

I Eat Movies  
By Kristin Kirby

My eyes open wide and tear huge chunks from the screen.  
Blinking, I chew and chew,  
Swallowing scenes down to my sockets.  
Comedies are sweet and gobbled fast.  
They leave sugar on my lashes.  
Tragedies take a long time to digest.  
Action adventures are crunchy.  
Dramas taste rich and savory, like anything Alfredo.  
I linger over them, letting them melt through my retinas.

In the dark of the theatre, others eat popcorn, raisinets, jujubes.  
They will starve. Those are empty calories.  
I stare into the screen to catch the actors' attention.  
Arms and legs flail as I devour them.  
Their emotions burst and flow over my lenses,  
Then dialogue, scenery, music follow—a heady combination.

Sometimes I don't blink at all,  
But stare, gulping liquid dreams through the double straw of my pupils.  
Love stories are a cool, tart drink on a hot day,  
Or a hot, sweet one on a steamy night.  
Horror I guzzle between gasps.  
Film noir—as tantalizing and complex as espresso.  
Sad endings leave a salty aftertaste.  
Happy ones are ice cream sodas.

After two hours, or three, I'm so full I could burst.  
Still, I walk to the lobby with a faint questing,  
A craving not satisfied,  
An emptiness along my optic nerve.  
So I choose another movie—  
And eagerly get in line,

My meal ticket just minutes away.