



At times, I use my thoughts as a blanket,
Shielding myself from the monsters of the **world**.

What happens if I become a monster?

Basil Jackson
ENGL 111 Final Collection
Professor Bernstein
University of Pennsylvania

The State of the Poetry

WOW, THAT POEM WAS GOOD.

WOW, THAT POEM WAS REALLY FUCKING GOOD. IT MADE ME THINK ABOUT WHY WE EXIST, THAT'S PRETTY DEEP.

WOW, THAT POEM WAS REALLY FUCKING GOOD, IT SHOULD BE A STORY. IT MADE ME THINK BACK TO A CONVERSATION I HAD LAST WEEK ABOUT WHY WE EXIST, THAT'S NOT THE MOST ENTERTAINING THING TO TALK ABOUT BUT IT'S PRETTY DEEP. I WISH MORE PEOPLE APPRECIATED POETRY IN THEIR OWN WAY.

WOW, THAT POEM WAS REALLY FUCKING GOOD, IT SHOULD BE A PART OF A STORY. IT MADE ME THINK BACK TO A CONVERSATION I HAD LAST WEEK WITH MY BROTHER ABOUT WHY WE EXIST, THAT'S NOT THE MOST ENTERTAINING THING TO TALK ABOUT BUT IT'S PRETTY DEEP. I WISH MORE PEOPLE APPRECIATED POETRY IN THEIR OWN WAY, RATHER THAN JUST SHITTING ON THE GENRE OF WRITING. BUT MAN, IF I HAD A QUARTER.

Falling Asleep

We're already dead,

Life can be taken even in our first breath.

My heart pounds,

I don't want to see what lies over the mound.

People fall to entropy,

All I want to do is sit by the canopy.

We're in fall,

When the temperature drops how do we handle it all.

I've been alive.

While I write this poem

Right now as I write this poem
I'm thinking about how I have to fucking charge my laptop.
This girl walks into the room, another reads.
Someone's contemplating suicide.
Another person in the city just died.
Another's parents just got divorced
Someone just conceived a baby
A student just tried to cheat in a class
A boy's waiting on a text message from a girl.
And I'm just sitting here writing a poem

MY LIFELESS CORPSE

3916 MRROBOT Dr. Philly, PA 19104 | 1-800-DONT-CALLME | illselmysoul@rocketmail.com

WHY ME?

Mr. Corpse is a hard working diligent man who will put his all into getting your money. Did I mention he looks good in suits? May have a drinking problem but he was in a frat so who knows! He's dad also is on the board. And his mom used to be CEO at this cool startup we just acquired, so business is in his blood.

COMPUTER SKILLS

Internet

- This guy loves da internet! Watch him use memes! (GET READY FOR john cena). He'll prob spend all his office time working on stuff.

Bullshitting Resumes

- Knows word in and out. Will probably double screen with football in the background. Ground breaking productivity

EXPERIENCE

Yesterday	Born, <i>The World Company</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Was born yesterday
7 years	Janitor, <i>My Residence Inn</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Responsible for cleaning and tidying up the bathroom. Really just using chores as a way to bs my experience

EDUCATION

2014	Masters in Bullshit, <i>Being an Asshole for Dummies</i>
2015	Bachelors in No fucks given, <i>Ghetto University</i>

Another Bird//Slept all day

Another Bird came

Dangerous, except for

Glory how instant

I slept all day,

Justice will come to get me,

Or so will my mom.

Stay here (Two word)

Stay here

With me

We'll live

Forever, so

They said.

You were

Later than
expected, but

Earlier than
I remembered.

Nostalgia

I remember nostalgia.

I remember walking to the 7/11 around the corner from my house.

I remember thinking that a bee got stuck in my room was alive 3 months later

I remember accidentally walking out of a store with a toy

I remember realizing that Santa Claus wasn't real. It was not the way most children find out.

I remember the fire that almost burn my house down.

I remember meeting my first crush.

I remember getting in trouble for standing on tables

I remember being told that I was dumb.

I remember being made fun of for having an outie belly-button.

I remember learning what death is. I was 4.

I remember how pissed off my step dad was the day I ran across twelfth and Lehigh ave.

I remember almost getting hit by a car.

I remember when they said I was "gifted".

I remember going to my doctor because I sick.

I remember he told me I just had a stomach ache.

I remember going to the hospital that week.

I remember they said I had something called an appendicitis.

I remember someone telling me to pull the tube out of my nose.

I remember I listened.

I remember when I took a test and they practically said I was a genius, but I'm just lazy. I was 11

I remember my feelings of being too old when I was 12 years of age

I remember going to college. I remember how happy I was.

I remember my first year. I met so many people I had so many intelligent conversations.

I remember falling in love, not like the movies but nonetheless pretty fucking awesome

I remember taking her virginity we were both drunk, but it still felt right. I was more anxious than I should have been.

I remember you not talking to me the next day, I still won't understand.

I remember my second year, I had lost touch with my friends from home, they all live in different places now

I remember the fight we had, I was drunk, and I screamed, you said you didn't feel safe.

I remember you saying that I cheated on you. You told all your friends, but shit always gets back to me.

I remember moving out. By then I was a pro, it didn't take long.

I don't remember my third year, alcohol has a funny way of doing that.

I don't remember the yelling, the anger, nor the neglect

I don't remember my nights, come to think of it, I don't remember my mornings either

I don't remember saying fuck you, I remember spitting on your feet.

I remember trying to pull myself together, I remember my comeback

I remember... the legend of the Phoenix.



I Digress

This is art, this is me. This is me-art. We'll call it smart.

The patterns of the pen and pad, the mind of the lad,
fills the room with ideas. Ideals?

See, Imagination was MY best friend, that is,

Until he started hanging out with the wrong crowd.

His 'new' friends were much cooler, sexier, and more

Hip Replacement I should have gotten after my birthday party, but I digress.

The new kids on the block told their tales of

"finding themselves" and "pursuing and identity" with their work.

But what does a train have to do with an existential crisis?

There goes the cyanide in me. No, I meant cynic.

See, to me it's like, Why does it even matter?

But that's at the intersection of Philosophy and Irony,

And we're on Sansom.

I implore all these techniques,

but I'm no more post-modern than Britney Spears or P. Diddy, but I digressssssssssssssssssss-see

I can be Pony too.

Punny, funny, phony.

For phonemes and rhymes come effortless to me.

See me sneaking slight sound schemes seamlessly.

I am no more connected in my thoughts than this poem is.

"Wow, I hope they won't realize that I couldn't decide on what to write."

OOpps, breaking the fourth wall -- into my fifth of vodka, dare me to write? Riiight.

Je ne suis pas un poete. Mais avec bonne chance, I will be...French. But I digress.

But that's the point. Art is a lie. But I'm the liar, caught in the rye.

It's bullshit, everything makes sense, yet nothing is sensical.

I made this poem with a stencil, sorry I meant pencil. But still I digress

I Digress (Written)

This is art, this is me. This is ~~mar~~ ^{mar}art. We'll call it smart.
The patter of the pen and pad, ~~in~~ the mind of the lad
fills the room with ideas. Ideals?
See I ~~imagination~~ was my best friend ^{that is} until ~~I found out he's been~~ ^{he started hanging out}
~~hang~~ with the wrong crowd. His "new" friends were much
cooler, sexier, and more hip. Replacement I should have gotten
after ~~my~~ birthday party, but I digress.
The new kids on the block told tales of finding themselves
and pursuing ~~their~~ ^{can} identity ^{with} through ~~their~~ ^{there} work. But what does a
train have to do with an ~~exist~~ ^{existential} crisis?
There goes the cynic in me. No. I meant cynic.
See to me it's like, why does ^{it even} matter? But that's at the
intersection of Philosophy and Irony. ^{and never on school} I implore all these tech-
niques but I'm no more post-modern than Britney Spears or P. Diddy
but I digress. See I can be pony too. Punny, sunny, phony.
For phonemes and schemes come effortless to me. See me sneaking
slight sound schemes seamlessly.
I am no more connected in my thoughts than this poem is.
"Wow, I hope they won't realize that I couldn't decide on what to write."
Opps, breaking the fourth wall, into my fifth of vodka. Dare me to write?
Right. Je ne suis pas un poète. Mais avec bonne chance, I will be
French. But I digress.
But that's the point. Art is a lie. But I'm the ~~liar~~ ^{liar caught in the lie}. It's bullshit.
Everything makes sense, yet nothing is sensible. I made this poem
with a stencil. Sorry I meant pencil. but ^{she} I digress.

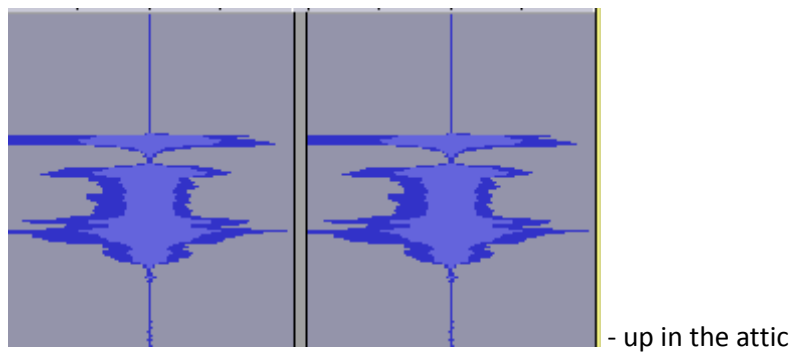
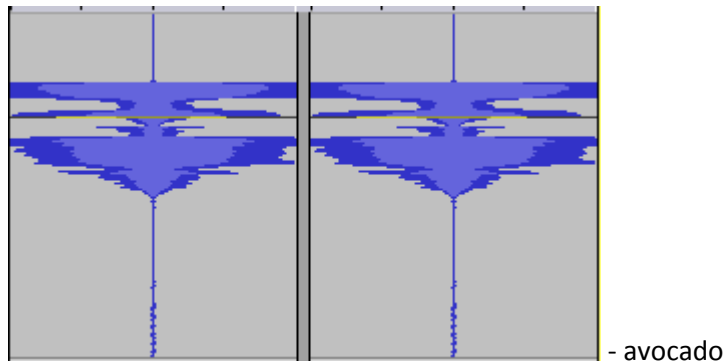
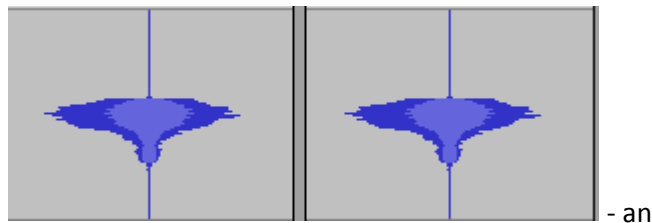
I Used to be Great (Joel)

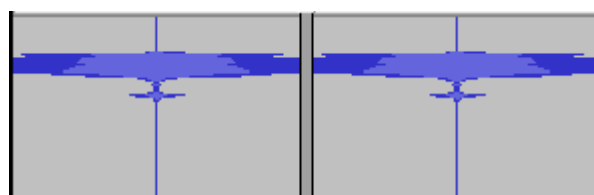


I used to be great...

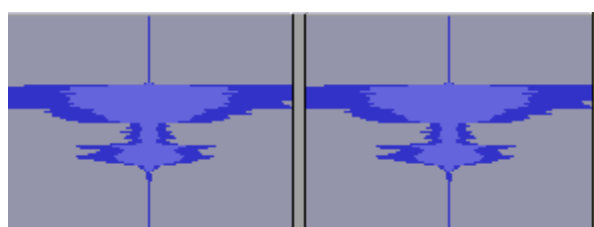
'Collaborative' Sound Poem

Listen here.

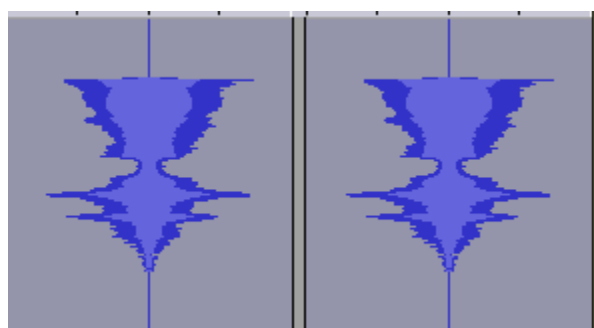




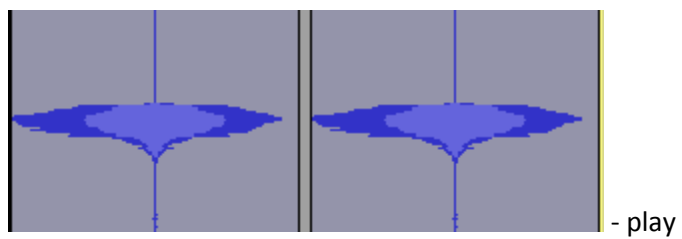
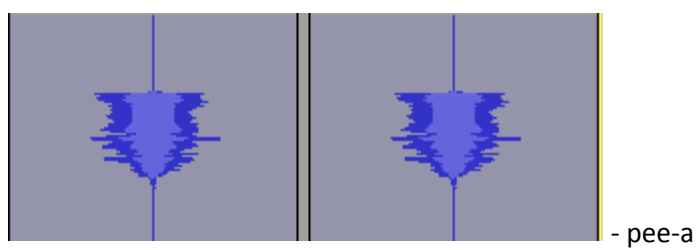
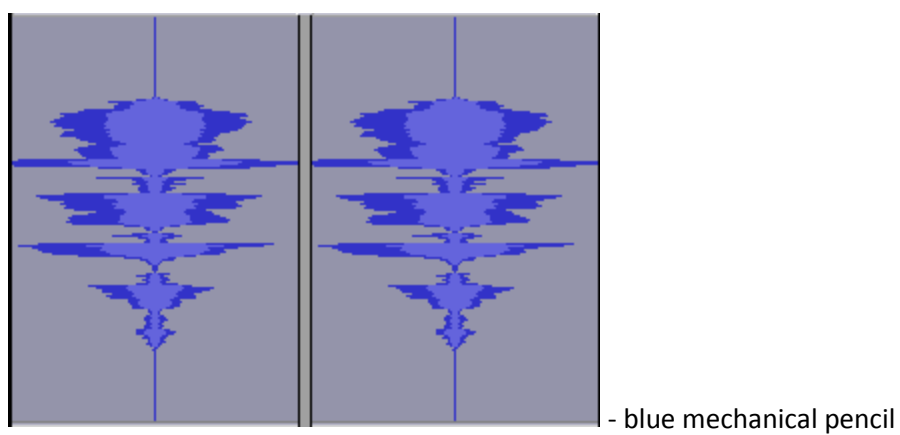
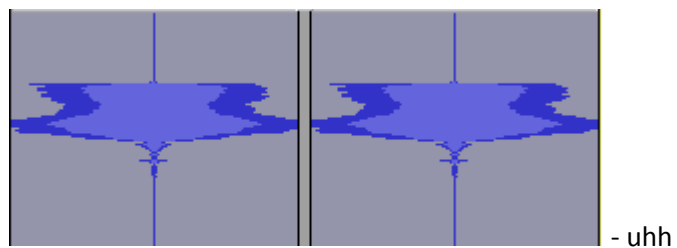
- ick

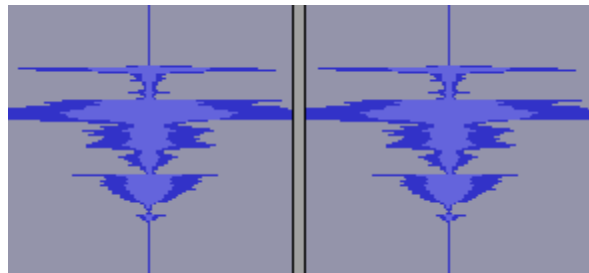


- fellowship

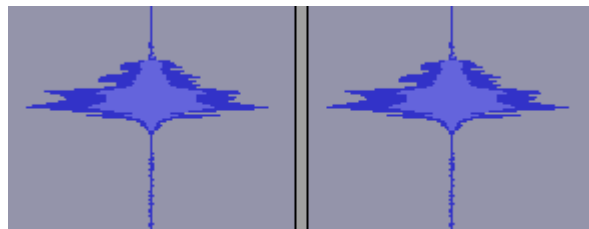


- oh yeah

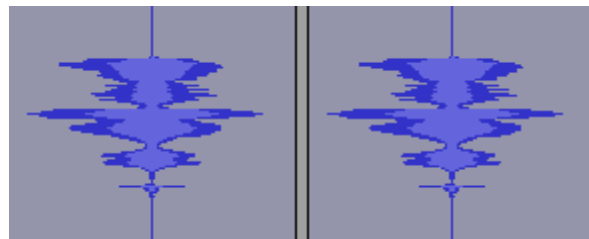




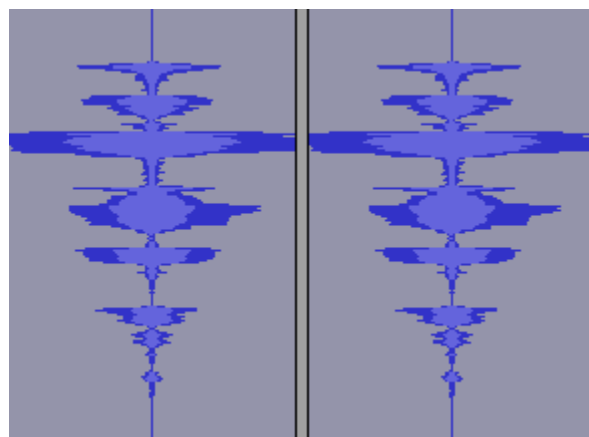
- a fresh take



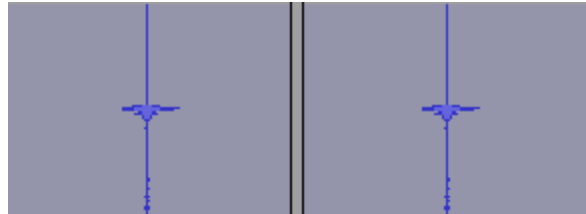
- je



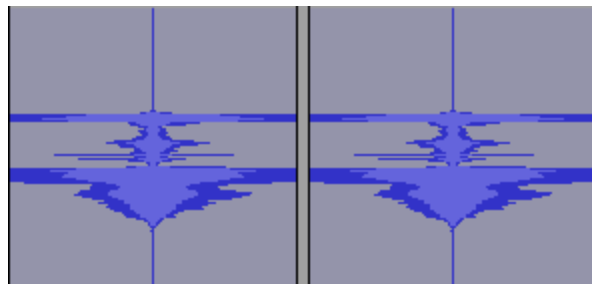
- intrinsic



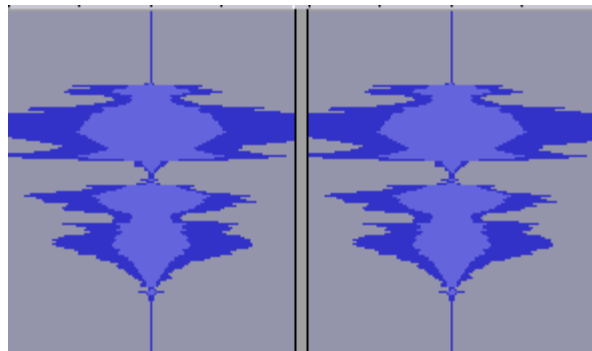
- the syntax semantic interface



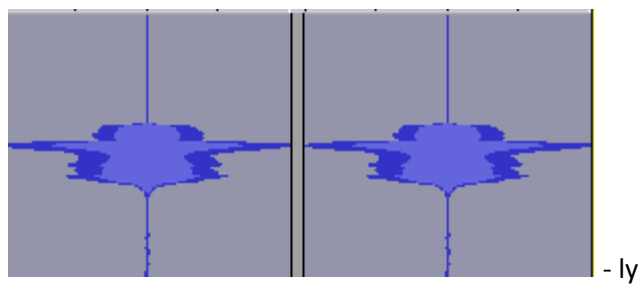
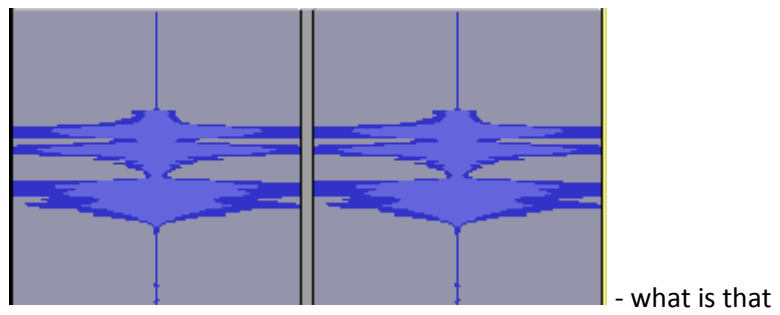
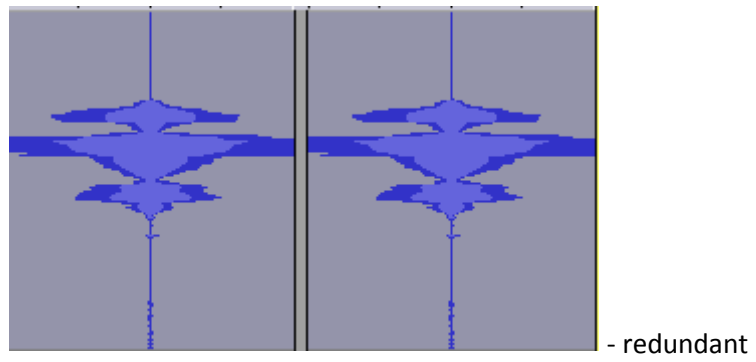
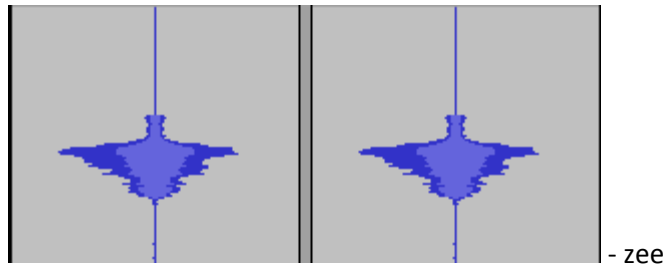
- unclassifiable sound

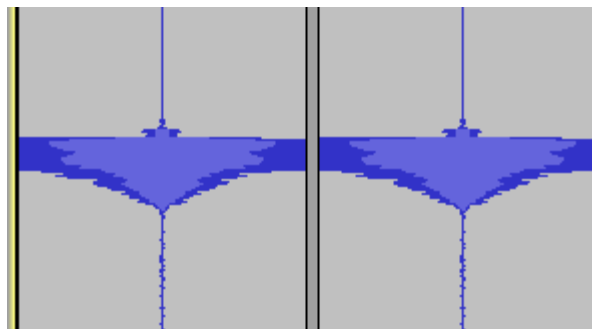


- schizophrenia

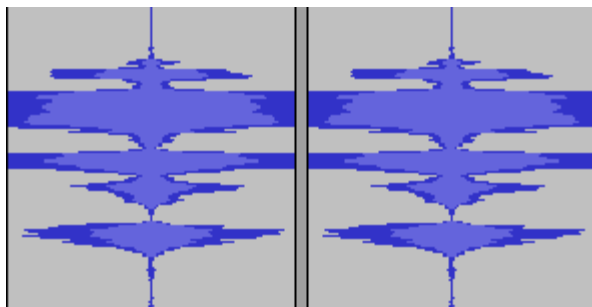


- an eye for an eye

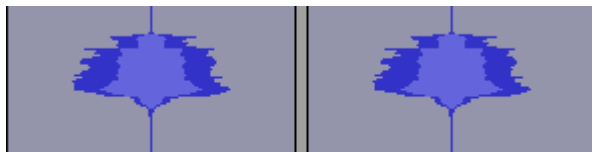




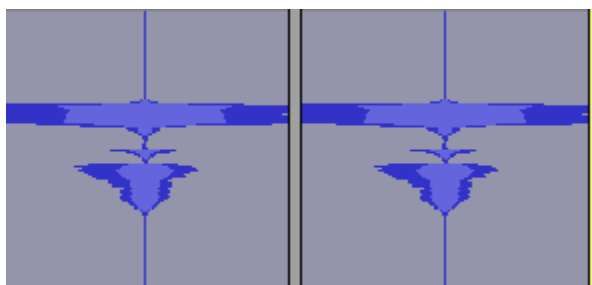
- hairy



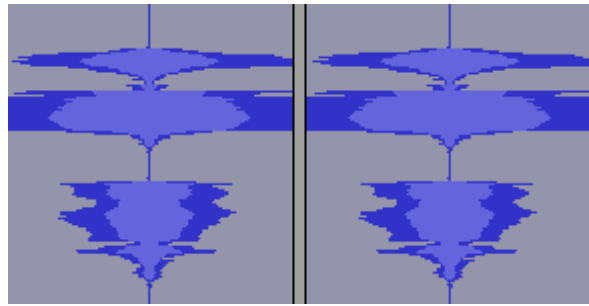
- so that it doesn't bite



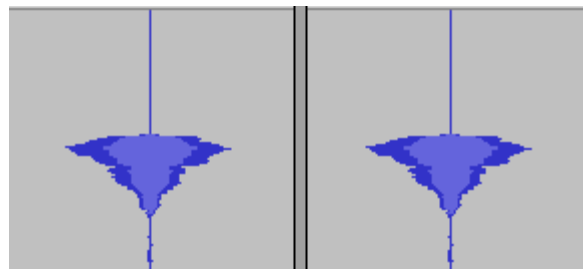
- gy



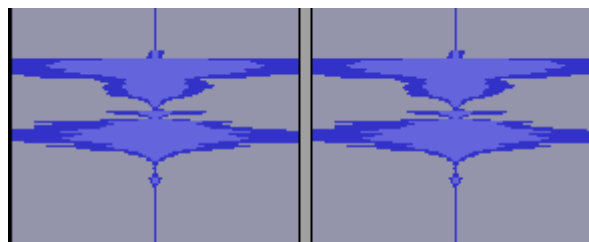
- popcorn



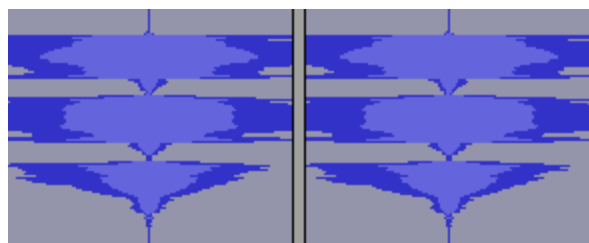
- went off the radar



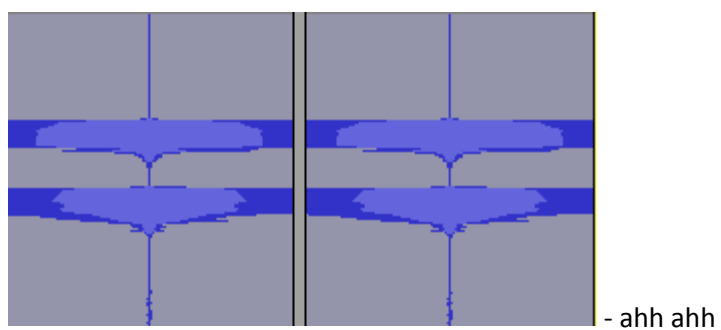
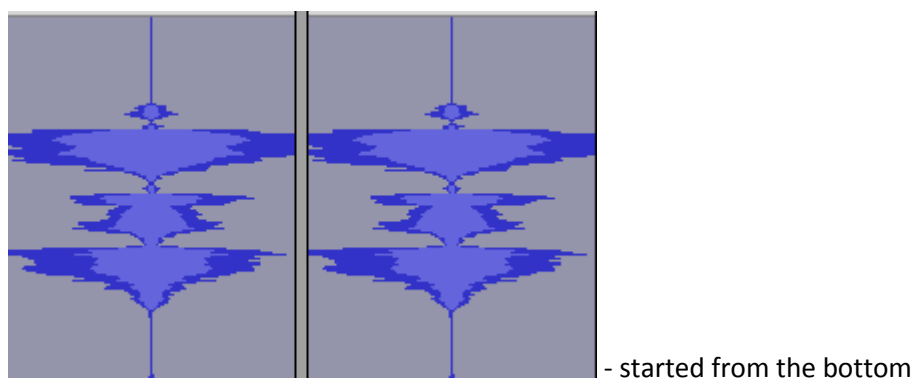
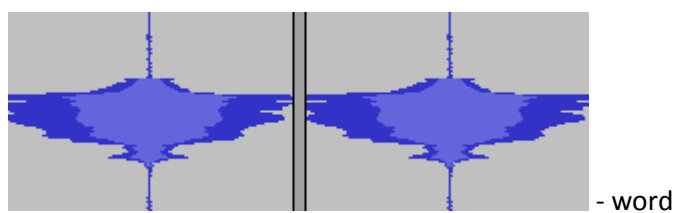
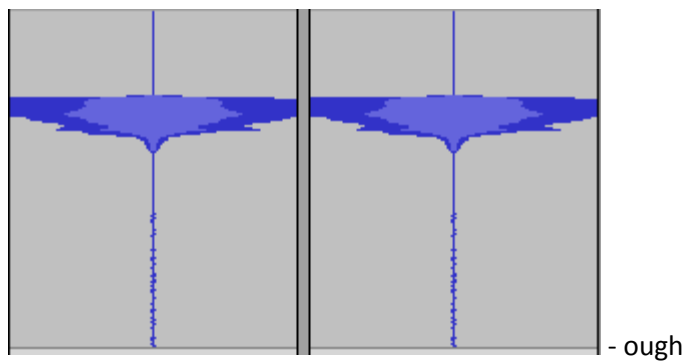
- ing

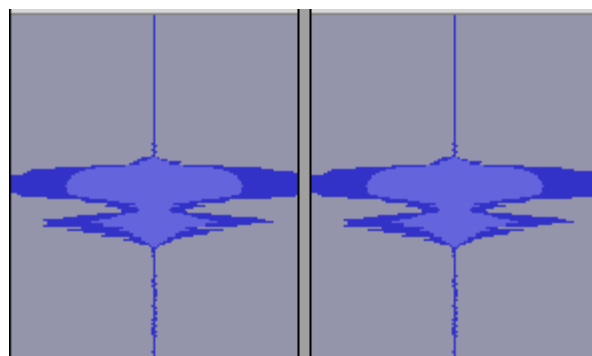


- kumquat

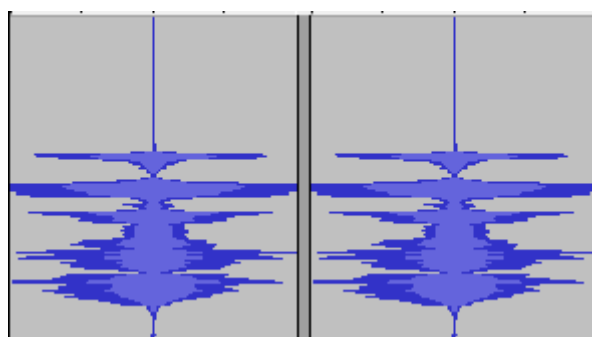


- bye bye bye

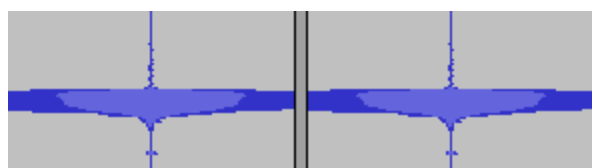




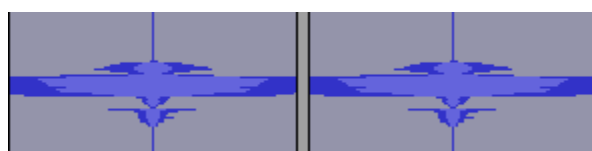
- nasal



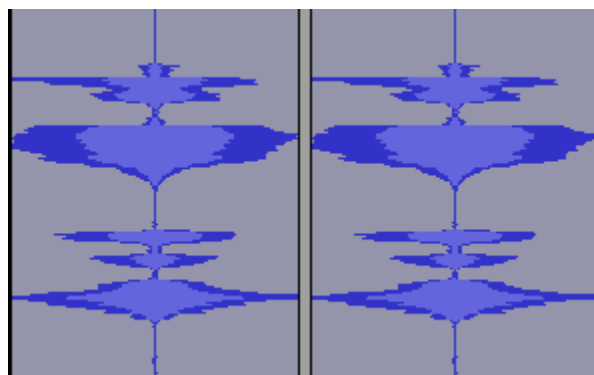
- a book on the shelf



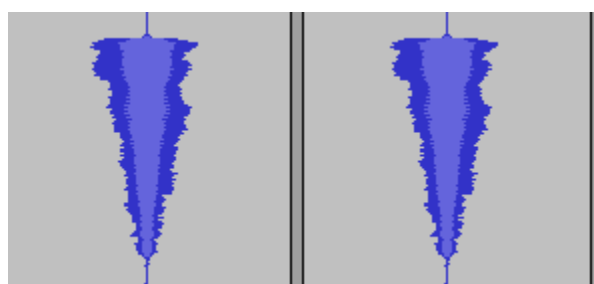
- ulp



- heck



- come thru it's lit



- ughhh