

# Haiku a Day

The city at night

People passing endlessly

Small lights in the dark

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You will probably be curious why this issue is a double issue, and why there are no haiku the first week of September. Some of you know this already, but for others, my father passed away 31 August 2008. It was sudden, but not surprising, since he had been in poor health the past couple of years. And, he went quickly, at home, and with Mom, which is all he ever wanted. The amazing number of people who did amazing things for my family has been incredibly humbling, and I'm glad for all of it.

So, by the time I returned to Ypsilanti and got settled back in, August was more than halfway gone — so instead of sending two issues out with so little time between them, you got a little wait and then a double issue. I hope you enjoy it.

— Thomas

<http://kula.tproa.net/had/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 August 2008

Falling waters hush  
The sound of nature living  
A rainbow pleases

2 August 2008

Produce brightly sits  
The bounty of Nature shown  
The market this morn

**LAST BUS**  
**TO YPSILANTI**  
**ALLEYCAT BICYCLE RACE 11 OCT 2008**

**STARTS:** 7 pm  
The Diag, Ann Arbor  
Registration starts at 6:30

**ENDS:** Recreation Park, Ypsilanti

**COST:** \$10 day of race  
\$5 if you RSVP before the 4th

**QUESTIONS**  
**SEE:** <http://ypsiraces.tproa.net>  
**RSVP / :** [ypsiraces@tproa.net](mailto:ypsiraces@tproa.net)

**We love checkpoint volunteers - e-mail if you can help!**

26 September 2008

Debate droning on  
Neither filling me with hope  
I'm used to it now

27 September 2008

A state of boredom  
Nothing sounds interesting  
And so on, endless

28 September 2008

Sad socks growing holes  
Showing toes, needing mending  
Heel unraveling

29 September 2008

Strangely sore I wake  
Wondering what I did that  
Makes my body gripe

30 September 2008

Doughnut! The word joy  
A simple pastry I love  
Plain, unassuming

3 August 2008

Sticker sticker there  
Why you stuck upon the chair?  
Do you find that fair?

4 August 2008

As August anew  
Arranges accordingly  
All act anxiously

5 August 2008

The current flowing  
Lights glowing, the machine wakes  
Starts humming; thinking

6 August 2008

Little tiny plums  
Drip dropping juice on the ground  
The ground takes a drink

7 August 2008

Thursday stretches out  
Long, extended, never ends  
I'd maim for a nap

8 August 2008

I see a star, bright  
Burning with a quiet heat  
In the sky so cold

9 August 2008

Streets crumble, skies burn  
Whailing and gnashing of teeth  
I am out of cheese

10 August 2008

Dancing in my head  
Visions of cinnamon rolls  
I'm in bed, sighing

11 August 2008

The light blinks, they're off  
The morning rush exploding  
Traffic on the street

12 August 2008

Peas peas peas I love  
Tiny green spheres of pure joy  
Plain or in salads

13 August 2008

The bus rushes by  
Plants bow in passing as to  
An ancient queen

14 August 2008

Soft, quiet humming  
Roasting, making beans tasty  
The fragrance divine

15 August 2008

A sight to behold  
Morning, starting, a new day  
Life is glorious

16 August 2008

The night sky explodes  
Fireworks at Frog Island  
Bright colors, loud sounds

19 September 2008

Winding to an end  
The week reaches Friday  
The people rejoice

20 September 2008

Trees prepare to sleep  
Evening sun shines, last bright rays  
Highlights their colors

21 September 2008

Wheels spinning chain whirrs  
Feet pedal a long cycle  
Mallet hitting ball

22 September 2008

Simple words: crock pot  
Yet from you comes food divine  
For good food, add time

23 September 2008

I sing a song: beans!  
Glorious simplicity  
A meal for the gods

24 September 2008

In your head, lurking  
Pressure building in dark caves  
Weary, sore, headache

25 September 2008

Robot Ninja fights  
Saving the folks of Ridgway  
When friends die, he feels

12 September 2008

I know it comes soon  
And in time I will hate it  
But now, I embrace

13 September 2008

Rain, drenching, falling  
Running in streams down the street  
Faint rivers, fading

14 September 2008

Rain will not stop us!  
There are tacos to be had,  
Even if we're damp

15 September 2008

O, blinky light dead!  
Rain and grit have destroyed you  
Can you be rescued?

16 September 2008

Hunger's a strange pain  
Fading in and out, sharp, dull  
I should eat dinner

17 September 2008

Planning a long ride  
Details take a lot of time  
At least there's coffee

18 September 2008

You lost the tape, MACC  
I can see it, you scanned it  
Why can't you find it?

17 August 2008

Seasons are shifting  
Days drawing closed earlier  
Autumn awaits us

18 August 2008

The whirlygig comes  
Gears gnashing spinning maelstrom  
The smell of oil

19 August 2008

It is new shoes time  
The sole worn, holes pushing through  
I must let them go

20 August 2008

Pillow curled tight  
Reveals a neck that's scrunched up  
Bent, twisted, painful

21 August 2008

A whirling coil  
Spins in a magnetic field  
Pushing electrons

22 August 2008

The sky sighing soft  
Releases warm breath, pausing  
Before the rain starts

23 August 2008

Dancing in the air  
A spider dangles, twisting  
Weaving a fine web

24 August 2008

The pressure holding  
Mixing gases and liquids  
Makes bubbly water

25 August 2008

Wire, twisted, bent  
A flat coil holding tight  
Paper stuck within

26 August 2008

Stacks of boxes make  
Finding something in a box  
A dull painful task

27 August 2008

Apples gone sour  
The mother broods murkily  
Hiding in the jar

28 August 2008

Shiny steel surrounds  
Separate strange screwdrivers  
Sitting still, singing

29 August 2008

Oh, the long weekend  
Stretched gloriously ahead  
Ripe with potential

30 August 2008

I'm lost, wandering  
Floors of books spread before me  
A grin on my face

31 August 2008

Pizza aftershock  
My stomach unhappy as  
I start a new day

1 - 6 September 2008

No haiku

7 September 2008

Asleep, the rain starts  
A grey day as I awake  
Brightens to deep blue

8 September 2008

Leaves falling softly  
Growing wet as rain comes down  
Fall's foundation starts

9 September 2008

I think of cider  
Of apples hanging, juicy  
Swaying in the breeze

10 September 2008

Of cooler weather  
Getting out sweaters and scarves  
And dusting off gloves

11 September 2008

Nights woken by frost  
The air crisp, clean, breath fogging  
Nose burning with cold