

THE MINISON PROJECT  
PRESENTS

the  
minison  
zine

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ISSUE 9  
MAY

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# the minison zine

The Minison Project



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*A twist in the ponytale*

She hands him the  
Pinny. Gulps down  
The glass of wine.  
Why did she think  
It'd be different  
This time. She had  
Heard stories. It  
Was no surprise. A  
Man is ten a penny  
In paradise. Keep  
Him guessing. You  
Don't get close. It  
Will only hurt to  
Give up the ghost.

Lisa Mary Armstrong



*Motion*, Evan Linthicum



## *September Stars*

Under a gunmetal  
moon, with brazed  
tips that pierce.  
Beckoning tears  
this hot evening,  
I grasp at a fog of  
dim forgiveness  
'round a faceless,  
unreachable man  
Truth mobilizes  
somewhere along  
a constellation,  
but I can't seem to  
connect the dots.

Shannon Tsonis



*stop. Just beyond*, Janina Aza Karpinska

*A Full Life*

Empty dawn beach.

Bird-pecked word.

Ready for the end.

Susan Sarver





*SEAN MONTERROSA, Alan Bern*

*the yellow roses*

bloom once a year  
lasting moments  
I knot your laces  
kneel by the door  
watch as you fall  
down into my arms  
I plant you by the  
ever dying roses  
and see, hear, feel  
the hush of veins  
as they twine, dig,  
whispering soft  
last, last, last, oh,  
please, just stay

Kate LaDew





*A Set of 14 Popular Penguin Classics, Anisha Kaul*





*A Set of 14 Penguin Classics, Anisha Kaul*

### *Lake Canoe Trips*

mirror floating

koi swim in glass

stars dive & swim

koi nibble stars

### *Appalachia Poem*

24-hour Wal-marts

truck rifle rack

rusting in yards

fire pit, bar-b-que

road deer bodies

addict at Sheetz

Go-Fund-Me burial

Anthony Vallone





*Serendipitous, Sadie Maskery*

· *make mute*

i thrust 4 colors

down to make mute

worry, i do : should

i thrust 4 colors

if the tinges are

palling . . . on a dime,

i thrust 4 colors

down to

· *okay, smart aleck*

fourteen's enoug ...

Shine Ballard





*the heavenly sky*, Janina Aza Karpinska

*5 minisons*

I turned her head

we wear anything

or in other words

struck by beauty

these tiny poems

Michael Moreth





*lil' ol' Manhattan, Alan Bern*

## *Ballad to Spring*

For time's sake in  
mighty leaps and  
assembled shade,  
whether eternal  
designed, or ajar  
in mud moments of  
extracted power,  
myriad hues warm:  
Daub your exhale,  
Withhold not for  
today noisy stir,  
The enchantment  
The agitation of  
Blending colors—

\*\*\*

## *Stone Messenger*

Stones in shadow  
Pull in sunlight  
For another burn—  
Stained in ochre  
Peeking, waiting  
I embraced in awe  
the sacred earth  
gush its old love  
story. Unfolding  
leaves filter in  
cascading bloom,  
return each year,  
watching stones  
chase bonded sun.

\*\*\*

Rekha Valliappan



*OF•THE•MADELEINE*, Alan Bern

## *A Bud of Summer*

A bud of summer is  
about to play the  
prelude of joy in  
spring, and a road  
to hopeful ocean  
spreads a velvet  
curtain to tell a  
story dyed in the  
color of hope and  
passion. We are in  
a spring haze, but  
we can feel a soul  
that glows for an  
oath to next dawn

Yuu.I





*Mankind*, Evan Linthicum

*Antepartum  
Pirouettes*

Reds and purples  
streak, burn into  
flesh stretched,  
making space for  
growth & kicks & I  
cherish them. Rub  
oils warm & messy  
on stubbornness  
marked by kisses  
composed by tiny  
hands, feet, & head.  
Still she dances,  
now in arms of the  
body once shared.

*The Baldening*

The shower walls  
are transformed  
into a wet shrine  
for hair I lost to  
gain my daughter.

Fingers ensnare  
loosened clumps.  
As mine falls out  
clinging to tile,  
hers grows thick.

The “baldening” is  
real & I’d happily  
give it all again  
if it e’er regrows.

*Maybe She’ll Get  
Lucky, Inherit Her  
Father’s Genes*

Her chubby hands  
reach to grab me &

I believe in love  
at first sight, it  
redefines being  
rewires my brain.  
How did such life  
beautiful, happy  
emerge from this  
body, broken amid  
a failing morale  
disheartened by  
generations of a  
melancholy mind?

Candice Stanfield-Wiswell





*END SCHOOL SPEED*, Alan Bern





*corner's boards, Alan Bern*

## *Walking In Winter's Coffin*

Twigs snap under  
the weight of the  
sadness I've held  
within this tomb--  
my depleted body.  
Seeking my totem,  
I embody an Egret  
focused on what I  
crave: a purl that  
cues sustenance  
and a reflection  
on the water, so if  
gazing down I can  
still see heaven.

Stacie Santillo



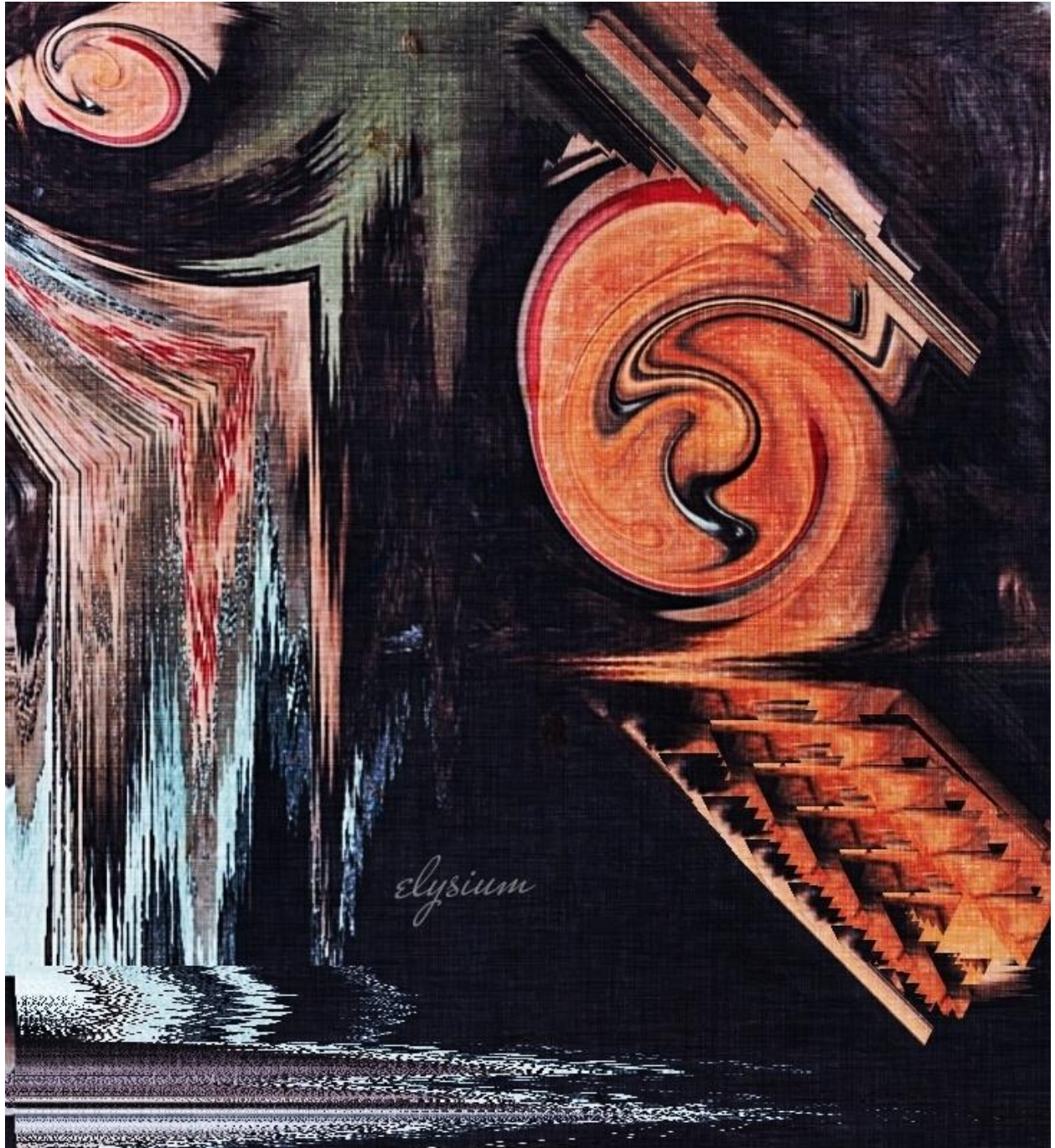
*Pink Space, Evan Linthicum*

*orange you happy?*

orange peels off  
freckled skin or  
dwells beneath a  
fingernail long  
forgotten, I'd cry  
and remember the  
midmorning when  
my father peeled  
zest from citrus;  
he imparted that  
the shell stored  
love in acidity– a  
sweetness without a  
fixed condition.

Bella Pick





*Infinite*, Evan Linthicum







