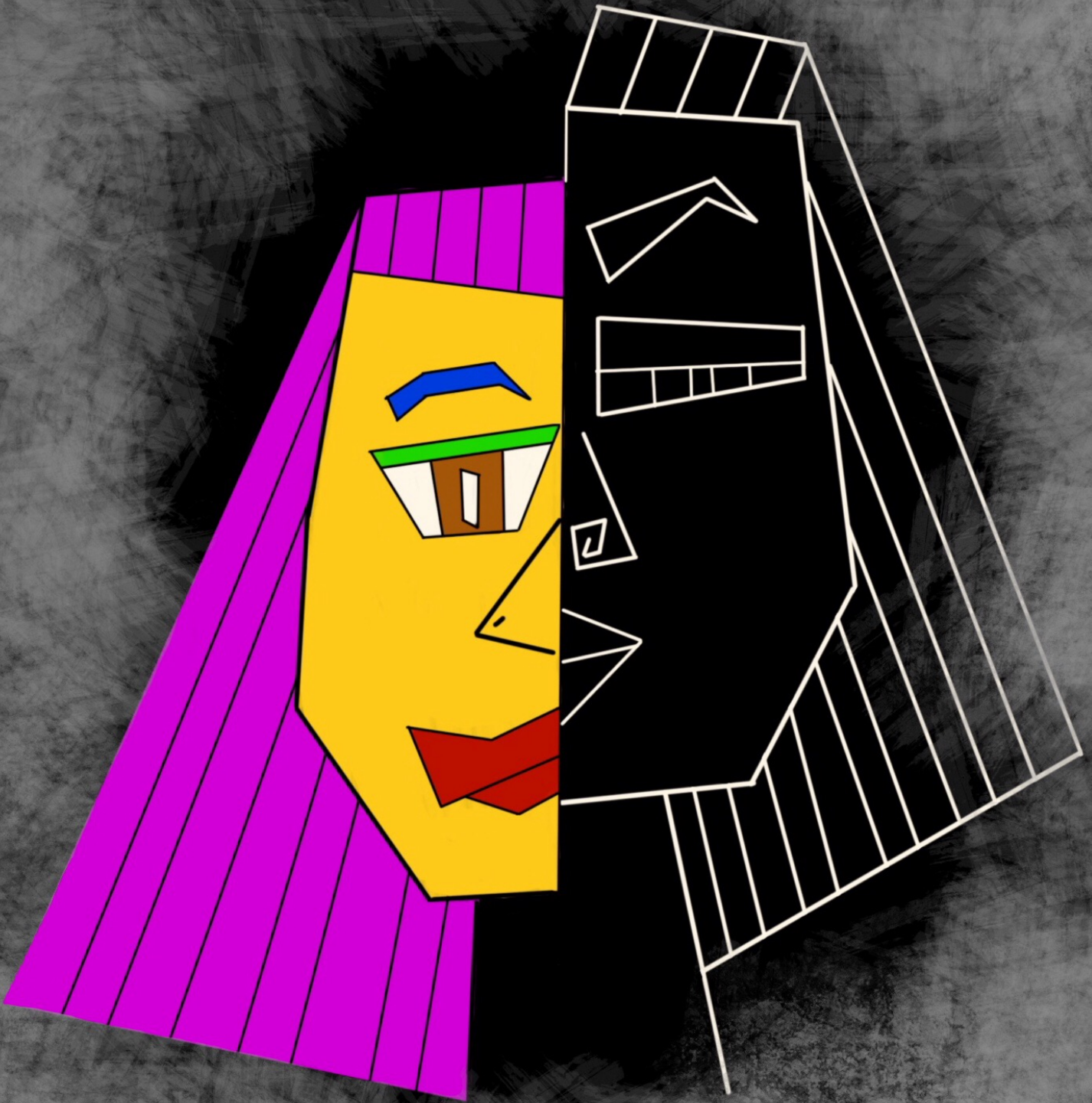


#FEMKUMAG



ISSUE TWO

Editor's Note

First of all, I'd like to thank each and every lady who submitted to issue two, as well as the contest. It's been such a lovely journey thus far, and I firmly believe that together we are extending the platform for those who don't get a chance to speak out for what they believe in. I'd also like to thank my other half and equal Chase Gagnon for providing a way for me to judge this contest blindly. This issue is most definitely something spectacular that I believe to be necessary right now.

As I'm sifting through the hundred submissions I received for the Marlene Mountain Memorial Contest, there were about ten I just kept going back to. I ended up with many more submissions than I thought I would, so the many wonderful choices made it very a difficult decision. With this being said, if your haiku was not selected as a winner, PLEASE feel free to send them to the August issue of #FemkuMag. Of course, there were certain things I was looking for while judging. First, I wanted something that most, if not all women could relate to. This is extremely important. Second, I'm looking for something I feel will capture Marlene's essence while still feeling natural to the poet's voice without seeming forced in any way. I narrowed it down significantly to around twenty, then to ten. I decided to do three honorable mentions, along with the three winners because I felt very strongly that all six deserved something. I hope you are moved by the winning poems as much as I am!

– Lori A Minor, editor

Marlene Mountain Memorial Haiku Contest Results!

First Place:

stripping away the patriarchy naked Barbies

– *Julie Bloss Kelsey*

Society shapes us from a young age, whether we realize it or not, and whether we like it or not. We have this idea of exactly how things should be when we grow up. We're supposed to look a certain way, act a certain way, and think a certain way. Many women see gender norms as they are growing up. Dad works hard to provide and mom's the housewife. Luckily we've started breaking free from that idea and it all started with a Barbie. There are so many different Barbies we grow up with-- astronaut, athlete, firefighter, or my personal favorite, the ballerina. Barbie has so many different career options and little girls everywhere are believing that they can because Barbie can. Then you take this idea of stripping Barbie naked. You put her at her most vulnerable state, but Barbie isn't ashamed. Barbie is strong. Barbie is independent. Barbie can be a doctor one day, and a chef the next.

This haiku is so powerful, just like women are powerful and you see the strength of women in this poem. When I first read it, I knew this was the one. So take a lesson from our childhood pal Barbie and go "strip away the patriarchy."

Second Place:

blood moon
he doesn't take no
for an answer

– Susan Burch

I LOVE the double meaning in this poem! So, first you've got the blood moon, which is actually an eclipse where the moon is illuminated by the sun, giving it the reddish tint. With the sun being masculine and the moon feminine, you have this idea of a man getting his way and just pushing through whatever the woman wants. Then, if you take it a step even further, you have this idea of rape which unfortunately is way too prominent in today's society. It's a fact that in most cases when a woman is raped, she bleeds. So you have this scenario of a woman saying no, and a man just refuses to take no for an answer. This is one of those raw poems that I love because we can make it okay to talk about the rough subjects.

Third Place:

gender roles blend mix stir repeat

– *Roberta Beary*

When men and women fall into gender norms, their daily routine becomes all too predictable. For women, we're supposed to get the kids ready for school, clean, go grocery shopping, cook dinner, clean up dinner, go to bed, repeat. This haiku captures what women feel when the expectations of us have been so mundane. There's also the wordplay on the word "roles", such as baking "rolls" which is something associated with women. I love the break before the word repeat, as it almost gives you this longing for something different, but you become so stuck in this loop of gender norms and social norms. This piece works so well as one line, especially because when you end on that one word repeat, it makes you want to read it over and over. The more you read it, the more it sinks in. What an a-ha moment! This is exactly what I was looking for and I know Marlene would have been especially proud.

Honorable Mentions:

weeping cherry
he tells me I'm mature
for my age

– *Robin Smith*

valentine's day
I break out
a fresh razor

– *Tia Haynes*

new moon
my hand moves over where
once my breast was

– *Vandana Parashar*

#FemkuMag

An e-zine of Women's Haiku
issue two

cover art: Lori A Minor

Crowded market
a woman crosses
anxiety frontier

– Mariela Coromoto Hernandez

spring snow-melt
forgetting where
the pain is buried

– Jan Benson

watching him deteriorate
from Alzheimer's
algae peels off the rock

– Gail Wolper

gooseberry bush . . .
that prickly topic
between us

– Valentina Ranađi-Adams

stretch marks
every road
that's led to you

– Tia Haynes

menstruation
another battle
I didn't choose

– Tia Haynes

Foucault pendulum
new lipstick color
after divorce

– Rađostina Dragostinova

heart transplantation
the only chance
to fall in love again

– Rađostina Dragostinova

total eclipse
the life
you kept hidden

– Rachel Sutcliffe

young moon
I ask my father
for a painkiller

– Eva Limbach

therapy session
we stop to rescue
a butterfly

– Lucy Whitehead

a strawberry plant
in the tulip pot
considering adoption

– Lucy Whitehead

ups and downs
of a seesaw life
custody hearing

– Deborah P Kolodji

lavender's blue . . .
I soap away
my restlessness

– Deborah P Kolodji

orphan
a fly shares
her begging-bowl

– Christina Chin

daydreaming
I lost my milky-way

– Christina Chin

white magnolia -
in the air the scent
of an absence

- Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

departure
after departure
we hold on to each other

- Kath Abela Wilson

he offers to carry my backpack
—mating minstrel bugs

- Corine Timmer

newtabletsadnauseam

- Helen Buckingham

PTSD tremors
the wrap
of my shawl

- Hannah Mahoney

perimenopause
I dream an art installation
of a thousand eggs

- Hannah Mahoney

sisterhood
our
changing
bodies
of
memories

- Debbie Strange

forget-me-nots some days I don't know who I am

- Debbie Strange

first a gespots...
her hand even
more beautiful

– Réka Nyitrai

still in a failed marriage the seagull's cry

– Réka Nyitrai

the truth
slowly sinking in
deep lake

– Christina Sng

sickle moon
another panic attack
about death

– Christina Sng

sex worker
the way she escapes
her father

– Robin Smith

telling me I'm dirty
puberty book

– Robin Smith

remembering my youth
the certainty
of what I didn't know

– Elizabeth Crocket

rocking the boat her instability

– Elizabeth Crocket

mammogram
remembering the excitement
of my first bra

– Susan Mallernee

red hibiscus
her hair
on the floor

– Joann Grisetti

I hold my head high
& they bow low before me –
braless

– Julie Bloss Kelsey

mockingbird –
so many things
I'm tempted to say

– Julie Bloss Kelsey

buried alive
another I'm sorry
for nothing

– Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

filing down
another chipped nail
crescent moon

– Lori A Minor