

Failed haikU

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 2, Issue 13

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)



Cover Haiga by: Veronika Zora Novak

Sandi Pray

Selected Haiga

January 1, 2017

www.failedhaiku.com

Click the image above to view 15 haiga by:

Sandi Pray

(best watched in HD)

Bio: *Sandi Pray is a retired high school library media specialist living a quiet life in the wilds of North Carolina mountains and river wetlands of North Florida. As a vegan she is a lover of all life and the rhythms of nature.*

Editor's Note: *The haiga video will be a feature of every issue in 2017. We will showcase some of the best poets in all categories of haiga. Enjoy!*

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Charlotte Digregorio

Alexis Rotella

Veronika Zora Novak

Tricia Knoll

Gregory Longenecker

Maeve O'Sullivan

Bill Kenney

Angelee Deodhar

Eva Limbach

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Marshall Bood

Nicholas Klacsanzky

William Dennis

Elisa Allo

Troy Kody Cunio

Anna Cates

Jan Dobb

Mark Gilfillan

Rachel Sutcliffe

Bruce Jewett

Tom Sacramona
Willie R. Bongcaron
C.R. Harper
Debbie Strange
Jesus Chameleon
Olivier Schopfer
Ramona Linke
Kishor Kumar Mishra
Tyson West
Elmedin Kadric
Jay Friedenbergr
ayaz daryl nielsen
Pris Campbell
Garry Eaton
Vishnu P Kapoor
Hazel Hall
Angela Terry
Simon Hanson
Jackie Maugh Robinson
Robert P. Moyer
Carol Dilworth
Christina Martin
Christina Sng
Michael Henry Lee
Madhuri Pillai
Jean Holland

Ian Willey
Nina Kovacic
Radka Mindova & Daniela Targova
Ava C. Cipri
Louise Hopewell
Chen-ou Liu
Marilyn Humbert
Yesha Shah
David J. Kelly
Rebecca Cowgill
Brad Bennett
Dave Read
Margaret Jones
dan smith
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Tsanka Shishkova
Ernesto P. Santiago
Kwaku Feni Adow
Shloka Shankar
Erica Olson
Chase Gagnon
Kat Lehmann
Robert Witmer
Gergana Yaninska & Maya Lyubenova
Barbara Kaufmann
Dr.Indra Neil Mekala

Rick Hurst
Mikels Skele
Ezio Infantino
Susan Burch
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Ivan Gaćina
Amy Losak
Peter Jastermsky
Vessislava Savova
Matt Hetherington
Floki Alexius Moriarty
Anthony Q. Rabang
Pasquale Asprea
Jim Sullivan
Debbi Antebi
Terrie Jacks
Bruce H. Feingold
Dejan Pavlinović
Carol Raisfeld
Billy Antonio
Munia Khan
Kerstin Park
S.Radhamani
Ola Lindberg
Neha R. Krishna

kris moon & tom clausen
Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian
Marianne Paul
NANA AMMA ADOMAA ABREFA
Angiola Inglese
Peter Newton
Aron H. Feingold
Julie Warther
Julie Warther & *Dan Schwerin*
Tricia Marcella Cimera
Sondra J. Byrnes
Lorin Ford
Jim Krotzman
Jill Lange
Leslie Bamford

November election . . .
fog masks
the candidate's smile

2016 election . . .
red states
trump the blue

Charlotte Digregorio

building a fortress from sticks and stones and crazy glue



In the bathroom I disappeared among the lilies

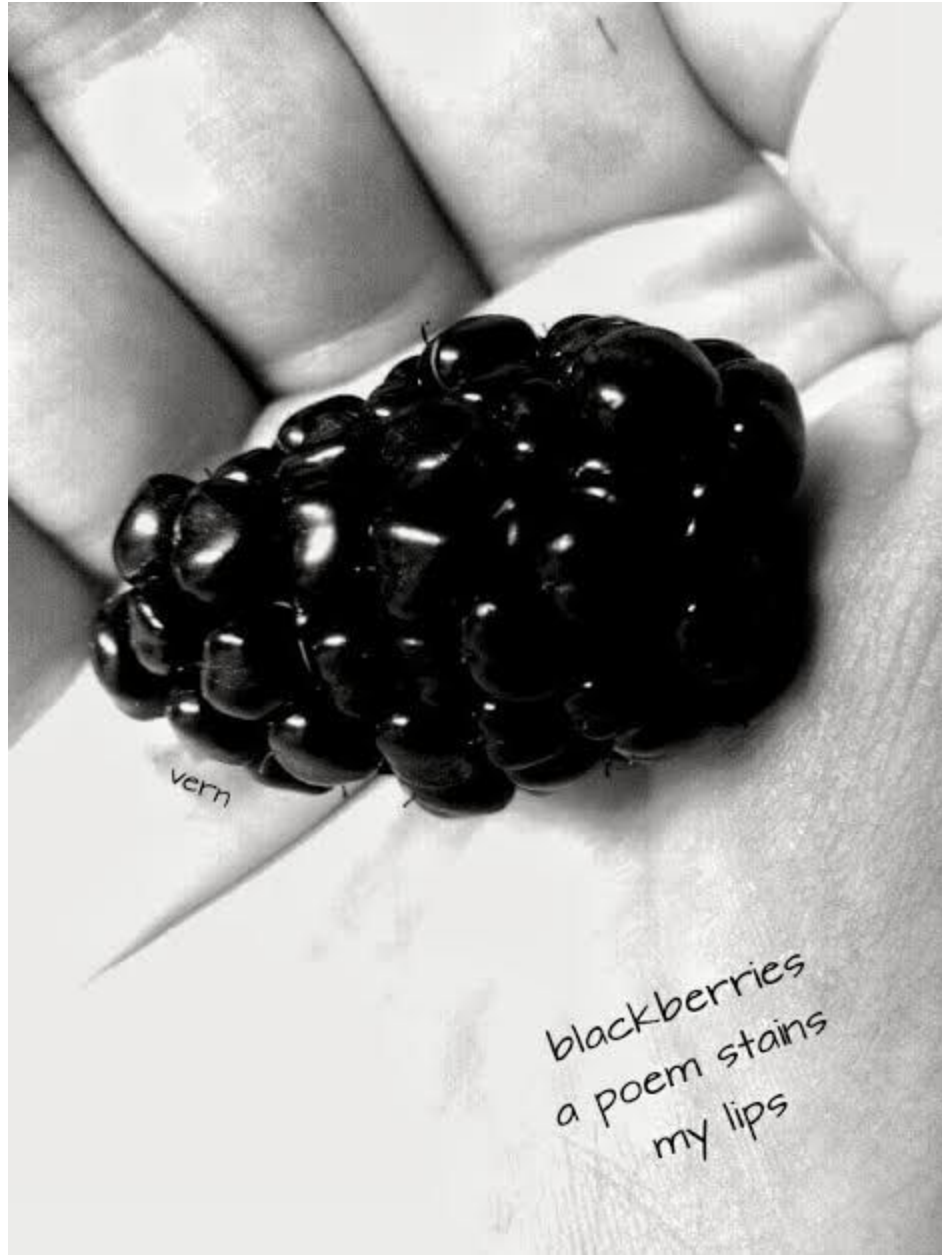
Alexis Rotella

Cold Sweats

I pummel through dense forest. Having reached a clearing, dead white rabbits everywhere. Their red eyes open to the sky. I'm frantic. Desperate to revive them all. To no avail. I begin digging a mass grave. From behind, the snicker of trees mock me.

Just past 4 a.m. I awake in a cold sweat.

first frost
i see only that i
cannot see



Veronika Zora Novak

marbles and paper clips
in the chocolate box
valentine candy

the verdict?
hell never freezes over
climate change

Tricia Knoll

website: triciaknoll.com

[@triciaknollwind](#)

rogue wave
the friend I thought
was a friend

curio cabinet
I open up
my dream journal

so far
from where I started
2017

Gregory Longenecker

Airport haiku

nestling together
in my wallet:
euros, dollars, pesos

● * * *

baggage carousel:
a friendly sniffer dog
makes a few new pals

● * * *

twelve hours of travel -
he needs my fingerprint
to exchange \$100

● * * *

afternoon downpour -
inside a petite nun
gets irate at check-in

● * * *

Terminal 3
a couple starts to argue -
domestic

Maeve O'Sullivan

late autumn . . .
making love with
the lights on

staring
at the super moon
I blink

nursing home . . .
she talks about the brother
we never talk about

Bill Kenney

OMG

The eternal primordial monophthong vowel OM occurred before black matter was torn asunder from what was just a nothingness. I reflect on this while sitting uncomfortably on a flat thin cushion on the ground. Around me others sit cross-legged eyes closed in meditation ,while inhaling and exhaling Om, a sonorous chant rising and falling around me in surround sound ,and all I can think of is my aching hip and knee and shift my position yet again. Om reflects, refracts in fractals of dancing motes as they enter our chamber and OM-g I have such a cramp in my calves – I heave myself off the ground and walk crab like out the door and exhale a heartfelt Om-g as I walk slowly under the pine scented trees...sitting meditation is not for me!

on my sleeve
catching his breath
worn out firefly
- Issa

translation by: David Lanoue

Angelee Deodhar

watering down
my glass of burgundy
winter rain

unfolding my winter soul amaryllis buds

Eva Limbach

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

snow everywhere
in subzero cold -
auditioning third lines

bee hive -
the sting
of your criticisms

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

insomnia ...
I count
passwords

Marshall Bood

backstage
Shiva eats
a few cookies

altar lamp
I pour in more
cooking oil

Nicholas Klacsanzky

tabula rasa
a tablet full of pages—
this fine new felt pen

a mother notices—
his girlfriend
has a very nice cat.

haiku class
learning by doing—
staring into space

William Dennis

without gloves –
the warm embrace
of Mulled Wine

Elisa Allo

My blog is "Ama no gawa":

<https://tanzaku.wordpress.com>

capitalism-
a word so greedy it takes
an entire line

eating disorder-
retch of feathers as the last
swallow flies away



Troy Kody Cunio
tkcpoetry.webs.com

pheromones
his orange hoodie ascends
the wooded slope

migrating birds gone my father's ear & the skin cancer

hummingbirds and bees:
never too similar
for a simile!

Anna Cates

magician's tent . . .
clouds over the fairground
keep changing

dark secrets
the cat flap clicks-clacks
in the night

Jan Dobb

arriving early
at the recruitment office
time too kill

Mark Gilfillan

a new year
still the same excuse
on your lips

winter moon
your unfinished crossword
on the nightstand

childhood room
the musty smell
of my younger self

Rachel Sutcliffe

given up
to a shelter
purrs still in my ear

she reads sutras
from a smartphone
her face illumined

cat snuggles
around a coffee mug
I go without

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

Silent Night
the tone deaf
congregation

a duck's wake—
the Christmas lights'
second life

wishing well
change
in a fist

Tom Sacramona

evening meditation
the wick put off
by the wind

morning rush
the irony of not setting
the wristwatch

Willie R. Bongcaron

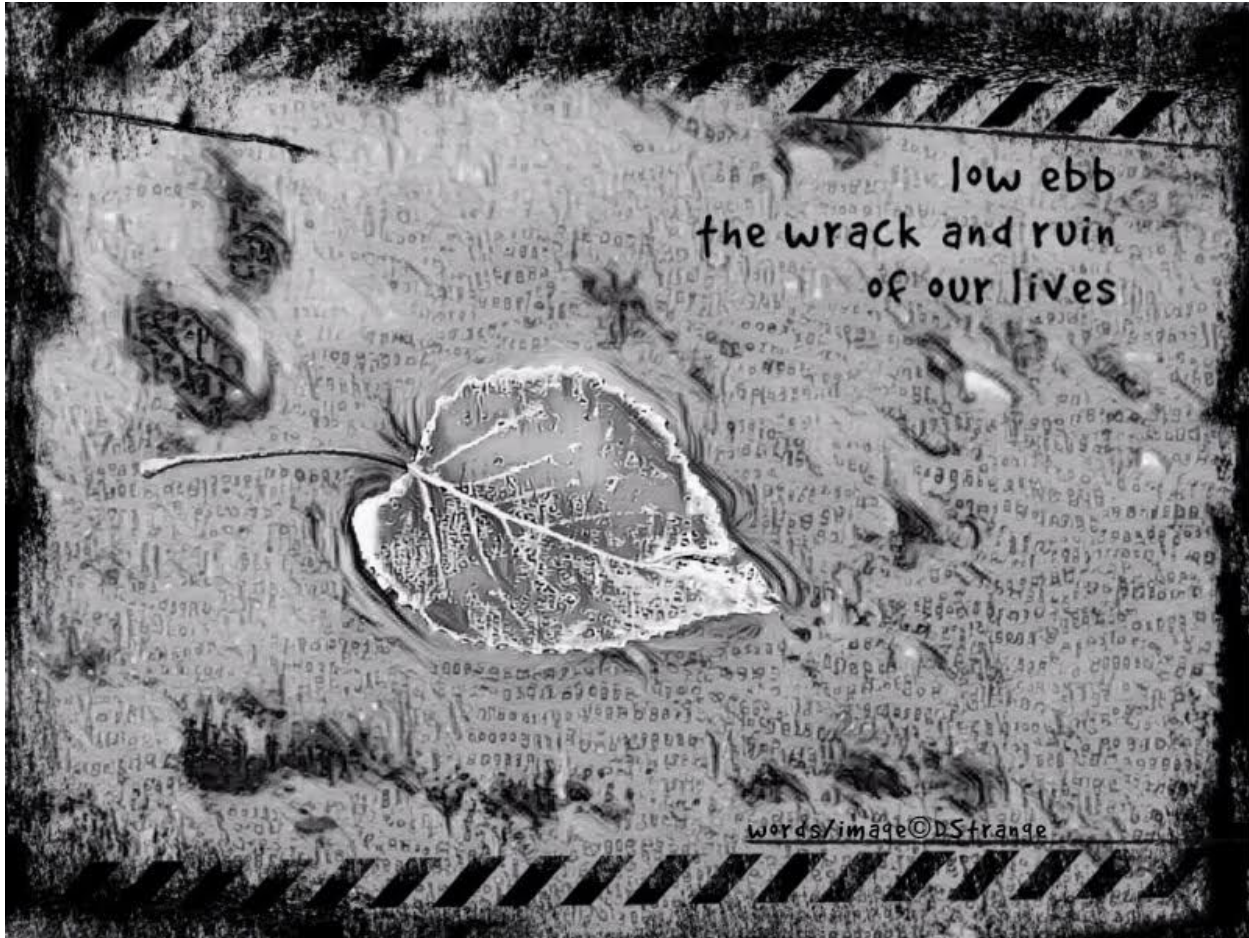
reunion lunch
peanut butter in the
jelly jar

...talk radio silence...

family retreat
drawing a landline
in the sand

C.R. Harper





low ebb
the wrack and ruin
of our lives

words/image©DStrange



Debbie Strange

debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca

melting snowman: all my features fade to gray!

Jesus Chameleon

[@JesusChameleon](#)

the rotating garden sprinkler...
we make a bet
on who'll run faster

night train
a little girl wonders why
the tunnel is so long

long night
Viagra
versus migraine

Olivier Schopfer

ghost town
at the edge of a highway
Hopper's *Gas*

Ramona Linke

<http://haiku-art-rl.blogspot.de/>

<http://www.haiku-art.de/home>

Election over
Agenda in Sealed envelope,
Till next year.

Kishor Kumar Mishra

bikers pause by a
jesuit school to compare
iron crosses

the screen baritone
promises wealth and weight loss
if i buy his beer

Tyson West

at least
a dent
in the pillow

thank you he says
making the coins
comfortable in his hand

her father his shadow

Elmedin Kadric

taking careful aim
I lob a rock
at the moon

scattered stones
across the brook -
we take our separate paths

Jay Friedenber

fifty years
a wanderer
my own mapmaker

Auntie's stroke
her hand upon
the answering machine

old iron bed frame
the lover my pillows
gossip about



ayaz daryl nielsen



Pris Campbell

city morgue
a fly on my watch
I notice I'm late

Garry Eaton

cancer ward
the uneasiness to utter
" how are you ? "

from the puddle
world view of
a frog

Vishnu P Kapoor

wind farm
the saving grace
of angels

moonrise
the raccoon's eyes
widen

homecraft
again the wool pulled
over his eyes

over
the concert hall
a possum's scherzo

Hazel Hall

paper thin
but lethal –
those cutting words

old-fashioned root beer --
getting your tongue around
sarsaparilla

heat wave the bride barefoot

applying her make-up
with a heavy touch --
hunter's moon

Angela Terry

twice missed the turnoff
still the gps lady
is patient

raking leaves
the cat demonstrates
the zen art of play

election hype
still lauding fools
as if they are gods

Simon Hanson

at his wake
something about the way
cigarette smoke drifts

social media leaves
little catching up to do
class reunion

homeless
he hunches against
the wishing well

Jackie Maugh Robinson
[@Rhyme_Rhythm](#)

conversation in our bathrobes where we left off

fiftieth reunion
he remembers the thing
I tried to forget

summer concert
audience keeps cool
jazz fans

spiral notebook
mom's birthday calendar
mine now

last testament
her signature
declines

wife-beater neighbor
says my lawn is an
embarrassment

Robert P. Moyer

more wrinkles
in the mirror I see
my ancestors

ironing a linen skirt
preparing for
hibernation

Carol Dilworth





Christina Martin

reverie
of days lost
dementia

counting sheep
till they trip and fall
insomnia

first date
my tongue untangled
by red wine

Christina Sng
christinasng.com

state of the union
all the lies we've come
to depend on

post retirement
exponentially fewer
hours in a day

black ice
on a bridge between two shores
winter river

desert stars
one more Euclidean proof
of nothing

5
4
3
2
none

for John Glenn

Michael Henry Lee

sultry morning
through gym window....
the instructor's voice faint

sunlight
play on the smile...
her photograph

a 'hello' here
'have a nice day' there
the supermarket trolley man
the times he stops for a chat
mostly about his autistic son

Madhuri Pillai

filling up
this emptiness -
pistachios

under a bright floral umbrella -
a confused bee

freezing rain
the hazards
of smooth talk

Jean Holland

stacks of magazines
she says we have
too many issue

mall Santas
I tell my son that these ones
aren't real

New Age store
she asks where they keep
the karma

the doctor's words:
it could be one of those things
or something else

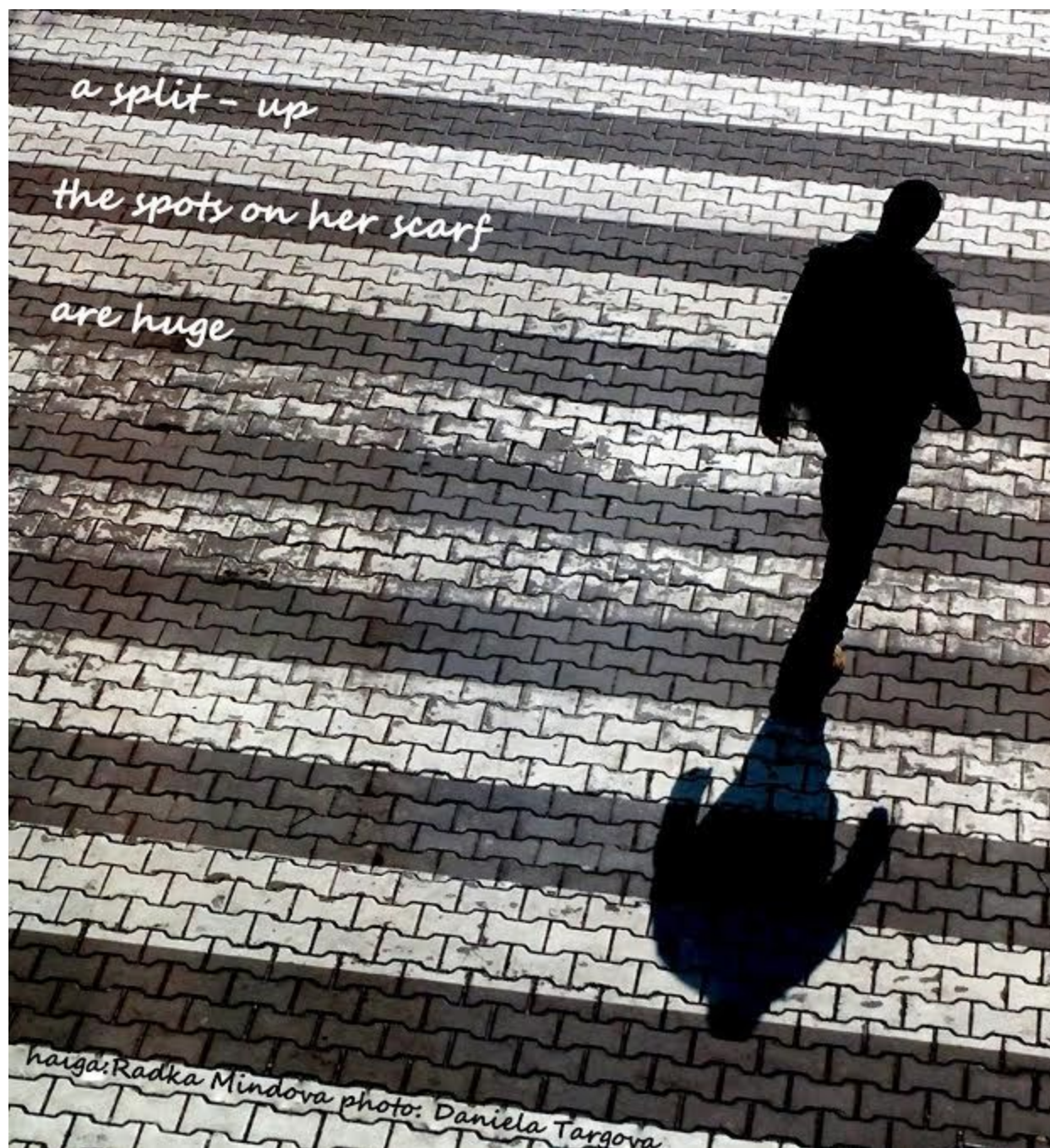
fiery op-ed
a former Playboy bunny
on animal rights

Ian Willey

Santa Clause's
beard and suit -
my father's eyes

between lamps
my shadows keep walking
with me

Nina Kovacic



Haiga - Radka Mindova
Art - Daniela Targova

false sunflower
I think maybe
this time

summer fling
need
les
f
a
l
l

the way the wing
tilts the sky
spring break

snacking
in the produce aisle
Nana's garden

Ava C. Cipri
[@AvaCCipri](#)

long red leaves
the manicurist says
you've got pianist's fingers

a fly
crawls across my glasses
summer's gaze

pink rose
browning around the edges
burnt out feminist

Louise Hopewell

I used to be ...
a half smile at the corners
of her lips

election night
a scream from the other side
of the fence

talent show
my grandpa plays
air guitar

post election
the king-size bed
for me alone

bumpertobumperstrongertogether

speed dating she murmurs not my cup of tea

Chen-ou Liu

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

Words

So much has passed these last years. Hearing my daughter sing a soft lullaby to her long awaited first babe. The anger and disappointment in my son's voice when speaking to his own 'muck-up' son. Listening to a friend's heart-break; her married lover's false promises.

The happenings around me are like watching TV; all the sweet words, funny words, words of love and beauty, hateful, hurtful words.

Once spoken, can't be taken back. Words, sometimes misinterpreted, twist and bounce away, morph into new sounds, grow in strength,

across the sun
wings curve in flight
winter nears

Marilyn Humbert

Chasm

I met him the day I took a detour from my usual morning walk route. Wet earth still basked in the fragrance of last night's rain. The lane dotted on either side with bungalows, encaved in the dense green canopy of trees seemed to beckon me. His lustrous slate black eyes that reminded me of those glass marbles in my son's jar seemed to have taken a fancy for my fluorescent orange waist pouch. Early rays of sunrise streamed gold through the leaves as he trotted alongside me, his tiny tail wiggling in mid-air. The only white spot on his entirely black shiny coat was on the tapering end on that tail. When I stopped for a sip of water he rested on his hind legs, tilting his neck as his velvety ears went limp on his head.

That day onward I carried a small pack of glucose biscuits in my waist pouch for him and the sleepy lane became my regular route. Few days later he was nowhere to be seen. At the intersection of the busy street a couple of crows were pecking at the spilled guts of a pup.

concrete jungle...

the interlude

in a peacock's calls

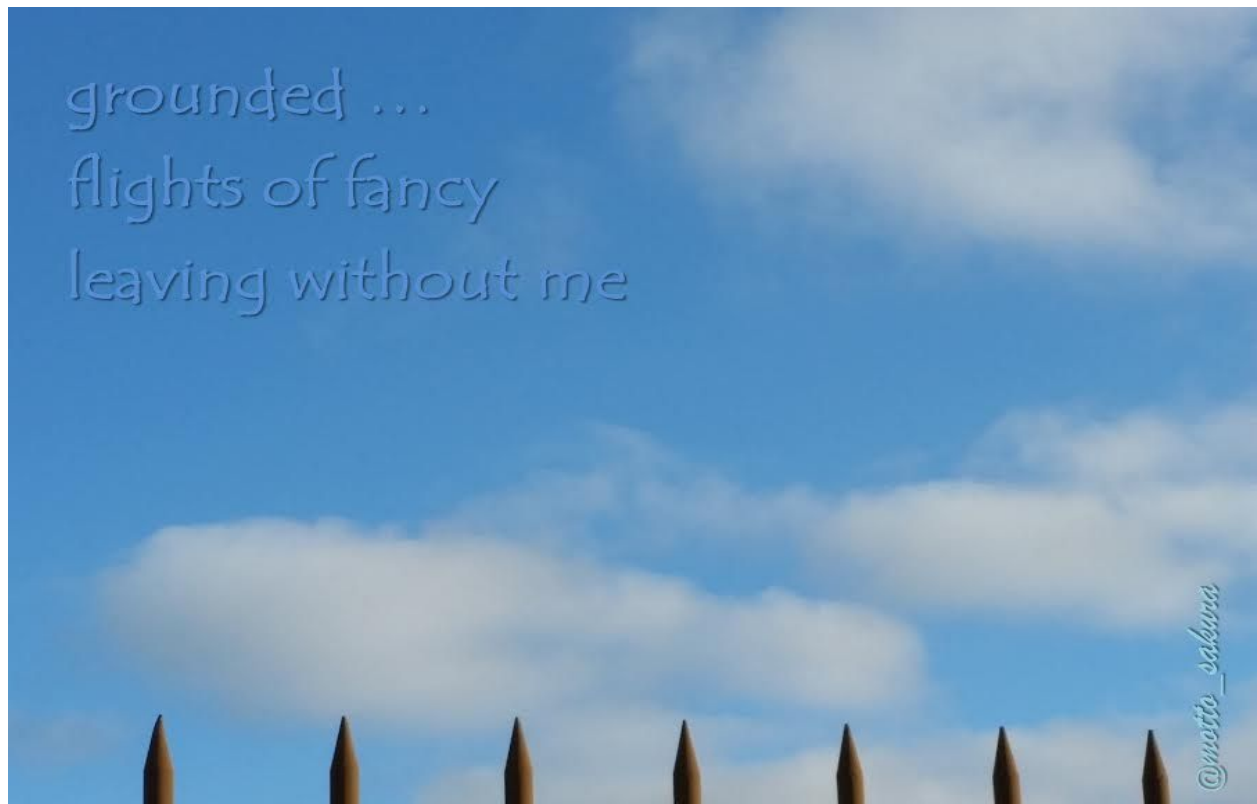
Yesha Shah

(e)motionless at the graveside headstones

a new notebook
I pour my emptiness
into it

self-portrait
with a black dog
art of darkness

just outside the slum all you can eat data





David J. Kelly - [@motto_sakura](#)

congratulations
on your affair
with the rainbow

our first kiss
at the disco
of the school reunion

Rebecca Cowgill

writer's block
searching for fragments
in the news crawl

getting older...
leaving bits of change
on the ground

in a child's fort
of sticks and vines
his "office"

city smog
a jogger's perfume
lags behind

before you begin
your long apology--
I accept

Brad Bennett

brave face
I polish the urn
of his ash

dead stars ...
I navigate
by faith

my whiskers
chalk the basin
early snow

Tangled Line

In fishing vests and waders, we stop for coffees en route to the lake.
"Look," I tell the barista, pulling a bill from my wallet, "I'm going to
pay with a fin!" She hands me change with our coffees and says
nothing at all.

not biting
the worm slides off
my hook

Risen

Her dad lies in bed, dead to the world. She shakes his shoulder but he doesn't budge. Thinking he's forgotten, she calls her mom.

"He promised he'd take me."

"Give him a moment."

"A moment? He's already behind."

"He had a late shift. Try to understand."

"But, he promised!"

"Alright. I'll wake him."

"That ... will take a miracle."

"Ah", her mom smiles, "Ye of little faith."

A few minutes later, he emerges fully dressed.

"Cmon," he winks at his girl, "We haven't got all day!"

chrysalis
a moth shakes the dust
from its wings

Dave Read

daveareadpoetry.blogspot.ca

new house
my wooden spoon at home
in its old pot

after
grandpa's whistle still
in his pocket

ICU

kid's ward
i'm supposed to be asleep
wish they'd just come out and say it

robot surgeon
will it
hold my hand

the lighthouse beep of the ventilator

under the sheet
IVs
side-winding

tiniest eyelid breeze enough

Margaret Jones

your old kimono
falls open revealing
Spring

Sudoku
Rubik's Cube
You

Voyager 1
probes interstellar space
our divorce final

dan smith

church entrance
dropping into the beggar's bowl
one hymn after another

beggar in front of bakery
the wafting scent
just enough

New Year's Day
dusting old resolutions
anew

Adjei Agyei-Baah



Tsanka Shishkova

<https://caniko-cania.blogspot.com>

wet and mist . . .
the memories of those
who read my haiku

brainspacing
the long neck
of a giraffe

her red lips—
the wine needs
to breathe

Ernesto P. Santiago

family photo
packing our troubles
behind the smiles

kitchen trouble
my pepper stained hands
to my itching eyes

Kwaku Feni Adow
witwriteblog.wordpress.com

just
enough room

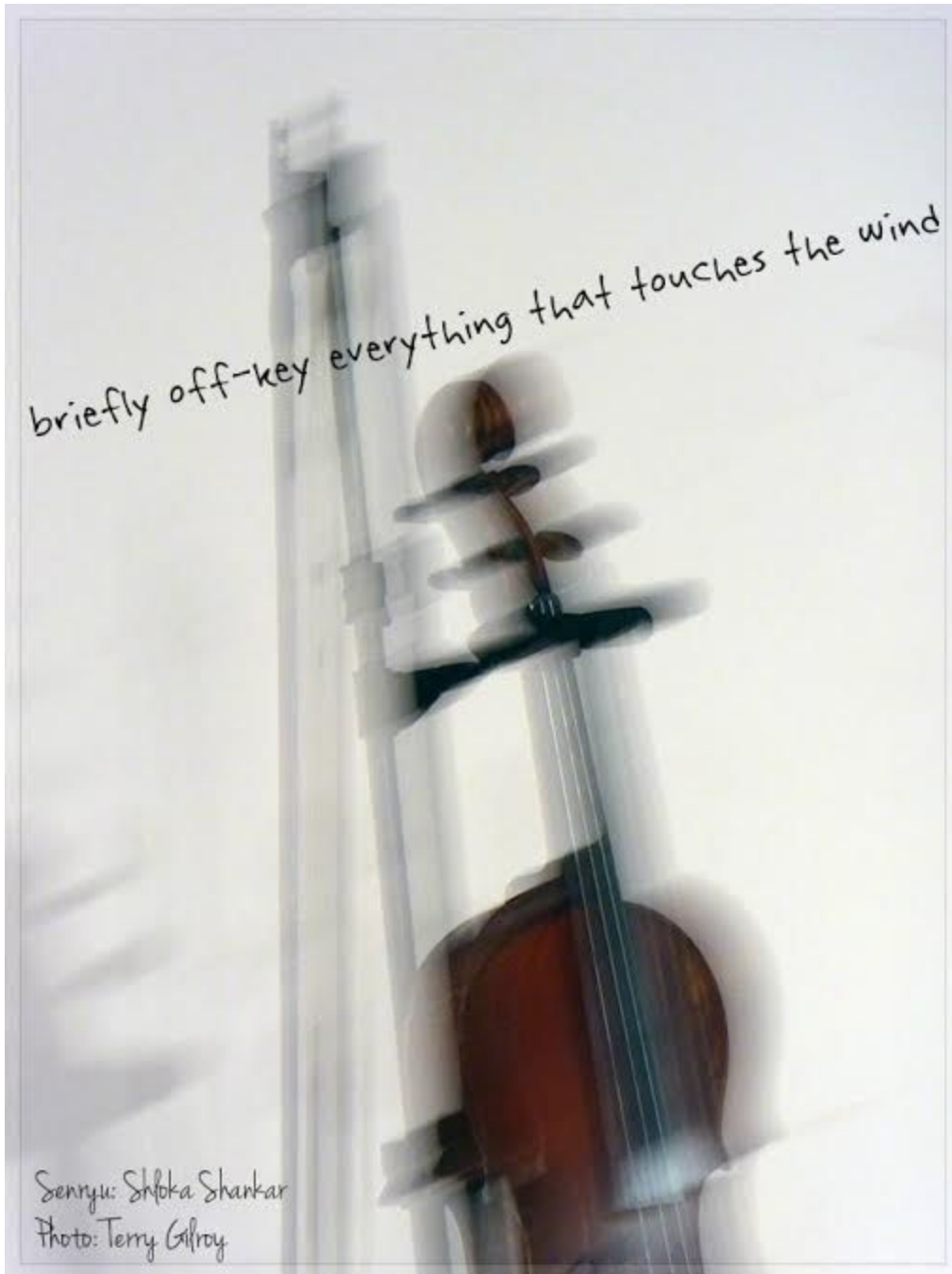
*do i
have to say it
out loud?*

for the
imagination

*the look
on your face*

moonlight
through a crack
in the door

*when you read
mine*



Shloka Shankar

MEN I HAVE LOVED

1.

Calculus genius
Red cheeks at your own bad jokes
You, mine, my eyes blind

2.

Witty engineer
Stiff grins across the table
I'm orange juice, you're beer

3.

Everyman and God
Trumpet-muse in my mad dreams
Me, lone clarinet

4.

Why do gay boys lie?
Trickster tang of aftershave
I folded your shirts

5.

You're in the music,
stars, smiles, sunflowers, people -
does she deserve you?

Erica Olson

-Twenty Five Hundred Miles-

The Greyhound bus whooshes through the darkness of a desolate Utah highway. Teenage runaways are asleep in their seats, their lonely faces pressed against cold windows filled with a billion stars. Junkies who got on in Vegas are in the back shooting black tar into their veins, gambling with their lives knowing full well they'll lose to the rush of the needle. And then there's me, a broken-hearted artist on the run from his demons, whose passion for life is running on empty in the middle of nowhere. There is a novel written on each of our faces, but nobody says a word.

tearing a page
from my notebook
of poems –
all the words
that were never enough

-Get Closer-

Come on, closer. Breathe in and I'll show you I'm cold. I am winter. My trees are bare and frozen stiff, numb to the sharp winds that scream through their skeletons. The golden colors of love have fallen from my heart, and the ground is full of footprints in the filthy snow. So come closer. Stare into my eyes through the whirling flakes, and then tell me with a straight face that they're more than just empty sidewalks covered in salt.

windchill –
a friend who's never seen snow
tells me it's beautiful

-Shortcut Through the Cemetery-

The birthday of the dead girl happens in Winter. Just a few days before the solstice, before the darkness finally to starts give way to light. The stone says she was sixteen when she took her own life, and nothing more. I think she whispered to me as I began kneel down to the face of a soul I never knew. I had no words to give in reply, so I picked a bright dandelion from the lush summer grass drenched in sunlight. I placed it on the face of her dark stone, and wiped ten years of neglect from the dusty surface of her name, then got up and left. With a straight face I cried inside, walking to the bus stop just outside the gates at the other end of this path. It took me a minute to remember where I was going and why I wanted to go there.

missing the bus
I revel in the breeze
of other traffic

cane in hand
he pauses to feel
the sunshine



holiday market
the sound of everyone's
loneliness



Chase Gagnon

a wish
that never came true
comet tail

finally a place
just as I like it...
twitter timeline

whether or not a star still exists my dancing shoes

shape of a cloud
the meaning
between her words

anchored boat...
I let out
a little more rope

Kat Lehmann
[@SongsOfKat](#)

old friends in London
I cast aside my A to Z
for a medical dictionary

mop head
in a puddle
spring comes to snow woman

how her first dress
becomes
her

the ballplayer dreams . . .
over the fence
a full moon

pointing out stars
with a flashlight
the facts of life

Robert Witmer

end of summer the firefighter reaches for a roasted quince



(c) Genu & Maya

край на лятото огнеборецът посяга към опечена дюля

summer's end...
I remember each
past love



(c) Penny & Maya

краят на лятото...
припомням си всяка
отминала любов

Haiku - Gergana Yaninska
Photo - Maya Lyubenova

windy day
a rogue trashcan
cuts me off

blue jay
the shrill sound
of her outdoor voice

slow motion clouds
all the times I wish
I had spoken up

Common Core

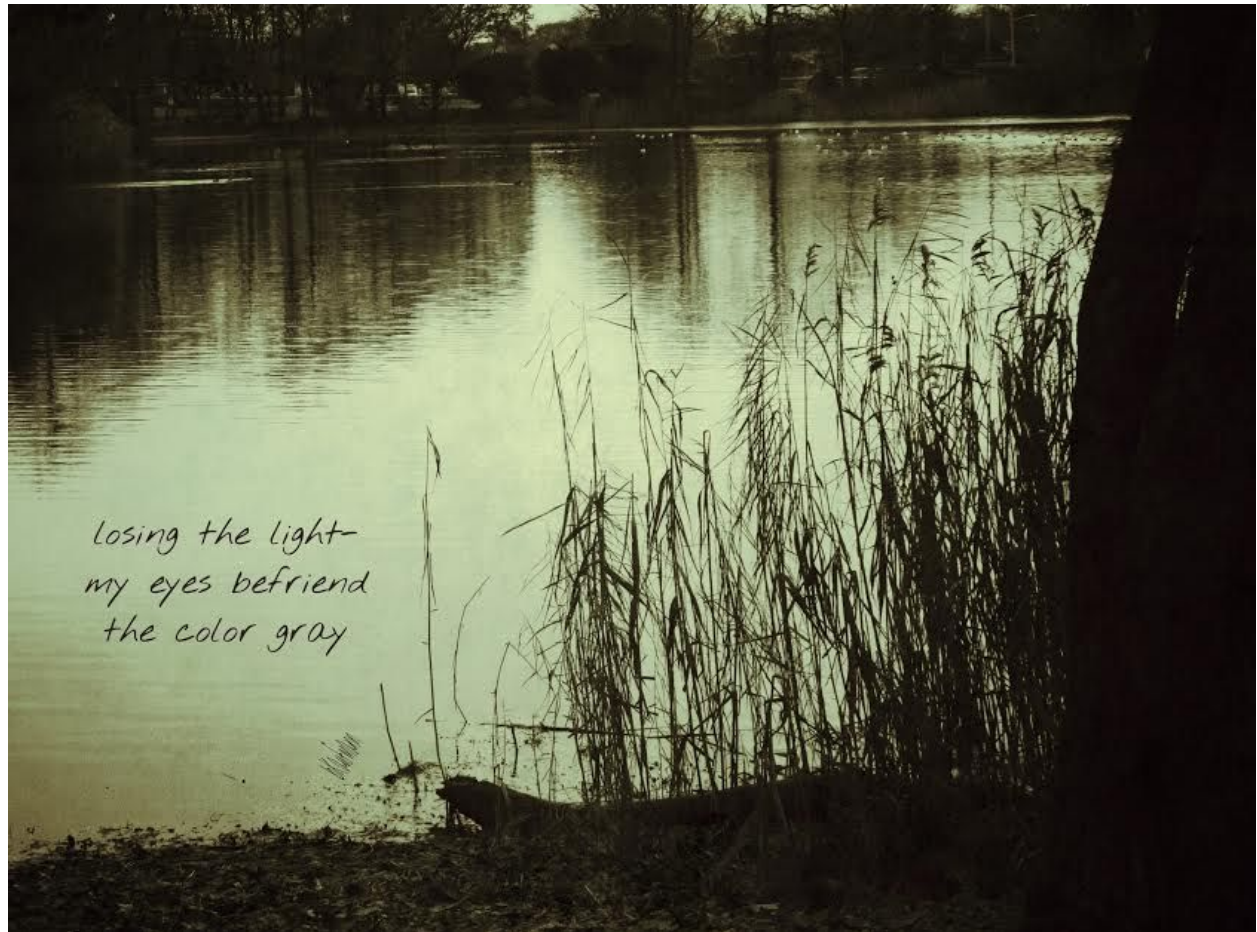
It's the early 50's. My mother walks me to school those first few months. There's a sharp recollection of leaving her side to walk across the schoolyard to enter the building with other children. A feeling of being overwhelmed by 'bigness.' No looking back or crying for me, though. I want to learn about the world.

air raid drill
a tiny caterpillar curls up
under a leaf



farewell kiss -
gathering a bit of warmth
before the hunger moon

bkaufmann



Barbara Kaufmann

busy schedule –
his grandson mourns
online

history class –
we all get lost
in time

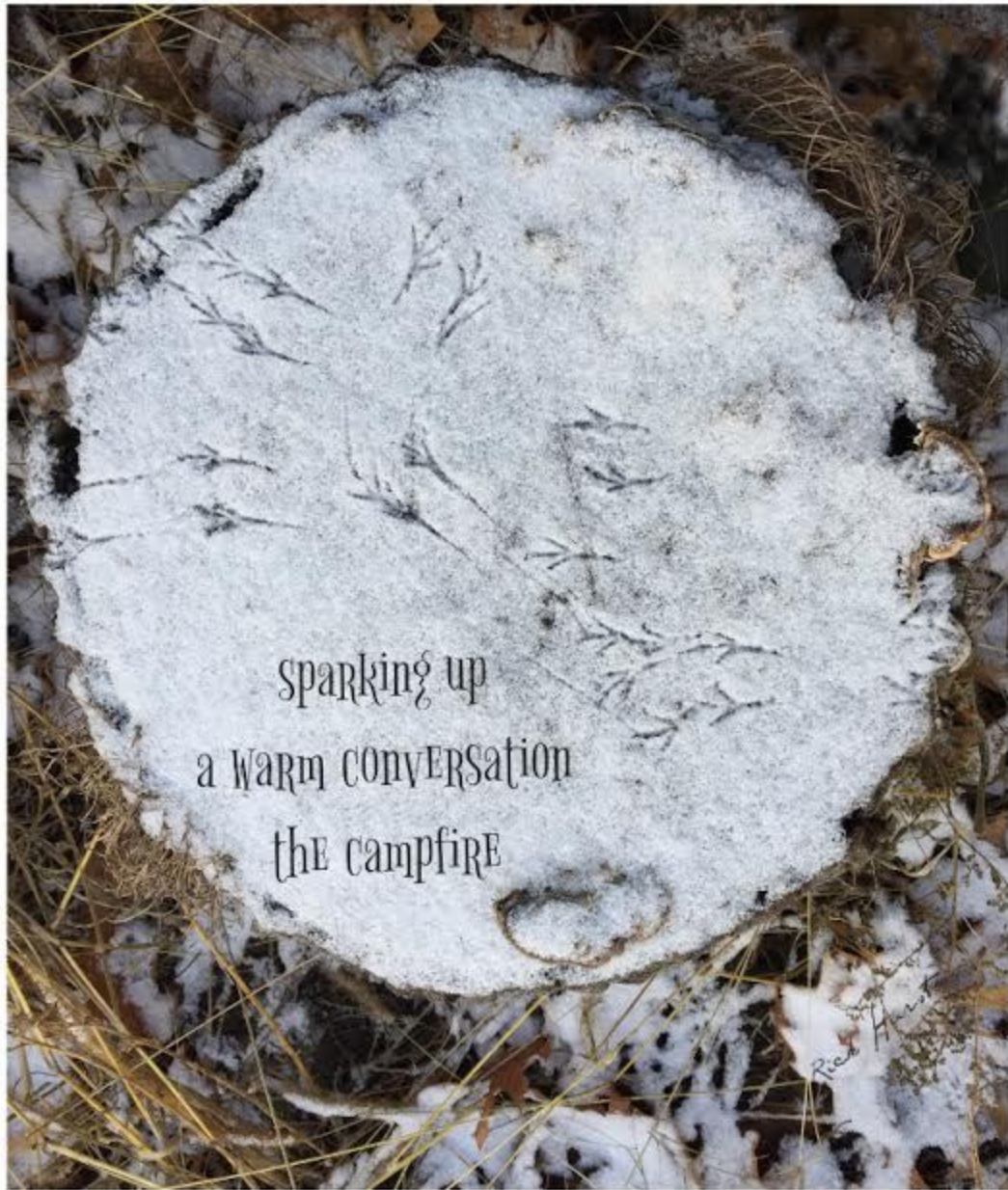
texting –
some broccoli
goes under the table

autumn noon –
on a monk's lap
few leaves join his nap

Dr.Indra Neil Mekala

fresh snowfall
a school bus unloads
tiny footprints

big dipper
she ladles out
chicken and stars



Rick Hurst

The other
Glimpsed in
A mirror

Mikels Skele

www.exilechild.org

at lunch break
my colleague
only speaks about work

Ezio Infantino

wanting to leave
something of myself behind -
dandruff...

chatting with
the other woman –
my husband's mother

Susan Burch

awakening
before the alarm clock
the neighbor's truck

squeezing lemons
the cut of the bartender's
neckline

morning rain
the parts of me i've let
slip away

Ben Moeller-Gaa

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

www.benmoellergaa.com

The old freak
on the spring meadow –
the perfect balance.

Ivan Gaćina

under eye concealer --
the unrelenting drumbeat
of bad news

my neighbor's lawn:
a deflated Santa
guarding the Nativity

down in the dumps ...
just enough energy
to scrawl a senryu

Amy Losak

dog days
even the crickets
have other plans

running past
in the mirror
a dashing fellow

Peter Jastermsky

forget-me-not
who is the man behind me
in the photo

new hairstyle
my ex tries to remember
who I am

meditation
... how would Basho
describe this?



whose
are those
footprints
in the
mud
abandoned
yard

vl

Vessislava Savova

more rain –
my shiny bald spot

funeral home
giving them the shoes
she'll be burnt in

Matt Hetherington

<http://matthetherington.net/>

Dead butterfly
yet, this drunk body
-continues-

Floki Alexius Moriarty

everybody wears
the same perfume
red merlot

all-nighter
the thick book's
lullaby

Anthony Q. Rabang
[@bigbangthony](#)

Moon in Cancer -
the fortuneteller says
you should dare

Pasquale Asprea

dodging seasonal clutter -
a thirst
for silent stars

a long funeral procession -
not the lead car
yet

Jim Sullivan

home alone...
the Cosmo quiz tells me
I'm the real deal

snowed in
I eat the cookies
left for Santa

elusive sun
the parts of me
I can not fix

dried blossoms
the promises
I forgot to keep

after the party
I indulge
in the silence

Debbi Antebi

shadows
in dark corners
unseen connections

road trip
souvenirs, pictures, memories
bug spats

Terrie Jacks
[@Basketful of Sunshine](#)

Paris Cafe in Seoul international pastrami cream cheese bagel

Christmas
our homeless man
still nameless

SNL
the only way I can watch
our president

hospital food
after a few days
I learn what to order

Bruce H. Feingold

under the rain
ants running away
from my pee

Dejan Pavlinović

<http://smilingcricket.blogspot.hr/>

viagra heist -
detectives still looking
for the hardened criminals

aunt sadie
talks about her new kidney
at the organ recital

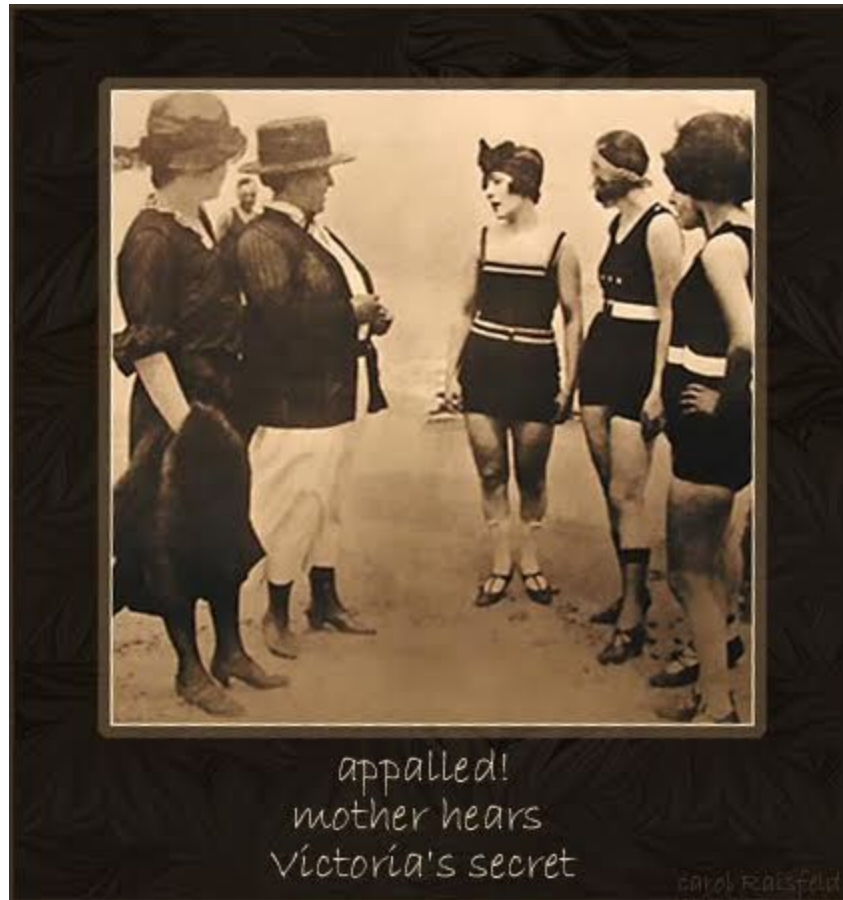
almost done -
an educated moan
from the hooker

so miserable
without her it's almost
like she's here

the palmist gasps...
then asks to be paid
in advance



first date --
wondering
if the hat
is too much



Carol Rausfeld

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

forest fire
the village gossip
spreads her words

summer vacation
I pack my books
in my iPad

after Christmas I wear mismatched socks

Billy Antonio

<http://themoss-coveredwell.blogspot.com/>

passionate night-
unfolded petals
dripping love

Munia Khan

[Website](#)

birthplace
beside the playground
an adult pine

Kerstin Park

payday debtors heyday

S.Radhamani

snowfall
suddenly I hear
everything you say

fog is coming
I go back in
and lock the door

long night
chestnuts fall
on car roofs

Ola Lindberg

world
upside down
a spider on the ceiling

two pair of eyes
two
parallel desires

on sale...
my grand mother's rocking chair
and her bed time stories too

Neha R. Krishna



"oh little town of

BETHLEHEM"

stories
written
in
steel

photo ~ tom clausen

words~kris moon



all this steel

& rust...

the song that plays
in my head

"John Henry"

photo - tom clausen
words - kris moon



photo - tom clausen

words - kris moon

NEW
new hope . . .
04

to a feather

#10

for as long as it takes

holding on

photo - tom clausen
words - kris moon

election results

graffiti



tells

it

like

it

is

photo - tom clausen

words - kris moon

lots of words

it's time
to live by
"love" again

have four letters

photo - tom clausen

words - kris moon



senryu by: kris moon
photos by: tom clausen

recession..

even the man on my ten Naira bill
isn't wearing a smile

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian

birth order
my big sister makes me kiss
her foot

Christmas Day
 season's greetings
from online stores

winter blues the snow remake of Job's whirlwind

mammas, don't let
your babies grow up
to be journalists

Marianne Paul

wake up call from heaven
a stray fly enters my mouth
while sleeping in church

just in time
the singing choir chorus
to hide my fart

NANA AMMA ADOMAA ABREFA

summer end-
each fig leaf
red in its own way

Angiola Inglese

first to go
the climatologist
adds himself to the list

snow globe
drawn into its
perfect world

Peter Newton

heart monitor beeping
dad writes
hospital haiku

Aron H. Feingold

self talk --
caught off guard
by the tetherball

13th Day of Christmas
returning everything
but the five gold rings

Julie Warther

Gently Held

November's end
placing flannel sheets
on the guest room bed

*our first snow
cradles the bittersweet*

wall side of the tree
the things we can
no longer hide

*hitting bottom
peace settles
in the glass globe*

gently held
the child's candle

*our nativity
not knowing how
the baby comes*

Julie Warther
Dan Schwerin

you talk at me
I nod —write
poems in my head

dreaming of
tilapia tacos —
almost purring

Tricia Marcella Cimeria

vichyssoise
too early to tell him
my age

gassho
feeling the pulse
in my fingers

exchanging hippie creds santa fe sky

birthday gift
something i didn't know
i wanted

Sondra J. Byrnes

ants out of the hole . . .
when did I stop buying
iced donuts?

night crickets
precisely the pitch
of my tinnitus

a mind of winter
the old pond's hoard
of fallen leaves

Lorin Ford

his
suicide.../

sorting
thousands/

of
baseball cards

Jim Krotzman

reading "Winter"
on Christmas Eve ...
Basho to the rescued cat

every vote
but for ...
2.9 million

inauguration day
the people's music
roaring elsewhere

Jill Lange

January thaw
the river sheds
her snow pants

burying Grammy's mink
collar in the woods
wild at last

after your surgery
the dog and I
have a drink

first snowfall
of November
the black dog returns

seventy years old
still worried about
dying young

Leslie Bamford

lighting the candle
snow falls

slipping
on new ice..
the midnight moon

survivors remorse
memorizing my own eulogy
just in case

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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