

...two-bucks matinée...

this is
the two-bucks no frills matinée
of bring your own drink and don't wait
for anyone to show you to a seat –

the feature film is last year's bomb
guaranteed to kill some time
so walk right past the danger sign
pay the price and let the show begin -

the theatre is noisy black
and someone's aiming peanut shots
while underfoot you feel the crunch
of something like potato chips –

your shoes are almost overrun
in chocolate wrappers – foil and bags
while someone's gum-ball grabs your heel
lumping dust with popcorn kernels –

then you find a patch of grease
to slip the soles and send your feet
towards the ceiling while your bum
crashes hard into the ground

swallowing you in a morass
of cardboard boxes cups and straws
while something sticky fills your hand
and glues four fingers into one –

in between the slip and fall
projector lights begin to roll
and so you struggle to your feet
to dive into an aisle seat –

you watch the credits start to roll
while pulling popcorn from your ear
and trying to dislodge the gum
that wedged itself into your hair –

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across your wrist you note a smell
that smells like chocolate – but not sure
you wipe it off against your jeans
and see the hero dash on-screen –

that's when you catch a root beer scent
and then the feel of ice and wet
when someone spills it down your neck
while shouting get the bloody twit –

you slip towards another seat
testing it for dry or damp
while trying to ignore the yells
of keep your head down and what smells?

then someone bullets jelly beans
back and forth across the screen –
but not until they hit your face
do you decide you've had enough –

stumbling towards the aisle
over legs and empty seats
you hear an angry voice intone
sit down and watch the goddamned show -

realising that those words
were aimed into your popcorn ear –
with two-bucks lost – you turn around
roar out f-you and disappear.

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