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Category: Poetry

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### **Celebrity Outing**

When my grandmother got on the ski lift  
with Elvis Presley in Denver, Colorado, she insisted  
it was because he had stolen her French fries.  
She told me he was a shit skier, said that *thank God*  
she had been wearing her good pantsuit that day,  
not that you could tell under all the snow, of course.  
In the wintertime my grandmother scoops baby  
succulents onto her windowsill and watches snow  
smother the rows of vegetables in her front yard.  
Now, she can't listen to Elvis, angry-gardening, sometimes—  
over Elvis, pop-culture-phenomenon of the century, spilling  
her own French fries down her neon pink pantsuit.  
You could see it stain the snow tracked down the front,  
the leftover bits stuck in her hair. Sometimes I hear her  
in the garden singing Elvis and I say nothing. Instead,  
I imagine myself in Denver, 1964. I imagine Elvis. My own  
neon pink pantsuit, French fry bits warm in my chest.