Introducing Frank Waterman's Poems in the Key of Carlin

You know who [am, [m just like you You've got stories to tell, [do too

Now hear this, my confession

Writing is my obsession and my profession

Franklin's my name, words are my game

From the first time my brain barfed random consciousness onto a blank page to be sorted into coherent thought liust haven't been the same

Now spilling ink is how I think

It's what keeps my sanity back from the brink

Even when I write something that stinks

Verbal onslaught is my only greatest crime

I write everywhere all the time

I write on a paper, write on a napkin, write on my phone, write on the walls, write by the rails

All in excruciating detail

Even when my imagination fails

This compulsion is mandatory

My free will is ambulatory

When I'm not at a desk, I'm on the road

Experiencing endless sights, sounds, smells, it's a sensory overload

It's a wonder my head doesn't explode! Yes, traveling between the Blue Ridge and the Eastern Shore is a hassle and a Chore

But hey, quoth this raven, at least [am never bored.



Frank Waterman's POEMS IN THE KEY OF CARLIN

Vol. I Carlinesques Vol. II 9 Levels of Publishing Hell



Michael Sensale

Copyright © 2023 by Michael R. Sensale

All rights reserved. No right to retain or distribute this content is expressed or implied. Independently published.

Paperback ISBN: 9798854729390

Poems in the Key of Carlin



In this case, I'll speak plain,

These mechanics make me insane,

I can't tell where a sentence ends or begins The language nuances make my head spin. My mind feels subjugated Looking at the paper and drawing blanks I don't know what I just conjugated Tell me to be an editor, I'll tell you "no thanks"

My brain is in a haze, Is that an adverb clause or a gerund phrase? I don't think I'll ever get it right As John O'London might have said, "The more I study grammar, the less I understand." That's no good, 'cause I need a hand.

I can't stand this futility exercise!
Should I capitalize or parenthesize?
Turns out neither; big surprise!
A language artist I ain't
What I do with words, dogs do with paint

All this punctuation is stressing my finger joints Should earn a merit badge Instead I get exclamation points. Is there an end to this melodrama? No, just a serial comma. Please someone stop this crazy myriad.

Just end my sentence PERIOD!