
FOUND IT

About Found It:

|||| Foounnd IIt is a colllaboration by two 2 to 2 too clownz. @ Just BIG azz goofin ((We really hope that you look OO around your world and find $ some=thing)) Then amussse it. **Until it sticks out its tongue** When it does, dropp to your kneez____ and thank something deep inside yourselffff^^++||||| Whatever eternal thingg inside you that also has its tongue out. |||||||||| Good luck, everythiiiing is temporal $$$$$$$$$$.

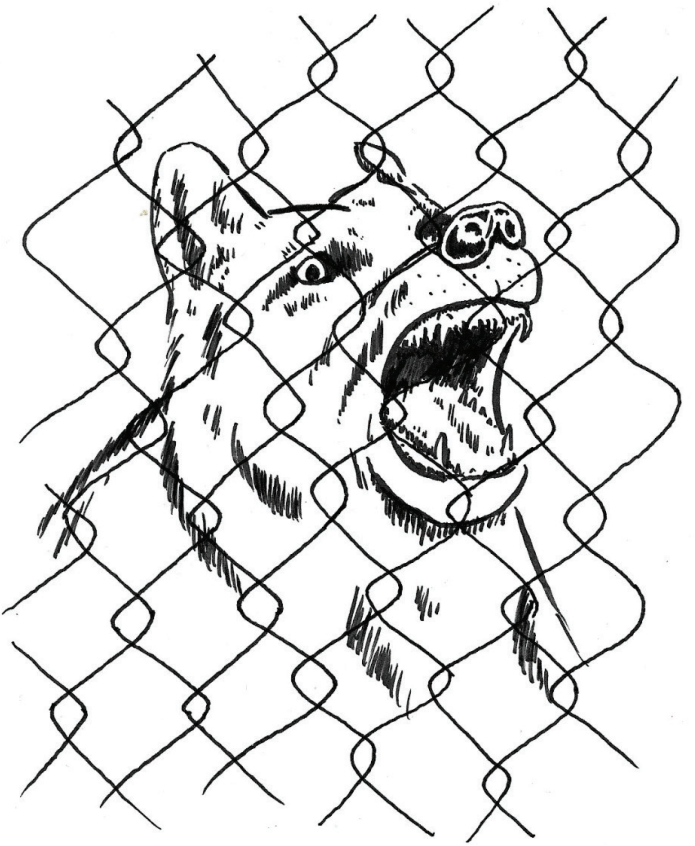
One Day I Will Bite the Dog

One day the dog will try to bite me
And I will bite the dog

I am a caged creature too
At the post office they laugh
But my headphones are for looks only
I only hear the music of irrelevance
Arbitrary tunes
A kids show nobody ever cared for
When the dog stalks the fence
I identify

After work I get in the mail truck
Drive the undeliverables
To a far away poverty stricken town
And I read bills to children
Warnings from the future
The distribution of information
Mimics infinity
It grows everyday
But in the delivery business
We know the truth

It is finite
A fixed number, everyday
At night, when I return home
From delivering
Undeliverables
I pace the driveway looking at the stars
I rehearse my day
Plot my route for the next day
How I will deal with that pesky pooch
In the early hours of morning
I will bite the dog
I will eat the entire dog
But with fork, knife and napkin



Poem my Garbage man left after he took my garbage

Everybody thinks being a garbage man is so glamorous

I see the looks in the store
"Ahhh, there he goes. A real garbage man"
People in thrift stores ask
Always the same questions
"You have access to the very best of the very worst"
But they have no idea how much
Stuff I must
Leave behind
The life of a garbage man is romantic, yes
I see the gems
That have lost their value
In my curbside career, I know the truth
The scientific law
About the transfer of energy
My job is trash science
Garbage physics
I will take your waste and perform
Chemistry
There are energy transactions
All around us
I ride my route alone
I throw some trash in the back
But much of it rides shotgun
It is my partner
Me and my garbage
I don't even think of it anymore
Some may smile and pinch their nose
When I'm around
Smile and wave when I leave
In the distance, I see
Mothers rushing to the road to dispose
Of so and so
When i come to collect
The trash you wish to neglect
This disposable life isn't the truth
But you can think it is
Because of me
Your knight in shining garbage



Poem my Youth Pastor wrote on a postcard while she was on vacation

Another Day on the Beach, Another Day on the Cross

After my third day in the sand
The sea was rent in two
Those who stay in shallow waters
And those who swim until the shore
Is in front of them again
Watching one child dip his toe
In the vinegar muck
And return to his mother
With the smile of satisfaction, I thought
Of you

Water pouring from your side and thorns
In your head
Because the damn heat has made me crazy
Or maybe it's these mimosa mornings
Children are our savior
I helped build a sandcastle today
The tallest tower used over four buckets!

But then the nails in your hands
Got caught in the walls, crumbled them
And your mom called you back
To her large beach blanket anyway
That's when I spotted a shark
When the castle was destroyed
And your best friend left you
That's when the sharks come, it's like clockwork
I took a look at the parted waters
The waders and the drifters, the shark fin
Trolling for whom it may devour
And three days into my vacation
The mobs of shoppers yelling, "reducify it"
And the sun penetrating my entire being

I wrote you this postcard from beside
My shattered castle that a now shark frenzied
Crowd has trampled
Exiting the split sea
I looked back at the little boy
Safe on the beach towel, plastic shovel in hand
And I wade out into the water
I swim to meet the shark
This is my body, broken for you



Poem the bus terminal spit out at me after inserting coins

The Wheels on the Bus are Strangely Profound

We are an unkempt bunch
I have never gone out for lunch with them
As they often do
Because the jokes have gone too far
I have rolled the surveillance video back
To find that
When the children flew from one side
Of the bus to the other, the swerve
Was not to avoid a dog, but rather to hit a dog

Because us bus drivers are maniacs
The schedules strangle us
7:00 AM arrival, 7:04 AM departure
7:30 AM arrival, 7:31 AM departure
7:31 and a half arrival, departure ad infinitum

A thought drifts in my mind
I check my schedule
There's no time for excessive thought
The brakes call out to me
But the jokes have gone too far
Because every time I stop, there is
Another destination
Because I have felt lonely at night
Observing mirrors
I know the couple that boards with no destination
In the dark, they think they are getting away with something
They fuck in the back of the bus
And I let them
Because lovers are maniacs
Their hearts observe rhythms like children
Departures from plot like art films
When I listen to the kids jokes
The punchlines don't make sense
Or they never arrive at all

My cohorts collect trinkets left on the bus
At the end of the shift they scan the vehicle
But the joke has gone too far
Because the other day I drove by a bus
Parked unusually on the side of the road
When I looked inside
The driver was wrestling a passenger
Over an object that I must say
Looked incredibly shiny

Poem the doctor retrieved from inside a Patient's body during surgery

The Insides are Darker than Rothko's Chapel

Eloquence is in reduction
The math teacher presents a problem
He says, simplify
The heart, presented with a problem
Says simplify, reduce
The doctor presented with a heart problem
Says, "you need to reduce your cholesterol"
Art refines all of life into more
Manageable and meaningful components
Sometimes refraction occurs
A distortion that isn't the exact truth
Nothingness
The Deep Black of Relativity creeps in

Because surgeons stand next to garbage men
Smoking next to dumpsters ever since
The ban on smoking inside of facilities
Nicotine kills but it steadies the hand
Stillness
Invades the contemporary mode
After all that surrealism and dreams
Electricity is no longer a force
A wondrous flash of light in the sky
Electricity is a small hole in the wall
Inviting a butterknife
But that isn't what has blackened me deep inside
An it isn't the smoke
Those are just symptoms of the Dark Black Interior
Those diagnoses are wrong. Smoking doesn't cause
Black lung. My black lungs beg me to smoke!
A colorful palette suggests infinite combination
An absurdist idea
The sideways eyes and noses have been distilled
The doctor of Relativity with a PhD in Nothingness
Has operated until the illusion of choice vanishes
There is nothing, except to excavate these words and sew me up
Capture the moment
When everything is dark and still
Before that turbulent bird called hope
Splashes white paint on my black canvas

Poem I was handed when I asked to discharge from Parole

Tom Waits sings My Parole Officer is Very Proud of Me

Criminals are actually installation art in the alleyways

Everybody makes mistakes
Is the sort of bullshit line
She tells herself
As she rolls down her cute, oversized boot
That her new tether
Won't fit under



Poem that a pretty girl left in my couch cushions

I gave you a look and you know what that means

I plan on sharing a glance
In your doorway upon leaving
The glance will be full of intention
And I will leave you to sort it out
Because gifts are mysteries
Because if we could live in a world
Of darkness then we would feel saturated
And enveloped
But nightshades, those that grow in dark
Are known to be poisonous.
Did I really give you a glance?
Can you be certain of anything?
If you want me answer the eternal question

Why is there something instead of nothing?

Heidegger was a ladies man. Epistemology
Epistemology of love is what we lovers
Yearn for.
How can I know what love is?
It is as primitive as an odor
Released in the wild
Fffffffffff "I'm available.
Come get it."
Because a glance can be misread.
There was something just beyond, just
Beyond your left shoulder and I strained
To see past you.
It was awkward when we locked eyes,
I knew you would misread it. Isn't this fun?
Because when I was on the way out the door
And I turned my head back to see you
It sure seemed like we shared something.
Past lives. Reincarnation. Birth and Death cycle.
Endless suffering.
It was all right there.

Poem I heard when I got in the wrong side of a confessional booth

I've Stopped Worrying

Consider the people posting on the internet
They post and post and are not concerned
About what they will wear or eat
And isn't life more than eating and drinking?
Well, it's hard for me to tell.
I can't keep up with it anymore.

For a long time, I thought I could.
That I could get an amount of likes
And then, get a higher amount of likes.
And I did, for a time.
But one day I didn't keep track of the likes

And the years go by.
Pretty soon I'm not even posting.
Pretty soon I'm not even creating content.
Just living.
Doing things without desire for reward or clicks.
Store up for yourself a treasure where thieves cannot steal.
Moths do not eat.
So now my treasure is plain.
It has become, well, I don't want to sound
Like a try hard.
Ya know, cuz that would be just as bad really.

But it's this.
Just simply this.



Poem I received after pushing A7 on the vending machine

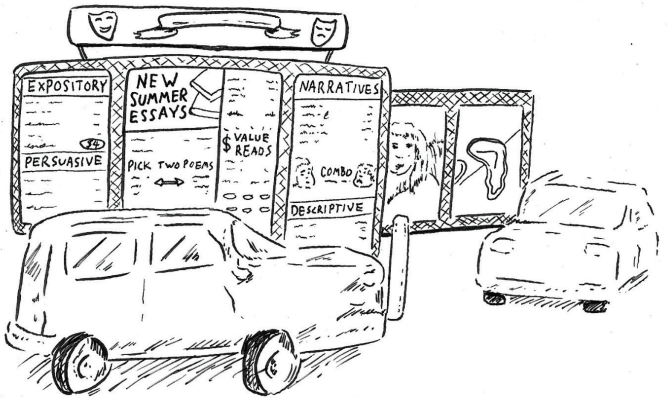
You're Not You When You're hungry, Poetry Satisfies

Could've had a snickers
But you know the truth, it's all
Empty calories
The real home of the whopper
Is that story you tell yourself to get
Through the 9-5
Lunch break, smoke break, but where's
The art break?

We need a society where everyone
has rainbow breath. In between tastes
We occasionally take a work break
That is the way it should be
Because potato chips propel capitalism
Your boss yells at the workers
He says "show me how you work"
And your resistance "gim-me a break!"
Is rather impotent
You need better ingredients, better art
Because some poems just make you ask
Where's the beef?

In the modern age Haiku is Twitter
The utility of a slogan becomes part of its beauty. You thought you
Were having fun? Well,
Double your pleasure, double your fun
Choosy moms choose these fuckin poems
Because a poem a day helps you work,
Rest and play
Museums across the country are installing
Drive-Thru windows
Art, rich in nutrients, is going up across
The globe on dollar menus' everywhere.
The modern man needs accessible art
Because sometimes you feel like a nut
And sometimes you don't

Because you can really only vote with your dollar
And if you fold this poem into an origami crane
It will fly away to the nearest mystery spot
Off the freeway
Singing
"What would you do-o-o for
Some really good art?"


EXPOSITORY
NEW SUMMER ESSAYS
$ VALUE READS
NARRATIVES
PERSUASIVE
PICK TWO POEMS
COMBO
DESCRIPTIVE



Josh Sheller @horse.grave
funny little life

Benjamin Champagne
@benjamin.champagne
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Advance Praise for Found It

"I don't know these guys at all, but they look dumb."

-Dude in line at the liquor store

"He owes me $20"

-Angry Co-Workers

"Found It is the type of collection that should be taught in schools. An entire hour of the day dedicated to these poems and these moving works of art. In fact, my kids only know these words found inside this book and no other words. It's a syndrome and a lot of people say they are geniuses"

-Professor at local Community College

"Let me know when it's on netflix"

-Everyone

"I'm here for the extermination"

-Orkin Man

"Get back to work"

-Our Bosses

"You cannot trick the trickster.
I am origami itself. I am so alive that
If you fold me in half I will only get bigger!"

-You after you take in this artistic masterpiece