

## Letter to Myself in the 80s

Lashana Jefferson

Hey guess what? You made it back to Vegas. But I'll confess there's been some changes.

Flirty mountain walks and art covered spaces replaced 99 cent shrimp cocktails, and messy buffet faces. Downtown meetings, brooding poetry, and photographing empty alleys replaced pink flamingos, virgin daiquiris, and roller skating parties.

But don't you worry, you still get overly giddy when you spy your favorite bulk candy.

I'm sorry to say we've been through a lot, but much like those electrical boxes you used to sit upon that are now covered with painted flowers, you've been transformed.

What you don't know just yet is that Nevada built a town inside your heart so that your soul healed a little bit more whenever its sun shined down.



Photograph provided by Lashana Jefferson