

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PLASTIC

Eléna Rivera

LRL e-editions

Remembrance of Things Plastic
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Marooned by the image
(not being able to describe it)
“Flip it over then!”
But what if I slip?

. . . the fruit of, the root of, the disappointment of . . .

“I’m already carrying too much stuff on my back”

endless fingers climb inward in the creases

Not home, this house, no angels here—
is there a home? or just channels?
(a house never felt like home,
just a place to run from)

Blonds prefer

screens Family prefers

screams Screens prefer

dreams blonds

Prefer

Wrong house. Wrong country. Wrong being. In the other,
the one half way across the country, I ate pie in the attic. All of it.

When you shook me and yelled I cried because I thought it was broken.

“Fear of the future.”

Marooned in a room the size of a dollhouse.

My Future?

“telling the desert”

“It is not a toy.”

Yellow hair photographed from different angles. The way one walked. Tap-dancing classes. Rehearsals. Eating grapefruit.

menagerie!)

("My glass!

long pause here

The eyeshadow, mascara, Garbo's eyebrows.

I was given a shiny plastic yellow ring-shaped radio, with a twist; you could twist it open and could hold it up to your ear like a phone.

The movie producer tried to.

Kiss the girl “I’m.”

“Scared” she looked.

Down “You’re a real little”

“_____” [Fill in the blank]

(don't tell me you didn't think it)

Hold on to the object

And don't object to being singled out for solitude.

When so much else was possible—
cut off from reality, the street vanishes—
the coin is checked for its date
then given to a man ringing a bell.

The men left without
getting it, their pyramid.
When the friend said, “I
think you better leave now,”
and she opened the door,
“Yes, I think you better leave.”

(a girl's body was at stake here, two girls—
if you didn't catch my drift)

The family grew, after the mother drifted. The circle shrunk. The girl listened to voices below and put up pictures: Clark Gable, Terence Stamp, Audrey, Marilyn.

At the top of the stairs, the second floor, the man held the girl so that her feet dangled.
Shaking her.

The doll came to life for her father, as in Hoffmann, you know, “The Sandman.”

No snow, just sun and empty sidewalks, yellow stains and big cars—wearing the same skirt everyday and reading comics that portrayed the blond as good and the brunette as bad.

He was in and out of the house, and the woman who looked like the one in the cigarette commercial, the very thin blond one, followed.

Wonder Women, Super Girl and Lois Lane,
the instructors,
that,
or fainting.

(a woman's body, that is what she was becoming)

Held on to the smooth plastic exterior.
You fell into it
little girl.

From my room at the top, heard everything: “Bitch!”
Heard the word and since then can never pronounce it.
The word sticks, even in the writing.

Cigarette after cigarette and the amazing adventure of the mind as it drifted off
The heroine in the movie died of tuberculosis.

No one on the street.

Bus stop and no one, just empty spaces.

A motel sign flashing:

“Vacancy”

There were numbers and buttons at each end to change the channel. Who would be the one to change the channel? Control it? (This before the days of the remote control.)

I was watching that!

The girl looked at her father's playboy magazines (when she was younger).

How that yellowing of the waves creates commotion at the roots.

“All will be judged.”

Why must I?

“Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.”

Playing a role.

In school:

“You don’t know what ‘orgy’ means?!”

“Are you stupid or something?”

“Give me your money!”

Falling

Notes and words and music, on the radio, any time.

escape, run away, flee

All packaged and wrapped in plastic or cellophane. The girl thought it lyrical, at first, though wanted to “go home.” Later she just wanted to “go home,” *tout court*, back to “her” country.

Don't give me anything.

Don't bother me.

I've closed down—

closet door closes. . . .

Stardom.

Confetti.

And we all fall down.

Also by Eléna Rivera:

In Respect of Distance (Beard of Bees, 2007)

Mistakes, Accidents and a Want of Liberty (Barque Press, 2006)

Disturbances in the Ocean of Air (Phylum Press, 2005)

Suggestions at Every Turn (Seeing Eye Books, 2005; available from Guy Bennet)

Unknowne Land (Kelsey Street, 2000)

Wale; or, the Corse (Leave Books, 1995; available as a pdf file at Duration Press)

Artist Books:

A Botanist's Dream

Her Hand

Translation:

Secret of Breath by Isabelle Baladine Howald (Burning Deck, 2008)

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