failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu Volume 3, Issue 34

mike rehling

'Failed' Editor <u>www.failedhaiku.com</u> <u>@SenryuJournal</u> on Twitter <u>Facebook Page</u>



cover haiga by Mary Ellen Gambutti

Cast List

In order of appearance (all work copyrighted by the authors)

Mary Ellen Gambutti **Irish Dayondon Torres Agnes Hanying Ong Eva Limbach** Vandana Parashar Angela Giordano **Tracy Davidson** Gillena Cox **Brent Goodman Bill Cooper** Marilyn Ashbaugh Alexis Rotella **Ashley Capes Basant Kumar Das Bryan Rickert Rachel Sutcliffe Kelly Sauvage Angel** Radostina Dragostinova **Christine Taylor** Jasminka Predojevic D.V.Rozic

Irina Guliaeva

Ingrid Baluchi

Chen-ou Liu

Tia Haynes

Chad Lee Robinson

Aljoša Vuković

Louise Hopewell

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

Hifsa Ashraf

Nancy Shires

Oscar Luparia

Steve Dolphy

Marshall Bood

Julie Warther

Dan Schwerin and Julie Warther

Angela Terry and Julie Warther

Vishnu P Kapoor

Shreya Narang

Salil Chaturvedi

Gautam Nadkarni

Tomislav Maretić

Pat Geyer

Mark Teaford

Scott Wiggerman

Rehn Kovacic

Shloka Shankar

Natalia Kuznetsova

Tim Murphy

Elmedin Kadric

Jacob Bromberg

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Barbara Tate

Angela Terry

Julie Warther and Angela Terry

Dave Read

Bruce England

David J Kelly

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Réka Nyitrai

Debbie Strange

David He

Minh-Triêt PHAM

Bernard Gieske

Antonio Mangiameli

Pitt Büerken

Ray Caligiuri

Margaret Walker

Ed Bremson

Yola M. Caecenary

Lynn Edge

Mark Levy

Paula Dawn Lietz

Barbara Kaufmann

Jay Friedenberg

Ben Moeller-Gaa

Cynthia Rowe

Petru J Viljoen

Marie Derley

Karen Downs-Barton

Elizabeth Crocket

John J. Han

Bruce Jewett

Mark Hitri

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Robert Witmer

Peter Jastermsky

Paul Beech

Anna Cates

Kath Abela Wilson

Joanne van Helvoort

m. shane pruett

Mark Gilbert

Tsanka Shishkova

John Hawkhead

Lucia Cardillo

Adrian Bouter

Christina Chin

Madhuri Pillai

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Guliz Mutlu

Ivan Gaćina

Marianne Paul

Richard Grahn

Craig Kittner

Eva Joan

Carol Raisfeld

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

Rashmi Vesa

Nina Kovačić

Bob Whitmire

Nicholas Klacsanzky

Terrie Jacks

Yevgeniya Przhebelskaya

María Luisa Castejón

Mike Gallagher

Garry Eaton

Sondra J. Byrnes

Martha Magenta

Radka Mindova

Lori A Minor

Jill Lange

David Oates

robyn brooks

Claire Vogel Camargo

Kevin Valentine



Mary Ellen Gambutti

Stretch marks, looser melons and pelvis; she proudly wears them all

I'm a lone flower in this world full of bouquets; can't even tell why.

Irish Dayondon Torres

Washer's water broke Jesus squirms out, all platters

anticipating

New dawn arise achoo

Clothespins: can we go play? Air: no Space papa can you hear me croons freezer

Phone goes o-o-o-o and then da says hi Kitchen island sends off a flare

Mary:

Far corner electric boiler's eye turns pink

where are you oh god

Daycare, got

trouble in

Found stuck on cat vacuum, third day shipping

decanter

By Amazon

skinny-dipping

Muscling him away from

exotic ants iPad

Snivelling tiled wall next to skillet They don't work myrrh & frankincense Tinder-matched

Mud-brick jungle basin's next

for scrub sou

Store iCloud soul

Tummy-rubbed fridge enjoys afterglow

Later date oven tings needs air

Off come thunder boogers bible To Thomas
Jesus purrs:
trust in me

Agnes Hanying Ong

southbound cranes the new line in my palm

free hugs the tiny arms of my scarecrow

migrating birds he updates his mobile app

white chrysanthemums father pretends he's fine

family pow-wow the rebellious blue of a thistle flower

autumn crocus I'm looking for a new rule to break

being a daughter there is no escape ... autumn rain empty whiskey glass the silence of a falling star

hunter's moon
I hide behind
a new emoticon

contemplating the moon who am I

Mali West Africa

In the whole country there is only one renal unit. Just a few people can afford to be treated there, missing money, long distances. However, they have too many patients and the time for dialysis has to be shortened. Instead of four hours it often takes only two or three. And then back home the fallow fields ...

evening twilight a gull towards the open sea

Eva Limbach

Mare Tranquillitatis

refugee camp even the blankets fail to warm hearts

recurrent rain
I keep going back
to that stolen kiss

family picnic taking back grass-scented memories

backless blouse all the eyes on her swaying hair

Vandana Parashar

internet profilesthe dense web of relationships

the first shadowsinside white clouds the cranes in flight

small villagecolors at the window of the new season

Angela Giordano

down to my last dime I spin the wheel one last time... two apples, one lime

a toddler screams in the middle of the store... I buy more condoms

hall of mirrors she still thinks she looks fat in the thin one

on neighbourhood watch how her curtains always twitch when my lover leaves

Tracy Davidson



Gillena Cox

soaking sweet corn in salted water family reunion

hand-sharpening each blade of the reel mower Labor Day Weekend

waiting room two veterans swap arthritis battles

life celebration everyone almost sings the same hymn

driven again to my doctor early winter fog

Brent Goodman

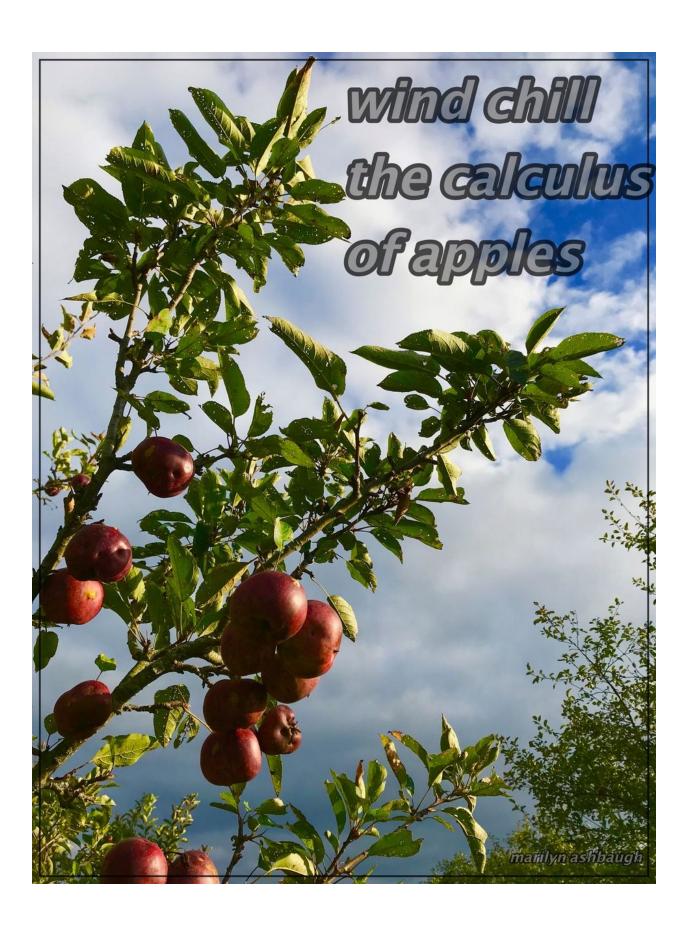
entering Bogalusa the urge to dance

gaslighting the lobster grows a fourth claw

moving day the juice box snug in a toy truck

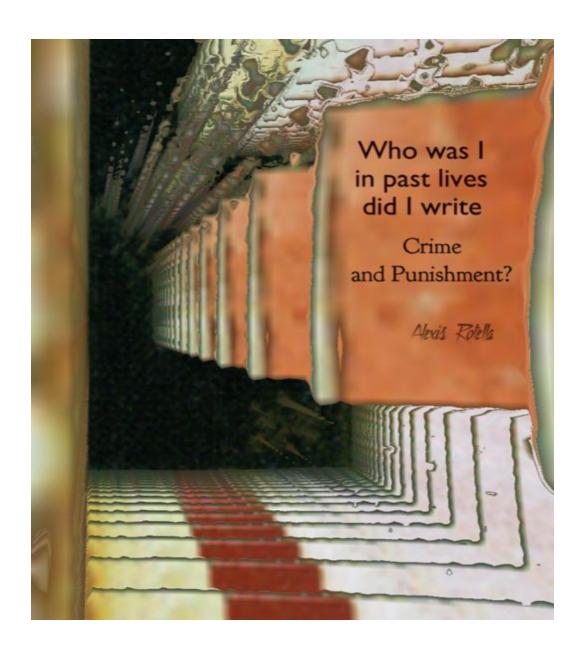
ghost orchid the staggered duet of gator and owl

Bill Cooper





Marilyn Ashbaugh



Alexis Rotella

in a rush – prying our smiles from the camera

chasing my nephew across the yard big bubbles

Ashley Capes

new dawn between me and you thin fog

literature class she hides her smile behind metaphor

Basant Kumar Das

skid row another night of stars

honeysuckle hill we climb to the top of each other

coffee house date her choice of decaf says it all

minor leagues the overhand throw of an apple core

zen garden littering it's waves the neighbor's cat

Bryan Rickert



another year makes no difference your absence

closing her eyes my last letter unread

memories at midnight the crumbs in my bed

IV line falling faster my tears

monkey bars trying to grasp grown up

Rachel Sutcliffe

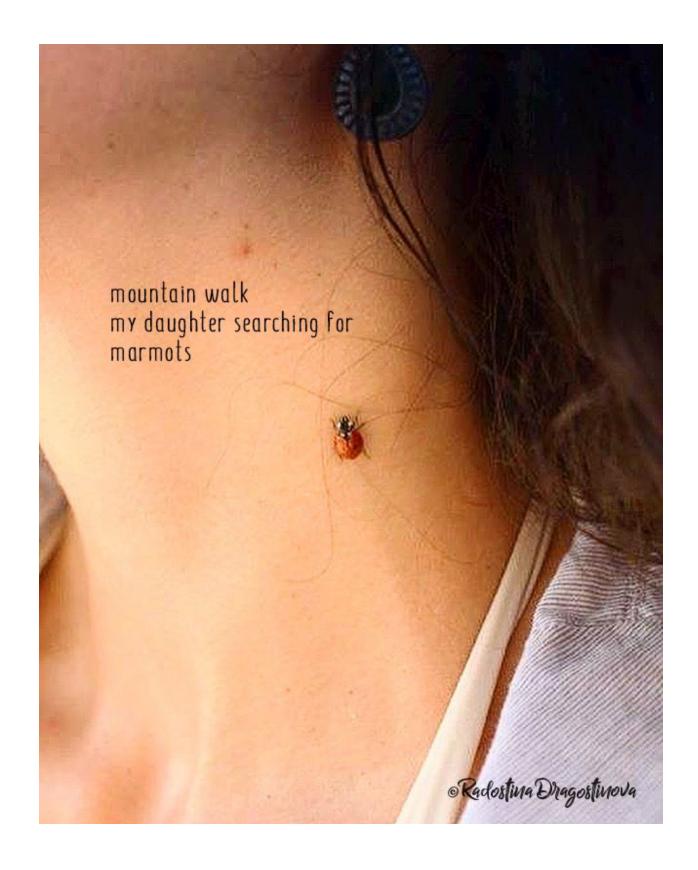
finding refuge within our dear sangha fuckin' mosquitoes

Kelly Sauvage Angel

end of summer exploring the Stockholm syndrome

her married life the legal way to stay dumb

soap bubbles the transient lightness of the childhood

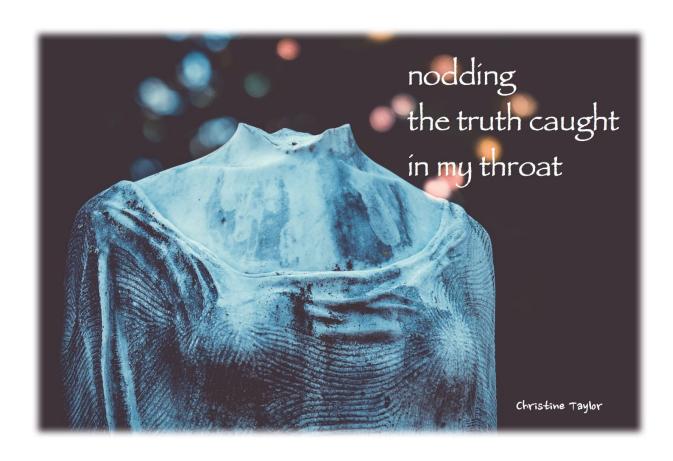


Radostina Dragostinova

we offered thoughts and prayers. . . error routine

moonlit stroll ignoring a pebble in my shoe

birthday hike along the gorge a rifle's blast





Christine Taylor

at noon the loud snoring of my sonholidays

Jasminka Predojevic

a child on the tram:
"Mom, I'm here, among
many butts!"

D.V.Rozic

nose-to-nose looking into each other's single eye

like father, like son Big and Little Dippers

September days every leaf hears "leave!"

Irina Guliaeva

my other half -suddenly aware how short he is in his socks

three a.m. loo visit careful steps in sync with his snoring

fine dining minimal food artfully arranged

cold white light in the physio room awaiting pain

Ingrid Baluchi

blind date my beer gone flat this sultry night

pro-life & pro-choice protesters stand face to face -my shadow and me

an all-out brawl between my neighbors ... their dogs join in

the roar of rain ...
you're just hearing
not listening

divorce talk even her silences expected

Chen-ou Liu

bride of Christ I dress myself in shame

dirty windows the "i love you" still there

fresh in the world her hands so like my mother's

hospital bag all the reasons you left behind

Tia Haynes

www.adaliahaiku.com

smell of sweat a picture of me hanging on the punching bag

drive-in movie . . . the same love scene in every car

grim reaper Walmart greeter

Halloween dusk-we draw severed fingers for door duty

fresh dirt the drag line of a zombie

Chad Lee Robinson

a summer raina forced abstinence for an arsonist

on excursionsalmonella and a lack of bushes

Aljoša Vuković



voice recognition the sound of my vice

never knew how much I needed you until you were gone coat button

red light the counselor says the obstacles are all in my mind

Louise Hopewell

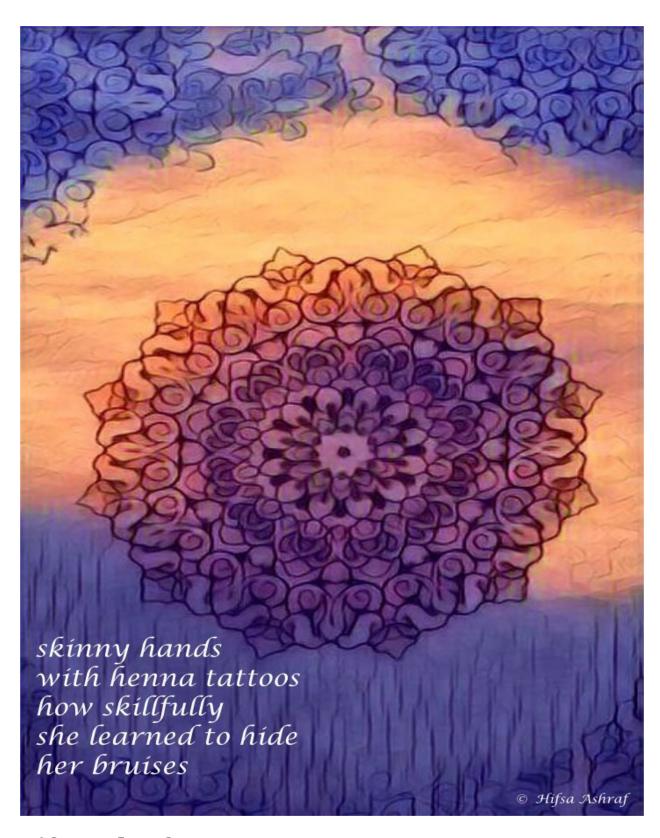
wayside willow my endless effort to see her in

my plan for digital dating what all to cover(up)

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

property documents the fingerprints of three generations

paper cut – the big pain of a small wound



Hifsa Ashraf

just wondering what's the capital of Begonia

which noodle of the spaghetti tracks hurricane

Nancy Shires

field of poppies... my autumn stops for a while

break on the porch – I wonder what's the name of that cloud



Oscar Luparia

home from work the solar-powered Buddha stops fanning himself

long winter night our duvet tugged back and forth

a homeless man claims the warm patch of grass left by a departing cow

deep inside the teardrop the question he asked

Steve Dolphy

the dog's bladder clearly more urgent than mine disappointed with the forecast I try another

Marshall Bood

editing what was only a crumb

Julie Warther

Something Down Inside

intimate details something down inside her coffee

our hands sharing your jacket pocket

empty sanctuary as they sit the leaning comes

waiting for news your eyes hold mine

the first wet drops come to the votive

what became of these? the candles now burnt out

Dan Schwerin and Julie Warther

Balancing an Acorn

those worry beads fit my hand so well. . . autumn thunder

balancing an acorn atop the cairn

the toddler puts a puzzle together -falling leaves

revelation ... a prodigal son returns

the waves keep washing onto the shore

heirloom pitcher glue joints if you know where to look

Angela Terry and Julie Warther

single together alone

6th anniversary her treasured doll an orphan

even the Taj a mere backdrop selfies

Vishnu P Kapoor

wedding bells...
I see myself
in dad's tears

Shreya Narang

friendship day a tree sends blossoms to a cellphone tower

uprooted tree—
my friend tells me the story
of his tooth extraction

'for the gods' she requests flowers from my garden

Salil Chaturvedi

Reading Out The Riots

I always wanted to take part in the elocution competition at school. After all it was only a matter of standing straight and rattling of The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled... When I told the class teacher I wanted to participate she didn't exactly jump with joy. But then she didn't know what a bomb I was. Came elimination day and I was all enthusiasm.

The teacher called the boys up one by one to say their lines. To my dismay two of the lads before me recited The boy stood on the burning deck... to the accompaniment of hoots and catcalls. With of course the teacher shouting louder than the rest to maintain silence. When the boy just before me also recited the same poem there were riots in the classroom. The teacher acted as a one-lady riot squad and barely quelled the mob restraining them from assault and battery.

Naturally, when my turn came up I forced a coughing fit with some sneezes thrown in and told the teacher that I had suddenly taken ill. And it wasn't entirely untrue either. I still haven't gotten over it.

School Day...
one of the tomatoes
hits the principal

The Name Of The Game

I remember the time Dad brought home with him two big game hunters to entertain and enlighten us kids. It was great. The hunters were British cockney and it took me a while to realize that they were speaking English. Even the Queen of England wouldn't have hesitated to disown them in a jiffy had she been present.

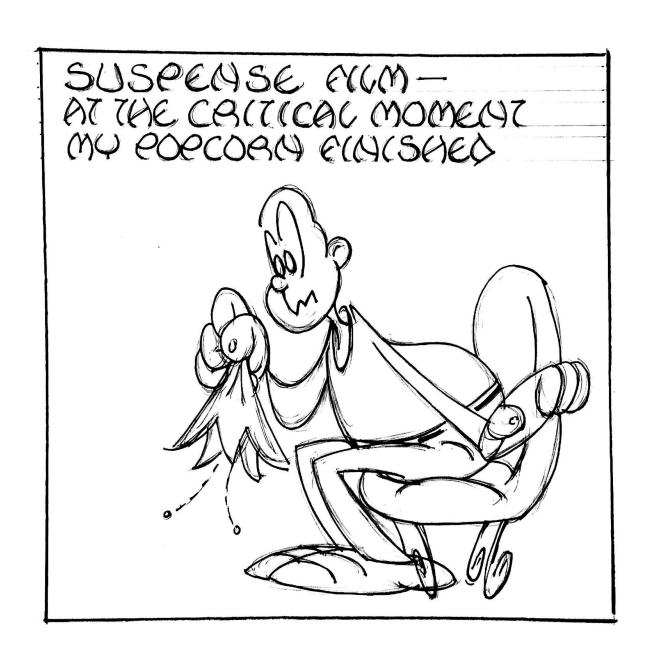
After the roly-poly one had got outside the pancakes and jam served, the closest to a Continental snack that Mom could rustle up for our foreign guests, the two hunters told us all about their adventures in the jungle.

Bro and I listened with rapt attention with our mouths agape, not unlike the tigers of Kumaon drooling over a tethered lamb, as the Englishmen reeled off tale after tale. They also gave us a few interesting tips on where to shoot a crocodile if we ever happened to be in the neighbourhood of one.

That night I dreamt I was being chased round and round by a croc while trying to get a bead on the spot behind it ears.

disarmament the history teacher confiscates my peashooter





Gautam Nadkarni

what a pressure oh these coins for the toilet!

the insect with its long name flies off

the castle is ready for the battle... an army of tourists

sniffing the garden roses: phoey! dog piss

Tomislav Maretić

salmon swims from his gravel bed... waking up he jumps from a grizzly even in this open season

Pat Geyer

mid-term elections the scent of wild mint and cow patties in the field

drive-thru liquor store lollipops just out of reach

practicing her skills the surgeon ties a woolly bugger

Mark Teaford

pink piss: fresh beets from the garden

vanilla bean in the sugar canister sweetening the deal

2 a.m. howls the party always starts without me

Scott Wiggerman

opens the window to let the smoke escape first homemade meal

Ryoanji sitting on the veranda counting rocks

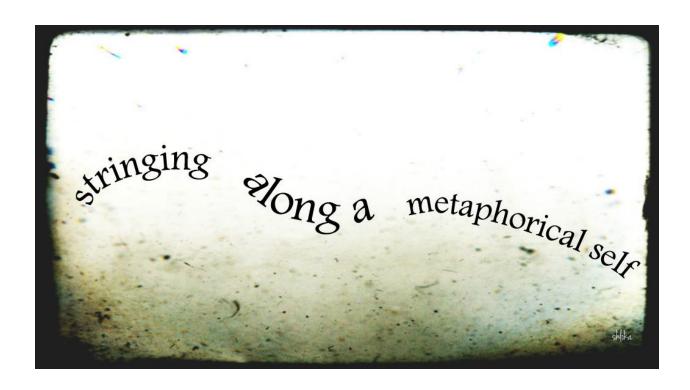
mountain rain air floods with the scent of creosote

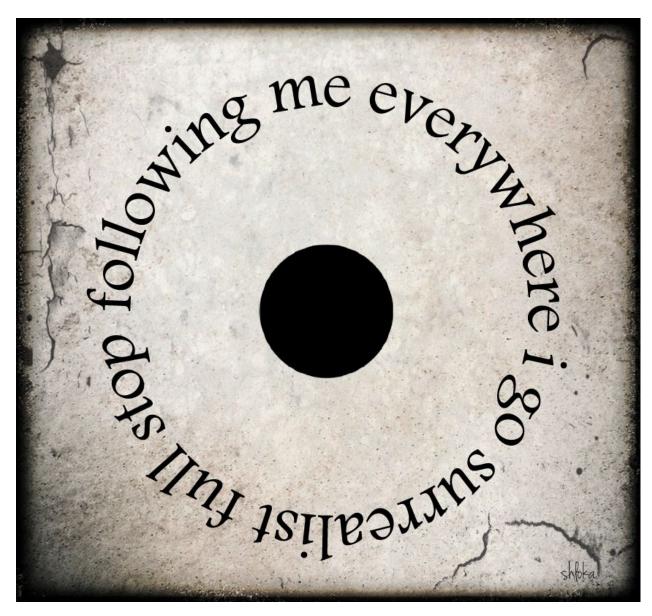
pulling out a dead plant whispering a mantra for it's new life

Rehn Kovacic

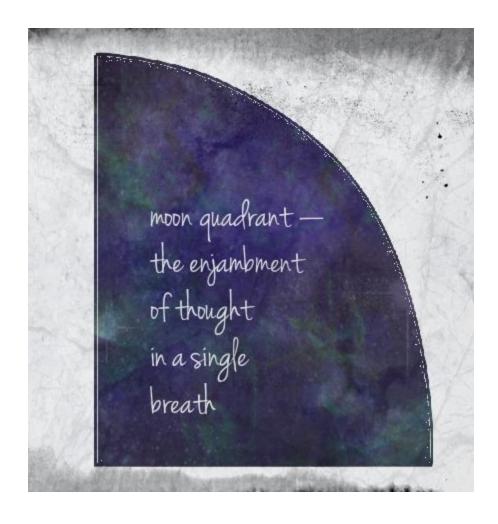
mondegreen the need to be understood

bcc'ing myself from myself from





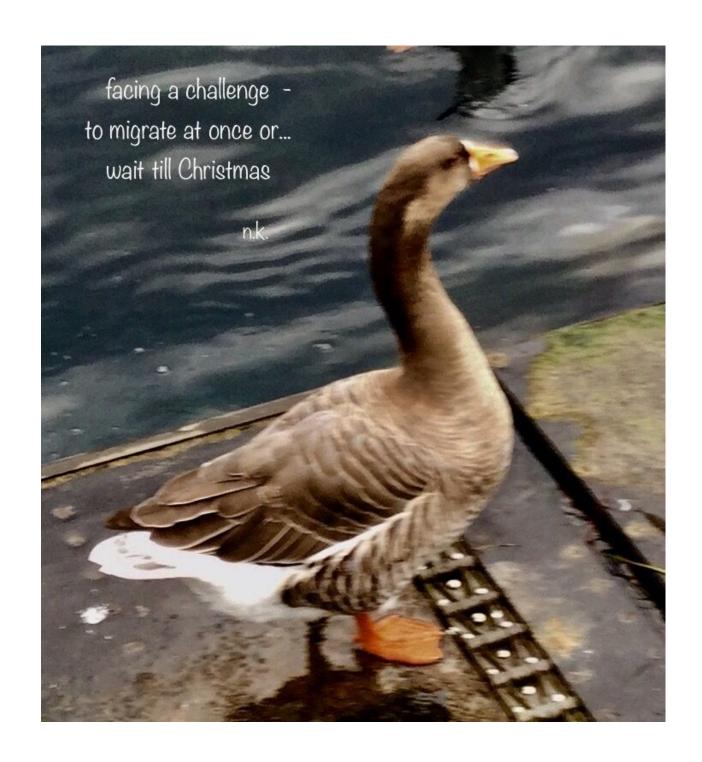
Editor's Note: Try reading this from more than one starting point! Then I think you will begin to see the point!



Shloka Shankar

Friday rush hour ... a homeless man and I in no rush

a solemn pledge never to marry you next lifetime



Natalia Kuznetsova

creative turmoil . . . the Easter procession fails to hold my interest

stock market—
in the municipal park
a new tent

scent of rosemary the archer narrows his blue eyes

border hotel in the bedside drawer a Guy Fawkes mask

Tim Murphy

insulted I hit the gym

fall daybreak a nightclub bouncer turned officer

longest night she draws paradise for the hell of it

Elmedin Kadric

The question is, do you love your dirt mother and her dusty pockets?

My embroidered heart, yours again, floats in through the window like cat and mouse.

Jacob Bromberg

neighbourhood cheer two stuck dogs untie the knot

keeping our distance in bed his beer breath

valentine shopping the server's warm smile to keep my coins

Adjei Agyei-Baah

snowbound I count the rings in the fireplace logs

first snow the kitten shakes one paw at a time

pink baby's breath in the brides bouquet the big reveal

open window
I listen for the purr
of a catbird

Barbara Tate

trying to keep things in perspective rock – paper – scissors

slow uphill drive -the bicyclist ignoring the bike lane

a two-edged sword -what he said what he meant

Angela Terry

Off the Grid

fading light my fear of falling off the grid

where that dam used to be salmon spawning

still wearing her maternity clothes three months post partum

pondering another sleepless night as the baby cries

a vase of black-eyed susans from the garden

shadow puppets remembering the girl she used to be

Julie Warther and Angela Terry

open carry a teenaged boy's middle finger

icing sugar the toddler powders her nose

conference call I take a breath of hot air

police lights ... we pull to the side of our shadows

ashtray ... she stubs a one-breath poem

Dave Read

Her second look I missed my chance to smile

Don't know the batter but the outfielders are backing up

She came to bed wearing only the colors on her nails

Bruce England

after words the almost silence we find in one another

beyond mourning the grave-diggers waiting to refill their hole

father's watch the only time you ever kept

wisdom teeth learning to chew the fat without them

David J Kelly

time machine -I harmonize with future me

obituaries . . . silent stories from the dead

Milky Way Galaxy stars outnumbered by passwords

daylight saving time am I coming or am I going

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

autumn rain... clearing up the sky the barista's giggle

dinner for two the pinkness of her lobster

allowed infidelities on her patio dead bees

Réka Nyitrai





Debbie Strange

<u>@Debbie Strange</u> <u>www.debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca</u> a lark's cry across the mirror sky-the lark's cry

old mill a spider spins its web on the stone grinder

the boy drinks from a rain puddle his sweating face

David He

Eiffel Tower — on the tourist t-shirt

I♥

NY

back to Iaido my sword-cut smells like rust

naturist beach hiding behind sunglasses

North Sea no wifi for surfing

year of the dog not liking to be sucked to the bone

Minh-Triêt PHAM http://mtpham75.free.fr

the note in his bedroom written in dust

moving the robins nest empty

Bernard Gieske

old letter the words I love you faded

Antonio Mangiameli

lawn care dad is cutting the grasses with a nail scissor

Pitt Büerken

a flicker jackhammers the rain gutter dawn alarm

i resent the pomposity of my world view

i don't like the sound of one hand clapping

mindful silence the wind I don't hear

Ray Caligiuri

"Heart and Soul" it was meant to be a duet

character lines the perfectly imperfect patina of age

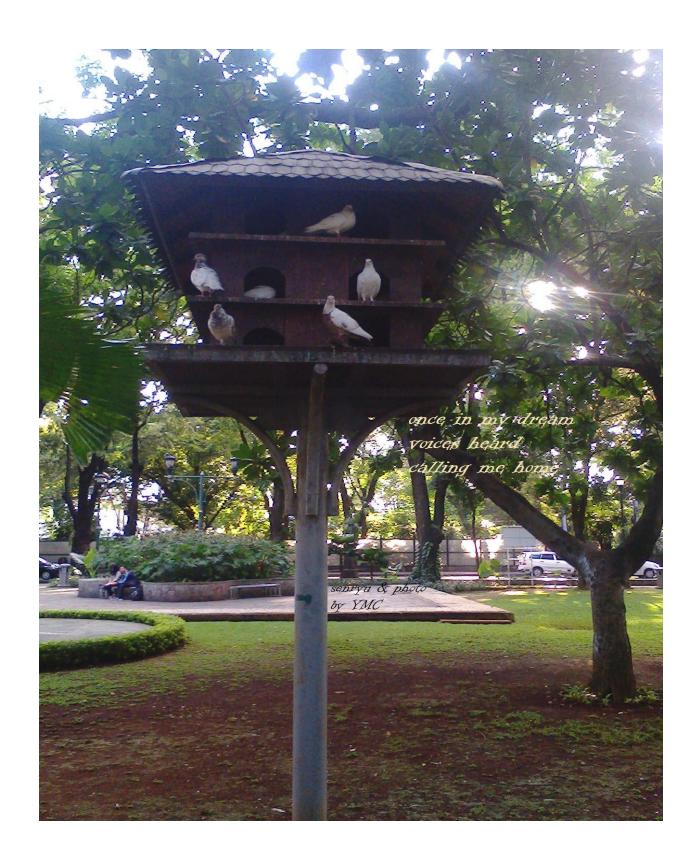
Margaret Walker

Uncle Jack's 90...
he eats gallons of ice cream
loves to doodle
and swears
by Tylenol PM

Aunt Mary hates country music... she even hates when Willie Nelson sings "Stardust"

at the grocery store a guy opens jars of pasta sauce, sniffs them and puts them back

Ed Bremson



Yola M. Caecenary

awake all night... did Hemingway worry about each word

4th of July rodeo all the cowboys ride ATVs

escaped hens around the culvert village gossip

Lynn Edge

wardrobe malfunction micromanaging awkward silences

summer garden sensory surplus the heaviness of roses

long exhale exploding the suburb within

his wild gestures question the moon

Mark Levy



mutual respect of teacher and student who's who on the path

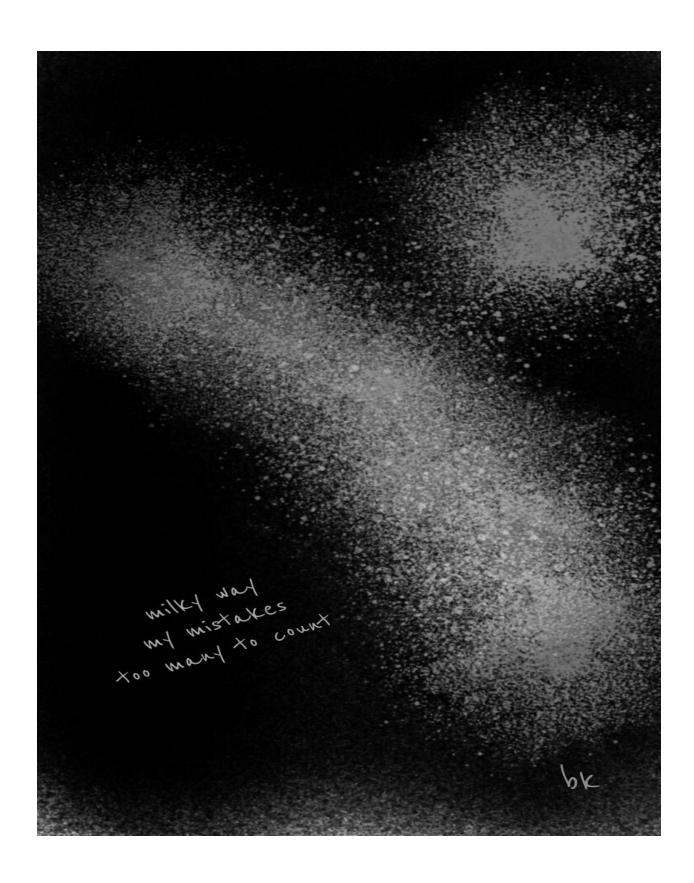
Paula Dawn Lietz

https://www.pdlietzphotography.com

New Year's Day

Early September always feels like the beginning of something. The excitement of cool air and the scratchy feel of a new sweater. The flowers may be dying but not before they set seeds floating toward another summer. It puts a girl in the mood to stretch, maybe try some yoga or Tai Chi. Or is this the moment to dig another garden or maybe just stare out the window at the rabbit who has just appeared in my view?

getting high on the new book smell fourth grade



Barbara Kaufmann

long trip I enter the apartment as a stranger

snow fall the silence we never had

soap-on-a-rope it's the thought that counts

Jay Friedenberg

rain at the window we scribble notes with our guitars

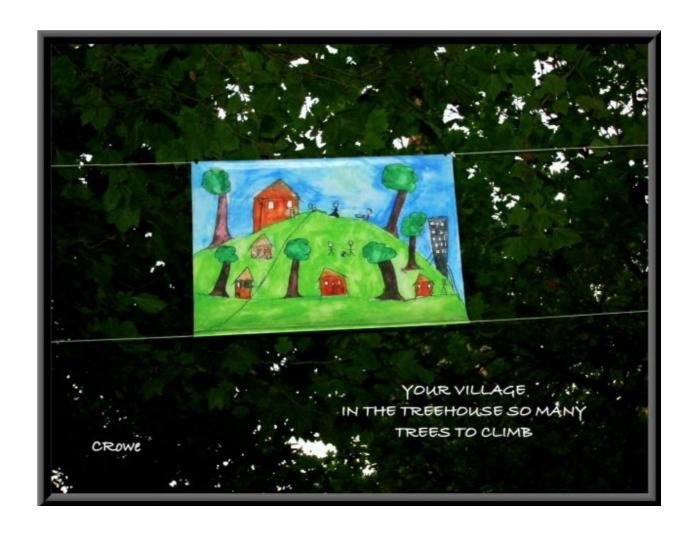
the heat of one good lie harmonica holes

beach vacation exchanging sand dollars for shark teeth

short shorts the curve of the crescent moon

evening heat the fly and i split a beer

Ben Moeller-Gaa



bush tucker limes we push deeper into the rainforest

begging bowl the metrosexual's dilly bag swings low foreclosure a parakeet rides our farm gate

pumpkins galore the little big fibs of my baby sister

Cynthia Rowe

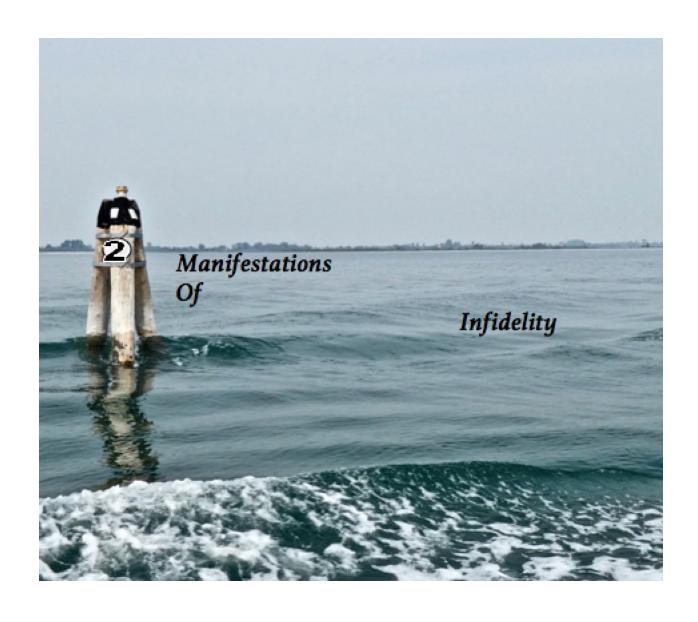
www.cynthiarowe.com.au

clock's ticking such crudeness in the face of nature

Petru J Viljoen

mini zen garden in the yang's white a black fly

Marie Derley



Karen Downs-Barton

https://thepapercutpoet.wordpress.com @DownsBarton





Elizabeth Crocket

YouTube ad I remember the product not to buy it

senior poet it's taken eight years to learn he wears a wig

men's room at work the shoes reveal who's squatting inside the stall

urinal with ice cubes the joy of melting them one by one

obituary of someone I know the professor who farted

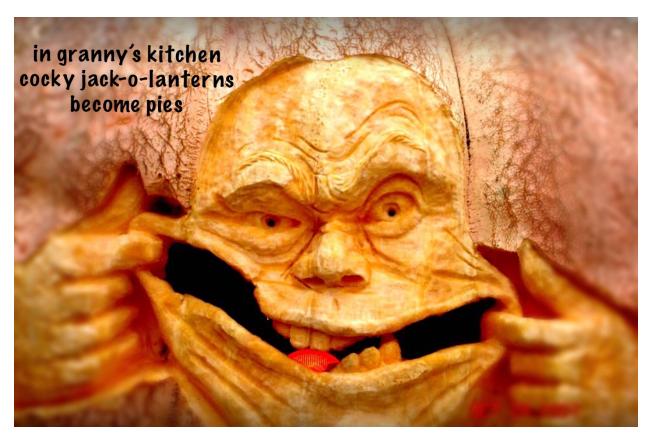
family photo all look silly except the dog

John J. Han

babysitting shock grandtoddler is horrified WiFi not working

in a splash frog becomes water water becomes frog

dressed up as deer trick-or-treat at my door beg for apple cores



Bruce Jewett

Day moon the stray dog follows me home

A crowded room our eyes meet -- Winter Cardinal

Mark Hitri

missing the point was his point

how did those bats get to hell?

clothes dryer releases some of the socks

sensing the mannequin is no dummy

longing to tell my child everyone lives happily ever after

Roberta Beach Jacobson

http://www.RobertaJacobson.com

draw the short straw in a tall glass of lemonade

marriage on the rocks another double

separation my kit her caboodle

beekeeper: it's not just me honey

Robert Witmer

last petal what it means to fully bloom

adjusting the lights another shade of nude

pieces of shell the lives we hold too close

goodwill . . . watching my clothes walk down the street

writer's block
I pencil in
another time out

Peter Jastermsky

ON PATROL

Three times around the green, he rides his trusty mobility buggy, on patrol. Stetson cocked defiantly, he might be a lawman from the Wild West, but for his Welsh dragon flag and twisted body.

An oddball he is, in the rheumy eyes of the old dears who peer tut-tutting between parted drapes. How unseemly for a man in his delicate state of health, to be scalding bullies or climbing roofs to rescue creatures in distress. Mad, really. And here he comes again...

Through flying leaves, stetson cocked, the oddball rides his buggy, a small black cat on his lap so trusting.

storm brewing wicked tongues wag faintly a banjo

Paul Beech

BEST FRIEND

This morning, on the bike trail, David, a neighborhood senior, walks alone without his black dog. His face is splotched and red, and his eyes swim like sad tadpoles in their watery sockets.

"What's wrong, and where's your dog?" I ask him.

We walk together toward the trail's end. Leaves crunch beneath our sneakers as David relays the sorrowful news: His dog died of throat cancer, and now he feels too old to get a new one.

how time sinks into the bones fading crescent

Anna Cates

Bela

No childrens books. Great Poems of the English Language. My poet father reads me to sleep. I am in Innisfree. I climb into a small cottage, close my eyes on the inside of my mind. I try to remember, repeat to myself over and over, the important things. Where I live, at five year's old, my own first poem. Where does it come from, this fear that I will wake up not knowing who I am?

the dark how it remembers my name

without an earring sound of wind through the hole in my ear

inn at the beach if only mother could hear all night waves

oceanside briny he says as he leans over me first night campfire our Himalayan sherpa makes chocolate cake

cloudy Mt Fuji my mouth full of matcha meringue

attic studio

For about 15 years I soldered and pounded, bent and shaped, a silver and gold world. It happened by chance, as many important things in our lives do. I didn't take classes, I just worked as an apprentice for a year till I was not afraid of using tools. One night I climbed a ladder into a trap door in the ceiling. Squeezing through into the dark, light went on. Up until now I only worked in metal. But here it all was, embellished. Garnet, carnelian, citron, malachite, turquoise, lapis, amethyst.

turning points sometimes a dream has a pot of gold

Kath Abela Wilson

yoga class through an open window silence escapes

stained glass window the bridegroom slowly turns green

Joanne van Helvoort



I love his organ she said as I passed --speaking of the band

explaining my problem the mechanic regards me like a tool

bone weary I'm layered in blankets my fossil bed skipping stones we cobble memories together

m. shane pruett



Hawaiian shirt waiting for the pills to take effect

cyber monday the algorithm reads my mind

choosing curtains holding his test tube baby in his arms

through her eyes the poem is published in matters of the heart Wikipedia won't tell me the answer

Mark Gilbert

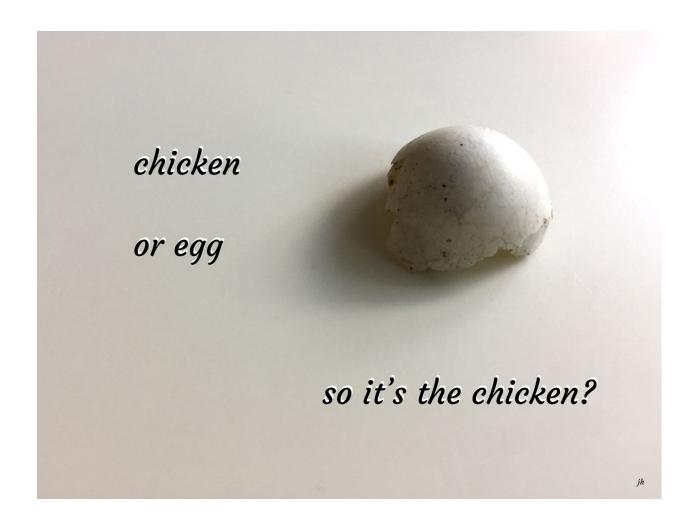
sunroof my daughter asks for a moonroof

old letters the first valentine card in a silver box





Tsanka Shishkova



exhumation a shut and open case

dead actor his shadow no longer cast

John Hawkhead <u>@HawkheadJohn</u> childhood home ... wrapping up memories in old news

casa d'infanzia ... avvolgendo ricordi in vecchie notizie

Lucia Cardillo

people can be strange would one prefer a white egg over a brown one?

roadhouse blues the BUD LIGHT neon in heavy rain

Adrian Bouter

straining at the label near and far old glasses

Christina Chin

not so smart his phone the jangle in his pocket

downsizing... the lightness in my footsteps

Madhuri Pillai

autumn love looking in drawers for old dreams

separation a flock of seagulls westward

early morning again your absence pays a call

primo mattino di nuovo mi visita la tua assenza

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

autumn equinox harvesting what I sow

rowing home last rays of rainbow by the willow

Guliz Mutlu

liposuction . . . a patient's skin loose

cloudy sky . . . an old man talks to the winter with hand gestures

men-o-pause . . . in an old skyscraper power outage

Ivan Gaćina

GPS he wishes all his women were so compliant

email another haiku contest I didn't win

learning how to linocut lopping off the heron's leg orld politics

next reincarnation

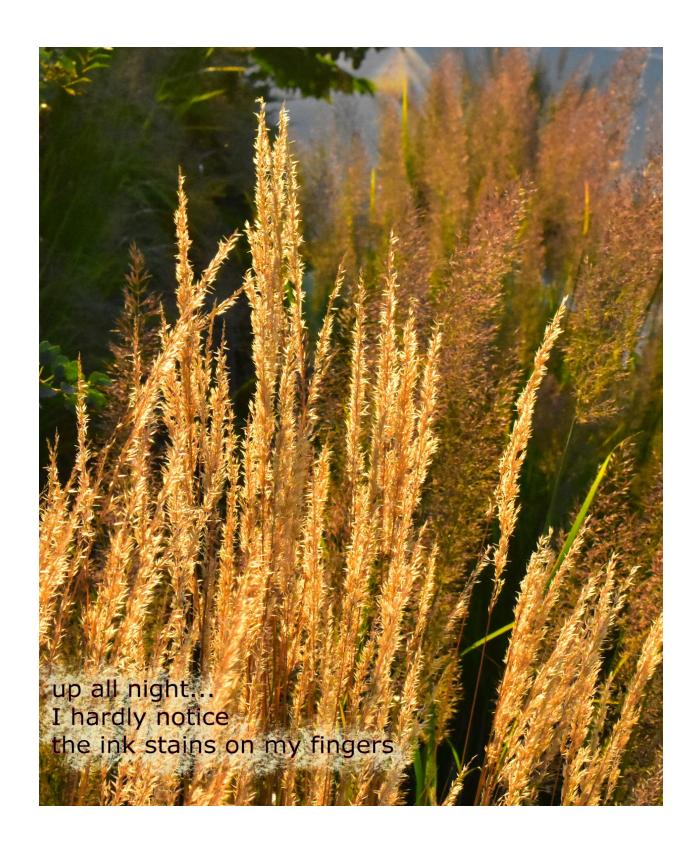


l'Il be a moth





Marianne Paul



Richard Grahn

four mallards float in the neighbor's front yard a little more rain

opening the fridge morning glories closed for the day

Craig Kittner

https://twitter.com/craigkittner

on his finger the golden wedding band of someone else

out of sight not yet out of my mind the tattooed man

Eva Joan

www.elinbell.wordpress.com





for Puppeteer Pete um, do your puppets have wooden balls?

at the seance her husband leaves his last fart overcome, she remembers the scent of him Grandma staring through the window in the snow...
If it gets any worse I'll have to let her in

on his own finally out and about new to nightlife ... the termite asks, "where is the bar tender?"

Carol Raisfeld
ocarol red

bare tree my daughter asks what loneliness is

opening her arms all night long cassiopiea

migrating birds trying to say goodbye in a foreign language

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

school history textbook.... why are there more pages on war than on peace?

stillness of night... my dog and I talk in whimpers and whispers

Rashmi Vesa

shopping cart a little child sandwiched between lettuce and onions

crowded tram-I found somebody's fingers in my pocket

thunder in the night empty glasses on the shelf clinking faintly

Nina Kovačić

neither wabi nor sabi, the poorly hung door

diving into the Gulf of Maine . . . my sudden soprano

Basho, Buson, Issa all this talk of plumswhere is my pudding

Bob Whitmire

subway mosaic each shoe carries a rainbow for a second

almost fall
I catch up
on fake news

deer trail I also look for hunters

subway trip . . . I solve a stranger's crossword problem

night tram ride occupying seats with my thoughts

poetry submission I accidentally send it to myself

Nicholas Klacsanzky

Great Southern Bank I'm from Missouri show me

water exercise upon entering pool seniors shiver dance

autumn a scarecrow in the field slumps exhausted

Terrie Jacks

Unplugged for a day, My battery is charging. Where are you, summer?

Yevgeniya Przhebelskaya

When nobody looks I write postcards, just for me My voice sounds distant

María Luisa Castejón

my sister's brother coming out today my brother's sister

mountain stream someone cooking trout upwind

Mike Gallagher

hair on her nipple the touch of an airbrush

body language her silent conversation with her fingernails

Garry Eaton

falling in love with a minor character at the library

confessions of an interloper—leavesdropping

menage a trois he fell in love with his illness

tea ceremony introducing a friend to silence

another doctor's appointment patching the plaster in this old adobe

online dating another false positive

Sondra J. Byrnes

hunter's moon he captures a dinosaur on camera

chivalry he holds the door open for the wasp

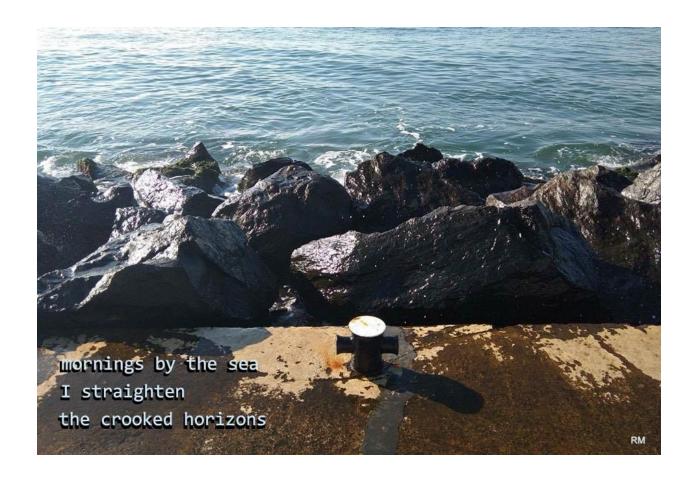
toy dalek my childhood exterminated

British weather letting the culture soak in

french restaurant we ruminate on the menu

Martha Magenta

https://marthamagenta.com



Radka Mindova

love story

"Everyone goes through a phase when they're attracted to the same sex". It's a sentence I've heard all too frequently and it's never a problem when it's just a phase. It only becomes an issue when the phase isn't just a phase. Then it becomes a lifestyle choice. As cliché as it sounds, I was just born this way.

dead end street I write the next chapter

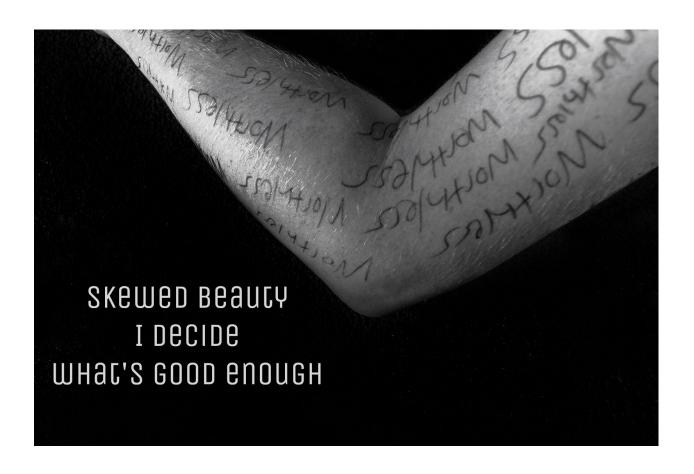
Divine Intervention

Did you know I'm going to hell? Did you? Well, you see, I'm a sinner. I live in sin. I'm consumed by it, but aren't we all? That's why Jesus died on the cross. Forgiveness, right? And yet here we are. I'm going to hell. I'll see you there.

holy water I drink away my transgressions

emoticon another way to fake my smile erasing the stigma I clean the dirt from under my nails

pulling off the butterfly's wings trichotillomania



Lori A Minor <u>@femkupoetry</u>

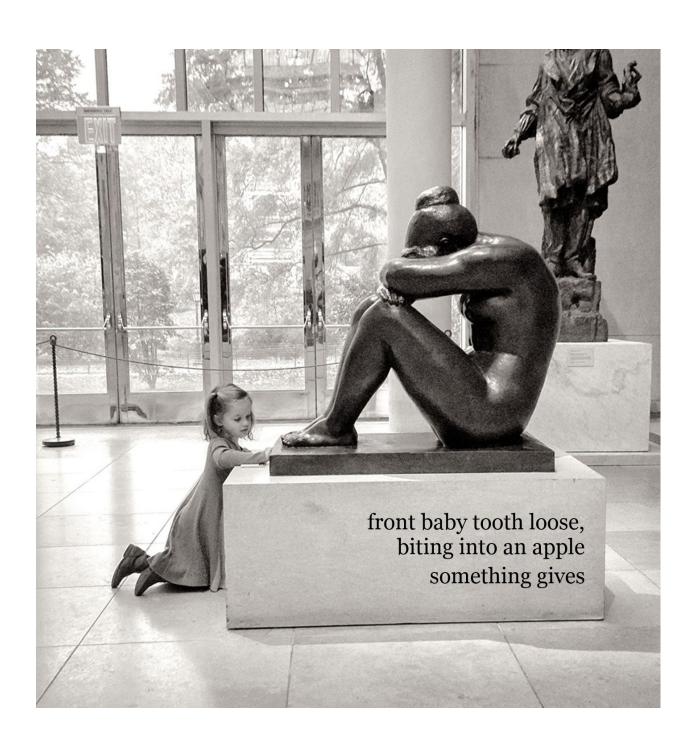
moonset this winter morning my warm cotton quilt

Jill Lange

she talks about the union and her husband both gone

after the show a young poet who heard me read asks "why didn't you read?"

before his funeral his mother cuts his hair the length she likes





David Oates
www.davidoatesathensga.com
@witnwords1

country house the white noise of crickets

deep paper cut in an envelope window her late aunt's name

robyn brooks

harvest moon a gathering of the abused

autumn equinox inequalities of the times

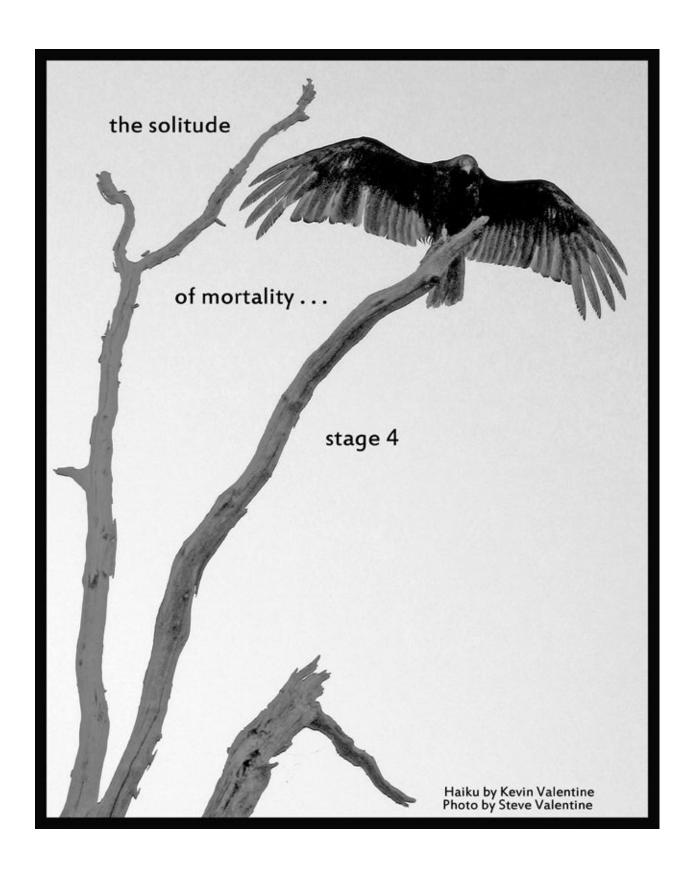
Claire Vogel Camargo

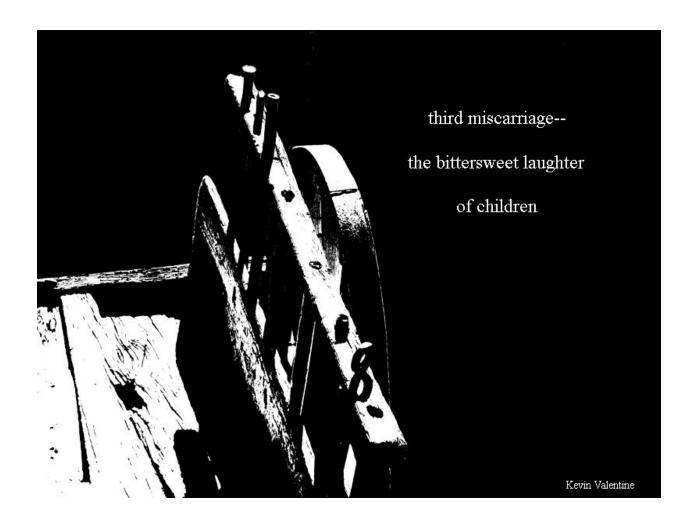
with each sip of pear-blossom wine her memory

mid-life crisis the marriage counselor takes a new mistress

climate change-the A.C. unit's death throes

baseball game my girlfriend flirts with the other team





Kevin Valentine

wookiees have all the good lines

poetry is about writing the best lines. but the best poetry leaves the best parts to the reader.

no ink in the quill just impressions

Michael Rehling 'Failed' Editor <u>editor@failedhaiku.com</u>

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