

Elegy for Mama

Claire Christoff

The *Times* reported that “Miss Elliot” choked to death on a sandwich. *Rolling Stone* said she inhaled her own vomit. But Elliot wasn’t even her name.

She changed it from Cohen—anything to sound more goyish. She starved off a hundred pounds, snorted coke in dressing rooms. Jimi Hendrix sent her flowers.

Her last night on Earth was spent at a party thrown by Mick Jagger, just before her heart surrendered in a bed familiar with death. Gone were the flowers.

Gone were the Percodan pills, the bed sheets stolen from hotel rooms. She left behind her records. A little girl, seven years old. Not a fucking ham sandwich.

She stands solo on a late-night talk show, black and white, geometric, all hairspray and feathers and shiny polyester. She begs us:
Dream a little dream of me.