

you

me

digital creative writing poetry

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- The Theory (and Recipe) on How Earn is Rich in the Second Season of Atlanta Episodes .5 , 1.5 , 2 , 3 , and Some of the Others but I Forget Which Ones

I'm going to write i'm going to write in all lowercase because it's more stream of consciousness but Perhaps i can capitalize certain Words as if they have some sort of meaning and make it even more artsy By Actually having them Spell someThing OUt or perhaps have them not spell anything out to incriminate me more (more on that later). punctualization? i meant punctuation?, in this piece? people use wacky spellings and Punctuation in their pieces and it's really meaningful, good art. what about the opposite? Using punctuation >/ for no reason \> other than it to be nonsense? isn't that meaningful, doesn't that have a im getting off topic. this is about the second season of atlanta, starring donald glover in his own show about the rise of a rapper. Donald is also an award winning artist/rapper, who my cigarette went out FUCK i just tried to relight it and it caught on fire do people relight cigarettes? has that ever happened in the history of everything before? or am i just high. another topic, does saying you do drugs that are illegal in art and release it to the public incriminate you? Can the FBI knock on my door and confiscate my weed stash hiding under my bed? Is this non-fiction or fiction, or autobiographical non-fictionalized-non-fiction? because i'm high I'm so high and i feel so guilty. I can't show this piece to my mom, or my dad. They have parts I haven't written yet. I owe them something special, unique, my favorite one so far has been Tom's piece, it makes me smile a lot.

I'm going to start this piece as a cooking recipe, i'll introduce it by "Hey, if you're interested in cooking things, cook more here." What if i linked that to an actual cooking channel? video? of substance to my mom, I miss her cooking. Parts of Atlanta are so real hilarious that it incriminates the writers. I feel that level of creativity had to be cultivated from drugs, has anyone ever been incriminated like that? If not, has anyone every written a fiction piece on what if? Maybe this is a part of the Atlana universe, more on that right now. In the second season of atlanta, the cast are entirely moved away. To a parallel universe. What if that's the truth? In the writing? That is an idea that had to have come from being high, like me. Would they go to jail? Can a lawyer prove that in court?

I don't like lawyers, I did mock trial in high school and all they did was give me tips and tell me to be louder, it was so scripted, i want it to be like lawyer tv shows like Suits. in Atlanta, there are many reasons that the See, I told you the writers had to be high to imagine a universe like that! So can they go to jail, and if so, in press conferences and interviews would they have to say no to every question? but secretly they used lawyers which we've already established that I hate. Will someone look at this and call it genius? Will a digital creative writing professor call it genius, when I just got high and disobeyed my mom and am constantly terrified they'll find out I do drugs? What if I show them this piece? Will they say it's genius, can I get away by saying I wasn't high? What's my excuse? Maybe they'll believe I did it while not on substances (which I'm not), so they won't hate me. they want to love me. I think. I had a really good thought and then just lost it. What if I spend 40 hours css styling this ramble, will it be considered genius? Can I admit to the public that I do drugs? I'm a junky loser, will this be used against my character in a court of law in case I want to divorce my third wife? Will this art piece cost me my child? I'd name her Stella, or Sophie like the girl in the bottom-left-corner.

Does Donald Glover show this show to his wife? Or parents? He would have to have been high to create a universe with so many possibilities, like how Earn is rich as fuck. Earn gives the man in episode 1 a hundred dollar bill, so in one move, it's already possible. Yeah he's shy around Darius and Al but that might be a facade, or they could all be rich people and it's a comment on fame, WHICH might I remind you THAT DONALD GLOVER explores and experiences ALL THE TIME! Earn has to be rich! More evidence following. Earn doesn't flinch when he gives his friend the money. He's a really nice rich guy, some more irony that's definately happening. Donald Glover is a genius after all. WHAT IF, the girl in episode 8 was Whoopi Goldberg? I was high but I couldn't tell for sure but if it was, that would be an incredible comment proving my theory because Donald would be in the same exact position as this theorized Earn! This is art! Exploring what weed does, it's good art! It's nuanced, it's meta it has layers!

If this wins any awards, that would be terrifying. It's an awful piece, it's too personal. I haven't even gotten permission from these people. If I get sued, can someone use this as testimony? Can I claim it was just art, and I wasn't high? Or did drugs? Or cigarettes? I'll probably lose, someone that hates me like kuhu or sarah or even moni would make me lose millions. Even if it's not from this piece, in the future, this art piece would be testimony for me to lose something. Attack my character. Finding parts that incriminate me would be really difficult, imagine someone going through this combing for the incrimination points? Is this a new genre? This is so scary, so bold, claiming I'm a junky. Is this fictionalized? Are parts fiction while the other parts are just me high? But then if I'm high I have to be a junky. That's a paradox, a mexican stand-off. It's new, it's bold, it's really personal, it hurts to read this and everything else. I'm going to stop taking my antidepressants, let it build up, kill myself, death by jumping off a

building, the tallest height I can find, I've always been scared of heights ever since my parents took me to the Empire State Building when I was 7. we climbed the top, I saw people ants. I love them. I never say that often enough, and if they see or read this, god Am i in trouble. They must hate me. I'd hate me, I do hate me.

I hate Donald Glover for not having season 3 written. It's so nuanced, so creative, so wacky. In the episode 2, he gets offered gift cards wait, he gets the money back from his puppy deal with darius wait, parts of this sound sane, others insanely on drugs. Will people judge me for this? For me? Do you think that happens to artists, they can't connect with those close to people or others who are genuine yet hate drugs, they can never do that. I can never do that if I put this out there. It's insanely terrifying. Does Donald Glover experience this? Or Eric Andre? Or Chance the Rapper? Or Destroyer? Do their parents hate them, because they'll hate me. Do most parents not act like that? The puppies. Right. Cash in the envelope, earn says it's 4k but that might not be the case. Or it might be, regardless, it doesn't disprove this theory. It has to do with whether the gift cards work. If they do, then Earn will double, triple, quadruple his money. If they don't, Earn could not be rich in this episode. I need to remember to artsy cross that out. Even is he isn't he definately could be in the episodes after. Oxymoron. Stupid.

This writing fucking sucks. It's raw, its dangerous, it's long, it's boring, it's fucking weird and strange. You could read this piece for hours, find all sorts of reasons into my brain, becoming me even more. Isn't that good? This weed piece, or it might be sober, gets you deeper into being me. This is important to the whole piece. If a tree falls on you, like a family tree, like if it falls on you and you join it. But a family tree that's every influence in a person's life. My life. That's crazy, someone had to have been on weed to write that, so was I? Or am I wacky and

crazy? Sam left me because she couldn't tell anymore. I told her a joke and she thought I was too crazy to have made that joke, that I was cheating on her. I wasn't, I didn't want to I really loved her. she made me feel like I was 4. or 6, talking. Fucking. That's sick, that's a good stanley kubrick film topic; he died RIP.

In that atlanta scene, what if whether he i completely derailed my thought my hands are so tiny. Look at them, like those people from the Empire State Building. I'm going to put this out there, maybe people will read and notice how every single word in here goes towards being me. Every single piece, and then you become me. Every word, every comma, every space every language choice nuance rambles choices, you become me. You become my tree. Me as a tree. I came up with that Title while I was sober, let that be known because it's genius. It's clever, catchy, comical, and me at it's everything. Trees, growth. I am the title. I am this piece. I want to be you. Maybe. I feel like the Atlanta theorist. like Music theorist but for atlanta. Atlanta.

Where was I? Styling this is going to be fucking hell, if I want to style each individual word. An icon for every single word. Can this be a meme? Can someone do that? If anyone ever does that, and I get rich, I will pay you one million dollars. No, depending on how rich I am, 10 million dollars. This is my signature, please sue me if I don't from this art piece. Actually actually. This is a treasure hunt if you are reading this entire thing, 10 million dollars. No joke, signatures, party, whatever you want. I'm actually terrified if that happens. I spoke about it a lot, I need to hide it more. Maybe make the text upside down? Backwards? Read out by text encoders? Like that VST I never use, I wish I could use it. Seriously, about that money it's fair game. Godspeed, I mean it. Don't ever think I don't, I could be the biggest man in the world. The universe. God maybe I think too highly of myself. Do I have an ego problem? Why do I take

uppers then? Antidepressants? To feel sane? Happy? Good about myself, for other people? I need at least 3 icons per line, 14pt Times New Roman font double spaced count up three in each line to make an icon different icons all of them throughout the piece. I promise if I have the money it will go to you. Get in touch, bvd5889@rit.edu. Also try out @stringlessguitar. I forget the twitter names of those pieces.

Earn has to be rich, how else would Darius be able to be at Drake's party? And what if Van was paranoid about Earn at that party? Because he was at better parties? Maybe Earn gave Van money to get into that party? All valid theories. I'm dead serious right now. I hope someone does a live reading of this holy shit I am so smart. I'm almost not high anymore, I definately had more theories but I came down. I want to do the come down at my college rock band party. if i change the word niggas to bitches can that be ok? Will people see these lines as racist if they dissect this? Is that ok, am I comfortable with that? What if I say I'm racist right now, can that be used in a court of law against my character? But that's insane, a lot of this has been insane, so will that not work? If I become the richest man in the world, this could be used to incriminate me so much, That's terrifying but only shitty art isn't terrifying. Like EDM music, or country, or novels, or fiction come on.

Be fucking better, write with more wild words, do more ridiculous, dumb things. Do something interesting? Like this, is this interesting or just stupid? Am I stupid? Yes, but has anyone else ever thought the way that I have? no, there's no way. I'm too modern, to pushy, too artsy, too dedicated, too scared, too alone, too feared, too hurt, too fucked to have any imitators. No one else has ever done this before. I have to be smart. Or am I an idiot who gets high and does drugs? A shitty drugy junkie fuck. Teddy Perkins wasn't even that scary. The face was

really good while on acid though. Was I on acid? Is this fantasy? Or non-fiction? What parts of this are fiction, what aren't? Is that treasure hunt non-fiction, could I use that to avoid payment? Will I lose fans? Probably. Fuck.

Do I care how people perceive me.. With drugs yes, I might never be able to have a real job because of this piece. This says something about me. This is a confession. A pocket journal. A will. This is a death sentence, shoots off and fuck off from my parents. My brother. My congresswoman. I might never be able to run for president. Could you imagine news networks taking excerpts from this, and my lawyers defending me as if this is art? If it gets out, it gets out it's a killing blow to my presidency candidacy. This shitty piece, and if it wins awards god that's even more terrifying. I would have to delete it. Hide it. I don't want to be known for this, for this innocence this me. I want people to like me, to believe in me, to trust me, to love me. How can anybody love me? Sam doesn't love me. She could be with another guy right now, sucking his dick even though she never sucked mine. Fucking him. I loved her, right? Who do I love? My brother, my mom, my dad, me? Probably not. No. I don't love myself. I hate myself. I hate looking myself in the mirror when I try clothes on, the other day a button popped off and I felt atrocious and fat and large.

What do I do with this piece????!?!?! Hide it, delete it, publish it, earn literary awards. It's too personal. It's too ugly. It's too scary. It's too me. Is this good art? Is this amazing? Is that what publishers are looking for? Earnest Hemingway made me do harder drugs, Kurt Vonnegut for cigarettes. If they weren't born or so lucky with publishers then I wouldn't be like this. I'd be better, safer. I'd have Sam still. I'd be in a completely different time in my life, maybe dead, maybe dropped out. Maybe broke, homeless. Will my life affect anyone in the universe like that?

Is this all planned, or reactions from simulators/blueprints or people. Can I be responsible for the next atomic bomb? Maybe, right? Every step, I probably already have in some way. We all probably have in many ways, Hitler, Vonnegut, All of these creators are linked to all of us. We're all one people, one person. We have to be. It's impossible to not be linked, because we all affect so much with every fingernail every heart beat ever chair creek. That's immeasurable, infinite. That's scary. I know I had more Atlanta theories but I forget and it's 4 am so bye bye. If you've come this far, thank you. log into my fb twitter profiles, they're hidden in here somewhere.