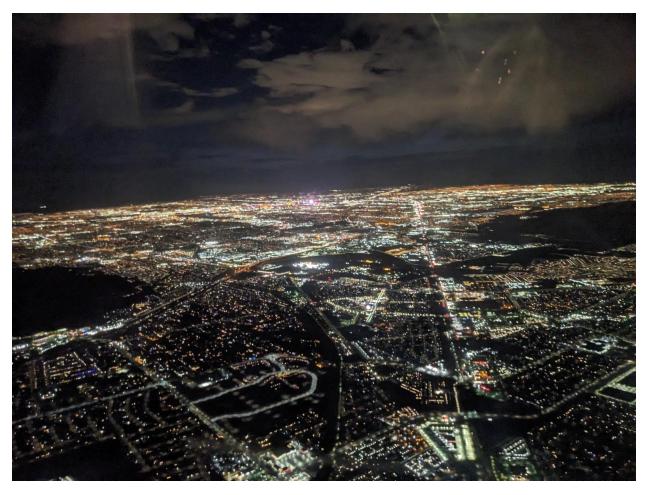
To the houses on the mountains that surround Las Vegas,

Jade Darr

I first glimpsed you from the backseat of a rental car As I lowered my frail teenage body to sleep. Someday I'll face death like that: jet-lagged from the trip across dimensions. I plugged headphones into the night to distill it: why must I cry in such beautiful places? I'll still do anything to reduce my grief to inconvenience cut a path up the rock face until I strike the desert sky's bedrock of silence. Each night these mountains bear the constellations of living room televisions flashing, those blue and white flames crackling within glass dens. Now I have run out of my own dreams but I reach back to that night where paradise was making a case for itself: one day I would be living among you, inhabiting a low star, cracking a window to midnight's pure stillness, then fumbling for car keys to leave all these dream homes to dream. Now I am driving away from you lowering my windows, I am bathing my face in the cool night wind that my beat-up car swallows ferociously, its headlights carving a bright dying glacier down the mountain. I am not a shooting star, but make a wish on me anyway. A long time ago I was desperate for something like you to exist.

- Jade Darr



Photograph by Jade Darr