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