

# BOX OFFICE HEROES:

## Reflections on Hollywood Myths



**All Hollywood heroes eventually get stuck up in the assholes of imagination and dark holes of his tory ... Meaning is not important – only sales receipts ...**

**If that isn't clear stuff this poem & gawk at the silence ah blank screens blank minds blank dreams waiting for the next scheduled performance to be gin.**

Terri let out a long, shuddering sigh, her shoulders dropping as she pushed the poem away. The fluorescent lights of the cafe hummed overhead, casting a sickly pale glow on the text. "Lot's ah anger here," she murmured, rubbing her temples as if the jagged line breaks had given her a physical headache.

Ted slumped further into the vinyl booth, the springs groaning under his weight. He stared out the window at a movie poster across the street, its colors oversaturated and fake. "Yeah, I'm tired ah reading 'bout how screwed up our planet is," he muttered in a voice thick with exhaustion. "Every time I open a book or turn on the news, it seems like another autopsy of the American Dream. I want to turn my brain off for once."

"Agreed," Kris chimed in, staring blankly into the depths of her black coffee. She watched her own reflection ripple in the dark liquid. "It makes me want to either medicate or meditate. Either numb the noise or try to float entirely above it. Anything to stop feeling that I'm a 'blank mind' waiting for a 'blank dream.'"

Tim, who had been tracing the broken words of the poem with a scarred finger, looked up. Unlike the others, there was a strange, haunting spark in his eyes—a look of someone who had found a strange comfort in the wreckage.

"There is a beauty in all monstrosities," Tim said, he said quietly but steadily. The table went still as he leaned in, his shadow stretching across the table. "This is the paradox of America. It is a grotesque nightmare clothed in the fabric of a beautiful dream. It is both terrifying and fascinating."

- T Newfields

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