

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 1, Issue 2

michael rehling
'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)

Cast List

In order of appearance

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David J Kelly

Diana Petkova

Nicholas Klacsanzky

Sandip Chauhan

Terri French

Susan Burch

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Maeve O'Sullivan

Sandi Pray

Lovette Carter

Chase Gagnon

Djurdja Vukelic Rozic

Alexis Rotella

Dave Read

Rachel Sutcliffe

Chen-ou Liu

Kala Ramesh

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

Deborah White

Jesus Chameleon
Yesha Shah
Paresh Tiwari
Anna Maris
Sue Neufarth Howard
Pearl Pirie
Lynette Arden
Duncan Richardson
Gail Oare
Olivier Schopfer
Elaine Andre
Marietta McGregor
Michael O'Brien
Eva Limbach
Robyn Cairns
Peter Adair
Ken Sawitri
Phyllis Lee
Julie Warther
-datsuzoku
Willie R. Bongcaron
Mark Gilbert
Carol Raisfeld
Joyce Joslin Lorensen
Marianne Paul
Midhat Hrcic

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

Pris Campbell

Dimitrij Skrk

Ernesto P. Santiago

Roman Lyakhovetsky

Bob Lucky

Jill Lange

Barbara Kaufmann

Helen Buckingham

Maeve O'Sullivan

Pat Geyer

Shloka Shankar

Garima Behal

Kate MacQueen

Carol Sircoulomb

Sondra J. Byrnes

Stuart Walker

Gautam Nadkarni

Debbie Strange

Hansha Teki

Brendon Kent

Nina Kovačić

Roberta Beary

Karen Harvey

unrise
dawn begins
without me

haiku journal
the lives of others
breath by breath

as we search
for mightier weapons
crossing words

David J Kelly
[@motto_sakura](#)

election day
the city sunk
in fog

Diana Petkova

politics aside
our cat digs
into our laps

nose hair icicles
I don't know whether
to laugh or sigh

Nicholas Klacsanzky

bumpy train ride
the singing of young girls
rise
and
fall



Sandip Chauhan

moving day
three family pets
buried in the yard

a hand shadow dove
on Venetian blinds --
rumors of war

missing the psych exam
my excuse written
on a Freudian slip

vanity --
brushing a bug
from my by-line

hangover
a mosquito comes back
for hair of the dog



ghetto dawn
a cockroach looks for
the easy way out

terr 1 french '15



Terri French

still waiting
for her other half –
renga poet

at the party punch bowl breaking the ice

Susan Burch

cup after cup
she does the jitterbug dance
with coffee

once shiny copper
has a muted patina
our marriage

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

brand new bed -
trying to make
an impression

last day of November:
I google Spanish towns
on the way to work

my guitar capo
a miniature hacksaw?
airport security

Maeve O'Sullivan

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

winter morning
the cat becomes
my face

failed senryu
i might as well be
a broken pencil

first light
those who listen
those who snore

Sandi Pray

[@bigmax722](https://twitter.com/bigmax722)

lost mittens
she tells her mother more
about Frosty

daylight saving
the nurse holds back
on the syringe

Lovette Carter

killing a mosquito
with my suicide note —
someone else's blood

smokey bar...
a girl named Angel
shares her demons

safe inside a box
the christmas bulbs
from our shattered family

laundromat window
a child drawing circles
in her breath

Chase Gagnon

a pregnant apron
full of the neighbor's
walnuts

Djurdja Vukelic Rozic

Miss Daisy
I love him
I love him not

New Year's Day
every seat taken
at Barnes & Noble

Alexis Rotella

night winds
she gives me a kick
when I snore

beads of sweat
he fans himself
with a full house

stick shift
she adjusts her
lipgloss

Dave Read

conservation gardens
the tidy arrangements
of wildflowers

snowed in
the warm scent
of cabin fever

departure lounge
saying goodbye
to myself

letting out
my anger
I hit 'send '

Rachel Sutcliffe

sermon on tithing
his hands squeeze the edge
of the seat

bumper to bumper
on the high way
snow geese honking

Chen-ou Liu

tourists pose
to keep the tower
from falling

rewriting a cheque
once again
my signature goes awry

Kala Ramesh

New Year and All That

New Year
2016 remains hidden
in the fog

in it's own good time
the star goes back in its box

following tradition
sporting Brits built a bridge
across Kwai

after the waltzes
skiers settle for artificial snow

:

for fog's sake!
a drunken voice yells
I Will Fix You

did I dream this?
I must have been asleep

oh, Kwai!

blood that red
will signal the enemy!

XXXLMass
and still we complain

:

stripped to their needles
Christmas trees fly
out the windows

after the rush another one back

low flying planes
this is how the sky
gets cut

what these hands can grip
windblown fog

:

“Try to see it my way”
“See what?”
“The fog, man, the fog!”

neither blue nor purple
this merciful haze

selective memory
I was born as a giant
waterfall

too exhausting to celebrate
New Year every nano second

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

reunion...
i choose to play
solitaire

farewell kiss...
in return i get
raspberries

late summer—
the girl in hijab
checks me out

breaking up...
she tells me not to leave
anything behind

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

syllable count
wishing each hand had
one more digit

in my teacup
the lone seed
of a lemon

after all this time
he still barks
at who he knows

with honor
under a flag's shadow
my loss for words

Deborah White
[@djWhite](#)

summer!
smell of shampoo
fills the ofuro

retrograde...a friend goes around the world in one
shift

Jesus Chameleon
[@JesusChameleon](#)

TURNING POINT

last wisps of a waning winter..I inhale deeply the evening breeze as I ride my bike through the familiar lanes. Trees dotting either side of the curving road are bursting with spring already. The kesudo is a flaming orange, the cherry trees, a pale pink, the daffodils bear the sunny yellows on their shoots, the gulmohars flaunt their saffron, red and vermilion. Bird chirps fill the air.

I find myself humming a soft song someone sent me, from long back, in a language I do not know.

chopping board--
the pungency
of old regrets

Yesha Shah

Dating a serial killer

I cannot possibly change my MO for you; she looks aghast and takes an extra large gulp of her beer. You have the wrong hair, the wrong skin colour, wrong body type and you were married, she ticks off on her fingertips. I definitely do not get involved with men who have tasted marriage. Plus this is my cooling off period.

I flip through her souvenir album while tracing a thumb over the rim of my untouched mug. The flip book is filled with small snips of hair (every colour except gray), carefully ziplock-ed and labeled with names and dates.

You seemed pretty interested till about five minutes back, I say reaching out for her hand. I am fine with poison, gun-shot, hanging . . . anything you can come up with except that. I raise a cold thumb to my ear and do (what I believe is) an accurate mime of slitting my own throat.

*late into the night
thrashing the terms
of our pre-nup*

Paresh Tiwari
[@PareshTiwari](#)

a protruding nail!
i hang my coat

mirror
she meets the eye
of the beholder

winter fishing
the hole in the ice
smaller and smaller

Anna Maris

grey morning
a living loved one dead to me
her choice

Sue Neufarth Howard

trout uncloak
as they move—
still no reply from you

Pearl Pirie

www.pearlpirie.com

clutching bars
the small pink hands
of the lab rat

cancer ward
the ashtrays full
of stubbed out butts

migraine
the edge of the whirling fan
disintegrates

Lynette Arden

<http://www.lynettearden.com>

history talk
some questions
never end

wolf howls in the night
my daughter's new
mobile phone

lawyers reception
curling at the edges
books on divorce

this zen garden
voices asking where's
the café

Duncan Richardson

election day
candidate signs
waver in the wind

our summer corn roast
the volunteer firemen
ignite the charcoal

family gathering
arguing again about
world peace

I will not worry
a future resolution
from the old passed tense

Gail Oare
[@gailor1](https://www.instagram.com/gailor1)

hot spell
a bumblebee lands
on your rose tattoo

family reunion
we all zero in on
the surprise bread

seduction dinner
you ask the waiter if
there's garlic in the soup

Olivier Schopfer

contrast
the word 'juxtaposition'
so wordy

sinking to new lows
my shadow trips me up-
on arriving

Elaine Andre

House block

A driftwood candle holder encrusted in wax, matchbooks from long-shut pubs, a bird's nest stuck with gummy flakes of shell, empty wine bottles balanced on piles of magazines and yellowed newspapers. Past woven into present, plus grease marks. Too much news to discard. She'll leave it for another day and so build her cardboard nest.

She gets smaller every day, wrapped in a warm hug of stuff, cherished by old toys and Christmas cards and marmalade jars. She pulls more stuff into her orbit, laying down her own stratigraphic order of beauty. Her heart beats in seeds and stones and flower skeletons slimed in last year's water. Every day she weaves a new centre, like her spider in the laundry.

Her neighbour hails her when she does emerge. "Good to see you, how've you been?" then, impatiently... "Better sort yourself out, he's been gone for years." She turns a brown-scaled shoulder and scuttles back to shelter.

creeping fig...
slowly overwhelmed
by afterthoughts

orthodontist clinic
waiting room smiles get
a second look

dress-up party...
the zombies
are the liveliest

mental yoga
two haiku poets
juxtaposed

quickest divorce
a walnut out of its shell
in perfect halves

Marietta McGregor

a tenement mural
fading into sandstone -
sunset

morning train -
in every tired face
my tired face

father's old records -
our silence
between songs

Michael O'Brien
[@michaelobrien22](https://www.instagram.com/michaelobrien22)

a butterfly's wing just before I touched him

Single Malt

another winter

I don't fight

New Years resolutions a falling star

Eva Limbach

parched grasses
the sun
on her dashboard feet

Robyn Cairns

[@robbiepoet](#)

early cherry blossom...
massacre of the innocents

Peter Adair

spring dream
a huge tree isn't there
I sit under it

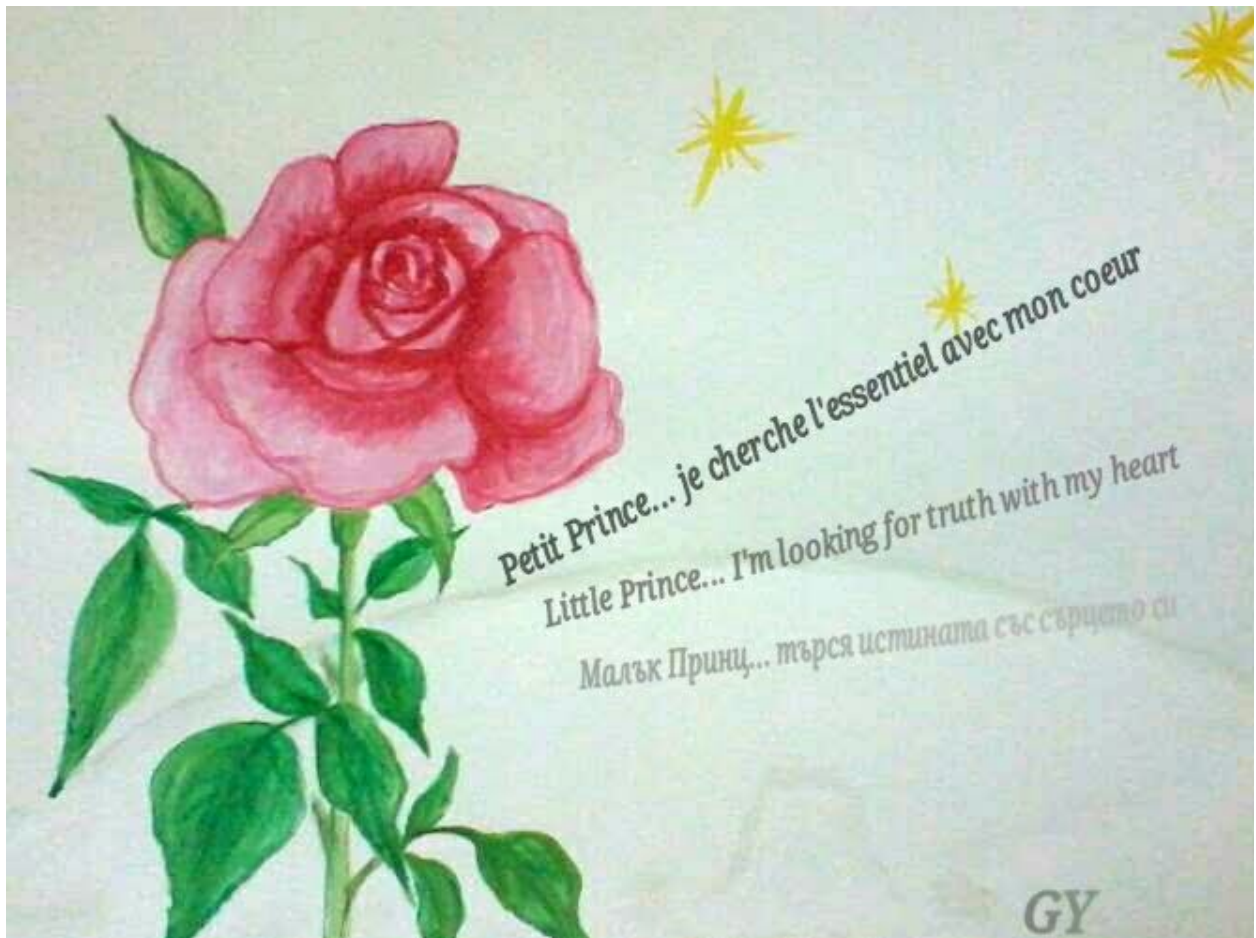
cold night
the escalating heat
of my old notebook



Ken Sawitri

mackerel clouds
my son pilots
a paper plane

I throw out
the burnt toast
Goodbye Blue Monday



Gergana Yaninska

bad news---
the newscaster's
boney knees

frosted window...
we only talk
during commercials

not coming back---
more room
in the closet

Phyllis Lee

fruit flies . . .
the shelf life
of a grudge

sea anemone --
contentment in this place
called home

after Christmas sales
a wiseman
loses his head

Julie Warther

are these senryu
or very small tanka?
does it really matter...really?

-datsuzoku

[@manwhosingsalto](#)

chemotherapy
she never wishes the night
would soon end

Willie R. Bongcaron

origami competition
I am disqualified
for improvising

wedding photos . . .
never wearing
that expression again

the spider
runs across my face
while I dream

Mark Gilbert
[@MarkgZero](#)

touching the doll there
she tells the lady about
Uncle Frank

her first curling iron
she asks about the label
For External Use Only

bus stop —
he lets the mini skirt
board first

ab workout --
the word flat
is
r
e
l
a
t
i
v
e

reminder note —
to drop her pants
at the cleaners

Carol Raisfeld

[@carol_red](#)

crossing the zigzag bridge
life takes
a new turn

Joyce Joslin Lorensen

night typo
he's in a good
moon

old snow
in the end we all
disintegrate

blue moon
this sadness again
again

snow squall
the lengthening distance
between us

Marianne Paul
www.literarykayak.com

to a bewildered lady
the mirror telling her age
sincerely

a car buyer
stubbornly gazes at
the saleslady's legs

Midhat Hrcic

ancestral home
in every wall clock
a different time

merry-go-round ...
my baby moves
inside me

winter arrives ...
my breath mingles
with the mist

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

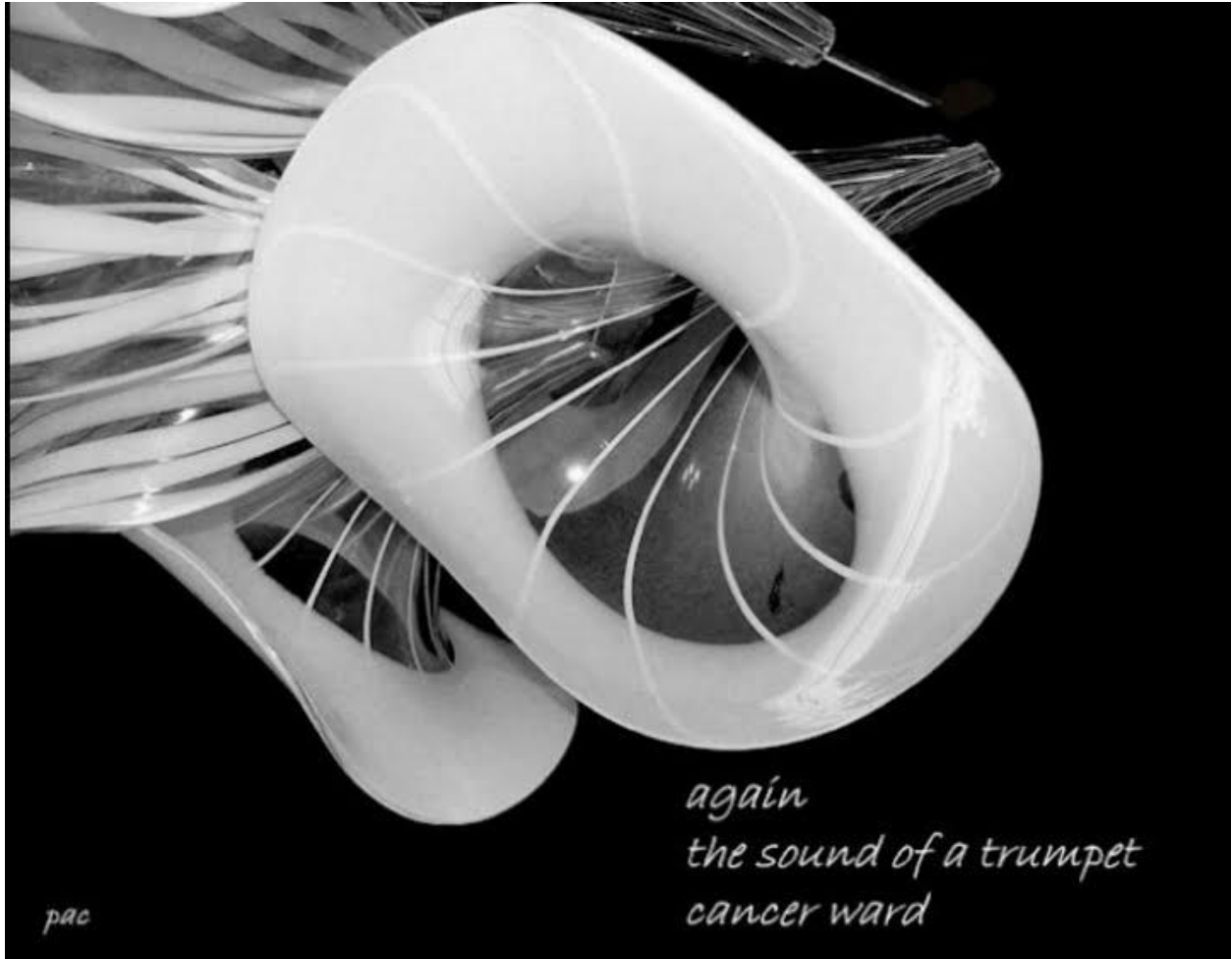


moonchild...

*she shares her secrets
with the hootowl*



pac



Pris Campbell

tables in front of the cafe
the smokers enjoy
fresh air

Dimitrij Skrk

swatted fly--
am I really dead
to you, dear?

oh, sweet lord
take me when you're ready--
honeycomb

Ernesto P. Santiago

happy hour -
ex-guitar god is rockin'
his beer gut

calling home
a mime struggles to use
her own voice

Roman Lyakhovetsky

ossuary
tourists bone up
on history

bus stop all the strangers I know

Indian summer
out of nowhere
an erection

reincarnation
I tell the doctor
I'm coming back

Bob Lucky

robin sighting--
I take down
the Christmas wreath

late winter sesshin--
saving drowning flies
from the toilet

Jill Lange

fingernail moon
i lose a bit more
of my mother

my curly hair
an adopted grandchild
gets it

stars have heard it all before dawn therapy

Barbara Kaufmann

[WabiSabiPoet Wordpress](#)

is it a dog...

is it a planet...

postcard from Pluto

switching tabs

on the Rubik's

Cube last rites

Helen Buckingham

Oh! You Pretty Things

Our older sister's treasured Hunky Dory album once fell out of its sleeve onto a hard floor. The disc looked like someone had taken a neat bite out of it, and one track on each side was lost forever.

oh so carefully
placing the needle
onto Track No. 2

Bowie's Let's Dance, along with other tracks on that later album, backgrounded my college years.

We moved our young bodies to all of those songs. We could be anyone or anything. We could be heroes, despite the biting recession that prevailed in Ireland at that time.

high unemployment our dance jumps higher

Maeve O'Sullivan

a thread breaks...
my patchwork quilt
needs patches

lower oil prices the sound of perfect pitch



Pat Geyer

Aporia

“Did you see that?”

“See what?”

“Never mind.”

“Can you not do that?”

“Do what?”

“Never mind.”

disk defragmentation –
this need to become
whole again

Stasis

Sucking on words like a speech dummy, the only legitimate discourse is loss; we try to resurrect what is gone. Stasis is the new movement.

prefiguring its own existence cocoon

Source: The prose was composed by using select phrases from an essay titled *Provisional Language*, by Kenneth Goldsmith.

Shloka Shankar

[@shloks89](#)

Writer's block

You pursued me like an obsessed lover. It was the beginning of summer and the blossoming of of a new romance.

I was eloquent, expressive, and uninhibited. Maybe that was why you chose me.

You befriended me slowly, giving me all your attention and seeking mine in return. I began to confide in you instead of the paper that had been my best friend till then. You started to steal my thoughts, stripped me naked of all I knew, till everything that was mine belonged to you.

You pushed my words away. You split them into shards of chaos till only a fragmented, torturous emptiness pierced me. I clung on to you, mistaken, possessed. You seemed the only certainty in that summer of loss. You never expected, but simply commanded. And I learned to stay silent as I became one with you. Inextricable, almost.

Then, one day, I watched snowflakes descend from the skies and stuck my tongue out to kiss their

sweetness. As they melted within me, once again,
poetry found a way to flow inside my veins. Words
bloomed. Silence ceased.

I still remember how my mother had warned me.
Summer doesn't last forever. And what we had was
just a summer fling.

pistachio shells we split our ways

aphelion...
how my 3 am calls reach
only his voicemail

recurring nightmare I wake up to Monday

Garima Behal

reflection...
the time it takes light
to settle

what to do
with the bits I don't want
apple seeds



Kate MacQueen

he lays on my chest
breath in breath out a whimper
sick puppy

Carol Sircoulomb

winter chill
she warms her feet
on his anxiety

my fingers
down the spine
of his book

valentine's day
the sharp scent
of nail polish

she explains the difference
between a medium and a psychic--
blizzard warning

Sondra J. Byrnes

impolitic
as usual
crow caucus

behind the TV
a fly caught in the web
watching baseball

Stuart Walker

french fries—
she adjusts the chip
on her shoulder

her blush
as she asks for a screw
-- hardware store

gallery—
the artist's signature too
an abstract

Gautam Nadkarni

tangled vines
the bittersweet terms
of divorce

wind quintet
the circular breathing
of our lives



Debbie Strange

a child screams
"I can't feel my brain"
moonless sky

awake at dawn
I touchscreen my timeline
into being

in its fullness
the moon drowns
in my son

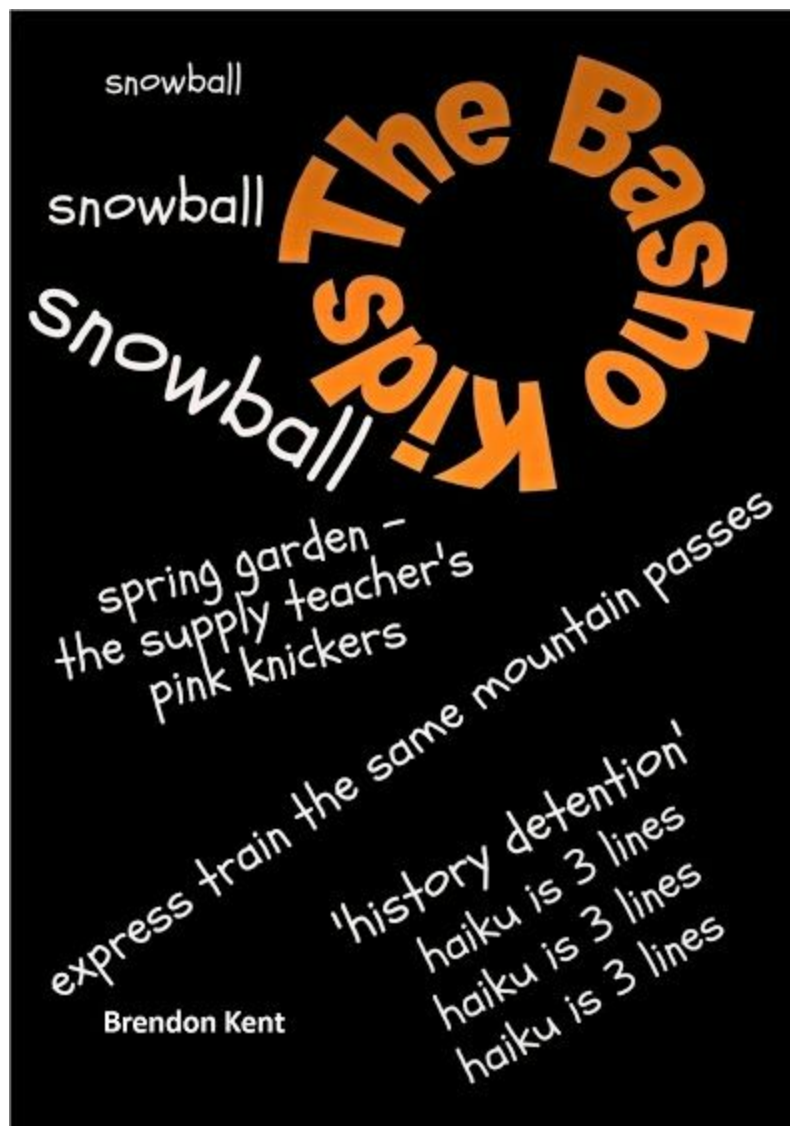
light repatterns
my neural pathways
through a stream

Hansha Teki

<http://hanshateki.com>

first date --
drinking the conversation
over ice

snowflakes
settling
our differences



Brendon Kent

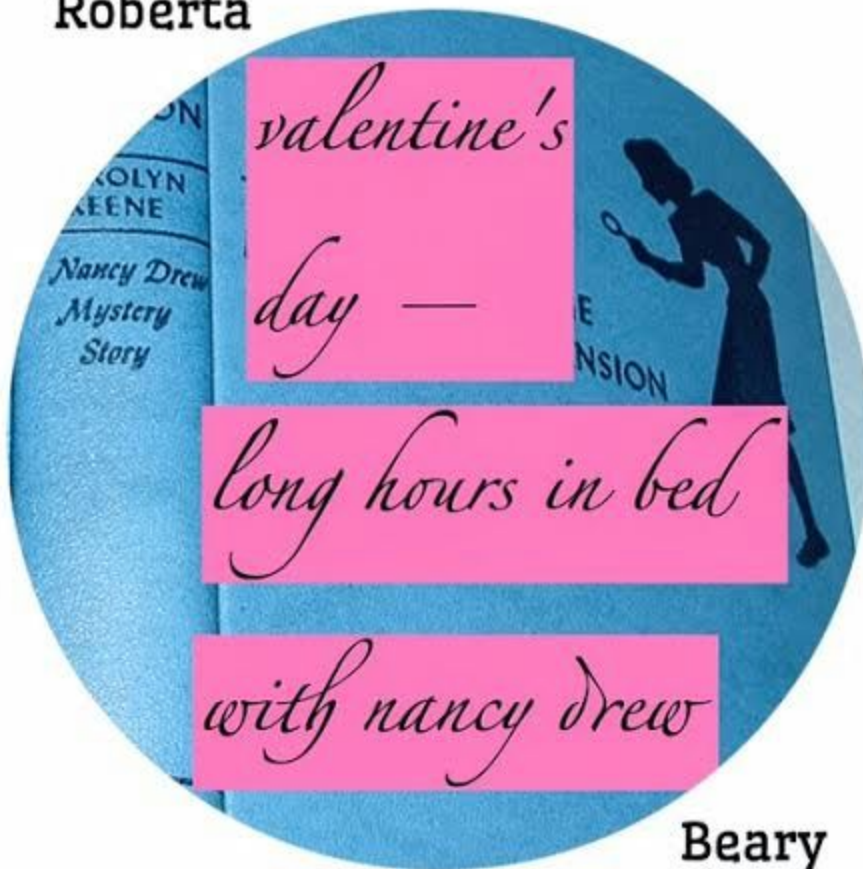
the baby cart
emits the balloons
of soap bubbles

Nina Kovačić

translated by Mrs. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

blizzard approaching —
one last stop for books
and booze

Roberta



Beary

Roberta Beary

considering joy from a distance

Karen Harvey

toppled vase
the crime diorama
points to the cat

wriggling in
to my own tea house
internet cafe

in a split second
the world became lonely
shooting star

my senryu journal
i sneak a few of mine
in... at **THE END**

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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