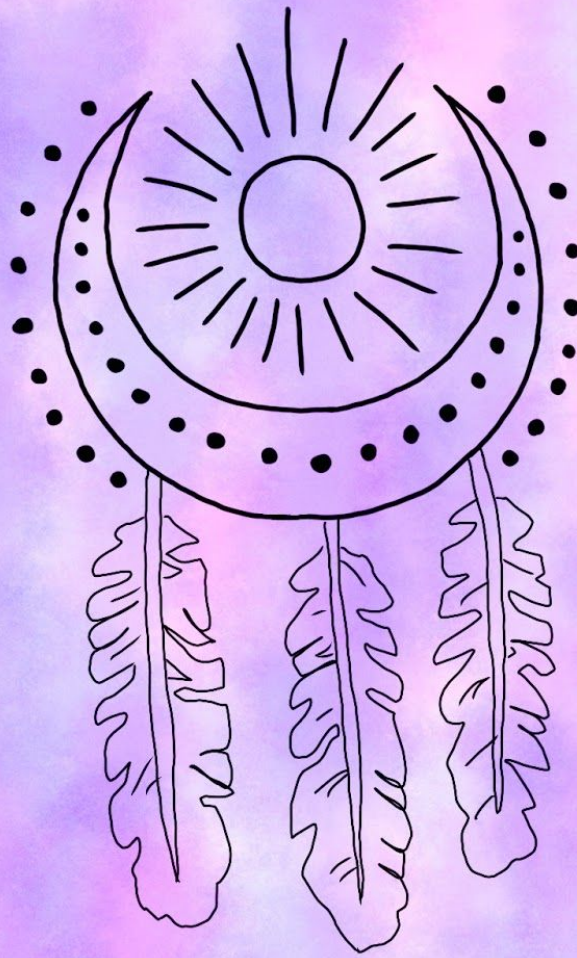


#FemkuMag



#16

# *#FemkuMag*

*An e-zine of Womxn's Haiku*

*September 2019*

*issue sixteen*

*Editor: Lori A Minor*

*Cover art: Lori A Minor*

***a note from me to you***

*I would like to sincerely apologize for the delay in responding to submissions and for getting this issue out. Those of you who know me know that normally I'm ahead of the game, but these past few weeks I have been sick. I'm now feeling better and caught up!*

*Check out the Femku Features and the announcements in the back of the issue. I hope you enjoy this one. You ladies rock!*

*Stay rad,  
Lori A Minor*

*the moon cannot be called able-bodied nor can I*

**- Miriam Sagan**

*getting lost between  
ladies' room and table  
two old friends*

**- Miriam Sagan**

*how two sisters  
are never just  
two people*

**- Miriam Sagan**

*my x-ray made it to the big screen*

**- Roberta Beach Jacobson**

*misspelling me as he writes me off*

**- Roberta Beach Jacobson**

*our cycles sync besties*

**- Roberta Beach Jacobson**

horror story  
being one  
of the undyed

- Laurie Greer

when it was just me  
chipped tooth

- Laurie Greer

her ravaged face not making it up

- Laurie Greer

mother's day  
avoiding  
social media

- Lisa Espenmiller

child-free  
birthing  
another poem

- Lisa Espenmiller

molten sun  
building her raft  
she turns from fear

- Lisa Espenmiller

damaged—  
even the sunflowers  
hang their heads

- Marilyn Ashbaugh

*slouching toward Jupiter crescent moon*

**- Marilyn Ashbaugh**

*ferris wheel gender playful*

**- Marilyn Ashbaugh**

*castle moat  
her surgeon confirms  
clear margins*

**- Julie Warther**

*power outage  
the electricity  
between us*

**- Julie Warther**

*best handled  
in person . . .  
this desire*

**- Julie Warther**

*mother  
of six  
lists*

**- Helen Buckingham**

*weary of washing his stuff with her blood*

**- Helen Buckingham**

*to my younger self CHARGE*

**- Helen Buckingham**

*naked cherry tree*

*winter*

*abstinence*

**- Wanda Amos**

*marriage counselling*

*halfway there*

*spring solstice*

**- Wanda Amos**

*sinking into shavasana – the sun and i*

**- Wanda Amos**

sound asleep  
you touched my naked skin...  
little mosquito

- **Eva Limbach**

spilled champagne  
the barmaid ignores  
her tip

- **Eva Limbach**

class topper  
she opens her beer  
with a lighter

- **Eva Limbach**

August wind  
I wear my hair  
wide open

- **Isabella Kramer**

blue sky      within me the white noise

- **Neelam Dadhwal**

interstitial spaces—  
sometimes I know  
the truth peels

- **Neelam Dadhwal**

umbra—  
I ponder yet a fact  
of transverse lives

- **Neelam Dadhwal**



*wildflowers in the meadow i just am*

**- Isabel Caves**

*cemetery clock  
I count the minutes  
till forever*

**- Isabel Caves**

*canyon road  
the curves  
of childhood*

**- Cyndi Lloyd**

*the Milky Way... she tries to fit in*

**- Cyndi Lloyd**

*her racing heart—  
the neighbors' spotlight  
flashing on/off*

**- Elaine Wilburt**

*monarchs  
doodling on air—  
her laugh lines*

**- Elaine Wilburt**

*picket fencing the tilt of my uterus*

**- Kelly Sauvage Angel**

*not asking persimmon*

**- Kelly Sauvage Angel**

*bunny ears the fine tune of her estradiol*

**- Kelly Sauvage Angel**

*third date  
he insists on...  
tip of the iceberg*

**- Erin Castaldi**

*Mount Olympus  
naming my orgasm*

**- Erin Castaldi**

*luxury vs. necessity consulting google*

**- Erin Castaldi**

*no word from dad  
his new wife  
has my birthday*

**- Kath Abela Wilson**

*the sandcastle  
hiding myself  
into a smile*

**- Guliz Mutlu**

*spring rain  
she walks down the aisle  
of the Greyhound bus*

**- kjmunro**

*carved pumpkin –  
a carriage  
to my childhood*

**- kjmunro**

*metric system  
can we measure the distance  
between hearts*

**- Vandana Parashar**

*falling snow  
how slowly your fingers  
find mine*

**- Vandana Parashar**

*loneliness the pet I have grown up with*

**- Radostina Dragostinova**

*path to the peak  
the perspectives  
I always omit*

**- Radostina Dragostinova**

*apple japonicas  
rot on the tree -  
nobody home*

**- Anne Curran**

*autumn leaves  
divorce papers  
not yet signed*

*foglie d'autunno  
i documenti del divorzio  
non ancora firmati*

**- Maria Concetta Conti**

*pregnant woman  
a narrow pass  
also for the moon*

*donna incinta  
un passaggio stretto  
anche per la luna*

**- Maria Concetta Conti**

*after  
the breakup  
the empty spiderweb*

**- Lucy Whitehead**

*dull spring day  
my fertility app asks  
about my mood*

**- Lucy Whitehead**

counting pennies  
for food  
my American Dream

- Tia Haynes

revealing  
her dead name  
trans(formation)

- Tia Haynes

pill after pill  
so often  
the day moon

- Tia Haynes

thrift shop . . .  
the ins and outs  
of fashion

- Debbie Strange

rehab  
finally  
a  
lapse  
in  
the  
rain

- Debbie Strange

*thunderstones the pointed words he hurled at me*

**- Debbie Strange**

*argument  
while hiking  
the leaves take sides*

**- Doris Lynch**

*four months in  
she juts her belly out  
like a prize*

**- Doris Lynch**

*changing room with a door post-mastectomy*

**- Doris Lynch**

*cowering stray  
he asks why she cringes  
as he draws near*

**- Meg Arnot**

*hungry moon  
the infinite variety  
of coercive control*

**- Meg Arnot**

cat shaped woman...  
I imagine her living  
in luxury

- Réka Nyitrai

my freshly washed hair—  
a love tune on the radio

- Réka Nyitrai

tug-of-war . . .  
I make  
a life choice

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

tattoos  
by nature . . .  
age spots

- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

no matter what I say  
the bee still moves  
flower to flower

- Deborah P Kolodji

that talk  
we keep putting off  
goose plates

- Deborah P Kolodji

extra weight  
suddenly an advantage  
chemotherapy

- Deborah P Kolodji

his shush  
i invent  
a prayer

- Sanela Pliško

*fruit stand  
we ignore  
the bruised peach*

**- Sanela Pliško**

*(dis)agree  
yes, but  
no*

**- Sanela Pliško**

*pipe exhale the whistle of smoke*

**- Christina Chin**

*detention camp tears blind an eye*

**- Christina Chin**

*hot sake coughs between haze*

**- Christina Chin**



winsome breeze  
her silken kimono lies  
in wet snow... & leaves

- **Suzanne Martikas**

the farmers market  
dried figs  
our smooth hands touch

- **Suzanne Martikas**

no language to speak  
russian, english, spanish  
men

- **Irina Guliaeva**

trembling moth  
flinching from a shadow  
on my panties

- **Irina Guliaeva**

one tear  
takes the lead . . .  
school wallflower

- **Elizabeth Alford**

single life  
all my mismatched  
earrings

- **Elizabeth Alford**

on the clock rebranding my smile

- **Elizabeth Alford**

things I'd forgotten  
about my old friend —  
obituary

- **Maeve O'Sullivan**

I take myself  
to my safe place  
storm season

- **Christina Sng**

hazardous haze  
my immune system  
fails me again

- **Christina Sng**

liar's moon  
telling my inner child  
she is safe

- **Christina Sng**

conspiracy of ravens  
politicians deny  
climate change

- **Hemapriya Chellappan**

sleep talk  
he mentions  
my friend's name

- **Benedicta Gyepi Garbrah**

runt of the litter—  
nobody asks  
my opinion

- **Corine Timmer**

telling her  
how I *really* feel  
therapist

- **Lori A Minor**

# ***Femku Features***

## *Latchkey*

*We are told not to speak to strangers but no one bothers to explain who or what a stranger is. That summer Billy, respectable-appearing except for the look in his eyes, becomes a fixture in our neighborhood and the only adult who regularly prowls our streets. Billy has candy and fifty-cent coins for any child who goes for a ride in his car. My sister never tells me what happened during that ride, but she leaves the car and stares holes in the pavement as she silently walks home.*

*a skeleton key  
on a rusted nail  
long shadows*

*- Marilyn Ashbaugh*

**sobs into the abyss**

*(dedicated to Kashmiri women)*

late twilight...  
mom's forehead sweat  
glints in the firelight

palm tree shadow  
the outstretched hand  
of a female beggar

crimson horizon  
a gaunt girl shrinks  
into the pashmina shawl

tattered pheran  
flapping on the washing line  
evening rhapsody

invisible spectrum  
her face smudged  
with kajal and soot

neap tides  
the first snow settles  
on her grave

chinar leaves  
desolating  
her last cry

crocus buds  
the echoes of her children  
out of snow

blood moon  
his shadowwolf stalking  
her blues

street barricade  
the tumbleweed  
of her entangled hair

- *Hifsa Ashraf*

## *The Way Things Were*

*It's the 1960s, small town USA. She is a high school classmate, not really a friend. She gives no hint that she won't return to school after Christmas break. However, she doesn't. The official word is that she is spending the spring semester with a relative in another state. Rumors among the students tell a different story. Nobody has any information; it's all conjecture. Next year, she is back and seems much the same, perhaps more somber.*

*secrets we keep  
stories others tell  
autumn loneliness*

*- Johnnie Johnson Hafernik*

*in the stirrups . . .  
the gynecologist  
accepts a call  
while taking advantage  
of the view*

*- Corine Timmer*



## **AMERICAN PIE: A VIGNETTE**

*for Tom*

*first date . . .  
the car he drives:  
a funeral hearse!*

*beautiful day . . .  
he sets up our candlelight  
cemetery picnic*

*wet June . . .  
I bake bran muffins  
for a second date*

*country Victorian . . .  
I calmly survey his  
funeral home décor*

*July fireworks . . .  
I bring the ice cream:  
death by chocolate*

*his big bog  
laden with peepers . . .  
testing the waters*

**- Anna Cates**

## Announcements

1. The **October issue** is a special is a special issue. Please send 1-3 **erotic haiku/senryu** by October 17 for the body of the issue, or one tanka, haibun, sequence for the Femku Features.
2. The **November issue** will be a split issue and for the first time we will have a **guest editor for #FemkuMag**, as well as a **men's only issue**, edited by me! After speaking to several men at Haiku North America, I have decided to do an issue of men's haiku on the themes of **sexual assault, violence, and mental health issues**. This is to give men a safe space to address personal topics since there is such a stigma surrounding men's ability to be open about these things within society. However, I want to keep the sanctity of #FemkuMag as a safe space for womxn and do not want the voices to cross, which is why there will be completely separate issues. More info to come in the following weeks, so please stay tuned!
3. Title IX Press is open for submissions until November 30, 2019! I already have a few womxn with manuscripts in the works, so stay tuned for the release of some amazing e-chaps!
4. I would like to sincerely thank everyone who has donated to #FemkuMag. All support, whether contributing with haiku, donating a few dollars, or reading and sharing an issue means so much! As I've said again and again, you should never feel obligated to donate. I'm in this for you guys and because I love poetry! :)