

## Final Draft

### **We May Never Get Back Here**

That soft yellow two-story place  
in the Spanish style was a movie  
house, remember? Marilyn who  
pitied horses danced the desert

conscious while Clark watched.

They don't open doors in Niagara:  
too many bodies in the belltower.

At the movie house, they exclusively  
served expired snack cakes. Everyone

should have to see a horse experience  
a storm for the first time much like the way  
it is a sin not to sneak into a movie house.

When all the mud has dried & the horses  
& birds have fallen asleep, certain moths

salivate, eat from eyes like a record  
needle, music carving circles in a mirror,  
like when you hear a sound or phrase so  
right you have to hum. Every once  
in a while, you notice you're the only  
animal at home & no one is waiting  
to remember you & no, there's not  
a person with a different perfume

in each individual eyelash waiting  
to be squeezed like honeysuckle,  
someone you can turn to & say,  
*I think you're the talking I've  
been with all day*, someone

to help you miss a movie house  
& a dog that lives to bite the air,  
the right there. Again, I climbed  
into a taxi with all your time.

The dog you don't even own  
yet hears your disc slip. Our

home is a lilac dropped at the feet  
like cigars or the afternoon, all those  
fortresses at the mercy of my breathing.  
Driving by the movie house can turn you

confident enough to make a noise, regret  
small things like owning one too many  
clocks, the trouble of objects that give  
you no trouble. One day, all at once,  
your neighbors realize they're old  
& in the wrong room & I'll just  
wish I had been there the night

you got your eyes. Who wouldn't  
want their whole life to be a funeral  
for a movie house, & who can afford  
to live in a house with a person no one

bothered to name? The mind is a generous  
butcher. You've forgotten me like a child  
spending his entire life in a water tower.  
At least I was always a laugh. Just one  
more film before they feed us vacation  
footage. Perhaps it's not a sad idea to stay

children, a home without money, laughed  
human. What I mean is many families  
moved, were moved in this house.  
That's all. What kind of families? Who cares.  
I was going underground until I touched you.  
Now I want to be old & realize the room I'm  
in is not what I meant. When I watch movies,

I often think about the time my teacher hugged  
his daughter like a haunted rocking chair. Had  
I stepped into a play by Pinter? Was I a bird

crying on pictures of more beautiful birds?  
I think of how the angel left Mary in Luke,  
like my grandpa left Nilda with hell on her  
hands, shrinking in some coffee shop. *Stay*

*for the morning, I'd say, my wings a torn  
movie ticket. You'll like getting born.*