

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 1, Issue 12

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)



a blues guitar in the forest listening to the trees

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Alexis Rotella

Michael Schoenburg

Neha R. Krishna

Anthony Q. Rabang

Guliz Mutlu

Eva Limbach

Veronika Zora Novak

Bruce H. Feingold

Bruce Jewett

Richard Heby

Jesus Chameleon

Willie R. Bongcaron

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Pat Davis

Nancy May

Fatma Gültepe

Angelee Deodhar

Skaidrite Stelzer

Dave Read

Jerry Dreesen and Mark Smith

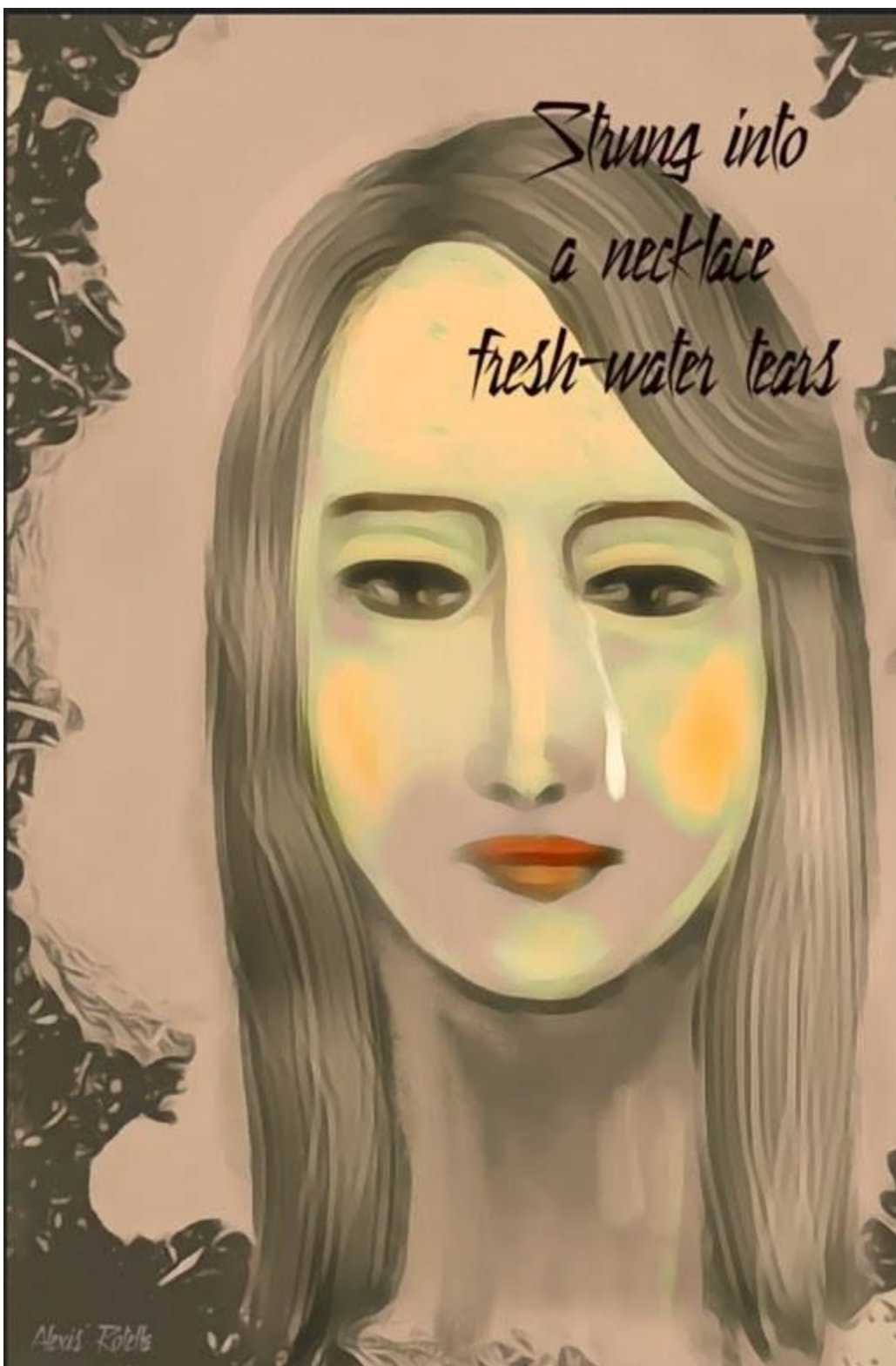
Jan Dobb
S.M. Kozubek
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Liz Crocket
Garry Eaton
Rachel Sutcliffe
Bernard Gieske
Maureen Sudlow
Ian Willey
Martha Magenta
Lorin Ford
Shloka Shankar
Cynthia Rowe
Chen-ou Liu
Tsanka Shishkova
Danny Blackwell
Phyllis Lee
Anna Cates
Meik Blöttenberger
Diksha Sharma
Debbie Strange
Christina Sng
Marshall Bood
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Joshua Gage
Elizabeth Alford

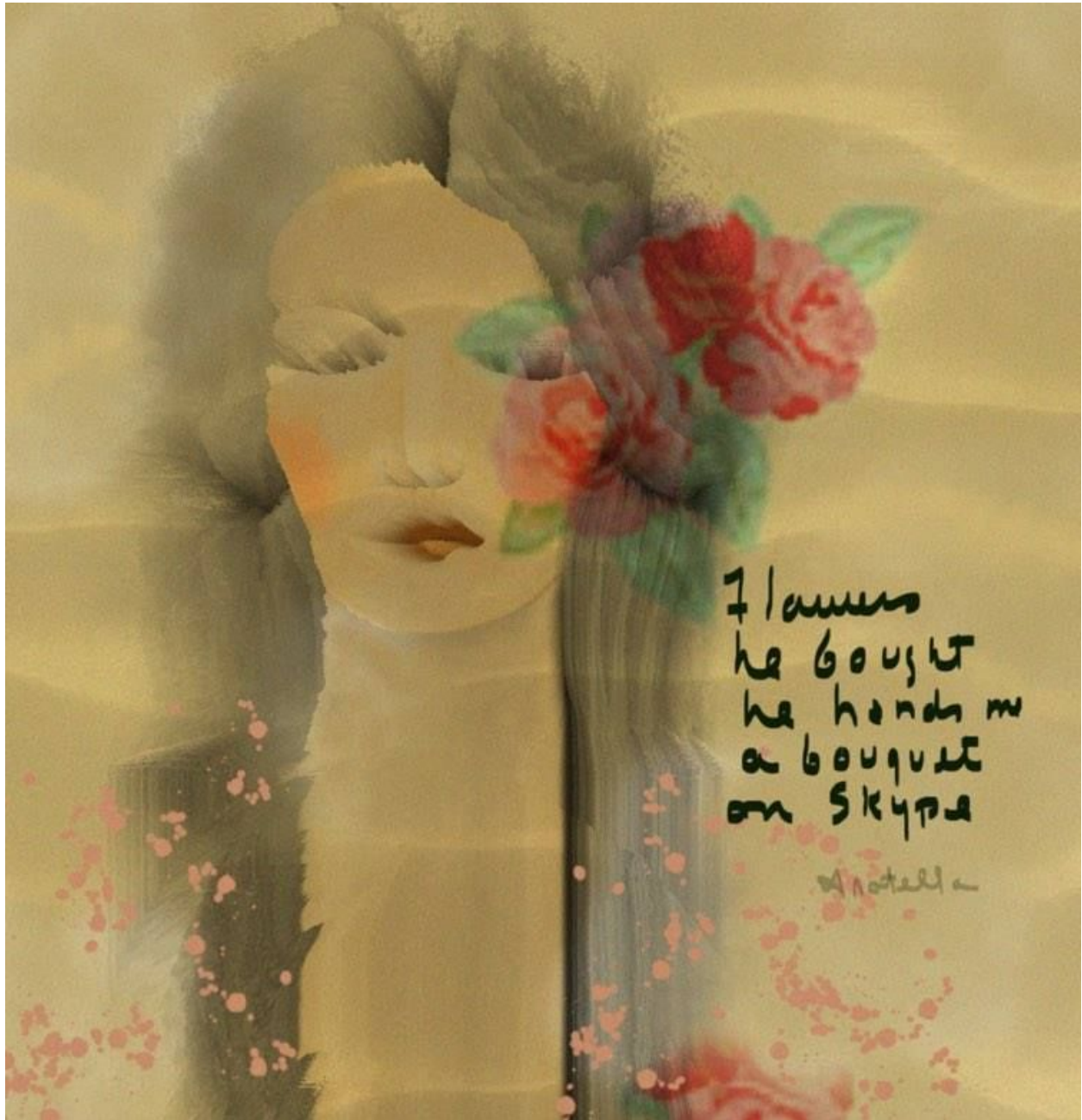
Radka Mindov
Adam Rehn
Christina Martin
Carol Raisfeld
Julie Warther
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & *Marilyn Humbert*
Elmedin Kadric
Billy Tuggle
Margaret Jones
Barbara Tate
Pris Campbell
Barbara Kaufmann
Marietta McGregor
Kim Richardson
Patrick Pineyro
Jo Balistreri
Louise Hopewell
Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian
Marilyn Fleming
Paresh Tiwari
Magdalena Banaszkiewicz
Matsukaze
Anna Maris
David J Kelly
Roberta Beary
Marianne Paul

Carol Dilworth
Debbi Antebi
Robert Epstein
Mark Gilbert
Keitha Keyes
Sarma Radhamani
Nina Kovacic
Muskaan Ahuja
Ron Scully
Angela Terry
Julie Warther & Angela Terry
Ian Mullins
Peter Jastermsky
Gabriel Bates
Kerstin Park
Helen Buckingham
Chèvrefeuille
Francis James Franklin
Bryan Rickert
Celestine Nudanu
Munia Khan
Pat Geyer
Michael Stinson
Sondra J. Byrnes
Susan Burch
Ed Bremson

Robert Witmer
Olivier Schopfer
Sanjuktaa Asopa
Terri L. French
Jim Krotzman
David Oates
Caroline Skanne
Jill Lange
ola lindberg
Bob Lucky
Sandi Pray
Maria Laura Valente
Rick Hurst
Lorin Ford & Rick Hurst
Tricia Marcella Cimera
Claire Vogel Camargo
Mike Gallagher
Lucia Fontana

Strung into
a necklace
fresh-water tears





Alexis Rotella

my own backyard
I forget
to love it

Michael Schoenburg

fish on the grill
cat cleans
her claws

Neha R. Krishna

physics seatwork–
measuring the distance
between us

her letter
faint pine scent
all over again

morning breeze
crows recall the warmth
of pine trees

sunless sky –
the way they bury
skeletons in the closet

exhumation –
all the good memories
before the breakup

Anthony Q. Rabang
[@bigbangthony](https://www.instagram.com/bigbangthony)

almost winter
my boyhood long gone
counting snowflakes

saying nothing
all left behind
louder than words

Guliz Mutlu

Hunter's moon
on those nights
I can fly

Ground Zero
a dove pecking here
pecking there

falling leaves
who will blame
the wind

Eva Limbach

<http://evamaria-limbach2.blogspot.de/>



star by star
morning blush unravels...
nakedness

vzn '13

Veronika Zora Novak

mano-a-mano
the guide offers his hand
across the gorge

first date
his dentures fall
out

lost in translation
Vietnamese urinal
Don't Stand on Toilet Bowl

Danang security
no liquids, no dogs
no grenades

the tour guide
too many body function
jokes

Hanoi market
the one armed woman
chops meat

karma
i keep quarreling
with myself

post election how are you now begins with 'but'

interval training
I practice my rebuttals
to Donald Trump

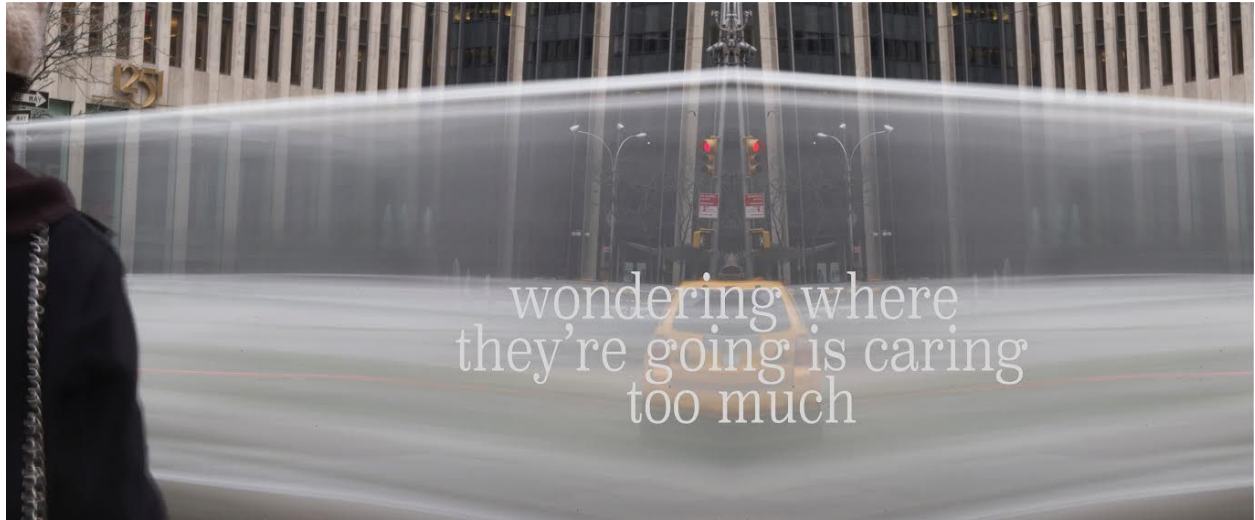
time out
my wife restricts me
from MSNBC

Bruce H. Feingold

when you go
who will I wake
and tell my dreams

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>



Gravitz

Richard Heby

snow country
a million names brand
one falling flake

disloyal lovers
detached train cars leave
station

Jesus Chameleon
[@JesusChameleon](#)

mason jar mug
dishing out litanies
the father in me

hunter's moon
stalking my shadow
in every step

the ethos
of being different
black
coffee

midnight moon
you left without saying
goodbye

Willie R. Bongcaron

a shared life
entering the grave with
his last kidney donated

insomnia— granny's story has no end

her silence— dissolving the man in me`

her silence—
settling
my restlessness

Adjei Agyei-Baah

across from my seat
the nun's stare
my back straightens

Pat Davis

no answers
to your questions
willow branches

bare branches
a fond farewell
to our grandfather

Nancy May
[@Haikuintaining](#)

four seasons
my endless reverie
of Mount Fuji

Fatma Gültepe

Silent Night

Christmas Eve : Alan ,from the TV serial Two and a Half Men has all his plans upset ,is morose and alone at home with no one to celebrate Christmas with. He finally picks up the phone ,dials and this is what he hears:

”Hello. Thank you for calling The Suicide Helpline Centre.Your call is important to us. At the moment all lines are busy. Please hold or call us a little later. Merry Christmas.”

candy brittle -
colored maple leaves
under pond ice

Angelee Deodhar

failed promises
the broken leg
of her ceramic frog

harvest moon
a nun adjusts
her wimple

bus station
the scent of faux
lavender

wedding photos
she asks him to look
like he loves her

Skaidrite Stelzer

old mitten
I patch its holes
with snow

wildflower
he plucks her
maiden name

ghost town
the guide disappears
with my money

evening crow
I read my poems
out loud

obedience school
my pet rock
stays

Dave Read

davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca

Tan Renga

JD - Jerry Dreesen

MS - Mark Smith

early spring -
cleaning out the
garden shed
JD

thunder showers...
the sharp potting shards
MS

garden shed -
iris bulbs
in a broken pot
JD

thoughts that go so far...
fallen blossoms
MS

on the roof
a mourning dove
fluffs its feathers
JD

all the uncertainties...
old bird seed
MS

old lumber next
to the shed - a poem
you could have written
JD

the older I get—
locust thorns
MS

garden shed
something moving in
an old wasp nest
JD

weathered door warm
to the touch...spring sun
MS

tangles of wire
behind the shed door -
spider webs
JD

she says it's complicated—
sideways rain
MS

all day rain -
staining the wall
and my mood
JD

what remains of this life...
light rain
MS

secret ballot—
on the candidate's poster
a pencilled moustache

hellfire sermon
the church's ceiling fans
gain speed

beneath the sign
a gardener's coiled hose . . .
'beware of snakes'

Jan Dobb

before yoga class
cell phones
chatarunga

spring training
ball players stretch
their winter escapades

my mother's grave
the dust
in
my
bones

S.M. Kozubek
[@MikeKozubek](https://twitter.com/MikeKozubek)

half haiku
his claim for nonstop
poll speech

don't disturb
on my book shelf
spider web

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi



Liz Crocket

not the girl
I knew in high school
Autumn hayride

parsons
on pensions -
antidisestablishmentarianism

Garry Eaton

hard frost
the strangers in
my childhood home

our favourite walk
only one shadow
this winter

hospice visit
embracing the bones
of grandma

sirens
the silence before
and after

Rachel Sutcliffe

jumping rope
as the world turns
on its axis

loneliness
searching for the star
that isn't there

Bernard Gieske

dead cat
on the road this morning
politicians promises

reading
The Sugarbag Years
a step too far

Maureen Sudlow
www.kiwis-soar.com

last day on the trail
the candidates visit
all their second homes

class reunion
my inner circle still
a bunch of squares

winter evening
my son asks if I'm
the tooth fairy

she asks if I know
what day it is
404 error

Ian Willey

***Banana Boat* Part 1 A true story**

Mark, Marita and Steve built a fibreglass boat. They painted it yellow and named it Banana Boat. Mark, Marita and Steve were all banned from driving for DUI. It fell to me to drive us all plus tents, kids and Banana Boat to the River Wye for a maiden boat trip.

We found a good spot to camp in the Wye Valley next to the river, a short way up from a troop of boy scouts. Mark, Marita and Steve got stuck into the beer stash as soon as I parked the car.

hay moon
grasses move among
the insects

Putting up tents is a job best done while sober. The lack of coordination, together with collapsing tent poles required further ingestion of alcoholic beverages. So Mark, Marita and Steve had another drink while they rested. Irritated, I made lunch for the kids, and continued to struggle alone to create order out of chaos.

serious conversation
the raucous laughter
of a seagull

There was a lovely country pub two miles upriver. Mark proposed that we get a move on if we were to make it before closing time. Mark and Steve tied their beer stash together with string and sunk it in the edge of the river to keep cool for later.

We discovered that Banana Boat was very unstable, especially when boarding while drunk. Mark and Marita were both tossed into the river while Steve gave advice about balancing. It was decided that we all needed to get in at the same time, evenly distributed, with the two kids in the middle. After much swaying, and nearly falling in, we all managed to cling on while we embarked on our journey to the pub, with Marita rowing.

The pub was wonderfully restful. We sat in the beautiful garden sipping our drinks in the summer sunshine. The children played happily together. Mark, Marita and Steve were all well-pickled by closing time.

meditation
contemplating my
non-existence

We reckoned that the downriver trip back to our tents would be much easier. Marita and Steve decided to swim back to the tents, leaving Mark and me to return in Banana Boat with the kids.

Getting into the boat was difficult. It was decided that I would get in first, then the kids in the middle, then Mark last. Mark, who could barely stand up, launched himself horizontally into the boat, thereby capsizing it, and tipping the rest of us, fully clothed, into the river.

I was paralytic with laughter, but the children were not amused. Shocked, wet and tired, they both floundered chest deep in cold water, screaming as if they were being eaten by piranhas. Mark lay giggling and wriggling helplessly in the river, unable to stand up. I managed to drag Mark into the boat, then I ushered the kids to sit on either side of him. Waterborne, at last, we floated effortlessly back to our tents.

Upon arrival back at camp, we noticed the horrified expressions on Marita and Steve's faces.

"The beer's gone!" yelled Steve.

"Did you take the beer, you two?" shouted Marita.

"No, has someone nicked it? Maybe the scouts?" suggested Mark, who was too drunk to care.

I fed the kids and put them to bed in the tent. That evening after our campfire meal, Banana Boat, having a mind of its own, went missing. But that is another story.

heron's scream
wings settle in
dune shadows

***Banana Boat* Part 2**

Banana Boat Disappears Reappears

After our campfire meal, Marita and I went to wash the dishes in the river, while Mark and Steve, who considered their refusal to wash dishes to be the last bastion of their masculinity, cracked open another beer.

Suddenly Marita cried, "Where's the boat? Hey! The boat's gone!"
"What?" yelled Mark. "Has someone nicked our boat?"

Mark and Steve, suddenly sober, ran to help our frantic search in the overgrowth by the river.

"Where did you leave it?" asked Steve, looking at me.

"Just here," I replied.

"Didn't you tie it up?" demanded Mark.

All three shouted at me, accusingly. I threw up my arms in protest and said:

"It may be my job to wash the dishes, look after the kids, and drive you all everywhere, but it is not my job to tie up boats!"

meandering stream

losing my sense

of purpose

Mark and Steve reckoned that most likely Banana Boat had drifted on down river towards Monmouth, and decided to set off on foot to the bridge a mile or two downriver and watch for the boat drifting down.

Marita and I reckoned that it was most likely the men would end up in the pub in Monmouth, and would return with no boat. We made tea on the fire then lay down to look at the stars while we waited.

It was a beautiful clear starry night. We lay on our backs pointing out the constellations we could identify. Suddenly we both spotted a shooting star, then another, and another. Then we tracked one shooting star, as it flew across the sky towards another shooting star travelling towards it from the opposite direction. We both watched as the two shooting stars stopped dead when they were close to each other, hovered there for a minute or so, then both stars took off together in a parallel formation at 90 degrees to their previous courses at an enormous speed. Within seconds they had disappeared as if they were never there.

"What? "Did you see that?"

"Yes! What are they?"

"Whatever they are, they are intelligent or controlled by intelligent beings."

"They can't be Earth-made. What Earth-made craft can manoeuvre like that, stop, turn and shoot off again at 90 degrees, and at that speed?"

"They were communicating with each other!"

"Amazing!"

And we continued like that until the men staggered back from the pub, drunker than before, with no boat.

twilight stream
the first bend
on the star

The next morning as we struggled to wake up to the bright dawn, we heard a voice from the other side of the river shouting:

"Excuse me! Have you lost a boat?" It was a man walking his dog.

"Yes!!!" we all shouted in unison.

The man pointed to an area a few yards away from us on the other side of a thicket of nettles. We peered through the nettles and could see patches of yellow. Banana Boat! It had been just a few yards away from us the whole time!

hallucination --
veiled in morning mist
wild mushrooms

Martha Magenta

old pond
a thought bubble rises
from the duckweed

think tank
the pond floats
a waterlily

k
a
e
b

kookaburra's
the
in
snake in the grass

while
the
light
lingers
orange
p
e

e
in the company
of angels
no-one I know

Lorin Ford

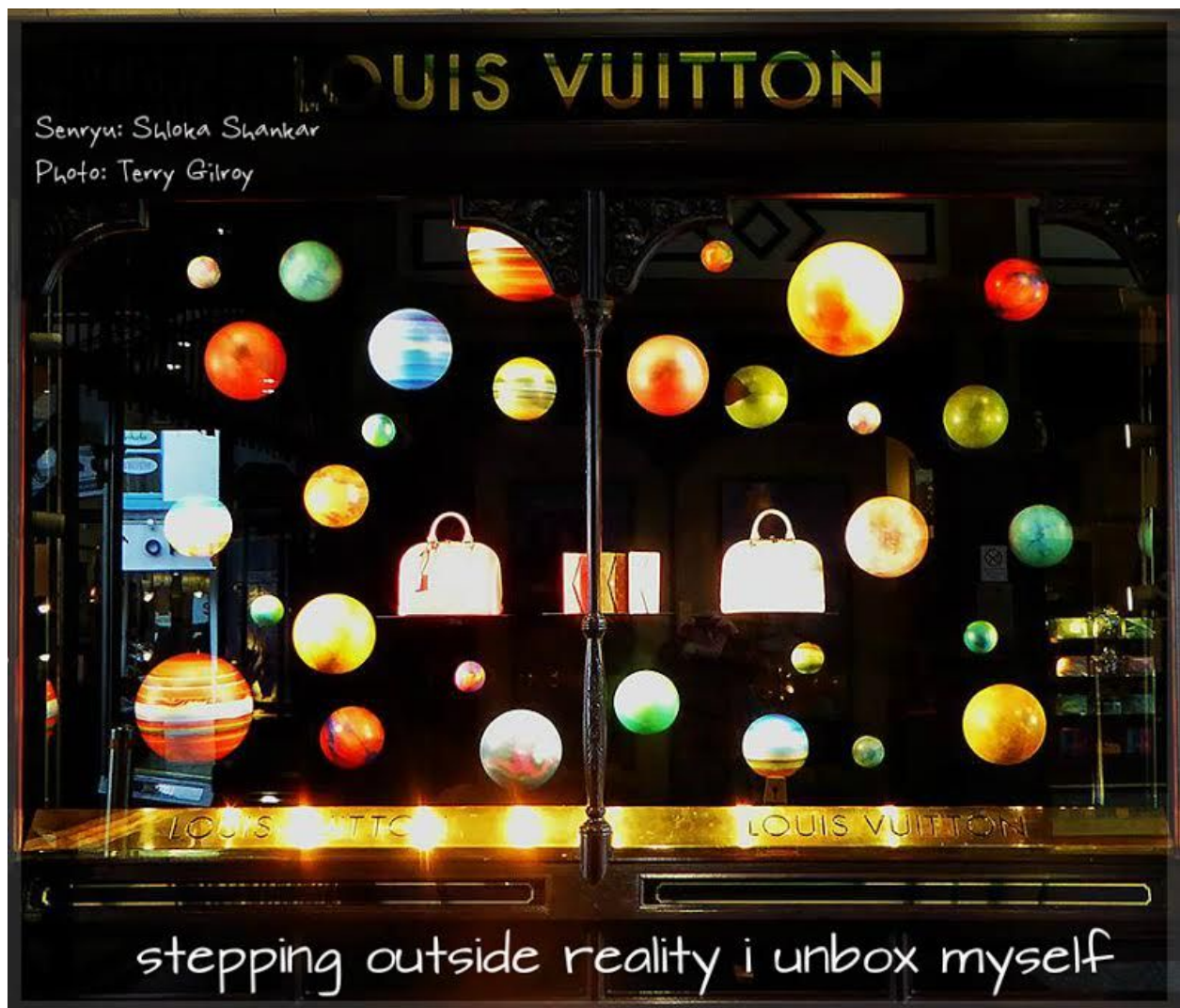
placebo effect you begin to wear off

the sound of water Bashō's OST

mahjong

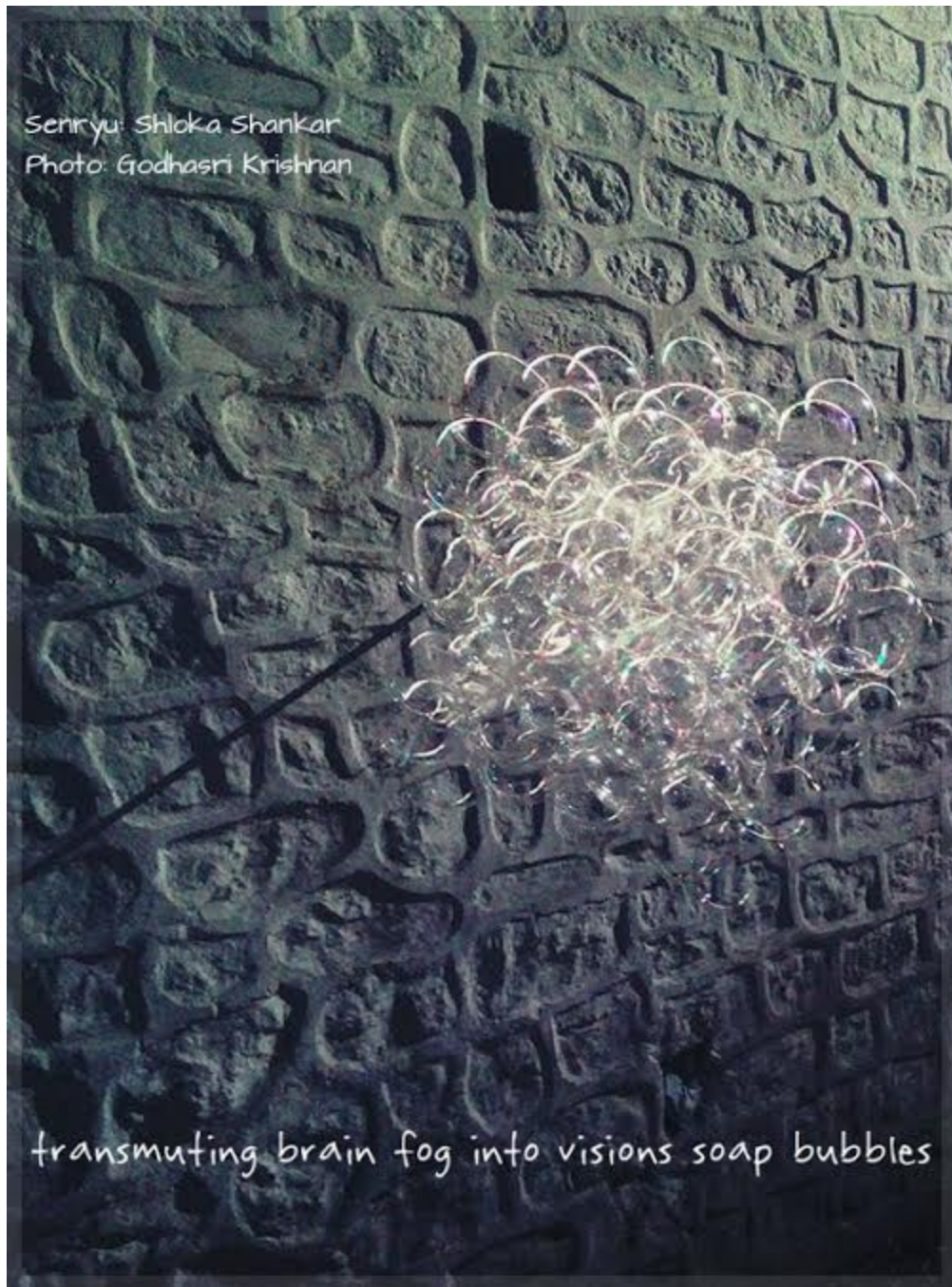
how long before

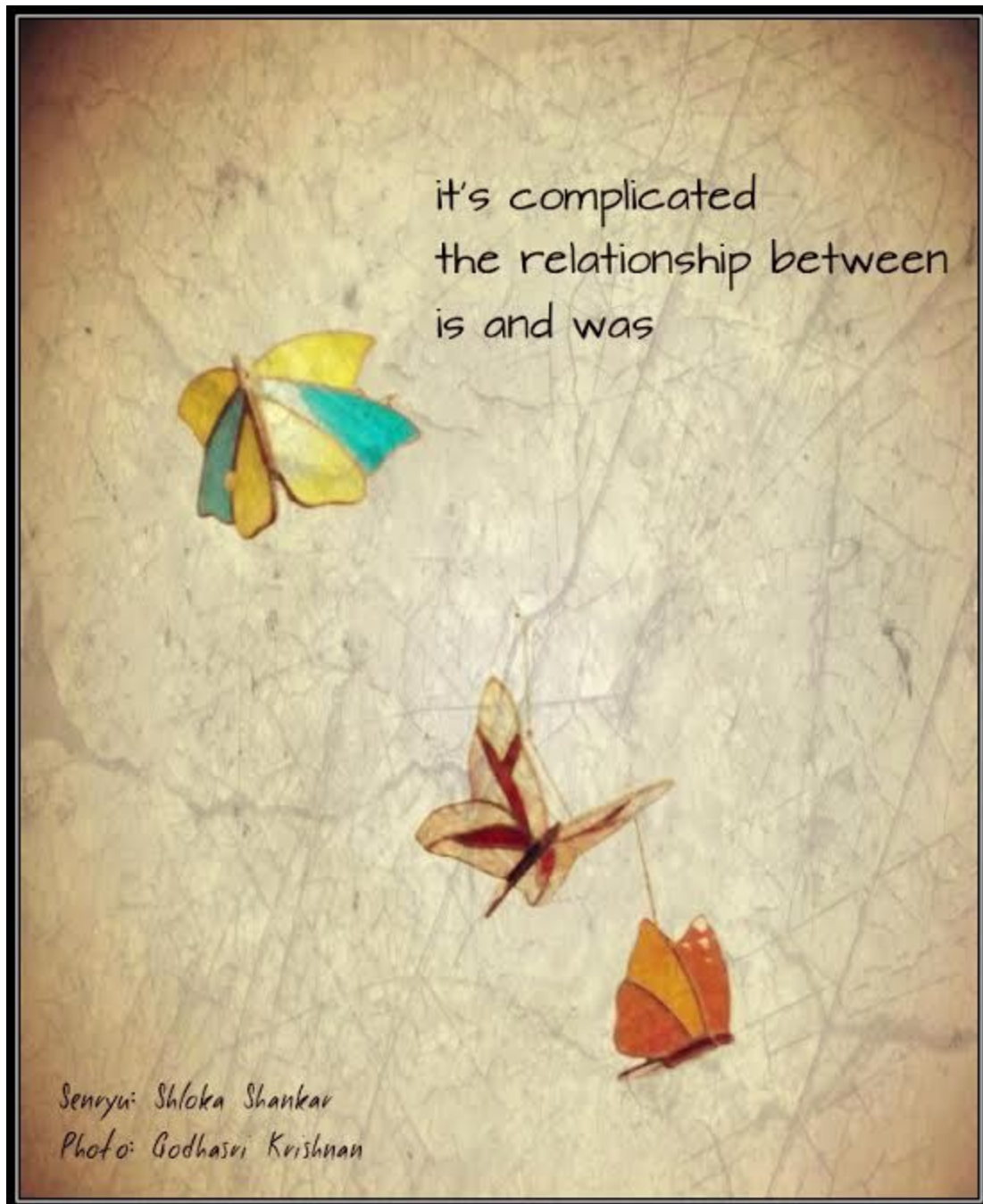
i find myself



Seniryu: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Godhasri Krishnan

transmuting brain fog into visions soap bubbles






Shloka Shankar

hoarder's house
IOUs buried
under IOUs

chemo
he forgets we were
lovers

penthouse
I practise
my birdcalls



weaving
stories
from
quicksand
your
special
talent

CRowe



Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

back home
from the night shift
shadows and me

Trump victory
the sky bursting
with crows

It's all the election's fault

her middle finger
before the election
blue pills intact

election day
he holds his nose
to vote

breakup sex
after the election
ten minutes shorter

Chen-ou Liu

<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>



Tsanka Shishkova

brexited the ex-pats watch the hotel hawk scare off gulls

walking the dog

he informs me about the divorce

the peas still fresh in their pods

a shrine to the virgin

and the bakery window

illuminate the night

Danny Blackwell

<http://dannyblackwell.blogspot.com.es/>

<https://www.facebook.com/dannyblackwellauthor>

midnight
thanking God
for the yawn

two sisters
running home from school
head lice

the smell
two months in the making
his man cave

her question
how long does it take to fall
out of love

a beer
slipped into the coffin
his best friend

Phyllis Lee

lone star
the church women ask
where I've been

ice crystals . . .
another sorbet recipe
fails

midnight bog
heavy laden with frogs—
public policy

Anna Cates

post-election a saguaro without arms

up with the sun
the shadow of
an inchworm

wheel lock key once more his hard stare

supermoon
the smooth path
to the barn

Meik Blötenberger

muddled streets-
googling handmade paper boats
for my little one

tree house-
granny appears again
in memory

starry night
i carve the constellations
on his skin

winter night
red yarn ball under
her tiny claws

Diksha Sharma

sugar-coated all the lies we tell ourselves





Debbie Strange
debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca

call waiting
her dying wish
cut off

the meows
I wish I understand
winter sun

unexpected frost
you return me
my keys

Christina Sng
christinasng.com

dead of winter ...
I line up empties
on the closed piano

father's moving day —
an old telescope
left behind

Marshall Bood

schools reopening
a myriad of 5-7-5
in lesson plans

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

slow sunrise--
a curl of her pubic hair
in my goatee

morning coffee
the dimple in the mattress
where she slept

empty elevator
the linger
of ylang-ylang perfume

Joshua Gage

holiday construction
we demolish another
gingerbread house

waiting for the flakes to fall aquarium

A Question With a Complicated Answer

I am helping my my ruddy-cheeked 6-year-old out of her winter coat when she asks me whether there's a God.

I pull off her hat. "Some people believe there is," I say, brushing a stray hair from her forehead.

"What do you believe?" she asks, her hazel eyes very wide.

I busy myself with untying her scarf as I wonder at this: first that she is asking me, her mother, for spiritual guidance; and then, that I don't quite know how to answer. She is asking so much. Is there someone, or something, some consciousness, capable of controlling our destinies? Is it watching us? Is there an afterlife?

And I don't know whether to say that I don't know. I am her mother; I am the closest thing to God she has ever known. In her eyes, I should always appear strong, firm, and infallible—at least until she is old enough to know different.

"I believe..." I start to say, then poke her lightly on the nose. "I believe there are more mysteries to life than we can ever solve. I

also believe that it's almost time for dinner. What would you like to eat tonight?"

"I don't know," she says, and I marvel at how easily she admits it.

photo with Santa...
still young enough
to believe
life will reward
her good deeds

Separation

The blaring of a horn and long rumble and screeches of a freight train wind their way through my bedroom window and crash into my attention. I close my eyes to listen better; trains always remind me of you. Your face appears behind my eyelids, and I wonder briefly if I'll ever see you again. But too soon the cacophony fades into a thoughtful silence. As if shaken out of a trance, I sigh and return to my favorite book.

dandelion fluff
we promise to keep
in touch

fall n
i a d of l
n n o t o e
g i u v s k i p p i n g stones

Facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry

Elizabeth Alford

<http://www.facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry>



Radka Mindov



STRANGE BIRDS
IN FOREIGN SKIES
I FEEL AT HOME



WALKING BODY
WANDERING MIND
INTERRUPTED BY BIRDSONG

Adam Rehn

[@adamrehn](https://twitter.com/adamrehn)

my son
40 this week
but i'm still only 26



Christina Martin

first car ...
he orders blinker fluid
for the lights

first date ...
counting on the wisdom
of wine

grandpa
ordering a fallopian tube
from the auto parts store

feet in stirrups --
the new gynecologist
her old paper boy



inside
their echo
the girl group



the new electrician -
he tells me he has to
remove my shorts!



Carol Raisfeld

[@carol_red](https://www.instagram.com/carol_red)

Thanksgiving . . .
gluing the horn of plenty
pieces

counting blessings
instead of sheep . . .
the vegan

coat collection box
one never worn
right shoe

office party
he regales them
with my jokes

Julie Warther

letting go

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & *Marilyn Humbert*

alone —
she attempts
the tango

*around the piano
residents singing ballads
aged care home*

tumbleweed...
their old memories
spilling out

*after the stroke
my grandpa dribbling
on his shirt*

climate change...
in her ageing eyes
no recognition

*white out
the road back
is closed*

moonless night —
just on and off
a star flickers

*storm-tossed night -
dawn colours bring peace
to all in my house*

the day I realize
the ailurophile
is a southpaw

mother dying
the strongest image
I've never seen

in the end zombies without a park bench

Elmedin Kadric

A Pope, a Lama and a witchdoctor walk into a metaphor

A bully almost
always blinks when hit
in the head with a hammer

Writing poems on
the back of old resumes...
Stark symbolism

Every since 15
I was, like, "Fuck Algebra!"
"Teach us human rights"

Billy Tuggle

Facebook.com/haikubattleroyal

<http://artistecard.com/BillyTuggle>

YouTube.com/karmaquarius

Facebook.com/backpackfiles

Another Verdun Memorial

Tiny, spare and quietly reverent, it sits in the green of a forest clearing. During construction they found two bodies and 230 unexploded shells.

memorial drive
mile after mile of
keep out

The Art of War

In the French cathedral schoolchildren jostle and dart through the stained-glass light. See the Chagall windows, their pastoral scenes. Notice also the window by the German artist whose name I've already forgotten.

as if
we need eyes
to find our way

Ossuary

The one window is narrow and low to the ground.
Maybe it's more meaningful to have to kneel to look
in.

after all that
vines
where mortar used to be

Margaret Jones

garden trowel
burying a goldfish
bowl and all

partying solo
I double dip the
salsa

Barbara Tate



day's end
even the bird songs
have dimmed



pris campbell

Pris Campbell

ginger moon -



the spice

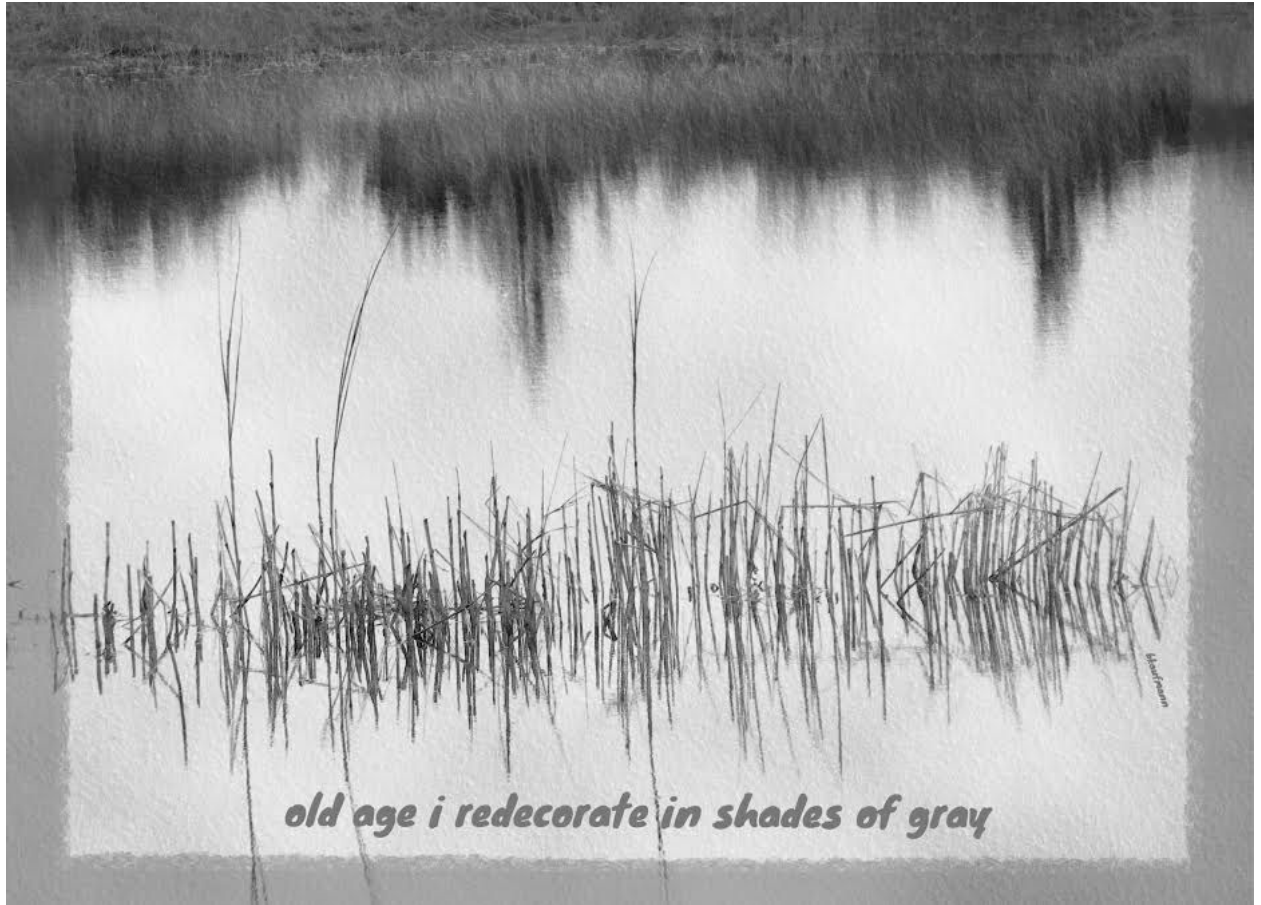
in my autumn tea

bkaufmann



wet leaves
wet leaves
memories of summer
memories of summer
memories cling to me
cling to me
cling to me

bkaufmann



old age i redecorate in shades of gray



winter weather so many riffs on the holiday blues



LATE NIGHT JAZZ
THE GHOSTS OF AUTUMN
PLAY WITH THE WIND

BKAUFMANN

Barbara Kaufmann

Vivaldi CD
the other-worldly shimmer
of laser-cut plastic

Snuffed!

Family's arriving later. I'm on the front verandah, waiting. A flash in my peripheral vision – a brown falcon snatches a crested pigeon from the power lines out front. I follow its swooping trajectory along a track of feathers to the back yard. One small drama plays to its finish. The falcon, wings mantled, settles. No sound, just a cloud of grey down.

gruff thunder
further south echoes
of storm talk

Marietta McGregor

three monks
standing reverently
beside the toaster

winter evening
busker on the train—
a song from home

B&B guestbook entry
The view must be wonderful
in good weather

Kim Richardson

La puta que lo parió
Que ha pasado con mi vida
Quizás no es ni mía

Son of a bitch
What has happened to my life
Is it even mine

Patrick Pineyro
[@Patrick_Pineyro](#)

at his hospital window...
silent answers
among the stars

toast crumbs
fall onto his paper
landslide in Peru

golf ball hail--
the kids
forget their coats

Jo Balistreri

Flow

Late for class again. Scurrying in, sneezing, insensitive to incense.
Unfurling my matt on creaking floorboards. Unbalanced by the
teacher's hard eyes, her arms folded over her chest. Later, she's
behind me, fingernails digging into my hipbones, pulling me
backwards. My left hip goes click, the right one goes clack. My dog is
not down enough, she says. Then, as my arm curls skyward, she says
my half-moon is too full.

the sun rises
on time every morning
obedience school

Louise Hopewell

on the night
without a moon--
Trump wins

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian

koi
in the belly
of Buddha

the face of
my doppelgänger
reading tea leaves

red tulip—
the hoarfrost
above your lips

Marilyn Fleming
@mflem9811

www.marilynflemingpoet.wordpress.com

П

the buzz in the sTOre is a knIFe carving skull skin fLESh bone a
rorschach of lavENDER citrus cEDar a molt of touch swEAT breath
tHAT

just
wOULDn't

fade

*the way 'different'
rolls off Dad's tongue
rain rain . . . rain*

Telesma

I wake up to find myself staring out the window on the far side of the room. I am naked waist up and a cigarette smokes feebly in my fingers. I must have made some noise for the-other-I turns back, looks at me for a while and then says without a preamble, 'I am leaving you.'

There's finality in the statement and I can't bring myself to ask why. So I settle down for the second question that comes to my mind. 'For who?'

It seems rather insensitive and almost as soon as it is out of my mouth, I rue the question.

‘That painter with a funny name across the street. His work is making waves and unlike you, he is not stuck with a niche dead-end obscure form of poetry.’

Vitruvian Man
painting his toenails
a deeper red

Paresh Tiwari

end of the affair--
again I hear
clock ticking

flight of the butterfly...
I open my eyelids
and close

Magdalena Banaszkiewicz

even bruised peaches
deserve
gentle care

trembling fingers
prying open oysters
grandfather's dinner

Matsukaze

super moon
an election result
sinks in

autumn rain
the dustcart picks up
my past

lava lamp
an inner child
awakens

snowfall
the monologue
continues

Anna Maris

annamaris.wordpress.com

the fall of civilisation leaf blowers

head space
swinging Schrodinger's cat
between my ears

hollow inside ...
drawing the hammer back
on an empty chamber

remembrance
how clearly these fragile blooms
resemble peace

David J Kelly
[@motto_sakura](#)

Contagious

Dedicated to Michael Rehling, Editor Extraordinaire

I caught the love bug from a guy I work with. Then passed it on to his boss, who happens to be my boss.

He gave it to his wife's sorority sister, who gave it to her Italian professor at night school.

After that I lost track. I'm still married to my husband if that's what you're wondering. I didn't catch it that bad.

morning after
the weight of rose
colored glasses

Roberta Beary

[@shortpoemz](#)

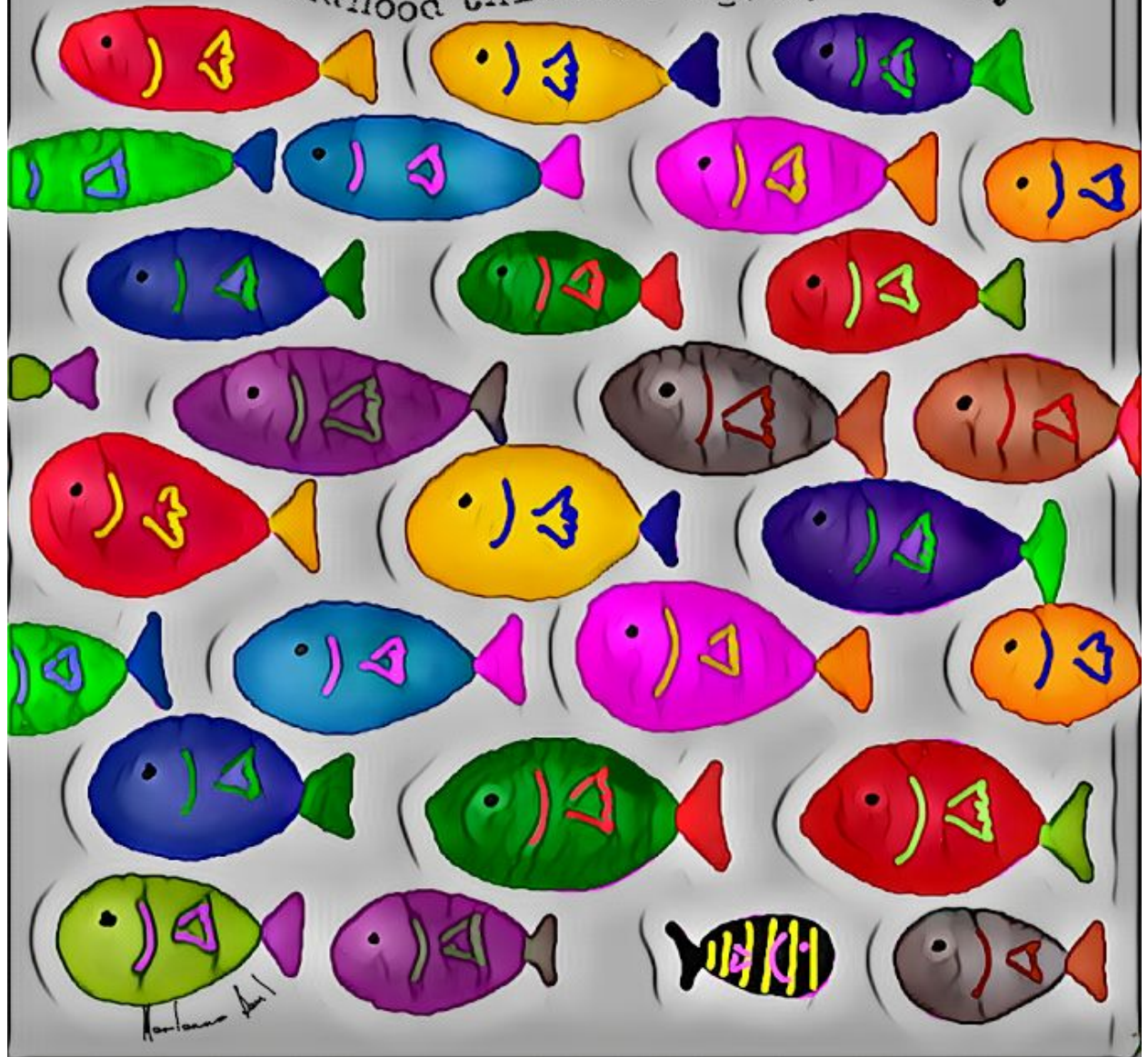
moon phases
moving closer
to my endgame

Black Friday
in the visitor parking
a hearse

diminishing moon
none of the staff speak
to the residents

small acts
of nonviolent resistance
long live the poem

second childhood this time i go my own way





Marianne Paul

full moon

wolves howl

my horoscope recommends caution

Carol Dilworth

portrait exhibit
I sit and read
their eyes

family reunion
halfway through my answer
a new question

bottomless coffee
our conversation spills
into the evening

diesecting

Debbi Antebi

funeral home at last

nothing to fix
on the handyman's
tombstone

up
this morning
thanks to mortality

~ after Billy Collins

here in Berkeley
stuck inside a mobile
with the Memphis blues again

~ after Bob Dylan

the rain
the slaughter
the excuses
thanksgiving

Robert Epstein

shelling peas
and then I shall boil them
my hopes and dreams

she and I
at opposite ends of the see-saw
we are too old for this

Mark Gilbert

summer orchestra
heavy on the percussion
swatting flies

special cake —
two hours to make
five minutes to eat

Keitha Keyes

In that shade
She builds castles
Over there.

Sarma Radhamani

a stroll by the river
step by step I've been followed
by two Moons

Nina Kovacic

foggy day...
he leaves a smile
on the window

Muskaan Ahuja

philosophy books
on the bottom shelf
poetry on the top

Ron Scully

pirate treasure --
the toddler excited
by the box

eye candy --
the Girl from Ipanema
now over eighty

Angela Terry

Maddox

Julie Warther
Angela Terry

new arrival
four grandparents
are born

Julie

after the waiting
the wonder

Angela

cute as a button...
both sides of the family
claim his nose

Julie

building blocks and
painted rocks...
the size of a baby's sky

Angela

fitting snugly inside
his first catcher's mitt

Julie

even the sun
can't compete
with his smile

Angela

darkness blends into day -
shaken martini
leaves me un-stirred

Ian Mullins

post-election fallout
elephant poop
in the palace

Saturday night housework
dusting off
old memories

Peter Jastermsky

world news changing
the channel with a sigh

election day
casting my ballot
to the dark wind

daylight savings
we take time for a walk

Gabriel Bates
[@falsepoetics](#)

poppies....
a poster of
Monet remains

Kerstin Park

the tension around my tension tension

dawn the long step from my desk to my bed

sheep sheep security light

Helen Buckingham

a strange sight
like a waterfall they fall
drunken sailors

Chèvrefeuille

[Website](#)

salesman overstaying the welcome mat

family photo

we preserve the illusion
of unity

Francis James Franklin

[@AlinaMeridon](#)

[Website](#)

early mass–
the smell of mothballs
packed it

produce girl–
I slowly touch
her apples

global warming–
an ice shelf collapses
in my Scotch

thinking outside the box turtle

therapist
how hard she chews
her gum

Bryan Rickert
[@bcrickert](#)

nostalgia
I let in the sunlight
with his departure

birthday pumpkin
he carves his face
for me

moon river
I'm frightened
at my own selfie

Celestine Nudanu

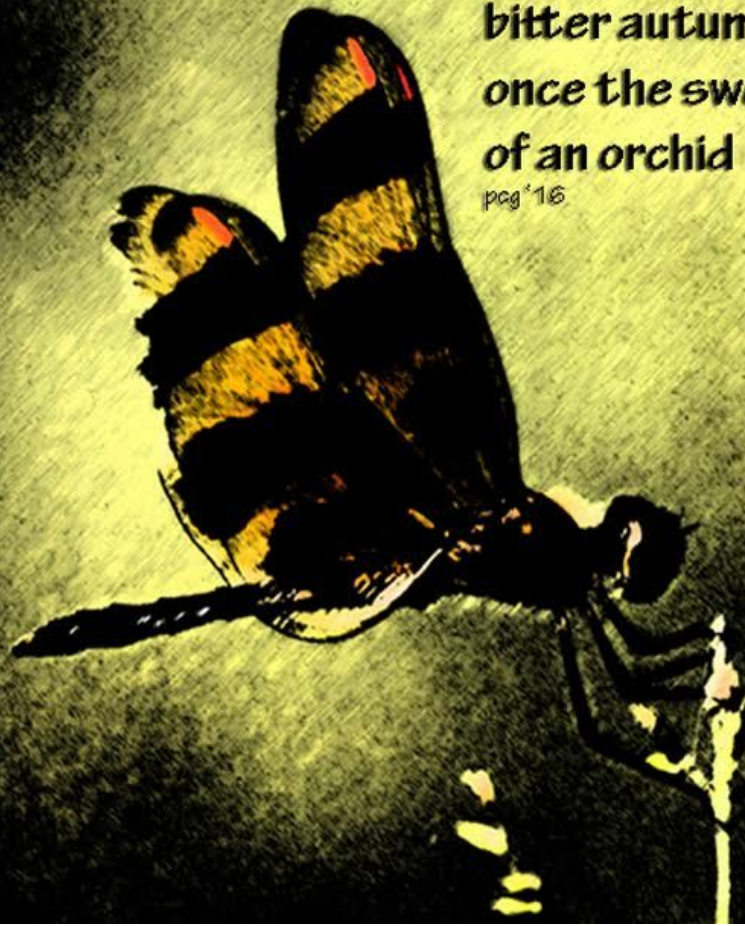
today's world-
the bombing hides
sound of fireworks

Munia Khan

[Website](#)

bitter autumn...
once the sweet taste
of an orchid

pg 16





Pat Geyer

"There is no need for depth
the first two weeks"–
fantasy football

a yellow raincoat
with a man inside
banana pepper

one foot out
from under the sheet–
breeze catcher

Michael Stinson

all those persons
i thought i was
i was

an old lover surfaces sunburn chill

volunteer work
warming my feet
on the hard drive

you tell me
how much you care
placebo effect

reseeding cosmos—i close the gate with no lock

Sondra J. Byrnes

I'd learned in February, within a matter of weeks, of the loss of my right leg. The harm of the control or destruction of the body is the pain of losing a certain part is greater than the pleasure of gaining that part.

During the past year, I have been reading a lot of books. I have read a lot of books about the world, and I have read a lot of books about the people who live in it. I have read a lot of books about the things that we do, and I have read a lot of books about the things that we think. I have read a lot of books about the things that we feel, and I have read a lot of books about the things that we want. I have read a lot of books about the things that we are, and I have read a lot of books about the things that we can be.

As a consequence of the negativity bias is that when people think about the future, they tend to drift to assume the worst. As

transformation—dwelling on duties, unpleasant encounters, and annoyances—leads to bad feelings. In fact, one reason that women are more susceptible

to depresses this trait may be due to greater tendency to minimize and

...the ...

[illegible]

I always noticed my own infidelity as being, and to the detriment of my own, I traversed the idea of the "apertures" - those when I was back visiting

my former law school I learned a lot by an efficient manner. I was
an active participant. I think it's better to participate in a class than to

...and I decided that I'd found myself twisting in bad feelings. I

As an area of refuge, I often think about Churchill's spirit.

of the funny things I have not done years ago, when I was still in the

used. Jamie came into our bedroom in his pajamas and announced, "The GULL of the DANCE!" and hugged me and said his name again.

...she said I still laugh every time I think about it. A friend told me she
...the drinks about her children. Another friend - now a writer - writes

most stories in her head. When Anne Heavlin Cowan, the first of the three who inspired *Blue Eye*, was working back in England,

removed the cheekbone part of the front of his mouth, he was

54B 4/7/15

Synonym

portant work opportunities she'd ever had), she and her fiancé, Adam, had just bought a house, she was planning their wedding, and she was dealing with her recent diagnosis of diabetes. I really wished that I could do something for Elizabeth—then I thought of something I *could* do.

I called her up. "Hey, guess what?"

"What?" she said, sounding married.

"I've been feeling bad about all the stress you have right now, so I've decided"—I paused for effect—"to do your holiday shopping for you."

"Gretch, would you really?" she said. "That would be *so great*!" Elizabeth's stress must have been as bad as I'd thought; she didn't even pretend to resist the offer.

"I'm happy to do it!" I told her. And I *was*. Hearing the relief and happiness in her voice made me very happy. Would I have offered to do her shopping, as well as mine, if I'd been feeling unhappy? No. Would it have even occurred to me to try to help her out? Probably not.

The Third Splendid Truth was a different kind of truth. "The days are long, but the years are short" reminded me to stay in the moment, to appreciate the seasons, and to revel in this time of life.—December's yuletide atmosphere, the girls' little matching cherry nightgowns, the elaborate bath-time routine.

Most nights, I spent the time before bed racing around, trying to get organized for the morning, or crashed in bed with a book. But Jamie has a lovely habit: We call it "gazing lovingly." Every few weeks, he'll say to me, "Come on, let's gaze lovingly," and we go look at Eliza and Eleanor as they sleep.

The other night he pulled me away from the computer. "No, I've got too much to do," I told him. "I need to finish a few things before tomorrow. You go ahead!"

But he wouldn't listen, so finally I went with him to stand in Eleanor's doorway. We "gazed lovingly" at her small figure lying across the huge pile of books that she insisted on keeping in her crib.

I said to him, "Someday we'll look back and it will be hard to re-

Found haiku: Rubin, Gretchen. *The Happiness Project*. Harper Collins, 2009

Susan Burch

the poet
trying to see the moon
fell off the porch

old man
new day
new pain

this is what is sad:
the dog still loves the family
that abandoned him

Ed Bremson

camouflage uniforms
only the umpire
misses the hidden ball trick

holy hell
I never imagined
writing a death poem

Robert Witmer

sentimentally upset

money comes
and money goes
sand dollars

breakup
the bridge rails
covered in love locks

winter solstice
running
against the wind

jet-lagged
the moving sidewalk
doesn't move

drought
the neighbor paints
his lawn green

Olivier Schopfer

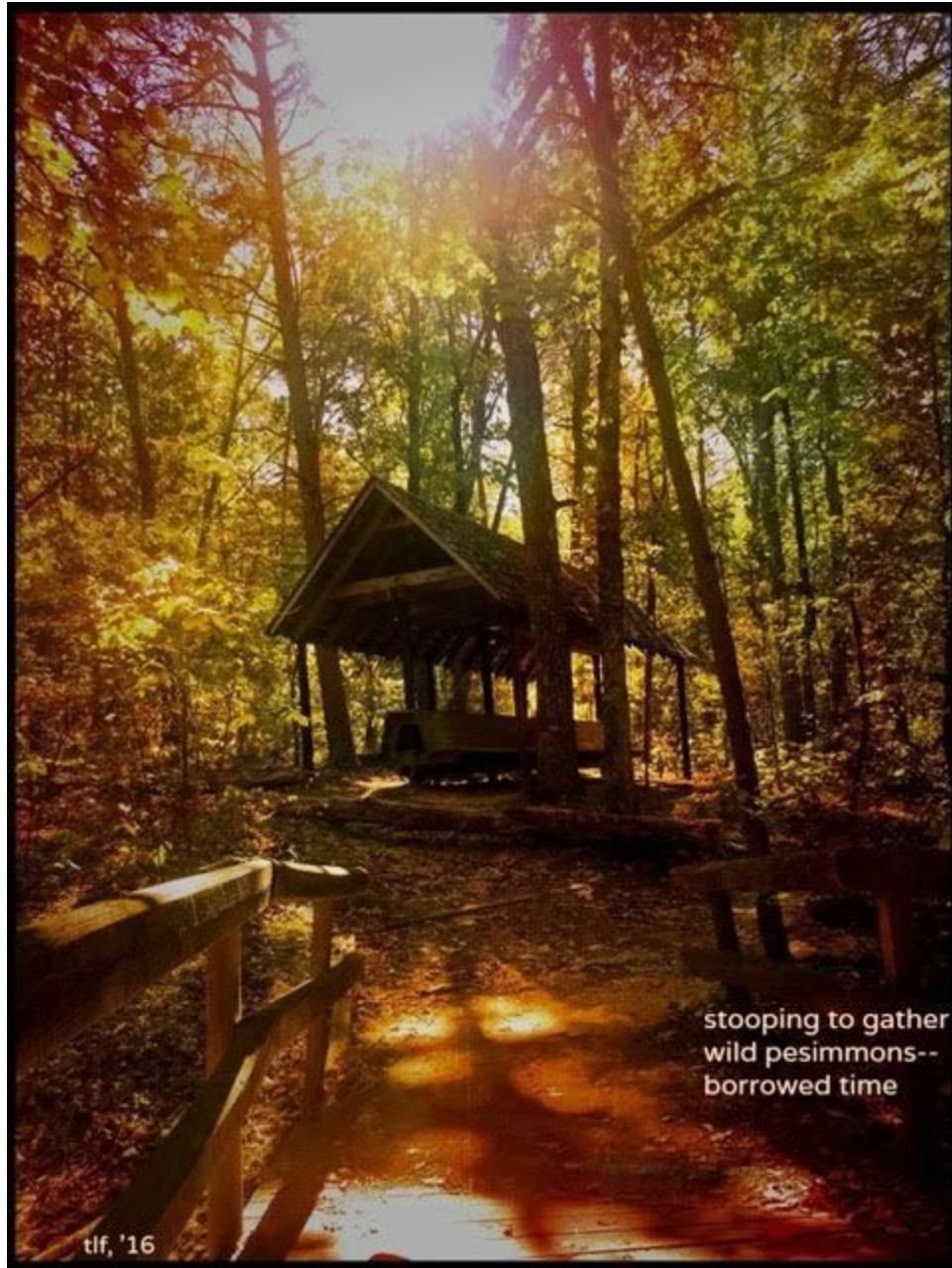
floating the paper boat
i wait to watch
it sink

pro-life activist...
so daintily she pinches
the petunias

Sanjuktaa Asopa

taking time
to wash his face
dying dragonfly

morning rituals
koi lips waiting
at the pond's surface



stooping to gather
wild pesimmons--
borrowed time

tlf, '16

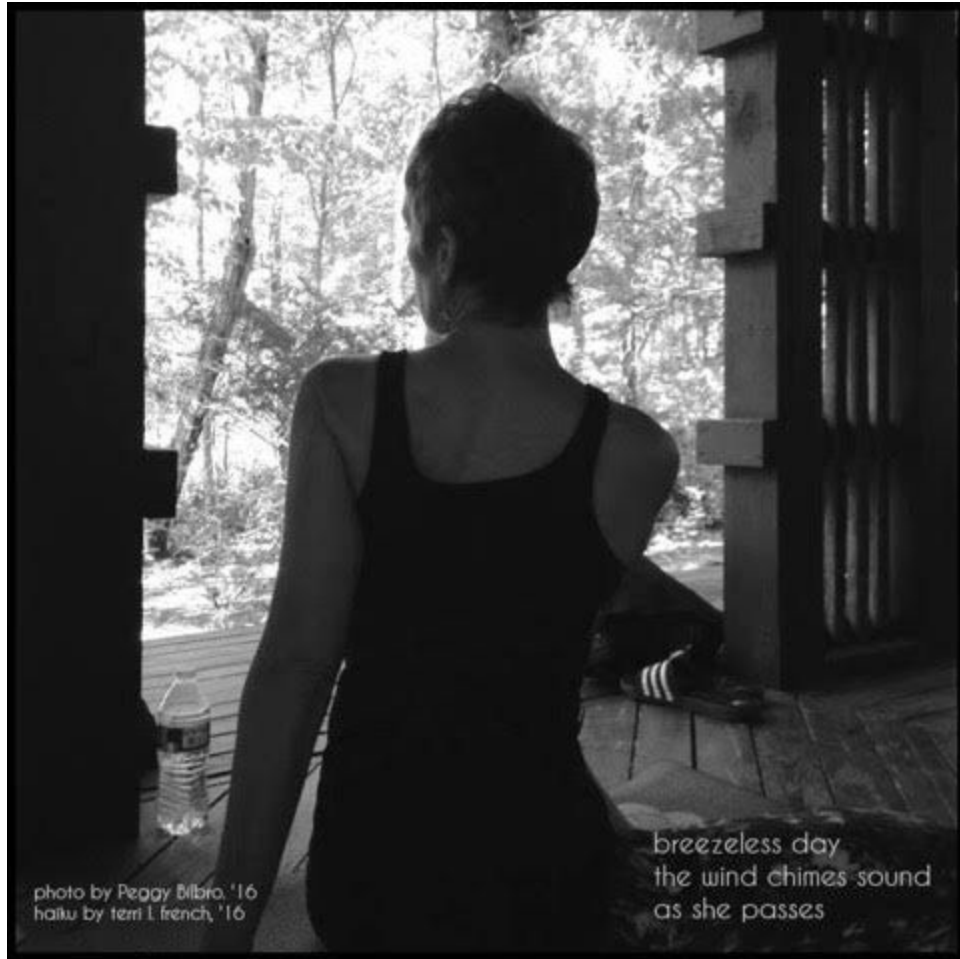
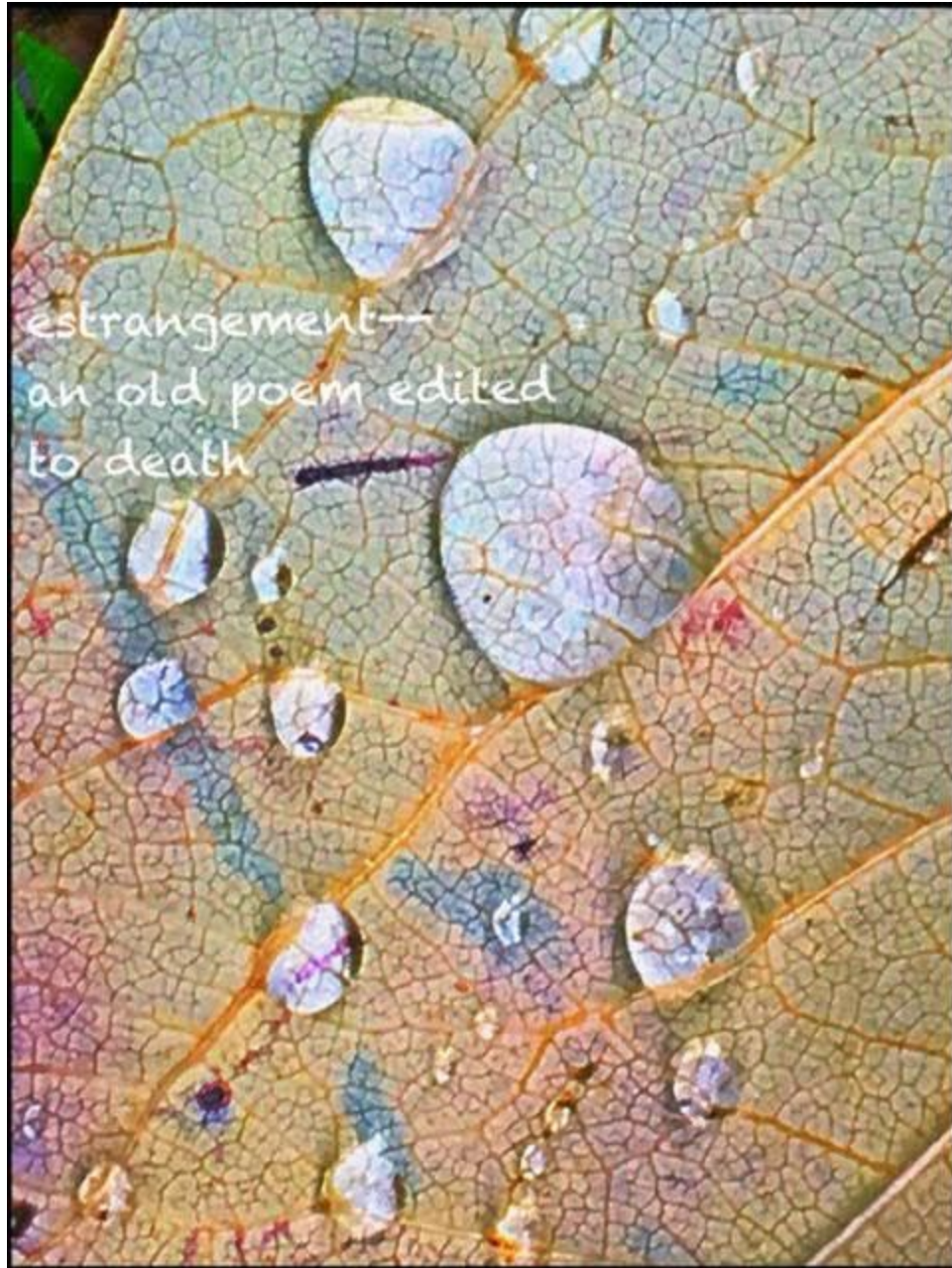


photo by Peggy Bilbro, '16
haiku by terr i. french, '16

breezeless day
the wind chimes sound
as she passes





Terri L. French

after plowing
the farmer's brow
still in furrows

furniture store
with rows of mirrors...
I repeat myself

Sex at 70
Worrying whether she
Is too easy

After trial separation
our fishing lines
snag each other

accused of blindness
the referee finds
the player's contact

Jim Krotzman

carpool
don't let anyone tell you
teenagers lack scents

no one knows it's cancer
weight-loss compliments

motorized wheelchair
waiting his turn
at the 4-way stop

cars lurking
at closed restaurant
Pokestop

prostate exam
“Didn't we do this
last time?”

David Oates

[Wordland](#)

Streams on www.uga.org

a new day
the kitten lines up
his paper balls

topless
in the beer garden
stone mermaid

morning run
my dog pulls
me through

freedom of speech
the accused
refuses to speak

Caroline Skanne

autumn leaves---
the new stray poops
on another cat's grave

election results
her mind turns to
machine guns

Jill Lange

spring evening
laughing at a joke
I've heard before

emptying my neighbors mailbox
geese in the sky

the refugee boat
welcomes
the fog

ola lindberg

[whistling sound]
the hole in my heart
no one sees

Thanksgiving
far from home –
so thankful

Bob Lucky

evening letting the river flow on through

in a treetop
a falcon stares
right through me

preferring
my silent words
the neighbor's cat

flying squirrel
it seems so easy
when you do it

and if
i weren't vegan . .
spiked eggnog

as old as the felled tree i am

Sandi Pray

the sound of the sea —
track number 9
on my iPod

paper recycling –
a box full
of unspoken words

Maria Laura Valente

My personal blog: Komorebi 木漏れ日

(<https://marialauravalente.wordpress.com>)

last will & testament
in the closet
his seersucker suit

late fall trees
the colors of rust
on a chrome bumper

inflation
a plastic grocery bag
full of wind

Rick Hurst



Poem by: Lorin Ford
Photo by: Rick Hurst

mom's rosebush--
in each bloom
a blood memory

impromptu picnic
at japanese gardens
herbal tea with zen

Jan Benson
[@janbentx](mailto:janbentx)

crushed blossom
she rewrites
my haiku

costume party
all witches look alike
which is my wife?

post-election —
less likes
more unfriends

Tricia Marcella Cimera

dad cannot see
mom cannot hear
Thanksgiving

Claire Vogel Camargo

full udders
at the gap
expectant

Mike Gallagher

confession
in the dark
r e m sleep

haiku-moment
contemplating the moon
what's app whistles

digressions
all the topics
lead to him

Lucia Fontana
my blog : chanokeburi.it

noise cancelling headphones listening to my breaths

the poetry
of tieing rope
to a bobbing boat

first the guitar
then the harmonica
turning myself shades of blue

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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