

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 1, Issue 11

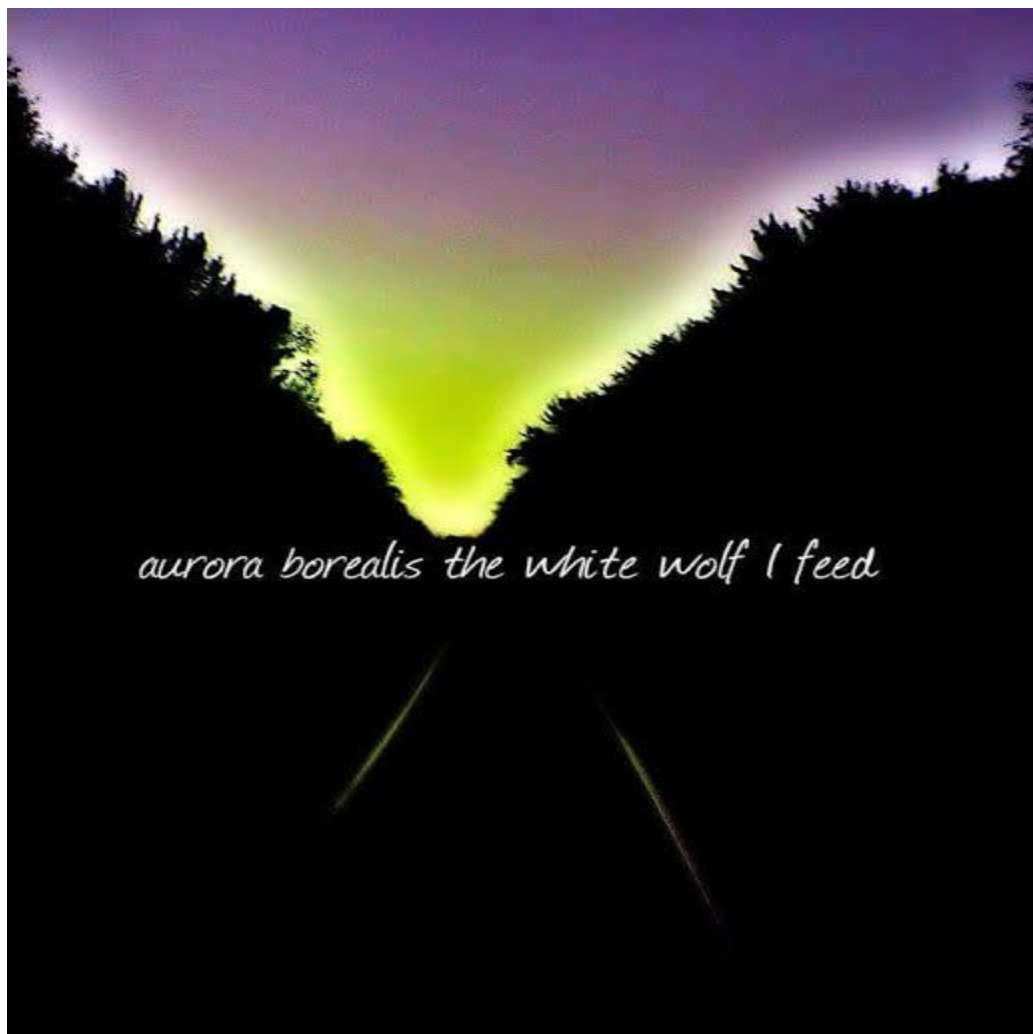
michael rehling

'Failed' Editor

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Cover Haiga by: Veronika Zora Novak

Jane Reichhold Haiga Contest

Results

This contest was, and will remain annually, a 'living memory' of Jane Reichhold's contributions to haiku form. There are few who reach her level of involvement and impact to a poetic form. She was creative, supportive, and encouraging to everyone she came in contact with for decades. Jane would have enjoyed seeing these entries.

A word now about the three judges for this contest. It takes a love of the form, and a dedication to the nuances of the form, to examine and select winners from the work of others. It is tough enough for a poet/artist to make the right selections from their own work, but the issues double when you view the handywork of others.

Here are the judges for this contest:

Kris Kondo

Kris Kondo who signs her work "kris moon", artist, poet, teacher, mom, gramama etc went to Japan by ship in 1972. She has been creating haiga since her early days there. Her Haiga can be seen on Facebook on many Japanese poetry pages as well as her artist's page kris moon.

Ron C. Moss

Ron C. Moss is a visual artist and poet from Tasmania. His haiku and related genres have won many international prizes and he has been published in numerous journals and anthologies. His award winning first haiku collection is: [The Bone Carver, Snapshot Press](#). Ron is well known for his haiga paintings, illustration and design.

Email: ronmoss8@gmail.com Website: www.ronmoss.com

(Editor's Note: Ron's work also appears in this issue of Failed Haiku.)

Michele Root-Bernstein

Michele Root-Bernstein lives in East Lansing, Michigan. She has been writing haiku for over ten years. Selections of her work appear in *A New Resonance* 6, *Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku* (Red Moon Press, 2009), *Scent of the Past...Imperfect* (Two Autumns Press, 2016), and on three rocks along a haiku walk in Millersburg, Ohio. Michele has recently turned to other haikai arts, including haibun and haiga. You can see some of her picturepoems [here](#). From 2012 through 2015, she served as associate editor of the Haiku Society of America's journal, *Frogpond*. Currently, she leads the Evergreen Haiku Study Group hosted monthly by the Center for Poetry, Michigan State University.

Judges' commentary: Jane Reichhold Memorial Haiga Competition, November 2016

During the month or so that we immersed ourselves in competition entries, we found ourselves referring to certain aesthetic criteria having to do with the quality of the text, the quality of the imagery, and the merits of the link and shift between the two.

In a contest meant for senryu, we necessarily looked to the text for an emphasis on human affairs and/or human constructs of mind and imagination. Many fine entries clearly haiku in verbal imagery or impact had necessarily to be overlooked. In addition, we expected the senryu to exhibit excellence in form, technique and presentation—and perhaps something of its traditional humorous or ironic style, though this was not a deal-breaker.

We looked as well for excellence in the imagery. This included consideration of the artistic control of materials used; their appropriateness vis-à-vis pictorial content; and the visual integration of poem and signature (size, hue, placement) within the composition as a whole.

In considering the relationship of text to image, we looked for elements that created the sense that they belonged together. According to the haiga master Ion Codrescu, there are traditionally three ways of relating word and image:

1. an illustrative connection, i.e. the image describes what the text says;
2. an interpretive connection; i.e. the picture illustrates the content of the text, but also takes us somewhat beyond the text; and
3. an associative linkage, with significant leap between text and image, i.e. avoiding illustration, the image adds new, metaphoric meaning to the text.

These criteria evolved for us along with the judging process. In round 1, each judge chose five or so entries submitted in each category. In round 2, we noted which entries received two or three votes and placed these on our shortlist. We also allowed ourselves to add a couple of personal favorites if so desired. Finally, in round 3, we sorted out winners and honorable mentions, disqualifying some entries and reconsidering others for a variety of aesthetic reasons, as indicated above. Entries which received a unanimous thumbs-up in each category were deemed our winners. We left the honorable mentions unranked.

Judging via email, across three continents, has its challenges, including wait times while someone hundreds and thousands of miles away takes a night's rest. But it also has its rewards, chief among them exploring haikai principles and haiga particulars with esteemed companions. Kris Kondo said it best when she noted: "It was a great honor for me to be chosen to be on this team of judges. It has been a journey well worth taking."

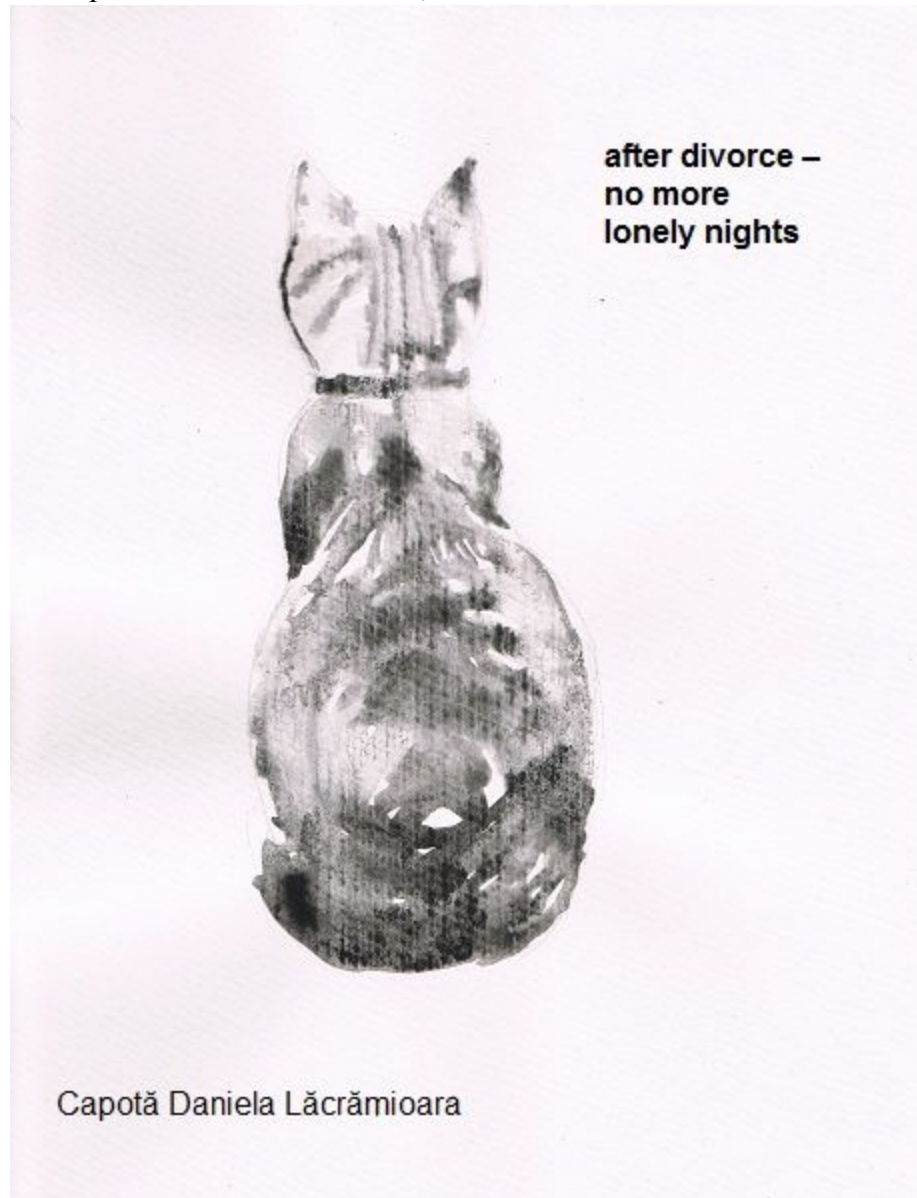
Kris Kondo

Ron Moss

Michele Root-Bernstein

Traditional selections

Winner: T002: Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara, "after divorce—"



Kris: In all haiga I was looking for an edginess to the poem and a resonance which continues to deepen. The placement of the words, both verse and signature, should be part of the entire composition with special attention to size, placement, colour, and hue. The signature should never be intrusive. It was unfortunate to see grammar mistakes and an ad for an app that disqualified otherwise elegant haiga. In traditional haiga I looked particularly for an emphasis on the use of space and non-space and a certain simplicity. I also hoped to see the use of hand written verses and a signature hanko or chop that are absolutely integral to the entire composition.

This entry hit home. The cat is lovingly and simply rendered in its space, with its back to us which echoes the poem's message of turning one's back on a loveless marriage. The cat itself insuring warmth and company. I would have like to see hand written words and signature, with perhaps a vermilion hanko strategically placed to make the space resonate more.

Ron: I was looking for something handmade using traditional materials with a senryu that had classical linking, that shifted in an interesting way. Quality and use of white space was of primary importance. The artwork and words must have space to breathe and inter-relate in some way.

In this case the winner has made excellent use of white space and a clever view of the well-painted cat. This unusual view links well with the senryu's theme of loneliness and a divorce by having the cat's back to the viewer. A worthy winner with powerful image and words.

Michele: In the traditional category I looked for human handiwork above all, though many entries acknowledged some digital tinkering and nearly all used PhotoShop or Paintbrush Pro for the poems and signatures.

I found myself drawn to this haiga by its quiet simplicity and clear aesthetic values. Text, image, and the linkage between the two are beautifully controlled in the service of insight. The senryu maximizes that insight by reserving its conceptual surprise for the last line. The image enlarges the poem's range with its choice of content—a cat—and the angle of representation—the cat's back. The leap between text and image, from loneliness to independence, invites the reader/viewer to contemplate in somewhat ironic vein the emotional valences of bond formation.

Honorable Mentions (unranked)

Click link to view in a new window!

[T016: Mary White, "in darkness"](#)

Kris: This is the kind of place someone might like to go to mourn the loss of a loved one, the waves lapping on the shore, the clouds drifting by. Perhaps there is a big rock that they once sat on together. This is the place you want to come to to commune with the person you loved, a place they loved too. "The lure of blue" always binds you together. I feel that Jane must have deeply moved and influenced the artist who created this.

[T021: Duro Jaiye, "just one lick..."](#)

Ron: The simplicity of this well-executed brushwork gave this one an instant appeal. Strokes that capture the cool tasty ice-cream and the placement and the painting on the page is nicely balanced with the text. Some handwriting instead of the computer font would have made this an instant winner for me. The senryu is close to the image but there is enough human interest and humor with the sharing of the ice-cream with the sister. The seal with a touch of red is a nice edition and gives that classic touch of color with the tones of black ink.

[T009: Marco Pilotto, "A dragonfly"](#)

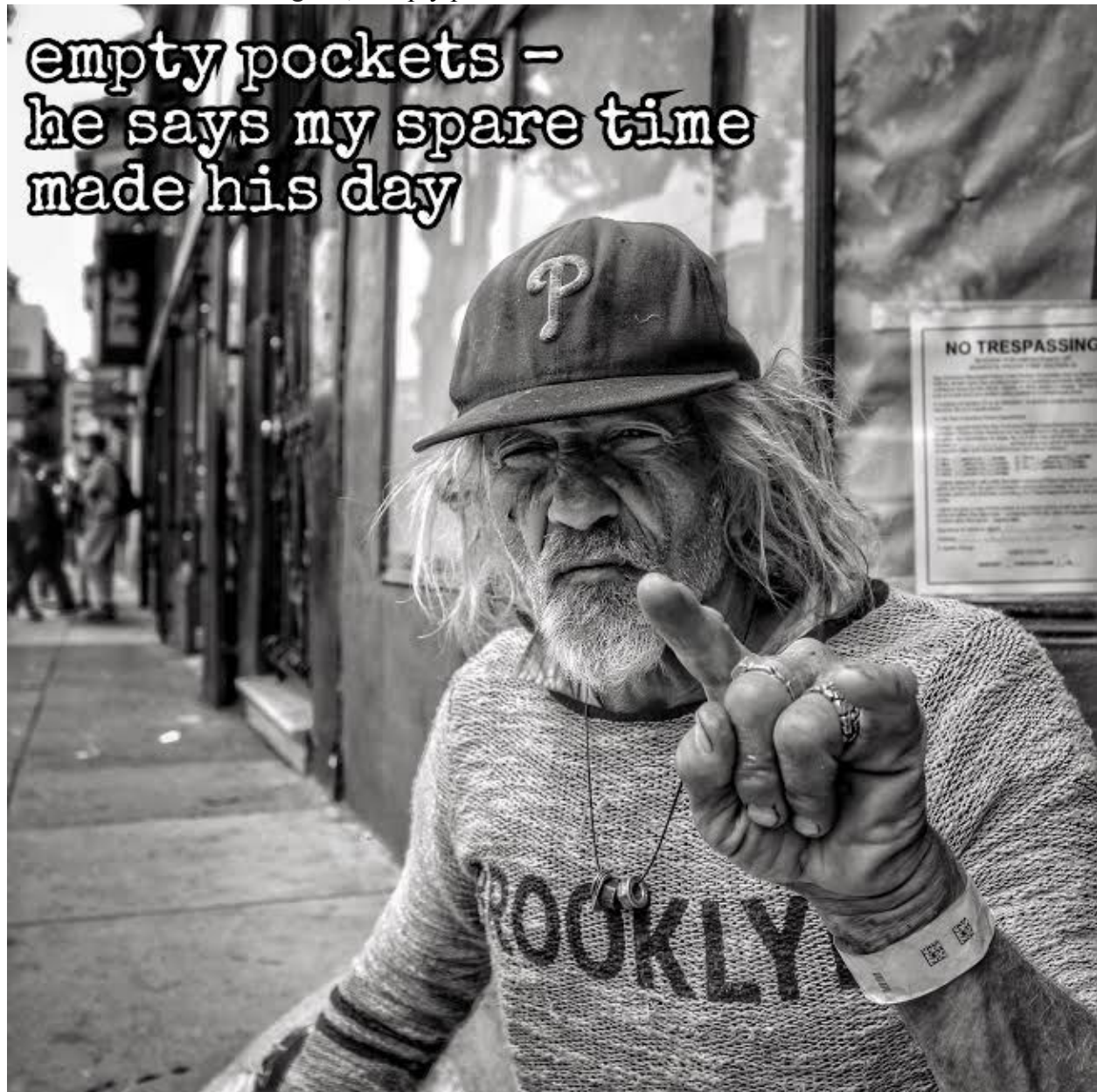
Ron: Does a dragonfly wonder like we do? This is an interesting thing to ponder about the short life of this wonderful insect. But of course we know that we often do wonder about our future when living completely in the moment would be the most skillful thing to do. The dragonfly like Basho's frog can show us the way. The color and abstract nature of this attracted me right away and I was drawn to discover the lines, shape and light of this lovely ink painting. The white space around the image and helps to balance the color on the page. A very nice composition of painting and words that is bold and interesting.

[T008: Alexis Rotella, “Face in the crowd”](#)

Michele: Certain strangers haunt our dreams. As do certain poems, in this case Ezra Pound’s famous “In a Station of the Metro.” In this piece it is the image which enlarges the experience—and the allusion—with its fractured doubling of a face. Are we seeing the erosion of memory over time? Are we seeing ourselves partly mirrored in the remembered face? There is something here that builds on the simple imagist equation (Pound comparing faces to wet petals). This haiga effectively harnesses the power of poem with picture to deepen our contemplation and to open us up, perhaps, to self-knowledge.

Photographic selections

Winner: P088: Chase Gagnon, “empty pockets—“



Kris: In addition to edginess, resonance, and integral placement of verse and signature looked for in traditional haiga, I felt that photographic haiga should have excellent & original photos.

This stark in your face black and white photograph also demanded my attention immediately. The empathy that flows from the words softens the suffering that I first felt from the photograph. The font choice and size adds to the overall composition and message. It is a strong social statement made in a very intimate way.

Ron: What was needed was a well-executed photograph with good contrast and composition with a senryu that didn't just illustrate the image but that both elements would be stronger for being together. With the winning composition the street photography style in B&W works very well with the strong character of the man. The senryu grew on me with successive views, as I found more interesting and heartfelt connections with a very well captured image.

Michele: Among the many photographic entries submitted to this contest, I looked for haiga that offered more than a simple snapshot of a scene. I looked for something in angle, lighting, and focus that spoke of deliberate composition, of the photographer-artist as the shaper of recorded experience—visually, of course, but also verbally.

Everything about this winning poem-picture works to bridge the distance between them and us, stranger and friend, street and community. The image is hard-nosed, even hostile (witness the “no trespassing” sign over the old man’s shoulder). Or so it would seem. The senryu tells us otherwise by deftly spinning the hard-luck hustling we might expect from the old man—“Hey, mister. Spare me a dime?”—into an act of mutual generosity. Together, text and image insist on empathy and human connection. They call our attention to the empty pockets of people and places that blight our cities and our society. This is socially relevant art of the best sort, with a touch of the playfulness that adds grace.

Honorable Mentions (unranked):

Click link to view in a new window.

[P083: Stevie Strang, "growing old"](#)

Kris: By itself this great photographic capture made me fall in love at first sight. Combined with the words it made me feel that it is the deepest tribute to Jane and Werner of all the contributions. It echoes traditional haiga in its simplicity of composition and use of space. The off-white slightly textured paper is also brilliant.

[P093: Avaya Mahala, “old letters”](#)

Kris: Memories are shadows. I love the composition half in the dark, the shadowy side with light shining through, that still gives hope, yet shows the bittersweetness of those memories. The sharp lines of the blinds are like the shredder’ blades. I like the size, colour & choice of font, but feel it is a little squashed in the lower left corner. A little up and to the right would be better or the first line could be up 2 lines and indented 6 spaces, the second line up 1 line and indented 4 spaces, to create a flow in.+

[P057: Mike Keville, “never what it seems”](#)

Ron: The unusual view from the empty snail shell on the ground looking up at the cross and the symbol for resurrection instantly gives us a focal point. We are drawn to the senryu to show us more, which it does very well by mentioning the Promised Land. Has the snail risen and gone onto a better place? Or are things not what they seem. I enjoyed the interplay of the image and words and found much to ponder here.

[P004: David J. Kelly, “at every doorway”](#)

Michele: This haiga deftly carries us into constructs of the mind. The photograph captures a unique moment of symbolic coincidence and reduces it to an essential silhouette, colored in an unworldly hue. The senryu echoes the imagery and plumbs its depths. Humans have spent enormous energies locating the spiritual and philosophic “doorways” to the beyond. Yet it is the here and now, the animal, the crow, that offers us advice and service at the gateway. A thought-provoking combination of visual simplicity and textual complexity, wedded to that fundamental irony, makes this haiga and senryu a strong exemplar of haikai excellence.

[P080: Terry Gilroy \(photo\), Shloka Shankar \(senryu\), “first date”](#)

Michele: Surely you’ve heard about the 36 questions that enable us to fall in love—with anyone? This haiga charmingly evokes the meme. And it does so both textually and visually. We might note how the compression of language in the one-line senryu mimics the sensation of falling in love at first sight; how the question mark-like shapes of the ceramic figure-faces also echo the domesticating experience (note the kitchen tablecloth!). In this haiga, poem and picture mutually support one another in creating a moment of delightful, insightful humor.

Mixed Media selections

Winner: M005: Marianne Paul, "gender-based wars"



Kris: Mixed media should be fascinating and original, as well as pictorially composed. This one delighted me with its light and playful colours, image, and repetition of the small circles. I also love the font for the words and the way they flow along adding to the entire composition. Then punch come the words. The picture is light and innocent, the words heavy with the weight of millennia of real stonings and being stoned with words.

Ron: This category could be an open book for the artist and poet to try different approaches in the artwork's media and mix up the presentation of the words. In this case we have a strong senryu making a bold and topical comment, and the text has been presented in a way which looks like part of the artwork. There are wonderful colors in this delightful drawing and the contrasts between the softness of the child and the hardness of the stones are beautifully done. This is complete composition of image and words that is worthy of first place

Michele: In the mixed media category I looked for deliberate, artistic composition, plus a mixing of media types, whether that involved traditional collage techniques or, as in the case of our winner and honorable mentions, the reworking of original photographs with computer art programs and digital effects.

This winning haiga plays effectively with telling contrasts and associations: the novelty of its mixed media presentation plays off against the traditional signature chop; the youthful innocence of pictorial content and treatment balances the poem's mature social critique. A child must learn not to throw stones. Why can't adults? Ultimately, the weight of the poem in combination with the lightness of the picture makes for a very modern haiga in touch with the subtle irony or *karumi* at the heart of senryu aesthetics.

Honorable Mentions (unranked):
Click link to view in a new window.

[M013: Debbie Strange, "painted ponies"](#)

Kris: Immersing myself in the spinning colours emerging from darkness, the words remind me of my favorite song sung by Pete Seeger "All My Life's a Circle." I love the mysterious quality the layering has created. Don't we all go around in circles and isn't it great when we find ourselves? The font and its size goes well with the image. The placement and colour and hue of the words could be played with more to echo the movement in its words and enhance the composition more. I really like the use of "words & image" in the signature, but felt the hue could be toned down to blend in with the total effect of this delightful haiga.

[M014: Debbie Strange, "mindsapes"](#)

Ron: I was instantly captured by the colors and the interplay of the different elements. Fish in the sky drew me in right away and I quickly went to the words to help me find out what this *wonder world* could be about, and I wasn't disappointed. Mindsapes and a longing for a family pet to love – there was much to find here and I enjoyed the journey. The composition of the elements was handled very well and the digital collage works well. I also liked the font which is a design element that can achieve a lot with a fun playful font. I really enjoyed this one.

[M028: Mary Kendall, "chemotherapy..."](#)

Michele: With the sparest of words and imagery, this haiga lays bare the essence of life in the face of death. If the poem skirts the uncertain boundary between haiku and senryu, just as certainly the picture skirts the shadowlands of mortality, its single image illuminating the darkness with a pulsating light. So well integrated are text and image that the associative leap between the two has the power of metaphor: the shaved skull *is* the incubating egg, never mind the incongruity. Avoiding the maudlin and the sentimental, this haiga speaks simply, honestly, of the beauty to be found in the ordinary, ordinarily hidden from view.

And there you have it, the *First Annual Jane Reichhold Haiga Competition!*

Cast List

In order of appearance

(all work copyrighted by the authors)

Alexis Rotella

Maggie Kennedy

Jim Krotzman

Julie Bloss Kelsey

dan smith

Bruce Jewett

Jesus Chameleon

John J. Dunphy

Dave Read

Ben Moeller-Gaa

Myron Lysenko

Willie R. Bongcaron

Vibeke Rosenberg

Marshall Bood

Ben Oost

Jan Dobb

Jenny Zimmerman

Rachel Sutcliffe

Nancy May

Bruce Feingold

Garima Behal

Meik Blöttenberger

Tricia Marcella Cimera

Elizabeth Crocket
Jade Pisani
Louise Hopewell
Ian Willey
Guliz Mutlu
Gennady Nov
Rob Dingman
Chen-ou Liu
Sandra Simpson
Naomi Madelin
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
David Flynn
Ernesto P. Santiago
Marilyn Humbert & *Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*
Srinivas Sambang
Lorin Ford
Eva Limbach
Wayne F. Burke
Terri L. French
Terri L. French and *Raymond French*
Angelo Ancheta
Claire Vogel Camargo
Olivier Schopfer
Steve Black
elmedin kadric
Amy Losak
Barbara Tate
Nadezhda Stanilova
Precious Oboh

Rick Hurst
Gabe Feingold
Aron Feingold
Jim Runkle
Julie B. Cain
Pris Campbell
Martha Magenta
Christina Sng
Lynn Halley Allgood
Veronika Zora Novak
Barbara Kaufmann
Craig W. Steele
Cynthia Rowe
G.R. LeBlanc
Mark Gilbert
Simon Hanson
Claire Vogel Camargo
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Ola Lindberg
Adam Rehn
Tsanka Shishkova
Madhuri Pillai
Ron C. Moss
Ron C. Moss and *Simon Hanson*
John Hawkhead
Nina Kovacic
Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian
Lynda Stuart
Lynette Arden

Celestine Nudanu

Janet Patton

Tina Stickles

David J Kelly

Nika

Poetry by: Nika Photo by: Jim Mckinniss

Robert Witmer

Blessmond Alebna Ayinbire

Charlotte Mandel

Angela Terry

Mariette MacGregor

Christina Martin

Helen Buckingham

Keitha Keyes

Aziza Hena

Kwaku Feni Adow

Zoran Antonijevic

Susan Burch

Duncan Richardson

Sarma.Radhamani

Al Ortolani

Elizabeth Alford

Julie Warther

Julie Warther and *Angela Terry*

Chase Gagnon

Sandi Pray

Jim Sullivan

Debbi Antebi

Jill Lange

Anna Maris
Mary Kendall
Gail Oare
Gail Oare and Kasia Bruniany
Maeve O'Sullivan
Greg Longenecker
Sue Neufarth Howard
Akor Emmanuel Oche
Stella Pierides
G.B. Ryan
Sondra J. Byrnes
Billy Antonio
Angelee Deodhar
Bill Kenney
Marshall Bood
Ed Higgins
Peter Jastermsky
E. Martin Pedersen
Pranav Kodial
Salil Chaturvedi
Joe McKeon

His blue ribbon pig
stolen
the farmer's squeal

Sticking pins in it old Trump doll



Alexis Rotella

she deletes
the exclamation points
before hitting send

yesterday—
with help of a cricket
I let it go

Maggie Kennedy

96 degrees
opening the refrigerator
the fly stays in

school lunch lesson
the mashed potatoes
seek their own level

Independence Day
the first time she has
forgotten her name

ceramics class
my coil pot explodes in the kiln
her water breaks

Jim Krotzman

this winter air
a little colder
after his death

sliver of moon
still hanging on
to my illusions

Julie Bloss Kelsey
[@MamaJoules](#)

background radiation:
our skin's whisper song
cacti drink the rain

dan smith

long dark hair
short black dress
I've missed my station

a pot of water
whistles up a new life
pomegranate tea

ace crematory's
mini-van rattles off
dad's last ride

Bruce Jewett

<http://brucejewett.wordpress.com>

Emperor –
a puppet folds
its strings

debit cards –
the ATM eats
plastic food!

short form poetry:
concrete
as a smiley

Jesus Chameleon
[@JesusChameleon](#)

seasick

n

e

s

s

toilet

groundless proposal --
he asks her to marry him
from the space station

head shop
my friend rabbit-ears
the undercover narc

John J. Dunphy

Measure Up

I mark my son's height and am surprised by how much he's grown.
Only 12, I can see he will soon be taller than I am. It seems like
yesterday I was changing his diapers. I marvel at the speed of time -
how you can never put the brakes on it.

autumn dawn
our new Prime Minister's
younger than me

Maple Leafs

Things were different, he explained, outside of Canada. In the old
country, he came home one day with a black eye and bloody nose.
His father handed him a bat, locked him out of the house. He wasn't
bullied thereafter. Come to think of it, we never fucked with him
either.

midday heat
the mosquito remains
a shadow

Casting

Although we fished alone, I remained close enough to keep an eye on him. Not that he'd have taken my help. Well into my 40s, I was still "the little piss ant" that had given him so much grief. I watched him fumble with a knotted line before casting my spoon in the creek.

fish hook
a spot of blood
on my thumb

Dave Read

moon viewing
i am the oldest
kid

last call
a couple in the corner
exchange tongues

open mic
the popping p's
of the penis poem

keeping her secret. . .
i forget
my password

a fly
stuck inside — the question
i can't answer

Ben Moeller-Gaa
@benmoellergaa
www.benmoellergaa.com

commemoration—
each mourner receives
a free pen

accountant's body
now on the wrong side
of the ledger

cemetery at midnight
all my shadows
walk faster

Myron Lysenko

just as the morning smiles
my photo bomber friend

summer heat
the dough with a dash
of perspiration

arguing about
the puppy's pedigree...
flea collar

Willie R. Bongcaron

offended Narcissus
smashes his cell phone
3 likes on facebook

Vibeke Rosenberg

giving up on insomnia she switches time zones

Marshall Bood

red-bellied black snakes
mate in the woodpile
double helix

the boysenberry
brushes an old brick wall
mail order bride

a long weekend
of arguments
deflated air bed

a dwarf brushes
the princess' hair
frozen river

Ben Oost

carwash
our holiday vanishing
swipe by swipe

old friends
the comfy fit of each other's
silence

mates . . .
winning games of chess
with grandpa

Christmas busker
we ask how much he wants
for silent night

Jan Dobb

my teenage daughter
I try to be
the more grown-up one

night terrors
her atheism
fails her

Jenny Zimmerman

another affair
so many thorns
on your roses

lemon tea
the bitterness
in your voice

moving in
our new life
wrapped in old news

Rachel Sutcliffe

mocking bird
I am diagnosed
with dyslexia

Slithering snake
my parents' warning
against you

Nancy May
[@Haikuintaining](#)

duck and cover
my first grade
bullshit meter

the affair over
he eyes a classic
Mustang

contentious divorce
a freshman joins
the Model U.N.

Bruce Feingold

between gunshots a newborn's first cry

speeding ticket-

I slow down

my daydreaming

Garima Behal

<http://mishkawrites.blogspot.in/>

patchy drizzle
a politician's
promises

low country
a palmetto bug pulling
the heat

windless day
between ancestors
cemetery crows

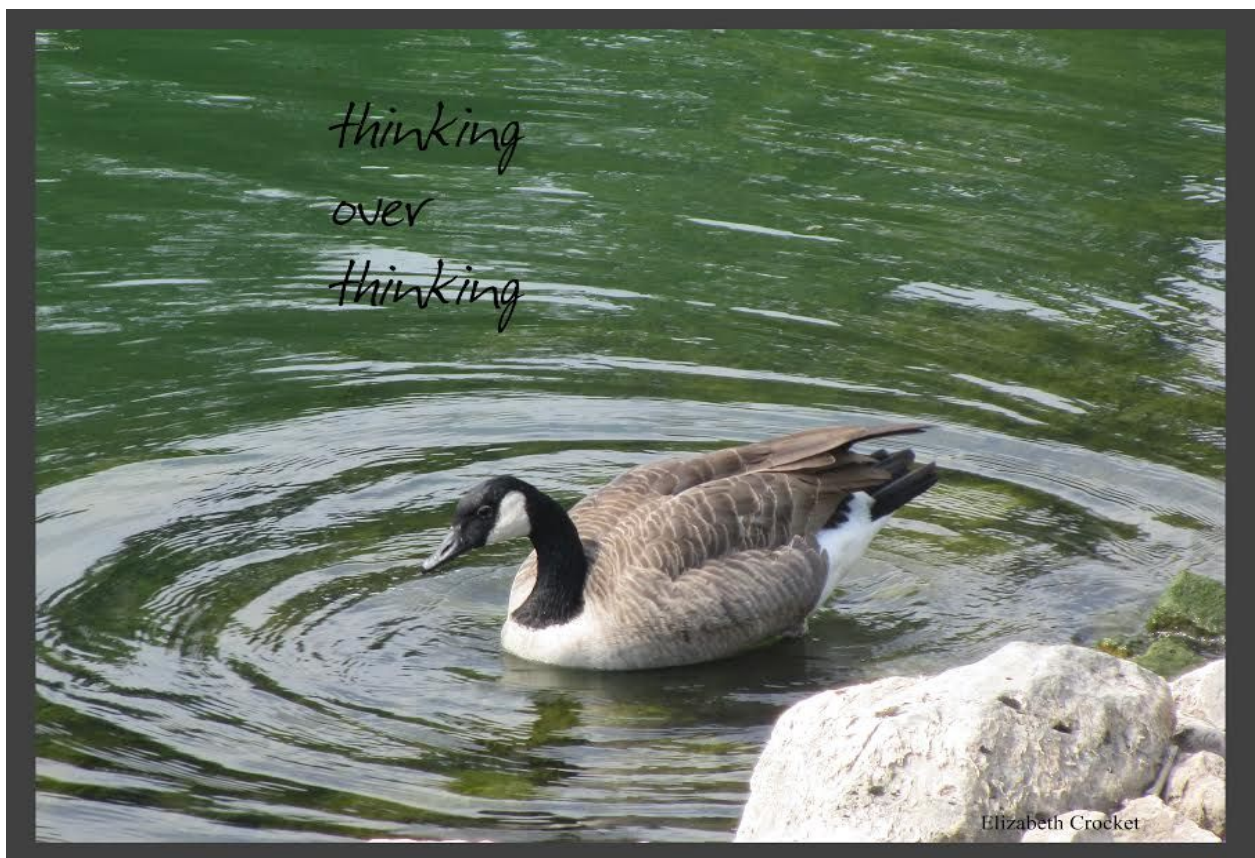
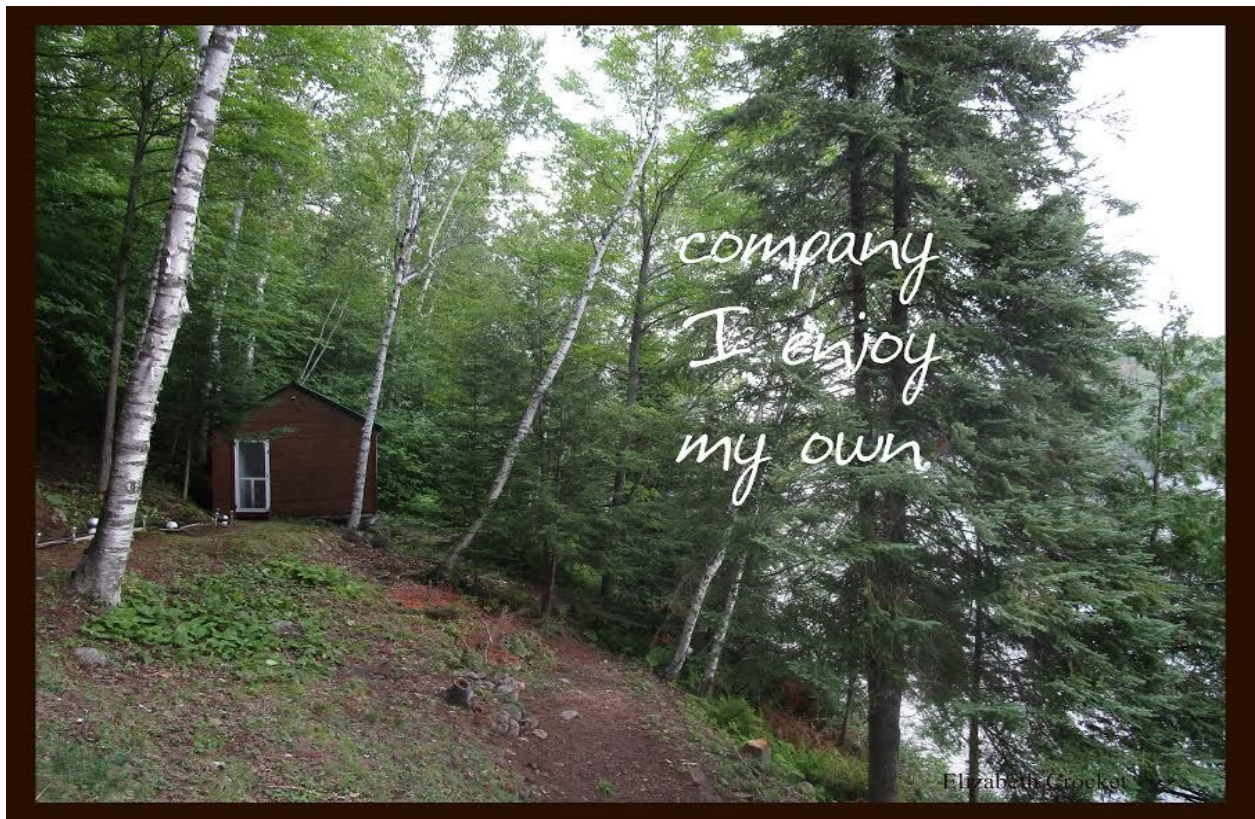
black ice
the lane
i'm in

Meik Blöttenberger

rice like snow
around my bowl. . .
learning chopsticks

constant push and pull
struggle all day long
underwire bra

Tricia Marcella Cimeria



Elizabeth Crocket

a billion stars
three decades dead
and I still need Mum

infinity ring
my first night back
in writing class

daylight savings
I tick all the boxes to donate
my organs

Jade Pisani



Louise Hopewell

user-friendly software
he can't open
the package

everyone, quiet!
the TV's trying
to tell us something

Anarchy exhibit
people line up
for the opening

Ian Willey

summer friends
easy to remember
and forget me

Guliz Mutlu

the first snow
smell
of childhood

first frost...
the shape of shoulder blades
through his coat

Gennady Nov

the long hallway
to the morgue
counting tiles

the stillness
and then
the water boils

Rob Dingman

hitting the couch
with a tennis racket
anger management

watching an old man
talk to the willow tree ...
I feel less alone

April First
running argument
with his shadow

Chen-ou Liu
<http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/>

remembering too late
why I shouldn't tell the story –
barley twist columns

onsen the stories get steamier

returning the key swipe leaves beginning to turn

Sandra Simpson

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

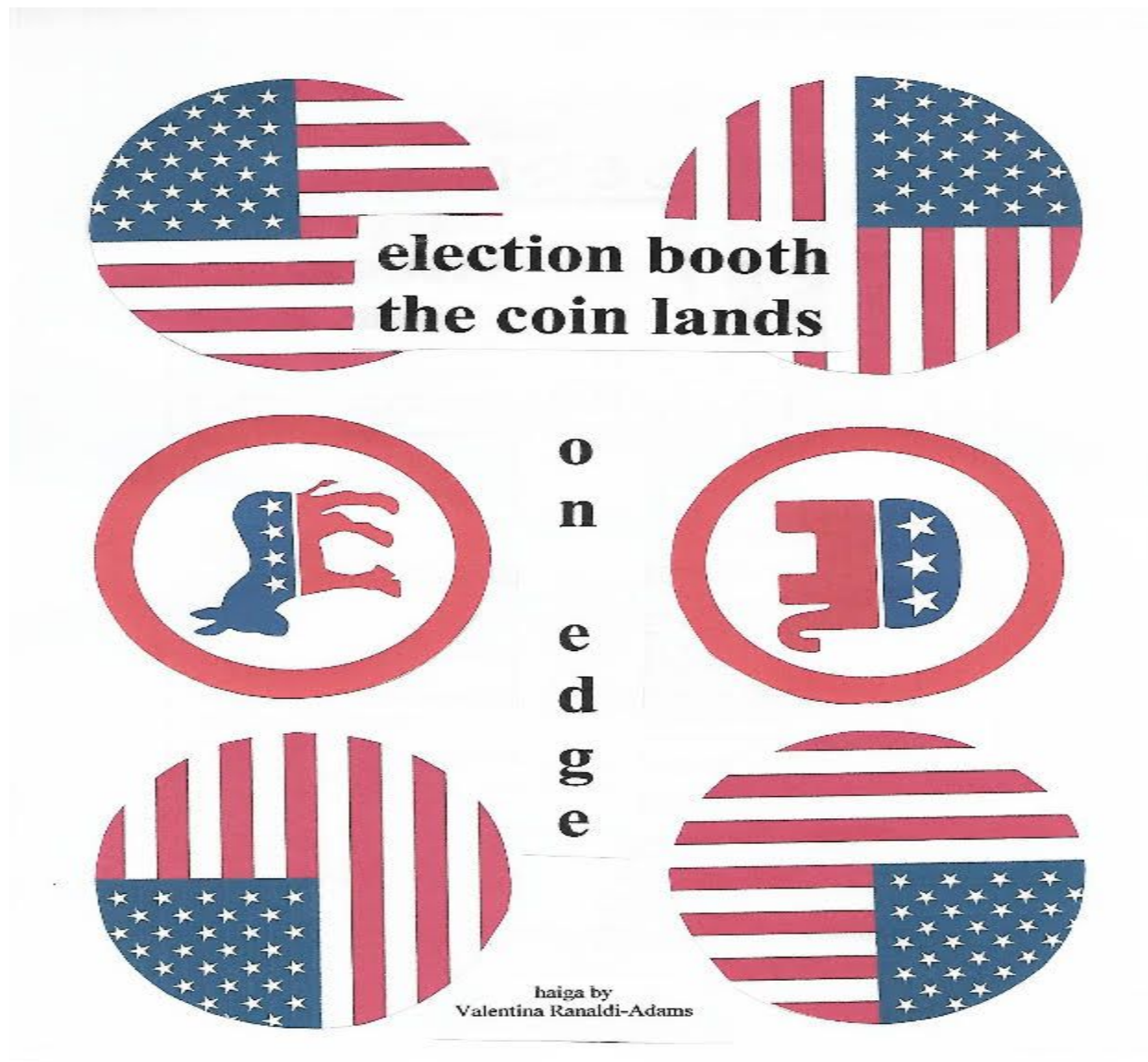
end of the line
I wait
while he finds words

jazz -
the dog
sorting out her bed

Naomi Madelin
[@nimnom](#)

an abundance
of birthday candles -
recount please

October day -
our anniversary
and a root canal



Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

My daughter Caitlin
is arrogant at fifteen,
as she needs to be.

My daughter Caitlin
pokes the air with her finger,
like my father did.

My daughter Caitlin
eats spaghetti without sauce.
May she learn wonder.

My daughter Caitlin
knows two words of Korean:
hello and bastard.

David Flynn

sailing our ocean
at last the moment has come
to transcend what if

the public transport
their way into the city
breathing the same air

Ernesto P. Santiago

Opening the window

Marilyn Humbert & *Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*

frost gleams
on an empty nest
sickle moon

arctic tundra
cushion plants
yet to bloom

cotton grass balls
drifts among caribou calves
summer pasture

sunlit park
amidst the tai chi,
white ibises

between reeds
dragonflies entwined
the dance of love

streaks of dawn,
opening the window
to cicada songs

two skinks
surfing puddle ripples
afternoon shadows

cirrus clouds
over a sunset...
an owl's hoot

the comet's trail
brighter than night's tapestry
endless journey

her silence -
she allowed me to take
what I like in it

her kiss
without lipstick
a haiku

a crow
clings to guava branch
my grandma

Srinivas Sambangi

rain crossing out Monday

green light –
our windscreen washer darts back
to his bourbon

searching for my son
 beard
 by beard

goanna tracks
 I wait for a cactus
 to make the first move

steel pegs in my toes . . .
the slippery steps down
to winter

Lorin Ford

Monday morning

My job as a pharmacist isn't half bad. Working in the village where I was born, so many customers are friends or kins. My colleagues are kind and ready to help; except for the blonde who is sometimes a bit uptight and bitchy. But that's only one side of the counter

talking about cancer our summer was so-so

on the road again
one cobblestone
missing

family reunion
all those wars
nobody talks about

southbound birds
I'm looking for a new
dancing partner

Eva Limbach

[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

at the dinner-table
my sister threatens suicide:
pot roast again

Wayne F. Burke

child's drawing
all the birds
below the sky

lost fit-bit
a search spent
in wasted steps

Earth Day—
the belladonna lilies
bowing

ice storm
an AARP card
in the mail

Terri L. French

Grand Lake, CO

rustic lodge
the river illuminated
by spot lights

*beside the rapids
slowly sipping chardonnay*

the flutter of aspens
a pine cone etched on
frosted glass

*mid-May
she shivers
in the setting sun*

Christmas lights strung
from the pergola

*too early for fireflies
the twinkle of river rocks
beneath the moon*

A rengay by **Terri L. French** and *Raymond French*

moonlighting
an ant veering away
from the queue

dementia
the salad days are all
that stay

inaugural speech
making eye contact
with the wind

Angelo Ancheta

hunter's moon ...
she licks fresh marrow
from her nails

debate
bare-knuckle
words

Claire Vogel Camargo

empty cocoon
you say you believe
in life after death

Ash Wednesday
I bump into
an old flame

climax
he calls his new girlfriend
by his ex's name

back from the neighbors
their TV much
bigger than ours

Olivier Schopfer

in the closest
behind the everyday
her father's pornography

homework i rushed
for my son
in the margin
next time
try harder

Steve Black

after a beating
he summons his mob
of snow angels

haiku gathering
we pretend we know
everything

elmedin kadric

emergency room
anxiety
drips into the vials

stretcher
a smooth ride
on bumpy wheels

cat scan
blue sky and dogwood trees
in the ceiling tiles

Amy Losak

suppertime
the puppy speaks with his
big dog voice

autumn
grandma predicts
a month of sundays

Barbara Tate

mixed marriage
the dog follows instructions
in three languages

winter timetable
a bus stop is littered
with cigarette butts

Nadezhda Stanilova

summer sun -
two dragonflies
splash-dunking

Precious Oboh

ashes to ashes
she lights her cigarette
with his

tropical depression
her vacation ruined
by a broken nail

windless day
after the funeral
her empty slippers

Rick Hurst

Refrigergate...
who left the door open
Thanksgiving morning

Gabe Feingold

yoga by the bay
her sun salutation
blocks my view

Aron Feingold

removes trifocals
slowly trims fingernails
still self-sufficient

Jim Runkle

that quick!
the sky turns over...
the pie I can't eat

a car alarm
added to his repertoire --
mockingbird

Julie B. Cain



for sale sign
a one-eyed teddy
stares at the moon

an iced tea day...
teaching the mockingbird
to sing 'you all'

Pris Campbell

crescent moon
the leer of the boss
at the fax queue

straight edge
a rastafarian
irons his dreads

I struggle
for insight
pale moon

kick-boxing
what I didn't know about
the chili sauce

Martha Magenta

middle age
the vanishing act
of my waist

hummingbird
the nomadic life
he chose

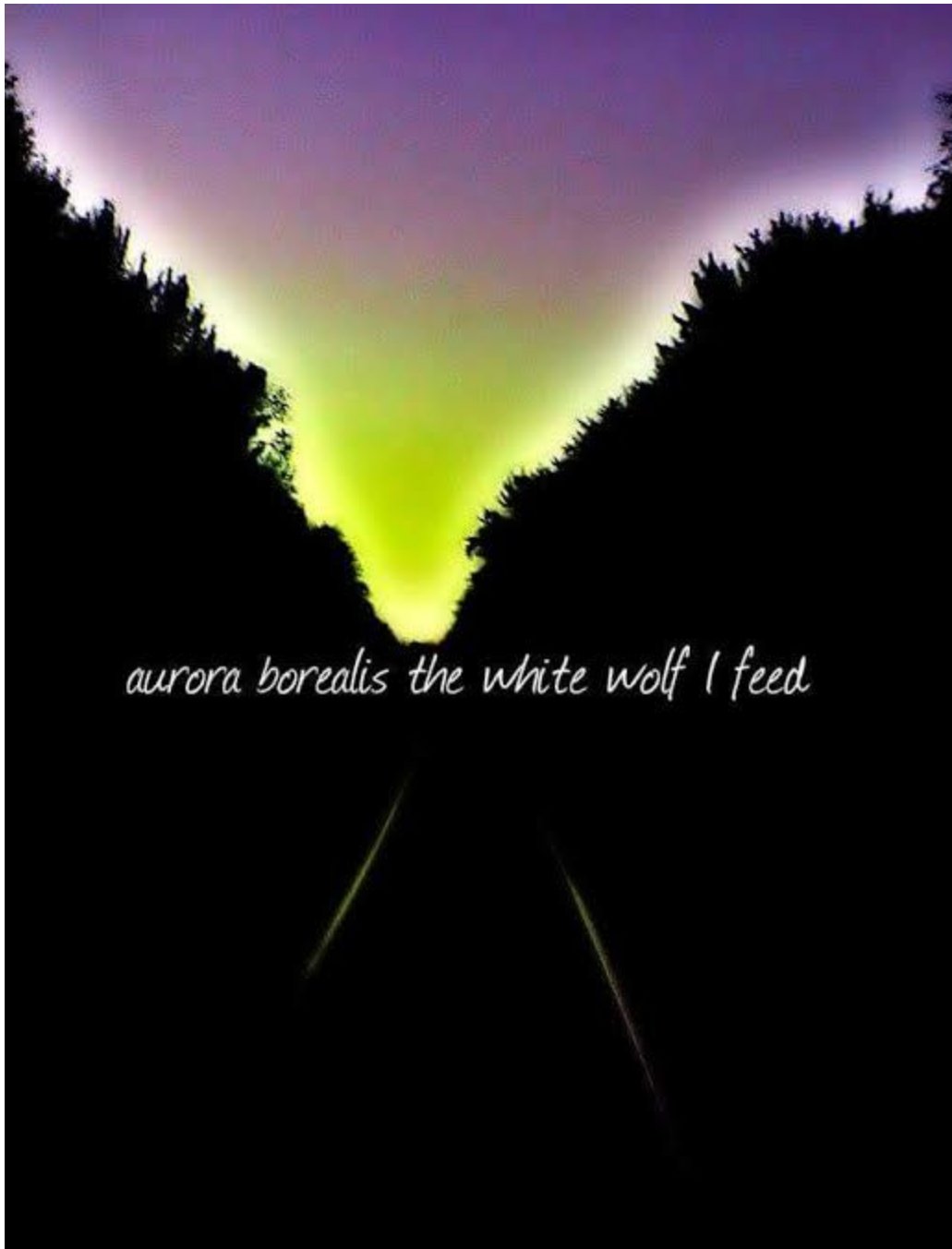
as if it is innate
this craving for grass
beneath my feet

far away clouds
today I wish
I were you

Christina Sng

her black eye
doesn't phase her
polling place

Lynn Halley Allgood



Veronika Zora Novak

Fragment

She is riding on an old fashioned sleigh with a back and side bar to hold her in the seat. Icy air bites her cheeks. Her sister is positioned in front and she knows enough to hold on to her.

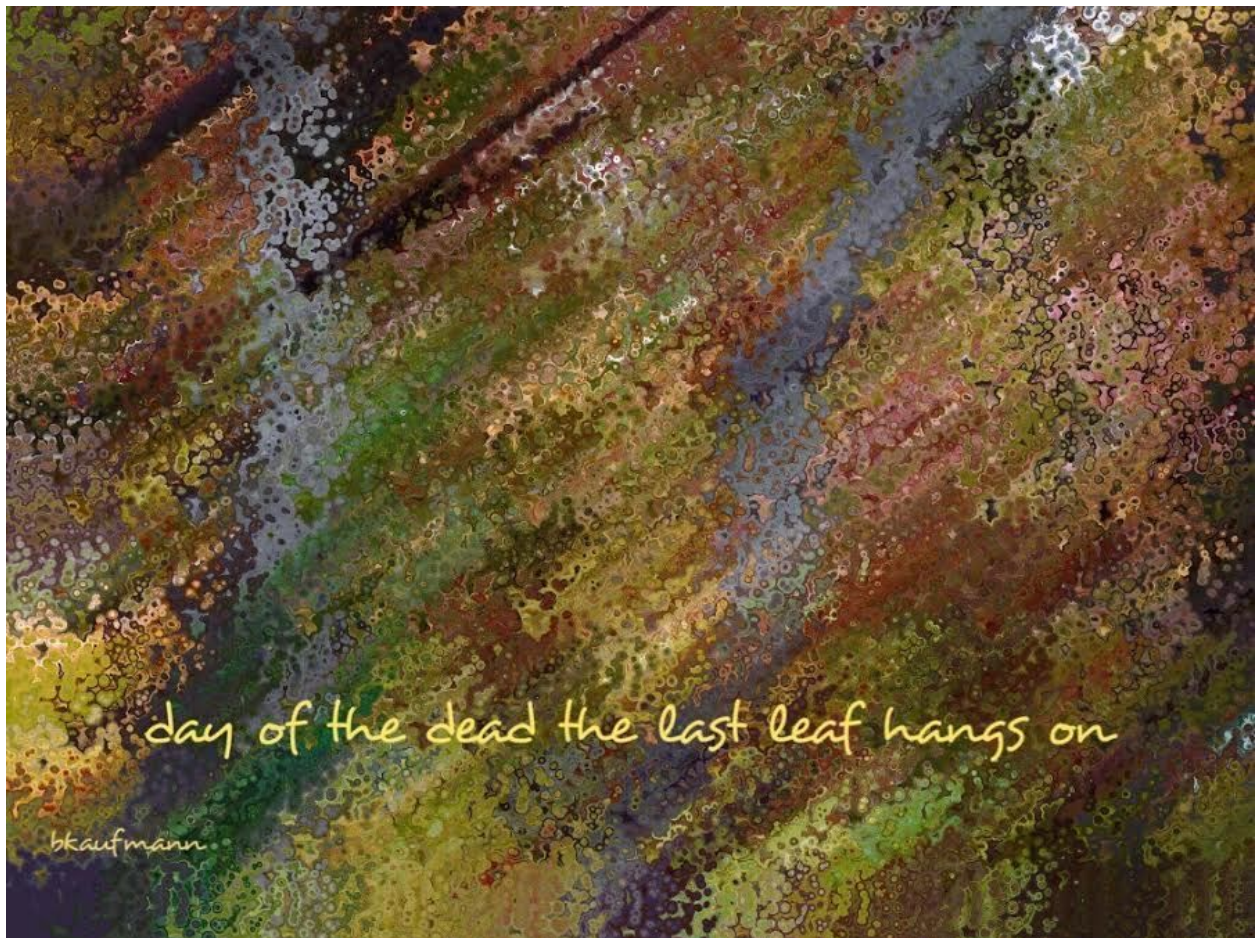
puppies
curled up together
winter sun

There is a roughness on her cold cheek - a scarf perhaps, or the back of the baby's snowsuit. She closes her eyes against the light reflecting on snow.

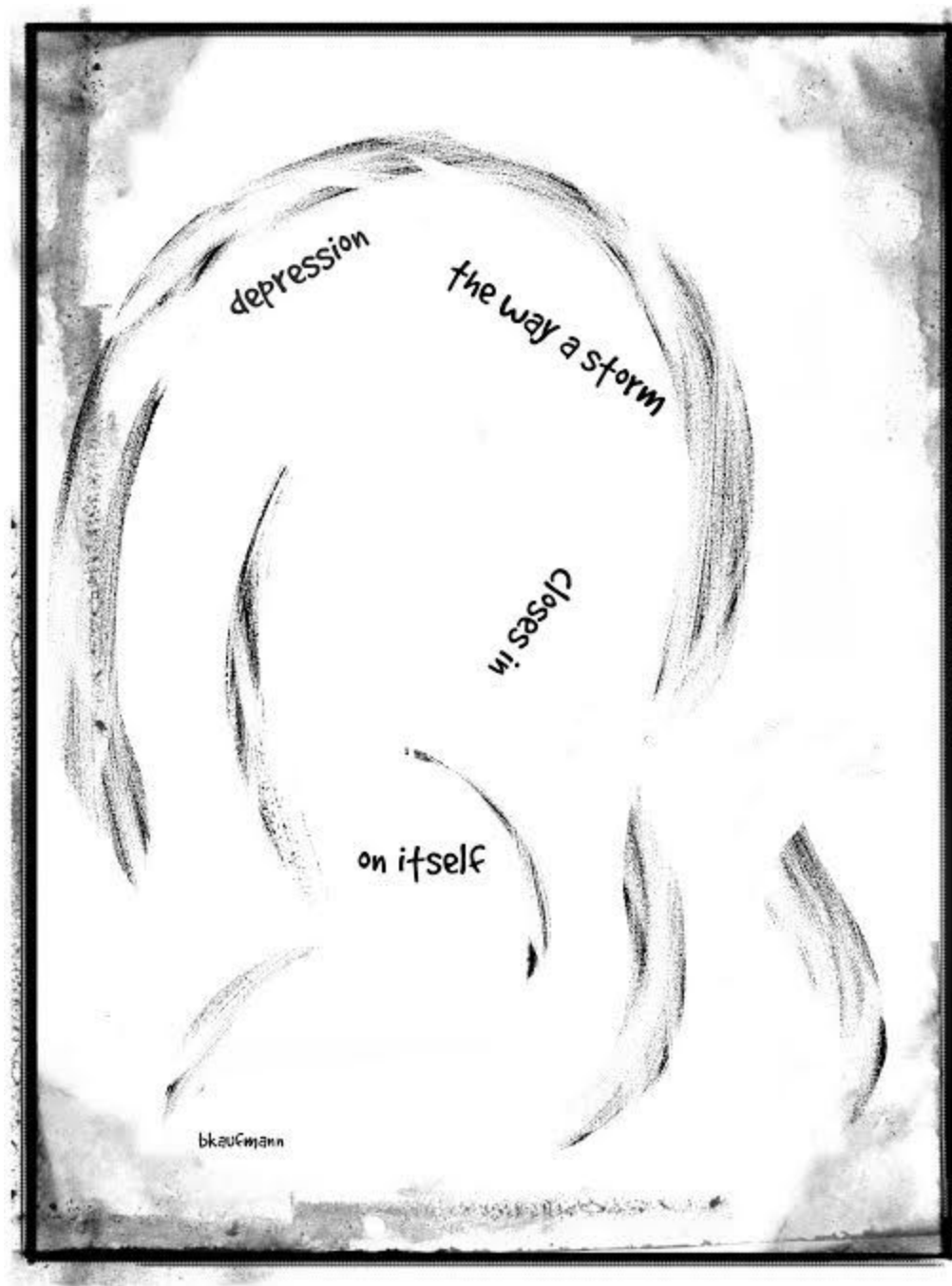
comfort food
the smell of sleep
on an old blanket

Someone lifts her up and carries her into a blast of warm air as they enter the apartment. The stiff clothes are peeled from her body. Her aunt offers hugs and kisses.

tomato soup
the way love tastes
in a memory



beach walk I think about letting my hair go natural



Barbara Kaufmann

same workplace
same distance each day...
longer drives home

whistling winds...
my students' excuses
sail farther from truth

Craig W. Steele

breaking up
the bald patches
in his beard



Cynthia Rowe

dew chill
news of his diagnosis
slips out

supernovas
the infinite possibilities
of stardust

garbage day
bees add their ditty
to the morning hum

G.R. LeBlanc

https://twitter.com/Gisele_1169

the plumber delivers
his punchline
with expert timing
and a cheeky grin

I once wrote a poem
on the back of a blank cheque
before the crash

lottery ticket
a small chance
of success

Mark Gilbert

child's play
an aster to each eye
and such a smile

a line of Harleys
passers-by
in polished chrome

fireworks
waiting for darkness
before the show

secrets
of cat thought
strictly between cats

Simon Hanson

hunter's moon ...
she licks fresh marrow
from her nails

debate
bare-knuckle
words

Claire Vogel Camargo

pa(y)rent

lecturing
with my trouser flap open
the uneasiness on my students' faces

at the pharmacy
waiting for customers to leave
before i could mention condom

the priest
turning the church into parliament
after a call for a third offertory

perfect trade
your fart
and my snore

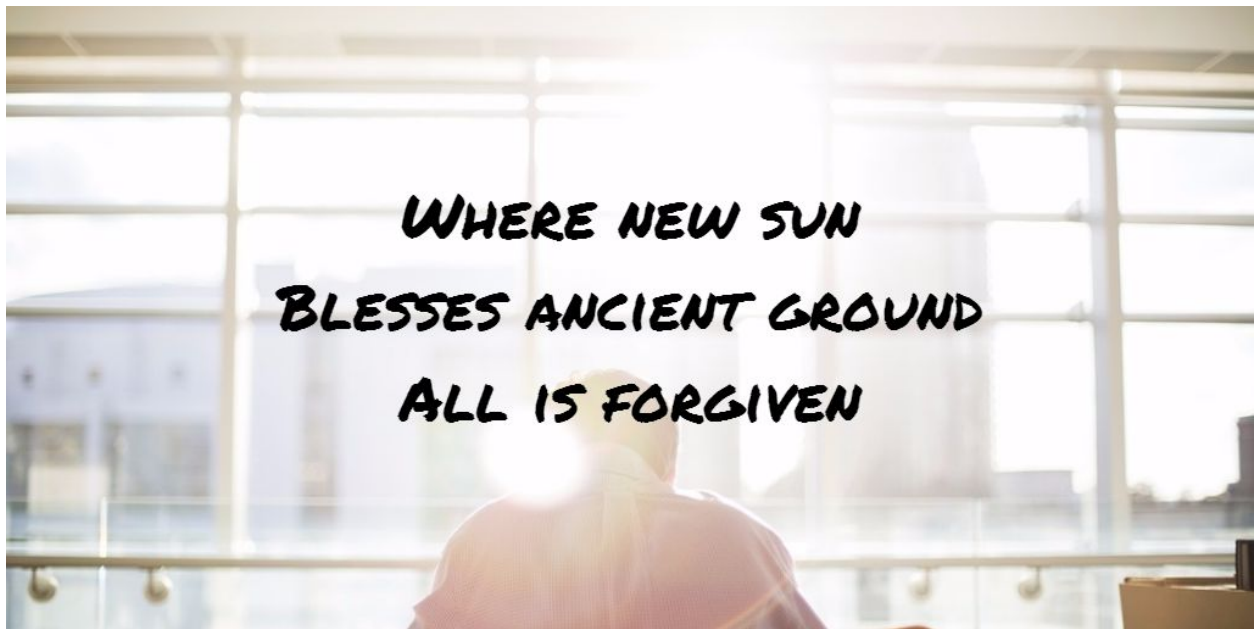
Adjei Agyei-Baah

crowded train
no place for
my eyes

faces becoming familiar in the sunset

frosty
we shake hands
with the gloves on

Ola Lindberg



**WHERE NEW SUN
BLESSES ANCIENT GROUND
ALL IS FORGIVEN**

Adam Rehn
[@adamrehn](#)



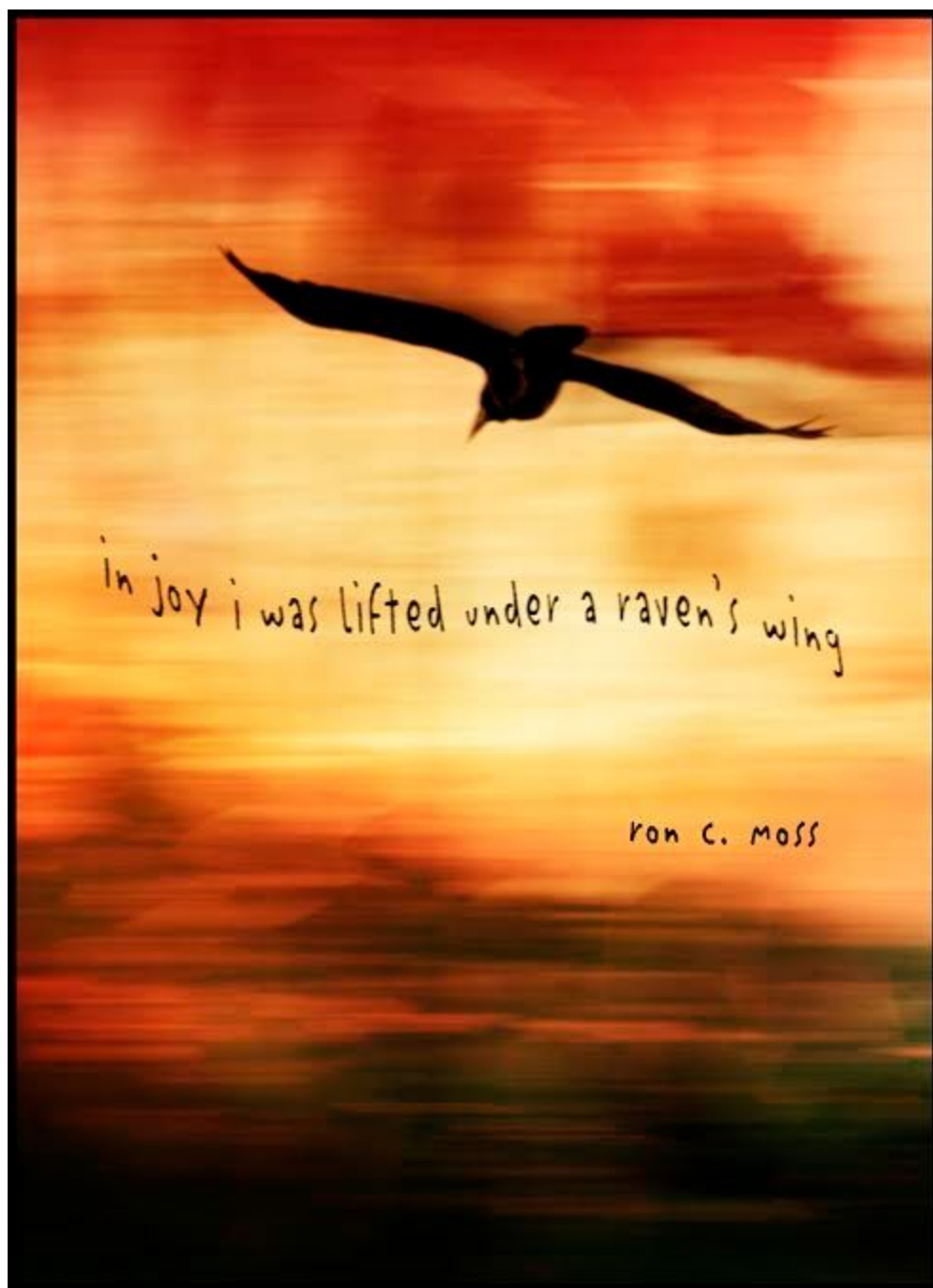
Tsanka Shishkova

at the table next
he sips latte
and a shared smile

nature reserve
the weathered man
plants another sapling

airport
the times mother came
to let go of her daughter

Madhuri Pillai





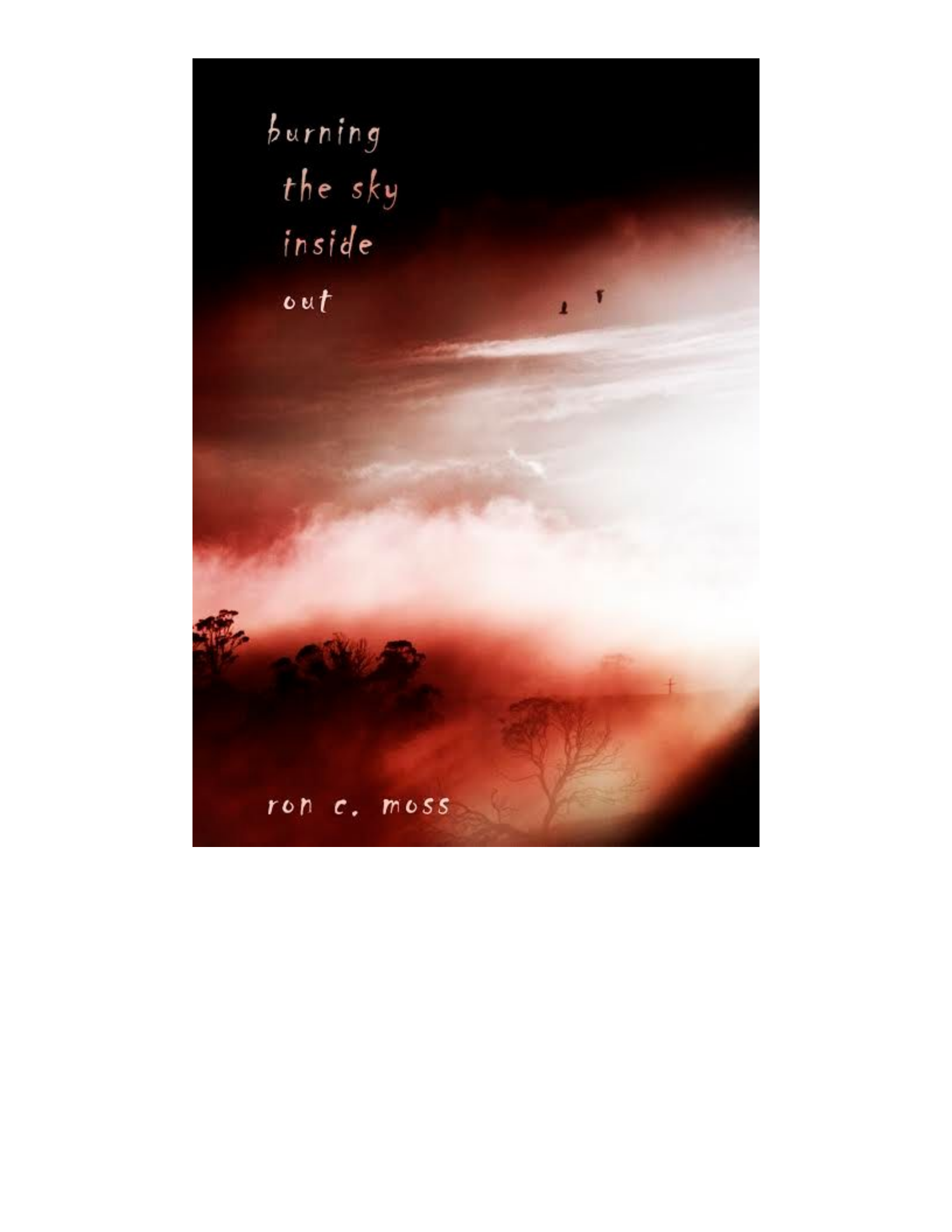
blood moon rising



red earth drips from my brush



ron c. moss

The background of the entire image is a dramatic, fiery sky. The colors range from deep black at the top to bright orange and yellow near the bottom, suggesting a sunset or a fire. Dark silhouettes of trees are visible in the lower left, and two small birds are flying in the upper right. The text is overlaid on this background.

burning
the sky
inside
out

ron c. moss

*stardust . . .
we're never really alone
in the universe*

ron c. moss





Ron C. Moss

Sm a s h

first serve . . .
a spinning ball sp*a*r*ks
with fluorescent light

*a little wOrld turns
with a backhand flick*

s.:p.:r.:a:y:.s
of scented sweat
follow each smash

*at full stretch
two feet*

off the ground

the sound of one hammy
t w e a k i n g

*game point
a fine cut
dr ps over the net
o*

Ron C. Moss and *Simon Hanson*

Graffiti Art

city busker
raindrops glitter
on his coins

*twirling leaf prints
on her plastic umbrella*

movie show
hot-buttered popcorn
in every aisle

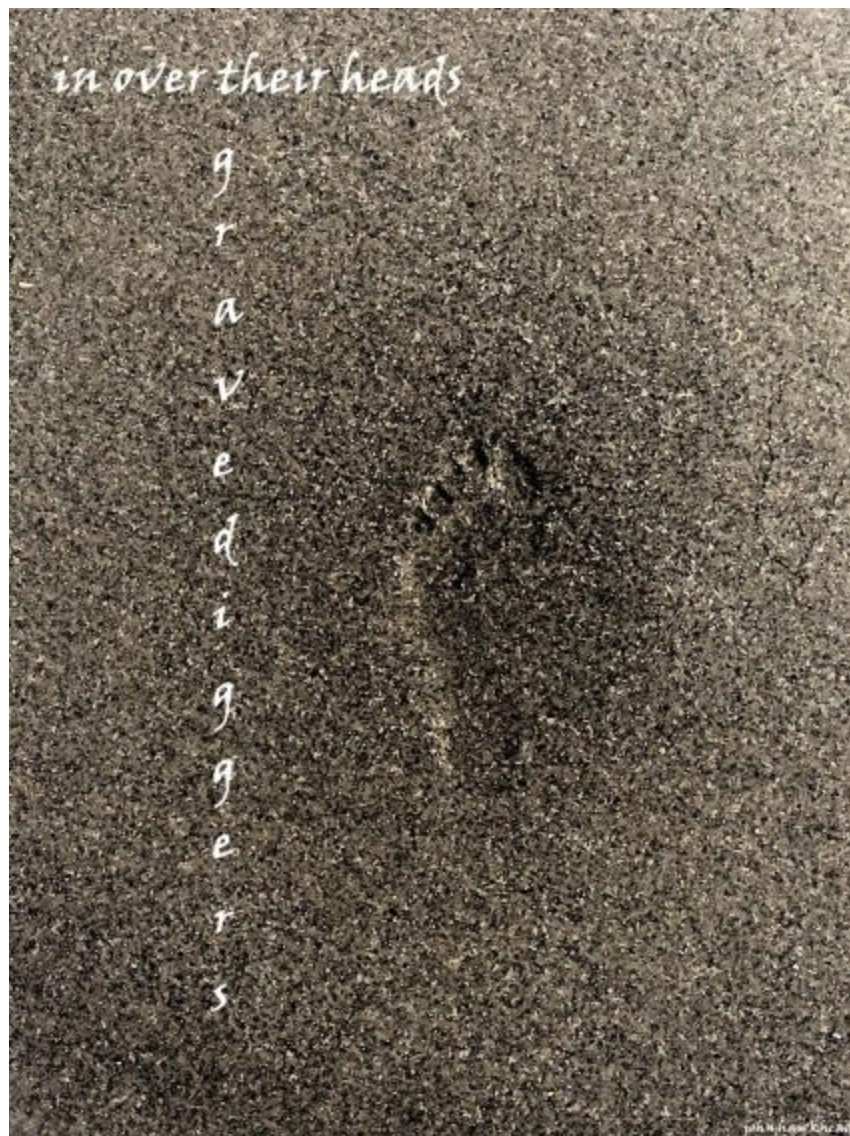
*behind glass doors
a mirror ball turning
in dance machine fog*

the clickity clack
of red stilettos

*on the late train
passing exhibitions
of graffiti art*

Ron C. Moss and *Simon Hanson*

paper cut
out of my mind
you will not go



John Hawkhead

an illegal party
in the closet – a moth and
my graduation dress

over-salted dinner
hidden in the yard
he eats a sandwich

Nina Kovacic

even now my friends
are gone; i hear their voices--
high school reunion

minding my language--
how can i politely use
the word "fuck"?

a phone call:
before i hear the caller's voice
the sound of rain

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian
[@ekalu28](#)

dividing
up the years
one odd plate

lost for words
missing
dictionary

the family vet
stitches
his own arm

new sports car
British
envy green

Lynda Stuart

sour plum
absorbing
your advice

after gym
I notice the moon
in hammock position

my friend agrees
we hear better
with subtitles

Lynette Arden

<http://www.lynettearden.com>

hourglass
taking stock of my life
and my figure

autumn love
her gown of many colours
blinds her date

Celestine Nudanu

The Sugar Maple
shed her skirt.....
and the Burning Bush blushed.

Janet Patton

joyful noise
the laugh of a child -
if light had sound

Tina Stickles

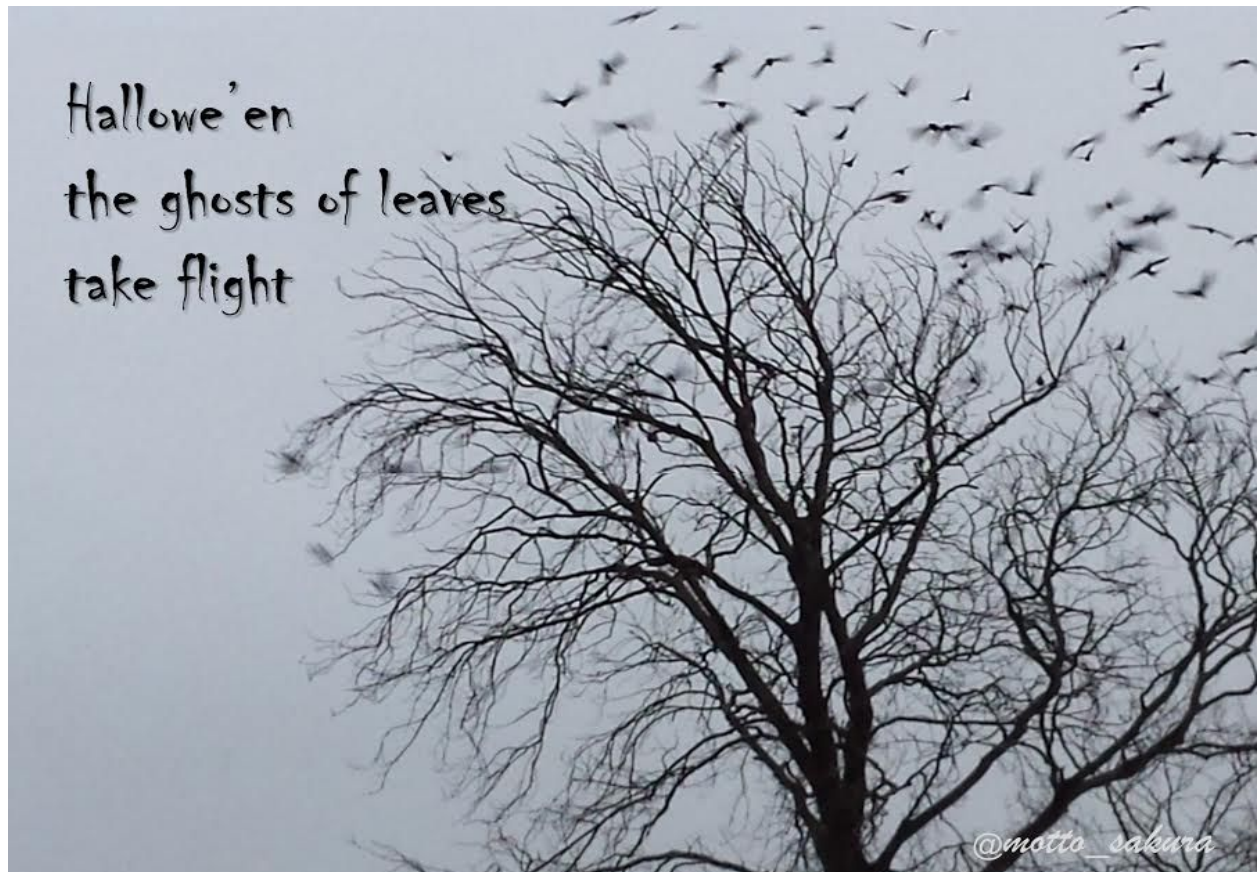
tinastickles.com

@tinastickles Twitter

Gothic hotel
a (g)hostess
haunting the tables

smart bomb
resetting the landscape
to primitive

chiming
with a distant memory
new ring tone

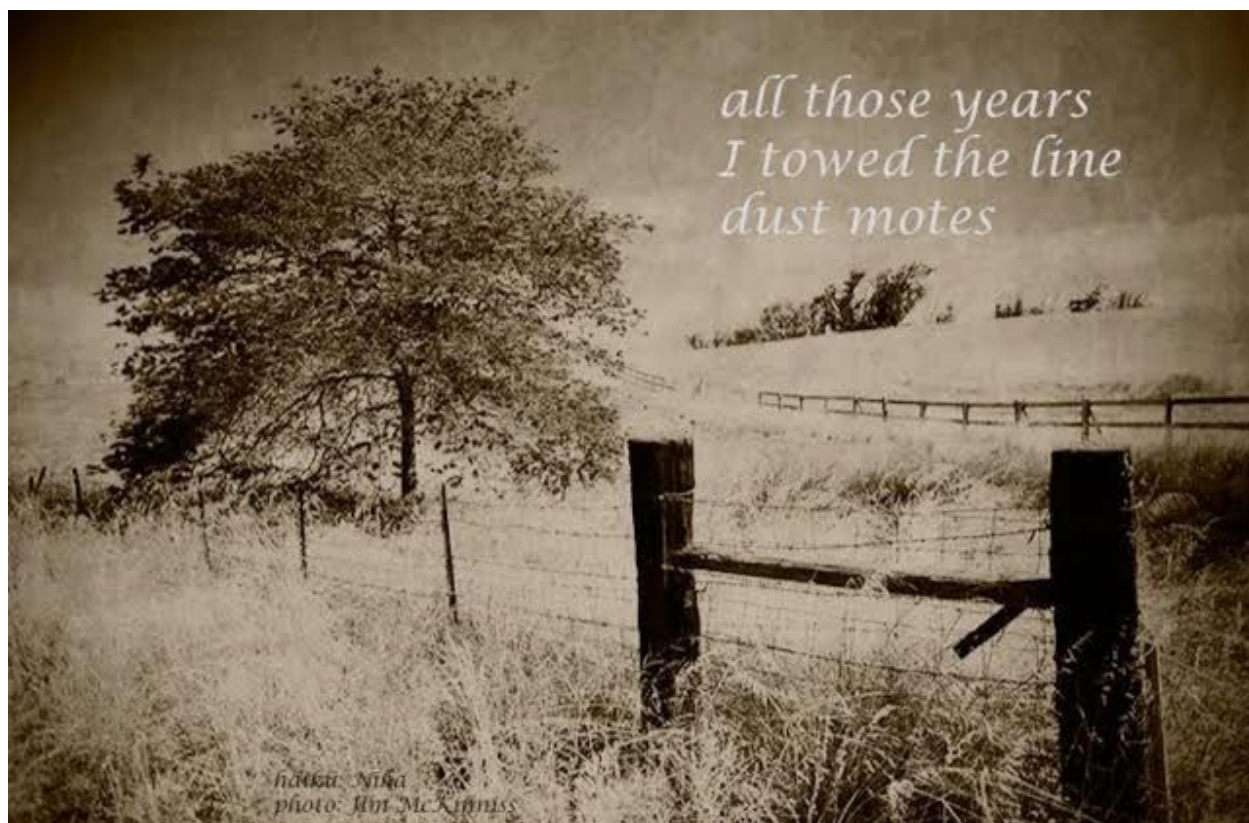


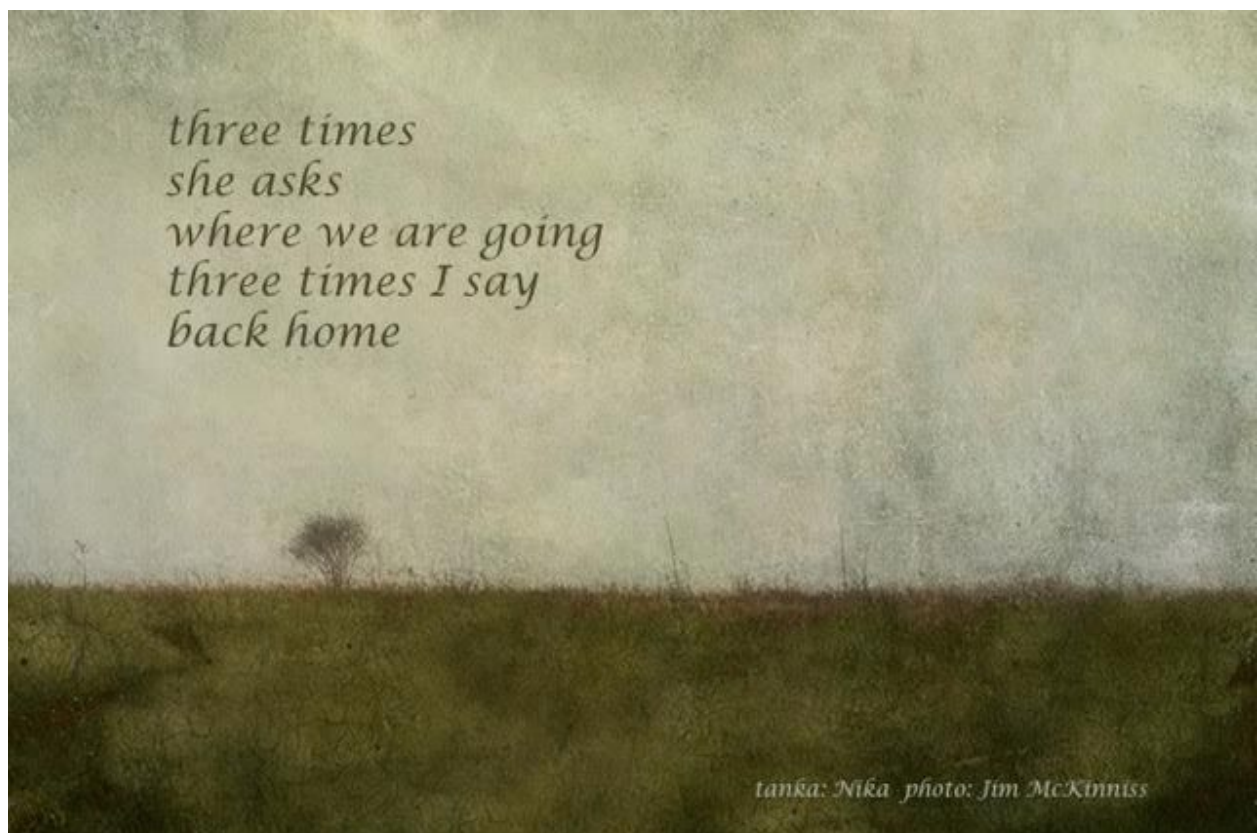
David J Kelly
[@motto_sakura](https://twitter.com/motto_sakura)

bucking the wind within iron maiden

fried noodles
all the names
I used to have

Nika





Poetry by: Nika Photo by: Jim Mckinniss

a livelihood
writing obituaries
another leaf spins free

back home
the mosquitoes too
are friendlier

fishmonger's slab
all of them
looking at me

balloon ride
our reflection
on dad's head

Robert Witmer

fogbound day...
everyone suffers
myopia

a paper boat
surfing the ripples
of a child's breath over water

Blessmond Alebna Ayinbire

Memory of Henry

As the living room in my daughter's apartment cools to the humming air conditioner, Henry enters on feathery paws padding noiselessly over polished wood flooring. His forehead, an inverted triangle of black above white fur, traces a line to the corners of his eyelids, giving him exotic beauty. He fills a chair with pillowy black and white grace, jewel eyes fixed upon my face, unblinking. I'm soothed by this cat's desire for my companionship.

on the kitchen floor
a blue plastic bowl
empty

Charlotte Mandel

hemp fest --
now that it's legal
half the crowd

sea fever --
I shake extra salt
into my chowder

wild mushrooms
everywhere --
playing Russian roulette

Angela Terry

always seen
with the love of his life
narcissus

acqua alta
atheists sometimes
walk on water



Mariette MacGregor

not even dressed yet hot coffee

all of a sudden
my head stuck in the sun --
can't see my dreams

my scars . . .
i fold them all
into the darkness



Christina Martin

full moon
beyond
good and evil

night shift
the moon
glares back

bigly fireworks...
more than a whiff
of sulphur

Helen Buckingham

loyalty —
our dog eager to please
whoever has a treat

perception —
a beautiful butterfly
or just a moth

daylight savings —
arguing with the clock
going forward

Keitha Keyes

Spring flower shop
an old florist blooms
amid flowers

Aziza Hena

death in the prison -
his other way
of escape

hum of bees
the men's section
of the church choir

Kwaku Feni Adow
witwriteblog.wordpress.com

angry farmers
crucify the Minister
to scare the crows

Zoran Antonijevic

I'd read suggestions that I should invest in an extra closet rod or in storage boxes (that fit under the bed or in hangers that would hold four pairs of pants on one rod). For one, however, there was only one essential tool of clutter clearing: trash bags. I set aside one bag for throwaways and one for giveaways and dove in.

First, I got rid of items that no one should be wearing anymore. Good-bye, baggy yoga pants. Next I pulled out the items that, realistically, I knew I wouldn't wear. Good-bye, gray sweater that barely covered my navel. Then the culling got harder. I liked those brown pants, but I couldn't figure out what shoes to wear with them. I liked that dress, but I never had the right place to wear it. I forced myself to take the time to make each item work, and if I couldn't, out it went. I started to notice my dodges. When I told myself, "I would wear this," I meant that I didn't, in fact, wear it. "I have worn this" meant that I'd worn it twice in five years. "I could wear this" meant that I'd never worn it and never would.

Once I'd finished the closet, I went back through it once again. When I finished, I had four bags full of clothes, and I could see huge patches of the back of my closet. I no longer felt drained; instead, I felt exhilarated. No more being confronted with my mistakes! No more searching in frustration for a particular white button-down shirt.

Having cleared some space, I craved more. I tried any trick I could. Why had I been holding on to thirty extra hangers? I got rid of all but a few extra hangers, which opened up a considerable amount of space. I got rid of some shopping bags I'd kept tucked away for years, for no good reason. I'd planned only on sorting through hanging items, but, energized and inspired, I attacked my sock and T-shirt drawers. Instead of pawing around for items to eliminate, I emptied each drawer completely, and I put back only the items that I actually wore.

I gloated as I surveyed my now-roomy closet. So much space. No more clutter. The next day I craved another hit. "We're going to do something really fun tonight!" I said to Junior in a bright voice as he was checking sports news on TV.

6/7/15 SEA

book with green crayon, and I was going through the mail. I opened an innocent-looking letter from our credit card company to discover that because of a security breach on its end, our main credit card had been canceled, and we'd been issued a new card and number.

I was furious. Now I'd have to go into every account that relied on that credit card number to update it. I hadn't kept a list, so I had no idea how I was going to figure out which accounts needed to be changed. Our automatic toll pass, our Amazon account, my gym membership . . . what else? The statement was so matter-of-fact, too; no apology, no little perk to acknowledge the corporate fault or the inconvenience to cardholders. This was the kind of chore that made me crazy: it took up precious time and mental energy, yet when it was done, I was no better off than before I started it.

"I can't believe this!" I fumed to Jamie. "They've canceled our credit card because of *their* mistake!" I was prepared to launch into a full diatribe when the thought flashed through my mind: "No dumping." I paused. Why should I spoil a peaceful moment with my irritation? Hearing someone complain is tiresome whether you're in a good mood or a bad one and whether or not the complaining is justified. I took a deep breath and stopped in mid-rant. "Oh, well" was all I said, in a tone of forced calm.

Jamie looked at me with surprise, then relief. He probably knew what an effort it had taken for me to restrain myself. When I got up to get more coffee, he stood up to give me a hug, without saying anything.

GIVE PROOFS OF LOVE.

I've never forgotten something I read in college, by Pierre Reverdy: "There is no love; there are only proofs of love." Whatever love I might feel in my heart, others will see only my actions.

When I looked back at my Resolutions Chart, I could see that some entries, such as "Toss, restore, organize" boasted a row of cheerful check

and the same time, because of all the things I know that I am
half Jewish, I know that I should not feel that I am a Jew. I should
feel that I am a Jew. I should feel that I am a Jew. I should feel that I am a Jew.

The simultaneous resolutions for chronic had been increasing, and from the 1980s onwards, my happiness considerably. In some instances, the increased awareness had led to more an individual or significant reduction. I was at risk of turning into a happiness bully.

I am writing you because I have been thinking about you a lot lately. I hope you are well and happy. I have been busy with work and family, but I always find time to think of my friends.

I am looking forward to seeing you soon. Let me know what your plans are for the summer. We could go on a trip together if you like.

With love,
[Signature]

My dream of becoming a professional writer was shattered when I was told that he wasn't reading much and he would stay in his little room and drink away his days, except with visitors on the porch when a young woman told me she was going to school overseas and that she would work but that her family was not doing the anything involving drugs because drinks were her true passion. I told I wasn't drinking myself. She I seemed to call him. "You're drinking I realize, I don't you why." I'd become a bartender once in a while with an old friend. When I was young I got into a fistfight with someone about the nature of Zen. I was the one who was the only one who was

subsequent I said nothing I was unimpressed I wouldn't say he was
 said I thought he did not doing a hapless job that I found much
 practically standing on his head

in particular, I kept trying to turn slight casting aspersions on my character was made good, and I raised the weapons about I got from seeking a truly messy crime. I mean, I have earned me our right. You mean well, but you're going to offend people if you keep testing them hard in this whole chapter.

6/7/15 SE

Susan Burch

From: Rubin, Gretchen. The Happiness Project. Harper Collins

over
dragon gate falls
a dragon fly
waits

in the park
lines of people
punching air

world's best haiku site
ends with a promo
- over fifties dating

Duncan Richardson

this storm
weathers my mindset
into serene

Sarma.Radhamani

First Seed

My wrestling team lifted a Bible from a motel in 1975, the cover red with white lettering. School colors. At the State Regionals they broke a television, collapsed a bed, and picked fights at the 7-11. Forty years later, the Gideon is still the first thing I unpack at the beginning of the school year. My desk is stuffed with talismans, a broken stop watch, a detention slip, a whistle. Even this beat up Bible, lifted while they emptied their pockets to pay the damages—binding loose, pages yellowed. No one the wiser.

iris in the rain
thumbprint
on your photograph

Scrooge

My ears have been ringing the past two days like cicadas have nested in them. I can't see well either, stumble frequently. Yesterday, hanging the Christmas lights, I got the ladder hung up in the crab apple tree. I lost my box of staples because I didn't remember them on the hood of the truck when I drove to the hardware store, found them on the road after the staple gun shot blanks. I salvaged what wasn't smashed on the street.

brushing silverfish out of a notebook of poems

Al Ortolani

www.alortolani.com

midnight train
the girl in the sundress
slips on her heels

therapy night
I tell him we should see
other people

the long and short of it bowl of noodles

wine tasting
your bouquet lingers
on my lips

Between the Lines

I've walked the line between sober and wasted more times than I can count. I wonder... How many times did I drive home in the middle of the night so high I almost closed my eyes for one second too many? How did I manage to follow the yellow lines of the near-empty highway? How many times did I implore you to let me stay—to keep me safe? And how many times did you turn me away? Every red light was a warning, every camera flash an insight I ignored. It's clear to me now that I was betrayed, and that our secret side street was only one-way.

lane change
letting the past
speed by

Elizabeth Alford

<http://www.facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry>

run-off --
expecting too much
too soon

last summer
the vet makes a bucket list
for his dog

flicker of streetlights
scrubbing off
the bike chain tattoo

Julie Warther

Curio Cabinet

curio cabinet...
next to the tea service
his kidney stone

*the drift and spin
of personal cobwebs*

stowaways . . .
releasing
the ballast water

*searching through boxes
in the abandoned building –
an old diary*

picking our way through
could-have-beens

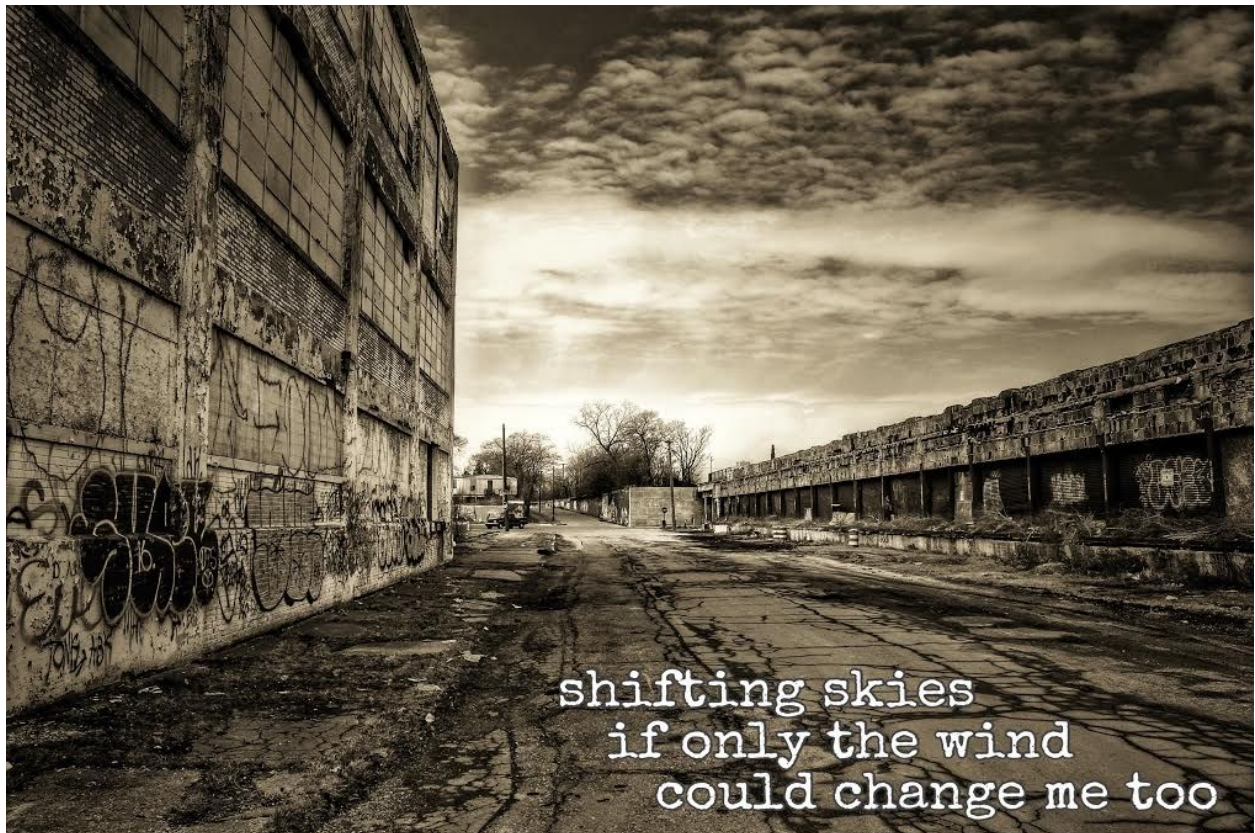
*no exit sign –
the maze takes us
in the wrong direction again*

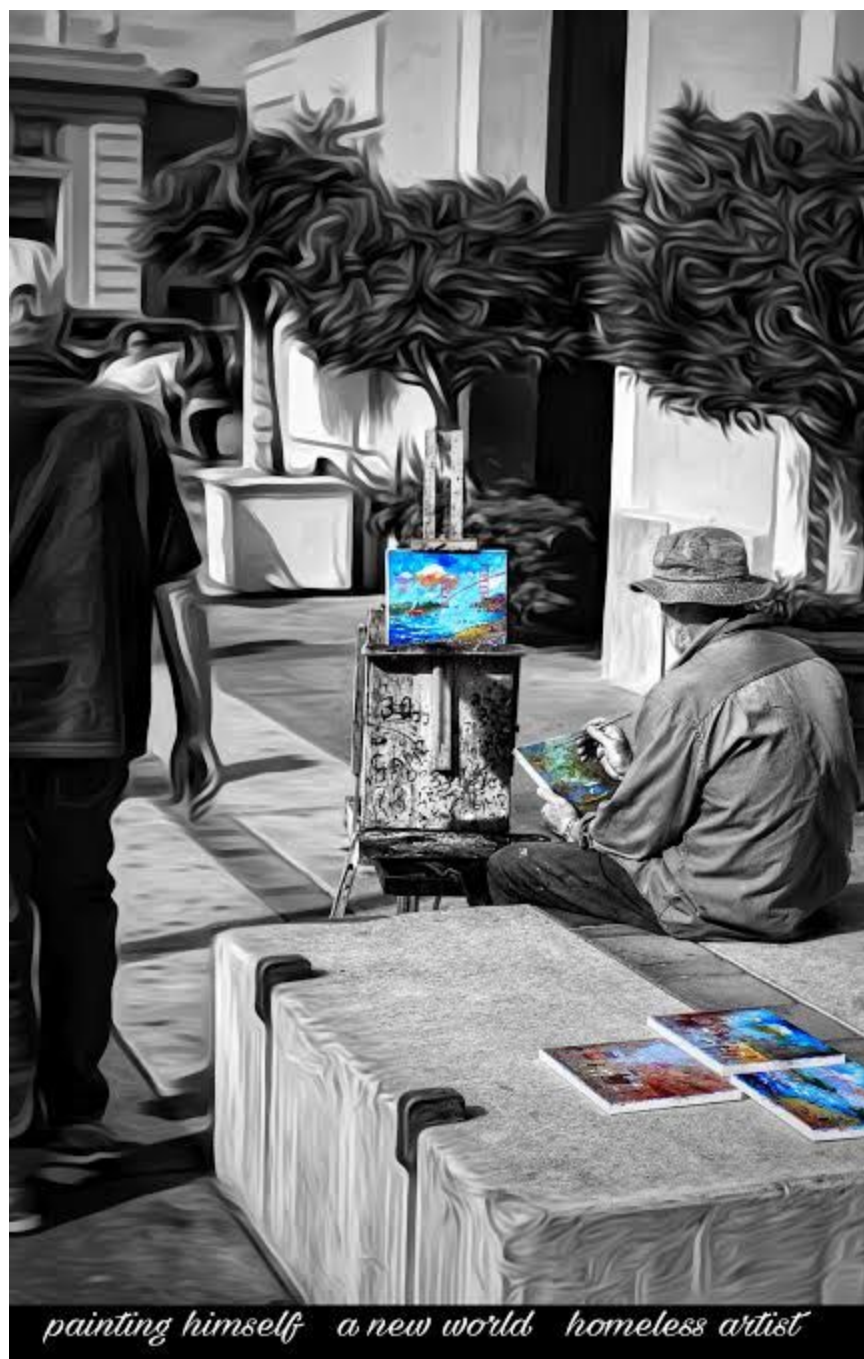
Julie Warther and *Angela Terry*

I dream of visiting the world's greatest cities and
ignoring every landmark that makes them famous.
I find the people who live in their shadows to be far
more beautiful.

just passing through -
the way life drifts
into frame

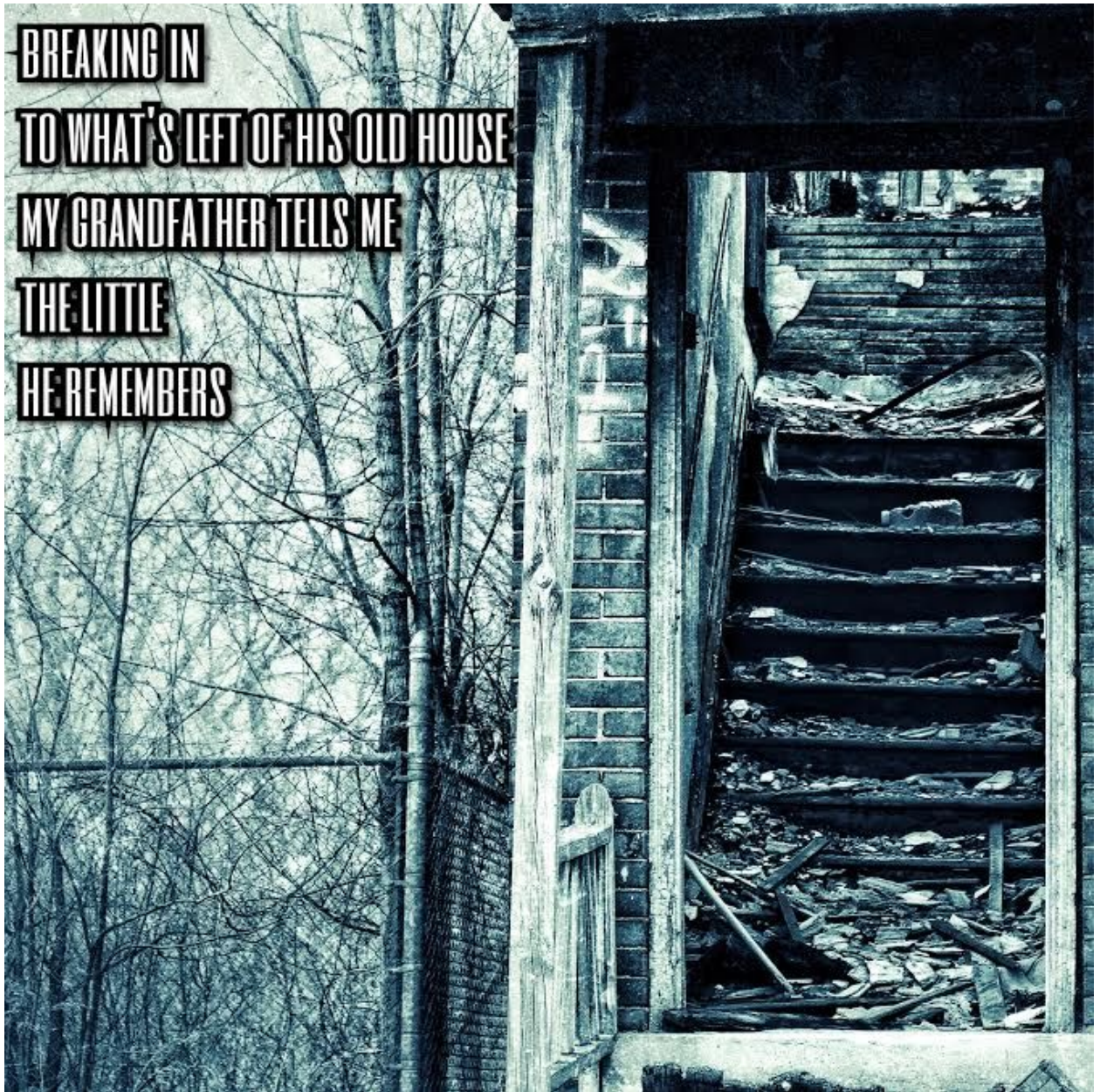






painting himself a new world homeless artist

**BREAKING IN
TO WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS OLD HOUSE
MY GRANDFATHER TELLS ME
THE LITTLE
HE REMEMBERS**





Chase Gagnon

machinery
in my head
the night shift

trees as far as i can hope them

selling kayaks the river waits for fools

speaking of death chainsaw voices

rainless night star upon star upon us

Sandi Pray

tea bag rhythm
up down up down -
elbows down

bone thin praying mantis
he stretches out his arms

my wife
of a hundred years
hippie moonlight

Jim Sullivan

dinner argument
to eat in peace
I let him win

pouring my heart out...
my mother responds
to her cell phone

expiration date -
I hurry to break up
before he does

depression
I take an empty train
to nowhere

bedtime
I pack my dreams
into a prayer

Debbi Antebi

the pumpkin
from the farm stand ...
my change
two buffalo nickels

scarecrow
dancing with sunflowers
the Dorothy in me

meditation walk
pine branches heavy
with icicles

check-out line
trying not to eat
the concord grapes

grandfather's gift
a kaleidoscope ...
all the difference

Jill Lange

winter beach
i lose some poems
to the wind

autumn darkness our last match sparks the bonfire

pumpkin seeds no matter how careful some burn

saturday lie-in
again i miss the train
in my dream

grey sky
the train passes through
my childhood town

Anna Maris

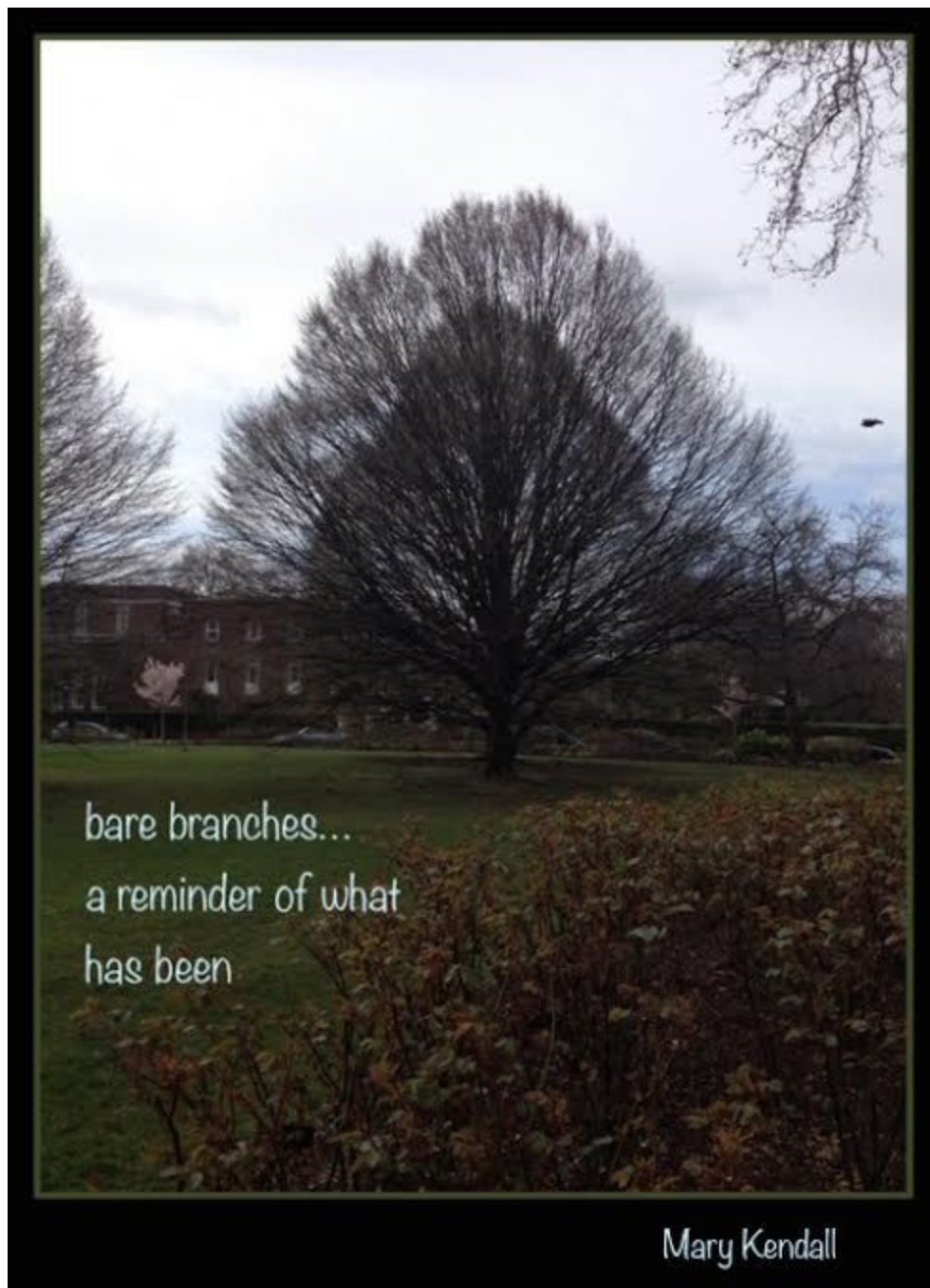
new will signing my life away

Italian class...

I now speak fluently
with my hands

archery lessons...

keeping to the straight
and arrow



Mary Kendall

Mary Kendall

<http://www.apoetintime.com>

artificial snow
he compliments the strength
of my password

after the race
the shoes still running
in the dryer

distant drums
the meteorologist repeating
autumnal

empty seedpod
drying in the milkweed
old chevy chassis





Haiga by: Gail Oare (@gailor1) and Kasia Bruniany (www.myartemotions.com)

Gail Oare
[@gailor1](https://twitter.com/gailor1)

Dateline Quito

It is a bright October morning in the Ecuadorian capital. In the guesthouse, I am having breakfast at the same time as a very large American gentleman who is around my age. After some silence, I try to make polite conversation over fried eggs and watered-down juice.

I mention how much I enjoyed visiting the Church of the Compañía yesterday, with its lavish gold-foiled interiors. He recommends a different church which has less gold in it but is (apparently) more important historically. Right so.

The conversation turns to Peru. He takes great pleasure in telling me that the trip that he and his wife made to Machu Picchu five years ago only cost half what mine did last month. Right so. He brandishes the word 'wife' like a Jedi sword. She's not with him on this occasion.

just after the visit
to the giant metal Virgin -
storm breaking

Maeve O'Sullivan

basement dust
the things I'd forgotten
about childhood

roaming free
over the grounds
graveyard deer

morning
I close the window
On my dead fly collection

suicide
they leave it to
the next generation

Greg Longenecker

on the path
trees with octopus arms
watching me

Sue Neufarth Howard

Play in motion.
Bell sounds
break's a dull silence-

Akor Emmanuel Oche

evening news—
forgetting
to swallow

wind-blown street—
crossing the road
for no reason

Nights at the Opera

Don Giovanni...
learning from
my ghosts

.

opera buffa—
long after the laughter
the tears

.

opera seria
the prima donna throws
a tantrum

.

asphodels...
and the stars were shining
unseen

.

and what if
all the world's a stage—
Pleiades

Stella Pierides

www.stellapierides.com

.

Helicopters drop
hay to deer on the mountain
only snow is fat

G.B. Ryan

an interior life
drifting from place
to place

overly cheerful—those two women who dislike each other

alcoholic fruit fly
all the facebook postings
i've already seen

moving again—
cottonwood roots
lift the walk

Sondra J. Byrnes

reunion
sharing memories
via Bluetooth

nursery
a branch sprouts on
the family tree

family dinner the silence of chairs

anthill
the calm before
the riot

Billy Antonio

Missing

Sorry, but the page you were trying to view does not exist! Use the search tool, Directories, A-Z Index, or dropdown menus above to find related information. Click on one of the links to the left. If you feel there is an error on the website, please report the problem to: Weblinks. If nothing works, repeat search using different *spellings*.

an out-of-date link -autumn chill deepens

Angelee Deodhar

cancer center
the paper towels
jammed

trick or treat
I promise the vampire
the dog won't bite

a pretty girl
offers her seat to the old guy . . .
I accept

last call . . .
nobody here
knows my name

election day –
is the lesser evil
lesser enough

a headstone
with my name on it . . .
deep autumn

Bill Kenney

Ye Must Be Born Again NO THOROUGHFARE

LOST DOG —
a man searches
for sidewalk butts

Marshall Bood

the careless plumber
bangs his f**king head
underside the sink

leftover haiku
high in the tree
gathering moonlight

Ed Higgins

one ear short
the artist draws
no conclusion

in my laugh
my father's laughter
still bone deep

lines in the mirror
time flies
in my face

Peter Jastermsky

cat in a corner --
eyes sparkle like a soldier
right before a kill

I was so happy
when I bought the new shoes
that don't really fit

your breast slips
out of your blouse
as I help you off the ground

E. Martin Pedersen

<http://emartinpedersenwriter.blogspot.it>

bachelorette party—
the male photographer
blushes

blood moon
the dark side of
a threesome

Pranav Kodial

proving identity
at passport office—
plastic bamboos

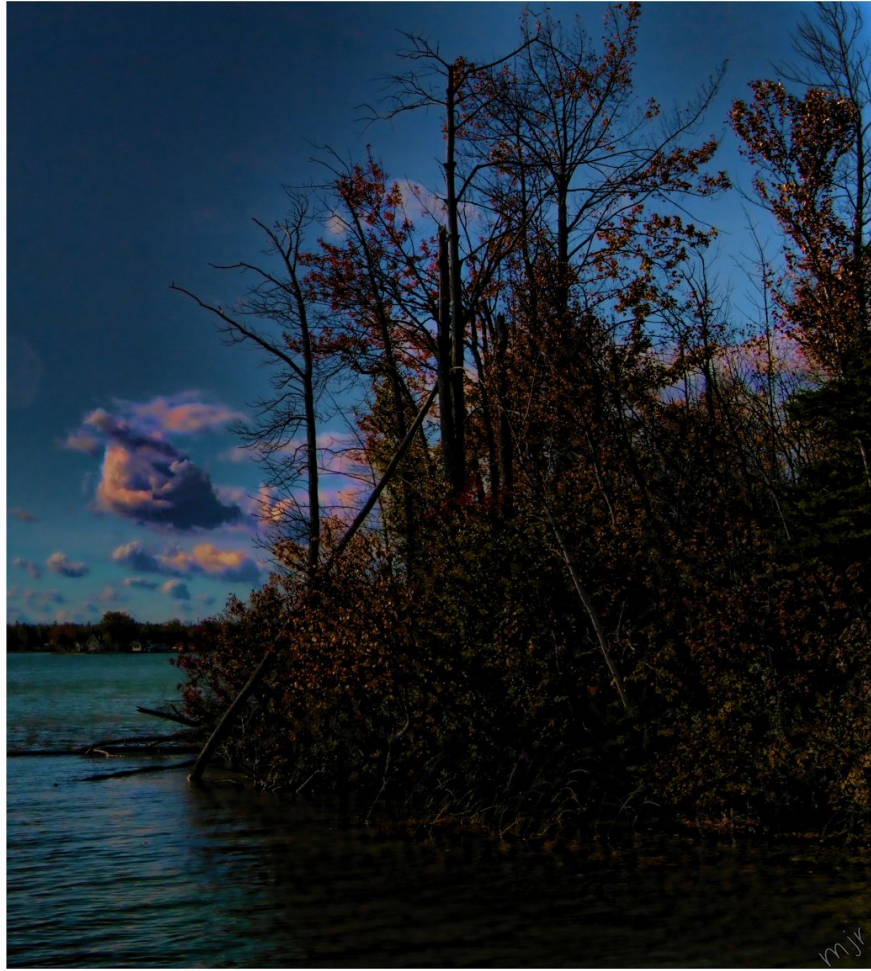
winter blackout
the click
of her lighter

eco-resort:
four kinds
of mosquito stings

Salil Chaturvedi

darkening sky
the crowd calls out
for Barabbas

Joe McKeon



dusk and no one but me sees the moon

Mike Rehling
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