

Nine

"My Husband Makes Movies"

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My husband makes movies.
To make them he lives a kind of dream
In which his actions aren't always
What they seem.
He may be on to some unique romantic
Theme.
Some men run banks, some rule the
World,
Some earn their living baking bread.
My husband, he goes a little crazy
Making movies instead.

My husband spins fantasies,
He lives them, then gives them to you
All.
Like Michelangelo he paints his
His private dome
But can't distinguish what's his work
And what's his home.
Some men sell stocks, some men punch
Clocks,
Some leap where others fear to tread.
My husband as author and director,
Makes up stories in his head.

Guido Contini, Luisa Contini,
Number one genius and number one fan,
Guido Contini, Luisa Contini,
Passionate woman in love with this man,
Long ago, many years ago,
Once the two were
Guido Contini, Luisa his lover,
Actress with dreams and a life of her
Own,
When we had no winds or worlds to discover,
Singing together all night on the
Phone.
Long ago, someone else ago. Long ago,
Someone else ago.
How he needs me so,
And he'll be the last to know it.

My husband makes movies.
To make them, he makes himself
Obsessed.
He goes for weeks on end without a
Bit of rest,
No other way can he achieve his level
Best.

Some men read books, some shine their
shoes,
Some retire early, some stay up to
dream and muse.
My husband only rarely comes to bed,
My husband makes movies instead,
My husband makes movies.

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