

## NT in Japanese

Actually a haiku contest run by Salon e-zine in January 1998

Your file was so big.  
It might be very useful.  
But now it is gone.

Stay the patient course.  
Of little worth is your ire.  
The network is down.

The Web site you seek  
Cannot be located, but  
Countless more exist.

A crash reduces  
Your expensive computer  
To a simple stone.

Chaos reigns within.  
Reflect, repent, and reboot.  
Order shall return.

Three things are certain:  
Death, taxes and lost data.  
Guess which has occurred.

Program aborting:  
Close all that you have worked on.  
You ask far too much.

You step in the stream,  
But the water has moved on.  
This page is not here.

Windows NT crashed.  
I am the Blue Screen of Death.  
No one hears your screams.

Out of memory.  
We wish to hold the whole sky,  
But we never will.

Yesterday it worked.  
Today it is not working.  
Windows is like that.

Having been erased,  
The document you're seeking  
Must now be retyped.

First snow, then silence.  
This thousand-dollar screen dies  
So beautifully.

Serious error.  
All shortcuts have disappeared.  
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.

With searching comes loss  
And the presence of absence:  
"My Novel" not found.

The Tao that is seen  
Is not the true Tao-until  
You bring fresh toner.