

A Wet Vegas Evening

The valley roils with wet clouds stretched like laundry over a thirsty desert
city lights reflect off the belly of a cotton sky painting the night elephant dream pink
even now the restless evening bustles with the noise of rubber on wet asphalt
neon signage buzzing and pulsing with a siren's cloying persistence
the heavy breaths of those who dream echo against the shelter of their resting places
but for those on the other side of the shades
those who live when the earth turns its face to the endless dark
those who tread as shadows in the artificial evening
this quasi-day born of a million candles is a sickly reminder
a reminder of the black curtain hanging just above the heavy clouds
a reminder of all that goes unseen in the after hours
a reminder of their circadian mutiny
how wondrous and hideous this uniquely glittering brightness
the unfamiliar visitors spitting their misty drizzle
pushing the electric discharge of a ceaseless city back upon itself
revealing the near and the far
for better or worse