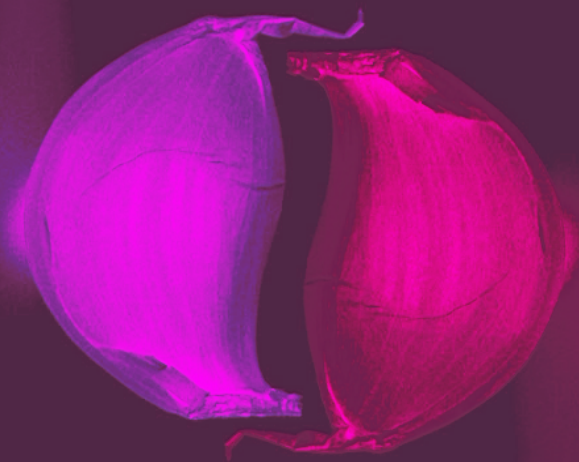


mongarlic E-zine



Issue: 6

mongarlic E-zine

contemporary words & art

Editors

Sheila Windsor
Brendan Slater

Uncredited Artwork

Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor

Published by

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



Issue: 6, May 2016
ISSN 2052-675X

Copyright © 2016 Yet To Be Named Free Press. All rights reserved by the respective authors.

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 it 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 scientists to first stimulate

are a mag-
ve f
len,
ve a
in, fo
anne
the vis
inter
The
osen
gene
impro
visual
nction, specifically,
proved 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



experiencing tingling sensations in the body?

there during the activity to pinpoint?

drinking alcohol that day?

cart ride?

and yourself having to go to the bathroom?

feel anxious?

body feel shaky?

feel like you had a temperature rise in the body?

energy move to different parts of the body or centralized over all the body?

feel confused?

feel nauseous, with an itching stomach?

energy in the main part of the body or the head to move?

energy move around the body?

face red?

feel dizzy or have vertigo?

feel very emotional?

experience skin inflammation? Was the skin itchy? Did it turn red? Have welts (describe).

drinking lots of caffeine at the time?

experiencing higher pitched ringing?

experience asthma or coughing spells?

experience migraines?

experience excessive sweating?

experiencing frozen shoulders and neck pain lately?

you experiencing extreme exhaustion?

any other pertinent information related to this subject that you feel is important to note?

particular to this research.

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.

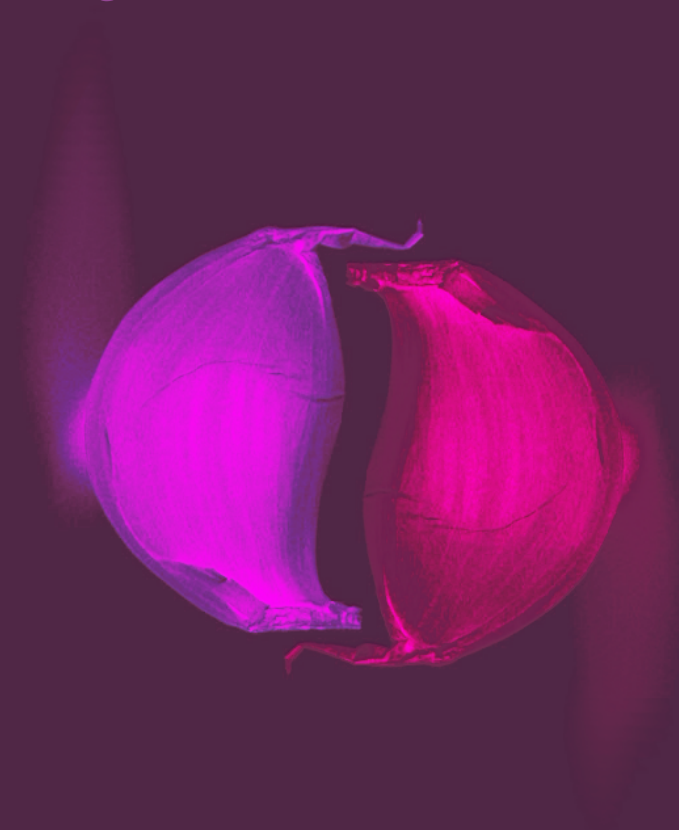
We are seeking contemporary imagist short-verse poetry, ku, one-line, tanka, sequences, haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs celebrating the new and alternative attitudes to these well established art forms. Experimentation is encouraged, but not at the expense of quality. Submissions will be judged on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

Yet To Be Named Free Press reserves first serial rights and *moongarlic E-zine* (ISSN 2052-675X) should be noted as place of first publication. Authors are free to republish after being published in *moongarlic E-zine* provided the new publication does not require first serial rights.

moongarlic E-zine
Issue: 6
May 2016
ISSN 2052-675X
www.moongarlic.org



www.yettobenamedfreepress.org