

## *Drive-Ins*

JOHN GREY

I should have noticed something  
was up when the film stopped mid-reel.

And the couple in the car next to me  
unwrapped from each other's bodies,

buttoned their clothes, straightened  
their hair. The small café closed.

Trucks gathered up the garbage cans,  
the rats. A man came by, ripped

the speakers from the cars, then out  
of the ground. Strange I didn't suspect

anything. And then all the engines  
of the other cars started up in

one loud hum, headlights came on,  
and, each in turn, drove off toward

the exit. What was I thinking? That  
they were bored with staring at a

huge blank screen? But then that  
same screen was torn down before

my very eyes. Then came its frame.  
Some other men packed up the

projector, stashed it in the back of  
a truck and left. It finally hit me

that all was not what it seemed  
when I found myself in the middle

of a huge field, parked between weeds  
and a few weary patches of buckled

asphalt. When the movie did restart,  
it was about the death of drive-ins.

I played myself.