

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 2, Issue 24

michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal on Twitter](#)

[Facebook Page](#)



Cover haiga by: Autumn Noelle Hall
Honorable Mention in The Second Annual Jane Reichhold Haiga Contest

Letter from a 'failed editor':

Although this phase of Failed Haiku is coming to an end, ***there is no need to for anyone to say goodbye yet.*** The format will be changing, but we will still be promoting the senryu form (***in whatever form it takes***) for a while at least. I will be announcing the 'themes' and guidelines for each of the monthly issues going forward for 2018 very soon. The January 1 issue will be a 'retrospective' issue. No new submissions, just a passel of picks from your 'failed editor' from past issues. Hold your submissions, please! Wait until you hear from us.

In the following months Failed Haiku will have several issues turned over to 'guest editors'. Others will be 'themed', to a single aspect of the form. We will still publish four 'full format' issues just as in the past. Just know that your best is always welcome here and that this is one editor who won't tell you what a senryu is, that is sort of up to you! And that is the way it should be.

You may want to ***subscribe to our mailing list*** to get announcements of the submission guidelines for future issues. [CLICK HERE](#).

Peace and good cheer!

Mike Rehling
'Failed Editor'

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Anthony Q. Rabang

Garry Eaton

Frank J. Tassone

Gordon Ayisi

John J. Dunphy

Gabriel Bates

S.Radhamani

Ron Scully

Angela Giordano

Bryan Rickert

Michael Henry Lee

Eleonore Nickolay

Breslin White

Rachel Sutcliffe

Vessislava Savova

Vessislava Savova and Gergana Yaninska

Gail Oare

Tricia Knoll

Nika

Nika & Jim McKinniss

Susan Constable

Peter Jastermsky
Bruce Jewett
Barbara Tate
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Hazel Hall
Elizabeth Crocket
Elizabeth Crocket and Jaiden Girodat
Irene Golas
Simon Hanson
Eva Limbach
Hifsa Ashraf
Veerangana
J. Eric Castro
Tim Graves
Bruce H. Feingold
Paul Engel
Chen-ou Liu
Enrique Garrovillo
Natalia Kuznetsova
Natalia Kuznetsova and Anna Vavilova-d
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Christiane Ranieri
Terri French
Julie Warther
Angela Terry and *Julie Warther*
David J Kelly

Linda B. Gamble
Robert Witmer
Marietta McGregor
Mary Gunn
Terrie Jacks
Bernard Gieske
Hannah Mahoney
Pitt Buerken
Helen Buckingham
Tia Haynes
William Scott Galasso
Tim Gardiner
Vishnu P Kapoor
Michael H. Lester
Pat Davis
Madhuri Pillai
Oscar Luparia
Adrian Bouter
Rehn Kovacic
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Paul Beech
David He Zhuanglang
Tsanka Shishkova
Marshall Bood
Rosemarie Schuldes
Dave Read

Marion Alice Poirier
Olivier Schopfer
Hansha Teki
Lori A Minor
Ingrid Baluch
Grace O'Donovan
Louise Hopewell
Colin W. Campbell
Eufemia Griffo
Phyllis Lee
Willie Bongcaron
Stephen Koritta
Bill Kenney
Angela Terry
Michael Kowalewski and Sonam Chhoki
Timothy Murphy
Cynthia Rowe
Gabe Feingold
Thomas Tilton
Maria Bonsanti
Nina Kovacic
Antonio Mangiameli
Linda McCarthy Schick
Theresa A. Cancro
John J. Han
Keitha Keyes

Esther Rohm
Marilyn Humbert
Michael O'Brien
Margherita Petriccione
Valentina Meloni
Ed Robson
Debbi Antebi
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Susan Furst
Kyle Hemmings
Alexis Rotella
Radka Mindova
Elisa Allo
Simone.K.Busch
Zoran Doderovic
Helga Härle
Victor Ortiz
Sondra J. Byrnes
Mark Hitri
Robyn Brooks
Jill Lange
Shloka Shankar and Kyle Hemmings
Shloka Shankar and Marton Koppany
Duncan Richardson
Bee Jay
Angiola Inglese

Maeve O'Sullivan

Devin Harrison

Amy Losak

Ashish Narain

Mark Gilbert

Debbie Strange

open mic poetry
the night rain
in his eyes

sparkling eyes
the inability of mine
to mirror yours

Anthony Q. Rabang

[@thonyrabang](#)

<http://facebook.com/ShortPauses>

where one word
makes all the difference
the passing wind

uniform in the closet
butterfly
at the pride parade

deep space
watchers on an unknown world
take a knee

Garry Eaton

October morning
the superb timing of
a failing furnace

shots fired
a “dear diary” entry
left blank

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

autumn
her hand in his pocket -
warmth

Gordon Ayisi

funeral
the corpse wears
his graduation gown

John J. Dunphy

new in town
something different
about the tap water

four in the morning
and I'm just now leaving
the casino
nothing left to my name
except for pocket lint

alone in the crowd
none of them know
I write poetry

shopping mall
I make an excuse to go
back outside

how fitting!
to read poetry
on the toilet

publishing deal
unable to afford
my own copy

Gabriel Bates

waking up from dream
another dream of
demonetized notes

aircraft landing
I am still in
midair

S.Radhamani

unpaved backroad
14 point shadow
out of season

one dead black bird
electrocuted
for his cardinal sins

Ron Scully

supermarket-
the hand of the refugee
and a lame dog

next to the fire
grandma's fairy tales-
the first snow

Angela Giordano

after the shooting
the absolute silence
of sunset

the last game—
dust from the pitcher's mound
shows the wind

candlelight
the paperback's texture
deepens

emergency room
emigrants and the translator
sit in silence

Bryan Rickert

sports pub
the recreational drinker
wins at beer pong

pea pod
pausing on the path
to enlightenment

post election
the futility
in happy hour

hospice
leaving a legacy
of denial

autumn evening
making love
to a memory

Michael Henry Lee

approaching winter
my new neighbor
a white bearded man

November drizzle
crocheting a rose petal
baby blanket

smalltalk
he shows us a piece
of the Berlin wall

fog on the road
an advert invites me
to use a fortune-teller

sleet –
in front of my door
a passer-by spits

Eleonore Nickolay

watered-down wine
play things—
barbies



parasailing—
the car door
ajar



pinwheel bicycle... hat



Breslin White

gone midnight
the darkness
of my dreams

the length
of this icicle
my thermal tights

never quite
straight forward
fractured moon

sudden wind
the scarecrow
twists again

Rachel Sutcliffe

dead star...
and yet its light
above us

lunch break
trio of buskers can't
split the tip

Vessislava Savova



Vessislava Savova and Gergana Yaninska

dawn of the living haiku
zombie-walking toward
the coffee carafe

heels and toes
the points
of fashion week

“Spa” sign--
the missing a's
perfect tan line

Connecting Dots

The words carved into the rustic wood table are difficult to make out. The harder I try, the more the string of words eludes me. The final word, though, is “kill.” Probably inscribed by some bored kid with a pocket knife waiting for his burger. But that would have been long ago before the surface of the wood was varnished. I give up my effort to read the message. As I walk down the hallway to leave the grill, I feel a pull on my left shoulder. I turn around but no one is there. I take another couple of steps. Another pull. I am still alone. My husband joins me outside a minute later. “This place has an interesting history,” he says. “The owner got all the wood for the tables and benches from dead trees cut down at Gettysburg.” There’s a chill in the air on this October night. But that’s to be expected.

the rattle of
an empty can
paint fumes

Gail Oare

swaying for the baby
hushed voices
and the first rain

Tricia Knoll

[@triciaknollwind](#)

Black Friday
the widow buys ties
for her husband

soft boiled eggs
the constant flow
of opinions

upon her return
exploring places
newly remembered

Nika



haiga by Nika & Jim McKinniss

cold snap
the cell phone cuts out
mid-rant

Pregnancy

her library book
overdue

old timers' team –
more beer bellies
than six packs

autumn cool ...
will she ever be the first
to say hello

Susan Constable

Sexy

He remembers her face while shaving his. Everything else about them is a blur. All the things that may have happened, but didn't. And all the things she didn't say that turn out to be true.

flannel nightshirt
what passes now
for sexy

Snow Globe

Having outpaced adolescence, she sees her old suffering in a snow globe of some far-off place. Every once in a while, she shakes the globe, for a reminder of how stormy life can be. Then she sets the globe down, ever so gently, lest an avalanche gets loose and buries her.

childhood sketches
so many lives trapped
in one pencil

Peter Jastermsky

oaks decorated
with circular wounds
their purple hearts

every 6 AM
the beat of joggers
destroying their knees

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

campfire
tonight's supper
a hungry trout

New Years Eve
watching Lassie
the old cat & I

beer cooler
up to my elbows
in ice water

unclaimed
a suitcase does laps
on the carousel

Barbara Tate

juggled balls
begin to drop . . .
Ponzi scheme

the poetry
of large numbers -
rejection count

exercise -
sitting further
from the buffet

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

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

social pages
her photographs showing
a hint of malice

third eye
these autumn days
of introspection

wichita lineman
a couple of chirps
left on the wires

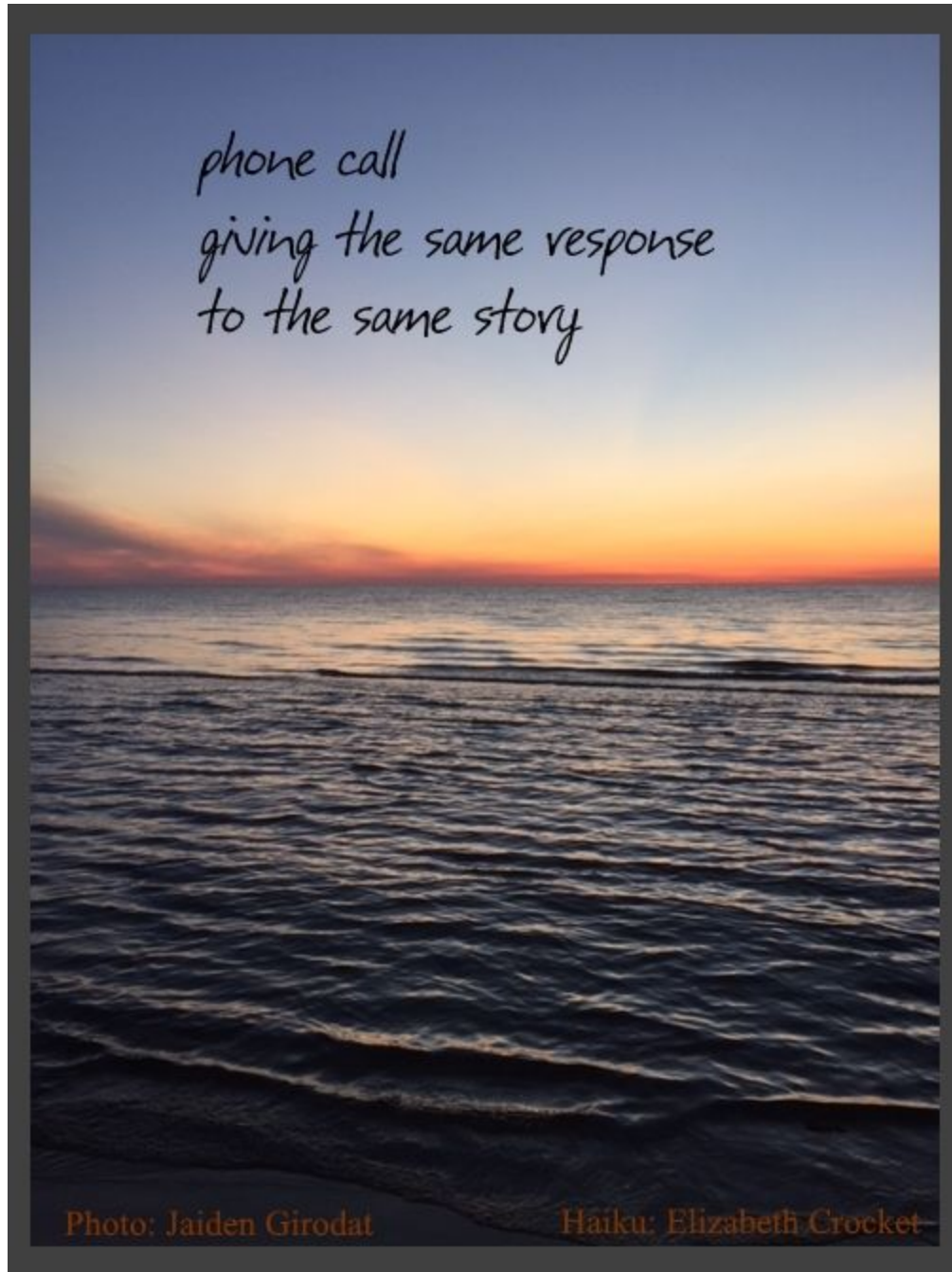
Hazel Hall

a funeral
wishing I could be there
for my own

fluttering butterfly
at my screen
longing to go out

Elizabeth Crocket

elizabethcrocket.wordpress.com



phone call
giving the same response
to the same story

Photo: Jaiden Girodat

Haiku: Elizabeth Crocket

Elizabeth Crocket and Jaiden Girodat

first snowflake...
that one
offending hair

midsummer
heated conversations
with crabgrass

Irene Golas
[@ihgolas](#)

jazz night dimly dark
the surprise of neon
back on the street

night anemones
as if coming out
to play with the moon

afternoon nap
grandma's embroidery
grows more flowers

divine revelation
leafy sea dragon

Simon Hanson

last customer
just before lunchtime ...
valerian drops

looking for a place
to hibernate -
the mosquito

waxing moon
no longer hiding
my white hair

bone metastases
I accept
father's invite

Eva Limbach
[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

**first snowfall—
i overbrew
the herbal tea**



standing still
on the dark path...
my childhood fears



©Hifsa Ashraf



Hifsa Ashraf

thanksgiving...
I wonder who
the turkey thanks

swinging door...
after you
yet before

my first hijab...
a shadow
on the flower

Veerangana

My weary body,
lying in a pool of blood.
Guess I've lost the war.

J. Eric Castro

Cruel autumn wind
I arrive at my desk with
presidential hair

By avoiding rhyme
I sidestep accusations
of trying too hard

Stoic detachment
although my beatitude
cracks when lunch is late

Personal challenge
is the route to happiness
I read disheartened

How do foreigners
look each other in the eye
with those subtitles?

Tim Graves

[@gonzobacardi](#)

the horns of
Michelangelo's Moses
I am a Jew

why a water pump breaks
the explanation of
the cardiologist

Bruce H. Feingold

little bottle of sake,
do you write
or do I?

writing haiku
taking a shit
both stink

Paul Engel
[@issahaiku](#)

fake news!

a winter tree blooms
with ravens

this talk
of mid-life crisis ...
my beer gone flat

I've had an affair ...

she smooths out the wrinkles
from our bed sheets

a monk rises
from Buddha's shadow --
lunch break

an alley dog
barking all night long ...
I remember
the way she said,
I'm just not into you

Chen-ou Liu

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

cooing pigeon
I play my sitar
once again

resentment
the taste of your lips
when we kiss

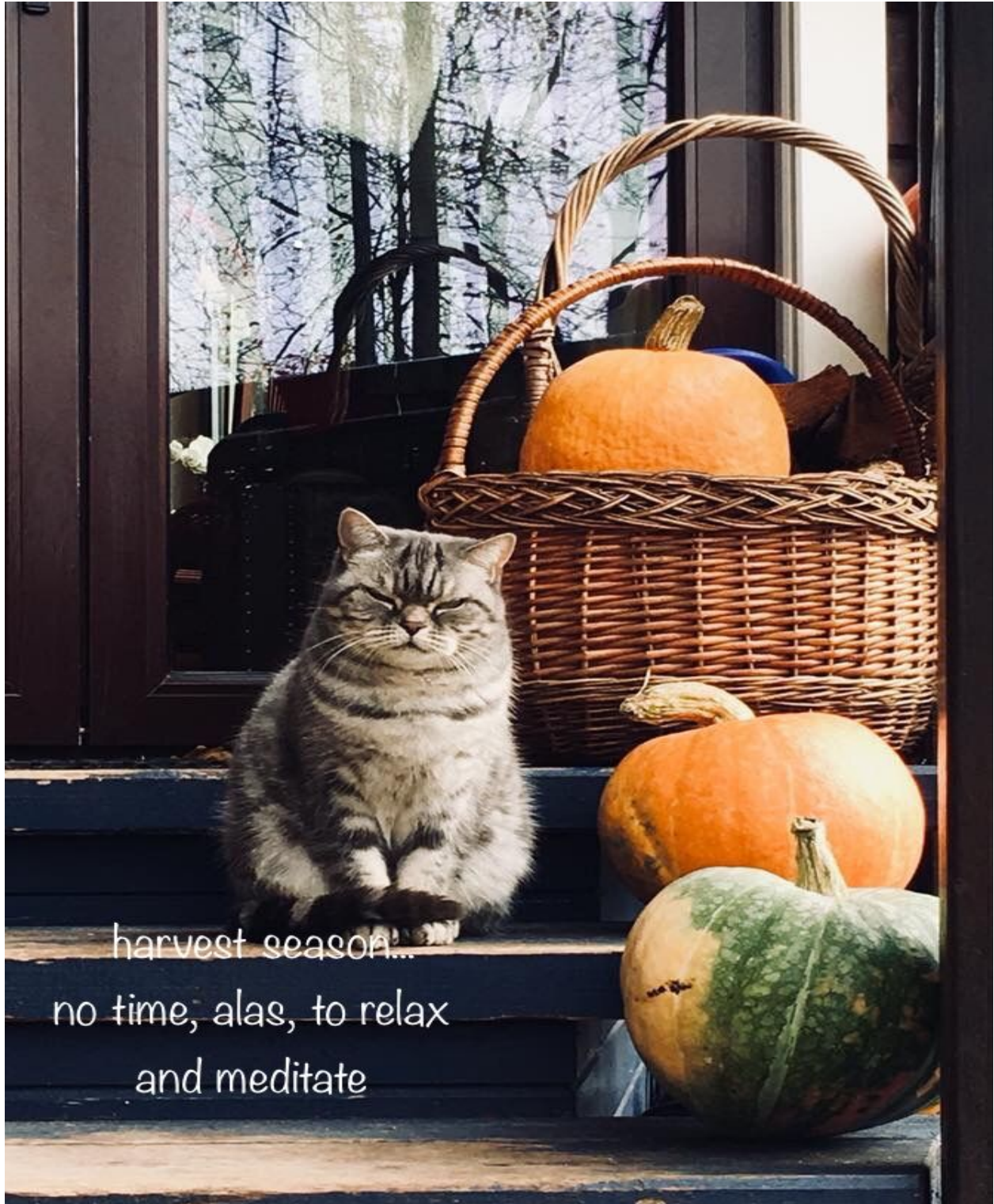
every minute
feels like years
go-to-jail card

Enrique Garrovillo

autumn sun-
my long slim shadow
teases my ego

a drunk Santa
caroling in full voice
my dog all ears

Natalia Kuznetsova



**Senryu: Natalia Kuznetsova Photo: Anna Vavilova-d
in association with Maroussia, the cat**

wedding photos
a retake on
tying the knot

mourner
bursts into laughter
clown's funeral

bare sticks day
in the wine bar
a buddha at every table

sixtieth birthday
an achievement
without effort

parrot in the cage
still calls the name
of my ex

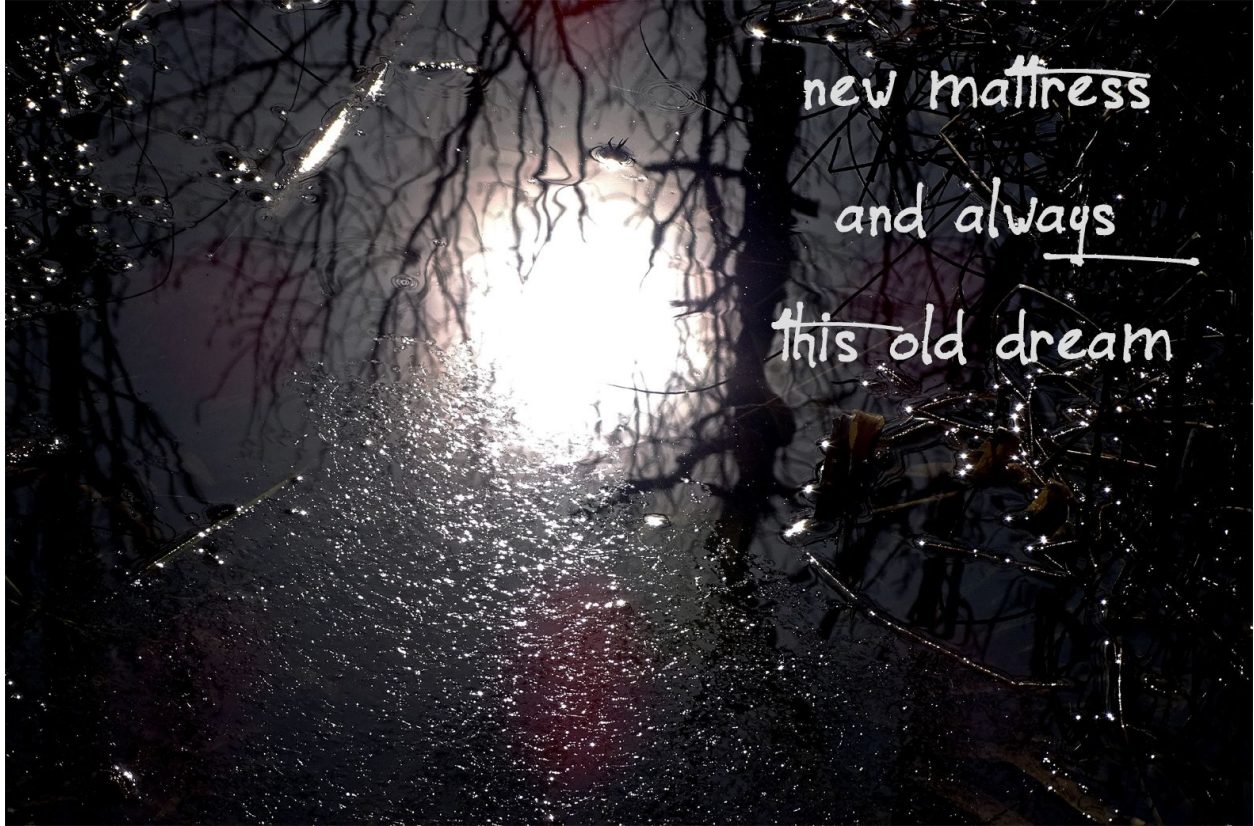
selfie
the whole world
behind me

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

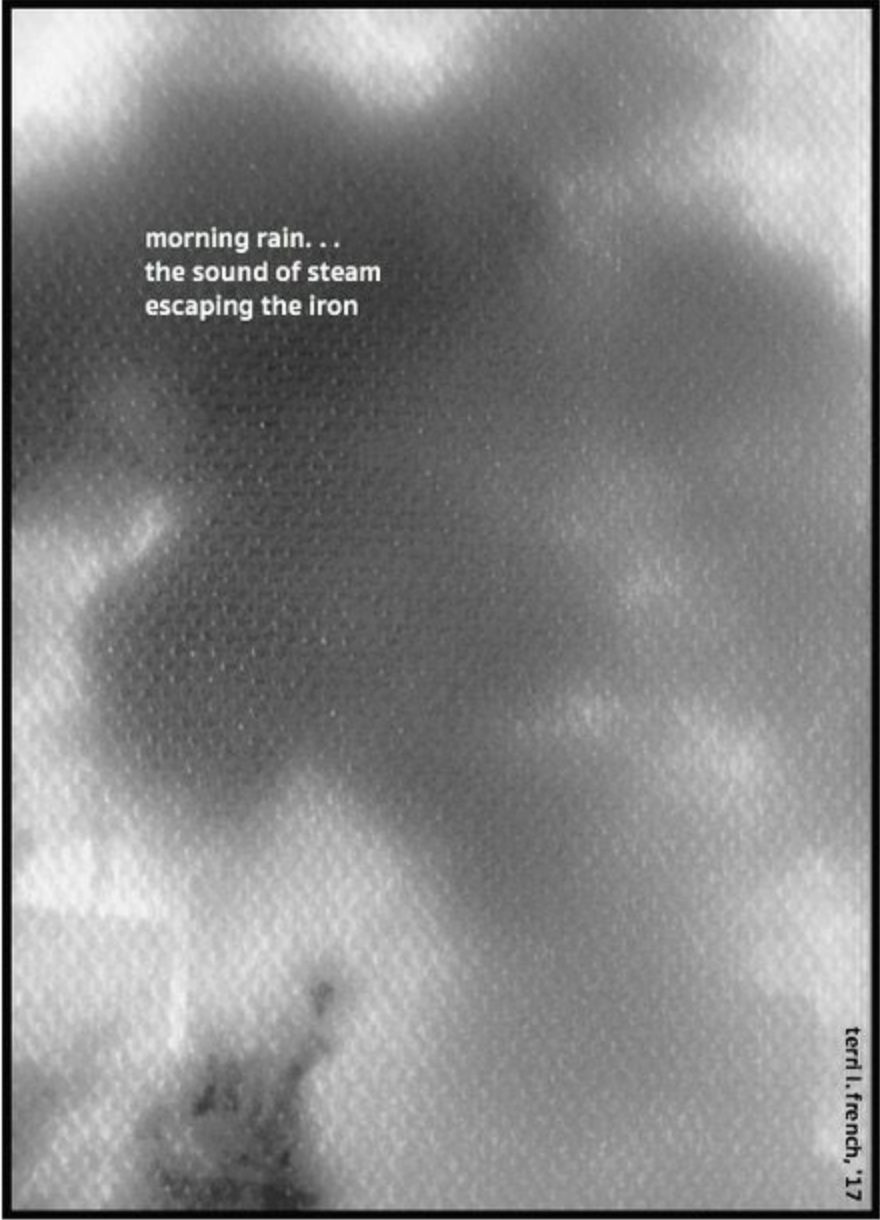
hopscotch —
i failed the sky
by a small margin

a visit to my mother
waiting in the corridor
my slippers

sophrology session —
a fly on my nose
seems to relax



Christiane Ranieri
christiane-ranieri.fr



morning rain. . .
the sound of steam
escaping the iron

terri l. french, '17



butterfly on the pavement
fluttering between
two worlds

aftermath—
refusing to call the hurricane
by its name

'twas grace
that brought me safe thus far. . .
church massacre

haiku conference
spilling syllables
over wine

an untuned guitar
in the dark corner—
rockstar suicide

stagnant river
what's there to do
when the words won't come

Terri French

not at home at home the silence

I wonder
if he knows too
the dog's uneasy dream

Julie Warther

Evacuation Notice

to pretend
is an answer, too...
fast-moving clouds

*the agony
of silence*

eye of the storm...
still trying
to forgive myself

*evacuation notice
I wait to see
if anyone else knows*

the hardscape
of my dreams softening

*receding flood waters
I devise
a new story*

Angela Terry
Julie Warther



blank page
emptying myself
of words

deep in doodle
chasing a thought
across the page

space ...
abhorring a vacuum
I buy more junk

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

gleeful squeals
among the dead
kids in leaves

peeks of blue sky
through palm tree lace
my gravesite

Linda B. Gamble

an old man
fans
a pickle jar

after summer
in Italy, Bologna
sandwiches

smoke signals
the pungent smell
of a teenager

moonbeams on ice
the horn-rimmed librarian
my overdue book

Robert Witmer

Unforgettable — the musical

hot august night
a couple quits
the party

red carnations
a full-throated fanfare
from carmen

on lovers' lane—
pale moon rising
from a car radio

ave maria
high above the apse
blue moon

late night fade
in a dirty martini
piano man

moon river
from the jacuzzi
jasmine tea

liking dylan
for his music—
soon-to-be ex

an LP sticks...
it's the last song—
empty wineglass

sorting vinyl
the moody blues
for a soundtrack

please hold—
another endless
minute waltz

Marietta McGregor

a polka
from the chamber orchestra –
last year's dress a little tight

a favorite tune
played on harmonica –
old cemetery

Mary Gunn

cooking school
chefs outside reviewing
how to smoke

Grandma's Thanksgiving
a feast to remember
wine to forget

Terrie Jacks

day's end
why oh why do you save
the best til last

til death do us part
the worn wallet
in his pocket

New Year's eve
at the camp fire
burnt marshmallows

Bernard Gieske

winter dark
Mom's cigarette smoke
tendrils up between us

early-morning light
a ghost bike
at the turn

turning sixty
the dashboard announces
maintenance required

she tells me . .
the play of light
on her water glass

Hannah Mahoney

yeah! answer found
now they promptly start searching
the question

video evidence
he ´s definitely kissing
the wrong woman

selfie
she's taking pictures of herself
in the mirror

meteorite shower
the planetarium
stands firm

Pitt Buerken

Xmas
baby
oblivious

street drunk
moons
the moon

lukewarm pursuit
mock turtle
soup

not to like yoda sound

Helen Buckingham

the clocks
out of sync
therapy session

hindsight

motherly advice
she asks
if I've tried quaaludes

new boyfriend
I move down a number
on her speed dial

wedding day
my mother's dress
more low-cut than mine

another sex talk
too weak`
to slit my wrists

new porsche
her vanity plate
misspelled

chemotherapy
I learn the ways
I've failed

narcissism
even her death
my fault

Tia Haynes

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

menopause
dueling
thermostats

the narcissist
practicing scales
memememe

Mrs. Claus
underneath her red robe
my Christmas present

peccadillo
it's not me you love,
just the words I use

William Scott Galasso

resolute
the Buddhist's
selfie stick

after mediation
constellations split
by the milky way

big in Japan Mount Fuji

empty Colosseum
I pick a fight
with myself

Tim Gardiner
[@timgardiner3](https://twitter.com/timgardiner3)

heated argument
not a single chapati
unburnt

doll in hand
the little one talks of
single parent's woes

Vishnu P Kapoor

she eats alone . . .
we stare into the same
empty space

twisted logic . . .
telling yourself it's okay
to eat all the pretzels

sorry, can't talk . . .
I'm stuck between commas
at the moment

Michael H. Lester

hide and seek
the giggle from a
shadow

from light to shade
in a flourish
her new sunglasses

Pat Davis

opening the fridge door I forget why

dying...

the priest's incantation
for the living

my daughter's hug
what she didn't say

in summer dress...
the shop mannequin's
change of wardrobe



Madhuri Pillai



*old technology
the shell on my ear
sailing memories*

photo and text: Oscar Luparia

Oscar Luparia

cold autumn day taking *no* for an answer

mist curtains nothing finds anything

Adrian Bouter

life on pause
slow dancing
in the living room

morning breeze
the cat enchanted
by a leaf

Rehn Kovacic

equinox
the longest
short poem

tornado warning
i close the windows
on my laptop

lady's night
the guitarist tunes
his g-string

hotel mirror
noting the wrinkles
in my pants

Ben Moeller-Gaa
[@benmoellergaa](https://twitter.com/benmoellergaa)
www.benmoellergaa.com

an old wooden plane
last shavings curled at the blade
Dad's sure touch

EXHIBIT 20

1962:

Blown in with flying leaves, a boiler-suited boy advances up the workmen's passage at Chester Cathedral, hands poised for the split-second draw that'll end with imaginary six-shooters spinning in triumph.

2017:

Back for an exhibition of modern sculpture, a poet now, he's ambushed by a pair of eyes that shame him.

Jack Cornwell, the boy in the memorial photograph, was a gun layer on HMS Chester, just sixteen-and-a-half years old when he died before his mother could reach him in hospital; died of injuries sustained at the Battle of Jutland in 1916. He was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

organ music
a whiff of incense
a cough

Exhibit 20 is the one that really gets our poet, Joe Rush's 'War Horse', a massive horse's head fashioned from military waste with a mane of

red-tipped bullet-shells. The white candle with black wick might have been extinguished in a dying snort.

He spins his imaginary six-shooters as he hasn't since a boy and his eyes smart with tears.

a changed man
maybe not
but cogs are turning

Paul Beech

bald maple...
the curled pages
of Dad's story

village bar
a candle flame staggers
down the empty lane

David He Zhuanglang



five pm -
one more
teatime story

haiku: Tsanka Shishkova | photo: Petar Todorov

TSS

Tsanka Shishkova

lunch break —
a bench chained
to a tree

Ground Zero

When they finally kicked out the squatter they found the source of the
source of the chronic bedbugs.

the familiar cough
in the hallway ...
insomnia

Marshall Bood

smart-city-life
i wish i could change
into a mole

Rosemarie Schuldes

knowing more
than he lets on ...
crescent moon

his new car
makes an impression
morning snow

counting rings
another year round
my middle

empty urn
my uncle forms
the wind

Dave Read

masochist
one who marries
the same person twice

family secret
my nephew "flunks"
kindergarten

Father's Day
retrieving his chair
from the trash

Marion Alice Poirier

_ood

recent breakup
you accuse the onions
of making you cry

illegible words
on the old gravestone
twice dead

low tide
time for bourbon
on the rocks

showing the way...
the lost tourist looks
at my forefinger instead

Olivier Schopfer

spring greeting —
my echo awaits
my response

amateur hour
while a poet writes
the pine sighs

off-shore breeze
seagulls gather around
KFC

the poet

the poet dwells
at a safe distance
from words

the poet
pussyfoots around
the utter brink

the poet paces out
the sound of space
in-waiting

the poet
hot off the press
goes silent

the poet goes
dum-de-dum-de-dum
between breaths

the poet
pads out
the silences

the poet
lipsynchs his reflection
in tranquility

the poet
skirts the edges
of relevance

the poet
rattles off
his mortal coil

the poet at home
with the loneliness
of a long-distance runner

the poet
scratches the imagined limits
of his horizons

the poet
feathers
his nest egg

the poet
measures his success
in tossed panties

the poet loses
his daytime job
to the moon

the poet quickens
to the sound
of his own voice

the poet
strikes a pose
off its pedestal

the poet
plays out
the party line

the poet weeps
as sound and sense end
his abstinence

the poet
resurrects
a moment

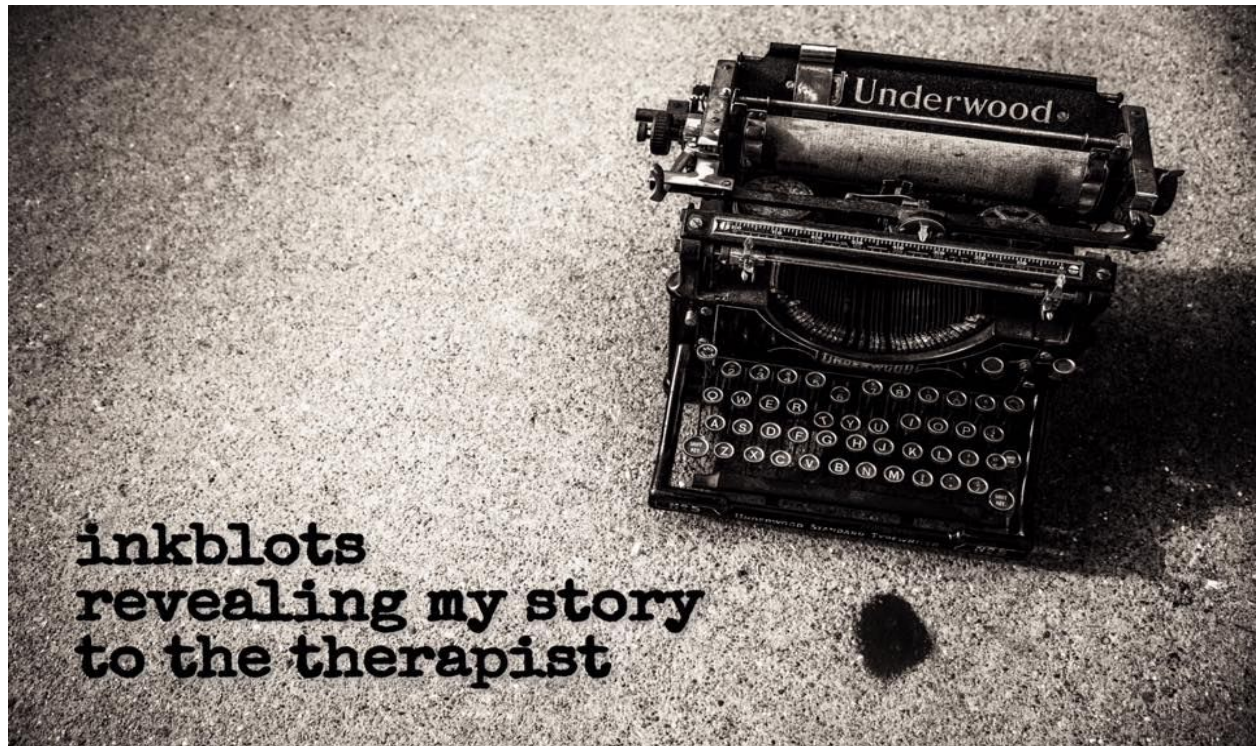
the poet
loses himself
in his words

Hansha Teki
<http://hanshateki.com>

professional athlete
throwing punches
at myself

desk flowers
this longing
to escape

lucid dream
catching up with
my dead grandmother



Lori A Minor

a lift full of strangers . . .
we fix our gaze
on someone texting

grandchildren's visit . . .
weekend fun
before they pass on their colds

looking away from the man
on the scaffolding—
her vertigo

Ingrid Baluch

under the cloak
of corporate responsibility
where is your heart?

Grace O'Donovan

you and your identical twin
argue again
point of difference

rough pebble
worn smooth
middle age

the mountain
disappears behind clouds
tall tales

Louise Hopewell



Damai Golf and Country Club in the green tropical island of Borneo, viewed from Santubong Suites with a senryu by Colin W. Campbell.

Colin W. Campbell
www.campbell.my

water for tea
the silent dance
of jasmine flower

online chat
sharing her loneliness
with the smartpone

Alice in wonderland
becoming small
like my son

Hiroshima
small paper crane
on a family grave

Eufemia Griffo

she describes her life
going up
the down escalator

knowing I will see you
wanting
to wear red

Phyllis Lee

discussing
a bucket list of travels...
empty pockets

crescent moon
the many ways i stay
awake all night

Willie Bongcaron

refuge
in the haunted house
where blood is fake

hoarfrost -
two old tradesmen exchange
retiring glances

Stephen Koritta

taking a leak
in a withered field . . .
cold moonlight

crooked tree
Dad keeping the "Christ!"
in Christmas

cold rain
the carriage horse noses
a taxi's rear end

a guide to hot sex
among the cookbooks . . .
just browsing

after the quarrel
silently trading
sections of the Times

Bill Kenney

early predictions
put her over the top --
the evening star

snow angels --
the children
who made them

a snowman
with two heads --
the twins admire their work

end of the rainbow --
Siri still offering
suggestions

Angela Terry



water colour: Michael Kowalewski
poem: Sonam Chhoki

tabula rasa—
there is
no such thing

interior design
the wounded healer
in each of us

motel room
a home away
from homelessness

Timothy Murphy

our first home
a foreign language
beneath the linoleum

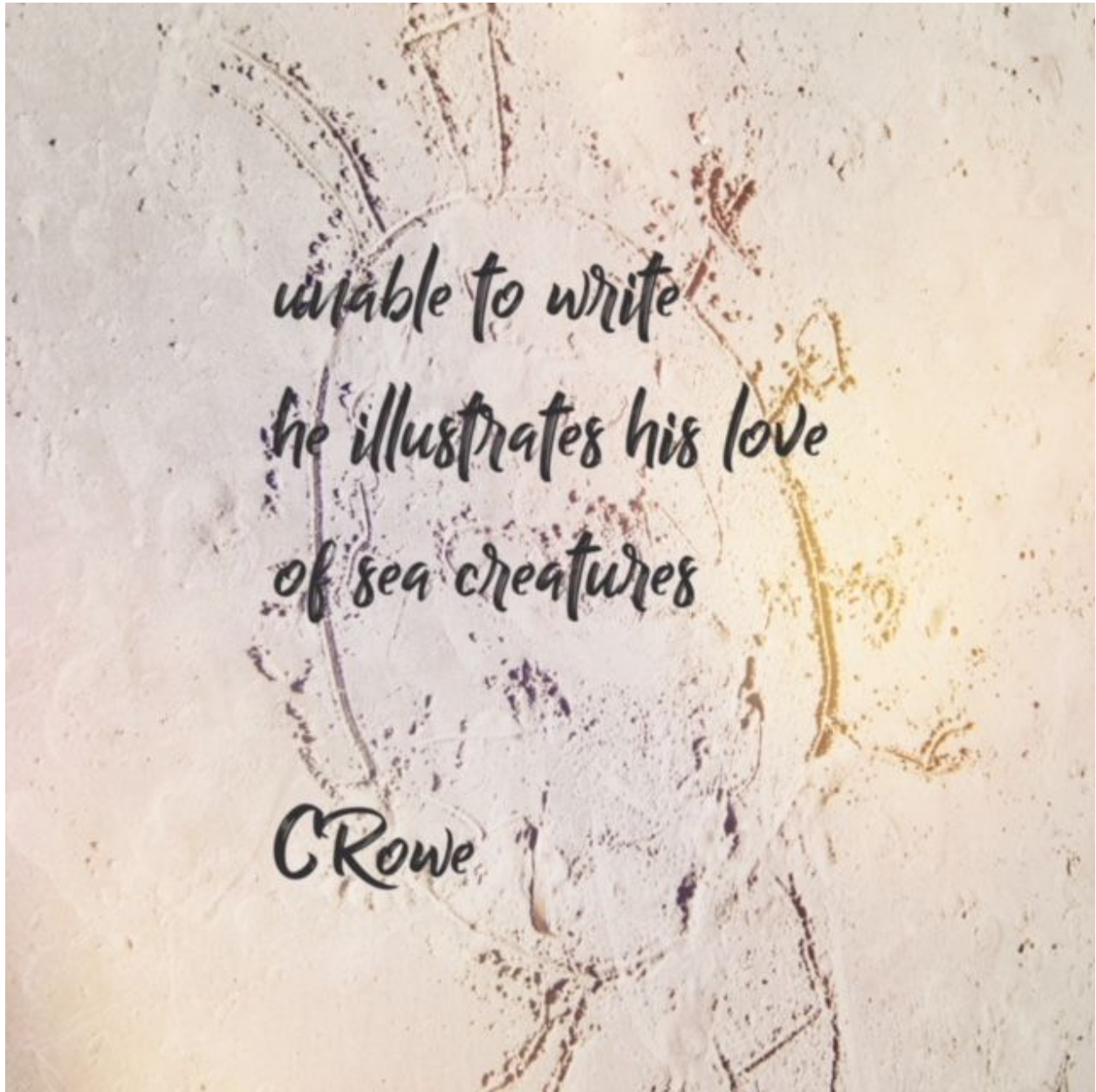
camp chemo . . .
beyond the tent flap
a galaxy of stars

mildly perplexed
I wipe sand off
a wobbegong egg



*first love
a tangle of heartstopping
misunderstanding*

Rowe



Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

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

http://twitter.com/cynthia_rowe

speaker series:
No Free Lunch
lunch provided

Gabe Feingold

the effort it takes
to be effortless
breaststroke

leaving one job
for another
monkey's paw

Thomas Tilton

blue sky
a cloud with a hard-on
softens my shadow

Thanksgiving wrap-up ...
the unripe persimmons
get a tongue-lashing

a hitman swaddles
his fig tree -- hell must have
a loophole

Maria Bonsanti

an old poet
rummaging through a duster
finds his own book

Nina Kovacic

snow -
under a colonnade
a man and a dog

Antonio Mangiameli

catalog items –
many maladies maybe
you might have

sidewalk mattress
sometimes a pigeon
stands guard

Linda McCarthy Schick

reunion –
Aunt Della's gold tooth
breaks the ice

at dawn
a cement mixer...
I turn over

old shoes –
the threshold he'll never
cross again

first date –
sharing the spicy
mustard

Theresa A. Cancro

“Senior People Meet”

women my age

look so old

finals week

my nature walk doesn't yield

a haiku moment

a certain e-mail...

one-line message and

ten-line sender info

setting sun

lengthening shadows over

a Dracula book

John J. Han

a kangaroo
in the spotter's light —
last stand

Keitha Keyes

the return
of stolen blood --
new mosquitoes

evening silence:
I hear inside
myself

held breath
a batch of ku
released

Esther Rohm

late night cuppa
my tea leaves assemble
the face of Taurus

Running Amok

He stares, willing the spark to flare. A tiny yellow tongue licks the blade of shrivelled grass, savours the taste then greedily devours the dry tussock. One tongue becomes many, twisting orange, blue and red. Heat grows, like an addict, hunger increases, the fire explodes. Smoke billows above the tree line. Wind gusts, goad flames into a wild frenzy.

charcoal and ash –
the smell of burnt meat
lingering for days

Marilyn Humbert

overcast a cat arches its back

in the hairdresser's mirror a hairdresser

melancholy the swallow's wingspan

the white sound

of the moon's stillness

surgical gown

Michael O'Brien

[@michaelobrien22](#)

waiting room -
looking
for similar symptoms

tennis balls -
from the bell tower top
another farewell

Margherita Petriccione

what's the dream
of the child in the cradle
while he's smiling?

a snail
walking over the agenda -
time slows down

a funny spider
- it comes to snoop
right on my nose

Valentina Meloni

nanita

www.valentinameloni.com

Interstate highway.
See the country without
seeing the country.

Ed Robson

new dentist
he asks if I'm happy
with my smile

morning coffee
my husband settles
into himself

bucket list
traveling the world
with an empty suitcase

Debbi Antebi

garden wedding
inside a spider web
a pearl of dew

daddy's lover
sneaking in
I sleep with an eye open

successive rejection
placing my haiku
in-between the editor's

Adjei Agyei-Baah

what child is this
singing my solo
christmas eve

guardian angel
that peculiar wobble
in the ceiling fan

first noel
even the moon
wears a halo

Susan Furst



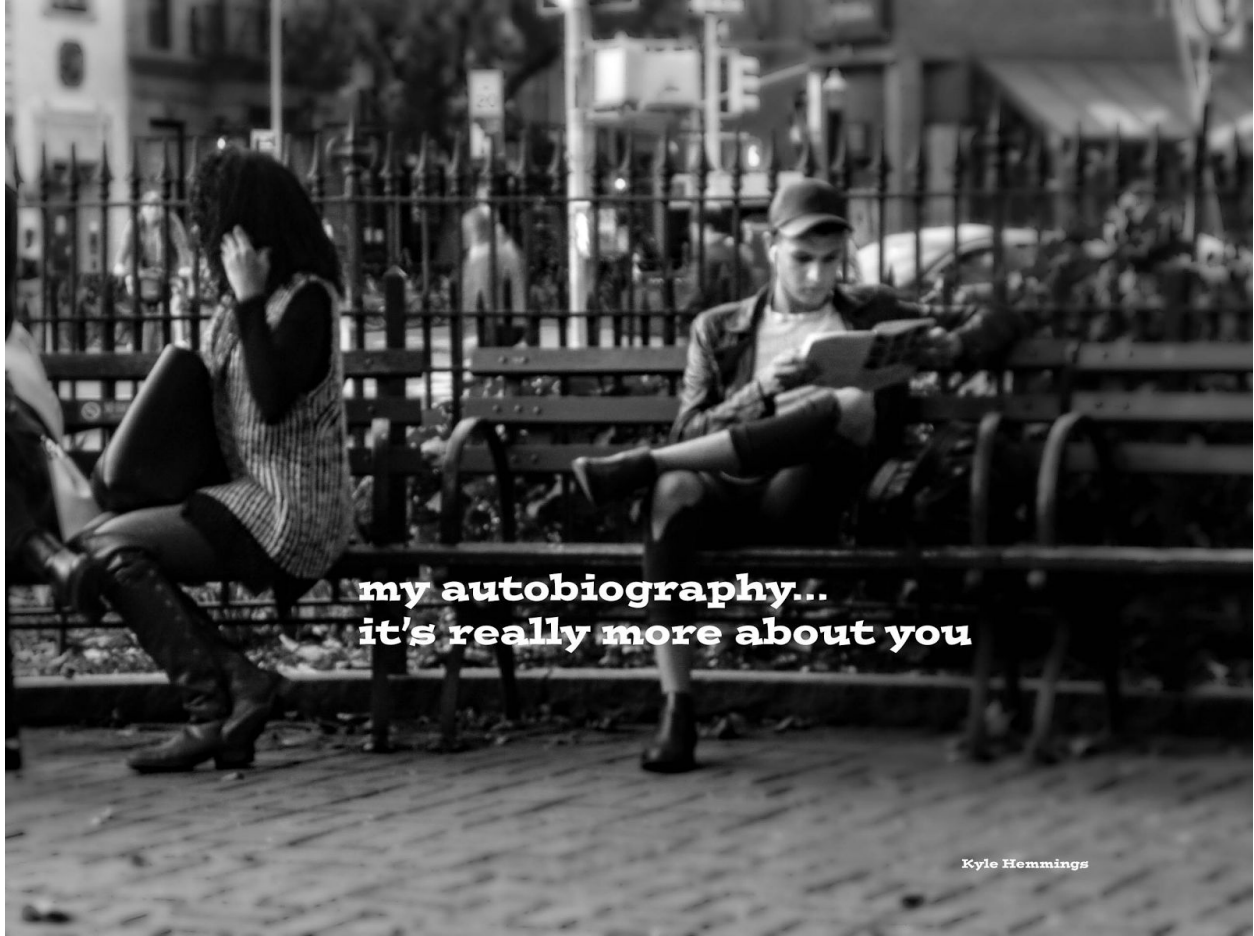
personification...
the chairs mirror
your emptiness

Kyle Hemmings



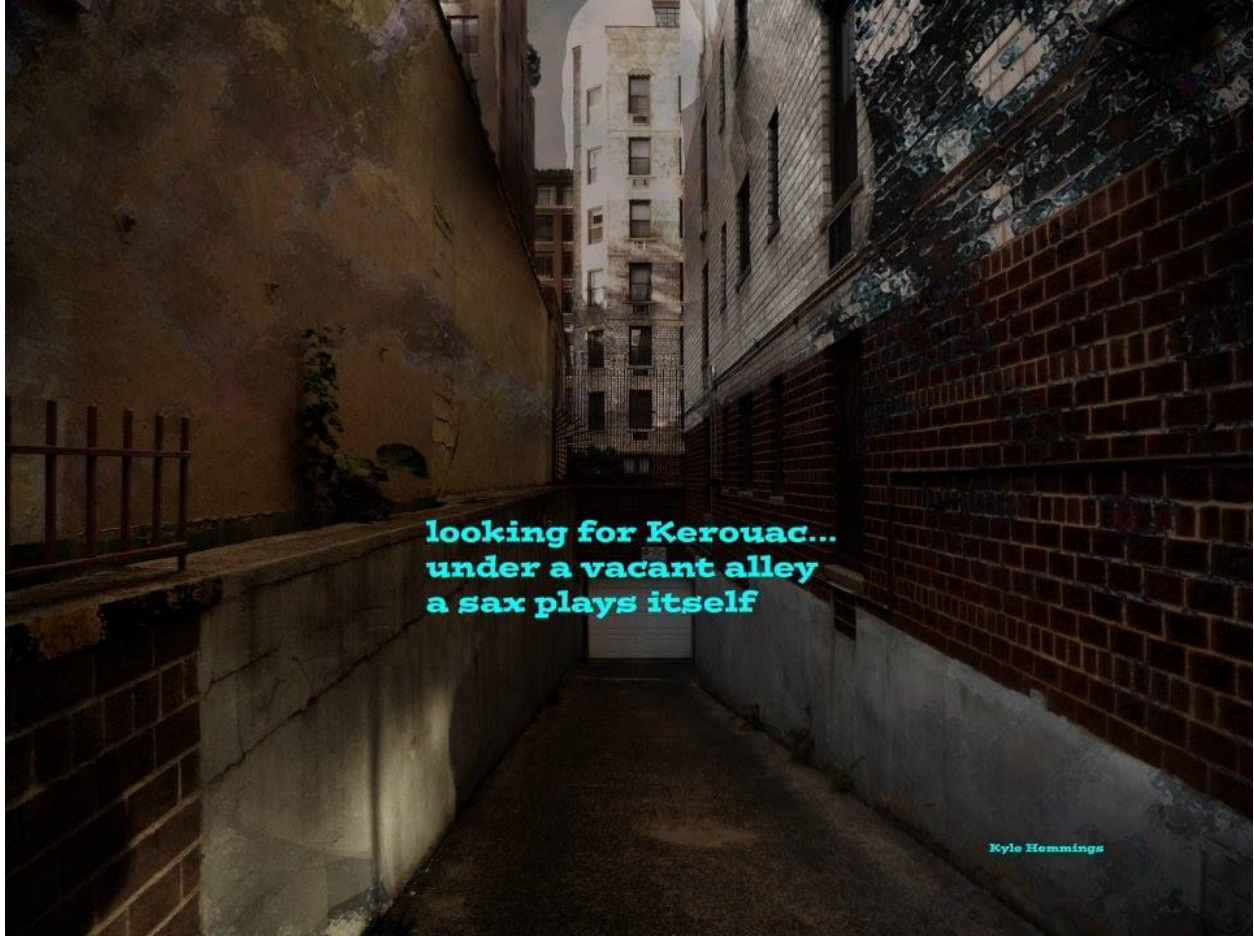
first snow
Dr. Zhivago cures
a woman with chills

Kyle Hemmings




**my autobiography...
it's really more about you**

Kyle Hemmings



**looking for Kerouac...
under a vacant alley
a sax plays itself**

Kyle Hemmings

The background is a dark, almost black, space filled with a dense, overlapping pattern of semi-transparent circles. These circles are rendered in a variety of muted colors, including shades of green, purple, blue, and grey. The circles vary in size and opacity, creating a textured, layered effect. In the center of the composition, a thin, black, hand-drawn outline of a human brain is visible, showing the cerebral hemispheres and the brainstem. The text is positioned in the upper left quadrant of the image.

*waterlogged
she only loves you
while drowning*

Kyle Hemmings

carrying your cross
for so long, you forget the words
to the song



Kyle Hemmings



**grandma's mute cuckoo clocks
i collect lost children in the mist**

Kyle Hemmings



at death
mama is almost invisible
i stitch the holes in my pockets

Kyle Hemmings



Kyle Hemmings
[@Smersh01](https://twitter.com/Smersh01)



Thanksgiving

the silver platter's
tarnished memories

Alexis Rotella

*Wild persimmon
sometimes I too
want to hide*

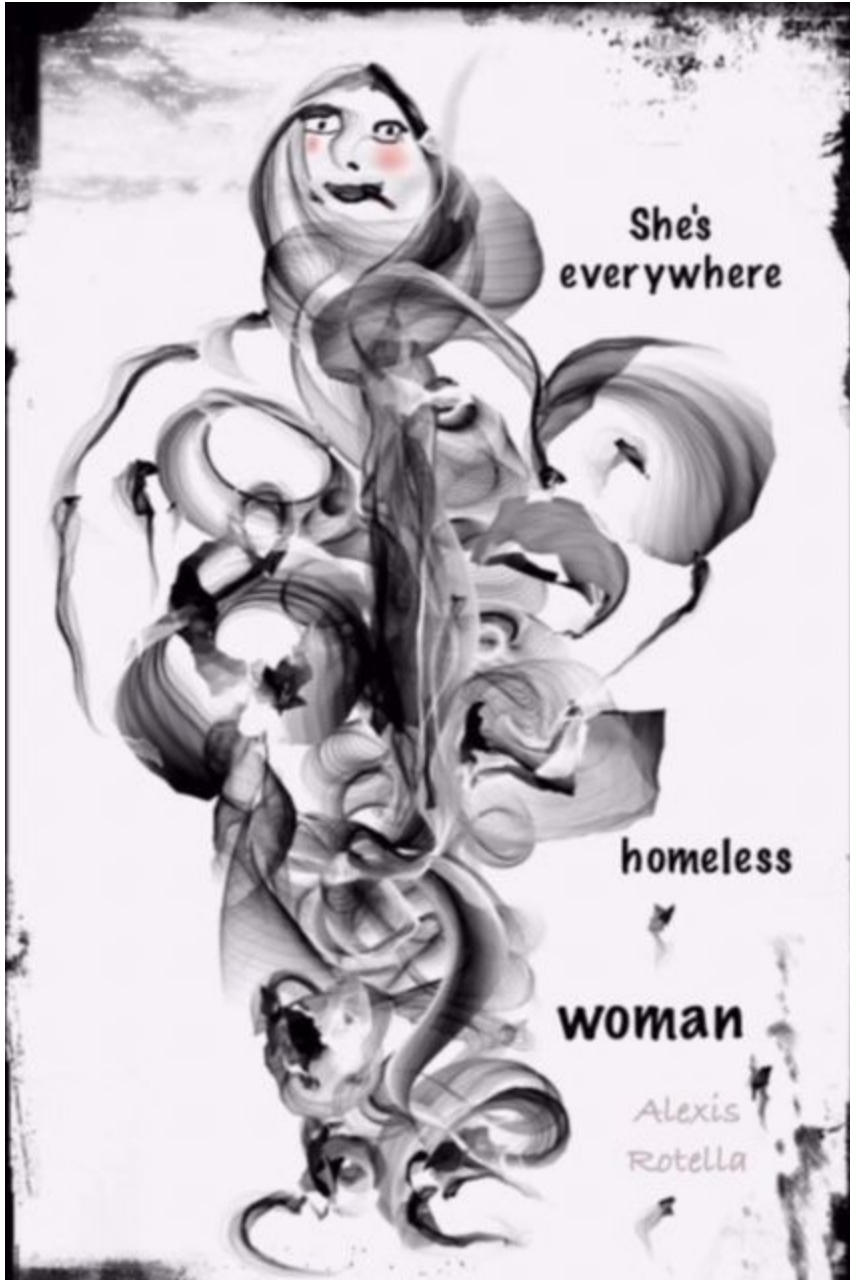
Alexis Robella





*Flowers
which one says best
I'm sorry
for your loss*

Alexis Rotella



She's
everywhere

homeless

woman

Alexis
Rotella



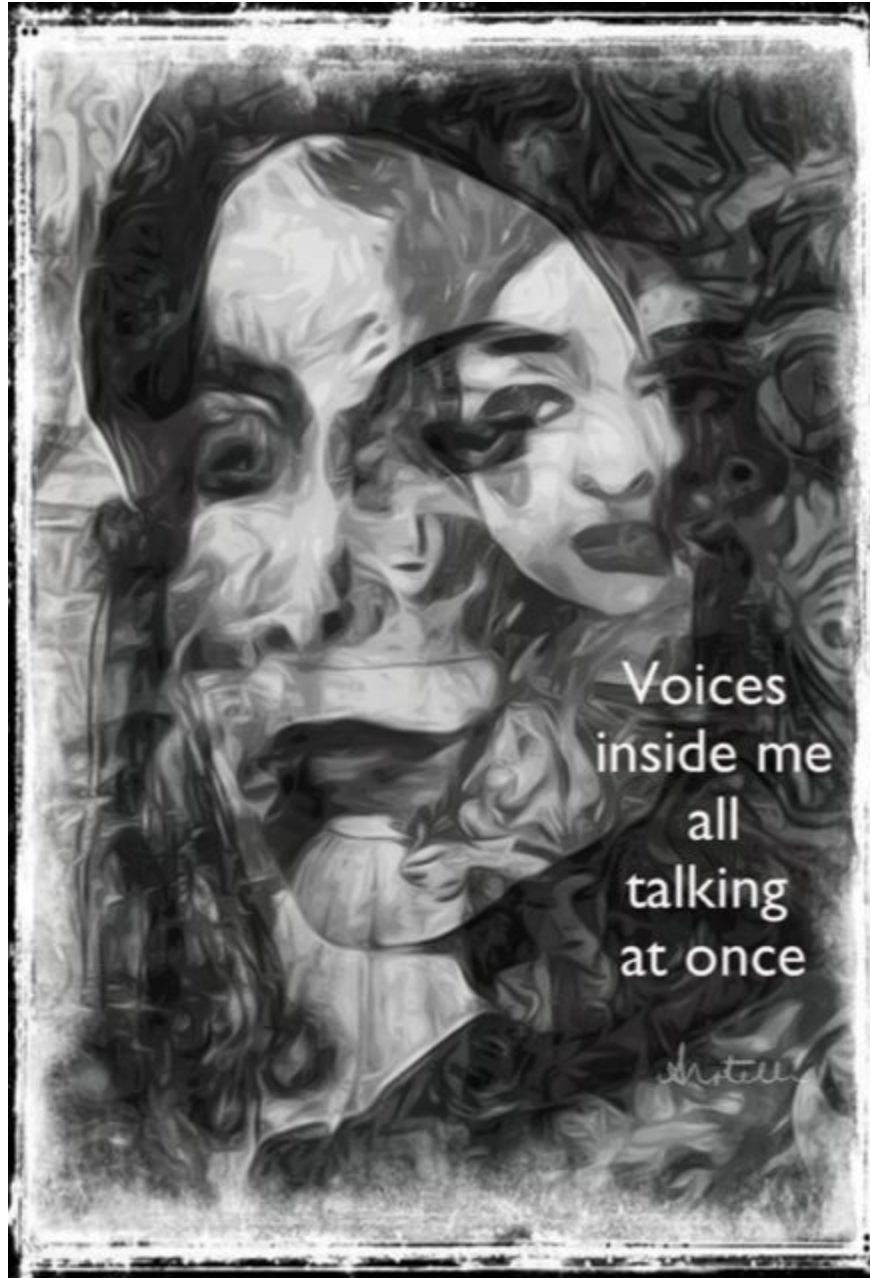
Weeping
with me
spent flowers

Alexis Rotella



Waiting
for a flower
to tell me
its name

shute



Thanksgiving table
the retired trial attorney
doesn't win me over

Full of himself
the hot shot millennial
tries to carve the bird

Without saying a word
she sucks
all the oxygen
out of the room
quiet narcissist

Alexis Rotella



*mushroom soup...
I delete the photos
of poisonous mushrooms*

Radka Mindova

Radka Mindova

faded memories
cat footprints
on the snow

time travel
then I realized
it was just a dream

foggy dawn -
contours around me
keep changing

Elisa Allo

<https://tanzaku.wordpress.com>

Simone K. Busch



overripe figs
between their teeth
French kiss

apple blossoms
crusted with ice
our fingertips

Simone.K.Busch

simonekbusch.blogspot.de

burial urn
cigarette smoke
rises into the sky

Zoran Doderovic

melting snow
the changing shape
of memories

Helga Härle

electrified fence ...
keeping the dream
alive

Victor Ortiz

thanksgiving—
too late to tell
my mother

an old friend
who remembers everything
gum on my shoe

living with lopsided love gibbous moon

that smile—
the butterfly effect
of chaos theory

she bows lower
than all the others—
temple bell

early darkness—
she slips away
in increments

Sondra J. Byrnes

Seaside sunset
yolk of a 6 minute egg

Mark Hitri
[@HitriMark](#)

shadow of a blackbird
falling
mood swing

black friday
a tempest in search
of a teapot

twilight compass
blackbirds form
an arrowhead

Robyn Brooks

late autumn
a last rose petal
drops into my soup

Jill Lange



Shloka Shankar and Kyle Hemmings



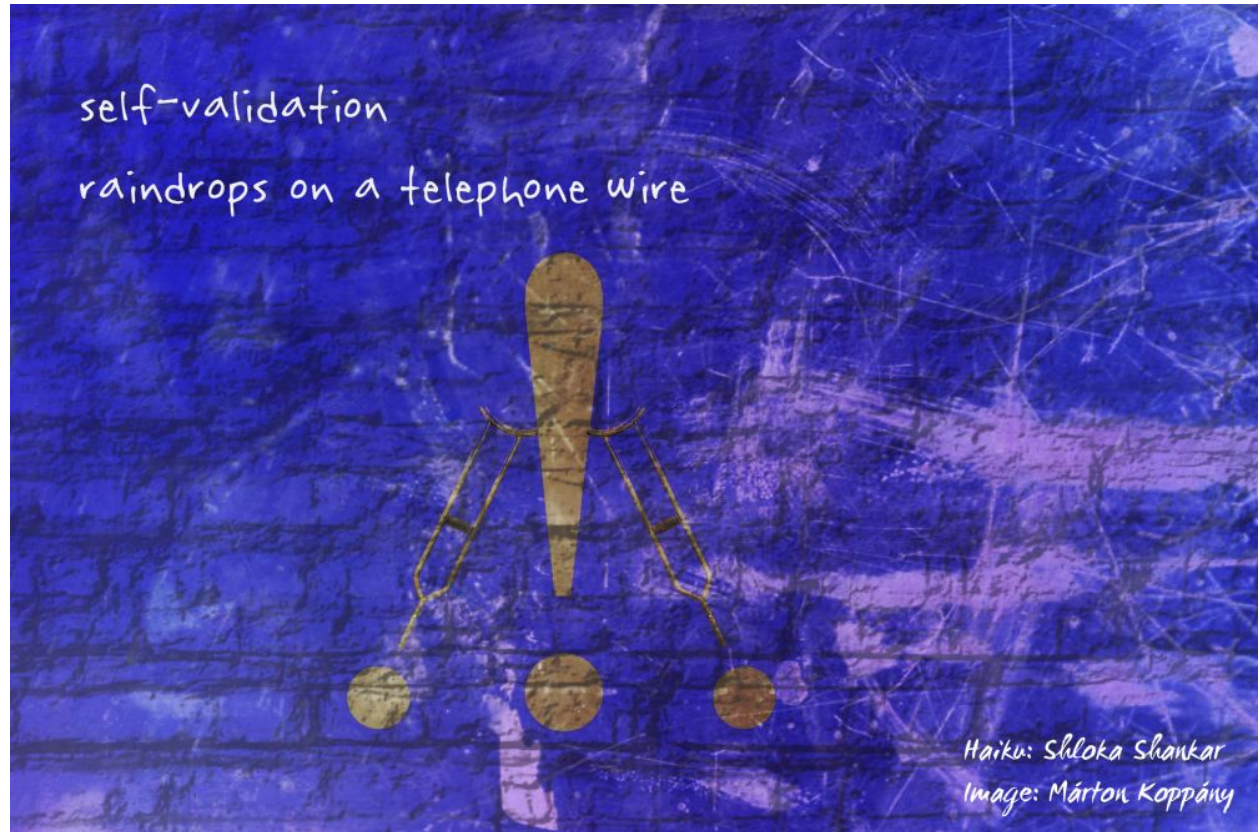
Haibun: Shloka Shankar
Image: Márton Koppány

Cosmic Question

You're more likely to talk about nothing than something.
But I just want to say that all this nothing has meant more to me
than so many somethings. I don't really want an answer.
This not knowing has its charms.

terra incognita the world outlined in birdsong





Shloka Shankar and Marton Koppány
[@shloks89](https://twitter.com/shloks89)

union meeting
debating whether we
request or *demand*

late night café
a man pulls apart
his marriage

Duncan Richardson

postcards
written to my mother
no name or address

rainbow
the bearded woman asks
how I voted

a postcard
from an ex
in a novel I'm re-reading

leaving me the leaves follow you

Bee Jay

tears -
the broken thread
of a pearl necklace

Angiola Inglese

Hong Kong sequence

giant Buddha gesturing towards the waxing moon

trying to compete
with skyscrapers' Xmas lights --
half moon

viewing tower
in the rooftop pool below --
a lone swimmer

a hundred and ten years
after the big typhoon --
typhoon shelter

impossible to get
the sunset shot --
South China Sea

Maeve O'Sullivan

raising the bar
a little bit higher
grief counseling

incessantly
texting home
woodpecker

scar tissue
recovering
from your touch

Devin Harrison

shorter days ...
regrets that lengthen
with every step

plaza statue
the folds of her robe
take flight

Can't Sleep Sequence

insomnia
I buy an ugly blouse
from QVC

insomnia
the faint smell
of urine

insomnia
I can't stand the touch
of my own skin

insomnia
the hissing
in my ears

insomnia
someone else
snoring

insomnia
I pound
MyPillow

always 3 a.m. --
the cat's
piercing pleas

Amy Losak

immigration—
a different kind of lonely
in each line

economist's meet—
too many people
begging to differ

Ashish Narain

the sun goes down
and the guitarist
is still playing his solo

Daily Mail
dementia quiz —
borderline pass

Mark Gilbert

thanksgiving . . .
the relief when wishes
don't come true



words/image©DSfrange



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

everybodys punching bag

i am not big on fighting back. insult me. lie about me. push me around (*but not too much*). i tend to just take it. the truth is lost on fools so rather than wasting it i just keep it to myself. i figure people who try to make enemies are dealt with best by being friendly to them (*but not too much*).

consuming seasons
my tattoo
a yin yang with a ring of fire

Mike Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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