failed haiku

A Journal of English Senryu
Volume 1, Issue 5

michael rehling
‘Failed’ Editor

www.failedhaiku.com
@SenryuJournal on Twitter
Facebook Page
Cast List

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

Lovette Carter
Devin Harrison
Diana Teneva
Pris Campbell
Jesus Chameleon
Marianne Paul
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Maya Lyubenova
Elmedin Kadric
Bruce Jewett
Chen-ou Liu
Dave Read
Brad Bennett
David Oates
Karen Harvey
Cynthia Rowe
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Willie R. Bongcaron
Al Fogel
Garry Eaton
Shloka Shankar
Eva Limbach
Juliet Wilson
Gergana Yaninska
Christina Martin
Rachel Sutcliffe
Johannes S. H. Bjerg
Rosemary Bryerton-Schiff
Ian Willey
Mohammad Azim Khan
Olivier Schopfer
Barbara Tate
Christina Sng
Hannes Froehlich
Phyllis Lee
Barbara Kaufmann
Steve Black
Marianne Paul
Elizabeth Crocket
Meik Blöttenberger
Keitha Keyes
Angelo B. Ancheta
Debbie Strange
Jan Benson
Elizabeth Alford
Madhuri Pillai
Louise Hopewell
Mark Gilbert
Lysa Collins
Kalyana Hapsari
Nicholas Klacsanzky
Pat Geyer
Gail Oare
Nina Kovačić
Zoran Doderovic
Jill Lange
Helen Buckingham
Janet Patton
David J Kelly
Carol Raisfeld
Billy Antonio
Rob Scott
Cliff T. Roberts
Alexander B. Joy
Bob Lucky
Ken Sawitri
Sondra J. Byrnes
Jayashree Maniyil
Sharon Rhutasel-Jones
Julie Warther
Debbi Antebi
Claire Vogel Camargo
who am I
to be a part
misty moon

waves
so close to the edge
of sticking

Lovette Carter
ides of March
we are sufficiently
warned

keeping
my beliefs to myself
witness protection

with many yoga
positions this climbing
out of my skin

divorce settlement
‘my kingdom
for a horse’

Devin Harrison
a wedding photo –
one and only hug
with my mother-in-law

Diana Teneva
sun sink...
a buoy moans in the distance
for our swift return

Pris Campbell
birthday cakes
I struggle not to blow
all the candles out

Jesus Chameleon
counting time
in morphine drips--
cut flowers

Marianne Paul
www.mariannepaul.com
family reunion
she reminds me
of my bad breath

Adjei Agyei-Baah
our breaths
blend as we kiss
...thicker fog

half a year
after the chemo-
breeze in my hair

coming of spring
the Like button
on facebook

lost in translation
sparkles from Basho's moon
in the puddle

Maya Lyubenova
driving home--
nobody to hold
the ashes

furious
the mime
does me

Elmedin Kadric
pink fingernails
lacquered with gilt
my banker offers a pen

young women
in day-glo dresses
wait for their lattes

Bruce Jewett
a twist
of barbecue smoke ...
backyard fighting

her hips
sway our debate on sex
summer heat

breakup talk:
she starts every sentence
with I want ...

Chen-ou Liu
http://chenouliu.blogspot.ca/
morning song
a farmer plucks
his rooster

night winds
my courage the size
of the peephole

wind gusts
our door shuts on
a salesman
Slim Being, Health Guru: A Parable of Purpose

While I have always upheld a lifestyle rich in the fundamentals of health and fitness, there have been times I have felt empty. Periods of doubt have plagued me. I have openly wondered if the results were worth the efforts, and what, exactly, all the effort was for. There was a restlessness in me that a clean bill of health from the doctor, a new personal best in one handed pushups (currently 67), or a walk along the beach in my speedos and “sweater vest”, inundated with catcalls and double-takes from college aged women (no doubt imagining their red-hot fingernails dancing through my back hair), could ever assuage. I was healthy and fit, but lost without a clear goal to which my elite health and fitness could be applied.

That changed last spring when I purchased a basket for my driveway. Thinking I’d introduce my kids to the great sport of basketball, and then impose my NBA dreams upon them, something surprising happened. I’d become good. Very good. Routinely, I’d hit 700, 800 shots in a row. I’d display an array of dunks on the 8 foot rim that would make a prime Dominique Wilkins seethe with jealousy. I had discovered a magic on my driveway that far exceeded my abilities as a sometimes starter for the 1988, division 2, John G. Diefenbaker Chiefs. The missing goal was found.

On the back of this newfound purpose, my rigour and discipline have increased. I’ve been buoyed by the challenges of our hood's elite ‘ballers, and my successes in tackling them. I am 6-0 against my neighbour’s boy
at H-O-R-S-E. I survived a small scare, but came back strong, to beat my niece in a tough game of one-on-one. (Well behind early on, I committed a hard foul that threw her off her rhythm. With a sudden lack of confidence, she never regained her former fluidity. Mind games matter.) And hardly a day passes where I do not remind my 9 year old that I SHUT HIM OUT in our 3 point contest. Looking ahead, as I prepare for continued success against such competition, my bouts of doubt are behind me. I know now what my efforts are for.

fast break
I pull away
from the crowd

Dave Read
davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca
nosy neighbors
the crane lowers a yew
into the hole

almost off to college
two camp counselors
on the seesaw

the angler
widens his stance--
open tackle box

Brad Bennett
restaurant bathroom
going in as the cook leaves
dry sink

unfortunately
dashboard fingernail clipping
fits with the decor

David Oates
Wordland
Sunday 8pm Eastern on 91.7 FM and 97.9 FM Near Streams on www.uga.org
her descent
into madness...
seeing stars

Karen Harvey
foggy morning
still no luck
in the lottery
partial eclipse
the strobe
on her mobile phone

Cynthia Rowe
wedding in gazebo
at the lake
second chances

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
shuttle service
just enough space
to myself

live ammo
the trajectory
of death

Willie R. Bongcaron
romantic evening. . .  
my girlfriend and I  
holding hand-helds  

dentist chair -  
the hygienist removes  
my Bluetooth  

internet argument. . .  
his e-mail all in CAPS  
hers in emoticons  

Al Fogel
the new cheerleader
does the splits
pennants on her aerial
cyber attack
all the toll bridge cams show
pictures of Mohammed
moving day
the goldfish jumps into
a toilet bowl

Garry Eaton
between bouts of inertia my indecision

Haiku: Shloka Shankar
Photo: Dwarakanathan Ravi
alternatively clothing my mind summer breeze

Haiku: Shloka Shankar
Photo: S. R. Shankar
the trajectory of my life here and gone

Shloka Shankar
being on call a withering rose

the peck
as she left me
lily of the valley

at the edge
of my universe
a mocking bird

all our wars
lost
blossom wind

Eva Limbach
http://evamaria-limbach2.blogspot.de/
saxophone solo
in a sleepless night
northern lights

jigsaw pieces
scattered across the floor -
distant gunfire

second hand shop -
the sweater she knitted
as a gift

waiting
for the hurricane -
migraine

Juliet Wilson
http://craftygreenpoet.blogspot.com
@craftygreenpoet
smog...
she buys a curtain
printed pine cones
tardy bus
a bee landing on
my painted nail

sumi-e
he paints the patch
on the asphalt

Gergana Yaninska
prophesying another life my raven self

shell magic...
voices from within
pull out the echoes

Christina Martin
athletics track
the sudden speed
of wind

turning to you
your faded scent
on the sheet

Rachel Sutcliffe
Monsieur de Sainte-Colombe (ca. 1640–1700), Tombeau les Regrets - Les Pleurs
(after the film: “Tous les Matins du Monde”)

adding a 7th string he gives voice to the dead
thin wafers and wine an altar for she who left
amber and goat intestines that friction between life and sorrow
unable to speak my loving you must be enough
two fingers on the horse hairs he goes to drown himself
sun not gold on my fingers! the girls are silent
the torture of the gift of silence into the lake
cross country walk pissing is the ornamentation
like the painter's brush on the canvas so the bow on the strings
God's talking he doesn't need music they hide to listen
stolen caresses in exchange for the denied music
into the red book stranded on straight lines his grief
into what tomb can't I go now tears won't come vainglorious sorrow?
the music of turkeys and elder bushes he sells his horse to stay
Easter she says ”the other world” is a leaking boat
Arcangelo Corelli, Sonate da Chiesa a trè, Opus 1
(Rome, 1681)

sonate da chiesa Corelli's angel protrudes from dust
you see and you don't the dome of strings
nothing lighter than this F-major-needle below thunder
the paint as flaky as yesterday virgin blue
step soundless into the gold of prayer
play it the rim of the ripple after the first stone
that which keeps me afloat a flageolet on a g-string
a filigree weave that voice after god's
despondent you can't even whistle the damn thing
open a spider an apple a prayer it's there
raking the sky you don't even have to
present and yet you keep looking for the swallows

Johannes S. H. Bjerg
I have decided
to replace you with haiku
it never hurts me

pen and sculpted legs
she chose her weapons wisely
tearing up his heart

Rosemary Bryerton-Schiff
Dad's computer
his OS
old school

city street
a sign that says RELAX MORE
makes me nervous

science museum
Dad gets left behind
in the Stone Age

waiting for the doctor
he faces
the Muzak

Ian Willey
death row..
the last culinary choice
undigested
deafening crowd..
the shrill voice of
a fishmonger
kite flying..
ty ing the matrimonial knot
in the sky

Mohammad Azim Khan
sighlence

regretting what I said
the peppery taste
of arugula

short night
the mosquito
and I

fog all day no beginning no end

online bookstore
philosophy
for a song

winter night
a car alarm
scatters my dream

Olivier Schopfer
truth
my son does his first
pinky swear

honeymoon
the midnight rain
stops

Barbara Tate
hazy moon
my heart
my millstone

night crickets
the headache
amplifies my hearing

more painful
than I remember
blood test

winter dreams
my mind sinks
into the cold abyss

Christina Sng
one-liner:
on the bench - side by side with the moss

three-liner:
beside the bench
entwined by clematis
my walking stick

haibun:
With special thanks to Mrs. Katrin Dayak/Katharina Dike - her poem „Do you still love me when my face wrinkled ...“ recalls this memory ... and let me try this haibun.

I remember well: we were on holidays at the North Sea. I was out for a late walk along the strand because I wanted to get some photos of the sunset. I was already sitting on the bench for a while when the old couple arrived. They asked politely: „Is this seat taken?“ – „No, please be seated,“, I answered. After she had wrapped a blanket around his legs she asked him caringly: „Do you need your sunglasses?“. „Not at the moment“, he answered. We sat together silently until the sunset started. With a friendly greeting I left them to get a better position for my photos. But on the way back I thought about this old couple and words were running through my mind ...

side by side
on the bench by the sea
facing the sunset

Hannes Froehlich
her hairdo...  
could have bought  
the groceries

casual housekeeper  
always cleaning  
her fingernails

barefoot  
a spider  
I can't step on

new neighbors  
keep me  
in binoculars

haiku class  
a young man asks  
is that all it is?

Phyllis Lee
spring dawn birds retweet a wake-up call
daffodils all there is to know of resurrection
play time
a dog watches his boy
for a signal
Barbara Kaufmann

wabi sabi ~~~poems and images
the dog scoffs
at my leftover
feelings

some might say
a life in japanese verse
doesn't count for much

Steve Black
Marianne Paul
repetition
again she wonders
why she's lived so long

renovations
string hanging
from the blackbird's mouth

Elizabeth Crocket
smeared across my childhood liverwurst

before the guests arrive a broken butterfly

brief showers--
the names I never call
in my contact list

monkey bars
kids swing above
uncertainty

leap year
a schoolboy's
untucked shirt

Meik Blöttenberger
a bat fried
between electric wires —
not the way to go

sticky blowfly —
why can’t she see
it’s time to move on

Keitha Keyes
morning ritual
dreaming of last night
before the dream

burning bridges
she unblocks me
for the nth time

Angelo B. Ancheta
torn petals
no words to describe
wabi sabi

limp seabirds
beach bodies slick
with oil

Debbie Strange
debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca
night-tide . . .
the catch of his hand
as I walk away

gypsy moon slip knot lens

Jan Benson
numb toes my father's diabetes

the way of zen this buddha belly

the days are going too fast;
if I were a cop
I’d give them tickets

cell phone
my only light
in dark times
cigarette butts
all these unfinished poems

Elizabeth Alford
http://www.facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry
repotting
the habits
of a lifetime

old neighbours
the creeping autumn
in our steps

stealthily
through my chores
day planes

Madhuri Pillai
Waves
lap at my toes –
new puppy

Cicadas
suddenly silent –
Broken guitar string

The moon
slumps in the night –
Overtime

Louise Hopewell
Hiding in the toilet.
No terrorists,
just another Tuesday.

revolving door —
how long do I have left
on my planet

Mark Gilbert
inbox - 
his promises brim
with the habit of amendment

drinking
from the same cup -
home

Lysa Collins
packed bus
he slipped a smile
to a stranger

Kalyana Hapsari
heavy rain--
Seattle no longer
my Seattle

the turtle moves
further into the dusk . . .
life after college

Nicholas Klacsanzky
castor pollux...
this happenstance
of duality

before my eyes
her gown slips away...
wild carrot

Pat Geyer
minor chord
looking for
a fifth

broken chalk
the slant
of her words

Sunday morning
the jogger hesitates
at the bakery

Gail Oare
@gailor1
the scent of lime
a soap in the toilet
of the restaurant

Nina Kovačić
Translated into English by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić.
old grandmother's house
garlic garland on the wall
protects from vampires

all soul's day
the new plastic flowers
replacing the old

Zoran Doderovic
compass grass
holding the dune
holding the cabin

garden sale--
a young stone dragon
guards her treasured ball

Jill Lange
MAYDAY
big kids trailing ribbons
dance around the polls

HEADLINE: QUEEN TURNS
NINETY
stop press...she's not alone

30 YEARS SINCE CHERNOBYL
the big fish keep getting bigger

Helen Buckingham
Amazing pre-dawn haiku
evaporate
at breakfast

Sad news.
The family gathers
for a beer.

Janet Patton
harder than it looks
the ice beneath
the ice skater

lousy self-help groups
they only have cancer
on Tuesdays

David J Kelly
@motto_sakura
rainy honeymoon
at the dude ranch
they mount each other

museum tour
children giggle
at Venus de Milo

beach picnic
sun-kissed melons
in all sizes

defiant fart --
objection sustained
he approaches the bench
No moon
Z z z z
The coyote hits
The snooze button
Z z z z z

Z z z z z

Carol Raisfeld
@carol_red
subpoena the sudden whistle of the kettle

summer's end
her swimsuits wet
in the rain

Billy Antonio
waking from a dream ~
I lose my dad
again

day moon ~
hers first
white lie

clouds on clouds ~
the dream I can't remember
still with me

midnight swim ~
she lowers herself
into stars

dwindling light ~
the telephone's silence
deepens

Dinner argument  the candlelight’s slant

Rob Scott
@haikubobb
psychologist appointment
I answer my own
questions

composing haiku
a train whistle
writes itself

kawazu
aka
Cliff T. Roberts
Facebook Page
herb garden
always in season
dandelions

mushrooms
the speed
of thought

WiFi down
all the students
look up

grandfather's parrot curses the president

after the game
snow has filled the lot
with identical cars

Alexander B. Joy
@Lexcelsior
around the fire
drinking homemade wine –
the last call to prayer

post holiday blues –
when do we open the tin
of Portuguese sardines

in my dream
you're someone else –
but I love you

ukulele blues       one chord leads to others
sadly

Bob Lucky
Holding both of her boots
daughter asks
'why do we have wars?'

Old friends
a sparrow tapping
the rusty tin scarecrow

garden reading
the rolling egg
from an unknown nest

Ken Sawitri  "Listen, The Spice Whispers"
rain-polished stones
i consolidate
my lists

santa fe sky
recognizing the role
of dumb luck

at the apple store
wondering if i understand
my own question

slipping into something
more comfortable
a nap

Sondra J. Byrnes
@SondraJByrnes
hole puncher
I miss the beginning

yourhalfmyhalf
grinding full circles
on an inkstone

FREQUENT FLYER POINTS

flight path ...
from here
to where I am

And so I travel. As many times as I can. But not those long journeys that make me tired just by sitting on a plane for hours. I prefer the short journeys I take every day, while I am on the train to work, or when I am home sitting with a cuppa, or when I go out for my walks, or when I lie on the lawn under the sun. I find comfort not in the distances, but the thoughts that travel distances. I am here and I am there, all at once! And it's always there that I travel to.

late winter sun
the smell of oceans
on the sleeves
grocery list
the choices they expect
me to make

Jayashree Maniyil
the candidate
speaks his mind                 empty hard drive

junkyard
   a buzzard stands guard

Sharon Rhutasel-Jones
@srhutasel
Web page
extended forecast
death is a cliché
eulogy . . .
a man in the last row
checks his watch
used poetry . . .
I borrow another's solace
counting fireflies . . .
the relaxed ethics of miniature golf

Julie Warther
@JulieWarther
on holiday-
taking a break
from myself

Grandpa’s funeral – burying the granddaughter in me

Debbi Antebi
@debbisland
celebrating
Dad's 94th birthday
nodding sunflowers

Claire Vogel Camargo
tapping out
just one tablet from bottle
I Ching

5K run
the leaves outpacing
everyone

Sadie Hawkins Day
she asks him
for a divorce

nancy brady
saltless soup
I grow a day older
without you

zucchini...
this ratatouille
of emotions

posting photos
titled 'Dad and me'
on Father's day
...before I get back
to my screaming son

complaining
to mom about
my aunts
i hear my cousins
kvetch about theirs

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan
Chornobyl—
what seemed to disappear
has returned

a line of red flags
holds back the trees
bulldozer

why couldn’t I answer her full ashtray

Myron Lysenko
my eyes
tinier with another
grandchild

profiling
his twelve o'clock beard
a Brueghel

Alegria Imperial
Haibun

It’s funny how we learn to live with holes: simple, non-metaphorical, mind-the-edges, get-me-a-flashlight, put-something-under, we-can’t-invite-people-for-Easter holes...Anyway, the plumber promised to stop by next Tuesday.

small animal cage -
the variety of colors □
in a chew-proof life□

Tzetzka Ilieva
Website
talking in bed
i forget his name...
second husband

towpath -
a blue heron shifts
the twilight
(for Lenard D. Moore in memory of his daughter)

breakup—
my daughter's voice cracks
across two continents

Roberta Beary
tiki bar
a part of me feels
right at home

Roberta Beary
Outback Way from Bourke to Charleville

Early June, blue sky and sunshine on the highway from Bourke to Charleville running straight and flat, an endless 450 kilometres.

layered in greens
by Pablo Picasso –
prickly pears

There is little traffic. Our motorbike eats up kilometres as the sun races across the sky. Tired and stiff from a long stint on the bike, we stop roadside at Wyandra.

mulga and gidgee
in afternoon shadows
blue-gum tall

It is dusk when arrive at Charleville. We set up camp in starlight.

beneath the dingo moon
emus flee

Marilyn Humbert
A book of poems,  
rum and coke—  
rainy night.

Big orange moon:  
a bowl of soup  
getting cold.

Bob Carlton  
Website
in and out
of the hospital ward
orderly progression

petting zoo...
newlyweds stroke
each other

trust me he said
footprints mar
the powder-snow

fish ladder that jump the heart makes
See Naples or?

The PA system crackles to life as the ticket seller announces in Italian and English the Circumvesuviana will depart immediately. We rush to the platform. I slot in my ticket. The turnstile gates are so slow. Then I'm through. My friend Lex slots in her ticket. A lanky woman crowds behind us, reaches around Lex and empties her pocket in the time it takes for the gates to open. Lex doesn't feel a thing. At first. Then she pats herself. Cleaned out. We're jostled onto the train. It idles in the station for five minutes. The thief, we're guessing the sister of the ticket seller, scores a cash-loaded travel card, a museum membership card, and 40 euros, nothing too major. But we've lost our innocent pleasure in feeling safe in Naples.

every window
with its secret nonna
veiled in laundry

Marietta Jane McGregor
payday
my daughter asks
how I am

museum
children studying
the exit signs

summertime
pointing at a cloud
with my foot

Ola Lindberg
long division
the earthworm
multiplies

my past lives
step into empty space
a merger of equals

making a vow
not to be silly any more
blah blah blah

Mike Rehling
‘Failed’ Editor
editor@failedhaiku.com

(all work copyrighted by the authors)