Untitled

C. Bradley Jacobs
Then since I had not come to understand I was kicking around definitions of poetry and art and such things that (as even now things) trouble me and defy to be shackled by my own guess I was reading and reading and trying to imitate Allen Ginsberg and Howl e.e. cummings and then in prose Hunter S. Thompson and their bad craziness and it turns out that now though I have a greater working knowledge that I get still fits of up and going nowhere I ran from poetry class with a novel idea and dreams of the future brilliance that I will wake up with someday if (and when) I ever find myself a poet I'll have sentence-rule bending strength and I yanked out a notebook and was brought back down to earth by the dead weight of stuff I have yet to sift from my writing the lengthy ramblings and this and that and that and this bullshit that swamps my forest I don’t really enjoy it though having to chop down my own trees sometimes is necessary

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