

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS THEIR

Sonnet
Collection
Series

VOLUME 1
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Sonnet Collection Series

The Minison Project

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Medium/Cirque de Mensonges II

by Grace Alice Evans

I have chosen to exist. On the cusp
Of the gateway, which stands in-between
Those who are corporeal and those unseen.
Choosing to become not the guardian. Thus –
The clerk, tasked with translating the words
Which otherwise would linger unheard – wind
Whispers tracing autumnal air, the birds
Clutching their meaning in their claws. I feigned
Ignorance of the other-world for as
Long as I could – until the burden which
Settled itself on my shoulders surpassed
The limits I allowed it to bewitch.
I walk alongside the spectres. Living
Souls' words are no longer worth believing.

The Girl in the Photograph We've All Seen
by Sabina Khan-Ibarra

she sits still as he pulls her into frame,
he contrives and curates the best background
matching the stark green of her striking eyes.
to the unskilled gaze, she's a stunning muse,
simply caught unaware, coy, curious—
just a camera target's arresting prop.
the light illuminating her jade flames
she wears a contrasting red, torn saadar
it frames her naked face. she stares at us
a nameless, irradiating moonlight.
spectators adore the art that is her
innocent. her image is widely shared.
the photographer becomes famous and
poverty ages her before her time.

Ribs

by Matthew Miller

I'm learning how I need you. Embedded
in my dark chest, trussing my house of bone
with thin fingers. If we were unwedded,
I could not breathe. You, with muscles unknown
inside your cage, trying to pull me out.

Willow branches weep and billow. I cough
and you ache. I twist my nest of doubt.
But you wake me when the alarm goes off.
Before that, you pull tight against my spine,
curl in my chest. Rise and fall, unalone.
There is space this morning beneath the pine.
Space to let go. Watch mallards fly. Be known.

Pale hands cradle my heart, supple and strong;
tabernacling my wind, flame, stone and song.

Untitled Sonnet

by Sadie Maskery

Stray recollections pull me from this place
Into a time where every thought is you.
Such empty thoughts, where now I see your face,
My mind's eye fooled by hopeless *deja vu*.

I wish I could forget what couldn't be,
This stale reworking of a pointless past.
A drama that is played out endlessly.
A tragedy eternally recast.

Take me instead tonight to dream I stand
Upon the banks of Lethe to forget.
Lay down my guilty burdens on the land
And wash away the stain of my regret.

Let her sweet waters soothe my soul awhile,
To waken with no memory of your smile.

*We'll play Symphony 40 in G Minor through the dark night
To accompany our Big Brother's Aria
by Tiffany Troy*

Our sorrow behind beaten door, the scars,
of lessons White Savior deigned to teach us
to put us in our right place, because Mars
ravished justly, our heart the scourge reaches.

Agent Orange, Yellow Rain, and Dream Gum,
self-poise shattered as we are relegated
to Good Sycophant, at day playing dumb,
muffling at night our remorse and self-hate.

BUT, Little Dog, in hurt your yarn unwound
as you disabused Uncle-Sam-Savior
of our Wan Face in this racialized wound,
pantomiming love to our Dream-Slayers.

Still, knowing a duet means an onslaught,
We'll play Mozart till dawn, lest you be caught.



On the Grasshopper and Cricket: Inspired by John Keats, Kristina Saccone

On the Grasshopper and Cricket
by John Keats (1884)

The Poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Crux

i.m DJ, the first poet in my life
by Katie Jenkins

It was a Sunday in The Deacon's Alms.
A hush had fallen. My father announced:
Jesus is Lord and sin shall be renounced!
and pressed a small white cross into my palm.

I shall no more take the Lord's name in vain,
he said, *nor will I sin, swear or gamble.*
This little crucifix is the symbol,
and the pub's loss will be the Church's gain!

You know what that is? he asked me, smiling.
He paused, took a long slug of his lager.
It's a grout spacer, for doing tiling.

He threw back his head and howled with laughter.
I had to admire his comic timing.
I still have that cross, but not my father.

Note: The Deacon's Alms is a pub in Salisbury, England.

Sonnet #1

by Mark Gilbert

How do I write thee, classically or not?
To make it rhyme or let it wander free?
To struggle over each and every note
or sing a song from my trajectory?

To let it mime the lives of poets grand
and work within the rules of formal verse?
Or lead it on a modernish meander
and pander to the crimes of txt or worse?

For all this talk of iambs and trochees
I want to write a poem that cuts through
the tendency there is in modern works
to sublimate the message to the words.

But I am sure I'll never find the key.
Perhaps I'll stick to capturing haiku.

XXV

by Deryck Robertson

'Tis desirable, in moments fleeting,
To commit frail words, in ephemeral
Ways, to paper and transient postings
To be lost to time immemorial.

Month follows month and years come after years;
One cannot stem the flow of passing time
That catches us in swirling joys or tears,
Until the final call of dark night's chime.

Fortune has been mine; the former rather
Than the latter has been far exceeded
In this quarter century ride with her.
Time passes apace; though for more I plead.

Her gift of love remains my heart's desire;
From Earth's short tour, to beyond Heaven's choir.

What the Merchant Carried
by Luke Bateman

A world shambles across the desert floor.
Unlikely assembly of life and death,
Pelts and spice thrown camel-back and secured,
Led by a trader and his weary breath.

Through marketplaces and silk roads wander,
Trader leads his haul of goods to disperse
Yet shift from your human gaze and ponder
How camel-back lies a whole universe.

Beyond goods or thoughts, these caravans rife,
In new species brought far and travelled well.
In fur flourishes microbial life,
Be it live or dead, to carry or sell.

And the seeds of great ruin: plague and strife
In weary breath, unseen and biding, dwell.

WINTER MAGIC

by Phil Capitano

Winter bites at the heels of November,
A stronger lead up I can't remember.
Snow is piling up in centimetres,
Wind speaks in iambic pentameter.

A tiara trees triumphantly wear,
Starlings by the flock do come here to stare.
The North is full of impractical weather,
With the Solstice comes new snowy feathers.

Darkness brings a calm and being alone
I slip on December, chilled to the bone,
Embrace the magic in curtains of light.
In that quiet moment of second sight,

'Neath Aldebaran and the silver Moon
I bow to the spirits, feel my heart swoon.

Fire

by *NL Cook*

"Like amnesiacs/ in a ward on fire, we must/ find words/ or burn." – Olga Broumas

I'm having a nightmare. A common dream.
A fire is raging in the house. I can't
detect the source but rush to find our child,
who should be sleeping in her crib. But where
is it, the baby's room? My tongue is tied
when I call 9-1-1. The smoke confounds
my sight and shrill alarms rain chaos down.
I strain to listen for the baby.

Then:

I wake. I tell myself it's just a dream.
Beside me, Aaron sleeps. I feel his heat,
reach out to him for comfort. Hesitate.
We quarreled earlier. His censure burned,
threats frightened me to silence. Now
I hear
the baby calling with her wordless cries.



At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow: Inspired by John Donne, Ruth Callaghan do Valle

*Holy Sonnet VII: At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
by John Donne (1609)*

At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go;
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
When we are there; here on this lowly ground
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

THEY DO NOT SEE YOUR SHOES

by Hibah Shabkhez

The butterfly yearns to write a guide book
For caterpillars who scorn her story;
The deer whispers his death-dreams to the brook
That sings back of a hunter's creeping glee

In unheeded gurglings. The spider weaves
Her webs on the autumn-brittled branches,
Vowing with her craft to keep the gilt leaves
Alive to catch the dew. The sun stanches

The wounds of the greying lemon-tree. They
Do not see your shoes, do not hear rubber
Creaking in the mud on this last foray;
But if they did, would they send crows over

To caw and croak, waiting for life to go
Out, as they do for the deer? Would they know?

These Woods are Mine

by Cindy Hill

These woods are mine. I know the trail. I trace
the line of every snail that leaves a shine
along the cracked rock eaves over the race
of water cold and black beneath the pine.

I wait. I see the sunlight on the ferns,
the dappled flight of mayflies flit on morning
mist that glides above the stream and turns
between, like dreams that vanish, wakening.

My house is here. It does not need a gate
to lead the moose to moss, nor sign for deer
to find green growing shoots when spring comes late
and winter fails to loose its vines of fear.

I sleep. The crows return from where they've flown.
I lay my bones among the roots and stone.

Cerulean Grace

by Shawn Chang

With you I heed how vesper finds and frames
Azure cascades of silken waters with
Cerulean grace; how each sublime tide claims
The world of stone, from cairn to monolith.
With you I hear pellucid, prim motifs,
And minuets here born of moonlit mist,
A-swell in cadence 'cross the coral reefs—
Their glint obsidian, their smooth, shimm'ring schist—
To niche of Iris flow. By astral glow,
In bliss celestial, you reach o'er, you hold
In yours my hand; infinity—I know,
I feel—defines this moment. Fold. Refold.
Pristine, these times I tuck away so, when
We part, I've something to hold onto: Then.

