



Motel 6

Take this pony bottle of champagne in its plastic ice bucket.

Take the reciprocity of the bed sheets, how they sew themselves
to the curtains, which sew themselves to the sky they accentuate then cover.



Take the penny greening on the unswept floor

then the mirror, poor souls trapped inside. Sometimes they speak at us in unison,
chatting their memories of the room's maladied colors.



What will we make from them—a contraption
for keeping want afloat, to make us always lighter than whatever we are placed in?

While we have sex, the boys outside our open window listen.
Do they think without our clothes we are timeless?



I want to know what I could become beneath your hands.

But today like all days
we are dying.

The room like all rooms smells of smoke. Soon we won't discern it.