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The movie-famous moon has been ambushed by a paparazzi of thunderstorms, flashing their cameras everywhere: strobing the yard, shocking the trees. Photos developed and hoopla home, they leave behind a night staticky with rain.

I used to like the movies, a silver screen of sky whirled with the choreography of stars. But now I'm not as sure: you begin to see the graininess of grins, the fishiness of film. It's easier to watch people flirt at a bar, say, because at least you know the fumbling is real.

I met my wife—this is true—dressed in a floral muumuu, my hair a hive of hairspray, my nails painted blue as smooth jazz. Did she run out and ask the weatherman about it? No. She called me a weirdo, didn't kiss me, and went home. But two nights later, over Italian food fierce as a flaccid film critic, she kept blinking her flashbulb eyes, thinking: *This. This is something I might want to remember.*