

starblood

by dani holway



Lady Gaga ✓
@ladygaga

Fame is prison

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*a fame
manifesto*

- ♥ to be famous is to live forever. it requires agony. it insists upon a level of neurosis, narcissism, and die-hard belief in the pricelessness of individuality. it means existing in difference while conforming to predetermined norms. it means incessant loneliness and simultaneous scrutiny.

diamond♥

daddy-

mommy has so many talents
from afar

singer, performer, artiste-
would you put a bumper sticker on a bentley?

oh my god!
i am not lazy
i bought
stretch marks
i bought her a fucking career

like louis vuitton baggage,
you're on a journey,
you're on your
transformation

skinny is just a style of jean
a goal

don't look-
i'm going to cry
(at the end of the day
not with fresh makeup)

you cannot say i don't work hard
when i'm naked most of the time

♥ *kim kardashian*

saint cece

i often wonder what i would call myself
if i ever *made it*

do i keep my catholic name?
doesn't roll off the tongue
dull, average, normal, insufficient
derived from men

daniel

who survived a night in a den of lions
men are far more frightening than lions

do i become mononymous?

like madonna
like ashanti
like cher

do i deconstruct a lyric?
freddie mercury croons
radio gaga

when i was confirmed in the catholic church, i chose the name cecilia
saint cecilia is the patroness of musicians
maybe famous ones, i thought
as i hummed hymns from my pew

nowadays, the more common form *daniella* means survivor
i continue to survive in this ordinary life

i wonder what name is rooted in *triumph*

- ♥ fame presents unanswerable questions, and thus be prepared for endless uncertainty. consider: to what extent is fame a measure of success? is fame synonymous with fulfillment? can happiness only be achieved through recognition? or is fame fleeting, and therefore truly unreachable?

knock me down♥

blessed and bored
gifted and sad
i'm competing with bad bitches

i want you to love what i do
you just hate that i'm doing it

i'm not a celeb
i'm a regular bitch
i barely like myself

low-budget
emotional gangster

you bitches
couldn't handle the pain

i don't care about the devil
haters give me strength

♥ *cardi b*

troll♥

hello, satan-
it's a shame
to be a boring whore your whole life

just knowing sometimes, a bitch snaps

my sisters say
it's a shame
it's haunting me
what do you want now?

being fat really saved me from
all men

fuck being a whore in life
for the rest of my life
more money, a check, a car--

skinny, come back!

i'm a
mom
seriously
a badass bitch
good looking
soul suck

you're what life is about
how good are you going to be,
bitch

♥ *khloé kardashian*

♥ fame is, at its core, a monster. it will devour you.

cravings ♥

do u know
chaos
implies i have a dope body
i am a nightmare
i like being called
 legend
 beautiful
makes me want to grab my puss

i always have a note that says
“john did it”
without me
there is no

all of me
 stop expecting *hotline bling*

google it-
my butterface
two peeled eggs

i wake up so hungry
eat my husband
didn't even take his last name

what a pussy ass bitch

♥ *chrissy teigen*

starblood

a child of stars
your body lobs
picking at scabs
to reopen scars

under a spotlight-
twinkling, blistering
starblood

inescapable
a manifestation

a shame,
not knowing if
the world is blind
or your mind just decayed

- ♥ you will have countless ghostwriters contributing to your story. magazines, newspapers, gossip columns, blogs, social media blasts; they will ensure your name vibrates on the tip of tongues. whether these stories are fact or fabricated doesn't matter. your past and present belong to the people-therefore you must let go of the notion that you have total control of your future.

life after love♥

sayonara, buttface-
something is amiss

my career is a brat
what's going on
is hard & then you die

kiss my emoji'd ass,
joe

can't really blame
a diva
older than fire
twice as hot

oh SHIT
snap out of it
i now know me
sit on your own ipad i'm busy

♥ *cher*

if memory serves

i often wonder what you
the collective
think of me
what you remember of me when i leave
what you will remember

am i
an absconded blonde hair on the sleeve of a denim jacket
a red lipstick stain on the lip of a floral coffee mug

i often wonder if i am
a one-hit wonder
second-tier
uncovered in *vogue*
a last resort

what do i say if asked how i want to be remembered

a list of things i want to be remembered by:

ground-breaking talent
high fashion
thrashing heart

how it felt to change the world

- ♥ be prepared to fail when flirting with fame. you'll fail your lovers, friends, and family. you'll lose intimacy, privacy, romance, autonomy, mind. of course, the goal is to maintain some sort of normality, some sort of self-realization. prepare to be unsatisfied. expect everything to be just out of arm's reach; never able to be fully grasped. instead, the world will be at your fingertips. fame ensures sacrifice.

queen ♥

honey-
get over yourself
your conversations are
 a barking dog

you're acting like drunk slob-kabobs

i start laughing
i would rather die
a troll

i'm gracing you with
a little romance
i am
very overwhelmed

hot shit
is what they call me
i have
this ugly crying face
she's crying
because now i have a huge

taco
ready to
shove up her ass

a part of me
 worthless
 like a clown
 as if

i am
the first seven letters of the alphabet
you think
it means the conversation is over
i could care less

♥ *kourtney kardashian*

post-traumatic

i think of home
and i beg for faces

faces that have forgotten me

idle party invitations
tongue-tied side conversations
i forgot the right words again

words that would make me less vulnerable,
more precious,
a hot commodity

twenty-seven years at home
and now packaged like
leftovers sopping
in the texas sun

hot gone garbage

i am more alive in my own fantasy
where i am a dying star
born from the brightest explosion
condemned from the start,
centuries in the making

you can see me shine from
millions of miles away
you can see me even from home

god is a woman♥

alexa, play
an open invitation

i can promise you
i was also super tipsy

all of a sudden there was
our bodies
a pig on my chest

said to myself
i was just hungry

you touched
a woman

i had no
choice

remember when i was
trapped in a room with
an alien

the universe was like

i'll give y'all
god
i'm really that bitch huh

bitch you thought

♥ *ariana grande*

♥ once famous, your body will turn to plastic. your eyes will bug, your waist will snatch, your nose will button. inflated lips. cherry cheeks. robotics. smooth, spotless skin. you will no longer belong to yourself, but to an audience. if you are not handled by millions of hands, you most certainly are not famous.

*alliterative body building:
a guide to beauty*

lana's lips

natalie's nose

alexa's abdomen

lupita's lungs

hailey's hips

melissa's molars

scarlett's spine

taylor's tongue

selena's skull

rhianna's rib

sophie's scar

florence's femur

meghan's marrow

jane's jaw

drew's digestive system

you, compared

to my naked self,
my personality pried open
like a pickle jar

am i
witty enough
pretty enough
rare enough
enough

another faux blonde
obscured in boxed bleach

another bogus photo mocks me,
contorts my double-digit body
into a mass-media masterpiece

how is it
i can measure my waist in likes
but i cannot sing to the naked eye



self-portrait

women

you seek to judge me-
how i pose is not without
a lifetime of shame

in the industry

if i were a man,
you'd think me a star rather
than a plastic doll

- ♥ should you be called to infamy, you will exist simultaneously within two worlds: that of reveries and of realism. your mind at war with your body. floating and mud-stuck. a burrowed darkness inside of you in constant combat with light. dilating pupils. asleep while awake. winged yet caged.

truth hurts♥

high energy
self-hate
that's the monster in me

what i really mean when i say
use my songs:

heal the world
growth is chemical

give your body
my talent

you ordered
external influences
look in the programming

do better
loving yourself
making way for my season

♥ *lizzo*

“if my destiny is to lose my mind because of fame, then that's my destiny.”

♥ *lady gaga*

roadmap

shaky veins grip the wheel
down the hollywood walk,
recognize the *sertraline* to your right-
fizzy limbs
rotting thoughts

don't hesitate,
a billboard,
art is pain
keep your foot on the gas
fame is a form of psychosis

take a left at *aripiprazole*
towards stability
two halves to construct a whole

for now,
in your peripheral
*objects in mirror are
closer than they appear*

could it be pain♥

swallow loose change
bully your brain
could it be pain
too fool for fame

could it be pain

♥ fame *by david bowie*

- ♥ the desire for fame is measured in shame. there is no room for academic integrity in the pursuit of celebrity. you will be laughed at, mocked, ignored, and yet, eventually studied, should your art transcend.

me, struggling to write a pop song

letting go of what i knew,
haven't thought this moment through,
is everyone looking?
is anyone looking?

call me something unforgettable
words that lapse in loneliness
as if i am unimaginable
inaccessible
unnoticed

does anyone here have faith
just a little
a little faith in

what i'm trying to do
maybe i don't sing like you
but i sing like me
and baby,
that's what it means to be free

one night as i worried
i thought to myself
and in that thought i found myself

somewhere without hesitation
a downpour of applause
this place still, and always, an illusion
where music makes us move

this city is
big and
empty and vast
i want to be where you can dance
remember me with arms outstretched

does anyone here have faith
just a little
a little faith in

what i'm trying to do
maybe i don't sing like you
but i sing like me
and baby,

that's what it means to be *free*

the loneliest feeling in the world

i often wonder
if i would like the solitude
in celebrity

i've heard it's the loneliest feeling in the world
according to bojack horseman

i often wonder
what skeletons dance in my closet
which cartilage would they choose to pluck
how garish the rattling bones would be through a camera lens
or a computer screen

it's eleven at night and i'm standing in the rain and i just made nine dollars i'm going to say that one more time i only made nine dollars serving food to guests who won't remember my name not even if you offered them their nine dollars back not even if you offered them a free appetizer or dessert and i often wonder if i'm doing it right if i'm doing *life* right and now i'm standing in this downpour in my dripping leopard coat unable to imagine that *fame* could be any lonelier than this

- ♥ the pursuit of fame requires immeasurable risk. you must risk it, total consumption, as is everything, for your art.