

Lay Me Down In Cinema 1, 1969

Scooped-out picturehouse,
welled underneath the droughted sea:
lay me down here, 17 feet deep.

Bunker and cloister keep,
if you like, you can some Sunday join me.

Let's watch the city from the ceiling, face
heavenward from down below.
Draw back the chair,
rake the stage,
sink deep and forget everyone.

Imagine a cinema, a planetarium, a safekeep:
new memories project onto after-bombed walls.
Safehouse the stories, worlds told to a time,
greenscreen the past onto new futures keep.

And in the meanwhile, I'll lay here,
on the threshold of some Sunday, 1969.