

Room Service

Leave a tip, leave a dream, easy ears
to me write
of *there*.
Of crimson cushion covers and cut grass;
Cut *glass* - stained sky blue of open porches
and the cigarette-smoke smell
of living
loving
life.

If you must go then go and keep on going
going
going
gone.
But please -
for the sake of the porter
the waiter
the hotel staff –
leave a tip, leave a dream, easy ears
to me write

a word.
For us to find
under the pillow
As the door swings
slowly,
softly,
Shut.

Rachel Stroud