

#FemKuMag



#21

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An e-zine of Womxn's Haiku

February 2020

issue twenty-one

Guest editor: Susan Burch

Editor-in-chief: Lori A Minor

Cover art: Lori A Minor

a note from me to you

My sincerest thanks to guest editor Susan Burch for putting together a powerful collection of angry haiku, tanka, and haibun. It's lovely to see anger be recognized as a basic human emotion, instead of being completely taboo to talk about. This issue is a fantastic read and a great little reminder that not only is everyone's anger triggered differently, but also that we all handle anger in our own way. I hope you enjoy this issue as much as I did. Be sure to check the announcements page at the end of the issue for what comes next.

*stay radical always,
Lori A Minor, editor*

Eva Limbach

spreading its wings
the crow
I decided to be

three dog night
the neverending fight
for the duvet

Debbie Strange

he says he'll see me in hell(ebore)

my patience wearing thin my hair

day-old buns
the crusty tone
of your voice

Shloka Shankar

Debris

The tears come first. Followed by a seething rage. Rising, falling. Falling, rising. For a full fifteen minutes.

*building
myself up
from your debris
the time it takes
to break me*

Elizabeth Alford

*where there's smoke
sweet talk*

*margarita salt
dehumanizing
our sex life*

shattered teapot spout your lies elsewhere

Pat Davis

creaking floor
I have no bones
for another lie

Maria Teresa Sisti

cold shiver -
the wickedness of your silence
full of thorns

brivido freddo -
la cattiveria del tuo silenzio
piena di spine

Isabel Caves

cold Pluto -
they leave her out
of their solar system

Karla Linn Merrifield

Virgo moon, skimpy
as a g-string, crescent
tricked out in glitter.
She's Bukowski's skinny moon—
to drink, to fuck, to write on.

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

emphysema...
the angry noise
of a breath

Elisa Theriana

date rape
the naked moon
takes the blame

Christina Chin

having the last say again the rush of blood

Richa Sharma

*wind chill
justifying our
breakup*

morning rain the wrong emoji

Anne Curran

*what brings
this chaos
into my heart -
but for me
and my errant pining*

Marilyn Ashbaugh

Holy Day of Obligation

She skipped school with a hoody girl, all bad teeth and eye liner. It was a holy day of obligation so I had it off school. Her boyfriend was supposed to drive us around but he never showed. We just walked the railroad tracks and smoked cigarettes and then went home. Lucie got caught and her mother called me to come over and then tried to nail me. She was going to snitch me out but I told her I didn't have school that day, so there. She was getting real frustrated cuz she wanted to finger me as the rotten egg so finally she said. Well, your mother didn't know where you were.

*joyride . . .
some skin
on the sidewalk*

Rumble

Ery . . . all curly hair and tanned skin. . . a cigarette between his lips or flicked nervously between his fingers. He practices his French kiss in my pubescent mouth and his French inhale in the mirror. I stare at his reflection and his perfect smoke rings until, through all the smoke, he becomes a god.

*heat lightning
his cigarette singes
my flesh*

Christina Sng

liar's moon
I give up asking
who he is meeting

how can he
even conceive of
endorsing genocide
I realize I never knew him
silver anniversary

wildfires
feeling my anger
turn to rage
as he grabs me again
in public

Pamela A. Babusci

making his last meal
divorce papers
next to the knives

exhausted
from fighting about her
there is no room
in my life
for this endless rage

why do men
always have to be right?
no use being angry, ladies
we know
the truth

Helen Buckingham

shelter full
the snow settles
on her resting place

Vandana Parashar

shards of glass
what did I do to my
self-esteem

revenge...
I sever his shadow
in two

he crushes
the rose before it blooms
child marriage

Cyndi Lloyd

to say the title
before his name
gag reflex

Julie Bloss Kelsey

insult me again
and I will eviscerate you
such violent thoughts
lurk behind my gentle
quiet smile

the way
your criticism
sticks in my mind...
a mental tapeworm
I extract and burn

the urge to throw
my phone at the wall—
social media

Colette Sauvageot

trauma trigger –
the visceral lunge
to turn off his voice

Lucy Whitehead

passive aggressive text
I catch my finger
on a rose thorn

another shaming remark crushed snail shell

I bite my tongue
the compost bin
overflowing

Irina Guliaeva

replacing
old punching bag
his new wife

family dinner
washing out my blood
from peeled potato

Tracy Davidson

gathering storm
the gentle hand
that turns to fist

mother said
his mean streak would approve...
no stone for his grave

the traffic cop
doesn't like my attitude
or skin colour
I don't like the way his hand
hovers on his holster

Guliz Mutlu

long night
I burn the quilt
for a louse

Wanda Amos

bull rushes
pierce the morning mist
her rage still smoldering

Tia Haynes

weighing myself
every day
before school
where were you
when I died

Even Though It's What I Wanted

So you want a divorce. Great. Just don't tell us on my sister's birthday.

custody battle
choosing the lesser
of two evils

Eufemia Griffo

what's left...
a cold ring
on my finger

Deborah P Kolodji

tempers hot
she adds more ice
to the blender

trampled wildflowers
the war
on truth

Giovanna Gioia

another criticism
hands clenched in fists
not to scream

Hifsa Ashraf

first bite
of the red apple
leaves behind
an endless debate
over the broken promise

deep pain

His fake smile and tight fists, I can remember both when I look at his photo.
The words still resonate in my ears, make me go for a walk until the dust
settles down within. On my way back, the evening breeze whispers in my ears,
"How much time do you need to get over this broken relationship?"

running away
from my shadow
sleepless night

Rashmi Vesa

annual assessment
the boss talks
about my smile...
is my smile being rated
or my work?

Seren Fargo

Changing a Tire

I could see that what they were doing wasn't going to work; that they were rushing through. But I didn't say anything. I've learned over the years, that as a female, pointing out an error to a group of males will often get you ignored, criticized, or accused of overreacting. So I stepped away and let them do their thing.

*a line of ants backed up
at the entrance
the one with an oversized seed*

It appeared not to matter that they had to start over. Perhaps the amount of time it took was irrelevant compared to the fulfillment of rescuing that stranded woman. Maybe even, the more time the better.

*the photo of me
holding a boulder above my head
pumice field*

Isabella Kramer

*half-eaten dessert
the moment between us
gone*

Alexis Rotella

Out to Lunch

I thought it would be cool
to have a streak of blonde
through my bangs
like Carmen on American Bandstand,
to wear chalk pink lipstick
so light it's almost white.
Each night before bed I'd dampen
a tissue with peroxide,
wipe it across my chestnut hair.
The change was so gradual
my mother didn't notice
until a friend's mom told her
she heard I dyed my hair,
the same mother who found out
I received an engagement ring
before my own mother.
The same mother who bought me
a trainer bra, who told me, along
with her own daughter, the facts
of life, that one day I'd find blood
on my underpants, not to be afraid,
and when I did finally start to menstruate
all my mother had to say was
don't flush those things down the toilet.

I kick
a puffball
to see it explode

Susan Burch

across the street
I watch your precious
car burning
the STD you gave me
still raw

sitting on
our new couch
how supportive
you are
in front of other people

Announcements

March 2020 Guidelines - I will be editing another special issue for International Womxn's Month. Please send no more than 7 haiku, senryu, tanka, haibun, cherita, and sequences 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.

April 2020 Guidelines - #FemkuMag contributors Tanya McDonald and Kelly Savaugé Angel will guest edit April's Femku with an open theme. More details to come soon.

COMING SOON: The print issue of issues 19-21 and a calendar with each monthly call through 2020. These will be sent to your email as soon as they're available.

*I would like to sincerely thank those who have donated to #FemkuMag. Your contributions are sincerely appreciated.