

# Cultural Daily

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## Ellaraine Lockie: Three Poems

Ellaraine Lockie · Tuesday, May 2nd, 2017

Ellaraine Lockie is widely awarded and published, both nationally and internationally, as a poet, nonfiction book author and essayist. *Tripping with the Top Down* is her thirteenth chapbook. Earlier collections have won the Poetry Forum's Chapbook Contest Prize, San Gabriel Valley Poetry Festival Chapbook Contest, Best Individual Collection Award from *Purple Patch* magazine in England, Encircle Publications Chapbook Competition and the Aurean's Chapbook Choice Award. Individual poems have found their ways onto and into anthologies, broadsides, buses, rented cars, bicycles, cabins, greeting cards, key chains, bookmarks, mugs and coffee sack labels. Ellaraine is a frequent judge of poetry contests, teaches writing workshops and serves as Poetry Editor for the lifestyles magazine, *Lilipoh*.

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## Anywhere Hotel

I turn down the covers to find  
a curly blonde pubic hair on the bottom sheet  
A violation of the virginity code  
contracted with the hotel  
Accommodations where we pretend  
no other occupants have prefaced  
We depend on hotel personnel  
to master this immaculate deception

To protect us from thoughts of  
used condoms, blood stains or other body fluids  
To paper strip the toilet like a chastity belt  
Free us from fear of bare bottoms in the bathtub  
Of whether towels or washcloths  
have touched foot fungus  
Or if anonymous streptococcus  
have been sterilized

But now worries from the real world

weave through this ringlet  
 Wind around my sense of solitude  
 And snarl into a ball  
 that clogs my drain of delusion  
 Exposing images of strangers  
 Voyeur bed reverberations  
 Smells of unfamiliar aftershave

And ghosts in mirrors with memory  
 in this serial monogamy of one-night stands  
 Where I resign to the reality of a rented room  
 Where it's midnight  
 and housekeeping has gone home  
 I Google germs in hair  
 to find there are millions in one follicle  
 But that most die in 60 seconds  
 I pull on sweats before sliding between sheets  
 And into the immaculate world of Morpheus

*Previously published in Ibbetson Street*

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## One Night Stand

Twenty six miles of insulation  
 from Los Angeles insanity  
 lies Santa Catalina island  
 Ocean mountain merged  
 in a past paradise

Where people drive  
 golf carts instead of cars  
 And mail isn't delivered by either  
 Where economy is the shape  
 of sightseers brought by boats

I arrive spent from deadlines  
 Energy fogged over  
 and solar lifeline depleted  
 European atmosphere envelopes me  
 with back-to-belly bodies

But populations of poppies  
 fish, fowl, unpredatored cats  
 and outback buffalo  
 lure me away from  
 the tourist tug of war

I lodge with Zane Grey

my idol-author ghost  
 in the cactus-covered hillside haven  
 To lie in literary lust  
 at his Pueblo Hotel panacea

Ride the purple sage  
 Discover desert gold  
 Spark my wildfire spirit  
 in one sleepless night

Like a quickie with  
 an accomplished lover  
 Catalina will shadow my trails  
 on the next sunlit day

*Previously published in MG Versions (France)*

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## Running on Empty

My latest addiction is Wrigley's Polar Ice  
 I unwrap all fifteen pieces from the package

Lay them on the passenger seat  
 like a long line of cocaine

Or Salem substitutes  
 during the 160 Montana miles ahead

Or subtle similes aside  
 an endeavor to undo the habit of you

But the bumps and ruts in the gravel road  
 have their way with the Wrigley's

And when I reach over for a fix  
 I find again the emptiness I try to feed

*Previously published in Chiron Review*

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