

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