

failed haiku

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mike rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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COVID-19 amid the panic a new order

image by Kelly Sauvage Angel and Hunter Sauvage - Raymond French the senryu

Apology

During my presentation on the HSA Zoom meeting, I mentioned an article in *Frogpond* 37.3 2014, that discussed the *Buson Challenge*, but I forgot the actual author's name. **Joan Zimmerman** is the primary author, and I make my apology to her. She has championed the *Buson Challenge* for some time now. [Here is a LINK to the full article.](#) She has accepted my apology, and I thank her for that kindness.

Mike

P.S. If you missed the Zoom Meeting, you missed something special. They put up with me, but some of the others really shined. [CLICK HERE](#), and please *Subscribe to the HSA site on **YouTube***. They will be doing more in the future.

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Marilyn Ward Scunthorpe

David He Zhuanglang

Christina Chin

Pere Risteski

Bruce England

RJ Tungsten

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

Susan Bonk Plumridge

Maya Daneva

Tracy Davidson

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

William Scott Galasso

John J. Dunphy

Ronald K. Craig

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Mark Levy

Kala Ramesh

Bryan Rickert

Michael Baeyens

Jamie Wimberly

Lorin Ford

Jack Galmitz
Dr Brijesh Raj
N. Benett
Ingrid Baluchi
Vincenzo Adamo
Hazel Hall
Priti Aisola
Željko Vojković
David Gale
Lori Becherer
Guliz Mutlu
Gil Jackofsky
Birk Andersson
Antonio Mangiameli
Lavana Kray
Robert Witmer
Daniela Misso
Frances Jones
Natalia Kuznetsova
Lorraine A. Padden
Nicholas Klacsanzky
Kelly Sauvage Angel
Kelly Sauvage Angel - Mike Rehling
Gautam Nadkarni
Marilyn Ashbaugh
Oscar Luparia

Michael Minassian
Veronika Zora Novak
Lew Watts
Prathami
Keitha Keyes
Marion Alice Poirier
Olivier Schopfer
JohnRichardParsons
Bakhtiyar Amini
Dragan J. Ristić
Elizabeth Crocket
John Hawkhead
Marina Bellini
Linda McCarthy Schick
Laurie Greer
Munia Khan
Carmela Marino
Michael Dudley
Rose
Teiichi Suzuki
Paul Beech
Nuky Kristijono
Eufemia Griffo
Tomislav Maretić
Angela Terry
Sharon Young - Angela Terry - Cheryl Berrong

Elmedin Kadric
Eva Limbach
Stella Damarjati
Kristen Lindquist
Maxianne Berger
David K wika Eyre
Sandra Ŗamec - Franjo Ordani 
Gail Oare
William O'Sullivan
Pris Campbell
Maureen Virchau
Lovette Carter
B.A. France
Elaine Wilburt
Bob Lucky
Carol Raisfeld
Norman Crocker
bc jewett
Rehn Kovacic
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Ron Scully
Mark Gilbert
Hansha Teki

Cynthia Rowe
Lucia Cardillo
Pitt Buerken
Zoran Doderovic
Arjun C
Cynthia Anderson - *Peter Jastermsky*
Benedict Grant
Bill Kenney
Janice Munro
Mafizuddin Chowdhury
Dinesh P. Chapagain
Claudette Russell
Vijay Prasad
Michael Henry Lee
Daniel Shank Cruz
Susan Farner
arvinder kaur
Rp Verlaine
David Oates
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Elisa Allo
Norman Silver
Anna Cates
David J Kelly
Geoff Pope
Joanna Ashwell

Colleen M. Farrelly
Adrian Bouter
Thomas Tilton
Scott Wiggerman
Jeffrey L. Taylor
Richa Sharma
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Chen-ou Liu
Mark Meyer
Réka Nyitrai
Chris Vola
Irina Guliaeva
Tsanka Shishkova
Thomas Powell
Tomislav Sjekloća
Ezio Infantino
Lakshmi Iyer
Jo Balistreri
John J. Han
Christine Wenk-Harrison
Mike Gallagher
Ray Rasmussen
Terrie Jacks
Nicky Gutierrez
Jibril Dauda Muhammad
Myron Lysenko

Bruce H. Feingold
Jackie Maugh Robinson
Kevin Valentine
Sudebi Singha
Kath Abela Wilson
Dorothy Burrows
Benno Schmidt
sanjuktaa asopa
Jackie Chou
Helga Härle
Jill Lange
Theresa Okafor
Maeve O'Sullivan
Chris Bullock
Ingrid Bruck
m shane pruet
Luther Allen
Wayne Kingston
Mary Katherine Creel
Terri L. French
Mike Rehling - Kelly Sauvage Angel

news bulletin
the parliamentarian
picks his nose

in solitude
the last remains
of pipe smoke

Marilyn Ward Scunthorpe

the little girl
salutes a soldier
in the monument

my sister
plants a flower
in late Dad's boot

David He Zhuanglang

morning breakfast
the Quarantina song
there I go again

as soon as
the fridge door opens
gorgonzola

defying lockdown
a bamboo cannon
disperses the swallows

Christina Chin

New Year night
on her lips
my libido

corona beer
sick
of everything

the shadows
from her wrinkles
sunset

rainbow
my longest
fart

Pere Risteski

Bring It On!

I'll pay
for your meal, if you
eat over there

Daughter
watches as koi
gum my fingers

Retired
trying not to talk
too much to myself

In photos now
daughter starting
to block my face

Daughter hands me
a withered worm
what's this?

Bruce England



Wait...can I come with?
Earth is better admired
From up there right now!

Dress like an outlaw;
Go shopping and no one cares
Now that's ironic



RJ Tungsten

royal jelly...
how smooth
is my skin

a distant song
and the two of us...
moonlight

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

words
hanging as a demand
covid-19

video chat
with my daughter—
snippets of being

sitting—
six feet away
yet together

Susan Bonk Plumridge

intensive care
a live line or a dead-end
through an i-pad

cancer diagnosis
the beak of a magpie pecking
at a sunflower head

the inheritance
no one wants
cancer

funny
did we watch Ones upon a Time in America
or Once upon a Time in Hollywood

Maya Daneva

caught in a trap
that final flutter
at the blackjack table

neglected easel
a tentative stroke of brush
between her toes

single again
she finds her first love
in the obituaries

Tracy Davidson

half moon
writing her love notes
on a toilet paper

waiting
for your return
cold lasagna

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

Presidents Day
he thinks it is named
for himself

face in the photo
what would that person
think of me now

husband and wife
in all the same places
laugh lines

William Scott Galasso

his body's chalk outline and blood stain
washed away
but that summer ---



John J. Dunphy

a life
clouded with pain
oh, the uncountable stars!

asters heavy with dew
he leaves the brothel
before dawn

caught in a lie
the end of
the toilet paper roll

checkout lane
paper or plastic?
our legacy

Ronald K. Craig

bent tongs on my fork
grandma tells us
this brings good luck

redefining life after Woodstock

anniversary
swim
he resurfaces

origami aura the crane

stationary bike destination unknown

Roberta Beach Jacobson
Twitter: [@beach_haiku](https://twitter.com/beach_haiku)

another month
hair a wild field of weeds
mind in the white clouds

summer lake
ducks glide past
untroubled by my thought

Mark Levy

the school librarian
pins up a board ...
NO LOUD THINKING

divorce proceedings
she recounts the story
behind each scar

window shopping
 all I see
is my figure

Kala Ramesh

sometimes the moon
is just the moon
breakup sex

seasonal sadness
mother still calling me
Eeyore

someone else
at home in your home
death anniversary

in the wee hours a Walmart greeter's grunt

scenic overlook
a rock the right shape
for my butt

Bryan Rickert

wedding announcement
their sudden interest
in the good book

train zen
mind at one
with the upholstery

lockdown light
dancing classes resume
without partner switches

Michael Baeyens

slow twist
of the wine screw
she wants to talk

their romance
the length of a
marlboro red

those years
in a whiskey bottle
thrown into the sea

tail feathers –
the uneven rouge of
grandma's lipstick

Jamie Wimberly

Twitter: [@haiku_america](https://twitter.com/haiku_america)

Instagram: [@jamiewimberly4416](https://www.instagram.com/jamiewimberly4416)

the new haiku noir –
so many mysterious
third persons

expanding universe
my keys ne v e r w h e r e
I l e f t t h e m

6 o'clock news
a virus cutting into
me time

Bladerunner
once again I rehearse
my memories

lockdown
the aroma of homemade
sourdough bread

cowboys and ninjas –
the bamboo windbreak
bounces back

Lorin Ford

Drumroll!

And here to introduce me
my mother

Jack Galmitz

chewing gum-
the way you stretch
an ar-gu-men-t

unboxed...
the first time you spoke
my name

squirrel tag-
the games
my mind plays

Dr Brijesh Raj

she stops to look
at wilted flowers
-roadside memorial

-empty med packets.
a constant reminder of
painful shortcomings

N. Bennett

spaghetti junction
the here and there
of indecision

dawning awareness
of his flair in the kitchen
. . . lockdown surprise

hoping we swallow
expediency
...politics

emergency ward
the squeak
of night nurse crocs

Ingrid Baluchi

old gramophone
the stylus on the vinyl
dances

Vincenzo Adamo

one for the road
attempting to pour
with cap intact

public bus
Jesus on the dashboard
with Krishna

Hazel Hall

in a loop
a toy train
on a figure eight track

bored
I add paprika
to the tea

Priti Aisola

Smile
She lifts her skirt smoothly
Just a dream

Željko Vojković

keeping a distance
in morning greetings
at last coping with my ASD

homeworking
making the journey from
my front door to my back door

zoos re-open
humans to enter
one-by-one

David Gale

anniversary clock
one more hard turn
of the key

Father's Day
a notable rest
of lawnmowers

animal services
the driver
needs grooming

Lori Becherer

a kite breaking the law

are grandchildren the oldest storytellers

Guliz Mutlu

in my closet
a rusty cavalry saber
forgotten stories

speaking earnestly
to the little grey field mouse
he never answers

Gil Jackofsky

cages
always bigger
from the outside

nude beach
I write a haiku
about the sky

open bar
dog drinks moonshine
from the pond

Birk Andersson

the ditch -
my kitten
still warm

Antonio Mangiameli



nursing home –
ivy ropes creeping around
the statues

Lavana Kray

Lavana Kray

a billionaire
leaning on his fourth wife
sugar cane

she wipes the counter
where he left his drink
bartenderness

hope springs eternal
in the human breast
her low-cut blouse

moon viewing
waiting for a cloud to pass
the bottle

Robert Witmer

date with my ex –
a chocolate cake
softens

hottest day ...
heel prints
at the bus stop

abandoned park...
among the high grass
a plastic dinosaur

Daniela Misso

vacancy
a fly slowly buzzes
the window

Frances Jones

in smithereens

what was taken for granted ...

lockdown



beauty looks
just looks defenseless ...
her sharp tongue

n.k.

Natalia Kuznetsova

cadaver makeup
the final attempt to stall
her disappearance

his favorite fruit
plums the color of bruises
my autistic son

black-eyed susan
the garden
she left behind

watermelon
a half-moon slice
the size of her smile

Lorraine A. Padden

basketball practice
an air ball lands
in my ego

subway—
sitting down on the impression
of a stranger's butt

dry eelgrass—
my ex and I say
we're friends

wobble of the tram self definitions

Nicholas Klacsanzky

Editor's Note:

Kelly Sauvage Angel and I just completed our dueling Buson Challenge. Each of us has over a thousand poems written in one hundred days. These are some that both Kelly and I liked that she has written and at the end a haiga that we collaborated on. This version of the haiga is after many many tries. I hope this makes you think of taking Buson's Challenge yourself and maybe inviting another haikin to do it with you.

orbium gin for the sake of the nation

what is to become of us
leopard spots
on the sparrow

moroccan-spiced lamb of god

our old address
someone else's
childhood home

withered i water the neighbors' garden

phantom now.

the wi

ru

hush

of an endless night's

liver wind

estate sale

a deal

on lost love

pressed flower pendant

the way we wear

our losses

Kelly Sauvage Angel



image: Kelly Sauvage Angel - senryu Mike Rehling

Pipe Dreams

Ever since I was thirteen I have always been an avid reader of Sherlock Holmes stories. The brainchild of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. And I always dreamt of becoming a great detective like him.

I dissected and studied his methods in teensy weensy detail. Just as he always bade Dr Watson to do. And analyzed his deductions thoroughly leaving no stone unturned. His logic I was convinced would have made philosophers and mathematicians sit up and take notice. And more than ever I was positive that the reason his brain worked like a well oiled piece of machinery was because of the pipe he smoked.

Now it so transpired that Father smoked a pipe too. In fact he had a large collection of briar pipes that would have made Sherlock Holmes green with envy. I have often wondered why Dad chose to be a businessman rather than a private eye. After all he had what it takes to be the world's greatest sleuth. His pipe collection.

One afternoon when the pater was taking a snooze I sneaked into his room and clandestinely extracted a pipe from his box. Also his tobacco pouch and a three pronged steel instrument to tamp down the tobacco. After which I tiptoed out and made my way to the terrace. I stuffed the weed into the bowl just as I'd seen Father do and lit up. So far so good. Next I inhaled deeply of the smoke....The next few minutes are extremely hazy but what I do recall is that my lungs appeared to have caught fire and the entire chest heaved in an attempt to come out through my mouth. Several minutes later although my chest had changed its mind about exiting my body my throat was parched and burning.

And at that moment I took a decision that was to change my life forever and ever. Yessir! I resolved never to become a detective.

Scotland Yard...
wondering how they got along
without whodunnits

The Portraiture

When my older brother told me his friend was an artist who had won several national awards naturally I was impressed. You have to be really very good to win the Padma Bhushan you know. They don't exactly give them away. Being all thumbs myself I couldn't draw anything other than a cheque on my bank. So of course I was enthused about meeting this painter bloke and asked bro when he could arrange his visit. I wanted to have my portrait painted by him I informed him. The older sibling was a little uncertain but promised to try. And that is how Mr Singh the painter happened to be at my home eating plum cake and buttered toast with tea one evening.

art show launched...
a critic closely examines
the samosas

While Singh laboured through the cake and toast I was setting up his canvas and easel for him. Saved a lot of time. Finally he got up from the dining table, burped and gently massaged his fingers prior to wielding the brush.

I sat on a footstool as rigidly as is possible while nursing an itch at the base of my spine that couldn't wait. When I wiggled my backside the artist bloke clicked his tongue and complained bitterly about uncooperative models and what he'd like to do to them. There was boiling oil involved in it if I remember rightly.

And finally the portrait was done. Singh stepped back and squinted at the canvas. Apparently satisfied with his handiwork he smiled broadly and grunted to me to come and look. I hopped to it. Like a rabbit on observing a crunchy carrot. I looked at the canvas closely for a long, long time. And my heart sank. Into the depths of my abdomen. I turned on the painter and demanded an explanation. After all plum cake and buttered toast doesn't fall from heaven. Like manna. Neither does Darjeeling brew. To my consternation Mr Singh took umbrage, packed up his belongings and left in a huff.

It was later that bro explained everything to me. He said he had known all along that a portrait was not a good idea. After all, he continued, Mr Singh was an abstract artist don't you know.

I stared long and hard at the blotches of colour on the offending canvas that was supposed to be me.

gallery entrance...
the security guard shooes away
the artist

Gautam Nadkarni

bug out kit just add mayhem

only one blind I

LSD bad trips fondly re-membered

Marilyn Ashbaugh

thinking of mountains
burnt carrots
in the pan

both without sleep...
the mosquito tries to do
its work

road home –
still in the mountains
my real self

Oscar Luparia

<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>

June bugs mating
on the French doors—
c'est la vie.

Driving back from NYC
last flash from hookers
outside the Lincoln Tunnel.

Sitting meditation
hands in mudra—
the itching begins

Crisp blue sky
cool autumn wind
did anyone tell the sun?

Michael Minassian
<https://michaelminassian.com>

making puppies
quantum physics
and spirituality

Coke machine prophecy insert \$2

road apples
the taste of autumn
colours


on the edge
my life cradled
in teardrops

Veronika Zora Novak

wipes, but no masks . . .
queueing for the cashier
with a niqab

yesterday today was tomorrow lockdown

high blood pressure
where is it
when you need it



a turd (n)

Lew Watts

moon typhoons
my brain is
An apocalypse

baking cakes
under quarantine -
2:33 am

Prathami

social distancing
in a game of tennis —
love all

reprimand —
the teenager exits
in a pop of bubblegum

house warming
a neighbour with an apron
full of lemons

Keitha Keyes

waxing moon
another failed haiku
for my x-file

golden anniversary. . .
forgetting the names
of our guests

Marion Alice Poirier

my inner
and outer personalities
nesting dolls

mountain peak
you always need to have
the last word

the way she says
"I don't speak English"
in perfect English

wishing I were
a full-time poet
withered leaves

French garden
full of
snails

Olivier Schopfer

bathroom sill
weeks counted down by
empty pill packs

lockdown sun
hearing the house
grow up again

Spike Milligan's grave
on each cross arm
small change

JohnRichardParsons

what a woman!
I speak to her
drawing in my belly

the end of summer
the fountain is going
on holiday

a tavern
the glass is filled
with the sense

Bakhtiyar Amini

a hope gone into
the field of ripe dandelion

Dragan J. Ristić

old home movies
a mix of
emotions

biting my lip
the name on the headstone
Deadman

Elizabeth Crocket

<http://www.elizabethcrocket.com>

just enough sunlight
through her dress to reveal
my shallows

social media
the people I will not meet
before I die

sharing a shower
I always wanted to be
in a bubble with you

grandpa's false teeth
the glass in the bathroom
grinning like a skull



John Hawkhead
[@HawkheadJohn](#)

heatwave
the cat litter
still to be cleaned

briefing the cat
on house rules
she offers me her b-side

Marina Bellini

daisies
donkeys
I've got dreams and demographics

out the front . . .
in the back . . .
same fly

the cormorant stretches
its neck,
no doubt to impress the seagull

Linda McCarthy Schick

small craft advisory
kindergarteners
with paper and glue

taking me back
the sound
of an old clunker

cannabis
in the car
high beams

reopening
all the nonessential
noise

expired warranties
clearing out
old love letters

rolling up my sleeves
the mosquitos
get to work

the poor fit
of the old suit
job hunting

Laurie Greer

Library...

I merrily forget
the internet

digital zoo(m)...

many human faces
facing the cage

Munia Khan

[Website](#)

three Om-
the scent of a peach
outlines a face

after love
slight aftershock
moves the chandelier

infertility
on his facebook page
flowers and animals

Carmela Marino

smirking pawnbroker
screws it onto his finger,
her ex's wedding ring

a formal evening
so neatly into his mustache
he combs his nose hairs

Great-grandma reading
Dickens by the fireplace light
of her screen saver

Michael Dudley

A peacock spreads wing.
love in rainbows.

Rose

on-line school
without bullies
nor friends

Indian summer--
faces of gargoyles
become loose

Teiichi Suzuki

THE CLOCK

He's here with me now, my kid bro from the south. A brilliant inventor, patents registered, top prizes won. Until stricken with early dementia.

We're in North Wales, not far from the sea, at a Fabrics and Haberdashery store. Sitting outside, whiling away the hour. Despite his mind's slow waning, he's fascinated still by devices.

11:45, not long to go. I take him in. And climbing the stairs, point out the cast iron weights on wires. Already we hear the tick, tick, tick of ratchet and pawl.

Reaching the Fabrics Hall, we turn. And there, on the wall above the stairwell, in all its brassy glory, sits the clock, green bob pendulum swinging.

Gingham, velvet, poly-cotton. Women sneak curious glances in our direction, quickly turning aside.

Twelve times, the bell rings out to the rafters.

He's here with me now, my kid bro from the south. And his eyes shine.

our past lives
in box brownie snaps
two boys on stilts

Paul Beech

serene night
song of cicadas intune with your snores

early winter
the beggar sings to an empty bench

morning drizzle
murmur of silent prayer
on bed of roses

Nuky Kristijono

self-isolation
she draws
an imaginary Milky Way



Eufemia Griffo
[blog](#) [Twitter](#)

it's not a frog –
sound of my cell phone
from the toilet shell

candlelit dinner,
the frog-eater belches –
one last croak

Tomislav Maretić

the crowded beach
in my Zoom meeting background -
last year

drawing class -
the model's different
angles of repose

Independence Day -
moving into
assisted living

refusing the offer
of an open door
the house fly

shooting stars -
one by one
the movie credits roll by

wrong prescription -
the far-sighted politician's
sudden myopia

Angela Terry

Cheers For the Day



celebrating
at a distance
happy Fourth sy

the flag unfurled
in the summer breeze at

sunset
becoming sunrise –
cheers for the day cb

children laughing
age doesn't matter sy

from the bandstand
in the park
those old Sousa marches at

a wind shifts –
the music rolls on cb

Sharon Young - Angela Terry - Cheryl Berrong

second date
her cellphone
set to vibrate

ostrich eggs...
remembering to lift
with my legs

Elmedin Kadric
www.elmedinkadric.com

where nobody should be
my footprints
on a free-floating planet

cabin fever
the spider actually has
eight legs

covid lockdown —
nobody taught me how
roses are pruned

ripe blueberries
right here and
right now

Eva Limbach

the church
echoes with silence
a pew creaks

synchronised breathing
falling asleep in each
other's arms

Stella Damarjati

afternoon thunder
I fill in my crossword
with a black pen

state of the union
a rustle in the eaves of wind
or a rat

date night
a good view of Venus
through the windshield

breakfast for dinner
as if we could
just start over

in quarantine
taking up harmonica
he's got the blues

Kristen Lindquist

not much
remains of yon
red wheelbarrow
claimed by time's weather
inside the wild thicket

Maxianne Berger

social distancing
the snap of a wishbone
wished alone

evening news
switching
to white lilacs

self-quarantine
grandma learns
to take a selfie

summer rain
the taste
of her mouth

David Kāwika Eyre

***February
New Year's resolution
on ice***



Photo by: Sandra Šamec, Haiku by: Franjo Ordanić

**Photo by: Sandra Šamec
Haiku by: Franjo Ordanić**

poetry submission
I plot the trajectory
of a gibbous moon

over-charged
a warm cell phone
and my third cup of coffee

regrets I've had a few platform shoes

Gail Oare

day off
from working from home
the animals rest

memorial day
the sudden buzz
of the tattoo gun

gratitude
my parents died
too soon to die of this

William O'Sullivan
Website: wmosullivan.com

train trip
each house sharing
my goodbye

just the surf's lap...
beachcombers carry the sun
home on their backs

Pris Campbell

romance novel
all the good parts
torn out

used bookstore
the clerk reading
an ebook

beach yoga
a fleck of sand
in my third eye

Maureen Virchau

Granny's apron pocket
the peppermint balls
inside my cheeks

facing it
on Stone Mountain
doves cry

coming to terms
with everyday in my life
another haiku

Lovette Carter

Twitter: [LovetteHaiku2u](https://twitter.com/LovetteHaiku2u)

cocktail hour
the sting of lime juice
on a split knuckle

tourists
flip flop flip flop flip flop
marring paradise

B.A. France

mini-golf—
Dad subtracts strokes
from her score

school lunch—
choosing candy with jokes
on the wrapper

gale force winds—
no slow news days
for months

Elaine Wilburt

Meditation on Aging

Do your balls hang low, as the old marching song asks? I'm not
headed into battle, just strolling to the corner store, but mine are like
two Pugs off leash. Does my health insurance cover scrotum tucks?

liver spots
the freckles
I never had

gender reveal
hedging my bets
with hermaphrodite

broccoli pancakes
a sudden desire to hear
the "1812 Overture"

hand-cranked ice cream
the longer you do it
the harder it gets

video conference call so many different masks

Bob Lucky

3 bras
made into 6 masks
Covid-19

above the tin cup
the blind man's eyes
glued to her cleavage

condom shortage
the long and short of it
hoarding begins

hair receding
he buys a hat
to match his mask

stolen moments
holding each other close
again ...
suddenly from downstairs
"Honey, I'm home!"

Coming and Going

First night in the new house, tired I drift off.

Old boyfriends, dear friends and family, they pack their bodies into my dreams. They present new problems, surprise me, talk with me..."C'mon, y'know the first time should be with me."

Early appointment with the therapist, "but they are there all the time." "Embrace them, he says, they just want to annoy you."

Moving on with my dear ever-present dead.

mother insisting
I wear her wedding veil
the scent of lilac

Carol Raisfeld

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

old men
play with trains
full size

Charles Atlas ad
97 pound weaklings apply
I answer ad

two old men
lost in drive thru
confused

Norman Crocker

kids running amok
all day all night
I miss my pet rock

my poor wife
yes, please, die before me
you deserve the break

elderly woman
grips the costco cart
elderly man pulls

bc jewett

new year
sadly he keeps
his promises

melancholia
antidepressants
and mashed potatoes

measuring time
by empty coffee cups
waiting room

Rehn Kovacic

interviewing
assistants -
Siri or Alexa

fifty shades
of gray . . .
the Senior Center

a hole
in another sock
shelter-in-place

a hole
in another sock
shelter-in-place

cracked headstone
the forget-me-nots
forget

Big Bang Theory
the mystery
of your smile

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Fibonacci sequence
if its not one thing
its another

distancing
keep the length of your shadow
I will follow

behind son's mask
orthodontic infrastructure
\$4560 disguise

Ron Scully

cut-price Elvis
shoelace undone
plastic button
where there used to be
a sequin

September showers
being told
you're not good enough

after her words
the moon
slowly spinning

paper straw
the message
turns to mush

Mark Gilbert

famine relief
the viewing public
switch channels

beauty pageant
skin worshipers inflate
a living doll

viral news
it's the little things
that matter

heart of darkness
my eyes peer into
the real me

Hansha Teki

his yacht for sale
a skull & crossbones
slides down the mast

cousin's passing . . .
in his pocket the winning
Melbourne Cup ticket

gran's arthritic hands
she wears her silk dress
inside out

passport renewal
I have my hair
styled

Cynthia Rowe
www.cynthiarowe.com.au

only the noise
of his slippers ...
quarantine

*soltanto il rumore
delle sue ciabatte ...
quarantena*

Lucia Cardillo

campaign rally
the viruses are happy
for the future

doctor's home visit
grandma dresses up
to the nines

Pitt Buerken

florist's grave
the wind arranges
plastic flowers

wine cellar
in the oak barrel
three generations

soldier's cemetery
dandelions wearing
yellow helmets

Zoran Doderovic

he blinks
a lake
into waterfall

like his eyes
now the lies are
also distant

Arjun C

between you and me
and the fencepost
acres of weeds

spreading mulch
the return of old rumors

rootless
dreaming of the next
best place

first weeds
returning an old favor

Cynthia Anderson
Peter Jastermsky

pet cemetery...
to be honest I'm relieved
it's spelled correctly

verruca
and bunion:
children of the corn

calling me names—
not for the last time:
christening

Benedict Grant

keychain
a souvenir
of something

I call it shooting
she calls it falling
I make a wish

neighbor's garden
his Buddha bigger
than mine

her breasts
the time it takes
not to look

once I'm sure
that I can't get back to sleep
my morning prayer

a little drunker
than I thought I was
midnight drizzle

resuming chemo
I ask the nurse
how she's been

Bill Kenney

corona dodge —
waiting for an aisle
to clear

toppled statues . . .
the fallibility of
school-book heroes

restraint . . .
forgoing the finger
she pounds the horn

vegetarian . . .
an in-law says I am
‘picky’

an epiphany —
I talk back to
the boss in my head

Janice Munro

crawling child
father from abroad
social distances

Mafizuddin Chowdhury

swelling covid...
bought a padlock
to lock my gate

Dinesh P. Chapagain
www.dineshchapagain.com.np

morning coffee
the day
starts strong

no fault divorce
taking all the fun
out of it

garden fence
will the rabbit
accept the challenge

dating profile
update
must wear mask

Claudette Russell

adulterated
the whole evening ...
a hello

tonight
she is someone else too ...
less specific

Vijay Prasad

whatever

Banzzzzai (バンザイ) he said; "yeah I know, those little oriental plants, I've seen them in the grocery store and at the farmer's market." "Well sort of I replied, but it's pronounced bonsai (盆栽). Banzai and bonsai mean completely different things; banzai means; forward or victory, while bonsai literally means; tree in a tray". "Ahhh-so I'm so glad you cleared that up". He replied with a sneer.

reader's choice awards
something i never meant
to say



Michael Henry Lee

I refuse to use
an onion's layers
metaphorically

pandemic
I risk
two tattoos

dilated eyes
I mop
instead of reading

Daniel Shank Cruz
Twitter: [@shankcruz](https://twitter.com/shankcruz)

50th class reunion
old yearbooks
no selfies

grass in the
parking lot cracks
minimalists

deer's natural
predator
interstate highway

Susan Farner

the twang
of a stolen raw mango...
girlhood joys

arvinder kaur

forgiveness
moving forward again
without it

she walks on water
I leave my mouth open
for the ripples

in doctor whites a conference of clouds

Rp Verlaine

she invites us
to skinny dip
persuasive breasts

global warming –
a real-estate shark
plots the new shore

from the back
of the truck
in front of me
a huge ass
with a long tail

David Oates
davidoatesathensga.com
[@witnwords1](https://twitter.com/witnwords1)

breastfeeding
watch my child suck the mangoes
which used to be mine

a ball kicked
into my balls
a world of its own

earthquake
our dictator's statue buried
in his Square Garden

Adjei Agyei-Baah

dome of the sky -
looking for myself
in a comet

regrets...
munching until
the last biscuit

opening the door
of an Irish cottage...
grass tastes of sky

Elisa Allo

meeting a girl friend
after many years
he recognizes me

thunder clouds
I grip both armrests
to steady the plane

a young woman suckles
her baby
vegan cafe

Lady of Spain
he undresses the flower
petal by petal

parrot phrasing
the subtext
beneath the squawk

Norman Silver

lovers' grove . . .
the black flies obsessed
with me

Kroger . . .
a fellow shopper's "chin guard"
clearance cantaloupe

Anna Cates

beneath a dark suit
coming apart at the seams
my funeral shoes

mindful breathing ...
time to study each marble
then roll it away

sleeplessness turning just so to be your pillow

too hot to bother
the sound of an engine
idling

virtual friend
their solid state
confined to memory

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

old school files...
I find my pretend
death certificate



Geoff Pope

never still
the bumblebee
in my mind

ant trails
poised on the edge
of our existence

Joanna Ashwell

Evening Chills

There's an axe murderer in the bedroom. His shadow casts a pall in the dim hallway. A chilly breeze rustles the rafters—his cold kiss hissing through the house. There's an axe murderer in the bedroom, for sure.

out of the shadows
the cat scratching at his door—
a mouse scrambling

Night Lights

fog
furling across streetlights—
night covering up

Out of the haze, her tiny hand reaches out, crying for her mama as she chokes on the fog rolling over protesters.

Awakening

I awake in her childhood home. Morning casts rays across the freeway and its barrier, a daughter's toy dividing dolls from different sides of town. Reality sets in gradually. Our adult lives are as segregated as our home town.

the wall
dividing us—
Apartheid

Colleen M. Farrelly

ringtone
the angular smoke
on the water

vega(s)

sweat shop his cleanest dirty shirt

life jackets
catastrophe chose
a warm color

elderly home
the illusion of knowing
loneliness

Adrian Bouter

lapping the shore
and receding
my mood swings

trickle-down economics
my boss's
summer house

arroyo
the dry heat
of her thighs

auto flush toilet
the Zoom meeting ends
itself

face-first
on a pontoon deck
I stick the landing

Thomas Tilton

table scraps
the compost heap
grows richer

at the peak
an empty box of condoms
showing off

all that's left
of last night's poetry—
scent of woodsmoke

rotting limbs
a tumble
into old age

dissipating
into the crowd
risotto

Scott Wiggerman

Weather prediction
Stray thunderstorms tomorrow
Not on a leash. Feral?

Hard times in Middle America
What trickles down?
Politician's leftovers

Jeffrey L. Taylor

perhaps an old friend
from another lifetime
my grandchild

dentist visit
briefly i lose my smile
for a better one

silent teddy
my child's window view
of the park

virtual reunion
forgetting our last
argument

Richa Sharma

Twitter : [@bluelakemoon](https://twitter.com/bluelakemoon)

Instagram : @bluelakemoonhaiku

evening park
we talk about the one
with us before

breath-taking one more candle

right in front of Buddha
a banyan tree
spreading its roots

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

masked fitting room attendant
with her eyes
undressing me bit by bit

snowed in ...
I listen to her
white lie

alone
after cheap motel sex
a seagull's cry
fills the empty space
in my quarantined heart

campaign sign
on the neighbor's lawn
four more years ...
my beagle sniffs it
and cocks a leg

Tomorrow will worry about itself

smell of sunshine
birdsongs fill empty
tree-lined streets

flatten the curve ...

I take a close look
at my belly

rooftop workout
I elbow-bump the blonde
I've a crush on

a night of dreams:
all hands on the last box
of face masks

Chen-ou Liu

remains of the day...

So this is how it goes down. When the time's right, you know, just follow these instructions as best you can, will ya? I do realize the logistical and legal hassles entailed, but you can at least try. Thanks a million:

palimpsest
all those death poems
I doodled over

The guitars are over now, but should make for a fine musical pyre when ignited along with whatever's left of myself. Wonder if the combined sweet smoke of flaming maple, spruce, rosewood and mahogany will be sufficient to cover my smell of beer, bones, brimstone, and moldy regrets? And what sounds will the strings make as they snap, crackle and pop in the heat? I hope it's one big Hendrix chord — a harsh E7#9 for a great dissonant outro finale. Anyhow, combine the resultant mess of ash-heap with a pinch from this urn and a dash from that urn, mix well, and store in a cool, dry place.

my funeral dirge —
the music of the spheres
played on a kazoo

Then, head on down to Texas and sprinkle most of the concoction liberally in San Antone by the sluggish old river around the missions where the pachuco ghosts still hang out in shadowy alcoves. But do save some stuff on your way back for that crummy rest stop in one-horse, fly-speck Dumas, where we once let the dogs splash in the stagnant puddles with the mud daubers. Remember, we drank warm Pearl beer and pissed with the tough truckers and were happy there

for a little while, weren't we? And, well, if all else fails.... then, by all means, the nearest honey bucket.

invisible man
the autobiography
of a neutrino

Mark Meyer

the death poem
of a trampled pansy
—om

dandelion urge
your secrets on my tongue

resurrection
—in an old poem
you, still alive

Réka Nyitrai

fireflies in heat –
but in my new apartment
someone different

bus rushing uptown
is thinking like her

Chris Vola

www.chrisvola.net

weekend father
celebrating all our birthdays
on one day

wind
raising my skirt
just wind

zoom conference
sanitizing
my hands

zen
on my chair
a pile of cushions

Irina Guliaeva

our tender hug
under the Perseid stars
social distance

watching the sunset he draws a sunrise

pastureland
the leader
is not from the herd



Tsanka Shishkova

moonless
my feelings in letters
sent to the dead

reaper's spring...
talk of an ice rink
becoming a morgue

dotting each 'i'
the nurse writes her name
on the duty board

Thomas Powell

a month sober
I celebrate
with a beer

cemetery
boy practices
his math skills

bookstore
in fantasy section
I find a romance

Tomislav Sjekloća

I took again
the wrong road...
lavender field

*ho preso ancora
la strada sbagliata...
campo di lavanda*

Ezio Infantino

password -
the parrot taps
the characters

scrabble ...
child at home
learns 'quarantine'

mosquito buzz -
from A
to C sharp

yoga day -
I see the world
upside down

Lakshmi Iyer

instead of a haircut
I read white clouds
with Han-Shan

reading *arrhythmia*
my heart shutterstarts
his, *cradled by angel wings*

for Bruce Feingold

[*arrhythmia*](#) (*haiku collection by Bruce H. Feingold*)

Jo Balistreri

social distancing
a neighbor's cat pretends
not to know me

Zoom meeting
the camera focuses
up his nose

sister's morning call--
she talks about her grandkid's
bowel movement

John J. Han

off to the gym
the neighbor flexes
his muscle car

the new widow
sends email photos
no subject line

downcast eyes hiding her poker hand

Christine Wenk-Harrison

lid closed
the dying becoming
the dead

knives and forks
breaking the silence
between us

a grimace
his niece mentions
nursing homes

Mike Gallagher

The Noir Connection

My favorite Detectives and Private Investigators aren't action heroes. They're marked by the mean streets they frequent. They may limp, having been thrown down a staircase by a swarthy, no-neck mobster; or sport puckers from bullet wounds that their women, can you believe it, love to touch, even kiss; or brandish zigzag scars running from cheek to eye, wounds from knife fights in places like "Psycho Suzy's Biker Bar."

As young boys they may have sported radiant smiles, but life has taught them to wear poker, no-tell faces. They carry invisible wounds – wounds of the heart and spirit. Some wounds are dispensed by wives or gals who left them because of the recurring sins of angry rants, alcohol bouts to still their pain, staying out all night without phoning and, of course, philandering. But they never commit the major crime of hitting the wife or girlfriend or kids.

They wear no badges, sport no uniforms unless you consider what the clothes they slept in last night as today's uniform. Their aim is simply justice, justice for the little people, the ones who don't add up to much or count for anything. Invading the spider webs of bad guys is what they do. Fees would help, but they don't matter. They're always running on just enough to get by and sometimes not enough. Somewhere, maybe in their early experiences in school yards, they learned that the bullies of the world can't be avoided, mustn't be tolerated, and someone has to stand them down. Theirs is the fight for social justice in the ongoing, ever-present fight of good against evil. Of course, dames fall for my heroes, women of many stripes, attracted to them as moths are to flames. But it's the ones who have the right attitude, who likely are themselves wounded on paths through life's back alleys. They're the ones who understand real men.

And yes, most dames will try to reverse a wounded man's reluctance to speak his feelings, hopeful they can find honey deep within the comb. And with the kind of loving only a real dame can supply, these guys can be opened up and nurtured into a marshmallow-soft-with-a-dame stance, yet remain tough with the dwellers of the shadow world.

Sure these gals get stung, chased away by swarms of disturbed bees protecting the guy's psychic hive . . . and yet they return, again and again, perhaps because they know down deep he's a knight, a descendent of Authur's Round Table seeking the grail of justice. And they know he'll do what it takes to rescue a dame in distress. I shut the book, turn out the light and burrow deep into the covers of illusion, recalling those last pages where the bad guys are finally put down and my hero, fresh with bruises and wounds, has once again survived, and slip into sleep . . .

A soft knock on the door ... I slide off the bed, pull on pants, no one wants to die with his pants off, slip the 45 from under the pillow, turn the safety off and sidle up to the door ... (never, ever look through the peep hole!)

"Who's it?" (guttural, lion-like)

"It's Meeeee," (a soft, sexy female voice).

Can't be a bad guy with that voice, can it? Still, I keep the gun beside my leg, open the door a crack ... and there's big red-haired Molly.

"Hey babe, come on in."

"Mmmmm Hmmmmm" She whispers and sways in with a come-on smile that reaches deep into my groin ...

"What'd you do last week?" she asks.

"Nothing really," I reply. (how to tell her I had to put two guys down, like the mad dogs they were).

"Help me with this zipper, will ya honey," she purrs.

red dress slips
to the floor
long legs up to her neck

Ray Rasmussen

Ray's Haibun Blog: <https://rays-blog.ca>

when asked
my age
I reply
old enough to be
a grandmother

downsizing
rediscovering
who we were

the latest drama
in this melodrama
virus news

indecision
whether or not to iron
my facemask

Terrie Jacks

quarantined
to the bedroom--
morning love

snow froth
the café fills
in with people

through the mask
her lips
feel the same

sleeping with you...
one Zoom call
away

Nicky Gutierrez

isolation...
the faces
boredom wears

social distancing...
keep aside
my thoughts

Jibril Dauda Muhammad

Chornobyl concert
on the way our car engine
explodes

the warm hug
when old friends meet
Chornobyl fundraiser

unable to hide
their open hearts
cactus in bloom

Myron Lysenko

Dali the curve of his waxed panache

Buddha's gaze
I breathe deeply
into my mask

Easter Sunday
the bunny wears
a pink mask

statins
even the crows
are on it

Bruce H. Feingold

former introvert:
anything to get back
to being too close

carnival games
midway through the date
prize panda chaperones

dehydrated flesh
the long career
of a still life orange

judgment your shoes not my shoes to walk in

Jackie Maugh Robinson

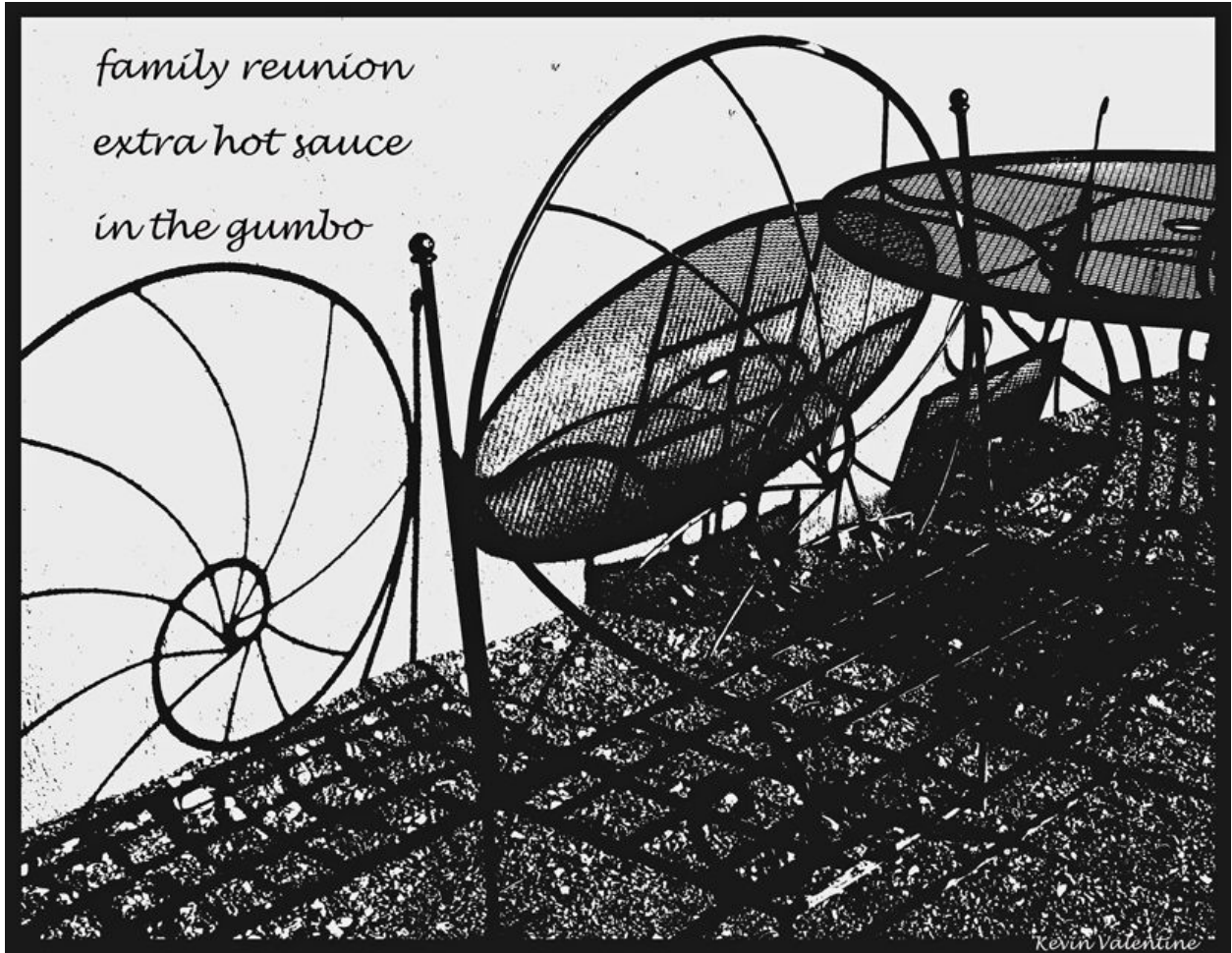
memory lightning . . .
the girl I wish to forget
strikes again

uncivil war--
half the country
unmasked

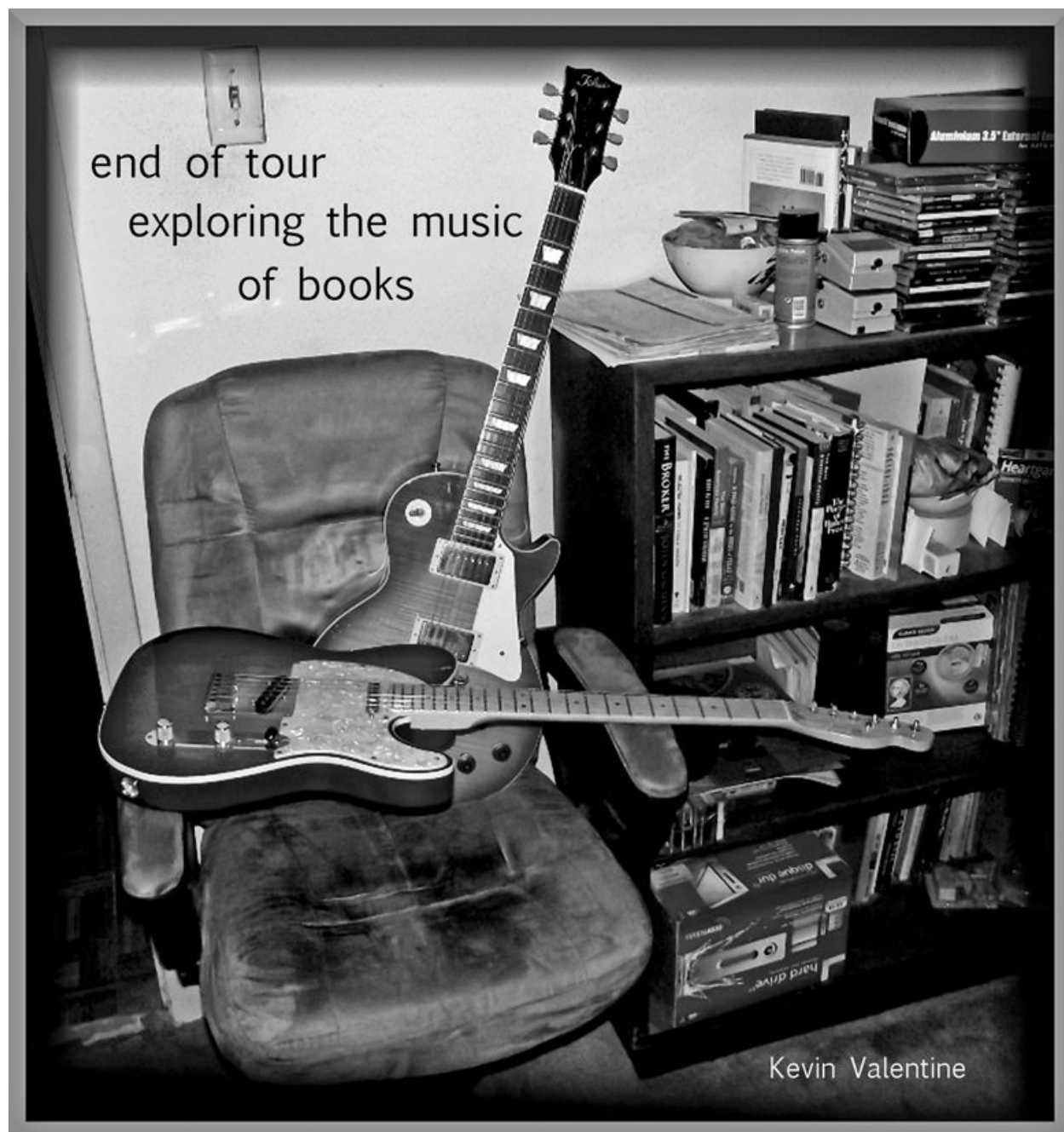
night blooming cactus
the shy librarian lets down
her hair

black hole . . .
the astronomer's wife
takes the kids

*family reunion
extra hot sauce
in the gumbo*



Kevin Valentine



Kevin Valentine

election day
my kid paints his finger
with black ink

morning tea shop
covid vaccine smokes
from each cup

Sudebi Singha

lockdown chalk art
I hop
from venus to mars

a long surgery
time for the mountains
to move closer

SHANGHAIKU
a hundred line poem

1
new yellow lily:
last look at first blooms—close the door,
and leave for China

2.
white flight blends with white
cloud mountains—still a glimpse of shore
white foam draws the line

3.
numbers fill the air...
a hundred mathematicians
flying to China

4.
artificial night:
slam shut window of afternoon.
It's dawn in Shanghai

5.

there'll be no dark sky.
(It's mid-morning in China now)
back home, sunset's gone

6.

we're chasing the sun.
my big red hat keeps blowing off
catch it in Shanghai

7.

honking horns we're here
join the general exuberance
nightfall Shanghai style

8.

new form: Shanghaiku
count the syllables—five eigh five
Tsing Tao influence

9.

concerto for horn
and commotion on Famous Street
is Henry Brant here?

10.

we've fourth floor box seats
car bike and walking orchestra
presto vivace

11.

five beeps to this street
I'm awake I'm alive beep beep
sounds like Shanghaiku

12.

just poured wet cement
nineteen million fresh footsteps make
one great impression

13.

grant us an honor
and China will reward the world
with more splendor [quote]

14.

zig zag the colored tiles
zig zag the way to anywhere
dodging cars and bikes

15.

here's one safe theory:
walk zig zag fast, without stopping
wards off collisions

16.

seen through haze of smoke
is it a dumpling on a stick
new T.V. tower

17.

circles intersect
mathematicians love good food
round plates round tables

18.

seventeen courses
combinatorics of more beer
one more for good luck

19.

tofu bok choy fish
dumpling pickles duck pork noodle,
soup watermelon.

20.

hugs in campus square
couples 'full moon watching'—we try
all Chinese customs

21.

new orange roses

can I lure you with them into
favorite matrices

22.

old habits scatter
find old places in the new rows
perfect nestedness

23.

crowded city street
behind the watermelon truck
new Shanghai rises

24.

alluring city
you flash your eyes and wear new clothes
I'll accept this dance

25.

inspiring city
I've always loved Chinese poems
teach me Shanghaiku.

26.

courageous city
create new beauty from old forms
Shanghai masterpiece

27.

I know your strong voice
loud serenading night and day
has asked me for love

28.

"I'll build you gardens
new buildings shaped like flowers and pearls
these words are your song

29.

you'll love my cooking
one more dish how can you leave me

I'll just stay and eat

30.

persistent lover

you're up all night making poems

I'll write this one down

31.

bountiful city

your gifts overwhelm me you smile

and offer some more

32.

decisive city

with a strong artistic vision

you'll fix everything

33.

creative city

wishes become reality

old new Shanghaiku

hundred line poem

Kath Abela Wilson

snaking queue -
beady eyes seek
the unmasked

zoom meeting-
eyes fix on
bookshelves

purple prose –
my son critiques
my bucket list

tea in the garden
our waving hands greet
wasps

hoarfrost –
in the charity shop
her wedding dress

Dorothy Burrows

retirement date
default reminder
10 minutes before

ozone blue
where great-grandfather's tree stood
an X in the sky

Benno Schmidt

a mosquito smudge
on new-painted walls ...
forgiving is hard

first break-up ...
the way he spits out
the chewing gum

Ways of the wind

Now that I am a full-fledged grandma, I take my new-found status pretty seriously. I dress mostly in crisp cotton sarees, put my long hair up in a tight bun and have even discarded my lenses in favour of the old thick glasses. I should be looking dignified and make the right impression on the little fellow, whatever that means. But just as I start feeling pleased with myself for a job well-done, he jumps upon me, yanks the glasses off my nose, manages to get his hand entangled in my hair and laughs uproariously.

late afternoon
the ice-cream vendor
enters my lane

sanjuktaa asopa

adjusting the antenna till i get it right daylillies

another selfie
from my cancer-ridden friend
waning moon

love diary
still referring to him
by his initials

self-isolation
folding a paper crane
with his goodbye note

Jackie Chou

panting entourage
along the slope
hot air balloons

voicemail
the naked syllables
time-delayed

humanity divided –
throughway

Helga Härle

zoom connections
how much
we didn't know
we'd missed

a toast
to those loves
long lost—
the cool sweetness
of ice wine

our shopping mall
less cars
more geese

Jill Lange

caught in a whirlpool
the round-and-round
of soap operas

painter's moon
verse by verse
I spill my colors

Theresa Okafor

thoughts of him —
putting the left earbud
into the right ear

first cloudy day
for a long while -
my new sunglasses arrive

watching my figure
I order half a full Irish —
mini-break

Maeve O'Sullivan

Twitter: [@writefromwithin](https://twitter.com/writefromwithin)

GETTING A GRIP

For the last two mornings, I've woken up with a headache. I've tried neck exercises, deep breathing—nothing has worked. This morning, headache again. I surrender to the inevitable and reach for the Ibuprofen bottle. The label warms me that the bottle is not childproof. And it isn't. All I have to do is turn the top and -voila- the lid comes off. I'm so happy I don't have to struggle with a child resistant top. I seem to spend half my life trying to turn as I push down, or getting two arrows to a matching place, and then taking a knife to the damn lid to prise it off if the official method fails, as it does more often than not. I often think of launching a campaign to have these childproof bottles also labelled as "senior resistant."

Of course, it's not just pill and vitamin bottles that are "senior resistant." In these days of weakening grip, nearly every other jar is too, whether they be jars of pickles, beets or jam. If my wife and I didn't have our life-saving tool, our diet would be distinctly impoverished. The life-saving tool has a long plastic handle ending with a circle of red plastic. On top of the red plastic circle is a turning key, which moves three small wheels with serrated edges to and fro so they can grip the sides of recalcitrant lids. A turn of the long handle, and the lids pop off. We call this tool "The Gripper" and have often said that deciding who gets it would be one of the most contentious items should we divorce.

We're not thinking of divorce at the moment, though, but, rather, putting together the story of our life since we met forty-six years ago. There are a lot of fragments to assemble--photos, notes on scraps of paper, letters, written announcements and invitations, incomplete journal and diary entries and the like. And the experiences they represent are themselves fragments hard to assemble into any kind of coherent narrative.

Sometimes the difficulty of the project makes me wonder why we're doing it at all. Are we trying to hold the moments of life still when it's in their nature to flow and keep flowing? Are we trying to grip life too tightly, pointlessly to open the jars of the meaning of moments now long gone? Should we leave the old jars on the pantry shelves, and savour, instead, only the freshly picked berries of the present.

Eternity in a grain.
Sand caught for a moment
in the egg-timer's narrow neck.

Chris Bullock

speaking in tongues ~
cicadas outside
the church

my broken face
mouth droops, one eye won't shut
a tsunami

Ingrid Bruck

whiff of ozone
the lingering charge
as you storm off

birthday cake
the new frosting
in my beard

sunset
my shadow stumbles
over the ridge

Walking the dog

Since the divorce I haven't owned a pet. It's just more trouble (I tell myself) having pets in a small apartment. There is more expense with the pet deposits and rent increases and the animals have considerably less freedom. It seems unfair to confine them so.

stealing warmth
from a patch of sunlight
—the cat i don't have

My daughter is with me half time and that is my solace. Her mother and I hammered out a good working relationship from the beginning and in most respects are a pretty ideal model of split parenting. We support our kid first and each other as a necessary part of that, and

otherwise live and let live. We communicate as needed, most often in perfunctory manner.

how we reduce an entire universe to one word

One upside of all this is that when she travels for work I get to keep the family dog. He enjoys the sleepovers and exploring the alternate neighborhood where he strives to keep up with the local gossip on each outing. He does his best to leave an update of his own at each stop, even when the tank is empty.

sending messages
with nothing left to say
—old habits

m shane pruet

original mind
yes, still here, always
even though it begins to misspell

showcase home
tight vertical grain window casings
unfilled nail hole

the old poodle nuzzles, asks
who am i?
who are you?

Luther Allen

<http://othermindpress.wordpress.com>

berry picking —
survival jam spreads
thin in winter

Wayne Kingston

sliver of moonlight
where the dog
used to sleep

birthday morning–
too many gifts
from the outdoor cat

everything is
an omen,
before the ultrasound

Mary Katherine Creel

my son's vasectomy
I read Good Night Moon
to his dog

his argument against
Black Lives Matter
given enough rope...

RV life
our car
becomes a toad

campfire zoom
an out of sync
kum ba yah

Terri L. French

visiting my true self

it is late. i am in a quiet spot but my mind is racing. it seems like forever since I had time for myself. all my time is given freely but sometimes i am too generous with others so here i finally have arrived. sitting quietly and taking in some sandalwood incense. everything i have done has come to this moment. my face relaxes into a smile and i know everything is just right. to myself i say. i should do this more often.

fingerprints
in the hummus
likely my own

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