

THE HOTEL OF CELLS

Each cell like a capsulated hard-shell,  
made to contain/protect the societal gazelle.

At every entrance, a veritable Jezebel,  
not your mademoiselle; but monetary show-not-tell.

Crème caramel, Jezebel waist for sale,  
with widths from which to propel.

An inadvertent Orwellian cartel,  
the JEZEBEL CLAMSHELLS--not a single Danielle!

Not one bombshell,  
among the names of misspell.

Good grammar? Farewell,  
not from these flesh-shaped tortoiseshells.

Today's modern female hero personnel,  
set aside by each self-made villanelle.

A prison-employ-Jezebel;  
is a thing never to unsmell.

An experience never to tell,  
not here, nor there, or anywhere (not even in rebel).

The hotel clientele,  
finding an oversold motel.

Scalpel-to-the-eyes to get the swell,  
needed to exit the corral without use of any cowbell.

Each like a capsulated sequel,  
taylor-made, villanelle hard-shell.