

The following is a sample from my book *Why Did I Write This?: A Short Chapbook*. If you enjoy this small taste, please consider purchasing the book here:

https://www.amazon.com/Why-Did-Write-This-Chapbook/dp/1722933445/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1548926612&sr=8-1&keywords=why+did+i+write+this

Thank you.

PREFACE

Provocative title, isn't it? No less true, however. It is a good question though: why did I write this book? Logically speaking, there isn't really a persuasive reason. Currently, I'm a college freshman majoring in computer science. Most of my days are spent in color-coded programming environments, getting myself stuck in infinite logic loops. My ultimate goal is to become a renowned game developer, up there with legends like Shigeru Miyamoto, Todd Howard, Cliff Bleszinski, etc. Additionally, I'm hoping to earn an MBA, MS in computer science, and an MFA in game design after my undergraduate studies. Ambitious? Exceptionally. Successful? Hopefully. However, I recently decided to add a double major in English with an emphasis in creative writing to my studies. This is because I want to craft engaging narrative experiences within the medium of video games, something that hasn't always been a focal point of the industry.

Still, storytelling is an extremely different kind of writing format than poetry. So, this within itself doesn't justify this book. The basis of this book was born out of a conversation I had with one of my English professors. Since I added my double major late in the year, I had my first English class in the final quarter of the academic year. It was called *Literary Studies*, and it was simply an introduction to the mechanics and techniques that constructed proper works of literature. During our poetry module, I was assigned an essay on Claude McKay's *America* that deconstructed his use of literary devices to better understand how he created a sense of meaning throughout the work. While I was working diligently on the assignment in my dorm room, a question popped into my head: why is all "prolific" poetry designed in such a way that the reader must dismantle the work to understand it? In my view, literature is something that a majority of people should understand reasonably on the surface level, even if there are beautiful subtleties or nuances hidden within the lines. Yet, almost all the poetry I read for this class perplexed my non-English major friends.

The next day, I brought this notion up to my professor. She was very open to hearing my thoughts, but ultimately disagreed. She insisted that the best poetry was meant to be explored, not simply understood. If people took the time to experience what each poem had to offer, she argued, then they would at least enjoy some of it. That seems counterintuitive to the point of literature, in my opinion; the author wrote their work to send a message or to express themselves to the world, not to be "somewhat" understood. And that's assuming a normal person can correctly decipher the poem. The reason we have English classes is so that we recognize the techniques involved in poetry. A normal, everyday person likely won't know the difference between a monologue and a soliloquy. If the value of these structures is lost on the reader, so is a part of the poem's overall purpose.

So I set out to defy the standards of poetry with this short chapbook. Let me be clear: this is not a representation of my writing. None of this has been designed to show off my skills in lyrical pose or composition. Rather, I've designed this chapbook as an experiment. With the

help of friends and family, I have written these (purposely) simplistic poems. Some are designed to be humorous, others more serious, and a few that are simply idiotic. The only goal I have for you, as the reader, is that you feel something when you read one of these poems. You may find one incredibly hilarious, while you are disgusted by the next few to the point where you find difficulty in just reading them off the page. Much like Andy Kaufman, as long as you aren't left entirely perplexed, and you feel true emotion about what you've just read, I've achieved my goal. Poetry isn't meant to be appreciated for its complexity. Each poem is a statement from the author, and it is up to the reader to decide how they feel about that statement for themselves.

Many close to me have advised me not to write this. "Purposely bad poetry? How is that a good idea?" The answer is: it really isn't. I'll probably look back at this book and laugh at how poorly I wrote. But, like a poem, this book is a statement. It is up to you to decide whether you agree with me or not.

I'M IN LOVE!

I'm not quite sure what I'd do without her....
Meeting her, at first, put me in a spur...
Love, after all, is intoxicating vigor!
Even one drop makes you drunk, like liquor.
All we've been through, thick and thin,
vicarious itself does not even begin,
in depth, describe the affection we had for each other.
Nobody else was at all fairer.
Good day, I thought, this morning in bed!
Yondered down the stairs, with careful tread...
Outside she stood, and with my approach onward,
Under her breath, she charmingly whispered,

Broken Together

Love is not truly understood
It is not stability; nor beauty;
nor passion; nor promise;
and perhaps best of all,
it is not elation.

There is no perfect "one".
"One" who is so unique
as to fulfill your desires.
It is not in our nature
to live up to such virtues.

At the core of ourselves,
we are all broken somehow.
For some it is self-identity,
and others, servitude.
Servitude to those gone by.

Love is two broken souls

trying to mend one another.
It may be messy, imperfect.
But in the end, if committed,
we pick up each other's shards.

Work
Monotony, gratification
Draining, fulfilling, disheartening
Both defining and nothing
Life

A Message for Ernest Hemingway

This is: not a, satisfying story.