

Bones - journal for contemporary haiku no. 18 November 15th 2019 morning message the lark tweets first

reggeli üzenet a pacsirta pittyen először

Morgennachricht die Lerche piept zuerst

clustering bottles squeezing a river to a line

trucked out cattle calm as dawn

cool with Christ uni verse

sea the sky is everywhere sunbathing

psilocybin a silo of self in a forest snail sssnnnaaaiiilll snail



## summaries

earth's raiment showing

legs

if coquetry

a verb

dandelion fur

thigh-high mist the graveyard sea

wind-lisps

vexed with what

to wed

air

brain murmur

definitely

scarred

denied

the monkey

tree's appeals

in a hyena's lock jaw all the why's

shattered ear possibly the gist of all paralysis

re-encounter the sign of the elastic on the buttocks danglers a fix reply to every question

edge of time whereyourneckleftthesun tilted

hototogisu inbetween the many paradoxa of remembering

flea throat groove to throat groove

by the authority vested in clay

Heidi's grandad I speak no dialect to deaf ears the newly created dark planet of the exposed

at base camp we label all the bones

deflection orange the slippage the shrinkage

redwoods occupy this



what of the disembodied do stones gather?

slapping away the fly a clown takes the throne

autumn slowing to eat fire

in the average blue a rump of dead nettle

sleeping water on the grass its last

dead}
plastic of the mammalian
{oceans

a twang of guilt from three taps of the tongue blackberries in full bloom Achilles' fatal bromance: the patinated edge of a gladius under glass cone of uncertainty the weight of the water we gather in case red scarf needles twitch the guillotine

June wedding before lithium took her original face

Black so I hold the door an original sin then—on top of everything—whiteness as a social construct

a bomb. like he had. no idea.

just pretending. to be. mist on a stone.

too much, too quickly, I spit out a mouthful of saints



eating this double-edged dawn without crickets

one line to save them all too late the dump truck beep

and inflamed those few illusions what broken call home what viscous dawn taught this monologue to crawl

the brave part of my teeth removed for a new highway

uterine dream coming back for my wings

as it happens not to breed the demon air a hoard of silence first warm sentiments

and still no snakeskin to surrender

one moonlit breath oceanic

post-war trauma a crow becomes a crow ghosted by a chatbot— emoji moon

a twitterverse of memetic warfare ...and yet summer break a cool breeze starts a wildfire another hurricane where we left off past unimaginable out of nowhere the heatwave and a cold stare drowning thoughts onto paradise in this drought

spring thaw in the midst of cleaning this lifetime about it all the mist in thin ice a sinking feeling while muddy now breaks of blossoms rivers through



smaller than an ant the twin I never knew

a tireless narcissist the sky from puddle to puddle

## Seven Interpretations of Self - I

deep-sea dialogue

my daughter

the interpenetration

with art's mute perfection

of self and soul

"This! This!"

70th spring—

long forgotten

this older self,

if released,

my child-like wonder

would break into

blossom

at decay

seven decades

my scourge
beading
through mysteries

the deepening scars
at my fingertips

of the incomplete

distinguishing darkness

the recycle plan

from the soul

of becoming the fossil fuel

woodwinds in suspended animation

we exhaust

ancient chants

the artificer

conjuring the limits of self

gazing into nothing

in my own tongue

makes light of it

## Seven Interpretations of Self - VI

vespers whispered

leafing through

with breath wisps of

a well-worn breviary

aspirations

less than complete

wordless beyond

butterfly child

all seven types

I deconstruct your absence

of ambiguity

of language

municipal bliss a dragonfly semi-mythic

chewed papers back in the drawer confessional statement

out of nowhere

nowhere

no, not obsessed just cicada

summer dust the whirr of fan worship

broken pebble inside the cosmos

pest control the hiss of gas in reasonable words



a prayer that starts and stops fucking lizards

way past blue music

but to know scorpions dreaming as if clouds

the outhouse slept-walked to in mists

black rooster cry proof of the internal sun

the croaking predawn twittering now

## J TAYLOR ENGRAVING

twinkle twinkle till the sun

lit by the blinking blue dark

a star is the dark is a star

surrounding the unfrozen congregation of robins

this floating world ... it is pinned at the heart of a coconut leaf

with every step a cat on the roof wipes off the map of cosmic dark

crawling up last year's sentences freezing rain umbilicus. i repeat myself

koi crap carp

## verse might as well be light <del>years</del>

ant ici pat shun



coin in a fountain family she can like wish

Banana filling my mouth an old man begins to speak red leaf a sky to dream on

day-old dregs of coffee the long dead legs of a floating mosquito

insomnia

undawn

unable to sit still these children those little helicopter seeds

just one me and this whole sky an orchestra of insect noise

When our ancestor was drinking at the lake, scared

the big trees in the standup bass hide the monsters civil twilight one of the ingredients in a blueberry pie

pull myself up using the handholds in the night sky milky dawn the metallic dreams of bombs

half asleep in the language of tanks

turning leaves i swallow the hollow-point of the morning news

fallout shelter the days begin to bleed together

painting the sun you scrape a knuckle

sticking out of the dead stag a handful of arrows dormant orchid dream me androgynous

fireflies the evening news to my amygdala

passing as one stream and spent petals

his dog waiting tables

Eight Hells of Beppu... Bloody Hell Pond the oldest hot springs burn my toes

inked with a crow's black quill my deathday

Eight Hells of Beppu... drinking in the White Pond Hell smells of steamed hot milk

workmanlike pricking the skin his soul ever stained

chalk outline... fading memory of myself fresh take over old clichés
tripping stones too late by a foot
fever blister losing face value
to stop at nothing where we peel off
after twilight a son down at the party
stepping blindly a third eye keeps out
minnie the moocher going going gong

aging the tang of language telephone pole bandages of what's missing

## Ode to the Endling

endling the last of its kind before we know it

putting a name to the face endling

Roman Coliseum one beginning of the endling

ghostly broken the zoo's endling curled in a photo a round coffin for her best hat closet endling

the museum endling climate-controlled

no more branches to its canopy future endling

endling as in ending an endearment i watch the white roses not thinking red, red, red slaves in an apple store hybrid sleep

a sugar skull tooth gap whistles the ancestors dance

tracing my lineage a water lily from the Jurassic

in autumn light bone lesions on a metaphor

curled up inside a pebble a mountain laughs

mother's book grown wide with a cricket's heartbeat

mending a dream grass blade in the darning needle

the half life of plastic moons waxing red

the locomotion of moss uprooting doubt

nothing left but snakeskin country

the dried grasshopper's delicate way of holding
wild madder roots the days' daily news

the flower buzz of a thousand therapy hours
speaking the language of trees translucent wings

the mortal coil she fangs in the moonlight

the path to get her wet with roses



living in the moment a dog is simple

a fallen flower the fragrance of being formless days drop drop one at a time lab test

atoms from afar wanderlust

leaf pattern testing European treaties

I distend my tongue to hear things I used to think

murmuration the mouth of the rapist

deep in my cavern the speculum's dream

tide

red

sun

lingo

neck

gumbo

burn

set

night train in E-flat minor postmortem



the overarching burden

> of nasal schadenfreude

the car I stole whispered wildly my name

angels dance upwards

between mindfulness and mantra I bounce off Betelgeuse

a child drops stones :: down the column of smoke

a black of rooks flashing :: strings attached in dark spaces

ordinary thunderstorms splitting off riffs:: the trunk of an old ash tree

low over the peaceful warriors:: raw state tin soldiers criss-cross long boughs

burying the hatchet I note the march of consonant holding their breath

peace train you change the locks nightly

like before peripatetic medieval diners

the full fat harvest moon

waters broke draping laundry over wild grasses



I wake up as a sardine and god is available to me

it's late for the goldfish to be up is an absurd thought in the night rain cutting open a jellyfish in a room on Tuesday a word for belief inside the wall of winter

at-one-ment

nothing is enough

takes me where I do not own a rooster's call

evening fog the holes in the subtext disappear wilderness uncle asks what I cost if there are no other options fireworks

open plan falling through the fourth wall

nesting under the magic volcano inside a fan's whirr

contemplative an exodus of ants

seasonal reflective disorder



## Editor:

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

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