



SUMMER

mutual aid resources:

Unhoused STL  
Instagram: @unhousedstl  
Venmo/CashApp: @UnhousedSTL

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

M.A.R.S.H. Cooperative  
6917 S. Broadway, St. Louis  
instagram: @marsh\_stl

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



**a moment**  
the new stl zine | summer 2022

"until she pops"

by Olli Sure

[dec 2 2021]

everyone knows everyone except you

breath a lil heavier  
the first step of the spell was to relax so i know  
i'm fucked  
don't know how to stick around

making a space  
for me or  
the shorter person behind me  
i cant relax  
with someone shorter behind me

swelling hormone titties in a a dress  
with my pussy hanging out  
who could possibly make space

girl  
you better stop doing so much  
girl  
you better take another progesterone  
another caffine pill  
another tab  
it's gonna be a  
girl  
squeezing her shoulders together  
until she  
it's gonna be a long night

until she pops

# STL Show Page!

**Do you have a show coming up?**

**Want to check out some local music?**

Check out [stlshowpage.com](http://stlshowpage.com) to see a list of upcoming local artist's shows or list your band's show. It's a great, free community resource~



*untitled by Marcos Buznego*

# a moment, the "zine"

Dear Reader,

hello reader, didn't think i'd see you here again *handsome*. :) welcome back to these familiar pages. why don't you stay a while and luxuriate among the masterfully curated writing, illustration, poetry, and decadence that lives within these pages. we made this zine with blood, sweat, and bile specifically for you to read. you wouldn't make us do all that for nothing, would u **handsome** ? ;^) i digress lol this is a zine and we made it and the beautiful people who shared their art with us deserve your adoration and love! Go ahead and love all over the pages and enjoy your time with this lil thing we made. <3 when you're done reading you should definitely pass this along to someone you love! or hate! it doesn't matter just keep making moments and remember that we love u ~

With love,  
A moment

who wore it better???

olli~ : why are we wearing anything , , , ??? ;^) <3~  
mere: okay, come on, who put my clothes on the dog.  
AGAIN?

rowen: the chicken or the egg  
lesley: ya know, i think we should look past such surface  
level affiliations.....jk i probably did tbh

[mobot.org/hort/](http://mobot.org/hort/)



home page of mobot.org/hort/ the second forward slash is important, because otherwise you won't reach this ancient section of the Missouri Botanical Garden website, which may not actually be meant to still exist? who knows.

This wacky little section of the garden's website features some lovely old school web design centered around the horticulture division's responsibilities and activities. A personal favorite is the below "Garden Birds and Other Animals" page below, which features some old pictures of animals in the garden.

## Wild Birds in the Garden

[Click here for photos of other Garden animals](#)

[Click here for photos of raptors in the Garden](#)

Photos featured on this page were taken at the Missouri Botanical Garden.

Click on the photo for a larger version.



Green heron



Wood ducks



O'possum

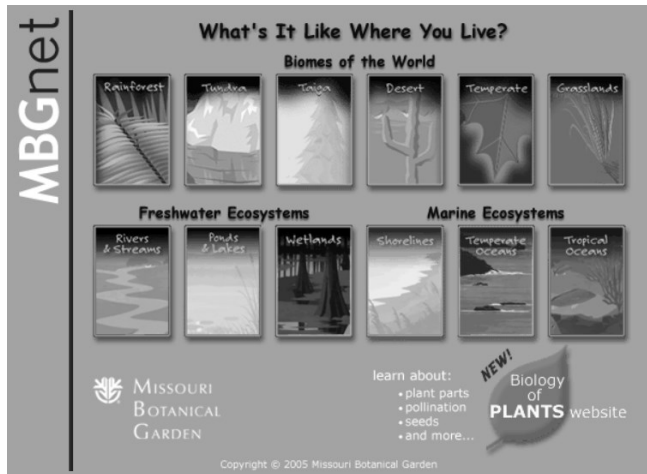
To sum up... you can still find a lil bit of some age old St. Louis internet out there! -Rowen

## Old MBG Internet Stuff - A primer

St. Louis has a lot of history... and a lot of funky internet history as well! "staff writer" Rowen Conry takes a look at two weird Missouri Botanical Garden web sections from way back in the day which are still online.

### MBGnet

home page of "mbgnet.net", created in the mid-90s with the help of the Evergreen Project. The website was owned by Ask-Jeeves from 2000 until 2002, when it was acquired by the Missouri Botanical Garden.



If you're looking to learn about how plants grow in different biomes, look no further than mbgnet.net, an educational website meant to help kids explore the plant world from the comfort of their computers. Clicking on a biome reveals more information about it.

#### Plants make food

Plants are the only organisms that can convert light energy from the sun into food. And plants produce ALL of the food that animals, including people, eat. Even meat. The animals that give us meat, such as chickens and cows, eat grass, oats, corn, or some other plants.



The environment is everything that lives on Earth plus the air, sun, water, weather, and the Earth itself.

#### Sing a Song about the Role of Plants!



#### Plants make oxygen

One of the materials that plants produce as they make food is oxygen gas. This oxygen gas, which is an important part of the air, is the gas that plants and animals must have in order to stay alive. When people breathe, it is the oxygen that we take out of the air to keep our cells and bodies alive. All of the oxygen available for living

the "biology of plants" section of the website features some recorded songs about plants set to familiar tunes. it's neat!

#### This issue contains works by:

Mad Green  
Colleen (Beef) (Beth) Cromer  
James Lituchy  
Joe Conry  
Rowen Conry  
Connor Shelton  
Catherine Wright  
Riah Dover  
Quinn Hamilton  
Marcos Buznego  
Bethanie Reid  
Olli Sure  
Thomas Mattek  
Mere Harrach

## 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:**  
*September 30, 2022*

(Cover art by Rowen Conry)



*tub dweller by mad green*

## August Horoscopes

gemini

take advantage of the opportunity to do it all. be wary of literally floating away in your euphoria and mania. it probably won't happen, but keep an eye out.

aries

you are doing the damn thing this month. keep doing it. try not to stomp on those around you in a tirade of passion.

leo

you are literally speaking life into existence. maybe it's not everyone's existence but it's yours.

sagittarius

you will be living in a french new wave film. expect existential longing and feeling like life isn't long enough to do all you want to do.

taurus

you are finally gonna give up the reins and hop in the passenger seat. it feels good to trust others.

pisces

it's time to redecorate, spring cleaning comes late for you. you will strengthen your psychic connection with your cat.

aquarius

be open to meeting new people this month. make art with a stranger. stop isolating yourself, it's cool to connect.

cancer

you are floating through life dreamily and with grace. your loved ones are near. spend a lot of time outside and get rid of your phone.

virgo

harmony will be restored for you this month. you are finally figuring out how to be in the moment. let yourself enjoy it.

capricorn

time to separate the haters from the real ones in your life. it will be obvious who does and doesn't value your presence.

scorpio

your schedule is stacked and you feel invigorated and powerful. make sure to take some naps in between brunch dates and tackling the world's problems.

libra

you are everywhere and with everyone all at once this month. you may feel very up and down and impulsive. let yourself feel it all and unexpected and surging joy will follow.



**recurrence**

catherine wright

since I became a ferry attendant, six years have passed. people drive onto my boat in their big metal tubes while I sit in my little metal folding chair. over the years, it has rusted itself open, barbecued red-brown flowers coating its joints. it pitches sharply when I lean forward.

on each journey, when the front of the boat nuzzles the first Justicia Americana floret that it can find, I get up off my chair and walk to the back of the boat. there, I listen to the engine thrum, distinguish it from my heartbeat, and watch the braided ripples of blue-brown water that the ship leaves behind. I watch the people in their cars, too; they sit and read and look out the window and sometimes look at each other. it doesn't take more than a few minutes to cross the river, so people don't get out of their cars. if they do, they scuttle back in when they see me coming, like water striders.

on the river, I go back and forth, tracing the same route over and over, a grandfather clock's pendulum, steady as seasons. from morning to night, I watch the tires grind on asphalt, stop on water, and drive back to asphalt. they all go one way, in line with time.

every day, the boat's hull drags lower, the river's sole change in routine

## Turning in the Man Card

Thomas Mattek

brushing it out of my wallet  
cracked and worn after all these years  
of whipping it out strategically  
using it to blend in  
there printed upon its testosterone  
sealed surface lies a picture  
of an illusion of what I could be if I just  
worked hard enough, I said  
a chaotic blend of my own features and a  
hundred action movie heroes set into a  
mental blender on the puree fashion  
my head infected with the fire and rush  
of simulated violence which taught me  
so much about that way  
to be a man

weak and stumbling in sport, my simmering  
rage would burst forth, blood rushed through my veins  
starting fight after fight  
another day in the principal's office  
another notch in the card  
in 7th grade announcing to everyone that  
I am bisexual, daring anyone to do anything about it  
far too scared to actually even come close to  
another?

man. I joked I turned in my card after that.  
saw it drop before my eyes on the ground, felt  
for just a moment the utterly powerful,  
breath breaking relief of forgetting all  
those expectations and language  
then I got into a fight two weeks later.  
can't even remember why.  
picked it up off the ground and stowed it  
back.



*whr it strtd hw its gng*  
*by Riah Dover*



**walking upstairs poem**

olli sure

[late april 2022]

going to hell after visiting the long line of Angels at the pearly  
gate that I have  
disappointed

i promise it isnt this hard for everyone

i dont know how to have this conversation with you  
or proving something to the romanticized version of u i have in  
my head

"remember when you wanted  
what u have now ?"

i dont want this anymore

we're both going to remember this moment differently

well.

better late than never right?

I take one last look at it and all the other  
men I have ever known who never questioned themselves,  
agonized about

it and their anger and what it means  
never poured themselves into stories of men  
who became women, and women who  
became men

saw something in them that resonated in a way so deep  
that he cries at 3AM to Venus Envy

away from his parents who say that they accept his sexuality

but 15 years later hide his gayer, fitter, more flexible, more  
charismatic cousin

for being too sexy in his Instagram posts

so I take a look at this face, body, ideal I probably  
will never to be able to meet no matter how much training,  
stretching, or grit

and let it go

drift out into the wind

and all I can do is cry with relief

as I chant to myself

"you don't have to be a man"

## Bodies and Building

Thomas Mattek

My dad took me out to my Grandpa's pond  
for the first time fishing  
I learned patience  
but far more I learned  
what was in that 10,000 gallon  
USPS pension funded  
pool  
pre school  
chlorinated water washing  
the water felt safe  
cool  
the knots in my back are relieved  
hold your breath and hold it in  
feel your chest strengthening  
don't breathe  
take that breath and hold it in  
will to live  
strengthen your chest  
now surface  
the sun will blind you but it is worth it  
to see this  
use my whole body, toe to head  
each a strain of muscle  
PUSH  
now pull

grasp the water ☹️☹️  
feel it flow  
you remember the old currents  
the way it is cool upon your skin  
bring it all together  
nature cannot arrest you  
pull and let your body feel it  
your muscles will tense and release in motion  
the water will lift you and ease all pain  
you can move however you feel



*in memoriam of the alarm clock (replaced by the  
smart phone clock app) by Marcos Buznego*

supposed sinners are our brothers and sisters.”

What will I do for writing? Focus on lunch room lunch room theocracy?

Set up now my haedad just wants to turn this into a fucking choose you adventure book. Maybe a foriehg adult movie. Either way, I am tired. Almost wasted given that I am doing B-Sidses. Sort of. Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, whale me up when setbether einds |

The audience began to lean forward

and so  
I build  
Flips front and forward over and over,  
clutching into a ball  
barely moving my feet  
all core, strengthen the core  
now jump between the walls of the pool  
each and every spring building power

strength and agility  
breathe in  
RELEASE  
spring forth  
another repetition?  
fuck reps, I'm having fun  
now I am back again and hiking  
my father has taken me  
time and time again  
one step forward

keep moving  
March forward and repeat the motion in  
your legs now PUSH  
grab the tree, let your blood rush forward  
into it and  
pull yourself forward  
live in your body, now repeat  
one step forward  
he is sitting above me  
caring for me, I pushed it too hard  
but also for help, get some electrolytes, recover  
don't hesitate to ask for help  
always there is pain of some kind, aching joints and sore  
muscles

accept it, heal, rest and wake up again  
begin the day with a hair more strength and flexibility  
use that energy to build my body again tommorow,  
or, if I am too weak, when I am next ready  
set foot upon the trails again  
summit rocks and dash upon them,  
grab these arms, so weak and slow  
compared to the other athletes around me  
and in that moment  
pull  
hoist myself up, strain them just enough to get  
my breath going, step by step I climb  
summit, and keep waking on the pinnacles  
find my footing as I perch above a 100 foot fall  
trust this body that has carried me through so much

it will not fail me now  
so that it will not fail when I need to run  
or carry those who cannot  
and to resist my own pain

a thousand reps, maybe more  
step after step  
now get up  
and do it again



*Geese Crossing by Connor Shelton*



*Skating Down the Lot  
by Connor Shelton*

## on growth

Bethanie Reid

when I feel the discomfort of stagnancy,  
I like to imagine myself as a plant  
who has rooted too deeply  
for the confines of my pot.  
my tuberous growth presses together,  
compacting at the confines,  
ready to break through orange terra cotta  
to feel the world.  
replanting myself  
somewhere with more space is the answer,  
but the moments that follow  
can feel as empty as the void I now have to fill  
with dirt and dreams and myself.  
over time I'll grow into my new home  
until I can once again no longer be contained.  
maybe one day I will plant myself  
somewhere with no confines, no obstructions.  
perhaps I will grow so deep  
that I will never be uprooted again.

## Early AM

Bethanie Reid

Hours and minutes before the shrill of the alarm  
punctures the air, deflating the dreams of night,  
sunlight grows warm and small, nameless birds say  
hello, the world is alive with possibility.  
If I awake before the harsh call that heralds  
another day of labor that takes the place of rest  
I can cling to the dreams of ripe, unpunctured splendor  
like the ruby ripened tomato that lays on my kitchen table  
juicy with untold opportunity





*Narcarn Saves Lives by Colleen (Beth) (Beef) Cromer*

"beautiful abstract person"  
by Marcos Buznego

just saw  
a beautiful abstract painting  
at the art museum

wait no, it was  
a beautiful abstract person

people don't look like paintings  
people don't look like paintings  
people don't look like paintings



*bathroom selfie by Mad Green*



*amalgamation by James Lituchy*

## Age is a Number in My Dreams

Joe Conry

Edging toward age 60 my memories and memory fade  
Mortality becomes real as some life soldiers you stood  
shoulder to shoulder with.....  
have died, decaying in the ground, right now

My night dreams have become bright, vivid, long  
They come back on multiple nights, the topics strung together  
Not the Dali dreams of youth  
They jump from sleep to the next sleep at 3:55am  
The plots continue, my heart races as if I am awake  
They are detailed, faces, names, what candy at Halloween as I  
go door to door with a member of the Sopranos

They are of work in days gone by a generation ago, those  
coworkers are gone  
But not in my dreams, they are alive, walking, talking ....  
They are still working

Why do they come to me in such detail ..... but I already  
know  
They will be the only ones who visit when my memory is lost, I  
just know it

Age is just a number  
A number saying you are going to die

So cling to your religion, whatever flavor you like  
See you in the afterlife so we can watch King of Queens and the  
Big Bang Theory together  
Let's comfort with that, cling to it, no doubt  
While our brothers and sisters rot in the ground  
Dream and die

## Window shopping feelings

Quinn Hamilton

They said, "You always remind to you stay so positive.  
Thank you."

And yes, because I'm begging to be seen as the one who is  
welcoming and soft like the cold side of the pillow.

To not be seen as the oven left on for much longer than  
need be, to be felt like a like a warm towel out of the drier.

Lonesome when you whisper that this isn't you, that the  
mirrors and signs are all wrong, with shapes and words  
twisting your very existence. Who am I?

Exhausting is it to be heard as a siren that goes off in the  
distance, to only be seen as getting louder as the world  
around you grows quieter.

I would give anything to be as vulnerable as the garden  
during a rainstorm.