

Three Blocks West of Wonderland

By Heather Haley

The murders mattered
only because they went down
in my sweet pea-with-a-bent-stem friend
Daisy's neighbourhood. We could be sisters,
sharing obscure origins in *la belle province*. I foisted
white trash, Daisy adopted, blossoming into a blonde
Jewish princess. Beguiling kook. Fatal Queens accent.
Two transplants to Los Angeles. I dipped in Silverlake.
Solo act. Daisy regal atop Lookout Mountain Avenue,
three blocks west of Wonderland. Aspiring director boy toy
in tow. No gun clubs on their map of LA. Leery elkhounds
patrolled the property. Litter box kitties safe from coyotes,
rabid coons. One morning LAPD prodded creeping sage
ground cover. Rats? No. We're searching for body parts.
Clues. *Wonderland*, the movie based on a true story.
Val Kilmer till too hunky to play geeky John Holmes,
decidedly Joe Blow as appearances go.
Might explain his appeal though.
Everyman identified, despite the grotesque cock.

Coppola wannabe split. Mattress and pillow a prairie
of down. Daisy bought a Colt. 45 to dream on. Statistics,
shmistics. She had a plan to scare off intruders, to shoot up
into the rafters where the petrified red rosebuds hung.