

#FemkuMag



issue eight

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An e-zine of Women's Haiku

January 2019

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cover art: Lori A Minor

a note from me to you

Thanks to all of you for another fantastic issue of #FemkuMag! The quality of ku I am receiving is phenomenal and I am proud to say there wasn't a single poet I rejected this time around. I am more than happy that within the past half a year of our journey together, we have been able to sculpt a unique voice in the haiku community. I cannot wait to see your submissions for next month!

Be sure to check out the Femku Feature by Tia Haynes on the last page of this issue!

Stay rad,
Lori A Minor

midnight sun
our wedding night over
in minutes

– Anna Maris

new moon
again he asks
the same question

– Anna Maris

the spring
of a tightly curled secret
fiddlehead

– Jan Benson

old stories
mom and dad dropping acid
on the patio

– Dianne Moritz

anonymous sperm donor—
I invent the family

– Corine Timmer

freshly cut grass the scent of childhood chores

– Corine Timmer

depression
eating my way out
of emptiness

– Rashmi Vesa

stray eyelash
surreptitious wish
for her to stay

– Jamie Steckelberg

due date
the crunch of seashells
on an empty beach

– Lucy Whitehead

moon chart
all the phases
of us

– Lucy Whitehead

a horned owl in green leaves her elderly husband

– Réka Nyitrai

spent flowers
I too
feel used

– Rachel Sutcliffe

bone scan
breaking inside
and out

– Rachel Sutcliffe

that pill
what once
was mine

– Tia Haynes

retirement
her gray roots
begin to show

– Tia Haynes

bitter(n) she extends her beak into everyone's business

– Debbie Strange

white rhino
the text I meant
to send

– Debbie Strange

tonight the moon
appears to have shaved:
so much for love

– Helen Buckingham

children's ward
the distant call
of a cuckoo

– Joanne van Helvoort

Toys"R"Us
every doll
her new best friend

– Joanne van Helvoort

another needle
into the pin cushion
hospital stay

– Valentina Rinaldi-Adams

sip after sip
he grows silent
hot sake

– Christina Chin

pupa
the hours she spends
in the bathroom

– Julie Warther

adding gumdrops
to their dream house
first Christmas together

– Julie Warther

as the shower drains
I search for
lumps

– Deborah P Kolodji

a constant storm
between us
Jupiter's red spot

– Deborah P Kolodji

skidding
into expectations
ice moon

– Claire Vogel Camargo

the hours
of breech birth
fiery sunrise

– Claire Vogel Camargo

engagement
he always finds
my lost diamond

– Kath Abela Wilson

this bee
bittersweet
as I am

– Guliz Mutlu

old questions
looking for an answer...
New Year

vecchie domande
in cerca di risposta...
un nuovo anno

– Lucia Cardillo

birthmark —
the black mole becomes
my identity

– Hifsa Ashraf

crimson saliva
the vivid words
his fists spoke

– Theresa Okafor

all the decisions
made for her
dammed river

– Theresa Okafor

baroque pearls
he lists my imperfections

– Martha Magenta

remembrance
of mother's touch...
peony petals

– Martha Magenta

old moon –
still riding my bike
without a helmet

– Eva Limbach

old lullaby ...
I close the eyes
of my father

– Eva Limbach

neurotransmitters rising from beneath a weighted blanket

– Robin Anna Smith

orchid mantis
learning to disguise
myself as a girl

– Robin Anna Smith

scraping knuckles
on keys
winter drizzle

– Erin Castaldi

domestic violence
the cry
of a nestling

– Lori A Minor

butterfly effect
I survive
my attempt

– Lori A Minor

Femku Feature by Tia Haynes

From Within

I grew up ashamed of my period. After all it's the reason why women shouldn't be CEOs, or presidents, or doctors. Right? Why we shouldn't have any position of power. That it makes us unable to make strong decisions or handle crises. Right? And I've accepted that, that my own blood is a sign of weakness, not strength. That the very essence of my being is vile and less than. And that's as it should be. Right?

broken poppy
how the petals
catch the wind