

HAIKU A DAY

The drone of fans turn —

As the weather grows colder —

Radiator glug

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Mathom House by the Cloisters | The People's Republic of Ames

I have had cider and doughnuts. This makes me a very happy man.

— 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.



Strecker Memorial Laboratory, Roosevelt Island

17 September 2012

kula.tproa.net/photos/2012/20120917-roosevelt-island/

1 September 2012

Need a stasis field
For the food stuck in my fridge;
It goes bad too soon

2 September 2012

Some music, blasting
Comes through my open window
I hate all of you

24 September 2012

When I'm dictator,
There will be a penalty
For cell phones on stairs

25 September 2012

Why does grapefruit juice
Seem like it's tasty to me,
After years of hate?

26 September 2012

There's territory,
Not organization here.
Clouds of stuff, not shelves.

27 September 2012

A daily crossing
And an eternal question:
Will I beat the train?

28 September 2012

Going in reverse
I eat dessert first, because
Life is uncertain

29 September 2012

Unhappy damp towel
Works poorly to dry dishes
Get another one

30 September 2012

Ponder overhead
The trillions of molecules
Pounding on your skull

3 September 2012

A quiet morning
Black coffee, quiet reading
Some haiku, and you

4 September 2012

A mental model
Of how some shelves should be built.
Now reality?

5 September 2012

With a tick, a leaf
Starts its breakdown, on the ground
Returning to it

6 September 2012

Even when cooking
The word 'rub', vaguely dirty
Bothering my mind

7 September 2012

Not all things are neat
Some stories lack a moral
Some just lack a plot

8 September 2012

Nearly a year gone
And this door still annoys me.
Memo: sandpaper

9 September 2012

Rounding a corner
I see a dog with balloons
I need more coffee

10 September 2012

The rumble tumble
Is no place for weakened ones:
Nifty socks die first

11 September 2012

From an old party
A laurel wreath, on a shelf,
Shedding dry bay leaves

12 September 2012

With repetition
You slowly drag a new skill
To experienced

13 September 2012

Dinner in the park
A pleasant evening walk
This day ended well

14 September 2012

In case of fire
I swear I didn't do it
You'll never catch me!

15 September 2012

Vortex of noisy
Being shuffled back and forth
Makes the carpet clean

16 September 2012

On a wave of light
Color, streaming from the Sun
Warming the sidewalk

17 September 2012

You may talk the talk.
You may even walk the walk.
Do you sit the sit?

18 September 2012

Struggle with the seal
The pickle jar, suddenly
Opens, briney splash

19 September 2012

A boom from outside
Someone's car hit a light post
Flashy lights ensue

20 September 2012

An ancient well sits—
That's not true, it doesn't sit.
An ancient well deeps.

21 September 2012

Anniversary.
There should be a party for
That word's creation

22 September 2012

High voltage. Ozone.
The hum of transformers, low.
Weird infrastructure.

23 September 2012

That box a mistake
Stuff I shouldn't have but keep
Throw away? No, store.