

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu

Volume 1, Issue 9

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

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Cast List

In order of appearance
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Pris Campbell
Jesus Chameleon
Garry Eaton
Dave Read
Christina Sng
Rachel Sutcliffe
Bruce Jewett
Eva Limbach
Simon Hanson
Ian Willey
Olivier Schopfer
Goran Gatalica
Martha Magenta
Radka Mindova
Kwaku Feni Adow
Barbara Tate
Peter Jastermsky
Louise Hopewell
Billy Antonio
Angela Terry

Adjei Agyei-Baah
Mary Harwell Sayler
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Chen-ou Liu
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Ed Bremson
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Helen Buckingham
Meik Blöttenberger
Debbie Strange
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Maya Lyubenova
Patricia Pella
Debbi Antebi
Rick Hurst
Barbara Kaufmann
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Nicholas Klacsanzky
Elizabeth Crocket

David J Kelly
Willie R. Bongcaron
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Nancy May
Celestine Nudanu
Zoran Doderovic
Gail Oare
Steve Black
Tricia Marcella Cimeria
Mohammad Azim Khan
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Angelee Deodhar
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Chad Lee Robinson
Roberta Beary
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**SENRYU POETS
CHECK OUT THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR:**

[The Living Senryu Anthology](#)

lingering in my back yard the sun

pris campbell



your body over mine



photo:nan talbot

steamy afternoon

graphic/haiku: pris campbell

Pris Campbell

dream home
I build
a sandcastle

summer
we play
smash-the-watermelon

Jesus Chameleon
[@JesusChameleon](#)

Boy Scout camp
after ghost stories the cold zip
of a sleeping bag

19th hole
the little flags
on the swizzle sticks

field goal kick
everyone inhales the evening air
at once

Garry Eaton

spitting out
the apple's bruise
evening news

city park
the blooming scent
of urine

rush hour
I squeeze between
horns

Night Light

She turns the lamp on but I flip it off again. My iPad is bright enough to read and write by. Besides, I like the shape of its light around my head. Like an egg, I think, ready to hatch into poems.

new moon
the night expands
my pupils

Dave Read

morning sun
yes I hide
from you again

the cricket song
no one hears
till I point it out

Christina Sng
christinasng.com
[@christinasng](https://www.instagram.com/christinasng)

back from the vets
the sadness
of snow filled paw prints

the child
there never was
winter sun

through the seams
of the pall bearer's suit
autumn chill

Rachel Sutcliffe

a true marvel
the candidate's trousers
didn't ignite

god must've blown
them all out-- skies
empty of stars

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

the rooms
I used to live in
late summer light

visiting the battle fields a summer thunderstorm

as our summer
comes to a close
wrought-iron roses

New friends

Finally they arrived in Germany. On her cellphone the current photos of Aleppo. The bomb went off in the middle of a shopping mall. Everywhere blood and destruction. The dead children are almost unbearable ...

from east to west
summer clouds carry
the evening light

Eva Limbach

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

star dust to star dust . . .
briefly lit between

great moments
in the universe
pond ripples

Simon Hanson

outside the bar
an old flame
smoking alone

not now, Muse!
can't you see
I'm driving?

the office therapist
she tells him how
he really feels

Ian Willey

#death ashtag

« mind the gap »
a woman applies balm
to her lips

no message
on my answering machine
rising fog

just when I am
about to give up
the rain stops

Olivier Schopfer

cumulonimbus
a glimpse of optimism
in mother's migraine

Goran Gatalica

pumping iron --
the weight of
machismo

dance class report
she can't recall the
atten dance

black-eyed susan
I should have left him
the first time

wolf moon
yesterday's shadows
dog my steps

crescent moon --
she hides her dark side
with a smile

Martha Magenta

<https://marthamagenta.wordpress.com>



Radka Mindova

change over
mother treats
grandmother's wound

dishwashing-
one pepper seed survives
at the bottom of the blender

still standing
after the shootout-
water gun battle

Kwaku Feni Adow
witwriteblog.wordpress.com

Christmas eve
a puppy shivers on the
welcome mat

falling star
an older version of my old
young self

warning signs
information available
upon request

Barbara Tate

ufo gmo
science
loves acronyms

the forgotten kettle
past time
for tea

coming to you
a truck
with tender bumpers

Peter Jastermsky

An Aussie in the USA (part 2)

the new detention centre
won a design award —
cutting edge

wrong train —
everyone listens
to their own soundtrack

old technology —
I'm still searching
for the unknown

on the sidewalk
your shoe a pillow —
entrepreneurship

birds fan their tails
and sing louder —
no country for introverts

a highway
between mother bear and cubs —
routing error

globalisation —
I seek the familiar
on the other side of the world

jurisdictional dispute —
body in the southern hemisphere
brain still in the north

Louise Hopewell

hot soup the cold stare of a beggar

late night
the sudden crackle
in the skillet

gunshot
he wakes up
to turn the tv off

reunion connecting to the family wifi

Billy Antonio
[themoss-coveredwell](#)

paper wasp --
origami
with a sting

remastered CD's -
all the gray
in their hair

adding wiggle room
to the agenda --
children's party

morning mostly
a one-shot deal
espresso sky

Angela Terry

draining fatigue into a beer can after a hard day

rain all night
who might have heard
our wild moans?

late waitress
my tip straightens up
her frown

the return
of a flirting customer
I settle for more

Adjei Agyei-Baah

Spanish Moss
on an oak tree –
faking a long, long beard

Mary Harwell Sayler
[@MaryHSayler](#)

80's rewind -
music videos
on the Internet

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

a night off
the hooker plays with herself
in her sleep

a paper cut
from her dear john letter
Friday the 13th

Valentine's Day alone
the neighbor's wife runs naked
through my mind

housewarming party
the new neighbor's dog
sniffs my dog

Chen-ou Liu

<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>

autumn equinox
my father's birthday
forgotten again

That cut lawn smell.
Who gets to keep
the lawnmower?

the clang of wine bottles
on the way
to the recycling bin

tide coming in
unfortunately
her towel does not slip

the embers
still glowing
this morning

Mark Gilbert

CORRODED LIVING

Facebook suggests me a list of people I 'may know '. As if I need it. Anyway I scroll through it. I ponder at the profile of this man-boy on the touch screen. He has outgrown his pubescent moustache and sports a full grown beard in this picture.

Every night while taking the laundry off the clothes line in my balcony I used to see him studying in his room, their house across mine. His mom, my neighbour of eight years, told me he worked in the day to support her.

At least twice daily I pass by the spot on the road where he must have lain, bleeding, for the last time. Facebook doesn't know that.

*citywalk
the trampled graffiti
of a gulmohar*

DOLDRUMS

5:30 am:

I walk up to the kitchen groggily casting it a sideways glance.

'I am not going to touch it today'

'...at least till I am done with the day's work '

7:00 am

(after packing off number one to school)

'That nutty editor might have sent the feedback on my submission!'

'Fine. There's no need to be so hopeful, that can wait '

7:30 am

'The newspaper is so uninteresting these days'

'why does that back cover have to be so orange? It keeps catching my eye.'

8:00 am

'What could be the day's prompt?'

8:30 am

'My friends must be brewing a storm with it in the forum!'

9:00 am

(after number two boards the school bus)

'I'll wind up the chores fast and log in...'

10:00 am

(very restless)

'God, if I don't write a haiku and post soon, they'll think that I've died!'

(pouncing on the mobile like a hungry lioness.)

rush hour...

counting syllables

at the traffic signal

Yesha Shah

at the hair salon...
a woman with tinfoil
on her head

Olympic curling...
the Japanese women
say 'yep'

the mosquitoes too
are waiting for me
to mow the grass

reading politics...
my computer
sighing

the moon
and a shooting star...
you
beside me
in the hot tub

Ed Bremson

leg cocked
the dog trainer
doing his business

eye clinic
hoping to see
the optician

feminista
learn how to handle your anger
she screams

politicians
last will and testament
more broken promises

Mike Gallagher

A found senryu from the old tootsie roll commercial:

tootsie roll –
I think I'm in love
with you

A found senryu from the TV show Mike & Molly:

B & B –
the toilet seat
always warm

A found senryu from my father's Facebook post last week:

noise pollution
outside my window
cicadas

A found senryu from a friend's Facebook post last week:

county meeting –
baby ducks
bobbing their heads

My senryu:

full body check -
my dermatologist breaks
my old mole record

Susan Burch

what the mirror doesn't take into consideration

his promise
to pull out
the full moon

your ant farm city life

hobos
the words
we use

turning six
she wants her hair to be soft
for the wind

Elmedin Kadric

silver lining
the last time he dyed his hair black
he was a virgin

morning mist
the raincoat in the distance
should be smoking a Gitane

poison garden
venturing beyond
the pale

Helen Buckingham

something so Seuss-like about them rainbow carrots

moonmilk--

listening to

the tears of a cave

before midnight a firefly honking

dead of night

a moth wakes

the spider

Meik Blöttenberger



bleeding heart
so many causes
too little time

words & image
©DStrange



Debbie Strange

debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca

Rorschach blots

I am too old now. Too old for this new found honesty. For wearing this mandatory thought bubble around my head like a halo.

That's what they call it 'the halo'!

As if there is anything remotely saint-like about wearing a ticker of your innermost thoughts over a balding head.

I liked the simpler times, back in the day when we could scream our heads off at the buffoon who jumped the signal, or carry huge signs of LGBT rights, could say 'I love you' when we fancied a fuck or kill someone in our heads; slowly, brutally . . . sawing each slimy-limb off.

*rain squalls . . .
clamping the placenta
of a pre-term poem*

This year . . . autumn

A cold wave of loneliness has moved into the room upstairs. Having made itself comfortable on the single bed, it gazes out the French window at the bare black branches and the ochre leaves carpeting the backyard.

The world has begun to turn a melancholic brown. The crow's caws, the mongrel's whimper, the saxophone record, and even the faces around are a deep shade of bleak.

Today, memories look so much like the landscape around, that I could walk for miles in the labyrinths of my own mind and not know the difference. The occasional scrunch could be the fallen leaves or sepia photographs rotting away at the edges.

*turn of season . . .
peeling away
the stick-on butterflies*

Paresh Tiwari

a loud fart
mother at last admits
she is sleepy

charity event
a politician doles out
propaganda

online chat
the lover in
my shy fiancée

Barnabas Ikeoluwa Adeleke

perseverance
the wife and the mistress
with the same name

political crisis
an inscription on Parliament
for sale

Diana Petkova

granddaughter
coloring a rainbow
april sky

Fatma Gultepe

the things I have mine
memories
lost found and stolen

first date
I easy listen
our laughs

Guliz Mutlu

smiling Buddha
a tramp throws crumbs
to the pigeons

solar eclipse
countless half-moons
in the shadows

cactus...
a hundred-handed centipede
in the subway

jealous child
disassembling his sister's
doll

Maya Lyubenova

collateral damage
a child's first words
lost in sounds of war

family puzzle
how the pieces fit
how they don't

fragile blossom
lifting in the wind
I rename a star

Patricia Pella

running out of words
we hide behind
a selfie

feigninterest

newly single
I sleep
diagonally

each October 14th
he bids me
a new goodbye

Debbi Antebi

microburst
blowing away
our weekend plans

paper wasp
the sting of her
dear john

peeing
my moon shadow
peeing too

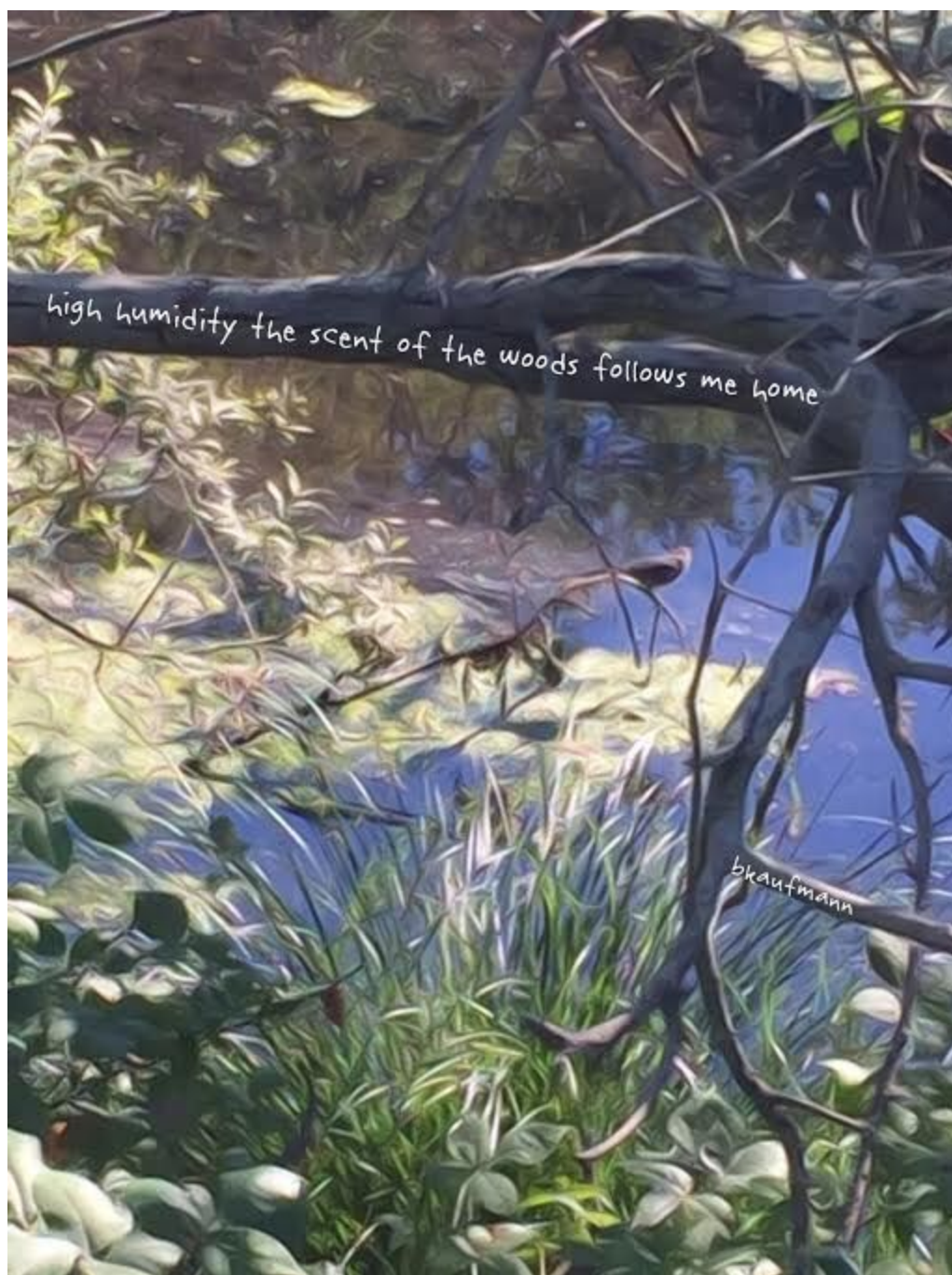
old pond
a ~~frog~~ jumps in
front of a pickup truck

Rick Hurst



meditation
not even a breeze
moves the buddha

.bkau.fmann



high humidity the scent of the woods follows me home

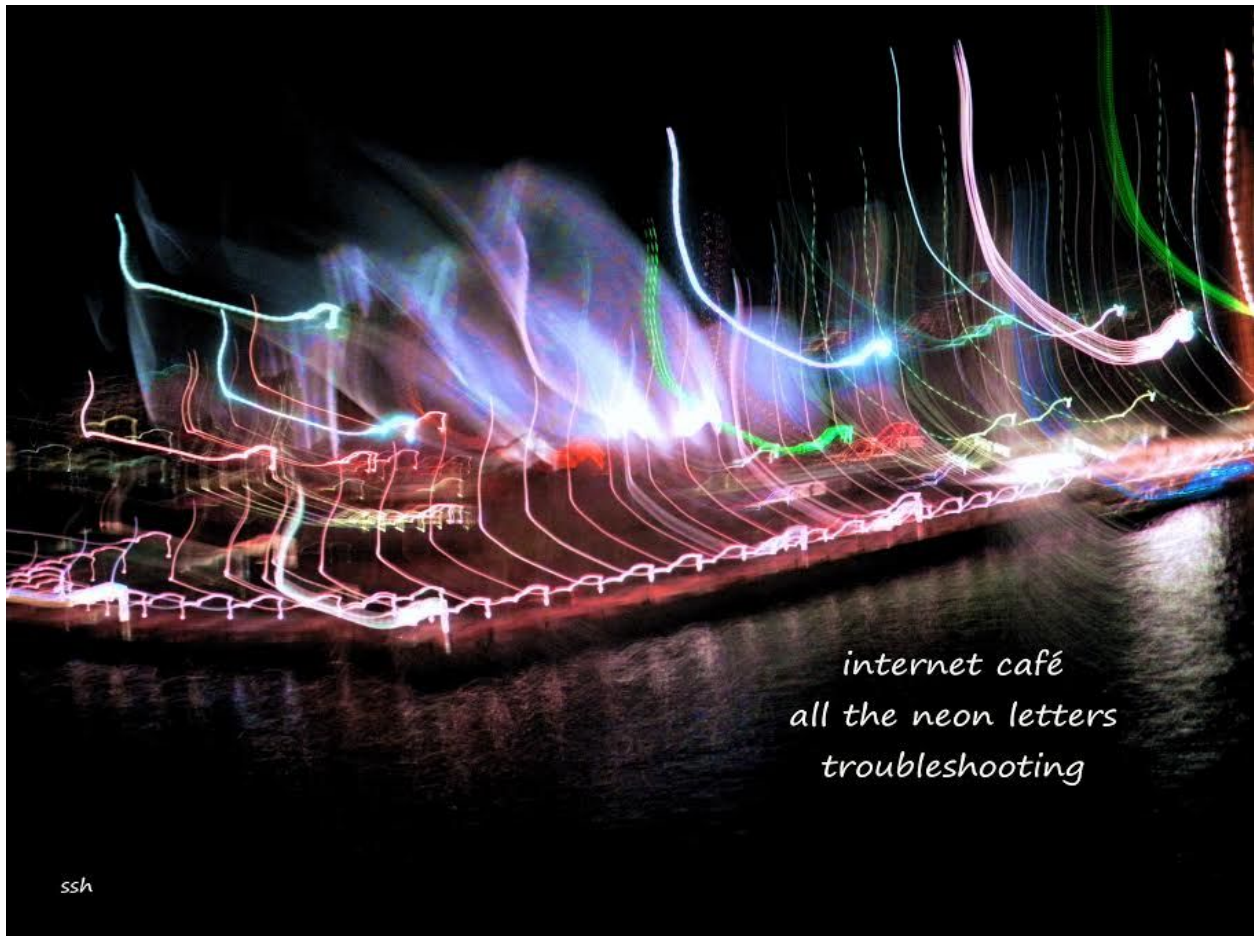
bkaufmann

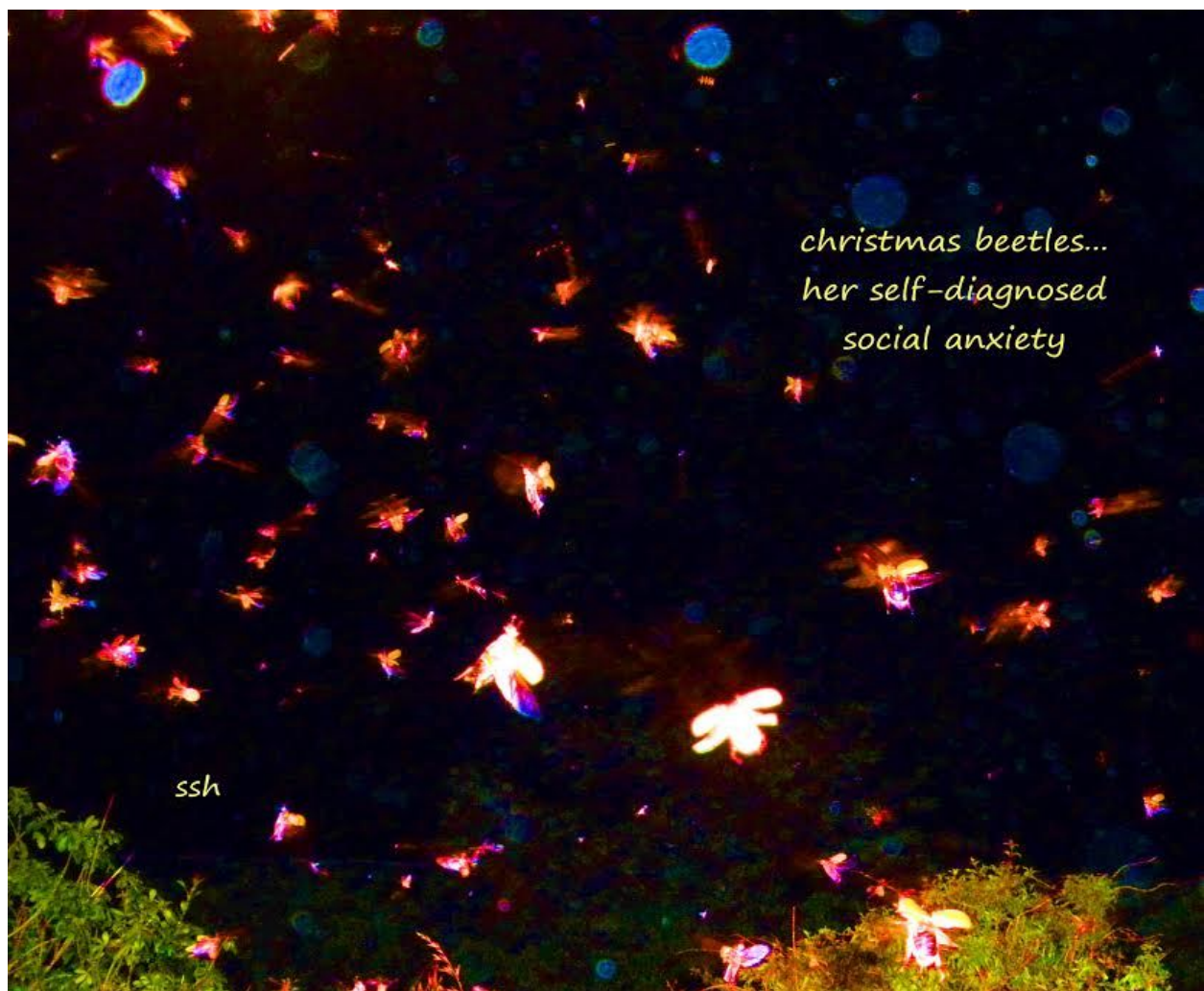


Barbara Kaufmann
[wabi sabi~~~poems and images](#)

shimmering mirage
our long-standing link
at the crossroads

your word
against mine...
winter blast





Samantha Sirimanne Hyde

family photo session
grandpa and dad fight
over killing a fly

border war
the man smokes a cigarette
found in a trash bin

family barbecue
the homeless godfather
plays air guitar

Nicholas Klacsanzky



his heart
the flutter
of her skirt

Elizabeth Crocker



Elizabeth Crocket

mixed messages
a child hits the donkey
with its carrot

memorial service
the eloquence of
steady rain

pause of deception ...
not bothering to wait
for the lie

a young refugee
wearing all that remains
of their house

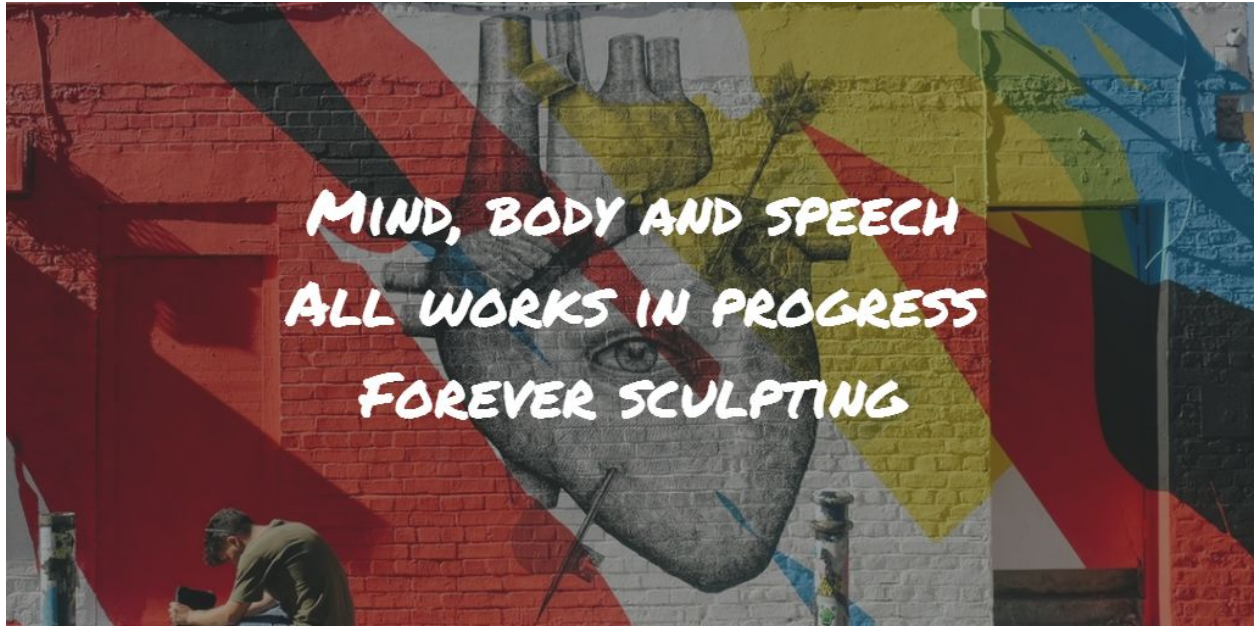
for [Omran Dagneesh](#)

David J Kelly
[@motto_sakura](#)

bird call...
the fickle silence
of her smile

daybreak
i lent morning
its first breath

Willie R. Bongcaron



Adam Rehn

on the chimney
a white stork builds the nest
without a permit

salto mortale
and a bit of marmalade
- a pancake

Nina Kovačić

Translation by: *Mrs. ur a Vukeli Ro i*

weeping willow
the blindness
of a cold tsunami

silence
regretful porcupines
humble pie

Nancy May

<https://twitter.com/Haikuintraining>

reunion
a seat still reserved
for my sister

morning ritual
I sip my coffee
with the breeze

Celestine Nudanu

cutting an onion
the past
watered with tears

the emptiness
inside of me
scent of incense

Zoran Doderovic

dietary deficit
craving a meaty
haiku

late summer
I coax the slow wasp
outside

Gail Oare

i make my excuses
google the books
i must have read
on the waiter's smart phone

the woods
where i played war
as a child
peaceful now

my daughter's school report
too late for my mother
to be proud of me now

Steve Black

again the gardener
over-prunes dogwood tree
dogma

eating only black
beans and white rice—
no mushrooms between

his failing memory
you & i talk weather,
how good he looks

Tricia Marcella Cimera

Trans-Siberian ...
the plump lady eyeing
my Dostoevsky

homeless ...
a bundle on
the park bench

Mohammad Azim Khan

Seventh Avenue Muse

I'm laughing along with other commuters as we watch the odd buskers performing on the subway platform in front of signs advertising wide band, comfortable underwear and summer vacations to Belize. One of them coaxes a tortured tune from his slide-raked flat top guitar while the racket of his buddy's mismatched tambourines suggests something close to rhythm. But it's a kilt-clad red-head that causes the captive audience to stare and point. He stands behind a Plexiglas contraption that all but mutes the sound of his bagpipes.

Suddenly a train comes through and, while it sweeps past, the guitar player pushes the button on a big bubble machine and sings out, "Here she goes, boys. Here she goes." As the last subway car roars by, thousands of bubbles are sucked along after it.

Waiting for the 4:07 —
I wonder if dreams
chase dreamers

Spaces

oblivious fish–
their world
a safe glass ocean

two steps
to cross the threshold
but first the door

three dead bolts
against
the ache

summer sun
taunting cold darkness–
black widow webs

calendar pages the rain

midterm finals
forgetting Rocinante
and a sweater

books tumble
into splashed coffee–
kismet collision

frilly acacia–
expectant question
floats on scented air

black sky before and after blue

hangdog–
one more
fog shrouded excuse

final glance
from the threshold
keys left in the locks

meandering streams north moss

sirens fracture
brittle nerves–
deadly nightshade

sleepless–
phone keeps not ringing
then it does

stuff hers and his
sorted from theirs–
bitter root tea

Jackie Maugh Robinson

the minute steak
it's a long time coming
and smaller than expected

open coffin
no matter where I stand
the tip of his nose

road sign
at the cemetery
one way only

laundrette
she folds lingerie
I take a brief look

Myron Lysenko

tuning up
my trumpet...
neighbour's dog

spinning gum
those ideas
of hers
over and over
and over

Marietta Jane McGregor

last leaf sets sail ruddering

leaves sing improv down the alley

Today

Cuff of his faded shirt in hand, he is wiping clean the windowpane. As the dust yields, a sliver of sun enters the tiny room he calls home—a feather of light at his chest. Over modest clothing he wears only the protection of the willing acceptance of things as they are.

Now a man steps up and looks in at him through this same window; the sunsliver moves over to make room. The men are weary and thirsty alike, but this one comes armored in fear and boundary, uniform and gun. Glass between them, they appraise the situation, its merits and demerits. Shifting slightly, the armored man follows the light with his eyes as it flies in through the window to rest on the other's heart and he feels somehow naked, himself only.

Sharing neither language nor custom, they are free to share everything else.

In his home the one begins again to scrub at the window so as to allow in all the light that wishes to join him. Apart, the other stands outside, observing: cuff, hand, light. After a time he admits softly to himself a wish that such a light might come to rest on him. He acknowledges also a longing for the solace of a tiny room.

Window clean, the simple man opens his door and moves out into the hot rubble of the street. He sees that while some of the light has

joined him in his home, some has chosen to stay outside with this other, to keep him safe. They stand, gazing at each other, their hearts visible under their clothing. Entering, then, both into the quiet shelter, they are glad to find on the small table there a pitcher of cold, clear water and two perfect glasses.

fencepost
room enough
and the view

Margaret Jones

little cat
no longer comes
to the shelter by my door ...
her mother's grave
between us now

the red hibiscus
posted on facebook
'liked' by friends
its one short day

Jill Lange

glowing
the runes that
tell my fate

so much magic
rainbows
in my tea

invisible seagull
no one can see me
fly





Chris Martin

getting
a firmer grip on life--
kettlebells

fly infiltration
the SWAT team sweeps through
the house

our stories
feeding the flames
moonshine

Devin Harrison

quitting time
i brush the forest
from my hair

chopsticks
the spirit of noodles
the first time

8th birthday
outside her window
the moon blossoms

young crow
what are you saying
behind my back

mountain stars
empty beer bottles
playing the wind

dreams of bondage
i wake up covered
in cats

Sandi Pray

disappearing
into the candy aisle;
our fingers brush

distant train;
finding my way home
once again

forgotten:
the dusty record player
mournfully skips

Gabriel Bates

[@falsepoetics](#)

hellopoetry.com/gabates95/

still under
the colonizer's watch
ceiling fresco

deep sleep . . .
my mother tongue
talking to her

the end of
all uncertainties
mountain peak

Anthony Q. Rabang

drawing blood his artistic side

rainy day i jump ahead a few pages

i'm a healer

funny, I'm a healer too

santa fe sky

colors of the farmers market all of us

doctor's waiting room

we eavesdrop on each

other's misery

Sondra J. Byrnes

[@SondraJByrnes](#)

chasing the hills...
even my dreams
can't catch me

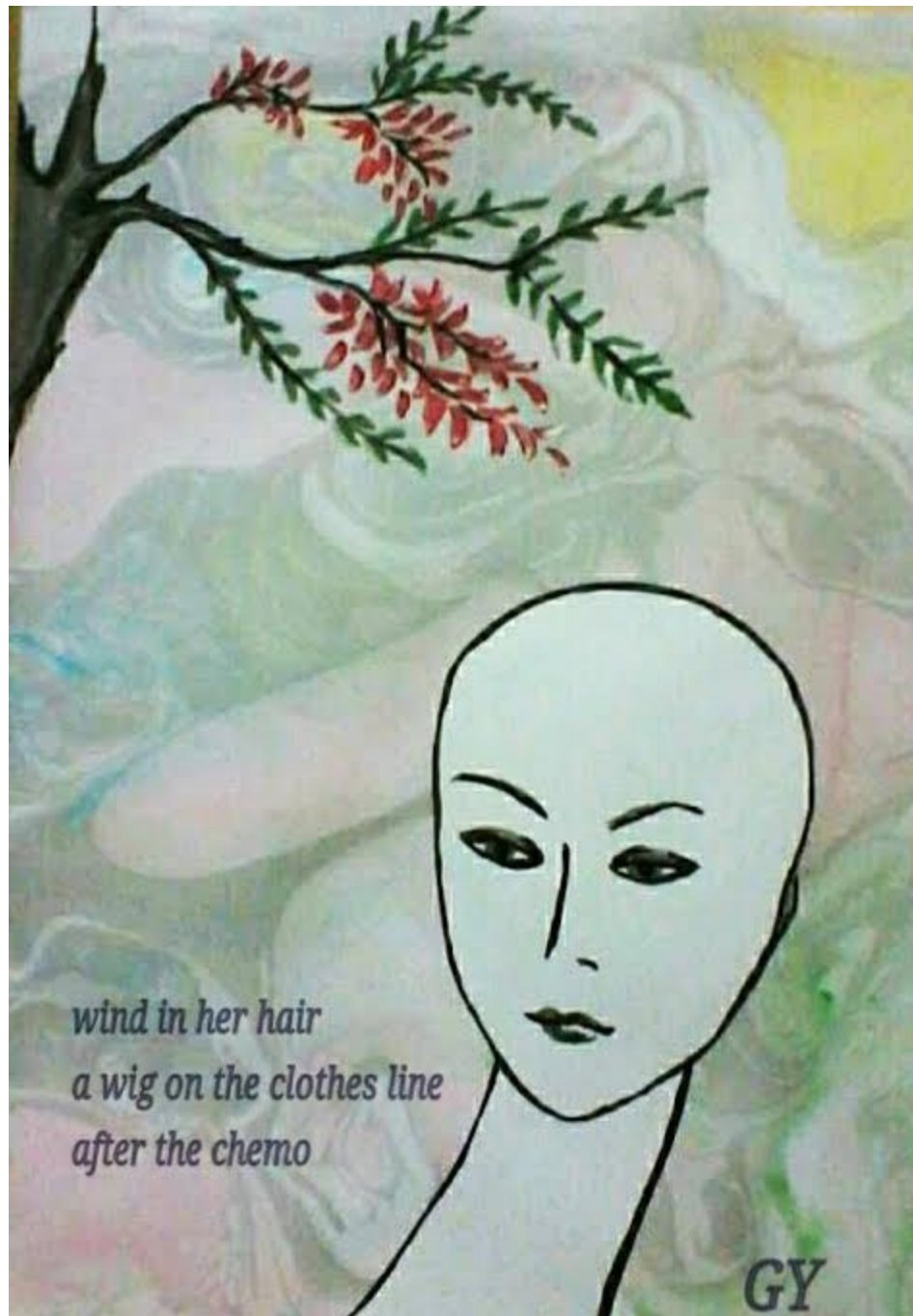
class overload
you said you understood
when I dropped you

rocky road
the journey into
myself

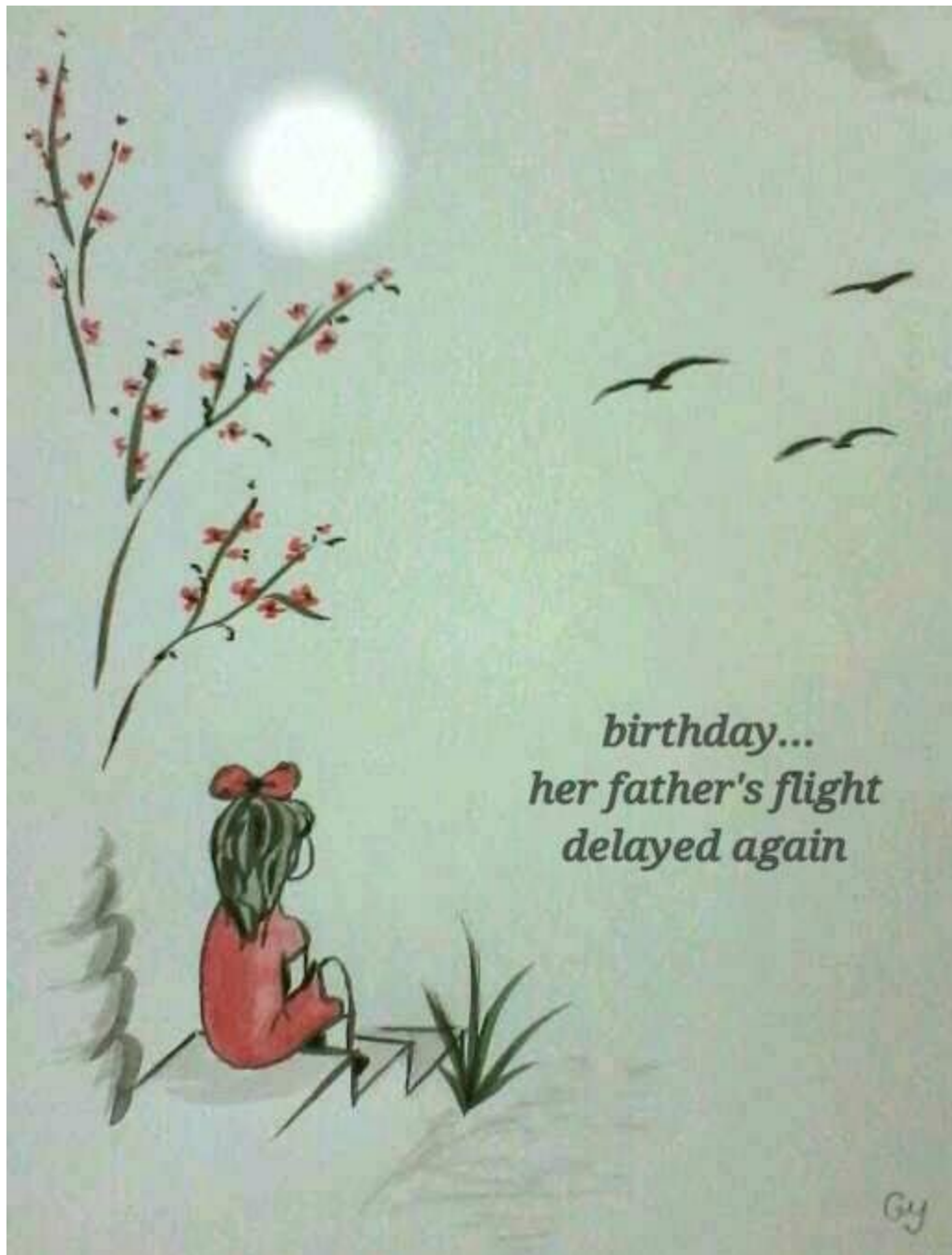
visiting mother
the old aspen taller
than I remember
and her much
much shorter

Elizabeth Alford

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



*wind in her hair
a wig on the clothes line
after the chemo*



Gergana Yaninska

Ratatouille

Having decided to make a delectable egg curry for my Indian hosts I rummage around their kitchen ,fish out a pan to boil eggs in, fill it with water and while carrying it to the stove spill the entire contents all over myself, the counter top, the burners and the floor, as the handle rotates free. After mopping it with my bath towel, (I can't remember where they keep kitchen towels), I search for a sturdier saucepan, test its handle and repeat the process . The egg carton has eight eggs but by the time I get them out three have cracked and my fingers and the counter and floor are yolky.

I almost slip on a patch of wet sticky stuff ,but save the eggs which are finally in the hot water. Meanwhile I search for another pan for the curry, search for onions, search for tomatoes, search for garlic, search for ginger, search for cooking oil, search for the condiments etc. While dicing the onions I slice my thumb, search for a band aid in the absence of which my thumb is covered with paper napkins and either blood or tomato puree.

The eggs are bouncing about merrily .The curry starts to simmer on the other burner and all's well with the world. I get myself a gin' n lime, but suddenly smell something burning – my apron is on fire. I fling it off and pour the contents of my glass on it ...the gin makes the fire sizzle. A shrill alarm goes off .I can hear urgent knocking at the door. The neighbours have come to check what happened. The phone is ringing and I am too rattled to switch off the stove; while I go running like a headless chicken to assure the fire department on the phone, and my neighbours about it being a 'minor culinary accident'.

I finally remember the eggs, now only three are in a red hot pan, I look around for the other two – one has hit and splattered all over

the hob and the other is precariously balanced from the window blind. The curry of course has burnt to a black crisp .

After my Rowan Atkinson act, I clean up the mess and phone the local Indian Eatery to send in their special egg curry and saffron pilaf. I dispose off all the containers the food came in. My unsuspecting hosts are absolutely delighted by my exceptional rice and curry .

Next time, I think I will just make a ratatouille niçoise.

breath work-
the bean bag inhales
exhales my shape

Delectable

"Wabi is to be satisfied with a little hut, a room of two or three tatami mats, like the log cabin of Thoreau, and with a dish of vegetables picked in the neighboring fields, and perhaps to be listening to the pattering of a gentle spring rainfall."

- Daisetz T. Suzuki

The words wabi and sabi were not always linked .Wabi stems from the root wa, which refers to harmony, peace, tranquility, and balance, but poetically it has come to mean in tune with nature. Sabi by itself means "the bloom of time." So now we have wabi, which is humble and simple, and sabi, which is the rusty and weathered gift of time.

I have taken the two words and true to my gourmand nature, coined a new culinary literary interpretation which combines the two words slightly differently. I call it wa-sabi not to be confused with wasabi, the Japanese horseradish, which Wiki tells me ‘has an extremely strong pungent taste more akin to hot mustard and chilli pepper producing vapours that stimulate the nose more than the tongue.’

However see how poetically it grows, ‘naturally along stream beds in mountain river valleys in Japan.’ So we have the hot pun of wa and the cool sabi weathering near gravelly banks of clear, cold streams in Japan’s mountainous Nagano .

I wonder whether Lady Murasaki used wa-sabi or wasabi in her Genji tales or Sei Shonagon in her Pillow Book?

Irish coffee-
the dark taste of a
grape picker's hands

The Aphrodisiac Encyclopaedia: A Compendium of Culinary Come-ons

By Mark Douglas Hill

<http://www.nobleharbor.com/tea/chado/WhatIsWabi-Sabi.htm>

<http://www.wasabi.co.jp/en/howto>

Angelee Deodhar

I'm alive
this moonshine night
itching mosquito bites

autumn morning
I take my hammock down
that's enough for today

I take another glass
as her words
sink in

Ola Lindberg

haiku –
counting the syllables
in your definition

autumn chill . . .
my people are those people
to some people

slow dancing
I pretend
I remember

full disclosure
there are some things
I'm not telling you

natural history
the child asks if dinosaurs
go to heaven

Bill Kenney

twilight moment-
his silhouette surrenders
to her shadow

returning home-
a crow mother finds fur
in her empty nest

Munia Khan
[Website](#)

train journey--
knitting distance
from the sun

through my veins--
all those
well worn places

Robyn Cairns

encoding and decoding the space between dreams

Senryu: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Dwarakanathan Ravi



Shloka Shankar

Facebook page: [Shloka Shankar: a rasika's musings](#)

lunchtime rush
they talk over each other
in sign language

caught in the down pour
your shower
or mine?

summer night
shaved legs on
fresh sheets

Tash Adams

contrails cut
a pale sunrise and tree buds --
Manifest Destiny

driving on a date
we debate
the full moon


mosquito bite
before I notice
she is gone

Jacob S. Blumner
[@leftinflint](#)

pastry shop
two nuns with a habit
for devil's food

dirty snow . . .
the new girl picks up
her first john

a drawer
full of paper dreams . . .
lottery tickets



overdue flight
the family gathers inside
a nightmare

Kevin Valentine



winter wind

the long road home

after the stroke

*Haiku by Kevin Valentine
Photo by Chris Enger*

Kevin Valentine

home alone
thunderclaps vibrate
my bed

farmers market
the toddler finds
her shadow

i see my face
in the baby's pupil
breastfeeding

Jade Pisani

country radio
the best reception
in the outhouse

outhouse--
I brag about the size
of a splinter

Independence Day--
she takes what she wants
from the pleasure drawer

Chad Lee Robinson

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



Roberta Beary

rolling thunder
another email
from the bully

teen memories
taking the car keys
away from mother

expiration date
knowing when
to let go

Stevie Strang

Any way you cut it

how many jerks
does it take
to start a mower

my henpecked neighbor
pushing his mower around

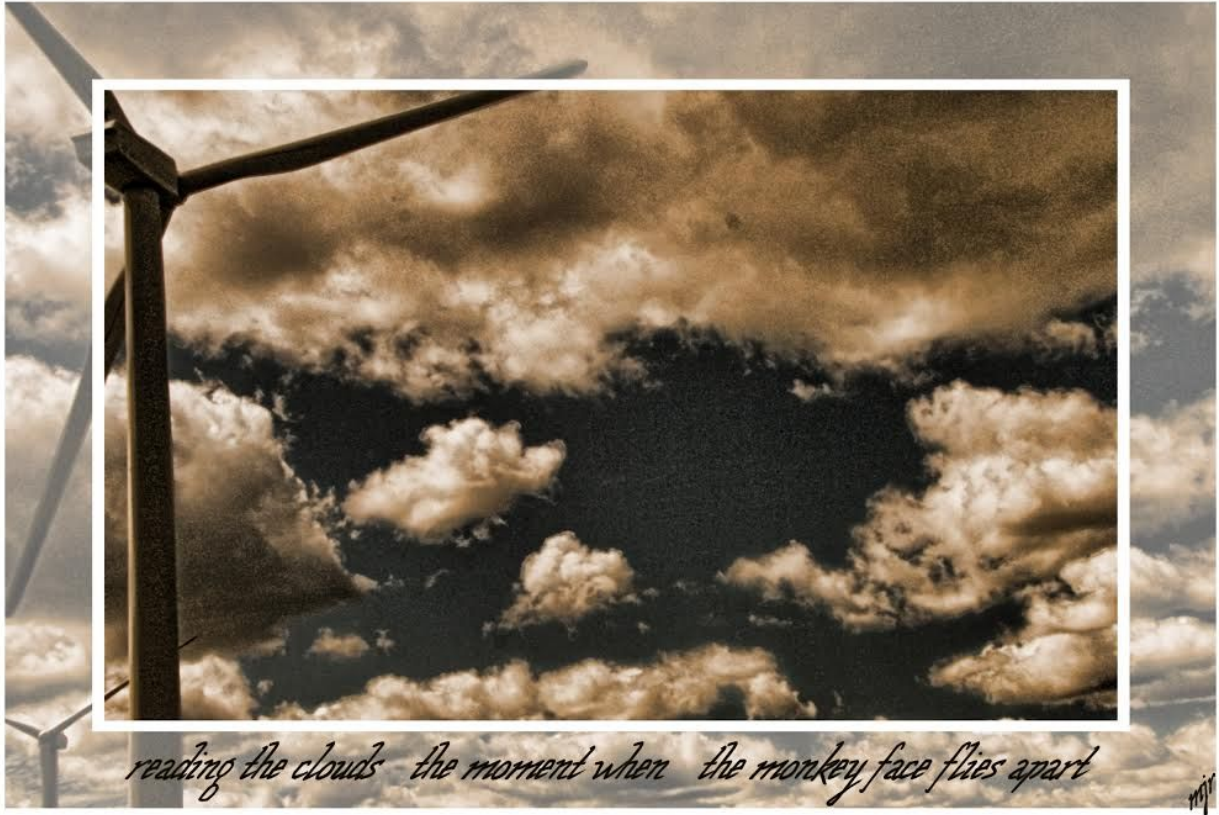
August mowing
sweat finds the cleavage
I never knew I had

disgruntled mower
throwing rocks

tall grass
teenagers turn
invisible

pretentious bastard
mowing his yard
in diagonal lines

Terri L. French



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