

failed ~~haiku~~

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michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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Rachel Sutcliffe

1977 - 2019

Project Words

Her last submission to Failed Haiku

**dry January
I keep off
the ku**

counting the hours dandelion clouds

all the dreams I keep inside wind through the trees

**spring cleaning
the rain
on my windows**

**alone
I walk your path
through the snow**

**the life
I won't accept
passing clouds**

**her last canvas
framed in the window
a star**

**windswept trees
I stroke my warmth
though grandmother's hair**

**on the brink
the relentless beep
of monitors**

**the length of darkness
before light
cold moon**

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Mile Lisica

Diana Teneva

Roger Watson

Gayle Sweeper

William Keckler

Ross Neher

Andy McLellan

Elaine Wilburt

Mark Blaeuer

Mark Forrester

Debbie Strange

Dianne Moritz

Ivan Gaćina

Barnabas I. Adeleke

Jeffrey Yamaguchi

Aljoša Vuković

Irina Guliaeva

Lavana Kray

Margaret Walker

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Lee Felty
Pat Davis
Nancy Shires
Ron Scully
George Schaefer
Oscar Luparia
Elmedin Kadric
Natalia Kuznetsova
Ian Mullins
Debbi Antebi
Joanne van Helvoort
Anna Cates
Guliz Mutlu
Keitha Keyes
Louise Hopewell
Ingrid Baluchi
Daniel Birnbaum
Jim Krotzman
Tom Blessing
Angela Giordano
Tim Gardiner
Stanka Sršen
Adelaide B. Shaw
Pat Geyer
Elizabeth Crocket
Garry Eaton

Tim Murphy
Pitt Buerken
Peter Jastermsky and *Bryan Rickert*
Janelle Holgado
Linda McCarthy Schick
Shobha Rao
Madhuri Pillai
Gail Oare
William Scott Galasso
L. S. Marlowe
Ben Moeller-Gaa
Cynthia Rowe
David He Zhuanglang
Jan Benson
Réka Nyitrai
Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Mark Gilbert
Gautam Nadkarni
Nicholas Klacsanzky
David Oates
Mary Ellen Gambutti
Terrie Jacks
Stefano d'Andrea
David Gale
Lori A Minor

Hansha Teki
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Paul Beech
Wendy C. Bialek
Eric A. Lohman
Corine Timmer
Marshall Bood
Jack Priestnall
Chen-ou Liu
Ray Caligiuri
Sondra J. Byrnes
Adrian Bouter
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Praniti Gulyani
Carmen Duvalma
Tsanka Shishkova
Anne Graue
Rashmi Vesa
Bruce Jewett
Jay Friedenber
Carol Raisfeld
John J. Han
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
John McManus
Anthony Q. Rabang

Eufemia Griffo
Martha Magenta
Claire Vogel Camargo
Michael H. Lester
Patricia A. Daharsh
Jill Lange
Anna Maris
Christiane Ranieri

na putovanju
nepoznato sećanje
u toploj kafi

on the journey
the unknown memory
in the warm coffee

crkva u snegu
vatra tiho pucketa
puna molitve

the church in the snow
the fire calmly is cracking
full of a prayer

Mile Lisica

wedding party –
having no time
for my limoncello

a broken doll...
do childhood memories
disappear

misty morning -
an unpicked apple shines
instead of the sun

Diana Teneva

first date
online
she had no accent

before sending
I check the grammar
in my sympathy note

murder mystery night
killing
time

Roger Watson

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



Gayle Sweeper

the DNA
from Eden's apple
inconclusive

muskeg wind
the stories
nobody shapes

long walk
along the river
the o in fog

William Keckler

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

avalanche
stand-up comic
under the weather

carpenter
not wise
sawing Zs with axes

Ross Neher

leopard skin boots
the last remnants
of wildness

Xbox controller
I move my cushions
to attack formation

broken English
we share the best places
to buy baklava

Andy McLellan

the sky blueing
by degrees—
physical therapy

friends come and go—
cemetery sign reading,
No Dogs Allowed

Scrabble
all vowels—
tongue-tied around you

Elaine Wilburt

Along Highway 70:
an antique shop
that used to be a school.

A moth lights
on the Corolla's remaining
headlamp.

Mark Blaeuer

autumn chill
our conversation
in dead leaves

in the warm kitchen
quoting Escoffier
to my cat

nestled
in my white beard
first frost

slick with rain
“Yo Voté” sticker
in the parking lot

summer drive
her mismatched socks
on the dashboard

Mark Forrester



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

old stories

Mom and Dad dropping acid
on the patio

Dianne Moritz

naked girl
on a wall poster . . .
blinking traffic light

armistice . . .
a toy soldier pays no attention
to a crying doll

Ivan Gaćina

haiku contest
the judges pick a senryu
as Grand Prize

afraid to ask
the new love interest
her genotype

long blackout
the couch potato takes
a walk

splitting up
the couple's dog up
for adoption

Barnabas I. Adeleke

Unreachable
voicemail box full
out of time

Last one to leave
still at the office
lights out

Jeffrey Yamaguchi
[@jeffyamaguchi](#)
<http://jeffreyyamaguchi.com>

funeral of a poor man
the coffin longer
than procession

Aljoša Vuković

nerve drops
unborn daughter
gets another last name

senior home
dusting
our family album

return home
I wish this button
had really worked



Irina Guliaeva



final play -
even the prom queen has
a walking stick

Lavana Kray



step without trace -
Lord, let me be a snail
next time

Lavana Kray

Lavana Kray

deep in wildflowers
my feet find
his stone marker

hurrying past stories in every face

Margaret Walker

after the
pizza party
the boxes

box of chocolates
- deciphering the mystery
squares and circles

cage-free eggs
contained in
egg carton

never saw a day
of combat
- G.I. Joe

existing only
to be broken
- bread

she organized
her life
cat-by-cat

Roberta Beach Jacobson

<http://www.RobertaJacobson.com>

old story retold
grandson corrects now and then
minor details

popularity
on number of 'Likes'
even for Mona Lisa

Vishnu P Kapoor

winter rain
avoiding
the issue

after the ice storm
all the floors
newly waxed

too much rain
not enough change
from the machine

my lucky golf shoes
an unexpected hole
in one

Lee Felty

candle-covered cake
the time she takes
to make a wish

kids
rate the taste of colors...
M&M's

c h o c o l a t e
the last bite
before Lent

tulip garden
life outside
the vase

Pat Davis

echoing halls
in the art museum—
football Saturday

first whiff of spring lawn chemicals next door

my neighbor suggests
a flame thrower
tent caterpillars

origami day
a fold somewhere
missing

what he hid
below what he said
disclosure captioning

Nancy Shires

dragonfly
a featherless biplane
on reconnaissance

ceiling fan
dreaming she loves me
loves me not

Ron Scully

Starbucks coffee—
inevitably succumbing
to the ubiquitous

pour my scotch
Neat
No ICE!

Dog marking
my foot;
newly conquered turf

George Schaefer

snowy night
my memories fall
into the silence

still winter
from the screensaver
her rose in bloom

Oscar Luparia

single mum
a pocket full
of giving up

eulogizer
trying to make the words
come alive

panhandler
the migrant worker
gives a nod

nothing
refugee children play
with it

Elmedin Kadric

grandma
with a glass of champagne,
sparkling eyes

retirement-
turning the final page
in this suspense book

Natalia Kuznetsova

doctors letters –
the sharp folds
of bad news

retirement party –
the next tie I wear
will be black

a modern funeral –
e-mail invite with
thin black border

hitcher drops his thumb –
he's seen your kind
of face before

a soft hiss –
falling snow un-smokes
his cigarette

Ian Mullins

unstitching the label
from my work shirt
the itch remains

forest trail
running to the end
of my thoughts

Debbi Antebi

spring flowers
mothers dress
when I was young

carefully
tiny hands around the stick
her paper lantern

Joanne van Helvoort

two lovers
peel the boundaries
fruit salad

poetry group car pool
the driver recommends
a novel

a row boater
in shades . . .
pond scum

buying pork rinds
for a low carb diet
first warm day

Anna Cates

<https://twitter.com/catesanna>

spring walk
grandma running
after a child

bookstore
I compare
face lines

a good life
lovers and losers
blossom viewing

Guliz Mutlu

off harness
the guide dog is free
to frolic

snack time
white cockatoos help themselves
to our balcony

camouflage —
nothing is ever
as it seems

playground invitation
to a game of hopscotch
— no boys —

Keitha Keyes

huge spider hunkering
in the outhouse
the runs

mountain bike park
the zigzag
of stitches

Picking pattern

strumming ukulele
beneath snow gums
you are my sunshine

busking outside
the lost property office
has anybody seen my girl

jam session
in the garden
toast and marmalade for tea

Louise Hopewell

hubby says i need not shout
at the tv --
we're both on the same page

new kitten --
an excuse
for baby talk

feather duster
featherless
... new kitten

Ingrid Baluchi

exchanging shadows for traces
footsteps

on the beach
seagulls rehearsing
their laughter

Daniel Birnbaum

graffiti in chalk
on a boxcar
traveling exhibit

They bury
a Joseph statue...
a mockingbird sings

catholic church
the priest is exorcised
of his hair

out of the scarecrow's mouth nothing

during class
I open the door
to dismiss his cologne

Jim Krotzman

Haibun

I am having my morning cup of tea. It is 8 am and I have been up for two hours, washed dishes, wrote, had a piece of toast, and turned up the heat. The tea is in the cup you made me. It is warm. It is beautiful. And when I drink it I will taste our love for each other. Is it too early to be romantic? Is it ever too early or too late? Even these thoughts.... even these thoughts.

does the monk
high in the mountains
dream of love?

Haibun

I tried to let my dog write a poem on the laptop. He was afraid. And only typed the letter l. I guess I can believe it stands for love. More likely for let me go. He just woke up and really needs to go out. But it is dark and cold and he is warm on my lap. I tried to tell him that a cat would have walked there and left a poem. But he doesn't care what a cat would do. I can't blame him. A cat would not care what it did either.

quiet
the dog watches
as I type

Tom Blessing

the first trip-
the cardboard suitcase
and a picture

a year more-
inside the mirror I find
the first wrinkle

a new diary-
leaving the bookmark
of the year before

Angela Giordano

geography teacher
route to the finish line
mapped out

the car left
r u n n i n g
personal best

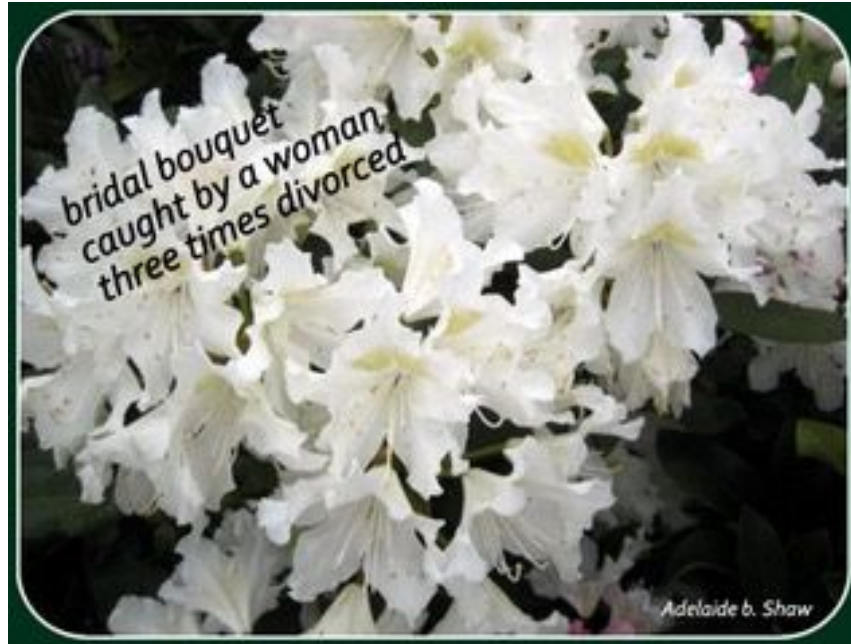
fistful of medals
a race marshal
quick on the draw

Tim Gardiner

mjesec kroz prozor
toplim prstima zlati
djetinje snove

outside the window
the moon sprinkles gold dust on -
the dreams of children

Stanka Sršen



his rock collection
after death. . .
a pile of rocks

trail markings
red for rough, blue for rougher
none for exit

Adelaide B. Shaw

www.adelaide-whitepetals.blogspot.com



*life is
black and white
or full of
many colors...
i sign my name in birch
pcg '19*



search for refuge...
healing my loud scars
a silent space

Pat Geyer



Elizabeth Crocket

<http://www.Elizabethcrocket.com>

nude beach
the waves it makes
in the neighborhood

fresh tattoo
on the paraplegic's chest
THIS SIDE UP

air boat
through the sawgrass
wind parted hair

another
no-hitter!
control freak . .

Garry Eaton

midsummer
the minke whales observe
some people

by the garden sundial
a young couple make love
biological clock

my order becomes
a multiple-choice questionnaire—
café chain blues

Christmas Eve
the warm company
of candles

Tim Murphy

new blue suede shoes
a dog-poop ahead ...
Bingo!

wind gust
all he suddenly needs is
a new hat

leaving the train
the handbag is
moving on

outrageous
neighbour's cat is hunting
for our mice

Pitt Buerken

Tan Renga

Peter Jastermsky

Bryan Rickert

prairie rat hole
the only bar
for miles

*the sobering look
at your tail lights*

*love made
the sound of applause
from dried leaves*

blowing smoke
my cigarette alone

sleeping under the influence
a crooked line
to the john

*the colors when it comes up
tequila sunrise*

*watching joggers
from the street side bar
my beer sweats*

the reluctance of ketchup
a fight over a fry

cold macaroni
another trip
down the spiral

*not even calling it home
bachelor pad*

Peter Jastermsky and *Bryan Rickert*

across sky bridge
two suits
threaten winter

moon in bowl
still
it is not

Janelle Holgado

kitchen corner –
valentines
he forgot to send

off

off

off

Linda McCarthy Schick

I watch
the molting caterpillar
a haiku emerges

outside the temple
a cobbler stitches
broken spirits

monkeys drunk
on morula
oktober fest

Shobha Rao

phone apps –
I clear the clutter
to see mother's face

back to back
in pace with my reading
the dog's snore

going grey my dog too

Madhuri Pillai

antique mart
the Beatles lp
I played yesterday

dark moon
the catnip mouse
under the sofa

pie-baking contest
A white thumb print
on her blue ribbon

Gail Oare

believe me
she tells the friend
who doesn't

comb over
another white lie...
among many

bucket list...
my nephew asks
what's on mine

William Scott Galasso

every morning
pulling out chives -- maybe mint
finding myself again

a startled deer
 in my haiku book
 Mother's photo

nose seen from left eye
nose seen from right eye
no one I know

L. S. Marlowe

across the bar
a man leans into
his mustache

daybreak
lifting up the covers
a fart

walking alone
i whistle a tune
with my rear

third pint downed
i disintegrate
the urinal cake

our conversation
drifting - the scent
of kettle corn

winter wind
stumbling down the sidewalk
cobblestone blues

Ben Moeller-Gaa

www.benmoellergaa.com

driverless car . . .
I can file my nails,
she says

low tide
the little girl leaps
waterholes

rainforest . . .
a tourist complains
about the rain

starlit dining
the curlew steals
my hot chips



Cynthia Rowe

www.cynthiarowe.com.au

dawn light
a shepherd's whip
breaks the fog

night rain
Gran lights a candle
by his portrait

David He Zhuanglang

a wall
runs through it...
state of the union

Jan Benson

winter sky —
the aftertaste of a white lie

daymoon —
missed calls on the call log

fresh snow —
footprints under the window

Réka Nyitrai

yoga class
fogging the windows
winter night

a thousand crumpled tissues the snow geese

other peoples' hair
drifting like space junk
swimming laps

two soap bars
fused together in the soap dish
valentine

I am still trying
to be cool
record store

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

deciding not
to take the plunge -
suicide bridge

winter sky . . .
I create new
constellations

Valentine's Day -
celebrating the perfection
of imperfections

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

stealing a pencil
for my little boy
a haiku

new boss same old acronyms

nailing the interview
the pain
of ill-fitting shoes

spontaneous tears
trickle-down
economics

small talk the contents of his cycling shorts

Mark Gilbert

The Stag At Bay

A friend of mine has always been a teetotaller. Ever since I can remember. So when he suggested one evening that we go to a well known bar on Marine Drive, naturally, I looked askance. He said he liked the decor and the ambience of the tavern. Since I was not averse to the lager they dispensed it was only an hour later that we were ushered to a table by the steward over there.

I ordered a bottle of beer and asked my companion to name his juice. He pondered for a whole minute before ordering a large Chivas Regal. In response to my look of astonishment he laughed and said it was merely to keep me company. He was afraid I would feel lonely quaffing mugs and mugs of lager all by myself. I thanked him for being so considerate and a few minutes later we were toasting each other's health.

Just when I was telling him the good one about the Irishman called O'Reilly he paused mid-chuckle to order another large one. Just to keep me company. I complimented him on his generosity. Before embarking on my next anecdote about the Sikh called Banta Singh I replenished my mug with the frothy beverage.

The jokes got dirtier and dirtier as they invariably do at bars frequented by stags. And it was on my third bottle and his fourth Chivas that my abstaining compatriot got squiggly eyed and complained of drowsiness. So I paid the substantial tab and we tottered out with hands on each other's shoulders. For support, and not out of overwhelming chumminess.

It was past midnight now and we parted company at a crossroad with loud goodbyes. As I stepped lightly on the path to my apartment I

caught a glimpse of my childhood buddy weaving his way homeward.
All this just to keep me from feeling lonely.

I thanked God for teetotaller friends.

closing time---
the drunkard just beginning
another yarn

Rebel Without A Sauce

Dear Dad,

I don't know what could have prompted me to volunteer to attend this boarding school. I must have been drunk at the time

It's not as though I was demanding sirloin steak every day with one of those rare vintage wines that make you feel like heaven. But c'mon Dad. Not even on the weekends? Have a heart. And the beaks here put the Gestapo to shame. Always insisting that we put in three hours a day on the homework. Imagine swotting like my life depends on it when I could be doing fun things like backing gee gees and getting high on smack. It's a crime.

The other day I appeared for the Math test and fared badly. I never heard the end of it. They asked the most ridiculous questions. If a quintal of aubergines cost so-and-so rupees how much would you have to pay for a cruise on the Nile. The answer is obvious but my pocket calculator conked out just then. Too bad! Now they won't get a paisa for the cruise or for the aubergines.

I believe they even censor the letters we write home. Dad, stay warned. If you don't receive this letter at all you can safely assume that the headmaster and his fellow Mafiosi have deposited me at the bottom of the ocean in a concrete kimono. I have been noticing the gleam in their eyes for quite a while.

Well, I have to go now. It's dinnertime and a guy has to eat. Even if it tastes like last year's garbage. Give my love to Mum. And spare her these gruesome details. She always had a weak stomach.

With much affection,

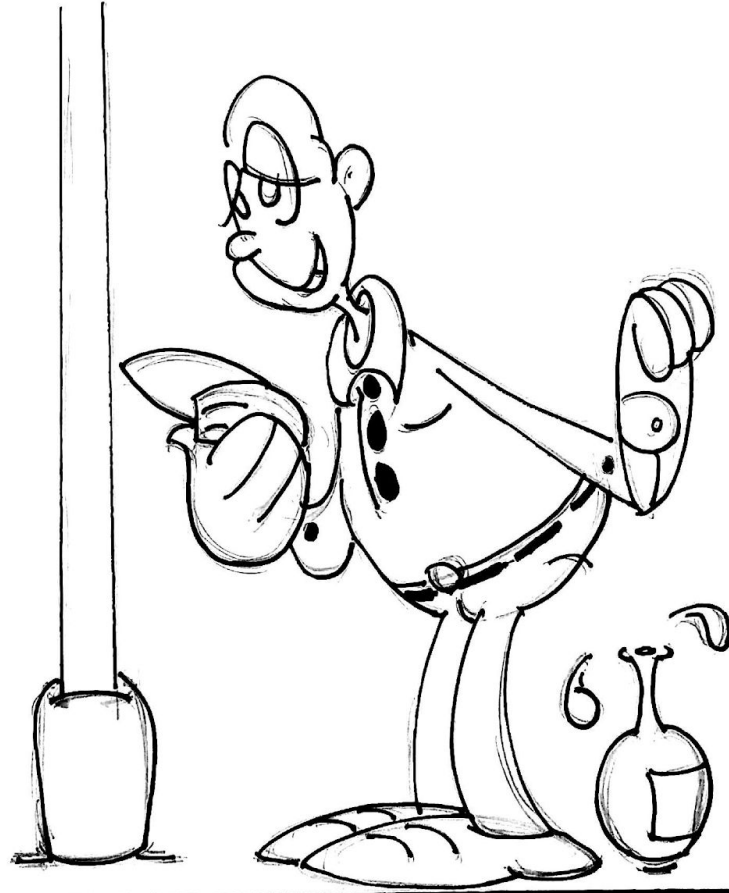
Your quietly suffering son,
Dippy

red wine---
undecided on the vintage
of the steak

MURDER OF CROWSooo
STILL WIPING THE GOOD OMEN
OFF MY HEAD



COLLIDINGOOO
A DRUNK'S PROFUSE APOLOGIES
TO A LAMPOST



Gautam Nadkarni

Mars colony
the only alien I meet
is me

Christmas—
the cockroach nibbles
on Santa's cookie

museum of war
the napping security guard

the difference
between a jackdaw and a crow—
marital arguments

hostel—
I conduct a chorus
of strangers' snores

Nicholas Klacsanzky

friendly guy
catches himself waving
to the scarecrow

when he wakes
all that's left of her
coffee smell

bedside table
two pairs of glasses
in a wild tangle

David Oates

davidoatesathensga.com



Mary Ellen Gambutti



**senior bus tour
a photograph
of a photographer
taking a photo
of old oaks**

Terrie Jacks

full moon

the cockroach walks all wrong

neanderthals on the beach with no expiration date

Stefano d'Andrea

Caution!

gap between
bridges

in the gutter
litter with a message
“smoking kills”

David Gale

code of ethics

According to the Sunday school teacher, the fall of man in Genesis chapter 3 wasn't Eve's fault. He says Adam is to blame for not controlling Eve better. Maybe I'm just being a smartass, but what if God is really to blame for not having a tighter grip on man.

herding sheep
I decide to fight
the patriarchy



shock waves

It's three in the morning and the sky is completely clear, but there are no stars in sight. The light pollution is drowning them out. It's almost like they're dead... and i'm mourning the loss of each one.

power struggle
the worm curls
into itself

Lori A Minor

[@femkupoetry](#)

the words I write
stepped over
by a fly

emptiness—
I listen for the tone
in my voice

resting its case
a kangaroo court leaps
into recess

Fly Paper - A Flight of Fancy

no-go zone no flies on him
as sleep comes the fly
between chopsticks the fly
after all eggs to lay the fly
in the food-court all are the fly

sometimes verb mostly noun the fly

his name born in flight the fly

the fly is patient with your vanity

waiting on a clock time flies

eyeing the ointment the fly

in summer wind the fly blown

remembering Issa the fly

at prayer time the fly

six carcasses in search of a fly

breaking down the issue a fly

before and after love the fly

speeding through the flight of the bumblebee the fly

giving life to the feast the fly

a fly interrupts the music of the spheres

testing wanton boys the fly

no flies on him the fly

splatted in his own reflection the fly

the fly doesn't believe in swat

to fly or not to fly the fly

in flight announcements from the fly

the fly lays down the last words

dotting an i the fly

the fly takes joy from our sorrow

in communing on the dead the fly knows

switched to flight mode the fly's cells

the fly mops up after a drone

setting sun—

déjà ku...

a redback

a poet cannibalises

widows herself

the tried and true

Hansha Teki

反射的

snowfall ...
in my native town
palm trees

dinner tears on Thay green curry

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

<https://ventodelgiorno.wordpress.com>

UPRIVER

A huge dog of Arctic origin bounds through the tussocks. His master squats on a stone. Across the river a conveyer clanks through an elevated tunnel connecting the old salt mine to its storage dome. An orange windsock dances in the stiff southwesterly and bedraggled flags flutter.

I'm watching a cormorant fly upstream when I feel the teeth. The huge dog has taken my right wrist between its jaws. His master is oblivious. The cormorant's wingtips clip the current as the teeth graze my skin.

The dog might have found my wrist in the field and now be offering it back.

"There's a good lad," I say, and he drops it.

A kindness
in the wolf's eyes
charms me.

black tie laid out...
scissor tips tickle
my nostrils

tribalism...
they mock him
for his Mendelssohn

Paul Beech

It was the 60's, we agreed to meet after school let out, and discuss how we would travel to the city. I wore my long ash brown hair straight under my tan dylan cap, tie-dyed lacy, baby doll shirt, mixed matching sets of long wooden beads, dungarees with bell bottoms stuffed into reddish brown suede boots with cut suede tassels and matching jacket, he wears his same black corduroy pants a rainbow woven guitar strap over an irish knit sweater and his two-toned brown/tan gibson guitar hanging over his back...metal harmonica holder round his neck. That night we gathered on the gray grounds of CCNY...

we sing
"we shall over come"
as pete seeger harmonizes
& leads our march
into the night air

New Year's Day
ripping expired coupons
in the heated car

Wendy C. Bialek

in the mirror
the aging comic checks
his laugh lines

the old man's walker
smudges the freshly waxed floor
whale song

between us
and our difficult neighbors . . .
their cherry blossoms

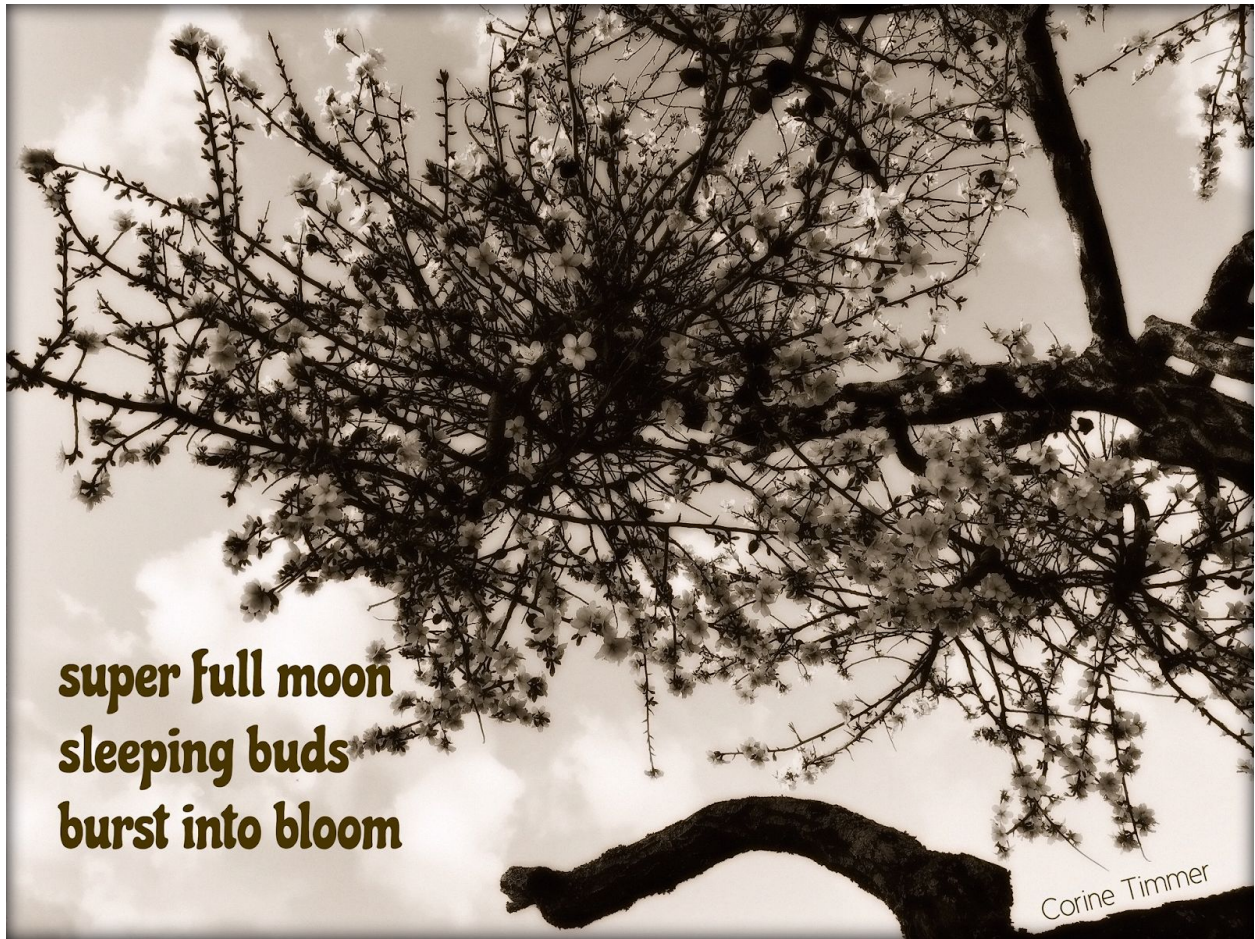
a ball
of dandelion fluff...
the i in team

cloak room . . .
her blind date changes
his mind



optometrist
says I've got immaculate
degeneration -
how does he know
about my sex life

Eric A. Lohman
[@ealcsw](https://twitter.com/ealcsw)



Corine Timmer

uncleared sidewalks —
I try to walk off
cabin fever

Marshall Bood

leaked nudes –
new discovery
of renaissance portraits

palms close
silent prayers
watch the fire

Jack Priestnall

white house news
a snake tasting night air
with its forked tongue

Fifty Shades of Grey
a slow read pulls me through
this snowy night

birdsong ends ...
I fold the draft of my poem
into a crane

handgun ban debate
he points his fist at me
in pistol fashion

snowed in
I have been weighed down
by daily life --
9-to-5 work, meals, sleep
and Thank-God-It's-Friday sex

Chen-ou Liu

<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>

Tweeter: [@ericcoliu](#) and [@storyhaikutanka](#)

my mind made up tousled sheets

old growth creaky floors or just me

kangaroo dreams what's in the pouch

making toast at world's end with the gun

Ray Caligiuri

holidays over—
my worry beads
still warm

record snowfall
how many paperwhites
are enough?

reflecting pond—
she takes another
quick look

renewed passport—
long enough to last
a lifetime

matchbook
under the short leg—
salvaging old haiku

Sondra J. Byrnes

Motown showdown
a SWAT-team invading
the crack house

wouldn't want to miss a thing snowflakes

Adrian Bouter

the moon comes again
getting to know
you were right

how i wished
it was like we started
breakfast in bed

prison yard
a tree extends fruit
to a window

mama's ashes
poured onto daddy's
just as they wished

Adjei Agyei-Baah

world map...
I forget to mark
the boundaries

deserted road...
the distant echo
of milkman's song

museum display...
grandma puts forth
a grey hair

this is what I call
the sound of sunset
...migratory birds

Praniti Gulyani

wet cherry petals –
at my father's grave
fresh footprints

for ever child –
cinnamon flavor
above the old town

mint flavor –
grandma 's memory
all over the garden

Carmen Duvalma



*moonlight ...
feeling younger
and beautiful*

Tsanka Shishkova

Tsanka Shishkova

the mind listens
to voices in the fog
the skin shines wet

Anne Graue

[@agraue](#)

protest march—
people holding candles ask
what's it about

grandma's fan
the feathers too fall
one by one
bidding adieu
to all old attachments

paring foliage for every slight my deciduous self

Rashmi Vesa

found my old friends
those voices of children
playing hide and seek

gingerbread man
my daughter reads to her son
people will eat you

Bruce Jewett

dip in the jet stream
her holiday spirit
unseasonably cold

two day's gone
her smell
still in the pillow

meditation
my thoughts turn
to rice pudding

we all believe
what we want to believe
fake news

Jay Friedenber

breaking up
is so hard to do
text is best

chem students
do it on the table
periodically

cross country . . .
only the male pigeon
won't ask directions

the mime
working feverishly
on a hidden agenda

passing gas
in an elevator is wrong
on so many levels

pushing
all her buttons
looking for mute

window washer-
he throws a kiss
before rappelling down

Carol Raisfeld

sixty-fifth birthday
talking about IRA
and 401k

nursing home
the unfocused stares
from wheelchairs

fried chicken wings
the chef-owner admits
to not eating them

John J. Han

mountain trek
the boss shouts from top
no hierarchies

Berlin wall . . .
the debris somewhere
in a bridge

a galaxy above
skyscraper
a galaxy below

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

lily of the valley
another surprise
from my ex

howling wind
I pass by
and smell the jasmine

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

snowy rooftops
the homeless woman's dog
licks my fingers

house of mirrors
my stuck up sister
slows her step

leaves swirling
through the courtyard —
I unzip her dress

mouse droppings
my elderly neighbour shouts
his dead wife's name

bare branches
I send my daughter
more money

snakeskin boots
the new preacher asks
for more apple pie

John McManus

evacuation camp
an ash fall lingers
on dark lashes

wearing
mom's perfume –
new rosebuds

Anthony Q. Rabang

[@thonyrabang](http://facebook.com/ShortPauses)

Three poems to my friend, Rachel Sutcliffe.

small poems
the way our lives
intertwined

twinkle of stars
your new path
brighter

sunrise...
this empty day
without your words

charcoal drawing
the first flight
of a black swan

melting ice
the last sidereal touch
of winter

Eufemia Griffo

pond algae
he rejects
my green tea

man from Mars
he sees something rude
in my doodle

air kissing—
a politician says
we are all human

passing gas
the relief
of anonymity

small print
the optician calls me
a good girl

Martha Magenta

<https://marthamagenta.com/>

the weight of winter
everything
in layers

crowded crosswalk
the taste of fruitcake
lingers

Claire Vogel Camargo



the palm reader
traces my life line
with her finger
while I study the wrinkles
on her turned-up nose

michael h. lester
image from pixabay



she refuses
to come out of her room
for several days
during which time the cat learns
how to make a cheese fondue

michael h. lester
image from pixabay

ticking clock—
I know where her hands will be
every second

Michael H. Lester
[@mhlester](#)

bruised sky -
the lab tech searches
for a vein

snowmelt...
the road less traveled
reappears

laundry day
grey sheets of rain
unfolding

workday morning
the burnt toast odor
hitches a ride

always polite
a child waves goodbye
to the waves

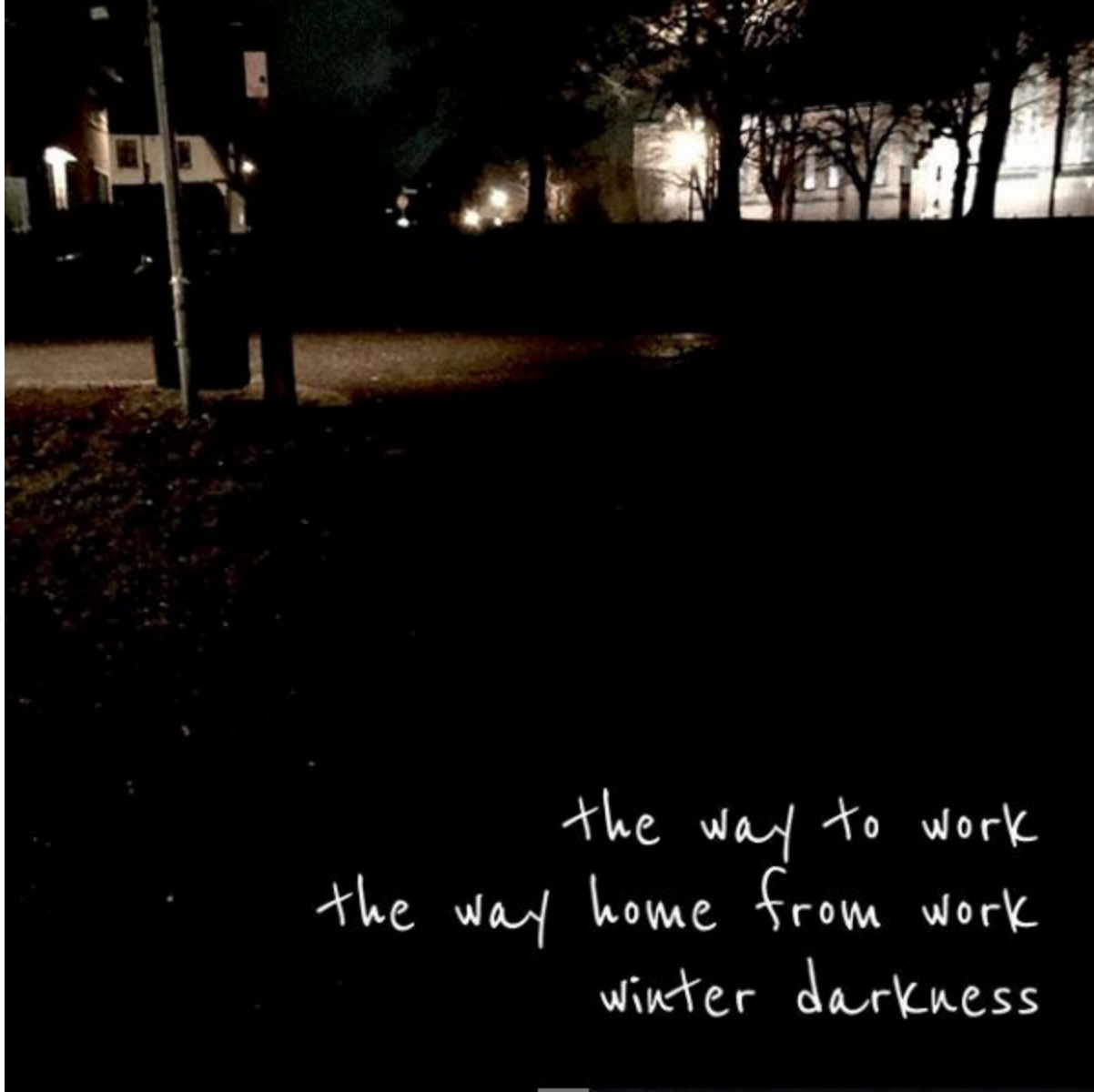
Patricia A. Daharsh

earth shine—
another book she chooses
by its cover

in the old box
Zuni fetishes
waiting

the power
of one
elder
with drum

Jill Lange



the way to work
the way home from work
winter darkness



naked branches
within the winter sky
a rainbow



sunshine!
suddenly a lot longer
my legs

Anna Maris

sitting next to a beggar
my nostrils on alert
a smell of hot wine

fallow garden —
a hen pecks
my flowering socks

Christiane Ranieri
christiane-ranieri.fr

political debate
my side on the issue
never comes up

passive aggressive
on my zafu
doing neither

do nothing
until you check
with our cats

Michael Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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