

## **my motel door**

heat shimmers  
the air shakes and bakes

even the bugs avoid the  
vast expanse  
behind the big sign  
hidden in the back by  
a circular drive

suddenly the gleam dulls  
the dogs bark  
and the green expanse by the  
iron gates seem  
curiously overgrown  
the room cleaning crew  
chats lazily in the doorway shadows  
the heat from the black  
dense asphalt  
spreads upward, catching  
a monarch in it and  
ejecting it up up  
past the roof  
a hot ride  
and a slow death spiral  
back to the  
parking lot cooker

the dense, unearthly black  
of the parking lot asphalt  
playground yawns before you  
and it's all  
you get for \$35.99 a  
night and an ice machine  
by the door  
a celebration of mediocrity  
and a collection of  
almosts and because  
for the baking, black  
heat softened  
surface of this  
planet of transients