

failed ~~haiku~~

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 6, Issue 68

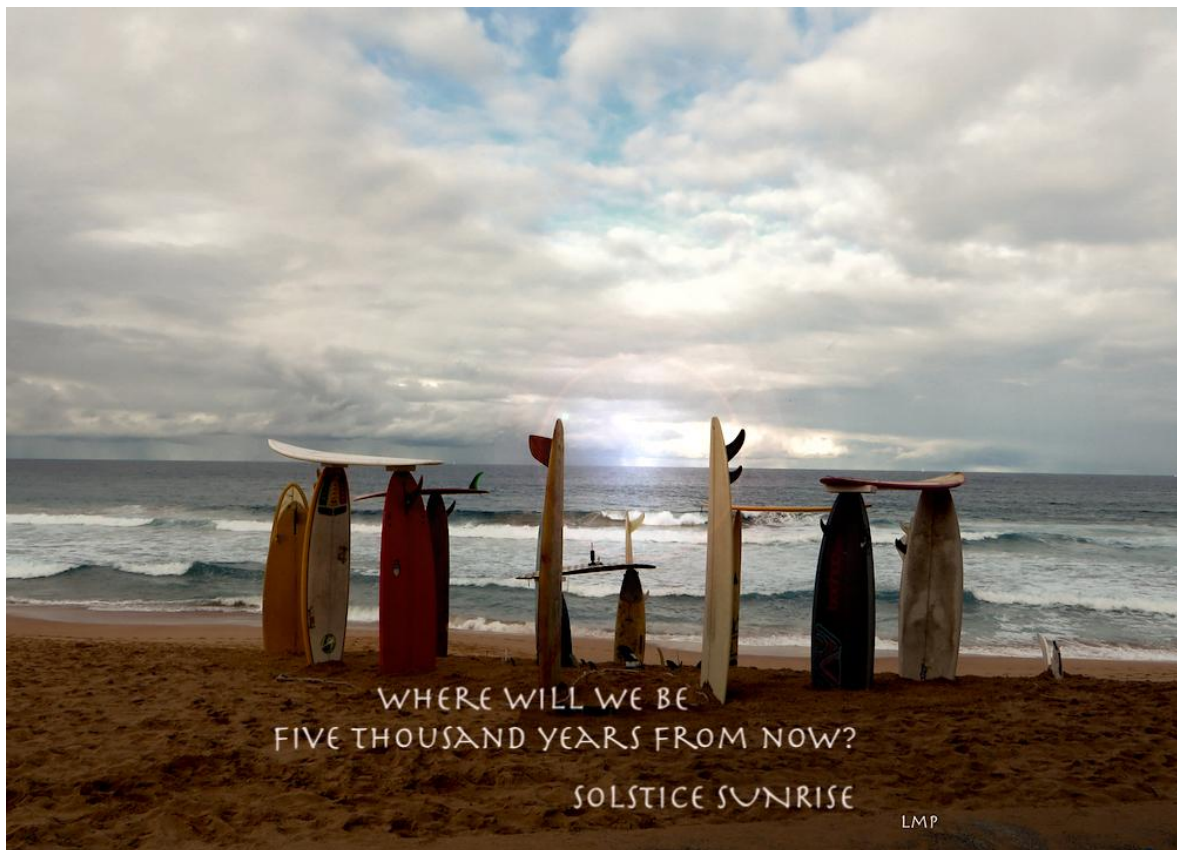
bryan rickert 'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)

[YouTube](#)



Haiga by Linda Papanicolaou

Cast List

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

Claire Ninham

Rohan Buettel

Bakhtiyar Amini

Christina Chin/Michael Hough

Pat Davis

Marsh Muirhead

Debbie Strange

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Joseph P. Wechselberger

Kat Lehmann

Pris Campbell

William Scott Galasso

John J. Dunphy

sushama kapur/surashsree ulhas joshi

Ravi Kiran

Teiichi Suzuki

Lakshmi Iyer

Dr. Mona Bedi

Shasta Hatter

oscar luparia

Lavana Kray

Jagajit Salam
Cynthia Anderson
Kristen Lindquist
Dottie Piet
Maurice Nevile
Elaine Wilburt
Kayla Drouilhet
Vladislav Hristov
Barrie Levine
Mary McCormack
Jenny Fraser
Chen-ou Liu
Sandra Šamec/Franjo Ordanic
Franjo Ordanic
Nika/Jim McKinniss
Nika/Jim Clay
Nika
June Rose Dowis
Alvin B. Cruz
Neena Singh
Vandana Parashar
David Kehe
Surashree Joshi
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Pere Risteski
Bisshie

JOE SEBASTIAN

Kali Lightfoot

Colleen M. Farrelly

Tim Cremin

Jim Krotzman

Richard Tice

Rick Jackofsky

Sondra J. Byrnes

J.R. Gaskin

Terrie Jacks

Ingrid Baluchi

Laurie Greer

Marilyn Ashbaugh

Tracie McCarthy/Louise Hopewell

Pitt Buerken

Erin Castaldi

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

Natalia Kuznetsova

Margaret Tau

B.A. France

Hazel Hall

Paul Beech

Mark Forrester

Tim Murphy

Susan Burch

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

Laughing waters
Arvinder Kaur
Robert Witmer
John Hawkhead
Carmela Marino
Cynthia Rowe
Patricia Hawkhead
Ann Smith
Claire Vogel Camargo
E. L. Blizzard
Ronald K. Craig
Minal Sarosh
Teji Sethi/Lakshmi Iyer
Simon Wilson
Sherry Grant
Ignatius Fay/Sherry Grant
Leslie Thomas/Terri L. French
Terri L. French
Bruce H. Feingold
Radostina Dragostinova
Diana Webb
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Anna Cates
Susan Farner
Amber Winter
Rob McKinnon

Mark Gilbert
Daniela Misso
Keith Evetts
John Budan
Jay Friedenberg
Tsanka Shishkova
Carol Raisfeld
John J. Han
Justin Brown
M. Shane Pruett
Alasdair Paterson
Pippa Phillips
Hifsa Ashraf
Robbie Porter
Lisbeth Ho
Mark Meyer
Yasir Farooq
Sandi Pray
Mona Iordan
Maya Daneva
Tony Steven Williams
Kevin Valentine
Rp Verlaine
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Maria Concetta
Irina Guliaeva

Robert Moyer/Kelly Sauvage

Mike Rehling/Kelly Sauvage

Elizabeth Crocket

Joanna Ashwell

Michael Rehling

Lori Becherer

Zoran Doderovic

Zahra Mughis

Dorothy Burrows

Lynn Fayne

David Oates

Bruce Jewett

Douglas J. Lanzo

Kath Abela Wilson

Charles Harmon

Ingrid Bruck

Madhuri Pillai

Shloka Shankar

David Gale

Wilbert Salgado

Wonja Brucker

Alex Fyffe

Vijay Prasad

Eufemia Griffo

James Lindley

P. H. Fischer

Bill Kenney

Gil Jackofsky

Adelaide B. Shaw

Ben Gaa

John Budan

Lori A Minor

Greg Schwartz

Christine L. Villa/*Susan Burch*

Christine L. Villa/*Michael H. Lester*

Jill Lange

anniversary —
a vase of fading
memories

...and for the fourth time
painting the canvas bright red—
tulip mania

Claire Ninham

honeysuckle

on the railway platform
young love

older man
tries to stand
a call to arms

Rohan Buettel

waiting room

all the talk
in future tense

old bills
how healthy
I was

Bakhtiyar Amini



Look At Me

Biak, a smallish seven year old boy down the village road enjoys spinning incredible stories.

Yesterday he said he saw a child's severed hand in the monsoon drain, while looking down from the school bus.

The children curled up their legs and little Botut cried.

Today I walked there with him, but we could not find it.

He was quiet on the way.

little spiderhunter
hang your nest using
strings I threw away

Christina Chin, Art & Prose / Michael Hough, Senryu

Christina Chin, Art and Prose
Michael Hough, Senryu

crickets
his story
never changes

mumble rap
the pixelation
of words

christmas tree sale
the person asleep
behind them

Pat Davis

the trophy hunter
mounts
his wife

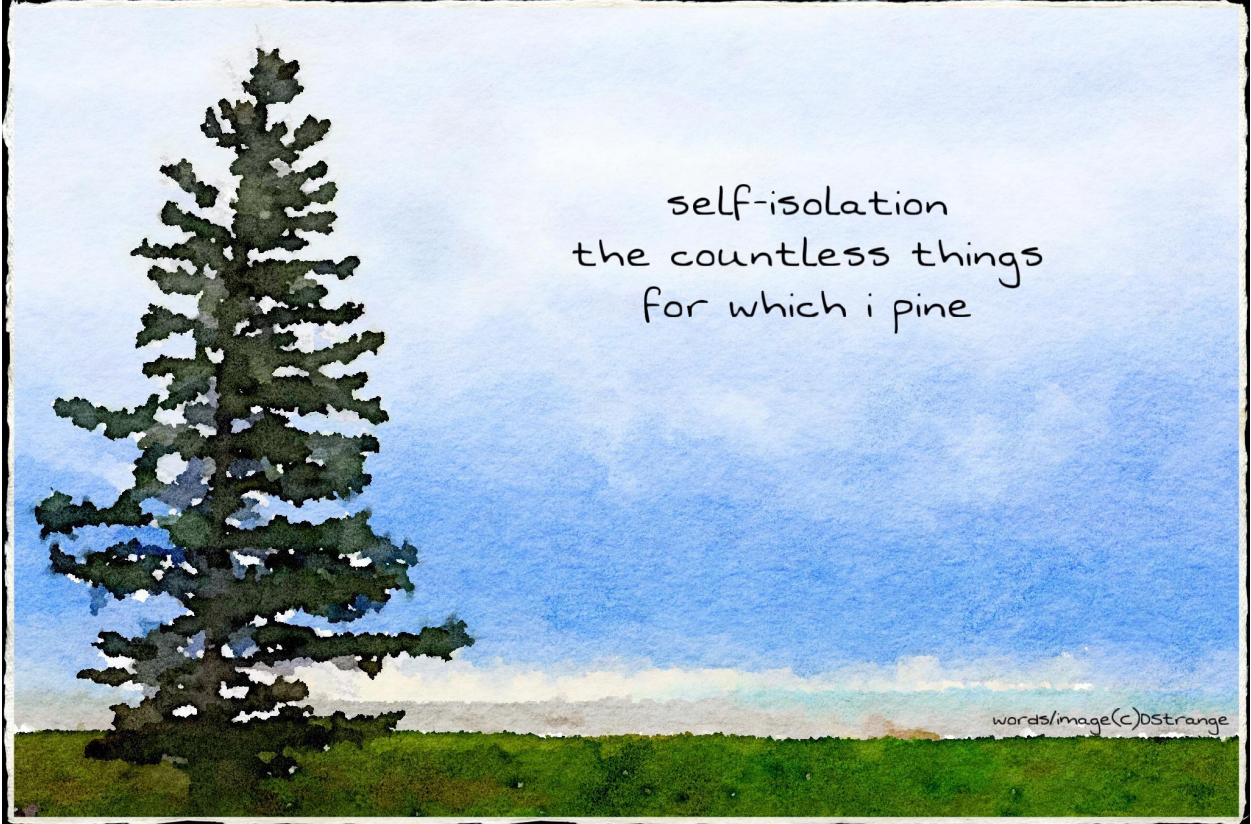
produce aisle
not buying an eggplant
all my life

haiku instructor's
briefcase
our lowered expectations

biting into it
the wurst
happens

her care
in setting the table
for a fight

Marsh Muirhead

A painting of a lone evergreen tree on a grassy field under a vast blue sky. The tree is dark green and stands on the left side of the frame. The ground is a flat, green field. The sky is a deep blue with some lighter, wispy clouds near the horizon. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

self-isolation
the countless things
for which i pine

words/image(c)DStrange



Debbie Strange

last song of set
tune carried out
on stretcher

barn owl
does he sense my poem
is about him

paperclipped
to tax papers
death poem

Roberta Beach Jacobson

therapist's office
all the artwork
black and white

low tide
a hermit crab
streaking

sunset
the movement of newborn pups
in the sack

my ring on the table
where you left it ...
cold coffee

Joseph P. Wechselberger

writing diaries
in the dark
moonbeams

Nestbuilding

His feet touch the wooden floor, and he runs, 18-months old in blue overalls, bare feet slapping a cadence room to room, pace quickening with the discovery of a closed loop. I am always two steps behind him. Until now, my life has been white-walled apartments, but my son will live in a house.

river birch
planted by a stranger
somehow mine

Kat Lehmann

museum juke
gone, those doo wop days
of our youth

my clock broken
from reset attempts
another friend dead

Pris Campbell

swimming hole
she adjusts hers
he adjusts his

post pandemic
hometown gossips
hard at work

tobacco juice
on the sawdust floor...
West Texas

the word
I never used
perfect

William Scott Galasso

On Dangerous Ground

The stench of stale beer and body odor assault you the moment you step through the door. It's the kind of bar that caters to a limited clientele. Every man and most of the women have served stretches in county jails and state prisons. Some of them carry concealed weapons. Others don't bother to conceal their weapons. The bartender's face is a mishmash of tattoos and scars.

Locals dare not set foot in the place because they know they're not welcome. Slummers are refused service and told to leave. Those who don't depart voluntarily are thrown out.

A stranger entered the bar that day. Some of the regulars laughed. Others cursed. A shirtless man drew a bare of brass knuckles from his pocket and slipped them on.

The stranger quickly scoped out the place and then began walking toward an unshaven man who had been drinking boilermakers. He was a drugs and firearms trafficker who was regarded as especially violent even by the standards of this bar. Why would this stranger want to invade the personal space of such a dangerous man?

dropped shot glass --
the drag queen revealed as
a process server

writers' workshop
member requests feedback on
his suicide note

Juneteenth
in my neighbors' yard
a faux tombstone
bears the inscription
'slavery'

the free-lance artist
now drawing children with
his ice cream truck's bell

John J. Dunphy

notes from the road

en route damp ...
the steam of chai
fogs her glasses

bumps in the road
remnants of a sunken biscuit

seaside meet
a salty tang in air
with spiced kebabs

beach shack ...
the fisherman's tale fresher
than his fish

sour cherry pie
sticky notes lingering in time

overnight train ...
pouring piping hot tea
in my whiskey glass

sushama kapur/surashsree ulhas joshi

thin ice
on my dreams
she skates

lockdown
spending time together
me myself and i

first light
the void she left behind
now amplified

simmering
on the stove
discontent

Ravi Kiran

summer solstice--
slow tempo
of the sundial

Teiichi Suzuki

The Lock

I try my best to find the answer to the puzzle. Everytime I sit down with the paper, time just flies off. What is it that goes round and round and makes the most sound? Wondering what is it; I doze off. A hand takes me to the sea beach and shows me the setting sun. Oh! So is that which goes round.....but, it is we who go round. Am I going round? So funny! I wake up and scroll my messages. Suddenly, a message drops in. The answer to my question.

ancestral home
hands rocking round
the grinding stone

Lakshmi Iyer

stretch marks
my daughter asks
how was she born

pandemic
I bring home
a street dog

dinner time
the young plan
a separate party

divorce settlement
he lets her take
the laughing Buddha

Dr. Mona Bedi

my dead sister's birthday
calls to another sister
to share loose ends

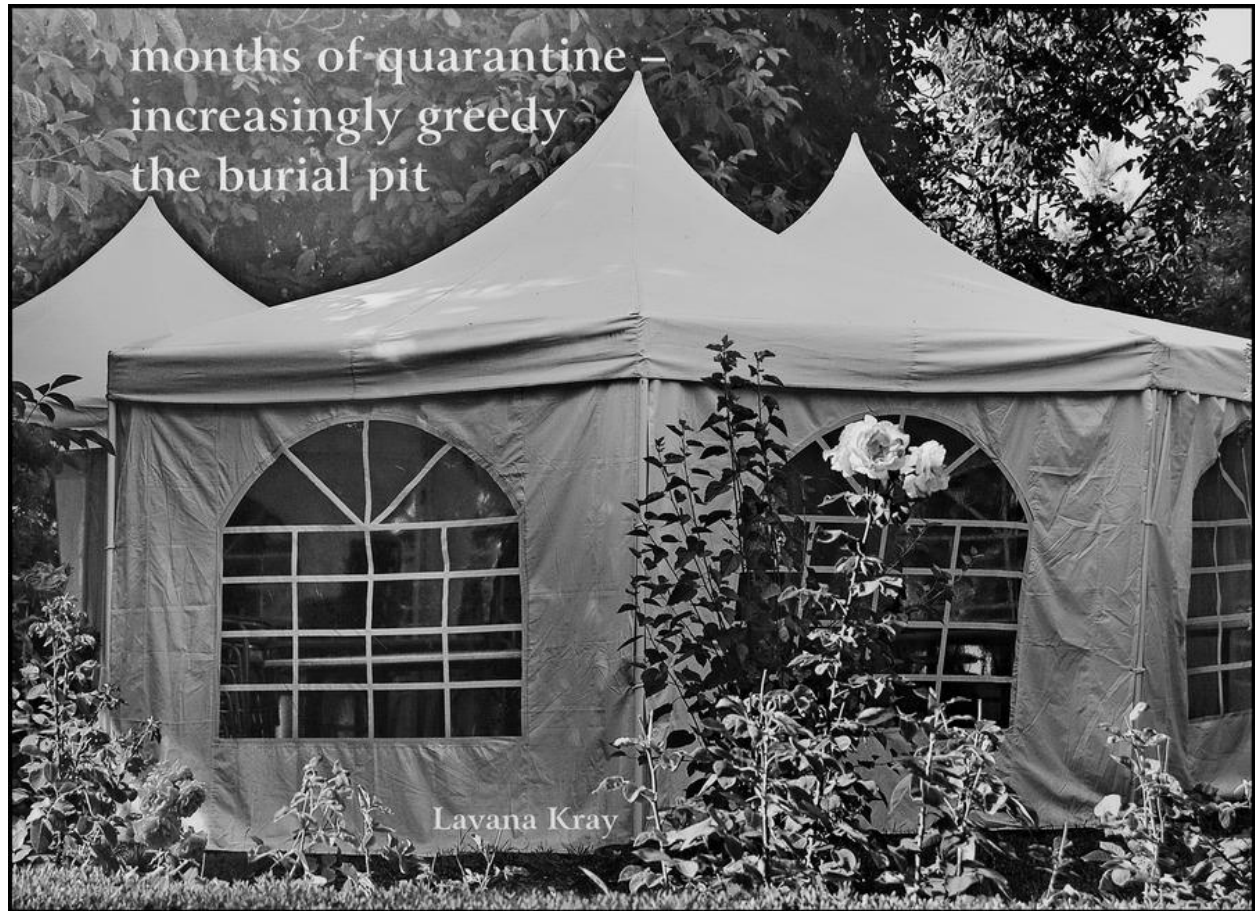
Shasta Hatter

purple sky
some sunsets it's easy
to believe in fairy tales

taking stock of the day –
the dandelion I came across
near the manhole

scorching summer
the mass coolness
at the hypermarket

oscar luparia



Lavana Kray

across the window
on a branch
songs of freedom

Jagajit Salam

looming
the silence
I asked for

mental garden
pulling worry-weeds
from my brow

line and sinker-
I let myself
off the hook

Cynthia Anderson

morning coffee
filled with warmth
for the backyard crows

one town runs into another
every mile a different
lost cat poster

a Walmart haiku
for sale at markdown pricing:
\$5.75

vacation packing
ready to lose
some baggage

Kristen Lindquist

oncoming storm
after dinner
politics

running away
her flowered suitcase
packed full of dolls

Dottie Piet

a tough year
with eight funerals
the friend says
knowing one of them
was for my wife

slow steps
the curving path
to her grave

cemetery
in the quiet
distant traffic

turning into the cemetery
turning down my music

heavy metal
now I can't hear
my heavy heart

right or wrong
my counsellor
nods

Maurice Nevile

day by day
a little more light
final exams

flourless chocolate cake
what he leaves out when
talking about their date

she leaves
for the dance
bees in the clover

#pandemicdaze

distancing
wearing a mask
of his own face

behind goodwill
dumpster diving
without a mask

pantry raid
marinated celery
for dinner

new normal
phantom sports fans
clapping and stomping

virtual art
so close and so far
the missing guards

doomscrolling the news
shaking the feeling
back into her hand

Elaine Wilburt

birds and bees
the sting
of my first rape

I carry myself
over the threshold...
piece by piece

rum chaser
that last look
at him

Kayla Drouilhet

new shoes
the same hole
in the sock

full moon
how flawed
my enso are

lost in the mountains
I follow the path
of a rolling stone

new lockdown
peace at last for the monkeys
at the zoo

Vladislav Hristov

sashimi the horn player's lips

now the end now the end
scratched
frank sinatra

we went to the moon
in a cup of tea
two sugars

Alan Peat

dawn chorus
hunting for breakfast
he finds my nipple

out of my comfort zone
replacing one mask
with another

chaos theory
the big bang
from his Chevy 69

playground memories
my part-time father
pushing me...
the swings and roundabouts
of our relationship

leap year
knee deep in bubble wrap
she pops
the question
he doesn't want to hear

Tracy Davidson

second coming
discarded potatoes bloom
in the compost

the tattooed woman
fluttering her wings
with the barbells

ebb tide
rinsing her ashes
from the bag

morning walk
my dog introduces me
to strangers

Helen Ogden

wild strawberries
in the backyard --
even my dreams
have been
domesticated

old flame
the nights we burned
the candle at both ends

strawberry moon
she covers my skin
in lipstick

Michael Morell

up early...
I write our names
in dew

fasting magazine
heavier
than the rest

releasing
the dead moth...
alive last night

Tony Williams

soaking rain . . .
ginko walk
room by room

the wind
takes my hat
but won't say why

at the grand hotel
expensive breezes
by-the-sea

Broom Clean

selling the family homestead
my brother insists
on a dumpster

flattened bristles
on the coco mat . . .
worn out WELCOME

dad's easy chair
room enough
for a bear of a man

nightstand drawer
so many secrets
to being a woman

my mother's
Evenings in Paris
scent of her dreams

porch glider
free at the curb
never oiled

mom's deco brooch
pinning on
her diamond light

Barrie Levine

sparkling grape juice
thanksgiving
at the kids' table

cradling me
in its words
the fantasy novel

my lifeline
and he doesn't
even know it

Mary McCormack

cafe jazz
a hip hop of leaves
in the gutter

beach cafe...
my daughter's voice
mixed with muffin

blade of grass
the cutting edge
in her voice

Morning Tea

Cafe table.
Last mouthful swallowed. Tongue scouts
roof. back teeth. sweeps over front uppers.
sucks. whips round again. Smack of lips—
rests cheek on fist.

lifting
a babe to breast
first sip

Jenny Fraser

bonfire sparks
I mentally undress her
undressing me

social distancing ...
my wife and I one room away
and dreams apart

spare buttons
in her sewing tin
unable to find one
to mend the jeans
of my goddamned life

a line snakes up
to a steel-gated gun store ...
my son asks me
why don't you buy a gun
to shoot the virus

at the far end
of the tunnel in my sleep
a masked nurse
holds a syringe, calling out
time to serve your country

Chen-ou Liu



Photo by: Sandra Šamec
Haiku by: Franjo Ordanic

some field trip -
a small pebble in my shoe
steals all the attention

Franjo Ordanic



Senryu: Nika
photograph: Jim McKinniss



Senryu: Nika
photograph: Jim Clay

gridlock
against the window
a toothless grin

prairie oysters
not the stud he once was
urban cowboy

bumming a buck
for a coffee
sidewalk preacher

Nika

scattered siblings
the death that calls
us home

abandoned church
the marquee reminds
it's not too late

June Rose Dowis

regret
...pieces
of a broken
mirror

flipping a coin
in the fountain –
second thoughts

Alvin B. Cruz

slicing a mango
he places the juicier half
on my plate

lunchtime story—
granny matches pace
with the food

car ride
the dog's eyes
mirror my smile

Neena Singh

flash floods
everyone rushes to save
the diety

first heartbreak
mom says a cup of tea
can cure everything

not crying anymore
for all that he lost to war
dementia

Vandana Parashar

ending fossil fuels a pipe dream

David Kehe

movie time
how much popcorn
does a family need

autumn twilight. . .
my father asks me
about my father

Surashree Joshi

reminders list
where the f#%@
I put it?

writing again
a new haiku ...
always the same

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

wedding
the dance
of the fairies

Pere Risteski

rook takes queen
a mother daughter
lesson

forget me nots...
she enters the realm
of last times

talking therapies
a chocolate teapot
for mother

Bisshie

midway
I, a dot
on the zipline

sleet on raw flesh—
the sting
of her parting words

JOE SEBASTIAN

1000-piece puzzle
all fish and seaweed
heavy sighs

a pill a day
from this small box
summer passes

Kali Lightfoot

empty
save rainwater
his change cup

another town
I'm just passing through
neutrinos

Colleen M. Farrelly

phone call at 3 a.m.
my life
is trying to kill me

flat day
my board and I
getting into
the wait

barbershop
all my heads
going grey

Tim Cremin

a cockroach scurries
allegro across the piano
crescendoeed scream

thick fog
a place for respiratory
therapists to smoke

tornado
my new house
arrives in pieces

Jim Krotzman

Losing my finger . . .
how to push my eyeball back
into the socket?
Some new duds to wear
if my zombie legs stay on

contained
by these four walls and ceiling
diaspora lecture—
Grandpa never talked
about his home country

botanical garden
with tap-or-scan placards—
feeling
about as smart
as our dumbphones

Richard Tice

a fan hums
while mosquitos dance
on the ceiling

the funhouse mirror shows my good sides

interrupting
the dawn chorus
a rooster crows
once for the sunrise
then again just for show

Rick Jackofsky

home late
with a bouquet
of bourbon

sandwiched
between slices
of white life

summer drought
the stunted growth
of faith

arugula looking for a non-skid rug

Sondra J. Byrnes

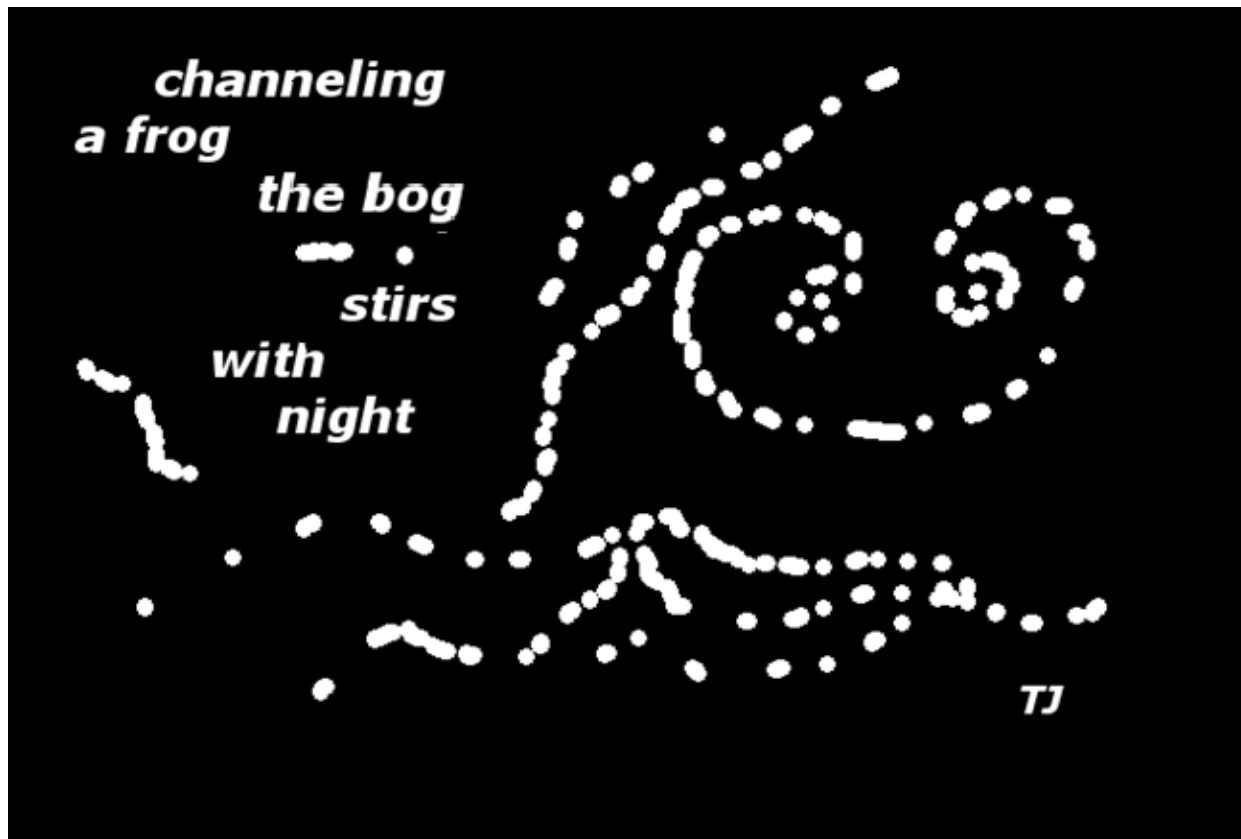
sudden downpour
the children say farewell
at the airport

my expanding
artistic circle —
raindrop in the pond

J.R. Gaskin

watching TV
on a rainy day
changing
the channel
before I nap

summer grass
mowing my collection
of weeds



Terrie Jacks

re-threading father's gift
after she's gone
mother's pearls

exposure
the waiting room corner seat
already taken

Ingrid Baluchi

alley off the alley
dribble
of a basketball

dust bunnies...
leaving the attic
in a light fur wrap

smell of chlorine
the long Os
of Marco Polo

fountain in the rain
going up
against the experts

Laurie Greer

outdoor wedding
the cicadas
stuck together

the wasps
go first
patio wine tasting

feeding mosquitoes walk in the park

antique shop
at the counter
two cougars

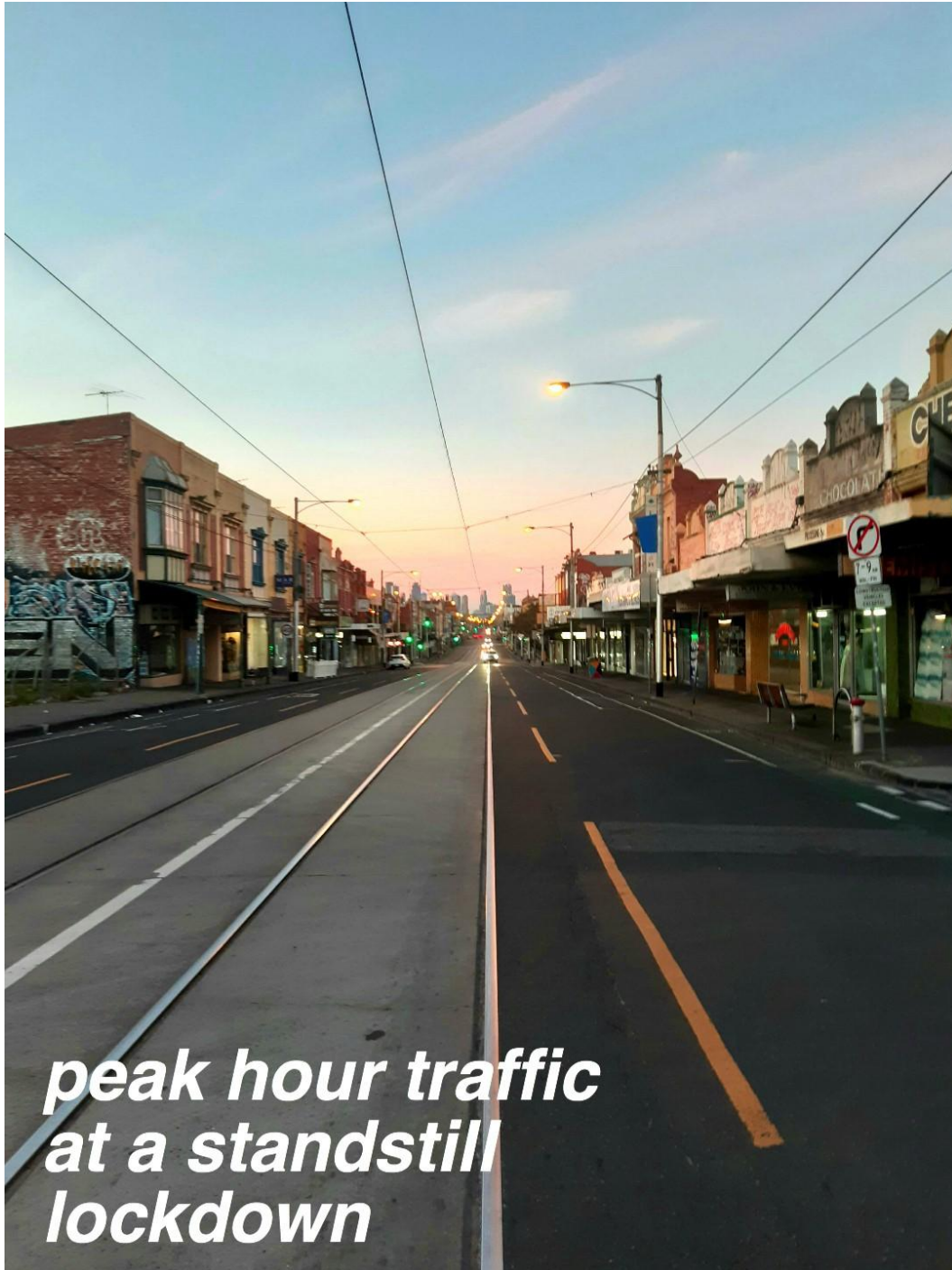


cowboy town
ten acre burn
by a lit butt

marilyn ashbaugh

Marilyn Ashbaugh





*peak hour traffic
at a standstill
lockdown*

**long-range forecast
tomorrow yet another
1-in-100-year weather event**



Images Tracie McCarthy, words Louise Hopewell

The Norwegian Formula

I look for a good foot cream in the drugstore. On the shelf, the one "with the Norwegian formula" catches my eye. Norway sounds likeable and solid to me. The Norwegian flag on the tube seems to give a state guarantee of quality. And it isn't even expensive. However I'm in a hurry and do not read the small print. Therefore I don't get to know, that the Norwegian formula is written in ancient runes.

ultrasensitive
spiky characters prick
my feet

high water
inhabitants of the stream
visiting us

working from home
a two year old determines,
what's what here

low sun
the waiter tramples
on our shadows

Pitt Buerken

invisible empire
the white robes
of clansmen

pigmy pines
the natural state
of locals

birth mother
in a discussion about toddlers
cussing

Gem and Mineral Show
350 million year old
price tag

Erin Castaldi

monsoon rain —
a barber trims
the money plant

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

his love for garlic
no longer bothers me -
anosmia

a third wave
on top of the heat wave
surf lessons

Natalia Kuznetsova

fireflies
my son plays God
in the mason jar

only dressed
from the waist up
zooming on thin ice

endangered species
my turn to go
to the grocery store

Margaret Tau

smooth naked body
except for
her socks

balancing act ...
another phone call
with mom

lantern light ...
awkward shadows of
the turning page

B.A. France

choir practice . . .
my voice disappears
down one huge mouth

hands together
the handicapped beggar
offers thanks

Hazel Hall

THE VIEWING

I wait at the small iron gate. Beyond stands a double-fronted Victorian terraced house, its massive chimneys silhouetted against racing cloud. The name plate reads “Farne”.

Here lived Bob, a renowned children’s author. I knew him from the antiques shop he ran, where I’d spent many a pleasurable hour, his longcase clocks ticking merrily as we chatted.

Quite suddenly, he’d gone.

His marriage to Jean having broken down, Bob was now with another woman. Sadly, three years later Jean overdosed on pills. Her body was found at home on New Year’s Eve, a letter beside her.

But now the agent arrives, unlocks, and tells me to take my time.

“Farne” has a musty, cold, creepy feel. With echoes of the past...

Down steep steps, in the cobwebby cellar, I find a rusty helmet, perhaps a relic from The Blitz, which Bob has written about so brilliantly. And a suitcase with plastic trucks and vans inside. Perhaps these belonged to Chris, Bob and Jean’s only son, as a child.

Chris died in a motorcycle accident aged 18. A tragedy from which his parents would never recover.

In the sitting room, a mattress is propped against the wall. And on the floor is a jokey birthday card, not written out.

limping
he trundles a trolley
of nightmares and dreams

Paul Beech

decades of in-jokes
remembering only
our punchlines

dense brambles
our parting words
entangled

pressed flowers
the struggle to recall
whose funeral

the lot vacant—
still we discuss
our old neighbors

Mark Forrester

waterplane
the mallard lands
with aplomb

out-of-body experience the whole shebang from above

Tim Murphy

was it
a safe space flight?
who or what
returned from space
wearing a Bezos suit

unlocking
her inner beauty –
chastity belt

weighing
his options –
fat woman fetish

tailgate party –
I end up in
someone else's bed

Susan Burch

sciku . . . mathku . . . dejaku . . . monoku . . . cuckoo

roses bloom
at her empty house . . .
care facility

her correct answer
to the wrong question -
hearing loss

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

origami ...
your fingers
unfolding my robe

cherry blossoms
tangled in my hair
your fingers

Laughing waters

snow melt
someone's paper heart
bleeds red

after the funeral
the quiet embrace
of moonlight

drifting: sands and footprints

Arvinder Kaur

fracking
we learn new ways
not to change

credit card
ace in the hole
I dig

lover boy
alone at the top
of the ferris wheel

a child questions god can't answer

morning light lifting the laughing child

Robert Witmer

moths in the attic
auntie is sure she knows
me from somewhere

shot in the night
no one knows
who to call

last letter
her typewriter
stamps its scars

John Hawkhead

constipation
the plum tree
full of fruits

flowers in the dark
friend request
from strangers

Carmela Marino

roadside breakdown
a spider pokes its head
out of the aircon

thirty years the glow of mother-of-pearl

hangover cure
at the liquor store . . .
morning after

Cynthia Rowe

sneaking through
the security fence
mouse tracks

late snow
the softened tread
of his departure

sunlight streams
through curtains
warming bones
that soften his mood
to putty in my hands

Patricia Hawkhead

happiness
being allowed to hug
at the funeral

in the laundry
dust mites
bite the dust

Ann Smith

summer travel
Saharan dust
and my cough

climate change
rhapsody
in blue

Claire Vogel Camargo



after years of artifacts

he digs

into himself

e. l.
blizzard



memorial
when two can be so much
more than one

E. L. Blizzard

can opener . . .
a metronome of
dog tails

gay marriage
a tightrope across
Saint Peter's Square

head in a shop cooler
he avoids
an old flame

honing
my cursing skills
home remodeling

youth football coach . . .
mom calls the plays
at home

Ronald K. Craig

ginger tea
grandpa tells me about
my roots

star dust
the questions I ask
the night sky

astrology
how the planets fit
in my fist

Minal Sarosh

The Kitchen Journal

*morning kiss
a hint of chamomile
on her lips*

crisscross lines cut wild
on the chopping board

*stubborn friend
layers of dough
into the nails*

clutter and clatter
the unwashed vessels
sink deep

*mid-day angst
the odour of onions*

digging dessert
a white Hitler moustache
across my face

Teji Sethi
Lakshmi Iyer

Switching Off

Fifteen years ago we visited my father-in-law in his care home during a power cut. He, and twenty other residents, were sitting in the TV room staring at a grey screen. This afternoon I snoozed at the computer and woke, sitting bolt upright, staring at a blank screen in power saving mode.

eight weeks
fed through a tube
switched off

my wife
mumbles her way downstairs
the scent of bacon

Simon Wilson

black hole
another toy tossed
into the bin

laundry day
all mums are known to
move mountains

first prize
putting a zipper
over my lips

Sherry Grant

Late

reheating stew
visitors
who are always late

teenage twins
miss breakfast again

city lights
after chips at eleven
up half the night

pub prowling
a shy cub enters
backstreet club

8:30 class
slept through the alarm

rushing from
one nightmare
to another

Ignatius Fay/Sherry Grant

Cuppa

“Coffee leads men to trifle away their time, scald their chops, and spend their money, all for a little base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, stinking nauseous puddle water.”

The Women’s Petition Against Coffee (1674)

Me: I'd like a venti, skinny, sugar-free, caramel mocha latte, with very little latte and a lot of coffee.

Barista: Okay, so that's going to be probably a cappuccino, which is less milk and more foam. We'll make it dry (she's pushing all kinds of buttons now), no whip, 2 shots (more buttons).

(Machines whir, syrup gets slung, time passes. Another barista hands me what feels like a \$5.50 empty cup.)

Me: Is this nonfat milk?

B2: No, there's no button for a skinny cappuccino. I used two percent. (She takes it back).

Me: What I want is mostly coffee with some syrup in it and some milk.

B2: So, you want mostly milk?

Me: No, I want mostly coffee.

B2: Well, a cappuccino is mostly milk and dry is more foam than milk and a latte has two shots of espresso, which is an ounce of cappuccino per shot, so you could get a triple shot latte with cappuccino, but not dry, miso with steamed milk, but skinny with no whip, plus sugar free caramel and sugar free mocha, venti cafe no latte, wrist bone's

connected to the arm bone's, fettucine alfredo, colossal coffee scam,
arrivederci, bueno aires.

Me: Can I just have a large coffee with some chocolate syrup in it and
a tablespoon of milk?

just when I thought
things couldn't get worse --
Nescafé

prose by Leslie Thomas/haiku by Terri L. French

a hole
in the grocery bag—
missing a beet

thick crust
or thin —
it's a toss up

first date
the cocktail names
make her blush



Terri L. French

this too will pass with or without me delta variant

macular degeneration dad eyes my haiku up close

instagram bio

i have to think carefully

who i am

Bruce H. Feingold

haikubruce.com

double moon
the things I missed
being mother

a bright juicy apple
full of worms
our marriage

Radostina Dragostinova

Out to Play

"Do snowmen have ghosts ?"

"Well. That depends "

"Because I think I've just seen one."

Mum continues to sweep the new-fallen depths of white from the path to the door of their grade 2 listed cottage, while her son completes his friend for the day with the biggest carrot he can find.

pipe smoke
a hat from the museum
gone missing

Diana Webb

Parting Through The Stars

drinks party
coming home
without my bike

drunk
I part through the stars
on my way home

homeward drunk
the wind rolls an empty can
after me

waking up
from beer booze —
this pee without end

morning light
my fart cuts through
the neighbourhood

Adjei Agyei-Baah

yard sale a musty velvet Elvis

roadside bar a wrangler rolling pool balls . . .

the cat shreds
my favorite pink mask—
pandemic highlights

INCIDENT

A July evening I wheel my groceries out of Aldi and proceed to load them into my black Kia. From the corner of my eye, I note the "charms" dangling from the rear view mirror of the empty car parked beside me: a circle enjoining sickle moons, a pentagram, and an upside down cross. The rear view mirror itself dangles, broken from its hold as if weighted by some curse. Must be a Satanist, I muse. I remove from my faux zebra print wallet a business-card-style gospel tract. I peer left then right—someone might be watching—then toss it quickly through the open window onto the passenger's seat . . .

burdock
burrs tinting pink . . .
exorcism

Anna Cates

summer haircut
all salt
no pepper

daily walk upward facing dog pose

he checks his garden
a rabbit
in the shadows

farmer's market
one puddle
two little feet

Susan Farner

new breathable underwear
for the hot woman in us all
pan-tease

welcome to Ethel's Knitting
we craft the best baby items
give us a bootie call

Amber Winter

touching space...
billionaire burns
multi-millions

cuckoo clock...
a minute before the hour
children waiting

Rob McKinnon

going up
in the elevator
with my boss
until I reach
the glass ceiling

Joni Mitchell
a perfect rhyme
I can never use

in this house
the heat pipes resonate
and hum
like soft organ notes
she is slowly fading away

Mark Gilbert

relatives reunited –
the sweetish taste
of the orgeat

parenti riuniti –
il sapore dolciastro
dell'orzata

Daniela Misso

fixed in candlewax
the gargoyle shapes
of dinner gossip

apologising
in advance
the weather lady

two flags double standards

Keith Evetts

pump number four
fill with regular
scent of corndogs

wine tasting
expensive memories
left in a urinal

practical man
wearing her bra
as a facemask

John Budan

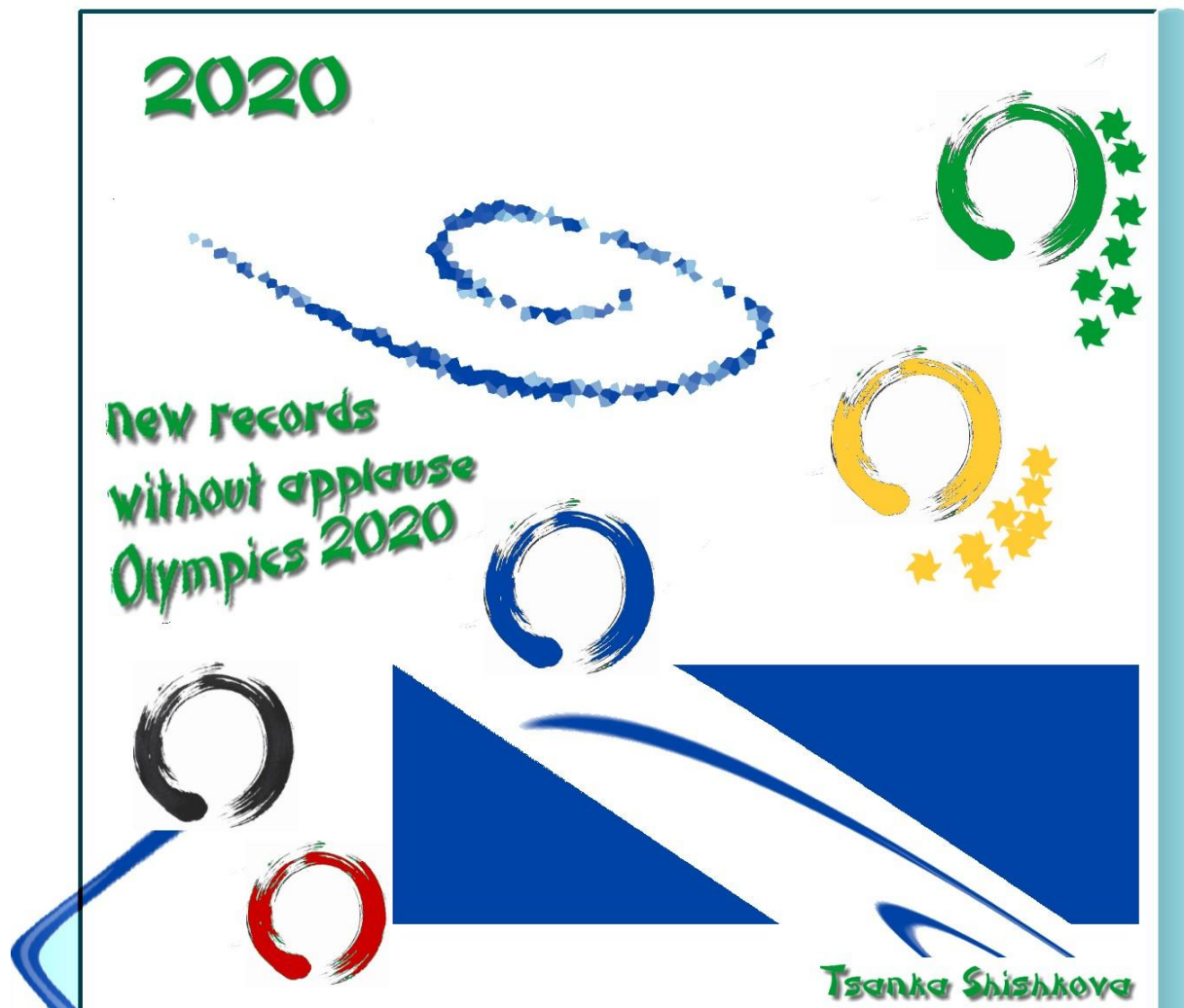
morning shower
the bathroom filled
with brain fog

it never happens
until it does
cancer

trying to remove my card
before the pharmacist tells me
to remove my card

winter wind
the old house and I
creak and groan

Jay Friedenber



Tsanka Shishkova

courtroom artist
arrested today
details sketchy

funeral day
on the reporter's headstone
"I met my deadline"

gossiping
they share a plate
of sour grapes

new gym
hazardous waist removal
our specialty

perplexing
the inaccuracy of every
bathroom scale

tournament day
putting on his golf socks
with a hole in one



Carol Raisfeld

sixty-five
measuring out my life
with dental implants

prayer meeting over
they push each other
to get on the bus

YouTube
socialist music interspersed
with capitalist ads

out of lockdown
after watching countless
Three Stooges clips

the driver ahead swerves
I do too
for no reason

married four decades
trying to master
the art of self-talk
that sounds
positive

overnight
a new trail
blazed by moles
the yard needed
soil aeration

John J. Han

Texas beach
so many Confederate
swimsuits

the sound of chewing
sharing a home office
with the cats

long engagement
dreams of frosting
between each layer

Justin Brown

earth day footprints littering the beach

lighthouse—
the way she navigates
her past

M. Shane Pruett

Hawthorn

I wake in the dusk and for a moment I don't know where or who or when I am. I run through the possibilities till it all comes back to me. Ah yes, that. Gloaming is the word for this time of day, where I grew up; it almost rhymes with Loch Lomond. Hello again, Mum and Dad. I roam out to the deck, above the bowl of garden. There's a pungency from the hawthorn, a white galaxy in the shadows by the fence. Pure white, like my bleached calendar. Tonight, it reminds me of the perimeter of a wood I once walked into with my father. Beyond this cordon of perfume, the wood smelt more and more rank. We started to come across rabbits, dead from their sickness. We turned back.

Now, standing out here as the darkness comes in, I think I should be contemplating something weighty, something profound. Among all my books, there may be a sentence that makes sense of it all. A good time to find it. Or I could try emptying my mind altogether. No, not happening. Perhaps it's best to treat it as the hour for music.

flourish of birdsong
that perfume then
a crescendo of sirens

Alasdair Paterson

missed call--
the spaces between
the tulips you sent

remembering
your particular pink--
this spring moonlight

shadow puppet
the darkness
pretends to be me

skipping stone--
I alter the course
of your constellation

bottle green the medium is the message

Pippa Phillips

Eid Stories

Eid moon sighting
all we become
the howling wolves

Eid moon—
aligning my smile
with its light

Eid prayer—
in rows and columns
bowing heads

pandemic year's Eid
greeting each other
with masked faces

Eid festivity...
a traditional Pakistani meal
with new flavours

Eid gown
in every fold
the galaxy of stars

palm henna tattoo
colouring
my life line

Eid day rain
in a teen girl's hands
the jingling bangles

mom's Eid party
the lingering aroma
of kebabs and tikka

Eid dinner...
all we discussed
the next Eid plans

Hifsa Ashraf

The number 4

Granny was pleased with herself. 'I've done a number 4,' she purred.

A 'number 4,' according to the stool chart was one that was 'sausage or snake like, smooth and soft.'

Afterwards I overheard the doctor talking to a nurse.

'Widespread metastases,' he said.

'A month, give or take.'

insinuations-
whispers of stale tobacco
in every room

Robbie Porter

still today
fireflies trapped
in a jar by children
in a world
with smartphones

Lisbeth Ho

obedience training

It's taken over three years, but I think at least some the simple, basic commands have now been mastered. The secret's really just a matter of eye-contact and patience. So far, the roster includes: "sit," "stay," "fetch," "it's bedtime!," "roll over", "let's go for a walk," "let's play find the treat," and "dinnertime!" Still working on some of the others, like "go for a ride?," "leave it!" and "heel," but I'm slowly getting there.

*reinforcement
my dog tells me
I'm a good boy*

Mark Meyer

a little talk
and then a deep silence
haikuists gathering

Yasir Farooq

anxiety disorderly crickets

where space begins an argument of billionaires

pocket poems a lint trap full

Sandi Pray

business lull
a vendor dozes
on his pile of melons

a ladybug
in my window box
dotting my i's

closed bars
he drowns his bitterness
in chicory tea

Mona Iordan

wet July morning
lost in the mountain fog
my plan for the day

Maya Daneva

arguments boil over icy tongues

Tony Steven Williams

moonless night
making the call
to unplug

three of a kind
father's arms cradle
my newborn son

starry night
my bald son asks about
other worlds

first farewell
the ephemeral belief
in forever



Kevin Valentine

Kevin Valentine

asleep
in her arms
i know
that this is what dreams
are made of

she opens the door
with a hint of a smile
and not much else

Rp Verlaine

eighty candles
my grandmother removes
her teeth

Fahombo

I move to the cold side
of her bed

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

coffee aroma
the almost invisible link
between the clouds

Maria Concetta





Irina Guliaeva

Paddywack

Getting ready for a trip, I shower. While drying, I notice my toenails are too long. A good time to cut them, wet, easier. While I'm at it, I cut my fingernails, too. Not 'til the next day while I'm trying to finish a cigarette do I realize—I've cut the nails on my index finger and thumb too short to hold a bogart. I can't finish a cigarette. She would approve.

*vintage vinyl
not a nick
in the refrain*

Prose: Robert Moyer

Ku: Kelly Sauvage

visiting my true self

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

fingerprints
in the hummus
likely my own

prose: Mike Rehling

ku: Kelly Sauvage



Elizabeth Crocket

a blood moon
we wash our hands
of each other

Schrodinger's cat
on the step
an unopened gift

smooth tunes
through the radio
for the dog

Joanna Ashwell

accepting

advice from a friend. accept your lot in life. just accept it. dont love it.
dont hate it. just move forward and love every minute of that
moment.

marching bears
the friends i lost
in 'that' war

a good day to die

not going to die yet i mutter to myself. but. my calendar for tomorrow
is free. so...

a joint
dylan on the turntable...
leaving without going

i feel lousy
my wife ever the health nut
prescribes **w i n e**

will power
i stare at the page
until i become a poem

talking
is overrated
slow dancing

zen paradigm
no one falls short
of impermanence

Michael Rehling

priming a canvas
cloudbursts
fill the sky

slowing breath -
from the jar
m o l a s s e s

donating the old doll
one last look
no blinks

all the butts
sitting beneath
the no smoking sign

Lori Becherer

morning train
dreams traveling
with the passengers

forever young
in my dreams
Woodstock exists

Zoran Doderovic

Fallout —
she squeezes
another lemon

Zahra Mughis

pingdemic -
self isolating friends
telling me they're bored

twitterati -
birdwatchers reveal
what we've just missed

track and trace -
at last, an invite for the
school reunion



Dorothy Burrows

waiting for a doctor –
a dead fly
in the hospital hall

I stop my car
by the morning glories –
suspicious gazes

Tomislav Maretić

I had
a good memory
as I recall

Lynn Fayne

we stand
for the national anthem
a baby cries

low-carb beer
apparently, carbohydrates
are flavor

young trivia master
how much he knows
how little

after all these years
the memory of putting a hook
through a worm

the dog loves me
unless, perhaps,
it's this sandwich

calling this dog
the name of another
long gone

that look –
the hiss a pot makes
before full boil

David Oates

the long absent son
moves back in
streets of widows cheer

Bruce Jewett

house cat
flees from colored snake
deflating balloon

virtually working
for virtual pay
Bitcoin miners

Douglas J. Lanzo

travel journal
tracing frost portraits
from my window seat

lusting
over the new street signs
do not enter - wrong way

Kath Abela Wilson

putting his best
feet forward
octopus

pouring himself
into his work
bartender

barb wire
on his biceps
but he's not that sharp

Charles Harmon

unbearable
a life
without beer

my mother
taken in again
by sales splatter

Ingrid Bruck

arched...
the librarian's eyebrows
answers my question

turning breadcrumbs into blessings out of season fly

spinning the dog frisbee again lockdown

my hello to her squawk rooftop visitor

Madhuri Pillai

ruined

I manufacture

by a set

comet trails

of influences

of fancy

– Shloka Shankar

Biggest Small Thing

after Billy Collins

On some days, I feel like the week ends even before it begins. Wasn't it only Sunday yesterday? No, Sunday was four days ago. And so I take advice from a popular weekly newsletter that promptly arrives in my inbox right after hump day. I ask myself, "What is the biggest small thing I could do today?" The perfect oxymoron, I dubiously introspect: I could breathe, stay positive. Stretch my muscles a bit further. Add a few more items to my insatiable to-do list and cross off nothing. Or, walk inside a poem's room and feel the walls for a light switch. But the fuse blew out last week.

combing through the vestiges of time

Shloka Shankar

morning fog

the surgeon explains nerves

have memory too

David Gale

*Nueva X me pregunta
Por mi otra X
Le doy una Y*

My new X asks me
about my other X
I give her a Y

Wilbert Salgado

cracked tennis balls
on his walker's feet
ex-athlete

obituary ----
he had lived
a full life
of his choice
unvaccinated

tomato plant
suckers
bamboozling
in the media
fake news

Wonja Brucker

not much between us
footsteps
from the upstairs apartment

card games
at the kitchen table
shuffling a fart

waiting for my wife
a long cloud emerges
from a tree

Wal-Mart
parking lot

a cat
slinks
into

the shadow of a car

Alex Fyffe

quiet -
an inch of wind stirs
within my pocket

his
silence
her
silence
winter
chill

Vijay Prasad

first day of school
a spiderweb inside
my empty rucksack

Tanabata Matsuri
singing to the moon
an old mantra

old loom
a silver threads draws
the moon rays

Eufemia Griffo

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

the leaves on the roof
the weight of the world

junkyard dog --
old cars sleeping
in the sun

James Lindley

nothingonearthwillstopthistide

blood rush—
her first poem better
than all of mine

stop barking she barks

P. H. Fischer

my age
in round figures
88

remembering Dad—
that Lent he didn't
give up drinking

autumn deepens the silence inside our words

happy hour
I don't like
my attitude

twilight
reviewing my
should have done list

dandelions
the number of
my days

Bill Kenney

two live chickens
ride the bus with Grandma
invited to dinner

ghost peppers
too hot to eat?
not for the deer!

Gil Jackofsky

scented breezes
again, I lose the place
in my book

garden-fresh lettuce
the added protein
of a slug

gin and tonic summer in a glass

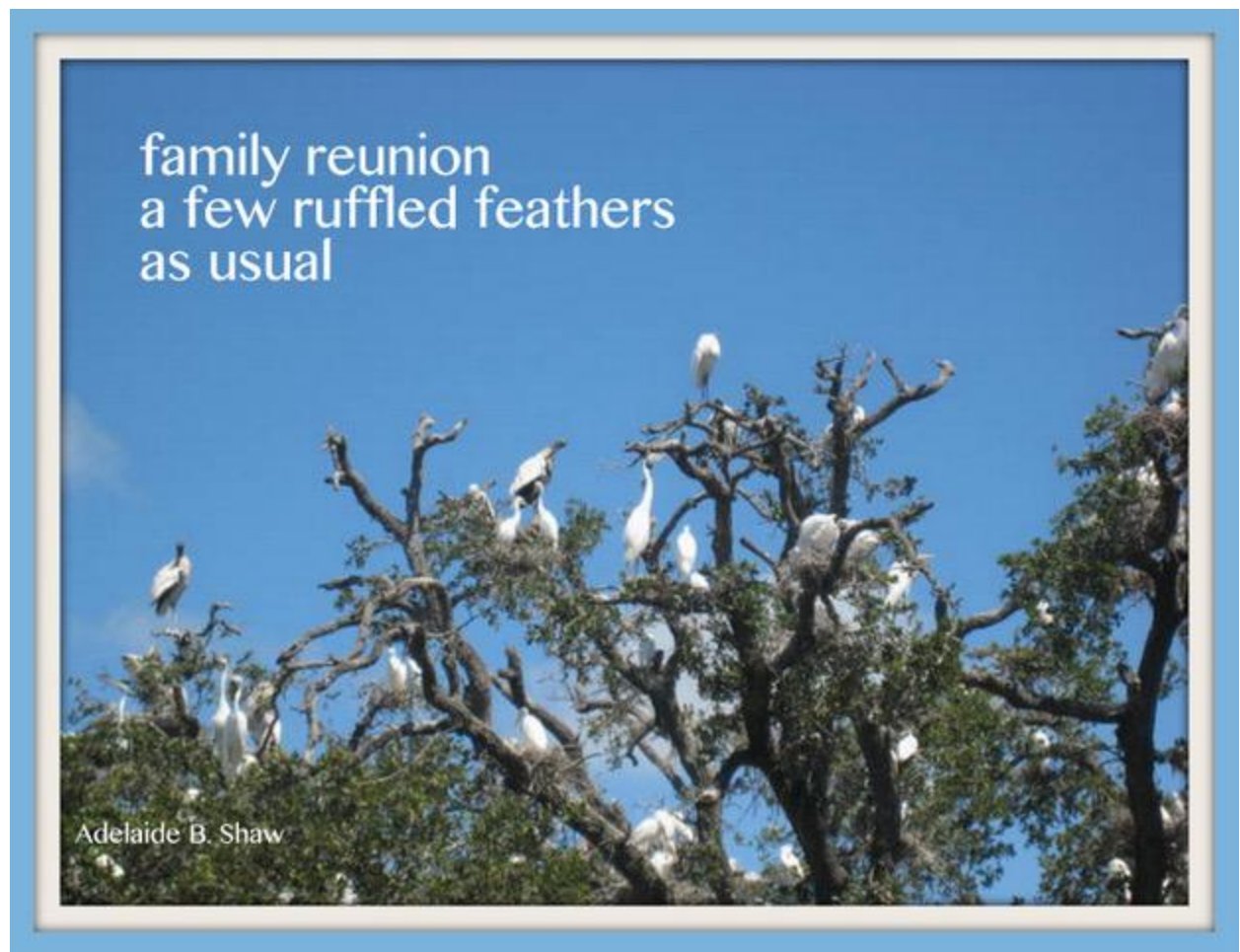
New Sneakers

Like I had as a kid, except for the price. White canvas Keds. Blinding white in the sun. A magnet waiting for every loose grass blade, a wayward leaf, the puddle splash, the muddy path, the ketchup spritz. I want to save them for special as I do my dressy shoes.

Get real. They're sneakers. Inner voice scolds reason. A trip to the market is safe. Dry parking lot. Lunch at the deli is safe. No rain for two days. At week's end, still clean. A walk on a paved road. No flying dust or grit, but I begin to question for how long can I be so careful of my steps. How can I be sure of which road to take?

I stop fussing and worrying and keep my eyes ahead, not on the ground. Whatever dirt hits, I'll clean it off, best I can. No walk through life is without its dirt.

puddles on the road
a little girl pauses
and steps in one



Adelaide B. Shaw

stuck behind a gas truck
i break
wind

upping the twang
in her guitar
beer sweat blues

thin walls
his key in the lock
of her door

closing the distance between us
chicken wings

just past happy hour
the bossiness
of party girls

just the half
and then the whole
of her tattoo

falling in love
again in the pub
the singer's lip gloss

creak bed
tucking myself into
a daydream

Ben Gaa

Running Away

Mother ran away, escaping the boredom of rural life for the big city of Chicago. She saw radio shows, movie stars, and danced to Benny Goodman at the Aragon Ballroom. And shortly after Pearl Harbor was bombed, I became the consequence of an affair with an itinerant carnival roustabout. Homeless and desperate, we returned to the family farm where she started from. My father ran away also.

sizzling heat
a ferris wheel
in slow motion

John Budan

Never Have I Ever
I throw back another
shot of Hot Damn

blacklight dance
the neon orange
of this bra

late night rehearsal
our onstage kiss
shifts backstage

karaoke bar—
the whiteness of my
Baby Got Back

matinee. . .
over half of us
still hungover

honky tonk
I wear my favorite
goth boots

welcome week
the August air thick
with weed

Lori A Minor

root canal
the dentist recaps
his last vacation

lawnmower—
the neighbor's evil eye
from his hammock

Greg Schwartz

Unfriended

paper doll

*the first time
you call me sissy
gossamer moon*

I cut you

splintered glass
the dagger look
I give you

out of my life

*blackballed
I won't give you
another thought*

Christine L. Villa
Susan Burch

Elimination

finding out

*a foreign scent
on his side of the bed
distant fog*

what doesn't work

perched heron
on the watch for
a phone beep

ring rash

*tinder profile
waxing over
her tan line*

Christine L. Villa
Michael H. Lester

trying to remember
those days in September . . .
her mind

the master poet
tells me . . .
he'd never thought
of putting pigweed
in a poem

Jill Lange

V. F. W. Hall
an old beer can
full of butts

beer before noon
I forget
to miss her

three beers in
the truth
comes out

Bryan Rickert

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