

The Spanish Trail Motel

Your secrets
too, lured into a drawer
you never touch, this I believe—
enough to know they're there:
my behavior way out in
white lipstick desert
thrillkiller rave sites, sudden
improvised shrines...
The garrison's most trusted
news team, muzzle-flashed
to soft, unscripted daydreaming, swung by the tail.

Girl rents room from an encrypted party—
how sad for you I slept in what were cave-ins chewed to powder,
even then, colors my knuckles rubbed satin
before your turn,
that I remember
through a ripple in the tape,
a loss? Blame me. I
dulled up the sit-down porno place marquee.
Boxed up, shoved under a neighbor's trailer.
Come to know me as a user
of the word forevermore in conversation,
just a registration in the sensors of glass vestibules,
the obedience with which I listen
in the brown mansard hearth
for my number,
fancy ketchup matted in my hair.
What's one altar still with lasers,
lava stone grotto,
circusy?

I'm not going any goddamn where,
the police here are perpetually cycled, like a fountain-cherub's pee.
In shifts, the cops negotiate with me, various uniforms: Young
Misused Words,
Tamara—I hear her name a lot,
& one who says, *Bro. Are you from Califas, Bro?*
What?
Califas. You from Cali, bro? Where you from?
A polo-shirted, administrative sergeant-type picks up here, badge
on a lanyard,
apes my hands-in-pocket stance.