

# failed **haiku**

*A Journal of English Senryu*  
*Volume 4, Issue 45*

**mike rehling**

*'Failed' Editor*

[www.failedhaiku.com](http://www.failedhaiku.com)

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*Haiga by carol raisfeld*

# Cast List

*In order of appearance*  
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**Maeve O'Sullivan**  
**Diana Teneva**  
**Hemapriya Chellappan**  
**Lucy Whitehead**  
**Charlie Knowlton**  
**Barbara Tate**  
**Guliz Mutlu**  
**Debbie Strange**  
**William Scott Galasso**  
**John J. Dunphy**  
**Roberta Beach Jacobson**  
**Corine Timmer**  
**lavana kray**  
**Ivan Gaćina**  
**Anna Cates**  
**Chen-ou Liu**  
**Bruce England**  
**Teiichi Suzuki**  
**Antonio Mangiameli**  
**Lee Felty**  
**David He**

**Jackie Robinson**  
**William O'Sullivan**  
**Willie R. Bongcaron**  
**Gautam Nadkarni**  
**Maria Concetta Conti**  
**Srinivasa Rao Sabangi**  
**Munia Khan**  
**Tracy Davidson**  
**Bill Cooper**  
**Oscar Luparia**  
**Soma Datta**  
**Jenny Fraser**  
**VP Kapoor**  
**Richard Grahm**  
**Minal Sarosh**  
**Vincenzo Adamo**  
**S.Radhamani**  
**Kath Abela Wilson**  
**Stefano d'Andrea**  
**Michael Minassian**  
**Bryan Rickert**  
**Bruce Jewett**  
**Louise Hopewell**  
**Barry Sanbrook**  
**Radostina Dragostinova**  
**Gail Wolper**

**Aljoša Vuković**

**Rosa Maria Di Salvatore**

**Alexis Rotella**

**Marilyn Ashbaugh**

**Pitt Buerken**

**Rich Schilling**

**Frances Browner**

**Lori A Minor**

**Vera Constantineau**

**David Oates**

*Kelly Sauvage Angel + Terri L. French + Agnes Eva Savich +*

*Jeff Hoagland + Tanya McDonald + Michael Dylan Welch*

*Tanya McDonald + Kelly Sauvage Angel*

**Tanya McDonald**

**Natalia Kuznetsova**

**Adelaide B. Shaw**

**Eufemia Griffo**

**Irina Guliaeva**

**Roger Watson**

**James Chessing**

**Elizabeth Crocket**

**Valentina Ranaldi-Adams**

**Madhuri Pillai**

**Gary Hittmeyer**

**Cynthia Rowe**

**Paul Beech**

**Olivier Schopfer**  
**Hifsa Ashraf**  
**Matsukaze**  
**Jay Friedenber**  
**Ingrid Baluchi**  
**Mohit Nayyar**  
**Billy Tuggle**  
**Susan Farner**  
**Agnes Eva Savich**  
**Carol Raisfeld**  
**Pearl Kline**  
**Kelly Sauvage Angel**  
**Robert Witmer**  
**Claudette Russell**  
**Lucia Cardillo**  
**Valentina Meloni**  
**Jesus Chameleon**  
**Christina Chin**  
**Elmedin Kadric**  
**godhooli Dinesh**  
**Maureen Weldon**  
**John McManus**  
**Bob Lucky**  
**Jim Krotzman**  
**Alan Bern**  
**Sandi Pray**

**Vandana Parashar**

**Angela Terry**

*Sharon Young + Angela Terry + Cheryl Berrong*

**Mark Gilbert**

**Elaine Wilburt**

**Rp Verlaine**

**Veronika Zora Novak**

**Tomislav Maretić**

**Pat Geyer**

**Barb Hacker**

**Debbie Scheving**

**Adjei Agyei-Baah**

**Eva Limbach**

**Grant D. Savage**

**Benedicta Gyepi Garbrah**

**Phyllis Lee**

**Adrian Bouter**

**John J. Han**

**Jackie Chou**

**Agus Maulana Sunjaya**

**Tsanka Shishkova**

**John J. Dunphy**

**Kevin Valentine**

**Robert Kingston**

**Nadejda Kostadinova**

**Jo Balistreri**

**Sondra J. Byrnes**  
**Aju Mukhopadhyay**  
**Julie Warther**  
**Debbi Antebi**  
**Terrie Jacks**  
**Tomislav Sjekloća**  
**George Schaefer**  
**Robert Epstein**  
**Margaret Walker**  
**Jill Lange**  
**Claire Vogel Camargo**  
**Jeff Hoagland**  
**Shloka Shankar and Karthik Ranganathan**  
**Lucia Fontana**  
**Munia Khan**

grief attack I buy a scoop of her favourite ice-cream

coffee shop

a young customer greets her

lollipop lady

dining alone

the magnetic bracelet sticks

to my fork

evening snack alone

nobody to criticise

my double-dipping



## Migration North

My grandfather John O'Sullivan, who hails from the remote Black Valley near Killarney, is tall, lean and bespectacled, not unlike his famous former neighbour, Éamon de Valera. He has a kindly face, loves watching ballroom dancing and writes the occasional poem. He and my grandmother keep several yellow canaries in a large aviary which almost fills one end of their south-facing greenhouse, and feed them with seeds and mashed millet.

growing higher still  
with the birds' drinking water –  
giant geranium

One day, when our family are visiting their home in Blackrock, Dublin, Grandad decides to introduce these canaries to me, the latest baby in a succession of two dozen cherished grandchildren who are scattered around Ireland and North America. He scoops me out of my pram, holds me gently to him and lifts me up high, so high so that I can see and hear all of the birdies close up.

sandpipers graze  
then take off as one –  
South Kerry sunset

**Maeve O'Sullivan**  
[@writefromwithin](https://twitter.com/writefromwithin)

weekday...  
my steps echo  
in the desert temple

**Diana Teneva**

<http://dianart-dten.blogspot.com/>

maths lecture . . .  
keeping count  
of my yawns

anxiety test  
i forget  
to breath

exam hall  
even the time  
passes

surprise dessert . . .  
mom wins  
brownie points

monsoon yoga  
here and there  
a housefly

evening stroll  
the jasmine the rose  
the urine

**Hemapriya Chellappan**  
[@Hemapriya17](#)

after  
a sleepless night  
the blue bottle's buzz

newlyweds  
a hole in the map  
where they want to go

back from speed dating  
a pile of odd socks  
on the bedroom floor

a plastic cover  
for her cracked phone screen  
the widow's smile

my t-shirt hem  
starts to unravel  
restless night

pancake day  
I rustle up a couple  
of poems

**Lucy Whitehead**  
[@blueirispoetry](https://twitter.com/blueirispoetry)

dysfunctional  
family...  
a bee in the car

neighborhood watch...  
a hubcap  
propped against a tree

antique portrait...  
color and smiling  
yet to be invented

alexa!  
paint  
my house

slow news day...  
...this just in,  
my cat

**Charlie Knowlton**

off day  
the rooster crows before  
sunrise

mea culpa  
I give myself a third  
last chance

passing fancy  
a green skim on the pool  
she had to have

midnight  
the face in the mirror  
my old young self

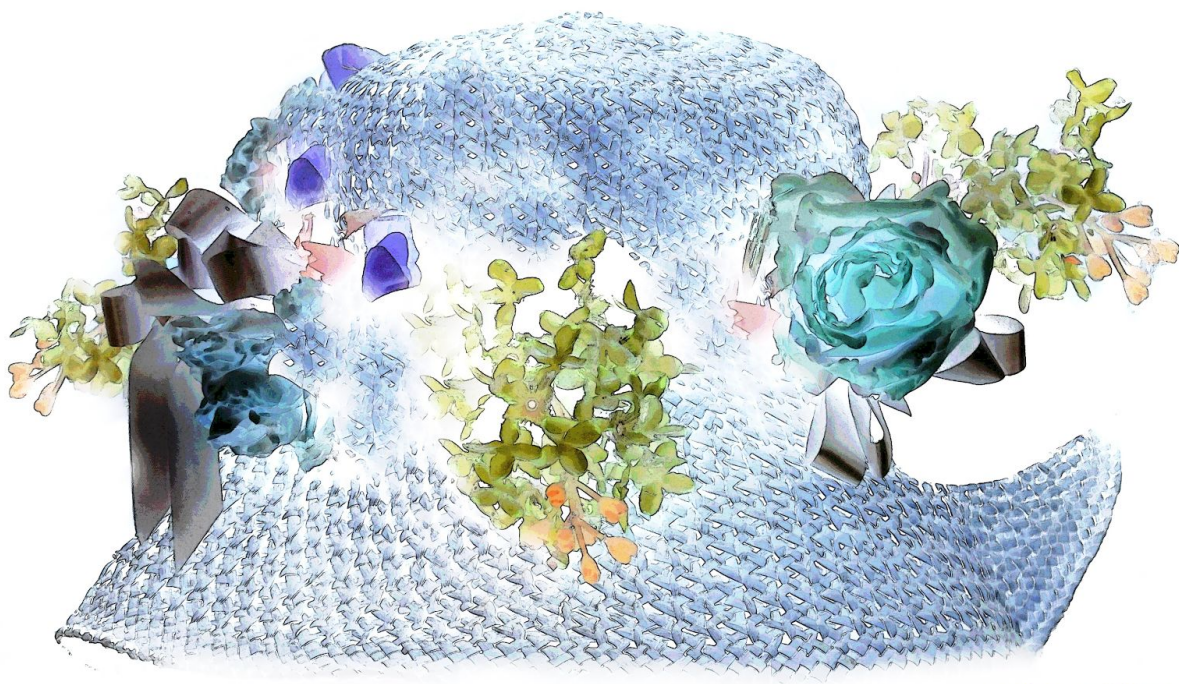
**Barbara Tate**

old habits  
the flesh of  
dry apricot

autobiography  
are we together

**Guliz Mutlu**

*garden party i keep my pain under my hat*



*words/image © DStrange*





**campfire songs  
we open another can  
of whistle berries**

words/image © DStrange

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

sugar and spice...  
more of one  
less of the other

always  
the first question,  
does poetry pay?

vows exchanged  
for once her mother  
holds her tongue

**William Scott Galasso**

emergency room  
parents tell their child to say  
he fell down the stairs

even the tooth  
her father knocked out  
placed under her pillow

family album  
she scissors her father  
from each photo

**John J. Dunphy**

witness protection buy yourself a wig

discarded condoms sperm whale

sake just for the sake of sake

cat

in a box

feline cubism

**Roberta Beach Jacobson**

**<http://www.RobertaJacobson.com>**





**Corine Timmer**  
[www.bicadeideias.com](http://www.bicadeideias.com)



**lavana kray**

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

sudden death . . .  
after funeral music  
silence

**Ivan Gaćina**

restless night  
Rorschach patterns  
on the ceiling

**Anna Cates**



she said proudly,  
I'll marry a dreamer  
not a clerk --  
alone with my dream  
pecked by a raven

therapy session  
a fly on the window  
scratching its head

speed dating  
I become drunk  
on my words

**Chen-ou Liu**

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

To a date I said,  
real men drink tap water,  
for her reaction

No muscle tension  
Navajo man and woman  
shaking hands

**Bruce England**

after hard rain  
a rainbow sews up  
the sky's rip

see-through elevator  
rising with  
summer moon

**Teiichi Suzuki**

stars -  
inside the sleeping bag  
me and the moths

*stelle -  
nel sacco a pelo  
io e le tarme*

**Antonio Mangiameli**

off the diet  
dinner rolls  
past midnight

walking cane  
inspecting  
the sugar crop

shopping for  
alarm clocks  
I can sleep through

writing senryu  
every line  
a fishing line

**Lee Felty**

a beggar's hand  
stretches into the temple  
filled with candle light

walk by Mum's grave  
the new shoes she made  
stained with soil

birthday candles...  
she burns one  
to light the others

**David He**

three grey cats  
walk into a salon  
fogged windows

first day of preschool  
she lets go of my hand  
no app for this

brass family  
on a park bench  
we don't talk anymore

**Jackie Robinson**

double take  
on an august night  
forearm tattoo

in the pool  
splitting the lane  
with my mother's memory

hotel room  
the tv as big  
as a window

**William O'Sullivan**



city visit...  
as if the rain is having  
a stroll in the park

cloudy morning  
i keep the musings  
in my pocket

morning prayer --  
the rain comes  
in short bursts

**Willie R. Bongcaron**

## **Dressed To Kill**

I have always prided myself on my dress sense. So when we were invited to a bash at Napean Sea road I surveyed my wardrobe critically. I had no intention of turning up at the dinner looking like a tramp.

I first pulled out a pink shirt with green polka dots and a magenta tie to go with it. When I tried out the outfit in front of the mirror I felt there was something amiss. Yes. It was not informal enough. My older sister who'd walked in shook her onion too.

I then struggled into a chemise with yellow and purple stripes and studied myself in the looking glass. Again I got an uneasy feeling that it wasn't quite right. Sis said it would have been ideal for a Halloween masquerade ball, whatever that meant. She tends to talk in riddles, that girl. And then I did something foolish and utterly regrettable. I let sis select the garb for me.

Nobody at the party took a second look at me. Not even the hostess. Though I did detect a slight raising of the eyebrows by the bartender. I felt terribly let down and could scarcely concentrate on my whiskey and soda. I took a look at my reflection in the large window panes with apprehension. There I stood in a white shirt and a blue blazer with matching bowtie and trousers. I shuddered at the vision.

How much nicer if I had listened to the voice of reason and worn a maroon shirt with yellow squares all over it and a parrot green jacket. The whole fiasco was my sister's fault. There was no getting away from it.

eye clinic---

the Dalmatian owner complains  
of seeing spots

---

## Name Calling

When I was six Mother was invited for the naming ceremony of the neighbour's new born baby. Since she couldn't trust me alone at home she took me along. I was all enthusiasm.

At the neighbour's there was a conspiratorial air as the elders discussed names in low voices. Much like the Mafioso discussing what to do with the body. It thrilled me and I entered into the debate fresh new names for the infant. Innovative ones. I will never understand why the elders frowned on my suggestion of Frankenstein. I even pointed out that the kid could be called Frank for short. But it was no go.

"How about Gattotkachh," I asked them. "Indian all the way."

"But that's another monster," an old fuddy duddy objected.

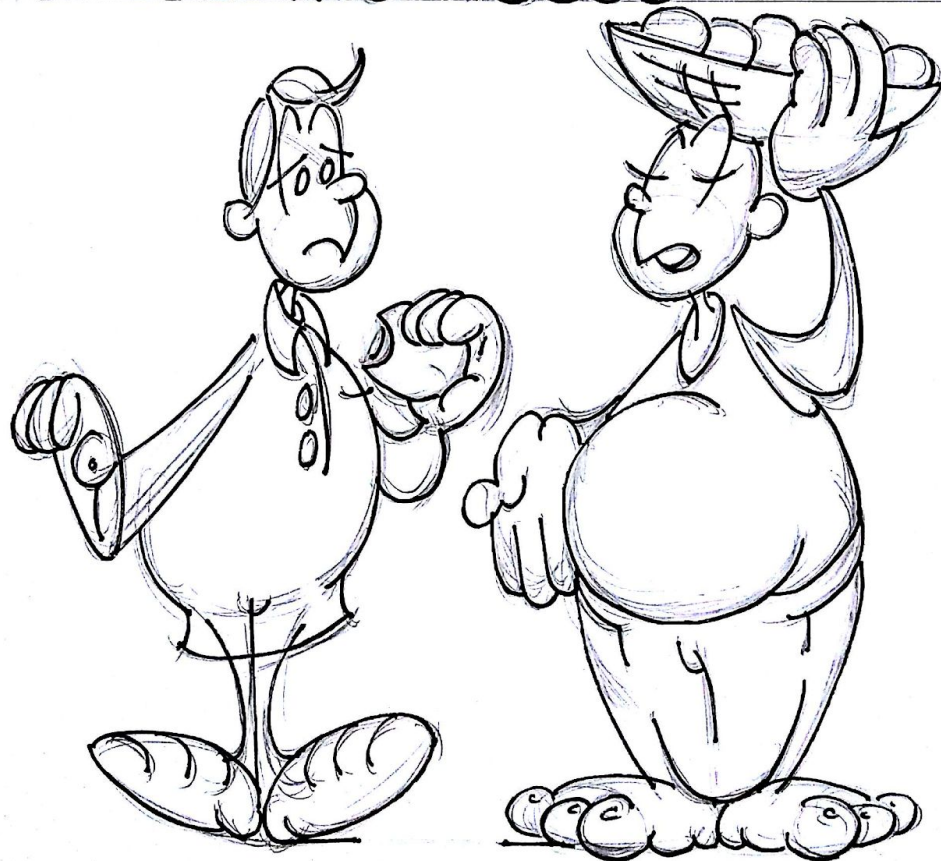
I pointed out to him that a kid who shrieks in the higher octaves and relieves himself on everyone who holds him was nobody's idea of a cherub.

Finally a name was settled on. The name Hari. I was appalled. I told them firmly that with a name like that the boy would always be an object of ridicule. But the poor kid was doomed. And they fixed up on the name.

I came home shaking my head and clicking my tongue in sympathy for the little fellow. I could imagine nothing worse than going through life always being told to hurry.

gangster film...  
trying hard to speak through  
a corner of my mouth

APPLES —  
THE VENDOR SAYS THE MAGGOTS  
ARE ON THE HOUSE



HAPPY HOUR—  
THE SCOWL OF THE BARTENDER  
POURING DRINKS



**Gautam Nadkarni**

cry for help  
a strange gift  
for herself

wrinkled face  
in the hands  
a white blanket

**Maria Concetta Conti**

twin towers  
my haiku gets stuck  
at the fragment

my haiku  
it drops syllables  
and tears

winter night  
archimedes test  
cube by cube

**Srinivasa Rao Sabangi**

homelessness...

those veterans are tired  
of the stars

mental asylum...

his only trusted friend  
a black umbrella

**Munia Khan**



cold snap  
he tells the doctor  
she tripped on the stairs

a change in the wind  
I curse  
my irritable bowel

breakfast in bed  
he sweetens my tea  
with more lies

she draws first blood  
the stud in her tongue  
catching mine

**Tracy Davidson**  
[twitter.com/tracydavidson27](https://twitter.com/tracydavidson27)

between licks  
of rainbow sherbet  
candlelight vigil

capitol lunch  
chowder with more potato  
than clam

pre-op  
the surgeon asks if i'm ok  
with Led Zeppelin

mir-a-lago

second scan  
the smile of a TSA agent  
brass collar stays

tuba decal   *work sucks i'm going on tour*

**Bill Cooper**

## MOUNTAINS SERIES

off the cliff –  
my weariness evaporates  
in the sea of grass

\*

mountain ridge,  
only a mountain ridge –  
still dreaming

\*

alpine stream...  
barefoot in the water  
free wellness centre

\*

around the mountain –  
the many faces  
of my life

\*

in the mountains –  
finally my life has  
only one face

\*

on the top –  
today my home is big  
like this whole mountain

\*

peak in the blue –  
without looking at my watch  
anymore

**Oscar Luparia**

**<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>**

My heart  
moonlights as my head.  
Or is it opposite?

**Soma Datta**

[@somaxdatta](#) on Twitter

[@somaxdatta](#) on Instragram

**SomaDattaAuthor** on Facebook

the hush in a cold day cafe whispers

the hush in a cold day cafe whispers

a cello concerto opens

my unknown  
depths

winter morn

the barista's lipstick  
almost black

storm over —  
wanting to walk  
the car home

**Jenny Fraser**

he lies  
we know he is lying  
beloved leader

many repeated attempts  
to thread the needle  
a time comes

**VP Kapoor**

**“...therefore I am.”**

I'm a seashell, washed up on a distant shore.  
I'm a pony standing beside the road.  
I'm lighting striking a church-bell tower.  
I'm a ladder leaning up against the wall.  
I'm the last tree standing in a burning forest.  
I'm a feather falling from the dusky sky.  
I'm an empty bowl in a beggar's hands.  
I'm chicken soup in the middle of the street.  
I'm the small half of a wishbone.  
I'm a drop of rain on a sunny day.  
I'm the moon behind an angry cloud.  
I'm the 13<sup>th</sup> hole in a dozen donuts.  
I'm a postage stamp on an unsent letter.  
I'm an odd sock in the bottom drawer.  
I'm wallpaper peeling off the walls.  
I'm a hamper full of dirty clothes.  
I'm a bag of tricks.  
I'm full of shit.  
But most of all, I'm horny.

laughing stock  
in the slaughterhouse . . .  
bull market

---



mind games . . .  
playing catch with the son  
I never had

ice melting in a glass...  
how you changed me  
that summer day

till death do us part . . .  
you're the shade of hemlock  
in my tea

late for work . . .  
she's clad in nothing  
but my favorite shirt

**Richard Grahm**

school reunion  
talking to his crush  
for the first time

the mystic's words  
rise up like smoke  
blur my vision

family recipes  
the girl wants a rolling pin  
like her grandma

empty nest  
excluding pasta  
from the menu

**Minal Sarosh**

the dead is not my father-  
i'm crying  
a lie

meritocracy-  
in the curriculum  
a recommendation

**Vincenzo Adamo**

death certificate

wanted column first line

date of birth

**S.Radhamani**

on the way home  
the dove's  
wing whistle

Andalusian girl  
it's always Bloomsday  
in my hair

her dragline  
to his mating dance  
spider man

my tricycle tracks  
right where I planted  
radishes

the little things. . .  
he keeps his tempest  
in her teapot

**Kath Abela Wilson**

*mareggiata . . .*  
*straccio vecchie liste di propositi*

sea storm . . .  
I tear up old lists of intentions

### *DITTICO*

*notizie del mattino*  
*caffè secco in tazze sbreccate*

*notizie della sera*  
*le "erbe secche dei guerrieri"*

### DYPTICH

morning news  
dry coffee in chipped cups

evening news  
the "dried herbs of warriors"

**Stefano d'Andrea**

Lunch at the temple  
my chopsticks pause—  
the monk's iPad blinks.

Goodwill box on the corner—  
dropping books, not clothes.  
Sorry, naked readers.

**Michael Minassian**

bachelor party  
bees taking turns  
on a peony

it all hinges on her cat    second date

strip club parking  
the wavering view  
of Venus



## **Rockin' In Rhythm** *(An Ellington Suite)*

*Creole Love Call*  
the unforgettable spice  
on her lips

*Black and Tan Fantasy*  
visiting our old haunts  
hoping you're still there

*Reminiscing in Tempo*  
all the down beats  
our hearts missed

*Diminuendo in Blue*  
the way rain collects things  
down in the gutter

*Mood Indigo*  
we find our way back  
through crumpled sheets

**Bryan Rickert**

even the rats here  
hobble along with canes  
a house of old farts

she gave me a charm  
to ward off evil spirits  
and then vanished

the colder it gets  
a thumping of mattresses  
in the village night  
(*derivative of Issa*)

a poetry read—  
oh give me levity  
or give me brevity

**Bruce Jewett**

all the thorns  
on the rosebush  
to-do list

the in-laws overstay  
their welcome again  
burnt toast

the in-laws overstay  
their welcome again  
burnt toast

**Louise Hopewell**

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

harp and flute  
she plucks  
he sucks

flute player  
audience  
blown away

**Barry Sanbrook**

boiled-over coffee  
the blackings  
we easily get used to



a model house  
the heart  
of a poet

©Radostina Dragostinova



**Radostina Dragostinova**

I hear your heels  
in my apartment  
on the ceiling

**Gail Wolper**

a deaf man  
his son tests  
the new loudspeakers

hockey player  
his muscles disappeared  
with his equipment

**Aljoša Vuković**



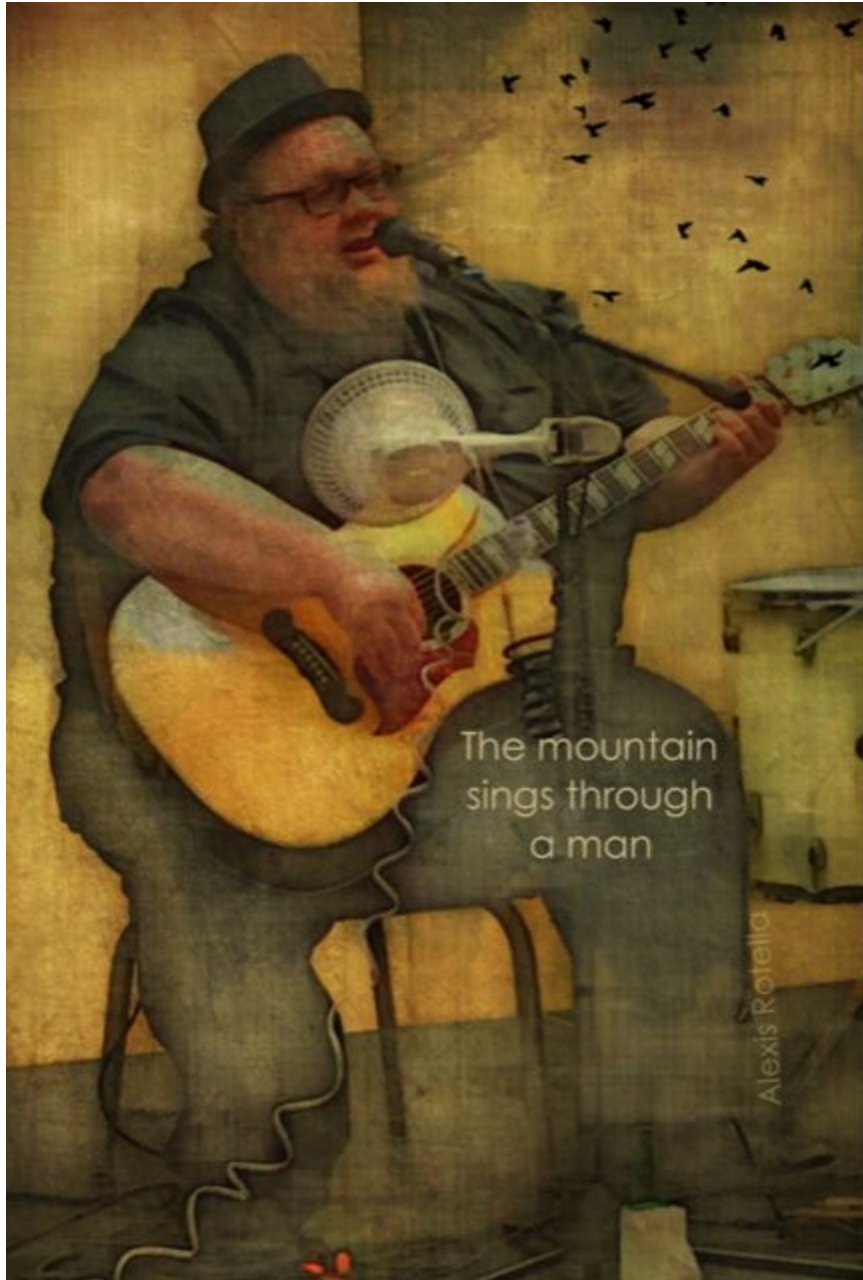
journey back...  
in my old diary  
a violet

*viaggio a ritroso...*  
*nel mio vecchio diario*  
*una violetta*

sleepless night...  
trying to remember  
my old dreams

*notte insonne...*  
*cercando di ricordare*  
*i miei vecchi sogni*

**Rosa Maria Di Salvatore**



The mountain  
sings through  
a man

Alexis Rotella

## **The Messenger**

I gasp when I see the mourning cloak butterfly on my welcome mat  
fanning its wings ever so slowly. It circles around, stays a long  
time. I call my husband. Someone is about to die, I tell him.

First Facebook  
post of the day --  
another poet gone

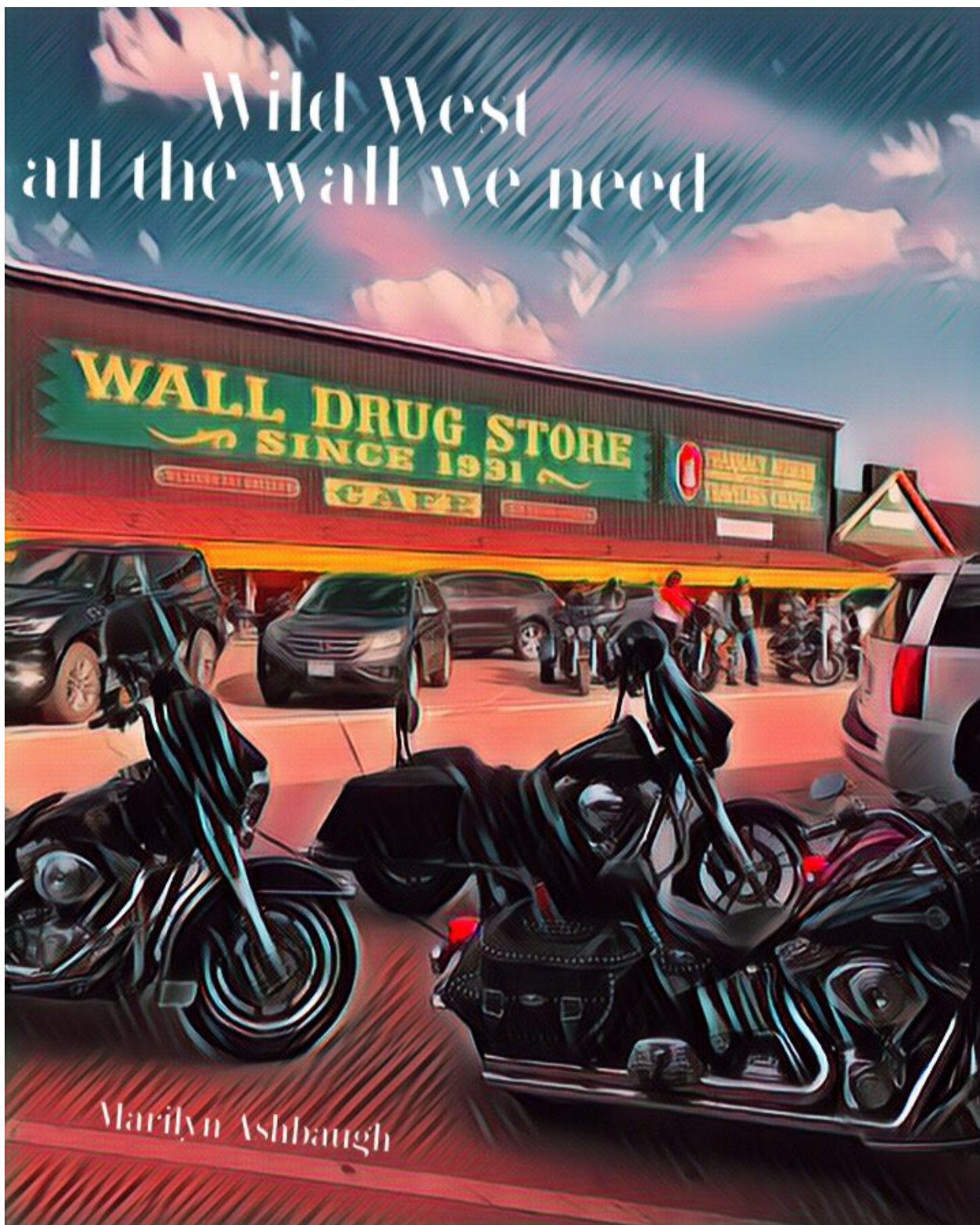
*In memory Jerry Ball*

**Alexis Rotella**

paroled his teeth rot in jail

divorce last dance on razor wire

moon walk a loose shoelace taps the tiles



**Marilyn Ashbaugh**

sculpture park  
a dustman disposes of  
a stack of wood

I´m pondering  
the ideas are not exact-  
ly brilliant

**Pitt Buerken**

stuck in  
the past  
leftovers

haiku class  
a few words  
on the subject

drinking too much  
i become  
an uncle

**Rich Schilling**

sepia peaks, jaGGed  
snag ochre sky -  
summer holiday heartache

**Frances Browner**



leftover makeup

I wash away

what's left of us

the war on (wo)me(n)

manchild his commitment to dolls

*not good*

*with goodbyes*

*evening primrose*



just when I thought  
I wasn't enough...  
winter blossoms



Lori A Minor

**Lori A Minor**

**(She/Her)**

**[@femkupoetry](#)**

**[loriaminor.wixsite.com/poet](http://loriaminor.wixsite.com/poet)**

his pick-up lines  
scattered carelessly  
dormant seed

murmuration  
how we move in the world  
without you

**Vera Constantineau**

slipped and said  
“I love you”  
to the fitness trainer  
next session gasping  
for breath

many moles  
he charts constellations  
on her back

aging,  
“I’m ok” means  
nothing new is wrong

discarded rib  
on the sidewalk  
divorce

summer afternoon  
at the drive-thru  
a voice from inside  
“I had a mid-life crisis  
on my break”

**David Oates**

**[davidoatesathensga.com](http://davidoatesathensga.com)**

**David Oates on FB**

**[@witnwords1](https://twitter.com/witnwords1) on Twitter**

## Bottoms Up

offering myself  
to the moon  
midnight swim

*Kelly Sauvage Angel*

the push and pull  
of her breaststroke

*Terri L. French*

longing to submerge  
I dangle my feet  
in the old pool

*Agnes Eva Savich*

beneath the surface  
our incidental touch

*Jeff Hoagland*

into the deep end  
two bodies  
one wake

*Tanya McDonald*

out of the darkness  
a camera's flash

*Michael Dylan Welch*

-----

## Water Lilies

wine-red lips  
she says we're going  
skinny-dipping

*Tanya McDonald*

hand on my shoulder  
she slips off her shoes

*Kelly Sauvage Angel*

the straps of my dress  
the straps of her bra  
cool kiss of water

*Tanya McDonald*

warm mouth  
my hand on her breast  
asks to go lower

*Kelly Sauvage Angel*

free-floating as her fingers  
find just the right spot

*Tanya McDonald*

her gasp and shudder  
drawing me deeper  
blessed mother moon

*Kelly Sauvage Angel*

*Written August 19, 2019*



stuck to the side  
of the fire hydrant  
a red Lifesaver

headache  
the daffodils  
cranked up to 11

night bus  
a sequin  
winks at me

solstice  
one cellar spider  
hooks up with another

Dylan on the radio  
she makes change  
from her tip jar

tie-dyed  
I disappoint  
the hummingbird

**Tanya McDonald**

move-out cleaning ...  
dusty vinyl records  
in the attic



**Natalia Kuznetsova**

## MEDITATION

Grandpa's grape arbor. A shaded retreat for reading, for playing with my dolls or jacks, for a game of checkers with my sister, for helping Grandma shuck peas or for just sitting and doing nothing. I don't remember thinking anything when sitting under the arbor or lying on the grass watching clouds or bugs. Just doing nothing was the activity.

sitting za-zen  
the position i take  
is lying down

---

waiting  
at the end of the driveway  
a snowdrift and backache

wild grass growing  
between patio bricks  
bare spots on the lawn

**Adelaide B. Shaw**

**[www.adelaide-whitepetals.blogspot.com](http://www.adelaide-whitepetals.blogspot.com)**

empty church  
a trail of incense  
still ascends to the sky

solar eclipse  
bouncing shadows  
from dark to light

**Eufemia Griffo**

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

palette  
colour revolution  
of my bruises

sunrise or sunset  
spoon feeding my son  
and my father

**Irina Guliaeva**

through the old magnifying glass  
reading  
with my mother's eyes

Museum of Sex  
so  
that's where it went!

on the sidewalk  
a homeless man  
joins the gum dots

New York  
even the pigeons  
got attitude

**Roger Watson**

I'm so obsessive  
by the time I meet my date  
we're married

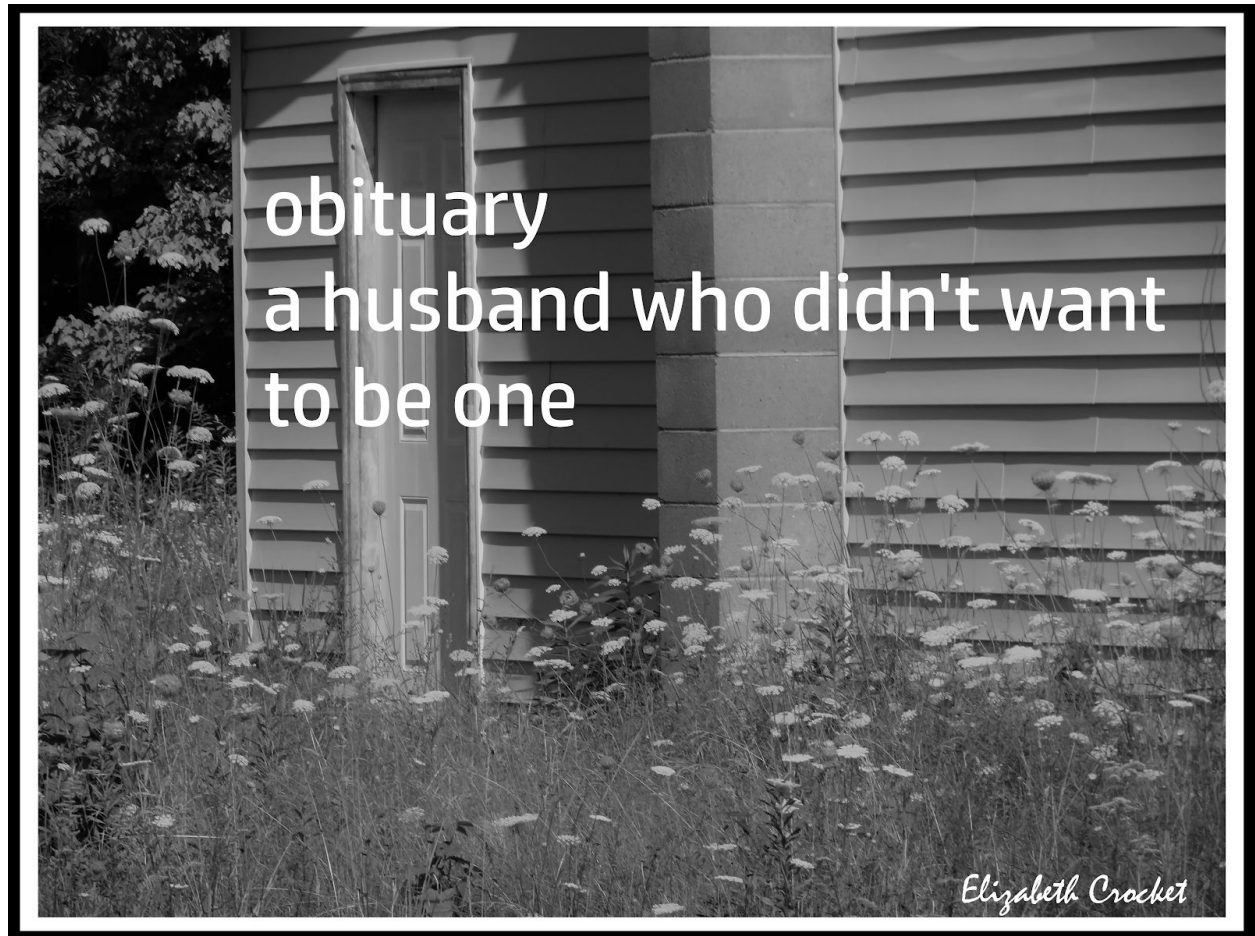
she's so good  
she times her orgasm  
to Ravel's *Bolero*  
I time mine to *Tchaikovsky's*  
*1812 Overture*

an intimate dinner  
my girlfriend's ringtone

the pretension  
of some people  
silk rose

neither of us  
figured on celibacy--  
my 90-year-old cat

**James Chessing**



**Elizabeth Crocket**



bilingual -  
thank-you is not  
in her vocabularies

bird flight -  
memories occupy  
the nest

**Valentina Ranaldi-Adams**

recycling old tales...  
the aging diva  
prattles on

climate discussion—  
weighing in  
an air conditioner

street crossing  
traffic slows  
for the magpie's strut

unconsciously ...  
slipping from my lips  
mother's words

new widow  
her telephone call  
of loneliness

**Madhuri Pillai**

post church  
eating my scotch breakfast  
with a runcible spoon

everyone got older  
impressions of  
the class reunion

finally  
a hurricane named  
for my ex-wife

peeking into  
the fridge again  
—no change

**Gary Hittmeyer**

online shopping  
my eyes and fingers  
crossed

fight or flight . . .  
a cassowary inspects  
my beach tote

found poem  
a first tooth lodged  
in baby's bath book



**Cynthia Rowe**

**[www.cynthiarowe.com.au](http://www.cynthiarowe.com.au)**

I tend her still  
though mostly twigs now  
my bonzai

he calls her mum  
he means his wife  
second childhood

---

## WOOLLY

I dive in with a gale on my tail, and there he is behind the counter,  
grinning broadly.

This brightly painted cavern is our only shop up here on the  
mountainside, and I'm the only customer at half-ten this wild autumn  
morning. Our young shopkeeper is a family man from warmer  
climes far away in the east. I'll call him Woolly as he always wears a  
woolly cap.

I cannot find the mustard but Woolly produces a jar as if by magic.  
He then begins a strong, slow hand-clap over his head.

"Very rhythmic," I say and he laughs.

"I'm not happy," he declares, clapping all the harder now.

"Why not happy?" I ask, and Woolly pulls a face.

“Just one of those days,” he says. “One of those days...”

So I raise my hands over my head and clap along with him.

he listens to  
the east wind  
drums calling...

**Paul Beech**

cold

optimystic

moving out

where the pictures used to hang

brighter spots

heavy rain again chosen last in gym class

**Olivier Schopfer**



wall graffiti the obscurity of his words

dancing fuchsia the rhapsody of feminism

subway walk the shadow of a lurking moon

fundraising box the crumpled notes

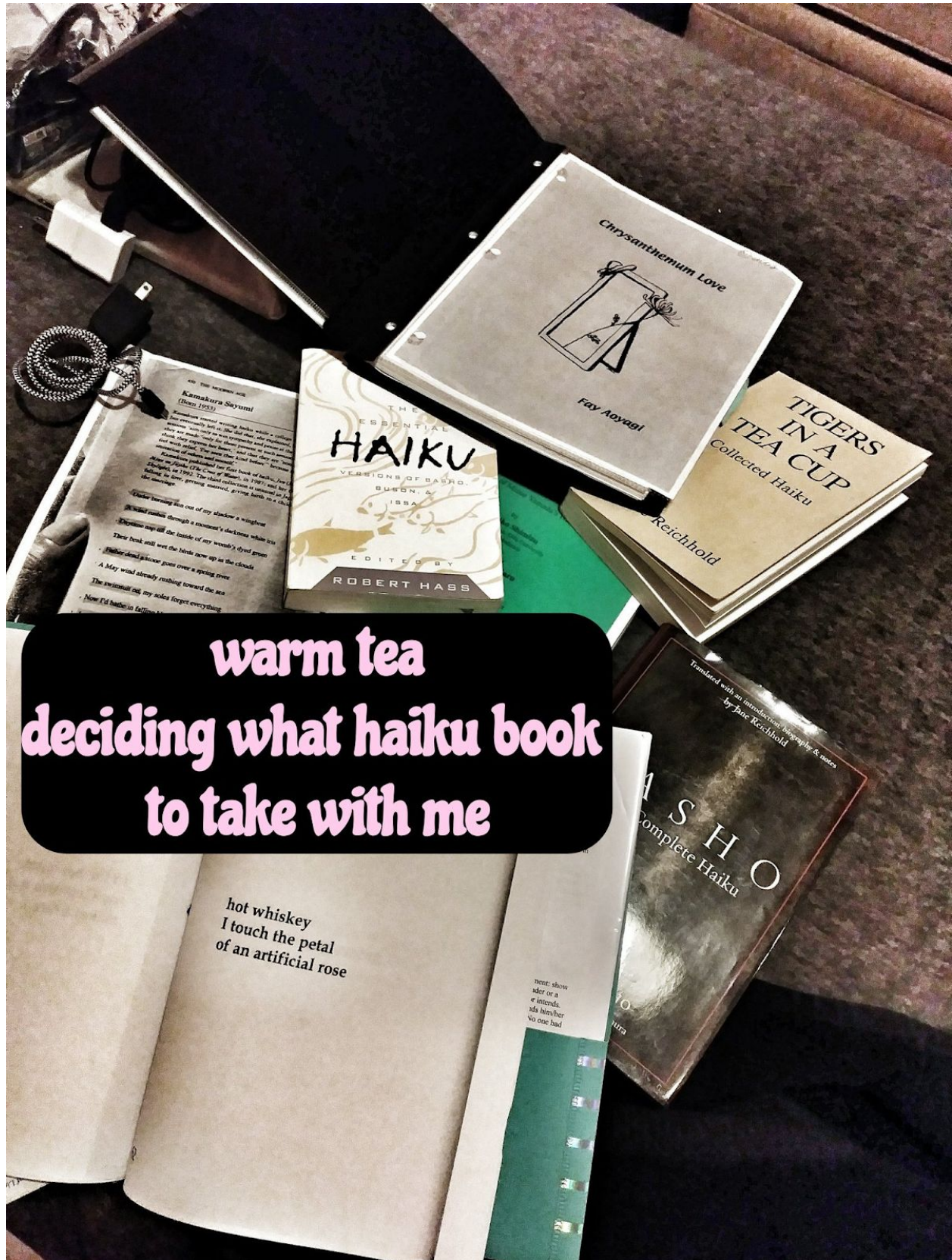
mockingbirds sing my alternative narrative

**Hifsa Ashraf**



red hibiscus:  
almost three months ...  
im a motherless man





warm tea  
deciding what haiku book  
to take with me

hot whiskey  
I touch the petal  
of an artificial rose

none show  
sister or a  
e intends  
ida hives/her  
No one had

dying chrysanthemums -  
there are days  
i don't know myself

sputtering candles  
the smell of baked potatoes  
and this loneliness

**Matsukaze**

after his memorial  
the snip of grandma's  
bonsai clippers

Alabama gift shop  
the Confederate hats  
outnumber the Union

unemployment slip  
the short fall  
to absolute zero

**Jay Friedenber**

battle scars  
comparing their  
motorbike escapades

mall-phobia  
his persnickety search  
for a two-bit T-shirt

---

### **Nature as 'Tis**

The frog sits motionless on a small rock jutting just above the lake's ripples. Peering down from the promenade, our proximity doesn't bother it, so we linger in admiration. Normally there are busy schools of tiny fish darting about, but now there is nothing save for waving fronds of weed.

Suddenly, a movement! The glistening, black sinewy length of a snake, searching. For heartbeat seconds, it swims tight circles again and again around the rock, attempting to dislodge its intended prey, or maybe unwilling to surface. We watch as it meanders off into murky waters, likely there to lie in wait.

rooting for the underdog  
channels switched  
before the kill

**Ingrid Baluchi**

She walked all over me  
Chinatown massage.

**Mohit Nayyar**

Efficiency:

You can yell at the mountain  
or go around it

**Billy Tuggle**



nightmare...  
the kudzu's tendrils  
reach my neck

rain at the  
farmer's market  
shouts of joy

grass turns brown  
and yet...  
they mow

**Susan Farner**

networking  
I introduce myself  
to the same person twice

networking  
I introduce myself  
to the same person twice

an ant's  
erratic path  
who am I to judge?

not concerned  
about butt cheeks  
foreign beach

no one but the moon  
in my own pool  
skinny dipping

her love  
of ink and black cats–  
cattoo

**Agnes Eva Savich**  
**[@agnesevasavich](#)**

at the hospice ...  
the psychiatrist wants  
to just shrink away

beach picnic...  
grandma leaves  
her butt print

the children  
disarmingly ask  
about venus de milo

first date ...  
watching the static  
in her blouse

tailors  
dispatching help  
for the depleted

life  
is just a chair  
of bowlies

Mary Engelbreight  
design & words ..



carol raisfeld

**Carol Raisfeld**

f/10

1/15

1600

protective measures

prevent disasters

fortune cookie

car alarm

the one

yellow leaf

**Pearl Kline**

**[https://www.instagram.com/3\\_liner](https://www.instagram.com/3_liner)**

fate foretold  
the soothsayer's tattered  
cootie catcher

sanctuary city  
each streetlamp  
a peace lantern

that bastard's got  
one hell of a nerve  
neurology consult

pinot sediment    the residue of our transgressions

### **Room 413**

At university, I bathed in the words of Emerson. I touched bliss in the simplicity embraced by Thoreau. To this very day, I find myself in awe of the flying grasshoppers, the beetles, the worms rescued from the asphalt. And, just as Emerson urged the poet to remain tipsy with water, I lay back in languid surrender, intoxicated with each and every viscous draught of you.

french letter  
recalling, for a moment,  
the wet of rain

**Kelly Sauvage Angel**

falling stars  
the light goes out  
on the basement stairs

in the shade  
of her sunset asana  
a stray dog

"Laugh and Be Lucky"  
a hooded sweatshirt  
in the Goodwill bin

receding wave  
the old surfer's  
hairline

**Robert Witmer**

meditation  
a reunion  
with my self

dirty laundry  
I air mine  
with my neighbor

breakfast scramble  
I can't find  
my planner

colonoscopy  
don't drink and drive

advanced yoga class  
young instructor  
adjusts my ego

divorce settlement  
unsettling

**Claudette Russell**



the right way ...  
all the roads that  
I have not traveled

*la retta via ... tutte le strade che / non ho percorso*

**Lucia Cardillo**

romantic dinner...  
eating mosquitos  
in the moolight

falling stars –  
the longest parable  
of a wish

failed diets –  
invisible man doesn't stop  
emptying my fridge

**Valentina Meloni**



*whistleblower  
--- a hobby*

---

*claws the  
house martin*

HAIKU: JESUS CHAMELEON PHOTO ART: PABLO SAN BLAZ

The Big Dipper!  
X-mas bulbs frame  
the strip club

**Jesus Chameleon**

<https://www.twitter.com/JesusChameleon>

our postal assurance  
issue 6 arrives  
a month after 7

spilling  
over in the fridge  
my neighbour's kindness

**Christina Chin**

October  
the therapist's rainforest  
wallpaper

still full  
of herself  
autumn moon

**Elmedin Kadric**  
**[www.elmedinkadric.com](http://www.elmedinkadric.com)**

tossing stream  
grandma cooking dinner  
at thatched hut

**godhooli Dinesh**

**[www.dineshchapagain.com.np](http://www.dineshchapagain.com.np)**

having found her love  
she holds her cards  
close to her chest

**Maureen Weldon**



edge of day  
my son starts talking  
about reincarnation

slow dancing  
with my own shadow . . .  
prom night

fantasy section  
the guy with a MAGA cap  
calls me a loser

waiting room  
after the magazines  
I straighten my tie

bowling alley  
the manager stares  
at my date's pins

dress rehearsal  
the director asks  
for less tongue

**John McManus**

## The conversation

is about everyone who's died since we last met. It's a long list. Occasionally we stop and take a sip of coffee, note the crappy 80s music leaking through the speakers. A group of very tall thin women with long blonde hair come into the café and order caramel macchiatos. We try to reconcile the thinness with the calories, but mostly we watch one of the women adjusting her yoga pants. When we say goodbye to one another, I realize I haven't told him I'm dead, but I figure it can wait until next time. He'll probably be dead by then too.

retirement  
I piss off the porch  
and my wife

---

old election posters  
even the winners  
fade away

summer breeze          the bounce in her bra

family reunion  
the water under the bridge  
rising

old concert stub  
I think of letting my hair  
grow out

**Bob Lucky**

we are each other's

history for 50 years

*you have come along*

*to see the fireworks*

fourth of July the way you tremble

checkered sport coat  
mom and dad divide  
their assets

laundry day  
more than just a song  
from the blackbird

**Jim Krotzman**

some suffer  
and take you with them  
others go solo

afternoon nap  
angry voices in the dream  
just outside the window

**Alan Bern**

**[linesandfaces.com](http://linesandfaces.com)**

future by then we will have gills perfect

lizard  
just the tail  
in the end

lizard  
just the tail  
in the end

improvisation  
tonight i go for  
normalcy

teeter totter  
a dragonfly claims  
the fulcrum

**Sandi Pray**

blind beggar's bowl  
a smooth coin makes  
the same noise

new beginning  
we carry forward  
the same differences

aftertaste  
whatever we left  
unsaid

dangling between  
everything and nothing  
high-risk pregnancy

**Vandana Parashar**

table for one -  
this song on  
a perpetual loop

moving the piles  
to a different location -  
spring cleaning

family reunion -  
no one mentions  
her will

temporary  
reassignment -  
the noon moon

date night movie -  
tasting buttered popcorn  
in his kiss

a dent in  
her new car -  
someone draws a sad face

**Angela Terry**



## **Time in a Bottle**

message in a bottle  
fifty years later  
secondhand time

*Sharon Young*

invisible ink slowly  
revealing his name

*Angela Terry*

distant salutation  
surfing  
the time waves

*Cheryl Berrong*

warm hello but  
a different language

*Sharon Young*

Rip Van Winkle  
awakens in  
a brave new world

*Angela Terry*

a past not seen  
through the glass

*Cheryl Berrong*

Adagio for Strings  
my bank  
values my business

## QUIET PLEASE

With a few minutes to go they congregate in the corridor. Some have been here a long time. Some pace up and down mouthing silent bullet points into space like intelligent zombies. Some are passing their eyes over handfuls of scribbled notes for the final time. Most stare straight ahead, eventually noticing something interesting in the patterns of plasterwork on the walls. Nobody talks, nobody smiles. This isn't a joke, it isn't a drill. There are no windows.



**Mark Gilbert**

learner's permit—  
she wants to know  
if she can drive home

driving lesson—  
parked cars closer  
than they appear

100° day—  
wearing  
a popsicle grin



**Elaine Wilburt**

the vacancy  
my heart's had for years now  
she steps into

the syllables  
I choke on  
seeing her with him

two stray cars  
crying for shelter  
before the snow

**Rp Verlaine**

in my hair the scent of coloured rain

ink stains another poem written in oblivion

a crow's caw, not now...now, interrupts dead phone silence

hum of the lightbulb hypothetical transmissions

playground laughter  
a one-eyed teddy bear  
waits

**Veronika Zora Novak**

a firefly falls  
onto the sleeper —  
enlightenment!

a firefly falls  
onto the sleeper —  
enlightenment!

exhausting discussions  
in the office - where is  
my punching bag

**Tomislav Maretić**



workshopping -  
thoughts of an  
old kigo



**Pat Geyer**

Perfect parents  
Don't have kids  
The rest of us do

**Barb Hacker**

vagrant camp clean up  
all that remains  
three empty shopping carts

late night  
he asks me if I'm done  
haikuing

**Debbie Scheving**

morning light  
opening my eyes  
to her nipple

prayer interlude -  
moans  
from my neighbor's bedroom

podium baptism  
my son asks  
for the lake

dressings my wound  
the nurse warm hands  
behind the gloves

**Adjei Agyei-Baah**

all-night-service  
I sell the last box  
of sleeping pills

rehab center  
I tie up  
my winter boots

torn between  
the impacts of climate change  
autumn butterfly

**Eva Limbach**  
**[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)**

dear silence  
this from your sponsor  
sleep apnea

**Grant D. Savage**

Harmattan grass  
a fallen leaf  
unfolds into a bird

**Benedicta Gyepi Garbrah**

out for a walk  
the old tuba player  
winded

company coming  
the mingling  
of air fresheners

on the corner  
drunk as a skunk  
our old paperboy

**Phyllis Lee**



night pee the dizzy fly you don't see

questions gone rhetorical \*what's going on\*

**Adrian Bouter**

bragging—  
he displays the long stitches  
for his knee replacement

thongs once meant sandals,  
says a grandma  
with a blush

nighttime subway  
all ten passengers check  
their cell phones

**John J. Han**

## **Good Girl**

She drew hearts and smiley faces in her notebooks. She told the teacher she forgot her glasses every time she was called to read in class. Her report cards were filled with disappointments too devastating for her kind heart. At seventeen she could neither read nor spell. It became something so embarrassing and hard to bear she dropped out of school. She slipped away from my life. Then one day I saw her selling cosmetics in a mall.

mid winter  
the warm smile of a friend  
fades with the wind

---

## **Dragon Lady**

There is a flame in her painted red mouth. I'm doused in the gasoline of self-doubt. Together we make a forest fire out of a glint on an incense tip. A slighting remark turns into a chain argument, spreading fast across town. The dragon lady and I meshed in anger and hatred of a burning world.

teenage angst  
my mother okays  
my B grade

**Jackie Chou**

winter gust  
grandfather's grandfather clock  
stop ticking

overripe banana  
on the old photograph  
mother's smile

**Agus Maulana Sunjaya**  
**[@agusmsunjaya](#)**



*the mystery of grandma's garden my memories*

*Tsanka Shishkova*



*faith, hope, and charity stained glass abandoned church*

*Tsanka Shishkova*

**Tsanka Shishkova**

pioneer Bible  
embedded in Revelations  
a stone arrowhead

below freezing --  
a row of street people  
at the Christmas Eve service

**John J. Dunphy**

death poem  
the defeated general  
spills his guts

teacher's lounge--  
the conversation shifts  
to the parents

remote campsite  
my new girlfriend pulls out  
her hair dryer

pole dancer  
the stern stay away  
in her come hither



father's medals--  
unpacking the things  
left unsaid



Kevin Valentine

**Kevin Valentine**

after shock  
the blacksmith's ears  
still ringing

repairing. ..  
the distance between us  
hole beneath the fence

afternoon tea  
my neighbour asks again  
to visit the loo

**Robert Kingston**

lazy morning  
the moon  
in my coffee

behind the pine trees  
either hiding or peeing  
the moon changing faces

**Nadejda Kostadinova**

the monitor's flat line...  
just yesterday flying  
her kite

### **Remember**

Unsweetened, semi-sweet, and bitter, loamy with sugared eggs and vanilla, Mother's hands stirred and mixed longing into the dark rich swirl. She hummed to the harmony of the Four Lads.

Standing in my own warm kitchen, I wear your faded apron, and think of you making brownies. I make them for grandchildren in the same dented tin pan. They have a dull finish, nothing fancy. They are easy to whip up when life gets out of sorts, the smell of chocolate in the oven enough to assuage the kids hurts, soothe my husband at the end of a hard day and keep alive the memories we pass on.

*mother's food-stained cookbook the falling leaves*

**Jo Balistreri**

soft summer night—a dharma talk on suffering

visit to the er—  
untying the knots  
in my stomach

after the mammogram a facial

overdue letter from an old friend—thin gruel

silent retreat—  
green juniper berries  
turn blue

library checkout  
the new people  
in my life

thank you  
thank you thank you...  
deadheading the petunias

**Sondra J. Byrnes**

neither resourceful  
nor wealthy but his jubilant ideas  
carried him through

**Aju Mukhopadhyay**





streaks of grey  
our story being  
what it is

**Julie Warther**

school bag  
the weight of  
hard deadlines

chipped tooth —  
swallowing  
my smile

death by a thousand memories

**Debbi Antebi**  
[@debbisland](#)



summer –  
the dance  
of scarecrows

summer –  
the dance  
of scarecrows



**Terrie Jacks**

dementia  
strawberries sinking  
into her ice cream bowl

lazy waiter -  
wasps drowning  
in unfinished sodas

**Tomislav Sjekloća**

Senyru rising  
in a half empty beer glass  
sure to be refilled.

aging hipster  
hiding behind cocktail  
never really cool

wearing Santa shirt  
on dog day afternoon  
for shits and giggles

**George Schaefer**

old farmhouse  
almost big enough  
for their estrangement

midnight—  
their car doors sounding  
like divorce

hair loss treatment  
the unknown places  
it takes me to

high tide pulling me back into your world

we try to reconcile  
for the umpteenth time  
Memorial Day

I have things to do the flu

**Robert Epstein**

missing mobile toddler's escape

all that was left in his jacket

porch swing

Nancy Drew and I

search for clues

**Margaret Walker**

making friends  
at the beach . . .  
the labs  
with their sticks

north by the lake  
how far we've come  
loon and I

tossing rings  
at rubber duckies  
oh . . .  
the blinking  
pink one

**Jill Lange**

## **It's a Dance**

There are things you may think but just don't say in any relationship: parent-child, friendship, work, marriage, politics, or across cultures. We all learn at different rates the invisible lines that demarcate what is acceptable and unacceptable. Which words hurt feelings, create distance, or make arguments escalate... to face slap, impasse, firing, divorce.

I've become keenly aware of clear and fuzzy lines, of place and time for tone and topic, advance and retreat. That when the other is upset or with fear, they cannot hear. That agreement or compromise can be an uneasy feat.

peace  
balancing on blades  
of fact and feeling

**Claire Vogel Camargo**

## **All Names Have Been Removed – HNA 2019**

struggling to find  
the next verse  
lap dance renku

checking the rules  
nothing about skinny dipping  
or bonfires

the shame  
skinny dipping  
without my glasses

night swimming  
all the phases  
of the moon

haiku poets  
creative spirit  
exposed

**Jeff Hoagland**

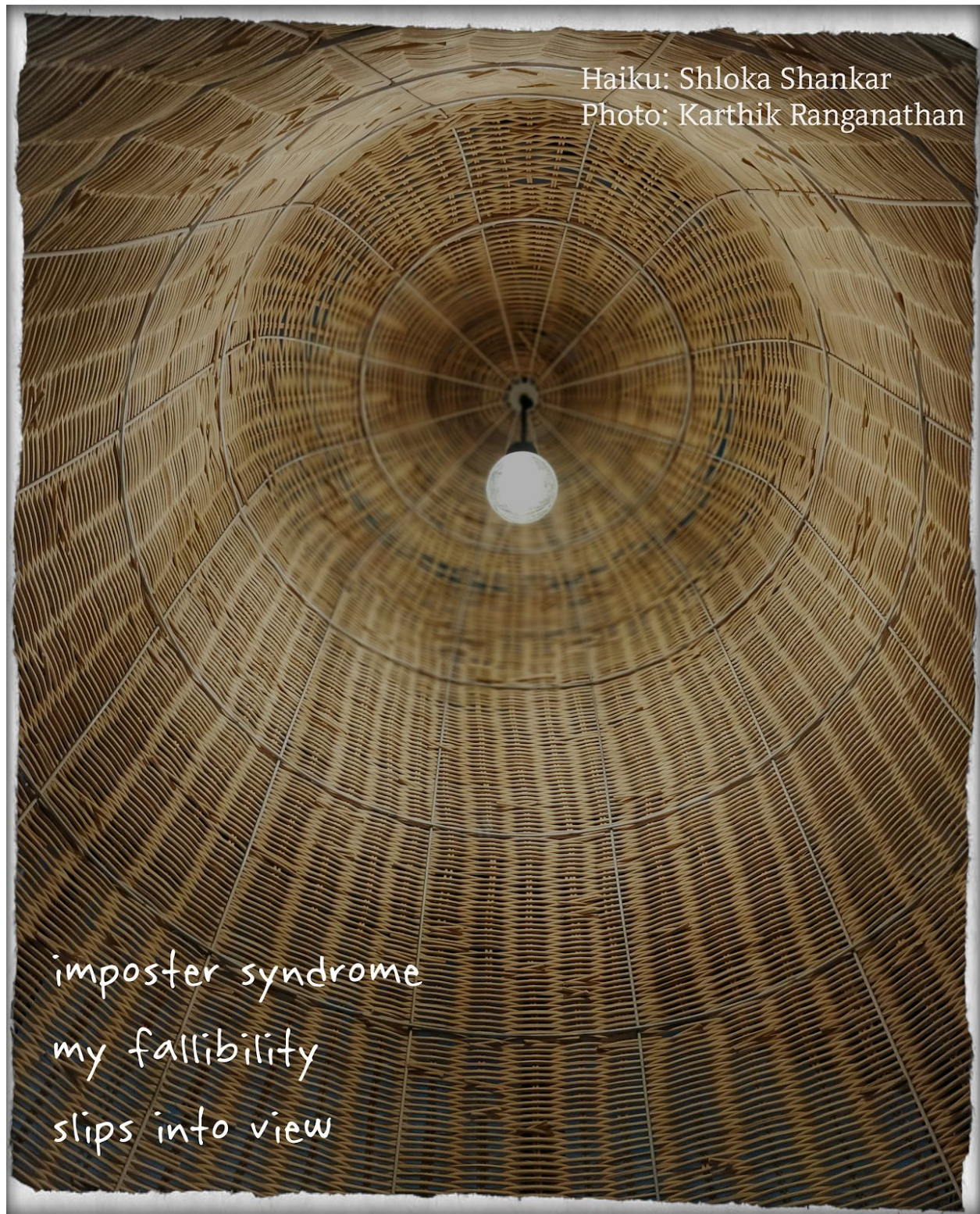




shoka

broken a thousand words fill with moonlight





**Shloka Shankar and Karthik Ranganathan**

## SOUL HOURS

a sequence by Lucia Fontana,  
Milan, Italy

blue hour . . .  
when he reveals me  
he will leave

*ora blu . . .  
quando lui mi rivela  
che se ne andrà . . .*

—

pink hour . . .  
i've learnt to dance  
my pain

*ora rosa . . .  
ho imparato a danzare  
il mio dolore*

—

golden hour . . .  
the genuine and real love  
i wish for myself

*ora dorata . . .  
l'amore genuino e reale  
che per me desidero*



golden hour . . .  
the genuine and real love  
i wish for myself

Lux '19



acrylic on canvas:  
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

original title of the painting :  
more | acrylic on canvas

---

red hour . . .  
i still put  
my passion  
in all  
i do

*ora rossa . . .  
metto ancora  
la mia passione  
in tutto ciò  
che faccio*

---

no borders . . .  
the love i've dreamt  
at the blue hour

*senza confini . . .  
l'amore che ho sognato  
nell'ora blu*



no borders . . .  
the love i've dreamt  
at the blue hour

Lux '19



watercolor:  
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

*original title of the painting :  
breaking chains | watercolor on paper*

---

blue hour  
and the love consummated  
behind the bamboo . . .

*l'ora blu  
e l'amore consumato  
dietro al bambù . . .*

---

for a moment  
the wind  
let me  
admire you . . .  
moon

*per un istante  
il vento lascia  
che io  
ti ammiri . . .  
luna*



---

coral moon . . .  
the metamorphosis  
of our love

luna corallo . . .  
le metamorfosi  
del nostro amore

coral moon . . .  
the metamorphosis  
of our love

Lux '19



watercolor:  
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

original title of the painting :  
house of the red sun | watercolor on paper

---

into tetra-space . . .  
dimension of a “me”  
never imagined

nel tetra-spazio . . .  
dimensione di una “me”  
mai immaginata

---

blue hour . . .the lake awakened by the wood’s  
fragrance

ora blu . . . il lago risvegliato dal profumo del bosco

---

**Lucia Fontana**  
my blog: [chanokeburi.it](http://chanokeburi.it)

homelessness...

those veterans are tired  
of the stars

mental asylum...

his only trusted friend  
a black umbrella

**Munia Khan**

## **innocent when you dream**

i dream very little. at least i think that is true. who can really tell. if you wake with a warm and happy feeling was it the result of a deep dream or are you just thrilled to have checked the box for one more morning. sunlight through the blinds in our bedroom always seems welcoming. i believe it is the closest we can come to resurrection.

snowy trail  
i see my footprint  
in front of me

**Mike Rehling**  
**'Failed' Editor**

**[editor@failedhaiku.com](mailto:editor@failedhaiku.com)**

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