

# Haiku a Day

It's on time this month

Who are you and what have you

Done with the real Tom?

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One night during my radio show, as I'm wont to do, I was randomly looking through Wikipedia, reading whatever interesting articles came up. One evening, I came across the entry for *Samizdat*: the illicit, often hand-copied literature that worked its way through the underground in the old Soviet Union. I thought that it would be a neat basis for a collaborative work: something copied out by hand and distributed one-by-one through the mail.

I haven't worked out the details, but if you are interested in this idea, send me an e-mail.

— Thomas

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Downloadable version available at website, or if you really want me to send you one, send me your address, maybe a stamp too. I enjoy getting mail as much as I enjoy sending mail.

1 March 2006

A helpful Tom hint:  
If cheese smells a wee bit off  
It's not fit to eat.

26 March 2006

Job applications  
I know I'm a good person  
So just hire me

27 March 2006

Photons zoom through space  
A minute fraction of them  
Give to you a star

28 March 2006

Lines become a grid  
Blossoming black and white stones  
The ancient game Go

29 March 2006

Gigs of parity  
The raid array is building  
I must wait hours

30 March 2006

The power flickers  
I hover anxiously to  
Shut down my machines

31 March 2006

A loud boom outside  
Muffled, off in the distance  
Wonder what it was

20 March 2006

What can I offer?  
Can I make a better world?  
Will it overwhelm?

21 March 2006

Hottie in the bus:  
Tonight's CyRide driver had  
Some kick-ass blue hair

22 March 2006

Dust on the book shelves  
Falling upon stacks of tomes  
Envelope of earth.

23 March 2006

Seasons are changing  
Snow gives away to the rain  
Scarves to umbrellas

24 March 2006

I crave a pizza  
During my radio show  
Every Friday

25 March 2006

Fareway Grocery  
I used to go with my Mom  
I shopped there today

2 March 2006

Laptop goes freaky,  
Router doesn't want to start  
Curse Carl Adams.

3 March 2006

In the Friley depths  
Comes the sound of Trivia  
KQ2k6!

4 March 2006

Move that bus you wimps!  
Six can pull a CyRide bus.  
My screaming helps them.

5 March 2006

Recovery day  
I'm groggy at a meeting  
And skip another

6 March 2006

So deathly sleepy  
Why is my stupid office  
Not the Land of Nod?

7 March 2006

Brief hail of white peas  
A sudden March thunderstorm  
A sign blows away.

8 March 2006

Bright balloon array  
A monkey descends slowly  
Simian air lift

9 March 2006

Brother's b-day gift  
Sent a day late in the mail  
Better than he does

10 March 2006

An afternoon thought  
Becomes a night time cookout  
Pea salad galore

11 March 2006

Warm but cloudy skies  
I walk through the waking park  
Awaiting summer

12 March 2006

Miraculous day!  
My livingroom is now clean.  
The Gods themselves gasp.

13 March 2006

Wind is cold again  
I sleep with the window up  
My cocoon of warmth.

14 March 2006

Describe a circle  
Find the ratio within  
Three point one four two

15 March 2006

I leave work early  
Feeling crappy all day long  
Sleep the day away

16 March 2006

A world full of snot  
Head cancer is my ailment  
My lungs hate me now

17 March 2006

Schaumberg royalty  
Books of stamps come in the mail  
A gift from afar.

18 March 2006

A voice of a frog  
Graces the late night air waves  
Sounds funny to me

19 March 2006

A few hundred march  
And that is just here in Ames  
Now we must get more