



Rex Sexton

“A Streetcar Named Desire”

I sit in the empty theater, smoking  
cigarettes, sipping liquor, which I  
can do here since I am, perennially,  
an audience of one and won't annoy  
anyone in this old movie house no one  
else can enter (why would they bother?)  
watching archival films with unknown  
actors—comedies, tragedies, romances,  
mysteries, all magical deliriums, like all  
flicks shot in Cinemascope and Technicolor.  
There we are together, side by side and  
holding hands as we enjoy our ride through  
life inside the streetcar named Desire. How  
young we were! How happy! How  
beautiful life is!  
“It's so wonderful!” you exclaim  
“Not as wonderful as you are,” I declaim.  
“Nothing is, or ever will be.”  
“I love you.”  
“I love you.”  
The reel breaks. The theater goes black.  
I sip my drink in the darkness, smoke  
cigarettes.

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Rex Sexton is “a Surrealist painter exhibiting in Chicago and Philadelphia and my writing has that illusory element.” His poems and short stories have appeared in such publications as *Willow Review*, *Mobius*, *Straylight*, and *Churches and Daddies*. His books include the collections of stories and poems *Night Without Stars* and *The Time Hotel* and the novel *Desert Flower*.

Image: View of the inside a New Orleans streetcar with the destination “Desire.”