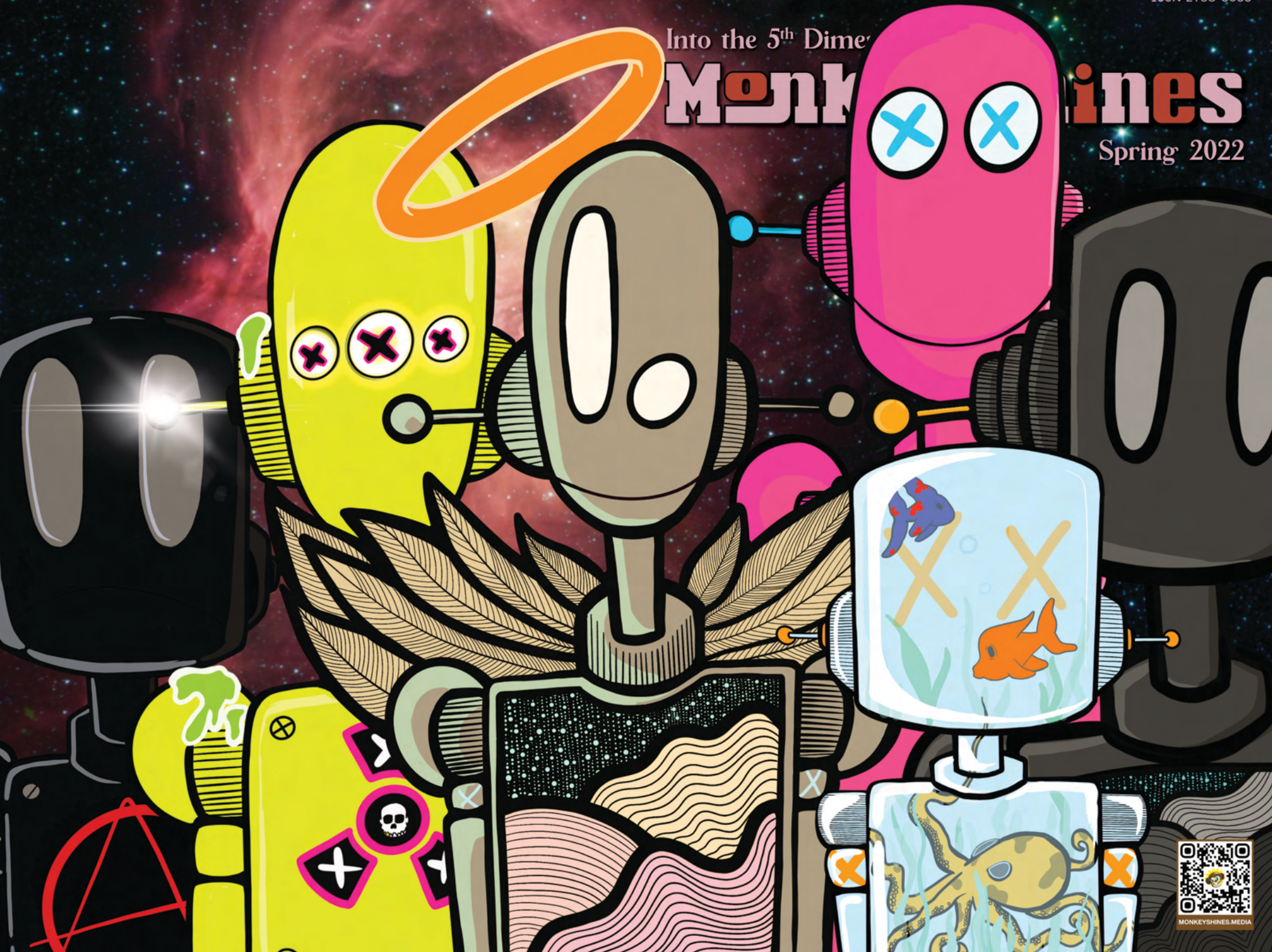


Into the 5th Dimer

Monkeyshines

Spring 2022





*"Red Hook" by Christopher Fahey
instagram @ crucial2020*



*Photo (Sunflower) by Maria Robado
instagram @ Riacaroline14*

*In memory of
Indy and Jinx*



*"In Memory of Indy and Jinx" by NeoVenom
instagram @ neovarts*

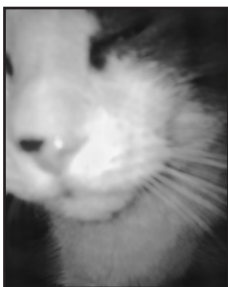


OBITUARIES

Indy, Standby Morning Alarm Cat Dies at 16

MEDFORD, NY — Indy, aka Indy Bug, aka My Li'l Guy, was euthanized Saturday, March 5, 2022 due to complications from hyperthyroidism and heart failure.

Indy found his humans in July 2006, after he was picked out of a litter of 4-week old kittens, randomly, as all the kittens pretty much looked alike. This didn't stop Indy from developing his own unique identity, which when he was young, mostly consisted of bothering the other cat, chasing the red light, and pretending not to be frightened by strangers. As he matured, he found pleasure in lap-sitting and viciously playing with the hairy human, often both within minutes.



Indy Bug

Indy eventually became deaf which stopped him from being frightened of strangers and caused him to loudly introduce himself whenever he came into a room. His humans learned that the origin of the word “cater-wauling” was appropriate.

His late onset of heart failure didn't diminish his zest for the red light, but he did prefer it when it didn't move so much. Until his last week, he remained a kitten in all but age, spritely, and tail up like an

exclamation point.

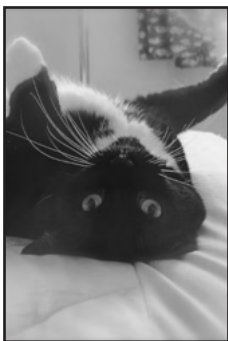
Indy was buried in a small ceremony surrounded by loved ones. He is survived by his humans, the red light, and, for a couple of days, the other cat.

Jinx, 18, Just Wanted to Drink from Your Cup

MEDFORD, NY — Jinx, aka Jinkie Jinx, aka the Jinkiest Jinx that ever Jinked, was euthanized Tuesday, March 8, 2022, due to lower body paralysis and other chronic illnesses.

Jinx's early life is a mystery, but when she was four to five-months old, in 2004, she chose her humans by jumping on the back of one of them while they were looking at kittens in an animal shelter. She thanked her humans by being playful and always hungry. She remained playful until the other cat showed up, and from that point she was just always hungry.

Jinx delighted visitors to her house by casually hanging out in the same room, relaxing on her footstool, seemingly uninter-



Jinkie Jinx

ested but sociable. This was a trap. When a human that was not one of her humans attempted to pet her, she would hiss and scare the human, which provided much laughter and joy from her human hosts.

Jinx developed arthritis, had poor dental health, and suffered from eye herpes and cataracts, but these ailments never seemed to phase her, and she remained determined to always be hungry, but picky, and loving to her humans. On the day she would be euthanized, she fell asleep in the arms of one of her humans,

letting him know that she never regretted her decision to choose him.

Jinx was buried in a private service. She is survived by her humans and the purple cup.



Monkeyshines

Into the 5th Dimension

Issue 005.0.2

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jonathan@monkeyshines.media
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So it goes, Indy & Jinx. We miss you.

ISSN 2768-5055

Featuring:

Cover Image: SPCRBTSMNKYSHNS
by Corey Houlihan
<https://spcwmn.bigcartel.com>

Vertical Man and **black-hearted soul**
by Robert Savino

winter by Tom Mattson

Morning Before Nemo
by Patricia Russell

Spring Animal Oracle
by Painted Birch

Clean Air (Light) by Amie Colosa

Moonlit Redemption by Estelle Clark

In Memory of Indy and Jinx
by NeoVenom

Obituaries by The Editors

Photo (Sunflower) and **The Attic**
by Maria Robado

Past, Present, and Future
by Jennifer Rasmussen

Tone and **Someday** by Tommy Step

Red Hook by Christopher Fahey

SHE HER HERS by Snafu 77

Center spread:
JANUARY6TH by Snafu77
<https://instagram.com/snafu77/>

Special collector's feature:
2 of 4 **Local Heroes** by Keith Quinn
Collect all 4!

Spring 2022

Monkeyshines

Vertical Man

I live in shadows of those who lived long ago
words branded in walls of wood
false prophets unearthing the gardener's garden.

To look back ... it's all black,
woodlands preserved by historians
each branch touched by an angel
yet you emerge from a distant moonlight breach.

I want to erase you but I can't
except for short spells beneath blankets of darkness
where I dream ... I dream I am dreaming
only to awaken and find you returned at daybreak.

I smell the fragrance of bloom ... you do not.
I hear the crackle of fall leaves underfoot ... you do not.
What you see I see and more ... I see through you.

As I wander through passing of days.
you follow, tall, adjacent to trees.
In some time to come
I will be in the presence of a third

and you, Vertical Man, dying to have a voice,
dying to be me ... will implode in the hour
of sundown, erased from existence.

Robert Savino
mailto: dynsus@aol.com

Moonlit Redemption, part 1

As Kyra rode through the fire-stricken village that was once her home, tears fell from eyes that swore they'd never cry again. She sifted through the piles of cold ash and bone that were once a strong house and a proud family. Her family. Now, just one year from her latest departure there was nothing left to come home to. Kyra's feet traced the familiar outline of the stone wall that was once her kitchen. Phantom aromas of venison on the fire and fresh bread filled her nostrils. She felt the ghosts of her past surround her as she saw her sister, Catalina, chopping vegetables from their small garden. Her ears tickled with the echoes of her mother calling, "Kyra, fetch papa from the fields for supper." Kyra took a deep breath and imagined the stone-bottomed houses framed in wood. She saw the remains of the church over the hills in the distance and recollected when it was built. Her feet led her to wander into the charred field where her father spent his long days. The dank, murky air sat heavy on her shoulders; so much destruction. Suddenly she stopped — a pain rushed through her like a knife plunged deep into her stomach. She knelt down beside a skeleton donning a silver pendant. Instinctively her hand rushed to her neck and clutched its mate. She removed the first from the ashy bones and placed it around her own neck. Its delicate metal bearing rigid strength upon her heart.

"My dear Catalina, I do regret what has happened to you." Staring up at the mountains through her sobs, she watched the dense fog tear over the valley, reflecting her confusion. Kyra took hold of her emotions while walking back to her horse. She pushed back her long auburn hair, and rubbed her eyes. Erasing their moisture allowed her to see more clearly through their emerald glow. She mounted her horse with perfect poise. Surely Byron would have heard some news of this. Quickly she urged her horse southward on the road to Niger Lee.

There was a steady rain as Kyra came upon the old shack that was used as a trading post between her lost Verona Woods and Niger Lee. She stopped and dismounted her horse, approaching the door to see if anyone remained. After an unanswered knock, she walked inside to see only the remains of a tradesman. After finding a small purse of change and a bag of dried meat, she returned to her journey.

The rain tapered off as night fell. Kyra dismounted her horse and led him under a large tree. She removed the saddle and halter and set him to graze. Kyra tucked herself into the valley of two overgrown roots of a tree older than the mountains themselves and looked up at the canopy of branches softly kissing the sky. The air was heavy and still as Kyra closed her eyes. Sleep engulfed her as visions of her farmhouse entered her thoughts. A group of small children were playing by the river that flowed through her father's fields. Among them were Catalina, and herself.

Being my big sister, Catalina should have been more careful with me by the water. She knows I can't swim. And letting Lacey push me down, laughing, just for fun..., Kyra thought as she saw herself slip down the riverbank. She remembered the terror of dropping below the water, not breathing. She saw her body floating with the current as an odd looking angel with large wings, surrounded by a golden hue, plucked her from the river's grasp...

Kyra awoke to the sun's rays, a bit shaken by her memory. She looked up and whispered, "Byron, you saved me once, come and pluck me again from my sorrow." She watched the sky for a brief moment before calling her horse. She saddled him, took a few pieces of meat from the saddlebags and led the brown and tan marbled stallion down the path.

Kyra closed her eyes as her feet fell in perfect rhythm as if they had a memory of their own. So many times through her eighteen years, she had traced these same steps. How long ago that seems now. Kyra's arm jerked as her horse stopped suddenly. She looked around and listened intently. Faintly, she could hear the sounds of running hooves, and caught a glimpse of a deer leaping to catch up with its herd. After listening for a moment, Kyra could hear voices in the distance. She quickly led her horse from the path and settled down among the brush. Kyra could see a small group of men bearing a crimson banner with a golden bird. Behind them, three women, tied at the hands, were being dragged. She shivered as she thought of the fate that awaited them. Quietly, and at a distance, Kyra followed the group about ten leagues. The sun was still bright

Moonlit Redemption, part 1, cont'd

when one soldier halted and signaled to make camp. Kyra absorbedly watched as the men tethered the women, along with the horses, to the trees. As she stayed, waiting for her chance at a rescue, her mind echoed the solemn advice of her friend telling her to let it be and move on. "Risking your neck for no reason is foolish."

"Why then did you save me?" Kyra remembered the conversation well.

"That day I was feeling foolish." Byron had answered.

Kyra took a long, deep breath as the sun finally dropped below the Earth. In her head she could hear the soft voice again, *What force drives you to be foolish today my child?* In a whisper Kyra replied, "I could do nothing for the ones I loved. Here is my chance to do something to begin my atonement."

It didn't take much longer for Kyra to see her opportunity. The men were laid out in a circle next to the fire. The women were on the other side. She would sneak around and release them. Then they were on their own. She took one last preparatory look. All five men were accounted for. They had set no traps and kept no dogs. *Seems too easy*, Kyra thought to herself. *Still, I must be careful.*

She crept up behind the camp and positioned herself behind a few bushes near where the captives were tied. Quietly she told them not to move. Kyra lifted her dagger from its sheath and cut their ropes before releasing the horses.

"Quickly," she told them, "go as far as you can and stay out of sight." Kyra glanced back at the sleeping men and her heart sank. Kyra saw a sight she could never have predicted. Strolling through the camp was a tall, monster of a horse. She must not have secured his reigns. "Curse you wretched stallion," Kyra whispered under her breath. "Thorn. Thorn, come here." Kyra ordered as loud as she dared. The horse looked up and happily trotted to its master, stepping on one of the men in the process. "Damned horse!" Kyra said as she mounted Thorn. It took only a moment for the men to be up. Two of the men ran to gather the horses; the others followed the fleeing girls. Kyra turned and pushed Thorn back the way they had come. She kept a close eye over her shoulder and was shocked to find they

did not follow her. She continued and found the trail that put her back on course to Niger Lee.

"Stupid horse, you could have gotten us killed." Kyra's reprimand was met only by a playful whiney.

Kyra returned her attention from her horse to the narrow trail. She turned forward and was startled to find a stranger in her path.

"Pardon me Miss, I didn't mean to unnerve you. Is this the way to Niger Lee?"

Kyra looked upon the young lady riding on a small white horse, her golden hair framing her pale face and bright sapphire eyes. "Are you lost?" Kyra answered.

"A little. I bypassed Verona Woods and was afraid I'd gone too far. I'm Leah, by the way." The girl approached Kyra and extended her hand.

Kyra studied her and judgingly asked, "Are you always so eager to meet a stranger? One, especially one as pretty as you, should be more careful. I'm Kyra," she said, accepting Leah's hand. "I wouldn't recommend you travel alone. There are many dangers in these woods. I am going to Niger Lee. You may continue with me if you'd like." Kyra could feel Leah's eyes searching her body. They stopped briefly at her hip where her crossbow was hung. A small sword was slightly exposed from under her long green cloak.

"How do I know you're not one of those dangers?" Leah replied with a grin.

Kyra circled her once before saying, "You don't."

by Estelle Clark
facebook @estelle.clark.75



Let's Learn About: **Monkeyshines**

What is Monkeyshines?

Besides being an *astounding zine* bringing you fantastic writing and art from Long Islanders, Monkeyshines is published by a not-for-profit that raises money for art and writing programs on Long Island.



It supports local artists and writers, publishing their work, and mailing the zine out to subscribers for free.



Through the zine and the website, it gives creators a unique way to connect with their audience.



All work it publishes remain under the ownership of the creators. Monkeyshines is the medium, not the manager.



**And all this is possible thanks to YOU!
We couldn't do it without your submissions and donations.**

You maybe asking yourself,

How can I be a part of this?!



Send your submissions to editors@monkeyshines.media, or go to <https://monkeyshines.media/inc/> to learn more about Monkeyshines!





This page: "SHE HER HERS"
Center spread: "JANUARY6TH"
by Snafu77 (Evan Campanella)
instagram @ Snafu77

Sometimes
I'm not nice
When I'm angry



Mr

W

*

MMMMMMMM

Modified

I - all
Name Your
1612 #

W
W



Clean
Air
is a
human
Right



"Clean Air" (Light) by Amie Colosa
instagram @ chinupprints

Tone

I never settled down...
Are those eyes...
The absolute best?
Is that heart pure?
I don't know...
So I stay adrift...

Only she knows
What lies behind
Dew dripped eyes
Glistening in light
But maybe
Not tonight
Yeah maybe
Not tonight

Listen to
To that brass
Brass wail
Feel it deep
Deep in your bones
Nothing like that
Bone tone

Though only she knows
What lies behind
Dew dripped eyes
Glistening in light
But maybe
Not tonight
Yeah maybe

Someday

My mother
Once said...
My son, my prince
Go out and do good
Never fear
I'm always here
Lilacs in the air
As you stare
In remembrance
Think of me
The times of yesteryear
Bright and shimmering

Lilacs you brought me
Even though perhaps
You acquired them
Never thought
Less of you
My youngest
My oddest...
The one I always believed

Now go out and shine
Hush those voices
Let them silence
I'm your passenger
I sit by your side
Settled in for the ride

Lilacs you brought me
Even though perhaps
You acquired them
Never thought
Less of you
My youngest
My oddest...
The one I always believed
Now go out and shine...



black-hearted soul

church on Sunday is the ark of return
for hippies past the dawn of awakening

everyone is welcome
ushered to sit anywhere
bread & wine shared for free
donations, optional
incense drifts to the dome

the congregation looks into each other's eyes
no longer kiss or shake hands to offer peace

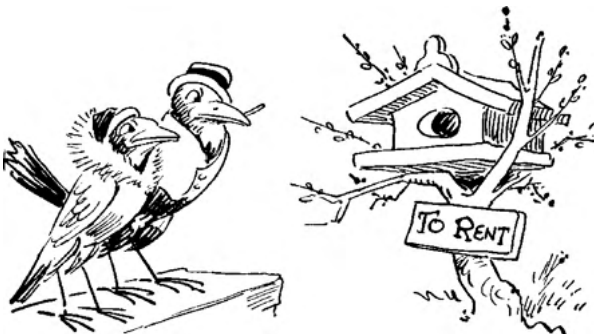
shafts of light radiate through stained glass
everyone loves ... no fear of death

it was so intoxicating I returned on Monday,
walking in on a trip gone bad

a casket on wheels, center aisle
six criers ... six carriers ... at six a.m.

and off in the distance a black-hearted angel
hovers with clear view of the illuminant cross
thirsty for apostasy

Robert Savino
mailto:dynsus@aol.com



winter

spark-plugging blood

and lateral

sometimes

the universe expands

faster than it should.

once, when freezing rain was everywhere

i told you that time is wheel and all of us

are ground

to ride upon.

you asked where it goes and i said

life is a mountain of sometimes the bridge

my body wants to remember

is the song that becomes heavy.

blurry light moistens the icy sidewalks

we negotiate

and the faces we wear over our faces

fall like the tree of laughter

we've given to the snow.

Tom Mattson



Local Heroes created by Keith Quinn!

COLLECT ALL Four!

In this issue, you've found:

- American Spirit™
- Mystery-Man™
- The Sensational Squire™
- Silent Knight™

Can you find all 4? Collect or trade copies of the Spring 2022 issue of **Monkeyshines** to find the others!



Local Heroes © Keith Quinn

Read the comic at <http://www.localheroes.us>

Color versions of the Local Heroes are available on our website at <https://monkeyshines.media/localheroes/>

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the sensational
SQUIRE™



Local Heroes © Keith Quinn

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The Attic

If the walls could speak, what would they say?

There is a woman fighting for her life every single day,
Seeing her try and crumble away, to the people who hold
the key to a version of her past that no longer be.

It is time for her to find peace and be free.

No longer the woman on that February eighteenth night
walking thru those doors, holding her baby tight.

If the wall could talk, they would say,

"You will no longer be trapped, you will be free one day."

No longer surrounded by abusers disguised behind
smiles.

Tippy toeing in silence just to be compliant.

Those attic windows will open and you will be free.

You will breathe and live a life of peace and tranquility.

Maria Robado
instagram @ Riacaroline14

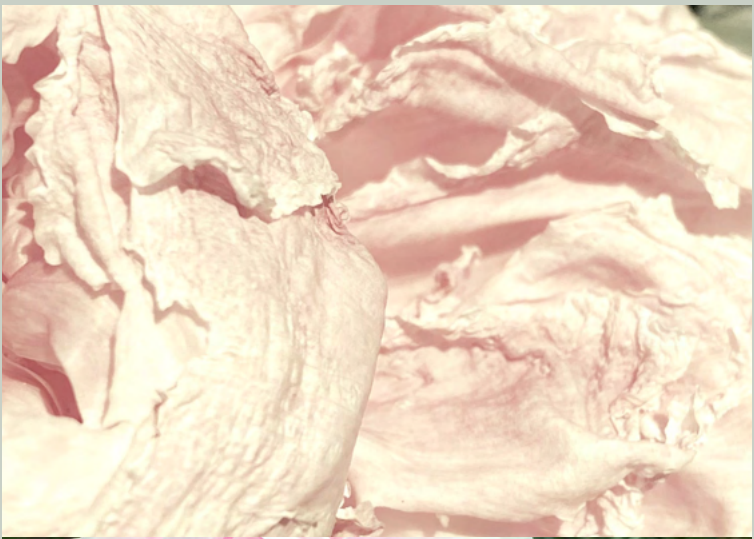
Lookin' Good!



You can look this good, too!!

*Why not order your own
MonkeyshinesMedia 2022
Fundraising T-Shirt, and be
the stylistest you can be.
Shirts start at \$21, and \$Five
dollors goes to Monkeyshines!*

*HEad to [https://
monkeyshines.media/bonfire](https://monkeyshines.media/bonfire)*



"Past", "Present", and "Future"
by Jennifer Rasmussen



"Morning Before Nemo"
by Patricia Russell

Spring Animal Oracle



The Blackbird: the symbol of the inner calling

The Blackbird is calling to the smiths to light the forge and create. The Blackbird reversed calls to you to forge for yourself. Like the smith, who combines different elements to forge artifacts, you too can combine the elements of heart, mind, instinct, and intuition to create a balanced life.

Spring is a time for new creations, animal births, new seedlings. Take this time to forge the path to the life you want. Let the Blackbird's song lead you to the forge within your heart, where you can cast the passion to achieve the balanced life.

Until next season.

// **Painted Birch** //

beithe péinteáilte

Spring Animal Oracle by Painted Birch
mailto:oracle@monkeyshines.media