

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS

the
minison
zine

ISSUE 10
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MINISAUNA



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A Mesozoic Beach

We went for a swim
99 million years
(give or take a few)
for a Cretaceous
beach day frolic

By Ouranosaurus
and Spinosaurus
spine sails were
we shielded from
greenhouse melt

You floated lazy
turquoise water
under pterosaur
frenzied clouds

Rick Hollon

Pyroclastic: five minisons

Searing alchemy

underneath rock

erupt

blaze

flow

light up

horizon

skyfire

phoenix

Maria S. Picone



GIVES YOU LEMONS, Alan Bern



one warmer board, Alan Bern

Daytime Firefly

I am simple, a glow
worm in broad day-
light, nothing to
write home about,
a woman in plain
sight – the bright
burning bush in a
bag.

 You ask me for
a fag. The bus stop
is about to learn
the meaning of me:
phosphorus.

 Mate
of no pick-up line
goes up in flames.

Triumphant Fail

Punch-drunk. In my
triumphant fail,

I find fireflies
of something new,
some flicker, not
of hope, but anger –

anger as abandon
to red, forgotten

too soon. I am a red
flame married to

a fireman. He says
I must chill. What

does that mean to
the burning fuse?

this a house fire

electric we suck
on light bulbs we

run slow fingers

wet along copper-
plated wires off

on off on longing
for release from –

 if your wires all
crossed and mine
exposed if a fuse
if a faulty spark
switch- board lick
boy we could make
 this a house fire.

Lorelei Bacht

3 minisons

tarot must be mad

origami unfolds

old

boots

new

mud

Tom Bierovic

A Summer Bonfire

We sit around the
fire, masked like
bandits in a film,
like highwaymen
stealing warmth,
stuttering heat
of bygone flames.
Darkness creeps
in, smothering us,
our comfortable
silence in ashes
like a hand over a
mouth before you
can ask “Who’s here?”

Shelly Jones

PRE-PANDEMIC BEACH VISITS

Hot burning sand
Smoking hot body
Feet never touch
Sprint to the sea
Rise as bubbling
Soda nd lemon mix
Nonchalant fizz
Evaporating all
Panting thirsty
Digging big pits
Soothing repose
Ice candy traces
Tutti frutti boy
Melts hurriedly

Anisha Kaul

The second wave

trellis of death
threading souls
earthly remains

blood-red embers
dancing on pyres
gunmetal heaven

scythe leveling
fathers, mothers
young offspring

grey mud yawning
receiving sinew-
maudlin goodbye

this land morphs
into a silent urn

Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad

Tip Your Waitress More On Hot Days You Don't Know How Much It Hurts

I hate summer sun.
My sweat stained
dank body stinks.
When alpha girls
find romance and
freckle lightly,
so delightfully;
sip iced coffees
and coldly sneer
at a tired server ...
I have to weather
the work uniform
tight pantyhose
fire crotch itch.

Sadie Maskery

A Setting Sun

The
Light
That
Gives
Direction
To
The
Lost
Traveller
Just
Before
Night
Wakes
Up

Shiksha Dheda

The Shore

Pushing

Paddling

All

Our

Strength

In

The

Bosom

Of

Heat

-no shore-

Ceaselessly

Pointlessly.

Shiksha Dheda



14 pills, Jasmine Kaur

meet-cute
slippery tongue

passion
tilt into me, love

palpable abstractness
sun swallows sun

Jasmine Kaur

On Love

how the ice cream
drips decadence,
melts to puddles
on kitchen table,

how sun ends a day:
yawns tangerine,
counts clouds of
sheep before bed.

i let myself sink
within your lake,
hugging the tide
a home evergreen

my heart sprouts;
my joy trusts you.

Catie Wiley

