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## How I Spent My Saturday Mornings That Summer

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HOW I SPENT MY SATURDAY MORNINGS THAT SUMMER

The lobby is damp and dark, silent  
but for a clown whose laughter taunts me  
from the pinball machine.  
He knows I am a lonely little girl  
and thinks it's funny.  
I walk the halls, scan stained carpet,  
check under ripped, velvet seats  
for fallen pennies or crumpled dollars  
lodged in cup holders,  
gas money for the week.  
My mother mops butter off concrete,  
chips away gum on arm rests,  
remnants of someone else's Friday night.  
I sit alone in an empty theatre  
looking at a blank white screen  
feeling it is my fate to walk into rooms  
after life has already left.

REBEKAH SCHER



*Accurate.* Alison Fudacz, Photography