

Rynn Williams

## Sin City

When the F train goes above ground  
a jackpot of light always peels  
the wire, the walls away  
cracked and multicolored-brick  
face changing KENTILE FLOORS  
from gray and green to gold her amphetamine  
stiletto magnum holding the tracks  
up rickety cyclone then finally  
hurling down to the underdark  
battles and mines and waterfalls  
truant sacrificial playlist playlust.

I thought about Vegas and The Strip  
and what the bathwater must have felt like  
entering her wrists—those portals.  
*I'm going to live at the Bellagio, she said.*  
*I'll get a suite with a view of the red rocks—*