

THE MINISON PROJECT
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the
minison
zine

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In the Microwave

What you can cook
in seven seconds
breaks the bonds
long writ in book

or scathing look
down traditions,
transcriptions
no chef can brook.

But tally-ho, fast
work is where it's
at, don't mind bits
of bitter repast

or chase quality.
Esteem homology.

Ballad Merlinus

A sacred madness
dines on whiskey
cakes or mutters
amused prophesy

for teatime sake.
Single words out
slightly of line
take mighty toll;

one heart on one's
sleeve, and you're
relieved of life,
keyless forever

never to breathe.
Embrace the tree.

Cindy Hill

Feet

gull rests on ice

Rhiannon Grant

IFEA

Minimalism made
Flat packed SCAN
furniture store
of conveniences
BAR CODED desire
Warehouse fresh
boxed MDF veneer
Alan's key to joy
CHECKED OUT fast
Approaches hell
Instructed by an
assembling fear
a blue and yellow
bruise appears.

Andrew Geoffrey Kwabena Moss

3 minisons

Backlit persona

My door just ajar

Blood not my type

Evie Groch

search & rescue 2

when they radio &
ask the question,
no one speaks the
names: “any sign of

the boat?” the wind
hunts for voices;
ghosts crowd all
the widow’s walks

& shiver beneath
the waves, ruined,
shipwrecked, icy
with salt & grief.

on the surface, we
search. we search.

Kimberly Glanzman

3 minisons

woodpecker blue

moonlit whistle

snow astronauts

Réka Nyitrai

regimen for eyes

myriad scathing
glares extract a
tax from peeling
pock-marked ruby
wastes of vision
withholding the
beauty demanded.
deuglification
ritual: daub that
super blood moon
over with sallow
petrolatic muck
plucked from the
local drugstore.

rowan ward



the hanging ones, Alan Bern

From Distancing

While I stir a cup
of coffee and fog
the windowpanes,
the satiated cat
counts feathers
on the mossy lawn.
A randy squirrel
agitates the dog
beyond the fence.
So much activity
to enchant today.
Even my goldfish
gulping hazy air
feel ocean waves.

Carolyn Martin

Poem to Ex-Friend

(after "Elegy" by W. S. Merwin)

But you said: "Don't."

Tucker Lieberman

Night of the djinns

Heaviness of air
opaque, moonless

The fig tree sees
the pond distend

Titanium whites
curdle the water

Old djinns rouse
meandering slow

Plumes of purple
smudge the stars

Shackled midway
tedious penance

Fleeing at sun-up
Disintegrating

Dance

Come, gently spin,
One foot in front
One step, one step.

Love is infinite
Allow me to teach
an alternate way

Wade out of these
Amniotic waters
One step, one step.

Let me seal these
Yawning caverns -
I promise refuge

Have faith, dance
One step, one step.

Berry season

When the July sky
is burnished tin,
We shall harvest
mulberry pearls.

We shall whisper
aromatic spells,
red-velvet tints
glazing our lips.

Downy spherules
will weep rivers
fuchsia magenta
a metamorphosis,
our tongues tart,
trilling summer.

Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad

Lessons We Didn't Learn

A Christmas tree
Decorated gaily
Stood in a corner
Come January 1st
Is now forgotten
While the world's
Nonsense begins
Unsurprisingly
Leading me to ask
If lessons given
Haven't burrowed
Deep enough down
To where changes
In real life dawn

Deryck N. Robertson

Forbearance

Until i *wish* to be,
i wish to *be* until—

Shine Ballard

on Oprah Winfrey Road

on oprah winfrey
road one morning
mossy graveyard
patches glimmer
fiery neon green
from within rust
kosciusko ms mud.
beside buffalo's
walls gravel and
backwoods merge
with thick roots
inside southern
rain. and then the
road goes onward.

shaking down the marrow

wind hits hard on
the house's walls
shaking down the
marrow of myself.
a soft solo space
tucked between a
mountain and the
pine trees, at one
point felt haven-
like. but outside
turbulence won't
quite quiet down
and my stress can
not quite soothe.

Oakley Ayden

Shadow puppets

I watched the sun
Peek from behind
Its rays glowing
Casting shadows
Shadow puppets I'd
Make of animals
I raised my hands
To make my craft
Alas, the sun rays
Disappeared; left
behind the cloud
Reminds us life
Is that fleeting
Treasure it well

Lily Low



upper garageing, Alan Bern

5 minisons

patter(n)s of rain

roof leak cipher

curtains of rain

midnight (s)(t)rain

resisted puddle

Billy Antonio

5 minisons

Jazzy sax noises

Free style glory

Beats strike HARD

Bass plucks note

Uncompromising

Clare Roche

5 minisons

blue chords pang

softly lit rooms

shuffle brushes

crooning voices

hearts torn open

Clare Roche

Revolution

Earth spins free
oceans swirl hot
ice interrupted
Science shrieks
grim utterances
of species dying
lives disrupted
We are listening
arms raise fists
new dawn turning
Wild hope births
verdant futures
breathtaking as
the ancient oaks

Clare Roche

Retelling inside jokes from friends I no longer speak to

Twisting I fit in
like a mollusk to
shells too-small.
Amidst the crack
and crush, my skin
retracts; birls a
swelling secret,
frigid darkness.
I probe the shore,
in formless wash,
seek out friends'
scalloped edges &
drown in the eddy
of your laughter.

Jared Beloff

Inis Mór

Slate roofs blot
leaf swept lands
lighthouses dot
crag, blue hands
clutching coast.
Loose under skin
arid sands boast
bleached bone in
tar. So eons ago it
seems stone died
young, lifted bit
by bit – surprised
by sun and air you
breathe: it's true.

Genevieve Callanan

2 minisons

Writer's trouble:

never enough wor-

Genevieve Callanan



it's Life's color, Ankur Jyoti Saikia

Destination

Somewhere close
ever nearly here
no half-way there
striving lively
looking forward
oft looking back
sometime lonely
slowed-way there
weaving side-way
side-walk trippy
off the main road
no beaten tracks
rare to get bored
never to get lost.

Nicholas Perkins

Tangle

These vines grow
with such style &
anxiety rushing
like flies manic
across canvas of
brown brickwork
a desperate call
crying for light
and remembering
fighting for air
clambering fast
over one another
but remaining so
calm to the world.

Sean Cunningham

Loose ends

A structureless
form greets me in
dreams asks why I
try so hard to mak
e everything fit
in to nice neat bo
xes I say there is
beauty to be seen
in perfect folds
precise creases
leave no room for
errors it says li
ars will always m
ake a fool of me

Sean Cunningham

Untitled

Cherishing this
recollection of
happiness, like a
favourite toy we
keep in velvet to
bring out on days
when the world is
too heavy to bear.
So brief a memory
and yet it shines -
that moment when
we first saw each
other and smiled.
(Remember, my love.)

Sadie Maskery

March Lullaby

Brave stuff lion
calm sleep guard
as a tired cub too
with so soft mane
main mama lost in
green wallpaper
jungle nest with
soft twin bed for
baby twin sleeps
hunt, run and play
The month starts,
loud hunger wind
growls and cries
ends in soft mews.

Amy Barnes

