

To Old Growth Vegas, Elizabeth Allen Berry

To Old Growth Vegas,

I write to you with experience of life from other places. I come to you from my pilgrimage to this unsure-of-itself town. I'm confused by your education and your sinking foundation. Helicopter rotors, wind shears, machine celebration from winning your week's wage. I come to you from my own broken town. Your marketing tells me, "Turn that frown upside down, we have everything you might need here! Good booze, Funny T-shirts, HOT girls, and the most INSANE adventures."

WHEW!

I love being a tourist.

Then I remember I moved here. The sound of the prehistoric praying mantis that shoots fire was cool at first and then I realized that it shakes the windows of my apartment. The garden that I wish I had has run dry.

I just can't help wondering what building used to be here.

I blinked and I missed it. The chapel on Bridger that made me smile on the way to work. Its sign told me, "America's Favorite Since 1940." Apparently, it became Vegas's least important the day that the Wee Kirk O The Heather Wedding Chapel came down.

What's with this town?! How much material must we use to drown the history we are living? It's like the floods absorb the lights and the mystery and the next day it's a totally new city

Will I be embedded in this concrete?

Sincerely,

A Newcomer



Photograph by Elizabeth Allen Berry