

## Vegas Hangover: A Sonnet

Ryan Garth Mitchell

Through the glass I view a branch, a dry stick  
Dangling singularly from a dead tree,  
And it hits me in the pit like a brick:  
A spade that's made for removing debris  
Is at work inside me, and I can spot  
Shovelfuls of me lining the highway,  
Jagged dreams in piles, marking miles, like rocks,  
And my guts, like leaves, litter the landscape.  
Nothingness chokes me physically with dread;  
In my head, I see even the worst parts  
Of me, my blue bruises and fresh red wounds,  
Mutely diffuse and whisper into shreds;  
My soul drains into black space, and my heart  
Becomes a vessel empty as the moon.

by Ryan Garth Mitchell  
Las Vegas