

*Pager Speak translation.*

*After Mallarme by Robert Creeley*

570173,

71153 5717717355,

212011170 4017 1774

1771170 5175, 17 15

2 91209312 4012177

4012

17, 71153

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001779123551017 175374,

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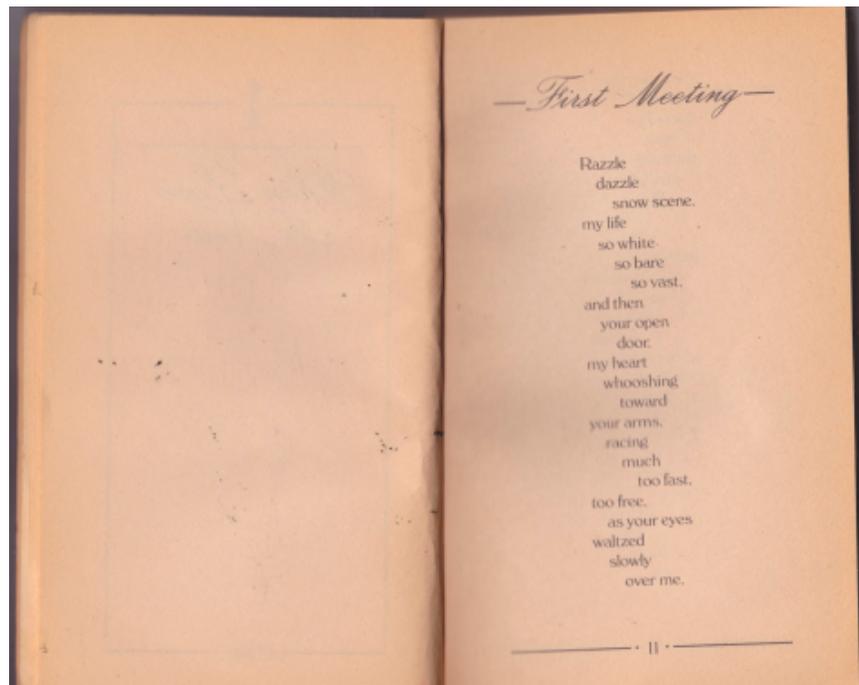
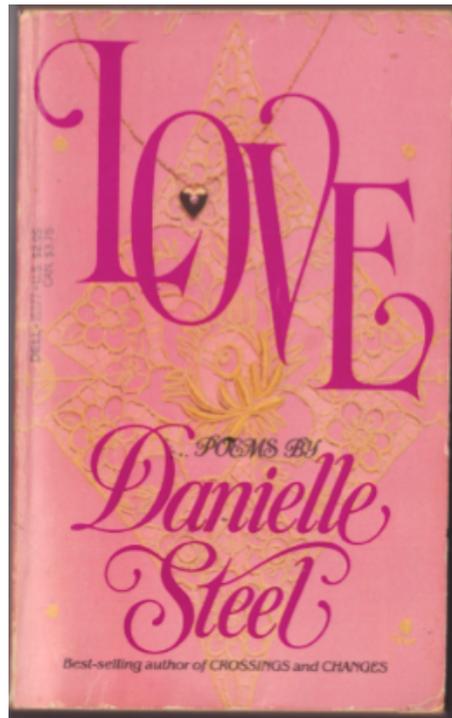
*From Responses to Love Poems  
by Danielle Steel*

First Meeting

The everyday scene, a nude colored life  
overdraft fees, fifty cent tea cups  
cockroaches building community  
on a cutting board in a kitchen in a house  
I'll never own.

I'll take what you describe  
an *open door* with a *heart whooshing*  
I'll take whatever you say  
to make it through self-checkout  
enamored and detached by  
Prince William Kate Middleton  
and their twin alien baby  
on the cover of Sun.

Only at Target does everything feel  
*so good so rare so new*  
a red dot punched to a bruise  
but what gets me, Danielle  
is not so much the crystalline  
emptiness in your novels  
but that the fantasy  
fills up the hours of people  
so obedient to the system  
you should probably start publishing  
our eulogies while we're still alive  
It's all we've got left.



## Each Of Us

I'm feeling like *fuck everything* so I agree with you Danielle—each of us has a soul. I'm not sure about magic potions though. You're so good at capturing the hearts of millions. How do you do it? Last night I watched an interview of you online. How perfect you are in every response. Calculating and soft like a pigeon. I liked what you said about every novel you write. One hundred and thirteen and over half a billion sold. That's so fucking insane Danielle. I've never felt simultaneous disgust and admiration for someone. I think you're what the Germans call a total work of art. Maybe not the highest kind, but *total* and that's all that really matters. You said you like to take an idea and stretch it. I'm captivated by the stretch. How do you stretch language like a million dots per inch so effortlessly? What's amazing is the utopia you've built; the disposable moth-winged partition between autobiography and fantasy; the stupidity of writing what others think they feel and never giving in!

Are You Comfortable?

Danielle if it were up to me the stranger in bed  
would've been a negative twin  
would've been something else  
but not love nor *pillows, sharp hipbones*  
*small nipples* there's no indication  
yet lack of him in those  
horrible spaces, a leg there  
*wedged. too. tight.*  
The omnipresence  
of a straight white man  
unresponsive from above  
spaces surveillance our every move  
I've something to say but can't  
Blank spaces have limbs but can't  
This checkmate without kings  
is a soft wordless mouth  
pressed between a cock and question mark

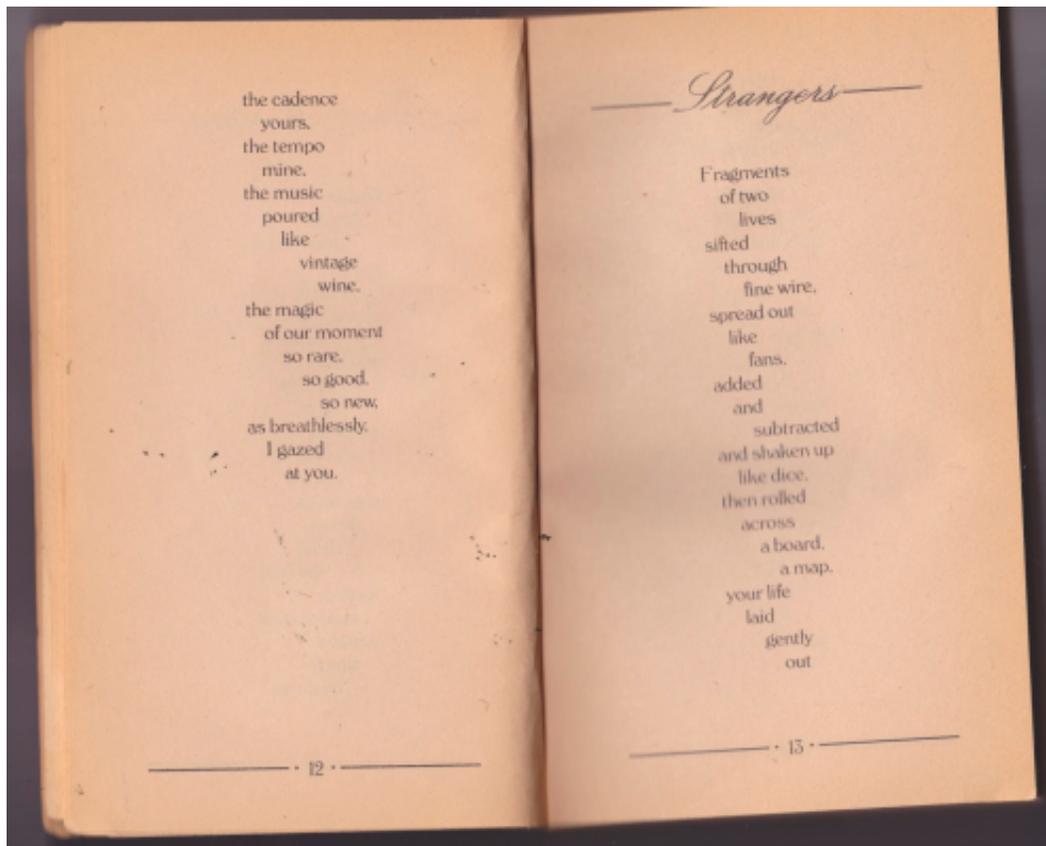
Strangers

*Fragments of lives*  
through *fine wire*

spread out—

*added, subtracted.*

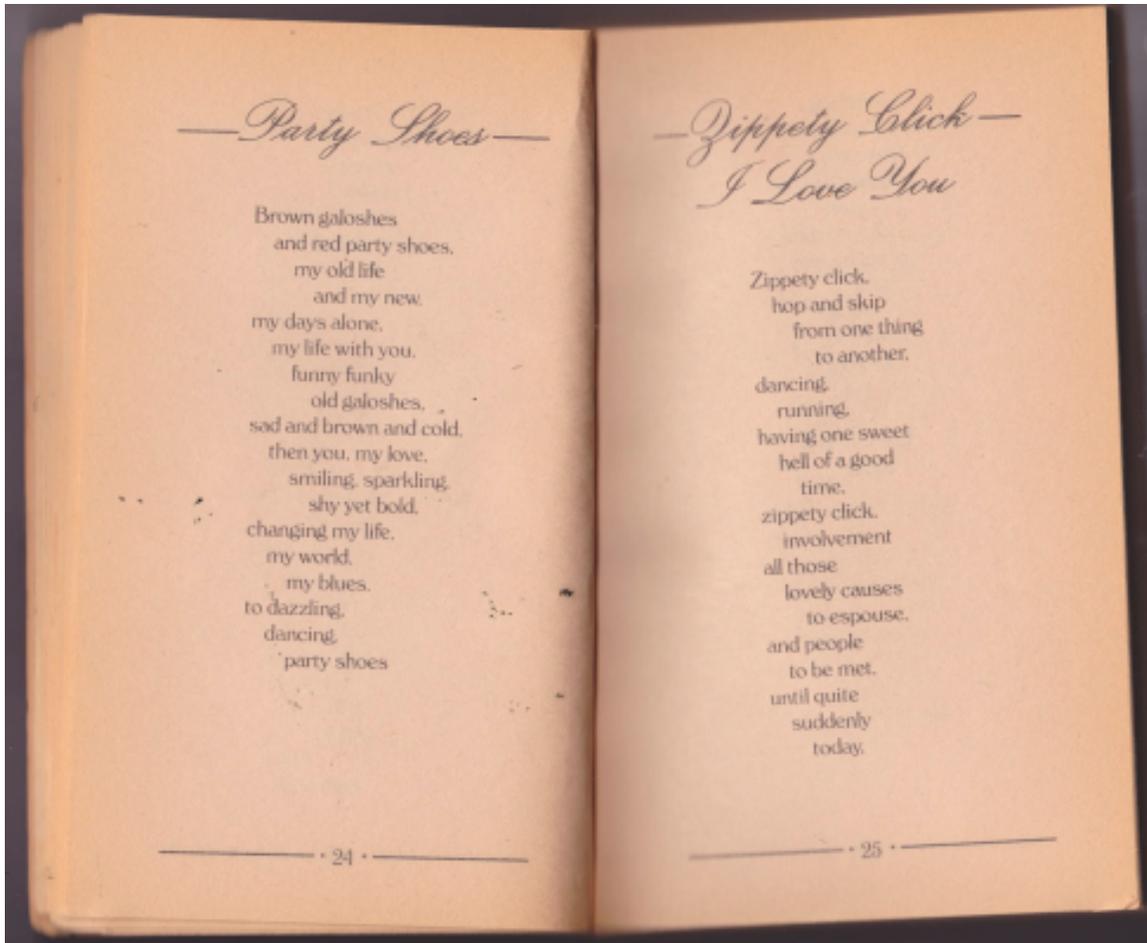
Well that's what Danielle  
pays us to do and I'll do  
anything for love and money  
scream hollow comes  
while the fantasy moves through fiber optic wire



Party Shoes

“Brown galoshes and red party shoes.”  
Congratulations, Danielle, on realizing  
the symbolism, on pointing that out

But what’s more interesting  
Is the utopia you’ve built.



Zippety Click I Love You

I'm trying to understand the *zippety* and *click* part  
Or how love can go *pow*

*Can you even  
start to think  
of a silly  
joke today?*

It feels like your fucking with me, Danielle  
a class war of scrabble letters  
carved into diamonds  
overlooking canyons  
in new money mansions  
taking perfect Evian sips  
spelling out *golly* and *zippety*  
with words worth millions  
because we'll eat it all up  
down at the grocery stores  
the cashier zapping and clicking  
with an item scanner  
for the last forty years  
you've kept us hungry and less alive  
in the pink delusional afternoons  
sunsets killing me  
on the cover of your novels

Obviously you won, Danielle  
It's claustrophobic  
standing behind a lady wearing pearls  
at the check-out  
and I smile at her neck  
like a good citizen  
which makes me feel patriotic  
while tossing organic toilet paper  
on the conveyer belt  
like a good little Asian (or depending  
on the occasion) Pacific Islander  
who's not so good  
counting change in her head  
because she's only twelve percent Chinese  
and learning how to love  
smart effeminate white boys