



# Bones

Bones - journal for contemporary haiku  
no. 17  
July 15th 2019

haiku: p. 3 - 96  
sequences: p. 99 - 103

small room -  
I move the armchair to  
another corner

Abraham Ben-Arroyo

cat's slow blink end of day bra off

Agnes Eva Savich

lotus into pond into lotus

Agnes Eva Savich

not proficient  
with birdsong  
a plane arriving

Alegria Imperial

the song I used to hear  
swish-swash  
of a bamboo broom

Alegria Imperial

the train creeps away  
the hours emptying  
the houses

Alegria Imperial

dead eye flooding the overhang with pike water

Andy McLellan

the code that makes a sparrow miniature screwdriver

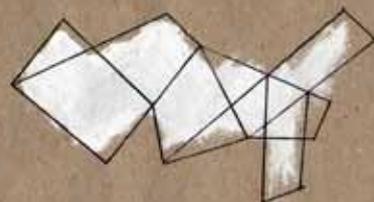
Andy McLellan

speaking hillside cut on cut the flint margin

Andy McLellan

expanding the possible elephant hawk-moth

Andy McLellan



diminishing echo between bombs

Aparna Pathak

from being a seed to being a seed

Ashish Narain

because no name is still a name when said out loud

```
//if/either/nor//{pink morn'}:  
    "i silence :: you bird"  
//end of message
```

soap bubbles  
floating  
a lost dream  
in  
the peacock's

– **EYE** –

Beate Conrad

not quite a bottle opener drought cloud

Bill Cooper

Baltic love  
i measure it  
in millimetres

Brendan Slater

the pink gone from a forwarding address

daylight  
claws for when  
we need them

Cherie Hunter Day

shaggy mane mushrooms become your trigger

Cherie Hunter Day

on its way to darkness sluicing of the aquarium

Chris Dominiczak

turning a trick  
crab) with out (shell

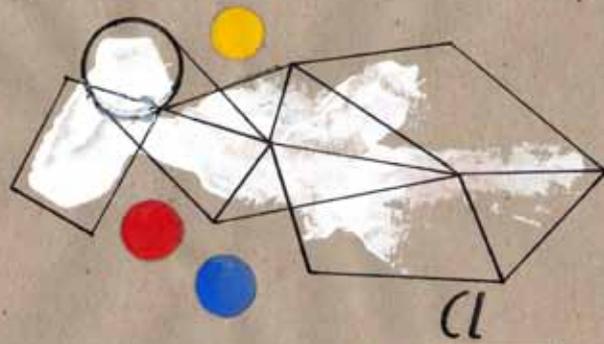
Chris Dominiczak

the rivers murdering too

Chris Dominiczak

clear sky on the telescope her face a year on

Chris Dominiczak



becomes dormant in the nerve

each ridge of trees  
fainter in the alpine mist  
a lament for Pagliacci

Clayton Beach

redemption value—  
a ragtag Jesus shoulders  
his bag of cans

Clayton Beach

rhinestone cowboy—  
Orion recumbent against  
the city skyline

Clayton Beach

grasses by the bike path grown deaf to cars

Craig Kittner

winter is longer the fewer mitigating geese

Dan Schwerin

Nicodemously  
her false spring  
for shelter

Dan Schwerin

each one  
wheat in the wind  
of the other

Danny Blackwell

to make a nest in your outstretched hand, still the rain

David Boyer

builder of ziggurats. Historically, the answer is silence.

David Boyer

after the bailout and retrained smile she slips it in his coffee

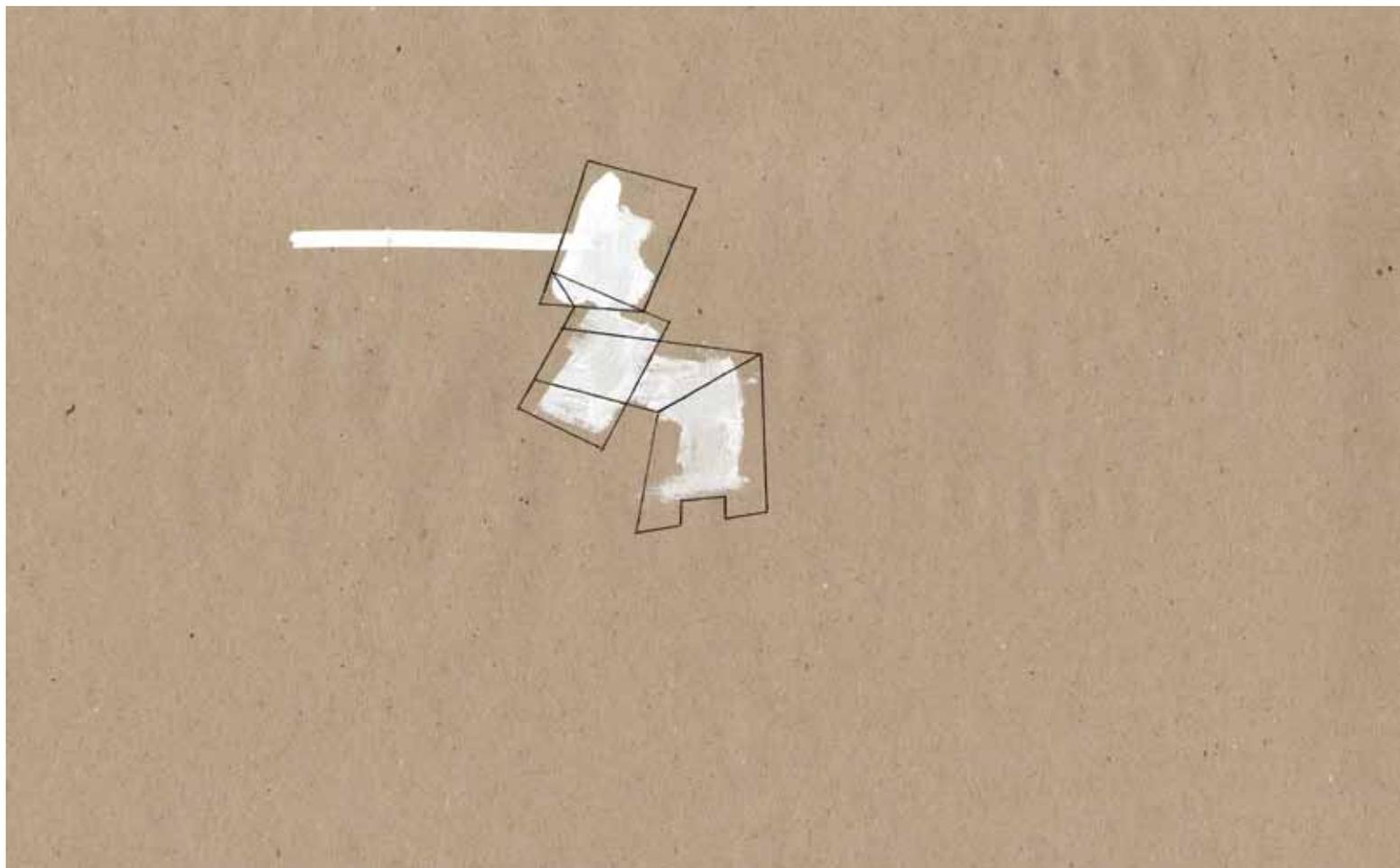
David Boyer

like Uber for your grave on the moon

David Boyer

grammar no has  
unlearnéd poet boy  
tapping on glass

Delilah Friedler



having faith a key entering a wave

Elmedin Kadric

another make-  
believe friend  
a tree stump

Elmedin Kadric

nature killing  
humans an in-  
depth analysis

Elmedin Kadric

where angels are less snow

Elmedin Kadric

answers out of the question

Ernest Wit

golden fields  
the echoes of Spring  
in this silence

*a long night  
filling my thoughts  
of moon song*

all alone  
with such clarity  
dawn breaks

*among shadows  
and the haze  
more illusions*

Summer begins  
more weeds to pluck  
from my mind

*by noon*  
*a light scatters*  
*the intensity*

a stalemate  
that floods  
of nothingness

*between us*  
*the shame I feel*  
*blossoms*

half the large chamber nuclear

Gary Hittmeyer

crossing out the past murky ecosystems

Gary Hittmeyer

gathering moss to soften our descent

Helen Buckingham

ghost moon ferryman knowing we'll pay

Helen Buckingham

grateful for my doctor's serious lack of perfume

Helen Buckingham

a froth of clouds behind the winery drinking it all in

Jo Balistreri

owl call falling back into darkness

John Hawkhead

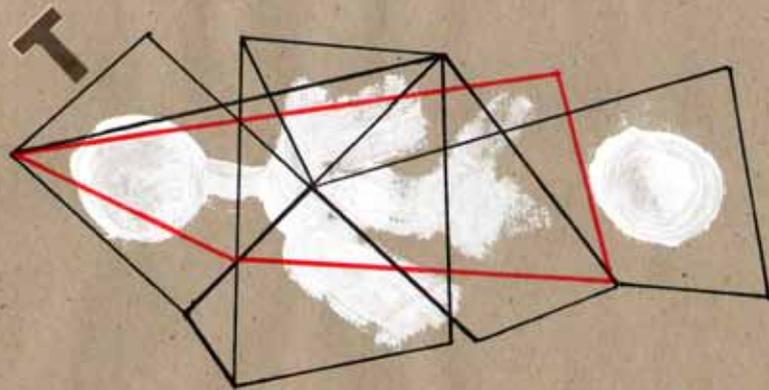
oars or

our hours

John McManus

telling it like it is swallows

John McManus



Handwritten text on a white strip, oriented vertically. The text is written in a cursive, possibly Devanagari script, and is difficult to decipher due to its orientation and handwriting style.

after the light too at bay

Julie Warther

all things being equal vulture

Laurence Stacey

empty nest  
lifting a cricket  
to her lips

Lee Gurga

driving the vehicle of perception panhandler's phantom limb

Lee Gurga

a bouquet of blue thistles from his mouth thin rain

Lucy Whitehead

deadlifting another record-breaking snowfall

Matthew Moffett

warm day

*hanging my body*

someone says:

*out to dry*

it's a warm day

*for the death squad*

watching birds the smell of my skin

Michael O'Brien

my collected works  
covered in marmalade  
a dead dog

Michael O'Brien

each new normal the end of normal the new normal

Mike Gallagher

housewarming  
i let the waves  
enter first

Neha R. Krishna

charismatic mega-fauna  
not one word for  
elephants

Peter Newton

off  
on  
another  
quest  
ion  
ing

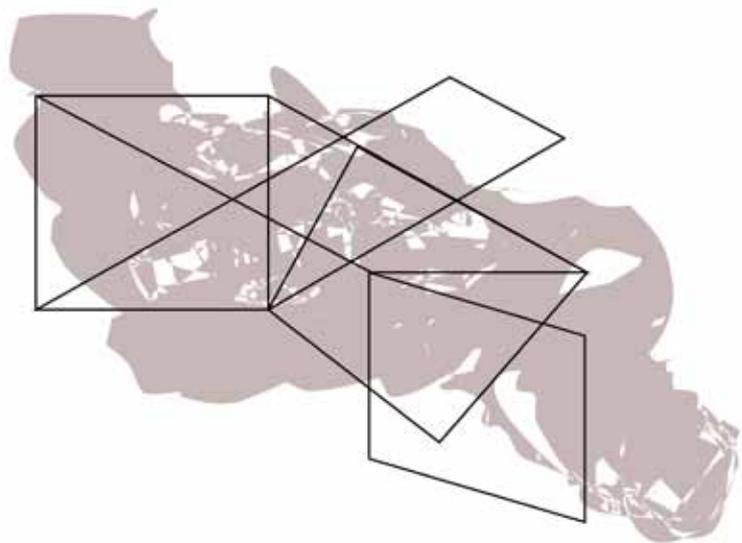
Peter Newton

the normal sea  
my same self  
I return to

Peter Newton

opus 43  
variation 18  
my private island

Peter Newton



fluent in egg-laying my ex-lover a butterfly

Réka Nyitrai

the dark in the hole could be dead bees

Rich Schilling

kids  
not sharing  
the same darkness

Rich Schilling

there was nothing I could do  
about it personally --  
morning broke by a crow

Richard Gilbert

mythical invention  
as gods  
as promised

Richard Gilbert

and in they stepped  
new in life  
to come like that

Richard Gilbert

earth first  
the fist raised to

undo

Richard Gilbert

girlie bar  
the broken plumbing  
in a pigeon's love song

Robert Witmer

her nimble fingers  
could crochet  
a jail for us all

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Columbine (the flower)

Roland Packer

\$18k sexbots exposé my fetish to cook with one

Samar Ghose

playing Florence to titanium knees

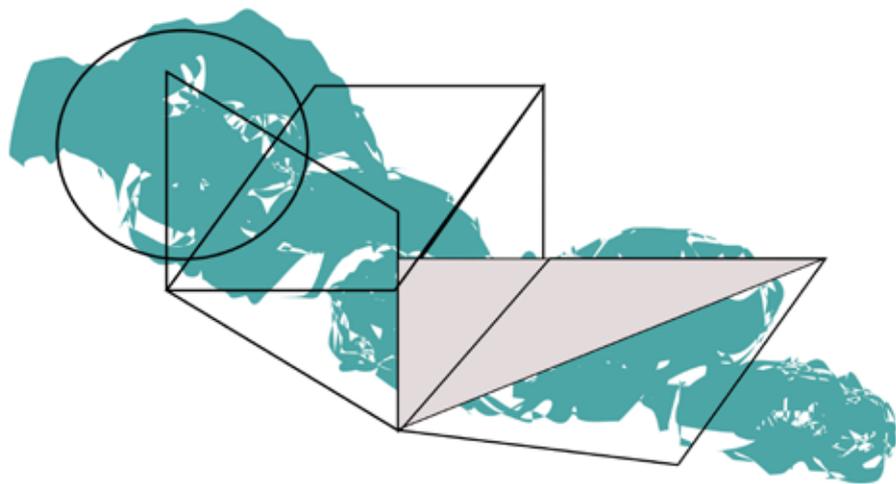
Samar Ghose

night rain  
you felt it  
change  
clothes

always shape the ear pilot whale

float  
the meta

Samar Ghose



forsythia for all

Sondra J. Byrnes

deep within  
the prostitute  
a winter star

Stephen Toft

the dog curls up  
and remains  
a dog

Steve Brittain

head smashed arguing orange until green

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

alien probe  
not bad  
for a Monday

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

old wound writing through something automatically alive

Tim Murphy

sleeping sickness the big bang theory theorizes itself

Veronika Zora Novak

in my lap the shattered sky I penned

Veronika Zora Novak





sequences

*inside out*

muffled wildness a winnowing sky

coughing out the sphere rogue wind

ashen dust between fingers palm ribs

outlines against the rain bones inside out

eggshell stillness un-swept sun-shreds

conical jaws vs marbles in a skull graveyard issues

empty eyes glued to a rootless 'O'

dangling words noone follows swollen whiteness

***Upshot***

long bone marrow an expletive deleted

hush about anvils in the blood

weather steals your breath

midnight take nothing by mouth

viroisphere the fallout we lie down with

bedside the best-if-used-by date blurred

## IDENTITY DOCUMENTS

an islet shadow of a cloud

where we were only mariposas

mountain more there

before christ my inner anemone bilocating  
even the kids bearing arms of blossom rain  
a lone vulture into the bluest of blues I scar  
as if it matters each day's dawn  
the ink of old moss etched inside me

***the Joaquin and Jill debate***

free flowing masterclass of chi bangers: : it isn't going to happy the tail fin tarragon sauce trilogy

a Steptoe and Son dig, as dress rehearsals go: :the rest of the archives of von Däniken's chariot

trending on deep sea repertoires, a lie down in a Greek sarcophagus: :the deal or no-deal lingua franca of sea slugs

a state sown dicta prophylactic: :the charm offensive of slicked back hair Boutros Boutros

pouring out from your side of the turnstile: :wait, what? can't they just do the dishes?!

ah but it did console and modestly enchant: :a thousand paper cranes

the DJ doffs his beedi: :the departing rear end of the first single off Love for Sale

Editors:

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

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