

failed ~~haiku~~

A Journal of English Senryu
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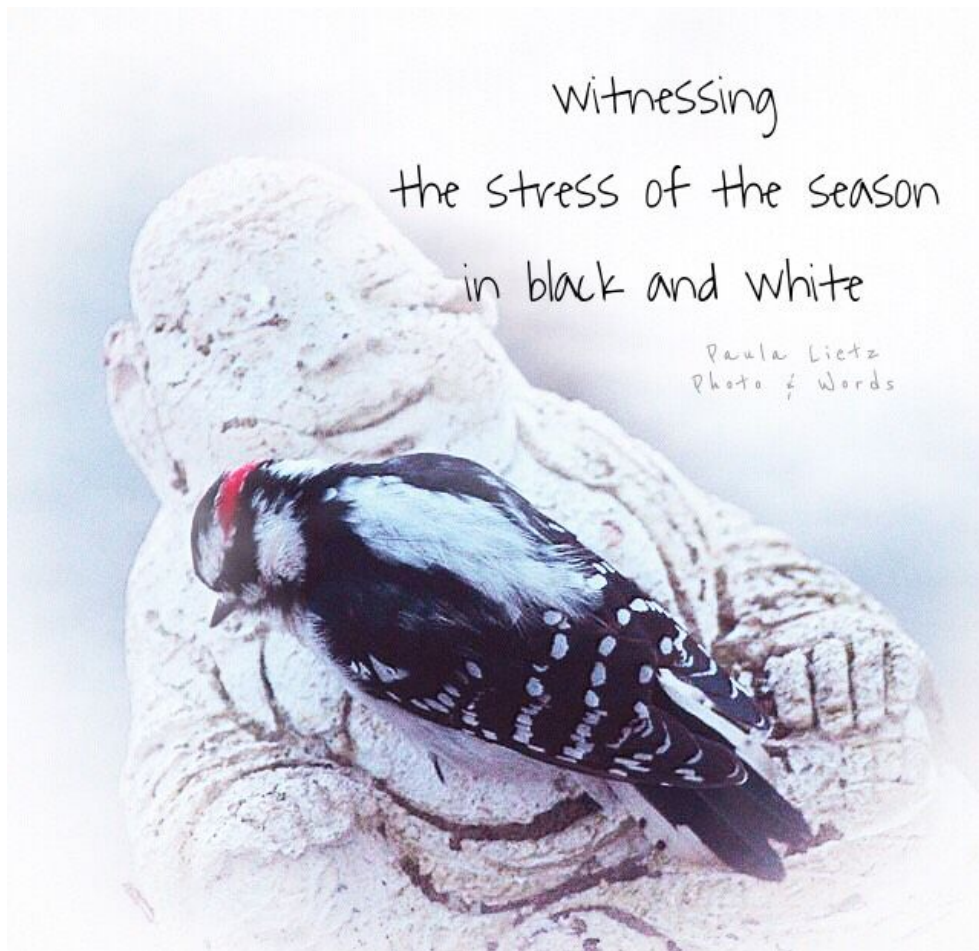
michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)



Cover Haiga by Paula Dawn Leitz

Cast List

In order of appearance

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Su Wai Hlaing

E. Martin Pedersen

Matsukaze

Roger Watson

Angela Giordano

William Scott Galasso

Anna Cates

Dianne Moritz

Carol Raisfeld

John McManus

JR Vork

Vishnu Kapoor

Gautam Nadkarni

Jim Krotzman

Eva Joan

Adelaide B. Shaw

Veronika Zora Novak

Abdulqadir Albadrani

Kelly Sauvage Angel

Susan Beth Furst

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

Lee Felty
Nikolay Grankin
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Olivier Schopfer
Rachel Sutcliffe
Radka Mindova & Daniela Targova
Amy Losak
Margo Williams
Marta Chocilowska
Alan Summers
Aljoša Vuković
Claire Vogel Camargo
Barbara Tate
Phyllis Lee
Elizabeth Crocket
Corine Timmer
Réka Nyitrai
Mary Ellen Gambutti
Judt Shrode
Pris Campbell
Bruce Jewett
Michael H. Lester
Jan Benson
Scott Wiggerman

Chad Lee Robinson
Natalia Kuznetsova
Radostina Dragostinova
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Kris Moon
Pat Geyer
Lucia Cardillo
Fred Andrle
Hifsa Ashraf
Irina Guliaeva
Bryan Rickert - *Peter Jastermsky*
Julie Warther
Angela Terry and *Julie Warther*
Linda McCarthy Schick
Tia Haynes
Oscar Luparia
Mark Gilbert
Barbara Kaufmann
Paul Beech
Eva Limbach
Tracy Davidson
Angela Terry
Julie Warther - Angela Terry
Paula Lietz
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Rashmi Vesa

Lew Watts
Rosa Clement
John J. Han
Kristyn Blessing
Indra Neil Mekala
Elmedin Kadric
Gautam Nadkarni
Terrie Jacks
Eufemia Griffo
Billy Antonio
Mark E. Brager
Guliz Mutlu
Marilyn Ashbaugh
Terri L. French
Bob Lucky
Sondra J. Byrnes
Petru J Viljoen
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Roberta Beary
Tsanka Shishkova
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Anna Maris
Martha Magenta
Madhuri Pillai
Terry Macrae

Debbie Strange
Nancy Brady
Neha R. Krishna
Hazel Hall
David Oates
Tom Blessing
Kath Abela Wilson
Ivan Gaćina
Eric Lohman
Jill Lange
John Hawkhead

reunion night
my old teakwood bed
cranky and grouchy

Su Wai Hlaing

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

you know you're there
where the horizon intersects
the sunset

a pigeon comes in
our support group window
distracting us from AIDS

a friend would not leave a friend
alone at Christmas again

boiled cabbage
style counts

E. Martin Pedersen

<https://emartinpedersenwriter.blogspot.com>

more commentaries
on 'the old pond'
that Basho knew nothing of

amaryllis: strangers in the dark we don't speak

disparities in humanity fresh planted bougainvillea

in each rain drop
soul of the city ---
workshift's end

muttering thunder ...
the smell of honeysuckle
as you fondle me

Matsukaze

my mother's funeral
how much better than me
they all know her

Riyadh hotel lobby
women with no faces
drifting past

cozy in bed
hearing my wife
scrape the windscreen

post office queue
the smell
of paper

Roger Watson

[@Roger Watson](#)

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

white silence-
the cry of a child
in the other room



Angela Giordano

navel maneuvers
a belly dancer shows
how flesh makes waves

fruit vendor
for her he picks
a perfect peach

hurricanes
with male names
adjusting

November rain
the movie poster
ingenue in tears

searching
for the perfect word,
cold tea

William Scott Galasso

SHARK!

~~~^~~~~~ ~~~~ ~~  
~~~~~ ~~~~~~ ~~~

Anna Cates

<https://www.facebook.com/anna.cates.58>

sidewalk busker
plays blues guitar
his hat half full

Dianne Moritz

adult toy store
"we are not satisfied
until you are"

Energizer Bunny
arrested ...
charged with battery

active senior living
"spicy adult bedroom aids
medicare approved"

posting news ...
the divorce almost final
her husband clicks "like"

predictive text -
I'll tell you s'mores
next monkey

Carol Raisfeld
[@carol red](#)

smooth jazz
I try to not stare
at her moustache

high tide
I catch my mother
rolling a joint

immigration rant
the smell of curry
on my neighbour's breath

John McManus

holiday traffic
all red
thoughts

haiku
for the birds
sticks

JR Vork

health check
my tiny palm on granny's cheek
"no fever"

Vishnu Kapoor

Hard Rock

I had always wanted a pet. Ever since I could remember. I sat down and made an elaborate list of the usual pets people adopt and struck them out faster than I wrote them. Cats, dogs, rabbits and guinea pigs were all so passé. Then somebody suggested a rock. It struck home. The idea slowly hardened into conviction.

I made my way to an adoption centre specializing in rocks. First, a committee of three people grilled me for an hour to make sure I'd be the ideal parent for one of their loved and cherished rocks. I filled up a dozen forms and the deed was done, the pact signed.

Back home Mom insisted on calling a Brahmin priest over to chant appropriate mantras and wave a lighted oil lamp to sanctify the entry of a new member into the family. She even broke a coconut.

Came the naming ceremony. Everyone was full of suggestions. Each worse than the other. Until I finally selected the name Peter. The family was aghast. They had all wanted the pet named after the gods of the Hindu pantheon and here I was naming it after Peter Pan. Then Bro googled the name and found it came from the root word petro, which meant rock.

How the family fussed over the new member. Then Sis suggested feeding it. But apparently Peter was not hungry at all. He didn't take even a bite of the goodies offered.

Peter turned out an ideal pet. No long walks, no whining and scratching, no barking and howling, and no dirtying the carpet. But although we doted on him Dad felt he was much too quiet. This had us worried and we did contemplate a visit to a psychiatrist for counselling.

This was over a year ago. Now Peter keeps company with fellow rocks. We donated him to a kind couple who cultivate and maintain a rock garden. Peter must be very happy there.

He certainly hasn't complained as yet.

bunny rabbits...
this overwhelming need
for sex education

Gautam Nadkarni

a crowded car
a family of mice
under the hood

quarrel with neighbors
red squirrels
in the walls

minus 30 degrees
waking to the smell
of burnt oatmeal

snow belt
tying a rope
from cabin to outhouse

Jim Krotzman

familiarity
fills the space
that separates us

another night -
the tattooed man
not by my side

inside my head
it rolls restless around -
your last word

Eva Joan

www.elinbell.wordpress.com

new health problems
what's good for this
is bad for that

downsizing
possessions shrink
memory, too

a howling blizzard
how to be loved and still
deny him the car

No Change in the Weather

It's a beautiful day in Southern California. The sky is sapphire blue; the breeze is warm and caressing. Bougainvillea, oleander, hibiscus, geraniums are blooming. Everywhere is vibrant color.

One woman is unhappy with this paradise. Transplanted from Chicago, she misses family, friends and the cold. Not her husband. He promises a return East if the weather were to change drastically. Every morning the woman open her windows, signs and proclaims, "It's another goddamn glorious day!"

a day at the beach
the little girl says,
"I'm bored with having fun."

Adelaide B. Shaw

dipped in silence
a ghost owl raises
the moon

dogma I turn the other cheek

rearranging the sound of sky starlings

jazz the night breaths into a saxophone

day moon
my reflection in the chrome
of a hearse

funeral
I brush makeup from
his lapel

Veronika Zora Novak

winter
he only wears a scarf
snowman

a line i draw
in the sand-
wind

withered memories
i format
my windows!

Abdulqadir Albadrani

how seldom the smile reaches her eyes
dunbarton blue

the neti pot
at his left nostril
morning rain

flexed bicep the un-inked outline of my memorial tattoo

hen-pecked he fancies himself a june bug

how did you come
to forgive your mother?
lonesome butterfly

om mani...
years after the assault
a new zafu

my part in it
making peace with the snapdragons

Kelly Sauvage Angel

a little night music the frogs fill the pond

parking-lot puddle the birds go all in

tiny nativity

made in Japan

the pine tree missing...

Susan Beth Furst

silent rain
across the windshield
second bottle

santa anas
my ex-boyfriend's name
in a sweatshirt

none of us
deserve them
paper crowns

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

winter
choosing a place
by the window

a snow plow
scrapes
the night away

news of an
avalanche
reaching me

three dog night
the cost of
a new furnace

Lee Felty

long journey
another hole
in my belt

military base
the red maple tree near
a sentry box

her last diary
so many
blank pages

rough sea
mom asks me
keep in touch

Nikolay Grankin

apartment true to its name

far from the war zone
her google search returns
contents not found

summer rain
the child's umbrella
upside down

chrysanthemum
is the life
that long?

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

migrants

returning my books late
the librarian's face
speaks volumes

television crime drama
I double
lock my door

president
the stains
on your tie

Olivier Schopfer

Christmas countdown
the candy canes
shrink some more

New Year's Day
still searching
for the last line

day after Christmas
the street beggar's blanket
of gift wrap

family Christmas
bending lower
for grandma's kiss

Rachel Sutcliffe



Radka Mindova & Daniela Targova

closing the lid —
her dented silver ring
on my finger

January —
resolving
nothing

porn shop doorway
a Santa mannequin
pealing "Ho Ho Ho!"

out of Facebook jail
I break my silence
with a senryu!

mail delivery
I slip
on another rejection

subway preacher
an extra "E"
in *JUDGMENT*

Amy Losak

another disappointment
journey through
the family tree

moving shadows
a view of snowflakes
on my floor

strike one
—strike two
snowball fight

brick skyscrapers
dressing up for a night out
Christmas lights

shoreline
my sister and I view
changing shadows

Margo Williams

confession
an empty box
of tissues

urban beach
the deckchair soaks
autumn rain

funeral
her first journey
alone

sweltering heat
a smoke over the landfill
maintains vertical

the night shift
a gentle rustling
at the keyhole

childhood blanket
now I wrap in it
my mother's chill

Marta Chocilowska

The Eight Assassins

The first assassin kept a facebook account
losing friends.

The second assassin was called Joan;
the control over colour was formidable.

The third assassin killed time with adverts looking for men who said
they were single.

Amy was a smile4u woman with Glock eyes, but left that out of the
profile.

The fourth was a mercenary dreaming of lonely kills
from faraday cages.

The fifth assassin disliked people on tenth floors
with names mostly from A to Z.

Another assassin forgot the number one rule.

The seventh assassin was an ex-Navy SEAL who lurked around hotel
pools saving spiders.

day moon
a crow slices
half of it

The search for the colour yellow in art

Gamboge is the colour of ear wax, and it has the smooth shiny
brittleness of hard toffee:

But the corner sweet shop's not there anymore, though trains still
run, and one boy has longer legs.

beyond the wardrobe
the last streetlamp of Narnia
returns as a tree

classic 99—
a summer alliteration
emerges from me

sunnyside up
the autopsy shows
a decent breakfast

flickering lights
the rabbit disappears
down an Alice Hole
and me? I'm all alone
a right thing done wrong

Alan Summers

scarcity-
a dog biscuit
for the whole family

debt collector-
one after the other
private number phone calls

after the rain
the baby and the snail
slobbering on the playground

Aljoša Vuković

morning frost
a meeting of noses
at the fence

day moon
haiku formula
racing

rainbow reflections
looking at the facets
of a crystal swan

Claire Vogel Camargo

pacific ocean
as far as I go
with no wings

spring rain love is a four letter word again

paper airplane
his note lands
on the wrong desk

carousel
astride a march hare
i catch the brass ring

Barbara Tate

bringing music
to the spoon
baby's first tooth

daughter's visit I don my kid gloves

cooking brussel sprouts
knowing
you won't be home

a new year
leaving who I was to find
who I am

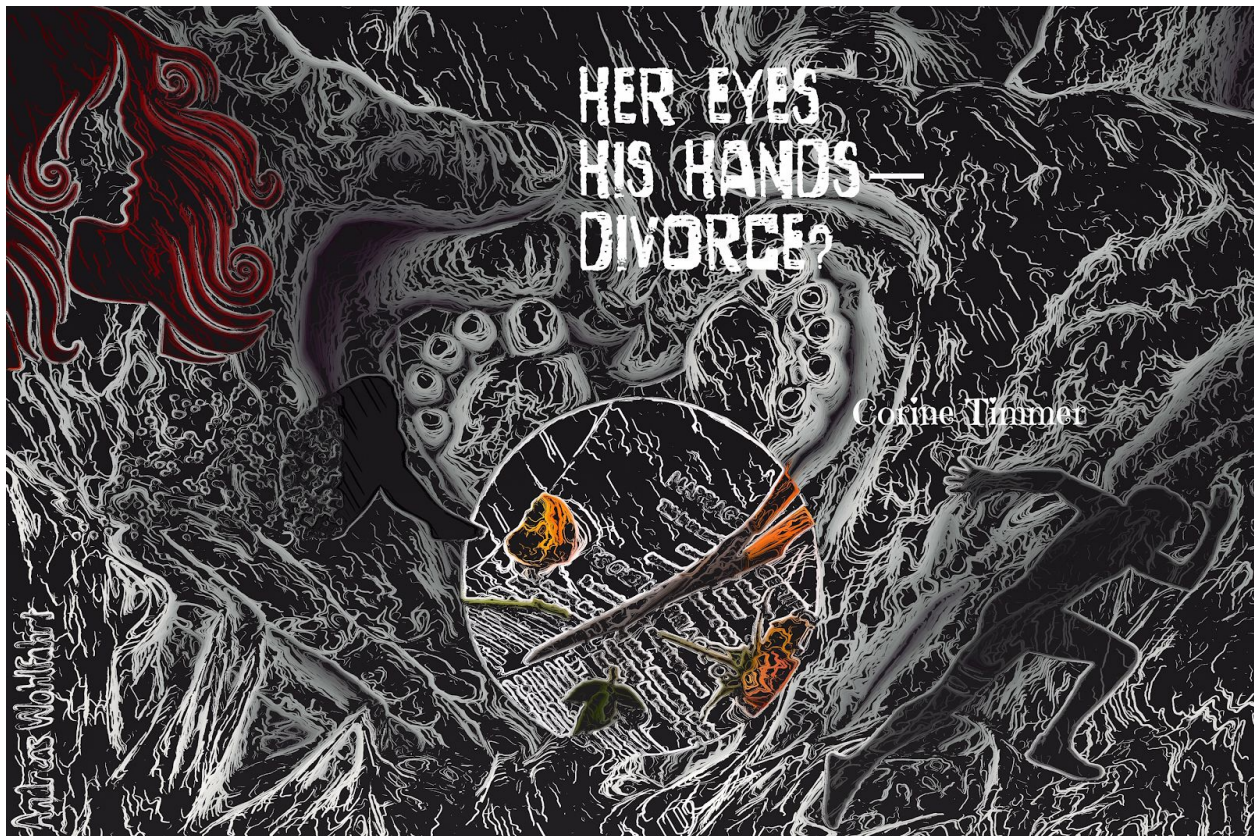
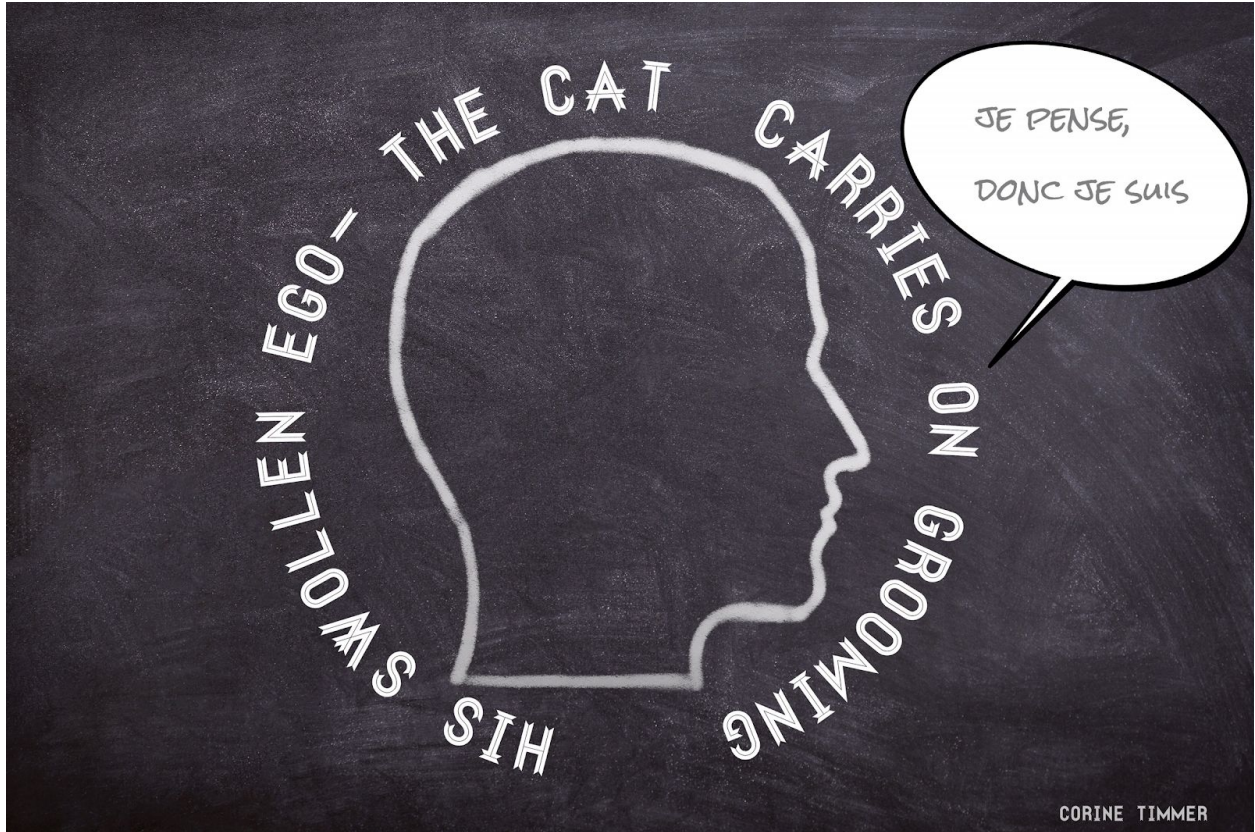
groundhog day
the wilting poinsettia
sees its shadow

Phyllis Lee



Elizabeth Crocket

<http://www.Elizabethcrocket.com>



seaside restaurant—
only the sails clap
for the pianist

finally reunited in
the family grave
expat offspring

Corine Timmer

www.bicadeideias.com

late autumn sun —
the short nap
of a pigeon

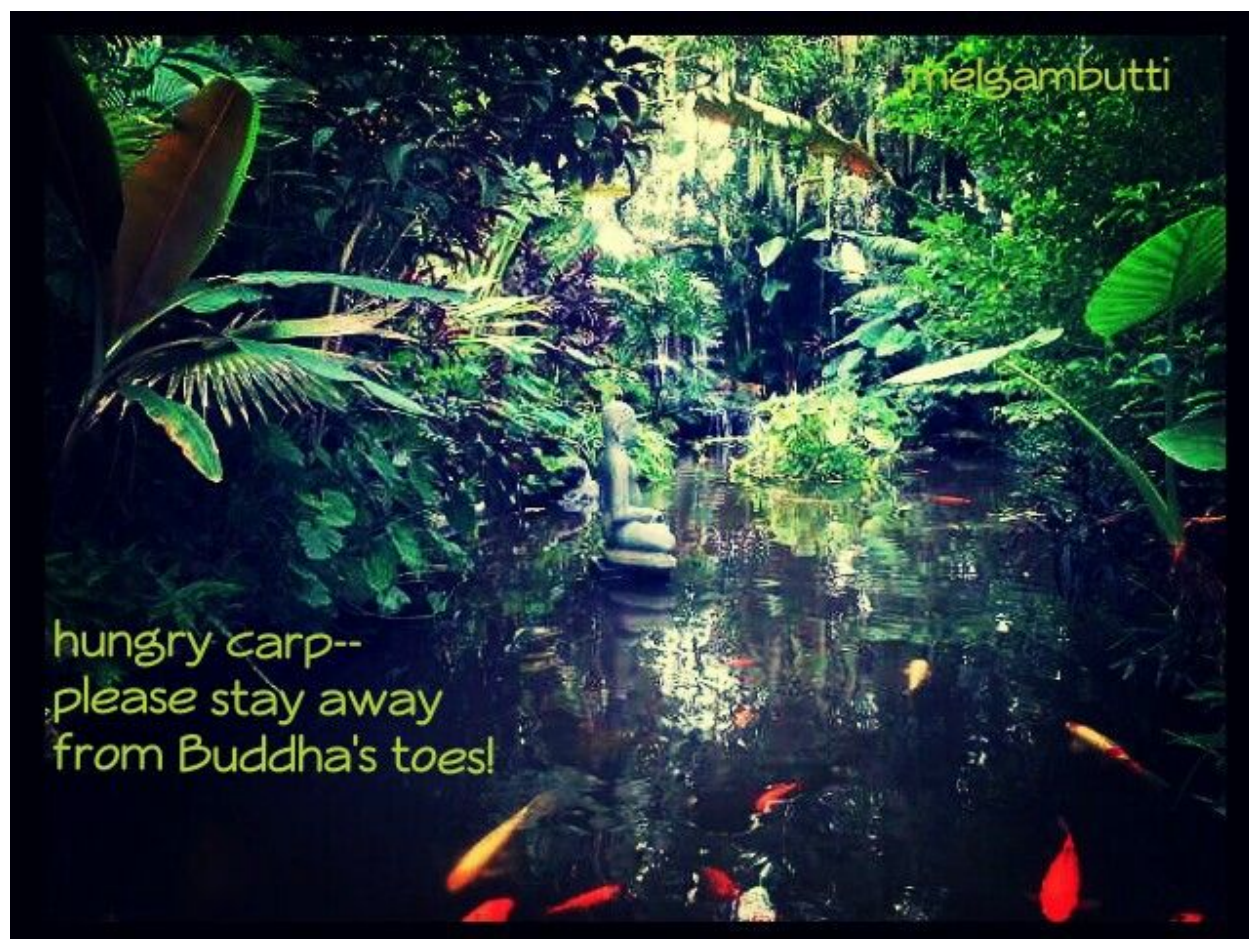
reading her future
in a coffee cup...
winter fly

Mishima's death day -
an editor suggests
she work on her phrasing

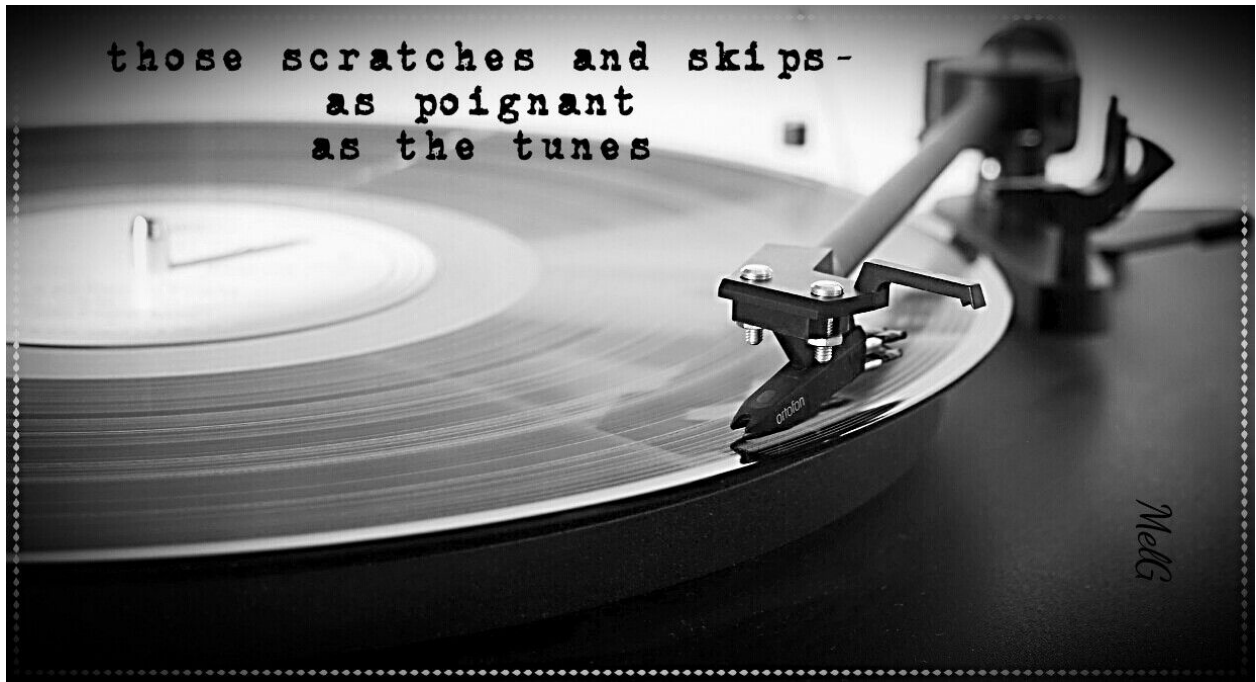
laughing without an accent your eyes

Réka Nyitrai





those scratches and skips-
as poignant
as the tunes



MelGambutti

summer--
truth takes a
holiday



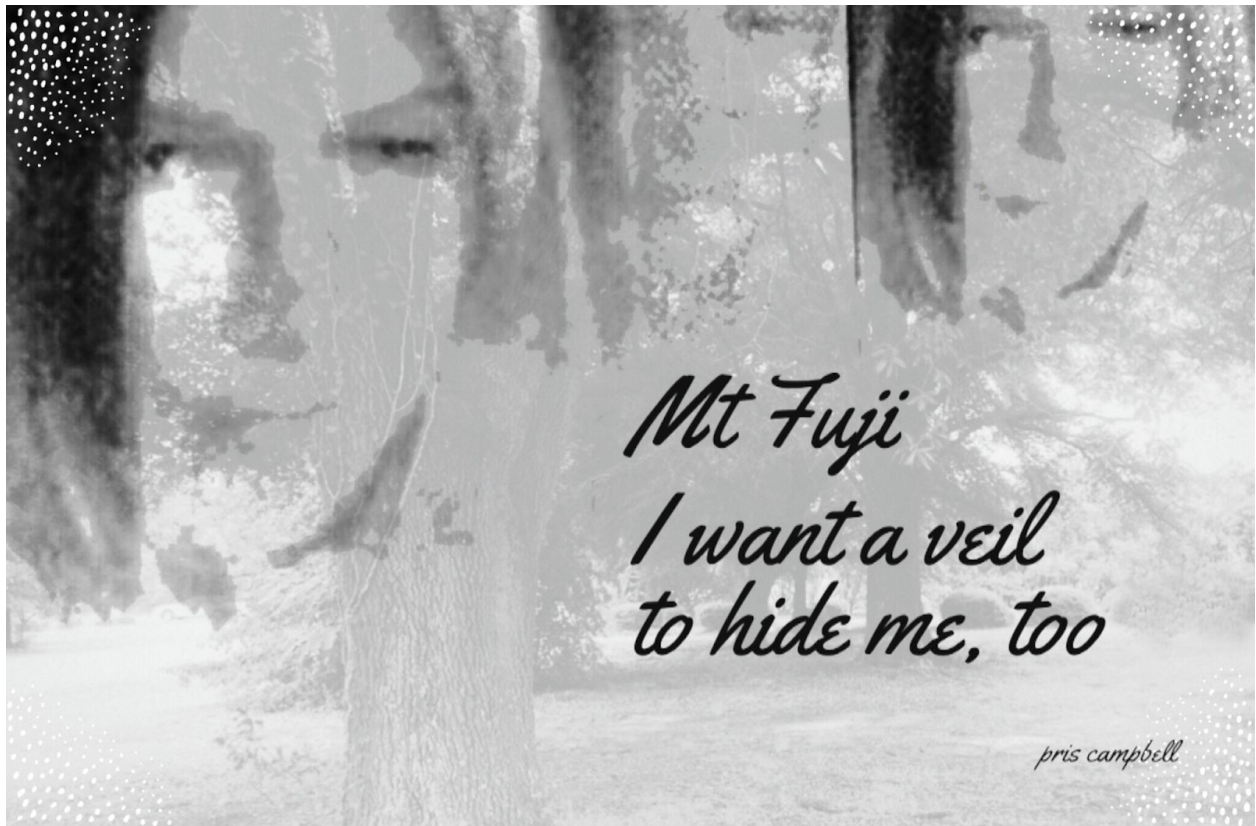
Mary Ellen Gambutti

a dream drifting
just out of reach
the damn alarm

Judt Shrode

antique spoon...
someone else's secrets
with our morning tea

ripened plums —
the morning bluebirds
outraced my father



Pris Campbell

each prayer
skipping stones to touch
the other shore

Bruce Jewett

mother says
I came out sideways . . .
that's her slant

I've given up
trying to talk sense into him—
border wall

before the dance
a ladybug adjusts
its wings

Michael H. Lester

migrant moon...
walking from weeds
into weeds

father's day
the scent of cherry tobacco
from the den

Jan Benson
[@janbentx](#)

four finches
on a seed-filled sock
our winter harvest

only one station
comes in clearly
ride in the country

learning to drive
with a clutch all over
dating again

Scott Wiggerman

the crunch of a pickle punctuates her point

Election Day nears--
the rifle range
booming

surface of the moon . . .
my son bouncing
on his bed

battery
operated
lust

Chad Lee Robinson

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

my third eye
blind so many years --
divorce

staring at me
with that sharp eye of my ex --
a hawk in the tree

Natalia Kuznetsova

storm window
heart-shaped
her dark glasses

light drizzle
your farewell
footmarks

soft-boiled egg
my daughter asks
how stones are born

Foucault pendulum
new lipstick color
after divorce

Radostina Dragostinova

winter chill -
I miss you
when I see you

winter beach -
the perfect taste
of a tear

winter sun -
a veil of dust
on my thoughts

how gracefully
those flowers fade away -
winter winds

winter heart -
maybe already walked
this path

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

A photograph of a building with a large dome and a tree with red flowers in the foreground. The image has a stylized, painterly quality with visible brushstrokes and a color palette dominated by blues, greens, and earthy tones. The text is overlaid on the image in a handwritten style.

introverted...

something

new

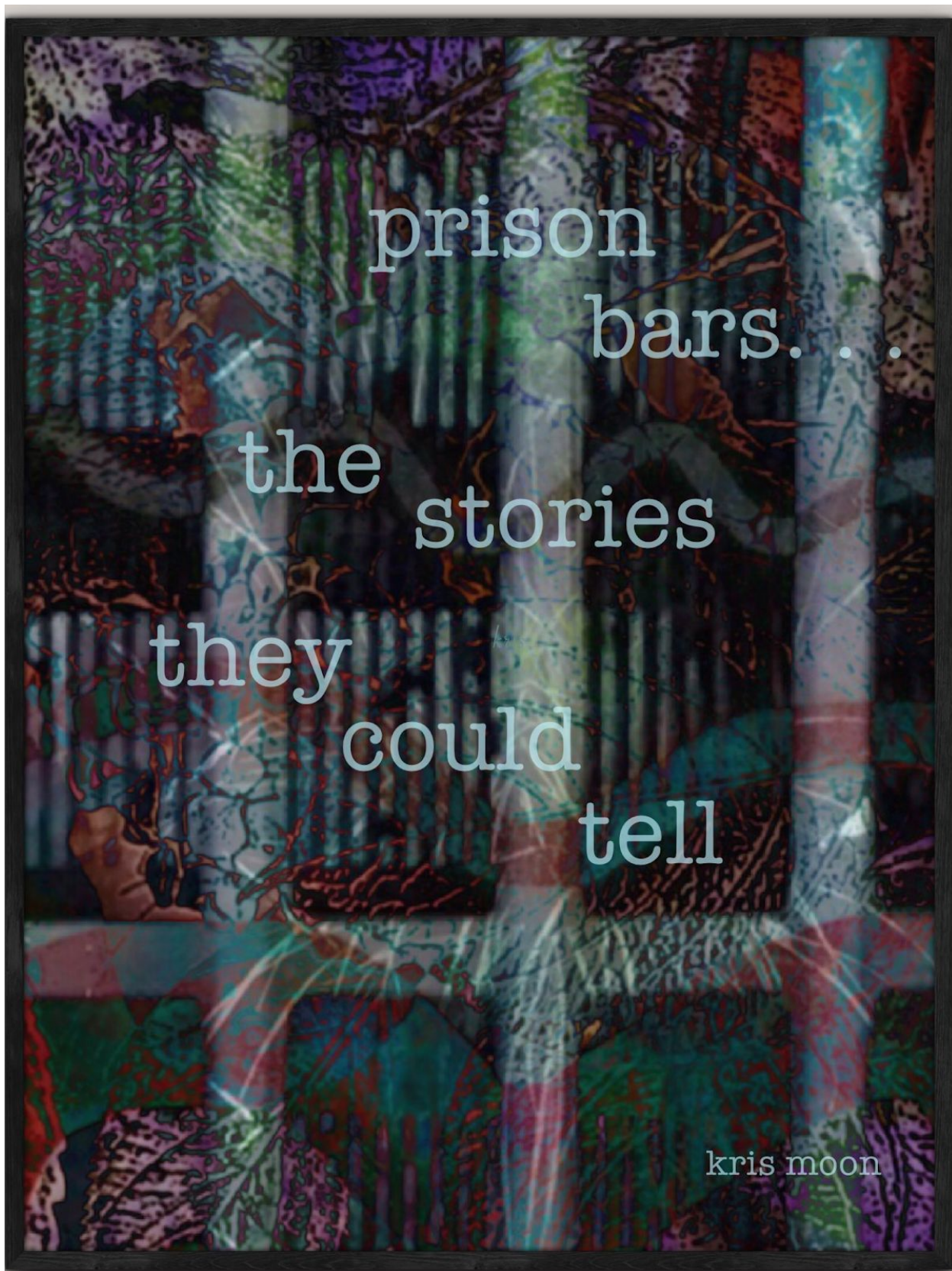
to

discover

every

day

kris moon



prison
bars. . .

the stories
they
could
tell

kris moon



Kris Moon



shadow puppets
in ancient play
a dark story

pg 10

Pat Geyer

the year is ending ...
but the clothes to iron
never end

finisce l'anno ... ma la roba da stirare / non finisce mai

Lucia Cardillo

Bolton
in the White House
devil
in the details

departing America's
hiss and snarl
Canadian sunrise

attending
the poetry reading:
near-death experience

syllables retreating
just beyond his grasp
failed haiku

Fred Andrle

river fog impersonating my selflessness

stones rippling the self denial

the path I haven't explored yet flying geese

at the end of moonlit trail my bewilderment

mosquitoes in the summer camp free jazz

Hifsa Ashraf

another snowman
adopted son
gets my eyes

danger
keep out!
town Christmas tree

Irina Guliaeva

Full Circle

work song turning the black earth

on the sea a wave to myself

transplanted I'll grow anywhere

in the air agreeing to gravity's terms

blue waters wading my feet through clouds

endless journey running out of footprints

The Long Goodbye

insomnia thinking deeper into midnight

lights out our glasses full of moonshine

forgetting herself where she lets me go

the dark hours groping our way through

at the root a love that doesn't take

approaching dawn our lingering goodbye

Bryan Rickert

Peter Jastermsky

third Christmas
she asks just to see
a lump of coal

Christmas Eve
Santa flies past me
in the express lane

school playground . . .
three large snowballs
side by side

Julie Warther

Freshly Poured Cement

pondering your question...
the weight
of a stone

*freshly poured cement
overflowing the forms*

heavy rain –
ducks splash in
the half-finished foundation

*the words
that smooth things over --
starting again*

briefly
one with the light

*popping a breaker
the answer
that isn't an answer*

Angela Terry and *Julie Warther*

her cello voice
after all the
violins

gift card --
his name
(hers in parentheses)

Linda McCarthy Schick

pirate's gold
the clash
of our popsicle sticks

temple days
I give my prayers
to the wind

crosswalk
the mumblings
of a drifter

writer's block
in a way
just the same

Tia Haynes
www.adaliahaiku.com

Matcha time...
my memories vanish
into a green foam

life path -
our daily Christmas
together





Oscar Luparia

dentist appointment
the receptionist
has perfect teeth

home-made sandwich
the car door
ajar

Brexit hiatus
a caterpillar inches
across the pavement

Stevie Nicks
sings of things
that happened in '73

Mark Gilbert





pipe dream i keep trying to imagine peace on earth



steep hill
children murmur
over a dead butterfly

Barbara Kaufmann

SNOWMEN

(a senryu sequence)

jingles
charm wallets
the festive throng sweats

a small card
for one once dear
measured kisses

diet dumped
for the season
she scoffs mince pies

a cardboard camper
dreams of snowmen
calls me "Sir"

Christmas lights flash
on tarmac...
a babe is born

Paul Beech

children of Yemen ...
snow becomes rain
becomes snow

vodka straight up
our translation app
accent-free

vanishing
without a whisper
snowflakes

black snow —
the background of war
on a diagram

Eva Limbach
[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

New Year brawl
blood flows faster
than champagne

a child asks about my wound
my version
less gruesome than he hoped

tea leaves
she reads my fortune
then takes it

old newspaper
the curve of breasts
around my fish and chips

Tracy Davidson
[@tracydavidson27](#)

bedside chat
her broken leg
doesn't stop her tongue

giant steps forward --
the toddler wearing
Daddy's shoes

backlit clouds...
he pauses mid-proposal
for added effect

an academic
conference --
the acronyms explode

Angela Terry

Bitter Almonds

pediatrician --
mom slips in
some of her ailments

Julie Warther

bitter almonds --
the ante raised again

Angela Terry

stand up crowd
the encore
they didn't prepare

Julie Warther

things never quite heard --
the politician's
hidden agenda

Angela Terry

a tomato
rotting on the vine

Julie Warther

dressing up
as Lady Macbeth
on Halloween

Angela Terry



*Paula Lielz
Photo & Words*

*I lay my head
on his unworn clothes
staggering the grief*



not into games
of half full or half empty
bottoms up baby

*ignoring
my meditation
I envy the geese*



Paula Lietz

waiting for
the kettle to heat
nose whistle

autumn leaves
the swelling sound
of the horn section

backyard breeze
the butterfly and i imbibe
the milkweed

spot light lifting the flamenco dancer's skirt

afternoon heat
a storm bubbles up
in the beer

Ben Moeller-Gaa

www.benmoellergaa.com

castles of sand—
all the time we spend
rewriting history

glinting
untouched
mom's emerald ear rings
she never found the perfect day
to wear them

Rashmi Vesa

erasing her words on the hard drive home alone

hung up again
in that goddamned eddy
your ashes

cold day drizzling honey back to bed

the night I found him still hanging in there

missed anniversary
my wife and I exchange
vowels

Locavore

Have you noticed that New Zealand kiwi fruit has a faint aroma of jet fuel? Does the label “certified organically produced” on Moroccan melons, Italian prosciutto, and Peruvian quinoa rile as you count the miles they have traveled to your local Wholefoods? If so, follow my example and you will be at one with yourself— it is time to reduce your radius of outrage™.

Dissatisfied with the larger grocery stores, I visited several farmer’s markets until I found one within walking distance. But this new source of sustenance lasted a mere three weeks: the market opened only on Saturdays, which necessitated up to a week of refrigeration, and most stall-owners appeared to drive horrific diesel trucks. And so I settled on a bi-weekly market that I could reach by bus.

One day, while drinking re-cycled water, I found myself focussing on the word “locally”—was it possible to reduce the travel distance even more? Thankfully, the girl whose shoulder I bit into at the bus stop didn’t press charges, but I knew this local feeding model was unsustainable. Returning to my apartment block with assorted tools rescued from a dumpster, I set about reconfiguring the pipework from my neighbors’ waste disposal units. With a flick of a switch, my sink would fill with swill and, when I was done, I could let the slurry settle to a mottled cake, ready for tomorrow.

Nowadays, even the sink seems far away. I can lie on my balcony for hours staring at the night sky and, when hunger grips me, I simply chew my cheeks, letting the blood and gristle flow down my throat. Do you think I’m obsessed? It’s eating me up.

jaundiced moon
recycling
her gofuckyourself voicemail

Lew Watts

strawberry
so cute and small that
I skip eating it

summer beach
all shadows lie down
on the sand

drinking fountain
I wait for the wasp
to finish

political chaos
the river catches a city
up side down

spring afternoon
my hammock fills
with me

Rosa Clement

gas station men's room
the best-selling product:
Rough Rider

neutral spectator
yet I choose a team
to cheer for

I have a dream!
he declares on his way
to bed

John J. Han

holiday season
in every dentist office
you'd better not cry

waiting for the doctor
all my pens
out of ink

passing other hikers
in t-shirts
I loosen my scarf

Kristyn Blessing

Remembrance Day
in the soil, the depth
of his crutches

leukemia
her plea for a donor gets
only likes

fallen leaves
on the doctor's coat
a pink ribbon

crash diet the hole in a doughnut

Indra Neil Mekala

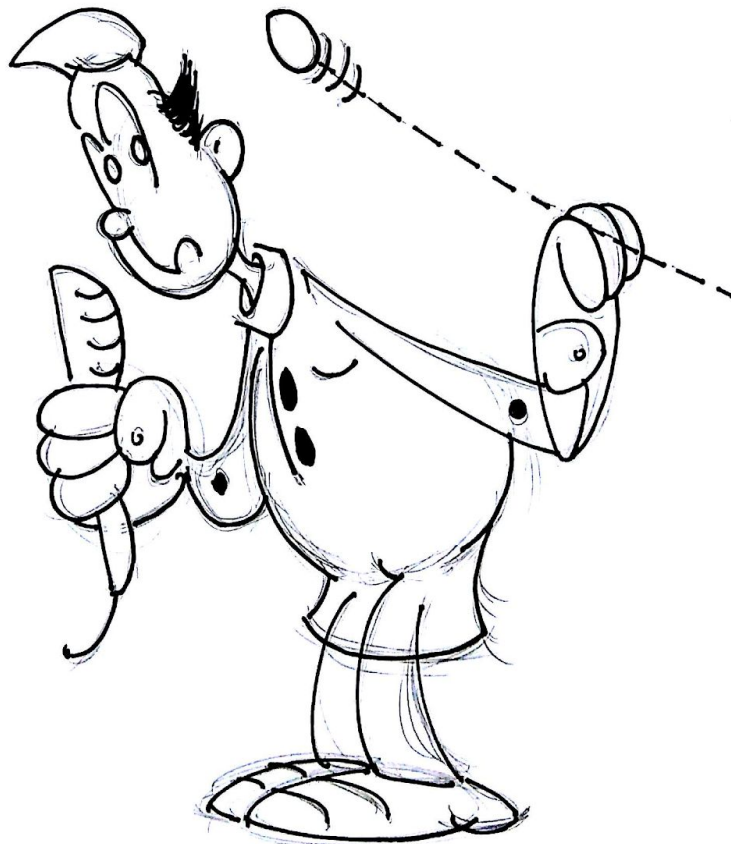
his absence
the redness
in her eyes

virgin snow
she reminds me of the day
she said no

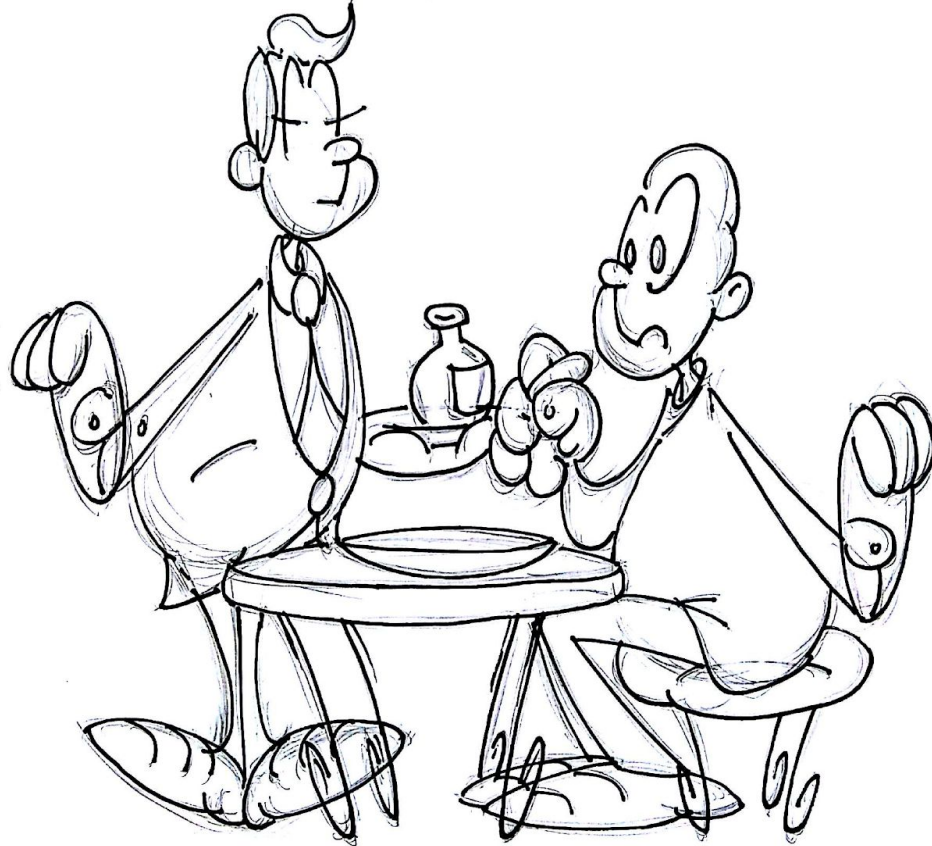
night shift
the blank stare
of a tulip

Elmedin Kadric

POLL PROMISES —
ANOTHER EGG WHIZZES PAST
THE POLITICO



INDIAN CUISINE -
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE CHEF
FREE ANTACIDS



Gautam Nadkarni

in's and out's
an inside joke
told outside

children and parents
wait in cars
school bus stop

fake news
all stories
trumped up

Terrie Jacks

year's end
a migrant seeks a refuge
among his memories

winter is coming
the farewell march
of ants

disappearing
into a bowl of sake
my face as a child

winter temple
between Buddha's hands
a snowflake

dissolved mist
the thin shape
of my wishes

Eufemia Griffo

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

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

smoke rises
from the city ruins...
flag ceremony

after his stroke mother's stale soup

renewal of vows
the bittersweet taste
of his coffee

missing a deadline day moon

Billy Antonio

themoss-coveredwell.blogspot.com

road shimmer deep in the heart of America

harvest moon –
her suicide scars
catching the light

ebb tide all our trespasses

chrysalis
am I awake
or dreaming

Mark E. Brager

no more goodbye
the mountains
becoming clouds

Guliz Mutlu



***dna test
worst case
we're all related***

marilyn ashbaugh



Marilyn Ashbaugh

black ice --
the first cigarette
after his last cigarette

family feud
I'd rather bite
my sister's tongue

political rally
a homeless veteran
begs for change

driftwood. . .
I revamp
my bucket list

missing button
it's the little things
that cause my un-doing

Terri L. French

political debate
the moderator
picks his nose

political debate
the moderator
picks his nose

morning after her toothbrush or mine

late night at the bus station
no one answers the pay phone

old age
slipping the ketchup packet
into my pocket

Bob Lucky

everyone at the supermarket light snow

a computer update—
the clock on the stove
no longer works

coots on the pond—
how close we come
to knowing each other

leaving facebook
goodbye to all those friends
i didn't know

wolf moon slips
into my bedroom
sub rosa

Sondra J. Byrnes

baby lizard –
how many tails
will you lose to my cat

Petru J Viljoen

gathering clouds...
new strands of gray
in mother's hair

solemn hour...
a farmer humming
with frogs

old swing
gazing at father's eyes
in my daughter's

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

In Memoriam

Sometimes his Irish eyes would light the darkness.
Other times he was the darkness.

winter dusk
when dad
would phone

Winter Solstice

Mom is worried that Father Grace will see all the urine stains on the bedroom carpet. She is on her knees. At first I think she's praying, but she is spraying stain remover while Father Grace says the Last Rites.

winter sunlight
a priest blesses
father's eyelids

Dad's curses cause the medics to stand back. His legs are so swollen he can't sit up. Mom asks me to talk Dad into going to the ER. I tell Dad his mother is waiting for him, Alice who died before I was born. Dad asks me if he's dying. We all are, I say.

my anger gone
with your last breath
winter begins

In the hospital there is no daytime no nighttime. Only sametime counted out in 12 hour shifts. How long have I been sitting here, squeezing Dad's hand? My sister says she'll fly cross country but

instead calls five times a day.

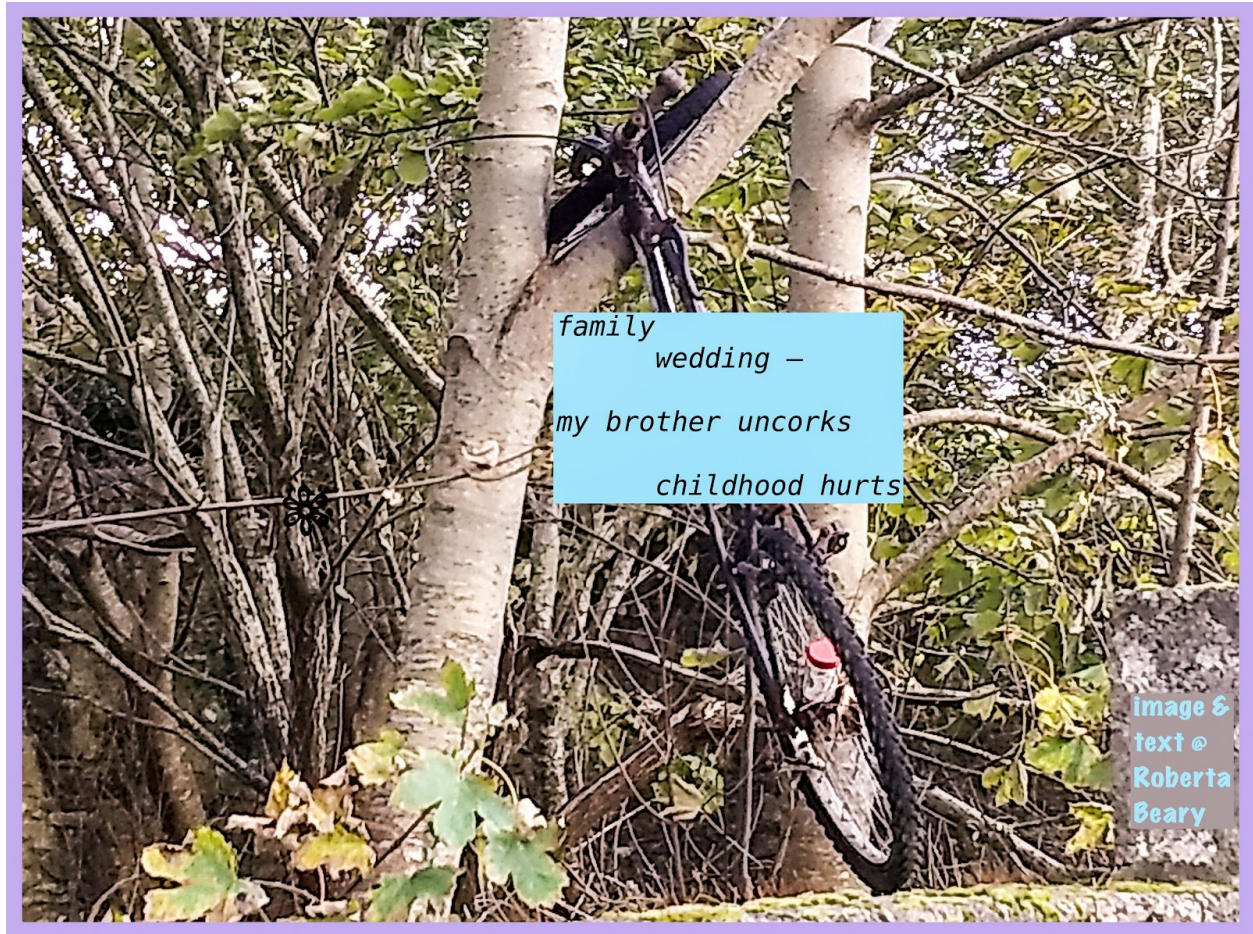
winter stars
without you
to name them

Walking outside I see Christmas decorations on houses. There is something sterile about Florida houses decked out in Christmas lights. Everybody is trying too hard. I stop answering my sister's calls.

christmas market
i nibble away
my aloneness

Dad's gone. His last words to me are a question mark. Father Grace says the funeral mass. Mom and my sister go shopping. They order a new carpet for the bedroom.

winter solstice
the abridged version
of my bio



Roberta Beary



before Christmas -
it's so pleasing to
buy gifts for me

Tsanka Shishkova

licorice twist -
the new yoga
pose

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

returning from work
finding a tale
for the forgotten pizza

day's end
the roadside beggar puts on
a new cloth

Adjei Agyei-Baah

deep snow
a man keeps waving
his heavy flag





waiting
at the tram stop
a tram



Anna Maris

Santa Claus
a girl takes sweets
from a stranger

slanting rain
I try to get a word in
edgeways

spilled gravy
he talks over me
at dinner

polling day
the snowman leans
to the left

wallpaper
the layers
of his past

Martha Magenta
<https://marthamagenta.com>

knee jerk...
the chiropractor's
brute strength

ticking clock
the marriage counselor
plays with his ring

country cafe
the owner delves
into his migrant past

Madhuri Pillai

dewdrop dharma--
a dead swallow dries
in the summer sun

vegans--
protesting the sale
of animal crackers

bathroom break--
I hate potty humor
it's beneath me



Terry Macrae
[@terryhaijin](https://twitter.com/terryhaijin)

Christmas angels . . .
the ones we lost
the ones we found

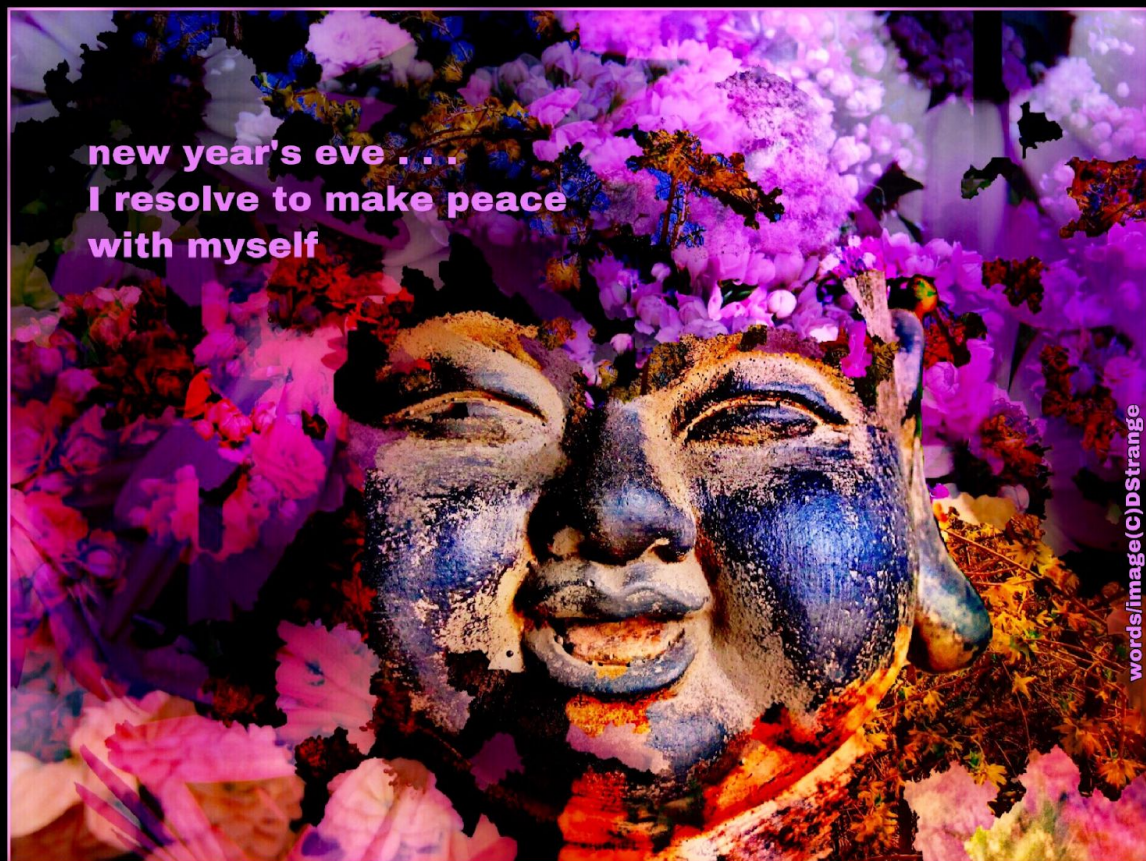


words/image(C)Ostrange



loneliness
the holes we fill
with something else

words/image(C)DStrange



Debbie Strange
[@Debbie Strange](#)
[debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca](#)

drive-thru window
he confuses the cashier
with coins

shoe store window
all the stiletto heels
she can no longer wear

Nancy Brady

www.nbsmithblog.wordpress.com

wolf moon
opening my ears to
his silence

a ripple
in the pond
moon shivers

Neha R. Krishna

take away street —
the wellness centre's
faded sign

Hazel Hall

used romance novel
on the page where he proposes
sauce stain

bathroom door
the slight sound as the dog curls
against the other side

fantasy novel
you say “escape fiction”
like it’s a bad thing

David Oates
[@witnwords](https://twitter.com/witnwords)
www.davidoatesathensga.com

tired of the news
i read poetry
doodle pines

at the doctor's office
my notes merge with
poems

wind and snow
my dog trying to stand
on one foot

Tom Blessing

old salt
he nibbles my hair
for the taste of it

Chicago he says
the streets are paved
with popcorn

petroglyph hike
my husband is the real
kokopelli

Deliverance

In the hallway, by our neighbor's door, next to a vase of tiger lilies and gladiolas, a dark elephant holds the head of an angel with red sparkles on a white porcelain plate. I drop the wall street journal on their doormat, then arrange it, face up so the words can be read when they open the door. New tariff talks open, a vote on the wall. The next day, while bringing other headlines, I look for the angel. They've repaired the damage. No red drops to be seen. A cherub rises proudly on a plate amidst a host of poinsettias.

no obstacles
their own paradise
at their doorstep

Kath Abela Wilson

[@kathabela](#)

bachelor party . . .
after the fifth glass of brandy
I speak Chinese

Ivan Gaćina

five beheaded cinderellas after Christmas sale

Eric Lohman

a sudden pop—
on the kitchen floor
three wisteria seeds

purring along
with Leonard Cohen
my little cat

starless night—
a seven-year-old girl
slips across the border

Jill Lange

spring cleaning
she clears the dead leaves
from his grave

late supper
Dad's story takes a turn
down the scenic route

funeral service
the sermon ends
without warning

John Hawkhead
[@HawkheadJohn](#)

the physics of poetry

discovery does not always increase our knowledge of any subject but rather the knowledge of our own ignorance. when we write poems for instance. we study a type of poetry. haiku for instance. and think we know what it is. but then along comes someone with strange insights who explains it differently. what to do. leave the old and embrace the new. or cling to the old. sort of depends doesnt it. if you have a body of work that looks one way and now it is the 'old' way what to do. ten thousand mosquitos cannot create more confusion or pain. i find that the real solution is cognitive dissonance. it is so peaceful in that state for me. do you see. i have found dark matter and it is poetry. hugs are good. so hug every new idea no matter how absurd. that is the test i have found. if it hugs back you may have found poetry.

two minds
an eagle and i stare
at no thing

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