

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



sequences p. 96-101 beach jade tumbles from the pail boys at dice

tree frogs courting pangs in my chest

scripts scripts scrawl of twigs on a gunmetal sky

a Greek chorus closeted in pines of crows having never heard a nightingale, the screech of an owl

river stone the way a mind bends water bends light

time

pop the gestation curve uh ladder toward the wall

l'informé

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

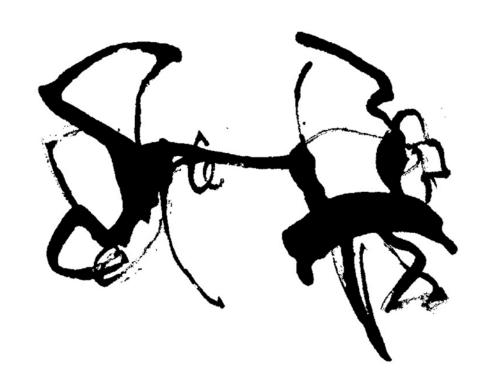
for sure

plositive je su is)hacia a dentro(l'm a inbomber the short time in which children have ceased to be burnt trees

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

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

the fight over taxes. Sea Monkeys



Stations of the Cross the days growing longer \dots

starlings at dusk there's an app for that

ps/alms

stiffed by another double three-minute tsunami warning drink

Wampanoag the syntax of cauliflower

philanthropist as cypress or strangler fig

inky caps their shirk is code for fortress scent on wool she left behind a forest relapsing dusk

bone spur in the naked tide rib lines

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

words I am always short of heavy snowfall LORAIN COUNTY AUCTION a crowd of birds having attended several meanings a celibate life

knife block the metronome of my heart

lost the daughter the daughter lost



owning the accent in her name

but in between lingering a while and not

a uniform just my size overcast sky half seen in the river glimpses of bedclothes spring night-the aim of flowers in the dark mass produced parrot pretty poly vinyl chloride watering what I planted and what's sprung up

winter moon a new crack in the china doll's eye my girl and i hit the galaxy superman boots sometimes it cuts the chip on my shoulder

drought the geometry of a vulture

wind italicizing The Rain

autumnal hyberboleaf

(un)earth(ed)worm

summer slowly abridging a river



an army of dead immigrants roaring through my veins

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

first syllables the pear on the table is real walking along the river hearing the voice with my dog under all this snow a copy of a copy of a copy

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

cold hand encountering itself a theory of mind

snowflakes estranged from American English

hung in a Jesus Christ pose scarecrow

blood stained the sound of arrows

propped open on a sugar-bowl April's sky



useless a parrot winking at a cabbage

cuckolded rainforest - we find the bylaws of a bathroom

preserving a seahorse the mathematician from rhode island

sunshine a bikini of bluebottles

lime tree the floor catches his ejaculation

winter cottonwoods the life in this life

growing on the branches of my lungs green moss in dappled light winter morning showering at the Y I hide my gills from the fisherman autumn bullets a duck without encryption

stretched thin, my vowels in moonlight gnawed bark I might have been going to be a birch

every time: the moon

bleeding starlight brian eno

where the soldiers are a map is not the territory

lunaticking



between outstretched limbs

acorn how far fallen

and prodigal shadow 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 with a flashlight we search for the bat and something uncanny when their lips tear apart the middle of the road

slow rain after drifts into before

heart-shaped strawberries and she pondered all these things

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	pines	ed	one	be

which I dies today

a woman smiling without power in the river no buds at this time, we notice "too late for Japanese soul" is it really ok? on the second thursday i'm nonflammable

sequences

Marion Clarke

giving up again

unable to breathe

his alien announcement

end of everything

licking the rizla

my mortality

he pours a whiskey

I lose myself

in the clam shack

after his withdrawal

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.



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

LeRoy Gorman

bombogenesis

cold shoulder

frazil

big yes

thundersnow

looks kill graupel bed mussed sastruga

no way smuir we are gloriole

yes maybe mizzle Michele Root-Bernstein

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)

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