

Time Machine

Spongy hands and flushed face,
eyes spinning like caged hamsters,
only eleven and I am truly lost:
my first date, impossibly tall

Laura Jean, blue-eyed
goddess of auburn hair hung
in perfect hip-long braids
from her high-born tower,
begging to be climbed
until one sweaty afternoon in 1959

hauling myself up hand-over-hand
to share a large orange soda
atop that broad freckled forehead,
while far below in a phantom theater
the matinee of Time Machine
unwinding itself
in the cool artificial night,
blasting off through bits

of popcorn and Mars bars,
beyond auburn braids
and super-charged
naked elbows,
landing gently
on warm fleshy ground,
a future landscape
not yet known,
not yet knowing
where to look
or who to ask
for directions
to our new
and permanent
addresses