

you're just
my type.



@just.my.typewriter



Hello,

I'm not sure how you got here, but welcome to my collection of typewritten thoughts masquerading as poems. I've always been a saver of scraps of paper and have been known to write a love letter or two- none of which were ever sent. I've only recently started collecting typewriters, and am fascinated by how final words seem when they can't be deleted. There is no backspace; there is no undo. I think it keeps people honest because you have to think about what you write before you dive in to committing your thoughts to ink and paper and finally a pdf form where you share your inner thoughts with strangers on the internet.

This collection is made from poems that I wrote (or crafted) during the month of June 2019. In total, four different typewriters were used. Many of these poems are also typed on found objects like napkins or postcards. That is my favorite way to display these musings because it feels like they had to be written down right then regardless if you were ready or not with a pen and paper or phone for spell check. They are not perfect and nor should they be because if they were, we'd have nowhere to go to improve.

I will not provide a legal disclaimer stating that the similarities between events written here and those in real life are purely coincidental- so I'm sorry if I wrote about you, and you didn't like it. To that all I can say is thank you for the inspiration. These poems are my experience and boy have I learned a lot. To each of you readers, I suggest a typewritten journey. It's a fascinating community full of loving people.

To the typewriter people
and to my love,
I hope you like it!

Sincerely,
Sarah
@just.my.typewriter



for an on-duty nanny? Other than my denim skirts and oxford blouses, I had a peach-colored sundress I'd worn to a wedding a couple of summers before, but surely it was too nice to wear while I chased Maddy from room to room and sat with her on the floor. And at the back of the closet, half-forgotten, hung the clothes I'd worn to my parents' funeral — a simple black skirt and a white, scoop-necked shirt. A wave of sadness washed over me when I pulled the hanger out into the light, but I told myself that they were just clothes. Unlike the rest of my wardrobe, they looked almost new. With my pearl earrings and black ballerina flats, they would have to do. Earlier I had laid out a designer ensemble for Maddy — a black pleated skirt and a red plaid blouse, one of the few nonpink outfits in her extensive wardrobe. I hoped she wouldn't balk at the color.

Just before I shut off the light, I made myself look once again in the mirror to face my flaws. Still, despite my efforts to keep my expectations realistic, I was happy that I would see Mr. Rathburn tomorrow, no matter the circumstances.

The next morning, Thornfield Park went into a frenzy. I had thought the entire house was already pristine and well arranged, but it seemed I had been wrong. Amber and Linda ran from room to room, dusting, polishing silver candlestick holders, laying out fresh linens, and arranging bouquets of gladiolas from the garden. Midmorning, the cook arrived in the kitchen with a jumble of shopping bags. I helped him put the groceries away. After that, I pacified Lucia by listening as she enumerated the many tasks she still had to complete by dinnertime. Throughout the day, I noticed that only one employee was not pitching in on the whirlwind

effort. Brenda. I saw her when she came into the kitchen to fix a ham sandwich that she promptly carried back upstairs; otherwise, she kept to herself. Nobody but me seemed to notice or care.

That afternoon, Maddy was far too excited to nap, and I worried she would be overtired and cranky by the time her father arrived. I watched her practice her routine from dance class over and over again; she wanted to put on a show for her father's friends. I hoped he would give her a chance to perform, even though I would rather have stayed in the playroom, out of the way until the visitors left.

When Maddy tired of dancing, she and I played a game after a game of Chutes and Ladders. I could still hear cleaning noises all around us. I was trying to teach her checkers — a game I thought

she might be too young for but one she immediately took to — when I heard Amber and Linda in the hallway. As usual, they were gossiping, too excited to care who could hear them.

"I tell you, they're engaged," I heard Amber say somewhat shrilly. "I saw it in *Tattletale*."

"*Tattletale*!" Linda sounded scornful. "I can't believe you even read that rag. Wouldn't we be the first to know if he'd gotten engaged? Besides, he's only known her a few weeks."

"That doesn't mean anything. People jump into marriage all the time."

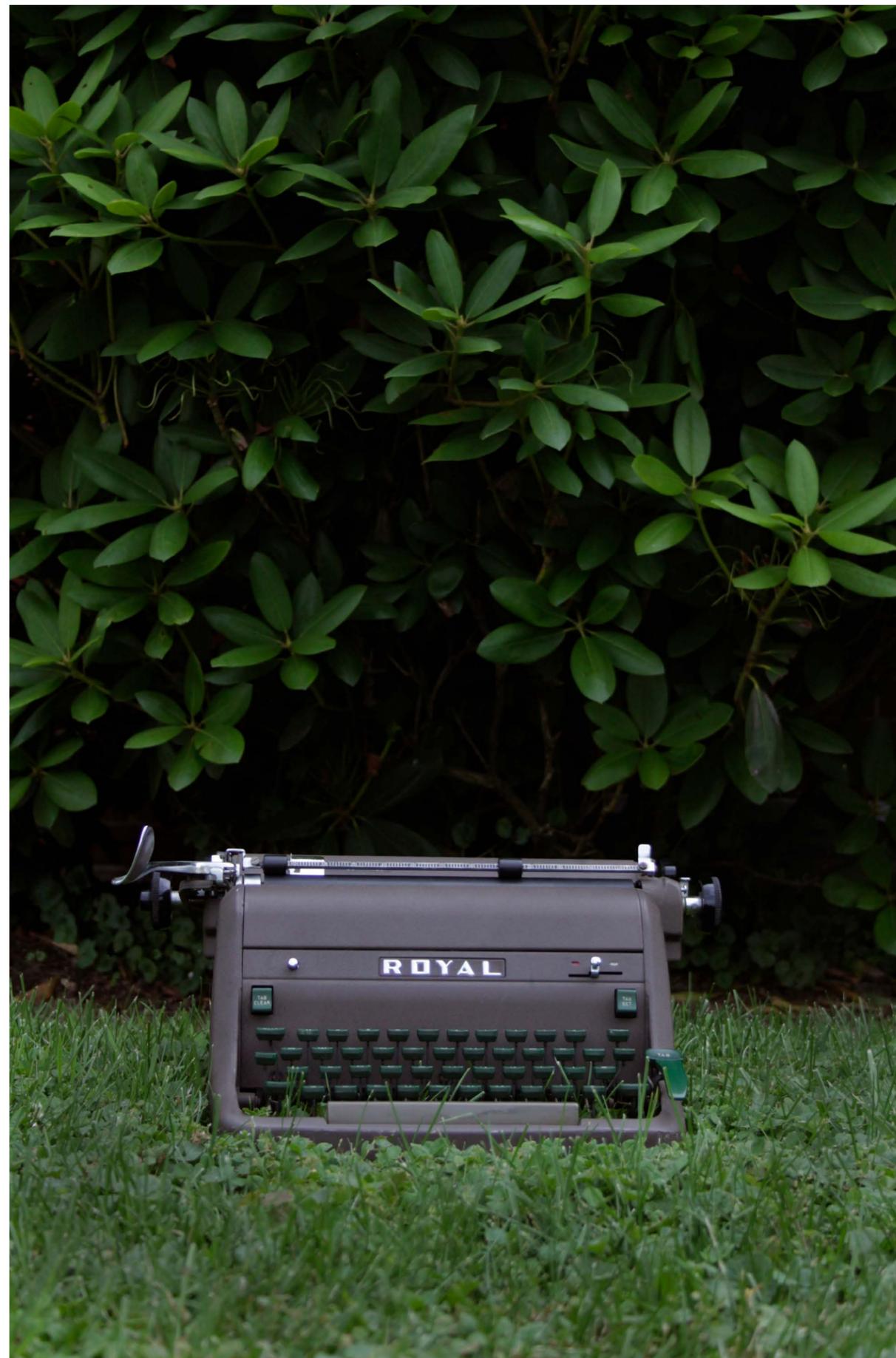
"And regret it. I hope you're wrong. That's all I can say." "That's just cause you're warm for his form," Amber said. "Don't tell me you're not. At the very least, they're an item. You saw that photo in *Geek World*."

"I might have," Linda said. By the sound of it, they were stand

I think you and I should get
deep into smooth jazz
film cameras
and time machines
so that we can go back to the
days where men wrote beautiful
love letters
so that you'll finally
write me something I can frame
and hold on to forever

-SE

Huxley
Serial: HHE- 5897816
Model: Royal HH Elite
Year: 1956
AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSsTtUuVvWwXxYyZz
1234567890-!"#\$%&'()*+,-./:;=>?@,.,:;/?+=¹¹/₂₄



I think if we were a movie, we'd be a 3 hour long montage
of us missing trains by seconds
set to really great soft rock.

I would spend a significant amount of screen time
in empty parking lots sitting in my car
listening to a song that has the line:
"I wish God made me gay"
because boys
are so
confusing.

And, you would be in a series of libraries
in knit sweaters that have suede elbow patches
sitting with lots of people looking rather content
until you look out a window thoughtfully unaware of what to call
the thing that you know is missing.

PS- It's me with a leather jacket and a ukulele
riding the subway you just missed.

-SE

102—Library of Congress and Annex, Washington, D. C.



The Library of Congress, justly celebrated as the culmination of architectural achievement of the day, was completed in 1897 at a cost of \$6,000,000. The Library of Congress Annex, shown directly behind the Library of Congress, was built at a cost of \$9,366,340, and completed in 1938. It was built to accommodate 10,000,000 volumes, which is double the capacity of the main building.

SCENIC ART SERIES, B. S. REYNOLDS CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

GENUINE CURTICEICH-CHICAGO "C. T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

POST CARD

Your first kiss was in
the depths of the
National Archives
nestled between old film
reels of Gene with the
Wind and stacks of books
considered important but
have barely been read
such a secret moment
that you so openly
shared over the steering
wheel of your Subaru

-SE



Placeholder People

There is a specific subset of the human species
often overlooked by anthropological studies
the cave people that got used up before the Bachelor aired on TV
and told us all that there was a "one".
This group of people are often found in corner cubicles
book shop chairs
and other quiet places.
They are very good listeners.
I call them Placeholder People.

We are the people you talk to at work or on weekends when all your
other friends have plans.
We are dependable.
Steadfast.
And, again, good at listening.
We've been trained to respond with sympathetic nods.
We are the world's best commiserating company.

You can call us at night when all the darkness has crept into your room.
You can call us when you have a plus one, but don't know who to ask
yet.
We use pen to write your name in our schedules and then find ourselves
doomed to blacked out calendars when plans fall in with other people
instead of through with us.
We are placeholder people.
Quiet.
Patient.
And aware that when you leave this place, you won't call us anymore
Because you'll have better things to do.
And the course that often goes unstated in the few studies conducted
about our dying breed is that
we are full of hope
undying
unwavering
and completely foolish amount of pure hope
that someday we'll hold more than just a place.

Caroline
Serial: 6YC686904
Model: Smith-Corona Corsair Deluxe
Year: 196X

AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSsTt
UuVvWwXxYyZz
1234567890- "#\$%_&'()*+,:;@,.,./?1/2

you are the epitome of a
series of soft folk songs
strung together like **sleep**
lyrics soft and rounded
over the same two chords
over and over again

-SE

I can't afford
the mental cost
that is listing
you
as my emergency
contact
-SE

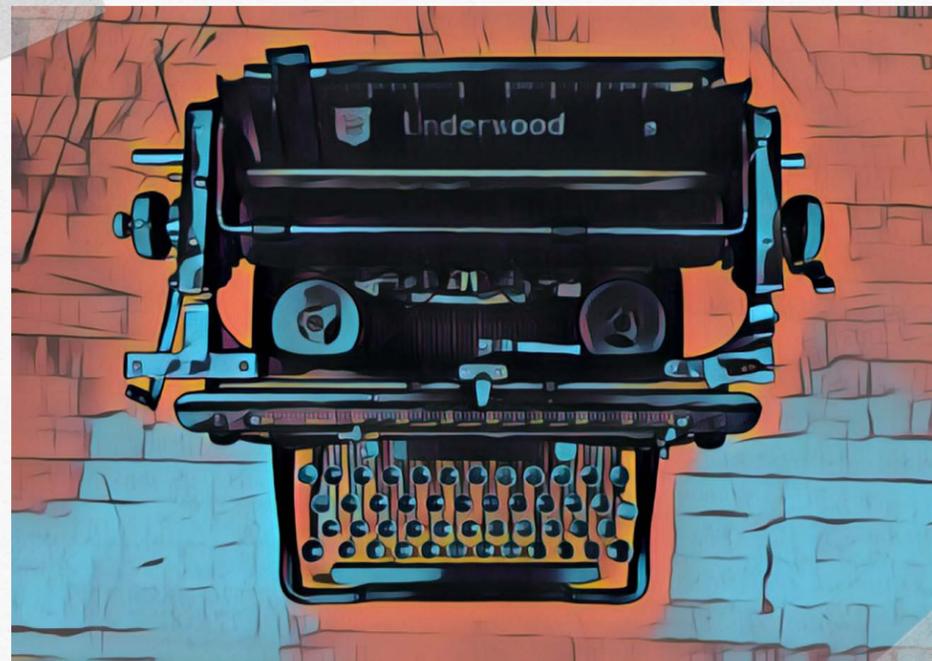
"Wow. Your emotional
kevlar is thicc."

*SE

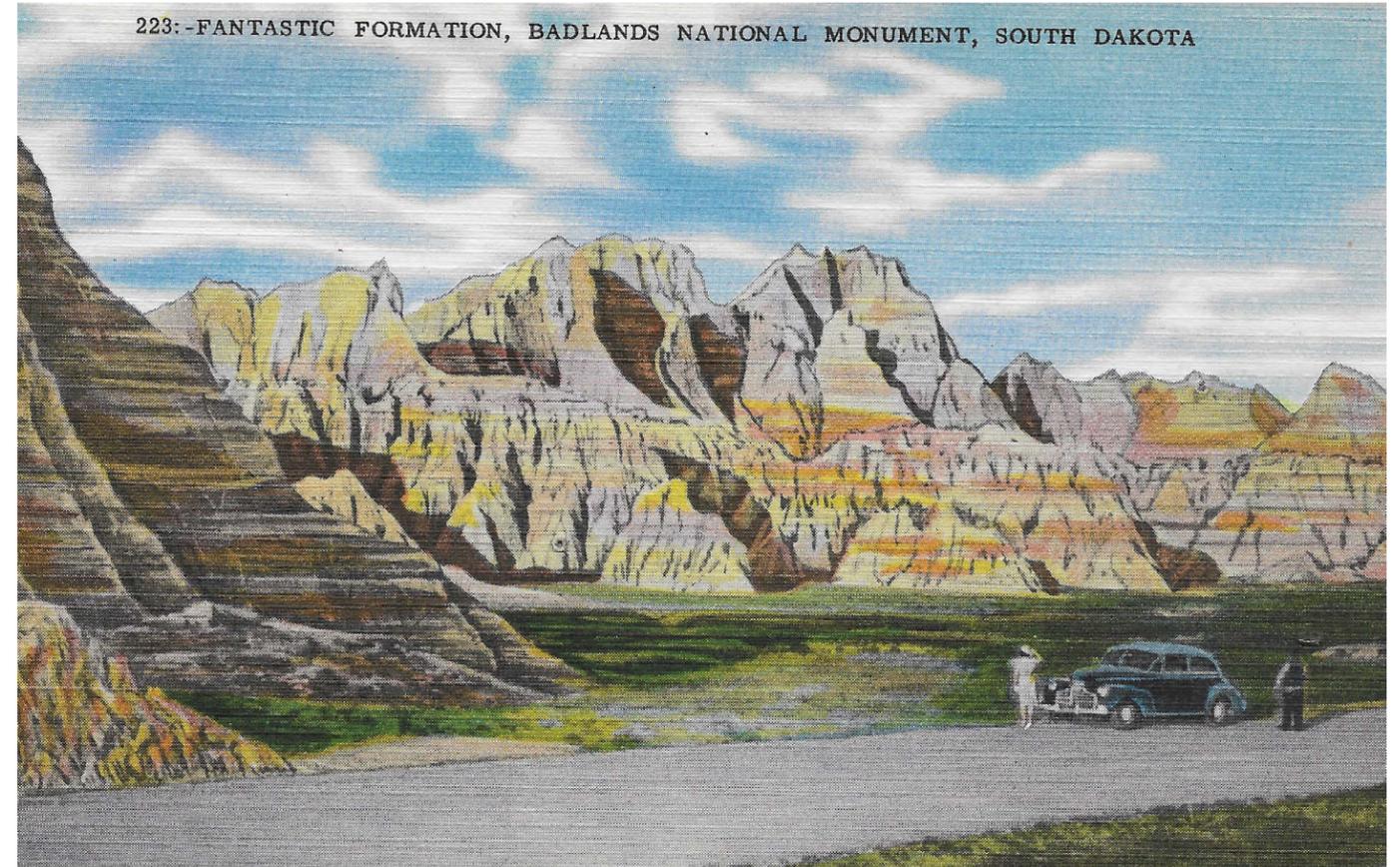
Happy Things

Let us love like fat dogs and old people.
Moving slowly, looking silly and
remain precious to those people who watch us from the sidewalk
softly seeing that we are a dorable in our
absurdly morbid states of happiness
and peace.

-SE



223: -FANTASTIC FORMATION, BADLANDS NATIONAL MONUMENT, SOUTH DAKOTA



The weird and unusual beauty of the South Dakota's
Badlands charms thousands of visitors annually. It was
made a National Park in 1938 by President Roosevelt.

PLACE
STAMP HERE

"There are good paying jobs
in North Dakota
because no one wants to live
there."

It is an empty land full of
promise sunk deeply in
isolation;
North Dakota is a closet optimist.

-SE

POST CARD

Black Hills Novelty and Mfg. Co., Box 1889, Rapid City, S. D.



THIS SPACE FOR WRITING



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

50322

I love you
I lorve you
I lurve you
I louve you
I louvre you
I French museum you
and even that
is not enough.

*SE

CAUTION: Contents May Be Hot

COMMONPLACE
COFFEE CO.
HOUSE AND ROASTERS





MEXICAN GRILL

Acts of Service as Love:

He llo, I washed your clothes, put them away,
and color coded your socks
because I love you.

-SE

the things we have
in common are as follows:
peanut butter
typewriters
and an inability to
pronounce the word
"crepe"

-SE

He left
and teek the taste of feed with him
He teek the air from my lungs and left me
exposed
under a porch light
telling my feelings to a stranger
slowly pulled to its sinister yellow glow
I get sick on a small amount of ice cream
like little deses of cough syrup
until I was drewwy enough to sleep
and do it again tomerrow

I want this moment to mean mere than it dees
a nd that inequity is where you lie
or tell the truth
I'm never really sure
because it's always something I want to hear
brave, bold, and slightly merbid

-SE

checking in with reality
by burying my nose
in one of your shirts
that I stole
the last time you were here

-SE



This is from the last ever
lunch I will have with you.
Under a veranda, staring at
a sidewalk.

I will not call or leave word
with the machine that has
replaced your once caring eyes
and warm smile.

Do not call me again just to
leave a voicemail that doesn't
sound like the others I've
kept and sometimes play to
fall asleep.

Do not come to my house unless
you are willing to climb to
the roof again and watch a
sunset to sad folk.

Do not touch me if you're not
coming back,
and do not take me to lunch
just to say goodbye.

-SE

Scan the barcode on your itemized
receipt with the PBros app and start
earning free food today!!
Barcodes expire after 7 days.



Primanti Bros.
Almost Famous Since 1933
2 South Market Place
(412) 261-1599

Server: 05/24/2019
Table 902/3 3:13 PM
Guests: 1 20170
Order Type: Order

Carnegie 9.99
Retro Tots 4.99
Water (2 @0.00) 0.00

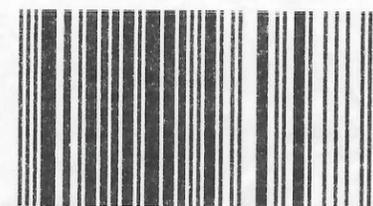
Complete Subtotal 14.98

Subtotal 14.98
Tax 0.90
County 0.15

Total 16.03

Balance Due 16.03

Scan the barcode on your itemized
receipt with the PBros app and start
earning free food today!!
Barcodes expire after 7 days.

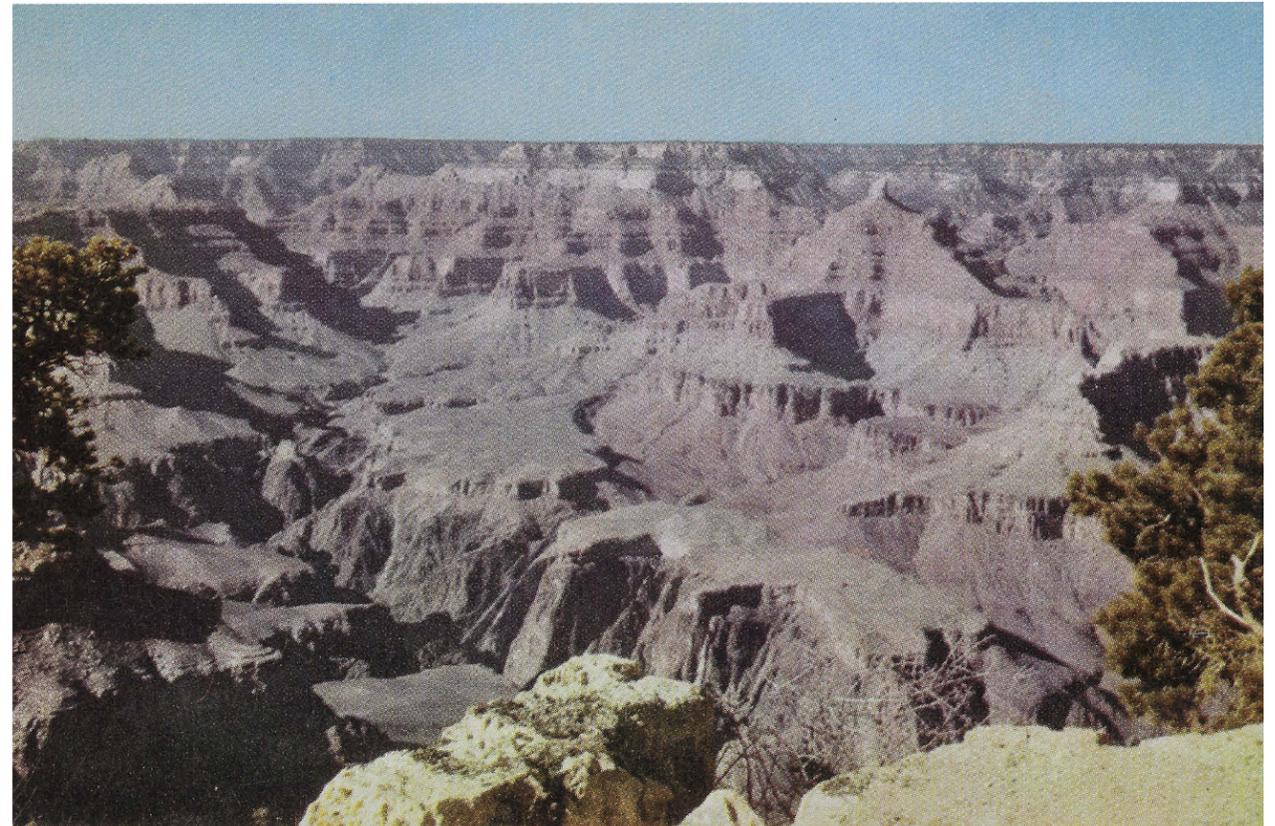


“But surely, mother, Scotchmen will never remain in such a state of shameful servitude!”

“I trust not, my son; but I fear that it will be long before we shake off the English yoke. Our enemies are for the most part of Norman blood: very many very barons of England: and so great are the jealousies among them that no general effort against England will be possible. Nay, if Scotland is ever to be freed it will be by a mighty rising of the common people, and then the struggle between the commons of Scotland and the whole force of England aided by the feudal power of all the great Scotch nobles would be well-nigh hopeless.”

This conversation sank deeply into Archie's mind: day and night he thought of nothing but the lost freedom of Scotland, and vowed that even the hope of regaining his father's lands should be secondary to that of freeing his country. All sorts of wild dreams did the boy turn over in his mind; he was no longer gay and light-hearted but walked about moody and thoughtful. He redoubled his assiduity in the practice of arms, and sometimes when fighting with Sandy he would think that he had an English man of arms before him, and would strike so hard and freely that Sandy in the greatest difficulty in parrying his blows, and was forced to shout loudly to recall him from the clouds. He no longer played at ball with the village lads, but taking the best of them, aside swore them to secrecy, and drew for them into a hole which he called the Scottish Avengers. With them he would retire into valleys far away from the village: here would mark what they were doing, and practiced with clubs and sticks instead of broadswords. He defended narrow passes, or a trust an end divided into five parties, did batt' The lads entered into the new d Among the boys there was a suggestion of indignation at the manner in which

SE



HOTELS-SHOPS
Fred Harvey
RESTAURANTS
GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK ARIZONA

Post Card

TES PCK \$.50

A View from Hopi Point
One of the many magnificent vistas along the Grand Canyon West Rim Drive.

STAMP

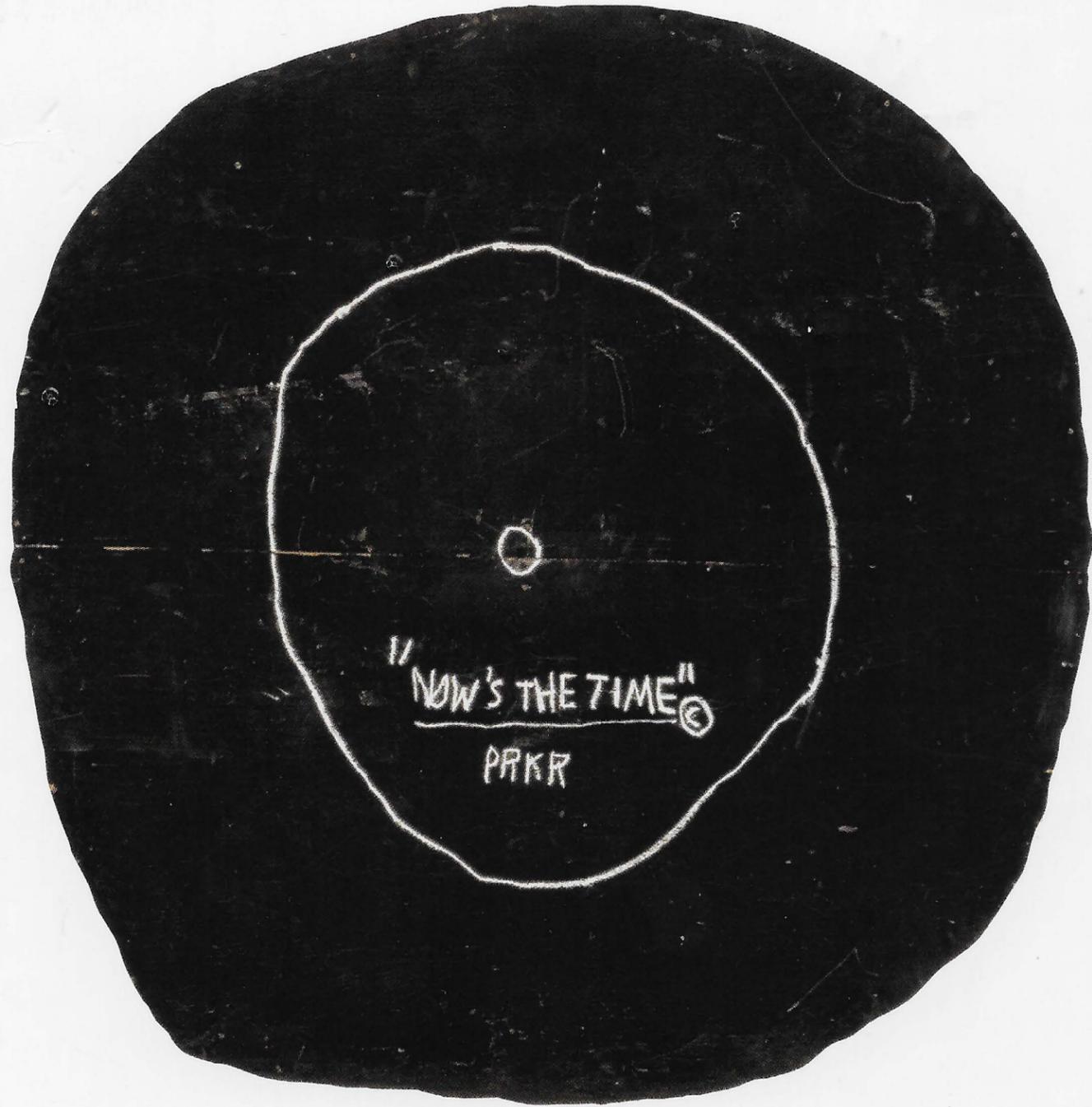
You are the Great American Novel I never wanted to read and now your criss cross cut hair will be a quiet casualty of my creative process lost in translation over the sound of my typewriter keys.

SE

MESSAGE

H-4556

ADDRESS



9 86470 35084 2
AP1260 ISBN 1881270629

Dear Possibly Dead Jake,

Hey- it's me. So sorry to bother you,
but you haven't called back.
And, the only logical explanation
is to assume the worst.
Rationalization is a strange family friend.

Sincerely,

*SE

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT
NOW'S THE TIME, 1985

ACRYLIC AND OILSTICK ON WOOD, DIAMETER: 9 1/2 IN.
© ESTATE OF JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT. LICENSED BY ARTESTAR, NEW YORK. FOTOFOLIO.COM

ARTPOST

If a cat purr came from a lawn mower,
it would sound like Joshua Patrick
on a Tuesday night on my left shoulder
during my favorite movie.

-SE



A love letter to my darling:

I wish I had known you when I was younger. I wish I had saved my first kiss for you. If I could go back in time and erase every feeling I ~~have~~ ever had for anyone else to save for you, I would. If I had known such a wonderful thing was waiting for me a few years ahead, I would have saved the first time I said "I love you" for a night where we were in the oak grove together as you were walking me back to the building we both called home. If only I had known, I would have appreciated you so much sooner. I would have kissed you so much quicker and never would have questioned how loyal you were to me. I never would have let him get in my head and make me believe I deserved better because the truth of the matter is that I am unworthy of the pure affection, devotion, thought, and love that you have given me. I love you more than any book- new or old; I love you more than any romantic fantasy anyone else could have written because you are mine, and you are real, and you're here. For so long I read love letters written by great men and wished for these to be sent to me. Addressed and stamped by you only to be sent a few hours away to me where I would open it and read it while I was on the phone with you. It never occurred to me that I could be brave enough to be the one to write you a letter. To write you a letter that explains how much I utterly adore how you crinkle your nose at me to get me to smile. To write to you to tell you I miss your sneezing as the white noise that chases away bad dreams. I want to give you some sort of promise or great statue and monument to prove myself to you. I want to be able to do something significant to make up for the poems I've written about other people. To make up for the times I wrote love songs for other people. I can't take them back, even though I wish I could. Instead, I would like to give you this terrible poem that I wrote with no forethought because I have realized something: the reason I wrote poems for other people or could write love songs for these other boys was because I wasn't sure. I didn't know how I felt about them so I had to write it down. Something was always off, and I couldn't ever put it in definitive words so I had to keep trying. But, with you I have never had to process or think or overthink because you have always told me exactly how you feel and what you want: me- good days or bad, poem or not. And, because I never questioned it, I never had to write it down to figure you out. If I now could channel all that wasted energy and time from other people who would never give me that kind of clarity into one creative measure worthy of proving how I feel, I would. I wager, however, that it would never truly capture it all because love from you to me is a glance across a room and a kiss on your nose from me to you. Lord knows I'll never stop writing and maybe I'll never stop being confused, but I know now that I will never again have to be confused about you, about us, or about the glorious Friday nights we spend wrapped up in each other comfortable in our warmth, and not in need of any other sort of external validation to prove our dedication to each other. You are the calm to my stormy demeanor and the kindest part of our collective soul. I may not believe in the sort of fantasies I chased for so long, but I believe in you my love, I believe in typewritten declarations of adoration, and I believe in us. For you: have me like this, broken and left by these I never understood, and know that I love you more than I thought I ever could because love isn't this letter, it's me at my typewriter at 2am trying to put into words what you mean to me knowing that I can't and knowing that you'll read it and love it, and love me, anyways.

Sincerely,

Sarah Jean

I want a man
who has a
collection
of well kept
books.

-SE

Claire
Serial: 4733175-11
Model: Underwood Standard 6
Year: 1937

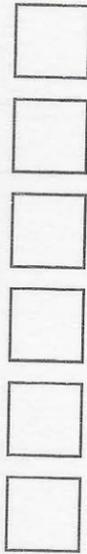
AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPp
QqRrSsTtUuVvWwXxYyZz
1234567890-"#\$%_&'()*;:~@,?..//⁹₄¹₂¹₄





信的恋人
CARD LOVER

我们与时间相守，做信的一生效人



Your APA formatting
in this conversation
is off
and normally I would
ignore it, but
I'm still trying to
understand what you
mean now that you
say things like:
"Hi"
"Hey"
"What's Up"
"How are you"
So a reference to
something familiar
every once in a while
might help
just to validate
my thoughts
regardless of the
results of peer review
-(E, 2019).

复古年代

©www.cardlover.cn All rights reserved.



Box

I've been placing things that remind me of you
into a cardboard box.
The shirt I was wearing on our first date.
A brick I stole from the crumbling building that
we used to have lunch at every day when it was good.
Scraps of paper and concert tickets, a few books we traded

over the years.
But, I can't put songs into boxes with lids, the
lyrics somehow slip out and pop up on playlists
that I didn't make at parties.
I can't put phrases or nose scrunches or your smell
into a big cardboard box for safe keeping.
I can't put ideas like depression and your dark days
on to a shelf because it would be another reason
I forgot about the bad bits and only remember when
times were sweet and punctuated with little kisses
on the backs of my hands.
They weren't periods to end our sentences,
but rather brief commas connecting the glorious
infatuation that I want to hold forever to the second
half of three years where you took for granted the effort,
the work, and the me that was there when you gave up.
If I could pack all of you away in a box, I would label it
Dangerous: Do Not Open
so that on days like today when I am very alone, I won't
be tempted to break the seal on a wound I thought for sure
time had healed years ago.



I believe I have found
that if you wait in a
dark place long enough
the little light there
is will seep through
and though it may not
be very bright
it can be enough to
make a very strange
and new place feel
somewhat safe.

-SE

Tell me about yourself. I make cat noises when I make sharp

I wish we never met or I wish that we had
about you and hope that you're
too serious for you.
I care
of once again being
we have entered where I care
call to check in for fear
us out of the middling territory
Kissed. Either one would have pulled
alright, but will never
-SE

a boy I had a crush on since jr. high.

turns. That's adorable she says. And, at the time,

Dear ~~David~~,

Last night, I realized I've only ever dated men with one syllable names: Will, ~~Will~~, Josh. The additional letters in your name may just be too complicated for me. You, David, ~~David~~ - you have an additional layer of complexity that I may not be able to handle though I do always seem to be drawn to such broken things. I have a tendency to pick up lost things. I attract misplaced kittens, lost books, broken typewriters, and notes that slip from the fingers of women much prettier than me on to gravel pathways where I find and save them. The cats, I find homes for; the books I keep; the typewriters have all been patched with substitution parts that I have found; and I keep the notes safely hidden only to be read when all the world is quiet and somewhat dark. The men, however, seem to disappear once I have helped them find their missing parts. They don't patch them with substitutions, but rather happiness only discovered when they've left me and my overbearing nurturing. People with two syllable names are like feral cats who learned how to use typewriters so they could write poetry for some other unfairly gorgeous woman. They are an amalgamation of all my favorite things conveniently tied up in the most complicated packaging. You, ~~David~~, are the most confusing of them all.

Sincerely,
-SE

He who loves with a love
more than love will get
plenty in return from me.

-SE

What I remember most about
crashing my car is that
I didn't scream.
And in the passive consumption
of fear that is traveling
backwards on the wrong
side of the street in a
few inches of snow on a
Sunday night, there is a bit
of pride in the fact that as
I was shutting down I was
still quiet
and composed
like the steady four chord
song that was playing when
we hit the guardrail,
and I will continue on past
this moment
just like any good radio.

-SE



Leon

Serial: F1091923

Model: Underwood Universal

Year: 1936

AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSsTtUuVvw

XxYyZz

1234567890-'"#\$%_&'()*+,:@,.,./?11/24



Sarah Everett

Definitely not a poet, but a lover of old things
and terribly romantic. Owner of 8 typewriters:
Caroline, Huxley, Claire, Edgar, Jan, David Henry,
Leon, and Diana.