

Haiku a Day

Inches and inches

Snow falls and covers the ground

As I curse the sky

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Mathom House at Ypsi-Edge | The People's Republic of Ames

A little late this month, but so goes life. It's snowing up a storm in Ypsilanti as I write this, and I want spring like a man on fire wants a bucket of water.

Or something like that.

— Thomas

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Download this and previous HADs at the website, so you can print out you own (DIY, yeah!) or if you want me to send you one, send me your address, and maybe a stamp if you are feeling nice. Or send me something you've made — trades always appreciated, postcards are nice too.

1 January 2008

Snow thickly covers
And sound across the city
Is muffled and dull

2 January 2008

A frigid blast wakes
Waking me from my doldrums
As I'm leaving work

3 January 2008

Snow crunches, I walk
The bus rumbles as it goes
And I seek coffee



The Coveted Southeast Michigan Bike Polo Cup

<http://kula.tproa.net/photos/20080113-bikepolo/>

25 January 2008

Ideas in my head
Concepts bouncing all around
Words flowing freely

26 January 2008

Do you see the Sun?
Easing into the new day
Racing through the sky

27 January 2008

Howling, the wind screams
Filling my heart with madness
As I try to sleep

28 January 2008

A'choo explosion
Blasting open the quiet
I sniffle at work

29 January 2008

As macaroni falls
I curse myself and all life
Sigh, and start to sweep

30 January 2008

A hot, murky depth
From which rises hard metal
I rinse silverware

31 January 2008

Pillow, o pillow!
Your sweet embrace holds my head
You soften the night

4 January 2008

A picture, frozen
Thaws out memories once lost
Washing me away

5 January 2008

Candle, burning bright
Standing strong against the night
Holding back the cold

6 January 2008

Pressure of the deep
Eons pass, and the darkness
Turning dirt to gems

7 January 2008

Wefting warping threads
Knotting and twisting become
The scarf that warms me

8 January 2008

The stuff of beaches
Suffered through an inferno
Makes my water glass

9 January 2008

Down with the atoms
Photons and electrons move
Defining our world

10 January 2008

Numbers infinite
Equations unlimited
Mathematical

11 January 2008

The apartment above
Must have a large pack of dogs
Ceaselessly running

12 January 2008

Potato, my potato
Fluffy, steamy, you split open
And become devine

13 January 2008

The rain at Elbel
Muting the sound of the game
Skids becoming goals

14 January 2008

Philosophical
My thoughts grow less topical
These words stalk you all

15 January 2008

Lyrical calming
Frozen brainstem enbalming
Slight-of-hand palming

16 January 2008

The lonesome whistle
Drifts across the snowy land
Tugging my heart home

17 January 2008

I love pineapple
Although I used to hate it
When I was little

18 January 2008

Old bricks stand exposed
Steel beams arching overhead
My coffee grows cold

19 January 2008

A giant bestrides
The hill where water goes high.
Stony, silent, cold

20 January 2008

A crystal of ice
Bouncing in the atmosphere
Dancing in the wind

21 January 2008

Consumed by info
The brain escapes far away
To a happy place

22 January 2008

A river of ice
Born beneath a thousand feet
Slithers in the snow

23 January 2008

The light, grey and pink
Filters through the snow falling
Glowing in the dark

24 January 2008

The city in the dark
The close streets comforting me
I walk through the night