

american motel

down the road, the long way
past the center of town, past the antique shops
and the faceless insurance company office windows
 that have the plain, non-descript facade
 that lost its way and arrived here
a forgotten hollywood backlot
reserved for the lowest of the low budget westerns
 farther down the road, off to the left
 behind the quick trip, the cracker barrel
in the center of an endless asphalt expanse
sits heaven in berea, kentucky
the american motel
 close enough to the walmart to be offended
 close enough to the italian take-out to be satisfied
the american motel
 the room at the end of the
 huge low "L", closest to the large green field
 is mine for \$20 per night
with no heat, no air-conditioning, it's a steal
 a familiar room
 with a microwave and a bible
 a form-mold shower
 and indoor/outdoor
 astro turf carpet
the ace hardware lawn chair loungers
rust outside
in the now low-slung
blazing candied yam
setting sun