

# HAIKU A DAY

A nascent springtime

A man's fancy turns towards

Long bicycle rides

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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](http://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