

AFTER ANOTHER BIOPIC

If this is a film-worthy marriage,
 we're in for trouble. That tight shot,
maybe, where I wince shut the door,
hush hush the caller,
 or the hour your fix
cuts our first rush bliss to ribbons,
until, at last, my love miracles
 the needle from your arm.

But maybe this isn't that movie at all
and the plot just thickens round my middle
 till I'm that 60ish, Irish knit, comb-over
you gaze on fondly
because I'm saying something really tear-jerking
 as, side-by-side, the post-production
birdsong teeming, we fly cast for rainbows:
lots of panorama, lots of vista.

Or maybe that's all opening credits,
 and we're more gorgeous than we are,
and I'm way clueless you're an agent
 until I come to in the chase scene
as you leave the Mafioso midair
 (slow mo)
 and without reason:
 Boom!

Truth is, most days,
 I'm your too-brief-cameo peck
stepping off to teach Romantics,
daydreaming some kid's living that

school-day-soundtrack montage
promising hard streets overcome,
adversity transcended.

Cut

to the carnival at night,
the neon-sunburst Ferris Wheel
where this poor boy sees
his future (the mayor's
only daughter) rising
from the midway to the stars,
his struggle through this formula
just beginning

even as, right now,
you, my love, and I,
are so far from the story
that no one but me
listens for your breath,
blessedly familiar, routine,
as you lay asleep beside me,
and nothing whatsoever happens.