

faIled haIKu

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 2, Issue 23

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](https://twitter.com/SenryuJournal) on Twitter

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Cover haiga by: kris moon (kondo) and tom clausen

RESULTS AND JUDGES COMMENTS
The Second Annual Jane Reichhold Haiga Competition

[CLICK THIS LINK](#)

Cast List

In order of appearance

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John J. Dunphy

Willie R. Bongcaron

Antonio Mangiameli

Richard S. Goldberg

Robyn Cairns

Olivier Schopfer

Angela Giordano

Rachel Sutcliffe

Pris Campbell

Dennis Maulsby

Julie Warther and *Angela Terry*

Jeremy Jacob Peretz

Michael J. Galko

Bryan Rickert

Barbara Tate

Christiane Ranieri

Chen-ou Liu

Ingrid Baluch

Bruce Jewett

Mark Levy

Lysa Collins

Natalia Kuznetsova
Gail Oare
Elisa Allo
Alexis Rotella
William Scott Galasso
James Chessing
J. Zimmerman
Fractled
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Orrin PréJean
Victor Ortiz and *William Hart*
Jan Dobb
Eva Limbach
Debbie Strange
Mark E. Brager
Colin W. Campbell
Hifsa Ashraf
Paul Beech
Victor Ortiz
Barbara Kaufmann
Mark Forrester
Hazel Hall
PS Cottier
Oscar Luparia
Madhuri Pillai
John Hawkhead

Timothy Murphy
Veerangana
Vera Constantineau
Tim Gardiner
Vishnu P Kapoor
Peter Jastermsky
Simon Hanson
Marilyn Humbert
David Oates
Ron. Lavalette
Pat Davis
Sonam Chhoki and Pem C Gyamtsho
Edwin Lomere
Tsanka Shishkova
Keitha Keyes
Michael H. Lester
Elmedin Kadric
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Daniel Birnbaum
Sonam Chhoki and Michael Kowalewski
Angela Terry
Lucia Cardillo
Carol Raisfeld
Scott Wiggerman
Susan Burch
Rosemarie Schuldes

Freddy Ben-Arroyo
Nancy Brady
Robert Witmer
Louise Hopewell
Mark Gilbert
John Levy
Lorin Ford
Simone K. Busch
Martha Magenta
Crystal Simone Smith
David J Kelly
Adrian Bouter
Margherita Petriccione
Dave Read
Gabriel Smithwilson
Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco
Cynthia Rowe
Terrie Jacks
Pitt Buerken
Stefano d'Andrea
Angiola Inglese
Zoran Doderovic
Eufemia Griffo
Eric Lohman
Linda McCarthy Schick
Rehn Kovacic

Susan Beth Furst
kris moon (kondo)and tom clausen
Kath Abela Wilson
Nina Kovačić
Nikolay Grankin
Marshall Bood
Marion Alice Poirier
Tyson West
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Ola Lindberg
Bee Jay
Celestine Nudanu
Margaret Jones
Debbi Antebi
Sondra J. Byrnes
Jill Lange
Radka Mindova
Shloka Shankar
C.R. Harper
Kyle Hemmings
John J. Han
Helga Härle
Lucia Fontana
Frank J. Tassone
Robyn Brooks
Billy Tuggle

church
a votive candle
extinguished by floodwater

carnival
the fortuneteller's crystal ball
reeks of Windex®

John J. Dunphy

haiku walk
a haijin slides
on a puddle

how huge
they can grow...
mommy legs

Willie R. Bongcaron

mist-
onion soup

birthday-
candles and cake
on my Tablet

Antonio Mangiameli

paper crinkles
somewhere in the library
the smell of garlic

empty bike rack
the ghost of his red racer
lingers

Supermoon--
not thinking to point
a finger

six equal slices
no two the same
New York pizza

Richard S. Goldberg
goldberg.wordpress.com

arrival of shorebirds
a global
happy constant

house full
of flowers
but no dad

cold snap--
i warm my hands
on my heart

Robyn Cairns

till death do us part
love lock

uninvited guests
at the picnic table
wasps

early morning bus
the man
with mismatched socks

fading rainbow...
the urge
to color outside the lines

snowflakes
my mind
goes blank

reheated leftovers
winter evening

Olivier Schopfer

autumn mist-
the song of the birds
increasingly rare

shutters closed-
the fog of the morning
above the ridge

Angela Giordano

our priorities
established
drifting clouds

wood smoke wind
the fireworks
of childhood

so many
complications
hard rain

your voice
on the phone
mist darkens day

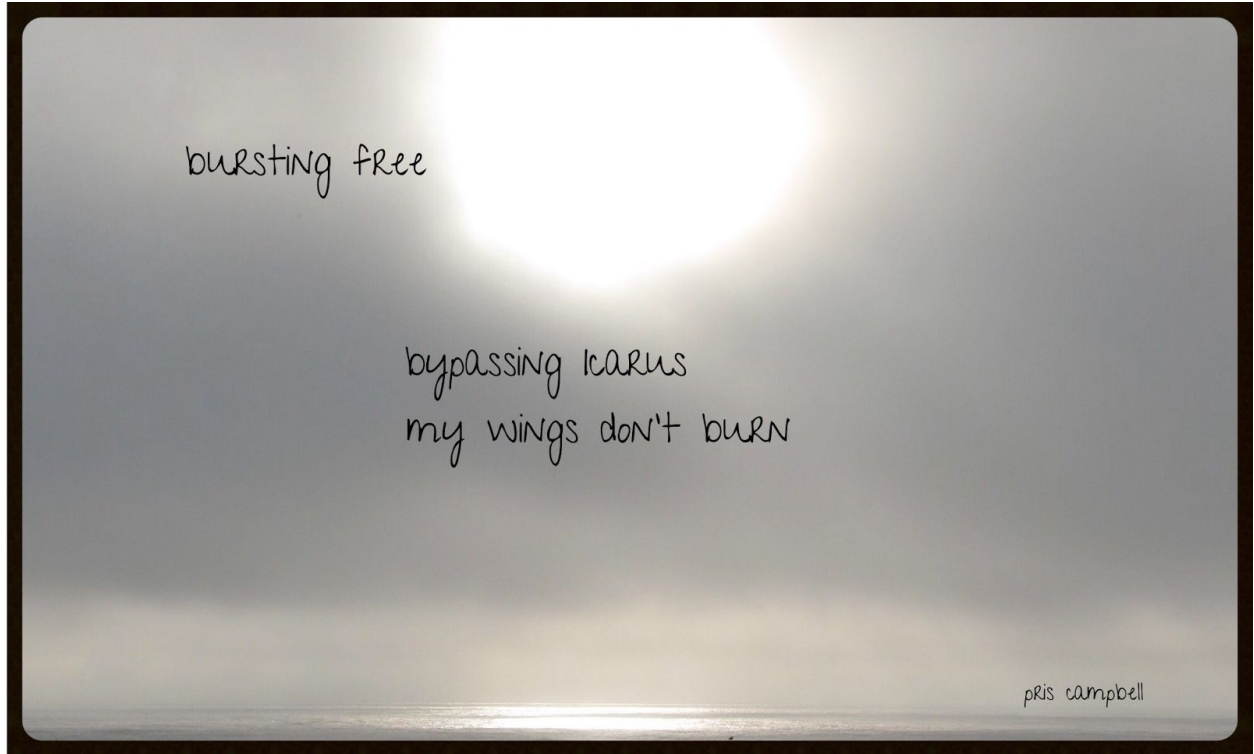
snow on snow
watching logs shift
in the hearth

Rachel Sutcliffe

another dawn
the tide returns me home
from my dreams



pris campbell



Pris Campbell

The first day retired.
A brown-scarred briefcase strap seeks
a suited shoulder.

Dennis Maulsby

www.dennismaulsby.com

Eavesdropping

eavesdropping
between two oaks –
the trills of screech owls

*a ten cent fine
for singing off-key*

first words
parents translate
for the guests

*kicking in time
to Beethoven's 5th –
third trimester*

a round of applause
with gloved hands

*playing the blues –
within each note
the silence*

Julie Warther
Angela Terry

suicide hotline
overseas
talks me down
in Creolese

yoga instructor's husband
feeling like a

d
o
w
n
w
a
r
d
faced dog

Jeremy Jacob Peretz

the busker tunes
his untuneable
rain-wet guitar

long black car
with no motorcade—
Schrödinger's hearse

we are on the cusp
of error— bright orange hand
cutting Lincoln's beard

I thought about it
and changed my mind—
duck landing on lakewater

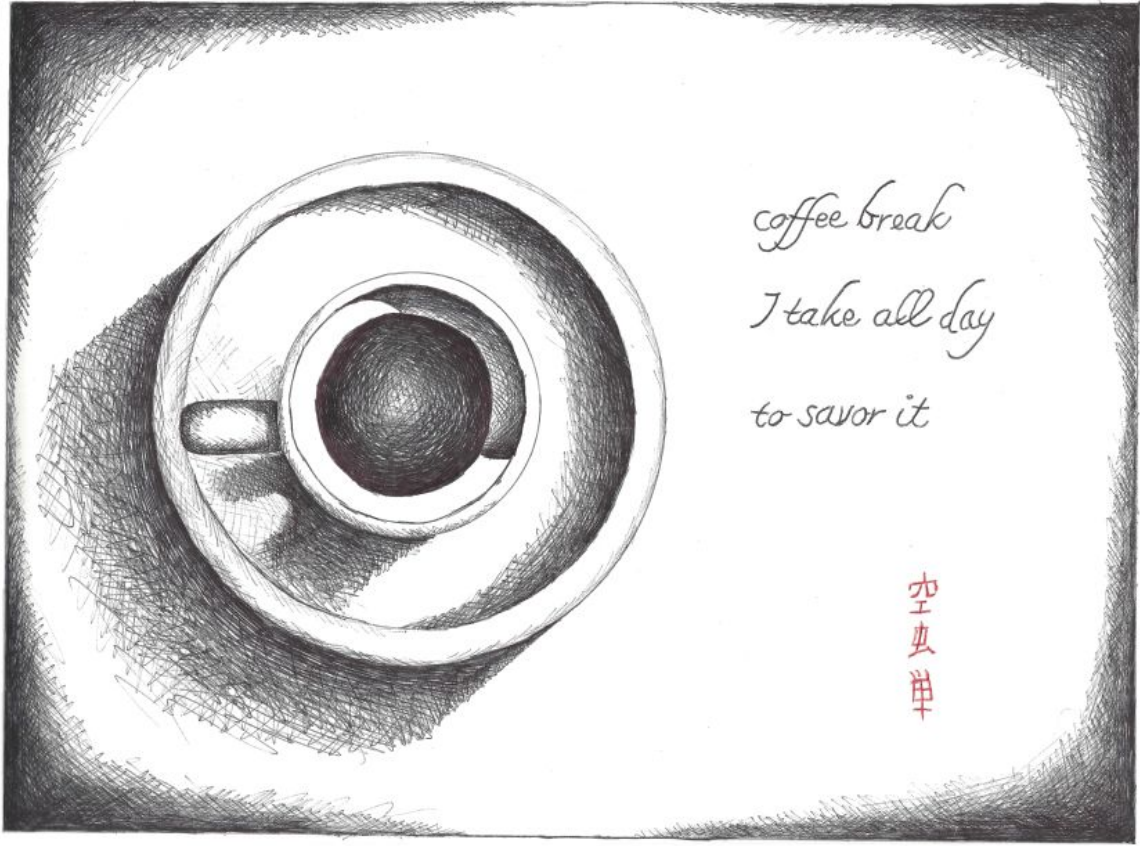
Michael J. Galko

sunset jazz
last of the cicadas
join the fray

first cold night
the ice machine
drops a load

silent treatment
the two house clocks
out of sync

filling it with tea the emptiness



Bryan Rickert

home on leave
he wants to see us
see him

Christmas wish list
a pearl inlaid air guitar
plus lessons

Thanksgiving
earning an upgrade
to the big table

primal urge
grabbing the last chicken wing
for later

Barbara Tate

raindrops on the window
watching
a spermatozoon race

hopscotch —
he reached the sky
before me

in my glass of wine
drowned before my grief
a fly

puddle —
a hen irritates
the clouds

Christiane Ranieri

reading alone
a room of books filled
with dead voices

Sunday morning
the newcomers praying
without necks

moonlit alley
my shadow head-on
with a pitbull

election blues
our silence darkens
the night

Sunday afternoon sex
the priest sticks
to the missionary position

ravens squawk
all this fuss
about war

Chen-ou Liu

<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>
[@storyhaikutanka](#), [@ericcoliu](#)

solar panels—
black eyes
square up to the sun

book club—
discrete perusal of
who brought what to eat

waiting room—
tighten the abs to
quell the gathering grumble

Ingrid Baluch

wife wakes me at dawn
the incense of wildfires
hundred miles away

my mother's pride
I have more white hairs
than she

no more threesomes
with ben and jerry
my resolution

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

another
talking head
light leaves the body

hangover
the universe
gone atonal

blind date
the slurp
of her noodles

medical marijuana
not enough
for a poem

business breakfast
his talk
an evanescent waffle

Mark Levy

Thanksgiving salad —
she adds
more vinegar than oil

hanging mistletoe
I get to kiss
the mirror

Lysa Collins

Bonfire Night...
she makes an effigy
of her ex

Natalia Kuznetsova

croaking frogs
dollar beer night
at the lakeside bar

scented dawn
a young rooster
fills his lungs

used book sale
spotting an old friend
at the fiction table

Gail Oare

moving clouds
listening to the lullaby
of the rails

tattoo...
covering my pain
with colors

art therapy books
lost in the squiggles
of my neurosis

old hourglass
time flows too slowly



Elisa Allo

<https://tanzaku.wordpress.com>

Talking trash the garbage men

Day of the Dead

I wear

my own mask

A moment too long

she talks about

her kids

The person

I go out of my way

to avoid

behind me

at check out

A dress

spun from cobwebs

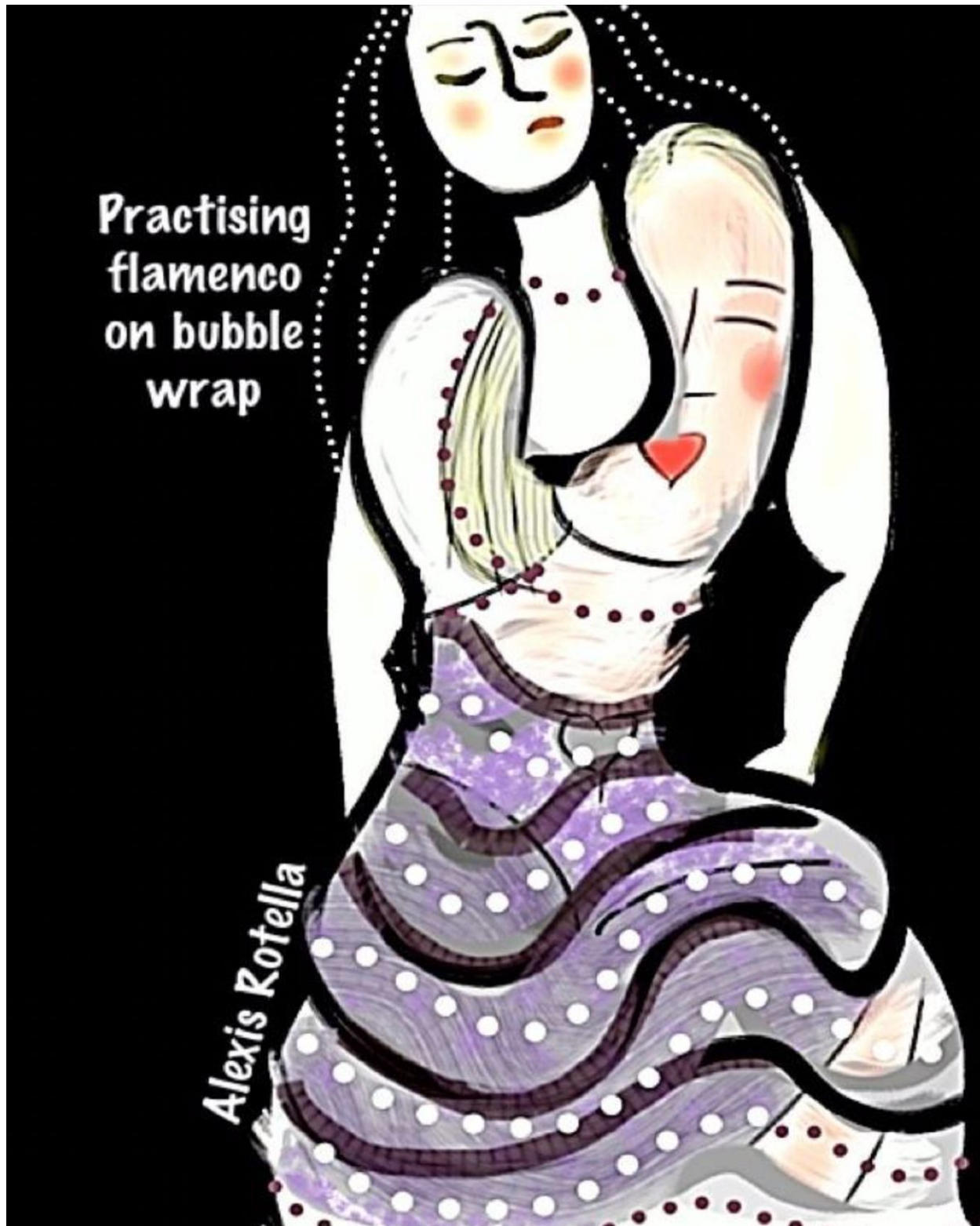
Day of the Dead

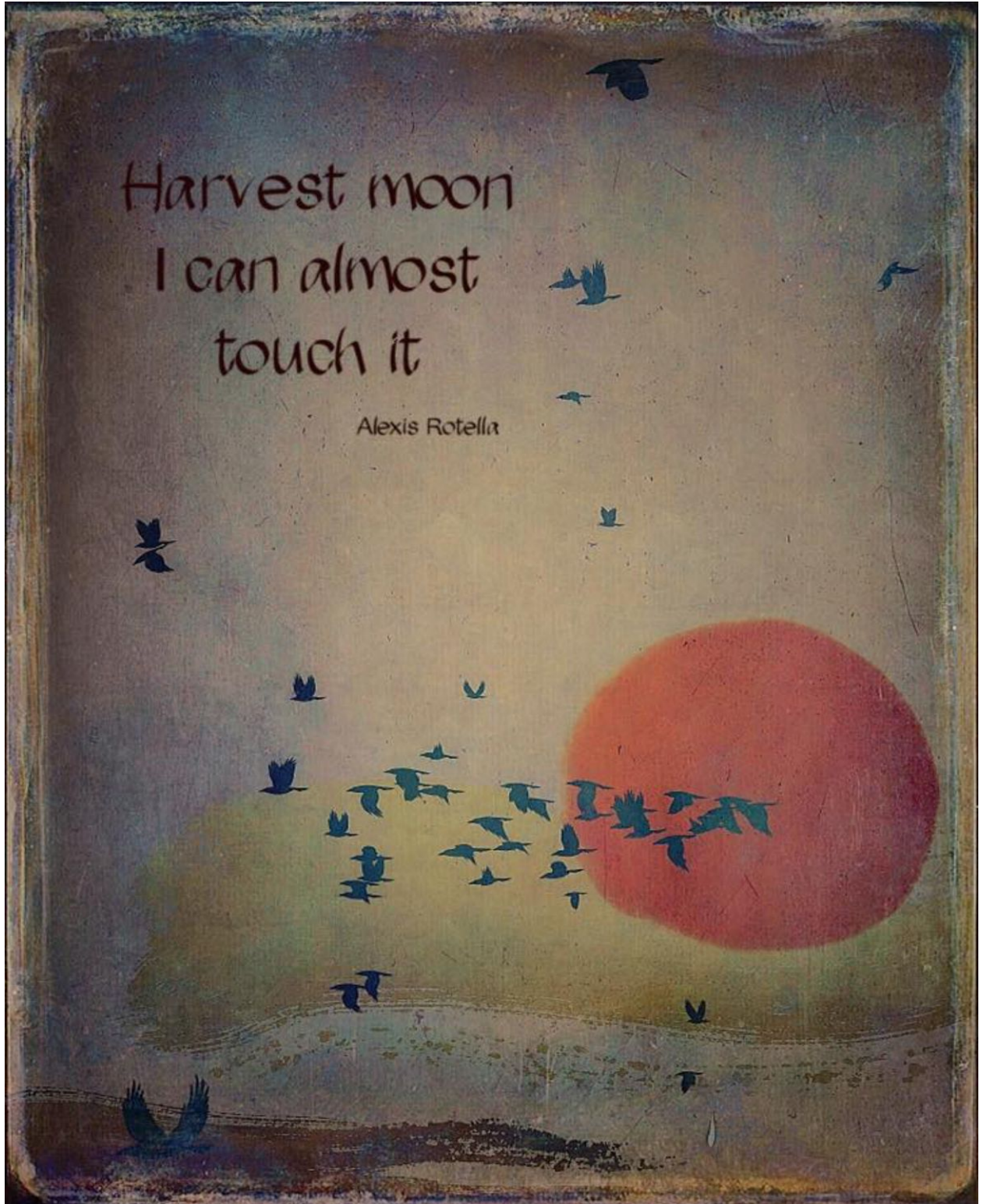
Eric Clapton's
autumn leaves
home alone
I slow dance
with a ghost

oh, he's just being
a puppy, they say
and I say,
sure, and I'm just being
a first-class bitch

Practising
flamenco
on bubble
wrap

Alexis Rotella





Alexis Rotella

firestorm--
stolen memories,
swollen eyes

crossroads...
get home or
get gone

William Scott Galasso

they crown him
Doctor of Philosophy
with daisy chains

the urge to un-bite
my tongue --
a compliment

dragon kite
the mime instructs the tourist
how to sit

the crow
on the traffic camera
gives me the eye

alone
with my thoughts, the psychoanalyst
with hers

James Chessing

algebra
the bonesetter calms
the milk cow

all January
the gym overrun
with epiphanies

another birthday
my pulse-meter watch tells me
I've flat-lined

blocked drain
I'm still unenlightened
about tree roots

J. Zimmerman

sugar daddy
the bitter taste lingers...
as she talks

inner city life
streets with borders
of yellow tape

election day -
a beggar's only vote
for dead presidents

moon glow –
the reflection
of his scalp

deep talk...
the thoughts I share
while asleep

Fractled

Discount Dance Academy
robot instructor
with two left feet

Batman versus
Superman -
senryu death match

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
<http://stardusthaiku.blogspot.com/>

i fill my mouth with you damp leaves turning

alone at the table i eat black bean soup

Orrin PréJean

A Glow on the Horizon

footprints
at the river crossing
harvest moon

*in desert scrub
scattered photos*

the shadow
of a raven scales
the canyon wall

*night camp
a glow on the horizon
and crowded stars*

her story
much like my story

*rolling between jobs
out the bus window
old friend moon*

Victor Ortiz
William Hart

local spice shop
the sound of hot gossip
in unknown tongues

balmy afternoon . . .
listening to the buzz
of a postman's bike

new neighbour
her stone Buddha smiles back
at my garden gnome

Jan Dobb

the asphalt road
to the little village
I used to live
again I avoid
stepping on the cracks

well-rounded wine
I'm looking for reasons
to squabble

another fall
the mangy stray dog
barks at the moon

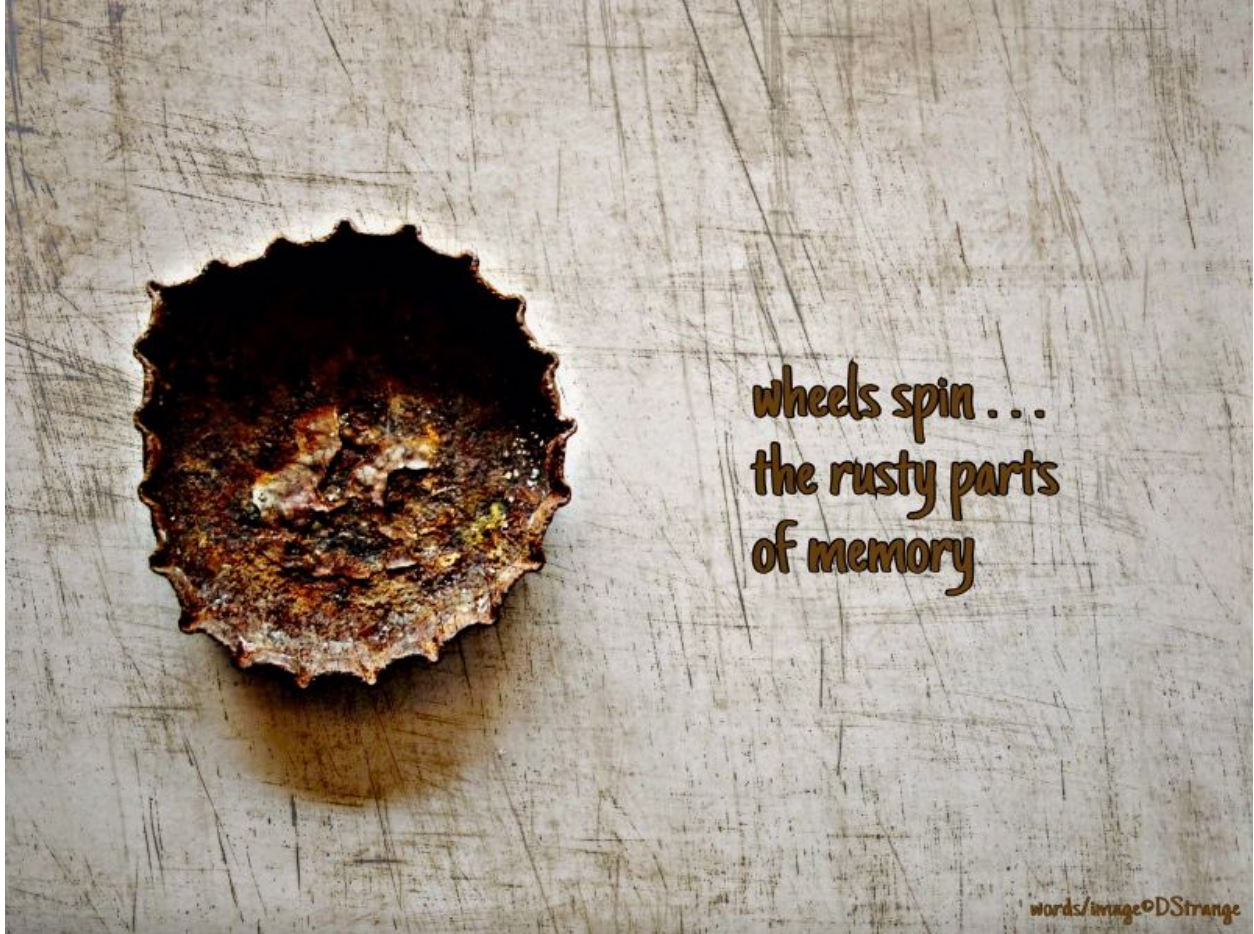
off-season
wind carries a leaf
back to the tree

Eva Limbach

<https://evamaria-limbach2.blogspot.de/?m=0>

pregnant pause
the increasing weight
of your silence





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

the long good-bye . . .
the longer dial tone

bitter cold
the trumpeter sounds
a blue note

Mark E. Brager



though born high and free
every pure raindrop must fall
down to earth like us

Photo: Serif Premium Collection Text: Colin W. Campbell

Colin W. Campbell



**dappled sunlight...
my unspoken words
on the wall**

**©Hifsa Ashraf
(words & image)**

Hifsa Ashraf

battlefield high
the lark calms them
zero hour minus one

RUBY

The thump of the big gun rolls away, the two-minute silence begun. Just a gull or two calling distantly. And there she is, waiting in memory: a woman never quite met, face never quite glimpsed, only her withered, liver-spotted hand, like a claw. I never knew her name but thought of her as Ruby. I knew only this: that she was one of those brave British agents dropped into occupied France to work with the Marquis in the run-up to D-Day. Her room in the nursing home was always dark, door ajar, music most sombre on low. Occasionally I'd hear her cough. The big gun sounds again: it's over.

between bugle calls
their spirits rise in glory
our boys, our girls

Paul Beech

dripping down
a rain-streaked window
the flag at half staff

PERIod

untold stories
in the recycle bin
pencil shavings

a nail
without a photo
new waitress

Victor Ortiz

underwater
the wish to be
unborn again

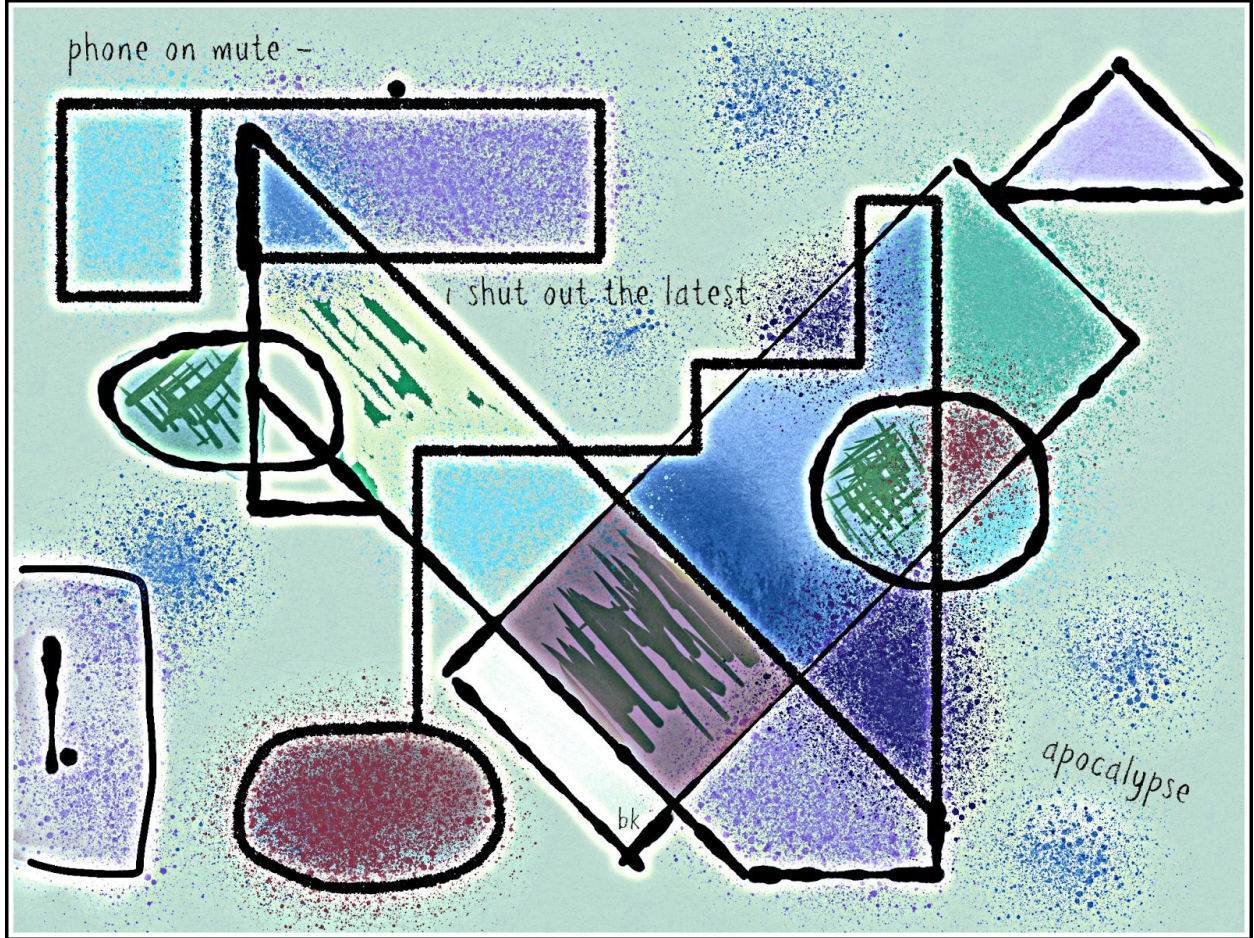
autumn equinox
double click
for a new screen saver

cricket
the urge to scratch
a summer itch

Sings My Soul

I saw a Scarlet Tanager today. A rare sight in these parts. It must be the mulberries, ripening with giddy abandon. The bird perches on a branch outside my window for a few minutes, inviting admiration. An orange blur swoops in to claim the mulberry tree as his own. My oriole. I watch as he intimidates a squirrel and chases a pair of blue jays. Fair weather clouds wander by on a breeze. Oh, and the music of a song sparrow in my ears.

summer solstice
flowers of every color
vie for my attention



Barbara Kaufmann

solar eclipse
sidewalks crowded
with office talk

orange tabby
scattered game pieces
spoils of war

morning rain
the Christmas tree
half undressed

Apostate
(or, Exactly Zero Fucks Were Given That Day)

Mr. Groh, our social studies teacher, was struggling to maintain the class's attention. He was attempting to explain the exercise we would be doing, but first he needed to select a series of letters we would use to generate our answers.

He called on a student in the front row to provide the first letter. "F," he declared loudly. A room full of seventh graders snickered as the letter was written on the board.

He called on another student, a girl, for the next letter. "U," she responded promptly. The murmurs of adolescent rebellion increased.

The teacher's eyes searched the room. (Were they calculating? Or desperate?) He settled on me. "Mark?"

And I offered an innocuous response. (Did I suggest the letter M? Perhaps an R?) The class groaned.

Only later did I realize the subversive conspiracy my classmates were attempting. Later still I understood why Mr. Groh felt safe in calling on me that day.

slow weave
mist
through the branches

Mark Forrester

scent of smoke . . .
that twilight before
the wind's first howl

rainforest
a glimpse of her shadow
through the foliage

lone poet
writing himself
into others' lives

Hazel Hall

green red green
my nails glowing
Christmas lights

ancient leather
rusty buckle —
old dog has died

PS Cottier

pscottier.com

lights float
along avenues of fog
anonymous cars



*only my steps
on fallen leaves -
Time echo*

photo and text by Oscar Luparia

Oscar Luparia

coal mine protest
the route to work
a tad longer

soothsayer
his rhyming prophecies
on a phone app

childhood scars how the cicadas reverberate

Madhuri Pillai

nothing left
after the wedding feast
except naming stars

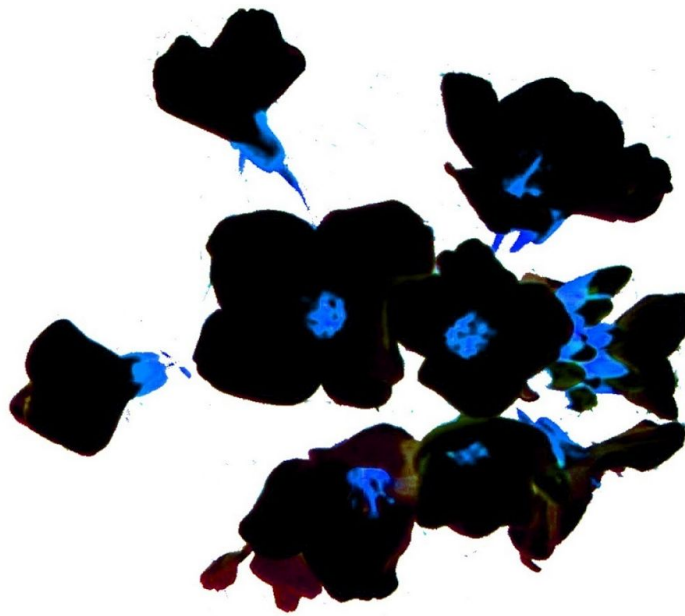
graffiti artist
working on the old rail bridge
a canvas of rust

playing hangman
leaving space between letters
for shortening breaths

twist and shout

the choreography

of bruises



john hawkhead

John Hawkhead
[@HawkheadJohn](#)

secrets and lies
not missing
my mother

maturity
passing the baton
to oneself

tattoo
inscribed on my heart
permanent tears

friendship . . .
communication
without questions

mass murder
the fragility
of community

Timothy Murphy

dish washing...
she shelves her dreams
with glass plates

choice of wallpaper...
a moist sapling
whispers into my ankle

stacks of moons...
in empty bowls
beggar's kitchen

Veerangana

heavy rain
the constant clatter
of scrabble tiles

filling my notebook
three lines at a time
October sun

dawn
mother hums
a funeral hymn

seniors menu
our age difference
finally matters

Vera Constantineau
[@VeraConstantine](#)

tumbleweed
getting the hell
out of dodge

django's coffin
the second amendment
alive and well

crickets court
we fail to make
an impression

Tim Gardiner

[@tingardiner3](#)

<http://www.essexfieldclub.org.uk/portal/p/Insect+poetry>

war zone
under the old debris
a snail colony

even when absent
her power to take away
sleep

Vishnu P Kapoor

Determined

Looking down at the trail, it is clear that a horse has been here, and that the mound left behind is . . . moving. A determined creature, half-insect, half-tank, motors the dung mound in a straight line. Over rock and branch, the creature gives no ground, as it scrapes through the shadows.

From the sacred scarab of ancient Egypt, the timeline rolls out to today's dung beetle

almost focused . . .
the mouse in the corner
still scratching

Peter Jastermsky

picket fence
in the blink of an eye
sunset strobe

enshrined in law
enshrined!

Simon Hanson

makeshift tent-city
wet washing drooping
between light poles

fluoro beanies
dot the dinner-line
at the soup kitchen

Marilyn Humbert

insomniac girl
she talks about sex
to keep him up

once again
my name misspelled
this time by me

I asked
“what did you say?”
she said
“I don’t know –
I wasn’t listening.”

Mom says it's weird
I'm now older than she is

David Oates

she could read him like a book—
not surprisingly
all his pages were loose leaves

a conference room:
he can't believe his own ears
—it's all doubletalk—

Ron. Lavalette

<http://eggsovertokyo.blogspot.com>

the urge to shoo a fly
off the spider web
tattoo

forest on fire
the sound of it
suffering

Pat Davis



Sonam Chhoki - poem
Pem C Gyamtsho - photo

low beams on the milky way

liquid wings

the IV brushes

my arm



Edwin Lomere

heritage
handwritten letters in
handmade box



Tsanka Shishkova

cleavage on show —
my husband is enjoying
her TV coverage

today's forecast
fog clearing to a fine day —
my first coffee kicks in

frozen in time
the careless click
of an email

Keitha Keyes

welcome mat—
the other side of the door
a shotgun

a few coins
under the couch cushions . . .
payday for grandkids

every toenail
a different color . . .
red-light district

Michael H. Lester

retiring darkness
i kiss
my biceps

dear office probe
this much I know
t h i s m u c h

Elmedin Kadric

zen garden
a space between kimono
and me

fasting
in the name of god
my mother's lies

her response
to my haiku
haiku length yawn

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

her old hand
the mark of a pen
as a wedding ring

fog
for a moment I forget
the horizon

notes of jazz
the stones in the stream
glitter

Daniel Birnbaum

watercolor: M Kowalewski

poem: S Chhoki

rose-tipped dawn

the spring blossoms

you never picked

Sonam Chhoki - poem

Michael Kowalewski - watercolor

new car --
she savors the smell
of summer rain

glass slipper
with no gel insert --
no wonder she lost it

Angela Terry

autumn ...
leaf teaches me
the levity

autunno ... una foglia m'insegna / la leggerezza

Lucia Cardillo

a fork in the road
he decides to take
the psycho path

asking about her dog
who swallowed the dimes
... still no change

Karate --
the new restaurant
serving only chops

looking for a man
secure enough to wear labels
inside his clothing

red light, green light
red light-
she waves with her cane

Carol Raisfeld

dusting of snow
a time I would have
wanted more

the color of sand
in New Mexico--
even the wind

scarlet penstemon
a bee banging
inside the window

Scott Wiggerman

dropped call –
the first time I say I love you
to myself

living in the moment possum

catching crabs
the hermit itches
for company

Susan Burch

takeaway coffee
takeaway poem
take me away

Rosemarie Schuldes

Holocaust Survivor -
she tests her tattoo number
in the lottery

my wife at the piano -
why so many notes
Chopin?

which switch
for that light?
new home

Freddy Ben-Arroyo

alumni weekend...
all the memories
best left forgotten

harvest moon...
the skeletal shadows
of trees

Nancy Brady

www.nbsmithblog.wordpress.com

hopscotch by the lake
we skip
the stones

taxidermist
the end game
stares back

full of hot air
my neighbor's
backyard and mine

another year taxes
I cover my losses
with a comb over

without the right suit
playing cards
in my underwear

Robert Witmer

overflowing recycling bin
slowly learning to think
outside the box

scum on a
stagnant pool
executive meeting

your snoring
keeps me awake all night
rumblings of discontent

Louise Hopewell

between time zones
waiting
for the fog to lift

the freedom to choose
which toilet to use:
a new Dawn

black friday
stirring my coffee
with a piece of wood

taking it
out
on the hole-punch

Mark Gilbert

is silence
ever
mutual

but there is no
perfect gravestone she objects
silently as the salesman talks

lost thought the last thought

John Levy

sketches from life –
my eraser
leaves smudge marks

red light
the traffic cop's poppy
boutonniere

l'heure bleue
a gin bottle bobbing
in the yacht's wake

dark of the moon –
my father's same old
mood indigo

Lorin Ford

all you can eat
a girl swallows
her loneliness

autumn equinox
still adjusting
to my mediocrity

in flight entertainment
i choose
the lenten moon

Simone K. Busch

<http://simonekbusch.blogspot.de>

vanishing species
the things we did
before the internet

supermoon—
neighbour in the window
stripped to the waist

pub scrimmage
Shirley Bassey songs
from memory

brexit
he tells me to make
my own coffee

doppelgänger --
she blanks
my friends

Martha Magenta
<https://marthamagenta.com>

sibling rivalry
I agree Mommy...
I agree more

weight gain—
he suggests we buy
a bigger house

Crystal Simone Smith

a single teardrop
even my sorrow
is alone

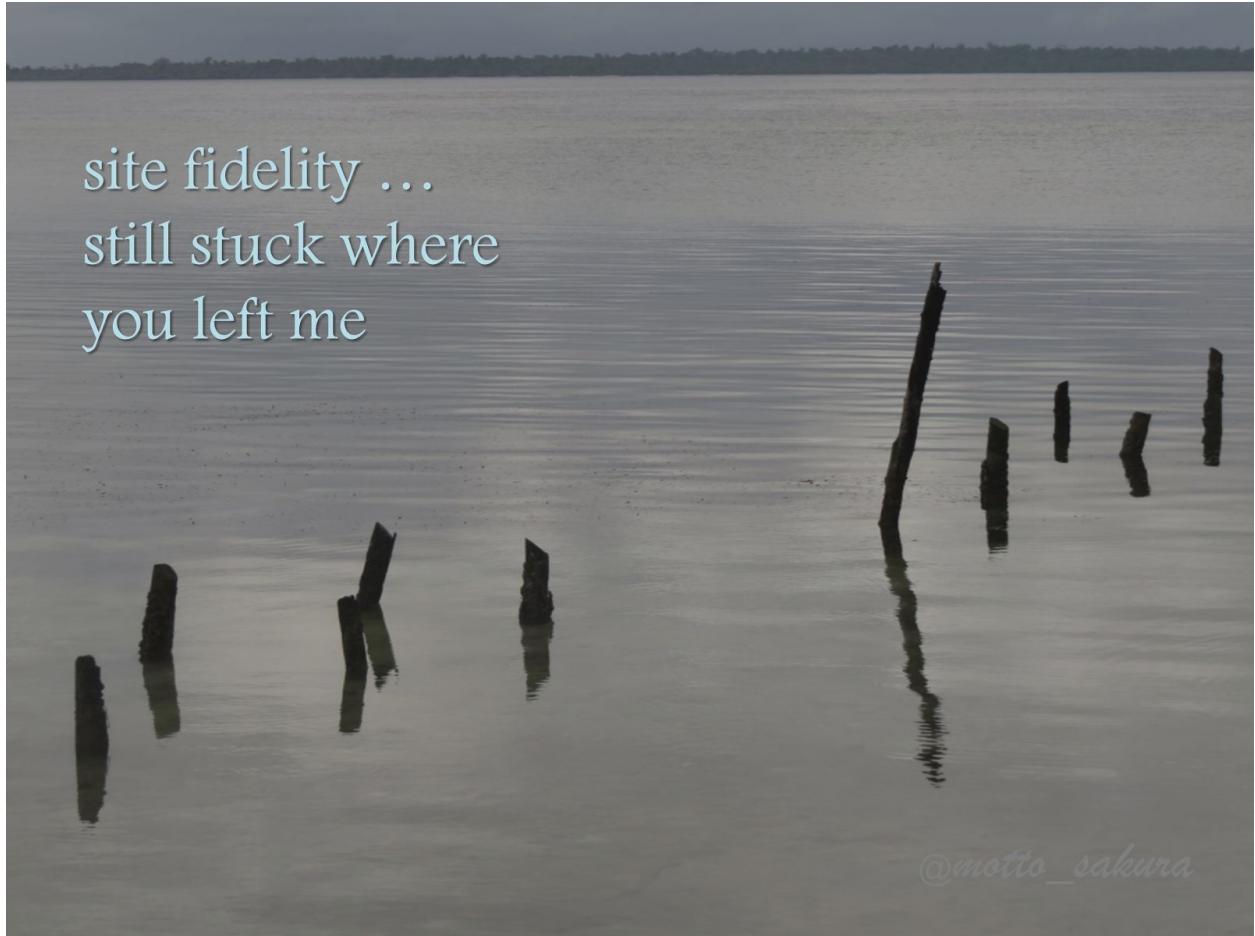
no right turn
the voice from the sat nav
falls quiet

telekinesis
a plasma screen checks out
of the hotel window

stillness

There's a place beyond hysteria, where exhaustion finally forces an acknowledgement of shock. An eerie calm envelops everything, like a sea mist. It's a lonely place. No-one chooses to go there, but sometimes circumstance can carry us well beyond our comfort zone.

catatonia
imprisoned by
the here and now



David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](https://www.instagram.com/motto_sakura)

coal train -
my favorite things
tremble in the room

the domestic dreamer
my sleeping cat*s tail

Adrian Bouter

bitter marmalade -
the subtle harmony
of the universe

*marmellata di arance amare -
l'armonia sottile
dell'universo*

it comes back
the useless blue sky -
mirror glasses

*ritorna indietro
l'inutile azzurro del cielo -
occhiali a specchio*

Margherita Petriccione

Birdman

We weren't sure where he lived. He must have had a caregiver. An adult child unable to talk, he waved at cars or mumbled greetings to those who passed him on the street. While he continued to walk, rather shuffle, everywhere, time had taken its toll. Bent into a question mark, he leaned heavily on his cane. We saw him most days, wondered where he went. Maybe he only went outside: breathing in the air of independence.

October breeze ...
a leaf pulls away
from its tree

Cable

Our old tv had 13 channels. Well, 12 (the first was labelled "2"). 11 if you exclude Broadcast News. PBS didn't count, neither did the french channel. We skipped through the community updates on 9 and 10. The listings weren't watched, but referred to. That leaves three Calgary stations, the three American networks they mimicked, and the CBC for hockey (that we tuned in to) and Canadiana (that we didn't).

It's funny how we fussed when that small screen turned to snow.

rabbit ears
adjusting our view
of the past

Dave Read

sparrowsofthespirit.blogspot.ca

sinking deeper
into the cosmic abyss
my lost sock

Gabriel Smithwilson

two men
haul out their boat
the sky and lake full of each other

not knowing how
to talk to you
old valentines

lunar mountain range my childhood home

where fish go in hurricanes
only
water

watching offshore lightning something borrowed

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

steam-cleaning
the boat's hull ...
my dog's wet nose

koala rescue
tourists circle
the eucalypt

beach picnic
the brush turkey steals
my baguette

hiking sign ...
still only halfway
there

Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

<https://www.amazon.com/author/cynthiarowe>

http://twitter.com/cynthia_rowe

<http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm>

her southern draw
s-o-o sl-o-o-w
my ears
have trouble
keeping up

my purse
the world
of lost

merry-go-round
the ups and downs
in some circles

Terrie Jacks

potato eyes
the silent looks
shame me

day break
all the birds get real
the president tweets

Pitt Buerken

also the meow
of the wet cat
sounds damp

Stefano d'Andrea

the first fog –
my mother's handwriting
on yellowed book

Angiola Inglese

old address book
faces of deceased
turning up

bridge building
a snail goes
bypassing

hospital waiting room
a clock ticking deeper
in me

Zoran Doderovic

spiderweb
all my life
hanging by a thread



Eufemia Griffo

nude beach we air our differences

scattered snowflakes
here in a breath
gone in a breath

sex scene -
everything covered
in pollen

stainless steel
my knife
without sin

dishwasher -
to seek marital bliss
is the most
zen thing
I can do

Eric Lohman

autumn branches
scratch the house –
we lower our voices

in the teardrop not much history

 this
 that
the long snaking fence

Linda McCarthy Schick

tea party
with the cat
one cup

drifting clouds
a line of poetry
remembered

Rehn Kovacic

How could you leave?

She gave me another plant from her yard, a latecomer from last year's tomatoes left on the vine. Like always she wrapped the small seedling in a wet paper towel and put it in a paper cup. I drove away without saying goodbye.

Fred sits in a blue glazed strawberry-pot, on my balcony, with the geraniums. I forgot to water him one day. Tomato plants are forgiving.

I counted three tiny yellow blossoms last week, we should have tomatoes by October. I will leave a few and maybe in the spring.

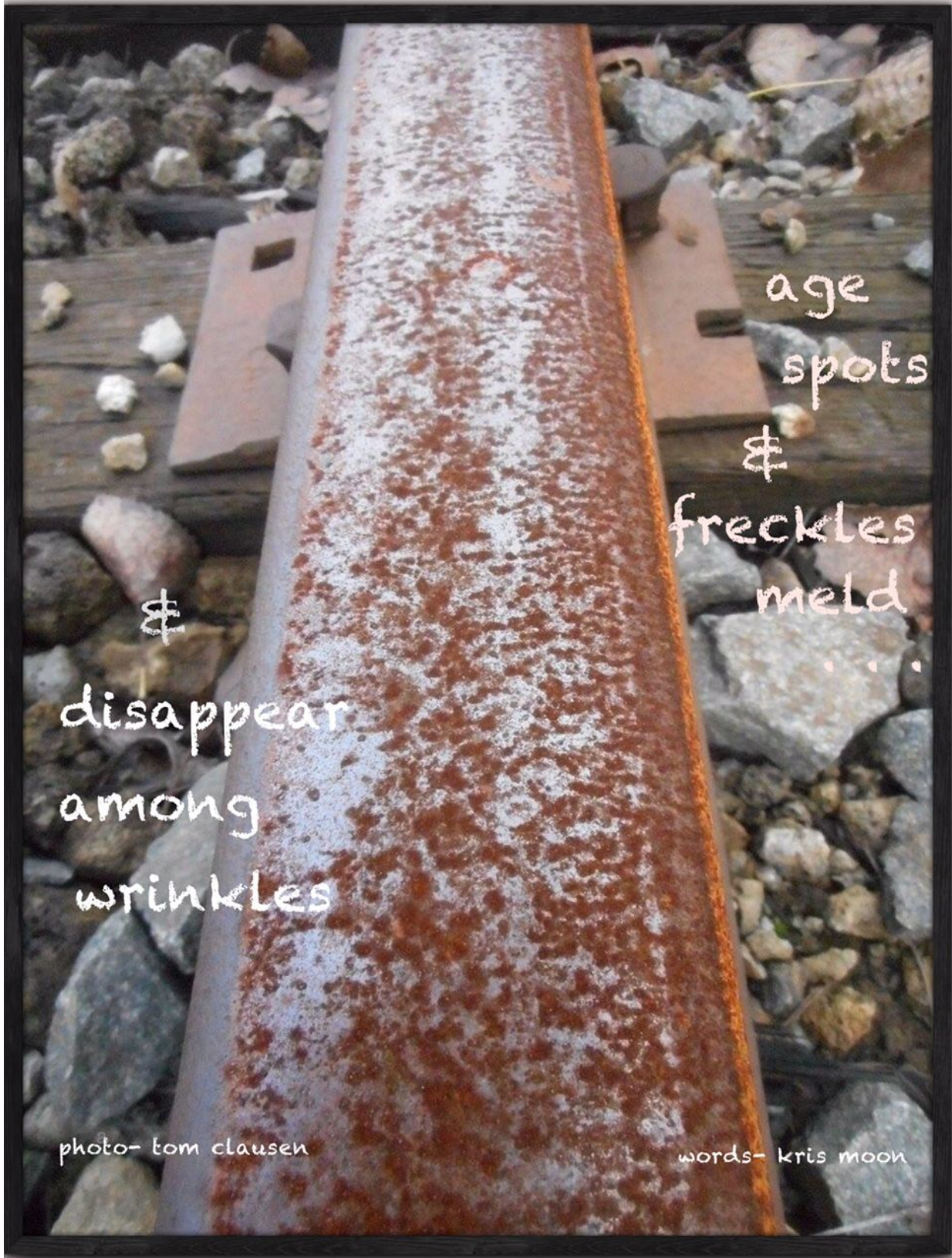
Ann's lace
I pick the flowers
for her funeral bouquet

Susan Beth Furst



photo- tom clausen

words- kris moon



age
spots

&

freckles
mold

...

&

disappear
among
wrinkles

photo- tom clausen

words- kris moon



a tickle

of
laughter

you

&

me

between

photo-
tom
clausen

words-
kris
moon



still
holding together

after all these years

photo- tom clausen

words- kris moon



a lifetime of questions . . .

so

many

unanswered

photo- tom clausen

words- kris moon

photo- tom cla



from ancient times. . .

of
building
the
tallest
tower

the hubris

photo- tom clausen
words- kris moon



wind, rain and frost.

i fear

fire

most

photo- tom clausen
words- kris moon

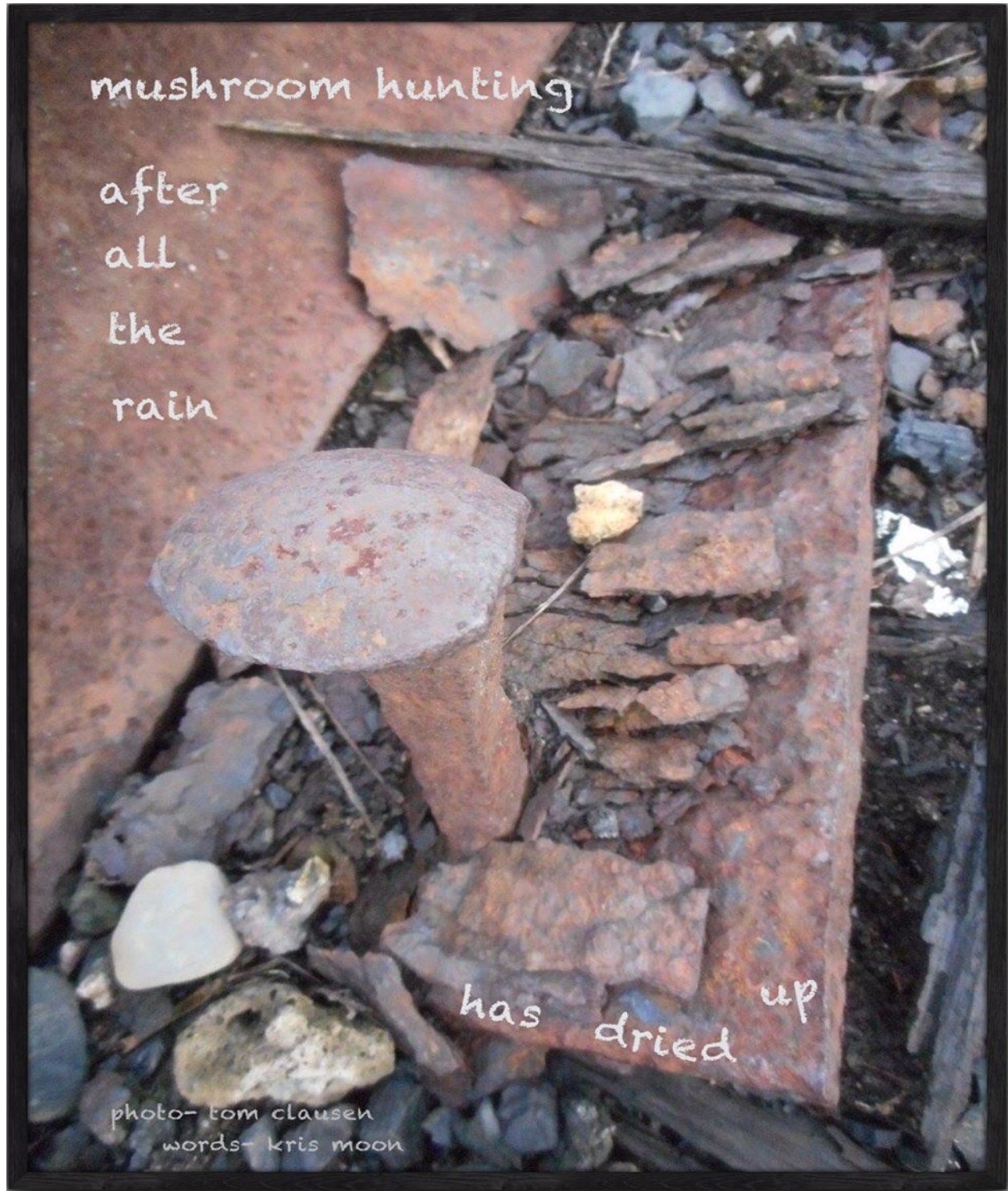


mushroom hunting

after
all
the
rain

has
dried
up

photo- tom clausen
words- kris moon



kris moon (kondo) - poem
tom clausen - photo

with her wand
mom takes a swipe at them
all the bad things

assisted living
a sensor in her head
in case of sarcasm

between whatshisname
and whatshamacallit
the golden key

thunderhead where she keeps her marbles

Moving House

My sister gave me nine boxes and bags from our mother's old room. I have not touched them, just glanced at the orderly stacks of papers, photos, mementos. We placed them in storage, in the cabinets painted with sun. Only the blue basket is obvious, the poetry books and the sky blue bellydance skirt I gave her

ninety - four
she needed a little more care
and origami lessons

Kath Abela Wilson

train gone–
the tremor still
on the bridge

Nina Kovačić

midge in my eye
i'm looking at everythings
in a different way

small-town cafe
reading the last news
in last year's journal

autumn wind
an old lady asks me
could you take a kitten?

Nikolay Grankin

Hoop Dreams

My uncle took me to a Saskatchewan Storm game when he was a reporter for a community radio sports program. After the game we went down to the locker room for the interviews. I was a shy kid and sat by the door quietly. Eventually Dudley Bradley, a former NBA defensive stopper, approached me. “Pass me the score sheet, kid,” he said.

dropping a dime —
the game winning
play

Marshall Bood

return to sender ...
the letter to his mom
a day too late

old friends ...
forgetting their names
at father's funeral

fire sale ...
among the bric-a-brac
the owner's dog

Marion Alice Poirier

crosstown high school
shooting – too close
and soon to ask why

night street lights
my shadow runs afoul
of its shadow

lost playground pencil
cartoon characters flaked off
it still writes haiku

two moons without rain
deer nibble flowers
left on graves

Tyson West

garden showers
a cocoyam leaf
roofing a toad

sunset
trapped in the tapper's gourd
a bee's song

Adjei Agyei-Baah

spring dusk
she's standing on her toes
to kiss me

the memory cut down to her scent

my shoes start to pinch
spring sun

leaving the village
a dog walks me out

the ocean
on the other side
see you there

Ola Lindberg

big night out
I try to unlock my door
with her lipstick

lazy love
the movie reaches its climax
before we do

wine bar
I tell you I know little
about love

leggings
the shape of things
to come

he keeps telling me
he has nothing
to say

big lie
my twisted
logic

Bee Jay

inhaling midsummer
the blend...
of his cigar and musk

by the fireside
my grandmother stirs the night
with tales

a whiff of perfume
clings to the homeless child
cherry blossoms

Celestine Nudanu

that glittering golden rule between us

she passes still

wondering was the Unknown Soldier

hers

Margaret Jones

waking up
my nightmare shapeshifts
into a poem

rush hour
I step on my
own shadow

pretending
to live forever -
footprints in snow

Debbi Antebi

in the folds
of my laundry
worries

still peeling off
layers of me
zazen

words trick me into thoughts i didn't have

zazen taking my trash to the street

Sondra J. Byrnes

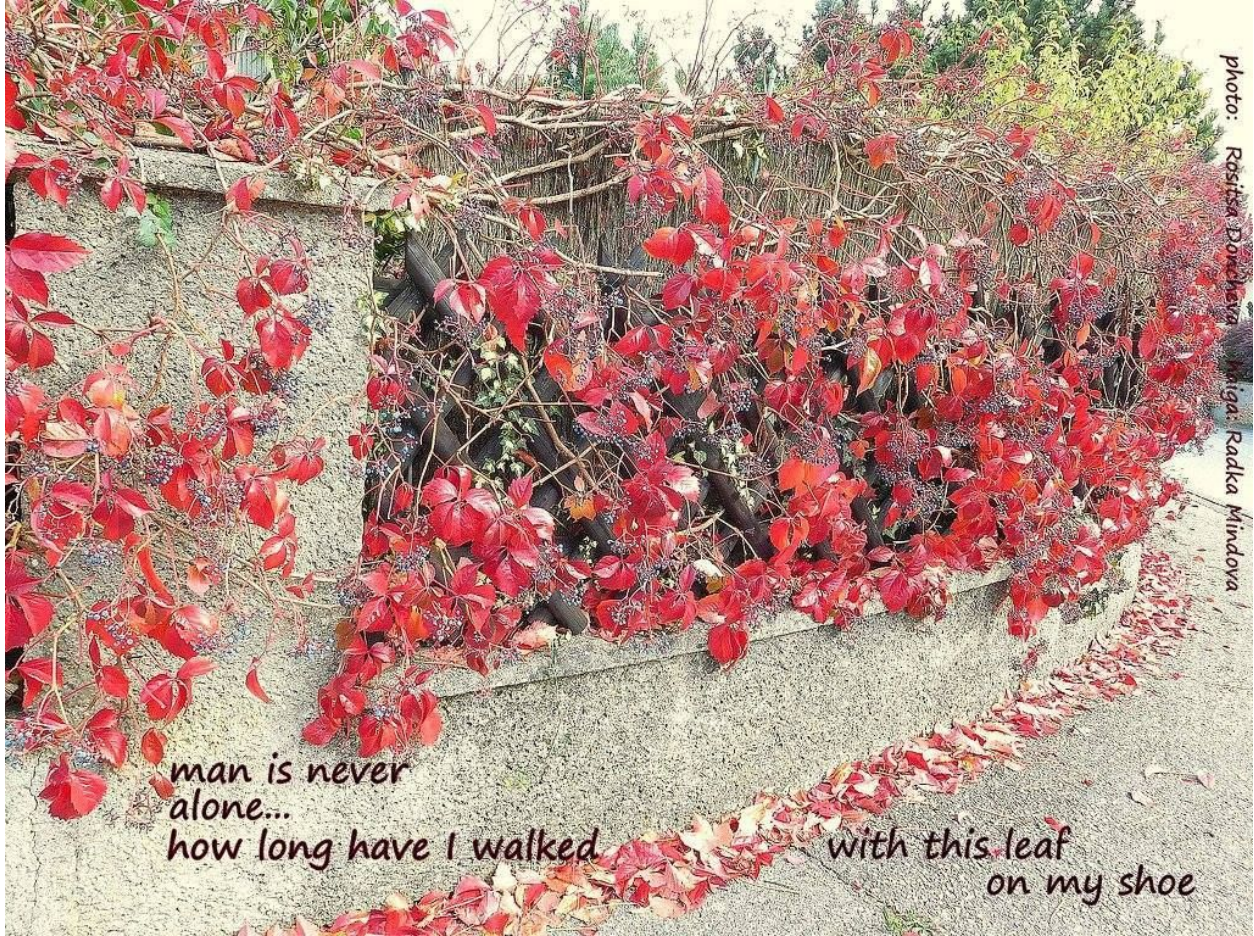
onshore wind—
sand in our hair
and pockets

winning at euchre
my partner's cards . . .
braille

half-day moon
one eye
winks at me



Jill Lange



Radka Mindova

missing a full stop our lives a run-on sentence

making sense of my shadow cloud cover

production line
the things I don't
finish

Shloka Shankar
[@shloks89](#)

the curtain
hasn't fallen
stage four

daybreak
mother and sun
reflect

C.R. Harper

tongue-tied in aspic
still dreaming of bees

photo retouching...
now, a porcelain queen
without shadow



Kyle Hemmings
[@smersh01](https://www.instagram.com/smersh01)

polling place
the inscrutable faces
of voters

enlightenment at last—
selfie shows a ladybug
between my eyebrows

feelings of boredom
I forward a text message
to myself again

visiting Japan
a man gives me directions
in Japanese

John J. Han

monitor off -
eye to eye with myself
in the black mirror

perseids -
what more
to wish for?

Helga Härle

thunderclap
so deep this need
of inner silence

in neglect
a dog wagging
just to the moon

teenage daughter
green finch and me
go unnoticed

seahorse tail
wrapped up
in his silence

Lucia Fontana

Autumn rain
a colleague shouts “really?!”
at the fire alarm

Frank J. Tassone
frankjtassone.wordpress.com
[@fjtassone2](https://twitter.com/fjtassone2)

the night train
now the crickets
are silent

Robyn Brooks

Haijin walks into a bar
Without enough syllables
Stays thirsty



Billy Tuggle
[Artistecard.com/BillyTuggle](https://www.Artistecard.com/BillyTuggle)

a dirigible with your name on it circles the ballpark

you say you dont show off. but then why do your cufflinks shirt pocket and belt all have your initials on them.

board meeting
he with the inflated ego
fly unzipped

solitaire for the soul

in the woods doing walking meditation. i believe one of the many reasons humans generate conflicts so often is the simple fact that we live too close to each other. if we go further 'off grid' we get to know ourselves. you can be confident and annoying to yourself without ever rubbing anyone else the wrong way. stepping away from conflict is unnecessary when it is just you. but to be truthful even that takes some practice. i continue my walk in the woods. talking to myself and the squirrels.

my singing bowl
still ringing in the now
an hour later

someday soon

i miss old friends. youth is such a terrifying time but the relationships last a lifetime if treated right. but then not everyone survives that time and that is what makes it so terrifying to remember.

winter
grabbing fog
in gloved hands

Mike Rehling
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