

At Least Eight Poems

By Stone McDonald

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Capstone Proposal

1. Provide your name and identify your area of concentration
 - a. Stone McDonald, my concentration is in Creative Writing
2. Project Description
 - a. I'd like to make my creative project a collection of poems I've written over the course of my time here at CSUMB, through the lens of feminist theory. I'd like to present at least 15 poems, which vary from topic to topic, in order to reflect my overall experience and impression of my time as a college dude, who's just trying to write things that satisfy his taste, and expands peoples thoughts on poetry.
3. Alignment with Common Theme:
 - a. The thread that clings all of these poems together is the use of feminist theory, and how it relies on its discourse as a new and forward thinking perspective.
4. Purpose
 - a. My purpose in writing a collection of poems is to thrill people with some cheeky, abstract words and sentences, that would leave readers to interpret my poems as however they think. As long as it gets their brain gears turning.
5. Format Rationale
 - a. I would format it by displaying a table of contents, then proceed to show off the contents in the order that the table defines in the beginning of the collection.
6. Capstone Title
 - a. I have no idea what I'd want to call it, perhaps *At Least Eight Poems*, so the reader knows there's at least 8 poems to look at.
7. Working Summary
 - a. I plan on working on these over and over and over and over, until they look really cool and pass the requirements. I plan on writing each night, and pick apart what lines I like the most, expand on them and stuff. I plan on reading poetry so I could keep my mind fresh on what poetry looks like to most people, not to say that I'm like most people. Who knows. I plan on working on these, and bringing them to my professors, in order to get a sense of how they read it.
8. Expectations
 - a. I can't really expect it to be as fun as writing poetry without a goal or grade, but I'll try to make the best of it, it's still poetry after all. I expect to get my poems and formats completed before the due dates. I'll check out documents that fit this criteria and make sure it looks hip. Hip as a hippopotamus (possible line for my capstone).
9. Tools
 - a. One of the biggest tools that comes to my mind are the books I've purchased over the course of my concentration, that focus on poetry and how to make your own cool bling. Blingo lingo. I'll take a look at them and reflect its teaching in my own creations. I will also be looking at a book that focuses on feminist pedagogy.

10. Next Steps

- a. The next step for me is to choose some of the poems I've already written, and see whether or not they're compatible with this capstone project. Talk about it with the professor of course. If they don't necessarily connect with the common theme of feminist theory then I will make some adjustments, to fit into that criteria!

11. Timeline

- a. Get the poems done by April 1st
- b. Write and Read on Tuesdays and Thursdays
- c. Take notes from poetry books Friday nights

1. Everytime We Say Hello
2. Human Zoo Blues
3. Truck Drivin' Man
4. Nice Guys
5. An ode to that tiny hill on Point Lobos at 10:32 am
6. Another Silly Poem
7. An Ill Man On Ill Streets
8. Trespass
9. Green Thoughts
10. A Medley of Poems
 - a. Charlie Meat
 - b. We're So Sorry
 - c. The Third Poem
11. Everytime We Say Goodbye

Every Time We Say, Hello

Every time we say hello,
my tomato prints
sprint away from your silver belle.
Every time we say hello,
romantic remedies present itself
like an unopened nutshell.

Between swollen conversations
and the awkward adieu,
actions trip over words,
forcing beauty to walk
without its left shoe.

Every time we say
hello
I have to keep my excitement 'neath mountainous jeans.
Those moments play like a movie
with you directing every scene.

My Human Zoo Blues

I feel all their eyes
stare into my soul
they want me to pose
and drink from a bowl.

I refuse to exist
yet they watch me live
and by doing nothing
it's all I can give.

They act like they care
but it ain't nothing new
I continue to drown
in my human zoo blues

There's nowhere to go
it's pointless to run
wherever I hide
my cage gonna come.

They throw me some bread
some loose change too
I throw it right back at them
and say fuck you.

I used to work jobs
I once had a home
but now I sit here
all alone.

And with every eye
that visits the zoo

they watch me bear my
my human zoo blues.

Truck Drivin' Man

Parents slept on; child gnawing plastic off of toy trucks?
Gave birth to a new thirst touched only by his love for trucks?

Impressed by road rage taught by father at such a young age?
Raising tantrums, dropping fears, and trading silence for trucks?

Slithered into daddy's driver seat to quench his hunger?
Only to bring vehicular manslaughter onto the family truck?

Gave into his trauma, built walls around his sympathy?
Learned how to bully on roads that have always been owned by trucks?

Grew to be the trucker that fed off those he saw as weak?
Riding past vengeful honks and red lights with an attitude only a truck

driver can have, met me on my worst day and thought to put me in my place?
Only to roll over across the highway like a pebble but instead, like a truck.

Have I been wrong to assume what his life might have been like?
Now that his face is inside out inside a Ford F150?

Will my son ever sit in a room next to a pile of toy trucks?
Not if my name continues to be Stone!

Nice Guys

A fedora taken by the wind
flies towards the many women here to defend.
At her doorstep I wait patiently in line,
step away from her Chad, cause she's all mine.

All of these handsome
abusive
perverted men
could never love you like I do;
still they are chosen over us.

Why can't they see through our looks
and give us a chance to shine?
Without our mirror to reflect upon their decisions
they continue to be blind.
If they only knew how nice of a guy I can be.
They'll never understand what it's like to be loved
and honored by me.

We always put our women first,
keeping ourselves last.

I cannot help but stare at her personality.
I hold the door open for her, yet she still won't love me?!
I gave her my everything, and still I'm rejected.
She laughs now, but not when she's at my feet,
begging for my attention.

My virginity is sacred,
and it will not be taken by the mediocre,
but why can't a women's standards
start a little lower?

“Hey *gorgeous*, my name is Josh, and I *love* your smile.”

“Just respond to my text please, why wait awhile?”

“I have changed my mind, you’re nothing but the harlot that strips men of their dignity.”

“Sorry for what I said earlier, I didn’t mean it, really.”

All that is right,

is a reply.

All that is left,

is to be read.

An ode to that tiny hill on Point Lobos at 10:32 a.m.

Leave me to find myself
at the break of sunrise
searching for solitude and absolute freedom
between still trees.

Where I can admire
fellow stones glide
across a beach with no footprints
and witness the flowers
as they're caught by
a breeze with no direction.

Where healthy fungi show potential
in decomposing death
into potential life (and a sigh of relief).

Where I can tune my ears to
the shrill sounds
of tiny animals
and even smaller plants
in an attempt to comprehend
their ruckus
and laugh at the punchlines
that were never intended.

Oh how it satisfies
my interpretation of rapture
and secures my bond
with the wits of nature.

But as eager as I am
the search for meadows
untouched

and beyond flaw
tend to leave me lost
as I've yet to see the beauty
in the everyday cast of shadows
and decades of quiet growth
that has surrounded me already.

It is then that
an out of tune bird sings
joyfully
and I can't help but smile

Revelations in minor harmonic
leave me to celebrate
the moments of contentment
that were always in my hands
yet did not belong to me before.

Another Silly Poem

To write a silly poem is to say,
 “How goofy! How absurd.
 Thank god no one will see this but me!”

Said as the common scholar
 and everyday critic
 read carefully
 that which is
 the work of a lazy...

Guess they’ll just have to whisper to themselves,
Meh.

It ain’t even close

to the works

of Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

And that’s fine by me,

I bet you had trouble pronouncing those words
 correctly.

I know I did

(!).

Where the cheese can be turned up by two notches.

Ending on rhymes that can be read like watches.

Never strict on meters and what their cause is.

Just to be caught staring at people’s toes.

Not in the way you think

‘cause if you stare for too long

they’ll start to stink.

Just like this poem.

Hotcha! (Don’t read this part out loud)

An Ill Man On Ill Streets

It's lonely to see these empty streets
without the hate and crime; we used to eat
and forget to treat.

Keep that distance of 6 feet,
then someday we will meet.

I've never deemed our relationship sweet
but a sickness has stolen my culture's beat
what could've been a causal greet
has become a panicking retreat
for those
consisting of a nose
that suspiciously secretes.

Careful with the life that it cheats
my country sends a tremendous fleet
of headlines, closing signs, and tweets
that can't help me wipe my ass.

So I sit quiet in my quarantine seat
and wait for death to be complete
and with every century it repeats
a loneliness that can be seen
on these empty streets.

Trespass

I listened for the words of a familiar breeze
but was met with a drift poisoned
I can still hear it
passing between memories

The outside world had grown stagnant
like a faded tapestry.
Its life, leaning on its death
reveals a diminishing blue
across our pastures.

We resided beneath the cold bricks of our tower
praying for guidance
from an angel that will follow
like an infant
to its parents
granting us the innocence of heaven
through its palms.

Our ancestors would often appear
amongst the pedals
smiling earnestly
as if they were aware
of our fate

No matter how much courage
was left to be discovered
we felt the edge of their blade at our throats
it pierced through the curtain call
and into the fourth wall.

Faces of our ancestors appear in the pedals,

they smile over us, in sincerity.
Our outside world has become a faded tapestry.

Nothing is quite what it seems,
yet it remains still before our eyes.

Life once again
leans onto death
and its death
reveals a diminished blue,
which conquers the health of this familiar landscape

I trespass onto my land
Never before seen,
but what was always mine.

Should I end the poem here or should I k-

Green Thoughts

Green thoughts are scattered across the bottom
of this lackadaisical skull,
existing in the form of nugs and hash.
They collect and roll around the brainpan,
developing a formidable wind that tears
through any skill or artistry left within.

This notion to quit
tends to silently sit
besides the urge to hit
another drag of that passing fade.
Taking another only buries me in name.

Aromatic to those unfamiliar,
pleasing to everyone similar,
the mind begins to shimmer
detects its true light grow dimmer.

Persuasion frolics like a hazy damsel in distress,
with eyes as lit as sirens.
expects me to clean out the flower vase once a month.
To remove tar
and pour directly into windpipe.

Barrels of cotton are sent back to their factory,
leaving my mouth with a bit more angst as chew on
and a hunger that rages for all the wrong reasons.
Now my food seems abstinent,
now the music taste bland
and now
my bones won't sit up straight.

Once high as a kite,

now sober as a bird,
I walk pass rock n' roll tobacco
like a fork in the road.

A recreational reality,
dispensing lightweight enlightenment
fizzles out fairly quick
beneath tons of fancy shapes, shaped by tolerance.
Leaving children puzzled by the fog,
to dance to their least favorite backyard boogie.

What an ordeal.

A Medley of Poems (Charlie Meat/We're So Sorry/The Third Poem)

Charlie Meat

To look between his sweaty palms
and spoiled skin
was to discover the characteristics
of a true boon companion.

He was a medley of sorts:
made up of red meats, poultry,
and a jarring combination of smells and talents
that deserved higher regards

(too bad, so sad).

I can still see him shrieking,
blowing his nose
against a tenor saxophone
years after his expiration date.

Where he used to stand
every other Tuesday
in front of a lousy
dismissive
crowd of herbivores
that knew no better
than to shudder and utter
at his best musical efforts.

Having felt one too many tomatoes
against himself
he consumed the audience
in one fell swoop,
trading acts of kindness
for demons.

(and his bloody endeavors),

With this sudden goodbye
you cried,
for the critics devoured by you
never tried
to see through your layers of nourishment
that offered structure and sentience
to an otherwise pitiful clump of muscle.

A guilty consciousness
Molds back into nothingness,
like a cow with no legs
you sat quietly on stage
as nothing more than ground beef.

So I write to you:
Dear Charles
man made of meat,
know that you were just as human as
me at
the gates of heaven.
You're fat,
and that's why they judged you.
Your fat
kept them from seeing through.
So from my heart to yours
I'd just like to say

We're So Sorry

Oh so this is where I apologize?

To find myself
in this selfish state of sympathy
is to look beyond the curtain.
To catch sight of dusk

and discover adoration.

Let mind run without leash
and you will find it collecting sticks
all alone
building futures for those
who keep penitence under their tongue.

Who am I to think
that profit can be made
from hollow excuses?
For mountains can not grow
under the limits
that clouds surround them in.

Still I proceed to wrestle with
the crocodile that cries
shedding pitiful tears
at the same rate as my ego
depletes into delicacy

I keep on going, growing knowing:
The heart pumps blood
as the brain prepares for uncertainty
and I certainly know that
if love is a sky
than it is a sky
that only pigs can fly.
That said
there's a piece of ham inside all of us
waiting to soar.

Bitter to the biting of all things considered
fictitious statements
begin to draw illusive sorries

yet again
 providing a damp rambling amble
 by yours truly.

How I could've

you more (and I'm sorry for that),
 but no reality can be louder
 than the one
 where your apologies can be heard
 by Earth and its fish
 like they'd even english.

Until then

I carry on with my sorrow
 like a sack of potatoes,
 stumbling side to side
 at an uneven pace.

What could've been life is silent
 parting ways with what I felt was owed
 and what followed was

The Third Poem

Wow,
 We actually made it here
 High five!
 (Sorry. I can't reach for it. Go ahead and give yourself a high five)
 You should be proud.

Proud that
 3 walls stand tall
 wall to wall
 to wall

they're all having a ball
all but the fourth wall
the wall that decided to fall.
And with no one to install
another fourth wall
I decide to withdrawal
From this pointless trifecta of wall
Giving me the power to see all
held so tightly
by that fourth wall

Does that sound good?
I think it's worth keeping in the poem.
Ah fuck it,
I'm leaving it in there
even this too.

Is your life moving forward
With this...handful of inconvenience?
With this embarrassing lack of direction?
Have you found your way out of this poet's cell?

You know what
I'm done trying to impress those balls
rolling around in your head,
I'll let you write it:

Every Time We Say, Goodbye

Scenes so favorite shape my very being.
You there
with yourself,
living the movie that only guarantees me
side character status.

That left shoe leaves a pure sock to frolic and prance
against the grime and dirt that's been seen
but never felt.
A cumbersome collection
that cuts out
any
correct
constellations.

Leaving a blank space

for you to interpret as you may.

Every time we say goodbye.
Every time we say goodbye.
Every time we say goodbye,
it ain't all that good.

Abstract

This reflective essay displays the super thematic theme that's clearly present on this project. It is at least eight poems, and you cannot dispute that claim. This project clearly was made to satisfy those college requirements, but I will admit that its theme is merely the theme of Stone. It is a sample of my perception, a slippery path that directs readers into my creative process and brisk way of thinking. If you ever get confused about what you're reading, just remember, it all falls under the theme of stone; the rock without surface, clearly with depth. It's a theme that clearly doesn't give a rats tail about opinions, and that must be original right? Or am I just sounding insecure. I would ask more questions about it but oh my, I don't care.

When it comes to the aesthetics, I was going for a collection of poems that really shows off my quirky ideas and nonsensical ways of communicating. There ain't much to the format with these poems, except for a few. *My Human Zoo Blues* was based off of a Captain Beefheart song called *China Pig*, kinda obvious when you compare the lyrics. *Truck Drivin' Man* was based on a Ghazal assignment I had in one of my past poetry classes, but I decided to make it questions cause why not, I assume it would make it harder for people to read. The medley of poems that are supposed to go into one another (it should be obvious) come from the idea of musical medleys, which I do enjoy during a live performance. Everything else is just a dude wanting to paint with words. They're as powerful as you make them to be.

I assume my audience is mainly my family members, my friends, and those who come across this muddy collection of honesty. I'm honestly just trying to mess around with the rules and grammar of poetry, while also attempting to sound lame as hell (heck) within those boundaries. My work is intended to inspire and to make you break out in dance. I hope it can leave them as confused as when I was finalizing the final draft. If I felt too confident in it, I would've pulled it from the project right away. I just wanna provoke the minds of peeps who have no opinion for poetry, and give them a good reason not to ever read poetry, by reminding them how much bad poetry is out there! No but in all honesty, I just wanna make poems that aren't so down and depressing. Most of the time I hear poets say that their trauma got them into writing poetry, and it's evident within their work. This gives me a depressing eye sore whenever I read about someone's daddy issues (no judgment to them however). I want to make poems that *sound* like they have some grand meaning, but I also want a passing grade. So imagine this reflects every being of my soul, every experience that's left a crude tear in my eye, and some smoke in my lungs.

My process was pretty simple:

1. Get an idea for a poem
2. Dance around with it for a couple of months
3. Finish it when it's not finished

4. "Hey that'll look great on my capstone project!"

It's pretty simple stuff really. I tried to remove the cringiest poems from my final draft, but I left some in there just to humble myself. I don't want too many people thinking I actually know what I memorize, even memories can be yanked around and exaggerated. When it comes to solving my creative problems, I usually have to let that headache pass before a concise answer forms in my brain, and half of the time, that answer is, "Ah I'll just leave it up for interpretation." Quite riveting ain't it?

My project anchors a strong understanding of Feminist Theory, which carefully analyzes gender inequality, and other forms of discrimination. At least eight of these poems carefully reflect my perception of feminist theory growing around my beliefs and my environment. Discussing a wide range of topics that may seem baffling to the common giraffe, but I shape my work to be an amusing yet odd understanding of the theory at hand, while trying to have fun with it. I also wrestle with what I believe is my identity, or at least, what trends I follow that make me seem like an individual.

Capstone class was alright, but oh boy, would I not want to retake this course again.