

HOTEL DIVINATION

selected prose

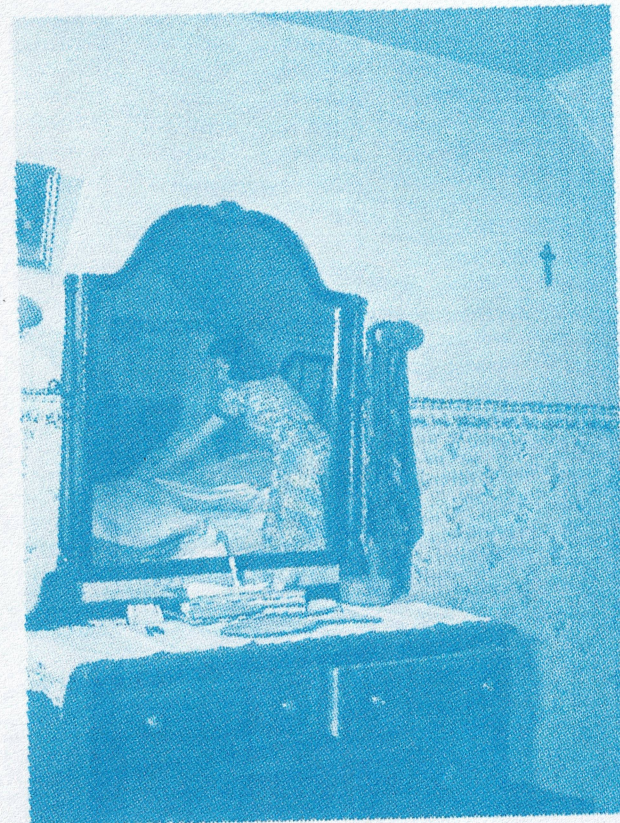


HOTEL DIVINATION

selected guests



hotel divination Wet footprints lead into the bathroom, and a freshly tanned form in the shower rubs an ocean's salt off their slick bronze shoulders. Me, I'm laid out on the bed, watching. I ought to look away, but I don't. The steam blurs the body but my eyes fill in the parts the glass won't show. I think about the housekeeper who stripped the white sheets of our shared sorrows from yesterday. Summer presses through the window and pins me down. As I faded into a sleep I thought I heard you call my name—if not only in my dreams.





song in a valley

We've had 100-degree months with no rain, only the sun's heat. We all go out and splay ourselves on the grass, in the sun's heat. This season's for the one with hearts, all the splintered ones, too. They all get together and play in the sun's heat. Run quick, quick, lead me down some ravine. While the tall grass cuts up our legs, the gashes start to burn up in the sun's heat. There is a waterfall a few miles away, its waters bursting with light—yet it remains cool under the weight in the sun's heat. And now you are washing mud and blood off gracefully bare legs. I joined in. I'm here. Here with you in the sun's heat.

glowing

The air is significantly less heavy once you step out of a bar. I can read the neon sign in the window in your eyes—they're false stars. The only breeze of the night squeezes past us and carries the smell of rich people cigarettes and fried foods from the food truck down the road. The humidity of the day still lingers tonight and wet light clings on the high points of your face. We're sweating. We just sweat. Sweat, sweat, sweat, sweating—it's all we do. And this is all I want.

feelin' fine

My blue girl and I don't do much of anything these days, but I don't mind. We do sit out on the patio on our days off, legs sticking hot to the metal chairs. Her thighs are so pasty they glow—it's almost impressive. She tells me everything, and I answer however I can. *Sure, he fucks like a frat boy but he's such a prick to you, I don't know why you hang around him, really.* She tells me more stories in which she loops the same mistakes over and over. The ice in our glasses melted too quickly and the sweetness has left but we drink it anyway. Her laughter carries over the fence, loud enough for the neighbors to hear. Splitting through the thick summer noise, I heard her.



ode to my househusband

The next time I'm in HNL you'll know I've changed, baby. I'll smoke the same cigarettes as your favorite singer—I saw the pack of them on the stage, glowing under blue light. We'll dance barefoot on the cool kitchen tile while the curtains soften the blaze from outside. We'll forget the electricity bill and leave the AC on all night. I'll lick the sweat off your sweet heavy palms, and it'll taste like overripe mangoes, and I'll hold them until the fruit flies come. The night will crack open and we'll drink it smooth and slow. When I'm in HNL you'll know I've changed, this time I'll return as someone who has learned how to love.

wave break

Hey _____, it's me. I'm here, in the back of my
(most tolerated pet name)

_____, looking out at the ocean. I dunno, something
(fave truck model)

about the waves really _____ me. Makes me feel
(verb that could also be dirty)

_____, you know?
(dramatic adjective)

It's been _____ since we last saw
(absurdly specific amount of time)

each other. And this entire time I can't stop thinking about

that killer _____, like, _____! But really, you're so
(fave body part) (favorite expletive)

_____ you know? Too _____ for this world. For me. I
(adjective) (same adjective)

hope you know that.

It's _____ degrees out here and I'm basically
(temperature)

_____ into a puddle of _____. Even the _____
(verb ending in -ing) (noun) (animal, plural)

look like they're about to _____. And yet—I'd still rather
(verb)

be _____ in this heat with you rather than doing it alone.
(verb ending in -ing)

I guess there's no other way for me to ask—but I want to _____
(verb)

you. I've got a blanket, some _____ with me, and you
(favorite vice)

have gotta see this _____. Anyways,
(random thing in the landscape)

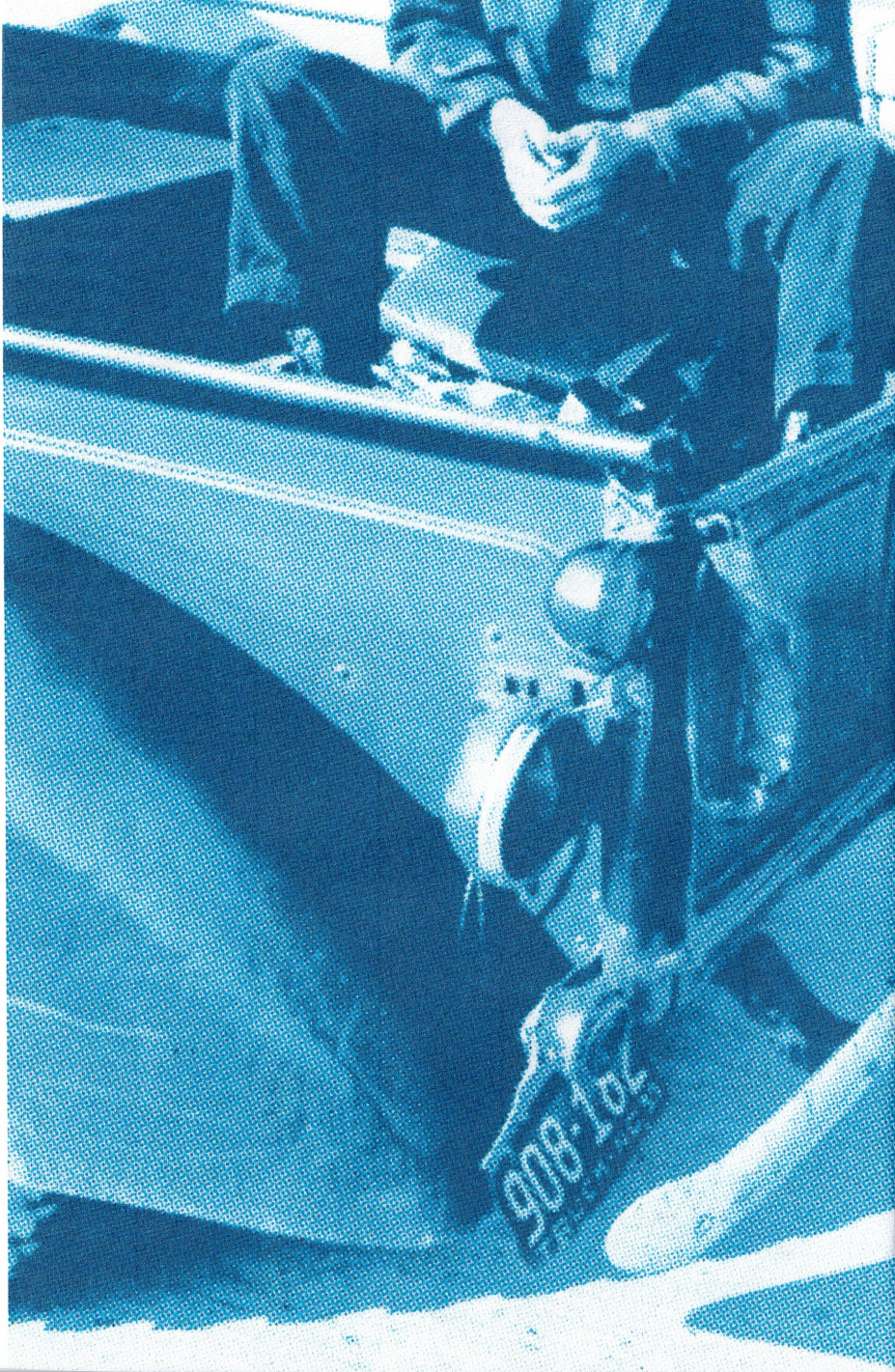
I _____ you, in the most _____, human sort
(emotional verb) (superlative adjective)

of way.

So yeah. The waves are (verb ending in -ing) and I'm here,

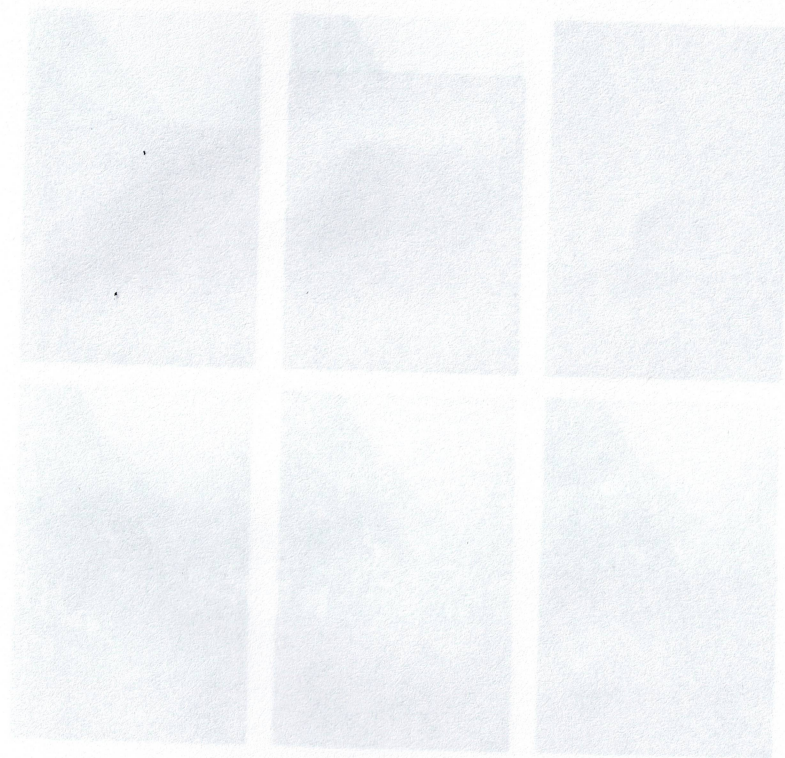
_____, hoping that you'll _____ me back.
(adjective) (verb)

_____.
(favorite way to say goodbye)

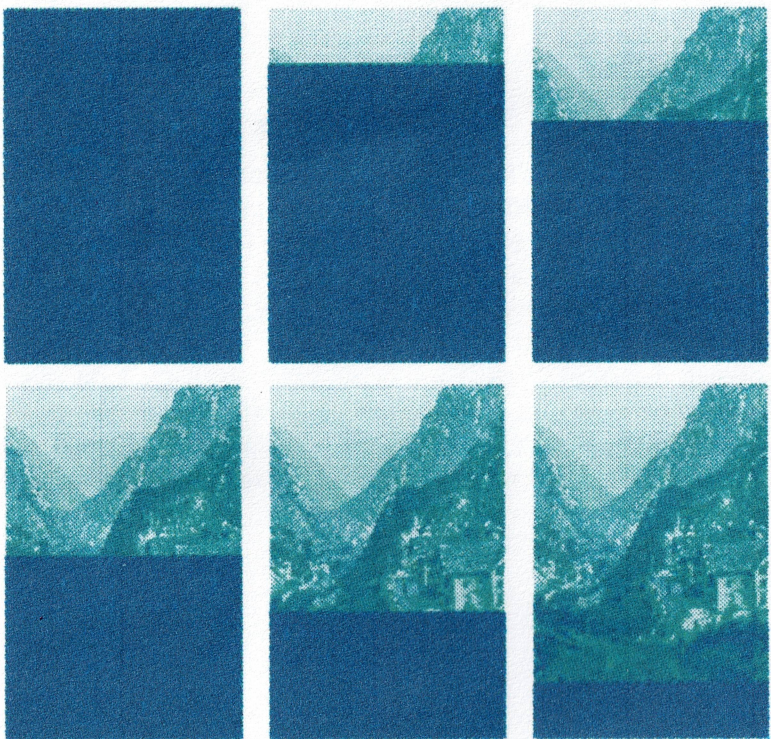


o sweet siren (in my eyes)

She told me to get naked and so I did—that's what you do when a pretty girl tells you to strip, or so I've been told. I've never trespassed before, I told her, she told me that she only ever goes to the pool at night because there's no screaming kids slipping and falling on their asses or drunk moms dozing off with their half-read supermarket smut novels—the cicadas have shut up and fallen asleep—actually everyone's asleep aside from us and that certain glow from up above. Somehow, the light of the moon warms my skin. I hold my breath and plunge into the water. I keep my eyes open.



Facing each other
The dunes burn in unison
Is this feeling love?



Facing each other
 The blues own reason
 Is the feeling love

made by fountain press
 1960s
 1960s
 1960s

Hotel division is about
 the passing of the days / the life / the life / the life
 the passing of the days / the life / the life / the life
 the passing of the days / the life / the life / the life



made by loveless press

@lovelesspress

lovelesspress.itch.io

lovelesspress.neocities.org

hotel divination is about

trespassing / frat boys / blue girls / househusbands
light voyeurism / being really sweaty / ad libs / the sea
rockstars / a state capitol / a warm moon / blades of grass /
dreams supermarket smut / **the summertime**

