





**The Red Ceilings Press**

MMXI [rcp 34]

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wikipedia says it will pass  
**diana salier**



## **i didn't cry at the end of titanic**

this one day you flew to berlin  
then later you flew back home  
and i rode my bike to your apartment  
outside it was hot and windy

we laid under your sheets  
we listened to the beach boys  
i made you come  
i got on top and said i loved you

i should've just said fuck walt disney you're the happiest place on earth  
let's commit a crime so we'll get caught and do time together  
let's steal puppies from duboce park

you had brought some german chocolate  
you had been gone for too long

## **my gmail makes you laugh so hard**

before we break up we gchat randomly about men on segways  
cookie monster videos  
what we should do for dinner  
and all this mundane that suddenly feels like the series finale of LOST  
or finding out whether the afterlife really exists  
and you say my gmail makes you laugh so hard hahaha

after we break up we gchat awkwardly  
about whether things are awkward between us now  
which just makes it more awkward  
whether or not it was already awkward to begin with

and i say did you get my messages i kept typing after you went away  
and you say no i didn't get anything  
and i make myself invisible

## **i wish it was secretaries' day**

i had a nap dream: you were selling refreshments at a play  
you stood really far away from me  
and you said i wish it was secretaries' day  
and i said so, what, are you like a secretary now ??  
like it was the worst thing possible  
like you had just erased my dvr  
and you excused yourself to go to the bathroom  
and i thought you wanted me to follow you  
like for old times' sake  
but i think you just really had to pee

## **a londonparisparislondon sandwich**

since i started with you,  
my relationship with san francisco  
has been on hold  
its slow bus lines and taco lines were here first  
you're the proverbial other woman.  
but now i walk around the mission  
and tell everyone who will listen:  
san francisco is a graveyard!  
i'm cheating on this city with dirty thoughts  
of running back to new york's hot cold arms  
or swimming across the atlantic  
where i'll buy an entire bullet train car  
and ride back and forth every day  
through the chunnel:  
a londonparisparislondon sandwich

**the dead //dying// one hand thrusting up from the grave part**

i wake up on bryant street and don't care  
if the sun is out over twin peaks i don't care  
i don't want to drink coronas in dolores park  
i don't want to dogwatch in alamo square  
i don't want to see the mrs. doubtfire house again  
i don't want to take iphone pictures under the golden gate bridge  
the dead // dying // one hand thrusting up from the grave part  
that always comes at the end  
is scarier in real life  
than it looks in the movies

## **sanfrancisco is a graveyard**

in my head i read this poem in the voice of eileen myles.  
the only thing we have in common  
is that we're both lesbians  
and have probably had a broken heart  
that led to writing lines like  
"san francisco is a graveyard"

## **this poem is a chatroom and you have left the chatroom**

this poem is a chatroom  
and you have left the chatroom  
while i was away from the computer  
so i didn't realize you had signed off  
and gotten a glass of water  
and gone to bed  
now i am alone in the chatroom talking to myself  
there is no one to a/s/l but me

these days i write a lot of poems  
because i can't talk to you  
before you know it it's gonna be christmas  
we'll be drinking four-packs of mini wine bottles  
hiding from the glow of a christmas lights // jesuschrist //  
fake snow front lawn combination  
wait a few months then search for me in the lost&found section of craigslist  
where you got your bedside table  
where i left my glasses every night  
so i wouldn't see you leave in the morning

**“i found you, ms. new booty”**

every morning you're not here  
rapping bubba sparxxx  
grabbing my flat ass  
to wake me up  
i grab it myself  
i can't rap  
i don't wake up

## **i like human as a word but not as a concept**

let me take a screenshot of your brain matter  
i'm not afraid of the wrinkles  
i love the wrinkles  
they're so wrinkly and fantastic.  
let me make a short film of you walking away  
naked on the stairs in an infinite loop  
that i can add my own soundtrack to

.  
if i'd known you back then i would've signed your yearbook  
have a great summer, don't have too much fun without me....ps i love you lol j/k  
i would've called and hung up while you watched saved by the bell

.  
i like human as a word  
i like human as a word  
but not as a concept  
and not as an excuse

what's your general purpose  
what's your gist?  
give it to me in 140 characters or less.  
do i need an excuse to be here  
do i have to show my ID just to be born.

i see people's faces in my dreams  
i've never met in real life  
and i think wouldn't that be weird  
if i met them in real life

## **i play pinball to impress the girls at the neighborhood lesbian bar**

i play pinball to impress the girls  
at the neighborhood lesbian bar  
like my ability to drunkenly find  
three quarters in my jeans  
and move some metal flippers around a little ball  
somehow translates to an awesome personality --  
effortless charm  
but seeming vulnerability !  
a hint of preserved youth  
but mid-twenties stability ! --  
or at the very least  
just being really ridiculously  
good in bed or something

## **what about the dinosaur problem**

i wrote a poem about you once and you've never let me forget it

do we have to talk or can we just mind meld

place your forehead on my brain and set it to defrost on high

for my birthday this year i want a pillow shake and a cuddle party

i bring the noisemakers and you the party hats

suddenly it begins to rain

did you pack an emergency kit

i am afraid of everything

even if it hasn't been invented

i write poems in my phone and export them via bluetooth

it's like when we hum into our roommates' answering machines

or how you call me up and sing happy birthday even when it isn't

if someone were narrating the movie of my life would you turn up the color knob  
and give me a green face

or watch it on mute and go out for cocktails instead

you can even fast forward to your own scenes

i promise not to bring it up when we meet at a pajama party  
in the next life

i hope we die in our halloween costumes

otherwise how will i know that it's you  
if we no longer have limbs to hang from

no, you're batman and i'm robin, i thought we'd settled this before  
try to imagine me slaying the catwoman on your behalf

and what about the dinosaur problem

we'll always have godzilla

i've got to tell you how when you are sad i want to build a fort

from my tendons and bones and give you vip access

you are hovering over the west and tonight i'm bringing my gameface  
into the bathtub

i think frank o'hara said it best in that poem i can never remember its name

where he talks about pizza with anchovies and a maroon robe

i'm not romantic enough to dig my own grave

**you actually don't *build me up buttercup*, anymore**

i was eating a turkey sandwich last week  
and the build me up buttercup song came on  
and i thought about the time we sang it together  
a cappella in the shower in your room on mission st  
in between some foamy sex and daily responsibilities  
the kind you put on your resume  
under the "skills/areas of expertise" header  
the kind you won't remember when you're dead

## **you could fall in love with a fascist**

there's like a whole list of songs you claim  
you can't listen to anymore  
because you listened to them together  
you quarantine them like a  
human-turned-zombie  
in itunes playlist  
but if you fell in love with a bread baker  
would you stop eating bread  
if you fell in love with a mattress salesman  
would you stop sleeping in beds  
you could fall in love with a fascist  
you wouldn't miss them much anyway

## on the road

i'm going on the road soon  
and i think you'd be proud of me  
if you knew i was going on the road soon  
i'll be sure to check the weather on my phone  
so we can make small talk about how it was hot / cold /  
windy / rained a lot / hot but not humid /  
pretty nice out / didn't need a jacket but i packed one anyway just in case /  
thought about you while driving in new mexico listening to the arcade fire  
thought about if you were a hitchhiker would i pick you up  
let you ride shotgun and command the ipod  
protect you from truckers and scratch your back in a motel 6  
until you fell asleep  
i still have the last voicemail you left for me  
when i said i needed to "get a few things out there"  
and you called but i was eating a hamburger at steve's  
and you said you'd "be around for a little bit"  
but then i forgot what i wanted to "get out there"  
today i bought two books about love:  
when i say i don't believe in love  
i think i don't believe in us

## let's make the world so quiet again

if anybody asks this is the story i like to tell:  
we met in the frozen food aisle the night the giants  
won the world series i woke up with a panda bear  
biting on toaster waffles and never ate an egg  
the same way again.  
when you brushed my teeth in the bathtub  
i crouched by your ears and shouted  
baby ! you must be a facebook page because i like you.  
this is the one where i meet my thoughts in a  
neutral setting and politely ask their intentions.  
i'm hiding my real feelings inside my underwear,  
hoping you'll just stumble on them eventually  
there was a night you texted me from a bathroom in oakland  
"haha i just saw us as an old couple" ;  
there's a card catalog of every gum wrapper we've ever chewed  
set to the aladdin song parody i wrote for you. your family name  
is an informal name of a former european province ,  
is a sufjan stevens song ,  
is a tourism website i have set on limited access.

this is a thing about you: you want to be with someone  
for a long time who wants to be with you for a long time.  
how long is long and what if the atomic bomb  
explodes in our bed tomorrow ,  
if my teeth start falling out ,  
if you forget how i like my waffles  
and the speed of tim lincecum's last pitch.  
if this is a choose-your-own-adventure then please  
tell me how i'm supposed to proceed.  
this is the laser that zaps us at night: sometimes i worry  
that i don't have real worries just first world problems –  
like tonight there's a party at my house and everyone is invited  
but the beds are hollow props so you can sleep under the stairs,  
inside my coat pocket or on top of me.  
are you stuck in airplane mode //

is that why i haven't heard from you in weeks.  
i heard natalie portman had a baby  
and no one gives a shit  
brb -- i'm going to get a pacifier  
let's make the world so quiet again

## **the best of frat jamz 2011**

i want to know, when did you become so out with it  
when did you stop laughing with me not at me?  
i can't sleep past five am i miss the sounds  
of your upstairs neighbors fucking lopsidedly  
to the best of frat jamz 2011  
and the right half of my body is weird and homeless  
without the left half of yours  
i want to have the burgers-or-chinese-takeout  
gchat debate at the end of a workday

## is it armageddon or is it armageddon

i'm home alone tonight & this internet quiz  
says i am baked beans & yesterday  
i let another girl sleep in my bed &  
dreamt about water drowning my new house  
& we slept like two half-assed parentheses: ) (  
in a story i don't care to finish unless  
you're making a guest appearance

& i worry that an asteroid will hit the earth  
& i'll never have slept with you again  
the odds of this are very high  
but less the part about the asteroid  
& more the part about  
never sleeping with you again  
& i am not quite sure how i feel about that  
& i want to join a colony of nonbelievers  
& become their leader even though  
they won't follow me just by definition

& some days thinking of you is like  
an earthquake that's already been predicted  
when it comes it makes a tidal wave  
& the most i can do is get under my desk  
wrap my hands around my neck  
& hope for the best

## **my computer goes to therapy on mondays**

dvd player encountered an error it could not recover from

wordpress is sorry, but what you're looking for could not be found

firefox's connection was reset

ms-dos says abort - retry - fail

## **at some point i'll bust out the pinball**

i'm gonna print my blanket loneliness  
on a t-shirt and wear it out at night  
to the neighborhood lesbian bar  
so i can spill gin and red salsa on it  
so all the girls can ask where i got it  
and at some point i'll bust out the pinball  
at some point i'll pretend i smoke anything  
at some point i'll write a note-to-self  
in the notes section of my phone  
to stop being so self-centered  
and eat a piece of fruit once in awhile

## **wikipedia says it will pass**

do you ever wonder how long this is gonna last >?  
like when you have the hiccups and logic and wikipedia says  
it will pass, but you've heard about this guy having it  
for like 80 years one time, and he just got used to it  
and you know there's a first time  
for everything

## **Diana Salier**

Diana Salier has lived in LA, NY, and London. Her poems have appeared in *Every Day Genius*, *Robot Melon*, *Red Lightbulbs*, *Yes Poetry*, *The Scrambler*, *3:AM Magazine*, and *NAP*, among other places. She thinks a lot about time travel but has never gone back in time. Find her at [dianasalier.com](http://dianasalier.com), or in real life in San Francisco eating cereal and refreshing Gmail. Drop her a line at [salier.diana.a@gmail.com](mailto:salier.diana.a@gmail.com)

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