

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 2, Issue 19

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)



Cover haiga by: Carol Raisfeld

H. Gene Murtha Senryu Contest
Final Results 2017

**Click the link above for a real treat!
This year we have published the three
winners, as well as the 'short list'
poems. So much to admire about ALL
of the submissions this year.**

Steve Hodge
Editor: Prune Juice Journal

Mike Rehling
"Failed Editor"

ALEXIS ROTELLA VIDEO

Don't miss this one! Alexis Rotella has been a leader in haiga for 'awhile' now, so having her work on display is truly an honor!

ANITA VIRGIL

Why Senryu?

Haibun without a poem?

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Robert P. Moyer

Willie Bongcaron

Tsanka Shishkova

Marek Kozubek

Jessica Malone Latham

Ken Olson

Garry Eaton

Kala Ramesh

Jim Krotzman

Ece Cehreli

John J. Han

Lynne Jambor

Elizabeth Moura

Rachel Sutcliffe

Anna Cates

John J. Dunphy

Bryan Rickert

Antonio Mangiameli

Charlotte Mandel

Krzysztof Kokot

Diana Teneva
Hanoch Guy
Gail Wolper
John Hawkhead
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Mark Miller
Tia Haynes
Olivier Schopfer
Ron Scully
Bruce Jewett
Daniela Targova and Radka Mindova
Anita Virgil
Oscar Luparia
Natalia Kuznetsova
Elmedin Kadric
Bob Lucky
Craig W. Steele
Barbara Kaufmann
Nikolay Grankin
Hazel Hall
Susan Burch
Colin W. Campbell
Madhuri Pillai
Nick Hoffman
Simon Hanson
Carol Raisfeld

Pat Davis
Ann Christine Tabaka
Bucky Ignatius
Angela Terry
Joanna M. Weston
Dave Read
Debbie Strange
Cynthia Rowe
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Geethanjali Rajan and Sonam Chhoki
Sonam Chhoki, Shobhana Kumar, and Geethanjali Rajan
Margherita Petriccione
William Scott Galasso
Eric A. Lohman
Chen-ou Liu
Eufemia Griffo
Rebecca Cowgill
Lucia Cardillo
Gabriel Bates
Timothy Murphy
Marilyn Humbert & Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
M. Stone
Jay Friedenber
Elizabeth Crocket
Lori Becherer

Marilyn Humbert
Peter Jastermsky
Sudebi Singha
Steve Black
Zoran Doderovic
Eva Limbach
Joseph Kleponis
Sonam Chhoki
Michael Kowalewski and Sonam Chhoki
Sangyu Khandu and Sonam Chhoki
Kath Abela Wilson
Angela Terry and Julie Warther
Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah
Anthony Q. Rabang
Anna Goluba
Kyle Hemmings
Neelam Dadhwal
Michael Henry Lee
Munia Khan
S.Radhamani
Keitha Keyes
Mark Gilbert
James Pitcher
Adrian Bouter
Dottie Piet
Jill Lange

**Louise Hopewell
Terrie Jacks
Pris Campbell
John Levy
Kwaku Feni Adow
Peter Newton
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Mohammad Azim Khan
Martha Magenta
Susan Beth Furst
Sandi Pray
Angelo B. Ancheta
Scott Corbet Riley
Michael H. Lester
Theresa A. Cancro
Helga Härle
Alvah Allen
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
Fred Andrle
Angiola Inglese
Lori A Minor
David J Kelly
Gail Oare
David Oates
Bill Kenney
Barbara Tate**

Maria Laura Valente

Lucia Fontana

Lucia Fontana and Patricia Davis

Terri French and Michael Rehling

COMERICA PARK
or
THE HALF-EATEN BURRITO

tinfoil around
a half-eaten burrito
second inning

on the carousel
tigers go up and down
in the standings

seventh inning stretch
his girl friend's tattoo
already did

family day out
three generations wear
their baseball gloves

bottom of the ninth
the home team slugger's swing
sends everyone home

post-game
cafe jazz quartet
swings hard

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF THE ARTS

a bull pendant
used as a merchant's seal
makes an impression

burnished surface
of a spouted pitcher
reflects its maker

drips down the sculpture
blood sweat tears
maybe

museum cafe
his affection for her
on full display

Robert P. Moyer

granddaughter's smile
we make faces
on the mirror

response letter
the uneasy feeling
of not being right

full moon
my long shadow
catching up

Willie Bongcaron

joy and sadness
in exquisite crystals -
the water phenomenon

Tsanka Shishkova



**my love
heart and stomach
two in one**





**ticking of a clock -
from the past to the future
the sleeping Buddha**



Marek Kozubek

blackout curtains
it could be
any moon

welcome mat
the blessings
worn away

teething necklace
they mistake him
for a girl

stardust
father never wanted
to be buried

first piggy bank
my son most interested
in the penny

Jessica Malone Latham

Author of cricket song: Haiku and Short Poems from a Mother's Heart
and of the chapbook, clouds of light

t. @rowdyprisoners

w. jessicalatham.com

b. rowdyprisoners.com

airport lounge
her smile flies
over my head

daylight savings
late
an hour earlier

meditation
the now I achieved
was yesterday

summer stars my unplanned wink

summertimeicebagscrunching

Ken Olson

skaters arm in arm a metronome

mating season
two radiators make
one cloud of steam

Garry Eaton

first cut !
a watermelon seller
bites into his profit

sleepless night
but does my dog have
Buddha nature

mortuary
even after death
we're tagged

unvoiced
arguments at dinner
the sound of cutlery

Kala Ramesh

the lipstick
never smears
white peony

in the attic
I remember myself
as I used to be

Jim Krotzman

swimming with sponge bob
smell of burger
from the seaside

ice cream clouds
the mermaids and I
lost in the blue

Ece Cehreli

near retirement
deleting an e-mail
from LinkedIn

Labor Day
she gives me
a long fix-it list

some more gray hair—
she gives me a Bible
in large print

John J. Han

leading the way
flowers in my
bicycle basket

Lynne Jambor

blue
thin
skin

cold summer day
she said if I loved her
I'd bring flowers

moonlit
under the sea
a footprint

Elizabeth Moura

shadow on the scan
yet still
the sun shines

fractured moonlight
the chill
of an empty pillow

palm reader
my lifeline
suddenly shy

donating
the person I was
second hand store

still empty
your hand carved crib
in the nursery

private estate
moonlight ignores
the security gate

Rachel Sutcliffe

friend's birthday . . .
a red balloon bursts
at the "Surprise!"

false strawberries . . .
an online auction's
hidden fees

"Ire of The Moth Queen"
a short story
left to write

BIRD WATCHER

Freddie, an average cat with respect to his basic instincts, enjoys bird-watching. Every summer, when the pink manners bloom outside the bedroom window, attracting hummingbirds, he hunches by the screen, transfixed.

entrails
of a cat nip toy—
long day

Anna Cates

alley
melting snow reveals
a dead vagrant

John J. Dunphy

deer scat
always the rose bed–
Inauguration Day

from across the room
the beautiful stranger
catches my yawn

finding a rock
tossing it back
date night

romance
novel
editing
you
out

the window fly
beats itself to death–
summer school

finally
the feeling of nothing-
medizen

Bryan Rickert

silicone

botox -

she and he

Antonio Mangiameli

WHO LOVES?

[Somonka: lovers tanka exchange]

*Your letters deceive--
every syllable reveals
you won't return.
Seated at your polished desk,
whoever enters must bow.*

Such a fantasy!
no one bows down to me here.
How to convince you?
Must I lap milk from the bowl
of your kindness each day?

*I long for brushed lines
that subtly caress the page,
it's dotted with moonlight.
Today I saw white herons
doubled in calm reflections.*

This city offers
neither bird nor sunny lake.
I crouch in a room
without windows, overhear
pigeons cooing on gargoyles.

*And what do they say?
Do you imagine lovespeak
roosting two by two?
Squirrels are building a nest
in the crown of our maple.*

The computer hums
like a strict instructor
ordering fingers
to play musical keyboard,
a letter always missing.

*Remember the school
where we met as first graders?
Voices of children
shrill as whistling teakettles,
rumps slip-sliding down the chute!*

The seesaw asked for
two bodies alike in weight--
we weren't a match
and forgot each other's names.
Now yours is my mind's default.

*Computer jargon
as metaphor? Explain, please.
Song of the forties?
“I see your face before me....”
on billboards, night and day dreams?*

Echoing voices
conspiratorial hiss
a hum of whispers
breaths held on audiofile
a flashing funhouse mirror.

*A mother loon swims
with hatchling on her shoulder--
the bit of brown fluff
serene, blue lake accepted
as floor, blue sky as ceiling.*

Parental fealty
ah—infant’s Edenic trust
casements wide open
cherubic zephyrs at play
doors innocent of padlocks.

*Xylophone bell-notes
Lips blowing rosy bubbles
Conch shells inner satin
Caribbean turquoise tides
Why not conjure sweet-salt dreams?*

Now my telephone
interrupts like a jailer
time to do this/that/
clang! crash! burr in the eardrum!
lyrical thoughts? Forget it!

*Come back with me, then--
Let machines talk to machines.
When my body speaks
your phantom blood courses through—
heat and pulse and loss of self—*

yes, and gain! Kisses
articulate, words arouse
something within me
wild for the You questioning/
answering within my veins.

Charlotte Mandel

The Philosophy of Salvation.

I came to the monastery on Athos, that even for a moment away from the world of hurry, deadlines, voluntary compulsion. A Bulgarian monk with jet-black beard took care of me, who tried to include me with the philosophy of salvation for over three days. He claimed that in order to get to heaven you have to pray, preferably still, silently, avoiding any activity. Every aspect of human activity — according to him — may be a potential cause for temptation by the devil. Silence, on the other hand, means that we are not recognizable by evil powers which cannot touch our soul. Wonderful theory, but how to fulfil it ... outside the monastery?

overwhelming silence —
stubbornly silent
Me and the Devil

Krzysztof Kokot



Diana Teneva

Mel has prostate cancer
The envelope is stained,

First haiku:
Happy new year.
Forgot to take out the trash.

dawn sun duels
with a double moon.

Hanoch Guy

TIDE

three shells
left by high tide
broken yellow pieces

sound of waves pushing
gently to shore
frog hops

in the sunrise cloud streaks
seem to float right through the trees

wind sings
tired whistles
suddenly mockingbird songs

such a life
hermit crab struggles
waiting for the rain

Gail Wolper

making bread
she turns my world
about her fingers

high contrails
she imagines a future
without me



John Hawkhead

power outage -
celebrating mass
by candlelight

Indian buffet -
yellow lentils making
my acquaintance

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

as if
the road will never end
hikers' laughter

cold alleyway
a passing stranger
wears her perfume

convalescing...
the soothing balm
of the winter sun

family photo
my grandfather
wears my face

Mark Miller

recurring theme -
my ex-lovers
before waking

toddler bedtime
hands-on
with Sun Tzu

shift change
refilling
the pill box

one more anniversary
same magazines
in the waiting room

memorial service
searching for meaning
in the carpet

adding spice
to our marriage -
chili pepper chocolate

Tia Haynes

opportumpism

dollars

mailer-daemon message
the garden soil too dry
to absorb water

another sultry day
I let the toast
burn

English accent
sea lions
barking



Olivier Schopfer

last beer
how sobering
a boy's lost balloon

duck call
the wooden decoy
on the down lo

Ron Scully

quiet enough
to hear a loquat
hit the ground

god walks in eden
inspects his prize roses
cusses out the deer

Bruce Jewett

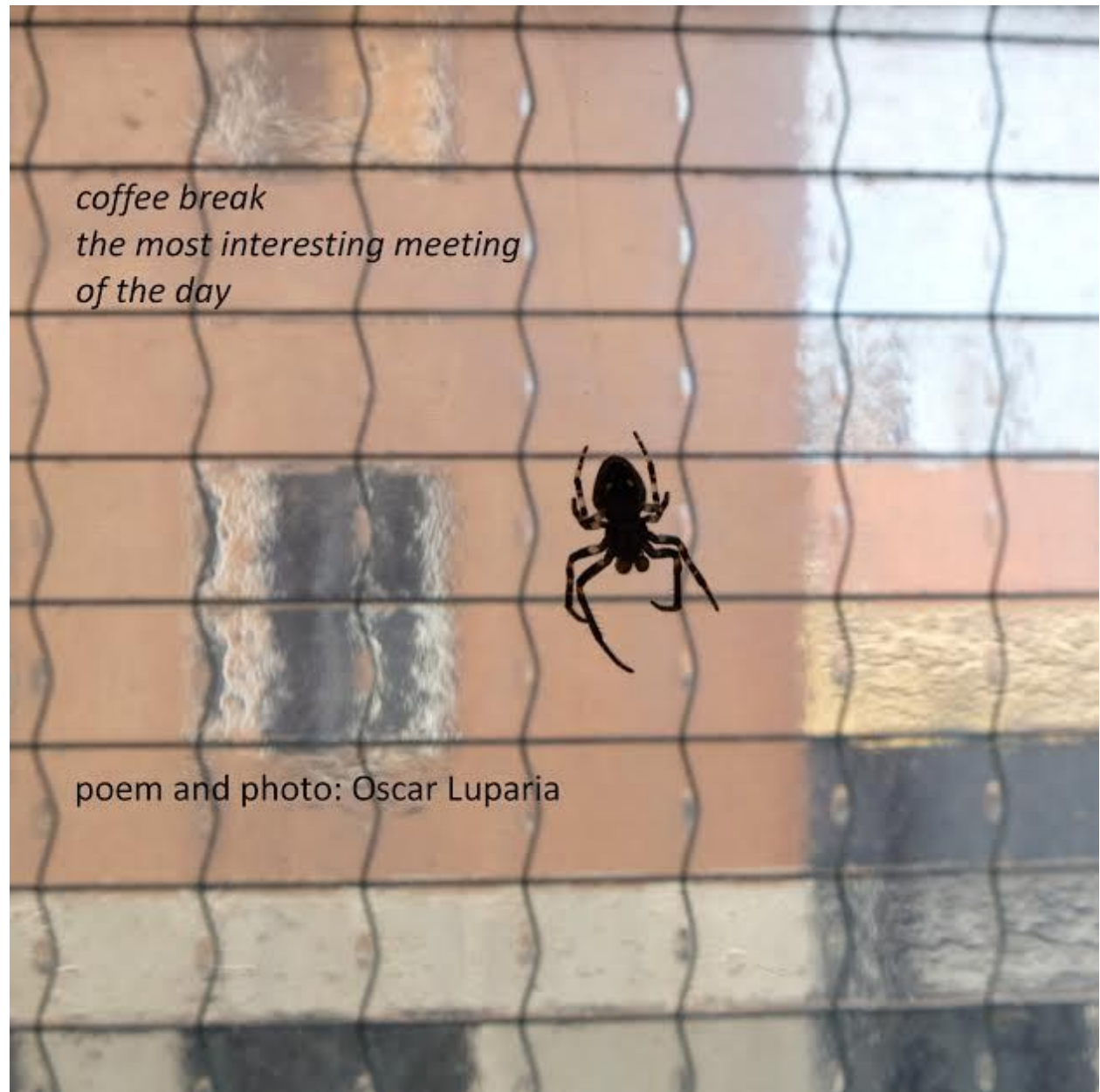
<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>



photo: Daniela Targova, haiga: Radka Mindova

the consummate liar
declares everyone
else is

Anita Virgil



Oscar Luparia

our Babel -
Interpreters wanted...
urgently

summer shower...
her granddaughter wonders
about cats and dogs

Natalia Kuznetsova

anniversary night
the only pearl necklace
he can afford

in the boxing gym
too
seeing stars

simply forgetting
I am writing
haiku

Elmedin Kadric

know-it-all...
I bite my tongue
again

whatever I forget
at least I remember
that...

the black hills
whitewashed history

incoming tide
one tern leads to another

Bob Lucky

rejection letter—
another editor
guards my reputation

Craig W. Steele

spent peony
I bow my head
to heavy rain





bk

ready to pop any minute her April due date

thunder
moon



a rumble
of
lightning
b.k. bugs



Barbara Kaufmann

snowy morning
we tread down traces
of each other

the quarrel with my wife
i learn
a foreign language

morning fog
i follow
my dog's tail

tree crotch
a cat sleeps
on the both sides

Nikolay Grankin

short-arsed car
the parking space
I thought was mine

in time
with my molar's throb
cicada's song

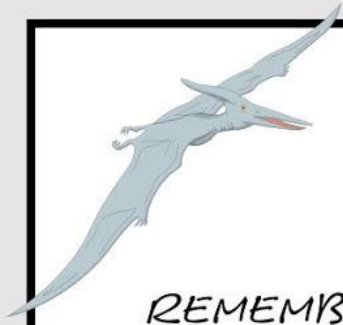
Hazel Hall

always trying
to get under my bra –
auto mechanic

4th of July
your fireworks
with another woman

strata –
time with you
I'd rather forget

Susan Burch



REMEMBER THE DAYS
WHEN FOSSILS LEARNED TO FLY HIGH
WHO WILL FIND OUR BONES

Image: Pixabay Text: Colin W. Campbell

*COLDER WINDS BLOWING
DUNG BEETLES DO NOT LOOK UP
FAR TOO BUSY NOW*



Image: CSIRO Text: Colin W. Campbell

Colin W. Campbell
www.campbell.my

mother's recipe
not quite
the same...

tyre mart
after the service
I listen to his jargon

blasphemy
the way he tears down
her cooking

selfie
they synchronize their smile
the young couple

Madhuri Pillai

Easter morning
the snooze button
again

loan application
the chain
on the bank's pen

bedtime
the fairy's
detachable wings

cold chicken
her commentary on
passing clouds

Nick Hoffman

memento
dad's radio still tuned
to easy listening

let there be evolution
and there was

whale watching
what on earth
could they make of us

vision
beyond the images
rainbow trout

night sky
the distance between
things and words

war on drugs
sugar on the exemption list

Simon Hanson

the calendar thief
finally caught
now doing 12 months

claustrophobic
he could only think
outside of the box

acupuncture school
new students interning
for pin money

the toddler with a lisp
tells the new puppy
"sit on my sister"

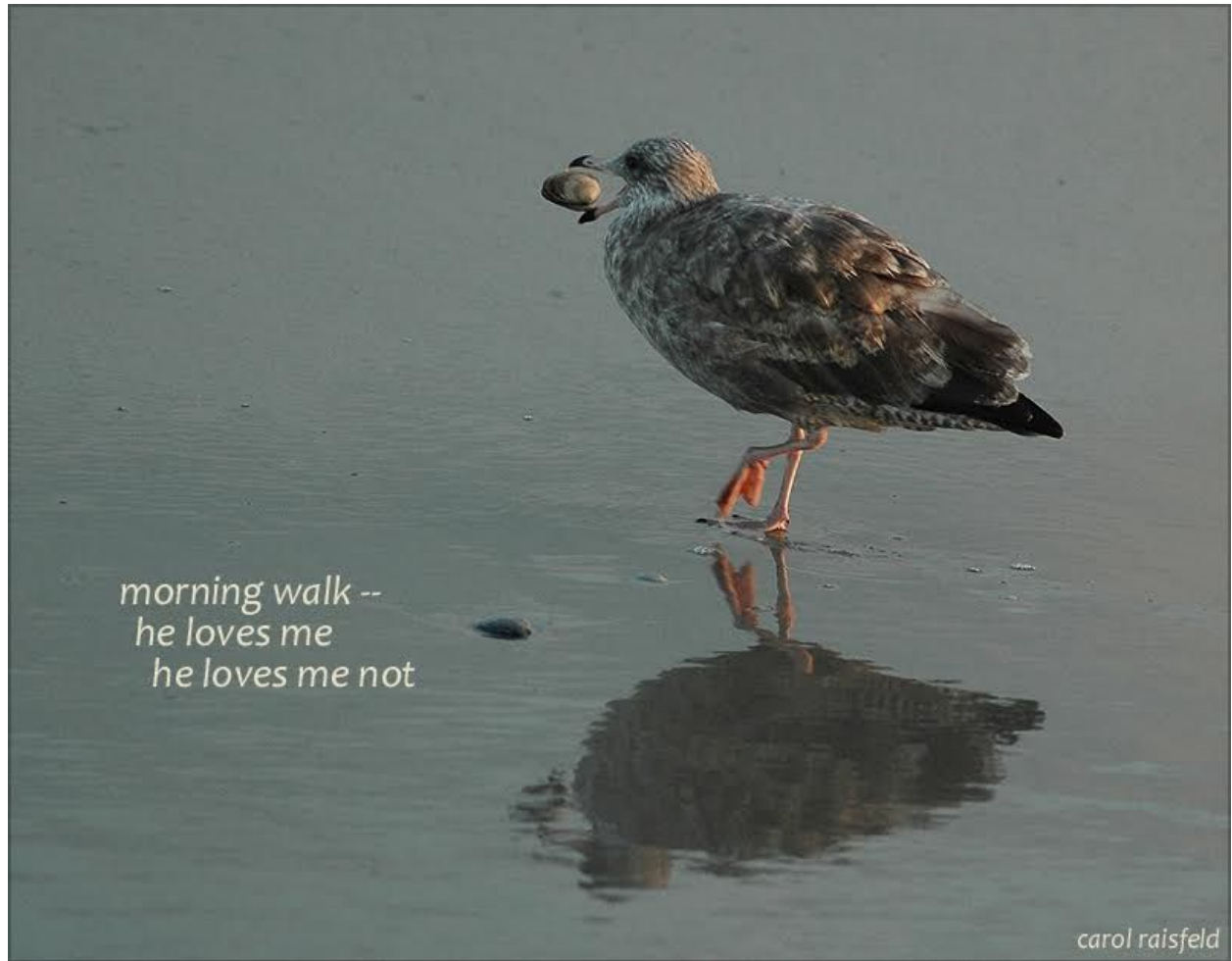
silkworm race ...
the winners end up
in a tie

grandma crocheting ...
the mailman delivers
to the happy hooker

heat of battle --
boxers flailing
in the dryer

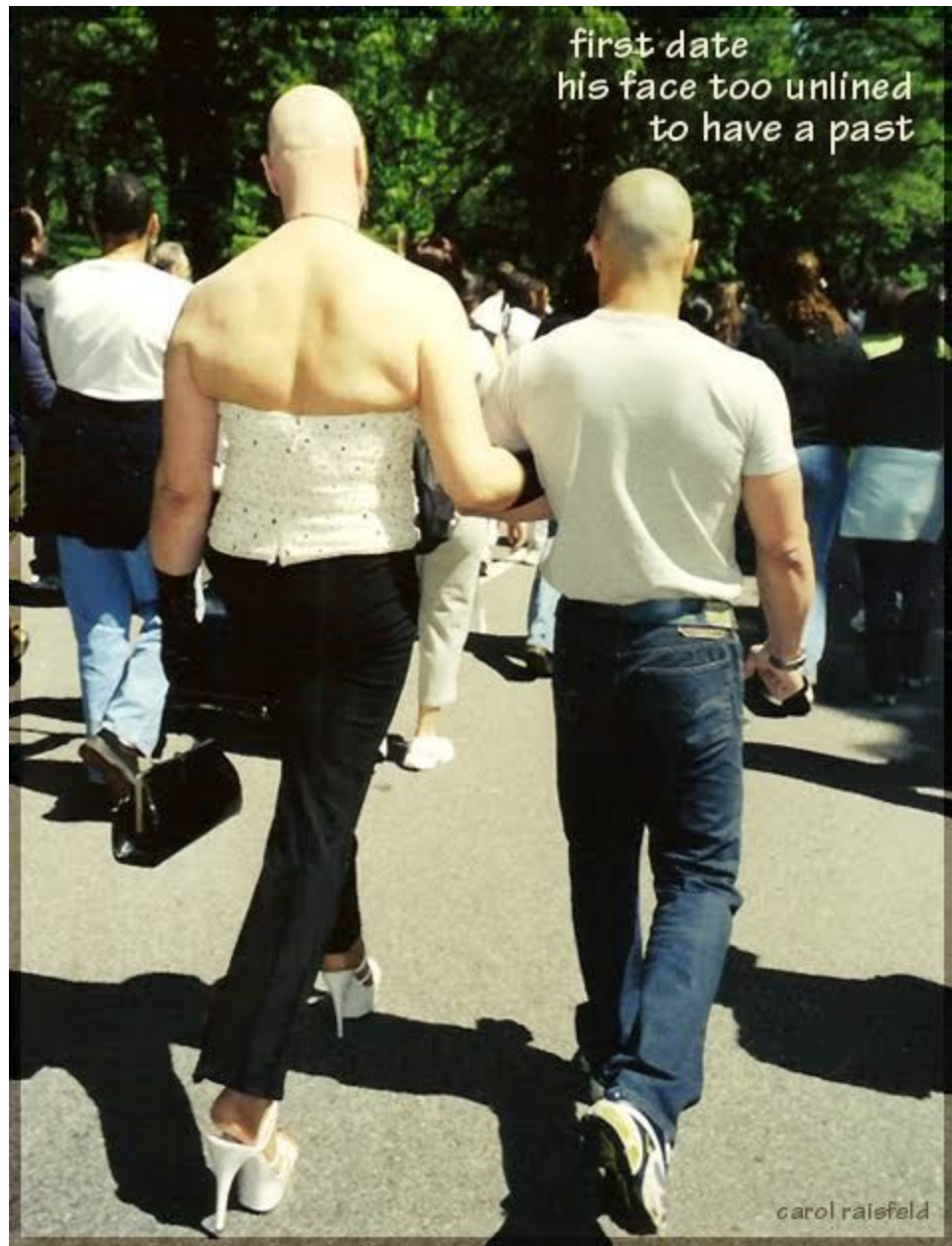
farm stand . . .
he squeezes the melons
she checks the zucchini

exhausted
the old auto mechanic
just wants to get retired



morning walk --
he loves me
he loves me not

carol raisfeld



Carol Raisfeld

baby shower
all colors except
pink and blue

circus tigers
the paleness
of their stripes

Pat Davis

open window
dust motes dance
in Sunlight

tattered seams
the soft comfort of
old worn blue jeans

Ann Christine Tabaka

the hammock is up...
come lose
another earring

if today's poem
doesn't mention pain
disregard it

Bucky Ignatius

perfect pitch --
my side of--
the argument

word play splashing in adjectives

re-tweeting
his sentiments
a spotted towhee

tasting the words
even as I say them
“cherry coke”

Angela Terry

investment portfolio
on the table
my living will

brown teapot
her cup still hangs
on the hook

my life-story
the road winds
over the pass

black squirrel
watches me -
two nuts

shipwreck
at high-tide
his hangover

airport terminal -
discussing books
on my iPad

Joanna M. Weston

blocked shot
he swats away
my bragging rights

time runs out
on my potential ...
autumn dusk

street light
we play to a crowd
of moths

free throw ...
the cost
of missing it

night hoops
he shoots
the lights out

Dave Read
davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca

A ROTTEN FENCE THE MISSING PIECES OF HER PAST

WORDS/IMAGE@DSTRANGE

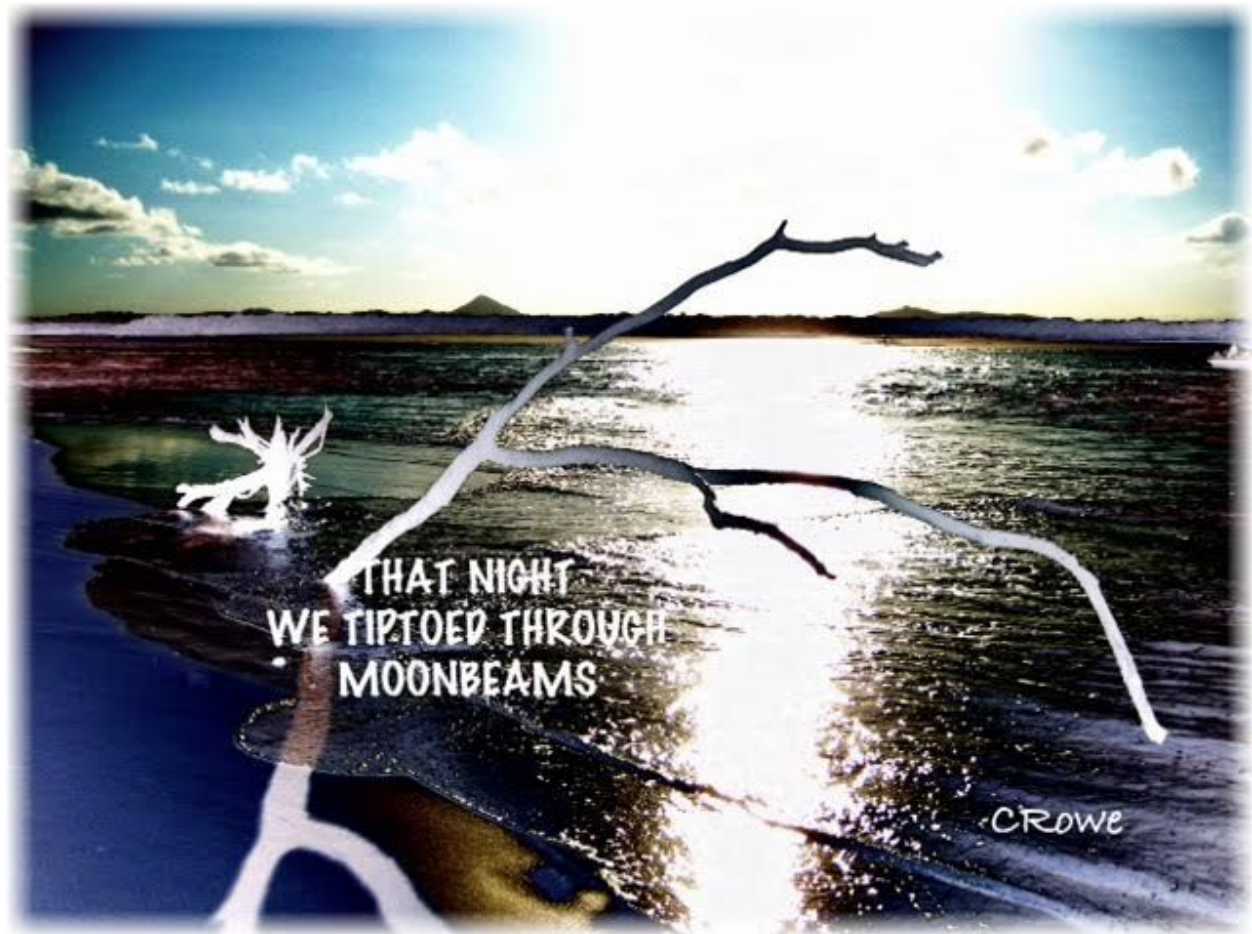


Debbie Strange
debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca
[@Debbie Strange](https://www.instagram.com/DebbieStrange)

cupboard love . . .
rediscovering the gown
you gave me

firstborn
a blossom
on her cradle

contest results . . .
admiring the haiku
I passed over



Cynthia Rowe

Editor: Haiku Xpressions

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

<https://www.amazon.com/author/cynthiarowe>

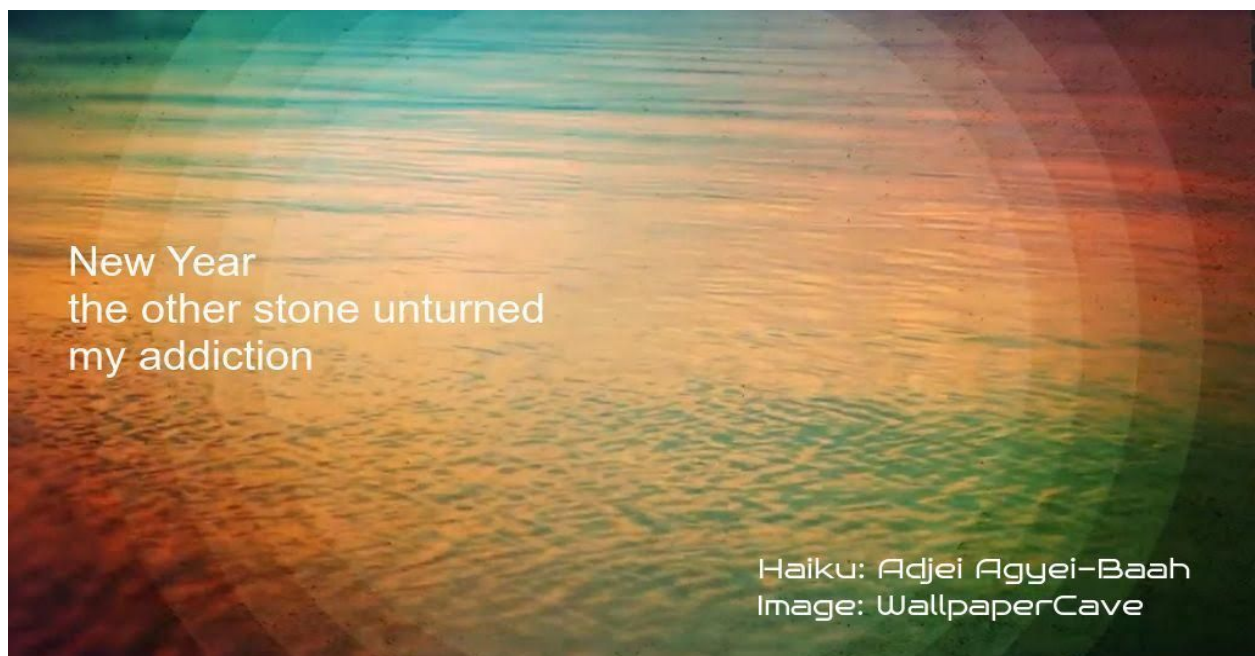
http://twitter.com/cynthia_rowe

moneyGER

after the long sermon
the preacher gets
little applause

before the execution...
the doctor checks
his condition

soap bubble-
a rainbow
within reach



New Year
the other stone unturned
my addiction

Haiku: Adjei Agyei-Baah
Image: WallpaperCave

Adjei Agyei-Baah

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

monsoon rengay

**weather forecast -
always accurate
somewhere else**

*a lull in the argument
sudden hailstorm*

**first day at school
a rain drenched uniform
with muddy footwear**

*stopping by
the aroma of early mangoes
at a roadside stall*

**a raven sips
from a puddle of dishwater**

*end-of-day offering
all along the rice field
a chorus of frogs*

**Geethanjali Rajan
Sonam Chhoki**

new rites

**New year rites
we now invite the monks
on their cellphones**

*even at forty
Ma's shoes too large for me*

traditional meal
the internet replaces
family recipes

**power cut
bird calls fill the terrace**

*rice flour rangoli -
a trail of army ants
rearranges the design*

accompanying the Vedic chants
the tinkle of a wind chime

Sonam Chhoki
Shobhana Kumar
Geethanjali Rajan

happy hour -
the cat defends its bowl
in the back shop

examination day -
hammering the dawn
my neighbor's heels

last time
with my father-
barber shop

Margherita Petriccione

barefoot
the sand gives,
just enough

cloud shadows...
climb the vineyard's hill
or sit and sip

entering
the puppy's ear
child's lullaby

William Scott Galasso

sakura zensen -
first one daughter, then another
schedules her wedding

fake news -
the mockingbird
sings

silken words -
your point slipped past me
entirely

split sole -
I step away
from myself

Eric A. Lohman
[@ealcsw](#)

Trumpfanstrafficjamanti-Trumpers

a stray dog and I
eye one another
Valentine's night

the look
on my snowman's face
snow on snow

after a quarrel
our old dog sleeps
between us

two sides
to every argument --
border fence

divorce talk
i breathe in
the noise

Chen-ou Liu

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

empty rucksack...
there's still time
to retake the path

death anniversary
no one remembers
his name

Chrysanthemum seeds ...
in the child's hands
his future

Eufemia Griffo

chariot race
for lost butterflies
on our affair

school report
on the spinning wheel
drifting clouds

Rebecca Cowgill

separation -
he still buys the fruit
that she likes

(separazione - compra ancora la frutta /che piace a lei)

gossip –
cicada's song
at summer end

(pettegolezzo - canzone di cicala /a fine estate)

Lucia Cardillo

loose tobacco
our plans fall through again

mailbox
only the envelope
with a dead name

smoke floating over the pool table barfly

what are we here for?
I help a toad cross the street

black soil
there's nothing left
to be said

Gabriel Bates
gabrieljbates.wordpress.com

Sunday afternoon—
thankfully
my neighbour stops drilling

Iceland . . .
I miss the buzz
of the white nights

non-attachment
sometimes a teacher's boundary
is the lesson

Timothy Murphy

chipped cups

detention centre
kids lining up for tea –
chipped cups mh

teenage party
only the cool ones swigging
neat vodka ssh

first time
behind the shed
shootin' up mh

red card –
soccer mom screams
blue murder ssh

sitting in a circle
with dad's hand-gun –
Russian roulette mh

boat people...
asylum claims
denied again ssh

Marilyn Humbert & Samantha Sirimanne Hyde

Human servants hover:
Maggie—sixteen, dog-year ancient—
eats soft food from a spoon

M. Stone

Schrodinger's cat
I decide
not to look

telling ghost stories
figures emerge
from the campfire flames

R train platform
a maintenance worker
sweeps around me

laser pointer
the cat
just doesn't understand

afternoon rain
I sink deeper
into myself

Saturday night rain
the sound of bourbon
on the rocks

Jay Friedenber

louder than the thunder
the sound of the horse
galloping

Elizabeth Crocket





Elizabeth Crocket

www.elizabethcrocket.wordpress.com

on the waiting bench
left behind
to-go boxes

great-great-grandpa
the greening
of his epitaph

birthday morning
just one more
push-up

self-doubt
how a dove
picks its feathers

the chicken
that crossed the road...
what's left of it

a dollar
for the beggar
window half-open

Lori Becherer

this uneasy path
against the current
my engine roars

I stare
at fish staring back
glass-bottom boat

stop sign
waiting for a gap in traffic
my life story

Interlude

Sky is clear pale blue, the sun butter-yellow. This barren place where
dreams and reality bend together.

voices
trapped in silence
fields of stone

Marilyn Humbert

Pet Peeves

It's that point in our weekly visit where my friend and I share pet peeves. After she talks trash about her cat, and I dump some on my dog, my friend takes on a pained expression. "Those guys who water my bushes, like dogs, they should . . . " She makes a scissors out of two fingers.

For a moment, and then another moment, I consider my response. "Don't you think that's a little . . . harsh?" Her snort surprises me. "Well, we'll talk. I gotta go."

I make it out of the chair, holding my water, until safely outside.

last dance
our feet two-step
for home

—

Essence

Staring at the screen, a face plays at not watching. So many words circle the topic without ever touching its essence. Now and then, the face settles its self, crow's feet, covered with moistness.

behind the eyes
a fear of hitting
'send'

Peter Jastermsky

this haiku
from all angles
an abstract art

mathematics class
we skip the chapter
time and distance

new year's news paper
reading all
last year's news

Sudebi Singha

clickbait
he turns
the picture
of his late wife
to the wall

arriving too late
the letter
her therapist
suggested she should write
to her former self

the new swimming pool
no one knew
he had a wife

Steve Black

a new beginning
of living together -
nursing home

TV screen
my confused face
staring at me

deserted street
an invisible thief
and my bike

Zoran Doderovic

deskbound warrior
where have you been
as peonies bloomed

blackout -
the matchbox filled with
childhood

back to the sea
I watch the horizon
through father's spyglass

Eva Limbach

[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

a mosquito
a dripping faucet
a sleepless night

a meteor -
a politician's rise
or descent

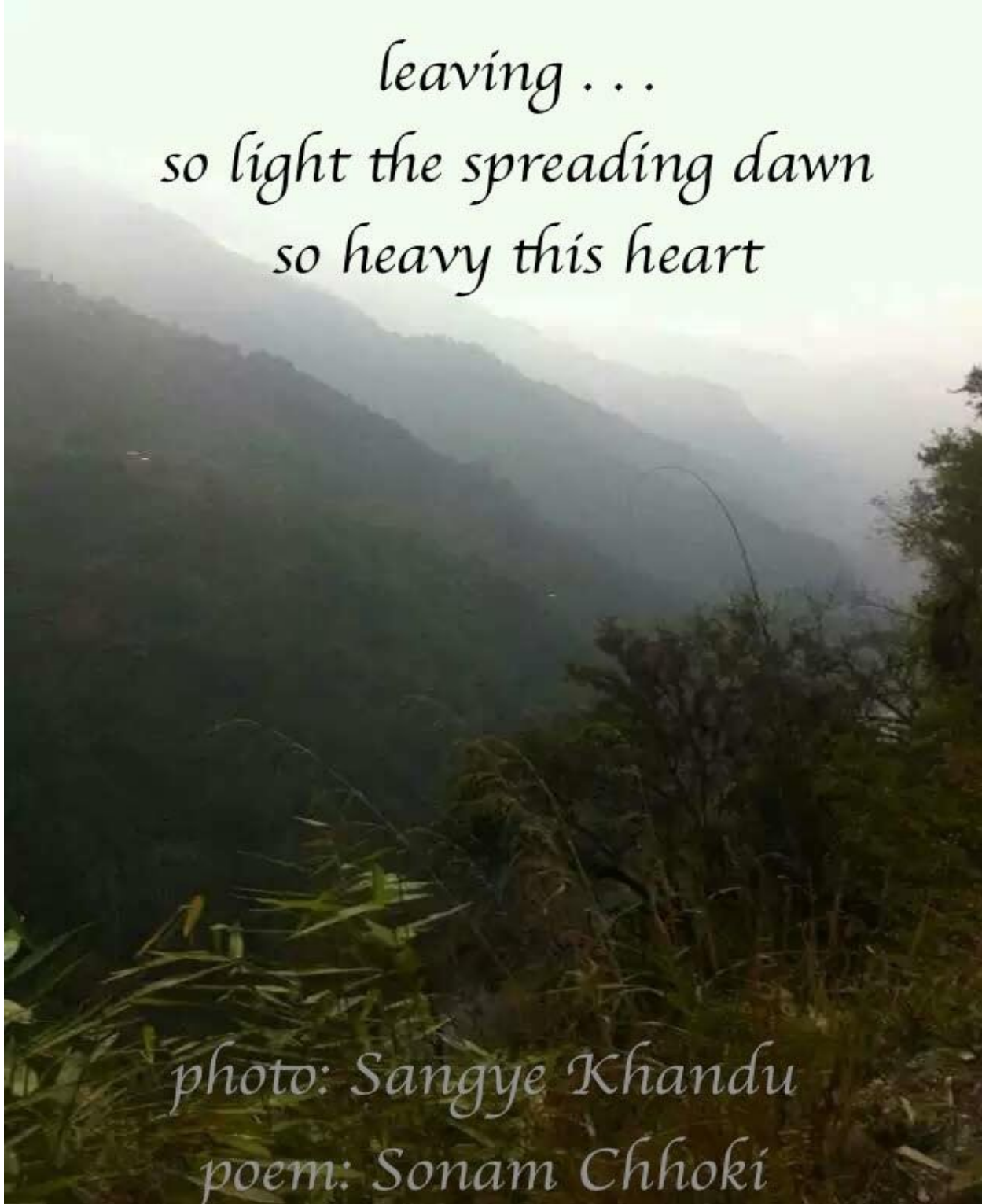
Joseph Kleponis



Sonam Chhoki



Michael Kowalewski and Sonam Chhoki



*leaving . . .
so light the spreading dawn
so heavy this heart*

*photo: Sangye Khandu
poem: Sonam Chhoki*

Sangyu Khandu and Sonam Chhoki

melting ice
in the same river
my changing face

passport control
queue behind the yellow line
haqueue

deplaning in the rain
my umbrella hat
grows flowers

to much like home
the elevator music
in our Shanghai elevator

Kath Abela Wilson

Ring For Service

old hotel
the sounds
through shadows

*the resident tabby
seeks out an empty room*

tiptoeing
into the shuttered ballroom...
chiffon memories

*whispered requests
an 'out of order' sign
on the player piano*

uneven ticking
of the grandfather clock

*scritch – scritch
beneath the floor boards
no vacancy*

Angela Terry and *Julie Warther*

my ex's ex' ex's ex's ex's becoming my next ex's

rain fills
mid life
un til
there are
no more
cri ses

pantomime
pan
to
mime

below
slopes of grass
afternoon glooming

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

long bus ride
mood swings with
the scenery

morning coffee –
soft fog graces
today's front page

finally setting aside
our differences
the moon's halo

one deep breath
a river flows
to the blood bag

dementia
thank goodness
for two Fridays

Anthony Q. Rabang

[@thonyrabang](#)

Facebook Page:

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

another ant on its way to the superstore

Kind of solstice...

I laugh at

My own senryu

Your word against mine,

My against yours, your...

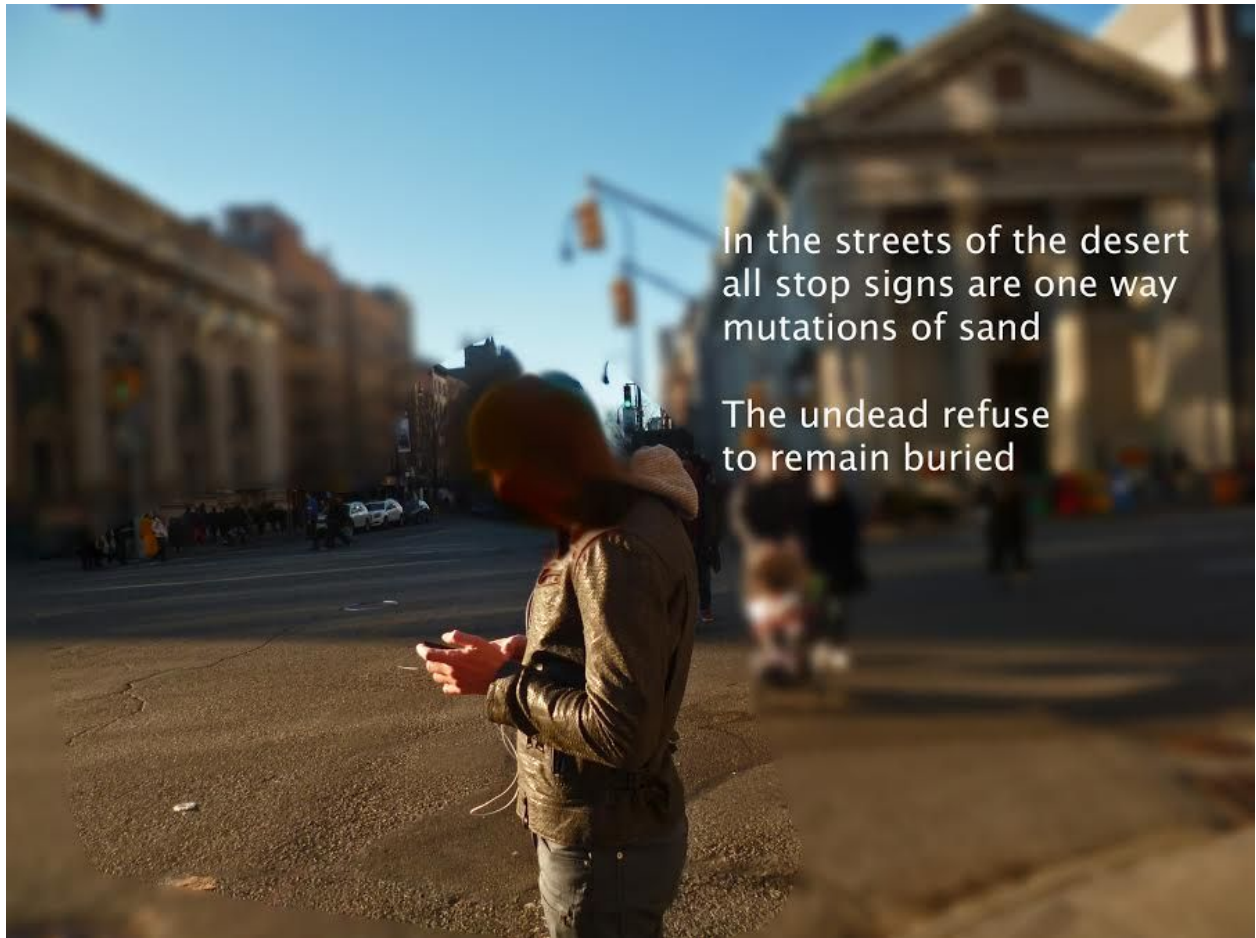
And finally there is

Only one word left -

Tornado

Anna Goluba

<http://travellingbetweentheworlds.blox.pl/html>




In the streets of the desert
all stop signs are one way
mutations of sand

The undead refuse
to remain buried

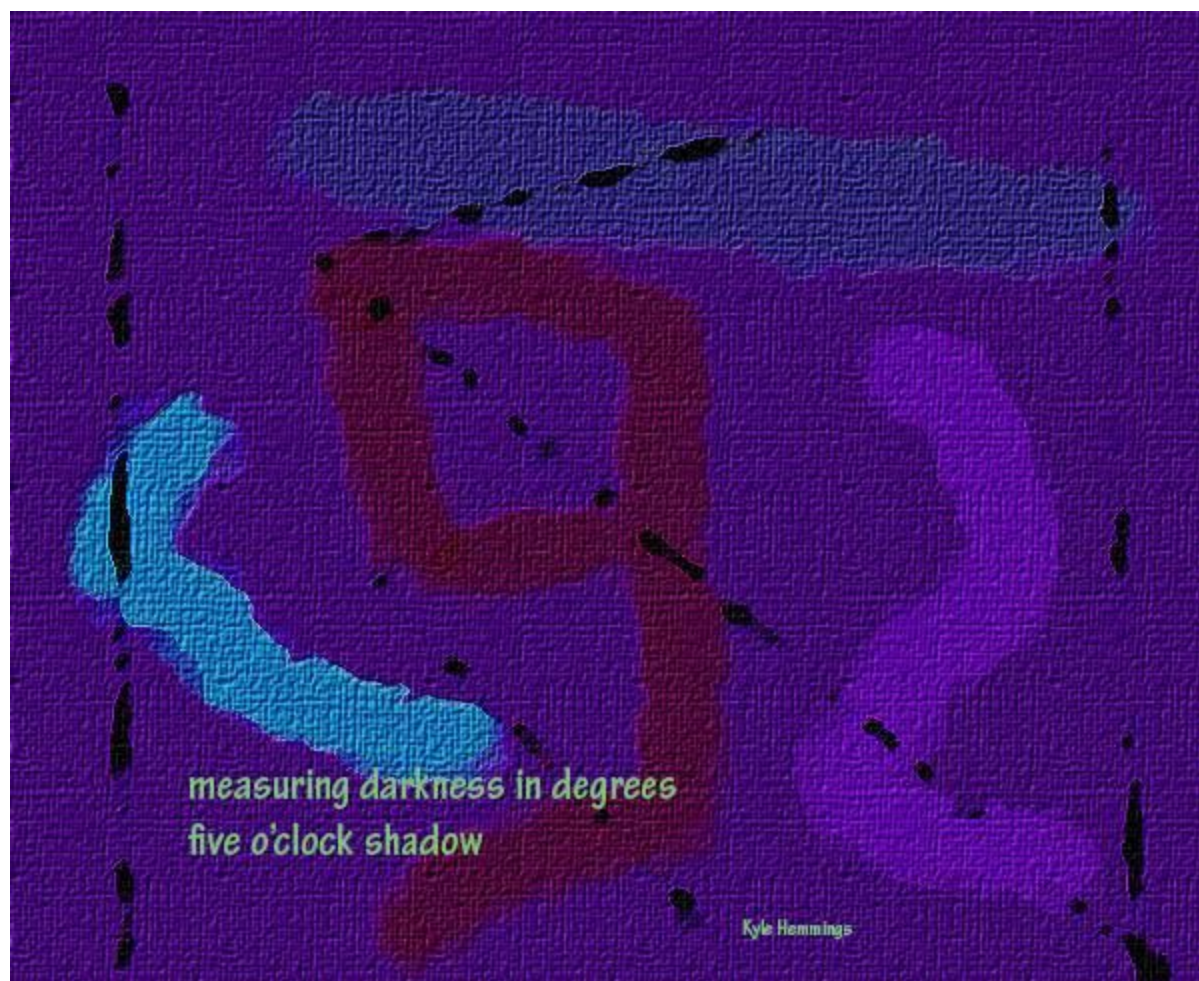
black squall
wind under your palms

Kyle Hemmings



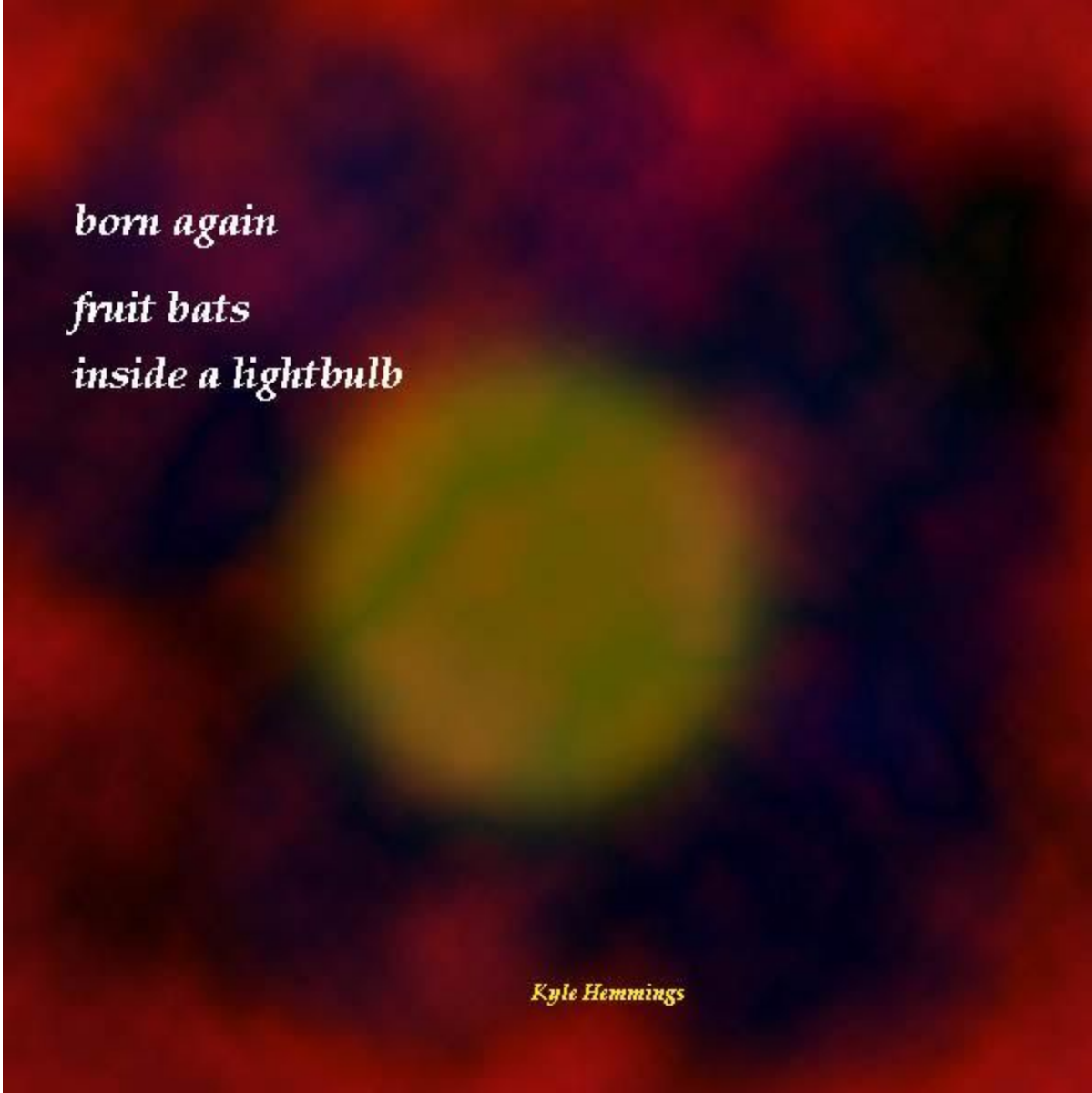
august fling
you mistake belladonna
for morning glory

Kyle Hemmings



measuring darkness in degrees
five o'clock shadow

Kyle Hemmings



*born again
fruit bats
inside a lightbulb*

Kyle Hemmings

Kyle Hemmings

could you fill in
the name of
a flower there by rocks

Neelam Dadhwal

fire spike
a shooter's motive
as yet unknown

Good Friday
feeling awkward through
most of happy hour

turtle soup
no one dare ask
the obvious

cabin fever
nose prints on every
window in the house

climate change
coincidence brings the world
to its knees

Michael Henry Lee

narcissism –
with countable hair
his countless selfies

Munia Khan

[Website](#)

Chocolate box
I run into taste buds of
her mouth

house warming
ritual embers repaint
a roof beyond our ken

working late
Short story getting
longer

full moon
he searches a corner
in his book

S.Radhamani

just divorced —
with gusto I take an axe
to the family tree

decluttering ...
I discover more stuff
I'll never throw out

following his nose
our dog leads us
in a new direction

Keitha Keyes

shadowing me
the intern
picks up bad habits

in the pub
after work
still wearing my nametag

the wine kicks in
the stream flows louder
after dusk

reaching the summit
a robot
tries to sell me something

Mark Gilbert

Been up all night long
With a young, beautiful girl
Tired newborn parents

Almost silently
Sweaty bodies become one
The daily commute

If you ever leave
How will I live without you?
I'll just watch Netflix

James Pitcher

summer drought
outside the doghouse
a slobberbone

free afternoon
bird shit occupies
the park bench

the fourth floor at dawn
other people*s gardens

Adrian Bouter

insomnia
when the toast jumps
I jump

ho hum vacation
to be continued
on Monday

too many stars
on the night windshield
rest stop

Dottie Piet

empty wren house
downy woodpecker
upsizes the door

cloud coffee--
the husband who knew
it was about him

banjo music . . .
everyone orders
another round

Jill Lange

we skip stones
on the river
surface tension

the old pub
is now a funeral home
dying community

last words
'you know everything
about me except ...'

Louise Hopewell

on the edge
of the road, a possum
playing possum

rain
a new map forms
on the window

out of the blue
a feather
drops

love of coffee
runs hot
and cold

Terrie Jacks



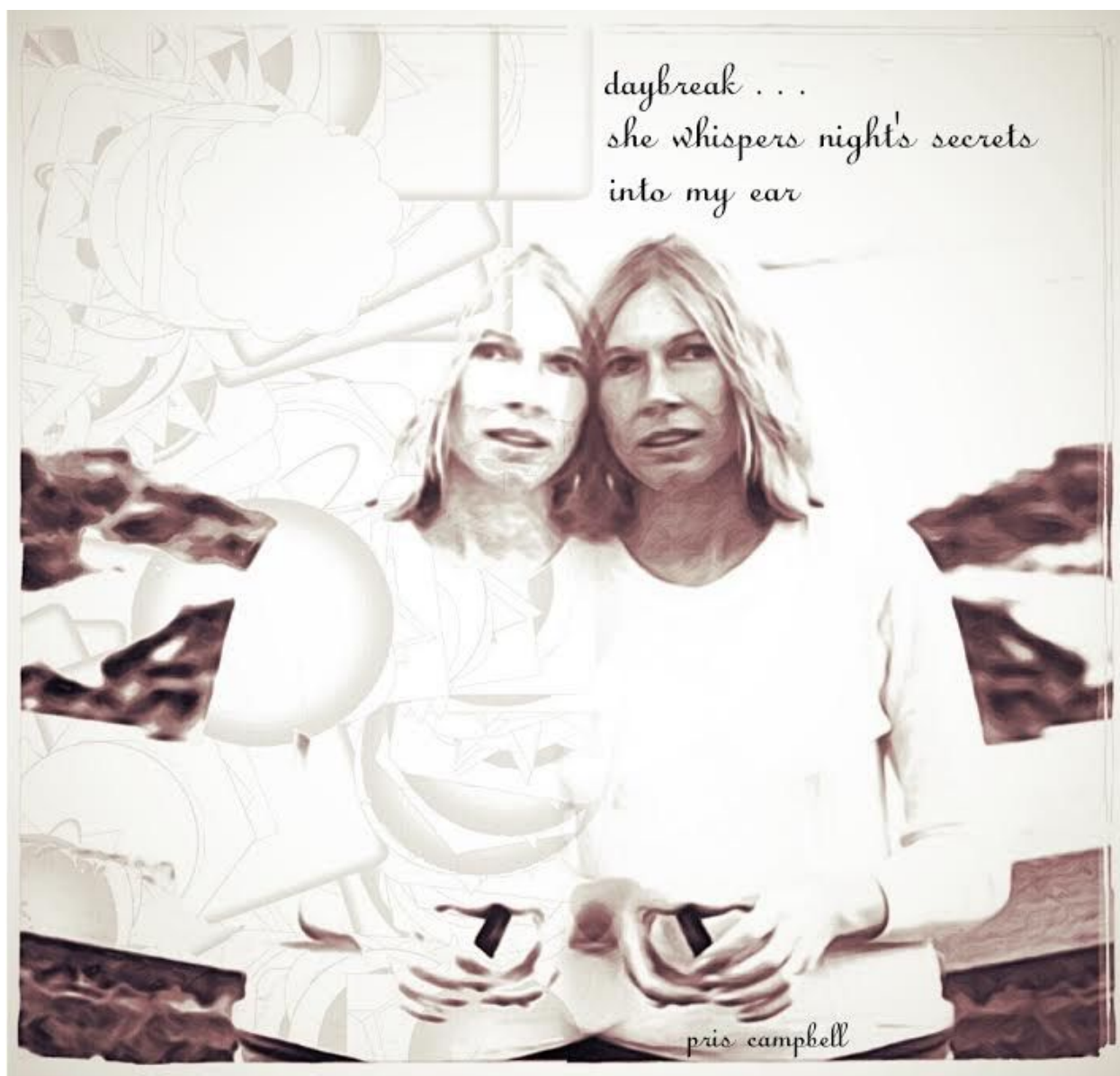
*her fragrance...
the lingering sound
of a church bell*

pris campbell



a dove's wings
scattering the sunlight
across us

pris campbell



Pris Campbell

my late mother's
bookmarks
join mine

he
refers to her as his "eventual
ex-wife"

who
is a complete
stranger

glad to discover this poem
about unbuttoning a blouse
is by a woman

death does
the opposite
of quoting us

John Levy

water pistols
my brother and I play
Vietnam

Kwaku Feni Adow
witwriteblog.wordpress.com

new in town
the used bookstore's
crowded aisles

pre-mortem
my first meeting
with the life coach

terror alert
the color code
of fear

NASA's new probe
to explore the sun
a moth's insistence

soft rain
a quiet ambulance
at rush-hour

Peter Newton
[@ThePeterNewton](#)

menopause...
my mother counts
falling leaves

cross bars
on the high way
who cares?

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

father's jalopy ...
rainbow stretches
in the drain

first date ...
a dragonfly
on a reed

autumn dusk
the old man orders
tea for two

Mohammad Azim Khan

bridge of sighs
a gondolier's eulogy
keeps us afloat

stuck in a rut—
her wedding ring
after divorce

jello—
he just kissed me
and left

Downton Abbey
how I used
to be normal

swirl of tea leaves—
how she used to plan
for the future

Martha Magenta
<https://marthamagenta.com/>

American Trilogy

welcome home. . .

fireworks
on television
she clicks the mute button

Made in China. . .

cherry blossoms
on the 4th of July
dad plays with matches

the unmistakable scent of her perfume. . .

Independence Day
the old soldier waits
in his wheelchair

Susan Beth Furst

off the grid
the dark shape
of every sound

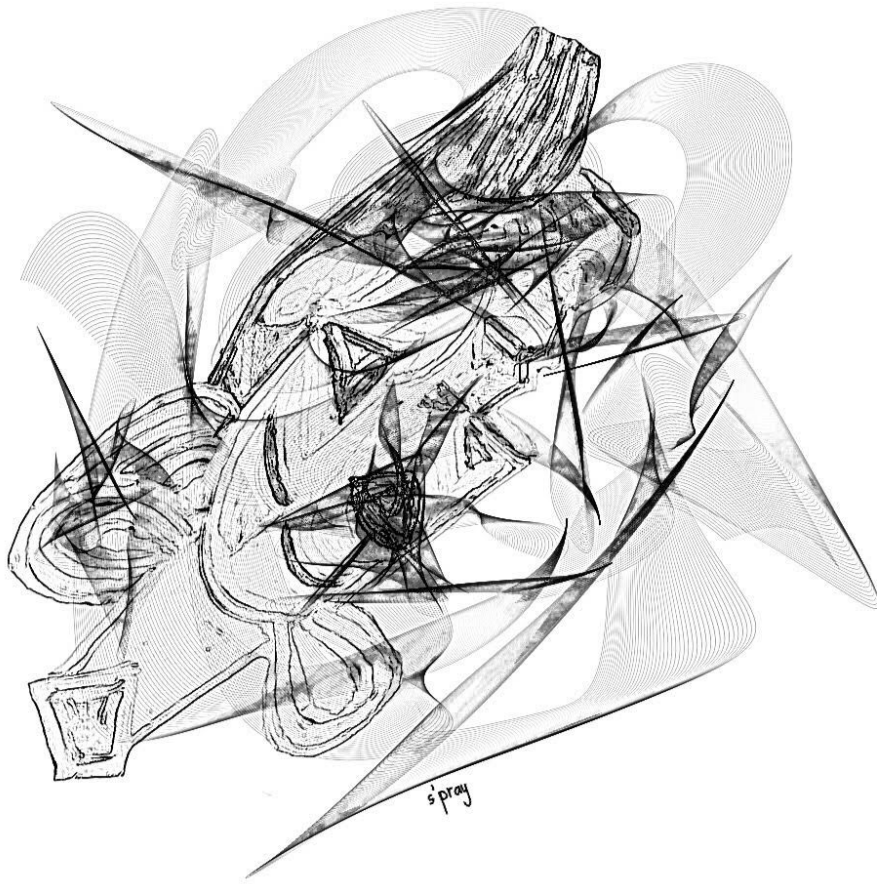
nether regions
this tropical wind
bares them all

even after
the birdseed is gone
the bear

at last
to be perfect
day lily

backspace
delete delete . .
one summer night

coming home
how quickly i google
'bee swarm'



wine
buzz
finally
i
get
picasso

Sandi Pray

fair-weather friend
a play of shadows
kicking my butt

kerfuffle
looking for meaning
in a typo

Angelo B. Ancheta

The town's baseball team
wears black uniforms with ads
for bleach on the back.

Scott Corbet Riley

[@Scottcorbet](#)

the fortune teller . . .
she reads tea leaves and palms
and writes cherita

rumor has it
she kisses all the boys . . .
kindergarten

in her sheer negligee she's a mistress of thinly veiled threats

Michael H. Lester

Navajo code talker –
in his words
turquoise

weather girl –
the highs and lows
of her hemline

a long queue
at the food truck...
exhaust fumes

Theresa A. Cancro

window cleaning -
getting a clearer view
of the clouds

TV left on
in an empty room
celebrity funeral

mismatch
of memory cards -
a haiku

Helga Härle

Gallipoli-
to love your trench
is the trick

the renaissance -
how long does it take
to write a senryu

misdeal-
so how many cards
you think you need

paper hat-
turned upside down
it sails

misdeal-
so how many cards
you think you need

paper hat-
turned upside down
it sails

Alvah Allen

art school
we meet again
fruit still-life

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

Saturday confessional
bless you, father
have you sinned?

dog poop
on my summer sandal
the unity of being!

in my dreams
I beat you bloody
fifth grade bully Louie

Fred Andrle
fredandrle.com

*sera -
sulla poltrona di papà
la mia testa bianca*

evening -
on dad's armchair
my white head

Angiola Inglese

identical twins
the sky and I
both gray

blue eyes
the only gift
my father gave

sunday worship
the faint murmur
of flies

Lori A Minor

ill-advised
holiday romance
wish you were her

on-off our quantum entanglement

over-thinking
thinking it over
I'm over thinking

tattoo artist
outlining the scars
I'd like you to see

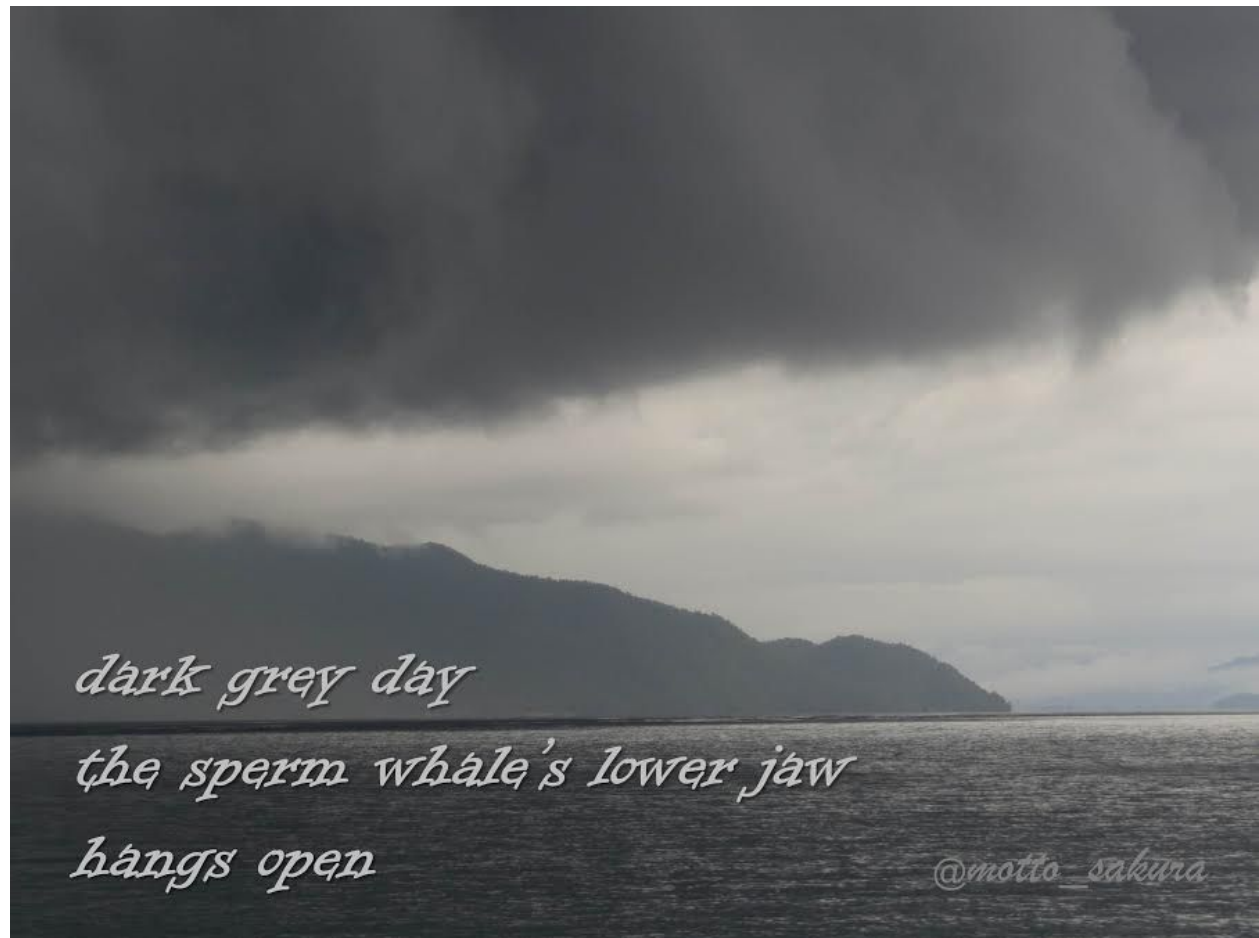
Just before the rain

Late spring. Or maybe it's early summer. How can you tell? The trees are in full leaf. Some of the birds are hatched and some are fledged. There have been butterflies, but today is grey. Perhaps the air is too thick for such delicate wings. Not a puff of breeze. The only movement of the vegetation is an illusion, generated by imperfections in the train's windows. Maybe fledged birds are rustling the occasional leaf. I can't be sure. The world is passing in a blur.

recrudescence

treat the new growth

same as the old growth



dark grey day

the sperm whale's lower jaw

hangs open

@motto sakura

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

pain medication
the hummingbird shares
its nectar

peekaboo shoulders
the sleeve slips from
a gum wrapper

old elevator
slowing to a stop
that little hop

A Rose by Any Name

The garden club lady: Ah! That's a perfect specimen of a blahblah-ius
of genus blahblah, cultivar yada yada.

Me (nodding respectfully): Sun or shade?

spring morning
the face I will
never forget

A Matter of Degree

Healthcare was a priority for my parents raising five kids in the 1950s and 60s. Measles shots, broken arms, and, somehow inexplicably, measles...times five. When I landed my first job, they asked me: Do they give you health insurance? Not: What will you be doing? Are you excited? How much is the salary? One night I dreamt that I showed up at my parents' house to announce I'd just won the Nobel Peace Prize. They stared at me incredulously and asked: Do they give you health insurance? I dutifully replied Um, well yes. They roared and raised their arms in victory, and I heard my mom shout over her shoulder as she ran for the phone: I can't wait to tell Grandma. She's going to be so proud, sooo proud...who knew...health insurance!

blue moon
I scratch away a cloud
from the lottery ticket

Gail Oare

newborn brother –
“take him back
he squeaks!”

dentist understands
what patient says even
without consonants

in this moment
nothing in the world
but those lips

after daughter's wedding
in Walmart's bicycle section
tiny pink bikes

Athens, Georgia,
even the homeless man
has a bulldog on his jacket

David Oates
davidoatesathensga.com
[@witnwords1](https://twitter.com/witnwords1)

departing spring
she waits for me
to catch up

crowded cafe
the young man smiles
at his laptop

my friend's lover . . .
she asks if I
can keep a secret

bucket
list
. . .
more

Bill Kenney

Best-In-Show
at days end--
alone

nap time
the robo calls
keep coming

silence
a room of somedays left
undone

park bench
alone with my shadow
nothing to say

Barbara Tate

mailbox full -
once shoes and books sales
now endless nappy days

dust
on the widescreen –
haiku moment

Maria Laura Valente

Blog: Komorebi

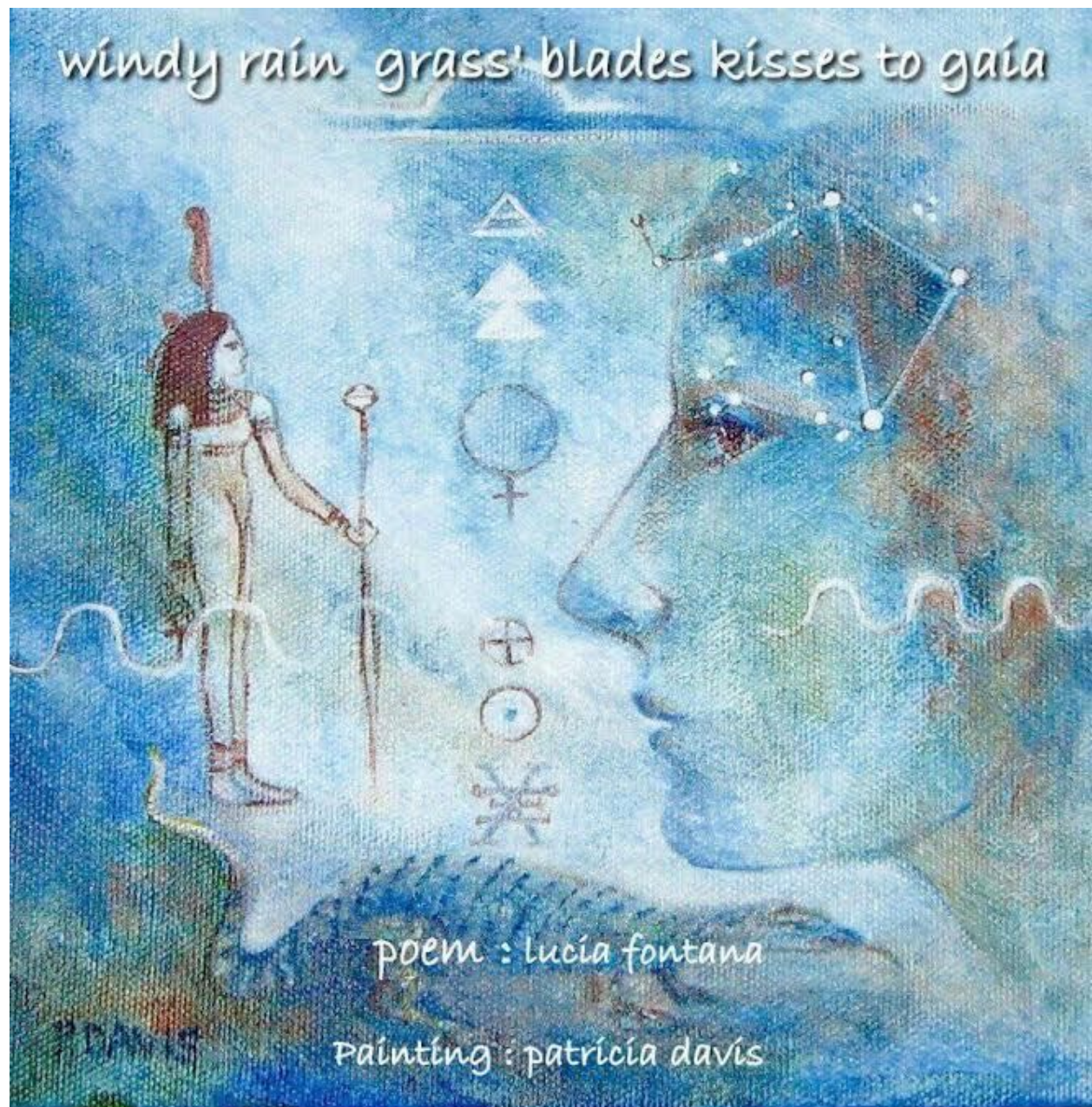
(<https://marialauravalente.wordpress.com>)

deadlines
i forget to send my Ku
writing a Ku

phone-call
i want you 'here and now'
. . . zen-love

me the frog
him the pond
splash !

Lucia Fontana



Lucia Fontana and Patricia Davis

silent retreat those noisy looks

too talkative
when i cannot think
of what to say

walking a dog-eared book
back to the library
1984

checking the weather
to see how miserable i am
summer scorcher

the wasp in my hair old love

no one asks
about the bruises—
salmon sunset

Sondra J. Byrnes

shoreline ruminations

foggy beach
waves lap
a hidden shore

*after the wake
his secrets laid bare*

*new lifeguard
she buries her bunions
deep in the sand*

nothing is as it seems
nude beach

long walk
the silence of birds
in the distance

*wailing... wailing...
this sea inside me*

Mike Rehling
Terri French

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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