My sorrows fill the room

With every glance he takes

At me

Me!

His eyes, like icy spheres,

Like a great, crystal snowman’s

Pierce my very being

And I am left

Cold

Lonely

Melancholy.

~

CHINGATE

~

Her bountiful endowments surely frame a supple frame

I’m ready to make her my wife, though I don’t know her name

For she is lovely, like a rose, with rosy cheeks that blush

And when I think of her soft skin, I cannot help but flush

But woe is me! I cannot live like I am naught to her,

My life is nothing without something tender, such as her.

My head’s aflame; I’m much the same as any other guy

She cannot see, so (woe is me!) I might lie down and die

Her soft black hair, a shiny curtain, cascades down her back,

Her eyes that shine like velvet wine that frame her healthy rack

Her pungent stench, that lovely wench, has legs like a giraffe’s

I tell my brother of my love; he turns his head and laughs

~

INTENTIONALLY AWFUL

I know I like him, but, like, does he, me?

I’d ask him, but I’m scared of what he’d say.

There’s, like, a lot that our relationship could be.

His football jacket’s all that I can see.

(I pass him in the halls three times a day)

I know I like him, but, like, does he, me?

Amanda says he’s way too hot for me.

Your dumb, Amanda; that’s all I can say.

There’s, like, a lot that our relationship could be.

My life is such a struggle, OMG.

I need him more with every passing day.

I know I like him, but, like, does he, me?

There must be meaning to this, something I can’t see.

God has a plan, so I’ll to church and pray.

There’s, like, a lot that our relationship could be.

But love keeps getting harder...actually.

I’d ask him out if I could find a way.

I know I like him, but, like, does he, me?

There’s, like, a lot that our relationship could be.

<3 omg your soooo talented I feel JUST like she does! so weird!!!! YOUR SO AMAZING ily ;D

(intentionally beautiful)

Roses are red,

violets are blue.

I wish I could touch

every inch of you.

When I see your eyes,

And you touch my butt,

I want to walk down

the hallways and strut.

But you are not perfect,

So close, yet so far!

For your darque skin tone

Looks like hot black tar.

I can’t tell my family,

I can’t tell my mates,

For they would all joke

That you are just bait.

But what a bait for?

You cannot give more

Than I can for you!

You smell like shit poo.

But it’s not your fault

For your stinky scent!

You smell like your people

Whose slaving they lent.

O woe, but I lie

I really do try

To love the sweet scent

Of McDonald fries.

And ebony eyes

And fifty-cent ties

And baked apple pies

And rippling black thighs

I ask myself “Why

do I always cry?”

But I simply sigh,

For you’re a black guy.

A white man is smart

A black man is dumb.

He can’t even find

A stable income!

Your race is too bad

It makes me quite sad

At least you don’t fall

When you play b-ball.

Back to Zimbabwe!

Back to Bostwana!

Begone now, thou swarthy

Man of Uganda!

But deep down, you know

That I do not care

About chocolate skin

That you have to wear.

For there is one thing

That others can’t see.

I value in men

A good BBC.

(I think we could illustrate this one.)

HI BRIAN I’M GLAD YOU LIKED MY POEM I HOPE YOU HAVE A LOVELY DAY/EVENING/TOMORROW :) MWAH <3 THIS IS CHEESY I DON’T CARE

**You are good.**

**(Heart)**

*La faim*

My empty stomach grumbled in acetic discontent,

So through the kitchen, to the cupboard, searching I had went.

But what I saw on oaken doors, whose shelves are always stocked,

Was barren, stark depletion, and it faced me, and it mocked.

But luckily, those bags of air had remnants of sweet chips,

And when I sought those salty crumbs, delighted were mine lips!

I fixated on food remains, which echoed of the last

Voracious binge, nostalgic for that sweet ambrosial past.

I wrote that a while ago. I was very hungry. I just ate 17 ravioli things. Now I feel fat.

*I Am Fat*

I am fat

Like a cat

On a mat

In a hat!

What is that?

That is me.

Skipping so

merrily.

Happy as

Shell-shocked clams

Who were hit

with a “wham!”

Too much jam

Too much ham

Way too much

jam on ham

Ham on jam

jam on clams

clams on hams and honey graham

Crackers that

dry the mouth

Give me gout

Take me out

For I am

lonely and

waiting for

shattered you.

This is a

well poem.

I am a

well poet.

HEY BRIAN YOU NEED TO WRITE SOMETHING AHORA KTHXBAI

No u

***HERE IT BEGINS AGAIN RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW OKAY LET’S GO***

1. Banana
2. Hygiene
3. **Vagina fish**
4. Roof masturbation
5. Naked mother
6. Naked self
7. Two man sex
8. Anal sex
9. Nipples
10. Bed wetting
11. Nazis
12. BDSM drawing
13. Thongs
14. Placenta
15. 2am
16. Nose blood
17. Stomach fat rupture

**HEY BRIAN. What the heck was this list supposed to be????**

**IT WAS YOUR LIST OF SECRETS, YOU FOOL. I need to dig out the original letter and see which ones were true….**

The day we went to the arcade and saw that which was mildly to severely unnerving, that being the overweight tailor who liked to molest overweight adolescent girls, such as the protagonist, Julie.

Julia has schizophrenia. Hence the “we.”

* Girl Julie skinny until Atkins
* Nice man. Smile time
* Cheers her up. Usually down. Quite fat and sad. Difficult to say which is worse.
* Feeling flattered. Man up + leaves.
* Card left. Google date
* HE IS A BLOGGER WHO LOVES FATTIES

On that morning, that being the morning of the twenty-first of June, two-thousand and twelve anno domini, I had the pleasure of being ac

And I fell out of bed with a flub. My brightly-colored clown suit was apt as a carnival-themed restaurant’s waitress, but it made me look like an amoeba that swallowed a rainbow and took its form.

I’d been blessed as a child with smooth, pale skin and a lithe, supple frame. And with that winsome figure, my mother enrolled me in gymnastics. With my natural talent oozing from my every pore, I reached the top of my league in a matter of months. I was happy and perfect, and everyone wanted to be me, or simply, wanted me.

But things changed in high school. It seems that self-awareness came creeping up on me on one stupidly average day, and as I observed the pretty skeletons from shiny magazines, and compared them to the rotund shell in the mirror, I became starkly aware of my own massive protuberance. My mother was as skeletal as the magazine models, but her fatal flaw lay hold in her gaunt face, akin to that of a wrinkled orange peel. My body may not have been as good as hers, but my face was certainly prettier. Still, I was not satisfied. When I told her of my woes, she immediately sympathized, judging my pudgy lovehandles and sausage fingers, and introduced me to the Atkin’s Diet, her simple method of maintaining a healthy, bone-conforming BMI that she’d picked up in her elementary school days.

The low-carbohydrate diet seemed scientifically sound and easily attainable. I cut pasta and bread and cake from my diet and filled my plates with juicy greens and cherry tomatoes and lima beans. But, oh, the unprecedented horror! My palate didn’t experience anything sweet for up to an *entire* week, and by the end of it, the world was colored a dull rust, and my sense of smell disappeared, and I cried daily for humanity’s lost hope.

So, I gave up. On eating vegetables and fruits, that is. If I wasn’t allowed to have doughnuts or cupcakes or sandwiches, I damn well would have my Twizzlers. My stomach transformed into the acidic wet dream of Willy Wonka, filled with chocolates and wine gums and licorice and jollies, and oh, it was simply delightful! I ate and ate and swelled and swelled and here I am today, pathetically slumped on the floor, as the fat on my cheeks rise to partially cover my eye sockets, with naught but a puny blanket to hide my jiggling, disgusting, throbbing mass.

Yet here I am, alive, and well, and working in a diner. Day after day, in a tedious flurry of wasted hours that never seems to end, I’m forced to suffer through the agony of watching other people eat, of hearing others stuff themselves with food. I’m miserable. I’m sizable. And, worst of all, I’m not too fat to grow.

And thus I spend my days alone and working in a diner. Day in, day out, I trudge my way through drudgery and filth, reveling in the thickly sweetened scent of milkshakes mixed with just a bit of day-old grease. It’s for flavor, you know, the grease, and to cut down on wasteful spending; prices would be much higher if we didn’t put it all to use. Prices would be much, much higher. The customers couldn’t afford to eat, save one, who’s sitting darkly cloaked and in the corner.

Alone, he sits. He sits alone. Rather, he waits expectantly, hid fingers clasped, while smiling at the wall. Quite still. Still quite alone. Alone, he sits expectantly and watches whitened walls.

I hold a tray of steaming food and wonder where to walk, across or up or down the aisles filled with little screaming skeletons, all thin and unconcerned. My tray calls out to him. My mind does much the same. But I think, and I cringe, and I can feel the remnants of another meal fall through my small intestine. Cottage cheese and Nesquik powder, too. It seemed much better in theory.

(There’s much that is, I once was told, when mother said that Atkins always works; well does it work, my mother dear? Has Atkins made me lovely like you said?)

I secretly kind of liked it. I secretly wanted more. However, my body gave way to my true feelings, and I not so secretly orgasmed thrice. The ordeal was over within a matter of seconds, and thus I couldn’t help but feel somewhat underwhelmed; was this all my rapist was capable of?