721486!

Clock on. You're being paged,
a year, a movie reel. Tin sealed
it in, a nice cool quiet slumber.
That was the life!
We were "The Misfits". Montgomery
Clift. Marilyn, at their good ripened
cheese stage, one the thin-skinned
punch drunk poet, the other tender as ever.

Off the set, their personal worlds
were crumbling, human, a surplus of
dichotomy. Now,

on the wall, projected flat cut outs,
two figures writhe: Clark Gable and his
horse, a rope between tethering both.
To wrestle the majestic and have
the toughness be sensitive-----

To get dragged, dodge hooves, then
bring down the stallion bucking, is
to know wildness has dignity:
Gable, bleeding, winded, honoring

Respect, cutting Pegasus loose. On
the road, driving back, Monty, in my mind's
eye, a stray to be held, Clark and Marilyn,
a pair dissimilar but oddly connected by some
dog and three horses in front, the car, a

seed pod, the wind, a runway, home-delivered
by the largest star in all of that black, and us,
just a couple of screen hounds equally searching
for meaning amid a sticky floor and creaking
velvet seats…

Oh movie buff, matinee chum, can you dare
envision, remember?
I can and speak of it.
Instead of a number,
we each had a name