

Letter to the Gamblers

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Growing up in Vegas,
We never quite understand the appeal.
All the bright lights,
bright faces,
all the sin.

Sin City, what a fitting name.
Hiding the fact we so desperately wish to be
known for something else.
The City of Love.
The City That Never Sleeps.
Anything but ourselves.

We lie, make personas, deceive people
to like the version of us
we wish to be.

Then we meet a gambler.
They love us for who we are.
True, authentic, sinless love.
They get us. We never thought someone
could get us.

Suddenly, we understand.
Those bright lights,
bright faces,
love.

We know it's coming.
We feel them losing themselves.
This is the end.
They're out. All out.
The gambler left just as fast as they came.
Were they ever fully in?

Now it's just us again. Except,
this time it's different.
They're never coming back.

We lose ourselves.

No more bright lights,
bright faces,
love.

Sin or no sin,
love or no love
we accept ourself for who we are.

We don't need a gambler to show us
how bright our lights shine.
How bright our face is.
How to love.

We shine brighter.
The gambler never controlled
how bright we shine.
We did.