



# this emotion was a little e-book

*Tao Lin*

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**this emotion was a little e-book** Tao Lin

A chapbook of poetry.

friday night alone in the library reading nietzsche / i'm going to touch you very hard / i'm tired / i have high self-esteem and it's making me stare / i'll write another poem instead of looking for a job / terrible asshole / i am fucked if i really think all human beings are terrible assholes / a young hamster / a poem written by a bear

## this emotion was a little e-book Details

Date : Published March 7th 2006 by Bear Parade

ISBN :

Author : Tao Lin

Format : html

Genre : Poetry

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## **From Reader Review this emotion was a little e-book for online ebook**

**Katrina says**

why

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**Never says**

picasso < ska

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**Mariana Vivas says**

no estoy tan segura de que me guste. creo que lo odio

---

**Vicente Monroy says**

es un pepino

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**pplofgod says**

This was very painful to get through. A lot of it is cringeworthy post-ironic tumblrcore poetry but there are some really good gems in here nonetheless.

GOOD POEMS I N M Y O P I N I O N

"i'm tired" u

"i'll write another poem instead of looking for a job"

"a poem written by a bear"

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**Kisholi says**

I felt this in places I wasn't sure existed anymore. I have this niggling fear that the main fans of this book are going to be emo tumblr kids (not judging, because I did that for a while and I wasn't even a kid then). Maybe I shouldn't have read it just before I was supposed to leave for work. Now I'm going to be crying all day. Fuck this shit.

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## **danielle says**

feeling slightly less sad and alone reading poems about being sad and alone ending up feeling more sad and alone because we are writing poems about being sad and alone and reading and relating to those poems but it does not change the situation: we are sad and alone

in a world full of people who are sad and alone in a time when there is sadness and loneliness and distraction from sadness and loneliness but no cure. i wrote a poem with no almost no line breaks because thoughts run into each other they blend. i wrote a poem about sadness and loneliness as a review to an emotion that was a little e-book about sadness and loneliness because there was nothing else to do.

emotions felt by an individual words typed by an individual words read by an individual who felt emotions could relate; if you relate be reminded that relation is a substitute for change and a fixation's not a fix and become more sad and lonely because relating does not change the situation: we are sad and alone sidestepping two steps too removed.

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## **Hibido says**

"i feel that my poetry is fucking stupid"

That's because it is, Tao.

But that's why I like it. It feels like he's snickering at you, making a living writing poems about hamsters and peanut butter and bears.

Oh, and the modern life and the iphone generation, ya, sure.

"the moose and i will ride the escalator and i will hug the moose and the moose and i will cry

i will eat the moose

i don't care"

Wonderful.

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## **Trever Polak says**

Although it's for one of his novels, this review sums up how I feel about Tao Lin. Some of the stuff in here was a bit funny, though, I'll admit that. But mostly I see right past his persona and find nothing in the words. Also it feels like he's trying to write like Bernadette Mayer and throwing in his own mood to it. It doesn't work for me.

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**"Hipster" says**

I liked the one about/by the bear.

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**Mark Meneses says**

Like this so much. Want to quote the line

"\$" somewhere.

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**Alejandro Saint-Barthélemy says**

friday night alone in the library reading nietzsche / i'm going to touch you very hard / i'm tired/ a poem written by a bear.

Those 4 are my favourite ones. It could be a coincidence but I don't think so. I mean that the first three in the book and the last one are my favourites, and it makes sense to put the best ones first and the icing on the cake as a farewell with the one that's preferred by the majority ("a poem written by a bear").

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**mwpm says**

My favourite poem by Tao Lin:

a poem written by a bear

let me go eat some salmon

why are there coke cans in the river

what if i wore a bullet proof vest during hunting season

i'm a bear; i walk in the forest and look at the river and the river is cold

i saw campers today and they ran away and i was alone and i destroyed their tent

let me go scratch my paw on a tree

let me go eat a salmon

last night i cried onto my salmon

the salmon was sad but it still wanted to live  
it wanted to swim and be sad and i ate it under moonlight  
i saw a moose scream the other day  
it screamed quietly under a tree  
i felt embarrassed and sad and i thought, 'oh, no; oh god, oh my god'  
sometimes i climb a tree and sit there and sing very quietly  
sometimes i want to go to a shopping mall and chase the humans and claw them  
i'll ride the moose into the shopping mall and ram the humans  
the moose and i will ride the escalator and i will hug the moose and the moose and i will cry  
i will eat the moose  
i don't care  
i will scream and throw the bubblegum machine from the second floor to the first floor  
i felt compassion for the salmon and now i don't care anymore  
i'll walk into a parking lot and chase a large human and hug the human and cry  
i'll walk into a house at night and push the humans off the bed  
i'll stare at the bed and i'll feel fake

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### **Joshlynn says**

As usual for Tao's work, moments of transcendent brilliance are deftly balanced alongside some truly disturbing passages. Like Thom Yorke's inexplicable fixation with cars and fish, Tao focuses a lot on murder, the personification of bears and hamsters, and leaping over things.

It's easy to see why he's such a viciously polarizing writer - you either love him, hate him, or tolerate him.

His greatest accomplishment is probably his impenetrability. In terms of his sheer what-the-fuckery he has to be ranked alongside Beckett and Schwitters.

So whether you think he's the future of literature or just an out-of-control asshole, he's Tao Lin and he's showing no signs of caring what you think.

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### **Donald Armfield says**

If there were more poems like the "bear" poem, I probably would of enjoyed this shot collection of poetry.

Although its more like rants and praises. Interested in authors other work

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### **Kate says**

i just ate popcorn in front of the television  
my mum got angry at me for trying to watch a rap programme on iplayer  
then i came upstairs and read this on the computer screen  
i liked it a lot  
i like tao lin a lot i think  
'last night i cried onto my salmon'  
that part made me sad  
okay i think that i will do more reading tao lin soon  
i think that it is good for feeling sad when you are not allowed to watch the television and also a lot of other times

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### **tao\_lin3 says**

I like this book. I can read this book in any mood and enjoy it, I think.  
The words all have meaning that my brain can process. After I read the words I feel emotions. Each poem makes me feel emotion.

I will read this again later on and probably more times later on.

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### **Joseph L. Reid says**

Wonderful. Was particularly hit hard by "a poem written by a bear" for the salmon bits.

Favourites:

i'm tired  
i'll write another poem instead of looking for a job  
a poem written by a bear

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### **Aya says**

I liked it, too bad there weren't more poems.

I read on wiki that Tao Lin was mentioned as one of the new sincerity writers. I didn't see the connection so much reading the novels. But it became obvious reading his poetry.

The quote by David Foster Wallace says it all, and way better than I could so I'll just put that here:

"The next real literary "rebels" in this country might well emerge as some weird bunch of anti-rebels, born oglers who dare somehow to back away from ironic watching, who have the childish gall actually to endorse and instantiate single-entendre principles. Who treat of plain old untrendy human troubles and emotions in U.S. life with reverence and conviction. Who eschew self-consciousness and hip fatigue. These anti-rebels would be outdated, of course, before they even started. Dead on the page. Too sincere. Clearly repressed. Backward, quaint, naive, anachronistic. Maybe that'll be the point. Maybe that's why they'll be the next real rebels. Real rebels, as far as I can see, risk disapproval. The old postmodern insurgents risked the gasp and squeal: shock, disgust, outrage, censorship, accusations of socialism, anarchism, nihilism. Today's risks are different. The new rebels might be artists willing to risk the yawn, the rolled eyes, the cool smile, the nudged ribs, the parody of gifted ironists, the "Oh how banal." To risk accusations of sentimentality, melodrama. Of overcredulity. Of softness. Of willingness to be suckered by a world of lurkers and starers who fear gaze and ridicule above imprisonment without law. Who knows. "

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### **Jose Alexander says**

It felt like everything was about what Tao feel, what Tao see and what Tao think he can be. All the Taos who can read and see on this poems are sad, I think he should go out more often and write happy poetry, at least try to. I'm not very sure if you can call poems to this but I'm pretty sure that Tao will be very sad if I tell you not.

I think all I've wrote of this book can be see as bad things, but I like this little e-book. Tao can take you from been thinking nothing at all to feel very sad with only use basic forms of writtiing and I like that a lot.

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