The Lonely Red Motel

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Cover Page Footnote

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KRISTAL KUNZER

The Lonely Red Motel

My Lonely Red Hotel has a vacated compartment and I feel the cobwebs starting to dominate. No one else can enter that room. For it was your room. You made it beautiful. It sparkled and shined amongst your intelligence and kindness. Now it is boarded up with a sign reading DO NOT ENTER. You left that room willingly. You wanted to check into bigger and better rooms owned by a more prestigious Motel owner. I am not cross with you for leaving without any notice, just hopelessly empty. A void that cannot be caulked with anything. I know you are cozy in your new, furnished compartment. But you will always have a place in my Lonely Red Motel. For I cherish that room. As dirty and dusty as it gets, I cherish it.

In Memory of Patrick McConville
1970-1994

MATTHEW DAY

Always Scared

That was the way it was with him
He was the smallest of the tribe
The one you can never count on
The slightest noise would make him quiver.

He never went anywhere alone
When the campfire died you could hear him moan

You could hear his whimper in the woods ahead
And he never stopped his quiver until he was dead...