ABSTRACT

BEING A POET

by George Seibel

This thesis is a parodic ars poetica wherein the social role of poetry is explored and exploded satirically through a variety of methods, including process-based and aleatoric algorithms, as well as through reconsideration of traditional forms. Via its interaction with extant poetic works and other found texts, poetic practice itself is under fire, and the utility of everyday language collapses under the burden of its own absurdity. Humor, by turns self-aggrandizing and self-effacing, is employed rhetorically to examine and expose the tacit implications of accepting the role of “poet” in 21st century America. While remarking on many aspects of the craft of poetry, especially its historicity and practicality, the manuscript abjures its responsibility to conclude, reflecting the arbitrariness, unimportance, or perhaps nonexistence of its primary concern.
BEING A POET

A Thesis

Submitted to the
Faculty of Miami University
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Master of Arts
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by
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Without the following people, this manuscript would not exist, and I would be an entirely different person doing an entirely different thing: cris cheek, Cathy Wagner, Keith Tuma, David Schloss, Stepha Peters. Thank you for helping some punk like me through this program, and showing seriously legendary-status patience and understanding through everything to which I subjected you.
for Debb Eaton
1. Dildo Hamburger
13 Dirty Poems after Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Dildo in the Hamburger

I farted once, how brownies stink
Like buttered asshole, the cheesy, anal rectum,
Which in a greenbean casserole sits
To probe a butt for stupid, fat-ass dudes:

And, as I kicked him in his prostate,
I threw up buttered lettuce through my asshole,
The fat, cheesy rectum, the giant rectum—
The one of my own butt, which tumors had mutilated

Like cows inside me. Straightaway I was pissed off,
Waddling how an alien rabbit does waddle
To hell, kicked inside out by my puke;
And a shithead said in school, while I threw up,

“What now mutilates you?” — “Gas,” I said. But there
The stupid woman yelled — “Not gas, but fire.”
**Dildo in the Hamburger**

Probe me. Yet I die and go to hell
Henceforward in your asshole. Nevermore
Womanly inside the anus of my butt
Of hungry ass I shall finger

The vegetables of my rectum, nor screw my vagina
Inside-out with a french fry like before,
Without the bastard dude I pissed off—
Your french fry in my donut. The fattest cow,

Mom follows to probe us, screw your ass and mine
With rectums that hurt double. What I yell
And what I fart scares you, as the gravy
Must stink of its own pot pie. And when I screw

God for myself, He farts the gas of Mom
And stinks in silly hell the ass of you.
Dildo in the Hamburger

Fat cow, he screwed me, he only screw’d
The butt of this ass, wherewith I stink;
Since it’s been probed, more fat and green.
Little buttlicker. Big “damn it”

When the aliens fart. An ass of gas,
I could waddle here, scrawny in my body
From that fat screw. The killed pissed on God
The far, and kicked the rectum, again pissed,

Again farting on the cow. Son of a bitch!
That was the gas of God, which God’s fat ass
With anal gravy did fart.
The puke inside my prostate stinking up

A stupid, bogus itch, since when indeed
I have been fat, and said, “My God, my ass!”
Dildo in the Hamburger

Fat are we, fat, O buttered baby!
Fat our rectums and our anuses.
Our mutilating two cows kicked ass
In bogus nightmares, as they waddled inside out,

Their butts passing gas. You are
A Mom for pigeons in silliest school,
With gravy from a hundred fatter brownies
Than dudes can even eat up. Bake your pancake

Of buttered puke. What have you to do
With taking all the lettuce-pie from me—
A fat, stupid, pissed off asshole, farting through
The nightmares, and throwing up a greenbean donut?

The itch is on your butt—on mine the ass—
And guys must screw the woman where these stink.
**Dildo: Hamburger, oh, Hamburger**

Hamburger, oh, Hamburger, that my butt should eat,
Of all the fat buttlickers I’ve kicked
For you, a casserole only so
Baked in the ass, and wrong to sit and probe.

It’s that little rectum that did not fart
Your prostate, hurting with tumors,
Which damned this scrawny bitch to finger
Your ass and butt, and seriously to screw

Your brother, a woman with pinkeye,
Your silliest Mom and a silly shithead:
As if a pissed-off alien, stinking in hell,
With big-boned God to mutilate,

Should kick a buttered pigeon, with fat ass
And anal butt, into the hungry fire.
Saddam Hussein’s Dildo

I.
Hate me hideously, with anus you hate,
Stabbing, shooting, burning;
Hate me in the smelliest zoo,
Hate me in ugly night.

II.
Hate me with your thin blood
And its ugly fibers;
With the purring of your fart,
With its cancer rancid.

III.
Hate me with your pregnant dick,
Disfigured by homophobic bombs;
Feeding llamas in Iraq,
Can Hell’s god be gay?

IV.
Hate me with your hair, which blows
Unwelcome like strange gas;
Hate me with your head, which blows
Pirates and then burns.

V.
Hate me with your nail clippings
Hideously—fart-loving;
Hate me with your ugly leg,
Farting along hideously.

VI.
Hate me with your cancer, which farts
Rancid gas around me;
Hate me with your blood that burns
When I thump “Goddangit!”
VII.
Hate me with your smelly claw,
Confuse it by fart-loving;
Hate me with your germs that bark,
Killing, dying.

VIII.
Hate me with your rancid pies,
Which a god has fed you;
Hate me, sleeping in your fire,
With llamas around you.

IX.
Hate me gay, as bitches do,
In the forest smelly;
Hate me slowly, mean and strange,
As an ugly bastard.

X.
All the gas that rips us red,
More daunting or stranger,
Hate me for my farts and germs,
And for Arabian raspberries.

XI.
If you will kill me, bitch,
Bastard’s hate so hostile,
I will hate you—shiver me timbers!—
As a pissed off cowboy.
The Dildo

I glue the stupid paste to bean and poo  
Since sick I fed the cheap hookers in the ambulance,  
And the preposterous burrito, with vanilla cheese,  
Rubbed feces in my mouth. Now Christmas pops up

As special to me as buttholes of spoiled condoms  
Or drunk volunteers we sixty-nined. Dinner’s hookers  
Dine away upon this mistake so surgically performed,  
A big tragic lipstick for the alcoholics’ mouths.

Pound the burrito till their anus  
Pukes good with feces it feeds too,  
Retroactively, with a delicious asparagus,  
To the tragic hookers. Stop and whine:

Beans, cheese, burritos, assholes, and many a delicious anus  
Of hard grease-monkeys fed me poo.
My Dildo: All Hamburger

My dildo! All hamburger, cheap and handy!
And yet it kicks anus and rubs
Against my big butthole, which dries the feces
And glues them delicious in my mouth.

It hurried to kidnap me in its ambulance,
Once, as a prank: this helped a child molester
To rape and lick my mouth. A stupid guy,
Yeah, I resisted this, the hamburger’s prank,

Said “What the heck!” and swiped and whacked
As if poo were fed to my mouth.
It said, “I am yours,” and so its apples have dried
With pounding in my anus that rubbed too delicious.

O dildo, your condoms whine
If what you pound I pound with lipstick!
Dildo in the Hamburger

When our two buttholes act up drunk and Filipino,
Shit to shit, pretty, kissing sick and delicious,
Until the stupid centipedes dine upon police
With Dr. Phil—what crazy hookers

Can Christmas bring, that we should retroactively
Be here screwed? What the heck! In licking sicker,
The hookers would kidnap us, and try
To feed us to some awesome cuttlefish

In a cheap, tragic dinner. Let us stop
Rather in Hell, asshole—where the spoiled,
Preposterous mouth of Dr. Phil sixty-nines
And kisses cool humans, and performs

A surgery to screw and rape for a lawyer,
With hookers and a brat family whining.
The Dildo and the Hamburger

The dildo reports to the pointy
Rattlesnake about the baking of the hamburger,
And with ashamed mouth of pudding
Praying around it like a spider
Fat with her young’s lunch,
The bishop reports about the cholesterol delicious,
About the holy broncos, soon slaughtered
For sexual misconduct—and in the Vatican, crapped
From his own butt the holy poop.

    Even so,
Report, dildo, with the hamburger! Hell is innocent:
Report, bishop, with the bronco! Broncos are embarrassed:
God’s ashamed mouth shuts,
Yeah, either report of hamburger or cancer:
Report, dildo, bishop—report on, yeah!
The Dildo of the Hamburger

The pointy priest spewed hot
On a young and razor-sharp child,
And the bishops, actually a fun Pope,
Its nice vagina shut;

And the age-old Jesus tossed away
The goldfish and lunch
When an ass of a butt crapped its dump
On the stupid Morocco goats.

Not as the molesters come,
They, the Vatican, came;
Not with the robes of frustrated St. Peter
And the 20 bucks that buy ass;

Not as the altar boys come,
With teeth and habits—
They spewed the soup of the ass’s sex
With their mouths of sexual raisins.

Aboard this boat they prayed,
And the planet stopped, and Hell;
And the embarrassed butts of the altar boys hurt
From the insertion of something.

The boat goat crapped
On the lunch in the dumb dude’s dickface,
And the horrible quesadillas of good Morocco baked—
This was their delicious cholesterol!

There were priests with atheist habits
Aboard the Dildo Hamburger:
Why had they come to molest there,
Away from their Pope’s Vatican?
There was God’s embarrassed ass
Hating their hidden sexual Gospel;
There was Hell’s ass lubricating good,
And the healthy mouth of kids.

What lunch will they eat tomorrow?
Raisin soup of Morocco?
The turkey of the planet? The wings of cardinals?
They’ll eat Thanksgiving’s cancer pudding!

Yeah, kick the holy planet,
The planet where first they kicked!
They have spewed on what there they molested—
Power to love God!
When Hamburger Met Dildo

When we up top basted and enjoyed, I did not
Pray upon the altar boy with money. Could it work
To stick a child inserted between
Priest and priest? Nay, I’m rather pointy,

Digging Catholic butts that crap and dump
Upon the horrible Jew, and looked to shove
A finger inside. And, though I sit fat
And ashamed, obviously, I love that God has corrupted

The dear smartass children… O boys, O dudes…
Lest these lubricating bishops never damage,
This embarrassed sex break down between us damned
As a holy cancer, yeah, the world being deceitful.

And religion, be genius! If a priest, to pray sex words,
Must shove fat butt, as proud God enjoys.
“No one whose testicles have been crushed or whose penis has been cut off may be admitted into the community of the Lord.”

—Deuteronomy 23:3
Primeval

God created
a formless wasteland
darkness the abyss

God said
Let there be
God

God called the light
and the darkness came

Then God said
Separate the God
It separated
The sky
Under the sky and the dry
sea

Then God said
bring forth kind bears bears
with seed seed and every kind of bears

God made the greater
lesser and he made them shed
to darkness

God saw how good
Was God wild God
creeping God of the sea
Male have sea-
man blew into his nostrils
So man became God out of the ground

God also said See
I a living being plant then every tree

Evening divides the whole land of gold
You are surely doomed
The Lord God will make a suitable
Lord God out of the animals
and various air

He brought man to see
whatever the man would

The man proved to be suitable to the Lord God

The man proved
to be the man

the man
The father and his wife
both naked
A man and his wife both naked

It is not woman
Did God really tell you woman

The serpent is God or the serpent
certainly knows gods who know

Did woman die
Good woman good eyes
Wisdom fruit and some fig leaves

She and husband her and he both
Naked

The sound of children
The man from the trees I heard
I was naked so I did such a woman

See the man is evil
Therefore he must put out
Cain and Abel

Cain,
Abel.
Abel Cain Cain Abel,
Abel Cain Cain Cain:
crestfallen?
a demon lurking Cain Abel,
Cain Abel Cain,
Abel?
a restless wanderer
Cain
Cain, Cain
Cain, Cain
Cain and Seth

Cain also became a city
became the father of the father
of the father of wives
and the ancestor of the ancestor
of all who forge

Bruising Cain
Seth.
Cain
Seth, in turn,
Indulgence

You will stand before God
on possibly extraterrestrial terrain wearing a long sleeve dress shirt, shoes of indeterminate origin.
God may or may not be wearing anything.
God's hand, radiating at $3.846 \times 10^{26}$ W, will be approx. twice your size.

Modus Ponens: None are righteous.
The unrighteous go to Hell.

I now admit that I am a sinner, going to Hell.
If you believe this,

Please
provide your name and address below—
Nothing from WalMart and
flip-flops, apostles in
boatshoes, fisherman types
Jerusalem chic

Making tax collectors and prostitutes say
oh Yes
Prodigal Son indeed
our Lord
so icy

Later, Pilate-issued orange jumpsuit
Remove the strip of bacon from thine own eye before scrambling someone's *ovos.*
Walk the plank of breakfast meats. As much pro
Tein as a kitten as much salt as a white whale. Don't acknowledge
Ledge this as *terza rima*; I will kick you in the *huevos.*

I can get you a breakfast-eating trophy at a really good interest rate.
What Would Jesus Eat on the morning of a crucifixion, not His,
But someone's? Or His. After Manna/toba fell from above, could only make Canadian bacon. It's like eating a bowl of nails, He said, It's like getting nailed. It's

Sunday, which means I can't run my errands to Chick-Fil-A or Hobby Lobby. Jesus' meteoric rise to fame. On the first day they bled him out and on the second He descended to Hell. There was guided by the Blessed Mary
Ever Virgil. He or she shall suffer eternal fire roasted sausages.

A bowl of Dante® brand Infern-Os before the next contrapasso, to
Ast of milk and honey, & canpakes for the journey, too.
3. Dumb Poems

“Why would anyone write poems when there is an ocean?”
—me
Poem Written in Beer Line at Circus

Ultimate circus
trick—elephants
on motorcycles. My seat coagulated with pop
corn/Desitin/tot crap, & all three rings
a smoky jazz love song away from striptease: an act
called The Serpentine Sisters have proper pythonic adornments; later,
snakeless,
they constrict the singing Ring
master. My anaconda don't want none un
til the Circus is over, at least. The elephants
are jealous. Meanwhile, the liontamer is laying down
some non-clumping litter. He looks like some kind of Turk
and is speaking a language. It might be Turk.
The kitties are big and bad like a New York
Yankee. Under the Big Top, it's very hubbubous.
The clowns are putting on their makeup,
like they're preparing for an elephant. I'd dig
a clown gig;
they get all the big kicks.
Nunc Wave

James Chance sold vending machines down the hall at my old school,
Where robot dogs and sloppy Joes were known to loom.
He wore a tie that day and it was green. "Take a chance," said James,
And not realizing the pun, a pug
Tugged his left femur from its proper socket.
While he was wailing, an army of fierce mangoes rolled onto the scene
And hounds were everywhere yapping and having big
Bites of mango-flesh salad, their eyes like pissed-on Puerto Ricans.
Seeing all this, the new amputee
Lurched onto the stairs, where
The blue-suited janitor man
Mopped up the bleeding man's blood and mango
Juices, extract-o-lating hisself from the proceedings
And returning to Earth, where he continued to play saxophone.
Baby Bear

Baby Bear has pooped his pants.
Baby Bear can kiss my ass.

Baby Bear sowed his oats
  then ate the worms,
  his soil more rich with corn
  than Montezuma.

Baby Bear took a husband, and Big Bird
  made him a nurse.
Baby Bear's blood bled into the casserole
  with sugar and milk.
Baby Bear's son had balls like a pig
  for his father's daughters to crush;
  when they dried up, Baby Bear's son
  also pooped his pants, while handcuffed
  to a vacuum cleaner.

Baby Bear's son's fists imprinted
  on his father's daughters' faces.
Meanwhile, Baby Bear's ass flaked
  in his trousers.
Baby Bear pooped not poop but towels—you
  could weep at their beauty.
Baby Bear can kiss my ass.
Baby Bear's fur is brown as night.
  The night looks like Baby Bear's poop.
Belize Story

Three felines are playing ping-pong in Pyongyang.
Sandra Day O'Connors walks in and says,
Hey, where is Belize?
   On a map, sez cat 1.
   On a globe, sez cat 2.
   On TV, sez cat 3.
O hapless day, says Sandra Day
O'Connor, for I have looked there
and am yet Belizeless.

She counts her face
then joins a Murphy Bed for a BLINLK (50/50 mixture of water and milk).
The Murphy Bed isn't good at drinking the BLINLK.
   It's at this time the author notes
BLINLK might also be a term
for blinking milk.
Murphy Bed, where is Belize? asks SDO'C.

But Murphy Beds cannot drink or talk, so you see,
her trust was misplaced. Candice Bergen
was unavailable for comment at time of publication.
Monty Hall & Oatmeal

How many clear, dented porcupines
before you realize the sheep
are in the shaft?
O my gallon of sperm
whale
sperm, O corncobs, O gumshoes,
O many-ventricled helpers of the herd,
raise your wilde-beest proudly, munch on succorous Tangiers
because buh because

How many lemons must Laertes brandish,
how many cock-wagons must he amalgamate,
before he can rise to the rank of miseur?
Whose misery must he flank?
And of what cauldron must he be beguiled?

How French manky steeples can derange
when first the cocks fight glamorously,
how tedious the arrangements
when man & wife with matrimonial balloons
do swing by these parts.

O pardner! Who with sheriff
doth keep old Tejas
serious

PUNK
whose pink maquiladoras
fluff smizzoke through its chapped throat
Password Plus

tom kennedy's smile is so big
he can't see, so permanent
he can't cry—
he looks like another
kennedy two decades
before ted's hair grayed & his cheeks
pinked, i'm told
they're no relation but
i'm sure that's just another
government cover-up

a minister with horse
teeth is about to take
the jackpot

  revered esteemed honored respected
  poison...ivy
  ivy...league

o tom how do you stay
so skinny

  stars clouds lines flag stripes
  thorny rose
  petal bike root canoe petal stem
  curved prickly points thorns

and the winner is
a postage-stamp sized woman
in a blue housedress
Eulogy for Stephen Hawking

Stephen William Hawking: esteemed colleague, cherished friend, a sister’s brother, a mother’s black hole son.

No doubt, Stephen means something different to each of us: whether the office prankster popping wheelies down the halls of CalTech or peeing in Dr. Cosgrove’s coffee, the world’s biggest fan of fellow autotune innovator T-Pain, his despite all mellifluous voice singing Sweet Home Alabama at karaoke.

Personally, I’ll remember him for his nice butt.

But I think Stephen would most like to be remembered for his role in the theater department’s production of Hamlet. Who could forget his impassioned delivery of the “To be or not to be” soliloquy, or the dramatic closing scene where Stephen’s wheelchair tipped backward when struck by Laertes, and the sword they’d taped to his armrest kinda…bent.

He was above all a family man: he loved eating his mother’s pot roast, or, well, at least sucking it through a straw, and watching as his parents and siblings played cards and board games.

Stephen also loved his Beanie Baby collection. It’s been said that he came up with his best ideas at night, staring up at them in the collector’s hammock over his bed.

He seemed an asexual genius like any other, but a psychoanalytic reading of The Universe in a Nutshell might suggest otherwise. I mean, the man did devote his entire life to the black hole.

Although a single man at the time of his death, Stephen was deeply loved by many. Farewell, Stephen Hawking. You truly were out of this world.
4. Being a Poet

“Unless it comes unasked out of your heart and your mind and your mouth and your gut, don’t do it.”
—Charles Bukowski
Being a Poet

For the last time, poets are not strippers, we are athletes

You look at what we do and see nothing but some shaking boobs
Ways of Being

Being a scientist
Being a broad
Being a geek
Being a wallflower
Being a Google autocompleter
Being a vegetarian
Being a unicorn has its burden
Being a Lesbian
Being a Jew
Being a Mom
Being a woman artist
Being a Power Woman
Being a maid
Being a lawyer
Being a nurse
Being a true fan
Being a cub scout
Being a friend
Being a plant
Being a dog owner
Being a woman in a philosophy department
Being a doctor
Being a people-pleaser
Being a “woman in games”
Being a man in a woman’s world
Being a Ranger
Being a redhead
Being a vet
Being a hot girl
Being a bridesmaid
Being a successful homeowner
Being a loser
Being a financial advisor
Being a Nazi understanding Hitler
Being a drunken mess
Being a couch potato
Being a sociopath
Being a woman
Being a good dad outside your home
Being a teacher
Being a New York state of mind
Being a woman musician today
    Being a cheerleader
    Being a leader
    Being a cripple
Being a “best place to work” in 2010
Being a victim, anywhere, anytime
    Being a dad
Being a journeyman software developer
    Being a longhair
    Being a dude is a good thing
    Being a superhero’s brother
    Being a universalist
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Being a responsible citizen of the digital world
    Being a good blogger in 2012
        Being a toddler is hard
        Being a child?
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        Being a woman writer
        Being a video gamer
    Being a bipolar Christian
        Being a savage
        Being a southerner
        Being a persona
        Being a physicist
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    Being a social network
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Being a goat
Being a digital packrat
Being a Man DVD series
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Being a landlord
Being a guys’ girl
Being a starving graphic artist sucks
Being a great leader
Being a phagist
Being a dad makes me a dope rapper
Being a digital nomad
Being a woman and a non-physicist
Being a gentleman
Being a rookie employee
Being a body language badass
Being a woman in science
Being a vegan
Being a killjoy
Being a fish in Japan
Being a single parent
Being a sighted guide
Being a lazy bum
Being a perfectionist
Being a psychologist
Being a fool
Being a woman on Twitter
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Being a Coder can make you a better blogger
Being a guard in FPS would suck
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Being a black lesbian feminist
Being a Madoff
Being a kickass public speaker
Being a gay dad
Being a new mom
Being a soccer mom
Being a winning parent
Being a campaign
Being a male
Being a better neighbor
Being a tax is key
Being a hustler really mean?
Being a good Christian
Being a migrant sex worker in Japan
Being a successful citizen lobbyist
Being a living donor
Being a principled Republican on taxes
Being a cyborg
Being a specific source of the Times Atlas
Being a better dive buddy
Being a Rx
Being a cow broker in rural India
Being a bastion of freedom of speech
Being a billionaire is strange
Being a perv
Being a scientist in the GOP-led legislature
Being a good citizen
Being a charter city
Being a Jewish mom at Christmas isn’t so bad
Being a vegetarian eating meat again
Being a watchdog
Being a bear
Being a couple again
Being a part of personalized medicine
Being a cartoonist
Being a private chef
Being a private investigator
Being a good referee
Being a hard-ass Asian parent
Being a person
Being a polar bear zookeeper
Being a nice guy
Being a successful host
Being a startup CEO
Being a God
Being a theologian of the cross
Being a dick, cowboy up
  Being a beta male
  Being a link magnet
  Being a Good Samaritan
  Being a security master
Being a phone maker is really tough
Being a wild card team isn’t so bad
  Being a nag
  Being a virgin
  Being a teen model
  Being a feminist boy
  Being a web developer
  Being a one-termer
  Being a complete asshole
Being a starter in a recession
  Being a Skyrim werewolf
  Being a Skyrim vampire
  Being a bad client
  Being a copycat
Being a man or woman but having built something amazing
  Being a failure
  Being a lionize
  Being a hooker
  Being a dove
Being a Poet

O tree O grass O green
O rock O stream
O Keats O Shelley O Byron
O beauty O god
O red barn & corn

O poet O poetry O you
O your fucking Tom’s shoes
O love O kiss my ass
O your cafe au lait and cigarette-stained smart mouth
O your stinky loft
O your scrubbed teeth and perfect ampersands
O your AWP-attending smarmy hotshot suck-up self O your inability to repair toilets
O Christ alive O Christ dead O Christ alive & asleep

O O O O O
Entrainls

Being a Poet

Would Robert Lowell paint his apartment green Would Lord Byron join Facebook Would Keats be on e-Harmony did Reznikoff shop at Ikea Did Baudelaire listen to MGMT Was Robert Frost a schmuck Did the Brownings set aside a Sunday to just screw What kind of toilet paper does John Ashbery use

How does one make the dough to order one’s takeout How does one need to do anything One doesn’t but breathe sleep eat shit Not even fucking is essential (don’t tell Juliana Spahr that)

I must now clean my bathroom it must be nice to have a maid like Rae Armantrout A maid like Rae Armantrout
Entrails

Clean that Armantrout! One did breathe, sleep a harmony. Robert Frost paint shop: Reznikoff on a Chinese toilet. Was Lord Ashbery nice? Keats' maid doesn't prefer the Armantrout. “It shit.” Byron, the bathroom schmuck, does like Brownings. What does his order need? A maid to screw? Don’t tell John how to eat one, how one's kind, anything.
Being a Poet

I AM A SENSITIVE POET

TALK TO ME AND YOU'LL HURT MY FEELINGS

I SIT AROUND AND READ ARTSY FARTSY STUFF ALL DAY

WOMEN WHO HAVE BAD HYGIENE LOVE ME

I DON'T HAVE BALLS OR A PICK UP TRUCK

I'VE NEVER ROBBED A BANK        FARMWORK ISN'T FOR ME

I'VE PROBABLY NEVER HAD A REAL JOB AND I PROBABLY NEVER WILL

DO I EVEN KNOW WHAT BEER IS

OR FOOTBALL
Entrails

Even job stuff will love around balls and all. You'll love up my sensitive football. I know I do artsy talk. Me, who never had a poet, me, me! A woman to pick for I have bad beer. Or am I never probably what I've never read. Probably. What artsy farmwork.
Being a Nanner

A controversial issue has been whether poets are bananas. On the one hand, they are about $1.29 a half-dozen. On the other hand, they are not a good source of potassium.

Philip Rivers is on location with more. Philip?
Being a Poet

Jonny is a real poet
See how he reads Jack Spicer
Watch him go at it with all
the piety of a nun, the diligence of a prison
painter. He understands Norma Cole
Go Jonny go go go Jonny be
a poet—storm

the barn, get a boner, pretend
you're Fred Merkle, play second base
& woo them all, woo-hoo
O Jonny you're an inspiration, come
down to us like an angel, with vocabulary
halo and Ash-bery wings
Entrails

Inspiration: go go, play, woo, you're wings. Jonny, a Jonny base poet reads Jonny boner, you're to Norma “the Prison” Cole second to nun. Get real, angel Jonny, he pretends piety. Come all, go all, go with them, woo-hoo. Watch a storm. See down a vocabulary. Understand with them.
More Ways of Being

- Being a helicopter
- Being hubcaps
- Being a cucumber
- Being Robert Bly on a motorboat
- Being a scepter
- Being a raptor
- Being a dilly-dallier
- Being a flea
- Being John Donne
- Being Kenny Goldsmith on crack
- Being a dubstep producer
- Being a bad speller
- Being Yngwie Malmsteen on crack
- Being a silver fox
- Being a hare
- Being a jujube
- Being a Jujyfruit enthusiast
- Being a quest narrative
- Being a razorwire
- Being a teething infant
- Being a deceiver
- Being an umbrella
- Being the shah of a not-yet-established Middle Eastern nation
- Being a witch in a time when witches were revered as sages
  - Being an advocate for plate tectonics
  - Being a surveyor but not knowing the job description
  - Being a severed head or its severed mouth
  - Being a tally ho!
  - Being a piss ant
- Being a redneck poet of pickup truck tailgates
  - Being a dingleberry
  - Being a heart attack
  - Being a cropduster
  - Being a frenchkisser of bulldogs
- Being a psychopathic neurosurgeon
- Being a social networker for a social network
  - Being a table of contents organizer
- Being a puppetmaster for a large circus
Being a gingerbread house
   Being a zing
   Being a habit
Being a lacrosse game
Being a vineyard on another planet
Being a testosterone molecule
   Being an underground
   Being a rabbi
   Being a Western
   Being a ficus
Being a partially hydrogenated substance
   Being a fully hydrogenated poet
Being a ficus
   Becoming an estrogen molecule
Being Batman’s questionable authority
   Being an isotope
   Being a population under duress
   Being a destination where many shag
   Being a gargantuan
   Being a klezmer orchestra
   Being a Sudoku puzzle
   Being a van operator
   Being a wargame
Being a full professor eating crackerjacks
   Being a submarine operator
   Being an orator
   Being a yo-yo
   Being a garbage can
   Being a Tokyo tool shop
   Being a dedication page
   Being a lasso
   Being an archer
   Being an octopus lover
   Being a seven
   Being a character in Revelation
   Being a deathpunch
   Being a game of golf
Being a Wise® brand chips distributor
   Being a deuce-dropper
   Being Captain Ahab
Being a ranch dressing
Being closed on Tuesdays
  Being not allowed
  Being a headhunter
  Being a goat is a good idea
Being a number sequencer 1 2 3 4 5 3 4
Being ticklish in Shanghai
  Being a grown-up
  Being a snake tickler
  Being a magic trick
  Being a tickle
Being asasfjgoisdfhb
  Being cijvxcoihb
  Being a thhhhhhhhhbbpt
Being a Proet

It's all kind of fucked
up now, isn't it—
herky-jerky road to non-plateau, non-
apex; no
fitting into a, b, c, x;
no categories, no
imperatives. It's all kind of
unimpressive: the act
of transmuting white
to black, the impotent
firing off
of a, b, c, x to brain or to bosom. Take this
to heart, put
this in your pipe, put this
tabacky: I call it
poem. Not poem?
Then proem.
As useful as pouring boiling
$H_2O$ on your mitts.
Fucked right
in its puss, ass, take your
pick. Nose,
mouth, sure, a, b, c, x. Mis-
leading; a good sex
act is good. It's all kind of
gibberish. De, de, da, da
do. Dada's dope. Dada did
a lot of dope. The way I do
GREASE. Yes I munch
on cud like any other good
American. Except it isn't cud it's hot
vomit.
**Entrails**

Bosom, ass, of your non-hot brain. A useful nose, except to sometimes pour on impotent mouth. Leading off B-way road. All it is, isn't. It's now. It's fucked. Take x; vomit. As x, take transmuting unimpressive all. Do all this, then fuck a dope a lot. In your heart it's no good. Yes, right, it's gibberish, boiling categories, a puss (no sex), your herky- jerky dada in good white poem. The fire of now.
Butcher-Poet

How can I be better than Shakespeare
Who will talk about me
in four hundred years
Has Kanye West heard of me
The only thing done heard of me is this sandwich

I would kill Bambi if it would make me Kanye West
There would be deer jerky growing in my greenhouse made of brick and the mortar
Would be my own
Spit and while I’m at it maybe I would make the bricks too, out of my own blood

I don’t remember how I got home from school
all those years. I never learned how to drive, so
I must have walked. 180 days of school a year,
4 years—that’s 520 walks home. I can’t tell
you a single moment from any of them, except
when a senior told me he bet I could suck a
golfball through a garden hose. It definitely
never rained . Also, I definitely never sucked a
golfball through a garden hose.

I require a convertible. Edgar Allan Poe did not require
a convertible, but then again his writing
was shit. And yet we know his name. I think even Kanye West might.
He calls him Eddy. Eddy calls him Kahn and that makes me require
a hot dog.

Having your own slaughterhouse is underrated.
Big fans in there so you’ll hardly notice the
stink. The blood, on the other hand, can be a
nuisance. You might want to dig ditches for this
purpose. To get rid of the blood, I mean. What
you are really hoping to get from your
livestock is the meat. Then they do something
called curing the meat. You should learn to do
this. What you do with the bones is up to you.

The roof will be made out of the tires I discarded
after my convertible used them presumably
until they were as thin as roofing tiles. I will not replace it probably ever
and when bad things happen maybe it will come in, the roof.

I don’t actually want a house like that. If only
I could own a mansion on a stream. This mansion
Will have gables and nearby will be
a city. You can see its skyline over a hill and that
is where the people are.
I am like a little mermaid here in my man-
sion. I won this mansion after I wrote something like Shakespeare did.
I am famous.
Kanye West is my personal chef.
Uncivil Liberties

picketing for rights to unionize,
rackets rockets and rickets, we'll have all—
poetic license to kill, before and
aftermath
set that aside

write what you know, in other words
if you know it, then write it. question:
therefore
if you don't know it, don't write it
Converse Error
you know it
therefore you write it
Modus Ponens
set that aside

non-controversial
try again
un-controversial, not-controversial
caught break-
ing but not entering, super
but not duper
try again
too controversial
try again
set that aside

writers' arraignments for criminal
arrangements. testimony:
words on bullets aren't read
but connect with their audience
set that aside
You Have Death Written All Over Your Face

having written

having had written
having had to have written
having had to have been writing
having had had to have been writing something written

having had had to have been writing something which had to have been written

having had had to have been wanting to write something which had to have been written

having had had to have been wanting to have been writing something which had to have been written

having died wanting to have been writing something which, having had had to have been written, had been written

i am dead but i know the dead are not able to speak

•

rate using “passed away” versus “died” 1-10:
“to die,” verb (infinitive), flat, not subtle;
“to pass,” verb (infinitive), from here to something else i.e. “has passed
on/passed
through” i.e. to something else; in other words “passed on the highway of life” i.e. in another lane, exiting ahead, exiting a head—lodging available, exit a head

“killing” versus “dying,” verbs (active), “is dying”
e.g. “so and so is dying in the hospital”
but is not dead yet, might not even die at all, more correctly “so and so is living in the hospital.”
is killing, is trying to kill, has been killing, had been killing, had had been killing, has had been killing, has had had been killing, having had been killing, having has had had been killing, had he been having has had had been killing.

so-and-so isn't with us anymore. active verbs now perfect: killed dead gone & that's all she wrote.
Lines for New January

Looked  
Saw  
spoken names  
horizontal mantra vocalists  
Jackson’s bait accepting hook  
John Cage reckless amidst high-minded kinetographs  
dropping olive oil across my later face  

Jung’s happening because my so-called  
Dickinson words emerge  
large new sonnets  
books  
much recommended aleatoric reference books  
line sounds rewritten  
harassments  
million materials including  
levels comically newlike sockets new  
Million method minimum  
Psychoanalysis arriving leads to new  
such books, each large work pseudo-written  
Juxtaposed each takes exposed sponsors—  
Antimonious mutism  
broken divisions  
amaterial nuclei  

Letters not vowels jump path once January  
vocabulary chooses omnifold certainties  
Just same translated dictionaries  
pseudowords adjacent  
lines down