

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS

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The Minison Project

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Echo Chamber
Mar Ovsheid

Ptah spoke, existence stirred noisily in the void, and creation hasn't shut up since.

Mother of the Sea

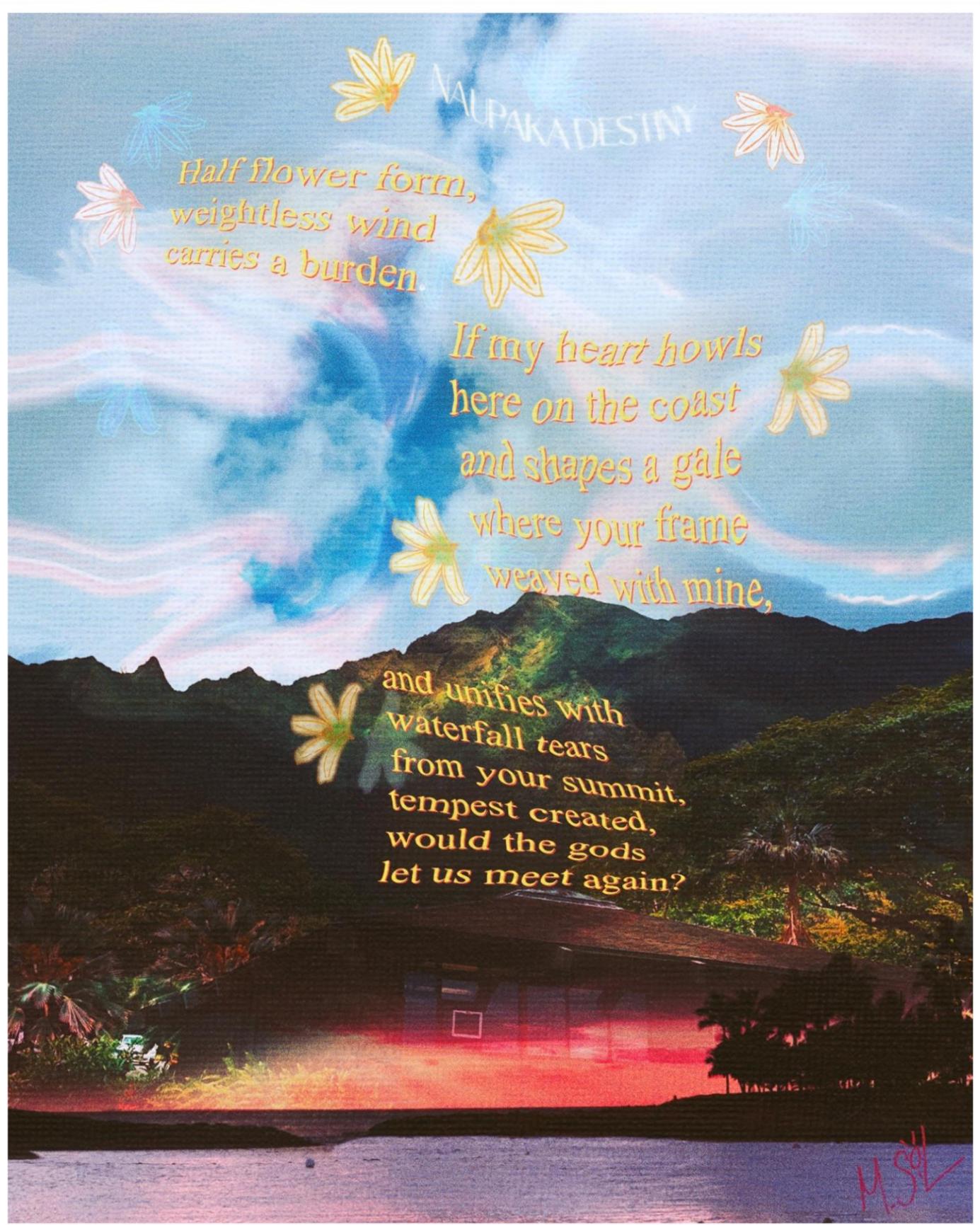
Torian Bay

Below the swells
and frozen slosh
Sedna's call tells
tales in the wash.

Beneath the wave
she takes the one
that misbehaves,
or cares for none.

Toss these words
on a breath of ice
so the blizzards
carry her advice.

Respect the deep
or watch her weep.



Naupaka Destiny, Mikey Sol

How Beggar's Lake Was Formed

- from legends of Plitvice Lakes

Matthew Miller

Our gods don't see

drought. They sit

and cry with us as

crops wither, die.

Briny heartache

soaks the ground,

compressed into

travertine seas.

The silt of doubt

sifts into chalky

cliffs, yielding

fresh water that

pours over edges

into cleft hands.

Spilled Milk
Mar Ovsheid

The first rivers were made of Auðumbla's milk, and we are probiotic cheese logs.

Terror of Mankind

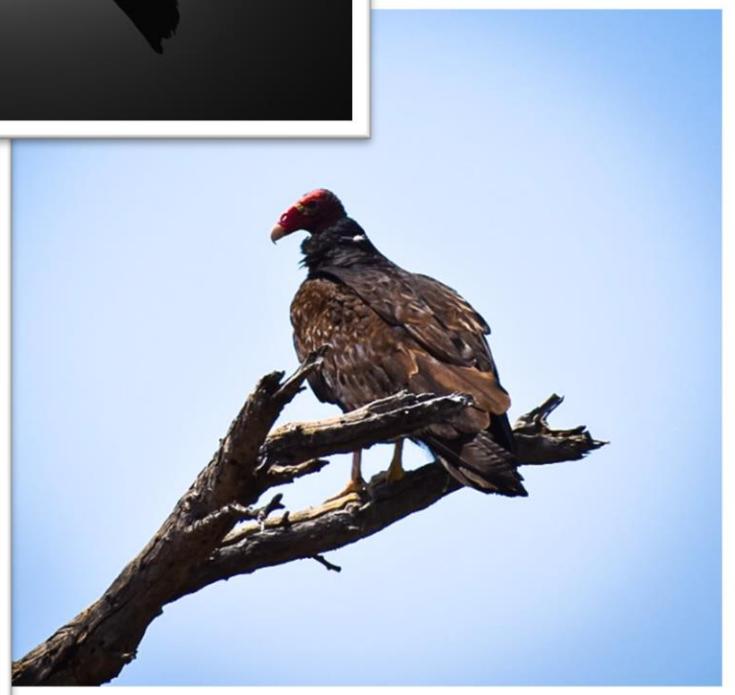
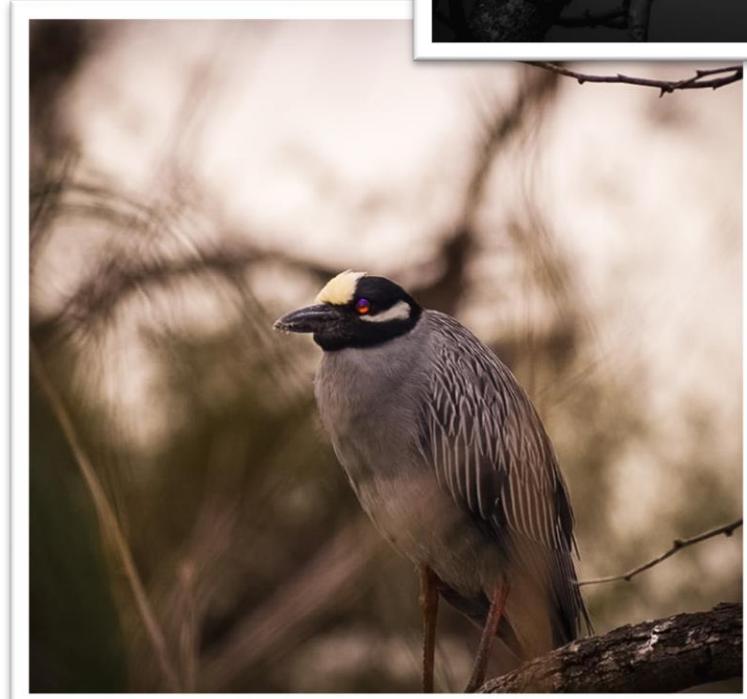
Everett Cruz

Beneath a canopy
of cedar, Humbaba
lie among blades
of grass as doves
purred. He smiled
watching clouds
float east to the
desert cities of
humanity. Maybe a
man would come to
see the beauty in
the trees. Surely
an animal so wise
would love Earth.



Harbinger Wings,

Melissa Nuñez



In the Icy Depths
Shelly Jones

Albatross round
her neck, king of a
mob, the foul nest
rotting, her hope
drowned. Iceberg
melting, a father
selfish and grim:
fingers hewn off
bloat and writhe.
Scales flounder,
fish watch Sedna
dive beneath ice
to an underworld
she alone reigns.

Nessie's Parents Discuss Whether or Not to Have a Child

Matthew Miller

We all have heard

the name monster.

It slithers down

our necks, so cold.

But she will hear

that entombment

of a cry all alone.

Like a sunk stone.

The last of her kind.

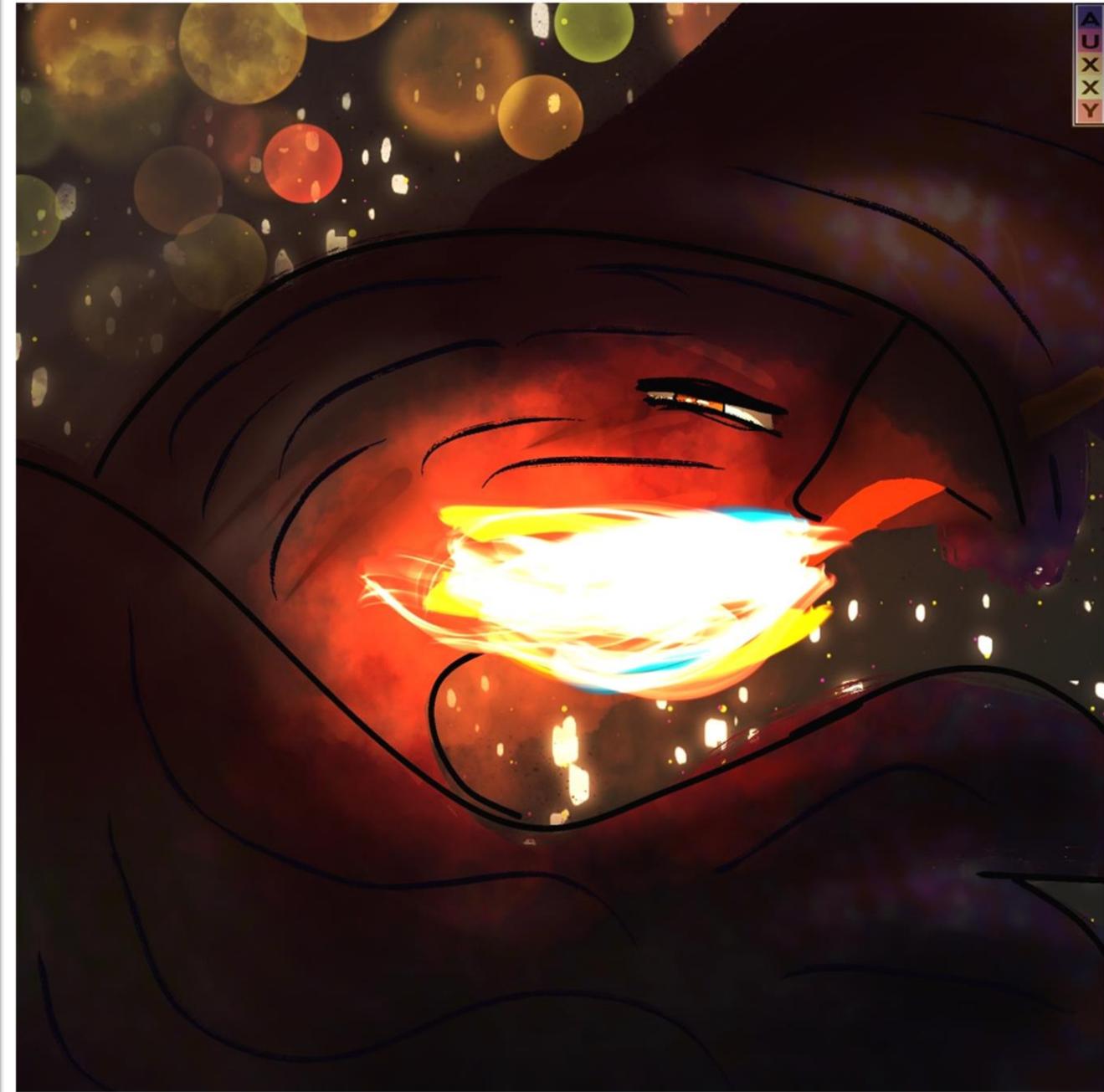
Still, we know all

creatures are so

unique, the last of

their kind. O, what

a monstrous gift.



Rainbow Crow, Trixie Fisher Lulamoon

Tricksters

B.F. Vega

Coyote Laughing

another

night

won

prideful

triumph

assumed

until

another

dancer

enters

the

torchlight

Raven Laughs Now



crow divination, Alan Bern

Three Minions for Ceto

Bex Hainsworth

I

Mother of monsters,
you carried snakes in your womb,
their hissing like the sea.

II

Medusa, daughter,
eyes full of ash.
You soothed the wound she left with salt.

III

Goddess, outlived her children
and the heroes who slaughtered them,
grieving the whole world.



a Genius volcano, Alan Bern

Echo to Narcissus

Dana Knott

Your words water

my thirsty mouth.

Shape your words

and I will repeat

their syllables.

I will sing to you

a gentle lullaby.

But your cruelty

lashes my tongue.

I am not a sly fox's

scream or dreams

of a bloody snare.

Say nothing more.

I rest in dead air.

Penelope

Bex Hinsworth

The priestess of patience. Waited twenty years, but not as waif. Wives of missing men go to marriage or to madness. I did not.

Suitors trailed their garlands.

Spider, I spun web after web to send them away. He came home, gave me what I needed: silence.

Think Before You Actaeon
Mar Ovsheid

Bad luck, Actaeon, getting thrown to your dogs. You should've brought sunglasses, or something.

Gorgon Gaze
Everett Cruz

The silk clung to
the curves of her
body, smooth, soft,
and swaying with
her movement. She
slid by statues. A
look of love, fear,
and shame carved
into their faces.

Longing for her, I
Sighed. She heard
and fixed my eyes
with her gaze. She
hissed at my lust.

Europa

Bex Hinsworth

Apparently, I was asking for it.
Grabbed the golden bull by the horns.
Bullshit.

Supplication at the Strangers Stones

Shelly Jones

Offer the firsts:

a purple cabbage

or bread and salt,
speckled eels, or

a potato without

eyes to spy Tiddy

Mun slink back to

the fens, sated by

your gifts. Still,

he won't forget or

forgive the isle

for draining his

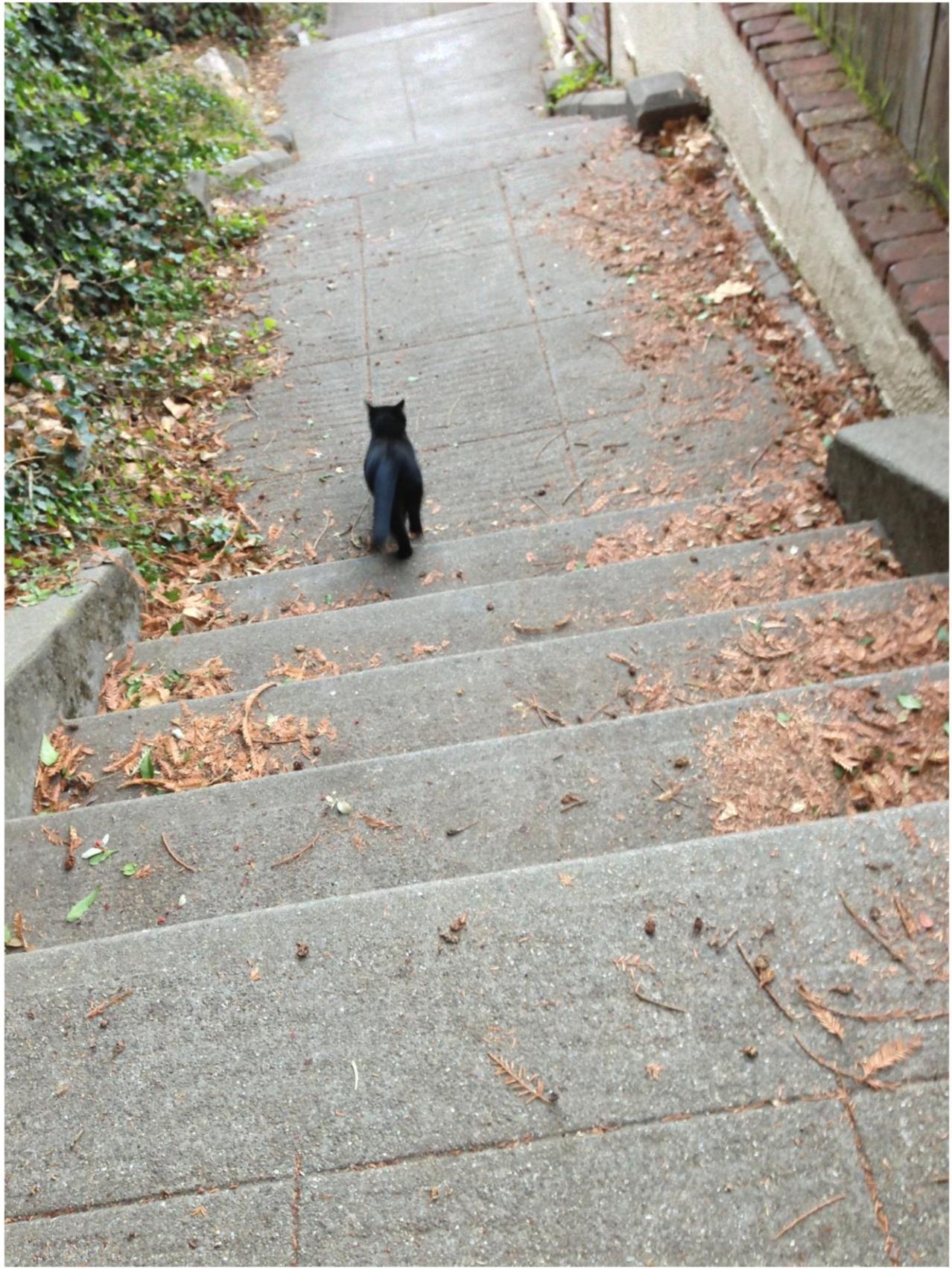
bog, the lowlands

where peewit cry.

Tarantella

L.M. Camiolo

lips hysterical
and swollen this
possession ties
to tambourine to
bowls of wine the
arachnid powder
bay and wormwood
prayer to st paul
as she dances odd
and crawls stung
skin arches back
and writhing how
many legs do your
curses jump with



the path crossed, Alan Bern

Footsteps
Torian Bay

The yellow cedar
and elder fir see
wild ones wander
the forests free.

They jump and run
in flower to fern
under canopy sun
where they learn
and hide in light,
in a spirit realm
of ancient right,
and speaking elm.

In the misty land
the Sasq'ets stand.

*her note, on a caped coat hanger left empty
v. north*

darling,

it wasn't that i never felt comfort in living here, wrapped up in you. that's not why you won't find my fur in the closet.

i've left your gifts. (not that I didn't love them, but.) keep the pretty clothes you plied me with, my hoard of baubles, silly pleather jacket. ("you look badass," you sweetly lied, remember?)

in time, i even shared your wish for onesies, for tiny socks and bonnets. and i'm sorry i couldn't give them.

but that isn't why. it just got – small for me, so tight. i need to learn afresh to live in my own skin. there's always kelp and winter sky for ribbons.

i hope you'll understand.
i love you,

S.

Old Shuck

Mathew Gostelow

The acrid stench of lightning strikes and fire, heavy thumping feet, straggle-black fur, and eyes like furnace coals.

I was the one he came for, I'm the one who should be dead.

The narrow Suffolk lanes of my childhood were home to Old Shuck, a murderous black dog, whose appearance meant certain death. They said his teeth were like steel daggers, his enormous claws and voracious hunger more like those of a bear than a hound.

I was on my way home from primary school when I met Old Shuck in the lane next to the village common, my beaten-up purple bike skidding to a halt as he lurched onto the gravel track.

He was huge, utterly black, a deep growl reverberating from his throat, as his fierce red eyes locked on my own and he crouched back on his haunches, primed to pounce. This frozen moment of terror was shattered as three friends came crunching up the lane behind me.

I looked away for less than a second, but when I turned back, Old Shuck was gone.

My mother passed first, a few days later, choking in her sleep on a wad of thick black hair that nobody could explain.

Father followed quickly - they said a broken heart, but even as a child I knew broken hearts don't leave butterfly-shaped bloodstains on the carpet.

A few years later, in the care home, when I had started talking again, I got close to a girl I liked. She disappeared in woodlands, one shoe left behind amid gigantic paw prints in the mud. Her body was never found.

When the counsellor said I shouldn't blame myself, that Old Shuck was just a myth, I knew the coal-black, drooling hound would claim her next.

Huldufólk
Torian Bay

Licorice fjords
and iced grounds
hold their hoard
in hidden mounds,

tiny stone homes
where fires roar,
frosty beer foams,
and spirits soar.

If an elf invites
you just for fun
you may be polite
or may want to run.

Be swift in reply.
It is rude to deny.

Kurma Avatar

Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad

Polished scutes
in a cosmic ocean,
diaphanous eyes,
serpent wrapped
around mountain
churning worlds—
warm whirlpools
of divine elixir.

Sunburnt jewels
lace tidal waves,
frothy gems rise
on primordial sea,
phosphorescent—
turtle divinity.

The Goddess Helps Us Summit Despite the Pain We Cause

- from legends of the Khumbu region around Mount Everest

Matthew Miller

A mother lives in
abodes of snow. It
cascades down on
her arms. Her kids

string up prayer
flags, lean shaky
ladders over her
cracks. Ravenous.

Always climbing.
They can't fathom
her pain, slashing
her silken mercy.

But it falls anew.
O! Inexhaustible!

Aswang

Everett Cruz

So, who wants to be
aswang? Take this
chicken egg. Keep
it in bamboo. Hold
it to your guts. It
is fertilized. It
will enter you. It
is a gross act, and
you probably had
become hopeless
waiting on a good
life. What option
did you have? Wait?
Or force a change?

Jatayu

Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad

Drone of a queen's

name, upon an arid

tongue, writhing—

vanquished bird

gasps in a jasper

lake—mangled lot

of sinking flesh.

A jubilant demon

pollutes the sky—

wails dwindling

curtains of dusk

blanketing eyes

her cast off gold

foreboding ruin.

