

Haiku a Day

I shovel. It snows.

I shovel some more as plows

Fill the driveway up

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Here in Ypsilanti we have inches of snow on the ground,
and inches more on the way. It's cold and windy out-
side, so brave the journey to the mailbox to pick up this
month's issue, but then, go back inside, kick back and
have a warm tasty beverage. There, you feel better al-
ready, don't you?

— 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 December 2008

With icy scrapes I
Push around soft white snowfall
Annoying grinding

2 December 2008

Repetative thunk
The stapler pushing wire
Binding up pages

3 December 2008

Why is pickles the
First random word I think of?
How does my mind work?



Winter 2008 Shadow Art Fair

6 December 2008

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

25 December 2008

Seeping and seeking
What was once inside a pipe
Leaks into the ground

26 December 2008

Dampness and wires
Current flows where it shouldn't
I throw the pliers

27 December 2008

Fluffy sweaters press
Squished between some socks and shirts
Will it all fit in?

28 December 2008

Frost gleaming, glowing
Brightly in the morning light
Melting it away

29 December 2008

Inconsequential
Light as air, transforms itself
Slams across the ground

30 December 2008

The kernel grinding
Compiling, system building
Waste time while I wait

31 December 2008

An extra second!
Leaps us into the New Year
As the Earth slows down

4 December 2008

A trip to the store
Yielding random rubber stamps
Makes me glow happy

5 December 2008

Enough candy to choke
A medium sized pony
Sitting in a bowl

6 December 2008

I want nothing more
Than to sit for ten hours;
Saints lend me a chair

7 December 2008

Living room, once clean
Is filled again with boxes
A scourge in my life

8 December 2008

In sweaters, comfort
Wrapped in warmth, the world at bay
You find at last peace

9 December 2008

Recliner, hold me
At the end of a long day
You are there for me

10 December 2008

It happens each year
The first bad roads and people
Forget how to drive

11 December 2008

In the basement a
Fiery furnace glowing hot
Keeping the house warm

12 December 2008

A restless evening
Boredom strikes, and not shaken
Slows the hours, dull

13 December 2008

My internal map
Is a bit inaccurate
I drive in circles

14 December 2008

Old TV programs
Drag me into a deep pit
Waste the day away

15 December 2008

Waiting for the bus
Watching the wind blow paper
Down an empty street

16 December 2008

The city rolls by
Diligent students study
For final exams

17 December 2008

The black faded brown
A ribbon stretched, torn, tattered
I need a new hat

18 December 2008

At the first sign of
boredom I scream “You will not
get me!” and sit down

19 December 2008

Grey, silent, hulking
Clouds hover as they drop snow
I sit inside, warm

20 December 2008

Everyone wants
To be where I want to be
Get out of my way

21 December 2008

Why are these cookies
So damn tasty? Their siren
Song lures me to eat

22 December 2008

Sitting here at work
The day before vacation
I get nothing done

23 December 2008

Bernoulli screaming
As air whipping past the wing
Provides us with lift

24 December 2008

Crazy family
Growing more goofy each year
Makes the mind boggle