

America, Somewhere, Nightfall
Lila Bonow

The bell on the door lets you know:
you are here

Motor lodge, motor-inn
motorcade of beautiful families

Truck-stop diner fare
all cast in biscuit-gloom

From the counter you turn
and watch

Weak-eyed dogs sniffing
the tired barmaid across the street

The arcade
the pop-fly, cracker-jack cacophony of voices

Arcane Segregation
Land of Neon Welcome

Land of Sanitation
of Rotting River

Candy-apple-red-one
with the speedometer broken

Hoodwinked girls yawning
in lemon-curd yellow

Booths, frayed hem, Friday night
jukebox (with electric, pre-packaged tears)