Mary Sauve

Oct. 2, 2012 draft spoken word poem

We live for fatal attractions

True romance, vampire style

The immortality of reality TV

TV that sucks intelligent life right out of you

Honey Boo Boo, Boo Hoo

Famous at 5 years old

Old before your time

Walk before you crawl, crawl forward

Yes, we live for fatal attractions

Glen Close, too close for comfort

Fit to a tee, storm in a teacup

Die to fit in, conform to non-conformity

The anarchy of popularity

The death of infatuation

A flirtatious disaster

Hurricane smack, or smooch

coochie coochie coo

you put the hooch in hoochie

sex in a bottle, full throttle

a dollar a dance, live attraction

attract fate, fatal attraction

you live, you love, you die.

That’s all there is.

But it was worth it.

Boy was it worth it. Mmm.