

Acid Flashback #2

by Collin Kelley

I'm transfixed in Tower Records,
all the CD covers dancing
like a thousand little TV screens.
Your whispers a remote control
changing those flickering images.

When security asks us to leave,
you drive my car as I slump
against the window.
I close my eyes and transport us
Star Trek-style to the other side
of the city. Blink once and we're
back in the mall parking lot.
These are the nights
you love me best.

We watch *Jurassic Park*
in wide-eyed terror, cower
on the front row, your nails
dig into my palm, hold on
for dear life, as if those giant
Tyrannosaurus jaws might
snatch us through the screen.
We've already broken
the rules of time and space.
Anything is possible.

