

Pager Speak translation.

After Mallarme by Robert Creeley

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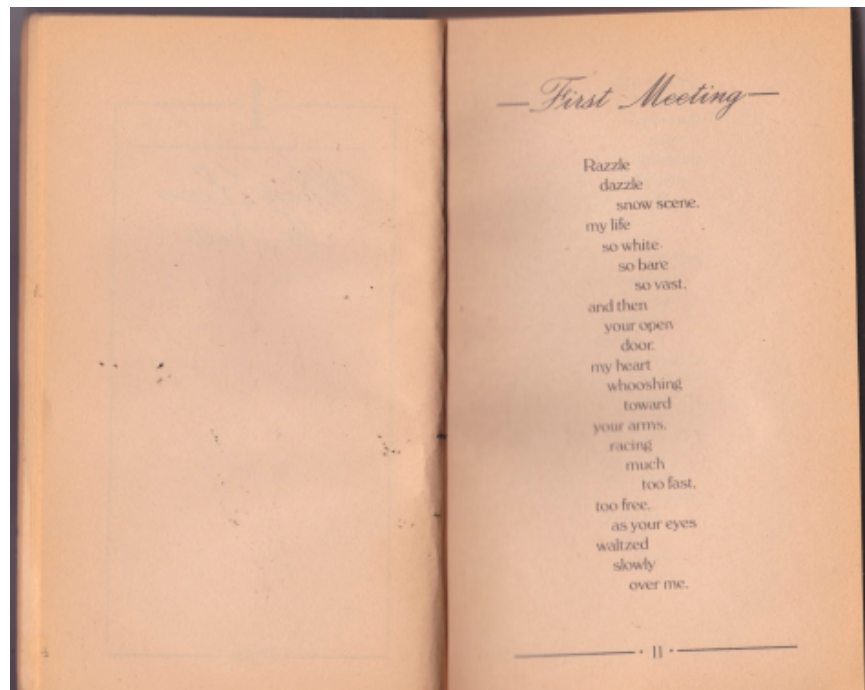
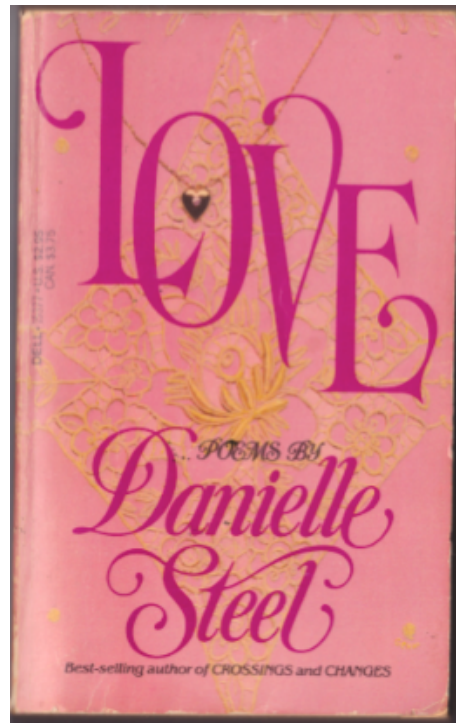
*From Responses to Love Poems
by Danielle Steel*

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

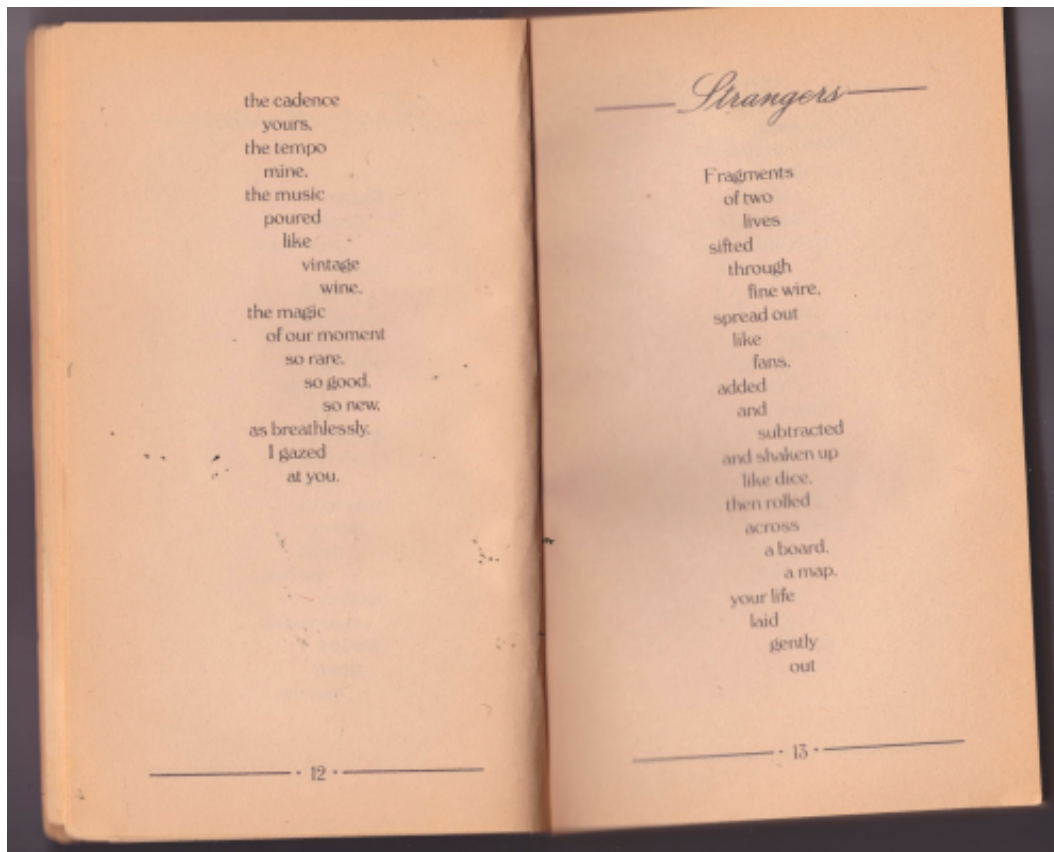
Strangers

Fragments of lives
through *fine wire*

spread out—

added, subtracted.

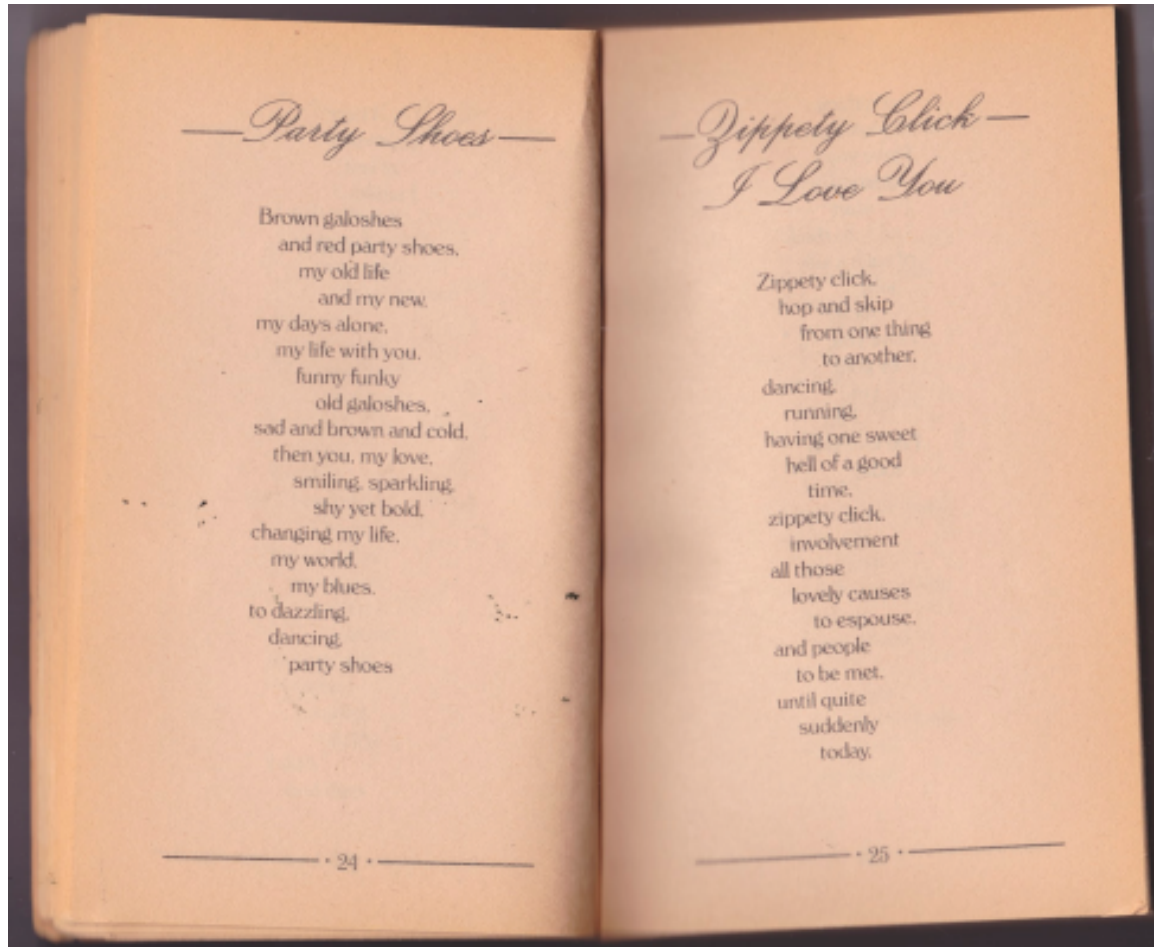
Well that's what Danielle
pays us to do and I'll do
anything for love and money
scream hollow comes
while the fantasy moves through fiber optic wire



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