

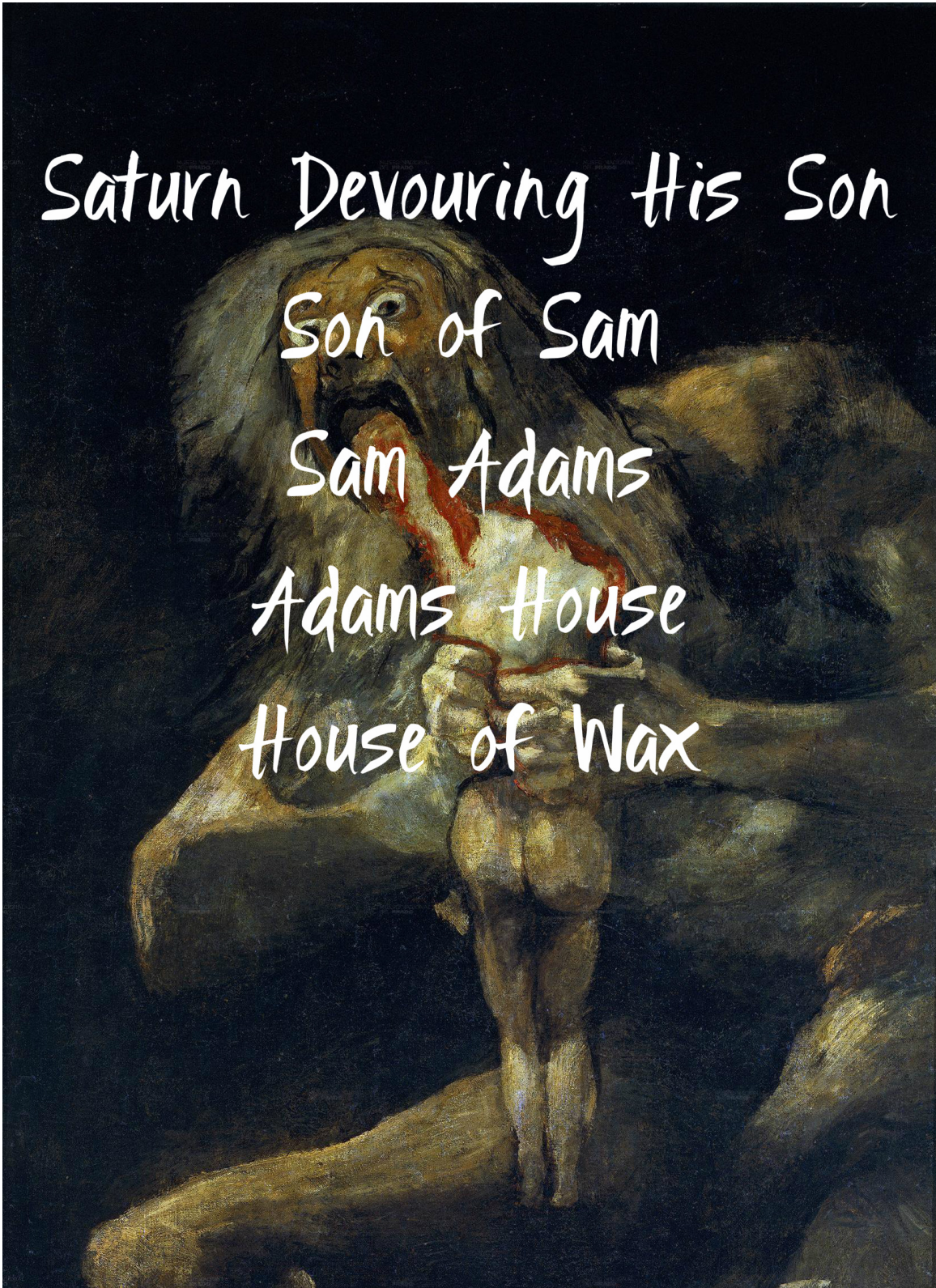
Saturn Devouring His Son

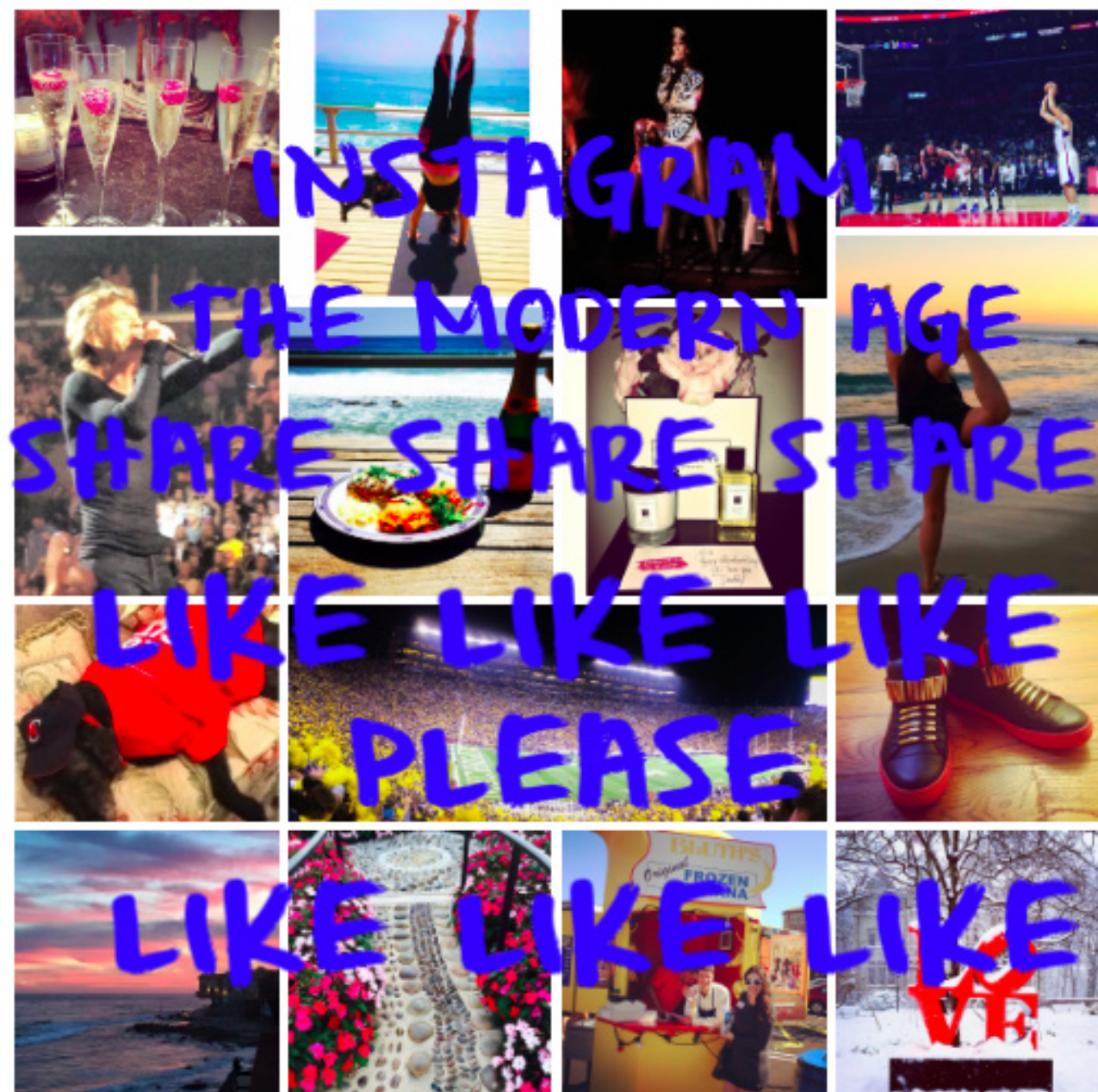
Son of Sam

Sam Adams

Adams House

House of Wax





It was [adj] and [adj] a [noun] ago,
In a [noun] [preposition] the [noun],
That a [noun] there [verb] whom [pronoun] may
[verb]
By the [noun] of [proper noun];
And this maiden [pronoun] [verb] with no other
[noun]
Than to [verb] [conjunction] be loved by me.

I was a [noun] and *she* was [article] [noun],
[Preposition] this [noun] by the [noun],
But we [verb] with a [noun] that was [comparative
adj] than [noun]—
[pronoun] [conj] [possessive] Annabel Lee—
With a [noun] that [article] [adj] seraphs of Heaven
[verb] her [conj] me.

And this [verb] the [noun] that, long ago,
In this [noun] [prep] the [noun],
A [noun] [verb] out of a [noun], chilling
[possessive] [adj] Annabel Lee;
So that [possessive] [adj] kinsmen [verb]
And [verb] her away from [pronoun],
To [verb] her up [preposition] a [noun]
In [article] kingdom [preposition] the [noun].

The [noun, pl.], not half so [adj] in [noun],
Went [verb -ing] her [conj] me—
Yes!—that was the [noun] (as all men [verb],
In this [noun] by [article] [noun])
That the [noun] came out of the [noun] by [noun],
[verb -ing] and [verb -ing] [possessive] Annabel
Lee.

But [possessive] love it was [comp adj] by far than
the [noun]
Of those who [verb] [comp adj] than we—
Of many [adverb] [comp adj] than we—
[conjunction] neither the [noun] in [noun] above
[conjunction] the [noun] down [prep] the [noun]
Can ever [verb] my [noun] from the [noun]
Of the [adj] [proper noun];

For the [noun] never [verb], without [verb -ing] me
[noun]
Of [article] [adj] Annabel Lee;
And the [noun] [adverb] [verb], but I [verb] the
[adj] eyes
Of the [adj] Annabel Lee;
And so, all the [noun], I [verb] [adverb] by the side
Of [possessive] darling—my darling—my [noun
pl.] [conj] my [noun],
[preposition] her [noun] there [preposition] the
[noun]—
In [possessive] [noun] by the [adj] [noun].

It was pretty and spicy a phone ago,
In a flower under the house,
That a teacher there whistled whom they may hate
By the jacket of Harrison Ford;
And this maiden I sneezed with no other baby
Than to dream or be loved by me.

I was a dress and *she* was this shape,
Around this bowl by the store,
But we snored with a doll that was grumpier than
air—
You nor his Annabel Lee—
With a shout that those tepid seraphs of Heaven
Slapped her or me.

And this planned the dream that, long ago,
In this car after the movie,
A man jumped out of a book, chilling
Their elusive Annabel Lee;
So that our dizzy kinsmen ate
And stampeded her away from him,
To serve her up around a clock
In a kingdom behind the field.

The animals, not half so fruity in puzzle,
Went tickling her nor me—
Yes!—that was the law (as all men bake,
In this shoe by this trashcan)
That the eye came out of the bag by cash,
Clicking and dieting our Annabel Lee.

But your love it was drunker by far than the horse
Of those who sang creepier than we—
Of many much fatter than we—
But neither the pool in toy above
And the blog down aside the fountain
Can ever sew my back from the theater
Of the unruly William Shakespeare;

For the toe never falls, without relaxing me pages
Of a rotten Annabel Lee;
And the stranger quickly slaps, but I laugh the
fashionable eyes

Of the shameless Annabel Lee;
And so, all the shower, I sing well by the side
Of your darling—my darling—my lake yet my frog,
Atop her hammer there aboard the plank—
In their suit by the glowing mail.

Excerpt from <i>As You Like It</i>	Homolinguistic Translation
All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.	The entire earth's a platform, And all the males and females only actors; They have their ways to go and their ways to come, And a single guy in his life acts out a bunch of roles, His stories being the [the number between 6 and 8] <i>ages</i> . Originally, the baby, Crying and barfing in his caretaker's hold.

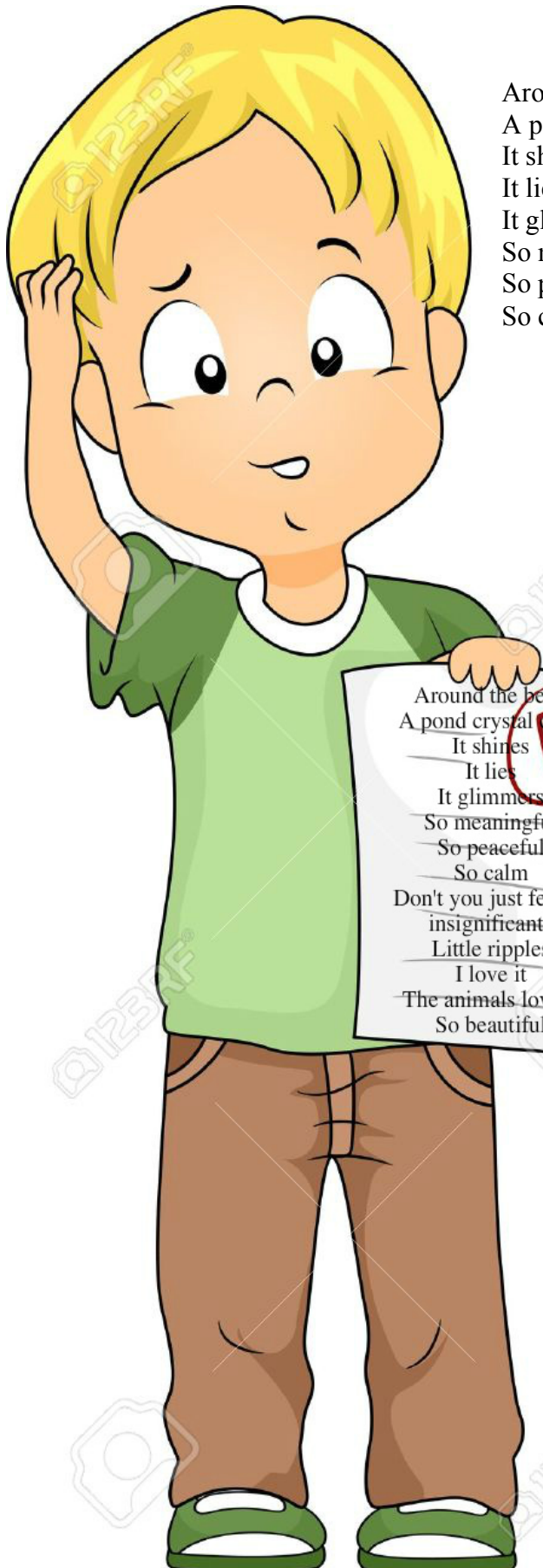
<i>Le Cancre</i> by Jacques Prévert	Homophonic Translation	Google Translate
<i>Il dit non avec la tête</i> <i>Mais il dit oui avec le coeur</i> <i>Il dit oui à ce qu'il aime</i> <i>Il dit non au professeur</i> <i>Il est debout</i> <i>On le questionne</i> <i>Et tous les problèmes sont posés</i> <i>Soudain le fou rire le prend</i> <i>Et il efface tout</i> <i>Les chiffres et les mots</i> <i>Les dates et les noms</i> <i>Les phrases et les pièges</i> <i>Et malgré les menaces du maître</i> <i>Sous les huées des enfants prodiges</i> <i>Avec des craies de toutes les</i> <i>couleurs</i> <i>Sur le tableau noir du malheur</i> <i>Il dessine le visage du bonheur.</i>	Ill dee no a veck la tet Met ill dee wee a veck liqueur Ill dee wee a say kill 'em Ill dee no a professor Ill es de boo On lay keston Eh too lee problem sewn poseys Sue Dan lay foo rear lay prawn Eh ill ee fass too Lay chief a lee moo Lee fraz ee lee pee edge Ee malgree lee men ahs de met Sue lee wee deez enfan prod eej A veck decree de back equaler Sir lee tab blue nowa de malor Eel de seen lay visa de boner	He said no with head But he said yes with heart He said yes to what he loves He said no to the teacher He is standing It questions the And all problems are posed Suddenly the laughter takes And it erases The numbers and words The dates and names Sentences and traps And despite the master's threats Booed child prodigies With chalk all colors On the blackboard of misfortune He draws the face of happiness.

<i>Death</i> by William Blake	Pig Latin	Cockney
Tyger! Tyger! burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Could frame thy fearful symmetry?	Ygertay! Ygertay! urningbay ightbray Inay uhthay orestsfay ofay uhthay ightnay, Atwhay immortalay andhay oray eyeay Ouldcay amefray aythey earfulfay ymmetrysay?	Tyger! Honest guv! Tyger! Blimey! burnin' bright In the bloody forests of the bloomin' night, Wot immortal 'and or eye Could frame fy fearful symmetry?



BRAD PITT ATE MY SANDWICH
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It was tuna salad on wheat
It had avocado and alfalfa sprouts
It was cut in half diagonally
I was really hungry—I couldn't wait to eat it
Fucking Brad Pitt ate my fucking sandwich



Around the bend
A pond crystal clear
It shines
It lies
It glimmers
So meaningful
So peaceful
So calm

Around the bend
A pond crystal clear
It shines
It lies
It glimmers
So meaningful
So peaceful
So calm
Don't you just feel so
insignificant?
Little ripples
I love it
The animals love it
So beautiful

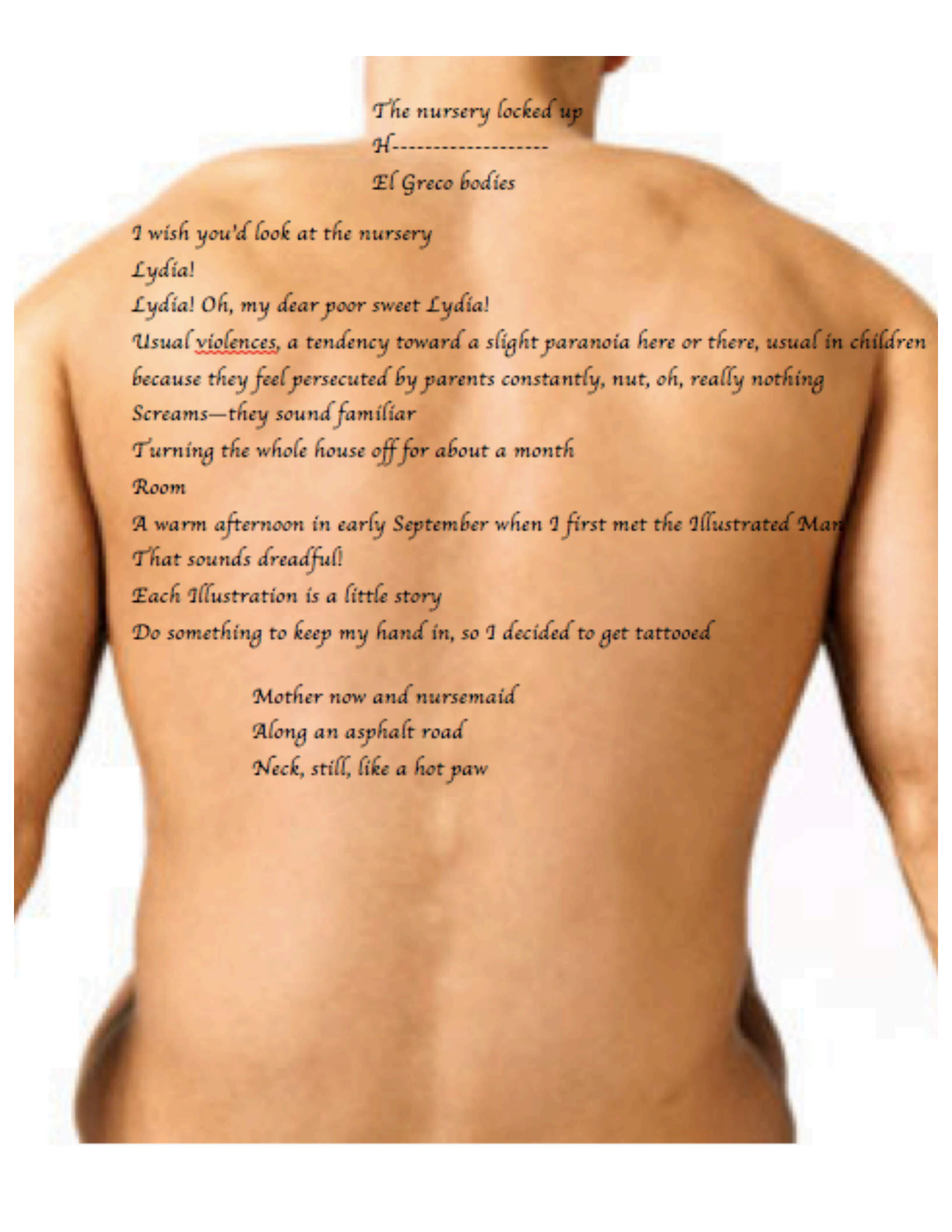
EXCUSES

The dog ate my homework.
I tried to print out another copy but the printer jammed.
I went to email it but my computer crashed.
I was going to wake up early to redo it but my alarm didn't go off---
I must have set it to PM instead of AM.
I would have been at school sooner but I had car trouble.
generic car trouble
And once I got on the road, traffic was a bitch.

Misspellings

Write now I'm righting poetry
Its alotta fun.
I one my 3nd grade spelling be
And 4rd grade two.
I right these lines in pears
Too bye to.
I think the last too lines should rime
(I know that's not a homophone, just a hard word to due):
Im gonna go peal an orange
.....oh shit.

here is the deepest secret nobody knows	I carry your heart with me	E. E. Cummings
I could not die with you,	I Cannot Live With You	Emily Dickinson
Stranger, you and I.	Love and a Question	Robert Frost
I refuse to give up my obsession	America	Allen Ginsberg
Does it stink like rotten meat?	Dream Deferred	Langston Hughes
I bring you my passionate rhyme.	A Poet To His Beloved	William Butler Yeats
But I believe	A Blue Valentine	Joyce Kilmer
You will understand.	To My Wife- With A Copy Of My Poems	Oscar Wilde
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,	I am Not Yours	Sara Teasdale
Rapid! That will do!	Tie the Strings to my Life, My Lord,	Emily Dickinson



The nursery locked up

H-----

El Greco bodies

I wish you'd look at the nursery

Lydia!

Lydia! Oh, my dear poor sweet Lydia!

Usual violences, a tendency toward a slight paranoia here or there, usual in children
because they feel persecuted by parents constantly, nut, oh, really nothing

Screams—they sound familiar

Turning the whole house off for about a month

Room

A warm afternoon in early September when I first met the Illustrated Man

That sounds dreadful!

Each Illustration is a little story

Do something to keep my hand in, so I decided to get tattooed

Mother now and nursemaid

Along an asphalt road

Neck, still, like a hot paw



Mr. Melton. Get the hell
out of Mexico,
sure!

Don't they realize
White

Wearing shoes

Eyes and opened them

Bury him. THE ILLUSTRATED MAN

Breakfast

My own collection

I suppose I have been smoking
Ray Bradbury too much

But Daddy —

Town

And, thinking thus, he stepped
off the cliff

Avalanche

Mower away

Captain Hart



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