

failed haiku

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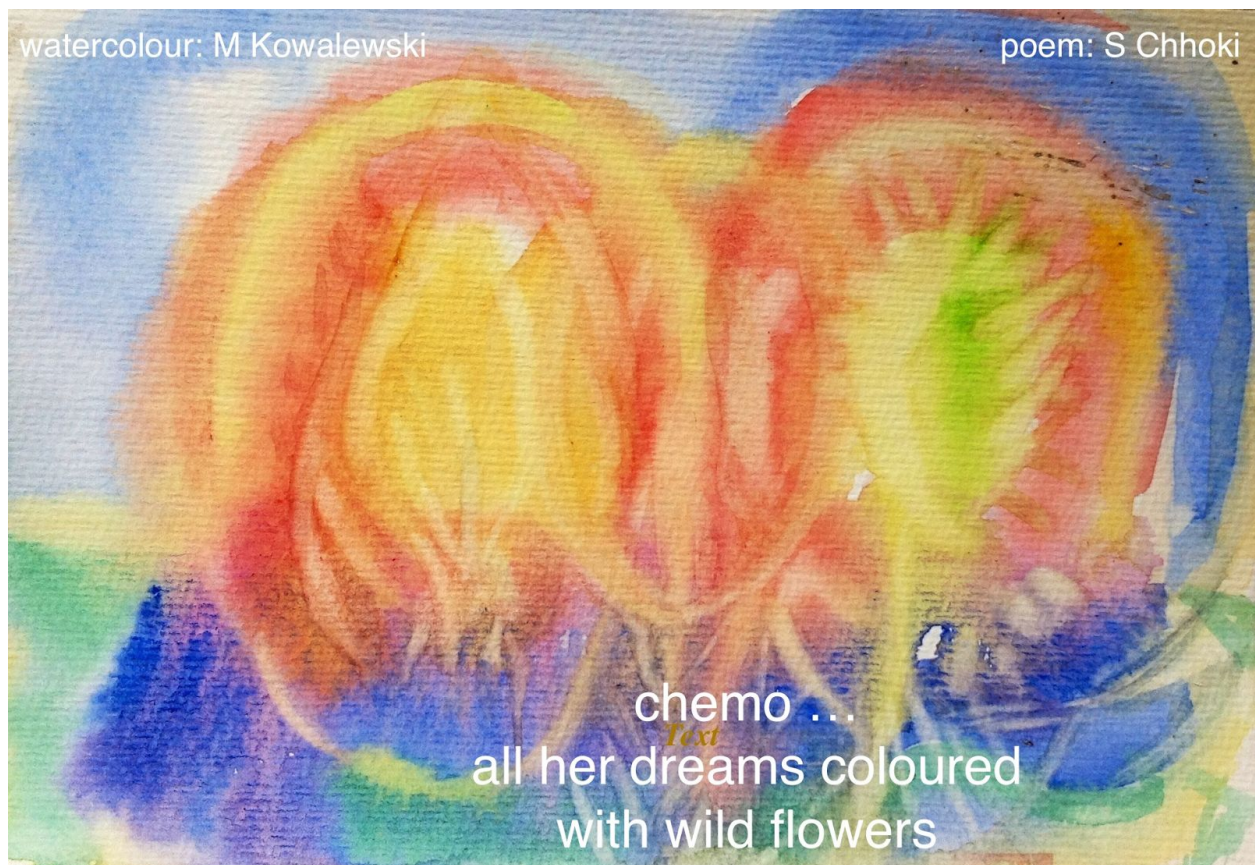
michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

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Cover haiga by: senryu - Sonam Chhoki artist - Michael Kowalewski

Cast List

In order of appearance

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John J. Dunphy

Andy McLellan

Pravat Kumar Padhy

Julie Warther - *Angela Terry*

Erin Castaldi

Mike Montreuil - *Sonam Chhoki*

Radka Mindova - Ivaylo Dobrev

Sonam Chhoki - Michael Kowalewski

Pem C. Gyamtsho - Sonam Chhoki

Sonam Chhoki

Misty Burke

Marshall Bood

Rachel Sutcliffe

Martha Magenta

David He

Dave Read

Pat Davis

Timothy Murphy

Bruce Jewett

Ian Willey

Bryan Rickert

David Oates
Bill Kenney
Colin W. Campbell
Vishnu P Kapoor
Natalia Kuznetsova
Antonio Mangiameli
James Pitcher
Gail Oare
Maria Bartolotta
Nancy Shires
Barbara Snow
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Ingrid Bruck
Michael Minassian
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & *Marilyn Humbert*
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Tia Haynes
Devin Harrison
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Tzetzka Ilieva
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S.Radhamani
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Linda McCarthy Schick
dan smith
Keitha Keyes
Katelyn Thomas
Nikolay Grankin
Nina Kovačić
David J Kelly
Ed Bremson
William Scott Galasso
Zoran Doderovic
Lorin Ford
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Nancy Brady
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Lucia Fontana
Mary Kendall
Jackie Maugh Robinson
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Sanjuktaa Asopa
Jill Lange
Helga Härle
Elisa Allo
Margherita Petriccione
Roberta Beary

hospital chapel
janitor restocks
the tissue dispenser

John J. Dunphy

photo album
all of the people
I used to be

brushing kanji
my pen fills
with spiders

balloon animal
I seek out the shape
of your voice

floodplain
my internet inbox
reaches capacity

Andy McLellan

Vedic civilisation
I try to soften my sorrow
in silence

spilt-milk
he hardens his plea
for a divorce

urban haiku--
the zigzag road to
a remote village

Pravat Kumar Padhy

Savoring a Scotch

skeletal leaves...
the first signs of aging
in his children

*he smokes his stogy
wearing new orange sneakers*

wet wood
thrown on the fire . . .
the time it takes

*savoring
a Scotch on the rocks –
that peaty smell*

all day and into the night
the mourning dove

*his shadow
as he sits there
rereading her letters*

Julie Warther
Angela Terry

Ivy
Clambers up
The new me

Erin Castaldi

December 1

There's housework and laundry to do. But everyone in the house refuses to get out of bed. So, I'll have another coffee and write a love poem to someone I do not know. After that, the clothes washer will do its thing, shaking the house. One day, I'll get around to balancing the machine or perhaps put the Christmas lights up.

*end-of-year sale
young monks gather
by the summer shorts bin*

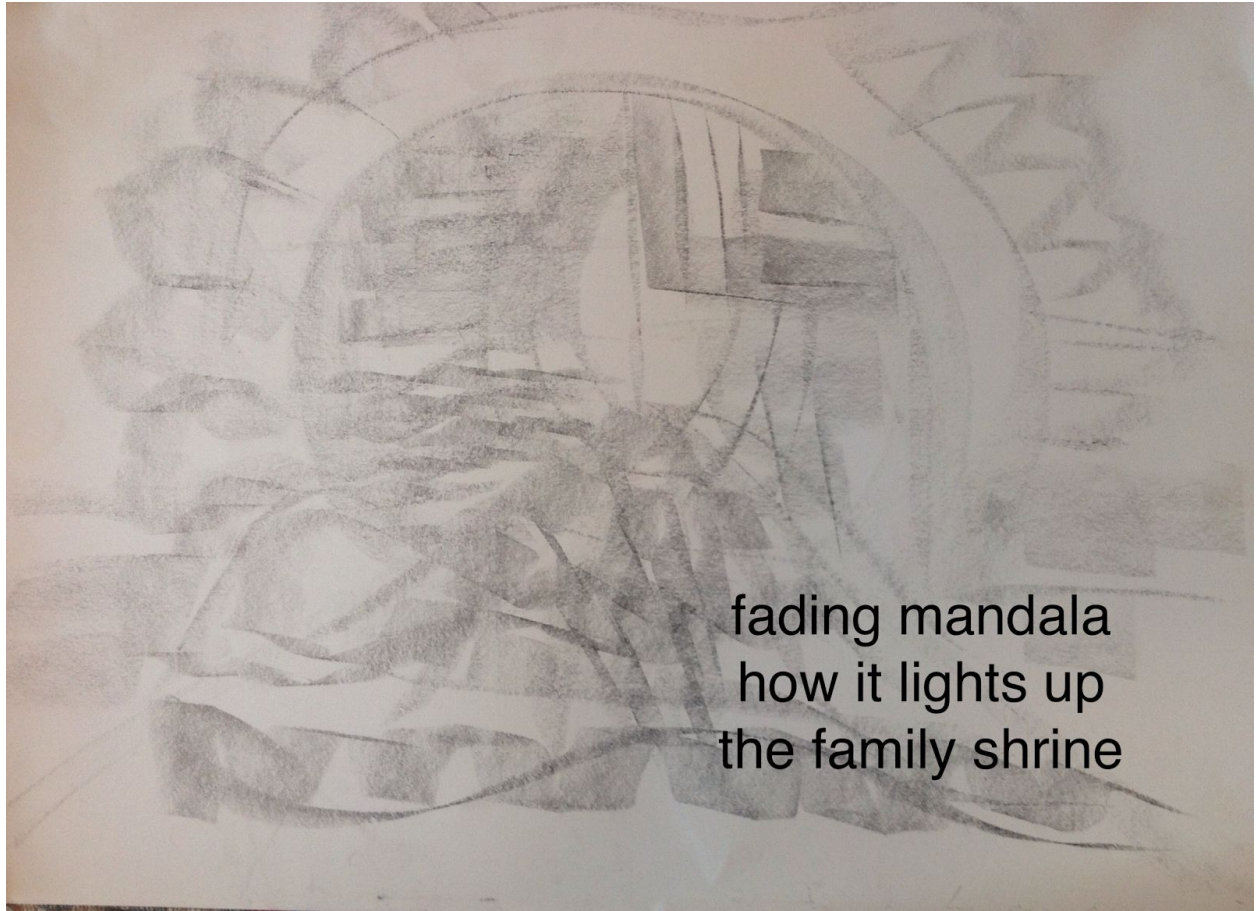
The coir foot mat by the back door has frayed into a map-like shape. It looks like the western half of Africa has been cut adrift and pushed upwards into the Mediterranean Sea. If I place a foot sideways, it fits into the dip of this unlikely continent. A closer examination shows that what I thought was the faded colour of the pattern, is a spreading layer of moss. Even the stray dog that has adopted us does not sleep on it any more. I make a note for the ever-growing mental shopping list.

**discovering
the lost Belgian chocolates
hidden in full sight**

**Mike Montreuil
*Sonam Chhoki***



Senryu - Radka Mindova Art - Ivaylo Dobrev



senryu - Sonam Chhoki
artist - Michael Kowalewski



what's left to say . . .
death anniversary
prayer flags

photo: Pem C. Gyamtsho
poem: Sonam Chhoki

A full moon is the central focus, glowing brightly against a dark, deep blue night sky. Wispy, light-colored clouds are scattered around the moon, partially obscuring it and adding texture to the scene. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

moon silence

where the snow leopard
once roamed

Sonam Chhoki

barfing out
the car window
evacuation

old books in the attic
daughter googles -
Encyclopedia

love me when
I can go no further
a flat tire in the rain

love me when
we are no longer useful
a rusting telephone booth

Misty Burke

Stickup

I bought some fries from a food truck in Wascana Park and settled into my shady spot. Soon enough some geese and goslings waddled over. The older ones began hissing at me and the little ones gave me sad looks. I shared my fries with them. When there were none left they began hissing at me again. They didn't leave for a long time.

stickup —
I'm dripping
ketchup

Marshall Bood

shadow patterns
misplacing
her memories

sleepless
watching shadows
shape the walls

watching the nurse
I wish I
could hold her too

breaking point
the hairline crack
in my mug

Rachel Sutcliffe

melancholy thistle
the heartache
in mother's song

builders' butt
rain seeps to the bottom
of the gulley

mosquito
the comments I get
on social media

potholes
she fills every silence
with her advice

driving
on the wrong side
ex-pats after brexit

Martha Magenta

mum's bras
drying on the pole
calla lilies

cicada shell...
mum adds long sleeves
to my T-shirt

David He

fall colours
she slips into
her mother's dress

storm warning
she gives me the good news
first

night rain ...
an old man wakes
to pee

call of the wild
I unzip
her sleeping bag

park bench
an old man rests
his suit

Dave Read
davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca

crickets
the competition
in my monkey mind

watching
the demolition derby
new license in his wallet

Pat Davis

all souls' morning—
but which one
helped me escape?

enmeshed family
everyone living
someone else's unlived life

poker night
pretending not to notice
the fire in your eyes

lost love . . .
the tree
I never hugged

Timothy Murphy

within my brain
weathered road signs
fallen in tall grass

dolls in the attic
will they recognize
our grown-up girls

sweeping up
after the deer
price of haiku

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

lukewarm water
is this fatigue
or am I just tired?

home at last
after a long vacation--
I could live here

old friends in a bar
talking about change
(we order the usual)

Ian Willey

Oktoberfest–
the aimless swagger
of an alley cat

parting her legs
for the instrument–
the cellist

home improvement–
divorce papers
freshly signed

autumn storm
throwing caution tape
to the wind

Bryan Rickert

moving friend
from “close” to “old”
gently

t shirt
over big bust
“Ride the Rockies!”

Oregon girl
“Since it’s legal
pot’s no fun”

cuts me off in traffic
on the back bumper
fish symbol

the Y doesn’t get it
cake on the table
outside the gym

David Oates
davidatesathensga.com

morning workout
my nose running
faster than I am

harvest moon
she tells him
she's late

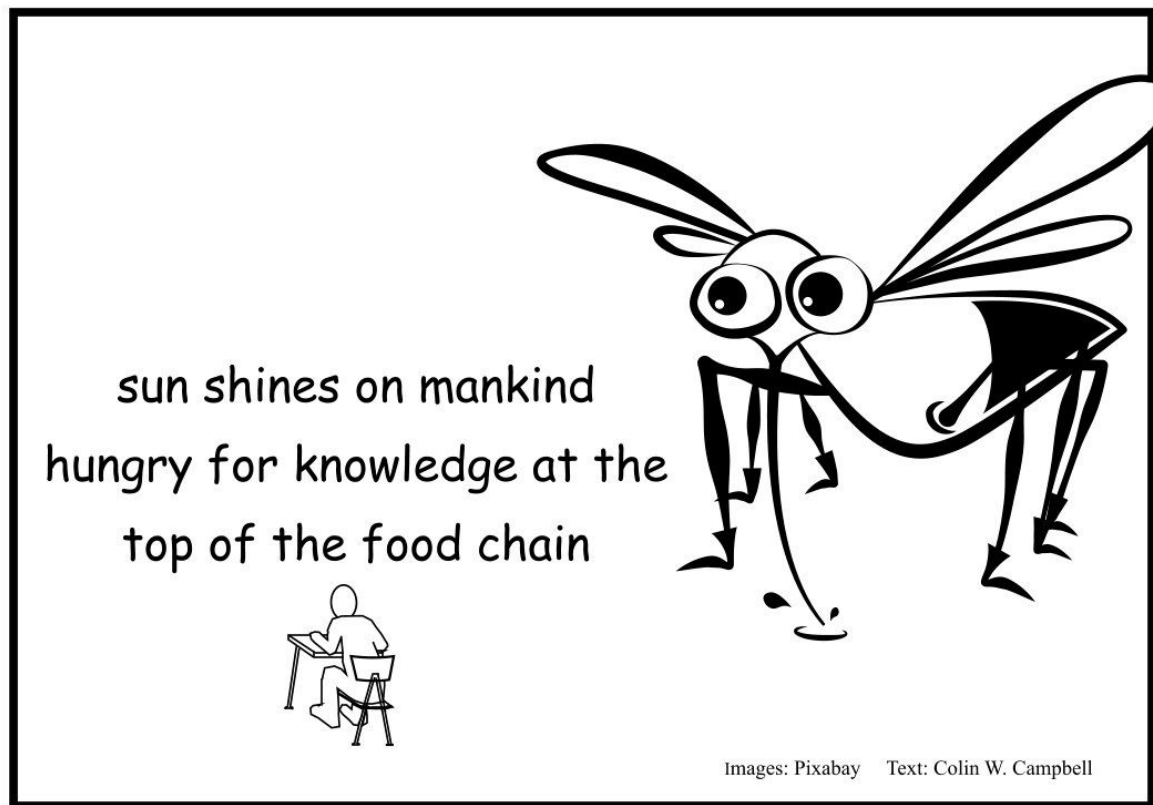
longest day
unfriended by someone
I never liked

departing geese
the distance
in her smile

clothing optional
we examine
our options

*softly falling snow
the way the oncologist
says "we"

Bill Kenney



Colin W. Campbell
campbell.my

vigil
that uneasiness
till night ends

Shiva temple
drain full of milk
poured during prayers

Vishnu P Kapoor

disheveled scarecrows
dancing in harvested fields -
pumpkin moon

Natalia Kuznetsova

the paralytic
moves the sick arm -
mirror

Antonio Mangiameli

I hold you gently
I only have eyes for you
My beautiful phone

Ironically
Great dentist awarded
With plaque

James Pitcher

fallen apples the temptation of pie

What We Have

Usually I have papa's glaring eyes, but sometimes I glance in the mirror and mother grins back at me. When my brother laughs, he becomes the twin of a man lounging by the sea before the big war. Even if I lose the yellowed photo of that man, he will continue to smile at us every time the summer sun rises.

storm winds
a she cat cleans another
six-toed kitten

sudden frost
a dropping eagle smudges
the morning sun

gold bricks along
main street shift
out of alignment

fistfuls of change
fall into the empty
firefighter's boot

clutching a rattle
another baby sits up
for the first time

[Remembering 9/11]

Gail Oare

the empty stage -
melancholy

Maria Bartolotta

bookstore cafe
the couple always arguing
today drinking cold silence

no facilities
at the lake
we moon the ducks

Nancy Shires

lunch time
the dieter's
reduced shadow

family table
I still know
my place

that sheer blue gown
how I hate it
combustible

Barbara Snow

bittersweet vines -
yet he looks
at her

vernal equinox
morning air cools
my anger

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

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

how a bad boy
treats his woman ~
hit & run

Ingrid Bruck

At the temple
morning bells chime
filling the gaps in dreams.

I cannot name the wind
that has no mind
only wind.

Michael Minassian

Quandaries

hospital vigil ...
her vacant eyes
staring at mine

children
in front of the TV ...
imagination lost

legal quandary –
self-driving cars
computing fault

new owners
evict me from my home
identity theft

hiding behind
all those screens
cyberbullies

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Marilyn Humbert

stealing at night
a white page-
and it is poetry

*rubo alla notte
una pagina bianca-
ed è poesia*

in that photo
the tears of a baby-
battle front

*in quella foto
le lacrime di un bimbo-
fronte di battaglia*

Angela Giordano

small talk
connecting the dots
for my toddler

I crack my eggs
one at a time
IUD

two engagement rings
the jeweler
thinks we are sisters

empty wine bottles
we decide
to try again

red lipstick kiss
on a stall door
performance art

dishes piling up
I practice
delayed gratification

Tia Haynes

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

unexpected guests
no time to remember
their names

unfinished novel
I keep my life
on hold

aging
his memory cache soon to be
corrupted

Devin Harrison

eating alone
she sends me twilight
in a text

oil spill
my camera reddens
the gull's wing

online palmist
the map of my hand
stretches to the West Coast

i didn't invent wings
stray leaves and sirens
in the hurricane

Edwin Lomere

ultraviolet aquarium
neon tetras glide
over my retina

tequila sunrise
the neon flamingo
pretty in pink

gorgeous black
cat crossing my path
lucky me

another sunset poem
out the window
slipping away

for goodness sake
slowly, slowly
with that poem

Simon Hanson



brain waves
her memories come
and go

words/image@strange

*garden party
she recalls the fragrance
of her past*



words/image © DStrange

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

college travels
the coins in my old backpack
no longer in circulation

political campaign
the loud-speaker
distorts the platitudes

at the shoe repair counter
a little old lady
on her tiptoes

a smirk
from the passenger window
a French poodle

the emcee's cheesy smile
a kid misspells
fondue

Robert Witmer

autumn sun
none of us
was wrong

blind date
the well-known logo
on white socks

children of debris
somewhere between
war and peace
a tank driver
raises his hand

Eva Limbach
[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

Open Water

This time, it could have been different. But the morning leaves me anchored to my impulsive misdoings. Why should following one's bliss pack a swollen pair of eyes? Wisdom is a boat that one can learn to dock. Failing the lesson, one gets to soak up experience.

The harbor lights dimming, something welcomes me back into open water . . .

rip tide
the way she rolls
her backside

Refoliate

Forgetting the tree guys were coming, I pull into the driveway and stop short. Not putting the car in park, I stare up at the chopped limbs of the eucalyptus, and the bare bones at the top. No more foliage, waving at the sky, save a few green wisps.

Parking the car, I get out and charge the tree butchers. The three of them take a step back. Then, they laugh. Don't worry, they tell me, the top will grow back. All the green will refoliate.

Later, my face filling the bathroom mirror, I remember the words 'grow back' and 'refoliate.' Damn, I thought, fingering the gray wisps at the top of my head. That tree's doing better than me.

busted chainsaw -
no better now
than Grandpa's teeth

Peter Jastermsky

old homestead...
a coat of paint
hides the story

oncologist
over his shoulder
a fading rainbow

old grievances...
the changing colour
of the day

afternoon reading
time for the cicadas
to hone their tune

Madhuri Pillai

bent farmer-girl
plants thoughts
inside my head

unknown the true nature
of the crow by those who
do not speak crow

an old crow
in the parking lot
welcomes me to the nursing home

sitting in the park reading
a book by Kafka:
shady character beside me

Wayne F. Burke

Lover's Bay
we argue about
who'll take our selfie

empty shell
you no longer offer
to rub in my sunscreen

hornet's nest another family picnic

Louise Hopewell

temple steps
enough time
to count my wishes

stone buddha my wish still a wish

wedding ring
before marriage
the bride gets used to

questioned on sun sign
the boy
looks into the clouds

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

the nuance
of a victim's accent...
war zone

three red roses...
saying i love you
on facebook

lull hour...
the train station platform
for sparrows too

W. R. Bongcaron

small dog
out for a walk
little squirt

rummaging
through hashtags
for illumination

Terrie Jacks

ceasefire...
the empty water gun
of a refugee child

part time job
i use a detour
to reach the office

urgent meeting –
the tea kettle whistles
louder than ever

extra work...
i overbrew
my coffee

Hifsa Ashraf

stone sculpture -
a letter to children born
in the future

T
S
A
N
K
A

S
H
I
S
H
K
O
V
A

artist:
MIRA



fragrance of figs
wafting from the window -
I'm dreaming of home

Tsanka Shishkova

tense chat
a loud fart
silence
then laughter

harvest service
garlic everywhere
as we sing hymns

we relapse
to our mother tongue
long chat

Theophilus Femi Alawonde

fallen leaves ...
the time I chose
another path

hieroglyphs
a beetle strolls
on strange words

an origami...
a frog jumps
on my hands

wedding bouquet
the grandmother's roses
among my roses

Eufemia Griffo

In Memoriam 9/11/17

I can almost forget. Almost, but never.

The impact of the second plane. The plumes of black smoke. The bodies falling through the sunny sky.

The rumble. The towers' collapse. The enveloping white cloud filled with asbestos and powdery debris.

Later, the candle memorials. The photograph collages of loved ones. The newscaster's voice breaking up.

And always, always the interminable wait for any new developments

All sixteen years ago. On that day, as sunny as today.

North and South Pools
a cracking voice
reads their names

Frank J. Tassone

frankjtassone.wordpress.com

[@fjtassone2](https://www.instagram.com/fjtassone2)

the day the dog
died
small black ants tasting my skin

every lake
swallowing sun
middle-aged

tequila shots
the trick is not to think
about it

severe thunderstorm
the rain draws pictures
of itself

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

switch to standard time
all the birds start singing
an hour later

class reunion
boy oh boy! have they all
grown old

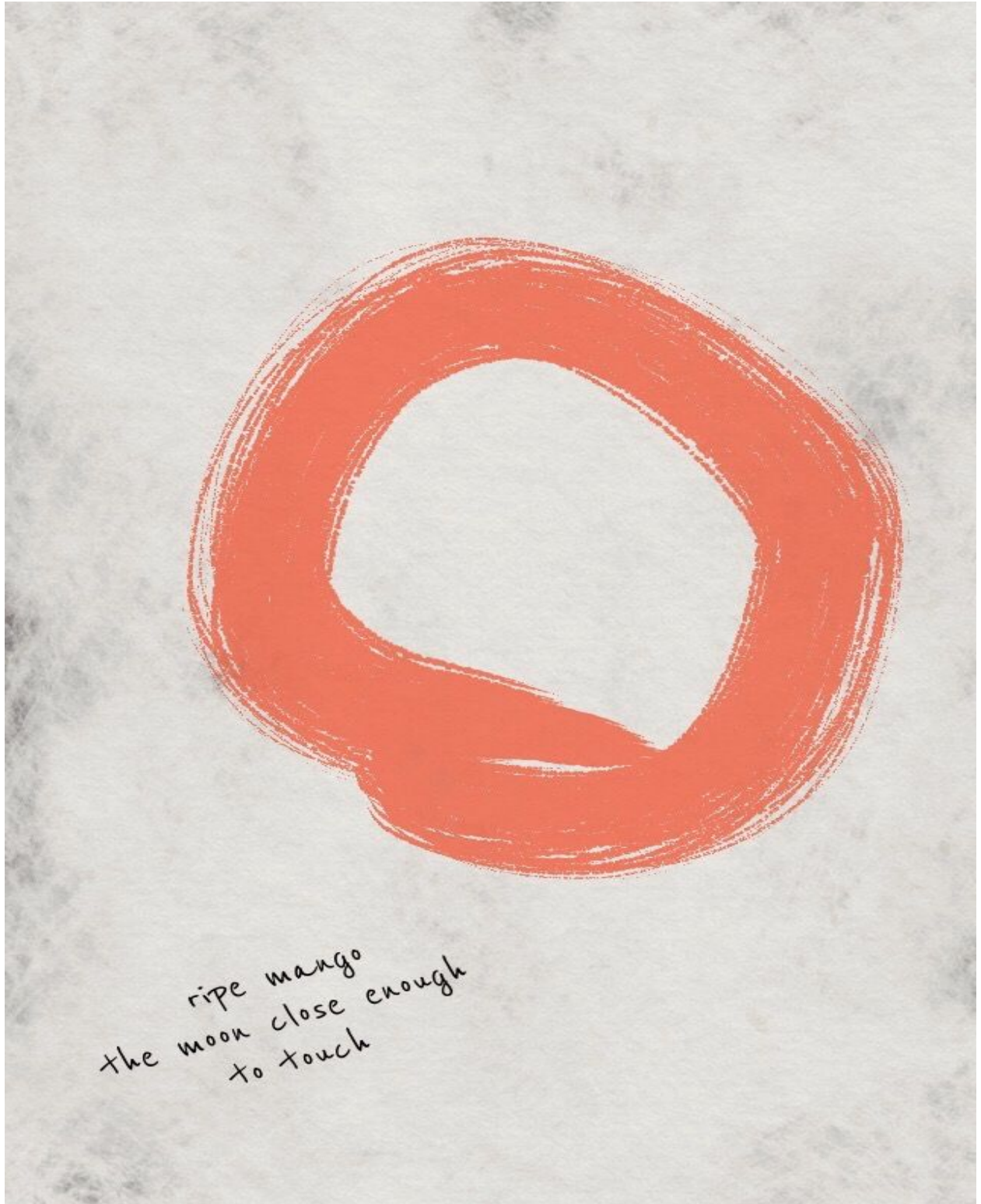
Pitt Buerken





*cardiac care
my shift goes on
and on*

bk



Barbara Kaufmann

balete shade
the third last
cigarette

osmeña peak
campfire stories
with the moon

stratus clouds
queue of the
lottery outlet

Enrique Garrovillo

all but two
close their eyes
evening prayer

the sun
on dew-laden pines
now cliché

old crow—
the name of my grandfather's
whiskey

plastic vampire teeth—
the boy's eyes shift toward
an elderly neighbor

my diagnosis—
a cold wind pushes the tide
higher today

orange marmalade—
the last day mother
knew my name

a fart—
ah, she loses weight
yet again

Melissa Watkins Starr

cross-country drive
the kids give up
counting fence posts

drunk on a moonless night
trying to find myself
in the darkness
(coauthor, Mykel Board)

Jay Friedenber

throwing a stone –
I'm looking for my frog
in a small pond

(lanciando sassi - in un piccolo stagno /cerco la rana)

still a couple
in spite of the washing machine -
my socks

(ancora in coppia /dopo le centrifughe -i miei calzini)

Lucia Cardillo

by the pool
at least the dogs are pleased
to see her

HMS Victory
my son succeeds in finding
a Pokémon

quicksand
our romance
develops slowly

punk gig
keyboard player
in the pulpit

Bottle Party

An emperor dragonfly buzzes the bottles of champagne, eventually landing on the white table cloth. The large blue insect startles us, momentarily halting the festivities before vanishing into the bankside trees. Glasses topped up once more, the conversation begins to flow freely. She always likes to be the centre of attention, recalling her flirtation with an officer returning from the Western Front in gratuitous detail. My male companion talks of his latest art exhibition, things are really taking off for this bright young thing. A few cirrus clouds circulate in the glass sky as our chatter skims the water.

water-lily
my thoughts drift
to another man

Inspired by Tagg's Island, a painting by Alfred Munnings

The Drifter

The boat appears empty from a distance. It's only on closer inspection that the boatman becomes visible, mending a fishing net. I've seen him here before in the summer, labouring on his vessel, pale hat screening out the worst excesses of the sun. He seems oblivious to my presence, too absorbed in his work to notice the comings and goings of the margins.

erect rushes
the young boatman
bent double

Inspired by The Stour at Dedham, with a Man in a Boat, a painting by Alfred Munnings

Tim Gardiner

[@timgardiner3](#)

[Webpage](#)

Peru sequence

Temple of the Sun
between us and the Pacific -
vultures

* * *

driving south -
machine shops replaced
by artichoke fields

* * *

dunes all along this coast no keys in my pocket

* * *

higher altitude a chorus of dogs sings us to sleep

* * *

paddling in the Pacific pelicans surf the waves

* * *

did your ancestors please the Incas here too, ibis?

* * *

waxing moon first glimpse of the glacier

in the shade of the glacier
this pale green grass -
is it frost-covered?

Maeve O'Sullivan

one hundred quarters
gone in twenty minutes
what fun is that

mating time
a search for the missing
sock

strains of glenn miller
she swing dances
with her walker

without thinking
i took the other fork
salad course

Dottie Piet

the half-moon
of your lips
watermelon sky

first pregnancy
no bigger than
a money spider





Cynthia Rowe, Sydney Australia

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

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

http://twitter.com/cynthia_rowe

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

in the back
paperbacks
on silverbacks

after a movie
about hitmen
i take him out

without
even a stone
their medical jargon

a
prism

life
in prison

elmedin kadric

Grieg on low...
he feels her smile
through his shirt

SUB-ZERO

It's Boxing Day, noon. And down "The Shroppie", a mile below Bunbury, a solitary narrowboat lies trapped against the bank in ice and snow. The boatman, a cheery soul, chops logs. Only the fragrant woodsmoke from his boat's stove mars the dazzling white.

Now a large hare scurries, skidding, over the frozen canal with a buzzard in pursuit. They vanish from view but a thin cry will plague our snuggling boatman until taken by a good malt, curtains drawn.

in the golden glow
of a log fire
jugged hare is served, amen

Paul Beech

last year's ugly
sweater contest winner—
winter equinox

last year's 1040
the flower bed
livid with weeds

mushroom omelet
I wonder if the Teflon
is poisoning me

bike trail
hidden in linden leaves
poodle droppings

NEW TENANT

First bird song. Then a rumbling dirt bike. I peer out the kitchen window. Through the trees, beyond the vacant lot, on the lawn of my rental, tearing up the turf, my new tenant is racing his motorcycle, round and around the house . . .

tobacco smoke
a handyman's Levis
riding low

Anna Cates

cheery waitress
draws down the shades
cools my omelet

stadium parking lot
my antennae
higher than yours

baby Buddha
packed for the long flight
shipped Fed Ex

Ron Scully

after midnight
accepting the jalapeno
challenge

dog days
napping on the fire escape
the old cat

sunday morning
shadow of a butterfly
on a beer can

Barbara Tate

dead mouse
although devoured
smiles again

thunderstorm
the breasts softer of the girl

strict diet
just my cat's tuna breath

Stefano d'Andrea

you laugh during the manzai show
and translate the jokes —
I gaze at the ceiling

Diarmuid Fitzgerald

<https://www.facebook.com/fitzwriter/>
www.deewriter.com

nature's call
a teenager points the way
with his selfie stick

Family Day
a glimpse of my ex-wife
in the shop window

bible study on tithing
I try to find a crack
in the wall of silence

lovers' quarrel ...
her black cat and my pitbull
eyeball to eyeball

a red-hot sext
from my ex-wife
April First

a dreamer:
out of his bed,
out of himself

From Beginning to End

warm beer
on a sultry night
his talk of love

just divorced
his whiskey glass brimming
with winter stars

Chen-ou Liu

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

Pastime. . .

3-2 all the transistors in the neighborhood keeping score

wild pitch the breeze catches her polka dot dress

Mickey Mantle 1952 I take the pink bubblegum

dropping crumbs---
still searching
for the cake

Susan Beth Furst

girls night out -
in the swap of recipes
a better than sex trifle

tzv'17



Tzetzka Ilieva

the psychopath
discovers he has a conscience . . .
schizophrenia

she keeps everything dear to her in an empty jar

bad cop . . .
when the sponge is dirtier
than the dishes

snapdragon . . .
the bumblebee
takes its chances

postage due . . .
she waits for his stamp
of approval

coming of age
the way he holds his textbooks
in front of him

election year
when they make promises
just for the laughs

Michael H. Lester

bedridden
in the rhythm of the wind
the trees' dancing

autumn sun
I steal from the bees
some asters

old watchdog
the slight rattling
of its dream

night window
a star falls out of
the frame

day moon
in a hurry to
kiss you again

Eleonore Nickola



graduation
the dandelion loses
some of its fluff

hills and valleys
then a plateau-
heart monitor

estranged father's day
saying "I love you"
easier said than done

Mercy Ikuri

grasping my hand
in the cold...
a street child

communal love
I sip a bowl of soup
with the moon

Celestine Nudanu

I wish your talent
For pissing me off
Lay undiscovered

You left me
Waiting alone
In the no parking zone

Emma Power
[epower05](#)

back home
maid throws half my lunch
in the sink

S.Radhamani

just old fashioned ...
she expected him
to buy breakfast

looking away . . .
the first nudist convention
received little coverage

wondering . . .
do we tell the dog
he's adopted

Carol Raisfeld

too late can't meet the man in the moon

Linda McCarthy Schick

crab apple battle-
the sore loser takes a bite
above my left eye

amateur night-
the coven members
all stay home

ah, sweet October
the rotting pumpkins
sickly smell

dan smith

I'm always
a glass half empty person —
so top me up, please

perhaps solving
the problems of the world
men in stilettos

Trump ...
today's newspaper
tomorrow's kitty litter

Keitha Keyes

Pencil as metronome
devours my thoughts.
Won't he ever stop?

Katelyn Thomas

hard frost
writing by chilled fingers
a summer haiku

the note on the table
a fly looks into
every word

Nikolay Grankin

hospice room
the walls whiteness
on her face

Nina Kovačić

blood blisters
the wear and tear of
family friction

on-screen chemistry
the anti-hero drinks vodka
from test tubes

out of order
sorting the scattered pages
that held your life

for Dr Frank Jeal



David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

for an instant
I am the butterfly--
gentle shower

Ed Bremson

bottlebrush...
finding the sweet spot
hummingbird and I

funeral
for an old hippie
no one wears black

last summer day
part of me departs
with the train

William Scott Galasso

we are talking
tales about ancestors –
the moon on the window

Zoran Doderovic

end-of-winter sale –
I brave the multitude
of sharp elbows

mailbox
a snail lies
in wait

roadworks –
the taste of bitumen
in my Guinness

fishing the pond
I'm asked to show my
poetic license

the lost keys
in his back pocket . . .
lingering mist

Lorin Ford

eightieth birthday . . .
her son's card missing
this year

almost new
her wedding gown
in the recycle bin

Marion Alice Poirier

car alarm...
the new puppy plays
with a squeak toy

belladonna...
the sheet sticks
to sweat-slicked bodies

dancing
to the beat
a bobble-head

a littering
of bedrolls on the lawn
justice center

Nancy Brady

Traveling Circus, New Jersey, 1994

On this chilly May morning, the Cole Bros-Clyde Beatty Circus attracts few onlookers to its tent-raising. The big old elephant named Pete is working, his strength harnessed to raise the heavy canvas roof and walls attached to a center and six outer poles. Pete is led past us. The edges of his ears look damaged—bleached, mottled, ragged. Enormous, he seems a mountain given grace of mobility.

deepset eyes
rimmed by wrinkles
shackled ankles

A group of children, six to nine years old, arrive walking in a file, two by two, each holding to a rope passed down the center, front end held by a woman, back end by a man. The children have hearing, vision, or neurological disabilities. None are wearing sweaters. The adults concentrate on the action of shepherding to avoid animal dung, jackhammer trucks, electrical cables being laid.

caged tiger
eyes on children
holding the rope

Charlotte Mandel

team-building workshop --
no one willing
to take notes

a ransom note
under the door –
her candy for her doll

Batman kite --
the wind is
the Joker

hotel lobby --
the chill after
check-out

decoy action --
the second crow
steals the sandwich

Angela Terry

recalling every offense i poke the ashes

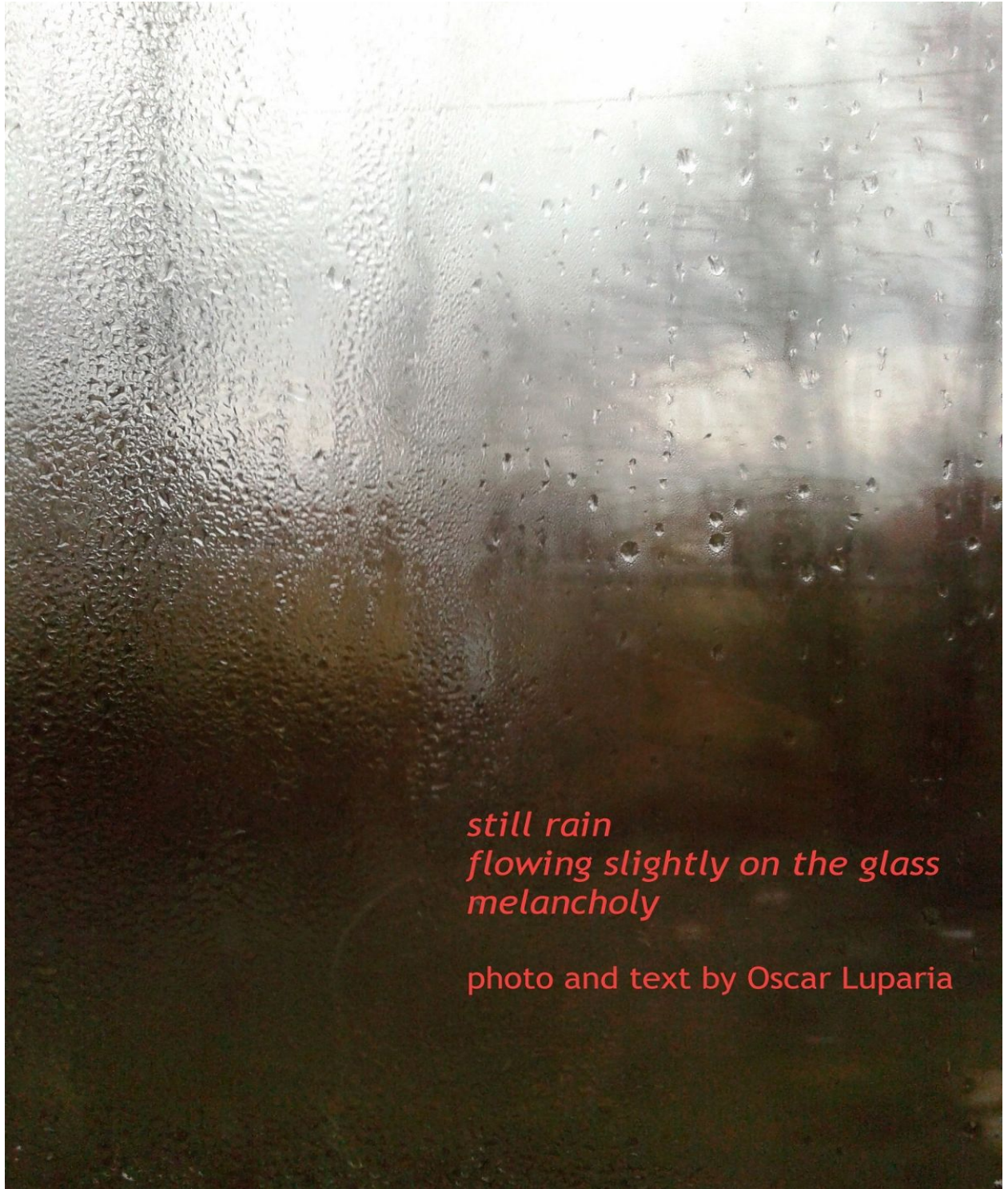
such a nice couple that guy and his car

unanswered mail
i square the papers
on my desk

email
when a typo
is the truth

the distance
between us
all of us

Sondra J. Byrnes



Oscar Luparia

to do list
everyone feeling
put off

the switch
on the wall
crawls off

C.R. Harper

pet store hamster
on his wheel again...
where to today?

snow on his jumper —
in with the morning wash
a paper tissue

Ingrid Baluch

f llow

biology teacher
his fly
undone

"we need to talk"
between us
a wobbly table

breaking news
the cheese soufflé
deflates

winter
only the rain
knocking on my door

Olivier Schopfer

more grey in my hair
reading the book
again

city of another language
i feel no urgency
to be home



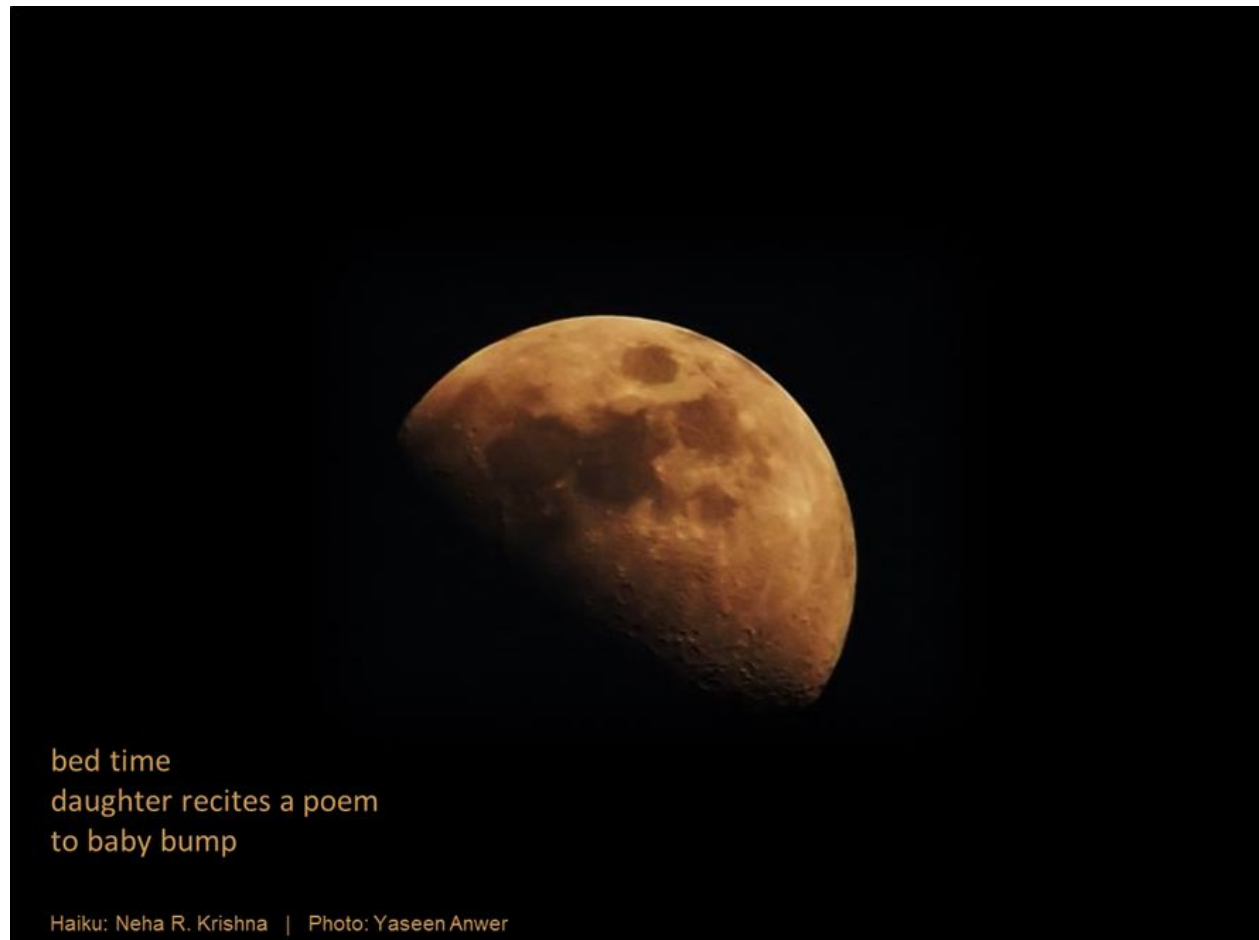
setting sun
he keeps... his head
high

Haiku: Neha R. Krishna | Photo: Samir Satam

how was your day?
he didn't ask
i didn't tell

Haiku: Neha R. Krishna | Photo: Samir Satam





bed time
daughter recites a poem
to baby bump

Haiku: Neha R. Krishna | Photo: Yaseen Anwer

Neha R. Krishna

coffee machine
last night*s haiku
awakes before me

cuddle rain...
you fall for
every sigh

swan family a vow is still a vow

bikes can cry too blue rain

Adrian Bouter

fading blossoms
she moves her bathing suit
to the bottom drawer

blind date ...
and then the waiter
winks at me

water restrictions
his car looking better
than his lawn

new addition
her husband paints
the snowman pink

holiday jokester
the inflatable snowman
doubled over

no compromise
even their bathroom
black and white

Susan Constable

recurring dream
my friend waves as if
he is not dead

fear of flying
I count the ripples
in my water cup

speed networking
my elevator speech
shorter each time

Debbi Antebi

St. Patrick's day
my thoughts
fill a bear mug

Independence day--
a touch of green
on the lunatic's dress

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian

flying home
my apologies
to the crows

the truism
of wind chimes
'mine are best'

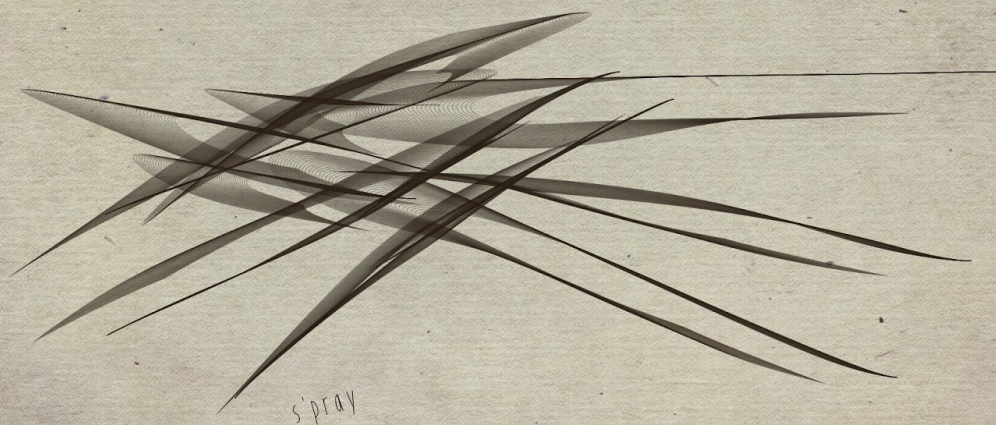
feverish
my dreams divide
into syllables

haiku gathering
matching faces
to words

the glass
doesn't fit my lips
hotel room

sick bed
the hours ebb and flow
with cats

deep nowhere
sitting on an old fence
for no reason



s'pray

Sandi Pray

*if this life
is just
an ephemeral dream
bring me with you
blue butterfly*



photo and poem by lucia fontana



*i dream
i'm dreaming
t h a t dream*

*poem and photo
by lucía fontana*

Lucid Dream

... at the market of illusions there was also the stand of Time rediscovered, vintage, of course ... among the various assortments were offered everlasting time, which sold loose, or the 48-hour day and the 24-hour night in a jar, sticks of quarters of an hours, as a gadget hourglass - of various sizes and colors - in which the time was sold for a minimum of 1 hour to a maximum of 6 ... Then in powder to make the best of the events, dust of: Rest time, Dream Time, Smile Time, Reading Time, Time of Justice, Time of Music, Time of Pleasures (not otherwise specified, but I swear I have seen behind a screen, well hidden, the last tubes almost robbed of the Time of Kissing and Time of hugs and caresses in gift box), Friendship Time, and of course, Love Time...

I apologize if, having taken your attention here, I stole a bit of your reading time, hoping to be a bit of the time of your friendship.

43 autumns
for their woman futures
a letter to my girls

—

dream wave
two dolphins
lift me up

dream tide heart and names deleted in a wave

Lucia Fontana



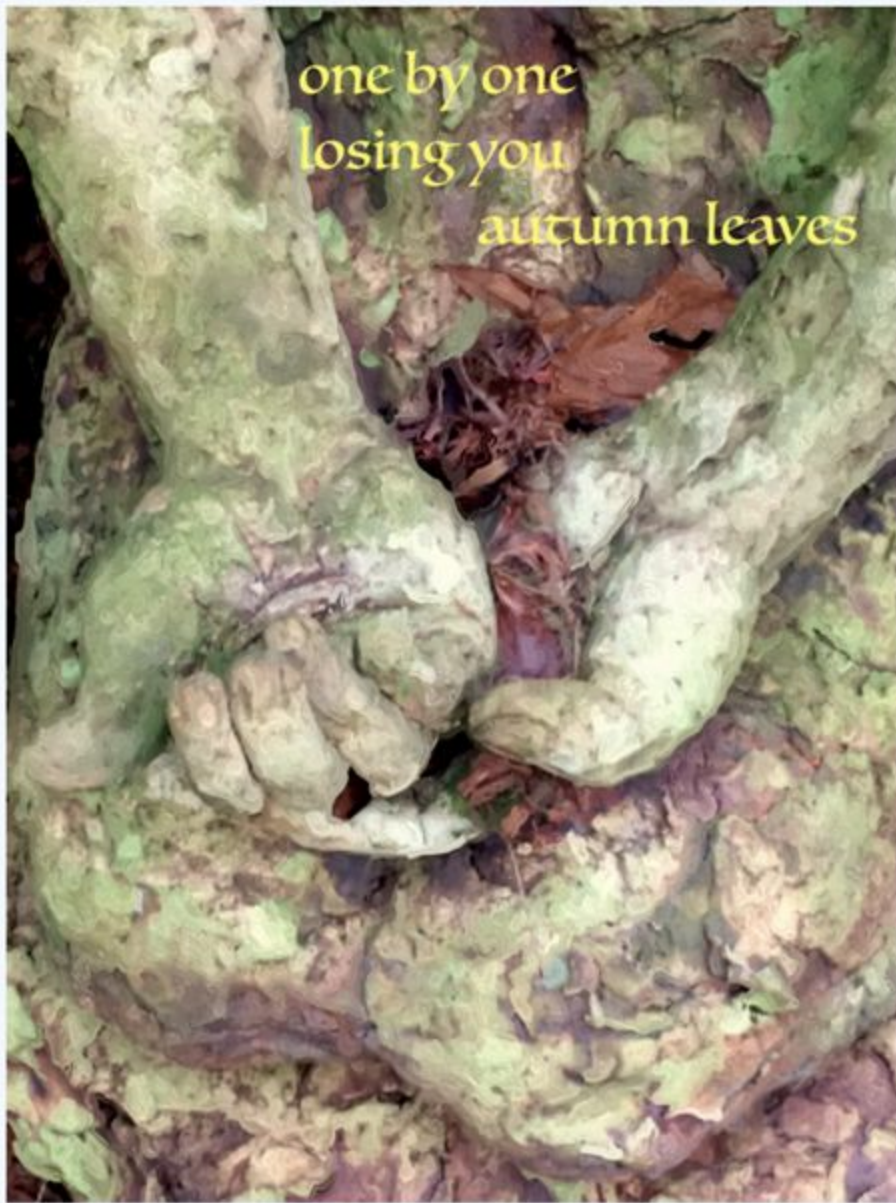
Jack O'lantern –
no grandchildren
to make him smile

Haiga by Mary Kendall

Photo from www.creepyhalloweenimages.com



haiga by Mary Kendall



Haiga by Mary Kendall

*soaring alone
the diagnosis
came so soon*

Mary Kendall



Mary Kendall

Mary Kendall

game of tag
dad shortens his stride
justabit

the hem
of my yellow dress
pollen settles

cocktail party din
too much vertruth
in the martinis

bulldogs
their way of jowling themselves
into our hearts

Jackie Maugh Robinson

sure you can cheat
but be careful not to be caught
said the liberal invigilator

nude beach
wondering if my shade
matters

night walk
equally sharing my attention
stars and fireflies

poor man's funeral
the nimble feet
of the pallbearers

Forgiveness Day
chasing the fly
into a spider's web

Adjei Agyei-Baah

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

accepting
I'm young no more--
a lighter backpack

meditation mat-
i check for
the invisible ants

traffic jam...
finally the time
to meditate

thin pillow
maybe i ought to fluff up
my bio

Sanjuktaa Asopa

the foghorn last summer—
the foghorn's
last summer

rainstorm . . .
on the cottage porch
blues stories

Jill Lange

taking photos
forbidden in the museum
of photography

new economy
the increasing turnover
of seasons

hard rain
the windmill turning
into watermill

Helga Härle

the red thread --
our interlaced hearts
forever

virtual trip
the boreal aurora
within my dreams

genealogy
too many branches
cut down on our tree

faded photos
the stern gaze
of my great-grandparents

bikini test
dreaming with open eyes

Elisa Allo

<https://tanzaku.wordpress.com>

soaping the dishes
in the sink -
fragments of a dream

*insaponando i piatti
nel lavello -
frammenti di un sogno*

"The red shrimp " -
in the top corner
dung of gull

*“Al gambero rosso” –
nell’angolo in alto
sterco di gabbiano*

Margherita Petriccione

Baby Grand: a Haiku Sequence

under the piano
i hide from father
i am 5

pushing me off
the piano bench
teenage breakdown

leaving home ...
the piano also hides
deep cut scars

father's death day
centered on the piano
his chilly smile

inheritance —
opening the piano
childhood secrets
fly away

—

Open Sharing

Five years after my mom dies an older woman finds me on a website. The one I mailed a sample of my saliva to see if I would get what killed off mom. The woman's DNA shows a 25% match with mine. Probable half-sibling says the report. We meet for coffee. Her face is ordinary with none of the features mom passed onto me. No widow's peak. No arched eyebrow. No high cheek bone. No Roman nose. Aren't you the chubby-tubby one she yells, responding to my hug. It's true what they say. DNA doesn't lie.

cafe tablecloth —
the red and black squares
of memory

Roberta Beary
[@shortpoemz](#)



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