

# #FemkuMag



issue six

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An e-zine of Women's Haiku

issue six

November 2018

cover art: Lori A Minor

## a note from me to you

Once again, you ladies have provided another spectacular issue! I am thrilled to see the positive responses from both women and men. It's just so lovely!

I would like to thank Garry Eaton for including #FemkuMag in the Haiku Foundation Digital Library. Archives can be found here:

<http://www.thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/5628>

Make sure you check out the Femku Feature by Robin Anna Smith on the last page! You won't want to miss this incredible piece!

Stay radical,  
Lori A Minor, editor

low self esteem  
the half-open camellia  
ready to fall

– Hifsa Ashraf

awkward pedestal  
the fragile height  
of her stilettos

– Gail Oare

rain in the river of her efforts

– Julie Warther

food pantry  
he hands her a bag  
of lemons

– Julie Warther

only darkness  
in the cradle  
hunger moon

– Rachel Sutcliffe

leaf skeleton  
how fragile  
we become

– Rachel Sutcliffe

after her chemo  
grandma teaches me  
to powder my nose

– Lucy Whitehead

a giant flower  
on every wall  
breast clinic

– Lucy Whitehead

the wound  
that forever changed us  
bird of paradise

– Kelly Sauvage Angel

my arguments holding water this month

– Kelly Sauvage Angel

a dragonfly's stillness  
we have nothing left  
to say

– Deborah P Kolodji

what you hid from me mud shark

– Deborah P Kolodji

wild mushroom –  
will you be  
friend or foe

– Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

meerkats  
Mom  
tells  
us  
to  
stand  
up  
straight

barnacles cling to old pilings of grudges

– Debbie Strange

– Debbie Strange

into the thick of war  
the children  
we were longing for

– Eva Limbach

sudden chill –  
stealthily I try on  
mother's shoes

– Eva Limbach

new moon  
we decide  
on a vasectomy

– Tia Haynes

smoke and ash  
all the ways  
I tried to leave

– Tia Haynes

fatal flaw  
insisting I throw away  
my imperfect vase

– Kath Abela Wilson

burned out bulb  
my dark circles  
even darker

– Cyndi Lloyd

forced rhubarb  
she married too young  
to know

– Martha Magenta

her trips  
to the botox clinic  
autumn leaves

– Martha Magenta

All Saints' Day —  
all her aborted babies  
candlelit

– Réka Nyitrai

bird clouds —  
trying to love myself

– Réka Nyitrai

a womb  
filled with cloud...  
never-child

– Jan Benson

long journey her fingers touch the missing ring

– Anna Maris

streetlight...  
the shadow of mother's hand  
adjusting my headscarf

– Praniti Gulyani

dabbing at her dry eyes  
with the ends of her burqa  
...war memorial

– Praniti Gulyani

father's room  
touching his things  
with my breath

– Nina Kovačić

hiking trails  
the loneliness  
of November night

– Rađostina Dragostinova

first bike ...  
dad's hands  
hold the seat

la prima bici ...  
la mano di papà  
tiene il sellino

– Lucia Cardillo

martian (girl)  
comes on earth...  
not me too

– Pat Geyer

party punch bowl  
too many  
me too's

– Susan Burch

Sunday pancakes  
staring at  
my breasts

– Susan Burch

red tide  
his excuse  
for all my anger

– Yvette Nicole Kolodji

the ease  
of the b word  
waterfall spray

– Yvette Nicole Kolodji

first tampon—  
forgetting to breathe

– Corine Timmer

power cut—  
just you and me now

– Corine Timmer

decending fog  
colours of childhood  
grip her ailing mind

- Christina Chin

as I prise open her window  
the stained net billows  
blue butterfly

- Helen Buckingham

cicada husks  
I don't speak up  
about the rape

- Lori A Minor

scraping the seawall  
I finally learn  
to say no

- Lori A Minor

## Femku Feature by *Robin Anna Smith*

### Kippers and Toast

I wake up well-rested. It's finally the day I've planned for all year. I pull up the shades and look out to a clear, bright sky. While the shower heats up, I go to my closet and pull out my gown—ivory taffeta and tulle with apricot flowers embroidered.

I bathe, then sculpt my hair and apply makeup. Dressing, I take special care to add all of the accessories: stockings, jewelry, tiara, and heels. I give myself a final look and then walk downstairs to put on some tea.

Using my grandma's handed-down china, I situate the table settings and lay out plates of food. The kettle whistles; I bring it to the table and pour. As I take a seat, my cats come to join me. The four of us enjoy breakfast. When we're finished, the cats lick their paws as I move the dishes to the kitchen.

steeped catnip the desire for more than a man

I grab a glass and pop a bottle of Dom Pérignon, a wedding gift I was instructed to keep. The cats and I relocate to the living room to cuddle. I search Netflix for movies that feature cancelled weddings. With each runaway bride or groom, I feel more at peace, content with my decision. Perhaps it's the champagne.

At eight p.m., I wake up on the couch looking like a drunken bride after a wild reception. Crumb-covered breasts making their way out of the gown's stained neckline. Hose and bra in a ball on the coffee table. Shoes missing. Tiara cocked sideways. Makeup smeared.

I get up, stretch, and lead the cats upstairs. I set out their dinner, then wash my face and brush my teeth. I slip out of my dress and into bed...

sideways sleeping alone in a king-sized bed