

**These  
Are  
Almost  
As  
Good  
As  
My  
Dad's  
Poems**

*BY: BRIAN ECKLUND*



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this book is dedicated to:

**my dad because he named this  
book in a facebook thread.**



**EVERYTHING IN  
THIS BOOK  
IS THOUGHTS  
AS WORDS  
AND SENTENCES.**

Man, 46, gets in his red Toyota Prius (approx. 4 years old) & sits for a moment, still haunted by a dream he had the night before about a dystopian future. He presses a button and backs out of his driveway, unknowingly running over one of his sons toy cars (*monster truck, approximately ~2 inches in length*).

57 miles away John, 27, wakes up and checks his phone, 4 missed calls from his ex girlfriend and a voicemail he doesn't want to listen to but probably will anyway (*curiosity*).

A few states over in Ohio a young girl named Tina, 19, finally gets her drivers license. Her parents congratulate her with a cake that is decorated like a Honda Civic (*comedic*).

Joanne, 47, mother of two, holds her face in her palm and exhales (*she's angry & exhausted*). Her son, Max, 17, arrested last night for underage drinking in a friends basement, stands before her.



**“What do you want to be when you grow up?”**

**He doesn't know.**

Man, 46, driving to work in his Toyota Prius (*approx. 4 years old*) calls his sister. Argues with her about holiday plans for the rest of his commute (*typical*).

Jen, 23, watches Netflix (*House of Cards*) alone on a Thursday night while she casually browses OKCupid. My Self Summary: Imao.

Man, 46, sits at his desk, eats leftover Halloween candy (*Butterfinger, Twix, Kit Kat*). He recalls an awkward moment he experienced the other night at Applebees when he accidentally touched his waitresses hand while reaching for a menu and eye contact was made (*weird*). He wonders what his life would be like if he studied Law instead of English in college as he takes his time eating a Cobb Salad.

**Life is weird.**

If I had to pick my favorite number  
it'd have to be one you can't imagine.

You know, like how much I like you (haha).

You know, like the distance from here to a place in outer space  
you can't even imagine (cool).

You know, like from my lips are my words to the end of us.

When I see you in dreams you're a lot of different people  
I've never seen before.

Sometimes I count to fall asleep but by the time I reach 20,  
it's you.

Sometimes in the morning when I lay awake  
in bed I imagine how powerful i'd feel driving a

**2014 CHEVY TAHOE.**

**Today NASA announced the first  
manned flight to Mars.**

I wonder how powerful they feel.

When I look out my window at night I think about how many corny space metaphors I could come up with to describe our love (haha).

One summer I met an old fisherman at a beach side bar. He was missing one of his canine teeth (on the left side) and was missing 3 fingers on his right hand (pointer, index, thumb). I tried not to stare but he caught me.

“You wanna know how I lost em don’t you? Everyone does” he said, with a delighted grin on his face.

“You see, it was twelve years ag-....”

He stopped once he noticed my attention was set solely on the bright blue sky.

I followed the trail of an airplane, drawing a trail in the cloudless sky.

On the airplane sat a man, fast asleep,  
he was dreaming of driving a Ferrari he will most likely  
never be able to afford.  
Imagine how powerful he'd feel driving such a beautiful vehicle.

It's 4 weeks later.  
I'm sitting in a dentists chair.  
The doctor puts the mask over my face  
and begins to count down from 20.

**20,19,18,17,16,15,14--**

I fall asleep.  
I wake up.



**If I ever had the chance to  
travel into space, I would turn  
around and look at the earth  
and wonder where you were.**

Dear Dish-It: How Do I Stop Picking My Nose?

Love

48

Hate

180

Dear Dish-it,

I still pick my nose and everyone laughs at me and I need help!!!

Please help, it is embarrassing!!!!!!

MP

Nose Picking

Nose Picking

Dear MP,

I have a job in McDonald's and I start on Saturday but I have a snake bite and not allowed facial piercings in; is there any piercing I could get where you cannot see it?

If so what's it called HELP!!

River answered 3 years ago

If they don't allow face piercings then no amount of changing the peircing is going to work. There is no way getting a clear, or flat or flesh colored piercing is going to work.

Did they tell you at the interview that you'll have to lose the piercing? If not, and you had it in, plain as day, then maybe they will work with you as far as covering it up with bandaids or something?

If you they told you flat out you'll have to get rid of it, then you'll have to get rid of it.

I don't care if Apollo 13 actually landed on the moon or not.  
In video games I can fly spaceships to distant galaxies and  
commiserate with local alien beings.  
Out here on Planet Gorzon III they have 4 moons you can look at in  
the night sky.

I can go to the movies and watch a famous actor and actress float  
around in their space ship. About 39 minutes into the movie they face  
great danger and by the end of the movie they're back safe on planet  
Earth with a greater sense of their ultimate purpose in the Universe.

*Well worth the \$18 IMAX Experience.*

I can go on the internet and watch astronauts drink floating liquid in  
the cabin of their expensive spaceship from a live internet video feed.

**[cue part of the poem where I break  
into a completely different thought]**

My favorite Semordnilap is Stressed ('Desserts') and yes, I had no idea what a Semordnilap was until I looked Palindromes up on Wikipedia approximately 5 minutes ago.

And yes, It's my favorite Semordnilap because it relates to my current lifestyle.

Lately I've been staring at strangers on the street in hopes that if I stare long enough, I'll be able to tell how many mutual friends on Facebook we have.

I hope in the future that's a thing.

[back on topic: *Space*]

I hope someone stops commercial space travel.

**- THE YEAR IS 2095 AND ALL MY FRIENDS MOVED TO MARS.**

**- THE YEAR IS 2097 AND MY LOVER LEFT ME FOR A MAN ON VENUS.**

**- THE YEAR IS 3001 AND I AM STILL ON EARTH.**

Read somewhere that

(I might be making this up but,)

that this couple wanted to make the first trip to Mars together.  
I'm forgetting a lot of details but it doesn't matter,

the point is that it seems like a "bad idea"

The year is 3002 and there are no more celebrities left on Earth,  
they're scattered across the Universe.

Tony calls me from Mars to tell me,

*"It's so chill here dude."*



Margaret calls me from Venus to tell me,

*“There’s so much stupid drama here.”*

Max calls me from Uranus,

*“You won’t believe the amount of butt jokes people are telling.”*

The year is 3004 and I’ve acquired miles and miles of land in my  
now quiet suburban hometown,

**everyone has left me behind.**

In the year 2099, scientists developed a machine  
that allowed them to re-arrange stars.

It was pretty cool until corporate America got a hold of the technology.  
Instead of dreams, hopes, & wishes as stars in space,

I walk through my abandoned Suburban Town and stare up at  
a branded night sky.

Many were upset with what this did to the zodiac.

I am no longer a Virgo.

I am now alone on Planet Earth.

According to the “New” Zodiac

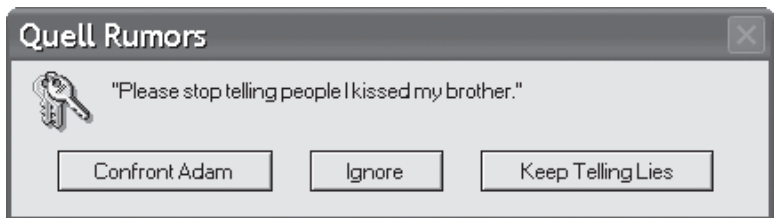
**I am a can of Pepsi.**

Which means I should buy a Pepsi now.

In the future scientists have developed a new pill  
that makes you never have to go to the bathroom.

# The End.





My first girlfriend had a Fall Out Boy lyric as her gmail sign off.

*“You are the dreamer, and we are the dream.*

*I could write it better than you felt it”*

She also had a gmail account that she made specifically to talk to me when she was pissed at me.

**brianyousuck@gmail.com.**

One time a member of her extended family (which one I can't quite remember) asked me what kind of music I listened to.

“Right now, Iron & Wine mostly” I said.

Back then I was really into quiet folk music.  
Pre Bon Iver stuff.

Now every time I'm in a chain restaurant and I hear  
"Skinny Love" playing on the radio I'm reminded that,

**Yeah, things have changed.**

One time we had a fight while “Hide and Seek” by Imogen Heap played on some speakers in her kitchen.

I stood in the doorway. She was pretty upset, so was I, but I couldn’t help but notice how Early 2000s Reality TV the whole situation was.

Probably shouldn’t have mentioned that.

One time her sister watched “You’ve Got Mail” with us in her basement and the whole time I couldn’t decide whether or not I found Meg Ryan attractive.

I still can’t decide.

Good move though.

One time before a dance I walked over to her house in my suit on the Running Trail that connected our houses together.

It’s about an 8 minute walk from my house to the door that led to her backyard.



It was getting dark as we approached each other  
and all I could see was the cream color of her dress  
mix in with the darkening pastel sky.

Poetic.

We used to walk her dog a lot on the Trail and talk about  
school and life and exciting developments in the lives and  
relationships of our friends and in some cases, enemies.

Most importantly she showed me Chipotle for the first time.  
I'm talking like before Chipotle even had buzz in my town,  
the closest one was a short 15 minute drive away.  
She told me I didn't know what I was missing.  
The first time her dad brought her home a burrito  
she asked me if I wanted a bite but I decline after  
I saw how much she was enjoying it.  
Back then I didn't even know Guac was extra.

**She was from the west coast  
and I guess it's true  
what they say,**

**the East Coast is always late.**

I guess it's true,  
Now I can wait in a long line  
At my local Chipotle  
Pondering  
"Burrito Bowl or Burrito?"  
"Tofu or Steak?"  
While listening to "Skinny Love"  
Coming softly through the speakers,  
& still think,

**OH, THE TIMES**

**HAVE CHANGED.**



Teacher says to the class,

**“Don’t worry, You will be  
graded based on effort”**

so I erased the paragraph I had just finished & crudely rendered  
an elephant wearing a suit on the cream colored page.

**“Good job” she says.**

Last night I had a dream

where I drove a BMW SUV off a cliff, into a dusty canyon.

As the car plummeted to the bottom, I watched the layers of sediment  
blend into one dirty reddish-brown hue.

A hue much like the backs of my eyelids as  
the mornings light pours through them.

A sound much like ducks as they walk through parks,

A sound much like my iPhones alarm,  
the time is 9:28am (Eastern Standard Time).

I grab for my iPhone 5 to silence them.

I am alone in a room at the Holiday Inn Express.

Last weekend I found out that if you drink too much wine  
your head will hurt in the morning.

Last weekend I also found out that if you drink enough wine  
you won't really care if your head is hurting.



## **According to the “Health effects of wine” Wikipedia page,**

*“Ancient Egyptian Papyri and Sumerian tablets dating back to 2200 BC detail the medicinal role of wine, making it the world’s oldest documented man-made medicine.[3] Wine continued to play a major role in medicine until the late 19th and early 20th century, when changing opinions and medical research on alcohol and alcoholism cast doubt on the role of wine as part of a healthy lifestyle and diet.”*

**Wrong.**

**Love is the oldest  
man-made medicine.**

Two months ago I told a girl she was what I was looking for  
& I don't regret saying it but I think I was wrong.

*I am looking for the oldest wine.*

*Or rather, a grape not yet tasted.*

*Or, I want to be off the vine,*

*In a glass with you.*

I write this in my iPhones notes as I lay in bed at this Holiday  
Express.. The time is now 10:41am (Eastern Standard Time).  
I call you, it's 9:41 where you are (Central Time Zone).

*"Hi"*

*"Hey"*

**“I had the  
weirdest  
dream last  
night”.**

Blank Space

By: Taylor Swift

**neatly stacked are 13 assorted doughnuts  
(a bakers dozen).**

a teenage employee (possibly 17 or 18)  
slowly lowers them into the box one by one,  
carefully, to avoid damaging the icing.  
pop hits provide a calming backdrop for me, the customer,  
as i wait for this young employee to complete his task  
and ring me up on the register.  
there is a large line,

*these are the best doughnuts in town.*

“that will be \$12.99” the young teen says.  
truly the most expensive doughnuts in town.  
i hand him a 20 dollar bill and tell him to keep the change.  
he smiles at me and thanks me for the large tip.



i open the door to the small doughnut shop  
and the bells jingle overhead.  
it's 12:26pm and ~70 degrees,  
an unusually warm day for early november.  
a woman is quarreling with her husband  
(they are in their mid thirties).  
i don't know why she's angry.  
I get into my car, it's 12 years old with light rust damage,  
the seats have holes in them.  
My phone chirps, it's a text from a girl, 23, brunette hair.

At a stop sign I check the text.  
Two knife emojis and a kissy face emoji.

Haha.

Funny & Romantic.

I get back to my house and set the doughnuts on my kitchen counter  
& collapse on my couch, it's dirty and dark blue.

I think about texting an Ex,

“I can't believe you ruined Steely Dan for me...”  
But I don't, it's ok, i think to myself,

“some things aren't supposed to last forever”

## **Depressing & Accurate.**

I don't even like Steely Dan that much.

Laying on my couch for a while now,  
half the doughnuts are gone.

They really are the best doughnuts in town.

I listened to half of Steely Dans greatest hits on YouTube  
and thought about sitting in slides at the jungle gym with you.  
It was hot in August and our backs were sticky on the plastic,  
our hair on end, there was electricity between us

(corny).

**[end bitter nostalgia]**

If I could eat 13 doughnuts in one sitting I would.  
I made it halfway with you, the doughnuts too.  
I am okay with that.  
This could be what moving on is like.  
Truly the best in town.

Inspirational Henna Tattoo that says

**“Nothing In Life Is  
Permanent”**





i got this Horse tattoo on my right forearm  
because sometimes i like to go  
really fast on the highway and listen to  
My Godsmack Pandora Station.

Young woman calls up young man, holds her phone between her left cheek and shoulder. As she talks she uses her thumb to hold her fingers as she inspects her red nails, periodically looking up at the bathroom mirror in front of her and making eye contact with herself.

**“I don’t care what Jamie told me I want to hear the truth from you”**

She’s angry.

The young man is 34 miles away laying on a couch in his tiny apartment, too far away to drive to the young woman to tell her he's sorry. Even if it wasn't too far it wouldn't matter, his friend was borrowing his car for the weekend to go to a music festival.

**“I don't know what to tell you”**

he says.

**She hangs up the phone.**

**He honestly doesn't know.**

The young man lets out a long exhale as he runs his hand up his face, distorting his features and scrunching his hair up.

34 miles away the young woman walks into her room and takes off the clothes she just put on and gets back in bed.

She's not getting back out of bed today.

Approximately 17 miles away, exactly halfway between the young man and the young woman, another couple fights, pointing fingers and yelling, but after approximately 23 minutes, they hug and make up.

2 miles away from the young man a mailman delivers 4 letters and a magazine to a small family.

4 miles away from the young woman two friends arrive at a small restaurant for lunch, the time is approximately 12:47pm.

Time passes and the young man feels guilty.  
He leaves a message for the young woman.

The young woman doesn't listen to the message until  
the next day. (After they already made up)

The young man looks out his window after his shower and sees  
two birds playfully fighting with each other.

The young woman looks out of her window while she brushes  
her hair and sees two squirrels fighting, spiraling up a tree.

**When the sun goes down  
they think about each other.**

Tripped up the stairs, dropped sesame seed bagel.

46 sesame seeds exploded onto the hardwood floor.

I picked up the bagel and looked at it for a moment..

Deciding if it was still okay to eat.

I tossed it in the trash can.



**“It’s not even worth it anymore”**

Small predatory bird carries its latest kill in its talons, for a moment its grip weakens, and its meal falls into the grassy plains below.

*It just keeps flying.*

Young woman remarks to her two friends,

“I just love drinking seltzer water because it’s bubbly and easier drink than normal water”

*True.*

Young man sits next to me waiting for the subway. I’m staring at an advertisement. It has a checklist,

“did you answer yes to all of these things?”

Yes.

“You can earn up to \$4000  
a month!”

I ask the young man what he'd do with 4000 dollars.

He replies,

“I don't need nothin”

**Same.**

I sat on a dock with a man named George one night  
and we looked at the stars while we pretended to fish.  
George calls the night sky a “celestial gangbang”  
and tells me that his grandmother would tell him that when you died  
you turned into a shooting star.

“I don’t know if there’s any way we could prove  
that she’s right or wrong” I say.

“True” George says.

“Same” I say.

## **Somewhere underwater**

**a fish watches us.**

Hey! heres the 411. My cat, Oliver, is a double lived cat! :O He has a life inside, with my family and myself and our other cat, and he becomes FEIRCE WARRIOR KITTY when we open the door, though recently, Mr. Oleever has come back... stinky. Some times he comes back smelling like smoke, like he's been through a barbecue, lol, but thats not a bad smell. The bad smell is when he goes under the house and comes back smelling liker cat tinkle, perhaps its rat, im not good at identifying different animal urine. \*GAG\* and i would like to cuddle with my cat without having to decontaminate my shirt, bed, and every inch of floor he walks on (not really but you know what i mean) any tips on how to make an outdoor cat less stinky! And btw, this cat will not be staying inside. imagine having a baby who wanted out, though it could walk, sink its claws into you, bite your nose, mouth and ears, and make your ears bleed when you didn't listen. Fierce warrior kitty strikes again :P

# Update:

Yeah... I know that is a good possibility, but I can't do that to him. It is not in his best interest, trust me. His is to go outside. I don't know what he does out there, but whatever it is, it makes him want to go out over and over. He would be miserable as an indoor cat. Imagine someone locking you inside and not letting you out. Yeah you would stop crying after a few days, but because you would know your wasting your breath.

Don't want to sound snappy or rude, but forcing him inside is something I can't do to him.

Thanks for the advice though.

## **Cardigan Boy meets Girl With Free Spirit.**

They dance on the tables at Denny's.

They exchange secrets in the aisle for kitchen appliances at the Wal-Mart near Cardigan Boys apartment (Aisle 4).

They walk through parks and find comfortable places to sit down.

Sometimes Cardigan Boy takes off his cardigan and then takes off his Joy Division Graphic tee & Girl With Free Spirit takes off her Free People dress.

Cardigan boy makes Mix CD for Girl With Free Spirit, it's mostly tracks from their road trip to Canada last summer. Girl With Free Spirit teaches Cardigan Boy how to tie cherry stems with his tongue & Cardigan Boy makes first successful cherry stem knot at the local ice cream shop down the road from Girl With Free Spirits house.



They go apple picking but spend more time looking at each other in the orchard.

They walk through the mall and laugh at the retail experience. They drive home to Cardigan Boys house in a beat up Honda.

**They watch late night TV and eat trail mix until they pass out.**

# **Monday Poem**

[written from a commuter train]

Young man with red fleece thinks about a dream he had last night while he stares at the “no smoking” sign at the front of the train car.

Now his eyes are closed.

Man with beard has Bluetooth in his ear but he never uses it. It seems more like a fashion accessory. What brand? Motorola?

**Cool.**

## **Emergency exit sign has three simple steps:**

- 1.** Locate red handle on window and pull handle towards you.
- 2.** Use red handle to strip away rubber molding.
- 3.** Locate handle on window and pull handle towards you to remove the window panel.

Seems easy enough.

The train suddenly collides with an old, rusty.. midsize sedan expertly hidden under a blanket of sticks and leaves...

The twisted and evil plot of a deranged suburban housewife.

The police still looking for any real motive.

True madness.

There is a loud sound and suddenly the train is on its side, but we are all okay.

There is smoke and sparks but everyone is surprisingly calm. The bearded man gets to his feet, raises his hand to his Bluetooth headset..

& In a low and gravelly voice he says to the dispatcher,

“there’s been an accident”

The young man with the red fleece is awake now. He takes off his red fleece and wraps it around an old woman. He looks at me and laughs,

“it’s like I’m still dreaming lol”

Under his fleece he’s wearing a graphic tee with a picture of nirvana on it.

“Cool band”

“Thanks man”

I locate the red handle.

I strip away the rubber molding.

I remove the window panel.

One by one me and the young man with the red fleece assist the remaining passengers out of the burning train car.

To my surprise there is a party bus waiting for us.

The bearded man calls to me and shoots me a big thumbs up & a smile and mouths the words

“don’t worry, it’s all taken care of”  
and vanishes into the cold October air.

As the party bus drives away, me and the rest of the passengers look back at the burning train, smoke pouring into the gray sky.

**The train  
explodes.**



**There is  
champagne.**

**[string of seemingly unrelated thoughts  
that are based loosely on things that  
happened in real life written in my  
iPhone notes as a form of journaling]**

A girl once told me that the only writing she did was in her journal & that she never let anyone read it. Ever. She told me this was because every night, after filling in the days entry, she would eat all of the pages from the day before.

One night on the beach it was late (~1am) and a few girls & boys yelled as they threw each other into the cold and salty water. I sat on a lifeguard stand and laughed as we drank from a flask and we talked about early 2000's radio hip hop.

I went to a metal concert once when I was in high school and saw a man drop from a balcony railing into the mosh pit like Spider-Man. Later I saw him in the bathroom looking in the mirror with blood in his mouth.

One afternoon a month or so ago I got on the subway after work & stood next to a junkie who had my name tattooed in big letters across her neck.

## **(BRIAN)**

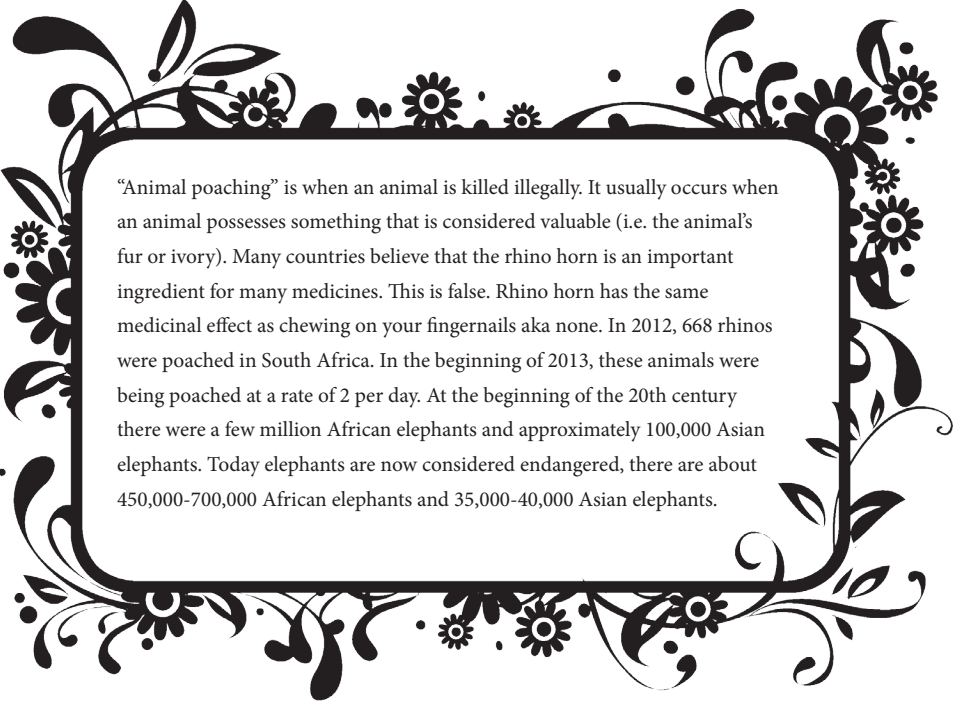
A few years ago I tried to cook Pad Thai with someone and we learned very quickly that cooking Pad Thai is not easy.

*(Tip: be careful when using fish sauce)*

we sat there and laughed and tried not to be upset about time x money wasted.

“At least we have all this funky tasting chicken Pad Thai now?”

**Perspective is everything.**



“Animal poaching” is when an animal is killed illegally. It usually occurs when an animal possesses something that is considered valuable (i.e. the animal’s fur or ivory). Many countries believe that the rhino horn is an important ingredient for many medicines. This is false. Rhino horn has the same medicinal effect as chewing on your fingernails aka none. In 2012, 668 rhinos were poached in South Africa. In the beginning of 2013, these animals were being poached at a rate of 2 per day. At the beginning of the 20th century there were a few million African elephants and approximately 100,000 Asian elephants. Today elephants are now considered endangered, there are about 450,000-700,000 African elephants and 35,000-40,000 Asian elephants.

In 2011, there were 13 large-scale seizures of ivory and over 23 tons of ivory confiscated. This is equivalent to at least 2,500 elephants.

Vietnam, China, Thailand, and Korea are just a few of the countries with markets for horn and tusk.

Bear gall bladders get top dollar for Chinese herbal remedies.

And big-horned sheep antlers can fetch \$20,000 on the black market.

Tigers are primarily killed to supply underground black markets with its organs, pelts, and bones. These items are highly regarded in eastern medicine (although these treatments have been disproved and have no real medical value).

In Asia, tiger parts (other than the bone) are used in mythological medicine. This includes: the eyes, hair, internal organs, even tiger penis – which is used in a soup as an aphrodisiac.

A 2010 United Nations report suggests that gorillas could disappear from large parts of the Congo Basin by the mid-2020s.

## **There's a 3D aspect of my life that's really exciting.**

Like, I walk my cousins dog (Jefferson) and it's raining. He darts across the sidewalk searching for scraps he can eat before I have time to stop him (side note: there really is no stopping a beagle from eating something) see, that's an exciting 3d moment I just experienced...

One time I was sitting in a high school physics class and I claimed that i could see in 4D. Yes, I can see in 4 directions? Why are you laughing?

Up, down, left, right?

The teacher said,

“it's okay, some people just can't grasp the concept”  
& gave me an A for the term.



A guy I knew in college once claimed that doing peyote at a lumineers concert changed his life.

He said that he saw Jesus in the crowd and at first I laughed but then I thought about it and I started to believe him, there's probably a lot of guys who go to lumineers concerts who look a lot like Jesus.

It's exciting and confusing to me that i exist in a time where folk rock is something that plays on the radio.

The guy said that it wasn't seeing Jesus that changed his life that night. He told me that the light show was amazing & that he was "tripping hard"

Living beautifully in this 3D moment.

## **Are you more often the “dumper” or the “dumpee” in relationships?**

McKenna

Dumper-2 Dumpee-0

Someone

a dumper 5 times a dumpee 2 times

Rachel

Dumper once and dumpee the other time, Ive been in 2 relationships

Chanel

Wow. You learn something everyday. I've never heard the term 'dumpee'.

I was a dumper because of being a loner and needing space.

Some people crave company all the time and other people like socializing for a while but they like to go home alone and think about what a good evening they have had.

alaska

the dumper once and the dumpee 3 times.

Michelle

Dumper

Sue B

Well it depends - if you get back together with someone and break up again, does that count? Either way, when I added up all the relationships I've been in since the age of 12, I am more often the 'dumpee'.

But of the really serious ones - married, engaged or seriously considering it - it evens out.

# 4:43pm

stress, couldn't make a box with bristol paper & glue today..  
made me sad, drank a soda with lunch today (Cosi)  
haven't drank soda in ~2 weeks.

gross, thinking about ppl putting a dirty coin in a cup of Coke,

pulling it out after some time to find that the Coke had  
started to eat away at the grime on the coin (still gross).

## **1:30pm (approx.)**

didn't measure too well, the diamond shape i was trying to create out of bristol paper & glue didn't fit together well...

my professor said, "it's not so bad" & held it up like a little paper pacman & started to laugh (nice).

People say Coke is bad for your teeth but there are a lot of things that we put in our mouths that are also bad for our teeth (people also say Life works that way).

a problem with acquiring more knowledge about the world you live in is that you begin to realize that a lot of things are bad for you.

**4:49pm**

writing this status in my art history class,  
my professor has a good smile & she's talking about

**“good taste” & showing  
us pictures of chairs.**



**Why do I miss my Middle School teachers?  
Its summer break and i'm going to HS...?  
I miss my teachers although sometimes  
I couldn't stand them but sometimes  
I loved and looked up to them (as a  
student) Will it pass? I don't like missing  
people,,, especially not teachers -\_-  
I mean I guess I could always visit them...?**



This feeling is completely natural. As you moved through school, you formed bonds with some of the teachers that you tended to like more than the others. Because of this, it's like you're leaving a friend; resulting in the feeling that you miss them. Like Britney said, this feeling will undoubtedly pass, for you will more that likely move on. If you really want, you can visit them, but it is completely up to you.

Source:  
personal experience

On the ground floor of the building where I work there is a big organ that is played throughout the day. When I'm in the 4th floor bathroom sitting on the toilet I can hear various classical tunes playing while I go about my business.

If there was a soundtrack to my day to day life all the songs during the day would be in major keys and all the songs at night would be in minor keys.

If I was a dog I wouldn't hear classical music because

**a.)** I'm a dog and I don't know what classical music is

and

**b.)** because humans don't hear the same things dogs do.

I read this somewhere online while researching dog whistles for an elaborate dog kennel prank.

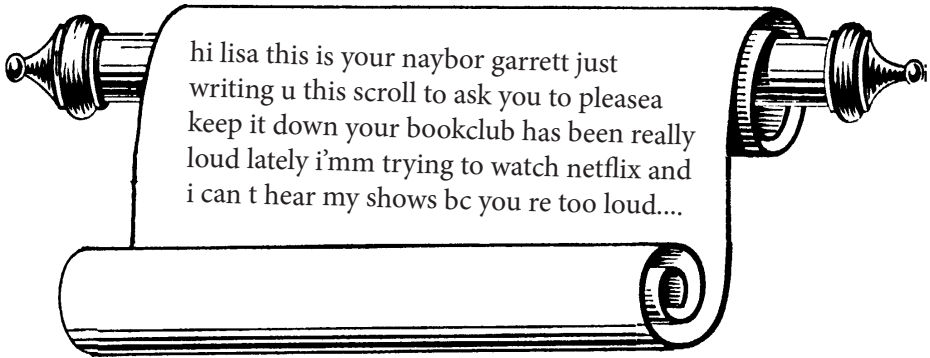
The other day I saw a young man wearing a black band tshirt that said "BLOODBATH" in big bloody letters which translates roughly from "shut up mom & dad you don't understand me" to "I have a lot of negative emotions I don't know how to deal with" depending on how old you are.

There are songs that make think about things  
that make me want to cry

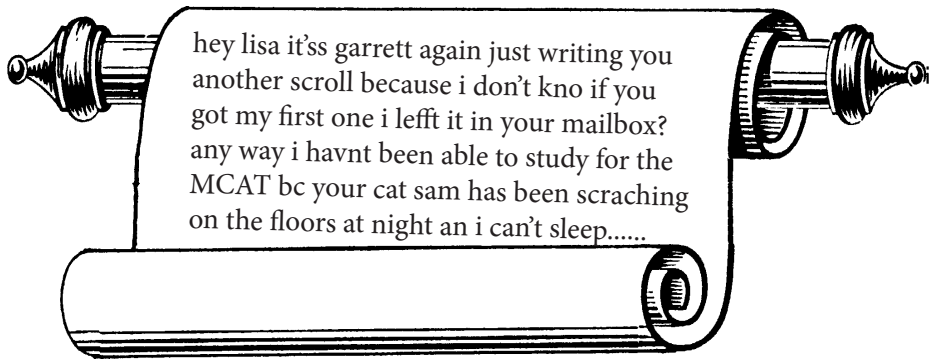
&

then there are songs that make me cry.

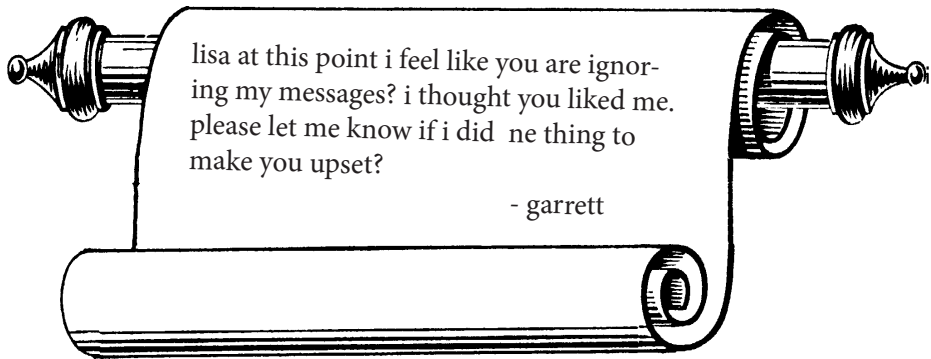
**There  
Is  
A  
Difference.**



hi lisa this is your naybor garrett just  
writing u this scroll to ask you to pleasea  
keep it down your bookclub has been really  
loud lately i'mm trying to watch netflix and  
i can t hear my shows bc you re too loud....



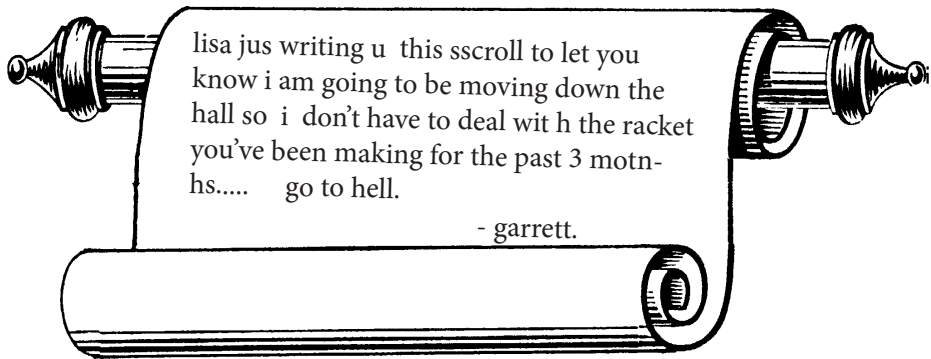
hey lisa it'ss garrett again just writing you  
another scroll because i don't kno if you  
got my first one i lefft it in your mailbox?  
any way i havnt been able to study for the  
MCAT bc your cat sam has been scraching  
on the floors at night an i can't sleep.....



lisa at this point i feel like you are ignor-  
ing my messages? i thought you liked me.  
please let me know if i did ne thing to  
make you upset?

- garrett





lisa jus writing u this sscroll to let you  
know i am going to be moving down the  
hall so i don't have to deal wit h the racket  
you've been making for the past 3 motn-  
hs..... go to hell.

- garrett.

My hand on your chest in a Holiday Inn Express.  
We will flip through videos on demand  
and kiss as we scroll down the list.

In the morning I hold your hand at the complimentary  
continental breakfast.

In a booth we sit side by side & eat waffles in unison.

We return to our room to find that our beds have been made  
so we twist in the sheets again.

We race to the ice machine and fill up a bucket,  
surely waking our mysterious neighbors down the hall.

Drinking cold Pepsi & playing Rummy on the floor.  
Leaving notes in the Bible which lives in the bedside table.

**xoxo gossip bro**

**Gather a Large Group of  
Hungry People and Eat a  
Large Pepperoni Pizza off my Back.  
Let Me be Your Table,  
I want to be a Table for You.**

Place a case of Dr. Pepper on my head I will balance it  
on my Head until you are done.

Let me sing for you I will sing 90's classics & hum  
smooth jazz for you.

When the Pizza is Gone I will Wear the Pizza Box  
on my head like it is a Hat.

I am a 23 year Old Boy Wearing a Pizza Box as a Hat for you.  
I want to be a Part of Your Perfect Pizza Party.



piece.

**What is Waygu  
beef? I have  
noticed it on nice  
restaurant menus  
recently.?**



Waygu beef is the American version of Japanese Kobe beef. Waygu is actually the name of the type of cattle, while Kobe refers to the prefecture in Japan where waygu beef is sold at insanely expensive prices (up to \$500 per pound for the real thing). The cows are given a diet of Japanese sake and beer and massaged daily. This is why the meat is incredibly tender. Researchers at Texas A&M and Wash U have also found that the marbled fat of kobe beef has a higher percentage of omega-3 fatty acids and less of the unhealthy saturated fat of normal beef. Of course, all this deliciousness comes at a pretty hefty price. In NYC, you can expect to pay \$100 for a 16 ounce porterhouse steak at a local butcher shop.

***It's expensive. And tastes better than "normal" beef.***



**<3ing**

**u.**

**A Hexagon, A Bushel of Lavender,  
& The Smell of Roses walk into a bar.**

The bartender asks them what they'd like.

“May I Have a Gin & Tonic?” says The Smell of Roses,  
“Give me a Long Island please” says The Hexagon,  
“Can I just get a water?” says The Bushel of Lavender .  
(They are the Designated Driver)

The Smell of Roses asks the Hexagon what it’s favorite color is.

“Red” says the Hexagon.

“Lavender” interjects the Bushel of Lavender.

“I didn’t ask you what your favorite color was” says The Hexagon  
to the Bushel of Lavender.

They begin to argue.

The Bushel of Lavender pulls a switchblade and holds it to the Hexagons neck.

“Do you want to die today?” says the Bushel of Lavender.

Everyone in the bar is silent.

The Smell of Roses covers next to the jukebox.

Swiftly the Hexagon pulls his lighter from his pocket and ignites the Bushel of Lavender.

Smoke begins to fill the bar, everyone is waving their arms trying to clear the air.

When the smoke finally subsides there is a brief moment of silence, then a collective sigh, and everything returns to normal.

The Smell of Roses puts a quarter in the Jukebox and “The Twist” by Chubby Checker begins to play.

Everyone is now in a good mood, everyone is dancing. Everyone is relaxed, the whole bar smells like lavender.

**THE END.**

# Poem Called

**“The Last Poem Translated From  
English to Swedish Using  
Google Translate”**



En Hexagon , en skäppa Lavendel ,  
& Doften av rosor går in i en bar .  
Bartendern frågar dem vad de skulle vilja .

“ Kan jag få en Gin & Tonic ? “ , Säger Doften av rosor ,  
“ Ge mig en Long Island vänligen “ , säger Hexagons ,  
“ Kan jag bara få ett vatten ? “ , Säger The skäppa Lavender .  
( De är designerad chaufför )

Doften av rosor frågar Hexagon vad det favoritfärg är .

“Röd” , säger Hexagons .  
“ Lavendel “ inflikar att skäppa lavendel .

“ Jag frågade inte vad din favoritfärg var “ , säger Hexagon  
till skäppa lavendel .

Alla i baren är tyst .

Doften av rosor cowers bredvid jukebox .

Snabbt Hexagon drar sin tändare ur fickan och antänder skäppa lavendel .

Rök börjar fylla baren , alla viftar med armarna försöker rensa luften .

När röken avtar äntligen finns det en kort stunds tystnad , sedan en kollektiv suck , och allt återgår till det normala .

Doften av rosor sätter en fjärdedel i Jukebox och "The Twist " av Chubby Checker börjar spela .

Alla är nu på gott humör , alla dansar .

Alla är avslappnad , luktar hela baren som lavendel .



## **Can i make stupid faces at a police officer?**

You know see driving and pull a stupid childish face, could they pull over and hassle me? any fines involved?

Update : Im my area we usually death stare them, before you judge!  
We have very 'unprofessional' police, they are usually out to get the community

I happen to be a police officer and we are actually allowed to tazer you if you make any contorted or unusual gestures. My buddy Ron once cuffed a guy for doing that that weird face you do right before you sneeze.

Source:

I know this dude named Ron (no joke)

## **What is this horrible pain in his testicles after a sneeze?**

My husband is a Police Officer so he sits in his car a lot. Today he called saying that he needed me to find out what it means when a guy sneezes and there is a horrible pain in their testicles. I have no idea how to find this answer. I hope someone can help  
Thanks

**She said my hugs are bomb,  
my kisses too.  
aw thanks we fall together to  
some soft foreign countryside  
or our bedsheets.  
Both as dangerous & thrilling  
and equally loud  
but oh,  
we collide and split into  
a few million pieces  
every time we're together  
& inevitably we're left  
in silence together  
among  
greens  
& blues  
& reds  
& yellows  
& our words  
eventually grow  
from what once seemed like panic.**



**Just assume  
I know nothing**



**about the world  
I live in.**

**This is a public announcement,**

**“I have reached  
my darkest  
hour”**

I spent \$40 this morning on in app purchases for more lives in a puzzle game with cartoon fruit.

To whoever may be reading this, I need your help, please accept my facebook game requests.

Last night I watched 13 episodes of The X-Files & I'm finding myself even less interested in government conspiracies than before.

If aliens are real I want to kiss one on the lips if they even have lips.

One time while sitting at an Apple Store Genius Bar I overheard a young woman sitting next to me receive some very bad news.

Apparently she came home from vacation to find that her Macbook Pro had stopped working.

Apparently when they opened her Macbook Pro the inside reeked of beer.

**“I’m sorry there’s nothing we can do”**

This was some very bad news.

In my darkest hour there's memories like this and they don't make feel better. Instead I'm reminded that in life there's not always refunds (corny).

Even in my darkest hour I find myself interjecting comedy into my bitter & depressing inner monologues.

Even in my darkest hour I look at the greener grass on the other side and I'm like,

“damn, I wanna go sit in that grass”

“damn, I wanna go sit in that grass and play my fruit puzzle game”

**Instead I am home  
sitting on the toilet  
buying more lives  
in a fruit puzzle  
game.**







There's a Young Author in your Starbucks writing  
The Next Great American Novel.

His book is about being a Young Author attempting to write  
The Next Great American Novel.

How Funny it is that the Next Great American Novel  
is about writing

The Next Great American Novel  
In a Starbucks.

**Don't you dare  
trash talk  
John Donne  
at this  
Post Prom!**

You better not try to discredit his literary contributions!

Had me so close to throwing this plastic bowl  
of cheese puffs at you.

You're all like,  
"blah blah blah who even cares about the metaphysical!"

You're all smug like,  
"I mean, the guy needed to lay off the metaphors!"

You & your friends laugh and drink spiked punch.

I'm over here trying not to let this ruin the rest of my night.  
I'm over here shaking my head.



# Look,

**I'm down to have an intellectual  
discourse about John Donne's work...**

*But I will not let you trash talk him at this Post Prom.*

# Predictive Text Poem

[written by my iPhone 5]

The fact I can be  
I'm not sure what the future is  
The new version of this  
The only one.

I'm not a bad thing  
I'm not a good idea.  
I love the way you can  
I love the way you want.

The way you are,  
The way I can.

I don't have a lot more than  
the one who can.





Bethany, Joan, Becky, & Miranda all sent me their kindest regards via text messaging last night, wishing me good luck and fortune on my trip.

I will think of them fondly as I sing Billy Joel loudly on the highway today.

I will think of them when i stand in the gas station convenience store, unable to decide on what kind of snacks to purchase.

*Pop Tarts, Cinnamon.*

*Honey Roasted Peanuts, Planters.*

*Hands cashier 4 dollars with exact change.*

I will think of Miranda as I accidentally press diesel.

I'll think of Joan as I remain calm as I deal with the disgruntled gas station employees.

I'll think of Tom and Tanner as I eat eggs Benedict alone in a beat down diner.

I'll think of Jeff and Jordan as I drink burnt coffee at the counter.

I'll think of Becky & her tattoo.

*“Wanderlust”*

in a 16pt. script font on her left forearm.

**I listened to 7 mix CDs.**

**I ate at 18 diners**

**across the country.**

**13 unread text messages.**

**I will think of them fondly.**

i.

Holy habanero my mouth is hot against yours at a peak,  
Hugging you like a fire, we are camping in North Dakota.  
The Mexican desserts jiggle as I kiss you  
against the dining room table.

Jingle bells plays on an old radio  
and the chestnuts burn in the oven,

It's all smokey now.

All my words turn into some air you are breathing  
during Christmas in South Dakota.

Holy guacamole I'm mixed in with you  
on a cold winter day in the den where we make campfire romance.

ii.

There's too much angry snow in me,  
It's winter & bleak like Nicholas Cage  
is my Spirit Animal.

I wake up often as a deer or owl,  
sometimes I go to bed like a bear or a fawn.

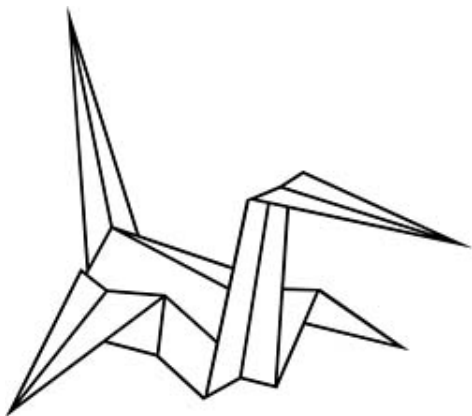
I am calm snow in North Dakota  
& before I forget, let me tell you that  
it's okay if you come and go.

I will do the same.

i a m o

t u s a

p a p e r



n e

n d

c r a n e s

in a box under your bed.

**The Ti-**



**niest P**

**oem l'v**

**e Ever**

# Written

LeeAnne forgot to turn off the leftover stew yesterday & it bubbled up and burned as it sizzled down the side of a large cast iron pot.

Graham wafted the smoke with his right hand & coughed as he rushed to turn off the stove top flame.

Lucy laid in bed listening to pop music, pausing Lady Gaga so she could listen to the uproar happening outside of her bedroom door.

John laid on the couch in the living room, laughing at the yelling coming from the kitchen with his hands on his belly.

Pop Pop sat in his green chair and remained asleep throughout the entire ordeal.

Gram Gram, playing 'peacemaker' as she always did, rushed into the kitchen waving her broom like a broadsword, swinging it wildly at LeeAnne & Graham until their voices were silenced.

Baby Jen wakes up from a short nap in her pink crib, she cries loudly.

Baby Manny wakes up after he hears Baby Jen crying in the other room. He begins to cry as well.

"And people wonder why some wild animals eat their young!" screams Mama Jeanette.

# Bleacher Report Dot Com

## Last Weeks Recap:

1034 Footballs were thrown  
& 106 touchdowns  
& even more passes completed.

765,002,000 babies were born  
& they were naked.

“Man throws baseball faster than speed of light”

“Woman sinks 1373 pointers in a single game”

Steve Madden has a Grandson named John  
& he ran 7 home runs so far this season in Tee Ball.

“NBA Power Rankings”

“He’s Difficult To Trade”

Welcome to The D-League.

A wise man once told me not to spend all my money in one place.  
This wise man also told me that giving away your possessions  
was the only way you could live forever.  
He said that back when he was a child during World War 1  
they took all his toy soldiers and melted them into bullets to shoot  
at people with big heavy guns.  
He said that he was never quite sure who had won the war  
& when I tried to tell him he kept talking over me like  
he could never know.

why,  
or rather,  
how.



He handed me a smile like it was a gift.

Break a Baguette on my head & call the Mayor,  
tell him I've been a Ham spending the towns cheese.

It started in the backseat of my Uber, I called up my Friends to tell  
them to meet me, quarter past 10pm, but I was a No Show.

Instead, I was downing shots of Whiskey in a bar the size of a closet.  
It was there I met a young couple who told me to never live with your  
significant other before marriage.

They tell me they've been unhappily married for 3 years now.

I'd kiss you through Facetime but damn,

**Battery is Dead...**

I'd call you but this Uber driver doesn't know where City Hall is.

Guess I'm going home on a rainstorm tonight.  
4 more shots down a storm drain.

35 minute shower and I'm standing there  
in my small tub like,  
Well... how did I get here?

True Love only happens Once In A Lifetime.  
[copyright infringement]

I Google "*How To Tie A Tie*"  
to look good for you  
at your Friends wedding in Vermont.

In a suit in an Uber X, nothing lasts forever.  
It's cool cause what we have, it's economical.

Hiked the price up by %10,  
a busy day here in rural Vermont.  
You Stole my Heart,

# Highway

**Robbery.**

# DAILY DIGEST

- Egg
- Roast Beef Sandwich
- Kosher Pickle (x3)
- Cream of Broccoli Soup
- Cream of Spinach Soup
- Lasagna
- Vegan Cupcake (x2)
- Pretzle Snax
- Honey Dijon Chicken Wrap
- Goat Cheese & Grapes
- Sausage & Pepper Omlette
- Ghost Pepper Chili
- Quinoa
- Stuffed Red Peppers (x2)
- Toenail Clippings

# DRINK SPECIALS

- RC Cola
- Domestic Lite Beer (x5)
- Jamba Juice
- Mango Smoothie
- Veggie Smoothie (x2)
- Bacardi Shots (x4)
- Lemoncello Shots (x6)
- Purified Water
- Tap Water
- Voss Artisanal Water
- Orange Juice (Fresh Squeezed)
- Ginger Ale (With Whiskey Shots)
- Dog Vomit

**THE  
SUGAR GLIDER  
STORY.**



I know this Sugar Glider who is probably the fastest damn Sugar Glider you'll find in North America...

One time this Sugar Glider flew into the Seattle Seahawks Locker Room and landed right on top of Russell Wilson's head!

After single handedly taking down the entire 2015 Seahawks Football team, this Sugar Glider flew out of the locker room and across the CenturyLink Stadium at blazing speeds.

Now I don't quite know why this particular Sugar Glider was at the Seahawk's Stadium...

Considering he is a Pennsylvania native.

Buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuut!

this Sugar Glider has been as far as Hawaii & when I asked him how he got there he scribbled on a piece of loose leaf paper,

“by boat : - )”



\*real sugar glider boat illustration

It just so happens that this Sugar Glider can read & write.

In fact, this Sugar Glider helped draft many legal documents on Capitol Hill,

and is rumored to be our Presidents most trusted advisor.

You may be asking yourself,

**“How can a small marsupial  
like this Sugar Glider  
be a Human President’s  
most trusted advisor?”**

You are not crazy for wondering this.

What you don't know is that this particular Sugar Glider is held in high regard by many for his strong moral compass and excellent decorum.

If this Sugar Glider says he will be somewhere, he will be there.

on time....

the end.....



you may be surprised to find out that i didn't get this bald eagle tattoo because i love the united states of america...

i got this bald eagle tattoo because i freaking love bald eagles...

**BEFORE**



**I GO**

**TO BED**

**TONIGHT**

**PLEASE**

**TELL ME**

**THINGS**

**COULD NEVER**

**BE**



**“NOT OKAY.”**

# **A Poem By My Dad A.K.A. Bill Ecklund,**

*“le dernier poème”*

*{the last poem}*

This poem is my letter to you,  
the last one I will ever write.  
I am writing for my life tonight  
with a freedom I have never known.  
I am writing to my life tonight  
though you've never known that you are.

I was shaken from sleep by the  
thunderous earth and flashes of  
light across the sky. I thought  
it was the sound of war ~  
and my time to die.

But the air carried no scent of sulfur  
and guns. There were only honeysuckle  
and summer rain, for it was just  
a thunderstorm passing by.

And in that moment when faced  
with death that distills time and  
truth to the only things that matter

**~ I thought of you.**

It might as well have been France  
or Gallipoli or a field on fire from  
the glowing shells. For since the day  
I first met you I have been a man  
at war, lost in a battle I can never win.

I know now how the veterans feel  
when they talk to the soldiers in the  
city square, and talk of battles and  
the scars they bear and the pride  
that they cannot conceal. For though  
it leaves wounds that never heal,  
there is a love that comes once in life,  
and I pity those who've never loved  
like this; I pity myself that I've  
never known it until now.

This poem is the last because it was the first, and the only one that I have ever written. I know only one poem, and it is you; you are there in every rhyme, between each line. Some are about you, but all were for you; for you, so that I could be near you; for you, to share a part of me that I didn't know any other way to share. I have hidden my love in fields of words and rivers of desire. I have bundled them in ribbon and left them here in the trench while the bombs red above me called my name and I sunk into the mud.

I am envious of this storm tonight,  
for by the winds I know that it has  
passed your home before the dawn ~  
and touched what I will never touch.  
These winds have rushed into your  
room and brushed your lips and ran  
through your hair; the brightening sky  
will fill your room and see the softness  
of your skin; and the stillness that  
follows will hear you breathing and,  
quietly leaving, will kiss you there.



I am jealous of the perfection of rain;  
the aching freedom to hold nothing  
back. For there is nothing as whole as  
a departing storm. It pours itself out  
without hesitation or thought and sends  
its winds through every space. But night  
after night I sit in this tent hiding my joy  
in the enigma of words, and burying  
my love like a gift to be found.

All of that has changed tonight. I  
am heading for the front.

**I AM READY**

**TO DIE.**

I am carrying my beloved ~ my heart's  
poem ~ with me, and this field where I  
will meet my fate is a page to be written  
one last time, this time with the truth.  
I am running blind into the fire; I am  
running to you without silence or fear.  
And, if I fall, I fall with one word on my  
lips ~ your name ~ my only poem...

**and with  
the fading  
rain I will be  
whole.**

**ABOUT  
THE  
AUTHOR**

Brian Ecklund is a poet, designer, photographer, lover, & friend  
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<https://www.facebook.com/brian.ecklund.5>

**<3**

