

I Nominate Myself for the Nobel Prize for Literature

Dear Nobel Prize Committee,

Please accept this emailed self-nomination for the Nobel Prize for Literature.

I will follow up with an actual book as soon as I find a publisher.

You have no doubt heard the story (at least I'm told it's true)
that Albert Einstein's application to university was denied.

Well, I am the Einstein of Poetry.

My application to the writer's workshop was rejected with a single sentence.

The community college also rejected me for their weekend writing class,
though they at least gave me a whole paragraph (which appeared to be AI generated).
But like every great writer that has come before me I embrace rejection with resilience
because I know it will be the platform for future fame and fortune.

I imagine you have also heard the story of the music critic whose career cratered
when after a blind hearing (did you know there was such a thing?) of a piano recital
on a nationally broadcast program he called the pianist wooden and devoid of passion
only to learn that he had just disparaged Vladimir Horowitz.

Well, I am the Horowitz of Poetry.

On a scale of one to ten, one critic gave my work a negative number
and a second critic said the first critic must not have actually read the work
to have given such a glowing review while a third critic wrote that my poetry was
the haggard hectoring of a pretentious hack who probably had a hangover.

You also no doubt know that Vincent van Gogh was ridiculed, even called insane,
and sold only one painting in his lifetime – though he himself paid the price of the artist's life,
enduring the pain that all great artists must endure, even when self-inflicted,
by hacking off one of his own ears and sending it to a local brothel.

Well, I am the van Gogh of Poetry.

I too have been ridiculed – even attacked – by those who want me to stop my writing.
I have had death threats (tell me, do you think van Gogh ever got one of those?)
from “influencers” who hide behind the cowardly curtain of their internet anonymity.
This has only inspired me to keep on writing night and day (though never in a brothel).

They laugh at me now, ridicule me, call me names, disparage my poetry.

But you, ladies and gentlemen of the Nobel Prize committee, can right that wrong
by awarding me the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Oh, one more thing...

If Donald J. Trump deserves the Nobel Prize for Peace...
then I certainly deserve the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Joe Tye