



Bones - journal for contemporary haiku  
no. 16  
March 15th 2019

haiku  
p. 3-94

sequences  
p. 96-101

beach jade tumbles from the pail boys at dice

Jo Balistreri

tree frogs courting pangs in my chest

Jo Balistreri

scripts scripts scripts scrawl of twigs on a gunmetal sky

Jo Balistreri

a Greek chorus  
closeted in pines  
of crows

Jo Balistreri

having never heard a nightingale, the screech of an owl

Clayton Beach

river stone the way a mind bends water bends light

Clayton Beach



**time**

pop the gestation  
curve uh  
ladder toward the  
wall

John Bennett

## **l'informé**

il pleur o  
vídate li  
quaste pl  
uma in r  
espira da

John Bennett

**for sure**

positive je su  
is )hacia a  
dentro( I'm a  
inbomber

John Bennett

the short time in which children have ceased to be burnt trees

David Boyer

for a small something like a seed though let's stay inside

David Boyer

too late to give up the first sign of bruising in the morning sky

David Boyer

the fight over taxes. Sea Monkeys

David Boyer





Stations of the Cross the days growing longer . . .

Mark Brager

starlings at dusk there's an app for that

Mark Brager

ps/alms

Sondra Byrnes

stiffed by another double three-minute tsunami warning drink

Ray Caligiuri

Wampanoag the syntax of cauliflower

Bill Cooper

philanthropist as cypress or strangler fig

Bill Cooper

inky caps  
their shirk is code  
for fortress

Cherie Hunter Day

scent on wool she left behind a forest relapsing dusk

Chris Dominiczak



bone spur in the naked tide rib lines

Chris Dominiczak

a tuna tin's jagged rim   the seas edge   without end

Chris Dominiczak

words  
I am always short of  
heavy snowfall

Radostina A. Dragostinova

LORAIN  
COUNTY AUCTION  
a crowd of birds

Dominic Dulin

having attended several meanings a celibate life

knife block the metronome of my heart

Lee Gurga

lost  
the  
daughter  
the daughter lost

Lou Ella Hickman





owning the accent in her name

Roberta Jacobson

but in between lingering a while and not

a uniform  
just my size  
overcast sky

Elmedin Kadric

half seen  
in the river glimpses  
of bedclothes

William Keckler

spring night--  
the aim of flowers  
in the dark

William Keckler

mass  
produced  
parrot  
pretty  
poly  
vinyl  
chloride

David Kelly

watering what I planted and what's sprung up

Craig Kittner

winter moon  
a new crack in the  
china doll's eye

Edwin Lomere



my girl and i  
hit the galaxy  
superman boots

Edwin Lomere

sometimes it cuts the chip on my shoulder

Gregory Longenecker

drought the geometry of a vulture

wind italicizing *The Rain*

Nicholas Mathisen

autumnal hyberboleaf

Nicholas Mathisen

(un)earth(ed)worm

Nicholas Mathisen

summer slowly abridging a river

Nicholas Mathisen





an army of dead immigrants roaring through my veins

John McManus

the apparent delay of the dust in the space

$P$  is the set of all primes with a simple pole of history

the bubble's honest doubt changed into blue

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

first syllables  
the pear on the table  
is real

walking along the river  
hearing the voice  
with my dog

Tanaka Mirei

under all this snow a copy of a copy of a copy

Matthew J. Moffett

bamboo

buddha  
blossom

loss  
lasso

lazarus  
risen



river  
rampant

loves

rocks

bank

bush

cloud  
claws  
carcass

paws  
our  
secret

moun  
tain  
top

a small forfeiture to enter the oasis

Peter Newton

cold hand encountering itself a theory of mind

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

snowflakes estranged from American English

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

hung in a Jesus Christ pose scarecrow

Veronika Novak

blood stained the sound of arrows

Veronika Novak

propped open on a sugar-bowl April's sky

Reka Nyitrai





useless a parrot winking at a cabbage

Michael O'Brien

cuckolded rainforest - we find the bylaws of a bathroom

Michael O'Brien

preserving a seahorse the mathematician from rhode island

Michael O'Brien

sunshine a bikini of bluebottles

Michael O'Brien

lime tree the floor catches his ejaculation

Michael O'Brien

winter cottonwoods the life in this life

Victor Ortiz

growing    on the branches  
of my lungs    green moss  
in dappled light    winter morning

Victor Ortiz



showering at the Y  
I hide my gills  
from the fisherman

Bill Pauly

autumn bullets a duck without encryption

Dave Read

stretched thin,  
my vowels  
in moonlight

Michele Root-Bernstein

gnawed bark I might have been going to be a birch

every time: the moon

Agnes Eva Savich

bleeding starlight brian eno

Rich Schilling

where the soldiers are a map is not the territory

Dan Schwerin

lunaticking

Dan Schwerin





between  
outstretched  
limbs

acorn  
how far fallen

and  
prodigal  
shadow

Ronald Scully

heroin  
you  
ask

mainline  
mutha  
fucka  
horizons

that's  
why

backward  
pawn

weakens  
every  
move

tooth  
loosens

center  
four  
squares

LA Guernica  
migraine

between  
tightened  
eyes

Ronald Scully

with a flashlight  
we search for the bat  
and something uncanny

Momo Shinokuma

when their lips tear apart the middle of the road

Julie Warther

slow rain after drifts into before

Julie Warther



heart-shaped strawberries -  
and she pondered  
all these things

Elaine Wilburt

lob	row	ever	to	as
lol	on	green	hea	we
lies	row	ar	ven	may
sol	of	rows	one	grow
dier	tall	aim	by	to
on	pin	ed	one	be

which I dies today

Ernest Wit

a woman smiling  
without power  
in the river

Reina Yamasaki

no buds at this time,  
we notice "too late  
for Japanese soul"

Risa Yonekura

is it really ok?  
on the second thursday  
i'm nonflammable

sequences

giving up again

unable to breathe

*end of everything*

my mortality

I lose myself

after his withdrawal

his alien announcement

licking the rizla

he pours a whiskey

in the clam shack

the moth's thorax

still throbbing



checks her iPhone  
flicks her cigarette  
checks her iPhone

tattoo crawls  
down her neck  
tit for tat

moonrise  
tick bite  
itching

tick  
at it  
yet

jan.  
etc.  
dec.

名

## **Running sands**

bed times at fifteen the ideation of suicide

sparrow feet etchings the sound of running sand

lost, loss led dark side of the moon

increasingly I walk my age back

this the afterlife typo

movement in the woods in the burbs the felling

**bombogenesis**

cold  
shoulder  
frazil

big  
yes  
thundersnow

looks  
kill  
graupel

bed  
mussed  
sastruga

no  
way  
smuir

we  
are  
gloriole

yes  
maybe  
mizzle

portrait of a girl reading into her gaze  
old letters smelling of must you go  
his life as a bird on the branch breaks off  
rain tugging the leaves return to sender  
even the full moon for our own aloneness



Editors:

Aditya Bahl

Melissa Allen

Johannes S. H. Bjerg (who did the gfx too)

Copyright © Bones, 2019. All works herein are the property of the authors and artists.

No work may be republished or used in any way without the explicit permission of the authors.

Primary journal:

[www.bonesjournal.com](http://www.bonesjournal.com)

where specifics for submission of work is stated