

Fifteen Minutes
elizabeth GROTE

Child, I saw your pixilated smiles,
transitory recollections,
black and white;
so you've been used
(as haughty women given microphones
are apt to do).

Not a St. Petersburg ballerina, we brought you
freedom from anorexia
with a bonus welcome to America, where
we Save the Children
with our great opportunities to be Somebody
famous for a day
(as our woe decrees—
until the next great exploit we see).