



[STRAY REELS]

A POEM

CHANCE DIBBEN



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All typos intentional.

Made in Lawrence, Kansas.

First Run Open Edition \_\_\_\_ of 25



**ST  
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**A POEM  
CHANCE DIBBEN**

**RE  
ELS**



Revenge obliges  
dull men with guns  
threaded with mysterious devotion

You think the world  
needs a scene or two

a notable thing  
starring  
the dead partner

Make that wealthy irritating realism  
sway the guilty cop out  
for a visit—

If you are observed  
it is another excuse  
to fake your death

--

Looking for revenge causes marriage,  
visits to the strip

This is observed  
with an inept bust-em up eye.

Your family believes  
horrible preposterous  
things—

You: werewolf  
You: hook-handed killer  
You: alcoholic detective

And you show people  
how in mercy's name  
you have crossed ruthless  
and entered martial

genre:War

\*\*\*\*\*



The easy police  
strip the crime  
of its scene

I have watched less  
lose more

You want some of it?

\*\*\*\*\*

The agent is against  
industry (sic) indestructibility--  
He works for the rivals

Both sides  
are mainly names  
you kill  
in the clear

As far as unrealistic goes  
this might be for you

\*\*\*\*\*

Is it possible to save your money  
with swordplay?

Who knows,  
in this year of unnecessary cuts

Not that we need  
another excuse for things to blow up

\*\*\*\*\*

Genre:War

War succeeds as an exercise in memory  
slight horror, a record of loss

Mission:

score, dramatize, follow

Failure:

Nothing is slight, except the score  
These are corroded tone questions  
punctuated by friends and soldiers  
They ask what does it mean to stop fighting,  
what does it mean to stop anything?  
How can it be stopped, second reel?  
Some call us heroic villains. Truthfully  
we are just background noise--

Yes

the subject is worthy  
I imagine we look good from a distance,  
gold, bronzed, touched by the sun  
kissed by God

But nothing feels concrete,  
not even dancing the waltz  
God went from bleach

to blonde,

and the waltz loses as it gains  
I'm overwhelmed by the hemming of the hands,  
eating furiously at my fatigues--  
We are with the war as history lesson  
There is no history lesson  
History does not teach,  
it sco-

\*\*\*\*\*

Twenty sips and he remembers,  
telling it, with the simplicity of wit,  
"It was exotic and sublime"  
however impressionistic the images

\*\*\*\*\*

The money may be still,  
or it may monkey in drugs,  
satchels, socks, or bedrooms

The mayhem of trying  
to find it  
causes better landscapes  
and better crime pictures

\*\*\*\*\*

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Many problems  
were perfect  
set pieces;  
cobbled ennui,  
invested tones  
between tragedy  
and comedy  
The  
result  
mapped us  
back to civilization  
in films.  
The money  
faced with getting  
useless,  
stopped  
trying to get with the plan  
and got with the plan

\*\*\*\*\*

My true love  
keeps me exploited for spectacle.  
Which makes our crossing-of-paths  
all the more heart-rending:  
Who's in charge of character?  
What's my motivation?

\*\*\*\*\*

The backwards-meticulous eye  
scripts aging  
and turns a lifetime  
into grand pain

Dancing through their sand left me with this  
durable motto:  
The gold bullet gets you when it gets you

\*\*\*\*\*



This film  
shows sex innocuous as a sitcom,  
laughs miscalculated,  
and borderline offensive  
And yet it tries to redeem my cheap heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

Despite what seems like a dreamy ocean  
they cut the big budget  
and the movie revolves around  
tension as aggression.  
Something brutal and classic.

Yet something's missing  
Maybe you got that famous feeling,  
the ironic ending  
of embrace as assault  
where perception blames the difference  
on the distance of those involved.

# NOTES

[Stray Reels] is a prose-cutting of capsule film reviews I wrote 2007-2009. I excised large chunks at random and manipulated the remaining words. As best as I can remember, the films are:

*Resurrecting the Champ*  
*War*

*The Kingdom*

*Into the Wild*

*The Mist*

*No Country For Old Men*

*Atonement*

*The Fall*

*The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*

*Milk*

*Fired Up*

*Let The Right One In*

*Waltz with Bashir*

*The Darjeeling Limited*

[Stray Reels] appeared in *Rabid Oak*.

# ABOUT

Chance Dibben is a writer, photographer, and music-maker living in Lawrence, KS. His poems and shorts have appeared in *Split Lip*, *Reality Beach*, *Horsethief*, *Yes Poetry*, *Atlas and Alice*, *matchbook*, *The Best Small Fictions*, as well as others.

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HOOK  ECHO