



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



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

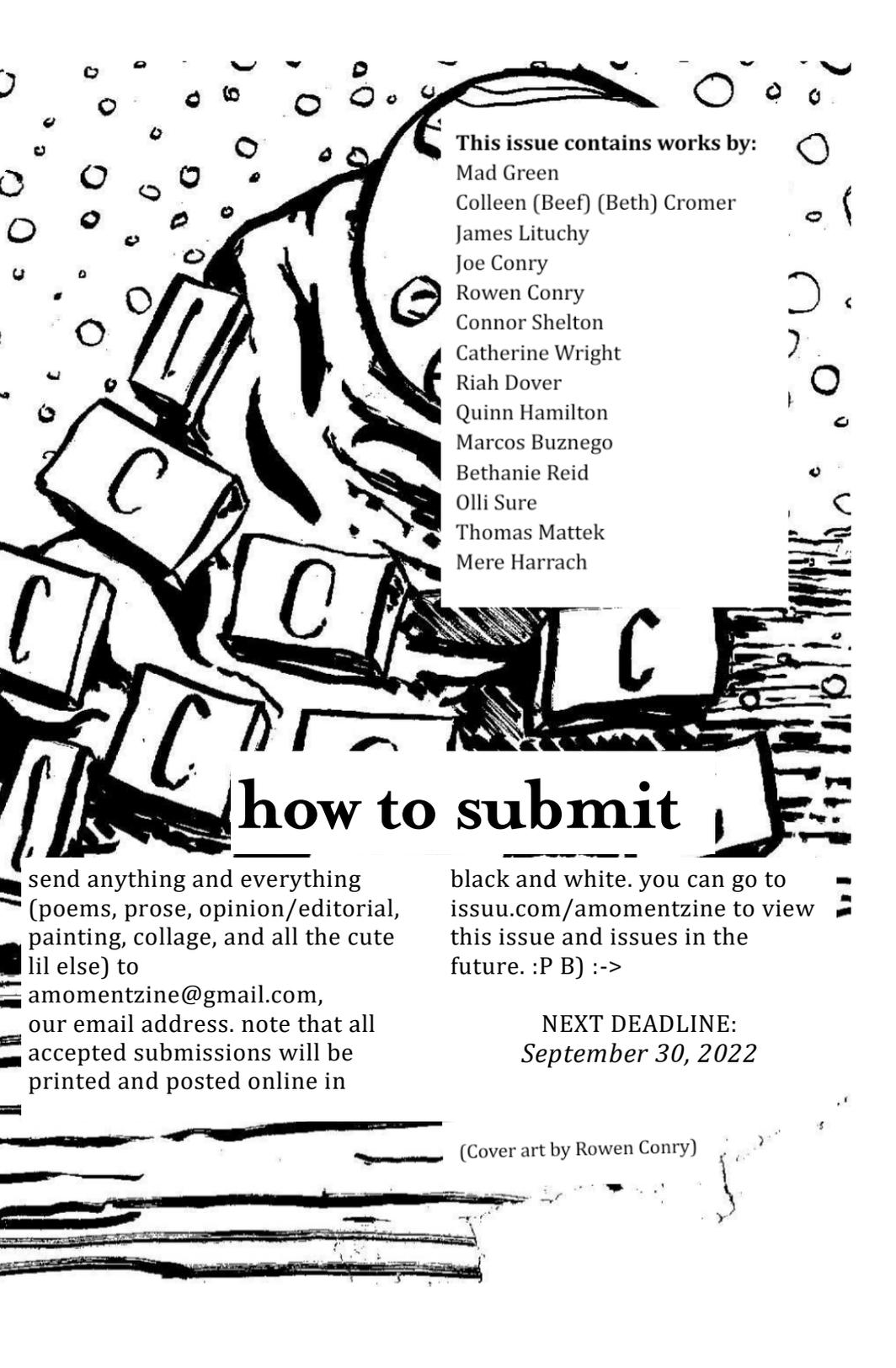
who wore it better???

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



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

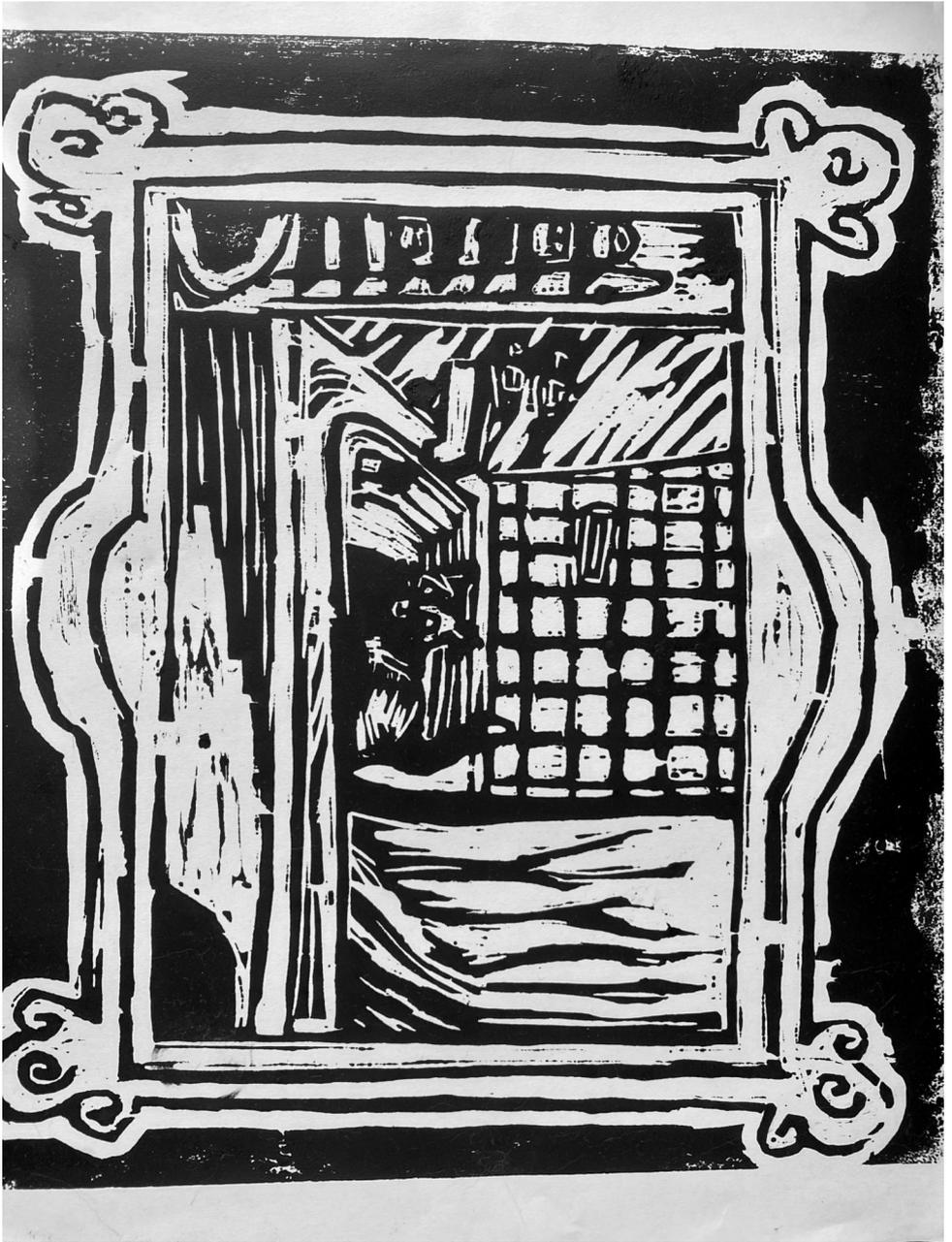
send anything and everything
(poems, prose, opinion/editorial,
painting, collage, and all the cute
lil else) to

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 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

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.

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 chide 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

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 tomorrow,
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



"someone here has the time"
mere harrach



<https://rb.gy/1zm9jr>



Narcan Saves Lives by Colleen (Beth) (Beef) Cromer



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.



bathroom selfie by Mad Green

"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

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



Geese Crossing by Connor Shelton



Skating Down the Lot
by Connor Shelton

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-Sides. Sort of. Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, whale me up when setbether einds |



The audience began to lean forward



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

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



H. 11.15 Attempted
picture while trying down on
world

FRI. 8.13.21



FRI. 8.13.21

12071909

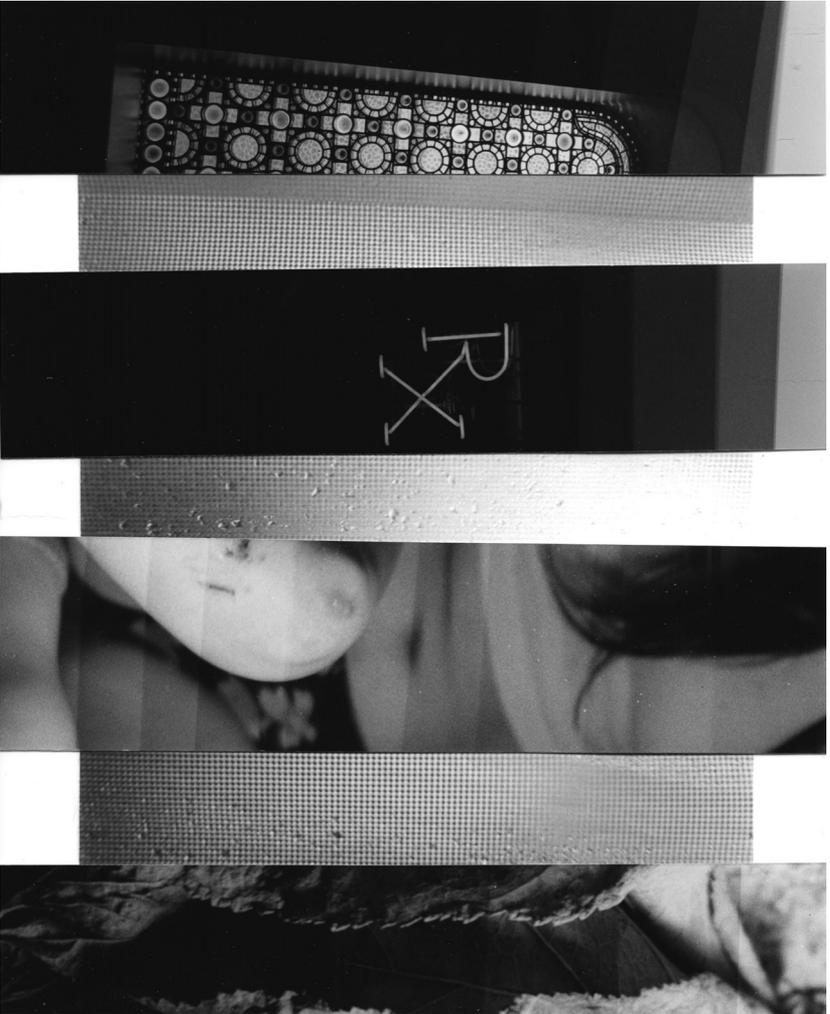


July 2021

FRI. 8.13.21



whr it strtd hw its gng
by Riah Dover



wlvr wrx by Riah Dover

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

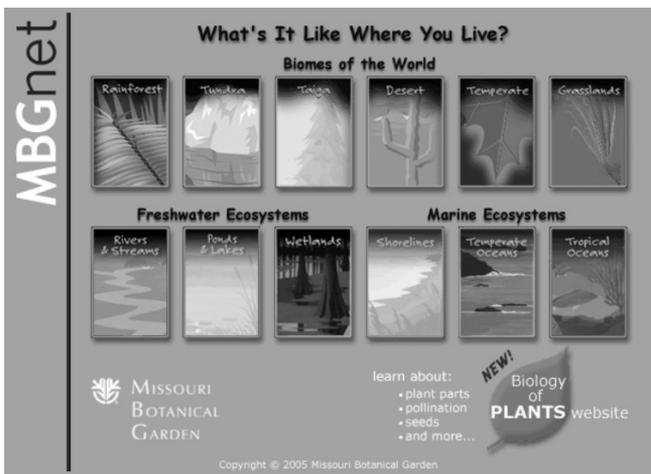
you are everywhere and with everyone all at once this month. you may feel very up and down and impulsive. let yourself feel it all and unexpected and surging joy will follow.

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.



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

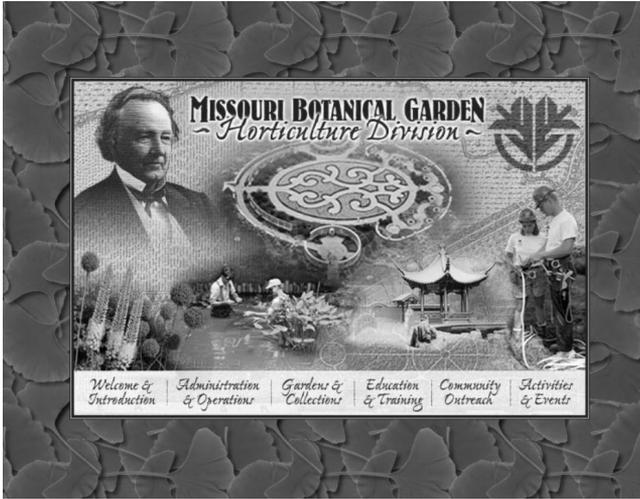
The environment is everything that lives on Earth plus the air, sun, water, weather, and the Earth itself.

Sing a Song about the Role of Plants!



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

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

STL Show Page!

Do you have a show coming up?

Want to check out some local music?

Check out 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~



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>