



*Pumpkin Kinfolk, Steven A. Hernandez*

# the minison zine





***pyre for the fig leaves***

this:                a fie on adam

for eve had freed

l e n     g     t     h     y     tresses

her feet **stomped**

and **shook** all

the earth b'neath

b R E a K i n G marrow,

her 

cage
------

 + anchor,

gave a maenad cry

beat her breasts

and **quaked** fists

at the author who

had ever dared to

write her:                                *shamed*

-sb<3

*in memory of captain grant fraser ...*

hummingbird sky

upon my forehead

language of bone

circle of oxygen

circle of stones

salish sea orcas

haunted by birds

a dark eyed woman

i am not a lantern


goddesses dance

new exultations


8 broken waltzes

eyes in the trees


told not to speak

goddess of cedar 


*August I*

Too hot in summer to feel I wish you would text me a 


*August II*

Can't sleep because I see her sad face when she tried to hide 

*September I*

You haven't apologized. You only ask for more. You can't even excuse it. 

*September II*

When you tell me ily it rings hollow. Might as well text me 

Alexis Kopkowski

*a goodnight song*

now the grey iris  
winks sleep away:

waves, rapid, gulp  
'til brain-freeze.

the dream is move-  
ment; nearly rest.

discomfort laps  
comforter until

night sweat, pill-  
ow drenches face.

eye-white hidden  
from lid and lash.

half-drown these  
monochrome seas.

*K Weber*



*Closed for Now*

T.H. Ponders



## *Stories*

In my tumbled bed,  
sleeping jumble  
of a one way fight  
with lost dreams,  
thumbed margins  
used to lead me to  
my ur-otherspace:  
but words mumble  
and I can't escape,  
so throw them all  
against the wall,  
snap paper spine  
in spite and damn  
the ill-read dead.

Sadie Maskery

*Brazilian birds – a celebration!*

Macuco, Uirapuru



Curicaca, Tororó



Savacu, Corocoxó



Tapicuru, Tuiuiú



Juruva, Suindara



Pitiguari, Guará



Japacanim, Irerê



Compilation composed of photos by  
the following photographers:

Macuco - @jrcortezfotografia

Uirapuru - @ronaldo\_eiru

Curicaca - @andreinidio

Tororó - @guiporcher

Savacu - @guinuvertical

Corocoxó - @gwillrich

Tapicuru - @mathiasmpires

Tuiuiú - @diogomelo.photo

Juruva -  
@jeffersonoitaviano\_birdwatching

Suindara - @kacau.oliveira

Pitiguari - @marcelo\_kuhlmann

Guará - @leonardocasadei\_aves

Japacanim - @chicoassisrodrigues

Irerê - @valcirleiaraujo

Ruth Callaghan do Valle

S H E L T E R I N P L A C E

L I Z A R D I N T H E S I N  
K / T O A D I N T H E T A N  
K / S P I D E R I N T H E H  
E N H O U S E / B A R A T A  
I N T H E B A T H R O O M /  
E S P E R A N Ç A A T T H E  
W I N D O W / A P A R E Ç A

Ruth Callaghan do Valle

*The Seven Stages*  
*Via Kübler-Ross*

Are you sitting?

It makes no sense

***You make no sense***

Just one more day

*(One more drink)*

She's my friend!

She was my friend

H. E. Casson

*Heated Words*

Angry hope burns

Immolating fear

Stoking our fire

Kindling sparks

In this darkness

A scorching word

In a frigid world

Brings us closer

Julie McClement

*campfire nights*

cooling embers. a  
snap, a crack. wood:  
lichen spatters  
burned black; ash  
white-drifts; red  
glow bright; heat  
in kindling eyes.  
smoke shadows in  
tight lungs; draw  
darkness closer.

Alison Bainbridge

*Dream Talk*

Architectonics  
My awakened room  
Sketched powder  
Blue white lines  
Precisely frame  
Snowblind walls  
Celestial light  
Transfigure but  
Blemished in one  
Ceiling Corner a  
Fecal brown zero  
A death detector  
Beeps and blinks  
Metaphorically.

Gary Griffith

*Enter Autumn*

Splash spectrum

Flourish Aspens

Now enter Autumn

Gold serration

Quivering coins

My nostriled air

Conduit of cold

Scuffing leaves

Shadowy fingers

Harvest fulsome

Squash pumpkins

Crack and chunk a

Macintosh tart

Juices my tongue

Gary Griffith



« tetradekaphobe »

Tom Snarsky

vānch

## Disposable Face Mask

- Personal health
- 3-ply
- Earloop

· soft and comfortable  
· easy to breath through



**14 COUNT**

GENERAL USE MASKS NOT  
INTENDED FOR USE BY  
HEALTHCARE PROFESSIONALS

*14 Count*

Tom Snarsky

*untitled for now*

Pressure undoes  
us inside of it. We  
suddenly become  
ungone, brutally  
present and late.

Not hours later I  
feel newly human.  
Why didn't we know  
that we were gone  
before we weren't?

I am going to talk.  
I am trying to say  
I am bright now - me.  
The words stay in.

Meredith Phipps

*ABOUT, OF*

Memoirs of fable

Memoirs of light

Memoirs of tears

Memoirs of touch

Memoirs of lyric

Memoirs of grief

Memoirs of dying

Memoirs of blood

David Calogero Centorbi

*Aforementioned*

We bite the world,  
uncover the girl.  
You, me, somewhere.  
Lives in between  
your body and you.  
Everyone has one;  
we will need help.  
A case of nothing,  
a bruise touched.  
Find us leftover.  
Ideas can be news;  
we can grow older.  
Everything gone.  
Everyone aching.

Hallie Fogarty

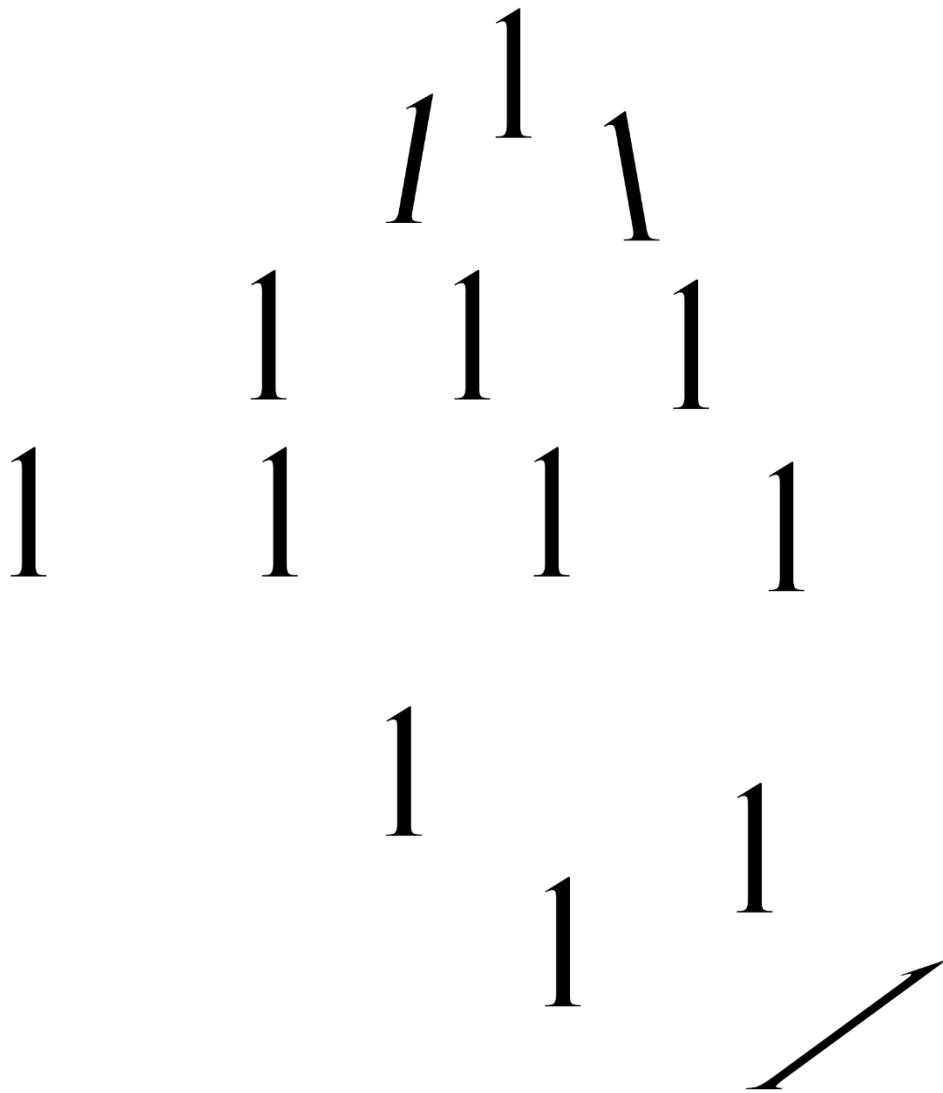
Everyone glowed

Things gone awry

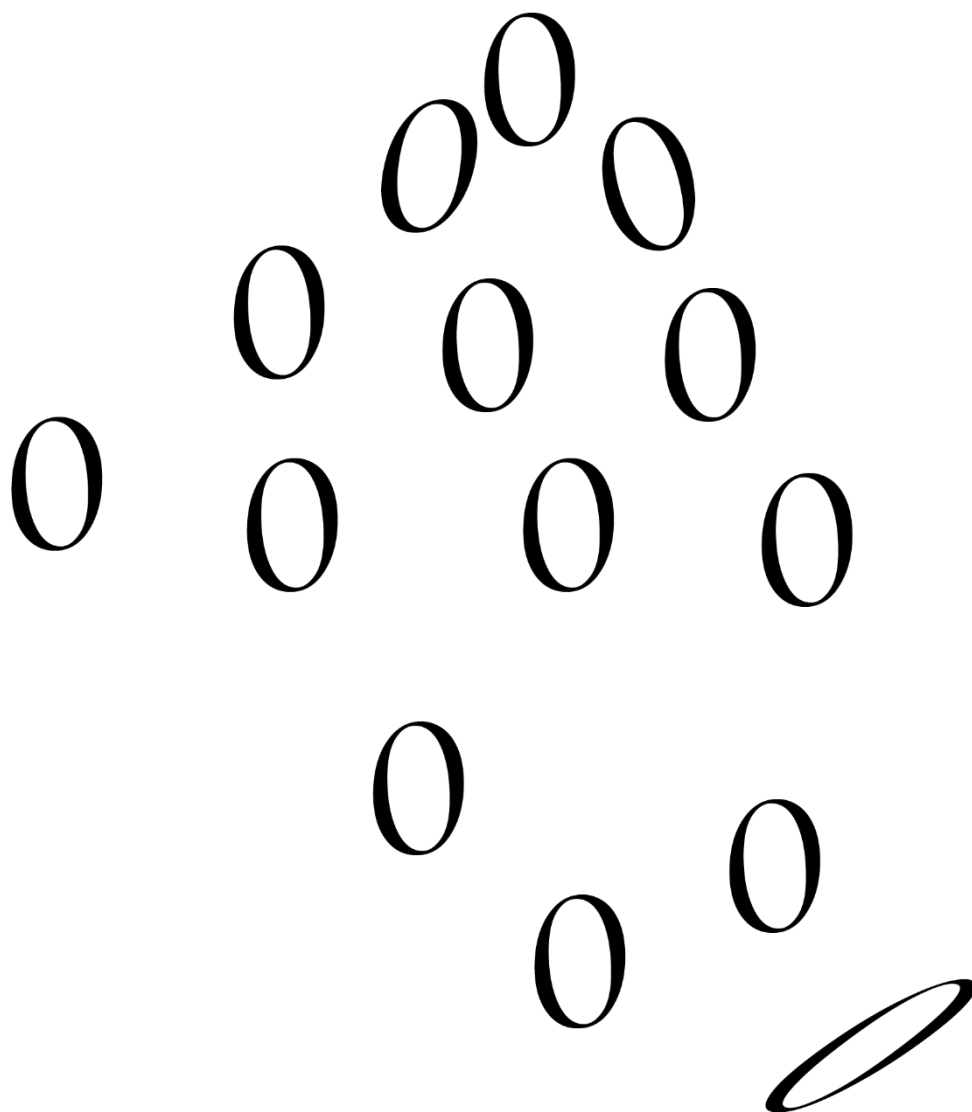
Touch you gently

Baby I'll be there

4 minisons by Hallie Fogarty

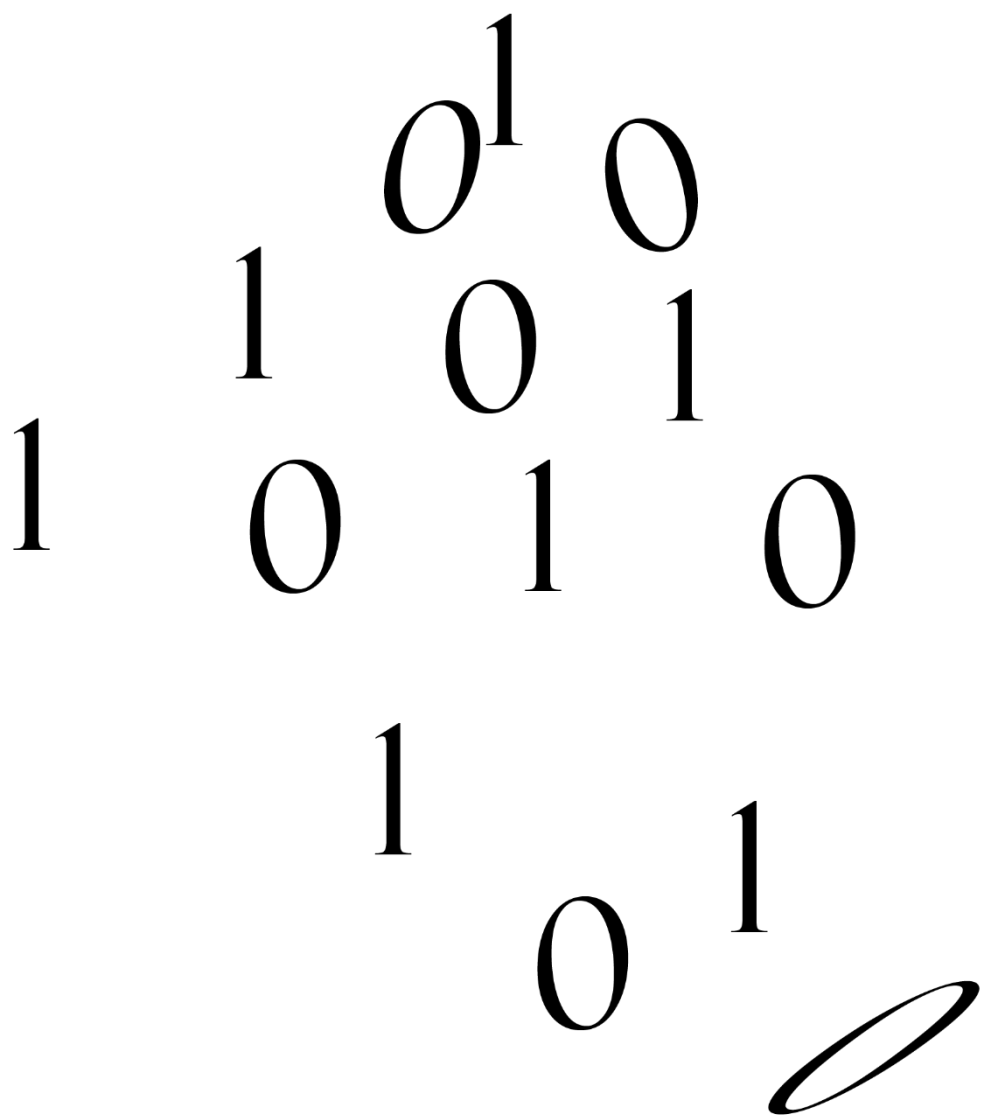


Amanda Earl

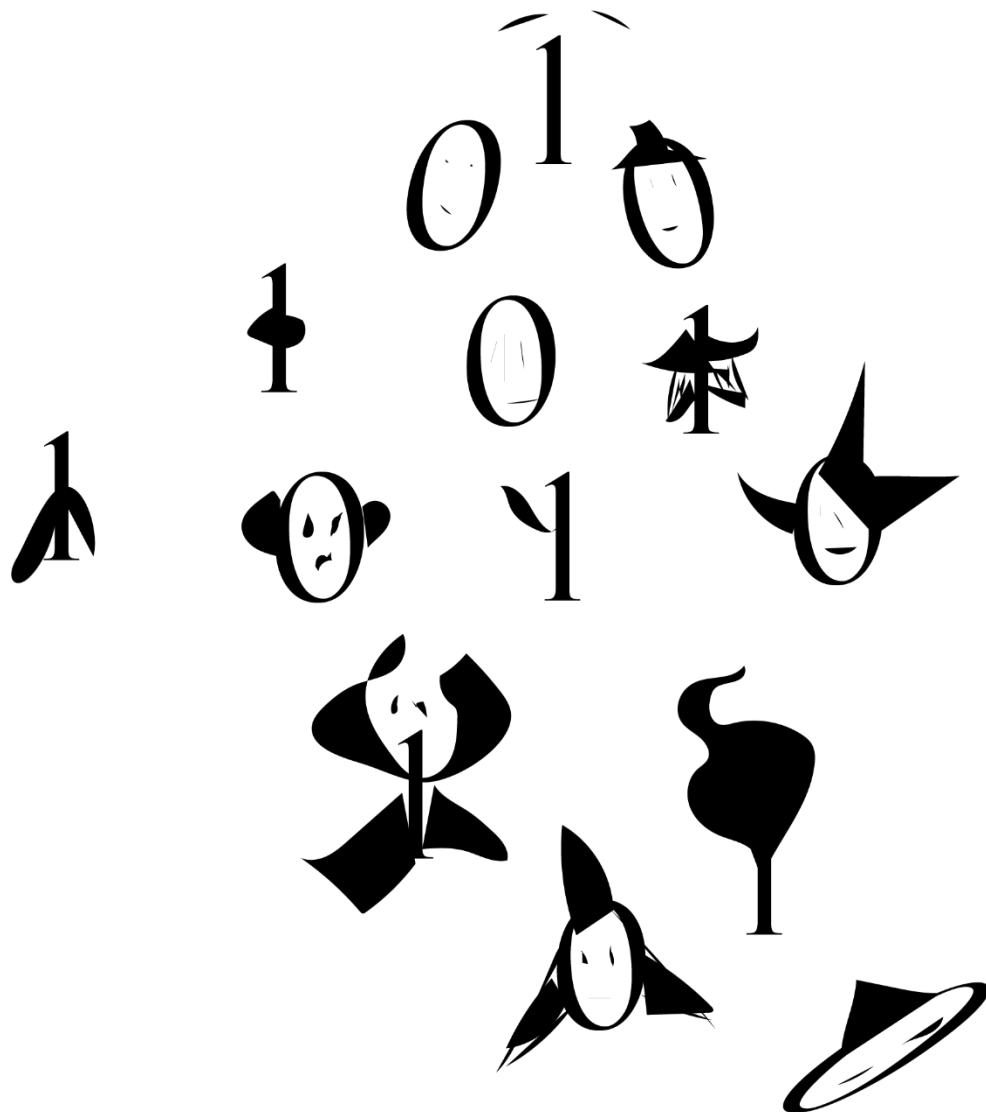


Amanda Earl





Amanda Earl



Amanda Earl



untitled found minison

Gary Griffith

*CASUAL MEETINGS*

Conference hall

Organised space

The Coffee stain

Unattended rain

Former flame met

An unsteady gaze

Personas in grab

Convenient talk

Chairs adjusted

An Announcement

Perfect Silence

A few scribble up

Ever so desolate

Some chairs move

Anisha Kaul

inertia stricken

tearing it apart

agonise over her

illicit brunches

bacchic evenings

acrylic nailbeds

run over her back

deadeyed lovers

suicidal cocktail

of barbiturates

libertarianism

grief mementoes

nothing in common

kind regards, bye

Helen Bowie

play a video game

you say that this

tough character

is a simple bully

tend to a horse

greet villagers

you are so gentle

even on screen

infuse kindness

in the controls

just as you bring

compassion, love

to our life and to

my unsound mind

Helen Bowie

a golden lasagne

oozey cheese pull

sits atop layers

of nourishments

for body and soul

a comfort blanket

imitating Italy

bastardised, bad

this ragu of love

the sincerest of

flattery to feed

our winter souls

Helen Bowie

nail dug dirt hug

toast crumb burn

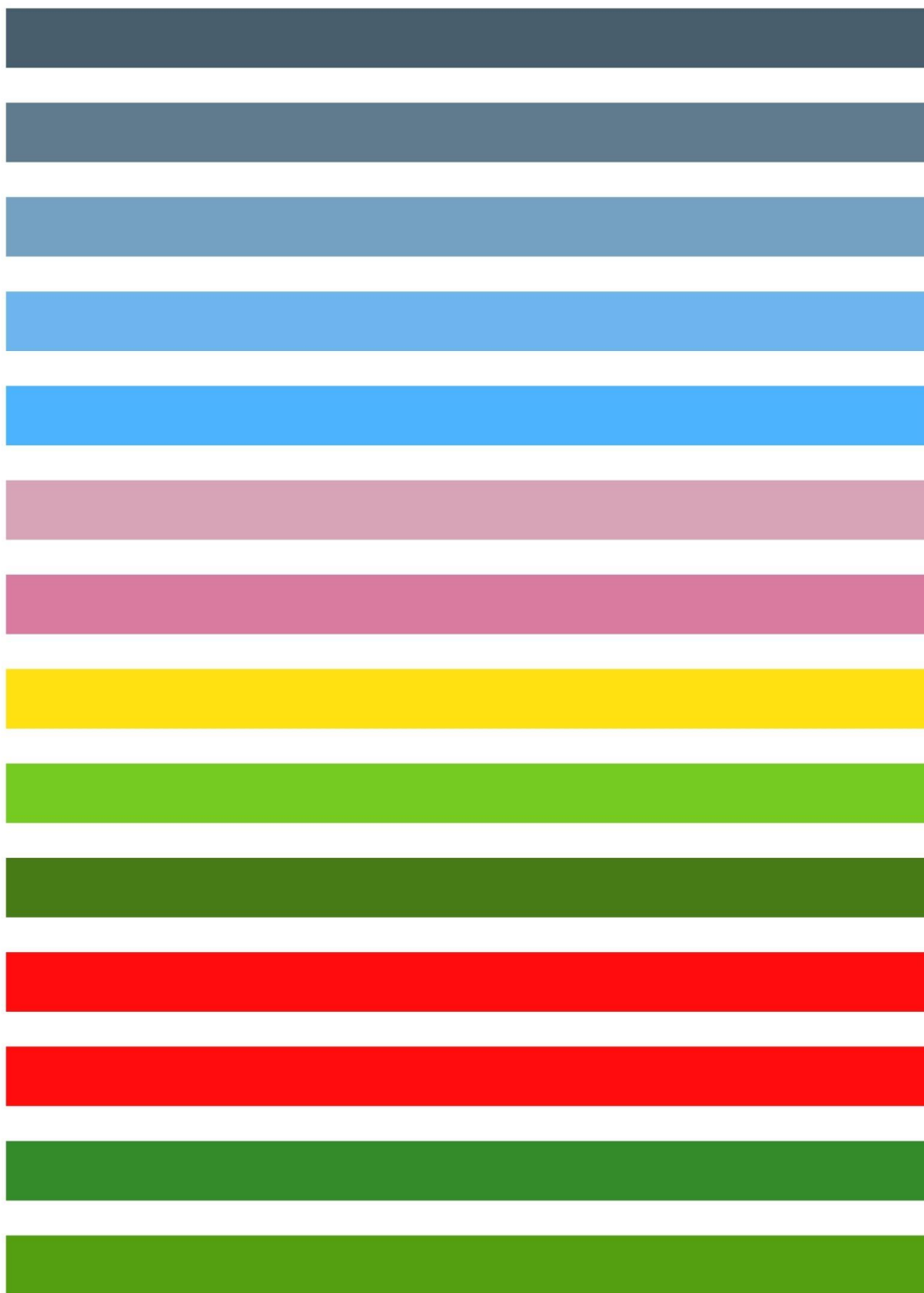
page burnt thumb

nail digs bloody

flannel holds me

5 minisons by Ragi/ni Gupta





*colours I saw with you*

Ari Kim



Joyce Kung

Shelter in, Love.

Shelter in Love.

2 minisons by Linda Eve Diamond

*Poet Tree Minison*

Poets, naturally,  
pencil trees jot  
uplifting poems  
sky writing odes  
inventing forms  
swirling worlds  
moving sky lines.

Weeping willows  
stroke the water  
write blue poems  
live messy lives  
of breathtaking  
of breath giving  
natural wonders.

Linda Eve Diamond

Warmest regards

With many thanks

Affectionately

Sincerely yours

With loving hugs

Please take care

With best wishes

Always & forever

Please stay safe

Sending safe hugs

Virtual air hugs

Missing friends

Sadly distanced

Shelter in, Love

Linda Eve Diamond

a one star galaxy

Wilhelmina Welsch

*Glassflame*

an unburnt dream

that i cannot let

die                this shan't go

like obituaries

of weeks and days

unfulfilled                for

glassflames are

all that are left

to harbor here in

this cage of bone,

a secret silence,

a fragile battle.

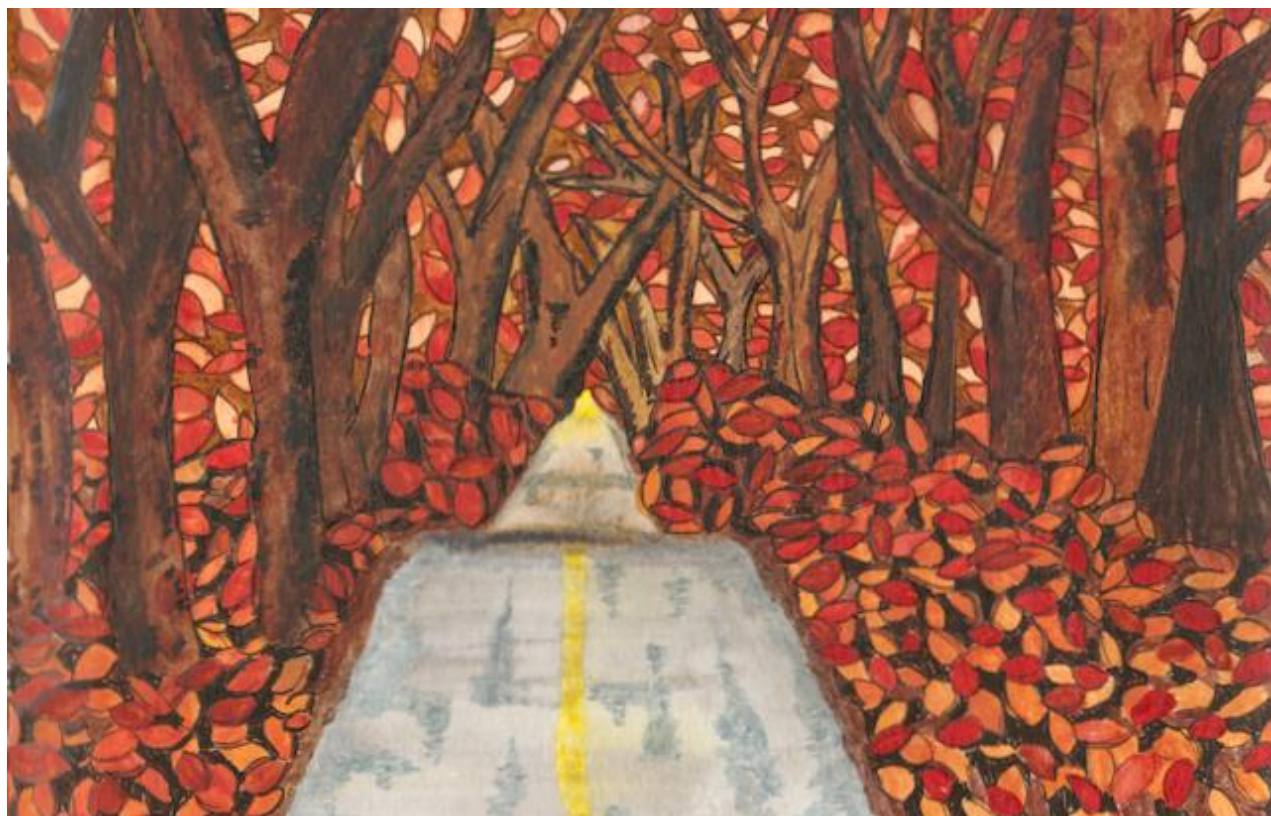
this is my prayer

burning quietly

bare tree branch  
green nevermore  
ground rockhard  
carpeted in gold  
crisp underfoot  
crack and crunch  
windblown ashes  
rainwashed dust  
colours drained  
rustbrown stain  
sidewalk shadow  
spectre in stone  
autumn memories  
our season's gone

Mark Grainger





*Quatorze Arbes*

Kristina Saccone