

In amongst the building here,
Beyond the city at wharf and weir;
The Grand Chancellor Motel sits still,
While I decide the worlds true will.

One thousand a night is sheer delight,
Of festive richness and soft lit light;
Perhaps in time in my roaming travels,
I'll sit here while the world unravels.

It might be nice to sit and think,
And fill my head with dreams or drink;
But in the freshness of the morn,
The awakening of a new day dawn.

Of service here beyond compare,
Or with a friend in which you'd dare;
As if time passes by without a worry,
Of water by waiters who never hurry.

So while I sit here in the foyer,
To think to talk to their employer;
Of changes that would make no different,
Only challenge their all persistence.

A brilliant mind would stop to talk,
That in the hope the earth I'd walk;
As night becomes a solemn sky,
The vision splendour the day gone by.

Signed,

A colour sunset