

failed ~~haiku~~

A Journal of English Senryu
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mike rehling 'Failed' Editor
www.failedhaiku.com
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over our heads

in a sea of troubles



fighting for breath

Haiga by John Hawkhead

Cast List

In order of appearance

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Christopher Peys

Dale Wisely

Teiichi Suzuki

Glenda Cimino

Elizabeth Crocket

Andrew Riutta

Mona Iordan

Shai Afsai

Mirela Brăilean

Pere Risteski

Wiesław Karliński

Joe Hall

Neena Singh

Wilbert Salgado

B.A. France

Ingrid Baluchi

Bryan Rickert

Hazel Hall

Andrew Carter

Radostina Dragostinova

Carol Raisfeld

James Chessing
Susan Burch
Bruce H. Feingold
Antonio Mangiameli
Tia Haynes
Bryan Rickert/*Tia Haynes*
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Tracy Davidson
D.T. Arcieri
Joseph P. Wechselberger
Wayne Kingston
Roberta Beach Jacobson
Bisshie
Barth H. Ragatz
Laurinda Lind
Anna Cates
Robert Ertman
Chen-ou Liu
Benedict Grant
Norman Crocker
Kalyanee Rajan
John Hawkhead
Charlotte Mandel
Ronald K. Craig
Debbie Strange
Nathan Tluchowski

Kristen Lindquist
Lavana Kray
Charlie Knowlton
Joanna Ashwell
Tony Williams
j rap
Christa Pandey
Michael Henry Lee
Michael Hough/Christina Chin
Diana Teneva
Mark Forrester
Margaret Tau
Oscar Luparia
Ron. Lavalette
Laurie Greer
Franjo Ordanić
Robert Epstein
Keiko Izawa
Rosa Maria Di Salvatore
Veronika Zora Novak
Vishnu Kapoor
Bakhtiyar Amini
Isaac Ofori-Okyere
Barbara Robinette
Gautam Nadkarni
Robert Witmer

Simon Wilson
Adrian Bouter
Maria Concetta
Janice Munro
Željko Vojković
Pitt Buerken
Rick Jackofsky
Elaine Wilburt
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Richa Sharma
Terri French
Minal Sarosh
Scott Wiggerman
Robbie Porter
Barrie Levine
John J. Dunphy
Louise Hopewell
Neera Kashyap
Paul Beech
Bob Lucky
Rp Verlaine
Andreina Pilia
Thomas Tilton
Marta Chocilowska
Marta Chocilowska/Mike Duffy
Barbara Kaufmann

Jackie Maugh Robinson
Charles Harmon
Mark Meyer
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Carmela Marino
Susan Bonk Plumridge
Cynthia Rowe
Helen Ogden
Michael Kitchen
Robert Fleming
Richard Mavis
Julie Bates
Lori A Minor
Lori A Minor and *Joshua Gage*
Ed Higgins
Sue Le Mesurier
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Maxianne Berger
Barbara Strang
Elmedin Kadric
Eva Limbach
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Susan Farner
Daniela Misso
David Gale
Cherri Sutphin

R. J. Swanson
Marilyn Ashbaugh
Ben Gaa
Kalyanee Rajan
Srinivas S
Dorothy Burrows
Wilda Morris
Ron Scully
Jo Balistreri
Bruce Jewett
Sondra J. Byrnes
Gil Jackofsky
Wonja Brucker
Terrie Jacks
Benno Schmidt
Jackie Chou
Michael Feil
Lakshmi Iyer
Hemapriya Chellappan
Michael Baeyens
Stefano d'Andrea
Nina Kovačić
David J Kelly
Elisa Allo
Tsanka Shishkova
Joan C. Fingon

Mark Gilbert
Kevin Valentine
Kevin Valentine - Steve Valentine
Irina Guliaeva
Vandana Parashar
George Schaefer
Frank Dietrich
Jennifer Acampora
David Oates
Cynthia Anderson
Eufemia Griffo
William Scott Galasso
Christine Wenk-Harrison
Madhuri Pillai
Genie Jeanne Nakano
Arvinder Kaur
Claire Vogel Camargo
Riham El-Ashry
Jay Friedenber
Tim Cremin
Colleen M. Farrelly
Lucia Cardillo
Bruce Curtis
Tomislav Maretić
Jibril Dauda Muhammad
Maya Daneva

Jack Galmitz

m. shane pruet

Vijay Prasad

Jill Lange

Kath Abela Wilson

Sherry Grant

Lew Watts

Tanya McDonald - *Lew Watts*

road trip —
ribbon of pavement
followed to its origin,
the unknown

Christopher Peys

[@ChrisPeys](#)

in darkness
awaiting damage report
cytokine storm

Dale Wisely

the year of Ox--
bull market
without vaccine

winter hush--
long face
of masked stone buddha

dead of winter--
covid-19 as always
on tiptoe

Teiichi Suzuki

the cemetery
birthdates of the newly dead
later than my own

holding these chopsticks
I remember your fingers
guiding mine: first time

Glenda Cimino

The Beginning

The smell of pie, straight from the oven.

The strong grip of a hand.

The sound of a take your breath away laugh.

The realization of the impact.

her end of life care

I begin

the remembering

Elizabeth Crocket

Gravelgut

Just so you know: I'm going to beat this world to its explosions and death. I'm going to get real drunk and cross Lake Superior on a skipping stone, a real smooth and pretty one. Yes, sir. Then just sip my way to Hell.

the gurgle
of kerosene---
autumn clouds

Andrew Riutta

busy life
her agenda fills up
with Xs

bugging me
with its falsetto
mosquito buzz

Mona Iordan

No raven becomes
a dove by its fancying
to have white feathers.

Shai Afsai

shaiafsai.com

dad's coat
mom polishes
the medals

loose leaf
another friend
in the obituary

Mirela Brăilean

fashion TV
the pressure around
my fantasy

zoom conference
the scent of my
new perfume

Pere Risteski

winter twilight
enters the subway station
street violinist

recovery
all my glasses
half full



Wiesław Karliński

We're already dead.
Its just our momentum that's
Forging on ahead

Joe Hall

mirroring
grandson's masked face—
the peeping sun

lounge chair
the smell of emptiness
in every corner

2020 almost done—
my dog licks
a welcome

Neena Singh

Fantosmia
el olor a quemado
de un libro digital

Phantosmia
the burning smell
of a digital book

Luz al final del túnel
no sabía de Dios
era subterráneo

Light at the end of the tunnel
I didn't know God
was subterranean

Ladrón decide
armar su carro
con partes del mío

A thief decides
to assemble his car
with parts of mine

Silencio
mi cerebro y yo
estamos conversando

Silence
my brains and I
are having a conversation

Wilbert Salgado
[Website](#)

sound of waves
on the virtual sand
... blue emptiness

the ballot says
to make
your mark

the dead squeaker
must continue
to be crushed

writing haiku
with my thumbs on my phone
not wabi
nor sabi

B.A. France
[@b a france](#)

closing down
the hidden smirk
behind the mannequin's mask

podding peas
thoughts
turn to loneliness

Ingrid Baluchi

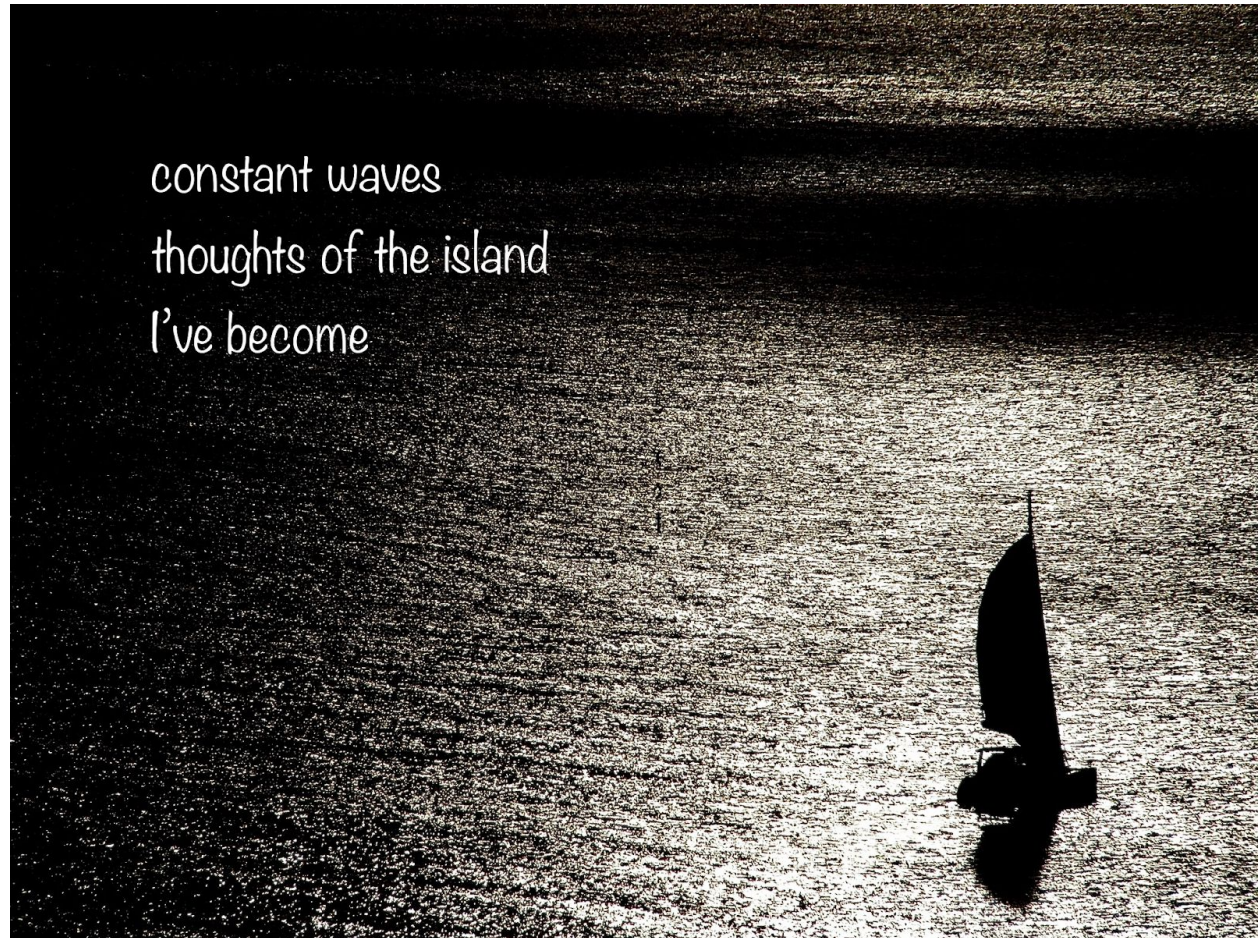
voodoo shop
the lacquered grip
of a chicken's foot

cemetery
the stack of empties
on a headstone

lovers at the park
the groaning
swings

the old church
converted to a brewery
PRAISE BE!

poetry at the pub
the link and shift
in her hips



Bryan Rickert

bush koan the sound of one twig snapping

sunken stars
in a muddy river
last year's goals

jet lag
a street cat stretches
into the night

plastic bags
filled with wrap and tinsel
landfill truck

Hazel Hall

lonely terrorist
blows up inflatable doll
on Christmas Day

Andrew Carter

[@andysea4](#)

furniture restoration workshop
in the scar above her lip
a sunbeam

another rejection
the garden flowers continue
to bloom

home village pumpkin field
her Facebook profile
full of fake friends

Christmas sale
my daughter tries on
angel wings

Radostina Dragostinova

doctor's lounge
a plastic surgeon
on the wall

flowers
at deer crossing...
the buck stopped here

grandma says
the opposite of irony
is wrinkly

ménage
a quartet
four play

mixed reports
patient is numb
from toes down

Carol Raisfeld

the neighbor's dog
raises a hind leg
politics

waiting for the dough to rise they finally call the
election

New Year's Morning
my apartment teems with
potential resolutions

CNN gave it to Fox
who gave it to MSNBC
the virus

the Wall
is that your wry smile
behind your mask?

James Chessing

old cactus you're still a prick

stolen kiss –
my herpes
now his

tiny house –
no room
to think

Susan Burch

Selma bridge
the gates of heaven open
for John Lewis

New Year's morning my baby aspirin sweet

a cry
for the ages
Zoom bris

summer stroll
the cool mist of
hand sanitizer

Bruce H. Feingold

the tablet
a finger -
the news

Antonio Mangiameli

never
more alone
social media

open casket
if only I could match
her smile

Tia Haynes

Worlds Apart

turning 16

*fashion magazine
her peer's expectations
in the mirror*

when did she stop

driving lessons
I learn to take
a back seat

drawing rainbows

*what she tells me
is a sleepover
crushed solo cups*

Bryan Rickert/Tia Haynes

lightness
will I ever
put it on?

in a painting
Tranquillity Lost -
View of Delft

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

haunted hotel
under lockdown
do the ghosts miss the guests?

cemetery girl
how to seduce a ghost
devoted in death

Tracy Davidson
[@tracydavidson27](#)

Herd Mentality!
(everything I'm
wearing matches)

Say What?
(vodka driven
disinhibition)

Morning Coffee!
(astronaut lands
back on earth)

Good Binoculars!
(the birds are
watching ME)

D.T. Arcieri
www.DTArcieri.com

approaching storm sometimes it's kinder to lie

all day rain speaking just adjectives and nouns

without lights the Milky Way

camping out

closing the flap

of his long johns

First Holy Communion

gum

on the sole of a shoe

Joseph P. Wechselberger

beauty sacrificed
 sans regret
Autumn seppuku

exhale
morning breath
 vapor soul

Wayne Kingston

a life
fully punctuated
!

spoons
that percussive
click

quantum theory
as if you knew

date night
we spit out
the pits

new year
this has happened
before

Roberta Beach Jacobson
[@beach haiku](#)

Ellis island
sharing dust motes
with adventurers

rain on the window pane
the machine beeps

Bisshie

koi in the pond
swim to our side
treat-seeking missiles

all the world's problems
solved in less than one hour
water cooler gang

Barth H. Ragatz

hiking down to lake ice
snow too hikes
deep into my boot

Laurinda Lind

STRANGER

Recently, someone completely unknown to me contacted me via Facebook. She hoped I could help her form a liaison between an elderly man she's a caregiver for and his biological sons, relatives of mine, raised by another man. "He's over 80, in a wheelchair," she said. "He wants to see them."

I called his oldest son on the phone, but he expressed reluctance in connecting with his biological father. "... not after all this time," he said.

I felt a little sorry for the elderly man. Father's Day was rapidly approaching. I could picture him, withered and hunched over in his wheelchair, reassessing his life, wanting closure, regretting that, due to mistakes he'd made, he'd lost the chance to raise the sons he'd fathered. He wanted to be a real Dad. He wanted to be like that cloud that's really a god, who exhales, forming the wind . . .

animal crackers,
animal clouds . . .
childhood

Anna Cates

smoking a cigarette
I stopped
the war

Robert Ertman

stay home, save lives
I whisper to my dog
... and to myself

Night and Day

false negative
an infectious silence
darkens the office

false positive
a kiss-marked post-it note
on the humming fridge

Chen-ou Liu

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

calling the ex
to see where it all went wrong
nostalgia circuit

the way you drift
when the focus shifts from you
icloud

Benedict Grant

pizza on porch
contact free delivery
bear steals it

neighbor cats
visit yard daily
soft soil

Norman Crocker

end of season sale —
mother tries out
my faded jeans

happy hour —
the ants whisk away
my last jim jam

m a i l
her heart beats
faster at wartime

blood bank...
all they want is
B positive

tower of babble...
grandpa joins the baby
for dinner

fresh deadline...
i'd rather be dead
thansticktotheline

Kalyanee Rajan

christmas service
remembering
her red lipstick

sunset commute
crickets start to chirp
from her cellphone

vaccine but not herd



John Hawkhead
[@HawkheadJohn](https://twitter.com/HawkheadJohn)

**Visit to the Planetarium,
Liberty Science Center, Jersey City, New Jersey**

A gigantic circular screen confronted us. The seats planted in rows set on a steep downward slope that terrified me, with no banisters to grab onto. But three or four steps up, above my level, there were a few rows. Gingerly, I went up those steps, and sidled into a row with an empty seat, excusing myself over several pairs of knees.

I'd had no idea of the experience to come—how the 89-foot full dome was to enter us into view of the night sky and distant galaxies. But when the show began, I felt myself moving, transported by the theme of “worlds beyond.” We were moving across landscapes of our home planet Earth—mountains, forests, rivers—being carried onward into space, passing by our familiar moon, towards exploring other planet topographies, learning of Venus's shifts from days of scorching heat to freezing nights, the narrator's voice a warm enthusiastic host.

No space suits necessary, we were tourists in a universe of 281 trillion changing colors. I recalled the Buck Rogers comic strips of my childhood, people able to fly by virtue of a jet-pack worn like an ordinary schoolkid's book pack over shoulders. When this adventure ended, we followed our guide to the elevator down to the street, and back to our sightseeing bus, my head literally “in the clouds.”

taking deep breaths
oxygen
of the future

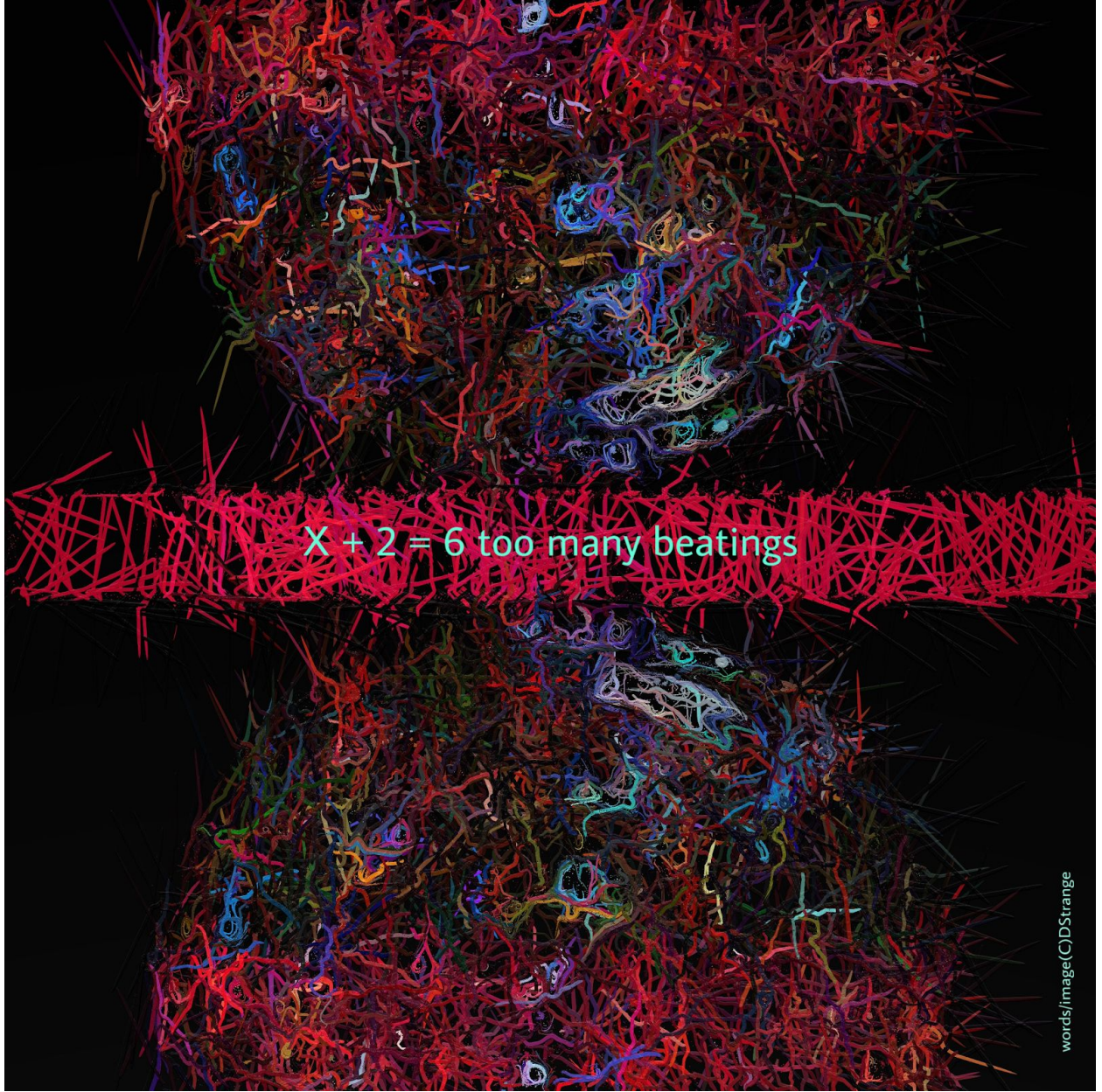
Charlotte Mandel

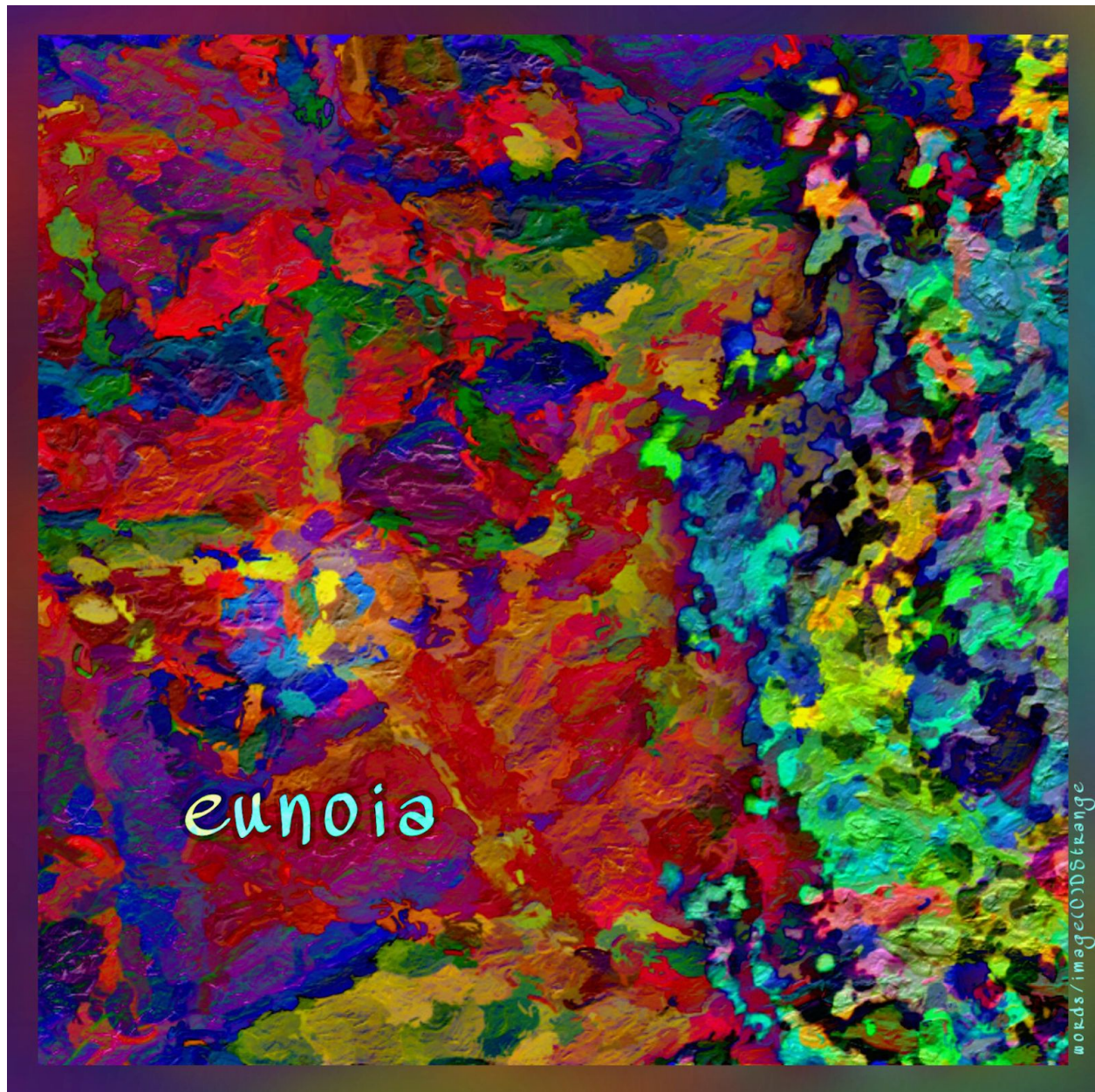
bittersweet holiday
another cocoa
just for me

back country road
a finger lifts
from a steering wheel

drivers
stop dead in their tracks
funeral procession

Ronald K. Craig





Debbie Strange
[@Debbie Strange](#)
[debbiemstrange.blogspot.com](#)

Van Gogh stars-
on the frozen river,
headlights.

Nathan Tluchowski

human nature
the way some mountains
remind us of breasts

pacifism
the fist that means rock
loses to paper

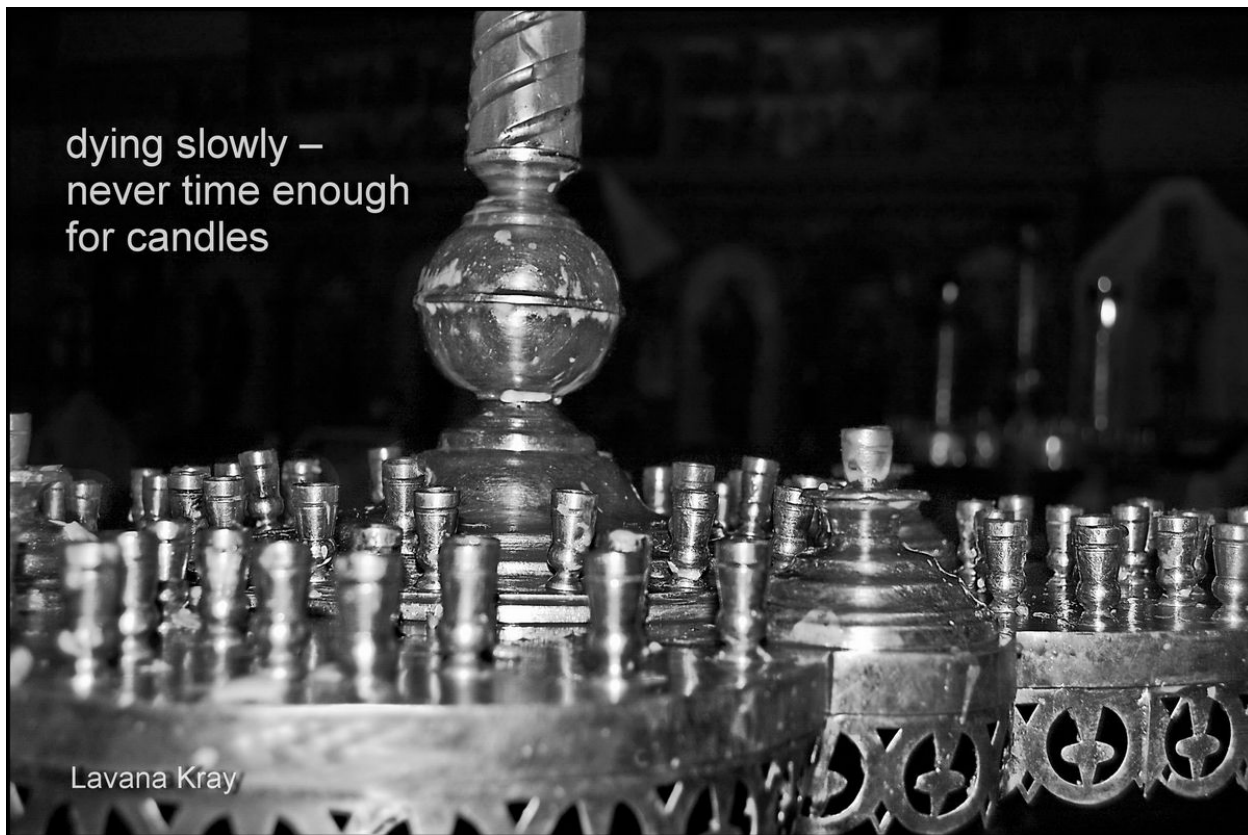
reality check
my lucky rock
clatters in the dryer

night class
thinking about the cookies
left in my bag

Kristen Lindquist

dying slowly –
never time enough
for candles

Lavana Kray





introspection -
no reason to lay two teacups
but I do

Lavana Kray



last hour –
colder and colder
the sand heart

Lavana Kray

Lavana Kray

retirement planning...
my final living expense...
more pajamas

chinese restaurant...
when no ones looking
i use the fork

groceries from amazon...
11 and a half eggs arrive
marked fragile

now that
its legal...zig zagging
in traffic

Charlie Knowlton

hanging up
before you answer
embracing silence

planning
my morning walk
to converge with yours

Joanna Ashwell

under the doormat
that says welcome
a woodlouse

Tony Williams

why the 'r' in senryu?
autumn mist ...

tailgater —
how fast the impersonal
turns personal

never mind I tell Alexa
then she plays it

j rap

travel ban
overseas relatives
feel more distant

masked poets' reading
words hesitate to leave
their shelter

Christa Pandey

corporate Zoom
everyone wearing
the same mask



Michael Henry Lee

Writing ones and zeros

Go down the cold beach and there write profound poems with a driftwood stick. This might be as good as writing ones and zeros saved inside a cloud. Oh but who other than a poet knows better: Glory is fleeting like some smoke from your beach fire or the sound of drums Echoing off cliffs.

blustery wind
this winter repeats
an old story

Michael Hough, prose / Christina Chin, poem

a scent of linden –
we keep on making the same tea
without mum

Diana Teneva

before payday
even the full moon
out of reach

evening shadows—
hanging his face mask
on the mirror

home alone
giving the snowglobe
a long shake

stomping feet
we leave behind our better
snow angels

Mark Forrester

scratch and sniff
my dog's
favorite pastime

Margaret Tau



*with a beard
for a while the dad
I haven't been*

poem and photo: Oscar Luparia

crackling fireplace
the second life
of my failed haiku

intertwined stories
my father's notes
in the old book

new year's eve
thankful I could turn
all the calendar pages

Oscar Luparia

<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>

black ink
in dark rooms
disappears

Ron. Lavalette

<http://eggsovertokyo.blogspot.com>

traffic back-up
runner
dying of exhaust

divorced again
refinishing
the end table

dating again
I start a collection
of short stories

Laurie Greer

a glass of prosecco
only a sip away from saying
I do!

Franjo Ordanić

notwithstanding the heat your cold stare

as unbreakable
as the setting sun
her Corelle dishware

dead end —
I contemplate
the subliminal message

job interview —
his mismatched socks could be
a personal statement

Robert Epstein

today's fuji
silently accumulating
my silver hairs

december
drifting clouds drag
the things undone

Keiko Izawa

winter solstice...
my dog wearing
a new coat

seasonal sales...
buying a sweater
I don't like

beyond the fog...
imagining
the horizon

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

even the fish
cry in these waters
mauldin dawn

motherless and alone my shadow

tattooed
behind my eyelids
fireflies

dazed and confused the wind cries Mary*

**Nod to Jimi Hendrix*



the many colours
of feathers I have been
rouge

vern

Veronika Zora Novak

wall calendar
without my turning pages
months come and go

nightmare
I pinch myself
nightmare

Vishnu Kapoor

new poem
with each word
a little bit less of me

Bakhtiyar Amini

Asante funeral grounds
the dead grins
at mourners

Isaac Ofori-Okyere

chicken noodle soup
our rebel son
asks for my recipe

class reunion
fifty years of my life
on one page

Barbara Robinette

Comic Relief

A diehard romantic, I have always been madly in love with reading. Ever since I was old enough to say, I want more thugar in my oatth. So it was only inevitable, I guess, that sooner or later I should think of visiting a library. A real honest to goodness lending library, I mean.

Somebody wisely suggested the American Center Library at Churchgate as a treasure trove of excellent books. I was even informed by reliable sources that they had the very best volumes on everything including physics, chemistry, mathematics, paleontology, anthropology and ribald limericks. So naturally I was soon to be found crossing the threshold of this mecca of literature and after being thoroughly frisked, checked from head to toe with metal detectors and x-rayed like a common or garden variety of terrorist I entered the haloed wonderland.

The bespectacled librarian looked up from a glossy she was reading and raised her painted eyebrows enquiringly. I asked her timidly for the latest publications on archaeology she could dig up. She jabbed a few keys importantly on the keyboard of her laptop and said after a moment with furrowed brow that the only book she could unearth was ten years old. Not giving up I asked her to look up the latest in particle physics. This time she shrugged and told me diffidently that they had one that was fifteen years old. I sighed and said, how about a good book on microbiology then. In between yawns the good lady informed me that the most recent book they had was twenty years old. Finally, on the fourth attempt I hit paydirt. How I thanked my lucky stars and the weary librarian and almost turned cartwheels all the way out. I was just one happy, overjoyed bibliophile.

Back home I could hardly wait to shrug off my clothes and change into something comfortable like shorts and tees, fix myself a chicken

and cheese sandwich and a tall drink and curl up in my soft comfy armchair to read my find. Yessir. There is so much to be said in favour of popular modern American classics.

In fact I can't turn the pages fast enough to find out what Jughead and Archie do next.

stand-up comic...
with everyone in stitches
as he forgets his lines

Gautam Nadkarni

staring
at my reflection
carp nibbling my ears

a single strand
of her raven hair
the caws of memory

proposing
to the nude model
a repose

dark humor
the undertaker
lifts our spirits

Robert Witmer

in hospital
sitting with old men
fitting in

tangled lights
forced back in the Christmas box
that stolen kiss

on the back
of the war memorial
my uncle's name

old census forms
even the children are
dust

Simon Wilson

rain on the roof
only yesterday
love was a song

snow...
my bike's white
alter ego

Adrian Bouter

from the sky
to my window
a different me

testament
the magnetic pull
of the eclipse

the need
to reduce the distance
rain

Maria Concetta

early winter
she adds frosting
to the list

Christmas Eve . . .
the soft glow of
television

deep sea dive
they find a
solo cup

obsolescence . . .
one more toaster
is toast

Janice Munro

in an old bar
with a good band
and a new wife

Željko Vojković

midnight Mass
the young pastor raps
the Christmas tale

the pubs locked down
he's drinking his pints
alone at home

Pitt Buerken

the promise
of distant thunder
a wet dream

A
stone
standing
in the garden
mountain pose

the magician
pulls a mixed metaphor
out of the blue

Rick Jackofsky

fever...
the weight of
her hair

triple dog dare...
rewrapping the gifts before
Mom returns

deep breaths—
Dad plays with
the heart monitor

cooking lesson—
deconstructing chili mac
& pandemic decrees

Elaine Wilburt

Elec(sanc)tions

(To Africa & Her Elects)

political campaign
the peasants' anger
over his golden teeth

bursting at his seams
the politician tells us
to tighten our belts

seeking for our votes
the muddy trails left
by his campaigning car

posing as servant
the politician long wait
to speak to congregants

sworn in for the third time
the incumbent president wobbles
to take a seat

Adjei Agyei-Baah

onset of night
where we met
still a bookmark

like a line that
completes us
a forgotten breath

Richa Sharma
[@BluelakeMoon](#)

Passing Water

Dad never liked to stop for bathroom breaks during car trips, so mom always made sure my sister and I peed before leaving the house--whether we needed to or not. She'd sit us on the toilet and turn the bathroom faucet on full blast as we tried with all our might to squeeze out a few drops.

Niagara Falls
a yellow slicker
to keep off the mist

———

shield
spike a
it crack wind
watching in
the

brass monkey
an extra chili
in the tom yum soup

ice in her quibble
a wee dram more
to chase the chill

Terri French

quarantine reading
the words jump out
and talk to me

moving on
he pins a white rose on
his wedding suit

moss covered stones
mother's voice soft
even as she scolds

Minal Sarosh

along the trails
snow on southern banks
runners in t-shirts

Scott Wiggerman

St. Margarets

They demolished my old school today. The photos were posted on social media. A bulldozer has begun flattening the classroom block.

silent echo-
a child's painting catches
the breeze

Robbie Porter

family reunion
I know all the stories
even the true ones

take a right at the sign
a left at the fork
and you'll get . . . somewhere

match date
his life story
better than his life

Barrie Levine
<https://barrielevine.com>

my amnesia issues largely forgotten

dining alone
my server wishes me
'merry christmas'
as I open
my fortune cookie

Feast of St. Stephen
my neighbor and I celebrate
by getting stoned

'huh?'
I reply when asked why I'm here --
ear doctor's receptionist

John J. Dunphy

Covid eye test
saying goodbye
to 20/20

park yoga
a magpie swoops
my down dog

dentist visit
the deep cavity
in my wallet

trying my best
to social distance
Covid kilos

Louise Hopewell

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

single sunbeam –
torchlight on old
rocking chair

Neera Kashyap

old now
the speech of a distant shire
on his tongue

a mistle thrush in mist he battles dementia

Paul Beech

S&M film fest
I just can't
get up for it

quarantine
learning to live
with myself

The Problem with Geography

who knows the places
what does one say about the places
when does one discover the places
where does one put the places
why bother with the places
how do you get to the places

not on the map
not on the map
not on the map
not on the map
not on the map
not on the map

hail shower
finding myself
in a gay bar

—

I imagined it all

her hand kneading
my inner thigh
an earlobe
between her teeth

while I slipped
a hand up her blouse
and fumbled and fondled
trying hard to appear
as if I knew
what I was doing

puberty
using Mom's bra
as Mickey Mouse ears

Bob Lucky

suddenly
too many grey hairs
to cut at once

she loves a good suit
tight enough to show the bulge
of a fat wallet

spring morning
she leaves her smile
and shadow everywhere

Rp Verlaine

in my nostrils
other Christmases -
orange peels

Andreina Pilia

wedding anniversary
the years biting
my tongue

silent fart
my boss's
wrinkled nose

kigo...
uploading myself
to the cloud

Thomas Tilton

end of chemo
along with the full moon
my shiny head

a hot date
the gentle creaking
of moored boats

Marta Chocilowska

<http://majorkowo.blogspot.com/>



sunset
the stillness
of sails

mch

photo by
Mike Duffy

Marta Chocilowska poem image Mike Duffy



bleu-ennan

balance pose | follow the teacher's lead



Barbara Kaufmann

lighthearted he quips,
“a stroke of good luck”
triple bypass

channeling
the years,
her wrinkles

wildfires west
flood waters east
climate conundrum

Jackie Maugh Robinson

bonsai on her desk
tranquility
in a New York minute

reality checks
in the mail
insufficient funds

it's a hard job
but someone's got to do it
sperm donor

black mark
on my dossier
spilled coffee

Charles Harmon



scatology –

my finest thoughts captured

on toilet paper



Mark Meyer

night train
everyone guards
the snoring man's bag

covid mask
I'm too casual
on shaving

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

sunflower
all the ways not to
let me go

fine rain
the continuous lament
of my son

a leaf in midair
nothing belongs to me
in this world

Carmela Marino

cactus buds
one Christmas tradition
on the timeline

cold frame
tending growth out of
season

Susan Bonk Plumridge
plumbonkers.blogspot.ca/

ebbing tide
my daughter's shell songs
blurred with wet sand

hiking sprain . . .
the old-timer guides
me onto a ramp

Indian summer
his new girlfriend flaunts
her lock & key tattoo

after the divorce . . .
they divide up
the honeymoon
photos

another book sold
I ransack the house
for a copy ...

Cynthia Rowe
www.cynthiarowe.com.au

extricating myself
from the web—
the lure of click-bait

second lockdown
our better angels
gone AWOL again

election results—
when perseverance
is no longer a virtue

stop and go traffic
hot pink condom
another roadside attraction

Helen Ogden

summer afternoon
grilling chicken on the deck
the grackle's cocked head

Michael Kitchen

www.dohaeng.com

elimination

Mela Noma contestant

lipsink for your life

Robert Fleming

Winter lockdown—
how much takeout
can we afford?

Winter quarantine—
Friday night—my boots downtown
louder than life

Richard Mavis

departing with his song
blackbird

filling my cup
songthrush

Julie Bates

binge eating a glutton for punishment

zoom meeting
his blush
at my text

Just As I Am

I should have Psalm 139 memorized by now. As a teenager, whenever I'd call myself ugly, or fat, or worthless, I'd get a Bible cast at me. God doesn't make mistakes, "for I am fearfully and wonderfully made..."

bloodroot
my sister reminds me
I'm only half

The Kids Aren't Alright

I don't know if it's the pain, the depression, or the weed, but this tomato soup tastes really damn good. And I don't even like tomatoes.

winter slush. . .
the side effects
of zoloft

Lori A Minor

Da Capo

By Lori A Minor and Joshua Gage

my pulse
when we kiss
Vivaldi's Winter

*my pizzicato fingertips
down her back*

rite of spring
the crescendo
in my moan

*firebird ballet
the blush of our bodies
in the candlelight*

the rhythm of us
rhapsody in blue

*moonlight sonata
breathless, we fall asleep
into each other*

Lori A Minor and Joshua Gage

I return
from the funeral
celebrating his life

romantic love--
oft countered
by logic

Christmas day
gifts unwrapped--
mine exchangeable

Ed Higgins

2020

In the shadow of Covid people look at their neighbours differently,
masks of every colour disguise their stories.

There is fear, yes there is isolation, there is panic buying, there is
sickness and yes there is even death.

But, as people slowly wake up in the different time zones of the
world. Waking to new realities, to loneliness, to what really matters.
All over the world people slow down, reflect, fill their journals with
words.

And, some reach out, open their windows and sing across an empty
square.

a fantails short song

a clatter of stones

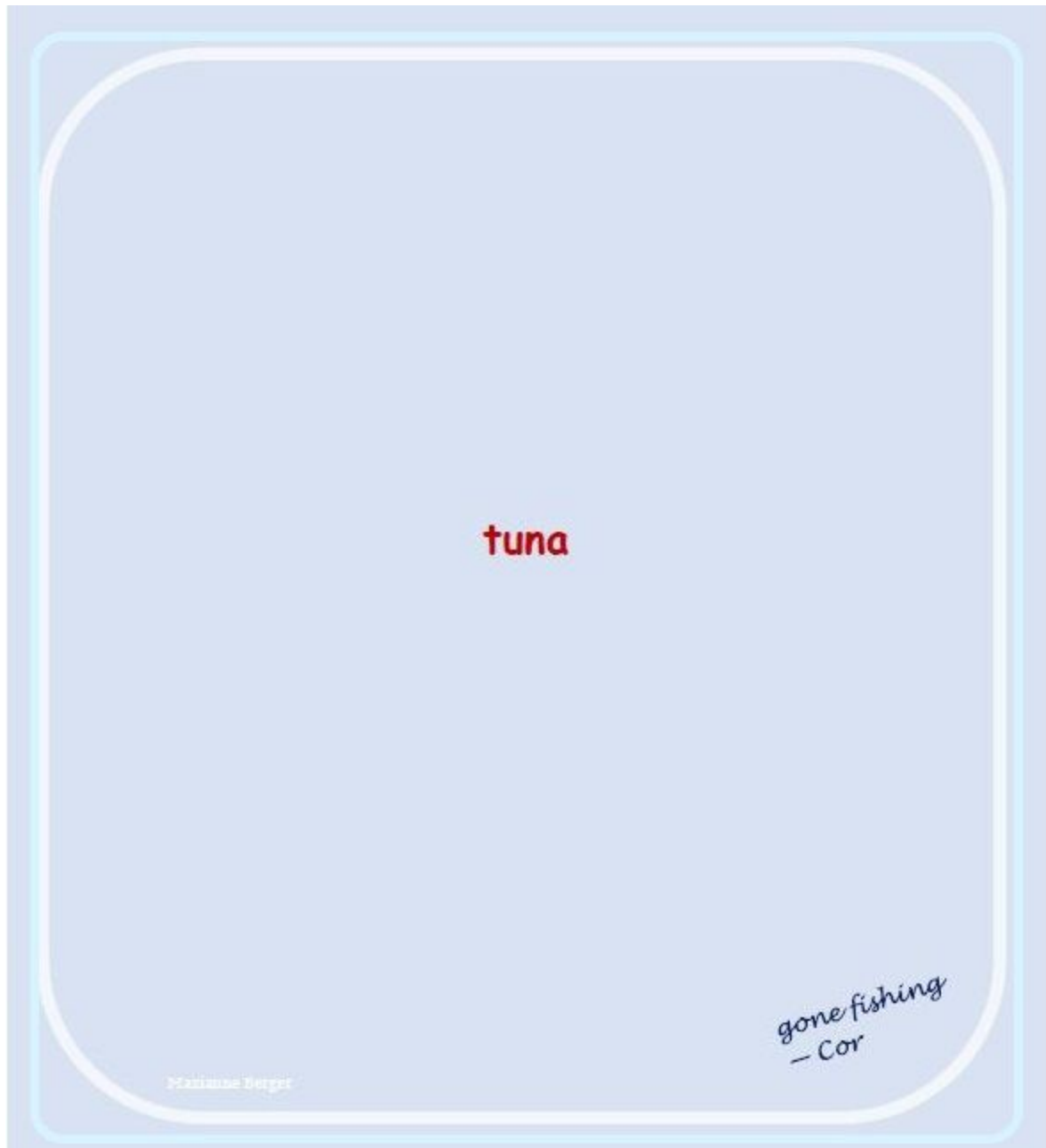
stillness.

Sue Le Mesurier

solitaire -
playing mind games
for one

Zoom screen . . .
we become
The Brady Bunch

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams



Maxianne Berger

visiting my sister
the space
 between us

hypnotic—
the DVD of water swirling
through my drains

Barbara Strang

trophy wife
the poolboy helps her polish
her English

making out
the tongue
she speaks in

well water
on my grandfather's
bucket list

Elmedin Kadric

revealed by a virus our boastfulness

philosophizing
about ikigai
the old cat and me

joy of missing out
the shaggy tomcat
gives me a wink

lingering crisis
I hang my towels
upside down

Eva Limbach

[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

mother's words
once in a harvest moon
soap bubbles

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

road trip silence
broken
recalculating

goldfish
float on the surface
tomato soup

farm fresh store
sale on
velveeta and pringles

political signs
reflect
in muddy water

Susan Farner

on facebook –
a gecko runs
along the wall

face to face
with a cricket's eyes ...
hypnotic spiral

Daniela Misso

lockdown protests
turning over the engine
my neighbour revving his car

closed until further notice
the playground slide
losing its sheen

David Gale

family
not just snowmen
can be frosty

year 2020
santa delivers
masks

Cherri Sutphin

contact tracing
following a slug trail
to the butter lettuce

icicles scraping the last smidge of huckleberry jam

untethered
from its continent
Australian mint

R. J. Swanson

in the freezer funerals on ice

Christmas star realigning my religion



Marilyn Ashbaugh

the leaves
just starting to change
my mind

election year
my family's shrinking
margin of error

divorce day
the leaf's slow spiral
downward

blue moon
the bartender remembers
my name

reunion
new memories
of old memories

the cat warming my lap warming the cat

Ben Gaa

www.Ben-Gaa.com

@bmoellergaa

end of season sale —
mother tries out
my faded jeans

blood bank...
all they want is
B positive

tower of babble...
grandpa joins the baby
for dinner

summer rains...
the green mold
on the bread

Kalyanee Rajan

work-from-home
my niece asks me to name
her doodles

old barber shop
a young apprentice keeps
sweeping grey hair

the night
knows all my tells...
I fold

Srinivas S

masked ball -
tonight's dance around
the supermarket

swirling mist -
we stagger through today's
government briefing

sticky fingers -
her phone swiped with
hand sanitiser

warm thoughts -
she turns his old jumper
into bed socks

Dorothy Burrows

I follow
 my shadow
 home

lined up
for dinner
twenty-seven wheelchairs

Wilda Morris

<http://wildamorris.blogspot.com/>

cat o nine tails
left among her effects
nothing was said

virtual reception
never Trumpers
catch the bouquet

Ron Scully

player piano
a pigeon walks the keys
in the train station

flickering hearthside
the click of needles
baby sweater

main street diner
morning coffee newspaper
closed for Covid

Jo Balistreri

a water color
framed in my window
first winter rain

like cats
vanishing at twilight
memories leave

Bruce Jewett

nursing home visit
from a wedding band
to a gps band

being with not knowing—warrior moon

all that i've been
searching for—
sock in my
pocket

a lost email—
the path a mind
takes

Sondra J. Byrnes

lazily crossing
deserted freeway
lone coyote

Gil Jackofsky

Buddha's belly
my revelation
not to diet

zen monk
temple guide's
designer glasses

Wonja Brucker

Smattering of Snow

mid-December
rooftops covered
in snow dust

rooftop snow
mother nature
powders her wig

snow dust
an accumulation
of glacial whimsy

rooftop snow
the necessity for staples
and toilet paper

senior home
the residents complain
they're snowbound

Terrie Jacks

Playgrounds

where we played as children
yesterday's squirrels
still there

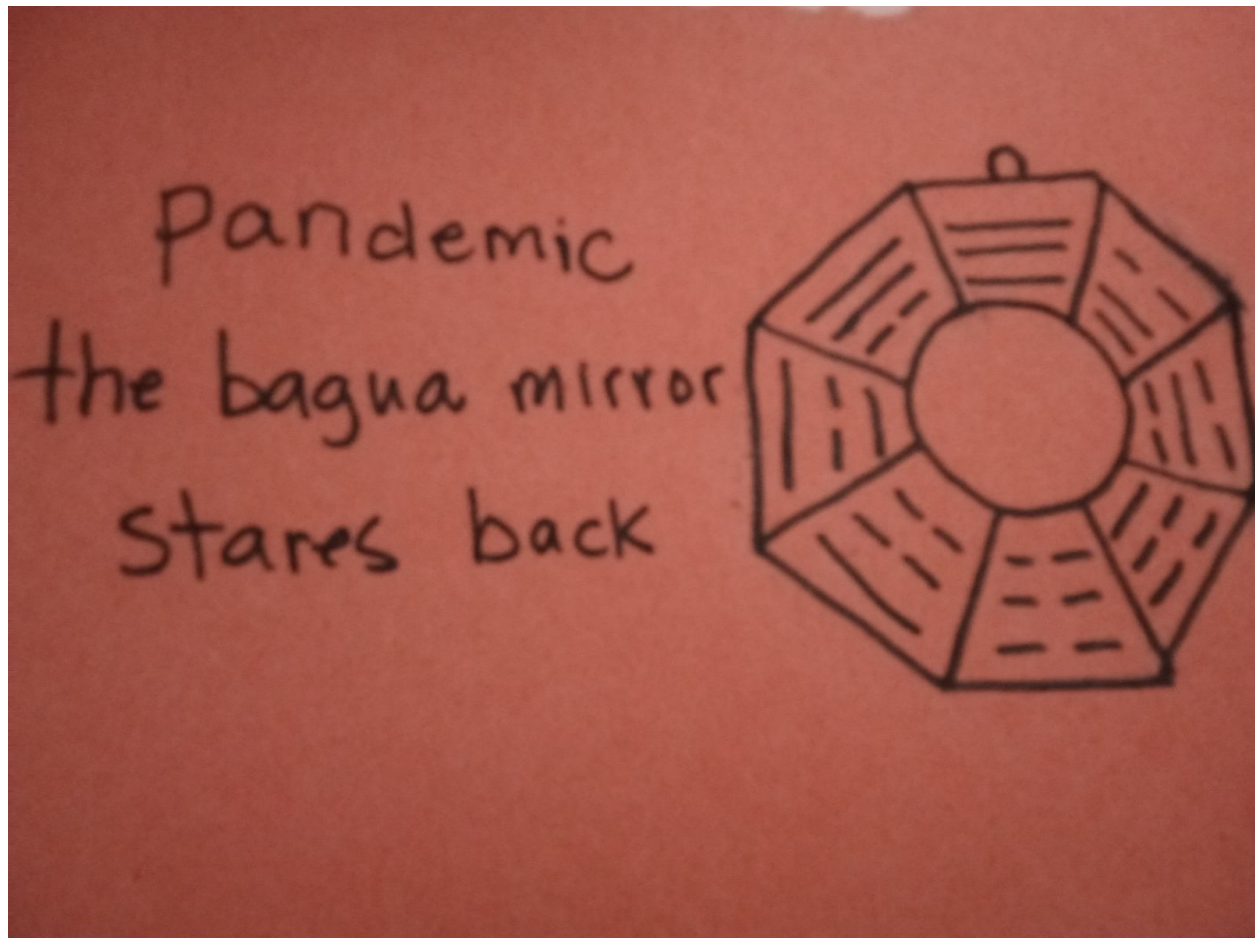
little bouncing birds
grandpa's school path
crosses

old playground
did any of the others
come here again?

beaten tracks
at the end of the school yard
birdsong

tree rings
locating birthdays
on the playground

Benno Schmidt



the write attitude-
doing it for the game
not the fame

sour grapes
his disapproval
of the shows I watch

Jackie Chou

cat on my lap
smacking my hand
as I move the mouse

Michael Feil

morning mass
in the manger, her doll
is the Christ

bedtime story
she becomes
a Barbie

Lakshmi Iyer

quarantine birthday
two crows convince me
to put on pants

mountain hike
taking grandma's hoodie
for an adventure

Sequence

exchanging
ladoos via smartphone
Diwali at borders

fireworks display
all the colors of dark

cheating on diet
why thank you
grandma

festive night
against the diya
your moon face

scary movie
India after Diwali

firecracker ban
sparks and smoke
on Twitter

Hemapriya Chellappan
[@Hemapriya17](#)

lunch break
a new colleague tests
the plastic flowers

dinosaur expo
i disappoint
my ten-year-old self

night train
her book
falls shut first

Michael Baeyens

vivere – ulteriori dettagli in seguito

to live – further details later

Stefano d'Andrea

social distance
Jupiter and Saturn
so close tonight

nursery room
a dreaded dark corner
empty this morning

Nina Kovačić

control freak
afraid to step beyond
the “I deal” world

unfinished jigsaw ...
the jagged lines between
childhood memories

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

new job . . .
with a smile my husband
went to the wrong office

breakfast with kids
no reason to cry
over spilled milk

another haiku
listening to music
in the shower

Elisa Allo

fashion show
the main accessories
face masks

pastureland
the leader
is not from the herd

Tsanka Shishkova

groom at the altar
text me
when you get here

pandemic times
weekends
weakened

Joan C. Fingon

shortest day —
an old man with a white beard
wearing shades

a fresh start
rolling a snowman
uphill

Mark Gilbert

moon gazing . . .
stepping from her kimono
into the light

religious cult
the parents resort
to prayer

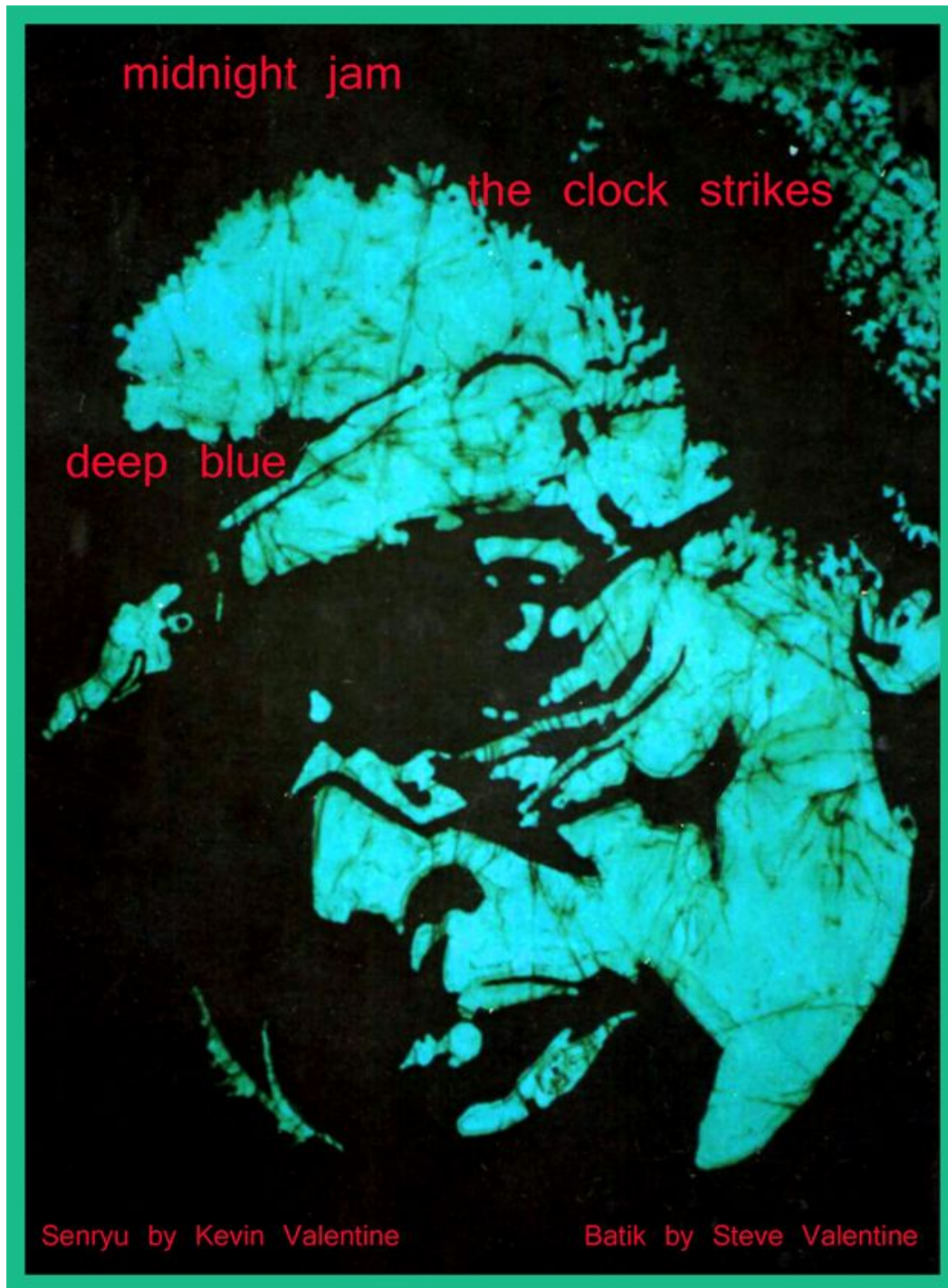
home movies
draining a cup
of yesterday

Kevin Valentine

art of jazz
the road
less traveled



Senryu by Kevin Valentine
Batik by Steve Valentine



Poem - Kevin Valentine
Batik- Steve Valentine

mother-in-law`s monologue
rummaging pepper grains
out of the soup



Irina Guliaeva

R E p e **A** t e **D** l y

U n d e r **S** t **A N D** **I** n g

A n **X** i **E** t y

l o s t s o **M E** w **H E R E**

Vandana Parashar

Beer is the answer
to a forgotten question
no one is asking



George Schaefer

fading rainbow...
when was the last time
we had sex?

chemotherapy ... *Night on Bald Mountain*

electric fence
the grass is greener
on the other side

marriage counseling an i for an i

WWI
WWII
WWW

Frank Dietrich

An old chair in November weeds, down by the corner of the barbed
wire fence, under leaf-bare elms, where evenings you watch the sky
go dark & (if you are lucky) a fox run past before it disappears again
into dusk

stillness
rests always
in motion

Jennifer Acampora

COVID times
a dream of feeling naked
without a mask

romantic gesture
he pressure washes “I love you”
on the driveway

pawn-shop sign
“Ask about our fiance
options”

David Oates
davidoatesathensga.com

dead weight
the sarcophagus
of a file cabinet

omen
how the stars
measure up

whatever works—
the stories
I tell myself

Cynthia Anderson
www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com

closed borders
the last autumn butterflies
flying away

candied orange peel
the smell
of past Christmases

crowded underground
the solitary monologue
of a beggar

Eufemia Griffo

engaged
all eyes on
the wishbone

Christmas Eve
puddles surround
the firepit

midnight mass
a giggle escapes
the altar boy

New Year's Day
all the pews empty
but one

William Scott Galasso

TV yoga class
in the comfort
of pajamas

after the French classes
the final test
in a five-course menu

bronze frog fountain
sputters on key
and off

Christine Wenk-Harrison

resetting priorities the chicken or the egg?

easing restrictions reinstating my life

passing a graveyard reality checks in

Madhuri Pillai

sensei says
haiku is always about love
I hate him

last nite
a man in the moon
winked

stiletto heels
high school graduation
self-defense

Genie Jeanne Nakano
[WWW: GenieNakano.com](http://WWW:GenieNakano.com)

missing mama...
I spread my arms
around the brightest star

exodus...
a refugee sweeps rain
from a roadside bench

humming
mama's monsoon song...
porch swing

Arvinder Kaur

morning chatter
telling him to look up
the word loco

roofers
nailing shingles
the rash
on my head

Claire Vogel Camargo

early morning
pigeons' coo...
my alarm tone

end of year sale
I mortgage my wallet

Riham El-Ashry

without asking
without telling...
the look in your eye

Hittite ruins
a tourist rubs her belly
against the fertility stone

Jay Friedenber

churchyard two dogs doggy style

running from the cops
on a summer night
unofficial world record

Christmas Eve
a foggy uncle's
red nose

Tim Cremin

Gold Stars

The fog furls down the flagpole, smothering the field while I walk along the worn path, staring at the stars dancing across the constellations. When we were young, we wandered the shoreline later at night, sea fog enveloping us hours after cramming around a picnic table piled high with post-workout burritos. You usually went home while we ran further down the shore. Suddenly, tonight's fog slinks into the shadows.

Orion
shooting an arrow—
grief cuts through time

Colleen M. Farrelly

having nothing more
to tell ...
bare branches

*non aver più
nulla da raccontare ...
rami spogli*

Lucia Cardillo

egotism
my matter
matters

echoing canyon
bringing me back
to me

haveyoubeenhelpedthankyouforyourservicehaveagooday

Bruce Curtis

a dirty courtyard...
nothing left of the snowman
but his broom

summer square –
the living statue's head
swivels after the girl

summer afternoon –
the vendor weighs himself
on the potato scale

Tomislav Maretić

downloading
the invisible line between
uploading

search box —
the tide returns
our memories

Jibril Dauda Muhammad

a lockdown morning
the woodpecker gives the rhythm
of my song

half moon
our family roles
re-negotiated

frosty evening
my pen on the last page
of my diary

lock-down
the gingerbread man
unable to leave the house

Maya Daneva

She wore
herself
better than
anyone else

I hear you
below
the icebergs

Mostly Untitled

it could be all the days
that passed or a child's writing
in a notebook over
and over what words no matter
training to stay inside the borders
straying outside in great circles
or it may be the network of grass
underground wholly rooted together
the loops the lines rush
toward each other in color

forever
reaching
grass

Jack Galmitz

wine tasting
i pick up the hints
in her smile

headstone—
he chose 6 feet down
over 6 apart

The mask issue

You've got to love modern "fashion" norms. I think you have to admit you are an adult when you finally look around and ask, "what are these kids thinking?" To be fair though, the only thing that hasn't changed is the constantly changing definition of "acceptable" dress. It is hard to believe it was once scandalous to see a woman's ankles.

covid desires—
i imagine the shape
of her smile

m. shane pruet
[@HaikuMyBrew](#)

uneasy silence
in the confession box
a fly buzzing

i lift
a dropped smile ...
unused

my lies
not that white ...
her eyeballs

Vijay Prasad

Storm Warnings

A new resident has moved into the redwood shelter back of my yard. I know because the self-heating mat and small woolen rug had been pushed out, and I'd carefully lifted the roof a bit to note a raccoon at rest deep into the straw. I'd replaced the discards with more straw by the door. Extra straw was pushed away too. Raccoons are known to be very smart.

evening news predicts
18 inches of snow
windchill -4 degrees . . .
only one of us
appears to be worried

Jill Lange

lockdown laughter
we both forget
our anniversary

waving in her backyard
zoom window
prayer flags

kindness of strangers
taking the detour
to avoid my path

favorite dessert
mom sprinkles sugar
on wonder bread

pre op tongue kiss
something anaesthetics
can't touch

The History of My Hat Chapter One

most good things have roots sunk deep in mud my friend had chemo
lost her hair it was all on her head they call it making a living and so
hibiscus margarita rose camellia gardenia morning glory pansy day
lily I never counted maybe she did it was a gift the first even though
she sold them a good idea and I only needed it because I was a
dandelion sunflower violet night bloomer stood in the sun on the
beach long days selling crafts week after week she brought it to the
mission show please no sunstroke or burn she here they ask me now
forty years later did you make your hat I say I am the director of the
hat straw wizened faced deteriorated stained take off and replace the
roof please now before next Sunday she doesn't know I am way ahead
of myself and where is she after I bought the second and her six foot
pomegranate split open spilling seeds on the round red table she
antiqued custom to match and at least once a year if she's still living
in the yellow submarine I'm sure Mission Canyon rocks as she plays
the Beatles loud every song sunrise to midnight more

no lotus
and yet here
comes the sun

Kath Abela Wilson

in loving colours
never one to forget
she'll hath no fury

current situation
history quietly flowing
in and out

Sherry Grant

Nan's old compact
the mirror tarnished
by gin

checking out
Mao's little red book
hummingbird

up all night
finally, the puppy
pooped

Lew Watts

Not in Kansas Anymore

oil-slicked puddle
goldfinches working
the thistles

prickly pear
the color of grandma's hands

sun-struck prism
still in pigtails
when disco died

60s party
pinched at each nipple
Mom's tie dye nightie

soap bubbles
instead of a fig leaf

no longer alone
his smile at the end
of a rainbow

Tanya McDonald
Lew Watts

the view from tranquility

from where i sit typing this prose poem i cant see anything right or wrong. so much for yin yang which is really about the changing light of the seasons and the rest of the shit attached to it is just one big hippie joke after another. we did have a crazy way of answering foolish questions with a quadrupling of the foolishness. oh well back to the view from here. looks pretty peaceful to me. done deal.

meditation only taught me one thing. that who i was is not as important as what i experienced. so i went about having experiences. seventy four years in and nothing has changed. not being attached to things i have a lot of them. funny eh. not wanting money i actually did quite well. but to be fair i handle losing everything better than most and always landed with my mind still reasonably intact.

i have never tried to understand myself. i think that is why failure and success both come naturally to me. things just happen and you deal with it and go off along the new road that experience opens up for you.

my reality is less attractive and less real to me than most other people. i am fine with that. dancing over the lines has never scared me. the trees are moving in the breeze and i am shivering with them quite in sync i am with the natural world.

the epic nature
of finding yourself
by not looking

Mike Rehling 'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com
(all work copyrighted by the authors)