



1975

Tourist Trap

Katy Newberg
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Newberg, Katy (1975) "Tourist Trap," *Calliope*: Vol. 1975 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1975/iss1/9>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.



KATY NEWBERG

TOURIST TRAP

Hot . . . dusty
The floorboards bend
 as if in a funhouse.
Behind the desk—the man looks up.
Beads of sweat dotting his black forehead—
 drop to the paper spread before him.
He says nothing—
 Just waits
Trying English, then French,
 then David Frost British—
 “Is this the police station?”
His friends all around us . . .
 Watching.
They share a private joke,
 slouched up against the wall.
The fan above flicks slowly around
 like an old age sprinkler
 run out of water.
(But isn't that a badge on his shirt
 and posters on the wall?
 Why doesn't he say anything?)
Suddenly afraid—we spin around—
 wanting only to escape this wooded jungle.
Rushing out into the now glaring sunlight.
The crowd jostling among itself . . .
 mingling with the traffic horns . . .
We are swept up and surrounded.
While from in there—
 laughter rings out.