

SO LITTLE'S LEFT

FLAMINGO MOTEL

tiny bars of Ivory
like a sole ceramic tile
brushing it on my skin
knowing it makes me break

OUT

color television
paint by number prints
butterfly bedsheets
sani-napkin paper sleeves
spic and span/ this store
a paper slip slapped on toilet seat tells me so

ice bucket
but no ice machine
pepsi machine
refuses change

motel postcards
with pretty pictures/
and a poem of beauty
lie in the balsa desk
but I've no pen
or thoughts to write

double bed
for double loneliness
the sheets creep
like saran wrap
to seal you in depressed state

and my wake-up call
came late
so determines my fate

I see no flamingos

AT FLAMINGO MOTEL