

On All of Those Bad Guys in Movies

by Michael Tusa

What about the poor nobodies to somebodies being tossed like wet
rags onto more wet rags?

What about the piles of them?

I can only assume what I see.

That they never tasted water,
never swallowed any bread.

Inception at the first scene,
demise at the last.

Little props like dandelions serving no purpose but to flutter in the
wind.

Both beginning in that first scene,
and the one that I imagine now.

