

plants will make her dance

kristie shoemaker

VARSIY GOTH PAMPHLET SERIES



***PLANTS WILL MAKE
HER DANCE***

KRISTIE SHOEMAKER

**VARSIITY GOTH
BURBANK, CA**

VG-003

Little Black Book #3

First Edition

All rights reserved

Copyright © 2017 Kristie Shoemaker

@litttlepeach

Cover design by Jordan Hoxsie

Cover image by Gustave-Jean Jacquet, *Un élégant bouquet*

Formatted by Jordan Hoxsie and Kristie Shoemaker

Cover text set in Palantino Linotype

Book set in Georgia

Edited by Jordan Hoxsie

varsitygothliterature@gmail.com

@varsitygoth

“This book felt like a moment of wonderful coexistence. Like the way everything seems funnier after you’ve been crying. Like feeling a heavy despair about the future but then getting to pet a dog, and the despair doesn’t go away but you’re smiling now. It made me laugh, then feel briefly sad, then laugh some more because I felt briefly sad. Read this book so we can laugh together.”

– **EVIL MTN, author of *RADIO* (2017) and *DEAD* (2017)**

“If I could describe Kristie Shoemaker’s voice as anything, it would have to be this kind of unapologetic vulnerability that playfully begs you to join. *plants will make her dance* explores mental illness and the solitude it forces you to find within yourself in a way that makes you feel less alone; that there is merit in learning to laugh while you cry.”

– **Orion Centauri, author of *I Don’t Have To Talk To Me* (Be About It Press, 2014) and curator of *Unsolicited Advice From Your Ex-Lover’s Ex-Lovers* (2016)**

“People have harder and harder to be honest with each other, because there is almost no reward given to that kind of directness offline. Life online rewards it, it rewards it amply and in fact remains one of the view places that promotes having a soul. And with *plants will make her dance* Kristie Shoemaker shows the soul of social media, all the beauty that resides there.”

– **Beach Sloth, author of *I want to YouTube down the Rivers of America* (2013) and *It Doesn’t Matter What You Look Like On The Outside It’s What’s On The Internet That Counts* (Dig That Book, 2015)**

CONTENTS

stop trying so hard to be something created long before you were born	6
selected tweets	16
baby bird	17
<i>About kristie shoemaker</i>	18

**stop trying so hard to be something created long before you
were born**

we crawled from murky water without asking
with expectations impossible to fulfill

happiness is just a social construct
along with space, time and falling in love

take your feelings and put them into a bottle with a small boat
seal it tight and take the deepest breath you can manage
drag your feet back into the waves

there are no rules there
no expectations
you are home
just beware of sharks
and ex lovers

i am not sure which is more dangerous

2014

October

i saw a girl snort prozac once, felt important to remember, will probably tell my children one day

u licked my tears and i saw god

wish knowing the lyrics to every elliot smith song was a skill that could get me a job

i saw a bloody tooth on the subway this morning

November

mood: unopened voicemail from your mother that she left two months ago

im a 13 yr old whose heart explodes when we hold hands, i write about u in my diary but i don't dot my i's w hearts bc im mature for my age

i want all of my selfies to be painted re: renaissance era and i want to always be near a bowl of fruit, not fake fruit i wanna see it rot

December

there is a piece of xanax stabbing the back of my throat and i am laying under our christmas tree hoping the lights will give me a tan

new game show: what drug residue is on this metro card

performance art piece as a barely functioning 'human' who forgets to call her mom and cries while making direct eye contact on the train

conversation i had tonight with a potted plant: 'do u ever feel sad'

apologize to the chair u bumped into and apologize to ur body for not taking better care of urself

2015

January

new game show where i never sleep but never accomplish anything productive and ultimately lose bc none of this makes any sense

public access show where i sit with plants and water them with my tears

no one ever really talks to anyone but themselves

touching elbows on the subway to remind you we are all in this together, whatever 'this' is

February

social media is just one giant memoir

i want to touch my head to my toes and have hair as big as a small mountain

a really good way of showing ur body ur grateful to be alive is to not sleep for 24 hours and forget when u last ate

March

merit badge for shedding human existence and becoming a cloud

rpg where ur a plant and all u can do is photosynthesize and hope someone waters u

there was a fire alarm going off somewhere in our building and me
and my bf just sat in bed waiting for death until it stopped beeping

it's not a love poem if u don't compare urself to something small and
incapable of existence

April

casually making death pacts while eating hummus and falafel w
friends

i like u so much it feels like there's a pool inside my heart that a lovely
old couple visits twice a week to do water aerobics

holding conversations w various fruit lately

eating chickpeas with ur fingers is a religious experience

May

there's pollen everywhere not bc the plants want u to sneeze but bc
they want to make the world prettier for u so be grateful

i'm gonna get fucked up on ibuprofen and water

my body is a joke there is ur punchline that's it

June

i drank cranberry juice and thought it was blood

i really enjoy when television shows play different music and sounds
to tell me how i should be feeling

i tried sushi for the first time and u kissed me until my lip bled

July

a small rock is actually just a pebble but don't tell it that because it's very self conscious

going to start a cult where everyone gathers to chant smash mouth lyrics

watching a small tornado of trash swirl in front of me and it feels like a religious experience

August

instead of going through puberty i went through photosynthesis

really identifying with this squashed fly carcass on the fridge

but i'm an artist mom

i always feel sad when people look around self consciously after taking a selfie in public, no shame love urself

i'm sitting next to a bag of urine eating pizza, the urine isn't mine

September

u ever stare into the void so long u hear it whisper "same"

a little girl on the train today gave me her beanie baby but i gave it back bc it looked like she immediately regretted her decision

why are all of my exes engaged or dead

November

picked all of my nail polish off and arranged it into a frowny face

hope i wake up in a garden somewhere where an old woman will wa-
ter and love me

wear a mask u never take off for 100 years only to take it off on the
last day of ur life to reveal u were a tiny dog all along

December

i drank six bottles of water today am i going to die

drink water until u finally become the sea

sext: crack ur skull against mine

my tears are unusually large tonight

trying to feel what the pixels convey

2016

January

dating bio: mosses are small flowerless plants that typically grow in
dense green clumps or mats, often in damp or shady locations

none of this matters once ur dead so own ur uneven hair cut u did
alone in ur bathroom and all ur emotions bc they are beautiful

i don't want to have to feel destroyed to feel creative

February

aim away message: I'M AN ADDICT FOR DRAMATICS I CONFUSE
THE TWO FOR LOVE

put my hair up with a chip clip as an indicator of my mental health

if i ever have a child their first words will be: 'this world is bullshit -
fiona apple, 1997'

March

just called a radio station to try to talk about my daddy issues

the moon doesn't pose for photographs bc she is shy, be gentle and
kind

my first kiss tasted like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and pure
hatred of boys

April

being in love is great just like existential dread and ur parents ignor-
ing ur cries for help its all so great

chopped four inches of my hair off with meat scissors last night and
didn't feel a thing

my grandparents are going to pay for my birth control and i'm still
pretending like i've never had sex

May

hallucinated for ten seconds that daisies were growing from every
pore on my body and now i'm just covered in skin life isn't fair

the best antidepressant is having caterpillars crawl on u while the
wind blows just enough to move that annoying piece of hair in ur face

chase ur birth control with pinot grigio in public

June

i used to write poems but now all i'm capable of writing is a suicide

note

sending out smoke signals to the void bc it won't return my texts or emails

i want to befriend a bug and apologize for sometimes being afraid of them, i want to tell everyone i love them and that i'm trying

July

tried to impress someone by saying i was a published poet but now i'm in a room alone chugging wine

i keep screaming every time i pass a dog on the street that looks hot
'THEY NEED WATER'

i can't let anyone new into my life until i look at their natal chart and i'm sorry

August

i'm a feral kitten who wants to be loved but will also scratch you repeatedly and hiss at u if u come within ten feet of me

found a dead bumble bee and gave it a little funeral with flowers scattered around it because in life they were lovers

growing wildflowers from my fingertips and shallow lakes in my lungs

mash game where u end up marrying the moon, having no kids and living in a field of wildflowers with a pet bat

September

band name idea: bumblebee protection department aka bpd

the best significant other in the world is no one, go get a plant and live ur best life

i want ten hours of whale sounds played at my wedding

have u ever been scared of the noises ur own body makes

there are some things better left unsaid like how u feel about me and if parents masturbate

i identify with a bed forever unmade

October

i want to collaborate with someone in a performance art piece where u pretend to love me and u hold me while i cry

I WANT TO SCREAM OUTSIDE OF THESE PIXELS THAT I LIVE FOR LICKING COLLAR BONES AND ALSO SNUGGLING SOLO IN MY CAMO SNUGGIE

a fun thing to do is casually remind everyone u meet that we started dying at birth

November

my blood is poisoned and my thoughts are feverish and my bones are shattered but i hope u still think i'm cute

i want my bed to eat me circa 'nightmare on elm street'

it's been years and no one has taught me how to dougie

December

i'm wearing a satin nightgown and talking to my fish about current events even though he just wants to discuss celeb gossip, i am fine

my dad just came in my room and asked if i wanted to hear a joke and he said 'u having a boyfriend'

have the outline of my smoky quartz etched into my butt

let's have a threesome: you, me and the crumbs in my bed

i'm dating too many ghosts to not be one at this point

2017

January

rest in prozac

celebrating the anniversary of my skin shedding and taking u and ur fingerprints with it

i can't eat or drink anything after midnight so i am about to chug my daily mason jar of boy tears

i bought a nickleback album in middle school so if u can't handle me at my worst, that's fair bc thinking about it makes me wanna die

still trying to figure out how to profit off my existential dread

February

i'm only introspective tonight bc i lost my vibrator

dating bio: sometimes i think the twin ate the wrong twin

the two sexiest words in existence: pay me

i would only want children if i could name them after every member of the dave matthews band

if a boy texts u that 'ur boobs look nice today' do u set his house on fire or throw urself down the steps

if u scream i won't scream back

dirty talk: my laundry, under my bed, trash and various trash receptacles, my hair maybe idk are u turned on yet

cracking knuckles results in massive earthquakes

sometimes i feel like a peach and other times i feel like a tree and sometimes i feel like a cloud so stop putting labels on me

idk what is more used up: me or the ozone layer

March

i have nothing interesting to say can i stop the internet now

dating bio: i had a fight club in my basement when i was ten years old and made my friend bleed and her mom hated me forever after

how do people flirt or even hold basic conversation without screaming ELLIOTT SMITH WAS MURDERED within 30 seconds

intrusive thought of the day: gary busey's teeth

watching infomercials thinking 'this is what i deserve'

u can buy ladybugs and praying mantises on amazon the world isn't all terrible

baby bird

this baby bird
has burst into existence.
i am choking down
emotions and soft feathers
that are ripping apart my insides,
despite their innocent looks.

mother and child —
both fragile with pale blue legs,
and translucent eyelids that
obsess over the accumulating dust.
the window is open,
so that i can breathe again.

kristie shoemaker is a twenty-five year old writer from Baltimore, Maryland. she will look up your birth chart within minutes of knowing you and will overshare things better left unsaid. she has had work published in various places, such as *Gesture Mag*, *Moloko House*, *Fruita Pulp*, *Voicemail Poems* and, most importantly, your heart. you can read more of her ramblings and words @littlepeach.

**my tears are unusually
large tonight**

PAMPHLET #03