**things that don’t belong in poems:**

“Great gouts of snot!”

“you are my oligarchy”

“for are we not robots?”

“egregiously gregarious”

“you really packed those puppies in there!”

“I hate you all”

“I love you all”

“I’m relatively possibly indifferent, more or less”

“what have you done with my pumpkin?”

“lovestick”

“disorientationizability”

“you are the cream cheese of my life”

“Be thou warned!”

“I’ve fallen and I can’t get up”

Note: the author intends to use all these phrases at some time.