

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS THEIR

Sonnet
Collection
Series

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Sonnet Collection Series

The Minison Project

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Spring Cleaning

John Reed

For spring cleaning, you should come over here,
and after we're done I'll go over there,
and after that we'll head to the city,
and then take the highway to the suburbs,
and then find the dirt road to the country,
and then helicopter to the Poles,
and we'll toss the old file cards and cheap beer,
and clean out the desk and the Frigidaire,
and push trash bags of stuff out the window,
and fill the dumps with hard drives and CDs,
and gather papers and passports to burn,
and sand out carvings on the trunks of trees,
and stuff all the bodies into barrels,
and roll them into quarries, and off piers.

A Fly Falls

Ashy Blacksheep

He was born the other day, but to him
that was long ago. Since then, he's seen much
and dodged many a fatal downward touch
to live long enough to be here, trapped in
a lady's study lit with soft lamplight
and many shelves on which not to be shoed.
Though now his wings are weary, he is soothed
by the steady scrawl of her pen. She writes.
He flies closer in bursts being careful
his lethargic buzzing doesn't disturb.
He doesn't want to interrupt her words
but she hears him, pen down, looks up thoughtful.
She sets out a water drop and sugar.
That night, he'll eat and die having loved her.

tourist in my hometown

Priyanuj

wish you were beer appears empty tonight
despite the commotion. "wish you were here."
the clock strikes five, setting off my alarm.
gosh, it's morning time. i am, with no pride,
outsider personified. my best night
is visiting your town, breaking my arm
trying to bowl you over with my charm.
i am apathetic to my own plight.

suddenly, sam shakes me, calls closing time.
he snaps, you vanish. he says bewildered,
"look around, you're all alone." i drown
in pain, overpowering yet sublime -
manifestation of life, an absurd.
now, i am a tourist in my hometown.

Into the Night

Ryan P. Tunison

I've given up my ghost, the soul inside.
I am an empty vessel, ripe for this
Dark of the moon delight, which turns the tide,
And drowns my mind before the frothy kiss
Hits my toes. It's cold, for now I fear
Nothing, but everything which I've endured.
What broke the bone does spirit strip and sear:
To trenches of no sky above I'm lured,
Where sea is not enough to cool this burning.
Love without touch, reward from charms unearned:
Am I the man, with passion from him turning,
To dwell in memory and old ways learned?
 My beauty fades, distant does wane the shine.
 These verses shun what once fed the next line.

Becoming Paper

Peter Lilly

Sometimes I feel I'm becoming paper
Squeezing myself into the pre-written.
My paragraph days are nonsensical
Like strings of beach-junk pearls: recycled
Discards; mismatched beauty; value stricken.
I feel my pages dampen in the vapour
Of where I have been left to wither, like
Would-be-dictators in institutions.
The pages you wanted photocopied?
Crease those moments upon themselves. I'll strike
A match and let fire be my ablution,
For it is the truth, in heat, embodied.
You can keep your paper, recounting my death.
I'll write my own eulogy, but with breath.

Vacation

Thomas Zimmerman

So, it's lasagna and *King Lear* tonight,
my wife retiring early with a book
on positive psychology, the light
of reason and right attitude the hook
lodged in her jaw. My metaphor yields death
and life, extinction and prosperity,
with fish and water—symbols—giving breath,
I think, to richer thoughts. Austerity
abides. To hell with it for now! I'm on
vacation. No more essays left to grade,
I nudge my mind to deeply dive, to spawn
in darkest depths, to breach with gifts inlaid
with opulence that sparkles under sun
and stars, that glitters as the currents run.

The Sapphic Siege

Porter Jenkins

When Dionysus comes for me, will you
Reproduce the love we faked that night
Your ex laid siege on your apartment like
Achilles at the Trojan gates? Will you
Survive me if the satyrs sever real
From right, while we repel inebriated
Penetrations into our unconsummated
Married life? And when the God of evil
Rites watches while my body's dragged,
Dirtied and unseen, lust replacing love while he
Awaits the finish of the sacrilegious
Deed, Agave's bloodied act, my lip-smacked
head removed from torsoed self, will we
dissolve in votive praise to just Bacchus?

empty nest

ashlin cross

she sang a note above the other birds
of flight, the power that her wings possessed,
but just before this fledgling had matured,
a gust of wind had swept her from the nest,
and walking by, a man had heard the sound
of something hit the ground beside his feet.
he looked in dread at the body, and found
that the little black bird's heart did still beat.
he looked up at the branch above his head,
a mother raven, with no time to mourn,
she worked to keep the other fledglings fed,
and now the man knew that his heart was torn.
 insects would eat her by the morning dew,
 so gently he crushed her under his shoe.

Sonnet De La Mort

T.K. Edmond

When I am gone there will be no mention
of a graveyard. One's only useful act
just may be dying. Earth earned its pension
on me and demands this body intact.

I don't require a casket, six feet,
or simulacrous goo. Don't paint my face
a shade no one has ever been. Don't cheat
Earth of my matter. Please, no headstone-trace.

Drop me from up high and let me land deep
into a forest like a ripe acorn
from Grandad's tree. It's okay if you weep
& paint my memory with devil horns.

Life's only true unconditional love
comes with your guts pecked out by hungry doves.

LIFE IN EUROPA

James Ph. Kotsybar

*If life is found twice
within our solar system,
life's likely the rule.
-- Bard Of Mars, 2014*

By Jove, with oceans of water beneath
the veined and brittle mantle made of ice
enveloping Europa like a sheathe,
we'll likely find life in our system twice.

Though temperatures may be shivering,
an ocean is a confectionary,
dissolving nutrients, delivering
the raw materials necessary
to form amino-acid building blocks,
which are the basis of the life we know --
without sunlight, a bit unorthodox,
yet found undersea, where thermal vents flow.

Through gravity, Jove provides friction's heat --
just warmth enough for life to be replete.

worlds on fire

ashlin cross

i light my candles in the evening.
to share the room with the flickering wick,
quiet enough to hear the flame breathing,
to feel the melted wax, dripping and thick
against the pillar. i find warmth in hell,
in fire, hot enough to melt solid stone,
in knowing we all have a soul to sell,
hearing all of their screams, hearing my own.
in the company of others i thrive,
how we will all suffer at death's cruel hand
and how we're all both alone and alive,
how readily at the stake we will stand.

dwindle me to ash, pain can't be unlearned.

but worlds on fire, won't know they're being burned.

Can I Tempt You?

Joan García Viltró

Can I persuade you to do the wrong thing
for an instant of random fun, to do
away with this mostly stupid longing
you might feel – and I do? Can I tempt you?
Or am I wrong, sadly wrong, and burning
my vessels on the shores of a barren
island? Will you, if tempted, uncaring
and light-hearted give in to my brazen
sweet-talking you and look away while I
corrode my foundations of life and soul?
That they were laid on sandy ground, why,
you know. So, how game are you? Can I tempt you?
Let the coin flip, say yes before it sets,
and I'll take all the hurt without regrets.

THE ONE I LOVE

Templeton Moss

The one I love is nothing like a duck.
She has not feathers nor a pair of wings.
She looketh not for insects in the muck,
And cannot quack. Alas! She only sings!
Nor is she any measure like the pigs
Who walloweth in mud within their sties.
For truffles in the earth she never digs,
And has no snout; just two, bright, shining eyes.
For shame! I further must confess that she
Has almost naught in common with a fish.
Nay! Swims she not in cold and soggy sea,
But is as soft and warm as one could wish.
Yet still my heart belongs to her, because
When you're in love you see past minor flaws.

Confession IV

Ryan P. Tunison

There is a soul that loves me as her own,
And I her spirit do likewise adore.
There's thought, and care entwined, and beauty prone
Where hope intends to bear the fruit of more.
Yet heart, eager upon, a stir does rouse:
Parts of me pry at parts of her, undressing
Those sentry smarts which guard the ghostly house.
She looks on stranger, shadow of a blessing
One mark behind the reach of Heaven's shine.
I've found myself an image of the world,
Though deeper glance shows streets where rubies line,
And myriads in back of eyes unfurled
 Open those gates which deeds have long kept closed,
 Showing my earth and sky not quite opposed.

