

#FemkuMag

issue nine



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An e-zine of Women's Haiku

February 2019

issue nine

cover art: Lori A Minor

a note from me to you

With the sad passing of Rachel Sutcliffe, my friend and consistent contributor to this journal, I have included a memorial on the next page with a few of her ku that were published in previous issues.

I would like to thank everyone who submitted, as this is our longest issue yet, but not for long. Since next month is International Women's Month, I would like to do a first ever full issue. The guidelines will be altered for March only. You can review them on the last page.

Also, be sure to check out this month's Femku Feature by Ishaan Singh.

I have recently had a few things that have completely changed my life. With this change, I have decided to spend more time focusing on myself, my writing, and my editing and because of this, I thought it would be a great opportunity to re-design the #FemkuMag website. You can find the new site at the link below.

<https://femkumag.wixsite.com/home>

Thank you for your love and continued support,
Lori A Minor, editor

A Tribute to Rachel Sutcliffe (1977 - 2019)

When I first started writing, Rachel was the first person I remember friending me. I honestly wouldn't be where I am right now were it not for her. Rachel inspired so many of us and her soul deserves to live on through her poetry. She was a beautiful person with beautiful words and I am honored to have known her and her work. This issue is for you, Rachel.

cold moon
I too
am barren

bone scan
breaking inside
and out

endless cold
mother's box
of obituaries

leaf skeleton
how fragile
we become

edge of winter my withered insides

Rachel's book Flying Free: A Poetic Response to Illness

https://docs.wixstatic.com/ugd/396bb91_08d917b2c53747b59c0bd71ec277ee71.pdf

Rachel's blog:

<https://projectwords11.wordpress.com/>

drawing in my breath on the mirror a frowny face

- Julie Warther

tea for one . . .
the prolonged scream
of the kettle

- Julie Warther

icy wind -
I hold solitude
under my hat

- Maria Teresa Sisti

ultrasound butterflies instead of a baby

- Debbie Strange

organ
donation
living
someone
else's
best
life

- Debbie Strange

a new year
how long before I stop
missing you

- Debbie Strange

moving out
I pay his library fines
with my favorite books

- Kath Abela Wilson

pink petals
the way spring
swears an oath

- Jan Benson

just a breath
beyond the horizon line
gathering blue

- Kelly Sauvage Angel

the wisdom
that may have saved us
cold wolf moon

- Kelly Sauvage Angel

my ex-boyfriend a mothball in my pocket

- Réka Nyitrai

her singing voice -
a punnet of strawberries
on the veranda

- Réka Nyitrai

spring walk
we both know
our recipes

- Guliz Mutlu

reflected
in his pupil
no barbie

- Helen Buckingham

Fe = Female + (Ironing - ing)

- Helen Buckingham

icy moon
I breastfeed my child
in the bathroom

- Martha Magenta

shrinking all
my flaws. . .
thumbnail photo

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

bamboo shadows
the taste of haiku
on my lips again

- Kirsten Cliff Elliot

sweat-soaked her mind turns

- Kirsten Cliff Elliot

climate change the politics of nether regions

- Robin Anna Smith

canceling lunch date sinking my teeth into myself

- Robin Anna Smith

fertility needle -
my first real shot
at becoming a mom

- Susan Burch

valentine's day -
my husband puts me on
his to-do list

- Susan Burch

snow day sledding away from mother's bloodshot eyes

- Susan Burch

the panda cub
abandoned by mother -
dwarf azalea

- Cyndi Lloyd

date night
carnation frills
edge the scents

- Cyndi Lloyd

looking for a white lie the snow no one expected

- Eva Limbach

expanding universe
another hole
in my blue jeans

- Eva Limbach

winter deepens . . .
since when does mother
wear diapers?

- Corine Timmer

shifting house. . .
our wedding album wrapped
in my burqa

- Praniti Gulyani

wedding night
I pretend
he's my first

- Tia Haynes

pastor's wife
my first name
forgotten

- Tia Haynes

chimney smoke
what's left
of you and me

-Tia Haynes

degradation -
not even my table is steady
on its legs anymore

- Lavana Kray

ghost apple -
a shell of ice where
she used to be

- Lucy Whitehead

his use of tough love frost damage

- Lucy Whitehead

road map
he falls in love
with her absences

- Radostina Dragostinova

taste of soil
the fear
to survive once again

- Radostina Dragostinova

toxic love my little finger nail

- Anna Maris

leaving you one pound at the time

- Anna Maris

apologizing for apologizing
#notmyboyfriend
winter blast

- Erin Castaldi

wild hare
the flowers that
never arrived

- Erin Castaldi

mammography-
that autumn minute
breathless

- Angiola Inglese

the shadow
of a unpaired sock-
winter sun

- Angiola Inglese

the embroidered
I love you ...
stupid, he says

- Claire Vogel Camargo

cold snap
communication
withdrawal

- Claire Vogel Camargo

old man's beard
looking for stars
in the lime kilns

- Cherry Doyle

funeral wreath
writing your name
for the last time

- Cherry Doyle

another pot
of geraniums
my doctor's bias

- Deborah P Kolodji

bed too big
the rain keeps
my silence

- Deborah P Kolodji

putting away
the signed will
winter calm

- Christina Chin

wornout luggage
and a heavy heart
first frost

- Christina Chin

Valentine's Day -
a heart in a cup of coffee
from waiter

- Danijela Grbelja

I watch the stars dance
before my eyes majestically
through the night.

- Day Sibley

lingering heat
the wabi-sabi sway
of the geisha

- Anna Cates

drift wood
smoothing over in time
our petty grievances

- Anna Cates

half moon pose
my breast mri's replaced
with figure sketches

- Wendy C. Bialek

spitting out
all my quarters---
no tampon change

- Wendy C. Bialek

again for once
to be a daughter. . .
shooting star

per una volta
essere ancora figlia. . .
stella cadente

- Lucia Cardillo

staying in bed
in a fetal position -
birthday dawn

- Margherita Petriccione

water falling into stream hemorrhaging period

- Lori A Minor

Femku Feature by Ishaan Singh

Dear Mom & Dad,

By the time you're done reading this letter, I'd be gone; I would have become a ripple in the flowing waters, and would've made space for myself in the cabins among the clouds, reserved especially for women like me.

I clearly remember the day at the fair: Being all of 5 years, I remember how much I used to hate those Barbie dolls and Kitchen sets you would get for me, I was transfixed by that pack of WWE fighter figurines. When I had asked for them, I remember how you told me to be a girl, and not step into the shoes of a son....

I was disappointed, and not knowing how to react, kept walking... Of course, a daughter is supposed to remain within her limits and not try to fly too high.

I remember the car journey to Jodhpur: how I had wanted to play with Rahul's toy cars and superhero figurines. But you gave me that murderous look, a flame burning in your eyes, and told me to silently plait my doll's hair and make tea in the kitchen.

Papa, I remember when uncle came home with his son, Aman, the ultimate pride of the entire family. I sat with you, talked politics and sports, but when the realisation of my presence amidst the men dawned upon you, you shredded my happiness at the prospect of finally being accepted by telling me to go to kitchen and learn how to be a woman, a good daughter.

I remember the day when I suddenly became aware of the presence of a womb within me, a womb undiscovered till then: the day I really became a woman. I

remember how you'd stopped me from entering into the temple, from distorting the purity of the temple. You had told me that it would make God impure... That day, I really was proud. I'd become aware of my power as woman to make something as indestructible and strong and powerful as the God you'd told me to believe in, impure with just a touch.

I remember how you explained me the importance of being a good, loyal wife and be the mistress of the kitchen, to be able to aptly chop rainbows, fry wads of clouds blanketed in the crimson evening curry of the bleeding twilight, to satisfy my husband without any complaints...

Love,
Mallika

my lipstick
wrapped in my burqa...
sultry evening

Submission Instructions for March 2019

Women only, including non-binary and transwomen.

What is accepted for **March**:

haiku, senryu, tanka, haibun, chervita, and sequences.

* unfortunately I am unable to accept haiga for this issue.

Please send no more than 7 pieces TOTAL to femkumag@gmail.com between March 1st and 20th.

For this issue I will consider unpublished and published work as long as you retain rights to the work you submit. Please indicate if a piece you submit has been previously published.

* I will not publish anything that condones violence, racism, or prejudice against any people, or group of people.