

HOLY MOVIES ●

Merridawn Duckler

When I was a child
I was a child of the Super 8
positive image in reversed stock,
my father a whirr,
my mother a skirt waft
as we strode toward the little eye
hands held red rover, no one may break through.

Now movies play again re-mastered with mad color
my mother crying, her tears trouble me;
why do I care nothing for the past?
A discontinued technology which owes us nothing.
Nor care for any future;
the world that never existed,
who dares record it?

Behind me my watchful sisters
whisper each name: Geordie, Heidi
Alysia whenever a face appears and I think
as I did then, for I believed no film could fail:
here I am, unretouched, my gait the same,
following no one to oblivion. I have no master,
not even the lines on the street.