



mutual aid resources:

Unhoused STL
Instagram: @unhousedstl
Venmo/CashApp: @UnhousedSTL

Tent Mission STL
Instagram: @tentmission_stl
Venmo: @tentmissionstl

Think of your community as part of your "family."

M.A.R.S.H. Cooperative
6917 S. Broadway, St. Louis
instagram: @marsh_stl

find our social media & smallweb!
Instagram: @amoment_zine
&
<https://amomentzine.flounder.online>

a moment

the new stl zine | spring 2022



"27 birthdays poem"

[jan 16 2022]

Olli Sure

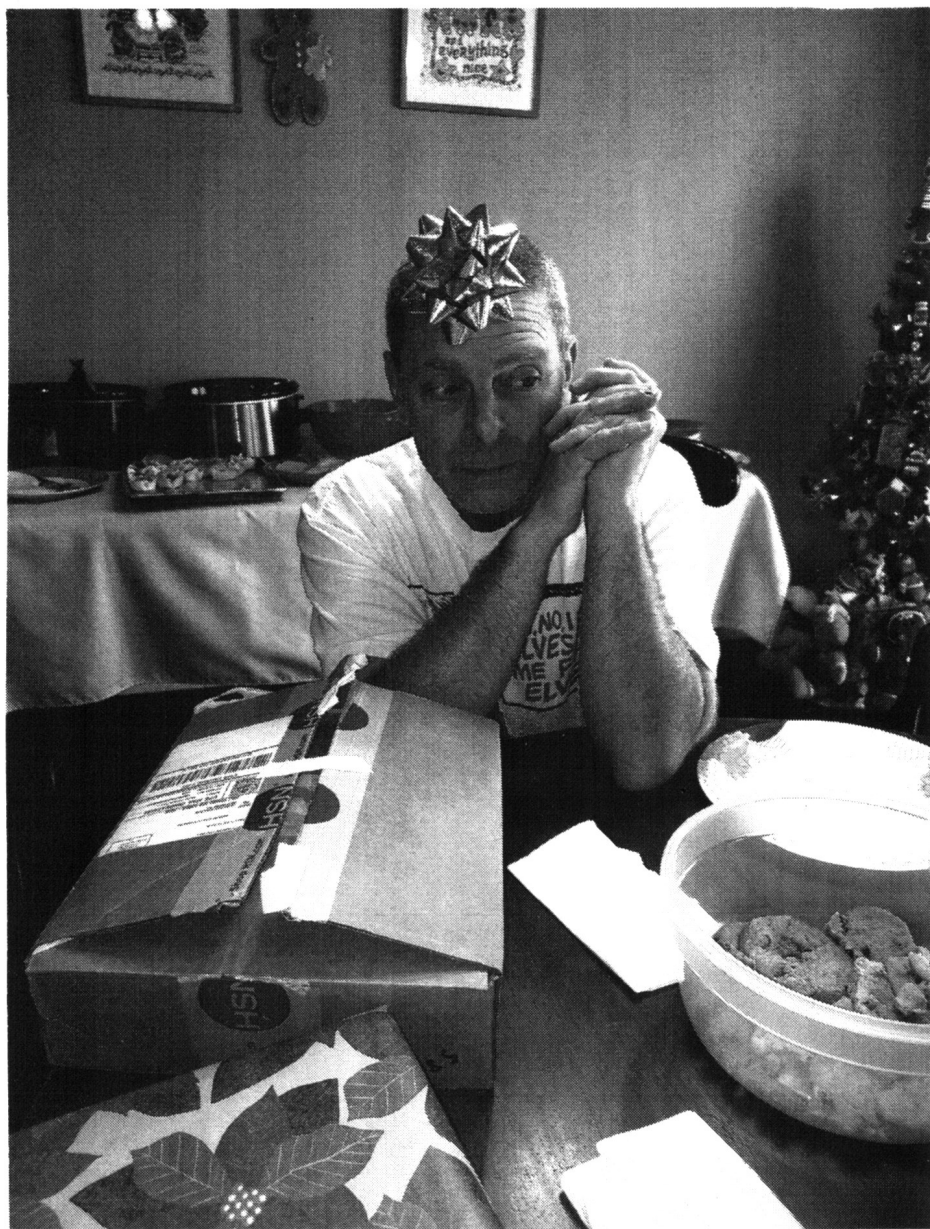
i put on a cute outfit
to see if the problem was me

only knowing like
6 or 7 words

the grass tells me the wind isnt as cold if ur sitting still
but if i'm still sitting this time next year
this time next year

turning 30
27, 30
"how to get rid of a skin tag"
searching for

the crumbs left behind from
having been fucked
is no excuse for being fucked up



Connor Shelton



Dear Reader,

Whelp, here we are. Issue two of this wild and crazy zine. If finding a copy of this zine has not already introduced chaos and absurd energy into your life, you need to prepare. Opening the pages of this zine is inviting the next moment. You are causing it. Your moment moves forward as you do, and doesn't stop until you do. This isn't a beginning, but you've made the decision to make it happen. You're in a maze. You turn left. Then you pick up this zine. You're already winning. The curated pieces in this publication have been finely assembled by the sharpest minds of our generation. Take a moment to respect the courage of process, the courage of the submit button. You're already winning. I hope you approach the works in this zine with grace and poise, treating each creation like a glass of wine on a picnic with your lover. That's what this zine is. A moment to take home. A moment of peace in a crowded place. You turn right. You're already winning.

With love,
A moment

~~~~~  
Who is your celebrity crush ??

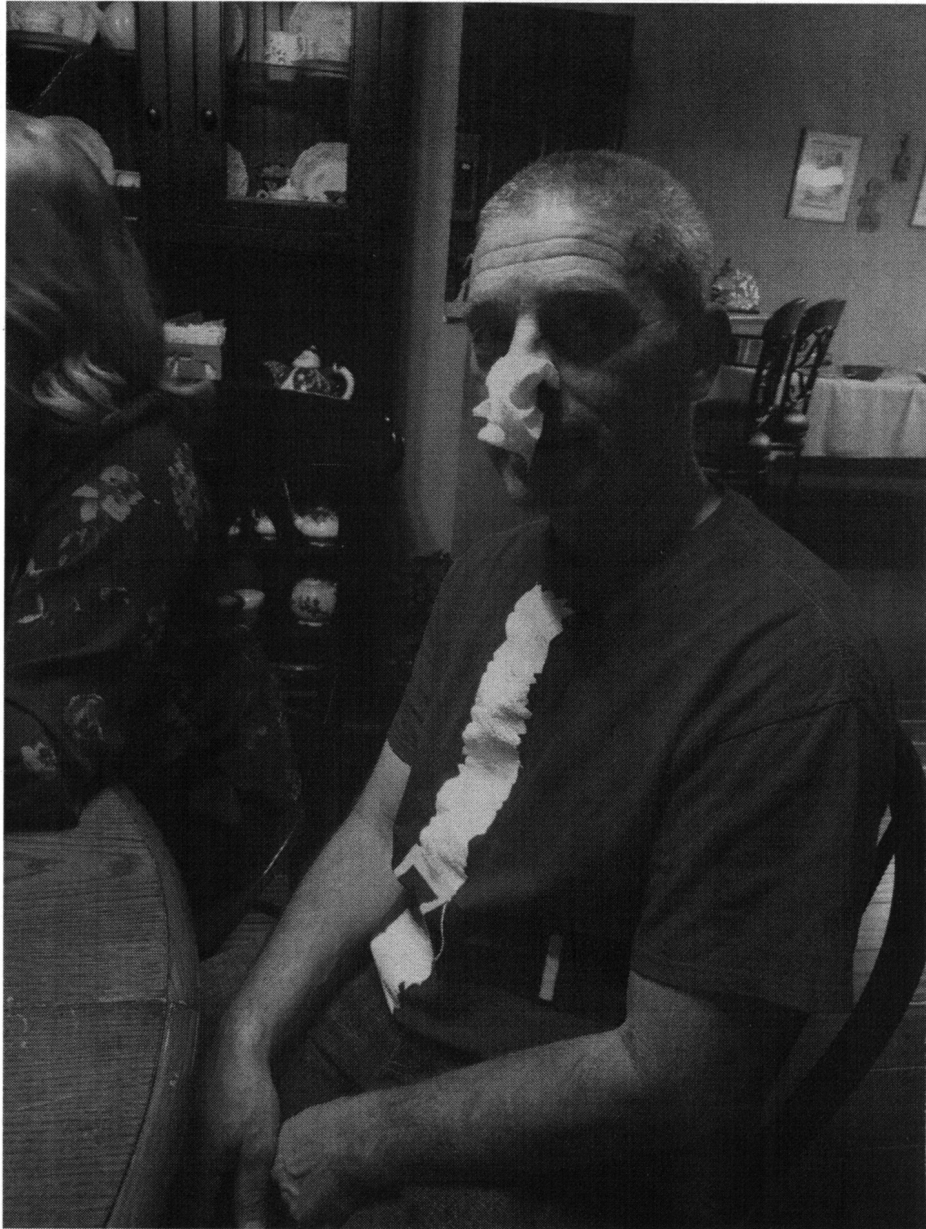
olli~ : will smith ,,, now ;)

mere: gumby

rowen: digit from cyber chase

lesley: Cher in Moonstruck (1987)

~~~~~



Connor Shelton

how to submit

witness of his time

send anything and everything (poems, prose, opinion/ editorial, painting, collage, and all the cute lil else) to

amomentzine@gmail.com, our email address. note that all accepted submissions will be printed and posted online in

black and white. you can go to issuu.com/amomentzine to view this issue and issues in the future. :P B) :->

contributors

olli sure
connor shelton
rowen conry
mariah dover

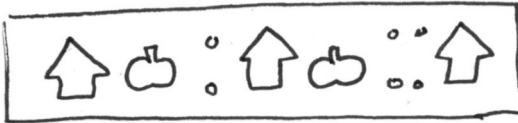
joe conry
sean arnold
sydney shanahan
mere harrach

cover: rowen conry

NEXT DEADLINE:
JUNE 26!!

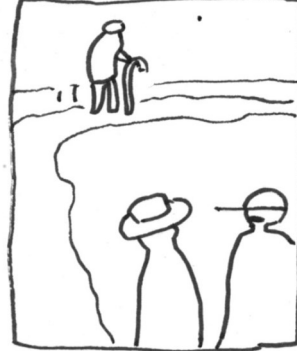


A moment comix



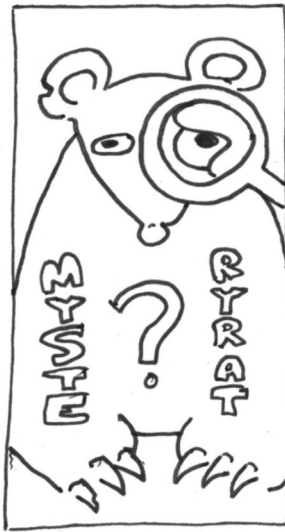
"That little scamp trud all over my flowers!"

old man bakerton



"there'a goes old man bakerton... i hear one of his teeth was replaced with one made of gold... if we could get a hold of it, we'd be rich!"

mystery rat



another case for mystery rat! glenda gator has just returned from the drawing room to find her cupcake missing! polite panda was in the room at the time, but swears he did not eat the cupcake! mystery rat knows the truth, however: polite panda did eat the cupcake!



Q: How does mystery rat know? Answer below!

A: crumbs on his mouth + he is holding it

Rowen Conry

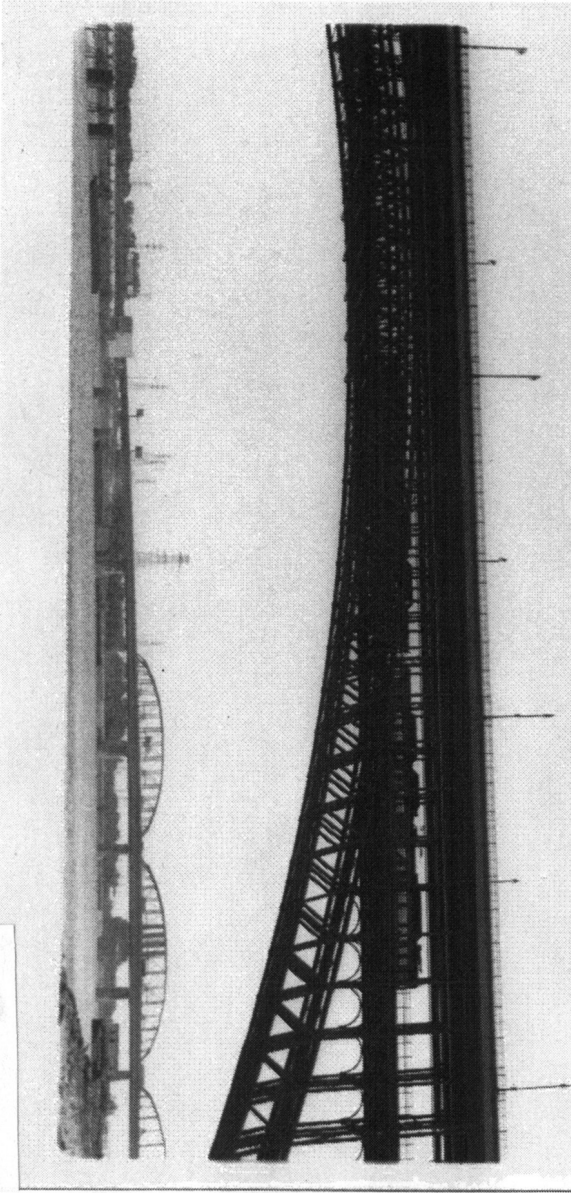
(JUNE 18)

Sometimes I live in the country
 Sometimes I live in the town
 Sometimes I had a great notion
 To jump in the water and drown

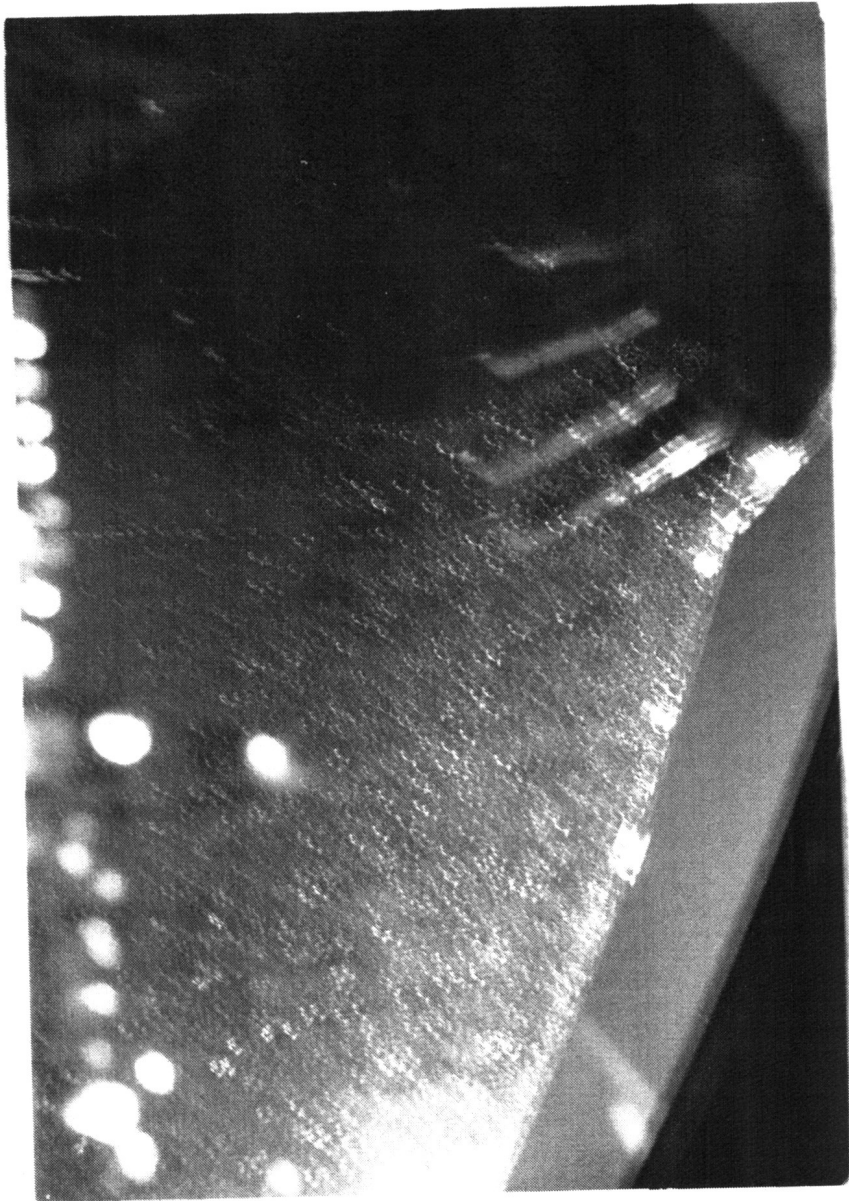
Thinking about notions of
 greatness, time, a vacation
 cleaner roads in the Utah
 coffee shop I'm sitting at.
 Clear crisp morning in Salt
 Lake. This place is totally
 empty. 80s pop music playing.
 they're working on the building

Sean Arnold

Which Gilmore girl r you??



Mariah Dover



Mariah Dover

but god. god? knife 2 knife pairing: ain't that a phrase that's been kicking around in my head... *sniffs, blows nowse* ...high tech knives, smart knives...

on the walk home, kicking a little tree burr down the sidewalk. we have smart phones but not smart knives? smart knives with apps on them and little buttons and sound effects: smart things? like how people make fun of when a toaster is smart but now a knife is smart? magical realism.

smart knives hi ted, how are you today. //oh god don't try the knife stuff.//

new

glasses new

frowny corners on the lines of the mouth,, the laugh: ack ack ack! knife to knife to knife to knife, all the little knives syncing up beeping and saying "PAIRED"

world chorus of slightly untimed PAIRED d-d-d-d-d-d-

i'm: scared to own a knife or buy a gun or get a taser(?) because i'm afraid of losing trust in society, like how i don't lock my doors and think those ring doorbells are one of the pillars of the deprecitous shit we've bought into am i correct?

..high tech knives with cute little lcd screens? making tamogatchi noises into those little speakers at the park that connect to one another and the noise comes out the other side? and i'd drink out of a dog bowl for a laugh but the idea of a little cute walking knife with heart eyes gives you cornerfrowns?

next week at the open mic, i will /refine/ the joke.

"i got in a knife fight last week," i'll say, "our knives were so dag gum smart (technologically cumbersome) we couldn't even kill each other. and, isn't that technology saving lives? ain't that the end of scaryville and the protoplasm of fucking fun town?"

knife 2 knife

Rowen Conry

i got new glasses today. then i went to work. i always thought my jokes were funny. now i can see the slight downturns at the corners of their smiles and i know they're faking it.

so i gotta get better at comedy. i gotta work on my jokes and stuff.

"i got in a knife fight the other day," i say at the open mic. "thing about knives these days--"

"woo!" says someone.

"thing about knives these days," i say, "is they're so technological. everything's improving-- all this technology, improving every day, even the /knives/ are high tech these days."

"yeah!" somebody says.

"so i
get in this knife fight, this guy
comes at me with a knife

and i pull out the knife i've got in my jacket pocket, but we can't even fight yet, these are high tech knives, we've gotta sync them to each other.

knife 2 knife pairing."

Badge of Honor

Joe Conry

It was a badge of honor
That the police came to our house
They asked us what was going on
We said nothing is going on
And we were small children
Anger, alcohol, violence
Was going on
But that was our business
Not for the police or a teacher
So we decided not to feel

But the feelings were planted
And the were there for many many years
Dormant, mostly
Good times become uncomfortable
Why Is that
Old feeling conspired to reach up
And try to pull you down hard

Stop
Breathe
Watch a sunset
Walk
Talk

Fuck those old ways

"wrong type of manifesting"

[dec 18 2021]

Olli Sure

on manifesting/ the incredible cosmic power of wanting
something so bad / that you that you could that you would
that you that you said that you could that you would do
anything

/ a city is a hell of a place to be from / this city is a hell / of a
place to get told by a man standing three feet from your car
/ at a gas station / that "you still turn me on" / as if this is
something you're worried about / remaining something
consumable / or remaining something worth looking at

Hone Your Craft

Mere Harrach

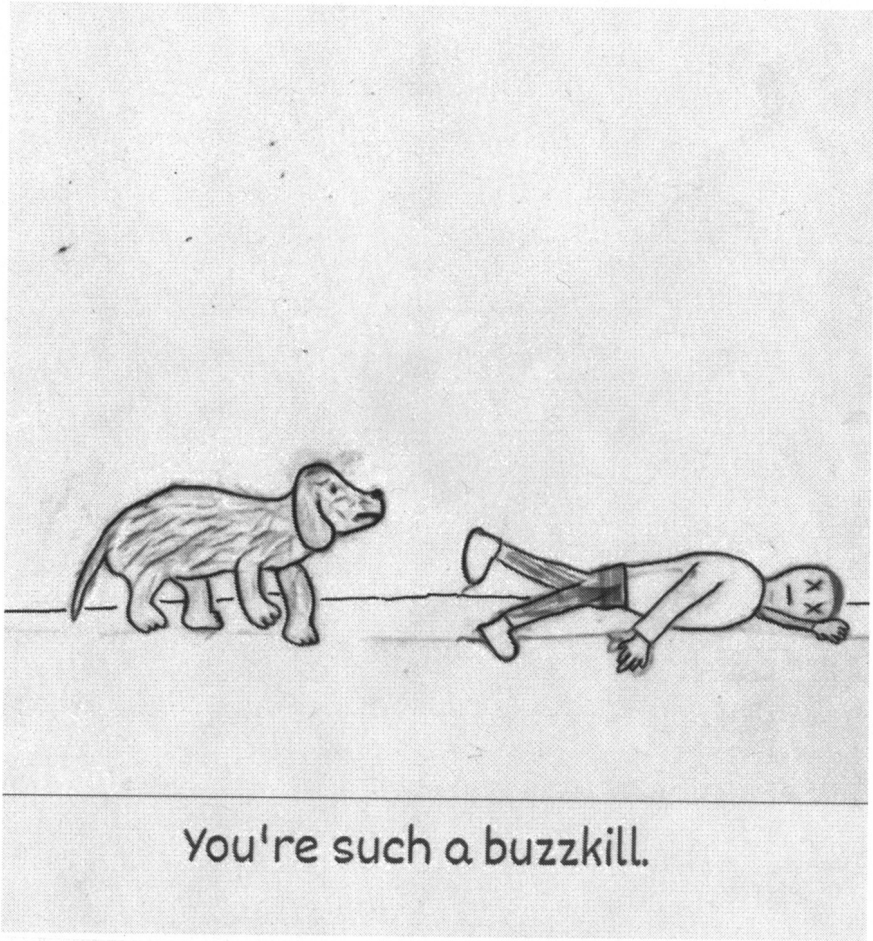
someone told me I can become a better listener
by taking interviews with open walls,
seasonably-early crickets,
and people who take long walks alone.
the point of going anywhere is to walk around a lot
and to hear and watch, but,
only with an empty and still mind
can one accomplish such phenomenal
uhhh

she hums in her sleep and he sighs
he hums in her sleep
and they hum
and this scene makes people sigh over the
impermanence of dreams.

the treasure room,
bolted shut 361 days a year,
contains the world's only sculpture of smog.

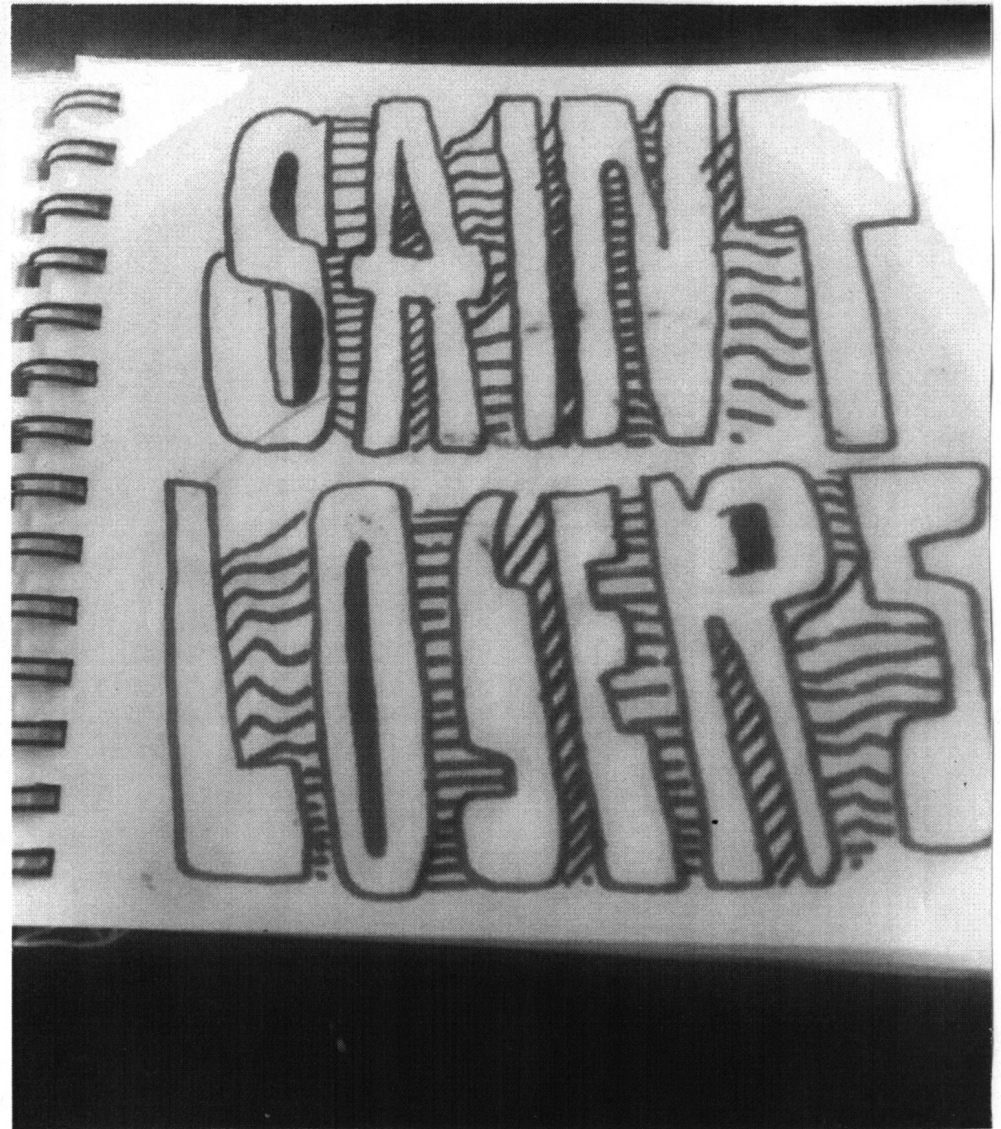
in a friend's towel, theirs and mine smell,
friend smell, damp
no one told me that grass is green here all the time

^^^on the previous page, art by
Sydney Shanahan!!!



You're such a buzzkill.

Connor Shelton



Sean Arnold



WALL DRUG
150 MILES

STURGIS

SPEARFISH

ONE TUNE

SAF
PIL
OPF

FRANKLIN W. W.