

# The Amazing Anthology Of Peyton's Poetry



*First Edition*  
Peyton Lepper

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(As you will need a guide for this Amazing Anthology)

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## Foreword

Dear Readers,

If you're a bad writer, you can fake it till you make it.

I am a writer. You are a reader. And based off of the way the world works, you need me, and I need you. But more importantly, you need me. Luckily for you, I can provide. And I can provide well. I think.

To state the obvious, poetry is neat. Some may say it's even neat burrito. I would. Burritos aside though, writing poems for this class has expanded my writing ability wonderfully. Some people say that they don't have the skill to write a good poem. HA! Little do they know it's relatively easy to learn. At least for me. Probably because I'm the best. Edgar Allen Poe wishes he could be this good. Well, he would if he wasn't dead. Stupid raven probably got him.

So what skills have I picked up that make me better than ol' Poe? The most important is easily the fact that while yes, structure is important, it doesn't *really* limit what you can do. For example, you don't have to follow a sonnet structure, or a haiku, or whatever. Stanza lengths are your choice entirely. This new knowledge gave me the ability to let my creativity to be vomited out of my brain and onto paper, because I'm no longer limited by following certain structures. *The Man* is always trying to get us down. But you go against him. No more 14 lines, and iambic pentameter. Unless you're into that. I'm looking at you Shakespeare.

I've also learned some neat new diction, and literary devices. Dashes are pretty cool to use for pauses. Who would've thought that two hyphens smashed together would make someone pause for a minute. I mean english scholars would think that, but I sure didn't. Also I didn't know semicolons combined two sentences that could be independent, which is hilarious because prior to now, I've used them and really had no clue how to. FANBOYS are also pretty sweet. I use them extremely often in a lot of the things I write, and had no idea that they even had a name. I thought a fanboy was just someone who really enjoyed a band, but nope; it's a grammar technique.

To sum things up, everything you're gonna read after this fantastic foreword is a poem, written in creative writing in the year twenty-thousand and seventeen. Each has an individual tone, that should either rip out your heartstrings, or punch you right in the laugh box. A laugh box is a thing right? Either way--buckle up buckaroos--cause it's gonna be a long ride (and by long I mean like nine pages).

Your author who loves you dearly,  
Peyton Lepper

*“Humanity is Garbage”*

Humanity, I love you  
Because technological focus  
And the need to become more intelligent  
Is now boring and effortless.

Humanity, I despise you  
For telling me I’m a snowflake  
When really you force everyone  
To fall in line.

Humanity, I adore you  
Because once in a blue  
Moon you publicize those  
Who actually deserve it.

Humanity, I hate you  
Because more often than not  
We make idiocy popular,  
“How bou dah?”

Humanity, I stand with you  
To better the future  
For the ensuing generations  
Of intelligent people.

Humanity, I will destroy you  
By sitting back  
And observing you  
*Destroying yourself.*



***“Cutting the Cord”***

**I was in my chair,  
Alone and bored,  
For nobody was there,  
It’s time to cut the cord.  
My time here has been long,  
A lifetime it seems,  
But when everyone treats you wrong,  
You don’t do work, you look at memes.  
The gym really reeks,  
But not due to sweat,  
“I’m putting in my two weeks,”  
I surely won’t regret.  
I suppose I’ll finish out strong,  
Regardless of the wrong.**



"Can't"

He is gone.

Taken too early  
not by god  
or a deity  
but by himself.

A lifestyle he lead  
forced us to  
abandon him,  
and made saying *adios*  
an impossibility.

A bet we made  
to not see him, made  
for fun at first;  
we'll never see him again.

I'll never forget  
the call I received,  
I was baffled,  
dumbfounded,  
amazed,  
distracted,  
paralyzed--  
he's nothing but dead.

An unfillable gap,  
a result not unlike a tooth  
being knocked out,  
you can push through the pain,  
the bleeding,

but something is no longer the  
same.

I go by his house sometimes.

His parents live there  
yet it's void of life.

Empty.

It's awe inspiring that  
a hunk of metal on wheels can  
become such a mangled mess.  
And take a life.

You can't move a tree.  
You can't move mountains.  
You can't move.  
You can't.  
You can't remember.  
You can't forget.  
You can't cope.  
You can't change.  
You can't come back.

## **"Ode To Zelda"**

O great **Zelda**,  
whimsical game given by  
the heavens,  
you bring me unrelenting  
joy and nostalgia  
for a simpler time  
in this **gamer's** life.

Watching **Link's green hat**,  
flopping haphazardly in  
the **wind**, and hearing  
that familiar sounds of  
an ocarina to bring comfort  
to a weary heart.

Nine days, Nine Days!  
Until the **new game!**  
I shall sit in my basement  
and play until I no longer  
know whether the moon is glowing  
or the sun is **shining!**

O **Zelda**, wondrous gift from  
**Miyamoto**, who makes life  
better for all, one  
dungeon at a time:  
*thank you.*



***“Papa Het”***

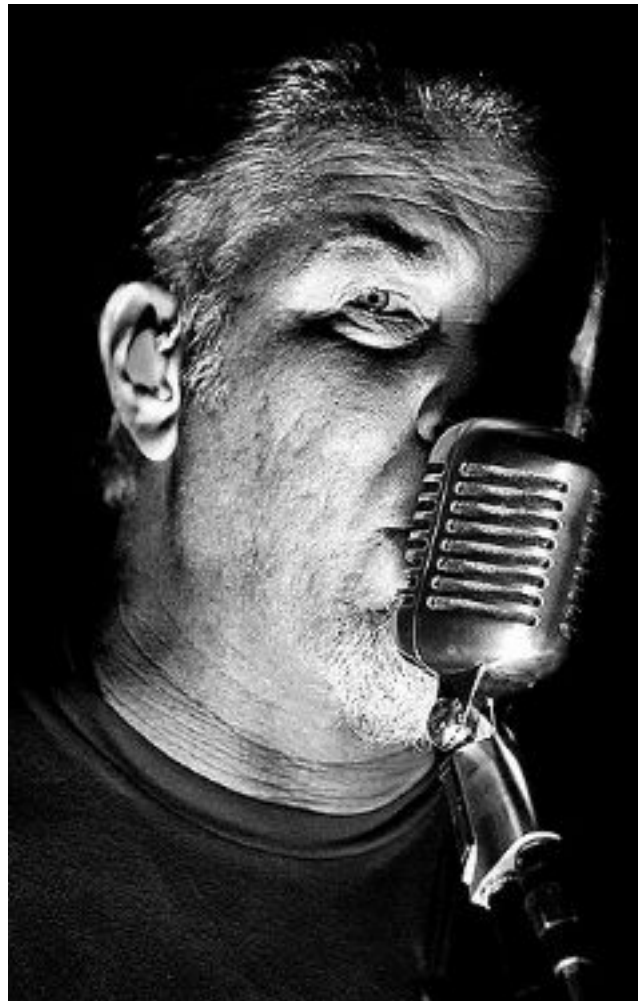
**Dear Mother, Dear Father,  
Non believers in Medicine because  
“God will help, God is good.” No.  
*He* took you from me.**

**Dear Mother, Dear Father,  
God didn’t help me with the drink,  
or arguing, or Cliff.  
*He* took Cliff from me.**

**Dear Mother, Dear Father,  
Why must our music  
be built upon argument?  
*He* took the freedom from me.**

**Dear Mother, Dear Father,  
Why must fame  
infringe upon my personal life.  
*He* took moments from me.**

**Dear Mother, Dear Father--  
what is this hell you  
Have put me through?  
God is good, God is powerful,  
but with power comes  
purpose. Perhaps for me,  
Death is just Magnetic. I am  
simply played  
by the Puppet Master.  
Not the loudest guitars  
or vocals can shroud that.  
But it can for *others*.**





## Reflections

### “Humanity is Garbage”

This poem was loosely based off of “Humanity I Love You” by E. E. Cummings. He flips back and forth between why humanity is awesome, and why it sucks. Now, I have a skewed view of humanity, as generally I’m a realistic (or pessimistic depending how you look at it) person; this gives me a view on humanity that’s relatively unique, and this poem shows that. This poem allowed me to focus a lot on my diction choices, as well as play with voice a little bit.

### “Cutting the Cord”

The background of “Cutting the Cord” is relatively self explanatory. I was working a job that I hated, and at the time of writing it, I had put in my two weeks, and was ready to be done. However, regardless of the wrong that had been done to me (i.e., missing paychecks, poor management, getting yelled at by my boss for essentially no reason, nasty clients, etc.), I wanted to finish in a cool and professional manner. The idea was loosely inspired by George Bilgere’s poem, “Bus Boy”. I played with structure a bit on this one. Despite what was said in the foreword, I actually like sonnets, they’re challenging and fun to write.

### “Can’t”

Oh boy. This is the sad one, if you couldn’t tell from reading it. Simply put, “Can’t” is about losing a best friend. Christopher Powell was killed in a car accident on June 7th, 2015, and of course we had to be on bad terms at the time to throw salt in the wound. Luckily for me, writing is amazingly cathartic. The poem essentially covers some of the experiences that come with that. When writing this, I really tried to nail the flow down as hard as possible, while throwing some relatively clever diction in as well. Structure was pretty cool to play with as well, such as the random number of lines in each stanza.

### “Ode to Zelda”

The Legend of Zelda is the absolute best series of games in the universe. There’s no argument involved. It just is. And I decided to write about the love I have for this game. At the time I wrote it, the new Legend of Zelda game (Breath of the Wild) was just over a week from coming out. At the time of writing this reflection, the game has been released, and I can adequately say, it deserved a poem. I played with colored text in this poem, and varied structure a bit, as far as stanza length goes. I wanted short stanzas to essentially highlight the chunks of time you go through when playing a Zelda game.

### “Papa Het”

“Papa Het” is simply about the frontman of my favorite band, Metallica. He grew up as a Christian Scientist, meaning that his parents believed that God heals all ailments, and there’s no need for doctors or actual science, hence his spite of God himself. The “Dear mother, Dear father,” part actually comes from a Metallica song titled, “Dyers Eve.” This poem allowed me to play with repetition, as there is a ton of it. The poem is very loosely based off of Shane Koyczan’s slam poem, “Beethoven.” Honestly, it only really inspired me to write about a famous person, but it inspired it nonetheless.