

Haiku History

A look at our past, / seventeen syllables and / three lines at a time

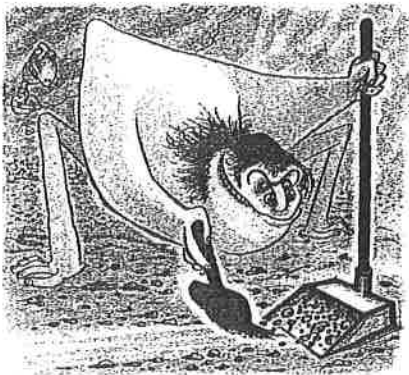
BY SPIKE GILLESPIE ~ ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

Big Bang or maybe
six days of work, one of rest.
Somehow, it begins.

Dinosaurs tromp tromp,
act tough, then die so Spielberg
can win more Oscars.

Homo erectus
is Mr. Smarty No Pants:
plays with fire, makes tools.

Ice Age arrives and
prompts *Homo sapiens* to
start wearing some clothes.



Hunt, gather? Why? This
is the dawning of the Age
of Agrarius.

There's no place like Rome.
A salad of Caesars tossed
aside by the Goths.

Gutenberg printing
thrills all the writer types with
a moveable feat.

Fourteen ninety-two:
Chris Columbus breaks ground for
the first McDonald's.



Colonists unite.
Boston tea sling leads sun to
set on British flag.

Industry arrives.
It's electric. It's steamy.
We are humming now.

Eighteen sixty-one:
divided we fall. Able
Lincoln unites us.

One World War follows
another. Rosie rivets.
Patton rolls. We win.

Russia leads space race.
So? They get *Sputnik* but we
get Elvis Presley.

Alphabet of strength:
MLK, JFK, X
spelling civil rights.

Sixties. Some drafted.
Some protest. Some seek flower
power in the Haight.

John Travolta is
disco dance personified.
(What WERE we thinking?)

Internet arrives.
You have mail! How did we find
things before Google?

The young dot-wealthy
kiss hubris 'bye: bubble bursts.
Can't cash laughingstocks.

A pair of Bushes
are planted at the White House,
make Clinton sandwich.

Crisis speak thy name.
First Saddam. Then Monica.
Then Saddam, again.

The Twin Towers fall.
Sorrow, anger and pride rise
up from the ashes.

Soaring Angels prove
in spite of the strength of Bonds
Giants sometimes fall.



Wellstone departs so
suddenly. Dems rally but
Mondale not the Norm.

GOP poll vaults
over midterm elections,
showing Dems da brakes.