

failed ~~haiku~~

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 5, Issue 55

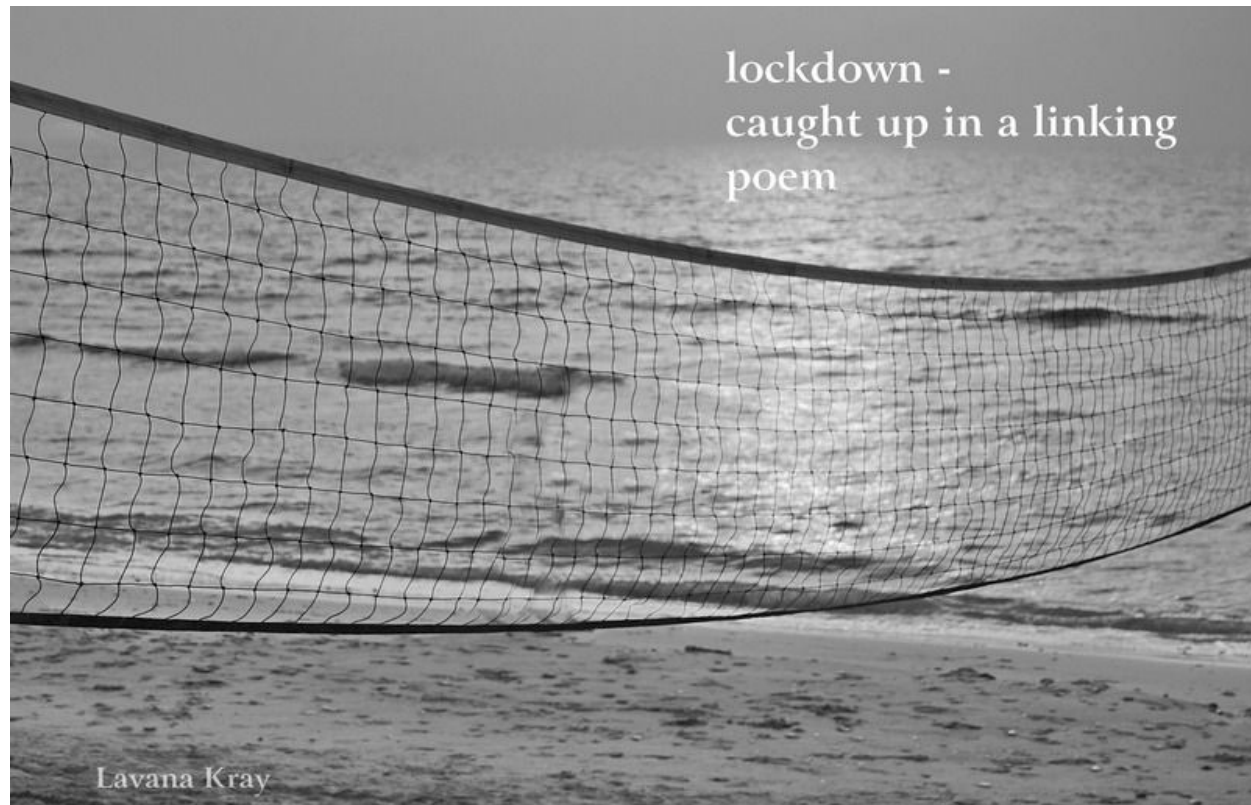
michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal on Twitter](#)

[Facebook Page](#)



Haiga by Lavana Kray

Top Three Winners
H. Gene Murtha Senryu Contest
Sponsored by Prune Juice Journal and Failed Haiku

First Place

the lingering notes
of an out of tune piano
burying grandpa

Louise Hopewell

Second Place

lockdown loving
the surprise of wild
nose hairs

Roberta Beary

Third Place

chemotherapy
she takes a selfie with
the new wig

Minal Sarosh

The editor's commentary, and the complete list of
'Highly Commended' senryu, is at this link [**RESULTS**](#).

Editor's Note:

This issue is a Personal Best issue. I think that the poems represent a wonderful collection. Thanks to all the poets who submitted. What a blast!!!

We will be making changes next year at Failed Haiku. It will get BETTER! I am pleased, and honored to have ***Brian Rickert join Failed Haiku as a 'co-Failed Editor'***. We will be sharing the platform, and Brian will be the Failed Haiku judge for the Murtha Contest next year. We are friends, and he stepped in to do an issue last year and did such a great job I could not help myself from asking him to join me. Please welcome him to the home of 'Failed Haiku'!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! Prune Juice Journal has put together a [FREE Prune Juice eBook Senryu Anthology!](#)

Peace

Mike

Cast List

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

Garry Eaton
Goran Radičević
Anne Louise Curran
Bakhtiyar Amini
Christina Chin
Guliz Mutlu
Bryan Rickert
Tracy Davidson
Nancy Shires
John Hawkhead
Pat Davis
John Grey
Kristen Lindquist
Roberta Beach Jacobson
Debbie Strange
Bruce H. Feingold
Željko Vojković
Keitha Keyes
Marilyn Ward
Hifsa Ashraf
Praniti

Irina Guliaeva
Elaine Wilburt
Jibril Dauda Muhammad
Rehn Kovacic
Louise Hopewell
Simon Hanson
Ben Gaa
Bruce England
Richa Sharma
Minal Sarosh
Oscar Luparia
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Zane Parks
Deborah Karl-Brandt
Nika - Jim McKinnis
Marion Alice Poirier
Robert Witmer
Lynn Edge
Elmedin Kadric
Tanya McDonald - *Lew Watts*
Perri Redford
Ingrid Baluchi
Radostina Dragostinova
Kala Ramesh
Rajeshwari Srinivasan
Vincenzo Adamo

Réka Nyitrai
Pris Campbell
Madhuri Pillai
Vandana Parashar
Pere Risteski
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Rosemarie Schuldes
William Scott Galasso
Natalia Kuznetsova
Marta Chocilowska
Pitt Buerken
Vera Constantineau
Maureen Weldon
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Lorin Ford
David Oates
Margaret Walker
Gil Jackofsky
Rick Jackofsky
John J. Dunphy
Cynthia Rowe
Gautam Nadkarni
Tim Cremin
Elizabeth Crocket
Roger Watson
Alan Bern

Carmen Duvalma
Nina Kovačić
Neha Talreja
mallika chari
Adelaide B. Shaw
Jasmine Bloom
Stella Damarjati
David Gale
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Terri Jacks - Nola Jacks
Gregory Wright
Marietta McGregor
Manoj Sharma
Ezio Infantino
Christine Wenk-Harrison
Lucia Cardillo
Carol Raisfeld
Ingrid Bruck
Lee Felty
Teiichi Suzuki
Kakul Gupta
Joanna Ashwell
LeRoy Gorman
Bill Kenney
Neha R. Krishna
Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

John J. Han
Lori A Minor
Gregory Longenecker
Vijay Prasad
Milan Rajkumar
Susan Farner
Mark Gilbert
Kim Sosin
Eufemia Griffo
Claudia Maria Tulpac
Tom Clausen
Kath Abela Wilson
Kanjini Devi
Johnnie Johnson Haferník
Jackie Maugh Robinson
Simon Wardell
Sondra J. Byrnes
Marilyn Ashbaugh
Peter Jastermsky
Aljoša Vuković
Cristina Angelescu
Tsanka Shishkova
David He Zhuanglang
Andrew Riutta
David J Kelly
Susan Bonk Plumridge

**Maya Daneva
Tyson West
Chen-ou Liu
Mark Powderhill
Jason R Furtak
Helga Härle
Mike Gallagher
Maeve O'S
arvinder kaur
Kevin Valentine
Jill Lange
Dan Burt
Zoran Doderovic
sanjuktaa
Adrian Bouter
Fred Andrle
Jay Friedenberg
Dorothy Burrows
Rashmi VeSa
Erica Ison
Jackie Chou
Robert Moyer
Lucia Fontana
Ivan Gaćina
Colleen M. Farrelly
Roberta Beary**

night shift at the morgue
the lottery ticket
in the dead man's pocket

Garry Eaton

fish restaurant ~
homeless breakfast
aroma with bread

Goran Radičević

as she turns to leave
my mother's
girlish smile

Anne Louise Curran

field of flowers
i am getting off
not at my stop

Bakhtiyar Amini

putting away
the signed will
winter calm

Christina Chin

sunflower
says the child
picking it

Guliz Mutlu

blind beggar
his halo
of gnats

Bryan Rickert

saying grace
my daughter asks
who the 'ah men' are

Tracy Davidson

watching for the pizza
i leave my patience
and noseprint

Nancy Shires

brushing against her
in the middle of the night
the sound of her smile

John Hawkhead

Washington DC
where the monarch
is not a butterfly

Pat Davis

We met
at work
good job I say

John Grey

apocalypse talk
would we eat the cat first
or she us

Kristen Lindquist

the deck
we share
wasps and I

Roberta Beach Jacobson



Debbie Strange

@Debbie Strange

debbiemstrange.blogspot.com

before we say good morning the electoral map

Bruce H. Feingold

for greed
the exotics ate
death brought

Željko Vojković

new partner —
his résumé included
cleaning the toilet

Keitha Keyes

night rain
the steady drip
of morphine

Marilyn Ward

forest stroll I step into the fireflies galaxy

Hifsa Ashraf

train window. . .
the shape of an apology
on her lips

Praniti

hospital yard
making dry leaves fly
sparrows

Irina Guliaeva

movie night--
the machine-gun fire
of fluffy white corn

Elaine Wilburt

passwords...
at the door still testing
for the right key

Jibril Dauda Muhammad

careful gaze
the snowy white egret becomes
a plastic grocery bag

Rehn Kovacic

Echo Point
the best conversation
I've had in years

Louise Hopewell

Neptune's pearls

Some dreams merit recording, as brief as this was, at least that part of it that I remember, as for meaning, I haven't given it much thought, though am most grateful for the imagery—undulating beds of seagrass aglow in ultraviolet . . . over these purple fields swam softly luminous fish, ghostly green lights wandering through the night-dark water, over a ledge and gradually lost to sight the deeper they went . . . not gone as such, just further down

dinghy hull
beneath its old timbers
wonders of the reef

Simon Hanson

sibling rivalry
the aggressiveness of
my brother's fart

Ben Gaa

[@benmoellergaa](#)

[www.benmoellergaa.com](#)

One good place on earth
dancing with a woman
her eyes closed

Bruce England

meditation
choosing to coexist
with a housefly

Richa Sharma
[@bluelakemoon](#)

anniversary
she dyes her hair
for the party

Minal Sarosh

inflamed wrist
thankfully I write
only three line poems

Oscar Luparia

<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>

slow drift
of snowdrops –
father's funeral

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

filling station
I shake the last drops
from the nozzle

Zane Parks

at the café -
the silence
above the displays

Deborah Karl-Brandt



Nika - Senryu
Photo - Jim McKinniss

social equality
the senior white activist
bleeding from the ear

Marion Alice Poirier

the masked man
no longer
a lone ranger

Robert Witmer

sky blue
my neighbor paints
over graffi..

Lynn Edge

driving home--
nobody to hold
the ashes

Elmedin Kadric

Best Laid Plans

flirting
she misjudges
the puddle's depth

*tip-toeing past
her husband*

late night rendezvous
at the interstate motel
fumbled room key

*wet pants
she has
wet pants*

five packs of gum
but no condom

*dimmed lights . . .
guiding her hand down
to the vasectomy scars*

Tanya McDonald
Lew Watts

In the summer sun
I took the olive branch
my shadow offered.

Perri Redford

http://instagram.com/perri_robbyn

sudden squall
a national flag
snaps to attention

Ingrid Baluchi

paper boat
my daughter explaining the sea
to the dolls

Radostina Dragostinova

the next Olympics
a firefly
wheels into the night

Kala Ramesh

BEYOND

Beyond the land of dreams, a simple town exists. There is aplenty of joy around, and chatter of people in their early chores . The washing line full of flying fabric , brass pots brimming with water. Birds pecking on fruits in return of sweet songs, as the swaying trees make jumble of shadow and brightness , children are on their way running behind pups .

Everything is apt, till a gentleman arrives, bag and baggage to meet his old classmate, a long lost friend. Once they were thick as thieves . The knock is answered.

He complains of fever with a mild cough later. The doctor , busy watching some news on his TV seems perplexed.. what has happened? Will all the dreams vanish? Will the township recover, if at all? Or, will every mouth be covered with a coughing mask?

wind pollination
even the blooms
are coughing

Rajeshwari Srinivasan

separated parents-
looking at an old photo
my heart divides

Vincenzo Adamo

memories of her father's fist a dragon at the bottom of the lake

Réka Nyitrai

Gradual Evolution

My face wrinkles. My breasts sag . Memories flow too often of the many people I've loved who are dead now. I hope they've turned back into stardust and circle me now, rewiring my brain synapses. My first husband visits me at night in my dreams. Also, my parents. Sometimes a friend. Perhaps they fly in from other galaxies, absorbing me, bit by bit, until the day comes when I slip from my body to join them.

the oak
widens with another ring
how blue the sky

Pris Campbell

truth of all that mattered mother's voice

Madhuri Pillai

morning newspaper
a roadside astrologer
reads his horoscope

Vandana Parashar

coffee break
the waiter is singing
No woman, no cry

Pere Risteski

A-bomb Dome
lining up for a selfie
I say smile

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

no mask today
neighbour's pribble prabble
unfiltered

Rosemarie Schuldes

held high
a rainbow
of fists

William Scott Galasso

staring at me
with that sharp eye of my ex -
a hawk in the tree

Natalia Kuznetsova

childhood blanket
now I wrap in it
my mother's chill

Marta Chocilowska

at the handrail
of the bridge our padlock
former ones as well

Pitt Buerken

socially distant
emotionally distant
Mother's Day

Vera Constantineau
[@SudburyPoet](#)

on their double bed
'The Complete Works
Of Shakespeare'

Maureen Weldon

a tight squeeze -
the half-window
of opportunity

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

from *Casablanca*
to *The Purple Rose of Cairo*
winter seclusion

Lorin Ford

she's gone
pink in the lint screen
for the last time

David Oates
[@witnwords1](#)

deep in wildflowers
my feet find
his stone marker

Margaret Walker

shadows lengthen
across the tablecloth –
more explanations

Linda McCarthy Schick

the cuckoo clock
on the therapist's wall
tells the hours

Gil Jackofsky

snapping chalk lines as the crow flies

Rick Jackofsky

www.rickjackofsky.com

hospice

I summarize the book

he won't finish

John J. Dunphy

scattering his ashes
the lifeboat lifts
with the tide

Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

The Stork Arrives

When my kid brother was brought home from the maternity hospital I didn't understand what all the fuss was about. Okay, so the stork had been doing his job delivering babies. There were no documents whatsoever to ascertain the source and yet Mom and Dad made quite a to-do as if they had never had a parcel home delivered. Why, just two days earlier we'd had a pepperoni delivered by Domino's. Did they slobber all over the pizza? Not that I recall.

Then an elderly aunt mentioned that the new baby resembled Grandpa. Of course he did. Like Grandfather he was bald and toothless. When I pointed this out I was shushed. Rudely too.

The infant made wailing sounds. Not unlike the banshee in the story Grandma used to tell us. And gurgled. Like the brook in the poem by whatsisname. The elders were very formal in addressing the baby but I much preferred the informal, Hey you.

And finally after all the exhibition the infant just curled up and went to sleep. As if nothing had happened at all.

The elders have decided on a naming ceremony for the kid and are debating various options. However, I have already made up my mind to call him Butch. For some obscure reason Mother was aghast. So was Dad.

It's so much better than Gattotkuchh I do think. But they just don't see eye to eye with me. Grown-ups. Sheesh!

wailing infant...
looking for the right knob
to reduce the volume

Gautam Nadkarni

calm down
it's not the end of the

Tim Cremin

scars
life as I knew it
all sewn up

Elizabeth Crocket

holding up my trousers
Orion's belt

Roger Watson

door off its hinges
man with a few-toothed rake
beautiful morning

Alan Bern

linesandfaces.com

all the light
in a nutshell –
end of summer

Carmen Duvalma

Sunday morning
my neighbor's alarm clock
wakes me up

Nina Kovačić

earthquake
the doll still buried
in the dollhouse

Neha Talreja

cyclone
thatched roofs swirls in
poverty

mallika chari

the predawn quake
shakes us out of bed
to view the sunrise

Adelaide B. Shaw

roots of trees
in bends and twists
my growth story

Jasmine Bloom

an Australian flag
flutters in the wind
my home?

Stella Damarjati
[@skdamarjati](#)

night legs

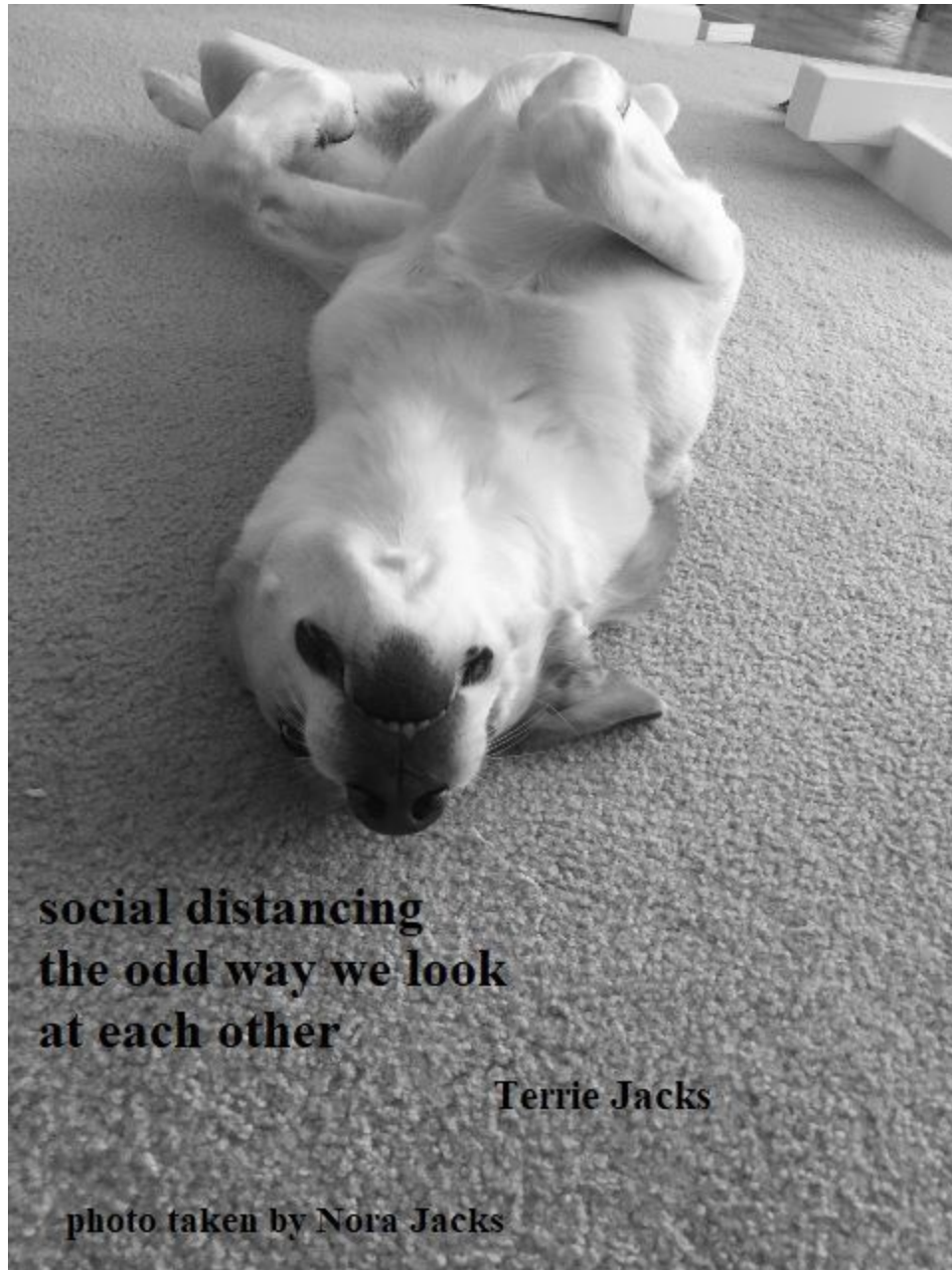
my dog's dreams

fastforwarding to dawn

David Gale

disrupting
the mating moves of the lizards
dashing cat

Adjei Agyei-Baah



**social distancing
the odd way we look
at each other**

Terrie Jacks

photo taken by Nora Jacks

Senryu - Terri Jacks
Photo - Nola Jacks

dog leash–
the silent pendulum
of the hall clock

Gregory Wright

[@gtwright35](#)

fish ladder that jump the heart makes

Marietta McGregor

where
on the table are you from
little ant ?

Manoj Sharma
[@SharmaBkag](#)

end of the storm
I start humming again
with the cicadas

Ezio Infantino

[https://twitter.com/ meltemi](https://twitter.com/meltemi)

wine tasting
under the stars
fuzzy astronomy

Christine Wenk-Harrison

mum and dad ...
on my face in the mirror
still together

*mamma e papà ...
sul mio volto allo specchio
ancora insieme*

Lucia Cardillo

incontinence hotline
four rings
can you hold, please?

Carol Raisfeld
[@carol red](#)

bare winter
tree shadows
barcode the road

Ingrid Bruck

my lucky golf shoes
a hole
in one

Lee Felty

dark night--
footprint of drunken joker
on the snow

Teiichi Suzuki

labor room..
with many, many
shades of pink

Kakul Gupta

making snow angels
for myself
to find

Joanna Ashwell

I Wanna Be Your Man

(a found sequence)

Dear Prudence

I'm Happy Just to Dance with You

When I'm Sixty-Four

Michelle

Your Mother Should Know

When I'm Sixty-Four

Julia

I Will

When I'm Sixty-Four

Lovely Rita

I'll Be Back

When I'm Sixty-Four

Sexy Sadie

We Can Work It Out

When I'm Sixty-Four

Lady Madonna

Got to Get You into My Life

When I'm Sixty-Four

Cry Baby Cry

You Won't See Me

When I'm Sixty-Four

LeRoy Gorman

undocumented
he shows me pictures
of his children

Bill Kenney

with each fold
i unfold the artist in me
origami class

Neha R. Krishna

summer days...
my skirt
shorter and shorter

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

church bells...
the pack of gum I stole
fifty years ago

John J. Han

Numb, but I Still Feel It

My body has become a bed and breakfast, minus the breakfast. I have strangers living inside of me for a night or two before continuing their journey, leaving me this empty house.

oversharing my dark matter

Lori A Minor

(She/Her)

[@femkupoetry](#)

loriaminor.wixsite.com/poet

music box somewhere inside yesterday

Gregory Longenecker

absence ...
you are not
and yet

Vijay Prasad

this evening...
on the courtesan's earrings
the moon's reflection

Milan Rajkumar

first frost warning
ghosts appear
in the flower beds

Susan Farner

looking for closure
the garden gate
left open

Mark Gilbert

*leaving my son
part of me always
doesn't*



Kim Sosin

<https://sosin.us>

scent of primroses
learning what
we unknew

Eufemia Griffo

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

the altar of old age--
the storm of time
in the wrinkled heart

Claudia Maria Tulpac

now that I'm over
my bad mood,
she's in one

Tom Clausen

pink sunrise
the day doesn't know
all the bad news

Kath Abela Wilson

In short shorts

Misty mornings insist on giving way to blue skies. I collect seven raindrops as cumulus clouds roll over the harbour, leaving me to tend to bone-dry beds. Awe-inspiring starry canopies disappoint instead. Ponds have become cavernous sludge pits; sweat is produced simply by sitting still, even eyebrows perspire. Tank levels are disconcertingly low, so my husband and I take cold showers with watering cans beneath banana blossoms. Though the earth is parched, I'm grateful for the dahlias.

pitter-patter
on the roof
tap dance

Kanjini Devi

queued up
outside the opera house
pigeons and patrons

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

invisible shore
trusting each other
more than the lighthouse

Jackie Maugh Robinson

scarecrows have accepted
the bird of prey
as one of their own

Simon Wardell

nothing is enough

Sondra J. Byrnes

bullseye I pull the wings off politics

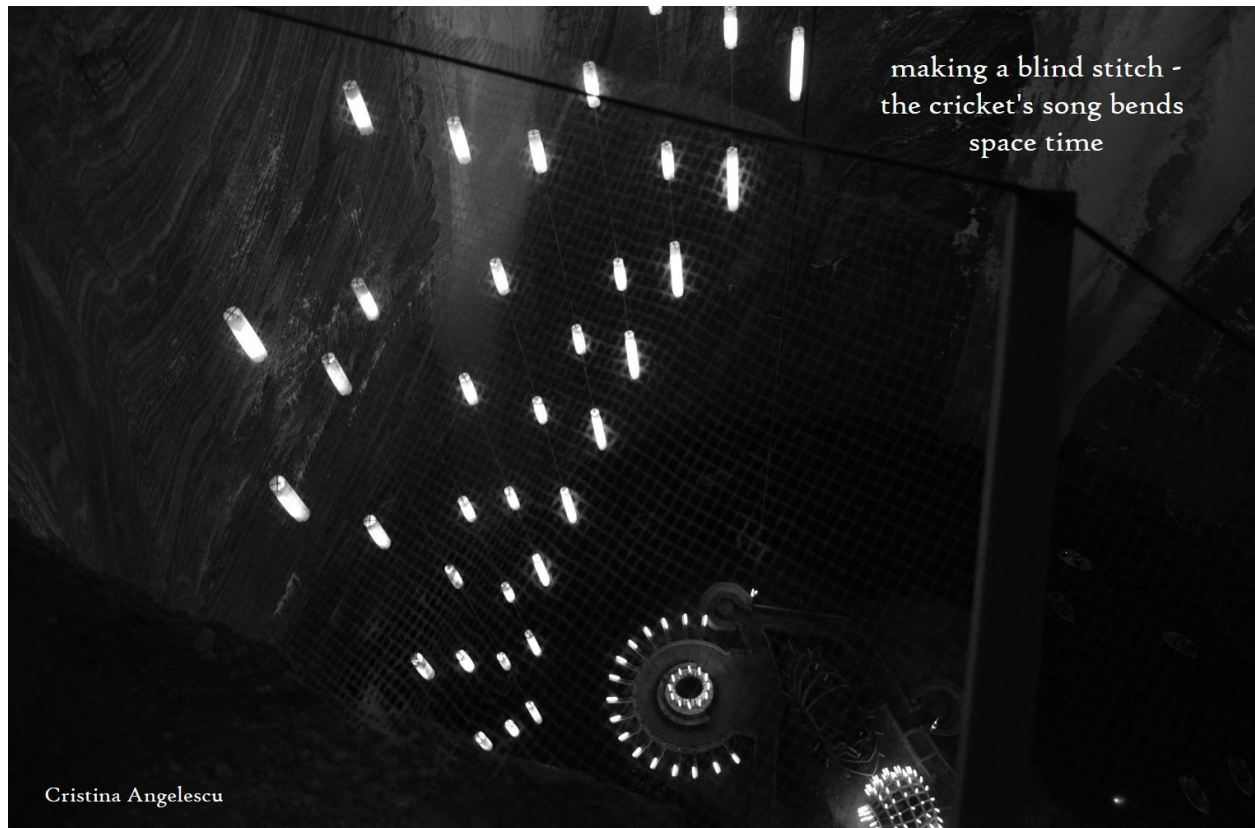
Marilyn Ashbaugh

old songs
a wrinkle disappears
with each line

Peter Jastermsky

parrot on my shoulder-
my mother's voice
once again

Aljoša Vuković



Cristina Angelescu



pandemic morning
she walks a dog
for rent

Tsanka Shishkova

Tsanka Shishkova

a little boy
scoops out his face
from the puddle

David He Zhuanglang

Dear Jim Harrison

I'm sorry, but many years ago, I gave your inaugural collection of poems, Plain Song, a first-edition hardcover---a bit worn but O so leafy green---to a girl I loved.

She never loved me back.

all that's left
of the male praying mantis
a trillion stars

Andrew Riutta

New Year's Day
her Dad runs beside the bike
not quite holding on

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

cloth napkin
spread on my lap
spaghetti twirls

Susan Bonk Plumridge

aperture
a pupil stares at the moon
through a straw

Maya Daneva

like you
the poems you left
will not stop talking

Tyson West

a heart-shaped
get-well card from my ex-wife
my name misspelled

Chen-ou Liu

<http://chenouliu.blogspot.com>

Twitter: [@ericcoliu](#) and [@storyhaikutanka](#)

in-between our patter
droplets
on my raincoat

Mark Powderhill

after the funeral solitaire

Jason R Furtak
[@JasonRFurtak](#)

windowshopper -
the glassy gaze
of the dummy

Helga Härle

dinner time
the plate's willow pattern
reappearing

Mike Gallagher

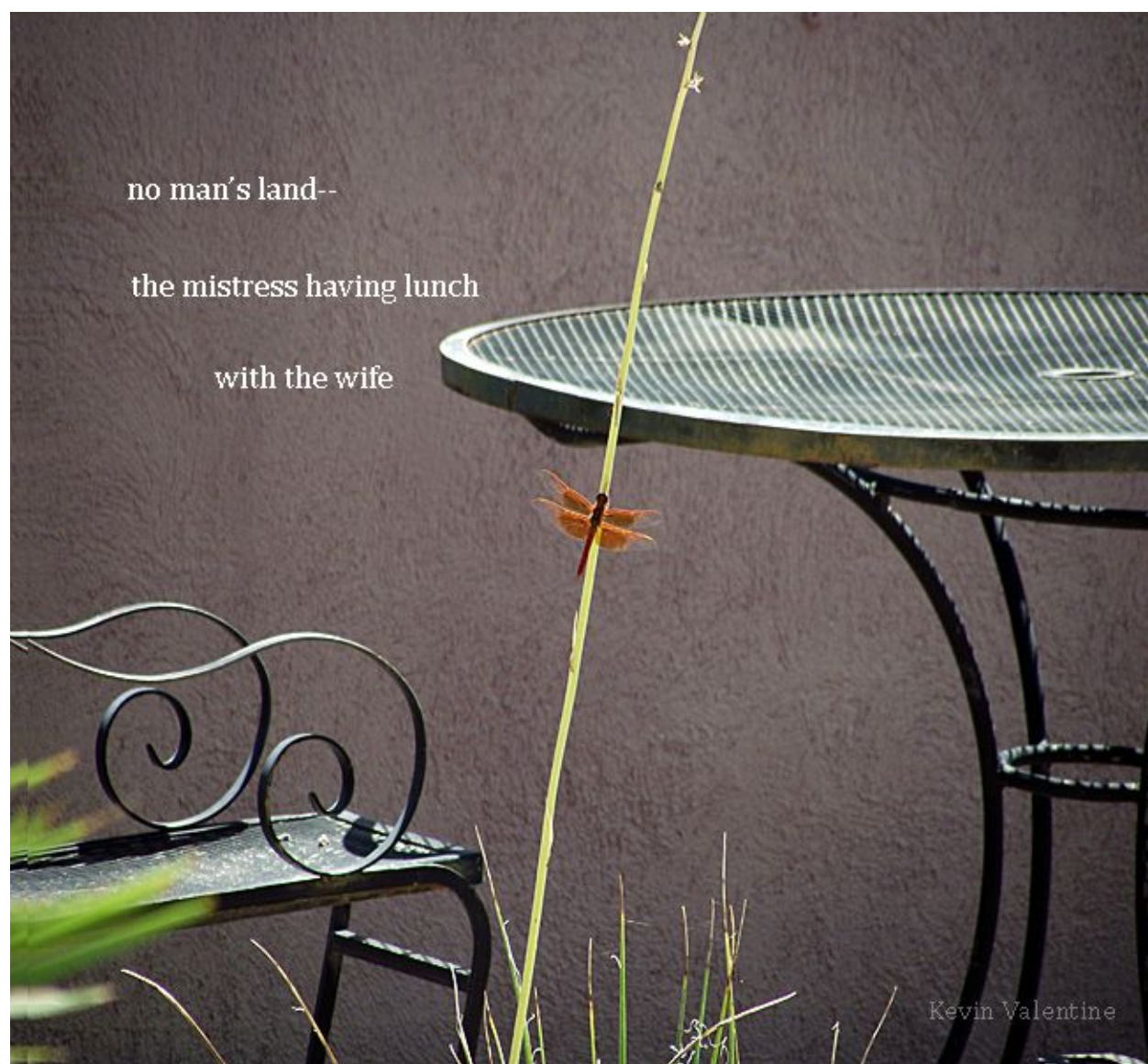
airport security
a woman frisks me
undoing your hug

Maeve O'S

[@writefromwithin](#)

slow with age-
my shadow overtakes me
many times

arvinder kaur



Kevin Valentine

flag at half-mast
in drizzle and wind
it's chain . . .
tolling

Jill Lange

accepting the ring
with a definite yes
pawn shop clerk

Dan Burt
[@danburt](#)

Midnight Mass.
In grandma's hair
scent of quinces.

Zoran Doderovic

on the fence
morning glories and
my opinion

sanjuktaa

diagnosis the position of the Christ's head

Adrian Bouter

she lets fall
her garment of opinion
disrobing for peace

Fred Andrle

wishing myself somewhere else man-in-the-moon-marigolds

Jay Friedenberg

underwater
his old hands
scrub her underwear

Dorothy Burrows

after the funeral
kicking the stub
of a crayon

Rashmi VeSa

Volkswagen rear window
a string
of prayer flags

Erica Ison

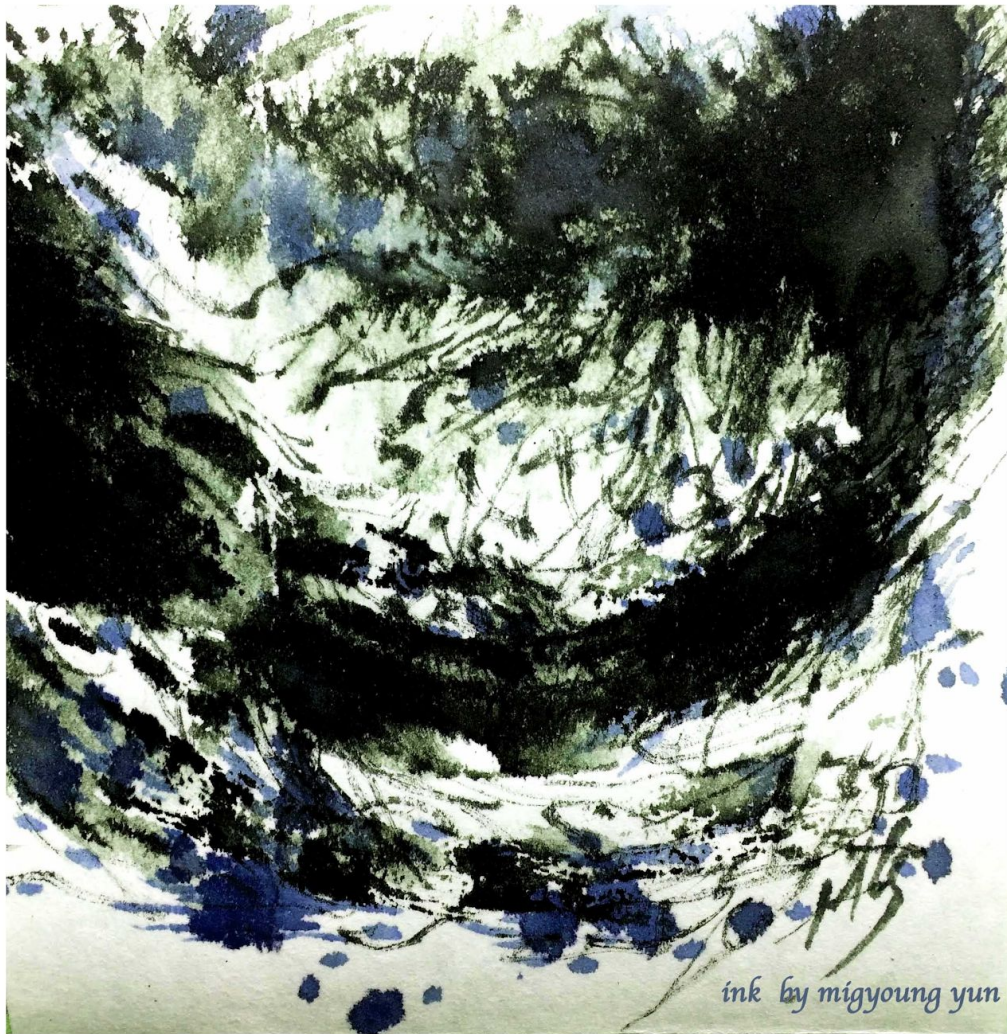
seasonal blues
the guru explains
my chakra

Jackie Chou

tickling a smile
out of the bass player
the singer's trills

Robert Moyer

blue buds of the first cornflowers secrets i keep
lucia fontana



Lucia Fontana

www.chanokeburi.it

ink by migyoung yun

quiet prayer . . .
confessions sink into
the church walls

Ivan Gaćina

Captain's Log

March 25, 2525

*Sanibee FOB, Alpha*11*

Faz shot down a Wapaxi recon ship today. I performed an ultra-high altitude, high opening jump to administer the cauterization laser and reconstructive gel, per section 3.11B protocol under which enemy are resuscitated and taken as prisoners of war for intelligence purposes. It was too late, though.

last laugh—
impaled by
a life support pack

Jexa is still not returning my holotexts. I fear she may never speak to me again after volunteering for this post. Hopefully, the outpost garden's roses don't turn black in her matter reconstructor again. Of all the planets in all the galaxies, she had to land on mine...

methane clouds
veiling the twin suns—
relationships

The men are asleep as I keep watch tonight. So far, all quiet on the Kuiper Belt.

Colleen M. Farrelly

Red Riding @ 40

People blame Wolf, still you never forget your first love no matter
how furry; Granny never approved, said Wolf was too old, the jealous
bitch.

tattered moon
mid-rant
she pulls out
her lipstick

Roberta Beary

<https://twitter.com/shortpoemz>

channeling basho and the oracle at delphi

i dont want to find the spirit of basho. if i did i would just shake him
silly for creating my addiction. what the hell was he thinking.
rambling around the backcountry like a lonely bob dylan. inventing a
'stage name' out of a tree. i always laugh when people pretend they
know what he was thinking when he wrote that hokku or this other
one. right now i cant figure out how the oracle at delphi got into the
title of this haibun. for the love of christ dont ask me what a haiku is.
ask that pine over there instead.

throwing rocks
into a pond
all the frogs leave

Michael Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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