

DANNYE ROMINE POWELL

Motel

How dared my parents
make love across the room
in that motel where the child I was
slept on a cot—or where
they thought that child slept—
a starless night somewhere
out West, a thin curtain
of dark between us,
then my father's cigarette,
its roving red tip,
and the match struck just before
that exposed their dear, wicked faces.