

New Message



Recipients

Subject

selected email fragments

June 2016 - June 2017

Nicholas Bon

Send



This is an attempt at autobiography

July 2017

i need direction in my life lol

feel motivated to accomplish something but idk what exactly

i think this is the best drum sound i've ever heard

I know I'm not cut out for success. I think that all I can do is throw myself into what I believe in.

reading whitman & blake & rimbaud again and feeling mystical

I have nothing tying me down and I realize the freedom in this. I'm not even feeling that lonely.

editing poems. working 60 hours this week.

The commas look like velociraptor claws

i usually like monospaced console fonts

I'm glad your life is going well dude

I'm amped on writing

Comfort is death

I said "It sounds like you want to break up"

she said "I don't want to break up over the phone"

I feel like there was a terrible cloud of doubt over me that has lifted

it was normal and I did normal things

I had genuine “is this what happens when you grow up?” feelings

I feel crazy but I think every positive thing I've ever done in my life has been the result of craziness so I am okay with that

this word count site has a bunch of stats that don't seem to work for my email style:

Longest word (by number of characters) 26 characters:

23094238904237894897234798

Longest word (by number of syllables) 6 syllables: soooooooooo

Noooooooot feeling this

*crappy little above ground pool not like anything super cool

There's a nagging part of me that believes my "collected email" writing is probably the best writing I will ever produce and the most meaningful but there really isn't a method to distribute "emails" as art. idk. maybe there is.

i love getting/writing long emails. i have that in my bio on my website.

the entire time i was typing this i was listening to paramore lol

Had these radio moments recently:

(ok whiskey is kicking in nowww so let's see if my spelling goes to shit)

that “say anything” quote when they ask cusack what he wants to do with his life

I don't want to sell anything, buy anything, or process anything as a career. I don't want to sell anything bought or processed, or buy anything sold or processed, or process anything sold, bought, or processed, or repair anything sold, bought, or processed. You know, as a career, I don't want to do that.

honestly kinda jealous of your life tho. you seem to have figured it out.
pretty cool job, friends, girl, living somewhere cool. seems good. i envy your
put-togetherness as i wander thru the desert.

recorded a joke vlog in my car

listening to big star right now. every time i don't listen to them for a while and then put them on i remember that they're the best band.

every guitar i've ever owned has blood stains on it somewhere

dammit my spelling is so bad right now

i guess after everything i still feel like nobody gets me

is that good?

I typed it really hard and resolutely like that would somehow translate in plain text

like on a typewriter when its darker and fuzzier and angrier when you really hit it

man

i'm drunker than i planned to be

cherish this

it's rare

damn its obvious i've been listening to podcasts about cameron crowe movies

i like to think maybe there is a place out there for me

every time i write about iowa i think it turns out well. iowa is my mental image for “cold and barren but filled with love”

the one girl said “it's crazy. when i lived in montana you could just...go outside and do this, but here in georgia everybody drives 45 miles to do this.”

ain't gonna proofread any of this

my SAT strategy was to not study and to do the opposite of their guidelines for success and i did really well

i was gonna type a big “what i'm doing” thing, but it turns out i'm just planning on reading some books and working on my poems

really wanna write a bunch of villanelles and sestinas and stuff and call the collection “formal pottery”

september gurls just started

i know it will be unpublishable

wanna pour myself into that

reading about how kerouac was using poetry to link prose blocks and it was inspiring

talking in poetry all the time

need to stop this email cuz i think i'll just keep typing forever

the words are kinda swirly now

righteous

yeah, where you put your head down into the crook of your bent arm? that is a dab

changed the name of my photo blog

laptops. movies. books. air purifiers. keyboards. effects pedals. whatever.

never heard of the situationist international anthology before...what is
it?????????!

feeling the urge to write manifestos. feels like a fertile genre

I don't think I had any real moments like that in high school

I had professors that changed my life like the way hearing GBV for the first time did

all i ever want to do is get people psyched on cool stuff

like robin williams in dead poets society except not as annoying

been reading a lot today, like 80 pages of poetry so far, and i think i should take a break for a bit and approach your stuff fresh. saved it to a .txt on my desktop.

I love telling people that I hate fun

life is kinda nice when you accept being uncool. it opens up the doors for tons of stuff. coolness requires posturing and seems like too much work.

I haven't actually been reading too much Kerouac, but he gets into your blood. The weird thing is I don't love him as a writer, but I love what he was, I guess. Like, I love how in *Dharma Bums* he's essentially just the conduit thru which everything else is relayed to us. All this stuff happens around him and he's a spectator--Ginsberg first reads *Howl* and Jack is off to the side passing around the jug of wine. And the "wisdom" is all passed down from Gary Snyder via the Japanese poets he's read and studied. Kerouac is just like the little kid taking it all in and being shown everything. Every revelation is ultimately from some other source. Even his knowledge of hiking and surviving in the wilderness is all shown to him by Snyder. It's very zen-emptiness (of course Jack was majorly into Buddhism so it's fitting) but there's something so interesting to me about that. writer as conduit.

i'm looking up every word i don't recognize, and everything so far has been a flower/flowering plant or a type of cloth. It's gotten to the point where if there's a word i don't recognize i can tell if its a plant or a type of cloth based on how it sounds. the one time it was something else it was a type of bird lol.

i can't keep stuff straight!

time is stretching out in a weird way that i appreciate but also is a little confusing

i want him 2 find his voice tho and not get stuck in this

I'm pretty decent at self analysis but i can't even figure out why my spirit died

I never wrote poems about her

i thought i loved her but can you love somebody you can't write a poem
for?

i'm scared honestly

but fear is good

when i have ideas i have 234324 at once and can't exactly silence them

was gonna send you a joke like “hey i finished my novel” and have it be something where the character is sitting there and looks at his computer but doesn't know what to type so he looks out the window. then goes back to the computer

just copy and pasting that part for 60k words. save to pdf. send to you

my computer had to do stupid updates that took forever tho

thank you by the way for being an internet friend. typing all this stuff up is great and useful but no way would i have done this if it was just a txt file.

U are my receptacle for the details

Think im gonna watch almost famous again right now

This movie is so much fun

good thing the original draft of this email wasn't tooo long cuz it got totally deleted for some reason

COOL

i'm feeling very emotional

i got antsy and had to pick up a notebook and write in the dark as the movie was playing

I have another page with just

all i know how to do is write

written on it

I am sad today i think

or maybe not sad but tired

I think all this introspection is good but confronting feelings is always messy

this sad is the crash that comes from that kind of energy

at least i think it could be

like not sad but emotionally tired

like i have spent long in introspection and poured my soul out

and this is the emptiness that the pitcher feels after it fills all the glasses

the feeling that i have expended what was inside

which seems good

seems to be a positive thing

the amount of crap i've typed into this box in the past 24 hours

i just feel like i should keep typing because i feel better doing it

but now i don't know what to type

the great problem

what if i just sent you 3000 words a day all week while you were busy with life and you came back and had to read thru all of this

what if one email was just a 3000 word description of something really, really mundane and boring

a book called "

just one quotation mark

we make sense of everything by making it into myth

empirical truth vs art truth

i have notes kicking around that were for a film but will ultimate be for an essay/manifesto on poetry

there's nothing like those old romantic poetry essays

there is so much to read and see and do

okay i'm gonna log out because i will just keep doing this

what is your stance RE: keeping a diary/journal. have never been able to make it work

tho i guess this basically is a journal

I used to have an old weird book about graffiti

Just kind of puking out all my thoughts

i have to admit there is something very fulfilling about getting a super harsh treble heavy guitar tone

happy (late) birthday dude. I don't even remember what I did for my birthday besides go to work and make sure nobody knew it was my birthday so they wouldn't say anything.

nah man being a party person would suck tho. think of how hollow all those people tend to be

probably a stupid idea but i just went ahead and bought that 265 foot roll of paper lol

i thought it would be funny to write a poem called 265 foot long poem

Sound & feel is whats important

it's sublime and powerful when something feels like it's out of reach. Like ashbery poems. Hard 2 describe while writing on a phone.

Feeling a strong urge to not cut my hair or beard for like a year

i hate how gmail colors quoted text

This is the sort of thing people get when they add me on snapchat

Yeah

hope your amp is okay

during the break you can't use a phone or leave the center

you can go to the bathroom but you can't leave the building

Idk how you feel about early beatles but With the Beatles is def one of my favorite albums of all time

Dude fuck real life

looooool

how far away from you was that big fire

She withdrew it so fast that the notification that it was submitted came 2 minutes after the notification that it was withdrawn

that is probably the weirdest way to find out that this movie exists and possibly the only time a TedX talk has been useful for anything

i think i want 2 live in this movie

omg that polvo song just started playing and there are skateboards and they're just walking omg

how is this a real movie

“car guy” as a classification

i think every line of a poem should reach out into the ether

i guess writing to idealized people is like, the inverse of that. infinite potential going in

i'm trying to be super sincere in my writing but not in a sappy way. even sincere in my surrealism

a lot of my old stuff is cold and detached but i think i've finally figured out what i want to do with my poetry and what is "my thing"

i guess i'm saying i feel like i have some kind of clarity right now

hell yeah

how do you not buy books for \$3

i'm buying a book of experimental russian poetry that i didn't even know existed until 5 minutes ago

I think I've spent like \$300 on books in the past two months

i feel like newer movies never do filth and squalor right

bury me in a massive tomb of books

this only happened one time but running my wah with no guitar into my amp at full gain and full volume, I somehow picked up an AM christian radio station from Canada

i was singing gold soundz to myself today and remembering how good malkmus is at writing lyrics

Shady Lane? Range Life? lol do Carrot Rope

what kind of lazy is it where i just downloaded the 1.5 GB pavement discography because i didn't want to go get my external HD

Phalanx, CA

help me come up with a podcast name

yeah there are ps2 emulators but from what i'm seeing they are a pain to configure

yeah let's definitely gchat

Damn i didn't know jack spicer was only 40 when he died

omg how have i never seen this photo of brautigan

the poet as a lightning rod for this unknowable divine force

the idea of poems never being done

poems vs poetry

Bought a copy of meditations in an emergency and its printed on the thickest best paper ive ever seen. Its only like 50 pages long but its as thick as an 80 page book. Every time i turn the page i feel like im accidentally skipping pages but then i check that no, that was just one page.

i'm a sucker for manifestos

got a couple poems coming out on a site in a couple days or so. will link you whenever they exist

i don't have a bed anymore

also i bought the original ps1 tomb raider for \$4 on ebay

so Frank O'Hara has been following me around for some reason

the tagline on the back of this is literally “Sometimes a killer body just isn't enough”

my whole writing process is making poems come out of nothing

i don't remember if you like american football or not

holy crap they recreated the entire in the air tonight sequence from the Miami Vice pilot

reads like kind of a fucked up version of berrigan's 10 things i do every day

did you ever watch rivers edge?

it kinda rules

I quit snapchat and the internet (except twitter) and am trying to watch more movies again and just write a lot

Never actually seen easy rider

have a ton of stuff going on but don't really feeling like typing it up rn

i think i'm gonna look back on these last two years as the period where i could only listen to fleetwood mac

i grew muttonchops and pretty much every person i have talked to has called me wolverine

shaved my head and then realized that ive shaved my head once a year for the past 3 years and its always around this time

just put a blank screen on my snap story that said “quitting snapchat for a while. anybody who needs to reach me knows how to hit me up”

i'm disconnected af right now

Only parts that are kind of a slog are the cetology chapters

I've never really listened to Genesis before

lol wtf is that pepsi presentation

also, omg

love that the “solo” on the first track of the first album was just Pete fucking around w/ his pickup selector switch

these videos hit the ART receptors in my brain, at least the ones i'm concerned w/ right now

I'm still trying to synthesize how exactly all this internet/non-art stuff fits together in my conception of art, but I feel like when I can finally articulate that it will be a major breakthrough for me

sent 5 poems to one journal today and 3 to another

feeling productive RE: technical boring parts of being a poet

I've found that the only social media i like is twitter

I don't like how the other sites make you turn your life into a performance

You get too much external stuff coming at you

hip_hop_airhorn.mp3

F O R E V E R

wait never mind i take back everything bad i've ever said about instagram

<https://www.instagram.com/shiasoutfits/>

If I had an \$800 phone that thing would be stored in a bank vault

you can't win

i actually love the term sadcore

idk what sadcore is

ultimately it's the struggle & process as opposed to the final product that I'm into. being satisfied is a death sentence for art, I think.

I was so tired last night that it didn't occur to me, as i was copy/pasting that poem, that it is literally in the book i sent you

feel like its off to a bad start but i started a blog

I've been very into like, collaging stuff into poems

working on this long poem that is like 75% copy/pasted from that really drunk email I sent you about my life and art and big star

last weekend I wrote 2000 words of a long poem and 1400 on the blog

Friday I wrote 1100 for the blog

yesterday I wrote 1000 for the poem

trying to just see where this goes

somehow the second half of that sentence didn't make it on there

omg ray put a CD in the boombox and the new york dolls start playing and he's putting two packs of cigs on the table and it's a montage of him doing hella cocaine and pouring whiskey on the rocks and headbanging w/ a cigarette in his mouth and shadowboxing then doing pull ups and drinking beer and then crying over a picture, ripping his shirt open, crying, drinking more, sitting on his floor in tears

this is the best tv show of all time

RE: kids movies

Zootopia is legit amazing



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