

failed ~~haiku~~

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Kala Ramesh

Guest 'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

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haiga by Mark Gilbert

Thank you!
Kala Ramesh!

Poet, editor, anthologist and festival director, Kala Ramesh's book of haiku and haibun 'beyond the horizon beyond' was a finalist for the Rabindranath Tagore Literary Prize 2019 and received a certificate for 'excellent contribution to literature'. Kala's initiatives culminated in founding 'INhaiku' to bring Indian haiku poets under one umbrella in 2013.

Cast List

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

Vandana Parashar
Helen Buckingham
Tracy Davidson
Roberta Beach Jacobson
Charles Trumbull
Lew Watts/Charles Trumbull
Charles Trumbull/Lew Watts
Anna Cates
Nancy Shires
Bryan Rickert
Elaine Wilburt
Keitha Keyes
Raamesh Gowri Raghavan
Pris Campbell
T. W. Wiszniewski
Debbie Strange
Bruce England
John Hawkhead
Angelescu Sorin
Chen-ou Liu
Bob Whitmire

Stuart Bartow
Lee Felty
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Elmedin Kadric
Angela Terry
Angela Terry/Julie Warther
Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara
Tim Gardiner
Barbara Tate
Dan Smith
Michael Henry Lee
Terri L. French
Michael Feil
Marilyn Ashbaugh
Mark Forrester
David He Zhuanglang
Louise Marlowe
Gregory Longenecker
Sheila Sondik
Michael H. Lester
Ingrid Baluchi
Rich Schilling
Bill Cooper
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Vishnu Kapoor

Paul Beech
Natalia Kuznetsova
Antonio Mangiameli
Claudette Russell
Mike Keville
Bart Greene
Olivier Schopfer
Angela Terry/*Julie Warther*
David J Kelly
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Lucia Cardillo
John McManus
Suzanne Niedzielska
Ezio Infantino
Cynthia Rowe
Lucy Whitehead
Hifsa Ashraf
Angela Giordano
Mike Gallagher
Barbara A. Taylor
Maureen Weldon
Gautam Nadkarni
Ishaan Singh
Munia Khan
Wilbert Salgado

Richard Grahn
Bisshie
Rp Verlaine
Bob Moyer
Kathryn Stevens
Carol Raisfeld
Kath Abela Wilson
Mark Miller
Vidya S Venkatramani
Jim Krotzman
Nicholas Mathisen
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Theresa Okafor
Madhuri Pillai
Ayeyemi, Taofeek Aswagaawy
Martha Magenta
Richa Sharma
Christiane Ranieri
Bruce H. Feingold
Robert Witmer
Roger Watson
John J. Han
Debbi Antebi
William Keckler
Ben Moeller-Gaa

Jo Balistreri
Jackie Maugh Robinson
Ivan Gaćina
Mark Gilbert
robyn brooks
Darrell Petska
Sondra J. Byrnes
Claire Vogel Camargo

pregnancy report
my dad's face flushed
with my happiness

receding hairline ...
wondering how far he should
apply face cream

suave doctor
I toss the apple
in dustbin

traffic jam
is there a subway
to your heart

Vandana Parashar

ICU
do you

end of a hard day I soak back into myself

Helen Buckingham

old photographs
all the faces scored out
on my father's side

year's end
the fat man in the suit
audits my taxes

she makes planes
from paper...
my missing manuscript

wildlife themed birthday cake
he finds out the wasp
isn't marzipan

Tracy Davidson

origami crane more of a duck

opposing
political parties -
hornet's nest

autumn cruise this ocean or that

so where is
the rest of your poem
he asks

Roberta Beach Jacobson

still trying to get a grip on chaos theory

To 5-7-5

or not to 5-7-5

that is the question

Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi:

watch his death live

on CNN!

Charles Trumbull

Teletubbies

Dr. Phil reruns
I definitely prefer
the soft centers

Super Bowl touchdown run
the instant replay ... again

Mother's Day ...
watching *The Handmaid's Tale*
with a spayed cat

Arab spring:
there's a bomb in Gilead
film at eleven

cuticle soak
glued to *Bước nhảy hoàn vũ*

Mercy, mercy!
I nod off watching
Little Mosque on the Prairie

Lew Watts

Charles Trumbull

Grim Tales

barely civil, he asks:
“who’s been sleeping in my bed?”
grumbling thunder

*still the little boy
who lives down the lane*

dog’s deposition:
what Old Lady Hubbard
really did to him

*old man’s bone...
playing knick-knack
on his knee*

he’s a teapot short and stout
here’s his handle, here’s his spout

*morning after
slugs and snails and puppy dog tails
in the sheets*

Charles Trumbull
Lew Watts

theatrical ...
an angel's
broken halo

her lopsided haircut . . .
I silently count
with the teller

Anna Cates

a jumble of
unidentified keys
stuck where we are

mom's old house
throwing away
the key

telling the age
of a turtle by
the bullet in its shell

Nancy Shires

museum garden
pigeons leave their mark
on the modern art

The Great War
grandfather recalling
how great it wasn't

family holiday
in the kitchen mom prepares
for the worst

closing time
empty bottles
empty faces

Bryan Rickert

spilled so many
words, so fast —
one glass of wine

Elaine Wilburt

dining alone
with an iPhone as a shield
no-one bothers me

drip, drip ...
Trump's America
down the drain

Keitha Keyes

yellowing slowly
all those letters marked
return to sender

avoiding traffic
the back alleys of a self
I've never explored

martyrs column
... the names to be etched
still unborn

graveyard shift
the nodding taxi driver
keeps me awake

burnt letters
but you still live
in the cinders

French fries
my sore throat looks
with longing

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan

bright orange hair
the nursing staff applauds
her hundredth

Sail Away

He wanders down to the dock where we've tied up for two days in Little Adventure to more easily do our laundry and stock up on supplies before sailing further south. His eyes are filled with longing. 'I wish I could do what you're doing,' he says.

'You can', we tell him, but he's already listing the reasons he's tethered to shore - his mortgage, his kids can't travel in a boat... he's never gone sailing with his wife. Maybe she won't like it. Too many reasons to remember. We've seen men like him all down the coast, men longing to fill their lives with adventure, but won't try. Men who will likely stay rooted in sameness until weeds grow around their feet.

He comes the next day for one last look at his future disappearing before him, then heads with his briefcase to work. We cast off at dusk.

turn around —
a shooting star lights
the horizon



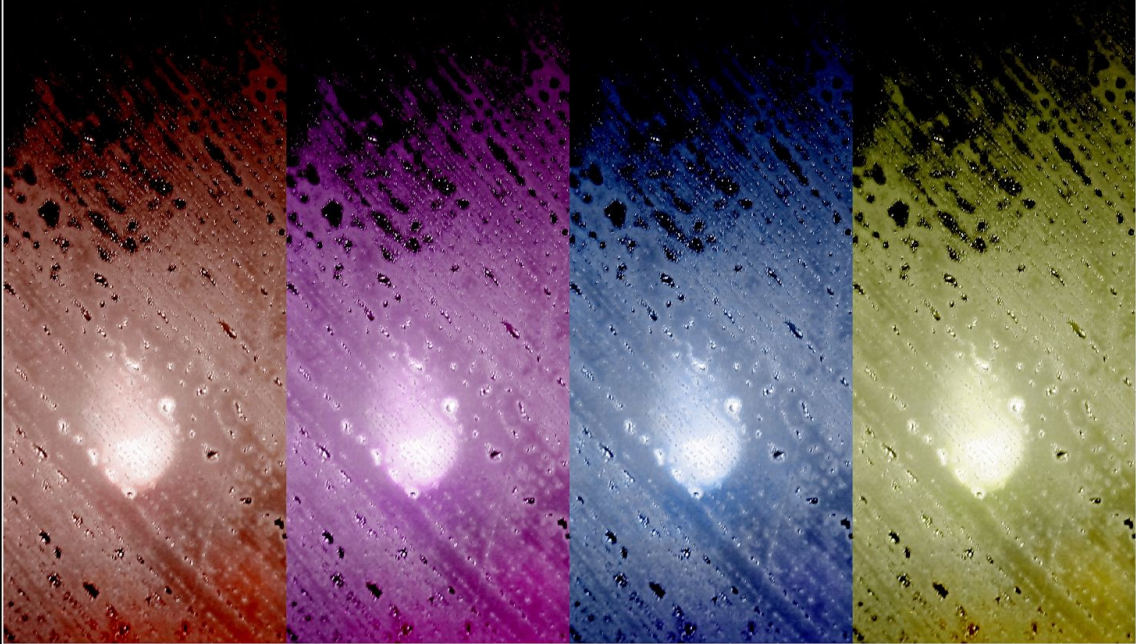
Pris Campbell

my daughter's handshake...
the potential
in that grip

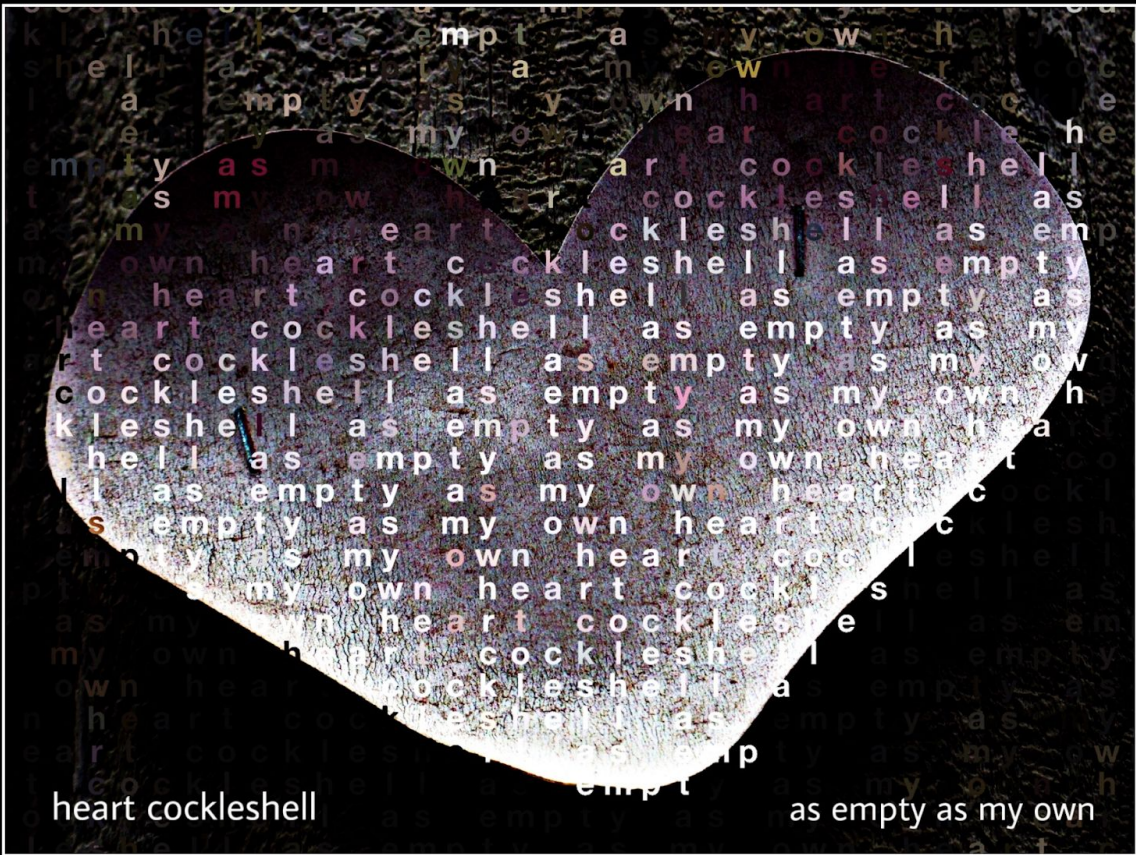
T. W. Wiszniewski

Twitter URL: <https://twitter.com/tomxwinte>

pill box the many colours of mood disorders



words/image(C)Dstrange





Debbie Strange

My thirteen year-old:
when will I be thirteen
at the ticket window?

Bruce England

inside a crow's wing

the death of everything



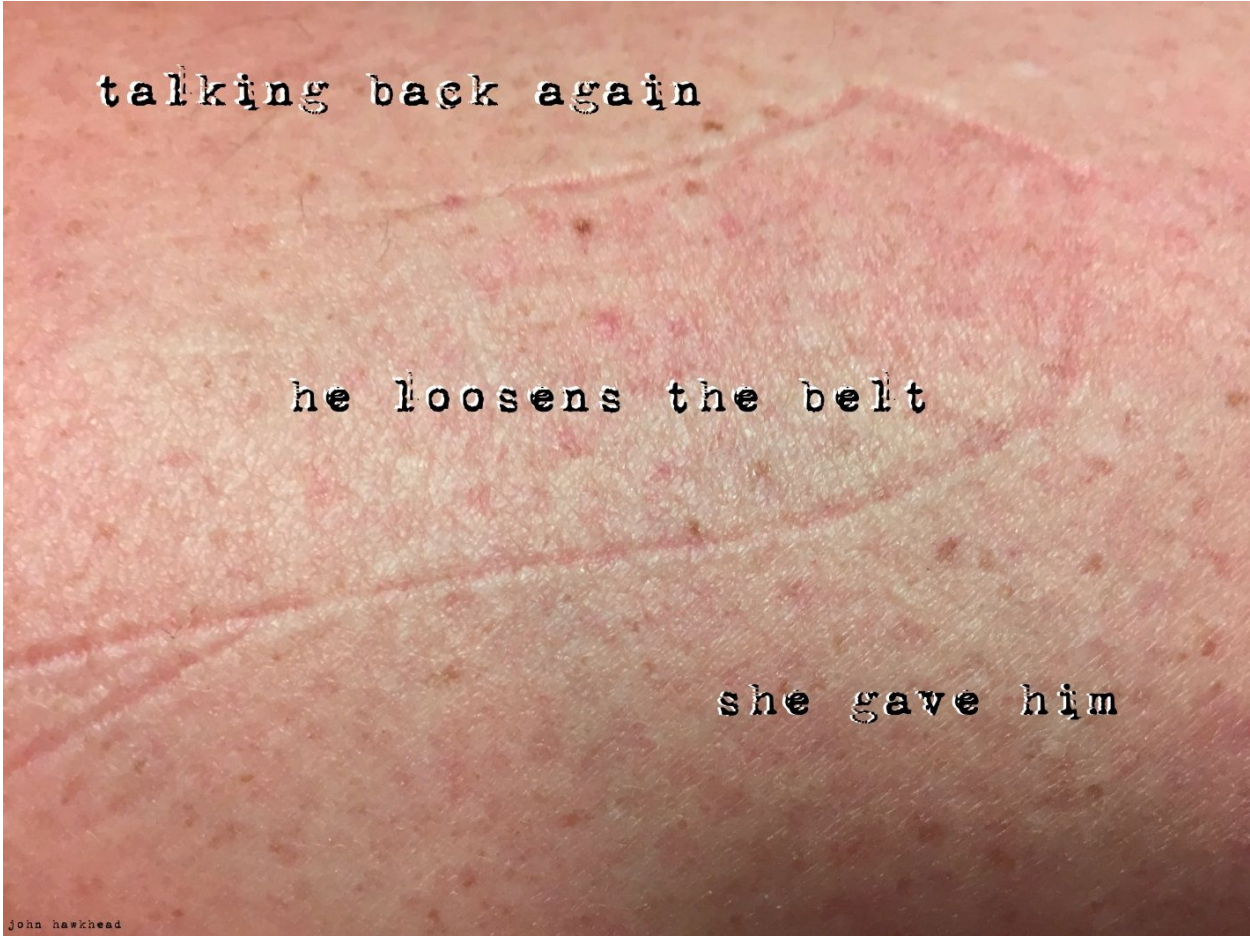
goes unnoticed

sunday morning

saturday night trash

she spits me out





talking back again

he loosens the belt

she gave him

John hawkhead

John Hawkhead



Angelescu Cristina

continental drift -
my daughter says
I can't possibly understand her



Angelescu Cristina

*food poisoning -
all of my problems
I've decided to eat*



Angelescu Sorin

second-hand Apocalypse
the passages
highlighted in red

ESL class
my Chinese tongue tangled
and untangled

Chen-ou Liu

[Poetry in the Moment](#)

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

texting, shooting the gap
between two trucks-
Tobin Bridge, Boston

more left unsaid than said flickering candlelight

Bob Whitmire

tired of reading the book of stars opens

Stuart Bartow

the moon
and me
already half gone

Lee Felty

unlearned school anthem
we waited
for the chorus

offertory time
the beggar moves closer
to the street preacher

waiting for her
under the streetlamp
I rehearse with my shadow

Adjei Agyei-Baah

second date
she flirts
with the idea

in the mirror
a small chuckle
about it all

Elmedin Kadric

her accent
a bit posher --
tea with the Queen

nothing left
to the imagination
the nude beach

rock band practicing
in the basement --
the dog's accompaniment

all our eggs
in one basket --
wi-fi password

belle of the ball --
the alarm clock ends
that dream

ecology
conference --
plastic name badges

Angela Terry

Between Power Lines

caught between power lines
the story the spider
was weaving

Angela Terry

her glow
at his humble words

Julie Warther

the song that
he wrote for her
now topping the charts

Angela Terry

she sings along
with the mourning dove...
alone again

Julie Warther

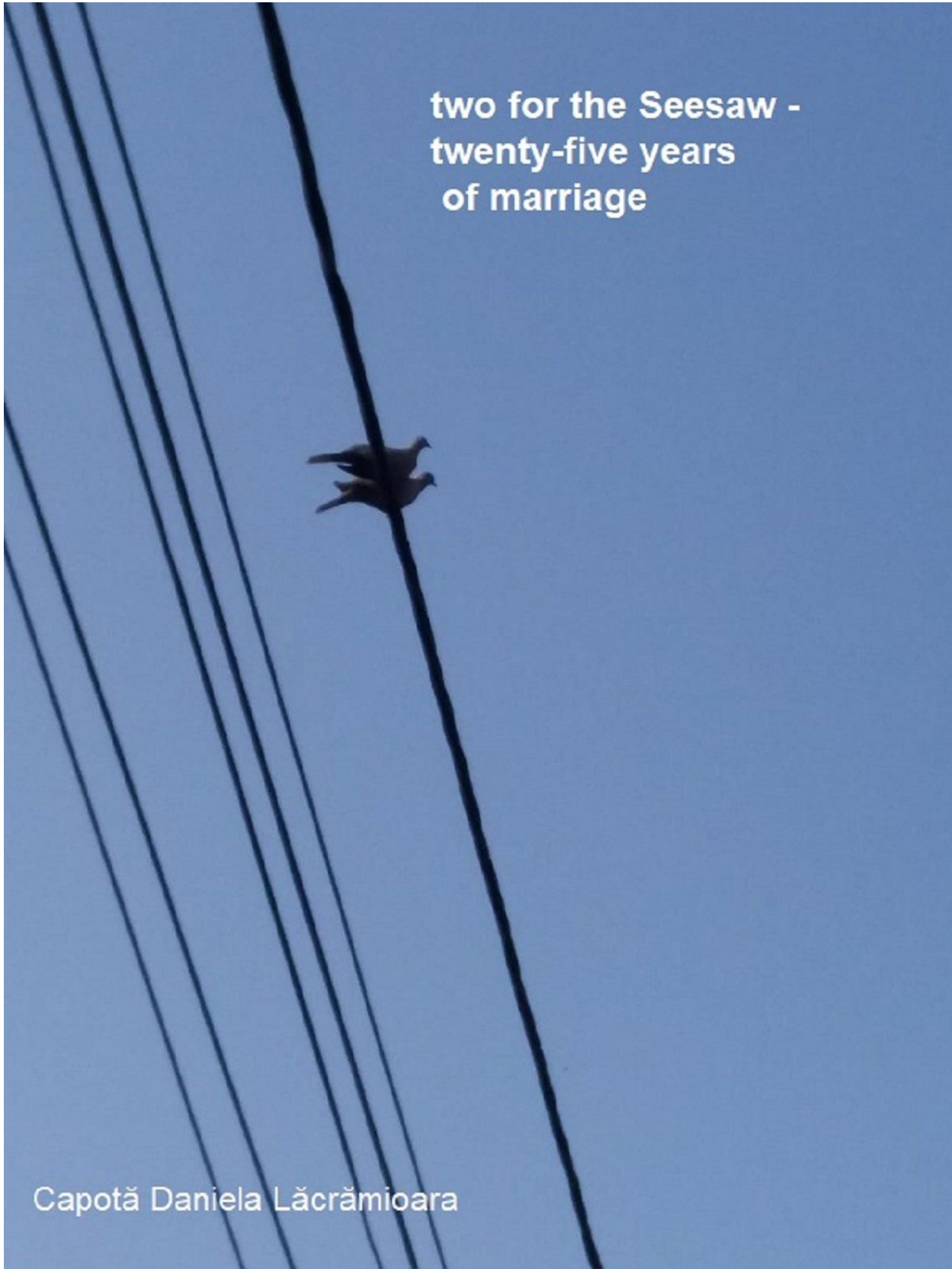
only shadows where once
their future was bright

Angela Terry

under the maple
what's left
of the nest

Julie Warther

Angela Terry
Julie Warther

A photograph of two birds perched on a single wire against a clear blue sky. Several other wires are visible on the left side of the frame, creating a sense of depth and perspective. The birds are silhouetted against the bright sky.

**two for the Seesaw -
twenty-five years
of marriage**

Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara



Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

Flyby

We argue over whose empire was bigger, which regime the most benign. I always play the Trafalgar Trump card; you always retort that our naval hero (not even an admiral) paid for victory with his life. The debate inevitably turns to the height of the Corsican corporal. It all depends on the origin of the measuring implement.

hanging high
Napoleon's portrait
over Nelson

On the long journey, you mention a visit to the Chateaux d'If, copy of Dumas in your backpack. Tunnelling through the airport crowds, you'll soon be free from this loneliness.

Tim Gardiner

morning fog
dad tells the hospice nurse
he had a good night

snowbound
reading stories to the cat
by candlelight

emphysema
grandma listens to the birds
chirp

Barbara Tate

A Quiet Place-
silence wondering
how it got made

Dan Smith

Good Friday
leaving work a full
ten minutes early

Michael Henry Lee

new bicycle
the band-aid box
empties

potluck picnic
a bloated tick
falls from the dog

A Week Before Pay Day

Dad steals from our piggy banks. Well, if we are around he asks if he can “borrow” some money. If we aren’t around he just takes it. I know, I keep track of every quarter, dime and nickel. My sister is young and she doesn’t know what he uses it for. I know it will buy him a six-pack and maybe a pack or two of Camel cigarettes. Sometimes he pays us back. Most times he doesn’t. My piggy bank is stuffed with IOU’s.

heads or tails
the flip of a coin
reveals his fate

Terri L. French

bumper sticker says
“proud parent of honor roll child”
enters through exit

Michael Feil

www.michaelfeilarths.com

Nesting Dolls

In my third week, near the end of my shift, I remove the rubber band from my hair to fluff it with my hands. The odor of the children's hospital has permeated every pore so I can no longer smell it. A final bed check and I am free. I enter his room and see him lying in his giant crib, a threadbare blanket his only cover. I get close to assure he is breathing and, fast as a lightning strike, he reaches between the bars and grabs my hair, planting a feces smear along twelve inches of my mane. He releases his grip and giggles.

In the bathroom, I turn on the hot and cold water and grab the Ivory soap, dunking my head under the faucet as I move the bar around my long hair. Suddenly, I freeze. I part the hair in front of my face and I look the nurse in the eye. "May I borrow your scissors? I need a haircut."

the space
between tragedy and comedy
nesting dolls

Marilyn Ashbaugh

almost home

almost home
through an open window
unfamiliar accents

almost home
last car in the station
restrooms locked

almost home
a stray cat hurdles
the rusted gate

almost home
two girls laugh: pause:
adjust their hemlines

almost home
darkened potholes
filling with rain

almost home
Spanish curses,
then laughter

almost home
the lovers hasten
to separate

almost home
counting his pocket change
and whistling

What Remains

I have been teaching college courses for more than twenty years. I have taught thousands of students. Almost all completed my class successfully. Some excelled. A few, of course, failed. And most have slipped now into anonymity—I have probably walked past members of each group with no recognition, on my part or on theirs.

The ones who stick with me the most are the three who never finished their incompletes.

The first was a quiet boy with a Russian accent. He spoke haltingly of the counseling he was receiving for his depression, filled out the paperwork for his incomplete contract, and disappeared.

Another was dealing with health problems: her own undiagnosed ailment during her semester in my class, then her mother's diagnosis with Stage 4 cancer while she was working on her incomplete.

Eventually she told me of other family problems compounding her struggles. We extended the deadline for her incomplete as long as we reasonably could.

The last was an exemplary student who spoke of the burden of expectations, of the teachers who saw her as a "golden child." Her parents were going through a protracted, hate-filled divorce while living in the same house. My student was hospitalized with an eating disorder; then her father was diagnosed with terminal cancer. My class was the only one left to finish to complete her degree.

The door has closed for all of them. The uncertain "I" on each of their transcripts has been replaced with an unambiguous "F."

But there is no door closed so tight it cannot be pried open. When the bureaucracy of academia runs out of forms, there are still letters of

appeal to be written. My three students have moved on, I know, but they remain my incompletes.

dried lentil

dust

on my fingertips

Mark Forrester

family night
the wine reddens
our faces

Dad's old bike
leaning against the wall
for a junk dealer

David He Zhuanglang

listening to rain
I drift toward sleep
end of recording

Louise Marlowe

I empty closets
of the people I've been
downsizing

deathbed
she slips in and out
of prayer

a glimpse of the past torn wallpaper

Words

Age, of course, was part of it, I said as we stood together. He nodded, listened as I talked and then stepped outside, leaving me alone. He walked in a circle, first one way and then the other. He stopped sometimes and looked up, all the while talking quietly. For some reason, all this comforted me.

the arborist
talks to the tree
about its problems

Gregory Longenecker

pigeons
on the pier
tourist season

red light
aging bikers rev up
their engines

held up
by road construction
the funeral procession

my shadow
practices qigong
while I watch

Sheila Sondik

This Round's on Me

When his roommate broke my toddler's tricycle, I restrained myself.
When he dropped my toddler on his head, I restrained myself. But
when he drank a collector's bottle of fine wine I had hidden in my
wine cabinet, I lost it!

even sober
I know when I've had
enough

Murder on His Mind

With two full paper grocery bags in my arms, I dash across the busy
highway in the pouring rain to my car. My nephew, the practical
joker, locks the doors. Cars, trucks, and busses whiz past me at 60
miles an hour just inches away nearly giving me a heart attack. As the
grocery bags wilt, my rain-soaked hair drips down my face, and my
drenched clothes stick to my skin, my nephew, having had a great
laugh at my expense, finally unlocks the doors.

thank you!
I say with a straight face
plotting my revenge

Sorry, I Must Have Misdialed

My new girlfriend warns me to stay away from the San Francisco Saloon—it's a pickup joint, she says. She reviews my reading list, removing several books that might give me bad ideas, such as Anna Karenina, Portnoy's Complaint, and Lolita. She makes a long list on lined, yellow, legal-sized paper of all the things, as the new matriarch, she forbids my mother to do in my home. She cleanses my closet of all the clothes she claims she would not see me dead in. She complains that the new car her estranged father agrees to buy her is not good enough. When I tell her the car is fine and she should be grateful, she sticks her face right up in mine, and growls, if you think the car is so fine, you take it and give me yours!

She asks if I have any questions.

in a hurry
I grind the gears shifting
into reverse

Michael H. Lester

twitter: [@mhlester](https://twitter.com/mhlester)

synchronized
the midday clamor
of muezzin and church bells

fine sounding word
with just the right meaning –
urban dictionary checked

thrift –
the onerous task
of turning his collars

from the depths of the subway a violin soars

fierce concentration
the twist and turn
of fighting kites

multi-tasking
drawn inexorably
to subtitles

city remains --
the color of war
is gray

Ingrid Baluchi

dad's transistor radio
constant static
between us

cemetery walk
a dog plays
dead

dark alley
my imagination
kills me

Rich Schilling

snowman nearly half a bagel smile

spring tryouts

the little league coach

sings nessun dorma

our breath almost in sync first dance

Bill Cooper

jigsaw puzzle -
you complete
me

blue moon . . .
the highlights
in her hair

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

bowing in prayer
a more common ritual
bowing before androids

Vishnu Kapoor

whizzing downhill
hands off handlebars
fifty years late

Message in a Bottle

Aye, just fifteen, I was, when we moved from the Lancashire cotton and colliery town of my birth. And the last thing I did was bury a message in a bottle under my dad's shed.

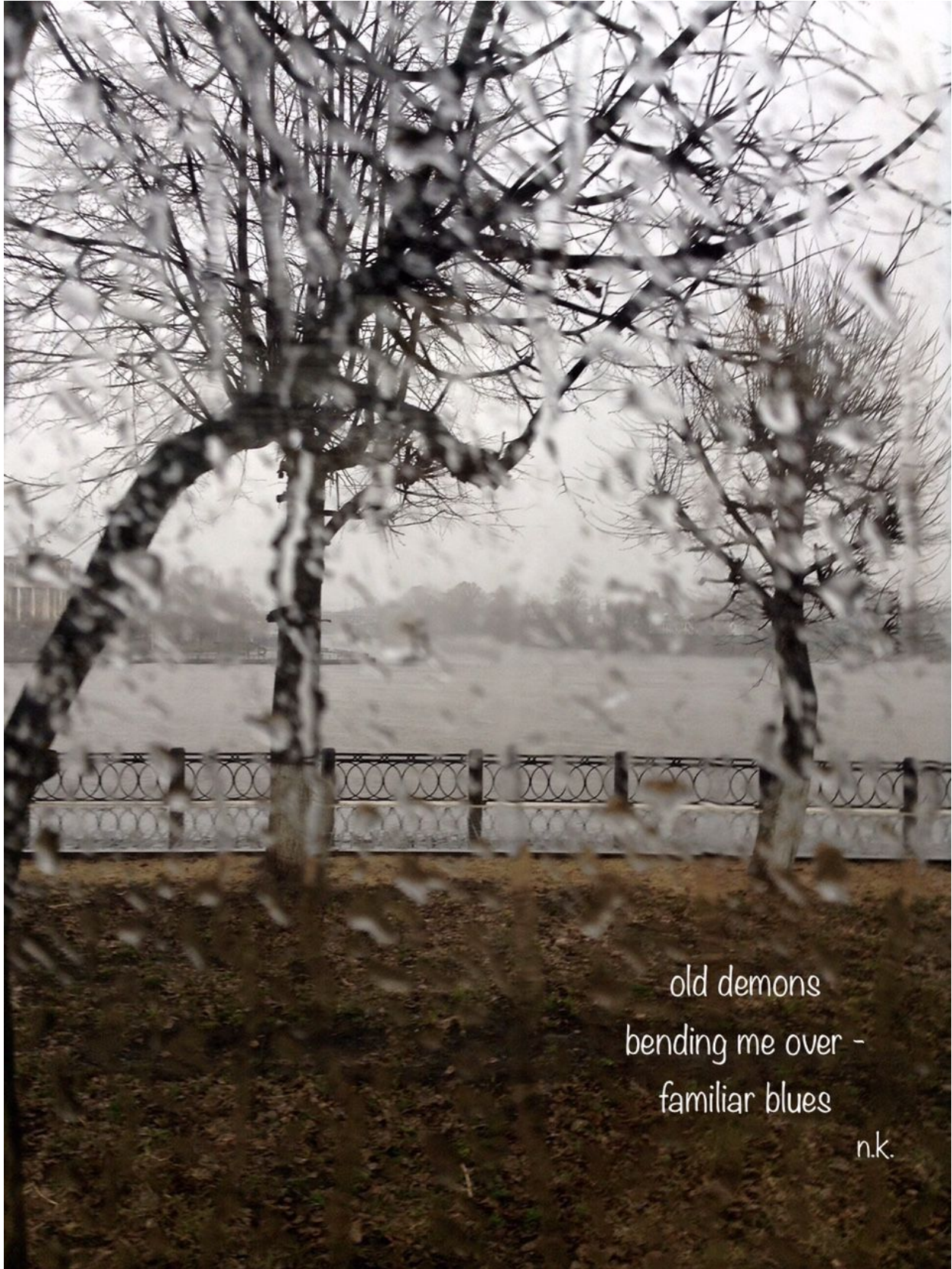
Back now after fifty years and more, I find our old house much the same-looking, but in a changed world. Neat bungalows where the chapel and school hut stood, and cornfields stretched to the pond where me and my bro caught sticklebacks between lily pads and iris. A clear view over the Pennines too, instead of those factory chimneys puffing plumes of every mucky shade...

Aye, our old house much the same-looking, but Dad's shed gone.

Was my message in the bottle ever found and read? My old secrets gloated over? There was a bookie's daughter. Doe-eyed, softly spoken. A time in the tent, Dad's well-oiled lawn mower pushing closer every moment...


nettle beer
our lad-o'-rhyme
returns a lassie's wink

Paul Beech



old demons
bending me over -
familiar blues

n.k.

A photograph of a large, dark, moody cloud formation over a town and mountains. The sky is filled with various shades of grey and blue, with a prominent, dark, billowing cloud in the center. Below the clouds, a dark silhouette of a town and mountains is visible. The overall mood is somber and atmospheric.

we all have
our moody moments ...
just a bleak day

n.k.

Natalia Kuznetsova

country churchyard -
the dead poisoned
by herbicide

Antonio Mangiameli

anniversary
only the cake
is sweet

morning sounds
the ones you took with you
when you left

friendship
some seedlings
don't mature

screaming toddler
getting the looks
I used to give other moms

Claudette Russell

shaped by time the mountain and I

as always I'm fine
until it's time to see
the doctor



Mike Keville

Law Day race this year
with ambulance as pace car
fast times expected

Bart Greene

class reunion
the day she lent me
her eraser

snowslide buried family secrets

the morning after
she absentmindedly makes
two cups of coffee

sunny morning
the waitress
holds the glasses
up to the light
to see if they are clean

Olivier Schopfer

A Trashbag of Presents

snow dust on the mountain –
casting notice
for the holiday play

*from year to year
the same complaints*

pine scented candles
just enough money
to carry them through

*frost moon
a trashbag of presents
left on the porch*

suet cakes for the birds
in the shape of stars

*holiday baking
one batch
without nuts*

Angela Terry
Julie Warther

inside
trying to escape the rain
inside

low sodium diet
a taste of salt
to the wind

David J Kelly

six pack posture
the photographer takes
control of my breath

her free verse
on shopping . . .
my haiku on savings

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

homecoming ...
cracks deeper
in the path

ritorno a casa ... più profonde le crepe / nel sentiero

Lucia Cardillo

convention over
Superman begs
for a lift home

trimming my hedge
the retired barber
chats away

batman costume
still not brave enough
to go outside

winking at me
as I get dressed for work
cats at the window

biting wind
the snake charmer
kisses his cobra

John McManus

furrowed walk
finding the mall-parked car —
ten thousand plots

fifty years
taking out the trash — so much
stargazing

Suzanne Niedzielska

without showing up
knocks on doors –
night wind

*bussa alle porte
senza dire chi è
vento di marzo*

lovers ...
the trembling hand
at the first selfie

*nnamorati...
la mano tremolante
al primo selfie*

Ezio Infantino

women's football match
the full-forward's nail polish
flashes red

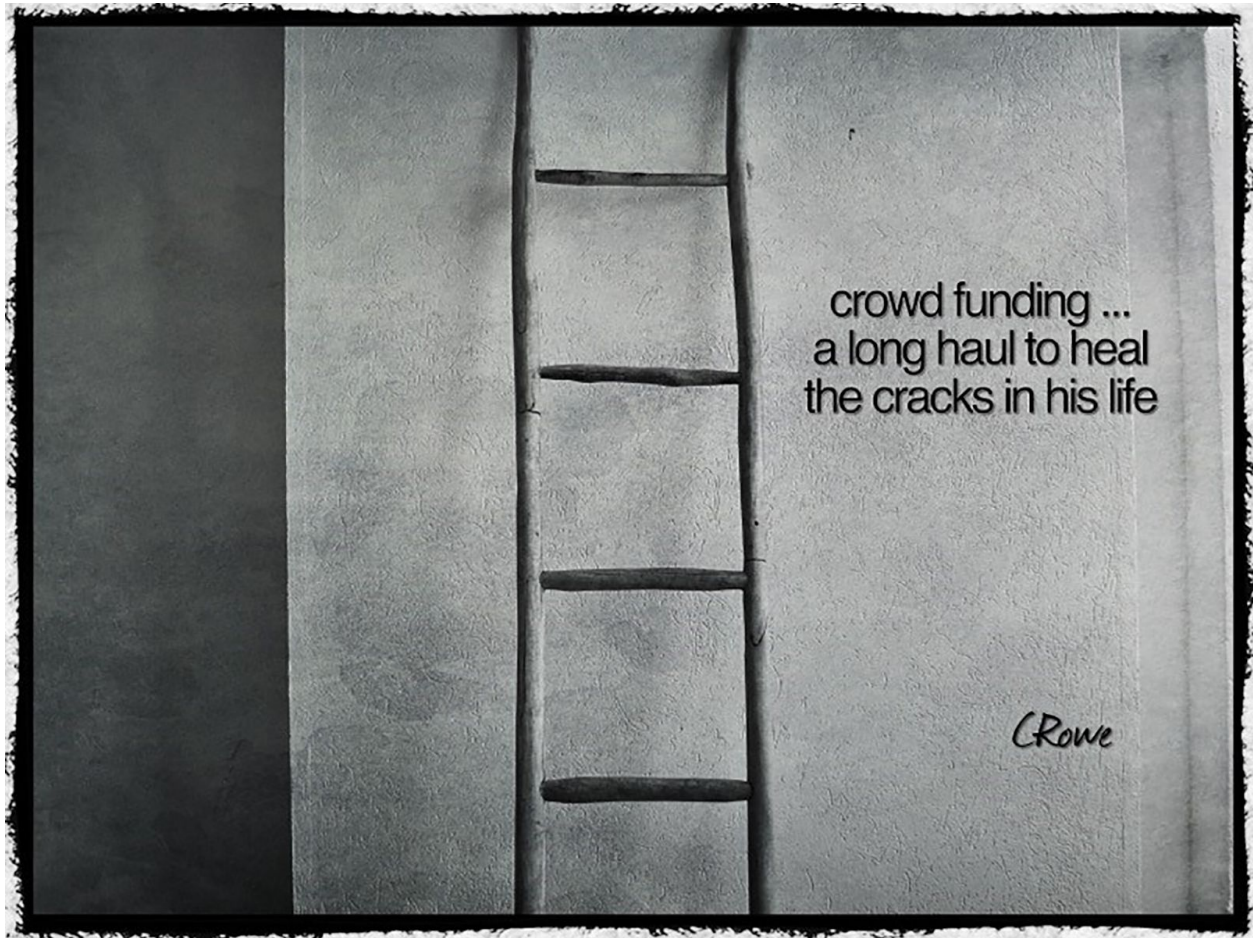
a new folder
for his new life . . .
retirement party

double gourd
the need to re-embrace
my life



swirling leaf . . .
the deceptive manoeuvre
of your dance steps

Rave



Cynthia Rowe

River Thames
the rush and flow
of tourists

toy telephone
a toddler takes a call
from god

Lucy Whitehead

lost in sunset the lullaby of a bereaved mother

numerology the odd patterns of my calculated risks

weather forecast
my thoughts jump
from cloud to cloud

desi roti —
the invisible fingerprints
of my grandmother

Hifsa Ashraf

inside a crack
a flower without a name-
war time

pieces of life
between yellowed pages-
old attic

origami fold-
a crane comes to life
inside your hands

Angela Giordano

waiting room
checking the colours
of shoe laces

simple presents
the lost innocence
of our youth

Mike Gallagher

puffed out
scrubbing my
non-stick pan

Barbara A. Taylor

a child again
surrounded by trees
learning pigeon language

Maureen Weldon

Idle Worship

When I was a lad of thirteen I came over all religious.

Just as I had seen Mom and Dad do I put up pictures of gods and goddesses on the walls of my room. I garlanded them with strings of marigold, burned incense sticks and knelt down every night to pray to them. And everything was hunky dory until one morning Sis invaded the sanctity of my room in her search for a missing hairclip.

I had just waved a lighted oil lamp before the gods and was deep in prayer when my sister's high pitched voice asked me what the hell I was up to. I almost jumped out of my epidermis and looked at her reproachfully. She brushed aside the reproachful look much as one would an errant hair that tickles the nose.

“What are these posters doing here?” asked Sis. “Are you crazy?”

“Atheists like you will never understand the religious mind,” I told her rather pompously.

“Religious forsooth!” she said. “What's so religious about pictures of Clint Eastwood, Marlon Brando, Audrey Hepburn and...” she paused to identify the fourth. “And Shirley MacClaine?”

“Pooh!” I chided. “What would an agnostic know about gods! They have to be seen to be believed. Have you seen Clint Eastwood in Dirty Harry, Audrey Hepburn in Roman Holiday?” I asked bitterly.

Sis rolled her eyes heavenward. Then set upon the task of systematically ripping off the posters from the walls. I wept copiously

of course. I even contemplated wailing and beating my breast. But religion does not die so easily.

Now, decades later, I have real gods and goddesses mounted on my walls: Ussain Bolt, Rafael Nadal and Serena Williams.

Confessional —
the priest wears a cassock
and a smirk

Gautam Nadkarni

A Slice of the Sky

I was gazing at you, a few days ago. I don't know if you noticed, but yes I was. I don't think you wouldn't have noticed because your big eyes see everything — the scarlet blur of a murder, the deep wounds on a beggar's face and the cut that slashes his cheek, the hollow loneliness in a drunkard's eyes.

The air was fresh and carried the fragrance of ripe strawberries.

I was gazing at you, one moment. And in the other, the breeze took you away... the cruel, nefarious breeze.

returning home ...
the staircase rattling
with excitement

Ishaan Singh

teardrops...
wish we could count
the pain

wounded sparrow -
she opens
the window wider

Munia Khan

a friend tells me
how to live my life
his way

*Un amigo
Diciéndome como vivir mi vida
Como la suya*

Wilbert Salgado

sirens in the tunnel . . .
I hide
for no particular reason

Richard Grahn

in the bar
together in silence
sticky rings

WhatsApp
another way my children
can ignore me

Bisshie

poetrypea.com

tattooed girl tells me
her body is a museum
usually no charge

her kiss
the transfusion I
was dying for

Rp Verlaine

his new fence
making our neighborhood
great again

Grandad's workshop
everything in its place
but him

after it's over
air returns to the room
poetry reading

Bob Moyer

in the treetops
the caw of a crow ...
mother's voice

plein air
with a fine brush
he stipples the wind

Kathryn Stevens

a biblical fart
grandpa in his own pew
Sunday morning

dinner date –
my fish, his fish
eyeing each other

late night date –
sand in my bra
all day long

opera diva –
her parrot prone to sudden
outbursts of song



Carol Raisfeld

computer crash
the healing power
of a cloud



Kath Abela Wilson

at fifty
lying in a field of grass
the sky six years old again

no sound in his bowl
how quickly the blind beggar
pockets the bill

second-hand bookstore
in the two-dollar bin
how to write haiku

home from the hospice
folding the freshly-washed sheets
as she used to do

Mark Miller

selfie at the temple-
the gargoyles
roll their eyes at me

foreign tongue-
I never fail to understand
a compliment

February end-
the surge in heat and
vegetable prices

Vidya S Venkatramani

at his side
in the casket
his CPAP machine

Jim Krotzman

empty theatre
the tallest guy sits
right in front of me

nude beach
I'm the only one
in a swimsuit

Nicholas Mathisen

Earth Day
finally we share one thing
in common

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

landscaping
I uproot bitter
roots of malice

introduction...
we put on a performance
of new selves

beauty clinic
all the remedies
to problems I never had

Good Friday
Jesus asks for more beer
backstage

Theresa Okafor

crooning Sinatra
alone in the back porch
neighbour's silhouette

stored in my heart...
I leave her funeral pamphlet
in the recycling bin

veterinary clinic
checking the dog's teeth
the vet bares hers too

washing his grief
in alcohol ...
the struggle for words

peeling potatoes
disjointed thoughts
come and go

Madhuri Pillai

first date
even my breath
is perfumed

Ayeyemi, Taofeek Aswagaawy

family reunion
I add hot spices
to the mulled wine

foreign map
the taxi driver's
prominent veins

heatwave
the uber driver says
my street is cool

Easter egg
I gaze into
a vacuum

Martha Magenta

<https://marthamagenta.com/>

saffron milk
her tested way
to please him

Richa Sharma

Newlywed —
climbing 35 floors
to see the stars

Christiane Ranieri

Link : christiane-ranieri.fr

stayin' alive
the groom's parents revive
their disco moves

Bruce H. Feingold

corks pop
a happy marriage
no piece of cake

racing through the intersection
the white-knuckled driving instructor
describes a stop sign

some folks drown
their sorrows . . .
me, my enemy

zebra crossing
we move as one
on the way to the zoo

Robert Witmer

the removal men
laughing
at our wobbly bed

hotel elevator
no eye contact
unwritten rules

my son
now opening jam jars
for me

Roger Watson

the same goal
for ages 5 and 80:
not wetting one's pants

senior club
he looks more dignified
with his new cane

still confused
about Medicare vs. Medicaid
at sixty-four

John J. Han

dentist's office
diplomas lined up
in perfect rows

settling on
a single candle
father's birthday

silent protest
the only noise
from the sidelines

feeling restless I delete a comma

end of the week
an expired coupon
in my work bag

Debbi Antebi

bathing the dead
his daughters hold his hands
at arm's length

all night trains
behind the funeral home
dark little breezes

William Keckler

happy hour
two old women
talking tattoos

spring night
the twirl of her skirt
on the bar stool

evening poems
the cat and i play
with the same pen

cafe buddha
i, too, have a cup full
of emptiness

Ben Moeller-Gaa

leaning out the window
an old woman new with spring...
children at hopscotch

a smoky-peach sunset
mother must be
painting

Jo Balistreri

living alone
with her things about her
alone things

the heartache
beneath “oh it’s nothing”
palimpsest

Jackie Maugh Robinson

miss of the day . . .
gambled away in an instant
annual salary

Ivan Gaćina

a month's rain
in half an hour
market crash

suicide note
spellchecked
folded neatly in half

bluebells
smudged
on purpose
the artist uses
a pseudonym

Mark Gilbert

twilight blues -
the here and now
is here and now

robyn brooks

his ragged cap
hangs from a branch
homeless

Darrell Petska

meditation
dodging the potholes
of my mind

forcing forsythia branches—
she remembered what
she wanted to say

his stories
filling in the gaps
with suspicions

Sondra J. Byrnes
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sign language...
the dog drops a shoe
by my feet

moonflower...
writing to catch the bus
of acceptance

Claire Vogel Camargo

Kala Ramesh
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