

Hollywood in the Time of Plague and Politically Correct

I'm not Hollywood.
I'm ordinary,
but I dream starlets and action-packed roles
where the evil never bores in the skin.
The intelligent sex kitten climbs on my shoulders,
until we sit at a café, elle et moi,
click glasses of red-blooded wine so correctly
that that pinot noir breathes,
our palpitations dance in sync.
we look into each others' eyes.
Music plays--- so wonderfully loud violins,
passionate but soft, controlled violins,
the passion leaping off the vibrating strings
but holding on, one hand on time and place,
the other caressing the euphoria of our inner visions
that we share like visible breath in winter,
oh, the hot thaw of circumstance,
yes, yes, Rachel Taylor,
minor actress, you win all my awards,
I open the envelope, sigh your name,
and it is just the two of us dancing,
a billboard light flashing outside,
the rhythm of shadow and light,
like our hands feeling, squeezing gently,
rubbing soothingly warm, hot,
oh, almost uncontrollable, the kisses we will
to each other----aaaah,
our delight escapes into sound
and there isn't a stage,
it is a private movie, a private room
where all the right moves, the right words
are done, are said.....

That's Hollywood for ya.
We need it when we are locked in our rooms.

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