

Hotel Noir

The Legendary Pink Dots

Two glasses on a glass-top table. Lights are low,
The ashtray's full. he talks of all his conquests--letters
Ringed with hearts and crosses. He left them in the
Drawer (at Hotel Noir)--unanswered, yet he read
Them for her time and time again . . . She looked
Clean through him and told him how she loved
White horses, riding on a swing and laying in a
Cornfield on a warm summer's night. She'd watch
The dancing lights. Alone but never lonely--until
Now. He ordered whisky but the waiter walked clean
Through him. He sadly shook his head, and lit his
Fifteenth cigarette . . . and slowly, surely pictures for-
Med he never could forget . . . Loretta sent him sea
Shells, Henrietta sent a rose, and Margaretta said
They'd marry in a letter that he'd never answered
(left it in the drawer at Hotel Noir . . .) And she said
How she loved the sea at full moon. Running down
A silver beach with silver ribbons trailing from her
Hands. She found a doorway in the sand where
She'd store away her stones. Precious stones that
Could be diamonds, just because they sparkled in
Rain. And there she'd sleep, and there she'd
Dream. And there she died. The tide rolled
Backwards and it dried and left a headstone made
Of salt. The warm breeze turned to steam. And even
The vegetables screamed and screamed and
Screamed . . . He stretched his hand out just to touch
Her--but she said she had to leave . . .