The Lonely Red Motel

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1994/iss1/12
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
Amidst 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

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...