

# Oklahoma r e v i e w

Roger Jones

Coming Attractions, 1960

My sister and I ride swings at the front of the drive-in movie theater. Over us, the screen rises like a galleon sail. Twilight swells and deepens. The swings squeak-squawk in near-dark. Then it's night. Film-trailers erupt on the screen: *Coming Attractions! Come on back to the snack bar!* (A speaker babbles to itself on its metal post.)

From across an open space, a man -- no face, a black profile with a bright red coal in the center -- floats towards us. We smell cigarette smoke and whiskey. He says nothing, but we know: it's time to go back to the car, where our parents wait. The swings go silent. Heroes gallop toward us on the screen.