

MOONFLAKE
press.



ISSUE #1

february 2021

Readers...

Moonflake Press was born from a love of worlds. The worlds each writer creates within their art. Because writing is an art. An intimate art, a personal art and an art that unveils the writer, reader and world at large.

'The Affair' is a love letter to anti-love, desperate love, lust, deception born from passion and all the other sins that are never seen in the blood-red Valentine's advertisements February is overrun with.

Follow us through the pages of this ode to scandal. Leave your judgements here and we'll keep them safe until you've finished. There are no page numbers, no lists, no contents – just a dizzying spiral into desire...

.... Enjoy ♥

Cyrine

And the rest of the team at Moonflake Press



Brianna Duffin

An Illusion of Love



Christine Hillingdon
The Travellers

Our arrival back at work was timed perfectly to coincide with the last few minutes of the shift.

“Have a nice day?” The boss enquired.

“Wonderful!” We both chimed.

We grabbed our tote bags, followed the rest of the staff out of the building and went our separate ways home.





Dawn De Braag
Frozen Valentine



Elizabeth Fletcher

Stepmonster

Again the fire, the loaf of bread, no berries. I knew it would not be so easy this time, so I clamped the woodsman's thick wrist and walked him home, wearing my best face of grief. Heavy with sleep, I sat in the rocker and watched his shadow grow long. He stared into the fire, listening for their return. He refused to come to bed.

I woke to a deep chill, the embers dying, an empty house. The woodsman's axe, his bow and quiver, gone. I killed a goose for his return, glazed with apples and honey. He would not eat. His hands no longer wandered my body, even when I directed them to the mossy dark spaces. I thought it would be easy. I thought we could be happy and free. But he withdrew, spent his evenings staring into the fire or sharpening his axe. In the void of passion, I knew my days were numbered. He could cut me loose. The goose had gone to waste, its bones thrown into the underbrush at the edge of the forest.

How I learned to hate the woods, a dark boundary, silhouettes of trees falling across the clearing like prison bars. The woodsman had taken to sleeping in the children's beds—the only time he didn't sleep in fits. The chamberpot went missing. The white cat now deposited the toyed-with remains of small creatures on the doorstep. How few choices I'd been given, none of them fine, making a ghost of me before it was my time. I kept close to the house, watchful, wary. I no longer remembered my name. One night, skittish, stumbling outside for relief, I saw the glint of silvered eyes. A glare, certain of my guilt. The flash of the axe blade felled me. I buckled, broken, accepting its final judgment, grateful for my release.





Ellen Huang

the princess and the party

Sleeping for eternity
sounded awfully bleak
to the princess. She worshipped

the idea of everlasting dancing
instead, in a hidden place. Meanwhile,

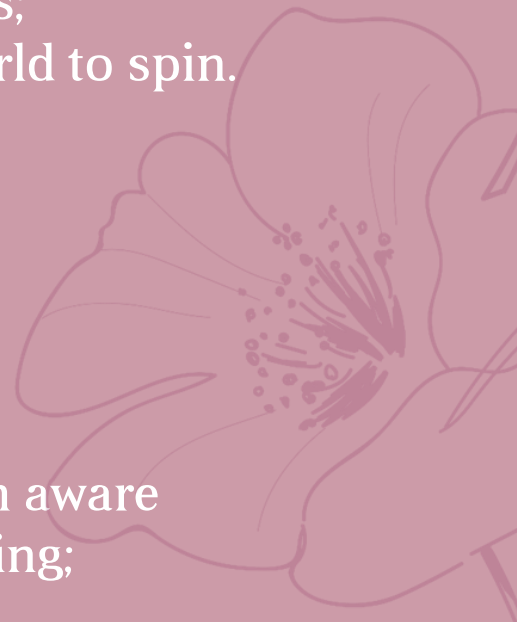
shoes wore out and the other, pirouetting
performer girl was reeling in her head for rest
and privacy. She was the one who kept twirling

when the other swans were kissed
and saved by marriage to strangers;
she must keep dancing, for the world to spin.

They traded fates like children
slipping peas on neighboring
supper plates.

After the party, they wore
each other's shoes, neither of them aware
what they truly desired was dreaming;

neither of them remembering
what it was like to be alive.





Julie Barney

Tattoo
Pivotal

TATTOO

We angled ourselves to face Lyra-

I turned repeatedly to him.

Hid in a blanket-cocoon we

beat a rhythm of fingertip-dreams.

We angled ourselves to face Lyra-

I turned repeatedly to him.

He rained prayers and promises;

a sky-full of stars fell down unseen.

We angled ourselves to face Lyra-

I turned one last time to him.

Pinned dead-butterfly colours

to his mouth, his tongue, his skin.

PIVOTAL

I want you to see her-

but she winds, unwinds

on an old question-hook

she is pinned by it.

spins around and around.

paper-windmill - razor wire,

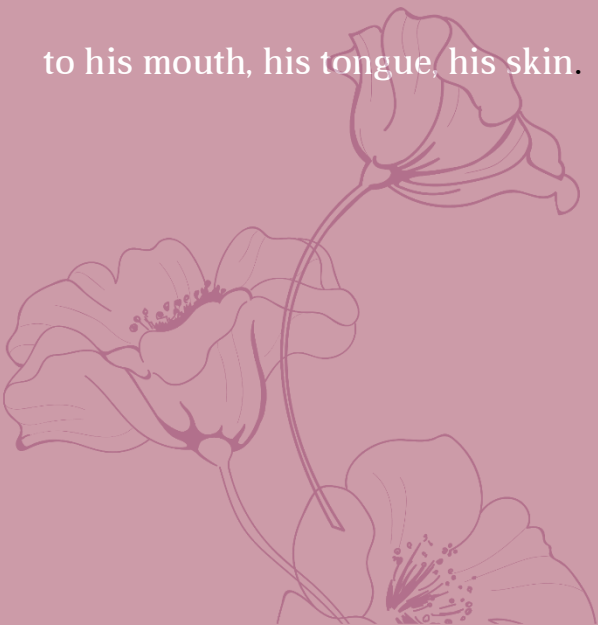
every rotation more freedom.

remove her for you?

no. she'd bleed-out in the knowing,

and a tortured dancer is better

than no dancer at all.





Katie Deutsch

And They Will Live Happily



Mollie Williamson,

Most Ardently

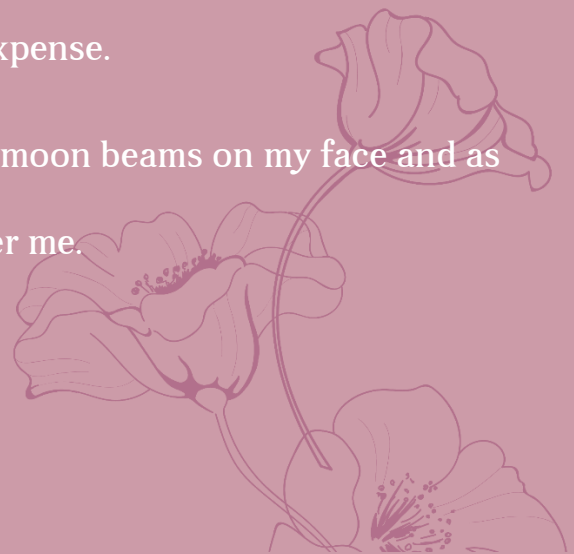
I whisper my secrets to the moon hoping stardust will sweep them over to you. And I wait to see if any murmurs come back to me. But the night air is still. The moon tells me to be patient. And so, I wait all night for your words to stir in my ear. Yet, all I am met with is deafening silence. Doubt clouds my mind like the dark landscape of night. Still, the moon tells me to be patient. I wonder if you have forgotten about me. Time and space can dull the images in one's mind, fading memories to nothing more than faint visions—never really knowing if what one thinks and sees is real.

But my mind can see you clearly. My blood does not stir with the hatred it once did at the thought of you and the way you would look down your nose at me. Yet, I saw your eyes always trail after me, though I was certain they followed me with disgust. And so, I steeled my nerves against you. I was determined to arm myself against your words—your pride and prejudice. Though, your words still did cut me despite how thick I tried to make my skin. And when our anger peek, I finally came to understand that the rushing pulse and skipping heartbeat at the sight of you was not entirely out of hatred, but rather something more. Something fragile, delicate, which was easily crushed by your disapproving words.

Yet, you can image the rush through my veins when you confessed your stares were not out of loathing but rather out of longing. A wanting that mirrored my own, though neither of us understood it at the time. And so here we are, two parts of a whole even though now you are far from me. Yet while the winds remain silent and your comforting words do not greet me, I wonder if it was all a lie. A sick joke at my expense.

My heart rate falls as my eyelids flutter closed. I feel moon beams on my face and as my mind drifts to sleep, I finally hear a whisper drifting over me.


I still love you, my dear. Most ardently.





Virginia Boudreau


The Woman In My Garden



A woman clings
to my garden trellis
nurturing brambled
scratch and
sadness of thorn.

I want to ask
her why
she stays, obscured
by philandering vine.

Rioting honeysuckle
runs slipshod
through the ditches.
Her vibrant fleeting
beauty masks struggling





bloom of the Van
Fleet rose, whispering
fading hue into deaf
ear of the lattice.

And off to the other side,
Muscari persists
in the shadows by
the swinging yard gate:

flooding turf, misting
crumbled ground
a million shades
of watered blue.

Observe too, eloquence
over by the stone wall:
threaded stems dripping
wild fuchsia lobes,

fragments of her
perennial bleeding heart.



Get to know the artists...

Brianna Duffin



@briannaduffin1

Brianna R Duffin (she/her) studies English at Rosemont College and hopes to earn an MFA in Creative Writing and an MA in Publishing. She is passionate about mental health and advocating for the LGBTQ+ community. She has been featured in several online literary magazines, most recently Analogies & Allegories. She also publishes her work on Medium @briannarduffin



Christine Hillingdon



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'THE GIRL FROM FAR AWAY' published by Gnome On Pig Productions, May 2016.

'THE MADDEST KIND OF LOVE' published by Driven Press, August 2016.

'HILLCREST – OAKDEN: THE DIARY OF A PSYCHIATRIC NURSE' published by Vine Leaves Press, June 2018.

Christine has had numerous poems and short stories published in a variety of anthologies and magazines.

Dawn DeBraal



<https://www.facebook.com/All-The-Clever-Names-Were-Taken-114783950248991>

<https://www.amazon.com/Dawn-DeBraal/e/BO7STL8DLX>

Dawn DeBraal lives in rural Wisconsin with her husband Red, two little rescue dogs, and a stray cat. She has discovered that her love of telling a good story can also be written. Dawn has published over 300 stories in many online magazines and anthologies, including Spillwords, Mercurial Stories, Potato Soup Journal, Zimbell House, Black Hare Press, Clarendon House, Blood Song Books, Fantasia Divinity, Cafelit, Reanimated Writers, The World of Myth, Vamp Cat, Runcible Spoon, Siren's Call, Setu, Kandisha Press, Terror House Magazine, D & T Publishing, Iron Horse Publishing, Impspired Magazine, Falling Star Magazine's 2019 Pushcart nominee.



Elizabeth Fletcher



@esfletcher

Elizabeth Fletcher, MFA, RYT-500, still owns her worn, childhood copy of Hansel & Gretel. Her work has appeared in Confrontation, Schuylkill Valley Journal Online, Leaping Clear, Versification and more. She writes and teaches yoga in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Ellen Huang



@nocturnalxlight www.worrydollsandfloatinglights.wordpress.com

Ellen Huang (she/her) is the type of person to take “Netflix and Chill” to mean movies and ice cream. She is published in miniskirt magazine, briars lit, From the Farther Trees, Grimoire, Enchanted Conversation, Sword & Kettle Press, Gingerbread House, and more. She reads for Whale Road Review and has seen 3am way too many times. She also thinks dressing up like a princess/royalty at home for no one but yourself is something everyone should try at least once.



Julie Barney

Julie lives on the Isle of Wight with her husband and two grown-up children. She works full time as an early years practitioner, and writes at weekends



Katie Deutsch



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Katie Deutsch is a writer and poet from northern California, though she now lives in southern England. She has written for two poetry competitions before, though this is her first time publishing a short story.

Mollie Williamson



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Mollie Williamson (she/her) attended Saint Mary's College of California double majoring in Art History and Women's Studies in 2013. She then received her Master's in Women's Studies from the University of Alabama in 2014. Mollie enjoys writing stories based on fairy tales and mythology. Her work has been featured in The Pinkley Press, Toho Journal, Nightingale & Sparrow, White Wall Review, HerStry, Nymphs Publications, and Nitrogen House among others.



Virginia Boudreau

www.ginnyhardingboudreau.com

Virginia Boudreau is a retired teacher living along the southern coast of Nova Scotia, Canada. Her poetry and prose have appeared in a wide variety of international literary publications, both in-print and on-line. Some of these include The New York Times, Grain, Westerly, TNQ, Understorey, and FireWords. She won the 2020 Bacopa Review competition for Flash Creative NonFiction.

Readers...

We hope you enjoyed our offering.

Our writers and poets deserve all the praise for making our first issue the absolute best it can be. Their words made our little magazine buzz with life. We're honoured to share their art with you.

So to Brianna, Christine, Dawn, Elizabeth, Ellen, Julie, Katie, Mollie and Virginia –

Thank You!

Support our writers by following them, reading their work in other publications and however else you can.

Lastly, thank you for taking this journey with us.



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