

Las Vegas

It's not trees or mountains and rivers
Or windswept prairie ponds
Dappled with rainbows and bluegills
Flashing amid the fronds
Of cattails and bulrushes and willows.

Here we do what we can with neon
To keep ourselves entertained.
It's more like the vacuum of outer space,
The possibilities largely constrained
Beneath a glowering bloodshot sun,

Living amid the moons of Jupiter,
Exotic though it may sound . . .
Somewhere between the rings of Saturn
On a deathly dry parcel of ground
Where monochrome mountains abound.