

failed ~~haiku~~

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Cast List

In order of appearance
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C.X. Turner
Samo Kreutz
Heather Lurie
Rick Jackofsky
Alexander Growth
Jan Stretch
Keith Evetts
Natalia Kuznetsova
Ruth Holzer
M. R. Defibaugh
Alvin B. Cruz
Ann Sullivan
Genevieve S. Aguinaldo
Amanda Ames
Roberta Beach Jacobson
Debbie Strange
John Stevenson
Ben Gaa
Eva Limbach
Louise Hopewell
Mona Bedi
Vandana Parashar
Robert Epstein
Tony Williams

John Hawkhead
Gil Jackofsky
Rupa Anand
Bryan Rickert
Oscar Luparia
Cynthia Anderson
Laurie Greer
Jackie Chou
Sharon Martina
John C. Waugh
Simon Wilson
Kathabela Wilson
Dipankar Dasgupta
Mark Forrester
Susan Burch
Katja Fox
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
Jon Hare
John J. Dunphy
Lakshmi Iyer
Cynthia Rowe
Arvinder Kaur
Adele Evershed
Ganesh R
Susan Bonk Plumridge
John Pappas
Peter Jastermsky/ *John Pappas*
Adelaide B. Shaw
Kristen Lindquist
Eavonka Ettinger

Neena Singh
Antoinette Cheung/ *Roman Lyakhovetsky*
Michelle V. Alkerton
Patricia Hawkhead
Diana Webb
Jo McInerney
Randy Brooks
Allison Douglas-Tourner
Linda Papanicolaou
Terri L. French
Chen-ou Liu
Ravi Kiran
Tony Steven Williams
Kerry J Heckman
John J. Han
Claire Vogel Camargo
Jill Lange
Surashree Joshi
Tomislav Sjekloća
Eugeniusz Zacharski
Carol Raisfeld
Ivan Gaćina
Sean Cordes
Stephenie Story
LeRoy Gorman
Raymond A. French
Christa Pandey
Richa Sharma
Hifsa Ashraf/ Shahid Mehmood
Nick T

Bob Lucky
Ingrid Baluchi
Mike Fainzilber
Susan Yavaniski
Brian Kates
Barrie Levine
Alfred Booth
Steve Black
petro c. k.
Michael Henry Lee
Lev Hart
Jenn Ryan-Jauregui
Sondra J. Byrnes
Ron Scully
Tim Cremin
Rohan Buettel
Robert Witmer
David Oates
Christopher Calvin
Curt Pawlisch
Tom Blessing
Irina Guliaeva
Andrew Terrell
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
Jamie Wimberly
Sue Courtney
Peter Jastermsky/ *Lorraine A Padden*
Nancy Brady

proving you wrong
one failed haiku
at a time

C.X. Turner

daylight ...
her first stroll
after divorce

Samo Kreutz

instant
while he's away
morning coffee

Heather Lurie

late for supper
the cat
spits out a stink bug

Rick Jackofsky

after the funeral
the grandson waves
at the clouds

Alexander Groth

a small flower softens a rock

two cormorants when only a heron will do

Jan Stretch

lingering sunset
I can still change
a lightbulb

washed up
each pebble's
different story

twenty years retired
a neighbour finally asks
what I do

Keith Evetts

under open skies
a host of alpine flowers ...
no wi-fi

Natalia Kuznetsova

quickly folded
back in the chest
the guest towels

parents gone the silence of the telephone

sweeping up bamboo leaves bamboo broom

Ruth Holzer

monthly checkup
grandma can't hear
the ocean anymore

copied with my first real loss scratcher tickets

M. R. Defibaugh

using my ex's birthday
for a lottery ticket
shooting star

foreign film
the subtitles for
silences

one-sided love
tossing the coin
one more time

Alvin B. Cruz

the difficult sister
momma's ashes
fly in her face

Ann Sullivan

I stop
shaving my legs--
rambutan season

Genevieve S. Aguinaldo

on porch swing
a firefly
leaving a light on

Amanda Ames

as it blinks
we can't help but wave back
space station

Roberta Beach Jacobson
twitter/X: @beach_haiku



Debbie Strange



Debbie Strange

summer anxiety about the end of summer

autumn colors
the driver behind thinks
I should go faster

John Stevenson

cafe window
reflecting on my
reflection

watching her watching me
the jazz combo
switches keys

Ben Gaa

the wall
I climbed as a child
soft moss

the books yet to read coloring maple leaves

Eva Limbach

beach yoga
a sea vulture circles
my corpse pose

Radical Bay
a massive change
of tide

track maintenance
a lyrebird mimics
nail gun song

Louise Hopewell

taking life as it comes spring rain

Mona Bedi

feeling small
my face fits in the crook
of dad's neck

for better or for worse gaps in my memory

dentist's probe
mother's mouth opens
wider than the kid

Vandana Parashar

it reminds me
I don't need a purpose
house fly

Robert Epstein

old haunts—
still time
to make my ghost

people-watching...
the company
of clouds

Tony Williams

elderberries
grandpa's complaint not discussed
during dinner

saline drip
getting better
at insults

shooting star
but then it never was
was it

John Hawkhead
Twitter - @HawkheadJohn

ambient light
at the edge of day
cooing dove

Gil Jackofsky

what we were
before cutlery
— wild

an atm
swallows my plastic
this urge to vomit

Rupa Anand

my teenager
only smiling
at her phone

lightning
 struck
 down
 in
 her
 prime

Bryan Rickert

shopping centre
what I would pay
for a bit of silence

Oscar Luparia



Oscar Luparia

Continental Divide

I already sent my regrets, but the organizers of my 50th high school reunion have kept me on the list. They started planning two years in advance. Now I get email updates on who will be there, as if that might help me change my mind.

fireworks
in the distance
sleeping dogs stir

Cynthia Anderson

power lines...
crow calls
off and on

Laurie Greer

eating alone
the salty swirl of caramel
in my ice cream

Jackie Chou

summer's end
his hair more salt
than pepper

Sharon Martina

stubbed toe--
Alexa learns new words

John C. Waugh

the Great Wave
hangs over the customers
—hissing coffee machines

Simon Wilson

those walks
at low tide searching
for treasures
swan shaped driftwood
the day I was a lucky duck

Kathabela Wilson

heat wave
a cockroach lying
on its back

Dipankar Dasgupta

zen landlord
letting the bugs live
rent-free

monkey bridge
all that separates us
from the monkeys

Mark Forrester

Rumplestiltskin
the power in naming
my rapist

Susan Burch

I've opened a car door into my face three times.

moonbeams licking rocks to see if they're salty

Susan Burch

looming old age —
we practice to stand
on one leg

Katja Fox

my fitness
routine . . .
laundercise

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

summer school
children line up
with fishing poles

Jon Hare

drunk at the buffet
he fills his plate
with vomit

John J. Dunphy

talking to myself this necessity to build my bones

Lakshmi Iyer

sorting
through old books
I discover
that letter you swore
you never wrote

Cynthia Rowe

after the fireworks bedroom silence

Arvinder Kaur

sea glass
binding my broken bits
to sell on Etsy

Adele Evershed

Dal Lake the seedy undergrowth

Saturn in retrograde I put a ring on it

Ganesh R

sweet peas
what support do i need
to thrive

Susan Bonk Plumridge

cutting edge tech—
we only watch vids
of swearing parrots

John Pappas

Saturday Matinee

stars of yesteryear

re-entry window
dreams of square-jawed
Astronauts

a glare of dust

tall order
the fifty-foot woman
crushes a spaceship

on the silver screen

mission control
the blinking banks
just plastic

Peter Jastermsky/ John Pappas

roots of a pine tree
pushing up the bricks—
I send out my novel

Adelaide B. Shaw

spy novel on Audible
the unblinking gaze
of a roadside owl

air quality index
we're both reduced
to tears

Kristen Lindquist

Thermal Energy

Geysers spume heroically among miles of forest burnt by last year's forest fire, fields steaming, bison hooves breaking through crust into hot mud. Every sixty-eight minutes, Old Faithful erupts, while across the smoking river a retired postmaster monitors less predictable geysers, camera poised for hours. You and I have argued for miles, only quieted by a herd of elk milling around the visitor's center. You take a picture of me surrounded by steam vents, my face in the clouds above a boiling pool of brilliant turquoise.

hot springs
the ring you gave me
turns black

Kristen Lindquist

turbulence
getting you off
of my cloud

wormwood dissolving your sweet lies

Eavonka Ettinger

after years
in the lotus position...
the Reclining Buddha

Neena Singh

Twitter: @NeenaSingh7

Lava Lamp

Lomi Lomi

*going further
up the sitar neck -
incense smoke*

the thin skin

candy wrappers
stashed behind War and Peace
midnight oil

of a soap bubble

*spinning globe -
our fingers meet
above Bangkok*

Antoinette Cheung/ Roman Lyakhovetsky

whispers
my inner voice
slips through

Michelle V. Alkerton

keeping company
my cat's whiskers
measure the distance

Patricia Hawkhead
Twitter: @PatricaHawkhead

Not Locked up

Two pains au chocolate. Two double shot coffees. Two doses of paracetamol four hours apart. All readily available and reasonable in price especially when consumed in my favourite cafe . Sugar rush plus caffeine high .No policeman has escorted me to the cells for running almost naked through the streets wearing only my public nuisance hat. And so far not one little white coated man has come to take me to the secure ward named after some psychiatrist's favourite saint.

many tongues
one of St Anthony's dried ups
out just for today

Diana Webb

ice moon...
we wait out the night
before surgery

Jo McInerney

ocean breeze
ruffles the umbrella
if I share
a day dream
will it come true?

Randy Brooks

a tenderness of
apple blossoms ...
the times I didn't choose love

Allison Douglas-Tourner

heat dome—
our argument goes
from a simmer to boil

Linda Papanicolaou

Bortle 9

Go outside at night and look up. Every star you see is a part of our Milky Way galaxy. None of them are moving away from Earth despite the expansion of the universe. Our sky will never change. It will never go completely black. There will always be stars.

But what does it matter? Astronomers predict that within 20 years, because of city skyglow, all of the dark sky will vanish, replaced by an orangish glow. Every constellation, even The Big Dipper and Orion, reduced to a fading afterimage.

i wish i may. . .
i wish i might. . .
a nursery rhyme
recited to
the airplane's strobe

Terri L. French

what are you thinking
nothing, nothing
how can you be thinking
about nothing ...
I scream at her with no sound

alone again
during Happy Hour
in dim light
I raise the last glass
to my reflection

Chen-ou Liu
Twitter: @ericcoliu

flat tyre
should I care for
my feelings too

at last on top
of the pedestal
Acrophobia

Ravi Kiran

hairy spider
on my shower floor
you go first

Tony Steven Williams

another poem
not written
by chatgpt

childfree
raising myself
instead

Kerry J Heckman
@kerryjwriter

AI-generated email
the sender forgot to delete
“your name”

John J. Han

peach pit
the way his beard
scrapes my skin

Claire Vogel Camargo

late again—
rushing to my car
and yet wild roses

Jill Lange

in between the saree pleats my mommy issues

Surashree Joshi

anxiety
wetting my shoes
tomorrow's rain

Tomislav Sjekloća

autumn wind
i ignore the knocking
on the door

Eugeniusz Zacharski

first date
silently correcting
his grammar

Carol Raisfeld

The Resort

The summer folk have ferried back to the mainland.
Beaches stretch empty for miles.

It's easier now to get a table overlooking the
water...waiters are happy. Cool mornings...warm by noon.
Not quite fall. Not quite not. The bare legs,
hold-onto-your-tan days. Taking a sweater for evening
chill, we walk into town for dinner. Barefoot, I dangle my
sandals from one finger.

The only sound, my heart beat. I watch you watching me,
feeling the magnitude of our summer together.

I know
I'll see your smiling face
in winter dreams

Carol Raisfeld

lonely night . . .
the third game of poker
with my own shadow

meteor . . .
my marital secrets
far behind me

Ivan Gaćina

rolling blackout
left in the dark
about tomorrow

Sean Cordes

inheritance . . .
the silence between
sisters

Stephenie Story

Elvis on the radio
the dog shakes
rain from its coat

early frost
her first
hot flash

LeRoy Gorman

fork in the path
after years of dungeons and dragons
I go left

full-time RVing
a series
of one night stays

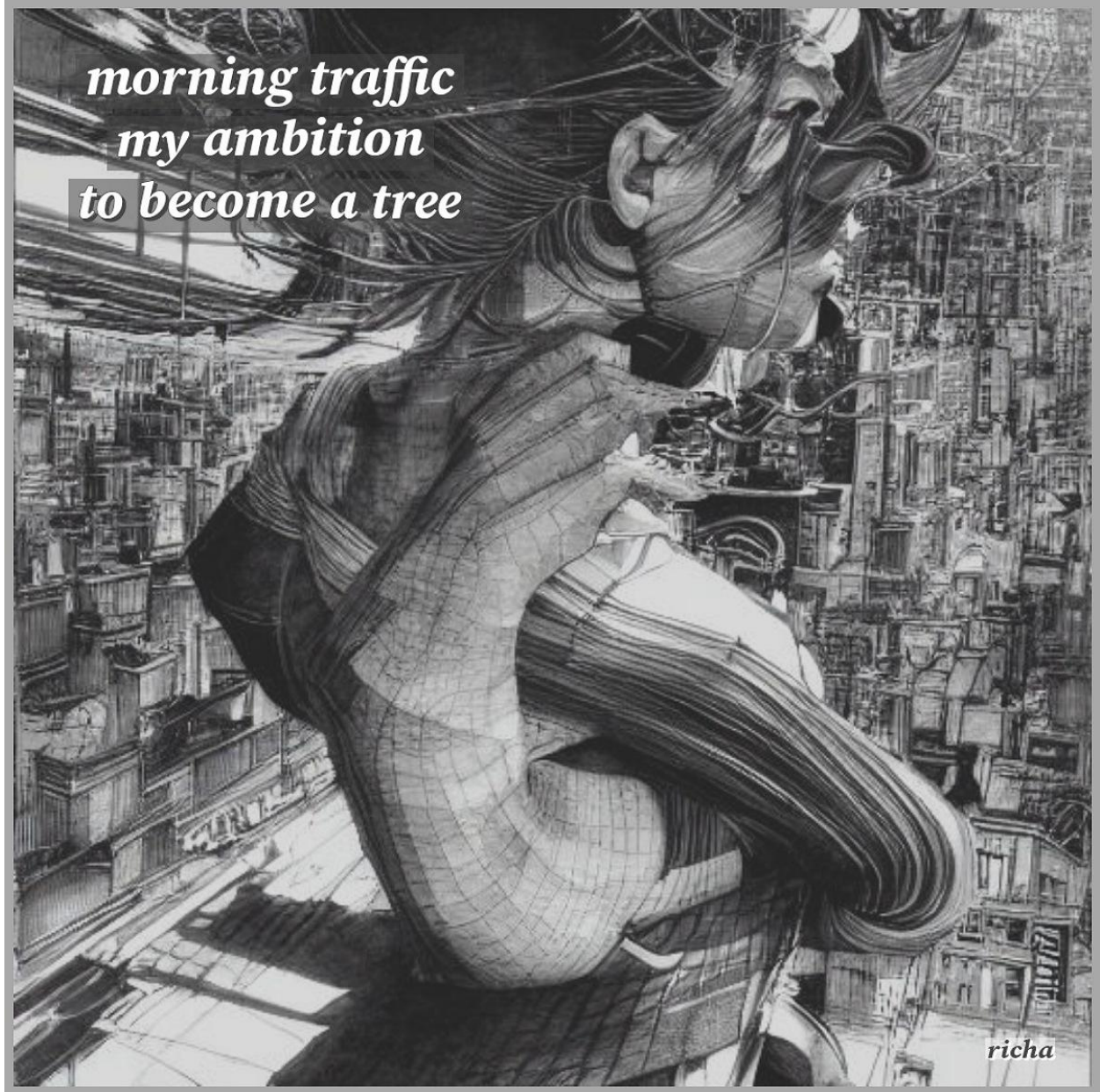
Raymond A. French

dreary drizzle
the daily sameness
of old age

Christa Pandey

butterfly replacing a nonresponse

Richa Sharma



Richa Sharma



recovering
from a long illness...
spring rain

haiku: hifsa ashraf
photo: shahid mehmoood

Hifsa Ashraf/ Shahid Mehmoood

low alcohol lager
I worry about
the sugar content

election flyer
paper and policies
recycled

Nick T

my father
drives me to the airport
vehicular silence

half moon
I contemplate
the dark side

Bob Lucky

halving a kiwifruit
the fullness
of her lashes

Ingrid Baluchi

hospice plastic plants
she smells
cherry blossoms

Mike Fainzilber

Twitter: @MFainzilber

table for one
I pick a tiny bone
from my teeth

Susan Yavaniski

changing my grandson's diaper
I discover
the fountain of youth

Brian Kates

Family Secrets

Grandpa slurped steaming coffee from a round-bottomed porcelain mug, no saucer. I thought that all old men drank from this special kind of cup.

When I slept over, he shared a sip or two of his morning coffee with my little brother and me. I learned to ignore the bitter taste that adults seemed to enjoy and took a liking to the sweetened, creamy part of the flavor.

Grandma never said anything like, “Don’t drink coffee, it will stunt your growth.” Most of the time, she was facing the sink or at the stove, never sitting at the table.

I felt like I grew an inch taller and a year older anytime I drank the big people’s drink. Best of all, the bubbling percolator filled the kitchen with a scent so inviting that it changed the entire apartment into a rich family’s house.

kitchen window . . .
the shape of clouds
from the old country

Barrie Levine

Drosselmeyer
when cracking (wall)nuts
becomes a dance

Alfred Booth

still life
last year's sympathy cards
gathering dust

Steve Black

fighting our own war-torn between two lovers

petro c. k.

sobriety checkpoint
the arresting officer
discovers a lump

Michael Henry Lee

spring
light
downtown
a vortex
of plastic
bags

Lev Hart

losing control
I regain it between
the couch cushions

Jenn Ryan-Jauregui

all the space
you've given me
low tide

Sondra J. Byrnes

last bag
on the carousel
belongs to no one

Ron Scully

Dad's chair nap
a hole wearing through
his sole

Tim Cremin

dust on the leaves
of an indoor plant
my ailing mother

grey clouds
emptying
the vacuum cleaner

Rohan Buettel

a smile
from a stranger
junk mail

Robert Witmer

to add birth year
scrolling, scrolling,
scrolling...

strained marriage
all the affection lavished
on the dog

David Oates

whetstone
the sharpness
of mom's tongue

Christopher Calvin

hillside poetry class—
telling the truth
but at a slant

Curt Pawlisch

at the wobbly table my tea stirs itself

Tom Blessing

folding origami
new wrinkles
on the teacher's forehead

Irina Guliaeva

same old argument
floating through my head
trash bag in the wind

Andrew Terrell

Instagram: @andrew_terrell_art

moon landing
a pedestrian greets me
with a smile

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

singing
the words wrong –
crickets

Jamie Wimberly

transition
i master folding the sheets
alone

Sue Courtney

What Goes Around

do unto others

saying grace
the Sunday dinner
forcemeat

the bared teeth

slipping the muzzle
no talk of religion
on the trail

of a stray

nerve endings
an emergency call signal
out of reach

Peter Jastermsky/ Lorraine A Padden

blue skies
through blurry tears
--Monet's garden

Nancy Brady
@NancySm93536930

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