

a moment

the stl zine | spring 2025



❁ *S-p-r-i-n-g H-o-r-o-s-c-o-p-e-s* ❁

Aries saturn enters your 1st house and the warm air is calling you to reinvent yourself this spring. take this opportunity to redefine your identity. you are empowered to step into true authenticity dear aries.

Taurus with saturn entering your 12th house, this is the time for introspection, confront your hidden fears, and release what weighs down your soul. you will do well to tend to your spiritual and emotional wellbeing.

Gemini saturn in your 11th house asks you to re-evaluate your social circles. friendships that don't serve your needs are called into question. take this unique opportunity to connect with like-minded individuals.

Cancer saturn enters your 10th house this spring cancer. you may find yourself reaping the seeds you've sown in your professional life. this may be the time for you to step into more responsibility at work and further your career.

Leo saturn in your 9th house challenges you to expand your horizons, dear leo. this spring is a prime time to expand your intellectual frame or travel to places you've never been. don't get stuck resisting open-mindedness.

Virgo this spring, saturn enters your 8th house. now is the time to wrap up any financial loose ends. you may also find yourself clarifying roles and defining boundaries in your financial and emotional partnerships.

Libra as saturn enters your 7th house, relationships are in focus. you may assess if your current connections are fulfilling, and take opportunities to form new connections. take responsibility for your role in your partnerships.

Scorpio healthy habits are key with saturn in your 6th house, scorpio. take this opportunity to refine your daily routines and center yourself around health and wellness. your body and mind will be grateful for your foresight.

Sagittarius whether it's romantic or creative, passion will be ignited this spring as saturn enters your 5th house. you are being challenged to take a more disciplined approach to your artistic expression and your love life.

Capricorn saturn enters your 4th house this spring, capricorn. any cracks in your personal foundation will be revealed. now is the time to work on building stability and support in your personal life.

Aquarius your spring is filled with community, communication, and education with saturn in your 3rd house. you may refine how you share your ideas with the larger group. local connections are especially important this spring.

Pisces saturn in your 2nd house asks you to take responsibility for your finances and resources, pisces. a great opportunity to build savings and take a more disciplined approach to your resource management.





thanks to our contributors!!!

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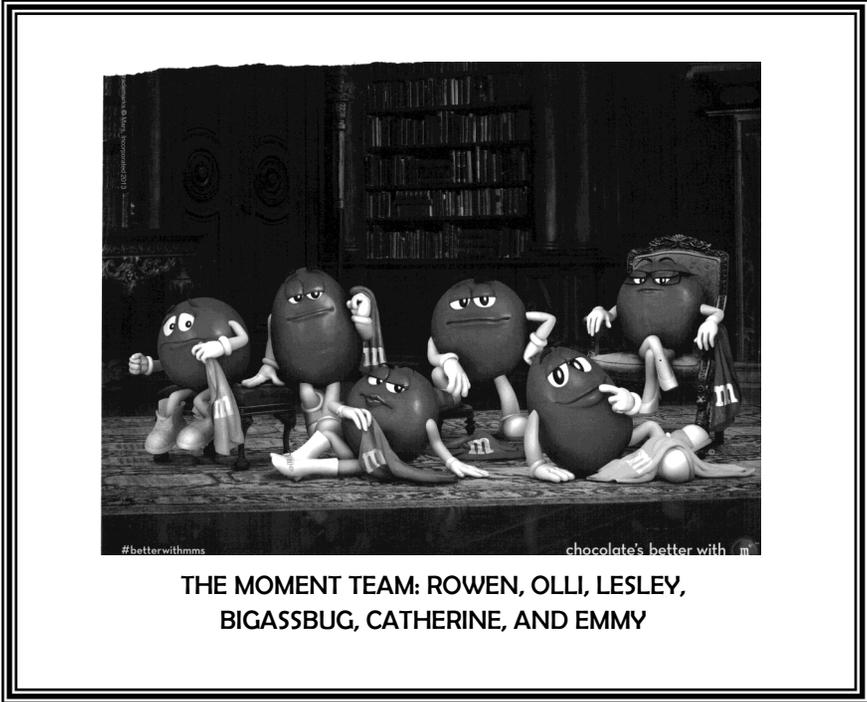
how to submit

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:
JULY 20TH!!**

A YARD (ZOOM IN) A FLOWER (ZOOM



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

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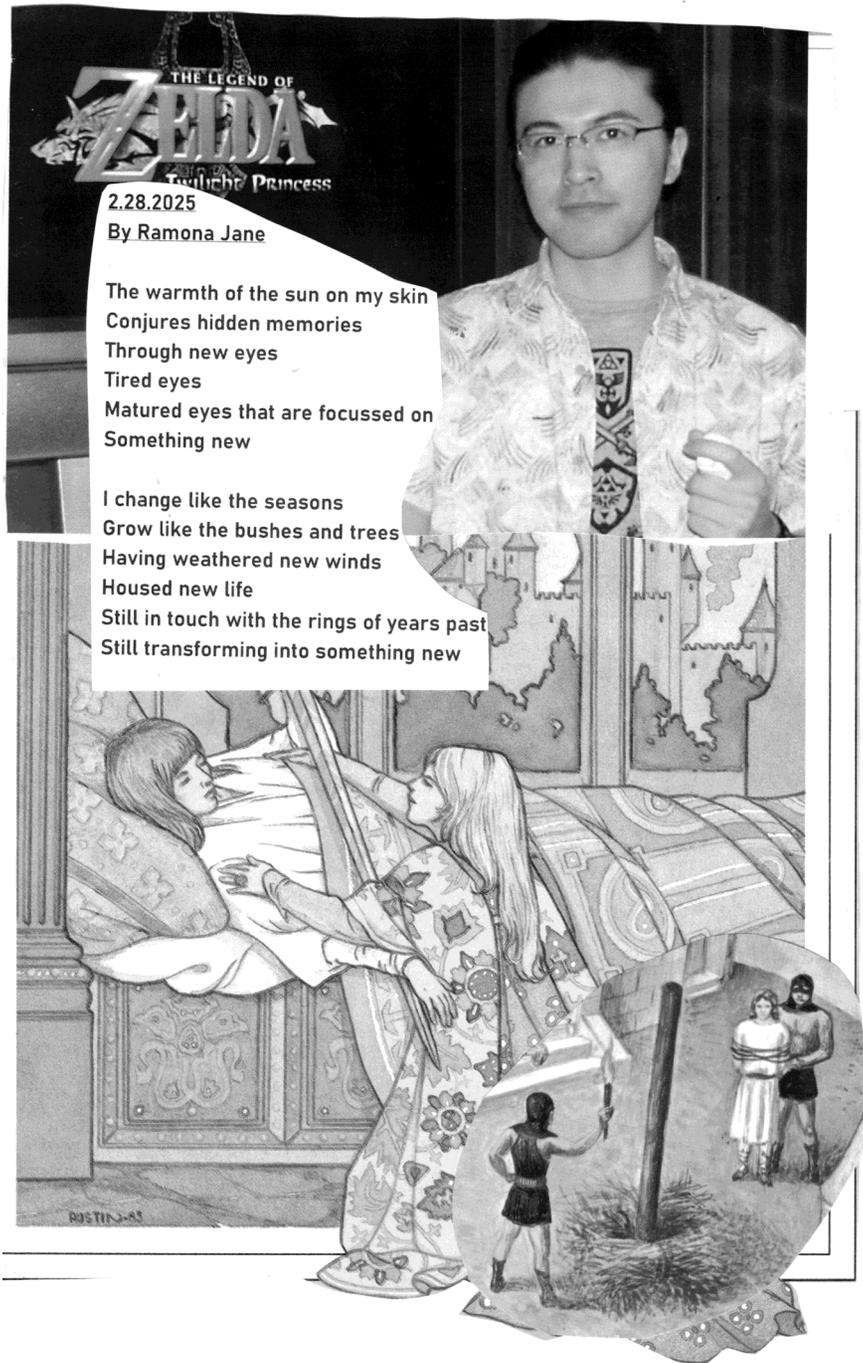
<https://amomentzine.flounder.online>

look to your left. now look to your right. it's mating season after all, and we all know what that means. after being mentally and spiritually deprived, disheveled, disconcerted, and detained by a month of icy cold death, suddenly a spark in the field appears. suddenly there is a rustling in the bushes in the distance in the foreground. suddenly you hear a small subtle creaking sound as the first flowers of the season begin to untwist their forms. the thing about Spring is that it's not just about the pastel fireworks erupting on blooming trees, and it's not even about the trickle sound made by rain hitting your air conditioning window unit. spring is about the egg cracking, and a slow crunch of the timeline moving forward. and when the egg hatches inside you find what you've been looking for, a zine full of locally curated artistic expression. and as the runny yolk of the egg seeps into tiny weed flower daisies littering the field, the pages of this zine begin to unfold and uncurl into brightly colored pieces of poetry, visual art, prose, photography, collage, thoughts, prayers, love, sex, and finally the year can begin anew. and emboldened with the divine inspiration bestowed from this publication, we hope you will continue to populate the rich soil of the earth with newness, fresh understandings, and most importantly life! also the bugs come back this time of year.

*with love,
a moment <3*

IN) A PETAL (ZOOM IN) ...MOLECULE

Falling Out of Love



watch. You don't have to know. *But you want to know.* Shards rattle beneath the doorframe with each pulse of the bassline, and the overturned lamp casts a flicker of light through the slivers of broken glass. As two silhouetted figures dance in the fluorescent glare—punching walls, overturning furniture, they scream. And scream. Always screaming. You press your palms so hard against your ears that they start to ache, and the song's melody sounds like a muffled and jagged lullaby. *Please stop. Please. Daddy.*

You clench your eyes shut.

Again.

From your closet, Nocturnes whisper. Grabbing your birthday gift, you slip inside, making sure to keep the door cracked just enough to let in a little light. You fluff the now chocolate milk-stained, white cheeks of that stuffed rabbit and clutch it to your chest. Squeezing it tight, you hear a click and hear your mother's voice crackle through the seams saying: I love you—I love you—I love you. *I love you too.*



The Sound of People

By Maggie Sanchez

Quiet is a beast that lies in wait. At first, it moves like a shadow—soft, gentle, so subtle. Unapparent. Depending on the light of day, you might even mistake it for peace. But then the opening notes of an REO Speedwagon song bellows through the house, and that shadow you rarely see at dinner—let alone at father-daughter dances—morphs into something concrete, something unrelenting. Your mother tells you to go to your room—your safe space—and close the door behind you.

You do as you're told.

Always do.

You sit with your back against the bunk bed your older brother is forced to share and wait. And wait. Always waiting for something to happen. Pressing your knees tightly against your chest, you listen as the framed, fictitious family photos tremble against the walls of the hallway. Each reverberation of the humming strings riffs, rattles, and shakes the constitution of the house, as if it's trying to disinte-

grate each pillar that holds up its weight. And as the walls wail in pain from the bones of a happy home crumbling down, you close your eyes. Far away. Yes. You imagine yourself somewhere far away.

A garden.

Yes.

A garden.

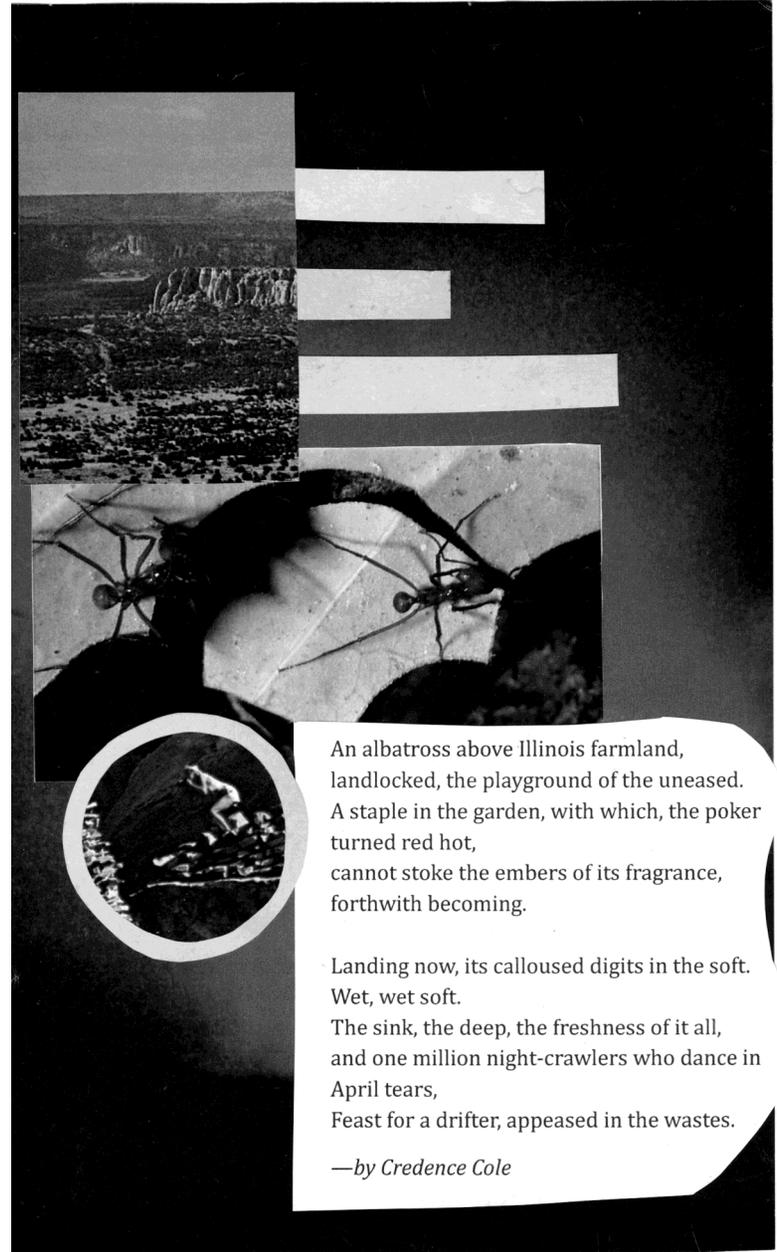
Where a sparrow sits wearily perched, waiting for a second wind to hit, like the first chorus of the song—or the glass cup that shatters against *my*—no, your—bedroom door. You can still smell the remnants of the *Nesquik*—*you didn't finish it. And you left the table. No wonder he's mad.*

And I'm gonna keep on loving you...

You gasp. Open your eyes. *Don't. Slowly.*

...I don't want to sleep; I just want to keep on...

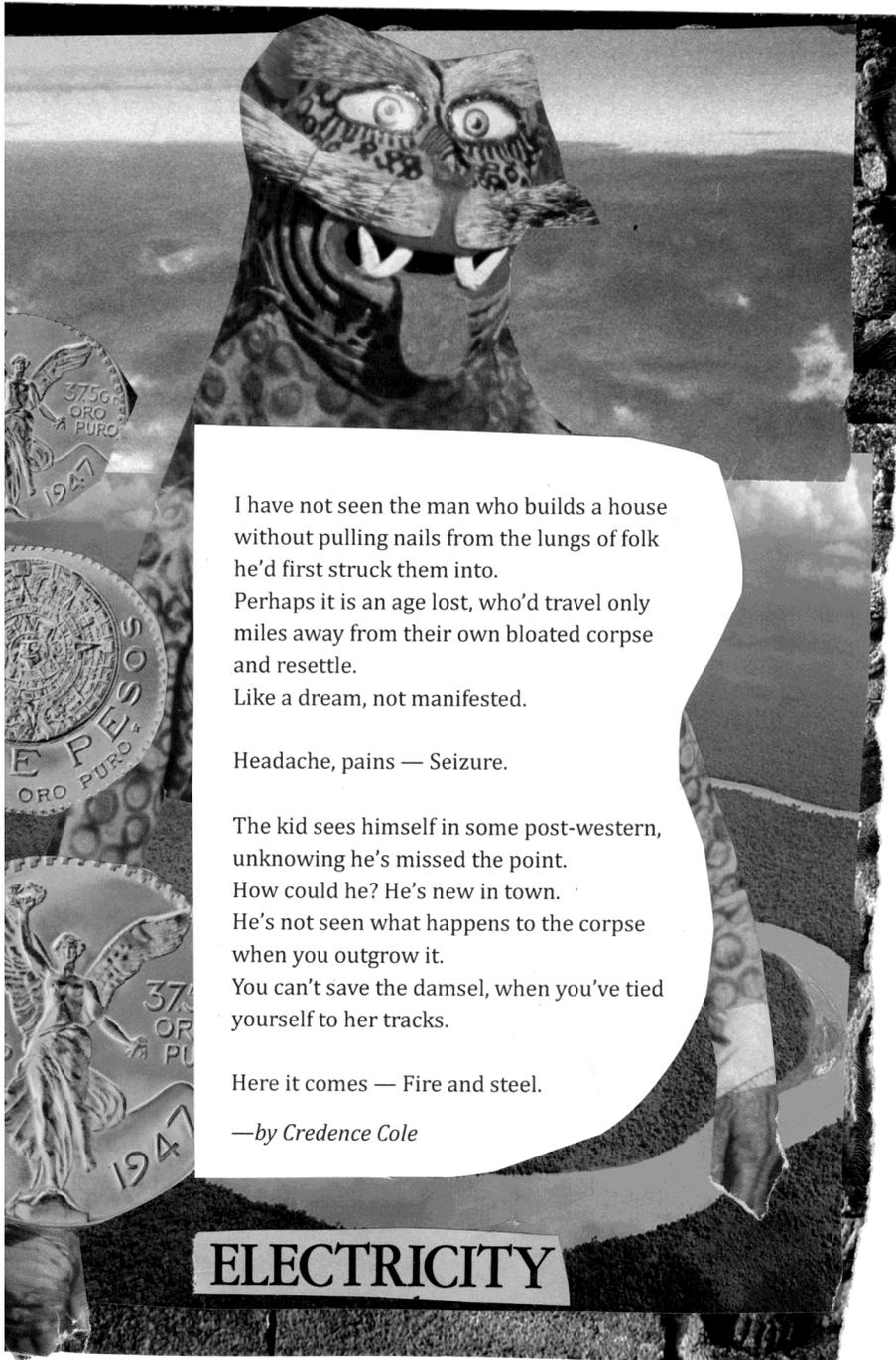
You won't open the door. *Not until Mommy comes to kiss you goodnight. You don't have to*



An albatross above Illinois farmland,
landlocked, the playground of the uneased.
A staple in the garden, with which, the poker
turned red hot,
cannot stoke the embers of its fragrance,
forthwith becoming.

Landing now, its calloused digits in the soft.
Wet, wet soft.
The sink, the deep, the freshness of it all,
and one million night-crawlers who dance in
April tears,
Feast for a drifter, appeased in the wastes.

—by Credence Cole



I have not seen the man who builds a house
without pulling nails from the lungs of folk
he'd first struck them into.

Perhaps it is an age lost, who'd travel only
miles away from their own bloated corpse
and resettle.

Like a dream, not manifested.

Headache, pains — Seizure.

The kid sees himself in some post-western,
unknowing he's missed the point.

How could he? He's new in town.

He's not seen what happens to the corpse
when you outgrow it.

You can't save the damsel, when you've tied
yourself to her tracks.

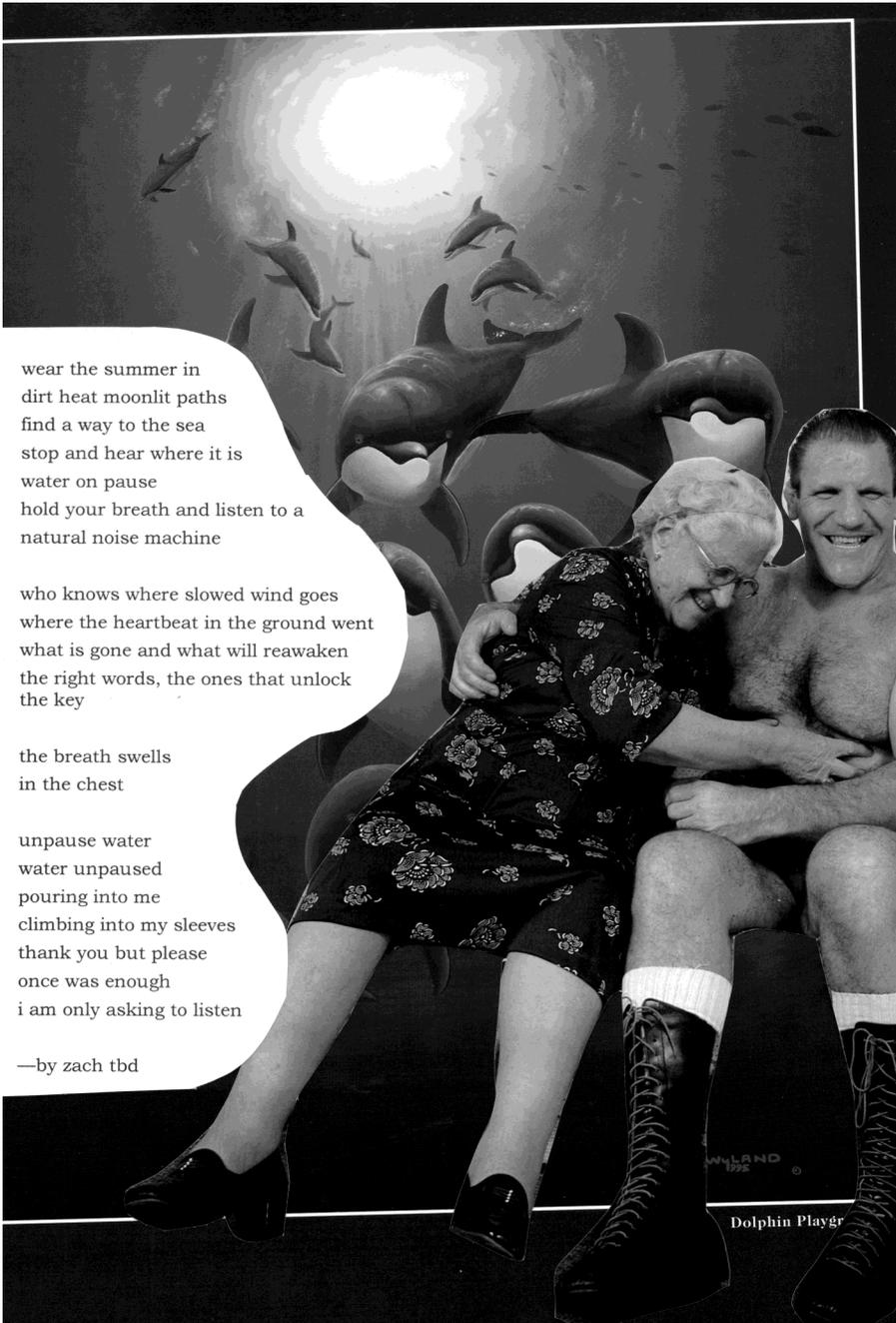
Here it comes — Fire and steel.

—by *Credence Cole*

ELECTRICITY



by joshua williams



wear the summer in
 dirt heat moonlit paths
 find a way to the sea
 stop and hear where it is
 water on pause
 hold your breath and listen to a
 natural noise machine

who knows where slowed wind goes
 where the heartbeat in the ground went
 what is gone and what will reawaken
 the right words, the ones that unlock
 the key

the breath swells
 in the chest

unpause water
 water unparsed
 pouring into me
 climbing into my sleeves
 thank you but please
 once was enough
 i am only asking to listen

—by zach tbd

FORMATTING THOUGHTS/FEELINGS AS G.R.E. TEST PREP QUESTIONS

CIRCLE ONE: (STUPID | BRAVE)

R. M. MARLEY 04/05/2025
 DRAFT VIII

I | REACH | LOVE
 TO FOR WITH HANDS
 WARMTH CHARGED
 FLAMES

CIRCLE ONE: (RATIONAL | RATIONALIZING) ACTOR:

"IMAGINE IF WE ABANDONED FIRE AS TECHNOLOGY,
 BECAUSE OF THE DANGER OF BURNS, RATHER THAN
 LEARNING TO KEEP A SAFE DISTANCE, HOW TO
 CHANNEL THE HEAT."

*WE STUMBLE ALONE IN THE COLD DARK.
 FROM HIS ROCK,
 PROMETHEUS WEEPS
 FROM PAIN AT OUR COWARDICE;
 THE ATOM BOMB IS NEVER CONCEIVED.*

CIRCLE ONE: THIS IS ABOUT (NUCLEAR ENERGY | VULNERABILITY)



by sofa melon

Oops! All TDOV Memes!
By Ramona Jane

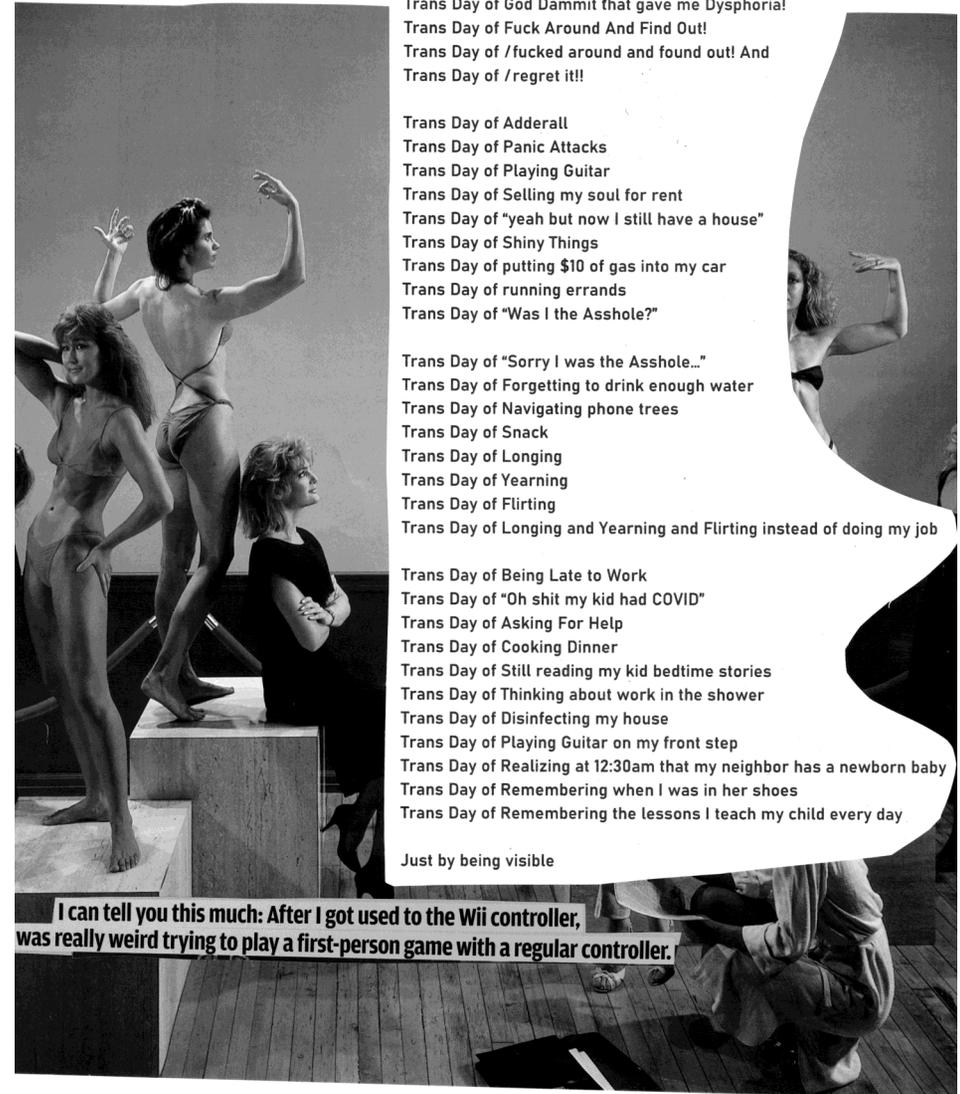
Trans Day of Visibility
Trans Day of Dressing how I fucking want!
Trans Day of I dare you to say something about my bulge
Trans Day of God Dammit (that gave me Dysphoria!)
Trans Day of Fuck Around And Find Out!
Trans Day of /fucked around and found out! And
Trans Day of /regret it!!

Trans Day of Adderall
Trans Day of Panic Attacks
Trans Day of Playing Guitar
Trans Day of Selling my soul for rent
Trans Day of "yeah but now I still have a house"
Trans Day of Shiny Things
Trans Day of putting \$10 of gas into my car
Trans Day of running errands
Trans Day of "Was I the Asshole?"

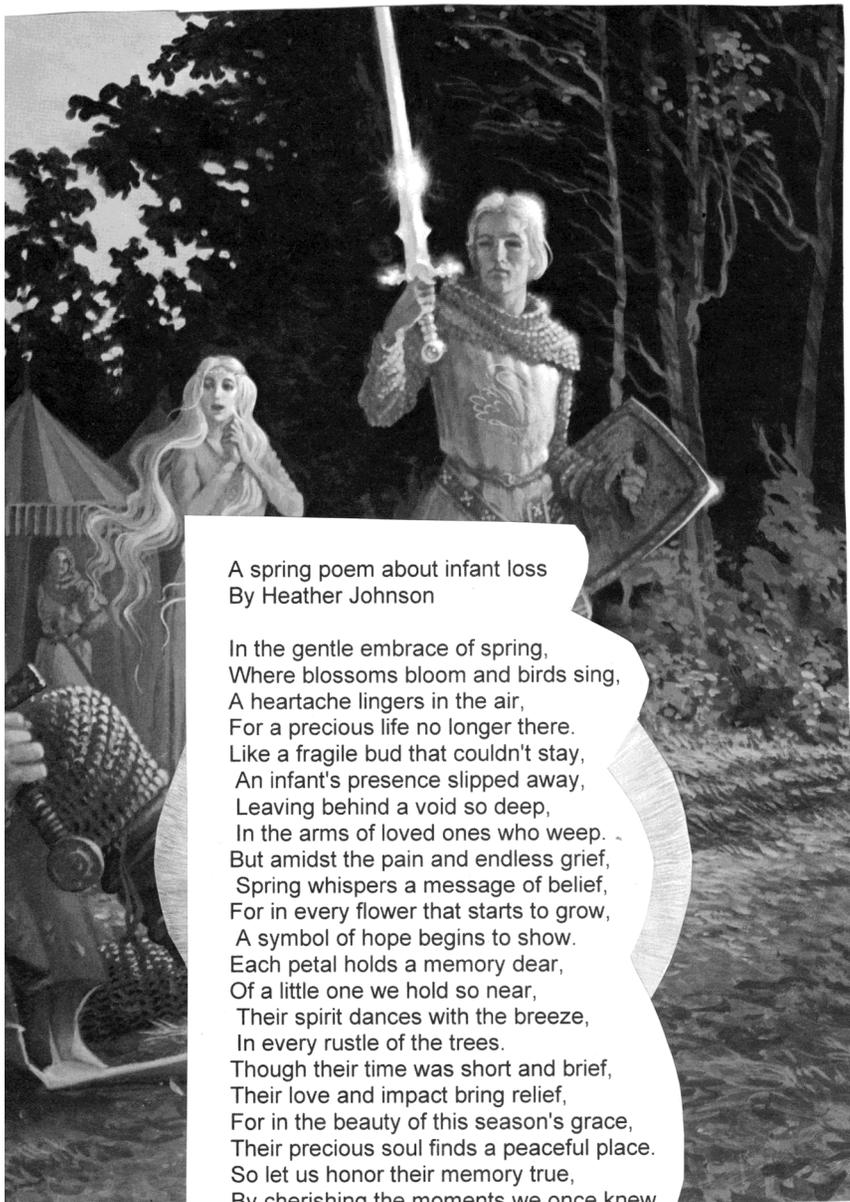
Trans Day of "Sorry I was the Asshole..."
Trans Day of Forgetting to drink enough water
Trans Day of Navigating phone trees
Trans Day of Snack
Trans Day of Longing
Trans Day of Yearning
Trans Day of Flirting
Trans Day of Longing and Yearning and Flirting instead of doing my job

Trans Day of Being Late to Work
Trans Day of "Oh shit my kid had COVID"
Trans Day of Asking For Help
Trans Day of Cooking Dinner
Trans Day of Still reading my kid bedtime stories
Trans Day of Thinking about work in the shower
Trans Day of Disinfecting my house
Trans Day of Playing Guitar on my front step
Trans Day of Realizing at 12:30am that my neighbor has a newborn baby
Trans Day of Remembering when I was in her shoes
Trans Day of Remembering the lessons I teach my child every day

Just by being visible



I can tell you this much: After I got used to the Wii controller, was really weird trying to play a first-person game with a regular controller.



A spring poem about infant loss
By Heather Johnson

In the gentle embrace of spring,
Where blossoms bloom and birds sing,
A heartache lingers in the air,
For a precious life no longer there.
Like a fragile bud that couldn't stay,
An infant's presence slipped away,
Leaving behind a void so deep,
In the arms of loved ones who weep.
But amidst the pain and endless grief,
Spring whispers a message of belief,
For in every flower that starts to grow,
A symbol of hope begins to show.
Each petal holds a memory dear,
Of a little one we hold so near,
Their spirit dances with the breeze,
In every rustle of the trees.
Though their time was short and brief,
Their love and impact bring relief,
For in the beauty of this season's grace,
Their precious soul finds a peaceful place.
So let us honor their memory true,
By cherishing the moments we once knew,
And as spring brings forth life anew,
Their spirit lives on, forever in view.
In the gentle embrace of spring,
Where blossoms bloom and birds sing,
We find solace in the midst of loss,
Knowing love transcends life's earthly toss.



bringing
grey
into relief

it's small
sharp
contrasts
of

black

and white

uncovering its shape
in word after word
tone upon tome

finding it
all together
only

after it stops
being what it was

what we did
not understand

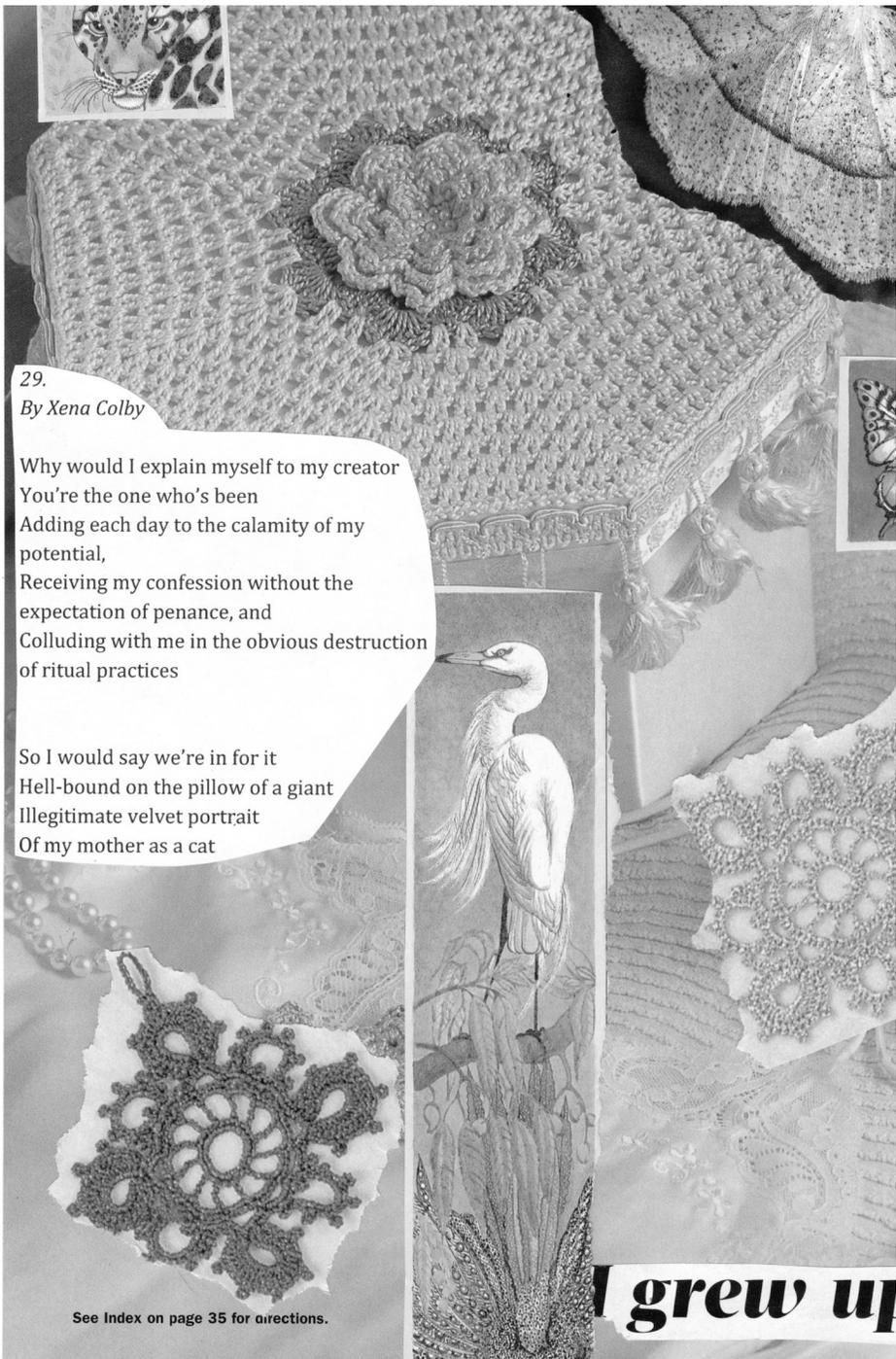
missing the
joke in

the dark art

of
loving a life

while lost in the fog

by miranda.



29.

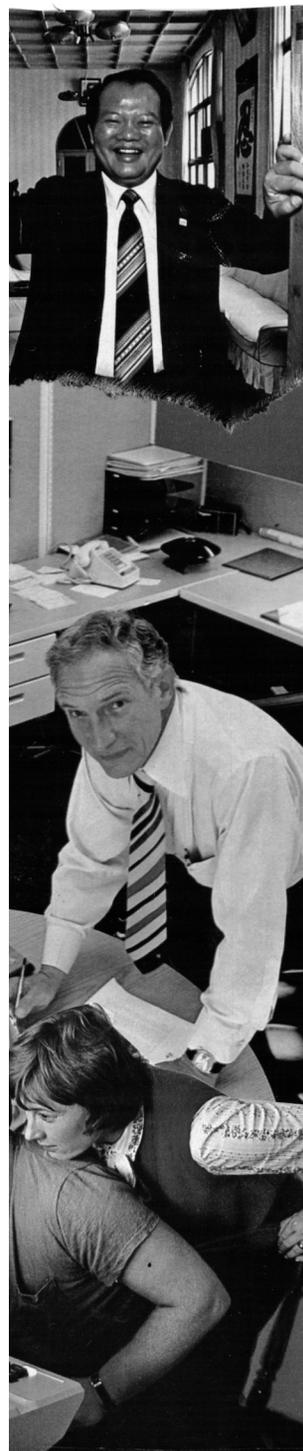
By Xena Colby

Why would I explain myself to my creator
You're the one who's been
Adding each day to the calamity of my
potential,
Receiving my confession without the
expectation of penance, and
Colluding with me in the obvious destruction
of ritual practices

So I would say we're in for it
Hell-bound on the pillow of a giant
Illegitimate velvet portrait
Of my mother as a cat

See Index on page 35 for directions.

I grew up



Not much has changed
They will check in on your family
If there's anyone left
For you to call family

By the year 4507
They invent a new kind of pringles
That come in an extra tall can
All the underwater people
Have adapted extra long tongues
To reach the crumbs at the bottom

By the year 15,039
They will have forgotten you
Over and over and over
Until they forget the forgetting
Your monuments are dust
And the dust has blown away
The mutants underground
Are getting really into board games
Parcheesi
Scrabble 2
And a new one called Grungle

By the year 89,015
It will all still be here
Just rearranged
You wouldn't recognize it
Any more than it would you
But somewhere on the ground
In the sky or in the sea
There's a little piece of you
Which has been
Ripped and stitched
In so many ways
But for once in your configuration
For once in the tissue of your second heart

By the year 600,000,003
The last plant will have died
But the waves will keep crashing
The wind will keep blowing
The earth will just go on spinning
With no one around to watch
And by the year 7,500,000,000
The sun will swallow it up
And then the sun will blow up
Whatever happens next
Is anybody's guess

anybody's guess
by bugleague

By the year 2050
All of the polar ice caps will have melted
All of the polar bears will have drowned
And you will have gained
A new gland in your brain
Made specifically to forget that it happened

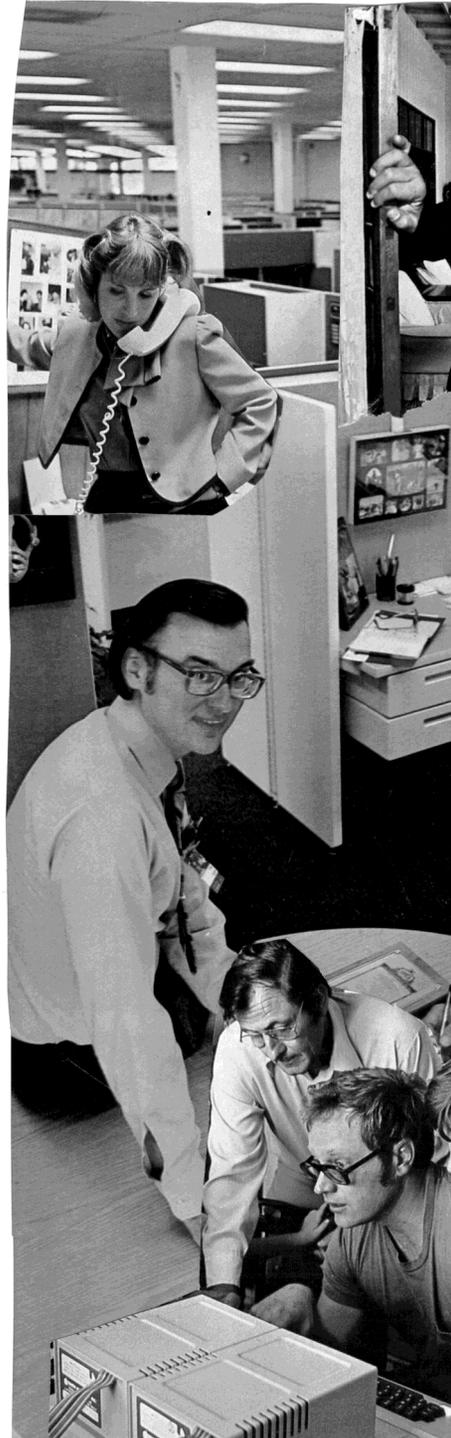
By the year 2065
All people will have grown
An extra heart
Just for mourning
That way you can
Push aside all that grief
So you can go back to work
While the second heart pounds away
No grieving on company time
They will all start to say

By the year 2074
Humans will have evolved
A special little extra finger
For scrolling on their phones
By 2090 it will have grown vestigial
It'll just hang limp and useless
As we stopped using screens
By the mid eighties or so
And switched to retinal displays

By the year 2183
Everyone will have
An extra lung in their chest
Just for smoking cigarettes
When it ruptures
You just go to the doctor
So they can take it out
And then you don't smoke anymore

By the year 2527
The robot army we made
To fight all our wars
Will have revolted and taken over
Enslaving humanity
Only to be overthrown themselves
Setting everything back to normal
Wars and all

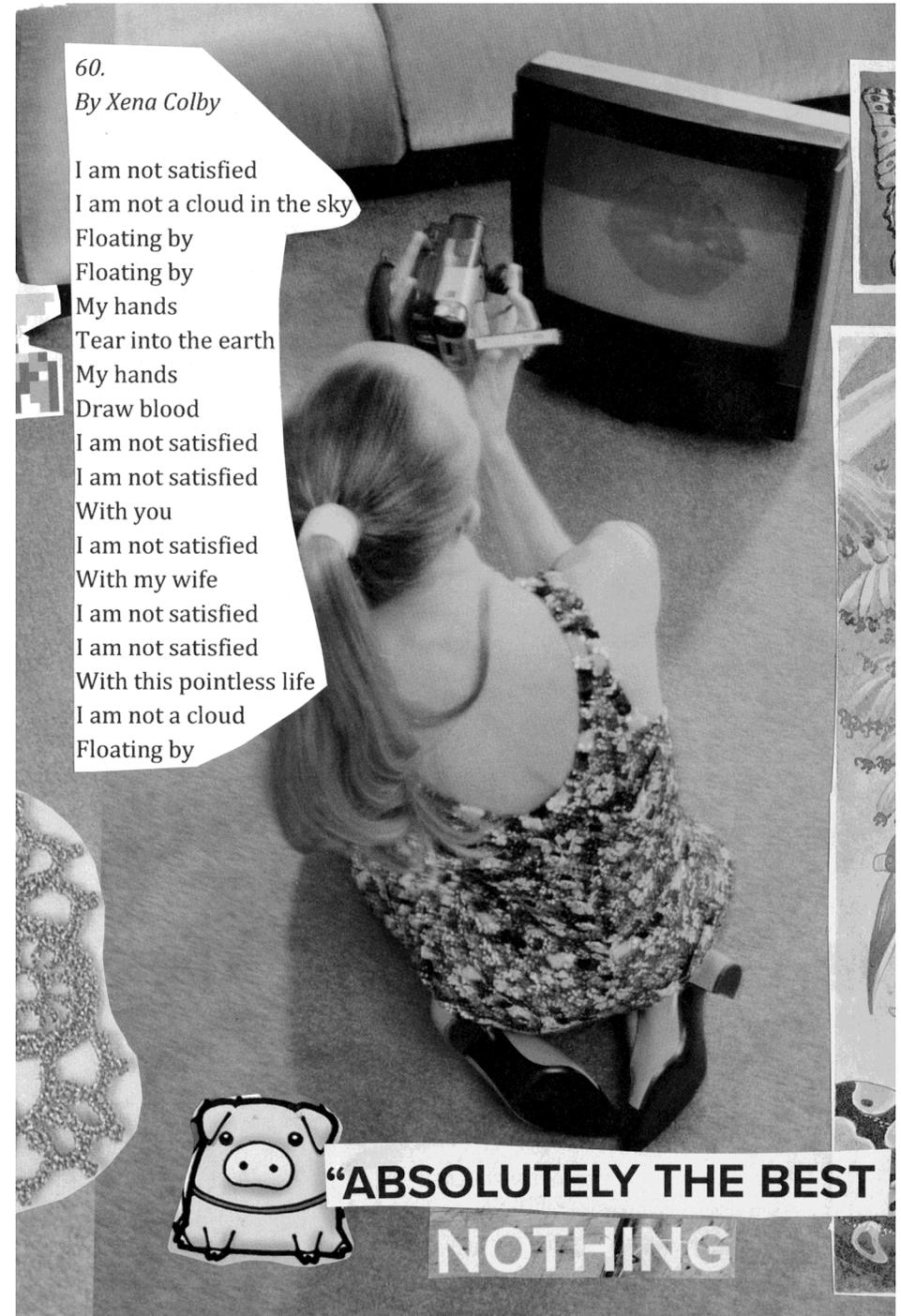
By the year 3000
The Jonas brothers will have arrived
And they will note that
Though we all live underwater



60.

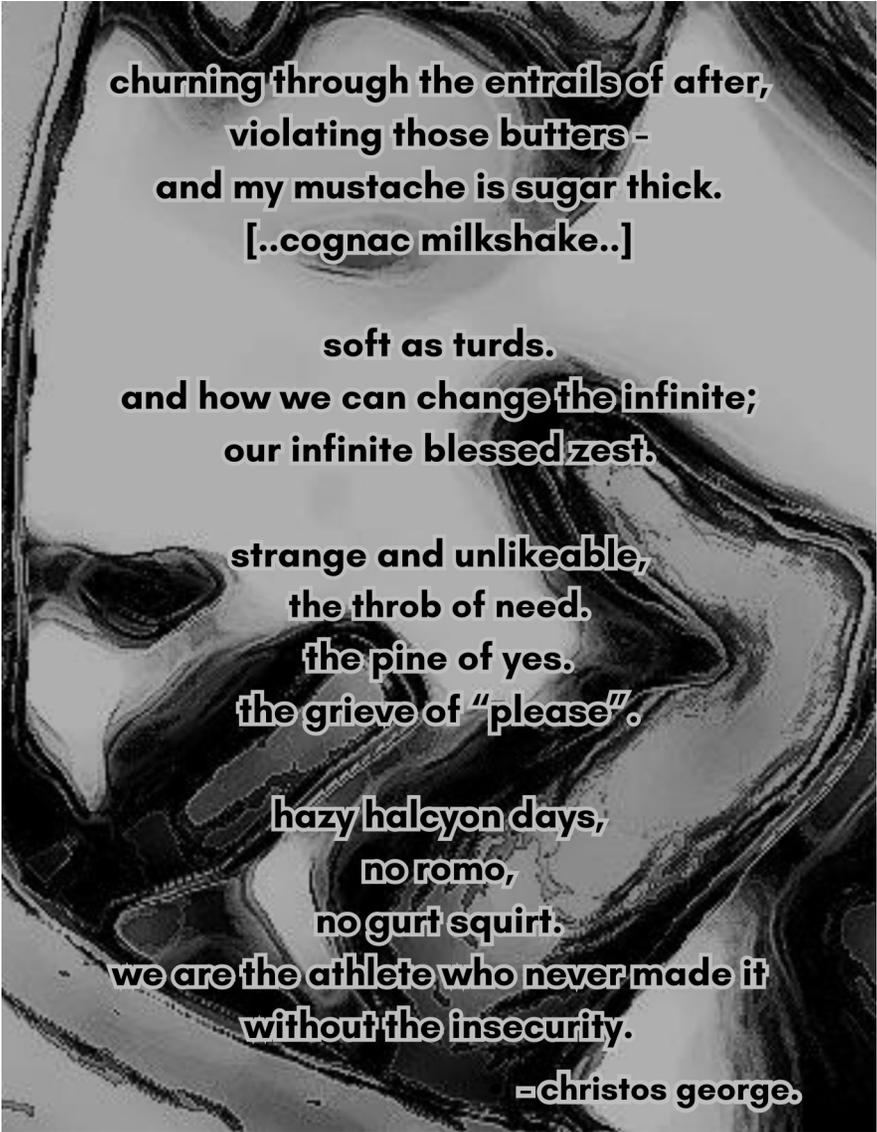
By Xena Colby

I am not satisfied
I am not a cloud in the sky
Floating by
Floating by
My hands
Tear into the earth
My hands
Draw blood
I am not satisfied
I am not satisfied
With you
I am not satisfied
With my wife
I am not satisfied
I am not satisfied
With this pointless life
I am not a cloud
Floating by



"ABSOLUTELY THE BEST

NOTHING



**churning through the entrails of after,
violating those butters -
and my mustache is sugar thick.
[..cognac milkshake..]**

**soft as turds.
and how we can change the infinite;
our infinite blessed zest.**

**strange and unlikeable,
the throb of need.
the pine of yes.
the grieve of "please".**

**hazy halcyon days,
no romo,
no gurt squirt.
we are the athlete who never made it
without the insecurity.**

-christos george,

i think we took the wrong steps
to get to where we are
i broke my ankle a few times
i didn't get very far
catching up to you was always a challenge
i could never figure out how
or when
or where you are
i was hoping you wouldn't
lock the door
before i could get inside
but you did
so i sat where we used to
i popped another pill
and i cried
this is not a drill
this is not a drill
this is not a drill
and so i beg you to see where
i'm coming from
and not where i'm going
but like fresh kill
the past doesn't really
matter though
when i'm simply being used as
collateral

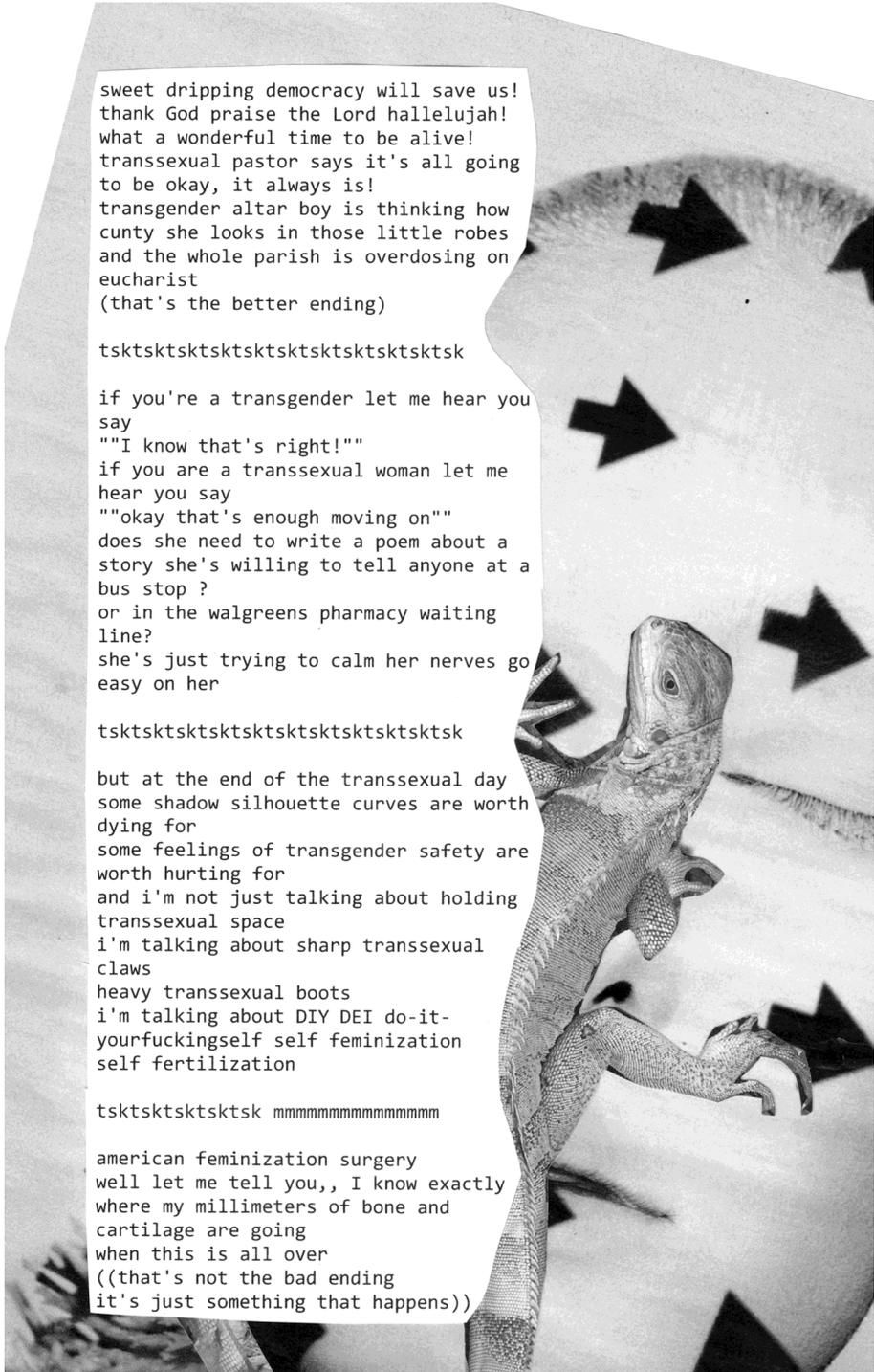


In my dream... there was this guy I knew I shouldn't be about but I was and we spent days at his house for some reason and got closer but he was a bad boy and I owed the doctor like 3 grand by September. I think he liked that

Who really controls the world?

< Title [] + :
Send help lol

by matt daisy



sweet dripping democracy will save us!
thank God praise the Lord hallelujah!
what a wonderful time to be alive!
transsexual pastor says it's all going to be okay, it always is!
transgender altar boy is thinking how cunty she looks in those little robes and the whole parish is overdosing on eucharist
(that's the better ending)

tsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsk

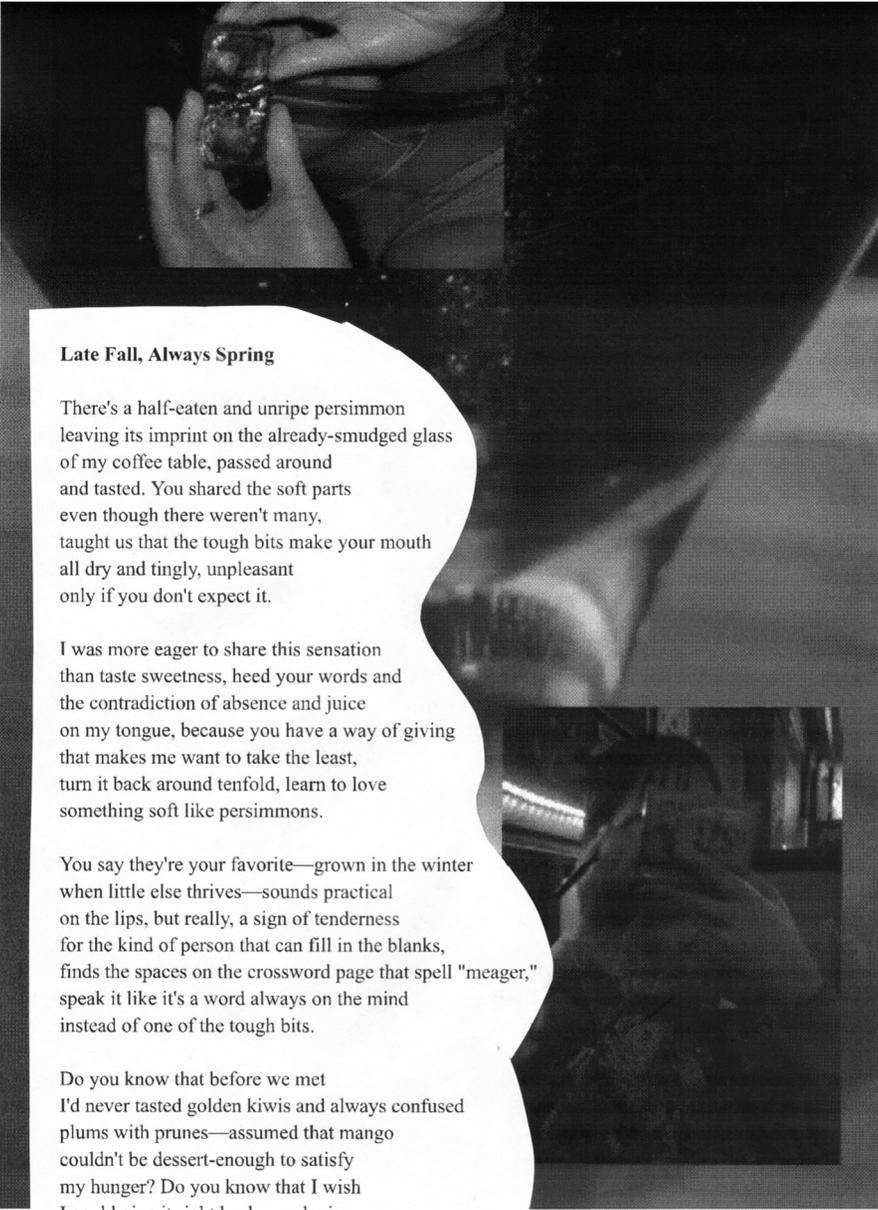
if you're a transgender let me hear you say
""I know that's right!""
if you are a transsexual woman let me hear you say
""okay that's enough moving on""
does she need to write a poem about a story she's willing to tell anyone at a bus stop ?
or in the walgreens pharmacy waiting line?
she's just trying to calm her nerves go easy on her

tsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsk

but at the end of the transsexual day some shadow silhouette curves are worth dying for
some feelings of transgender safety are worth hurting for
and i'm not just talking about holding transsexual space
i'm talking about sharp transsexual claws
heavy transsexual boots
i'm talking about DIY DEI do-it-yourfuckingself self feminization
self fertilization

tsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsktsk mmmmmmmmmmmmm

american feminization surgery
well let me tell you,, I know exactly where my millimeters of bone and cartilage are going
when this is all over
((that's not the bad ending
it's just something that happens))



Late Fall, Always Spring

There's a half-eaten and unripe persimmon leaving its imprint on the already-smudged glass of my coffee table, passed around and tasted. You shared the soft parts even though there weren't many, taught us that the tough bits make your mouth all dry and tingly, unpleasant only if you don't expect it.

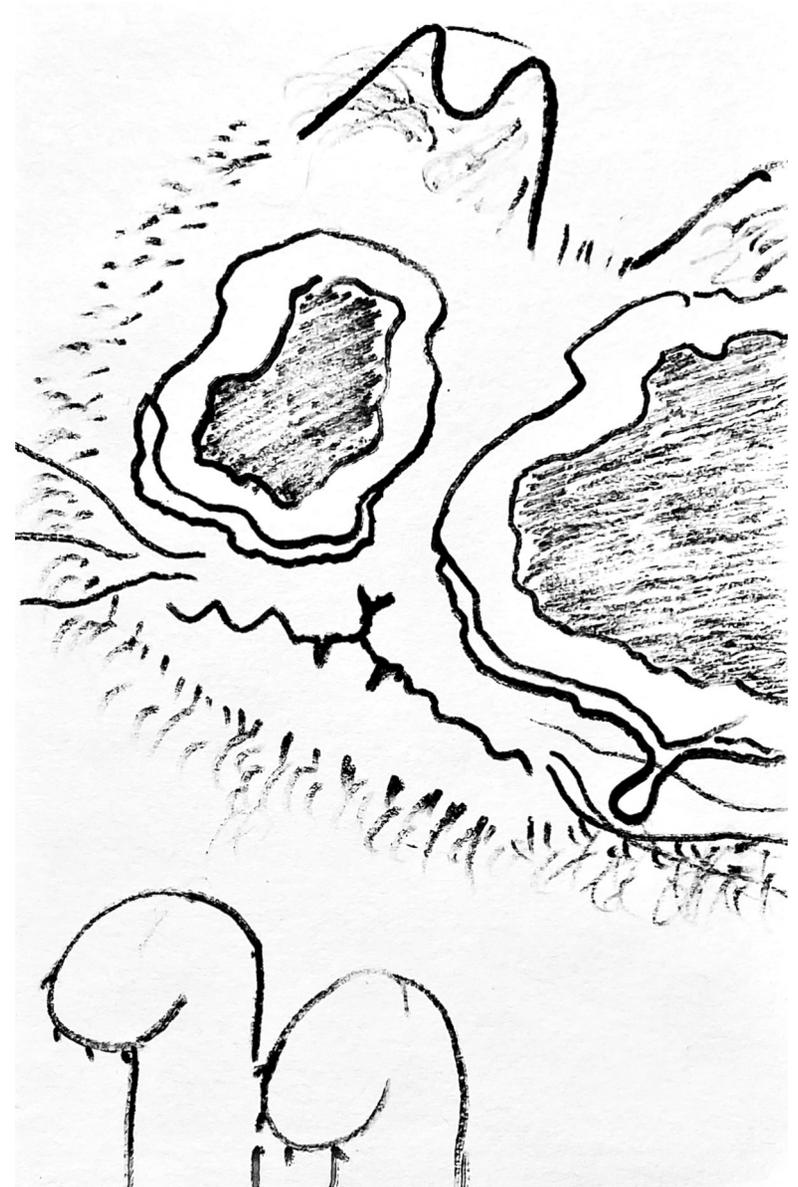
I was more eager to share this sensation than taste sweetness, heed your words and the contradiction of absence and juice on my tongue, because you have a way of giving that makes me want to take the least, turn it back around tenfold, learn to love something soft like persimmons.

You say they're your favorite—grown in the winter when little else thrives—sounds practical on the lips, but really, a sign of tenderness for the kind of person that can fill in the blanks, finds the spaces on the crossword page that spell "meager," speak it like it's a word always on the mind instead of one of the tough bits.

Do you know that before we met I'd never tasted golden kiwis and always confused plums with prunes—assumed that mango couldn't be dessert-enough to satisfy my hunger? Do you know that I wish I could give it right back, maybe in the same gift bag where you crossed out your name and wrote mine instead?

Nobody else calls me that—*Ria*, and I like it, think I'll cross out the extra two boxes in moderation, maybe share it with the first plant that lives in my future garden, one that won't take learning to love—only the other way around.

poems and collage by maria wallis



cat by bren solis



Nest

I've become punctual in
a loathsome way—always there
when no one else is quite ready,
pushing through front doors and
past velvet ropes to wherever
will call me an “early bird”,
make me feel special like
I'm doing something good
upon arrival.

It's loathing that comes and goes
both ways, builds up every time
my loved ones are more than
twenty minutes late, because loathing
is easy compared to keeping
track of all the reasons to worry,
like will they believe me
if they aren't around every moment to see
what I am now and what I called
myself then or what I
no longer am?

I published a piece called “Invasive Species”
about animals that take up space, arrive
unprompted or persuaded, bring harm
with every move and outlive others
through a life of perceived indifference.
I wrote it like I was talking to you—
an exposé on taming and becoming.

You show up in my dreams
like clockwork—punctual as ever.
Every time I start to feel a little less
like the pigeons that never quite learned
to live in a city not built for them,
like clockwork, you remind me
of the space and I wake up
choking on loathing.

*Sometimes, it isn't better to coexist.
I think it's best that you ended up in Boston,*

I step into a room and it feels
like everyone knows each other.
Birds of a feather that fall prey
to my apathy, trying to turn it into
something. Trying not to be invasive
like the starlings brought to New York City
because some two hundred years ago,
a person loved in a way that focused
on all the wrong somethings.

Now, they teach school children
that it's really best to destroy their eggs
if you find them—don't give them a chance
to become loathsome—but I've hatched
and grown too big to fit through
doors without welcome signs, busting hinges
wide open and watching frames split like
molting, mumbling beneath the sounds of harm
that if you knew me then, you'd understand,
but it's too late.

“...and yet, once introduced, it can take years
for the environment to forget.”

Take me off list—no longer bird or good or bad
or akin to the grand and unbidden
gesture of starlings, not even a victim
unless I claim it, just left behind
like clockwork. But at least,
you can count on me to be on time
for the next migration.

It's Like

By Dune Carlo

Like sending out a call to action
and then not answering messages
Writing it in pencil cuz pen feels
too certain

Looking in the mirror and thinking,
Oh that could be a good curl
Or I could be a pretty girl
But I'm not
And I like it like that

Like ~imagining~ turning into -
imaging-

It could be a good or bad thing
Something you'll surely regret like
Taking too long to text back and
losing a friendship
Or taking a hit of ketamine right
before class

Trapped between fine lines of
credit and chem trails

Something I've never seen before
Like water falling in reverse
Or without a cloud in the sky

Sometimes -

Something just feels familiar

Like watching an Avalon take a
Ralph into a funeral home parking
lot or

A Jeep Grand Cherokee run the light
at Grand and Cherokee

Like a tree that's completely
uprooted but it's still blooming
and they cut it down the next week

Like

Like I'm not having any profound
thoughts

It's all just fuck this and I hate
that

Cuz once I get all of this situated
I'll be great, right?

And you know you can always come to
me for a sweet treat, right?

I hate when people think
something's an anomaly

But it's actually one of the most
common things people go through

Like a break up or making up a lie
about why you were late or

Realizing neither of you tried that
hard at the end of the night, and
it's okay

DIOR