

Haiku a Day

The slush saying hush

Dulling the noise of the world

Wet beneath my feet

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The first real snow of the year is falling now in Ypsilanti, falling wetly on the ground, making slush in the streets. I rode my bicycle from the Ugly Mug back home and it was great.

If you happen to be in the Greater Ypsilanti Metroplex Area on 6 December 2008, check out the Winter Shadow Art Fair at the Corner Brewery. 12 hours, 40 artists, 9000 gallons of beer. I'll be there selling zines, photo prints and custom haiku.

— 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 2008

Ideas change the world
Just look at the paperclip
Bent wire billions

2 November 2008

A week of nothing
Stretching ahead pointlessly
Resplendent, empty



Winter!
30 November 2008

24 November 2008

Quiet foreshadow
The slow trail up Mount Headache
The summit of pain

25 November 2008

Carrot cake lady
Oh yay, makes fruitcakes as well
My heart fills with joy!

26 November 2008

Time off emminent
And the will to work is gone
Nothing getting done

27 November 2008

An idea brewing
Leads to a kitchen monster
Dread quortanfurkey

28 November 2008

Plenty of caffeine
Allowing words to spill out
Typing all day long

29 November 2008

Bits constipated
Through the network slowly go
I want them faster

30 November 2008

Soft what snow falling
Lands upon the tired ground
Blanketing in white

3 November 2008

Two heavy junk loads
I should throw most of this out
But I keep hauling

4 November 2008

A stroll to the poll
Voting done quick and easy
Now I drink coffee

5 November 2008

Carrier silent
Small lights no longer blinking
Reset DSL

6 November 2008

The smell of crunching
Yellow leaves fall around me
A carpet, fading

7 November 2008

A smokey mist floats
Hugging the ground, dampening
Fleeing from the sun

8 November 2008

The last junk resting
Snug and tight in a new place
When will I return?

9 November 2008

No polo today
But a visitor from far
Some go for coffee

10 November 2008

First snow stuck today
Stuck in corners and ridges
Shadow before storm

11 November 2008

Dark skies, bitter cold
Stopping for a pot of tea
I am warm again

12 November 2008

Leaves litter the floor
Detritus shuffled by feet
Walking in the door

13 November 2008

Sierpiński, you curr
Your sieve has no area
This tetrax hollow

14 November 2008

Walk the other side
And find that it's the same side
A strip Möbius

15 November 2008

Popcorn, so tasty
Confusing simplicity
Why is it so good?

16 November 2008

Tiny vibrations
Miniscule, an endless grove
A record crackles

17 November 2008

Disorder explodes
A frantic night seeks simple
Vegetable soup

18 November 2008

In the sky so bright
Twilight stars glitter and gleam
Figures in the night

19 November 2008

Front counter pusher
Black gold instead of the red
Sweet Kenyan nectar

20 November 2008

That the word 'napkin'
Has nothing to do with naps
Shows the messed up world

21 November 2008

The wind gaining speed
Stealing my breath, leaving me
Cold, huddled, alive

22 November 2008

Eternal cycle
Clean, dirty, clean, dirty, clean
I hate entropy

23 November 2008

The cyclists dispatched
The food gathered, donated
Hot cider was had