

THE FEAR OF DEATH

We were the first of the day,
it was empty and cool,
the movie was late to begin.

I looked back up the center aisle,
up the hazy tunnel of light
out to the lobby to the hot bright day
when a silhouette stick man
stick-walked in and sat
in the row behind us.
Two more men appeared
and sat directly in front of us.

The lights dimmed, the screen lit,
the sound lurched up to speed.
We moved to the side and up a few rows.
Just before the feature began
a clutch of people surrounded us.