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AMONG US BUT MAKE IT POETRY

Do you think you know poetry? You think you know poems? Think again. I'm not talking about 5th-grade limericks here, I'm talking about the greats. Whitman. Dickinson. Dr Seuss. LEGENDS.

As an English - Creative Writing major, you're probably thinking I'm a big poetry guy. WRONG! I hate poetry. I'm actually anti-poetry. I'm kidding mostly, but I have always struggled with the concept. Using as few words as possible has never been my forte.

Now let's see if you guys know your stuff! Below are a collection of poems I found online, side-by-side with another version. One version is the original poem, and the other is the same poem, ran through a free online translator of several different languages, and then put back into English. Guess which of the two poems is the IMPOSTER and you win.

ROUND ONE: Walt Whitman

A.

*Come on! Come on! Drums! Pu! Cost of money!
Through windows, through doors, it pours out like an unrelenting force
In a formal religion, the faithful are scattered,
At the researcher's school,
Do not leave the bridegroom alone: his wife is lost,
Peaceful farmers do not like peace, do not plow, do not reap;
They were very sorry for playing so loudly.*

*Come on! Come on! Drums! Pu! Cost of money!
To the people of the city, to the sound of skis on the streets.
Are families ready to welcome those staying home for the night? The family does
not sleep,
Can they survive without day traders, traders and speculators?
Did the speaker speak? Is the singer trying to sing?
Will the lawyer go to court to present his case to the judge?
Then beat the skin faster and harder: your asshole is playing at full speed.*

*Come on! Come on! Drums! Pu! Cost of money!
Don't share, don't stop and complain
Don't worry about the timing, don't worry about shouting or praying
Don't worry about adults begging in youth
The voice of the child, or the prayer of the mother, will not be heard.
While the builders shook the dead where they lay, waiting to be heard,
How loud they beat, how marvelous the tapestry! How loudly they blow their
own horns!*

B.

*Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying,
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.*

*Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in
those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they con-
tinue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.*

*Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.*

Continue on back...

EMILY DICKINSON SUS

ROUND TWO: Emily Dickinson

A.

*Banish Air from Air -
Divide Light if you dare -
They'll meet
While Cubes in a Drop
Or Pellets of Shape
Fit -
Films cannot annul
Odors return whole
Force Flame
And with a Blonde push
Over your impotence
Flits Steam.*

B.

*Take the Sky off the Sky -
Share the Light when you are
Strong -
They will meet
While you gamble out of fear
Or a pellet model
Fits -
The image cannot be deleted
Returning to the scent
Strong Fire
And pushes the Blonde
About your weakness
A flash of steam.*

ROUND THREE: Dr Seuss

A.

*If we didn't have birthdays,
you wouldn't be you.
If you'd never been born,
well then what would you do?
If you'd never been born,
well then what would you be?
You might be a fish!
Or a toad in a tree!
You might be a doorknob!
Or three baked potatoes!
You might be a bag full of
hard green tomatoes.*

*Or worse than all that...
Why, you might be a WASN'T!
A Wasn't has no fun at all.
No, he doesn't.*

*A Wasn't just isn't. He just
isn't present. But you...
You ARE YOU!
And, now isn't that pleasant!*

B.

*If it were not for our birthday,
You will not be alone.
If you have never been to this
world
So what do you do?
If you have never been to this
world
Well, who are you?
You could have been a fish!
Or a frog on a tree!
You can be a goalkeeper!
Or three boiled potatoes!
You can have the full package
Dried green tomatoes.*

*Or worst of all...
WHY NOT?
Never played.
No, it is not.*

*A is not just there. It's very
simple
Are you here? And you...
You ARE YOU!
Not so good now!*

**- Jack May,
Gamemaster**

ANSWERS! SOLUTIONS!

ROUND ONE: B, ROUND TWO: A, ROUND THREE: A



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*Happiness, though
easier with the
pleasantries of the
external, is still
wholly a product of
ourselves.*