



Bones - journal for contemporary haiku

No 13

July 15th 2017

morning sitar
a cascade of
ones&zeroes

Adrian Bouter

other planets we bend over desperate maps

spiiiiiiider

Alexander Joy

snowfall
reversed
in the maternity ward window

frosty sky
every passer blows his own
Cheshire cat

just one typo
and you get hot,
the snail on Fiji!

four street lamps -
my shadows
are all the same

Antonio Mangiameli



such an open me this window

dawn
how to grasp
a cup

opera as ocean

Bill Cooper

rain time keeping the river of your mouth

cloud purpose redacted

another sound check for billow and hollow



in her elsewhere come winter do not hide your face

hummingbird shadow every move for that ruby throat

stone bridge you
being there
over night

winter smoking crack in a wheel-locked car

Danny Blackwell

brown-sugared porridge
snow

Valencian sequence (“Las Fallas/Les Falles”)

“lxs fallxs”

la despertá
the wake-up call
hangover

la mascletá
pyrotechnic orgy
of 2pm

l’ofrena
reflowering
the virgin

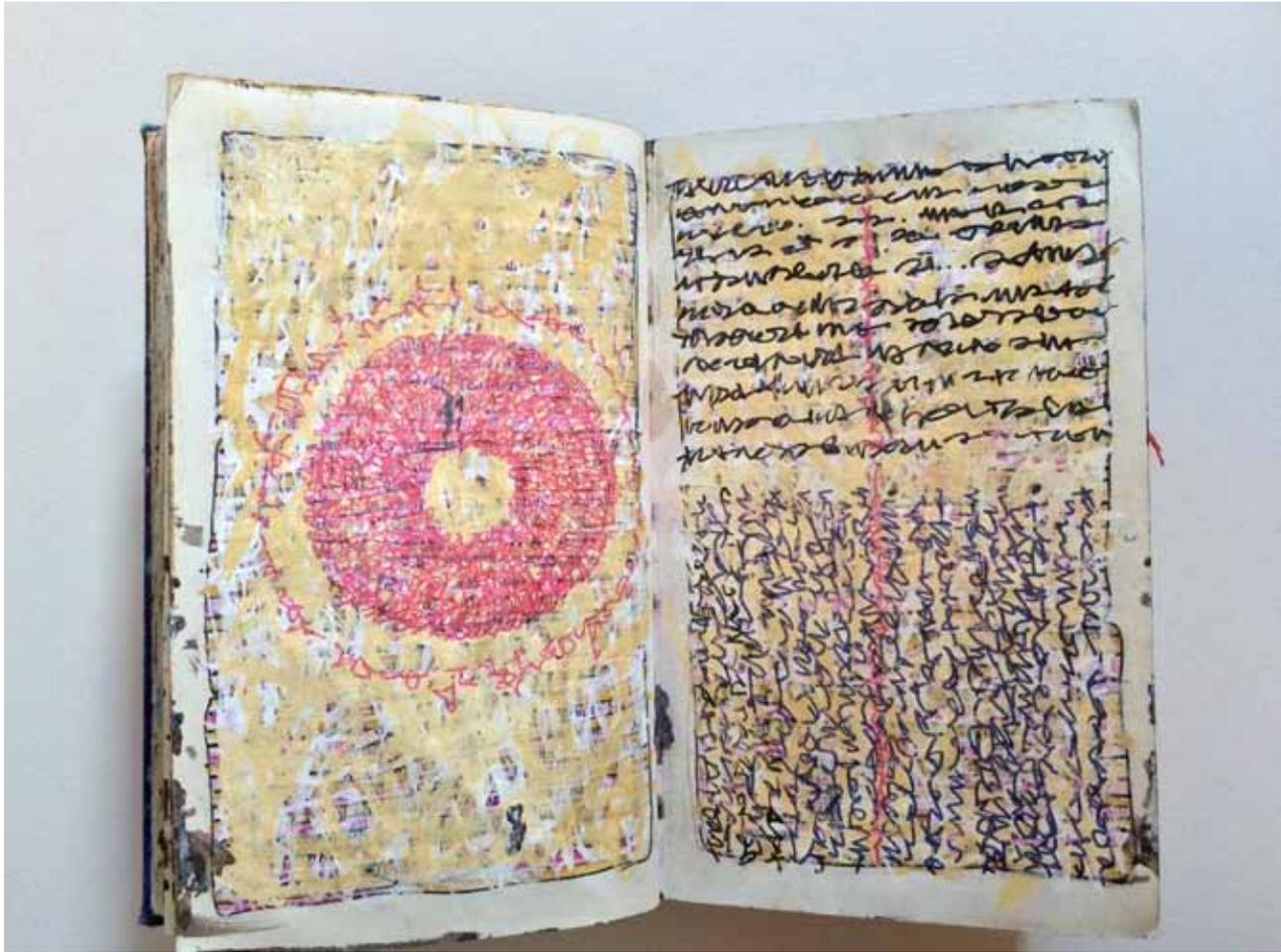
la cremá
spring
burns a corrupt winter

ungrown me climbed this tree under new management

molasses dance of moonflowers the story folds itself into a crane

David Boyer

white blossom ache in the long bones of the moon



inside the labyrinth
minotaur scratches
his ass

the first robin -
a handful of adjectives
convinces me

Edward Dewar

yes also necessitated on toes through water

try reading
the lips:
river mouth

no
thing
but
night
sole
ly
on
speed

barely the only part of the bridge

the morning
of a shadow
in the snow

Elmedin Kadric



snap election -
back on their high
piñatas

crows skype as the bull flies

Helen Buckingham

ribbit
ibid.

I didn't show you
my husband's hair, she says
opening a drawer

John Levy

Diane Arbus bought an
ant farm to study when she
wasn't working

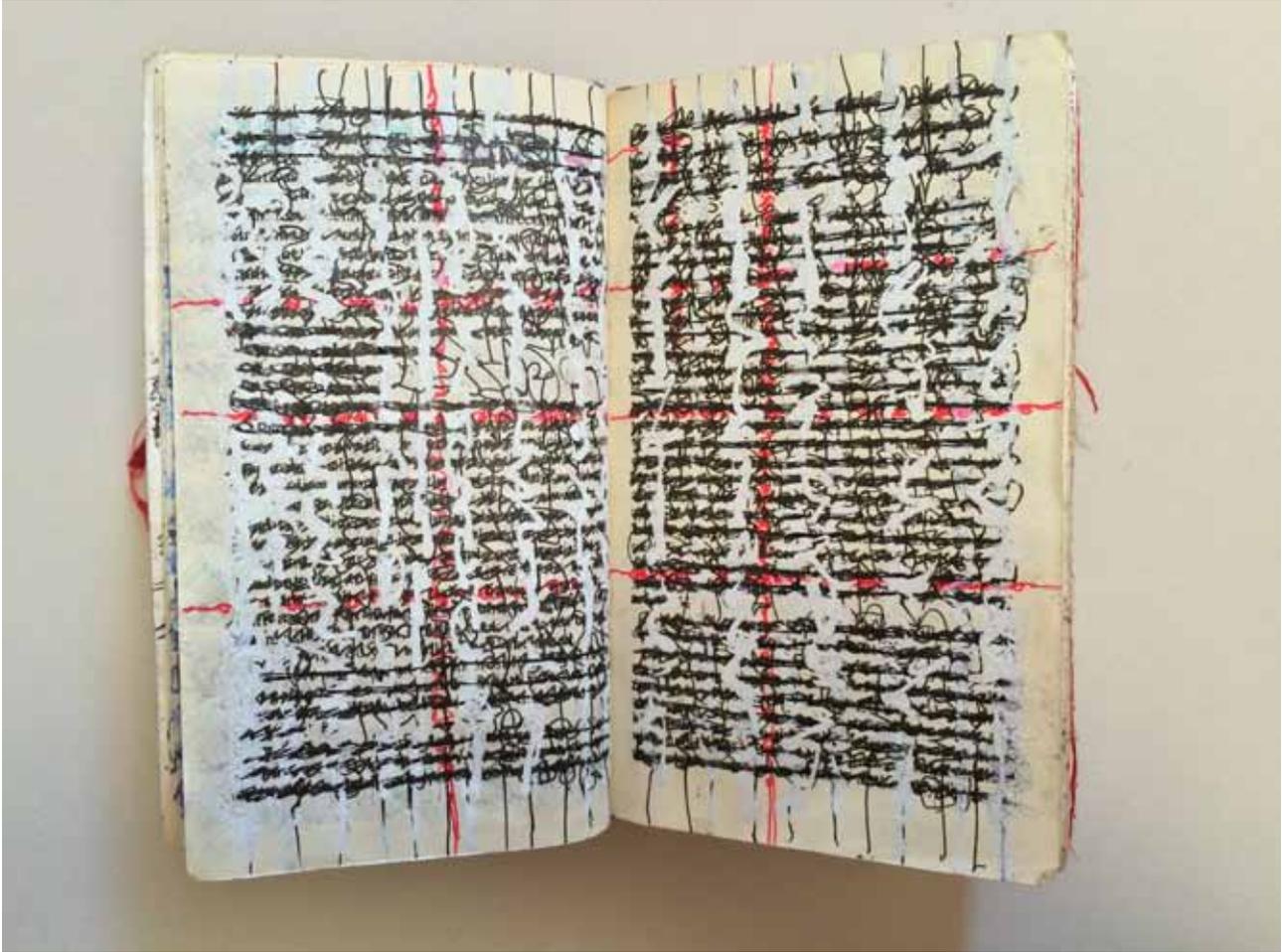
the portable
interrogation room you
enter alone again

autopsy report, the young man
shot twice had recently
carefully clipped his toenails

nocturnal emission...the way he plays it on his saxophone

Johnny Baranski

miss lube rack pageant a breakdown in viscosity



talk of war bigger and brighter housefly

animaology

coyipote

giraffter

grhoundhog

hyheinous

orthodoxen

owhol

zebrib

the hypervelocity
of shooting stars
named Lennon

to
know

(her
inner
ear)

peri
winkle

slipper
shell

c. fornicata

(her
blind
fold)

a shell fluent
in wind, our flood lines
intertwine

Mark Harris

inter
tidal

bloom

(her
threshold)

fizzle up the spine burn this

Mark Levy

snow man is the ground

hospital morning
red
dew



acid rain sliding off a hearse

meik blöttenberger

a table and a whole galaxy between my ears

white stork...
I speak the name I had
before birth

Nicholas Klacsanzky

I confess
to original innocence -
tree peony

what the roadkill is remains to be seen



iodine dusk
the crush of the sardine's
beige spine

Patrick Sweeney

song of the nightingale
cuts out
her neighbor's tongue

Patrick Sweeney

double parked in lilac
my counterrevolutionary
schnozzola

Patrick Sweeney

sea cucumber
whenever you're ready:
raise the dead

June creates its own universe

Peter Newton

impossibly the orchid pulling off its blue

he likes the rain
skeleton of a new flat
given by god



afternoon sun
a fly ends the sentence
in the crime book

Robert Kingston

talking to myself
the stigma
of self-pollination

Robert Witmer

peter pan fried fish we never caught

Robert Witmer

scrape of the skyscraper

half-life
a language to last
ten thousand years

Roland Packer

in the heart of a desert the demography of rain

rea
ding
again
st th
e gra
in a cr
ow's win
gbe
at

living so long finally a theme



fading of the portable conscience

anniverseries past his anniversary quicksilvered

Susan Diridoni

scaling stacks rescue of heart shifts

before the fig
the sweet
of the neon

Tigz De Palma

about time to bank storage unit memories in capsule form

autumn leaves me in the lurching from one haiku to the next time you do that

Timothy Murphy

blue sky high airplane prices itself out of the market's visible handiwork

deer skull - to tear into autumn

Tony Burfield

deer trail confuses all our words for dawn piled up



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Graphic works by: Lucinda Sherlock

Editors:

Aditya Bahl
Melissa Allen
Johannes S. H. Bjerg

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