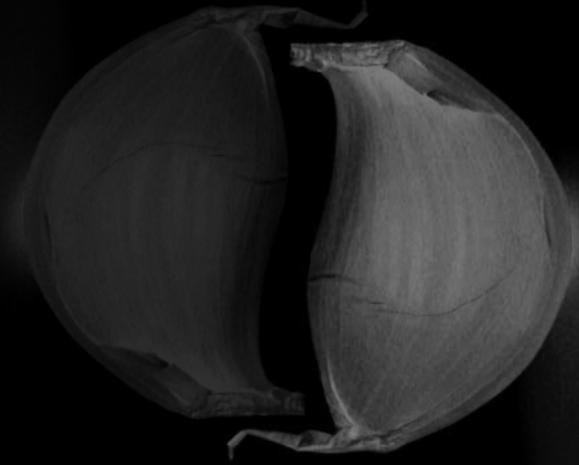


mongolic E-zine



Issue: 2

mongarlic e-zine

contemporary words & art

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Brendan Slater

Uncredited Artwork

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In memory of

John Carley
Martin Lucas

the way rain starts a morning myth

ROBERT EPSTEIN

a battered steel door
slightly ajar—so carefully
I turn my words edgewise

WILLIAM SORLIEN

-)sound(-

BEN MOELLER-GAA

surely the river dragging winter to the sea

CARL SEGUIBAN

the sock a handle now

KUV-I

twilight
drops of Jupiter
each way I turn

VERONIKA ZORA NOVAK

still lost without my mother concrete garden

MIKE WOOD



CHERIE HUNTER DAY.

y
o
u
r
empty chair
r
o
c
g
n i k

DEBBIE STRANGE

on the lake wrinkled face of wind

RAMESH ANAND

one way street I kiss you anyway

MIKE WOOD

aurora borealis—
her grip
tightens

CARL SEQUIBAN

300 million years later it becomes heat in my room

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

street sleepers mist

RAMESH ANAND

one
god
after
another
library
bookshelf

BEN MOELLER-GAA

I meant every word of the letter I never sent to you

PAUL DAVID MENA

where no words
exist—a handful
of opiates

VERONIKA ZORA NOVAK

taken from my bed
in the middle of the night
to be a "sex slave"
my first time
fucked

SUSAN BURCH

screaming
through the tunnel of love
the cold

JACK GALMITZ

Shisan: Bloomsbury

Bloomsbury—
an English rose offers me help
in her haste to class

the spring park snowy, and
like a victoria sponge

many personalities
revealed by the blots of
the rorschach test

* * *

ah, south wind blowing in
from the pacific ocean

whispering, whispering
the rustle of her silk
in the bedroom doorway

“only love keeps us in heav’n,”
says Wittgenstein

* * *

slowly surely
sinking behind the vineyards
the full moon at dawn

drinkers stagger
into the morning chill

essence of granddad
and his big hairy dog
wafts around the flat

* * *

glinting of pearl
a shoal streams through the water

between two pages
a couple of pressed shamrocks
bookmark noel

alut on a lily-pad
the Buddha reposes

* * *

EIKO YACHIMOTO (sabaki): # 1
MATT TURNBULL: # 2, # 9
ANDREW SHIMEILD: # 3, # 5, # 10
YOSHIKO ROBBIE: # 4
ELIZABETH INGRAMS: # 6
SPRITE (CLAIRE CHATELET): # 7, # 11
NEIL ROBBIE: # 8, # 12

See p64 for the full credits and the sabaki's tomegaki.

who am i,
if not a middle-aged yogini
scented of water lilies,
writing poetry and
wearing pretty bones?
who are you loving, my dear?

JENNI BACKS

A room full of boxes her last question lingering

STEWART BAKER

I wrestle
with this every night
your hold on me

ROBERT PIOTROWSKI

doing it

it
it

LEROY GORMAN

cuckoo-spit—
the shaven head
of a collaborator

SARA WINTERIDGE

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

KENNETH SLAUGHTER



pejoratives the tomb cool with recombinants

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

wind the sound of all else

JOSEPH SALVATORE AVERSANO

dried up
earthworm ouro-
boros condom
enso

DONNA FLEISCHER

straight no chaser
she tells me exactly
how she feels

MICHAEL KETCHEK

argument over I down the rest of the day

MARION CLARKE

dusk—
the emptiness
begins

PAUL DAVID MENA

just behind
a massage parlor
the atm
spits out
my credit card

KENNETH SLAUGHTER

I'll join you in hell
if that's what it takes
hot night
you spread
like fire

S. M. ABELES

exam morning
the rorschach test
between her legs

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

fear
takes
a bullet
shape

DONNA FLEISCHER

tracer bullets the soft arc of the rainbow's reds

MARK E. BRAGER

He was still alive a quarter of an hour before his death.
A quarter of an hour before his death he still lived.

PATRICK WILLIAMSON

crucifish

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

B Movie

the real fear, the gothic fear
is now

now that
her stalker lies on the mortuary slab

and distance
no longer has meaning

LARRY KIMMEL

leaves leaves leaves that's what we are

ROBERT EPSTEIN

insideachotherain

LEROY GORMAN

thunderhead losing myself in big data

MARK E. BRAGER

vagabond clouds
I step into a distant
train whistle

VERONIKA ZORA NOVAK

deathbed—just the weight of her hummingbird heart

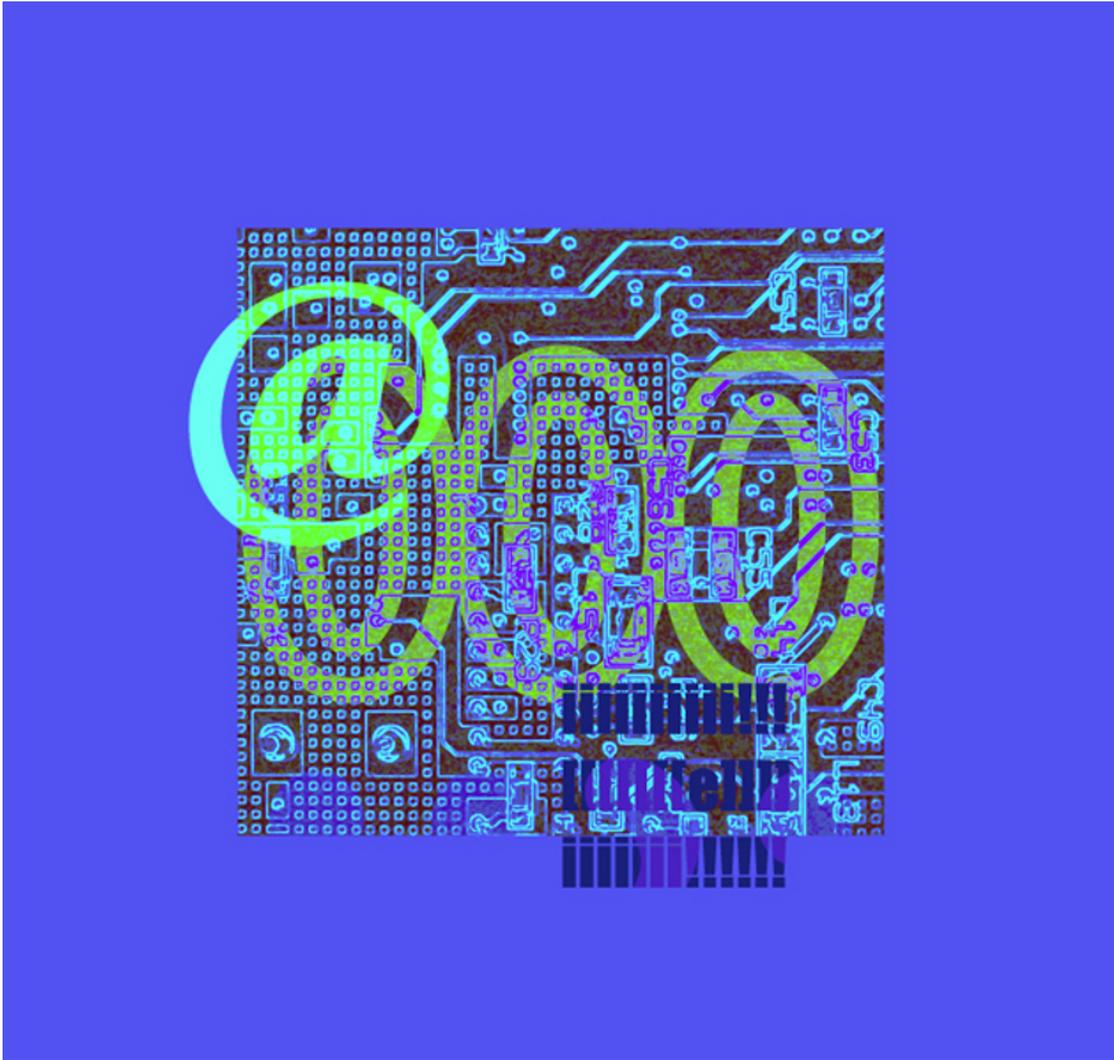
SARA WINTERIDGE

if only moon jellies

MARIE LOUISE MUNRO

the sky
through orange leaves
even bluer
I know now
what I have to do

KENNETH SLAUGHTER



CHERIE HUNTER DAY

on the literary map,
look for me
at the outer edges
where it reads
Here be Unicorns

LARRY KIMMEL

school nature walk in the park we crunch on needles

MARION CLARKE

a thousand voices
and then—
winter sparrow

WILLIAM SORLIEN

phantom limb
the bloodless scaffolding
of moonlight

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

Alpha to Omega

solstice birthday . . .
this slow slide off
the bell curve

winter solitude—
a window that opens
to a wall of windows

another diet . . .
yet the thinness
of my shadow

remembered most—
the mortal moments
of my demi-god

Venus de Milo—
also left
with empty arms

alpha to omega—
all the houses
I've called home

CAROLE MACRURY

on a day when
we've gone to war
seeds of the ragweed

PATRICK SWEENEY

a starling egg broken open sky

LORIN FORD

crowded tokyo subway
the murmuration of souls

SONDRA BYRNES

mist and I . . .
together, we weave
through time

KALA RAMESH

Tomegaki for Bloomsbury — Eiko Yachimoto

“Travel broadens the mind”. Easier said after you’ve come home safely. I have certainly seen diversity in people’s smiles, voices and languages, in the way they cope with strangers. Simple kindness always shines through one’s heart and I wrote a hokku about a student who directed me to SOAS.

SOAS renku group got started about two years ago with the inaugural renku meeting prepared by Neil Robbie and Claire Chatelet. The flyer Neil created at that time touched me and I started to dream about flying into SOAS some day.

Another magnet was Arthur Waley, the translator of the Tales of Genji. He was one of the several founding faculty members of SOAS and lived in Bloomsbury, London, in the same neighbourhood where SOAS is, for more than forty years. Renga and renku having had a subtle tie with the classical literature of Lady Murasaki, I became more excited to learn about brilliant figures who were around the quiet and reserved Arthur Waley: Roger Fry, Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Ezra Pound, Bertrand Russell, Ludwig Wittgenstein. All these extraordinary writers were Arthur’s personal friends and James Joyce and T.S. Eliot must have been his acquaintances. Most of these people became known in English Literature as the Bloomsbury Group. I have to say SOAS is a great place to hold an inter-cultural renku session.

After the first three verses the summer wind is so effective to move us forward. Renku is oftentimes about imagination and about seeing things from a different angle. Excuse me, if the south wind does not blow from the Pacific ocean for some of you. At home we always struggle through a love section, but it went so smoothly, sensuous and controlled in SOAS with accomplished

and deft poets. And Elizabeth introduced Wittgenstein, Arthur's friend, to this shisan!

Please note that the "blossom" and "moon" verses are to create a peak in what is felt as the renku waves. Simply put, moon and blossom work as a lighthouse in each poet's journey through his/her wild and all dimensional imaginations.

Claire Chatelet's full moon setting behind the vineyard is the scene quite contrary to the most famous verse by Buson:

Nano hana ya—
tsuki wa higashi ni
hi wa nishi ni

Yellow rape in bloom—
in the west there is the sun
and in the east the moon

(translated by H. G. Henderson)

I love our moon verse for its having exactly the scaled grandness as Buson's. The following link let us peek into the festive partying that lasted all through the night. Grape-picking must have been a fun time of collaboration just as the renku session is for us!

The impact of reality in the 9th verse pushes us to the kyu, or the rapid finale so fast to the ageku. Realizing no mountains were included in the world of this

shisan, the sabaki in me wanted to tweak Buddha into a mountainous Daibutsu, or the Big Buddha. In her second thought, however, she decided to respect the grace and lightness of the original text by Neil Robbie. Renku must not be a game of requirements and liabilities! In fact, ageku has the privilege of being excluded from the application of some rules.

Having celebrated the completion in real-time with the renju in Room 232 of SOAS was a true joy!

With a deep bow to renju and readers,

Eiko Yachimoto



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. **Submissions should be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.**

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.

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