



I Wrote a Poem About You

Arthur Graham

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It's all about you in this debut poetry collection from Arthur Graham.

Includes the following pieces:

Rarer than Kindness

Japan Again

Christmas Morning

Reunion

Lovelier Still

It's Whateva

Mouth Time

No Jealousy Issues

Expert Opinion

Hidden Talent

My Girl

Momma's Boy

Under the Table

Bad with Names

Winter Warmth

Summer in Alaska

First Kiss

Relics

Fan Mail

On My Side

Stuck Pig

I'll be Gone

I Wrote a Poem About You Details

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From Reader Review I Wrote a Poem About You for online ebook

A. Blumer says

This was an interesting look into one man's experiences and interactions. Not all the pieces were of a sexual matter, but I personally find the carnal side of people very fascinating at times. So, four stars for Arthur and his debut!

Favorite: Lovelier Still

Igrowastreesgrow says

I have never not enjoyed his poems and stories. I usually end up laughing a whole hell of a lot and then reading everything all over again. I am grateful to have read them at all. They definitely add some color to my days.

MJ Nicholls says

Prolific tormentor A.G. returns with this svelte serving of even svelter poems capturing the vague vagaries of romance and humping. The hollow pleasures of fellatio have never been rendered with more shrugging pathos—a debauched Leonard Cohen could have written this line: “I still think about / those times, in / Sendai and Kyoto . . . blowing me with / beer-wet lips in back / of a pretty full bus”. These pithy pokes into the post-Tinder age capture the sex-crazed misery of a generation condemned to probing every orifice when all their hearts desire is a hug and a decent novel. ‘Bad with Names’ sums it up: “You cried / the day / I left / the home, . . . I just wish / I could / remember / your name.” sadfaceemoji

Rupert Dreyfus says

A great first collection of poetry. I'm love sick and heartbroken at the moment so I enjoyed it lots. The last one, I'll be Gone, was my favourite.

Message to the author: the four star rating is a bribe. Write another full collection and I'll give you five stars.

India says

I read all of the poems three times before I decided I had finished. I love poetry and these made me smile, and some of them made me ache. I thought they were beautiful.

HFK says

The previous poetry book I read was Jim Morrison's *Wilderness: The Lost Writings, Vol. 1* in the beginning of 2016, not exactly something that would give Arthur Graham very good odds. This mostly due to the fact that I never had emo phase in my teenager years, so I tend to have those moments now when I am a lot older, and my kryptonite seems to be my favorite corpse's ramblings that I do not always understand, but still always manage to feel the love of necrophilia in the air.

In other words, it is not an ideal situation to come after Morrison and expect me to be all over myself, heels up to the sky, impressed and just feeling it inside out. Very unlikely, in fact. But, here I am, being bummed out as my friend Char would say, wondering how did Graham pull that one out.

Well, he just did.

I hate reviewing poetry. The almighty poet pours his soul and blood onto the paper for everyone to see, but the same poem can translate in million ways depending on the reader's experiences and mood. And that's what poetry is to me, not about the authors intentions and meanings, but my own. How a poem resonates with me, how it makes me feel, where it takes me inside my own head and history. To me the best poetry is when a single poem can mean different things in different times, a single poem that is immortal, always changing with me.

Does that make sense?

If it does, then you know why I hate writing anything down about 'em. It is non of your business.

To me *i wrote a poem about you* reads depressive and bleak, extremely sensual and erotic, longingly and indifferently, lovingly and sweet. Many emotions at the same time, changing through the offering, being mixed in one, going back and forth without comfortably settling down. It is the best kind of poetry in emotional levels as one poem can be many meanings and feelings. Like a bipolar trip with ups and downs.

Every poem in this collection rings greatness, but the perfection is in *Lovelier Still*, followed strongly with *Mouth Time* and *Relics*. But the uncomfortable came when reading surface-simple *On My Side*.

Stuck Pig

**The way you take it
like a knife,
screaming
bloody murder,**

**the neighbors
aren't sure whether
to turn up the set or
call the fucking cops.**

**If my bedroom's
the slaughterhouse,
you're definitely**

the sow,

**all squealing
and bellowed
barnyard
sounds.**

**Red sheets absorb
the carnage,
hiding that
part anyway.**

Funnily enough, *Stuck Pig* actually transported me to a time when I had the most chemistry filled lover a woman can desire. A crazy, sexy man who had the same passion to horror than I did.

There were many nights when he dressed up as Michael Myers, or Jason Voorhees, and we would run around the house in our little maniac-and-innocent-victim play that always resulted to a mind blowing, sweaty, orgasm filled hours.

There is still times when I miss that knife. It was perfectly shaped, perfectly sized, and his stabbing abilities and skills were something to envy.

It, indeed, was a bloody murder.

Andy Carrington says

Arthur Graham is human dirt.

His ballsy prose is full of spunk, spontaneity and male egotism.

Sharp / graphic words, but there's a frail heart lurking somewhere between his lines.

I enjoy his short bursts of storytelling (satisfying).

Give this book to your ex.

Harry Whitewolf says

Cleanly crafted verse about dirty sex works very well, but dig a little bit deeper and you'll find these poems are about love too. A short solid collection of debut poetry which you'll want to get your teeth into like the words were Mr. Graham's cock.

3.5 stars.

Jason says

Hmmmmm not what I was expecting at all, no gross crusty sheets, no bizarre sexual acts and no poems that shock you. This is almost quite sensible.

This is Arthur's debut collection of poetry and it is a real good effort, the poems are easy to read and you pick up the flow right from the start. The only real problem I had with it is the length, I was just getting into it and suddenly the book ends. :-)

Favourite poem is "Mouth Time" brilliant opening lines. The most interesting was the last poem in the book, "I'll be gone" it had a real Bukowski feel to it, this line especially...

"I could leave this wretched world
a happy man at last,
knowing I'm finally
free of you."

Very promising stuff but next time give me more.

Melki says

Graham lays out some dainty poesies about thongs and blowjobs. And then he just *had* to put a damper on all the dampness by mentioning the *BIG* death instead of the *little* one:

Lovelier Still

*You warned me
that night,
but I should've
warned you,*

*the sexiest
are
always
the
survivors.*

*I wonder
if you know
just how lovely
you are,*

*even
lovelier*

*still for
your scars.*

*Tenacious
in your
tenuous
grip*

*on this
lusty rampage
to the
grave.*

That one's still my favorite, though.

Damn!

Rebecca Gransden says

Sparkly male gaze poems devoted to the full flesh and soul of being with and without all of someone else. Earthy and tender, forgiving and rubbed raw. How strange it is when it hurts so good. I thought that the brevity was quite apt really.

Janie C. says

Beaucoup carnal romping here. But underneath the rumpled sheets of need there's a wistful touch of absence and a hint of fierce love. This is a promising first collection of poetry.

Steven Godin says

Impressive stuff!, personal faves,

Lovelier Still
Relics
Japan Again

Arthur Graham says

Boy, this Graham sure does like the sound of his own voice. "i wrote a poem about ME" would've been a more fitting title!

Leo Robertson says

I interviewed Arthur about this book and more, and you can listen here!

Awesome and awesomely wistful carnal journey through the Japan, the soul and the weiner.

AND as a patron, I get a free copy in the post!!

Sux to be you :-*
