1974

Hotel Henri Michaux

Kathleen Norris
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.

4  Kathleen Norris