

From Corn Creek

I am Corn Creek. I've given birth to Las Vegas. I am the creator and giver of life. My sun shines brightly through monsoon clouds, opening up the eyes to heavenly earth. Water, essential, flows through my veins having been pushed up by love, by change. Making myself a home to this Earth. A place of rest for travelers. Hummingbirds pluck my pomegranates, coyotes devour the mesquite. People remember me, my beginning, and will remember my end. I hope that you can find your way to my heart. Allow yourself to breath fresh air. Escape the trap inside your mind. The idea that this land and city has held you captive; awaken to the sights of the desert. The beautiful oasis that waits for you. I have given you tools for comfort, but you must learn why. Why would I give you these tools when you have yet to return to me? Yet to know what lies deep in the slopes of my mountains. You have yet to make impact with the horns on my sheep. I am Corn Creek. Here to remind you of the expanse of the world. Here to show you beauty in unexpected forms. I have continued to serve, to protect, to help life flourish. All I ask is that you see me. That you allow yourself the moment of freedom, where the world opens up to your outstretched arms and the stars gather for you. I hope you take with you the knowledge of what your heart needs and when you close your eyes you see the creek at your toes. You see these trees rustle in the breeze. You are Corn Creek. You are life-giver. You just need to let your curtains open to what surrounds you, to what's really there. And then you'll see the wonderful dirt at your feet. The birds chirping by your ear. Then, you can be an oasis, a stop for travelers to refuel and continue on. I am Corn Creek and I continue to wait, even if I refuse to remain still. Because this Creek shall be ever flowing so that you can look upon it and see your own reflection.

Ashton JM



Photo by Ashton JM