"Western Motel"


I am Hopper's *duende*,

the blonde version of him.

That's why he has me

marooned

in this motel room

somewhere out west,

why I am in the way.

Try not looking

at me, you'll see.

You'll see how your

view is blocked

by me, by you

looking at me,

that one exchange

of heat and fire.

The earnest and

shadowy hills try

to give off

warmth, wearing a thin

negligee of light,

but I have

come between
that and you
too.
The hills roll
like the sea at night,
as strange to me as
sleep.

Forget
what things are,
in real life,
forget the story,
in the end
the man dies
and leaves me here
like a yellow
layer cake,
like a green car
with the engine still hot,
leaves me,
like a blond
sitting on a bed in a motel room,
wearing a maroon dress
you cannot take off.
Books by Kendra Kopelke

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