Conrad

Jets to Brazil

a hound's tooth coat pockets are bulging
with nebutal bought from some doctor
who also was bought to keep those pockets full
the face was lost but partly recovered
so half asleep and half in a frenzy
one side tries to smile enough for two
pictures remain split at the image
cupboards well-stocked with things to diminish
the pain that comes with clarity and mirrors in well-lit rooms
she checks in at dwindling daylight
a week up front asks not to be bothered
the registry will show her mother's name
locks the door sits on the bed just a minute before
she picks her purse up off the floor
pulling out what she needs
warming her wrists in promising water
somebody's love another one's daughter
readies herself apologizing to the motel maids
double-edged and super blue
vertically letting the life from you
casting a new darkness through the room
angels lay their odds on you
know not quite what they should do
only that they can't quite tear themselves from the view

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