

Cinematic Soul

By Tom O'Connor

(after the song lyrics of Barry Adamson & Barry White)

We broke into a march: misery & woe.
Like Barry says: just hopeless imitations
of the ones we most resembled.

*Deceived in the valley of dolls.
Did ya believe in the valley, doll?
Behind closed*

doors, eyes of the world
became my wallpaper
in a Cineplex of my own.

It screens matinees, main attractions, late shows,
the lot. Brigitte Bardot, even François Truffaut.
The monkey wakes and shuts its eyes.

Stuck at dysfunction junction, we sucked
on its backbone up, up to its mind.
Everyone but you & I on pedestal shoes.

Oh that monkey's bustin' mine and screamin'!
My head won't keep still. Like a lonely sun nailed
on a kitchen wall: can't you see?

It's like watchin' lilies flower while your hands are tied.
Cursing everyone, I saw the hands were
mine. Déjà voodoo.

You've been hangin' 'round
like a question mark. Let's go then:
you and I.

The monkey keeps bustin' mine and screamin'!
Let's leave this double bed—that smells of damp towels,
asthma inhalers.

The sleeping doll shuts her eyes.
We'll never walk with a king, a son,
and a whole damn ministry.

There's a bad dream creepin' in our scene.
*Did ya freeze in the valley, doll?
Searching for the valley of dolls.*

Silver screens can stop their flickering...
Sing: take my freaky hand.
We'll let the monkey out of the bag.