

# HAIKU A DAY

End of the First Glorious Five Year Plan

Every day it's

Just seventeen syllables

But that is enough

Thomas L. Kula  
PO Box 980461  
Ypsilanti MI 48198

Issue 61: July 2010

ST. JOSHUA NORTON PRESS

Mathom House in Midtown |The People's Republic of Ames

Five years ago I was sitting in my duplex in Ames, watching a printer I don't use any more spit out the first issue of Haiku a Day. It was my first real experiment with creating a zine, so there were plenty of false starts, the least of which came from a printer that didn't do duplex so I had to do the mental gymnastics to flip the paper around *just right* so it would print out properly.

It's much easier now, although once a year, on the anniversary, I try to do something special just to keep things interesting. I hope you enjoy this issue, and I look forward to making many more.

— Thomas

<http://kula.tproa.net/had/> — [kula@tproa.net](mailto:kula@tproa.net)

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 July 2010

O Fair Canada  
I yearn to return to you  
Apart far too long

2 July 2010

The day, smoothly goes  
Slams to a frustrating stop  
A long weekend saves

3 July 2010

Beside the Huron  
The Night of the Hunter plays  
Screen glows in the night

## The Story of Haiku a Day

The real start of Haiku a Day started 8-and-a-half years before the first issue every came out. The second semester of my freshman year of college I was introduced to the first of the large mailing lists my friends and I were on — a supremely wonderful explosion of madness and weirdness, designed to exquisitely waste large amounts of time before things like Facebook made that much more efficient to do — the follow-on of which I am still on today. It became our habit on occasion to have large conversations entirely in Haiku.

A pause here for purists: what we used, and what Haiku a Day has always limited itself to, is the rather narrow view of a haiku as something with the 5-7-5 syllable pattern. The traditional Japanese poetic form of the haiku has much more convention than that, and those who are good at it produce sublimely wonderful works of art. But for this, I am more intested simply in the challenge of trying to convey a thought just constrained to 5-7-5.

The pragmatic start of Haiku a Day was a trip I took to Pittsburgh in 2005. I had discovered Copacetic Comics — and if you ever find yourself in Squirrel Hill, do yourself a favor and find Copacetic, which is tiny and out of the way but has quite possibly the highest concentration of awesome I've ever encountered — and there I picked up one of the Snakepit anthologies. Ben Snakepit, for years, has documented every day of his life with a simple, three pane comic. I was stuck by this idea, and with the idea of haiku in my mind, resolved to do something like that. Seventeen syllables a day, every day. And thus it was born.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoy sending it out.

25 July 2010

Dare I venture out?  
Will I become sticky goo?  
Hey, it's nice outside

26 July 2010

Venture from the cave  
A life, somewhat more normal  
Eyes bleary, blinking

27 July 2010

Things that can be done  
Stopped by the lack of magic  
Bits drive me crazy

28 July 2010

Between two large fields  
A slender slip dividing  
Limiting movement

29 July 2010

What once appeared new  
Fading over time, dulling,  
Becomes sad, yet proud

30 July 2010

Glorious day off  
Wandering around, lazy  
My mind is relaxed

31 July 2010

Where does this come from?  
I just cleaned this thing last week  
It's dirty again

4 July 2010

Too hot to do much  
I spend Independence Day  
In where it is cool

5 July 2010

A day off is filled  
Scrambling to finish errands  
No rest here today

6 July 2010

A plan in my mind  
Changes to one different  
At the hardware store

7 July 2010

A bit of crafty  
Producing a pleasant glow  
Inside of my mind

8 July 2010

The printer now done  
Can only mean one thing left  
Staplepalooza!

9 July 2010

In these boxes lie  
Everything you might need  
Plus a bunch of tape

10 July 2010

Those hours standing  
Thousands of people go by  
Sitting well with me

11 July 2010

Why am I up now?  
The lure of sleeping in strong  
But not strong enough

12 July 2010

Like a waterfall  
Just one that can catch fire  
Fuel leak in my car

13 July 2010

It can be cool here  
If you sit in the shade and  
Don't move a muscle

14 July 2010

In an asphalt sea  
An oasis of green lives  
Against all reason

15 July 2010

The drone of a fan  
A one-chord symphony plays  
Eat your heart out, Cage

16 July 2010

A box holds a slot  
The slot, taking envelopes,  
Sends them on their way

17 July 2010

What we used to do  
In keeping fire at bay  
Fills a museum

18 July 2010

Busy bees buzzing  
On flowers of all the hues  
Grey skies sit above

19 July 2010

Once more 'round the Sun  
Thirty-two times in my life  
I'm getting dizzy

20 July 2010

Bluish-grey billows  
Massing above a peach sky  
Rain — but colorful

21 July 2010

Lazyness tonight  
Chinese takeout tempting me  
Spring roll's siren song

22 July 2010

Air cools, but dances  
To the drum beats of thunder  
Inside it grows dark

23 July 2010

It's balls ass hot outside  
I breathe out and it feels cool  
That's just not right, folks

24 July 2010

Long into the night  
I wait for power's return  
Generators sad