

# Haikus / Sonnet / Shakespeare

Bo Burnham

We've been doing a lot of laughing  
Which is good, uh, for a comedy show on a comedy CD, but what we haven't been doing is a lot of thinking  
And I'd like to do that now, I've written some haikus  
Haikus are Japanese poems consisting of 17 syllables, three lines  
Five, seven, five  
And I find them to have a certain  
Philosophical construct, there's a certain, uh  
Soundness in their simplicity, a clearness in their cogency, if you will  
So hopefully what we'll do right now is read these haikus, think for a bit  
And then when we go back, uh, to the  
You know, the jokes and the laughing  
They'll have benefited, uh, from the time we took to think  
So um, you guys just sit back and indulge me and just think for a bit and then we'll go back to the jokes  
Uh, can I get some blue light to set the mood?  
Perfect  
For those of you listening on CD, the lights didn't change which made it funny

I saw a rainbow  
On the day my grandma died  
Fuckin' lesbian

For fifteen cents a  
Day you can feed an African  
They eat pennies

Old peoples' skin sags  
Because it's being pulled toward  
The underworld

Do unto others  
As you would have them do to you  
Said the rapist

My aunt used to say  
Slow and steady wins the race  
She died in a fire

Even if he is  
Your friend, never, ever call  
An Asian person

And finally

Bono, if you want  
To help poor people, sell your  
Tinted shades, you cunt

Thank you, this next piece is called "Sonnet 155", or "If Shakespeare Had Written a Porn", and it goes like this  
I saw the morning dew betwixt thine thighs  
As I removed my source of Grecian power  
As if King Midas dared to touch the skies  
Upon thy body fell a golden shower

Thy body's temples, two church bells had rung  
Upon thy chest, a row of pearls bestowed  
The sun had set, thy set with wary hung  
I thought, "How black a night and blue a lode"

I said, "What light through yonder beaver breaks?  
It is the yeast"

And now my belly's yellow  
My pole gives cause to storms and earthy quakes  
But 'tis not massive, I am no Othello

And when that final moment came to pass  
Like Christ I came—a riding on an ass  
Thank you very much

William Shakespeare, uh  
William Shakespeare was a verbal cun-tortionist  
He could bend his words in the way a contortionist bends his frame without hope that he could with a name like William Shakespeare  
William Shakespeare, some, some of you seem lost, look  
Say your name was Robert Frost and you couldn't write, that would suck  
Well, I guess you could always go as Bobby Frost and own an ice cream truck  
He was balanced like a simile and could stack metaphor five, six at a time and rhyme into the very last line of a soliloquy which finally said outright with a previous 77 rolling hinting at  
He had puns and quips and tons of trips of sons with ships with nuns with hips and buns and lips, but I had something that Shakespeare never had  
Penicillin  
See, it hadn't been invented yet, back then they only had "quill"-icillin  
Hey, it's not that hard, bard  
I'm sorry, I got a bone to pick with you, William  
So if you could just listen up here and listen to this theater queer's theater query here and maybe act like a real artist for once in your life  
Say Van Gogh, and  
Lend me your ear  
You're not a writer  
You're a writer like fucking Hulk Hogan's a street fighter  
You write these dramas  
You accumulate your wealth  
You hold nature as to a mirror of yourself  
Just because you're messed up doesn't mean we are too  
Just because you want to bang your mom doesn't mean Danish princes do, what  
Who? Yeah, Hamlet, Shakespeare, that's right, the young prince whose father died at the hands of his uncle with whom his mother lied, sound familiar?  
It's the fucking Lion King  
You stole from a Disney movie, you androgynous douche, what's next  
The story of a French king on a quest to find his lost son, Nemo?  
Oh, and by the way, poetic talent is really easy to fake when thy sentences doth no fucking sense make

"To be, or not to be  
That is the question, whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them? To die  
To sleep, no more, and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to  
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep  
To sleep, perchance to dream, ay  
There's the rub, for in that sleep of death what  
Dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause"  
Pft, like what?

This next song is about quantum mechanics  
(Plays nonsense on the piano)  
This next song

I was raised very well, like a field of corn  
You know, I was also raised very Christian, like the Children of the Corn  
And Christians get angry at me 'cause I say things like, "Why the long nose,  
Pope-nocchio?"  
They'll think I'll go to Hell  
The truth is, I've been to Christian Hell  
And I actually wrote a song about it

Hitler was there  
And so were all the Jews, yeah  
So it got a little awkward