

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 5 | 1996

Roadside Motels

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ROADSIDE MOTELS

I like to stop at motels built when tourists believed in cars the way they believed in safaris. There are motels steaming on the veldt, and motels shaded under the boababs; some motels for the timid, and some for the assured. There are stucco motels where elephants pull in slowly, and motels for yaks, beatific and lascivious. There are family motels the wildebeests swim for, thousands of them crossing a river. Maybe an alligator strikes, or babies get trampled, but still the old bulls keep rising up the bank as if they saw the neon sign that spelled everything out: "Folks are Welcome Here." That's the roadside motel we're all heading for, clean rooms and cable TV where no one asks anything except an honest address, and where we can wake up the next day and look out at a field of antelopes grazing in the mist.