

# VEGAS

The electric light burning  
Frenzy just seems  
To shine a little bit brighter  
As the sun's gaze begins to wane-  
    The plane is warm with the blood  
Of the gamblers hookers tourists  
And goodtimers all so eager to  
Get a piece in before they die-  
[But I, I'm a cutloose shoestring  
up late dusk till dawn tie tuxedo  
three piece suit king of the casinos  
poet who's only looking for a real  
good time]- not like the others  
So as I walk down  
    LAS VEGAS BLVD...  
Another beautiful 2 AM  
I just can't seem to get enough of this-  
    This place this life this dream  
    And all these other things  
That make this city of lights  
So wonderful-

I watch the merry merry-go-round  
    Of boozers and compulsives-  
The men the women  
    The old peacocks and the rustling roosters  
The sidewalks obstructed  
Riddled with Ritalin and drugs  
Narcotics euphoria  
    The missing posters and the pornography-  
But all is well in the city  
    That never sleeps  
    Filled with dreams things  
Hopes wants needs money addiction  
    SEX adultery hotels deception LIES mendacity  
And the American dream-

So I try not to shudder  
But now it's 4 AM  
And I close my eyes  
To the sound of slot machines...

I was born in Toledo, Ohio. I'm nineteen years old. I moved out to California six years ago. I love to write poetry, long walks on the beach, rock climbing, Kung Fu, relaxing, and writing more poetry. I currently attend CSUN as an undergraduate undecided major. Favorite poets include Byron, Neruda, Bukowski, David Gale, Lauren Barker, Micah Roth, and many others as well. Beyond that I have no idea what else to say.

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