THE MINISON PROJECT

PRESENTS

the minison zine

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MINISAUNA



the minison zine

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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

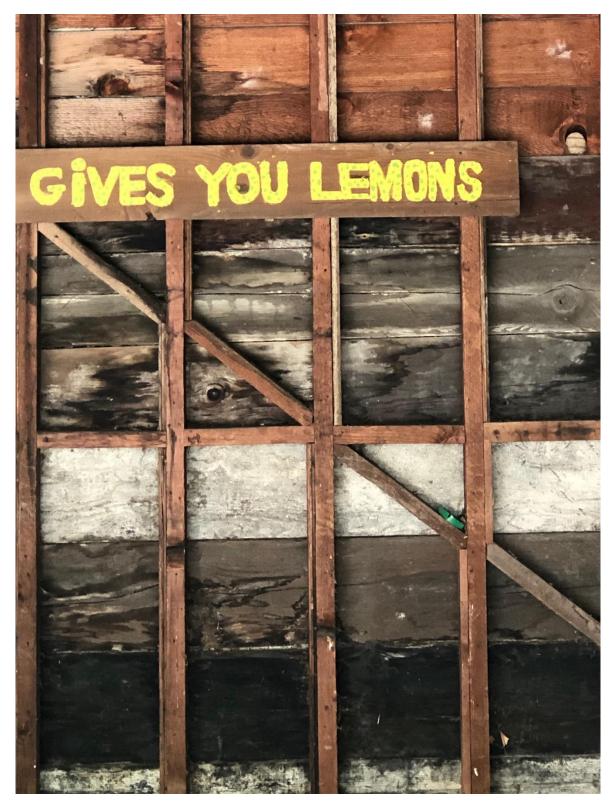
underneath rock

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 daylight, 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 slow fingers wet along copperplated wires off on longing for release from if your wires all crossed and mine exposed if a fuse if a faulty spark

board

this a house fire.

we could make

lick

boy

switch-

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 Ka

aul

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 То 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