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my kentucky home

it looked fine coming in
the crisp grass trimmed to the concrete edging
the motel media worked after
the rented remote control
was replaced
once in the room
outside melts away

drawn curtain covers a multitude of
motel sins
even at noon it feels
better in the dark
where my own senses go haywire inside
the small, easily absorbed visual display
and color-schemed
continuity that fools time

planned by some low life
motel interior designer who
speaks halting, soured english
and to whom this assignment was
their raison d'etre
the atmosphere slowly takes over
makes me soft-edged
and the lines in the room blur,
the entire picture is
soft-focused and bleak in
it's color coordinated haze

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and a wave of comfort and self assuredness
flows from the fridge, a gulp of
cheap gatorade
the ultimate road fuel
the door opens and the blazing sunlight
explodes into the dark interior
suddenly clear and sharp in the light
with messed up sheets and
flat, shapeless pillows
pointing toward route 75 south
TV on, lights in the wall sconces seem so
cheap and tacky, the threadbare furniture
seems ragged
and ill matched in the harsh
curtain-now-drawn-light

and out of place
as a box with a bed

sanctuary
in the middle of
kentucky farmland
hiding in my old kentucky motel