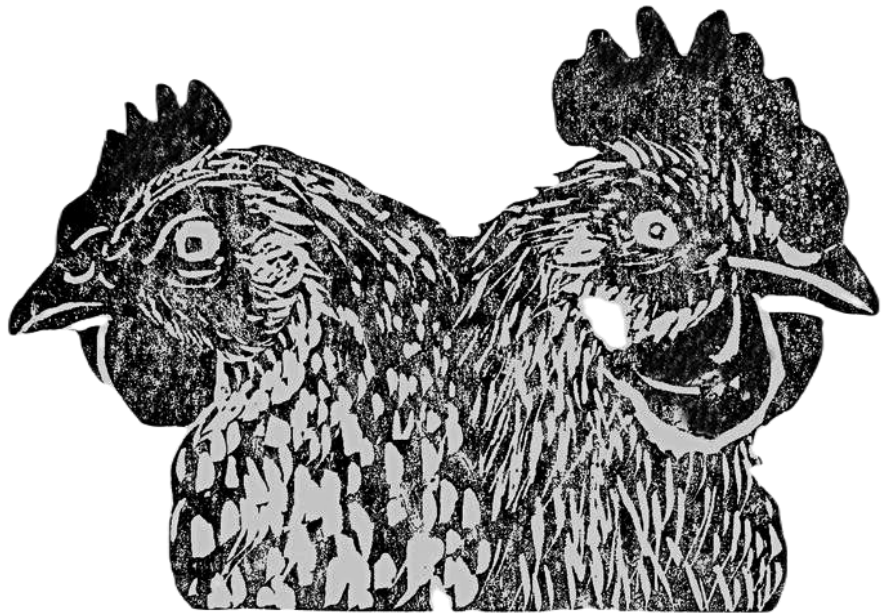


COOP

chickens of our poetry



special edition: minizine

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First printing edition April 2023.

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

When finished, please pass on or recycle!

Cover art: "Gynandromorph"
by Mellifex Farm
[@mellifexfarm](https://twitter.com/mellifexfarm) on Twitter
Ink & Linocut

Studies of a Gynandromorph Chicken

Patrick Kuklinski
[@todaysbird](https://www.tumblr.com/todaysbird) on Tumblr

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

and that's enough!

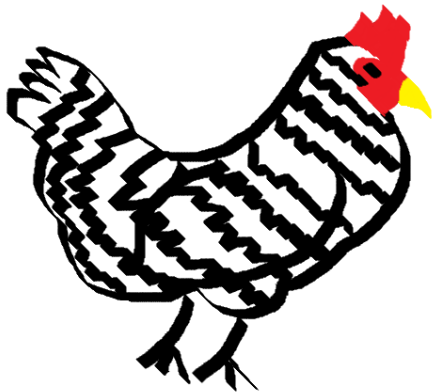
haiku (for Bashō)

Ron Riecki
@RieckiRon on Twitter

old pond . . .
a chicken jumps in
the sound of a chicken.

The Chicken

Sharon Dippity
Digital



Let My Chickens Go

Heikki Huotari

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.

Get Your Chicks in a Row

Rook
fortwas.com
Ink & Linocut



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

Goose

Quonit
@quonit on Tumblr
Digital



I Quit Beef and Pork in '95

Mona Mehas
@Patience77743297 on Twitter

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.

Squishy egg

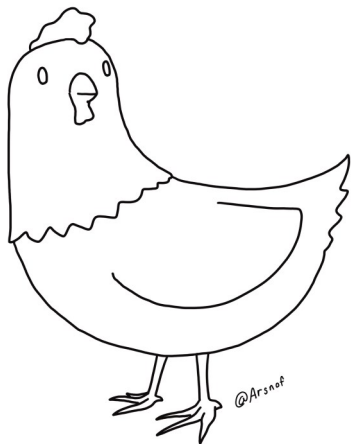
Allison Lee Riechman-Bennett
allisonleeriechman-bennett.org

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.

Chicken

Arsnof

@Arsnof on Tumblr & Instagram
Digital



Under the silhouette of clouds

Aspen Duscha

During the pursuit
the smattering of hens, flanked by a rooster
fold into a stone arrowhead

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

Buff Orpington Doodle

solardashpraxus
Digital



Editors' Notes

alliyah: Welcome to our hatchling-sized COOP! We loved how contributors 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 incredible submissions that fit the minizine perfectly. Thanks for reading!