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College of DuPage

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Left Margin Film Noir
By Winslow Vanchelay

Lefty said bring it on, I brung it on old slim don't chu know.
I gotta ring up Slim Shady, turn out his old lady. Man I mean bring the hyperbole center ring the rabble rousers front and center. As it turns out none of us walks. Brought up on Federal, some talked, laying out the beans.
Others, brung their big sister, Me I walk with the weight of the moon. I can still see the crisp vermillion, a share in the lions den.
Fourteen point bullshit all in a row. Little Ladies lined in fabric satin and swirl. Imagine sixteen verses in a row. Sojourn with me awhile. We'll chug along, some spaceship in the kicked up universal undoing of symbols.

blurring in this last cascading thimble of this vexing libation. I find the way out of the woods. A low spot around the river running like a fever. Page down the incision below the navel.
Me, I'll let loose the nomenclature, this last decision in the foyer of the mind. A low spot in the fabric of time. A jip to the boys in Harlem.
They run me to the ground. Took my nelson, sookie sue to headless instruction filtering from headquarters. A hind less search and rescued denizen factored to low rent districts.
In the time of our lives.

Footnote: Write as if the hounds of hell gotta catch you first.
I've sutured up for the sabbatical. Man, you jest the b and b.
Left margin film noir. The great escape up the pipe.
A rudimentary, yet a vital x factor of beatnik persuasion.
I mean lemonade lorry lit the bezique's with a certain vibrato;
A sense of arriving at the outskirts of a larger periphery.
Arriving at the Laurie in due course. A schism in the olfactory,
Some late revelation charged in chaos, Man, you baked your sonnet in layered jaded vegetable soirée. Show me the right cross
In the moonlight, I'll show you mine. We'll realize this ending
As more than a recollection.

II

In the film noir, there's bristling innuendo,
Low level characters disappear in the mountains.
Over 600 feet to the ravine. Man I gotta say it's ugly,
But it sure clears up messy situations.
I'll admit the Pollack was good with the Francisco. 
You can't swim out with the wears. We roll security 
As soon as Festus rises with the chores. 
Until then> <left margin film noir, small print , 
finite color, shafts if light in an afternoon 
Curling up the breezeway before nightfall.

as the gates fall over the city and division 
Of light casts it's loom in buildings 
Breaking in the sun. 
A shaft of pale in the theatre, 
The subject falls deeper 
In the movie.

No sense rolling off canyons 
South of Angels. 
Better left to starlets 
High on bennies. 
I'll pause the rewind, 
Recapture the moment 
Left to celluloid.

Never mind the blasé' subplot. 
The cinematography of the intro. 
The worn out hustlers, 
Appear at the end frame. 
When things first get interesting.

Some minor subtext in the film noir- 
Starlets come out at night. 
Their stirring causes mountains 
To rise out of cities wheeling with gulls 
Never forget the drink of water, 
Your thirst. The dry desert.

{pan to black and white skyscrapers. 
The long shadow in the room, 
Cast only by a camera and imagination. 
Fade to black}