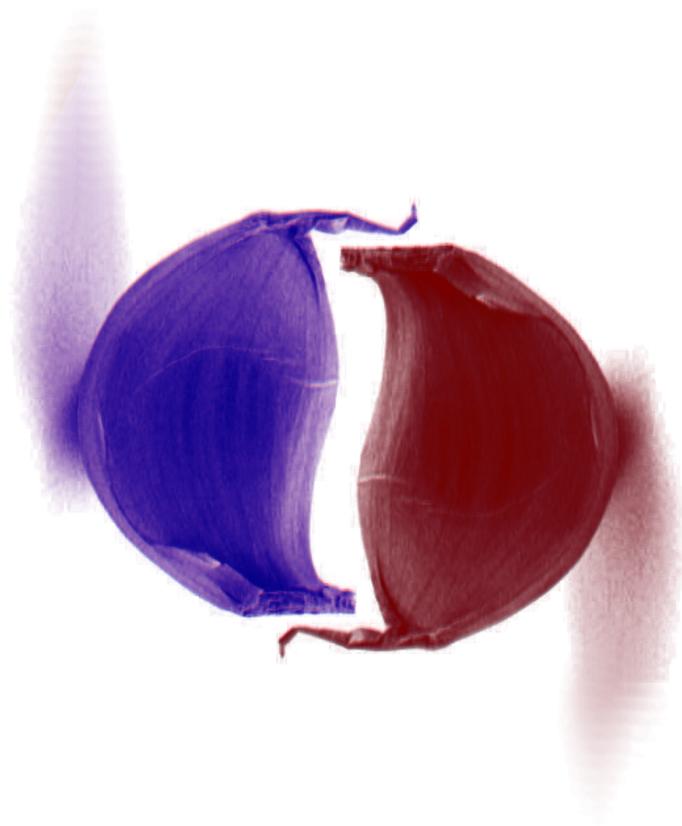


manganarlic E-zine



Issue: 8

mongarlic e-zine

contemporary words & art

Editors

Sheila Windsor

Brendan Slater

Uncredited Artwork

Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor

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broken bough
yet out of this spring dusk
a nightingale's song

For the Darlington family

empty room
I add myself

Pat Davis

my eyeless doll
in the attic—is my cousin
still alive?

Djurdja Vukelic Rozic

hands pray with the purple feather boa yard sale

Jennifer Hambrick

a beggar
her boots the same
as mine

Vessislava Savova

night walk—
the silence we carry
between us

Michael Dylan Welch



Detelina Tiholova

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Miles Ahead

not being here
it
never entered my mind

all blues
as the stars fade
into new days

Stockholm
where were you
when i was young

if i were a bell
the world
would ring forever

stuff
and the riff
on the last riff

early morning
after
b e e r s h i t s

building
colors on frozen sand
northern lights

human nature
the delicate touch of
whatever comes my way

clay pigeons
feeding them
anyway

knowing
nothing
the flight of birds

Michael Rehling

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more meds—
head full of songs
and sailboats

Ian Mullins

spawning pool

Roland Packer

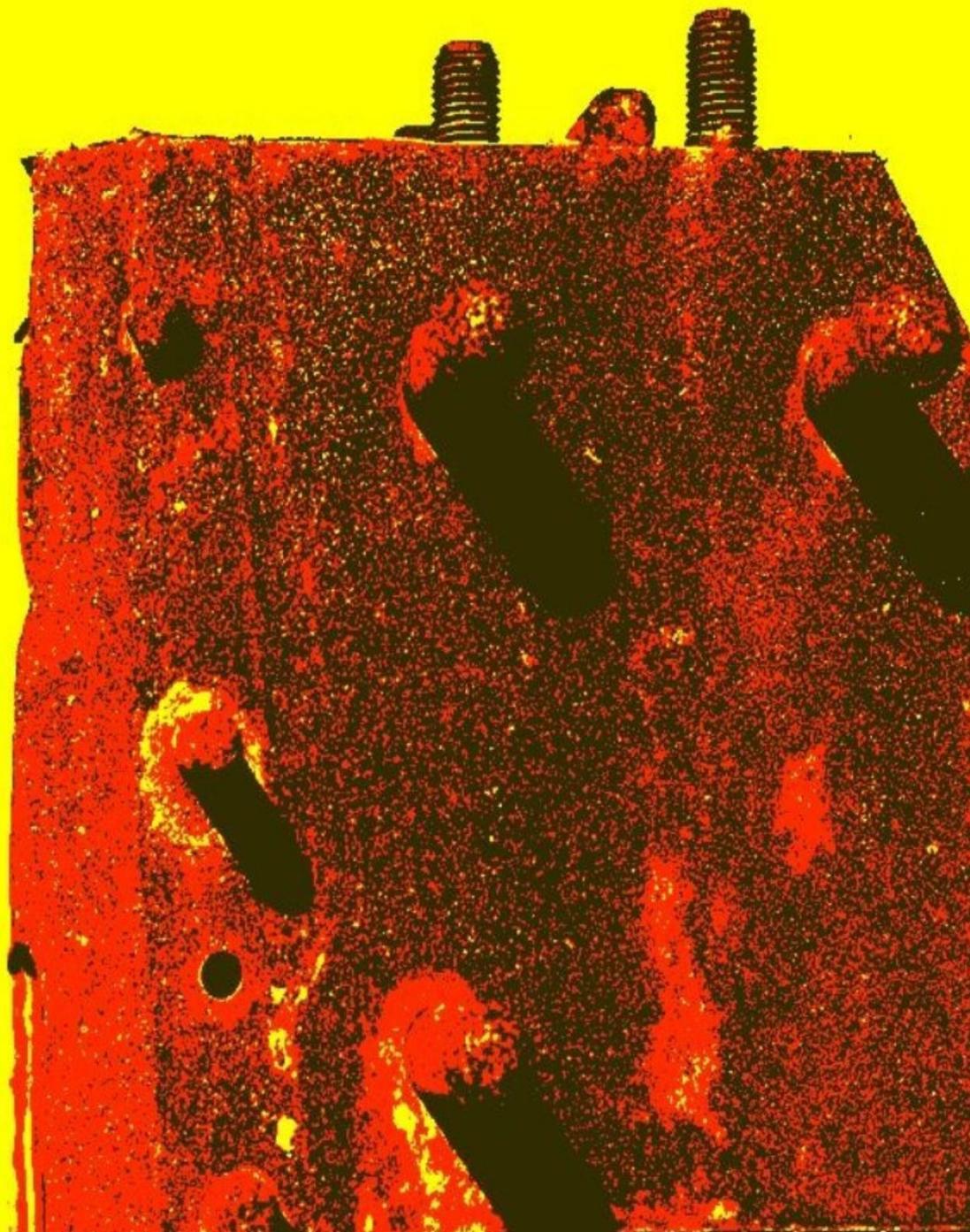
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as light as candor is anchored to the shower

Elmedin Kadric

recursive code
whiling away
forever

David J Kelly



scrutinizing an artifact
under the high-noon sun,
a pizza wedge
flowing over his hand
like a Dalí watch

Larry Kimmel

propaganda taking a proper gander

David J Kelly

tonight
i count the moths
around the candle
i fail to
light

ai li

my old grade school now a coffin factory my my

Larry Kimmel

Dream Cherita

Twenty years younger

I lecture on A.I.
and the rights of robots

then younger still
I sit with other children
learning an ancient tongue

Kris Lindbeck

and yet I cringe at the lilt in her voice

Kelly Sauvage Angel

I can't wake up—
dreaming of strange fruit
in a land
that looks like home
but where the Klan is marching

Jenny Angyal

Stacy J Maddox



SJM
2017

worldview tell me our myths again

Simon Hanson

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Quartet: Big City

radiant stars
alight mown fields and stubble—
night of the new moon

big city, bleak and cold
yet some still call it home

snow geese take flight,
too soon for leaving
or early to return?

out of breath and a little hoarse
from shouting in the wind

boundaries and borders

just lines on a map
beside the Mississippi

should oceans come between us
pray never shall we part

lighting up a cigarette,
coffee set to brew,
she types another letter

redolent of a summer day,
my longing resigned to torpor

children being naughty
catch Grammy's swift rebuke,
'flies'll stitch your mouth shut!

headlights at the vanishing point
darkness spurs us on

narratives, by design,
personal and political
confront us everyday

a little bit stoned
the graduate wanders off

Golden Week queues
stretch around the corner
a CinePlex record

blossoms littering the path
obscure the garden's ruin

no matter how they say it
play it up or spin it,
they always cross the line

the last of my tokens
clink into the turnstile

William Sorlien

“taser for charity” a sign of the (end) times

Maureen Kingston

midsummer
my blurred shadow
on the pool's bottom, winged

Hannah Mahoney

the chalk outline around a ring a ring a bag of jellybeans

Alan Summers

ultrasound
the dark space
of my uterus

Hannah Mahoney

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homeless
he shelters from the rain
by a brick schoolhouse

in the empty classroom
a fly
settles on a map of the stars

pinned above
the blackboard and the chalk dust
that was words

Robert Witmer

if all my names for you were false in truth nothing was lost

William Emery

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dark evenings
watching world news
day after day
ruins reflected
in the children's eyes

Alison Williams



where
there's
smoke

there's
mirrors
and guns

guns
guns
guns

Ron Scully

all the colours
fade slowly into grey
and the concrete
of the overpass
darkens in the rain

Alison Williams

wolf moon
wind in the pines
howling

Roland Packer

solipcyst

Sondra Byrnes

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my other half drawing lines

Julie Warther

mixed-up:
some of herself
in watercolor

Tom Sacramona

our road trip—
the tree moves
into the past
touching memories

Kala Ramesh

sunlit rain the taste of wild banana

Bill Cooper

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Ruins of Black Opium

A fragment of what you once were
gives you voice
as you crawl within the woeful leaves
and stand at the edge of disapproval.
Occasionally,
you're felled by the grim comedy
of crisscrossed gantries
and monolithic skyscrapers
miles below the pause of sunlight,
and as a dystopian rain secures your wrists
I will feel the age of twisted plastic—
both familiar and opaque; a black opium,
the time of a solitary being
wandering the smolder in an aggregate hunger—
a body, a manikin;
where every face encountered is exactly my own.

Richard King Perkins II

billions of collisions a particle I am

Adrian Bouter

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Detelina Tiholova

November Fields

Starless midnight
in wilderness

hands reach out

exploring
defending

blotches of shadow
branches clutching darkness;

in chill air

sticks and vines
to stumble upon

the squabble

of creatures disturbed

by footsteps

and a sudden intrusion
of moon

in November fields
unowned

by anyone.

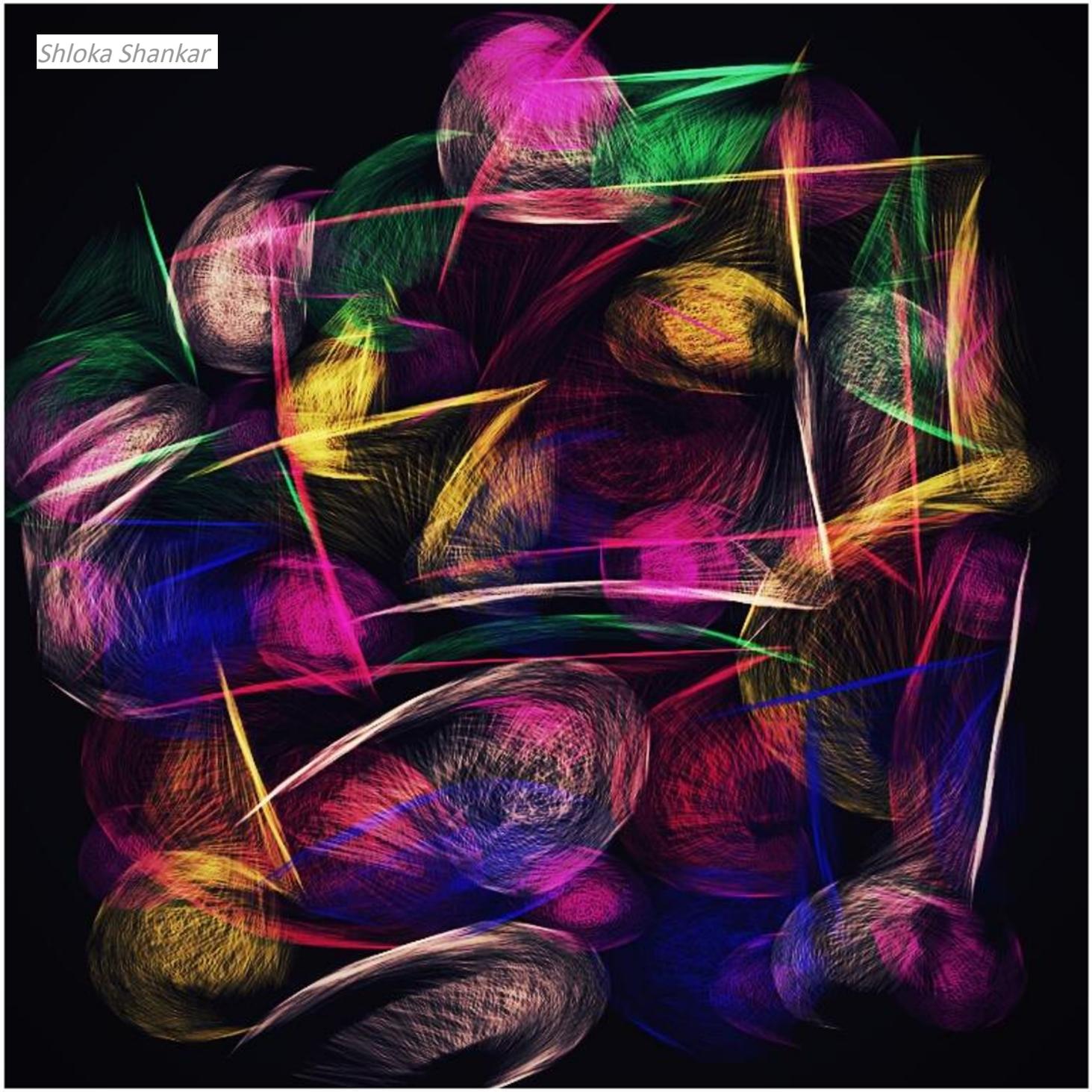
Richard King Perkins II

oil spill
a seagull imprisoned
in rainbows

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

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Shloka Shankar



sampan journey—
no bird ever sings
in these cages

Maeve O'Sullivan

from a train window a girl with glasses

Adrian Bouter

heretic moon
staining through glass
the host on her tongue

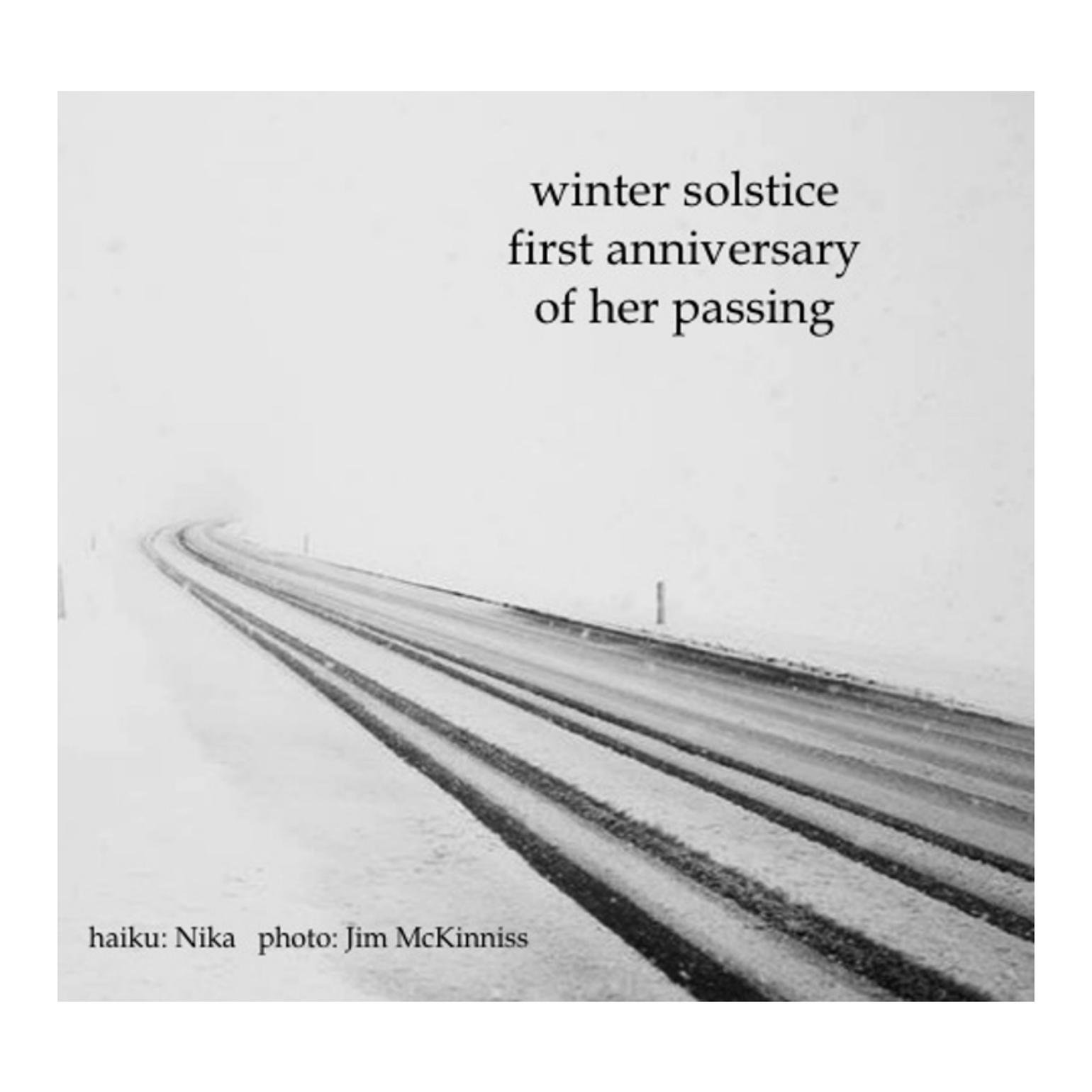
John Hawkhead

watching
The English Patient
we laugh
each a different tone
a different meaning

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

deep winter
as if he were
dead

Sondra Byrnes



winter solstice
first anniversary
of her passing

haiku: Nika photo: Jim McKinniss

spider silk . . .
new clothes
for her shrunken frame

Julie Warther

résumé workshop
the flutter of a hundred
turning pages

Agnes Eva Savich

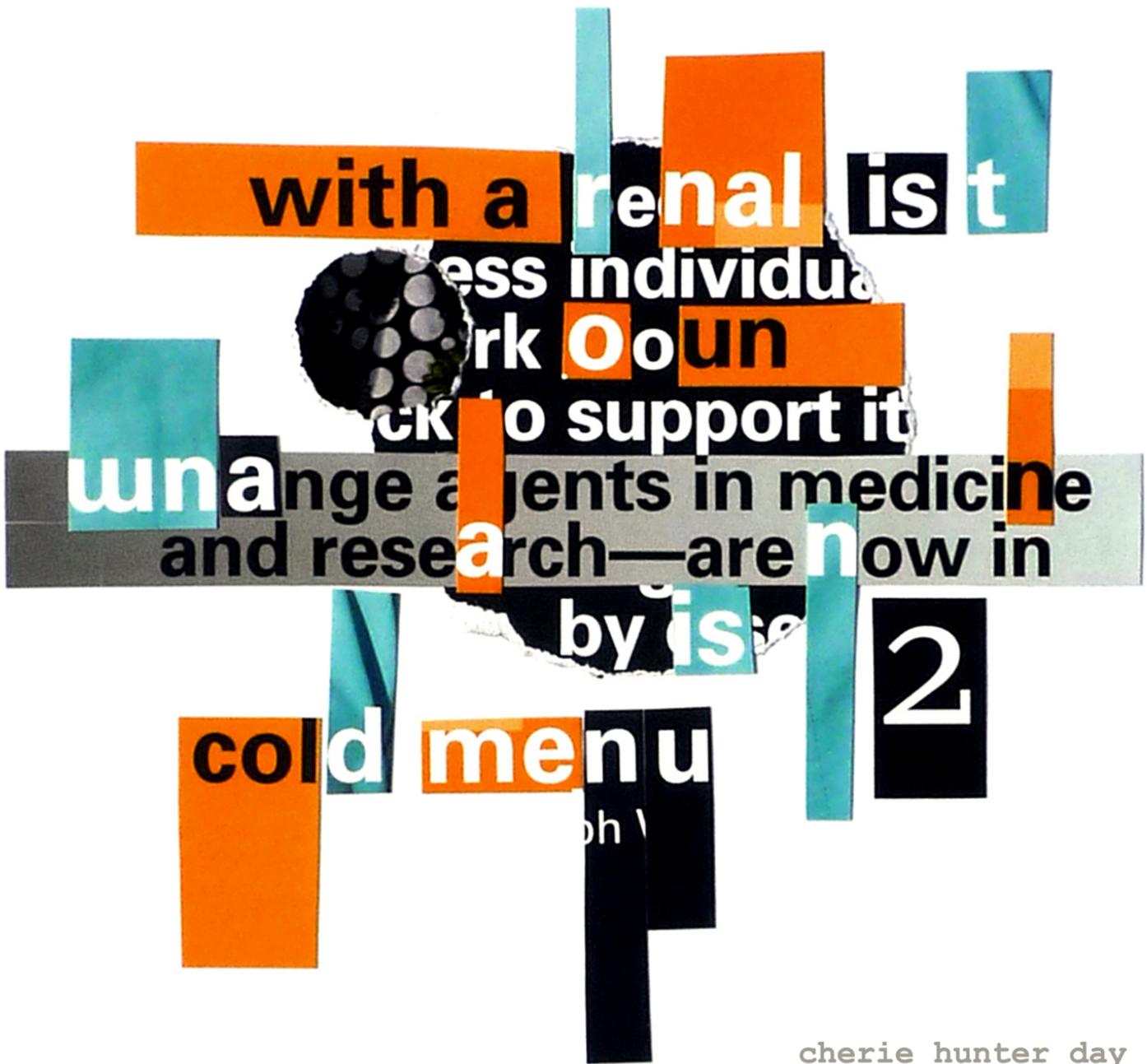
swinging branch the robin's song somewhere else

Agnes Eva Savich

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throwing away
a disposable razor—
I ask him
if he still wants
to be married to me

Susan Burch



with a renal ist

ess individual

rk OoUn

ck to support it

wna nge agents in medicine
and resear ch—are now in

by ise

2

cold menu

cherie hunter day

gathering
fragmented echoes of you
in the empty house—
how many hairs from the drain
can I press like wildflowers

Eric Lohman

one goes, two more come

Laurinda Lind

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Habeas corpus I hold the other ghosts

Alan Summers

night the mercy-go-round of moth wings

Cherie Hunter Day

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then gather young lawyers their shine of brilliance

Susan Diridoni

**Going up
the
staircase
to heaven
on a
wheel
chair**



**It's only cause
I like you
less**

crow rain the softening shadows of cliffs

Marietta McGregor

smart half
phone life

Helen Buckingham

red hood
moon child

Helen Buckingham

wolf moon . . .
finding part of me
is wild

Rebecca Drouilhet



sunspot vulture shadow hovers in my hand

war
to
piece
s

LeRoy Gorman

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one willow greening her neck of the woods

Dan Schwerin

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rainy night
wallpaper scenes repeating
themselves

Gary Hotham

winter deepens
a familiar stray cat's
absence

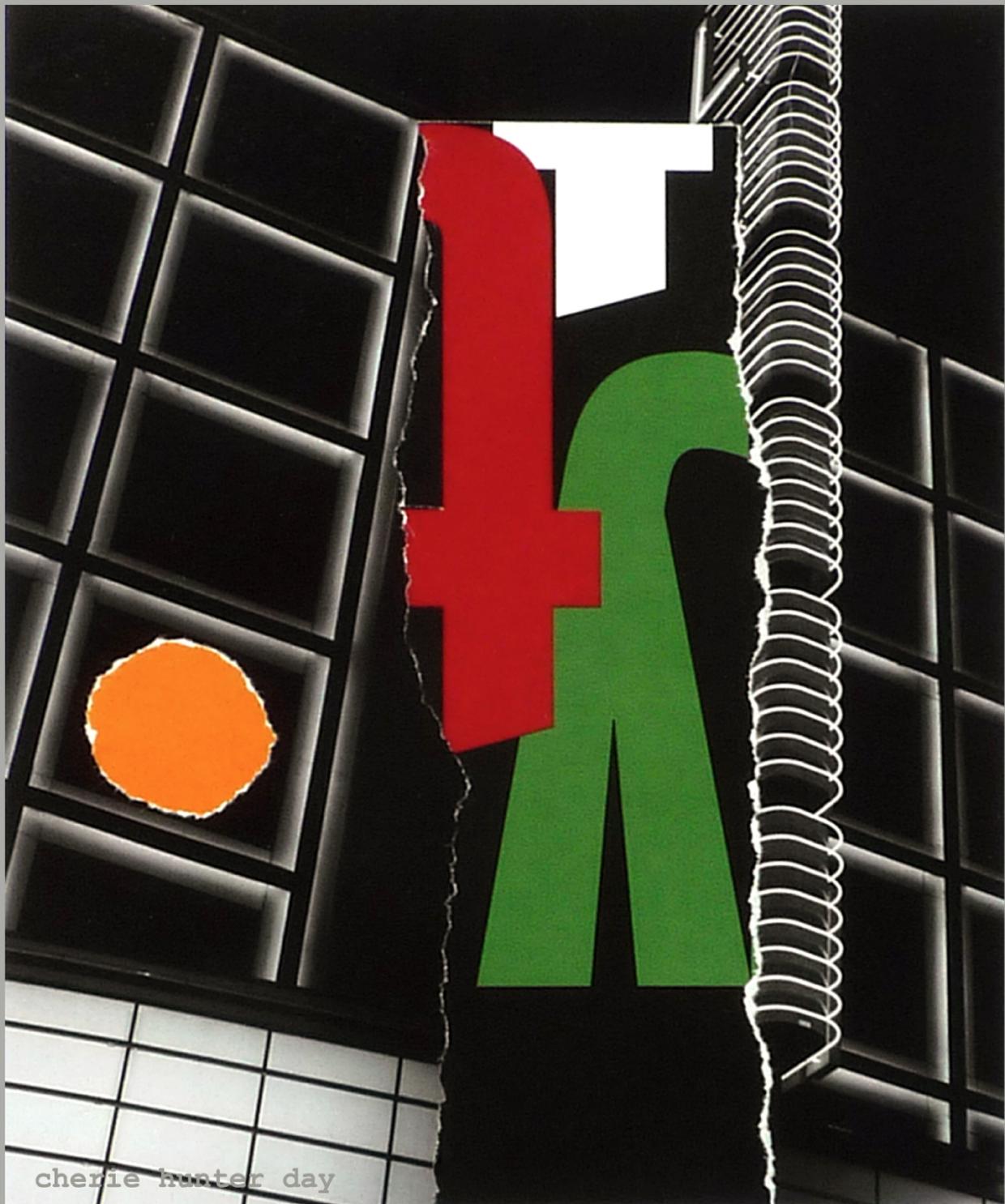
Matthew Moffett

homed and homeless
we talk
about the weather

Dan Schwerin

rain
Monet's
into
step
back
step
I
strokes
brush

Roland Packer



cherie hunter day

dementia ward
she sits on the far side
of the moon

Dan Curtis

crumbs in the shadows that teeth left behind

ai li



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

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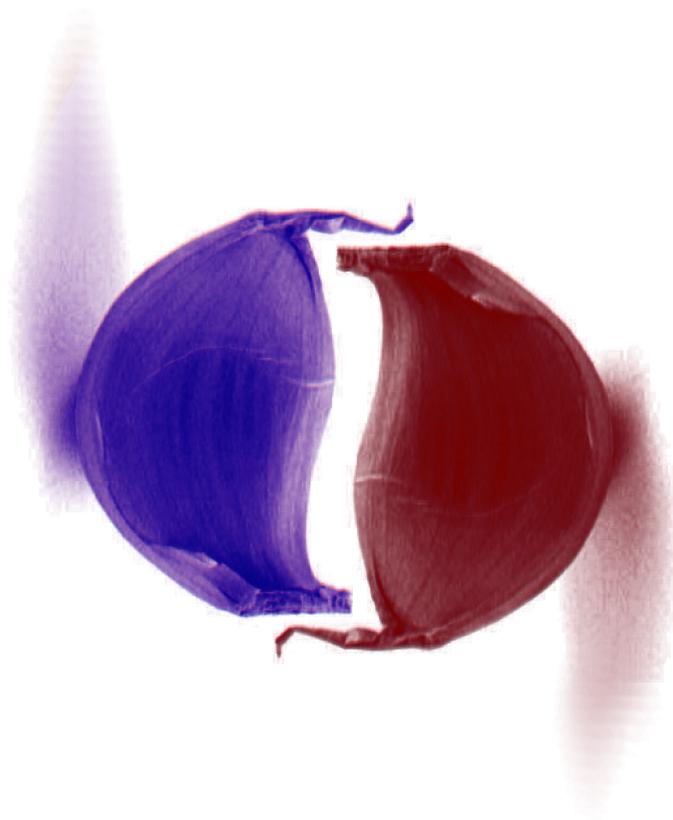
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