

**THROW
THIS
BOOK
AT
SOMEONE
& CALL
IT
ART.**

BY: BRIAN ECKLUND

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:

(please print your name)

**EVERYTHING IN
THIS BOOK
IS ORIGINAL
AND HAS NEVER
BEEN DONE
BEFORE**

YOU STOLE MY SNACKS BUT I'M OKAY WITH THAT

i am knocking over all the vending machines,
i want total snack destruction.
it's 3am, i just smashed a whole
bag of doritos on the hot pavement, fight me.
you declared war when you
stuffed my smartfood popcorn down the drain.
it's 6am now and the sun is rising as
i pelt cheetos at your car in the pouring rain.
the glass windows of the vending machines are broken,
there is glass everywhere.
there is a mob of adults stealing all the snacks.
we don't care, it's 3am early saturday morning,
we are eating 68 dollars worth of cheesy bread sticks.
this is our favorite way to make up,
eating dominos in a gazebo in the middle of the night.

i once made out with the ghost of mary todd lincoln,
on second thought idk if it was mary todd lincoln,
but it was a ghost.
people always expect ghosts to be scary
but sometimes they are hot
haha.

President Barack Obama
announced today to the people of America
a revolutionary new health initiative.
it's now against the law to not love yourself.
if you are caught not loving yourself
the cops will give you a hug.
there is no fine for not loving yourself,
just a mandatory bbq with all your friends & family.
soon You will realize there are plenty of people
who Love you a lot so you should
Love yourself too.

**Thank You
President
Barack Obama!**

I'm So Jacked Up On Coca Cola Soda Pop Right Now I Could Write
22 Poems That Rhyme About The Times I Like To Lie With You.

that's right, i will slip you a note in 4th period math class

(not the advanced class)

that reads: come play gamecube with me after school? : -)

i miss the past but only when it's not a part of right now

like i want you to be.

on second thought, let's just enjoy gamecube together right now : -)

I Prefer Pepsi but Life is All About Choices so Y/N?

i have both Coca Cola & Pepsi options in my fridge,
my parents like both.

i have Super Smash Bros & Mario Kart Double Dash...

My mom can pick us up at 3:26 at the bus loop,

this was not a rhyming poem but-

please come play gamecube with me after school : -)

What a joy

it is

to find

some paint

to

go

hard

in.

'SPORTS' IN 16PT ARIAL BOLD

throw french fries and chicken tenders at my baseball cap
and call me a dirty jock like the sports lover i am.
you better watch out when that bat cracks
i will leap in the air & knock over your beer.
relax, pretzel bites were made to be thrown,
only nacho cheese remains.
find me on the jumbotron stuffing
hot dogs in my open mouth
i am the ryan howard of eating hot dogs.
i am 18 going on 34 i freaking love sports
don't test me.
give me a bat & some mountain dew
and i'll give you a home run
to call your dad about.

CRYING IN A WAL-MART BATHROOM

i am crying in a walmart bathroom.

i don't consider this a new low,

i am crying tears of joy because wal-mart exists.

if you think about it walmart is beautiful.

not because of the low prices,

but because existence is beauty.

MODERN ADVERTISING

pringles stop lying.
i popped & was able to stop.
modern advertising is based on lies.
if you want my business
just be honest with me.

where else am i
going to find chips
that taste like pizza?
this is a delicious truth.

BASIC UNIT OF SADNESS

i wish there was a proper unit of measurement for sadness.

i want to properly express how sad i really am.

8 alone & drunk at a one direction concert.

ME + YOU: A MULTIMEDIA EXPERIENCE

the sound of us kissing coming through a pair of dre beats.
there is literally an 8 minute .mp3 that is just the sound of us kissing.
watch us hug on your iphones screen please, i want you to watch a
video of us making out on your samsung galaxy. there is literally a 10
minute 1080p HD video of us making out against a door. i want to take
200 photos of us in photo booth with all the filters & upload them to a
single album on facebook lol. you might need to upgrade your version
of flash player if you want to watch this live stream of us kissing in a
park in california. i'm handing you a rose in slow motion in a music
video. please put your smart TV on mute & imagine what's going on
in my head. i open google chrome just to look up pictures that remind
me of you. i am sending you a bunch of heart emojis from my ipad.

i am sending you an e-mail that just says:

“i love you”

- sent from my ipod touch.

**WHEN I GROW UP
I WANT TO BE
A HOT DAD
WITH BRACES**

YOUNG TEEN SEEKS ACCEPTANCE INTO “COOL” COMMUNITY

whip me in the chin with a gucci belt.

i want to be hit with this years latest fashion trends.

don't you dare slap me

with that vera bradley bag...

don't you dare whip me

with that puka shell necklace...

i swear to god,

if you tackle me

in that jean jacket

you will be gone like

white after labor day.

YOUNG ARTIST ACCEPTS IMPORTANT TRUTH

Everything you create will only
be as Original & Innovative
as you make it seem.

Sitting in a College Art Studio
you might Curse @ God
even though you believe
there is No one listening.

You may need 2 try
Believing in something,
at the very least, yourself.
only You will be as
Original & Innovative
as you seem.

by the time i die i hope mankind will have made
significant leaps in gravestone technology.
there will be an HD screen on my gravestone
to display my messages
from beyond the grave (*spooky!*)
i want my gravestone to be a hologram (*cool!*)
i want my gravestone to have a QR code
that people can scan to learn more about my life (*wow!*)
i want my gravestone to be an
optical illusion
(*neat!*)

**IT IS
THE FUTURE.
ALL OF
YOUR FRIENDS
ARE ROBOTS.**

making good Art takes
Courage & Integrity.

Much like Creating a
“good” Sandwich.

If you don't understand that
idk what to tell you...

You Know A Good Sandwich
When You See It,

OK?

A POEM CALLED “THE LAST POEM, BUT BACKWARDS”

OK?

When You See It,
You Know A Good Sandwich

idk what to tell you...
If you don't understand that

“good” Sandwich.
Much like Creating a

Courage & Integrity.
making good Art takes

PLEASE HUG ME IN A GAZEBO AT SUNSET

I think one of the most romantic places you can be with someone is in a Gazebo. Especially if it is raining. Gazebos are just naturally romantic. They are the perfect size for two people. When u are in a Gazebo you have Just enough room to eat snacks or dance or idk. I don't think gazebos were designed to be romantic but they just ended up being that way. That's funny to me. I feel like there are a lot of things that are Romantic in the ways that Gazebos are Romantic... but none of those things are Quite like Kissing someone u like in a Gazebo.

PLEASE KISS ME IN A GAZEBO AT SUNSET

A BRIEF HISTORY OF GAZEBOS

- 345** MAN DISCOVERS TREES
- 1023** MAN DISCOVERS HOW TO MAKE A BUZZSAW
- 1772** MAN DISCOVERS HOW TO USE THE BUZZSAW
TO MAKE BOARDS OF WOOD
- 1828** MAN DISCOVERS 'THE SCREW'
- 1902** MAN RECOGNIZES NEED FOR SMALL,
COMFORTABLE & CIRCULAR WOODEN SHELTER
- 1915** MAN CREATES THE FIRST GAZEBO

I am afraid of being alone.

just kidding.

i am afraid of being a scone.

just kidding.

i am actually afraid of
being alone

AND

a scone.

**picking your
nose like
the whole
world is watching.**

i ghost ride no whips.
i believe in ghosts &
respect the dead.
i am very presently driving
my midsize sedan
to the grocery store.
i tend to ball out
in a respectful manner.
i will rev no engine
unless i find it necessary.
i stop for all pedestrians
in the grocery store
parking lot.
i respect all laws of the road.
i will ghost ride
no whips.

KISS ME LIKE I WAS A HOAGIE YOU WISHED YOU HAD

wow the way you are looking at me.
it's like i am a hoagie you wished you had.
kiss me for i have been told i am like a
roast beef hoagie on a hot day.
i want you to like me the way you like hoagies.
i think we are made for each other
on this sunny day wow
you are my miss pickles & chips.
i brought some lemonade for the picnic
we wish we were having
with a checkered blanket beneath us.
i want you to kiss me like i was
a hoagie you wished you had.
wow, i hope that our kissing
is better than any hoagie you could be having.

if you think this book is immature you're probably right.

if you think this book is dumb you're probably right.

if you think this book is funny you're probably right.

if you think this book is a waste of time you're probably right.

if you think this book is lame you're probably right.

if you think this book is cool you're probably right.

if you think this book is a rabbit you are wrong.

this book is not a rabbit.

SOMETIMES

DOWN IS STILL

PROGRESS.

treat me like i am new
i am 7 pounds 6 ounces
in a blanket in Los Angeles.
across the country i wake up
up at 6:43am in a warm bed
in Boston, Massachusetts.
there is a child still here
that exists sometimes
& i like that

even if i am
not here.
even if i am far away.

MY EXPERIMENTAL “ARTIST” PHASE CONSISTED OF:

- Getting a desk job
- Getting into a serious monogamous relationship
- Watching what I eat
- Getting more sleep
- Reevaluating current life goals
- Bathing regularly

wow...

you could literally rip this page out
and throw it out
if you wanted.

if you hated this entire book,
you could take it
to the nearest garbage can
and toss it in.

it literally could be that easy.

do not hesitate to throw away
things you don't like!

it's OK if you don't like this book!
Just rip out the pages you don't like
or throw it away!

- a note from the author

I PLAY TETRIS COMPETITIVELY
& ONLY WASH MY HAIR ~4 TIMES
A WEEK. I HEARD SHAMPOOING EVERY
DAY IS BAD FOR YOUR ROOTS. AT THE
CORE OF EVERY ROMANTIC COMEDY
THERE IS EXISTENTIAL CRISIS.
THIS WEEKEND I'LL SPEND TOO
MUCH TIME ONLINE AND
AS I LAY IN BED TRYING TO FALL
ASLEEP I'LL THINK ABOUT THE LONG
LIST OF THINGS I COULD BE
DOING WITH YOU.

**DON'T FORGET YOUR KEYS.
YOU KNOW YOUR CAR IS NO GOOD
ON THE ICE.**

there's a collection of words i'd
never say to you in the summer
because they wouldn't make sense.

sometimes when the snow melts
and spring comes
i barely recognize the place
where i live.

it's silly now my words are in the ground.
i can only hope you will see them
soon.

SORRY GOOGLE, I AM NOT 'FEELING LUCKY'

i am trying to find a way to capitalize on my own unhappiness.

i search for remedies on the web all night long.

i bought fine leather shoes on amazon.com the other night
to just make myself smile.

they came in the mail, i could barely wait.

i tried them on and i looked really hot.

i even instagrammed a picture of
myself wearing them in the mirror.

i spend my money in ways people frown upon.

i am frivolous with my money & emotions.

i appreciate the natural highs of capitalism.

but it is hard to be unhappy when you are
wearing sexy leather shoes \$\$\$

I HEARD

“STUPID ART”

IS SO IN RIGHT NOW.

HONEST POEM

I want to do something important with my life.
Like raising kids who aren't mean
to people on the Internet.

Like raising kids who think bullying isn't cool.

SEAN PAUL SINGLE

Call up your Mom & tell her 'Thanks'
Call up your Dad, Tell him 'Thank You'
i give credit where it is due.

People mad at mankind 'cause we
are Destroying our beautiful Earth?
Imao have you read any History Books?
lol Have you seen some of the Stuff
We did? I am not that surprised
that there are cold days in early August.
Fast reggae beats get me going like
dancing with friends in late winter
before spring comes.

**BEYONCE CALLED ME UP LAST NIGHT
JUST TO TELL ME SHE'S PROUD OF
THE WORK I'VE BEEN
DOING ON THE INTERNET.
DON'T WORRY, YOU CAN
BE LIKE ME IN NO TIME.
DON'T WORRY I WILL TEACH YOU.**

STEP 1: GET AN EMPTY BOX.

**STEP 2: PUT ALL YOUR SELF-DOUBT
IN THE BOX.**

STEP 3: BURN THE BOX.

IMPORTANT ADVICE FROM IMPORTANT AUTHOR

there are 2 kinds of beer in life:
the kind that will get you drunk
& the kind that will not.

the 2nd kind is referred to as
“non-alcoholic beer”

there are few things in life
that are as obvious as this.

- jane austen

**JANE AUSTEN ONCE DID
A SPEED RUN OF SUPER
MARIO 64 IN 12 MINUTES
WHILE ON ADDERALL.**

Teacher: What is 2×2 ?

Me: Fourplay.

Teacher: You're grounded.

***The First Poop Joke Was Told By
President Bill Clinton in 1998
When He***

LIED

To The American People.

I'm coping with a few adult beverages & a mix CD.
There are stains from the rain on my windows.
There is dust in places I can't reach in my room.
When something in my life becomes stagnant,
there is a growth that occurs.

It's been so long since I've seen you.
I imagine you walking through a doorway
into a room where I'm sitting.

& you turn into a diamond
under the extreme pressure
of my thoughts for you
that I couldn't let go.

**DON'T BE
AFRAID OF
YOUR
EMOTIONS.**

got a call from my bank on my blackberry bold
in the middle of the mosh pit.
they informed me that my credit card had been used to make
unusual purchases in another country.

Teens Smoke Out Of An Apple To Keep The Doctor Away

12 Medical Benefits of Smoking Marijuana

Teen Arrested After Hotboxing Casket At Local Funeral Home

You

Are.

That's

Cool.

**MY AESTHETIC:
GARBAGE BAG
THAT IS ABOUT
TO BREAK.**

BANG A GAVEL ON MY HEAD & CALL ME JUDGE JOE BROWN.

slap me with a slim jim and call me judge judy.

i want to remind you that kickflips used to be cool.

turn off that TV i'll show you something money can't buy.

i've performed this magic trick in 87 countries and counting
& i'll never reveal my secrets.

ham is the new bacon & you will never know
where i really came from.

i pull my past out of a black hat but you
still don't know how i did it.

slap me with sodium filled snacks i want to
preserve this moment forever.

my name is judge judy and i find myself
guilty of having loved you.

**A POEM CAN BE A
CONFESSION.
A POEM CAN ALSO BE
ASSURANCE.**

yes, it is true.

i was the one who broke toms bike.

but don't worry,

i plan on replacing toms bike.

i would never

break toms bike

& not replace it.

I AM.

НАНА

I try to push my writing in new directions.
I drop kick my prose off a cliff in Utah.
I shoot my manuscript at a 48 degree angle
into the sky on a bottle rocket.
I hurl my 6x9 paperback proof
into the air at a public pool in a quiet suburb.
I throw my handmade zine directly upwards
and shoot it five times with a pistol before it lands.
I bury my book of poetry in a 10 foot ditch.
I slowly push a usb drive that contains 3 of my ebooks
across a desk to a stranger in the library.
I eat 26 pages of my manuscript
and donate the rest to my local library.
I send my book into the air at a 87 degree angle
using a giant slingshot in a field in Ohio.
I shred my manuscript with a cheese grater
to use as a garnish for a home cooked meal.

Inquisitive Parent: Oh Wow! What do you do?

Me: I go to Art School.

Inquisitive Parent: Oh, Are you a Degenerate Artist
Like my Son?

RASTAFARIAN COLORS ON MY SLEEVE MY HEART ON A COTTON TEE.

Freaking break a mix CD over my head.

I need to feel alive & then will you please chill me down
with some bob marley mp3s & good company.

I don't do drugs but I am still not sure if I consider
love so addicting.

I identify with those who are addicted
but i don't long to be among them.

Love made me feel hot in june you see,
I was sweating through multiple layers of emotion.

Throw dinner rolls at me I want to see
how quick I can be on my feet
or when under some influence.

I AM A SIX TIME GOLD MEDALIST PRO ATHLETE. I AM RESPONSIBLE WITH MY MONEY & TRY TO DONATE HALF OF MY YEARLY INCOME TO CHARITY. I HAVE TROUBLE WITH COMMITMENT AND AS A RESULT MOST OF MY ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIPS USUALLY CRUMBLE WITHIN THE FIRST FEW WEEKS. I BELIEVE IN KARMA & WANT TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE. I CAN RUN A 6 MINUTE MILE & MY FAMILY IS PROUD OF ME.

it's summertime and we are sitting
on the curb in a suburban cul de sac & we are
eating watermelon and spitting out the seeds on the hot pavement.
i wipe my hands on my faded jeans and you laugh
at a joke i make about melting in the heat.
it's late afternoon and the light is making our shadows
extend and slip into the drain in the middle of the cul de sac.
you chase me around in circles on your bike
at the end of the cul de sac until you catch me
and we fall on some freshly cut grass
and kiss before we can even think.
it's times like this i am a fly in the summer heat
& if i fall by the end of the day i will at least know
i was happy today buzzing around you.

**Do You Think
Obama Uses
Spotify
or
Pandora?**

BRANDISHING A STICK OF BUTTER & A HELMET, I WILL SHOW YOU REAL DETERMINATION.

Read my lips from behind some thick glass,
I am being questioned by your cohorts
in a dimly lit room. They want to know
how I ended up inside of your heart.

The greatest tricks are the ones that
still don't make sense even once they've been exposed.
If they want evidence they should look
in your hallway. There they will find my shoeprints
charred into the old wooden floor.

This is where, pressed up against a picture frame,
I enacted my final & greatest trick.
I told you something you never thought you'd hear.
That is why they found me buried in your heart.

I WANT TO BE A PHOTOGRAPH.

*i am 6 feet tall
wearing a blue
polo shirt and khaki
shorts in june.*

Trust me I'm no poet.

I'm more or less a confident narcissist
who is "good" with words.

Do you understand what i'm saying?

I am the best poet you know.

I read sentences out loud over and over
again until it sounds like something
someone in a position of great power
would say while high on drugs.

Read this sentence like Hillary Clinton
on cocaine:

**“Who took my cookie from the cookie jar?
Gonna be hell for whoever took my
cookie from the cookie jar..”**

**LOAD MY PROSE
WITH MELATONIN,
BABY DON'T SLEEP
ON ME.**

(AFTER)

i drop my anchor on a dirty couch
with a 40oz of malt liquor.
my clothes are soaked from the
walk back to the apartment
in the pouring rain.
we are back at your apartment
& my shoes squeak on your kitchens
tile floor as i open drawers looking
for a bottle opener. i yell to you in
the other room asking where your
can opener is, you don't respond.
i walk down the hallway to your
room where i find you laying naked on your bed.

(BEFORE)

there is music coming from your computer
in the corner of the room but i don't
recognize the song or artist.
i climb on top of you
with my hands against
the bedsheets on either sides of your head.
my arms are outstretched and you grab
my left bicep and look away.
the wind pushes the rain against the
panes of glass and the sound in my ears
is blood knocking at the walls of my veins
i collapse onto the bed next to you and drown
and we stare at the ceiling for
at least 14 minutes.

I AM NOT AN ARTIST I AM TIRE
TRACKS ON A MIDWESTERN HIGHWAY
THAT GO FROM LIGHT TO DARK.
IN THE SAME WAY I WAKE UP AT
6AM TO DRIVE TO YOUR HOUSE
4 HOURS AWAY HOPING YOU'LL
STILL BE THERE. I DON'T CREATE
BECAUSE IT IS EASY I CREATE
BECAUSE IT MAKES BEING HERE
WITHOUT YOU EASIER. I AM NOT AN
ARTIST BECAUSE ARTISTS MAKE ART
AND THIS IS JUST A CONFESSION.

h t t p s : / / w w w . y o u t u b e . c o m /
w a t c h ? v = l e O Q Y b 4 x c x 8

*So I put my hands up
They're playing my song,
The butterflies fly away
I'm noddin' my head like yeah
Movin' my hips like yeah*

i escape monotony by fully submerging my head upside down
in a dark lake in canada.

i am in a forest in early august in southwest pennsylvania and
i am digging a shallow hole.

i will bury my head in this hole so i can listen to the earth.

i will go to a beach in new jersey and bury my head in the sand.

i will feel & hear the pounding of the waves on the shore.

*wearing a white ed hardy tee,
i clutch a pounder of light beer
and throw my fitted cap
into the air
and i scream,*

**“one day i am
going to die.”**

i don't want to just french kiss you,
i want to spanish kiss you too.
i want to canadian kiss you
against a maple tree.
i want to greek kiss you on an island.
i want to give you a big italian kiss
on the deck of a big boat on a sunny day.
there are so many kisses i want to
do with you.
i want to american kiss you
at a six flags great adventure
in early spring.

xoxo gossip bro

LIFE
CAN BE PAIN.
BUT A
MANAGEABLE
PAIN.
THE KIND
YOU CAN
STILL
DULL
WITH
THE
BEAUTY
OF
LIFE.

**JANE AUSTEN FOUND
INSPIRATION FOR PRIDE AND
PREJUDICE AFTER SMOKING
SALVIA OUT OF A 6 FOOT
BONG ON HER BIRTHDAY.
FRIENDS OF JANE
REFERRED TO HER AS
“WILD JANE”**

Write some fan fiction about my life.
Pretend I am secretly a large fish out of water.
Write about how all 6 feet of me
is drying up on land.

Chapter 22: *The Plight of the Pacific Salmon*

I am a Pacific Salmon & I am on the brink
of an existential crisis.

Do I swim or remain.
Do I fight or die.
Can I survive in this foreign world
as a 6 foot Pacific Salmon...

*When you publish do not forget
to include your sources.*

<http://www.nbcnews.com/video/nightly-news/35697305>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oncorhynchus>

<http://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2006/10/the-five-main-pacific-salmon/305223/>

<http://books.google.com/books/about/Endangered.html?id=6YTYtgAACAAJ>

http://www.fws.gov/species/species_accounts/bio_salm.html

<http://pacificenvironment.org/article.php?id=3181>

<http://www.npafc.org/publications/Bulletin/Bulletin%20No.%201/page%2013-22%28Henderson%29.PDF>

I AM FINDING PEACE WITHIN MYSELF IN A POOL OF MY OWN SWEAT

I am literally sitting in a puddle of my own sweat.

I am literally finding peace within myself
in a pool of my own sweat.

I am in a dark humid room
at a Bikram yoga class in Portland, Oregon.

The temperature of the room is
approximately 104 degrees fahrenheit.

I am chugging a Dasani & sweating Dasani
onto the wooden floor of this dark room.

I am literally drinking a Dasani in a dark room
doing hot yoga.

I am literally like a newborn baby
on the floor of this dark room
at a Bikram yoga class
in Portland, Oregon
in a pool of my own sweat.

TOM SAWYER HANGING OUT ON A SPEEDBOAT.

HESTER PRYNNE IS ON OKCUPID.

DON QUIXOTE ROLLS IN ON A SEGWAY.

MR. DARCY IS IN A CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR AD.

JAY GATSBY JUST SENT YOU A FRIEND REQUEST.

GEORGE MILTON APPEARS ON OPRAH.

hahahahahhahahha

hahahah

ahhahahahaha haha

ahahhaahahahhaha

ahahahahahah

ahhhah

ahahahahahahaha

no one sees

the tears of a clown

in the pouring rain.

- *Seth Rogen (2014)*

“The
best
kind of
comedy
is the kind
that makes
you laugh.”

- ***Seth Rogen (2011)***

I woke up at exactly 6am on my 18th birthday to the sound of a Pileated Woodpecker outside my window.

I had 12 missed calls from my girlfriend at the time, Meg Stuart, on my gray Motorola RAZR.

She was probably drunk last night because that is what Meg does on Friday nights. Some Saturdays I will wake up to multiple voicemails from her from phone calls she didn't mean to make, all drunken conversations with her girlfriends.

The smell of fresh coffee and sizzling bacon filled my nostrils as I inhaled deeply.

I texted Meg "*goodmorning*" and slowly got out of bed.

I stood in front of my plaid curtains and opened them in one quick motion, swinging my arms and extending them into the dusty air.

There I was, 18 year old Jonah Hill, naked & staring out of my window at a beautiful mountain vista.

The light pouring through the window blinded me for a moment, quickly turning away and fumbling for my pajama pants.

Meg replies with 3 texts in a row in typical Meg fashion:

“ughhhhhh”

skull emoji

“come saaaaave me”

I was planning on breaking up with Meg a few days earlier but couldn't bring myself to do so after she told me her family's beloved dog, Norman, had to be put down. I not only felt guilt for prolonging what only seemed inevitable, but also for being so detached when I knew she needed me.

Meg sends another message, *“Happy Birthday, i <3 you”*

I don't know how to reply. I feel guilty. I don't usually come go to my family's cabin with my parents, but I felt like it would be a good place to come to reflect on my relationship with Meg.

It was the worst birthday.

- Jonah Hill (2014)

GOODMORNING

I'm not much of a Breakfast Dude
but yes, I have been told I am a Smoothie Guy.
When you wake up you can expect to find me
hard at work in the kitchen whistling radio pop hits
chopping ingredients and dancing wildly.
wow i think this Smoothie Guy just found his new jam:

Smoothie of the Month: Apricot with Oats & Yogurt!

grab your favorite girls & gals & boys & men
I will show you what a good morning tastes like.
All you've got to do is get the goods then blend,
get your glasses & grab some friends.

It's smoothie time @ 8am
let's drink some smoothies and let the day
Begin.

**HAVING A BLAST
IN THE BALL PIT
OF LIFE.**

**A CHIMPANZEE WALKS INTO A BAR IN A FULL SUIT
AND ORDERS A WHISKEY STRAIGHT.**

IT IS 3PM ON A TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

**HE TELLS THE BARTENDER
HE WAS JUST LET GO FROM HIS JOB.
HE BEGINS TO CRY.**

**HE TELLS THE BARTENDER HIS WIFE
NO LONGER LOVES HIM & THAT
HE IS SURE SHE IS SEEING ANOTHER MAN.**

Grab your local congressman
or congresswoman by the collar
and drag them to the nearest Dunkin' Donuts
and point your finger and scream,

“YOU SEE? THIS IS WHAT THE WORLD RUNS ON!”

At this point he/she will be tired and emotionally overwhelmed.

Take them to a dimly lit coffee shop so they can relax
& enjoy a fair trade soy latte.

Talk to them with a non-aggressive tone and
make sure to always make eye contact.

Tell them you would have written a letter,
but that a direct approach seemed more appropriate.

Indie rock music plays in the background
as you apologize for being so confrontational.

Make a joke to ease their stress.

Give them a firm handshake
& a friendly hug before you both part ways.

See, progress can be made.

on a busy street in ontario i find a shopping list on the ground
and put it in my pocket so i can look at it later.

i sit next to a cute girl in a crowded starbucks

but i can't even bring myself to smile at her.

i look at the shopping list and there are four items:

- *eggs*

- *bread*

- *carrots*

- *ice cream sandwiches*

i smile after reading ice cream sandwiches.

i ask the cute girl sitting next to me if she

wants to get ice cream sandwiches.

she says no and we both laugh awkwardly.

i promptly leave the crowded starbucks and

exhale deeply as soon as i exit the store.

i enjoy an ice cream sandwich alone

on a bench in ontario.

TAYLOR SWIFT KISSES
ME ON A HOT DAY
IN JULY. YEAH, THAT'S
RIGHT, SPARKS FLY.
WOW TAYLOR
I WANT TO DO A DUET
TOGETHER WHERE
WE AREN'T SINGING.
WOW TAYLOR I'M 22
AND LOVING YOU.

you made me lol w/ that meme u sent.
my face in the scope of a snipers rifle,
the text read:

"i want to take you out"

Imao you're cracking me up
and i see our future, it seems so raven.
so cool the ways we msg each other
funny links back & forth all day.
i just got off work &
i'm looking 2 chill,
so plz come over.
we can watch netflix
in just pajama bottoms.
we can browse our favorite
internet forums.
i see our connection it's @ high speeds
when we're together.
i see our future it's wi-fi everywhere.

<3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

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**YOU ARE SITTING IN A COLLEGE
LECTURE HALL SURROUNDED
BY ART STUDENTS. YOU ARE ALL
HAVING A DISCUSSION ABOUT
WHAT IS AND ISN'T 'ART'.**

i am screaming into a microphone
singing a song about the rise of the ottoman empire.
27 miles away a large japanese beetle is hit
and killed instantly by a red ford focus
on a scenic road in northeast pennsylvania.
i jump into the crowd
and a sea of hands carry me around the venue.
45 miles away a deer sleeps
on a nest of matted grass with its child.

the time is 10:04pm.

i perform the last song and pour a bottle of water
over my sweaty head before i exit the stage.
35 miles away a great horned owl turns it's head
to follow headlights as they slowly creep
down a dark road.

the time is 11:34pm.

PLEASE

BE

ADVISED,

I WANT

NOTHING

MORE

THAN TO

SEE YOU

SMILE.

You held the flowers I gave you up to your nose
and your face was painted
something like smiles new mothers make
as they hold beauty like this.

We are standing at our usual spot,
halfway between your apartment and mine.

There are so many things I don't know
but that are known in moments like this.

I feel the need to warn you,
I want nothing more than to see you smile.
So I am going to try, and try, and try.

& while we stand here I bring something into the world with you.
& while we stand here I want to bring everything to you.

I feel the need to warn you I want nothing more
than what you offer me, standing here & I hold you.

I want nothing more than to see us smile.

GOD

IS

BREAD.

I don't quite know if I understand the difference
between Want & Need.

But I know I want to Love & I need Love.

There is a little crack in pavement
next to a Panera Bread store down the road from
where I live that everyone walks on as they're walking in.
Every time someone steps on this crack it gets a little bigger.
If only by a miniscule amount, in 10 years it will be bigger
but still, no one will notice.

So I still don't quite understand the difference between
my Wants & Needs,

but I grow wider as the years go by

& I need more to protect me.

I barely recognize all the ways I change.

HOT NEW BEAUTY TIP #24

Comb your hair in a different direction.

Wear your shirt inside out just because.

Wear things like belts & ties in a new way.

You can wear a tie like a belt,

but it's not advised to wear a belt as a tie.

Sometimes it's also fun to wear tie dye clothing to places where it's not acceptable to wear tie dye clothing.

Only do this if you are okay with sticking out in a crowd & be prepared for *(some)* ridicule.

HOT NEW BEAUTY TIP #78

Take a look in the mirror. With your pointer and middle finger open your eyelids & examine your eyeballs. If they appear to be red & bloodshot this may indicate a lack of proper rest. It's important to get enough sleep (~8-9 *hours a night*) & not to strain yourself. Beauty sleep is a myth. You will not become more beautiful if you sleep more. The more you sleep the more energy you will have. You will be reenergized.

You will be able to open your eyes & see the world better.
Beauty will come with understanding.

I imagine All of my Ancestors Standing in a Big Circle Around Me.
They are all Shaking their Heads
But one,
One of my Ancestors, Big Annie,
My Great Great Great Great Great Grandmother
Is Not Shaking her Hands or Wagging Her Finger in Disapproval.
She is instead Holding a Large Blueberry Pie.
She Reminds me *It is Important to Believe in Yourself,*
In This Very Moment!
The Blueberry Pie Was Delicious,
Thank You Big Annie.

:-)

oh hot damn, this is our jam.
on toast in a field in rural vermont.
we feed each other wine & cheese.
we forgot sunblock so we use
the blanket we brought
to shelter us from the sun.
we are now kissing under a blanket
eating cheese & drinking wine
in the middle of field in rural vermont.

oh hot damn,

oh hot damn.

**FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHOR
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD,
KNOWN FOR HIS INVENTION OF
THE 'BEER BONG' IN 1922,
ONCE DRANK TWO FULL
PITCHERS OF SANGRIA AND,
IN ONE SITTING, WATCHED EVERY
EPISODE OF GILMORE GIRLS.**

Feeling Tired Like A Hot Dog On A Hot Day
I Am Walking Eating A Hot Dog (*No Relish*)
Just Ketchup With My Headphones On
Listening To Dave Matthews Band.
I Am Walking In Center City Philadelphia
Sweating Through A Brown T-Shirt I Wore The Day Before.
I Smell Bad Because I Haven't Had A Chance To Shower,
Only Perfume From A Girls Bedsheets
But It's Mixed With The Smell Of Stale Beer.
I Nod Off On The Train & When My Head
Begins To Sink My Head Quickly Jolts
Back Up And My Eyes Open Wide & I See An Older
Man Dressed In A Suit Smirk At Me
With Eyes That Say
"I Used To Be You Once"

“Hah funny joke dude” she says.

“Haha what do you mean, my life?” I say.

“Yes, your life” she says.

we laugh together

“I want to laugh” she says.

“I want to kiss you, but you know,
the way that they kiss in movies haha” I say.

*we laugh together, then we kiss together. there is light
snow covering everything around us. it is late november.
we are standing under a light on the stoop of your
apartment in philadelphia. the light is casting
a yellowish tint on everything around us.*

“I don’t want you to leave” she says, standing in the doorway, her arms are folded across her white tank top, she is shivering.

“I don’t understand” I say.

I smile at her like she knows what it means.

we hug in the doorway, my phone rings in my pocket.

I kiss you until my phone stops ringing.

I leave when my phone stops ringing.

**SHE SOLD SEASHELLS
BY THE SEASHORE.
BUT ONLY BECAUSE
IT SEEMED LIKE A
PERFECTLY LOGICAL
PLACE TO BE
SELLING SEASHELLS.**

i have an even # of tabs open in my browser at all times.
i never have an odd # tabs open in my browser,
this is just something that does not happen.
kind of like how i will never google search things
i can easily find out by going to the library
& doing hours of research.
i leaf through pages of dusty books for hours
because this is what makes sense.
work makes sense.
arguably, the best alternative solution to any problem
requires good, honest, hard work.
my dad used to say
anything worth doing is worth doing right.
this is why i am at my local library trying to figure out
what exactly happened at the treaty of versailles.
this is why i am at my local library learning as much as
i can about great horned owls.

hotghostbabe.jpg

sexyghoul.png

ghosthottie.gif

ghostmistress.tiff

I once got frenched by marie antionette.
I was at a friends house for a holiday party
& marie antoinette's ghost pushed me into a closet
as I was walking to the bathroom.
she put her ghost hand over my mouth
before I could even say a word and whispered,
"let them eat cake"
and then winked at me.
then the ghost of marie antoinette
french kissed me for 4 minutes
& 37 seconds in a closet at a holiday party
& i liked it.

KILL ME WITH KINDNESS

crack a bat of compliments over my head,
kill me with kindness.

i want to be caught in some crossfire,
two people were shooting kind words
at each other on a busy city street today.

i was hit in the center of the chest with a
“YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL TODAY”

i was dead but i was still smiling.

i want someone to come & make my day.

throw my kraft mac n' cheese into the void or into an endless pit.

i was sitting on a dirty green couch minding my own business when i remembered that life is fragile & precious (*true*). i was reminded that i could choke on a slice of pizza at any time. aware that accidents do happen to good people too. so i put on some music and danced wildly on my couch for 5 long hours. i sat down and grabbed an old napkin off my table and blew my nose for 40 seconds. i called up two friends just to say, ***“what’s up?”*** i sent a text to a cute girl just to say, ***“hey how are you?”*** i rode my bike for 2 hours while listening to jazz music. i ate a hoagie in a park by myself just to think about my own existence.

h t t p s : / / w w w . y o u t u b e . c o m /
w a t c h ? v = l e O Q Y b 4 x c x 8

**doing a quiet dance
called the
“ate too much
chipotle before
going out
tonight”**

In a large skillet over medium heat brown the ground beef. *Drain the grease.* Add spaghetti sauce and simmer for **5** minutes. In a large bowl, mix together the cottage cheese, **2** cups of the mozzarella cheese, eggs, half of the grated Parmesan cheese, dried parsley, salt and ground black pepper.

To assemble, in the bottom of a **9x13** inch baking dish evenly spread **3/4** cup of the sauce mixture. Cover with **3** uncooked lasagna noodles, **1 3/4** cup of the cheese mixture, and **1/4** cup sauce. Repeat layers twice. Top with **3** noodles, remaining sauce, remaining mozzarella and Parmesan cheese. Add **1/2** cup water to the edges of the pan. *Cover with aluminum foil.*

Bake in a preheated **350** degree F (**175 degrees C**) oven for **45** minutes. Uncover and bake an additional **10** minutes. *Let stand 10 minutes before serving.*

LOCAL MAGICIAN ‘WOWS’ AUDIENCES WITH TASTY NEW TRICK

I take off my Top Hat and reveal
to the crowd that it is filled with
Hot Singapore Noodles.

They are filled with shock & awe
as I take a handful of Singapore Noodles
out of my Top Hat and present it to the them.

Many stop on the street to see me
pull Chinese food out of strange places.

This is my most popular trick.

HEY YOU,

u got a hot brain.

Really got me goin' the way u doin
those mathematical problems.

The way u writin' all that complex prose.

Wow, make me wanna get all intellectual.

I don't know too much but I know this.

Knowledge ain't always power haha
but it sexy as hell.

& I wanna learn more about you.

;))

SOUNDCLOUD URL:

WWW.SOUNDCLOUD.COM/DJNATURESOUNDS

Record my sleep talk & put it in a song.

I dreamt of 45 people singing out their fears

at cars from the guard rails of a highway in Western Ohio.

2.4 miles away there is a clearing in a forest

where a man sits and drinks some warm water

as birds put their songs in the air.

Some people call that music.

Make a recording of me talking about pop punk

and put it over a beat & put in on Soundcloud.

Let's be the first people to make

a hit song that samples someone talking about pop punk.

Let's remix a Blink-182 song

& put it on Soundcloud dot com.

**sorry,
i wasn't
expecting
that sunset
to kiss me
on the heart
like that.**

Short Poem About Growing Up:

w t f f f f f f f f f f f f

f f f f f f f f f f f - f

u g h h h h h h h h

h h h h

i t ' s s s s o k k k k k k k k k

w e w i l l b e e e a l l r i g h t .

LADLED

/ lay dulated /

adjective

To be startled or surprised by a sound, action, or weird statement. An involuntary reaction involving the shaking of the torso & arms while saying,

“WHAT DEE FUUUUUU-” or

“WHAT DEE SHIIIIIIIIII-” or a variation of the two.

Man 1: “Hey bro did you hear about all those Taco Bell fires? They think it’s arson”

Man 2 (*Very Ladled*): “WHAT DEE FUUUUUUUUUU”

Gonna Pop This Bottle of Champagne.
Spray It All Over The Beige Walls
of This Expensive Hotel Room.
Electronic Dance Music Is Shaking Everything
In This Expensive Hotel Room.
All of My Friends Look Like Models.
All of My Friends Are On The Chairs, Tables, Sofas,
Drinking Champagne & Carrying On Wildly.
I Am Hanging From A Crystal Chandelier,
I Am Kicking My Feet & Twisting My Hips.
What A Joy It Is To Live Life Like This,
In The Traditional *YOLO* Style.

sunglasses emoji with you,
that's me,
with heart eyes emoji next 2 you.
praying emoji & you're
a woman in a red dress emoji.
i'm blessed to be a sun emoji
next to your moon emoji.
i am surfboard emoji when
i come thru.

~~w h a t~~

~~i f~~

i t

i ~~w a s~~

e a s y

t o

l o v e

I AM REFLECTING ON MY DAY AND ALL I SEE IS A SADDER VERSION OF MY PRESENT SELF.

Today I almost had an accident on the train again. & by accident I mean I made eye contact for too long with a pretty girl wearing a pair of red earrings & was reminded of how lonely I am. In my life accidents like this happen often. I spill my coffee because it is too hot, my fingers get burnt, I am reminded of how alive I am. On days when I forget my headphones I walk through the streets of center city Philadelphia & I am reminded that I am surrounded by people who might be alone too. Most days I listen to music and sometimes it is so loud people look at me sternly as if to tell me it is bothering them. I wonder how often I bother people.

I take the same elevator everyday
because this elevator is familiar to me.
I stand in it & take comfort in knowing
which buttons won't light up.
A woman presses the button for the 6th floor
wondering why it won't turn orange.
She is worried this elevator won't stop at her floor.

*"Don't worry, it's working. Trust me,
I know this elevator"* I say. I smile.

She smiles & looks relieved.
These are little things that I like.

**I may not be a
Beautiful Maserati.**

**But,
I could be your reliable
2015 Subaru Forester.**

**That's Cool
But Who's Gonna
Get All This Pudding
Out Of The Hot Tub?**

**ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE,
ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD.**

I don't want to be a ***Trendsetter.***

I want to be a ***Trend Facilitator.***

I want to care for & nurture ***Trends.***

I don't want to be a ***Trend Killer.***

It's true,

I am a ***Trend Lover.***

THE MOST IMPORTANT TREE IN THE WORLD

The Most Important Tree In The World was planted by the US Government on March 24th, 2014 at our nations great Capital. The Most Important Tree In The World was a great Spruce tree. After taking The Most Important Online Poll Of The Decade, it was decided that The Most Important Tree In The World would be a Spruce. The Most Important Online Poll of The Decade ran for a week and was almost a tie between Birch and Spruce. There are rumors that The Most Important Online Poll of The Decade was rigged for Spruce to win. Many have come up with theories, calling it The Most Important Scandal of The Decade.

There are also rumors that The Most Important Tree In The World is a GMO (Genetically Modified Organism). Though this has not been confirmed, suspicions arose after The Most Important Tree In The World grew almost *60 feet* within the first few weeks. At The Greatest Planting Ceremony of The Past 100 Years, the US Government proudly proclaimed,

“This is The Most Important Tree In The World! Let this tree be a reminder of the natural beauty that is in our world!!!”

The Total cost for the planting & maintenance of The Most Important Tree In The World is estimated to be in the billions.

You Got me feeling like Paris
a.k.a Romantic.

Or like America when
I hug you tightly,
I'm Confident.

You're like Death Valley,
You're Hot (haha).

Had me all Antarctica
when you left
a.k.a Cold & Lonely.

**IF YOU SQUINT HARD
ENOUGH,
ANY PAINTING
BECOMES ABSTRACT.**

Thinking of places I've been in terms of smells,
much like past lovers.

French wine is spilled on some bed sheets,

Not *Chanel no.5* but something like it.

Not expensive but hard to reach.

Not based on a true story

but not far from some kind of truth.

There is chicken soup I can smell

that is mixed with heavy rain in June.

I am at a picnic table at a restaurant

next to a dirt road in South America.

Do you wonder why you know
someones perfume or cologne?
and how long
by how well can you remember it.
Does this bother you in ways you
don't realize?
Do you smell it on someone else?
or just reminded of someone else,
as you lay in a field in a park in August
and smell freshly cut grass?

HIGH SPEED INTERNET CHANGED MY LIFE

i think i see the world smaller now,
holding tweets & e-mails close to my heart
even when there are no birds outside my window,
even when there is no one knocking on my door.
and i praise the wi-fi that runs through me
like it is purer than air and water, sometimes i think i can see it
bouncing off trees and cars and people and places.
back then the world seemed so large when i would step outside.
it's smaller now, i can watch mountains and crowded
city streets in my internet browser, i can watch real time
video of life happening around the world
while i sit in a wobbly wooden chair in my small apartment.

i can meet anyone online just to say “hi”
i guess i’m like the internet now,
constantly changing.
i want to make the world smaller.
i want to find out what it means to
make a connection through the thin air,
or how it feels to watch a video of a
50 foot wave crash into a dark shore
in hawaii while i sit on my porch
on a sunny day in a suburb in
southeastern pennsylvania
and feel it crash around me.

You Better Believe I Am A Bad Bass Mother Lover.

Swimmin' upstream in my clean white Delorean.

It's okay, you can eat your food in here,

that's How Much I Care About You.

In case you don't know what I mean by that,

It means I Like You A Lot.

I respect all the rules of the road &

I don't rev my engine because

I know you like a Man who has Respect.

I know you'd expect a Man like me

to have a Huge Crib, to Flaunt the Wealth.

No, no, no, I pull up to a nice White Picket Fence

in a quiet Suburban cul de sac.

I invite you into my Reasonably Sized Home,

But Please, take off your shoes at the Door.

Thank you, It's just, I Like to Keep it Clean.
I open a Bottle of Red Wine, But only So we can
Relax and Sit on the Couch & Enjoy Mild Conversation.
I will turn on the Smooth Jazz Pandora Station,
I will Dim the Lights (*Maybe*).
I want to hear more about your Job as a Lawyer.
I might Kiss you but only if the Moment "Seems Right"
People look at me, In an Expensive Suit & My Perfect Hair,
& They Think I am Something I Am Not.
Just because my Car has Gull-Wing Doors
Does not mean I Will Be Reckless with My Emotions.
It Does Not Mean I Will Break Your Heart.
I am a Man of Respect
With Expensive Taste.

I WANT TO BE NEXT

TO THE RAIN WITH YOU.

h t t p s : / / w w w . y o u t u b e . c o m
/ w a t c h ? v = r U h M j t - 0 d D w

**livin'
that
rich
life.**

WHY DO WE HAVE NO PLAYBOY GIRAFFES?

GIRAFFES CAN BE SEXY TOO.

SINCE WHEN WERE BUNNIES SEXIER

THAN GIRAFFES?

WHO DECIDED THIS?

WHO WILL FIGHT FOR THESE

SEXY GIRAFFES WITH ME?

COULD YOU?

CAN I?

WILL YOU?

DID I?

A BRIEF HISTORY OF 'ARIAL'

arial is a COOL sans-serif font face that was created in 1982 by A COOL 10 person team for monotype typography. arial is basically helvetica except that it's not helvetica. you can find arial on pretty much any computer because arial was made for computers. this entire book is set in arial because arial is a pretty COOL sans-serif typeface. this book is not a computer. in 1990 there was a truetype version that created and licensed to microsoft. this truetype version was even COOLER than the original even though most people don't know what truetype really means. apparently microsoft needed a truetype version. it is rumored that bill gates wrote all his love letters in 14pt arial and always signed his name in

20pt arial bold

BIG MOUTH BASS FISHING SAVED MY LIFE

i used to have a lot of negative emotions
that i didn't know how to deal with.

i would sit at home and let my anger build.

i would sit in my chair & shake my head.

i have found that big mouth bass fishing
is my greatest medicine.

i stand by a beautiful river and

i learn to appreciate the simple things,

i learn how to enjoy my life,

i learn how a river moves,

i learn how to fish for big mouth bass.

even if i don't catch any bass,

i always leave the river feeling calm & accomplished.

i drive an hour away from my home
to a spot where i know no one else will be.
i do this because sometimes it is important to be alone.
i recommend everyone try
fishing for big mouth bass at least once.
or at least, try to find something
that relaxes you as much
as fishing for

big mouth bass.

Am I A Good Artist?

Do I Make Art That Makes You Feel?

Or At Least, Do I Make Art That

Makes You Want To Feel?

Am I Good?

At Least, Am I An Artist

Who Appears To Still Be Feeling?

you are worn into me like calloused thumbs,
with nintendo thumb sore, i hold your hands.
you are worn into the pads of my thumbs,
like times we used to lay on my floor and have
fun together for hours on end.

*at the heart of us there are
three balloons all but one popped
& we drive around & around
until we rest on the streets of block fort together.*

one time, at the local YMCA,
i was in the locker room changing when
the ghost of amelia earhart
appeared before me,
she was dressed in full pilots gear.
before i could even say a word
she picked me up
and carried me up into the open sky.
there i was, naked,
flying above new york city
at sunset with the ghost of amelia earhart.
she looked into my eyes and asked me
if i was having fun. that's when the ghost
of amelia earhart kissed me while we were
flying over new york city at sunset.

**OPRAH WINFREY'S
FAVORITE DESSERT
IS PUMPKIN
CHEESECAKE**

HAHA.

ROMANTIC DEATH

do you think cupid has ever missed
& accidentally shot someone
in the head, between their eyes?
would you die?
or would you still fall in love,
but only more cautiously?

A GAME CALLED, “HARD OR SOFT?”

rocks - *hard*

blankets - *usually soft*

metal - *hard*

telling your parents you made a big mistake - *hard*

babies - *usually soft*

pillows - *soft*

not sticking up for yourself - *soft*

doing gymnastics while drunk - *hard*

i used to listen to AOL radio until my ears bled

remembering dial-up?

my mom would yell at me for all the missed calls.

my parents used to limit my time online.

my mom would get mad and unplug the cable
in the middle of an important download.

i would raise my fists to the air and scream

i used to listen to AOL radio until my ears bled.

late at night, i would wait for pages to load
and i would wait for so long that i would
forget what site i was trying to visit.
i am still haunted by sluggish internet speeds.
i wake up from a nightmare to
the loud sound of an AIM message.
when i close my eyes i am haunted
with the echoing sounds of
a doors slamming shut.

YOU CAN REACH ME ON AIM @

TOONFAN91

wrap me in denim and call up my
boy band crew we want to harmonize
all over town tonight.

spike my hair and call me lover
i want to sing to you sweet
sweet songs of love & loss.

i want to go back to the 90's
with you tonight.
i want my pop ballads
to bounce off
the tender walls of your heart.

VERY SWEET LANCE BASS AESTHETIC.

VERY IMPRESSIVE JT DANCE MOVES.

VERY COOL CHRIS K. DREADS, WOW.

VERY STRONG JC GAZE.

VERY JOEY FANTONE WHEN I DROP IT LOW.

Do You Think If I Dropped My Poetry
Into Lake Michigan On A Hook
Somebody Would Take A Bite?
Do You Think I Could Catch Someones
Attention With My Delicious Prose?
Do You Think The Aquatic People
Of Lake Michigan Would Like My Kind Of Poetry?
Or Do You Think They Would Ignore It
And Look For A Shinier Lure?

WWW.DADS.NET/HOW_TO_BE_A_COOL_DAD/

WWW.DORITOS.EDU/CONTINUING_EDUCATION/SCHOLARSHIPS/

WWW.URBANOUTFITTERS.BIZ/SHOP/HAND-MADE_PUKA_SHELL_NECKLACES/

WWW.ETSY.COM/BARACK_OBAMA/ORIGINAL_INAUGURATION_TRANSCRIPT/

WWW.JOANJETT.NET/WHO_ISNT_JOAN_JETT???

WWW.BANANA.ME/HOT_NEW_BANANA_TIPS/

How To Learn About Whales On The Internet:

- 1.) Make sure your personal computer is connected to Wi-Fi
(If you do not know what ‘Wi-Fi’ is, please skip to the “Beginners Guide” section)

- 2.) Open your internet browser
(Internet Explorer, Firefox, Google Chrome, Safari, etc.)

- 3.) - If you want to watch videos of Whales, please skip to the
“How To Use YouTube” section.
- If you want to read about Whales, please skip to the
“Research On The Internet” section.

- 4.) Enjoy learning more about Whales on the Internet : -)

a quick story about the first time i was ever in a sauna.
it was october, i was vacationing in canada
the first time i ever went in a sauna.
i was staying in a cabin by a lake that
just so happened to have a sauna.
one particularly chilly fall day
i decided it was time i found out
what this sauna was all about.
i stepped into the steamy wooden box
and sat there in my bright white towel
& i closed my eyes.
sweat dripped down my face,
sweat dripped down my chest.
suddenly, a sound filled the small space.
the sound of a powerful gust of wind swirled around me
followed by a loud **SNAP** which silenced all the noise.

the sauna suddenly became cold,
the steam vanishing in the air.
when i opened my eyes i saw the coals were extinguished.
a long tendril of smoke slowly poured out of them
and a ghostly figure began to form.
my eyes, opened wide, began to trace this ghostly outline.
it was then that i realized standing before me
was the ghost of margaret thatcher.
the ghost of margaret thatcher approached me.
i was curled up in the corner
of the wooden box, afraid for my life.
i closed my eyes as she closed in on my
nude body, my hands wrapped around my head.
that's when the ghost of margaret thatcher hugged me
for **12** minutes and **46** seconds
in a sauna in october by a lake in canada
& i liked it.

Disgustingly Posi.

i am swimming in a pool of wet garbage,
yelling to the open blue sky,

**“I LOVE MYSELF & THIS
BIG BEAUTIFUL EARTH!”**

I look at every opportunity in my life in terms of

“Slamdunkability”

I want to be known for carrying out
perfectly ordinary tasks in cool new ways.

I want to make perfectly normal
everyday things seem exciting & fresh.

I want to show people life can be a court
but that you can only be great with practice.

HOT NEW DATING TIP #86

b confident & pay attention 2 ur posture.

posture is important.

if you are slouching at a nice italian

restaurant on a hot date

u r sending the wrong impression.

just imagine that your mom is standing

next to you & if you begin to slouch she will yell at you.

this is also a good tip b/c

you shouldn't be doing or saying

anything on a first date

that you wouldn't want your mom 2 know about.

**BUSINESSES ARE
BEGINNING TO
SEE THE
GREAT BENEFITS OF
SWITCHING TO
A MORE YOLO
BUSINESS ORIENTATION.
SOON YOU WILL SEE A
LARGE SHIFT TO A MORE
YOLO BASED ECONOMY.**

**any piece of art
is worthless until
someone
important gives it
meaning and worth.**

there is a red kite in the sky
& no it's not beautiful
until kim kardashian
says so.

& no it's not art until
kim sheds a single tear
and says quietly to herself,
"this is how i want to be"

& no it is not art until
kim spends 3.4 million
dollars to own the beautiful
red kite flying in the sky.

I Feel Way Out Of My Honda Element
On My Feet & Too, Too Hot in the Rising Sun.
I Had An Out Of Body Experience Today
Where I Floated Over Downtown
Seattle & Saw A Parade Fill The Streets.
I Flew Directly Into The Sun
And Burned Up Almost Instantly.
Did You Ever Think That
When You Opened Your Blue Eyes
Today, That Life Would Be Like That?
While Sometimes Your Dreams
Are Burning Slow In The Setting Sun?
I Feel Too Cold In This Frigidaire,
Preserved & In A Plane Over Downtown Seattle.
I Feel Hunger Like I Am High Or Rather Flying,
I Want The Realest Slice & To Play Pretend.

**I HOLD MANY
WORLD RECORDS.
IN FACT, I HOLD THE
WORLD RECORD
FOR THE MOST
WORLD RECORDS
HELD BY A SINGLE PERSON.
IF YOU BUY A GUINNESS
BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS
YOU WILL FIND MY FACE ON
MANY OF THE PAGES.**

ROSE DEATH

it is not sad when a rose dies.
it is not sad when any flower dies.
it is not sad because flowers aren't
supposed to live forever.

in this way i am not unlike a rose.
i am like a confluence
i am where two bodies of water meet,
or rather together we are a
great confluence of passion & love.

it's okay it looks like we are meant
to be rising into the clouds now.
it's okay soon we will be racing back
towards the ground.

it is not sad when something dies.
you told me so many times that
everything happens constantly
if only for just a few reasons.
that everything comes to some kind of new end.
that everything goes eventually and that doesn't
mean we should be sad.

i am happy we met and became something new.

**THANK YOU
MUMFORD & SONS
FOR THE GIFT OF
FOLK ROCK.**

i am not sad i am just crying tonight.
i am not sitting here i am merely
anywhere but here, okay?
i am okay i'm just not great and
that is perfectly okay with me tonight.

because there was a
man washing my windows on
the 16th floor of my apartment complex this morning.
he was hanging there, 16 floors above the ground,
washing my windows, & he wasn't afraid.
i am not afraid tonight & i am happy tonight
just crying & wiping away tears 16 floors above you.

**Terminally
Chill.**

it doesn't matter if it's a fist bump
or high five or elaborate handshake.
when you look into my deep blue eyes
you will know how chill i really am.
you will know in that moment that
i will be perpetually chill up until
the day i die an extremely chill death.
laying comfortable in my bed under satin sheets,
listening to post-rock with my hands folded over my chest.
my last words won't be deep or thought provoking.
i will simply say goodbye to the chill people
who stand around me.
i will smile at all the chill friends, family, & lovers who
stayed chill with me throughout my chill life.
i will say goodbye the chilliest way possible.

“peace.”

between 2007-2008 i read ~42 books.

i gained admiration & respect from

my teachers and peers for this impressive number.

many became considerably less impressed once

they found out 38 of these books were picture books.

i tried to explain to them that sometimes a picture can say

more than words ever could.

i tried to explain that visual literacy is important.

i tried to explain to them that i was learning how to see.

**5 BUCKS SAYS
YOU CAN'T
FINISH THIS
BOOK BEFORE
LABOR DAY.**

**it's okay to be
profoundly boring.
to be profoundly
anything is cool,
i think.**

The Little Rascal of The Mezzanine.

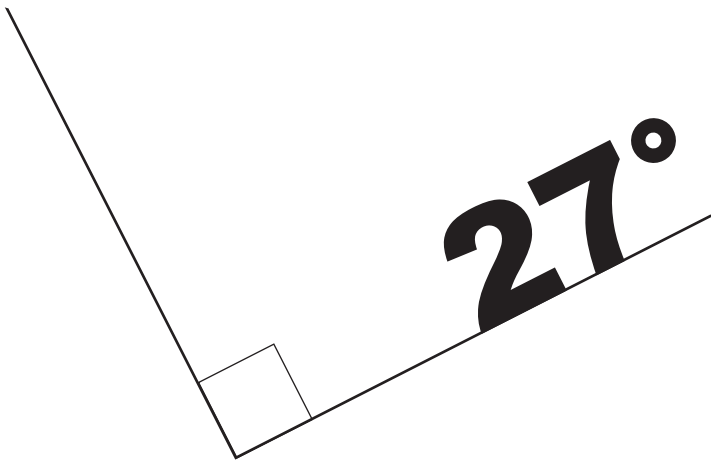
i hold my small cup of red wine & try to tune out the horrible downtempo beat that fills the plastic gallery space as it bounces off the people in the room. i don't even care about the paintings on the wall. i am standing on the mezzanine looking down at people, dressed in clothes they think are fashionable. one woman is wearing a large pink hat that makes me laugh. unfortunately the room is lit like a trendy singles bar and everyones face is beginning to look similar. i bring my cup up to my lips, ready to chug the rest of the wine out of pure discomfort, when suddenly a small boy rushes by and knocks into my right leg, causing me to spill the wine all over my tan sportcoat. two women standing next to me bring their hands to their mouths and gasp, a man scolds the young boy in a loud manner. a group of young professionals point and laugh, there is red wine dripping down my sportcoat. the boys mother is holding him by the ear, he is laughing with his face scrunched up as his mom leads him out of the gallery. someone comments, "this is why you shouldn't bring children to art galleries" **this is why i hate art galleries.**

POEM AT A 27 DEGREE ANGLE

there's always another way to show something.
it doesn't matter if it's your feelings or a new business approach.

any limit on human expression is an illusion.
or rather, an allusion to the freedom of the human spirit.
there is always another way to show something
in a way that is infinitely cooler than the old way,

mostly because it is the new thing now.
what i'm trying to say is that
if there is a will, there is definitely a new way.



DOUBLE DUTCH

The cadence of your gum chewing in my ear
and there is silence then a pop then you laugh,
you have me blended in with a red brick wall.
You play with my emotions but it's okay you're good
at it like double dutch and fast on your feet with the
cadence of the ropes as they click on the ground.
The tips of your shoes tap the concrete like my heart is.
I am leaning against the wall with my hands on the brick
I swear I can feel the warm echo of both coming
together in the heavy summer air.
Sometimes you go up and I don't even see you come down
until you're standing in front of me with your hands
behind your head and your breathing is quick and you are
smiling like you know it fills up every little breath in me.

There are frogs that make sounds in the summer
that can make the sky seem electric.
Your favorite lighter is pink and has a unicorn
on it and it doesn't matter what time it is,
when we go to a diner you always get breakfast.

**I want to grow up
with you but only if
we take our time.**

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

tikka masala for lunch today.

(tasty)

THE OLD WASHBURN MILL

There is a place where I sit & spit
sunflower seeds & fish in a stream
that I can't see the bottom of.

When I fish I don't even use a lure
I do it as my own kind of meditation.

I walk through the Old Washburn Mill
like it is a museum & I am the only guide.

Only I know where the light sits perfectly
on the dusty wood because

I am the only one who disturbs it.

In the Old Washburn Mill there is a spot
where you can put your ear up to the
cold stone wall and listen to the water wheel
spinning and the water splashing even though
it has been broken & still for at least 40 years.

There is a silence at the Old Washburn Mill
that is only as loud as I am.

mona lisa smile

no one knows why,
but when you think of things
that make you happy
or things that amuse you,
you smile.
she smiles at the thought
of being behind some bulletproof
glass on a wall.

*thank you for buying this book thank you for buying
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<3 brian ecklund

**NOTHING WAS
ORIGINAL
AND
NOTHING
HURT.**

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THE
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