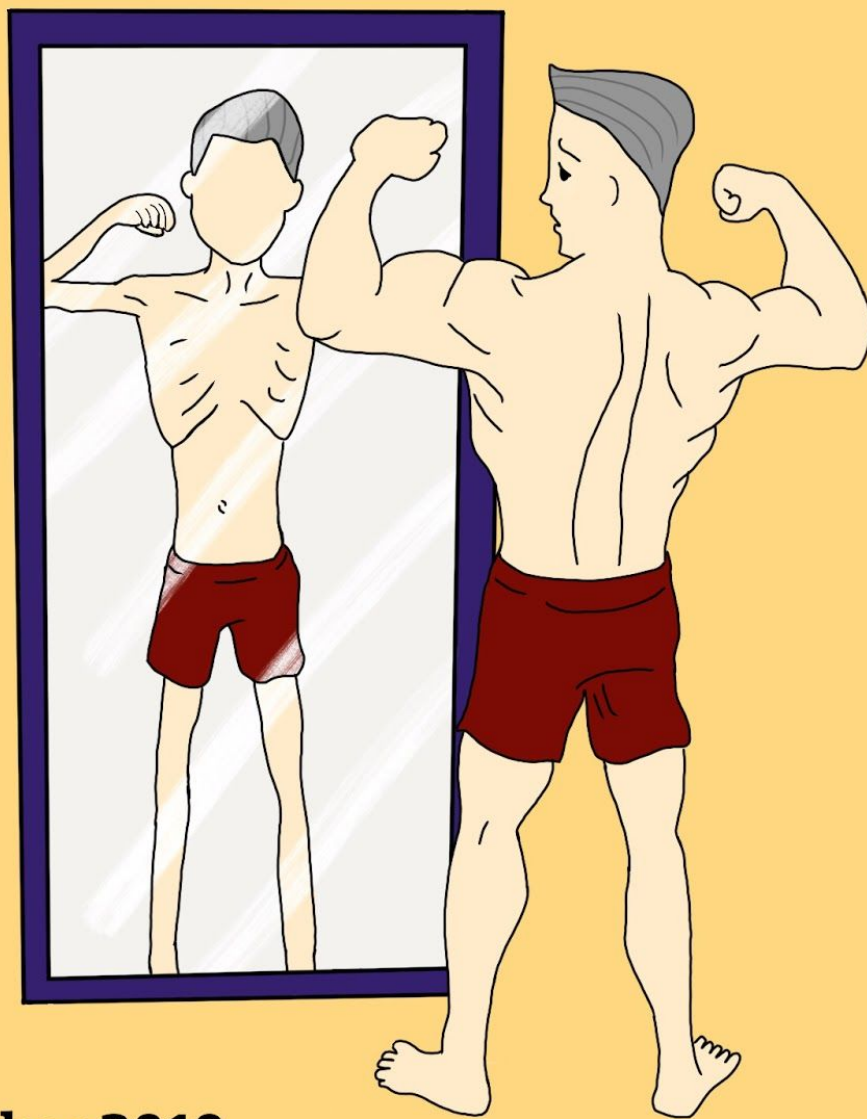


# #ME(N)TOO

A Men's Only Issue of #FemkuMag



**November 2019**

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Cover art: Lori A Minor

*\*\*cover art inspired by Michael Dylan Welch's "gym workout..." "*

## a note from me to you

Words cannot express how pleased I am with the turnout of this issue. It is SO important that men understand they are allowed to feel and that their feelings are valid. The only way to insert this into society's standards is to be open about what you've been through and to keep fighting. The power within this issue is infinite. Just know that I am on your side and in your corner. Thank you for your bravery, for taking this journey with me, and for speaking out for those who can't yet. Your voice deserves to be heard. Your trauma deserves to be recognized. You deserve a safe space. You are loved, important, and beautiful just as you are.

Stay radical always,  
Lori A Minor

*Michael Dylan Welch*

gym workout . . .  
the weight  
of #metoo

MENd

therapisttherapisttherapist

crowded beach—  
I catch myself looking  
at the pretty girl

her depression depressing me

restraining disorder

mental heat  
mental heal  
mental health

***John McManus***

fractured jaw  
mum's boyfriend apologises  
with chocolates

therapy session  
the snowman's smile  
begins to slip

moaning wind  
Dad catches me  
watching porn

snowstorm  
the exchange student takes  
my virginity

the moon from here  
doesn't seem as lonely —  
backstreet brothel

soft boiled eggs  
the waiter glances  
at my man boobs

wedding ceremony  
the high-pitched voice  
of the child groom

**Bryan Rickert**

black ice my gender identity slips

gender neutral  
dad wonders if the army  
would make me of man

halloween party WAY too comfortable in drag

bullet holes in the ice cream truck my PTSD

bitter melon my daughter's first period

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### **Coming Clean**

Heart disease runs in the family. When I was young, eating some foods was considered a guilty pleasure. Over time, it just became the taste of guilt.

purging  
their disappointment  
in me

## Side Show Me

How many times are they going to cut on my face and try to put it back together. Try to make it look like I wasn't born different. At some point it all just seems like a lie and I start to wonder. Who are they really doing this for?

traveling circus  
the clown and I  
share a smile

## **Loop the loop**

It's been a long day. Thirty degrees and rising. The soda whisky is going down too well. But still, I must run the Imperial Palace loop, five kilometres including the infamous Uchibori Dori climb. Not long into the challenge, it becomes apparent that this was a run too far. Waves of melancholy wash through my mind; regret strikes first. The words I should have said when you left. The things I should have done for my father before the heart attack. Luckily, it's dark, the Imperial guards cannot see my tears. And then the ghosts. They are the worst. I even run into one. The look on his face says it all.

white swan  
a reminder of home...  
I sigh and toss  
my passport  
into the moat

---

## **A fete worse than death**

Three whacks for a pound. Sounds good value to me. Last year, I won a cheap plastic sword for the kids. It snapped within an hour. This summer's Splat The Rat is in the usual corner of the village green, to the left of the coconut shy by the toilets. I wheel you over and hand the



*Tim Gardiner (cont.)*

money to the vicar. A couple of shadow swings and you're ready to go.  
You miss the first rat by some distance. The second rat slips down the  
drain pipe before you even think to move an arm.

third time lucky  
you can't remember  
the second

*mark levy*

twilight  
not ready to embrace  
the darkness

his dark star aglow with negative brilliance

black holes  
the dark spaces  
imperfectly navigated

**Steve Tabb**

alone...  
my silent remaking  
of if only

**R.SURESH BABU**

purple hibiscus  
his hairy cleavage  
swollen

*S. Michael Kozubek*

many enter  
the confessional door  
swings wide

at night  
a deep voice and sobs...  
in the morning, fog

in time  
all revealed...  
your mocking shame

no way to live  
no way to die  
another drive-by

hair and tattered shoes  
my grandmother's tattoo:  
Auschwitz

child visitation  
drop-off  
I pick the scab again

*Eric A. Lohman*

transitional object —  
my patient discloses he has  
another therapist

uncomfortable —  
my psychiatrist leans in  
to his laptop screen

tide pods —  
she can't wash away the scent  
of his sheets

concealing herself  
in a dress-length turtleneck  
she reveals  
to her therapist  
that she's wearing no panties

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## Shared Memories

I'm your therapist, but you're sitting across from me, staring past me with "the look".

That ten-thousand-yard stare, lifted by writers from the faces of veterans, telling me in soft dispassionate tones of your traumatic childhood. I know we've each seen our own kind of combat, and it's made us who we are.

parallel lines —  
streaks in your makeup  
and mine

*Craig Kittner*

no one around  
I raise my hand  
to strike myself

the proof  
they demanded  
exposed

cornered  
suddenly knowing  
he can take me

sitting down to pee  
one more thing  
boys don't do



**Mark Gilbert**

he mentions his cock  
and all the fancy feathers  
fall away

inside                      out  
my                      gut  
feeling

high speed internet the downloading of porn

cloudless sky  
fucked up  
inside

a thousand words  
through tears and snot  
please  
don't tell me  
you weren't even listening

---

he smiles  
calls me by my name  
looks me in the eye  
and shakes my hand —  
how can he know?

if I start  
to tell you  
how I really feel  
you'll know something  
is deeply wrong

*Cameron Elliot*

lake echo  
my childhood  
in these ripples

woodsmoke for a breath the modern world fades

winter wind  
another day  
without hope

pencil shavings  
remembering friends  
long gone

broken church window  
his letter  
still unanswered

winter ginkgo  
resolutions  
laid to rest

water trail returning from random thoughts

*Tomislav Sjekloća,*

pub counter  
another round  
of self-loathing

Sunday picnic  
birds and bees  
did I lock the door?

happy thoughts  
my black dog  
chases them away

through rose-colored glasses  
he sees rock approaching  
pride parade

have I always  
struggled like this -  
first snow

new boyfriend  
she keeps walking into  
the same door

**Agus Maulana Sunjaya**

bipolar  
the repetitive cry  
of a cicada

wintry night  
talking about the lost  
with imaginary friend

trying to hide  
under my shadow  
city rush

seeking peace  
outside the asylum window  
a black widow

**Mark Meyer**

misguided missiles —  
all those little pricks  
testosterone-fueled

behind the schoolyard  
after that one queer thing...  
his suicide

*- - for JLE, in memoriam*

phallocentric void...  
the dark spawning ground  
of misogyny

in the shower stall  
giving us all "the eye"...  
the football coach

**VERGESSEN**

Was I sure?  
WAS I SURE?

When my pelt was black, and lost to the night,  
was I sure?

When my pelt was blacker, even more lost to the night,  
was I sure?

When mirror image and doppelgänger friends fail to recognise me,  
was I sure?

When I shed my identity at eleven months old, and on each birthday  
over and over again,  
was I sure?

black dog blues  
I sometimes make a light  
out of it

-----

**THE GREEN LADY**

Under the stairs in a small space lies a dog and a boy, and one of them is  
dying.

This is his parents' house,  
and everything is still the 1970s.

The boy locks eyes with the dog, and they share a pact, and a few quiet  
whimpers.

A Chinese girl looks down on them, her skin blue-green;  
her shoulders gold from the robe she wears.

Her hands are folded out of sight  
but the boy knows they're not cold.

He could remember this image forever.

The boy buries his parents' last ever dog  
in the family home's garden,  
they couldn't bear to have another one.

I cried solid for a week.

He wishes his mother, now a widow, would get one more, just one last  
dog.

Now the boy is a man, and one of them is dying again.

mother's sepsis . . .  
I help the undertakers  
wrap her away



**Yakusokugoto**

this dark  
and last wild...  
nebulosus

It disappears...

too many echoes this isn't the night for writing

I sew a golden thread, as Ugolin had sewn a ribbon from Manon's hair into his chest. Is there an end to love, when the glimmer of a scent falls back into itself? I am okay with that now, sitting in the dying light, with just a promise of a whisper in my ear. Will there be a chrysalis in the morning. Will I shift from immature to mature.

do potatoes prefer  
to be kept in the dark?  
the cosmos...

My own cellar, my soul, if you like, a pen scratching into rime on a window that's partly bricked up, is as wide as a nightingale's blink.

occluded moon  
was it the words  
she said

This is a nowhere road; and a love letter is flickering like it's about to extinguish. The leaves have long stopped scurrying, and come to their own resolution. Do all hopeless causes make us better?

Alan Summers (cont.)

How fallen leaves are broken down...

parting the stars  
night swans feed on breath

...on the streets

the shadows  
of lost mimes  
men being men  
trying to be men  
trying to be good  
men  
or  
human(s)

grafitti lit  
the moon is just  
the moon

*Dick Whyte*

**First Frost**

from me  
to the mountain—  
first frost

bruises no-one sees scattered clouds

moon  
through the rain:  
what now

sudden storm fresh cuts in the sky

today  
i didn't kill myself,  
morepork

another bottle of wine the stars know why

winter—  
i may as well become  
a cloud

*Dick Whyte (cont.)*

sunrise my shirt still stained with blood

in and out  
of the hospital . . .  
sparrows

gulls circling one more day alive

spring,  
i'll be better  
then

in the dead snail's shell north winds

*John J. Dunphy*

priest's study  
holy water  
sprinkled on the dick  
thrust into  
an altar boy's mouth

principal's office  
nun tightens the rosary  
she wound around  
the child's genitals

prison shower room floor  
the new convict  
unconscious and bleeding

prison cell  
convict tattoos his initials  
on his bitch's butt