

## A Foreword by the Author

(I was going to get some famous author to write it but all of my favorites don't breathe anymore)

Greetings dear potential reader. Welcome to the collection of works collectively collected to be known as the ***Certiably Insane Yet Occasionally Philosophical Ravings of Ean Johnson***. Before you delve into the depths of my poetic psyche, there are a few things that warrant mentioning.

First of all, a lot of my poetry is depressing and pessimistic. I acknowledge that. You don't need to worry for my health, call a therapist, or give me a hug. I don't really view life as a horrible, depressing monotony; I just think that the world is a bit oversaturated with poems about butterflies and sunsets and all of those other things that are so sugary sweet it makes you want to puke. A little bit of dreariness does us all some good.

Secondly, yes, I do acknowledge that every teenager writes sad, edgy poems about the darkness of humanity, the insignificance of life, and plenty of other things that would make an onion want to cut itself. If I am a cliché, then I will strive to cliché in a way that is at least well written and uniquely my own. If, by your assessment, I fail to do even that, just know that I enjoyed every moment of writing it, and that a negative critical review from you, a highschool student or teacher, is not going to keep me up at night.

With all of that said, sit back, relax, and enjoy these five unjustified mopings of a white, upper-middle class, heterosexual male.