

**a moment** the stl zine | fall 2024





## --FALL HOROSCOPES--

**aries:** *this fall you have the opportunity to find harmonious independence within your relationships. reflect on where you are giving more than receiving. who truly energizes you?*

**taurus:** *health and well-being are on the mind. it's time to focus in, hunker down, and slowly but surely practice healthy routines for yourself. turn your nurturing nature inward this fall.*

**gemini:** *fall brings play and fun and self-expression sweet gemini. how can you lighten the load on your heart? could you lay in the leaves, giggle, and wiggle your toes?*

**cancer:** *nesting begins early for you cancer. it's time to center comfort and security. sweep the floor, shake out the rug, curl up in a warm blanket, and sip on some delicious warm soup.*

**leo:** *communication is in focus for you dear leo. are you dancing around the truth with others? with yourself? it's time to express your thoughts with clear intention. your heart needs a bounty of meaningful exchanges and expression.*

**virgo:** *dear virgo, now is the time to reflect on how your resources align with your values. how are you spending your money, time, and energy? do you worry about having enough? harmony and abundance are attainable for you this fall.*

**libra:** *this fall is the start of a new cycle for you dear libra. take time to reflect on who you've been this last year, and set intentions for the coming year. how can you better align with your highest self? the truth is clear to you now.*

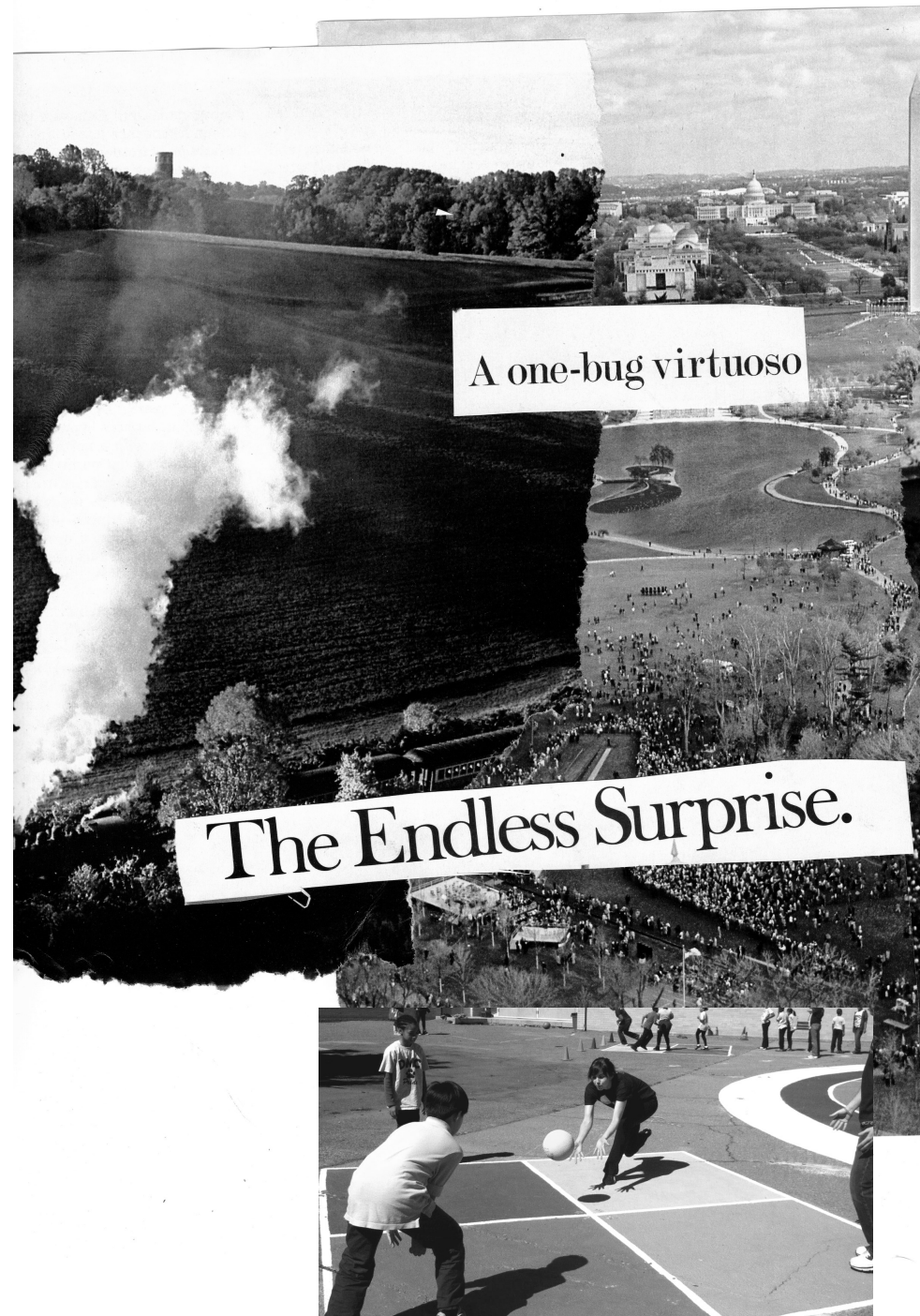
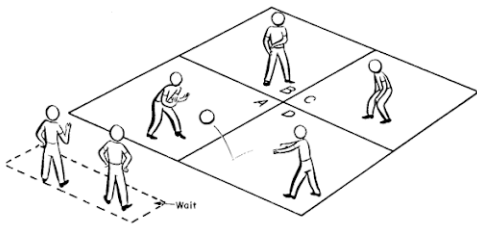
**scorpio:** *the subconscious floats to the surface this fall dear scorpio. a unique time to process emotions and patterns creeping under the rug. embrace rebirth and find peace in solitude.*

**sagittarius:** *sweet sag, this fall brings your social community into light. is your village aligning with your values, pushing you to follow your personal ambitions? now is the time to find those who support your visions and dreams.*

**capricorn:** *your hard-work doesn't go unnoticed capricorn. you've achieved much and come far, but you too need time to rest and recoup. if your efforts are unfocused, your wheels will spin but you won't be propelled forward.*

**aquarius:** *this fall your higher self seeks expansion. take opportunities to widen your perspective and deepen your beliefs. your spirit will embrace abundance, if you simply let it in.*

**pisces:** *this new season asks you to shed what weighs you down and find true spiritual release. let out a deep sigh and stretch your limbs dear pisces. your most meaningful connections are in focus, and all else drifts away with the wind.*





dear  
reader,

THE ZINE THAT REINCARNATES

thanks to our  
contributors!!!

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experimental open mic

showcasing local art that is  
experimental in nature.

monthly at the sinkhole

instagram: @experimental.open.mic

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>

sitting in a dark room you hear a clock turn. the heavy low metal tone of the chime reminds you that time is passing and so are you. standing up from your creaky rocking chair you're now in the middle of a parade being thrown in your honor! red yellow brown confetti falls and gathers at your feet, and the preceding crunch of the pile lets you know that things are still moving. upon closer inspection of the plant detritus you realize that scribbled onto each fallen morsel is a piece of someone's heart, a collection of words, an assemblage of images, the scattered thoughts of an artist. you soon come to realize that the fallen leaves before you are a curation of experiences, happenings, moments, and by standing amongst them you are now a part of the moment set before you as well! this comes with a responsibility of maintaining inspiration as just another flowing fluid force of nature on our planet, and we hope that when you are finished experiencing the pieces of soul present in this small publication that you will free its pages from its binding and let it be recycled into the air to continue its flight perpetually!

*with love always,  
a moment <3*

## 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](http://issuu.com/amomentzine) to view  
this issue and issues in the  
future. :P B) :->

**NEXT DEADLINE:**  
**January 5**

**INTO A BUG UPON ITS DEATH.....**

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine and I regret it. BIGASSBUG! made this poem.

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine and he accepted it graciously but when I asked if he read it about 5 days later, he said "No, i just skimmed it." It clicked

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine because he was nice to me he was also nice to look at and over time through various gazes I made up an idea of who he was

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine since in my head it seemed like he would enjoy it read through it, twice maybe and comeback up to me at a later time talk about it, maybe we would even talk about my poetry

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine to give myself an excuse to talk to him a reason to interact over something I love and he would love it too and maybe he would give me something he loved in return have an excuse to talk to me too

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine and he never even really read it I don't know if he ever really thought of it or if he ever really thought of me in the same way I continued to think of him with one way glances

I gave this guy a copy of a moment zine and I regret it.  
(Sorry a moment zine lol)



it?

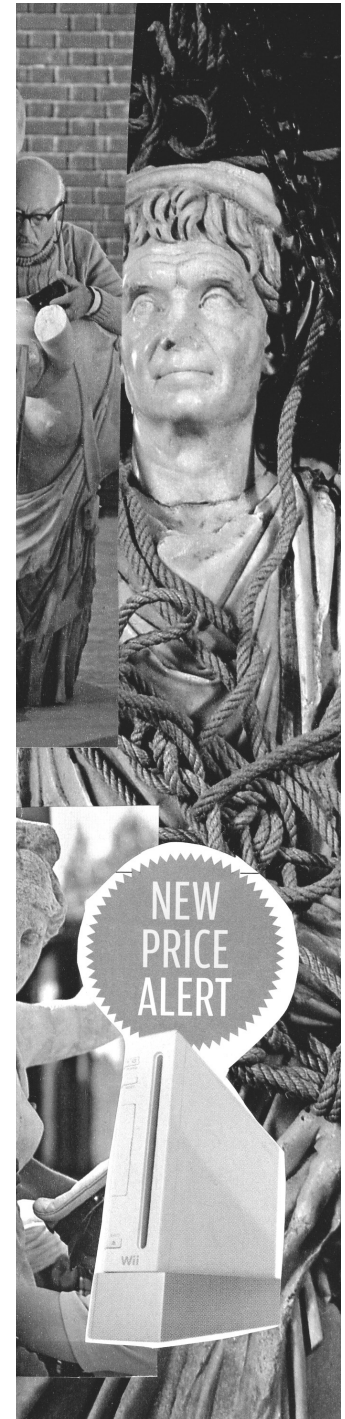
My heart opens her eyes and turns to the flame in the hole once again. She says, I'm sorry, this is no excuse but I'm on my period and just feeling a lot. I didn't want to get so worked up, I didn't mean for my anger to come out like this. I'm really grateful to you and the seat in the chest where I rest. I have to figure out how to reconcile you both here in the ways you're both working against each other.

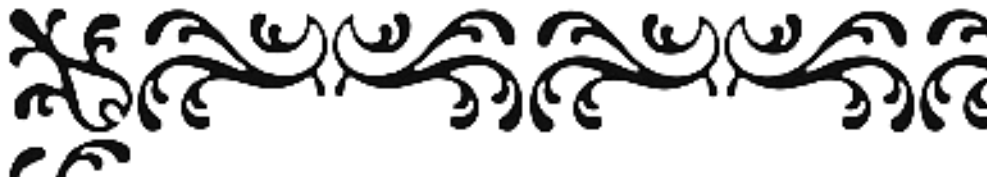
With each other, says the flame from the hole, but we're allegorical too, so at some point you'll just have to wake up and realize you're the one in control.

I've been blind to many realities and feel the weight of earthly distractions working against the weight of a need for change. It will continue this way until I address it. There are many ways to accomplish this.

The heart then begins to beg the hole with the flame for just a few "no's." The flame does not oblige but the menstrual blood from the heart drips all over the seat like crazy and puts the flame to sleep for a little while.

—by Mere Harrach





There's a fire burning a small hole through the seat in my chest where my heart sits; a little hole that's hardly a flame, like the way the end of a cigarette burns through a jacket. And through the hole, we don't know don't know where the embers rise from, we can't see through. But a noise comes through and it's saying YES, it's saying yes, it's saying yes to everything. And the hole broadens little by little, my heart picks up on the heat like a mosquito bite; at first, nothing, but slowly my heart squirms and wrestles the urge to reach under and swat it away, to leap up and whip around and accuse.

To cry out and accuse the voice that says "yes," of attempt to murder. Can't we afford a break, some down time. Can't we afford the cost of sitting and pondering, doing nothing but meditating and enjoying the delights of ones own damn mind for two to three days.

It's hard to know who I am anymore. Surely the little flame from the hole has stolen the memory of me that even my dreams will not carry anymore. My heart cries and beats on its breasts. I love you for what you're trying to do for me, but I can't maintain this. The chair is too hot now and it was all I had.

She doesn't mention the friends and praises. The fire under the ass of my heart angsts. What about all the love you've received? Isn't that as much you as who you are alone, at rest?

The world is a cycle I cannot fathom the beginning or end of. The world of a

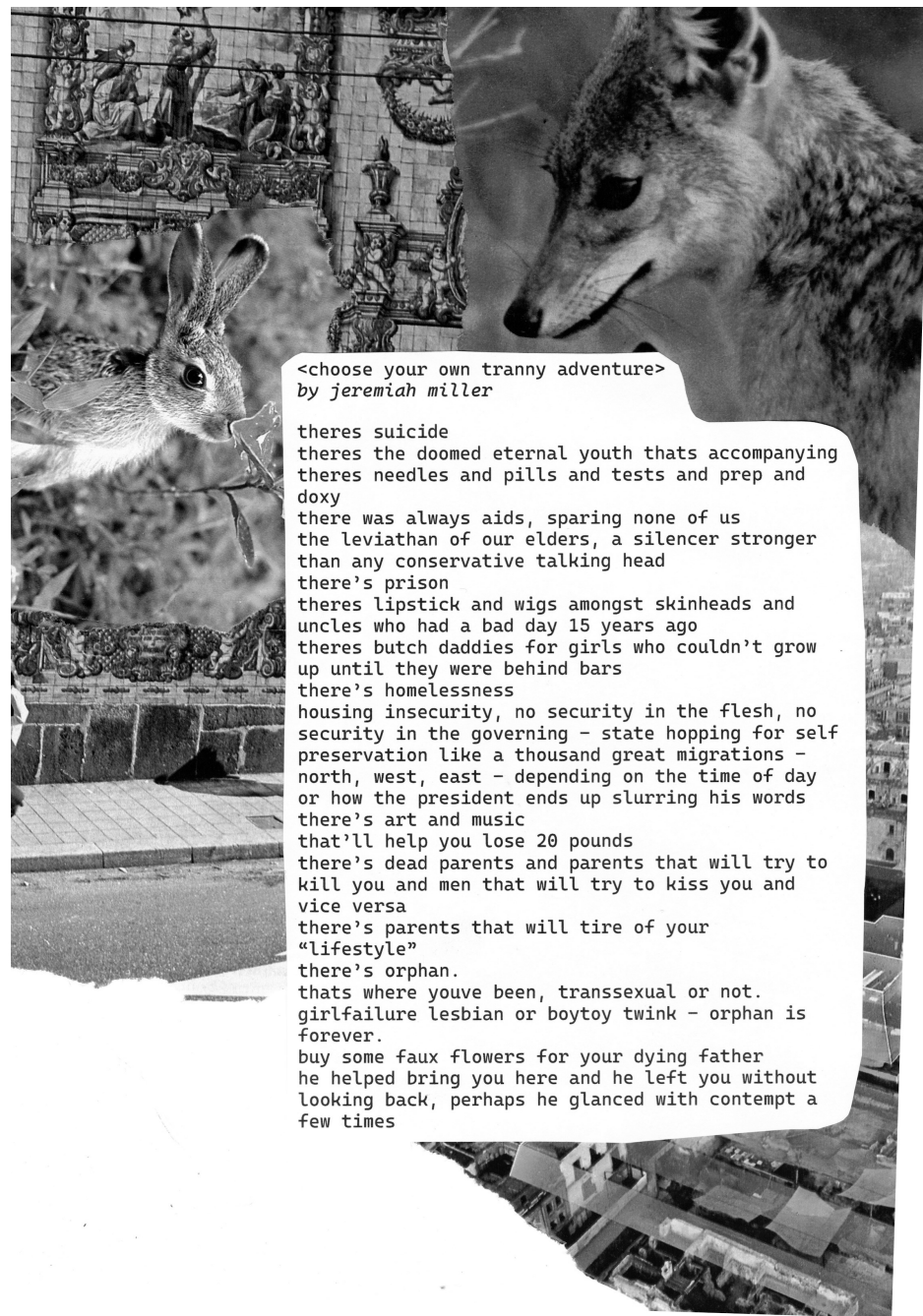
butterfly is as ours was as babies- full of extremes and all that they have. From the cocoon, their lifespans are so small but so significant. A butterfly's whole entire world is the color, flavor, and scent of flowers, and the drive it takes to get them there. It can be the delicate wind that picks them up and pulls them into a patch of purple cone-flowers, the sun warming their sweet bodies to the perfect degree while they munch down on nectar. It can be the swift death by the mouth of a bird, car window impact, or the sticky snare of a spider's web. Infinite sensory experiences we'll never even be able to dream of knowing.

Fear destroys peace. Fear destroys a heart.

There will always be space for you, if you can kill the idea of competition and scarcity in your heart.

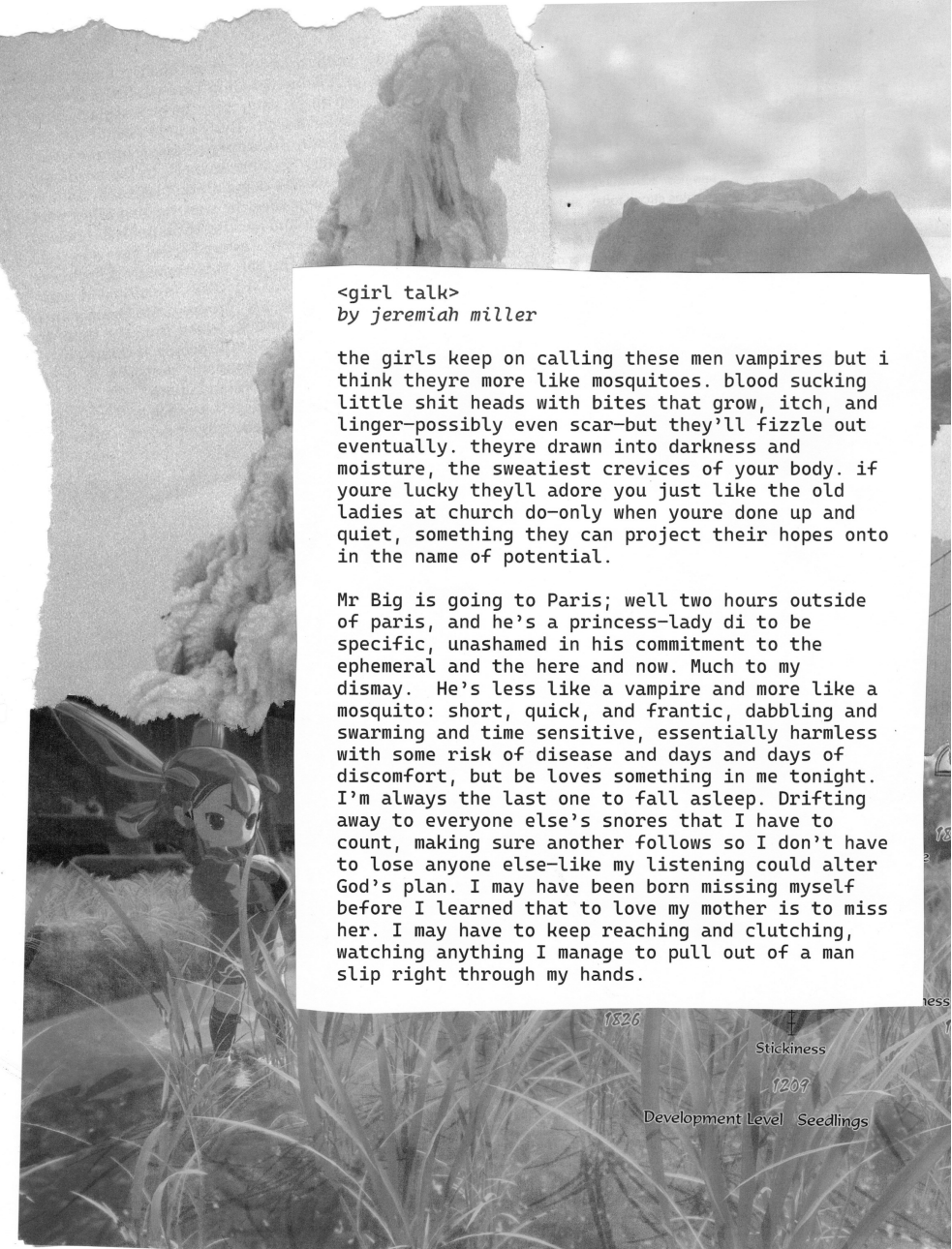
Activity: give your heart a bed and a desk and let it choose freely. Time is not an evil, it is a guide and a matter of fact.

I close the eyes of my heart, I give her a chance to gaze inward. She sees a lot of worry and fear. She sees a lover and a cunt. She notices times within where many piles of comfort have been given out freely and times where her chambers became granite stone and no breeze could pass through, and everything turned stale. A horror and utopia all within a single heartbeat. Who can trust this space? Who can live without



<choose your own tranny adventure>  
by jeremiah miller

theres suicide  
theres the doomed eternal youth thats accompanying  
theres needles and pills and tests and prep and doxy  
there was always aids, sparing none of us  
the leviathan of our elders, a silencer stronger  
than any conservative talking head  
there's prison  
theres lipstick and wigs amongst skinheads and  
uncles who had a bad day 15 years ago  
theres butch daddies for girls who couldn't grow  
up until they were behind bars  
there's homelessness  
housing insecurity, no security in the flesh, no  
security in the governing - state hopping for self  
preservation like a thousand great migrations -  
north, west, east - depending on the time of day  
or how the president ends up slurring his words  
there's art and music  
that'll help you lose 20 pounds  
there's dead parents and parents that will try to  
kill you and men that will try to kiss you and  
vice versa  
there's parents that will tire of your  
"lifestyle"  
there's orphan.  
thats where youve been, transsexual or not.  
girlfailure lesbian or boytoy twink - orphan is  
forever.  
buy some faux flowers for your dying father  
he helped bring you here and he left you without  
looking back, perhaps he glanced with contempt a  
few times



<girl talk>  
by jeremiah miller

the girls keep on calling these men vampires but i think theyre more like mosquitoes. blood sucking little shit heads with bites that grow, itch, and linger-possibly even scar-but they'll fizzle out eventually. theyre drawn into darkness and moisture, the sweatiest crevices of your body. if youre lucky theyll adore you just like the old ladies at church do-only when youre done up and quiet, something they can project their hopes onto in the name of potential.

Mr Big is going to Paris; well two hours outside of paris, and he's a princess-lady di to be specific, unashamed in his commitment to the ephemeral and the here and now. Much to my dismay. He's less like a vampire and more like a mosquito: short, quick, and frantic, dabbling and swarming and time sensitive, essentially harmless with some risk of disease and days and days of discomfort, but he loves something in me tonight. I'm always the last one to fall asleep. Drifting away to everyone else's snores that I have to count, making sure another follows so I don't have to lose anyone else-like my listening could alter God's plan. I may have been born missing myself before I learned that to love my mother is to miss her. I may have to keep reaching and clutching, watching anything I manage to pull out of a man slip right through my hands.



## Vocational

*Art and words by Dominic Barr*

There's something someone said once about your dream job being whatever you would do as a child whenever you were left to do whatever you wanted. I drew on bits of scrap paper and wrote little sentences sometimes.

When I got to school they asked us to get up in front of the class, one at a time, and choose a job from the outfits they had laid out on the carpeted floor. I walked around in front of the cross-legged, barely conscious audience, and pondered for what felt like forever, before I resigned myself to picking up a white coat and announcing that I wanted to be a doctor.

I don't think I ever considered that a career as an artist was possible. It was a

fun activity I did, and the adult world was serious, so it was automatically not a job. I'm not sure if it was an issue with my not processing that the content I consumed had to be made by people whose jobs it was to do that. I drew comics for a while as my thing when I was in primary school. I kept at it for a bit after that, and then tailed off into internet memes instead.

They're funneling me into an algorithm that tells me what I need, so that I need a job so that I can have credits to buy things and become an identity - as if I'm not already one merely by continuing to exist. The internet is no longer fun and it is owned by cultist offshore money. Art makes sense to me. Those are real, human feelings! I don't feel anything about money. It's a resource. It's not a calling. It's just safety; an invisible hand to be wedded to.







"to the bathroom security calling me sir"  
by olli sure  
[july 6 2024]

thassolophobia is the fear or big unseen things  
lurking under large bodies of water  
so distant and intimidating  
they dont even notice u  
trying to keep ur head above water  
trying to

thassolophobia is the fear  
is looking at which way ur feet are facing under the stall

bright neon arrow pointing directly down  
bright neon letters shouting  
YOU ARE HERE  
HERE YOU ARE  
WHEREVER YOU GO, THERE YOU ARE

smiling wedding pictures  
building falling behind u

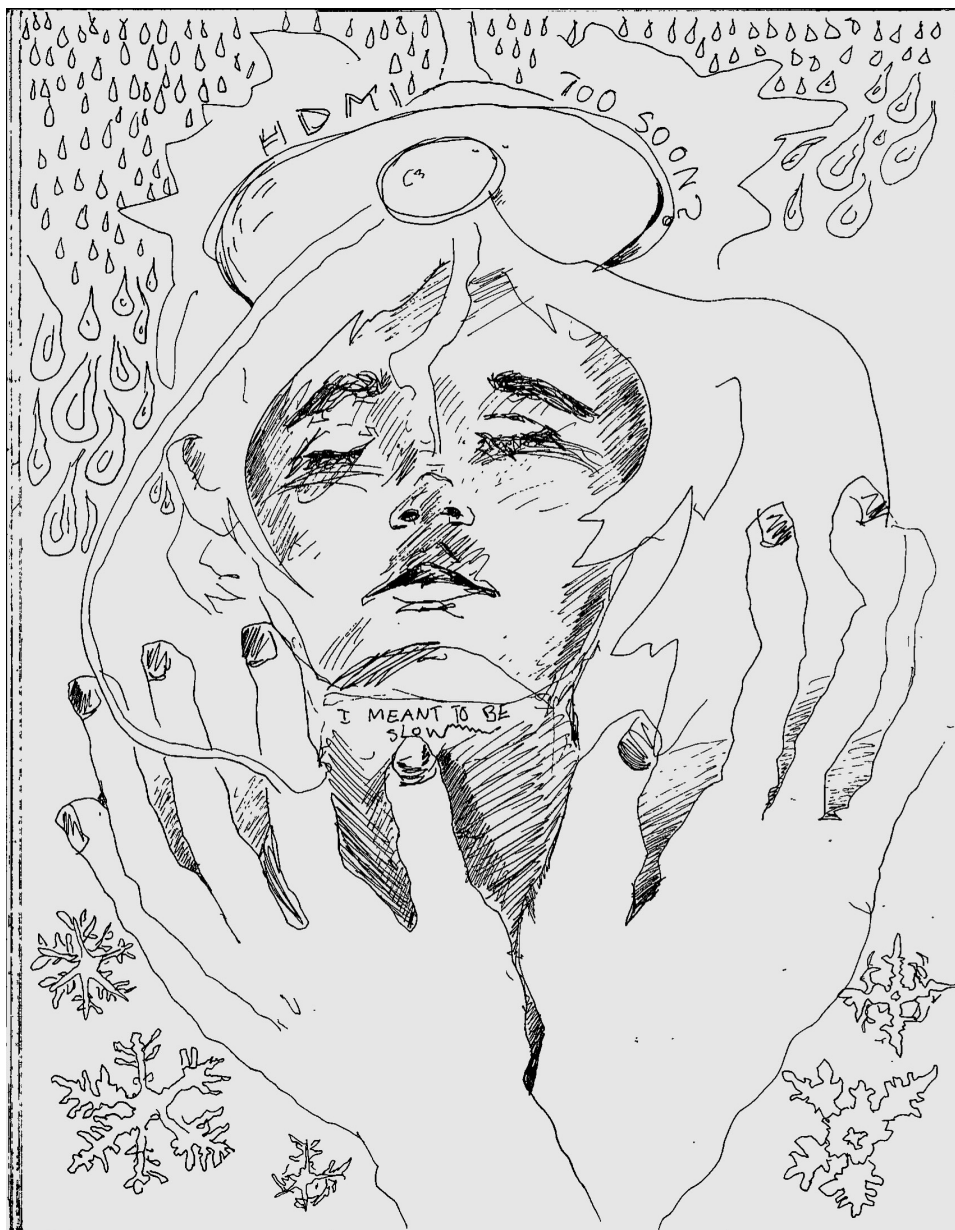
this is the last word on the last good thing

u are here  
u are here  
u arent here  
arent u ?

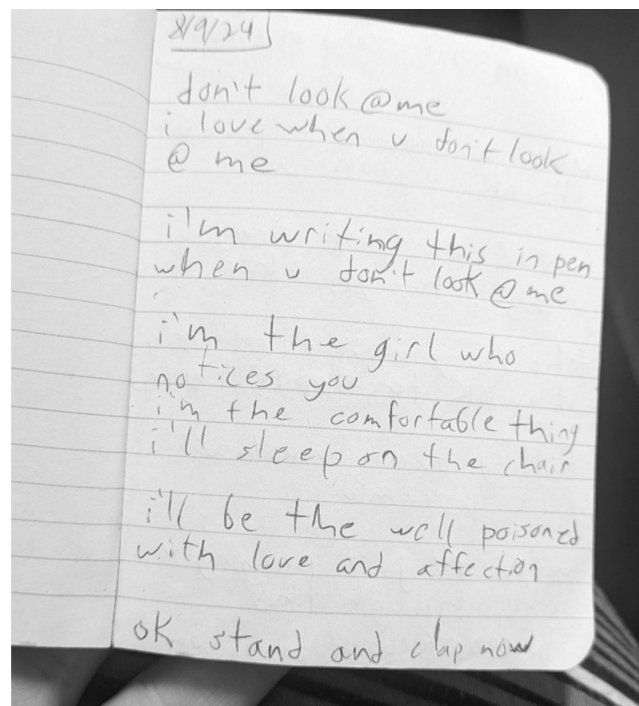
*Far above the rich valleys, Oh, wow!*



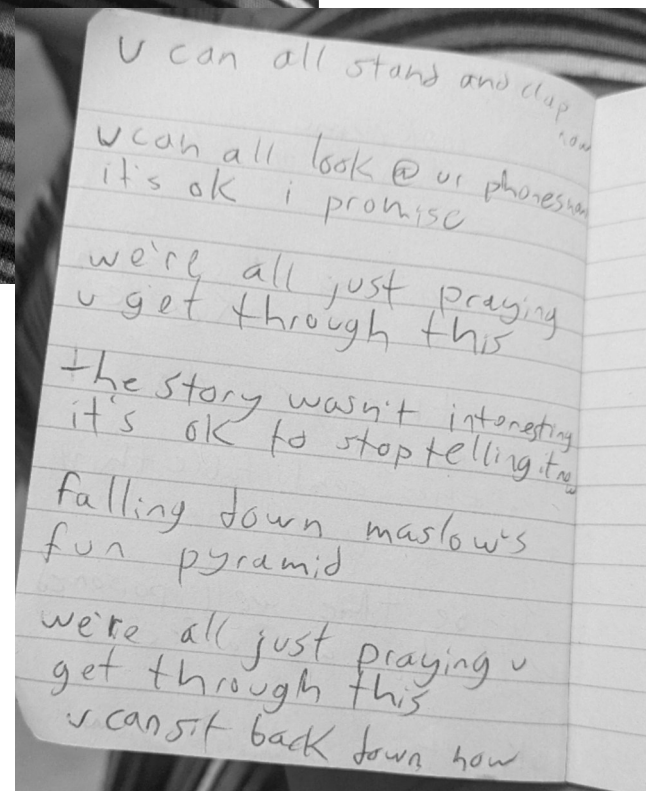
by maxine day

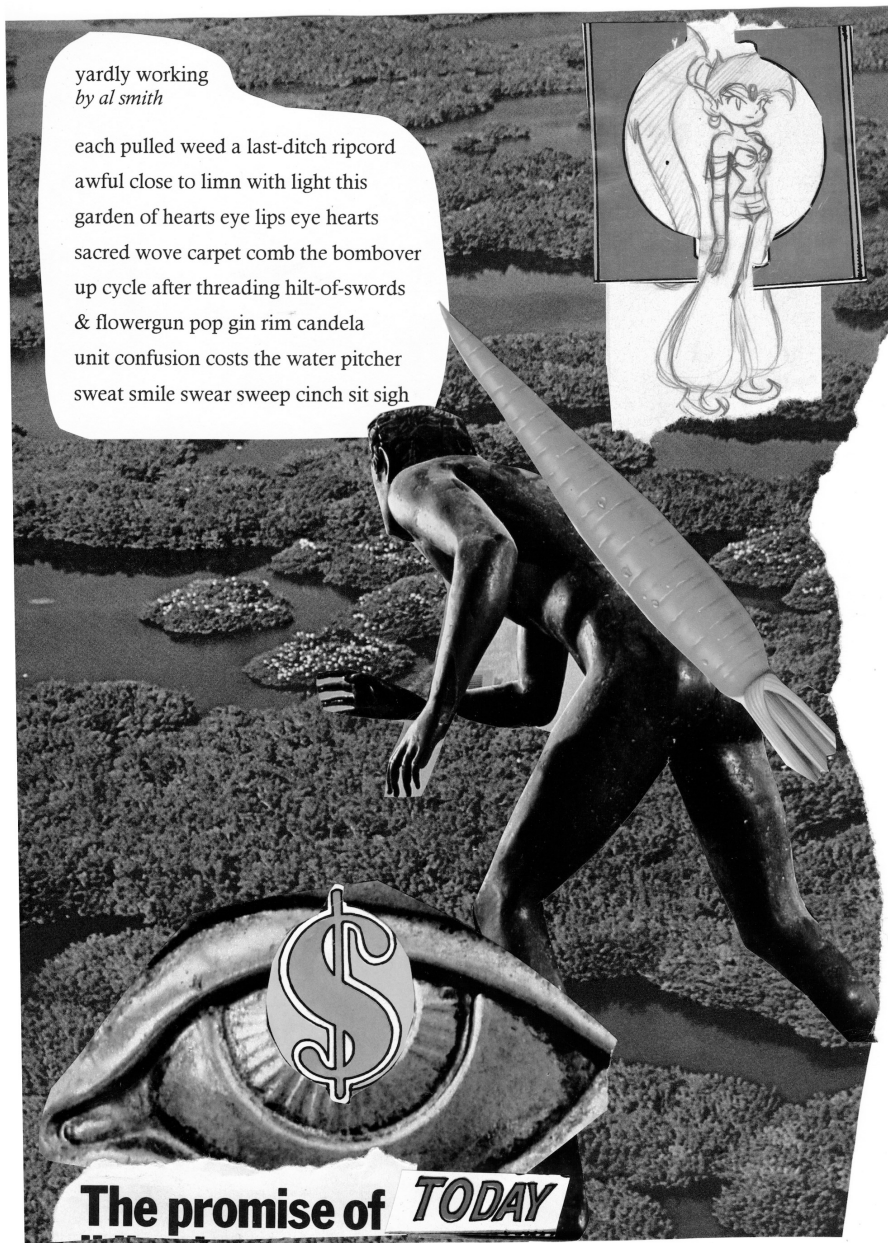


by maxine day



by olli sure

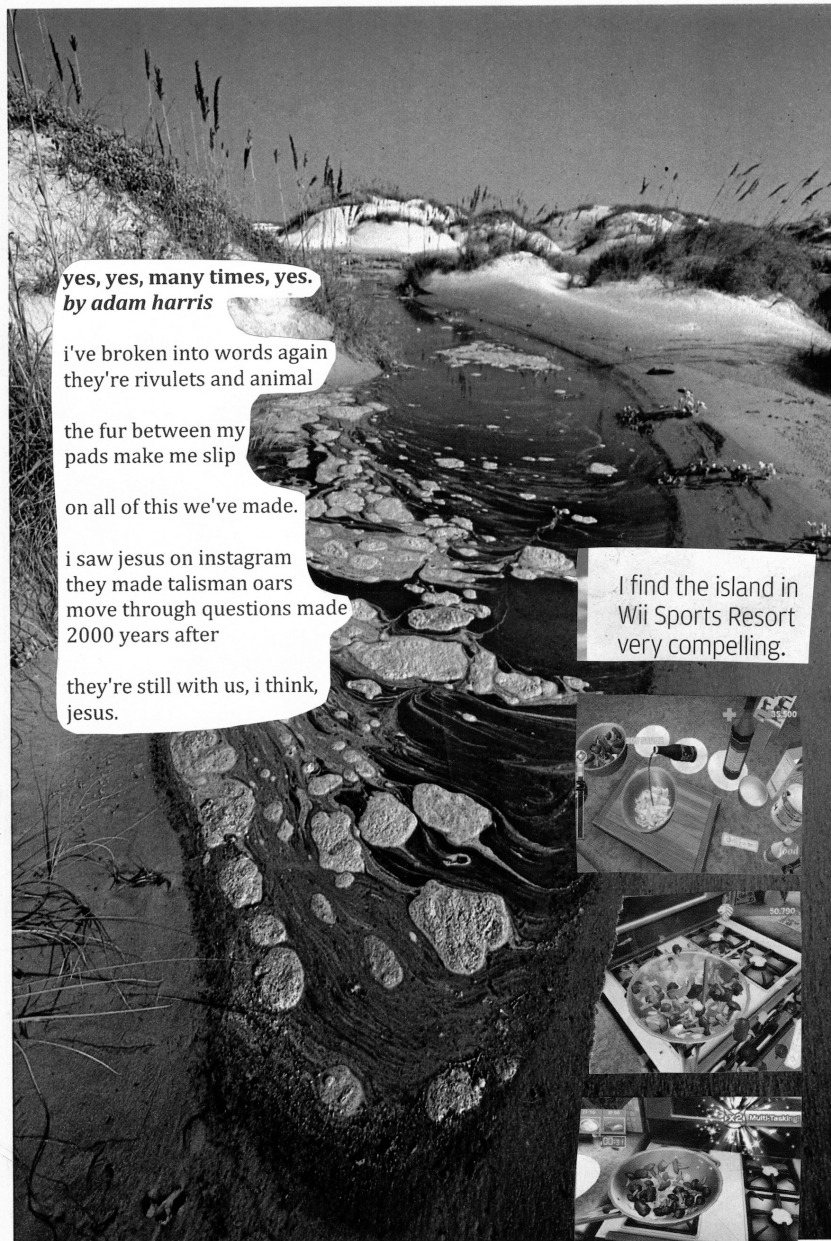




by joshua williams







yes, yes, many times, yes.  
by adam harris

i've broken into words again  
they're rivulets and animal

the fur between my  
pads make me slip

on all of this we've made.

i saw jesus on instagram  
they made talisman oars  
move through questions made  
2000 years after

they're still with us, i think,  
jesus.

I find the island in  
Wii Sports Resort  
very compelling.



Grasping at lucid, post blackout  
By Caleb Rosenthal

The geese fly:  
somewhere,  
off to better.  
I would.

*From Canada,  
or to Canada?*

Would have all  
my answers  
if could

on my  
skin feel  
with, or parse  
season  
from cloud.

*What month  
are we?*

In it,  
listen a breeze,  
watch for geese

under skin, odd bumps of  
vagueing answers.

*When air is cold,  
always gets  
its way?, or shows us:*

pushing southward, painted streaks  
of wing, seeking refuge.

*Which way is south  
save every where we are  
pointed? Down*

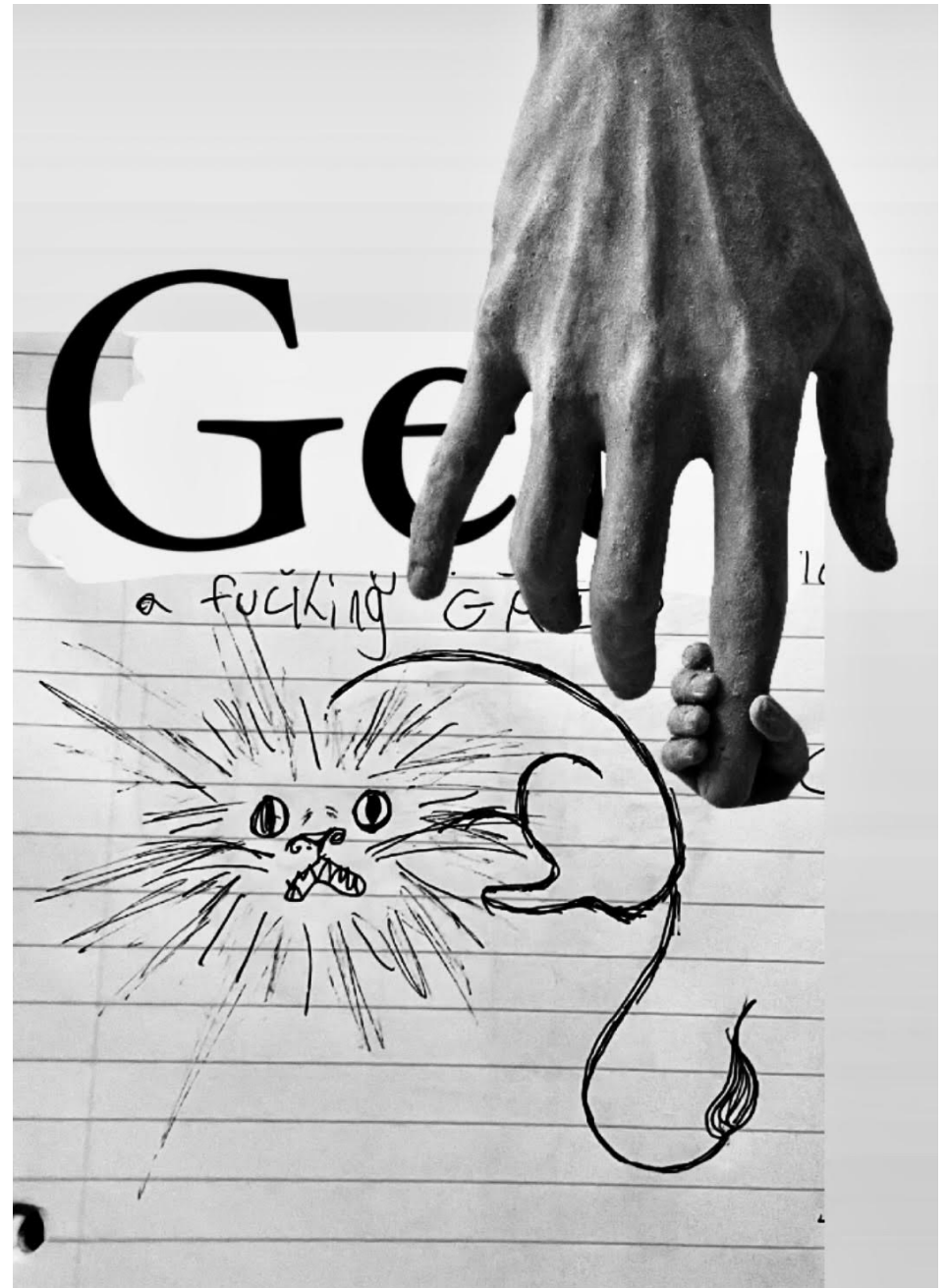
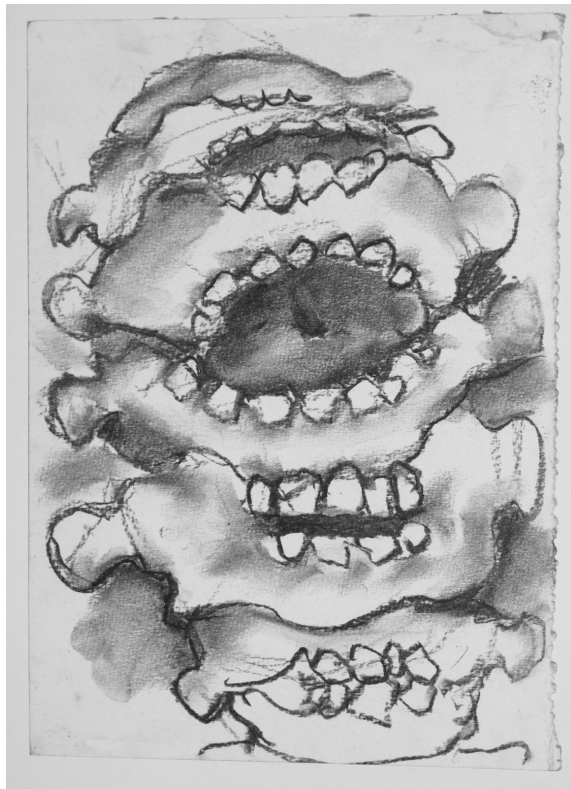
even from here,  
we are thereward.

Look to sky, bet a  
know: flock of cold  
guidance is damning  
as cold.

Come,  
let's this way, not that.



by skriff



by bren solis





\*boundary medicine\*

-/-

in the space between clearing and wood

beneath yarrow

shaded by umbel flower

a cool and precious safety  
of softened demarcation

residing within borders

of  
fresh  
and  
of  
salt

of estuary  
sea and stream  
this brackish understory  
provides room for our limited forms to float freely

and boundless

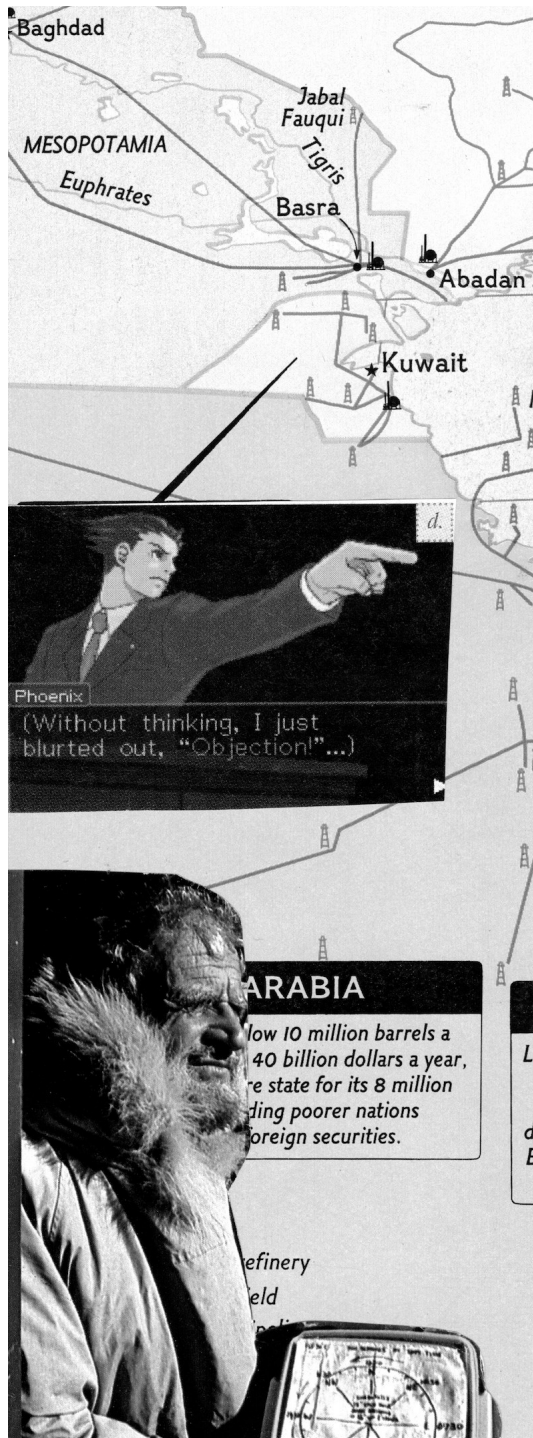
of  
they

and

of  
them



by miranda.



hey what's your costar  
by alexis guffey

hey my car's got a flat  
mercury's in retrograde or something

do you think they like me back  
its saturns second coming

will you manifest with me  
ive got my crystals out and counting

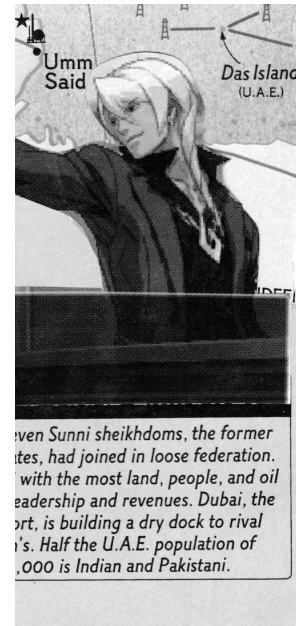
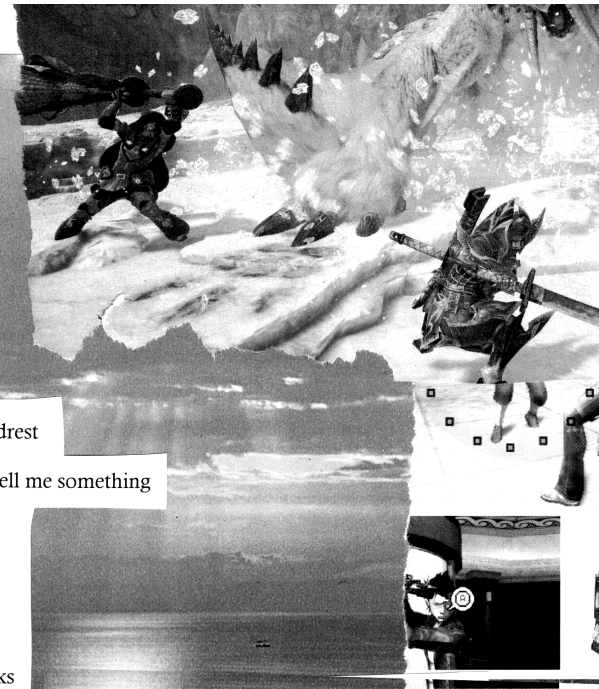
there's four hours to tomorrow, it's starting  
new chapter, new year, new haircut on the headrest

tell me something new tell me something new tell me something

tell me you see my face in skywriting  
tell me it's about to be a good one,

the full moon's blooming in the sky  
manifest tonight? intentions tonight?

the rose quartz in my pocket never fucking works  
my venus in leo or something  
im not making fun of it just myself



even Sunni sheikhdoms, the former  
ites, had joined in loose federation.  
with the most land, people, and oil  
leadership and revenues. Dubai, the  
ort, is building a dry dock to rival  
i's. Half the U.A.E. population of  
.000 is Indian and Pakistani.

were you born on the fifth, i can tell  
its in your hair its in your aura its in your  
tell me something honest

you've heard my poems now, do you think they're good do you think im good  
don't lie

buckle in, my passenger seat is  
the frost on the first of november  
im driving. im driving. im driving.

hold on

im tired, take the wheel? take my hand  
take your time, pluto's in transit  
for two more weeks, im waiting.

im waiting. you know i'll wait for you  
i'll be the frame for your artwork and you'll pretend to listen

your mercury's in sag  
or something

the moon slipped into pisces  
or something  
or something  
or something

manifest tonight? we've got a lot to hope for

