

Karaoke Superstar Motel Death Poem

Night 1

Karaoke Superstar to Jeepboy (her ex) out cold in a tub after a Hell Yeah motel party

I figured out why you're so pissed off all the time Jeepboy and I'm going to sing about it

When I superstar a song
what I'm doing really is *thinking* about you really hard

and that's like I got Piranhas in my boots
eating me from the toes up

or like I unzip this Fat Suit and the three inches of sateen
pig on every part of my body fall
and melt like butter at my boots until by the Second Refrain

I'm anybody
and somebody on somebody's shoulders
yells out like they're pumped up and ready for a Chicken Fight

HELL YEAH Joan Jett
HELL YEAH Pat Benatar
HELL YEAH Stevie Nicks

See there's a Soundtrack to everything written down and that includes
your tat sleeves

Jeepboy KILL SOFTY on the bicep

F e L I n E S w a n
jailhouse style on the
tri that you've tried to
cover with Viney

NakedSwampWomen

See everything written down covered or not is *waiting* to be belted by me

*I am my own feline swan
I sewed my own sequins on*

And I figured out why you're so pissed off all the time Jeepboy it's cause
you don't know which kind of getting high

you *can't* get at anymore
the Peeking Between The Beef Curtains Of Some Old Bat In Rit Dye
Red Drooling On Your Floorboards From Knockout Drops kind or
the 20/20 Vision You Get

Peeking Between The Velvety Curtains Of A Strip Mall Church At Noon kind

And you think I'm a joke
I know Jeepboy

but I'm the one ha ha
high enough with or without my Alligator
Stomp Boots
cause deep deep
down

I *know* there's more
than one way to get *real* famous
NUMERO UNO there's fog on full-length mirrors nailed to bathroom doors

Two there's fog machines
and I don't let *an-y-bo-dy*

tell me there's a fuck's worth of difference between the two
Because whether I step out of a bathtub and squint to make *myself* out or up
on stage and can't see those cloudy

screamers but the Bics and Little Devil
Signs they do with their fingers I can

Either way I'm
Buck
Ass
Naked

*I am my own feline swan
I sewed my own sequins on*

See I figured out why you're so pissed off all the time
Jeepboy
and I *know* you hear me in there
in your hangy feather earring ear

that someone *maybe*
once whispered into—I'm going to feed you sugar cubes Baby Pants
until there's not a tooth
left
in
your
head

Night 2, preshow
Motel bathroom: Karaoke in a full-length mirror

A steady hand with long and chewed down fingernails
steadies a chin
then with its long thumbnail pulls
a closed eyelid smooth
The other hand lines it electric blue
Dare you
try and make me look old

Night 2
Motel bar: the karaoke machine eats a tape of Total Eclipse of the Heart &
Karaoke Superstar palms a booth boy's room key

and, too good for a song sheet in her hand sewn sequin tank and velvet
choker, Karaoke Superstar chokes. Look:

she does not fall apart, freak out cross-eyed and openmouthed

does not break the glitter glued forget-me-nots from her teased-up do

and the tight-lipped bartender, a tight ring on every finger, still towels
copper lipstick off a shot glass

Listen: a room key slides across the sandy floor disturbing peanut shells,
Jesus tracts, and phone numbers on cigarette foil which could mean Call
me call me could mean I'll poison you

♦ ♦ ♦

In a foam-through-vinyl-bursting booth, one with a hard-on for suntanned
trash eyes the long run in Superstar's flesh toned hose

And this booth: one with a soft spot for washed-up stars wonders

Why can't I swirl my swirled fingerpads over her vibrating cheekbone?
Why can't I feel the marrow then the hollow that makes her sound like
anybody?

♦ ♦ ♦

A die stumbles across the pool table, gets stopped by the curled green lining

A chicken feathers flying Mack truck, mud flaps clapping, crosses the
interstate bridge. Headlights through burglar bars make us see in slits:
shot glasses rattle rattle on a metal shelf

Night 2, 3 hours later
Motel room floor with death note

carved
into a rug-
burned
torso
with a heart-
shaped face

A TV
heartthrob
belts
a balls-out
rock ballad

The torso letters

are then
are not
slish slashed

flawn

yowl

by the shadow
of the cherry lamp-
shade fringe

inefans

a window
fan
blows

my own