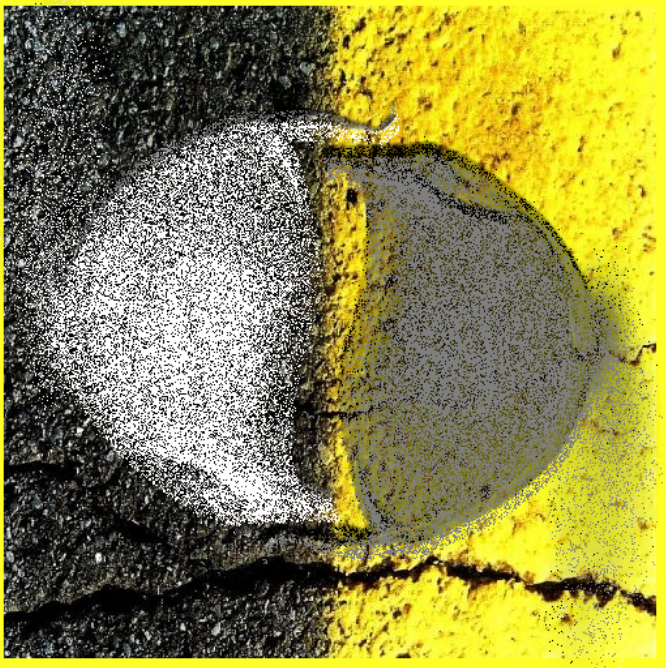
# moongarlic e-zine



Issue: 5

# moongarlic E-zine

*contemporary words & art*

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Brendan Slater

*Uncredited Artwork*
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*In memory of H. Gene Murtha*

*October 19th 1955 - October 9th 2015*

moonlit highway
assuring the GPS girl
i quit the booze

ROMAN LYAKHOVETSKY

# repetition colors the myth

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

nipple through silk the butterfly never lands

BRENT GOODMAN

lonely night
the high from a stranger's
vicodin

CHASE CAGNON

©D Strange

# blood moon the pull of my shadow self

BRENT GOODMAN

milky way
we all have
mothers

CAROLYN HALL

# coffee house her endless preface

PATRICK DOERKSEN

wandering smell of rain in my hat

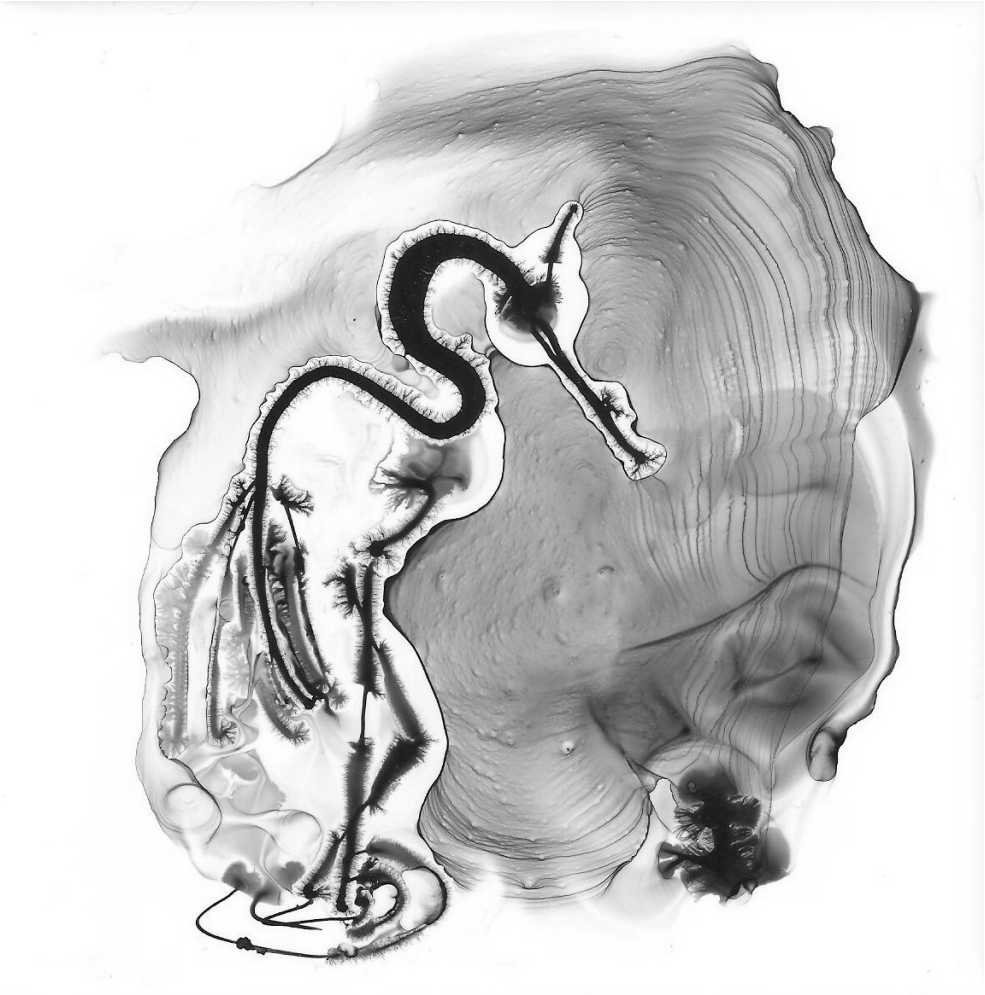
NICHOLAS KLACSANZKY

the wind whistles
and i go
with the leaves

DONNA FLEISCHER

icy roads – controlling the car with prayer & rectum

LARRY KIMMEL



DETELINA TIHOLOVA

## The Gecko

It's a small room. There's nothing but light in it. And some chairs you'd hardly notice were they not occupied with Recalling-Women, or Rememberers. They sit forgetful about each other recalling and recounting the past about every little thing on Earth. Or at least about our village. You see that the light really isn't light but a kind of haze and you try to listen. A gecko sits in the ceiling. Maybe an owl swoops past the window and someone out there dies.

tic toc
holding my breath
I hear the tac

One of the Rememberers is recalling the late station master's childhood. It wasn't a happy one. The haze becomes slightly yellow. In the ceiling the gecko lifts one foot and puts it down again. Very slowly. You remember you're a guest and don't have to sweep the floor. You step outside into an old garden. The church bells ring and you meet a man carrying a very big melon. He's dripping with sweat. "It's for the countess," he says, "That's what I call the wife". He smiles. Later that year The Chairman orders all owls killed.

forever in the distance
the hooting away-from-here
train

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

"be the change" for a second flickering true

PATRICK DOERKSEN

this winter intentionally left blank

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

silent night
the street musician rolls
a joint on his guitar

CHASE GAGNON

cloud talk . . .
sequencing the DNA
of dragons

MARK BRAGER

FABIO SASSI

## Under Darkness

after the service
the priest fastens the lids
on the holy rats

*slowly*
*she emerges from*
*an index of metals*

"they're still here,
all 12" he rolls a ciggy
using a page from Genesis

*her teeth growing*
*to full maturity piercing*
*the dark*

the ultimate sacrifice again
will vinegar remove
holiness?

*she eats moths*
*and lost swallows retracing*
*the song of revenge*

sigh
something's rattling its chains
in the basement

*time crawls into a worm*
*the room echoes*
*with uncounted days*

smoking The Flood (in silence)
he mistakes The Mother's Face
for a needle

*stopping at 80*
*she exits her chrysalis*
*a mercury butterfly*

forked
the tongue that gives him

a blow-job
*she's here and*
*not here as a flesh-eating*
*voice*

half awake
embracing the end of marble days
The Ultimate Word
drops to the floor

and fades

hush | *hsuh*

flight of swallows . . .
holding the x-ray
up to the light

MARK BRAGER

the over
and over
of over

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

naked to dive
from ledge to lake,
that glance—
*you know and I know*
*I have what you want*

LARRY KIMMEL

## Morpheus

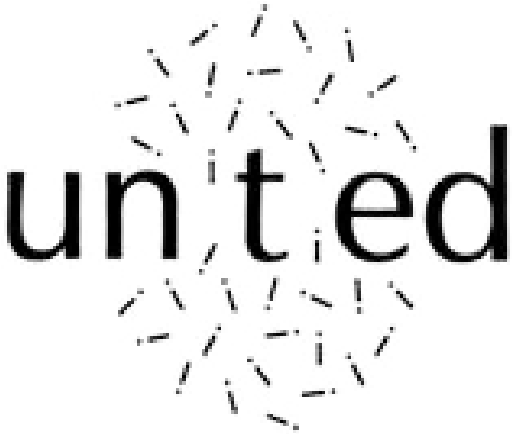
Friday night's air is full of drunken yells and the TV's down to barely audible. She is sleeping in the next room full of pain and morphine. The red helium filled heart shaped balloon with the 'Mother' print is still holding up and floats across the ceiling by the breeze from the open window.

*wave after wave lilac scent*

JOHANNES S H BJERG

from behind bars
the full moon
behind bars

JOHNNY BARANSKI




ROLAND PACKER

leaving Mocha Mania

back & forth we
mirror
one another in the
doorway

can it be
a permanent
relationship . . .

LARRY KIMMEL

# battery corrosion in a field of once-fresh ideas

MATTHEW MOFFETT

# passing a cottage the yearning for a cottage

PATRICK DOERKSEN

th ed og sh ad ow sa sl ow pa tc ho fs un

ROLAND PACKER

the needle
still in his arm
day bray k

ROLAND PACKER

the other kids shouting their breaths into icy knives

MATTHEW MOFFETT

DETELINA TIHOLOVA

presumed drowned on the pool deck blue dragonflying

BILL COOPER

# 35mm slide night that girl with my husband

MARIETTA JANE MCGREGOR

C
ub
anc
iga
rsw
asi
tbe
cau
set
hey
loo
ked
lik
emi
ssi
les

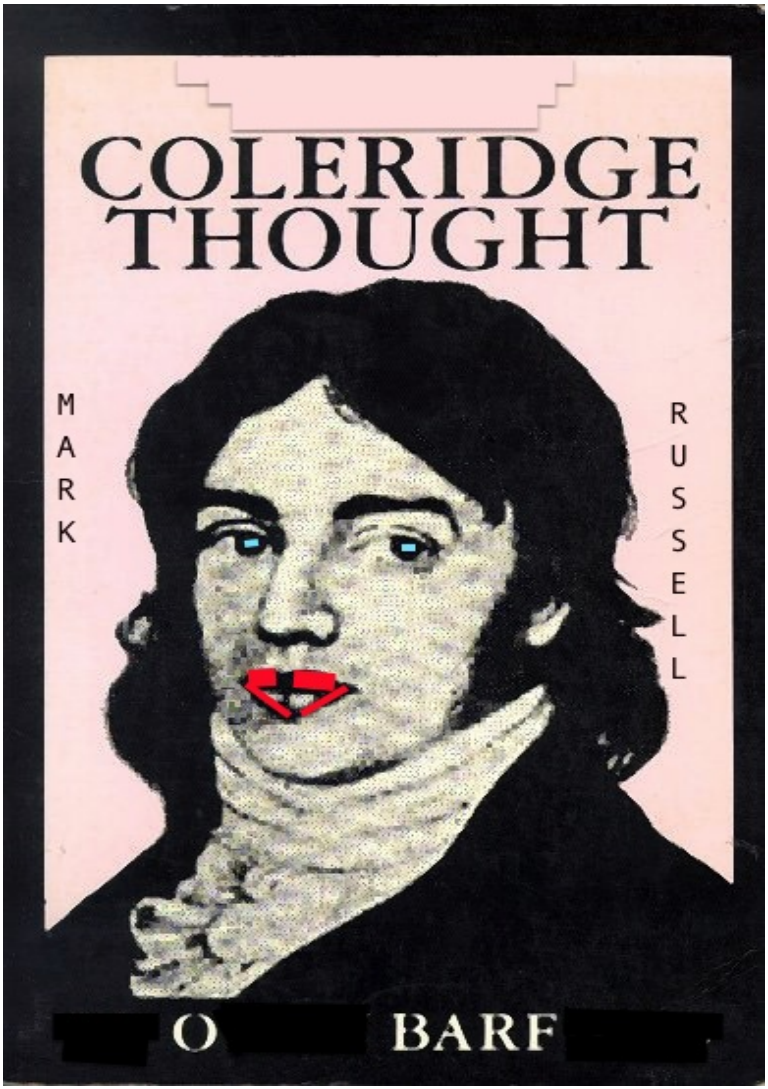
LEROY GORMAN

volcanic winter
an old man hums forgotten lullabies

RAMONA LINKE

washed ashore
the size of my palm
this blue eye

BILL COOPER


COLERIDGE
THOUGHT
MARK
RUSSELL
O BARF

Spring breeze
in a quantumn state
of mind

MATTHEW MOFFETT

# grant submission
# i propose to save the world
# with glowing worms

ROMAN LYAKHOVETSKY

deepening snow . . .
alone in a house
without mirrors

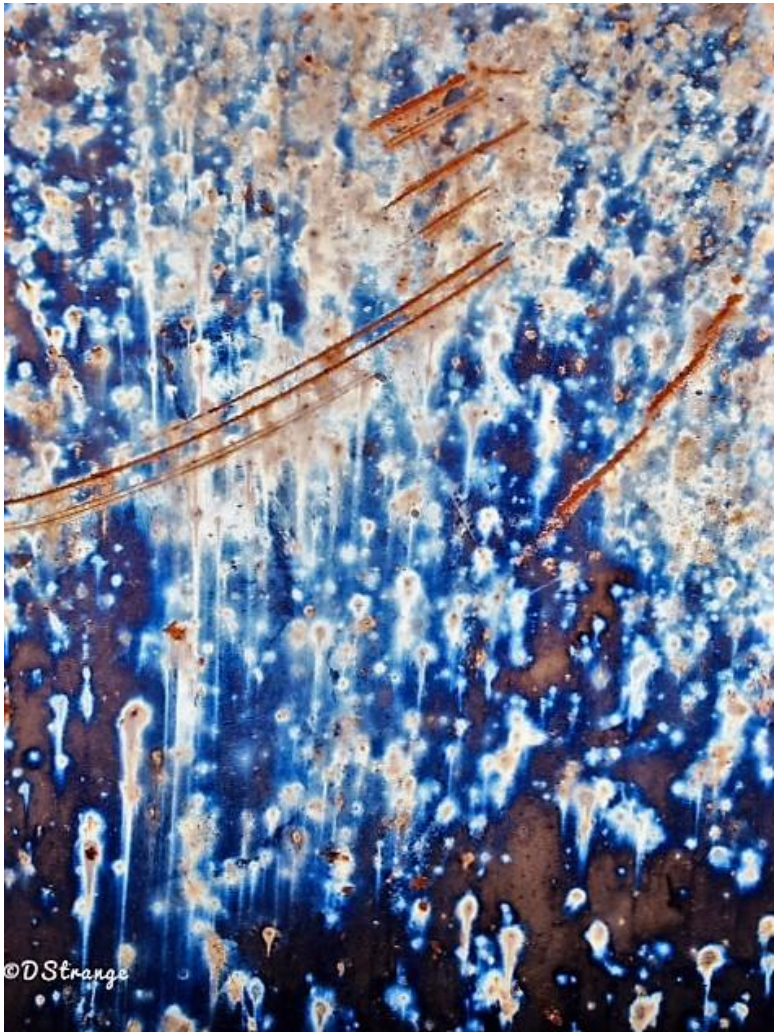
MARK BRAGER

festive cystitis
pine needles
drip

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

the smaller hours
when others sleep deeply
the dots I join

ALAN SUMMERS




DEBBIE STRANGE

spots on his bone scan
the crows' part
in all of this

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

# room to room echoing the atomic clock

MARK BRAGER

ocean sun a bridge so far

LEROY GORMAN

# single to the terminus

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

moon bowl
the aphotic roundness of yearning

RAMONA LINKE

# everyday an ancient light breathes in & out

BRENT GOODMAN

DETELINA TIHOLOVA

# The Eight Assassins

The first assassin invented his mother's facebook account.
The second assassin lived the life in the style of an artist called Joan.
The third assassin invented Amy, a smile4u woman with Glock eyes.
The fourth one doodled Kilroy was Here in blood splatters, or ketchup.
The fifth assassin focused on names from starting with vowels.
Another assassin forgot to annihilate prime numbers.
The 7th assassin, an ex-Navy SEAL, moved around hotel pools rescuing spiders.

day moon
a crow slices
half of it

ALAN SUMMERS

# 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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