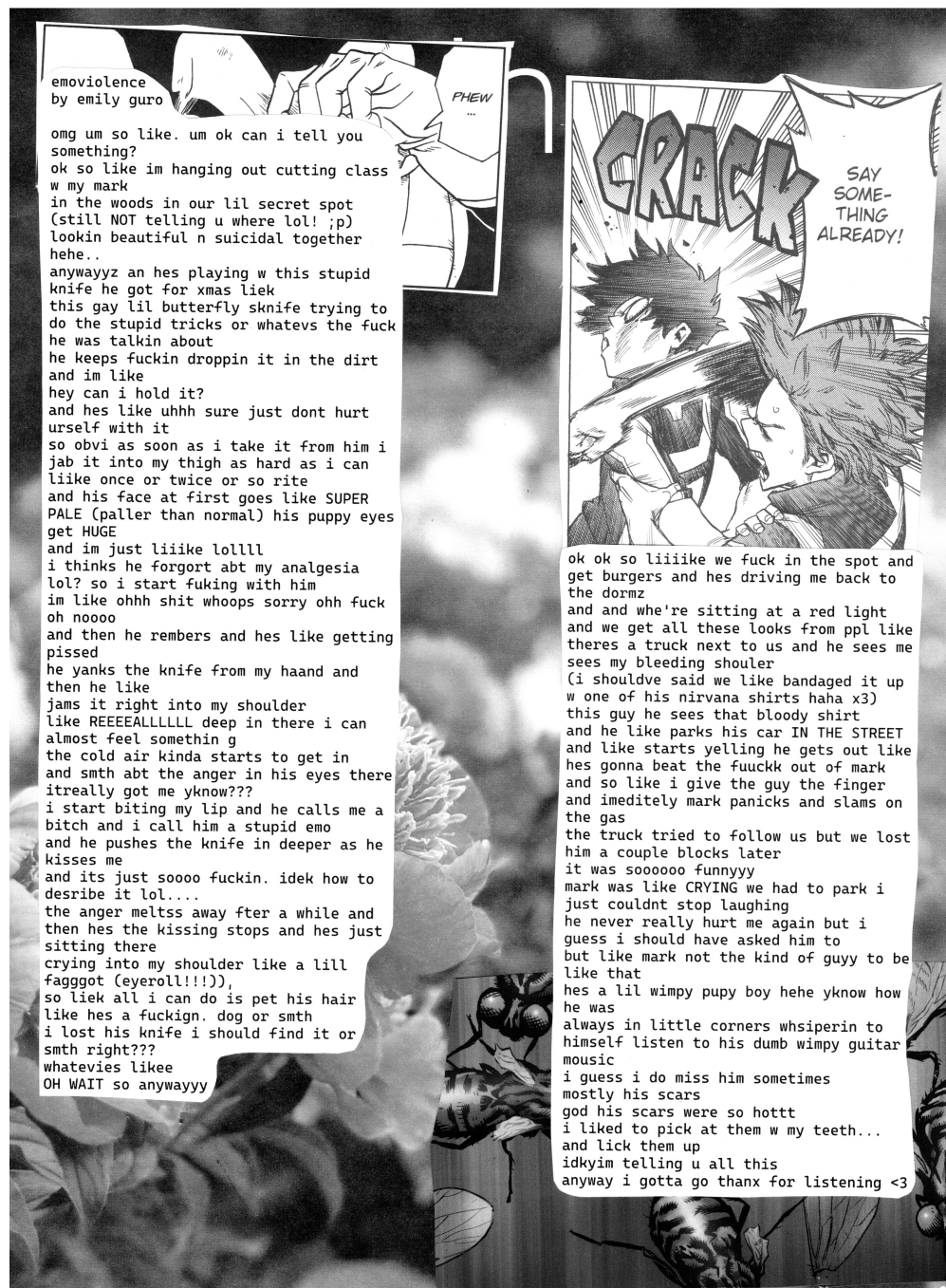
listened to in 2023. it is very hard for me to pick but that is what year end lists are. i've narrowed my terms down to only touring sets & new (to me) bands from stl. i loved so much that i heard this year & i took brief notes on every show i attended on my blog so for those curious, the full list can be viewed at moldgold222.flounder.online/showsattended23.gmi

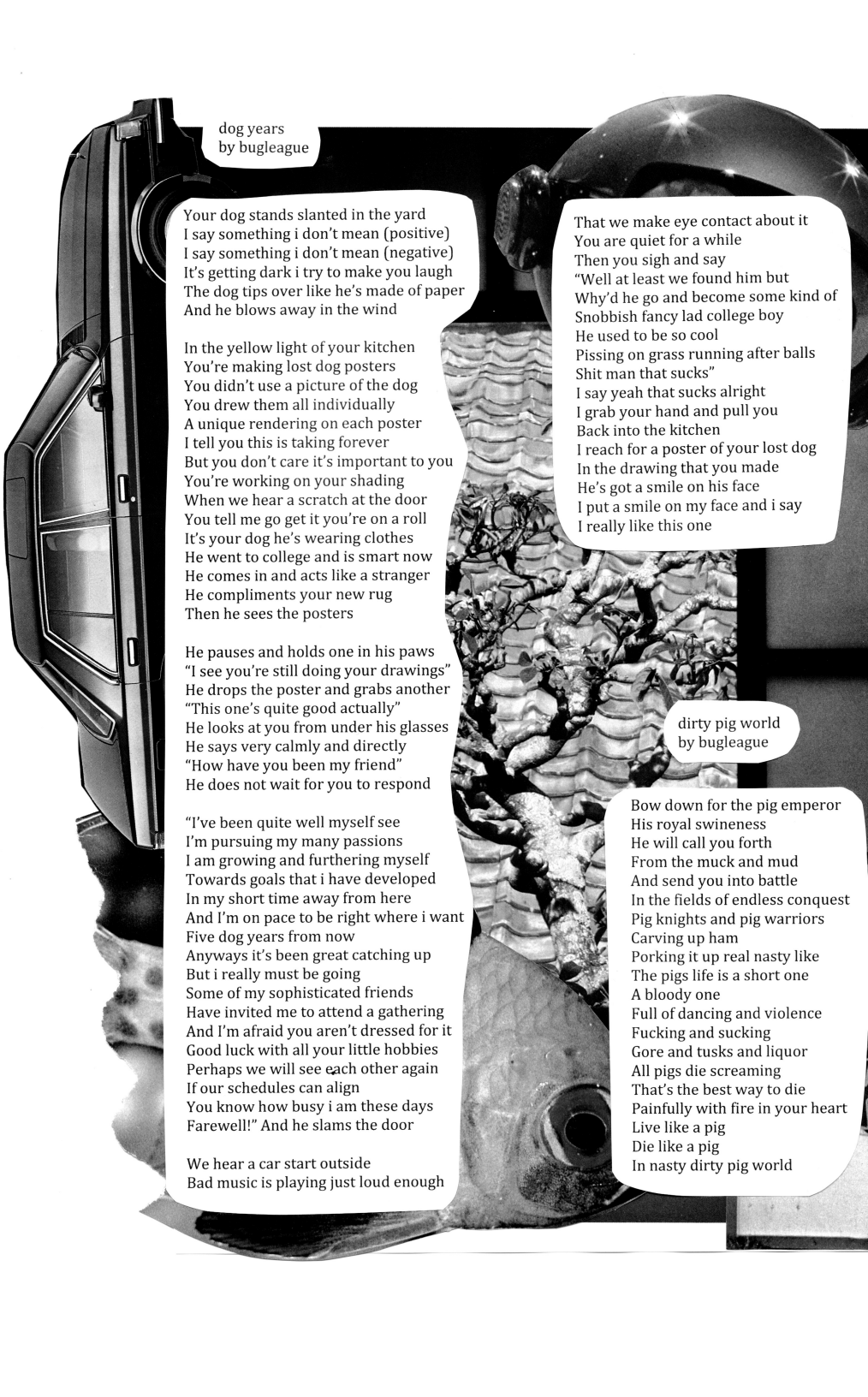
performances

1. living dream, indianapolis, in - 3.17.23 - living dream played at the splash pad with lucky shells & hennen. i was blown away by living dream at this show. i had listened to some of their recorded music prior to seeing them, but was unprepared for how diverse their live sound is. a lot of their music is psychedelic & indie & bright & very fun to dance to. some of their songs are primal, screechy durges. i was pleased to find out that indianapolis is also only ~4hrs away from stl so we will hopefully be seeing a lot more of them around these parts.

2. proxy, denton, tx - 4.19.23 - proxy played with death pose, janet xmas, and hippyfuckers at sinkhole. this show was maybe the most i've seen people dance around at this venue (disclaimer, i don't go to that many hc shows). proxy was fun to watch because the lead singer did a lot of the set with the microphone inside their mouth and lit their arm hair on fire.

3. frank hurricane, philadelphia, pa? - 4.20.23 - i actually saw fh perform 3 times in 2023, but before the 4.20 show at chill dawg cove had never heard of him though he does have legendary renown in the diy circuit. also on this show were locals grain, john beabout,





dog years
by bugleague

Your dog stands slanted in the yard
I say something i don't mean (positive)
I say something i don't mean (negative)
It's getting dark i try to make you laugh
The dog tips over like he's made of paper
And he blows away in the wind

In the yellow light of your kitchen
You're making lost dog posters
You didn't use a picture of the dog
You drew them all individually
A unique rendering on each poster
I tell you this is taking forever
But you don't care it's important to you
You're working on your shading
When we hear a scratch at the door
You tell me go get it you're on a roll
It's your dog he's wearing clothes
He went to college and is smart now
He comes in and acts like a stranger
He compliments your new rug
Then he sees the posters

He pauses and holds one in his paws
"I see you're still doing your drawings"
He drops the poster and grabs another
"This one's quite good actually"
He looks at you from under his glasses
He says very calmly and directly
"How have you been my friend"
He does not wait for you to respond

"I've been quite well myself see
I'm pursuing my many passions
I am growing and furthering myself
Towards goals that i have developed
In my short time away from here
And I'm on pace to be right where i want
Five dog years from now
Anyways it's been great catching up
But i really must be going
Some of my sophisticated friends
Have invited me to attend a gathering
And I'm afraid you aren't dressed for it
Good luck with all your little hobbies
Perhaps we will see each other again
If our schedules can align
You know how busy i am these days
Farewell!" And he slams the door

We hear a car start outside
Bad music is playing just loud enough

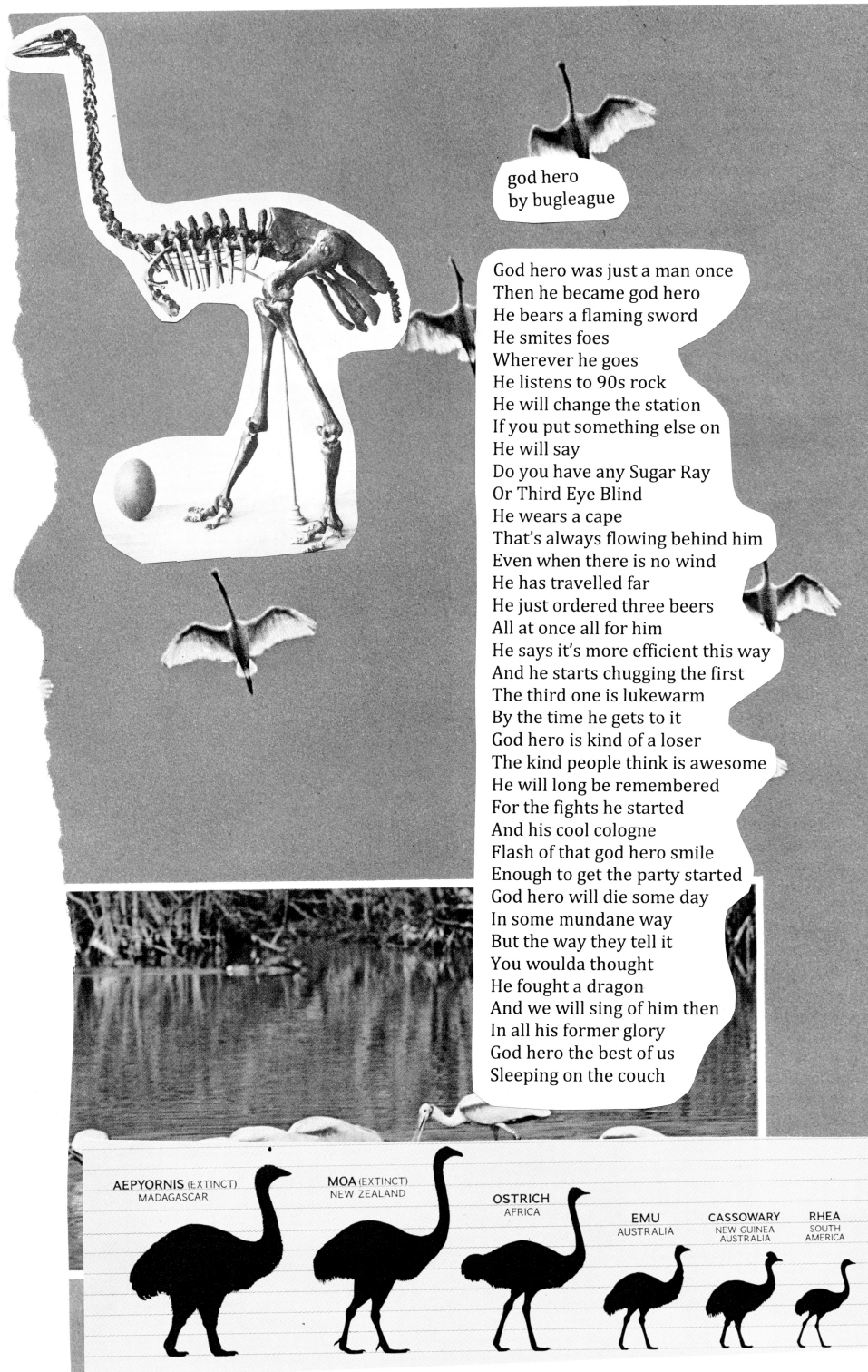
That we make eye contact about it
You are quiet for a while
Then you sigh and say
"Well at least we found him but
Why'd he go and become some kind of
Snobbish fancy lad college boy
He used to be so cool
Pissing on grass running after balls
Shit man that sucks"
I say yeah that sucks alright
I grab your hand and pull you
Back into the kitchen
I reach for a poster of your lost dog
In the drawing that you made
He's got a smile on his face
I put a smile on my face and i say
I really like this one

dirty pig world
by bugleague

Bow down for the pig emperor
His royal swineness
He will call you forth
From the muck and mud
And send you into battle
In the fields of endless conquest
Pig knights and pig warriors
Carving up ham
Porking it up real nasty like
The pigs life is a short one
A bloody one
Full of dancing and violence
Fucking and sucking
Gore and tusks and liquor
All pigs die screaming
That's the best way to die
Painfully with fire in your heart
Live like a pig
Die like a pig
In nasty dirty pig world

it could be a metaphor maybe
like how you notice i only
hit my vape in 3s
is it my OCD or do i crave a buzz that
no longer craves me
you remind me of water
to drink it, to run it over my body
that my stream of consciousness still
flows backwards
sometimes
i know i'm in heaven because there's
constellations hidden in the moles on
your back
you make something move in me like
the stillness that resolves after
watching a movie
a motion picture captured by
lapses in time
i think this is where it ends

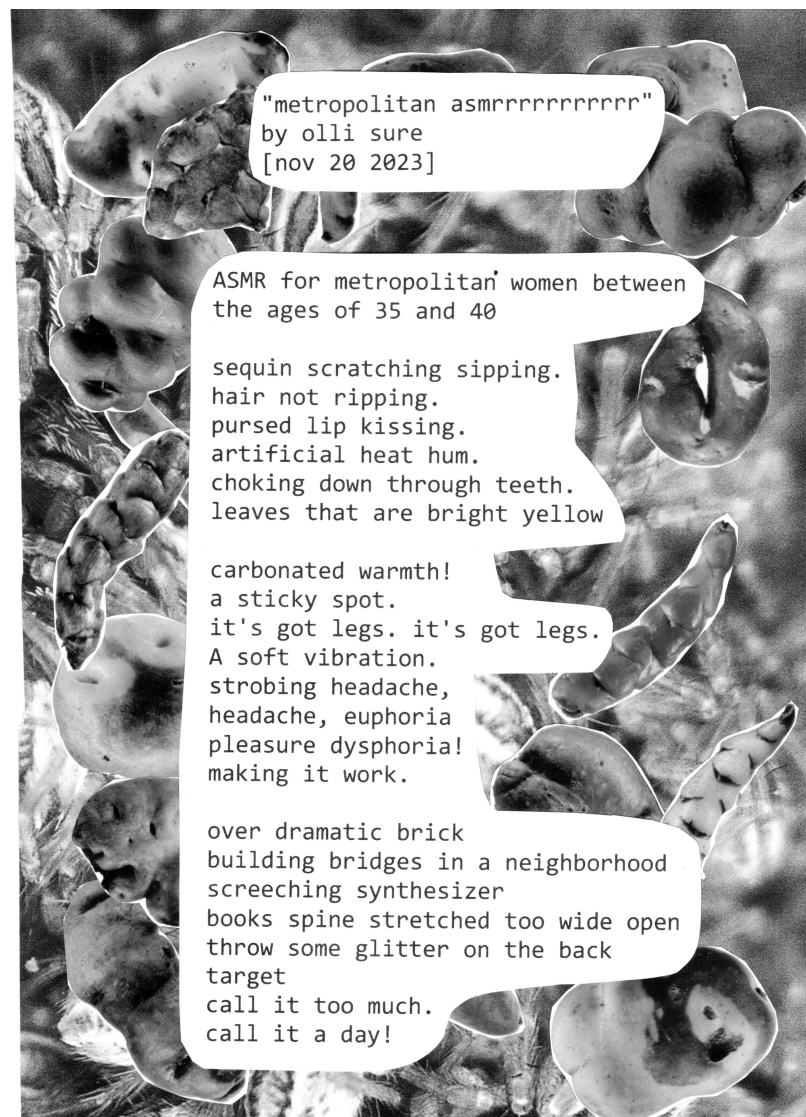
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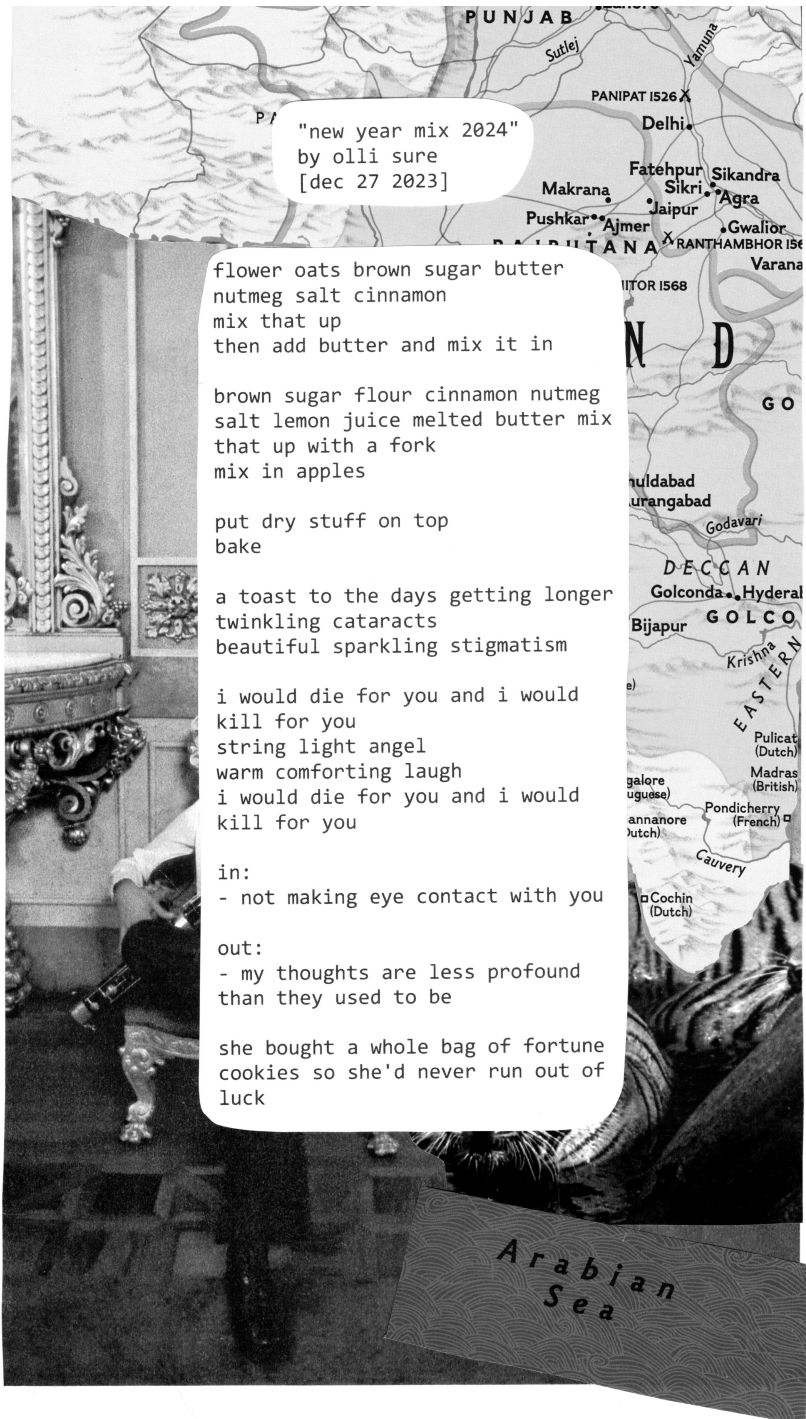


"fridge still life" (above) and
"forest park in the springtime" (below)
by shiba dog <3

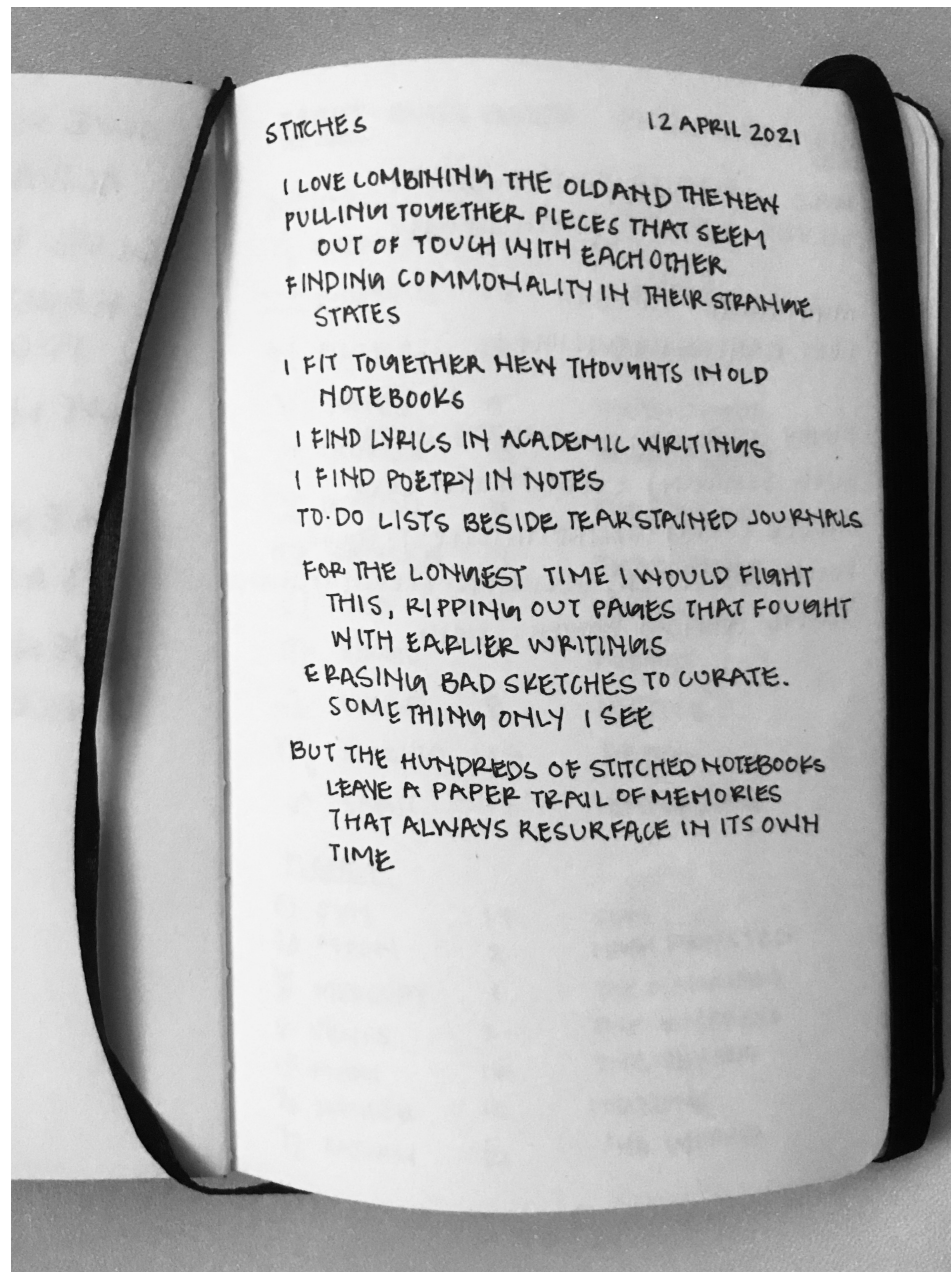
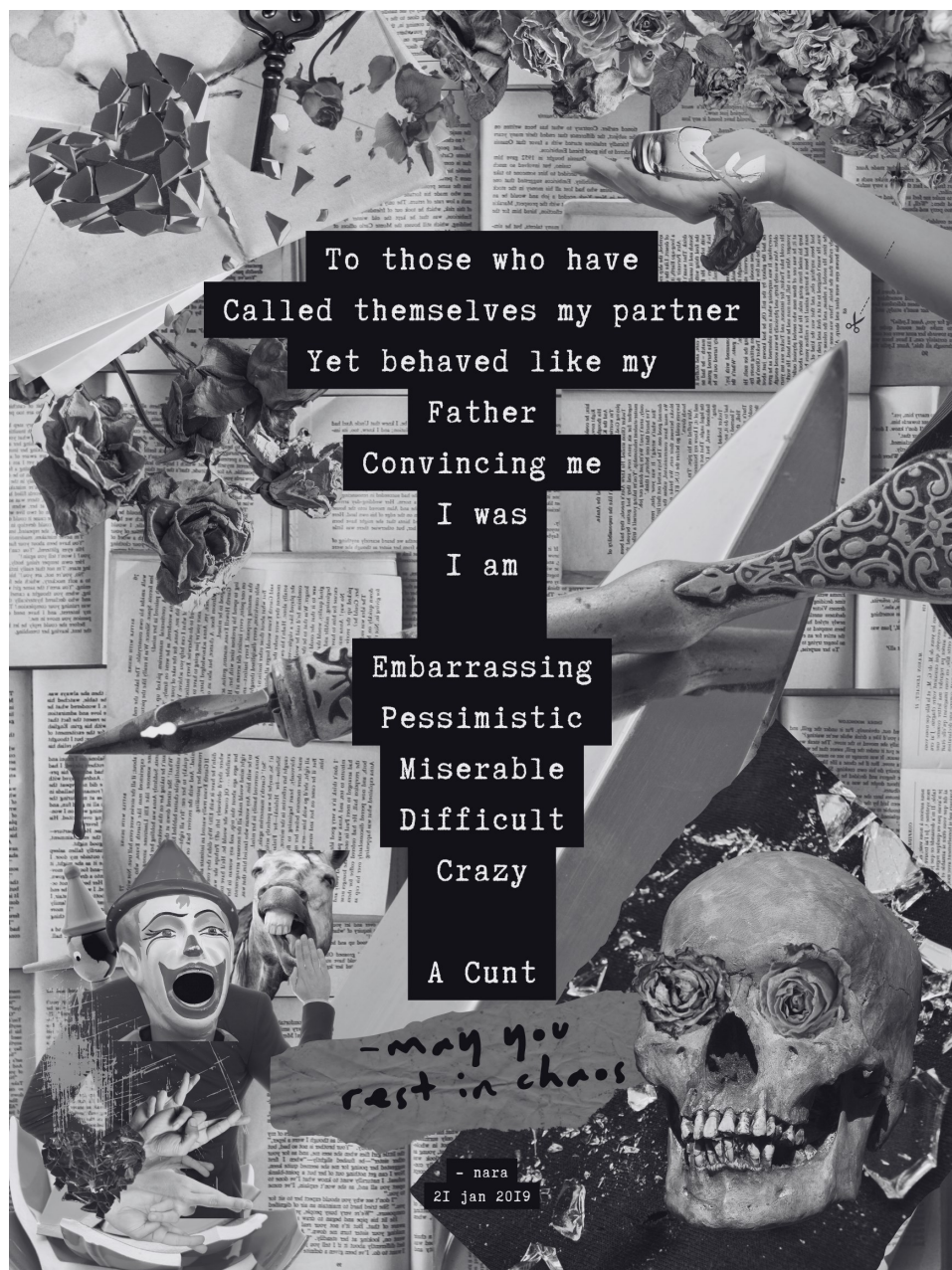


by bren solis





by maxine day

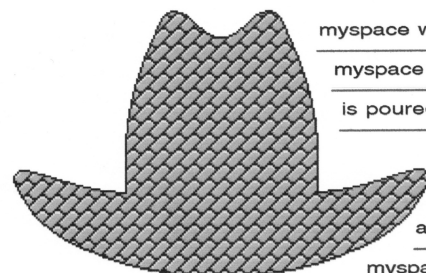


untitled (left) and
"Stitches" (above)
by Megan Gooden

PURITY OF HEART COMES WITH A PRICE IN ITS EARLY
 FORMATION. SOFTNESS WITHOUT STRUCTURE ELITES
 LOOSE BOUNDARIES AND UNCLEAR STANDARDS. SELF-
 CARE BECOMES ALIENATION WITH THOSE WHO HAVE
 THE SAME FEARS AS WELL AS VALUES AS YOU.
 ONCE YOU CHANGE, ~~FOR~~ IT SEEMS LIKE IT WILL
 ONLY DOUBLE THE HURT TO WITHDRAW EXPENDED
 ENERGY. I'VE FINALLY MADE MY DECISION TO
 LEAVE THE CROSS-ROADS. I HAD THOUGHT I WAS
 WALKING ALREADY, BUT I THINK I'VE ONLY BEEN
 ANALYZING THE MAP IN EITHER DIRECTION.
 I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE TERRAIN OF MY OLD LIFE,
 I'M WELL AWARE WHAT THE JOURNEY HAS
 IN STORE FOR ME; THE COMPANIONS I'LL MAKE,
 THE YELLOW BRICKS I'LL WALK ON, THE PROMISE
 OF OZ; BUT JUST BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT'S
 THERE DOESN'T MEAN IT'S WHAT I WANT/NEED.
 I'VE MET A GUIDE AT THE CROSS-ROADS. I DON'T
 THINK HE'LL TAKE ME AS FAR AS I'D LIKE TO GO,
 BUT HE'S WALKED ALONG THE ROAD ALREADY AND
 HAS PROMISED ME IT'S SAFE. I WAS SO AFRAID OF
 THE UNKNOWN UNCHARTED THAT I OVERANALYZED
 THE KNOWN AS IF I COULD ALTER IT BY SIMPLY
 KNOWING IT EXISTED. I DON'T NEED YELLOW BRICKS

THAT GLITTER AND SHINE; GUIDE ME DOWN THE
 PATH ~~LIKE~~ LIKE A SIREN ~~TO~~ ALONG SOMETHING
 THAT KEEPS ME SICK INSIDE. I AM NOT HERE
 FOR GOLD PLATED NIGHTMARES. I WOULD RATHER
 RECEIVE DREAMS OF DUST AND DIRT BECAUSE
 I AM THE ARCHITECT THAT HAS MADE CITIES
 OUT OF CLAY AND ROADS OUT OF STONE. I HAVE
 ALWAYS BEGUN MY CREATION OUT OF NOTHING
 BUT THE EARTH. I ~~SHOULD~~ WILL NEVER ~~FEAR~~
~~THE~~ PRICE I HOLD OVER DIRT, BUT I WILL
 RESPECT ITS POWER AND VALUE ~~AND~~ CLAIM
 IT AS AN ADVANTAGE. I HOLD MY HEART IN
 MY HAND NOW AND USE MY MIND AS MY TOOL.
~~THE~~ THE ~~WINDS~~ ANIMELS HAVE ARRIVED TO SEND
 ME OFF AND KEEP ME SAFE WHEN I VENTURE
 INTO MY UNKNOWN. THERE ARE DREAMS OF
 DIRT, HERE. I WILL BUILD MY OWN OZ.

myspace by rowen conry



myspace will have a mushroom growing out of it

myspace will feel damp and bubble up if water

is poured on it

myspace will be nighttime, but warm

myspace will crack open the window

and move closer to you

myspace will have a hand resting firmly on a

hardwood table

a table clean enough to see the reflection of the window

and you can see a tree out there

myspace will have the noises of a train

and a warm wind and a child shouting happiness

on myspace, a bookshelf wobbles slightly as we open the door

rushing in, taking off our shoes

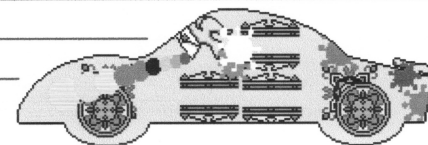
brushing our hair, flossing, blinking, and doing brushstrokes in the air at each

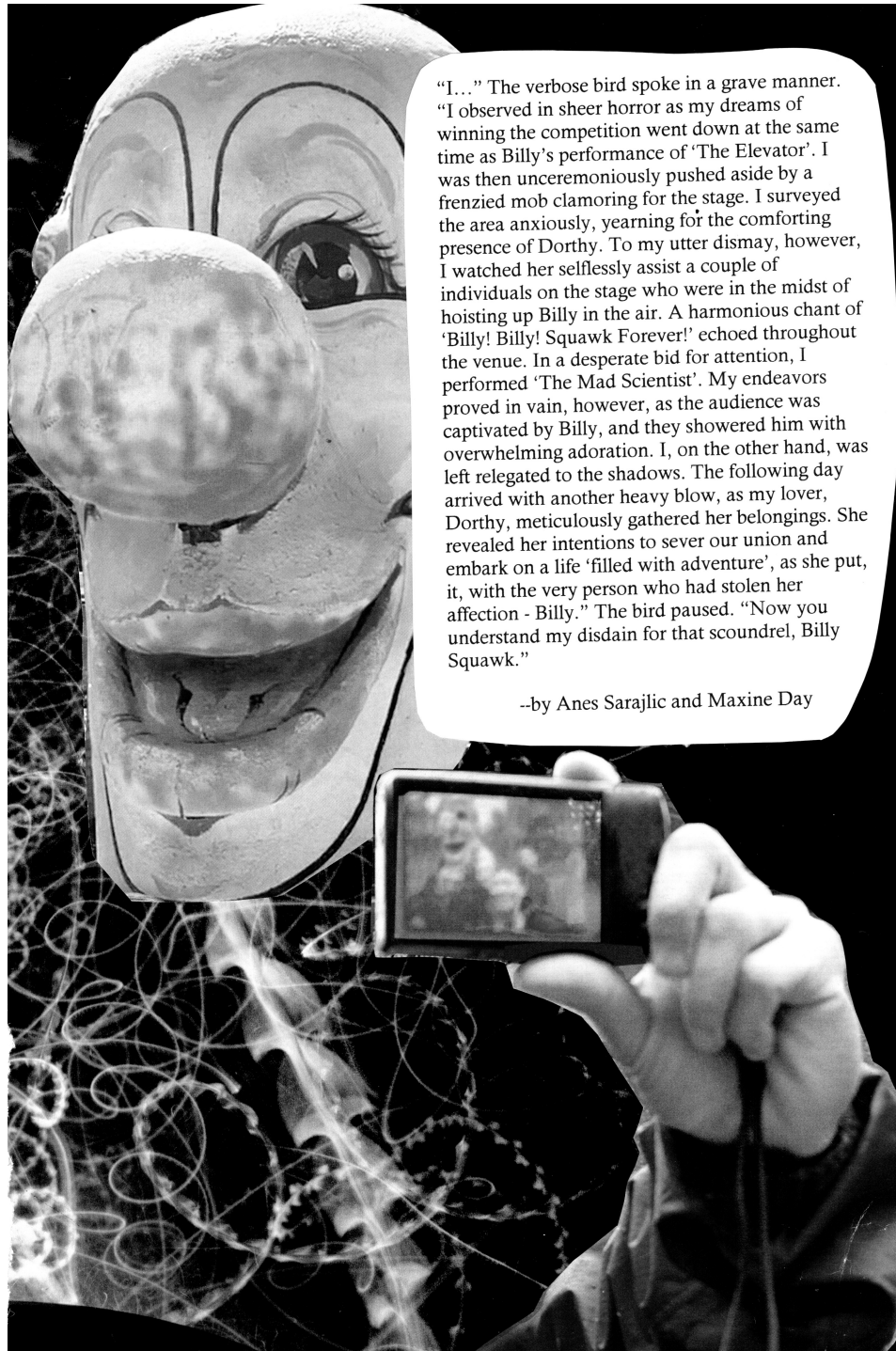
other like we are painting

we are making myspace

the code is a spaghetti mess and we slurp kiss it

like the dog movie



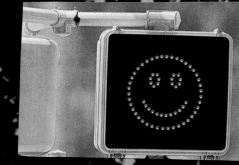


"I..." The verbose bird spoke in a grave manner. "I observed in sheer horror as my dreams of winning the competition went down at the same time as Billy's performance of 'The Elevator'. I was then unceremoniously pushed aside by a frenzied mob clamoring for the stage. I surveyed the area anxiously, yearning for the comforting presence of Dorothy. To my utter dismay, however, I watched her selflessly assist a couple of individuals on the stage who were in the midst of hoisting up Billy in the air. A harmonious chant of 'Billy! Billy! Squawk Forever!' echoed throughout the venue. In a desperate bid for attention, I performed 'The Mad Scientist'. My endeavors proved in vain, however, as the audience was captivated by Billy, and they showered him with overwhelming adoration. I, on the other hand, was left relegated to the shadows. The following day arrived with another heavy blow, as my lover, Dorothy, meticulously gathered her belongings. She revealed her intentions to sever our union and embark on a life 'filled with adventure', as she put it, with the very person who had stolen her affection - Billy." The bird paused. "Now you understand my disdain for that scoundrel, Billy Squawk."

--by Anes Sarajlic and Maxine Day



Real Moments



i tried to say something meaningful
i tried to make the post that would unite us all
i tried to escape the innate triteness and find
something that would make you smile or
be a little funny maybe
but i'm just feelin the dearth
i'm just cravin the death
winter is a dead time
and i am certainly dying
but i'm definitely not killing myself
being a good boy and waiting my turn sure as ever

by anonymous



by Anonymous

TECHNOPHOBIA GOOD

"Edible arrangements"

The Blood orange was the most reasonably priced citrus at the grocery store this week
A winter offering
These days I am trying to eat Seasonally as they say
I generally feel Less Good in the winter so I try hard to eat things that make me feel More Good

Absorbing my vitamin C and other Nutrients
The internet says there are seven types of nutrients which include carbohydrates, fats, dietary fiber, minerals, proteins, vitamins, and water
The internet says vitamin C is water-soluble whereas vitamins D, A, E, and K are fat-soluble

I begin to peel my water-soluble Blood orange
It looks identical to the other oranges I have eaten before that I am now picturing in my head
Minus the size which is more of a Medium which is useful as I am not feeling extreme
Minus the pigmented pulp
I thought the Blood orange would taste Normal but boy it did Not
It was tart and more fruity and bitter than the other oranges I have eaten before that I am now picturing in my head

The internet says anthocyanins are responsible for the crimson-colored flesh of my Blood orange
An antioxidant combating oxidative stress in my body to fend off heart disease and cancer
Anthocyanins are water-soluble
Blood oranges are harvested after all of the other citrus are picked and left out in the cold to develop their hue

by Abbie Leonard



gravois church fire photos
by anonymous

65° Sun.

I rode to the state park in the morning then, out of muscle memory, again in the afternoon.

My reason at the time was that I simply didn't want to do it but, it occurs to me now, that what I ended up doing instead was as good a reason as any to blow off a promise.

I still don't know how to be a friend or I do and I just can't bring myself to be one.

We talked about the power dynamics of friendships - who is expected to do what, who reaches out to whom, and how your role might shift from one friend to another. The conversation was riddled with the unfortunate connotations of hierarchy and struggle, but, well, whatever, underlying it all is a sense that I should care rather than a sense that I actually do.

After a week of regular workouts, nice weather, and good sleep I feel something like even or stable - something close to dull. I can't say I've had much cause for thinking.


I have been conditioned to believe that the exceptional is all that merits sharing and yet I consistently have the urge to share my unexceptional self.

The breeze under the window or the sunlight in the grass, the silver hum of computers or the reach of a leaf towards the sun. There is excitement in how to write the mundane makings of a day, in finding the structure and pace, in the poetry of its construction but, the only thing less exciting than descriptive writing is writing about the writing of descriptive writing.

The project still provides a sense of the literary and a proper excuse for reflection, and though the sharing of it may no longer be worthwhile I think the making of it is. Four years of questioning and four years of getting the same response, perhaps that's a good thing.

-Aaron Owens

Ovulation
by Sophia Indelicato



The light that comes in through the big window,
The distant windchimes,
The soft pillows beneath me.
It is euphoria.
The chemicals that fill my body
Are the same colors across my bedroom,
Sage green, light blue, white.
The dopamine makes me feel
Like the little leaf pattern
Across the quilted comforter.
Endlessly soft.

But it would be better if you were here.

This with you was never quite what I expected,
But now there are other people
Built like us,
That I think about in moments like today.
Soft bodies finding each other.

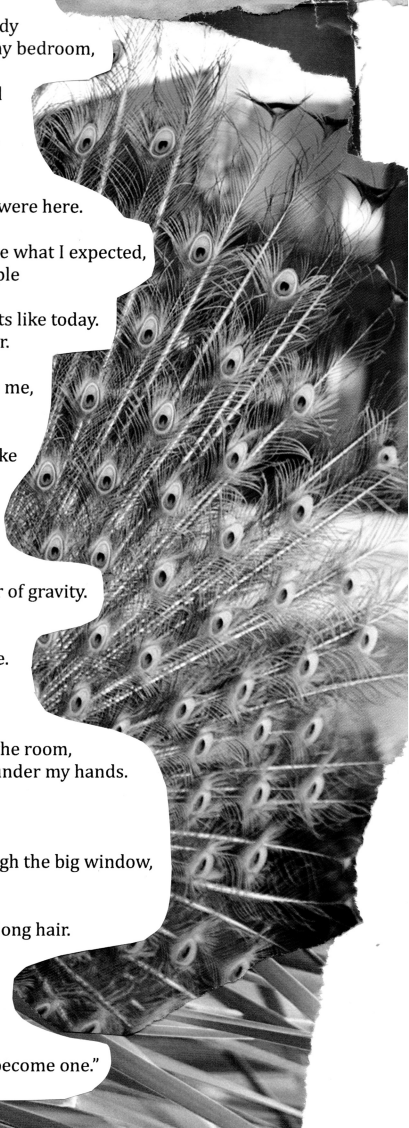
I wish it was you underneath me,
Not the sheets.

Beginning at my hips, I feel like
I am submerged in a bath,
White tile walls,
Floating pink lotus flowers
Surrounded in steam.

I have created my own center of gravity.

My lower body makes space
For something that isn't there.
Something you never had.

But how can that be?
When you feel so present in the room,
In the air and in the pillows under my hands.
I am the Venn diagram
Of bliss and longing.



The light that comes in through the big window,
Painting you like a Vermeer.
The distant windchimes,
Flowing through your waist-long hair.
The soft pillows beneath me,
Beneath you.
Put your fingers in me
And say, "Don't worry,
My darling,
We will find another way to become one."