

Haiku a Day

The smell of toner

As a laser zaps a drum

Turning dust to words

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After thinking about it for a couple years, and working on and off on it since I moved to Ypsilanti, issue 0 of *Late Night Thinking* is done. 34 pages of ruminations about moving to Michigan, tales of going to Toronto, and more about making tea than you probably wanted to know. It's more perzine that I'd like, but I've already got ideas for more interesting stuff in the next issue. If you would like a copy, let me know.

— 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 November 2007

A pile of leaves
Crunches as I leave the bus
Becomming as dust

2 November 2007

Frost blankets the ground
As Ypsilanti awakes
Leaving a cold bed



**William Allen White watches over us
They Might Be Giants
Michigan Theater
14 November 20007**

<http://kula.tproa.net/photos/2007-10-tmbg/>

24 November 2007

The bookcase empty
Standing, waiting, such promise
To fill is a joy

25 November 2007

From the sky on high
Flakes of water, falling soft
Coat the ground with white

26 November 2007

Carmelized onion
A hidden treasure layer
I love my crock pot

27 November 2007

Twinkle twinkle start
High upon the far tower
Shine down upon us

28 November 2007

Windows rimed with frost
Open to another world
Dancing with snowflakes

29 November 2007

A child sliding
Playing on an ice puddle
Brings back memories

30 November 2007

I shall lose disks now
I won't go quietly, says
adsmone

3 November 2007

Give me crackers, some cheese,
And a bit of fruit to eat
Simple meal delight

4 November 2007

Urbana - Champaign
At UIUC I am
Talking TSM

5 November 2007

Walking for miles
I explore a new city
And seek what it hides

6 November 2007

When no one watches
I quickly dance a polka
Smiling to myself

7 November 2007

Why do you hate me
my stomach? You gurgle and
Fill me with much dread

8 November 2007

Tiny flakes of snow
They are but few, yet signal
The millions to come

9 November 2007

Cold is comforting
It wakes me, cuts to my core
Makes me feel alive

10 November 2007

Do you see the light?
I do, and am putting the
Band back together

11 November 2007

Note to all my socks:
Where in the world did you go?
Please come back to me.

12 November 2007

Beautiful Devine
How could I have lived this long
Without seeing you?

13 November 2007

Morning, my hatred
Burns for you as a red sun
Destroying all life

14 November 2007

They Might Be Giants
Fill Michigan Theater
With music and joy

15 November 2007

First the sun, now sleet
Clear to cloudy the sky grows
In the evening, snow

16 November 2007

Yellowed newspaper
Falling out of an old book
Brings back memories

17 November 2007

I awake to dogs
Disturbing my deep slumber
Poisoning my dreams

18 November 2007

I'm riding alone
With the Huron as my guide
Moon smiling above

19 November 2007

Whipple is no more
The last rolls are unguarded
Who will chide squeezers?

20 November 2007

To Radulovich
You stood where others withered
Strong in your beliefs

21 November 2007

Going all over
I can't find that which I want
It is annoying

22 November 2007

On the day I should
I did not take any naps
Must need tryptophane

23 November 2007

My fingers freezing
Gloves that are just half fingers
Not good for winter