# THE PROSE POEM:
## AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

# Lawant (Hotel Niagara)

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LAWANT (HOTEL NIAGARA)

In the meantime, ducks and decorative embalmings inhabit this place. Limpid are the varied perfumes or unperfumed peaks. Ah, these guests may revivify these many storeys, muses the caretaker before the abandoned front door. Profound ceilings inlaid; closed-off elevator, uncranking, hooded, hushed, calm; submerged swimming-pool; noiseless rooms of the dead. Outside, trees are aflame: hibiscus. Long roostered tails are brushing against the glittering windows between millefiori. Arabesques of the house—malevolent eyes—turn tourists away. Seven wives aflame with subterranean love (teak merchant Liu Siu Hong in heaven above or the world below) whose felled padauk and teak and etched frangipani, uprooted, gold and dark red, offer something pure in the heat. Their excavated proportions resound to Arjuna and the farthest volcanoes. There is a little Javanese boy all alone, the caretaker's son, who is teasing a scorpion on the floor of the ruined foyer. No guests yet. Arid palimpsests and dust illumine the deities.