

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 1, Issue 1

michael rehling
'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Ernesto P. Santiago

Mark E. Brager

Rachel Sutcliffe

Shloka Shankar

Sue Howard

Joann Grisetti

Jesus Chameleon

Meik Blöttenberger

Sondra J. Byrnes

Dave Read

David J Kelly

Joshua Gage

Gergana Yaninska

Steven B. Smith

Tim Gardiner

Pravat Kumar Padhy

Phyllis Lee

Barbara Kaufmann

Eva Limbach

Steve Hodge

Maeve O'Sullivan

Jeffrey Hanson
Ali Znaidi
Stephen Amor
Gregory Longenecker
Jacob Salzer
Madhuri Pillai
Julie Warther
Joe McKeon
Yesha Shah
Julie Matondi
David J Kelly
Joshua Gage
Gergana Yaninska
Steven B. Smith
Tim Gardiner
Pravat Kumar Padhy
Phyllis Lee
Barbara Kaufmann
Eva Limbach
Steve Hodge
Maeve O'Sullivan
Jeffrey Hanson
Ali Znaidi
Stephen Amor
Gregory Longenecker
Jacob Salzer

Madhuri Pillai
Julie Warther
Joe McKeon
Yesha Shah
Julie Matondi
Brendon Kent
Steve Woodall
Niranjan Navalgund
Jerry Dreesen
Pris Campbell
Anna Maris
Hansha Teki
Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
Karen Cesar
Chris Dominiczak
Roberta Beary
Garima Behal
Ken Sawitri
Jill Lange
Peter Newton
Alegria Imperial
S.M. Abeles

eating at my desk
legally justified
the bee's death

Ernesto P. Santiago

Ides of March
et tu
waning moon?

playground swing
my sandal flies
to the moon

radio preacher
static
the last Commandment

Feast of the Ascension
the altar boy looks up

Mark E. Brager

heavy snow
shovelling away
the solitude

family Christmas
even the dog
bites his tongue

childhood friend
I bury my innocence
with her

Rachel Sutcliffe

amnesia
watching re-runs
for the first time

voice
over
i
become
my
mother

Shloka Shankar

rush hour
the metro rider
wears a clown suit

Sue Howard

Album

Married in 1950, Carl and Nancy moved a dozen times before his duty posting to Charleston South Carolina. I arrived in October 1951. By 1953, when Carl began graduate studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I had moved cross country twice, and south-to-north once. Sister Carolyn arrived in 1954. Brother Richard joined us in Philadelphia in 1956. As a result of the seven moves, I entered kindergarten fearful and anxious. After kindergarten in Springfield Pennsylvania, we moved across the Delaware River to Woodbury New Jersey where I began first grade in 1957.

piece by piece
the puzzle works out
family photographs

As a shy young girl, I preferred not to experience changes. I adjusted to new or shifting situations slowly and reluctantly. I clung to the known, averse to seek out new friends. I had, by age seven, lived in nine homes, although I do not recall most of them. A feeling of uncertainty came with the words we're moving. I never had a choice, nor was my opinion

ever sought. Often, the packing occurred while I spent the day at school or a friend's house playing, unaware of the disruption to my life. Some places we barely unpacked before repacking. I learned to expect change at any moment, but not how to deal with it.

this town
its name for today -
impermanence

We load the car with our small suitcases, a pillow each, and a large quilt my great grandmother sewed by hand. Mother brings a hot plate, a saucepan, canned spaghetti and chicken noodle soup – my favorite. I ride in the front seat, holding the map carefully so I can follow our route. Father calls me his little navigator in a serious voice, so I know it is important. I suck on a peppermint lifesaver to fight the carsickness.

my dollie sleeps
on the floor by my feet
another suitcase

Joann Grisetti

boy bands...
every character
faces the music

mosquitoes..
when frequency is not good
for you

Jesus Chameleon

wolfpack the necessity of friends & enemies

between tides the birth of a migraine

wall cloud...

the conversation

we should of had

Meik Blöttenberger

worrying too much
about what she thinks
squawking crow

forgetting to ask
for the seniors' rate--
falling leaves

at the gym
after thanksgiving
pumping irony

Sondra J. Byrnes

night shift
the grocer feeds a family
of mice

black ice
he slides on
his wedding ring

date night
I run a comb through
my reflection

Banff Trail
he shoots a moose
with his iPhone

Dave Read

short rations
the shape of the wind
in a dust bowl

David J Kelly

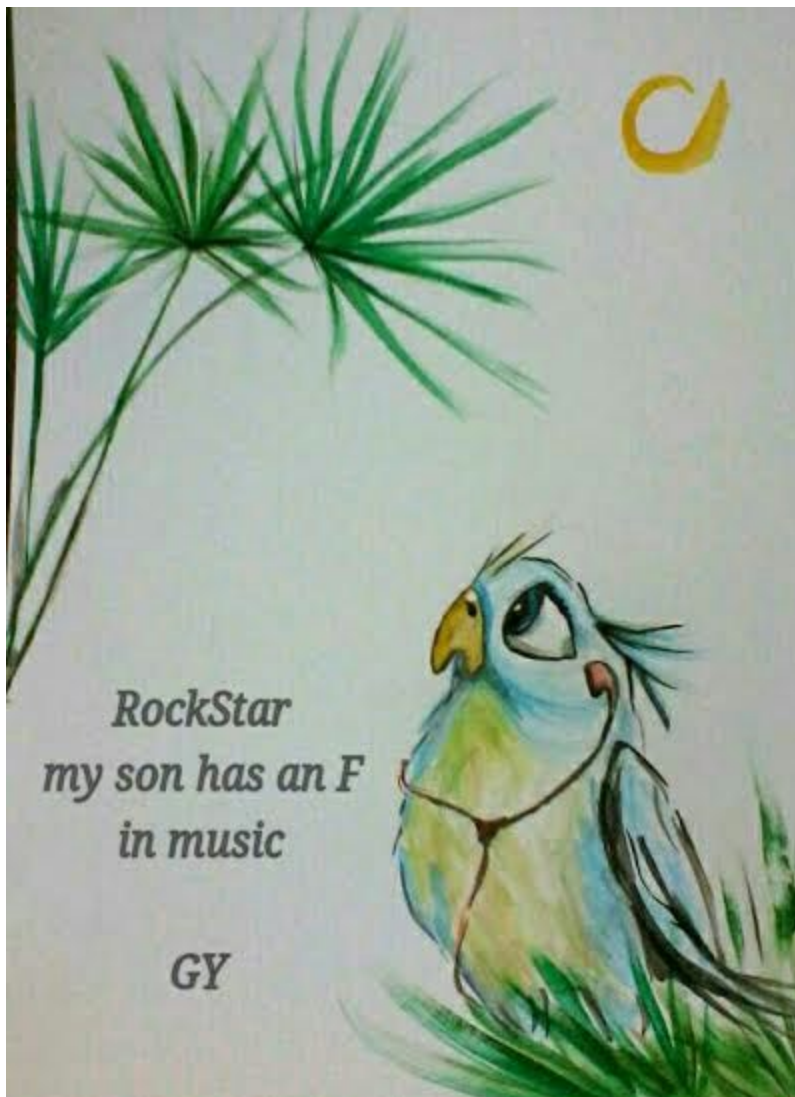
new moon
her satin thong
warm from the dryer

dollar store
last year's calendars
only a quarter

Joshua Gage

she covers
headlong with the blanket
a solar eclipse

family quarrel
she adds water
to the brandy



Gergana Yaninska

Chilly morning
I take her pocket of warm bed
as she rises

Steven B. Smith

his childhood a mirror to my own

lonely evening
in the toy store
buy one get one free

Tim Gardiner

edge -point
the haiku misses the
honorable mention

thin clouds
the bathroom shower
dries down

Pravat Kumar Padhy

the man
who remembers everything
forgets to zip

teaching fractions
sectioning
the chocolate cake

insomnia
all the color in the room
sleeping

Phyllis Lee

MD appointment
I undress
for the occasion

alone
under a moonless sky
I friend the stars



Barbara Kaufmann

a new war
kicking some stones
against the wind

Hiroshima
singing the old song
a bit louder

Eva Limbach

another birthday
opening a new bottle
of baby aspirin

hearing of the death
of her childhood abuser
silent snow

turning off
the candidates' debate
mockingbirds

devil's night
the candidate takes the lead
in the polls

concert pavilion
the conductor's brief pause
for blue jays

his first time at the lake
my son asks when
the dragons fly

Steve Hodge

dharma book club a seagull squeals me home

Saturday morning:
radio on, radio off
birdsong

Maeve O'Sullivan

communion
checking out the boot fashion
before i kneel

psych ward
mama likes kenny g

Jeffrey Hanson

empty perfume bottle...
the buddha beside her
still sniffing

ice cream...
sharing pleasure
with a stubborn fly

Ali Znaidi

bad day...
my dog doesn't get
the memo

a snowman
outside the research center
with two heads

late night frat party
he carries a pumpkin
across the end zone

Stephen Amor

dad's funeral
I scratch absently
at some phantom itch

the arborist
talks to the tree
about its problems

estate tour
for \$10 I live
someone else's life

lost hat
my friend wonders where
his mind's gone

Gregory Longenecker

solar eclipse
the untold stories
in grandma's eyes

talking with Papa
as I drive
detour

Jacob Salzer

from my bed side table
mother smiles
in sepia

oncologist's
swanky receptionist
out of the blue her compliment

Madhuri Pillai

at forty-five . . .
his second
first step

new fiscal year . . .
hearing only the sounds
of his words

Julie Warther

failed haiku
an ink blot at the end
of line three

tiki hut
the bartender mixes
her messages

haight ashbury
gen-xers getting high
on cherry garcia

Joe McKeon

PIXIE DUST

Taking a handful of night sky, I crumble the coarse lumps between my thumb and fingers, and then sift fine through the mesh of silver starlight.

Cupping an ounce of spring rain in my palms, I moisten it and let the pale beams of a crescent moon marinate it. Kneading the mixture supple with pre-dawn dew perched on lobed leaves of an ivy, I fluff it soft with a couple of cottony clouds. After dipping it in a placid pond shimmering with infinitesimal bluish specks, I flatten it against the roundness of earth.

Then I wait...when the sky turns crimson at the seams of the horizon, the sun bakes the dough of a dream to a perfect crunch. Now it can break into two with a snap and some crispy by-thoughts could take flight.

My cherished dream, perhaps, will be set float. Bobbing into the vast salinity like an unmanned catamaran it will find solace on some marooned island.

The seed of a verse my muse planted amid the drifts of a fitful sleep sprouts to life.

gibbous moon
somersaults
in my belly

Yesha Shah

hot soup bubbles
in the pot~
a taste of winter

Julie Matondi

school haiku...
dissecting a frog
into syllables

haiku
murder
murder

it will fall apart
without its proper structure

Brendon Kent

this

'haiku'

toy soldiers --
the grandkids playing
refugees

custody battle...
the divorce paper's
bullet points

folding sunset
into stars
the last flag

dark matter the dreams i cling to

closer than
i care to be --
mistletoe

Brendon Kent

the pluto flyby i'm sure we were mooned

winter sky
this distant universe
still hoping to see you

Steve Woodall

nodding daffodils the answer to my question

l s
i t
f a i
t r s

Niranjan Navalgund

always scrambled
before coffee...
the egg and I

argument -
blaming the bruise
on the door

sunrise service -
praying for a cup
of coffee

Jerry Dreesen

turtle moon



priscampbell

one foot after the other
into the new year



Pris Campbell

war-epic
we pause for a firing squad
of micro-popcorn

autumn sun
my mother's angry wrinkle
in my selfie

haiku
my father wonders
if that is all

Anna Maris

writer's block—
his reflection hogs
the limelight

in my image the fog of war

in spring
the leap from noun
to verb

damped down
by unseasonal reign
failed haiku

waking dream
my skin prowls my body
in self-awareness

Hansha Teki

placing my love note
in his pocket, a photo
of somebody else

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

another layer
of intimacy ...
the surgeon's hand

moonlight swim –
I sink in my shadow
and come up in his

Green Eggs and Ham –
with postmodern angst
bored I am

we leave
so little of ourselves ...
sunrise at Stonehenge

rolling suitcase ...
the homeless woman passes
as one of us

Karen Cesar

the meowin's of
a toy cat
this mild december

solo awaiting
the so low
gusty wind

tail~back
his burial fund
goes viral

bed~time
amongst the sirens a
christmas light

Chris Dominiczak '15

Chris Dominiczak

cool down —
my trainer tightens
his ponytail

high school photo —
the leather fetish
explained

behind shamrock contacts the crazy in his eyes





Roberta Beary

silver jubilee
the layers of dust
on our china

reheated dinner
mother serves us yesterday's
argument

Garima Behal

sunset
my toddler reading sunbeam
a bedtime story

noonday heat
a breeze peels
the onion seller's skirt

on a chop board
a bitter bean caterpillar
wakes up

a fortune cookie aphorism
'you are not
illiterate'

Ken Sawitri

quiet evening
the scars we carry
begin to itch

first off the bus
first to reach moose and calf
camera left behind

Jill Lange

the part
in the candidate's hair
extreme

popsicle sticks
our bonfire's
innocent beginnings

casket
the matte black finish
of his first car

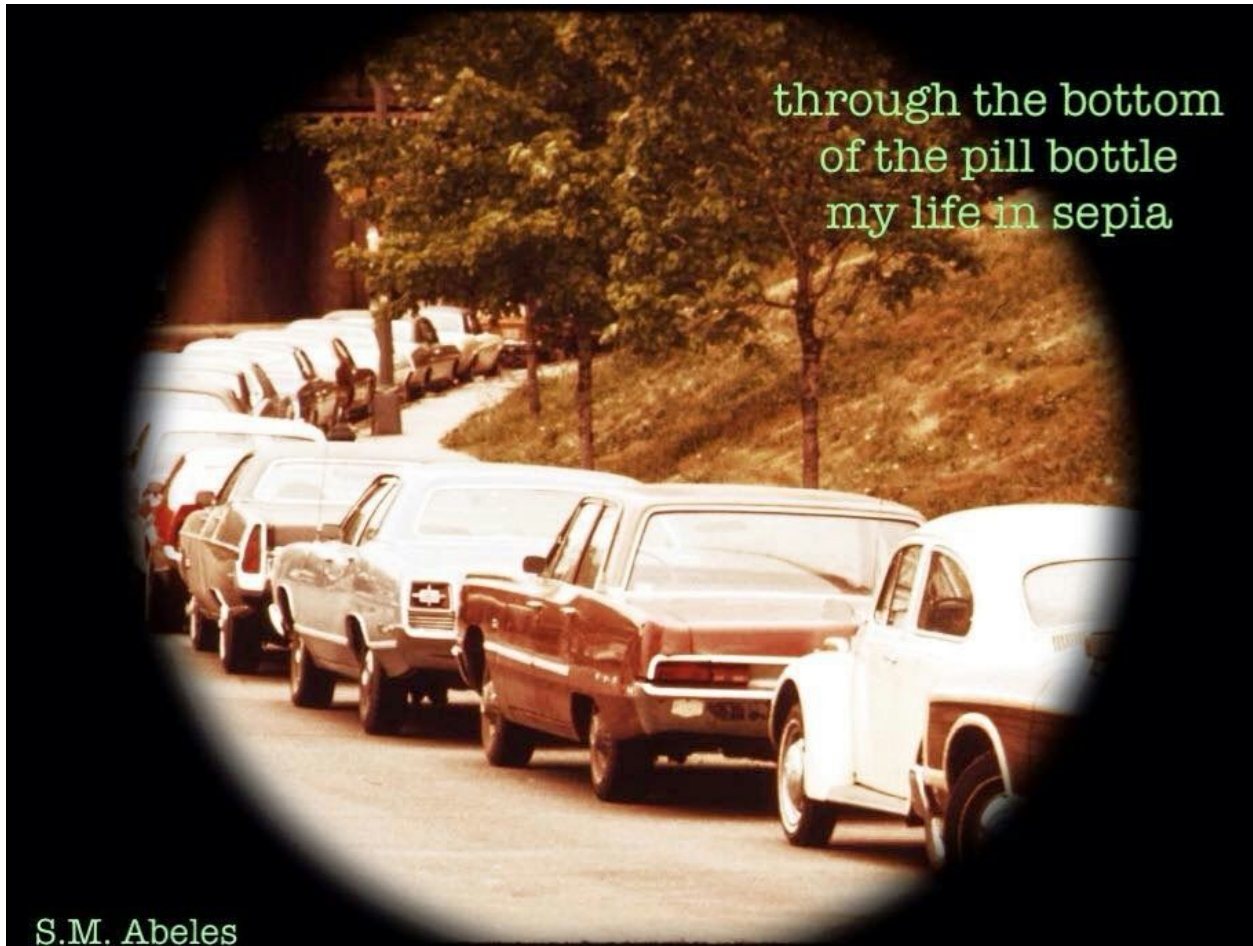
power surge
her lost archive
of selfies

Peter Newton

morning bus
we wear identical
lips

dodging rain
the threadbare foot marks
we disown

Alegria Imperial



I count
all her freckles
starry night

at the pool hall
the sexy redhead
selling hope

(after Alexis Rotella)

spilling from
the jack-knifed jeep --
my favorite song

S.M. Abeles

THE END
and yet out of habit
two more lines

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

(all work copyrighted by the authors)