

Finding Comfort: Las Vegas Boulevard

Sienna Wallace

My strip mall haven
Where the lights never fade
A man sits on the corner.
The people we pretend not to
notice While stuck at a light
exist.
This is where I find solace.

Hosting on the strip, my age so
young I've seen it all.
But I'm not one to shun.
A woman who can't walk
Hovers near the entrance
Misjudged by coworkers.
But I admire her independence.
I question how long she's been here
Barely getting by. I give her some
Water. I listen to her stories.
Despite what tourists think,
I know her and she knows me.

I see this woman every so often now,
Worn-down scooter and thin gray hair.
She never lacks authenticity.
I find refuge in our exchange.
I don't know her name.

The pulse of this street beats a different
Rhyme. It's a bad area, but I find it
sublime.
Here I unearth an unconventional
bliss And with each step I take
A narrative right in front of my eyes.