

the housekeepers told me

their guests were not animals.

were not puffs of air.

were not wild unruly roots.

were not clothed in animal skins.

they were beautiful with shining eyes.

they were handsome with rugged locks of hair.

the gods and goddesses did not

leave their socks and lingerie behind

between the ruffled bed sheets.

any visible remains of their illicit

activities were fragrant and sublime.

the unposted and scattered prayer cards

on the sofa were autographed and said hope you get well soon.

there would be easy to clean red lipstick graffiti

about eternal torments for human failures on the dressing mirror.

the complimentary chocolates would be partially consumed

with their radiant centers leaving smudge marks on the floral walls.

decoder rings and secret maps for the ascension

were left on the table next to the activation manual for our creation.

they always left tips to make us feel appreciated with

thoughtful and meaningful proverbs and parables next to the towel racks and soap.

they would not say they were the most perfect of guests

but they would say they were as about as good as you could expect

for a three star hotel on this side of the river.

the housekeepers.

wf.h.

2023