

# a moment





# horoscopes

**aries** - not bad, lost a bit of energy in the middle third. was unclear about the villain's motivation. will be interesting to see if they do a sequel.

**taurus** - oscar bait. did make me cry. characters were well-drawn but the plot went nowhere. could've used a gunshot or two.

**gemini** - for a kid's film, it did draw me in. the airplane character was funny. captured some of the mystery and wonder of wandering around in those industrial areas where no one's around and nothing is being built.

**cancer** - worried about the future of this franchise. spinning its wheels at this point. they put him through this exact character arc four movies ago. either swap out the writers or kill the thing.

**leo** - interesting actress to cast in the lead role. but i do think it worked. was worried they wouldn't tie up the loose ends by the climax of the film, but they managed to bring it together.

**virgo** - too many deaths, it was getting ridiculous by the end of the movie. wasn't expecting a masterpiece but it was even worse than i expected. the dialogue, ugh!

**libra** - what can i say about it that hasn't already been said? movies like this are almost impossible to talk about for me.

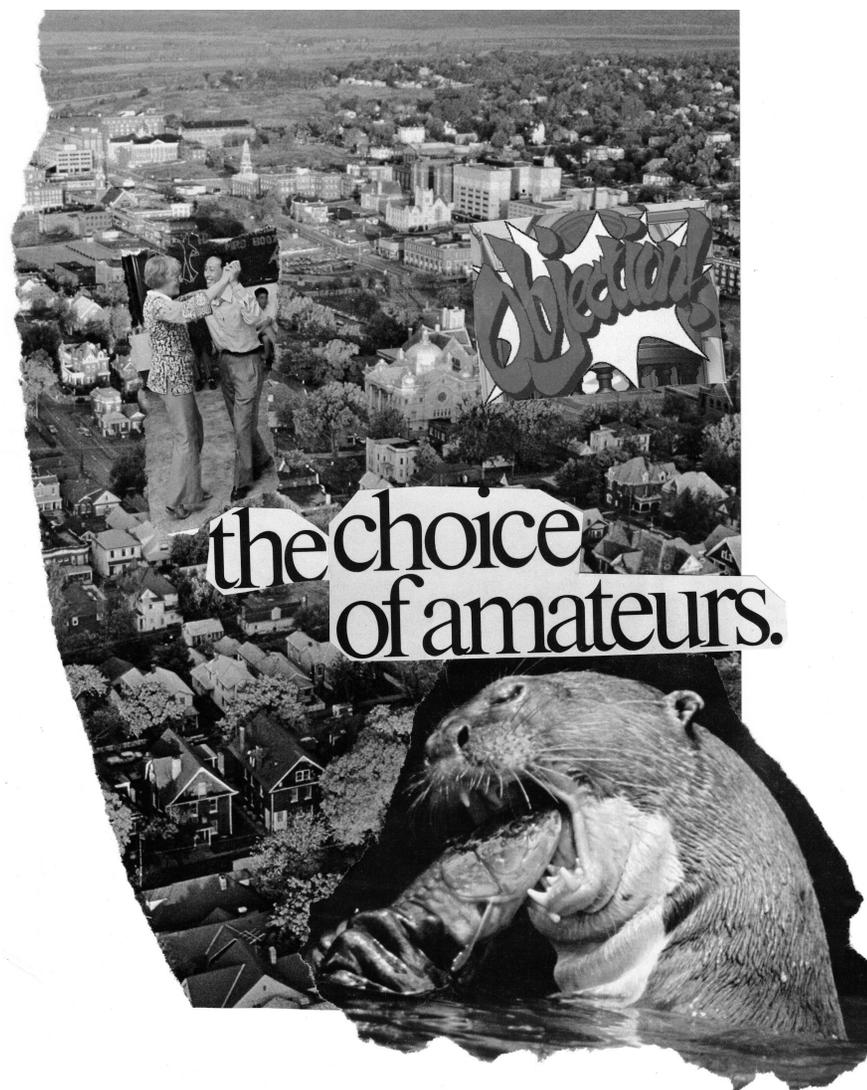
**scorpio** - middle of the road. dani really liked it. i get what she saw in it but i wasn't vibing with the chicago subplot. cut that whole part out !!

**sagittarius** - i saw a better version of this ten years ago, it was called Mad Max: Fury Road....

**capricorn** - The Favorite with extra steps. the grandmother was clearly a metaphor for something, the dialogue in her scenes was SO stilted... i don't get it.

**aquarius** - i get what they were trying to do, which honestly made me like it. you can see the director's hands guiding every scene, see the personality. they didn't quite pull it off, but a guilty pleasure for sure.

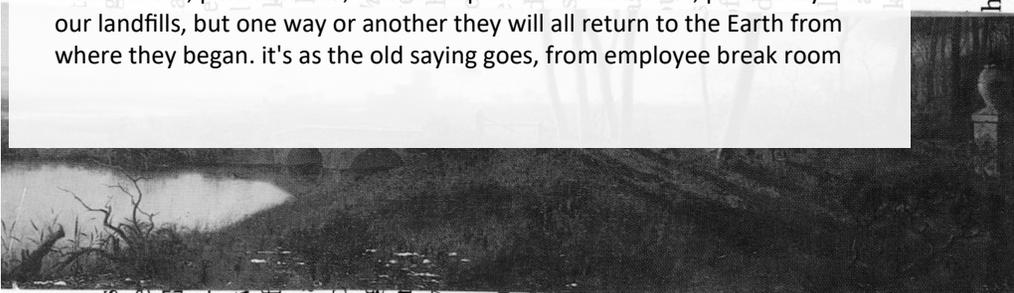
**pisces** - perfect, no notes.



# dear reader,



so here we are, readers, listeners, lovers, how fitting of an ending this is. when a small group of friends gathered at night in Tower Grove Park to devise a seasonal ritual rooted in the spirituality of sharing artistic expression, little did they know they would be creating this moment we are in now. how beautiful and poetic that our zine should come to an end in the heat of summer, given that the first moment occurred in the cold of winter. A full year's cycle of change, hot and cold and hot and cold and hot and cold, and still the moment was always with you. over the 4 years this project has been produced, our zine has been filled with moments of love, joy, rage, woe, beauty, companionship, and most of all the feeling of present. it was only right that our zine would be named a moment, as it exists as a beacon in time, a radio signal sent from a forgotten spaceship, or maybe more a ancient stone totem placed half buried in the ground. each piece of artistic expression forever living on as the memory it encompasses, and how blessed are we that our small humble zine was the vestibule for such sacred expressions. our zines are biodegradable, but they will continue to live on forever as dust on our coffee tables, bookshelves, park benches, coffee shop check out windows, potentially our landfills, but one way or another they will all return to the Earth from where they began. it's as the old saying goes, from employee break room



ZINES ARE POWERFUL CRITTERS

## thanks to our contributors!!!

abigail hughes  
maxine day  
catherine wright  
ramona jane  
r. marley  
caroline christine  
sophia indelicato  
gray baker

isobel abbott-dethrow  
olli sure  
bren solis  
heather johnson  
zach tbd  
han gibbons  
x  
mere harrach  
cover by rowen conry



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>

What I ask of you is life for these farmers. Let  
the rain fall where they have worked and life

again. . . . Therefore,

to give rain, follow

the power, as a

command the

I ask you



darkened.

Chac—flashed

ten air. Finally

life-giving rain

tán.

NHALTUN in-

hm of life in an

Given the in-

rming societies

—there is little

ie today differs

ant past.

n live in houses

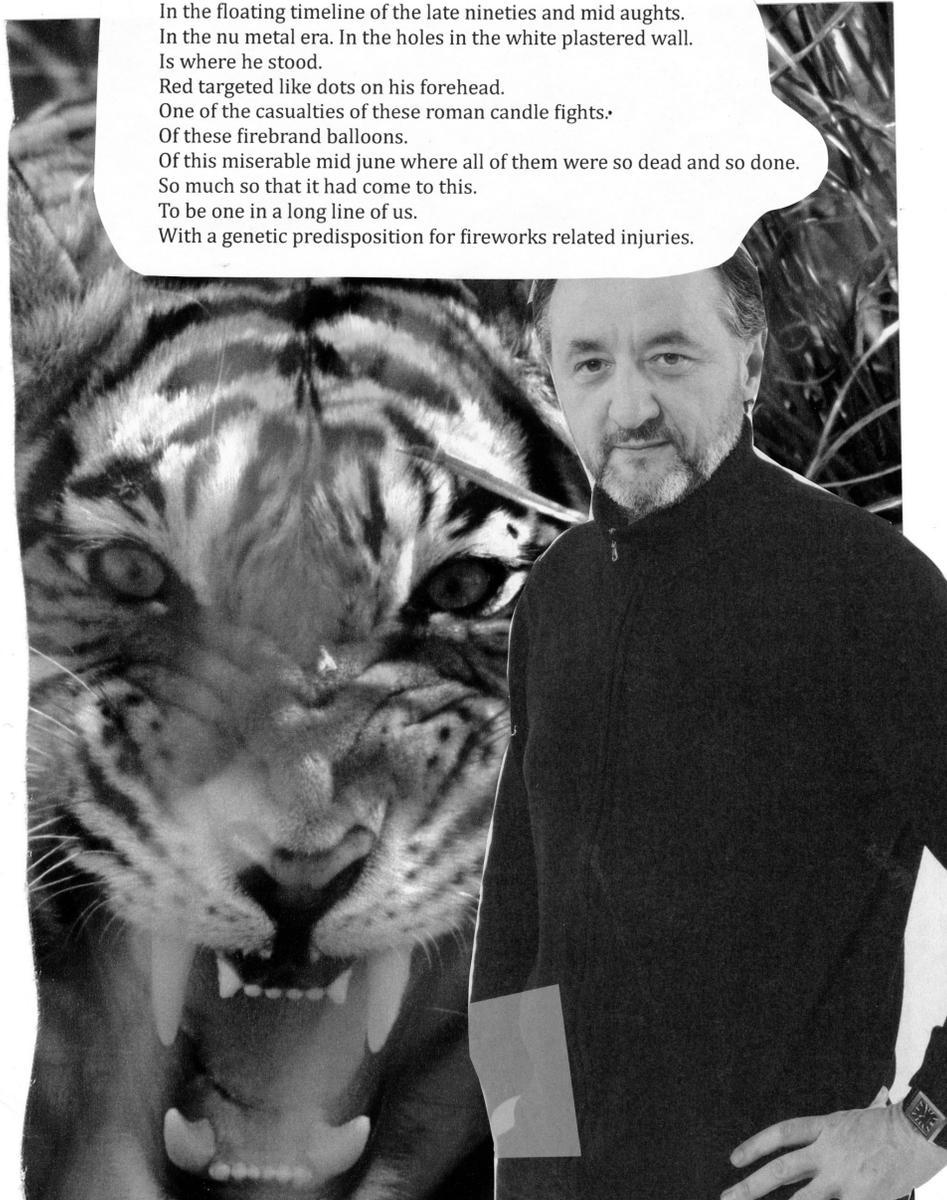
copy machine paper we are born, and to employee break room copy  
machine paper we shall return. I hesitate to thank our bosses and  
landlords for their contributions to the project as well, but I guess in a way  
we all had a hand in the sharing of this moment together. I can't tell you  
how much you mean to me, I can't tell you how much I've missed you and  
how far we've come together. sometimes I think i might never know how  
to tell you this. it's all been for you. and you've always been for this, for  
us. and there isn't anything selfish about when the moment calls to you.  
like it is right now, like it has for the last 4 years. and it's never easy saying  
goodbye, but I need you to trust me when I say that it all happened right  
here, when no one was looking. and the moments that happened will be  
the moments that stayed, and the pages of our cute little zine won't ever  
forget what was shared inside them. and the summers will be hot, the falls  
nostalgic, the winter cold, and in the spring it will all start over again. it  
hasn't stopped in the last 4 years, and we're all holding onto hope in the  
next four. hell, maybe even five! why not six! I could keep going on like  
that for a while, but I'll leave you at this: the next time the moment feels  
far from you, and you can barely remember how or why you got here in  
the first place, I want you to look up at the sky and with your eyes turn the  
sun to the next page.

yours forever and always, yours until the end,  
a moment zine

**AND SOMETIMES THEY GO TO SLEEP**

Oh Old Man  
by Abigail Hughes

In the floating timeline of the late nineties and mid aughts.  
In the nu metal era. In the holes in the white plastered wall.  
Is where he stood.  
Red targeted like dots on his forehead.  
One of the casualties of these roman candle fights.  
Of these firebrand balloons.  
Of this miserable mid june where all of them were so dead and so done.  
So much so that it had come to this.  
To be one in a long line of us.  
With a genetic predisposition for fireworks related injuries.



If QR code broken, link to video~  
[https://youtu.be/Q\\_HSIUd3bV8](https://youtu.be/Q_HSIUd3bV8)

Or search: Goodbye A Moment Zine on youtube

Nothing is eternal,

<3 Mere Harrach

## me, a topic

waking up wondering what part of my  
body i will pierce today  
i think the the more jewelry i add, the  
more powerful i become  
the pain probably has something to do  
with it  
but i dont feel like psychoanalyzing shit  
maybe if i add a piece of blonde to my  
hair, it'll redirect the attention away  
from the same scab on my face i've  
been picking at for 3 weeks  
time has never made much sense to  
me, but it seems i'm slipping backwards  
into a place...  
oh wait—  
i don't feel like psychoanalyzing shit  
music awakens something ancient  
inside of me and i think that's why i  
haven't touched my guitar in 6 months  
allow me to redirect your attention to  
the *other* scab on my face  
why can't i leave it alone

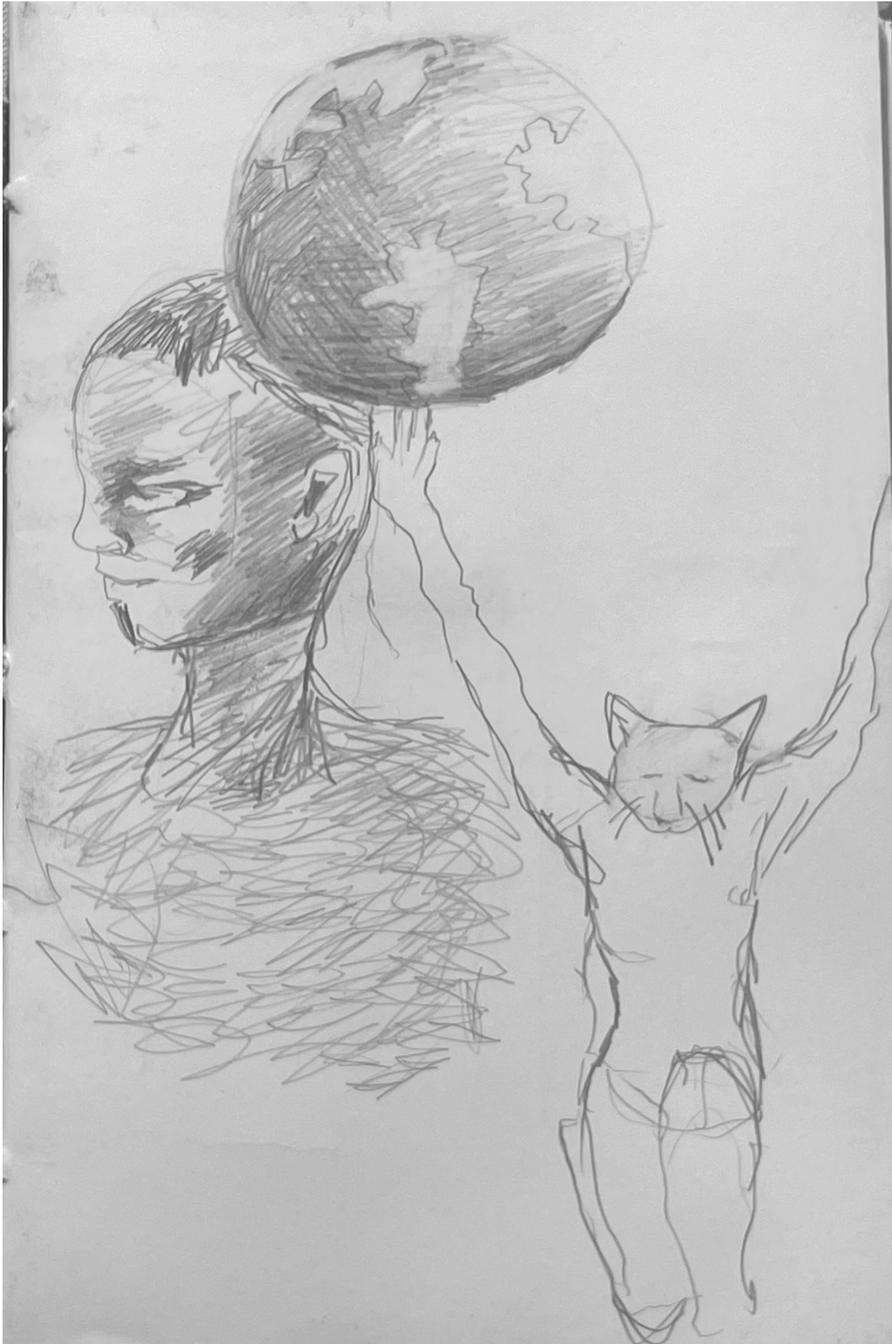
why can't i leave you alone  
oh wait—  
this is about me  
i've never had many things be about me  
my own words feel foreign  
familiarity is a concept i have trouble  
grasping  
but that's probably because my hands  
have never felt like my own either  
it's always been difficult to construct, to  
build  
hands?  
i think it's what i was created myself to  
do though  
i don't think anything you're born to do  
is supposed to be easy  
hold on, there's another scab i *really*  
need to pick  
how easy it is to destroy though  
why don't my scabs ever pick me  
why doesn't \_\_\_\_\_ ever pick me  
i'm psychoanalyzing shit again

-X



Camp Lejeune  
by Abigail Hughes

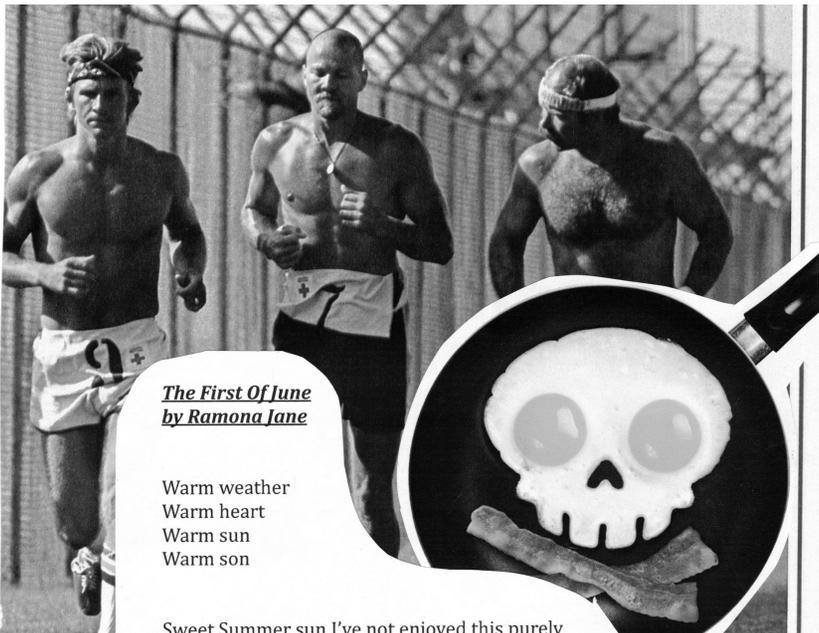
He wants to fix things.  
Holes in walls as well as he can.  
Spickle spackled white to fill in the gaps before we have to call the contractors.  
Wants to clean up.  
Non-acetone and ultra-caring as can be.  
Infomercials on in the background while he does.  
With all their mixed messages.  
If you or a loved one has ingested these household cleaning products.  
These airborne chemicals all combined.  
Call us. You could be entitled to financial compensation.



by maxine pulsipher-hufmann

# (What STL Landmark are YOU?)





***The First Of June***  
***by Ramona Jane***

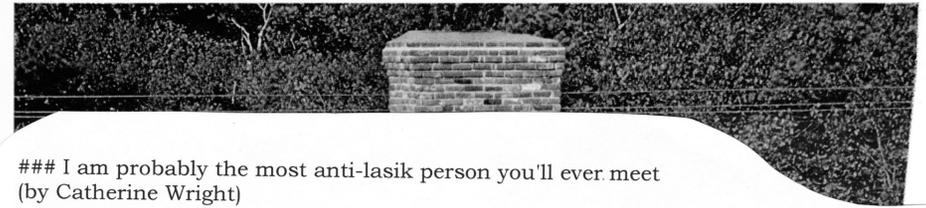
Warm weather  
Warm heart  
Warm sun  
Warm son

Sweet Summer sun I've not enjoyed this purely  
In so many years  
Not the over-bearing heat off my Floridian childhood  
Not the brief indulgence of Spring,  
Teasing my skin before asking me to wait once again

No  
This is the gentle embrace  
The loving caress of the wind  
The freedom of releasing my body to the world  
The splendor of rebirth

RP  
PETE WEINER

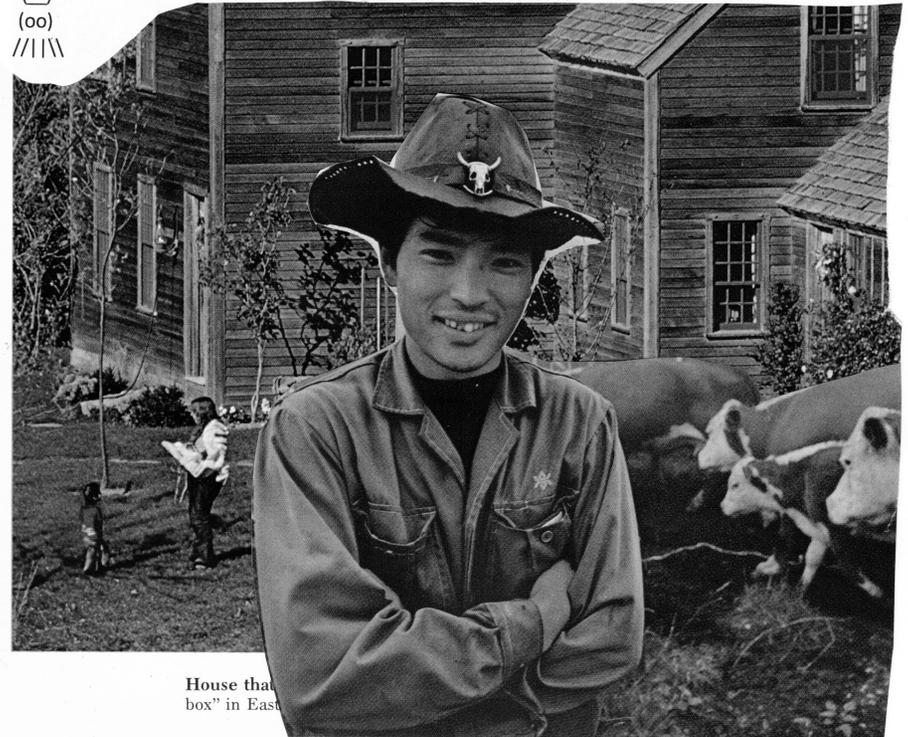
#NEVERFORGET



### I am probably the most anti-lasik person you'll ever meet  
(by Catherine Wright)

most people don't realize that lasik gives you two glass eyes and they burst under high pressure. any tears you cry set in place like over-hairsprayed curls, and the doctors dont curl the ends of each strand because they're from utah. have you ever seen raindrops through car headlights? have you ever tried to climb mount everest and seen crushed glitter hit that frozen hill? have you ever been punched in the face and spilled glass? I saw it happen once. that's why im more anti-lasik than anyone, even her, because every time I remember it i try to picture the surgeon who did this to her, who's probably watching the bubbles rise in perrier right now. and it's a real pain for me, the empathy mathematician, because she deserves every red cent he has and also to hurt him new every day. but he doesn't deserve that. so maybe it's just best if they don't talk.

∨  
(oo)  
//||\



House that  
box" in East

*Saturn In Aries*  
*by Ramona Jane*

Be free  
Be proud  
Take the glances & the stares  
Take the stalking, take the yelling  
Take the harassment  
Take it proudly!

I was given the ability to endure this  
I have inherited a better world  
I have inherited a world where I can exist  
I'm sure it hurts less than the beatings  
I'm sure it hurts less than what came before

I push the needle  
Watching those around me  
Confused and scared  
I watch them not help  
I watch them watching me  
Watching them watching me

I told my father that they will  
Strategically pair trans prisoners with powerful inmates  
Who the guards owe favors  
Something to beat, something to fuck

He said "Well at least you'd be satisfied"  
I watched a video of a man's dead body  
Twitching unconsciously as it burned,  
Sitting in a kitchen chair after the IDF had  
Blown up the surrounding building  
I think "What can I do?"

I started learning Spanish for the  
Hispanic boy at my school who's father can't speak English  
But shows up every day with sweat, dirt,  
And the biggest smile you've ever seen

A stranger runs to me in the park seeking help  
From a Nazi who'd been misgendering and demeaning her  
He yells at me, tells me I've been  
Poisoned  
I scan the crowd for people who could help

I lock eyes with at least a dozen people  
Watching me watching them  
Watching me watching them  
And the person who actually stepped in to help

to calm the lump in my throat  
I am instantly soothed  
with visions of orange eyelashes  
and pink shoulders covered  
with freckles  
and a tender, sing-song voice cooing and giggling

Strawberry honey  
so, so very sweet  
delicious with the feeling of  
Springtime  
sticky on my lips to savor longer  
to remind me of how soft arms feel  
encircling me,  
bellies and breasts pressed together,  
smiles transforming into kisses  
days melting into years with her

**august 2024**

feeling full of life  
feeling full of sex  
craving ripe melon in  
the scalding summer sun  
feeling the late August limerence  
the urgent cravings of the heatwave afternoon  
need to drink the water  
through the pores of my skin  
need to sprawl my limbs in the damp grass  
need iced tea as cold as it can be without  
turning to solid ice  
need this girl to put it on me  
fall in love again and again  
sunscreen on my shoulders  
and my ears  
mosquito bites on every inch of flesh  
it's brat summer but for verse tops  
black eyed susans and coneflowers  
the backdrop to my daydreams  
full of life  
full of sex

craving ripe peaches and the way the juice runs down my chin

# a collection of summertime poems

by han gibbons

## june 2024

swelling cicada song  
sticky sunset  
hot steam  
between mouths,  
and skin,  
sweat pooling in places  
these long days  
the dog days of summer

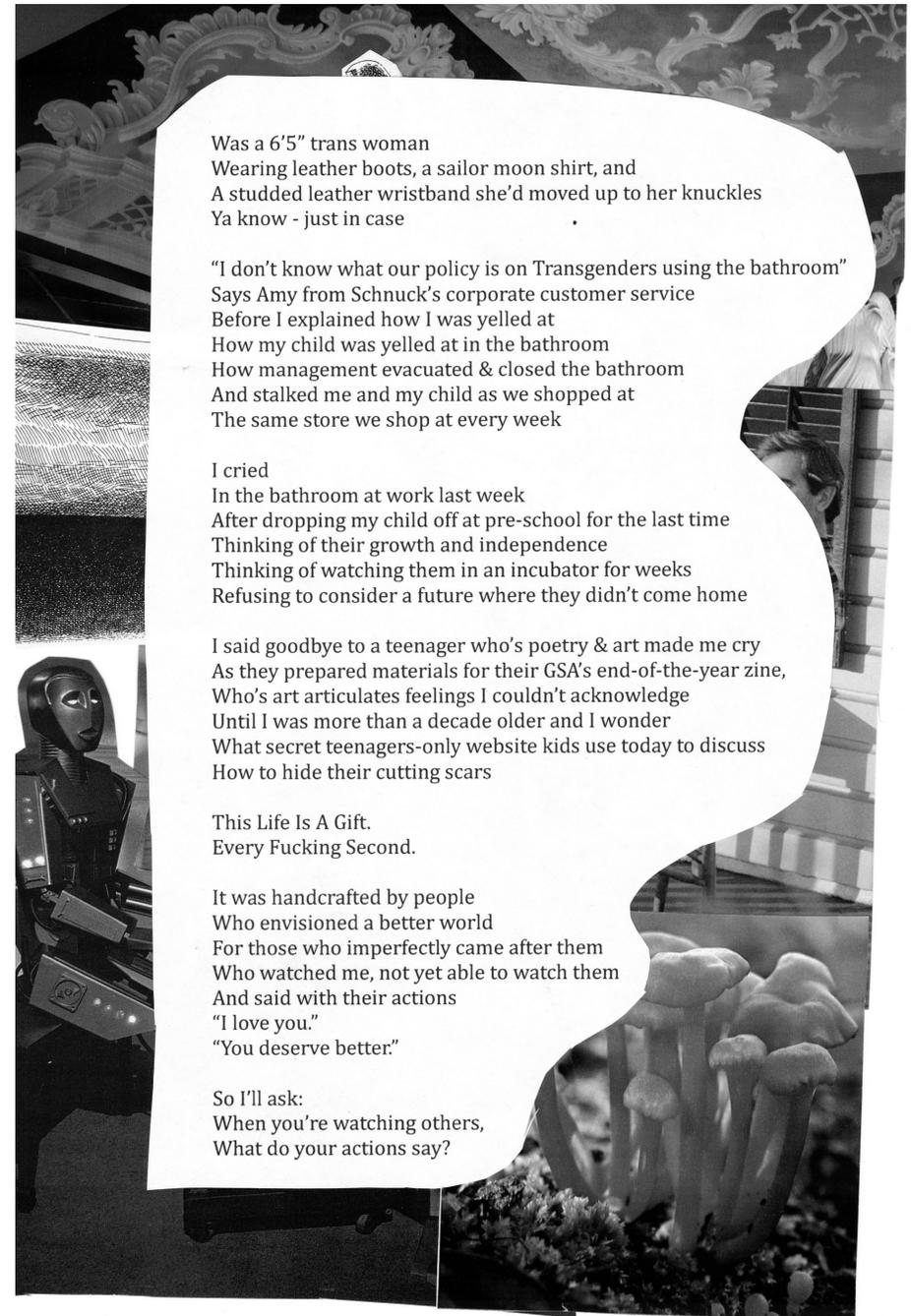
thirst quenching  
Florida orange juice squeezed  
straight from her pulp  
she stares with swirling eyes  
lashes that flutter against  
cheeks full of sun from the river,  
and the short June nighttime  
seems to last  
and last  
and last

fervid fervency  
languid, lush, long  
touches that adhere with the tack of perspiration  
the sweet-smelling scent of floral feminine  
delicate and potent  
always leaving me wanting more  
and more

## may 2024

Strawberry honey  
set upon the windowsill  
afternoon sun melting the sweetness into syrup  
floral from pollen peppered in from the little legs of bees

Strawberry honey  
I take a warm spoonful



Was a 6'5" trans woman  
Wearing leather boots, a sailor moon shirt, and  
A studded leather wristband she'd moved up to her knuckles  
Ya know - just in case

"I don't know what our policy is on Transgenders using the bathroom"  
Says Amy from Schnuck's corporate customer service  
Before I explained how I was yelled at  
How my child was yelled at in the bathroom  
How management evacuated & closed the bathroom  
And stalked me and my child as we shopped at  
The same store we shop at every week

I cried  
In the bathroom at work last week  
After dropping my child off at pre-school for the last time  
Thinking of their growth and independence  
Thinking of watching them in an incubator for weeks  
Refusing to consider a future where they didn't come home

I said goodbye to a teenager who's poetry & art made me cry  
As they prepared materials for their GSA's end-of-the-year zine,  
Who's art articulates feelings I couldn't acknowledge  
Until I was more than a decade older and I wonder  
What secret teenagers-only website kids use today to discuss  
How to hide their cutting scars

This Life Is A Gift.  
Every Fucking Second.

It was handcrafted by people  
Who envisioned a better world  
For those who imperfectly came after them  
Who watched me, not yet able to watch them  
And said with their actions  
"I love you."  
"You deserve better."

So I'll ask:  
When you're watching others,  
What do your actions say?

07-20-2025

R. MARLEY

~~THE~~ KARAS CUCUMBERS

~~THE~~

SOMETHING  
ABOUT

PUTTING A SEED IN A POT  
(IN THE GROUND?)

IN THE GROWING

DO EVERYTHING TO

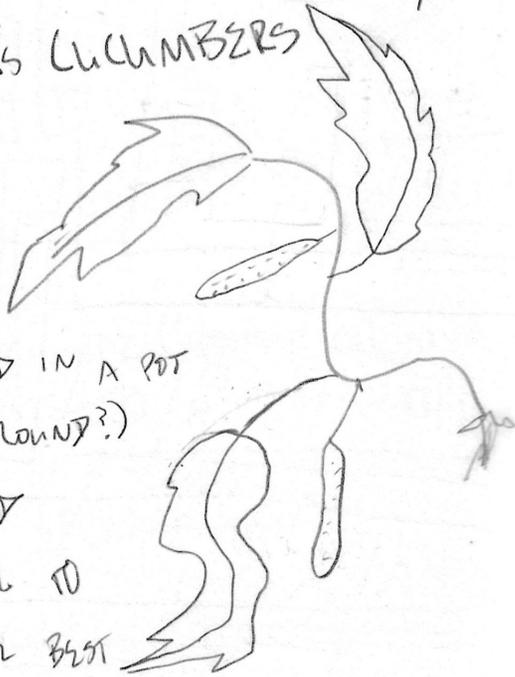
GIVE IT THE BEST

GO

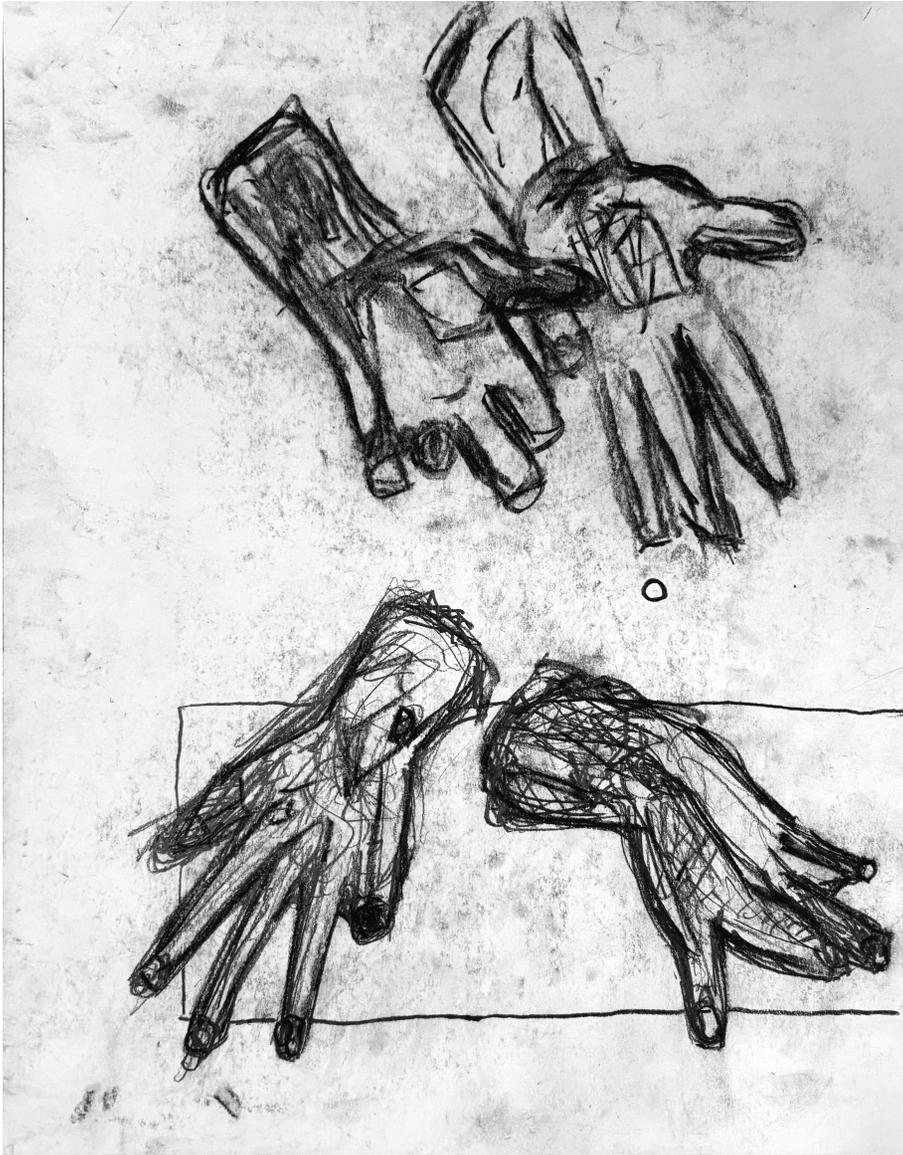
LET IT BE

IN YOUR ABSENCE

LET IT FIND ITS OWN POTENTIAL



by ramona jane



by zach tbd



by caroline christine



Goodbye, moment zine  
 By Sophia Indelicato

The last time I visited Missouri I cried because  
 I missed the sound of tree frogs.  
 Here, I write my soul for strangers.  
 There, I bared my soul to friends.  
 The events in LA have new people,  
 No matter how many times you go.  
 STL shows have more friends,  
 No matter how many times you don't.  
 Thanks for taking my gay poems  
 And hosting readings for good folks.  
 I miss a cheap rum and coke and a flirt with  
 BIGASSBUG!  
 Goodbye, moment zine.  
 From an old friend, with love.

OCTOPUSSY UNDER TH

The find a grave volunteer  
 by Heather Johnson

I walk where silence gently weeps,  
 Through rows of stone where memory sleeps.  
 A guardian of a life now passed,  
 I trace their stories, meant to last.

Each marker whispers soft and low,  
 Of love and loss from long ago.  
 Hands once held, voices gone still,  
 Echo softly across the hill.

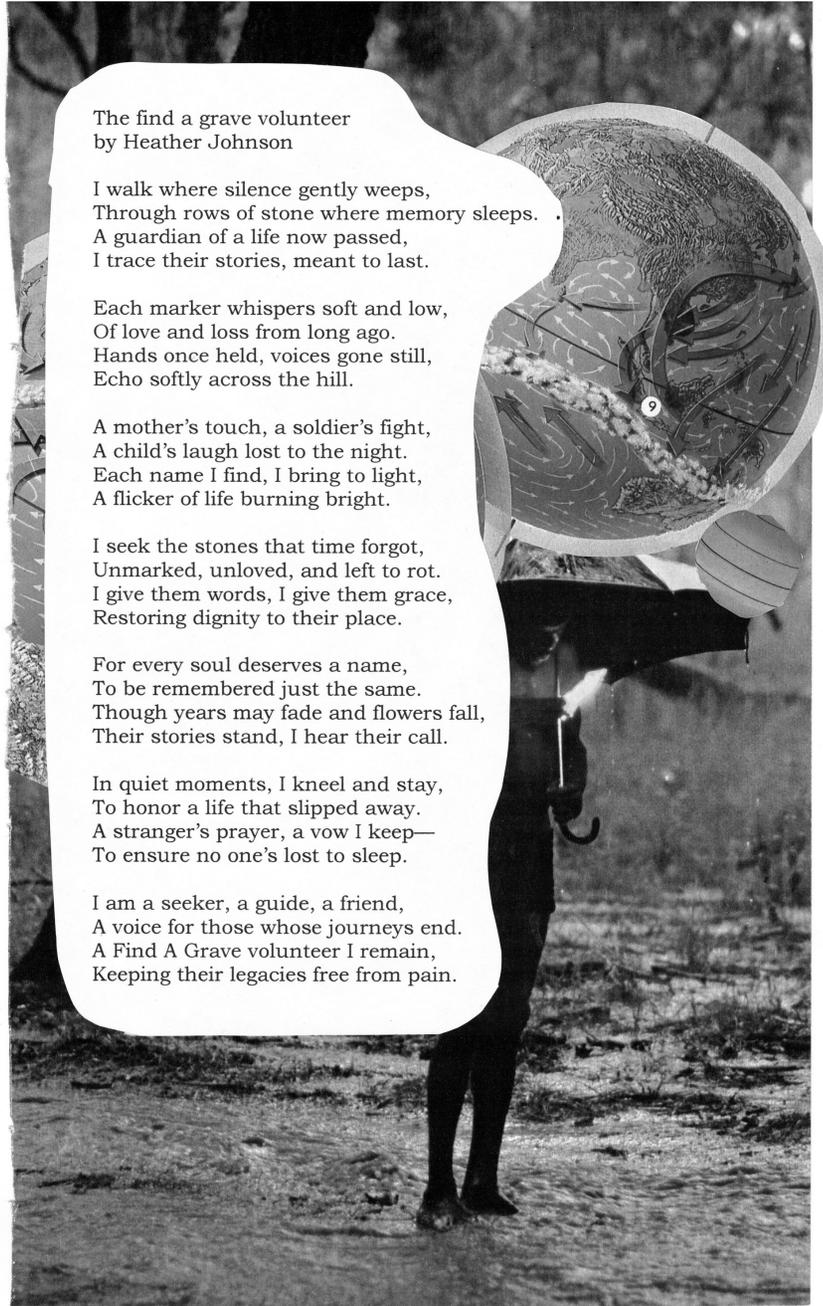
A mother's touch, a soldier's fight,  
 A child's laugh lost to the night.  
 Each name I find, I bring to light,  
 A flicker of life burning bright.

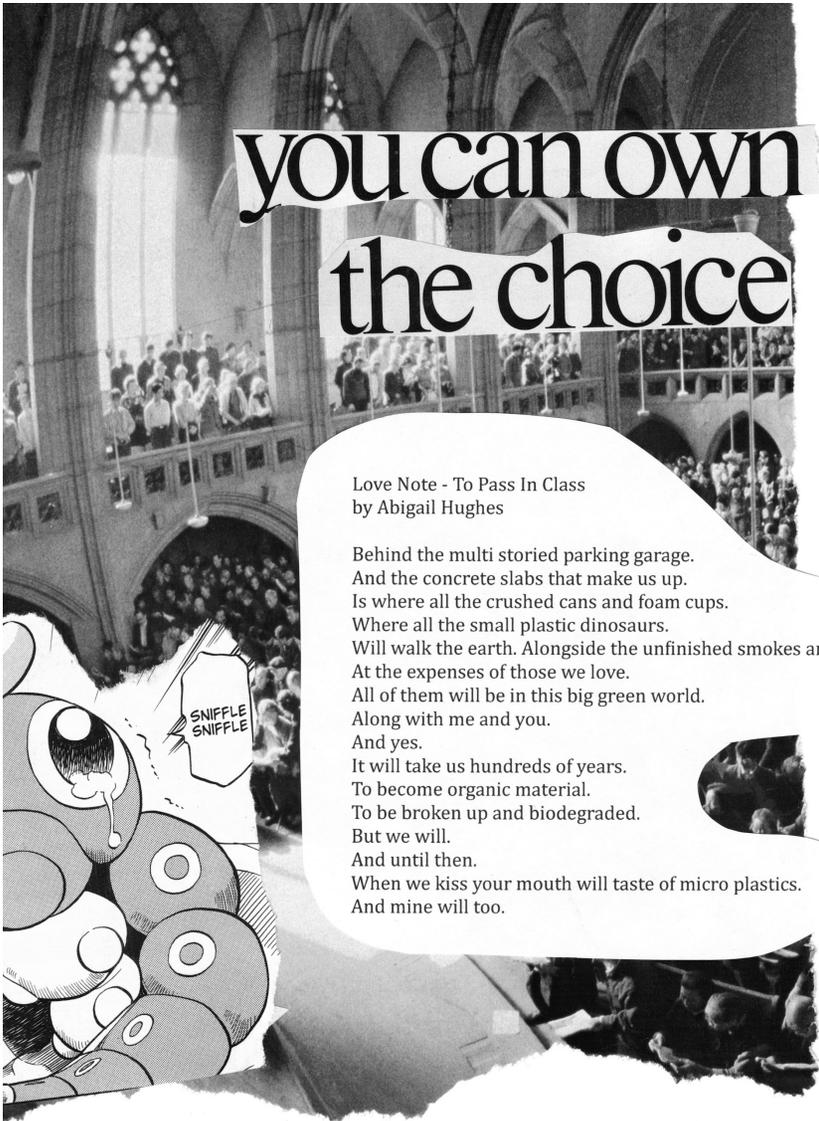
I seek the stones that time forgot,  
 Unmarked, unloved, and left to rot.  
 I give them words, I give them grace,  
 Restoring dignity to their place.

For every soul deserves a name,  
 To be remembered just the same.  
 Though years may fade and flowers fall,  
 Their stories stand, I hear their call.

In quiet moments, I kneel and stay,  
 To honor a life that slipped away.  
 A stranger's prayer, a vow I keep—  
 To ensure no one's lost to sleep.

I am a seeker, a guide, a friend,  
 A voice for those whose journeys end.  
 A Find A Grave volunteer I remain,  
 Keeping their legacies free from pain.





# you can own the choice

Love Note - To Pass In Class  
by Abigail Hughes

Behind the multi storied parking garage.  
And the concrete slabs that make us up.  
Is where all the crushed cans and foam cups.  
Where all the small plastic dinosaurs.  
Will walk the earth. Alongside the unfinished smokes and mean jokes.  
At the expenses of those we love.  
All of them will be in this big green world.  
Along with me and you.  
And yes.  
It will take us hundreds of years.  
To become organic material.  
To be broken up and biodegraded.  
But we will.  
And until then.  
When we kiss your mouth will taste of micro plastics.  
And mine will too.

Aa Bb Cc Dd

Ee Ff Gg Hh

Ii Jj Kk Ll

Mm Nn Oo Pp

Qq Rr Ss Tt

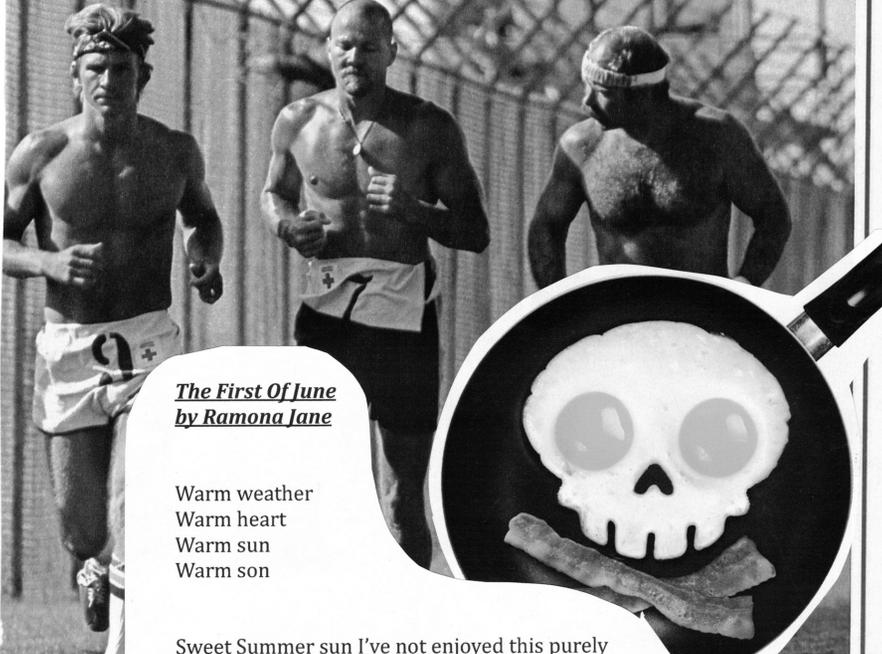
Uu Vv Ww Xx

Yy Zz

0123456789

by gray baker

When the world around you is exploding,  
blow a shot.



*The First Of June*  
by Ramona Jane

Warm weather  
Warm heart  
Warm sun  
Warm son

Sweet Summer sun I've not enjoyed this purely  
In so many years  
Not the over-bearing heat off my Floridian childhood  
Not the brief indulgence of Spring,  
Teasing my skin before asking me to wait once again

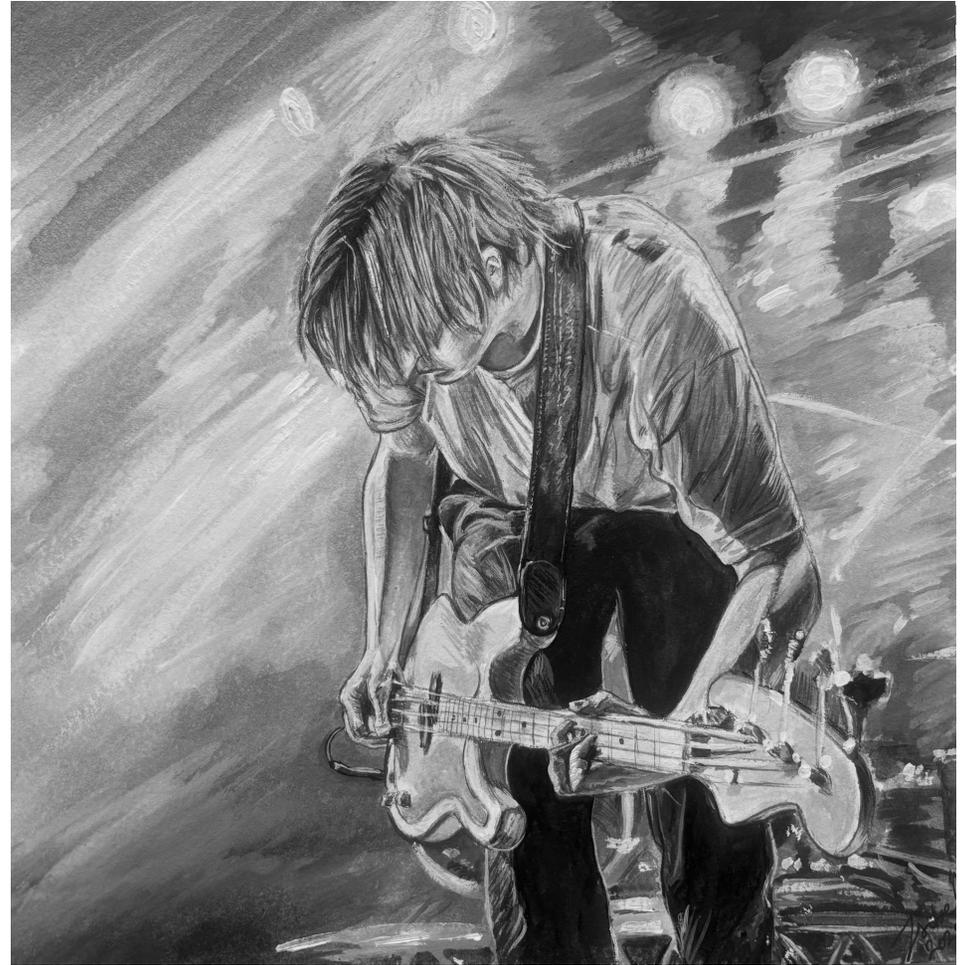
No  
This is the gentle embrace  
The loving caress of the wind  
The freedom of releasing my body to the world  
The splendor of rebirth

I  
guess  
we  
shall  
see

by bren solis



**wabbit twouble** by isobel abbott-dethrow



**peter woodin** by isobel abbott-dethrow

"art gallery selfie"

by olli sure

[july 9th 2025]

today i went to the art gallery  
of contemporary art gallery  
i took pictures of every single piece  
in the art gallery

i'm the poem i'm the poet  
because i'm the one talking  
i made a spectacle of myself  
i loudly announced that i was taking a picture before  
i did every time i did  
every time

i took a picture of every puddle i stepped over  
on the way to the art museum  
especially the really still reflective ones  
that i could see the trees or moon through  
i am the viewer i am the viewed

a man followed me home  
from the drag show  
he must have been into the performance  
that was happening right before his eyes  
must be seen to be believed !!  
strange girls !! why were they born?

or the steps i take in front of me  
on to short form video  
so you will keep track of where i'm going  
so i don't have to

if i post good enough  
you'll loved me  
if i post good enough i won't forget this happened

i don't remember the artist's name  
but the exhibit was about basketball and it reminded me  
of you

but this isnt a time for an-  
ger  
or dicomfort  
or pullingstretchingtight-  
nesstearing  
this is a fucking field of  
flowers  
roses and magnolias and  
daphodils and dahlias and  
nightshade and bleeding  
hearts and babys breath and  
peonies and pansys and sa-  
cred pink carnations  
(but not lilies bc theyre  
toxic to cats)

this is a field  
a new place new space un-  
locked for all of us  
i'm loading and cocking the  
gun and  
putting it in your hand

o bet you're expecting me to  
explain how  
if i try to do that back  
stretch i'm known for doing  
my chest will rip open vio-  
lently  
or maybe beautifully ethere-  
ally divinely whatever  
and a bleeding heart dove  
bursts forth  
and into the world from the  
vessel that i provided  
i bet you would love if i  
said something like that

but instead my insect chitin  
stitching wears thin  
while i'm at the club far  
earlier than i should be  
and the poor insect string

cannot hold any longer  
releasing my scars my juices  
my silicone jellyfish  
sliding around on the floor  
I blush like some sort of  
fucking anime girl hoping  
nobody notices  
everybody notices but every-  
one is too polite to say an-  
ything  
until the headlining DJ  
slips on the soft rubber bag  
and brakes they/their neck  
or something  
i bet that's something you  
wish happened too

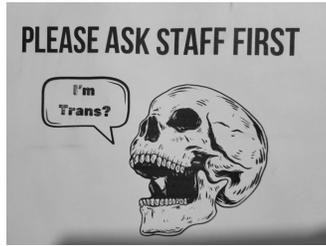
but instead i sit on a warm  
lit soft couch  
surrounded by familiar  
laughs and comforting smiles  
that wouldn't care either  
way  
and the glowing screens  
around me are begging me to  
give up, roll over and die,  
wave a white flag and  
acknowledge defeat, but  
there's love in this room  
tonight,

and someday when I'm more  
silicone than woman, more  
plastic than person, more  
ones and zeros than one with  
myself, i'll probably look  
back on today and think  
about how novel it all was,

and the archaeologist dig-  
ging up my bones will say  
damn  
she really had great tits



photos by ramona jane



"silicone"  
by olli sure  
[early june 2025]

community funded art project  
community sponsored crowd-  
funding open invitation mural  
design poetry project

girl girl girl girl girl  
girl girl girl  
this is the end of girl  
this is the end of woman  
girl  
girl woman

mhmm? mmhm  
mhmm? mmhm  
mhmm? mmhm  
mhmm? mmhm  
mhmm? mmhm

stretching myself closer to  
you  
stretching ripping bending  
tearing  
myself closer to something

some silicone thing

forget the 5\$ feminity beau-  
ty blender  
remember the 10m\$ femme  
breast bounty  
remember the size of the ma-  
chines in the room

turns out it takes like 5-6  
people to make a woman  
actually  
honestly  
to be tbh honest

the burning of my scars is a  
symbolic reference  
symbolic symbol reference  
actually  
to uncle sam burning in  
christian catholic hell  
that ugly mfckr torched my  
pharmacy  
crucified my pharmacist  
but he'll have to kill me  
to rip silicone pillows  
from my heart muscles



photos by ramona jane



**Cry Baby**  
by Ramona Jane

Cry, Baby  
Cry, Cry, cry  
Cry out the "he's" and the "hims"  
Cry out the "Have a good one bro!"  
Cry out the pain  
Cry out your coworker getting misgendered and not kno  
Cry out the \$80 in your savings account  
Cry out your grandfather's slow, silent death  
Cry out getting jealous over your not-girlfriend

Cry out the snow  
Cry out the hugs and the students who love you  
Cry out your boss moving you to a room upstairs  
(it has absolutely horrific lighting)

Cry out your parents' arguments  
Cry out the slammed doors  
Cry out the isolation and alienation  
Cry out the fact that your favorite cup broke  
Cry out your addiction to touch  
Cry out the people who are still alive  
Cry out a stranger's right to take your kid away from you

The person who treats you like a stranger  
Because she wasn't interested in knowing you  
Cry out the actions that allowed you to grow  
Cry out the fact that you're still alive  
Cry out your child running to give you a hug after school  
Cry out that smell in your kitchen  
Cry out your new car breaking down  
Healthy amount of trust and vulnerability

Cry  
Cry out finally having a sense of stability  
Cry out losing that stability again  
Cry out the buffalo sauce that got in your eye  
Cry out the exhaustion  
Cry out the conflict  
Cry out the confrontation  
Cry out the shoes you ordered from an instagram ad 2 months ago

(you realize now it was probably a scam)  
Cry it all out angel  
Cry until your eyes are red and puffy  
Cry as if your feelings are the only things that matter

