

Poem to Movie Extras

Through the movie extras die.
They fall as easily as cardboard cutouts
in a breeze, easily
as leaves, and are forgotten.

For all we know,
families of extras remain
uncontacted - - no midnight call,
no cop at the door,
hat in hand, severe.

For all we know,
extras lie filthy and unburied
for days before the hero takes
his trophy case snapshots.

No one complains

the extras die. Only that they
were in the way, that they
deserved it. Deserved no
accolades for their allegiances, no redemption, glancing
wound.

They deserved death, deserved
anonymity in a world where fame
means everything,
where bullets only lead
to disposable hearts.

-Paul David Adkins