

# Hotel Mechanics

*by* Jennifer Donnell

He broke his best foot  
on the spare leg of his ego  
and is dragging a cigar  
out the right  
side corner  
of his left side talking mouth  
and feeling itchy  
from the conversation  
two doors down,  
overheard above the  
smoke of the television and  
his thoughts coming faster  
than the girls,  
back when he wanted them.

They converse about something  
he can't track, while researching  
biochemistry for kicks  
until it stops being stimulating  
and he switches to quantum mechanics,  
starts tinkering with his sleeve  
and memorizing a theorem  
he'd figure out  
if he had the time  
for a deep breath,  
he takes a deep breath.

Across town she draws the blinds firmly shut for the night and  
carefully puts on her cotton pink slippers, feeling a pain in her foot,  
inexplicably.

