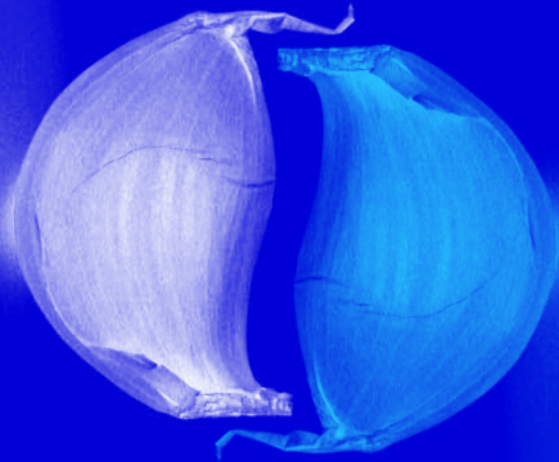


# mongarlic E-zine



Issue: 0



# mongarlic E-zine

*contemporary words & art*

## *Editors*

Sheila Windsor  
Brendan Slater

## *Uncredited Artwork*

Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor  
Computer art: Brendan Slater

## *Published by*

Yet To Be Named Free Press  
Stoke-on-Trent, England



*Issue: 0, May 2013*  
*ISSN 2052-675X*

Copyright © 2013 Yet To Be Named Free Press. All rights reserved by  
the respective authors.





## One

my lover  
gathers her clothes  
in silence  
I trace the moon  
on a windowpane

Can love and grief be one? Today, I embrace the rain only to  
feel it slip away.

COLIN STEWART JONES

Camp—  
she asks her father  
what is a refugee!

RITA ODEH

insomnia—  
a restless dream  
stalks the moon

ALGERIA IMPERIAL

magnolia petals  
cluttered around the ruins  
of a sundial—  
my helplessness  
before a woman in tears

LARRY KIMMELL

thrown  
in the gutter  
a styrofoam  
cup casts  
... its shadow on us

LOUIS OSOFSKY

full moon   time to go home

YU CHANG

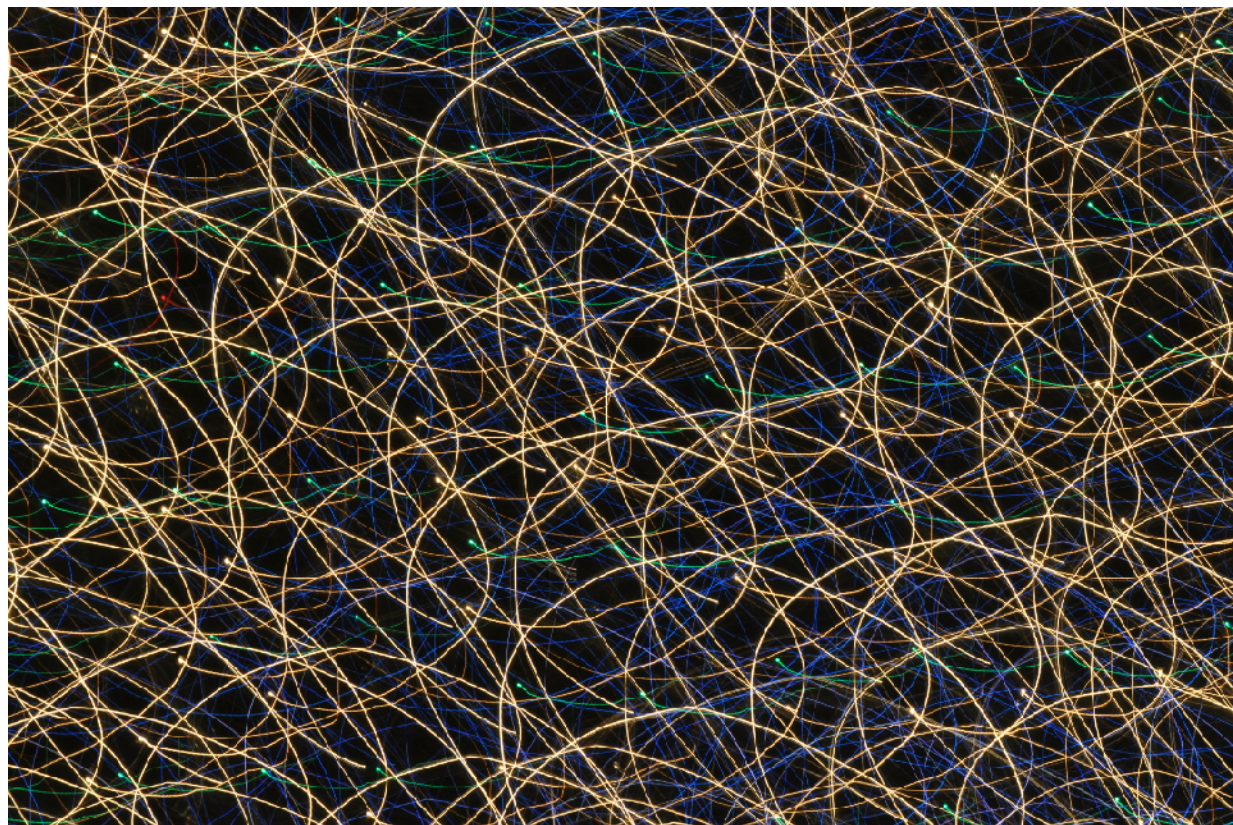


the piano plays pink streaks of rain

JACK GALMITZ

nightrain





*POEM & IMAGE:* MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

dusk  
the toads  
happen

AN'YA

Her eyes full of waves not breaking the black geometry of crows

SARA WINTERIDGE

celadon  
glazed  
eyes

CHRISTINA NGUYEN

hot day—  
on the train only the dog  
meets my eye

STELLA PIERIDES

as if  
the snail's own is not enough  
it tries a walnut shell

SONAM CHHOKI

there's no pretence  
out here  
where the river  
runs dark . . .  
everything just is

PAUL SMITH

a sunny spring day—  
the car horn  
shatters my head

MANU KANT







## An Army of Ants

In a simple way he is wise. "Some day I want to go to bed and wake up dead." Can't argue with that, I said. We were listening to Sly and the Family Stone.. "Sly was great, until he screwed up." Can't argue with that, I said. "An army of ants isn't much of an army, unless you're an ant." Can't argue with that, I said. There was a bit of a lull in our world discovery conversation., so with my two fingers and a thumb I lifted the shot of dark amber and said, "Here's to you and your ancestors." Downed it, slammed the empty glass on the bar, and exited without another word.

used bookstore  
a copy of Confucius  
with pink highlighting

at the foot of my bed, a monitor shows motivational messages the nurse  
probes this vein, that vein, in hope of drawing my blood never dark in  
this room, never quiet, still, my blood is grey

they've been at my heart with wires & knives & snaking tubes  
tuning, replacing, setting the pace - they've been at my heart with wires  
I lie supine under bright lights lost in a cloud of unknowing

GENE DOTY

lost keys . . .  
the sellotape unsticks  
a cardboard world

CHRIS DOMINICZAK



Daddy's  
night  
steps

she hugs  
Barbie  
tighter

SHEILA WINDSOR

the way  
the waterfall flows  
into being frozen

TOM CLAUSEN

of all the things  
I couldn't afford—  
that little turquoise ring

JOHN CARLEY



this way and that  
winter sun  
in a rabbit's ear

SCOTT TERRILL

amongst mountains i am everything sky

SANDI PRAY

still tender the cherry blossom tattoo

MARK WINDSOR

*extinguishing the candles  
one  
by one  
she brings the moonlight  
closer*



TERRY O'KU

from the gutter  
or the tulip's silken cup  
to the sparrow  
it's still  
spring rain

CLAIRE EVERETT

swell's cusp—  
i stand on top  
of rain

SUSAN NELSON MYERS



all that dark matter    white peony

BILLIE DEE





night train  
the moon makes a river of silver

ARTWORK MATHIAS JONES & VIOLETTE ROSE-JONES  
POEM: VIOLETTE ROSE-JONES

creeping twilight  
the weight of the latchkey  
around my neck

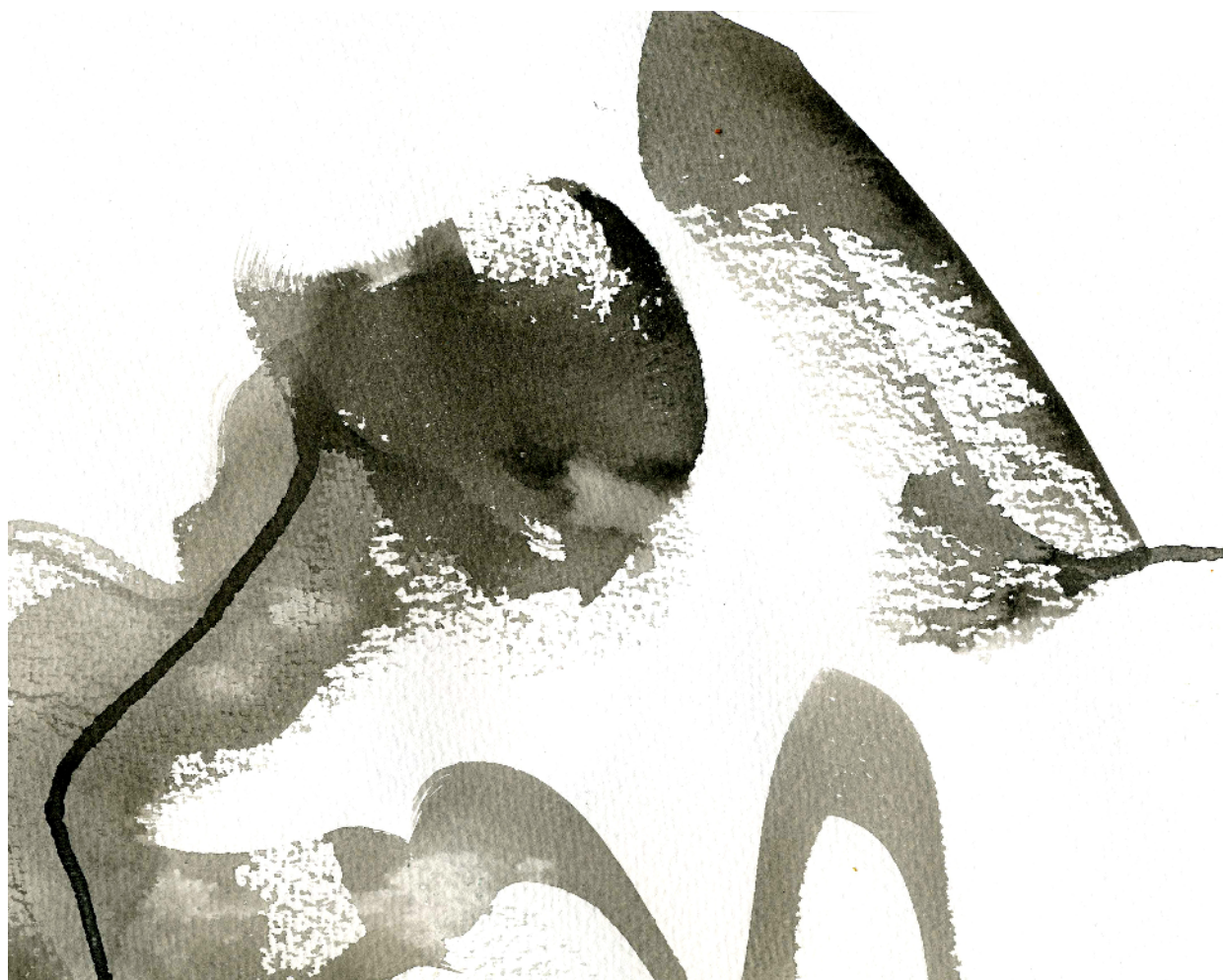
ANNIE JUHL

sassafras  
some  
sorrow  
peels away  
with  
the  
bark

MELISSA ALLEN

opiate withdrawal—  
each cell bays  
for a bite of the dove

HELEN BUCKINGHAM



to seed darkness where a star might go

LORIN FORD

I no longer  
hate you for leaving  
the needle  
in your arm  
when they found your body

COLLIN BARBER

swallows leaving you should have said something

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG



my horse heart in a jar-meat scandal

BRENDAN SLATER

rusted tools  
on the wall  
a plumber's daydream

MICHAEL GOGLIA

visiting  
a dying friend  
the slow drip  
of black  
rain

PAMELA A. BABUSCI

a cockroach  
crawling from a can  
looks east, then west  
I think of starting  
a new religion

KENNETH SLAUGHTER



one night stand  
two  
too many

LUCAS STENSLAND

ocean without end  
no one no one no one no  
one

PETER YOVU



“it’s”

Nature

“stupid”

MARLENE MOUNTAIN



## First Publication Credits

P.3 COLIN STEWART JONES: *Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose*; p.6 LARRY KIMMEL: *LYNX*; p.9 JACK GALMITZ: *Acorn*, BRENDAN SLATER: *Background Image*; p.10 MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH: *Still*; p.12 AN'YA: *runner-up in the Still autumn award competition 2000*; p.15 STELLA PIERIDES: *Garden of Absence*, Fruit Dove Press, 2012 p.16 SONAM CHHOKI: *Presence*; p.21 JEFFREY WINKE: *i'll tell you so*, CROSS+ROADS Press, 2010; p.22 GENE DOTY: *LYNX*; p.25 TOM CLAUSEN: *Dim Sum*; p.27 SCOTT TERILL: *The Heron's Nest*; p.29 MARK WINDSOR: *A Hundred Gourds*; p.31 CLAIRE EVERRETT: *Presence*; p.32 SUSAN NELSON MYERS: *Frogpona*; p.34 BILLIE DEE: *Modern Haiku*; p.35 MATHIAS JONES & VIOLETTE ROSE-JONES: *DailyHaiga*; p.37 MELISSA ALLEN: *Acorn*; p.38 HELEN BUCKINGHAM c.2.2., YTBNFP, 2013; P.40 LORIN FORD: *Roadrunner*; p.44 MICHAEL GOGLIA: *Four Virtual Haiku Poets*, YTBNFP; p.45 PAMELA A. BABUSCI: *Yellow Moon Tanka Contest Commended Winter 2004*; p.48 LUCAS STENSLAND: *Frogpona*; p.49 PETER YOVU: *Simply Haiku*.

## Submission Guidelines

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

We are seeking contemporary short-verse poetry, ku, one-line, tanka, sequences, renga/renku/renshi, tan renga, 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.

Please submit up to 25 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 renga, renku, renshi, tan renga or 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).

*Yet To Be Named Free Press* reserves first serial rights and *moongarlic E-zine* should be noted as place of first publication for works that were previously unpublished. Authors are free to republish after being published in *moongarlic E-zine* provided the new publication does not require first serial rights, where applicable.



**moongarlic E-zine**

**Issue: 0**

**May 2013**

**ISSN 2052-675X**

**[www.moongarlic.org](http://www.moongarlic.org)**



**[www.yettobenamedfreepress.org](http://www.yettobenamedfreepress.org)**