A Movie Theatre Ballad  
by Kevin Lombard  
  
My foot taps out every ticking second on the clock.   
Popcorn rattles off machine gun fire behind the counter.   
Los Angeles is roaring quietly in the background.   
  
It’s 5:27, and any moment now you’ll walk in.   
You’ll carry with you a baseball cap,   
a pack of microwaveable Kraft mac’n cheese,   
and the weight of a year and a half in dissolution.   
  
I have been leaking sweat since 1:34,   
and I think of this how building   
has told the stories of lightsabers and Lion Kings,  
hobbits and hobgoblins, royals and romances.   
  
You part the glass seas, but all I notice are  
gazebos with Christmas lights, seaside sandwiches,   
and steely eyes.  
  
And as I listen to the rumble of overdone proposals scenes,   
Decepticons, and Melissa McCarthy’s gunshots,   
I realize our story was never meant for the big screen.