



14 Bottlebrush Trees, Kristi Snarsky

the minison zine

© all our wonderful, respective authors

Winter Teacher

Robins sit ready

Choir practices

New lesson notes

Crow teachers to

Forest students

Squirrel to deer

Footprints ink, a

Snow chalkboard

For timed tables

Trees taught how

To paint falling

Snowflakes as an

Art— white taught

Classroom drift

Amy Barnes

The Arborist

Word tongue root

Grows paper tree

I cut up haiku and

Haibun tree word

To birch breaths

Chestnuts rhyme

In my word forest

Love notes black

Heart notes fill

An icicle bottle

For my lost loves

I never taught to

Climb a word tree

Or rhyme my roots

Amy Barnes



vlock

Gregory Betts

The Holiday Special at The Lizard King's Place

Wasn't What We Thought It Was.

We heard nothing
to make us recoil.
We went in. Things
got weird. Hot oil
lava lamps, togas,
bacchic shadows
danced in chorus
lines: to-s to fro-s
of feet. Incense
scents spiraled.
Then as the sense
of weird started
to lessen, we were
poisoned. Beware

Juleigh Howard Hobson

AWAY FROM THE SUN

Some remote wood

One long weekend

Required escape

Long furry coats

The escorted one

Soothing shadow

All worries fade

All souls at ease

Fresh snow falls

Two fairies made

Our festivities

Freezing smiles

Warmth of winter

Merry Christmas

Anisha Kaul

blue kraft paper,
red ribbon on top.
its sound shaken:
certainly feral—
cat or just claws.
scratch my skins!
layers of cherry
icing waiting to
be devoured anew.
a choir in my head
awaits midnight
and its rebirths.

Aggie Lemm



Belle of the Bells by Linda Eve Diamond

Wintertime Line

Icicle branches

Frozen highways

Snowdrift vista

Frozen crystals

Figure-eight ice

Arctic sled-dogs

Carefree lights

Argyle patterns

Brushstroke tea

Squiggly steams

Old dry kindling

Fireside glance

Romantic haze to

Midnight kisses

Elizabeth Bates

and all is dark as night

Snowflakes, soft
and silent, white
purity, bitter as
death, oh cover me.

Chill my dream so
I feel no pain. You
fall upon a world
where hope fails,
and faith is lost.

Let me sacrifice
my heart's warmth
to the snow, let me
fade, eyes hoared
with tears of ice.

Sadie Maskery

The hopeful widower

he

waited

under

the

mistletoe

at

midnight

for

sweet

kisses

from

his

ghostly

missus

Sadie Maskery

Idle thoughts

Maybe

Everyone

Really

Resents

Yuletide.

Crikey,

Holly

Really

Is

Spiky.

Too

Much

Alcohol?

Sodoff.

Sadie Maskery

Mom's Christmas Cookie Exchange Day

Held a week or two
before Jesus' day,
assorted treats
displayed about,
a diorama of fine
provisions seen
at The Plaza. With
no kids or men, the
women delighted
in conversation,
obligations not
of a concern. We, at
the mall, ate junk
and bought gifts.

Christine M. Estel

presentiment

i let the fire die
even before your
ghost knocked at
the window—snowy
halos on the pane
where the latent
life lingered on,
dispersed from a
fresh death. warm
whiskey cider in
my blood, i stared,
resigned at what
i had foreseen in
infernal dreams.

Vic Nogay

Transition to Spring

Icy white season
Bleach this year
Blind the hatred
Let us start anew
Freeze the winds
That carry words
Against one love
I wait for spring
When blooms grow
Floral, hues, hope
It's inspiration
Time for rebirth
Pause to reflect
Oh we can grow too

V. Alexandra de F. Szoenyi

Winter's Summer

Br! My nose is pink
My hands blueish,
So, maybe mittens?
The air is colder,
I'm such a planner.
You held my hands
"It's never needed."
My palm is sweaty,
Your hand in mine.
Soft warmth like
A winter's summer.
Slips too far, too
Fast, out of reach,
Too slick to keep.

A.J. Hawthorny

The Food Network

The food network
hosts an all-day
extravaganza of
cookie cuttered
festivities and
I am powerless to
turn the channel
over, or look for
more meaningful
distraction for
a chill and misty
mid-winter morn
Pioneer woman is
Soothing my soul

Helen Sulis Bowie

A gay yuletide

This artificial
Rainbow, tinsel
Tree is gay as the
Day is long and is
Even camper than
A regular tree is
We couldn't love
It more if it were
Our own begotten
Son growing from
Our own seedling
To bring festive
Cheer to anybody
With an open mind

Helen Sulis Bowie

The most moon yet

Winter solstice

Our time to shine

Honour darkness

The most moon yet

Selenite dreams

Honour pagan art

Sun salutations

Move to moonrise

Under deep umbra

Everything else

Can wait, for now

The new day dawns

Cast aside doubt

Look up, look up.

Helen Sulis Bowie

you told me to grow up so i did

november irises

defy cold+do not

go gently to die. i

hear the crooked

hallelujah when

their petals are

bursting, saying

to me, the drummer

of the 4 walls can-

-not withstand us

sb<3

gimme a light, will ya?

getting drunk to
switch clothes--a
taste of cocoa on
the tongue--smoke
lingers on after
us, clinging into
warm reveries by
fire and crackle
on anew each time
we sift through a
memory. these are
the things bound
beyond time; like
wine, it ages in us

sb<3

improperly cold

try our cream cup

2 minisons by Sara Matson

A Cookie Tradition

A holiday season
of postal visits,
mailed presents
from my mom: boxes
of Pfeffernusse -
German delights
coated in sugar, I
cannot find in my
small-town store.
We chat, eat, drink,
see sugar plumes
eddy dark coffee
as the snow falls
many miles apart.

Shelly Jones

A Holiday Recipe

A holiday recipe:
Measure out glee
by crinkled eyes
o'er clothed face.
Mask depression.
Fold in patience,
loved ones lit up
pixelated, alone
but not lonely - no.
Mix in small joys
with grief, layer
until each is set.
Spoon out. Accept.
Next year will: be.

Shelly Jones

Leaving Dennys, 2am

Black ice street.

A brand new route.

Spin. Spin. Spin on.

Steer into it now.

No brake allowed.

Spin. Spin. Spin on.

Midwestern snow,
devious and pure.

Spin. Spin. Spin on.

High stakes slip
and slide winter.

Spin. Spin. Spin on.

Hit a curb. Bounce.

Start home again.

Megan Cannella



Annual Christmas Baking, Kristi Snarsky

<dec 12>

skates strapped

thick lake froze

while i slept and

mornings always

spoke in pancake

spiced and muddy

frosty rose eyes

lingering in our

 bubbled warmth's

yearly deep dive

stretching that

which can be worn

over my mouth and

winterskinssss

Sara Matson

advent reveries

Lindsey Heatherly

annual/symphony

snowstorm birds /
seeking a warmth /
to answer frigid /
bewilderment, in /
symphony of dark, /
in ante meridiem /
dormancy. to lull /
midwinter aches - /
a brittle boreal. /
bewintered soul, /
set aflame, bells /
glinting. time to /
dream, snowswept.

Grace Alice Evans