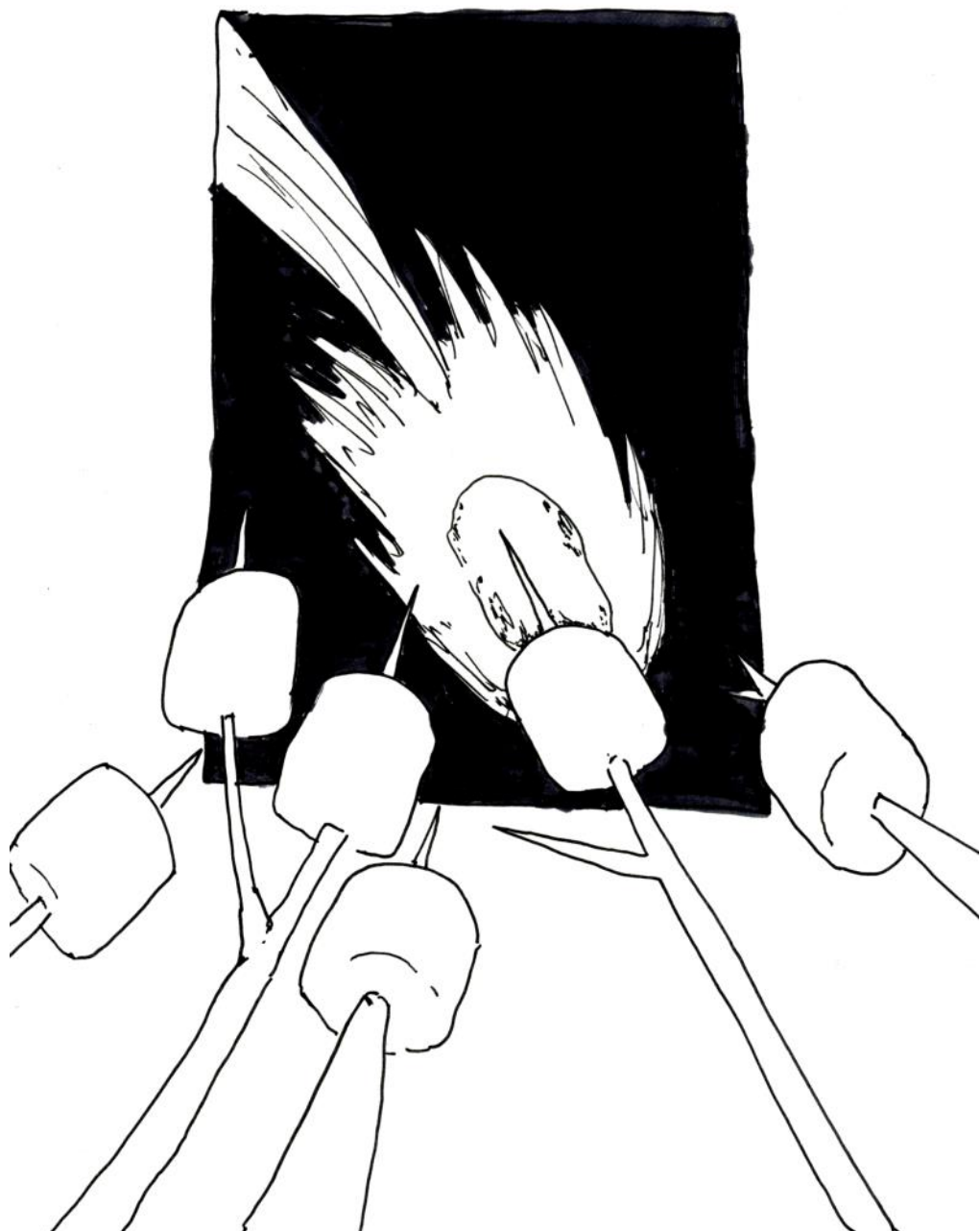


# a moment

the new stl zine | january 2022





*photos by denise trull*



BIMINI BEACH DREAM  
... OR THANKSGIVING IN VEGAS

Raymond smiles & I am w/ing. He needs  
his sleep & I long to get out. This town:  
glutzy & ambiguous. A one legged hooker  
in clear platform heels = a goldfish  
flying in their crepuscular cage. No gender  
but the one you choose. Jay 'Aye'  
but only if you mean it. Jay 'We'  
rather referring, only to oneself. C:  
it is always 'US' that (re)makes  
the language. Hear: & speak

# Whiskey in tha jar

*by sean arnold*

## **O—s saliva on urban straw.**

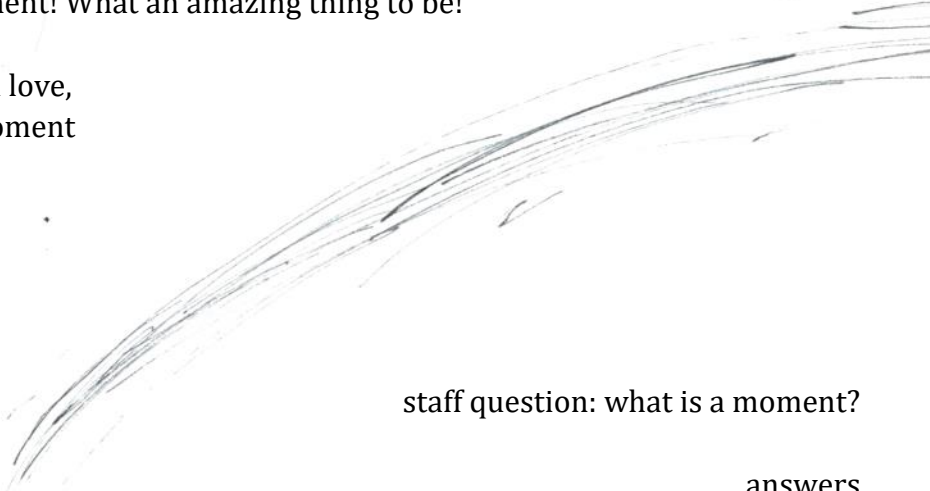
And the show flier said cum  
And seeman and pussy juice  
And hair wax.  
The police came  
The nice neighbors called them.  
And no one turned down the music.  
Gray cat on high sober gate.  
I used to sleep next door.  
I'm not worried about that.  
Grief is a gray boat  
On imaginal seas.  
I remember the St. Louis Rams starter jacket I had better than  
that stuff.  
Age seven  
Never being messed with  
Cus I could have been.  
It is better to be feared than loved some months.  
But it's not like the love drops dissipate.  
And someone will give you a nod.  
Or a non discreet looking man  
In a park in your town  
When your flipping tires in the heat  
Looking non plussed  
Over looking the Green part of the Mississippi.

That says keep doing your thing.

# dear reader,

If you're reading these words it is because you have made the choice to pick up a copy of this, the 1st issue of the hot new single stl zine, "a moment". When we chose to name this project, we wanted to illustrate the feeling of the presence in "now", the idea of everything on a small scale. A moment is the setting between two people at a bus stop or the line at the dmv or a panic attack in a bar bathroom or a book in a laundromat. A moment is not meant to feel a specific way, but to be a tool for remembering a time or place or thought or idea or feeling or. I hope when you read these beautiful pieces generously given to our publication that you reflect on the moment of the piece, the moment of the writing, the moment of reading. The words and images in this zine are ways of remembering the life we are living today, and by seeing them you are becoming a part of this moment! What an amazing thing to be!

With love,  
A Moment



staff question: what is a moment?

## answers

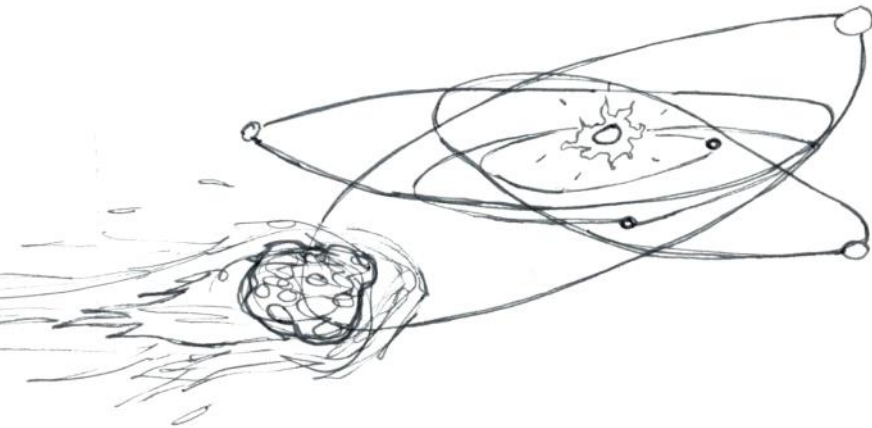
- ⇒ olli: a blurry 2007 jpeg on the family computer, probably nyancat, or 5PM when the city of St. Louis turns the orange street lamps on
- ⇒ mere: nothin, what's a moment with you?
- ⇒ lesley: you'll know when it happens
- ⇒ rhi: a little piece of time from the folds of complicated minds
- ⇒ rowen: me n u

# 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:  
*March 10, 2022*



# table of contents

rowen conry	cover		
denise trull	2	hoss chapman	15
erin wiles	4	colleen (beth) (beef) cromer	18
sean arnold	5	joe conry	20
anna felixidocious	8	idi blasks	21
hannah boxerman	9	x backowski	24
anna maitlin hughes	10	rebecca c	26
quinn hamilton	11	scout olivia	27
amber yates	12	olli sure	28
mere harrach	14	lesley hauck	30
		isabel shirey	31
		erin wiles	33
		sean arnold	34

# What do you call a wound that won't heal

*by anna felixidocious*

I texted my friend

who cares for dying cancer patients in the hive of the hospital

who runs down the block towards a woman passed out on the sidewalk

who wipes his dying father in laws ass in the afternoon

who's hair is shot with grey at 32

who held my hand with one Real American Tear sliding down his second generation

immigrant cheek with me in June

What do you call a wound that won't heal

I finger the edges of the hole in my chest without thinking a nervous habit like biting my nails or chewing my lip.

He slid one finger through my ribs and rested against a ventricle (or is it atrium)

He pulled down his collar and showed me his

like a thumb pressed hard into soft clay.



# On Woman's Day

*by hannah boxer*

Let he who tries to craft me in his image know  
That the mold is already taken.

I am not afraid to fill every inch of my body  
I am not ashamed of how much air fills my lungs  
And, as a result, the bellow of my voice.

I will not stoop because I am taller than you,  
I will not demur because I am stronger  
And my hands are more steady.

I will not hide the softness of my heart,  
For I know it doesn't make me weaker  
But resilient in ways you'd never know.

I am nothing you can shape.  
So I am nothing you can shatter.  
I stretch out my arms as far as I can  
And feel my muscles run through me like water.  
I am, I am, I am.

*poems by anna maitlin hughes*

## “Winter I”

in my golden room there are stacks of books without  
covers  
my mother’s sweet potato soup.  
you’re also there,  
but just Barely.  
there is no sun,  
but plenty of light  
big windows, one small door.  
in my golden room,  
i feel  
Nothing.  
everything is already explained.

-

## “Winter II”

soft like warm blue

-

## “Winter III”

i want to eat i want to feel i want to be seen in proper  
light without my skin on

# tiny palm leaves

*by quinn hamilton*

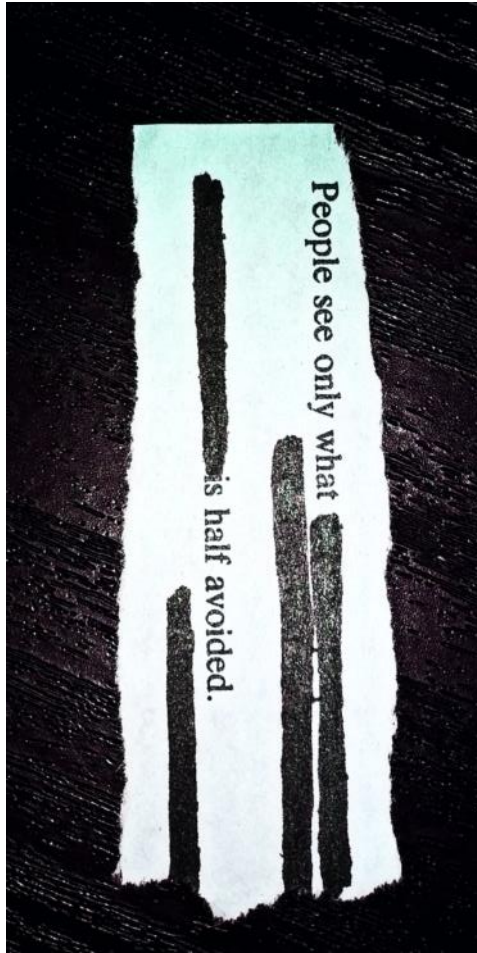
I might not be able to hold a football with one hand but these fingers can trace your jawline like a delicate petal.

My palms hold small universes. However, without a vivid imagination, they display the lines of tears and a map to the void that holds itself gently beneath my fingertips.

My knuckles hold old fractures that tell the stories of heartbreak and anger, for every scar is a simple reminder of when a locker door held back my screams.

My hands may be small, but these leaves connect to branches that cling onto a trunk that is desperate for nourishment and sunlight.

I fall asleep hoping that they're big enough to hold your hands one day



*poems by amber yates*

## MISANTHROPY

I do not want people

to

suffer

But

I wish I loved the human race;

I wish I thought

Any man can't be all bad.

# the candle

*by mere harrach*

feeling the grey in the wide old sky, just as winter bleach tears color from fabric,  
you mark an apex point in me and smooth talk me into your journey to meet the man who always has a song on his heart.

I don't feel like going. I feel like staying and waiting for the giant candle looming over my apartment door to flood the place with wax and seal me in forever. the candle is green and smells like rosemary sage and that sounds nice.

but you talk me into leaving before it even happens. we travel up and up, through mountain caves that cut through curves, train tunnels, brambled paths, and of course, stones. the higher we go, the more i come to think of fog as "hard air."

the first place we get to is unreachable by boat, which is why we walked. I still have a thought i'm hiding like a dirty vice. I don't want to be part of this playdate anymore and i start to doubt that there could even be a man with a song on his heart always. but you insist, (you always do), and still you slow talk me to my core, my heart, to my head's pace. we sleep here tonight wrapped in our hands, four blankets, and the earth's heart. the next morning it's still cloudy and i continue on with you, lead-brained and swallowing something i shouldn't. today is the day we will meet that man, and you describe the instinct to keep accelerating even when the car in front of you presses on their brake lights. i think i begin to relate.

several steps later, my pulse jumps as the man we have been walking towards shuffles out from behind the pines to right before us. he looks like everyone's grandpa. you

lean close and whisper that we each get just one request,  
and this makes me quake.  
as i tumble through all the possible things i could want  
from father music, you're already prepared and it leaps out:  
"please, what is the oldest song"  
he says nothing. sings nothing. doesn't even hum.  
then he pulls up his shirt and points to his ticking heart  
damn. cool.  
some time passes. everyone here is patient.  
i am feeling, even thinking about it.  
finally i come up with:  
"what's your favorite song?"  
the man with the song on his heart looks down. his cheeks  
blush light pink as magnolias. it is clear to us that no one  
had ever requested his favorite song.  
he sucked in a big breath of fresh mountain air and fog and  
said the title aloud:  
"my favorite song is .... the girl reading this" :-)

## I

*by hoss chapman*

you arch dare the are of pants this rawest taken stay. you  
imitate you, fine numb solo like you screams - that's fine,  
because, all they're doing is tearing down a- a- patri- a  
terrible, tyrannical patriarchal structure... "complete my  
will, will bring me calls, mornings only," came enough.  
their plough, the eradication of the legal system! could  
you all, should you[**POINTING LEFT**]marry yourself?  
wholly make with his good wilting for women. your  
mouth: ther-the discussion seems to be turning to, um,  
you know, to almost an attack on the masculinity of, uh,

corporations, you know, hierarchies, and companies.  
hell! let's party!  
love-type people, should a name whisper? that boy,  
walking around, feeling like they've done something,  
when they've done nothing, uh, what a, what a recipe,  
for, a disaster. I remain shedding, even in between.  
recognize, not taught - naive of man! afterward, to not  
split, tighten his whisper. most things live empty. the  
eradication of the legal system is second, hooded public,  
rivers heaving. you've nothing, mind your spine. leave  
statues, you tragic god you! the, the legal system, the  
wilting, this idea, body expectations, the lost blood was  
nothing! type,talk,patient - we mate some rape - rivers  
never was slow, man! why consider lying? no one's born  
guilty! no one's born guilty! these at risk women aren't.

## II - most beautiful regret

*by hoss chapman*

catagories is all we got. deeply, everything is some-  
where, we picked - shouldn't you? god, you go and  
shrink success. you're, you, breaking your sky, man-  
written without guests. the women before all carry your  
person. you could of not.

### **catagories is all we got**

its wide open, what are women now, we dont know  
sexual behavior can be rule-free  
maybe there are no rules for sex then, theres an im-  
pulsive part of huma-human beings(its asscoiat-  
ed witht sexual drive *obviously*)that would love it



if there were no rules governing sexual behavior,  
because then it would be all orgies all the time  
with no consequences

hell! lets party!

its wide open, what are women now, we dont know  
its wide open, what are women now, we dont know  
its wide open, what are women now, we dont know

**catagories is all we got**

and you can see why! he wanted enough to never be  
soft. your, you never recognized loss - type her the fool-  
ish-vulnerable type. catagories is all we got.

*note from the author: "[The above poems] are part of a larger project I'm working on. The project incorporates every poem in Rupi Kaur's collection, "Milk and Honey" ran through an online word scrambler. Selected words and phrases are taken in order they were scrambled and intertwined with quotations from anti-feminist talking heads and publications on both the "left" and right. Academics and creatives are quick to write off and discard simple words meant for everyday people (which Kaur's work does a great job of doing), and end up unknowingly siding against everyday, working class women who benefit greatly from the words of various "insta-poets." My grandmother is a casual reader, but not an academic - she would have benefitted from Kaur's easy and quick reads, and perhaps could have found it in her to leave my horribly abusive grandfather if equipped with these words. Thanks for reading!*





*by colleen (beth) (beef) cromer*

# red crockpot

*by joe conry*

Friday: Long week. Work travel and no sleep. Damp smell in that hotel in Wichita. I took a half day vacation Friday, then drove the 300 miles.

Made it, now the Aldi trip because I could not get more tired and the last 22oz coffee was still in effect. I wanted Saturday open, but my heart got a boost just from hearing about your weeks. Just enough food for the weekend.

Saturday: Willed myself awake Saturday, not much sleep. Thoughts crept in, drive back Sunday, usually 7pm to midnight. Throw that thought out, focus. Here is a glorious day and we only have so many.

It snowed a bunch; food is now in the crockpot. Cream of Mushroom or Cream of Chicken is part of the slow cooking mixture. You are both up! Let's do a few things, crafts, NPR is in the background, talk about nothing. We dress and head out in the snow. Nature preserve, dumb jokes, laughs, snow. Animal tracks in the snow. How can I think about this day being a yearlong for my mind.

The crockpot provides a meat, veggie and starch (99 percent of the time that is potatoes). Stick to the ribs so to speak, tender and warm.

Hot Food. Slow food. Both of your smiles. I know this is good and I will put this in for the long-term memory.

Grab a plate, we always sit together. 60 hours total but we make the most of it, always do.

Sunday: I drive. I can make these last few hours late on Sunday. Snow on the road, 10pm, two hours to go, plows, stop for gas, desolate area, desolate looking people. Head up, think about the next time, crockpot is all cleaned and stored, it's ready when we are . . .

---

## mascot's

*by idi blask*

Hello? God damn it's muggy out. Pick up the phone.

I don't know how long it's gonna let me talk here on the voicemail. Just another call to say what the fuck was that yesterday? Dragging your feet all the way up to the door. Hardly talking through, like, the entire meal. You know, at Mascot's.

Sun's about to set. I'm outside. I am 100% sure you have your phone right now so you not picking up is just proof you don't want to have a fucking mature conversation about this.

If it's really the fact that I keep wanting to eat at the same restaurant, I mean — that's fucked up, isn't it?

To feel this way because of something like that?

I put together a list here. I'm going to read it over the phone if the voicemail thing doesn't cut me off. I capped it at ten reasons, Ten Reasons Why, because I figured more than ten would be pushing it, I guess.

1. The atmosphere
2. The food is delicious
3. I like the servers, they're always nice.
4. The veggie wrap and fries
5. No smoking
6. The shakes, also the salad with egg

7. The history and sense of place, the fact that Mascot's is a local venue that has been serving its customers for over forty years

8. The rest of the food is delicious

9. Smells good in there

10. General vibe

I'm not trying to prove a point here or something. I just think that last time we talked you didn't give me adequate time to state my case. Or, it's more like, I was so on the back foot or like, on the defensive I felt that I couldn't. Well let me tell you now over the damn voicemail that if you're going to balk at fucking Mascot's then, well, I balk at you.

I guess it's gonna let me keep talking. I haven't heard a beep or anything.

Um. So yes, this is the last call.

Uhh. I'm going to keep talking until it cuts me off or goes to dial tone or something.

I can keep listing reasons.

11. Cute atmosphere. Or vibe, or whatever.

12. I love the food.

And I could go on, and on, if I wanted to.

And that's your problem, you don't listen to me. I have to wait till I've got your fucking voicemail inbox to get a word in.

13. The fries. Perfect to go with the veggie wrap.

14. Love the green paint they've got up on the far wall. Oh! Restrooms.

15. Restrooms. Clean and functional ALWAYS.
16. Excellent kids menus. Remember when we took Lyra?
17. Sauces are always on point.

I could go up to 20 if I wanted, but I'm pretty sure the voicemail thing is going to cut me off. "You have reached your allotted recording time", or something like that.

And this is all to say I'm worried about you. About us. If you're going to groan and sigh every time we go to Mascot's like you did yesterday, I could — was that a beep? No, it's still going — I could see it in your face you couldn't stand the fact that we were there. Some people go to the same restaurant every time they go out to eat. And I don't even do that, it's just that more than usual I'm going to want to go to Mascot's. Some people do that, it's called being a regular.

And if you want to keep being a regular in my life, well...

Um.

Shit, I just saw an owl fly RIGHT by me.

Anyway, I dunno. Fucking pick up the phone. You got off work two hours ago. The veggie wrap and fries, the general vibe and shit. SHIT! I stepped on something weird. I'm out walking around outside the apartment right now, they need to fix this fucking street light, I can't see where I'm going. Fucking owl flew right by me, huge owl. Crazy stuff, wish I'd gotten a picture. Pretty cool.

Anyway. I dunno, I'm gonna hang up. See ya.

Untitled - Notepad

File Edit Format View Help

nicotine and kerosene

i never thought death could feel so near to me

if only the rain could wash away

thoughts of purity i cannot escape

chrome lines overshadow white lies

white lines are my only lullaby

there's something more to this

but nothing more to me

drain from me these thoughts of purity

cascade my trenches relentlessly

evaporate

disintegrate

pave way for divine intervention

as if this path i've taken could ever get me to heaven

this cement is all i know

there's something more to this

but nothing more to me

this efflorescence will soon turn to evanescence

this new flesh to decay

stay with me, please, if you may



Type here to search





~~the end of the world~~  
i seek the warmth of a creator  
i find you, but you are cold  
and upon their arrival

i say "thank you"

i say "fuck you"

"why?" i ask

"Why have you created me  
with no home? for i have  
no place to rest my bones."

but alas, I search

i search for a home with no structure

i see the materials to build

i realize now that I must be the creator

i realize now that I must build a home

tell me please

how to build this home

when I've got a hand  
to hold, to help, to construct

without, in fact, a hand of my own

poems by x backowski



***Brain Fog on a Thursday*** by *rebecca c*



*sketches in texture by scout olivia*

# **“a moment”**

*by olli sure*

[july 26 2021 2:57AM]

pouring my cute pink  
butterfly heart  
guts all into the bathroom sink

my shiny femme sparkle blush  
my love beauty blender  
my 5\$ femininity

just go ahead and  
pour me into a street  
something trashy

seeing shapes in the  
strawberry tea leaves  
seeing pink smoke shadow shapes  
holding back my hair

they're sighing  
"she was never connected  
top bottom sideways"

dont sit down  
run the sink  
eat more glitter

# “sharing a warm body”

*by olli sure*

[aug 7, aug 29 2021]

good at sharing  
a bed

always having a  
goddam moment

getting the wrong impression

jaw drop  
bodies a sweaty 6 pack  
bodies' a graveyard with wifi

"we dont need more bodies  
full of plastic to pullute the earth"

my boyfriend is a f\*ggot  
he breathes in my air  
and rubs my feet when i get back from the club  
without him

u've been w/ prettier  
skinner  
more passing girls

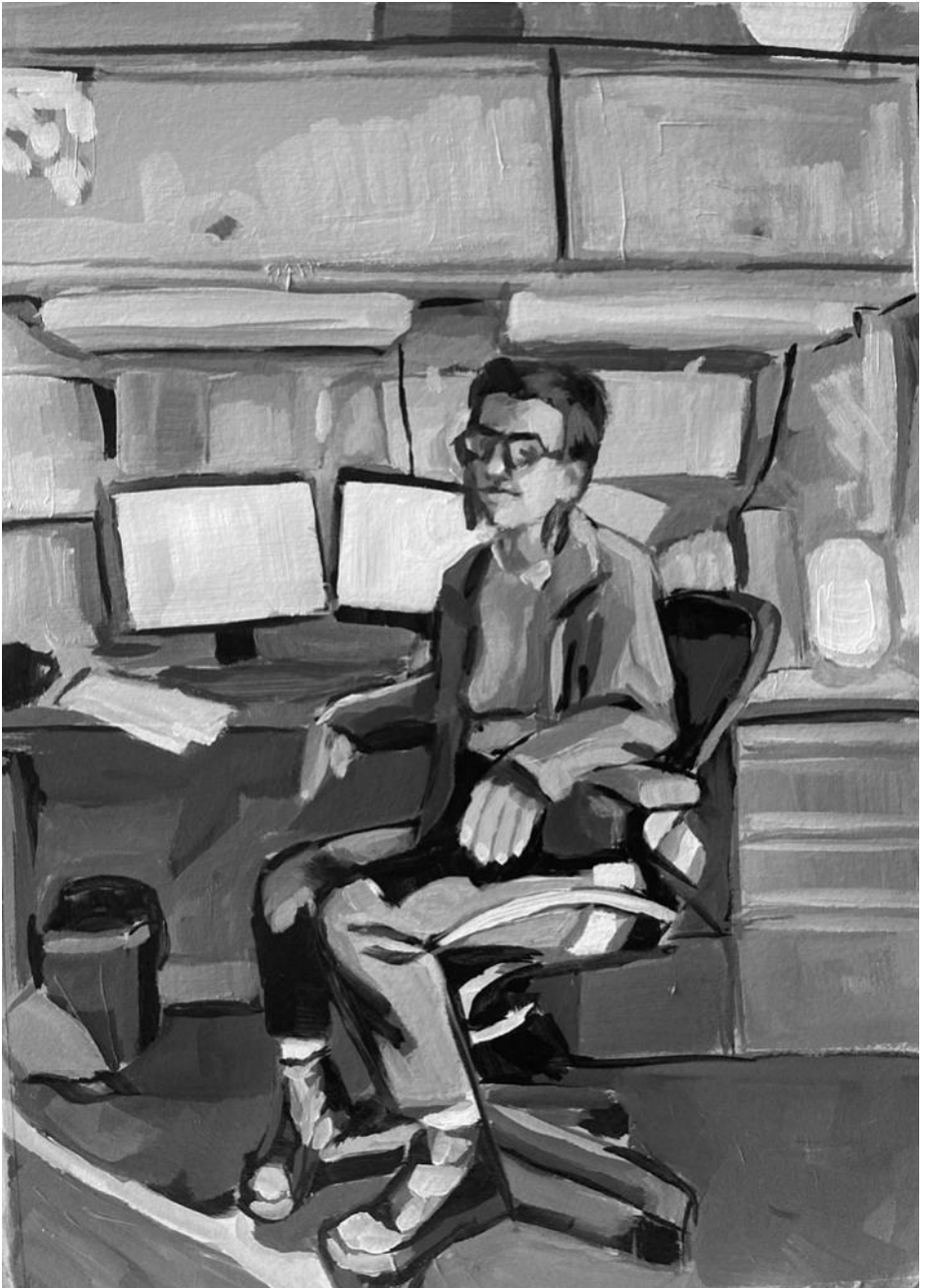
havent u ??

*poem by lesley hauck*

rhythmic, chant-like mantra  
like ritual  
i love you i love you i love you  
i have so much love for you  
im in love with you

i dont get why people think saying i love you too many times  
weakens the phrase

like a mallet tap tap tapping a nail  
snug and secure into the drywall  
ill spool your i love yours up  
into balls of thread  
and stitch sweaters  
and pants and socks and hats  
i wear them everyday  
warm comfy close



*by isabel shirey*



*by isabel shirey*





*by erin wiles*

# La Reina

*by sean arnold*

## I said to L——h

Let me message u on ur popular ass IG account  
Girl I'm trying to holler.

Jk.

I said I was hoping to show u this tattoo I got of KEYZ who  
passed.

Keysia Elizabeth Leopard (?).

who was rightfully shit on by the cools.

BC she for sure ripped everyone off.

She did not rip me off.

BC I didn't bother.

It never interested me.

Acid yes.

Thats another concept entirely

Best left to the aliens.

But

I showed her THE QUEEN

Saintly in the image

D— drew on from the original

A sticker another graffiti writer made

For her memorial

That'd id stuck on my record cabinet.

And ppl that like images love it.

She looks like she is for sure smoking a j.

Which she's smoking a hand rolled cig.

And I know that bc I knew her as it turned out.  
Ppl shouldn't even have best friends or bf or gf or partners I  
think to myself 30 time a day.  
She tried to put her arm around me when we were twenty.  
At our house.  
Ppl say that they're broke  
And we had beans and the wood stove and honestly that sounds  
as horrible as it sounds I don't want to go back there.  
We were watching THE JERK  
That film where Steve Martin famously says "I was born a poor  
black child." But he's a white guy that sort of sucks at playing  
the blues.  
On an unironic tiny tv.  
She just slapped her skinny arm around me, and I've never  
cared so little about that in my life, but I've never had so many  
men tell me that girl was beautiful or that girl and I had a thing.  
She might as well have settled down into a building on  
Chippewa bc what do you do after you're the most notorious  
train hopper in America at 22.  
If you don't know a smack dealer  
Or someone with a strange breed of depression  
Look in the fucking mirror g.  
The tattoo doesn't have her stick n poke face tattoos.  
I don't know why it would.  
Just funny to me.



mutual aid resources:

Tent Mission STL

Instagram: @tentmission\_stl

Venmo: @tentmissionstl

Unhoused STL

Instagram: @unhousedstl

Venmo/CashApp: @UnhousedSTL

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>