

The Actress

by Jackie Fulton

Born inside a silver screen and
Raised to flickering light and city
Patron squall, the twirling of the
reels my lullaby. From grey it comes
to life and bares its fibrous insides
for my own surprise, upon the screen
the notes all coincide. Reality dismissed
for a more elegant attire, I can curl
my hair and turn in shoes to dance.
I'm fed on motion-pictured
life.

And so the cinematic girl,
breaking intentions in a 20 dollar
bill, wonder if I have any feelings
after all. Am I in love or recreating
what I see the scene to be? Anger,
or what would seem most suitable
in dialogue? The critics love this
part.

I'm destined to fall from cutting
room floors. The sound is mute and
captions read all my best lines,
sticky pianos play. Lime is the
only light to crest this tunnel's
shape, it's time to sleep again, and I
lay down on train tracks waiting for
the Tuesday evening's matinee.