

Don't Flatter Yourself

Kevin Buckley

Nelson:

Why would I give you a second thought?

I, Rhyolite, am revered and commonly adored.

I remind my visitors of a prosperous time,

When carriages plied my streets,

A destination for all the elites.

It's better to be me for a day,

Then a lifetime as you.

If you ask me, drive out your squatters,

And join the fraternity of boomtowns.

We didn't hang on, like you.

We lived. We flourished.

We danced all night, and in the morning,

We toiled, forcing the ground to give up its riches.

We may not have been long-lived,

But we savored every day, until it was our last.

You cannot compare our pasts.

My residents sipped champagne; yours swilled cheap whiskey.

My streets are steeped in history.

Why visitors flock to see me is hardly a mystery.

So, get over yourself.

Besides, I couldn't troll you, I don't have that power,

I lack the requisite cell tower.

Let alone, I wouldn't degrade my landscape.

So, accuse another patsy.
Perhaps Belmont, Gold Point, or Delamar.
I've heard Goodsprings is jealous of you.
Though I can't imagine why?
As far as Nevada is concerned,
You're just a mirage.
Virginia City is the bellwether,
And as far as nicknames go,
The Pride of the Comstock puts us all to shame.
She's the queen if you ask me,
That surly dame.
More stories to tell than the rest of us combined.
Now, there's a town that's still alive.
So, get off your high horse.
Rather than carry on your petty vendettas,
I advise you to turn out the lights, batten your doors,
And take in the sights, as I do.
Cast your gaze to the stars
That stud the night with gems,
And pursue the elusive poem.
Forget life's problems,
And embrace the silence.