

Haiku a Day

Drifts become rivers

Tundra becomes muddy fields

Spring is upon us.

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

I am filled with hope today as the first glimmers of spring poke their head out of the winter doldrums. It was in the 50s here today, and the yards of Ypsilanti are flowing with the runoff of snow that is quickly melting. Walking around, stopping at the post office and picking up some things and enjoying the weather put me in good spirits.

— 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.

1 February 2007

Kitchen guardian
The gnome looks down from on high
Guarding my popcorn

2 February 2007

Lines in the carpet
Fun with the vacuum cleaner
It does suck that much

3 February 2007

The brisk wind blows bright
Clouds of snow across the ground;
The sun laughs up high.

4 February 2007

Hey AATA
Why does the seven not go
Past me on Sundays?

In a fancy car
Rich folks eat, and drink coffee
And smoke big cigars

I know this my fate
I can't be free, yet they move
That's what tortures me

If I could be free
If that railroad train was mine
I'd move down the line

From Folsom Prison
Far I would stay; that whistle
Blow my blues away

26 February 2007

Turn around record
Spinning about your axis
Groovy music grooves

27 February 2007

Time stops suddenly
The stars burst brightly before
Falling to madness

And with all credit due to the late great Johnny Cash:

28 February 2007

I hear the train come
Around the bend; Not seen sun
Since I don't know when.

Here in Folsom Town
I am stuck in a prison
Time keeps draggin' on

That whistle blowing
I hear it, yea I hear it
Down to San Antone

A baby was I
Mama said be a good boy
Do not play with guns

But there in Reno
I shot a man in cold blood
Just to watch him die

Blow now that whistle
I hear it, hang my head down
I hang it and cry

5 February 2007

Hot water bottle
Keeping my wee toes toasty
Happiness cocoon

6 February 2007

A good music store
Narrow aisles, pure chaos
Condensed paradise

7 February 2007

In the Winter's gasp
The sigh of Spring can be heard
Low, breathy, distant.

8 February 2007

Fiery, wirey snake
Glowing darkly in a pit
Barely tame fire

9 February 2007

Late night search for food
Two places did betray us
The last one saved us

10 February 2007

A thread pulls free
Escaping my sweater's grasp
Run free, little string!

11 February 2007

Save us Rocket Dog!
Drive away the evil cats
Give the dog a bone

12 February 2007

Behold the closet!
Full of junk I should clean up
Close the door; ignore.

13 February 2007

Box of dusty books
A piece of paper slips out
Old letter, once lost.

14 February 2007

The French press broken
Shattered glass and tea leaves fall
Third one in a month

15 February 2007

Malestrom of hot air
Glowing, spinning, dark red pit
From it comes popcorn

16 February 2007

Mail flows to Paris
The French host is corrected
service-fr2

17 February 2007

Toes frozen for peace
I search for new shoes in vain
Can order Monday

18 February 2007

A cave of blankets
The cruel world outside my bed
I snug in for warmth.

19 February 2007

Rooibos brewing
And dinner is resting well
Reading beakons me.

20 February 2007

The sun earlier
Breaks into the morning sky
Fuck I need some tea

21 February 2007

The car, it won't start
Stray lights leave battery sad
Cripes, I hate driving

22 February 2007

Two evening coffees
Disrupting the sleep patterns
Denying slumber

23 February 2007

Behold the Cheese Plate!
Armadillo of crackers
Dinner most sublime

24 February 2007

Map delineates
The paths on which I should bike
Blazing across town

25 February 2007

A snowy drive out
Picking up a new bike frame
A good 10 bucks spent