

THE MINISON PROJECT
PRESENTS THEIR

Sonnet
Collection
Series

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Sonnet Collection Series

The Minison Project

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ad inferos

Charlie D'Aniello

after Paradise Lost

Upon the ruined earth I lay and weep —
an angel fallen, stripped of love and flight —
drowned in burning lakes and oceans deep
by crownèd brow, by hand of holy might.
Tainted I lay, torn flesh where wings once bloomed,
a fated cherub reaping what he sought;
In blood and ash this disobedience loomed
though diligent with tooth and nail I fought.
And yet I feel the blaze of sinful fire
incite the wicked apple of my eye
with visions of an obdurate desire
to fall, to crawl — to wander free, or die.
In falling forfeit I the line I crossed
for what but time and time again be lost?

Hanami (Viewing cherry blossom)

Tamiko Dooley

If I'd known that was the last time we'd meet –
Turning back, I saw you on the viewing
Platform, your palm pressed flat against the glass
Lines tracing the paths your life had taken

Narita was humming with travellers
For *hanami* and karaoke songs
Had I known that was the very last time –
I wouldn't have boarded the aeroplane

Your wrinkled face was smiling peacefully
Perhaps you knew and chose to let me go
You didn't say the petals would soon fall
That the branches would be bare in the sky

Sakura: the brevity of being,
A moment in time, captured forever.

Grow Me A Garden

L.M. Cole

Grow me— a garden of good intentions
and mind the weeds don't outnumber the blooms.
Void the wellspring of great apprehensions
and avoid the thorns when absence looms.

I have long been invariably open:
the peach, once bitten, pitless and exposed.
Am I then planted? The soil split open,
the pip and the pit in sun juxtaposed.

Grow me like roots reaching dark dwelling deep
Spread wildflower seeds near these stems and shoots
and when you turn to leave, pour rain to seep
in the loam, the clay for my fresh pursuit.

Grant me peace, gift me the soft song, pardon.
Grasp me the breeze, oh— grow me a garden.

Ars Somatica-Poëtica

Peter Taylor

The other night, my body gave a twitch,
my busy mind slowed down, I found content
in deep, delicious emptiness—through which
from time to time a dreamscape came and went.
Come morning, I (a good night's sleep, at ease)
forgot to thank the gods for such a gift.
Tonight, such foolishness comes back to tease
my occiput with pain: The graveyard shift
of ancient sins, of some forgotten quest,
demands recourse, long overdue, and deep.
The body tries but trying cannot rest;
the pulsing ache keeps contradicting sleep.
Best not to argue. Light a lamp and drain
the fever. Wrest a poem from the pain.

Sunlight #1

M.E.G.

Sunlight giggles through your sky-like window
As I yawn and murmur against your spine.
It laughs moments of red and indigo
Reflected from your skin to mind and rhyme.
The sound of sunlight makes your own stars squint.
Icy blue neutrons trapped by attraction.
Sunlight tickles patterns like fingerprints
Singing the while the sleepy refractions.
The sunlight smirks slightly at your blushing.
Like a facial solar flare erupting.
It keeps on humming despite your shushing.
A beautiful violet interruption.
I will wake every day to your sunlight
And shine you safely home for the moonlight.

Challah Wreaths

Joan Mazza

I made this dough with eggs and sugar,
three risings for a fine grained bread.
After each rise, I kneaded the dough by hand,
my skin cells left in its gluten strands,
divided and rolled into twelve lengths
to braid to make these wreaths. Brushed
with egg and topped with red and green
sprinkles for this season for a festive look
containing history—labor of Italian hands
with craft, the Christian celebration
of a pagan holiday, influence of my Jewish
friends from college and a Brooklyn street.
Eat and taste my one long and lucky life,
full of love, woven stories, buttered, sweet.



Window Washer

Will Cordeiro

High up a building on a flimsy scaffold,
a smudge of some small man remains suspended.
The platform's stable though its cables bend
against reflections in which cloudbanks scroll.
He cleans the windows with a squeegeed pole
now heedless of how far he has ascended,
absorbed within his labor. Touched by wind.
When on the plate glass, he writes fables, gold
sunbeams wash its fading skin of errors;
evaporate each iffy blemish. Polished
streaks dissolve—the scraped blank edges merge
with sky's blue clarities across a mirrored
space, erasing every wall, unsolid,
as if the man were only light's mirage.

O Sweet Child, When Titania Speaks Thy Name
Katherine Quevedo

O sweet child, when Titania speaks thy name
and bids thee call her “Mother,” dost thou hold
thy tongue? Or hast thou grown so charmed and tame
that thou obey’st the fairy queen? I’m told
thou wear’st a floral crown. I’m told thou cling’st
to shrewd Titania’s moonlight robe. She lied
about why she purloined thee from a king.
She knows firsthand just how thy mother died.
O changeling, snatched from distant human throne,
thy rightful home, to splendrous fairy court,
how couldst thou let her claim thee for her own
and Oberon exploit thee for his sport!

Thou will, in time, become a gracious host
to me, thy true—and constant—mother’s ghost.

Kintsugi Master Pieces

Katherine Quevedo

The broken bowl returns to rightful place,
its many cracks filled in with golden dust
and lacquer through kintsugi. Shattered vase
has mended into lightning-gleaming crust
more lovely than before. It's funny how
the shards begat a form of ornament
improving on the bowl, each fissure now
a joinery of gold, more permanent.
The lacquer, once applied, required time
to fully cure, regardless of how thin
each fracture. Now begins the vessel's prime
as art reborn in braced ceramic skin.

So, flaunt the beauty of your scars in gold,
most precious mettle: broken, mended, bold.

SONNET 611

William Hudson

***After Shakespeare's
Sonnet 116***

My marriage was full of impediments,
each day a new alteration was found
until it came to be quite evident
the remover bent so as to unbound:
and so undo the ever-fixed mark
shaken by daily tempests evil force.
Our once bright star now at its lowest arc
past lofty height cut low by times sad course.
Now Time's fool, once rosy lips and cheeks
forever fixed as at the sickle's slice,
a fading sight in future hours and weeks,
bygone warm feelings now all turned to ice.
Our error at joining now sadly proved
Lost Love's fools, adrift, alone and unloved.

Stay Weird

Thomas Zimmerman

A string quartet is humming through my ear-buds: Glass's #4. I've played the 1, the 2, the 3, their beauty tinged with fear, sublime sound-mountains that can touch the sun, reminding me that human striving staves off entropy. Stay weird, we tell ourselves: embrace but bend our cage. When Dylan raves against the gentle and the light, twin elves that cleave my mind reveal that I've misquoted him. This morning in the woods, a fox stopped in my path, between the roots and rocks: I swear it read my darkness. "Dully noted," cawed a crow perched high above us. Wing-thuds. Then a finch, unseen, began to sing.

Sonnet of the Two Princes in the Tower
Jessica Peter

We haunt these lonely halls of endless night,
Our shadows whisp'ring on a bitter breeze;
Forget not us, and our deaths owed to spite,
For human nature ravaged our hearts' ease.
When at the mercy of ambition's blade,
We innocents were forced to pay the price,
Our hopefulness and honesty betrayed,
Two children as a wicked sacrifice.
When thirst for power overtakes sad men,
There is no space for safety nor for trust,
We watch as hist'ry happens once again,
So heed our warning though we be but dust.
When you and your ambition are laid bare,
Remember us, small corpses 'neath a stair.

Another Ancient Gesture

Diane G. Martin

for Anna

“These our actors, as I foretold you, were all
spirits, and are melted into air, into thin air.”

The Tempest, William Shakespeare

Let us return to cuneiform, inscribe
our myths and exploits on clay tablets. Fire
will but solidify the odes, not bribe
destruction. Paper taunts to disappear,

begs burning—Celsius 233.
Cloud memories evaporate when dew
point is exceeded, or disperse esprit
below point saturation. To rued blue.

Perhaps we let cathedrals flame, intent
transparent? Maybe immolation lights
the way today—enjoy the show’s descent
to hell. High time to let go of good fights.

Why learn a candle sighs your name before
one Botticelli’s tomb...into thin air?

NEIGHBORHOOD

Mark J. Mitchell

A ladder propped against the ancient sign,
for fresh neon, a new name. Partners bet
on vaccine. Sunday. Diners parked and boxed
against disease. The block's rich with vacant
storefronts. People pull down masks while they time
small bites. The ordinary's almost reset.
This old restaurant's given shiny new locks
before tables or staff. Elegance
is coming. But old timers remember
the Asia Café, now forty years gone,
with ancient waiters and side bets. They hear
old names in footsteps—Gloria. Max. Leon.
Those corner store magazines. A place where
you gathered while clothes dried, while days spun on.

