

ISSUE 20 | JANUARY

THE MINISON PROJECT  
PRESENTS

the  
minison  
zine

HEARTH  
AND  
HOME





# the minison zine

The Minison Project

© all our wonderful, respective contributors

---

**issue 20 contributors:**

*For Now*, Thomas Zimmerman ..... 5  
*Girl and Coffee*, Irina Tall [ART] ..... 6  
*Fire Lit*, Alisa Lindfield-Pratt ..... 7  
*Cloud Music*, Thomas Zimmerman ..... 8  
*Bird Watercolor*, Irina Tall [ART] ..... 9  
*In Praise of Free Verse: A Dizain*, Carolyn Martin ..... 10  
*They Say*, Yoda Olinyk ..... 11  
*A Sonnet for My Feral Cat*, Carolyn Martin ..... 12  
*three houses in nine months, yet you loved the sun in all of them*, Laurie Byrd [ART] ..... 13  
*The Wood Stove*, Jean Janicke ..... 14  
*Homemade Raisin*, Ash Jones [ART] ..... 15  
*Home*, Alisa Lindfield-Pratt ..... 16

---



*For Now*

Thomas Zimmerman

Another Sunday night with beer and Trey,  
our greyhound. Ann's on Zoom with friends, the pot  
is thumping with its pasta near al dente,  
football's on TV. A fleeting thought,  
an image comes: *The vibrant yellows, reds,  
and stubborn greens of trees today, bright sun,  
cool breeze, my hoodie zipped, my morning meds  
(two cups of coffee) kicking in, I'm done  
with anger and depression, moving past  
and well above my baseline suffering.  
Euphoria: yes yes, it doesn't last,  
but in the woods it swallows me.... I'm king  
of space and time: my freed, daydreaming mind  
ascends. The universe, for now, is kind.*





*Fire Lit*

*Alisa Lindfield-Pratt*

She is home at last

Firelight illuminates

Her pain and beauty

Undressing to our corsets

We kiss before the fire

*Cloud Music*

*Thomas Zimmerman*

Tempt fate again: unwrap the shadow-bands  
that bind your high desires, and let your soul  
ascend to music in the clouds, to lands  
transparent to the monied eye but whole  
and wholesome to the searcher seeking light.  
Inspired minds know moaning cellos tell  
the groans of Mother Earth, the season's bite  
that wounds then heals, the water's ebb and swell.  
Both bitter and naive, the violin:  
a door hinge squealing, boy-cry, thunder, rain,  
downed power lines. A shaken house. And thin  
the line between fatigue and breakdown's pain.  
The god I pray to told me that she dreams  
she's better dead. But still the star-field gleams.



*In Praise of Free Verse: A Dizain*  
Carolyn Martin

There scrawled across receipts and banking slips  
we tease about the view a skiff-less quay  
the sliding light two randy cats in sips  
of night muttering fires startle me  
Like paintings in eclectic galleries  
they call for random pace unrhythmic light  
and unrelenting praise from those who vie  
for free verse to be bold tenacious strange  
like embers' upward flight And if they slide  
into a form they'll shout *now rearrange.*

## *They Say*

*Yoda Olinyk*

if you love someone, you should tell them so.  
But they don't tell you what to do if *love*  
makes you feel as if you are on fire.  
Look. I love you. And. I cannot tell you.  
And. If an asteroid was on its way  
to earth, I would run straight to your door and  
I'd tell you how sorry I am for not  
telling you sooner and that I have known  
for months. (Possibly years.) (Maybe lifetimes.)  
And. Would you even believe me after  
I've kept such a thing from you? Afterall,  
what kind of person swallows the word *love*  
like that? What kind of person waits until  
the end of the world to say it? Say it.

*A Sonnet for My Feral Cat*  
*Carolyn Martin*

Evening. Darkness begins its crawling climb  
through Douglas firs and icy winds decline  
to thaw the frigid day. I list my warnings:  
stay clear of cars, coyotes, people-walking  
dogs, and skunks frantic from the cruel freeze.  
In fact, stay home tonight. Find shelter, please,  
in the backyard or in the bed we made  
and hid beneath the tented tarp. Behave  
respectfully when squirrels arrive at dawn.  
They're welcome, too. Avoid the stiffened lawn  
where they'll excavate peanuts for their kits.  
As expected, I'll re-appear at six  
with your bowl of 9Lives chicken paté  
and the new rules for staying safe today.



*The Wood Stove*

*Jean Janicke*

Cat's eyes embers  
watch from a wood  
stove, whistle up  
the chimney pipe  
to holly holding  
the first frosts  
in thorny fingers.  
Try to stay awake  
as the cabin nods,  
casts spells old  
as a cradle notch  
in the rocker, old  
as chestnut logs,  
stoic like smoke.





*Home*

*Alisa Lindfield-Pratt*

In mountain hometown

A winter chill in the air

Home for the weekend

By a crackling wood fire

We laugh, eat and reminisce







