

Hotel Disaster

Educated drizzle in a horrible porkpie hat;
Humid; caloodious;
Harassment soap to a top-hat parlor maid;
Mariachi! Mariachi! I'm that skinned pigeon, its throat slit roughly
by a blade of grass!
Its throat slit roughly? Yes—
And what nevermind that murder makes.
Bouts of fiasco still ring me woozy,
Bad-plucked pigeon
Though I am: bouts with rough enfezèd bellhops
Baring teeth—