

Two glasses on a glass-top table. Lights are low,  
The ashtray's full. he talks of all his conquests--letters  
Ringed with hearts and crosses. He left them in the  
Drawer (at Hotel Noir)--unanswered, yet he read  
Them for her time and time again . . . She looked  
Clean through him and told him how she loved  
White horses, riding on a swing and laying in a  
Cornfield on a warm summer's night. She'd watch  
The dancing lights. Alone but never lonely--until  
Now. He ordered whisky but the waiter walked clean  
Through him. He sadly shook his head, and lit his  
Fifteenth cigarette . . . and slowly, surely pictures for-  
Med he never could forget . . . Loretta sent him sea  
Shells, Henrietta sent a rose, and Margaretta said  
They'd marry in a letter that he'd never answered  
(left it in the drawer at Hotel Noir . . .) And she said  
How she loved the sea at full moon. Running down  
A silver beach with silver ribbons trailing from her  
Hands. She found a doorway in the sand where  
She'd store away her stones. Precious stones that  
Could be diamonds, just because they sparkled in  
Rain. And there she'd sleep, and there she'd  
Dream. And there she died. The tide rolled  
Backwards and it dried and left a headstone made  
Of salt. The warm breeze turned to steam. And even  
The vegetables screamed and screamed and  
Screamed . . . He stretched his hand out just to touch  
Her--but she said she had to leave . . .