

Birthday Trip

I thought I would have stopped thinking about death by now.

It's August in Vegas. I am turning 28.

Coughing.

The air full of touchable invisible things.

Red rock dust and pollened vapor.

Erosion building land on skin.

The pour of rain sinking everyone.

By midnight, I am in a car with a hood that opens for me.

My hair a wild bird rooted to a head full of gasoline wind.

Unescapable. My mouth.

Blowing wishes at the blinking signs that turn off.

For a blink of an eye. And on.

To spotlight a face that has earned its softenings.

Miracle.

In neon.

Touching death is where life begins to touch itself.

At Bellagio.

I watch a woman win win win.

And then lose it all.

She cries. Unafraid. Her face unshielded to the crowd.

If she can go back. She would.

God.

How much of the future do You even know?

Outside. Upon the desert. It is still raining.

The sound of thunder still takes me back.

To the sound of bomb blasts of my childhood.

Some things have not changed.

The sound of death makes music out of life.

And I will not stop singing.

Or loving.

Or looking up.

Ah.

A rainbow.

In a desert sky.

Look.

So much color.

Reflecting in the puddles.

Being held by the brown clayed sand.