

# Golden Hour, Nevada

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Remember how it was?  
My whole body agreeing

with your mouth. We split  
a mist beneath the buzzing glow of vacancy.

A place called Hotel Galaxy.  
Your face was a drum which unlocked

all the rooms of a museum I forgot  
was built for lovers.

Rattlesnakes curled in their net of  
heat. We fumbled with the keys,

a new constellation formed inside your  
body. We said it could be bad

but we kept kissing anyway.  
Wild turkeys sifted the sky into a jukebox.

*Take me to bed,*  
I whispered, dizzy with sunset torture

and we carried each other inside the  
cage of our fangs, foxes hot with  
hope.

The curtains shook out a solar  
storm, nothing was fastened  
down.

You asked if I had a quarter  
for the coin-operated mattress.

All I had was two pockets stuffed  
with malignant stardust.

All the little soaps unfolded  
like complimentary prayers.

This was how it happens, they said,  
first you become broke, then you become  
happy.