



Even Though I Don't Miss You

Chelsea Martin

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Even Though I Don't Miss You captures the essence of being part of a species that is prone to spending nights alone looking up photos of Heath Ledger's daughter and contemplating making pasta. Its seemingly arbitrary obsession with human evolution and many allusions to self-contempt make this book not only timeless and deeply moving, but one of those rare books to which you will develop a sickening dependence.

Even Though I Don't Miss You Details

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Author : Chelsea Martin

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Michael Seidlinger says

This has everything to with you except for the fact that it's not about you, only about the space between feeling something and realizing that you'll never be able to forget that certain someone.

Chelsea Martin has written an effectively smart and emotionally-bruised collection of poetry. You'll never have trouble mistaking Martin's writing for the sentimental stuff that seems to clog our Kindles and book recommendation lists.

Vincent Scarpa says

Reread this last night (for maybe the fourth time? fifth time?) in preparation for Chelsea's upcoming book, MICKEY. It's always even better than I remember it; such a tiny little book packing such a big wallop of feeling. I envy the way Chelsea writes about the infinite gestures—both big and small—that constitute a togetherness between two people, and the ways in which even the most seemingly benign of these gestures can be extremely fraught and consequential, and, conversely, the seemingly grand gestures can land wholly misperceived, or else unnoticed altogether. She writes that element, that dynamic of disconnect in relationships between people, unlike *anyone else* I've ever read.

There's also something that I can't *quite* find the right vocabulary for, but, an attempt: I love the way the speaker in the book can come off as dispassionate and disaffected and numbed while simultaneously seeming extremely emotional, in a state of mental overwhelm when it comes to feeling and mood and what to do with them. It's something like a defense mechanism on the speaker's behalf—to pose herself as one who does not care, is not flummoxed, is not falling apart—but the reader is allowed to see through that pose and into what's behind it, what occasions that instinct. (I fear I'm failing this element of the text tremendously by not yet having found the right way to talk about it, but if you've read it, or when you do, perhaps you'll know what I might be getting at. And if I find someday a better way of speaking to this, I'll update this review.)

Spencer Madsen says

dat hulu+ joke

Zac says

a breezy, clever, and fun book with poems and short narratives that range from short, punchy, twitter-esque musings to longer pieces in the same vein. i also have found that the pieces could be read in any order, much like fernando pessoa's The Book of Disquiet

chelsea martin's voice is strong and commanding, but also self-deprecating and vulnerable. her characters— with the exception of her narrator— are vague and non-descript, but somehow seem to be consistent, recognizable, and present throughout the dozens of pieces collected here.

the narrator (also named chelsea) never really seems to connect with anyone, although she seems very in tune with herself. the pieces are written in the first person but she addresses the reader as 'you,' as if one side of a correspondence to someone she admires.

she navigates an ambiguous world where no one really seems to be understanding her (and vice-versa). chelsea inhabits vague spaces with obscure people; and she seems uninterested in illuminating either of those things for us and, to some extent, herself. the only thing illuminated in these pieces is chelsea's mental-marquee, which is scrolling through thoughts of anxiety, neediness, confidence, the theory of evolution, and a robin williams movie she saw 15 years ago.

eventually, as a sort of bleak epiphany, she expresses a desire to be at the center of a man's ('your') attention, acknowledging that— if her own self-absorption is any indication— this man is probably equally as self-absorbed. this entire collection seems to pine for this person(s); it's hard to tell if it is one person, or several. it's also hard to tell if she is writing to a man or a woman. but before you can think about it for too long, the narrative goes back to a close-up of chelsea, our constant centerpiece.

in an especially 'meta' part of the book (i guess there are a lot of these), the narrator writes:

“I guess I'm still coming to terms with the fact that
when I walk out of a room the story line contin-
ues in the room I just left instead of following me
around like a security camera.” (p. 41 of the galley)

i liked that part, and i think this motif is conveyed really well throughout the book: the protagonist that is living with the fact that everyone else is also a protagonist in their own novels (or books of poetry).

chelsea martin has written a relatable, funny, intimate, and bittersweet book; one that will be especially moving to people who use the internet to make jokes about their mild depression, self-loathing, loneliness, and neuroses. chelsea martin in 'even though i don't miss you' is phenomenal and relevant.

Claire Tobin says

"There is a piece of clothing thrown on the floor in the shape of what I look like to myself."

This book is smart, funny, and just a little sad, and it's quotes like the one above that prove to me that Chelsea Martin knows exactly what it's like to be a human and just how to say it. I continuously found myself thinking "wow, I have felt that exact feeling and had no way of expressing said feeling until now because Chelsea Martin rocks and I want to read this all the time."

Lori says

Poetry that reads like flash fiction, laying bare a fucked up relationship, a whole lot of emotional insecurities, and the runaway thoughts of an overthinker. This little book packs a ridiculously powerful punch.

Chuck Young says

So tight, so fly
You got me lifted, you got me lifted

[Chorus (Frankie J.):]

You got me lifted shifted higher than a ceiling
And ooh wee it's the ultimate feeling
You got me lifted feeling so gifted
Sugar how you get so fly?
Suga suga how you get so fly?
Suga suga how you get so fly?
Suga suga how you get so fly?
Suga suga how you get so fly?

[Baby Bash]

You know its leather when we ride
We're flinging rawhide
Doing what we do, watching screens getting high
Gurl you keep it so fly with you sweet hunnybuns
You was there when the money was gone
You'll be there when the money comes
Off top I can't lie I love to get blowed
You my lil'sugar, I'm yo little chulo
And every time we kick it it's off to the groovy
Treat you like my sticky ickey or my sweet oowy goowy (fa real though)

[Chorus (Frankie J.)]

[Baby Bash]

Now I ain't worried about a thang cause I just hit me a lick
I got a fat sack and a superfly chick
There ain't nothing you can say to a playa
Cause doowop, she fly like the planes in the air
That's right she's full grown setting the wrong tone
I'm digging the energy and I'm loving the o-zone
So fly like a dove so fly like a raven
Quick to politic with some fly conversation
In a natural mood then I'm a natural dude
And we some natural fools blowing out by the pool
She like my sexy-cool mama with blades on her berata
Rockin' Dolce Gabbana (Italian) with highdrows and a Cubana

[Chorus (Frankie J.)]

[Brige]

You know its leather when we ride
We're flinging rawhide

Doing what we do, watching screens getting high
Gurl you keep it so fly with you sweet hunnybuns
You was there when the money was gone
You'll be there when the money comes

You know its leather when we ride
We're flinging rawhide
Doing what we do, watching screens getting high
Gurl you keep it so fly with you sweet hunnybuns
You was there when the money was gone
You'll be there when the money comes (fa real though)

[Chorus (Frankie J.)]

So high like I'm a star
So high like I'm a star
So high like I'm a star
So high like I'm a star

Azucar

Alejandro Saint-Barthélemy says

Everybody beats me at my own NeXTmodernist game (especially Americans).

This book is old-fashioned already, though, 'cause Alt-Lit is dead (*nothing ages worse and faster than what was once called "modern"* [Salvador Dalí]), but since the cover is far, far better than the words inside, it is somewhat NeXTmodernist.

If I put all my heart, soul and brains (or lack thereof) into creating something this bad & dumb, I know I'd fail (maybe I learnt to play chess too young? Maybe I discovered French 19th century poetry too early? Maybe I should have forgotten everything about Velázquez and have stuck to Jeff Koons? I really want to make sense out of my impossibility [and I vomited a book of poems, *Wish You Were Here*, in one hour...] of being this vacuous, cheap, sugar free...)

Some of my friends have a hard time reconciling the fact that I read poetry on the toilet with the bathroom door open, but they don't read the kind of poetry I read.
Certainly not Keats nor Yeats...

Something about you seems so familiar. This is a weird question but do you have any personal philosophies having to do with pants? Perhaps some strong opinion about giving pants as gifts? And not to ever do it?
Chelsea just chopped my brain with rusty scissor here, dunno wow 2 say 2 daat...

Sex is so weird. There's always that moment like who is going to undress me?
If Chelsea is so painfully puzzled about it, I recommend her to look for Deuce Bigalow in the phonebook.

*I guess I'm still coming to terms with the fact that
when I walk out of a room the story line contin-
ues in the room I just left instead of following me
around like a security camera.*

Too much crack while watching reality shows, maybe?

P.S. I Love You.

Abigail says

Simply put, Chelsea Martin is a joy. I usually describe her work as “like poetry, but not,” which is a coded way of saying to friends, “If you don’t like poetry, you will like Chelsea Martin.” Her subject matter always hits me in my gut, simultaneously making me empathize and laugh. Her latest, *Even Though I Don’t Miss You* (ETIDMY), is best devoured start-to-finish, while dog-earing a dozen or more pages to reference later for extra enjoyment+reflection. First as her charming, self-reflective dissection of a decomposed relationship, then applied to your own life. Unless you’ve never had a relationship disintegrate under your feet, then I don’t know what to tell you. Are you human?

ETIDMY is just really good. Martin excels at making me laugh when things feel too heavy. I’m laughing so I don’t cry! It’s also fun to imagine Martin reading her words. If you haven’t seen/heard her read, it’s a totally perfect mix of deadpan delivery and a little shyness disguised with disinterest. Her tone refuses to guide your reaction with any performance clues, breaking the tired “poetry voice” template.

Martin’s latest collection is a delight and deserves a read by any fan of feelings and poetry/prose.

Nicole Jacob says

I'm not sure what drew me into this book: the cover art or the what the text was laid out inside.

Written in short prose and poetry, Martin makes me feel like I can be understood with my past relationships. It was funny, heart warming and at times I found myself wishing I had written specific phrases or poems because they were so fantastic.

I want to quote her entire book, page by page, separately so that people might understand me better. She also makes me feel like I should start journaling my feelings even more so maybe one day I could write something as genius as she has in this book.

Marianna says

4.5 stars I actually have no idea how to describe this book or how it made me feel. Was it weirdly relatable? depressing? messed up? non-sensical at times? sure but that doesn't describe how the combination of those became the wonder that this book is. However, I don't think that this book is for everyone because if you can't relate, directly or indirectly, you will probably think that it's just useless or pretentious rambling.

Printable Tire says

Read this while waiting for an airplane back to Gainesville. I guess the word I would use to describe it is "readable," although some great twists/observations are obscured occasionally by an onslaught of navel-gazing pity-partying. I'm sick of writers writing about whiskey.

I think this passage sums up what I both like and find obnoxious about this writing:

"You can't capture something that is casually walking away. A vehicle in motion can never reach its goal, unless unless the goal is to remain completely stationary, in which case there's no point in ever getting there. Meaning movement is a rouse, which is a metaphor for life. Although I hope you're not looking for answers. I write for a blog about fairies and I've been brainstorming for four months about what I should post to your wall for your birthday."

Czarina says

I'm sorry but, what the fuck was this girl on? I was expecting to read something that will tug on my heartstrings and leave me emotionally traumatized, but instead I was left dumbfounded. 98% of this was half pure stream of consciousness thoughts and half gibberish.

Exhibit A:

"Some of my friends have a hard time reconciling the fact that I read poetry on the toilet with the bathroom door open, but they don't read the kind of poetry I read."

I'm afraid to ask what kind of poetry she even reads.
There's more.

Exhibit B:

" Something about you seems so familiar. This is a weird question but do you have any personal philosophies having to do with pants? Perhaps some strong opinion about giving pants as gifts? And not to ever do it?"

And yet 2% are some hard-hitting truth that makes you wonder why you've never thought of them before:

"Sex is so weird. There's always that moment like *who is going to undress me?*"

I just don't know anymore. This is beyond words. I have never been more confused of a book before.

Lee Razer says

I was confused as to why I'd requested this slim poetry/prose volume when it came in and I read on page 7

I'm taking screenshots of the image on Photo Booth, instead of clicking the take photo button.
There are pizza rolls in the freezer and I've barely considered heating them up. Guess I just feel really brave.

Yeah, okay, I know just enough about this genre to know I don't like it and find it really dull. I remembered I'd read some praise of this book online (of course online) that made it sound interesting. Well what the hell, I then thought, I might as well read the whole thing, I can see it won't take very long. And indeed, slow reader as I am, 15 minutes later in the staff break room I'd finished it. It did not change my opinion of online-alt-lit or whatever. I don't like it.

Two stars though for

I'm starting to feel a bit anxious over how high my heart rate must be because of the anxiety I have over how wound up I am over the panicky feeling I experienced a few seconds after I woke up.

I had a couple of years like that too, sister. They have a cheap generic for it now.

Sarah-E. says

Love love loved it
