THE MINISON PROJECT PRESENTS

the minison zine

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SOUP
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The Minison Project
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Equinox Ham Soup

Alison Bainbridge

Mabon is the soup season: warmth in mugs and bowls as winter grows near. Broth as the days grow shorter, as nights lengthen. Salted ham, pearl barley, carrots, an onion, lentils – to drink is to taste the autumn: earth and fire. The best savoury comfort.
El Caldo de Pollo
Ren Koppel Torres

I’m home from work,
y casi congelado,
but when I see her
I feel warm again:
Nana all bundled,
stands tending a
garden of flavor
sobre a hot stove,
y bad day becomes
an humo of aromas.
What a wonderful
life donde puedo
darle unos besos,
slurp her caldos.
Rabbits Photoset by Irina Novikova
A Love of Food
Leigh Ferrier

Gazpacho
Tomatoes, basil,
garlic, peppers,
onion, olive oil,
cucumbers,
and a splash
of wine vinegar.

Snap Peas
Snap peas fresh
off the vine are
the perfect snack—
crunchy, sweet,
Spring-tasting.

Farmer’s Market
I smile when
I see fresh produce,
because this year,
the voles ate mine.

Garlic
A remedy for colds—
spicy and powerful—
nature’s cure.
I chop finely and
swallow.

Butternut Squash Soup
Butternut squash,
onion, carrot,
sweet potato, and
coconut milk. Cook
until soft, and blend.
Rabbits Photoset by Irina Novikova
*oops*

*Jocelyn Luizzi*

glowing red
to show it's hot
stretched fingers reaching out
tyey long to burn
Visitor

Yana Kane

Sometimes, at night, I’m visited by a ghost.
She is myself, but from a past existence.
I don’t feel frightened — after all, she’s me.
I watch her move and hover in the distance.

I think she’s curious about my present life.
Drawing close to the shelves, she pauses, looks
at pictures of new friends and those she knew,
at souvenirs of travels, at my books.

I watch her slowly turn. Her gaze meets mine.
I search her features. There is not a trace
of anger, accusation, or contempt
upon her face — my own, younger, face.

I almost can believe that she forgave
this life that I have built above her grave.
Seasoned with Memories
Shelly Jones

When frost carved its way across the tiny single window of my great grandmother’s basement kitchen, we gathered on Saturdays for beef and barley soup. The older women drank dark coffee, while I sipped ginger ale from a chipped green cup, its broken groove comforting on my lip. I can’t recall the bowls we used, only the plastic saucer plates that held slices of seeded rye bread with dabs of butter. These makeshift dishes she’d wash by hand, stacking them in the dishrack like fine China alongside sporks, tan and white mugs with a floral pattern and my green cup.

As the morning passed, steam would hiss along the frozen pane, whining like my stomach, waiting for the food. “We have to wait for it to come together. Wir müssen die Suppe würzen. Mit Zeit,” she’d say, stirring the broth simmering in the dented metal pot, the one she brought to this country.

Her German wafted through the kitchen, curled up on the olive green stovetop like her crocheted potholders, hid in the refrigerator door where Limburger cheese moldered, its smell spoiling the plain Brot und Butter meant for me, before finally settling in the soup, seasoning it like the bay leaves I would find by accident, lodged in my mouth. I would peel them from my tongue and examine them in the dim light of the kitchen, learning their elliptic edges, savoring their flavor.

“Schmeckt gut,” I’d say, testing out the new words, unfamiliar yet comforting. Snow eddied as she stood at the sink, washing the plasticware all over again. Until the next Saturday visit.

I hoped it would snow; I hoped there would be more soup.
Fox, by Irina Novikova
If You're Reading This, It's Too Late. I Already Made Fourteen Lines About Menudo
Christiane Williams-Vigil

This is a love poem to Menudo.
Sunday mornings were made to consume you.
Poured gracefully into blue-green Talavera bowls, topped with sacred oregano.
My mouth waters for you as whisps of steam rise to caress my face.
No spoon is good enough to dip into the seas of your ancient broth.
Pozoles saturated by dark red chiles fill up these brown adoring eyes.
Orbs of oil bubble to your surface, disrupting my face’s reflection.
If tears fall into you, it is only because you stir endless joy.
These tiny bowls next to you, cebolla, raddish, and lime, serve to highlight your flavors,
but you don’t need them to be loved.
I consume all of you, using bolillo bread to soak up your last drops.
One serving of you will never be enough to satisfy my craving.
Please extinguish this pitiful longing I feel between your visits.
Menudo, you ignite my soul on fire.
Rabbits Photoset by Irina Novikova
Broccolini Soup

Frederick Charles Melancon

Step 1
Yell throats sore about something that can’t even be fully recalled the next day.

Step 2
From the computer screen, search for the recipe that will cook this all out.

Step 3
The other: “Who eats that?” and ignore because now it’s as good as made.

Step 4
When the grocery cart won’t stop its clicking, cry alone on the onion aisle.

Step 5
Check the bags when the ingredients only take up a portion of the counter.

Step 6
With the right lid in hand, bang pots together searching for that matching one.

Step 7
Take the immersion blender out the box and pretend to dissolve all the mess.

Step 8
Mimicking the order of the world, arrange measured and chopped ingredients in a row.

Step 9
Make a mess anyway as each item splatters across the stove when poured in.

Step 10
For each serving bowl, inhale the steam that carries the hints of sauteed onions.

Step 11
Take a bite and don’t swallow, wanting to spit it back out—but pride.

Step 12
Don’t look and dread another fight until a spoon clinks against an empty bowl.

Step 13
Pick up the dishes and wonder why everything falls on you in this house.

Step 14
Yell about the dishes, yearning to once again feel the steam against your face.
maryland crab

i wiled away last
winter coveting
sharing warmth,
palettes of grey

enveloping each
dream, meal, and
and day. how free
i’d feel if once,

on a lunch break,
you and i made two
bowls full of red
gold—fresh crab

and tomato soup,
old bay and steam.