

#FemkuMag



issue five

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An e-zine of Women's Haiku
issue five

cover art: Lori A Minor

a note from me to you

I am thrilled to see the number of submissions growing each month! This issue is absolutely spectacular and includes some pretty innovative and progressive topics. It is so exciting to see women willing to share the deepest parts of their soul! Thanks to everyone who submitted. I look forward to starting issue six next month!

As you might have noticed last month, I started the Femku Feature, which will continue for every month's issue. Most of the pieces will be curated, but if you have a women-empowered haibun that you think would be a good fit, please feel free to send it my way! Be sure to check out the new Femku Feature on the last page of this issue!

Stay radical,
Lori A Minor, editor

the wildflower grows from a hole in the brick she persists

– Robin Anna Smith

thrift store trip reclaiming my discarded dreams

– Robin Anna Smith

stained apron
all those feelings
she never shared

– Hifsa Ashraf

Alzheimer's –
my mother and I
in a new relationship

– Hifsa Ashraf

edge of winter my withered insides

– Rachel Sutcliffe

earth scent
I am the beggar
of my future

– Guliz Mutlu

autumn hues . . .
the ladies socialize
in red hats

– Valentina Ranałdi-Adams

his ego . . .
I stir my long drink
a little longer

– Corine Timmer

lingering rain
your farewell
footsteps

– Rađostina Dragostinova

the attic portrait
that keeps me strong
mum-in-the-moon

– Helen Buckingham

Twinge and tears
in a scarlet deluge
dysmenorrhea

Punzada y lāgrimas
en un diluvio escarlata
dismenorrea

– Irish D. Torres

prickly heat
fleshy curve you insisted
on touching

– Christine Taylor

emerging breasts...
the sudden sharpness
of flower buds

– Praniti Gulyani

feminist...
even the moon turns
and stares

– Praniti Gulyani

honeydew –
the sweetness
of my other half

– Martha Magenta

after sex
he tells me
I'm a whore

– Martha Magenta

thundering silence —
her compass oriented
to the moon

– Kelly Sauvage Angel

as a young woman
I could see it in the stars
 $K = f(x, y)$

– Kelly Sauvage Angel

wildfire –
seeing his car
where it shouldn't be

– Susan Burch

first heartbreak –
her unexpected laugh
when I call him a dumbass

– Susan Burch

low autumn sun
again you call me
your last love

– Anna Maris

falling leaves
missing
missing you

– Anna Maris

metamorphosis . . .
if only to become
what I was

– Julie Warther

photosynthesizing the newness of each touch

– Julie Warther

the curve of her breasts robin-song

– Réka Nyitrai

stained glass
the rips in his
muscle shirt

– Cyndi Lloyd

coming of age
a redbud
begins to bloom

– Tia Haynes

moonlight...
taking in my daughter's
every feature

– Tia Haynes

scars
life as I knew it
all sewn up

– Elizabeth Crocket

autumn leaves
finding beauty
in my turning

– Terri L. French

craters on the moon
words he never
hears

– Deborah P Kolodji

premature tulips my milk comes in

– Deborah P Kolodji

summer love
the world we build
from sand

– Debbi Antebi

that quiet moment
the lizard jumps
I jump

– Christina Chin

rescue rose –
we bring each other
back to life

– Lucy Whitehead

marriage promise –
the photographer struggles
with his chewing gum

– Eva Limbach

luna
moths
your
eyes
distract
me
in
the
dark

– Debbie Strange

windfall we harvest the apples of our discord

– Debbie Strange

Femku Feature by Lori A Minor

Precious Cargo: A Historical Haibun

December 1770

My name is Mary Lacy it's been only a short while since passing my exam to become a shipwright. No other woman has yet been presented with such an incredible opportunity. Maybe that's because I've been disguising myself as a man for the past eleven years. I'm just happy I've finally started gaining a bit of respect.

seahorses
I bend the rules
of gender norms

August 1856

My name is Mary Patten and we've almost made it around South America. I think the crew is happy with their decision to bypass port Valparaiso like I suggested. Even though I'm only nineteen and a woman, I couldn't ask for better support from the crew of Neptune's Car. We'll be in San Francisco soon, but for now I must get back to the medicine books. I have to help my husband wake up so he can meet his son.

blind faith
I ride the tide
toward the north star

September 1920

It's been a month since the SS Superior City exploded. We were heading down to Lake Huron when we collided with the Willis L. King. All twenty-eight men and myself went down with our ship. I just hope I can get the attention of someone who'll miss me.

nameless grave
I mourn the loss
of a woman at sea