

HOTEL HENRI MICHAUX

I am wordless, grounded. You are immovable.

It has been a few years.  
The wallpaper is the same  
I remember now,  
No one stays long.  
The girl brings something purple to wear,  
I don't want it; but why not, when I am alone **like this?**  
I don't want it

She kisses each nipple and holds a  
19th century hat she wants me to wear in the **bath:**  
Peaches in cream  
Chocolate mousse  
An orange.

There's nothing to read  
The rooms have only a toilet and bed  
The paper I'm writing on has a **watermark**  
That says: Stability Bond.

You turn in your sleep;  
Baby mouth,  
Baby legs

Turn it off.  
Fish-blade, the lamp,  
A vertebrate structure like mine.  
I remember. A shot, yes  
To think things over. Who are you, **anyway?**  
Mustache  
Mouth

They cut us open.