

Vegas

I noticed sensations seeping through your gauze over the course of short time. Leaving behind a sappy residue of discretion: exercise it, will you, squander it, won't you?
Every dollar counts. Insert coins until your fingers smell like both sides of a dime.
Believe in luck and in God and in love, but trust in your good fortune mostly.
Don't return home from the night until you're certain you've made a profit off that feeling.
But you're never going to be certain. Put your money down. Retract your fingers from that bet and run, make your money elsewhere. Put your money down (don't be bashful):
cozy up beneath the neon shadows cast by fake palms. Don't you worship the smell of Vegas.
The swirling nothing of this city senses life for the first time inside your chest,
so, it won't leave without a foothold in your heart. Let addiction draw us near. Let it fray your intuition.
Give this sensation its divine ascent, but know the risks well:

reciprocity/love/lust/sex/infidelity/
danger/panic/shortenedbreathing/bankruptcy/...

Heartbreak.

Don't let the lights dizzy your heart in that nothing city.
Pull the lever of the slot machine. See your payout:

panic/danger/ heartbreak.

Congratulations on your win.