The Film

By Kate Northrop

Come, let’s go in.
   The ticket-taker
   has shyly grinned
   and it’s almost time,
   Lovely One.
   Let’s go in.

The wind tonight’s too wild.
   The sky too deep,
   too thin. Already it’s time.
   The lights have dimmed.
   Come, Loveliest.
   Let’s go in

and know these bodies
   we do not have to own, passing
   quietly as dreams, as snow.
   Already leaves are falling
   and music begins.
   Lovely One,

it’s time.
   Let’s go in.

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