

Hotel X (Big Soap)

Guided by Voices

Devouring frightful birds
Through quick windows
(Options on beef p. 5)

And then imagine a tomb
Of awkward selectors
For their women and children

Dispersed the pavements
Good fortunes at last
That quintessential spark

At Hotel X
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Where vicious daughters
A driven filthily
And anything hides
In shriveled artichokes

Clean on carpet floors
Arm escape
Without a kiss

Chairs fall loudly
Supplementing oboes
The trees outside
Are heavy with acorns
Naked swimmers faking sleep

New suits are worn
Nattily thus destroyed

At Hotel X