

The Traveler

Las Vegas is where people go
to forget they're going to die
in neon and vice,
chandeliers and ice sculptures.
I've always been a traveler in my mind
before I had the money to fly
or a driver or license for booze.
I choose to run
from the bills left unpaid,
disease in my legs
bubbling under the skin,
knees that have bled
and pleased men.

Feet that have stomped,
naked and punished,
in the Arkansas drought,
propped on a balcony now
overlooking the Strip,
still calloused and white-scarred
from broken glass
as I listen to billboards
clip the day from night,
pregnant with casino lights,
go-go shoes, 10 a.m. hookers Direct-To-You,
titty cards, leering men,
girls too far gone to start over again.

From Santa Fe,
the desert wrought with blood sand and sky,
we came to forget we're going to die.

Filling the Civic with whispers,
our words painted the highway
like licking tongues,
the children of parents
who devoured their young.

I'm no longer for rent,
I'm a place to stay,
and not too far gone to start over again.
Vegas in the answer of horns
calling each other in the lust-lit light,
I came to forget I'm going to die.

The Breakup

Tall, the day is long,
casting shadows,
my body before the sun.
And beside me,
your silhouette stretches,
limbs like veins pulsing with life
across soil and grass.
Tall, the day is long,
one shadow stands,
my body before the sun.
Empty fingers,
an empty vein bled out
like morning dew,
memories sinking
into the violet sky
hung over the West.
Tall, the day is long,
all is shadow in the night.
A body contorted under the moon,
agonizing the burden of love,
a cracked vein
burrowed under skin,
dry and longing for blood.