Summer Poem, Motel

You bitter child
Blackberry stains your teeth
Stubborn seeds, King Size
Something to chew on

In the glow I see it
A fish writhes on the shoreline, a war against atrophy
Not unlike the vestigial mailbox,
the Keurig

Not unlike you
(You're alive, but I won't touch you)

We name motels after women
We lay on our bellies and sink through them
As they die
The fluorescence orbits our heads and the
Asphalt burns our eyes and the
Sauna is jammed so

I ask a stranger to make space for me, a
Funny appeal
Do you understand why, bitter child?
We will still be claustrophobic in the Ozone

A vacancy issue

But perhaps the truth is that I am
Simply overwhelmed by acceptance
(I was not expecting you to love me)

Finish your ice cream
Bone marrow, knees knocking
Wipe your face on your sleeve
Chewed gum, warm in your mouth

A temperature range comfortable for most guests

Pray for scaffolding and
Pray for surf and
Wake me up if you ever want to check out the
Vending machine

We waited a long time for a quiet life