#FemkuMag





issue eleven

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An e-zine of Women's Haiku April 2019 issue eleven

Editor: Lori A Minor

Cover art conception by Lori A Minor via free-to-use stickers.

a note from me to you

A special thank you to everyone who made the March issue a success! It was very well received! I'd also like to thank all of you who submitted this month. I cannot stress enough that this journey would not be possible without **you**. I sincerely hope you enjoy this issue. I look forward to more submissions from all of you next month!

stay rad, Lori A Minor waiting room . . . wondering what we're all really waiting for

- Kirsten Cliff Elliot

big sky my breath a part of it

- Kirsten Cliff Elliot

recycling their affair Earth Day

- Roberta Beach Jacobson

wearing a gold band wolf in sheep's clothing

- Kimberly Spring

pregnant I blow a petal from granny's hair

- Joanne van Helvoort

sickle moon the curl in his lips when he lies

- Joanne van Helvoort

silver birch buds opening in sunshine the starling's wing

- Mal Ward

spring rain.... the piglets reflection in a puddle

- Mal Ward

not fitting inside looking out

days lengthening my longing

- Julie Warther

- Julie Warther

extra hour we alibi each other confessional – not even the snow is spotless

- Julie Warther

- Lavana Kray

caterpillar climbing a daffodil leaf the urge to start again

growing into myself topiary butterfly

- Lucy Whitehead

- Lucy Whitehead

driving the backroads carrying precious cargo my sister's ashes

moonless night... deepens the darkness a mother's lullaby

- Dianne Moritz

- Hifsa Ashraf

homeless child counting pink dots the pellet gun

- Hifsa Ashraf

chinar leaves her untold story in the empty street

- Hifsa Ashraf

the hole she left in my heart hag stone

- Kelly Sauvage Angel

releasing all but the final cork theta therapy

- Kelly Sauvage Angel

a bud too fresh to be named post-traumatic growth

- Kelly Sauvage Angel

an old movie seen with my mother worn robe

- Angiola Inglese

daylight saving ends she checks her credit

- Wanda Amos (HaikuWANDArings)

new moon... how I wish to see a pink line

- Cherry A

ladies' night the smeared lip gloss of a newbie

- Anna Cates

Independence day she insists upon pushing her own stroller

- Barbara Kaufmann

old scarf... her memories yarn by yarn

- Cherry A

second chance I color my hair hot pink

- Barbara Kaufmann

rosa rugosa a part of me still runs wild

- Barbara Kaufmann

tea ceremony the warmth of his breath on my cheek

- Akira Yagami

dead houseplant
I put the pregnancy test
beside it

- Akira Yagami

comet streak...
an old lipstick
at the bottom of my bag

- Theresa A. Cancro

faded love letters ... how far will the paper crane fly

- Eva Limbach

post office queue the guy behind me strokes his package

- Akira Yagami

half-moon how many years remaining for me?

- Anne Curran

gibbous moon ~ a refugee bathes her child

- Theresa A. Cancro

stolen kisses our bench smothered with magnolia blossoms

- Eva Limbach

two hearts beating mine for you and yours for her

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

end game the diagnosis is positive

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

family gathering . . . the crescent rolls frown

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

short meeting when the words are useless

- Margherita Petriccione

sea breeze salt covers your scent

brezza marina la salsedine copre il tuo profumo

- Maria Teresa Sisti

divorce talk the loud pedal of the piano

- Guliz Mutlu

small town the order of things

wishbone if only he would share these dark days

- Anna Maris

- Anna Maris

NEXT STOP : SLEEP LANE found poem

my future left standing outside The Head's Office

- Helen Buckingham

- Helen Buckingham

wolf moon light falls across your still face

- Debbie Strange

social constructs evergreens bowed down with snow

Dad's books . . . the thumbprints of who he used to be

- Debbie Strange

- Debbie Strange

three decades and still cocooned in the ordinary

- Shloka Shankar

dating app finding more square pegs in round holes

- Shloka Shankar

colour by number the time it takes to emerge (w)hole

- Shloka Shankar

wild poppies the desire to be free

- Deborah P Kolodji

holding hands under the Torii gates the length of her blush

- Deborah P Kolodji

echoes in rain ...one-day love in a rented room

- Réka Nyitrai

rain patter the way I used to tiptoe

- Cyndi Lloyd

l used to mom's frustration pins my body

- Cyndi Lloyd

pattern fitting

the black mark on my permanent record molestation

- Julie Bloss Kelsey

my inner children violated one by one dominoes

- Julie Bloss Kelsey

after years of therapy the rambling of wildflowers

- Tia Haynes

unswept floors we no longer look each other in the eye

- Tia Haynes

mastectomy
I test the firmness
of a honeydew

- Martha Magenta

Lothario never a rose without a prick

- Martha Magenta

a rain of petals s h u f f l e barefoot monk

-Christina Chin

glitch in the matrix every time l hear "I told you so!"

- Angelescu Cristina

raindrops in ocean ... don't we all try to make a difference

- Vandana Parashar

bomb blast the last piece of pie uneaten

- Vandana Parashar

low tide not even a message on my cellphone

- Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

what I've given of my love spring wind

- Maria Concetta Conti

pink snapdragons holding hands at the divorce lawyer's

- Kath Abela Wilson

25 years the sticky situation of his spider silk

- Kath Abela Wilson

his words lost in the dark starless sky

- Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

taking my virginity lion on the prowl

- Lori A Minor

Femku Feature by Tia Haynes

at first sight

conversion the love I could never have

confessing every sin first date

engagement photos only our feet touch

wedding night I pretend he's my first

role-play I perfect submission

finally winning God's approval first pregnancy pastor's wife my first name forgotten

our daughter's smile you tell me you never believed

new haircut shedding my fundamentalism

all that's left the rings we no longer wear