

# This is the Last Hotel

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This is the last hotel where I love you.  
This is the last hotel elevator with mirrored ceilings  
to memorize the tops of our bodies.  
This is the last hotel door I close and finger  
the metal chain, flip  
the deadbolt twice to hear it *thwick, thwick* into place.  
This is the last hotel with a window that faces a brick wall.  
This is the last hotel where I bleed on your thigh.  
This is the last hotel where the towels in the corner  
of the bathroom (crumpled, dark) look  
like someone was shot.  
This is the last hotel where I steal a smooth oval soap from the sink.  
This is the last hotel where I check the stationery's tooth,  
see if it can taste all my very pretty ink.