failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu Volume 4, Issue 43

mike rehling

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



Haiga by Alexis Rotella

H. Gene Murtha Senryu Contest Results

Click Here

While you are enjoying the poems of the contest winners please take a minute to read Gene's own work. He was and remains one of our best!

Biding Time - Selected Poems
2001-2013
h. gene murtha

Cast List

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

Rp Verlaine Veronika Zora Novak **Robert Kingston Roger Watson** David He Rosa Maria Di Salvatore Vincenzo Adamo John Hawkhead Elizabeth Crocket Elizabeth Crocket - Mark Williams Gautam Nadkarni Warren Gossett Su Wai Hlaing **Elaine Wilburt** William Scott Galasso **Debbie Strange** Chen-ou Liu **Bruce England** Peter Jastermsky Bryan Rickert **Lucy Whitehead**

Aljoša Vuković

Irina Guliaeva

Lavana Kray

Lee Gurga

Ross Neher

Anna Cates

Olivier Schopfer

Soma Datta

Roberta Beach Jacobson

André Le Mont Wilson

Robert Kingston

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

Marilyn Humbert

Oscar Luparia

Bart Greene

Lee Felty

David Gale

Willie R. Bongcaron

Tomislav Sjekloća

Concetta Conti

Elmedin Kadric

Antonio Mangiameli

Ivan Gaćina

Claudette Russell

Carol Raisfeld

Jim Krotzman

Kala Ramesh

Julie Bloss Kelsey

Hazel Hall

Lucia Cardillo

James Chessing

Dinesh P. Chapagain

Ron Scully

Tim Murphy

Radostina Dragostinova

Michael Henry Lee

prasad bolimeru

Lew Watts

Richard Stevenson

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Martha Magenta

Ingrid Baluchi

Natalia Kuznetsova

Nicky Gutierrez

Srinivasa Rao Sabangi

Cynthia Rowe

Louise Hopewell

Nicholas Klacsanzky

John J. Dunphy

David Oates

Hifsa Ashraf

Terri L. French

John J. Han

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Eva Joan

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

Eufemia Griffo

Mike Gallagher

Matúš Nižňanský

Munia Khan

Helen Buckingham

Lori A Minor

Ezio Infantino

Linda McCarthy Schick

Mark Gilbert

Adrian Bouter

Terrie Jacks

George Schaefer

Guliz Mutlu

Adelaide Shaw

Bill Gottlieb

Robert Witmer

Dan Campbell

Mary Kendall

Joshua Wilburt

Bruce Jewett

Ed Bremson

Ingrid Bruck

Christina Chin

Jenny Fraser Kevin Valentine Sondra J. Byrnes Elizabeth Alford for the last time my shaky hand shaves father

small earthquake the origami cranes finally move

Rp Verlaine

will I fall from grace with you? last cherry blossom

raven's caw the winding river moans

giving its fragrance to the night white lilac

Veronika Zora Novak



Robert Kingston

reunion dinner just that moment of hesitation

inflated ideas a Good Luck balloon floats past

offering me her seat the young woman pats me on the shoulder

Roger Watson

summer sun a child's tongue catches the willow drop

morning fog the rusted bell we all hear

David He

family reunion... grandpa always tells us the same things

grandma's old house... only yellow leaves in the garden

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

my grandmother gives me advice i help her to climb the stairs

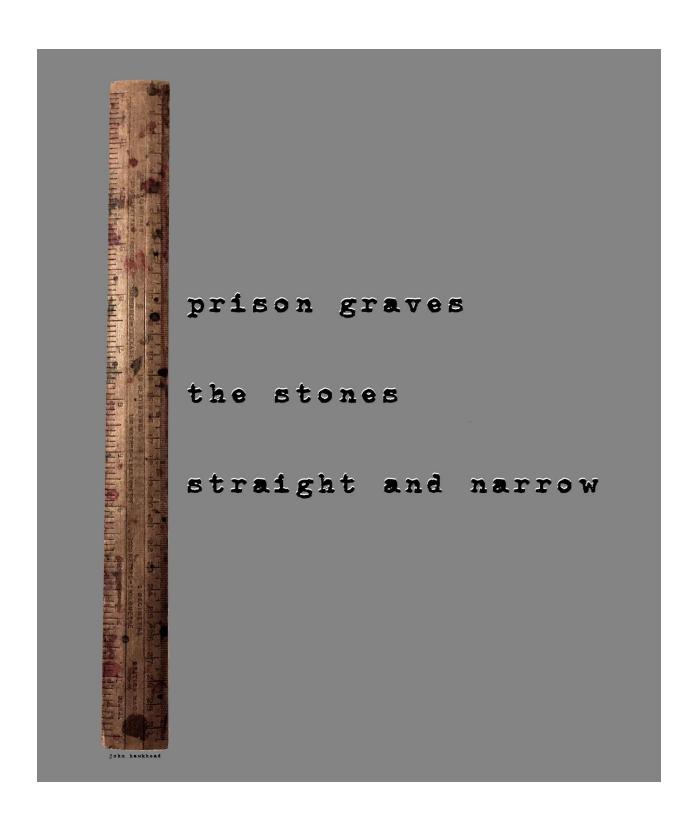
Vincenzo Adamo

fixing the hinge I miss the squeak

bottle top glasses drunk enough to find me attractive

spring dawn buds of new growth through his earwax

blind date my conversation bumps into her



John Hawkhead



Elizabeth Crocket



Elizabeth Crocket - Poem Mark William - Photo

Weekly Horror-scope

Gemini:

Things could be stormy this week. Be particularly careful your wife doesn't catch you talking to your girlfriend on the cell phone. Wives are touchy about such things. Yes, it's ridiculous but there it is.

You will also come into a fortune in the next seven days. The fifty bucks your friend borrowed ages ago might be forthcoming. If you can persuade your buddy into coughing it up, that is. Just don't overdo the torture.

Expenses may be high this week. Your teenaged daughter may finally succeed in her emotional blackmail and get you to buy her that iPhone X she has been hankering for. But for heaven's sake don't give her a free hand when she's shopping online. You might spend a lifetime paying off her dues.

Romance is in the air too. However, take it easy when meeting your neighbour's wife clandestinely. Especially if the said neighbour has a pitchfork handy while you're passing by. Fellows are unreasonably sensitive about their spouses' love lives. They hate to be excluded.

Apart from that you have a great week to look forward to. Keep your chin up and head high. Even if you happen to be swathed in bandages. Which is a nice way to wrap up the week.

online store--weeping into his pillow
the kleptomaniac

Springing To It

One day in September Sis got it into her head that my room needed tidy ing and I was not to be depended on. And with a flurry of trumpets she invaded my privacy. I objected, of course. A boy's room is his castle. But she fed my plaints into the shredder. And rolling up her sleeves got right down to it.

She started on my closet and I let out a groan. Several groans, in fact. She pulled out an old sweater with more holes than you could reasonably expect in a wedge of Swiss cheese. My protests that it had sentimental value for me were fed into the same shredding machine mentioned above and the eyesore found pride of place in the garbage bin.

Then she discovered a pencil stub and all my elaborate explanations that it had won me the first place in a short story competition in the second grade were as grist before her mill. It was bunged into the bin. She went on like a cloud of locusts ravaging the fields until my cupboard was as bare as that of the legendary Mother Hubbard.

"There!" she said, stepping back to view her handiwork.

But there was still a gleam in her eyes that made me intensely grateful that the trash bin in question was much too small to hold me.

Spring cleaning in autumn. Sheesh!

Swiss cheese--the old lady refuses to pay
for the holes

(40(54)(500-EUEBYBO) 4 600KS BT ME WHEH I BELCH





Gautam Nadkarni

first love the skipped stone sank rapidly

cleaning her headstone finally I've become the considerate son

scattered garbage a stray dog gnawing the same bone I did

drift of cattail fluff
... the frequent
daydreamer in me

second day of rain my dog and I nuzzle the glass door

wild asparagus chuckling at my youthful indiscretions

Warren Gossett

blazing heat a frog's skeleton still heading towards the grass

siblings time the kids in us reborn again

Su Wai Hlaing

https://suwaihlainghaiku.blogspot.com/

pizza night the feel of stretching and resistance

Times Square gridlock— Sinatra blaring, "...I want to be a part ..."

knowing he now has someone else to talk to— Father's Day

fairy-tale knight in shining armor a bullfrog

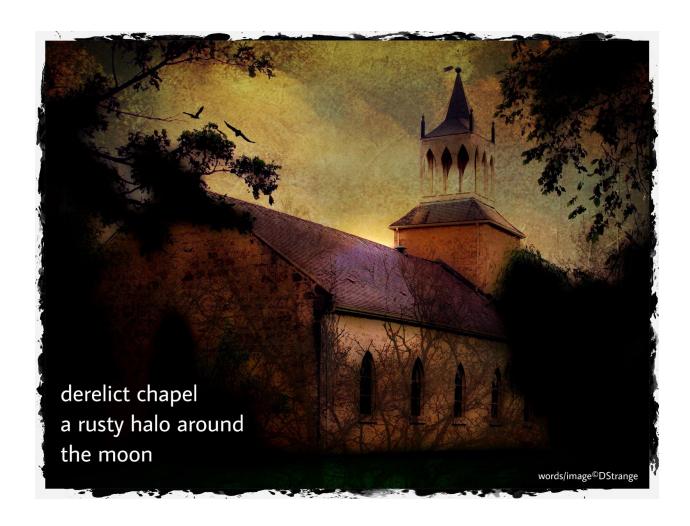
Elaine Wilburt

state of the nation spray painted in black and white

tampons in the medicine cabinet she stays late

a word
I rarely apply to women
in *this* case fits

William Scott Galasso





Debbie Strange
debbiestrange.blogspot.com
@Debbie Strange

seashore attraction a homeless man's cup full of sand dollars

attic letters the musty smell of her love

snow crystals on the hospital window ... I listen to her colorful words of undying love

Chen-ou Liu

Poetry in the Moment

Tweeter: @ericcoliu and @storyhaikutanka

Dad is dying we sit in his kitchen eating breakfast

She put thumb to thumb and index to index and I nodded, yes

Ah, the seventies, photo of nude roommates on her mantle

Bruce England

leaping lizard my foot comes down too late

a pretty girl's phone number the last two digits smudged

ragged arroyo the first flood carving a home

after all these years the beauty of a scar

never a break in marriage unless it is to our spirits

words we don't say raked into the lawn

Peter Jastermsky Bryan Rickert gluten free pancakes this thin winter rain

parental divorce a glass butterfly shatters

custody battle a family of snowmen with sad eyes

the way we tell stories together crazy paving

coffee morning a woman pours out her life story

Lucy Whitehead @blueirispoetry

next to
a ruinous wall
an electronic city map

after the fire the fireman signs the scrapbook

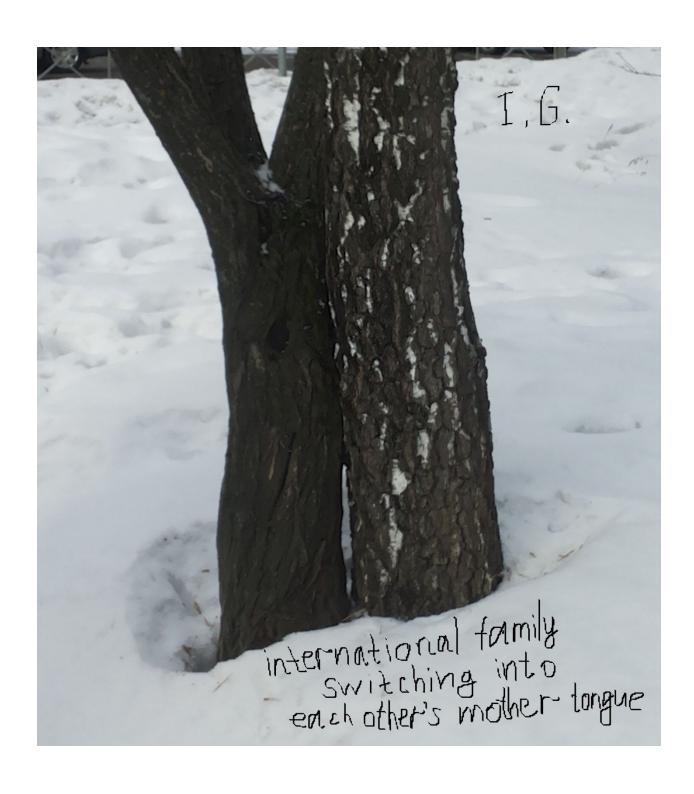
Aljoša Vuković

a builder-to-be a star-to-be kids in the refugee camp

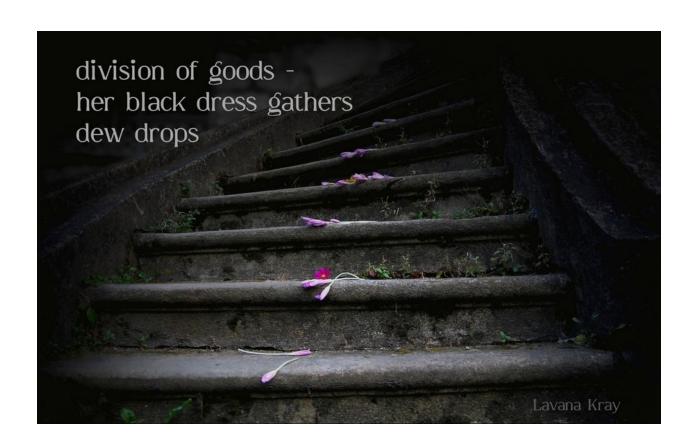
the weather forecast ice-cream man opens Tolstoy

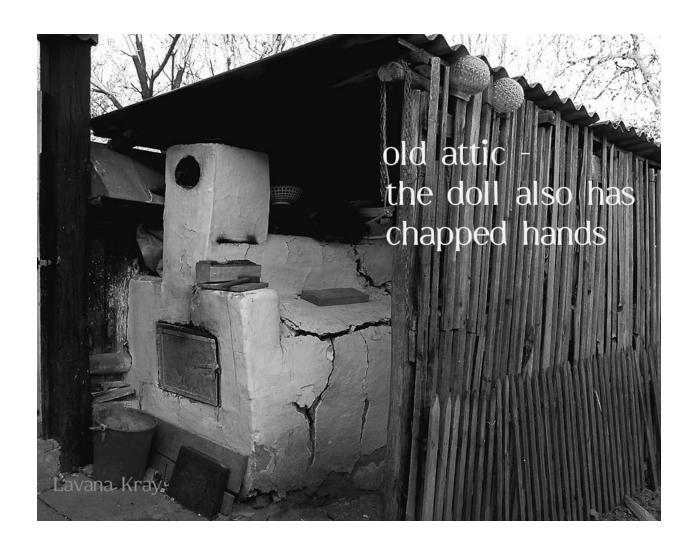
evening chill trying on surnames of single colleagues

kneeling in front of the cross sudden thought about my trousers



Irina Guliaeva





Lavana Kray

https://photohaikuforyou.blogspot.com/

religious right two parts whiskey one part wine your hand cold on my peccadillo

Lee Gurga

juniper a planet in my martini

water chestnuts on the radio works by Handel

summer thunder in the outhouse an empty roll

Ross Neher

rest home a plastic hula girl busy on the sill

Anna Cates

the false image of who I really am veiled moon

you know I know magnifying glass

the pleasure
of getting in the mail
something
other than bills
overseas postcard
(for Elizabeth Crocket)

our secret brought to light fallen leaves

watching for bugs World Naked Gardening Day

Olivier Schopfer

Added spice and now too hot for the man who promised to love me.

Soma Datta
osamaxdatta (Twitter)
osamaxdatta (Instagram)

rope swing more rope than swing\

if an emperor has no clothes does he get a clothing budget

airport mimes collide at gate seven

funnel cloud nearing
- he grabs his harmonica
and climbs a tree

shooting stars at the O.K. Corral

Roberta Beach Jacobson

dragonfly hovers over nude sunbather surveillance drone

André Le Mont Wilson

<u>@awilsonwriter</u>

courting days remembering her cheeks on the handle bars

old timer battling through poor connections For Mike

open season pulling a hook out of her dress

beer garden she sips away the laughter

Robert Kingston

fishing all day the first fish appears and disappears

midnight the television i watch watches me at last

ctrl+alt+del the virus-infected PC opens another tab

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

drought breaking rain grandma's toes tap the tempo

movie night teeth glued together chewing toffees

Marilyn Humbert

blowing dandelions... my blood tests without asterisks

siesta on the lawn... daisies we all our future



Oscar Luparia

master mortician's latest cosmetic triumph is drop dead gorgeous

new release for kids illustrated grammar book Horton Hears a Whom

haiku, line one, in iambic pentameter: to be or not to

Bart Greene

writing senryu
a brief chat
with an old friend

maple syrup we stick with brunch

on the nightshift taking a break fast

listening to Simon & Garfunkel where does the thyme go

Lee Felty

my weekend and wherever I choose to garden the scolding blackbird

late storm on the toe of my boot cherry blossom

old dog in my arms
his legs motioning
the countdown to bedtime

David Gale

the before of an after tumbleweeds

selfie shot... I pick a labrador for adoption

rising tide -a beer can rides the waves

her not so obvious yes... sea turtle

Willie R. Bongcaron

first date she is perfect butterfly effect

decorating home
I open door catalogue
in a new window

Tomislav Sjekloća

boundary walls the smell of potatoes from the bars

changing school his mother's last year

Concetta Conti

All Soul's Day-one more dog to her name

faraway stars post-millennials on smartphones

Elmedin Kadric

dark on the sidewalk the fireflies *

*in the Italian language "fireflies" also can mean "lady of the evening".

Antonio Mangiameli

scattered stars . . . a vagrant searches for the road to Rome

web portal . . . a kid in the labyrinth of a virtual world

Ivan Gaćina

DNA test another lie my mother told me

her winning poem---trying to find
a flaw

last day of chemo my oncologist tells me she has breast cancer

awards dinner please let someone else be the gracious loser

wiggle room not in that dress she's wearing

breast exam the doctor examines the same spot twice

Claudette Russell

breaking news velcro accused of being a rip off

by the fire the cat curled on top Of Mice and Men

science news a flea has been created from scratch

screen door ajar the parakeet on her shoulder then not

"tie one on!" grand opening at the bikini shop

STREETWISE

On the way home today I find myself entertained. Passing the bus stop, I notice an ample empty wire trash basket squatting in a dignified way...a little apart from the other four. She has the manner of trying to appear important, even elegant. Her criss-cross sides snare the sunlight. There the five of them stand. They must be gossiping. Perhaps discussing the ruined umbrella...her snapped handle and tattered black skirt pulled inside-out over her face, lying disgracefully in the gutter...wondering where she was the night before.

corner cafe a squirrel works an apple back up the tree

Carol Raisfeld

<u>@carolred</u>

rail accident the engineer's empty shoes

mastectomy reconstruction the breasts she always wanted

maple casket the helicopter ride down

Jim Krotzman

insomnia one pain wakes up the other

meeting after years she believes I'm dying to know her story

Kala Ramesh

despite the clouds I still believe ... rose moon

in foreclosure the dream house we didn't buy

dust storm —
I ask the waitress
for more water

on the counter steeping in my tea a dead moth

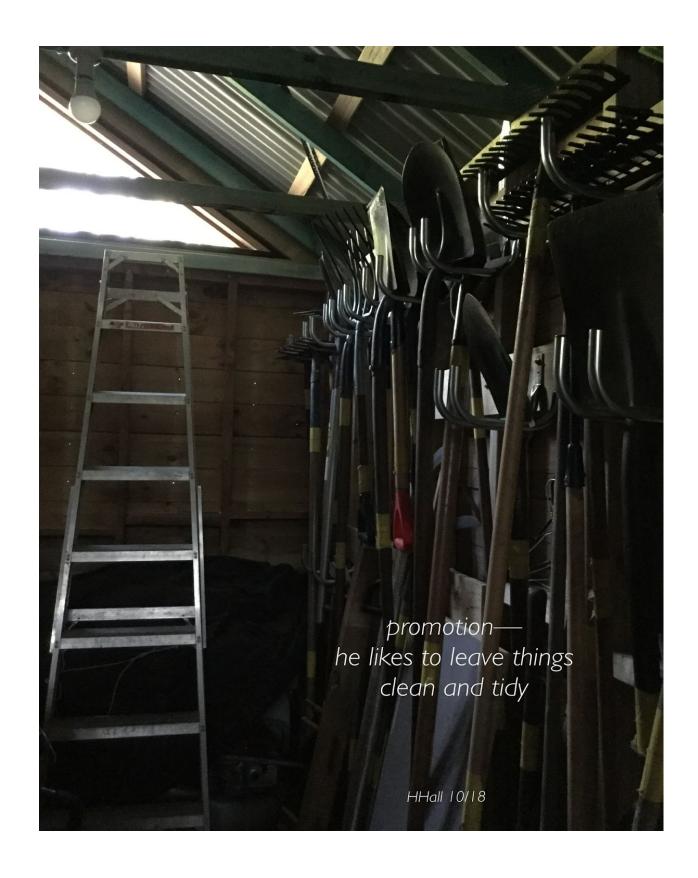
our family photo — four smiles and a smirk

climate march my daughter sips a melting snow cone

Julie Bloss Kelsey
<u>@MamaJoules</u>

school picnic a trickle of gin in the lemon squash

one bed flat a hole in her sheets where his promise slipped



Hazel Hall

dinner guests ... in the mirror I test my best smile

ospiti a cena ... allo specchio preparo / il miglior sorriso

faded flowers ... you never come back from the suffering

fiori appassiti ... dal dolore non si può / tornare indietro

Lucia Cardillo

Lily of the Nile the high school graduate bursting at the seams

coming out from behind the computer mayfly

He died for love tarantula

tenth birthday I'm as tall as the weeds!

how fleas write senryu

the old guy
with the sky ball servehe chugs your beer
and kisses your girl
before it comes down

the editor describes an ax without an edge

dumped by his girlfriend the math whiz ponders the square root of two

James Chessing

summer night at her house roof I slept with moon

Dinesh P. Chapagain www.dineshchapagain.com.np

night ice fishing single malt candlelight kindles the bobhouse

Ron Scully

overcrowded subway staying on the journey within

windy harbor
I use a trash can
meant for needles

Tim Murphy

endless corn fields the pain you left

night ocean the home I have never had

strawberry moon the way she says No

Radostina Dragostinova

Samsara

Funny, i never have experienced a sense of any former selves; perhaps an affinity for certain cultures, possibly even specific periods in history and most notably, numerous species other than my own.

vanishing point

only so far as

the crow flies

Michael Henry Lee

once and again season changes i crucify and i resurrect the gypsy in me.

prasad bolimeru

hospice flowers no matter what there is still life

flicking a towel at blackflies... what I should have done

neap tide just when I thought she'd open up

google maps... Siri seems confused by shit creek

Stuff I've been eating

after Nick Hornby

Food Bought (all organic):

- avocados (x5)
- pack of baby arugula salad (x1, large)
- watermelon (x1)
- line-caught tuna in water (x4)
- 2.5lbs of white quinoa
- sweet potatoes (x6)
- plain low-fat yogurt (Greek) (x4)
- a dozen large cage-free pasture-raised multi-colored eggs

Food Consumed:

- two loaves of sliced white potato bread
- three packs of frozen breaded fish sticks
- one tub of I can't believe it's not Butter!
- one jar of blue cheese stuffed olives
- three lemons
- two large packs of BBQ flavored, crinkle cut chips
- one can of giant, salted peanuts

gone to her mother's... another lemon pit misses the ashtray

Note:

The Believer literary magazine publishes a regular feature by the novelist, Nick Hornby, entitled "Stuff I've Been Reading," in which he lists books bought versus those actually read (and then reviewed). A collection of his SIBR essays was published in book form in 2013.

Succulents

Thickened and fleshy, they are generally undemanding of water, with an impervious skin that can appear waxy when not covered in hairs. Most thrive indoors and will come back each year.

the bitter sap from a pinched leaf second cousins

Lew Watts

... umbrellas to beds? try juxtaposing Mercedes to mud huts

Ramadan – students get up to spit from the windows

shit flies during Harmattan don't be downwind.

Richard Stevenson

fundraiser raffle a coffee can fills with dreams

an 80's party conversations about walkers and canes

share and share alike the IRS and my spouse divide my paycheck

meditation a bow to the cherry blossoms

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

olive trees we run out of small talk

Russian doll the pig in the boy in the man

reject shop my reflection snubs me

a pot to piss in the Blenheim Palace golden toilet

Martha Magenta

https://marthamagenta.com/

rain-soaked windshield the Folies Bergère of city lights

sheets of newsprint sweep across the street wasted words

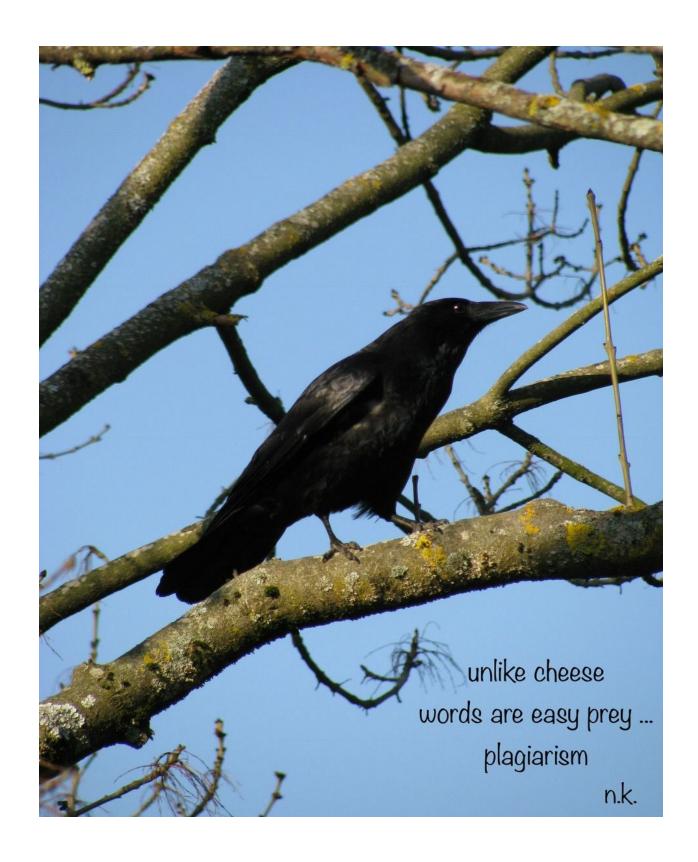
blackbird – Grandpa homes in on a backpacker's ringtone

the weight of homelessness -- sodden cardboard

Ingrid Baluchi

heatwave my ice cream becomes just a name





Natalia Kuznetsova

Origami— I fold absolutely nothing

Nicky Gutierrez

rejecting old cloths the beggar checks if I have older ones

x-ray report she says I have nothing to see

freedom walk a bunch of stray dogs run ahead

my in-laws' house she is asked to feel at home

Srinivasa Rao Sabangi

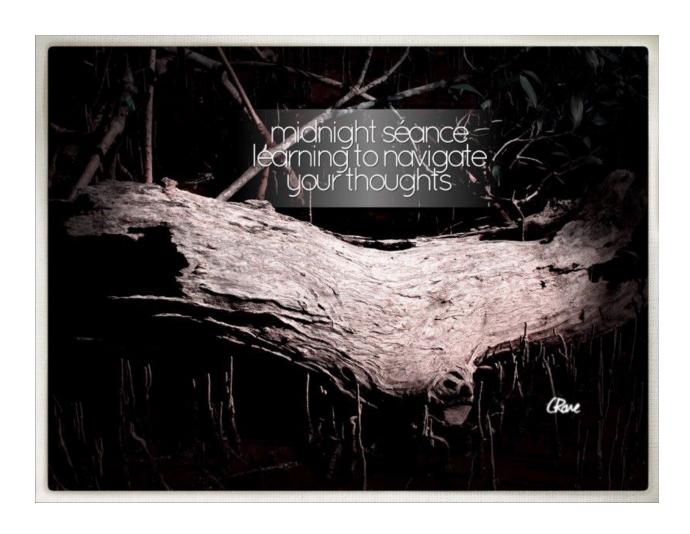
weight loss program a clashing of bones in bed

August proposal a possum jitterbugs on our hot tin roof

I tread carefully over my ancestor's bones — Paris catacombs

toddler's first steps empty slots in the knife-block

mobile pocket call — suddenly reconnecting with my ex





Cynthia Rowe www.cynthiarowe.com.au

last page in my travel diary jet lag

public restroom a long line of sandbags

Louise Hopewell

https://louisehopewellwriter.wordpress.com/

writer's block the muddled intercom of a subway

voting day I choose frosted flakes

chess binge the computer offers a draw

Nicholas Klacsanzky

D-Day anniversary elderly man pours a shot over a potter's field grave

hospice in dad's darkened room a firefly

January 2 stumbling out the door our last New Year's Eve guest

groundbreaking ceremony the mayor's shovel unearths a bone

John J. Dunphy

"Me, Too" era old man reconsiders a compliment

modern grief the widow still texts him

zoological park over the urinal a film on toads

zoological park over the urinal a film on toads

David Oates

<u>@witnwords1</u> <u>davidoatesathensga.com</u>

World Refugee Day

weathered wall a refugee scribbles his name on ivy traces

refugee camp a toddler fills the bottle with raindrops

star gazing a refugee child confides his fears to the polar bear

ebb tide a refugee child collects the empty shells

fallen leaves a refugee child bury them in the wet soil

she texted back Y me after his XX
breakup at the end of the street zero gravity
across the road shadows calling me names

Hifsa Ashraf

broken promises
I'll love you to the moon
and half way back

remembering the disco beat MRI

new mattress the same old nightmare reconfiguring

old hippie chick letting the forsythia grow ungroomed

retirement thinking it's too late for a puppy

reckless driver his bumper sticker reads Right to Life self-storage unit boxes full of bits of me

through thin walls my neighbor's parrot calls me a bitch

Terri L. French

his first book the title printed upside down

fighting among themselves the fans of a losing team

no knock on them, he says before he knocks them

fragrance body spray proof that the human body is not fragrant

John J. Han

temple bell the joke we made about the clapper

morning haze... tripping over a wet condom

village dump the pigs follow me to pour my garbage

Adjei Agyei-Baah

melancholy falls deep between the gaps of my thoughts

a rainbow above silent gravestones final farewell

Eva Joan

winter gust singing 'Yesterday' to my ex

shooting star the homeless man says 'amen'

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

after chemotherapy in the hospital room his sweet smile

mantra meditation my thoughts lost among my thoughts

love knots my mother's hands intertwined to mine

Eufemia Griffo

https://ilfiumescorreancora.wordpress.com/

https://eueufemia.wordpress.com/

behind the hearse we cough our way to the graveyard

reading Ulysses page number after page number

prisoner of war rescued rib by rib

cemetery watering dead flowers soft rain

Mike Gallagher

funeral day stepped on my son's favourite matchbox

late night jazz – even the mosquito bites gently

Matúš Nižňanský

auto correction – while giggling she typed *Googling*

Munia Khan

antiques fair scared to sit or stand still

fewer papers to swat fewer flies

huntin' shootin' overfishin'

surf ace

Helen Buckingham

right swiping my vCard

revolving door I come out to mom

first vibrator he shows me where to put the batteries





Lori A Minor
(She/Her)
@femkupoetry
loriaminor.wixsite.com/poet

under the moon a cat's slow steps fresh cement

sotto la luna i passi lenti di un gatto cemento fresco

Ezio Infantino

spring news – our daughter's pink hair

somewhere sometime someone . . . else

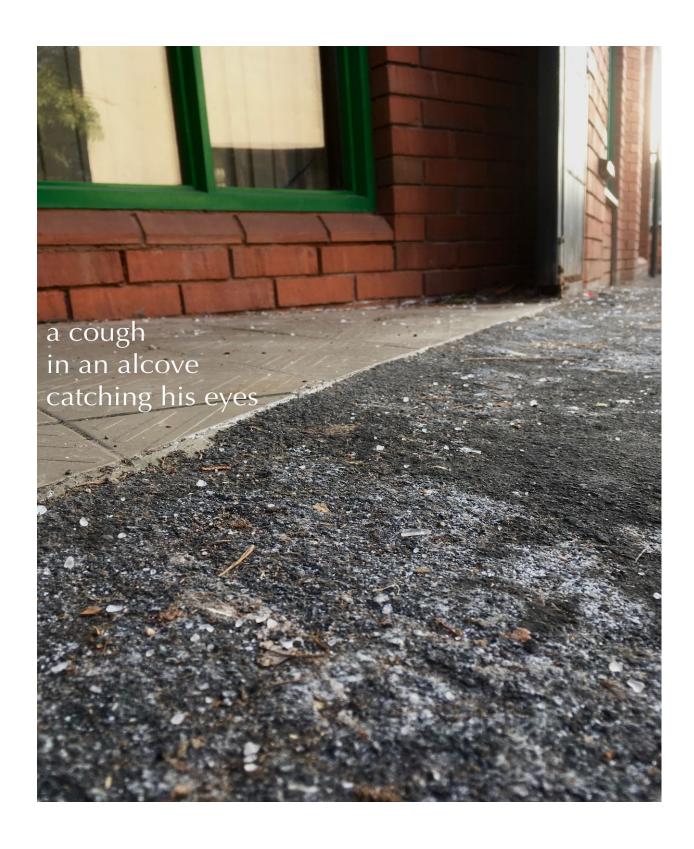
down memory lane some foggy lowlands

Linda McCarthy Schick

CLUNK CLUNK LUCKily
I always wake up
on the same stretch

drive-thru window he looks me in the eye talking to his ear

in German then English the pilot gives us first the good news



Mark Gilbert

early summer death the thinnest word

wisteria what's in a whisper

two soles side by side they travel

black mountain rag a snail's tentacles

I will always love ku a girl named Whitney

Adrian Bouter

two convertibles one expensive one paid for

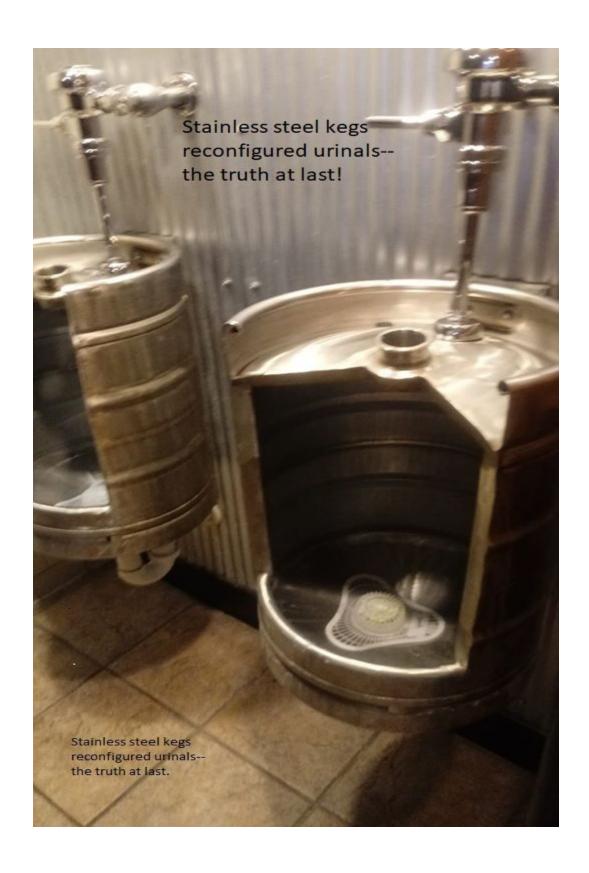
spring rains riverbanks flood my nose overflows

trip essentials packed everything including senior moments

Terrie Jacks

An honest mirror doesn't make a very good friend

Honduran restaurant on Spring Garden—the caravan got through.



George Schaefer

autumn leaves the refugee's hands red with henna

mom's cataracts white heliotropes on the towels

fireflies a bit of ourselves

Guliz Mutlu

@datrosamel





Adelaide Shaw

crying on the front steps my outer child

her memorial... the woman in the moon

he asks me if I think he's ugly... dandelion salad

Bill Gottlieb

teeter-totter balancing my second childhood

moon viewing waiting for a cloud to pass the bottle

self-reflection coming down from a high window cleaner

apostrophizing the evening sky new moon

retirement new wrinkles in my suntan

apostrophizing the evening sky new moon retirement new wrinkles in my suntan

Robert Witmer

Tombstones hear more confessions than priests

Some nights the stars are dim

Summer rain turns barn roofs into xylophones

Even at 63 I still get high climbing trees

My Salvadoran wife's first English word was MasterCard

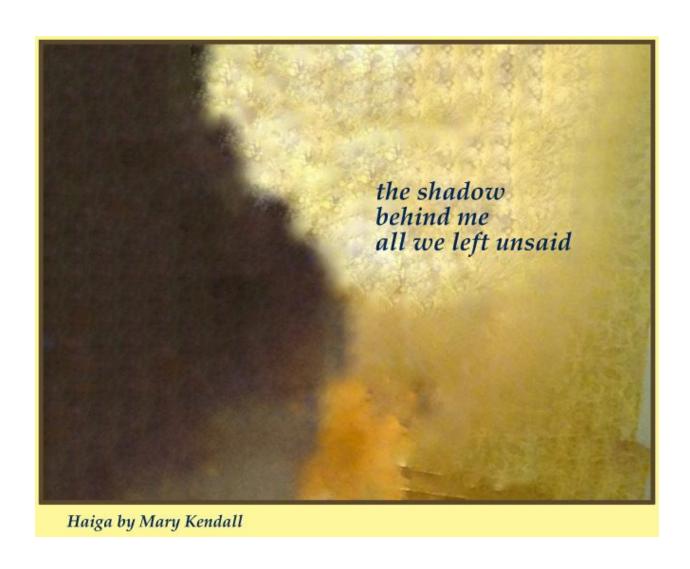
I sip melancholy like fine wine

Dan Campbell

https://dancampbell2019.wordpress.com/

abandoned nest four blue eggs but no answers

vagrant fog a distant train slows the night



Mary Kendall

big sisters everything they know... fish with a silver coin in its mouth

Joshua Wilburt

teaching my toddler how to skip commercials essential life skill

Bruce Jewett

for children and poets the rules for capturing fireflies

juke joint... the bartender whistling Bach

Ed Bremson

playing leaves like piano keys~ a downpour

Ingrid Bruck

vegan monk his koi gulps passing tadpoles

chinese buttons the child tugs a spring sweater

Christina Chin

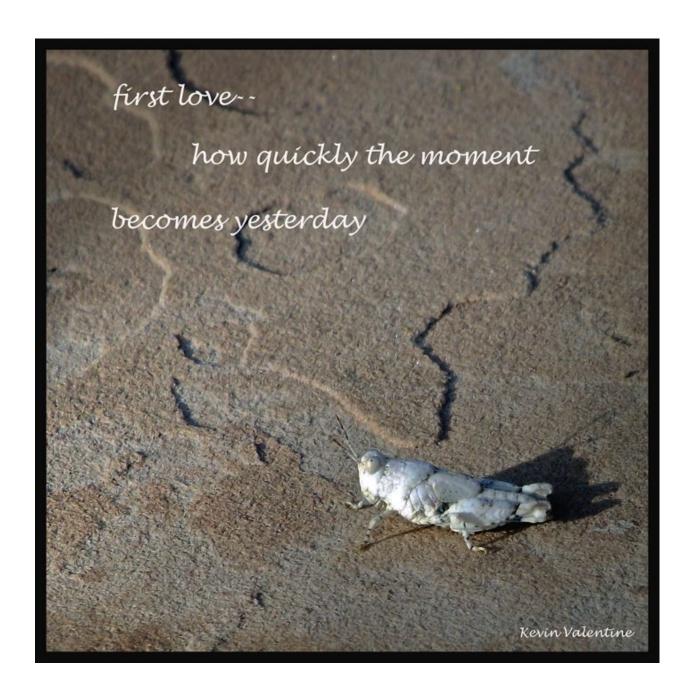
Chantilly lace the barista does it again

feeling on edge I watch the chef crack eggs

Jenny Fraser

reunion tonight's wine spiked with moonlight

red eye the flight attendant flirts with my alter ego



Kevin Valentine

another birthday the orchid sends out a new shoot

oceanside until the dishwasher stops

far too nice to be trustworthy wild asters

spring reconnaissance my hollyhocks moved down the street

elms all of us tilting away from each other

Sondra J. Byrnes oscillation

the rhythm in a tissue box old mix tape

tying the knot with lip service last voicemail

stumbling in its path tumbleweed

new job in spite of myself firecracker E.Alford

Stranger in the Supermarket

Your hair was pink then. Not hot pink, like the neon eyeshadow my best friend gave me last week. We'll go out, she'd said, and hit up a club. You'll be the hottest one there. Come on, think of the chicks! You could have anyone you want, you know... but you gotta look the part!

Like part of what? She didn't have to answer.

No, your hair was soft pink—spun sugar at a theme park, carnation corsages at prom, or even one of those can't-get-the-taste-out-of-your-mouth conversation hearts we dispense at Valentine's because we are so inept at expressing ourselves except with candy.

So pink that I could see nothing *but* its pinkness, think of nothing more than the thousand clichéd images *pink* called to mind. Rose petals on a freshly-made bed. Flickering candles scented with freesia. Satin panties picked out together. Hers & Hers towels. Pastel walls in a baby's room.

So pink that I forgot, for the full seven seconds it took you to pass idly by—basket in hand, gaze fixed on frozen shelves stacked with TV dinners—that the fantasy was over. That my gallon of milk was dripping on the floor. That I was frozen like a fool in the middle of the aisle. That you were just a stranger in the supermarket... and so was I.

the fairy tales we tell ourselves wishing penny

Elizabeth Alford

three thousand llamas wail

if i could and i cannot i would do something to make you feel better. the world i live in is a movable bit of nothing in particular. low proof scotch and a cigar creates the mask i wear. but to attend my specific church. a religion of my own creation. you need to accept this moment. no heaven. no hell. just a piece of amethyst i bought from a smiling mexican kid at big bend national park in texas. after it dropped to the floor it became two. me. still one. i stare at that stone and everything seems right.

amateur night at the blues bar i sing a jimmy buffet tune

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