

TOP OF THE MORNING

1 Dad and I think this is our favourite. It's got that Gauguin feel of bright **COLOURS** and does that classic image-image-punch thing.

lush green planted rows
old work trucks flaking bright paint
one hot cup of joe

2 This doesn't work like when an image clarifies, but it's a nice **LIST**.¹

harvesting is work,
roasting is alchemy and
the brewing is joy

3 I wanted to think about the **HANDS**, the way you were talking about. The artist's approach seems to favour this image-heavy pastiche as well.

it's thousands of hands
lifting, hoisting and roasting,
pouring you a cup

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

4 This is a personal favourite because it's **TRANSFORMATIVE**, like a haiku is supposed to be, not in terms of images -- but in content. Also I like that it's a fragment

the humble cherries
whose pits with gentle guidance
become magic beans

5 Your brief also talked about **FAMILIES**. I couldn't get all of that into seventeen syllables, but I did get four families: the cherry's family, the farm's family, the company's family and the consumer's.

from family shrubs
on family farms -- from our
family to yours

¹ Holy underwear, that's a haiku.

6 After consulting the artist's instagram, I feel like this little **IRREVERENT** gem could find some purchase on a package. Dad thinks it's too intimate, but he's pretty old-fashioned.

i have traveled far
from shub to hand, truck to shop
to bathe in your mug

BOTTOM OF THE ORDER

7 The **SOCIALISM** is pretty heavy with this one, but hey, I'm a socialist. Dunno if this would ruffle any unnecessary feathers at the ol' Village Roaster, so I hid it down here at the end.²

hands by the thousands
have shaped me, given me life
to make your morning

8 This feels kind of pompous, but it's got the silence of **NATURE** to it, and that's something

the peace of the brew
is the silence of the plant
free from great machines

9 **NUMBERS** are the enemy of the haiku. On the left, it stands more or less alone. There's a trimmer version on the right that would require supplemental artwork.

sacks? one-forty pounds
pails at roasting? twenty-five
in your hands? just one

fresh sacks: one-forty
buckets to roast: twenty-five
in your hands: just one³

Lucien Holmes
Donkey Trainer to Juan Valdez
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² Actually, it also works in a broadly Christian interpretation. Vive la différence

³ Or five, in case this shows up on the five-bound bags.