



(Image from the Sizzle Pie Website)

Letter from Reno in Praise of Pizza

James Barber

There are fond memories of sitting under the dull glow of string lights,
One late fall night, in the plaza across from Reno's only Sizzle Pie.
I wasn't bothered by the chill in the air, snapping at the tips of my fingers,
Or by the mountain of work waiting for me when I went home for the night.

There's a unique atmosphere there, regardless of the time of day.
It's warm, and welcoming—for me at least, but I'm sure for the two guys who came in,
Looking to cause trouble, that the sound of 2000's punk music and the glares
Of everyone inside, didn't make them in any mood to stay.

It's almost tradition for me now, every Friday at noon to drive there
A fistful of ones in my hand, ready for another paper-thin slice of pizza.
That's what makes the store unique—they toss traditional toppings and sauce
In favor of truffle oil and goat cheese.

Sizzle Pie is the one place in town I can go just to relax,
No crowds of stuck up, judgemental people—just like minded punks and drifters.
The cashier has something new shaved into their undercut every week,
And the manager's happy to give me leftover pizza scraps.

It's hard to explain if you haven't been there, the community in a Sizzle Pie,
With new faces every day and the bizarre, out-there names on the menu.
There's just one thing on everyone's mind, as they walk through those glass doors,
"I wonder if this is really worth a try?"