A man and woman rise together from bed to check iPhones; their naked forms own the light of a television on for sound.

Some white nationalist has gunned down 22 in El Paso and someone else 9 in Dayton, Ohio. There is security footage.

On the tv, wounded fall: all drop, a handful crawl forward. He tells her he knows Dayton, Ohio. Says, I was born there.

Beyond the motel draperies, lamentations of a diffident loon. He checks the noise, motions her over to witness something—

in a peephole, swallows sentry the fence by the Krispy Kreme; poolside, and old men drink from red Solo cups and play bocce.

The woman says we’re diving for the bottom of a pool at night, America. We hit the water at just the right angle or we’re dead.

She asks whether he has more time, her voice as bright-lovely as the call of a loon before the traffic of bodies drowns it out.