

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS

the
minison
zine

ISSUE 15
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FULL BLOOM



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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

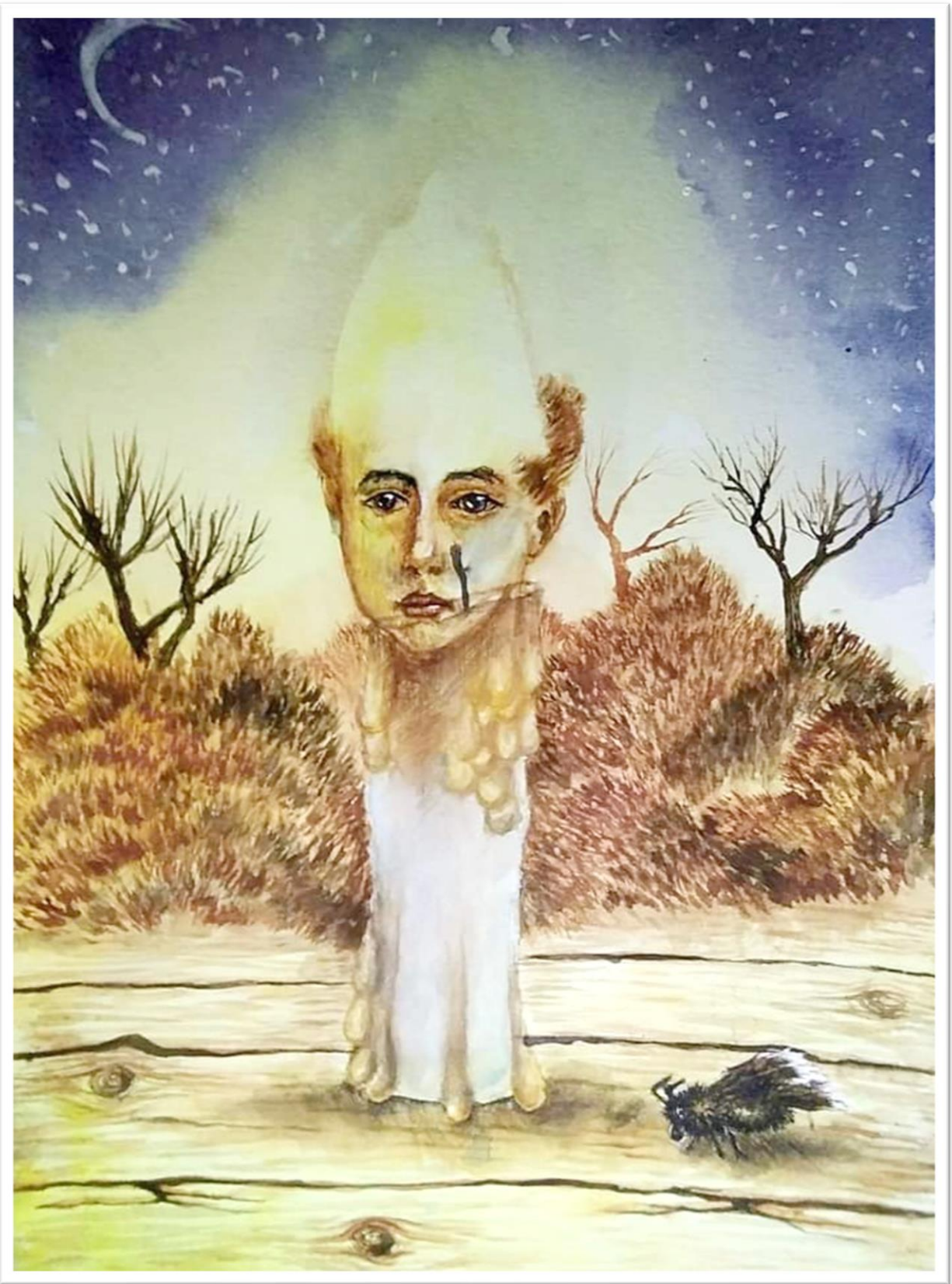
Gawking at
the light
that's glowing
like a wound

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 nacles
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”

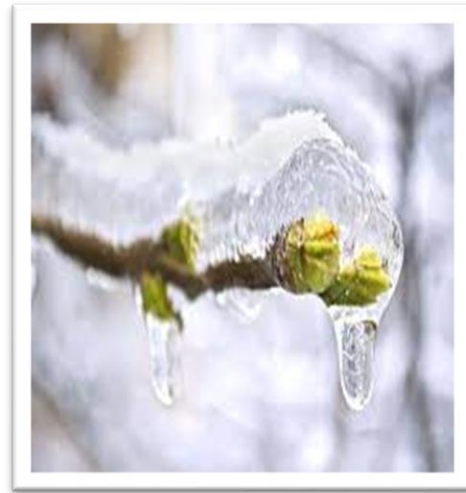
The scent of wind
changes. Flowers
begin to sing and
dance with grace.
Colors of the new
hope and oath dye
the ground. Cruel
icicles thaw, and
piercing echoes
of winter shrink
back from pastel
days. My notebook
is waiting for me
to draw warm dawn.

Yuu Ikeda

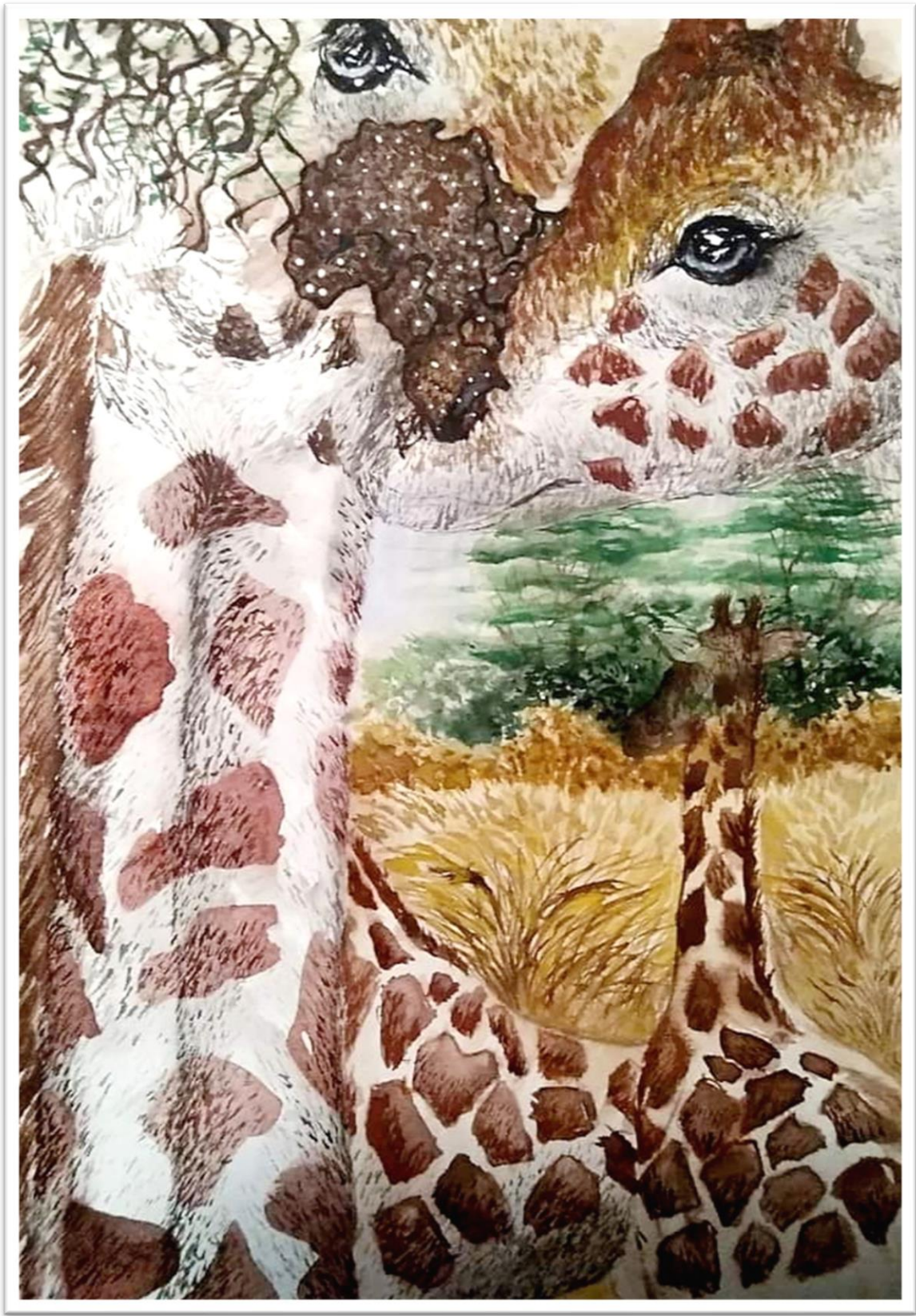
Adagio e Allegro

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

