

I COULD WATCH MOVIES

till my eyes burn out – alone,
where the midday dims,

and a soft seat springs open
to receive me. The society of

watchers, face forward,
eyes wide. A cheesy brand

of solitude, but a relief
not to share an armrest.

On a good day, when most
of the others stay home,

I put my feet up, torture
soda till it rattles, swab

butter on a napkin
with an inconsiderate rustle.

Movie pain is always
another's, the bodies

are perfect; stories
build to a bearable tension,

though the credits always
end it, and even if the movie

stays sad, it's not
about me. I remind

you of this today as I
breeze out for another

afternoon of quietude,
a few more hours of not

wondering what I am doing
now that my life's work

is over. In the cool
anesthetizing darkness,

where the seats face one way
and someone else
has written the end.