

#FemkuMag

issue 10



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An e-zine of Women's Haiku

March 2019

issue ten

Editor: Lori A Minor

Cover Art: Lori A Minor

**cover art inspired by Hard to Swallow by Tia Haynes and Lori A Minor*

a note from me to you

I would like to sincerely thank everyone who made this issue possible. I received many more submissions than I ever could have imagined and it has made me incredibly happy to know that these women have trusted me with their phenomenal work. This issue is spectacular not only because of the size, but because you can see the resilience and strength of women from all over the world in their different backgrounds and walks of life. This month's publication is truly groundbreaking. I know, without a doubt, that you will fall in love with the stellar work in this special edition as much as I have.

Thank you for being nothing less than who you are.

*Stay rad,
Lori A Minor, editor*

Family Values

"Since then I've always thought that under rape in the dictionary it should tell the truth. It is not just forcible intercourse; rape means to inhabit and destroy everything."

- Alice Sebold - 'Lucky'

*His-story is a global disease that feeds on privacy.
Coercion conspires to secrecy
in collective denial of internal dis-ease.
I have relived the horror and the agony over and over.
You have to be brave to be a woman.*

*It was not because I could not face another night of hell
at the mercy of a mind that plays back its old scenes, again and again
even resorting to the subterfuge of tortuous dreams,
that continued long after, to torment my every waking moment.*

*starless
the depth of night
in the pond*

*It was not because of a brief news item
about a schoolgirl who was raped,
whose parents decided not to press charges. Pity her,
for she will always suffer the pain and the blame
and carry the burden like a "good girl" should,
deserving love, and forever living in hope
that she will find it.*

*She will become depressed.
This will be ascribed to hormones, stress,
or to her unfortunate genes.
(She is just like her mother).*

*steady
through the storm
paper boat*

*It was not because of the resignation
of the Head of the Catholic Church
who "resigned" (was fired)
not because he had protected pedophile priests
not because he was found out
not because he was discredited as a man of God
not because he had to face a law court*

*but because he was no longer respectable.
People would see the "moral bankruptcy" of the Church.
And what turmoil would ensue for the state,
political ideologies, public opinion,
and the all-important mental state
of the good, law-abiding, church-going
people of the West who permit their governments
to bomb, kill and rape women and girls in the East.*

*collateral
blood-red shadows
in the rose*

*None of this could explain why in the dark of the night,
Rob Roy gave such sweet respite from my cares.*

*It was perversely comforting
to be drawn into a different world, in another time
a his-story of indescribable violence, murder, pillaging, and burning;
the oppression of the powerless by merciless land barons.*

*The McGregors were a happy, loving family surviving against the odds,
amid the devastation wreaked by the sadistic Marquis of Montrose.*

*One day Mrs. McGregor profoundly remarked:
"The truth is a lie waiting to be discovered."*

*These wise words gave her husband Rob the impetus to muster for a fight,
kill the enemy, realign the local power structures, and survive,
family, and romance intact—well, almost—
for Mrs. McGregor, out of fear and shame,
had kept secret the thuggish rape by Montrose—
a lie waiting to be discovered
and tidied away—
so that truth, honor, and justice could prevail.*

the bitter-sweet scent of bruised windfalls

*Rob Roy is an honest, honourable, courageous and caring hero.
His-story binds us together, like strata in rock.
Take care you don't lose your mind digging deep down,
deeper and deeper.
The horror and the agony repeats, over and over
while the abusers of power and trust
continue to teach "society"
about family values.*

her-story the moon is female

*I fill
an awkward silence
with small talk
dead rose petals
surround the flower vase*

lying about her age craggy moon

*snowflakes
the different shapes
of perfect*

*two to tango
the sound of whiskey
on his breath*

- Martha Magenta

*melancholy -
a slight caress
does not come back*

*dinner for two -
violets have popped up
without you*

- Maria Teresa Sisti

*All Souls' Day –
two butterflies waltzing
in your empty room*

*interior design –
in a precious frame
the spider's canvas*

*agoraphobia –
a tear is a sea that I see
from my bed*

- Lavana Kray

*the surge
of tangled seaweed
do I still love you?*

drawing forget-me-nots-too

*a sparrow
picks up the crumbs
betrayal again again*

- Wanda Amos / Haiku Wanderings

*blue sky -
clearer and clearer
our thoughts*

*an old doll -
my childhood
in her eyes*

*hanami -
under the cherry tree
with my love*

- Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

*first date
the slow dance of tulips
in a vase*

*the first time
you held my hand
songs we know by heart*

*a tulip bud
unfurls its petals –
finding my bliss*

*moonless night
a pregnancy test pushed
to the back of a drawer*

*won't you settle
little dragonfly
early pregnancy*

*the swell
of daffodil buds
first trimester*

*pregnant
if only for a moment –
the life of a butterfly*

- Lucy Whitehead

mid winter
the warm smile of a friend
fades with the wind

a red lotus
floating against ripples
what he owes me
I find in the embrace
of another man

nothing but roses
in my garden
still
you're one of a kind
above the rest

-published in Atlas Poetica 37

dandelions
sway in the wind
the blow
of yet another
manic episode

-published in Atlas Poetica 37

-Jackie Chou

plucking lint
from mother's sweater
dewy snowdrop

may/december
another ring
for the old oak

crow's feet
my long days ahead
gone to roost

facebook status
in a relationship with
(Pending)

– *Haikuniverse, 8 Aug 2018*

prairie dusk
the old mare relieved
of her saddle

– *Hedgerow #94*

- **Elizabeth Alford**

*starving artist
she studies drawing
attention*

*an egg out of its nest
the view
from the hospital*

*the call
his lost voice
needing direction*

*post-op
a shower
of gratitude*

- Elizabeth Crocket

*past life connection
... did we share this
silence there too*

*the first smell
of autumn
in the air...
I fuss over my
greying hair*

*the skipping stone
nowhere in sight now...
how quickly
the conversation changes
after the funeral*

*in the search of better
I lost the best
which could've been mine...
will I get another dress
this cheap*

- Vandana Parashar

*trees blooming at the window –
the city disappears
little by little*

*after divorce –
your green eyes
make me feel blue*

- Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

*making peace
one way ticket in hand
a journey of self*

*dead leaves
travel on the wind
love letters lost*

- Kim Spring

baking chiffon pie—
mother lets me whip
the clouds

keeping warm
the distance between us—
hot water bottle

summer thunderclap—
forgetting why we argued

First published in Frogpond, Vol. 41.3, Fall 2018

each day
the cross spider
weaves a new web—
finding the strength
to carry on

First published in Blithe Spirit, November 2018

family gathering . . .
the fish father caught
gets bigger and bigger

Commended haiku in the Little Iris Contest, 2018

- Corine Timmer

THE ELEPHANT IN THE WAITING ROOM

I still have a trunkload of stuff to deal with. Still blunder back and forth like a baby me. Only now instead of wrinkly and cute I'm middle-aged. And shrinking. And I'm in too deep to say goodbye to the circus. Try as I might I'm unable to leave this cage.

*new brand day
easy to take as
the one before*

(The Other Bunny, August 16, 2016)

*International Women's Day
he rolls his eyes
like a rattled doll*

(Presence, 49, 2013)

*anniversary gift
lily-of-the-valley
perfuming his fist*

(The Journal, 9, 2003)

*canal bank
a mother-to-be
begs for change*

(Frozen Butterfly, 2, 2015)

midnight cries
child mother
child

(is/let, July 21, 2018)

they search for my cervix
orchids on the ceiling

(Modern Haiku, 43.2, 2012)

snakes and ladders medusa holding me steady

(Roadrunner 10.3, 2010)

- Helen Buckingham

early spring sun
the windows
I wanted to clean

long-stay guest
I rearrange the glasses
in my dishwasher

borderland —
beyond the fence
nothing special

hope for reunion
the singles
in my sock drawer

how many likes
to be a poet ...
cherry blossom wind

- **Eva Limbach**

beyond joy&pain sugar bowl

when nude

*in the pitch dark night
of September*

*the maple trees
are speaking
solely to me*

*after sunset
I gather my feathers
fallen on the floor*

make them a bouquet

*and pin it
on your suit*

- Réka Nyitrai

KSA: *racing trash trucks
on the nice side of town
hippie christmas*

JS: *peace wreaths
a string of mushrooms*

KSA: *who all'd you invite
to our mid-summer's dance?
fairy ring's fortune*

JS: *above the flutter
of tibetan prayer flags
meteor shower*

KSA: *the night my universe
collided with your own*

JS: *the musky scent
of your loosened skin
reclaimed treasure*

- Kelly Sauvage Angel & Jamie Steckelberg

KSA: *the sureness
of her calloused hands
my rough edges*

JS: *a mimosa pudica
unfolding with my touch*

KSA: *the temptation
to recoil, the spring
of past traumas*

JS: *water-smoothed
river rocks, her current
growing stronger*

KSA: *primal pulsations
beckoning her deeper*

JS: *breath suspended
a dive into the pitch
reveals her light*

- Kelly Sauvage Angel & Jamie Steckelberg

JS: *a sunflower scarf
tied around her hair
first hard frost*

KSA: *the bloom she laid
on her father's grave*

JS: *pockets full
of heirloom seed
parched earth*

KSA: *gently leaning
into the dusty winds
a steady breath*

JS: *reclaiming her power
aurora borealis*

KSA: *greeting the sunrise
an equanimous embrace
four-season tent*

- Jamie Steckelberg & Kelly Sauvage Angel

*finding mother
within my lover's arms
late winter rain*

*was i everything
you hoped i would be?
stray eyelash*

(after Jamie Steckelberg)

- Kelly Sauvage Angel

*kettle whistle
dry leaves in my
tea cup*

*dripping hoarfrost
a loud robin hops from
berry to berry*

*winter river
the sad yodel
of a lone loon*

- Christina Chin

*not showing
her emotions –
waterproof mascara*

*little things in life –
all the Lego pieces
I've stepped on*

*twins –
the joy and the fear
of being mom*

- Angelescu Cristina

*first snow
her answer back
to anything*

*lavender fields
the sweetish taste of
my tranquilizers*

*soft-boiled egg
my daughter asks
how stones are born*

Heron's nest - September 2018

*another miscarriage
getting narrow
in my shadow*

Stardust Haiku - Issue 22/ 2018

- Radostina Dragostinova

cashmere
the holes
in his argument

dad's funeral
a train whistle
his elegy
my brothers squabble
over who gets his car

winter's end
her tremor as she cuts
the pussy willows
the hard things I wish
to softly tell her

we cannot use
the master's tools
to take down
the master's house
poetic jurisprudence

- Marilyn Ashbaugh

Izzi Is

Izzi runs sky-clad in the woods each solstice, chants starsongs, and swallows the sacred.

She camps and tramps the beaches of Malaysia, knows fire, winds and clouds. Izzi gathers friends the global way, and not for the merit of DNA.

Izzi travels way away, returns only a bit to catch up on the twit of weddings and other traditional chit.

They call Izzi a "lizzy", because she's not a fembot; not in the Greek or Romani way.

*handheld drum
a syncopation
on the down beat*

*Human/Kind Journal
Inaugural Issue 1/7/2019*

*bone moon
the ululations
of mothers*

Wild Voices Spring 2017

the sway
of her tie-dye skirt
squash blossom

Stardust Haiku, Issue 10

spring snow-melt
forgetting where
the pain is buried

#FemKuMag Issue Two
July 2018

mom's glossary
of sharp syllables
cactus moon

Hedgerow #121

- **Jan Benson**

September 25

(after Lucille Clifton)

this religion insists
I chose my parents—
skywriting

I will be born in four days
after the harvest moon
conceived out of wedlock—
an accident—
to a Mormon woman
who will wear shame like underclothes
and to a man whose hands will ache
to touch me, guide my hands
to touch him.

She will dress me like one of her dolls
slap my face for "talking back"
leave me in a parking lot.

He will pop off jokes to our family
kick the dog, tell me
to keep smiling.

When I'm older, his eyes will fondle
me. She will be overweight, hiding
the chocolate cakes from him.

He will look at other women
and compare.

They will argue their entire marriage.
They will teach my siblings and me to keep
secrets.

In four days, I will slip from her wound
into a straight-line wind.

(Haibun Today, 12.4, Dec. 2018)

Conditioned

the flooding
of all my wounds
buried shore

After high school, I join the United States Navy and spend the winter in Great Lakes, Illinois, training to be a hospital corpsman. A Uniform of the Day specifies the required outfit. Most days it's Winter Blue: a polyester-blend fabric that's supposed to be navy blue, but really is black—trousers, long-sleeved button-down shirt over a white T-shirt, socks, shoes, garrison cap, a black belt with a brass buckle.

My shipmates and I practice our skills on each other checking capillary reactions, inserting IVs, bandaging wounds, feeling for distension, taking blood pressures, testing reflexes. We settle like crows, some of us lying on gurneys or the floor, others standing over each patient. Always, we watch each other.

Two guys practice on me. While one palpates my abdomen, the other unbuttons my shirt to place the stethoscope over my heart, his wrist rubs my breast. Abdomen guy's hands press toward my pelvis, traveling closer to the pubic bone. I freeze. Dad taught me not to fight or flee, telling me, Be quiet, so we don't get in trouble.

buffed floor
the sound of lake water
under frozen snow

For weeks, these guys practice their sleights of hand, sexually groping my body. I watch other girls being molested. Some of them freeze. Some giggle. A couple cry. Something ruffles inside me. Are my younger sisters at home sobbing?

chain of command
another footstep cracks
the ice

(Unsealing Our Secrets, 2018, Ed. Alexis Rotella)

*the difference
in the wage gap—
eagle feather*

*patriarchal light
bends her body
she slumps across
the stage of life bearing
all women's trauma*

*candy down the shelves
from largest to smallest
dad's weight
settles on me
pressing my worth into pennies*

- Cyndi Lloyd

*between sips
he brags
friends' daughters*

*making mooncakes
the spill
of women's secrets*

*just widowed
all she accomplishes
without him*

Inner Voices – International Women's Haiku Festival 2018

*harvest moon
a gathering
of the abused*

Failed Haiku - Vol. 3, Issue 34 (October 2018)

*talking with mom
about my first period
white pleated skirt*

*wild voices: an anthology of small poems & art by women, vol. 2 (March 2018)
brass bell, March 2017*

- Claire Vogel Camargo

*a broken heel
in the vent grate --
morning after pill*

*shooting star --
the moment her
water breaks*

*assault acquittal --
another running
of the bulls*

sickle moon's edge of my menopause

- Theresa A. Cancro

*tea leaves . . .
her prediction
hard to swallow*

*how to paint
an empty room
my still life*

*snail trail . . .
her life story fades
behind her*

*stroke of midnight --
her wish for all
to be as it was*

- Julie Warther

*bees in my bonnet
a century plant
in early spring*

*rubber bands
after he left mom held
everything together*

*silent perplexity
of your answer
invisible crow*

- Kath Abela Wilson

withered chrysanthemums
a longing to hear
mother's voice

planetarium
he promises me
the world

punching bag
I beg him
to stop

crushed sleeping pills
I slip them all
into his whiskey

- Akira Yagami

women's day light glints on every mirror

first crush the smile behind her silver braces

lunar eclipse the deep scars of self mutilation

*withered peony
her love story
after menopause*

*women's day —
nothing has changed
except her Facebook status*

- Hifsa Ashraf

It was when London was new. The narrow back alleys. The late night drinking. Bars hidden behind shop fronts down stairs. The music, dancing. And later a wrapper of an amaretti bisquit alight, rising into the almost morning air. Higher and higher, as it burned into the darkness. Into nothingness.

*your smile
a shooting
star*

*nightshade eve
the ongoing hunt
for whatever*

*catkins
she counts the ages
of her lost babies*

- Anna Maris

*outing
with the cool guy -
a snowman*

*a child sits
on Santa's lap -
woman's shelter*

*social interactions . . .
I build the fence
higher*

*fun-house mirror
reflections
of my inner self*

Presence - Issue 60

*fool's gold -
the mistakes
I have made*

Asahi Haikuist Network (September 29, 2017)

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

*spaghetti
in my father's dream-
prison camp*

*let's go away,
before it fades
the last cherry tree*

*forgetting
the name of a rose..
rainy evening*

- Angiola Inglese

*old birdbath
holding water
in my hands*

- Guliz Mutlu

*a body
that waxes and wanes...
why would I weaken
to satisfy those
who have never been moonlight?*

*chilly peaks
above warm plains
bathtub topography*

searching for one missed white petal recount

*cool moss
beneath bare feet
the clarity
of my animal nature
soaks through my skin*

- Kat Lehmann

male dog unravels pink pussy hat

- Roberta Beach Jacobson

*butterflies ...
how I learn
to let go*

*farfalle ...
come imparo a lasciare
andare*

*childhood home
cobwebs fill
the great void*

*casa d'infanzia ...
ragnatele riempiono
il grande vuoto*

Presence #61 - July 2018

*ripe figs ...
all the bitterness
of an absence*

*fichi maturi ...
tutta l'amarezza
della sua assenza*

Cattails – October 2018

- Lucia Cardillo

Brother

There's a swing set in the back by a brook meandering through the neighborhood. I think that's why I like this house so much compared to the others on the open house list. It reminds me of another house—of catching toads under a panoply of leaves, of pick-up street hockey at the end of the cul-de-sac, of toasted marshmallows on a cold evening.

*blocked slap shots—
a brother's hug after
the first heartbreak*

LoveLife Center

The pounding of the drums in the auditorium recalls us from our pick-up basketball game under a fading winter sun. I'm sweating in my jacket, but the air inside is cool. The center abuts Cape Town, hidden behind the tourist town like the townships it serves. Guguletu. Mitchells Plain. Langa.

I sit beside another counselor and one of our teen girls. Round brown eyes. Hair cropped short. Thin—and likely hungry, as most of our teens are. She's shivering in her cotton t-shirt and worn-out shorts. My jacket is warm and about the right size.

*weaver bird nest
abandoned in the wind—
townships*

Snug Jackets

Charlotte Russe closed today. I heard it on the news and immediately thought of the white sweater with crocheted black trim you picked out for me. You always knew exactly what was so me even when I didn't. Tonight, I don the Rampage jacket you picked out for me the day we ditched; ten years after you passed, the jacket you picked still fits me.

*a snug jacket
on a cold night—
best friends*

Storms

*fat drops
bullets piercing water—
and hearts*

*horizontal sheets—
a maelstrom of
love-hate relationships*

*gray drizzle
blankets of
bad luck streaks*

*soft drops
caressing—
last kiss good-bye*

- Colleen M. Farrelly

For Niamh

chasing shadows we wait on news of her scan

little sister ...

*Mum places Dad's rosary
around your fingers*

final prognosis different clouds on the horizon

tinywords, 25.2, 9 April 2015

Asahi Shimbun, 21 October, 2016

tinywords, issues 16.2, 2 January 2017

*thunder and lightning
my daughter and I scream
at each other*

*fractured moon
suddenly *mine* and *yours*
instead of *ours**

*unexpected bouquet
the suspicious eye
of a poppy*

- Marion Clarke

*tracks of birds
meander through snow . . .
the surgeon
marks her left breast
with a cross*

1st Place, 2016 British Haiku Society Tanka Awards

*the growth rings
of otoliths and trees . . .
when did she
become smaller
than her daughters*

2nd Place, 2017 UHTS Fleeting Words Tanka Contest

*split chrysalis
all the ways we learn
to become small*

Museum of Haiku Literature Award, Blithe Spirit 26.1, 2016

*transience . . .
petal by petal
we let go*

Winner, 2017 Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Haiku Invitational

*circles of lichen
I thought we would have
more time*

2018 Kaji Aso Studio Haiku Contest

labyrinth i walk into and out of myself

3rd Place Senryu, 2018 San Francisco International Competition

come quickly

*the dandelion clocks
are running out of time*

*if we can make
a few more wishes,
father might come home*

HM, 2018 Frameless Sky Mad About Cherita Contest

- Debbie Strange

*ghost moon
wishing my voice
could be heard*

*bathroom mirror
always a stranger
in my place*

*paper lanterns
a touch of light
in mama's eyes*

*swan song
she glides down the aisle
in silence*

- Isabel Caves

*spring rain
doesn' t stop falling -
my confession*

*insomnia -
I count tirelessly
hooting of an owl*

- Danijela Grbelja

*Midnight eavesdropping--
I wonder
do the owls mind?*

*Between ash and oak
my hammock
filled with dreams*

*Admiring her wrinkles
as I caress my hands
Elephant Queen*

*West wind
a yellow lab leaps
to fetch my hat*

- Nancy Taylor Day

he might have been

*proposing
at the time*

*all my eyes see
is the back and forth
of his adam's apple*

- Wendy C. Bialek

*stacks of 45's
tucked in the cupboard
replay teenage years*

- Dianne Moritz

*first butterfly
a bit of brown
around the edges*

*between skin and spectacles
cherry blossoms*

*sugar sand
a giant oak leaf
finds me falling*

- Erin Castaldi

*last snow -
so many things
I still don't understand*

*examining the whorls
in a spiral galaxy -
the pad of my thumb*

*selecting photos
from my full bloom youth -
estrogen shrine*

*I object
when the therapist suggests
I want power,
but my body leans eagerly
forward in its chair*

- Constance Campbell

*hospital hallway
rain silences
my father's sigh*

*homeless woman
a nested raven
dreams spring*

*cold rain...
the silence
of dad's cellphone*

- Cherry A

*gurney straps
denying a rose
its thorns*

*preening
the edge of twilight
black swan*

*cusp of autumn
I return to my first
breath*

*lullaby
curling up in the sound
of rain*

- Veronika Zora Novak

night heat
the inner chamber
of an iris

one long contrail . . .
wondering
what she'll decide

Finally

winter meteor shower . . .
I finally say
what I have to say

winter darkness . . .
his terse
responses

I press
end call . . .
winter solstice

putting
the kettle on . . .
winter stars

- **Hannah Mahoney**

*Losing grip
of chains and thorns
break-up*

- Irish D. Torres

The Little Finger

I met the statue of Voltaire when I was seven. There were no visitors in the room where the statue stands when I walked in. I looked at him and he quietly smiled. I came closer. He was too real to be a statue. His eyes, the veins on his hands - everything was alive. I walked around him mesmerized. My mother observed the encounter from the next room. When it was time to leave I have noticed a small chip on his right hand little finger. I gasped for air. So many feelings: pain, love, desire to protect, helplessness, fear that something like that may happen to him again... I literally felt pain in my right hand little finger... He kept on smiling as if saying "it is ok... have no fear... I'll always be there waiting for you to come back..."

*the spring is yet to come
birch sap
is faintly sweet*

*from child's pose
to shavasana
one movement
one breath*

*storefront
window shopping me*

- Natalia L Rudychev

*lingering desire
white magnolia flowers
swaying in the wind*

*on the mountain
snow has disappeared
with the cuckoo's song
the shadow of your voice
still in my dreams*

- Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

eraser marks

*you prattle at me about my curves.
ignorant of what's beneath.
this dress. this flesh. this skull.
you judge the earth by its terrain.*

*weekend warrior.
mentally impotent.
worship the idol of your groin.*

*spinal cord tethered to bone.
vertebrae curved into a soft s shape.
my scaffolding—
a rigid-plastic-braced erection.*

*your eyes at the crest.
thoughts in the gorge.
i am not a conquest designed for you.*

*futile grasping at twisted femurs.
knees held together by a carbon cage.
i spurn your on-demand subscription.*

*you ascend the mountains
eschewing the soil.
adhere to the ocean brim
in fear of a salty womb.*

*scars. on my body. in my brain.
lifelong homework never complete.
scratch out and rewrite.
touch truth to paper.
infuse my words with kevlar.*

tits & ass the landscape of your bias

Consumption

Mattel hopes to make Frida Kahlo profitable as someone less dark, disabled, and queer...

just another doll they teach me I'm not human

- Blithe Spirit, Issue 28.2, May 2018

Trance

After a night of dancing, I wake up in the gutter covered in dirt with my purse and my memory missing...

navigating my Rohypnol haze a broken compass

- Blithe Spirit, Issue 28.3, August 2018

filtered photo the vivid hues of gossip

the proper use of a semi-colon continuing on

*ghost apple—
people look straight
through me*

*petals plucked
from the calyx . . .
I come
to terms
with my abuse*

*after our break up
our paths diverge
to parallel planes . . .
the collapsing waves
of a tsunami*

- Robin Anna Smith

*when
to let go
infected toe nail*

*your finely tailored
Armani suit
a female duck*

*when will blossoms bloom?
another battle
between us*

- Deborah P Kolodji

*last pregnancy
I wish
I'd known*

*swapping stories
I give her
the best mug*

*fool's spring
the last time
it was the last time*

back to back shifts

*i could never keep up
with your demands*

*and as your hand
slid lower
i never stopped you*

Temporarily Lost

I want to be so much more than a mother. But now I will always be a mother and it will never let me go.

*open fields
the last note
held in static*

- Tia Haynes

TH: *new lipstick
choosing between Pelosi
and AOC*

LAM: *women's day
all the flowers stand tall*

TH: *in her absence
a whisper
of freesia*

LAM: *falling cherry
the silence
of survivors*

TH: *a familiar murmur
from the nurses' station*

LAM: *blood moon
I defend
my right to choose*

- Tia Haynes and Lori A Minor

Hard to Swallow

Another magazine. Another expectation. Another reason why he left.

*ctrl+alt+del
I can't unhear
what's been said*

Prune Juice, issue 26

- prose by Tia Haynes, haiku by Lori A Minor

Red

If I were a color, I'd be red. Red is a woman's color. It's vibrant, radiant, bold, and all the things we're not supposed to be. It's the color of my nails, the lipstick that makes my eyes pop, and even my period. How can I not be red if I'm constantly surrounded by it?

PMS

*I blame Eve
for eating the fruit*

HUMAN/KIND, issue 1.1

*polar vortex
he calls me a cunt*

*internet fad
our tr(ending) love*

*frostbite
I friend
his ex*

- Lori A Minor

Femku Feature

Commentary on Elizabeth Alford's haibun

OUT OF SYNC

I was never really into boy bands. I mean, sure, I belted the lyrics to every Backstreet Boys song that came on the radio. And, okay, I had an *NSYNC poster on my bedroom wall. And I might have dreamt about running off to Hawaii with Taylor Hanson and those long, luxurious locks of perfect blond hair... But I swear, I was never really into boy bands.

climate change
the ice shifts
in my water glass

The Other Bunny- July 17, 2017

Commentary by Lori A Minor

From the moment I read this haibun, I was in love! I spent my childhood screaming the words to every 90s boy band song that came on the radio. As I progressed into my teenage years as a weird, quiet girl who wore black lipstick, boy bands became my guilty pleasure, but I dare not let anyone know. What I love about this haibun is how the prose almost parallels our loss of innocence. Boy bands are seen as something for younger girls and at every point in a woman's life, we lose that innocence and naivety, thus pushing away our love of "boy bands", or anything seen as childish. There is a stunning juxtaposition between not only L1 and L2/L3 of the ku, but also between the ku and prose. With climate change being a change in expected patterns in the weather, it brings a sense of the change girls face while transitioning to womanhood. The shifting ice, again represents that change, but to take it a step further, mimics the awkwardness of the teenage years and discovering who we are. The title is also perfect, as it is a play on the boy band *NSYNC. Boy bands have been around for a long time and I believe anyone who reads this piece will thoroughly enjoy not only the playfulness and nostalgia of it, but also the powerful subtext.

This issue is dedicated to every woman past, present, and future. May you always shine bright, love yourself, and set a glowing example for humanity.