

HAIKU A DAY

A nascent springtime

A man's fancy turns towards

Long bicycle rides

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

Haiku a Day is never late, nor is it early. It arrives precisely when it means to.

— Thomas

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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.



Coffee. Gravy.

kula.tproa.net/photos/2011/20110326-coffeegravy

1 March 2011

Like desperate hands
Errant branches spring from earth
Straining for the sky

2 March 2011

Woke up too early
Brain is still off, not thinking
A fog of tired

3 March 2011

People cannot drive
Like idiots, dumbfounded
Two ton missiles

25 March 2011

My late night reading
Lately, technical papers
I dream protocols

26 March 2011

Long and winding path
As of now, barren and grey
But spring! Spring come soon

27 March 2011

Forgotten noodles
Did not get put in spring rolls
I'm an idiot

28 March 2011

Entropy for real
A neat stack of news papers
Meets a windy breeze

29 March 2011

Where the seasons go
Once anticipatory
Yet fleeting they go

30 March 2011

The bald sun, staring
Glaring sternly down on us
Unimpressed, snarky

31 March 2011

These pants shed cat hair
But I don't own a damn cat
Stupid static sucks

4 March 2011

From behind my eye
Dull throbbing resonating
Ruining my day

5 March 2011

A green hat, bobbing,
Dashing past the front window
Disappears from sight

6 March 2011

Castles floating high
Soaring only from anchors
Buried in the ground

7 March 2011

A craving for peas
Delicate green orbs, tiny
Sweet bursts of flavor

8 March 2011

A mighty ocean
Bestrode by a titan tall
Boy plays in the mud

9 March 2011

Rock and roll music?
It is too loud. Soft music,
A nice polka, no?

10 March 2011

Beware, Tens of March
What, ides? What the hell are ides?
Where is that memo?

11 March 2011

What's beyond that grove?
Over that hill? Down that path?
With walking you learn

12 March 2011

Why do you rumble?
You should be happy, tummy,
So why are you sad?

13 March 2011

Turn and turn again
In a tight spiral we go
Waiting in a line

14 March 2011

Numbers all lined up
Attempting to find order
In the data sea

15 March 2011

Cautiously, green buds
Emerge from brown earth, peeking
Is it the right time?

16 March 2011

From good comes evil
Wholesomeness plus deep fryer
Oh what have we wrought?

17 March 2011

Windows opening
Letting the first real Spring in
Breeze removes Winter

18 March 2011

Ominous grumbles
Calling out from my tummy
Why are you so sad?

19 March 2011

Little old lady
Driving a tiny car — zoom!
Gliding down the street

20 March 2011

Mega power nap
Four hours long — impressive
Even I respect

21 March 2011

Thirty-six hours
Stuck inside my apartment
I'm glad to get out

22 March 2011

Tiny ice nuggets
Not even grains of rice size
Weak slush from above

23 March 2011

Infinite Tacos
Not just a buffet item
But a good band name

24 March 2011

I'm an idiot!
That box, my toe, late at night
Curse the sky above