

Haiku a Day

Will the winter break?

Will the tulips come again?

Give me spring, I beg.

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

I hate winter.

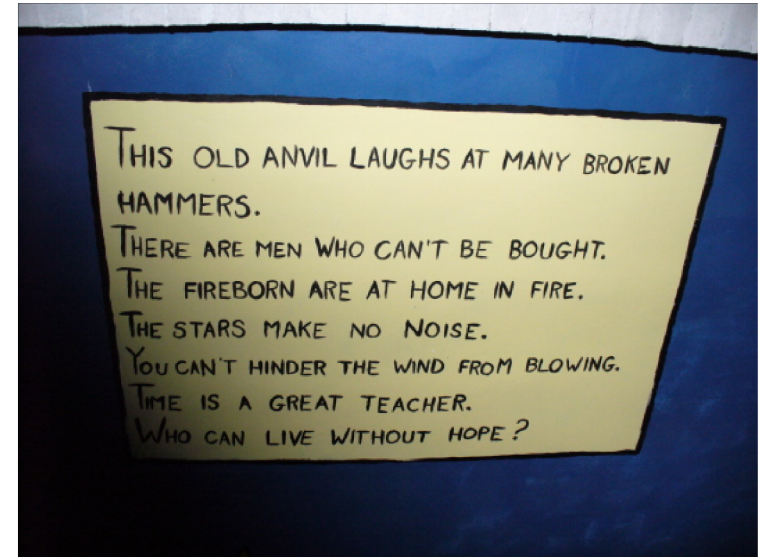
— Thomas

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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 February 2008

Snow falls, covering
The land in crisp blinding light
Quickly ground to mud



Ceiling of Tripper's Alley Ann Arbor

<http://kula.tproa.net/photos/2008-loveless/>

23 February 2008

Potholes blossoming
Like mushrooms from all the roads
Except not tasty

24 February 2008

Ceaselessly moving
The sun dances through the sky
Day to night to day

25 February 2008

Where does one find a
Blade of grass in this city
Untouched by the snow

26 February 2008

When my brain spins fast
And things start making some sense
I get a bit scared

27 February 2008

An errant pinky
Where metal and metal meet
Jumping and shouting

28 February 2008

Dark cranial caves
Ignored, forgotten. They sulk.
And my head explodes.

29 February 2008

No lords a leaping
But the day is leaping here
And that's all that counts

2 February 2008

Elbow of morning
Jabbing into sleep's sore ribs
Bruising, unforgiving

3 February 2008

I spill, water falls
A rush to clear the table
Paper thrown asunder

4 February 2008

'Twas night in Ypsi
And dancing through my head was
Visions of pointers

5 February 2008

Rain drips in puddles
Causing snow to melt away
A glimmer of spring

6 February 2008

Awash in a light glow
Ypsilanti before me
As I wander home

7 February 2008

Walk the circumference
With a diameter guide
The ratio pi

8 February 2008

Nothing has power
If you take away zero
Mathematics hurts

9 February 2008

Friends with everyone
Benford has a law for it
One, identity

10 February 2008

My mind pondering
A square root that bends numbers
Imaginary

11 February 2008

The natural base
Springing from logarithms
Fine identity

12 February 2008

What happens, I ask,
If I put some m-n-ms
Into my blender

13 February 2008

A thin veiny leaf
Dancing in the bitter wind
Harkens things to come

14 February 2008

The world upside down
The ceiling becomes the floor
In my little world

15 February 2008

In a perfect world
Days would be forty hours
I would take long naps

16 February 2008

Standing in the cold
Bikers arrive, I send them
Off to Ambrosia

17 February 2008

The dripping of rain
Is a sign of spring to come
Each drop is new life

18 February 2008

I walk out of work
And the sun is still shining
What is that bright thing?

19 February 2008

Cold. Cold cold cold cold.
Cold cold cold. Cold. Cold cold cold.
Cold. Cold. Cold. Cold. Cold.

20 February 2008

The brush, growing damp
Is covered with a cold paste
That scrubs my teeth clean

21 February 2008

Down to the laundry
Slide card load clothes add some soap
Whirl and they're clean

22 February 2008

The table wobbling
Sends my tea stumbling, spilling
Damp napkin, spirt