

failed haiku

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mike rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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hummingbirds the thrust and parry of compromise

Haiga by Debbie Strange

*The
'Back from the Dead'
issue*

Cast List

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

Ivan Klarić

Sterling Warner

Mac Miller

Hifsa Ashraf

Maria Concetta Conti

Charlie Knowlton

Paul Beech

Michael Henry Lee

Bryan Rickert

Tracy Davidson

Gautam Nadkarni

Bart Greene

Helen Buckingham

Réka Nyitrai

Don Krieger

Jackie Maugh Robinson

Vincenzo Adamo

Edward J. Rielly

Debbie Strange

William Scott Galasso

Tia Haynes

Małgorzata Fabrycy
Ivan Gaćina
Roberta Beary
Guliz Mutlu
Jeffrey L. Taylor
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara
Munia Khan
Praniti
Randy Brooks
Robert Ronnow
Bob Lucky
Kristen Lindquist
Chen-ou Liu
Roberta Beach Jacobson
Muskaan Ahuja
Rehn Kovacic
Salil Chaturvedi
Rick Jackofsky
Eva Joan
Srinivas S
Michael Baeyens
Devin Harrison
Mike Gallagher
Teiichi Suzuki
Jo Balistreri

Robert Witmer
Louise Hopewell
Marta Chocilowska
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Joanna Ashwell
Olivier Schopfer
Nika
Franjo Ordanić
Vandana Parashar
Robert B McNeill
Ben Gaa
Dan Burt
John Hawkhead
Oscar Luparia
David He
Carmela Marino
Susan Farner
Manoj Sharma
Daniela Misso
Bruce Jewett
Adrian Bouter
Maxianne Berger
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Cynthia Rowe
Sanela Pliško
Ana Drobot

Pris Campbell
Eufemia Griffó
Rp Verlaine
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Veronika Zora Novak
Bruce England
Madhuri Pillai
Ezio Infantino
Tim Gardiner
Lori A. Minor
Julie Bloss Kelsey
Willie R. Bongcaron
Pitt Buerken
Daniel Shank Cruz
Lew Watts
John J. Dunphy
Lorraine A. Padden
Taofeek Ayeyemi
Barbara Kaufmann
Phil Openshaw - Shloka Shankar
Ingrid Baluchi
Natalia Kuznetsova
Susan Burch
Terrie Jacks
Jay Friedenberg
Christine Wenk-Harrison

Clifford Rames
Carol Raisfeld
Bruce H. Feingold
Radka Mindova - Daniela Targova
Marilyn Ward
David Oates
Adelaide B. Shaw
Jibril Dauda Muhammad
Lucia Cardillo
Kerstin Park
S.Radhamani
Mark Teaford
Michael Feil
Mark Gilbert
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Tsanka Shishkova
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
Claire Vogel Camargo
John J. Han
Gary Colombo De Piazzi
Michael Mann
Ingrid Bruck
Hansha Teki
Irina Guliaeva
Lauren McBride
Marilyn Ashbaugh

Gregory Longenecker

Nina Kovačić

Elaine Wilburt

Michael Kitchen

Eva Limbach

Antonio Mangiameli

Kath Abela Wilson

Suraja Roychowdhury

Bill Kenney

Anna Eklund-Cheong

Kat Lehmann

Sondra J. Byrnes

Kevin Valentine

Dorothy Burrows

Pat Geyer

Sanjuktaa asopa

Tomislav Sjekloča

Jill Lange

Maeve O'Sullivan

Robert Moyer

Priti Aisola

David Käwika Eyre

Lakshmi Iyer

harvest moon
his iron soul cuts off
the refugee's head

Ivan Klarić

Virginia Valediction Revisited

For David

Tanbark trails stretch out like splintered, spiritual highways from DC/Dulles airfields to Virginian hills where ticks pepper arms and legs, digging in for corkscrew supper. These days seek measurement—refinement—amid structural chaos, a cosmos aligned through promise, scientific certainty seeking emotional purgation. The feral child within us all grasps for clues to clarify craft and lore, honoring heritage, suckling life span's variations.

Gazing across glassy chocolate colored waters, a pond where baritone bullfrogs set nature's metronome in motion. Buzzing June-bugs quicken the pace: clicking...clicking...clicking..., and the woods, the trees, the eastern seaboard's song cradle cries from lonesome memories healthy heartaches, anniversaries that might have been, yet remain empty fountains, fragile unexplored possibilities.

Championing ecology, resting on religion David quivered like an arrow through wind gusts, arching, piercing an emerald Charlottesville meadow. Exodus followed triumphant smiles, tortured tears, truncated, courageous fellowships, as his life's ripple splashed outwards, curled like circular embraces, moved every direction, clutched for land, merged with twilight's chorus, *adagio*, became one with the lofty landscape, till pastoral harmonies softly faded, leaving behind still water's wake.

motley colored leaves,
nature's tattoos, awaken
memories past

Sterling Warner

Then,
waiting for dad
to die on his own bed
alarm goes first

Now

I just took a telephone message from my elder brother across the world.

After the usual "how are things, he gently explains he is calling to say his goodbye".

After a moment of silence he states "he is on a medication that keeps him going"

and he "has decided to stop taking it" He has been advised that his ---

line goes dead
always gets his own way
another fight lost

Mac Miller

self-isolation
I make peace
with distant stars

Hifsa Ashraf

intensive care
panoramic view
of the lava

Maria Concetta Conti

check
engine light
i call its bluff

arctic blast
not as fun
as it sounds

Charlie Knowlton

a city window
the rough-sleeper ponders
her own face

Paul Beech

blue moon
the strains of our song over
satellite radio

drift fence
the lengthening list
of side effects

Michael Henry Lee

hoarder
his life collecting
dust

wheat from the chaff
she lets me go
to voicemail

downsizing
a dumpster full
of you

Bryan Rickert

school discipline
how the nuns
always found the funny bone

yin and yang
still not in touch
with your feminine side

Tracy Davidson

Pandora's Box

When I was six Father brought me a box of crayons. In twelve brilliant shades. I was thrilled. I counted all the things I could do with them on my pinkies. Mother actually suggested that I use them for colouring pictures. Of course I found the idea droll. Then the mater told me to go to my room and stay out of mischief because some family friends were to visit us in the evening. Since I would be in my room for ages and ages I decided to do some drawing and colouring.

I first drew an elephant. Coloured it pink. Did some mountains in psychedelic shades. The setting sun I coloured green. A stream running diagonally through seemed about right in a lurid shade of red. Orange clouds dotted the brown sky.

I stepped back to examine my handiwork. I added a few finishing touches and then I was through. I even signed my work with a flourish.

I imagined Dad and Mom going gaga over my painting and proudly declaring me an artist for the times. I almost felt sorry for Picasso and Salvador Dali. Stout fellows. Talented too. But they had met their match in me. I was still strutting about the room cockily when Mom opened the bedroom door and peered inside. I don't think I will ever understand mothers. Really.

Instead of admiring my artwork for the masterpiece it was she shrieked. Like a banshee who has had her toes trodden upon. With spiked shoes.

Then she was scrubbing the bedroom wall vigorously with sponge and soap trying to erase my modernistic landscape, cloud by cloud, stroke by stroke. All the while muttering what she would like to do to

Dad for being ass enough to arm me with a dangerous weapon like a box of crayons. I believe her plans for Father included boiling oil and a blunt skinning knife too.

art show opens...
the critic's three-page-review
on the samosas served

Gautam Nadkarni

demented mother
has a single visitor
someone new each day

Bart Greene

bartgreenepoetry@gmail.com

<https://bartgreene.com>

heart me and I'll keep ticking

prizewinning
hot dog
son of lab

Helen Buckingham

adultery—
the thinning tail
of a rope cloud

Réka Nyitrai

Jaguar XK
no brakes
beeline highway

Don Krieger

fatigue
sixth sense setting fire
to the other five

Jackie Maugh Robinson

isolated in the house
the virus that threatens me
it's boredom

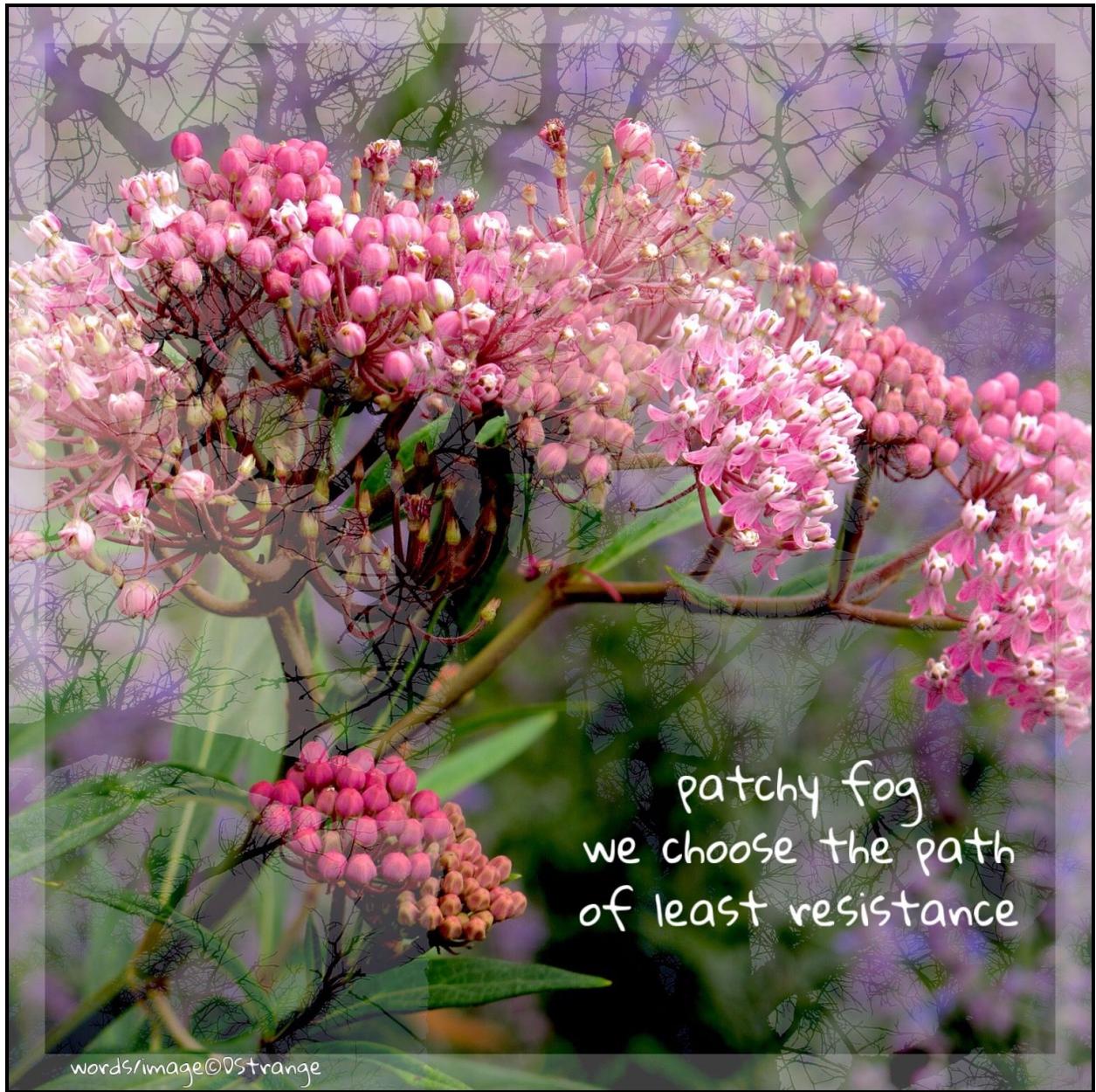
pages of a book
the fly puts the point
where the talk ends

Vincenzo Adamo

at the farmers' market
the old guitarist's
can for coins

after the rain
granddaughter and I examine
a worm on my driveway

Edward J. Rielly



patchy fog
we choose the path
of least resistance

words/image©DStrange

Debbie Strange

this sidewalk
too small for both of us
Covid-19

split pill
feeling better
by half

mud pies
slung by children
angling for votes

William Scott Galasso

second marriage
mother leaves
the seeds in

light beer
grandpa says he's watching
his figure

tracing
a new skyline
morning fog

Tia Haynes
[@adaliahaiku](#)
[www.adaliahaiku.com](#)

a lonely struggle
with the whispers in my head
it seems I'm losing

Małgorzata Fabrycy

first day of school . . .
the pupils break through
a dense forest

Ivan Gaćina

ragtop moon
the static thread
of conversation

first date
she fillets the fish
then me

first thaw
she shaves her legs
and more

Roberta Beary
<https://twitter.com/shortpoemz>

puzzle with
a missing piece
endless stars

Guliz Mutlu

Morning after the election.
Eucalypts unmoved.
Maples closer to winter.

Life, liberty, and the pursuit
of one more birthday.
Not outdriving our headlights.

Jeffrey L. Taylor

migraine
it's all about
warwarwar

dawn
the pedophile
straightens his tie

Father's Day
I scrub my hands
until they bleed

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
afterpinkhaiku.blogspot.com

Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

**tenacity
he succeeded
to break my heart**

**traveling to places
I have never been -
office window**



Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

*home alone –
a nest of pigeons
change my ordinary*

27 Februarie

Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

Păsările cântă. Peste câmpuri s-a lăsat ceată,
iar cerul e albastru. Stai în pat,
bucurându-te de aerul dimineții.
Asta e fericirea!

CLARE CAMERON (1896–1983)



Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

hepatitis B...
now she dreams to be
a sunflower

highway-wheelers -
spinners of lifespan
grandpa and dad

graveyard's narrow beds...
only God knows
how they rest

Munia Khan
[Books on Amazon](#)

struggling to wash away
the shape of his hug
...morning laundry

evening bazaar...
the weighing balance overflows
with gossip

Praniti

moonflowers
the rabbit decides
to sleepover

passing Mt. Fuji
in the bullet train restroom
a moving experience

strawberry patch
mother and daughter
bottoms up

Randy Brooks

A Yellow Rose

I am thinking of the day
 I came to you
 with a yellow rose

a passing businessman
 said hello to you
 you put it in your hair

today is like that day
 the sun is hot
 on a crowded city

we are discovering each other
 anew
 in the crowd

Robert Ronnow

traffic snarl
the hooker
checks her mirror

Bob Lucky

defensive driving
a crow crosses
the double lines

Kristen Lindquist

my reflection
looks a little younger --
gold-plated casket

hush-hush talk
of dirty little secrets ...
campaign trail

Chen-ou Liu

shaking her head evolutionary anthropologist

community -
a gathering
of porcelain heads

Roberta Beach Jacobson

[@beach_haiku](#)

washing dishes...
mother's lips
rebuking someone

Muskaan Ahuja
[@happylyf04](#)

red stilettos
in the back of the closet
just in case

Rehn Kovacic

receding tide. . .
a plastic doll
holds up its hand

Salil Chaturvedi

music in the air
a pigeon drops a feather
in the busker's hat

moonlight serenade
a mockingbird courting
our rusty gate

reflections
in a broken window
I see right through . . . myself

Rick Jackofsky
www.rickjackofsky.com

neither time nor space -
with closed eyes
heart at heart dreaming

the moon floats slowly
from east to west -
night of father's death

Eva Joan

lunar eclipse
the penumbra of reality
checks on dreams

Srinivas S

long night
i let the last log
outlast me

Michael Baeyens

sweet alyssum
the humming bees
at her first prom

last chip
placed on the roulette wheel
whirlpool

Devin Harrison

my mouth
to the mouth of the well
a frog drops in

Mike Gallagher

self-isolation--
rereading
Camus' La Peste

Teiichi Suzuki

wheeling gramma...
the big curve of her wave
at city traffic

Jo Balistreri

back home
how quickly she removes
her smile

bedtime story
I do what fathers do
try to wake my wife

candlelight Chinese
we open up
our fortune cookies

Robert Witmer

empty guitar case
a busker sings
the blues

the boss asks
for volunteers
dead pot plant

Louise Hopewell

empty streets
a jackdaw practices
dumpster diving

Marta Chocilowska

gloomy Friday
father's footprints
filled with rain

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

splash-down
my size fives
within a rainbow

de-railed
the empty carriage
inside me

Joanna Ashwell

your voice softer twilight

rush hour
the elderly woman
with her walker

Olivier Schopfer

*rollercoaster ride
the on again off again
squeeze of her hand*

- Nika

Nika

black forest cake
my low carb diet starts
tomorrow

Franjo Ordanić

waves bring back
the trash I throw in
ah! the karma

Vandana Parashar

deep into
the seed catalog ...
fertility clinic

winter sun --
too much pancake
for the butter

Robert B McNeill

happy hour
a gaggle of grannies
splitting fries

dry spell
we speak of thunder
in bed

the long and short of it
elevator fart

Ben Gaa

the pause
at the top of a leap
ballet dancer

Dan Burt

[@danburt](#)

memory foam
still holding its shape
her side of the bed

John Hawkhead

indian summer
taking pictures of the park
in black and white

knitted gloves...
grandma's hands
for my hands

Oscar Luparia
<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>

rustling grass
a rabbit stares
into its shadow

David He

Quarantine
Grandma's advice
return useful

Day of rebirth
among the saints I make room
for the buddha

Carmela Marino

after 70 years
I learned to refold
the road map

10 hour road trip
the taste of stale
water bottle water

Susan Farner

crowded sidewalk . . .
losing control
over my fart

Manoj Sharma
[@SharmaBkag](#)

family warmth...
speaking of expenses
by the fireplace

Daniela Misso

snowflakes bigger
than peony blossoms
old japanese print

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

COVID-19
he smokes a cigar
with his beer

co-ku she claims one third of it

Adrian Bouter

maple urn
she and her mother
back to gossiping

after hours
the silhouettes
of a mop and pail

peeling gilt
the cherub
twice naked

Maxianne Berger

khadi clothes
the color of our leader
goes with the season

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

newborn
the tumbleweed gathers
another twig



Rowe

pausing
to reflect
on the meaning
of life

Cynthia Rowe
www.cynthiarowe.com.au

palm reader
my love line
has a typo

Sanela Pliško

opening
an old love letter -
tornado

desert storm -
another attempt
to redecorate

Ana Drobot

drive-in movie...
us in our triple A's
and Liz in a slip

Alzheimers
I hold her lost memories
safe in mine

Pris Campbell

prayer time
the distant chant
of birds

lockdown
filling our silence
new silence

quarantine time
imagining the shape
first leaves

Eufemia Griffó

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

shooting star
the thought of our shadows
touching

Rp Verlaine

spring equinox
seeking Libra
in the night sky

estate sale -
pieces of her
scatter

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

moonlit sakura
he becomes each breath
I breathe

its scent
before I feel it
plum rain

harsh winter
the prostitute becomes
a Buddha

Veronika Zora Novak

In a dream
a spirit actor portrayed
my father

Concert over –
the people walking outside
still vibrating

Bruce England

6 am gym
even the instructor
glum

to save trees
or conserve water...
paper plates

alteration
she pins my waist
into shape

Madhuri Pillai

always empty
the barber's shop
when he's tipsy

haircut
my barber speaks with the mirror

Ezio Infantino

single cell
our hopes multiply
in a petri dish

lion's den whip crack echo

Tim Gardiner

Season Six, Episode Four

They say that taste buds change as we get older, but isn't it much more than what pleases the tongue? What about what cleanses the soul?

almost thirty
no longer able
to hold my liquor

ROSES SHE STOPS TO SMELL THE SEXISM



LORI A MINOR

Lori A. Minor
[@femkupoetry](https://twitter.com/femkupoetry)
loriaminor.wixsite.com/poet

how American culture
shapes my daughter—
training bra

Julie Bloss Kelsey

[**@MamaJoules**](#) on Twitter

[**@JulieBlossKelsey**](#) on Instagram

covid lockdown --
here we all are, prisoners
of sanity

kitchen tricks...
she never stops
to amaze me

Willie R. Bongcaron

spring again
the nightingale this year
with a new chartbuster

under the streetlamp
the drunk is covering
his shadow

Pitt Büerken

moonlight
he dreams
of the wrong woman

espresso martini
the scar
on her lip

Daniel Shank Cruz
Twitter: [@shankcruz](#)

3rd birthday
she says the name Granddad
is taken

foreplay at dawn
on the tip of my tongue
her name

Lew Watts

still in the toilet
after my flush
moonlight

reunion
I toast the class bully
among the deceased members' photos

John J. Dunphy

tiny purple hearts
flowers
on the soldier's casket

absolute zero
her divorce settlement
finalized

Lorraine A. Padden

bridal shower
her besties unwrap
her secrets

Taofeek Ayeyemi



Barbara Kaufmann



aubade—
your hands hold up
my sky

Haiku: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Phil Openshaw

**Phil Openshaw - Photo
Shloka Shankar - Senryu**

mid-summer
flip-flops slapping past
the shoeshine boy

Ingrid Baluchi

half-moon
peeping into the parlor
half-truths

Natalia Kuznetsova

at the front door
of our therapist –
a shouting match

finally meeting
his mom –
his funeral

Susan Burch

on the garden path
the spirit of my dog
checks his ashes

Terrie Jacks

family argument we drive past the scenic views

covering his tracks . . . the zen gardener

condom machine

we dispense

with the pleasantries

Jay Friedenberg

star struck
celebrity on Rodeo Drive
Curiosity on Mars

night lightning
science students investigate
grandpa's still

Christine Wenk-Harrison

Hemingway's marlin
her last kiss
still on my lips

uncle's funeral
reminiscing about the time
he faked his death

Clifford Rames

painstakingly
he writes a sonnet
about Dracula

morning headache
all this mumbling about
the wrath of grapes

surprise -
stepping out of the shower
the dog's cold nose

Carol Raisfeld
twitter: [@carol red](#)

the chef spins
a pizza on a trident
Trevi Fountain



raindrops on a leaf my heart stable

Bruce H. Feingold

*waiting...
on the window
fingerprints
of my mom*



haiga: Radka Mindova photo: Daniela Targova

**Haiku Radka Mindova
Photo Daniela Targova**

Covid ku

Thursday evening
my neighbour's applause
in an empty street

Covid19
the vuvuzelas praise
from a healthy lung

online shopping
a virtual cart's
slow movement

a fall of petals
the good neighbour
sends condolences

dead leaves rustle
our today has become
yesterday's fiction

Marilyn Ward

after Dad's gone
in the back of a drawer
plastic vampire teeth

in an Athens bar
the bathroom sign
“Whichever”

David Oates
[@witnwords1](#)
[davidoatesathensga.com](#)

Christmas night
too tired to feel
any more joy

Battle of the Bulge
nine days before Christmas
a reminder

Adelaide B. Shaw

<https://adelaide-whitepetals.blogspot.com>

source code—
a clone of grandmother's body
my sister

Jibril Dauda Muhammad

dragonfly wings ...
this light feeling
of solitude

ali di libellula ... così lieve questo senso / di solitudine

Lucia Cardillo

petroglyphs -
from my daughter
a fresh selfie

the owl's repeating
an eighth note
insomnia

Kerstin Park

exam time-
every ten minutes- mother's
cardamom tea

S.Radhamani

still face to face
a portrait and a child
in chador

Mark Teaford

picking their noses
making change, filling orders
the drive-up's new help

Michael Feil

I thought I was safely self-isolating in my car when a tiny being
shimmied down from somewhere on a silken lifeline and started to
explore the contours of my sleeve.

coronavirus
a money spider
immune

Mark Gilbert

wedding procession
the bridesmaid
winks at me

cotton cloud
grandfather's grey hair
lost in the harvest

Adjei Agyei-Baah



kites fly so high...
can I send a letter
to the afterlife

Tsanka Shishkova

Tsanka Shishkova

learning languages
never my strength
porpoise talk

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

trusting him
the different angles
of falling rain

Claire Vogel Camargo

funeral over
a man confides his crush
to the widow

hard to feel sorry—
he says his BMW
is totaled

John J. Han

old lovers
her hand weaves through peach petals
falling

Gary Colombo De Piazz

the dark storm
in her eyes this time --
tsunami

Michael Mann

the fog!
the gloom!
my dirty glasses

Ingrid Bruck

out of gods
the tui settles into
room for doubt

nectar-gorged
the tui communes
with itself

out of breath
the tui waits out
the moment

Hansha Teki

wasps
above the peach
dating site registration

Irina Giuliaeva

stepping on the scales
deciding my mood, my meals,
my clothes for the day

charity donation
bit by bit
letting you go

Lauren McBride

fresh manure
on the farm fields
election results

Marilyn Ashbaugh

the first cry
of his harmonica
panhandler

flat skies she watches as I pack

changing the course
of conversation
butterfly wings

Gregory Longenecker

the small hours
cockroaches have a party
in a bathroom

a black eye...
he insists on “stumbling
down the steps”

Nina Kovačić

toddler
stands on a table—
grandpa's new rules

Elaine Wilburt

in the hotel
sharing the king-sized mattress
with acres of empty space

Michael Kitchen

www.dohaeng.com

wedding day –
our vintage vehicle
freshly polished

Eva Limbach

tattoo -
another name
over mine

Antonio Mangiameli

snowy evening
letting the deer
into the concert

driftwood beach
all those discarded
pencils and flutes

Kath Abela Wilson

Paris dinner
jumping into the soup
a french fly

family time
all day spent talking
of the neighbors

Suraja Roychowdhury

music in the park
the teenager rocks
her sleeping baby

Bill Kenney

dead flashlight and candle stubs ...
not quite the boy scout
he used to be

crack of dawn ...
Crayola's biggest box
not up to the task

yard sale--
Eeyore and Chewbacca
having tea

Anna Eklund-Cheong

cascading stream
the inner place that is still
stilled

Kat Lehmann

letter to an old love
c/o memory care center—
return to sender

checking often
to see if i'm liked
hating myself

Sondra J. Byrnes

hot and sour soup
father demands to know
my name

dad's 75th
an old sailor's memory
washes out to sea

Kevin Valentine

an old woman
in my clothes
steals my reflection

my own toys
neatly arranged
in the museum

Dorothy Burrows
Twitter: [@rambling dot](https://twitter.com/rambling_dot)

curving and curling...
witch hazel you free spirit
dowse me a spring

Pat Geyer

patches of snow
missed appointment
with the hair-colorist

thin ice
I weigh
each word

class reunion ...
we take care to powder
our scars

Sanjuktaa asopa

true love
finishing each other's
sen...ryu

break-up
shoe box with memories
monster under the bed

Tomislav Sjekloča

giraffe
time-shifting
to unicorn

into the wild white snow falling in love with dry wool socks

Jill Lange

Canaletto cityscape:
the front of his patron's house
touched up

Maeve O'Sullivan
Twitter [@writefromwithin](#)

Xmas vacation
we binge watch COLUMBO
again

seeing the tops
of everyone's heads
Tokyo subway

Robert Moyer

silverfish
in a book case ...
new maps emerge

Priti Aisola

warm wind
the tip of the cat's tail
dreaming

her old hairbrush
a mosquito alights
on its bristles

David Käwika Eyre



thirty years now...
reminiscing
exchange of dolls

Lakshmi Iyer

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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