

**FOUR WHITE CLAWS  
IN:**



**POEMS I WROTE WITH  
ALCOHOL IN MY BODY**

## STUCK

Running.  
Running out of space.  
Running out of time.  
How does it feel?

Stagnant.

I'm in one place moving neither forward nor backward.

And lemme tell ya,  
it's \*infuriating\*  
honestly at this point I'd rather move backward  
rather there be no change at all.  
Else, how am I to learn  
How am I to change,  
anything,

At.

All?

## BRITISH INVASION RADIO

British invasion.  
Why is it that when I click british invasion radio,  
all that play is the Beatles?  
Don't get me wrong, I love the beatles.  
(My name is Lennon after all)  
But throw some One Direction in there or something,  
IDK

## OH, HERE COMES HARROW

I'm probably gonna make a zine of  
All these poems that  
I've written while drunk  
Probably  
Oh, I hear Harrow's bell jingling.  
Here she comes.  
Maybe.

# GIMME GIMME SHELTER

Ok so,  
Lots of Beatles.  
But Gimme Shelter by the Rolling Stones  
Has played twice.  
TWICE.

Do I really not own any other british music other than  
The Beatles and the one song by Rolling Stones?  
Jesus

# THE JOY OF CREATION

All I've been doing lately is creating.  
Something out of nothing.  
Whether it be a zine.

Or....  
Let's be honest, lately it's just been zines  
I've been making zines pretty much every day.  
Gotta make sure I put this one together  
Tomorrow.

Call it "Four White Claws In: Poems I Wrote with Alcohol  
In My Body"  
That's a good name I think.  
And put a low res white claw on the cover.

# HEY JUDE

Why on earth  
is most of "Hey Jude"  
just na na na na na na  
na na na na na na na na  
na na na na na na na na  
na na na na na na na na  
na na na na na na na na  
na na na na na na na na  
(Could Paul not write any other words?)  
(Does that even count as a song?)  
(Does this even count as a poem? )  
(What even is a poem?)

# MY GENERATION

My Generation  
Sucks Cock  
But not the bad kind  
The good kind.

Some people just need  
to fade away  
If they don't understand what  
we all say  
they don't understand what  
we're about  
don't get in the way  
if you don't  
want to help with  
the changing of the times.  
And I mean the good kind.  
The long hard kind.

(The gay kind in case that wasn't obvious)

# YOUR MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

Let's do it again george  
with ciggy in mouth  
What does your mother know  
about the things  
that you do behind your precious  
closed and locked doors?

Should your mother even know?  
I doubt she'd want to know?  
I'm not shaming you.  
But some things are best kept behind you  
and whoever else is behind that locked door.

Sober Lennon Note: How tf did I write this? I'm asexual.

## SYMPATHY FOR WHO NOW?

Please allow me to introduce myself  
I'm a woman of wealth and taste

Been around for a long long time.  
At least 24 now.

I was around when the towers fell.  
I was around when the golden turd took office.

Pleased to meet you  
You won't guess my name.  
There's too many of us.

Stuck around in about '23  
High time for change.

woo woo  
(who killed the kennedys?)

Sober Lennon Note: I was born in 1999....I don't  
remember 9/11 why did I write that?

## I WRITE WEIRD POETRY NOW

poetry comes from all corners of the earth  
some good  
some bad  
some weird  
and the challenge of this zine  
is weird

I'm still the same  
I've always been weird  
I've written poems about corn dogs  
how is that not weird?

## ROCK N ROLL ZINE

Lemme see that rock n roll zine.  
About Presley  
Lock me up in Heartbreak Hotel  
so that I can do the jailhouse rock  
it's gotta be rock n roll music  
if you wanna dance with me.

Blow it like a hurricane  
keep that tempo up  
faster  
but not too fast  
that's too fast  
it's gotta be rock n roll music  
if you wanna dance with me.

lemme read that rock n roll zine  
gotta keep the music in my veins  
if I'm to survive  
rock on that piano  
it's why I go for that rock n roll music  
if you wanna dance with me  
if you wanna dance with me

Sober Lennon Note: I'm too far gone at this point. This is  
nonsensical lmao.

## I WRITE SHORT POEMS NOW

All my poems are short  
tiny  
they used to be long  
but  
look how smol this one is

GOODBYE

Who could hang a name on ruby tuesday  
I gotta change with every new day  
change  
persevere  
the money won't make itself  
especially when I'm not making money  
  
so how am I supposed to make money  
especially when I'm not making money  
who could hang a name on me.  
This is utter nonsense at this point ain't it?

But If i lose my dreams  
I'll lose my mind  
ain't life unkind?  
I'm gonna miss you.

Sober Lennon Note: At this point I regurgitate the lyrics  
I hear.

HELP

I need someone  
when I was younger  
I never needed anybody's help in any way  
when it came to writing poems  
I'd write sprawling long epic poetry  
about life being like a video game

today I write short  
not too concise  
poems while four white claws in  
won't someone please, please help me?

Cos every day now, I feel so insecure  
cos the estrogen isn't working fast enough  
is my voice even loud enough  
dear god,  
please please help me.

My voice by now is sore from yelling  
I've done it for years now and I can't  
be bothered to count.  
Just help me get my feet back on the ground  
won't you please please help me?

# HEY JUDE, AGAIN

Hey jude is back.  
And this time?  
We're adding more Nas.  
This time we're hitting the Nos.  
Turbo the fuck out of the nas.  
Those Nas will be coming at you  
At 88 Miles Per Hour  
And last for ten fucking minutes.  
How's that for song writing?  
(I love you Paul McCartney)

# HEY JUDE, AGAIN, AGAIN

TWO TIMES IN A ROW  
YOU THOUGHT WE WERE DONE?  
THINK AGAIN!  
NOW FEATURING: LIL WAYNE  
YEAH LIL WAYNE GETS A VERSE THIS TIME  
AND THE NAS?  
SO FUCKING FAST YOUR FACE MELTS  
YES  
YES  
YES  
(I should go to sleep)



# BLACK

It's black  
all of it  
it's been painted black

the red door?  
black.  
There's no color anymore  
it's turned black.

And all for what?  
Because some guy named Mick Jagger felt edgy.

All my paint?  
Painted black.  
I'm forced to quickly look away from everything I love  
now.

I can't even listen to my records.  
All the music that comes out is black.  
Fuck you Mick Jagger.  
Of course you couldn't have foreseen this thing happen-  
ing to me.  
Asshole.

# NOWHERE

I'm going nowhere  
as I said before,  
I'm stagnant.

A bit like you and that guy over there.  
I have no idea where I'm going  
in this grand scheme we call life.

I'm forced to wander.  
Sometimes with someone else  
Sometimes alone.

Creating creations,  
Destroying destruction  
(That sounded cooler in my head, but you know what I  
mean)

I need somebody else to lend me a hand  
That way I have a point of view  
and know where I'm going to

I need to know what I'm missing.  
What am I missing?

# TICKET TO RIDE THE CTA

I'm going away  
on the CTA!

The red line.  
Take me home.  
Take me to Howard.  
Take me to Loyola.  
I don't care.  
Take me to Addison  
Take me to Bryn Mwar.  
Take me to State.  
Just get me out of here.  
Take me home.

I'll ride so high,  
Take me to Morse.  
And I'll walk the rest of the way home.`

THIS HAS BEEN FOUR WHITE CLAWS IN: POEMS I WROTE WITH  
ALCOHOL IN MY BODY.  
TUNE IN NEXT TIME TO  
SEE LENNON SCRAPE THE BOTTOM  
OF THE BARREL OF HER ALCOHOL-INDUCED  
IMAGINATION.



So I wrote all these poems while four white claws in, as  
the cover suggests, and while listening to music by Brit-  
ish artists (Mostly the Beatles, apparently)  
Some are pretty good,  
Others border on nonsensical, some are nonsensical  
All are here for your amusement.  
Enjoy, I guess?

Also enjoy a little commentary by Sober Lennon.

Lennon McCrea Zine #20

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[zinesbylennon.neocities.org](http://zinesbylennon.neocities.org)