

***Trompe-l'œil* from Las Vegas**

Kerri Higgins

Every hello is bridled by deception
Vegas is a body snatcher
Always on the prowl

Neon pulsates like heartbeats
Glass towers cast golden showers
Light beams blind us

Anamorphosis unfolding before your eyes
Vegas, baby, grew up
Smoke and mirrors hid those ugly years,
Steely structures popping like shiny blemishes

Nostalgia became small scars
Dotted like downtown graves
Original wounds covered by
The Trompe-l'œil of man's hubris

A Roman metropolis filled with
Fake gold gods married to
Lady Luck, lover, muse

From their vantage point this illusion
Will never break the pockets of doubt
That blur in the faces of strangers

Man builds big spaces to fool us
Thinking we are small
With their forced perspective
Eyes without a face

You now see the imposter behind the disguise,
Strange but not a stranger
And you may ask yourself,
When did I get here?