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## To Southern California

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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## To Southern California

Los Angeles has been called  
The ass-hole of the nation,  
City of fools  
Hollywood slime  
Strip joints  
Punk rock  
Lady waiting  
On every corner.  
Hollywood high,  
Reds, whites, dust, cocaine.

Southern California  
Isn't paradise you know. . . .  
Beverly Hills  
is for rich alcoholic copycats  
Dusted heroes  
And coked-out rockers.  
Hollywood harbors the fag boys,  
Did you see them?  
Making love on the corner?  
Broken has-beens  
And never has-beens  
Hide their dusty smiles  
Behind dark glasses.

— Nancy Cuminale

## Untitled

I am incapable of loving  
Any intellectual or macho male  
Heroes married to Fame  
Or athletes riding on egos.  
Instead I create  
For five days now  
Long blond locks uncombed  
Vicious blue eyes  
Notorious for rape  
And other contemptible acts. . . .  
I starve (and itch) dry-mouthed  
For brutal hands of unvaccinated  
Strangers  
To paint my body with true passion  
And then fade away still unknown  
Leaving me (a stranger)  
Gasping for breath in the morning  
At the savage perfection  
Of the man I still don't know.

—Nancy Cuminale