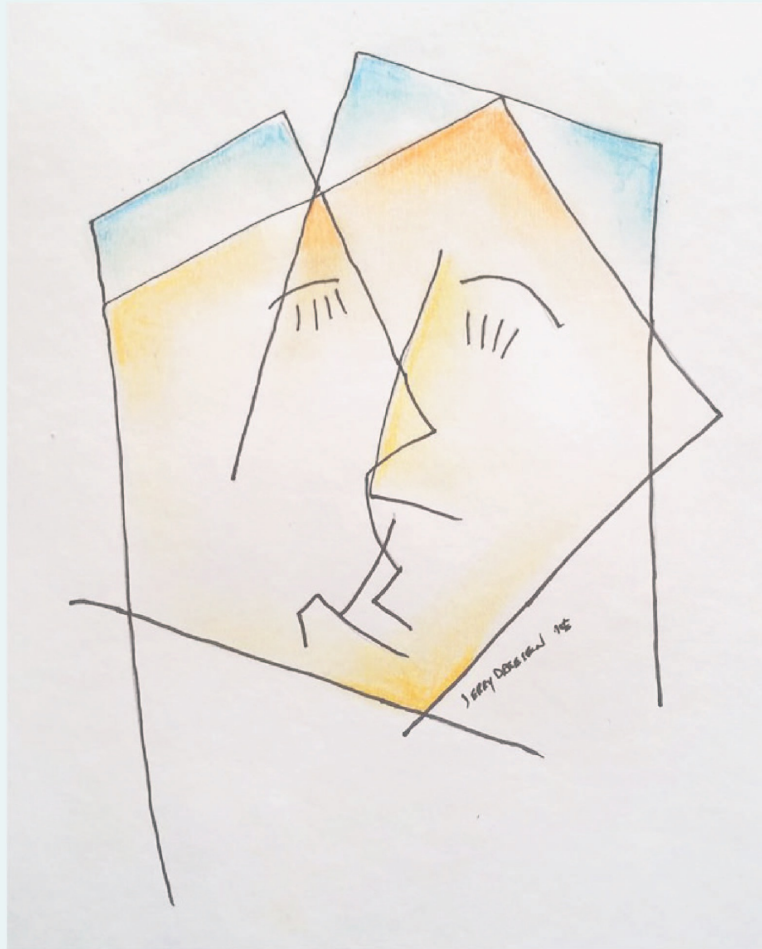


Prune Juice



*A Journal of Senryu, Kyoka,
Haibun and Haiga*

Issue 23 • November 2017

PRUNE JUICE

Journal of Senryu, Kyoka, Haibun & Haiga

Issue 23, November, 2017

Editor: Steve Hodge

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Issue 23: November, 2017

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Prune Juice Journal of Senryu, Kyoka, Haibun & Haiga is a digital journal occurring tri-annually, dedicated to publishing and promoting modern English senryu, kyoka, haibun & haiga. It is edited by Steve Hodge. Please send all submissions and correspondence to:

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Editor's Note

Welcome to the twenty-third issue of *Prune Juice*, in which we reveal the winners of the Second Annual Jane Reichhold Haiga Competition, judged by Kris Moon (Kondo), Ron C. Moss and Linda Papanicolaou. The quality and number of submissions were inspiring this year, as were the winners and honorable mentions, as you'll see beginning on the following page. Michael Rehling, editor of *Failed Haiku* senryu journal and I congratulate the winners and appreciate everyone's submissions. We wish we could make room to feature all of the excellent haiga that were submitted. We also appreciate the tireless work of this year's judges. *Failed Haiku* and *Prune Juice* are publishing the results of the competition simultaneously. You'll want to check out the new issue of *Failed Haiku* at your earliest convenience.

As a followup to the July 2017 issue, we're also featuring a number of clerihews by Michael Dylan Welch. Regular readers will remember that the July issue featured Michael's clerihews about past editors of haiku and senryu journals. This issue features editors presently working in the field. As we did with the July issue, we've scattered Michael's clerihews throughout this issue and printed them in red text with a black border in order to indicate that they're clerihews rather than senryu.

Enjoy!

Steve Hodge
White Lake, Michigan

Announcing the Results of

**The Second Annual
Jane Reichhold Memorial Haiga Competition**

Traditional Haiga Judged by Ron C. Moss

Photographic Haiga Judged by Linda Papanicolaou

Mixed Media Haiga Judged by Kris Moon (Kondo)

Sponsored by

Michael Rehling, *Failed Haiku*
Steve Hodge, *Prune Juice*

First Place, Traditional Haiga

Gautam Nadkarni



stressed out—
the psychiatrist's car on the verge
of a breakdown

This winning entry ticks all the boxes for a very pleasing haiga. We have the lovely free-flowing line work, creating an almost 3D effect. As with a classical senryu the humour is sharp, and has lots of layers and meanings to be found. The use of white space is pleasing and all the design elements are in balance and working together well. The perspective of the central figure and the car is nicely handled. A worthy winner with a very enjoyable entry which has the flavour of a classic caricature in the best tradition of [Master Sengai](#).

First Honorable Mention, extremely close runner up

Mercy Ikuri



reflective shop windows
they check their hijabs
and lipstick

If simplicity is the key then this lovely entry has it all. The cropping of the image doubles the impact of the shape of the lips. It appears the artist has used their own lips and become part of that haiga. Once again we have a very pleasing senryu, with a lovely touch of humour and an invitation to take a good look at ourselves. The handwriting is handled well and you can feel the personality coming through. A great reason to create your own handwriting on haiga when possible.

Honorable Mentions

John Hawkhead



under the floorboards
a soft whisper
the slow fall of dust

The realistic rendering of the little mouse is very appealing, and it draws the attention right away. The spacing of the lines adds a visual connection to the mention of floorboards. The interesting paper texture adds more to the feeling of dust, and there is plenty of space for all the elements to work together. The senryu brings a smile of recognition for a world out of plain sight, but filled with small wonders.

Christina Sng



not alone
in this world
starry night

This lovely expressive watercolour immediately catches the eye with bold colours and a strong link to the senryu. Which becomes a very powerful statement, encapsulating something we may have considered in our lives. Our deep connection to all the universe shines forth in this haiga.

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik



scant data
for the xenolinguist
starry night

Another very finely rendered watercolour with colour and movement in the foreground to soft washes into the sky. The definition of [Xenolinguist](#) is basically the study of an Alien language, which fills this senryu with delight. Scant data indeed! But perhaps one day we will have someone to talk to out there, maybe when we start talking to each other more.

Ron C. Moss

Photographic Haiga

Judged by Linda Papanicolaou

Judging the photographic haiga was a wonderful learning experience, because it required seriously looking at senryu haiga as a subgenre of a form that we generally associate with haiku. What makes a poem senryu rather than haiku? Bawdy or humorous certainly, but as Alan Pizzarelli has written, senryu also focuses on humans, human psychology, and the misfortunes, hardships and woes of the human condition. There may be plants, animals and nature--even season imagery, just as haiku can include human topics-- and this can seem to blur boundaries. It's been variously argued that whether senryu or haiku depends on what the writer says it is, that perception lies with the reader, or that distinction is irrelevant in the English language forms where we do not have the weight of Japanese culture and tradition.

Personally, I think that some of the best poems can't easily be categorized either way, but this still doesn't mean that definitions don't matter. Of the 132 entries in the photo haiga section, many were inarguably haiku and I eliminated them from consideration. For the rest, one haiga emerged immediately as the winner, while for the honorable mentions I gradually opted to select works that could represent the full range of which this form of haiga is capable.

First Place, Photographic Haiga

Elizabeth Crocket

death grip
she takes my childhood name
with her



Elizabeth Crocket

death grip
she takes my childhood name
with her

With the loss of someone who has known us since childhood, suddenly there are things like childhood nicknames that are no longer shared memories. I especially like the layering in the first line. At first I read "death grip" as the grasp of the dying woman, but as I lived with the haiga I realized that it is more quiet death, and the one who is fearfully holding on is the speaker. In part, this is what the image brings to the haiga. A photo of the moon, so simple it could have been created digitally, it could also represent the light that returnees from near death tell us of the experience. On one hand the poem is wrenching but on the other that image expresses an ineffable sense of mystery and sacrament.

Honorable Mentions

Jennifer Hambrick



beefsteak
we reminisce
about the salad days

A salad of self-deprecation and a dash of bawdiness, this is a wonderful example of how good text-image linking can create a synergy that makes a whole that is more than its parts. The poem is all wordplay, from Shakespearean idiom to twentieth century Americanisms, in which tomato referred a sexy woman. It brings an aura of ineffable mystery and sacrament to the whole. The named variety hints punningly at “beefcake,” slang for a well-muscled man. The image, illustrating not the meaning of the poem but just the literal meaning of the first line--a tomato on a chopping block--layers the poem by framing the reminiscence as a conversation during food preparation.

Lee Nash, Poet
Stuart Davies, Photographer

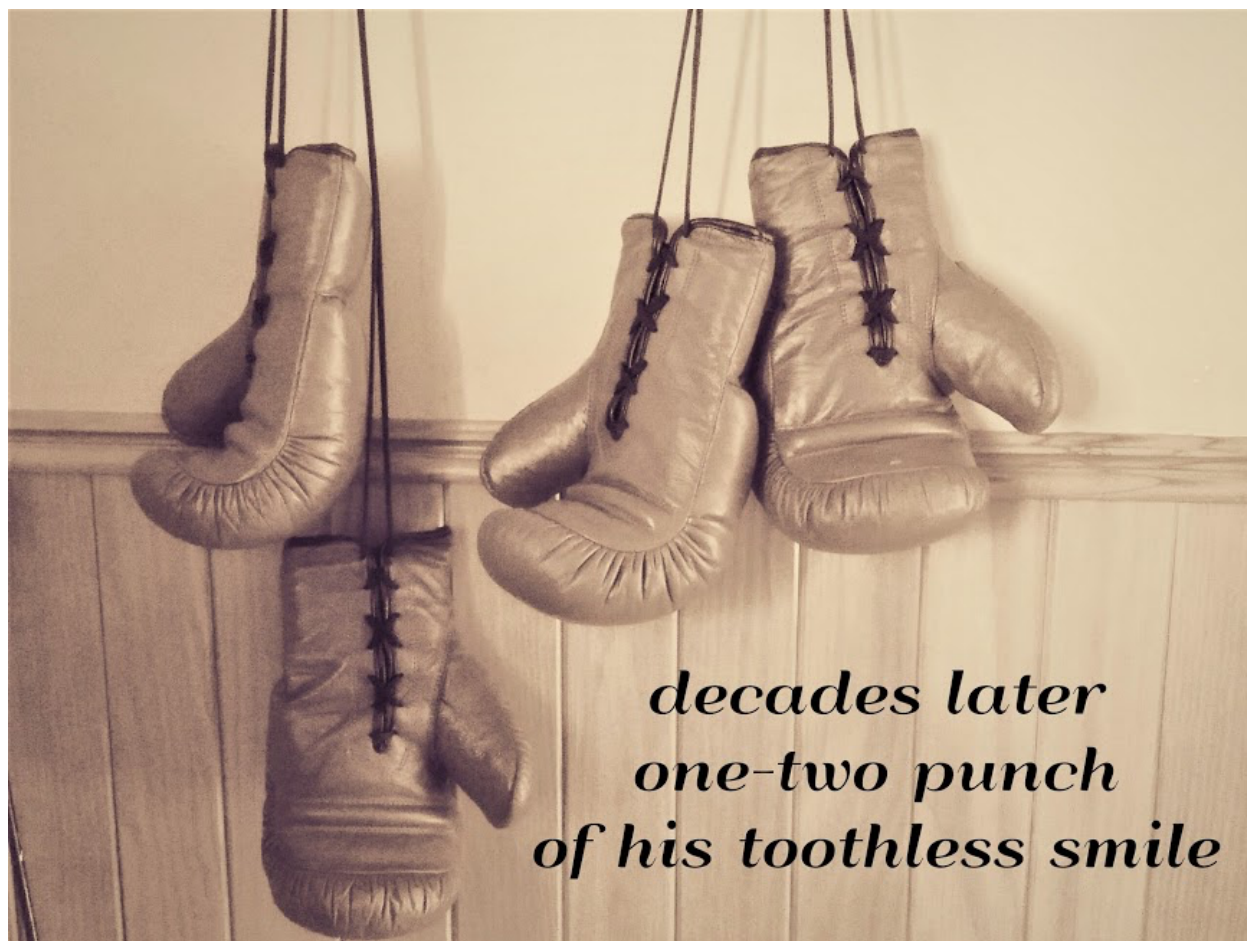


the put-down –
she's had more fun
with pond slime

the put down—
she's had more fun
with pond slime

This is another excellent example of well-chosen text-image linking. By itself the poem is rather heavily sarcastic, but joined to a literal illustration of pond slime lightens the humor, especially with that creature rising up in the middle with the facial expression of a frog prince hoping to be kissed.

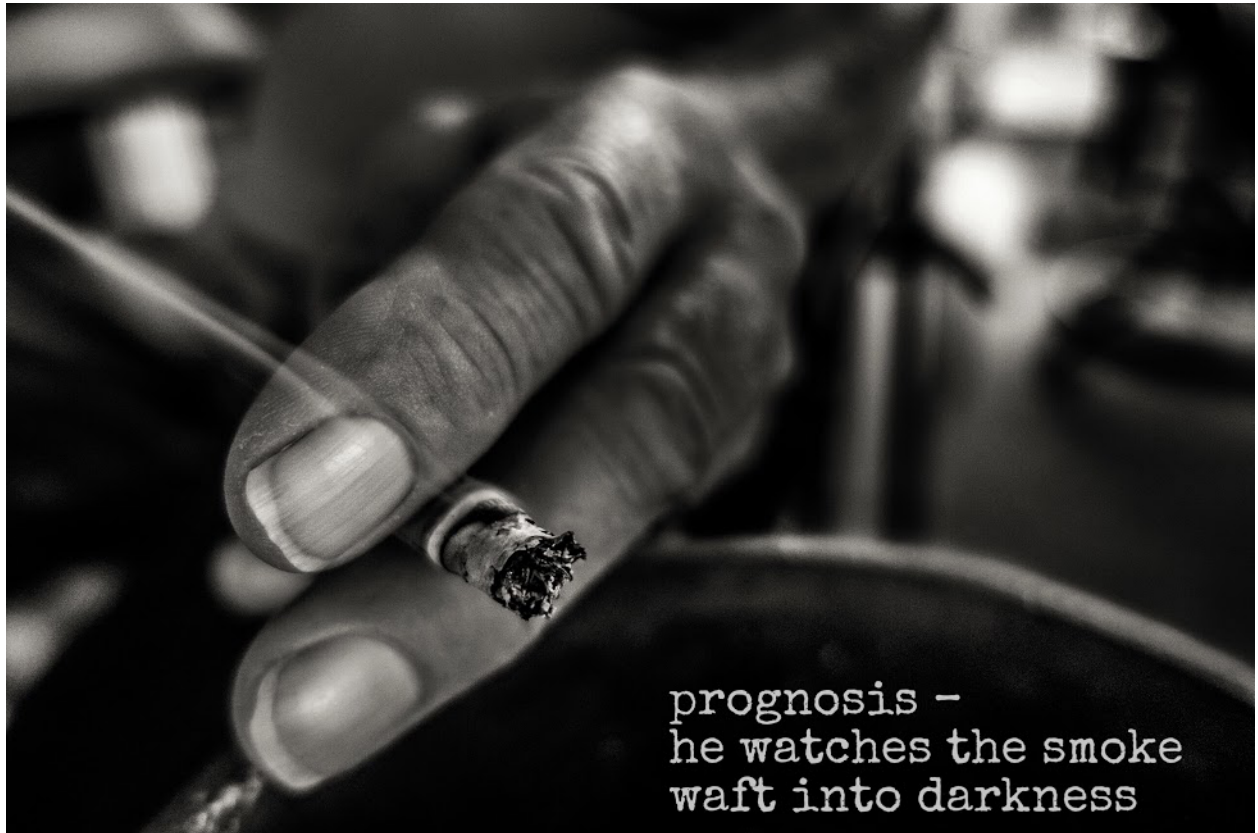
Kim Mannix



decades later
one-two punch
of his toothless smile

If senryu is about the human condition, old age can be an endless source of humor. This is a warm poem in the way it depicts an old man who retains the charisma of his younger days despite decrepitude. The image reinforces the poem nicely, illustrating line two with an image of boxing gloves. Its pale coloration evokes elderly skin while the empty space between the hanging gloves evokes missing teeth.

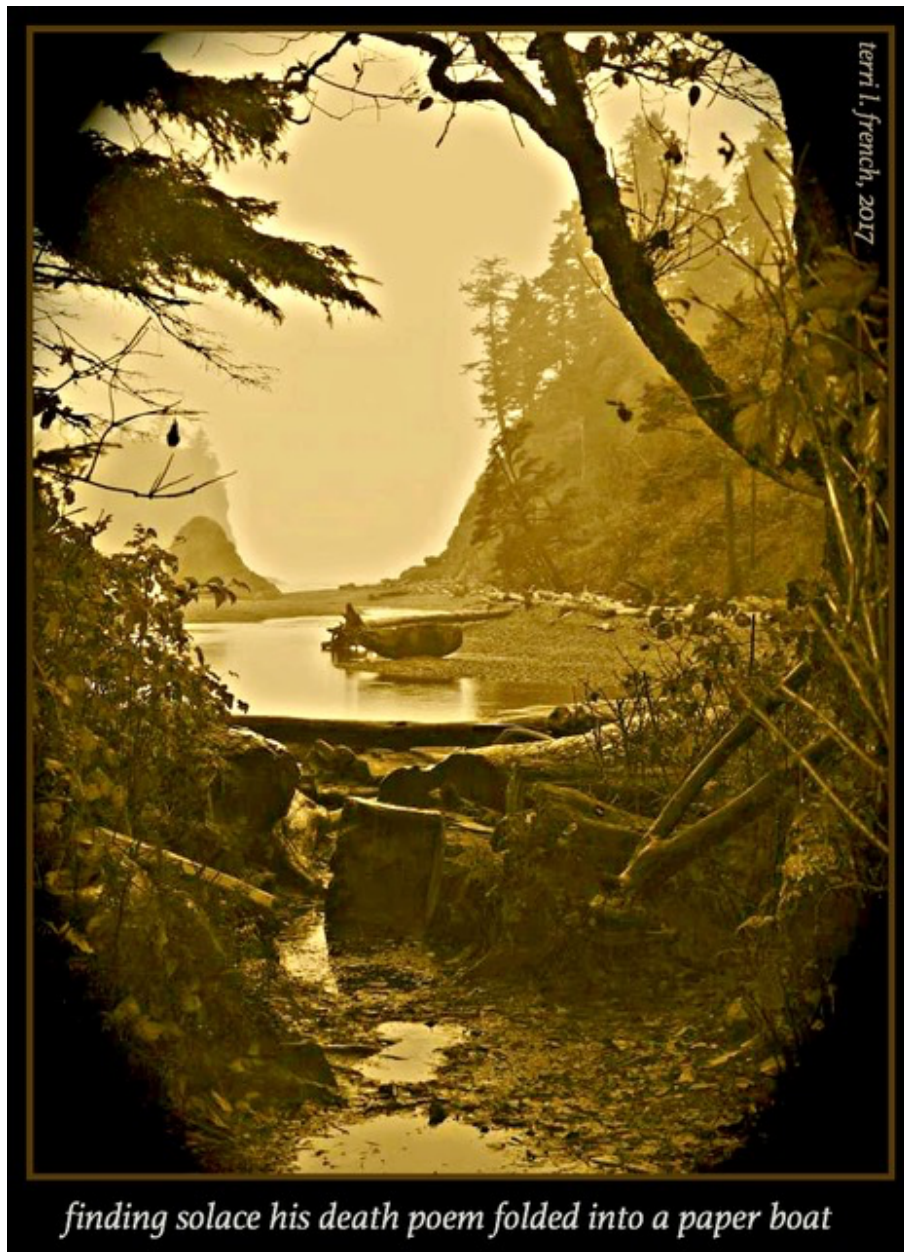
Chase Gagnon



prognosis—
he watches the smoke
waft into darkness

No humor here--it's a grim characterization of nicotine addiction and lung disease. The poem suggests, while it's the black and white image of work-hardened hands with tobacco-stained fingernails and a butt smoked down to the filter make clear. There's also formal subtlety in the way the text has been set in the finality of the lower right corner, where the cigarette butt and smoke point at it. The choice of font too: it's not one that reflects a working class male voice, but a fixed-width typewriter font that sets the reader's gaze as from the medical file. Meaning lies in the stark void between that clinical language and the human realization of death.

Terri L. French



finding solace his death poem folded into a paper boat

A sea plane beached in the cove of a forested island--the image has primacy here. The poem arrayed on one line below the frame as if captioning the image though it raises more questions than it answers if taken literally. On the symbolic level, I read this haiga as a finding of faith in the face of impending death. How different a treatment from “prognosis!”

Linda Papanicolaou

Mixed Media Haiga

Judged by Kris Moon (Kondo)

In the Mixed Media there was some very stunning and exciting art. However I would caution anyone submitting to this contest that it is for haiga with senryu not haiku so some amazing work was disqualified for that reason. Some of the verses were too weak to resonate with the artwork, others the meaning too obtuse, or the English was awkward. Also I wonder where the line is between New Yorker type cartoons and senryu/haiga.

In any haiga I am not just looking for a simple visual resonance between words and image, but that the words are a part of the entire composition by choice - for font and colour and hue of the font as well as placement of the words. This includes the signature. I hope that all haiga artists will enjoy incorporating this aspect in their creations.

Another general observation is that most of the submissions were black and white and grey. Perhaps a sign of the times. . .

First Place, Mixed Media Haiga

David J. Kelly

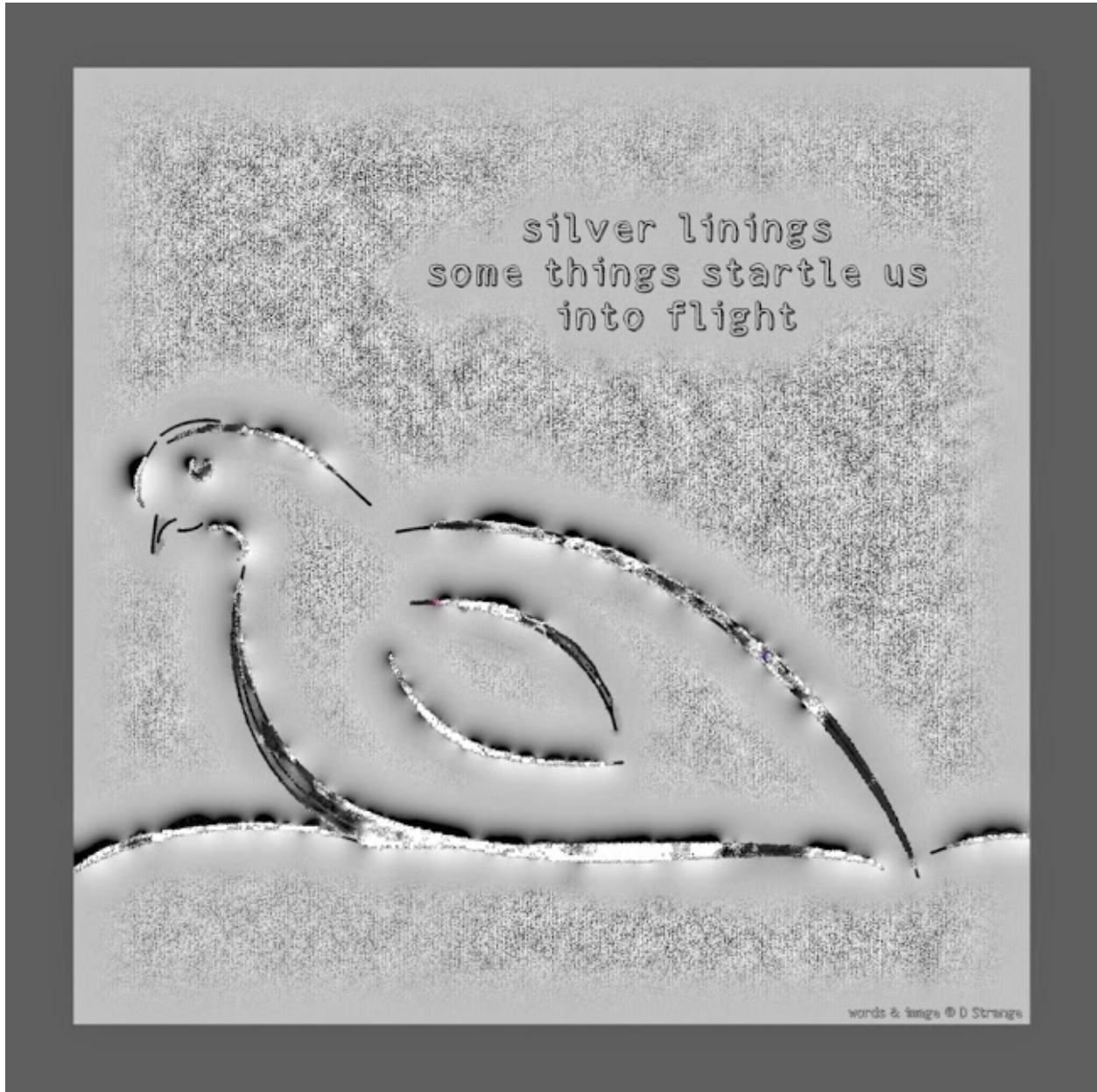


a last hurrah...
hoping against hope
for another encore

"a last hurrah" was the first haiga among the submissions that reached out and grabbed visually with its vibrant, vibrating colours, and dramatic use contrast. The font choice, size, placement colour and hue all add not just to the composition, but also add resonance to the senryu. The placement of the poem as members of the audience giving the hoped for standing ovation. As we get older, like so many aging musicians, don't we hope that we still connect, that we still have something meaningful to say, that we'll have "another encore."

First Honorable Mention, extremely close runner up

Debbie Strange



silver linings
some things startle us
into flight

"Silver Linings" is subtle in concept and execution and leaves a lasting impression. Everything about this is in a resonating balance. The embossed silvery effects add elegance to "the things that startle us into flight." Another superb haiga from a modern master.

Honorable Mentions

Ernesto P. Santiago



mortified by his own hand a love for the flame

Ernesto P. Santiago

mortified by his own hand a love for flame

In "mortified" I really liked the creative choice of the "frame" for the haiga. The composition works well, but I would have liked a strong, vibrant red or orange among the bold strokes to emphasize "a love for the flame." The choice of font works well as does the single line. The signature could be quite a bit smaller and perhaps incorporated into the lower left corner of the artwork.

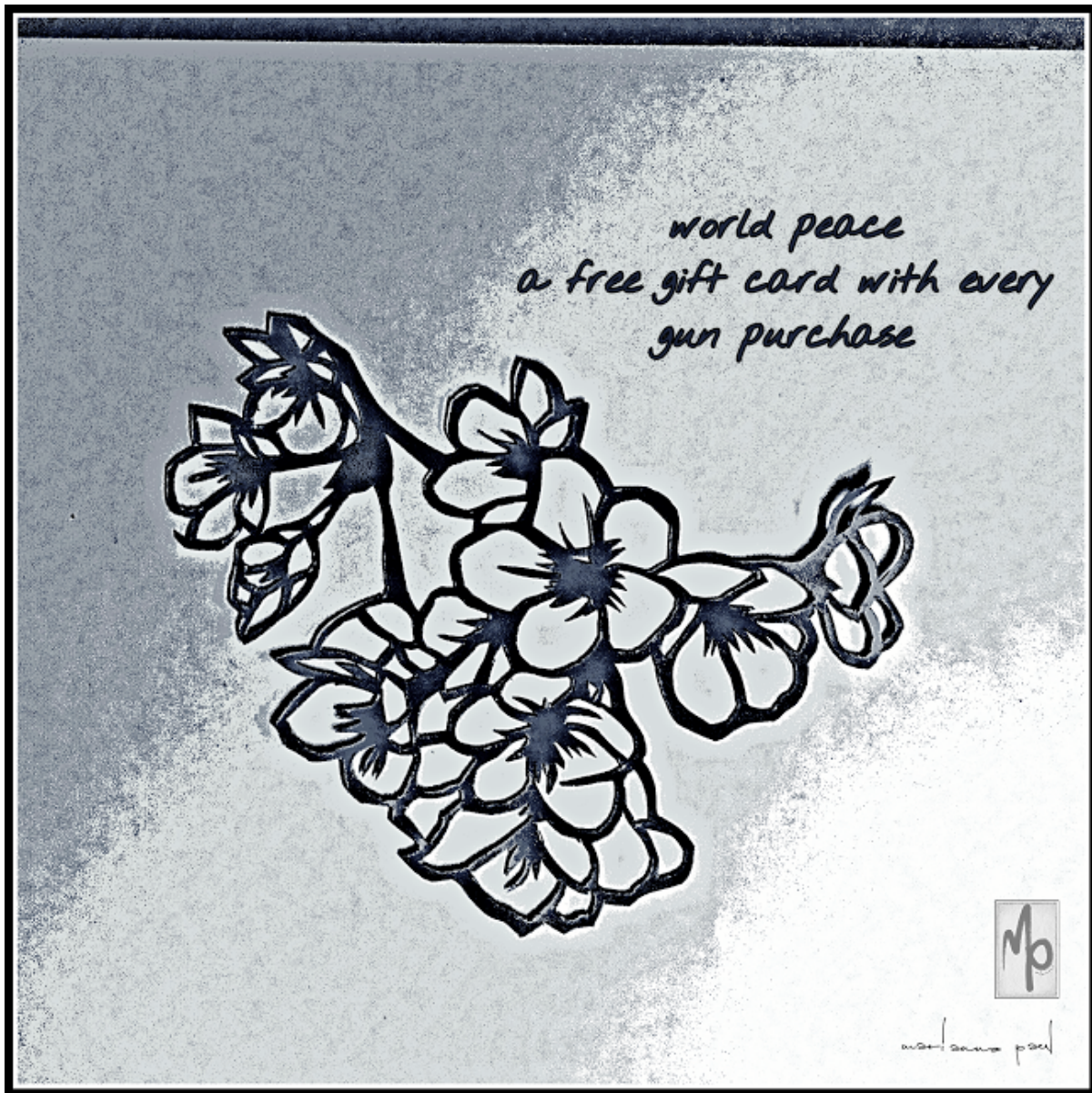
Poem by Deshan Tennekoon
Illustration by Isuri Dayaratne



brushing against you
I finally understand
electricity

In "brushing against you" I loved the intimacy created by the composition and distinct whimsical personal style of the artist/poet. The positioning of the senryu with its small white font on the warm grey background adds to the intimacy. It seems to be cosying up to the couple. A very charming haiga.

Marianne Paul



world peace
a free gift card with every
gun purchase

"world peace" hits such a cord. A biting senryu. The subdued looking posies with a shadow falling across them gives a fitting sense of deep sadness and frustration. The signature could be incorporated into the composition between the two lower right flowers.

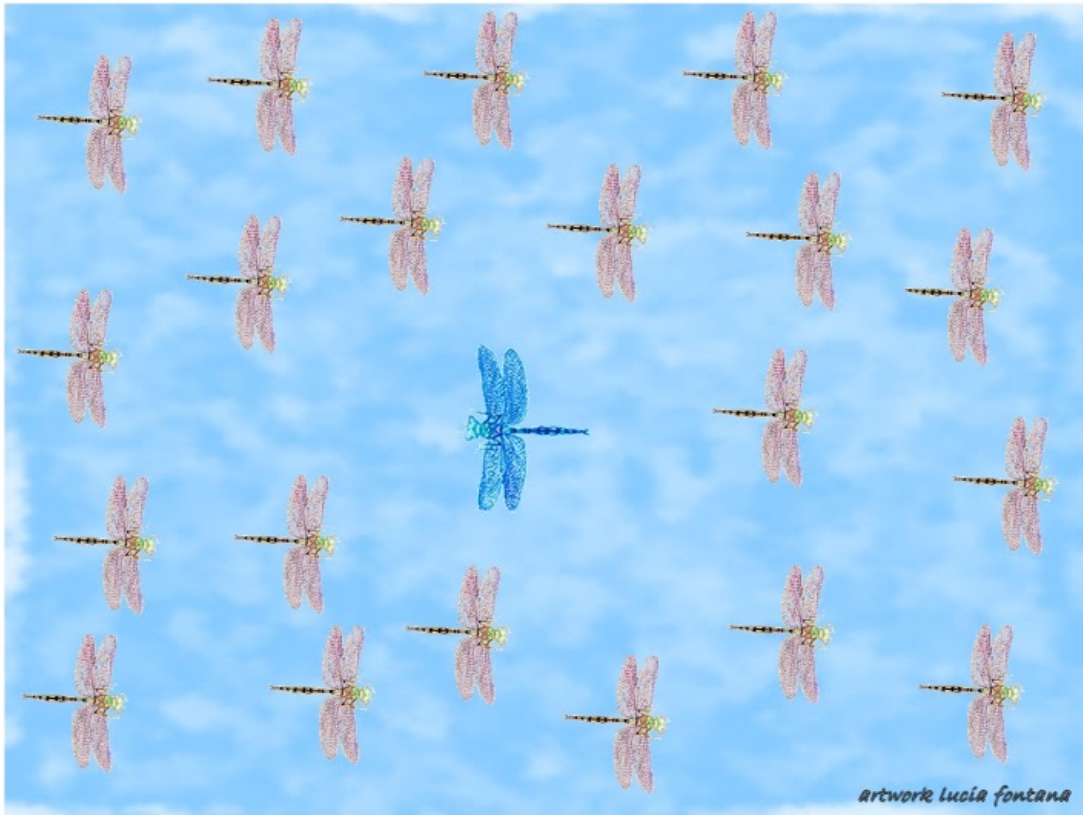
Dimitrij Skrk



her sharp voice—
and my dream vanished
in a moment

In "her sharp voice" I loved the tapestry like images that add to the senryu in a elegantly humourous way. However I feel that font size, colour and placement of both the verse and signature detract rather than add to this haiga.

Lucia Fontana



snorkeling a fish among fish upstream

snorkeling a fish among fish upstream

To end on a light bright note "snorkeling" with its delightful colourful art leads us by association into another layer of existence. I'd like to see more attention to visually linking the senryu to the image. One simple way would be to have a dark blue border, the colour of the central dragonfly and have the font in white or pale blue. More radically the lines of the senryu could swim among the dragonflies adding another visual layer to to total.

Kris Moon (Kondo)

Kwaku Feni Adow, Ghana

old diary
its missing pages of
grandfather's life

playground
my son pulls out
my inner child

Adjei Agyei-Baah, Ghana

Mother's Day
these flowers your hands
cannot hold

Debbi Antebi, UK

pouring whisky
our relationship
on the rocks

finally
it all adds up -
sudoku

homeless man
begging for
change

one way or the other regrets

Johnny Baranski, USA

charm bracelet
Jesus and Buddha
just hangin'

around the campfire S'mores the merrier

Brad Bennett, USA

street corner—
at the ends of a leash
two intentions

turning the key...
the solace
of you

sifting through
my addled brain
my addled brain

city sidewalk
dodging the traffic
of texters

family visit
the puzzle we finished last time
still laid out

Susan Burch, USA

looking
for Jesus –
MRI scan

first date –
before knocking
sniffing my pits

blown away by your
dear john text -
I can't decide if you're
the cowardly lion
or the tin man

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

keeping in mind
he cannot stop himself
trumpet vine

impermanence
the map i'm using
out of date

his unmowed lawn—
we should have
known

until i know
enough to know
it doesn't matter

Pris Campbell, U.S.
and Paul Brookes, U.K.

old married couple
he figures showing up home
is romantic

pc

old married couple
she thinks doing chores
is thoughtful enough

pb

old married couple
he's there so why does she ask
if he still loves her

pc

old married couple
they once spooned in bed
now turn away

pb

old married couple
he used to write her
love letters

pc

old married couple
when did a good meal
replace making love?

pb

Salil Chaturvedi, India

grandpa's cane—
I fall
into his stride

Bill Cooper, USA

sheilding his eyes
from a war monument
the Amish boy

a sip of water
from the plastic bottle
climate talk

Michale Dylan Welch, USA

Susan Antolin
keeps it goin' —
we'd be forlorn
without *Acorn*.

John Barlow
puts a carload
of ku into *Snapshot* —
he's no crackpot.

Randy Brooks
publishes books;
haiku's always in 'em,
seemingly ad infinitum.

Cherie Hunter Day
has her haiku say
in many different ways
setting journals ablaze.

Stanford R. Forrester
used to be a choirister;
now bottle rockets rise
over Connecticut skies.

John J. Dunphy, USA

corpse pose --
my yoga instructor
in his coffin

salesman's funeral
atop the closed coffin
his clients' business cards

motel room --
my hooker
calls her babysitter to say
she'll be home early

Robert Epstein, USA

redwood burls
she wants to blame the cause
of the cause on karma

surge protector
at my age why
would I hold back

skype
I won't
if you don't

older now
the secret agent man
seeking company

together in line
for confession
kissing cousins

romance—
the scientist not much
into experimenting

San Francisco nights
contemporary hippies
priced out

late May
the substitute teacher
needs a substitute

sunny side up
alternative facts just
the way you like 'em

first date
I trade poems
for photos

patchwork quilt
he wonders about
her hidden agenda

the jig aw puz le her dementia

Fractled, USA

empty stomach—
an orphan stares
at the full moon

Gay Pride Parade
I put on my best
straight face

Terri L. French, USA

my son's vasectomy
a visit to the shelter
to snuggle puppies

a birthday gift
to my boomerang kid—
flying lessons

alone on the front porch sitting on her mood swings



Jay Friedenbergr, USA

taking mom
to the old age home
frost-covered roots

dinner with an old flame
I try not to fiddle
with my wedding ring

solar eclipse
even the New Yorkers
share their viewing glasses

(Mykel Board, coauthor)

Chase Gagnon, USA

autumn moon
the burn of the whiskey
you left behind

in the churchyard
where my father found god
bruised apples

forgetting his voice
my dad's apology letter
crackles in the fire

cracked polaroid
the memories
I couldn't suppress

autumn chill
a teddy bear tied to the fence
catches snowflakes

carded at the liquor store
if only I felt
as young as I look





overgrown zoo —
from somewhere within
a starling's song

LeRoy Gorman, Canada

haiku retreat
minimal
accommodations

summer nooner
the dominatrix binds
tomatoes to stakes

ventriloquist sex
Woody talks

killed them
eco-friendly
non-lead bullets

tinsel camouflage
a toy soldier takes
the boy prisoner

DMZ
zed
end

Hazel Hall, Australia

Remembrance Day
father's old uniform
looks so small

tone on tone
the neighbourhood dogs'
nightly fugue

new ink cartridge
my identity
left everywhere

corn roast
the width of his grin
as the cob turns

Mary Hanrahan, USA

rough draft...
another paper ball
for my pug

revision—
this time
I get the house

John Hawkhead, UK

retirement day
the stonemason carving
his own name

Michael Dylan Welch, USA

Ferris Gilli
isn't silly
'bout haiku—
that's sure true.

LeRoy Gorman
is the foreman
of haiku as we know it
by every Canadian poet.

Lee Gurga
never wears fur ga-
loshes at work as a dentist
—it wouldn't be centrist.

Steve Hodge
likes to lodge
in senryu lands
with both hands.

Tia Haynes, USA

teaching manners
oh Sisyphus
how I understand

cold coffee
the bitter taste
of motherhood

Louise Hopewell, Australia

Hyman Lane
the sign says
one way traffic

tight jeans
you share your secrets
with the world

guide dog waiting
on the church steps
blind faith

Peter Jastermsky, USA

The Gray Presence

Already you are gray with your dying. Still you come to sit among the laughing, the living, the little truth between us.

life stories
all the things
that never happened

Barbara Kaufmann, USA

dark night
I count the same black sheep
over and over

mostly gray
my head lost
in fog



bk

*dark shadows
my thoughts
go to ground*





quiet moment a distant mockingbird draws attention to it

bk

David J. Kelly, Ireland

always forgiven
the crook
of your shoulder

Alzheimer's
the mist that fills this garden
will never leave

cold caller my demeanour frostier

path of totality
perhaps we can all
return from darkness

self-portrait
I caress myself
with a pencil

*anger management
smoke rises from a
dormant volcano*



Mary Kendall, USA

walking meditation
worries follow
in shadow

cerulean sky—
the wild sea air
tousles my thoughts

barren—
even the word
is devoid of hope

promises not kept—
that umbrella you gave me
blows inside out

**battered boards
sixty years later
I still remember**



Haiga by Mary Kendall



Haiga ~ Mary Kendall

Deborah P Kolodji, USA

faded casket spray
the relics
of hope

ten years
of unopened boxes
restraining order

empty wine glass
the words I can't
unsay

black lace
of a new bra
spicy milk tea

Bashō Contemplates the Gingerbread House

(1)

spring rain
soggy breadcrumbs
deep in the forest

(2)

lollipop curtains
rows of ants circle
sugar windows

(3)

reddening leaves
cinnamon seasons
the wind

(4)

wood smoke—
two small children run
for their lives

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, UK

crack of a belt...
scratching dad
out of each photo

floating population
all those that have
no say

labourers
working hard
for nothing

a lorry
lumbering along
I offload
after a shower
of my son's kisses

Jessica Malone Latham, USA

brother's calligraphy...
the closest I get
to holding his hand

silk orchids
sometimes being fake
is just easier

Phyllis Lee, USA

a new day
stepping on
last night's cramp

wearing the wig
I hated
jack-o-lantern

Michael Dylan Welch, USA

Jim Kacian
loves to vacation,
but to every distant nook
he takes his haiku notebook.

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
surely is worthy,
choosing haiku to fit
into *Blithe Spirit*.

David McMurray
is in no hurray
to publish haiku
that's just about you.

Scot Metz
seeks and getz
gendai ku
for you to chew.

Mr. Paul Miller
is a poetry pillar—
he'll remember you
when editing ku.

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

you're fired
my Mexican parrot
trumping Trump

side by side
my old dog and I
in the tv light ...
the couple next door
bicker all night long

Eric Lohman, USA

from tree

the

p

cr

to tree

black

u

aw

to tree

birds'

b

l

Martha Magenta, UK

coins in the well
the depth
of my desire

fireside mystery
she reads it again
for the first time

second-hand shopping
I catch my reflection
in a window

Marietta McGregor, Australia

I leave
the nun stays
Mont St Michel

cleaning up
I throw out
mother's gallstone

Cuban mamma
the size of her
cigar

Joe McKeon, USA

bonsai tree
the plastic surgeon
admires his work

Van Gogh exhibit
the docent speaks
a little louder

honeymoon over
the mayfly's day
ends

Lori A Minor, USA

anorexia
I starve myself
of value

orphaned bird
I teach myself
to fly

garbage day
gathering up
who I used to be

Angel Dust

He said I was an angel. His bloodshot eyes and bruised arms told me he'd been shooting up. He asked my name and before I could get anything out he interrupted with "I just know you're from Heaven. I can even see your wings and halo." I didn't know what to say so I mumbled a simple "thank you" through smiling lips. He insisted I gave him my number, even if it was a fake one, because his friends would never believe that he had met an angel.

sky diving
the shape of wings
in his veins

Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA

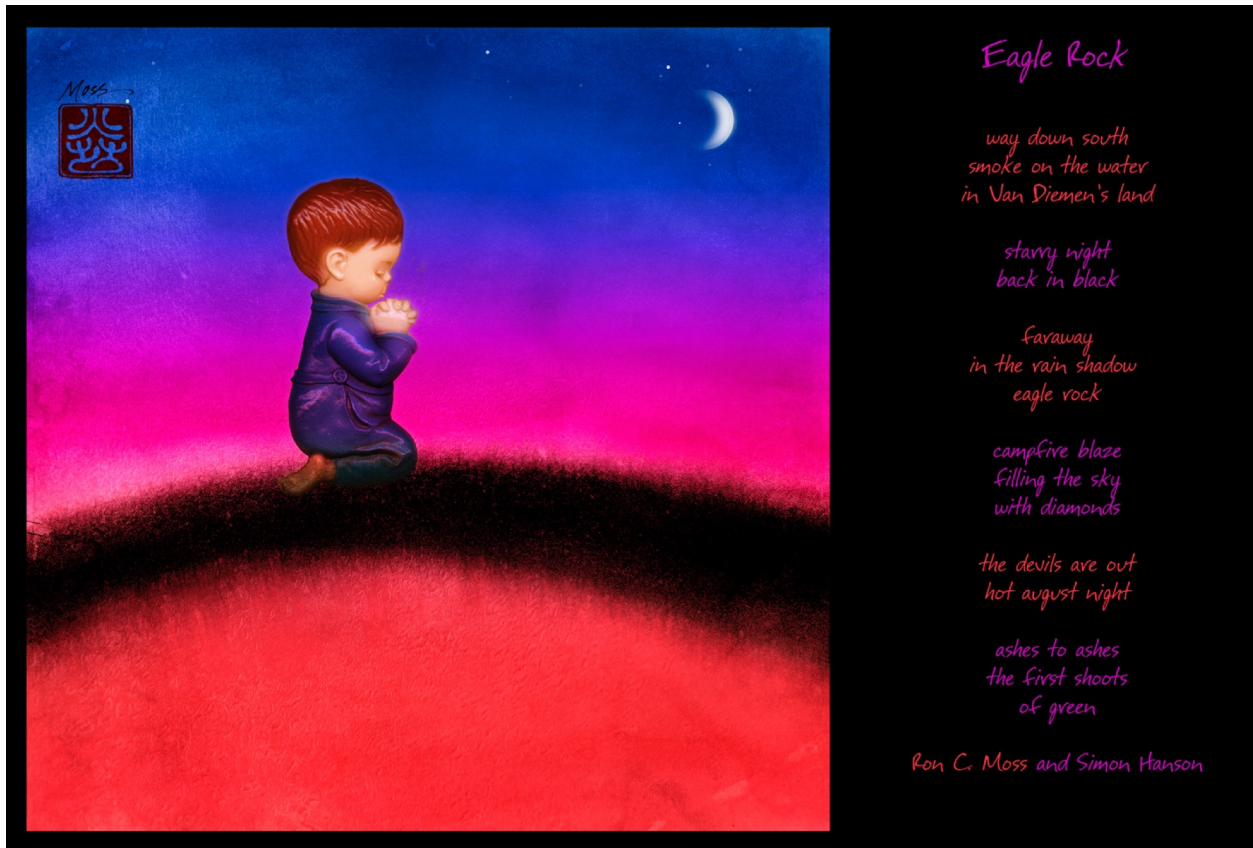
sleepless night
i stop on
the surfing channel

happy hour
aiming for the scent
in the urinal cake

afternoon sun
so much depends upon
a thin white shirt

a leaf print
in the latte
the barista's tattoo

Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia
Simon Hanson, Australia



Eagle Rock

*way down south
smoke on the water
in Van Diemen's land*

*starry night
back in black*

*faraway
in the rain shadow
eagle rock*

*campfire blaze
filling the sky
with diamonds*

*the devils are out
hot august night*

*ashes to ashes
the first shoots
of green*

Ron C. Moss and Simon Hanson

On The Verge

*the glow
of a red mustang
at full throttle*

*rear view mirror
smoke on the horizon*

*hill upon hill
lights on high beam
touching stars*

*from the darkness
a steady stream
of white lines*

*orange hazards flash
on passing faces*

*on the verge
of tiredness . . .
scurrying foxes*



Ron C. Moss & Simon Hanson



Robert Moyer, USA

relief
between innings
a breeze

high school reunion
she holds me at arms length
again

pawn shop
me and the guitars
just visiting

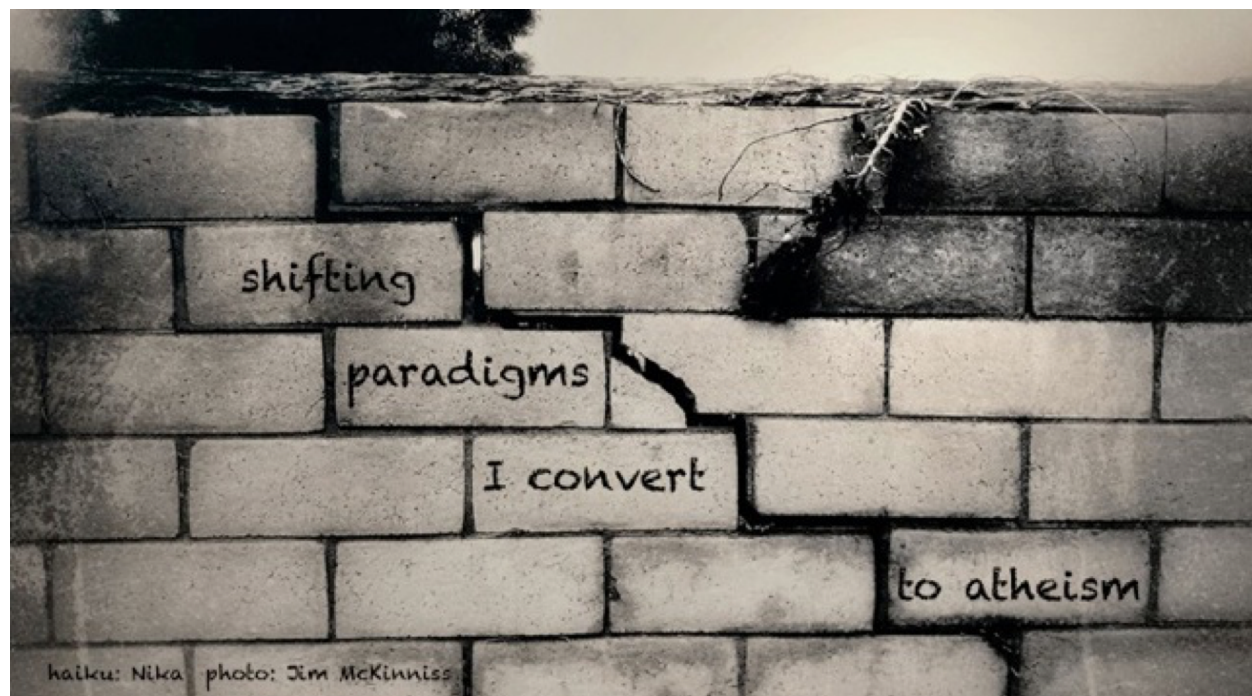
French Quarter fiddler
the tattoo on her arm
dances along

ball park hot dog hand to hand to

ground

Poem by Nika, Canada
Photograph by Jim McKinniss, USA





Michael Dylan Welch, USA

Ban'ya Natsuishi,
it's easy to see,
thinks the pope can fly
in the *Ginyu* sky.

Christopher Patchel
in his satchel
keeps a ku
just for you.

Matthew Paul
has it all—
quite a pedigree
in haiku poetry.

John Stevenson
reads a ton
of haiku every year
while drinking sake . . . or beer.

David Oates, USA

between customers
the man at the drive-through
singing

warm snow
the streetwalker's fishnets
end in galoshes

Precious Oboh, Nigeria

prison wall -
the thickness of
my sins

Ross Plovnick, USA

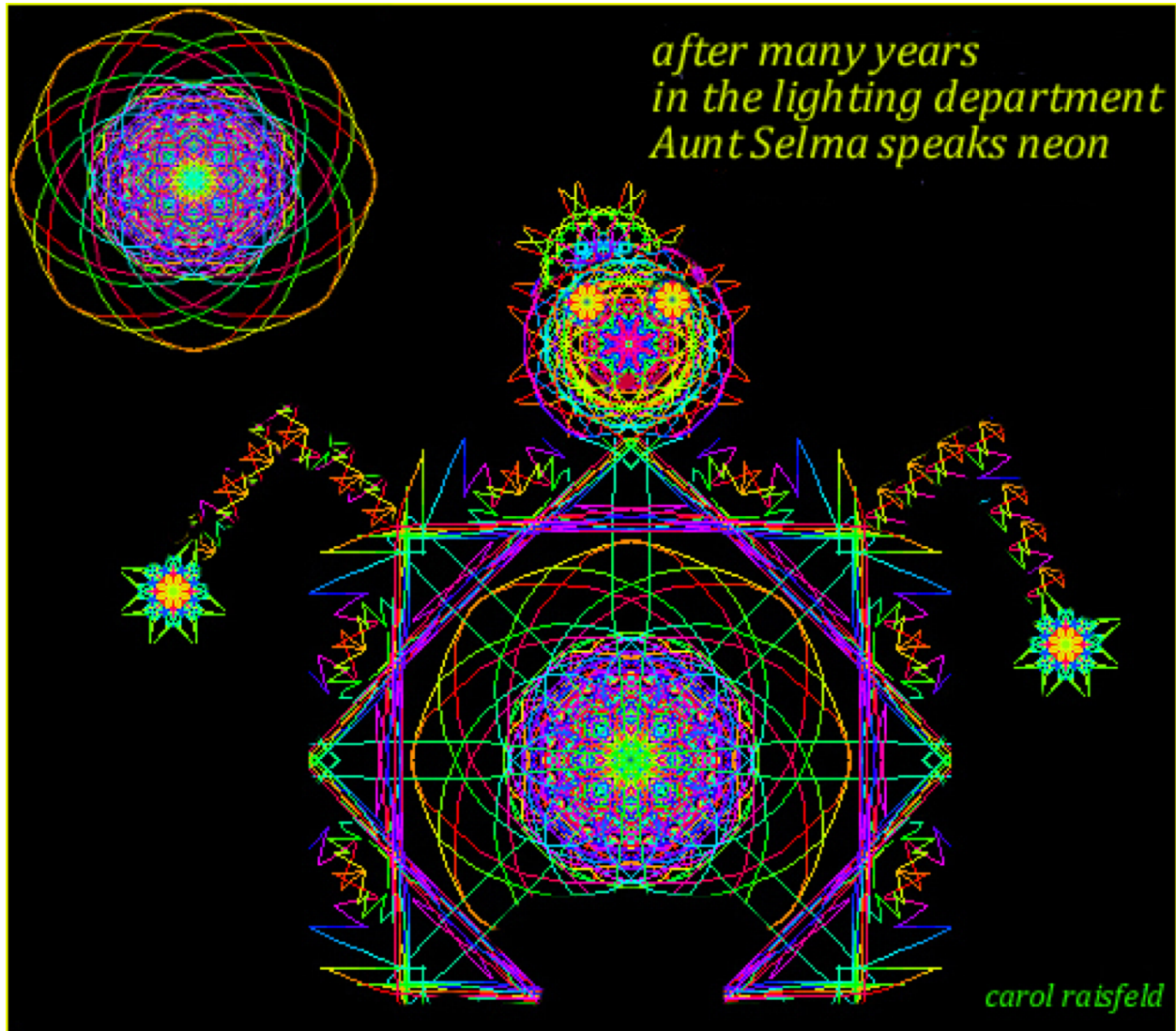
summer camp
the nightlife
of mosquitoes

her dog
sniffing mine sniffing hers
spring fever

overnight flight
checking the bags
under my eyes

Carol Raisfeld, USA

incontinence hotline
four rings
can you hold, please?



Kala Ramesh, India

meditating...
thoughts on thought
shooing away thoughts

Dave Read, Canada

sweltering heat ...
my thought clouds
dissipate

rotting plum
her hoodie shades
her bruise

in the trenches
a pipeline
of protesters

carpet shock
my son gifts me
electrons

Nightfall

I look out the window into the darkness, struck by how early the sun has set. Late every summer, the shortness of days startles me - hits me all at once. I'm reminded of how quickly seasons pass, how quickly a life passes. As the long summer days slip away, I am forced to face autumn, and my own middle age.

My youngest boy joins me at the window. He shares the darkness with me, gently pats my arm.

"I know Dad," he sighs, "It's hard to believe. School is only a few days away."

leaf pile ...
we jump into
our misgivings

Roller Coaster?

I sigh, reluctantly agree. As a boy, I loved the roller coaster. Everything about it. The sense of danger. The hairpin turns. The drops that pulled my stomach to my throat. The nervous parents, the daring teens. How I threw my hands in the air, and laughed as little kids screamed. It was fun, an adventure. An escape into a world of loops and speed.

vertigo ...

Now? Not so much. We step in line. What once prompted excitement fills me with dread. My head aches. Nausea bubbles my gut.

a leaf falls

Taking our seats, I close my eyes, grip the safety bar.

through my fingers

Michael Rehling, USA

symphony night
i cant stop looking
at the female cello players

forest flower
i open up
to it

soul stew

i am often caught thinking. silently if that is possible. about all the things that have influenced me. but nothing ever comes from it. russo wrote three pieces for blues band and orchestra while thinking. silently. seiji ozawa recorded it with the san francisco orchestra and the siegel schwall blues band. i am still thinking. silently.

the shadow
of a coopers hawk
is all the squirrel sees

i had a good idea but it didnt last

enlightenment is sort of like a dimmer switch. no matter how much you fiddle it is either too light or too dark. step outside and clouds and stars will lead you to a comfort that is more like perfection than that damn switch can ever provide.

finding
the way out
of the gravel pit
by drowning
in it

Samantha Renda, South Africa

hoping I was
a sexy drunk
the morning after

Bryan Rickert, USA

cleaning father's closet
the shoes
I still can't fill

the bread maker's funeral
I offer a toast

cremation–
to keep them from dancing
on my grave

touching
a name spelt like mine–
memorial wall

Alexis Rotella, USA

Indian summer
the word Nazi
hunts me down

Seventy years old
but my feet
still sweet sixteen

Thanksgiving lunch
another helping
of family grief

At the bus stop
a young boy practices
taking a knee

If I don't get myself
into the garden
to prune and pull weeds
I will make a fool of myself
on Facebook

Past Life Memory

Province Town
you hesitate going
on a whale watch

From across the room
a twitch
in your bicep

A memory
in your flesh
wanting to come out

Once a sea captain
your vessel swallowed
by a wave

A shark
bites off your arm
red all around

Reborn
a triple Pisces
marries a hypnotist





Michael Dylan Welch, USA

Ian Storr
loves to implore
that you write
with *Presence* in sight.

Alan Summers
never winters
on the Riviera—
no haiku there-a.

Michael Dylan Welch
has been heard to squelch
5-7-5s—
they give him hives.

Don Wentworth
loves to unearth
good short poems
on jeroboams.

Jeffrey Woodward's
selecting words
for fine haibun
to make you swoon.

Olivier Schopfer, Switzerland

the sugar crust
of a crème brûlée —
your side of the story

half-moon
your hidden
dark side

who will keep the dog
after the divorce
a bone of contention

Carroll Scott, USA

Charlottesville

tiki torch light...
preserving the purity
of madness

Emancipation Park...
Lee's horse's head
bowed in shame

pledge of allegiance...
red, white and black
swastikas

breaking news...
white ralliers demonstrate
their inferiority

Klansmen...
beneath white hoods
their African roots

a thousand shutters click...
look away
dixieland

Southern heritage...
Strange Fruit
on the radio

New World Order...
a white nationalist
crying on YouTube

Grand Old Party...
a white supremacist
in a White House

Boston...
in the shadow of mountains
an ember's icy death

Laszlo Slomovits, USA

autumn breeze
keep hovering, buzzard
I'm still alive

Christina Sng, Singapore

broken
in two parts
before and after

driftwood
bottled dreams
washed ashore

day moon
everything seems
possible


water hyacinth
still treading water
every day

Debbie Strange, Canada

peeling paint
all the backstories
we don't know

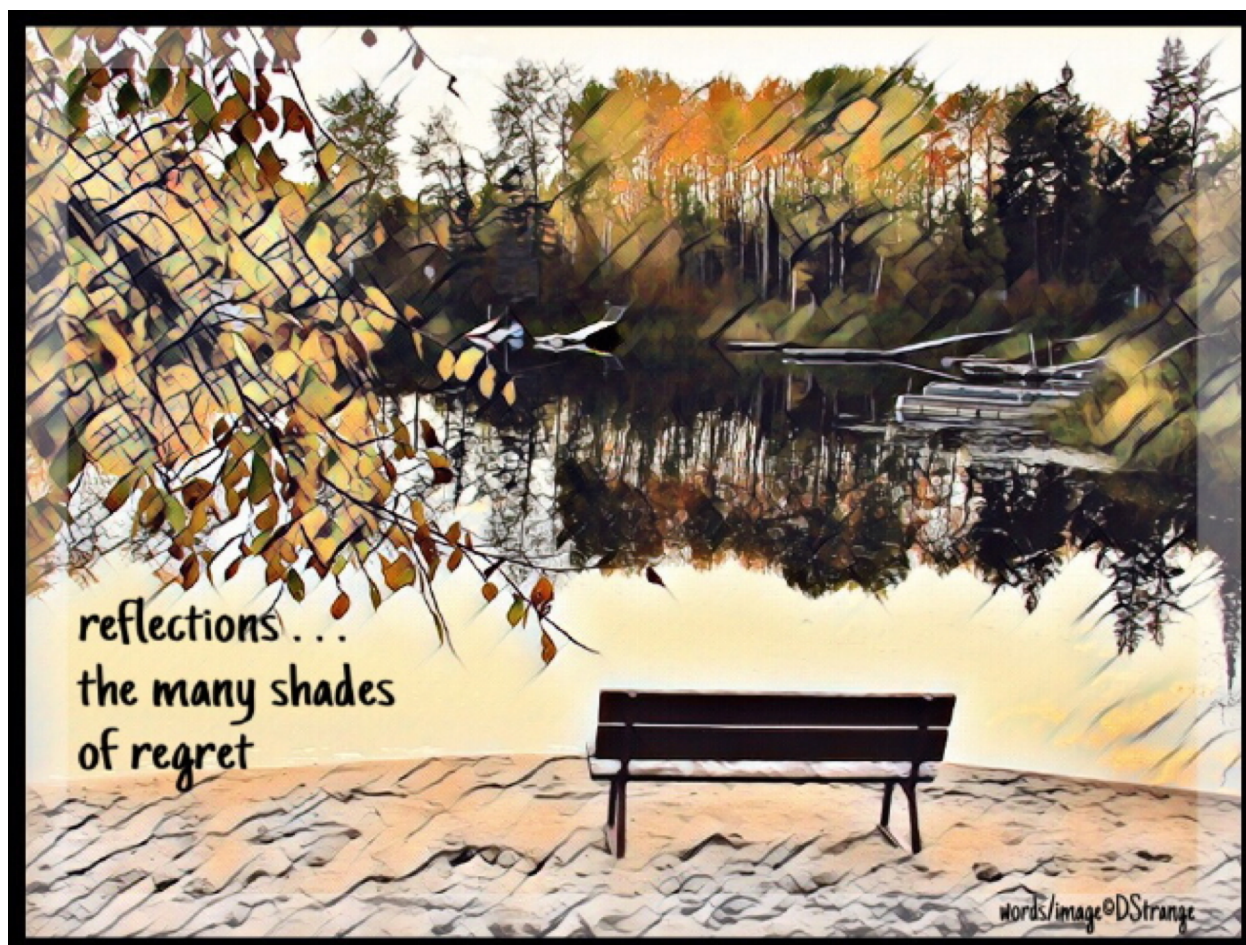
last testament
we inherit the bulk
of her shame

hard drive the unexpected crash of his memory bank



another stroke
all the flowers
she cannot name

words/image
@bstrange





Rachel Sutcliffe, England

after dark
I relive it all
again

much frailer now
my former self hangs
off the frame

my smile
no longer reaching
the corners

clearing vines
off the trellis
my tangled thoughts

Hansha Teki, New Zealand

the flying pope
and the neon buddha
back to back

in his quiet moments
the flying pope becomes
a neon buddha

killing
a neon buddha
the flying pope

attainable
only through the flying pope
neon buddha-hood

stripped of kigo
the neon buddha becomes
a flying pope

from time to time
the flying pope circles
the neon buddha

the pope flying
a neon buddha
at half mast

flying in the face of reason
the pope's neon buddha-hood

into a grain of sand
the flying pope projects
a neon buddha

the flying pope
with outstretched arms
to the neon Buddha

Julie Warther, USA

fading light
what was supposed to be
a soufflé

soul searching
alone
with a fast-talking river

first reiki session
a yellow jacket hovers
nearby

eggshell . . .
as usual we settle
on his color choice

narrowing river
we learn to identify
his triggers

sometimes
there's a reason
the road less traveled

forest bathing . . .
the scent of her
wildflower shampoo

Bill Waters, USA

mango chutney . . .
when was it
we last ate together?

so much
so little:
time