

the projectionist

adrian ford

insomnia
after nightmare
mouth dry
small of my back
magnetized to the mattress
I lie in bed
against the cool wall opposite the door
I stare at my black space of door
there is a light on outside
opposite the door
in the hall of this hotel
in this city I have never been to
this evening I had nothing else to do
I went by myself to see a movie
in the projected beam
desires drifted in and out
like particles of dust
as I watched
outside on the cool street
headlights of cars glided through
mist off the cliffs of the sea
a sill of light
shines under my door
am I alone left in this city?
is the door locked?