

The Day I Discovered, Followed The Night I Realised

by G.E. Simons

I knew a projectionist
He liked to work late, later than he had to
He placed himself amongst the slow hours
So that he could be the faster man

He worked into the night, volunteering to splice footage
Just so that he could be around

Recounting and rewinding people being people

He projected the images against his own home walls
Whitewashed and perfect, like bleached skull bone
But he didn't want to be there, not alone

And I discovered through mutual friends
That he was dying and this is why he was rewind recording

That revealed on the cutting room floor
A need to destroy canned trivia

So simply

