

Excerpts from HOTEL RADIANCE by GK duBois

two journeys
two thousand two, two thousand three

hotels in the clouds, on the sea, under the earth
hotels in the eyes, on the lips, under the skin

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We found her
We followed the breeze
that follows the currents of water

up a staircase
from the sundrenched
riverside
where
cotton-robed women
beat cloths
on the water's skin
and bleached
stone
slabs

She is down an empty hallway
under shade from
carved
and arching timber
lying lengthwise
on a corner of a bed
of meshed
bamboo

Her sleep is enormous
the space and hours
are held within it
the beads of water splashing
the washer women's brows
the weight of the humid air
the grass shoots and butterflies
the thought of poems about her

We found our dreamer
and are amazed and mute
in her sleep

Hotel Radiance

expanding
moving outward
 in infinitesimal unpausings

 dissolving

 granule by granule

 in space

 breathing
longer breaths

 crossing highways
 trailing ants
 along
the cedar bark groves

in graveyards
touching headstones

reaching the ocean
the rhythm of tectonics
sinuous streams of
stone and ash

deepening
moving inward
 moving whisperingly

 into the seams

 of sewn things

 moistening the seal

 of glued things

 reverse
 swiveling
 riveted
 things

becoming visible
transparent
beginning to pervade
bedding down in
hotels named *Radiance*, Room 108

Monsoon Walking

for CSD

After the monsoon
everything was still

then umbrellas straightened
people stepped out from overhangs and fruit stalls
Vendors pulled blue tarps from their wares
You could hear again hammers' tink tink
tapping out metal bowls

movement resumed

but bricks and stones were slick
what the earth couldn't absorb
pooled in motorcycle ruts
the road had become an unmapped
land of hills lakes valleys

young boys and girls
threw off flip flops to splash
the belly of puddles

urgent ladies lined the packed dirt levy edge
 along the lane's far brick wall
 gathered up their gowns and
 and snaked forward single file
 hugging to pass

others tiptoed uncertain waters
squished and sludged
showing high thresholds for mud
or hopped rock to rock

with every step a decision

a jump

 a tilt
tiny stutter
 pause
 gather
 leap
one foot landing
 on the toes
a lean to the
left

a new choreography
after the rain

Behold!
your prehistoric toes
exquisite
their billions of years
of magical
craftsmanship

the unequalled
architecture of
their arches
crevices
spines

a canvas
as alive with you
as your eyes
your voice
your will
desire

tender antennae
awake
with
the sand
& stones

5 slendering
dolphins
at the end point
of your continent
racing now
into the sea