

# Alec Soth's Archived Blog

March 23, 2007

## Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 12:23 am

### Lines For The Fortune Cookies

By Frank O'Hara

I think you're wonderful and so does everyone else.

Just as Jackie Kennedy has a baby boy, so will you—even bigger.

You will meet a tall beautiful blonde stranger, and you will not say hello.

You will take a long trip and you will be very happy, though alone.

You will marry the first person who tells you your eyes are like scrambled eggs.

In the beginning there was YOU—there will always be YOU, I guess.

You will write a great play and it will run for three performances.

Please phone The Village Voice immediately: they want to interview you.

Roger L. Stevens and Kermit Bloomgarden have their eyes on you.

Relax a little; one of your most celebrated nervous tics will be your undoing.

Your first volume of poetry will be published as soon as you finish it.

You may be a hit uptown, but downtown you're legendary!

Your walk has a musical quality which will bring you fame and fortune.

You will eat cake.

Who do you think you are, anyway? Jo Van Fleet?

You think your life is like Pirandello, but it's really like O'Neill.

A few dance lessons with James Waring and who knows? Maybe something will happen.

That's not a run in your stocking, it's a hand on your leg.

I realize you've lived in France, but that doesn't mean you know EVERYTHING!

You should wear white more often—it becomes you.

The next person to speak to you will have a very intriguing proposal to make.

A lot of people in this room wish they were you.

Have you been to Mike Goldberg's show? Al Leslie's? Lee Krasner's?

At times, your disinterestedness may seem insincere, to strangers.

Now that the election's over, what are you going to do with yourself?

You are a prisoner in a croissant factory and you love it.

You eat meat. Why do you eat meat?

Beyond the horizon there is a vale of gloom.

You too could be Premier of France, if only ... if only...

#### 4 Comments

1. the long slide.

*Comment by [greg](#) — March 23, 2007 @ [3:34 am](#)*

2. [...] alec soth – blog » Friday Poem A nice Frank O’Hara pick for this Friday: Lines for the Fortune Cookies. My fave: “That’s not a run in your stocking, it’s a hand on your leg.” (tags: blogs poetry frankohara) Digg This Save to Del.icio.us [...]

*Pingback by [Personism » Blog Archive » links for 2007-03-24](#) — March 24, 2007 @ [8:19 am](#)*

3. oops thats from a philip larkin poem

*Comment by [greg](#) — March 24, 2007 @ [4:45 pm](#)*

4. my favorite o’hara of the moment, this one.

*Comment by [rose](#) — March 26, 2007 @ [12:16 am](#)*