

# Manhattan Hotel

By Glenn Currier

I cannot hear the deep-throated groan of the lawn mower  
pushed by the neighbor across the street.  
I cannot smell the freshly cut grass.

I hear horns and whistles and sirens blowing  
and the whine of a bus  
hurled by a driver from Brooklyn.

The hotel room has a clean outer layer  
but the odor of a smoke-soaked substratum  
and the dingy carpet  
permeates the room betraying its age  
and the habits of its previous occupants.

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Written sometime in the 1970s.*