

failed haiku

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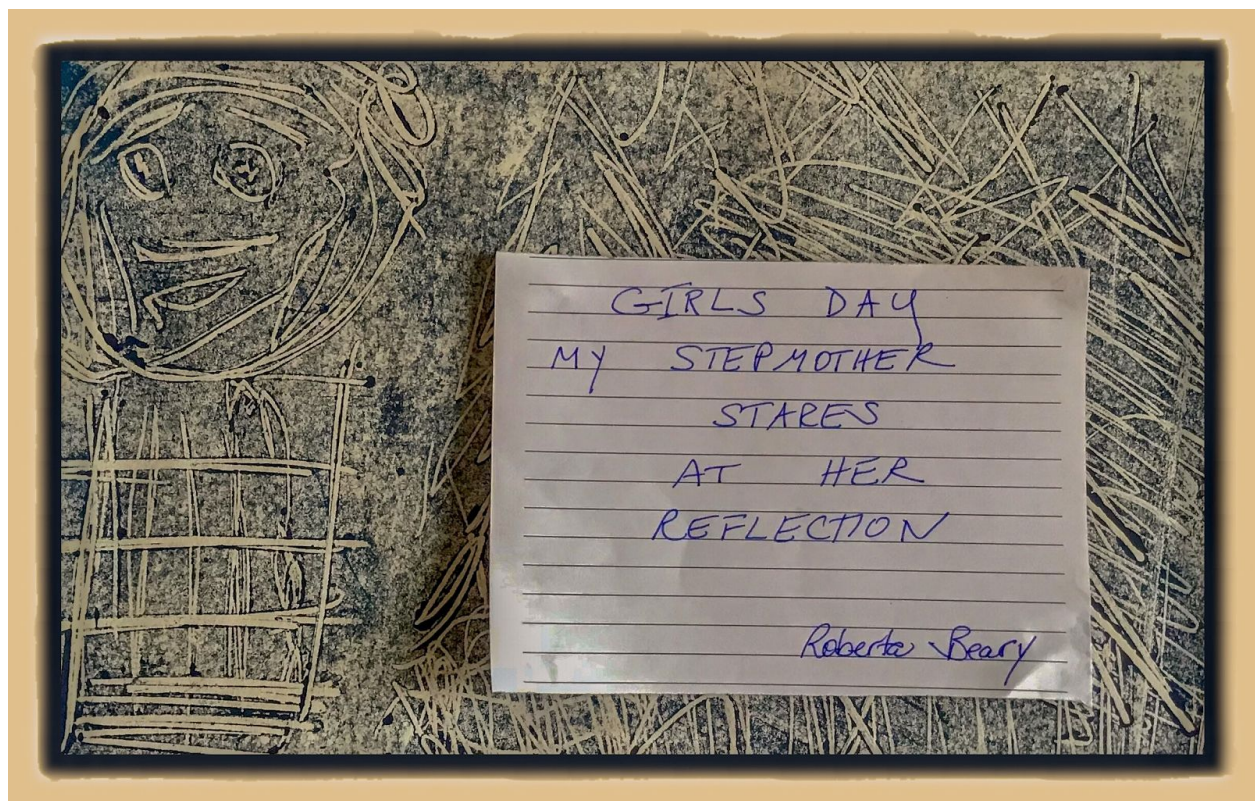
michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)



Haiga by Roberta Beary

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Vincenzo Adamo

Garry Eaton

Diana Teneva

Jim Krotzman

Veerangana

Ezio Infantino

Kelly Sauvage Angel

Roger Watson

Anna Cates

Colleen M. Farrelly

Lee Felty

dan smith

Veronika Zora Novak

Giddy Nielsen-Sweep

Barbara Kaufmann

Kim Sosin

Richard Grahm

Réka Nyitrai

Irina Guliaeva

Antonio Sacco

Philip Waff Whitley

Bryan Rickert
Ivan Gaćina
Vishnu P Kapoor
Radostina Dragostinova
Gail Oare
Raamesh Gowri Raghavan
Gautam Nadkarni
Angela Giordano
Munia Khan
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
Barbara Tate
Vandana Parashar
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Eva Joan
Marie Derley
JR Vork
Lorraine Padden
George Schaefer
David Oates
Mary Ellen Gambutti
Ingrid Baluchi
Elizabeth Crocket
RC deWinter
Carol Raisfeld
Bisshie
Oscar Luparia

Pitt Buerken
William Scott Galasso
Antonietta Losito
Tia Haynes
Francis W. Alexander
Anna Maris
Bruce England
Debbie Strange
Maria Concetta Conti
Claudette Russell
Elaine Sorrentino
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Marilyn Humbert
Marcellin Dallaire-Beaumont
Elmedin Kadric
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Eva Limbach
Dianne Moritz
Elaine Wilburt
David Gale
Roberta Beach Jacobson
David He Zhuanglang
Paul Beech
Pat Geyer
David J Kelly
Cynthia Rowe

**Ingrid Bruck
Gary Hittmeyer
Tracy Davidson
John McManus
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Louise Hopewell
Lavana Kray
Aljoša Vuković
Guliz Mutlu
Gautam Nadkarni
John Hawkhead
Claire Vogel Camargo
John J. Han
Adelaide Shaw
Mark Gilbert
Jay Friedenber
Ray Caligiuri
Kausik KSK
Tom Blessing
Patti Niehoff
Mike Gallagher
Eufemia Griffo
Adrian Bouter
Bruce Jewett
Terrie Jacks
Madhuri Pillai**

Hifsa Ashraf
Antonio Mangiameli
Olivier Schopfer
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Polina Pecherskaya
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Thomas Tilton
Linda McCarthy Schick
m. shane pruet
Sondra J. Byrnes
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Lucia Cardillo
Roberta Beary
Rashmi Vesa
Chen-ou Liu
Kath Abela Wilson
Hansha Teki
Elizabeth Alford
Phyllis Lee
Pris Campbell
Terrie French
Bryan Rickert, Peter Jastermsky
and Terri L. French

feeling of guilt
i stop in the bathroom
six vertical

dirt road
the dust rises
with the chatter

Vincenzo Adamo

hors du bordel
the gentleman chooses
a fresh boutonniere

indeterminate sentence . . .
still looking for the proper
adjective

spoiler . . .
the smell of a rotten
billionaire

Garry Eaton

waning moon...
our bodies glow silver
in the dark

my breath melts
the window frosty lace...
snow moon

are there any
ginger hearts left...
hungry moon

Diana Teneva

the baseball manager
tends to his team
tomato plants

toward sunlight
showing through white slacks
her legs

the polished darkness
my mouth finds its way
to her fingers

from the hen's coop
he brags to the teenage boys
the rooster

often naked but a virgin Barbie

May
The rural town where I grew up
GOP signs still stand

Jim Krotzman

stamped by everyone
but the moon
...cancer report

banyan tree...
now the sky
has arms

going around the sun
one more time
...ferris wheel

new moon...
how well my son fits
into my burqa

giving rhythm
to my thoughts
...dripping tap

Veerangana

troubled sleep
the florist delivers the bouquet

night breeze ...
the cigar smoke
behind the clouds

a long speech...
the mind returns
to the sea

Ezio Infantino

the tumble
of unfettered mountain rock
l'appel du vide

first pomegranate plucking your pith from my teeth

snow flakes of canned tuna trapped in a soap globe

skillet's sizzle
another hatchling eats its way
from the shell

salty bone chips peppering my pubic property

congested.
she tells me God is in the breath

mating season a lone swallow of aquavit

Kelly Sauvage Angel

weekend over
the clank
of recycling bins

I quit
the meeting
at 'low hanging fruit'

coffee grinder
awake
before the smell

Roger Watson

<http://www.youldpublicationsltd.com>

<http://twitter.com/rwatson1955>

city park
a drunkard marks
his territory

nuclear talks—
John Kerry's false teeth
chattering

Camp Mercy
the mosquitoes
savage me

Anna Cates

Becoming Modern

I wake to heat and smog covering, smothering Beijing. There's a whirl of power drills from the high rise next door and a humming trill of bike bells on their morning commutes. We take a rickshaw to a tea house down the street, drinking in mellow jasmine. The buildings give way to a grotto of small houses and fresh gardens, one of the oldest of hutong communities. The corner yard looks like my Grandma's, complete with tomatoes and a trellis near the porch.

They are rare now. My young tour guide asks which I prefer: that old village or Starbucks next to lofts. My answer surprises her.

dried oolong leaves—
ancient wisdom beneath
last year's iPhone

Valentine's Day Hospital

The first Valentine's Day that meant something to me beyond candy and class parties involved a hospital. Pneumonia. His. I sat alone at our lunch table, longing for his play-by-play of the latest Grisham novel. It set the tone for future disasters on this holiday—a date puking down my dress, a snowy evening deployment good-bye, two involving MPs... This year, two friends and I take a break in the cool Miami evening between support meetings at the local VA hospital, talking about deployments, about lost loves, about ship captain's licenses and quantum mechanics. J. looks to an empty wrapper tumbling across the patio and suggests we try a few backflips ourselves. We oblige.

a sudden
prick on my finger—
broken heart mending

—

New Year's kiss--he drops the ball

success—

a country song

in reverse

train's clickety-clack—

her heels

as she turns to leave

Colleen M. Farrelly

allure
reels in
the day's best catch

the winter storm ends
we agree
to disagree

autumn
my open purse
full of change

first glance
if only for
a second

Lee Felty

Forever Stamps-
ever the pessimist
I buy my usual twenty

the wrinkled gambler still has skin in the game

New Years Day-
steamed broccoli and veggie burgers
decades of tradition

dan smith

orbiting the Buddha's head dead gold fish

coke machine glow my parlor shines

awakening I let dreams dream

camomile tea

I steep the depths of
my thoughts

after

the tsunami

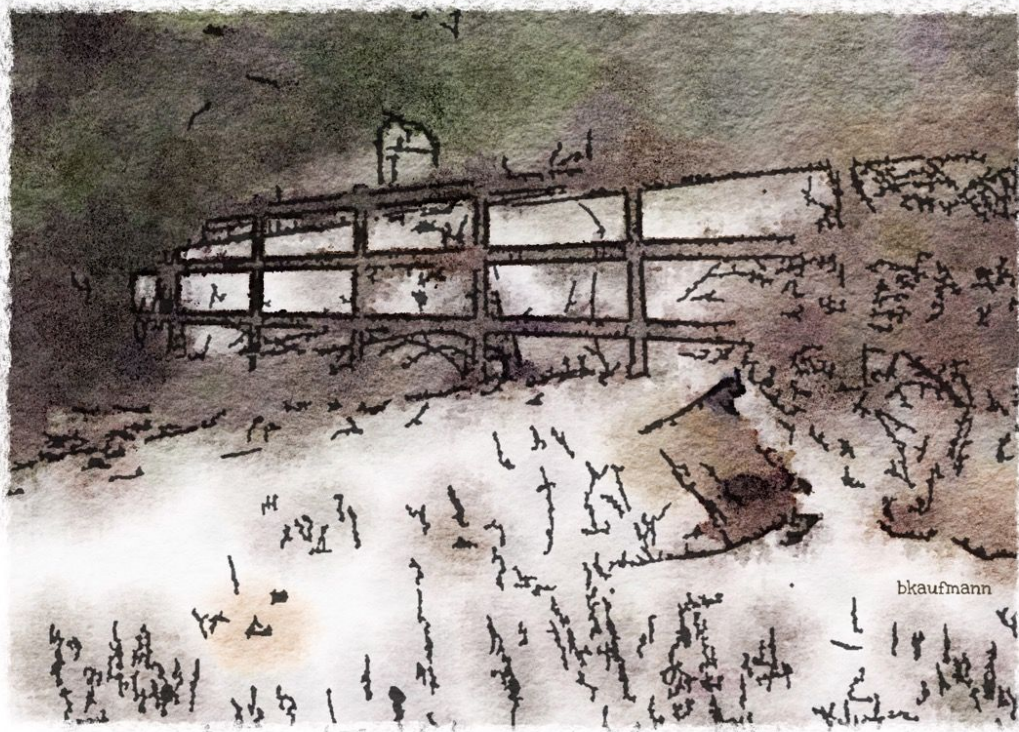
butterflies

Veronika Zora Novak




bearded lady
opens her arms
to the night

Giddy Nielsen-Sweep



bkaufmann

where birds once chatted up the breeze drifting snow

An abstract painting featuring a dark blue background with numerous thin, white and yellow streaks that create a sense of movement and texture, resembling wind or light rays. The streaks are more concentrated in the lower half of the image.

jazz moon
the wind is music
to my ears

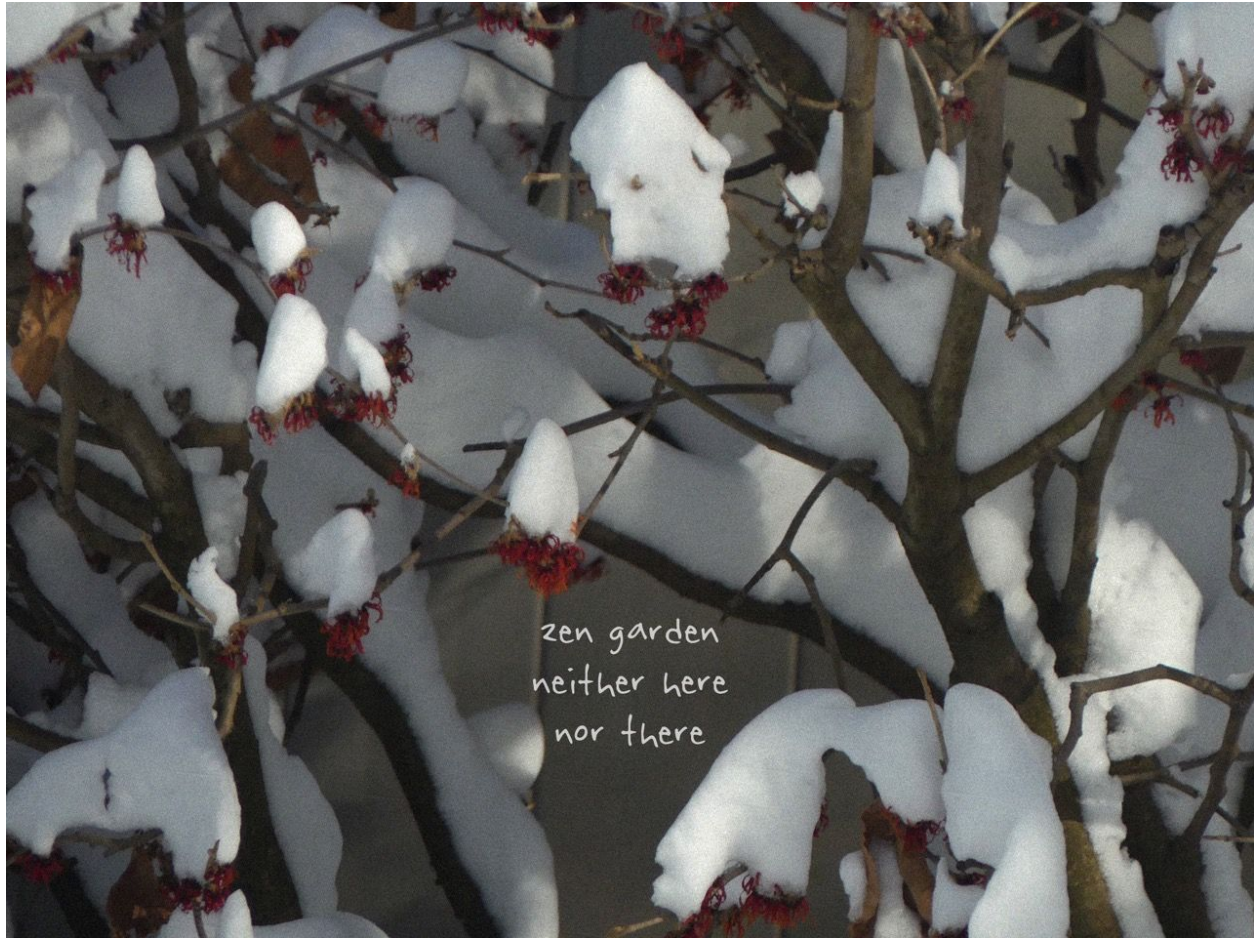
bkaufmann



our voices
drop to a whisper
first snowflake

bkaufmann





Barbara Kaufmann

ancient ghosts
welcome you home
Olduvai Gorge

snow mirrors all hues
sunlight prisms through sleet
winter's pigment



Kim Sosin
<https://sosin.us>

Conflicted

perfect timing . . .
the way you make
my heart throb

perplexed again . . .
why is my love for you
so much like madness?

vision quest . . .
I look into your eyes
for answers

going out?
I could write an epic
with your lilac perfume

romance on the rocks . . .
you hold out your hand
for another sip

fading photograph . . .
how you drift
away

dust in the footprints
on my doorstep . . .
your last visit

your apparition stands
in the doorway, disrobed . . .
now that's the spirit

the last poem
to my name . . .
dressed in rags for you

Richard Grahn

speckled roses –
his fingertips on her diary

pickled lemons ...
he pretends he does not know about

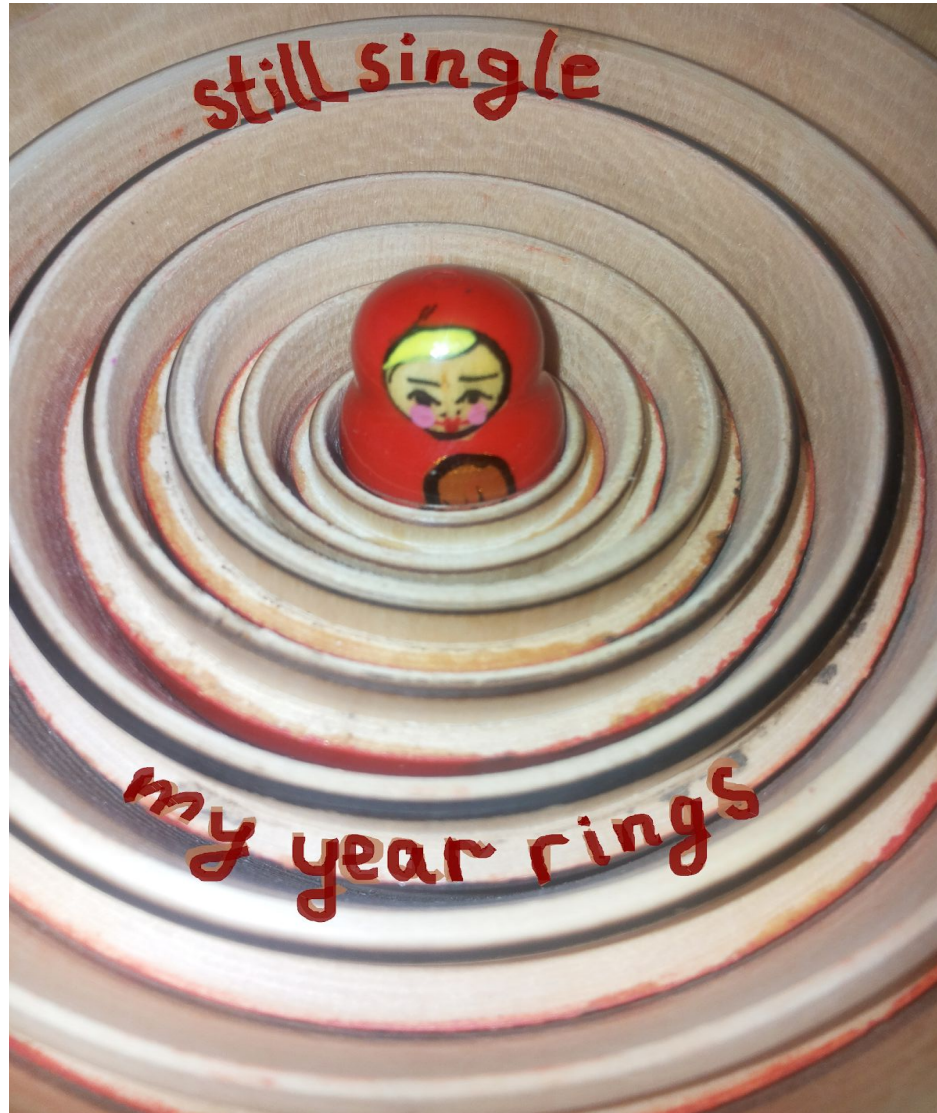
greasy spoon –
the aftertaste of swallowed words

Réka Nyitrai

nobody
applauds
mobiles

less and less
I look like that girl
wedding album

rush hour
coming home deep
into somebody`s thought



Irina Guliaeva

Sushi dinner:
confuse the wasabi
with the wabi-sabi

*Cena di sushi:
confondere il wasabi
col wabi-sabi*

Five p.m.:
grandfather claims the tea
even with the Alzheimer

*Le diciassette:
il nonno reclama il tè
pur con l'Alzheimer*

Antonio Sacco

at her touch the river points upstream

the dog and I walk past your silence again

after your funeral

we clink glasses

of boxed wine

family album

another grove

lost to the chainsaw

cheap aftershave smoking on the street corner

Philip Waff Whitley

France
trying to appear
less American
I snuff out a cigarette
that isn't even mine

new spring
folding your letter
into a plane
with my back to the wind
I let it all go

listening to
father's disappointment
in me
I leave a fart behind
for him as I leave

Bryan Rickert

pregnancy . . .
a homeless man's wife
practices a lullaby

therapy . . .
returning home
separately

weight room . . .
a coach slowly lifts
a cup of coffee

Ivan Gaćina

museum visit
interacting with art
through hand held screen

aesthetics
appreciation of art
through price tag

how life unfolds
from mom's pet name
to universal grandpa

Vishnu P Kapoor

my youth pictures
in the album
claustrophobia

route to the peak
the alternatives
I always miss

heart transplantation
the only chance
to fall in love again

Radostina Dragostinova

dribble-ku

full-court press—
the visiting team's net
swings right

bouncing cheerleaders
extra jalapeños
on the nachos

tie at the half
stepping up the defense
a starter fouls out

media time out
the band leader signals
a repeat

three seconds...two...
launching a long shot
the low scorer

the crowd
the buzzer
the scoreboard

teetering on the edge—
the salty rim
of someone's margarita

napkin drawing
the pub coach's analysis
under a beer

phone calendars
confirming next time—
the same old game

Gail Oare

Svengali

My affair with the Encyclopedia Britannica began in the sixth standard, in the school library. While prepubescent boys were discovering the attractions of breasts growing in their classmates' chests, I was enamoured of a shelf load of the volumes, bound in dark brown leather and lettered in gold. They promised an end to the long boredom of summer, when other boys would have preferred red leather bound over a cork ball, meeting a seasoned board of willow. The bizarre titles, which included Aalto-Amazon and India-Ireland would keep this asthmatic, errors young boy away from the humiliations of being too dark, too short and too fat in a rural, Punjabi school. Long after I married Wikipedia, the childhood crush is yet to fade.

spelling bee
this transoceanic pride
in watching
yet another Indian kid
stir a foreign alphabet

Karumi

I've never got the idea of writing with small words. I get what Hemingway says that big emotions don't need big words. I also get that writings that send you to the dictionary aren't the best, although, like John Bercow, I do like sleeping next to one.

But I like big words, like splendiferous, gloriumptious, biffsquiggled and whipple-scrumptious. I like the Jabberwocky and the slithe toves

gyring, gimbling in the wabe by the mimsy borogoves. And yes, like Bercow, I don't like people chuntering from a sedentary position.

eleventh birthday
writing a thank you letter
to my old uncle
I look up all the rude words
in the present he gave me

Twenty Minutes

It's 11:10 now. Mum's nerves are tingling and she is paralysed with excitement. At 11:30 she'll find out whether the judge got away after poisoning her granddaughter's murderer. I'm rushing frantically to switch off the gas knobs, shut the lights, and block off any sounds that might interfere with the dialogue. Since yesterday, when she watched the murder victim flail about for five whole melodramatic minutes with a grim look on her face, I've been scared of her. There is a new obedience in my step. The clothes have been folded away, my books back on their shelves, I've even shaved. Even the dogs seem to have picked up the vibe. Meanwhile, she waits.

binge watching
— the crow at the window
of our kitchen

UTI—
looking at condom packs
at the chemist's

dinner for one
disappointment flavoured
with caramel

karumi
the way you broach
our break up

instant tea
... The gossip brewing
sip by sip

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan

Riding The High Horse

I always wanted to learn horse riding. Ever since I'd seen John Wayne do it with such grace and aplomb in the Westerns. When I expressed interest in joining the Amateur Riders' Club in Mumbai Dad pooh-poohed the idea. It was silly, childish and downright expensive, he said. Though not necessarily in that order. So I had to content myself with rides on ponies at the children's park. John Wayne would have had a hearty laugh.

It was not until my trip to Nainital the following year that I got to ride a genuine horse. A boy who was travelling with us and claimed to know riding gave me some helpful tips. He told me to clutch the saddle tightly with my knees and use them for leverage to go up and down with the horse's movement. The following morning found me riding a real horse in real time. It also resulted in a real pain in the trouser seat after I was through.

That evening, as I sat squirming on a hard chair for dinner, Mom asked me how the young cowboy was doing. I almost choked on my horse radish.

True Grit...
trying hard to pick up
the drawl

Gautam Nadkarni

trip to the mountains-
next to the hearth
life stories



Angela Giordano

winter trees-
frozen memories
of the numb war

politics –
some verbal tics
of poly-tricks

Munia Khan

St. Peter Inserts Audible Sigh

At the end of my life, when I've made the inevitable jaunt to that ever-elusive other side, I hope, nay pray, I never receive my complete tally of "hours spent in front of screen scrolling...scrolling...scrolling."

heaven's pearly gates
but first
Instagram that sh*t

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

unbalanced
sharing a canoe
with a dragonfly

cypress trees
the bayou sorceress
dries her tresses

ladybugs
the stained glass window
comes alive

spring snow
last flake
two alike

Barbara Tate

salt and pepper
I colour my hair before
signing in on tinder

peanut butter
... the smooth spread
of rumours

impending storm
mom-in-law lectures me
on how to raise kids

sealed window pane
how did the coldness
seep into us

Vandana Parashar

mosquito:
no other place than
my wife's cleavage

hunting for the thief
I catch
my watchman

narrow path sermon
the young pastor's eyes
plies my cleavage

dark cave
the single tooth
in granny's mouth

Adjei Agyei-Baah

without you -
like breathing
in a vacuum

another summer -
still waiting for you
to come around

Eva Joan

www.elinbell.wordpress.com

his body and mine
on the sand at low tide
print and fade

Marie Derley

it stretches
as if rainbows
tell
time

shifting
clouds
in form
 pockets

JR Vork

empty mirror
full of another
not itself

all I need
is less
than I imagine

Lorraine Padden

a Nietzsche quote
a day keeps
morons at bay

As it were
most of my conflicts
were with myself

Ooh, I'm drinking Kombucha.
When did I start
giving a fuck about hipness?

“And very thorough”
as Maude Lebowski
would say

George Schaefer

summer in Boulder
carrying my bag of pot
by the police station

I'm such an athlete –
old spider's web
in my bike helmet

when he flirts a bit
she says, "And how's
your lovely wife?"

I show them a poem
Mom says, "Expand it!"
Dad, "Cut the last line."

David Oates



Mary Ellen Gambutti

reunion . . .
her stuck-up posture
reduces the double chin

cohabiting
under the sofa
dust bunnies

monday wash day —
how does the duvet cover
end up inside out?

the way we used to nibble
around the edges –
jelly babies

Ingrid Baluchi

After Effects

hospital smells
the lingering
of memories

hospital lobby
everyone feels
expressionless

more tests
again checking in
my hopes

patient check-in
everyone still
lost

patient registration
everyone struggling
with identity

hospital wristband
again I relinquish
myself

hospital line-up
everyone
on equal footing

windy day
blowing
another vein

unexpected rainbow
after so many years
no more scans

Elizabeth Crocket
<https://elizabethcrocket.com/>

words abandon me
excuse me while i throw a
glass at the damn wall

RC deWinter

grandma's brassiere
on the clothesline
perky in the breeze

hometown parade
stepping high, twirlers
follow the horses

losing the game
the pitcher felt
terribly debased

trying to cancel
his subscription
to all her issues



Carol Raisfeld

aromas
of incense and tobacco
Our Father

steam rises
from the lost cat
spring thaw

Bisshie

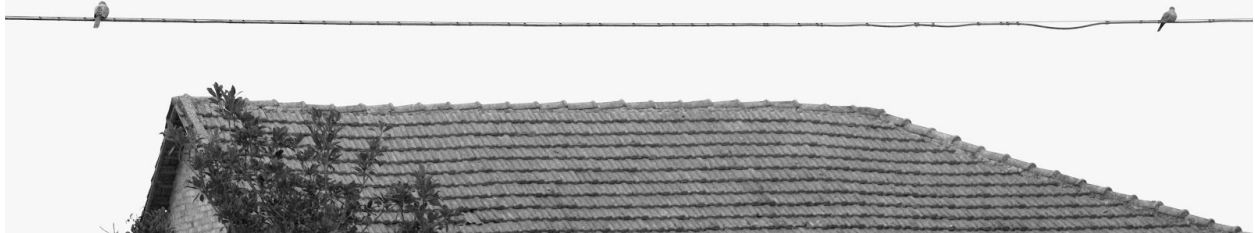
www.poetrypea.com
@thepoetrypea

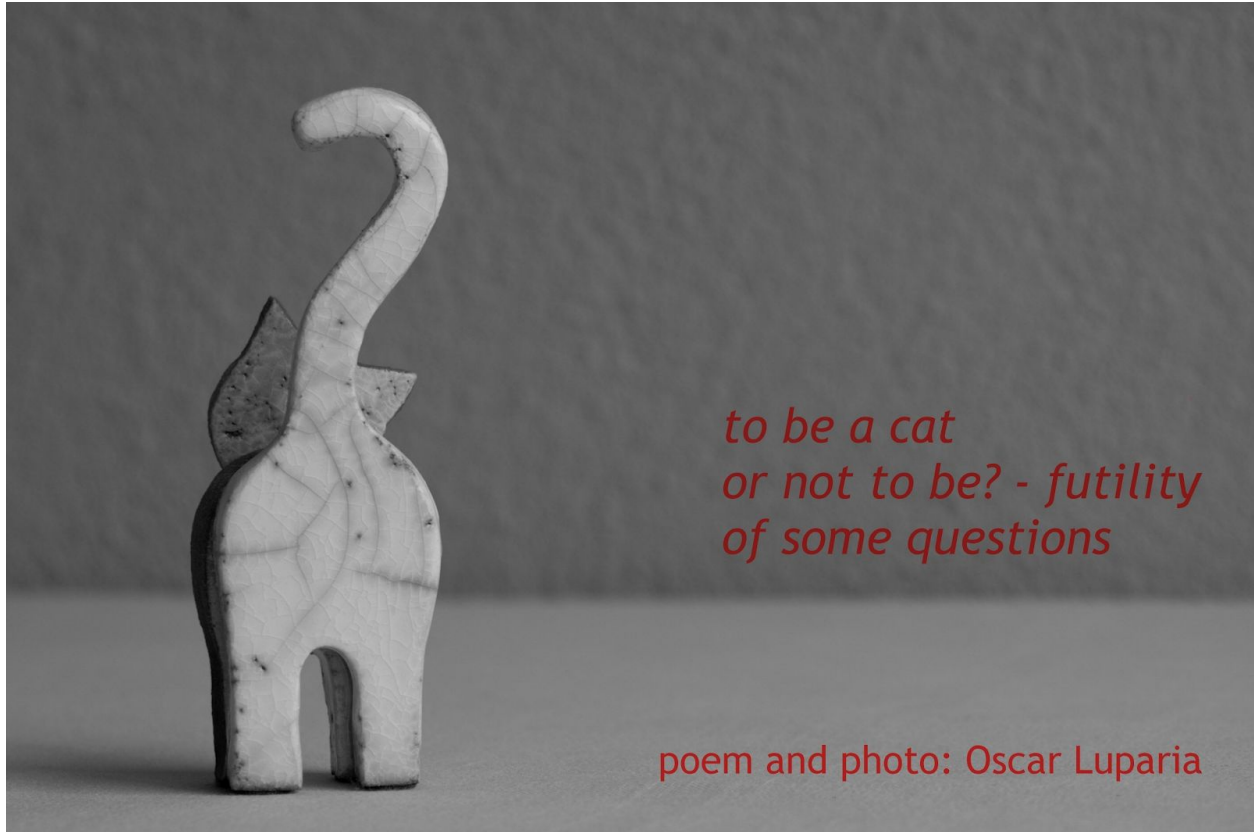
carnival
maybe only an occasion
to change mask

commuters –
old train ticket
as a bookmark

*shyness -
you could start talking
about the weather*

poem and photo: Oscar Luparia





Oscar Luparia

Irish folklore
after seven drunken nights
join in singing

hero monument
the dog doesn't give
a damn

always new headlines
a grandpa is overturning
in a Land Rover

Pitt Buerken

tail lights
the way she said
goodbye

Spring training
she shows a rookie
the *take* sign

morning dew
on the tip of my tongue
you

the time it takes
to undo buttons
lovers in stitches

William Scott Galasso

childhood home
I straighten my back
before entering

penniless
I take a world tour
on google maps

rainy days -
my english neighbour
feels like home

(In a time of crisis...)
Under the pillow
the tooth fairy leaves
a promissory note

it's not too old
for the son's first drive
dad's car

Antonietta Losito

doing my best
another addition
to the pill box

another year
she measures her hand
against mine

my strapless dress
a stumbling block
for the pastor's wife

poetry reading
the words I use
to define me

Tia Haynes

www.adaliahaiku.com

new landlords
only the apartment's rent
has changed

curb sitting --
the little girl wonders
about my welfare

Francis W. Alexander



tunnel vision
on the other side
life goes on

Anna Maris

Old photo
hollyhocks taller
than my grandmother

Arrival gate
passengers walk through
a gauntlet of stares

Bruce England

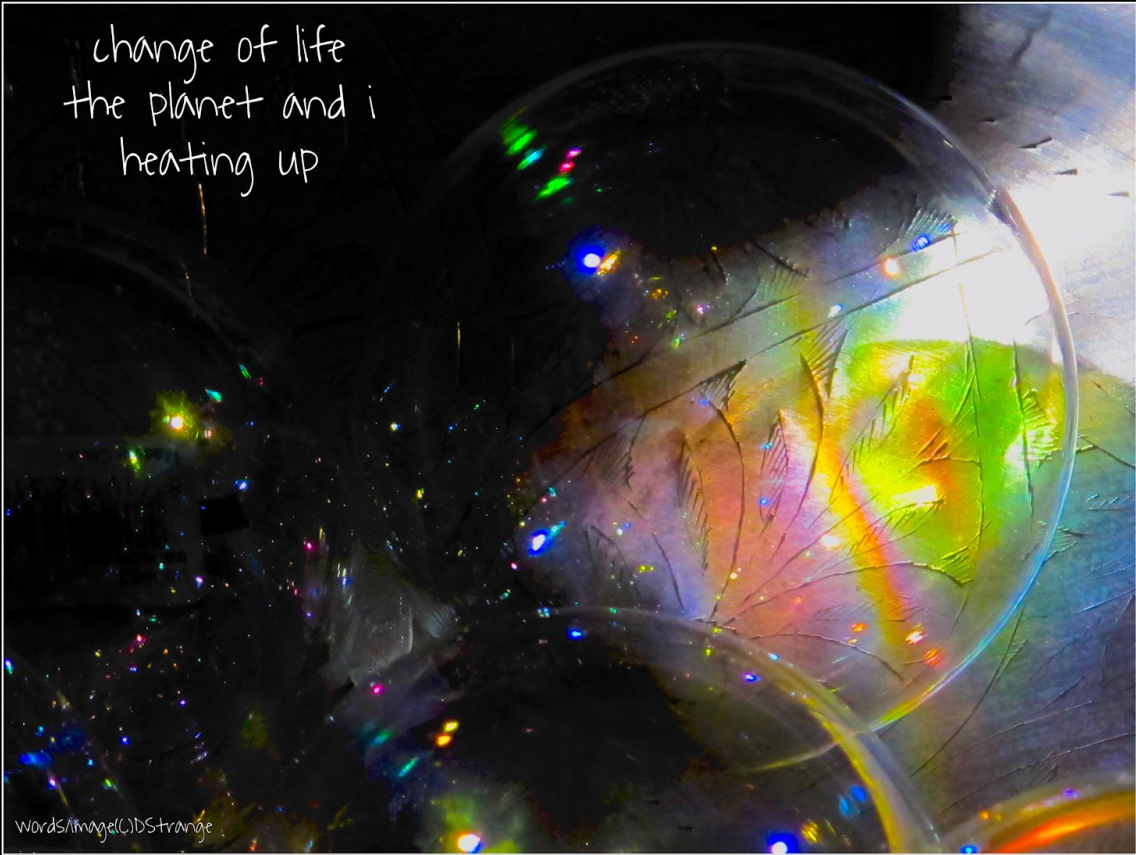
transformation
i shed myself
bit by bit



words/image(C)DStrange

change of life
the planet and i
heating up

Words/image(.)DStrange





Debbie Strange

[@Debbie Strange](#)

debbiemstrange.blogspot.com

stories we tell each other
threads
of a spider's web

a fly on the ear
I'm not alone
in my loneliness

Maria Concetta Conti

sunrise yoga
the day
stretches before us

bridesmaid dress
rejected by the
consignment shop

golfer
teed off
after the first hole

kitchen renovation
losing my appetite
for takeout

Christmas cactus
self-decorating

medical test
I'm positive
it's negative

non-prescription medicine
therapy dog

Claudette Russell

divided nation
half want chocolate chip
the other half, sorbet

Elaine Sorrentino

chopping block -
the tax axe slashes
my income

fences . . .
keeping out demons
and angels

the impact
of negative numbers -
polar vortex

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

a god's journal—
is the key to peace
scribbled in the margin

a knotty problem
untangling balls of wool
after kitty play

Marilyn Humbert

from 9:00 to 6:00
watching without looking
office romance

Marcellin Dallaire-Beaumont

alone at last
I open up
to the elevator

tree house
I come down
with a cold

what if
nothing
keeps growing

no man's land
you become a butterfly
in lank grass

Elmedin Kadric

daughter's wedding
she shows her mother
where my pills are

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

burnt out candle –
the lies we tell ourselves
before the day begins

I wanted to mourn
just a little bit longer ...
mimosa blossoms

tempranillo –
the challenging colour
of your lips

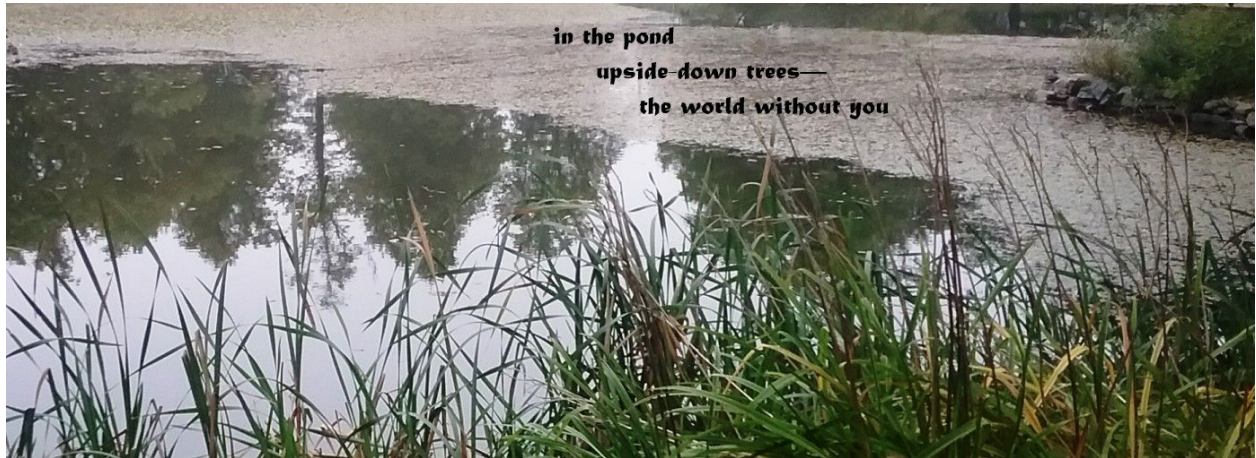
Eva Limbach

[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

clearing out Mom's house
all gifts I ever gave her
in the shed, still boxed

Dianne Moritz

in the mirror
the little girl I used to be—
picking buttercups



Elaine Wilburt

on the highway
we queue
as raptors circle

chasing our dreams of a white Christmas
snow globes
in our headlights

David Gale

teddy bears
all
orphans

poetry slam
in cemetery
- killing it

marriage nice ring to it

Roberta Beach Jacobson

<http://www.RobertaJacobson.com>

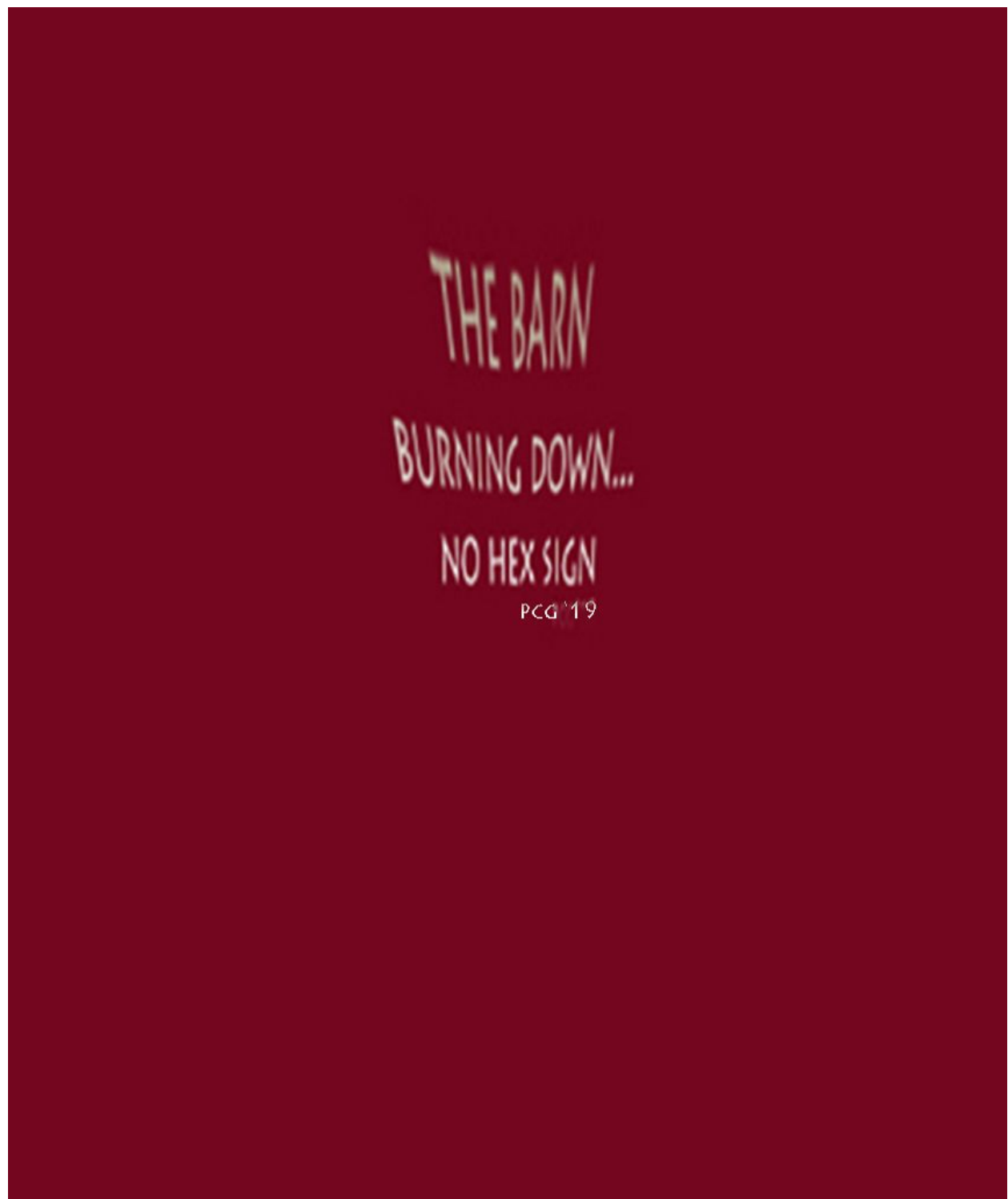
a flock of sparrows
chirp in the country yard...
chattering ladies

new
in the garden
spring rain

David He Zhuanglang

arctic wind
the migrant mum
rings home

Paul Beech



Pat Geyer

dark alley
I ask the silhouette
for a light

rainy day
children playing
in a pool of happiness

morning after painting over the craic

peace and peacability

Sitting in front of the fire, cat on my lap, both of us staring deep into its heart. A woodlouse emerges from one of the logs drying on the hearth. Without a sound, it makes its way past us, to a cooler corner. Our heads turn to follow it, slowly, synchronously. Only when the ambulating arthropod has disappeared from view do our collective consciousnesses refocus on the flames.

release
from the unattainable
burning desires

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

twilight affair . . .
we waltz to music
no one can hear

80th birthday
she paints her nails grey
her lips vermilion

fire-fighter
she wears soot
for makeup

bus journey...
writing a haiku
on my hand

making love
in the sand dunes...
spinifex grass

last stitch
of my crocheted bedspread...
the cat's claws



Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

twilight
flattens
mountains

crescent moon
breaks through the gum ~
baby's first tooth

deportation ~
the Statue of Liberty
waves goodbye

Ingrid Bruck
www.ingridbruck.com

numb fingers
I unlace new
winter boots

a ceiling fan
spins in the foil
leftover pizza

Gary Hittmeyer

crop circles
how the aliens
sign their names

supermoon
my son asks
where its cape is

an echo
of happier times
her voice on the mixed tape

Tracy Davidson
[@tracydavidson27](#)

bacon sandwiches
my vegan roommate looks
right through me

vampire novel
the stench of garlic bread
wafts into my room

Palm Sunday
the priest starts
touching me

malfunctioning laptop
I give the doctor
my diagnosis

ketchup-covered fries
news of another shooting
spreads through the diner

John McManus

the house band
easing into it
deep winter blues

sultry night
the guitarist slows down
his solo

evening snow
slowing its pace
the saxophone

eyes closed
the old blues man knows
how it goes

snow day
i slip inside
a ripe avocado

Ben Moeller-Gaa
www.benmoellergaa.com
@benmoellergaa

gold panning
the glow
of last light

graduation day
the head falls off
a rose

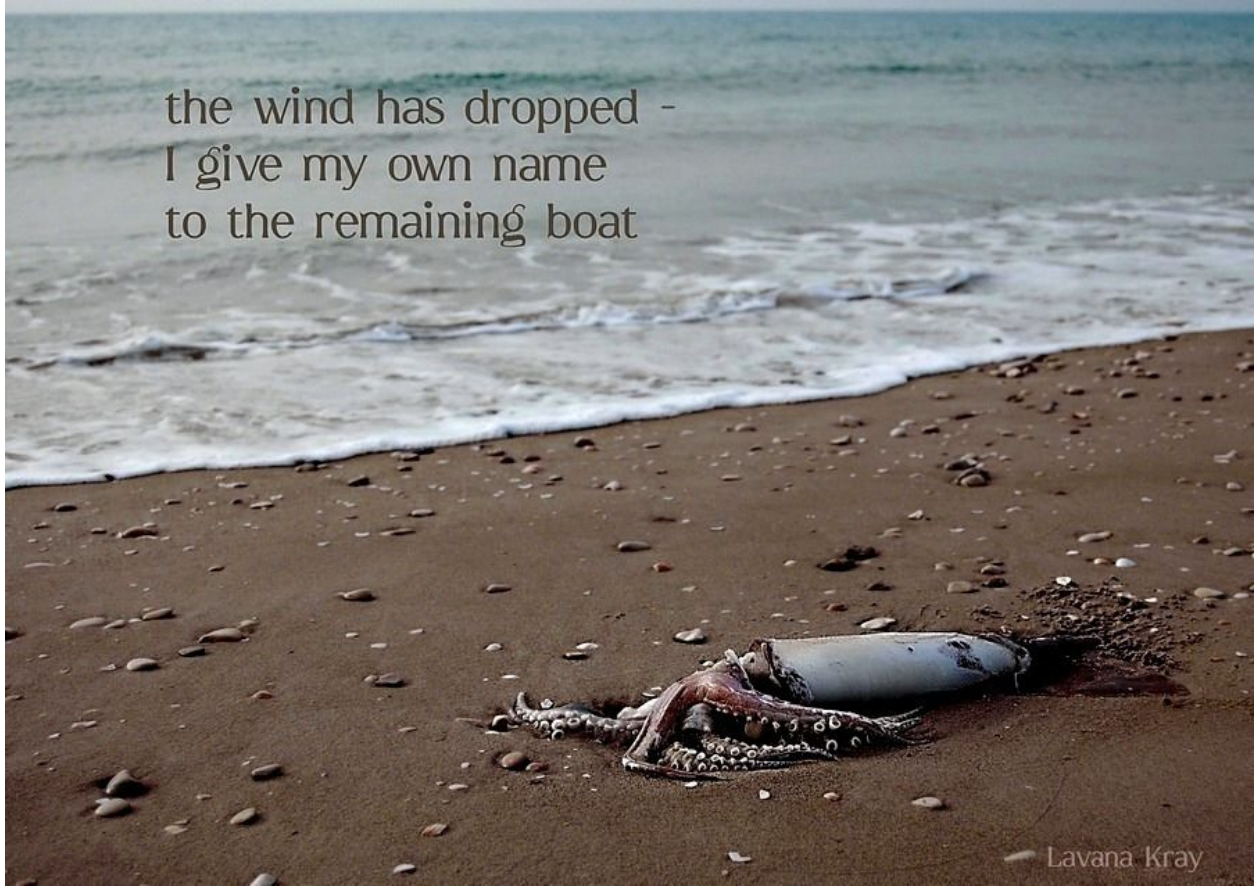
that familiar feeling
of being out of place
day moon

old men
play marbles
dementia ward

paw prints
in the sand
clothes-optional beach

Louise Hopewell
louisehopewellwriter.wordpress.com

the wind has dropped -
I give my own name
to the remaining boat



Lavana Kray

drone over the village -
the old man builds his fence
higher



Lavana Kray



strolling shoeless
before leaving home for good -
stinging nettles

Lavana Kray

Lavana Kray

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

the hourglass
much more than
a boiled egg

the beggar
in his wrinkled hand
a smooth coin

Aljoša Vuković

one earring
raindrops jeweling
the homeless

dark hour
if not the snowman
a beggar

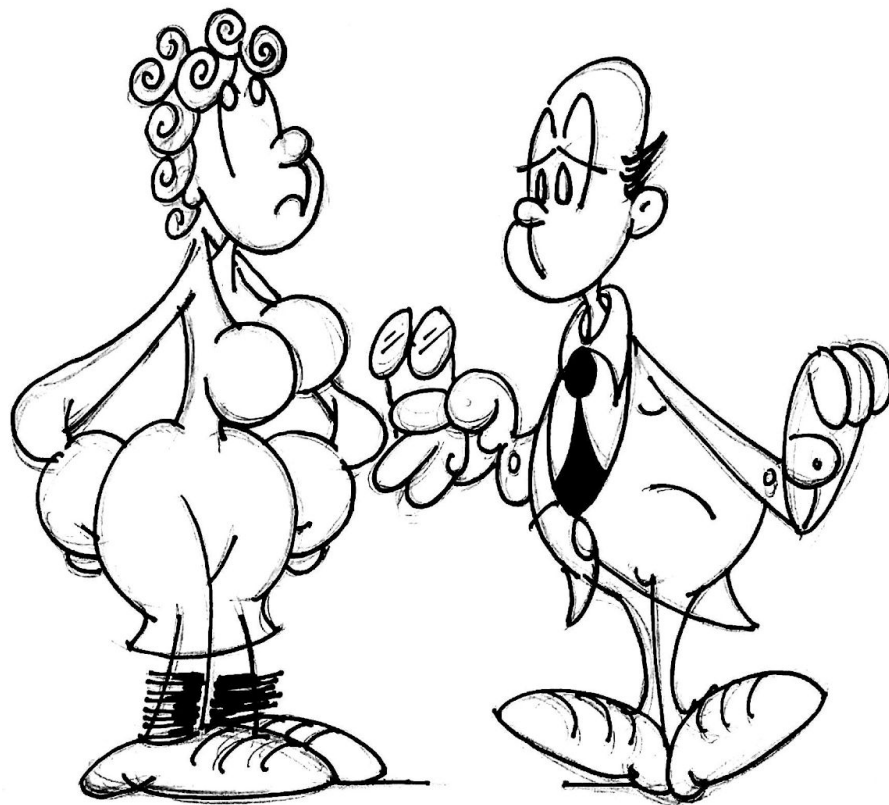
turquoise sky
I know I
am not sultan

Guliz Mutlu

HAPPY HOUR...
THAT SOBERING DISCOVERY
YOU'RE A TENNER SHORT



BEAUTY PAGEANTOOO
THE MYOPIC JUDGE STILL GROPIN'
FOR HIS GLASSES



Gautam Nadkarni

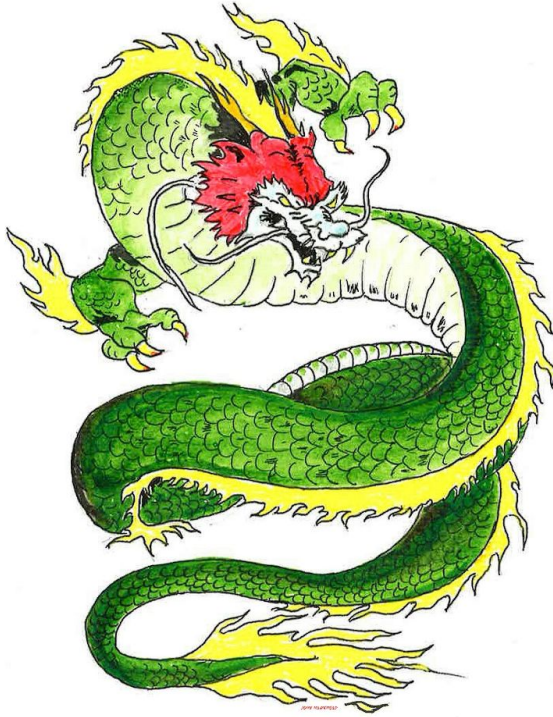
suction cup
the circle left behind
doesn't care

hidden depths
she starts to realise
I don't have any

gay abandon
the father has no idea
where his son is

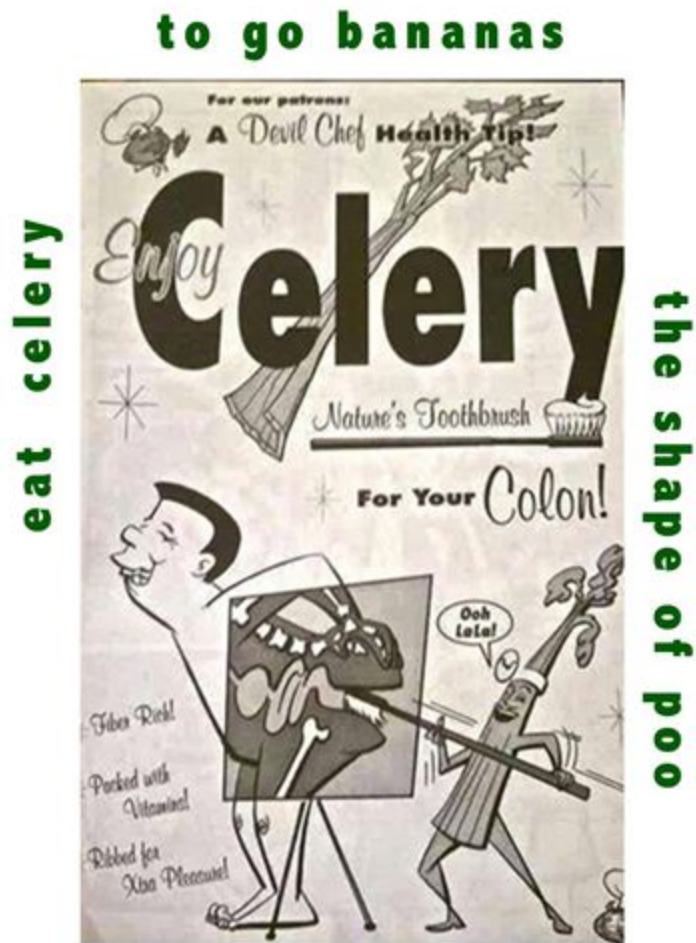
kaleidoscope eyes
recalling again
the acid trip

benefits of age
on the packed train
no one sits next to me



THE LITTLE WOMAN
HER TATTOO
BIGGER THAN MINE

John Hawkhead
[@HawkheadJohn](https://twitter.com/HawkheadJohn)



new faces
at the pharmacy counter
same prescriptions

eating croissants
with his eyes
d i a b e t e s

Claire Vogel Camargo

decluttering
he doesn't know I've recycled
his signed book

Goodwill store
my book signed for someone
worth fifty cents

the blue pill
with a giggle he says I'm
too young to know

John J. Han

his new hearing aid
I forget to speak
in a softer voice

tax preparation
the grumblings stop
when he finds a refund

after dinner coffee
with scotch, cigars and cigarettes
the talk turns to health

beach parking full
we return home
and watch Jaws

recipe contest
the winner's family
won't eat it

Adelaide Shaw

mindfulness
the crick
in my neck

the fountain plugs away
in the rain
I should be working

share price spike
the point
of a unicorn

Mark Gilbert

Bristlecone pine
the old man says
he'd like to die here

exosphere
the limits we put
on our imagination

Jay Friedenber

a slow backup into the future senior moment

all over my redacted fictional life scrambled eggs

headstrong she usually rebuts my opinions

dangerous curves slow lovemaking ahead

Ray Caligiuri

oil in a puddle–
kids jump
into rainbows

toothless grin...
toddler and the granny share
an inside joke

Kausik KSK

raising his glass
he told me he was
the buddha of rye

in the furniture store
the engaged couple look at
mattresses

Tom Blessing

bright winter sun
panhandler holds up
an empty sign

Patti Niehoff

dipping
the seagull swallows
tail first

in the mirror
my father's hairline
receding

family grave
still a piece of me
left behind

Mike Gallagher

thrift shop
a tin box filled
of dreams

way home
into conversation
with myself

refugee camp
in a paper handkerchief
her first baby tooth

peace negotiations
the children's eyes
watching the stars

Eufemia Griffo

kindling the hearth
she wonders if the neighbor
would still love his wife...

prime number me divided by me

jade cat the company of furry thoughts

Adrian Bouter

for posterity
my leather bound poetry
the toddler pukes on

my elderly aunt
updates me on every ache
winter and I bring

Bruce Jewett

winter walker
a hat, coat, gloves, scarf
gift wrapped



Terrie Jacks
[@BasketofSun](#)

house auction
the dog drags me past
nervous tensions

sibling politics
under his breath
the last word

mother's hometown
losing my identity
among the high rises

ancestral home—
in the new shopping complex
grandma's stories

Madhuri Pillai

snowmelt —
the strong pull
of forgotten memories

friends reunion
we recognized each other
through our kids

identity crisis —
she writes her name
in abbreviations

Black Friday —
every single mannequin
without clothes

the wall he paints his borderline personality

Hifsa Ashraf
[@hifsays](#)

silicone -
my wife's tits
expire today

Antonio Mangiameli

cashmere

not knowing where
my body ends
late afternoon sun

a moth flies
into a light bulb
one-sided love

no visibility
the coldness of the voice
on my GPS

we promise
to keep in touch
our lengthening shadows

Olivier Schopfer

long weekend run
finding our way back
to each other

canceled plans
our sneakers full
of rain

sun's afterimage our old song

an old friend's
new face
snow moon

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

old pond
frog jumped in
google!

near the church
white-bearded man
cleaning the snow

hammer and sickle
can you recall
your happy childhood?

multicolored sea
all you want to ask
about style

Polina Pecherskaya

overturned canoe
a young couple under
blossoming trees

secret
under throw pillows
morning-after pill

Anthony Q. Rabang
[@thonyrabang](#)

campsite rules:
don't
without authorization

cancer ward
the nurses break
for a cigarette

all alone . . .
the last
chocolate

pantomime
taking a bow
in Parliament

supermarket herbs
my urge to water
the basil

Martha Magenta

laughing
at my boss's joke
wasabi pea

strip poker
I raise you
my eyebrow

nature poem
let's go
inside

work

/life balance

Thomas Tilton

bedtime –
the long climb
into pajamas

along the tracks
graffiti brightens
things up

growing up with Cole Porter
growing old with . . .
Cole Porter

what's with a black pigeon crossing my path

Linda McCarthy Schick

old boat
rising with the tide
a daughter's smile

the way people move
under the influence
of music

jetsam

my dad asks if I'm excited as the boat idles out along the jetty, and onto the open ocean. i've been given a seat among his friends on a deep sea adventure and though I'm anxious, as usual, under his scrutiny, i can't help but imagine all the possibilities of such a day. two hours later, and still not out to the most fertile fishing areas my imagination already pales beside reality.

rolling ocean
the blues and greens
of my skin

unexpectedly, the captain slows the boat and begins to weave back and forth in wide sweeps, avoiding large groups of hammerhead sharks idling at the surface and unfazed by the over-large waves that have dampened our spirits and slowed our progress. great mats of sargassum weed teeming with life come into view and the ship's mate sets lines. before long I take my first turn in the chair and i am wholly unprepared. the brute strength of an eighty pound tuna stuns me and I'm conscious of my father's appraisal of the fight. there are few times

when i feel on even footing with him, but surprisingly, here on the
ocean, i find some traction. i wish such things could last.

sea birds
on the horizon
a cloud of ash

jetsam—
what we toss
what we keep

m. shane pruet
[@HaikuMyBrew](#)

leftover love lint in my pockets

long path to the zendo
shorter and
short
er

taking herself
for granted
black ice

death anniversary
of my sensei—
blades of iris
cut me
open

thunder—
i accept
every blow

after 20 years
an old friend calls
—somewhere
between forgiven
and forgotten

reading into what she says—raccoon tracks

Sondra J. Byrnes



awakened
by a startling revelation
I fumble
for my pen and paper
but it's already too late

michael h. lester
image from pixabay



making way
for the carpet cleaners
I discover
the missing rubber cap
I thought the dog ate

michael h. lester
image from pixabay



the constable
twirls his silver-tipped baton
looking left and right
as he saunters down the lane
whistling an old Irish refrain

michael h. lester
image from pixabay

Michael H. Lester
[@mhlester](https://twitter.com/mhlester)

all the things
she takes for granted
cicada's shrill

slow drift
of snowdrops –
father's funeral

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

light switch—
white moth
ink dark window

how she manages . . .
all those books
popsicles and crayons

why not two women
on the ticket
she says . . .
two of the same sex
has worked before

Jill Lange

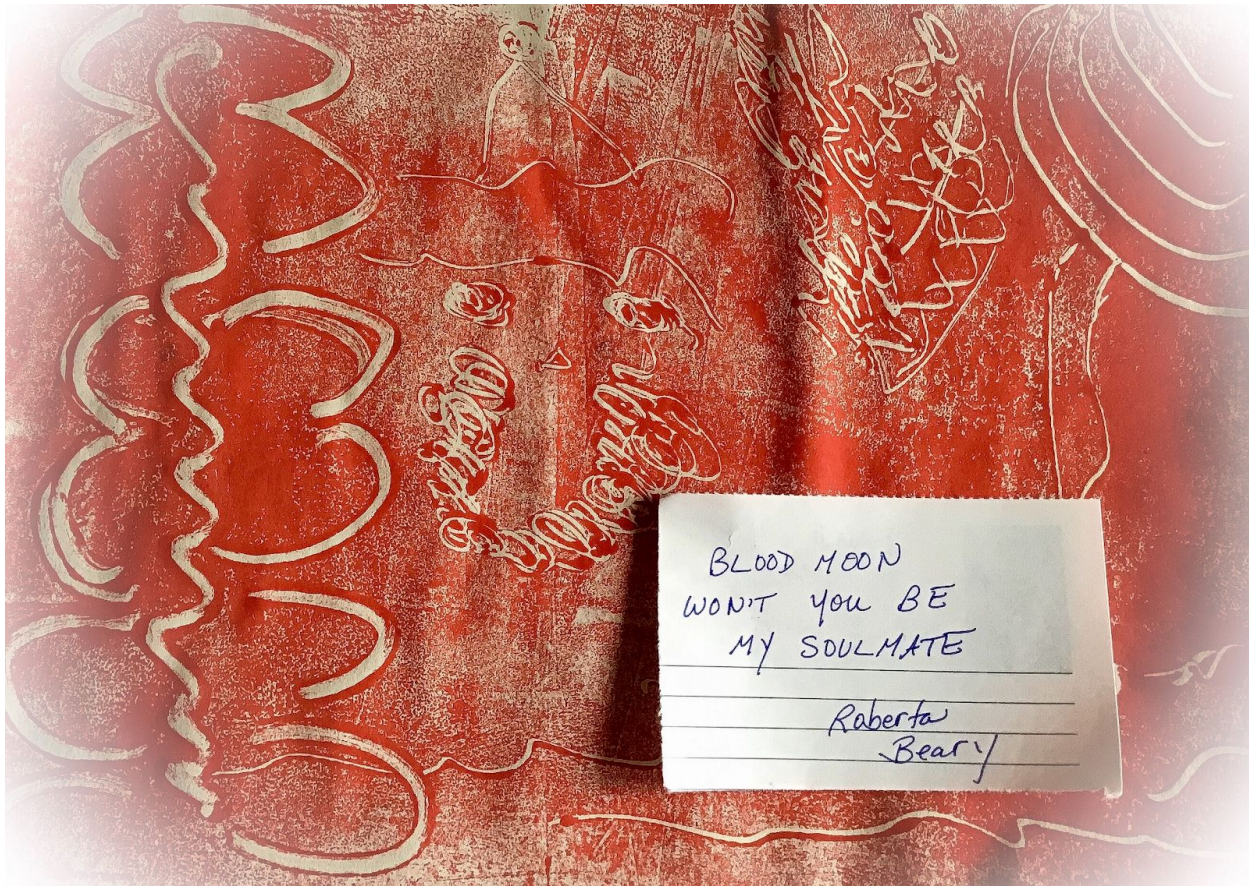
music ...
between one song and another
the rain

musica ... tra una canzone e l'altra / la pioggia

night train...
fast frames
of a silent movie

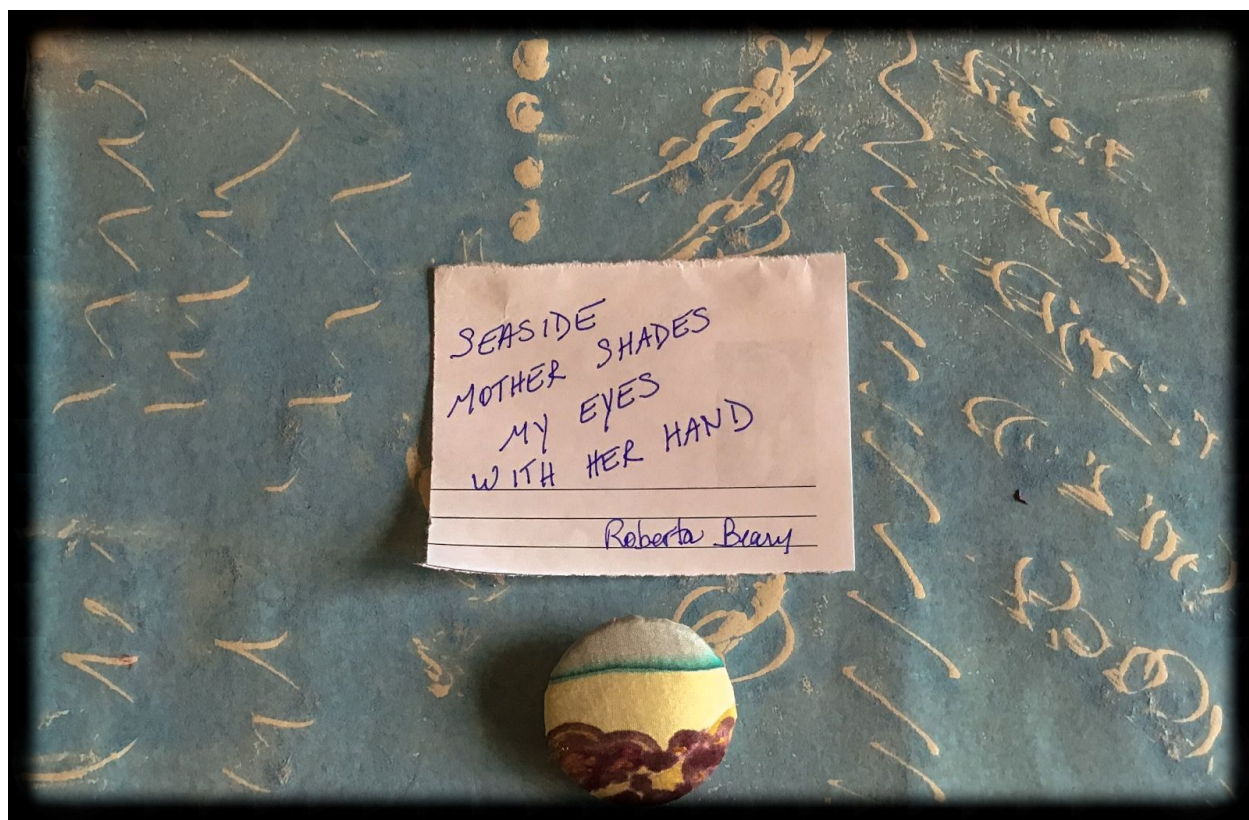
treno notturno... veloci fotogrammi / di un film muto

Lucia Cardillo



BLOOD MOON
WON'T you BE
MY SOULMATE

Raberta
Bearly



Roberta Beary

funeral pyre
cawing crows peck endlessly
on our grief

clean slate—
the pensioned off clown cannot smile
without makeup

monsoon rain each pothole a unique shape of corruption

Rashmi Vesa

crumpled balls
of poetry near the bin
in dim light
my rented room dense
with drunken silence

this quiet
morning snowfall ...
black coffee
awakens the muse
to muscle in

divorce talk
on this misty night
the "only if"
moments of truth
in our life together

heart-to-heart
her parting words remain
however or but

fake news!
the dispute among crows
on the power line

drunk walking
my shadow collides
with the cop's

Chen-ou Liu

<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>
[@ericcoliu](#) and [@storyhaikutanka](#)

spouting haiku
the gargoyle's mouth
by our front door

adopted love note
found in a library book
my bookmark

staring
at the ceiling
Daruma's nose

a moving box
labeled "sentimental
but useless"

familiar thud
of trying too hard
crow pose

Kath Abela Wilson

cicadas
why so much racket
are you endangered too?

Hansha Teki


long distance
we bid farewell
to different sunsets



E.Alford

E.Alford

* this haiku first appeared
in ephemerae 1.1



after dinner
stubbing out
what might have been

valentine's day
no reply to my happy
new year's text

after the service
rummaging through memories
like toys in a box...
how young was i, grandmother
when we last spoke?

Customer Service

At work, she wore her newly-minted smile like a Miss America
pageant crown, with a splash of charm and a sash of good humor, that
no one might mistake her for a loser.

fleece pajamas
the scent of the past
unfolds

Asocial Media

The girl had draped herself over the middle of the store's best white
loveseat couch, with a willowy blonde friend squeezed in on either
side. All three figures sat still and silent as Rodin's Thinker, but for the
myriad of fingers fluttering atop their iPhones.

Meanwhile, her trying-too-hard mother shelled out one hundred and
fifty dollars at the register for three big bags of secondhand
merchandise: heaping piles of too-cute junior clothes and designer
shoes, with only a simple blouse and pair of slacks picked out for
herself.

As I ran her card, the mother lifted a tissue from her purse to dab at her eyes, and it came away smudged with black. Shuffling the bulky bags from one hand to the other, she turned for the door, with the phone-laden trio in tow and not one finger lifted from a screen in helpful offering.

All I could do was watch them go.

filter change...
seeing my mother
in my selfie

Pillow

I light another stick of incense. I've been burning them near-constantly in an attempt to rid the room of his scent. I wonder if I was right to end things as I did: abruptly, with hardly a tear, hardly a care for how I was destroying the very fabric of his existence—like the hole I burned in these sheets desperately in need of changing.

his head
on my chest...
wondering
where he lays it
now

Elizabeth Alford

[Facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry](https://www.facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry)

grandma
eating her oatmeal
with a fork

day's end
wearing a hot nightie
from the drier

hoarder's house
a skeleton
in her closet

not asking
where you go
when I'm glad you're gone

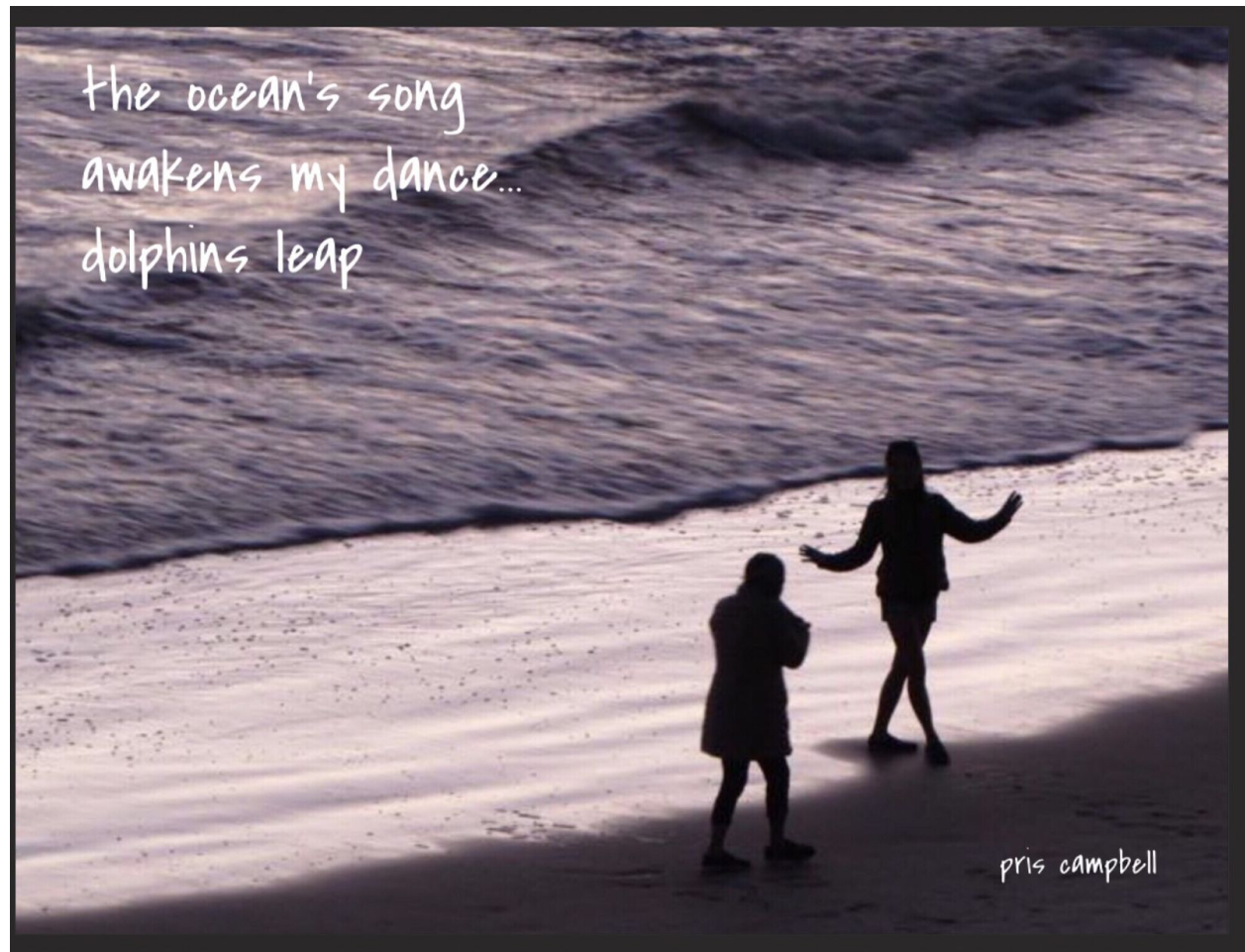
haiku discussion
a young man asks
is that all there is?

Phyllis Lee

leaning
into earth's surge -
my heart flutters

pris campbell





Pris Campbell

from where i sit

a dismembered penis and balls in permanent marker, five
for-a-good-time phone numbers, the first and last names of several
pricks and assholes and one Jesus Saves.

rest stop bathroom
mother instructs me
to flush with my foot

What would happen

if bubble wrap chose to take revenge? What if it decided to wrap itself
around people for the mere joy of feeling them pop?

UPS package
the disappointment
of styrofoam peanuts

John Hancock

The first time someone asked me to autograph my book of haiku, I was taken aback. Should I write something clever or profound? Maybe I should quote another writer or say something inspirational. I worried about my penmanship, spelling, grammar and punctuation. In the end I simply signed my name and wrote "Enjoy!"

sidewalk chalk
an open heart
to dot her i's

new bicycle
the band-aid box
empties

how closely
do I want to know myself
magnifying mirror

Terrie French

Fish-lip selfies

flooded road
the short cut
to a wrong house

casting a line into it spring thaw
teenage girls taking fish-lip selfies
hollow door filling the ear with questions
the depth of their mystery night waves

river crossing
a ghost revisits
her childhood home

**Bryan Rickert, Peter Jastermsky
and Terri L. French**

slipping off
her bra
cherry blossoms

obliged to sit in

the storm ended. and a wonderful sunset finished the day for me. as
the last clouds blew away i saw a universe or two or three appear. i
felt that my plastic adirondack chair had become the throne of the
pharaohs. and happy/sad filed my soul. everyone i had known living
and dead filed into my limitless castle. it was a jam session for my
soul. *'just one thing i ask of you when they bring the wagon round
please forget you knew my name'.*

while i label the stars...
a blues tune
carries me away

Michael Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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