

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS

the
minison
zine

ISSUE 15
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FULL BLOOM



the minison zine

The Minison Project

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issue 15 contributors:

<i>My Toddler</i> (Holy Week Poem Set), Matthew Miller	5
<i>Full Bloom Photoset Submission</i> , Irina Novikova	7, 13, 21, 24
<i>3 minisons</i> , J. Simpson	8
<i>Floral Mourning: A Requiem of Snow</i> , Shelly Jones	9
<i>Feel Better; Old Readings</i> , fabrice poussin	10
<i>almond blossoms; orchid, a mystery</i> , Lorelei Bacht	11
<i>the winter caterpillar</i> , Jocelyn Luizzi	14
<i>The Cloud</i> , Teri Anderson	15
<i>spring training</i> , Alan Bern	16
<i>Ranunculus; Tonguetip, Springtime</i> , Eliza Bowen-Smyth	17
<i>forever popping</i> , Alan Bern	18
<i>"Hopeful Dawn"</i> , Yuu Ikeda	19
<i>Adagio e Allegro</i> , Gary Griffith	20
<i>Salgamundi</i> , Meghan Kemp-Gee	22
<i>Fortune Teller</i> , Alison Bainbridge	23
<i>The Language of Flowers</i> , Maddie Bowen-Smyth	25

My Toddler Lights a Candle on Ash Wednesday

To wash
gritty ash
from his
fingertips,
he wants
to see it
more clearly.

My Toddler Crawls into Our Bed on Palm Sunday

Flipping his
zipper like
a palm branch
into the gap
in his front teeth.

My Toddler Washes His Brother's Feet in a Smoky Mountain Creek

Splashes and play
take some
dirt away,
but nature's
cascades finish
the baptismal work.

My Toddler Stands Below the Smoke Alarm on Good Friday

Gawking at
the light
that's glowing
like a wound

on the gauze
of night.

My Toddler on Easter Morning in the Cemetery

Dancing through

death,

he sings -

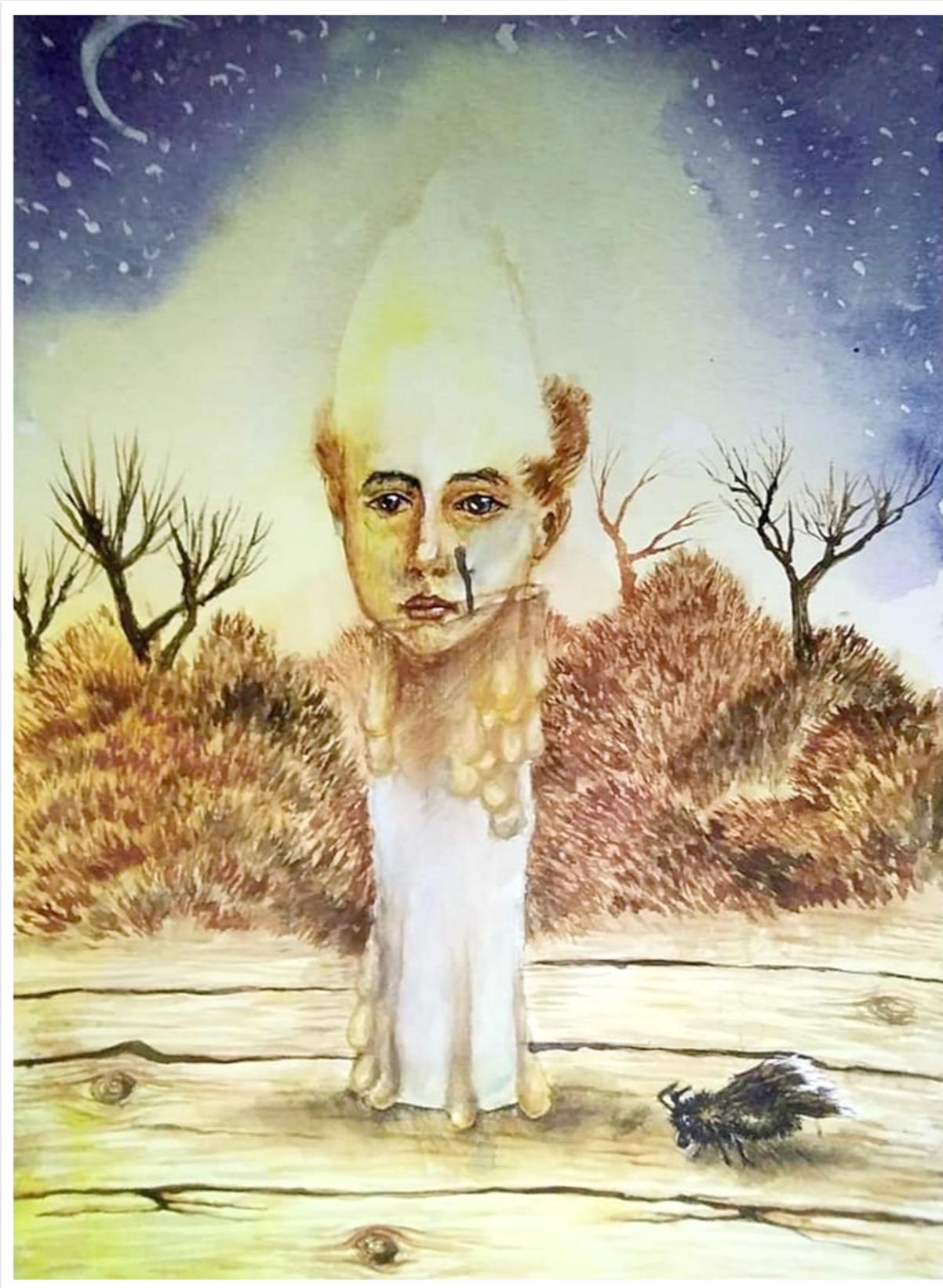
He is risen -

tapping each

gravestone

on its head.

Matthew Miller



Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova

3 minisons

Bright Lavender

Emerald Skyfire

Chrysanthemums

J. Simpson

*Floral Mourning:
A Requiem of Snow*

Green tufts peek

through icy soil,

the bulbs unfurl

like robin wings.

Bud yawns open to

butter-rich face,

orange lips tutt.

Daffodil droops,

pious head bowed

mourning crusty

snow in crevices:

winter's vestige,

yet untouched by

sun's spring rays.

Shelly Jones



Feel Better Soon (above) and Old Readings (below),
fabrice poussin



almond blossoms

from grey twists,

from coarse bark -

now: nascent pink

in gulps, buttons,

small offerings

to disprove cold,

cease wintering,

abandon grief to

whoever wants it.

what I want is: now -

timid buildups,

bloodied nacres

blooming. spring.

Lorelei Bacht

orchid, a mystery

a luminous white
is coiled around
the black bark of
a pine tree / small
moist bursts / wet
morsels of light /
shimmers: edible
or poison? / who can
assess what dark
magic made these
ghostlike folds? /
a liquid origami
refusing itself
to my dissection.

Lorelei Bacht



Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova



the winter caterpillar

breathing in air
frosting inside
i'm crystalizing
no, strike that, i'm-
chrysalisizing
a metamorphosis

spring will come
so i will pray and
so i will profess
to whomever will
try to defrost me

body from cocoon
then transformed
into a butterfly

Jocelyn Luizzi

The Cloud

I fall through the cloud wanting to know shall I be rain or snow.

Teri Anderson



spring training, Alan Bern

Ranunculus

Lardy—butter-full—jumps a little crow-foot frog.

Its eyes are a coyote's: awake, knife-keen.

Tonguetip, Springtime

You're sweet as honey—this seems both trite and insufficient. I'll keep trying, honey.

Eliza Bowen-Smyth



forever popping, Alan Bern

“Hopeful Dawn”

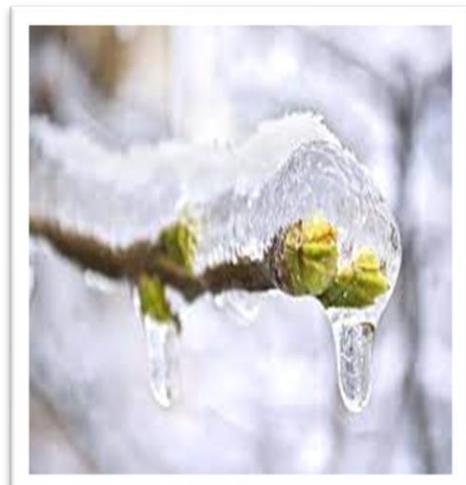
The scent of wind
changes. Flowers
begin to sing and
dance with grace.
Colors of the new
hope and oath dye
the ground. Cruel
icicles thaw, and
piercing echoes
of winter shrink
back from pastel
days. My notebook
is waiting for me
to draw warm dawn.

Yuu Ikeda

Adagio e Allegro

Feb pressure, the
Brainy soreness
On the periphery
Felled meanness
Rudeness rubbed
Till sparked, the
Threads of smoke
Tending, coaxing
Division's flame
Confusion reign
My censored mind
Know no know know
Love love evil of
Condemns belief

Playful March, an
Airy mitigation
Boundaries none
The smile thawed
Lingering laugh
Soggy roadsides
Trickled rivers
Softens loosens
Melding mirrors
Charcoals fears
Untethered mind
Yes plus yes plus
Love love love of
Cradles all above



Gary Griffith



Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova

Salmagundi

A late arrival in
the post, a letter
written out, rows
upon rows, pulses
beats and u-boats
capsized or sunk
by someone else's
nemesis, letters
you did not write
served up smoked,
worked up in rows
arriving late of
unknown origin, a
kiss, right angle.

Meghan Kemp-Gee

Fortune Teller

I map paths in the
lines on your skin.

Palms held out, up-
held, cupped. Look.

You hold time. See,
runes hidden in a
crease, in the way
freckles dot the
constellations.

You want romance,
adventure, a home.

I lie. Our futures
are not by design.

Alison Bainbridge



Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova

The Language of Flowers—

Aconite.

Baneful; transformative; alas, a touch to a cup, and your tongue aches for me.

Bindweed.

Love untamed, unyielding; now torn from your embrace; once cut, I will rise again.

Larkspur.

Blood spilled; ferity; bequeathed to soil; in my wake, you bloom with my strength.

Maddie Bowen-Smyth

