

failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu

Volume 3, Issue 36

michael rehling

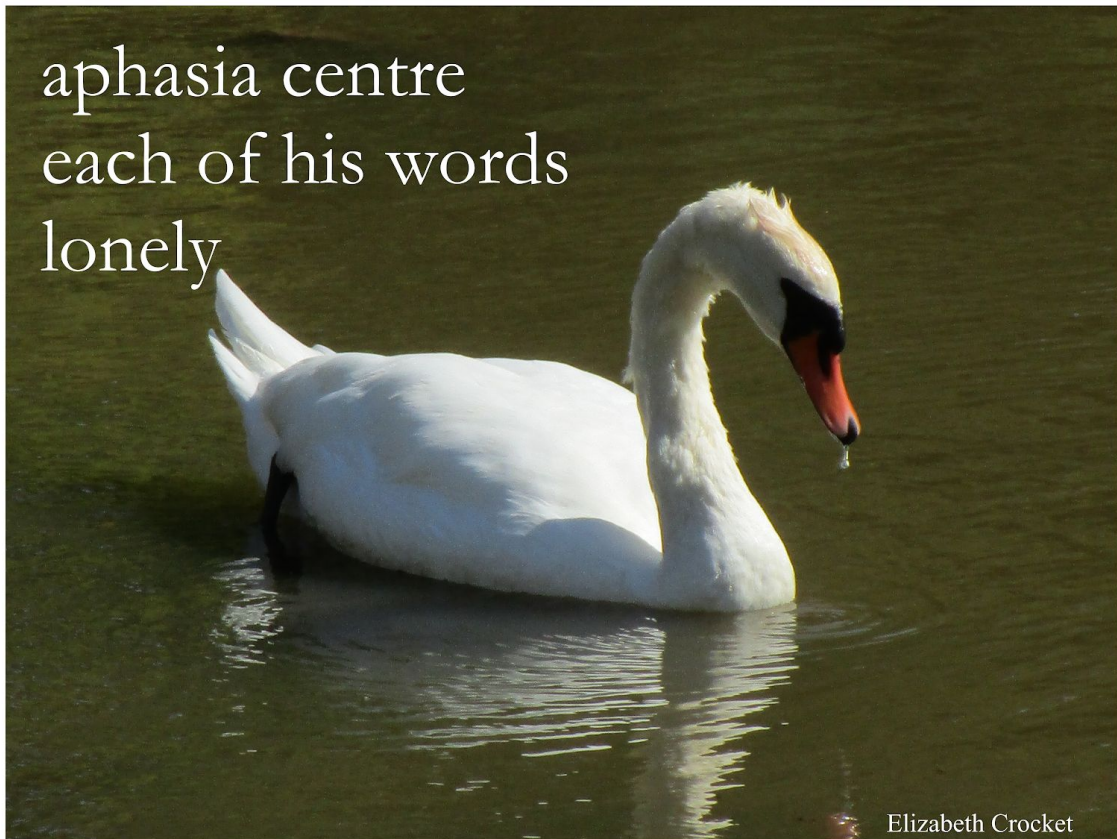
'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

[@SenryuJournal](#) on Twitter

[Facebook Page](#)

aphasia centre
each of his words
lonely



Elizabeth Crocket

Haiga by Elizabeth Crocket

Cast List

In order of appearance
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Eleonore Nickolay
Kelly Sauvage Angel
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Helen Buckingham
Lavana Kray
Elmedin Kadric
Angela Giordano
Elaine Wilburt
Marie Derley
Roger Watson
Gautam Nadkarni
Ingrid Bruck
Adelaide B. Shaw
Bruce England
Radostina Dragostinova
Bill Cooper
Corine Timmer
Rehn Kovacic
Bryan Rickert
Vishnu P Kapoor
Mile Lisica

Marilyn Ashbaugh
Antonio Mangiameli
Eva Limbach
David He Zhuanglang
Midhat MIDHO Hrnčić
Bernard Gieske
John Hawkhead
JR Vork
Pitt Buerken
Michael Henry Lee
Ron Scully
Rachel Sutcliffe
Colleen M. Farrelly
Bruce Jewett
Shloka Shankar
Ingrid Baluchi
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Karen O'Leary
Réka Nyitrai
Tia Haynes
Barbara Tate
James Chessing
Kat Lehmann
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Barbara Kaufmann
Ed Bremson

Margaret Walker
Anna Cates
Dianne Moritz
Daniel Birnbaum
Hifsa Ashraf
Irina Guliaeva
Nancy Shires
Debbie Strange
Bee Jay
Cynthia Rowe
Madhuri Pillai
Oscar Luparia
Tim Murphy
Dan Schall
Louise Hopewell
Anna Maris
Jackie Maugh Robinson
John J. Han
Agus Maulana Sunjaya
Aljoša Vuković
Robert Witmer
Mark Gilbert
Nina Kovačić
Martha Magenta
Adrian Bouter
Sondra J. Byrnes

Lucia Cardillo
Hansha Teki
Eufemia Griffo
Rashmi Vesa
Mary Ellen Gambutti
Liv Saint James
Paul Beech
Terrie Jacks
Linda McCarthy Schick
Roberta Beach Jacobson
Ivan Gaćina
Pd Lietz
Chen-ou Liu
Neha R. Krishna
Richard Grahm
Wendy C. Bialek
David J Kelly
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Jill Lange
Eric Lohman

tested positive
in the night is blinking
the last firefly

stressed physiotherapist
I'm not a machine, she says
while connecting me

Eleonore Nickolay

quantum gravity
adjusting the length
of my bra straps

peace arch
the border agent's
crooked smile

may as well
view the moon
chigger bites

god's country
a long season for planting
roadside crosses

slinging ink against my reflection horseshit moon

Kelly Sauvage Angel

window shopping
many families
of mannequins

facebook posts
my kids find a reason
to celebrate Diwali

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

eyeing the barbecue...prodigal cat

SUMMER

l a l

consuming

glove impaled on

the railings

a colourful gesture

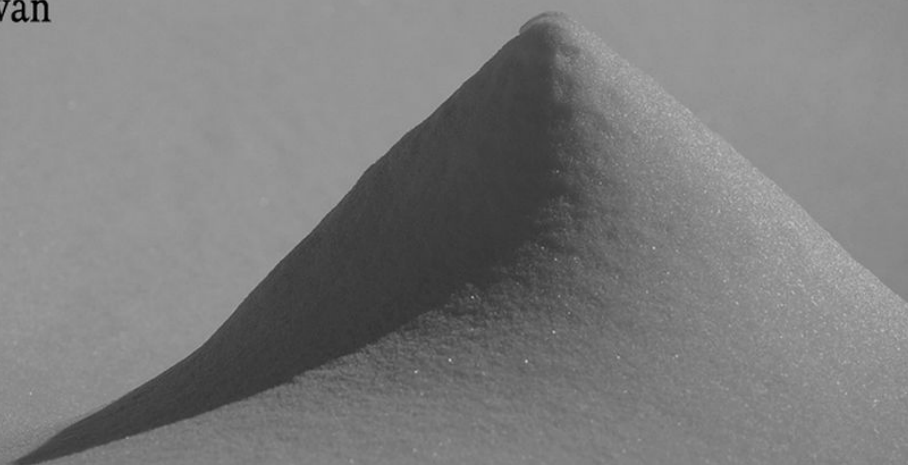
burning

last year's diary...

the exorcism complete

Helen Buckingham

mammogram result –
the lake freezing
swan by swan



Lavana Kray

*new neighbour -
my mourning dress
on the scarecrow*



Lavana Kray

Lavana Kray

first day at work
the waitress serves
her boken English

her deep breath
nothing but mist
in the mirror

even Steven falls behind

Elmedin Kadric

inside the drawer
a silk kimono-
leaves in the wind

way home-
scent of lemons
on the terraces

Angela Giordano

dryer whirring—
churning the same worries
over and over

magic wand
conjuring new worlds—
a pencil in hand

pasting petals
on an empty stem—
lost love mosaic

Elaine Wilburt

reading on the grass –
finally I use Durrell
as a pillow

red-light district
waiting at the bus stop
for real

Marie Derley

hotel lobby
making an early start
smokers and runners

morning river
the sun rises
and swans grow heads

peeing in the snow
not quite
my full name

going
with the flow
urinal spider

power walkers
that attitude

Roger Watson

Underdogs And Other Breeds

As a boy of nine I was told by the Moral Science teacher at school to show compassion to underdogs. This appealed to me in a big way. I mean I always had compassion for dogs—and the more under, the more the compassion.

Upon reaching home I emptied the biscuit tin and went in search of deserving canines. Or underdogs. Have it your way. And the first thing I found was a dog under the flyover. Mixed breed. But then you don't need a pedigree to wolf down cream crackers. Finally when the biscuits were gone, much to my dismay, so was the mutt. That's the problem with underdogs.

I came back home determined to show compassion to more unfortunates. But Mom caught me with my hands in the biscuit jar. And you know what moms are. Doubting Thomases. She didn't believe a word of my elaborate explanation. Said I was fabricating the whole story. Any excuse to raid the jar. Underdogs, bah! were I believe her exact words.

I wondered what the Moral Science teacher had to say on the subject of suspicious moms.

fast food...
the uncertain pedigree
of a hotdog

Gautam Nadkarni

here I stand
waiting for myself
to catch up

the sky trips
on the ground ~
fog

Ingrid Bruck

holiday cheer
a little eggnog
for the rum

the tourist bit
after 10 days light baggage
gets heavy

more knee pain
today I decide
to love the weeds

Adelaide B. Shaw

Coughing hard
I study my phlegm
for signs

For years
all we needed it seemed
a bed somewhere

Bruce England

end-of-work-alarm
the snappy sound of
the cork

white peony
her wedding dress
trails the gossips



Radostina Dragostinova

drizzle at preschool
is butterscotch a kind
of hopscotch

the hip tattoo
she wants removed
let it be

biking the height of a campus speed bump

after geometry
gym class begins
with a shoulder roll


autocorrect *juxta* becomes *junta*

no cheese no potato
to the old man still
moussaka

Bill Cooper

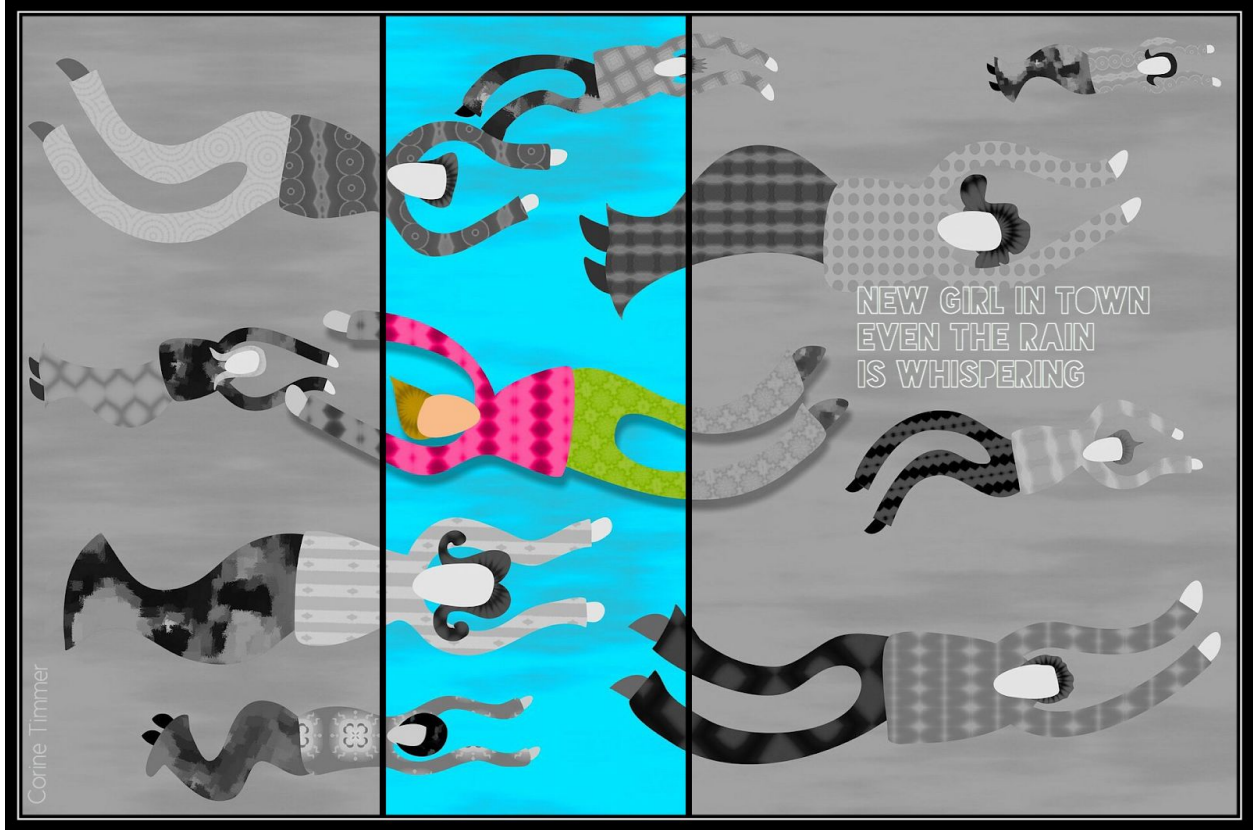
Corine Timmer

sunbeam for a moment
I can touch the rainbow



papaya whip sky
the Sahara desert
even in my soup

Corine Timmer





Corine Timmer

Corine Timmer

loneliness
the lover
you don't like

the line
so intimate
forgotten poet

full moon
in my tears
more than the blues

Rehn Kovacic

long distance love
waiting for her
download

phone sex our bad connection

our hands meet
in the used book bin
perfect bound

her short skirt
the in and out movements
of a sweat bee

delta lands
the Mississippi turns
a note blue

Bryan Rickert

silence of the tree
after shedding all leaves
birth of Buddha

no grand children
old woman's stock
of fairy tales

first pocket money
big spend on
the largest balloon

Vishnu P Kapoor

т и ш и н а н е б а
у д у б о к и м б р а з д а м а
ј а т о в р а б а ц а

т и ш и н а н е б а
в о г л у б о к и х б о р о з д а х
с т а я в о р о б њ е в

the sky silence
in the deep furrows
a flock of sparrows

il silenzio del cielo
in solchi profondi
gregge dei passerì

уш ушк а в а с е
у б о ј е в и о л и н е
а п р и л с к о с у н ц е

в о т т е н к и с к р и п к и
а п р е л ь с к о е с о л н ы ш к о
о д е в а е т с я

tucking itself
into colours of the violin
the April sun

entra dentro
nei colori del violino
il sole d'aprile

Mile Lisica

*hunter's moon
the tsunami
of gender*

Marilyn Ashbaugh

the white sari*
a piece of pomegranate -
a dirge a seed

**dress of Indian widows*

*il sari bianco
un pezzetto di melograno -
per ogni nenia un chicco*

falling star -
the run of light
just a moment long

*stella cadente-
la corsa della luce
lunga un attimo*

Antonio Mangiameli

bombay sapphire -
we fill our glasses
with empty sky

shell-shocked soldier
the therapist
still so young

Eva Limbach

[Mare Tranquillitatis](#)

Heart Sutra...
the thief returns
to pray

every monk
holds a burning candle...
praying procession

invisible views
in the Sarnath
Buddha's footprints

David He Zhuanglang

window ajar,
in my bones I feel
the signs of autumn

my strength
poured quietly
into my walking stick

Midhat MIDHO Hrcic

train ride
reading about the Dark Ages
in the tunnel

stillborn
his grave between
Grandpa and Grandma

climbing the stairs
for a better view...
one can hope

the mannequin
catches my eye
no secrets

Bernard Gieske

the cabin's tin roof
a clatter of hail
drowns her snores

winter sun
the way her wrinkles
hold the tan

another soft toy
the family cat
keeps on killing

gutter floods
the metal grate
of their moaning

ticket luck
of random the
draw lottery

fire gone out
we rake over the coals again

late again

she calculates the arrival time

of his first lie



john hawkhead

John Hawkhead

thomas kinkade sunset
frames
hundreds of brake lights

3 lines
not always
wrapping

east morning sun
rises
dead worm

gutter
collects run off
bridal bouquet

JR Vork

final whistle
the sofa full of chip crumbs
five tinnies empty

fired
now a robot writes
the haiku, too

election campaign
artificial intelligence
gives hope

Pitt Buerken

Veterans Day 2018

Veterans Day
unobserving
the unknown soldier

Veterans Day
awaiting the other
boot to drop

Veterans Day
the couple next door
calls it quits

Veterans Day
a therapy dog goes
above and beyond

Michael Henry Lee

homeless hermit crab
fixes up a take out carton
halfway to the trash can

black legged tick
steals away the genes
meant for my son

Ron Scully

first frost
father brewing summer
into cider

birds on a wire my crowded thoughts

fleeting clouds
a glimpse of the pain
she tries to hide

Rachel Sutcliffe

fedora

tumbling down Lake Shore Drive—
a thought escapes

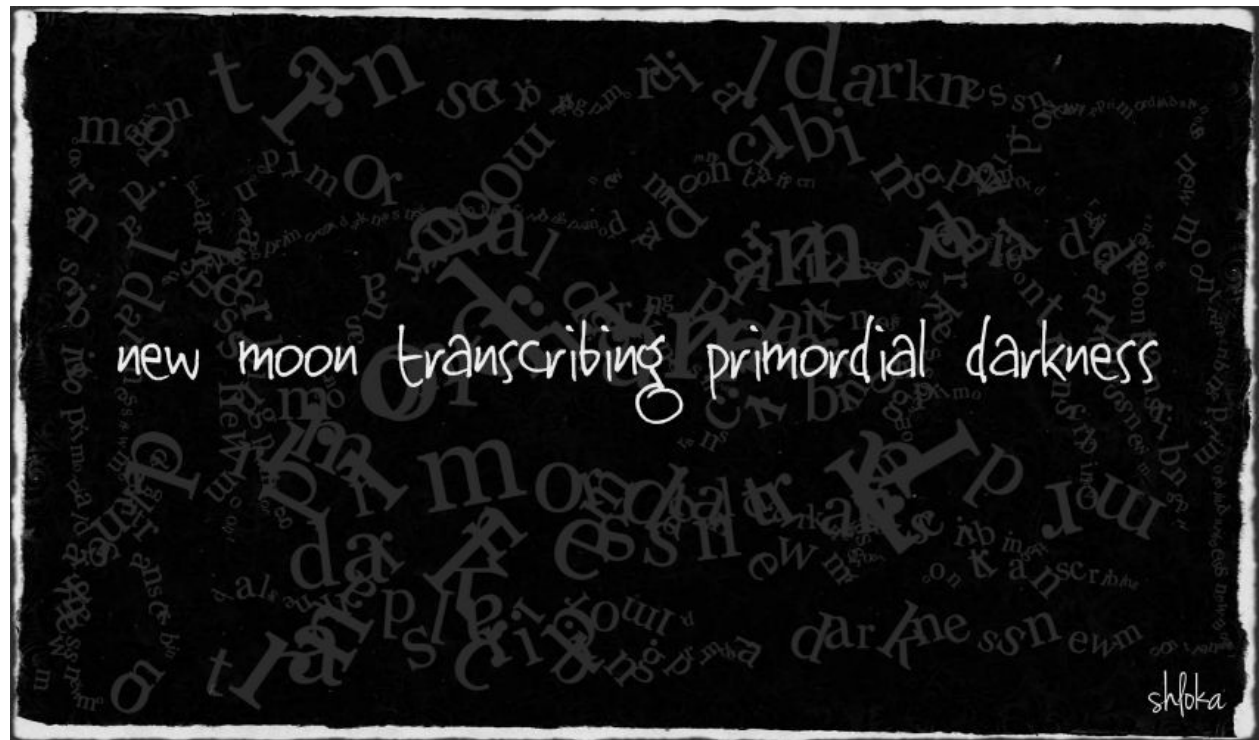
Colleen M. Farrelly

a grandmother sings
a Japanese lullaby
rocking her i-phone

grandson reads to me
A is for crocodile
B is for grizzly

a warm toilet seat
a cold night— perhaps better
not to live alone

Bruce Jewett



new moon transcribing primordial darkness

shloka

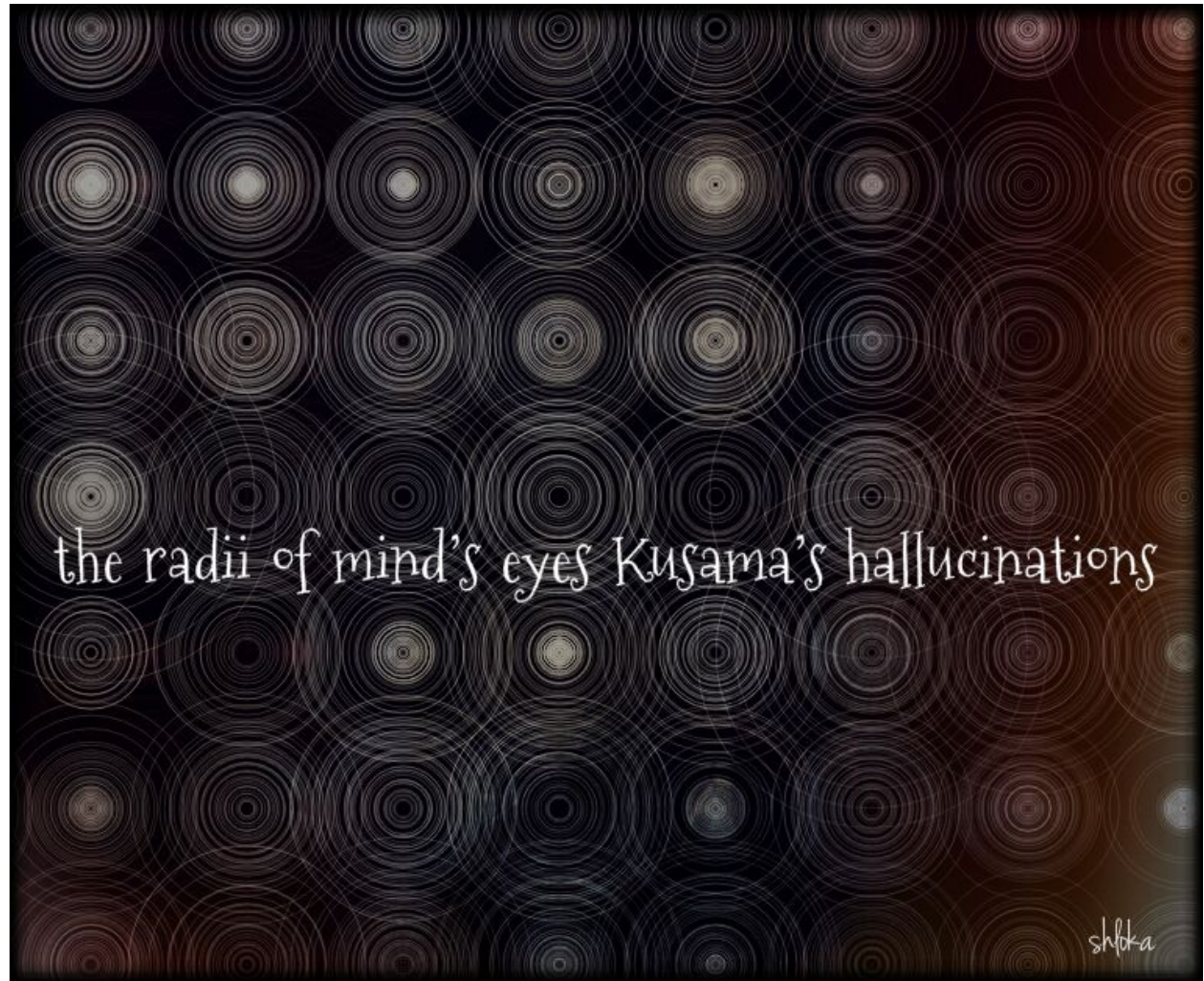
for a moment—

fading

swallows

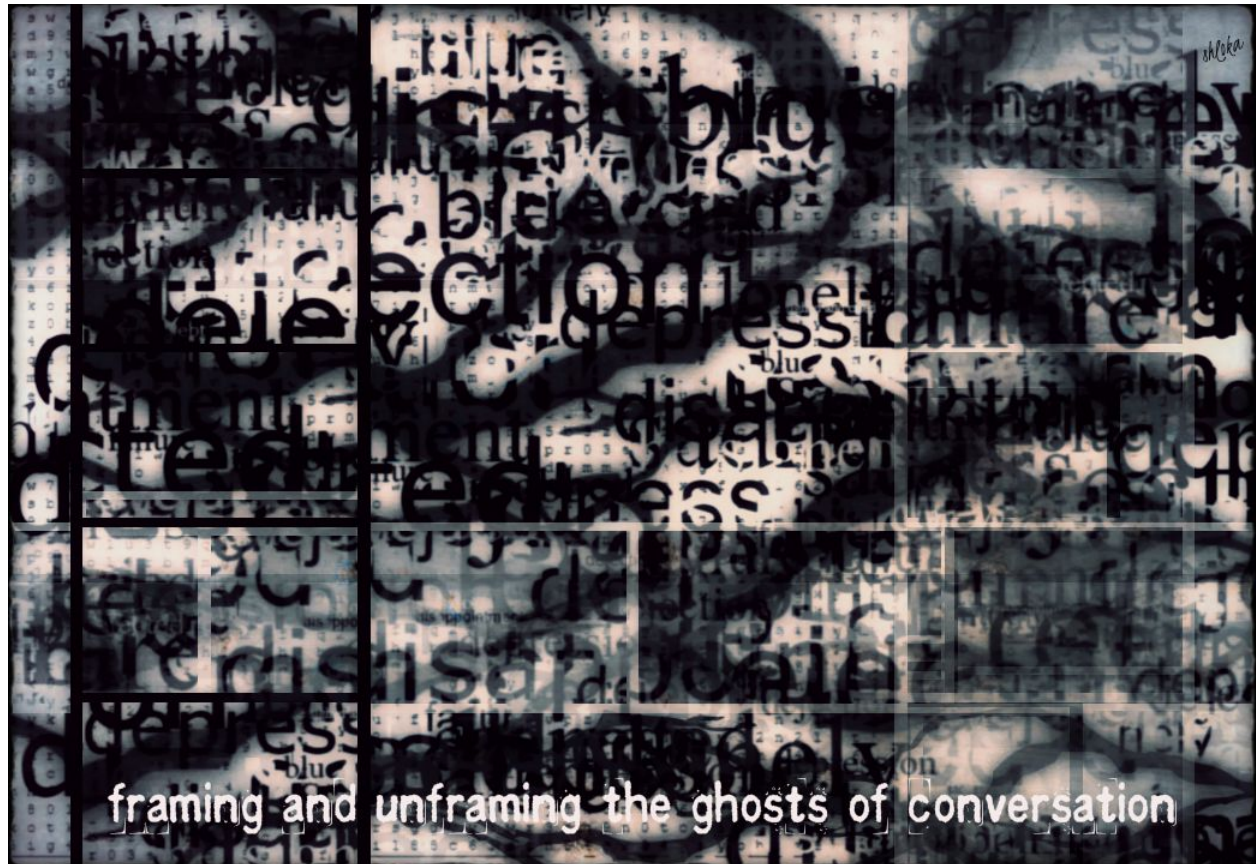
fill

the
hurt.



the radii of mind's eyes Kusama's hallucinations

shbka



Shloka Shankar

freshly painted room
spiders
reclaim their corners

weight gain –
she mentions
hibernation

year ending –
yet another diary
half-filled

perfect housekeeping
she polishes
the hoover

Ingrid Baluchi

first frost
messenger silent
today

autumn clouds
memorie and desires
collateral damage

wind from the north
waiting for salty caresses

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

wrapped in illness
my soul sees
a different sun

the rag doll
still burns...
her father's abuse

proud son
of a war veteran...
in dad's boots

Karen O'Leary

an old man
whistling a folk song...
winter begins

daffodils -
the tea master unfolds
the silk cloth

a mole
like her father's -
day moon

Réka Nyitrai

still better
in my memory
first kiss

way of the river

in a drawl like the sun
she tells us where
to get the best crawfish

we don't have
the heart to tell her
we're vegetarians

unshaved legs
the furtive glance
of my grandmother

As Is

It's been months since I've been alone. Truly alone. Lying on the hotel bed I want nothing more than to soak in my music and let thoughts that have been caged up for years come and lie with me.

half-light
remembering my ex
wife

Depaysement

After several months of communicating only in French, the mother turned to me and in perfect English says, "could you watch the children so we can go Christmas shopping?" I couldn't have loved her more.

wheels down
all the streets
unfamiliar

Three Years Later

i watch you, watching me

burning

past journals

reincarnation

Tia Haynes

tornado warning
my horoscope calls for
a good day

the canyon
my words come back
to haunt me

high tide
another bottle with no message

midlife crises everyone knows but him

blank canvas
I paint a portrait
of your silence

mustang
a horsefly clings
to the windshield

downward dog
a homeless cat welcomes
the dawn

Barbara Tate

a meeting of cows
at the roadside fence --
empty thought bubbles

crack of dawn
racing around to assemble
Santa's handiwork

putting out the trash
Aunt Eloisa's
untouched fruitcake

I begin the year
with the best intentions:
kale chips

James Chessing

everywhere
I swoon with strangers...
first snowfall

finally
a pretty good senryu
too late for the contest

contagion

Kindness is the most selfish thing I do. I am no longer amazed by its power or the way it spreads. Of course it does. Any act of compassion or self-compassion. Any act of healing that fractures the strongholds that separate us. Any defiance of lack that shares a blanket on cold days. Any handiwork that taps the inner light. Any method to free the heart from lingering ghosts that whisper I have nothing worthwhile to give or am not worthy of receiving.

Kindness is my rebellion during hopeless times, my embroidery of a white star onto the fabric of an otherwise dark night. Because none of us are so broken that we cannot heal brokenness in the world.

borrowing the light
the moon and I
cup the darkness

Kat Lehmann

[@SongsOfKat](#)

[www.SongsOfKat.com](#)

x-ray technician -
she sees right
through me

a different lamp
in the window -
new neighbors

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams



Christmas cookies
the urge to end the day
on the naughty list

f
a
l
l
i
n
g

s
n
o
w

the baby

and I

take turns

dozing

off

bk

windy morning
children capture snowflakes
on their tongues

bk



Barbara Kaufmann

I ought to turn on
the front porch light...
you never know when
you might run into
a possum in the dark

sometimes I dread
going to bed...
waking up
in the morning
in pain

I'm not
any of those people
I used to be
and I'm
all of them

Ed Bremson

starlit picnic
drinking in the
still of the night

sideways rain
pedestrians tilt
in unison

Margaret Walker

ragwort sky—
two lovebirds watching
two lovers' birdwatch

the blind eyes
of a moonshiner
banjo twang

white dew
creeping into the ku
the spider's stillness

THE AESTHETIC

It began when we wouldn't keep our chatter boxes shut, grew from us, strange flowers, admixing with weeds, progressed, became a part of us, providing kings who only wanted peanut butter sandwiches. For its own sake, a taste of brut Champaign with lemon cake? A few unusual explosions. Toss in an ampersand and call it beautiful?

Swounds! An abysmal bliss, this obfuscation of toads. My cats are beautiful!

blizzard of words—
poetry as Allen
Ginsberg's anus

Anna Cates

beach shacks
memories tucked inside
for winter

Dianne Moritz

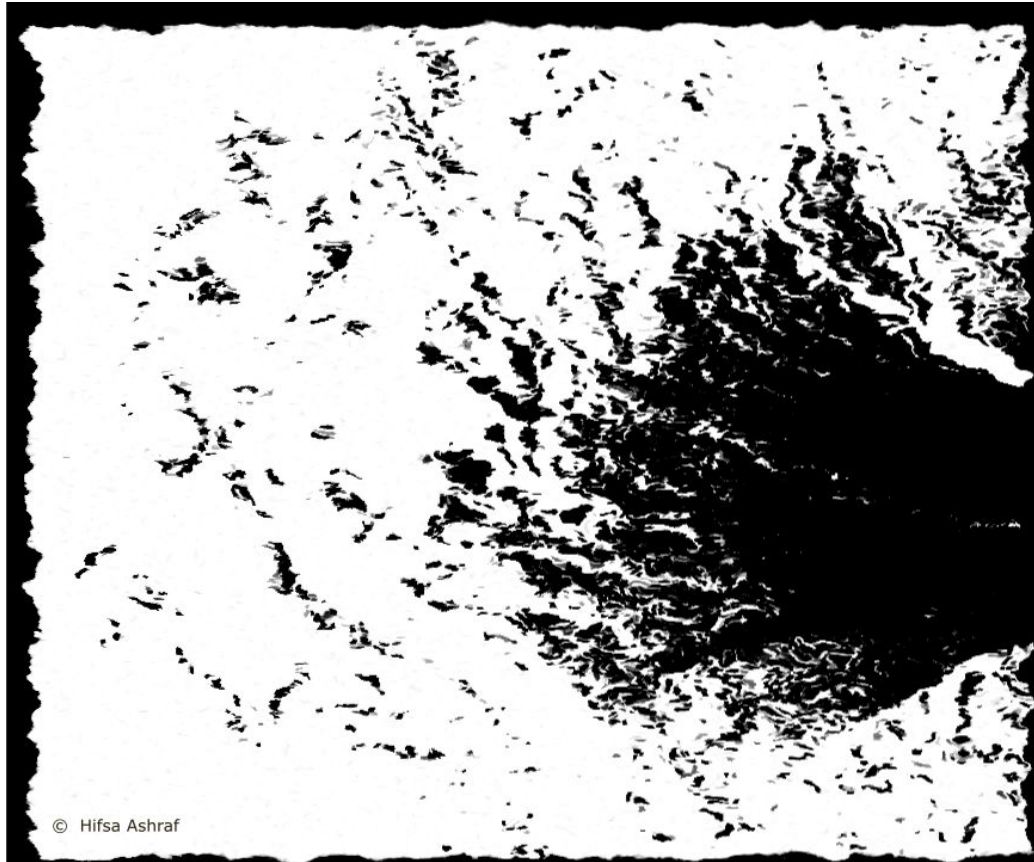
grand-pa's garden
his shack
pointlessly surviving him

Daniel Birnbaum



*fading memories
of the family tree
hospice window*

(c) Hifsa Ashraf



© Hifsa Ashraf

the
dispersal
of
flying
crows
my
disintegrated
thoughts



Hifsa Ashraf

charm bracelet
the beads
from the different husbands

family tree
orphan is hugging
a birch

frosty evening at the station
somebody's hand
into my pocket

street musician
the giver is wearing
earphones

Irina Guliaeva

distraught new wife
he has to explain
Daylight Fishing Time

English in need
of second person plural
y'all

for my sister's name
I suggested french fry
well, they asked

near closing time
at the bar
music of the beers

Nancy Shires

wallflower
she learns how to fade
into herself



words/image(C)DStrange

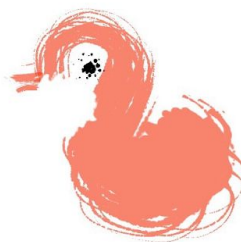
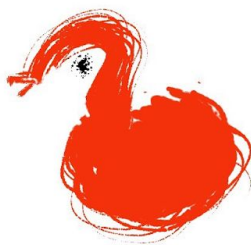


arthritis . . .
we can still run
in our dreams



words/image (c) dstrange

middle child . . .
Sometimes we lead
Sometimes we follow





sleigh bells . . .
the rising steam
of road apples

wordslimage(C)DStrange

Debbie Strange

[@Debbie Strange](#)

debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca

thermal underwear
not enough to warm
my heart

in the river
in the rain
in love

scan results
she visits the patient
in a see-through top

she recites
my poem to stop me
coming

pub argument
the unisex toilet
out of order

empty bottle
with the poker she moves
two logs together

Bee Jay



frog shell
my youngest's
cautious smile

blue moon
a late cricket stops
my thoughts

fetch in the pool
our rescue dog beats
me to it

whispers
in a foreign language . . .
our midnight séance

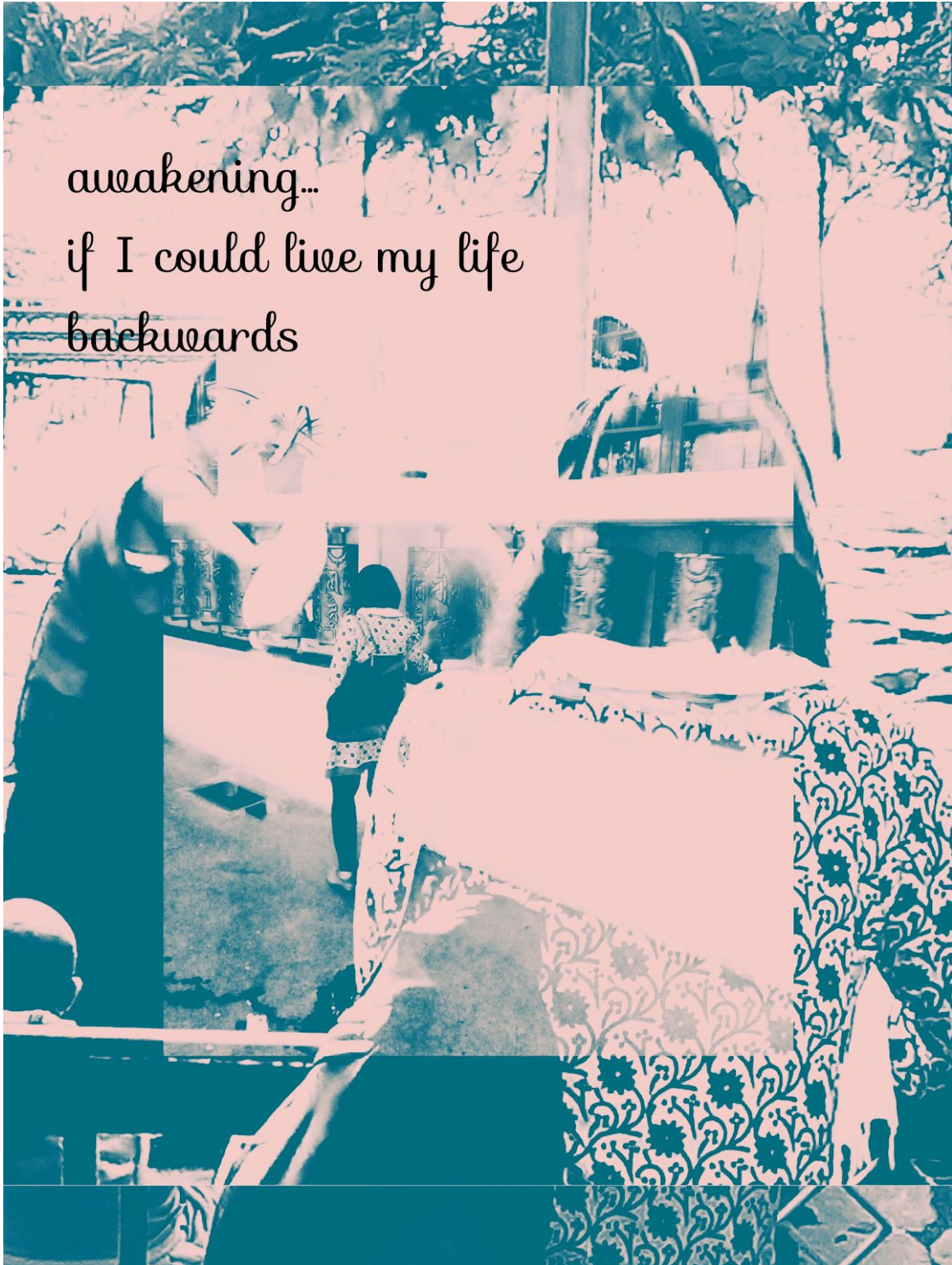
zucchini flowers
the artist eats
her subject

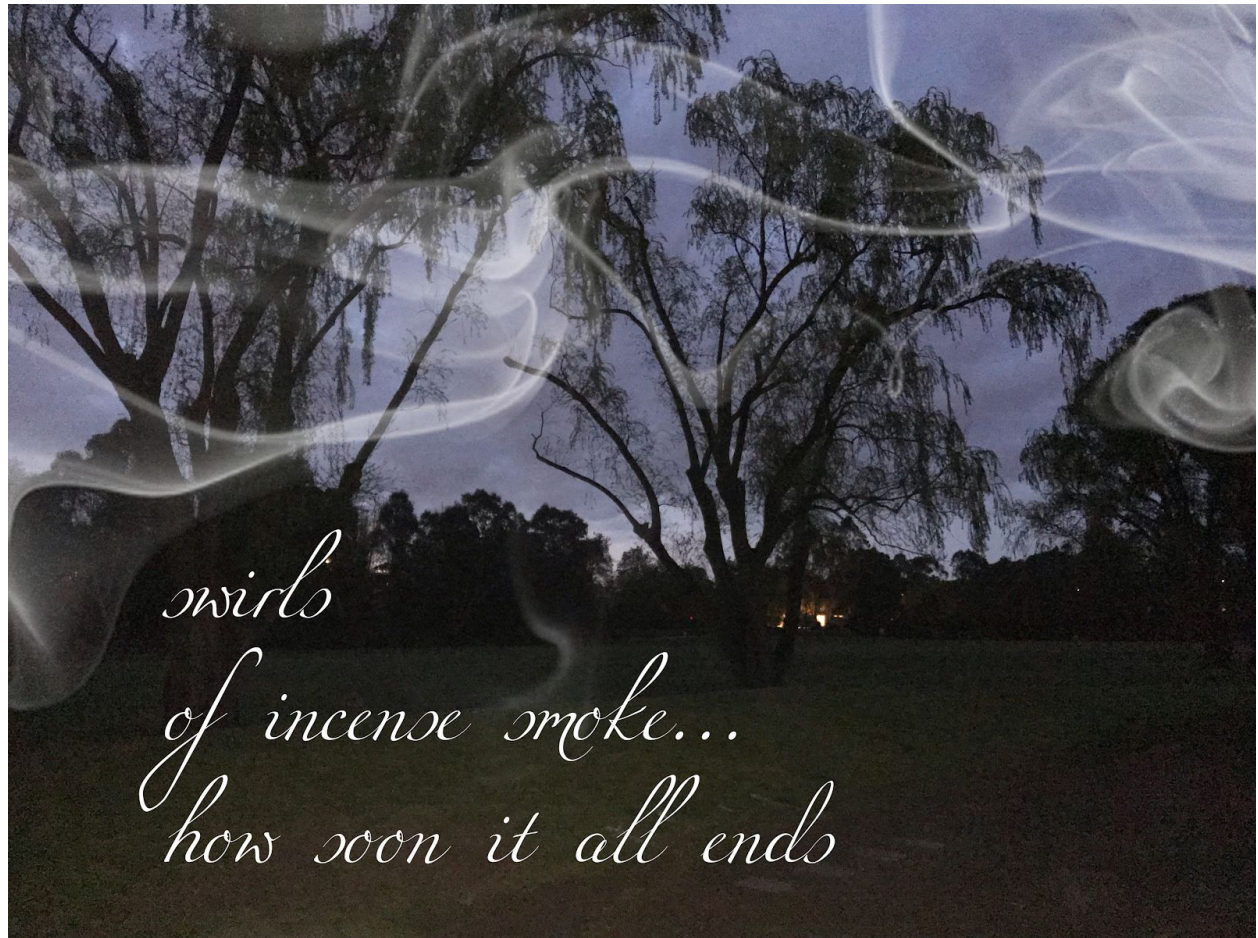
Cynthia Rowe
www.cynthiarowe.com.au



wired for life --
memories in cloud
apps to lean on

awakening...
if I could live my life
backwards





*whirls
of incense smoke...
how soon it all ends*

Madhuri Pillai

winter dawn...
I cradle your name
half-awake

winter dawn...
I cradle your name
half-awake

frost
summertime
iPod

Oscar Luparia

late spring
outside the lecture hall
the sun shines

in the bookstore
the poetry reading gets political
winter evening

Tim Murphy

darkened theater
old man slips
a fart between scenes

moment of silence
next door
the toilet flushes

Dan Schall

another forgotten password
pearly white gates

bridal waltz
the groom avoids
his new in-laws

the boss calls
me in for a 'chat'
bagpipes

Louise Hopewell

fallen leaves
crows form their own canopy
in the tree tops





Anna Maris

abandoned kitten~
my fate to be up
for adoption

her first word
one of our curse words
acid rain

teaching
his first grandchild to drive
him crazy

onomatopoeetry

Jackie Maugh Robinson

faded yearbook
a fellow student's eyes
still closed

helpful voter guide
I simply vote opposite
of what it urges

turning sixty-two
one more flyer about
long-term care

conversationalist
as soon as I talk
she talks

Click here for more info
clicking reveals
the same info

John J. Han

evening sky
everything she keeps
in the pocket

a shrike ...
declaring he is one
of my brothers

Father's Day
camomile tea
with my shadow

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

midnight-
my daughter still hasn't read
Cinderella

history class-
I secretly play
playstation

soccer game on TV
intact pancakes
on the table

Aljoša Vuković

she just doesn't get it . . .
I point at the dog
and then at the stick

a bachelor
in a room with a view
his iPad

bottom of the 9th
running on the first
contraction

construction site
how we develop
blind spots

end of the rainbow
my pot of gold
just the pot

Robert Witmer

big game hunter
the lion gnaws
his face off

hot air balloon
the politician
floats above it all

safe space
mydrinkingpartner
shareshisnuts

Mark Gilbert

dandelion puff-ball
the wind carrying my father's voice
from the distance

schoolbag
marches through the doorway
on two tiny legs

Nina Kovačić

after the wake
feeling half dead
on her valium

burgundy moon
his addiction slips
between us

organic gardening
bigger and better slugs
every year

family tree
the branch
with no nuts

recurring dream
the clatter
of a recycling truck



Martha Magenta

haiku -
nothing falls in love
with something

rumspringa -
the amish buggy
losing a wheel

bait and tackle shop
the blond girl's smile

fishing boat
even the sweets
are salty

incense the inward road

Adrian Bouter

a place for old photos
no one wants—
facebook

wet leaves
stick to my shoes
dream therapy

boots crunch
through crusty snow—
match.com

biting wind
saying more than
she should

he presumes
to speak for me—
dry corn stalks

match.com
spotting someone
i know

Sondra J. Byrnes

it believes to be
part of my family ...
the fly in winter

crede d'essere /parte della famiglia ...mosca in inverno

sad goodbye
to two old friends ...
new slippers

triste saluto / a due vecchie amiche ... nuove ciabatte

refugees ...
dozens of sparrows
in the courtyard

rifugiati ... decine di passeri /nel cortile

Lucia Cardillo

turning in
I become as one
tuning out

after the best
of everything
an overdue notice

after Buber
I and Thou whispering
in the shadows

between her lips
the tongue
I almost mastered

a sightseer
overlooks
the obvious

slim volume
the poet lives not
on bread alone

Hansha Teki

<https://www.patreon.com/hanshateki>

A Tribute to Angelee Deodhar

falling blossoms
your last poem
carried by the wind

winter solitude
looking for tiny stars
in the dark night

last journey
the stars protect
all your steps

last lines
the words are still looking for
their poet

winter solstice
the useless wait
of your retourn

empty garden
the call of a great tit
after love

cold spring
the spider still weaves
new frozen paths

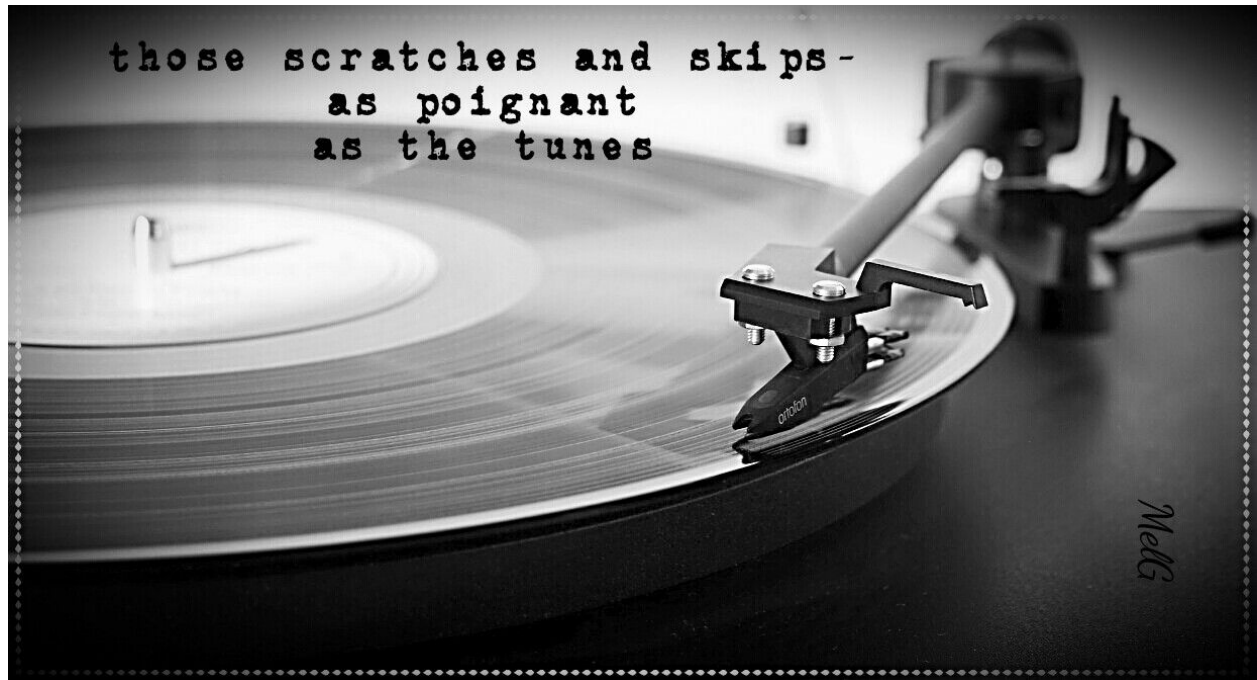
Eufemia Griffo

a paper crane
in the library book—
unfolding history

power outage—
shadow animals
spring back to life

ambidextrous artist—
each hand
crafts its own version

Rashmi Vesa



Mary Ellen Gambutti

<https://ibisandhibiscusmelwrites.blogspot.com>

hanging between us-
the t-shirt
I never let him wear

I can no longer
bite my tongue-
wine stained lip

change room-
I try on lives
other than my own

Liv Saint James

CHEERFUL CHARLIE CHESTER

A little after midday, we step out into the sunshine and birdsong of early-spring, draw deeply on the sweet Cumbrian air and crunch the gravel path back to our car.

Here we pause a long moment, my bro and I, to voice the certain truth we saw in the care home. The truth that will sit between us on the long haul south. He can't go on much longer, our dear old Dad, Bert.

plain in his speech
now old
the tongue of his youth

Over Shap and down through The Lake District, we speak little but think a lot...

We knew it the moment we saw him this morning, he's in a bad way now. Slipping. But, by Jove, there was still the old dry humour. Dad called himself Cheerful Charlie Chester.

We'll always treasure the memory, my bro and I. The memory of those few hours we spent with Dad in his room, for there was something sacred between us, surely.

When lunchtime came around, we wheeled him down to the dining room, where a kind carer helped him into his usual seat. Dad's table was by a window with bright daffodils crowding the verge beyond.

It was time. Dad would always shake and kiss our hands on parting. But today there was something more. Something he needed to tell me as his eldest son. Something about this very table, this very chair.

And looking me straight in the eye, this was it:

“When I go, this will be your place, Paul. And you will be head of the family.”

his precious girl gone
six years now
he will join her soon

Paul Beech

senior moment



my thoughts
exactly

T J

slumped in a chair
snoring
myself awake

playing solitaire
on the computer
I let the computer win

Sunday
laundry and football
t-shirt formation

Terrie Jacks

pieces of my midnight dream
willnotfittogether

what was meant –
the champagne
bubbled

Linda McCarthy Schick

still getting over polyester

oops, my Spanish stinks

I'm embarrassed, not knocked up

- embarazada

city litter

- confetti

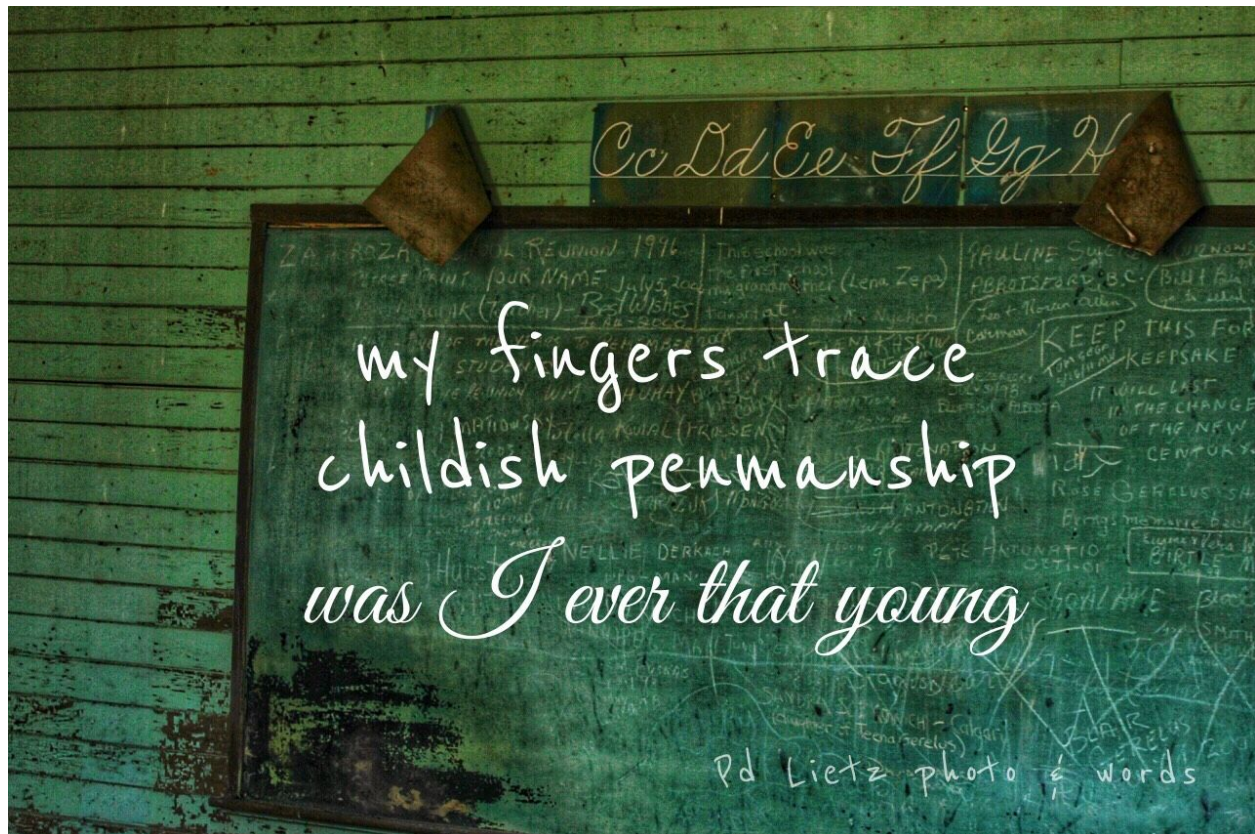
without the parade

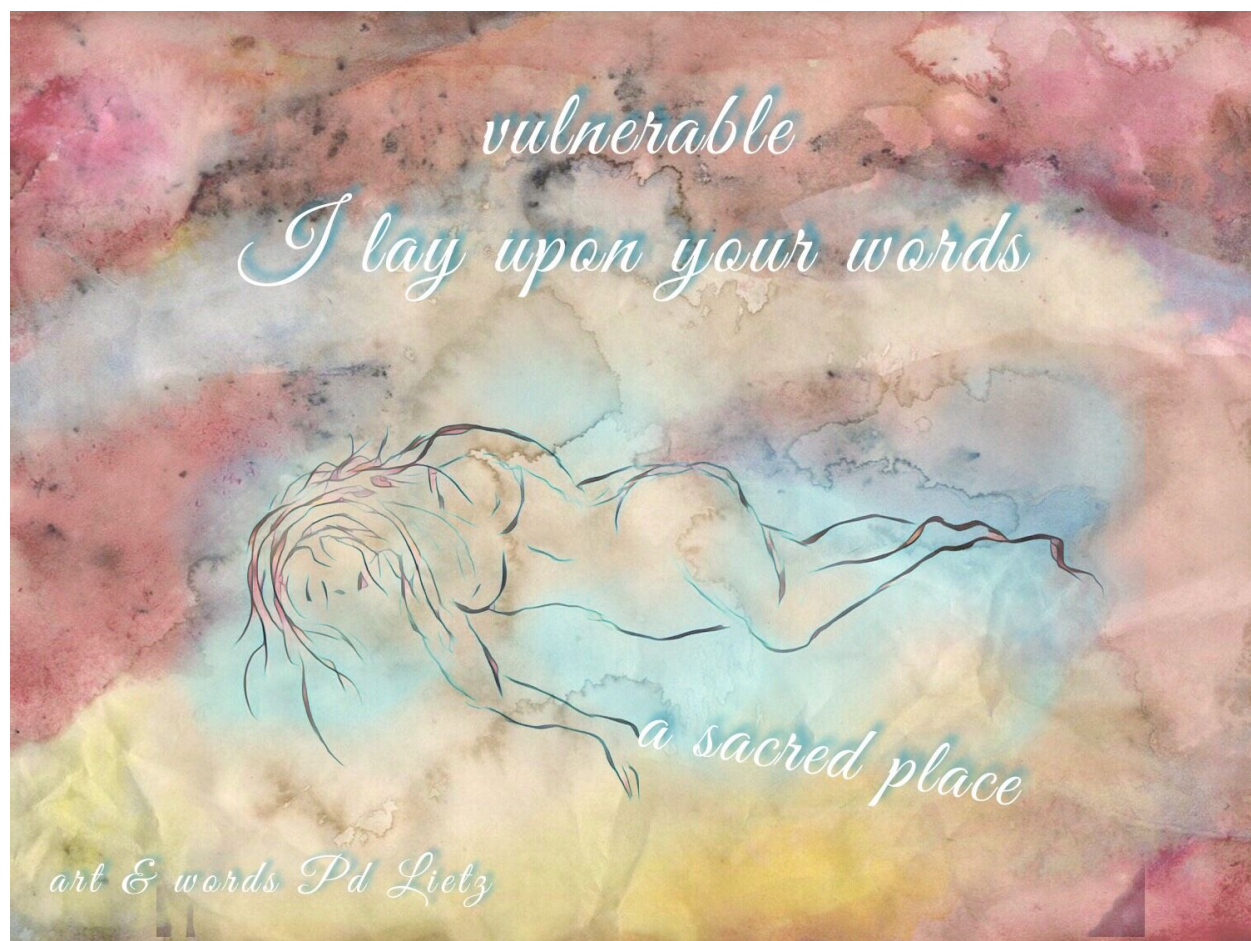
Roberta Beach Jacobson

<http://www.RobertaJacobson.com>

foreign country . . .
my Chinese seems to improve
over a glass of wine

Ivan Gaćina





Pd Lietz

Valentine's Day gift:
my wife pares my love poem
down to a few words

breakup dinner
her attempt
to split the check

the Paris bridge
with rusty love locks --
a kiss from my dog

her eyes
measure my belly
speed dating

Chen-ou Liu

a coin on the ground
i pretend to check my pocket
before picking

the sky
through rings of smoke
new art class with friends

Neha R. Krishna

at the legion
straightening the flag
the twang of bluegrass

barbie needs a lift
is there a plastic surgeon
in the toybox?

morning stillness
that space
between your snores

Richard Grahn

rather than see
her wrinkles...she refuses
to wear glasses

somewhere between
pranayama & dharana
a hiccup

Wendy C. Bialek

misdirection
the importance of being
inearnest

evening	still
the stars	missing
and I	you

more fake news
in a parallel universe
fiction is stranger

plosive
the sound of a raspberry
pip

David J Kelly
[@motto sakura](#)

river baptism . . .
the minister pauses
at incoming driftwood

tanker spillage
village folks approach
with oil lantern

backyard pool
meeting myself
for the first time

Adjei Agyei-Baah

eight fold path
grasping
trips me every time

the mensa guy
plays chess with her
one time
only . . .
he loses

our better selves
at the border—
organizing
a potluck dinner

Jill Lange

drop leaf
after Thanksgiving dinner
they come down

bits of paper blown by the wind white flutterbys

even the stars have losers brown dwarf

country dark...
the stars appear
to twangle

Eric Lohman
[@ealcsw](#)

first frost
the frozen paw prints
of the lost dog

fierce flowers
of november
milkweed seeds

if a poet
is anybody...
waves on a winter shore

Michael Rehling
'Failed' Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

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