

HAIKU A DAY

An oracle tells

In blue words, what to do to

Use the laundromat

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

I've realized that in a couple weeks it will be 2010, and I'm going to have to spend a lot of time re-training my fingers from not just putting in a "00" without thinking in the middle of the year. I think I'm going to be typing 20010 a lot....

— 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 November 2009

Weird wireless thing
Why do you only half work?
What a piece of junk

2 November 2009

Drain running slowly
Oh how I am hating you
Go faster, dammit



What 800 pounds of food looks like
Cranksgiving 2009

<http://kula.tproa.net/photos/2009/cranksgiving-2009/>

24 November 2009

Dreaming monopoles
Stuck together forever
Can they ever be?

25 November 2009

Gimpy hand dishes
Should have been done days ago
Will I ever learn?

26 November 2009

The gluttony done
Lord of the Rings all day long
With some random naps

27 November 2009

My usual mix
I should be more productive
Manage at least some

28 November 2009

Once loud, now murmur
Voices ringing out proud, strong
Now grow quiet, soft

29 November 2009

In a flash, dark pales
And trapped for eternity
Light in its fair dance

30 November 2009

The splint is removed
Nothing broken, still tender
Sad bruises don't scar

3 November 2009

When bits, gathering
Coalesce into order
Data is produced

4 November 2009

Forgetting to run
tune2fs -c
Causes long boot times

5 November 2009

Work today gave me
A productivity glow
Now I want a nap

6 November 2009

Night in Ann Arbor
No one knows how to drive here
I'm shaking my fist

7 November 2009

A chill in the air
And yet a pot of hot tea
Keeps the cold away

8 November 2009

Down into the drome
There is shootoff confusion
Damn hockey people

9 November 2009

What zine should I read?
The pile grows ever large
Making a hard choice

10 November 2009

Friend Insomnia

You got me up too early

My head is splitting

11 November 2009

Bored and twisting twine

I find I've made a bracelet

Close, but not knitting

12 November 2009

The bricks, holding cold

Make a chilly atmosphere

Ready for sweaters

13 November 2009

Seeking to balance

The time spent on many paths

Tread lightly, but tread

14 November 2009

Jacket November

Leaves me wondering if it

Will ever get cold

15 November 2009

As the sky darkens

We do not slow down, we move

Where there is bright light

16 November 2009

Walking out at night

A quiet city, clear skies

And I'm filled with life

17 November 2009

The sky slides, tilting

Stars becoming a jumble

Before they go out

18 November 2009

Speech becoming bits

Becoming words on paper

An interview done

19 November 2009

The mad rush begins

When from vapor words align

Fixed eternally

20 November 2009

In the night a bump

My toe and the bookcase meet

It is not happy

21 November 2009

Start with simple things

Complexity will find you

Even if you hide

22 November 2009

As I type, grimace

Frozen peas ersatz first aid

Bring little relief

23 November 2009

And why should I sleep?

With every move my thumb screams

Oh just chop it off!