

Sarah Terry

Look at me, baby, I'm a star

I went to class with blood dripping from my knee. It was very self-indulgent
but I like when everyone is concerned about me, like when Ben Folds

and Nick Hornby wrote that song for me – I appreciate little gestures
and also piano interludes and a well-placed falsetto. They said my name

three times, and three times is poetry. That's true enough,
isn't it? And that's what we're here for – universal truths

or at least what we should eat for dinner. I like to nurture my obsessions
on ambrosia and saltines. Look at this with your hearing eye:

In my dream, I am your sixth wife, a blue-eyed Scottish actress
named Clara, and we have a June wedding, a grass green house

and two children, and our daughter has another man's eyes,
but then I get kidnapped by an independently wealthy schizophrenic ex-pat

and it almost ruins us. When I return five weeks later,
I'm afraid to sleep because I might have to stop screaming.

Every time I see a good movie, I'm winning an Oscar for it
and my praise for the losers in my category is painfully insincere.

I don't care. I drink lots of iced tea because I'm too good for coffee,
and I can still play the fastest piano in the Western Hemisphere.

There is knee-buckling beauty in the way I shape all vowels but
especially A's. I say: I'm doing this for the eternal glory. And by this, of course,



I mean donating my brain to science or to Sondheim, or my eyelashes to the Met,
or maybe MoMA, and when the bidding war begins, I'll sew myself into the golden settee

at the front of the auction and fan myself with peacock heartstrings while welcoming guests:
Come on, you bats! My love is an empty, empty cave.

