

# failed haiku

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**michael rehling**

*'Failed' Editor*

[www.failedhaiku.com](http://www.failedhaiku.com)

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**Cover Haiga by: Sandi Pray**

# Cast List

*In order of appearance*

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**Gerard Sarnat**

**Sandi Pray**

**Celestine Nudanu**

**Goran Gatalica**

**Lucia Fontana and Patricia Davis**

**C.R. Harper**

**Bernard Gieske**

**Enrique Garrovillo**

**Robert Kingston**

**NANA AMMA ADOMAA ABREFA**

**N. E. Taylor**

**w.r. bongcaron**

**John J. Dunphy**

**Chase Gagnon**

**Ruth Arnison**

**Anita Virgil**

**Marshall Bood**

**Anna Cates**

**Lynn Edge**

**Bryan Rickert**

**Jacob Kobna Ayiah Mensah**

**Antonio Mangiameli**  
**Sonam Chhoki and Sangye Khandu**  
**Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara**  
**Tsanka Shiskova**  
**edwin lomere**  
**Alexis Rotella**  
**Eva Limbach**  
**Colin W. Campbell**  
**Lorin Ford**  
**Rachel Sutcliffe**  
**Valentina Renaldi-Adams & A. D. Adams**  
**Rick Hurst**  
**Stephen Amor**  
**Maeve O'Sullivan**  
**Susan Burch**  
**Elmedin Kadric**  
**Srinivasa Rao Sambangi**  
**Emma Power**  
**Pris Campbell**  
**Marietta McGregor**  
**Oscar Luparia**  
**Tatjana Debeljaci**  
**Ian Mullins**  
**Chen-ou Liu**  
**Dan Smith**  
**Lori A Minor**

**Garry Eaton**  
**Christina Martin**  
**Sonam Chhoki and Pem C. Gyamtsho**  
**Thomas Tilton**  
**Natalia Kuznetsova**  
**Keith Polette**  
**Carol Raisfeld**  
**Naomi Madelin**  
**Sonom Chhoki and M. Kowalewski**  
**Louise Hopewell**  
**Bruce Jewett**  
**Angela Giordano**  
**Francis W. Alexander**  
**Angela Terry**  
**Dana Grover**  
**Vera Constantineau**  
**Olivier Schopfer**  
**Zoran Doderovic**  
**Salil Chaturvedi**  
**Stephen Toft**  
**Renee Butner**  
**Timothy Murphy**  
**Tia Haynes**  
**David Flynn**  
**John Levy**  
**Pat Davis**

**Madhuri Pillai**  
**Munia Khan**  
**Michael H. Lester**  
**Rebecca Cowgill**  
**Dave Read**  
**Robert Epstein**  
**Sonam Chhoki and *Mike Montreuil***  
**Bee Jay**  
**David J Kelly**  
**Kala Ramesh**  
**William Scott Galasso**  
**Adrian Bouter**  
**Barbara Tate**  
**Cynthia Rowe**  
**Martha Magenta**  
**Eufemia Griffo**  
**S.Radhamani**  
**David Oates**  
**Marek Kozubek**  
**Jack Galmitz**  
**Nikolay Grankin**  
**Ed Bremson**  
**Mark Gilbert**  
**Keitha Keye**  
**Debbie Strange**  
**Susan Beth Furst**

**Margherita Petriccione**  
**Peter A. Wolf**  
**Sudebi Singha**  
**Diarmuid Fitzgerald**  
**Nicholas Klacsanzky**  
**Robert Henry Poulin**  
**Dan Smith**  
**Gordon Ayisi**  
**Christa Pandey**  
**Mike Gallagher**  
**Julie Warther**  
**Angela Terry and *Julie Warther***  
**Peter Jastermsky**  
**Lucia Cardillo**  
**Terrie Jacks**  
**Adjei Agyei-Baah**  
**Sondra J. Byrnes**  
**Kwaku Feni Adow**  
**Paul Beech**  
**Mohammad Azim Khan**  
**Gabriel Bates**  
**Elisa Allo**  
**Eric Lohman**  
**Anthony Q. Rabang**  
**Angiola Inglese**  
**Joe Kleponis**

**Barbara Kaufmann**

**Jill Lange**

**Dottie Piet**

**Nina Kovacic**

**Gergana Yaninska**

**Debbi Antebi**

**Bill Kenney**

**Helga Härle**

**Robert P. Moyer**

**Robyn Brooks**

**John J. Han**

**Kristyn Blessing**

like community  
it's hard to make a fire  
with only one log

Yosemite -- hike  
till 8:23 PM –  
grand summer solstice

**Gerard Sarnat**



midnight  
i walk my thoughts  
without a leash

rain deficit  
a storm passes  
without paying

invincible  
until we're not  
dandelion

lust  
sunset on water  
variations of

with my heart  
the feral cat  
disappears

anxiety the days i am your cave

sea salt, toothpaste  
and everything else  
plastic microbeads

even now  
i procrastinate  
death poem

as limp as  
the moss hanging  
summer doldrums

**Sandi Pray**

morning walk  
a snail uncoils  
from a snail

morning fog  
my lover's footprints  
still visible

childhood diary  
dropping my first kiss  
into a cherry blossom

night shadows  
my long lost son  
in dreadlocks

**Celestine Nudanu**

funeral procession -  
the way father walks  
with his sarcoma

chainsaw sound -  
the artist's new model  
the maidenhair tree

midsummer heat -  
on the telephone pole  
birds play chess

genealogy tree -  
I imagine us  
all together

**Goran Gatalica**

synthblossoms  
malfunctioning  
perfectly

the shadow  
of papa and son  
jumping on it

newsstack  
reading too much  
into it

**C.R. Harper**

sea shells  
arranged in colored shapes  
her vacation

at the old piano  
their favorite song  
no longer in tune

whipping wind  
clothes on the line  
more rumors

river of heaven  
twirling the sherbet  
in her dish

**Bernard Gieske**

towed boat  
the fisherman  
docks illegally

elephant man...  
i decide to study  
medicine

heavy rain  
a homeless man  
shares his umbrella

**Enrique Garrovillo**

morning rain  
the old windmill  
almost silent

evening rain-  
One by one the street lamps  
moving up hill

longest day  
we take on some extra tea  
full of sunshine

**Robert Kingston**



blind date...

I lost my fake teeth  
inside a beer mug.

granny's Palmnut soup\_  
I got my first kiss  
from Perriwinkles.

baby's cry...  
a mother's breast tingles  
to its tune.

**NANA AMMA ADOMAA ABREFA**

cherry blossoms  
decorate my sweater  
i am late for school

barking dogs  
time to divorce  
the neighbors

dead bug  
in my coffee  
summer will not end

**N. E. Taylor**

desk fan  
buying ten-peso worth  
of breeze

indoor camping  
the scout master reads  
a ghost story

french toast  
handing her the jelly  
with a kiss

her sigh...  
it's all that  
just a sigh

**w.r. bongcaron**

morning rain --  
swept down the storm sewer  
spent shell casings

**John J. Dunphy**

the remnants  
of a stranger's wish...  
bare dandelion

if only  
our love were enough...  
heart-shaped headstone

lunar eclipse  
the way she smiles  
in her sleep

## **doppelganger**

I purchased my face in a drugstore. I don't remember much, but I know it was late, maybe 2 or 3 in the morning. My only intention walking in was to buy some whiskey, the cheap kind in the plastic bottle that tastes like stale piss but gets you wasted. My old eyes were drawn to it instantly, magnetized to its smooth plastic skin that seemed to glow beneath the flickering fluorescent lights. Strands of synthetic black hair were stitched into the top of its latex forehead, and fell across its empty eyes like cool streaks of midnight. It wasn't scary or monstrous like the others. It looked human. Even more so than the face I was born with. It looked like someone had forgotten their own face on the shelf while shopping, and never came back for it. I set the whiskey down beside the bags of expired Halloween candy then breathed onto its lips, and in that breath it seemed to know all of my darkest secrets.

hangover –  
the mirror stares  
at who I've become

**Chase Gagnon**

**<http://seet25.wixsite.com/scryptic>**

farmers market  
busker singing the blues  
amid peaches and plums

isolation ward  
infectious smiles  
welcome

locksmith  
singing slightly  
off key

after the mammogram  
chicken breasts  
for dinner

soup kitchens  
serving square meals  
in round bowls

sudoku evenings  
always finish  
at nine

outside  
the greeting card company  
a welcome mat

taking the elevator  
to fitness training

**Ruth Arnison**





**Anita Virgil**

## **After the Fireworks**

I walk through the aftermath of Canada Day — the park's grass  
covered in garbage. I find a bench without too much trash in front of  
it and open my book. Sea gulls are enjoying their Sunday  
smorgasbord. A lone bicyclist passes, searching for bottles.

heat wave —  
a beer can hanging  
from a tree

—

women's march —  
her son wants  
a pink hat too

February —  
I forget  
my resolutions

**Marshall Bood**

tree hugging  
a cicada clings  
to the bark

pink flamingos  
within the rough draft  
clichés

summer road trip  
the taste of Cajun gumbo  
anticlimactic

poetry read  
the varicose veins  
of a vegan

her first date  
the barometric pressure  
rising

April ecstasy  
a slug roils gloriously  
in its slime

**Anna Cates**

John Deere  
the plow floating  
on a mirage

she glides  
from painting to painting  
the docent on skates

modern day  
pioneer woman—  
frozen water pipes

**Lynn Edge**

opening night–  
the conductor's shadow  
embraces the stage

West Indies–  
the day comes  
in waves

reading outdoors–  
the legs of a fly  
groping Issa

rosary–  
a gull's cry rises  
through the chanting

end of spring–  
she finally colors  
outside the lines

chasing down  
the topless girls–  
tide swell

with the tree  
a part of me  
falls too

cutting me off  
the faded Jesus  
bumper sticker

rough waves–  
recalling an old prayer  
as we push through

subzero–  
putting extra salt  
on the cocktail glass

**Bryan Rickert**

a level access via the entrance to monday

behind mirrors

we appear

in each other

whirlwind*performed*byascythe

s \* t \* a \* r \* r \* y \*\* n \* i \* g \* h \* t  
\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

a dead geranium stands \* \* \* \* near the shadows

**Jacob Kobna Ayiah Mensah**

speaking to the flowers .....

....one by one -

solitude

**Antonio Mangiameli**



*photo: Sangye Khandu  
poem: Sonam Chhoki*



*carrying her future  
in the winter sunlight  
child-woman of the hills*

**Sonam Chhoki and Sangye Khandu**

graveyard on the hill –  
same view  
for everyone



Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

**Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara**



in the sky  
planes' lights  
like falling stars



**Tsanka Shiskova**

stones break  
my slow knife into  
a next-door dog bark

**edwin lomere**



*Fish Lips they call her mambo queen*

*Anna Rains*

A nuthatch  
waits for the feeder  
to make more seed

**Alexis Rotella**

finding a home  
on her naked skin -  
the kingfisher

lost paradise  
we share  
another apple

summer thunderstorm -  
I put the champagne  
back in the fridge

Sunday duty -  
daisies open  
daisies close

pole dance  
the blaze  
of a rambling rose

**Eva Limbach**  
**[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)**







**Colin W. Campbell**  
[www.campbell.my](http://www.campbell.my)

dried hydrangeas –  
we dust off  
the season's gossip

the cat's gift  
of a field cricket –  
Mothers' Day

first cup of tea  
the foggy window  
begins to clear

masquerade  
a glimpse of her inner  
catfish

mindful walking  
a superb fairy wren  
in my face

Sunday sleep-in  
the purr  
approaches

**Lorin Ford**

this narrowing path  
a guilt  
I can only imagine  
(for mum)

another birthday  
I buy fresh flowers  
for the grave

evening chill  
an old dog emerges  
from the shadows

domestic bliss  
the coffee machine grinds  
our argument

**Rachel Sutcliffe**



**Valentina Renaldi-Adams & A. D. Adams**

red lips  
the shape of  
her yes

their brief affair  
the honey bee pulls out  
of a blossom

dust to dust  
a new housecleaner  
replacing the old

waiting  
to enter traffic  
her long face

**Rick Hurst**

102 degrees  
i join the dog  
on the floor

one-eye-on-the-camera kisses

free wi-fi  
for the company we keep  
elsewhere

**Stephen Amor**

## **Back Home**

thanks for seeing me safely home June moon

\*\*\*

back in my place  
the international adaptor hops...  
restless

\*\*\*

awake in my bed  
the strange, familiar noise  
of trains passing

\*\*\*

dusting deckchairs the start of an Irish summer

\*\*\*

back on the refilled bird-feeder greenfinch

\*\*\*

the watch that's travelled  
and the one that hasn't  
telling the same time

\*\*\*

another suitcase the sneakers left behind too tight

\*\*\*

rehung mirror  
catching evening light --  
midsummer

\*\*\*

four months on...  
opening a mystery gift  
to myself

**Maeve O'Sullivan**  
**June 2017**  
**[@writefromwithin](#)**



lawnmowers  
the sounds of men cutting  
into my sleep

trying to get it all  
into my mouth –  
shish kabob

finding his dentures  
in the commode-  
potty mouth

finding out  
he doesn't have AIDS –  
spring fling

**Susan Burch**

having made it  
to the top  
lifting mist

pine needles  
my daily dose

reading  
adding logs  
to the fire

on my side  
of the bed  
insomnia

troops lining up beer bottles

in the end  
left  
with one joystick

between wigs  
my mother's  
smiley face

**Elmedin Kadric**

my addition  
to all season saijiki  
arms race

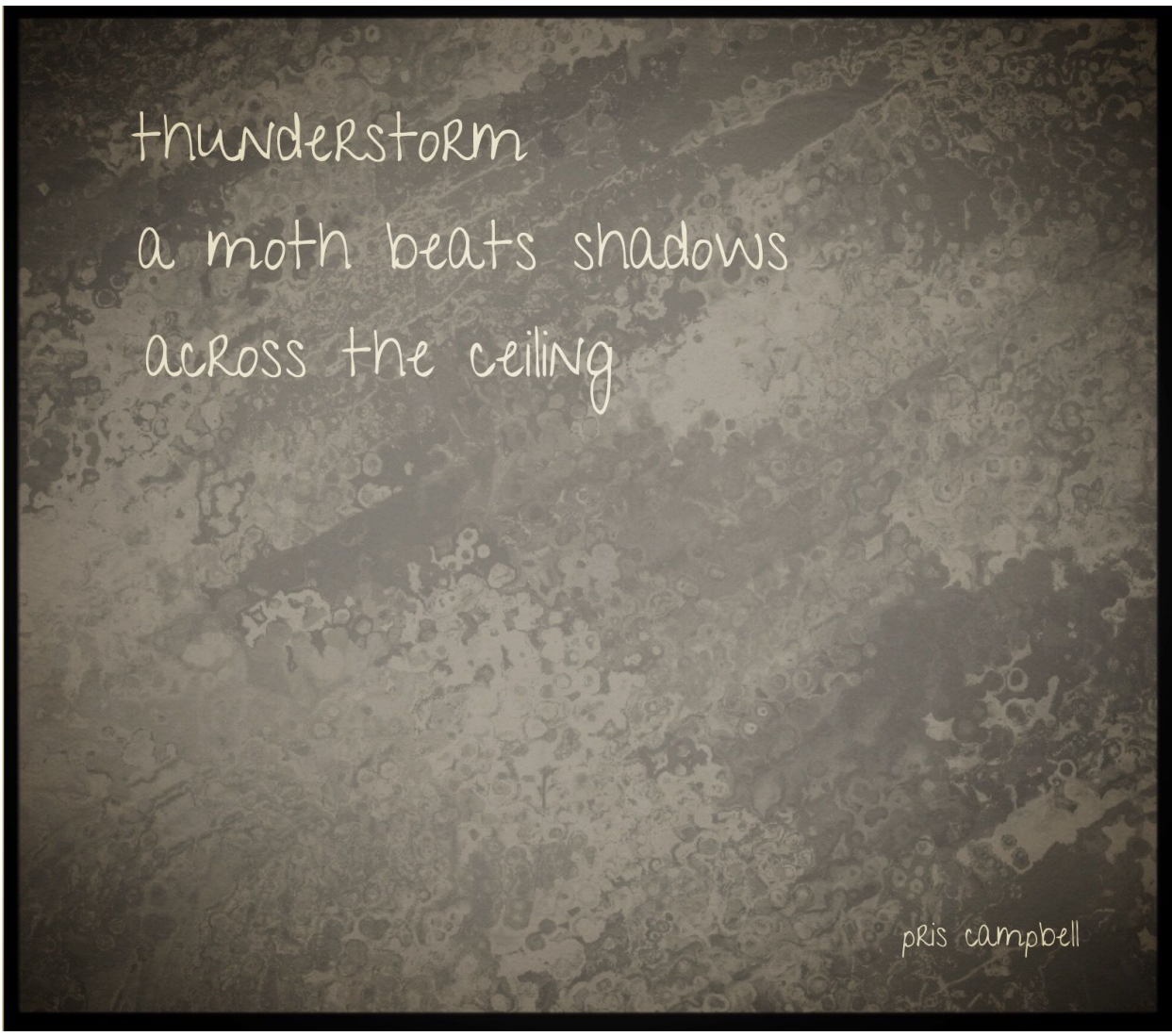
peeling onions  
my son questions  
the timing

**Srinivasa Rao Sambangi**

Gravity pulls me  
towards the periphery  
I drift on the edge

**Emma Power**

[epower05](#)



thunderstorm  
a moth beats shadows  
across the ceiling

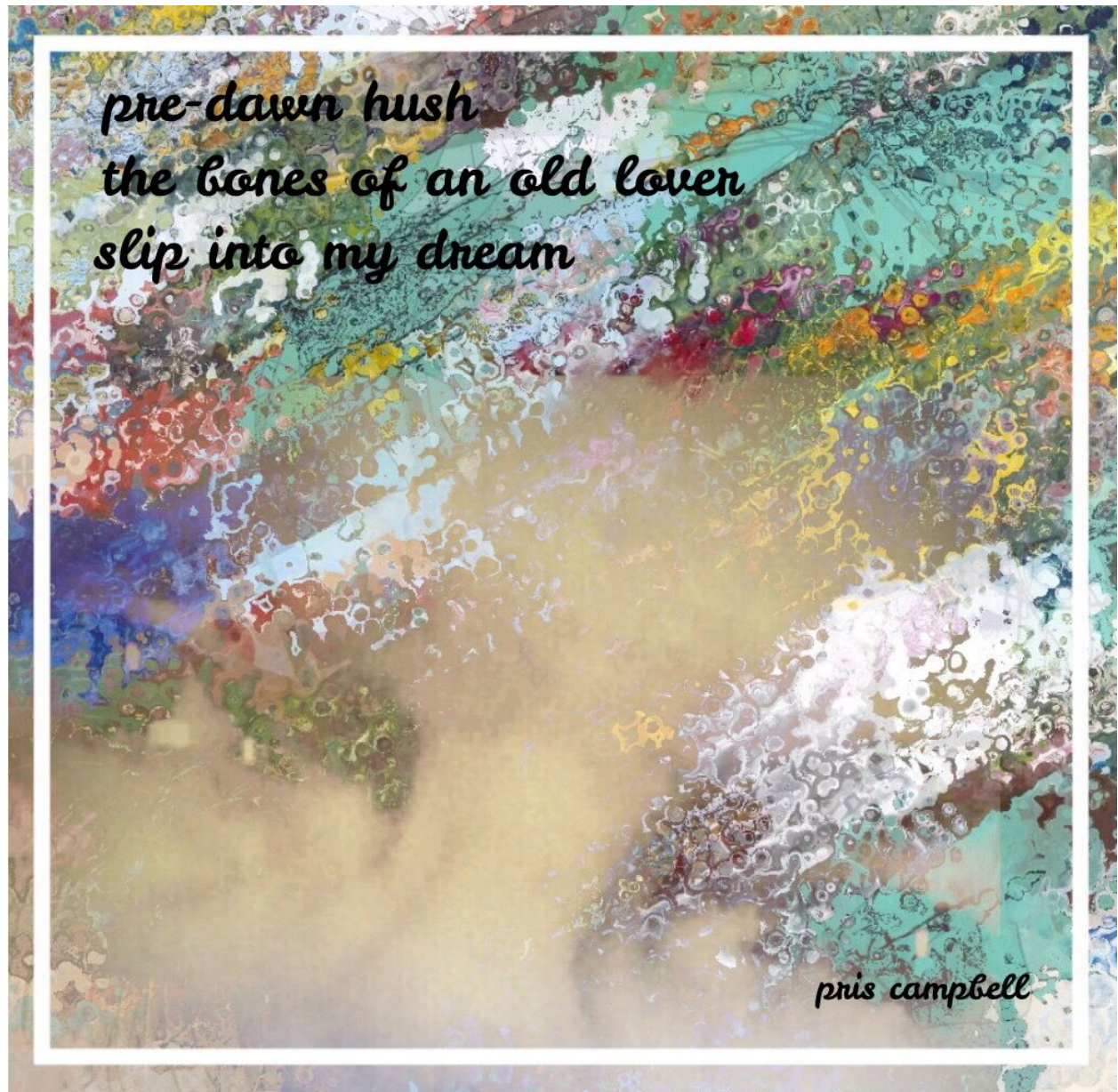
pris campbell

*late night tv  
the cricket's song  
goes unheard*



*pris campbell*





**Pris Campbell**

sashiko stitch class  
realising all memory  
hangs by a thread

among the bills  
one haiku chapbook  
lifting fog

misspelled surname  
on the minister's door  
snap election

biting back  
a wisecrack  
party Zen

**Marietta McGregor**



TV off  
today I don't want to be  
uninformed

**Oscar Luparia**



summer imagination  
Ispreading its shadow over  
refinina

Tatjana Debeljaci

**Tatjana Debeljaci**

shoulder sleeper –  
breath brushes  
the hairs on my arm

spring-loaded legs –  
coffee jitters  
without the beans

funeral faces –  
there's always one  
nobody knows

**Ian Mullins**

divorce talk  
she wears a suicide vest  
of emotions

fake news ad  
the lingering smell  
of my holey socks

ice-cream clouds  
the things you can look at  
but can't eat

—

### **White House Leaks!**

Any resemblance to current events or actual locales, or to living persons, is not coincidental.

in the bush  
faking it

**Chen-ou Liu**

[@storyhaikutanka](http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/@storyhaikutanka), [@ericcoliu](http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/@ericcoliu)

Women's Rights-  
night bus: she fingers  
the ice pick

the courthouse  
surrounded by roses  
nolo contendere

**Dan Smith**

skipping stones  
across the red sea  
ovarian cysts

bipolar low  
a rainbow fading  
into gray skies

—

### **-Safe Space-**

He grounded me for everything. Whispering at the table. Crying. Wetting the bed. It wasn't your typical grounding where you can't play with friends or you get the PlayStation cables taken away. I had to live in my room and the only reason I was allowed out was to shower, but he insisted on monitoring me. Said it was to make sure I wasn't "playing around". Dinner was served in my room. Sometimes only cheese and crackers, and if I was lucky, a few slices of pepperoni. My room became my safe space. It was the only home I knew and even now, sixteen years later, I still find it hard to leave.

voyeurism  
even the moon  
has eyes

**Lori A Minor**

[seet25.wixsite.com/scryptic](http://seet25.wixsite.com/scryptic)

Failed Haiku  
for poems much shopped around  
the final resting place

little things -  
he picks lint  
out of her navel

in summer  
pining for summer  
Prufrock

to learn of the pine  
go to the pine  
Christmas tree lot

it takes all kinds -  
wildflowers  
in the cemetery

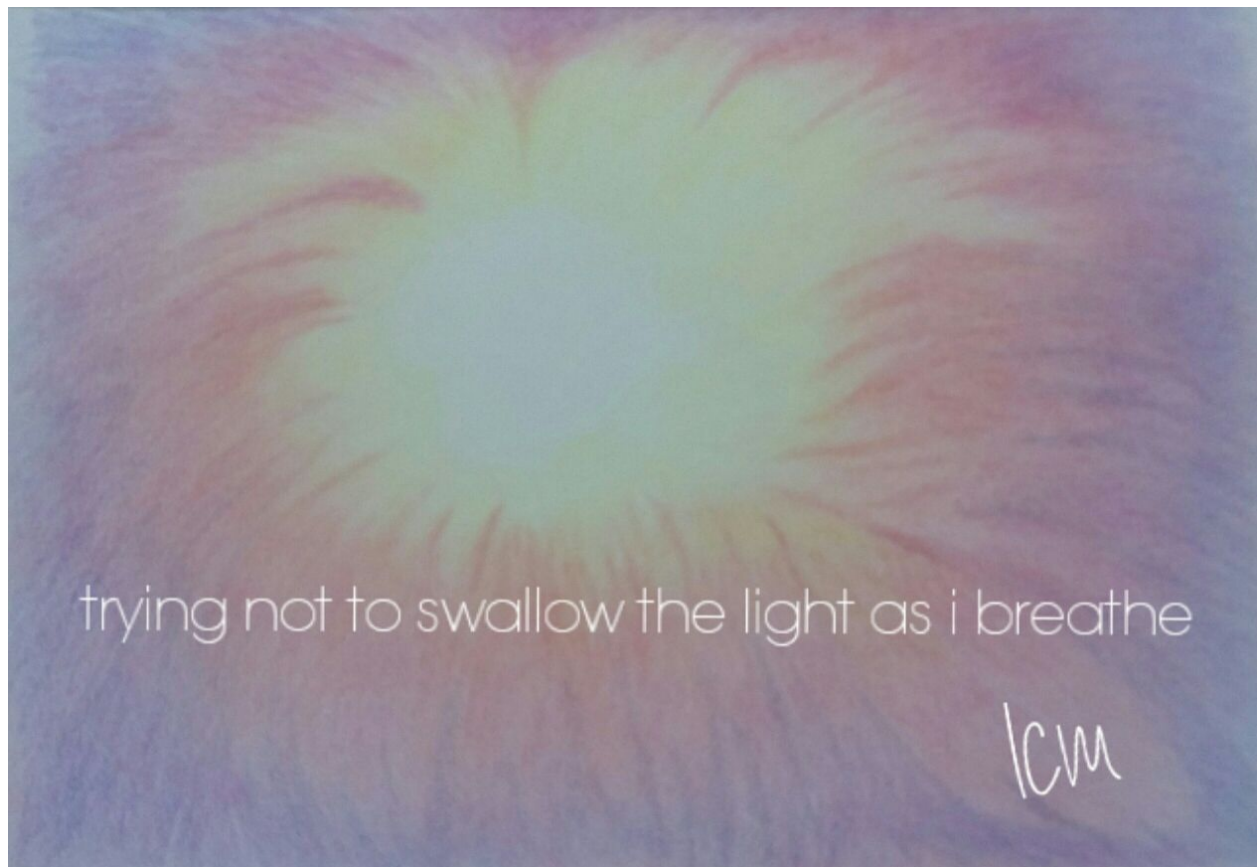
150th birthday!  
Canadians celebrate  
not being Americans

**Garry Eaton**



radio silence  
the kitchen suddenly  
empty

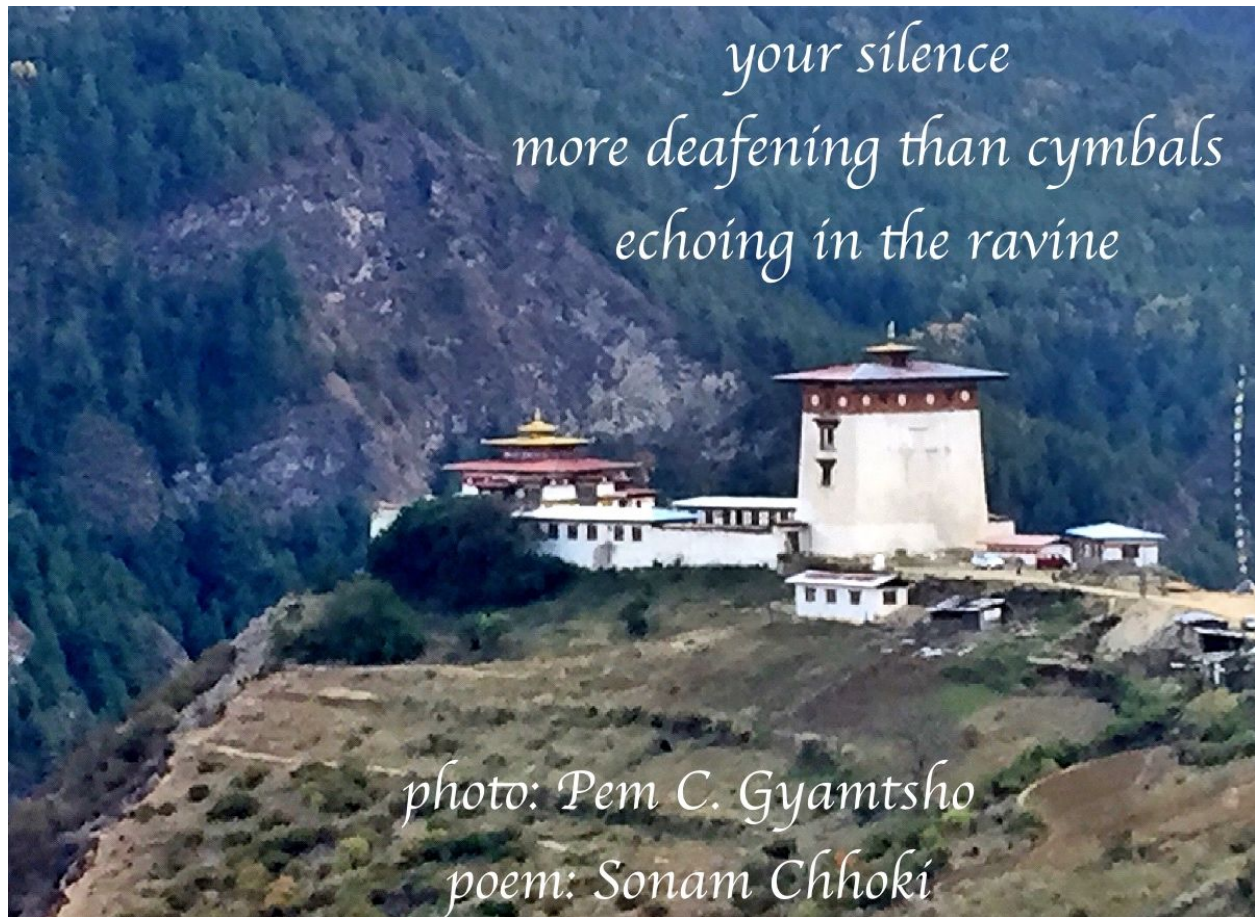
spare key  
the light in the hallway  
broken







**Christina Martin**



*your silence  
more deafening than cymbals  
echoing in the ravine*

*photo: Pem C. Gyamtsho  
poem: Sonam Chhoki*

**Sonam Chhoki and Pem C. Gyamtsho**

July 5th  
sweeping up  
July 4th

how spicy is medium  
dirty talk

grief counseling  
wondering what to do  
with my hands

after the plague  
you can't be too careful  
9mm

macheesemo

**Thomas Tilton**

time to leave home...  
a snail on the threshold  
undecided

**Natalia Kuznetsova**

wearing a crown  
of pretzels  
flight attendant's first day

born into money  
looking even richer  
in the casket

home, I unpack  
motel soaps  
I'll never use

fall mail . . .  
rejection letter  
for a poem I never sent

existential exam  
the weight of tomorrow  
on my back

**Keith Polette**

bank robbery ...  
no one could remember  
the naked woman's face

during the holidays...  
grave digging will be done  
by a skeleton crew

auto repair ...  
try us once you'll never  
go anywhere again

dog for sale  
eats anything ...  
fond of children

grandma started walking  
five miles a day ...  
no idea where she is

Sanka ...  
coffee of choice  
on the Titanic



chemistry class ...  
most important rule  
never lick the spoon





**Carol Raisfeld**



lousy internet -  
Sherlock freezes on  
'erectile disfunct...'

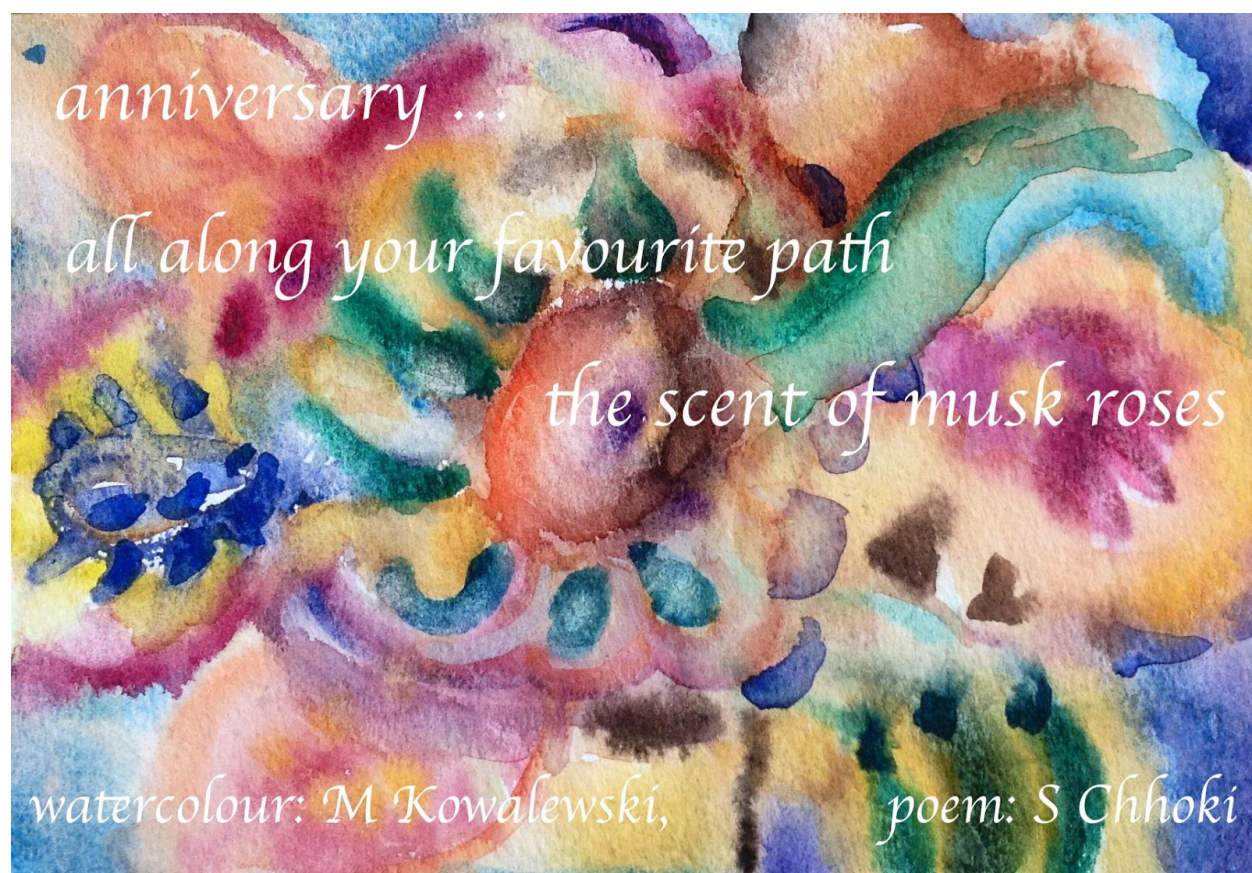
new software  
I sneak a sunbathe  
during the reboot

snow melt  
I stop pulling out  
the greys

left out -  
I suddenly notice  
the odd pane

unshaved legs -  
immediately I know  
we'll click

**Naomi Madelin**  
[@nimnom](mailto:nimnom)



**Sonom Chhoki and M. Kowalewski**

falling leaves  
you never quite hit  
the high notes

which way to go?  
I split  
my split ends

the silverfish  
finds sustenance  
in my self-help book

peak hour  
the numberplate ahead  
says 'AHH 000'

**Louise Hopewell**

after all that died  
the string of hearts  
you left me

a firefly glows  
brighter than the rest  
I forget my jar

wake me if I die  
a neighbor shouts  
from his hammock

**Bruce Jewett**

In every wrinkle  
a suspended reminder  
Life at sunset

*In ogni ruga  
un ricordo sospeso  
Vita al tramonto*

In the old village  
The cries of merchants  
on red roofs

*Nel vecchio borgo  
Le grida dei mercanti  
sui tetti rossi*

**Angela Giordano**

harp dreams -  
warmongers and haters beamed  
to another world

substitute teacher -  
a wasp takes its place  
amongst the students

morning fatigue -  
the transferred energy  
of kittens at play

**Francis W. Alexander**

deaf piano tuner --  
C sharp always  
a bit flat

all those things  
I used to believe in  
“Big Rock Candy Mountain”

late breaking news –  
another demonstration  
against something

six ducklings --  
the toddler counts to two  
three times

new school uniform --  
equally unflattering  
to everyone

4th of May --  
a practice batch  
of margaritas

**Angela Terry**

wind chimes  
outside the loo  
tinkling

she holds her cards  
close to her chest –  
strip poker

downtown street corner –  
passing the local joint  
around

tongue lashing  
the dog sticks its head  
out the car window

funeral service –  
she bows her head in respect  
to her cell phone

**Dana Grover**  
[www.facebook.com/haikuish](http://www.facebook.com/haikuish)



hot sun  
we search the sky  
for relief

spring's swirling wind  
lifting my spirits  
and my skirt

new home  
fitting in  
her memories

hot tub rental place  
thinking of all  
that came before

**Vera Constantineau**

egosystem

mist unwraps itself  
from the top of the mountain  
acceptance notice

dead  
quiet  
cemetery

sorry for  
everything I said  
before my morning coffee

**Olivier Schopfer**

May rain  
is the best –  
says the old man

little cowboy  
instead of a revolver  
a banana

a salesman gives me  
a chilli pepper  
with a smile

paper plane  
in my hand –  
failed haiku

**Zoran Doderovic**

traffic jam—  
we're all pointed  
towards the moon

night club  
changing colours by the minute  
the chameleon on her back

backyard piss—  
in her pee puddle  
the evening star

**Salil Chaturvedi**

outside the cathedral  
nuns kicking  
autumn leaves

chapel ceiling  
the soles of  
jesus' feet

somewhere  
in the cathedral  
a pokemon

hiding under a pew  
in the cathedral  
a toy dinosaur

winter dawn  
on the cathedral lawn  
virgin snow

**Stephen Toft**

windshield smear  
radio static  
no place like home

**Renee Butner**

fern leaves  
the complexity  
of everything

early spring  
I notice my therapist's  
cassette fetish

three quarters  
in a clear zip-lock bag  
Book of Change

hometown visit  
recognizing strangers  
in the streets

my friend's Freudian frown  
I spoke too positively  
of Jung

**Timothy Murphy**

ad for my medication  
we do not share  
the same enthusiasm

daughter's first birthday  
the loneliness  
of my womb

regrettable incident  
my foot falls  
into my mouth

home improvement  
he changes  
the channel

support group  
I never know  
where to put my hands

**Tia Haynes**

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



My father thought girls  
needed no education:  
my mother's breakdown.

Verisimili  
tude. These Japanese forms  
are too short for my

Millipedes are small  
so I can't count their legs  
to confirm their name.

**David Flynn**

winter pouring into  
me  
nothing like an hourglass

winter  
only my late mother  
called me Johnny

once again realizing  
I'm not cut out  
for origami

my regrets  
an obstacle course between  
bird songs


**John Levy**

dandelion fluff  
she takes a  
deep breath

fly in the elevator  
my wild wave  
at strangers

orange, black, white  
stripes and dots -  
perfection for a monarch

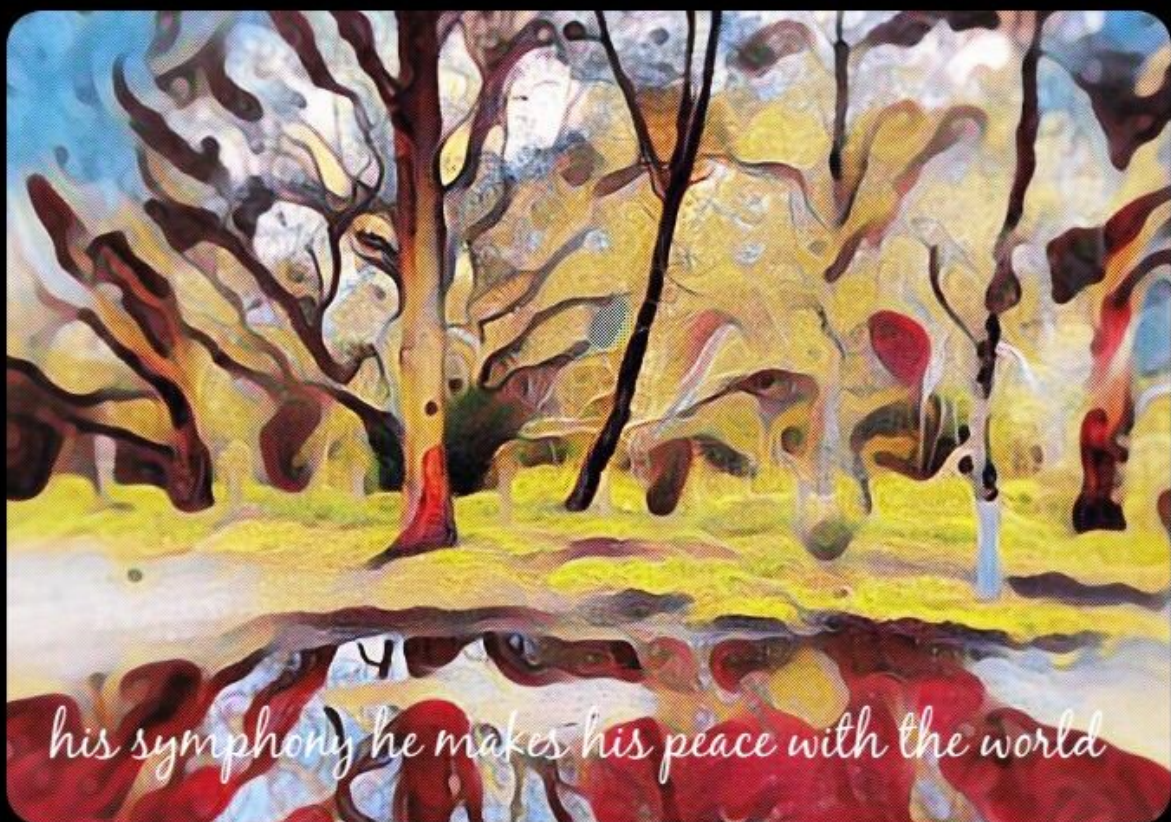
**Pat Davis**



*his stringy signature  
the book i purloined  
as a teenager  
grandfather's library...  
his smile i touch with this book*









**Madhuri Pillai**

Alzheimer's –  
the same question  
every time

**Munia Khan**



voyeur moon . . .  
the filthy things I've done  
you still come around

total eclipse the luna moth was never going to get there anyway

her mirror image  
refuses to look at her . . .  
she takes it personally

naked me and my six pack of beer

she tears the wings  
off butterflies . . .  
no fly zone

blaming it on your missing index finger is pointless

**Michael H. Lester**

winter dusk  
for opening cocoons  
the referee's whistle

spring dawn  
paternity leave  
for the snowman

**Rebecca Cowgill**

a rising breeze  
I air out  
my grievances

summer heat ...  
I help her into  
her birthday suit

parting ways ...  
my shadow and I  
for the night

pink slip ...  
she confronts me  
after dark

**Dave Read**

**[daverreadpoetry.blogspot.ca](http://daverreadpoetry.blogspot.ca)**

nothing  
diverse about it  
colonial cemetery

his feet her feet a new language

what she has  
not attitude, she says  
altitude

**Robert Epstein**

## The Impulsion of Escape

Every now and then, the draught from the river whines in the ochre fronds of bare weeping willows and whips them about. The footpath and the stone cairn with its growing heap of offerings are rimed with frost. They catch the first light in glints of steel. There are no other walkers at this hour or even a car on the road that runs along the bank. It seems the daily hurried and relentless 'going, doing, getting' are suspended in a peculiar quiet. This is in no way disagreeable. It feels as if I have always known this sensation linked to a vague presage of escape. Even in the winter coat and boots I feel light and free like the clouds making slow flight across the ink-blue sky.

*jet passing  
overhead  
a gull's shadow*

*A dog barks from the other side of the arboretum. Two black squirrels chatter about something or another, probably about their red cousin that passed minutes before. Near the canal, a Great Blue heron stands on one leg, waiting. I am the one who blinks first. The ginkgo tree I am looking for is directly in front of me.*

without a word  
following the speech bubbles  
of my own breath

**Sonam Chhoki**  
***Mike Montreuil***

blind date  
his hands running over  
her couch

the top step  
of a war memorial  
her dress blows up

public holiday  
I decide to remain  
private

champagne  
one button left  
on her blouse

roses on our bed  
these things  
we almost say

suicide risk  
I keep on listening  
to his silence

**Bee Jay**

food for thought  
the street vendor  
doesn't want to trade

slash and burn  
the peaceful forest is gone  
your chainsaw snore

candy store  
choosing a sugar coating  
for the bad news

warnings of gales  
the cowardice of your  
breakup text

grief counselling  
another wave finds a shore  
to break against

in a dark corner  
untouched by humane hands  
the rescue dog

**David J Kelly**  
[@motto sakura](#)

chakraasana \*

I slip

on my sweat

*\* wheel pose in yoga*

love scene

my daughter

drops the remote

**Kala Ramesh**

**[Chapbook](#)**

[Naad Anunaad: an Anthology of Contemporary World Haiku](#)



pussy  
you can say it in public  
now that it goes with hat

wordless poem...  
how could you read this  
if that were true

yellow calendar  
a red X on every date  
but one

**William Scott Galasso**

in a gadda da vida  
two fig leaves  
go hitting the grass

sport swear

the star\*s free kick  
moon\*s a referee

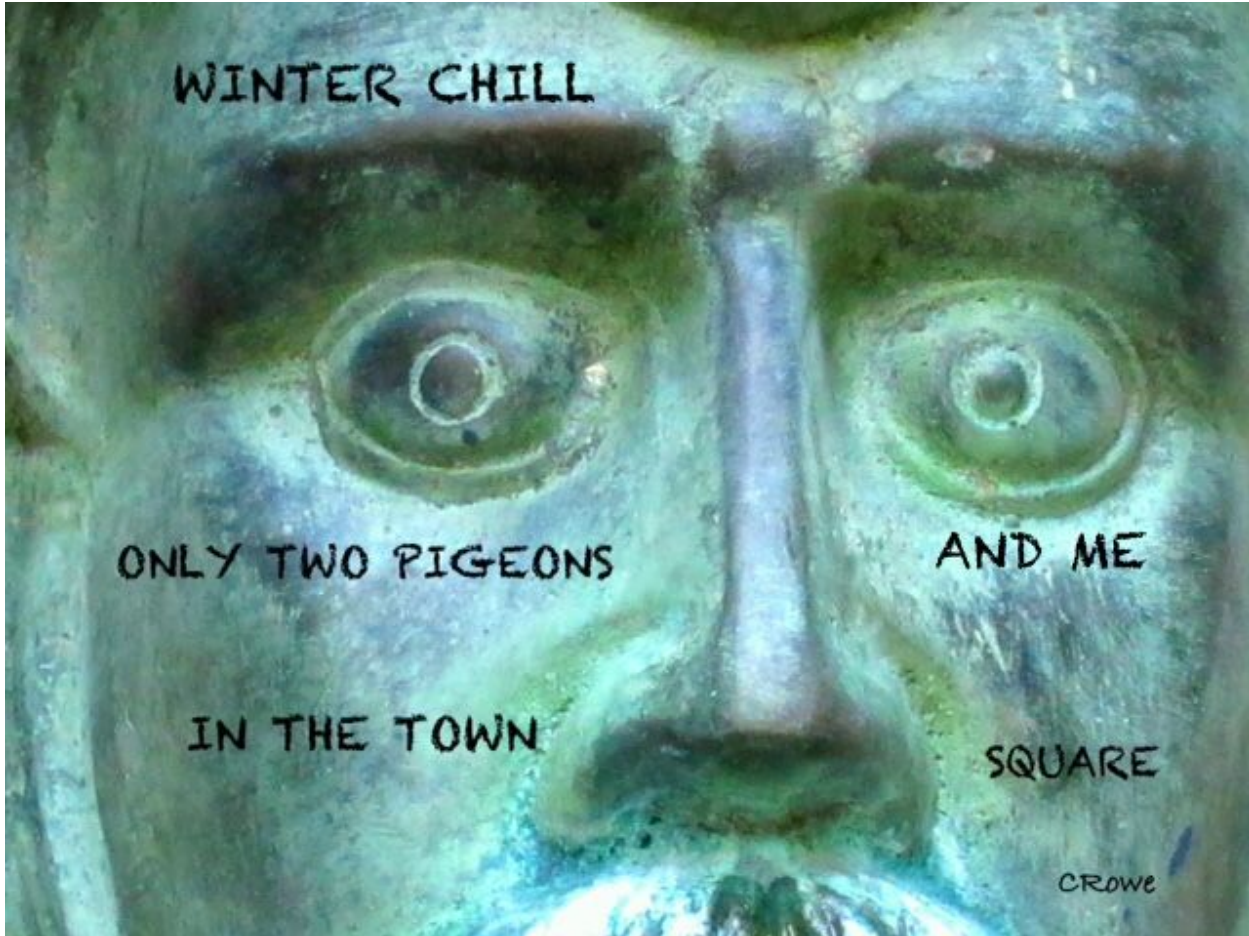
**Adrian Bouter**

winter advisory  
his side of the bed  
unused

afraid of the dark  
I make a wish  
on the new moon

bonfire  
awake till midnight we talk  
the campfire cold

**Barbara Tate**

A painting of a face, possibly a man's, rendered in a style that uses a lot of green and blue pigments. The face is somewhat abstract, with large, circular eyes and a prominent nose. The text is overlaid on the face in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

WINTER CHILL

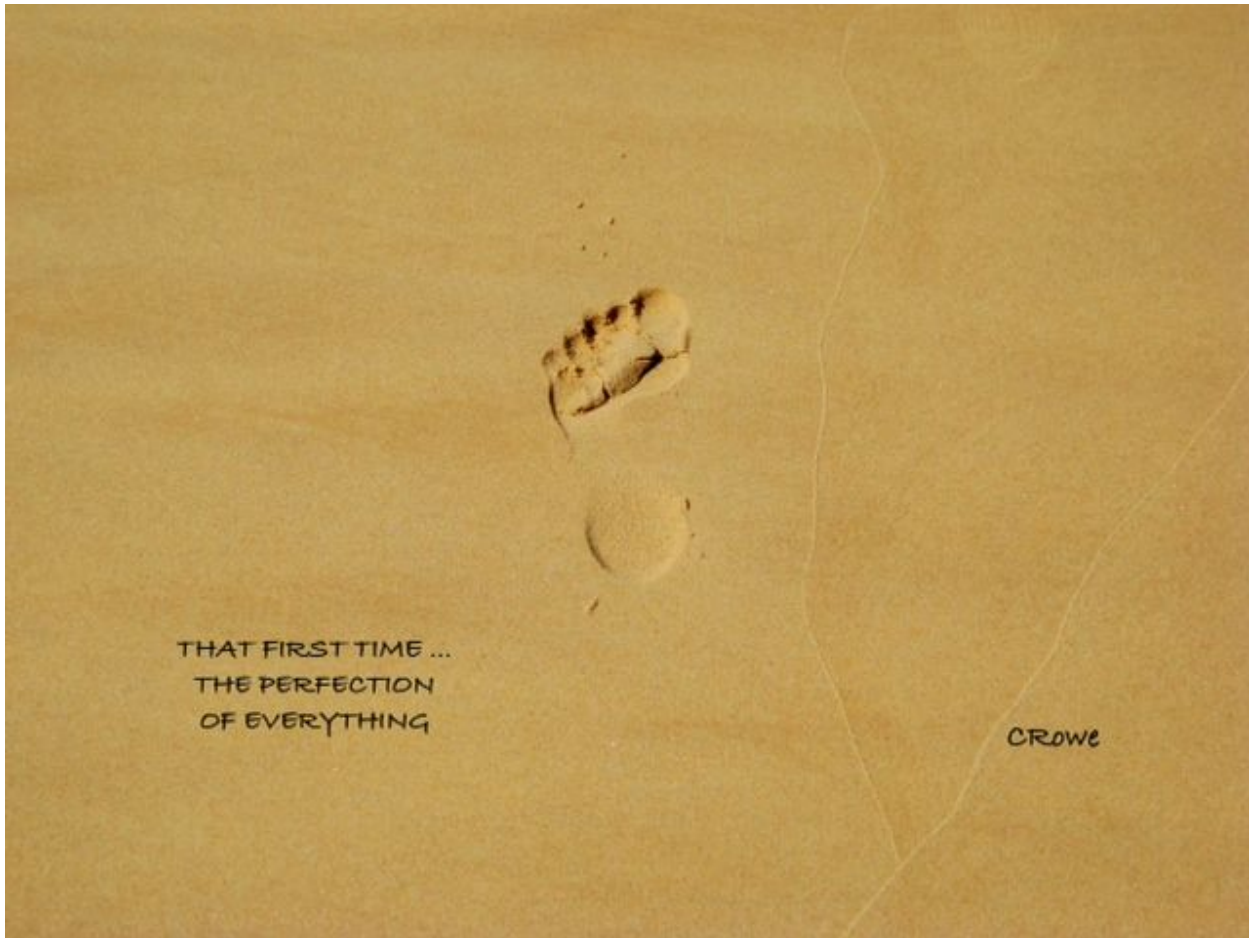
ONLY TWO PIGEONS

AND ME

IN THE TOWN

SQUARE

CROWE



THAT FIRST TIME ...  
THE PERFECTION  
OF EVERYTHING

Crowe

beachcomber  
a message missing  
from the bottle

steady rain  
the comforting ritual  
of bedtime stories

**Cynthia Rowe**

[www.cynthiarowe.com.au](http://www.cynthiarowe.com.au)

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

[http://twitter.com/cynthia\\_rowe](http://twitter.com/cynthia_rowe)

<http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm>

blind date . . .  
he says I am  
perfect

guilty pleasure—  
the sidelong glance  
of her parrot

conversation  
at the family dinner—  
quicksand

writer's block  
the paper gives me  
a blank stare

fickle moon  
the light in your eyes  
not meant for me

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

fallen leaves  
gathering the pieces  
of another life

lonely game of chess  
challenging myself  
again

old inuit ...  
on the kayak bow  
his child's name

old carillion ...  
dancing home alone  
like a ballerina

**Eufemia Griffo**



spilt orange juice  
I start picking up  
a shattered dream

my boss yells  
at me—now i'm in a new  
comfort zone

monster fear  
getting squeezed between  
two doors

**S.Radhamani**

sits down to play  
computer game  
age thirty-two  
gets up  
age fifty-seven

at the motel,  
trying to remember  
this trip's rental car

**David Oates**

**[Wordland](#)**

**Sunday 8pm Eastern on 91.7 FM and 94.5 FM near Athens, GA  
Streams on [www.uga.org](http://www.uga.org)**

deep mist –  
my sight  
in my ears

searching  
for someone to talk to -  
autumn moon

**Marek Kozubek**

In the amphitheater  
Oedipus Rex is performed  
me and mother

**Jack Galmitz**

first snow  
full of holes  
spider's web

at mother-in-law's house  
an old fridge grumbles  
at us

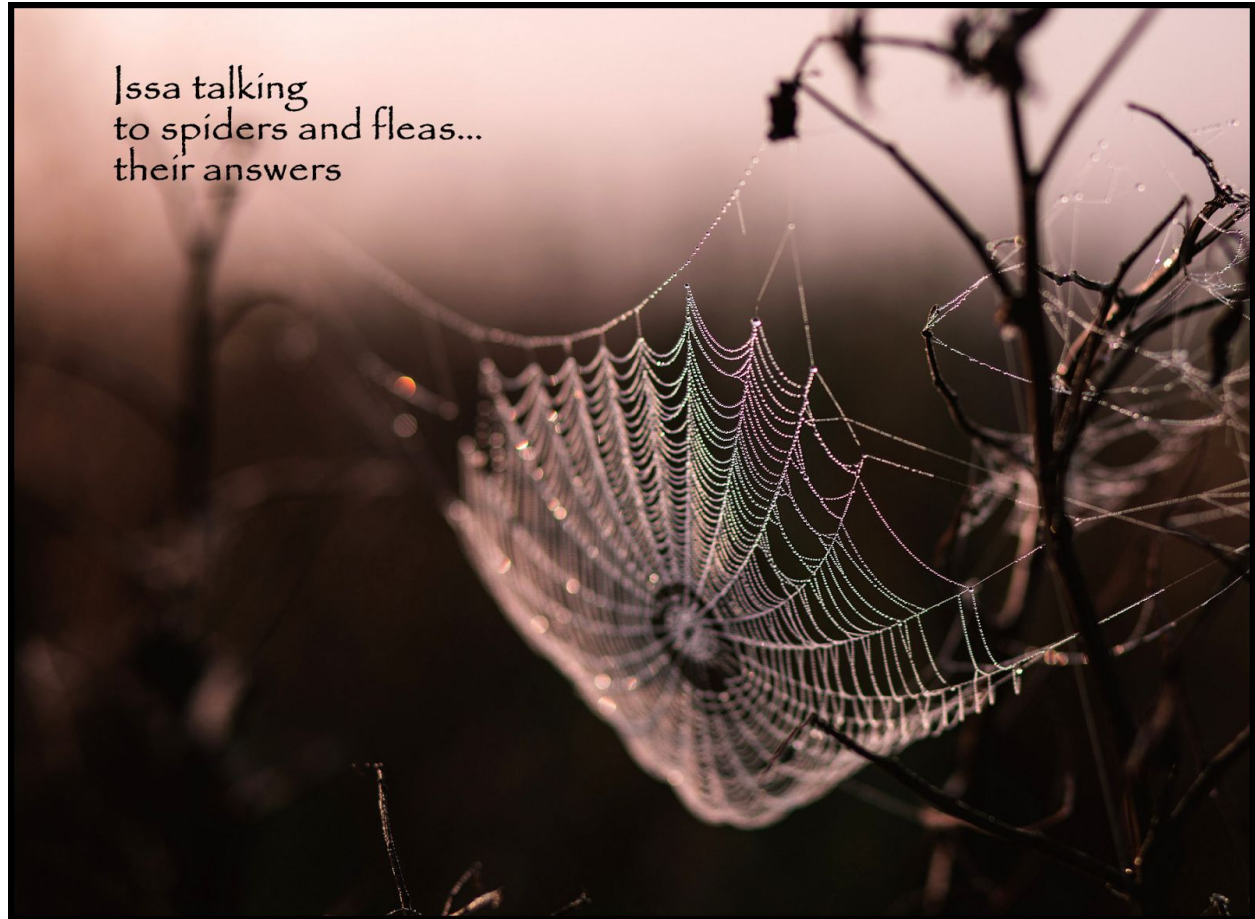
homemade ravioli  
your and my  
fingerprints

hospital for government officials  
old men keep step  
with one another

**Nikolay Grankin**

**fog...**  
**identity thieves**  
**everywhere**





Issa talking  
to spiders and fleas...  
their answers

**Ed Bremson**

**Facebook:** <http://www.facebook.com/edbremson>

**Twitter:** <http://twitter.com/edbremson>

staring out the window  
waiting for a sign  
on her smartphone

solar eclipse  
a dump truck  
pulls up to the window

**Mark Gilbert**



new start —  
I wallpaper over  
our quarrel

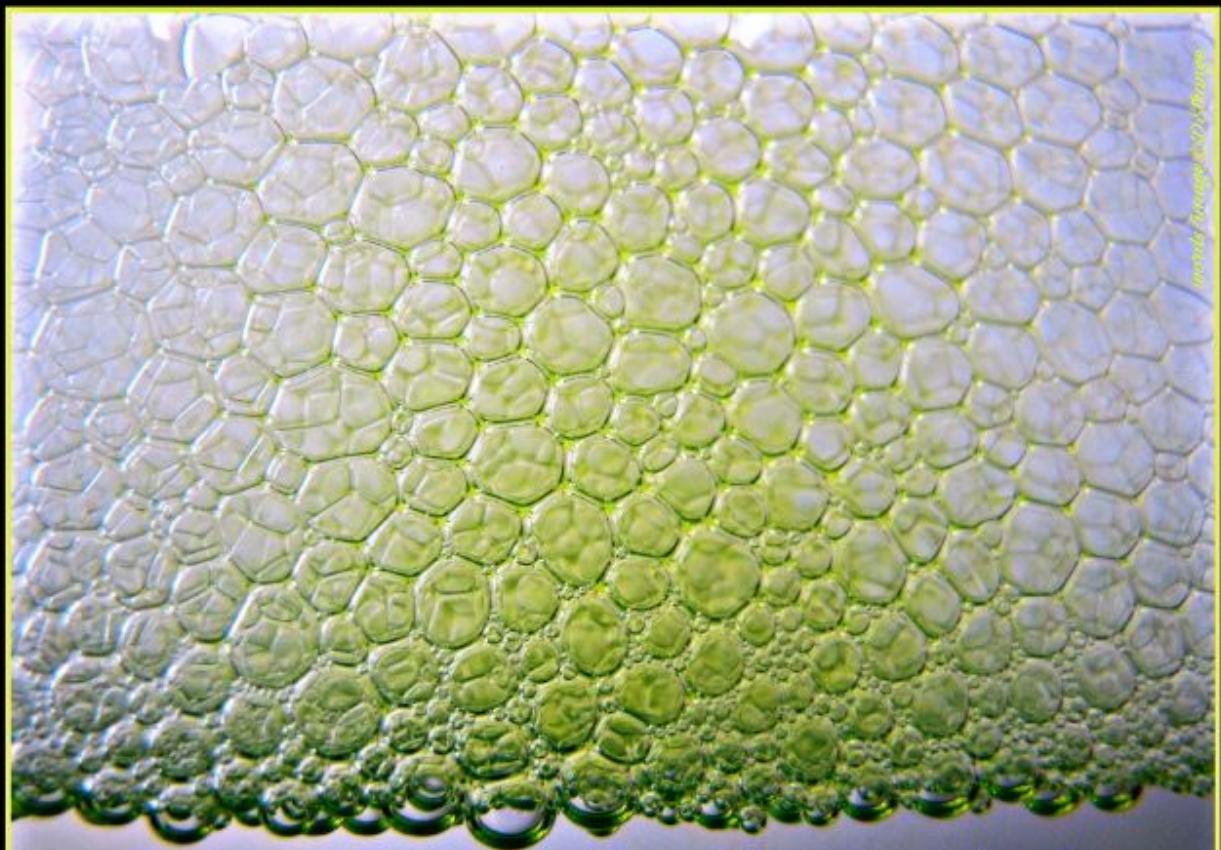
eye contact  
with a spider — he wins  
more eyes

**Keitha Keye**



acrid smoke  
the day she burned  
her bridges down

words/image©DStrange



© 2013 by [illegible]

*bubbles the ones we blow the ones we break*





**Debbie Strange**

[www.debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca](http://www.debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca)

[@Debbie Strange](#)

falling stars  
wishing I had a pocket

wide-brim hat  
the grasshopper  
spits tobacco

**Susan Beth Furst**

cold lemonade-  
the smiling goodmorning  
of the neighbors

*limonata fredda-  
Il buongiorno sorridente  
dei vicini*

zazen -  
inside and out  
of the torpor

*zazen -  
dentro e fuori  
del torpore*

**Margherita Petriccione**

ardent dragonfly  
devours your soft butterfly  
dripping amrita

**Peter A. Wolf**

**[website](#)**

dusty piano  
paw prints makes  
rhythmic circles

book fair  
dad engrossed  
in e-book

**Sudebi Singha**



waltzing up to my biscuits —  
a large crow

**Diarmuid Fitzgerald**

incense  
in each corner--  
home alone

grandma's wake  
all my crying  
before

on every street  
in the Ukrainian ghetto  
national flags

local election  
the wind lifts  
his toupee

illegible  
grandmother's last haiku  
on post-it notes

**Nicholas Klacsanzky**

snowstorm, I shovel  
the plow comes, I shovel  
the plow returns, I shovel

graveside  
jilted mistress gives witness:  
even the dog hated him

**Robert Henry Poulin**

chest pain:  
the weight of memory  
too heavy for nitro

**Dan Smith**

white night in Petersburg  
a kid asks his mum  
“Why is he black?”

**Gordon Ayisi**

icy night rain  
paper thrown on driveway  
not worth a fall

**Christa Pandey**

biker  
tamed by the pram  
he pushes

born early  
impatient  
like his dad

**Mike Gallagher**

chemo  
dripping into her veins  
the doctor's free lunch

**Julie Warther**



## **Tango Heat**

dance little ballerina...  
all the colors of light  
that spin

*bluegrass leaping  
from the fiddler's fingers*

cabaret songs  
on the radio  
“those were the days my friend...”

*finding grandma's clogs  
in the back of the closet –  
celtic nights*

as the intensity builds  
tango heat

*fanning the flames  
the flamenco dancer's  
red dress*

**Angela Terry and Julie Warther**

## **The House of Half Attempts**

It's been weeks now and you can't tell if they're still moving in, or just moving out.

Fitting a four bedroom house into a two bedroom apartment takes some doing, and most of the fortress remains unpacked. There are days when sellers' remorse gets the better of them, and then selective memory takes over. Better the bear you know than the bear you don't know, they say.

Harder still to put both feet down on one side of a decision, and stay there.

one's castle  
the rooms we fill  
to disappear in

**Peter Jastermsky**

restaurant -  
before tasting  
photos on facebook

*(al ristorante – prima di assaggiare /post su facebook)*

**Lucia Cardillo**

delete  
delete, delete  
senior moments

too late to dream the alarm rings

sound of  
distant thunder  
drum solo

**Terrie Jacks**

my strayed kite  
the neighborhood mad man  
returns with his new tie

haiku—  
how every little thing  
matters now

caught on the wire  
a bat and its shadow



**Adjei Agyei-Baah**

farmers' market  
one hot tomato  
after another

filling the holes  
in our friendship  
baby aspirin

dog days of summer  
all the facebook postings  
i've seen before

walking a dog-eared book  
back to the library  
1984

**Sondra J. Byrnes**

forest encounter  
a snake and I flee  
in opposite directions

graveyard  
a family leaves  
short of a member

**Kwaku Feni Adow**



## **CURLEW SUNSET**

her multi-coloured hair  
distracts the eye  
from her bones

dereliction  
a wasteland  
sycamore spinners spin

haggard on a bench scribbling  
he sips soup  
dreams of fame

curlew sunset  
a small abandoned boat  
in the saltmarsh

a single line  
on a stained page  
“her multi-coloured hair”

**Paul Beech**

her return ...  
the collapse  
of the permafrost

my testimony ...  
the judge  
cranes his neck

old shepherd ...  
the flock  
drags along

**Mohammad Azim Khan**

gin blossoms  
I think about you  
every time

eye of the storm  
an old pain  
swells in my chest

passing by  
this stranger  
without a word  
earthworm

**Gabriel Bates**  
[gabrieljbates.wordpress.com](http://gabrieljbates.wordpress.com)

moving  
to recompose the puzzle  
of our lives

baptism  
the pastor errs  
the child's name

fidget spinner  
time flows quickly  
between my hands

PEZZETTIDILISA

mimesis  
swapping my life  
with that of a cricket

~ Elisa Allo ~



Photo © Annalisa Cirillo

writing haiku...

my emptiness

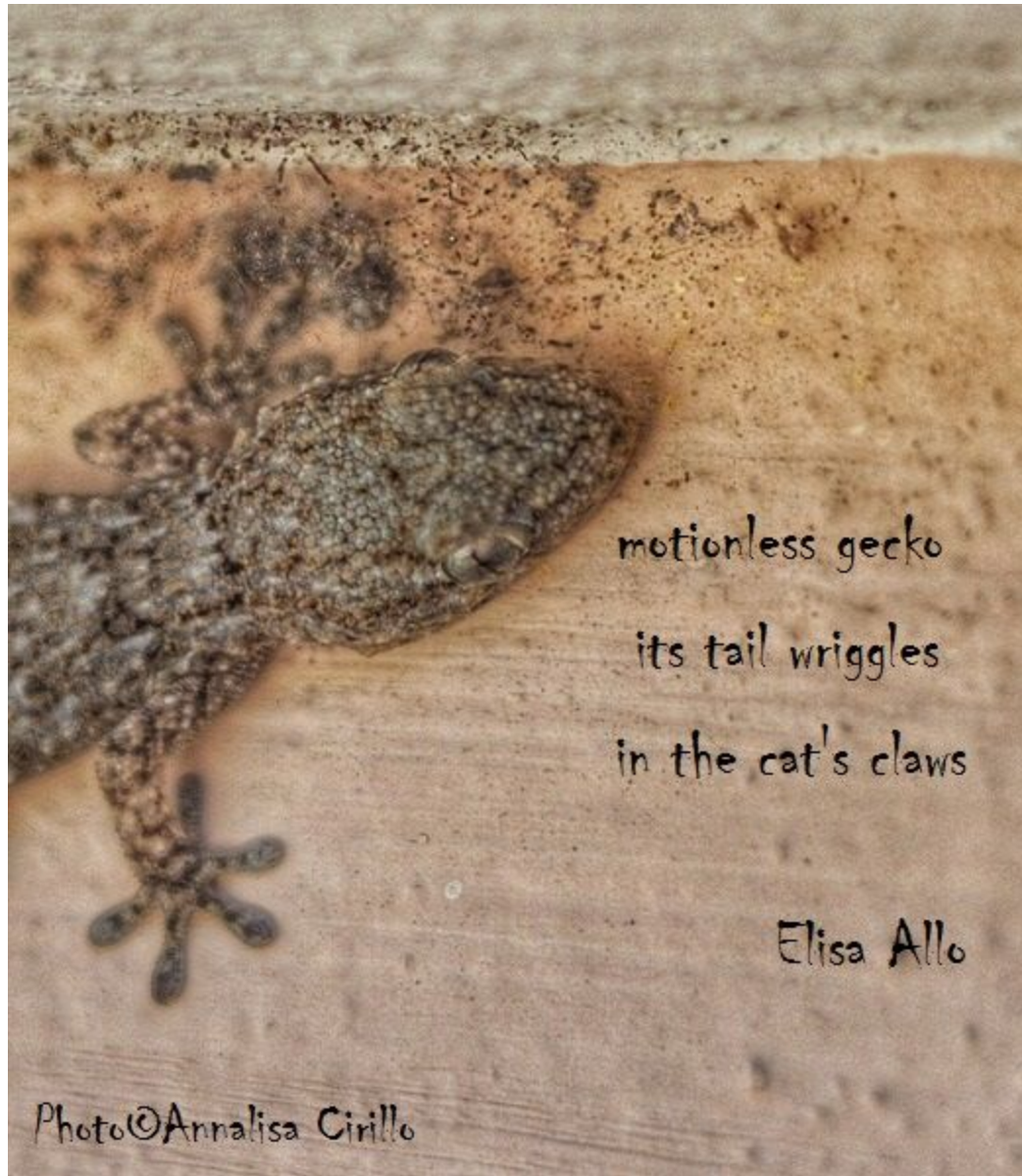
is overflowing

IPEZZETTIDILISA

Elisa Allo's Haiku

Annalisa Cirillo's Photo





motionless gecko  
its tail wiggles  
in the cat's claws

Elisa Allo

Photo©Annalisa Cirillo

**Elisa Allo**

shift change –  
handing off false  
hope

ginger root  
in the family bible a lock  
of grandmother's hair

bugs in amber -  
the long line to turn into  
Volkswagen service

pickup lines -  
what worked on my ex  
and my ex-dog

cooking together  
on opposite sides  
of the sink -  
things are strained  
between us

**Eric Lohman**  
[@ealcsw](#)



unwanted touch  
this thinning air  
up the mountain

stomach thunder  
the elevator bell  
finally rings

**Anthony Q. Rabang**

**[@thonyrabang](http://facebook.com/ShortPauses)**

*piano bar -  
sottofondo di jazz  
dentro la pioggia*

piano bar -  
background of jazz  
in the rain

**Angiola Inglese**

trepidation -  
new voicemail  
from the doctor

**Joe Kleponis**



rocky path just when I need a sign daylilies

**Barbara Kaufmann**

home from vacation ---  
forgotten pistachios  
have wings

morning news---  
Steve the robot  
a suicide by drowning

**Jill Lange**

an ice cream flavor  
labeled bunny tracks  
no thank you

end of the day  
my bank statement and sudoku  
in alignment

my aged mother  
asks me who I am  
good question

**Dottie Piet**

chilled moon  
endures the winter sun  
until midday

**Nina Kovacic**



**Gergana Yaninska**



Wimbledon  
after the match  
I take a nap

home alone  
I share a peach  
with fruit flies

**Debbi Antebi**

clothing optional  
my fear of water  
and women

holding the hand  
of his little sister –  
the class bully

my dead brother's room  
all our unanswered letters  
in brown paper bags

old photo  
the stranger  
I've become

blocking my view  
of the horizon  
her string bikini

summer sunset  
my granddaughter asks me  
if I'm old

**Bill Kenney**

grown thinner  
father naming  
every herb

gaining momentum  
the runner  
the rain

**Helga Härle**

## **TOKYO, or TAKING CELLPHONES OUT**

Shinto shrine  
fields where melons once grew  
sprout skyscrapers

apartment tower  
spot way up high waves at  
spot on the ground

no cars coming  
crossing guard signals them  
to stop

ample hips shift  
under summer linen  
the heat

lunchtime cafe  
sliding door sighs shut  
on summer heat

late start  
getting to the Fuji tour  
I rush more

origami store  
master's lips move faster  
than his fingers

Shinjuku street  
people taking cellphones  
out for a walk

**Robert P. Moyer**

dark country road  
every other street light  
missing

cloud faces  
my childhood dog  
follows me

**Robyn Brooks**

browsing Goodreads...  
my book rated five stars  
by the publisher

haiku—  
after writing a good one  
I lose my notepad

tailgating a slow driver  
who turns out to be  
my boss

Buddha's Birthday  
cleaning the mirror  
one more time

AARP mail—  
for the first time in ten years  
I keep it

**John J. Han**

thankful too  
light breeze lessens  
the dread of horseflies

**Kristyn Blessing**





my first enso  
please ignore  
the corners

Mike Rehling  
'Failed' Editor  
[editor@failedhaiku.com](mailto:editor@failedhaiku.com)

(all work copyrighted by the authors)