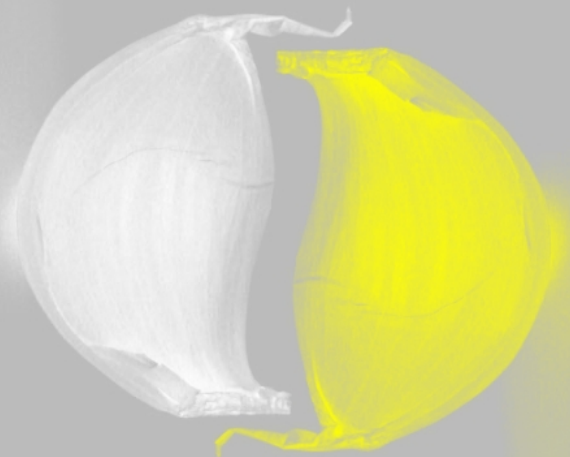


# mongarlic E-zine



Issue: 4



# mongarlic E-zine

*contemporary words & art*

*Editors*

Sheila Windsor  
Brendan Slater

*Uncredited Artwork*

Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor

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why I don't like tulips in one breath

FAY AOYAGI

## **re-viewed**

King K)long

South Pathetique

Bent Hurt

Star Worse

Wizard of Ahs

Sound of Muslix

Jung Frankenstein

Greasonable

Casablanket

The Incredible Sulk

LEROY GORMAN

## Rainbow

banana skin  
in the trash bag  
my lost button

stop signs  
in the back of a pickup—  
the lurch when the light changes

not seeing the green wheat  
till that one  
red barn

impatient schoolkids—  
pink tulips sway to a different rhythm  
than the red ones

squeezing orange peels  
by the candle flame—  
sparks of smell

orange sky—  
the clouds seem to be fading  
movie-black

the black-and-white movie  
reaches a climax—  
slurp of soda

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

returning my stare  
the naked mannequin

PAUL DAVID MENA





CHRIS DOMINICZAK

hold me closer  
and you will hear  
the ocean

PAUL DAVID MENA

patriarchy    toxins banned in the last century


CHERIE HUNTER DAY

fundamnnentalism

LEROY GORMAN

child  
lying  
hand  
to  
mouth

HELEN BUCKINGHAM



again and again  
the neon buddha  
finds himself

Michael Dylan Welch

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

guarding  
the abandoned silver mine  
a one-eyed cat

PAUL DAVID MENA

an interpreter needed for his winter loneliness

FAY AOYAGII



hospice pine pollen underscores a green whisper

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

Phrygian mode:  
world enough to live in

LARRY KIMMEL

# tHe bLUES

LEROY GORMAN

once upon a time, perhaps,

but now too old to believe  
in soul-mates

home,  
a yellow window  
on a winter's night

LARRY KIMMEL

halls of residence  
thedoorsthedoors

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

she tells me she's close—  
that faraway look

PAUL DAVID MENA

## Lost Innocence

Remember when?

Remember when we were kids?

Remember when we were kids and we ate watermelon?

Remember when we were kids and we ate watermelon and without hesitation we swallowed its seeds, with the belief that those seeds would magically grow inside our bellies and sprout back up through our mouths morphing into the most fantastical dreamland where we felt safe and would decide to live eternally knowing the boogeyman could never touch us again?

mononucleosis he beats me bloody for being sick

VERONIKA ZORA NOVAK

volition a shadow cast after brokenness

CHERIE HUNTER DAY



the codeine kicks in  
*whales sing*  
*in the broken*  
*too*

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

roadside prayer  
crows levitate

the skeleton bag

CHERIE HUNTER DAY



pondering  
the lightness of being  
neon buddha

Michael Dylan Welch

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

chry  
sa  
lis  
turn  
ing  
in  
to  
some  
one  
i'm  
not

SHLOKA SHANKAR

unable to articulate any further the ocean

BRENT GOODMAN

between drugs the gun in my head

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

wind chill advisory—  
I show her  
my death poems

PAUL DAVID MENA

withdrawal  
snorting  
shadows

HELEN BUCKINGHAM



wrought iron dream  
its cafe table as black  
as your hair once was  
back before I knew  
not to say the J in Jung

AUTUMN N. HALL

borderline comfort the doctor's habit

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

snapdragons . . .  
the shape of his name  
on my lips

JULIE WARTHER

# Washed Hands

In memory of Anthony Tinnion 20/9/83 ~ 17/9/13

This bus journey drags. The day creeps up and weighs heavy on my eyelids.  
I drift out the window. He walks like you. My stare follows him as the bus moves  
on.

We play fight. You drive your elbow into my ribs. I'm stunned by the feral laugh at  
my pain. That same laugh illuminated by the flame you sent at me with a lighter  
and an aerosol. In tears you try to justify your actions towards her. She sat opposite  
whilst I wailed at you. That photo of us as kids, staring from the mantel piece.

You copying my pose. I can hear that voice telling you to stand like Chris.

fire alarm  
we become each  
other's silence

You stood an inch above me. That inch sunk into my shoulder when I hugged you.  
Shaving your head, I became lost in a patchwork of scars. You turned up at my door  
with borrowed money and a pocket watch...occupied that cold corner of my bed for  
days. By the telephone, your number in biro on a torn bit of paper. It had been four  
years and I would leave it another four.

In the funeral parlour I touched your head and it didn't fight back. Then, I was  
afraid to wash my hands.

blossom shade  
arteries clog with  
your song

special note ~ a written version of this was cast out to sea in a  
bottle on the 20/9/14. The day would have been Anthony's 31st  
birthday. Along with this piece, personal messages from Lisa  
Wood, Bradley Wood and Dusana Kaur Dominiczak were set adrift.

tasting rust  
alone in the field  
of autumn leaves

MARK E. BRAGER

veil tail koi merging into one mind

BRENT GOODMAN

## **possessed**

your hands are still yours to control and you write 'hate' on the left one and mean it, then a wobbly 'love' on the right and wonder what the thumbs are for.

after the injection she's real again

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

asking Death  
what he'd like to see  
before  
he closes  
my eyes

AUTUMN N. HALL



a bag of them  
figs  
without a country

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

## Krzysztof Komeda<sup>†</sup>

"It's free to die in Poland so I'll go back there," he said while walking a disused rail-road track in a largely disused part of a country largely populated by people no one had any use for. She said his eyes were dark green when he was sad, bright green when he saw a piano and almost black and questioning when he was dying. "But who can you ask?" she asked rhetorically. The dried out little fig tree in the corner stayed silent as did the umbrella and the worn boots. She drew a sad face in the dust between the cups, books, bottles and ashtrays and whistled one of his unwhistleable melodies. "He always said that his music wouldn't work without the images."

mirroring Earth's curvature full metal jacket

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

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<sup>†</sup> *Krzysztof Komeda was a (Polish) composer of film scores who composed the music to Polanski's films*

*moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 4*



CHRIS DOMINICZAK

zipped the fly  
then the keys that open  
darkness

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

someplace ravaged  
where no one goes anymore  
I'm still  
the town menace,  
the riot in your smile

SCOTT ABELES

territory  
fits me  
& my radioactive  
dog

JACK GALMITZ

homeless Christ  
at every bus stop  
he is again

BRENT GOODMAN

## Dreams

She calls me this morning, fear in her voice. "I dreamt of you last night. We were back at Treeview Drive. You were stuck in a sink hole full of snakes and I was trying to pull you out. You told me, 'Don't worry Mom, I'm ok.'" We hang up, I reach for a ciggy, light it...inhale, exhale. Again, an uneasy shroud begins to settle, the kind one can never truly shake off.

redemption?

I wash my eyes, still  
stained sky

VERONIKA ZORA NOVAK





ROLAND PACKER

dark energy  
bird-like  
the gravity  
her mind  
defies

HANSHA TEKI

where one tree ends birdsong

JULIE WARTHER

no one to tell God winter roses

CAROLYN HALL

why trace the line where our skin begins

BRENT GOODMAN

ten thousand white crosses  
ten thousand shadows

SIMON HANSON

together again  
they all had them:  
the same  
heads

EM FELD

remembering  
what it was like  
before I knew

JULIE BLOSS KELSEY



crayon set  
no color for  
mom's-normal-again

ROBERT EPSTEIN

the sublingual thermometer beeps mid-winter

CAROLYN HALL

city a finch nothing

ADRIAN BOUTER

again  
she looks at me with  
those bookmark eyes

ROBERT EPSTEIN

cold snap everything does

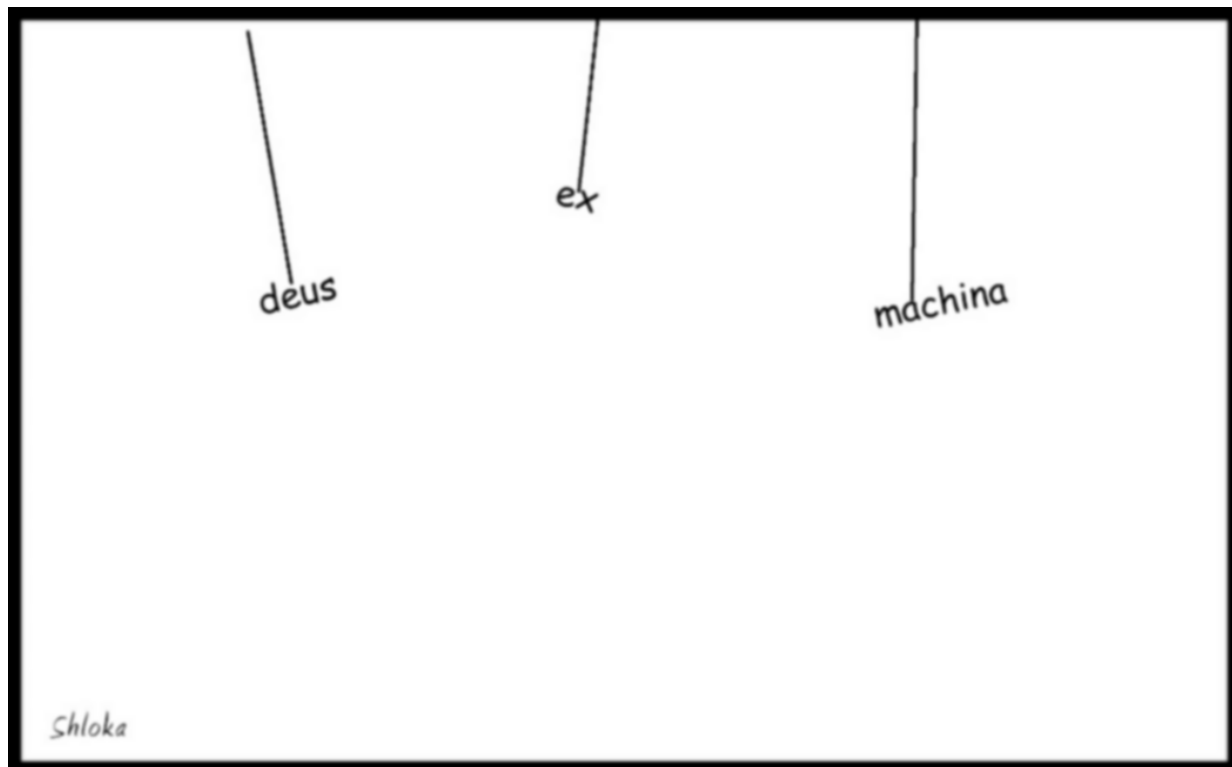
SEREN FARGO

jealous of the frost  
that bites her fingers

ROBERT PIOTROWSKI

tree snag—  
not that much left  
of us

DEBORAH P. KOLODJI



SHLOKA SHANKAR



for the war . . .  
for the country . . .  
breed

MARC THOMPSON



# Submission Guidelines

*moongarlic* is a bi-annual E-zine publishing in May and November. Submissions are accepted during August for the November issue, and during February for the May issue. Submissions sent outside of these reading windows will be returned unread.

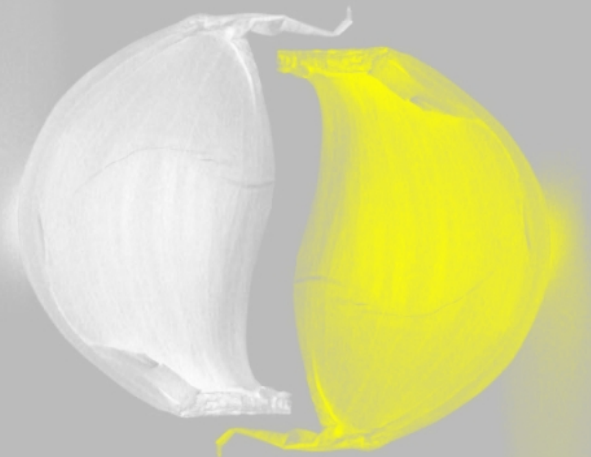
We are seeking contemporary imagist short-verse poetry, ku, one-line, tanka, sequences, haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs celebrating the new and alternative attitudes to these well established art forms. Experimentation is encouraged, but not at the expense of quality. Submissions will be judged on authenticity, originality and aestheticism. **Submissions should be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.**

Please submit up to 10 poems, haiga, sumi-e, art or photographs, or combination thereof. Poems should be in the body of the email. Haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs should be in jpeg format and sent as attachments. Please submit just 1 sequence per issue, either in the body of the email or as an attachment in .doc, .docx, .odt or .rtf format.

Submissions should be emailed to [subs@moongarlic.org](mailto:subs@moongarlic.org).

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