

# failed ~~haiku~~

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**kelly savage** 'Failed' Editor

[www.failedhaiku.com](http://www.failedhaiku.com)

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*Photo by Isabella Kramer*

# Cast List

*In order of appearance*  
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**Subir Ningthouja**  
**A Sethuramiah**  
**Michael Henry Lee**  
**Shloka Shankar & rs**  
**John Hawkhead**  
**Pat Geyer**  
**Maxianne Berger & cfm**  
**Joseph P. Wechselberger**  
**Debbie Strange**  
**John Budan**  
**Kristen Lindquist**  
**Amrutha Prabhu**  
**William Scott Galasso**  
**Kim Klugh**  
**Mary Arnold**  
**Teiichi Suzuki**  
**Ken Slaughter**  
**Roberta Beach Jacobson**  
**Lev Hart**

**John J. Dunphy**  
**Gayle Worthy**  
**Christa Pandey**  
**Bruce Jewett**  
**Elliott Warshaw**  
**Christina Chin**  
**Chen Xiaoou**  
**Paul Beech**  
**Veronika Zora Novak**  
**Oscar Luparia**  
**Rp Verlaine**  
**Lynn Rivera**  
**Priti Khullar**  
**B.A. France**  
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**Ronald Degler**  
**Barrie Levine**  
**John Zheng**  
**Sondra J. Byrnes**  
**Neera Kashyap**  
**Richa Sharma**  
**Eva Joan**

**Vincenzo Adamo**  
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**Mark Meyer**  
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**Maya Daneva**  
**E. L. Blizzard**  
**Wilda Morris**  
**Krzysztof Kokot**  
**Ruth Holzer**  
**Bryan Rickert & Rita Rickert**  
**Bryan Rickert**  
**Louise Hopewell**  
**Natalia Kuznetsova**  
**Tracy Davidson**  
**Vidya Shankar**



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**Poesy Sestina**  
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**Agus Maulana Sunjaya**  
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**Terrie Jacks**  
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**Jill Lange**  
**Kevin Valentine**  
**Keiko Izawa**

**Wiesław Karliński**  
**Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo**  
**Nudurupati Nagasri**  
**Tomislav Sjekloća**  
**Jay Friedenberg**  
**Bill Kenney**  
**Cristina Povero**  
**Bidyut Prabha Gantayat**  
**Sushama Kapur**  
**Robert Moyer**  
**Mike Fainzilber**  
**Pippa Phillips**  
**Henryk Czempiel**  
**John S Green**  
**Sangita Kalarickal**  
**Ingrid Bruck**  
**Irina Guliaeva**  
**Kelly Sauvage**

windshield ice—  
using what's left  
of the debit card

smoking logs and  
melted memories  
our quenched fire

**Richard L Matta**

The winter starting  
With so many COVID ghosts  
Crying in the wind

**Jake Cosmos Aller**

<http://theworldaccordingtocosmos.com>



frosted window . . .  
I take refuge  
in warm readings

new year eve  
i eat toshikoshi soba  
on the bridge

zen stone—  
on its shadow  
it sits

**Subir Ningthouja**

winter sun—  
siesta ends with  
long shadow

**A Sethuramiah**

holiday dinner  
just me  
and my shadow

ecards  
my emoji stuffed in  
a Santa suit

**Michael Henry Lee**

## **Terra Incognita**

first light

*a persimmon  
ready to be picked—  
morning moon*

a crow's seventh caw

komorebi . . .  
finding the strength  
to move on

births the world

*winter wilds  
the shape of my voice  
precedes me*

**Shloka Shankar & rs**

## Into Lucidity

short-eared owls

*weathered barn . . .  
I am the needle  
in the haystack*

perched upon fence posts

keyless entry  
our secrets safe  
within the armadillo

of moonlit dreams

*a deep sigh  
ascends skyward . . .  
winter quietude*

**rs & Shloka Shankar**

rs: Twitter/Insta [@komadorihaiku](#)

Shloka: [@shloks89](#)

second coming  
the vicar's children resurrect  
last year's snowman

winter hardens  
a street cat's purr  
warms my hand

moonlit snow shadows darker still

ice road home  
tumbling into each other  
our parting words

**John Hawkhead**

the subtle movement  
of greens outside the window ~  
i still see winter

**Pat Geyer**





ku: Maxianne Berger  
photo: cfm

dancing in the snow angels

snowbound—  
the smell of limburger  
lingers

overnight snow—  
only Mom's footprints  
to and from the clothesline

**Joseph P. Wechselberger**



*ice bubbles the lake's breath made visible*

*words/image © DStrange*

**Debbie Strange**

[debbiemstrange.blogspot.com](http://debbiemstrange.blogspot.com)

new year's day  
her foamy heart  
in my hot latte

bookstore weather  
between kerouac and kesey  
her gucci heels

**John Budan**

cabin fever  
talking back  
to the wind

all-night storm  
the pulse of hard rock  
from the plow truck's cab

harbor town holiday  
Santa arrives  
by lobster boat

**Kristen Lindquist**  
[www.kristenlindquist.com](http://www.kristenlindquist.com)

## **December Love**

breath of winter

on her parched lips  
stains of  
december rose

unfurling

white lilies  
floating in  
red wine

her messy hair bun

a message of love . . .  
his touch  
on her smile

**Amrutha Prabhu**

no longer young  
we enter the New Year  
snoring

**William Scott Galasso**



falling snow  
softening  
life's ragged edges

**Kim Klugh**

tinsel  
the silver catches the light  
in her hair

**Mary Arnold**

a cold wind—  
living in another world  
a deep-sea fish

**Teiichi Suzuki**

year-end surge  
last exit  
from the traffic circle

freezing rain  
the steady rhythm  
of coffeehouse blues

**Ken Slaughter**

every year  
he gives us the gift of music  
unfortunately live

snow falls  
on the bride's veil  
for better or worse

**Roberta Beach Jacobson**

last night's snow  
shrouds the swings—  
my childless life

**Lev Hart**

New Year's fireworks  
a veteran wakes up  
screaming in an alley

**John J. Dunphy**



## Captive Audience

After Christmas, Big Mama takes the decorations off her tree and tells Daddy to hang it upside down from the rafters of her garage. (Someone has told her that she'll be able to use it again next Christmas if she does this.) For a full year, when my brothers and I play in her yard, we pass by the open door of the garage and see that upside-down tree. When December rolls around, Big Mama tells Daddy to go get it down and set it up in front of the French doors in the living room.

"Mama, you can't use that tree!" he says.

But she insists.

By the time Daddy gets it into the house, there are needles everywhere, on the garage floor, the driveway, the hardwood floors of the house, but none on the tree. It's a tree skeleton. We can see straight through it.

"It will look fine with some ornaments and icicles to fill it out," she says.

We watch spellbound as she sashays around the stick-tree, placing ornaments here and there, standing back to admire and compliment her efforts while we giggle from our spots on the couch.

*we cannot resist  
the invitation to see  
as she sees*

**Gayle Worthy**

Christmas cactus  
the buds lean  
into the season

**Christa Pandey**

how much further  
I ask the snowy woods  
how much further

**Bruce Jewett**

I lay wrapped  
under the cold starry sky  
wishing for a roof

very cold—  
no window to close  
in this alley

a soft smile  
not looking away—  
warms me up

**Elliott Warshaw**

inches of snow train ploughs through fresh powder

hearth's dying flame tinsels flicker

white moonscape in the old colliery silence

**Christina Chin**

winter sleep  
the marmot dreams  
of an early spring

first migrating birds  
I add firewood to my  
country cottage

cold winter  
story time for babies  
one hour earlier

**Chen Xiaoou**

fleeing his fists  
she alights in a strange town  
her unborn kicks

seeking shelter her tears turn to ice

~~

blizzard blown  
we reach the care home  
imposters in dad's eyes

rejected we reset the satnav

**Paul Beech**

deflated  
the abominable snowman's  
existential crisis

winter garden  
the Buddha's lips  
cracked too



**Veronika Zora Novak**



it's snowing . . .  
little by little  
my new haiku

**Oscar Luparia**

<https://issuu.com/oscarluparia>

in a cavernous church  
where my sins can't hide  
lighting candles

not enough  
to hide the rat trails  
first snow

the iceskaters  
lost in endless  
figure eights

our frozen breath  
walking home through snow  
tripping over lies

**Rp Verlaine**

## The Electrolux

Growing up in the South, snow is a rare thing. There is the occasional ice storm, leaving everything crystalized and pine trees bent to the ground, but due to the infinitesimally small chance of having enough to slide on, no one has a sled. That said, when we do get an accumulation of frozen precipitation, we get creative.

Our very long, steep driveway leads from the street down to the house. With a thick crust of ice on everything, the neighborhood kids show up with garbage can lids, cookie sheets, pieces of wood paneling, and just about anything you can think of that will slide. There are not enough homemade sleds to go around, so we beg our parents for help. Now, Dad is an engineer, so most of our hopes rest with him. Mom, on the other hand, is mechanically challenged, but there is a gleam in her eye. She dashes off to a closet and comes out with . . . our vacuum cleaner! The old Electrolux canister style with the runners on the bottom and a handle on top. She detaches the cord and hose . . . Voila! “Kids! We have a sled!”

*necessity*

*my mother of invention*

*winter thrills*

## Christmas Wishes

Christmas Eve is always the longest day of the year. We kids get little sleep anticipating our deepest wishes being granted. Stockings stuffed to the brim. Glittering packages with shiny bows. It's almost more than a child can take.

Now, it is my boys' turn. They leave the cookies and milk, listen for reindeer bells, and dream of Santa's coming. Except for Darren, who doesn't really treat this as different from any other day or night. Yes, there is a tree, with ornaments hung out of reach, and some packages have been rewrapped and re-taped to be opened in the morning. But why the wait? He wants to eat the cookies, now! Darren has autism, and for that reason, Christmas, in general, doesn't make any sense. He is confused because things are different.

Morning comes and Santa does not disappoint. Everyone gets what they wished for. Almost everyone.

*packages unwrapped*  
*wishes granted*  
*autism remains*

**Lynn Rivera**

another winter  
my hand-knitted cardigan  
still smells of granny

**Priti Khullar**

long goodbyes  
one last coffee before  
winter break

brightest stars . . .  
wondering which  
wise men to follow

**B.A. France**

[Twitter: @b a france](https://twitter.com/b_a_france)



**Darlene O'Dell**

hot chocolate  
red mittens wave  
from a snowdrift

**Marilyn Fleming**



gone mad  
in the moonlight . . .  
deep winter

**Kathleen Vasek Trocmet**

ice storm—  
let's hold onto  
that thought

freezing rain  
the hitch  
in her voice

winter light  
the side of her  
she shows

**Jamie Wimberly**

zen garden nothing still blooms

**Robert Epstein**

first snow . . .  
we watch the squirrels  
check their nuts

**Ronald Degler**

winter suburb . . .  
snowblowing away  
the silence

**Barrie Levine**

winter break  
a musty coat hangs  
on the peg

heater broken  
coldness creeps around  
in cat's feet

**John Zheng**

winter sky  
paring myself  
down to me

forced amaryllis  
a winter song  
in falsetto

winter morning—  
he peels an orange  
awake

**Sondra J. Byrnes**

## Color Palette

A professional photographer friend first sends a photograph of a wintry dawn at Jim Corbett National Park. It is mostly of sky—the blue serving as backdrop to veils of pink cloud that trail down languorously. The orange over the dark undulating hills are two broad strokes. Pink and orange merge and ripple in the river. Mid-stream, there is a sandbank, dark as slate, blue ripples lapping its sides. Outcrops of vegetation, rock, tree and branch form the borders of this picture frame.

Next, he sends a video clip. He suggests (shyly, I feel) if I would like to base a poem on these images. The camera pans slowly to the right, the colors of the painting deepening as it moves, the pink-orange of the waters forming wide bands in the blue river. The colors of the sky continue to enflame both river and sky. The sandbank ends. A piece of dark driftwood throws up gnarled hands. A lone bird alights on it. There is more light now, a bluer sky and river. It is a white-capped redstart.

*silent frame—  
red feathers ripple  
in chill wind*

**Neera Kashyap**



winter light  
my shadow and i share  
the fierce silence

**Richa Sharma**

Instagram: [poet.richa](https://www.instagram.com/poet.richa)

with eyes closed  
warming myself by your voice  
and outside . . . snowfall

**Eva Joan**

the world ends  
our last kiss  
it will be in winter

**Vincenzo Adamo**

Christmas lights  
the past present and future  
we untangle

**Marilyn Ward**

warm peanuts  
the crackle of gossip  
in the courtyard

fresh snow  
walking in the footprints  
grandpa left

**Arvinder Kaur**

evening chill  
a vagrant child gathers  
the fallen twigs

winter fog  
how long does  
this grief last

frost moon  
what if I break  
my silence

**Hifsa Ashraf**

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

Delhi winter  
I pick the darkest grey  
for the sky

words cold enough for my breath to steam

virgin snow  
his eyes follow  
her curves

**Vandana Parashar**

Santa and elves  
laid off by the Grinch  
Santa sleigh uber

one thousand eighty  
toys to make by midnight  
elf emergency

**Robert Fleming**



sudden awakening  
a candy wrapper crinkle  
does its magic

**Franjo Ordanić**

frost-covered  
my memories rest . . .  
old love letters

snow forecast  
my grandson draws  
a sleeping angel

street dogs howl  
this bitterly cold night . . .  
a wolf moon

**Neena Singh**

<https://neenaz678328926.wordpress.com>

drunken winter  
I wake up  
as a snow angel

**Christopher Calvin**

<http://talesofseriesforever.blogspot.com/>

Merry Christmas  
all the stars  
on my bare head

**Vladislav Hristov**

winter sunlight  
Snowlady's woolly warmers  
in a deep puddle

**Norman Silver**

**Bone Cold**  
(a monoku sequence)

late autumn wind chills downcast eyes  
yuletide tree highlights her sardonic smile  
another blizzard stills the makeup dinner  
intermission stirred but not shaken  
midnight dash almost tinkle toes  
faux spring morning breathless sounds return

**Ray Caligiuri**



allegro ma non troppo –  
the snowball fight  
got virtual

Cristina Angelescu

**Cristina Angelescu**

## No business like snow business . . .

Thinking back, it was all too spontaneous, poorly planned. The three of us, on a bitter winter's day, deciding to drive from Seattle to ski Mt. Rainier once again. Of course, before you ski down, you've first got to climb up. So, with climbing skins attached to our backcountry skis, we slowly trudged the miles up the mountain, finally reaching Camp Muir at 10,080 ft. early in the afternoon.

*everything inside  
except common sense—  
a ski dolt's backpack*

By this time, it was below freezing and a classic alpine white-out had moved in quickly. Mountain and sky were soon erased in every direction. We waited hours, yet the weather showed no sign of relenting. No tents or sleeping bags, we'd come unprepared for an overnight bivouac. And so to avoid the crevasses, scree, ice, and other glacial pitfalls, we had to carry our skis and cautiously creep our way, near snowblind, back down to the base at Paradise.

*zigzagging my way  
down steep mountain slopes—  
black diamond\* dreams*

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\*Black diamond runs are made for advanced skiers. These runs will have a gradient of 40% or greater.

**Mark Meyer**



cold night  
the sound of grandma's  
knitting needles

after autumn  
just the winter quiet  
and a cicada husk

migrating geese  
leaving behind  
a bit of something

**Mona Bedi**

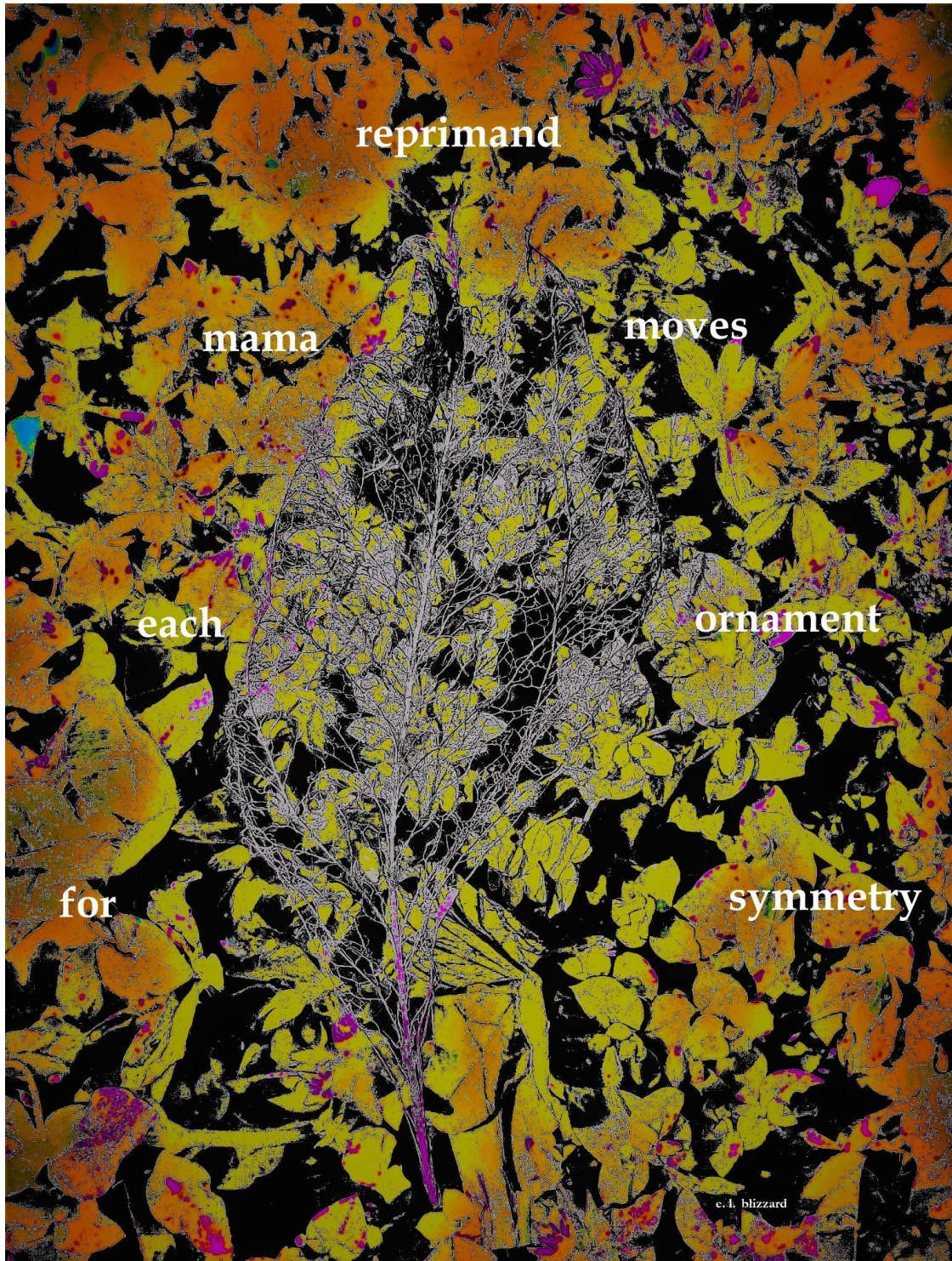
snowscape  
shaping things differently  
my bereavement

winter funeral  
the wind blow gives the rhythm  
of the procession

pandemic winter again  
we use Zoom  
much more efficiently

gibbous moon  
my toddler fears the ghost  
of the snowman

**Maya Daneva**



**E. L. Blizzard**

decorating the tree  
Grandpa lifts his littlest angel  
to put the star on top

cold wind off the lake  
my hat  
learns to fly

**Wilda Morris**

chilly morning—  
oranges on the market stall  
in white caps

**Krzysztof Kokot**

mating season—  
seeping into our bedroom  
the scent of fox

how I wish  
I too could write  
my name in the snow

**Ruth Holzer**





**Senryu: Bryan Rickert**  
**Photo: Rita Rickert**

Christmas traffic  
the gift of  
a middle finger

how you melt in my arms wet snow

thin snow  
the footbridge echoes  
my solitude

the teenager briefly emerges false spring

**Bryan Rickert**



only a little past  
the best before date  
regifting

winter spice  
sipping mulled wine  
under the mistletoe

memories of summer  
deep in my pockets  
winter coat

**Louise Hopewell**

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

the wolf moon staring  
into my barred window . . .  
a toast to daring

the jolly round snowman  
wearing granny's kerchief—  
a snow-babushka

**Natalia Kuznetsova**

we couldn't find a carrot . . .  
the snowman's nose  
vibrates

not-so-silent night  
my inner Grinch longs  
to slay bells

**Tracy Davidson**

Twitter: [@tracydavidson27](https://twitter.com/tracydavidson27)

snow-white tresses  
winter has not caught up  
with her yet

deserted pathways  
the delivery boy walks with snow  
for company

**Vidya Shankar**

Instagram: @vidya.shankar.author

smoke from last night's fire  
masquerading  
winter morning fog

during the sermon  
the altar boy yawns again  
Christmas Mass

**Maeve O'Sullivan**

[www.maeveosullivan.com](http://www.maeveosullivan.com)

Winter night . . .  
Untouched whiteness  
Of her diary's pages

Mulled wine—  
Through naked branches  
Rays of light

Snowy path  
All the footprints filled  
With silence

**Anna Goluba**

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

winter sleep  
the ghosts of Christmas past  
all around me

treacherous moon  
warming my feet  
at a cherry pit pillow

**Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo**

## **Silver Bells**

peanut butter

in-laws' living room  
bodies present  
hearts AWOL

the last temptation

yuletide spirit  
eggnog jiggling  
my noggin

of mice

absent aunt  
her card signed  
with shaking hands

**Cynthia Anderson**

<http://www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com>





**Lavana Kray**

Christmas morning  
the stillness  
of the dog park

first snow—  
across my bagel  
a little schmear

winter evening  
letting the tea cool  
our words

**Mark Forrester**

<http://buddha-rat.squarespace.com/>

snow-covered window  
an accounting job  
with high cubicle walls

winter sunshine  
on a jogger's forehead  
pigeon poop

laid off  
after the overnight shift . . .  
at the pub's curb  
I write my boss's name  
yellow in snow

**Chen-ou Liu**

Twitter: [@ericcoliu](https://twitter.com/ericcoliu)

winter gift  
from my brother-in-law  
another debt

**Charles Harper**

her accidental lust with my frozen fingers

all variants of religious verse for the dirty snow

**Pere Risteski**

first snow  
what's left to captivate me  
the last leaf

cold night  
the hearse  
refuels

snowstorm  
and yet the faint sound  
of sleigh bells

**Ravi Kiran**

my family at Christmas  
even ghosts leave  
a trail

**Maria Concetta Conti**



**Milan Rajkumar**

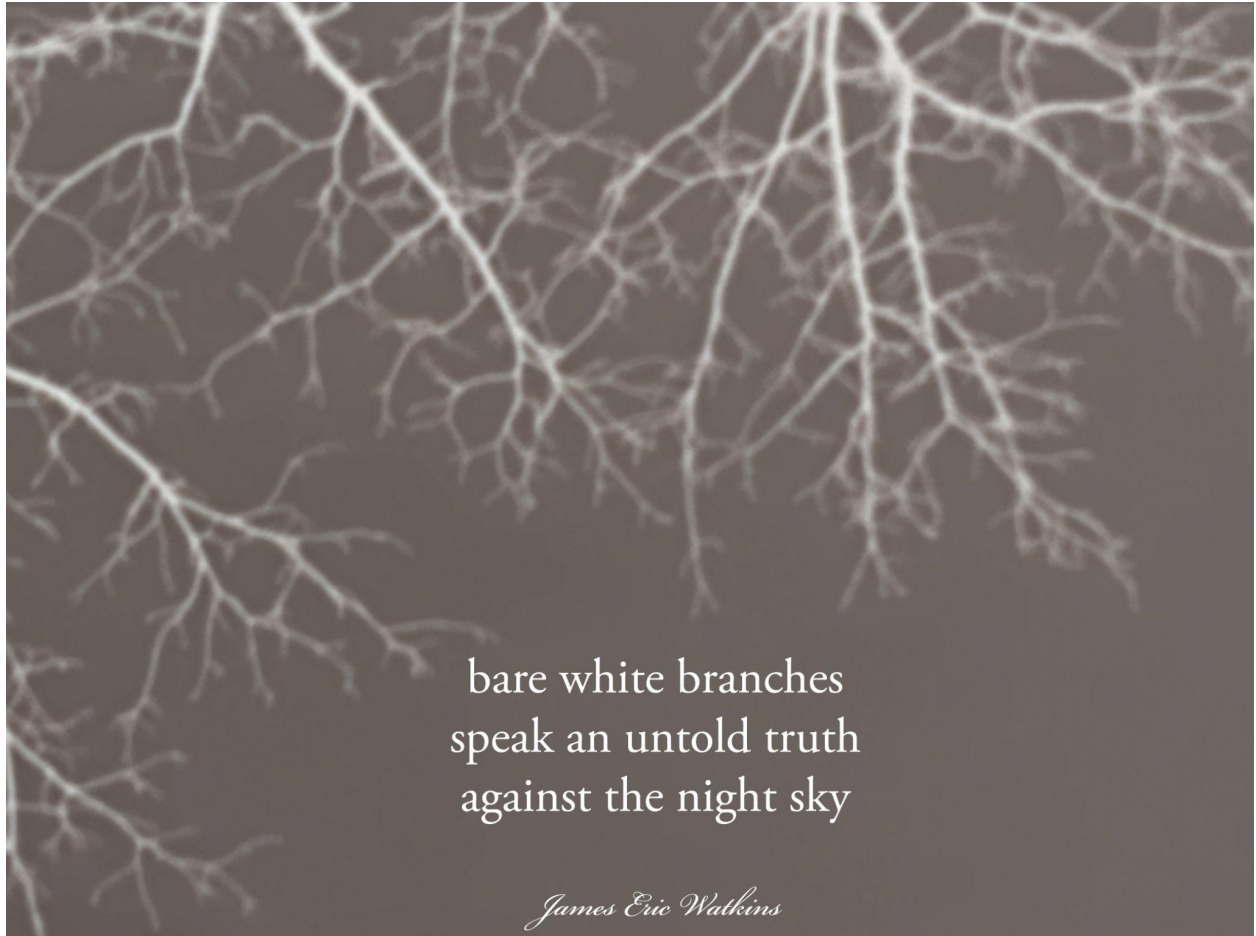


cold moon  
trying to fix  
the furnace

day after Christmas  
the mall full  
of sneers & elbows

**Greg Schwartz**

<https://haiku-and-horror.blogspot.com/>



**James Eric Watkins**

Christmas Eve  
the neighbor's dog piddles  
in the manger

last call  
crumpling my letter  
to Santa

**Bob Lucky**

snow bank  
the moon's repose  
diamonds and change

snow fight  
the rat-a-tat-tat  
of the children's teeth

frozen lake  
beneath the skaters  
fish sleep

**Robert Witmer**

passing time  
tending winter stalls  
a knot of sock-knitters

**Ingrid Baluchi**

snowed-over farm  
nobody here  
but us chickens

**Allyson Whipple**

Twitter: [@quatrainquilts](https://twitter.com/quatrainquilts)

thirty below zero  
the pileated woodpecker  
cracks open the day

longest night of the year  
no answer  
for the owl

**Marsh Muirhead**

5:00 AM chorus  
Boxing Day festivities  
live from Melbourne

season's greetings  
unwrapping this year's  
oversized sweater

**Zahra Mughis**



mom's baked apples  
filled with honey and raisins  
yes, now it's winter

winter evening  
from time to time  
a stitch falls

**Pitt Buerken**

## Boxing Day

It's pandemonium, my father says. People everywhere. He's pleased to be hosting the annual holiday gathering. He serves drinks and invites the uncles out to the back balcony to enjoy the view towards the golf club.

It's 115 degrees in the kitchen, and my mother and aunts bustle about preparing lunch as they catch up on family news and recipes they've used for today. Aunt Maureen arrives, and a great reshuffling ensues. She's a magnificent organizer who is ready for any eventuality. She brings extra cups and plates and cutlery, another pie, side salads, main dishes, and sets the more vulnerable aunts' teeth on edge.

After lunch we all head for the beach. We take the expressway through eucalyptus-scented air.

*sandpipers feed  
at the water's edge  
trident tracks awash*

**Janine Lehane**

village well  
only the wolf moon sees her  
jumping in

sixty winters  
my shadow growing longer  
than me

Christmas toast  
father's fingers still pink  
with beetroot juice

**Minal Sarosh**

## **Winter Berries and Snow**

winter breeze  
rustling leaves  
add to my solitude                      RC

broken heart  
I make a smiling snowman              RN

winter rains—  
a flower lantern  
to chase my solitude                      RC

cold night—  
a distant cowbell  
echoes my soliloquy                      RN

heavy snowfall  
time freezes in clock tower              RC

snowstorm  
candle light flickers . . .  
my failing memories                      RN

**Ram Chandran & Nithya**

icy path  
two ladies like two  
penguins

**Tsanka Shishkova**

the New Year has arrived  
a photograph of an ex-wife  
hangs on the wall

**Željko Vojković**

snowflakes  
like when i was a child  
caught with the tongue

cold spell  
thoughts wandering  
into the tree hollow

**Benno Schmidt**

bridge like white glass  
and me  
slip into your arms

**Nani Mariani**



mistletoe hue  
throwing up cold  
in an alley

nutcracker crack  
faster than the flash  
of forgiveness

frozen pond  
cracks  
in the relationship

**Mark Gilbert**

a sheet of ice  
he cleans with saliva  
his son's face

**Carmela Marino**

Googling states  
that allow assisted death  
long winter

winter dawn  
reaching into the hay  
for a golden egg

**Tim Cremin**

tree ornaments  
the duck makes a wish  
to be a dove

alone on Christmas  
winding and rewinding  
the drummer boy

**Jackie Chou**

still . . .  
lifeless swing set  
the chill of winter

pond ice already gone  
wind shimmers across the water . . .  
so fly my thoughts of you

dark of night . . .  
bare branches cross  
your moonlit facade

**Deborah Burke Henderson**

six snowballs  
in the freezer . . .  
just in case

fireside gathering  
the smoke lingers  
in my hair

epic freeze  
power outages spark  
talk of tuna recipes

first frost  
the jogger stops  
to smell the last rose

game day freeze  
he passes  
on the free tickets

**Christine Wenk-Harrison**

holiday souvenir—  
my boho nut-necklace  
begins to hatch

frost-nipped fingers  
her snow angel wings  
dusted with stars

**Cynthia Rowe**

<http://www.cynthiarowe.com.au/>

buttock marks  
on the wall  
light snow

stubble on the winter field  
the farmer  
rubs his chin

field of snow  
a flock of geese  
with no feet

**Roger Watson**

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roger\\_Watson\\_\(academic\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roger_Watson_(academic))



i remember snow  
soft white flakes kissing my cheeks—  
winter vacation

**Gillena Cox**

snow moon  
my neighbor narrates  
the day I was born

hot news  
a paperboy pedals  
through bitter cold

wolf moon  
her clavicles in the shape  
of a wishbone

war memorial—  
withered hands  
wipe the winter

**Srinivasa Rao Sambangi**

## **white rats on the way**

. . . every time when a blizzard reaches our serene  
corner of the world, when the snow climbs high  
around the house, and the cold brings the firs to sing  
this wild thing in my DNA, awakes

*don't speak too soon  
of giving up—  
Winter rose*

**Isabella Kramer**

[www.haiku-veredit.blogspot.com](http://www.haiku-veredit.blogspot.com)

falling snow

windshield wipe  
from time to time  
a mountain

not quite everything

how much  
do we really see

is black and white

a crow  
picks at the body  
before it's cold

**Keith Evetts**

eggnog—  
my New Year's resolution  
already broken

again this year  
the Christmas lights  
go back in the box  
all tangled

**Linda Papanicolaou**

fresh snow—  
from here to somewhere  
a new path

**Marek Kozubek**

stuck in my ways winter freeze

cold snap—

I should have known  
you wouldn't call

temperature drop my boobs in the lower 40's

**Susan Burch**

pandemic winter  
our four year old  
virtual grandson

winter fig  
wrapping the future  
in my old overcoat

### **the crux**

I valued every word it was a dialogue i had at the museum writing  
haiku about Javlensky his faces I chose winter we went around  
circumferences and stepped outside talking in fragments of long  
unwritten poems what if we never

*slipped*  
*a*  
*millimeter*

**Kath Abela Wilson**



home  
for the holidays:  
fire escape cigarettes

**Michael Battisto**

[michaelbattisto.com](http://michaelbattisto.com)

the baby  
facing the great white beard  
cries fake

**Mariel Herbert**

[marielherbert.wordpress.com](http://marielherbert.wordpress.com)

white snow  
over the rusty fence—  
a new beginning

winter evening—  
through the shut window  
ice on the moon

**Carmen Duvalma**

Googling the north pole Santa accepts all my cookies

day after Christmas  
the little blue box  
in his coat pocket

the mother-in-law's cold snap is it seasonal

**Peg Cherrin-Myers**

Twitter @pegcherrinmyers

dragged out  
from the storage unit  
Christmas

pristine white  
the steady roar of  
snow blowers

squirrels fatten up . . .  
another helping from  
the stew pot

2021  
typo  
do over!  
2022

**Ronald K. Craig**

cold morning  
after the first pothole  
a puddle of tea

**Robert Kingston**

December hospice  
sunflowers  
out of season

snow angel  
a sinner  
tries

hibernation  
rumors  
of spring

**Kelly Sargent**

Christmas tree lights  
coiled in a dusty box  
season's end

shadows of trees  
winter moon  
words I can't take back

**Lee Hudspeth**

Twitter: @LeeHuds



sweater season  
another layer  
of adipose tissue

long winter  
the dust bunnies  
multiply



**Terri L. French**

sunshine  
melting the frown  
of the snowman

sleigh bells  
the jingle within  
my hangover

**Joanna Ashwell**



ON THE ICE  
THE MAN'S PRIDE  
PLUS HIS BUTT

Poem: Poesy Sestina  
Photo: Eva Elijas

**Senryu: Poesy Sestina**  
**Photo: Eva Elijas**

in the basement  
untangling christmas lights  
with a pint of rum

under mistletoe  
mommy kissing someone  
who isn't daddy

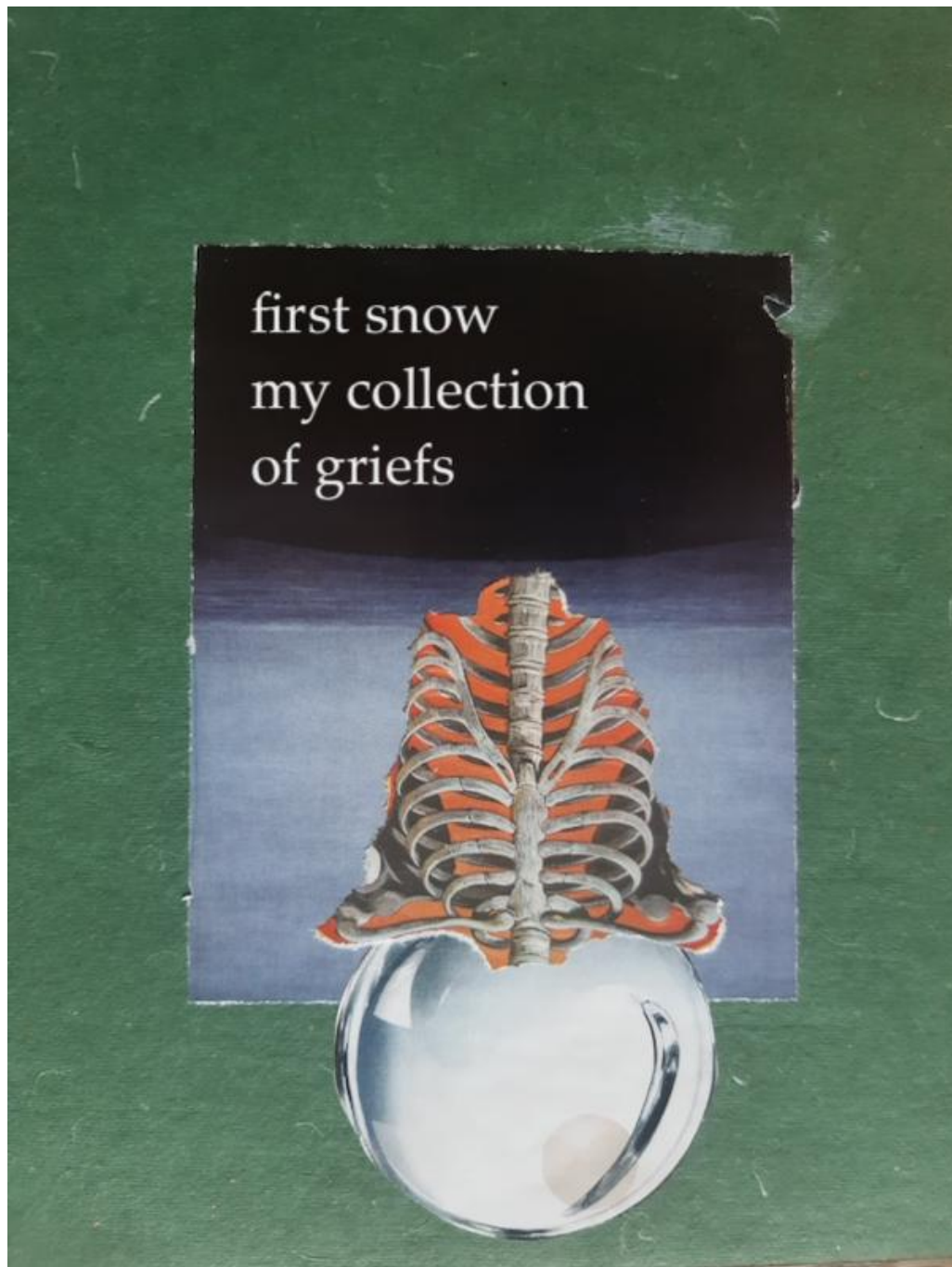
**Poesy Sestina**

roadside trees  
faster than distant ones  
another winter

pulling me  
across the country to you  
winter moon

**Agnes Eva Savich**

Twitter @agnesevasavich



**Senryu: Agnes Eva Savich**  
**Art: Elizabeth Gold**

steamed callaloo  
another minute under cover  
cool Kingston morning

spider webs  
soft dew  
over winter tents

### **Shipping Out**

The night is still under a silver moon, save his tire tracks in a dusting of fresh snow. No breeze blows at our back to carry one last kiss. No owl adds his wistful last who-who-who. And, then, no word from him.

*dusk and dawn—  
the same stars shine  
across oceans*

**Colleen M. Farrelly**

## **poetic dynamics**

going to a poetry reading is key to understanding poetry and our lives. first someone reads their poems. then another someone reads theirs. and so on and so on. and if you view these readings as separate events you have missed the purpose of poetry. poems are meant to provoke responses in another or more correctly a collection of anothers. so when haiku poets have a reading it is best to take the entire reading as a totality. and that is how i understand linked verse in all its cosmic intentions. we are totally serious about our individuality but the genre of haikai spins its web wide and collects a wide variety of flying verbs and blowing consonants.

becoming one  
with the cosmos  
a dustball explodes

## **leaving the trenches**

wars are won and lost. but after the war that is when the troubles really begin. dividing the spoils. choosing which despot gets what patch of land. and deciding if anyone from the other side lives through the cease fire. winning is the hardest thing to manage. losing is just sucking it up and handing over your freedoms and your weapons and hoping for mercy.

in the fog  
no mans land  
disappears

**Michael Rehling**



weather report—  
the snowman  
having a meltdown

grandma  
staring between flakes  
think I'll let her in

winter class  
north pole dancing  
for seniors

**Carol Raisfeld**

## **Cold Turkey**

winter sun  
stocking up  
for a medium dry January

*new trousers*  
*I expect to get thinner*

the old  
wrung out  
after the snowball fight

*calendar—*  
*each month*  
*a different mountain*

nearing peak  
procrastination

*the hope*  
*in a New Year*  
*and the &c.*

**Ann Smith and *Keith Evetts***

feeling lucky  
on new year's day  
silver dollar pancakes

down the garden path  
she promised forbidden fruit  
*Eiswein*

messy apartment  
but he takes his whisky neat  
new year's eve

skating around  
the cracks in their marriage  
thin ice

**Charles Harmon**

along a frozen river  
I share the same moon  
whenever I go

winter fog  
a snowman  
meditating

**David He**

a countryside winter  
grandpa's old dog is barking  
at the first snowflakes

**Mile Lisica**

frozen fog  
bumper cars  
on the bridge

cold blustery day  
dogs decked out in  
the latest fashions

**Susan Farner**

winter lockdown  
racking up  
a record phone bill

reading *Dracula*  
snow turns red  
in my dream

a snowman built  
around the mailbox  
its mouth wide open

**John J. Han**



It was light but dark  
red and white candy canes bloomed  
stirring in the breeze

**Poetry: Tim Andersen**

**Artwork: Sandra Belford**



winter ways  
this woo  
from a widow

winter moonlight  
the migrant misses his stop  
on the train

cold silence—  
in crack of the lake  
the moon's brightest face

**Adjei Agyei-Baah**

frozen brook  
the bottle and the cork  
staying together

another knot tied the same cold feet

slippery people  
on the driveway  
honest snow

**Adrian Bouter**

click and collect  
in the supermarket isle

in this winter COVID lockdown

another tea 'flavour'

reconciling the ambiguity  
of living and non living

to feed, enhance and hone  
the feeling of well being

**Madhuri Pillai**

the sorceress mouse  
steals out of the tiger's cage  
hunter's moon

snow gathers on the prince's body  
as the maiden sleeps on

~

early morning  
cedar waxwings nibble  
snowberries

a homeless man curls  
into the street's rising steam

~

wee hours  
Santa sips hot brandy  
with the Grinch

the pine needle trail  
ends at a dumpster

**Dyana Basist & Jonathan Roman**

Twitter:@deft\_notes

dating site  
a crow befriends  
the snowman

dyeing the grey  
from mother's hair  
first frost

fireplace . . .  
grandma's fairy tale shifts  
into morning sun

I whisper  
the same prayer  
snow angel

**Agus Maulana Sunjaya**

snow on the ground melted—  
ignoring prognosis  
snowman lingers

winter sun—  
an old dog sleeps  
by the swing set

picnic table  
topped with snow  
that marriage

**David Oates**

longest night . . .  
earned interest  
on my insomnia

Christmas tableau  
the manger replaced  
with a Disney scene

New Year's Eve  
dusting off  
last year's resolution

**Helen Ogden**

New Year's Day  
my coffee contains  
too much cheer

**Terrie Jacks**



*white Christmas*

December wind  
bringing home the flavour  
of eggless cakes

*Mary's boy child*

draped in red  
a Santa's smile  
in every school kid

*in my threshold*

the moon  
hanging down  
from the coconut leaf

**Lakshmi Iyer**

last Christmas—  
the knowing look  
in grandpa's eye

**Eric A Lohman**

my resolutions  
crackle in the fireplace . . .  
new year's day

*i miei propositi  
scoppiettano nel caminetto . . .  
Capodanno*

~

a suitcase  
ready in the hallway  
winter solstice

*una valigia  
pronta in corridoio  
solstizio d'inverno*

**Daniela Misso**

thanksgiving remains unbroken wishbones

**Geoff Pope**

winter evening  
my husband's hospital room  
fifty shades of tinsel

tiny pinecones  
    a movable finch feast  
on the discarded Christmas tree

**Jo Balistreri**

icy riverbend  
the sparkle  
of her eyeshadow

all last night's ice  
to one side of the pond  
working on forgiveness

asking the walls who was right silent snowfall

**Tyler McIntosh**

snowy night  
comforting  
her stillborn

**Sherry Grant**

New Year-  
my writing resolutions  
not yet broken



*Dorothy Burrows*

**Dorothy Burrows**



first light . . .  
sound of the neighbour's  
snow shovel

spring forward fall back winter on the fence

winter bed—  
reviewing rules  
of engagement

**P. H. Fischer**

winter sabbatical  
dust on top of everything  
my office

by the fireside  
cat scratches its head  
the hunt for deeper meaning

**Joan C. Fingon**

winter solstice  
the fruit bowl full  
of satsumas

day moon  
she drops a snowball  
in the river

**Tony Williams**

cold shoulder  
she brushes off  
an icy remark

mid-winter  
telling secrets  
to the dog

**Jenny Fraser**



**Marion Clarke**





**Tim Roberts**

on Christmas Day  
my brother waits tables . . .  
empty chair at lunch

unopened gifts  
under the tree  
reminders of his absence

**Baisali Chatterjee Dutt**

snowflakes . . .  
just a single one  
would be enough

winter solstice  
the scarecrow and I  
swapping clothes

an apple  
just to keep us in line  
mid-winter

**Eva Limbach**



cold attic  
—stopping at each floor  
for kissing

*fredda mansarda*  
—*fermarsi ad ogni piano*  
*per baciarsi*

~

the broken stove—  
I sweeten the tea  
with my snot

*la stufa rotta—*  
*col moccio del naso*  
*zucchero il tè*

**Stefano d'Andrea**

Christmas again  
with the same decorations  
a new set of guests

**Mona Iordan**

shorter days  
the fire eater gathers  
a crowd

what goes around  
comes around  
Christmas garland

**LeRoy Gorman**

new year's kiss  
without champagne—  
exploding sky

coupling without  
our rings on—  
low wolf moon

ice layer  
on the water dish—  
lost dog

**Melanie Alberts**

IG: @clair.circles.spirit.art

snowfall—  
she comes with  
her face

winter solitude . . .  
in a skull  
the stuck stare

being  
on the verge of being—  
an inch of snow

shivverring—  
she measures me with  
a coffee-spoon

**Vijay Prasad**

holiday memories:  
a nutcracker lying  
in the walnut bowl

**Francis W. Alexander**

drunk again  
on christmas eve  
the elf next door

store santa  
in the framed poster  
suicide hotline

new year's day  
a begging call  
from a cousin  
twice removed

winter morning  
mom names the plump robin  
roberta

wolf moon  
we drink dad's whiskey  
at the grave

**Roberta Beary**

<https://twitter.com/shortpoemz>

tequila  
memories of a prostitute  
written in the snow

firecrackers  
women are biting  
gingerbread men

**Mircea Moldovan**



garage door opens—  
cleaning rat poop  
in a winter jacket

**Andrew Terrell**

at my door this winter eve  
a stranger asking is it my cat  
she's found on the road

**Jill Lange**

dark winter's day  
the SWAT team enters  
the wrong house

leafless trees  
students barricade  
the classroom

**Kevin Valentine**

year-end lottery results  
i wonder if cats  
could grin

**Keiko Izawa**

the cemetery in winter  
under white blanket  
nameless

**Wiesław Karliński**

a starfish  
submerged in thick snow —  
my sister

**Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo**

Christmas baubles  
stepping out of the gym  
convex tummies

another crime novel  
with every page flip  
splitting winter hands

**Nudurupati Nagasri**

park walk  
a dog adds a yellow button  
to the snowman's belly

mulled wine  
even the moon  
wants a sip

distant mountains  
a boy makes  
an imaginary snowball

**Tomislav Sjekloća**



bright sunshine  
then freezing cold  
her endless teasing

winter night—  
the regular slumps  
off his bar stool

red and blue flashes  
on darkening snow  
the zip of a body bag

**Jay Friedenber**

wind advisory  
I cut another word  
from a haiku

stop buzzing, fly—  
there's nothing out there  
but winter

last call  
the bartender removes  
his Santa hat

Super Bowl Sunday  
she asks if there's anything  
on television

**Bill Kenney**

snowy morning—  
sipping stillness  
from my chipped cup

frozen fields—  
I don't remember  
where my dreams are buried

**Cristina Povero**

chilled rain—  
a letter  
from the boarder

**Bidyut Prabha Gantayat**

## Worship

Magi. The carol we sang at assembly in the morning still rings in my ear: '*We three kings of Orient are ...*'. We form a line to go to Art class on the ground floor. As I enter, the first thing I see is the display board, facing the door. Ahh, there are some new drawings and paintings on it today which our art teacher has selected as best! I see mistletoe sprigs, Santa Clauses and Christmas trees. The classes before ours have been busy, I think. By now I have come to my seat and I quickly slip into it.

*I am  
because I create—  
flying free*

I look at the word written on the white board facing us. 'Magi'. As an older class of 12-year-olds, we are to draw them today. '*Use only your pencils and water colours*', our art teacher instructs us, and plays for us the same carol to jog our memories: '*... bearing gifts we traverse afar/ field and fountain/ moor and mountain/ following yonder star ...*' I shut my eyes trying to imagine the three kings travelling at night. Opening them again, I take a quick look around and see some of my classmates have already started colouring brightly on their own A3-size thick white art papers. Hmnn, I want to do something different. Let me try painting a night scene in a desert. For the next 45 minutes, I am happily busy with colours and paint. As the bell rings, I look at my creation critically. It's nowhere near what I had imagined in my head! Drat and double drat!! We leave the offerings on our tables to dry off, and go back to our classroom.

The next day, as I enter the art classroom, I look at the display board unbelievably. My drawing of the Magi is up, the only night scene in the selected four ...

*winter solstice  
immersing an extra hour  
in moon beams*

**Sushama Kapur**

Xmas pizza  
in a German bistro  
alone

January bloom  
on Mom's Xmas cactus  
how stubborn she was

winter walk  
bite of the wind  
bark of a dog

winter park  
only car lights play  
on the swings

**Robert Moyer**

Her cigarette smoke  
wisps of cloud  
on the December moon

**Mike Fainzilber**

@MFainzilber

black ice—  
a skater carves the outside edge  
of infinity

the reasons you returned to snow

**Pippa Phillips**



first snow  
the scarecrow's coat  
disappeared

white Christmas  
waiting in the roadside bar  
for a snowplough

fresh snow  
where are you  
my white kitty

**Henryk Czempiel**

winterizing  
the bird bath  
eviction notice

frosted leaves  
a couple dances  
in the therapy pool

**John S Green**

frozen tumbleweed—  
the silence after  
the argument

**Sangita Kalarickal**

lost December  
snowy patches  
of pain

a snowstorm  
the advent calendar  
opening

a coffin waits for spring planting

**Ingrid Bruck**  
[www.ingridbruck.com](http://www.ingridbruck.com)

ice under the snow  
mother-in-law's  
compliments

new year's eve  
opening  
my pencil sharpener

duct tape  
on christmas lights  
another quarrel

**Irina Guliaeva**

family holiday  
his new girlfriend brings  
the cheesecake

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