

ANDREW MICHAEL ROBERTS

Otherness

At the Insomniac Cinema
concessions, we bought
palomitas in little cages—
heaps of tiny wing-clipped
doves flopping against miniature
strands of barbed wire.
In the dark auditorium
we tickled their downy throats
with our pinky fingers and waited.
The movies were terrible:
silent, infinite. At long last
we were lulled to sleep
by the frightened muffled cooing.