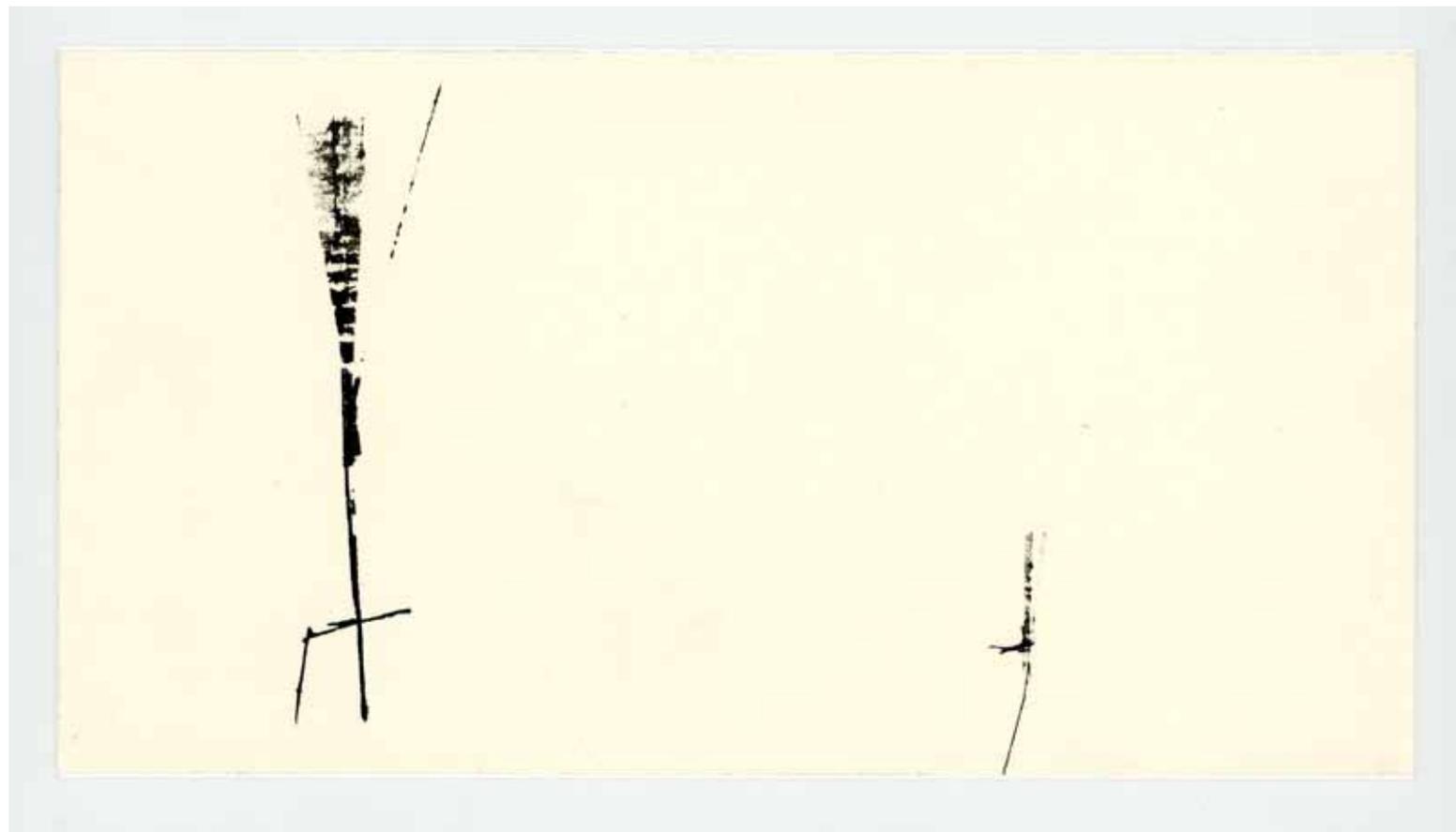




Bones - journal for contemporary haiku

No 12

March 15th 2017



the quest ions suit spring sparkling

Adrian Bouter

spring kaddish
an orange dripping
as you peel it

overwhelmed
by goldilocks
centuries to come

Adrian Bouter

the line of light leaks in ruins

first frost
keeping pace
with a stranger's cane

Alexey Andreev

full moon
kids' noses
pressed on

a jackal
heckles the sunset -
missiology

Anna Cates

crap hands
eye closed tightly
pray and pray

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

Billy Antonio

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

babies strapped to backs barbed-wire sun

border agent grasps holster somersaulting kids

memories of a memory misplaced lilacs

the just before orgasm



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

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

David Boyer

black by stars: gap in the smile: annunciation



parent(s)hese(e)s

nothing left to say with our mouths

Dick Whyte

in a train pass-
ing houses hid-
den lives

the secret
of living a
price tag

Elmedin Kadric

how gently monarch hands me a landing manual

headshot some would say tomato on a nail

to where white as snow

cup
ping
voice
pen
cil
tip

as if nothing
an empty seashore
had happened

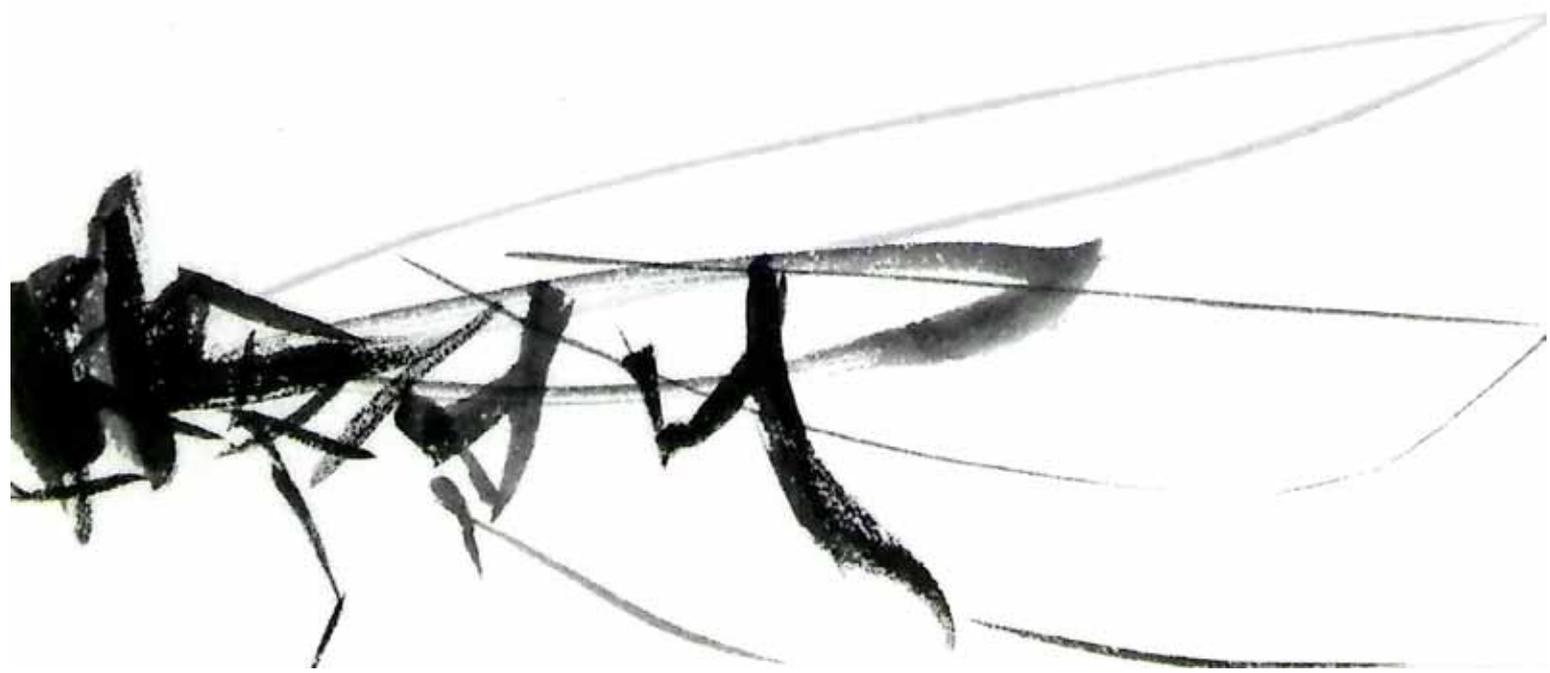
full house
yet I'm mistaken
for a ghost

Gabriel Bates

it is here
a vacancy of sky
and now
a bird

good news in the ends of now

in becoming a loss of now



cough
changes
boy octopus

touched by snakes she's gone to heaven
heaven

Haruna Takahashi

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

our kalasnikovs and uzis
handbuilt by saints
with gold crosshairs

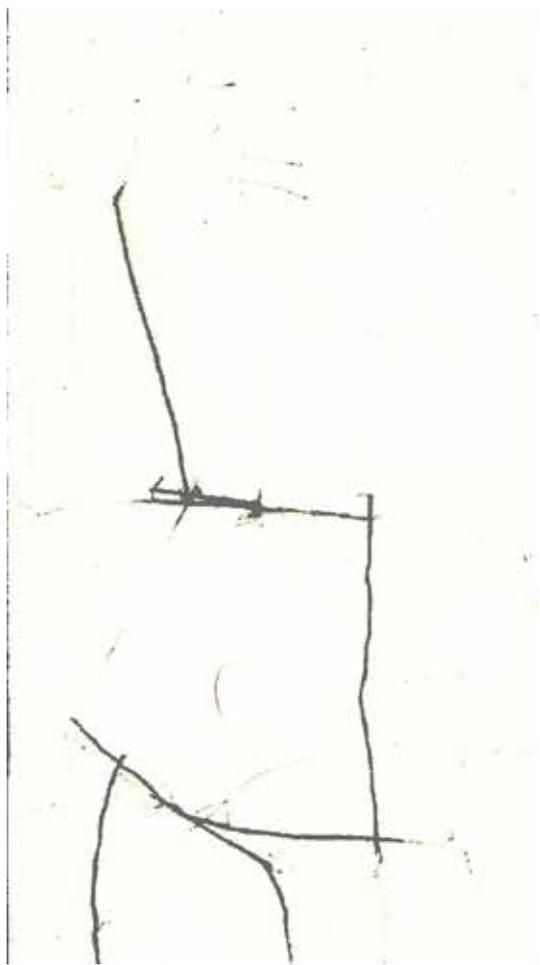
Jacob Hoseason

paralyzed in the death of toys

freezing rain on vibraphone indoor cat

Jennifer Hambrick

chelsea girl
i to l
with the model's hip



on ice the sister I might have been

church bells
the onomatopoeia
of dead

John Hawkhead

in no mirror
no face
is a relief

John Levy

whome

John Levy

my inner no fly zones in a nutshell

visiting hours
then visiting no hours

when the cross gets too heavy plum blossoms

spring skies clouding over soft onions

Julie Kelsey

louder than the reality show reality

grown hand
grandma's back
flowing

Kamo Yuri

intersection
a lot of eyes see
an invisible body

the woman tree
whose arm grows
toward an eye

Kanako Ono

a doll escapes
in the glass
without girls

Queen's Plate
the sound of water
is a horse pissing

LeRoy Gorman

pickup bar
peach after peach
winter normalizes

1945
Hiro
sh

LeRoy Gorman

flakes
Sistine
shrapnel

taking your pulse a slow second hand

orbit crow anywhere gone

cold sun
his heart
uninflatable

Mark Levy



The last train
All of its coaches
In a song

Mark Renney

We gather in curses with laughter

That dead centre crackle
Night steps from its seat

Mark Renney

uncarved in the ether
of which tide

limb after limb

driftwood shelters a verge of concept

Markeith Chavous

one fifth of a soulmate
never enough
red cells

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

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

in an otherwise
empty cafeteria
the glowing man eats sherbet

stolen pineapples
quiver on the earth tremor
the clocks surrender

Mike Andrelczyk

skin rejects skin
at the invisible
border line



when a white bear roamed the unheard of

my hand in the widow's smoke inside the flame

Robert Moyer

p©p

sail the judicial ideals federally unfolding

astriŕgent 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

Timothy Murphy

suicidal ideation is eight syllables

plimoth nuclear plantation

Tom Sacramona

inside the pipe dad's secret life

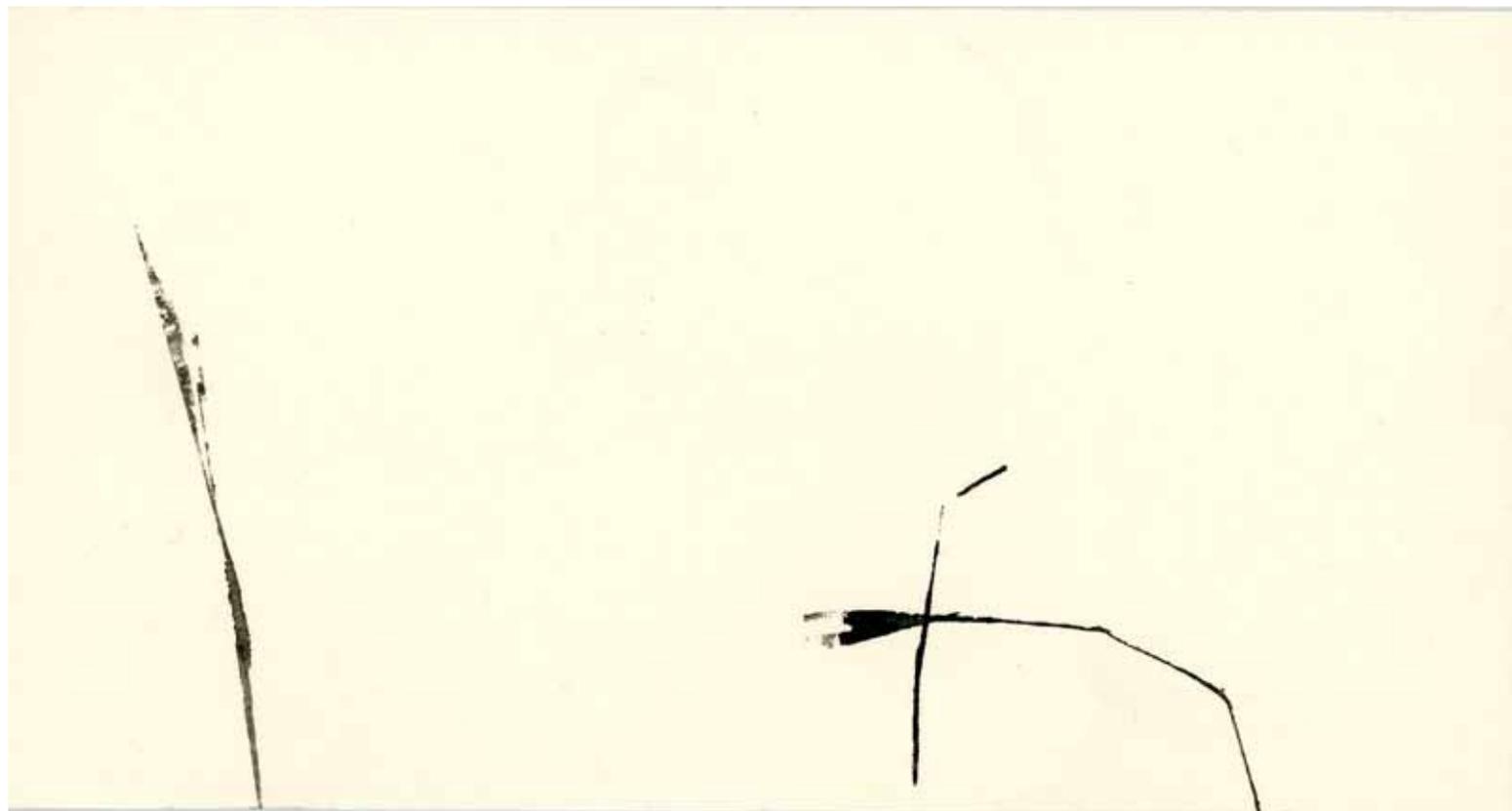
his dead mother
in her birdseed
middle of the night

William Keckler

some water drowning down a window

Institute of Patterned Curtains give us a break

William Keckler



a teenage magician
yellow-tomboyish became
blue-precocious

endless
the woman's shoulders -
get typing

my forefinger
an endless desert
runs toward the oasis

Yu Koyanagi

let's talk about nail clipper!

my memory
their love
smell of used-car

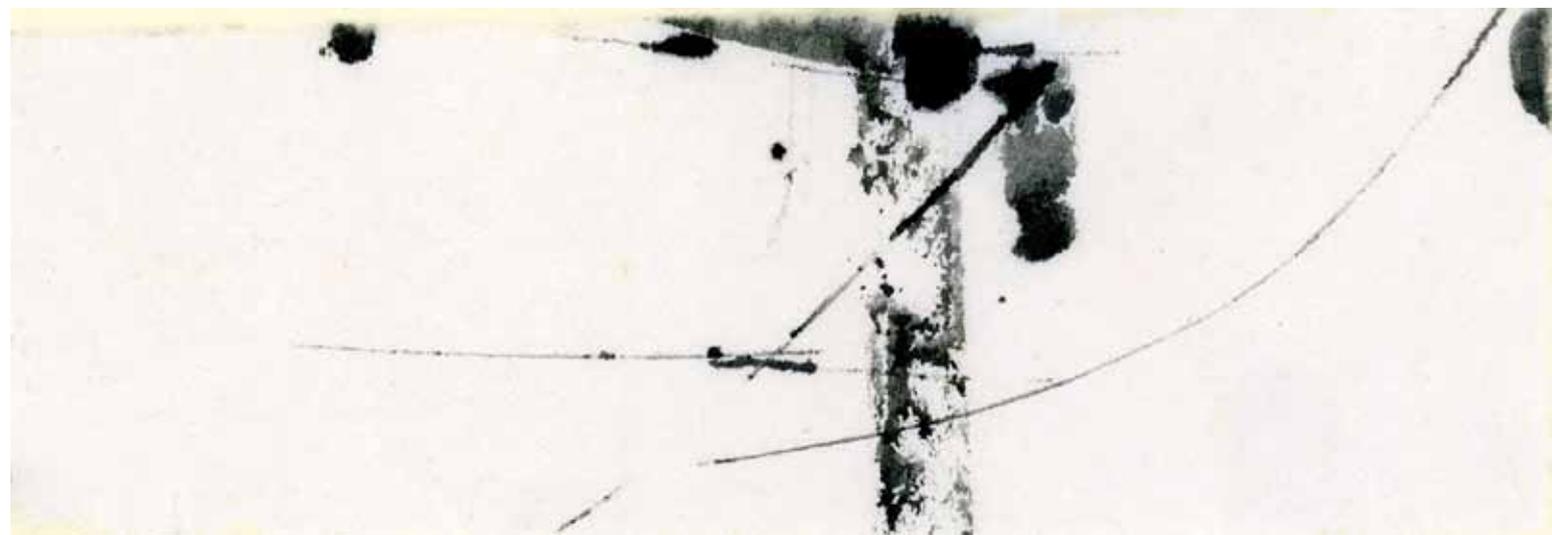
Yuichirou Hirayama

regret take a nap in stuffed gorilla

the other room
still missing
on the road

Yusaku Kimura

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
lighght

night breeze —
the sound of light
on a wick

the light
that lies
in words

a candle deifynes the darkness



thahw

1 pahnd

2 frahg

3 splahs



another exit of

Orpheus igniting our dance

singer hot-wired never good-bye

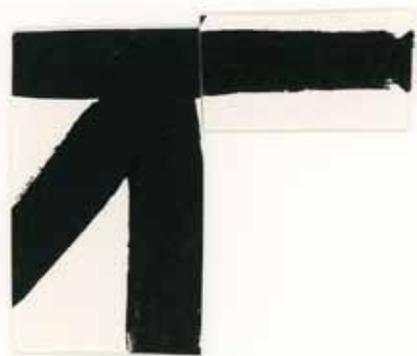
electric lithe Greek Orphée beguiling lamenting

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?

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