

# Fish, Hotel Hobbies

Hotel hobbies padding dawns hollow corridors  
Bell boys checking out the hookers in the bar  
Slug-like fingers trace the star-spangled clouds of cocaine on the mirror  
The short straw took its bow  
The tell tale tocking of the last cigarette  
Marking time in the packet as the whisky sweat  
Lies like discarded armour on an unmade bed  
And a familiar craving is crawling in his head  
And the only sign of life is the ticking of the pen  
Introducing characters to memories like old friends  
Frantic as a cardiograph scratching out the lines  
A fever of confession a catalogue of crime in happy hour  
Do you cry in happy hour, do you hide in happy hour,  
The pilgrimage to happy hour  
New shadows tugging at the corner of his eye  
Jostling for attention as the sunlight flares  
Through a curtains tear, shuffling its beams  
As if in nervous anticipation of another day