

ELIXIR

DANIEL HALES

a streak of tigers

a crinkling of to go bags

a cough a nostril

divesting itself of snot

batteries of words

high in the fog index each

a dream you can tell

is and try to steer

through the smoke extract

cerebral soot

to grip the apple in your teeth

and raise face dripping

from that ether

into this

AT THE ROBERT FROST MOTOR LODGE

We didn't end up getting a room
at the Robert Frost Motor Lodge
because it was fifteen dollars more.