



# Crunk Juice

*Steve Roggenbuck*

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**Crunk Juice** Steve Roggenbuck

Steve Roggenbuck's debut full-length poetry book.

## Crunk Juice Details

Date : Published February 29th 2012

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Author : Steve Roggenbuck

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# From Reader Review Crunk Juice for online ebook

## Poncey says

I first became familiar with the internet presence of Steve Roggenbuck via tumblr. Someone I was following in December reblogged a cut-and-paste sort of poem he made. Upon discovering his blog, livemylied, I was entranced and amazed. I watched all of his videos and came to realize that he is, indeed, one of my favorite poets and figures of this current world. I rly identified with his Buddhism, veganism and beat/dada influences. "Crunk Juice" is a collection of v based poems, flarf and not, that I could not stop reading when it came in the mail. While a great deal of Steve's work is accessible online, I rly must insist that you buy this book. As a writer who has grown up in schools, "learning" to write poetry in highly traditional methods, discovering Steve helped me to branch out in my writing and take other forms. Also I gained a higher appreciation for, rly, the ~potential~ of internet culture, rly more aspects of such culture in general. When he did a reading in my city last February, my friend and I went to see and it was so inspiring for both of us that we didn't actually even stop talking about it for a few days. I met Steve and he high-fived me, and now he pokes me on facebook. In conclusion, please buy this book and add him on facebook. 666

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## Zan says

*I wrote a really rushed review of this for the WU 'Collegian.' I'm just going to copy and paste it here instead of writing something new because I hate SEO and have a deathly fear of original thought.*

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### Steve Roggenbuck's Crunk Juice: Poetry For the #YOLO Generation

There are a lot of reasons people hate poetry. Some people lack the broad frame, load-bearing shoulders, and muscular physique needed to really 'pull off' (i.e. violently tear) a turtleneck from the shoulders of a pencil-necked anemic who would willingly wear that article of clothing. (Sorry, Mom.) At the same time, it takes years to master the nuanced facial expressions elite-poets use to convey both a substantive joie de vivre and signal their aware-ness that human existence is a well of infinite cruelty surrounded by nothingness. (It comes off as a sort of cross-faded constipation.)

That's basically the anti-thesis of Steve Roggenbuck; the alt-lit writer whose new book "Crunk Juice" was released earlier this year. Roggenbuck lists Walt Whitman, the Buddha, and Lil B among his inspirational heroes. He is unabashedly kooky, and despite a growing Internet fan base and fondness for personal brand building, isn't well known outside out of small, literary circles. You probably won't be able to pick up "Crunk Juice" at the supermarket along with your despair and bicarbonate of soda. The again, if you're out trying to buy poetry in the first place, your best bet might be an estate sale.

Roggenbuck practices poetry as a form of boosterism, caps-lock maximalism that isn't really concerned with smoking the right brand of cigarette. Following the AP style conventions of your old AIM chat logs, reading "Crunk Juice" almost feels like someone accidentally sent you a link to that MySpace account you were sure you had deleted. It's uninhibitedly zany, earnest in way that comes off playful, integrating the typos, dada-like absurdism, and overblown but entirely meant professions of love characteristic of unsupervised internet usage.

In one poem, titled “In five second I will be kissing you don’t laugh,” Roggenbuck writes, “it rains, I fuck your family to do what I am beautiful at doing.” Another poem simply goes, “Justin Bibber.” [sic]

It’d be a mistake to disregard Roggenbuck’s style as gimmicky or dumbed-down bro-etry. His work is inherently his own: inclusive, positive, and spunky. At the same time, Roggenbuck isn’t the harbinger of the grammar apocalypse. “Crunk Juice” might have enough comma splices, em-dash abuse, and de-capitalized pronouns to kill a librarian, but Roggenbuck doesn’t think all poetry should look like his. He just thinks everyone should look like a poet.

“The reason that most people don’t read poetry is because it’s boring... and the reason most poetry is boring is because poets are afraid to distinguish themselves,” explained Roggenbuck on a video blog post titled, “BE YOURSLEF” [sic]. Roggenbuck makes almost weekly YouTube videos, posts that feature footage of Roggenbuck speaking in fields, forests, and other people’s bathrooms – spliced with grainy VHS footage of motivational speakers telling the audience to, “live their life.” “I used to listen to non-Christmas theme’d dubstep,” Roggenbuck says brightly in one clip. “Big mistake.”

“Crunk Juice” can be purchased online or downloaded as a free, public domain pdf at [www.lifemylief.com](http://www.lifemylief.com). (And yes, it IS printed in Helvetica.)

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## **Jake Bornheimer says**

"Crunk Juice" or How I Learned To Enthusiastically Start To Live The Y.O.L.O. Lifestyle Everyday

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## **Chris says**

fricke yeah

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## **yh says**

I guess this was a natural progression for Roggenbuck. Here, the grammar and spelling has regressed fully into a kind of parody of the way some communicate online. Some poems have smileys, some are basically tweets, some have random HTML snippets, and some retain the ultra-minimalist style of his first work. The tone is still almost completely happy and childlike, and the subject matter is often equally so. Roggenbuck does venture into topics like death briefly and loosely, but generally this collection feels either like a work of comedy or someone's random internet musings. The style, while relatively consistent, also gives the collection an affected feeling, and the sense that this is some kind of parody. I'm not sure that it is, but I did get that sense. I didn't completely hate it, though. I can see what he's going for, and it is very different. Given that this is his third collection, it also contains some substantial poems that actually do feel like poems, most notably "somewhere in the bottom of the rain." I wouldn't say I felt any strong emotions while reading this. However, it is unique, and I did like some of the poetry. More than anything, whether or not it is an act, Roggenbuck seems to be playing his part as a childish hyperpositive person with conviction. This conviction leads to some really immature moments, but it also imbues the work with an enthusiasm that is a little bit infectious. Put another way, this is a collection that is extremely easy to hate, but I somehow found it hard to

dismiss completely. Enjoy some excerpts; I liked all of these in some way, half because they are random and funny, and half because they exemplify what seems to be Roggenbuck's main philosophies.

***EXPOSE YOURSELF AS YOU ARE  
WITHOUT TRYING  
TO BE SOMEONE ELSE***

*whatever people may think, it is all right  
just be yourself  
thank you  
completely enjoy your new life*

---

*we found a container of nightcrawler worms on a tree trunk near a river*

*i carried them to a dirt area and set down the worms*

*you untangled them with a twig*

*i said you were nice to the worms*

*iron gym turns any doorway into a personal gym in minutes*

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***MODERN ART IS ONE OF MY  
FAVORITE KINDS***

*i am a professor of mathematics at a prominent university  
in the new england area  
i know ten doctors who are in my circle of friends  
i am currently reading 2020 foresights  
a sociology book with many interesting findings.  
every day when i get home from work  
i exercise using my home gym.  
i am now 50 years old and i look better then ever*

---

*Stranger: hey*

*You: Party inside of a dead horse*

*Your conversational partner has disconnected.*

---

*in the library a person across from me is listening to loud upbeat jazz on headphones. they just quietly said  
“bomb digity” aloud. the person said “dang it” as the music stoped. they pulled out a reclosable bag of*

*reeses pieces, their eating them now, the song is replaying. the person said "mm.. oh my god" in a violent tone. they hit the table and laughed after dropping a reeses piece*

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***EVERYBODY COME HERE  
I LOVE YOU***

*i stand along the lake.*

*ah*

*i think there is nothing better than it*

*i think i will put my hand*

*in this place*

*(it's good*

*i just stay for ever*

---

**Bill Shaner says**

he spels words lik this bt still maneages to mak me hapy, funy dude

---

**Never says**

Steve outdoes himself here. This book is a spiral of love, death, pop culture and strangeness. There are many voices at work here that often overlap and become confused with each other: the inexperienced internet user, the father, the tween, the motivational speaker, the lover. Recurring images of dead children and Steve's trademark positivity feature heavily. The poems blur together, creating a spiral of disembodied voices all trying to work out what it means to be alive and live to the fullest. A collage of statements from characters who occasionally seem to be aware they are being collaged. Steve is breaking new poetic ground constantly and remains one of the most accessible poets to do it. I can't say enough. Party inside a dead horse.

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**Mark Dimaisip says**

Steve Roggenbuck's poems are very different from what I expect a poem should be. But hey, poetry is evolving. Many decades ago, free verse was frowned upon. Writers (especially poets) are protective of poetry and I get that. But I get this book too. It has spunk. It has attitude. And it doesn't take itself too seriously. We are getting ushered into Alt Lit era and Steve is one of the key players kicking those doors wide open.

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## Krzysztof says

evrythng i read over

laps

you think i talk too much

andmaybeido

even-though its all-in-my-head

'a'p o's t'

r

o

p

h

i

e

s

and i said that here is brautigan

with andy kaufman's dedication toajoke

where before id sead that dead brautigan was liveing hemingway sewn to dying captain beefheart, ass to mouth

and my sister and i went mini golfing

and we heard someone say \_\_\_\_\_

and my sister sayd "did, uh . . .

did somebody just say 'boo yeah'?"

if youre flippant all the time no one will know when ~~yore flippin~~ serious you fail

but neither will you

i am listing associations responses  
and things that happened today  
and those are the same thing  
and sometimes post-modernism \_\_\_\_\_  
and some times you make a fool of IT

I got an im today. it psed man-hugs.  
eye red it like leaves  
like palm fronds  
like reverse engineered aikido

and he read Love That Dog  
and he thought  
that seems like a cromulent way to write a poem  
and it is  
and it isn't

like ironic belt buckles

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### **Ellé says**

This book is everything I want modern poetry to be. It hits the hard stuff, the deep, and yet it doesn't take itself seriously.

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### **Nicholas Bon says**

I think I've read this more times than any other book of poetry. still a favorite

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### **Jeff says**

fucking epic

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### **Luis Correa says**

BOOST

I just want to be a good dad and be fucked by the rain because I hear it feels good.

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### **Peter Daniel Berg says**



boooste  
this is the best of his books since he doesn't get all preachy  
just about swearing and the sounds of words  
reads like a grocery list  
ideal flarf

---

## Angelica Castillo says

### ***EXPOSE YOURSELF AS YOU ARE WITHOUT TRYING TO BE SOMEONE ELSE***

*whatever people may think, it is all right  
just be yourself  
thank you  
completely enjoy your new life*

This poem on page 16 of this book is what Roggenbuck is actually doing. He is being himself, saying whatever he wants to say without thinking of others' opinions. He is writing poems which deals with issues other people would not talk about such as death (even talking about it with positivity). The poems in this book are a clash of ideas, and while I was reading, I am hearing different voices: may it be a fan, a teenager, a person who is inlove, a professor, etc. I liked that there were spelling errors and misused apostrophes because that's what poetry should be, free and not bound by language rules.

thnks steve  
u rock man!  
\m/ \m/

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