

failed haiku

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hemapriya chellappan 'Failed' Editor

www.failedhaiku.com

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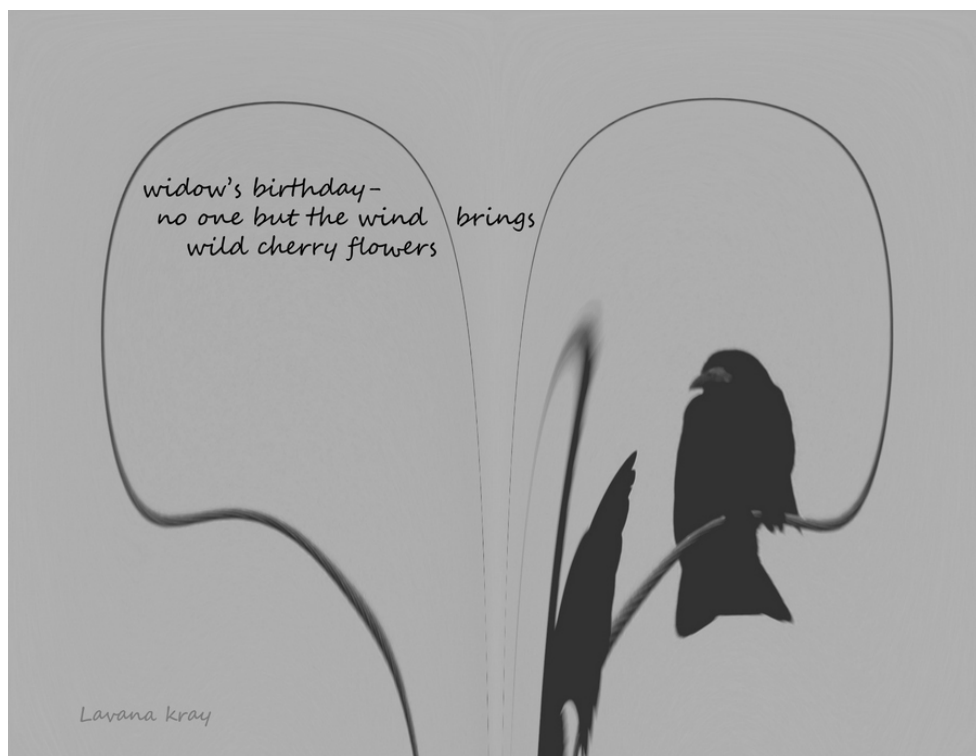


Photo by
Lavana Kray

Cast List

In order of appearance

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Reid Hepworth

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Daipayan Nair

Marilyn Ward

Aidan Castle

Teiichi Suzuki

Kavya Janani. U

Chen Xiaou

Gillena Cox

petro c. k.

Chris Langer

Patricia Hawkhead

Richa Sharma

John Pappas

Mark A. Forrester

John Hawkhead

Ravi Kiran

Debbie Strange

Susan Farner

Ruchita Madhok

Neena Singh

Arvinder Kaur

Lakshmi Iyer

Ronald Degler

Oscar Luparia
Colleen M. Farrelly
Susan Burch
Rohan Buettel
Katja Fox
Kenneth A. Huff
Christa Pandey
Bruce Jewett
Shasta Hatter
Vincenzo Adamo
Chen-ou Liu
Laurie Wilcox-Meyer
M.F. Hazmi
Nani Mariani
Ingrid Baluchi
Vandana Parashar
Tim Gardiner
Minal Sarosh
Vladislav Hristov
Tracy Davidson
Susan Bonk Plumridge
Richard L. Matta
Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo
Cynthia Anderson
Gregory Longenecker
Juliet Wilson
Mona Iordan

**Nika
Marek Kulig
Brad Bennett
Eavonka Ettinger
Richard Bailly
Barrie Levine
Ruth Holzer
Caroline Giles Banks
Pitt Buerken
John Zheng
Nina Kovačić
Louise Hopewell
Rick Jackofsky
Mike Fainzilber
Joseph P. Wechselberger
Bakhtiyar Amini
Aishwarya Vedula
Adrian Bouter
Janet Ruth Heller
Pratham
Adele Evershed
Robert Beveridge
Ram Chandran
Lavana Kray
Alvin B. Cruz
Robert Witmer
Raghav Prashant Sundar
Anna Cates
Kath Abela Wilson**

Bryan Rickert
Bryan Rickert/*Tia Haynes*
Mike Gallagher
Jenny Fraser
Lafcadio
Sangita Kalarickal
David He Zhuanglang
Keith Evetts
Cynthia Rowe
Françoise Maurice
Tony Williams
Pippa Phillips
Herb Tate
C.X.Turner
Mona Bedi
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Geetha Ravichandran
Ronald K. Craig
Marco Fraticelli
Ben Oliver
Maria Concetta Conti
Shloka Shankar
Chidambar Navalgund & *Shloka Shankar*
Robin Smith/ *Shloka Shankar*
Shloka Shankar/*Chidambar Navalgund*
Maya Daneva
Lev Hart
Sondra J. Byrnes
Marilyn Ashbaugh, *Jeanne Cook*

Christine Wenk-Harrison
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
Terrie Jacks
John J. Han
John Budan
Daniela Misso
Erin Castaldi
Susan Beth Furst
Norman Silver
Kerry J Heckman
Priti Khullar
Peter Jastermsky/*Lorraine Padden*
Mark Gilbert
G.R. LeBlanc
Chidambar Navalgund
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
rs
Vidhi Ashar
Terri L. French
Carol Judkins/*Lorraine A Padden*
Akhila Mohan CG
Lori Kiefer
Veronika Zora Novak
Tim Cremin
Tomislav Sjekloća
Deepa Patil

**Rehn Kovacic
Irina Guliaeva
Jay Friedenber
Milan Rajkumar
Eufemia Griffo
Sharon Martina
Curt Pawlisch
Amoolya Kamalnath
Tim Roberts
Mark Meyer
LeRoy Gorman
Claire Vogel Camargo
Stephenie Story
Kevin Valentine
Wilda Morris
Tony Steven Williams
David Oates
Mike Rehling
Hemapriya Chellappan**

Suspicious Minds

I'm pretty sure my uncle is Elvis. It doesn't matter that he has a Scottish accent or that we live in Canada. What convinces me:

1. his black hair
2. his fashion sense
3. he visits Hawaii a lot
4. he rarely visits us
5. he is divorced

When I share my suspicions, my family laughs at me. I point to the Elvis record collection at my grandmother's house and the fact that my uncle doesn't look like ANY of us. They just laugh harder.

I'm crushed when they tell me my uncle works in a bank...until later when I overheard them talking about how he's got himself into "some trouble" and the police are looking for him.

family secrets
I add my own
to the list

Reid Hepworth

just a peek
at the wrong moment
volcano

tea he asks for coffee
coffee he asks for tea
he asks

I fling a pebble . . .
my heart skips
a beat

mistaken
for a cat café
our living room

Roberta Beach Jacobson
Twitter: @beach_haiku

summer bloom –
grandma's smile
chewing a hibiscus

Daipayan Nair

scarecrow parade
he rips and tears
his new jeans

fast food
showing the whole menu
on a tee shirt

Marilyn Ward

comparing ourselves
to each other . . .
city stars

Aidan Castle

short-lived firefly
such is life
que sera, sera

crescent moon
a bikini floating
on the pool

Teiichi Suzuki

Chennai sun
we don't need fire
to cook an egg

dried mango skins
I find a new way
to make art

window seat
the sudden kiss
of a thorny bush

Kavya Janani. U

long pandemic
shivering even at
the word carnivorous

old house
I know who's passing
by the footsteps

Chen Xiaoou

mouse clicks
meeting and greeting through
weathers and seasons

they have crossed the street
a couple of teenagers
still holding hands

birthday party --
how the years unfold
in our grandchild's smile

bedtime stories --
the request for a journey
galaxies away

Gillena Cox

a village
of empty beds . . .
shooting stars

night sky on my computer a thumbnail moon

recall election
a dog barfs up berries
on the porch

eager dog who doesn't know a single lick

wildfire smoke . . .
between coughs
a vibrant sunset

distant gunshots
waiting for a bus
that doesn't come

petro c. k.

sunday football
tackling
the nachos

wall calendar
making plans
to avoid people

Chris Langer

lighting blue touchpaper
the politician stands back
from his words

winding up the air
in grandmother's oven
the slow whirr of hours

Patricia Hawkhead

window star staring at the nonarrival

here to there clouds greying the text

glass ceiling
I take the stairs
instead

Richa Sharma

strawberry moon
even the landlord
stops to look

John Pappas

farm to table:
an inchworm surveys
his new home

Mark A. Forrester



john hawkhead

John Hawkhead

just my shadow
on the morning walk
two months without you

Ravi Kiran



Debbie Strange

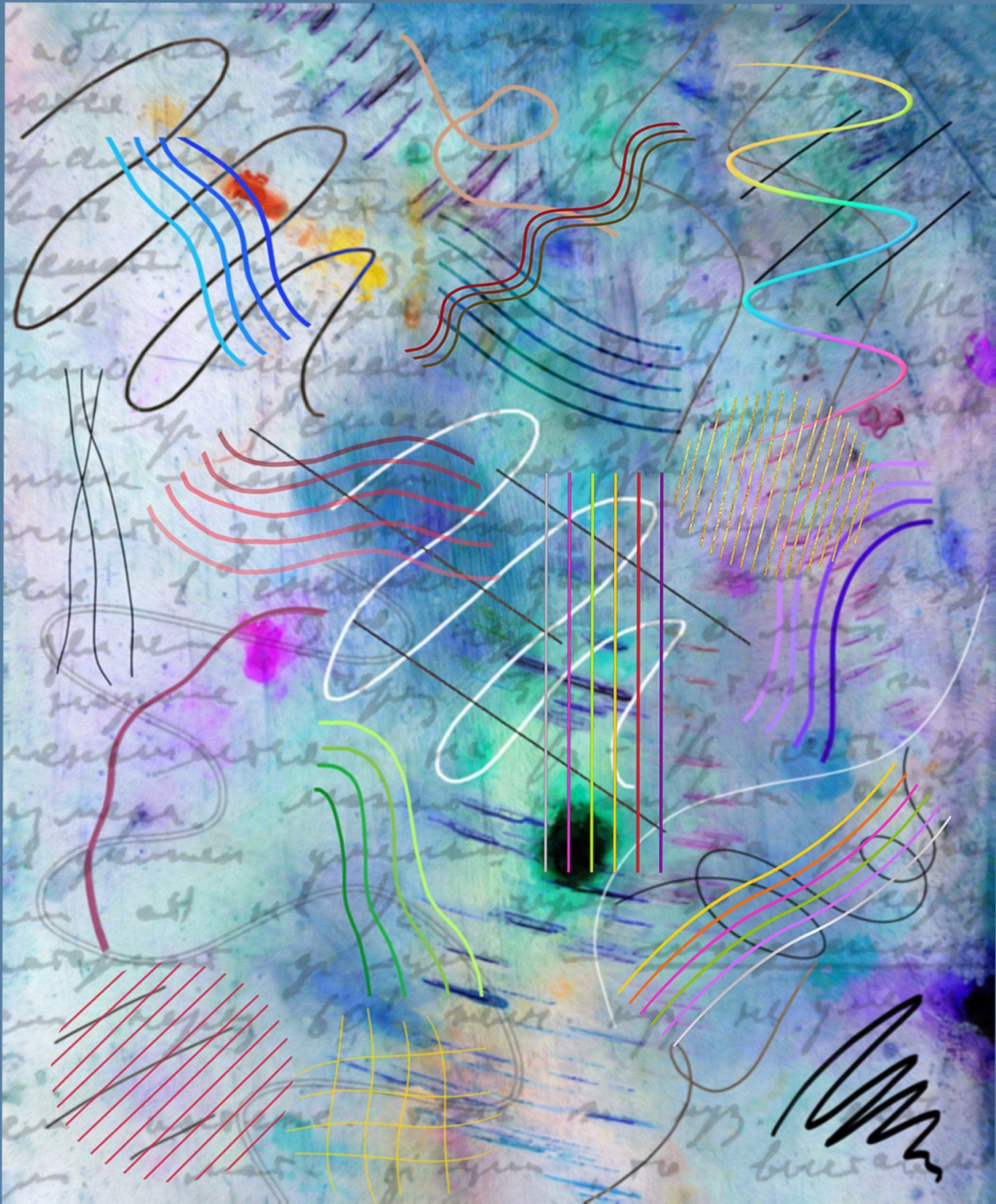


Debbie Strange



Debbie Strange

missing sisters the marks they made on my world



words/image(C)DStrange

Debbie Strange

two crows find
a McDonald's sack
they're lovin' it

post COVID
two vacation trips
on one pill refill

Susan Farner

rising above
the muck of the moment
lotus pose

family photo album
everyone looks
the other way

chamomile tea
slowing down
to smell the flowers

winter morning meditation
my breath meets me
outside

Ruchita Madhok

long flight...
a stranger
becomes a friend

looking...
the looking glass
looks at me

Neena Singh
Twitter: @NeenaSingh7

uneventful day but then young daughters

waiting for godot
a pattern of coffee rings
on the table

Arvinder Kaur

not wild
in the wilderness
wildflowers

Showbiz

We arrived on time at the airport. The officials guided us to the counter to get the boarding pass. After the formalities, one of the officers wanted to take a picture with us to put them up on social media.

first time ...
never was the sky
so bluest

Lakshmi Iyer

power outage
the darkness
without you

Mobius strip
putting my t-shirt on
inside out

Ronald Degler

stand by me . . .
too much has been said
about this moon

Oscar Luparia

half-empty closet
another reminder
of his death

Ghosts at the Door

I find him under the Halloween moon. He's leading the group and donning his grandfather's Army jacket, cap, and crutches. I invite them in for orange sugar cookies and blood-colored Kool-Aid. He relays a few things his grandfather told him about The War.

spilled juice—
I notice the jacket's
older stains

I pen my first novelette for him that weekend, imagining what our group would have done if we'd served in World War II. I bury it in my childhood computer after 9/11 and don't find it again for 20 years. When I'm home again, I hack it to retrieve the novelette detailing what I thought of war before war.

homecoming photos—
spirit paint
morphs to camo

Colleen M. Farrelly

a snake
shedding its skin?
on the welcome mat
my husband's
ingrown toenail

the transparent wings
of a dragonfly
my daughter's
attempt
to manipulate me

am I more me
than you?
the aborigines believe
that photos steal
a piece of your soul

if we're all
just passing through here,
let's be truckers
who honk our horns
for the fun of it

a petition to live
on the alien world
granted,
as long as all humans wear
the color purple

Susan Burch

late for the train —
carpark on the wrong side
of the tracks

Rohan Buettel

sisters
holding silent
conversations

Katja Fox

insomnia
feeding (on)
my brain

Kenneth A. Huff

Indian wedding
emulating Bollywood
with lifetime savings

Christa Pandey

dusty feathers
dangle over my bed
no dreams to catch

Bruce Jewett

the only alarm
rings for cookies
retirement

sprigs of fresh dill
pushed into mason jars-
my great-aunt's hands

Shasta Hatter

rape....
a star falls
in indifference

Vincenzo Adamo

ceiling fan humming ...
my body and hers tangled
into one

old neighbour gone
the dumpster brimming
with his chapbooks

flies buzzing ...
this blah-blah-blah
of a new mayor

Chen-ou Liu

asking for plastic bags
at the grocery store
last night's nightmare

Laurie Wilcox-Meyer

drinking lemon tea
my mother's morning breath
fills the room

only until
we reach the station -
little fly

Neck Gazing

“Turning the corner, you’ll see the landfill, and then after that a laundromat; you getting this? The falafel window is just next to it. Here’s 10 Riyals. Don’t forget the Pepsi, and count the change.” The younger brother has been glancing repeatedly at the front, hoping it would start moving again. “Get going before they close for prayer!” Finally he stepped out, then ran off, not lifting his head to cross the street. He reached the opposite side and turned his head briskly to see the line. He found his brother two steps out of it, but just as soon he jerked back in its squeeze. Catching himself annoyed, he yelled, “Oh, and watch out for ants!”

holding the door
to an empty hallway
wisdom years

M.F. Hazmi

night train
I receive a book
from a stranger

Nani Mariani

suburban dogs
this magnetic pull
of a sidewalk weed

clapping
no matter the occasion
orangutans

dad's army scribblings
the utter futility
of war

Ingrid Baluchi

LOok what you'VE done

growing chillness
his arms about me
just about

cold soup
in another life I'd
make a good daughter

sunflower seeds
in my hands
past, present, future

Vandana Parashar
Twitter: @vandana020175

hallway only a ghost recognises a ghost

forget the childhood moon its clarity

this life used to go somewhere disused station

even the thought of wood smoke

more sorrow than fun house

Tim Gardiner

tightrope ...
the busker balancing
her smile

Minal Sarosh

summer storm
my wing tattoo
twitches

ectopic pregnancy
my silence
inside yours

Vladislav Hristov

last blind date
he asks for his sushi
well done

Tracy Davidson

Twitter:@tracydavidson27

toss of a coin--
your turn to be
involved

Susan Bonk Plumridge

morning espresso teaching the chalkboard to screech

Richard L. Matta

scarecrow...
will tomorrow
be the same

Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo

sleepless night reassembling my reasons

Cynthia Anderson

getting dressed
the rumpled folds
of my old body

her pregnancy
everyone has
an opinion

dog days
only the ants
are working

Gregory Longenecker

old enemies
shake hands for the cameras -
falling leaves

that certain age -
waiting to become
invisible

Juliet Wilson

statesman statue the pigeons unimpressed

autumn again
swapping preserves recipes
on the phone

Mona Iordan

iced cappuccino
she tells her lie
with ease

Nika

*now a crone
she leaves her hair
undone*

- Nika

Nika

fall toupée
a leaf lands right on
my bald spot

Marek Kulig

midnight
a death poem
for today

first snow
more ways to escape
the corn maze

summer clouds
my dad consents
to a stent

second guessing
when my first was fine
pure blue sky

letting go
of a bad review...
crows in snow

a tulip
with two petals left...
I call my mom

partly cloudy
partly sunny--
we buy tomatoes

turning sixty...
in redwood time
I'm only a thousand

winter physical
the urine specimen
warms my hands

Brad Bennett

under the weeping willow
a box of kleenex

Eavonka Ettinger

hearing
but not understanding
primrose path

Richard Bailly

school cafeteria
the click and snap
of lunchbox latches

that special place for waiting room art
 in hell

service dog
scratching in slow motion . . .
hospice shift

Barrie Levine

dead queen
the whole hive
abuzz

silent film
our laughter
flickers in the dark

the other woman
transformed into a wife
fairytale

pandemic year
chocolate chocolate
chocolate

family photo--
my great-great-grandfather
cradles his prayerbook

Ruth Holzer

white lilies
wither on sidewalks
another mass shooting

Caroline Giles Banks

meeting him
three years later
space expands

Pitt Buerken

abandoned shack
woven by kudzu vines
into a tour stop

John Zheng

overtime
cactus on a windowsill
shadows her face

Nina Kovačić

the wide desert sky
dotted with stars
bug-splattered windscreen

outback highway
1000k of mulga
and beer cans

desert rest area
we take turns squatting
behind the lone shrub

romantic sunset
we argue about
which selfie to post

Louise Hopewell

coming in
from the rain
squeaky shoes

Rick Jackofsky

staring at the mirror
the blessing
of blurry vision

Mike Fainzilber

cleaning the grill
the abrasiveness
of the new neighbor

Joseph P. Wechselberger

first date
the bouquet and the guy
both red

ocean my ego where I left it

Bakhtiyar Amini

first copy—
I practise
my signature

notice period—
a raindrop latches onto
the clothespin

unquestioning the silence phototropism

Aishwarya Vedula

aging body hills become mountains

Adrian Bouter

chipmunk banks
two walnuts
in my husband's shoes

Janet Ruth Heller

beachfront mansion
the gardener rents out
a stretch of sand

Prathami

on the rebound
she picks a phoenix
tattoo

Adele Evershed

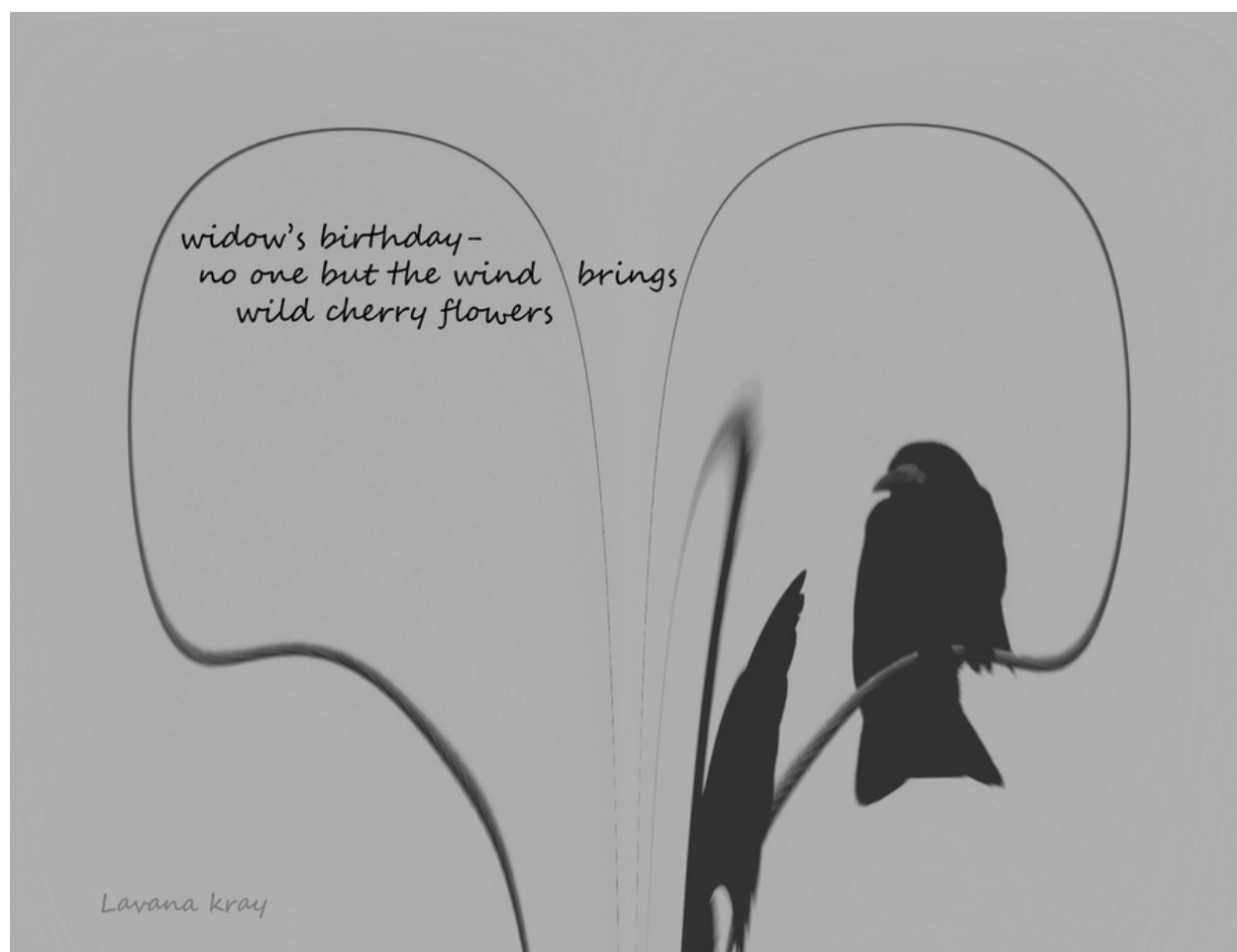
daylight savings somehow never returns interest

full moon alley dumpster still in shadow

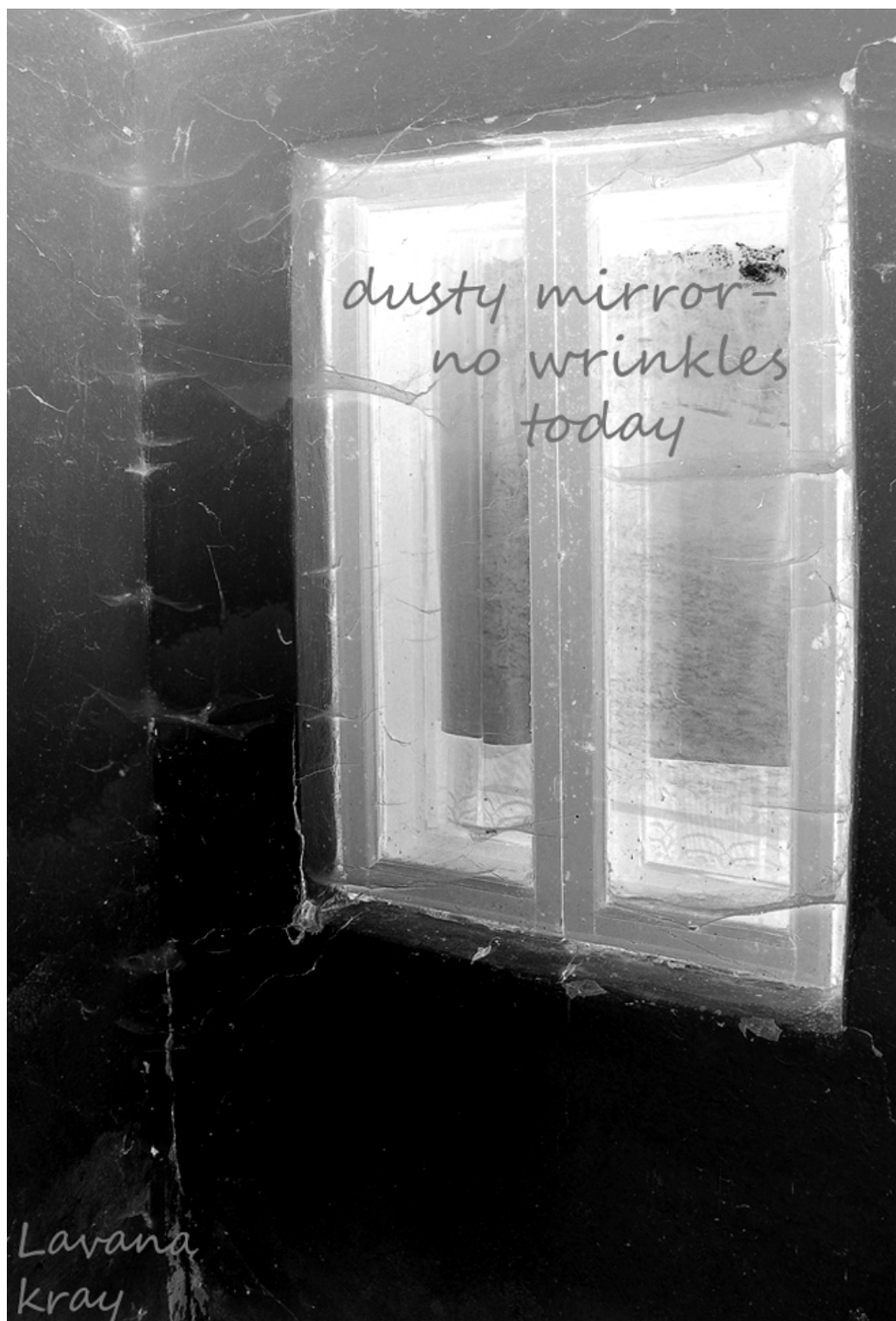
Robert Beveridge

religious discourse
following the path
of incense smoke

Ram Chandran



Lavana Kray



Lavana Kray

news
of the queen's death
we shuffle the cards

second marriage
the same tea bag
for another cup

Alvin B. Cruz

cobwebs
shroud the typewriter
death poem

typhoon
my old raincoat
wrapped around a tree

Robert Witmer

loose tile

I argue with a hypothetical

Raghav Prashant Sundar

unemployment line
in a patched black cape
the vampire

Anna Cates

news to me
the shoe store santa
was my dad

Kath Abela Wilson

turning fifty
the shoes I own
just for funerals

country road
how we get lost
in the backseat

children gone
we fatten up
the strays

ER visit
two moaning patients
synchronize

outlasting
the relationship
this tattoo

Bryan Rickert

In His Hands

on the cross

*fire & brimstone
dawn finds
an empty pew*

a scarecrow gathers

sown
amongst stones
my best seed

the crows

*breaking moonlight
the whole world
out of reach*

Bryan Rickert/Tia Haynes

holding back
the dull safety of a peck
on the cheek

night drive
only the cat's eyes
for company

Mike Gallagher

empty cafe
a breeze flicks through
the serviettes

Jenny Fraser

overcast sky I think I am going to rain

Lafcadio

mancala stones
I count
the tears shed

Sangita Kalarickal

after dinner
Gran holds a cigar
for the smell

David He Zhuanglang

street party
the other side
of the neighbours

next door's dog
chasing next door's cat
daily news

Keith Evetts

night swimming
we bathe in the moon's
phosphorescence

Cynthia Rowe

waiting room
the tropical forest
wallpaper

Françoise Maurice

50 years later
the spot
where she saw off a bully

after dark
enough shadow
to jangle his keys

this won't end well...
moth
in the shower

Tony Williams

daylight savings—
the length of you
in yesterday

sudden rain—
I open an umbrella
inside me

mother of the mother of my tongue the river runs
away from me

dough
in my hand
this poem

Pippa Phillips

mistook a senryu
for a haiku
pandemonium flowers

Herb Tate

discovering
new flavours of ice-cream
genderqueer

C.X.Turner

tidal pool
the small worlds
we live in

Mona Bedi

prison garden
some grow revenge
the rest remorse

on the seat
vacated by you
my backpack

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

Silhouettes

It's a bumpy ride. Only mud and gravel remain on what was once a road. The map says, turn right. That's where the old house hides, behind a neglected wall of glossy weeds. The house that holds a thousand stories. Mother would always welcome us with a suspicious-looking brew. "It's a special herbal tea," she would declare, "for immunity against all diseases."

flash cards...
the dim memory
of a loved face

Geetha Ravichandran

empty waiting room
the constant blaring
of the tv

Ronald K. Craig

“I don’t care too much for money, money can’t buy me love.”

Lennon/McCartney

I was one of the first people in North America to own a Beatles’ album. I won it in a poker game. One of the guys gave it to me instead of the money that he lost in a big pot. A pair of aces is a good hand, but it doesn’t beat three sevens.

David’s aunt had just returned from England and had brought the album back for him. She said that The Beatles were very big over there, but none of us had ever heard of them. She told him that he was lucky to be one of the first people in Canada to have it. Of course, I would much rather have had the money, but ten bucks was a lot of money and I knew that I’d probably never get it, so I settled for the album.

The next day, my best friend Pete and I spent the afternoon listening to ‘Please Please Me’ on my stereo. We kept calling them The Crickets, but we decided that they weren’t too bad and we liked them.

geese leaving
the long line
for lottery tickets

Marco Fraticelli

setting sun
the rush to gather
the family

Ben Oliver

my voice in class
the only sound
in the universe

Maria Concetta Conti

the white foam feeling of doing the right thing

the false ladder of honour :: we are all freak accidents

Shloka Shankar

delete for everyone

conversations

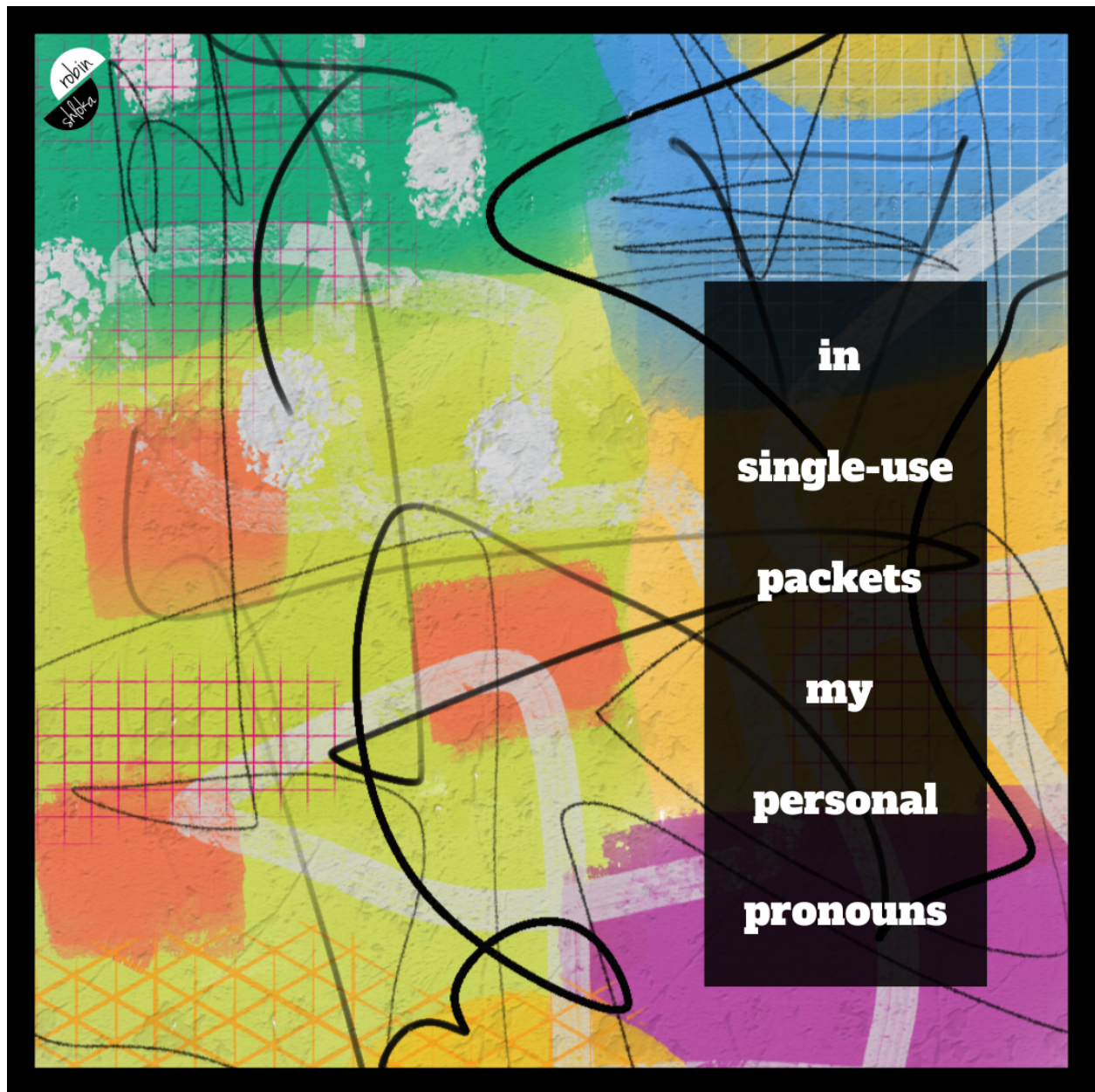
I don't have even

with myself

Chidambar Navalgund & *Shloka Shankar*



Robin Smith/ *Shloka Shankar*



Robin Smith/ *Shloka Shankar*



Shloka Shankar/*Chidambar Navalgund*

we all will go
but before that
smell of violets

second marriage
mudflat hiking
again

Maya Daneva

having traveled through the length of the dog used condom

Lev Hart

the many ways
nothing happens--
spanish moss

the brown side
of magnolia leaves--
try as i might

blind date
i walk the fog
home

Sondra J. Byrnes

Shivers

collecting ears
in the corn maze
harvest moon

*a slow creak
from the barn door*

wood chipper
working overtime
the hairs on my neck

*a thirsty rat
licks frost
from the saw*

the muffled cries
at a midnight bonfire

*the old yarns
tie her stomach in knots
lights on all night*

Marilyn Ashbaugh, Jeanne Cook

bad news day
she unleashes
her dog

Christine Wenk-Harrison

snow sky
the loneliness
of my shadow

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

city sunset
sitting on the fire escape
beating drums

Terrie Jacks

they look happy
to depart
obit photos

funeral over
attendees gather
to chatter

Asians don't order soda
I take it as
praise

John J. Han

my teenager asks
was elvis a singer
or just a president

John Budan

his lie waves on the butter

Daniela Misso

wild sweet pea
behind the gas station's
steady idle

new buds-
stepping out
for a smoke

Erin Castaldi

old books...
full of dust
and sneezes

cacti
some prickly—
some not

Susan Beth Furst

missing his old pond
the frog
in my throat

Norman Silver

the name of every
bird at the feeder...
what's left of her memory

Kerry J Heckman

Twitter: @kerryjwriter

lunch time
we cook up
spicy stories

Priti Khullar

Long Shots

closing time

*water rings
sticking around
for last call*

a lost planet

going for broke
a touch of friction
in the word choice

begins to orbit

*force field
a conversation
on autoplay*

Peter Jastermsky
Lorraine Padden

no signal ...
a phone drops in
the sound of water

Mark Gilbert

wine tasting
the nuanced notes
of a haiku

G.R. LeBlanc

between response & stimuli being human

signing into life where do I authenticate

t y p i n g . . .
I anticipate what
won't happen

Chidambar Navalgund

IG: [@chidambar_n](#)

a war fought
in black-and-white
chess game

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

in every stroke
of my paintbrush
father's praise

a great black-backed gull learning to fend for myself

applying myself to the definition of a caterpillar

rs

broken swing
my blunder despite
the warning

Vidhi Ashar

insomnia. . . dust in the dream-catcher

knowing
it's gone too far—
ripe figs

last good-bye
only the wipers
waving

Terri L. French

Ordained

“Is the Reverend Jim there?” asks the guy on the other end of the line. “Who?” I ask. “The Reverend. . . Jim. . .your Dad.” I hand Dad the phone. I’m wondering if my atheist father has finally found Jesus, but find out years later he received the moniker because he sermonized from a barstool at the local pub.

communion
the staggered path
to righteousness

answering the call
my father orders
another round

Terri L. French

Talk

dirty martinis

cloud cover
the perfect excuse
to hide inside

spilling the tea

floodwall breach
his alibi
evaporates

with friends

sudden drought
they all look
the other way

Carol Judkins

Lorraine A Padden

spring his pride my shame

Akhila Mohan CG

foodbank queue
pigeon footprints
in all directions

Lori Kiefer

a pearl of wisdom's existential crisis

Veronika Zora Novak

freezer aisle
so many types
of vanilla

Tim Cremin

derby day
I make a no-look pass
with a beer

Tomislav Sjekloća

unplanned leaves
losing count of the relatives
I have killed

meeting minutes
an hour's trip
to Bali

Deepa Patil

jarful
of failed dreams
gray winter day

Rehn Kovacic

the first one
to taste the romantic dinner
a fly

Irina Guliaeva

hard-boiled egg
peeling off the shell
of a former self

beach argument
with each lapping wave
the anger softens

Jay Friedenberg

father's funeral ...
mother asks again
my name

Milan Rajkumar

sunset...
the lonely song
of a rice picker

Eufemia Griffo

seesaw
riding out
another hot flash

the sun setting things right before he goes

Sharon Martina

climate change—
for once
I cook dinner

Curt Pawlisch

3 a.m call
the hushed silence
on both ends

Amoolya Kamalnath

security leak
giving my pseudonyms
pseudonyms

Tim Roberts

another year
my shadow becomes
even shorter

Mark Meyer

season's end
the ghost town's living
look a little dead

LeRoy Gorman

the ways
we imprison ourselves
saying yes

Claire Vogel Camargo

power outage
the slow ticking
of the clock

Stephenie Story

bombed city –
the mournful strains
of a violin

Kevin Valentine



Kevin Valentine

baby due
he polishes and re-polishes
his old car

Bruce H. Feingold

sunbathing
by the pool
two Barbie dolls

Wilda Morris

floating logs
not all are alligators

Tony Steven Williams

all day
the injured elbow
bumps everything

standing by the grave
my shadow lands
inside

David Oates

exploding
fingertips
bubbles

lying on my back
i reflect
the moon

Mike Rehling

inhabiting my poems

what is it about haiku poetry. well it is an invitation to make yourself at home in my small web of words. what strand catches your imagination is entirely of your own choosing. the conundrum is that in haiku the missing words and spaces are actually more important than the words you find in the poem. hintings and colorings make up the substance leaving a space for a reader to set up camp with their own images or the dreams derived from them. yes. there is space for all of you in all of my poetic expressions...

kismet
i find the missing keys
in my pocket

Mike Rehling

a tea ceremony for one

oh the joy of our modern world. we microwave our tea and
dunk donuts made by machines. i on the other hand. boil
water in an old brass kettle and pour it. gently. into a chipped
and stained cup. the ritual of it all so simple that even before
the first sip i am calmed just by the process...

halfway to india
in my mind
the swirl of sandalwood

Mike Rehling

midnight rain
the flash and blur
from neighbor's TV

blossom wind
touching grandma's feet
one last time

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