



whiskey words & a shovel

II

r.h. Sin

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R.H. Sin's second volume continues the passion and vigor of his previous publication. His stanzas inspire strength through the pure emotional energy and the vulnerability of his poems. Relationships, love, pain, and fortitude are powerfully rendered in his poetry, and his message of perseverance in the face of emotional turmoil cuts to the heart of modern-day life.

R.H. Sin's poems are often only a few lines long, and yet the emotional punch of his language gives these words an enduring power beyond the short page. He doesn't back away from the pains and struggles of life and love, and yet his determined, unapologetic voice provides a measure of comfort and a message of perseverance that is at once realistic and indomitable. This blend of determination and painful vulnerability gives his poetry a distinctive, engaging flavor.

Whiskey Words & a Shovel II Details

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Author : R.H. Sin

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From Reader Review Whiskey Words & a Shovel II for online ebook

Emerald says

“you kill your future by mourning the past”

WhatIReallyRead says

Isn't this cover absolutely beautiful?

Well, I thought so. So I ordered this book knowing absolutely nothing about it or about the author. And while waiting for it to arrive, I painted a little fan art with watercolors:

Now to the actual book. It's pretty small, and most poems are tiny, consisting of just a couple lines. It's very **easy to read in one sitting in under an hour**. The general themes are unrequited love, heartbreak, search and hope for a new romantic relationship.

*diving into love
emerging within each other*

Some of the poems were poignant, beautiful, moving because of their aching honesty and truth. But not many were like this.

The others were either **stuffy preachy or bitter and angry**. Most, I'd say, fell into these two categories. And that's where I failed to see beauty or truth. And that's why I wouldn't generally recommend this poetry collection, **nor do I plan to read this author again**.

To illustrate my point.

*hell on earth will always be
trying to maintain a relationship
with someone who is too weak
to remain loyal to the idea of a
forever with you*

That's the entire poem by the way. Which takes up a whole page of the book. And then another one:

*their inability to remain faithful
to your loyalty
is a reflection of their own
emotional handicap*

(...)

*start preserving your energy
for someone who is strong
enough to reciprocate the love
within your heart*

Okay. So you fell in love with someone. They didn't reciprocate. They don't want a forever with you. They don't even want a finite period of time with you. That sucks. That hurts. I totally get it. I've been there. **BUT! That doesn't mean that person is emotionally handicapped, or weak, or even generally disloyal. They just aren't interested in being loyal to you. DEAL WITH IT!**

I was actually exasperated to read this. So if someone loves you back, that automatically makes them strong, and if they don't, that automatically makes them emotionally handicapped? WTF! Get over yourself! The world does not exist for the sole purpose of adoring you!

*they only treat you
how they feel
about themselves*

That's another poem in its entirety. **And no, people don't treat you how they feel about themselves. They treat you how they feel about you.** If someone had the misfortune of becoming the object of your love, they are obligated to love you back or they are an asshole? That's emotional blackmail! And there is a looooooot of that in this poetry collection.

*instead of teaching women how to keep a man
let's encourage them to be the
greatest thing to and for themselves
a woman's value is not
validated by her ability to attract and or keep a man*

Another poem in its entirety. First off, it doesn't express or strike up any emotion (in me). It's not beautifully written either. How is this even a poem? Secondly, it's **the most obvious and banal thing to say**. It's something I've heard and read a thousand times before. Like, **are there actual people who would argue with this statement anymore?** Also, who goes around teaching women how to keep a man? Does that actually happen to people? There are a lot of poems like this one in the book.

So with all the judgmental bitterness and bitchiness and preachiness **I didn't love the contents of Whiskey Words & a Shovel II as much as I instantly loved the cover art.** Pity. It would have been so easy to win me over.

Glitterbomb says

This is misogynistic, egotistical bullshit, that made me angry to be perfectly honest.

I'm done with this author.

This isn't poetry, its recycled, repetitive, and uninspired drivel.

Hirdesh says

Review to come.

Pam (The Girl Who Cried Books) says

I came upon this book while I was browsing for new poetry books at Netgalley. I love poetry so much and I'm the type to immerse myself in poems of all sorts.

Sin's poetry is simple yet deep and also straight to the point. It hits the bullseye of feels. No matter what situation you are in, you are sure to find one that is applicable to you in Whiskey Words & a Shovel. I've read a poem about going through and past distance just to get to the one you love.

long distance.

I'd kill the distance

to get to you

It sounds very simple, I know. Yet, it is something that I'm battling right now, long distance relationship. I was actually on the verge of tears as I read this poem late last night, missing my significant other from 8,000 miles away. Sin's poems aren't entirely about romantic love alone. It also promotes self-love, something that I need to learn. But, I'm giving this only 3 stars because I think I was looking for something light and more inspiring. Some of the poems tend to be repetitive of their subject, I think. I still like it nonetheless. :)

One of my favorites:

reality.

you're unhappy

you've been feeling neglected

you've been taken for granted

and yet you still find ways and

or create several excuses as to why

you stay

in reality

you've been holding on

to nothing

so if in this moment

you decided to walk away

you'd lose them

and at the same time

you'd lose nothing

you'd gain peace

you'd lose them

yet find yourself

Ece says

I hate it when men thinks only men's approval and attention can make the women feel worthy. Misogynist as fuck. Same old bullshit.

Julia Sapphire says

3.75 out of 5 stars

*"sometimes you have to drown
to learn how to swim"*

This collection of poetry was BEAUTIFUL! It was almost everything I could have asked for in poetry. It was mesmerizing and relatable .

I had not previously read the first installment but reading this one alone, I had no complications. My only issue was with the narration. This voice coming across was very soft and loving and than on the next page mean and stern. I understand mood swings and how Sin was expressing the emotions of this collection but at times I found it very jumpy.

I read this very quickly and it was such a delight to read. It was dark and powerful and I would definitely suggest it!

*"these scars
remind me that I survived
everything meant to
destroy me"*

Vera Minot says

I seriously do not understand the hype. Maybe this just isn't the type of poetry for me, but it felt like the ramblings of 15 year old me. Only if I went back and read my insufferable journals from over a decade ago I know they'd move me more than these works did (and I am a poetry reader not a poetry writer so that should say something).

It was the same few topics ("teach women to love themselves" check, got it) and the same blasé vocabulary the whole time (shatter, broken, beautiful). There are so much more interesting topics to write about than

those which were explored in this book! My inner voice actually read the poems in a whiney emo voice and I couldn't take any of them seriously. The couple poems that *were* good felt like they were accidentally good despite the author's best efforts.

Joseph says

Interlude for the survivor.

the pain means you're alive
the scars mean
you've always survived

Whiskey Words & a Shovel II by r.h. Sin is the author's second collection of poetry. Mr. Sin is a minimalist when it comes to a biography -- An old Facebook page, a closed Twitter account, and an Instagram account with plenty of pictures of his poems.

Sometimes great things happen by accident. I saw this book and immediately started it. A few years ago I read a similar sounding collection called *The Shovel and The Hare* and assumed this was the sequel. I was wrong but wrong in the best way.

Poetry, for many, is something that offers a warm embrace either with love, nature, or observations on life. Sin offers an embrace that is more of a bear hug, or a gentle tap with a 12lb hammer. As with his public biography, Sin is also a minimalist with his words. Many poems are a few lines but hit deeper than paragraphs or pages. Counterfeit love, loss, and pain run deep in this collection. But, it is not depressing; it is more of a sharing. For all the readers share the same experiences to some extent, the same feelings; you are not alone is the message. Sin gives the reader a blinding white light of emotion and awakens our own memories.

Sin gives advice perhaps it is selfish or maybe it is altruistic. Women must take charge of their lives stop being the person a man wants you to be. Start being the person you deserve to be. Be your own person not an attachment to a male. One might guess Sin is a woman proclaiming liberation, but Sin is male. Perhaps he is the man who has seen too many women he holds in esteem fall and fall again for the wrong person -- Treated poorly, not appreciated, not allowed to be who they are.

There are a few "happy" poems. One I shared with a friend, who responded along the lines of true but facile. That reaction had me look again at the poem and the collection. I thought it was a clearing in the darkness of the collection, but after some thought, yes it did seem trite. Why does the happy poem seem so shallow compared to the depth of the others? My reflections took me to the opening line of Anna Karenina: "All happy families are alike; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Happiness seems to be the same. If someone is happy the reason is not important. Sadness or loss requires explanation. It sits deeper in our being and is not fleeting like happiness. Loss or death takes much longer to get past than happiness. People refer to moments of happiness and an eternity of struggle. We want happiness while we endure the struggles of life. We create mental and emotional records that last our entire lives. They are scars that offer proof that we endured and survived. Deeply emotional, dark, realistic, and a moving collection. Perhaps the most stimulating collection I have read in a long time.

Sarah says

Reading this collection of poems felt like home. I am so glad I randomly stumbled upon this one.

Very simple, incredibly beautiful and truly powerful read.

jenice says

-this was so fake deep™

-none of the poems felt new, fresh. it was a mix of everything i've read before, except worse

-and that's not a bad thing, but the writer should make it their own and make it seem original to the reader

good thing(s)

-i read it in less than an hour

1.5 stars (.5 because it kept me interested enough to finish the collection)

dina says

different, yet the same.

different person

same pain

different person

same lies

I hate the moments between

meeting someone and leaving

someone

there's this brief feeling of trust

before the paranoia that seeps in

once you begin to realize that

they're just like everyone else

you've met before

different person

same bullshit

No offense, God please forgive me for saying this, but how is that a poem and how am I supposed to fall for it?

I have not reached halfway through this book when I'm making this review. Call me judgemental, but I believe we can easily create the same exact writing for each poems in this book faster than I could say, "What?????"

I'm sorry but the contents are just not for me as there's nothing new about them. And it is indeed so true what Emily May said that hitting enter per words does not make it a poem.

You know what the real poem is?

**Once, dusty debris of a forsaken star
hushed at the beaming Moon,
"Don't ever fall for the glorious Sun,
with her blinding storm heat
Lustrous with a touch of blue luminescent fluorace
Illuminating the unabridged earth
Radiating perpetuity
never ending
forevermore
never more!"**

**"But isn't the complexion of the Moon
is to descend and succumb
to the ardor of amorous Sun?"**

**For the meek, plebeian, melancholy Moon
The Sun was her first savor of mad craving
Her only spring of searing gleam**

**Velvet compliments of, "You look breathtaking wearing my gown of dazzling flare."
Subtle murmurs of, "Accompany me through the dark vast of whirling cosmos."
Sweet mumbles of, "Such a pretty figure, burning white from clandestine of the night."**

**Satiny kisses playing around on the edges of transparent halo
Numinous touch cascading along the stream of alabaster backside
Alas, it always ends with the ardent Sun set off, swallowed by the matters.**

**No matter how many;
the Moon recites boundless ballads and hundreds heavy-heart poetry for the Sun
the Moon serenades limitless celestial bodies and scalding fallen stars
the Moon flirts with alluring secondary planets and vibrant playful sphere**

**Still,
the Sun,
is the center, the pivot, the concentration
of the whole universe— for the Moon.**

**The pale Moon, ever so confident
Entrust her luminosity of a foreign feeling
The fiendish Sun, ever so patronizing
Amuse herself with the fast falling of the moon**

**Collapse rapidly,
Perishing every single day,**

**just to glow the next waning night,
for the smoldering Sun.**

— The Moon, still falling and rising helplessly for the radiant Sun

I don't even know who is the creator of the poetry above is as I found it on Official Account page that weekly holds Poems Night every saturday night.

Aishath Thuhufa says

Cannot believe I managed to finish that...what was that?? It tried so hard to be "deep" but was sooo repetitive and patronising. Didn't actually make any sense half the time, but all the while it was trying to tell women what they should learn/be taught to do this and that/how grateful they should be/basically how they should just do whatever the author wants them to do but always "love themselves". Struggled so hard to get through it, hoping I'd find poetry somewhere, but there was literally NONE. Never given such a harsh review but this was just unbearable.

Jen (Book Syrup) says

This poetry collection, which I was SO excited for, was way over-hyped. I found it to have the following things, and more, that really irked me to the point of no return: preach-y to women (when the author is a man), likes to romanticize depression and the aftermath of abusive relationships, compares a woman's sex to a winter jacket, continously says he's a better man than any other man the women he's speaking to has been with, and is filled to the brim with over-used themes and contantly eye-rolling cliches.

OH and out of the 150+ poems in here? I only liked 5 or 6 of them. OUT OF OVER 150 poems. Man. I definitely don't think I'll be reading any more of this author's work, which makes me upset because I was looking forward to enjoying his work. Alas, no cigar. Hopefully I'll be diving into some better poetry soon.

Alright, that's enough griping of this book. I think I'm just going to leave this review at that.

Alex Cino says

Perhaps R.H Sin does boast a fearless and vulnerable voice, but this remains one of the most appalingly tasteless volumes I've ever read. What we have here is a bombardment of obsessive love letters and cringe-worthy rants , most no more than a sentence or two of free verse.

Page after page demands the reader to
"find a man who loves you with all the love you deserve."
A poem simply titled "Sent text" reads:
"Be consistent, or become non existent."

R.H. Sin is every "nice guy" who's ever asked for your number, texted you relentlessly, and called you a self-absorbing bitch for not responding in time. He deserves better than you, and won't rest until he finds

"A love rich and organic, homegrown from seeds in my own soul;
I want love that's straight like my favorite liquor."

There are bits and pieces of feminist insight here, albeit always offered through a cynical male perspective. In actuality, this book does a lot to push problematic gender norms . The narrator often paints himself as some what of a savior, lingering in the magazine aisle of grocery stores, trying to rescue women from their addiction to fashion magazines.

All-out filthy, degrading, weird to Ted-Bundy-esque extremes. Completely void of intellect or quality control, but sure to be a favorite among a certain type of reader. Two thumbs down.
