

Issue Staff

Editor-in-Chief: Kent Roberts
Chief Break-taking Officer: Kent Roberts
VP of Standing Solemnly: Kent Roberts
Outgoing Director of Cabinet and Refrigerator Management: Kent Roberts
Incoming Director of Cabinet and Refrigerator Management: Kent Roberts

Kent

Jan. 2018 #2 * Vol. 16 Iss. 2
The Depression Issue

Kenternet: TGIKent.com
Diatribes: tgikent@gmail.com
Love Notes: PO Box 6434,
Minneapolis, MN 55406-0434
Red-hotline (2/2/2018): 877-TGIKent
Handshakes: Eye-contact mandatory.

*** a publication by and about Kent Roberts, and for the global community ***

avant-Kente: “Phoenix,” by MC Kent Roberts

I'm so sad; I feel bad
That I'm not a better dad
Where is Corey? Where is Chad?
Ghosts of my past and the times
I've had.
The truth is that I'll never be
Quite what I thought I would
Even though they can turn
A frown upside-down in
Hollywood.

I wish I were a better man
More connected with my plants
'Cause when I have a talk with
them
It makes me want to dance
We gotta do something right now
There is no second chance
We have to find a way forward
through meditative trance.

I'm smiling on the outside
But I'm dying on the inside
I'm slipping on the inside
Through a fissure growing wide...
With fracking earthquakes
everywhere
There'll be nowhere to hide
If someone says it can't be done,
That means it should be tried.

Ain't easy for me to face myself
And see just how I feel
Sometimes I have to choke myself
To get myself a meal
Wall Street Republican tycoons
Plot to overtake the earth

Donald Trump and Mike Tyson:
Separated at birth.

There's zebras on the walls,
There's cuckoos in the clocks,
Time and space are conspiring
To throw us off the docks.
Sociopathy rampant,
Fake patriotism on display
It's hard to think there is value
Of getting up and living today.

I'm smiling on the outside
But I'm dying on the inside
I'm slipping on the inside
Through a fissure growing wide...
Cameras track my every move,
Police state that I can't abide.
If someone says it can't be done,
That means it should be tried.

The more I look at my mood
The more I know I'm an ungrateful
dude.
A spiritual self-righteous cud I've
chewed,
My right to the pursuit of happiness
I've screwed.

That's why I look to the bird
Soaring up from the fire
That's why I won't stand anymore
For submission to the quagmire.
Gonna be strong
No time to hang my head.
Could grumble my whole life away,
But I'll do something instead.

Feeling bad for yourself
And then you can't produce.
When life declares a war on you,
You gotta call a truce.
Sit down at the table
Don't tweet that it's short and fat
And appreciate the time you had
Back then with Dave and Matt.

“There's zebras
on the walls,
There's cuckoos
in the clocks,
Time and space
are conspiring
To throw us off
the docks.”

— MC Kent Roberts

I'm smiling on the outside
But I'm dying on the inside
I'm slipping on the inside
Through a fissure growing wide...
The time you know that you believe
Is the moment that you've died
If someone says it can't be done,
That means it should be tried.

Kentphorism:

“Be careful, Kent. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

bacKent

Kentphorism:

“Respect your waffles. Give them their own plate.”

WORLD’S MOST ALIEN, FORENSICALLY UNEDUCATED BACKSIDE OF A PUBLICATION ABOUT KENT ROBERTS

Resistance corner (double)

By Kent Roberts

Trump’s afterlife

There may not be a rational argument to prove the existence of Hell; but if it does not exist today, I believe it will materialize whenever Trump dies so there is a reasonable place to house his soul. He is therefore verifiable proof of the

“Thankfully [Trump] has had the decency to declare nuclear war on his own body.”
– Kent Roberts

existence of Hell at least within the next 10 years, depending how quickly he scarfs down McDonalds and guzzles Diet Coke (consuming the slow-release poison of corporations for fear of someone fast-exit poisoning him, as any foreign agent posing as a leader of the United States would probably feel). Thankfully he has had the decency to declare nuclear war on his own body. The chaos of all the

antinutritive bombing has stagnated his liver chi, turning him into a tail-chasing, slothful shell of a sociopath, far less able to strategize and advance his machinations than his hero Hitler was.

Study of pulley system

Kent Old College Buddy Jamie (KOCBJ) contacted me through the broader Kenternet in December. He wanted to reconnect to make sure that I was surviving – saying that he was impressed I was still alive and had somehow managed to find daily nutrients this far into adulthood.

I typed Jamie’s name into a search feature on the e-Kenterface, and up came an article about him on Encyclowiki. That’s right: KOCBJ made Encyclowiki. And he is now a rapper of some sort. KOCBJ was one of the major inspirations for the rap “Minutes,” the lyrics of which appeared in the Resistance Issue.

Perhaps the primary reason KOCBJ was interested in reconnecting with me, beyond checking my pulse, was to have a conversation about a pulley system we had built together after meeting during our first week of college. We had dorm rooms that faced one another on opposite sides of a

parking lot, and we realized somehow that we should set up a secret-treehouse-style form of communication so that we would be able to exchange messages back and forth across the half-football field (roughly, based on a recent analysis of maps) between our rooms.

We assessed the situation; purchased pulleys and rope; and set up this 150-foot-long manual communications device. While we were still trying to get our first message across, and testing the system to determine how to get the most efficient and seamless operation, a security official knocked on KOCBJ’s door and told him the proverbial party was over.

Recreating the pulley system onsite, to get exact measurements and successfully transmit a message, is now on the Kent Roberts Bucket List (KRBL).

KOCBJ is currently with the Flobots on a US Midwest and East Coast tour, sloganned, “Recharge the Resistance.” I’d like to keep letting him know how critical it is that we recreate this pulley system, so if you do go to one of the remaining shows, please take a moment to yell in between songs, “Pulley 2020!!!” (with the three exclamation points). Thank you.

Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

Fact: Kent Roberts knows he is gluten-sensitive but has been eating lots of waffles anyway, so he’s dumb.

Fiction: Kent knows he is gluten-sensitive but has been eating lots of waffles anyway, so he’s brilliant.