



ROY BENTLEY

# Angel Eyes

Two men arrive at the cineplex in the afternoon.  
Get in line. At the window one says, Angel Eyes.  
Then sweeps change into a palm. Waves, whispers.  
Neither sees why what he feels is less or less real.  
All week they've worked a job and waited to sip  
Coca-Cola from monster cups with cupid logos  
and be reminded that some love is beyond story,  
beyond a ghostly image of the raising of a chalice  
from which two drink as one because they are one,  
caring about any human partly the law of attrition.

Dark smears by. To the left and right. Eyes dilate.  
They take their seats, the screen shiny as turnstiles  
at a field entrance to the Ohio State Fair in summer.  
The men are from Ohio, where what they are is less,  
if Les is patron saint of two men coming together.  
The tub of popcorn in the lap of one of the men  
is sexual and a tub of popcorn. They're happy,  
then aren't sure as Jim Caviezel and J. Lo kiss—  
and even though this is no Brokeback Mountain,  
a kiss is always the green light to heart traffic.

A man sitting behind them is telling another man  
about the OSU Buckeyes winning the national title.  
They sit facing one another like a mirror, like to like.

These want what lovers have wanted since Tuesday,  
the day that any fairly sentient being-pair decides  
to start over. Something spills. J. Lo is looking  
down, with her I-would-be-the-monster-fuck-  
of-your-life eyes. Which isn't absolution.  
As if two people in love ever need absolution.  
As if absolution could ever fall like movie light.