

A note to the guest from housekeeping

**I remove all signs of the previous occupant. Both the crestfallen
and the overly pleased. This is my area of expertise. I restore innocence.
It is what I do. I scatter rose petals on the bed. Sometimes chocolates.
Place a complimentary bowl of fruit on the side table. A bottle of wine.
These are regulation. The heart shaped bonsai is my own creation.
My job is to make you feel like the first, the only guest
the room has ever known. I am no thief but admit
to being easily distracted by the lure of all that is other:
The smudge of lipstick on a broken champagne glass.
A week's wages in an unsealed envelope bearing the name of the doorman
or the other, prettier housekeeper.
The way you can spread out, take up the whole space with your freedom.
This tempts me most of all. It is why I start my shift early.
Why, if you enter the room before it is ready you might find me dreaming
in the unmade bed. Please close the door quietly behind you.
In my own way I too am boundless and just passing through.**

Jane Williams