

Haiku a Day

I hate macc-lib-1

It catches on fire and

Now I sit at work

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Today was supposed to be a simple day: clean a little bit, do some errands, play bike polo, and put together this issue. But no, our tape libraries decided to be dumb, meaning I've been at work since 11am, kicking things. And, finally, around 4:30 pm it looked like we had figured it out, and it was a simple fix, and all I needed to do was go to our other facility on the south side of Ann Arbor and do the same thing. Long story short, I made smoke come out of our tape library and I'm waiting for IBM to show up. Hope you enjoy this month's issue.

— Thomas

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Download this and previous HADs at the website, so you can print out your 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 2009

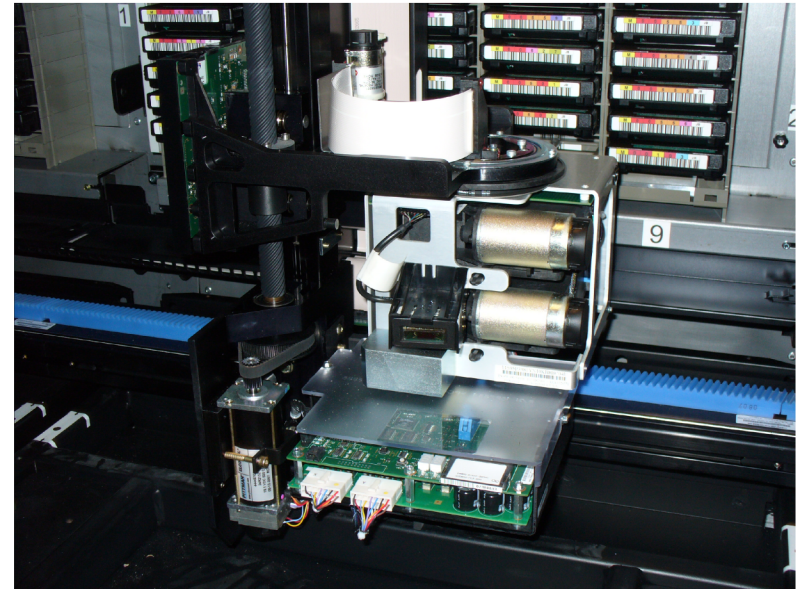
Last vacation day
Tomorrow I go to work
No one will be there

2 January 2009

A green hobbit page
Everything is running well
Which makes me concerned

3 January 2009

Bits moving slowly
As I wait impatiently
I want them faster



**The Reason I'm at work on a Sunday.
Well, at least one of the reasons**

25 January 2009

Dull sinus pressure
I'm thinking amputation
That might hurt a bit

26 January 2009

Type A bus driver
Spastic, too fastic, crazy
Get out of our way

27 January 2009

I'm an idiot
Stupid mistake wasting time
Making me grumpy

28 January 2009

Tape driver crashing
Brings sadness to TSM
Backups are halted

29 January 2009

This week is worthless
Interruptions taunting me
Getting nothing done

30 January 2009

I can't get away
The pager beeping, I see
That things are broken

31 January 2009

The hours changing
As we escape winters grasp
The thought of spring dawns

4 January 2009

No hubris, boasting
That I do not need full gloves
My fingers freeze off

5 January 2009

From the socket comes
Juice that's infinitesimal
Electrons, screaming

6 January 2009

Plentiful bounty
Always lacking that one thing
It almost seems planned

7 January 2009

In the rush to leave
I forget at home my lunch
Today I eat out

8 January 2009

The battle is waged
The frontline: the door, and the
Enemy is slush

9 January 2009

I'm in the shower
When the pager starts to beep
Unserver pain

10 January 2009

A twist of thread hangs
From the arm of my sweater
Waiting to get caught

11 January 2009

A mug of hot tea
Steam twisting in the sunlight
Centering, peaceful

12 January 2009

A dreadlock of cords
Cables twisted and knotted
An unruly mess

13 January 2009

How noble, popcorn
The stalky grass exploding
Kernels of delight

14 January 2009

The pile growing
Threatens to fall off the shelf
Oh, stupid junk mail

15 January 2009

The frigid weather
Making my hands dry and tough
Aligator skin

16 January 2009

In the afternoon
My brain addled with good food
I grow distracted

17 January 2009

Icicles of doom!
Hanging, biding out their time
Just waiting to strike

18 January 2009

In the Thunderdrome
Herds of people freezing cold
Playing bike polo

19 January 2009

Creak like an old man
The knee sore, bending is hard
I lack but a cane

20 January 2009

Snow filling the ground
Filling the sky, filling life
Filling everything

21 January 2009

A loud car ambles
Down the street, turns, then silence
Dog barking afar

22 January 2009

Things snap into place
Code running fast, debugging
And more is what's left

23 January 2009

I see the glowing
Glowing glowing city lights
Stain the sky above

24 January 2009

I awake to birds
A bright sky, longing for spring
The end of winter