

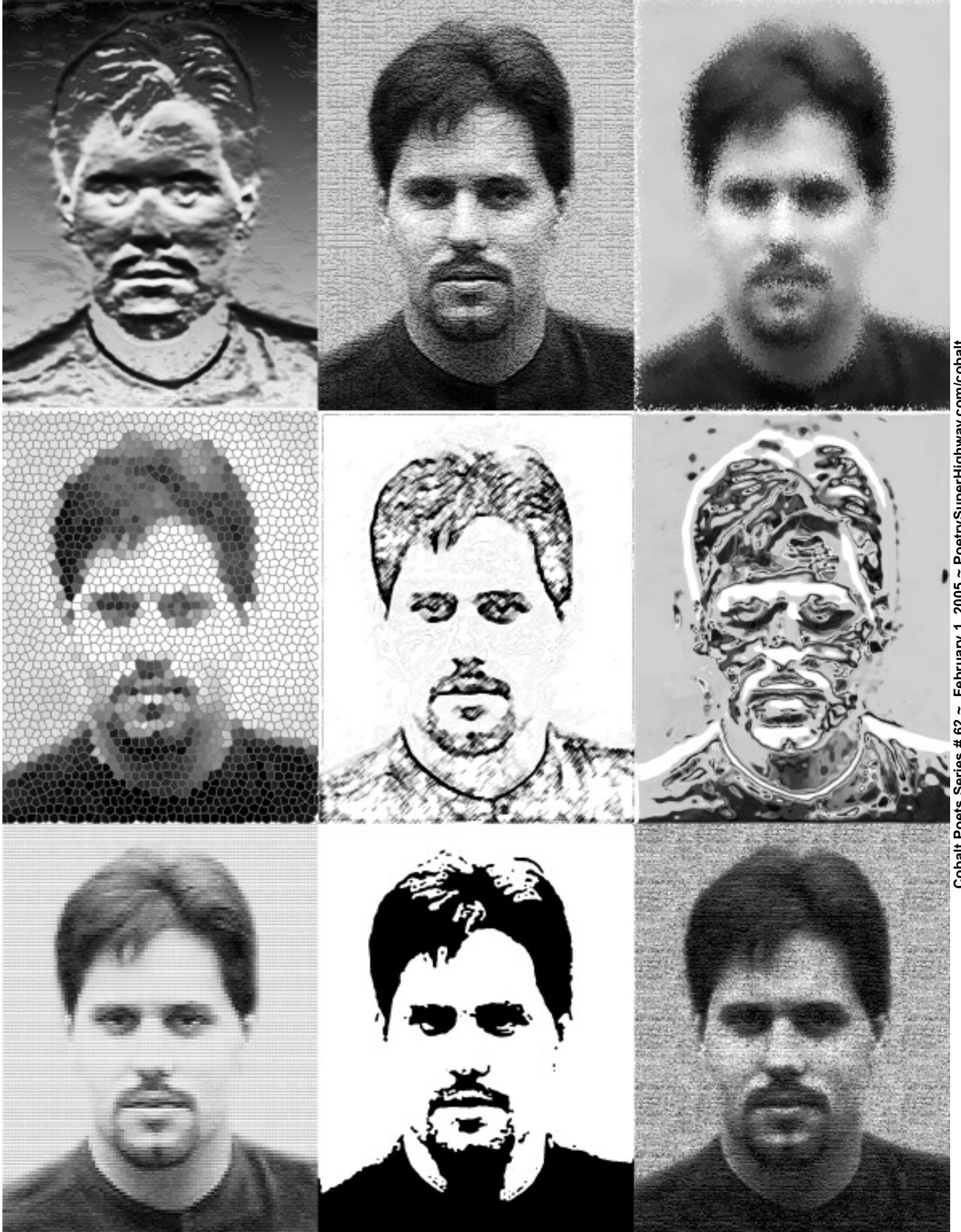
In the shoddy sleight of hand of cinema magic tricks we are forever Marilyn Monroe—before the suicides and murmurs, before her life became a rumor and a fall: frozen forever in celluloid sorcery, too beautiful to be considered human, Technicolor just off enough to not reflect the vibrancy of ugly neighbors and relatives, absent of the way our ungraceful bodies sweat and flail in the frailty of electric light.

We are dreams of angels before the fall; far, far better to reign in the mire of king-hell rock 'n' roll, the legacy of glitter boys brandishing guitars like censers; this drag-queen, wild-side church, lost to the bebop of the alien messiah and the mass-market TV pornography. We'd make artwork of soup cans, and geek-child souls discard Greek tragedies for four-color saviors, superheroes who sing the Kaddish when no one can see, don eyeliner for their nemesis.

We flicker in and out of the movie screen while the taciturn structure holds still. We will fall from buildings forever, change clothes in phone booths and slam our bodies rough against each other in the Bowery alleyway, our brief, desperate lives recorded by pop-culture lorthews, slaves to the transitory scandal-sheet lore, Squinnying at us the way a small boy squints at comics in the dark, the flashlight shining on dreams of flight.

Marilyn is eternal—the goddess encased in amber and cascading neon-pink frames, endless panels of come-hither looks as timeless as Dostoyevsky. Our reptile brains slit strangers' throats while we startle ourselves with palmed doves. Blink, and the giant in purple has destroyed the world. Blink, and we can set ourselves on fire, rise like smoke to victory. We are the dreams of Kirby and Elvis and Warhol, all in color, for a dime.

There is No Word for "Fear of Culture"



Cobalt Poets Series # 62 ~ February 1, 2005 ~ PoetrySuperHighway.com/cobalt

By Victor D. Infante

VICTOR D. INFANTE is a poet and journalist living in Worcester, MA. He is the author of eight chapbooks of poetry, including his most recent, "Warhol Days," a copy editor for the Worcester Telegram & Gazette and a frequent contributor to "OC Weekly" in Orange County, California. He writes two online columns: "How to Succeed As A Failing Writer" for Gotpoetry.com and "Infante's Inferno" for WriteMovies.com, and is currently finishing his first novel, "Nihilist Chic." His poems have appeared in numerous journals, magazines and anthologies, including the "So Luminous the Wildflowers" anthology of California poets; "Poetry Slam: the Competitive Art of Performance Poetry" and "Incidental Buildings and Accidental Beauty," the poetry of Orange County and Long Beach, to which he also wrote the introduction. But what he's most famous for is his devotion to the late TV show, "Buffy the Vampire Slayer."