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Haiku a Day

Microwave dinging

Radio waves heat my soup

Dancing molecules

Issue 19: January 2007

St. Joshua Norton Press
Mathom House at Ypsi-Edge | The People's Republic of Ames

I'm putting the zine together, and at the same time enjoying a bowl of soup (as you may have gathered from the cover haiku, or, as we in the biz call it, the coverku) and I'm struck by the miracle that is Soup.

Seriously, you chop up a bunch of stuff, put it in a big pot, add liquid, and simmer it for several hours. It's a minor miracle, that a process so simple can make something so good. If I were one for starting religious cults, I'd make one based on soup.

Who am I kidding? I *am* one for starting religious cults.

Note the new address on the back.

— 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.

1 January 2007

Once more 'round the Sun
Circles have no start, no end
Yet we mark one here

26 January 2007

Nature's miracle
Hard kernels become airy
Popcorn, I love you

27 January 2007

Sleepy brain gone dull
This latte is not helping
Hate meta haiku

28 January 2007

Sad alternator
My car's battery goes dull
When you don't fill it

29 January 2007

A hail of bullets
Nerf pellets shoot through the room
I fear an arms race

30 January 2007

Cold falls from on high
Six arms dance in frigid wind
Breathe and they vanish

31 January 2007

Firefox won't die
Hate processes that are dead
And yet still alive

20 January 2007

Behold! The eastern sky
Glow with the lights of Detroit
Poisoning the stars

21 January 2007

I am Yellow Cake
Sweet of Sweets. Look upon my
Frosting and despair

22 January 2007

Boxes hold many things
None of them hold the wires
For my phonograph

23 January 2007

The in-head concert
Music floating through my brain
A song on repeat

24 January 2007

Concrete barrier
Tree pushes and bends to you
Someday you will yield

25 January 2007

Carpet fuzz gathers
Mount an assault on the hall
The vacuum triumphs!

2 January 2007

Quiet night steals sleep
Throws it away restlessly
Laughing all the way

3 January 2007

When I fall asleep
Do those last thoughts go to a
Graveyard of ideas?

4 January 2007

Puddles form outside
A tiny ocean of life
Born, lives, fades away

5 January 2007

Bang clang shudder boom
Music my apartment makes
When the heat turns on

6 January 2007

Streets to streets to streets
Aimless wandering at night
Finding my way home

7 January 2007

Molecules excite
Atoms drop energy and
Photons create light

8 January 2007

Flakes of water fall
Specks glide from on high gently
To caress the Earth

9 January 2007

Short Cinema Slam
Movies made by local folk
Besting Hollywood

10 January 2007

Into the sunset
Day goes quietly to bed
While Night takes it's hold

11 January 2007

Off to Sirius
Dear Robert Anton Wilson.
Can you see the Fnords?

12 January 2007

Shoe canvas worn thin
A tiny toe tries escape
Little pig can't go

13 January 2007

Seeds become flowers
Blowing in a cool spring field
Dancing to the wind

14 January 2007

Cold black ice falling
Tiny bits of dust incandesce
Streaking through the sky

15 January 2007

Crystalline tree limbs
Tinkle as the wind sways them
Dropping jewels of ice

16 January 2007

Dark infinite pools
A glimmer of light within
Pierces deep your soul

17 January 2007

A missing dongle
Keeps the intarwebs away
Saddening Deejo

18 January 2007

Scintillating tubes
Calling out to travelers
"Your turn was back there"

19 January 2007

Gliding on the bridge
The bus turns east to the sun
And faces the dawn