

**JESUS CHRIST
BURY ME ALREADY**

**BY
THOM JAMES**

“I NEVER SNOWBOARDED BUT IT’S
LIKE THESE POEMS I THINK. <3
THINK ABOUT IT BUT DON’T DIE
TODAY.
DON’T DIE READING THIS BOOK.
DON’T DIE.”

~ *CRISPIN BEST*



POEMS ABOUT SALVADOR DALI'S FURNITURE
STORE THAT NEVER SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY

"GAPTOOTH"

////////////////////////////////////WOW, SNARL THOSE
TEETH////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
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////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////I WILL SAY "PRAISE THE
LORD"////EVERY TIME SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT HAPPENS////NO MATTER HOW////
INSIGNIFICANT////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////I THINK I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS
TOOBAD//////////////////////////////////// I'M COLOUR
BLIND////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////LET ME SERVE YOU SIR IM BEING PAID FOR MY GOOD
WILL //////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
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////////////////////////////////////
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////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////YOU ARE BURNING A QUILT THAT HAS SURVIVED FIFTY
GENERATIONS////////////////////////////////////
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////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////CLEAR UP THE SPILLAGE ON AISLE 14
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////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PLANE DRIVER SO
I COULD SEE THE WORLD TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND EVERYONE
ELSE////////////////////////////////////

"YOU/SO/SO/NOT/I"

Before,
Last Week,

Around,

I ,w a s:

so,

....

so Significant,

A, boy, so,

SO

so

SIGNIFICANT,

h a h a h a h a h a h a h a h a h a h a

BREAK

You, You, // u, u, //h a h // yeah

You u

fFound

Your uR

Boy,

so,

so

INSIGNIFICANT,

"boy"?

QUESTION IT :

your
the

OTHER.

So,
Your-

So,

W\$\$\$\$A\$\$\$st\$\$\$\$E\$\$\$f\$\$\$\$U\$\$\$I.

"Boy" & his :

/DREAMBOAT////////////////////////////////////

/EYES////////////////////////////////////

(&the)

/HAIRGREASE////////////////////////////////////

(&the)

/CUTESMILE////////////////////////////////////

)))

&EVERYTHINGELSETHATCOULDBEMENTIONED/ICHOOSENOTTO

)))

and the/&th-

C I i m a x:

THERE IS A REASON I NEVER WANTED TO

BECOME A DOCTOR:

&and+ it (ALL) Only Just-took Place. Here. THERE.

THE ACTION HAS BEEN DONE A MILLION FUCKING TIMES

YEAH, HAHA.

NOT US THOUGH?

we are NOT

Not I.

h a h a h
a

h a h a h h

"I AM MOST DEFINITELY NOT TED HUGHES"

PUNCH
MOUTH,

ME

IN

TH()
HAHA... YEAH.

PUNCH ME IN TH() MOUTH:

LET'S SEE (WITH OUR EYES) HOW WELL THIS LOCAL ANAESTHETIC WORKS
(TEST WITH OUR
NERVOUS SYSTEM)

YEAH I'LL CROSS MYSELF FOR GOOD LUCK

RIGHTHANDEDJAB:

FIST/NEEDLE:

YOU'DBEAGOODBOXER

**I TAKE MY WEDDING RING OFF WHEN I SEE A PRETTY LADY. I URGE MY SON TO DO
TH() SAME. HE'S GOING TO BECOME A DOCTOR ONE DAY.**

but whilst I'm here:

JESUS CHRIST, JUST:

HEAVEN JUST SUCCOMB TO/ME:

"THE OTHER WAY ROUND"

BURY ME/ALREADY:

IT IT NOT SUPPOSED TO BE:

(END)

FIRST YOU DIDN'T INVITE ME TO TH()/LAST SUPPER

NOW THIS:

JESUS CHRIST,
BURY ME ALREADY

“/1”

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ΔΔΔ CONNNSTELLATIONZ ΔΔΔ

I MADE A C O N S T E L L A T I O N
O N C E. (BEGINNING OF POEM)
I NAMED/ENTITLED/CALLED IT "IT"

IT MEANS THE C O N S T E L L A T I O N
A F T E R M Y P E T
I HAVE NEVER OWNED ANOTHER LIVING SPECIES (END OF POEM) EVER

I MADE A C L E V E R --- I D E A
O N C E. (M I D D L E OF POEM)

I'M GOING: TO RUN A TAXIDERMISTRY BUSINESS -----
(BEGINNING OF POEM)(BEGINNING OF POEM) FOR REAL LIFE ANIMALS
(M I D D L E OF POEM)(M I D D L E OF POEM) FOR WHEN THEY
(END OF POEM) (END OF POEM) (END OF POEM) GO AWAY

DO N O T:
TAKE NOTICE OF:
| THE SIGHING CATTLE
| | THEY ARE NEVER
| | HAPPY

(END OF POEM)

WHAT DO I L O V E ?
WHEN I GET HOME FROM A HARD DAY OF WORK?

(GUESS)

ANOTHER HARD DAY OF WORK.

(BEGINNING OF POEM)

"THE WIND OUTSIDE MY WINDOW LITERALLY SOUNDS LIKE A KATE BUSH SONG"

FAST AND EFFECTIVE WAY TO BECOME A GREAT GOLFER,
UM,
SHUT YOUR EYELIDS WITH SCOTCH TAPE.

LISTEN TO THE WIND.
LET IT GUIDE U.
BE 1 WITH THE WIND.
CAN U HEAR THE WIND
???

~SWOOSH~

NOW TELL ME:

ON A SCALE OF 1 TO 0 HOW MUCH DO U NEED UR EYES?

UH,
55 DEGREES.

WHEN I AM STRESSED I SCRATCH THE BACK OF MY HEAD
SUBCONCIOUSLY,
IM TRYING TO
RIP MY WAY INSIDE
AND REMOVE MY BRAIN
AND
THROW IT
OVER THE FUCKING FOOTBALL FIELD

my eyes grow little
red
tree roots.



POEMS ABOUT FIJIAN SMOKE CLOUDS

“THE SACRED COD OF MASSACHUSETTS”

m2 – A1 ≈ 117.1 – 76.0 ≈ 41.1 cents
from C# to D_b

A1 – m2 ≈ 113.7 – 90.2 ≈ 23.5 cents
from D_b to C#

Diaskhisma m2 – A1

in 1/6-comma meantone,

S3 – S2

in 5-limit tuning 2 SC – 1 PC 3 octaves 4 perfect fifths +
2 major thirds 19.55 2048:2025

The Sacred Cod of Massachusetts is a New Wave/rock group, formed in Sweden in 1978 by Christopher William Roberson (born August 23, 1979 in Oakland, California) The Sacred Cod of Massachusetts is also a village in the administrative district of Gmina Sztabin, within Augustów County, Podlaskie Voivodeship, in north-eastern Poland. It lies approximately 6 kilometres (4 mi) north of Sztabin, 16 km (10 mi) south-east of Augustów, and 69 km (43 mi) north of the regional capital Białystok.

“~~~VERY DISTANT~~~”

WOW POLYTHEISM, TRULY GRAND, A TRUE GRAND NARRATIVE
WHICH THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN BELIEVE IN ///
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DON'T SELL IT AT JML YET
TOMORROW I BUY TICKETS FOR A TRIP TO A PLACE CALLED:

”V E R Y D I S T A N T”

I HOPE MY MONEY FEELS GOOD IN SOMEONE ELSE'S HANDS
REALLY HOPE IT FEELS GOOD
OR GOD
WHATEVER
SAME THING.

HA HA HA, WELL,
TODAY HAS BEEN A DAY FOR YOUR BARBARIAN!
YOU WITH YOUR PRIZE :)
WELL DONE.
AS A FATHER TO EIGHTY FIVE FAMILIES
YOU ARE JUST ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED...
OH WELL IT WILL ALL BE AWAY SOON

~~~~~2012~~~~~

IT IS THE END OF WORLD, DID YOU  
GET YOUR TICKET?  
I'M IN THE FUCKING FRONT ROW  
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO GO

"I am the love child of Sylvia Plath & Ted Hughes" / "I AM THE UNFORTUNATE ONE, I THINK"

gr8 look what u have done now  
u have made the fucking squid multiply into a thousand beings  
and now it is going to kill us all

i will run upstrs

i will shout:

**"MUM"**

**"DAD"**

and sylvia plath and ted hughes will look at me

and i will say

**"HE MADE THE FUCKING SQUID MULTIPLY INTO A THOUSAND BEINGS"**

they will look at me

pat me on the back

and give me praise for my artistic merit

and then go back to being depressed and writing about animals

wow i have more imagination than the both of them

"ONE DAY I WILL BE THE ARCHBISHOP"

wow, ok, imagine we are in the middle ages :)  
we're just sitting down  
i would be over half of my average life expectancy  
when people lived to like, 32.

i would have had my mid-life stupid thing by now :)  
i would have bought cars and tailored suits

but because this is the middle ages  
i would buy an old car like,  
a saxo or something :(

i would tell my other half  
"no"  
"stop it"  
"i am a father to 8 off springs"  
"i shall have my fun"  
"i will talk to the next door neighbour if i want"  
haha

see ya i need to graze some cows now





"yourcelebritylookalike.info"

**15TH AUG 1998:**

:ON/AROUND/WHEN IT WAS ANA'S TWELFTH/12TH) BIRTHDAY

I B L E W O U T

THE

FOR CANDLES FOR HER,  
ANA, THIS IS MY PRESENT TO YOU:

**I WISHED TO LOOK LIKE: "SOMEONE FAMOUS":**

:I COULD HAVE GONE INTO THE CELEBRITY LOOK A LIKE BUSINESS

& BECOME A REPLICA OF TALENT,

THAT IS A TALENT IN ITSELF I BELIEVE

:I WOULD HAVE DONE IT AS WELL, HAHA.

**REASONING:**

:AT LEAST YOU'D KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

**MISC:**

:ONE OF MY FAVOURITE HOBBIES IS TO

LOOK  
IN THE MIRROR AND  
LAUGH

:IF YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE SOMEONE ELSE

:YOU'RE JUST,

WELL.

YO

UR

S  
EL  
F

:&THAT'S NOT ENOUGH.

“PLATO CAN SAY WHATEVER HE ΔΔΔANTS TO”

marriages on  
bicycles

relationships  
based on  
height  
difference(s)

i was  
probably a  
better person  
in a past life

i'll probably  
be a better  
person in the  
next life

if i'm unlucky

my job title  
will be “deceased”

***END***

THOM JAMES IS A BRITISH POET WHO ALSO DABBLES  
IN FICTION.  
HE HAS BEEN PUBLISHED IN: HOUSEFIRE, INTERNET  
POETRY, RIBBON PIG PRESS, SPECTER MAGAZINE,  
AND MORE.  
HE IS A WRITER/REVIEWER FOR BANANGOLIT, AND  
RUNS HAVE U SEEN MY WHALE PRESS WITH JOE  
VAUGHAN

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'yourcelebritylookalike.info' – originally posted on  
[letpeoplepoems.com](http://letpeoplepoems.com)

SINCERE THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING  
JOURNALS/MAGAZINES FOR LETTING ME PUT  
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED WORK IN THIS EBOOK:

Hipster Jesus Unicorn:

'~~~very distant~~~', and 'I am the love child of Sylvia  
Plath & Ted Hughes'

Bad Robot Poetry:

'YOU/SO/SO/NOT/I', and '/1'

ALSO HUGE THANKS TO GRACE MILLARD /  
@SHAKYHANDS FOR THE COVER ART

