



Poet Robot

E.I. Wong

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The collected works of E.I. Wong.

Poet Robot Details

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Author : E.I. Wong

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From Reader Review Poet Robot for online ebook

Michelle Arredondo says

I had no clue who E. I Wong is...did not know the blog A Narcissist Writes Letters To Himself existed...but after this book I know now and I am delighted that I do and can only hopes others become aware of who this writer is.

So we come to Poet Robot and the fact that I was fortunate to receive a copy. Went in blind...did not read what it was about...did not care..the title appealed to me. I had to have it my possession and read it. It comes in the mail...I walk in my house..open to the first page.....after about 40 minutes and 124 pages later of standing right at the spot I began reading I am done..and pleasantly surprised. I thought this was going to be some cutesy book of poems. Pfffttt....yeah no!! This is so much better than that...it's an offensively hilarious book of poems that is right up my personality alley. This book is a good time. Did I just type that??!! A 'good time'?? I make it sound cheesy and it's not cheesy but I really did have a good time reading it. It's insanely hilarious. It's offensive in that way that I love....he just says things the way we want to say things about people and stuff but we know we can't really say around others. Poking fun at things in his witty style of poking fun. I laughed out loud..I even re-read the book 2 more times within a few weeks. His poem The Second Person...there's a part about Vin Diesel...I basically can't look at a Fast and Furious movie now without laughing. Terribly brilliant and genius in only a way that people who do not get offended for every little joke and comment and opinion can understand. And to be honest it's not even that offensive...I've read much worse. I need this guy to write more...I'll settle for the blog in the meantime. His bio in the back....funny!! His cover I want to say is adorable but that would be like describing a 3 year old. Quirky...yeah I'll go with quirky. But who cares about the cover when the content on the inside is so amazing.

Of course I recommend this book to anyone and everyone. If you enjoy laughing then laugh to this book. If you love poetry well then here you go...get this book. If you don't care for poetry then you need this in your life because after reading the entire thing you'll suddenly want to get into poetry (but not all poetry is like this so you'll be disappointed if you go for anything from let's say Frost, Dickinson or Yeats). Funny funny stuff...I'm still chuckling at the the Vin Diesel quip.

Super thanks to E.I. Wong and the peeps at LibraryThing for giving me this book free in exchange for an honest review to which I gladly and voluntarily gave.

Liz Janet says

I've been following E.I. Wong's blog A NARCISSIST WRITES LETTERS, TO HIMSELF for a while, so when I saw he had a new book published, and that he was giving away free copies, no strings attached, I could not say no.

Now, we do not read his poetry for the deep meaning of life, but to laugh. Whenever I read his writings, I laugh, also, some of them are crude and morbid, so you might feel queasy as well.

Here are some snippets from his website:

*"I wrote a screenplay about a lady werewolf
who travels to the moons of Jupiter
which has sixty-seven moons
so she bleeds to death.**

**After multiple rejections and revisions, this piece was written on the basis that my girlfriend thinks joking about menstruation is never funny. I have been asked not to say "I told you so."*

"Wait, why would you put a quote in the beginning of this? That's stupid." -my girlfriend, when asked what quote might set an appropriate tone for this piece.

*"That awkward moment when
you and your ninja buddies
throw a surprise birthday party
for your other ninja pal
& you totally get him with the surprise
but then later everyone is standing around eating cake thinking,
"Haha, we could have murdered Dave."*

*Tarzan is offended:
When a scientist says,
"chimps are our closest living relatives"
that's really only true of orphans.*

So go check him out to see if he is your taste before reading his work, he is quite funny.

Shwetha H.S. says

I must say I thoroughly enjoyed reading this book. Not even a few pages into this and I was like this is good! Poet Robot is set in three segments: A Narcissist Writes Letters to Himself, The Second Person and Tin Lion.

A Narcissist Writes Letters to Himself is less of poems and more of ranting to himself. In this segment, Woodsman, A Shrill Shriek Follows Me and Inner Peace will definitely make you laugh. Blackbeard, Seeking Insurance, Uncovers the Pirate Paradox will seem to be vague until you reach the end of it where you will understand the whole poem, or not. The language in this segment of the book might be offensive to many people, but let's just assume that it is not for everybody.

The Second Person has one long poem called Episode 1: Hello, Apprentice. Well, it is more of a short story than a poem. The author/poet has tried to make it reek of sarcasm, but it isn't.

Tin Lion is actually funny and has enough sarcasm to make it funny. Orthodox Christians, please stay away from this segment. It is for your own good. At the end of this segment as well as the book, the author mentions in the footnote "When reviewing this book, please make sure you mention that these are the literal views and opinions of every single godforsaken San Franciscan and anyone affiliated with said San Franciscan. I speak for them now." This is very much questionable.

This book is good for one-time read.

Sarah Weston says

Before i received this book there was a warning that it was purely for fun and good humor. That said, it was great in the fact it definitely made me laugh! It also made me cringe at the way he was able to describe things that honestly were a little brutal. Not in the sense that it was badly done, but that he was able to put these plans, or dialogue into a way that was very easy to believe. I almost felt like i was reading the writings of someone i might see featured in the news years down the road for some very weird and violent crime. But having said all of that it was definitely a pleasure to have read even the things that made me cringe.

Darla says

I received this book through the Goodreads Giveaway. Or was it First Reads or LibraryPress? At any rate I was lucky to open my mail last week and find a small volume from the author - a hilarious, ironic, often poignant, and overall very funny, but mind you - deliciously earthy! - book of poetry signed by the author. E.I. (Eric) Wong writes the blog titled A Narcissist Writes Letters to Himself, which I must now rush over to engage in. The various poems are cleverly printed in different fonts, setting distinctive tones and allowing for a quick find of your favorites. Some poems are only one or two sentences long (and you will still chuckle), but the assassin's trainee poem goes on for several pages ending with To Be Continued (of course it will...). Who does this?? Can it possibly be true that he was denied his degree upon completion of his coursework?? Wong's writing is a breath of fresh air, uncategorizable, and leaves you wanting more. If you enjoy mordant, bawdy and iconoclastic fun, you will want this book. The footnotes alone are worth the trip, as are the critiques from his girlfriend. (We have yet to hear from his cat, George.) Keep it coming, Mr Wong.

Pomme-Violette says

* Received as a giveaway

The cover and the title were intriguing so I chose to participate in a giveaway and I won (first time ever). I like 'classic' poetry and I am not very familiar with modern poetry works so this might explain in part my low rating.

I really disliked all the change of fonts in this book, some of them were looking terrible and I am not convinced that they brought anything to the stories; if I had picked up the book in the library or bookstore, it would have even been enough to make put back on its bookshelf.

Then I started reading it. Some pieces are very short, others go on for a few pages. A few made me smile, other were far less interesting. Episode 1 (which is the longest piece - well I think) is quite okay to read even though it is on a strange subject (i don't want to spoil anyone so that is all i am going to say about it).

The author/narrator is everywhere from the cover to the last pages. Let's just say that if all "classic authors" had made as many comments and foot notes in their works, people studying literature would have been extremely happy to have more insights on the author's mind. E.I. Wong obviously chose a certain personae to represent him in his poems and keep it till the end.

Overall it is a quick read and if you appreciate a dark, dry sort of humour, you might even like it. As far as I know, the author has a website so I recommend you check it out first to 'sample' his work. (I have not do it prior to the reception of the book).

It is not a favourite, nor something I would re-read anytime soon so I give it 2 stars.

Elizabeth Chang says

Hmm...I guess I should start off by saying that I wasn't expecting much from this book when I decided to request this book (although I was pleasantly surprised when I got an email saying I won)...which can be a good thing....and in this case...it is. But aaanyways...like my 3 star rating said...I liked this book...wow...this review seems kinda pointless now...but...hmm.

I found myself laughing at times (yay), and was really quite relieved when reading this book didn't require much brain power...it was purely...just for fun. I liked how most of the poems and stories were short and sometimes...meaningless...so no deeper thinking was required!

The one thing that I didn't like so much...was one of the last few stories...it dealt with religion...and kinda poked fun at it...being Christian...I hated myself for laughing at some of it...it was wrong of me...but I couldn't help myself...oh wells...a warning would be nice? Although the title...the title would have incited too much of my curiosity (who wouldn't care for a little something...err...nevermind, scratch that...)for me to pass it up anyway...so...I lose either way...? Hmmpph.

Despite my one minor-ish complaint...besides the minor...err...references to...err...adult stuff...this book was definitely enjoyed by me. I smiled to myself quite a bit...the book was far from formal (aha, yes! This is my excuse! This review of mine is kinda pointless and meaningless because this book was written in such an informal way...yes, that is my excuse...)...even the copyright and other boring stuff you usually see repeated in books was altered in a hilarious way! You know what...? 3...point 5 stars!

Himanshu Bhatnagar says

The Robot is quite poetic. Do not be baffled though, if you think that the various pieces in the book are written by very different individuals. As the back cover of the book helpfully explains, there are many E.I.Wongs and you can make a pretty good game out of it, like I did, by trying to guess which E.I.Wong wrote which particular piece.

It's a delightful little boo. There's every attempt to hide the Wong and expose the Wong and both attempts are a success. There are works with a delightful denouement and works that have you scratching the paper cover of your crayons (that might make a little more sense once you've read the book, but then again it might not. Be thankful that you didn't have to pay for the book review at least)

They aren't poems, not in the strict sense that I take the word, but there's poetry still. And in some passages, between the funny, cryptic or plainly jumbled lines, you catch a glimpse of the true emotions the author seeks to hide. It's not for me to tell what those are, you must read through yourself to find that out.

It's a one-sitting book and worth going through once (what else are you going to do with it anyway? Display it on your carved ivory mantelpiece?). And you don't have to dismantle the robot to see its beating heart. It does take a certain sophisticated intelligence to see through it completely (intelligence provided at a moderate cost by the author, sophistication rented out by this reviewer for a less moderate sum.....). But in any case, you can start the book and end it with a smile and not see how deeply he plunges in the middle. :)

Disclaimer: The views expressed in the book are of Mr Wong himself, and not endorsed by this reviewer in any way, means or fashion, in part or as a whole. I'll gladly sell his address, facsimile and SSN to save my skin (and the assortment under it) from any litigation.

Lauren Wallace says

"I'd like to think when I walk face first into a spider web, there's a brief moment where the spider thinks it's his lucky day" (p. 91)

This was such a fun book! Basically, this book is a collection of comedic poems with a short story in the middle to break things up. The jokes just kept coming and I can think of very few pages that didn't leave me with at least a chuckle! I'd definitely recommend this book to anyone who's looking for a good laugh! (Though I should note that the humour is not for everyone, especially if you're easily offended).

Overall an excellent, funny and quick read! It's a great way to fit some laughs into your afternoon.

Robin Morgan says

I feel fortunate to have received one of the seven paperback copies of this book which had been offered by the author on his recent LibraryThing giveaway and the following is my honest opinion.

I found Mr. Wong's writing in this book to be quite raw as I sensed his unwillingness to be intimidated by certain standards of the literary world as what's appropriate to write about and what's not. While, given the wide variety of genres and books I've read/rewrite nothing really shocks me when it comes to the written, some who read this book might be taken back with the coarse language used by this author; so be forewarned.

After reading some of the pieces contained in this book, the reader's mind will want to stop and contemplate as to what it has just read; primarily due to all of the possibilities those words have created.

For having written a thought provoking endeavor without pulling any punches

Erik says

So...

I have been looking after our boy kitty since yesterday as he recovers from enucleation surgery (which is slightly horrific, to be perfectly honest). We're both stuck in our guest room in the basement, an almost-

sensory-deprivation chamber with one egress window and one of those high but small basement windows near the ceiling and not much else to remind us that there's a world Out There. Essentially, I have a front-row view of a window well, and everything else is recovering-kitty-krap.

Poor little guy, he's not great company but as long as he's not in pain I'm happy.

I've been reading a book that's no fun at all, and after a few hours of forcing my hands to turn pages I decided it was time to take a break and read something goofy. This book was supposed to be goofy and it's really short so it was an easy choice.

And holy shiz, I laughed. I'm not sure how I managed to do it but I did. The poetry in this book is almost anti-poetry, but I don't know enough about poetry to know if there is such a thing and if so whether or not this qualifies. It's 100% politically incorrect and 100% adult, it's very creative, it has lots of goofy helpful footnotes, and as I mentioned before it's funny stuff. Funny to me, anyway.

My only complaint is that it's too short. I now have to go back to my other book which is not quite 2/3 read. I'll get through it. I'm strong. Still, I'll miss laughing.

And Eric, perhaps if you went to OSU instead of UO you would have been appreciated more. Beavers have better senses of humor than ducks, even ghetto beavers (book reference).

I received this book as a Goodreads Giveaway in exchange for an honest review. I honestly appreciate Eric giving me something that made me laugh when (at the moment) there's literally not one other damn thing in my world to laugh about. Thanks, dude.

Brendan says

I received a promotional copy through the First Reads program.

Funny stuff. I certainly enjoyed this one. Poems mostly, but a couple pieces that seem more like short stories to me. I suppose what impressed me most, other than how devastatingly handsome* Wong is, is the story about an assassin training his apprentice. It's quite compelling, so of course it has a "To Be Continued..." notice at the end. That's how life is.

I imagine this tome being read at bus stops, in shadowy doorways on rainy nights, at subversive coffee houses, by ex-girlfriends and professional bowlers, and so on and so forth. The artist's model giggles at her recollection of an amusing Wongism and unintentionally moves a hip.

Warning: There be adult content in these pages.

* He's so handsome that I wouldn't be surprised he has a second girlfriend; in Marin County perhaps. Or at least a woman who wishes she were his second gf because she lacks the self esteem to wish being his only gf.

Devin Curtis says

Hello, Reader

Good reviewers are completely objective.
They leave no trace of themselves in the review.
The only thing you should notice about a reviewer
is their name at the top of the thing.

A good reviewer would never rate a book higher
because it was signed personally to him or
sent to him as a review copy or
because the author “liked” things on the reviewer’s blog.

A good reviewer, of course, gets immediately to the point.
He does not write in a silly form to reference the material being reviewed.
He certainly doesn’t ramble on about other things
like the experience of waking up with an anime blow up doll
at five in the morning that seemed to take the shape of a certain poetic robot
and who promised sexual favors for...well... a good reviewer wouldn’t say what for, would he?
After all, he would never accept sexual favors.
Good reviewers are all virgins, of course.

A good reviewer certainly would point out some of the questionable font choices,
and take into account the fact that a good chunk of the material is available on the author’s blog,
but look at that robot’s eyes.
Don’t you just want to find that robot’s usb port and plug yourself in?
Look it’s saying “heart” already.
What could it hurt?

A good reviewer would mention the parts that made him
laugh,
made him
feel,
would admit that certain sections left him in awe of the, shall we say, Wong?
And would reiterate, even though already stated in the reviewers review of Tin Lion, that the story entitled
“To Describe Blow Jobs Artistically”
is one of the most astoundingly beautiful things arted.

A good reviewer knows lots of fancy terms to describe things.
Like arted. And pretty. And diegetic.
Yes, yes. So diegetic. Such control of “the craft”.
Such poetic chop suey.
These are all things a professional reviewer would say because they know.
What do they know?

That this book is good
and represents the views of San Francisco.

Robert Zimmermann says

I got a copy of this book without really knowing anything about the poet or his work. I finished the book feeling like I might know a little more about Wong and have a good feel for his work. With the subtitle “An Introduction to E.I. Wong” I guess the book accomplished it’s goal.

Within Poet Robot are three separate collections: 1) A Narcissist Writes Letters, to Himself, 2) The Second Person, and 3) (Most of) Tin Lion or, the badge of heartless cowards. Each of these collections showcase a different style of writing. Unifying all three is humor. The humor may not be to everyone’s liking, but I feel that with Wong’s sense of humor, as long as you’re open to feeling a little uncomfortable at times, it’s enjoyable. I think it means to push buttons, but all in good fun.

Overall this is a quick read and somewhat out of my comfort zone even within the wild west of poetry (especially The Second Person written in...well, you guessed it: the second person POV). I enjoyed it. I think Wong has a talent for saying whatever he wants, that I admire. I’d be open to reading more of his work in the future, that’s for sure.

Daniella Armstrong says

Poet Robot is divided into three parts, and the book is peppered with footnotes that are worth reading as they’re really a part of the narrative themselves. In reading this I was reminded of how nice it is to read something so singularly unique. This book is full of contemporary and experimental poetry. It breaks editing and publishing rules by mixing up fonts and allocating entire pages to footnotes. It at times contains crass (but never rude) humour that I was never offended by, instead finding myself laughing on public transit.

The first part is composed of a selection of short, separate poems that are each showcased in a different font. The second is an experiment in comedic poetry – and it’s fabulous. It’s essentially a monologue of an assassin teaching an apprentice. (I may memorize parts of this and attend a Monologue Slam despite my fear of public performance just to perform it aloud for an audience. It’s that good.) The third part contained some more short poetry pieces as well as a piece entitled ‘To Describe Blowjobs Artistically’ that was surprisingly good.

This is a book to cherish, and to come back to when you forget what it means to love reading, or to love writing. It’s honestly funny and it was a joy to read.

I want to recommend this book to the world.
