

hee-hoo

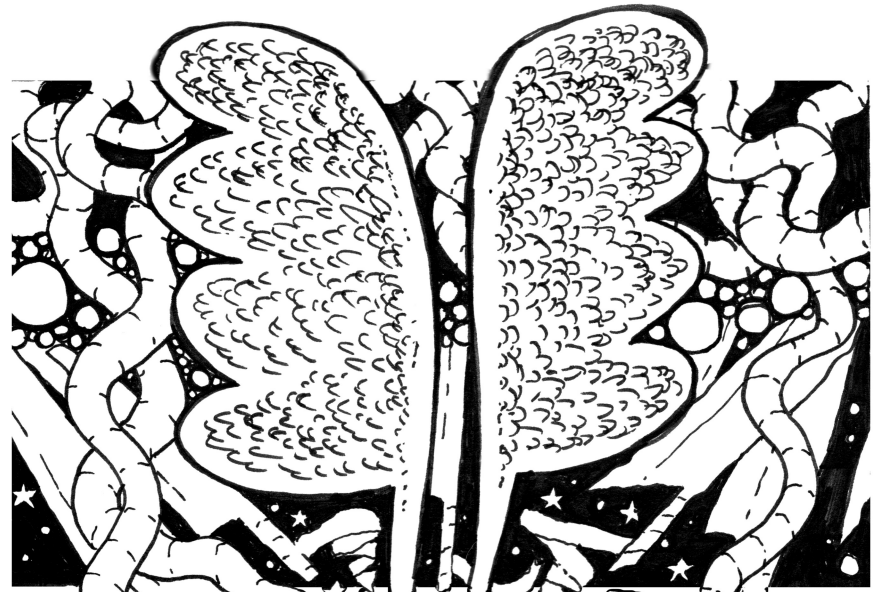
mutual aid resources:

Tent Mission STL
Instagram: @tentmission_stl
Venmo: @tentmissionstl

M.A.R.S.H. Cooperative
6917 S. Broadway, St. Louis
instagram: @marsh_stl

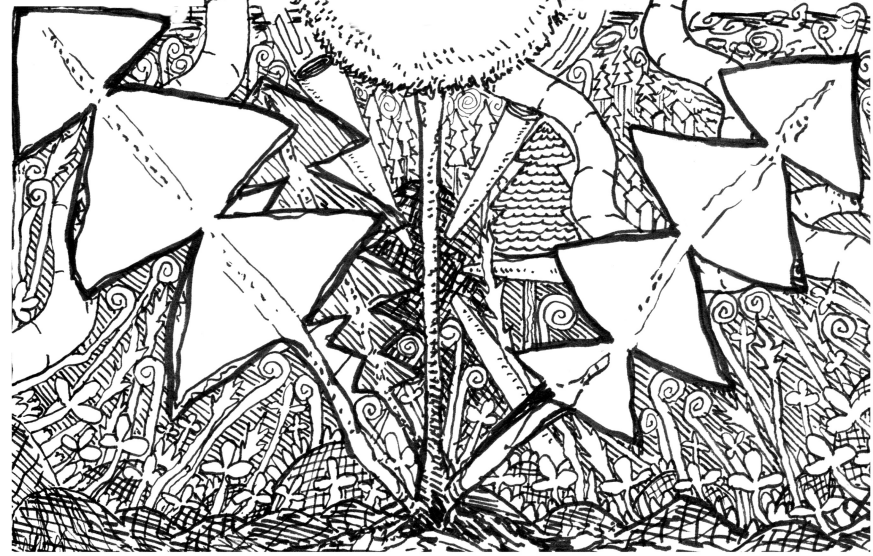
find our social media & smallweb!
Instagram: @amoment_zine
&
<https://amomentzine.flounder.online>

Say It Fast and Slow



a moment

the stl zine | spring 2023



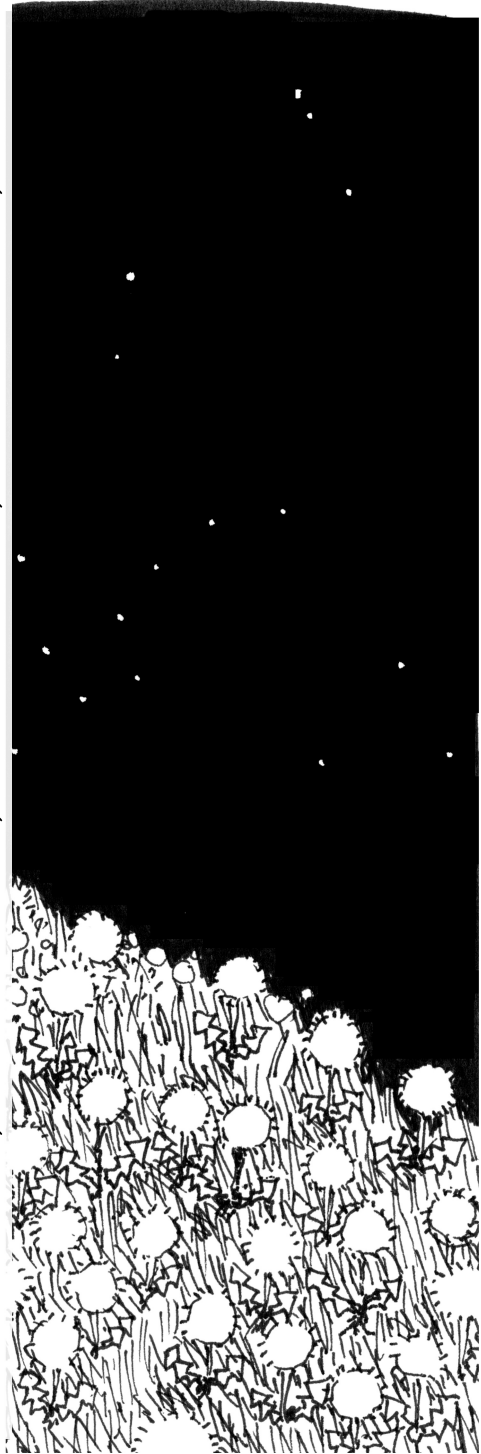


experimental open mic

showcasing local art that is
experimental in nature.

monthly at the sinkhole

instagram: @experimental.open.mic



A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT

dear reader,

Beats can be

well well well... issue 2 year 2 and there is... 2 of us ... 222... something to think about. thank you for picking up this copy of this zine and introducing its contents into your life. i promise this was a good decision :) we hope these lil pieces of paper and staples make u experience something new, something for the 1st time, something you needed. the artists featured in this moment come to you in earnest, hoping to be remembered. don't let them down!!! when u are done consuming the beautiful risotto that is this zine, please pass it along to the next soul that is hungry for beauty, love, community. 222, 444, XOXO, (*_*)

with love always,
a moment

The Strong Beat

IT'S "A MOMENT ZINE" SPRING SPRING

WHOROSCOPIES

Aries: ouch, those growing pains hurt! you might be cringing at your past self and want to hide under a rock. might be time to get back into therapy or grind on your creative ambitions in private

Taurus: you are THE shoulder to lean on taurus, drama is bouyntiful around you but you are rock solid! Don't forget about your own needs and rethink who is a drain on your energy

Gemini: you are about to have a serious girl boss moment plus a major rebrand! be intentional about your work and how you want to come across to others.

Cancer: the sun is rising on your spiritual journey, cancer! the stars remind you that you are worthy of what you dream of. Internal peace and grounding will flourish in you.

Leo: i know you kinda hate change, but now is the time to embrace it! don't resist the stars aligning your path for you, learn to lean into what feels right and natural.

Virgo: no virgo, you cannot "fix him." the stars are prompting your relationships to mature and your expectations to get real. a great time to nurture your own needs, for once

Libra: time to get physical! a great time to get into healthy routines and do what's best for your body. sleep enough, eat well, and drink water dear Libra

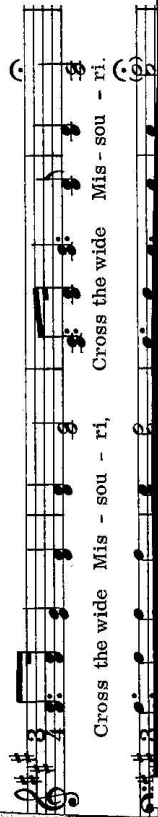
Scorpio: your inner artist is dying to emerge! a great time to bring practice to your craft and achieve true artistic genius :)

Sagittarius: your emotions can be a lot! this is a good and humbling time to learn how to process them, reflect on your past relationship dramas, and unpack that good ole childhood trauma.

Capricorn: woahh look at the wits on this one! your jokes and social commentary are on the nose. Watch out for too sharp of a tongue.

Aquarius: dollar bills are on the mind! a good time to reassess what is valuable in your life. beware of becoming a crypto bro!

Pisces: you are having your main character moment, dye your hair blue! but also think about what you really want in life and where you want to be, it's time to set intentions



Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.



Dano wears a Brunello Cucinelli polo top and pants; Gucci shoes. Karsten wears a High Sport top; Levi's jeans; Keds sneakers. Williams wears a Louis Vuitton dress and shoes. LaBelle wears a Gucci shirt; G.H. Bass shoes. Butters wears a Kenzo top and skirt; Margaux shoes. Rogan wears a Bode shirt; Thom Browne pants; Grenson shoes.

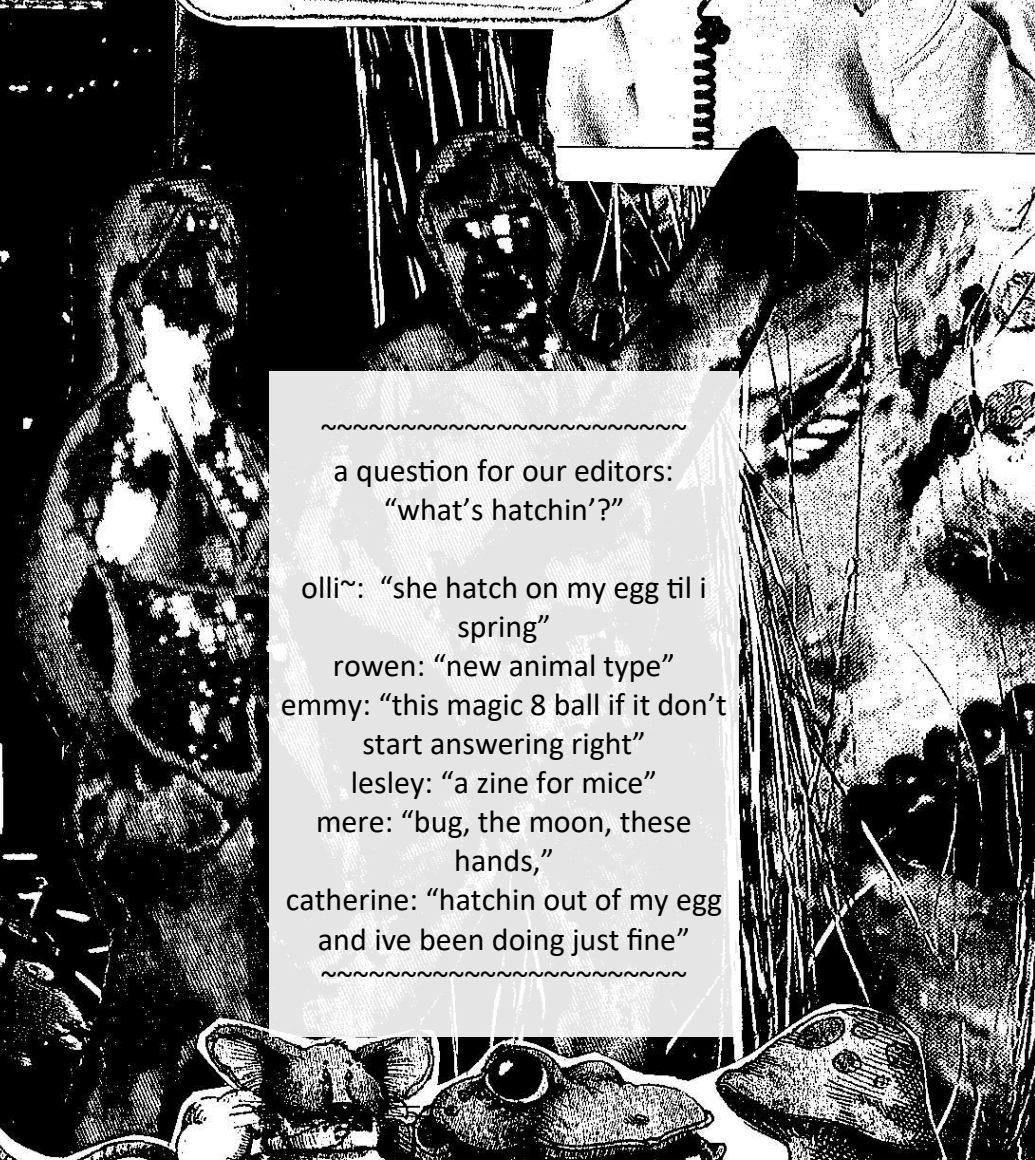
From left: Butters wears a Polo Ralph Lauren dress; Grenson shoes. Karsten wears a Leset cardigan; Batsheva playsuit. Williams wears a Carolina Herrera blouse, pants, and belt; Vicki Turbeville necklace. Rogan wears an Ahluwalia shirt; Giorgio Armani pants and shoes.

Williams wears a Bottega Veneta dress, earrings, and shoes. Dano wears a Brunello Cucinelli jacket, shirt, and pants; Vicki Turbeville bolo tie; John Lobb shoes.

Butters wears a Tory Burch dress; Margaux shoes. Karsten wears a High Sport top; Margaux shoes. Williams wears a Junya Watanabe Manishishiki dress; Rogan wears a Todd Snyder shirt; Williams wears a Hedi Slimane shirt and shoes; Williams wears a Hedi Slimane hat; Assael necklace; the Row pants; Grenson shoes.



in sets of two.



~~~~~  
a question for our editors:  
"what's hatchin'?"  
  
olli~: "she hatch on my egg til i  
spring"  
rowen: "new animal type"  
emmy: "this magic 8 ball if it don't  
start answering right"  
lesley: "a zine for mice"  
mere: "bug, the moon, these  
hands,"  
catherine: "hatchin out of my egg  
and ive been doing just fine"  
~~~~~

SPRING SPRING SPRING SPRING SPRI



YOUR WINTER ENDS HERE

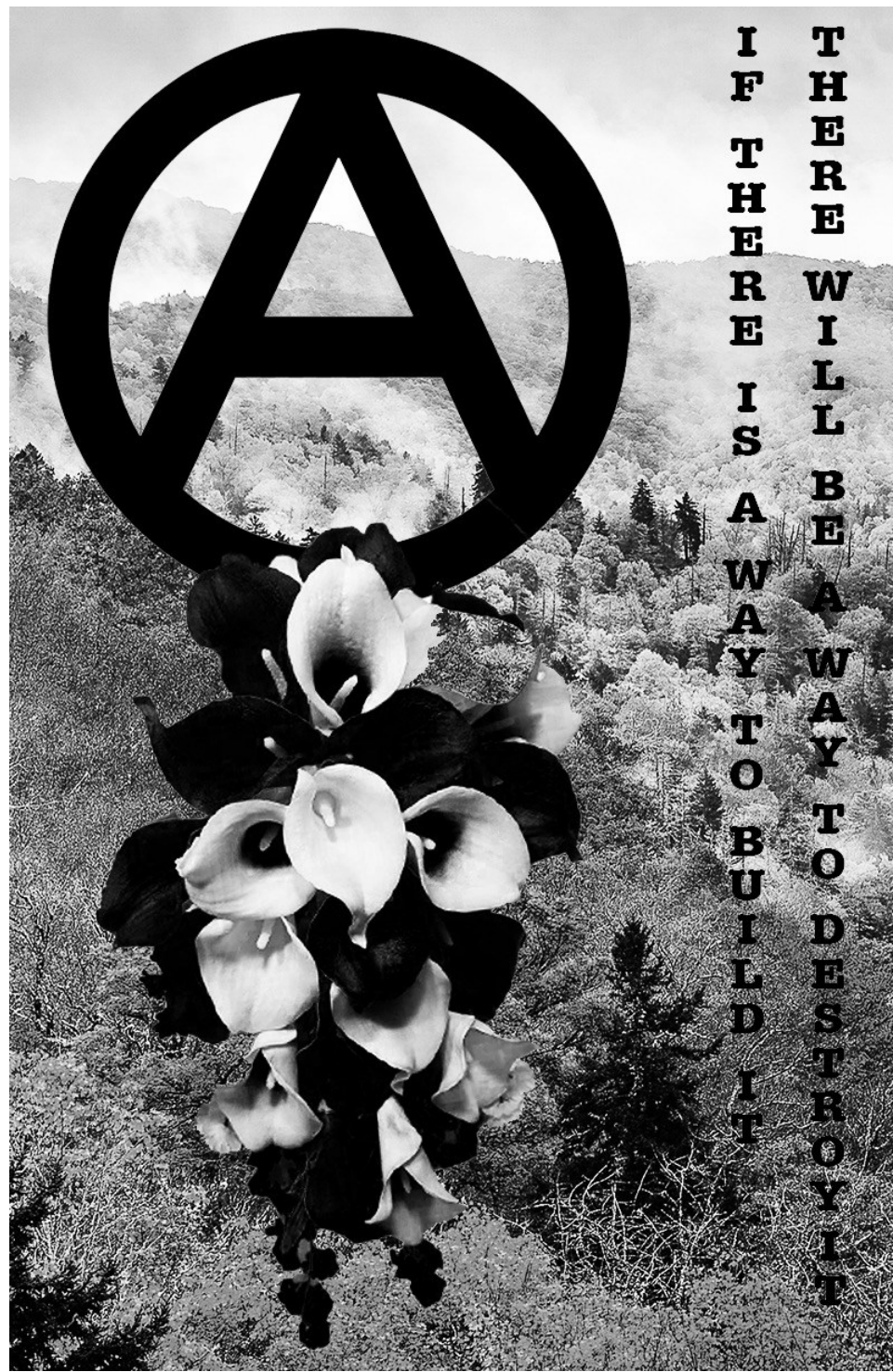
INFRARED, ULTRAVIOLET, AND
GAMMA RAYS



emmy jasper
sofa melon
zach tbd
mj
evelyn & lilia
abigail wetteroff
olli sure
beth (beef) cromer
lesley hauck
mere harrach
josie
adam shane harris
rowen conry
catherine wright
graham flores
birdie edge

front cover: rowen conry

it's a moment spring,
featuring:



I F T H E R E I S A W A Y T O B U I L D I T
T H E R E W I L L B E A W A Y T O D E S T R O Y I T



**THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS
THEY HAVE NOT TOLD YOU OF**

art by birdie edge

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:
June 21, 2023!!**



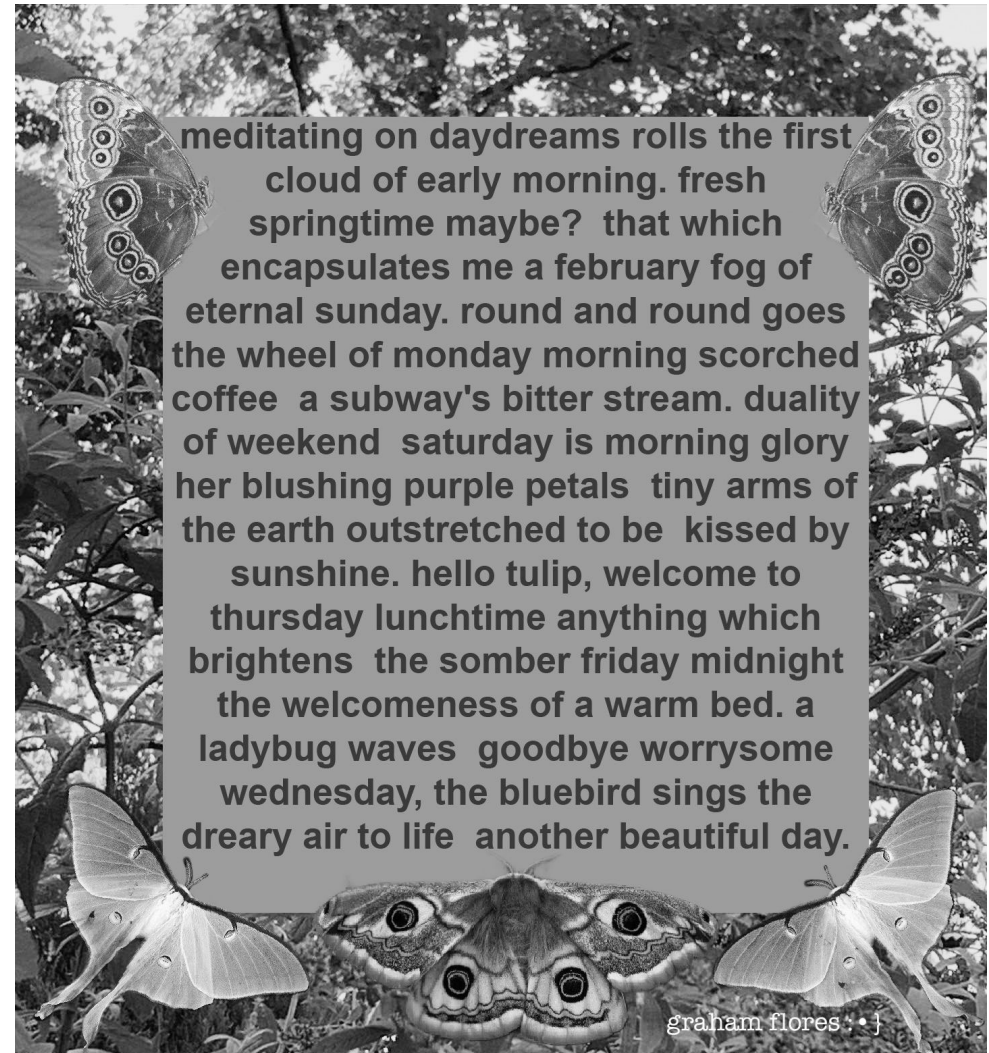
Fill'er up!

Gestaltungsprozesse

«Gestaltungsprozesse» wurde als wichtiges Anliegen die Verfolgbarkeit und Konkretheit eines gestalterischen Vorgangs in den Grund gestellt. Verfolgbar aus der Sicht des Lehrenden wie auch aus dem Blickwinkel des mit ihm zusammenarbeitenden Lehrers. Ausgangspunkt und Ziel der Übung ist die Abwandelbarkeit eines Grundthemas. Abwandelbar auf Grund einer vom Studenten selbst aufgebauten Konzeption. Bei diesen Gestaltungsprozessen geht es darum, eine Bildbewegung auszulösen, welche verschiedene Phasen

Processus

Le cours initie la possibilité de travailler en équilibre pas à pas un processus en contrôle exact. Le point de départ est la variabilité d'un thème qui détermine la phase à ce thème à une forme et de la phases et de la



meditating on daydreams rolls the first
cloud of early morning. fresh
springtime maybe? that which
encapsulates me a february fog of
eternal sunday. round and round goes
the wheel of monday morning scorched
coffee a subway's bitter stream. duality
of weekend saturday is morning glory
her blushing purple petals tiny arms of
the earth outstretched to be kissed by
sunshine. hello tulip, welcome to
thursday lunchtime anything which
brightens the somber friday midnight
the welcomeness of a warm bed. a
ladybug waves goodbye worrismatic
wednesday, the bluebird sings the
dreary air to life another beautiful day.

graham flores · }



orbital static

Emmy Jasper - 2022

poking bruises like they're a cracked door to a room full of solutions
peeking at my sharpest memories like i'm holding them hostage
safe keeping
i want to be in public
i want to be heard and seen
i want you to be proud of me
i want to leave

it can feel so nice to see yourself in others
until the loudest parts of you are only seen in the things we don't
make eye contact with
it's not nice to see myself sometimes
i now also spend my days on our porch making up my own
reality, grasping for anyone passing by to help me make sense

us like erratic dogs behind fences
people who don't realize their fly is down
pretty pleases
4 missed calls
hope you're doing well
lets get outta here before this becomes our problem

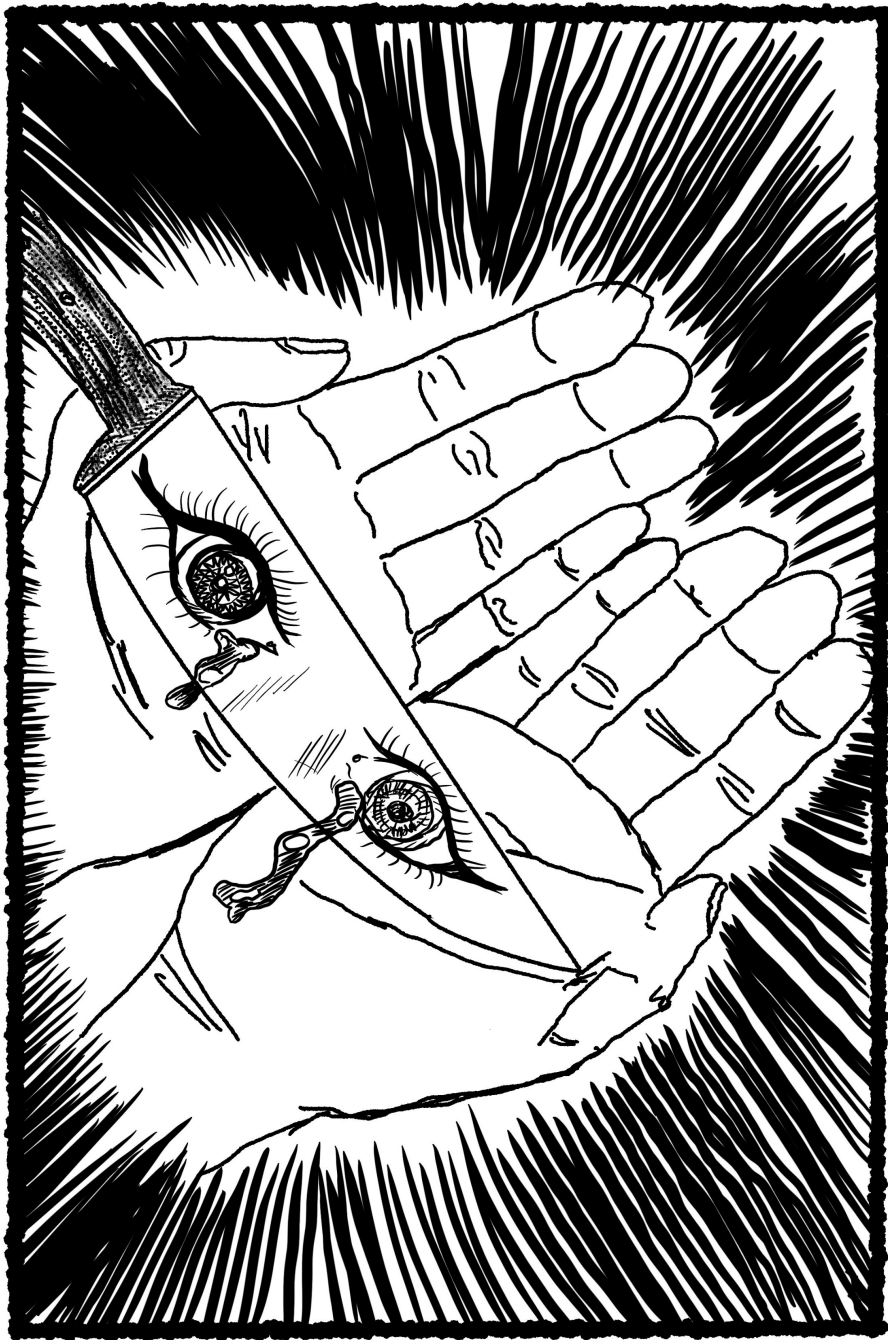
we sat and yelled about our personal brands of alienation and i
saw myself inverted on your face as my words came out of your
mouth

it's hard not to see myself splattered on our wall too
frozen in place in this back room made of windows cursing the
draft and the landlord and the way we hurt by proximity

these boxes feel heavier than last time

i hope no one remembers i use degree for men

DOES A DREAM THEORY NEED TO EXPLAIN?



by sofa melon

pilot the eva shinji
olli sure

[april 11 2022]
the pilot in the eva in my head
is screaming
cracking her teeth open on the
hard sweet

hiding out on my little corner of a
url #dreamcore #webcore

i used to sit in a box for hours
i used to pull my head into my sweatshirt
and pretend to be invisible

hiding in the parentheses of a place no one knows
your name
(spelling it "👁️👁️" on a faceless grindr profile)
or where u came from it feels
fabulous
to be a ghost again
and never stay up
and never stay down

congratulations youve won
congratulations youve won

root rot/what happens if you don't come home
Catherine Wright

my mother dusts, rubbing banana peels into the fig tree in
our living room. when its leaves

curdle, they fall in place like tissue paper. there are no
detritivores in the planter to break her

limbs down.

at first, you decided you would live in our parents' attic
forever, and I would move somewhere

(Texas or the moon, someplace famous for its untouched
dust), but that last summer you were

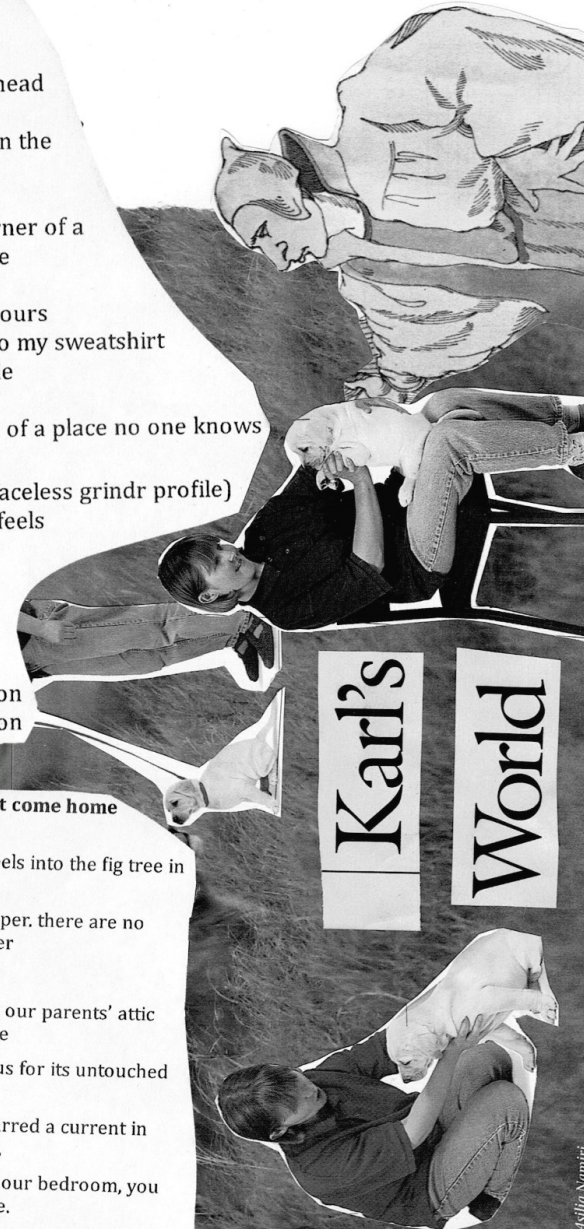
home, the wind around your ears spurred a current in
you, spraying the hose up my nostrils,

moving furniture around and around our bedroom, you
swinging your bed into a fertile riptide.

something in you was restless, and something in me had
shown itself that dust doesn't ease

steadily into good soil.

I paid the electric bill for the apartment we no longer
share yesterday.





my husband is dating my boss

rowen conry

question: you're basically the last person i'd usually come to for advice, but, okay my husband my hubby and i we got married and then it went bad cuz my husband O My Husband is dating my boss: my boss is actually hot, and that has caused a problem in our marriage because well, writing this i am home but they got dinner

answer: excuse me, i'm the *last* person you'd come to for advice? Not a great way to start the conversation you sound like a judgmental person everyone these days has become so judgmental because: we have so much access to so much information and twitter phrases everything like a judgment and the late 90s made judging funny and quippy, that aside i will endeavor to answer your question: the solution is to prank both your husband and your boss by placing what is colloquially referred to as a "thumbtack" on their chairs when they sit they will get pricked in the butt, this will wake them up to the guilt, this will show them

rain poem

Zach TBD

rain as a noun, as a verb
on the soaked wings of a bird
rain on tin, on the thin umbrella
on the cold lake
on the cold tent

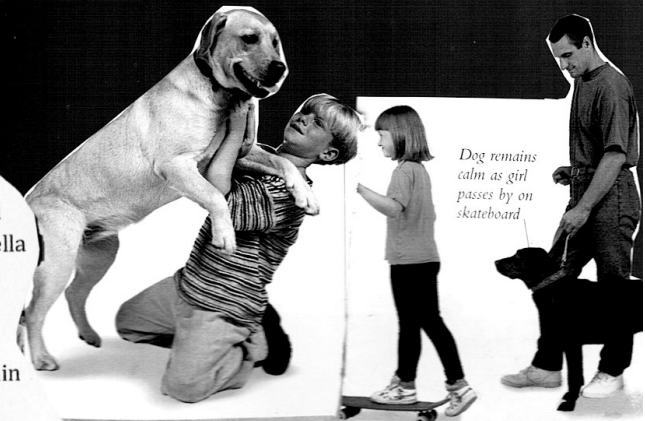
rain, evaporate, then rain again
on the spot where he lays
like it has never rained before
howling wind that can end memories
pushing up under the floorboards

rain scatter our travel patterns
slippery green, serpentine
rain filling up the old ravine
up to the ankles deep, trembling
rain make us clean

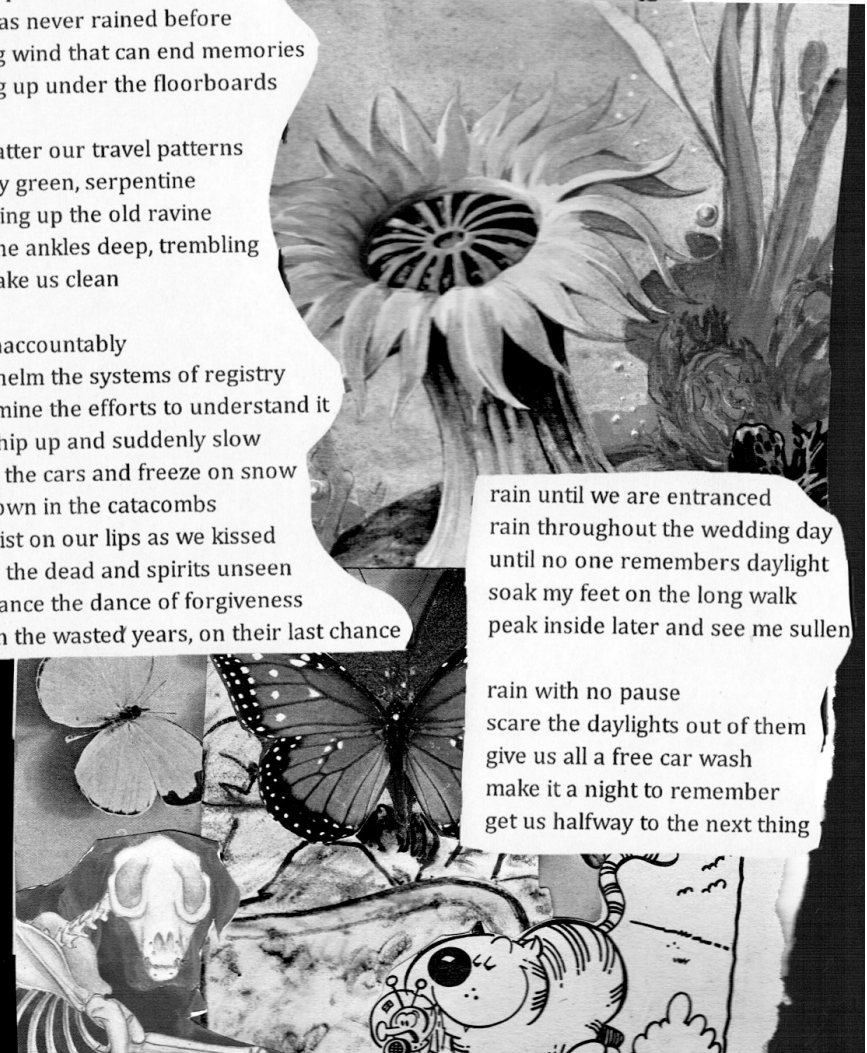
rain unaccountably
overwhelm the systems of registry
undermine the efforts to understand it
rain whip up and suddenly slow
collide the cars and freeze on snow
rain down in the catacombs
rain mist on our lips as we kissed
offend the dead and spirits unseen
who dance the dance of forgiveness
rain on the wasted years, on their last chance

rain until we are entranced
rain throughout the wedding day
until no one remembers daylight
soak my feet on the long walk
peak inside later and see me sullen

rain with no pause
scare the daylights out of them
give us all a free car wash
make it a night to remember
get us halfway to the next thing



Dog remains calm as girl passes by on skateboard





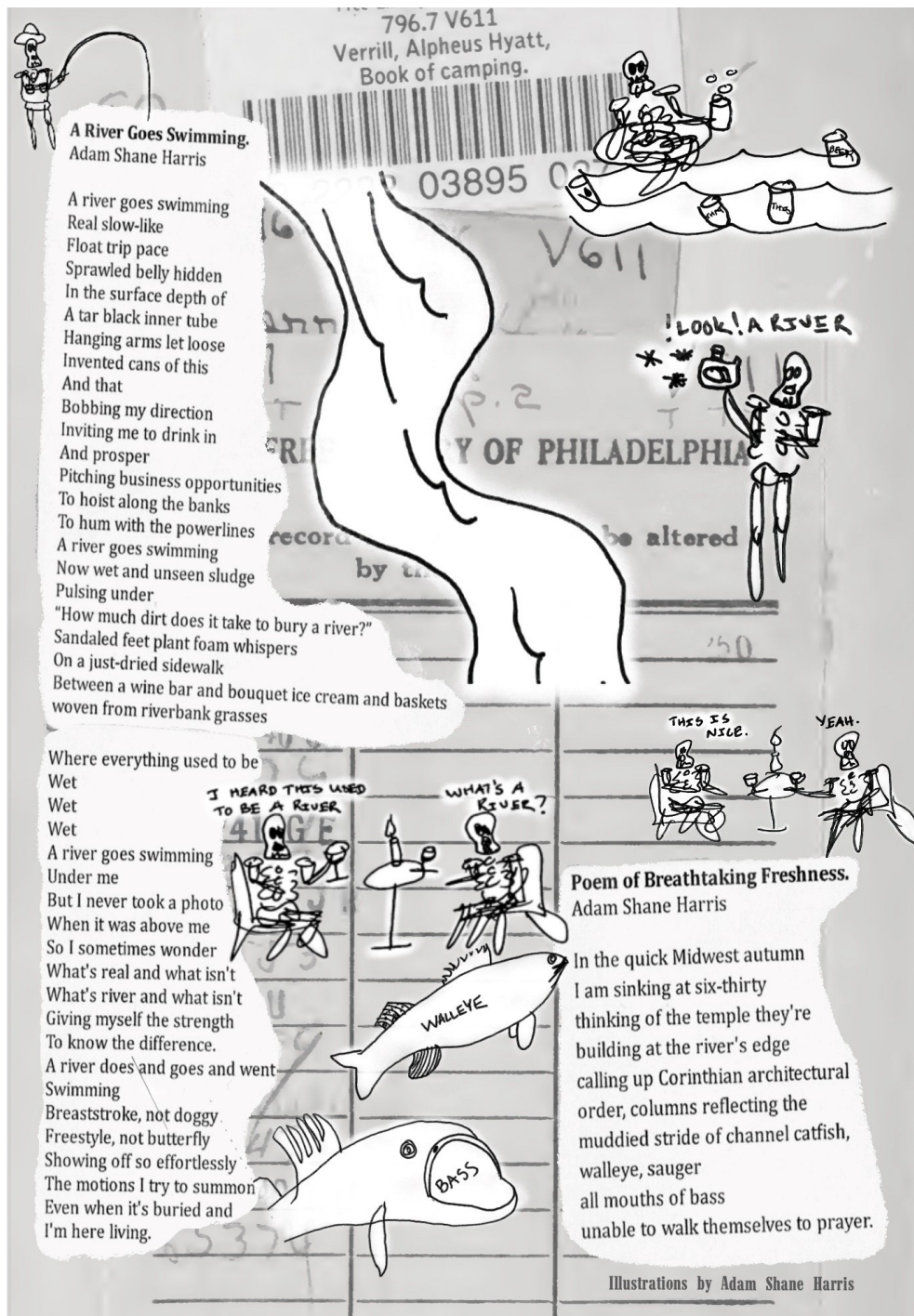
call 83-for-truth

has anyone ever found god from a billboard?
i've become well acquainted with rural central missouri,
desolate and brown and home to tiny populations.
body aching for home, i crawl
past mile markers and roadkill, alone
but not, i blow a kiss to cows, make friends
me and the gray kia forte against the world for 30 miles or so
familiar voices flood my little car, my ears,
my mind until i lose grip
on the steering wheel dashboard unreality,
familiar voice (mine) and a curated catharsis playlist

this land owned by none
find beauty in the liminal, in the roadside
cemeteries, motels, dormant trees like skeleton fingers
reaching for the sky, driving under stars,
someone loves you, buckle up drive sober
text me when you get home please.
i don't know if im coming across but i'm really trying.
adult superstore XXX exit now!
i resolve by the time i get home i will have forgiven
someone. she's a brick and i'm
headed nowhere
i miss the gray kia forte.

am i home when i see the county signs or exit 36a
or not until i turn onto my street
car shuddering to a rest and i will feel
the need to say thank you.
thank you billboard god for the passing lane
for coffee and licorice, for 144 miles to go
rest stop 1 mile, last chance
exit now exit now exit now

by mj



A River Goes Swimming.
Adam Shane Harris

A river goes swimming
Real slow-like
Float trip pace
Sprawled belly hidden
In the surface depth of
A tar black inner tube
Hanging arms let loose
Invented cans of this
And that
Bobbing my direction
Inviting me to drink in
And prosper
Pitching business opportunities
To hoist along the banks
To hum with the powerlines
A river goes swimming
Now wet and unseen sludge
Pulsing under
"How much dirt does it take to bury a river?"
Sandaled feet plant foam whispers
On a just-dried sidewalk
Between a wine bar and bouquet ice cream and baskets
woven from riverbank grasses

Where everything used to be

Wet
Wet
Wet
A river goes swimming
Under me
But I never took a photo
When it was above me
So I sometimes wonder
What's real and what isn't
What's river and what isn't
Giving myself the strength
To know the difference.
A river does and goes and went
Swimming
Breaststroke, not doggy
Freestyle, not butterfly
Showing off so effortlessly
The motions I try to summon
Even when it's buried and
I'm here living.

Poem of Breathtaking Freshness.
Adam Shane Harris

In the quick Midwest autumn
I am sinking at six-thirty
thinking of the temple they're
building at the river's edge
calling up Corinthian architectural
order, columns reflecting the
muddled stride of channel catfish,
walleye, sauger
all mouths of bass
unable to walk themselves to prayer.

Illustrations by Adam Shane Harris

litter and lighter

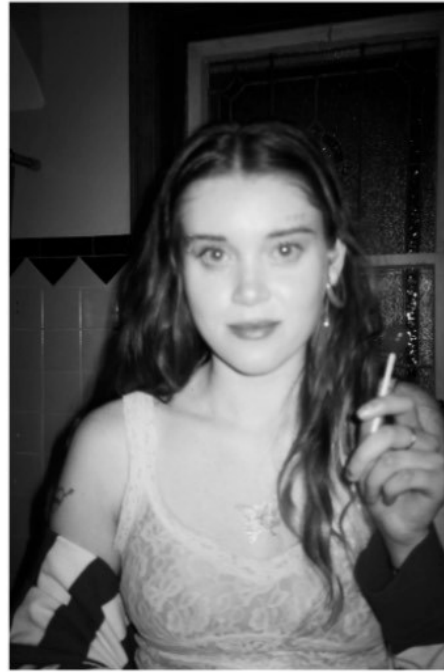
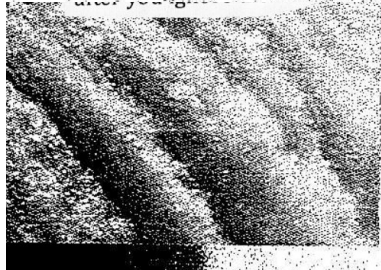
by josie

late nights sitting beside you
smelling secondhand smoke
on the porch
summer nights
collecting bites
nicotine stains
your teeth tight when i speak
coughs and bugs give
my legs stick poked tattoos
that last long
longer than you
passing regrets to me
indoors and scratches
amber eyes watching
waiting for me after
we shower together
cheap shampoo smells
your rosemary angel hair al dente
and rinse
inhaled vapor soft steamy
my lungs clean
yearning simmering
you leave when you're done
just to finish the pack
pat dry loose shirt and shorts
my person naked and starved
heavy hair in my eyes
and more scratches
the cats clawing the door
red and blistering and overexcited
waiting to say hello to me
after you ignore them

11 1/2
by josie

i enjoy my historic cherokee refurbished artist's studio
apartment with a drip
thinking about how many transphobic people have visited the
exact patch of ground
occupied by my size 11 mens feet
i suppose there's victories brought by being above the ground i
walk upon
like how i used to wear a size 11 1/2 mens
before i grew nipples that land me an indecent exposure
charge
he watches
all i ever felt was the spear in my heart from above by a fisher
who waited for me to sit by the pool with my shirt still on and
consider taking a dip
now he can find my accidental drowning victim corpse
drifting in a bikini and identify a deceased female mid twenties
accidental
size 11 1/2 shoes
i cross the river to go to work
i clock in

yes sir thank you sir
yes sir thank you sir
yes sir thank you sir
i clock out
wait for a rainy day
park my car off in the trees
walk across the bridge
contemplate
one second
one breath
and take a leap of faith into the swirling white void
and see how many miles i trek
accidental
look up accidental
and you will find my birth certificate
written in red ink on blue paper
with the anglicized name of my great grandfather and
grandfather and tio

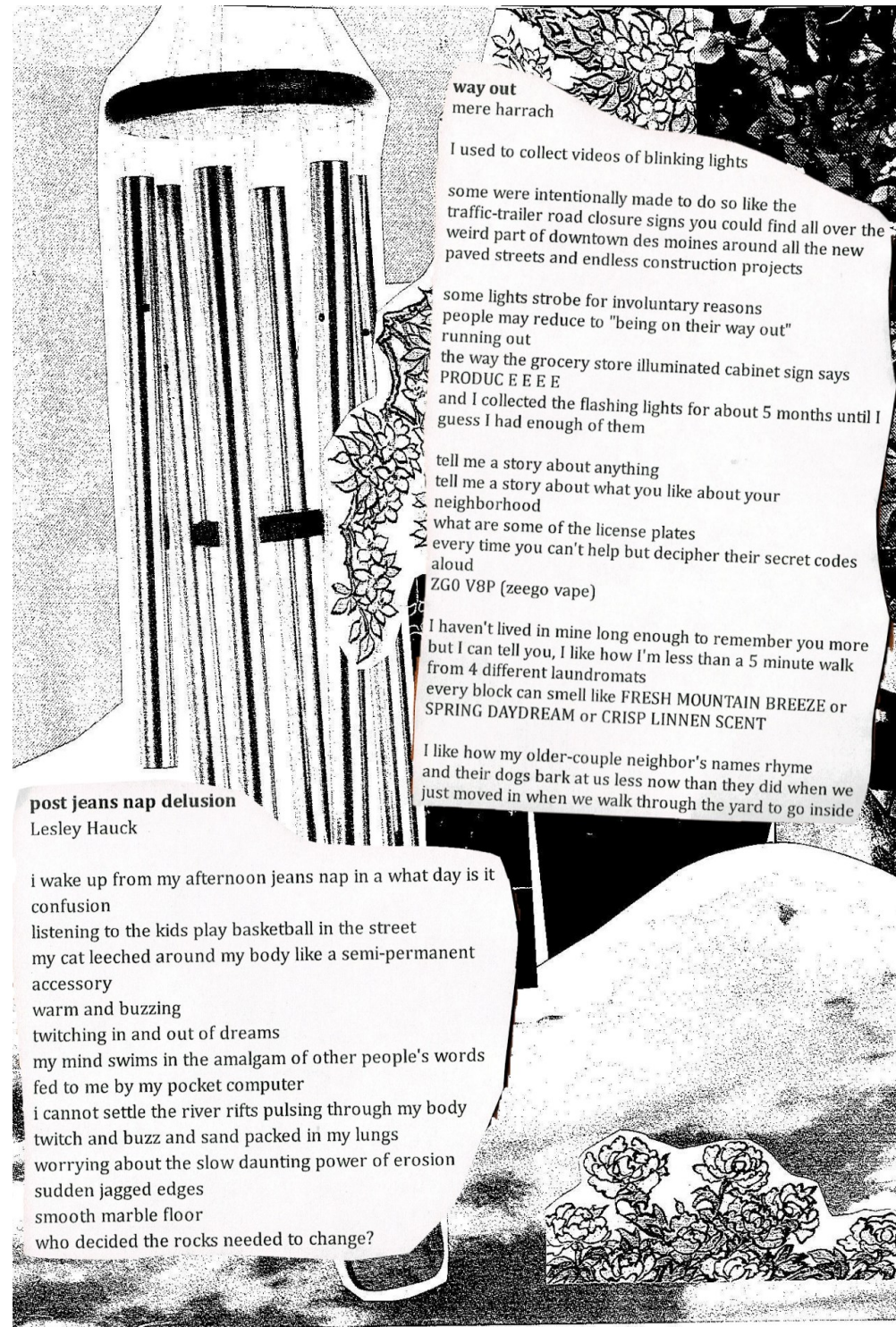
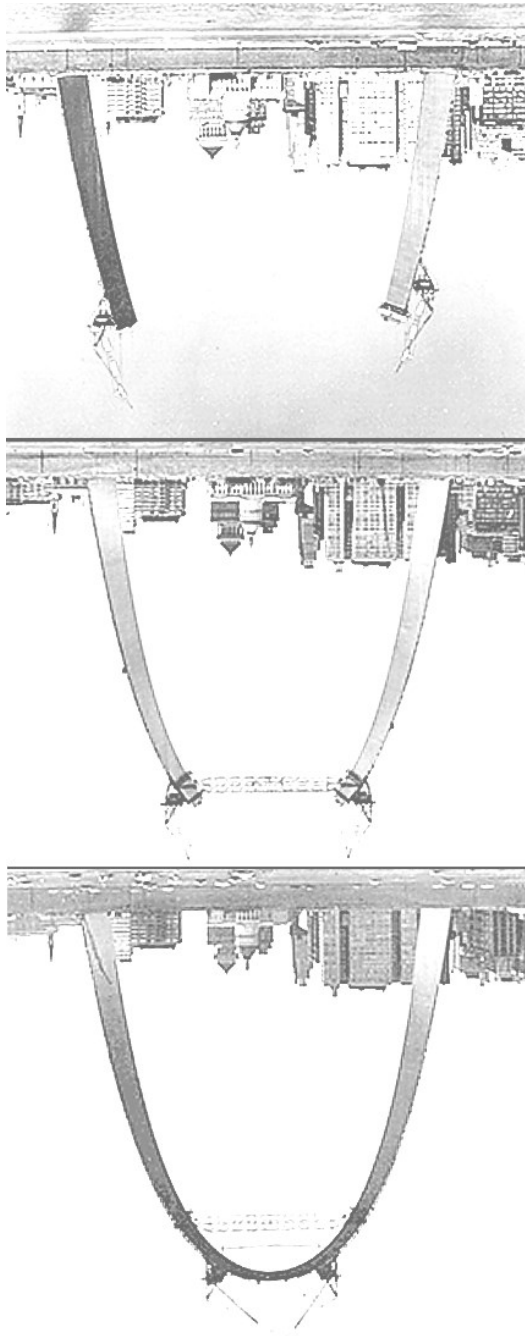


PICTURES BY EVELYN
FEB. 2023



"GIRLS GOING TO
THE BATHROOM
TOGETHER"

LOLOLO



way out
mere harrach

I used to collect videos of blinking lights

some were intentionally made to do so like the
traffic-trailer road closure signs you could find all over the
weird part of downtown des moines around all the new
paved streets and endless construction projects

some lights strobe for involuntary reasons
people may reduce to "being on their way out"
running out
the way the grocery store illuminated cabinet sign says
PRODUC E E E E
and I collected the flashing lights for about 5 months until I
guess I had enough of them

tell me a story about anything
tell me a story about what you like about your
neighborhood
what are some of the license plates
every time you can't help but decipher their secret codes
aloud

ZGO V8P (zeego vape)

I haven't lived in mine long enough to remember you more
but I can tell you, I like how I'm less than a 5 minute walk
from 4 different laundromats
every block can smell like FRESH MOUNTAIN BREEZE or
SPRING DAYDREAM or CRISP LINNEN SCENT

I like how my older-couple neighbor's names rhyme
and their dogs bark at us less now than they did when we
just moved in when we walk through the yard to go inside

post jeans nap delusion

Lesley Hauck

i wake up from my afternoon jeans nap in a what day is it
confusion
listening to the kids play basketball in the street
my cat leeches around my body like a semi-permanent
accessory
warm and buzzing
twitching in and out of dreams
my mind swims in the amalgam of other people's words
fed to me by my pocket computer
i cannot settle the river rifts pulsing through my body
twitch and buzz and sand packed in my lungs
worrying about the slow daunting power of erosion
sudden jagged edges
smooth marble floor
who decided the rocks needed to change?

things of beauty — beth (bee) cromer



St. Louis

The Gateway Arch is a 630ft tall and 630ft DEEP monument in Saint Louis, Missouri.

The Gateway Arch is a 630ft tall and 630ft DEEP monument in Saint Louis, Missouri.

While it is actually shaped like an oval, the name comes from the visual attributes of the epigeal portion of the structure.

After enthusiastic cries from local stakeholders for a memorial to the St. Louis riverfront in 1933, a signal was sent out across the world for an architect bold enough to capture the essence of the booming regional center nestled in a subtle oxbow of The Big Muddy.

Eero Saarinen began drafting the oval in 1931 and completed the design for the lower half of the structure in 1943. Pleased with his work, he decided that the lower half was not just a draft, but a place to build from. From 1943-1947 he began his intense study of gravity strictly in terms of stainless steel structures whose physics are mystical to those not engulfed in the studies of Vitruvius.

In an astonishing coincidence of symmetry, Eero closed his pocket notebook after a long day of plein air sketching on the Eades bridge. When he returned to this sketch, the opposing page was stamped with the outline of his underground vision. This carbon copy oval solidified his endearment with a quote from Mae West creating a simple yet stunning realization - If a little is great, and a lot is better, then way too much is just about right!

While the inversion of his original design would come with a laundry list of new challenges regarding gravity, weather, and aesthetics, Saarinen knew to leave well enough alone and committed himself to simply mirroring the Underground Arch to be the visible monument we live in the humble shadows of today.

To Be Continued....

#DigItUp

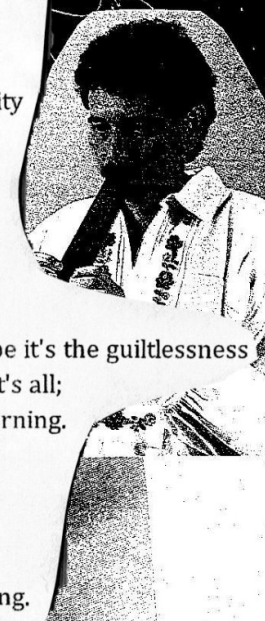
Got questions or historical accuracies to add?
E-mail undergroundarchtruther@gmail.com

Look, Hear, and

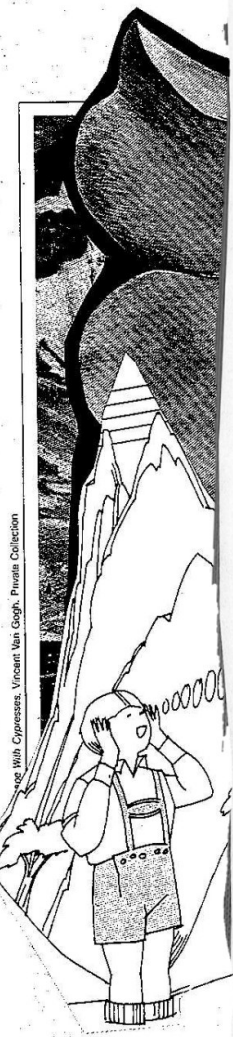
Boy who sits in front of me Abigail Wetteroff

Set the scene:

We sit in a white-walled class
 You are in front row, I sit behind
 And look at your back.
 Boy who sits in front of me,
 You are so beautiful in that
 You do not speak,
 Or I have never heard you speak,
 To me or to anyone.
 I sit behind you,
 So that any time I see your face
 It is not long enough to distinguish
 Detail.
 Nothing to scrutinize there.
 I can fill in the gaps
 With all of the necessary
 Depth and intrigue and sensitivity
 For me to want.
 Maybe it's because
 You are tall and handsome
 In that predictable way
 I have been taught to want
 And I do in spite of myself.
 There's an ease to that, or maybe it's the guiltlessness
 That I think you're cute and that's all;
 No real knowing for no real yearning.
 You could be so much more
 Or much less
 Than I expect.
 Don't challenge me.
 I'm comfortable with not knowing.



the Wild Cypresses, Vincent Van Gogh, Private Collection



"something worth remembering",
 olli sure
 [sat mar 4 2023]

youre so fucking stupid
 watching crank yankers reruns on youtube
 putting on a little outfit for someone to see

youre so fucking stupid
 and so is she / sunshine in winter
 u tell me youre going to miss seeing the sky through the
 branches

you told me a story
 around a propane bonfire
 about wanting to take a picture of the moon
 through the string lights
 but cringe culture cancelled u
 too quickly

a painting of a woman
 says to me something to me about
 something to me about
 the art wanting to be made
 i wasnt listening
 i went home instead to

watch more anime fight scenes
 with tears in my eyes

tell me this isnt something worth remembering

apeshit april
 Emmy Jasper - 2023

the weather is making me want to tell anyone with a warm smile
 i love them and mean it
 i want to twirl you around
 whoever you are
 every one of you

it's 63° and the limbo between the world as it is and should be
 doesn't feel like purgatory anymore
 looking forward and up

It's yours for FREE

Magazine Girls Don't Die
 Abigail Wetteroff

I do as I do and have done
 Utterly icon scale model
 A bundle of nerves
 Like taking a shower at three in the afternoon
 Do not lock this door for any reason
 But don't open it either
 You just can't stand the thought
 To have to give it all up
 Give it all over, over and over
 Anymore
 Quit acclaim, and come find me
 When you need a new face

YOUR PICTURE CAN ACTUALLY HELP