

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Tresha Faye Haefner: "I Will Arise Now and Go to Los Angeles"

Tresha Faye Haefner · Thursday, January 3rd, 2013

Tresha Faye Haefner's work appears in various journals and magazines, including *BloodLotus*, *Melusine*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *Poet Lore*, and *Rattle*.

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### I Will Arise Now and Go to Los Angeles

*After William Butler Yeats*

I will arise now and go to Los Angeles  
 where the lip gloss is leopard print  
 and the eyes of women shine like jewels waiting  
 to be excavated from an urban jungle.  
 I will arise now and go to Los Angeles  
 where they sit on towels that have hundred dollar bills printed across the terrycloth,  
 and dream about coconut water and hours of easy money  
 they can make in their sleep.  
 I will arise now and go to Los Angeles  
 where everyone spends their Saturdays driving 40 miles an hour  
 around the cliffs of the Palisades,  
 where the windows are always open and the sun lands soft as a smile  
 on their tan legs and two dollar bottles of coke.  
 I will arise now and go to Los Angeles  
 where everyone walks in the surf on Venice beach  
 and watches the water skiers ski, and prays for a sign of dolphins,  
 or listens to Raga music, and eats organic pumpkin seed muffins  
 while someone burns incense in the breeze.  
 I will arise now and go to Los Angeles  
 where everyone can read poetry at an open mic,  
 or see live comedy for five dollars a ticket,  
 or run into a minor celebrity buying day old croissants at Starbucks  
 and pretend to be cool for not asking for an autograph.  
 I will arise now and go to Los Angeles,  
 where four a.m. wake up calls and want ads and asphalt  
 pull everyone from their beds like music.  
 I will arise now and go to Los Angeles

where even the homeless  
are the blessed of the earth, soaking up rays of the sun, and spending their days  
juggling rainbow colored hackey sacs for cash.  
I will arise now and go to Los Angeles  
where everyone can go to a party on a rooftop of lights  
and meet a stranger with red hair, who says she's an actress  
with rose petals crushed into her pocket,  
or talk to a boy who pays rent by playing songs  
on his sad red American guitar,  
or stop on their way home to stand outside of Mann's Chinese Theater,  
and put their feet where the stars have stood,  
and watch the Magnolia blossoms open and fall like spotlights  
someone is casting down for them alone.

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