

# SKYWALKER

by Sheri Boggs

I'm sitting outside La Chapina  
with my brand new copy of *The Empire Strikes Back*.  
I won't see the movie for at least another month.  
The Force temporarily denied  
by Mt. St. Helens ash  
and because I'm 13 and can't drive

To my left is the skywalk  
roofed in yellow scallops,  
wafting Orange Julius  
citrus, vanilla, hot dog grease.  
I hold the book in my hands  
just like Han Solo holds Leia's face:  
Reverently. Passionately.  
I can't stop looking at it.  
This is love.

I sit on the floor with the Rebel Alliance  
while Katie's sister Meg is trying on prom dresses,  
each one a little more Gunne Sax than the rest.  
Thin lines of lace,  
spaghetti straps and tiny pearl buttons.  
A silhouette like a Grecian column.

Will I go to prom?  
Will anyone ever hold my face  
the way Han cradles Leia's?  
The industrial carpet itches.  
I riffle through the mass market pages,  
intent on finding the kissing part.

My prom date will be gay.  
Closeted, of course.  
But 30 years later he will toast me  
at my wedding  
with his husband and daughter  
and my heart will spill over  
like the Parkade courtyard fountain

But before all that:  
because of this movie,  
because of this book cover,  
I end up with a type  
(Thanks, Harrison Ford)  
Once I was a Luke girl.  
But I start falling

for the tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed,  
vaguely assholish ones  
to a letter.

Several inform me I am not their type.

So I marry R2D2  
It's ok! It's a compliment!  
He is compact  
and hilarious  
He beep beep boop boops  
around our house,  
makes me watch all the sci-fi  
I thought I'd outgrown

You've changed my type, too, he tells me.  
He blushes now around chunky girls  
and crushes on comediennes chubby  
and smart.

I carry a tiny computer in the palm of my hand.  
I don't have to DOS a damn thing.  
I tease my dog with lasers  
and I can listen to any song I want  
whenever I want.  
I'm living in the future.  
And it's so much better  
than I'd ever  
imagined.