

to mt. charleston

arielle c. urchin

okay so my dog is named after you which i think is a little on the nose because he is also brown capped with white but in a way you could say my dog is a mountain man which is funny to me because he is actually literally such a city boy like he can't imagine wide open spaces such that the wilderness provides because he was born on the streets will die on the streets of las vegas this town that doesn't sing love songs but damn well will tell me a thousand lies like for example that i'm loved or that i'm valued which is true until i do not serve the hospitality machine any longer at which point i am blended into oil to grease the high roller wheel when it's squeaking like the rat pack who are false heroes by the way like they were just some dudes and i think it's sort of embarrassing to do hero worship in this day and age when we can see pretty empirically that everyone sucks bad including the people i've never thought to question before paging dear old mom
the cocktail waitress and dad the deadbeat gambler wasted away with drugs and din but with bold mountain peaks like yours in the distance

keeping me down here with the valley's sin and
dried-up spigots dripping poker chips like baby
this is not reality this is not a place where one
can go and have a ball at least not unless you
pay your way with blood and gold and tits sitting
high above the rest of the world like you my
beautiful escape the place ive run to for snow
and love and ritual magick practice for which
you'd never judge me but from the point of view
of someone whose eroding spires cannot pull
from anything but the lack of water in the air to
cast their stones so i go on sitting on the slopes
in winter formals which for me are prada
knockoffs since i can't sew dresses worth a damn
and this cruel city has inflicted on me fervent love
for the appearance of luxe fabrics and the
upscale leather bags that altogether suit a look
so stylish and assured for when im telling modern
mountains all about the things i fear and value in
the meadows' valley oh and did i mention i
named my dog after you isn't that a laugh