

NATHANIEL G. MOORE

## EMILY

*[directed by Geoffrey Pigeon]*

1.

It's Canadian Music Week.

Sound bite:

"It is very relevant in Canada today."

Visuals, in CHALKBOARD jagged fonts:

"An affluent suburb"

"EMILY"

I've been on set all morning in my plaid

Eddie *[born December 23, 1964 in Evanston, Illinois]* Vedder  
outfit.

How do I feel?

Like I have won a contest no one entered.

I am remixing my property fetish and  
writing my graffiti on the "bedroom" walls.

Over and over I write

Emily "Amadeus" Haines

on the bedroom floor.

The walls are yellow and pink.

I am bored and grey / black.

2.

My graffiti letters are being filled up by busy hands  
in crayon n wax, or enamel spray-paint.

The same busy hands are pasting  
samples of my 1992 High School

Greatest Literary Hits in the foreground.

In the background, a story about a spaceship  
taking my father off our front lawn.

The pages are photocopied.

I live with cups of water  
under the Emily stand-in's combat boot.

She is instructed to mimic a 17-year old  
girl / boy at home drawing pictures  
of combat babies—*"so bikinis and tanks,"* the director says.

She shrugs and rubs the crayon across the big page.

She's on her pink knees.

Her miniskirt calculates no shadow.

She's gesture drawing like crazy.

*"With her on top!"* Geoffrey yells,  
telling Emily to draw her own likeness,  
*"or, you know, whatever you feel like."*

3.

Conquering the tanks and planes,  
she is my King Kong  
with cadmium hair and short-skirted legs raised in a V.  
She does a combative silver kick for an outtake.  
Today is just like the day I heard  
Emily of Metric ruined my world.  
It's hard to cease thinking about it.  
*"Just walk around the room, like you're angry."*  
She is my King Kong.  
I am her airplane glued incorrectly.  
She may break a nail on my skull.  
*"Like your parents have just said you can't go to the biggest party  
of the year."*  
Dead disco bombs from her eyes  
in soft, maroon tear drops.  
Because I'm Eddie V. I sing:  
"Leslie didn't give attention  
to the fact that Queen Emily  
of Metric ruined his world!  
Emily spoke on set today!  
Emily spoke on set today!"  
*"Look down. Now up. Okay, good."*

I sing about staring at her leather coat,  
how she seemed a harmless little tawny twit,  
how she unleashed a sea lion,  
gnashed my heart with a sneer,  
and stomped in the mild dust of my quest.  
I sing about how she clocked me  
near the craft table  
with a surprise left,  
and left my jaw blurting.  
"Queen Emily of Metric  
ruined my world!"  
I am singing about her  
so I can forget about her,  
so I can erase her forever  
from the monochrome Billboard.

"Emily" appears in  
*Pastels Are Pretty Much The Polar Opposite of Chalk* (DC Books 2009)