

I R L  
YOU

АВАРАТ ЭЛ АИНГОС

I R L  
YOU

I R L  
YOU

SOPHIA LE FRAGA

SOPHIA LE FRAGA

**TROLL THREAD 2014**



minutes BOOKS

The connections we make in the course of a  
life—maybe that's what heaven is.  
-Fred “Mister” Rogers

# I RL, YOU RL

Sophia Le Fraga

minutes BOOKS

I RL, YOU RL

© 2013 Sophia Le Fraga


Published in the United States by minutes BOOKS.

First edition, 2013

Cover by Eric Amling

Book design by Rachel Valinsky

## CONTENTS

1. H8M8
2. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH THE INTERNET
3. OH CITIBANK APP
4. HEARTBREAKER, I LOVE YOU
5. D8M8
6. LADIES
7. 



*for Victoria.*

Oh hey hai! I'm on the book of faces. I haven't figured out this dag nab contraption yet but now I can see all of your words and pictures. Wow, people are the same and also not the same on the Internet!

I hope you are well!



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

H8M8

Dear Sophia:

this is long overdue.

PLEASE!

Decide!

are you a poet or aren't you.

Hello Miss Le Fraga:  
My name is Kristin Thompson

a proud member  
of the poetry community in

Brooklyn, New York. Congratulations  
on your piece in [\_\_\_\_\_] Review

this week. I wish I could say  
that I was happy for you,

but I find your work  
offensive. Not because the poem

is a lude, emo, amateurish  
piece of writing but because

through your "writer"  
"persona" which

(by the way)  
should be corrected to

"word" "artist" unless  
you are composing

original material (which  
you aren't) you let people

in to a false identity!  
You ought to write your

own confessional piece  
to the poetry community

because it's posers like you  
who are raping the poetry scene

of all of its dignity.  
Do you understand

what it means to be a POET  
Miss Le Fraga?!

Do you understand that you can't  
just act like a poet,

call it art  
and be a phony

behind the scenes?!  
Is that why you are

referred to as "conceptual"?  
It's disgusting.

Hope to see you at the  
Best American Poetry

reading this Thursday. Maybe  
we'll even see some real

poets and listen to poetry  
music like Lady Gaga...

Oh wait. She's a fucking phony  
too. Good luck.

ID #33357:

I love how it's even tagged 'poetry'

ID #33358:

phhhhhhhhhhhh  
this girl pisses me off.  
who tagged this as  
poetry?!?!?!?



I've been hearing this girl's  
name being thrown around  
as the next big voice  
in the NYC poetry scene  
but THIS GIRL IS NOT  
A REAL POET.

I feel like the poetry community  
has been exploited too much  
by artists trying to play the part.

@BAD IDEA SOPHIA

poor girl.

at least her twitter handle  
is honest.

-----Original Message-----

From: Monica Blanc [mblanc@gmail.com]

to: The [\_\_\_\_\_] Review

Subject: Sophia Le Fraga

Hello,

I've been loving all of your latest  
issues. I noticed you've published  
Sophia Le Fraga  
and I discovered her  
“poetry” and “poem by request”  
offer through your link.

I'm a proud member  
of the poetry community  
in Brooklyn  
and I have a bone to pick  
with Miss Le Fraga.

It seems none of her material  
is ORIGINAL  
correct?!?!  
Well then

WHY THE FUCK

is she posting writing in your Review,  
one of the world's leading  
poetry journals?!

I am offended and disgusted and  
want to speak with this girl to give her a piece  
of my mind.

If she is a "fake" "poet"  
and this is all a joke

I don't find it funny  
at all.

If this is all a big performance  
at the expense of real poets,  
then I want to see her go down  
in flames.

Please provide me with  
this girls'  
phone number.

She deserves  
a talking to.

I have a strong influence  
in the poetry community  
and want to make sure  
that she is revealed

as the imposter  
that she is.

Keep up the good work.  
But next time keep this  
Le Fraga bitch  
OUT OF THE PICTURE.

Sincerely,  
Monica

Hello Sophia Le Fraga:

My girlfriend just told me  
about your blossoming career  
as a fake poet.

I have nothing against writers  
but I have a HUGE  
problem with people exploiting

and posing as them.

I understand that writing  
can be difficult but the community

in Brooklyn  
does not like to be misled.  
Your piece is tagged “poetry”

in [\_\_\_\_\_] Review, correct?!  
You might want to make a  
public statement

about not being a writer

or introduce yourself  
more accurately because

I am not a hateful person  
but my friends have been hating on you  
non-stop.

Good luck and  
sorry to be the bearer of bad news.  
~Julia

QUIT ASSOCIATING YOURSELF  
WITH POETRY PEOPLE!

YOU ARE NOT A POET!

ASSOCIATE YOURSELF WITH  
NON-POETRY PEOPLE!

Dear Sophia,  
I hope you realize  
the poetry community  
doesn't appreciate phonies  
like you. My respect for  
[\_\_\_\_\_] Review  
has been seriously compromised  
by their posting your latest  
piece of "poetry".  
Don't go publishing shit  
in literary journals.  
I hope you burn in hell.  
You fucking phony.



You are living a lie!  
It'd be one thing if you told the truth!  
But No!  
You have to be a cut like you always are!

Keep secrets  
and try to please  
everyone by living  
a lie. Don't  
be a phony!

You are though  
that's all you are you just  
  
are.

-----Original Message-----

From: mklein8888@gmail.com

to: Sophia Le Fraga

Subject: I'm Not Kidding

Look: this is about  
way more than your

“writing” ~ are you a poet  
or are you not

please let me know  
please let everyone know

I want you to tell me  
are you a poet or not

that's all I ask  
are you a poet or not

it is a yes or no question  
are you a poet?!?!?!?!?!?

don't dance around it  
are you a poet?!?!?!?!?

just tell me this:  
are you a poet?  
yes or no you are  
NOT a poet  
period  
you are NOT a poet  
period  
I want to hear you  
say it  
I am not a poet  
period.  
Saying you're not-  
not a poet  
means you are one.

Two negatives  
make a positive,

My Linguist Friend.

I DON'T  
WANT  
ANYTHING  
TO DO  
WITH THE  
INTERNET

i mean //

homie.

you think  
youre chill?

x\_x

HAH  
#fsho.

hold up dogg

youre like  
an orange cone

im suppose to hit  
in ONE-SHOT!

welcome to my couch  
u superficial motherfucka

where i Smoke  
in my kimono

and tweet about you

#lol



Look:

Draper found my 20 dollars...

it was “blackout  
tuesday”

5am a

pile of vom  
casting a fort

on the street.  
i really wanted

a good day off...  
with a makeup bag

on the F train  
getting proposed to twice

and finally  
Nothing.

oh my god yes  
oh my godwhat



in the anecdotes  
and parables  
composed  
of former future

I found a piece  
that made me  
largely Rethink the  
garden

as a screensaver  
DEEPLY structured  
to alienate

the  
world.



read it.

who wants to be

in a kiss-ass

little

novel?

I do.

I'd be willing

to deface

a polygamous

promise a

liberal



Lil'  
homeboy .

Shot in the dark:  
Lately I find

an entertaining  
interest in

Salman Rushdie,  
OG Man of Insight

coolest dude  
in the name of

our bigot “hemisphere”.  
Santorum won

the general election.  
our heads  
were shat on.

All of them.



@Lord:  
talk me out of

“dicks” tonight.

rite now  
i’m “that girl”  
the one

googling screenshot  
#art and meaning.

i just wanna  
cast sum spells  
to remember

u in europe u  
20 years old  
and Every time

it’s 3 am i  
just want a jack  
could u be

the jack  
to my liz  
lemon?



I'M not like                      scared  
of you but 3% of my      HEAD      is in  
“Actual pain.”

Everything I feel is  
sweaty & hot  
like an early evening

movie or like fucking  
in the middle

of a summer city day.

Motherfucker,    you

#CONTRADICTION

heat, you Hot child  
STOP making me  
nervous. Everything I like  
is 97% wrong.

WHEN can I love you  
& have it feel  
right.



<http://i> am  
a Facebook  
profile.

the imminent  
up and coming  
underground.

<http://bulk>  
[literature.com/](http://literature.com/)  
just-wondering.

woof...the beast

announcement. he  
is a magazine

sensation. i-have-  
come-out-of-july-  
days— my thoughts

as new as deli  
meat. [http://](http://...owell)  
...owell



# OH, CITIBANK APP!

(I wish you had a longer name that  
would make me  
sound more angry)

Oh Citibank iPhone Application—  
why choose you  
so often

to falter  
lose focus  
and forget me?

whenever I  
log into you  
I feel like I become

a desperate mistress  
whose lover won't answer  
her calls.

Citibank! pay  
attention! stop signing me  
out so

Consistently!

I implore  
your multi-touch  
abilities through these

inactive periods of use!  
plus, what the hell  
is PopMoney?

and why is it colored green  
when everything else  
that sits on your screen

makes me feel this  
desperate loneliness this  
chilling sensation

of blue.



HEART-  
BREAKER:

I LOVE YOU

I AM  
AUGUST  
apocalypse.  
the Waves of Chill  
on the Shores  
of a flood.  
I left  
everywhere  
to go back  
home.  
It was time  
to sober up  
  
a little.



## TO DO LIST:

1. do not be fly  
be levitation
2. chill on the shores

of existence

3. ponder the word  
"EMOTICON"



I'm good at  
concealing  
the terrible, terrible.



I hope to remember  
that wasn't an  
earthquake I hope  
to remember that  
wasn't the end  
of the world I  
hope to remember  
the dream I once had  
in the streets  
of New York that

called me flooding  
occasionally—  
we've all turned 21  
the explosive kind  
of satan sandwich  
I hope to remember  
to take my wives  
and ladies.  
Also good.  
Also very good.



I get it now:

You're what makes  
the awesome sauce  
awesome.



Negative Nancy,  
Realist Rick and

Positive Patsy

in a band now.  
They get it popping  
occasionally!

Who would want to claim  
they're funkier than  
spoiled milk.

Who would want to be  
such an asshole.



in strawberry fields  
i dream of tinting  
hair without bleaching it.

don't hate me—  
at least my nihilism  
has a point.



our lips blue from candy  
we'll talk about  
what could be better

my whole life  
a picture of a sunny day



when the sun goes down  
i'll be able to watch it  
whenever i wish.

ugh —

this future thing  
is getting out of hand.



the redhead said:  
FUCK THE SUNRISE

chunks of her hair  
were falling out...

it is hot.  
i hate everything.



i dreamed last night  
i had a good dream.

it was awful.  
you were in it.



no irony involved,  
come sit in bed  
with me all day  
oh magical friend

show me some body.



Obama refuses to  
read books with silly  
fonts. I get it—

blah blah blah

but who is getting fired  
on Celebrity Apprentice?

capitalist news  
always interrupting  
my tv schedule.



what would a  
cougar do if  
her neighbor  
asked her

to cat sit?

when you  
by nature are  
a cougar,  
every town  
is cougar town.



too bad i'm  
a dog person.



MY FACEBOOK HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER!

elegance  
ain't cookin  
nobody

hah hah hah



NEW YORK IS DEAD

I wanna go home  
to where my gimlet's at.



library neighbor,  
i've always wanted the plague.

there's some magic

in the way you're lying.



i want stickers  
where i smoke  
and look dead —  
work week ever...  
deep breaths...

one good thing:  
bar international

is my new home.



nutella in my coffee  
feels so good. spring in  
berlin. a lightness in  
step. ezra ezra ezra —  
how did i get here?



Wine/Weed/Women:

once again i awake  
on a sunday  
horrified at the choices  
i have made.



spotting a potential  
danger in the situation  
i proceed to do very un-christian  
things to this pharmacy.  
i am increasingly allergic  
to most things in life.



D8M8

LET'S SEXT

very simple. I want to sext.  
I want to have sexual talk  
and conversation with  
a woman. I'm straight but  
I'm open to playing like  
this. Who knows where  
it will go from there? But  
as a condition, I require  
that we briefly talk  
on the phone first so I know  
you're for real  
and that you're not a man

NO MEN

OK LOOK:

I know there are pick-up forums  
that advise y'all how to get girls on here.

I'll be able to tell if you're sending  
me copy-paste messages  
so you must be able to find

New Zealand on a map.  
ALSO I won't respond to comments about  
my physical appearance.

I don't need you telling me I'm  
beautiful, sexy, gorgeous, have a nice smile &  
et cetera! Fuck!

I'm more than just my body and I realize  
you're doing it to get brownie points to make  
me want to go out with you. It makes me

NOT want to go out with you.  
MmmmmmmmmKay

## MARRIED WOMAN SEEKS GIRLFRIEND FOR SELF

someone i can talk to and laugh with.  
i would prefer someone older  
but am open to someone younger  
as long as you're 21-30  
(come on, you have to be able to have a glass of  
wine with me!)  
please be in somewhat decent shape i  
like women who are healthy and  
take care of themselves (no BBW)  
100% serious about meeting up  
and possibly this week.

you must be willing to VOICE VERIFY.  
(NO EXCEPTIONS)

if you are just a flake and want to  
send a few emails before you disappear  
don't even bother wasting either  
of our time. i'm real and i'm looking  
for the same.

honesty works for me and if you  
aren't interested anymore  
just let me know.  
be a grown up.

NO MEN!!

NO COUPLES!!

NO "GHETTO FABULOUS"!!

Thanks everyone! :)



I'M A SCORPIO  
which makes me  
(problematically)  
introverted, private,  
creative,  
independent,  
passionate,  
dichotomous,  
volatile, curious,  
sexual and  
incredibly drunk  
at any given point  
in time.

OH AND WAIT  
I'm a synesthete.

Artsy, right?  
No, but really.

It's a big part  
of who I am.

My neurons  
are like soooooooo

confused.

If you're  
bothered by me  
describing smells  
in ridiculous  
detail, such as

>>        Snickerdoodles smell  
                 like

////you burnt the color red while

>>        brushing your teeth  
                 underground

then  
you might  
possibly  
find me  
very  
intrusive.

PostingID: 2818759240

I was half asleep this morning and  
was convinced you were laying beside me.  
Brazil is harsh. I haven't thought of you  
in a while. How about we grow a jungle  
in the middle of Alaska? We could make  
snow angels when it gets cold and the  
mail man can still wear his rain boots.  
It's a bittersweet lesson— When you get  
hungry, I'll hunt berries to paint your  
faces with. I shouldn't have loved you,  
but I loved you. I will come and build  
you fire.

PostingID: 2818825493

I walk down streets that I know  
you never take so that I won't run into you.  
I was your favorite spot to grab a sandwich.  
You were so much more to me. It's a  
bittersweet lesson: faces dressed in blackberry,  
mail men wearing snow boots. I shouldn't  
have loved you, but how I loved you. I get  
nervous to walk to my old house because  
I have to walk by yours. I have a new place,  
you have a new car. How about we take ten  
years and grow a jungle in the middle of Alaska  
where we make angels out of rain when it gets  
cold? We're not talking. And this sucks.

LADIES

*for Rachel*

LADIES  
check the footnotes  
on my card

they say c  
u on the corner  
of bubble &

hydrangea.  
i can hardly keep  
my identities

straight. some  
days I rly  
wanted to show up

other times  
i ate my peaches  
early. in me was

something empty  
like a post with no

retweets or audience  
at all. most of  
creation is meant  
to be loved.

and on this really small  
island what i meant  
to say was

guys i can hear all  
yr thoughts  
in my internet

meditation. i see  
the air in the van  
on the second

floor. i see amorous  
phrases of pastries  
and bitches.

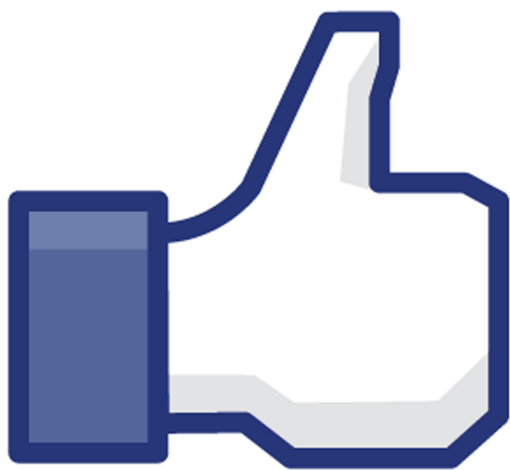
i read  
everything that

the tweeters

were tweeting  
somewhere in  
myself. i have

to say it.  
i'm rly sry  
abt that.





I am not very cool but my hair is.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

I AM VERY SICK IT IS VERY GROSS I AM  
SEQUESTERED IN MY APARTMENT WITH  
THE X-FILES UNTIL I AM FIT TO RE-ENTER  
SOCIETY.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

I just put the word 'boob' in a poem for the first  
time.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

Lol this dude next to me at the ER accidentally  
took mad Prozac cause it was in an Advil  
container



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

wats worse: dads trying to outcool their sons or  
moms trying to outhot their daughters?



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

What's your name I asked. They call me "Jesus," he said and pulled on his beard. But I don't spell it like the real guy. I spell it G-E-E-sus.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

found it.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

Bad. And screw you for asking.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

TSA just gave my weave a pat down. And nothing else.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

Starving yourself to be attractive is silly because spending straight weeks locked up in your room sobbing while watching every cycle of America's Next Top Model and surviving off of nothing but almonds and Nutella while also losing a ton of water weight via your own tears never ever results in getting laid.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

yo but why am i not beyonce???



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

Lacking ambition is the new overachieving.



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

couldn't remember what yolo meant for a second



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

smoking a cigarette is just sighing for 5-7 minutes



Sophia Le Fraga likes this

im so glad pizza



Sophia Le Fraga likes this



: )

Some of these pages have appeared in *Keep This Bag Away from Children*, *Brooklyn Poets*, *Minor Zine* and all but one of the poems in “I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE INTERNET” were published in a chapbook by the same name.

@rachelvalinsky:  
thank you <3 thank you <3 thank you <3

(102 characters remaining)



**TROLL THREAD 2014**