

REEL TO REAL

I offer up my eight dollars and *thank-you* nod to the girl in the glass booth, but get no *salaam* in return from this ticket: this film showing the filming of a string of women sealed in a tank filling with water. The serology of some freak's abuse-turned-obsession centrifuges their drowned heads bobbing from any intentional bow of *peace be with you*... As the serrated celluloid serpentines from reel to reel, am I the only one eviscerated?

*not
real
it's
not
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We are saturated with this big-screen certainty: that women will prance about scrumptious, then not-surprisingly [*wink*] get sweet-talked, sliced, and strung into service, propped as dolls in domestic dioramas, mouths behavedly agape, bleached and neatly shadowboxed in bed – or wherever. We are obsessed with women who live beyond us and must be punished.

*not
real
it's
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Here, kitty, kitty, kitty.

*not
real*

But, drown and gut and stuff the fucker's pet dog on-screen, pose it stiff in stilettos with a bit in *its* mouth, make it dance and jangle behind glass, grappling-hooked to ascending chains... and, quick as the metaphoric shot of bloody water sluicing through the drainpipe [*wink*], our shocked seats empty. We have our limits. We have our expectations. We will not settle for less.

*it's
not
real
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real*