

JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

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"carenot"

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carenot

i dont care about this paper
or jimmy b
i don't care about punctuation
or gray tiles
i dont give a shit about shit
Ofucks 8
fuck this paper
fuck this girl that keeps laughing while im writing this
oh, sorry, we are not laughing at you but at whats written behind you
ah ha ha haa fuck you
i guess i care about this shitty paper
i guess i care about other shit
but i dont do it nicely
thats what i dont give a shit about
i guess it might be that i dont take care of things
proper care
rather than caring
i guess i care

but ugh
i dont want to explain
who is explaining to me why
and who is doing it nicely
fuck you

{all of that was erased}

Assignment: What do you think about the recent controversy over sixteen-year-old Maddie Seynd's gender reassignment?

I think it is stupid.
They are stupid.
We are fucking stupid.
As long as you don't hurt people, you do you, and I'll do me. And if we like each other, I can do you. And you can do me. Whatever.
Save us the Jesus Christ, your lord and savior, or your biology and its truthfulness.

It happens all the time though, at so many different levels. I can't tell you how often I have been judged because of my Hello Kitty lighter. And it's a fucking lighter, you know? But it sheds some light on the bigger picture. I don't know how big it is, so I'll just assume it is nine feet. Nine hundred feet. Nine hundred feet and about two hundred hands, all lighting a cigarette.

I like my lighter because it cheers me up every single time I pull it out of pocket, and because it never disappoints me.
Well, except when it doesn't have gas.
But that's better than having words.
Words are worse than setting yourself on fire.
Writing this is giving me headaches, and I'll just say that.
Words should be feared more, and hence, they should be used with the proper care.
Because that's about it, really: we don't care.
Or rather, we don't take care of... So off...

I'm not going to write a 500-word essay on this because this controversy is stupid, because we are stupid, because I have a headache, and because we don't know

anything for sure. We probably don't. We are being constantly shaped, and you can't tell how a tree will look if you're looking at its seed. I at least can't.

Bioprofile of the author:

Knic is some guy who was born in an island, and who is an avid baseball fan in his mind. There are not a whole lot of things left to say that are important, other than you might find him in the hallways sometimes.

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