

The Hotel

Upstairs the fake night breathes in, the window's
blackened pane, the dull globe's cone
of invention.

All doors are locked.

Only the initiated are allowed to pass
through. Their gray inevitable skins reek cash,
sweat. They can pay for anything,

The bar opens, there is nothing to tell.

Under-aged girls at their desperate best could
be immortal but aren't. Their hands banter
physically. Their eyes show past midnight.

Outside, the innocent cops play hide
and seek with their real weapons.

To see is to differentiate, understand
the significance of things.