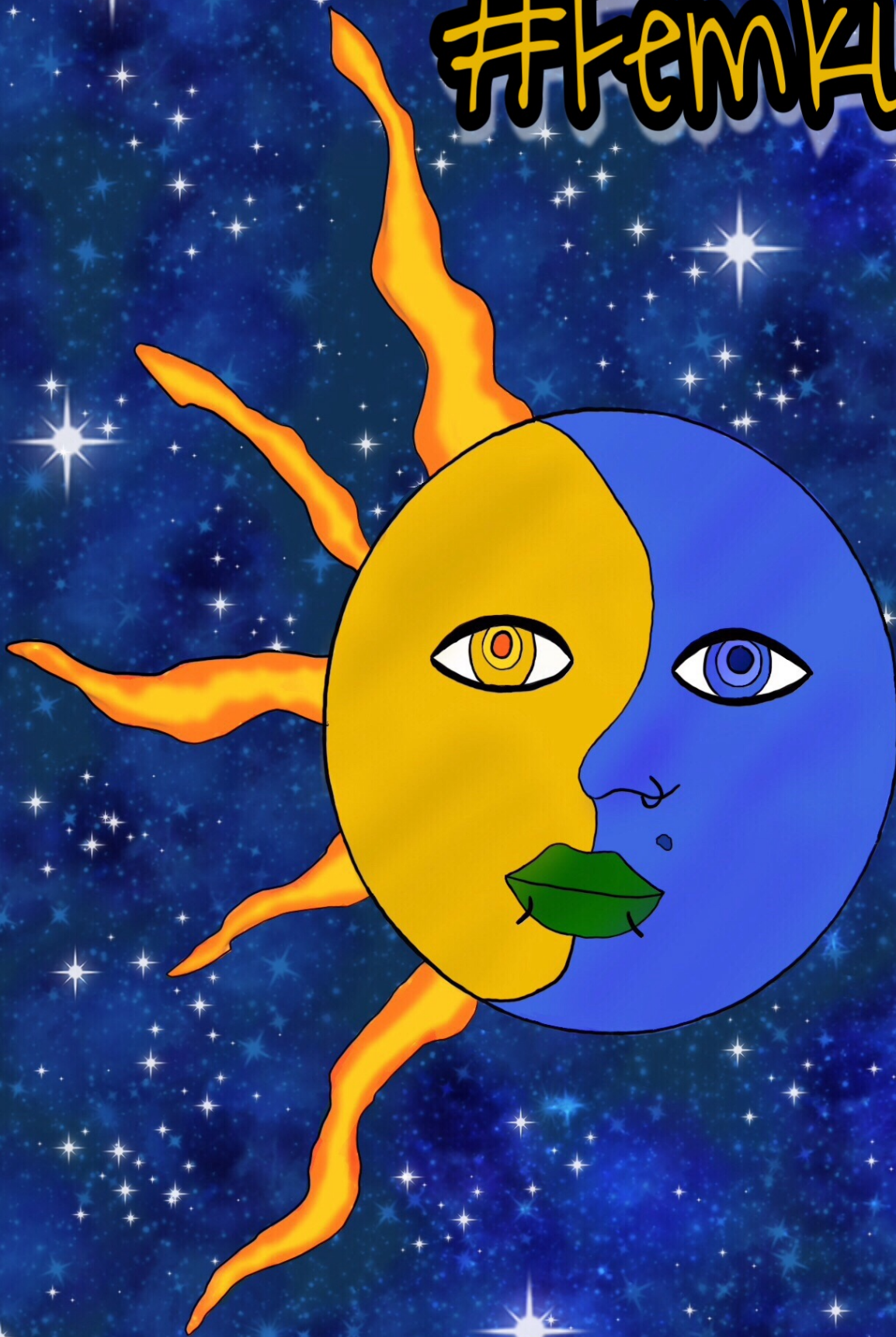


#FemkuMag



ISSUE 4

#FemkuMag

An e-zine of Women's Haiku
issue four

cover art: Lori A Minor

a note from me to you

A special thank you to everyone who submitted again this month! Submission numbers have officially doubled since the first issue! I'm so happy to see this project really taking off and resonating with both women *and* men! I've gotten a lot of positive feedback and readers are loving the work in these issues. Again, thank you for your support! I look forward to reading more submissions next month!

Be sure to check out the Femku Feature by Christina Chin on the last page!

Stay radical,
Lori A Minor, editor

divorce papers—
a stray dog
adopts me

– Corine Timmer

cot death—the fly doesn't ask why

– Corrine Timmer

breast feeding
under the tree
white magnolias

– Guliz Mutlu

his lips
on mine
the taste of me

– Anne Curran

more beautiful
as she fades
autumn sunflower

– Lucy Whitehead

heavy with buds
the overfed orchid grows
tired of flowering

– Lucy Whitehead

paper angels
how I still
remember

– Rachel Sutcliffe

seeking something in the nothing endless fog

– Rachel Sutcliffe

circus clown
when will
I laugh again

– Valentina Ranałdi-Adams

broken seashells
what cannot
be fixed

– Valentina Ranałdi-Adams

lake slime smell
her intangible
married life

– Rađostina Dragostinova

his freedom
the way to control
me

– Rađostina Dragostinova

windstorm
I wonder if I still have
a voice

– Vandana Parashar

lullaby
mom runs her fingers
through my dreams

– Vandana Parashar

wedding proposal
how innocent
she bites the apple

– Eva Limbach

gossamer ...
I decide to wear
mother's scarf

– Eva Limbach

Two red lines
at age sixteen
welcome disdain

Dos líneas rojas
a los dieciséis años
bienvenido mofa

– Irish D. Torres

Milkweed
my words flutter past
mom's ears

– Cyndi Lloyd

swap shop
trading mother's expectations
for tattered cargo pants

– Kelly Sauvage Angel

splintered chrysalis
I question the readiness
of my wings

– Kelly Sauvage Angel

our
lost
connection
the
static
of
northern
lights

– Debbie Strange

mirror fog I let you see my soft side

– Debbie Strange

beyond the break –
we no longer bother
to argue

– Julie Warther

at a loss for words
the old couple hum
a tune together

– Julie Warther

no more grey
I finally call it
rape

– Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

life after trauma
even the tulips
cry obscenities

– Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

mother's suicide all the rage

– Martha Magenta

face-to-face
the morning after
uncanny valley

– Helen Buckingham

white chrysanthemum —
a raindrop stops rolling
to admire her neck

– Réka Nyitrai

soon forty-one...
inside my head the cicadas
are singing about autumn

– Réka Nyitrai

maternity...
tiny hands teach me
the butterflies

maternità...
manine m'insegnano
le farfalle

– Lucia Cardillo

almost autumn ...
inside myself too
leaves curl up

quasi autunno ...
s'accartocciano foglie
anche dentro di me

– Lucia Cardillo

stalactites
between us
the coolness

– Deborah P Kolodji

at the pinnacle of my grief butterflies

– Deborah P Kolodji

falling star
her laughter echoes
on the empty terrace

– Nina Kovačić

just you \
just me /
a mountain meadow

– Linda L Ludwig

star-less night
beside you on the terrace
I am still alone

– Anna Maris

attic clear out
the mess family life
leaves behind

– Anna Maris

milky way
twenty-two months nursing
the two of them

– Kath Abela Wilson

how can I live
up to his expectations
poet father

– Kath Abela Wilson

milk-soaked bread the white of her thighs

– Robbin Anna Smith

daily affirmations he tells me I'm ugly

– Robin Anna Smith

last blossom
she finally fills out
training bra

– Nancy Brady

during birth
and every deployment
labor pains

– Nancy Brady

cleaning dirt
from under my nails
his unsolicited advice

– Hannah Mahoney

lingering dream gender fluidity

– Hannah Mahoney

bowl of apples
my inner eye
satisfied

– Tia Haynes

mother's love
the oriole
that never comes

– Tia Haynes

damsel fly
they all leave me
in distress

– Lori A Minor

truth coming out revolving door

– Lori A Minor

Femku Feature by *Christina Chin*

Early 19th century migrant arrivals in sail boats. Some accompanied by their families, others alone.

junk boat
matchmaker too
waits at the wharf

There being few of migrant tongue speaking maidens in the new land.

early migrant
the matchmaker offers
her service

Migrant's sons. One comes of age, the family selects a wife for him. Matchmaker reads son's horoscope.

migrant culture
mother looks for
perfect match

During the process of selecting a bride, preparation for the big day has already begun.

migrant son
prepares
pen for chicks