

Intro to Creative Writing Selected Poems

Whiteouts

It's like asking for a kiss and he hands you a Hershey's kiss.

Like an evil tea kettle, the water vapor is actually a steam sauna...

You turn on the faucet and a miniature family gets sucked down the drain.

It's like calling 911 from an airplane 12,000 feet in the air over the Pacific Ocean and the operator asks for your location.

It's like being labeled by a label machine and your price tag says \$9.99 but when the customer takes you to the register, it turns out you're 30% off.

It's like telling the fish to stop talking in your ear swimming through the pond you're escaping in while trying to get away from the tadpoles.

It's like telling someone you love them and they say "me too."

It's like trying to play house with your daughter when you're postponing doing the laundry to play house.

It's like having children just so you can have a spokesperson for your mattress company.

It's like giving yourself a paper cut on the box of band-aids while getting out a band-aid to put on your paper cut.

It's like a cow squeezing your nipple and drinking the milk.

It's like losing at a spelling bee to a third grader.

It's like a third grader losing at a spelling bee to a dog.

It's like a dog losing at a spelling bee to an illiterate caterpillar...losing at a spelling bee to a speck of dust.

It's like getting married because you lost a bet.

Or driving a horse-drawn carriage through an Apple store.

You refuse to put a curve on your test because you're convinced that means you're a pushover.

You discovered the murder weapon but wanted to pretend to be a ninja with it so you contaminated the evidence with your DNA...

Some insignificant playwright...

I think shitty people shouldn't be allowed to be pretty.

It's like a cross between a dollhouse mansion and the playboy mansion.

It feels good but then you end up with carpal tunnel and twelve years of therapy.

It's like eating bacon in front of a pig.

It's like saying you hate tie-dye shirts while you're wearing a tie-dyed shirt that your mom made for you.

You strut defiantly into your room and look in the mirror and tell yourself confidently in the mirror that you swear you will never talk to yourself in the mirror ever again.

It's like drinking from a camelbak while you're on a camel's back.

You have to meet the most interesting person in the world, but when you look up it's just your third grade teacher slowly leaning in to give you a hug.

It's like a mouse living in a house of cheese and then eating all of it and being homeless.

It should be like licking cotton candy out of the armpit of a ringmaster.

It should be like drinking chocolate from Willy Wonka's chocolate river.

But it's like a six-month old candy bar from Walgreen's.

It's like painting a water color of an accidental forest fire and giving it to a park ranger.

It's like drinking a whole bottle of orange juice through your mom's belly button while you're still in the womb.

It's like eating French fries dipped in a chocolate frosty.

You open your front door for the first time and realize you've been living inside a VCR player from 1994.

It's like breathing the air of a perfume factory even though you don't have nostrils.

It's like learning sign language to teach a blind person how to communicate.

It's like planning out the perfect argument and the other person agrees with you.

It's like using a water bottle cap to drink 12 gallons of water.

It should be like a tiny breath mint with the presidential seal stamped on it being called the U.S. mint.

Or eating turquoise because you've been feeling blue.

But it's like saving your file so often that your computer overloads with information and deletes the file.

It's like sneezing and papaya pulp comes out of your nose.

It's like living inside a snow globe that is only put on display in mid-July.

It's like wearing full camouflage to your daughter's birthday party but she thinks you just didn't show up.

It's like burying a key in front of the door that it doesn't unlock.

W it outs (Whiteouts Revised)

It's like a Hershey's kiss. A label machine price tag says \$9.99 but you're 30% off. Turn on the miniature family. Like an evil sauna... Like a pig. Eating feeling. Strut and look at yourself and you swear again. Having just a spokesperson for your mattress. Like because a bet. Or driving an Apple store. It's like wearing your show. VCR 1994. It's a cross and the playboy mansion. Drinking from river. A six-month old Walgreen's. Presidential Seal. Saving so often. It's like you.

Hi Peter Rabbit –

I sat on the edge of the park bench today and it was raining. Tiny drops of purple, yellow, red, blue, orange, and pink rain glided down and swirled. But by the time they reached the ground, they had mixed into a black sludge of wet grime. “Look up at the sky, not at the ground,” I could hear from the mouse who had drifted from above on a miniature umbrella. His fur was splotted with a rainbow of colors. I stood up and laid belly-down on the ground – getting soaked in the process. I looked at the shiny reflection on the glossy, bumpy asphalt. I thought it was ugly. I saw a tiny pink blossom spring up from the ground. Still ugly. Shiny silver. Ugly. “Why am I here?” At that moment, an ant crawled out from underneath the flower and told me to leave. I didn’t

Your secret cookie recipe isn’t really that special

I'm 75 and you're a sliced almond

I remember my preschool teacher asking what my favorite band was, and I told her it was the
“Barenaked Ladies”

I remember when I wore eyeliner in eighth grade and my dad told me I looked like a raccoon

I remember the pencil lead scar on the roof of my mouth

I remember my friend telling me that a regular Chihuahua was called a Chihuahua and a big one
was called a Chiwowwow and a little one was called a Chiweewee

I remember purposefully spelling ‘potato’ as ‘potatoe’ and ‘zero’ as ‘zeroe’ because I liked it
better that way

I remember faking that I was sick and when my mom insisted on taking me to the doctor, I was
shocked to learn that I actually was sick

I remember someone asking me what grade I got on a test and I told them, “none of your
beeswax”

I remember auditioning for Children’s Centennial Choir and getting the rejection letter

I remember the plastic kiddie pools with coins that you were supposed to pick up with your toes
at elementary school field day, but I refused because I thought it was unsanitary

I remember stealing the Togepi figurine from my brother’s Pokémon collection

I remember the smell of the cafeteria and how it would make me gag every day

I remember telling my brother’s friend that he looked like Jesse McCartney and then I told him
that I thought Jesse McCartney was cute

I remember my Geography teacher telling me that I sucked at origami

I remember the first time I shaved my legs with an electric razor and I wore cropped pants with
crocs and admired my hairless legs all afternoon

I remember memorizing a song and making an art project about the bubonic plague

I remember my grandma taking me through the McDonald's drive-thru to get broccoli cheddar soup after preschool

I remember mixing cream soda, pink lemonade, and whipped cream to make "fizzle twizzle pop"

I remember the feeling when you know a person close to you is drifting away