

Somewhere East of Vegas

With my eyes closed
I can smell the ocean . . .

california-girl-child
wild
and breathless
in her haste
Bloodcandy in the sun
and the scent of sands-
coming out of the desert
and into the fleshy oasis
of an air-conditioned mystery
pretty
and wasted
Hell with a sugartaste . . .

The walls are the same again.
Smelling of sweat cold on my back
and my mouth, dry as the bottle
gone before dusk.
Another gone before dawn
warming my nightmares
to dreams in heat;
her blood flowing like octane
somewhere east of Vegas.

—Steve Lawless