

failed ~~haiku~~

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 4, Issue 44

mike rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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Haiga by Angelescu Cristina

Cast List

In order of appearance

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Willie R. Bongcaron

Barbara Tate

Antonietta Losito

Lucy Whitehead

Radostina Dragostinova

Ivan Gaćina

Oscar Luparia

Lavana Kray

Bisshie

Elizabeth Crocket

Delvon T. Mattingly

Aljoša Vuković

Chen-ou Liu

Bryan Rickert

Gregory Longenecker

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Robyn Cairns

Rob Kingston

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Rp Verlaine

Marilyn Ashbaugh

Lee Felty
William Scott Galasso
Gautam Nadkarni
Bruce England
Antonio Mangiameli
Geoff M. Pope
Natalia Kuznetsova
Debbie Strange
Dan Burt
Srinivasa Rao Sabangi
Ingrid Baluchi
Robert Witmer
Paul Beech
Peter Draper
Bart Greene
Hazel Hall
Claudette Russell
Irina Guliaeva
Angela Giordano
Eva Limbach
Charlie Knowlton
Hifsa Ashraf
James Krotzman
Fred Andrle
Elaine Wilburt
Tomislav Sjekloća

Pitt Buerken
David Oates
Anna Cates
Cynthia Rowe
David Gale
Ron Scully
Adelaide B. Shaw
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Elmedin Kadric
Veronika Zora Novak
Olivier Schopfer
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Ezio Infantino
Benedicta Gyepi Garbrah
Linda McCarthy Schick
Madhuri Pillai
Louise Hopewell
John McManus
David K wika Eyre
Agus Maulana Sunjaya

David J Kelly
André Le Mont Wilson
Debbie Scheving
Christina Chin
Mark Gilbert
Kath Abela Wilson
Pearl Kline
John J. Han
Kevin Valentine
Blessed Ayeyame
Lori A Minor
Maria Concetta Conti
Mark Forrester
Barbara Kaufmann
Mike Gallagher
Radhamani Sarma
Adrian Bouter
Dinesh P. Chapagain
Tsanka Shishkova
Cristina Angelescu
Terrie Jacks
Ingrid Bruck
Julie Warther
Glenn Ingersoll
Guliz Mutlu
Wanda Amos

Pris Campbell

Bruce Jewett

Sondra J. Byrnes

Claire Vogel Camargo

Jill Lange

Elizabeth Alford

robyn brooks

John Hawkhead

Adjei Agyei-Baah

connectivity the power of SMS

hashtags...

I edit some
of my assertions

Willie R. Bongcaron

midnight
a light in every window
for the missing cat

twilight
an old cat licks
my outstretched hand

Barbara Tate

There were many wonderful trees near my grandfather's fold, but the ones I remember most distinctly was an enormous fig keeping watch over the lawn where goats used to graze. It stood mightily solid, standing as a silent sentinel with its gnarled, twisted bark, full of intricate detail, faces and textures; a friend I could tell anything and trusted with my biggest secrets. On, in or around it I went from a simple child to pirate, spy, explorer, warrior...

But not only, its great branches was able to provide me a home, a shelter from my emotionally and verbally abusive father. Gazing at the open sky through its leaves, I had a bird's eyes view of things.

summer grass -
a phoenix tattoo
on my back

Antonietta Losito

caffeine detox
a jumbo jet
comes in to land

tide line
we wallpaper
over it

letting out a fly
another one
slips in

fiftieth birthday balloon
the wind tries
to snatch it away

Lucy Whitehead
[@blueirispoetry](#)

road map
he falls in love
with her absences

lake slime smell
her intangible
married life

falling dusk
newspapers lorry whiffles
all the the good news

digitalization conference
searching anywhere for
a pen

Radostina Dragostinova

nude beach . . .
shadows move
under the parasol

consulting room . . .
the doctor discretely looks for
a blue envelope

Ivan Gaćina

moonlight
on my empty bed
an open book

urban jogging
the souvenir of a dog
under my shoe

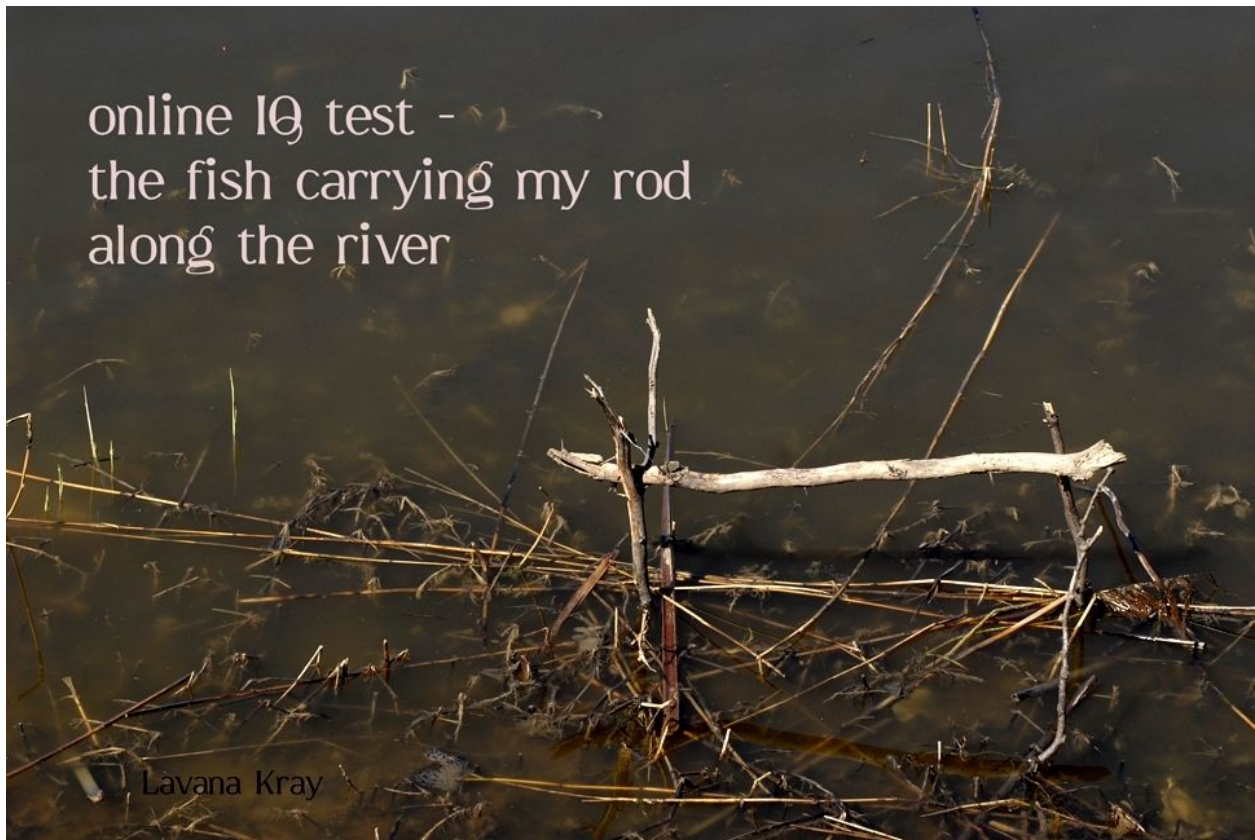
Oscar Luparia

<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>

childhood attic -
the Drakula mask
is toothless too



online IQ test -
the fish carrying my rod
along the river





Lavana Kray

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

the etiquette
of communal saunas
naked truth

can
to can
a string of messages

a selfie
round the pool
rice bowl

Bisshie
[@thepoetrypea](#)



last berry

the chipmunk eyes

the squirrel

Elizabeth Crocket



Elizabeth Crocket

<http://Elizabethcrocket.com>

Most men mature by
the time they buy their caskets,
passing artlessly.

Delvon T. Mattingly

woman in love -
now the Moon
is in reach

dumpster
a Teddy Bear reaches its arms
toward his new owners

Aljoša Vuković

bare branches
heavy with ravens
election news

back from vacation
my office cubicle already filled
with gossip

wedding eve
I flip the pillow
once again

stuck in traffic
heading to the hospital
I decide
to break this icy silence
by shouting, *let's get married*

Chen-ou Liu

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

grandma's shed
a Radio Flyer
full of memories

housing projects
the uphill struggle
of a freight train

old haiku journal
bookmarking
the dead

camouflage
makes him invisible
homeless vet

immigration officer
not looking twice
at the kudzu

Bryan Rickert

all my failed haiku origami

all my failed haiku airplanes

all my failed haiku basketballs

all my failed haiku spitballs

all my failed haiku sketch pads

all my failed haiku cootie catchers

all my failed haiku tea coasters

all my failed haiku gum wrappers

all my failed haiku guinness record book

Etiquette

My older brother always shared advice with me about how to act in public. He told me how to walk and look cool (“Lean back on your heels and don’t walk upright, it’s not cool.”). There was a lesson on wearing long sleeve shirts rolled up twice from the wrist (“Girls like wrists.”) and not three times like a tired businessman coming home from work. He even suggested that with school bullies I learn to look them in the eye, give a bare nod in recognition of their existence and, if pressed to talk, say, “Hey,” and nothing more,

the awkward
saunter of a magpie
junior high

tempest

She held my hand and asked had I seen someone else? Were there others? Then she peered into my palm and said she could see I had a long life line. But here, she said and now pointed, your love line is crossed, twice. I think your wife is seeing someone else

dust storm
it all begins
with a grain of doubt

Gregory Longenecker

it's the janitor
who ends each game -
lights out

she offers
a tour of
her tattoos

costume party -
did he remove
his mask?

the wars we are born into

Roberta Beach Jacobson

<http://www.RobertaJacobson.com>

comfort zone-
wearing my Dad's
old winter jumper

making art -
a child dances
through a puddle

before sunrise
my little dog's heartbeat
against mine

Robyn Cairns



his ring tone-
conveying
a darker side

Rob Kingston

lunch on my own
the young waitress
calls me darling

my daughter's first grey hair
has she ever been
my little girl ?

moon night
retelling myself
our stories

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
<https://ventodelgiorno.wordpress.com>

the way she turns
eating an ice cream cone
to performance art

I leave her
the same way I found her
minus a smile

for those without
touching the Buddha
for luck

Rp Verlaine

exhaling. . .
the girdled cedar
slowly withers

I sugarcoat
another disaster
crop dusting

Marilyn Ashbaugh

graphing
our progress
square dancing

light
rain for
the baptism

traveling
with heavy bags
under my eyes

Lee Felty

family bible
her maiden name
in ()

William Scott Galasso

Upliftment

The famous philosopher J Krishnamurthy often talked about visiting the spirit of the long deceased Lord Maitreya and giving him an earful about what the politicians were up to now and which filmstar was dating which filmstar and other such items of interest. I had always been sceptical about it. I mean, why would Lord Maitreya interest himself in Bollywood talk.

One day, lying down after a couple of beers, I felt lightheaded. Turning around I found to my amazement that I was outside my physical body and floating just above it. I was intrigued. The stuff they put in beer, I mean to say. I almost drafted a letter of complaint to the CEO of the brewery on the spot.

Drifting higher and higher I suddenly found myself in another dimension, another world. The ghosts of long dead ancestors were tottering about and falling all over the place with bottles of scotch gripped in their paws. Some of them were hiccuping. Of course I recognized the place. No wonder they call it the spirit world.

All of a sudden my late Grandpa hove into view. When I gave voice and waved cheerily at him he vanished and almost instantly materialized beside me.

"Sure beats walking!" said Grandfather.

"You haven't changed a bit, Gramps," I said. "Grandma always called you lazy."

"Sshhh....for Christ's sake!" said the old man. "She's just around the corner. I don't want her to catch me with this..." he said, patting a flask in his hip pocket with a wink.

"You always hated alcohol, " I pointed out. "How come you changed your mind?"

"It's called enlightenment. When suddenly you realize the truth. That single malts are far, far superior to South Indian filter coffee," he said.

I think I rolled my eyes heavenward. Then all at once I blacked out and when I came to I was once again lying on the divan in the living room. With my feet on the cushions to the annoyance of my sister.

Later, when I related the incident to Mother she was incredulous. Called the whole thing a wicked lie. Especially the bit about scotch being better than coffee.

I wouldn't know, really. I have yet to get heady on cappuccino.

crystal ball---
the gypsy seer reaches
for her glasses

Turning On The Heat

It was election time again. One didn't need to look up the newspapers to know it. Huge, larger than life posters of politicians leered at you all over town. Each of them with palms joined in supplication and grinning like Cheshire cats with teeth stained red by betelnut juice. It was enough to scare the living daylight out of the electorate. Stephen

King could have taken a tip or two. Even Dracula in comparison looked positively amiable.

The peculiarity about the politicians on our side of town was that they set up tables at entrances to lanes on which they placed disposable paper cups filled with sherbet and distributed them to innocent passersby who were taken off guard and didn't know how to react. I mean, what would you do if you suddenly had a cup of blood red syrup shoved into your hands by a guy you didn't know from Adam. Toast the health of the bloke with three rousing cheers, I don't think. But as some sage has said, there is no such thing as a free lunch. Or free sherbet for that matter. The beverage came with strings attached. Large pink shiny ribbons, in fact.

After gulping down the sickeningly sweet synthetic stuff you were expected to reciprocate by casting your vote for the leader who smirked at you from the picture overhanging the tables, gloating over the fact that he had pulled one over on you. Needless to say I was appalled by the brash insensitivity of these politicians. Votes in return for rose sherbet. Bah!

Now if they had served me caviar and champagne in fluted glasses instead, I might have considered it a little more seriously.

There is such a thing as ethics, you know.

election rally
.....I catch myself counting
a neighbor's nasal hairs

STREET VENDOR—
MOST OF HIS HONEST SWEAT
NOW IN THE SAMOSAS



ELMSTAR'S HOUSE -
THE CAT-BURGLAR PAUSES
FOR A SELFIE



Gautam Nadkarni

nurses smoke
away from entrance
of hospital

Bruce England

*febbre -
avrò contagiato
la zanzara?*

fever -
will I have infected
the mosquito?

*un solo dente -
nonno e nipote
lo stesso sorriso*

a tooth -
grandfather and grandson
same smile

Antonio Mangiameli

metal detector —
the old boy's chest puffed out
Buffalo nickel

reading the summer
issue with one arm out of
the shower

Geoff M. Pope

the one birthday
I would love to miss ...
mine

Natalia Kuznetsova



Debbie Strange
debbiemstrange.blogspot.com
[@Debbie Strange](https://www.instagram.com/DebbieStrange)

in the man cave
a fake bearskin rug
one eye missing

the sound
of one person clapping

late

at the reunion
recognizing old classmates
by name tags

Dan Burt
[@danburt](#)

rooster's call
it's high time
I sleep

platform tickets
a long queue
going nowhere

Srinivasa Rao Sabangi

chance meeting
a subway poem
brings a spring to my step

septuagenarian
the courage
to be controversial

dental appointment
pinning down the note
a dracula magnet

Ingrid Baluchi

baseball in Maine
the summer shorter
than a little leaguer

at the beach
without a selfie stick
fish out of water

after another quarrel
I paint
the doghouse

speaking in tongues
a pretty girl
with an ice cream cone

lonely	i
wise men	magi
together	nation

Robert Witmer

he takes his morning walk
on a Zimmer frame
cheery in the mist

scattergun words
the poet stoops
to tie his bootlace

Paul Beech

kissing you
at arms length
vari-focals

Monday morning
bathroom scales
fake news

pretending to
take notes
writing haiku

Peter Draper
[@PeterDraper3](#)
[thearcheryprofessor.com](#)

with all due respect
customary prelude for
those we don't respect

holy communion
his first after fifty years
old body, old blood

massage parlor raid
processing the customers
a sticky business

Bart Greene

heart surgeon
the student nurse's
palpitations

meeting my ex
our granddaughter asks
for a group hug

crowded bus
the girl in the seniors' seat
pretends to sleep

Hazel Hall

homeless man's
cardboard sign
so much left unsaid

vegan dinner party
craving something
without nutrients

book club
all the characters
drink wine

Cinderella
always leaving
something behind

Claudette Russell

exercise bike
I am already
in Mexico

my son`s
first murder
a fly

old dictionary
language we used
to know

changes
on my ring finger a present
from mum



Irina Guliaeva

solo la pioggia nella ciotola di legno
un mendicante

just the rain in the wooden bowl
a beggar

Angela Giordano

summer retreat —
I choose the weather app
with the best forecast

Alzheimer's ward
she whistles a song
I don't know

beachfront wifi —
checking up opening times
for the toilets

after the elections
a three-legged tomcat
marks territory

Eva Limbach

dressing in the dark...
one brown and one black shoe...
casual mondays

standing at the altar,
wearing a tuxedo
to his funeral

after
calling in sick,
my normal voice

3 rain storms later,
the free couch at the curb,
still free

thanksgiving...
my brother
gives me the bird

divorce.....
i brought you a poem
but it broke

Charlie Knowlton

forced marriage
her wedding dress wrapped
in the old newspaper

wilted magnolia
she gives in
to his fake love

social inclusion
the loud songs
of the mockingbirds

Hifsa Ashraf
[@hifsays](#)

tombstone
In the hole where the flag goes
a spring peeper

morning sun
I wake with 257 steps
on my fitbit

my past...
the blank pages
of her journal

slipping on river stones
all the girls
who jilted me

James Krotzman

party invite
introvert:
do they have a dog?

90th birthday
he's holding on
for dear life

aiming for enlightenment
he thoroughly chews
the Snickers bar

Fred Andrle

finger poke—
on the cooling rack
brownies

dominoes—
planning
his moves

halo moon—
a walker's glowing
cell phone

boys
running with a kite—
a heron's stuttering takeoff

Mom
celebrates his birthday—
labor day

Elaine Wilburt

tweeting sounds
just a bird caller -
failed haiku

safari ride
a voice in my head -
Attenborough

Tomislav Sjekloća

large train compartment
one takes the telephoning
literally

Pitt Buerken

cheap hotel
the painting glued to the wall
crooked

strange room
a lurking figure
oh, a mirror

paper plane
that won't fly
daydream

David Oates
[@witnwords1](#)
[davidoatesathensga.com](#)

ladies' dorm
a snow woman's
rock nipple breasts

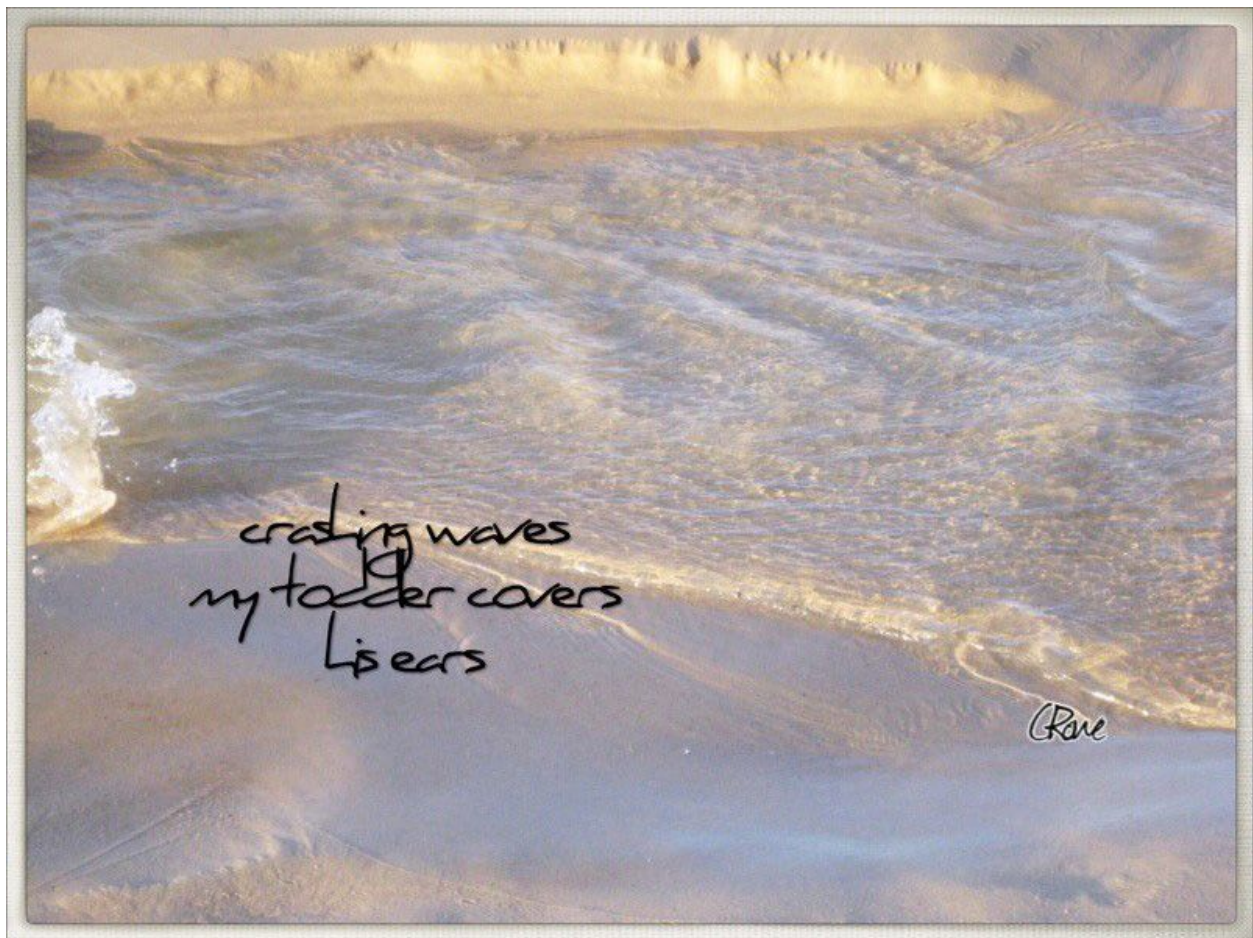
an old puppet
with no strings attached . . .
one-time flame

Anna Cates

rock crystal . . .
pre-chemo she cradles
the healing stone

grandson's visit
she clutches
the mixing-bowl

autumn foliage
the garden and I
settle in



Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

winter evenings
in the comfort of sloe gin
my spit blood-red

planting peas
I hear the clap
of pigeon wings

the branch of the young willow
brushes the river
Father's Day

David Gale

hula lamp
on the yard sale
honeymoon over

picked beets
bleed into mashed potatoes
a Civil War

Ron Scully

the rock wall
I add another layer
to my backache

a bowl of taffy
the mice, too
have a sweet tooth

company gone
a sign of relief
from the fridge

Adelaide B. Shaw

children's ward -
the doctor wears
a virus costume

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

nude beach
the day you learn I'm big enough
for a poet

Elmedin Kadric

Redemption

At first glance she "seems" indifferent with her demons. An endless void in her eyes. Perhaps the cocktail mix of psychotropic drugs, perhaps the disease itself. She wears a fluorescent pink hospital bracelet which means she is deemed "unsafe" to leave the ward. Day and night, night and day, she circles the ward. The incessant flip-flop-flip of her slippers a reminder of her suffering and pain. She is seeking redemption, I can sense, but I know she won't find it in the sterile hallways of 8 Eaton South. Her soft voices recites prayers and broken verses from the Bible. Once in a while, her voice hardens with ramblings about "he" and what "he" did to her. Who "he" is I always wonder. Her mother visits once a week, searching in vain for signs of life in her daughter's big brown eyes. Mama knows her baby is in there somewhere, lost in the chaos, needing to be found. Give her time "they" say. Hollow words for a mother's grieving heart.

devouring
the apple to the core
goddess of night

politicians shining the apple I flip the bird at a
weather vane Jesus

violet light a butterfly's dream dances

fingering the smell of dog eared freedom poetry

Veronika Zora Novak

the beauty inside funhouse mirror

pinning
for what is not
overcast sky

November fog
not a ghost
of a chance with you

Olivier Schopfer

budding lilacs
the many ways we say
i love you

game day
so many versions
of the same jersey

amid wild flowers she picks a wedgie

may moon
caught in the gaze
of her tattoo

open mic
the young poet picks
an old wound

Ben Moeller-Gaa

[@benmoellergaa](#)

[www.benmoellergaa.com](#)

The sunset glides...
I lost the song's last verse

*plana il tramonto...
ho perso l'ultimo verso
della canzone*

moon day...
the scratched knee
on the alfalfa

*moon day...
il ginocchio sbucciato
sull'erba medica*

Ezio Infantino

LEGO toy box
my children welcome me
to their tree house

Harmattan dawn
a neighborhood dog interrupts
the muezzin's call

Benedicta Gyepi Garbrah

on the lookout
for some take-out –
sultry summer night

outside Dave's Bikini Bar
slivers of palm fronds
sway in the breeze

Linda McCarthy Schick

Friday commute
an exercise in
giving way

evening window –
someone switches
the streetlights on

barefoot...
the homeless man's rejoinder
"your norm ain't mine"

missionaries
at the door...
the dog has his say

my day dreams an algorithm

Madhuri Pillai

reflections in
the birdbath
laughing kookaburra

when she grows up
she wants to be an astronaut
helium balloon

when she grows up
she wants to be an astronaut
helium balloon

Louise Hopewell

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

flag day
she lists the places
we've never been

lingerie department
the store detective checks out
my wife's cleavage

lobster tank
I shake hands with the guy
she dumped me for

John McManus

midsummer
old dog–
new ticks

two trees
each one
one plum

butterflies
make it up
as they go

David Kāwika Eyre

bitter wind touching tiny scars on her face

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

open casket
after such a long journey
the rest is silence

partial eclipse
your selective deafness
fails to improve

silent retreat
finding myself
wanting

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

his knees ache
as he prays with each step--
finish line in sight

André Le Mont Wilson

[@awilsonwriter](#)

So Cal Dental Office Late 1970's

he asks me
out
demerol

new refugees
on the health history forms
all boxes checked no

she apologizes
for her dental neglect
in the death camp

(for Vera)

Debbie Scheving

sandcastle
on the toy flag
a tiny pink bikini

oldies' night out
an off shoulder bares
soft curves

overdue
heart to heart talk
hazy moon

Christina Chin

August shower ...
not an umbrella
to be seen

orbiting serenely
around our galactic centre
my to-do list

loose change
he remembers Buddy Rich
in '63

Mark Gilbert

dream dress
I wear the pages
of my own book

watching my toenail
grow back . . . so long
since she's gone

grade school contest
naming the planets
I forget ours

grade school contest
naming the planets
I forget ours

city of hope
the little white masks
look like butterflies

Kath Abela Wilson

sheep grazing
the fence line
halves the hill

from a helix of
dead leaves
tomato plant

every second
at any one
second

Pearl Kline

https://www.instagram.com/3_liner

my smile
he thinks I share
his political views

fortuneteller
baffled by how his kid
has turned out

summer vacation
no time to read the books
in the backpack

summer haze
a mystery novel gets
more confusing

John J. Han

An abstract artwork featuring a dense, textured composition of various colors including deep blues, vibrant reds, earthy greens, and purples. The colors are applied in a way that suggests movement and depth, with some areas appearing more saturated than others. The overall effect is one of intense emotional energy and complex visual storytelling.

divine wind

father speaks of his buddy's

fiery death

Senyru By Kevin Valentine

Artwork By Steve Valentine

reading haiku
until first light
it dawns on me

Ferris Wheel--
on the way back down
she breaks her promise

family reunion
all the best stories
adults only

fried egg
she tells me
it's over

Kevin Valentine

school reunion
she touches
an old feeling

old family album
a head count
just to be sure

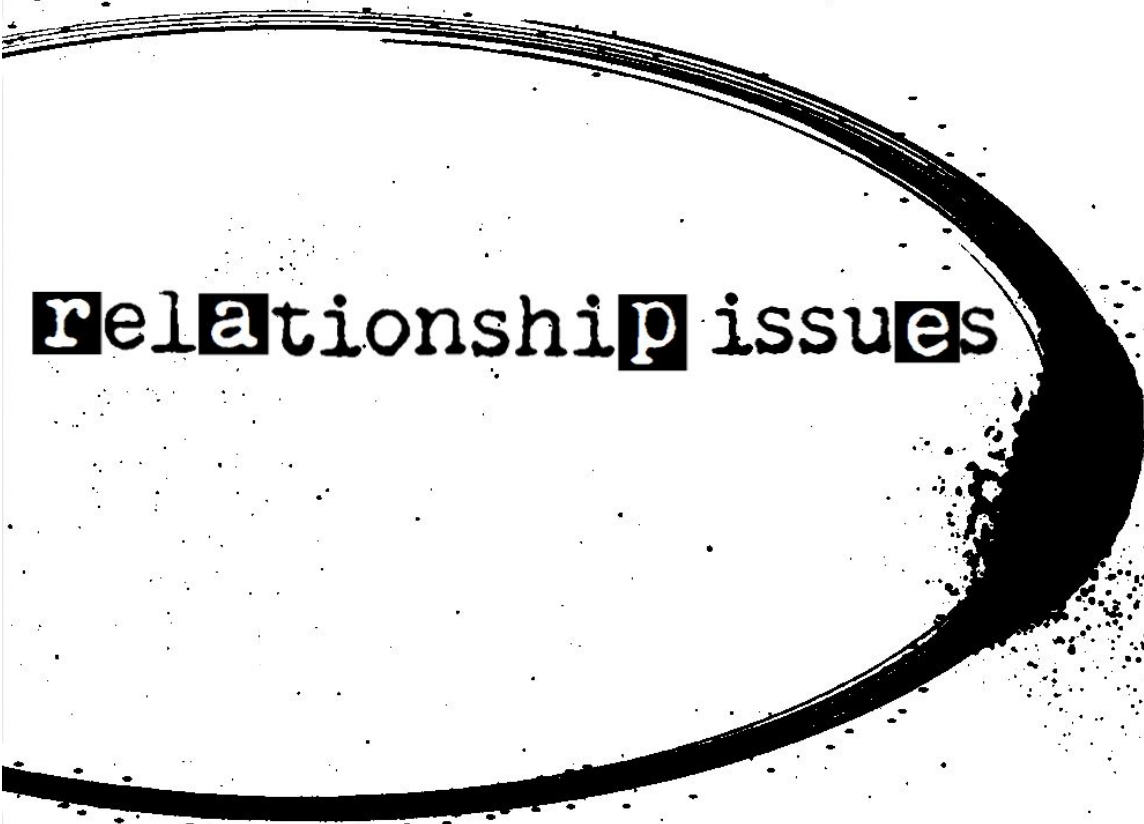
Blessed Ayeyame

HURRICANE SEASON OUR UPS AND DOWNS



consumed by your absence new moon





relationship issues

the current tosses
a broken shell
trauma bonding

Lori A Minor

(She/Her)

[@femkupoetry](#)

loriaminor.wixsite.com/poet

a tram ticket
looking for
someone

Maria Concetta Conti

the old church
a single tourist praying
for one good photo

dentist office
the music of my youth
a new bridge

Stations

When I worked as a chef, I would walk through the kitchen, absentmindedly tasting food as I passed each station: a spoonful of sauce here, some shrimp salad on a cracker, a bit of chocolate mousse. Occasionally I would find myself at one end of the kitchen, savoring a taste I could not identify: in my mind, I would retrace my steps, trying to recall where I had paused, what I had sampled. This morning I find myself trying to identify a fragment of melody—a song I know but have not heard in decades, now stuck on repeat in my brain. Was it brought to the surface by a phrase I read or heard in passing? By the memory of some long-forgotten friend, someone I worked with in a kitchen years before? I try to change the music, but the dial will not budge.

fallen branch
the heron stalks its length
warily

Mark Forrester



sunlit—
the house fills
with brown eyed girls

bkaufmann



Hot Romance

The summer is the best time to fall in love. Endless days with long, languid afternoons in the sun. The very definition of being young is to waste time as if it will last forever. Now I am old, but not too old to remember.

sunburn
the tingle of salt water
on my skin

I am outdoors in the cool of the early morning, sipping tea and inhaling the breath that the trees have just exhaled. Today will be humid like the day I met him.

dew covers
my favorite bench
morning kiss

Barbara Kaufmann

street urchin
the yearning for chocolate
forgone

moving
Pollock's painting
out of focus

powerful
the drag of rip tide
memories

Mike Gallagher

summer crops
haiku poems nodding
in my sickle

Radhamani Sarma

failed garden party
a jaded editor drinks
rain-weakened beer

coffee time -
the kitchen counter
wakes up groaning

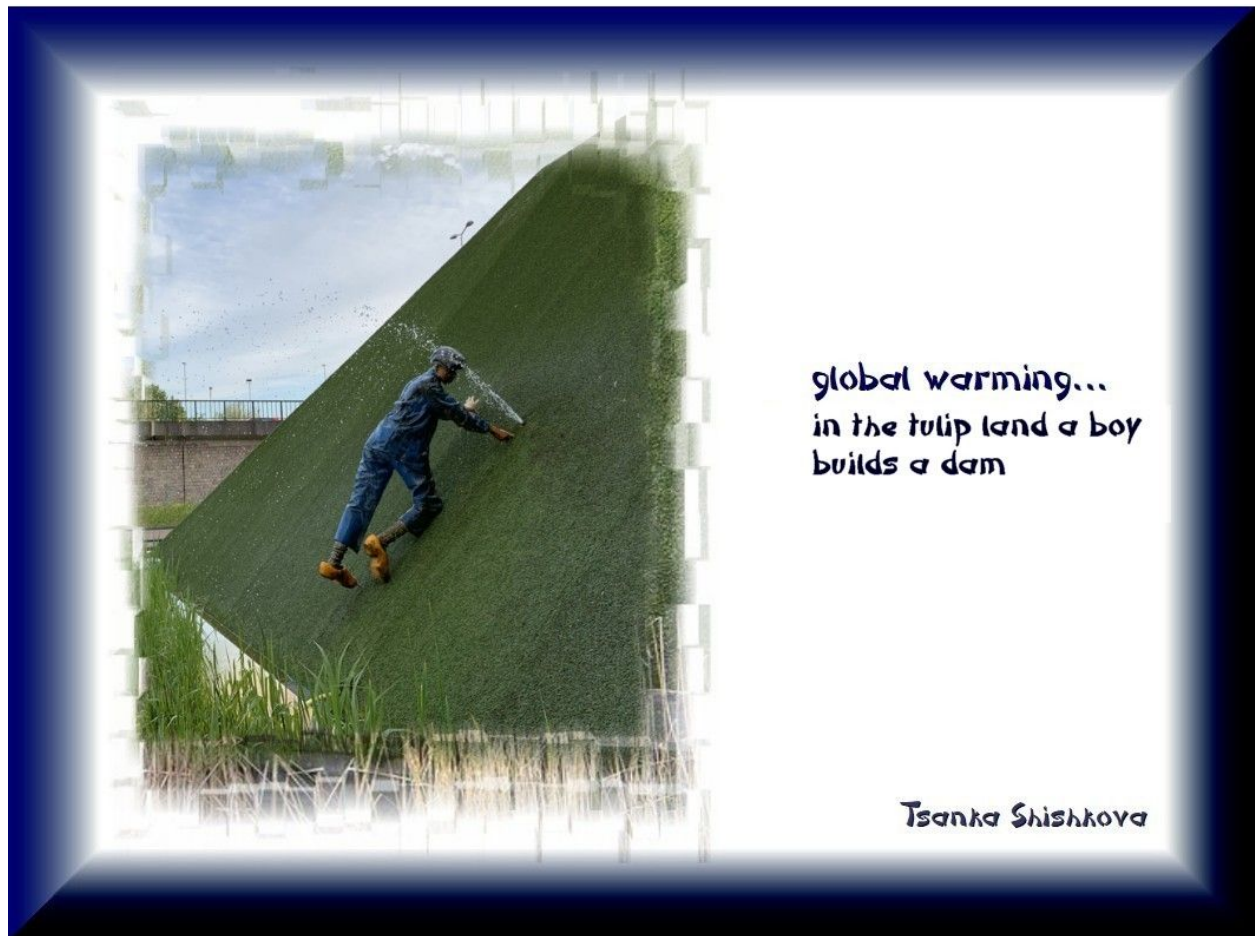
Adrian Bouter

feeding her child
she opens her mouth

art studio
a rat is trapped
my abstract art

Dinesh P. Chapagain
www.dineshchapagain.com.np

pretty doll
in a puddle
abandoned puppy



Tsanka Shishkova

Big Bang -
I remember shaking
a jar with fireflies



Angelescu Cristina

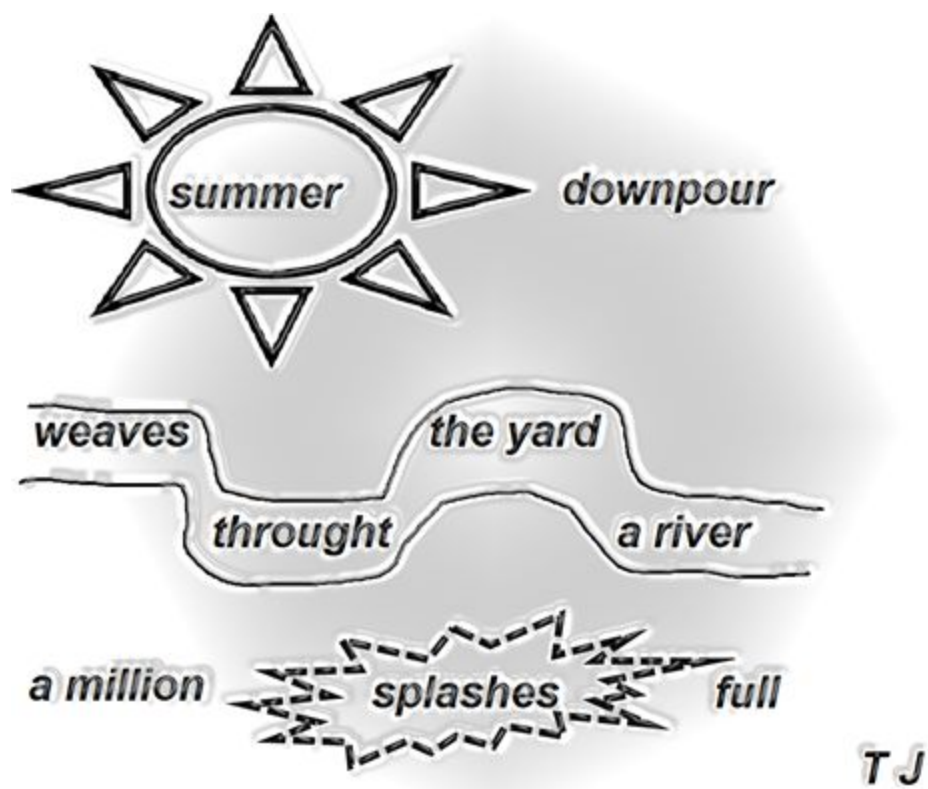
Cristina Angelescu

morning rain
the muse tickles
the downspout

elite dinner guest
arrive late
leave early

hotel lobby
different languages
come and go

my mind merges
two thoughts
with hot coffee

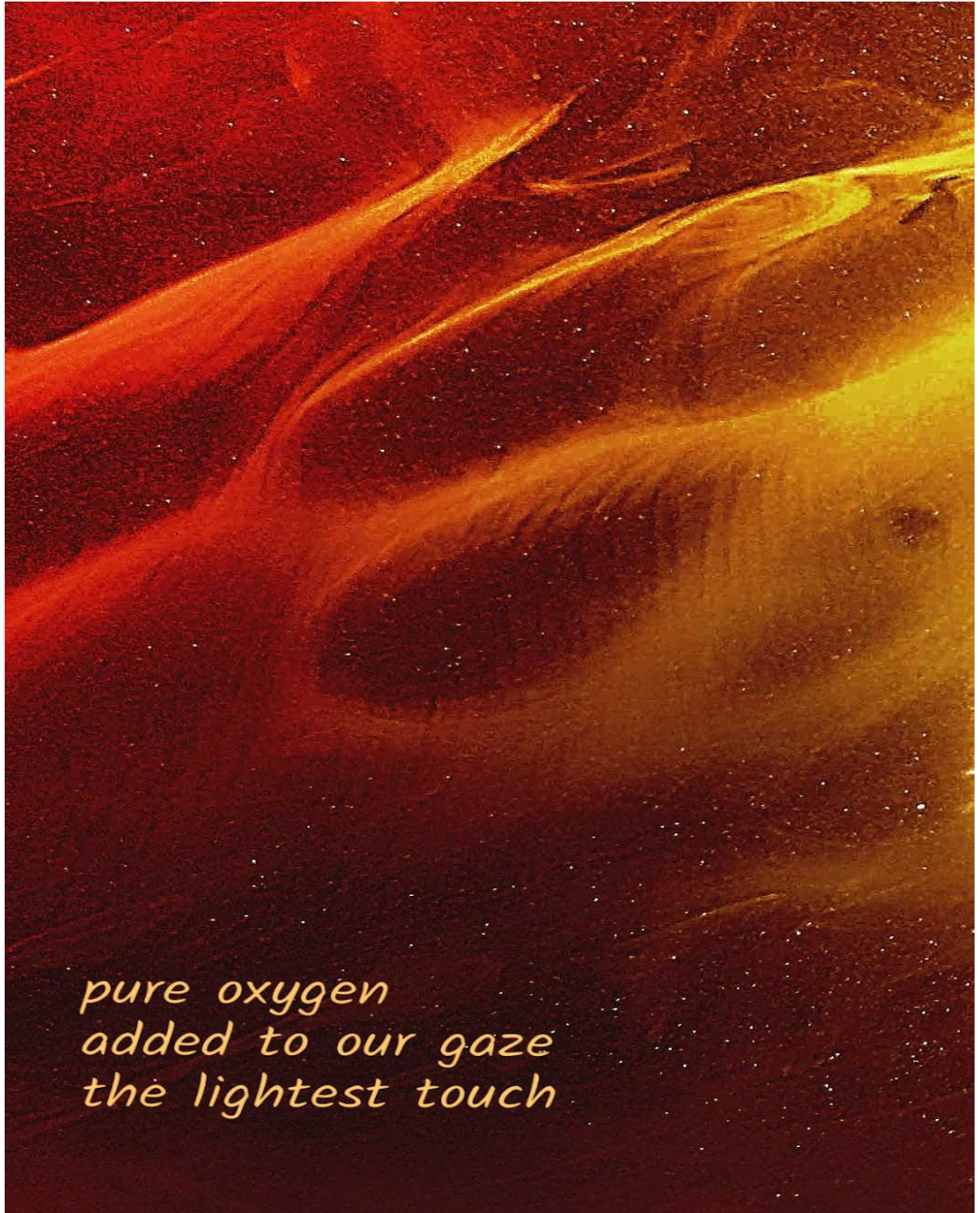


Terrie Jacks

short play list
catbird sings three songs
and hits replay

a stroke
on the left side~
the waning moon

Ingrid Bruck



*pure oxygen
added to our gaze
the lightest touch*

Julie Warther

cat sniffing
my closed eyes
midnight

SHIT FUCK PSYCHO
the only graffiti I can read
spelled correctly

waiting to be washed
the socks
still paired up

Glenn Ingersoll

next time
the future will
never end

meantime
the forehead
of a thinker

I seek counseling
sun dried
tomatoes

if you go there
the scent
of photos

Guliz Mutlu



Wanda Amos

video binge
I turn thirty
over and again

Pris Campbell

up to pee again
I've become a waterclock
time streams thru me

child at the party
screams how come it's not
HIS birthday

cradled in the trees
a full blazing moon
enough to write by

Bruce Jewett

green apricots
too early to pick
a favorite

squeezing
the truth out of me—
another mammogram

parsing the rain
from the traffic
from the refrigerator

handyman
finding all those things
not on my list

Sondra J. Byrnes

kitchen view
the dog tossing and fetching
her food bowl

closing sunroof
glimpses of dad
in my mind

Claire Vogel Camargo

border wall—
don't people read
John Steinbeck anymore

sunset—
on my potted pine
the paper stars aglow

while looking
for the lost cat. . .
a four-leaf clover

daddy's snapdragons—
learning to talk
to flowers

Jill Lange

curtain breeze...
the field mouse
still at large

smashing rocks
on the playground
anthropology minor

artifactoids

deep breath...
first to surface
swim trunks

anecdouche

fresh sashimi starting over as friends

hospice window
a halo for every
street lamp

Elizabeth Alford

dark matter -
the coming and going
of melancholy

almost full moon -
i call
and hang up

blue hour -
chasing the end
before it begins

robyn brooks

one year married
her mother gives us
baby clothes

cloud-break puddles
a cow steps over
the moon

straining at the pipe
the plumber loosens
his bowel

old dog new tricks
my grandfather knits
his brow

John Hawkhead

traffic jam:
an offertory time
for the beggar

late night pee
directing my jet
to the wall of the bowl

low-cost flight
the chills
of intermittent shakes

beach party
I close my eyes
for God

winter morning
one foot cold
the other warm

a cloud
runs into another
old-time lovers

Adjei Agyei-Baah

old dogs children & watermelon wine

looking for something to believe in. well just read the title to this
haibun and make it your lifes work. nuff said. you will likely live long
and if you dont you wont care having lived so good.

my mantra
interrupted by
a lonely puppy

for Terri French

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