

failed haiku

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michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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preparing the stable . . .
from the donkey's lips
the scent of wild thyme

Corine Timmer

Haiga by Corine Timmer

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Lucia Fontana, and Migyoung Yun

Giddy Nielsen-Sweep

Michael Henry Lee

Dennis Maulsby

Mariela Coromoto Hernandez

Eva Limbach

Debbie Strange

Steve Dolphy

Natalia Kuznetsov

Joanne van Helvoort

Marshall Bood

Elmedin Kadric

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

Corine Timmer

Bruce Jewett

Rehn Kovacic

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Lorin Ford

Eva Joan

Lothar M. Kirsch

Adrian Bouter

Nancy Shires
Rachel Sutcliffe
Melissa Howell
Gautam Nadkarni
Alanna C. Burke
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Ingrid Baluchi
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Elizabeth Crocket
David J Kelly
Louise Hopewell
Anthony Q. Rabang
Radostina Dragostinova
James Chessing
Bryan Rickert
Mark Gilbert
Valentina Meloni
Eric A. Lohman
Antonio Mangiameli
Colleen M. Farrelly
Tsanka Shishkova
Jay Friedenber
Christine Taylor
Karen Downs-Barton
Eufemia Griffo
John J. Han

Ben Moeller-Gaa
Dave Read
Pitt Buerken
Tim Murphy
Peter Jastermsky
Sondra J. Byrnes
Kala Ramesh
Salil Chaturvedi
Terrie Jacks
Jackie Maugh Robinson
Cynthia Rowe
Ece Çehreli
Eren Çehreli
Guliz Mutlu
Mike Gallagher
Sevim Gültepe
Fatma Gultepe
Barbara Kaufmann
Blessed Ayeyame
Christina Chin
Jill Lange
Kelly Sauvage Angel
Mary Kendall
Bill Cooper
Theresa A. Cancro

Pd Lietz

Yola M. Caecenary

William Scott Galasso



sitting on
a weeping willow root
... dad's gnarled knees

words Lucia Fontana
ink Migyoung Yun

sakura blooming the silence along the path
lucia fontana



ink by miyoung yun

peach flowers . . . sniffing a pink silence

Lucia Fontana



ink drawing by migyoung yun

Lucia Fontana, and Migyoung Yun



a busy summer
in the leisure centre
tanning beds

Giddy Nielsen-Sweep

string bikini
crossing that imaginary line
in the sand

urban sprawl
the road side memorials
can't keep pace

Michael Henry Lee

The first day retired.
A leather briefcase strap seeks
a suited shoulder.

Dennis Maulsby

WOMEN'S GOSSIP
THE DARKEST FLOWERS
IN THE GARDEN



Mariela Coromoto Hernandez

power-saving-mode
I put an ice cube
into my whisky glass

snapdragons
now it's me
talking about the past

sunbathing cat
I extend
my stop doing list

first snow
the white hair of my
imaginary friend

at the edge of evolution a fading dream

koi pond
knowing nothing about
Basho's frog

Eva Limbach
[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

leaves raked
into neat piles
until . . .






**RISING TEMPERS
THE LOUDER THEY SPEAK
THE LESS WE HEAR**



baby steps
it is never too late
for chasing dreams

words/image@DStrange



heart bypass

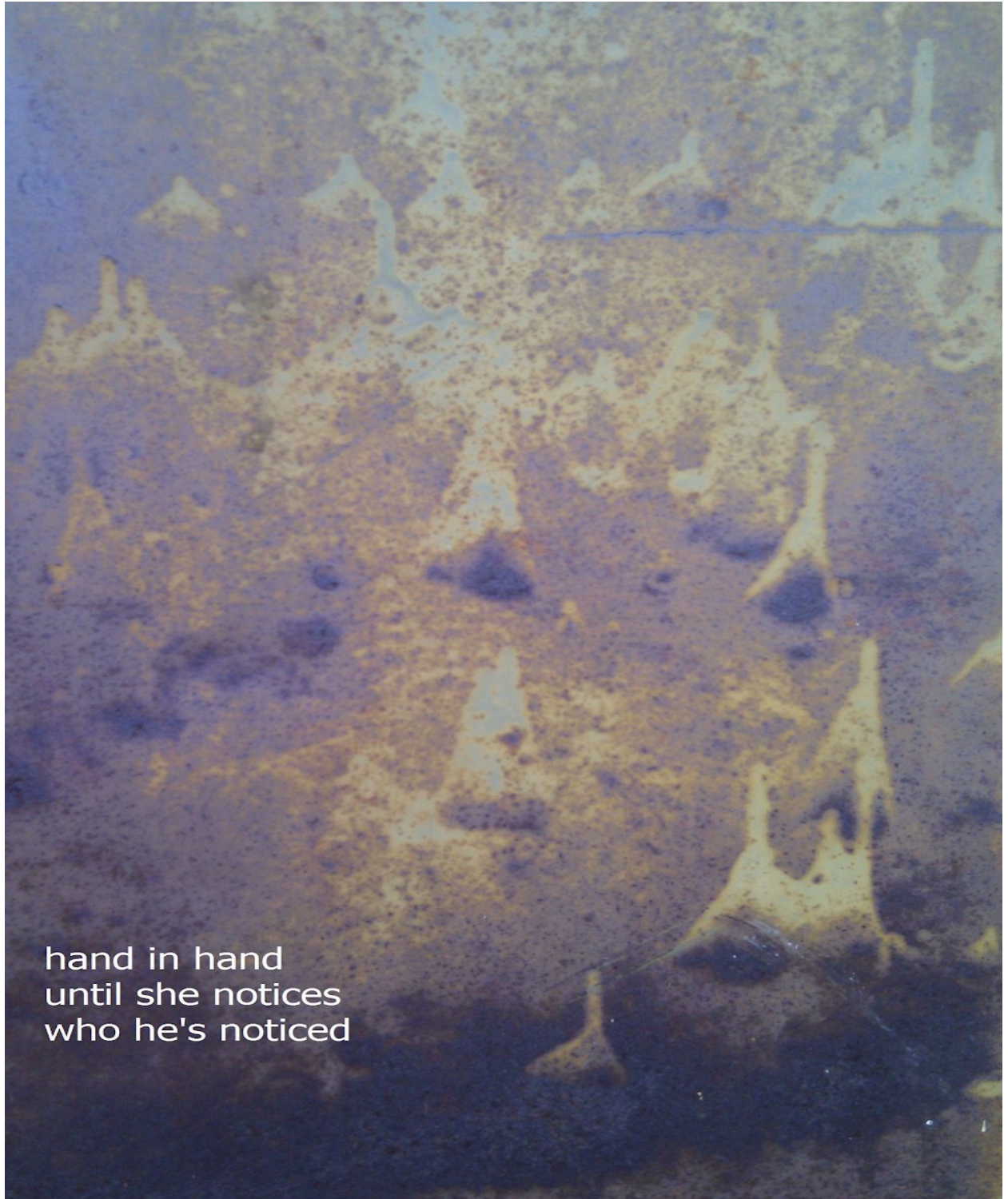
a road not found
on any map



Debbie Strange



north star -
searching
for her G-spot



hand in hand
until she notices
who he's noticed

Steve Dolphy

Ex-Spouse Day -
a couple of blackbirds
at the courthouse

farewell party -
fireworks and fury
sparkling in her eyes

Natalia Kuznetsov

mountain hike
in turns we wear
the new shoes

home again
the switches back
where they belong

Joanne van Helvoort

the disgraced politician
redeemed
by his tumour

Marshall Bood

donator
she gives me
the finger

first date
her earth
is flat

wounded
I flip
the bird

her ex
plosives

midnight
stars
out on his ass

what
came first

Elmedin Kadric

Father's Day
Tracks of a wheelchair
toward the sea

autumn sunset
another wrinkle on
mother's forehead

apple blossom
exchanging the sweets
with a migrant kid

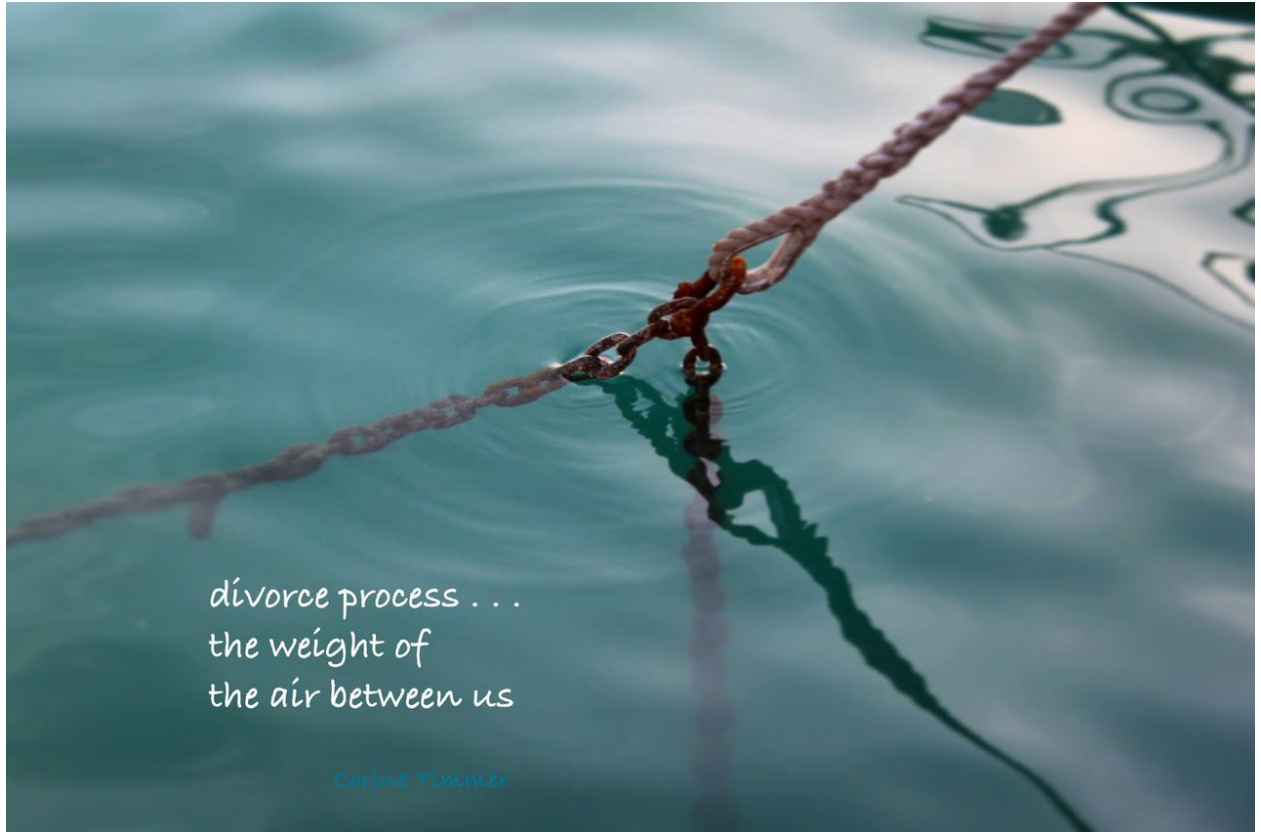
wild peony ...
she follows me
to bed

Agus Maulana Sunjaya



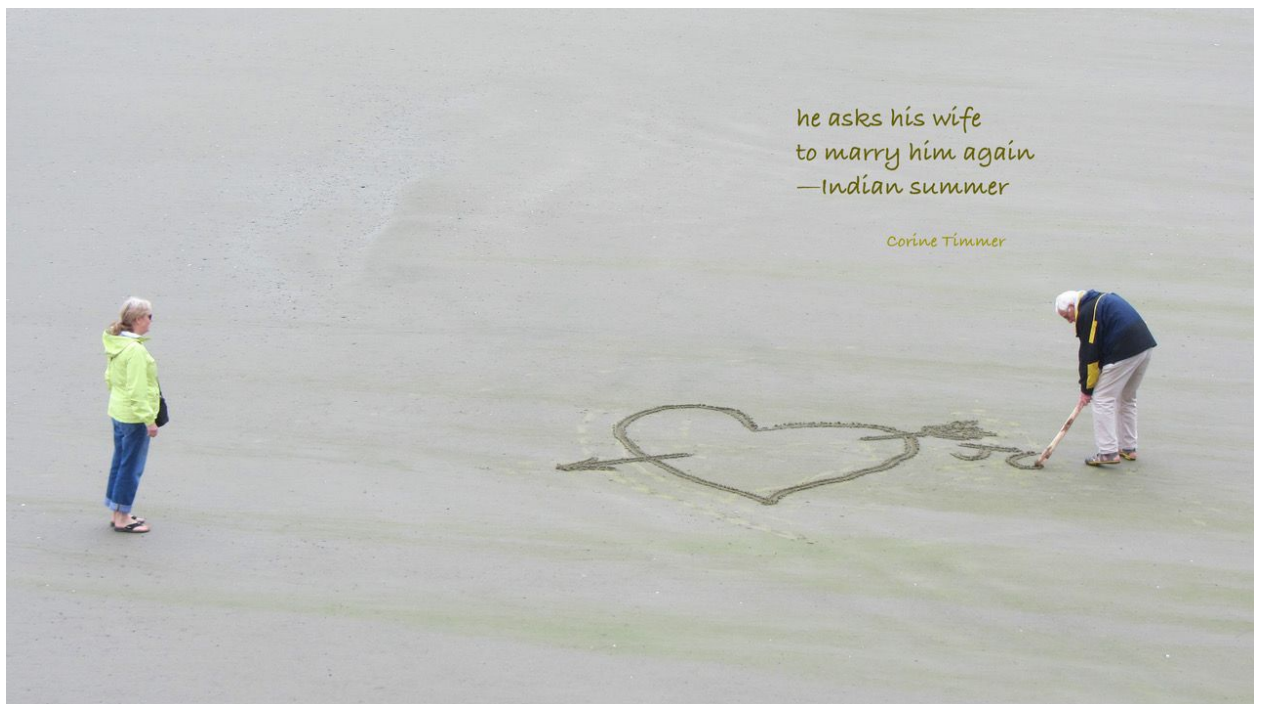
*whirling mandala . . .
the stillness
of your hand*

Corine Timmer



divorce process . . .
the weight of
the air between us

Corine Timmer



he asks his wife
to marry him again
—Indian summer

Corine Timmer

eggnog in her hand a letter from the fertility clinic

Corine Timmer





Yuletide . . .
the shadows
on his X-ray

Corine Timmer



eighty-four christmases . . .
father's mailing list
reduced to one page

Corine Timmer

Corine Timmer

trudging behind
his aged mother shopping
a funeral march

morning's aria
lilting above the clatter
of leaf blowers

a warm evening walk
I fumble for my phone
fooled by wind chimes

Bruce Jewett

not always knowing
what's important
brushing the cat

single malt
stories become more elaborate
with each drink

Rehn Kovacic

his garden . . .
she weeds-out
vegetable plants

white blouses
atop blue skirts -
mother's irises

pi versus pie . . .
only one goes on
forever

Year 2028 -
the robot dog deleted
my homework

Funeral Voices

Why was that done? Who decided that? Why was that not done?

summer solstice . . .
the nonstop hum
of cicadas

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

breakfast news
the hen yard louder
than the radio

obits page
great-grandma casts off
another stitch

. . . and more rain
the smile fading
from the missing girl's face

beach sunset
the tide takes back another
amber bottle

at the end of the rainbow Irish potboilers

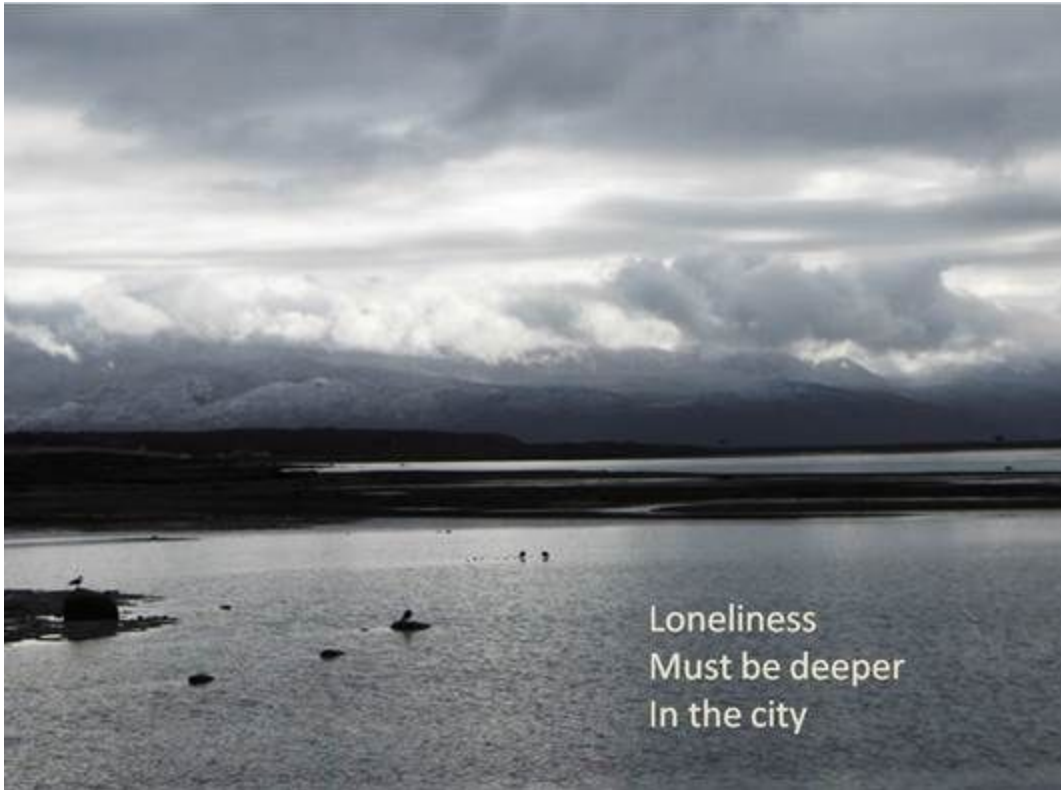
Lorin Ford

morning mirror -
my life
unvarnished

nameless -
the man with the hat
gives me a smile

Eva Joan

www.elinbell.wordpress.com



Lothar M. Kirsch

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

careers the wet paper plane

democrazy

social justice reMarx

prairie cabin
a breeze blowing
to yesterday

blood-red sky
a bull raises
its head

Adrian Bouter

digging to China
we make it as far as
Willow Roots

music in the park
a child too innocent
not to dance

she said don't
you'll fall on your head
i did

watching the moon rise
as we sip wine
the moon gets high

Nancy Shires

valuables left
at owner's risk
I take myself with me

streets of childhood
another memory
resurfaces

another broken promise
sunlight
on thin ice

sleepless
again I flip
the pillow

Rachel Sutcliffe

family potluck
all our feelings
in the food

airport food court
a fruit fly
passing through

sunset—
sugar melting
on my tongue

waiting room
the endless loop
of Law and Order

Melissa Howell
[@mlohowell](#)

Bibliophilia And Other Ailments

I always loved bookkeeping. As an activity. I would borrow books from others and keep them. On my little bookshelf. Neatly lined.

I remember first borrowing the Bhagawad Gita from a friend. A translation in English, of course. I wasn't foolish enough to borrow one in Sanskrit. It would have made an obscure work even more obscure. Then another pal bought himself a book on Relativity. I was intrigued. I have plenty of relatives, you know. They keep crawling out from the woodworks. I can't stand them. If they are not borrowing money from you they are borrowing books. It's the latter type that cheese me off. And so I borrowed the Relativity volume from the aforementioned friend. It now occupies pride of place on my small bookrack.

A visitor once asked me if I had read all the books on my shelves. I was shocked to the core and told him so. Whoever heard of reading books! I'm not stupid, you know.

time is relative...
my boss still shouts at me
for coming late

Another School Of Thought

When I was eight Dad took us all to Pune on our quarterly visit to my brother who went to boarding school in that great city. Bro had himself opted for the school under the impression that it was fun and games. And every time we visited him he made like a martyr who was obliged to eat the most ghastly food imaginable at the hostel.

He spoke of the horrors of consuming aubergines and bell gourds on a daily basis. And the teensy weensy portions of dessert he had to make do with. He repeatedly stressed that he had all but forgotten the meaning of ice cream. This was news to me. I couldn't imagine anyone surviving without scoops of chocolate ice cream ladled out in large bowls. He did look thin and a little pale, I noticed.

Dad took us to the neighbourhood coffee shop where Bro continued complaining between mouthfuls of French fries dripping with ketchup and slurps of chilled Coca Cola. I nodded my head sympathetically as I dug into my fish and chips. I must mention at this point that a forkful of fish when chewed along with potato chips is heaven on earth. I was consequently in raptures as I gave a patient hearing to my brother's lurid description of what transpires when an erring lad is administered ten of the juiciest on the seat of his trousers with a cane. And all for refusing to eat his aubergine and following this up by shoving the offending vegetable down the neck of the boy on the next seat. Ten of the juiciest! Gosh! And everything I had heard about Nazi concentration camps sprang to mind. I empathised. I nodded my head solemnly. I wouldn't be surprised if I actually wiped a tear from my eyes.

Then Dad, Mom and I dropped bro at the gates of, what I had secretly labelled, The Dungeons and drove back to Mumbai. Till our next visit three months hence.

exposition
the teacher talks at length
on brevity

CELL PHONE TALK —
GRANDMA FORGETS WHICH GUN
SHE WAS ON



Gautam Nadkarni

working on that marriage steady drizzle

gin martini

I ponder

a new philosophy

remaining snow

the absence

of a valentine

Alanna C. Burke

red signal
the way a street beggar
and i look at

frozen fish stall
a refugee child checks
dead or live

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

war zone child . . .
she asks where there's a clinic
for her doll

discount store —
the aisle-hop evasion
of stuffed shirts

Ingrid Baluchi

grief...
the white sweater
I always wear

moon wind -
the sand glass turned
upside down

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

on the beach
a dog
walks himself

warm breeze
he whispers
in my ear



Elizabeth Crocket

cloud storage
holding the token
a little longer

long division
at weddings and funerals
the factions remain

papyrus
how long have we been reading
between the lines

pointless
dragging this blunt pencil
across the page

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

The limits of space

star-filled sky
all the places named by men
in honour of men

supernova
all the places named by men
in honour of women

black hole
all the places
named by women

coconut husk
I married him
for his beard

pink geraniums
the groomsman asks
the best man to dance

Louise Hopewell

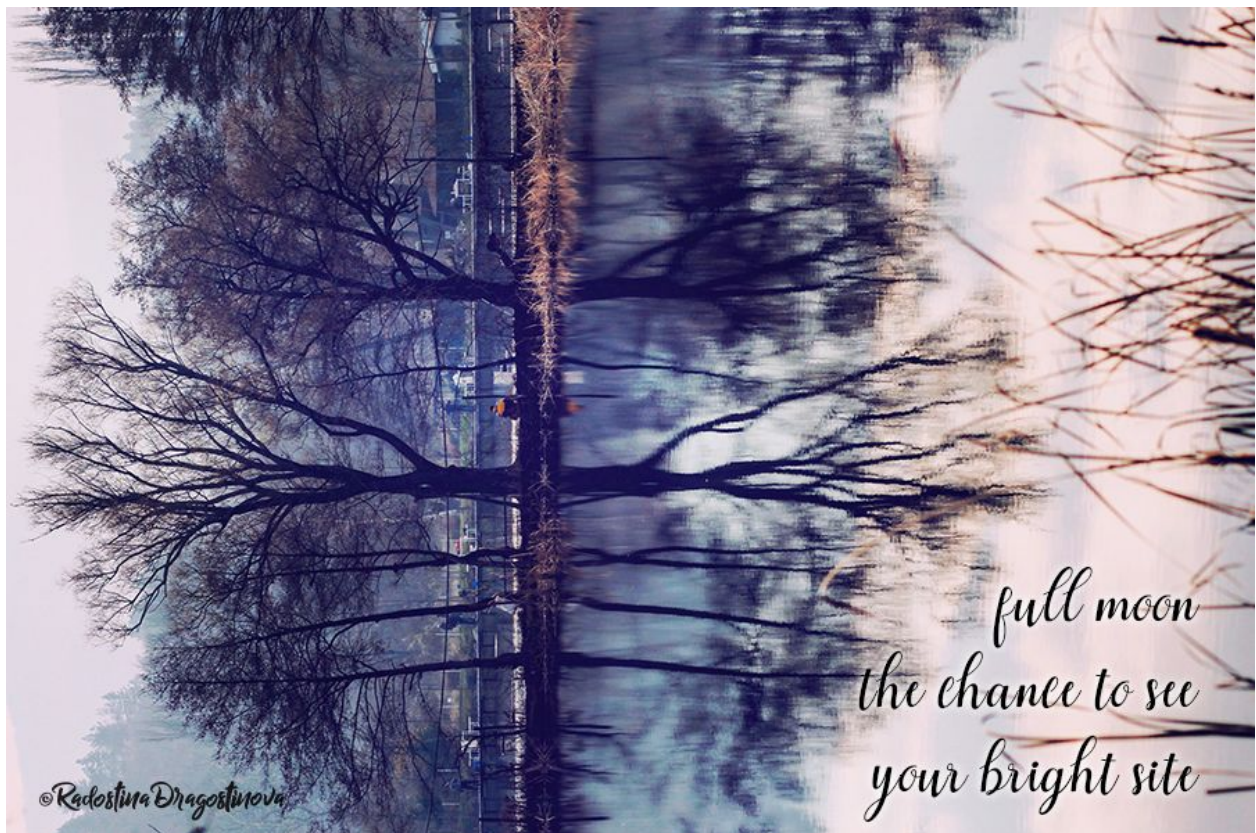
huge sea rock
the warmth underneath
these calloused feet

vandalized desk
no sweetness left
for this bubble gum

Anthony Q. Rabang
[@thonyrabang](#)

summer sunset
we are competing
for adjectives

his terminal travel
the Eiffel Tower
in the cardiogram



Radostina Dragostinova

a rare dusting of snow the day's first white lie

breaking news I found another glass shard!

leave it --

it's just a piece of my heart

...ebb tide

darkening pond

mosquitoes strafe

an unquiet mind

James Chessing

high school crush
all the what ifs
at the funeral

rain delay
water runs
the bases

music recital
the janitor rattles
his keys

swimming
nude
the
snapping
turtles

Bryan Rickert

algorithm'n'blues

harbor gallery
the woman behind the desk
can't afford them either

steady summer rain —
the most important thing
is that I remain calm

squeegee
the lawyer says "sign here"
"and here"

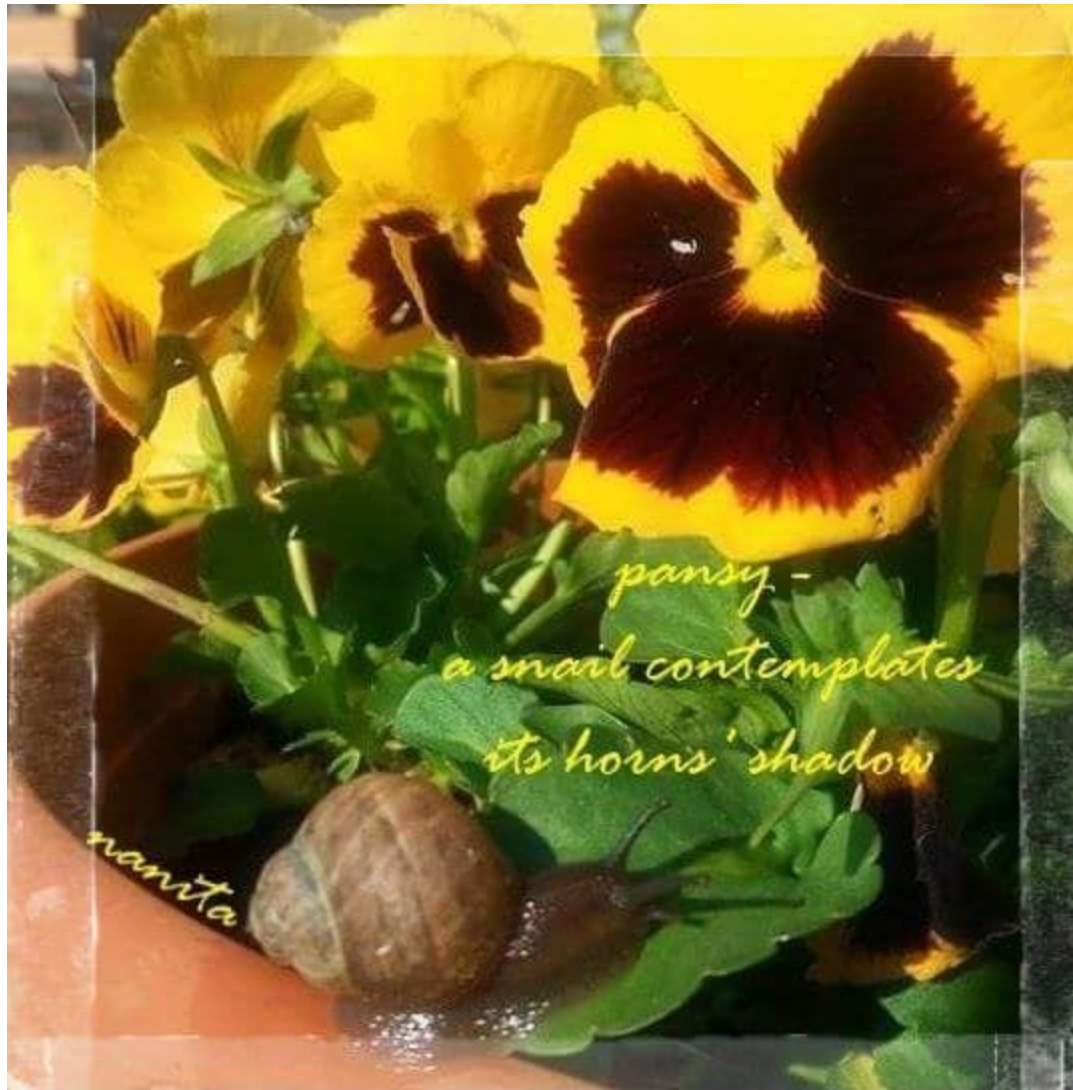
Mark Gilbert



nanita

*dew —
a fairy tear
merges*





nanita



Valentina Meloni

bread crumbs
on the fantail
carrier pigeons

frozen lake -
I hesitate to break the ice
between us

moon shot
another testosterone
injection

touch screen -
the eyes of a child
in juvie

Eric A. Lohman
[@ealcsw](#)

the radio is on -
someone's finally talking
this evening

la radio accesa -
stasera a tavola
uno che parla

Antonio Mangiameli

one-way mirror
viewed from the other side—
hindsight

New Year's Eve

We sit, curled up on the sofa hugging pillows and ignoring the TV. She talks about a woman in Basra. I talk about a kid in Soweto. We ignore the flashbangs outside. Teammates once, we're sisters now. There's a distance in her eyes. It's the first time I've talked about it, too.

unravelling quilt—
guarded memories
pouring out

Fitness Challenges

Midnight fog runs down a deserted beach. High surf advisory swim sessions (bonus points for swimming to an outer reef and time in the waves before the onset of hypothermia). Push-ups and sit-ups in the whitewash kissing the beach. Even pull-up contests beneath the Coronado ferry dock that need to be perfectly timed. You always won.

stopwatch digits
clocking the final time—
the bullet beat you

E Pluribus Unum

“Ach du Lieber!” Words I never thought I’d hear from my meek Grossmutter. School secretary. Wife of a minister. Lover of FIFA and Team Germany. Chip with guacamole in one hand; the other hand gesturing at an opposing player on TV.

Apparently, this change in demeanor is also a surprise to my dad and grandpa. We’d cheered for France, as well—for the Borree side of the family. “Allez les blues!” For now, it seems Germany is “our” team. As I put my feet onto the living room trunk, I knock over a few of our snacks.

schnitzel, salsa, and
biscotti mix on the floor—
out of many, one

Colleen M. Farrelly

solitude ...
I lose myself in the shadows
of sunset

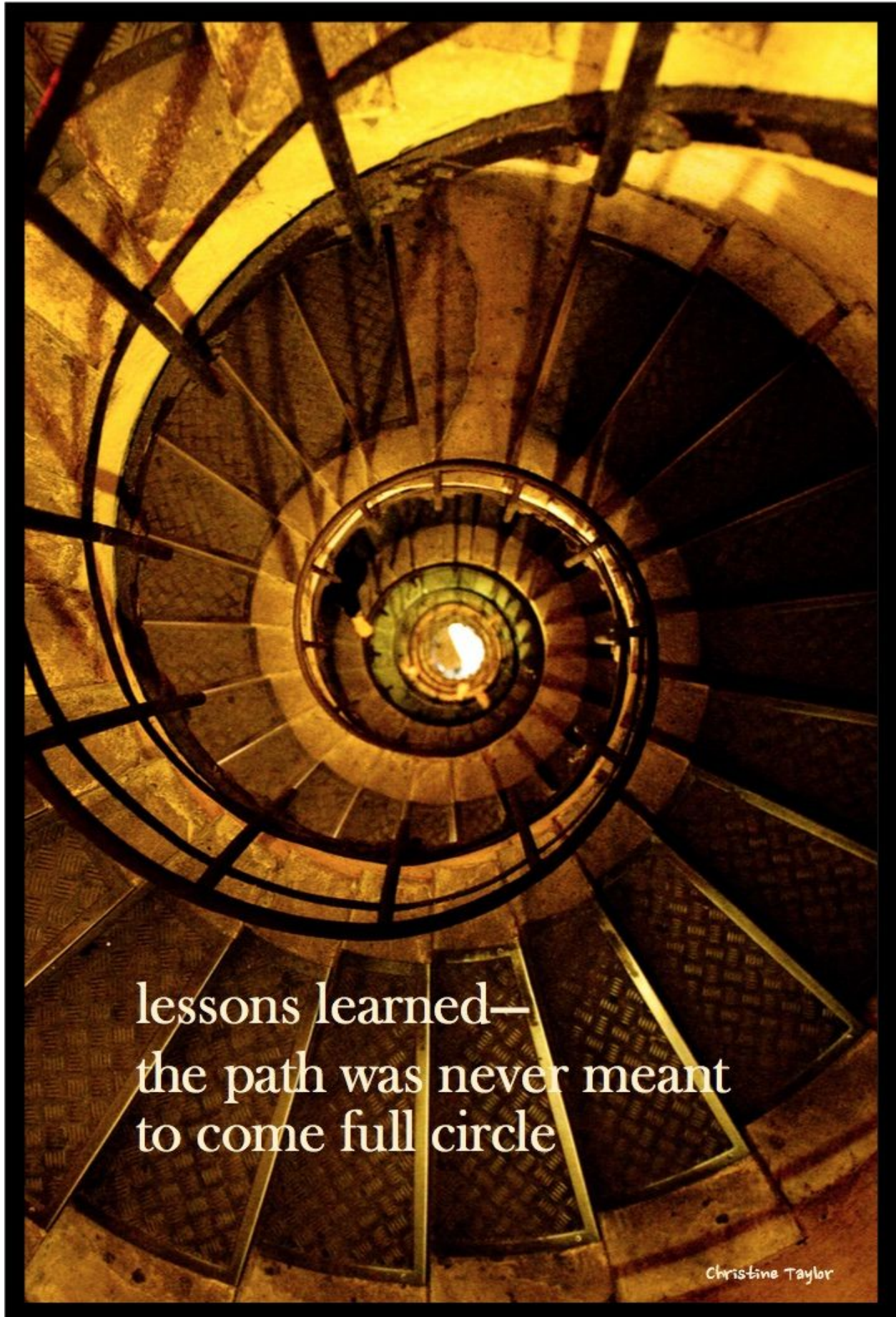
Tsanka Shishkova

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

drug cartel reprisal
fresh flowers
adorn the family shrine

back country dreams
a child kicks a stone
off the beaten path

Jay Friedenber



lessons learned—
the path was never meant
to come full circle

Christine Taylor

he speaks
a cicada's song--
white noise

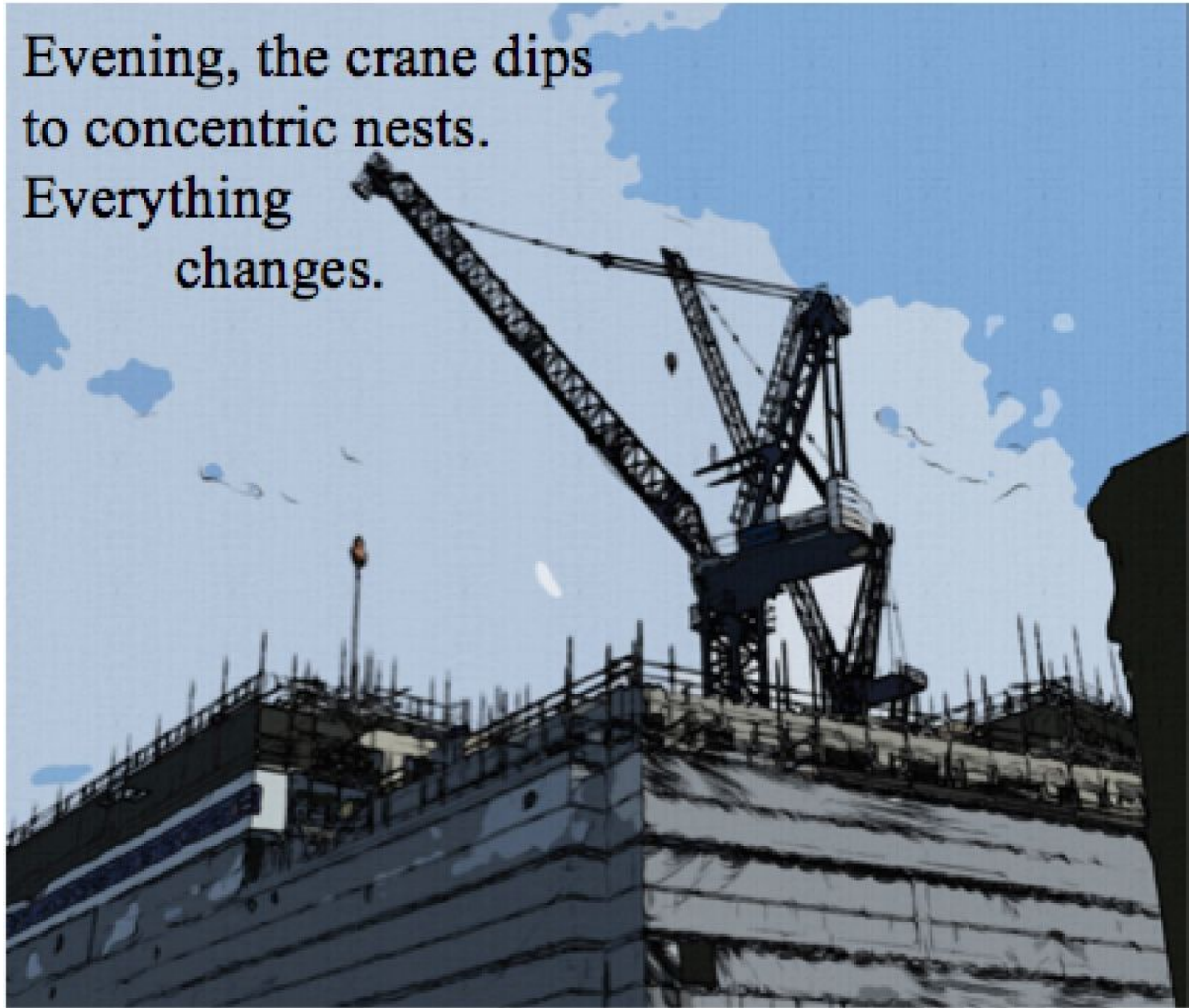
Christine Taylor
[@cetaylorplfd](#)

**Singeing nasal hair, barbers sing
torch songs.
Moths to a flame.**





Evening, the crane dips
to concentric nests.
Everything
changes.



Karen Downs-Barton

<https://thepapercutpoet.wordpress.com>

windy shore
the ocean voice
becomes a mantra

white canvas
dipping the black ink
into my dreams

laundromat
the empty pockets
of a refugee

Eufemia Griffo

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

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

over sixty
now a couple fights over
who snores more loudly

senior poetry club
the meeting begins with
long health reports

another rejection...
now I send the poem
to a better journal

a donation receipt
and an invitation
to donate more

John J. Han

dust devil
spinning truth
from a lie

sunday hangover
the hardness
of hail

sleepless night
the scent of coffee
in my pee

bar lights
a dark line bisects
her bottom

evening heat
the crossing and uncrossing
of legs

Ben Moeller-Gaa
@benmoellergaa
www.benmoellergaa.com

tracking
the distance between us ...
night train

improv ...
the trumpeter blows
his nose

voting
for the loser ...
autumn chill

modern love ...
I push the right
emoticons

googling a word
I should probably know
autumn fog

Dave Read

cannon salute
a flock of birds leaves
the royal wedding

... island in the sun
the cleaner in the plane hums
a golden oldie

pedestrian mall
the fiddler plays the ninth
repetition

Pitt Buerken

you say ayahuasca I say Tarkovsky . . . breakthrough moon

double rainbow
the busker's dog
howls along

peppermint tea
I taste the tang
of her words

Tim Murphy

transitional object
the past
that carries you

as if
no other answer -
mountain trail

moistened lips
he slips away
too easy

today's horoscope
the stars act like
they know me

another lost night
my date
with melancholy

hanging out
a lesson
in descending testicles

Peter Jastermsky

morning mountains—
i recognize their backs
at the zendo

hide and seek
looking for the little girl
in me

daily meditation i count out my vitamins

4th of july picnic a potluck of politics

yesterday's weather—
revising an email
i already sent

Sondra J. Byrnes
[@SondraJByrnes](#)

the look
the old man gives
his grand kids ...
family partition

as snake bite
coagulates one's blood
his words

we're off
on a weekend getaway ...
the 'I' comes along

Kala Ramesh

lakeside
what do the mosquitoes drink
when I'm not here

beach bed. . .
nothing between her nipples
and the sky

winter chill...
the nurse stabs deeper
for the vein

Salil Chaturvedi

morning walk
a circular path
fills with world problems

Terrie Jacks

thought balloons
above our silence
I dvr the poker channel

2:48 a.m.
watch tv or
replay
our
arg
you
meant

from this far away
flyers appear to be
conducting kites

pill lows my insomnia

Jackie Maugh Robinson

packing up . . .
at the campsite patches
of parched grass

gentle sunshine
our newborn's pulsing
fontanelle

empty nester
an orb web stretched
around the moon

an inkling of mist
my old dog's cataracts

Cynthia Rowe
www.cynthiarowe.com.au

a magic night
the fairies making
a haiku potion

spring breeze
a unicorn flying
from cloud to cloud

Ece ehreli
12 years old

my beautiful kite
if the summer days
never end

my birthday party
i always wear
a Messi uniform

Eren Çehreli
7-year-old

mom talks
endless petals
of a pink poppy

bee balm blooms
the garland weaver
elsewhere

autumn sunset
all the ways
to say goodbye

autumn millet
a small boy
counting small birds

melting snow
the softness
of a cuddle me bear

Guliz Mutlu

polishing windows
with yesterday's newspaper
a new perspective

snug as a gun
poetic licence
triggered

Mike Gallagher

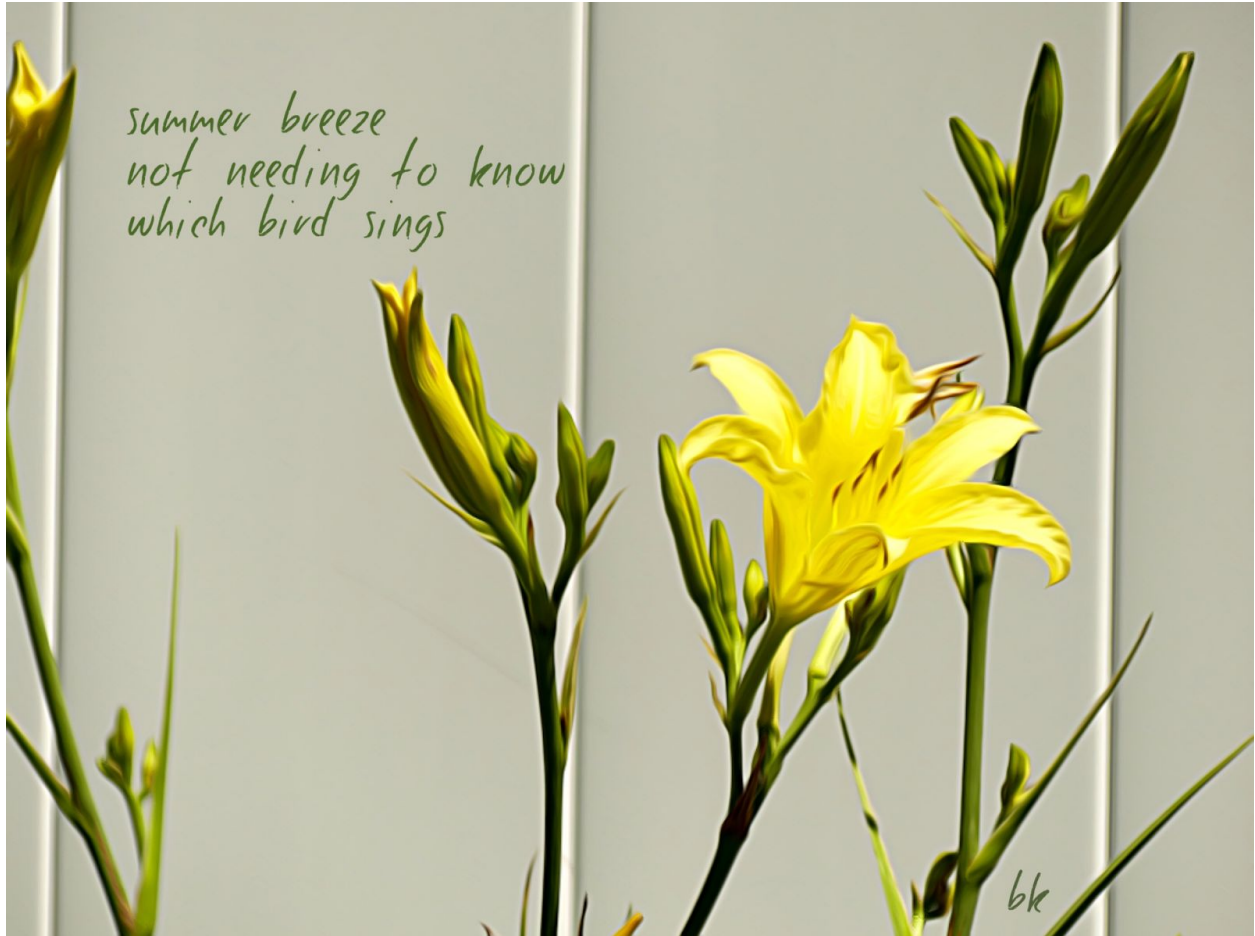
high
on the kitchen tile
an apple sticker

maybe in spring
a pair of pigeons
my heartbeats

Sevim Gültepe

after the quiz
i draw an April fish
on the board

Fatma Gultepe



vegetable share
the rush to google another
zucchini recipe

summer heat
sifting through
old love letters

a little vertigo the dregs of a merlot sunset

trailhead
I pack a snack
and beginner's mind

Barbara Kaufmann

viewing centre
goal celebration ends
in hisses

Blessed Ayeyame



two weeks
before payday
dry spell

Christina Chin

driving to grandma's
daddy points out
an old still

sudden storm—
beach umbrella
high on a wave

this moment—
blue jay and I one
with the water sprinkler

Jill Lange

obituary page
another fruit fly floating
in the wine

gazing upon
an impassable alley
graffiti buddha

butterfly egg
the paternity test offers
few surprises

my breasts a bowl of ripened fruit pits and sorrow

fine art this is your moon in my rearview mirror

Kelly Sauvage Angel

belladonna

the wicked gleam

in your eyes

Mary Kendall

an alligator glides
past a row of ducklings
without looking back
... my thoughts muddled
at unexpected times



poem ~ Mary Kendall

photo ~ Pixnio

chopping carrots –
with each decisive cut
I think of you

Mary Kendall

children's bell choir
the smiles of a delayed
ring

parallel universe
finding the lost sunglasses
of each child

Bill Cooper

day moon
in the frigid air
new ringtones

lobsters gather
at the bottom of the tank...
working lunch

full moon –
the thump
of the cat door

Times Square
the glimmer
of a kiss

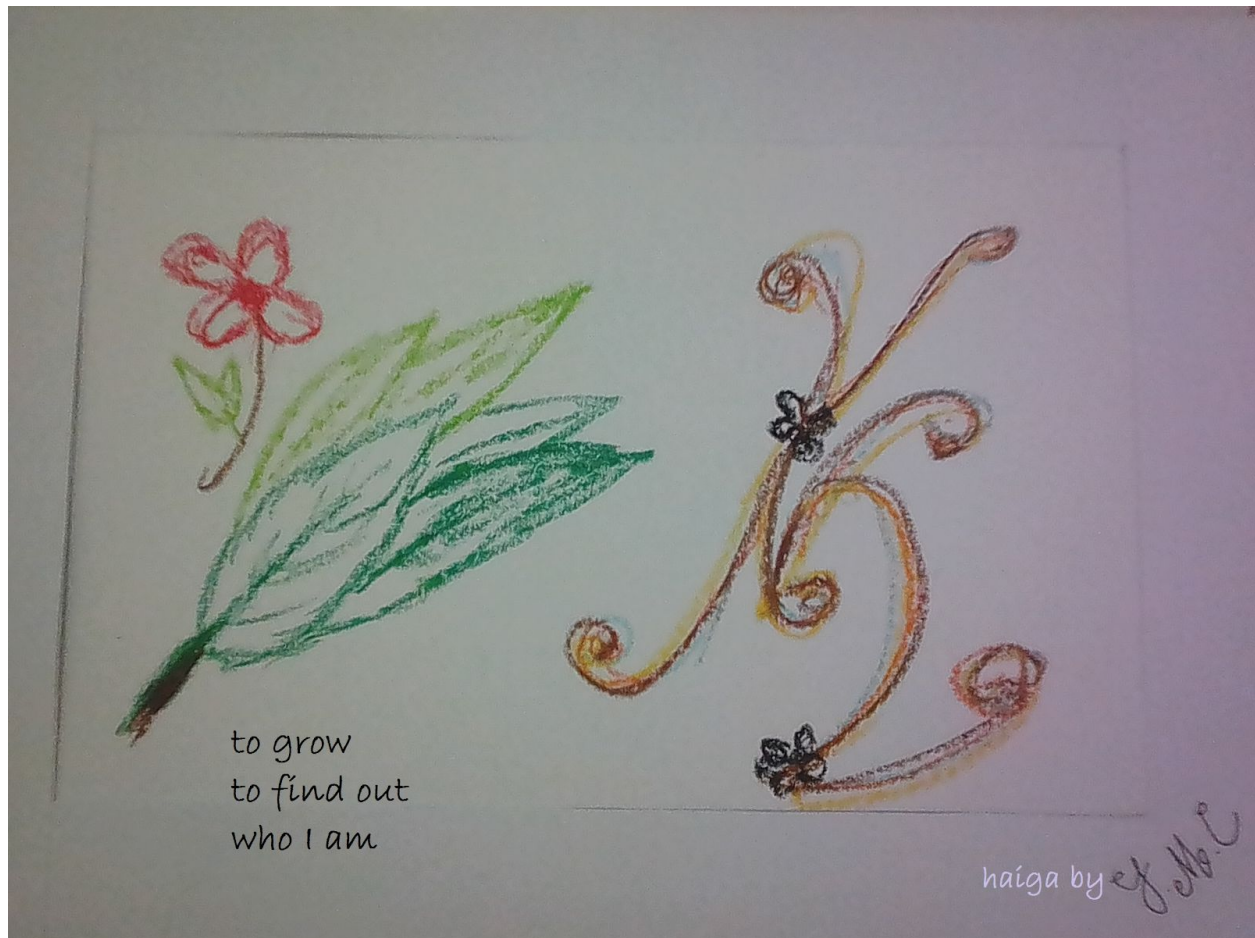
Theresa A. Cancro



red epaulettes on black
valiant defender

Pd Lietz

Pd Lietz



her tears
and his cheers
meet at the soccer match

a candle
and a cake
multiply yin and yang

Yola M. Caecenary

no prison cell
no cage of bones
...free at last

(for Johnny Baranski)

blood moon
 the newscaster's rhetoric
 heats up

school assembly
the din before
the dope

scant donations
 busker's song
 in a minor key

William Scott Galasso

not dark yet but its getting there

the way has no future. just this path is all i have. one long walking
meditation i guess.

no one
at the bus stop
just me a cat and an old woman

michael rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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