

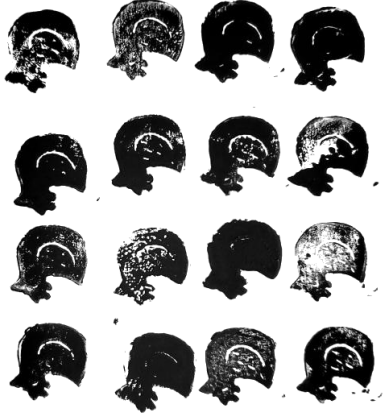
If chickens think it's chicken  
hypnotism then it's chicken  
hypnotism. Stop to listen to the  
chicken, then the exo-chicken,  
then the exo-exo-chicken. Per the  
chickens' wishes would I wish I  
were a chicken too.

Let My Chickens Go

Heikki Huotari

Rook  
fortwas.com  
ink & linocut

Get Your Chicks in a Row



My hand traced back across trodden  
straw in the coop built during the  
longest rain August had ever seen.  
Cleared of snakes and other vermin,  
the soft-shelled egg still made me  
scream.

Squishy egg

Allison Lee Riechman-Bennett  
allisonleeriechman-bennett.org

Mona Mehas  
@Patience77743297 on Twitter

I Quit Beef and Pork in '95

I quit beef and pork in '95  
But my voracious appetite for wings  
survived  
All fish and fowl I then allowed  
By reading, I learned my choice wasn't  
sound.  
1998, the year I came clean after  
Thanksgiving, charcoal barbecued  
wings.



Buff Orpington Doodle

soldardashpraxus  
Digital

Editors' Notes  
alliyah: Welcome to our hatchling-  
sized COOP! We loved how contribu-  
tors rose to the challenge to fill these  
pages with smaller, shorter works that  
still pack a punch. Enjoy and share  
this special edition!

Rook: We're so excited to bring you  
the first special edition of COOP! We  
thought a mini zine that you could  
print on one sheet fit well with our  
DIY aesthetic (can we coin the term  
"chicken punk"? We got some incred-  
ible submissions that fit the minizine  
perfectly. Thanks for reading!

and that's enough!

the thing is,  
only the people care if you are a hen  
or a rooster  
the other chickens look at you  
and they see you are good at being a  
chicken  
you can scratch, crow, sit on an egg,  
pick an  
insect off a leaf

Studies of a Gynandromorph Chicken

Patrick Kuklinski  
@todaybird on Tumblr

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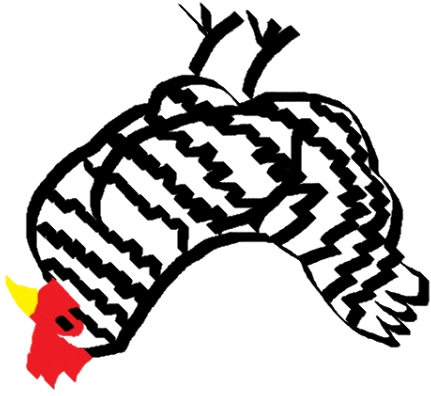
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Questions? Contact coopzine@gmail.com  
or visit coopzine.wordpress.com

When finished, please pass on or recycle!

Cover art: "Gynandromorph"  
by Mellifex Farm

@mellifexfarm on Twitter  
Ink & Linocut



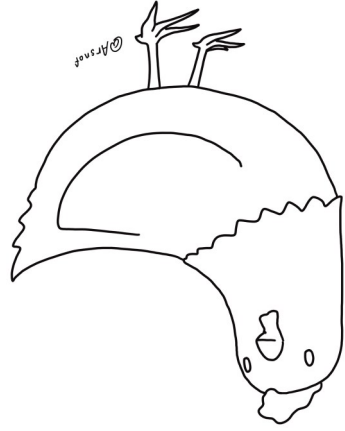
Sharon Dippity  
Digital

The Chicken

Power of the Flock

Trevor Yurek  
@trev\_yurek on Instagram & Twitter

In the village plaza resides your wandering flock  
Two dozen talons clatter against stone  
Does your neck ache, jutting forward with each strut?  
Your plume coated body bakes as you carry the heavy high-noon sun  
These weekend jaunts serve as vital preparation  
For if any boy in a green tunic slashes his sword at you,  
He will have to deal with the whole flock



Arsnof  
@Arsnof on Tumblr & Instagram  
Digital

Chicken

Goose

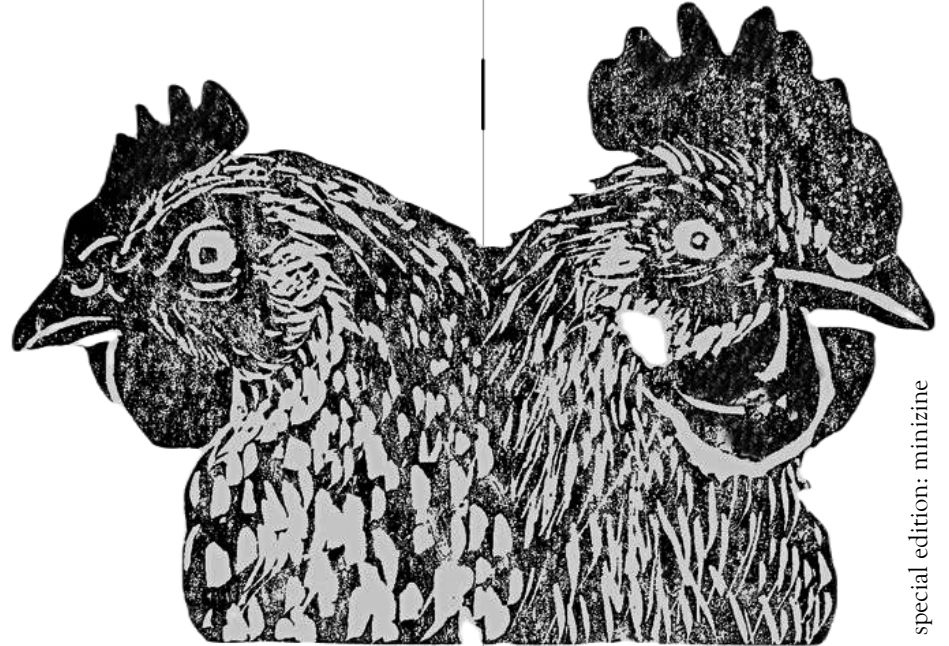
Quonit  
@quonit on Tumblr  
Digital



Under the silhouette of clouds  
Aspen Duscha  
During the pursuit  
@Riekkiron on Twitter  
Ron Riecki  
haiku (for Basho)  
old pond . . .  
a chicken jumps in  
the sound of a chicken.  
as the mouse rockets  
towards the smell of safety, the scent of  
soaked straw, grass, damp earth and the  
fence's wet rust.  
The Plymouth hen at the point  
explodes forward  
just as the ochre smear of speed melts away  
into the glistening grass beyond the  
fence  
the arrowhead crumbles across the yard  
into bobbing hens  
so that if you blinked twice, nothing  
changed  
but such is life

# COOP

chickens of our poetry



special edition: minimize