

A Solitary Theatre by Brian Rihlmann

how can mere thoughts
cause your hands
to ball into fists
and your teeth to grind

the same way
a movie scene can
but you're the only one
in this theatre

you look for the door
there isn't one

you snip the film
it sews itself together

you hack the projector cable
it grows back
like a lizard's tail

you describe the horror
of the scene for the others

they laugh
squint
or yawn

Brian Rihlmann was born in New Jersey and currently resides in Reno, Nevada. He writes free verse poetry, and has been published in *The Blue Nib*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Cajun Mutt Press*, *The Rye Whiskey Review*, and others.