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The Eros Motel

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The Eros Motel

He holds her near
his casual heart and with distant
voice declares,
"Meet me
at the Eros" . . .

at the Eros,
where curtains shade
the terror of blushing sunsets,
frolicking and parting
in the promiscuous suggestion
of a young girl curious,
though scared —

at the Eros,
where whiteness is stripped.
and cowers in sheets,
falling from trembling walls
stained and sweating, in the heat
shedding second skin
like the desert salamander —

at the Eros,
where anyone's license
and ten bucks buys
a chance at immortality,
a notch and phone number
scratched in the wall —

"Meet me
at the Eros".

Cam Martin