

**Diana Salier**

eating raisin bran in my underwear, again

just me and the milk  
and spoon and sunday  
and a/c unit doing its lawful duty  
without having to be  
asked twice  
STOP

how many poems can i write about  
eating raisin bran  
in my underwear, again  
before the mundane becomes  
so mundane it's not even  
worth talking about anymore  
in fancy sweater  
and new leather shoes  
at a cocktail party  
and no one laughs  
how droll, how droll  
is the everyday  
but that's the beauty of it all,  
now get me another one of those  
pigs in a blanket  
and a glass of red  
i'm fresh out

i could change the story  
imagine for a second i'm not  
eating raisin bran  
in my underwear, again  
perhaps i'm burying bombs  
in the coat closet  
underneath two leopard-skin  
bodies and a scarf  
from the fall sale at bloomingdale's  
i'm riding my bike  
up to mount olympus  
to take athena out  
for brunch at joey's  
and a visit to the melrose trading post  
i'll buy her a new dress  
and something she can hang  
in her living room  
to think of me while i'm away  
on international business

maybe i'm climbing  
*le deuxieme etage*  
of the eiffel tower  
because i stole a baguette  
and two apple croissants  
from les deux magots  
after jean-paul sartre came to my bedside  
and threatened me  
with crippling doubt and nothingness  
if i didn't deliver the goods  
by 2:13pm the next day  
and the french police  
are trying to shoot me down  
like king kong  
only this isn't new york  
and i've already been killed  
by enough beauties  
in my time  
thank you very much

## nostalgia vs. fruitflies

everything is reminiscent  
of everything else.  
i am just a nostalgic person  
at least i know this much is true.  
i'm a glass half-empty type, always reluctant  
to ask for a refill.  
go ahead, ask me about the past -  
you'd think i had no long-term memory,  
had never learned what the world could do.

i was just going to say,  
*i couldn't imagine you hurting a fruit fly*  
but then i realized  
that was a line from another poem  
i wrote about another woman  
who i apparently couldn't imagine  
hurting a fruit fly.

i'm not around you all the time,  
i wouldn't know if you trapped one in a jar  
and lit matches inside  
laughed as it flailed like a marionette  
and clipped its wings without any method  
like a four-year-old cutting paper snowflakes  
before the winter solstice.

## happy&birthday&america

body full of margarita mix that comes out green  
on the rocks with salt and two red straws  
vodka and cranberries and gin and coca-cola  
from the can and three sirloin tacos with chipotle  
salsa, hold the bacon, and a hamburger  
and french fries with a small, pink lemonade

it is the afternoon of july third, twenty-ten  
today my best friends were born  
twenty-four years ago and their mothers either  
cry remembering the push and strain  
and hours of labor that don't even earn  
paid overtime or a one-hour lunch break  
or they leap from bed and call first thing in the morning  
still wearing nightgowns and sing  
*happy birthday to you*  
*happy birthday to you*  
all raspy into the answering machine

i have my naked body  
and an old faithful guitar  
where a young faithful woman should be  
it keeps her place without complaining  
it doesn't tell me that it never loved me  
that it could answer all my questions  
but i wouldn't like the answers it would give  
like some magic lamp genie  
with a superiority complex

i'm thinking of the day that H left the san fernando valley  
packed black converse lo-tops and vinyl collection  
blasted bowie in a silver corolla on the 101 to oakland, ca  
i must've been crawling around montreal  
(who put the REAL in montreal)  
boozing with the literati and pretending i knew how  
to speak french and order a pint of blanche, *s'il vous plait*

when she closed the car door and rammed the gas

i must've been imbibing a spirit  
to get rid of hers to release it from my lungs  
and replace it with a mountain of cigarette ash  
and a curious newfangled contraption the scientists call  
HAPPINESS  
with a capital H

body full of gallo white wine and five dollar pints  
plain cheese pizza from a store that sells  
mostly lebanese food, and two slices of wheat bread  
for the illusion of health.

this just in – there are no goddamned promises.  
there are no ninety-day guarantees.

i leave the long white windows closed  
curtains drawn, so i can only see  
part of the world  
at any given time