

Strawberry Is

Strawberry Saroyan

Strawberry is a black and white cat.

Strawberry is eating almonds.

Strawberry is in the honeymoon phase.

Strawberry is a go-go.

Strawberry is fighting her way through the matrix.

Strawberry is throwing her hat over the wall and she's not sure how she's going to get it back.

Strawberry is getting herself together and taking it on the road.

Strawberry is happy to have her name back.

Strawberry is a little bit hungry, and a little bit rock 'n' roll.

Strawberry is exploring the context of no context.

Strawberry is breaking it all down into itty-bitty pieces and making a bikini out of it.

Strawberry is listening to the characters and wondering if they notice.

Strawberry is Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum.

OPEN CITY

Strawberry is dancing on the ceiling.

Strawberry thinks Molly Jong-Fast is funny.

Strawberry is wearing Brooks Brothers pajamas.

Strawberry was, and will be.

Strawberry is eating imaginary gumdrops.

Strawberry is up all night.

Strawberry is feeling the fear and doing it anyway.

Strawberry is breaking the fourth wall and trying not to get too bloody in the process.

Strawberry thinks you're wonderful.

Strawberry got home in one piece.

Strawberry is letting go and letting God.

Strawberry is walking the line.

Strawberry is sorting through her phone records to find Bruce Wagner's number.

Strawberry is eating baklava.

Strawberry is counting sheep.

Strawberry is playing blocks.

Strawberry writes on money. And calls it art. And sells it.

Strawberry ate the little green pill.

Strawberry makes time.

Strawberry relented.

Strawberry is howling at the moon.

Strawberry is perfect.

Strawberry is 10 days 2 hours 8 minutes 1 second.

Strawberry is listening to the fat lady sing.

Strawberry is hardwired for bliss.

Strawberry is cold as fire, hot as ice.

Strawberry ate the little piece of paper with the directions on it.

Strawberry puked it up as pop-cult confetti. There were tiny pieces of Farrah Fawcett in it. She gathered them into a pile and put them in a box.

Strawberry is calling the police.

Strawberry wants to be an Alex Katz.

Strawberry is breaking it down so she can put it back together again.

Strawberry scared the black birds who looked like musical notes flying away.

OPEN CITY

Strawberry is hiding from the paparazzi.

Strawberry is wearing four-inch heels.

Strawberry is on the Hollywood sign, hanging off the “Y.”

Strawberry is eating potato chips, barefoot.

Strawberry is interested in what’s appropriate. Just kidding.

Strawberry stared into the abyss and found a genuinely usable dining room table.

Strawberry is working out again. You’re welcome.

Strawberry really has to get out more.

Strawberry is sounds of bad Britney, Sunset Blvd., midnight, air, dissolving into shards of glitter and eating a cheeseburger.

Strawberry is chocolate-covered pretzels.

Strawberry is enough.

Strawberry is succumbing to the charms of Spanish rice.

Strawberry says yes.

Strawberry is wearing sunglasses at night.

Strawberry is curious.

Strawberry is breathing.

Strawberry is down.

Strawberry is in the back.

Strawberry is: without you I'm nothing.

Strawberry is you.

Strawberry is as Strawberry does.

Strawberry once saw Rodney Bingenheimer alone in a booth at Canter's and looked away.

Strawberry went back to the beginning and started and it was once upon a time with the cats, Chocolate and Powder, remember them?

Strawberry accepts it.

Strawberry shortcake.

Strawberry is trying to put her body back together, but to reach her hand she has to let one knee and an eyeball go.

Strawberry wants to live at the Americana at Brand, and to be very small, and to have a top hat and sequins on her face when she looks in the mirror.

Strawberry is talking to air.

Strawberry is elementary.

Strawberry looked and saw and believed it.

Strawberry is an American Express card.

OPEN CITY

Strawberry's psyche is made of chocolate.

Strawberry is in the midst of it.

Strawberry is looking over there and going: hi.

Strawberry feels like Ali McGraw.

Strawberry wants to make it clear.

Strawberry told you already and doesn't understand why you don't understand.

Strawberry is afraid she'll be blocked. And then what will she do? Will she be in a corner?

Strawberry cried today.

Strawberry admitted it.

Strawberry is in the silence of a room. A car went by.

Strawberry likes the pink and yellow in the painting.

Strawberry is a splash of purple.

Strawberry remembers looking for the Cracker Jack prize.

Strawberry believes that she must and will do it, even though it's impossible.

Strawberry is deep down in the hole. There's only a little bit of light.

Strawberry isn't going to go too far. Don't worry.

Strawberry wore the Marni shirt even though it was dirty.

Strawberry worried about money until she cut off her leg.

Strawberry thinks towels are interesting.

Strawberry let herself go. No one noticed.

Strawberry's voice cracked.

Strawberry ran into the room but everyone was gone.

Strawberry is cranking it up and singing along.

Strawberry is driving.

Strawberry is sitting down, immobile, don't stop, now do, oh forget it.

Strawberry went to the moon and back and wrote a note to the cleaning lady.

Strawberry doesn't care anymore.

Strawberry saw the cup and the page and her jeans and candy.

Strawberry flew like the cuckoo and it was beautiful so high up in the tree, on the telephone pole, remembering eucalyptus like it was yesterday.

Strawberry stapled it together.

Strawberry is patterns and light and your mother.

Strawberry is wrong.

OPEN CITY

Strawberry is right.

Strawberry is keys and paper and sandals and an old-fashioned address book.

Strawberry is 2 across and 1 down.

Strawberry is fading and then coming back into sight.

Strawberry doesn't speak English.

Strawberry is 15–love.

Strawberry is 30–15.

Strawberry saw stars.