

5-2019

Hospitality Dictates

Emily Martin

California State University, Monterey Bay

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Recommended Citation

Martin, Emily (2019) "Hospitality Dictates," *In the Ords: CSUMB Literary Arts Journal*: Vol. 3 : Iss. 1 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/ords/vol3/iss1/13>

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Hospitality Dictates

Emily Martin

SEX

Do I have your attention?

Wonderful.

This is a Public Service Announcement

For all you creeps out there:

I am not here for you,
My job is not to satisfy your

Barbaric

Behavior. I am here to greet you,

Check you in,

Ask you if I

[we, the hotel, the ENTIRE staff]

Can assist you with anything else.

Asking me to join you in your room

Does NOT fall under my job description.

No where in it did I see:

“Sell your body and dignity”

So, no, sir, I will not be doing so.

Hospitality dictates

I must do everything with a smile

I will decline you

With a polite smile

While all the while I think,

“Pig”

I tell you,
“Have a good evening”
As any hostess would

You tell me,
“It’d be better if you joined me”
Winking at your buddy

I ask you,
“Do you need assistance getting
To your room?”
As you soberly walk.

You tell me,
“If it means you’ll come
with me, yes”
You laugh.

**You think it’s funny.
I think it’s disgusting.**

How proud your
Wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters,
Would be if they saw
What I see.
Men who don’t touch with their hands
but do with their eyes.
Men who tell me I’m so beautiful,
As if I was the object of their affection.
Men who ask me,

A woman trying to do her job,

If I'll join them in their room.
How disappointing.
In case you think these accounts,
Are fake news,
Trying to get the attention of the media,
Tring to be "relevant"
Sit back and relax,
Watch the world around you,
It happens everywhere:

Every socio-economic class,
Every country,
Every hotel,

My workplace

Ask any female guest services agent,
Ask any female waitress,
Ask any female maid,
Ask any female,
And the answer will be as clear as day.

Every woman remembers her first time,
The first time her ass got slapped,
The first time her hair was groped,
The first time the stench of alcohol could be
Smelt from a mile away,
The first time she no longer was a human
But an object.

So, in case you think, these

"Allegations"

Are false?
Think again, because
Hospitality dictates,
I must put these pigs before myself.
Until one piggy becomes too greedy.
Once one touches me,
I will turn him into bacon.
I will fry him up,
Past crispy,
Past burnt,
Until that fat little piggy
Is unrecognizable.

Once it goes "too far" I will make him kneel,
Under my foot,
Under the weight of my pride,
Under a woman,
Until he begs for mercy.

Those nights,
They stumble from the bar,
Past the desk,
To the elevator,
I hope none of them look my way.

I hope I never have to crush a man
They forget I am a person.
I am a daughter.
I am a sister.

I am not a robot there for their pleasure.