

failed ~~haiku~~

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kelly savage 'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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Photo/Ku by John Hawkhead

Results
Jane Reichhold
Memorial Haiga
Competition

Thanks to all who submitted.

Judges

Bryan Rickert

And

Kelly Sauvage

Cast List

In order of appearance

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Roberta Beach Jacobson

Milan Rajkumar and Jackie Chou

Kayla Drouilhet

Srinivas S

Christa Pandey

Vincenzo Adamo

Vasile Moldovan

Ronald K. Craig

Teiichi Suzuki

Joshua St. Claire

Joseph P. Wechselberger

Oscar Luparia

Bruce Jewett

E. L. Blizzard

Colleen M. Farrelly

Nani Mariani

Charles Harmon

John J. Dunphy

Richard Magahiz

Linda Papanicolaou

Richa Sharma

Rohan Buettel

Ann Smith and *Keith Evetts*

Keith Evetts + Sherry Grant + Zoe Grant

Helene Guojah

Gillena Cox

Roger Watson

B.A. France

Deborah Karl-Brandt

Barry George

Mile Lisica

Ravi Kiran

Bill Cooper

Aidan Castle

Mel Goldberg

Bryan Rickert

Patrick Sweeney

Ingrid Bruck

Barbara Strang

Neera Kashyap

Neena Singh

Elmedin Kadric

Marilyn Ward

Tracy Davidson

Alan Peat

Alan Peat and Christina Chin
Tom Bierovic
Chen Xiaoou
John Hawkhead
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Lucia Cardillo
Lafcadio
Laurie Greer
Zoe Grant
Sherry Grant and *Zoe Grant*
Sandra Šamec and Franjo Ordanić
Franjo Ordanić & Kala Ramesh
Allyson Whipple
Jenny Fraser
Andre P. Audette
Pris Campbell
Tyler McIntosh
Maurice Nevile
Matt Snyder
Wanda Amos
Rosa Maria Di Salvatore
Ram Chandran
Susan Bonk Plumridge
Bob Lucky
Mona Bedi

Bart Greene
Steve Black
Mariel Herbert
Bob Erlandson
Nika
Caroline Giles Banks
Deborah Burke Henderson
Ben Oliver
Hazel Hall
Christopher Calvin
Agnes Eva Savich
Adjei Agyei-Baah / *Christina Chin*
Lev Hart
Vladislav Hristov
Arvinder Kaur
J.R. Gaskin
Pina Teresi
Ron Scully
Cynthia Anderson
Peter Jastermsky and *Cynthia Anderson*
Mike Fainzilber
Lavana Kray
Peter Jastermsky
Louise Hopewell

Teji Sethi
Paul Beech
Ingrid Baluchi
Fanny Budan
Robert Beveridge
Rp Verlaine
Benno Schmidt
Veronika Zora Novak
Chen-ou Liu
Mark Forrester
Laughing waters
Barrie Levine
Dorothy Avery Matthews
Rick Jackofsky
Pat Davis
Maya Daneva
Marilyn Ashbaugh
Gil Jackofsky
John Zheng
Keitha Keyes
Minal Sarosh
Kristen Lindquist
Michael Rehling
Pitt Buerken
David J. Bookbinder

Joshua Gage
Marci McGill
Sondra Byrnes
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Joanna Ashwell
Milan Rajkumar
Vandana Parashar
Debbie Strange
David J Kelly
Mark Gilbert
Robert Witmer
Tim Murphy
Eva Limbach
Anna Goluba
Mark Meyer
Ruth Powell and *Mike Montreuil*
Mark Hitri
Judith Morrison Schallberger
Sue Courtney
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Devoshruti Mandal
Shasta Hatter
Sébastien Revon
Helen Ogden
Priti Khullar

Erin Castaldi
Kathleen Vasek Trocmet
Christopher Dorman
Christine Wenk-Harrison
Amber Winter
Robbie Porter
Hifsa Ashraf & *Sherry Grant*
Maria Concetta Conti
Künney
Gerry McDonnell
Zahra Mughis
Janine Lehane
Glenys Ferguson
Maxianne Berger/cfm
Natalia Kuznetsova
Wilbert Salgado
Richard L Matta
Carmela Marino
Jackie Chou
Lorin Ford
Cynthia Rowe
Vijay Prasad
Shloka Shankar
Tomislav Sjekloća
Radostina Dragostinova

Adelaide B. Shaw
Lakshmi Iyer
Mark Teaford
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Robert Epstein
Gordon Gearhart
Alice Wanderer
Stephen A. Allen
Ryland Shengzhi Li
Tim Roberts
Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo
Sushama Kapur
LeRoy Gorman
Nudurupati Nagasri
Susan Burch
Adrian Bouter
Mona Iordan
Kevin Valentine
Irina Guliaeva
Julie Bloss Kelsey
Kath Abela Wilson
Madhuri Pillai
Ana Drobot
Ronald Degler
Nadejda Kostadinova

Anna Cates
Dana Clark-Millar
Anthony Q. Rabang
Elizabeth Black
Bill Kenney
David Oates
Krzysztof Kokot
Pippa Phillips
Wonja Brucker
Terrie Jacks
Mircea Moldovan
Maeve O'Sullivan
Lisbeth Ho
Douglas J. Lanzo
Jill Lange
Curt Pawlisch
Carol Raisfeld

mistaking
a 60-watt bulb for the moon
a fly

as a marionette
my strings
are wearing thin

beer sign blinks before I do

granny overboard
her pearls return
home

a unicorn does not giddy-up

wolf
is that all you've got
fairy tale

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Night Meditation

A two-person rengay

a thousand moons
dancing on a lake
a speechless me -mr

*a goddess stares back
in my reflection -jc*

from heaven's river
a lullaby swoons
the I in me -mr

*blinking stars
erasing myself
in every poem -jc*

the nirvana seeker
meditating again -mr

*moonlight
the stone Buddha's eyes
soften the night -jc*

Milan Rajkumar and Jackie Chou

his imprint
upon my lovely bones...
scarecrow

his spice
and everything nice
sunset frisk

a raven watched
my old self decaying...
becoming more

tarot cards
the empress naked
like us

Kayla Drouilhet

pine wind...
all the whispers
of a conscience

daylight saving
five o'clock shadows
appear at six

spelling bee
every child gets 'schadenfreude'
wrong

first day back home
my dog barks
at my new accent

circle the shape of gossip

Srinivas S



Christa Pandey

visit to the cemetery
he asks again
advice to his father

earthquake—
the mountains tremble
and my hands

pawn shop—
yet to be redeemed
my dreams

imperfect cobweb
through the holes
flies pass

Vincenzo Adamo

removed make up—
in front of the mirror
is it another girl?

flying a kite
my son remembers that
he is hungry

in my pocket
as well in the scarecrow's
no coin

on the clown's face
through the powder layer
salt of tear drops

under the full moon
I come back from the casino
with empty pocket

Vasile Moldovan

how crabs walk crowded apartment

argument
mowing the yard
twice

dead still . . .
a moment of silence for
a golfer's putt

f-bombs . . .
for millennials
just duds

Ronald K. Craig

autumn fog—
looking for exits
of self-isolation

self-isolation
a hotbed of depression
and dementia

a long night—
my hands and feet dreams
different dream

Teiichi Suzuki

where will he go
when he leaves
lengthening shadows

apple orchard
picking the boys
from the branches

teenagers
at lookout point
neck pumpkins

farmers comparing
their zucchini
county fair

south wind
her breath
fogs up my glasses

no snooze button
the alarm clock's
water bowl is empty

Joshua St. Claire

campfire
an impromptu class
on constellations

saying goodnight
our chilled breaths meet
within covid guidelines

family funeral
we share our versions
of the same story

the sad look
in his old dog's eyes
panhandler

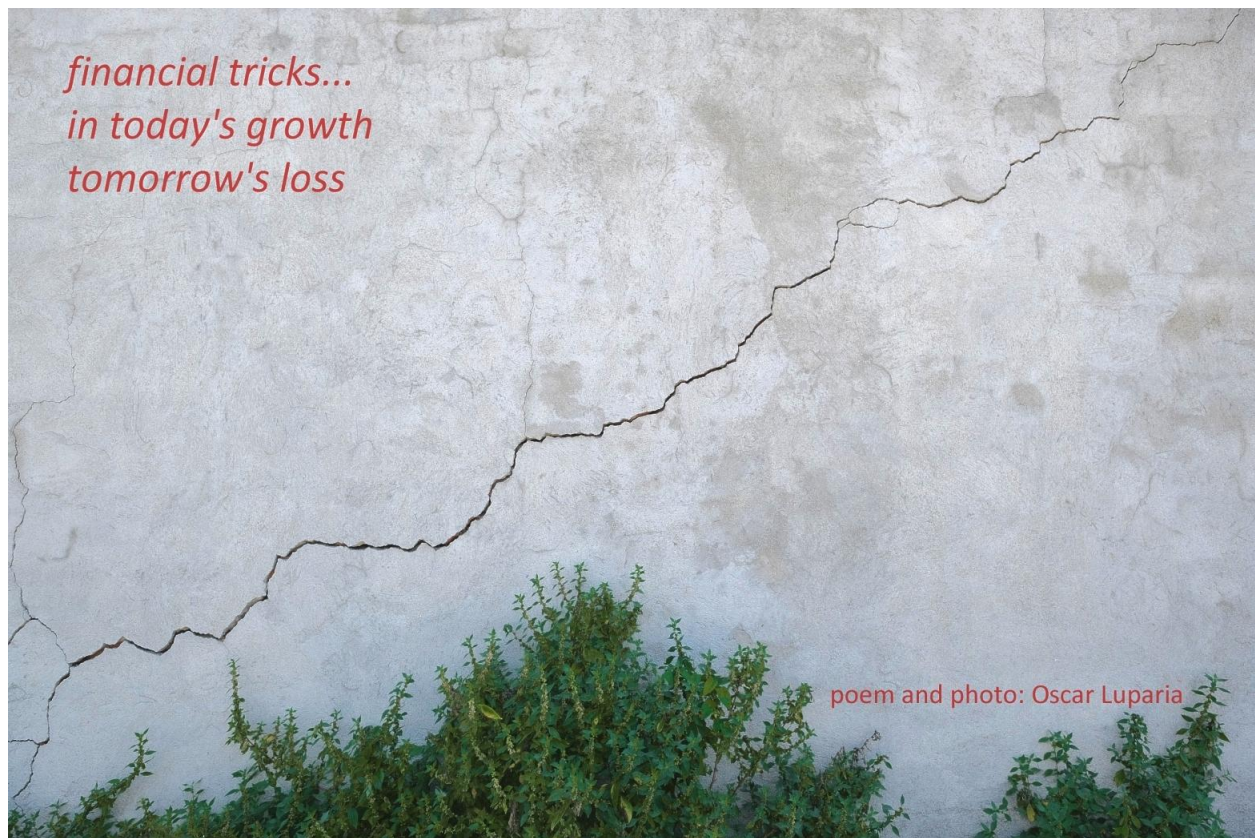
morning train passing scent of Aqua Velva

a flash of sun
off her guitar
street busker

Joseph P. Wechselberger

family quarrel—
the route of the moon
high in the sky

deniers
the living proof
of a new virus



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

an unseen cue
evening air fills
cricket chorale

jar of seashells
summer's light
simmers within

no crumbs nor baths
since you moved out
sparrows sighing

sex in the vents
old chatterbox house
whispers, grunts

Bruce Jewett

Coffee

Every morning, I still smile remembering the day I pulled out one hundred and ten twenty-dollar bills from my white-knuckled red can and handed it to the attorney.

“Sorry for the smell.”

“It’s fine. I take it all kinds of ways,” she reassures, stifles a chuckle, and calls in her assistant to count it.

Bitter and rancid scents fill the room, reeking like my weariness. I’d spent months scrubbing toilets, wiping dust, shining kitchens, and hiding each payment.

“Will it be enough?” I ask.

“Probably.”

It was enough. I can’t remember how long I kept that can—when I finally let it go?

*my sunrise
this cup I hold
still the best part of waking up*

E. L. Blizzard

leaves swirling
across the median
his last DUI

tea leaves
spill across the table
shrapnel

Just the Way It Is

My long cornrows clack as the Double Dutch ropes thwack against broken concrete. A Tupac song pulses from your mom's porch as I fall down. Soon, snow will cover our chalk graffiti lining the sidewalk, and you'll don your Rodman jersey for another season, and we'll argue with the TV in our grandparents' den over a Thanksgiving call.

*tossing a wing
flagrant foul
tradition*

A few years after your death, I'm sitting in a detox room with my Marine buddy swapping Bulls stories as he sweats and shakes.

*sneakers squeaking—
the discomfort
of old injuries*

Colleen M. Farrelly

welcome summer
sparrows
perched on a scarecrow hat

autumn rain
scared voice
on a dark road

Nani Mariani

rich man's funeral
a hearse
with luggage racks

banged up a bit
but boxing was fun
what I remember of it

Charles Harmon

sacrament of penance
child confesses sins
to his molester

picket line
after 90 days
the strikers' resolve
wearing down
their soles

resale shop
an engraved sports trophy
on the clearance shelf

pray without ceasing I thess 5:17
preserved in amber
a mantis
still in prayer
after 25 million years

John J. Dunphy

the corpse told tales
such an odd planet
strangely blue

Marisol laughs—
her pet serpent
O such bright plumes!

across her bodice Andromeda

.
Andromeda . dreams actualized
.
calling . "KLAATU BARADA NIKTO"
.
a thousand suns merge . melting the sand
.
every last bush for miles . burns burns burns
.
lapped from maternal teat . lead-210
.
sexton's curfew . so say goodnight love
.
and slack Perseus . parking orbit
.

Richard Magahiz
<https://zeroatthebone.us>



Linda Papanicolaou

tea cart stoppage —
my habit of giving away
the first samosa

not settled
in crevices of time
a roving me

waxing moon
the soft breeze exalts
his cologne

Richa Sharma

geosyncline —
her face exposes
the waves within

drunken night —
a full moon
brings everything to light

plane passenger
in the wrong seat —
it could be me

Rohan Buettel

In Two Minds

Sunday TV
under the duvet
antiques roadshow

*a blank cheque
signed by Picasso*

*the things that come
from the Forbidden City*

in a silver bowl
three original
sugar cubes

surprised
that Peking Man's foot
is second hand

*this Xhosa assegai
doesn't belong in our bedroom
sweetie*

*going once
an eighteenth century
Shanghai Rolex*

bet your portrait in the attic
hasn't changed a bit

something else for the barrow
me old China

*never in a million years
would we sell
the telly*

Ann Smith and Keith Evetts

First Light:
A 3-Person Rengay

dawn fog
if you're a princess
I'm a frog (ke)

big bad wolf's
warm cuddles (sg)

a shiny apple
beside her mirror
safe for now (zg)

tell-tale
toothmarks
in the cheese (ke)

100 mattresses
rolling off the bed (zg)

the sight
of giant stalks
first light (sg)

曙光
三人連軌詩
作者:季慈·艾維茲(英國)+ 火の鳥(紐西蘭)+ 陳紫瑄(紐西蘭)

黎明之霧
妳是公主的話

我就是青蛙 (季)

大野狼
溫暖的擁抱 (火)

她鏡子旁一顆
亮晶晶的蘋果
還沒出事 (陳)

打小報告
乳酪裡的
牙印 (季)

一百張床墊
從床上滾下 (陳)

曙光乍現
瞥見無極巨大
的豆莖 (火)

Keith Evetts (ke) + Sherry Grant (sg) + Zoe Grant (zg)

home truths spilling —
we refill
the tea cups

aged nine
the moon landings
as expected

Helene Guojah

after earth tremors
fragments of thoughts
reshaping

sudden gust—
a news page somersaults
along the pavement

readers/writers meet
in a jug of water
ice cubes are melting

phased openings—
even the dog fights at night
are returning

social distancing—
even the smiley wears
a face mask

Gillena Cox

house move complete
new faces
in old mirrors

leaving the coal shed
I create
my own carbon footprint

Roger Watson

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roger_Watson_\(academic\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roger_Watson_(academic))

fog bank
across the schoolyard
... memories

swinging at anchor
holding on
a rock bottom

moonless sky
thought experiment
under the covers

B.A. France
@b_a_france

barcode . . .

the scars on the arms
of the till girl

quarreling herons she takes the last cookie

trellis fruit
a man taught his boy
how to be a man

family album...
my father
younger than me

Deborah Karl-Brandt

the kite's pull—
in another life I wore
a braided pigtail

country legend—
the age spots
on his guitar

the window washer
girl-watches
without turning his head

Barry George

a cold lake
in the silence
the autumn colors are swimming

a night on the river
beside the silver fish
I am catching even the stars

leaned on the wall
the moon surrendered itself completely
to a crickets' song

Mile Lisica

twigs in autumn
the snap of another
broken promise

adding color
to my monochrome dreams
fallen leaves

smoke rises
from a charred wick
unheard prayers

moonless night
I convince myself
she's just a friend

My sONg ends too SOON as words dRAIN out

an island
of regret
bald patch

Ravi Kiran

wisteria plumes
the sun just low enough
for shadow tag

age four riding the round ottoman

Bill Cooper

plastic daisies
the oil man
dining alone

his wit biting into a honeycrisp

variegated leaves seal on the rape kit

Aidan Castle

lockdown
I understand
the caged bird

the full moon
I wonder if
cheese is on sale

covid vaccination
I ask the nurse
for a lollipop

Mel Goldberg

empty well
not as deep as
I thought I was

hate mail
the blackness
of the ink

schoolyard
the basketball's ping
between gunshots

costume party
I offer satan
a breath mint

Bryan Rickert

her bedroom drapes
the geometry I flunked
in high school

the year
we stopped using
trick candles

sidewalk puddle
everyone who is not
a dancer

pistachios
if ever
I go blind

Patrick Sweeney

courting . . .
peeled apples
with wasps

unfolding
a paper cootie catcher
preteen foreplay

memory loss my forgetting has improved

Ingrid Bruck
www.ingridbruck.com

final payment
a mosquito lands
on my finger

decree absolute
he shouts me
a cream cake

rest home
a new branch
on the rubber tree

Barbara Strang

Jeep headlights—
rain gleams
in the tiger's eyes

flaming sunset the colours of heartbreak

sunbeam on windshield my tear wiper

blackbird's dawn shrillness mother's instructions

thorny climber
on grave's engraving—
a yellow rose

Neera Kashyap

on the tarmac
an Afghan girl skips—
darkening skies

a migrant boy
sells bubble makers
. . . rainbow dreams

unseasonal shower
waking up to the sound
of a sonata

in the jingle of my car keys the dog's leap

pointillism
trying to connect
our lost conversation

Neena Singh

<https://neenaz678328926.wordpress.com>

in workwear
i enter
the pecking order

cross to bear arms

Elmedin Kadric
www.elmedinkadric.com

a tattered hat
laid on the ground
his begging bowl

lamb bones all that's left of love

grandma's knee
the same old tales . . .
penny sweets

Marilyn Ward

scarlet necklace
she wraps
my entrails around herself

wanting to vanish
the magician asks
for a willing volunteer

Tracy Davidson
@tracydavidson27

first love—
under the glass
of the pastry shop
wasps

long
disease . . .
shutting the door
to the bedroom
slowly

brought up
cold
in a Swansea 'burb
a drinker's head
on an album cover

Alan Peat

Collaborative Gendai Tanka

slipping off
her clothes
the parrot
wolf
whistles

migratory bird
from here
to there and back
less than the
distance
of my love

Alan Peat and Christina Chin

the pirate
shakes his paper sack
October chill

haiku anthology
I look for my name
one more time

two strings out of tune first quarrel

Dad's slide rule
remembering the scent
of pipe tobacco

Tom Bierovic

scripture burns
the words glistening
in ashes

mule's family meeting
a translator indispensable

hitching my horse
to the crescent moon
I promise to be back
before it gets full

Chen Xiaoou

penny for the guy
ready for burning
pauper funeral

hallowe'en
everyone a vampire
at the tax office party

golden charter
the marketing man's
shark tooth necklace

forbidden fruit
sweet mouthfuls
of tied tongues

John Hawkhead

rest . . .

I fall for a moment
into your dreams

stray

everywhere
the wind blows

cloudy night

. . . the moon
a blind date

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

moving house . . .
a new life
in old boxes

trasloco . . . una nuova vita in vecchie scatole

apartment "FOR SALE" . . .
another story
closes

appartamento "VENDESI" . . . un'altra storia si chiude

leap into the void . . .
finally free
the old leaf

salto nel vuoto . . . finalmente libera la vecchia foglia

Lucia Cardillo

doing laundry—
I keep the rock
from your pocket

pearl moon
in my mouth—
a first kiss

my paper heart—
will never survive
your scissors

daily rain—
do I mention it
too often

kudzu vine
the wild growing
inside all of us

Lafcadio
@juliusorlovsky

decluttering . . .
I make room
for improvement

crime scene tape
crows
stick to their story

mass consumer culture
the world
a SKU

tossing a quarter
in the fountain
coin-op wishes

steeped tea the sipping point

Laurie Greer

designer pants
grandma sews the holes
back up

swimsuit
at ballet class
nobody knows

birthday party
a bag of Doritos
only crumbs left

Zoe Grant

Encore!

fashion week
all the rodents out
for a catwalk

*little ballerinas
too much makeup on*

encore, they shout
he just wants
to go home

*speech night
forgetting what
to say next*

paparazzi
a dog comes sniffing

*new movie
I write my doll's
script*

再來一曲！

作者：火の鳥（紐西蘭）+ 陳紫瑄（紐西蘭）
中文翻譯：火の鳥

時裝週

所有老鼠都
上伸展台走台步

芭蕾舞女孩們
畫了太濃的妝

大家喊「再來一曲」
他只想快點
回家休息

演講那一晚
忘記下一句
要說什麼

狗仔隊
一條狗嗅來嗅去

全新的電影
我替洋娃娃
寫好劇本

Sherry Grant and Zoe Grant



Photo by: Sandra Šamec, Haiku by: Franjo Ordanić

Photo by: Sandra Šamec
Haiku by: Franjo Ordanić

The Touch

first date—
a swarm of butterflies
takes off

bouncing off the wall
the ball and its shadow kr

heart beating
the one doubt that
clouds our minds fo

doesn't the sunflower
move with the rising sun . . .
our conversation in sync kr

hand in hand and
two glasses of champagne fo

sprinkling of rice . . .
 morning holds
 the promise of tomorrow kr

Franjo Ordanić & Kala Ramesh

two months of nothing
then
the rise of the creek

Allyson Whipple

www.allysonwhipple.com

getting older
another creak
in the house

spur weed the prick on a smooth lawn

Jenny Fraser

empty nesters
children grown and moved away
they took the birds

moon-shines on the porch
there I am
drinking it in

won a flower
let it die—I cheated
in the contest

Andre P. Audette

<https://www.andrepierreaudette.com>

pink curlers
my head
is a garden

old boyfriend
had my wildflower days passed
I could have loved him

One Fine Day

I quiver inside as we head into Manesquam harbor on the Jersey Coast. Skip it and you're two nights at sea on down to Atlantic City on a shoal-ridden coast with unexpected storms.

The guidebook says this is a tricky inlet with shifting sands outside. Narrow, with the tide coming out, the inlet chop builds with winds out of the east. Sundays aren't recommended because tiny fishing boats go blithely back and forth inside the inlet, creating an obstacle course. Well, of course it's Sunday and, yes, the tide is coming out but we have no choice.

As we near the inlet the wind clocks, kicking up strong winds out of the east. Our outboard engine begins lurching out of the water. Sure enough, fishing boats are everywhere. We turn off the engine and go in wing on wing . . . mainsail out to one side, jib to the other. We become a butterfly.

The fishermen seem unconcerned as we bear down on them, despite yelling “under sail” and blowing the danger signal with our boat horn.

I don’t think I breathe until we manage to barely miss them all, sometimes by a hair, drop our sails and anchor in safe territory.

*moonless night
we don’t need to see
to make love*

Pris Campbell

<http://www.poeticinspire.com>

short shorts
peaches sway
in evening's blush

the space
between my eyelids . . .
latte steam

Tyler McIntosh

the icing
she swirls color
into my life

Maurice Neville

watching the sunset
the city pauses—
dawning friendship

Matt Snyder

robbed
of an hours sleep
she curses the koel

wanda amos 2021



Wanda Amos

a pink grapefruit . . .
the bittersweet taste
of life

tea party . . .
the idle gossip
of the ladies

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

kajal, more seducing her eyes

becoming minimalist—
started speaking truth

even in divorce papers
her jasmine scent wafts

on the music
of rustling leaves—
my transcendental meditation

always
stays with me
origami butterfly

Ram Chandran

a smile . . .
grows wider when
eyes meet

autumn
begins with rain
shared umbrella

dance steps
a rhythm grows
from within

Susan Bonk Plumridge
plumbonkers.blogspot.ca

supper for one
gouging the eyes
out of a potato

crowded beach
a sunbather replants
her umbrella

closing time another round of regrets

spring sunshine
the shouting match downstairs
in full bloom

weather report
yesterday's forecast
spot on today

Bob Lucky

our love
the colour of
wild irises

wicker basket
still full of
childhood memories

changing season
 the same itch
yet again

Mona Bedi

auction's acid test
no true poet makes a bid
on Basho's chopsticks

Bart Greene

<https://bartgreene.com>

job interview
the prison tattoo
itching to escape

Steve Black

billowing clouds
phantasms pushed around
by my broom

Mariel Herbert

marielherbert.wordpress.com

Ambush

The first time I experienced the emergence of 17-year cicadas, a very clever cat, Dinky, was living with our family. One morning, about a week after the cicadas' outpouring, I noticed a pile of dead cicadas when walking to the garage. As I opened the garage door, something flew from the bushes. Turning, I saw a bird flying away and dead cicadas scatter as Dinky landed in the pile. I watched as she pawed the scattered cicadas back into a pile and then withdrew into the bushes. My curiosity piqued. Shortly, another bird landed. Out flew Dinky. Again, missing the bird. As her tail flicked in apparent frustration she rebuilt the pile and retreated to the bushes.

*inventiveness
can find expression
unexpectedly*

Bob Erlandson

<https://www.circlepublications.net/>

clam gumbo
some things better left
unsaid

deep winter
homeless men share a drink
from a paper bag

pizza by the slice
our summer fling
comes to an end

shuffling through
piles of dirty laundry
the newly wed

worn-out socks
I walk a mile
in my own shoes

Nika

shirt buttons

a

s

k

e

w

Fall Back time

embers smolder

still using my ex's

last name

Caroline Giles Banks

first dance
small feet ride on
daddy's shoes

insomnia ...
can't find my
worry beads

in the crunch
of a Macintosh
fall begins

Deborah Burke Henderson

summer meadow
so many varieties
of hayfever

morning commute
a siren barrels past
into history
(Written 11 September 2021)

Ben Oliver

fading light—
a strange woman's name
from withered lips

rough hands sand
the bowl silk-smooth
. . . Grandpa's shed

Hazel Hall

isolation
all the sentences
i left in safe distance

Christopher Calvin

talesofseriesforever.blogspot.com

Coconut Lip Gloss

Her eyes took me in. They flashed sparks at me which crystallized in the air and turned into birds which circled my head and feathered me softly. There were two boys in the room, and we were all talking together. Her boyfriend reclined on the blue carpet, speaking lazily. My friend, the boy next door, watched us.

I went down to the bathroom. As I was washing my hands I heard rapidly descending footsteps.

“Are you in the bathroom?” It was the girl with the starry eyes. The bathroom was the only thing on the lower level.

“Yes,” I replied at the same time that the door slid open. I looked up at her as she regarded me briefly before speaking.

“My lips are really dry for some reason...” she said in very even, low tones.

“What?” I asked over the running flow of the water as I continued washing my hands as though I had forgotten about them. Did those lips just say something about themselves?

“My lips. They are dry.” Nope, no question there. An erogenous zone brought into the spotlight. Naturally my eyes were drawn to that mouth so suddenly close to my personal space in the doorway. *Two blushing pilgrims ready stand*, indeed. Quite thin, presiding over their white enamel colony, warmed by passing breath. I stammer, half expecting her to fall into my arms.

“Oh,” I grabbed the conveniently handy coconut-scented lip gloss on the sink top. “It’s the dry air in this apartment, I think; I often have the same problem,” I blathered while applying the soft fragrant gloss. I handed it to her. From my lips to hers.

“So it’s the dry air, then, that causes it?” She took the small clear tube, its rollerball still glistening from its journey across my lips, and applied it slowly to her own.

“Yes,” I whispered, “I think so.”

She handed it back to me. There was a brief moment of stillness. The ball was in my court now; our moment hung suspended, our lips were shiny with gloss, the scent of coconut in the air. But I could only stare into the hazel fireworks of her eyes and the honey brown curls framing her face.

“Well, we should go back upstairs, I guess,” she said simply.

“Okay.” Charged, we returned upstairs to the boys.

After they left, the boy-next-door turned to me. “Her eyes were doing incredible things. They seemed to devour us. Especially you. Boyfriend seemed oblivious.”

Paris 1998
the lives I could have led
if only I'd let myself

Agnes Eva Savich

**Monoku Sequence:
Fence and Fencing**

candle flicker of fireflies refugees' tent

sharp wires along high fences fluffy thistledown

stuck between stones snake shed skin

foggy figures shadow the silent field

caging a bird iron stripes on my shirt

dreams over borderline evacuee

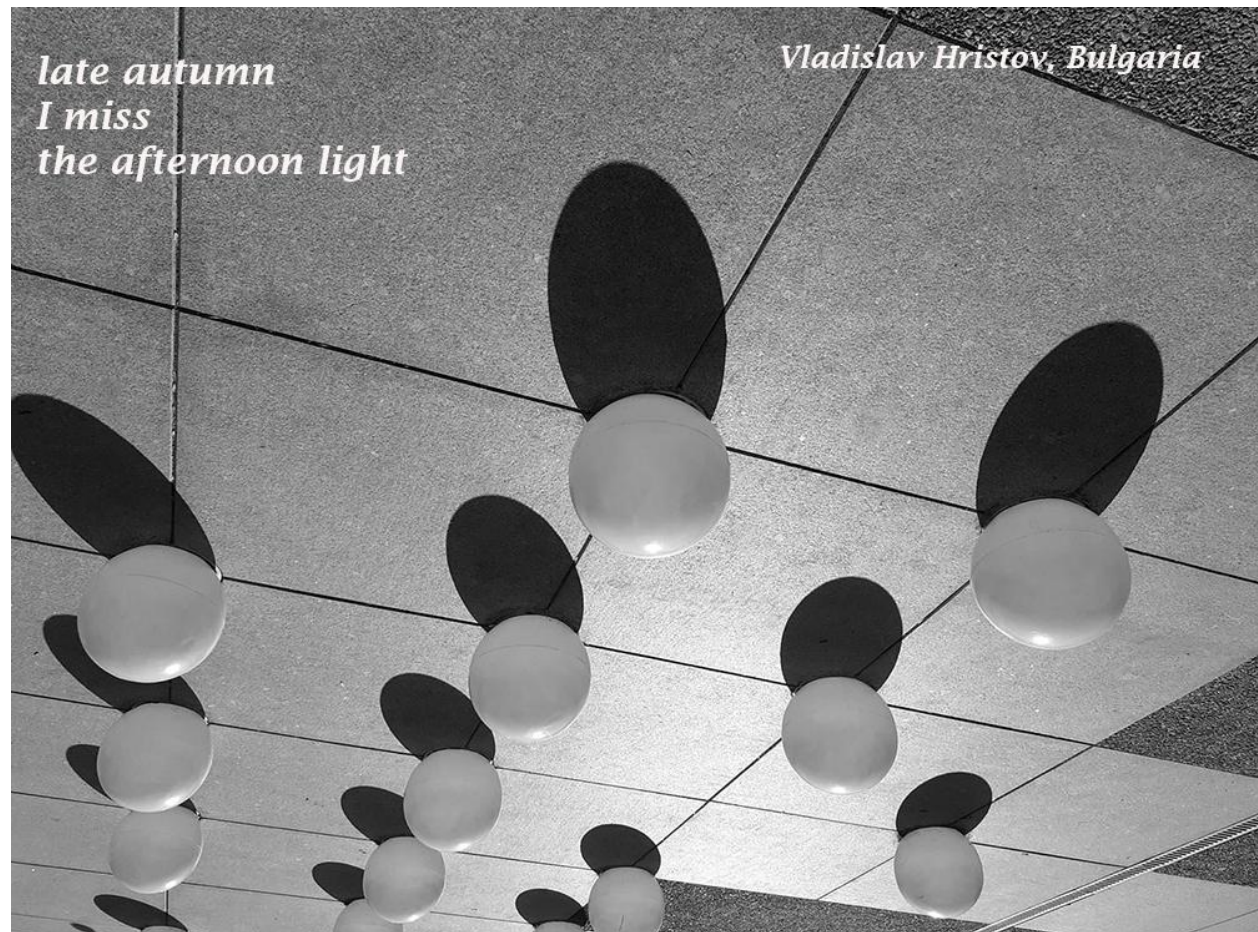
Adjei Agyei-Baah / Christina Chin

inner-city life
I look back on the years
with no egrets

reading haiku
I go someplace
I never left

lunar eclipse
everyone entranced
with their smartphones

Lev Hart



Vladislav Hristov

breeze as a letter
how I read
his fragrance

a firefly
lights up my baby's palm
first outing

his name
on a word document
no replacement found

Arvinder Kaur

forever
getting stuck on why
old keyboard

remembering when
i used to be cool
broken fan

fresh lunacy
growing sick of writing
about the moon

house plants
just one death
after another

J.R. Gaskin

@ItsJamesRG

fallen leaf
the tree that bears
another silence

a camellia
after watering it
becomes me

Pina Teresi

broken recliner
in the lap of his absence
old dog napping

spider sacs
under the bottom shelf
books never read

no place to go
the same can be said
for the amaryllis

Ron Scully

Gauntlet

digging in . . .

spider-brain
busy spinning
a sticky web

the lie

ruling the mailbox
a roadrunner's
backup beeper

goes both ways

mangy coyote
limping away
on his last legs

Cynthia Anderson

www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com

The Beast

early morning storm
a tally
of snapped branches

*unkindness soars
certain of roadkill*

cracking a door
the distant serenade
of sirens

*lights flicker and die
a match struck
under the kettle*

looters' chagrin
an offer of tea

*soothing the beast
the crunch of
a second cookie*

Peter Jastermsky and Cynthia Anderson

With the search party
in the woods
looking for myself

Bonfires in the park
the acrid smell
of uncle's ashes

Through the window
birdsong
and ambulances

Mike Fainzilber
@MFainzilber



Lavana Kray

post office wall
for once he feels
wanted

composing ourselves a perfect circle

doomsday prevention a run on fat-free whipped cream

dog moon night spooning the meat bones

Peter Jastermsky

all out of ink condolence letter

Louise Hopewell

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

(psy)nryu

*snoozed morning alarm: **classical conditioning**
hostel mess bell: even Pavlov's dog doesn't salivate
mid-term test: **hanging between id and superego***

*planted in mind's womb **a seed of thought**
push of creativity a poem gets laboured
midnight delivery **baby sunny side up***

Teji Sethi

Mnémonikos

Me and my kid bro. We were boys in post-war industrial Lancashire when I invented a game called “Stop!”

Walking home, we pass a pit-head, its winding wheel stark against the lowering sky.

“Stop!” I call, and we freeze mid-stride.

“Think!” I command. And silently we memorise every detail of this moment in our lives, this moment in the history of the universe. We stretch our five senses to the limit and beyond...

A minute passes, first raindrops fall. “Carry on!” I cry. And on we go, hurrying now. But with that frozen moment banked in memory, somehow the richer for it.

A woman whitens her doorstep with a donkey stone. A one-legged war veteran squats on the corner. A horse-drawn milk wagon clatters by...

Banked moments, lost to him now. My kid bro. He knows my voice though, when I ring him at the care home.

On his good days, we chat a little.

crank handle dreams
he buys a vintage tourer
ruby red

Paul Beech

Lightweight

Dad left behind so few possessions, they scarcely covered the base of his cardboard briefcase. Having lived simply all his years, he still found it necessary at the end to de-clutter.

*a sheaf of poems
a Parker pen—so little
to show for a life*

Not having risen yet to that state of minimalism, although not a hoarder, the majority of things I own remain unused from one year to the next. They're mostly in storage until a permanent home is found after a life of work-related travel.

*carpets
in mothballs
waiting to see daylight*

There have been times, however, when I've been thrilled at finding a safety pin, or a rubber band to make life easier. So, when coming across an Ethiopian nomadic tribesman and seeing what he possesses, things are put into perspective. He proudly shows off his ancient Italian rifle, slung over his shoulder on a leather strap decorated with a diaper pin, a rusty key and a pearly white button. Attired in the ubiquitous wrap-around length of rough white cotton fabric, his only other belongings are a curved dagger sheathed in cowhide and an acacia thorn planted in his tight curly hair with which to tease through tangled locks . . . useful items.

*recycling old light bulbs
these terrariums
all over the house*

Ingrid Baluchi

Voodoo

A tourist who has come to experience “weird” Portland. She is attired appropriately, an oversized flannel shirt and ripped black leggings, thick glasses and combat boots. And though not called for, an adornment of tattoos covers her exposed cleavage. I find her extremely attractive and invite her to Voodoo Doughnuts, a must-visit tourist destination. She orders the chocolate bacon apricot peanut butter and basil delight. Complaining that she can’t taste the basil, she leaves me for another woman who is wearing Birkenstocks.

*cheap hotel room
an empty bottle
falls to the floor*

Fanny Budan

unscratchable itch
the spider's web spun between
your dear clavicles

why must we have war?
two goats butt heads over
a dandelion

Robert Beveridge
@ebolaisthesavior

sleet storm
a dark melody plays
on my windshield

circling
inside her eyes
red-tail hawk

all evidence
of his mistress
lost in the shower

two lesbians
fight over a girl
who is a pacifist

the cowgirl
ropes me in
before i know it
I guess this ain't her first
rodeo

Rp Verlaine

old letter
from a heart
to a dusty shoe box

winking moon
a big emoji
above the day

Benno Schmidt

sundial
my shadow walks
me home

lilac wine
his five o'clock shadow
grazes my thigh

cobwebs
an empty box
of photos

Veronika Zora Novak

honey bees buzzing
around the rose bush ...
sweet nothings

half-collapsed fence ...
alone on the wrong side
of my fifties

Facebook outage ...
my midnight companion
the dripping tap

Chen-ou Liu
@ericcoliu

after the funeral
her storage unit
filling with light

seeking my fortune
in the to-go bag
broken chopsticks

trimming branches
from her family tree—
the open sky

Mark Forrester

<http://buddha-rat.squarespace.com/>

spiral staircase—
a moonglow in the gills
of ink-mushroom

butternut squash—
a spoonful of the autumn sunset
in my soup

Laughing waters

the fur thins
on her little plush bear—
displaced child

hailstones . . .
the season's confusion
and mine

limousine idling . . .
last chance
to spelchek the eulogy

winter graveyard
the ghosts that stay
after Halloween

Barrie Levine

my camera is blind
to the ocean wind . . .
your fading footsteps

Dorothy Avery Matthews

blackbirds roosting
on an idle backhoe
the graveyard shift

Indian summer—
for the green tomatoes
too little too late

Rick Jackofsky

quarantine
I adapt
to myself

after the prom
a line of girls
at the confessional

Pat Davis

full moon
your choice of words
pregnant with meaning

dusty attic
I step on grandma's box
of hair pins

Maya Daneva



Marilyn Ashbaugh

garden snake
devouring her own tail
it never ends

creaking
rocking chair
silent now

Gil Jackofsky

pandemic
a virtual walk
on the levee

American dream—
on the detention center's walls
protest poems

John Zheng

pocket money —
the grandkids say they prefer
notes to coins

Keitha Keyes

wooden ladle
the cracks filled with
bygone years

empty page
waiting for the stars
to speak to me

Minal Sarosh

within earshot
two women speed-walking
through gender politics

meatloaf special
an older couple divvies up
the silence

Dream Dictionary

Even the ancient Egyptians dreamed of their teeth falling out, the archetypal anxiety dream, right up there with going to school in your underwear. Some interpretations are obvious: a dream of spiders warns that someone is laying a trap for you. Sex dreams are often pure wish fulfillment. Animal bites can mean several things depending on what animal's doing the biting and what part of your body is bitten. If you dream of robins on the lawn, folklore has it that the number of birds equals the number of children you'll have. If you're Japanese, dreaming about Mt. Fuji on New Year's is the most positive omen for the year ahead, then dreams of hawks or eggplants.

still life with mouse
the right side of the brain
adds a walnut

Kristen Lindquist

at the museum of my mind
dinosaurs
play poker for money

sticking to
my core beliefs
i abandon them all

the house sleeps
our cat
on the other hand...

people who are different

those with thin prospects. the wrong religion. a skin color that
clashes. a nose too big or too small. oddities are the best. too fine or
too coarse a nature. attractions like those are too magnetic to ignore.

anarchist picnic
someone
sets the trash can on fire

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

Michael Rehling

selfie—I look a proper charlie

Pitt Buerken

In the loins of the
mantis, suicidal thoughts
wrestle with desire

David J. Bookbinder
davidbookbinder.com

glittering
engagement ring...
OldWhiteMan
knows she could do better
and sends her a drink

tweeting
his transphobic joke
OldWhiteMan
proves it's actually funny
with his one gay friend

submission call for
womxn-only journal—
OldWhite Man
sends his deep thoughts
on tits and pussy

Joshua Gage

X-ray
seeing if I catch a break
this time

Marci McGill

left too long
the stinky stems—
best intentions

morning after
she slices a banana
over his cereal

a love triangle—
dusting the cornmeal
off my hands

Sondra Byrnes

widower's club
in the corner of a park
half a dozen aspens

bright morning
enough time to edit
my death poem

topless beach
nothing exciting
on Buddha's face

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

spinning a yarn
more than wool
between us

artificial roses
laying the table
for one

sitting quietly
in the toy corner
my shadow

Joanna Ashwell

in his hands
office goers' daily bread—
Mumbai dabbawala

farmers' suicides—
the corn moon hides
behind rain clouds

peace lily . . .
this long journey
to the border

ambulance siren . . .
the silent weeping
of my violin

Milan Rajkumar

hospice visit
in my hands, a book
on Karma

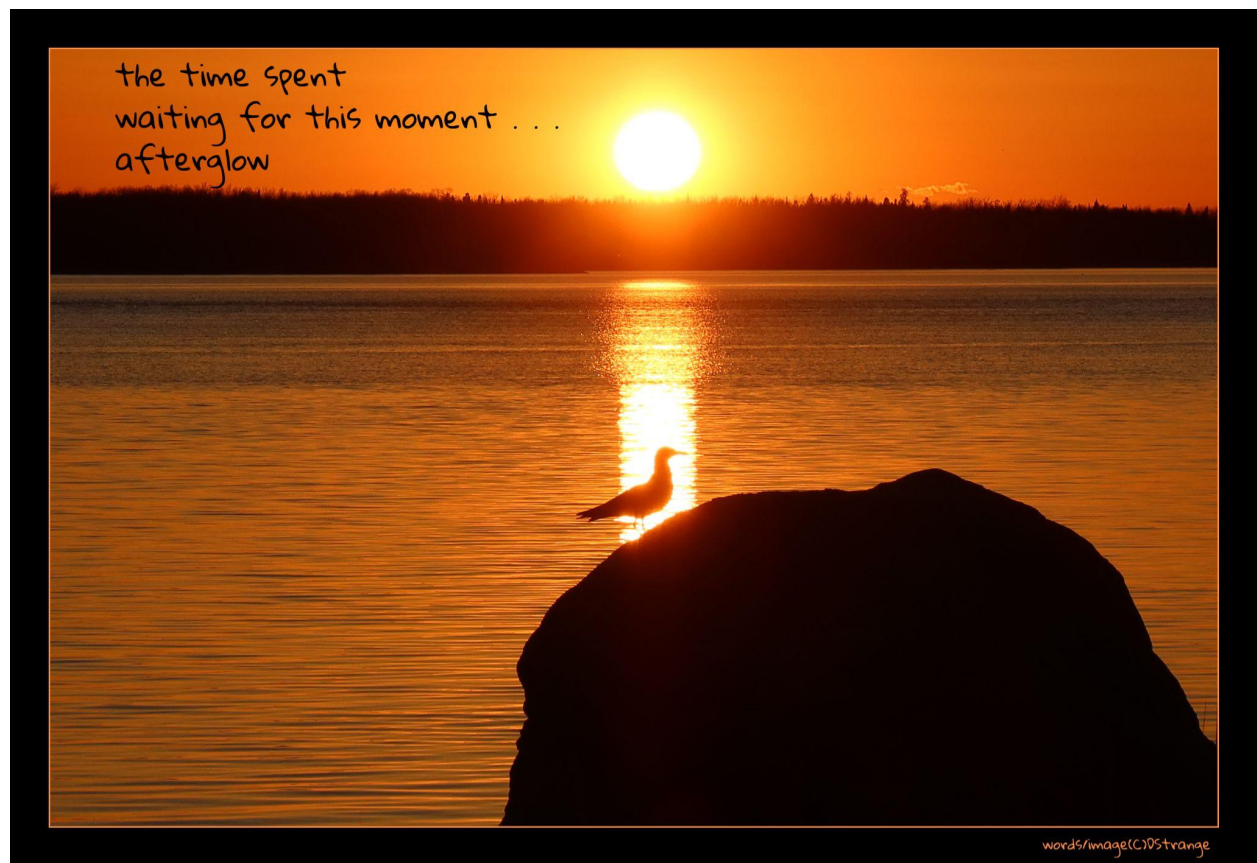
victim-blaming a lacy bra on the clothesline

unset curd
I, too, am
a work in progress

the scent of rose
I place on your grave
still on my hand...
how long do you live
after you've gone

Vandana Parashar

<https://instagram.com/van.dana?igshid=uxaj8ts3havv>



Debbie Strange

debbiemstrange.blogspot.com

In Need of Amendment

Pop. A ripe watermelon becomes seeds and pulp. For a fleeting moment, freedom and justice inch forwards, together. An itch is scratched, yet offers little relief.

*land management
after the chainsaw's scream
watching a tree fall*

A single scratch will not suffice. How could it? What is one fir in a forest? Change requires broader brush strokes. A grander strategy. More lights. More cameras. More action.

*antisocial media
posing with the means
and manifesto*

The dam has burst. Rectitude and reparation segue seamlessly into mania and mayhem. Like an angry young man at an ancient typewriter, sharp reports punctuate the air. EVERYTHING IN CAPITALS.

*swatting flies
you can barely see
the stains they leave*

Eventually the ribbon runs out. The rant concludes. Conviction ebbs. Although sentencing had to be swift, the story is unfinished. Ellipses radiate. In the cold light of consequence, it's hard to frame a future.

*Occam's razor
the rebel, without a pause,
turns it on themself*

David J Kelly
@motto_sakura

swapping apologies
the stars
are a sorry mess

Mark Gilbert

spring rain
children holding umbrellas
upside down

camping alone
I get the fire started
with a love letter

Robert Witmer

life changes
amending
my bio note

balcony view
on the empty street a woman blows
her reflection a kiss

sunflower
replacing
a broken bulb

Tim Murphy

starling murmuration
still trying
to do it my way

sleepless night
until the last mosquito
will be satisfied

migrating birds
why couldn't we stay
strangers

Eva Limbach

Photo album
Through the timespace
My incarnations

Green tea
Is it my thoughts
Spinning around
Or it's just
Its leaves?

Anna Goluba

<https://travellingbetweentheparallelworlds.blogspot.com/>



Mark Meyer

Covid Dreams

I.

Walking along the railway ties, we feel the warm spring sun on our bare arms, toes curling slightly on the soft wood with each step, the scent of creosote in our noses. Birdsong fills the air, and in the distance the hum of the sawmill.

*running the length
of the CPR bridge
we laugh and reach
the other shore—
pulp cars following*

II.

They say your life flashes before your eyes when you're dying. This prolonged twilight is a different death, suspended in time. Images come and go. Dreams, scenes from the past, all intermingled with flashes in the here and now. Then silence, darkness for a time.

*I see its eyes
staring at me
there's no where
to hide the truth
this journey to the stars*

III.

In through the forest on a late winter day, my cleats grip the compacted snow. Raven's call echoes from the trees, black wings unseen. The sound of the restless wind in the cedars is a lullaby, as

soothing as the sound of waves on the shore, a pulsing rhythm
keeping time with the rhythm of this ventilator.

*once upon a time
I flew in the air
yet only the white pines
as my guides towards
a whispering love*

Ruth Powell and *Mike Montreuil*

Friday night
under the bleachers
—a hornet's nest

Mark Hitri
@the_cellopoet

new baby . . .
the scent of skunk lingers
at their front door

Judith Morrison Schallberger

pandemic update
the potatoes
boil dry

twilight
only the sound of
tinnitus

Guy Fawkes night
a rocket fires the neighbour's cat under my bed

Sue Courtney

Red Apple

1

the luscious lips
of the new priestess
red apple

2

apple harvest
brushing butt
with a picker

3

apple split
the young priest
licks the core

4

Valentine Shop
a half sliced apple
showing what it shows

5

red apple
whatever happened in Eden
I take my bite

Adjei Agyei-Baah

foggy morning i puzzle with fragment and phrase

cumin seeds
on a sizzling pan . . .
you and me

a fly
just fallen in an ink pot—
life

Devoshruti Mandal

your absence is
an act of love
plums on the tree

meteor flashes
in starless city sky
night of your passing

Shasta Hatter

late night pharmacy
chatting around a glass
of methadone

Sébastien Revon

unmasked—
our national character
laid bare

stacking wood
where to put
the black widow

Helen Ogden

over-baked cake
I fill the cracks
with sweetness

evening walk
time is what I have
and don't...

Priti Khullar

homemade bread
kneading into
my disappointments

Erin Castaldi

church parking lot
between cars
a worn-out sole

your promises
on our wedding day . . .
sand etchings

Kathleen Vasek Trocmet

<https://trocmetworks.wordpress.com/category/blog/>

Newton's measure
the weight of this apple
on my palm

Christopher Dorman

infinity...
the certainty
of uncertainty

Christine Wenk-Harrison

family dinner
stuffing my feelings
into the turkey

leaf pile
her inner child
jumps in

covid fall
waited all year to not taste
the pumpkin spice

fall squashes my summer dreams

Amber Winter

A narrow, slippery towpath and an argie-bargie over cider

*splash pad—
the delicate mist
hides his tears*

*

‘Widespread metastases,’ the doctor said. ‘A month, give or take’

*finally—
the rainbow’s smudged edges
begin to fade*

Robbie Porter

Betrayal

ring of fire
I stand my ground
without you

*the icy breeze
between us*

perseids
all those narratives
I hold back

*counting
the days till
far apart*

cul-de-sac
my breaking point

*rising fever
all photos turned
into ashes*

背叛

作者：伊芙莎·阿許拉芙（巴基斯坦）+ 火の鳥（紐西蘭）

中文翻譯：火の鳥

猛烈的火圈

我堅持我的立場

毋需靠你

我倆之間的

冰凍三尺

流星雨

我對我的故事
三緘其口

倒數計時
直到我們
遠離的那一天

無路可逃
我忍受不了

熱度上升
所有照片都
燒成灰燼

Hifsa Ashraf & Sherry Grant

morning news
the first sip
of bitter coffee

Maria Concetta Conti

white out
he asks me to change
my name

gnarled oak
how far we bend
without breaking

trade winds blowing my way out of poverty

creaking in the house of my bones

at the end of my rope a dog-shaped kite

Künney

Star Gazing

City dwellers know nothing of night, in a landscape of shadowy fields where narrow roads wind between ditches, arched over by branches in which the moon nestles. Here, in the city, perpetual light banishes night. Pedestrians walk, heads down, careful not to trip on broken pavements. They don't look up any higher than shop fronts. They don't give a thought to the intricate brick work on listed buildings. They forage, graze in shops and return to their hall doors preoccupied with choosing the right key from a bunch. They go in, turn on the lights and all of night is forgotten.

*beyond
the neon clouds
a night of stars*

Gerry McDonnell

midnight ramen
held in chopsticks
memories

taking
another half chance
balanced coin

monday commute
everyone plays
the same broken records

Zahra Mughis

Paper Cutout

In the book department, I surround myself with potential paper friends. From my mildly uncomfortable chair, I make piles of the possibles, the ones I will take home with me, and then the ones I promise to come back for, no matter what. I want to learn something spiky and colorful and synthesize all these minor shocks into something extraordinary, like a new path to follow or a friendship or a dream.

open book
every problem
curls away

Janine Lehane

Inevitability

I thought I would ask the question. Would you be able to write a prescription for some anti-inflammatory tablets to ease my troublesome arthritis? I'm a reluctant "pill-popper" but feel I need some help.

My GP looked at me with kind eyes and said, "Unfortunately, we don't recommend that medication for elderly patients because of the possible complication of kidney damage." I was shocked. Not about the kidney damage but by the use of the term elderly. "What is *elderly*?" I asked.

On looking at the date of birth on my records in front of him, he nodded slowly, smiled and said, "Sadly, you have reached that certain number when we consider the term clinically appropriate."

impulse buy
lace-trimmed knickers
in black

Glenys Ferguson



Ku: Maxianne Berger
Photo: cfm

retirement day . . .
finally reaching the top
of my Everest

Natalia Kuznetsova

haiku polishing
my wastebasket
can't hold...

*puliendo haikus
mi cesta de papeles
se derrama*

the chicken
or the egg?
i cooked them both

*¿el huevo
o la gallina?
los cociné a ambos*

Wilbert Salgado

frothing
cappuccino—
her blown dry hair

Richard L Matta

drifting clouds
a fly buzzes around
her coffin

windstorm
turning and turning
my wedding ring

migraine
a crow empties
a nutshell

Carmela Marino

job termination notice
the flutist's song
drops an octave

status symbol
the unmistakable dots
of a ladybug

a dream deferred
*the syrupy sweet**
of aged tangerines

*excerpted from "Harlem" by Langston Hughes

Jackie Chou

fourth lockdown
the stories of my life
in future tense

autumn rain . . .
the paint charts' latest names
for rust

Seniors Week ...
how quickly forget-me-nots
go to seed

Lorin Ford



Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

la vida loca . . .
the fourth angle
of a triangle

dusk—
i am delivered
to myself

my fingers
she splashed
all over

bend
in the moment . . .
a thought escapes

Vijay Prasad

breeding small print in the world of the uninsured
the summation of warped dreams red herrings
caught in the crossfire of beginnings and endings

how little
we know of luck . . .
I start taking notes
in the general direction
of zero

Source: A kyoka remixed from select words and phrases found
between pages 13 and 26 of *The Rainmaker* by John Grisham.

Shloka Shankar

www.facebook.com/shloks89

quickly regretting
new friendship . . .
chemtrails

late night quarrel
monster under the bed
taking sides

hidden moon daughter's scarred wrists

covid sky
kiss the new
third base

Tomislav Sjekloća

low sun
in the doctor's hands
my first ultrasound scan

pigeons scuffle
for crumbs
final stage of elections

another lockdown
all my dreams gathered
in a tea bin

Radostina Dragostinova

Company Coming

Make a list. Clean the house. Dust. Vacuum. Shop. Cook. Polish silver.
Wash crystal glasses. Cook. Remind hubby to mow grass. Cook. Iron
white linen tablecloth. Cook. Today's the day. Cook.

alone together
on a hot summer night
Chinese take-out

Adelaide B. Shaw

On Time

motherhood

for one last time
the cradle song smell
of marigold

all the seasons

going up and down
the siblings cuddled
at her belly

in one voice

dark sky
shapes of the moon
in the falling rain

Lakshmi Iyer

summer bonus
surprised by the film's ending
again

what are the right words . . .
the old fence wobbles
under its ivy

stone cairn
forever marking
a forgotten spot

Mark Teafor

treasure hunt
the oyster's death
yields a pearl

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

there's another way to do this winter

in the iCloud what's left of me

off kilter

the memory of barking

breaks the silence

tax time . . .

someone is going

to pay for this

in lieu

of the chiropractor

the hardwood floor

Robert Epstein

bird migration

the growing number of "now hiring" signs

Gordon Gearhart

Frankston Uniting Church

There are four pubs and two churches in the stretch to Oliver's Hill. This one has a foundation stone dated 1958. It is unattended most of the week. Behind lock and key.

The location is magnificent. Juxtaposed against a sweep of the bay, a huge stained-glass window presents a boat with a square sail. Its mast forms a cross. A bearded figure strains amidst stylized storm waves to haul in his catch. One fish is turquoise. A colour used to turn the evil eye.

Today sea and sky are grey. The water, far below, has a hammered texture.

The Migration Amendment (Unauthorised Maritime Arrivals and Other Measures) Act was passed in 2013. On my Facebook feed there is a photo of a young man who arrived by rickety boat aged 15.

*slow flow
of glass . . . eight birthdays
in detention*

Alice Wanderer

Dusting Off Boxes

Letters to a great-great uncle from a friend in prison. Put himself in the line of arrest for a warm cot and hot meals in a bad winter. Farms failing across the country. Underneath, letters to my grandmother from college. First mentions of meeting my wife, now gone. So much luck, good and bad.

photographs

my great-grandmother

a bathing beauty

Stephen A. Allen

the day you left
an endlessly
white sky

beside the bee
I too dip my head
into the white roses

Ryland Shengzhi Li



Tim Roberts

a wise woman
advises the unmarried —
don't

Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo

soul-search
at a midnight soirée
we immerse
in the flickering light
of *kairos*

kintsugi
at friends' meet—
glints of catharsis
in the flow
of words

'the winter
of our ~~dis~~content'—
our mingling breaths

mosaic—
I fragment, so I can
bring together

Sushama Kapur

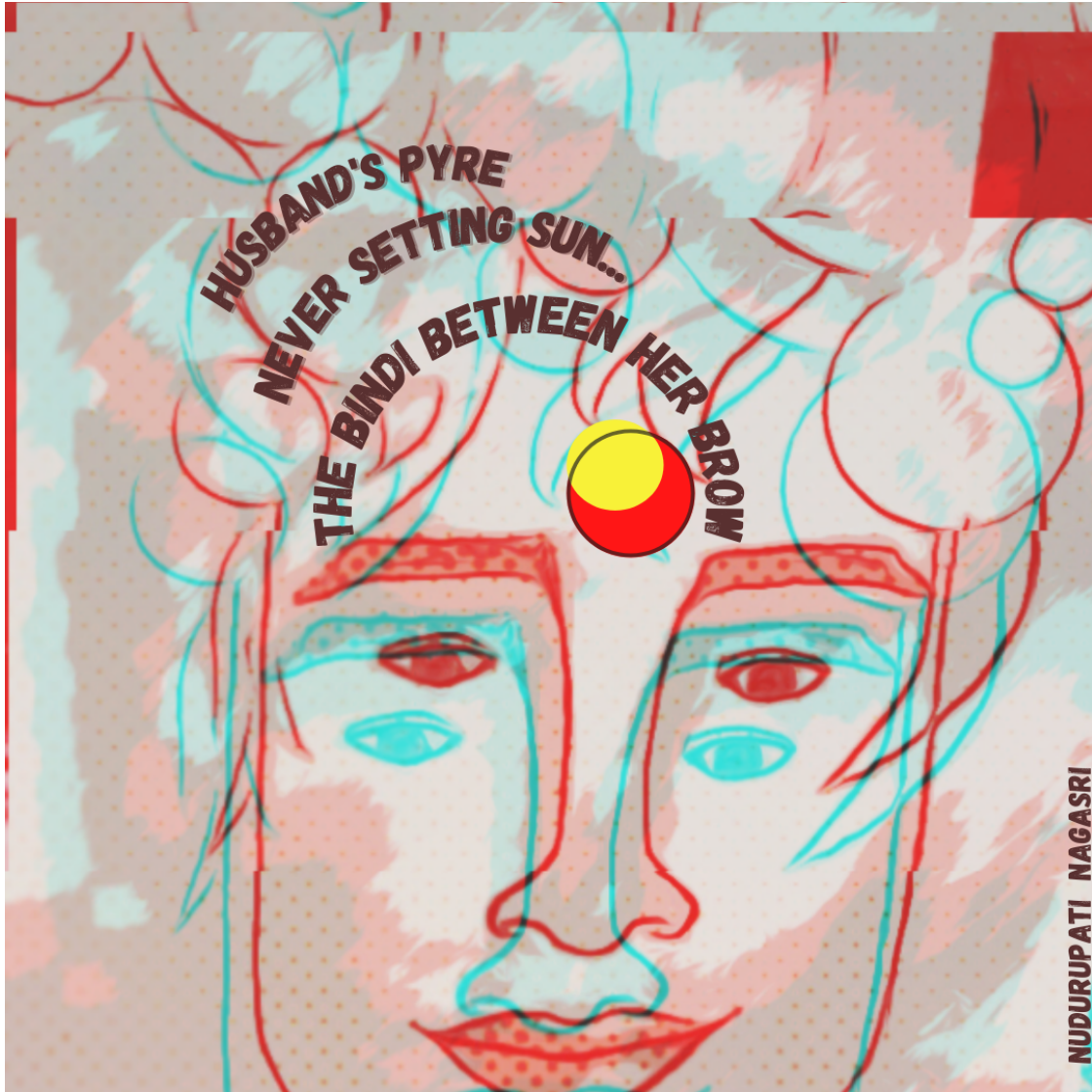
summer solstice
in the busker's guitar case
a Bud Light

cleaning my teeth
the hygienist is somewhere else
picking apples

Christmas morning
the blowhard gets
a snowblower

LeRoy Gorman

Sudoku numbers
spam caller thinks
it's my account number



Nudurupati Nagasri

weight guesser—
I leave the fair
with a heavy sigh

pleading
the 5th—
Beethoven

daisy dukes—
his argument falls
short

gladiator sandals—
she prepares to fight him
for custody

Susan Burch

lass oh catch me quick

a rounder table cigar box

Adrian Bouter

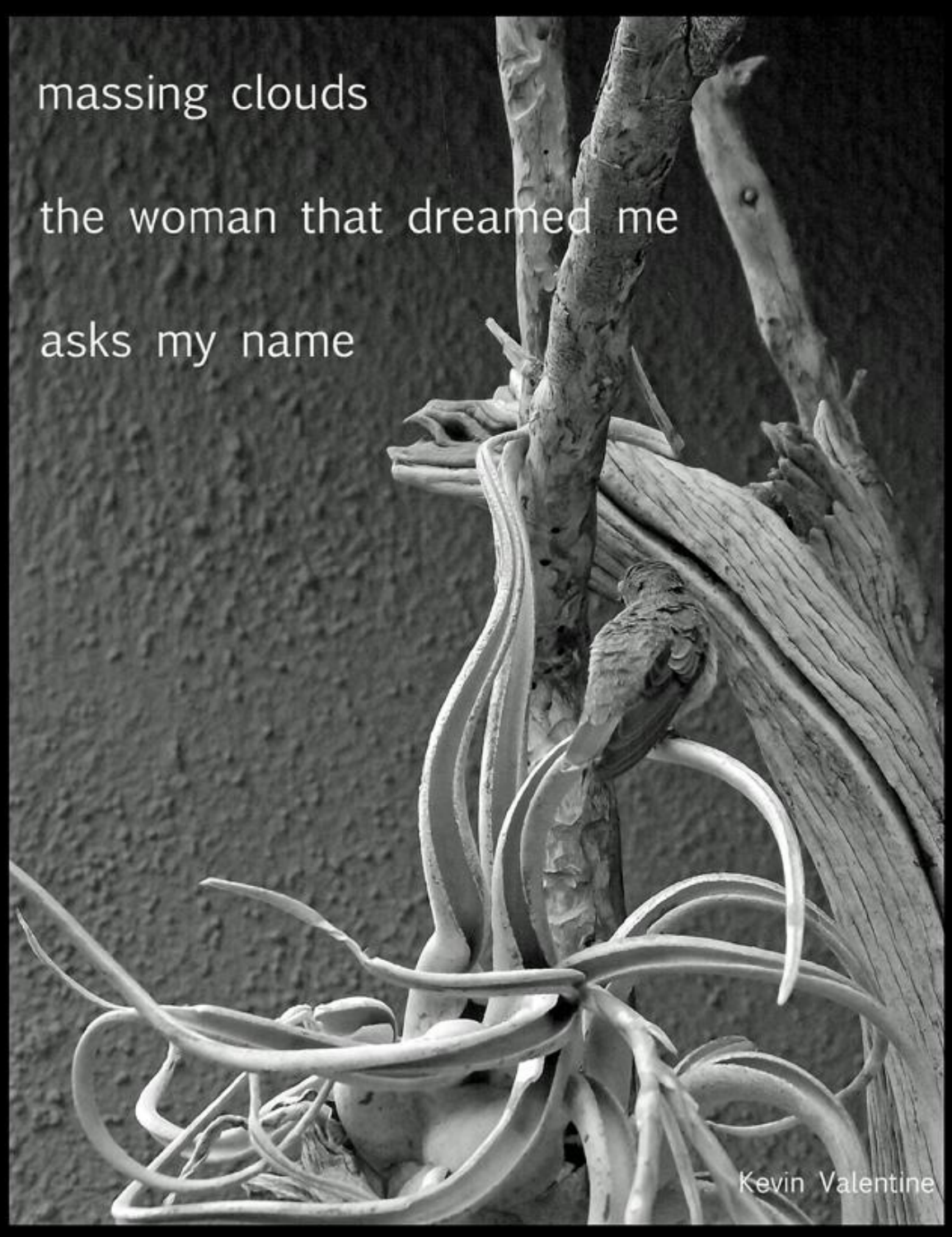
visitors again
Mona Lisa smiles
a little bit wider

Mona Iordan

massing clouds

the woman that dreamed me

asks my name



Kevin Valentine

Kevin Valentine

origami class
each curve
of her body

up and down
her coin necklace
cicadas

Irina Guliaeva

unfurling my wings inner sun

book sale volunteer
at the Catholic grade school—
the stories we omit

my obsessive tendencies
finally paying off—
this pandemic life

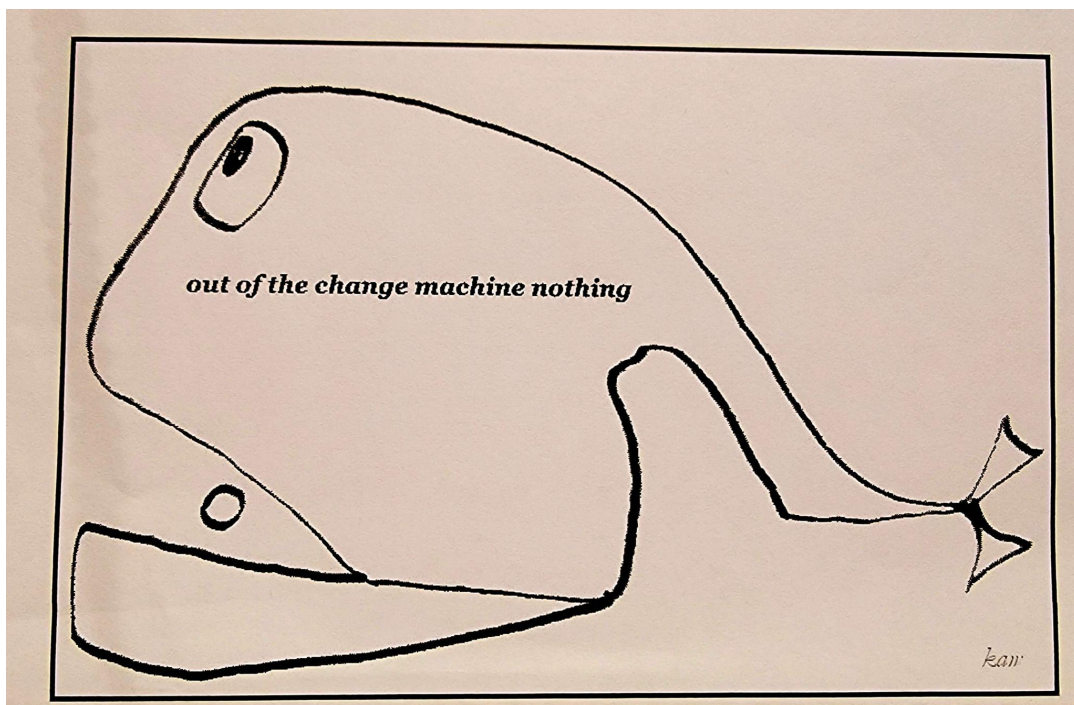
midnight snack—
trying to sneak past
the dog's nose

Julie Bloss Kelsey
@MamaJoules

intricate scars
that part of me
he fed on

hanko
my poet father
sealed my fate

low tide
what we always knew
was there



Kath Abela Wilson

2 Gembun

piping hot potato chips

dipping

into her all time favourite
the wrinkled calmness

*

the road less travelled

leaning heavily

on the walking stick
her talk of infinite possibilities

Madhuri Pillai

Autumn

My footsteps make a muffled sound on the alleys covered in yellow leaves. I imagine I am walking on rays of sun. Pieces of sky are visible here and there, after the rain. Everything had been so dark a few days before, as if summer was years apart from us now. I was searching for the red leaves, but they are too far away, in the old paintings of Japanese artists.

*clear blue sky—
the only thing left
of summer*

I suddenly hear my name called, breaking off my day-dreaming.
However, someone else answers quickly and I realize I am still alone.

*autumn—
even the trees
hold each other*

Ana Drobot

charcuterie board
all the grape vines
. . . in her history

less and less
year after year
for the barber

jogging trail
the butterfly
outpaces me

city lights . . .
from a distance
look so peaceful

Ronald Degler

white orchid in bloom
the blind spots
in my memory

a chicory coffee
in the cloudy sky
iridescent patches

morning violin
that thin voice
of my inner child

Nadejda Kostadinova

day of reckoning
wrested by the church bell's knell
one frightened moth

bachelor pad
a spider fancy dances
down a thread

pride march
crows' heads high
along the power lines

Anna Cates

strands of memories
I question if they are real
my grandmother's pearls

Dana Clark-Millar

pie in the oven
ripe apples fill
the emptiness

morning drizzle
there is always room for
a warm soup

learning to walk
under a sunshower
oversized slippers

Anthony Q. Rabang
@thonyrabang

downpour
we wriggle our way
around worms

open window
in the cross-breeze
our tempers cool

wildfire
looking for home
among the cinders

still born
a white mushroom
in the woods

Elizabeth Black

hair loss after chemo autumn wind

storm warning canceled
the part of me
that's disappointed

rising from bed
to revise a haiku
the long night

Bill Kenney

don't you hate
existential dread
and paper cuts?

chicken bone
a vision of how it fit
in the hen

David Oates
@witwords1

insomnia—
another night tram
drives away

little pumpkin—
I kiss her everyday
in the garden

diagnosis—
creaking underfoot
brittle ice

milk soup—
from the morning mist
trees come out

Krzysztof Kokot

dust mote—
the shifting orbit
of an undiscovered planet

when I strike my chest
the old temple rings—
it's as the children said
in just the right place
you turn into a bell

the saint
under the shadows
on the wall
he was leaving his body
as you were entering mine

Pippa Phillips

white lies
underneath
black ice

Wonja Brucker

mowing the field
the scent of grass made
on a diagonal cut

Terrie Jacks

alzheimer
my niece asks me
if i'm Santa

upset about last night
on one or two handkerchiefs
autumn dew

Mircea Moldovan

last day of retreat:
the robin sends a song
from his heart to ours

Maeve O'Sullivan

www.maeveosullivan.com

My Mischievous Friend

Many times, I sleep accompanied for a few moments by "something special" . . . Well, by the sound of a loud gecko behind a wardrobe in my bedroom. Some people are scared of geckos, but I'm not. Its chirp sounds nice for me, fun and unique. This rare animal is said to bring luck for the house it lives in. Some people also might feel disgusted and annoyed at the look and voice of Mr. Gecko. Hmm, just let it be, each of us have our own taste in loving certain animals anyway. I feel so disgusted at rats. Meanwhile, my son with his big smile and witty eyes many times says: "Oh, what a pitty mouse, it needs food too to survive. Come on, mom, don't blame it for stealing food. Also, it's so cute!"

Oh, my goodness! Well, there is no further comment.

*hide and seek
with my favourite pet
a gecko
this mischievous host
multiplies to five*

Temanku Yang Nakal

Sering kali aku tidur ditemani beberapa saat oleh "sesuatu yang spesial".. Yah, oleh suara tokek yang nyaring dari balik lemari baju di kamarku. Sebagian orang takut pada tokek, tapi aku tidak. Suaranyanya terasa nikmat bagiku, menyenangkan dan unik. Sang hewan langka ini konon katanya adalah pembawa hoki. Sebagian

orang lagi mungkin merasa geli atau tak suka dengan rupa serta bunyi Bung Tokek. Hmm, biar sajalah toh kita punya selera masing-masing dalam menyukai jenis hewan tertentu. Aku paling *gilani* pada hewan tikus. Sementara itu, putraku dengan senyum lebar dan mata jenaknya seringkali bilang: "Aih...kasihan kan tikus juga perlu makan buat hidup. Ayolah mam, lagian ia lucu banget!"

Astaga! Yah, sudahlah *no komen* deh.

*petak umpet
dengan hewan kesayanganku
seekor tokek
tuan rumah nakal ini
berkembang jadi lima*

Lisbeth Ho

catches of the day
two trout
and one tree

a return
to rational discourse
Waiting for Godot

Douglas J. Lanzo

crossing the stream
he shows us how easy—
to fall off a log

Jill Lange

my father's watch—
too late to turn
back the clock

Curt Pawlisch

at the séance . . .
he's arrested for striking
a happy medium

stolen toilet
police say they have
nothing to go on

steamy sex
in the church parking lot,
amazing Grace—
a shadow from the steeple
falls on virgin snow

Carol Raisfeld

samadhi a two-hour delivery window

flick of the fly

love

and other slights

the seed she swallowed muscadine

birdsong

i hum an old

bikini kill tune

smiling for the shucker

the thirteenth oyster

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