

#FemkuMag



issue seven

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An e-zine of Women's Haiku

December 2018

issue seven

cover art: Lori A Minor

a note from me to you

This issue is truly filled with spectacular content! With each month I become more impressed with the quality of work I receive. You ladies rock! I sincerely hope that Christmas was good to you and that you can spend the next few days relaxing and reading over this lovely issue. Thanks for all you have done to build this e-zine up in 2018! I just know that 2019 will be even better!

Make sure you catch the Femku Feature by Lucy Whitehead! It's one you most certainly won't want to miss.

Stay rad,
Lori A Minor, editor

outdoor labour
on her face
countless scars

– Hifsa Ashraf

tectonic shift
the way debris settles
in the mind

– Jan Benson

blood moon
I'm not mother enough
for him

– Radostina Dragostinova

New Year's fireworks
His announcement
to leaves her

– Radostina Dragostinova

his departure...
one more star twinkles
in the sky

– Gurpreet Dutt

end of vacation
I grip in my hands
the freckles on your face

– Pandjaridis Hristina

his name on the tip of yesterday's tongue

– Erin Castaldi

leaves nothing behind
footprints of
the barren woman

– Erin Castaldi

caroling . . .
two girls share
a pair of gloves

– Julie Warther

pallbearers
refusing to set down
the grudge

– Julie Warther

naked trees
the little birch
still wears her leaves

– Joanne van Helvoort

she leaves out a piece
for me to finish ...
wasgiji jigsaw

– Anne Curran

the absence of stars
understanding each other's
silence

– Rachel Sutcliffe

first snow
mother settles
her skirt

– Rachel Sutcliffe

wedding day –
she rearranges
her plastic roses

– Eva Limbach

the tiny buds
of december roses ...
stillborn child

– Eva Limbach

dim light
rape culture
and beer

– Anna Cates

[behind silent wall sthen un's closed vagina]

– Anna Cates

trying to make it work
our marriage painted
in pastels

– Deborah P Kolodji

pond ripples missing my almost

– Deborah P Kolodji

those women
used for their beauty —
cut flowers in a vase

– Réka Nyitrai

the deep blue
of the ocean —
womanhood

– Réka Nyitrai

shrimp cocktail
my birthday dates
with dad

– Kath Abela Wilson

morning walk...
the glistening dew
on her burqa

– Praniti Gulyani

a rising tide
of STOP signs
Red Umbrella Day

– Helen Buckingham

chocolate cosmos
filling a hole
for now

– Helen Buckingham

a scuff
on my daughter's shoe
this unfamiliar trail

– Tia Haynes

after it all
the light brush
of his fingertips

– Tia Haynes

nesting doll
trying to find myself
in mom

– Cyndi Lloyd

holiday morning
the extra sprinkles of sugar
in our lovemaking

– Cyndi Lloyd

fledglings leave the nest
she resumes her pose
in shavasana

– Wanda Amos (haikuWANDArings)

cherry blossoms
the way we change
each other

– Valentina Ranałdi-Adams

family dinner...
the best smiles
for some selfies

cena in famiglia...
i migliori sorrisi
per qualche selfies

– Lucia Cardillo

reindeer in the yard
butting heads
with my mother-in-law

– Colleen M. Farrelly

rattling china—
not daring to break
the silence

– Martha Magenta

moonless night her phantom pregnancy

– Martha Magenta

wondering what he sees in her tulips

– Anna Maris

barking for food
with his dish still full
memory loss

– Christina Chin

spots of rain
on the sunflower
the sadness inside

– Lucy Whitehead

heavy rain
finally he comes clean
about the lie

– Lucy Whitehead

thunderclap—
the shock wave
as she hears his car

– Corine Timmer

the orchid
drops its flowers again—
how often she wanted to leave

– Corine Timmer

hospital bed
the recognition
of each footstep

– Elizabeth Crocket

Deeply scorned
by body-shamers
waving my zero-care banner

– Irish D. Torres

bloodroot
we
were
taught
to
be
ashamed
of
our
womanhood

– Debbie Strange

the stalker go(ogling) every woman he meets

– Debbie Strange

child bride
the hush of
falling leaves

– Debbi Antebi

leaving home –
tonight the moon
full of holes

– Debbi Antebi

budding daffodils
my sister picks
her first bra

– Lori A Minor

Femku Feature by *Lucy Whitehead*

Tulips at Christmas

The snow had been unusually heavy all winter, piling high in drifts and disrupting travel. I had been up since dawn preparing lunch for our guests. The house was full of the rich smell of roasting turkey, and I was arranging homemade mince pies carefully in generous piles on our best china. Outside, snowflakes were still falling thickly and blizzards had been predicted, so I was anxious about whether anyone would make it. I'd kept a close eye on the window all morning, hoping that the forecast was wrong. That is how, despite being engrossed in my preparations, I noticed when the sun came out.

It wasn't just the pale ghost of a winter sun. This sun was bright, and brought with it blue skies, a little too rapidly. The air temperature was starting to rise, and icicles above the kitchen window were already dripping. Too busy to stop, I went back to my work, but before long a chorus of birdsong caught my attention. Finishing up what I was doing, I ventured out into the garden.

On the lawn was a young woman, clad in a dark pinkish-red dress, the colour of pomegranates. She was standing at the centre of a circle of fresh green grass in the middle of the deep snow, a circle that widened as I watched. Tulips began to sprout in the flowerbed near her, and before my eyes they burst into glorious bloom. Dandelions like tiny disks of sunshine were unfurling their bright yellow petals around her bare feet.

Long brunette curls clung to her shoulders, and I followed them up to her face with her large brown eyes, staring in wonder at the snow as if she had never seen winter. Something was wrong; my internal body clock felt as though I was being dragged from a dark hibernation into something untimely. 'What are you doing here?' I asked. 'Why have you come?' She turned. It was then that I noticed the sharpness of her cheekbones, the hollowness of her face, the trace of her ribs through the thin dress. And with a voice that sounded like a sky full of birds singing, she said simply 'I'm hungry'.

uninvited guest
she has
my eyes