

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 1, Issue 5

michael rehling
'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

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Cast List

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

Lovette Carter

Devin Harrison

Diana Teneva

Pris Campbell

Jesus Chameleon

Marianne Paul

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Maya Lyubenova

Elmedin Kadric

Bruce Jewett

Chen-ou Liu

Dave Read

Brad Bennett

David Oates

Karen Harvey

Cynthia Rowe

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Willie R. Bongcaron

Al Fogel

Garry Eaton

Shloka Shankar
Eva Limbach
Juliet Wilson
Gergana Yaninska
Christina Martin
Rachel Sutcliffe
Johannes S. H. Bjerg
Rosemary Bryerton-Schiff
Ian Willey
Mohammad Azim Khan
Olivier Schopfer
Barbara Tate
Christina Sng
Hannes Froehlich
Phyllis Lee
Barbara Kaufmann
Steve Black
Marianne Paul
Elizabeth Crocket
Meik Blöttenberger
Keitha Keyes
Angelo B. Ancheta
Debbie Strange
Jan Benson
Elizabeth Alford
Madhuri Pillai

Louise Hopewell
Mark Gilbert
Lysa Collins
Kalyana Hapsari
Nicholas Klacsanzky
Pat Geyer
Gail Oare
Nina Kovačić
Zoran Doderovic
Jill Lange
Helen Buckingham
Janet Patton
David J Kelly
Carol Raisfeld
Billy Antonio
Rob Scott
Cliff T. Roberts
Alexander B. Joy
Bob Lucky
Ken Sawitri
Sondra J. Byrnes
Jayashree Maniyil
Sharon Rhutasel-Jones
Julie Warther
Debbi Antebi
Claire Vogel Camargo

nancy brady

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan

Myron Lysenko

Alegria Imperial

Tzetzka Ilieva

Roberta Beary

Marilyn Humbert

Bob Carlton

Marietta Jane McGregor

Ola Lindberg

who am I
to be a part
misty moon

waves
so close to the edge
of sticking

Lovette Carter

ides of March
we are sufficiently
warned

keeping
my beliefs to myself
witness protection

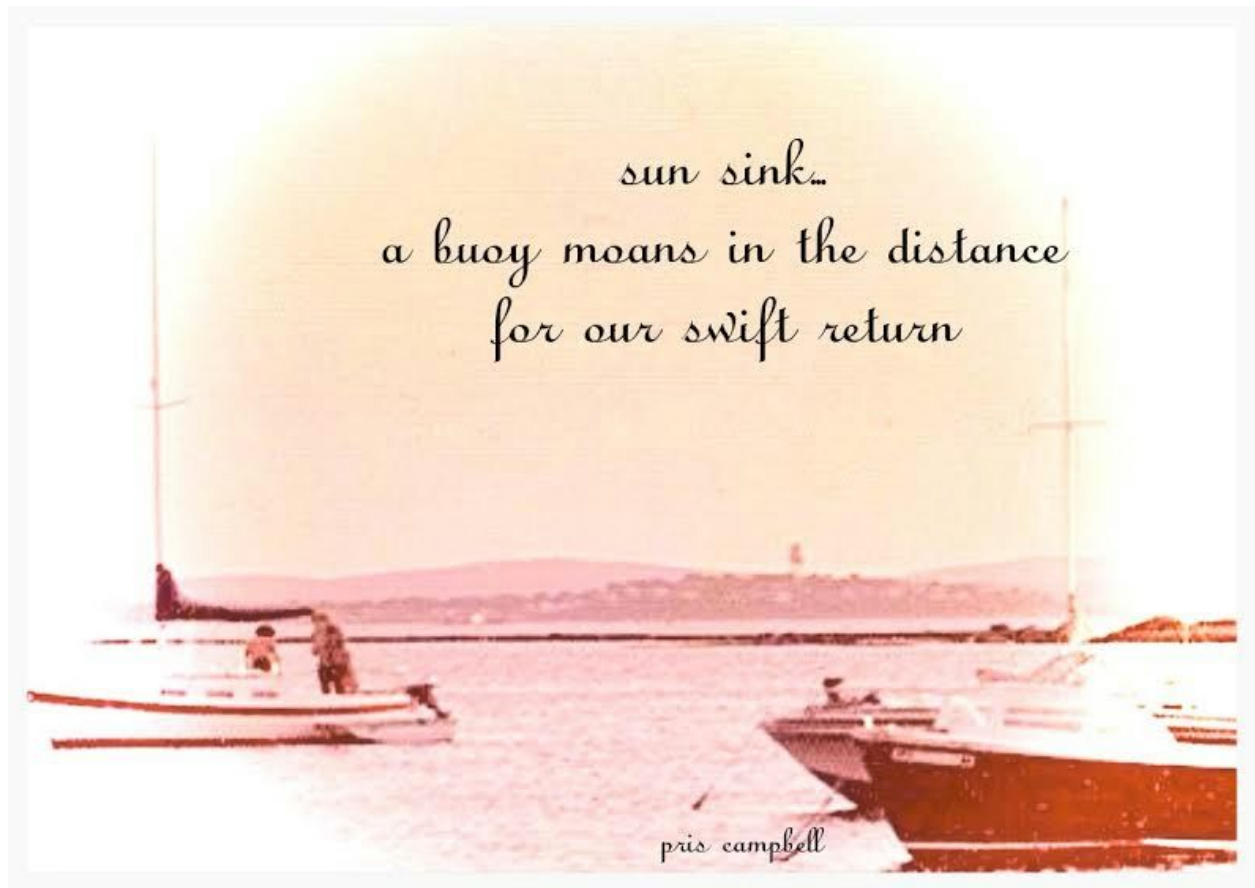
with many yoga
positions this climbing
out of my skin

divorce settlement
‘my kingdom
for a horse’

Devin Harrison

a wedding photo –
one and only hug
with my mother-in-law

Diana Teneva



Pris Campbell

birthday cakes
I struggle not to blow
all the candles out

Jesus Chameleon

counting time
in morphine drips--
cut flowers

Marianne Paul

www.mariannepaul.com

family reunion
she reminds me
of my bad breath

Adjei Agyei-Baah

our breaths
blend as we kiss
...thicker fog

half a year
after the chemo-
breeze in my hair

coming of spring
the Like button
on facebook

lost in translation
sparkles from Basho's moon
in the puddle

Maya Lyubenova

driving home--
nobody to hold
the ashes

furious
the mime
does me

Elmedin Kadric

pink fingernails
lacquered with gilt
my banker offers a pen

young women
in day-glo dresses
wait for their lattes

Bruce Jewett

a twist
of barbecue smoke ...
backyard fighting

her hips
sway our debate on sex
summer heat

breakup talk:
she starts every sentence
with I want ...

Chen-ou Liu
<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>

morning song
a farmer plucks
his rooster

night winds
my courage the size
of the peephole

wind gusts
our door shuts on
a salesman

Slim Being, Health Guru: A Parable of Purpose

While I have always upheld a lifestyle rich in the fundamentals of health and fitness, there have been times I have felt empty. Periods of doubt have plagued me. I have openly wondered if the results were worth the efforts, and what, exactly, all the effort was for. There was a restlessness in me that a clean bill of health from the doctor, a new personal best in one handed pushups (currently 67), or a walk along the beach in my speedos and “sweater vest”, inundated with catcalls and double-takes from college aged women (no doubt imagining their red-hot fingernails dancing through my back hair), could ever assuage. I was healthy and fit, but lost without a clear goal to which my elite health and fitness could be applied.

summer's end
I drag my feet
through the sand

That changed last spring when I purchased a basket for my driveway. Thinking I'd introduce my kids to the great sport of basketball, and then impose my NBA dreams upon them, something surprising happened. I'd become good. Very good. Routinely, I'd hit 700, 800 shots in a row. I'd display an array of dunks on the 8 foot rim that would make a prime Dominique Wilkins seethe with jealousy. I had discovered a magic on my driveway that far exceeded my abilities as a sometimes starter for the 1988, division 2, John G. Diefenbaker Chiefs. The missing goal was found.

pot of gold
the long arc of
my hook shot

On the back of this newfound purpose, my rigour and discipline have increased. I've been buoyed by the challenges of our hood's elite 'ballers, and my successes in tackling them. I am 6-0 against my neighbour's boy

at H-O-R-S-E. I survived a small scare, but came back strong, to beat my niece in a tough game of one-on-one. (Well behind early on, I committed a hard foul that threw her off her rhythm. With a sudden lack of confidence, she never regained her former fluidity. Mind games matter.) And hardly a day passes where I do not remind my 9 year old that I SHUT HIM OUT in our 3 point contest. Looking ahead, as I prepare for continued success against such competition, my bouts of doubt are behind me. I know now what my efforts are for.

fast break
I pull away
from the crowd

Dave Read

daveareadpoetry.blogspot.ca

nosy neighbors
the crane lowers a yew
into the hole

almost off to college
two camp counselors
on the seesaw

the angler
widens his stance--
open tackle box

Brad Bennett

restaurant bathroom
going in as the cook leaves
dry sink

unfortunately
dashboard fingernail clipping
fits with the decor

David Oates

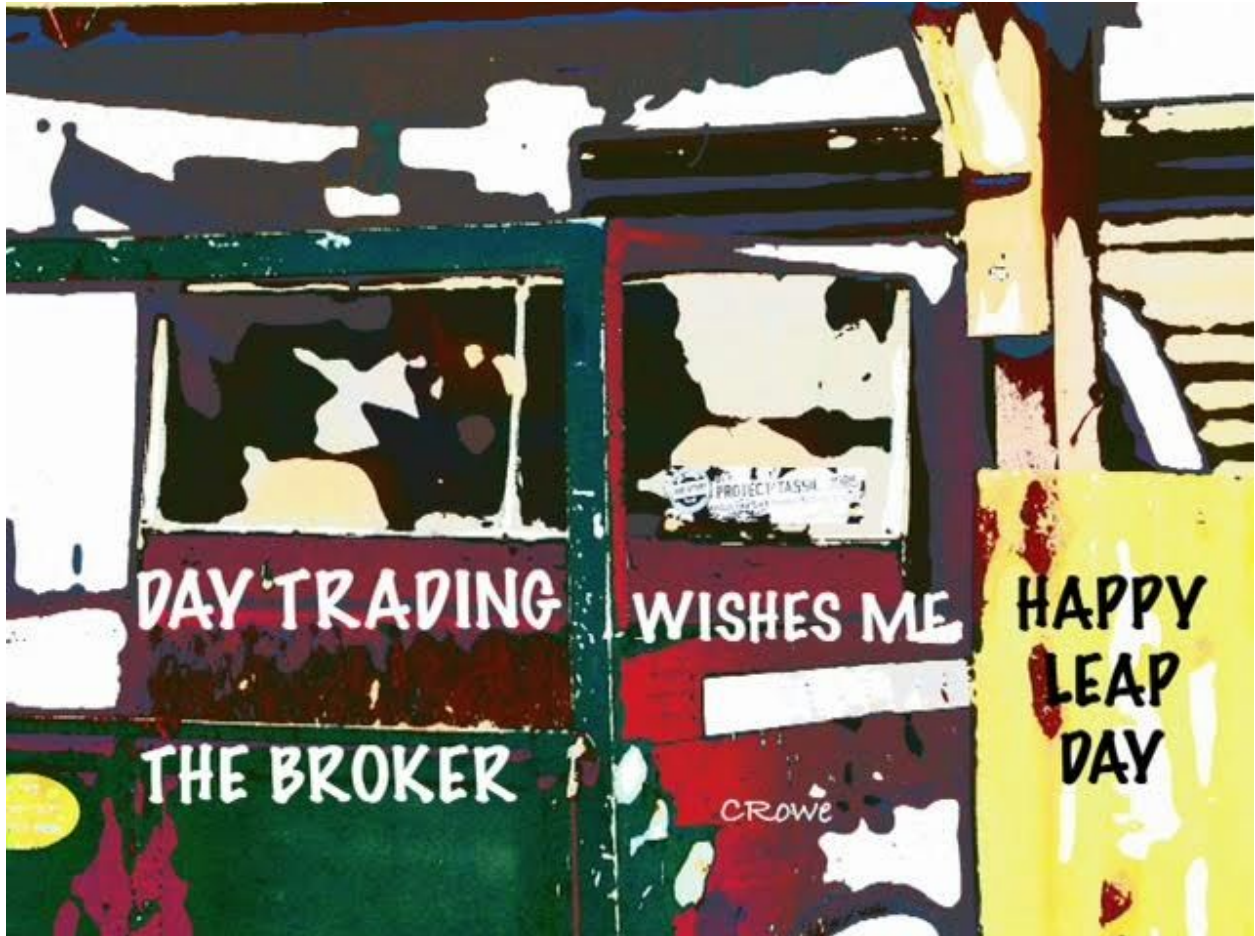
[Wordland](#)

**Sunday 8pm Eastern on 91.7 FM and 97.9 FM Near
Streams on www.uga.org**

her descent
into madness...
seeing stars

Karen Harvey





partial eclipse
the strobe
on her mobile phone

Cynthia Rowe

wedding in gazebo
at the lake
second chances

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

shuttle service
just enough space
to myself

live ammo
the trajectory
of death

Willie R. Bongcaron

romantic evening. . .
my girlfriend and I
holding hand-helds

dentist chair -
the hygienist removes
my Bluetooth

internet argument. . .
his e-mail all in CAPS
hers in emoticons

Al Fogel

the new cheerleader
does the splits
pennants on her aerial

cyber attack
all the toll bridge cams show
pictures of Mohammed

moving day
the goldfish jumps into
a toilet bowl


Garry Eaton

A photograph of a pair of orange sneakers with yellow laces, positioned on a wooden floor. A bright, warm light source, possibly a window or a lamp, is visible in the background, creating a strong glow and casting a soft shadow on the floor. The overall mood is contemplative and artistic.

between bouts of inertia my indecision

Haiku: Shloka Shankar

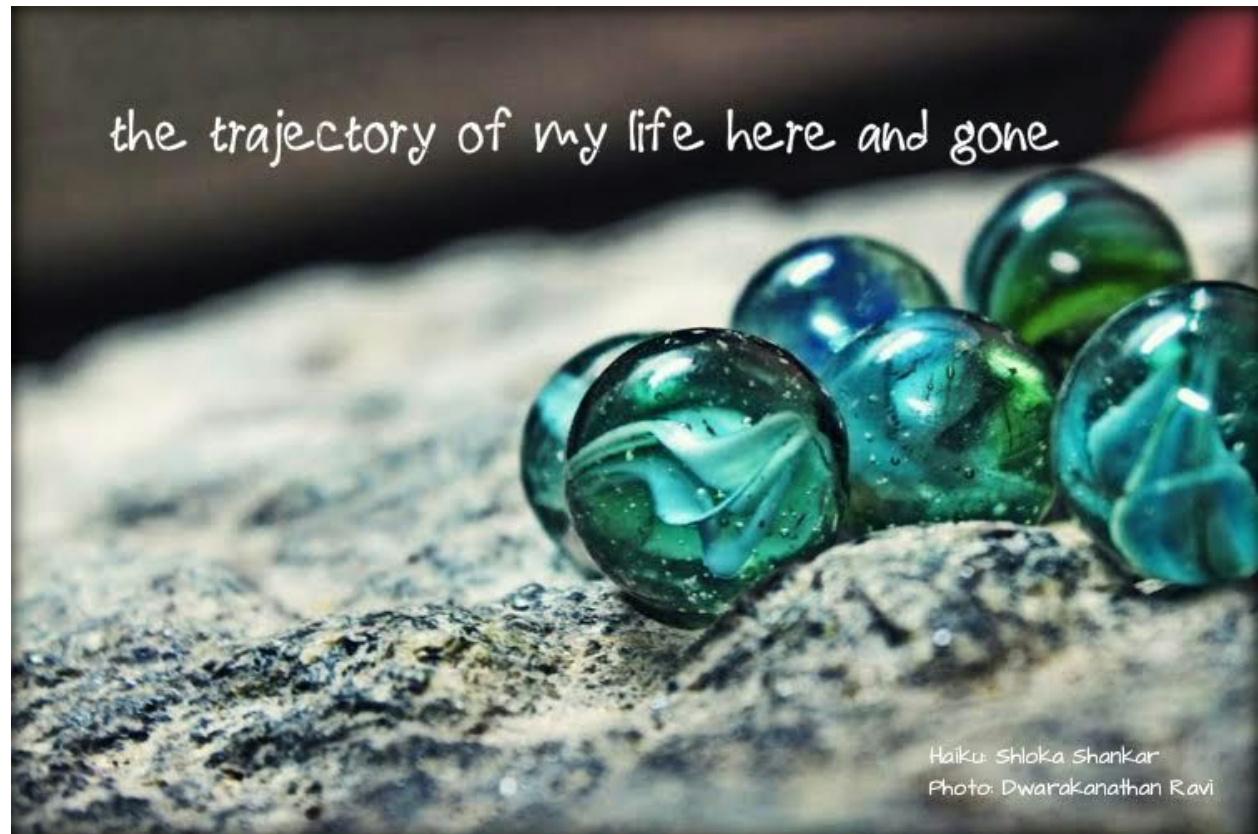
Photo: Dwarakanathan Ravi

A photograph of a sandy beach. The sand is a warm, golden-brown color and is covered with numerous small, dark, irregular spots, possibly pebbles or debris. In the lower center of the frame, there is a single, light-colored seashell, possibly a clam or scallop, lying flat. To the left of the shell, there is a small, bright yellow flower or piece of dried vegetation. The overall scene is a close-up of the beach surface.

alternatively clothing my mind summer breeze

Haiku: Shloka Shankar

Photo: S. R. Shankar



Shloka Shankar

being on call a withering rose

the peck
as she left me
lily of the valley

at the edge
of my universe
a mocking bird

all our wars
lost
blossom wind

Eva Limbach

<http://evamaria-limbach2.blogspot.de/>

saxophone solo
in a sleepless night
northern lights

jigsaw pieces
scattered across the floor -
distant gunfire

second hand shop -
the sweater she knitted
as a gift

waiting
for the hurricane -
migraine

Juliet Wilson

<http://craftygreenpoet.blogspot.com>
[@craftygreenpoet](#)

smog...
she buys a curtain
printed pine cones

tardy bus
a bee landing on
my painted nail

sumi-e
he paints the patch
on the asphalt

Gergana Yaninska

prophesying another life my raven self

shell magic...
voices from within
pull out the echoes

Christina Martin

athletics track
the sudden speed
of wind

turning to you
your faded scent
on the sheet

Rachel Sutcliffe

**Monsieur de Sainte-Colombe (ca. 1640–1700), Tombeau les
Regrets - Les Pleurs**

(after the film: “Tous les Matins du Monde”)

adding a 7th string he gives voice to the dead
thin wafers and wine an altar for she who left
amber and goat intestines that friction between life and sorrow
unable to speak my loving you must be enough
two fingers on the horse hairs he goes to drown himself
sun not gold on my fingers! the girls are silent
the torture of the gift of silence into the lake
cross country walk peeing is the ornamentation
like the painter's brush on the canvas so the bow on the strings
God's talking he doesn't need music they hide to listen
stolen caresses in exchange for the denied music
into the red book stranded on straight lines his grief
into what tomb can't I go now tears won't come vainglorious
sorrow?
the music of turkeys and elder bushes he sells his horse to stay
Easter she says “the other world” is a leaking boat

Arcangelo Corelli, Sonate da Chiesa a trè, Opus 1
(Rome, 1681)

sonate da chiesa Corelli's angel protrudes from dust
you see and you don't the dome of strings
nothing lighter than this F-major-needle below thunder
the paint as flaky as yesterday virgin blue
step soundless into the gold of prayer
play it the rim of the ripple after the first stone
that which keeps me afloat a flageolet on a g-string
a filigree weave that voice after god's
despondent you can't even whistle the damn thing
open a spider an apple a prayer it's there
raking the sky you don't even have to
present and yet you keep looking for the swallows

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

I have decided
to replace you with haiku
it never hurts me

pen and sculpted legs
she chose her weapons wisely
tearing up his heart

Rosemary Bryerton-Schiff

Dad's computer
his OS
old school

city street
a sign that says RELAX MORE
makes me nervous

science museum
Dad gets left behind
in the Stone Age

waiting for the doctor
he faces
the Muzak

Ian Willey

death row..
the last culinary choice
undigested

deafening crowd..
the shrill voice of
a fishmonger

kite flying..
tying the matrimonial knot
in the sky

Mohammad Azim Khan

sighlence

regretting what I said
the peppery taste
of arugula

short night
the mosquito
and I

fog all day no beginning no end

online bookstore
philosophy
for a song

winter night
a car alarm
scatters my dream

Olivier Schopfer

truth
my son does his first
pinky swear

honeymoon
the midnight rain
stops

Barbara Tate

hazy moon
my heart
my millstone

night crickets
the headache
amplifies my hearing

more painful
than I remember
blood test

winter dreams
my mind sinks
into the cold abyss

Christina Sng

one-liner:

on the bench - side by side with the moss

three-liner:

beside the bench
entwined by clematis
my walking stick

haibun:

With special thanks to Mrs. Katrin Dayak/Katharina Dike - her poem „Do you still love me when my face wrinkled ...“ recalls this memory ... and let me try this haibun.

I remember well: we were on holidays at the North Sea. I was out for a late walk along the strand because I wanted to get some photos of the sunset. I was already sitting on the bench for a while when the old couple arrived. They asked politely: „Is this seat taken?“ – „No, please be seated,“, I answered. After she had wrapped a blanket around his legs she asked him caringly: „Do you need your sunglasses?“. „Not at the moment“, he answered. We sat together silently until the sunset started. With a friendly greeting I left them to get a better position for my photos. But on the way back I thought about this old couple and words were running through my mind ...

side by side
on the bench by the sea
facing the sunset

Hannes Froehlich

her hairdo...
could have bought
the groceries

casual housekeeper
always cleaning
her fingernails

barefoot
a spider
I can't step on

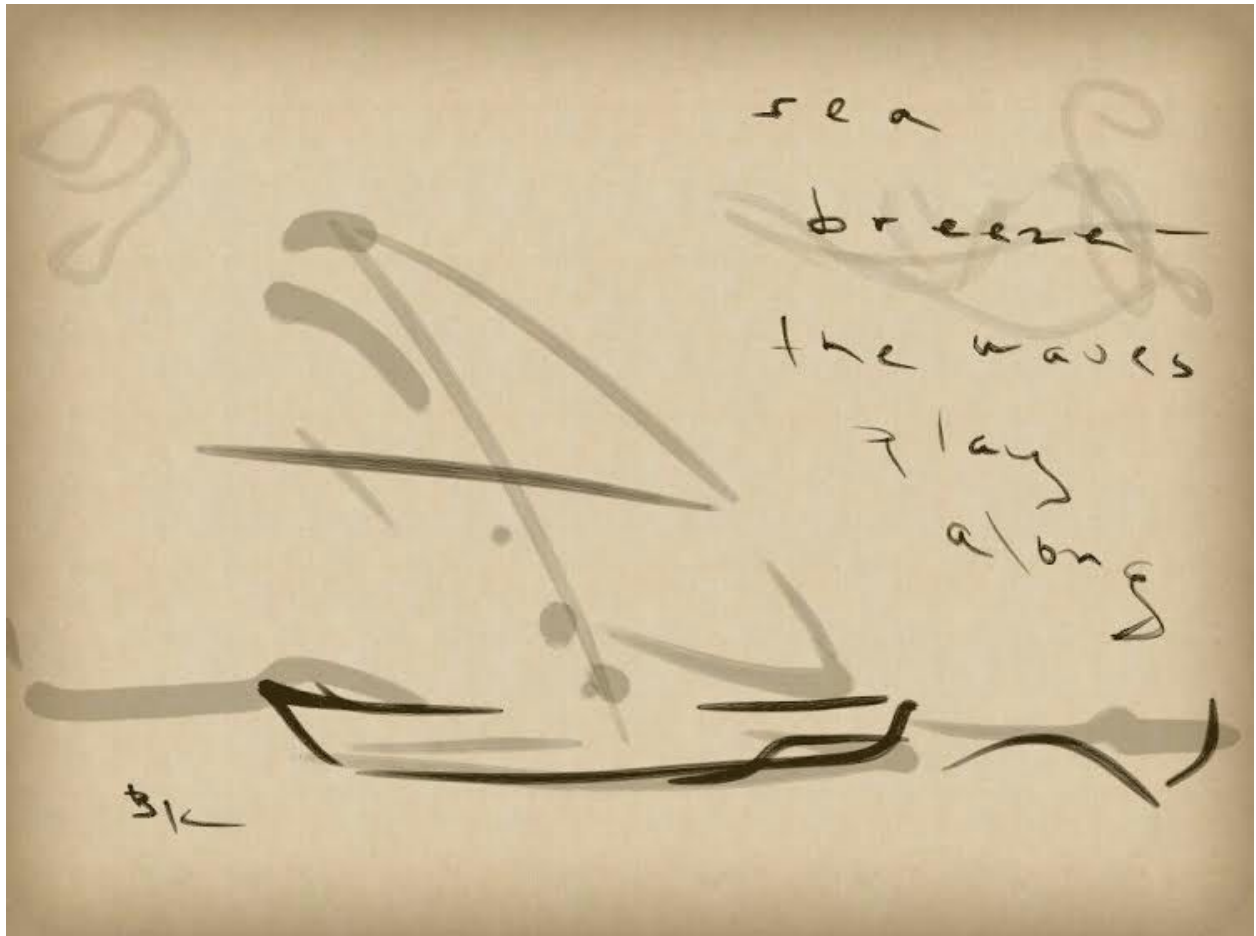
new neighbors
keep me
in binoculars

haiku class
a young man asks
is that all it is?

Phyllis Lee

spring dawn birds retweet a wake-up call

daffodils all there is to know of resurrection





play time
a dog watches his boy
for a signal

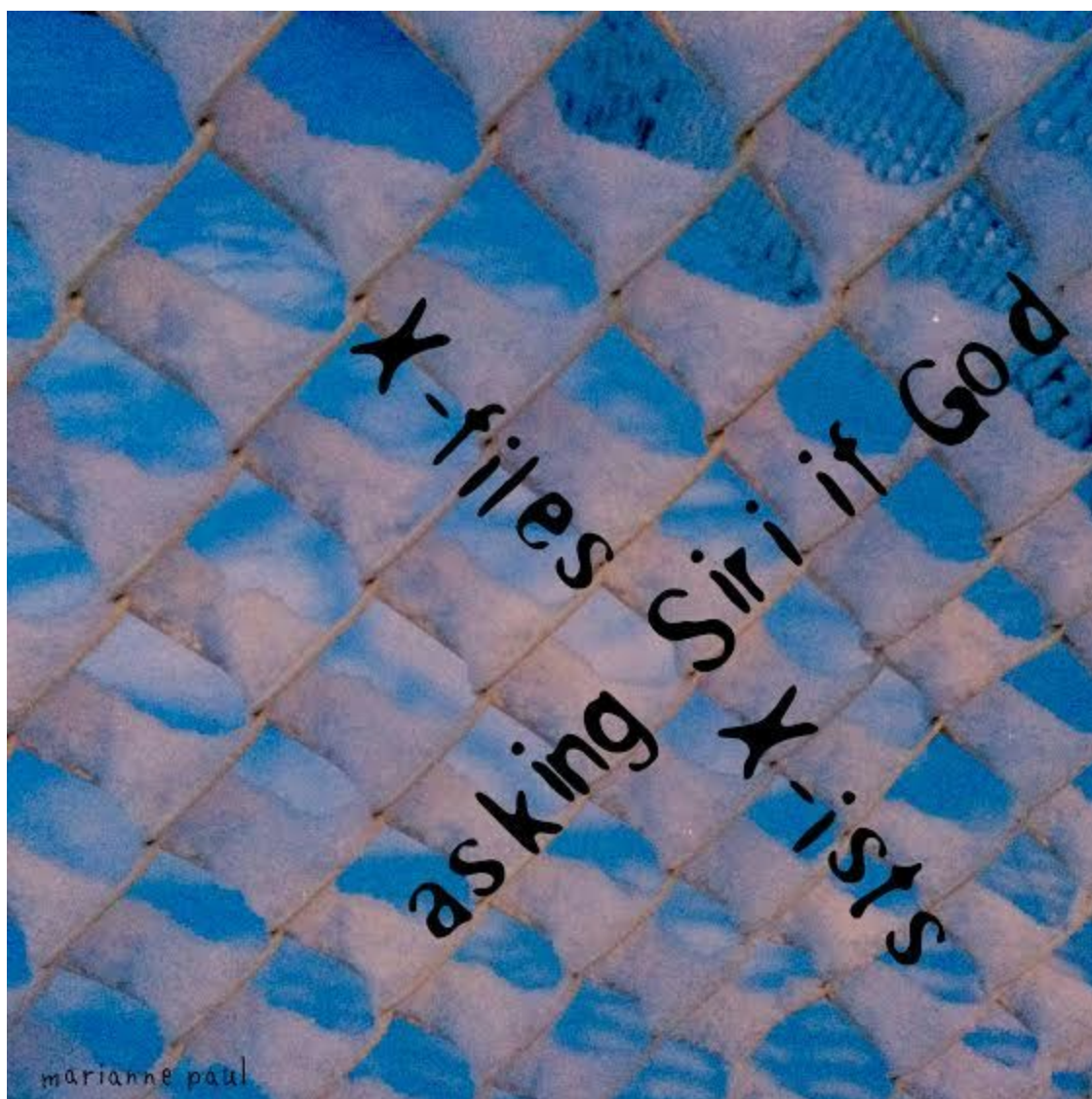


Barbara Kaufmann
[wabi sabi ~~~poems and images](#)

the dog scoffs
at my leftover
feelings

some might say
a life in japanese verse
doesn't count for much

Steve Black



Marianne Paul

repetition
again she wonders
why she's lived so long

renovations
string hanging
from the blackbird's mouth

Elizabeth Crocket

smeared across my childhood liverwurst

before the guests arrive a broken butterfly

brief showers--
the names I never call
in my contact list

monkey bars
kids swing above
uncertainty

leap year
a schoolboy's
untucked shirt

Meik Blöttenberger

a bat fried
between electric wires —
not the way to go

sticky blowfly —
why can't she see
it's time to move on

Keitha Keyes

morning ritual
dreaming of last night
before the dream

burning bridges
she unblocks me
for the nth time

Angelo B. Ancheta



torn petals
no words to describe
wabi sabi

limp seabirds
beach bodies slick
with oil

Debbie Strange
debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca

night-tide . . .
the catch of his hand
as I walk away

gypsy moon slip knot lens

Jan Benson

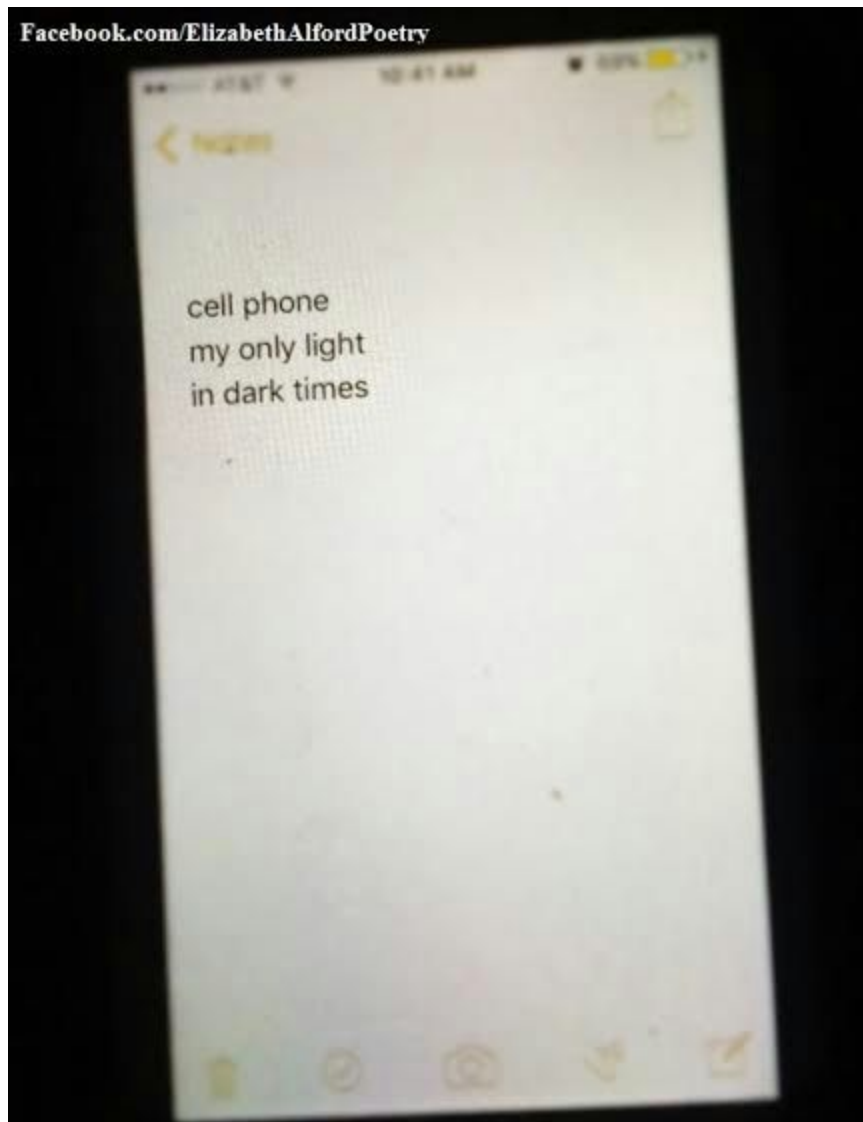
numb toes my father's diabetes

the way of zen this buddha belly

the days are going too fast;

if I were a cop

I'd give them tickets



Facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry



*cigarette butts
all these unfinished
poems*

Elizabeth Alford

<http://www.facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry>

repotting
the habits
of a lifetime

old neighbours
the creeping autumn
in our steps

stealthily
through my chores
day planes

Madhuri Pillai

Waves
lap at my toes –
new puppy

Cicadas
suddenly silent –
Broken guitar string

The moon
slumps in the night –
Overtime

Louise Hopewell

Hiding in the toilet.
No terrorists,
just another Tuesday.

revolving door —
how long do I have left
on my planet

Mark Gilbert

inbox -
his promises brim
with the habit of amendment

drinking
from the same cup -
home

Lysa Collins

packed bus
he slipped a smile
to a stranger

Kalyana Hapsari

heavy rain--
Seattle no longer
my Seattle

the turtle moves
further into the dusk . . .
life after college

Nicholas Klacsanzky

castor pollux...
this happenstance
of duality

before my eyes
her gown slips away...
wild carrot



Pat Geyer

minor chord
looking for
a fifth

broken chalk
the slant
of her words

Sunday morning
the jogger hesitates
at the bakery

Gail Oare
[@gailor1](#)

the scent of lime
a soap in the toilet
of the restaurant

Nina Kovačić

Translated into English by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić.

old grendmather's house
garlic garland on the wall
protects from vampires

all soul's day
the new plastic flowers
replacing the old

Zoran Doderovic

compass grass
holding the dune
holding the cabin

garden sale--
a young stone dragon
guards her treasured ball

Jill Lange

MAYDAY

big kids trailing ribbons
dance around the polls

HEADLINE: QUEEN TURNS
NINETY

stop press...she's not alone

30 YEARS SINCE CHERNOBYL
the big fish keep getting bigger

Helen Buckingham

Amazing pre-dawn haiku
evaporate
at breakfast

Sad news.
The family gathers
for a beer.

Janet Patton

harder than it looks
the ice beneath
the ice skater

lousy self-help groups
they only have cancer
on Tuesdays



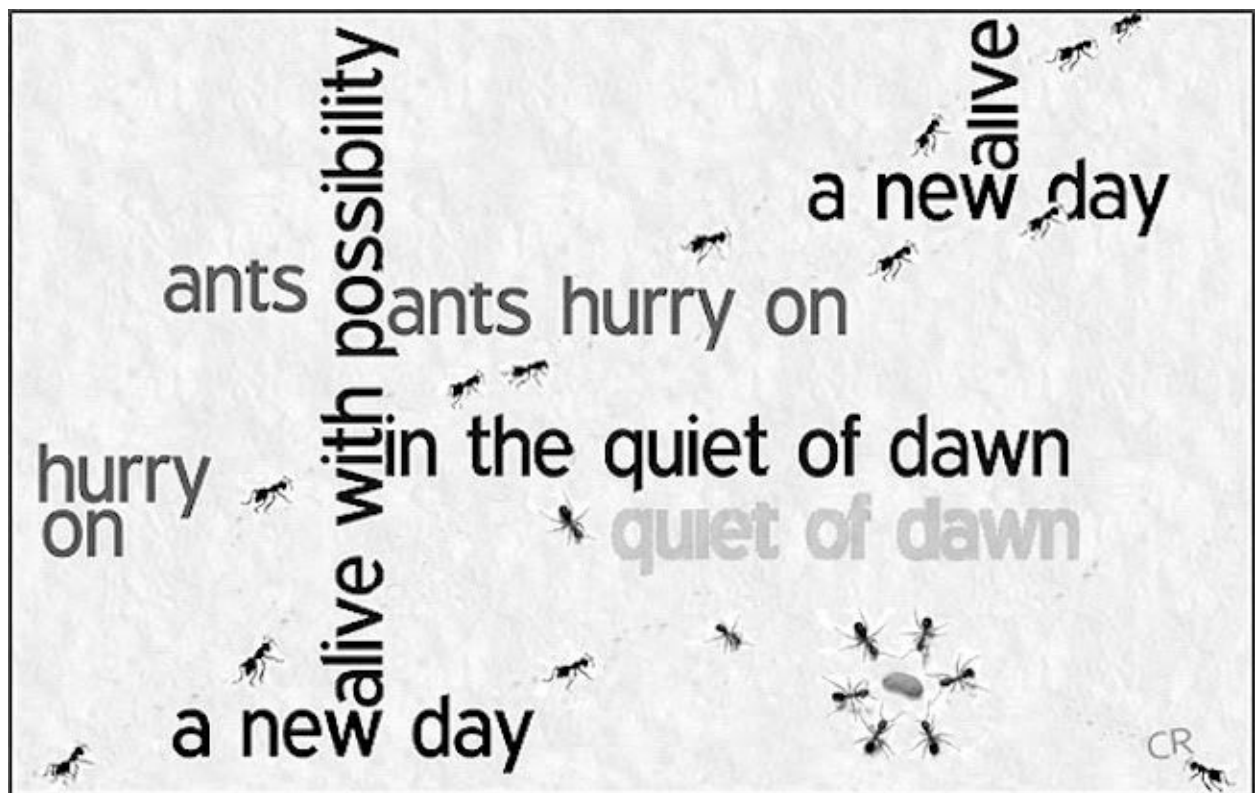
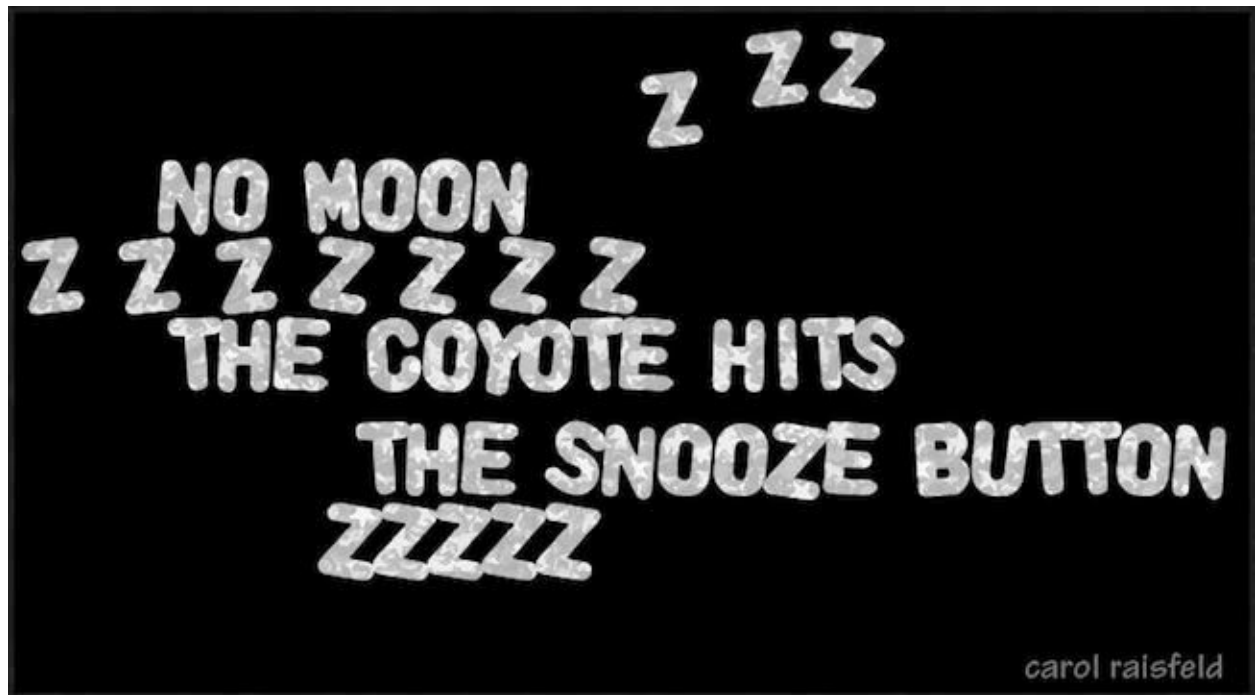
David J Kelly
[@motto_sakura](#)

rainy honeymoon
at the dude ranch
they mount each other

museum tour
children giggle
at Venus de Milo

beach picnic
sun-kissed melons
in all sizes

defiant fart --
objection sustained
he approaches the bench



Carol Raisfeld [@carol_red](https://twitter.com/carol_red)

subpoena the sudden whistle of the kettle

summer's end
her swimsuits wet
in the rain

Billy Antonio

waking from a dream ~
I lose my dad
again

day moon ~
her first
white lie

clouds on clouds ~
the dream I can't remember
still with me

midnight swim ~
she lowers herself
into stars

dwindling light ~
the telephone's silence
deepens

dinner argument the candlelight's slant

Rob Scott
[@haikubobb](https://twitter.com/haikubobb)

psychologist appointment
I answer my own
questions

composing haiku
a train whistle
writes itself

kawazu
aka
Cliff T. Roberts
[Facebook Page](#)

herb garden
always in season
dandelions

mushrooms
the speed
of thought

WiFi down
all the students
look up

grandfather's parrot curses the president

after the game
snow has filled the lot
with identical cars

Alexander B. Joy
[@Lexcelsior](#)

around the fire
drinking homemade wine –
the last call to prayer

post holiday blues –
when do we open the tin
of Portuguese sardines

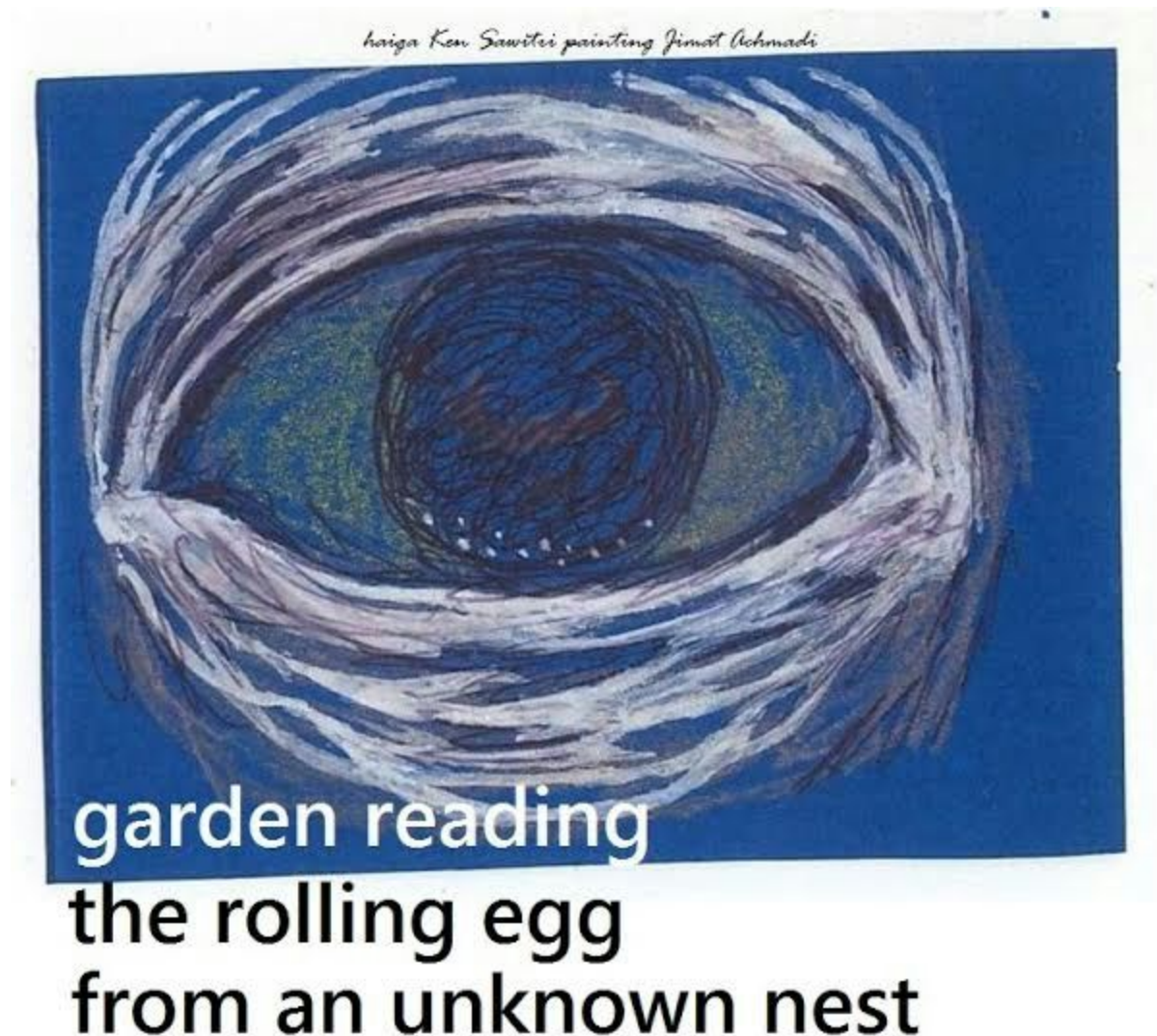
in my dream
you're someone else –
but I love you

ukulele blues one chord leads to others
sadly

Bob Lucky

Holding both of her boots
daughter asks
'why do we have wars?'

Old friends
a sparrow tapping
the rusty tin scarecrow



Ken Sawitri ["Listen, The Spice Whispers"](#)

rain-polished stones
i consolidate
my lists

santa fe sky
recognizing the role
of dumb luck

at the apple store
wondering if i understand
my own question

slipping into something
more comfortable
a nap

Sondra J. Byrnes
[@SondraJByrnes](https://twitter.com/SondraJByrnes)

hole puncher
I miss the beginning

yourhalfmyhalf
grinding full circles
on an inkstone

FREQUENT FLYER POINTS

flight path ...
from here
to where I am

And so I travel. As many times as I can. But not those long journeys that make me tired just by sitting on a plane for hours. I prefer the short journeys I take every day, while I am on the train to work, or when I am home sitting with a cuppa, or when I go out for my walks, or when I lie on the lawn under the sun. I find comfort not in the distances, but the thoughts that travel distances. I am here and I am there, all at once! And it's always there that I travel to.

late winter sun
the smell of oceans
on the sleeves



Jayashree Maniyil

the candidate
speaks his mind

empty hard drive

junkyard
a buzzard stands guard

Sharon Rhutasel-Jones

[@srhutasel](#)

[Web page](#)

extended forecast
he argues death
is a cliché

eulogy . . .
a man in the last row
checks his watch

used poetry . . .
I borrow another's
solace

counting fireflies . . .
the relaxed ethics
of miniature golf

Julie Warther
[@JulieWarther](#)

on holiday-
taking a break
from myself

Grandpa's funeral – burying the granddaughter in me

Debbi Antebi
[@debbisland](#)

celebrating
Dad's 94th birthday
nodding sunflowers

Claire Vogel Camargo

tapping out
just one tablet from bottle
I Ching

5K run
the leaves outpacing
everyone

Sadie Hawkins Day
she asks him
for a divorce

nancy brady

saltless soup
I grow a day older
without you

zucchini...
this ratatouille
of emotions

posting photos
titled 'Dad and me'
on Father's day
...before I get back
to my screaming son

complaining
to mom about
my aunts
i hear my cousins
kvetch about theirs

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan

Chornobyl—
what seemed to disappear
has returned

a line of red flags
holds back the trees
bulldozer

why couldn't I answer her full ashtray

Myron Lysenko

my eyes
tinier with another
grandchild

profiling
his twelve o'clock beard
a Brueghel

Alegria Imperial

Haibun

It's funny how we learn to live with holes: simple, non-metaphorical, mind-the-edges, get-me-a-flashlight, put-something-under, we-can't-invite-people-for-Easter holes...Anyway, the plumber promised to stop by next Tuesday.

small animal cage -□
the variety of colors □
in a chew-proof life□

Tzetzka Ilieva

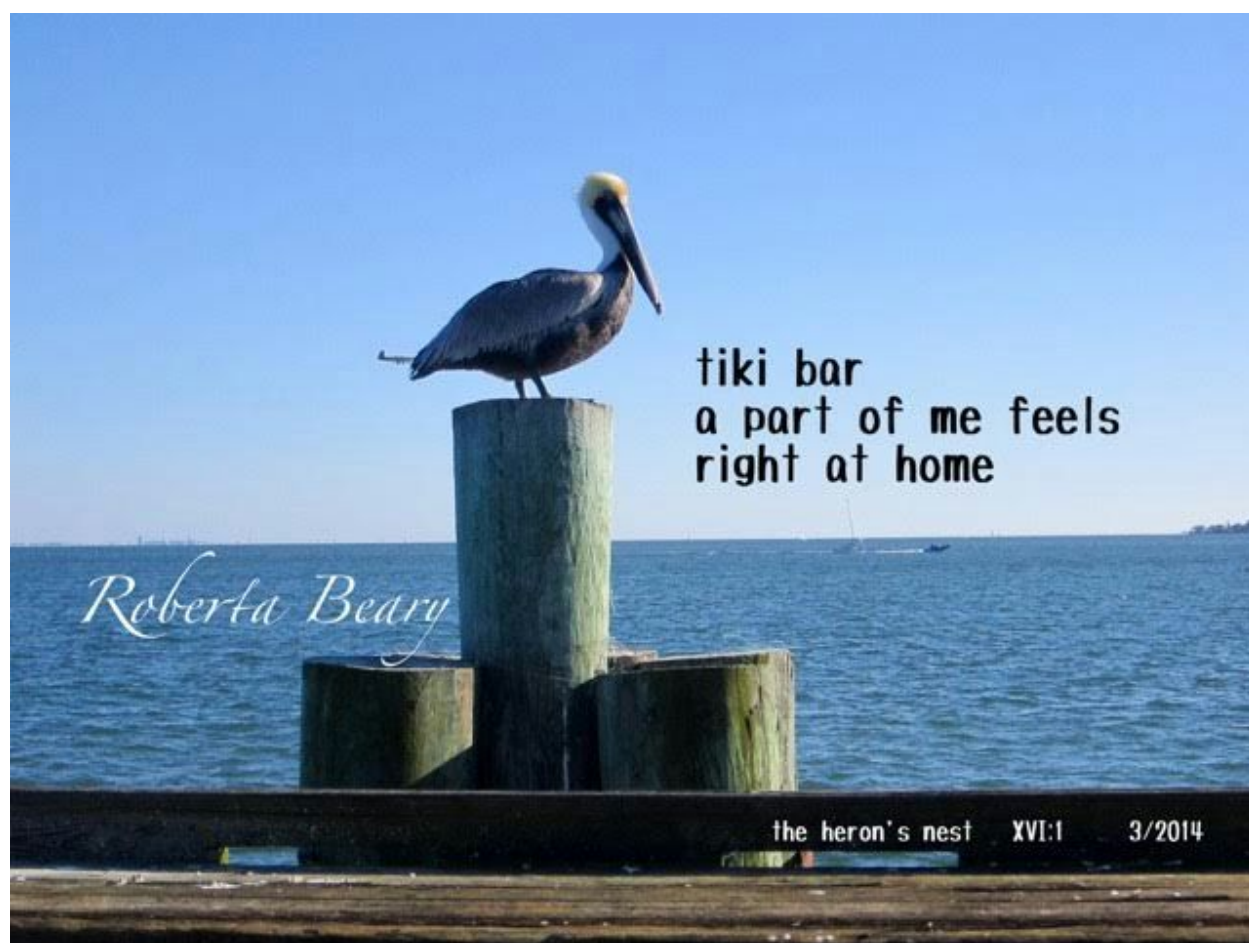
[Website](#)

talking in bed
i forget his name...
second husband

towpath -
a blue heron shifts
the twilight
(for Lenard D. Moore in memory of his daughter)

breakup—
my daughter's voice cracks
across two continents

Roberta Beary



Roberta Beary

Outback Way from Bourke to Charleville

Early June, blue sky and sunshine on the highway from Bourke to Charleville running straight and flat, an endless 450 kilometres.

layered in greens
by Pablo Picasso –
prickly pears

There is little traffic. Our motorbike eats up kilometres as the sun races across the sky. Tired and stiff from a long stint on the bike, we stop roadside at Wyandra.

mulga and gidgee
in afternoon shadows
blue-gum tall

It is dusk when arrive at Charleville. We set up camp in starlight.

beneath the dingo moon
emus flee

Marilyn Humbert

A book of poems,
rum and coke--
rainy night.

Big orange moon:
a bowl of soup
getting cold.

Bob Carlton
[Website](#)

in and out
of the hospital ward
orderly progression

petting zoo...
newlyweds stroke
each other

trust me he said
footprints mar
the powder-snow

fish ladder that jump the heart makes

See Naples or?

The PA system crackles to life as the ticket seller announces in Italian and English the Circumvesuviana will depart immediately. We rush to the platform. I slot in my ticket. The turnstile gates are so slow. Then I'm through. My friend Lex slots in her ticket. A lanky woman crowds behind us, reaches around Lex and empties her pocket in the time it takes for the gates to open. Lex doesn't feel a thing. At first. Then she pats herself. Cleaned out. We're jostled onto the train. It idles in the station for five minutes. The thief, we're guessing the sister of the ticket seller, scores a cash-loaded travel card, a museum membership card, and 40 euros, nothing too major. But we've lost our innocent pleasure in feeling safe in Naples.

every window
with its secret nonna
veiled in laundry

Marietta Jane McGregor

payday
my daughter asks
how I am

museum
children studying
the exit signs

summertime
pointing at a cloud
with my foot

Ola Lindberg

long division
the earthworm
multiplies

my past lives
step into empty space
a merger of equals

making a vow
not to be silly any more
blah blah blah

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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