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**MATT
HAINES**

**HOTEL LE CIRQUE
(NEW ORLEANS 2008)**

An architect saw the way
I bend myself around her smile
and built up this place
in white.

The men who shake their
cups of coins
have lost their language,
and cannot pray.
They are sparrows
hopping around for something
they can taste.

Everything in this perfect circle
is shaded by fronds of stone.
Multicolored lights flash through
my window in lines

and I can hear the heartbeat of the streetcar.