

A Song of Neon and Vice

Melissa Gill

Las Vegas is a goddess of rebirth, walking between
two worlds like Persephone.

Dripping in neon, she struts the Strip
with a sly grin while sipping on a martini.

Some call her Lady Luck, but I call her a Desert Diva.
As a hypnotizing mirage, she's both a bachelorette party
& an art museum.

I play poker tournaments with holy ghosts
exiled to the city of vice.

They say the only difference between heaven & hell
is that demons don't think twice.

Las Vegas implodes parts of herself like
we cut off our hair & change our wardrobes.

She's broken our hearts thousands of times.
Las Vegas is a wild lover; she's unlike
any other born under a fire sign.

Sin City plays her cards with a sleight of hand.
She's no one's fool, baby; she's the promised land.

Las Vegas is a sure bet if you dream of a fresh start.
There's no state like Battleborn, a true warrior at heart.