

Movie Star

ABIE IRABOR

Whenever he came around it was like an event.

One time he gave short notice.
Mom hung up the phone, *he's coming*.

I started blowing balloons,
and watched them fly to the ceiling.

Like fangirls the neighborhood kids
stampeded the driveway.

My mother put on her most alluring lipstick.
I begged for a new hairstyle, there was no time

the block was vibrating
Straight Outta Compton by NWA.

He rolled up in his white Lexus coupe
stepped out in a creased black suit

leather shoes and fake glasses.
He sat on the green leather couch

the rest of us squished on the torn loveseat.
The TV was the only conversation in the room.

But like all movie stars he didn't stay long.
He left us with a few giggles, loose hugs

and never noticed the balloons I blew for him.
They are still floating, holding their breath.

