

## THE YELLOW HOTEL

It probably always has something to do with the typeface, and this time also the two photos I forgot to put in the envelope—one with him holding the circle of grass I have in my hair in a different picture—

those two photos  
have something to do with it too. And a dead bee

inside the back window of the car. The Panama hat that C won't wear.

I hear a certain tone of voice sometimes and I hate to recognize its unbearable sweetness. It's like the first time I recognized *metaphor* as something I could do—I was a child reading

a child's book, and that inclination leapt out at me

in the guise of a pile of mashed potatoes going down to *bandage*

some bad feelings in the little girl's stomach

in that book. Mashed potatoes! Well not strictly metaphor you say, but I say close enough. And this weekend I read that same book again, having looked for it on an internet search through an out-of-print-book store in Illinois and I was still

enchanted. This matter is time consuming, enchantment; this matter is critical.

Today the customer (40-year-old man) and the cashier (30-year-old woman) in the convenience store laughed and exchanged loud sexual innuendoes

as if I weren't there. And also a religious fanatic approached me as I was getting into my car in the rain in the parking lot near the mall where I bought a new iron and he said, to get my attention, *you look like a fine woman*, and I replied not too kindly but not nastily either.

I was trying. But I didn't want to get into it.

In his arms he had a pile of damp books and I could see the word *enlightenment* on the spine of one of them.

Still it never crossed my mind he had any to offer,

although I suppose he might have.

The yellow hotel was empty to capacity and that's why we enjoyed it.

The ballroom danced out over the sea.

There were fifty-nine rooms

with private baths. (In the brochure they left the "s" off so it sounded like one for all those rooms.) Our shower head was broken

but we almost didn't mind.

I must say (as C would say) *I must say* a strangeness visited me that second morning. The day before C had seen a fox on the hotel grounds. I remembered I thought that L had seen a fox in Rhode Island also, or someone had.

Anyway it might be the strangeness came from a dream, or possibly the large late meal we ate in the hotel dining room where we opened our presents (his a wrought iron spider on a web, mine a pink and lavender rainbowed green smooth fluorite heart)

or possibly a little medication I was taking for an infection, or probably all of those and more.

Or morel, a kind of mushroom  
I'm not sure I've ever tasted. Depression

can be contagious—in my case, and sometimes in yours. I think there was a full moon that night. I dreamed

of T, fuller of face than he really is, a puzzle. He was sitting at a table in a library and I knew he was famous. People would be coming for autographs, and he was getting ready.

Later in the dream I was taken away from this area/building in a sort of pony or ox cart (like the one in *The Paradine Case*, which intrigued me) and I was in the back—the cargo area—of the cart, and looking out the back I saw a vast city, a wonderful detailed city, full of lights (daytime) and fabulous clean friendly buildings.

In another dream A appeared oddly with her mouth sliding down the side of her face, and this after W and I had just discussed her dualities. Also I kept my favorite cat in a guitar case for a while and also someone stole my purse. This purse-stealing dream (or sometimes purse-losing) is becoming

recurrent. Also T's brother and sister appeared as a romantic couple somehow and there was something very funny about the stairway banister that I forget now.

Anyway this familiar strangeness came along.

The surf was pounding outside the yellow hotel bedroom window where we slept very well. I was aware during the night that C wanted me, but I was terribly terribly tired. In the morning he told me my suspicions were true.

We made love then and I was able to keep the strangeness mostly at bay, but it still stayed with me to the point that my hair felt like someone else's, as if it were hanging down

over someone else's face. Outside the surf was pounding on the private beach of the yellow hotel, where the older lifeguard and his several sons patrolled its dazzling length.

The strangeness is really just a stillness where I am waiting.

And if I am not allowed to wait for some reason I become irritated, no matter what.

It would be better to leave me alone at those times; it's difficult for me

to wait without silence. But what

does the yellow hotel have to do with that? I think

something

important  
something  
intimate  
something  
built in  
something  
extremely pleasing.

And here is a geographical problem: Perhaps you are not going to the right mountain.

Perhaps the mountain you are going to is the easiest one to get to but not the best.  
You will not take the time to go to the best place, why is that?  
The nearby mountain is a mountain you have been to many times before.  
So why do you think you will see something new there?

And I remember when I first met C and he kept saying *satisfying* all the time and I think I asked him not to say it so often but now I understand.

He was having a yellow hotel.

He felt as if he were walking down those dark 1860's corridors lined with door after door with high transoms and a rickety

hard-to-pull-the-lever

elevator

and he felt as if he were sitting on those endless wooden verandahs with the railings painted white and he was reading a wonderful book perhaps even his own book which he had just finished and he was watching

the pink-faced man in the blue shirt going down the steps very carefully holding his

little old sweet dog. It is (let me wait)

very satisfying.

I must say. And in many ways (I'm waiting) it is satisfying it is horribly satisfying  
and also it's strange.

I feel as if I have read something strange.

A little like the metaphor that spat out mashed potatoes.