

Annette Cenkner

Diane's Hometown

Dear Diane, do you remember the weekend on the lifeguard tower?
It rained while we got high. The beach was never so beautiful.
From Friday to Sunday we never came down once.
Do you remember the banana bread we made?
For three days that's all we ate.
On Monday I felt I'd die from the vomiting and the headache.
But still, it wasn't so bad, was it?

Remember when you shaved your head like Bowie on Alladin
Sane?
My hair was purple, green and blue. And all those places
that threw us out along with all our friends.
I thought we'd have them forever, those friends.
At least I thought I'd have you.

Now you've gone back
to that podunk town in Ohio to play the role
of the perfect mid-western wife. Two boys
and a husband with initials instead of a name.
Why don't you come back to L.A.?

I know you hate me now.
You found out I fucked the love of your life.
But that was before we were friends

and before he knew you were alive.
But Diane you must realize that
he was never good enough for either of us.
I know he was brilliant then, but look at him now,
living with some dredge of a hippie girlfriend.
He could have been anything. Now he's afraid
to leave his house and his free-base pipe behind.
That could have been your life, Diane.

Come back to L.A. where it isn't a sin
to steal your best friend's lover
and love is something to pursue and not fall into.
In L.A., matters of the heart aren't restricted by gender.
Your friends are here. I'm here.

Diane, it broke my heart when
I heard those things you said about me.
I know you wanted revenge.
I think you found it.
Come back to L.A.
Come back to L.A.
Love Always, A.

Elektra's Recipes

He asked me if I knew Elektra
He said she had
 an underabundance of knowledge
 and an unresolvable conflict
He told me about a night
they'd gone to this deli
on the east side of LA
and chatted until 4 AM

about Ming Dynasty Kimonos and
 pot roasted potatoes and
 he asked her if she knew me but
 she had deferred and
 was he going to have chocolate
 or nutmeg on his cappucino
 And then he said he hadn't seen her
 for some time and
 wondered if maybe I had
 I said I didn't know her
 and did he try
 the comed beef on rye

He said he knew of this dive bar
 off of Sunset and Vine
 where Elektra went from time
 to time and got real drunk
 and possibly could be enticed
 to take off her shirt

He said that if you stayed up all night and
 saw Elektra at dawn
 her hair turned to phosphorescent green
 as long as no one else was around

Once they had stayed awake for
 3 days straight he said
 drinking and taking LSD
 and at 11:45 of the 3rd night
 she told him that
 one time she took 11 hits of acid
 and saw God and at midnight she
 would transform into Betty Crocker

Tonight she may be at that house
 on Ozone with the Ionic columns and
 the roadrunner out in front and

if not he would go to this club where
she frequently could be found on a Thursday night
drinking Kirin with the junkmen and
he said she had

an underabundance of knowledge and
an unresolvable conflict and had I ever
tried the Bloody Marys there

I said no but

I thought Elektra had