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In the Movie Version, We'll All Be Computer Animated

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Cutter: In the Movie Version, We'll All Be Computer Animated

IN THE MOVIE VERSION WE'LL ALL BE
COMPUTER ANIMATED
Weston Cutter

At night I leave the boots beneath
the chair next to the bed as if I'll need
to escape. This itch for fence-hopping,
it's genetic: not me+mine, but all us+
ours. Isn't the tug named *escape* the glint
in everyone's eye in line at the grocery store
next to the display of gum, bubbly sparkles
catching glare+tossing it, repeating
the senseless bright like some drooling
retard? *Is is is is is is is*. To chew+chew.
Like light's enough, like something pink
for the mouth ever will be. How the food
comes boxed and in servings always too large
therefore leftovers as borderline psychological
malady. In each aisle there's too much
of everything but nothing satisfying: such is
life as driven home, all those dark streets
branching away, certainly *someone* must be
driving them, and how many mysteries aren't
even mysteries but somebody else's bored
routine? Those kids in that next car, the shining
red one, music louder there, them laughing
harder than you do. Usually. Heavenly father
of deli meats and removed shoes kept close,
what's the way out of wanting a way out?
To sometimes make it through the almost
of the yellow light before coming to a complete
stop even if none of us will taste all the selves
we've craved. In the grocery store late after

everyone's been fed a woman will wrap
a mylar balloon in double-sided tape, will wander
aisles with her satellite way up+shining,
gathering all those balloons that that day
floated away, and will if asked say *Well,*
either I catch them or they just shrivel and fall
eventually, and she will if asked admit that
when they pop up there they're not
as loud as you'd expect.