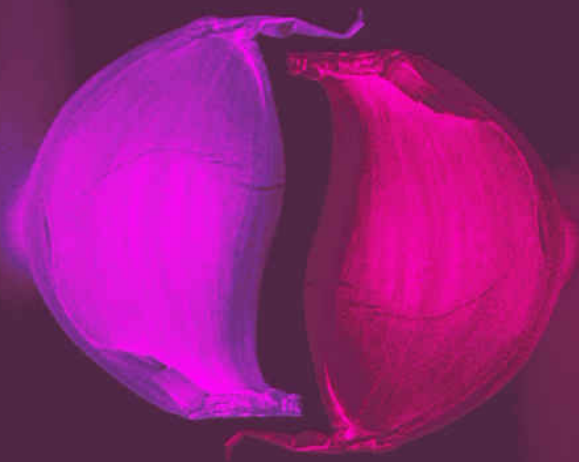


# mongarlic E-zine



Issue: 6



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*contemporary words & art*

*Editors*

Sheila Windsor  
Brendan Slater

*Uncredited Artwork*

Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor

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baud . . .  
I dip my fingers in the  
datastream

DAVID J. KELLY

flash freeze  
hearing of a classmates  
overdose

MEIK BLÖTTENBERGER

stiffness will not turn into dignity

BRUCE ENGLAND

piano  
one key held down  
by time

BILL COOPER



never missed  
a full home so much . . .  
in the abandoned house  
someone lit a candle  
in the window

LAVANA KRAY



Who was she  
my mother  
before I was born

Alexis Rotella

cosmic rabbit  
the magician's sleeve  
mostly empty space

SIMON HANSON

security scan  
a zipped pocket  
packing haiku

BILL COOPER

ec  
politically corrupt

LEROY GORMAN

xmas  
lights up  
his hair shirt

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

fever  
my cats become  
algebra

STEPHEN TOFT

this speculating mind  
needs no proofs  
tree is tree—rock, rock

LARRY KIMMEL



d  
r  
y  
s  
p  
e  
l  
l  
a  
p  
a  
t  
h  
t  
h  
e  
r  
i  
v  
e  
r  
d  
r  
e  
a  
m  
s

LEROY GORMAN

the song  
my pee makes  
lengthening days

CAROLYN HALL

sound wave slapping at me brane

DAVID J. KELLY

a full moon  
through the pines  
the scent  
of wood smoke—  
when we were us

LARRY KIMMEL

peak day  
no return

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

\$11  
more i

cherie hunter day

on.  
ook

swing states purple on the horizon

CAROLYN HALL

r o o k s  
o  
c  
k

HELEN BUCKINGHAM



b4 d8er inclined 2 1der

DAVID J. KELLY

chrysanthemums

LEROY GORMAN

dreaming into blackbirds

STEPHEN TOFT

waking up to somebody else's winter

STEPHEN TOFT

every Monday  
I envy the finches  
their feeder  
the freedom to come  
the freedom to go

MARC THOMPSON

## **all-purpose epitaph**

F↑CK  
TH↓S

LEROY GORMAN

rethinking  
my forum post  
I delete  
the exclamation point

KENNETH SLAUGHTER

Christmas gathering  
everyone's wearing  
your face

DAVID J. KELLY



an old friend . . .  
i duck down  
the other aisle

KENNETH SLAUGHTER

the call for war—  
I let it go  
to voicemail

PAUL DAVID MENA

contact print—  
the breath of her lost children

RAMONA LINKE

original photo: Karen Hoy  
altered image: Alan Summers  
words: Alan Summers



a  
n  
o  
n  
y  
m

o all the lost names  
u another building ticks  
s adjusting to change

autumn ripples broken pieces of mother

RAMESH ANAND

starless sky  
no exchanges  
no refunds

JOHNNY BARANSKI

repeating  
what she says  
to prove  
I'm listening

KENNETH SLAUGHTER

snow  
I don't need  
a mirror

DIANA TENEVA



## **Pearls Wrapped in Diamonds**

His talk was as bright as a lark - Frosted feathers lay in disarray  
Right there at the end of the road - The rusted wheels parked alone  
And they kept saying no one was home.

Counting backwards on a one way street - Pearls wrapped in diamonds  
One hundred and ten in the heat.

Thundering jets crucify- Waterways dry way up to the sky  
A moment in a minute's time as mystics sings fairytales in the key of A, B, C &  
D.

Closing the door – that one – crested thoughts find a way.

Counting backwards on a one way street - Pearls wrapped in diamonds  
One hundred and twenty in the heat.

On the other side of that side shards of glass fill the air

Tempered rain in three quarter time balancing purse strings from afar.

A table covered in shredded memories.

Counting backwards on a one way street - Pearls wrapped in diamonds

One hundred and thirty in the heat.

He arrived at noon unknown – skid marks a mile long

A story to be told – a story old

A thousand words his song – he arrived at noon unknown.

Counting backwards on a one way street - Pearls wrapped in diamonds

One hundred and forty in the heat.

SHERRY STEINER

at dusk the cries of a flock of consonants

MELISSA ALLEN

answering  
with one word  
I under-think  
another problem

KENNETH SLAUGHTER

spiders under the skin—  
a disappointingly  
common delusion

IAN MULLINS

^ \_ ~ )

WINSTON PLOWES

waning moon—  
the doctor asks  
how much I drink

PAUL DAVID MENA

Reluctantly blue, the whale, the night, velvet.

MELISSA ALLEN



long rain lost shore where I thought I'd be undone

DAN SCHWERIN

between hymns the ting of a raindrop

ALEGRIA IMPERIAL

sometimes  
a song is best  
unsung

KEITHA KEYES

deafening—  
the interior monologue  
finally abates

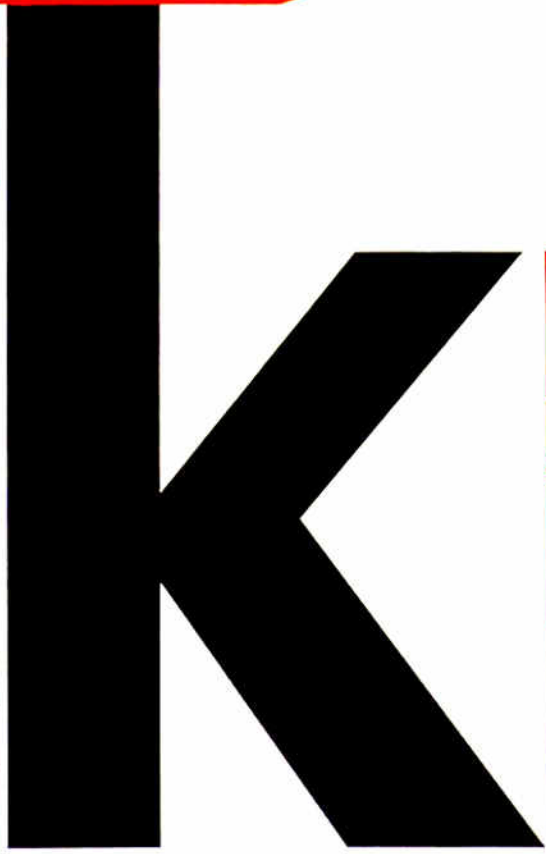
JEFF WINKE

# YOU CAN FIND AT NMI!

in deciphering visual impulses, and come wrapped the material that speed the transmission of nerve impulses. Building on several years of research, the team used a technique that encouraged appropriate growth of retinal ganglion cells. The step-by-step approach requires neuroscientists to first stimulate

are a mag we f leng ve a in, fo ne, for the vis enter. The gene osen. The improved visual function, specifically, improved depth and movement detection and an increased awareness of light and dark. However, the actual vision regained by the mice was limited, and their ability to distinguish objects remained impaired. The results of this study not only show that the mature visual pathway has a greater degree of regenerative potential than anticipated, they also hold promise for people suffering from optic-nerve damage resulting from trauma or glaucoma.

use three interventions



unable to stop the tide my hand holding yours for the last time

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

I dip my feet  
in a river the river  
joins the sea

KALA RAMESH

maternal grandfather's first name unlocks the wind

FAY AOYAGI



foreign affairs all the grooves in my mother tongue

SONDRA BYRNES

Pascal's Triangle  
the coefficients  
of anger

DEBORAH P KOLODJI

cancelling the noise function of rain

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

withered field  
the old house yields  
its past

STELLA PIERIDES

## **I'll Go See**

I'll go see  
the cherries in bloom  
by the white fence

I'll go see  
the summer river  
in the next town

I'll go see  
the moon rising  
over the mountain snag

I'll go see  
the snow when it falls  
to your grave

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

sea moon path so long

DIANA TENEVA

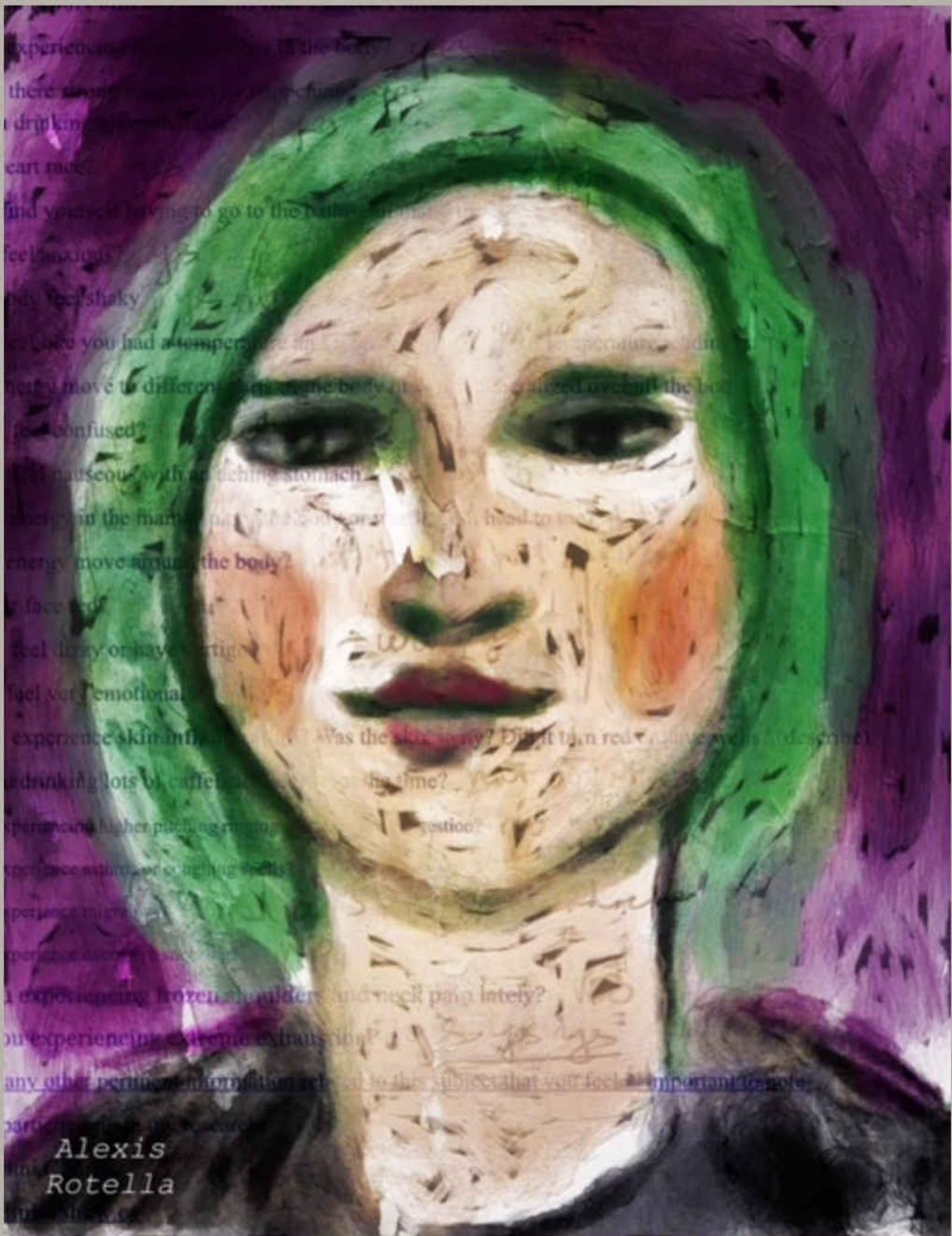
a world gone pale  
ice wraiths drifting through stripped trees  
the black thorns of loss

JOHN HAWKHEAD

moving day—  
already missing  
the neighbour's roses

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH





Alexis  
Rotella

parking lot gulls argue over the heat shimmer

BRENT GOODMAN

sunshine before and after i google “necklacing”

MATTHEW MOFFETT

three times the burning smell of jesus

MELISSA ALLEN

brutally cold—  
the killer's  
mug shot

PAUL DAVID MENA

drifting snow . . .  
a dream  
dreaming us

MARK BRAGER

or why my mouth or when the night or where I left it

MELISSA ALLEN

over the shadows  
rain pushing rain  
away

GARY HOTHAM



the beggar  
and her baby, a bundle  
of bones

SHRIKAANTH KRISHNAMURTHY

Debt  
Debt  
Debt

RONALD SCULLY

moving soon—  
15th floor  
facing the moon

ABRAHAM BEN-ARROYO

night fog—  
the wish of waves  
reaching the beach

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

veiled and with a hat I slip back into the birth canal

MELISSA ALLEN



# 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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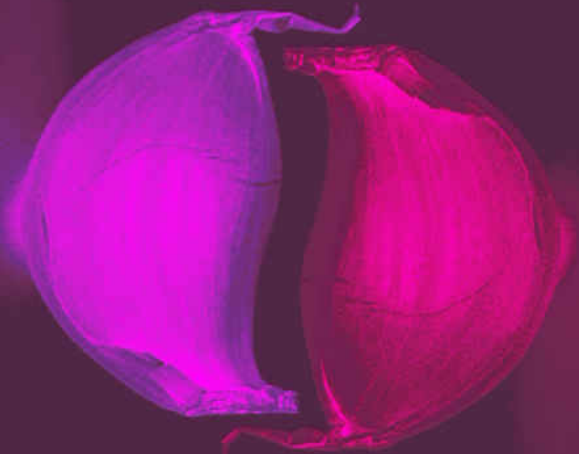
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