

HAIKU DOS

Imagine if instead of cryptic text strings, your computer produced error messages in Haiku...

A file that big?
It might be very useful.
But now it is gone.

A crash reduces
your expensive computer
to a simple stone.

The Web site you seek
cannot be located,
but endless others exist

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

ABORTED effort:
Close all that you have.
You ask far too much.

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

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

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

With searching comes loss
and the presence of absence:
“My Novel” not found.

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

The Tao that is seen
is not the true Tao, until
you bring fresh toner.

Having been erased,
the document you're seeking
must now be retyped.

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

Rather than a beep
or a rude error message,
these words: “File not found.”

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

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