



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, started being funny tonight, and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day publication via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited by: Betsy  
Delivered this morning by: Mick  
vol. LXVIII / no. 106 / March 21th, 2022

## WILL THE POET

Rambles and tangents and rants,  
Listicles, pickles, and pants  
A one page play,  
A thing in the hay,  
the things I do for ants.

A limerick or two,  
A Haiku is good for you  
To fill the Bullsheet

All these things I have done	Thirsting tirelessly for tepid truths,
Certain needs to fill	forgotten pages,
If I had but prepared,	perfected possible publications
I would not wield	wearisome words.
Yet I wander	world-weary
From my tongue	drips dew,
Kvasir's Kiss	white space whetted by words.

Here I tell a certain fable,  
One we have not heard before,  
Of a publication writer,  
Writing heedless through the storm.  
On my Laptop screen so glowing,  
Is a poem ever growing,  
Growing longer evermore.

This ploy will do the trick, I say,  
Distract them I say, fill up space, I say.  
HURRY UP PLEASE, THE JOKE IS GETTING KINDA OLD

*Continued on the back...*

# A POET & HE KNOWS IT

But that's just one part of it, I say,

See old Tom Bone's had a daughter, I say.

HURRY UP PLEASE--

And that daughter watched him go off to war,

She was never quite the same when he came back, I say

HURRY UP PLEASE

HURRY UP PLEASE

All those days locked in her tower, weaving some sort of tapestry,

A reflection of the outside world.

What a tragedy, I say.

Too bad she never could write her own name.

I saw generations of Bullsheet writers destroyed by madness, dragging themselves through the same simple joke, over and over, till any thread of humor was ground down to meal, Industrial jokesters stringing up dim 80-watt bulbs, papering the insides of their offices with nonsense Who walked through slayer at the late night, feet dragging, eyes wearied, longing for some simple word, slaves to the demanding master, filling out page after page after page of indeterminate nonsense.

What master is this that asks so much of them?

Bullsheet! Comedy! Satire! Publication demands! The student body! Readership that does not read! Stacks of paper to be recycled! Stacks of paper to be kept folded up in desk drawers or stuck upon walls and copies to be sent to the archives!

Bullsheet! Who has existed longer than I have! Bullsheet who has gone before me and who will go after! Bullsheet who's pages must be filled!

And I will say to you, I am with you in Denison

Where you study

I am with you in Denison

Where you procrastinate

I am with you in Denison

Where you write a two-page pastiche of poetry just to fill up space

And at last there was no more to write

And so he did

If they haven't died yet, then perhaps they never will.

- William Kelsey, Foreign Correspondent

## Staff "Tattoos" Box

Jack "Jigsaw" May, Senior Editor  
Maggie "Bald Eagle" Bell, Senior Editor  
Betsy "Mothman" Wagner, Junior Editor  
Ellie "Topless Woman" Schrader, Junior Editor

James "Pickle Rick" Whitney, Head Writer  
William "Map of a British Estate" Kelsey, Foreign Correspondent  
Blythe "Baby from Rugrats" Dahlem, Junior Writer  
Emma "Name of Lover" Rutherford, Junior Writer  
Lena "Mustache on Finger" Hanrahan, Junior Writer  
Evie "Dirt" Writers, Junior Water  
Claire "Portrait of Grandparent" Anderson, Sophomore Writer  
Mick "3 Black bands on left arm" Smith, Sophomore Writer

