

failed haiku

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Volume 2, Issue 21

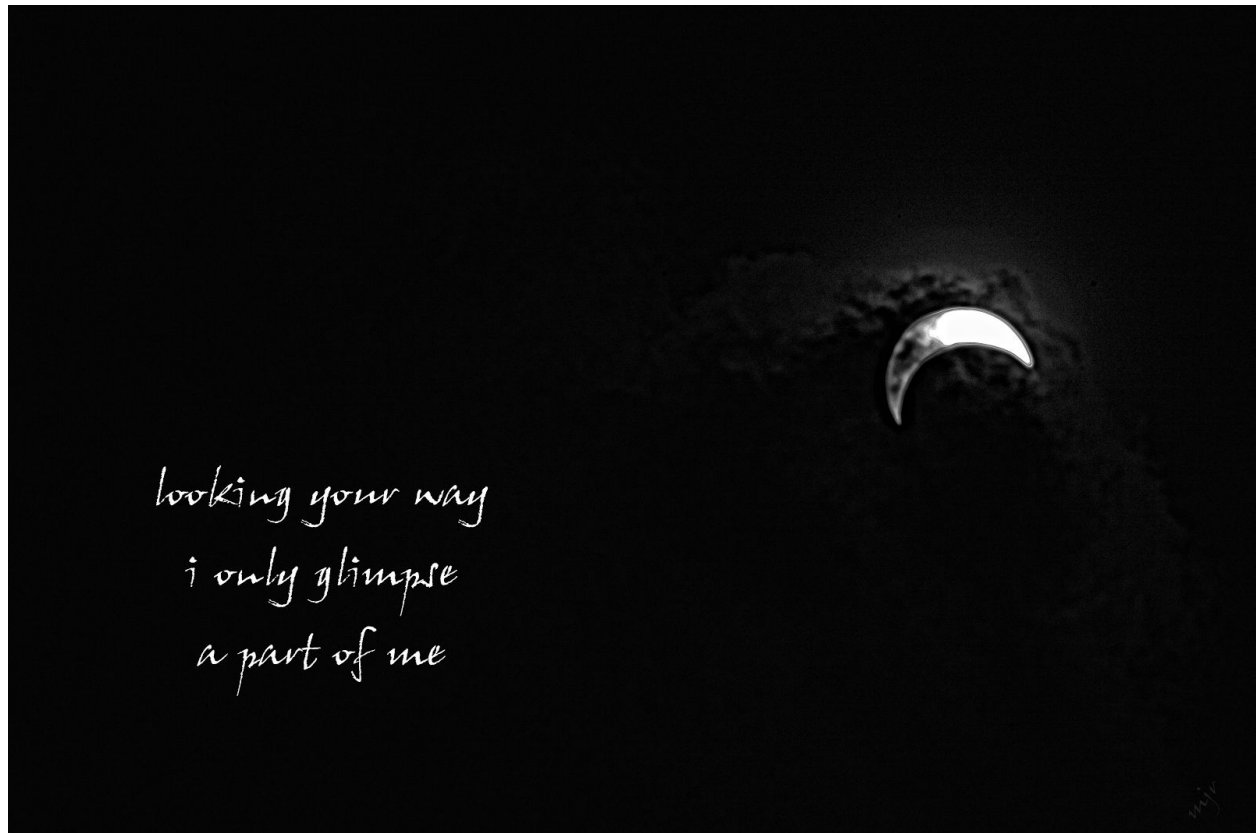
michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

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Cover haiga by: Mike Rehling

Cast List

In order of appearance

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Maeve O'Sullivan

Theophilus 'Femi Alawonde

Alexis Rotella

Diana Teneva

Barbara Tate

Paul Waring

Valentina Meloni

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Marilyn Humbert

Mary White

Husain Abdulhay

John J. Dunphy

Linda McCarthy Schick

Kala Ramesh

Marilyn Humbert

Natalia Kuznetsova

Olivier Schopfer

Angela Giordano

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Richard L Ratliff

Jamie Steckelberg

Angela Terry

Tsanka Shishkova
Marshall Bood
Simon Hanson
Debbie Strange
Cynthia Rowe
Hazel Hall
Angela Terry and *Julie Warther*
Ann Christine Tabaka
Gabriel Bates
Elmedin Kadric
Rick Hurst
Anna Cates
Bryan Rickert
Paul Beech
Eduard Schmidt-Zorner
Terrie Jacks
Eva Limbach
Madhuri Pillai
Hifsa Ashraf
Nika and Jim McKinniss
Elizabeth Crocket
Perry L. Powell
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Phyllis Lee
Billy Tuggle
Ola Lindberg
Edwin Lomere
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Theresa A. Cancro
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Robyn Brooks

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Lucia Fontana

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Celestine Nudanu

Sondra J. Byrnes

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Gail Oare

Terri French

A Slice of Autumn, a haibun by Maeve O'Sullivan

The journey from Kyoto to Nara is just under an hour by train. The burnt colours of the trees that we speed past are stunning, and I find myself thinking about Autumn Leaves, a French song from the forties with lyrics by the poet Jacques Prévert. But it is just the air, by Joseph Kosma, that I can't help myself from humming.

The man sitting opposite me asks me if I'm French, having recognised the song, and we get chatting. Turns out he's a Vietnamese-born French citizen, an elderly gent called Paul who loves to travel in Japan. By the time we reach Nara, we have decided to do some sight-seeing together.

Uphill from the train station, we see two men taking turns pounding rice into paste with wooden mallets outside a shop. The green paste is then moulded into biscuit shapes and baked in an oven. The result is mochi, a typical rice cake.

tea ceremony —
the kimono-clad woman
folds, refolds the napkin

Our journey takes us through Nara Park, where hundreds of tame deer roam. Regarded as messengers of the gods in the Shinto tradition, they have protected status which allows them to wander freely. They bow their heads to visitors who feed them with special crackers sold at shops and stalls nearby.

soft ginkgo nuts
same colour as their foliage —
sushi bar

We spend the next couple of hours visiting temples and shrines, and taking photographs in the clear light of this crisp, sunny day. One of the largest seated Buddhas in the world is to be found at Todaji Temple, one of the world's oldest wooden structures. It's a popular spot, with tourists buying mala beads, miniature prayer wheels and other Buddhist paraphernalia at the busy shop inside.

bronze Buddha. . .
cameras pointed away from
the ugly wooden statue

Kofukuji Temple is also striking, with its five- and seven-storey pagodas. I see something there which I've never seen before in any place of worship: a woman ladling water onto a standing statue. I later discover that the figure is that of Kannon, Japan's version of the Buddhist deity of compassion, which takes a female form here.

Close to the entrance to our last shrine of the day, four women are diligently clearing the pathway. They wear matching pale pink tops, black aprons and an assortment of hats. Two of them sweep dead leaves into orange plastic dustpans with their old-fashioned brooms. The third pours the pan's contents into a box with rope handles, and the fourth hoists it onto her shoulder and walks away.

Shinto shrine:
a fierce dragon guards
the purifying font

Maeve O'Sullivan

family meeting...
a loud fart
resolves it all.

stargazing...
the warmth of
my dog.

Theophilus 'Femi Alawonde

No money for acupuncture
but plenty
for tattoos

Retweets
the bank teller refuses
to cash them

His mom away
the little boy refuses to eat
her stuffed peppers

Alexis Rotella

an old album –
identifying myself only
by the ribbons

no electricity...
playing chess
with my son

Diana Teneva

yard sale
grandma's radio
goes for a song

flea market
I leave my dog
at home

Gettysburg
he asks why they always fought
in National Parks

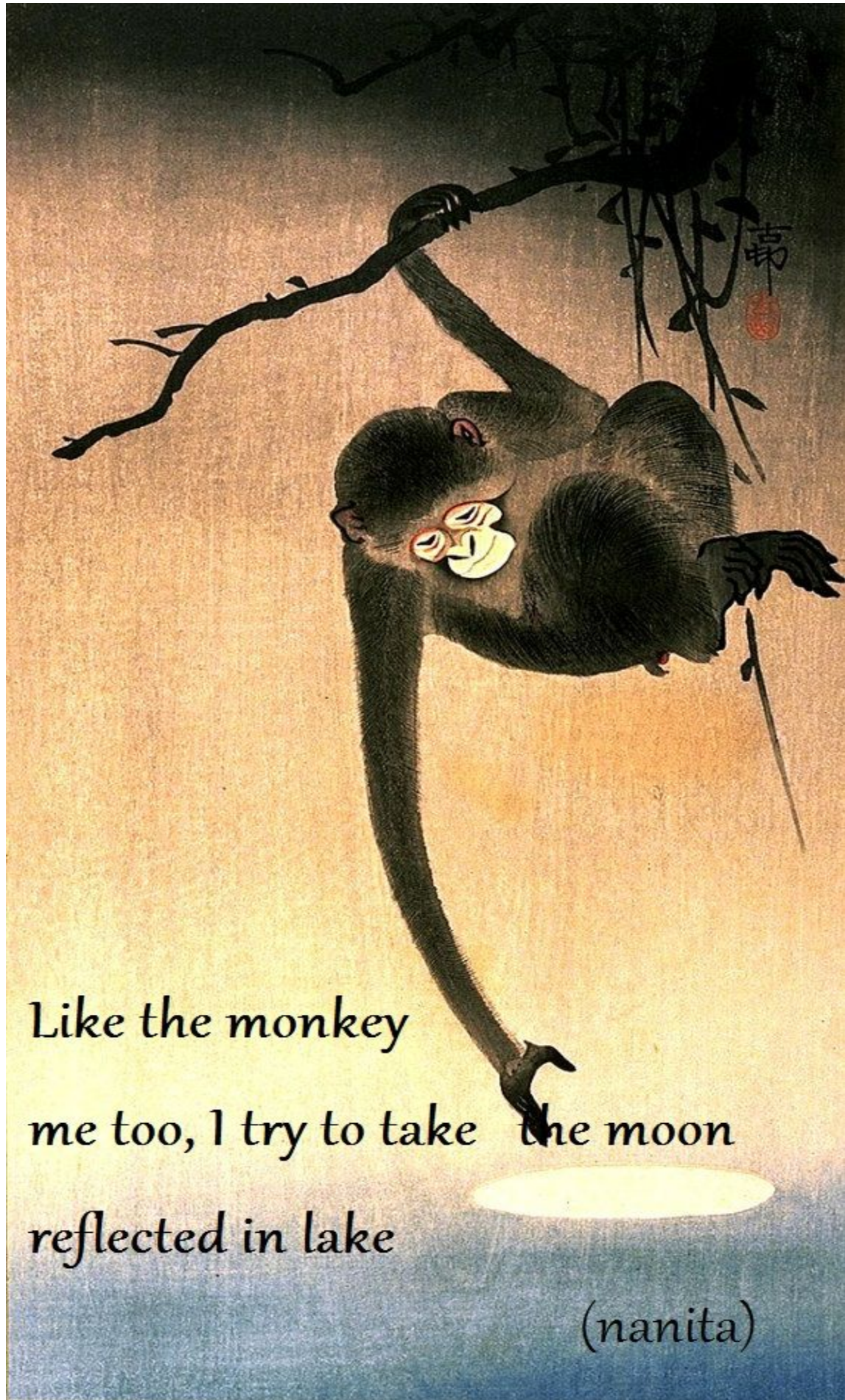
Barbara Tate

a dog sniffs a tree
messages in pee
checking wee-mails

Paul Waring

twitter: [@dr paulwaring](https://twitter.com/dr paulwaring)

blog: <https://waringwords.wordpress.com>



Like the monkey
me too, I try to take the moon
reflected in lake

(nanita)

Mid-August —
I have a love story
with the fan

Distant lightning —
the baby with open mouth
drinks the rain

Is it perhaps...
a kiss that petal touching
my cheek?

Peacock's cries —
even Buddha descends from heaven

Valentina Meloni
www.valentinameloni.com

hoax

locust plague –
hacker hoax
goes viral ssh

the mines
lucky strike –
iron pyrite mh

gold rush
the sudden influx
of migrants ssh

work permits
sold by scalpers
on street corners mh

moonshine
no excise licence...
busted again ssh

world wide web
syndicates alien invasion –
april fool's day mh

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Marilyn Humbert

no home
sleeping until the moon
rises



Mary White

bedraggled matchbox
lamplighter out of the blue
winnows one unspoiled

Husain Abdulhay

New Age fair --
fortune-teller assures us
she uses only
green tea leaves

John J. Dunphy

got new jeans
paid extra
for the holes

perhaps
a blurry photograph
captures them best

travel insurance for butterflies abracadabra

Linda McCarthy Schick

still life
apples and peaches
more alive than me

at Shiva's temple
this drumming ... nonstop
rhythm in me

Kala Ramesh

patients
waiting at the clinic –
birds on a wire

start of term 3
her school uniform
too short, too tight

—

Chicken Stampede

In the Winton, a town of 900 people in Channel Country of Central Western Queensland, there's a fella called Ben. He had an idea to raise money for his drought-stricken community's projects and non-profit organisations.

Every night at 5.00pm, except in summer when the temperatures rise above 40C, locals and tourists gather at the North Gregory Hotel to bet on their favourite girl.

5.15pm numbered, be-ribboned, feathers preened and flounced,
they're off.
Ben calling the commentary.

chicken race –
tonight's roast
is not the winner

Marilyn Humbert

another fall -
another lesson
to be ignored

his tall tales
still fascinate me...
supermoon

you cannot lose
what you never had...
divorce hearing

Natalia Kuznetsova

starway to heaven

if only...

the dreams

under my pillow

around the crime scene

a murder of crows

unfulfilled dream

I mistake an airplane

for a shooting star

first freeze

we follow the white clouds

of our breaths

Olivier Schopfer

Dense fog
The song remains on the branch
nightingale

*- Fitta la nebbia
Resta sul ramo il canto
dell'usignolo*

A storm
Inside the water bucket
the Rainbow

*Un temporale
Dentro il secchio dell'acqua
l'arcobaleno*

From the old roof
The moon enters every night-
shameless

*Dal vecchio tetto
la luna entra ogni notte
senza pudore*

Video call
On the face of mom
an extra wrinkle

*Video chiamata
Sul volto della mamma
una ruga in più*

Angela Giordano

quilting club -
stitching together squares
of gossip

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

<https://stardusthaiku.blogspot.com/>

Many light grey clouds
Lint balls stretched across the sky
Please sweep them away

Richard L Ratliff

Five hours later I
smoke the obligatory
cigarette; she tastes better.

I almost fell like
some drunk from the rush of the
nicotine. She picked me up.

Morning coffee run
to the vets with stool sample
from barn cat; proud mom.

Jamie Steckelberg

tunnel vision -
only electric stars
to light my way

mind games -
a newly revised edition
of 1984

taking her remarks
at face value -
heavily made up

Angela Terry

Montmartre
an artist paints
a praying prostitute

summer theater
on the street an elderly lady
gives camellias



T
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artist
MIRA



perseids
I make
a wish list

Tsanka Shishkova

LIVE PSYCHIC READINGS —
the pigeons keep
coming back

mothballed homes —
I know what the mumbling
beggar is asking

roadside ravens —
she tells me
of her tough year

autumn festival ...
the human statue
wipes her nose

Valentine's Day —
the caretaker sprays
for bedbugs

Marshall Bood

goldfish pond
a penny
for their thoughts

after rain
ten thousand snails
with similar ideas

kkkkkkkkjjjjjjrddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeer
the cat's one liner

greetings
from another world
the cat's glow eyes

breaking news
a grain of sand
still a mystery

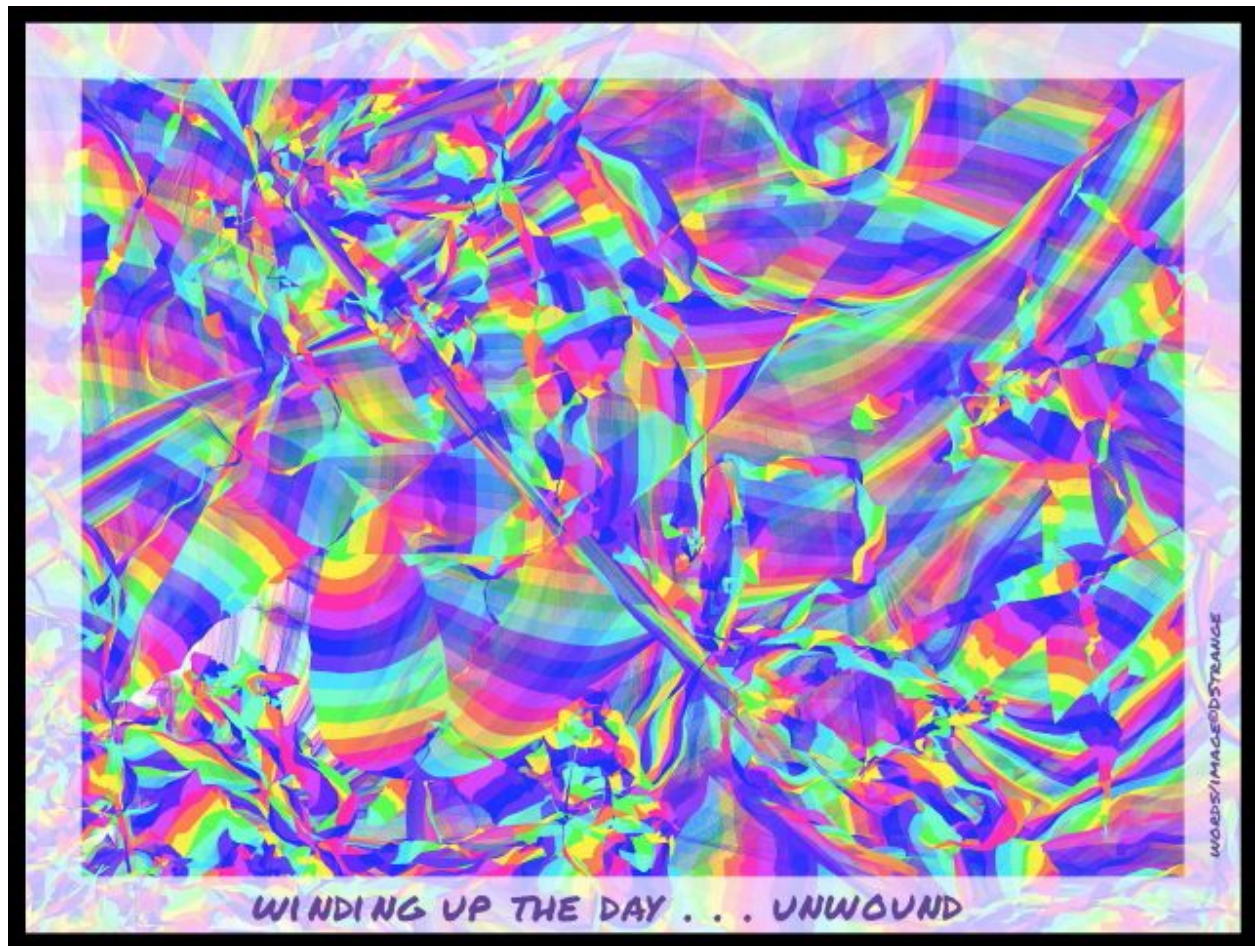
finance news
same as yesterday
privilege for a few

Simon Hanson

threats of war
we hold hands the way
we used to



words/image © DStrange



Debbie Strange

[@Debbie Strange](#)

[debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca](#)

wisteria lane
my neighbour's
beguiling smile

lonely beach
the entwined legs
of two deckchairs

the skink
hunts down a ladybeetle . . .
my dropped paperback



one more selfie...
sinking ever deeper
into his eyes

CRowe



Cynthia Rowe

Editor: Haiku Xpressions

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

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

http://twitter.com/cynthia_rowe

wordsmith . . .
nothing said
in too many words

tai chi
finding my yin
by the Yangtze

railway junction
our lines cross
then separate

not sure
if I'm coming or going
. . . gibbous moon

Hazel Hall

Home Alone

walking home alone
on the first day of school...
a mother's tears

*the other half
of the peanut butter sandwich*

loneliness
she never expected –
bitter tea

*folding laundry –
the letter of the day
is L*

her conversation
echoes with silence

*staring out the window
she comforts
the dog*

Angela Terry
Julie Warther

I see a star
the star sees me
who gets the wish?

silk babushkas
cover graying heads of
old world stories

Ann Christine Tabaka

Independence Day
the fireworks
in everyone's eyes

hieroglyphs
she sends me a text
message

that place we met
at first
not knowing why
I came here

road trip
he passes me
the pipe

Blurred Canopy

Grandma tells me to go check on the eggs. In the kitchen, I lean over the counter and start to get light headed. Then my vision blurs.

"Whoa", I say out loud, but it sounds slow and distant.

Finally, darkness.

I open my eyes and breathe sharply. Looking up to see my whole family around me, I start to wonder why I'm on the floor.

"You passed out and had a seizure!", my grandma exclaims. I sit on the couch, soaked in sweat and white as a ghost.

She calls 911.

ambulance ride
only a blurred canopy
of dead leaves

By the time we make it to the hospital, I'm half asleep. They prod and poke me, ask me questions. I'm way too out of my head to even think straight.

An older man wheels me to a small room where they take pictures of my brain.

I wait.

emergency room
mistaking these machines
for birdsong

Eventually, a nurse comes and hands me papers. Something about an episode.

I can see neatly trimmed bushes outside the window. I try to ignore the pain from the IV in my arm.

More questions than answers.

hospital bed
this steady dripping
of all I know

Gabriel Bates

home alone
the sailor folds
a paperboat

in the graveyard
the pregnant widow looks
for names

ah
the cat
up
a leaky
roof

Elmedin Kadric

mountains
in shades of teal
her silk blouse

roadkill
in the breakdown lane
vultures

chipped paint
on the front porch
her nails

Rick Hurst

his endless excuses . . .
slippery
watermelon seeds

ABOVE THE GRAVES

A cemetery borders one end of the bike trail. On the other end, a water treatment plant that, on occasion, produces a stench so foul, anyone would prefer the ghosts . . .

a horned owl's
twilight blues—
first frost

Anna Cates

zen garden–
the deer eat it back
to nothing

my wife's lock box–
a well worn love letter
from someone else

word of your death–
not the harvest moon
I was looking for

commitment trouble–
all the things he gives her
still with tags

excessive heat
coming in waves
her climax

autumn–
the dystopia
of us

Bryan Rickert

sleet
a dark form in the shadows
she coughs again

CHERRY BAKEWELLS

First bite and I'm right back there with him now, Dad in his kitchen on a Saturday night, Lancashire roots rich in his speech again. "My word, Paul, you've got big feet!" He's frail in old age, his precious girl lost, my Mum.

And didn't we achieve a new understanding, chatting over hot sweet tea and Cherry Bakewells? Dad told of days spent pedalling around, a lone apprentice wiring up air-raid shelters; evenings courting Elsie as Blitz sirens wailed. He joined the RAF on turning eighteen. I spoke of my work with the homeless.

Aye, a new understanding for sure, his crushing handshake, saying goodbye, always proof enough of that.

slide-rule foolscap love
he taught me more than equations
my Dad

Paul Beech

a signpost was us
a man with a pitchfork on his back
in an autumn field

Eduard Schmidt-Zorner

winter walk
homes and I
exhale warmth

spring repair
oiling the hinge
on the door
my joints
screech

Terrie Jacks

spotted salamander
face to face
with the past

paper crane
unfolding
yesterdays news

Eva Limbach
[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

siblings...
strains of a raga
fills the silence

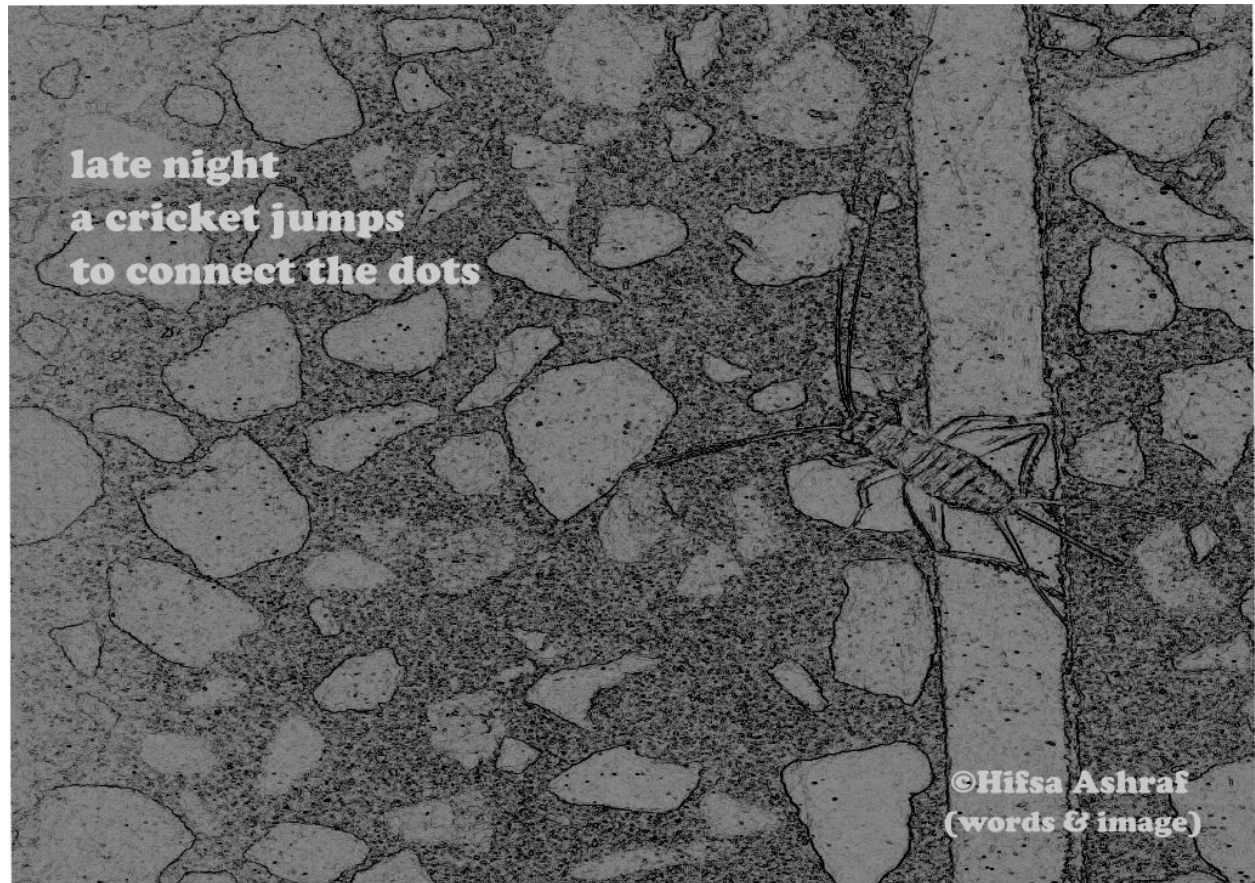
curled on the street
the abandoned dog's
faded collar

peanut vendor
a tower of paper cones
leans in his cart

old tailor
his toothless grin
of recognition



Madhuri Pillai



first promotion ...
i update my Linkedin profile
before the ceremony

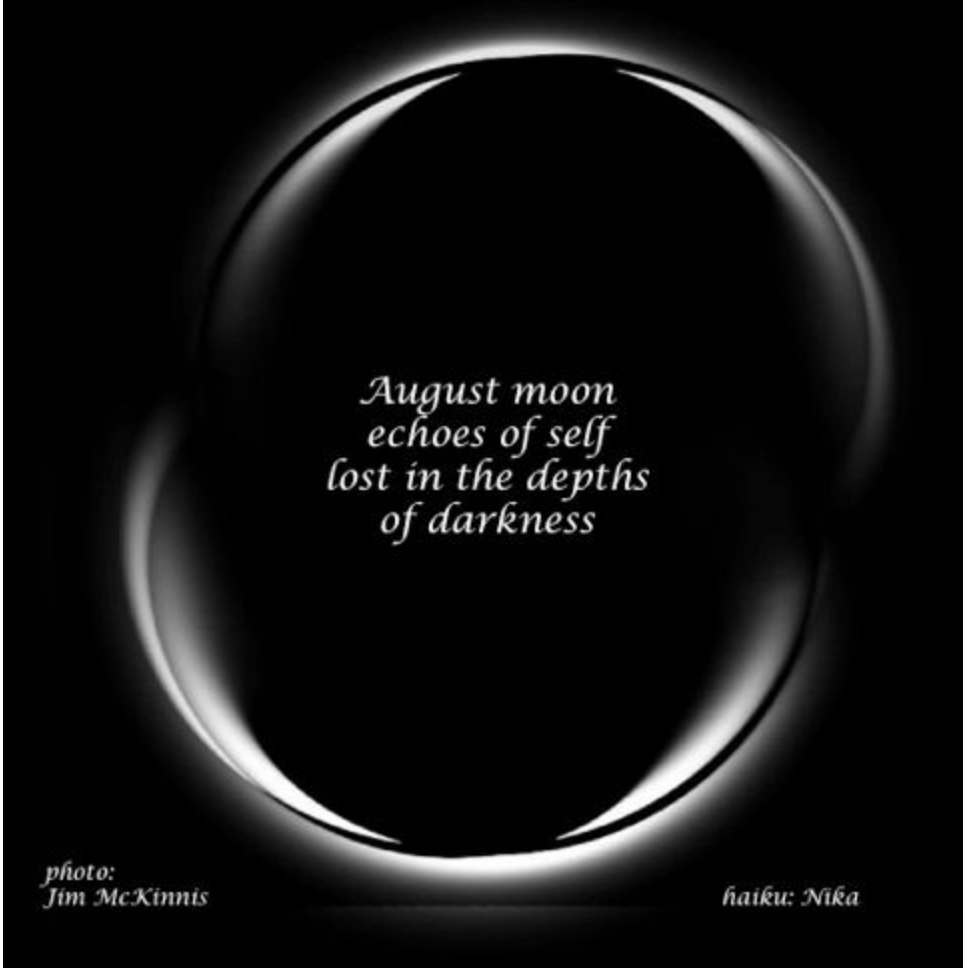
overtime alone –
my coffee froth
smiles at me

senryu walk
i think before
speak

jobless ...
i check regularly
the junk box

first tweet
i forget to count
my words

Hifsa Ashraf



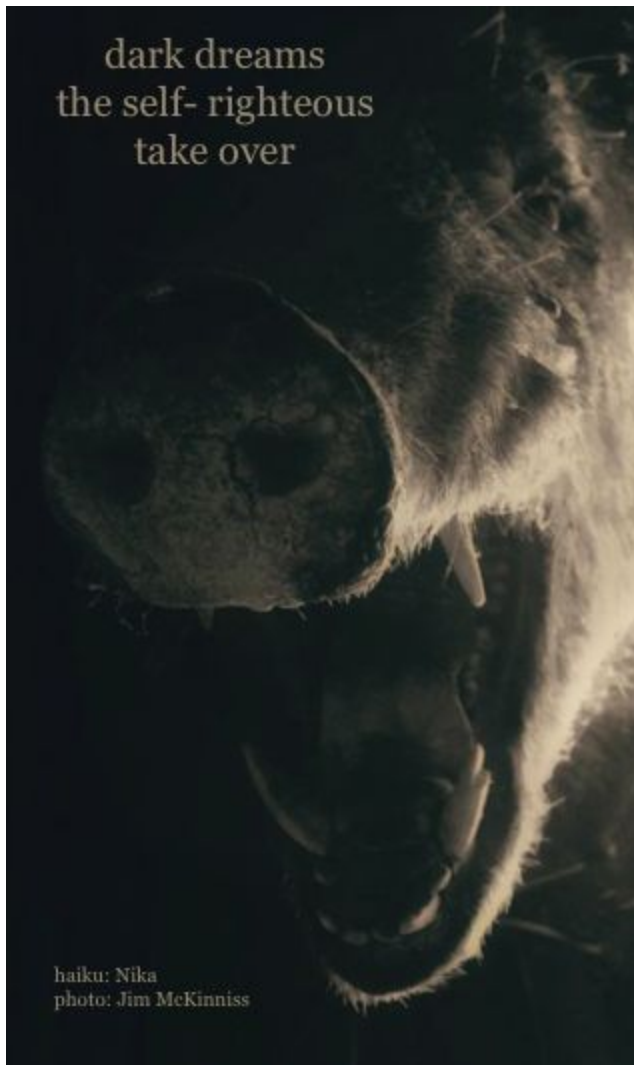
*August moon
echoes of self
lost in the depths
of darkness*

*photo:
Jim McKinnis*

haiku: Nika

dark dreams
the self- righteous
take over

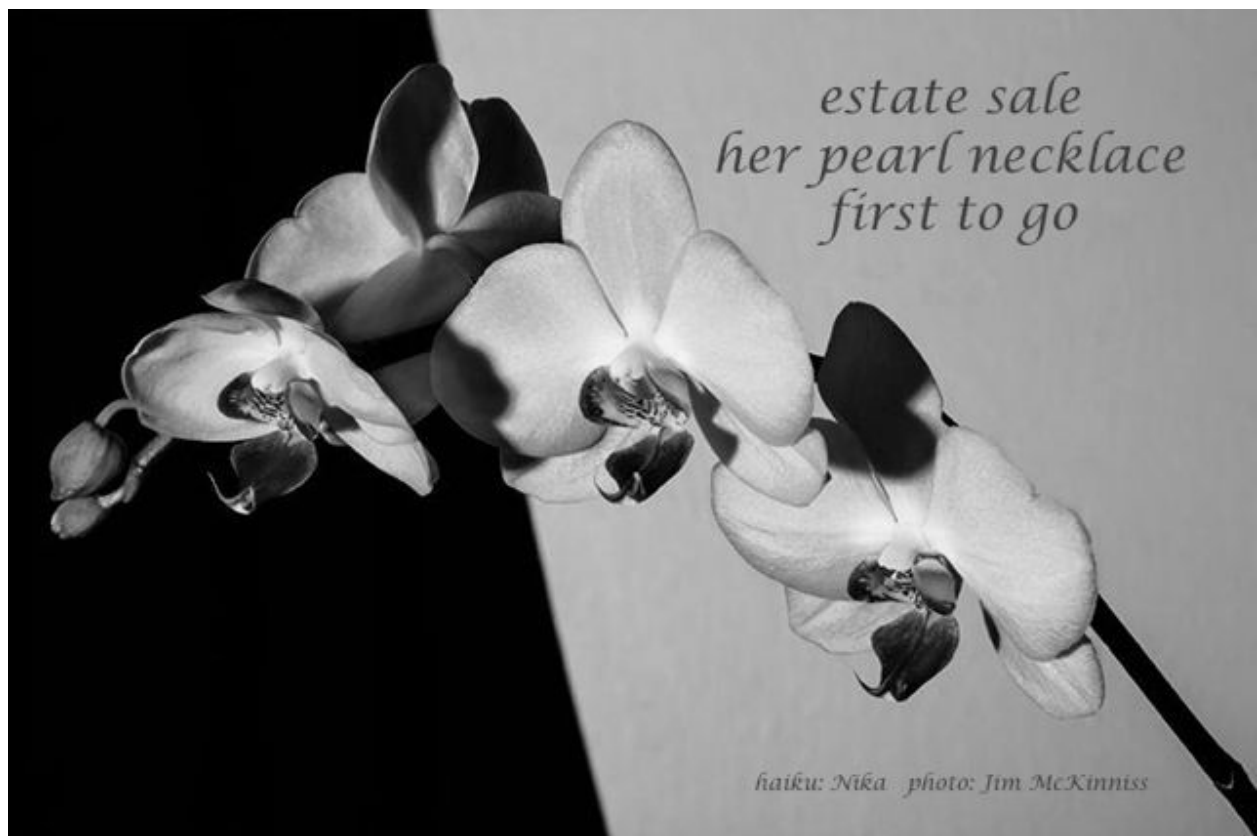
haiku: Nika
photo: Jim McKinniss





day dreams
she remembering me
remembering her

haiku: Nika photo: Jim McKinniss



*estate sale
her pearl necklace
first to go*

haiku: Nika photo: Jim McKinniss



Nika - Poems
Jim McKinniss - Photos



Elizabeth Crocket

halfway up the mountain
the lives
we didn't live

poets drinking
every shot
another line

leftovers
me
and my food

though I told you
couldn't live without you
...

Perry L. Powell

summer evening
the wine an ally
of earth and sky

sunny side up ...
the sad-eyed waitress
feigns a smile

benign appearance
even the moon
has a dark side...

Adrian Bouter

phone call from home —
song birds
across two continents

moaning from the next room. . .
the crack in the wall
deepens

Salil Chaturvedi

sunrise
going up the stairs
a bald man

broken guitar strings he plays the blues

pregnant mother
only the vagrant
offers his seat

the irritation
on my father's face
a new top score

it blooms
tomorrow...
my lily

Enrique Garrovillo

even after wilting
it keeps its sensuality -
deep red chrysanthemum

no coffee
or anything strong
just your conversation

under a sensual sky
you are scriptures
indecent touches

Matsukaze
[@brothaO](#)

offside rule
for tarot cards
cold moonlight

dusty clouds
for panic buyers
on the escalator

Rebeca Cowgill

old ashtrays
paperweights
in a digital world

an old man
teaching his dog
Japanese phonemes

the ranger's warning more than my pregnant wife
could bear

alone on a quay
did I miss the boat
or did the boat miss me

Robert Witmer

mammography letter
i'm weeding the beds
first

summer solstice
how short
is life

reading a poem about grief
the sudden flash of happiness

Kerstin Park

all the rage
the new black
of a thunderstorm

all night
the burn of her kiss
not given

first frost
a shimmer of starlight
on the trashcans

John Hawkhead

my tiffin box
changing corners
every day

each page you turn
in hurry - a
fallen petal

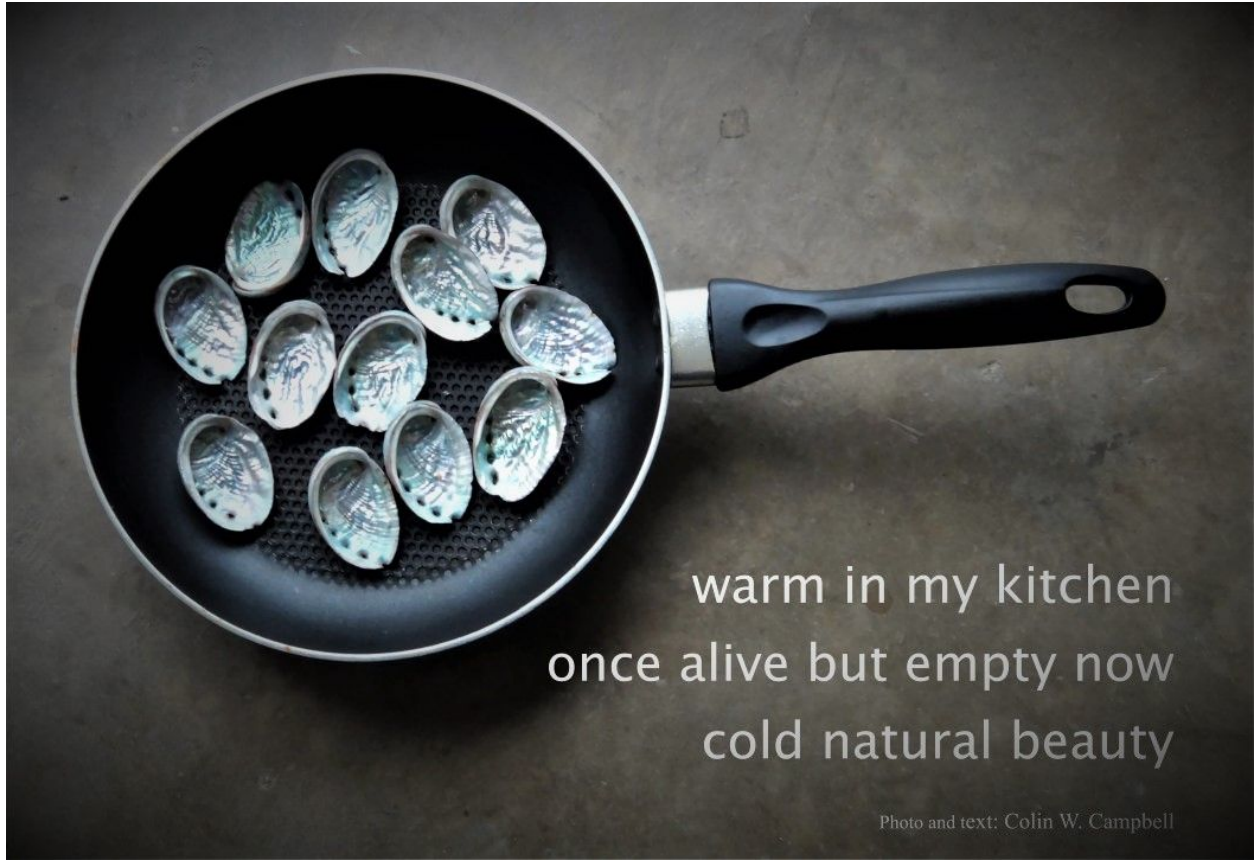
S.Radhamani

some assembly
keeping silent
as he screws it up

gazebo assembly
as usual he's in charge
of nuts

fresh bite
swollen nose
mom says you can't tell

Vera Constantineau



warm in my kitchen
once alive but empty now
cold natural beauty

Photo and text: Colin W. Campbell

Colin W. Campbell
www.campbell.my/blog

what about pigeons
where can they poop
when the statues leave

all around my block
garage sales selling
things I once owned

her chalk white hair
clings to vacuum rollers
a keepsake

along a folding screen
strokes of sumi ink
distant crows

Bruce Jewett

Cornelius researches

the causes of emphysema
in his cliff-side home

where he enjoys
smoking cigarettes
and the breathtaking view

—

the space

between us
grows ever smaller

as we sit together
on the couch
eating bon-bons

Michael H. Lester

loud tides
disturbed mind
becoming silent

dusk
cows return
without cowherd's call

Mallika Chari

speaking Igbo
to every one --
Enugu market women

fourth miscarriage--
she tells her husband
it's no use making love again

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian



across the river
someone's house takes
too much sky

warrior cat
dragonfly wings
on the floor

midnight rain
even my dreams
write poetry

the dead moth
in my palm
flies away

heat wave
i draw figure eights
in my notebook

Sandi Pray

dentist chair
i have
only one wish

Srinivasa Rao Sambang

illness -
the borders of desires
quickly restricted

(malattia - ridefiniti i confini / dei desideri)

the Perseid meteor shower -
tonight also the cats
are looking at the sky

(le Perseidi - questa notte anche i gatti /guardano il cielo)

Lucia Cardillo

economic slowdown
estate sales outnumber
obituaries

thunderstorm
he saves a love poem
in the cloud

is precious
your real name?
the white woman asks

Skaidrite Stelzer

family portrait



the fading smile ... of my father

vls

salty whiff
my reflection
in a bottle of ouzo

hot day
the long long
sand beaches

Vessislava Savova

optimism —
we plant the seedlings
for a hedge

old love letters
fed into the shredder —
identity theft

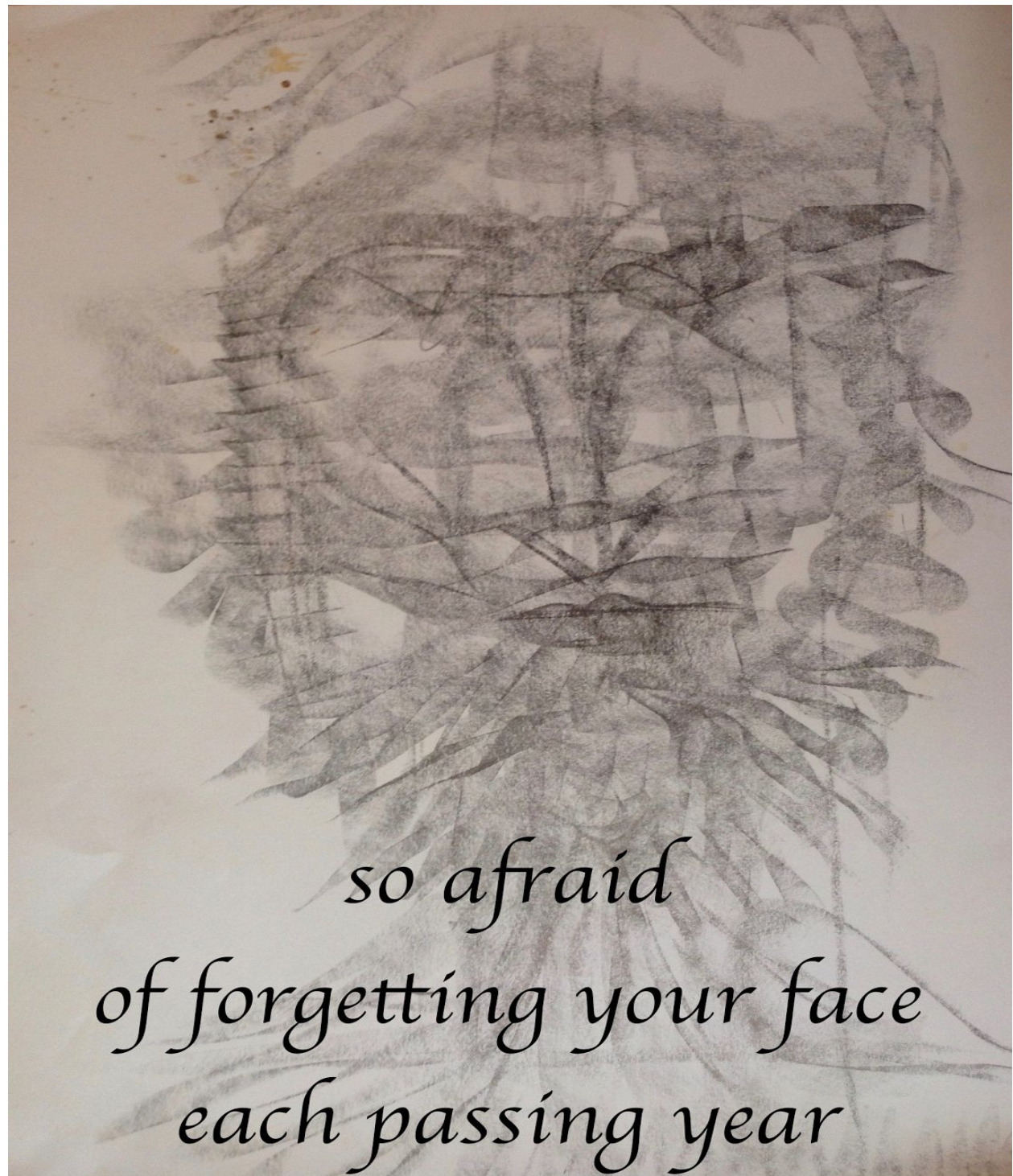
new partner —
his résumé included
cleaning the toilet

Keitha Keyes

extra-strength pain killers
not strong enough
to kill you

tadpoles
you paint
your toenails black

Louise Hopewell



Charcoal drawing: Michael Kowalewski
Poem: Sonam Chhoki

rainbows-
after the storm rain bows
to colours of joy

Munia Khan

independence Day
a woman making a hairstyle
without a hairdresser

dan nezavisnosti
žena bez frizerke
pravi frizuru

cottage by the river
each line remembers
high water level

koliba kraj reke
svaka linija pamti
visok vodostaj

Zoran Doderovic

genealogy tree some buzzards perch

after the divorce
how human
my parents become

the hall
suddenly empty
slow dance

S.M. Kozubek
[@MikeKozubek](#)

all that remains
after the rain
a hint of remorse

with the other odd socks
in the bottom drawer
broken heart

graveyard shift ...
press 1 if you would like to talk
to a human being

Mark Gilbert

energy star –
we save our strength for more
hanky-panky

breaking up –
I leave you on the
history channel

Susan Burch

setting sun
a cigarette punctures
the red maple leaf

daybreak...
a dustman sweeps
the last star

twilit lake
a red dragonfly
shares its color

David He Zhuanglang

Red Light

"We live in an expanding universe. Distant galaxies are moving at great speeds - hundreds of thousands of kilometres per second. And, as they pull away, they pull on the light they're emitting. Shorter wavelengths get stretched, lengthen. What was once, say blue light, will eventually become red. This can skew how we analyze a galaxy, but can also provide clues to its distance and age."

"That," she explains, "was the light of an airplane", as my knowledge of the universe suddenly shrinks.

full moon
a wolf howls at
an illusion

—

Mentee

She came to me seeking counsel. Young people often do. I'm not sure why. I can barely sort myself out.

But, there she was. I did what I always do - sat and listened. She, like those before her, talked her way out of her issues.

"Thank you," she sighed, "I feel much better."

"Anytime. Happy to help."

high noon
she reflects on
my sunglasses

Snowbirds

The frost on my bones wouldn't thaw. It was deep, and enduring. The mercury fell to -25 and there it remained all month. A brutal December. I almost quit Canada because of it.

northern woods
our Hawaiian brochure
serves as kindling

—

Inbox

Dear Dave.

Thank you for your submission to unnamed journal. ("You're welcome" ... growing excited!) While we have considered your work carefully ("Thank you, I appreciate the time and effort"), we are sorry ("Sorry? SORRY!") to say we will not be taking any of the pieces. ("WTF?!") We particularly liked your unnamed poem ("Which suffered like the ones you hated") and would encourage you to submit it elsewhere. ("You mean, as far away from here as possible.") We hope you send more work in the future ("Like fucking hell!") and wish you well in your writing endeavours. ("Which you just shit on.")

All the best, ("Fuck you too.")

unnamed editor

whitestrips ...
I flash a practiced
smile

Dave Read

davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca

Scratches

Scratches

I watch my dad on the sidewalk in front of the church. He gives an old man a twenty-dollar bill. The Pastor asks him why he would give a twenty-dollar bill to an old bum. He will just spend it on booze, he says.

Because he needs it, my dad says.

The old man takes the money from my dad's hand, mumbles his thanks, and shuffles down the street to the corner bar.

I stand on the steps of Mt. Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church in my blue buttoned dress and mary-janes. My father looks up and smiles. I run into the Sanctuary to save him a seat, to the pew in the back, the one we sit in every Sunday, the one with all the scratches.

lilacs
for his mother
the neighbor's bare trees

William Paul Remy August 18, 1927 – April 15, 2017

Susan Beth Furst

like master
like dog
organic food nut

highball glass
ice cubes dying
in music

the unknown at the end of the tunnel MRI

Marie-Louise Montignot

a long walk
on the lakeshore
the same bench again

in the irises
of a dying deer
the day fades away

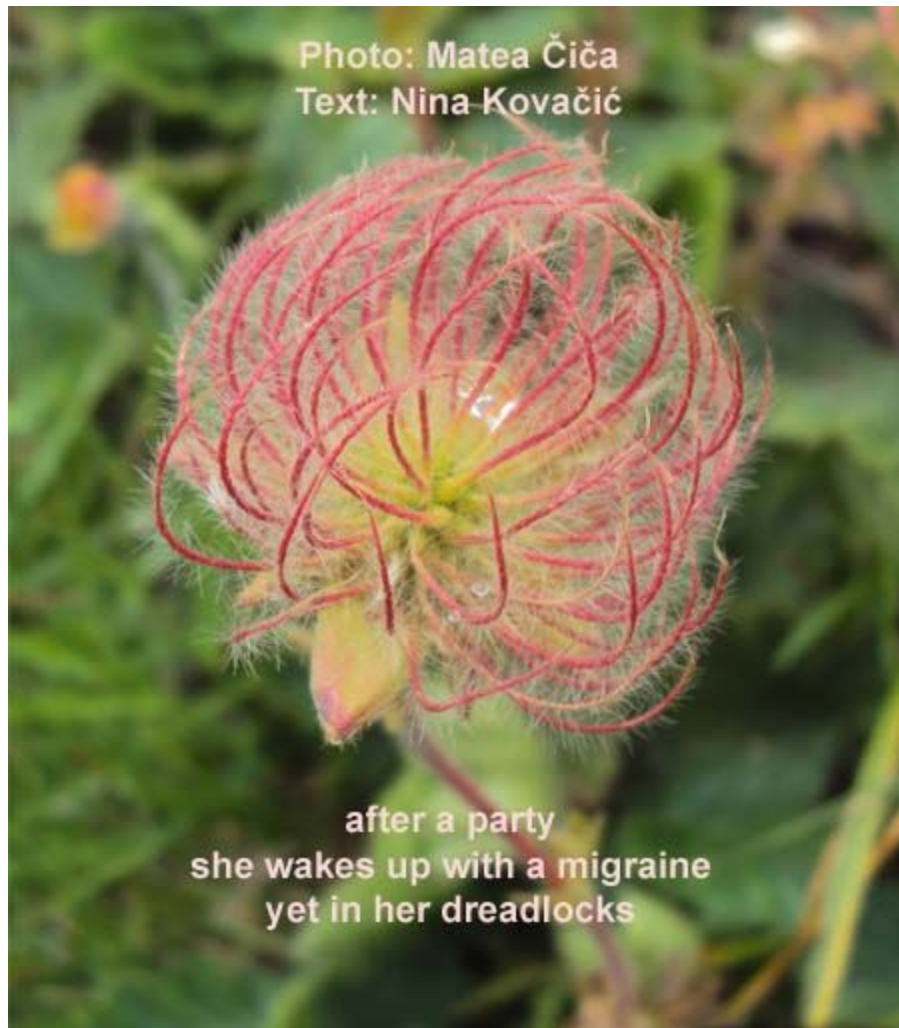


Photo: Matea Čiča
Text: Nina Kovačić

after a party
she wakes up with a migraine
yet in her dreadlocks

Nina Kovačić

new shoes sold
feet wasted
on young toes

Charlotte Begg

cliff winds
the things we do
for love

train whistle
a leggy blonde
turns around

age discrimination
none of the street dealers
look at me twice

Timothy Murphy

separation ...
sewing and unsewing
an old button

summer wind...
my hat and a butterfly
fly together

Eufemia Griffo

tropical mattress
sharing my bed
with strangers

leather forecast
the rolling thunder
of a Harley

cold pizza
all last night's mistakes
in grotesque tableaux

three for two offer
how to play havoc with
the feng shui



David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

art class -
did Pollock color
inside the lines

office gossip
my cappuccino
with extra foam

sleepless night
my mind handpicks
worries

Debbi Antebi

i am not staring
at your breasts – just trying to
decipher your tats

apple tech store
so many smart boxes full
of inedibles

Tyson West

rain patter
the haibun I didn't type
the haiku I wrote

promises
we never keep
summer wind

Frank J. Tassone
frankjtassone.wordpress.com
twitter handle: [@fjtassone2](https://twitter.com/fjtassone2)

for sale -
among the dried flowers
the woman's gaze

vendesi -
lo sguardo della donna
tra i fiori secchi

Margherita Petriccione

Garage Art

The door raises, and you see it. Hanging on the walls, but there must be a mistake. This isn't the right room for it, but another door raises, and you see still more, secured in neat rows, as if for a private viewing. Now you can't help but peer in when the door raises, because you wonder if there is a secret movement brewing. Art in garages. How did it get there?

scrambled code
no interpreting
this smile

Your mind races ahead. So many questions. What stuff gets hung in the garages? Is it the too weird, or the too good, or simply the too old and dusty for the house? And who decides what gets hung in the garage? The art has to compete with the car or two that lives in its space. You've yet to see a pinup of a Porsche vying for attention with Starry Starry Night.

new dreams -
marked off
as missing

Or perhaps we've reached the point in our development that a bare wall, even in a garage, is intolerable. Something must be hung to populate the wall, be it an old map . . . or a velvet Elvis.

tailspin . . .
the imagination takes
to freefall

Smell This Coupon

For years, the advertising mailers jam your mailbox. At first, you throw them away, unopened. Then, you hesitate, afraid of missing a bargain. Tearing open the envelopes, a corrosive power grabs you. Smell this coupon! Go ahead, smell it!

Imagine your whole house totally organized. You're safe now with a free home security system. Garage door problems? Donate your car, and save.

Back in charge, but barely, you topple into your recliner. The mail, starting to stink, fills the corner.

growing full
with your absence -
afternoon shadow

Peter Jastermsky

that levee
on the verge of breaking
my heart

April showers
her first time in stilettos
the earth moves again

make-up sex
sometimes
it works

William Scott Galasso

after surgery the nurses look different

gmo wishbone
doubts about the purity
of my wish

red light: waiting for my life to change

Bob Lucky

eye clinic
wanting to see
the optician

these people
his argument started
ended

Mike Gallagher

a new book sale skill:
copies of the same book,
various prices

pretty dental hygienist
for the third time I hear
her stomach growl

at sixty
I can hear my heart's desire
ringing in the ears

John J. Han

beach cottage
crossing the skylight
the big dipper

fields of daisies so many notes

rescued—
how a flower
also rescues us

Jill Lange

holidays at grandma's the crumbs in our bed

emptying
the trash can
a new poem begins

summer's end
the ice cream seller's
first hot dog

missing the rush hour I'm late for work

Rachel Sutcliffe

she describes her life
going up
the down escalator

knowing
I will see you
wanting to wear red

kids
from the old neighborhood
turning gray

Phyllis Lee

Black cop's stereo
NWA, Mobb Deep...
Self-hate, irony

When was
the last time
that you saw
it rain
on only one
person's house?



Billy Tuggle

Trains

soon autumn
I sit on the train
facing backwards

quiet zone
taking one bite
of the carrot

leaving the train
I look around
for the moon

how shimmering green !
the fly
on the dog shit

perfect date
we both enjoyed
the silence

the vast crowd
no faces
only hands

Ola Lindberg

skinny dipping
along the edges
her waterfall tattoo

menopause
a distant song
from the red maples

Edwin Lomere

eve of deadline
drawn back into bed
by her lingerie

after breakup sex ...
moonlight fills her side
of the bed

first sunrise
my resolution list longer
than last year's

unemployed ...
I see the world
through the attic skylight

My Only Sunshine in the Winter of Discontent

How can I live without Donald Trump, the host of the most popular reality show on TV?

fake news is
fake news is fake news ...
white house briefing

Chen-ou Liu

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

writers together
on a walk around
the writer's block

mended map
of honeymoon -
one piece missing

Helga Härle

orchids cling
in the hothouse
old exes

old LP
skipping
through memories

breaking news –
another crack
in the liberty bell

new love –
the sequins of her dress
in his eyes

Theresa A. Cancro

search warrant
a dimming moon
the only witness

phone interview
a wrist full of
lucky charms

Anthony Q. Rabang
[@thonyrabang](#)

the woman's face
not eclipsed
crescent sun

Robyn Brooks

What Remains
a haibun

Maybe it's the full moon rising, or the tiny lights of fireflies flitting over the grass or Dad watering the grass. It could have been the air full of baked heat and earth and water, and grills. A night smell that was humidity-soaked lumber. The smell of new.

It's the early 50s, South Dakota hot. Lamps switch on in a row of track houses. Screen doors open in hope of cooler air. Our house releases the sound of a baby crying, clacking dishes, and the voice of Paul Harvey as mother puts our brother to bed. My sister and I are still playing outside. We look at each other and laugh—no one cares that it's getting dark.

Our father sings Irene, Goodnight Irene over and over. He's in a playful mood, squirts us with the hose when we neigh and shake our manes. We rear up when wet and gallop in the street. We are the black stallions in the Farley books our mother reads to us each night.

Sixty years later, Irene, Goodnight Irene/Irene Goodnight serenades me from the car radio. A July moon rises and spotlights our new home, our father still carefree and happy whistling while he waters the lawn, Mother content inside with the new baby, and my sister and I in a child's version of heaven, the echo of hoofs yet sprinting down that dusty street.

driving
into sunset..
the speed of spent years

where the boys
are buried...
leaves encased in ice

Jo Balistreri

separation
on the dried branch
just two jasmines

defrosting my fridge
the lump in my throat
eventually melts

one two three
and a brand new life ?
fresh basil

in spite of time zone
the way he makes me feel
enso moon

fruit basket
one by one I catch
my dreams



Lucia Fontana

on the topic
of political correctness:
kookaburras

dental clinic –
the goldfish's mouth
closes, opens ...

dog and I the sky fills with seagulls

king tide –
the cleaning lady
wrings her mop

crab apples –
my mind turns
to jelly

Lorin Ford

a swarm of gnats
in the park
the mime's silent scream

bean supper
for older singles group ...
music will follow

first date ...
his gene pool needs
a little chlorine

for sale...
parachute used once
never opened, small stain

Carol Raisfeld
Twitter: [@carol_red](#)

dementia
every day my mother asks
do I know you?

hot afternoon braids
I tie my life
in knots

family reunion
everyone is present
except my pooch

Celestine Nudanu

waiting for shade
to reach the bench—
this old age

facebook
the confessional
is open

non-duality—
she talked for an hour
about herself

ancestry dna—
taking a shortcut
home

sidewalk shadows
trying to get out of the way
of myself

Sondra J. Byrnes

mosquito at my ear
I take a share
of my slap

canopy walkway
the lightness of my steps
in its squeak

naked mannequin
my future wife takes shape
in my mind

successive rejection
placing my haiku
in-between the editor's

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Labor Day
the grip of crust
on the grill

outside the hospital
a cushion of gauze
in the robin's nest

The Workout

While lifting the weights at the gym to strengthen my arm following surgery, I struck up a conversation with my trainer.

“I know you played football,” I said. “What other sports do you play?”

“Basketball, just for fun,” he said. “And karate for a few years (can’t remember what belt I am), track. But I started with football when I was 8 and stayed with it through high school. How about you? Did you play sports in school?”

I thought about it. “There really weren’t that many options for girls. There was softball during the summer in our town, but that meant having money, which I didn’t have.”

“How about in gym class?” he coaxed, encouragingly.

“Ah, yes!” I said. “I got extra credit for having ironed my gym clothes.”

“Ok, you’re almost done with this set...and 12,” He said, bringing us back to the present workout. “Good job.”

cat’s eye marbles
squinting at a distant
mirage

Gail Oare

Milking Season

on the other side
of the road block
convenience store

through the looking glass
a flower sneezes

midnight mass
the Christ candles'
flickering wick

milking season
heifers vexed
by stable flies

full lotus
the morning's unfolding

like a whirling dervish
the little girl
in her pleated skirt

—

the things in life
I'll never understand—
seedless watermelon

Terri French

poems left undone

every poet has them. poems that explode into our minds just when there is no pen within a hundred miles. when we do try to find them again they seem so incomplete. where does the mist go when the breeze blows it away.

tender
and without guile
(*insert your own words here*)

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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