

THE ONLY EXIT

i'm driving on a narrow highway getting very tired at the wheel when i see this sign which advertises the fact that a cabin can be had for a mere twenty dollars a night. i cannot resist, especially when i see that the cabins have televisions. plus i simply have a stubborn weakness for such cabins. i feel like for the duration of my stay i'm living in a miniature village where life is very easy to understand, and death hardly ever occurs. the tendency to use yellow bulbs on their porches throughout the year is the only thing that bothers me about these places. yellow bulbs are all right in the summertime, but in the winter they are in my opinion very disconcerting. just once i'd like to rent a cabin in the winter and see a white bulb on the porch. i asked a woman at the office of one of these places why she didn't change her bulbs, but she just gazed at me as though i were looking to make her life difficult. by the ocean i lived in a bungalow some three years ago, and i know i used to take great pleasure in changing the bulbs in spring and autumn. but that's another story. this cabin i just rented smells from lysol. so i throw the window open, ignoring the cold. then i put my suitcase on the bed. it's almost empty. there isn't much even in the way of clothing. actually there's mostly newspapers and old paperbacks. between new york and miami. it's a shame i don't have more to wear with me. the little i have i keep washing in the sinks of motel rooms, letting the stuff dry out on the porches, on the railings if there are any. and of course this is the reason i have so little: people walking around at odd hours always are walking off with my belongings. even my socks. now who'd ever want to rob another person's socks. i guess someone would. continuing being naive about this makes no sense. anyway, there is very little room to move around in here. some tea bags and packets of coffee, and some powdered cream are on the counter next to a kettle and a mug. in the sink i notice a long turquoise stain from the water dripping. it's quite a beautiful stain, really. reminds me of mexico. i touch it. it's unforgivably cold. shit. there's no job waiting for me in miami, no friends, no place to stay -- nothing. i did this to myself: i put myself on the road, in this junk of an old blue car, ready to sleep the night in the middle of winter in a cabin that has a yellow bulb burning through the darkness onto brilliant moonlit snow, burning next to the door that is the only entrance, the only exit.