

## 1988 : MEMORY WITH VALLEY GIRL AND PARAMOUNT

I am 12: for the first time ever watching  
*Earth Girls Are Easy* with Rochelle B.  
We're at the Paramount in San Francisco.

It's prearranged, my mother  
there, this film a great sought-after pleasure:  
In deco dark we flicker into

the giant San Fernando Valley  
as maze of split-levels freeways turquoise pools.  
A pod lands & a blue alien seduces

Geena Davis the high-cheekboned hairdresser—  
she squeals he is so furry & so other  
& soon she reveals his nearly human beauty

when she shaves his blue & alien hair.  
Like omigod! He's *actually* Jeff Goldblum!  
Wait: Do they blast off to another moon?

California: asteroid & star.  
California: futuristic planet  
on which hairdressers dance & sing

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songs about their bloneness  
*Because I'm blonde I don't have to think*  
*I talk like a baby and I never pay for drinks—*

Easy: blonde as plundered sunshine  
*Cause I'm blonde / Bee-eL-Oh-eN-D-eee*  
Nazi ideal remade in parched valley.

Little sex-show song: white-blonde ditz song.  
Please harass/date me song.  
Easy: I loved it so much then like trying on

my own pink training bra:  
Melissa K. & I lip-synched it  
for the sixth-grade talent show

jiggling our arms and legs and pouting  
*Don't have to worry about getting a man*  
*If I keep this blonde, and I keep theeese tan*

absorbing its watermelon glister  
the way some jellyfish or squid  
grow coterminous with phosphorescent cells

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that make them bioluminesce—  
we grew in symbiosis with fucked-up desire—  
*Cause I'm a blonde / Don't you wish you were me?*

That year I would refuse  
my lunches in search of bonier hips,  
using hunger to propel myself

toward some imaginary floating center,  
magnetic field that sucked as I drew nearer,  
amplifying its desires;

I wanted what it was / was sex / was power  
was hyped-up preteen musk as potent as  
the American myth of newness

or the bloody hills of California—  
I was an Earth Girl: I too lived in a Valley.  
I blinked leaving the theater—

I kept reciting just a little further  
in the toxic playbook where I learned myself