Bones - journal for contemporary haiku

No 12

March 15th 2017
the quest ions suit spring sparkling
spring kaddish
an orange dripping
as you peel it
overwhelmed
by goldilocks
centuries to come
the line of light leaks in ruins
first frost
keeping pace
with a stranger’s cane
full moon
kids’ noses
pressed on

Alexey Andreev
a jackal
heckles the sunset -
missiology

Anna Cates
crap hands
eye closed tightly
pray and pray

Aoki Harada
the sea has no figure in a mirror

Ayane Inagaki
that trait in her
in all her friends -
beach pebbles
double exposure orange skin the thickness of gossamer
memorandum
Daughter’s cramps
her uterus bursting
with demon babies
Hidden now
in the shape
of a man

Bruce England
the weakest moment shedding a door
night conferred with one hoof raised
night, cull
pixelates accordingly

Cherie Hunter Day
babies strapped to backs barbed-wire sun
border agent grasps holster somersaulting kids
memories of a memory misplaced lilacs
the just before orgasm

Dan Curtis
to hold you, an article of faith
having othered others here for the blood of grapes
cell walls becoming petrified would
just go on as if a river can take the rain
black licorice in plastic dreamless sleep

David Boyer
night shift at the poison factory a radio set to static
burnt candy. A fist in the forest crawls under a rock
brown patches on the lawn in back of my throat
black by stars: gap in the smile: annunciation

David Boyer
parent(s) these (e)s
nothing left to say with our mouths
in a train passing houses hidden lives
the secret of living a price tag
how gently monarch hands me a landing manual
headshot some would say tomato on a nail
to where white as snow
as if nothing
an empty seashore
had happened

Ernest Wit
full house
yet I’m mistaken
for a ghost
it is here
a vacancy of sky
and now
a bird

Hansha Teki
good news in the ends of now
in becoming a loss of now

Hansha Teki
cough
changes
boy octopus
touched by snakes she’s gone to heaven
heaven
be beautiful dead body
Dad be burned,
& dinner in a blues bat
20th Century Reflux

Helen Buckingham
year
of the faux
gold cock
a brain made by a phone
in an office
calls no one
the sound of life
into the ground
without carbon

Hida Yu
our kalasnikovs and uzis
handbuilt by saints
with gold crosshairs
paralyzed in the death of toys

Jennifer Hambrick
freezing rain on vibraphone indoor cat
chelsea girl
i to I
with the model’s hip

Jennifer Sutherland
on ice the sister I might have been
church bells
the onomatopoeia
of dead
in no mirror
no face
is a relief

John Levy
whome
my inner no fly zones in a nutshell
visiting hours
then visiting no hours
when the cross gets too heavy plum blossoms

Johnny Baranski
spring skies clouding over soft onions
louder than the reality show reality
grown hand
grandma’s back
flowing
intersection
a lot of eyes see
an invisible body

Kamo Yuri
the woman tree
whose arm grows
toward an eye

Kanako Ono
a doll escapes
in the glass
without girls

Kanako Ono
Queen’s Plate
the sound of water
is a horse pissing

LeRoy Gorman
pickup bar
peach after peach
winter normalizes
1945
Hirosh
flakes
Sistine
shrapnel

LeRoy Gorman
taking your pulse a slow second hand
orbit crow anywhere gone
cold sun
his heart
uninflatable
The last train
All of its coaches
In a song
We gather in curses with laughter

Mark Renney
That dead centre crackle
Night steps from its seat

Mark Renney
uncarved in the ether
of which tide

limb after limb

Markeith Chavous
driftwood shelters a verge of concept
one fifth of a soulmate
never enough
red cells

MarKeith Chavous
kick aside the stool to drag the invisible man into the frame
Occam’s razor mistaken for the Little Prince’s hat
silence on the ground it might accumulate me
in an otherwise empty cafeteria
the glowing man eats sherbet
stolen pineapples
quiver on the earth tremor
the clocks surrender
skin rejects skin
at the invisible
border line

Mike Andrelczyk
when a white bear roamed the unheard of
my hand in the widow’s smoke inside the flame
p©p
sail the judicial ideals federally unfolding
astringent the dry air wingbeaten
the wild wind
robbed of my hut
in one summer day

Takahiro Nishinosono
glitter or fireflies the blues are unperturbed
ticking for company knight you are
suicidal ideation is eight syllables
plimoth nuclear plantation
inside the pipe dad’s secret life
his dead mother
in her birdseed
middle of the night
some water drowning down a window
Institute of Patterned Curtains give us a break
a teenage magician
yellow-tomboyish became
blue-precocious
endless
the woman’s shoulders -
get typing
my forefinger
an endless desert
runs toward the oasis
let’s talk about nail clipper!
my memory
their love
smell of used-car
regret take a nap in stuffed gorilla
the other room
still missing
on the road
unknown sky
never been seen
inside me
SEQUENCES
from Light Verse (a work in progress)

before light
when to be
is just that

in darkness
becoming
a candle

let there be . . .
ta - ta - ta
strike the flint

for now
a spark
just that

Saroyan’s candle
sputtering
light

night breeze —
the sound of light
on a wick

the light
that lies
in words

a candle deifies the darkness

Hansha Teki
thahw

1 pahnd

2 frahg

3 splahs
another exit of

Orpheus igniting our dance

singer hot-wired never good-bye

electric lithe Greek Orphée beguiling lamenting

seasons of loving described implored

verbs of his voice his heart

peeled skin of muscles shorn

adieu ignition to stars
“Martin.”

seeing just now
the width of this cosmos
a wolf howls

does the high moon care
that leaves blow through
my garage door crack?

one more holy war—
nothing I can do but eat
this free sunrise

this chainsaw cutting
a split oak branch as if a
razor on my wrist
tell me, clam,
have you ever seen a star—
or pulled a trigger?

back again, spider,
in Zen meditation
on my outhouse seat?

William M. Ramsey