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How I Spent My Saturday Mornings That Summer

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HOW I SPENT MY SATURDAY MORNINGS THAT SUMMER

The lobby is damp and dark, silent
but for a clown whose laughter taunts me
from the pinball machine.
He knows I am a lonely little girl
and thinks it's funny.
I walk the halls, scan stained carpet,
check under ripped, velvet seats
for fallen pennies or crumpled dollars
lodged in cup holders,
gas money for the week.
My mother mops butter off concrete,
chips away gum on arm rests,
remnants of someone else's Friday night.
I sit alone in an empty theatre
looking at a blank white screen
feeling it is my fate to walk into rooms
after life has already left.

REBEKAH SCHER



Accurate. Alison Fudacz, Photography