

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu

Volume 2, Issue 18

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal on Twitter](#)

[Facebook Page](#)



Cover haiga by: Roberta Beary and Photo by: Grace Lee

ANITA VIRGIL
on the Senryu Form
[New Wine From Old](#)

Check this out, and it will be on the
Links Page as well!

Carol Raisfeld

[Video](#)

Haiga Collection

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Hazel Hall

Antonio Mangiameli

Marshall Bood

Angelica Costantini Hartl

Willie R. Bongcaron

Jack Galmitz

Kathabela Wilson

Sonam Chhoki *and* Pem C. Gyamtsho

Sonam Chhoki

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Rachel Sutcliffe

Dave Read

Anna Cates

Eva Limbach

Kelly Sauvage Angel

Bryan Rickert

Craig W. Steele

Bruce Jewett

Gabriel Bates

Gergana Yaninska

Olivier Schopfer

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Natalia Kuznetsova

Tia Haynes

Alexis Rotella

Angela Giordano

Anita Virgil

Simon Hanson

John Hawkhead

Oscar Luparia

Chen-ou Liu

John Levy

Angela Terry

John J Dunphy

Marilyn Humbert

Tatjana Debeljacki and Gordon Cosic

Jim Krotzman

Debbie Strange

Sean Lynch

Eufemia Griffo

nanita (valentina meloni)

Bill Kenney

Pravat Kumar Padhy

Madhuri Pillai

Munia Khan

Ed Bremson

Julie Warther

Angela Terry & *Julie Warther*
Rebecca Cowgill
Nicholas Klacsanzky
Zoran Doderovic
nancy brady
Thomas Tilton
Chris Cole
Kala Ramesh
Diana Teneva and Tanya Abadzhieva
Margherita Petriccione
Lucia Cardillo
Kyle Hemmings
Robert Kingston
Marietta McGregor
Daniela Targova and Radka Mindova
Celestine Nudanu
Elizabeth Crocket
Tyson West
Martha Magenta
Keitha Keyes
Ann Christine Tabaka
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Peter Jastermsky
Dottie Piet
Elmedin Kadric

Terrie Jacks
David J Kelly
Barbara Kaufmann
Midhat Hrnčić
Jacob S. Blumner
Debbi Antebi
Nina Kovačić
Mark Gilfillan
Gail Oare
S.Radhamani
Ece Cehreli
Neha R. Krishna
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Adrian Bouter
Theresa A. Cancro
Sonam Chhoki & *Geethanjali Rajan*
Mark Gilbert
Lucia Fontana
Lucia Fontana and Patricia Davis
Shloka Shankar
Ola Lindberg
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
Barbara Tate
Jill Lange
Maeve O'Sullivan
Helga Härle

Anthony Q. Rabang

Susan Beth Furst

John Hawk

Mark Teaford

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian

Sandi Pray

Sondra J. Byrnes

David Oates

Jessica Malone Latham

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Marilyn Humbert

Roman Lyakhovetsky

sand sculptures
so little time
before high tide

care home
the russet leaf
that will not fall

Hazel Hall

a cuckoo's egg
on a straw hat -
scarecrow

Antonio Mangiameli

white noise machine —
I swallow
my antipsychotics

my green uncle
complaining ...
carbon tax

a pretty woman
approaches me —
Jehovah's Witness

Marshall Bood

two moths-
fragments of the night
on my wall

a little wave-
the puddle swallows
the whole moon

on the blooming lavender
hesitates a butterfly-
new girlfriend

Angelica Costantini Hartl

mother's recipe
picking the crumbs
on my plate

evening prayer
the day closes itself
to silence

lotto tickets
i kiss a hundred bucks
goodbye

cooking up a smile
on my granddaughter's face
french fries

Willie R. Bongcaron

It's light
and a mirror
and everything else

In the crowd
I'm me
or someone else

Jack Galmitz

furnace creaks
in the family basement
warm memories

shivering in the sun
the only heater
in paradise

words
the radiator said
childhood dairy

94 great waves
over mother's bed
her blue wake

Kathabela Wilson



photo: Pem C Gyamtsho
poem: Sonam Chhoki

*the sun too
leaving
ancestral home*

Sonam Chhoki *and* Pem C. Gyamtsho



*new training
the Buddha, the Sangha
and the app for mantras*

Photo & poem: Sonam Chhoki



*where the lammergeier calls
prayers flags wear
the hue of silence*

*photo & poem
Sonam Chhoki*

Sonam Chhoki

spring scent -
grass being mowed
but not by me

English Lit -
rewriting Hamlet
in rhymed couplets

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
<http://stardusthaiku.blogspot.com/>

another candle
I make the same wish
again

cloudburst
the fisherman's waders
suddenly too short

what's left
of her memories
mist on the hills

failing light
the untouched meal
on the nurse's tray

Rachel Sutcliffe

his living will
a coin for every
grandchild

called strike
I yell at the ump
from my couch

on the median
a man and his cane
wait for a second
green light

all you can eat ...
he tried to live
a full life

the key turns
I open
Dad's eyes

Dave Read

davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca

Saturday read
a short story
with elves

censorship—
just a pile of
. . . hush

Anna Cates

between my dream
and your reality
just a blink

zen garden
the lone dandelion
just for me

reservation for two ...
I fill my glass
to the brim

Eva Limbach
[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

**FRENCHMEN STREET
ONLY HERE, ONLY TONIGHT
IS MY NAME "BABY"**







Kelly Sauvage Angel

she finds room
for all the baggage–
moving in

paper dolls
all hung together–
Election Day

not feeling
what I thought I'd feel–
last rights

parking lot–
I lightly tap
her back end

wedding toast
his glass half empty
hers half full

hazy moon–
a few more beers
clears things up

Bryan Rickert

big jump—
my son misses
the frog

toast for breakfast—
I start another workday
with crumbs

Craig W. Steele

alongside traffic
a deer limps
against the lights

above a hospital
white doves rush
into nightfall

deprived of coffee
out of doughnuts
zombies attack

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

overcast
another day spent inside
writing of rain

blue recliner
she speaks in
a creaking voice

too high
to write a poem
night clouds

while visiting
with an old schoolmate
I count the change

Gabriel Bates
gabrieljbates.wordpress.com



Gergana Yaninska

lonely child

all the things you said
you would do
plastic flowers

trying to worm
information out of you
soybean sprouts

summer's end
the cracks
in my heels

the silent voice
of the frozen waterfall
writer's block

blackout
even the moon
has disappeared

Olivier Schopfer

dark clouds -
on the tablecloth
a wine stain

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Blog: <https://ventodelgiorno.wordpress.com>

infatuation-
even holes in his socks
look sexy

our silly dog
chasing a wasp again...
lessons unlearned

Natalia Kuznetsova

banana bread
his grandmother's recipe
I add salt instead of sugar

paper cut -
betrayed
by my first love

dead spider
in my coffee carafe
another hallucination

online hookup
single rose
in his lapel

Tia Haynes



Alexis Rotella

An old book
Between phones and tablets
Generations

*Un vecchio libro
tra cellulari e tablet
Generazioni*

Blues in the street
Sadness takes me
suddenly

*Blues in strada
La tristezza mi prende
all'improvviso*

Angela Giordano

alone & quite bearable:
any door jamb works
to scratch my back

at the dog show
I find myself
sitting up taller

at the gun store
customers shooting
the breeze

looking backwards
the little boy tries to run
from his shadow

so angry
she stirs the stew
that doesn't need stirring

the guy
in the meat distribution business
has a wandering eye

Anita Virgil

black orchid
a moment to catch my breath
hints of violet

Grand Positioning System
right here, right now

commercial television home invasion

above borders butterfly migration

ONEarth

Simon Hanson

fuel spill
under forecourt neon
pooling rainbows

30 years married
as if they were sleeping
hand in hand



*stolen rowboat
her fingers trailing
through stars*

John Hawkhead

without sugar
black coffee at sunrise
your sweetness

evening beer
on the terrace with me
only a glass

Oscar Luparia

new pair of glasses
window shopping
at Victoria's Secret

the look
on my plus-size wife's face
Swimwear Sale

Donald Trump
lashes out at Fox News ...
crows answering crows

whiskey breath
from the newcomer's mouth
AA meeting

senryu workshop
I sucker-punch critics
in my head

Chen-ou Liu
<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>

"certainly not what I asked for"
her son-in-law chooses for the words
on her gravestone

in a dream I
apologize
for eavesdropping

blaming himself
for his troubled child
a fan of whodunits

John Levy

the giant's
side of the story...
those heavy carbon footprints

day old news --
the zebra's stripes
turning gray

value added --
the lace on
her jogging pants

yellow galoshes --
he discovers the magic
of mud puddles

tea time
at the old inn --
the tattooed waitress

Angela Terry

alley
a dog guards
its dead human

John J Dunphy

winter sun –
two dogs in the street
ignore each other

lush
with importance
rainforest understory

—

The Public House

The pub is an iconic institution in the outback. A meeting place and watering-hole for locals, a destination for tourists. One of these drinkeries is The Glengarry Hilton in Grawin on the opal fields near Lightning Ridge. At dusk, throat-parched miners, grey nomads, backpackers, locals and an occasional wallaby emerge from the scrub and stampede along dirt tracks merging into a mob at the open-air bar.

around the billabong
a gathering of galahs
jostle to be first

Marilyn Humbert



Tatjana Debeljacki and Gordon Cosic

Dad's cremation
drying basil
stems up

cigarette break-
an excuse
to freeze

end of summer camp-
packing the smell
of pine

Jim Krotzman



foo fighters so many things unexplained

words/image@DStrange

redundancy
another hole
in Dad's bucket list



words/image©DStrange



Debbie Strange
debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca
[@Debbie Strange](https://www.instagram.com/DebbieStrange)

Grandma Betty Lynch
taught me that to clip a rose
is not destruction

when you're old
you wait and watch the young
on a worn park bench

a crowd of birds sing
an empty train rumbles by
the sounds of Camden

scab riddled junkies
hug and kiss one another
on the shaking train

Sean Lynch
swlynch.com

twilight...
the lizard loses
its place in the sun

like a chant...
the waves go and come
on the cliff

Eufemia Griffo

Alone at sunset
side by side, my dog and I —
the same fleas

Funny cat
as you try to grab your tail —
miaow!

Dreams vanish
in the song of the wind —
tlin tlin tlin

nanita (valentina meloni)
www.valentinameloni.com

Grandmother's house
the upright piano
no one ever played

solitaire
on a night in spring
I lose

breaking up . . .
both of us claim
the fighting fish

soft rain . . .
the way the oncologist
says "we"

class reunion . . .
the way the cool kids
used to walk

flying a kite . . .
no one sees me leave
the earth behind

open casket
his mustache
finally trimmed

high school yearbook . . .
I wonder what I
would think of me

Bill Kenney

city palace
morning breeze resonates
king's judgment

keep to the left
the right wing
thinkers

Periodic Table
the stepping stones
I rearrange

hilltop--
I tend to maintain
my height

Pravat Kumar Padhy

the surviving sister...
after the funeral
blooms

the recluse
wherever he goes
his silence

busker's 'hey Jude'
the clinker of coins
in his upturned hat

Madhuri Pillai

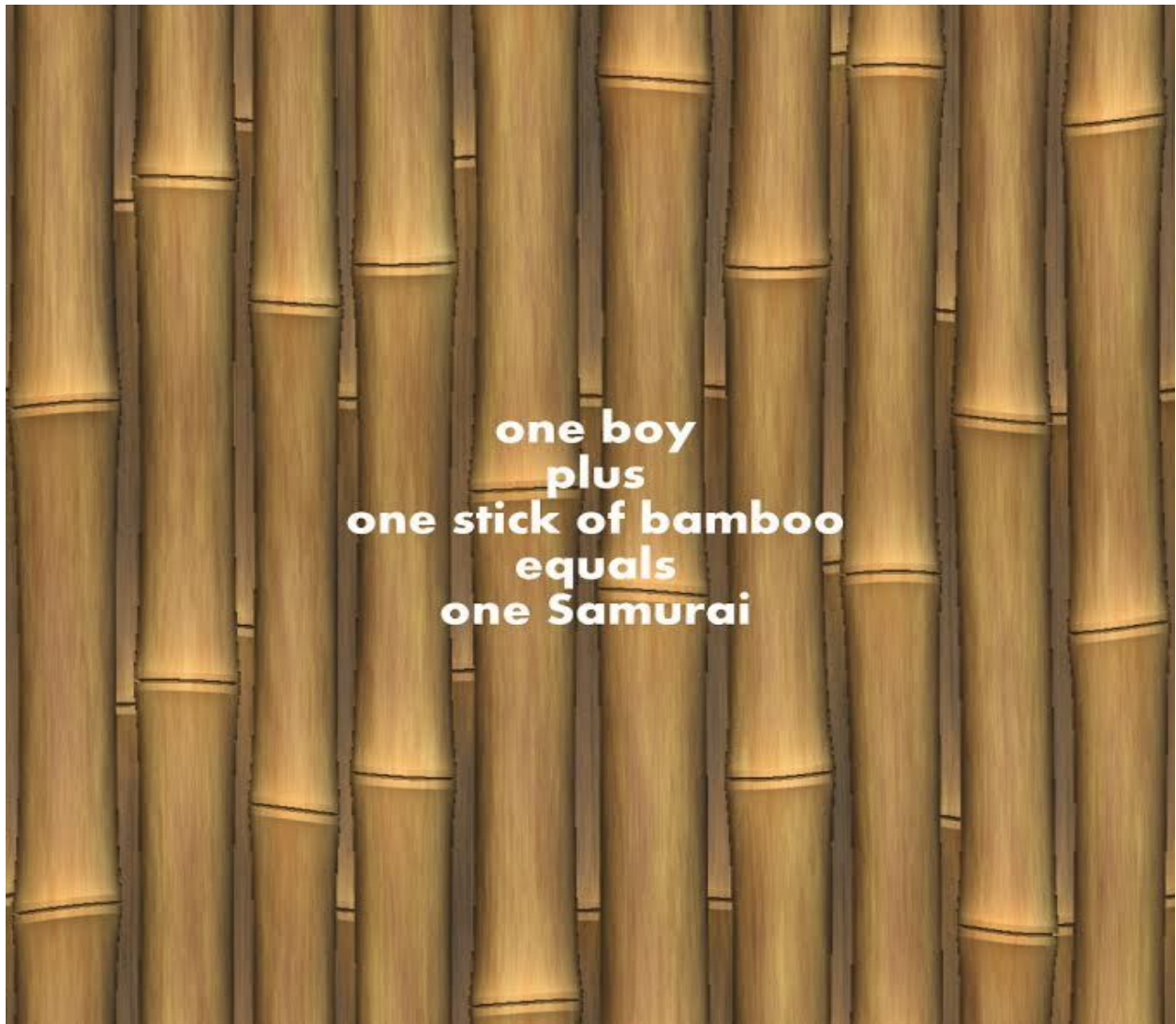
peace of mind –
even dark clouds look like
cotton flowers

sleeping late-
summer honeymooners
missed the flight

Munia Khan

[Website](#)

bedtime--
hiding socks
from mice



Ed Bremson

end of track practice
runners race
to their cars

Julie Warther

Clashing Cymbals

clashing cymbals --
the easy answers
we now have to live with

*starting to forget
the sound of his voice*

tea and sympathy
in equal measures –
finally forgiving myself

*high noon
for only a minute
the shadows return*

as she walks away
her smile fades

*clouds in her eyes
no seeing beyond
the painted sky*

Angela Terry
Julie Warther

spring break
bare branches
on the ultrasound

spring day
the snowman
on a dinner date

Rebecca Cowgill

the duck calls
to his wooden mate . . .
extramarital affair

samsara . . .
between my teeth
a strand of salami

homeward bound—
I sit in a chair
in the sky

ultrasound ...
only the shade
from the lamp

Nicholas Klacsanzky

stormy Monday
the things which have passed
look like the blues

zen garden
I became
a pebble

Zoran Doderovic

summer Olympics
garbage men toss
the empty cans

clocks changed
to Daylight Savings Time
daffo-dials

wind chill...
the aftermath
of yesterday's argument

nancy brady
nbsmithblog.wordpress.com

together still --
their mutual disdain
for marriage counselors

Monday morning
my disgruntled co-worker
arming the Keurig

rolling stops --
my boss nervously
questions the GPS


Thomas Tilton

Feather on the wind
Circling my dreams as they
Fall into the sky

Chris Cole

the magician
surprised
by his own magic

Kala Ramesh



*jazz echoes
in my heart...*

a storm's eye

Huihu: Diana Teneva

Photo: Tanya Abadzhieva



Diana Teneva and Tanya Abadzhieva
<http://dianart-dten.blogspot.com/>

coastline -
the edge of a dressing gown
moved by the wind

Margherita Petriccione

to every turn
life omits
the road indications

ad ogni bivio / la vita dimentica / la segnaletica

Lucia Cardillo

we are each other's
double-blind experiment
outcome: unique but impossible

i have a plastic cat
named Mr Entropy
he never turns off

at the dinner table
we pass plates
as if they weigh a lifetime

the teacher makes us build
paper planes with tiny smiles
but we walk home anyway

Not Exactly an Apology

Under a torn cushioned chair in my deceased parents' attic I found my first skateboard, and even though I was not successful in life, not by any stretch of the imagination, even though I had not climbed vertically as my father so mercilessly and relentlessly pounded into my head with no shortage of ingenious fear factors--I had managed to skate through life-- horizontally.

the village is our sanctuary
we catch more bees
by standing still

Kyle Hemmings

stubbed toe
who'd have thought
you can hop in tune

waxing gibbous
the slow swapping of shoulders
in the beer garden

Robert Kingston

Growing Pains

The path narrows sharply, hugging the jagged limestone outcrop. Below us, a big swell breaks spectacularly over rocks 30 feet down. I push as hard as I can into the cliff, so hard it hurts my soft, narrow chest. The cook's son, who led me here, is a mountain goat. Older, lankier and stronger, he leaps where I can only sidle. My heart does a familiar little dance in my ears, I shouldn't be here. After a lifetime, we scramble onto soft sand, then head home to the decaying seaside pub where my parents have temporary work. The cook's son says, "Tell them you got given the afternoon off school." As we get ready for a bath, my mother gently touches my bruises and scrapes. "Don't dare tell your father who you went off with."

detention
enough words
to feel regret

Marietta McGregor



photo: Daniela Targova, haiga: Radka Mindova

colour me red
my sari hangs off my shoulder
all night long

spring tease
my little girl pirouettes
in her pink polka dots

forget-me-not
yellow dandelions
now a fluff in the wind

Celestine Nudanu



Elizabeth Crocket

swelling buds
first bug splatter
on my windshield

mechanic's loaner
the check engine light
never goes out

too funny for words
a mime doubles over
in silence

stolen roses
a sociopath's
i love you

impersonating
an owl – a mourning dove
calls her name

Tyson West

wild child
she drags her doll
by its hair

wild columbine—
he hurriedly deletes
his messages

the journey
on the migrant's face
road map

blackberries
you really know how to pick 'em
father says

zen paper it's not writers block

shooting stars vasectomy failure

Martha Magenta

<https://marthamagenta.com/>

spring —
a conspiracy of flowers
avoids my garden

communication —
the school advises us
to look for nits

boys dressed in blue
girls dressed in pink
who made the rules

Keitha Keyes

Every day
Hands try something new
Full cup

Candle flickers
Our days are numbered
By finger count

Ann Christine Tabaka

zen school
a lizard holds on
to the globe

new year
dairy first page
copied from the old

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

performance review
our company's motto tilts
out of place

office platform
the IT man slips porn
into our day

joint account
the last thread to sever
after our divorce

butcher's dog
watching the other dogs
fight over a bone

staff meeting-
having nothing to say
I support someone's idea



animal rights
the lion laughs
in the jungle

Haiku: Adjey Agyei-Baah
Image: www.likehdwallpaper.com

Adjey Agyei-Baah

<https://africahaikunetwork.wordpress.com/>

What's Up with Your Weather?

In the future, everyone will welcome the weather with their bones.
It's the ultimate "real feel."

You'll know Stormy Monday before it arrives and can soon tell if
Tuesday's just as bad.

You come to realize you don't need a weatherman to know which way
the Santa Ana winds blow

It's good your eyes still have their own dew point. Some things never
change . . .

May flurries –
the sudden brush
of ambivalence

Haggis

Years ago, I discovered a funny word that sends me into the deep end of Laughdom. A funny word has great therapeutic power and can bring us to tears, in a good way.

My funny word, no joke, is Haggis.

For the uninitiated, the dictionary defines Haggis, and I paraphrase, as “a traditional pudding made of the heart and liver of a calf or sheep, and boiled in the stomach of the animal.”

If these images make you hurl, well, I warned you that Haggis was myfunny word.

fault lines
what we want to say
but won't

Peter Jastermsky

up escalator
why did i come
to the second floor

paper curls
i watch his letter
burn

dense morning fog
trying to locate
my car keys

grown kids too busy
my african violets
need me

second divorce
fairy tales should
be banned

Dottie Piet

feral pigeon its own man

nothing I want more

prom date

his shadow

takes the lead

six feet under

the wildflower

Elmedin Kadric

old school
pen won't write
no refills

new school
computer doesn't work
power outage

mowing the lawn
a hit and miss
proposition

Terrie Jacks

book at bedtime
somewhere in chapter six
morning

chain gang
two feet one foot
apart

mountain tombs what panoramas the dead see

new neighbours
the shape of our hedges
changing, slowly

zip line ...
the expressway to
rock bottom

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

out of reach my thoughts all tangled in the mist





last walk the ocean breeze mingles with silence

bk

Barbara Kaufmann

wabi sabi ~~~poems and images

in disagreement
a lady's high heels
and a bumpy road

Midhat Hrnčić

narrow galley kitchen
I squeeze past
our daily contact

New glasses
I see clearly
We have grown apart

Do the tree buds know
My weather app
Forecasts snow

Jacob S. Blumner
[@leftinflint](#)

confession
I pull off the band-aid
in one go

book signing
my favorite poet
misspells my name

insomnia
I wipe out
my dreams

morning news
I wait for the green tea
to calm me down

Debbi Antebi

in the office
I recopy yesterday
again

scent of lilac
my steps slow down
by themselves

Nina Kovačić

at the drop-in
he shares his meal
with his friend's dog

Mark Gilfillan

paper cut
the editor trims
my bio

t ypin
g
 on
e -h
a n
ded --
s oon
t hi
s
cast
c om
es
 o
ff!

breaking news
I watch it crawl
stink bug

home opener
he shushes me
at first pitch



Gail Oare

foam
in bathtub
Coral islands

mother's day
Child eats cakes
On her lips

S.Radhamani

colorful garden
a child dreaming
about liberty

rainbow unicorn
flying deep
in a dream

Ece Cehreli
11 years old

acrophobia
as the swing goes high
she shuts her eyes

half-done
a mosquito bombed
the yawn

Neha R. Krishna

blues bar
the different ways
we stomp our feet

shifting wind
i walk into
my fart

licking the tip
of the pen . . .
love letter

bar lights
a new tattoo
enters the room

Ben Moeller-Gaa
@benmoellergaa
www.benmoellergaa.com

first wild steps
the surf absorbs
his laughter

for Chadi

onion soup
a group of girls
rates the waiter

growing pains
by stretching my arms
I explain to her...

Adrian Bouter

flying saucers –
the alien voices
in our quarrel

her chihuahua
nips at his heels –
first alimony payment

blind spot
in the rearview mirror
my aging reflection

in the fitting room
a cocktail dress clings –
sticker shock

open air theater –
a firefly
snatches his line

Theresa A. Cancro

power suits

team meeting
he, who won't answers emails
knows everything

*dressed in power suits
the office grapevine*

never in bloom
the ball cactus
in the reception

*an upgrade
on the coffee machine
even the boss smiles*

staff wellbeing
mindfulness weekends on offer

*yearly appraisal
success acknowledged
with a crooked smile*

**Sonam Chhoki
& Geethanjali Rajan**

dreams float past

local tax hike
yet, the crows always arrive
before the bin men

*from crater to crater
the only road home*

power outage
the Expressway tollgate
closes to traffic

*floods -
dreams of an education
float past*

calling the helpline
so many options to pick

*flashing lights
of an ambulance
a flicker of hope*

**Sonam Chhoki
& Geethanjali Rajan**

uber
the driver
wears a Raiders cap

time difference
my dad wants to talk
about Trump

I make a joke
the punchline
lost in the hubbub

Mark Gilbert

stay here with me
I'll never hurt you
first butterfly

the emptiness he left so much space for my roses

Lucia Fontana

kisses map a mother's love constellation



senryu : lucia fontana

Painting : patricia davis

sinking roots in the mud a lotus'moon

haiku : lucia fontana

Painting : patricia davis

P. DAVIS





Lucia Fontana - Senryu
Patricia Davis - Painting

only psychosomatic the fire in my bones


muscle memory
this act of doing
nothing

Shloka Shankar

A photograph of a forest floor with fallen leaves and tree branches. The background is a dense, dark green forest. In the foreground, several fallen tree branches are visible, covered in a layer of fallen leaves. The leaves are in various stages of autumn color, ranging from bright yellow to deep red and orange. The lighting is soft, creating a serene and slightly melancholic atmosphere.


Senryu: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Kyle Hemmings

the mutation of ideas in sweater weather

A dark, moody photograph of a full moon in a deep red, cloudy sky. The moon is a bright, circular shape in the center, surrounded by swirling, dark red and purple clouds. The overall tone is somber and atmospheric.

full moon fighting the lone wolf gene

Senryu: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Kyle Hemmings

A photograph featuring the dark silhouettes of three people standing against a vibrant, blurred background of purple and orange light. The figures are positioned in the center, with their forms partially overlapping. The lighting creates a soft, ethereal glow around the edges of the silhouettes.

reinventing ourselves for the thousandth time the moon and i

Senryu: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Kyle Hemmings



chaos theory the conduit of our love

Senryu: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Kyle Hemmings



Shloka Shankar

cleaning the mirror
an aging man
stares at me

kicking a stone
as long as it
stays on the path

bathing my father
he keeps asking for
forgiveness

Ola Lindberg

smashed eggs
my brain
post-Facebook

writer's block
a cat versus
the red dot

news-free day
high of 75
and sunny

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

cornucopia
yesterday's grapes
tomorrow's wine

midnight moon
a dream answers
the question

honeymoon
awake at midnight
talking the campfire cold

Barbara Tate

emergency room
attendant agrees to carry
the centipede outside

anti-depressant--
hour on couch
with purring cat

flag at half-mast
in drizzle and wind
its chain . . .
tolling

compost bin--
a lost bulb
sprouts

Jill Lange

Slow Camino de Santiago

almost reversing into my footfall lucky spider

100km mark:

a farmer offers passport stamps

and a fruit bowl

everlasting hill the squealing of pigs from a truck

special church:

the advice, to talk to Jesús

via intercom

&

no chat with Jesús

but we hear his tractor

behind the church

pensión breakfast -

the two-year-old son

delivers my toast

after an hour of chat

we wish each other good luck
without sunglasses

meeting my friends
from Tipperary one last time -
fresh pineapple

chatting in Spanish
for a change --
eucalyptus woodland

the dull clunk
of another rubber stamp
onto my pilgrim's passport

mine's a slow Camino...
yours is even slower
stripy caterpillar

this hill, this heat!
'Buen Camino, amiga'
from a passing cyclist

last day of the hike:
the cockerel makes sure
I'm rising and shining

first sight
of the cathedral -
mother's birthday

statue of St. James:
a pilgrim's arms appear
to give him a hug

Maeve O'Sullivan
May 2016, Galicia, Spain
[@writefromwithin](#)

three heads watching
in the same direction -
groupie!

bungy jumper
trying to get hold
of himself

the gunman
pointing the way
with his gun

shifting patterns
of a kaleidoscope –
childhood memory

the glow-worm
on the desktop
is an adapter

Helga Härle

self-assessment
my inferiority complex
reaching mountain peak

puffy white clouds
the slight brush of
your skin on mine

notary department
the kid scribbles 'daddy'
over printed name

Anthony Q. Rabang
[@thonywankenobi](#)

empty bucket
the street vendor
smells the last rose

picnic
in the cemetery
we have lunch with great grandma

I write
a haiku
about God
he doesn't fit

lost
In the graveyard
we search for Uncle Pete

Susan Beth Furst

four-hour opera
time after time after time
the fat lady sings

picking through
wedding leftovers
two old crows

nuke 'em all
says the guy
nobody likes

darkness
an old man dying
his hair

becoming one
with the mountain
stoned sunrise

John Hawk

a party dress takes flight
in the storm
Kuala Lumpur

a new regime
setting fire
to overturned cars

shot in the head thrown on a fire
the government said
it was suicide

Mark Teaford

inside the dressing room
a bride awaits
the mirror's comment

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian

to whom
it may concern
climate change

jell-o shots . .
the conference night
i can't remember

where i begin to end mountain fog

even though
hell in a hand basket
you, me and the cats

if only i could i would never

untangling my thoughts into a woodpecker

one white lie
after another
scattered clouds

Sandi Pray

elm seedlings the cancer center parking lot full

non-duality
looking for the handbag
on my arm

twirling a coaster
he calls me
sandra

root canal appointment
suddenly my tooth
stops hurting

Sondra J. Byrnes

summer day
frat-boy jeep pulls to a stop
four hands from four windows
flick their cigarettes' ashes
at the same instant

her knee
touches mine
used to be
that might mean
something

fallen leaves
piles of detective novels
but no clue

she mentions
Mercury's in retrograde
yeah, that's the problem

server's
cleavage calculation
tips/come-ons ratio

weeks past the funeral
returning casserole dishes

on a cd
hearing the bass guitar
of a lost friend

David Oates [Wordland](#)

**Sunday 8pm Eastern on 91.7 FM and 94.5 FM near
Athens, GA Streams on www.uga.org**

eggplant dress
mother tries to hide
her age

Madonna afternoon
the pep in my
ponytail

lobster night
father's laugh covered
in butter

pac-man date
he eats
my cherries

Jessica Malone Latham

party room antics

fake news...
that marriage equality
referendum ssh

measured beat
marchers in the streets
demand action mh

coal wars —
a foreign company
turns up trumps ssh

export of gas
pushes prices sky-high
recession nears mh

a mole tweeting
party room antics
to the world ssh

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Marilyn Humbert

night bus
a biker rides in and out
of my dream

mountain vineyard
two nuns are blessing
the spare tire

a star rising
to its place in the sky?
police helicopter

Roman Lyakhovetsky

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



Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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