Denver

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Denver

By Sarah Korn

“The air was soft, the stars so fine, the promise of every cobbled alley so great, that I thought I was in a dream.” – Jack Kerouac, On the Road

you wipe at the ring of beer left on the table with your shirtsleeve, a bubble of foam on your upper lip and you say that this is a city of doldrums where beer runs cheap but liquor runs quicker and the cowboys wink at the city girls with wild hair and high heels that float like fairies under Colfax’s red lights, youths with peanut cans and flannel shirts bathe in the orange neon glow from late-night diner windows serving coffee all night, and the homeless dream on benches in Union Station and the sidewalks scuttle with the restless and the drunk roar of the western spirit under the fake stars of Larimer Square, while lampposts ooze amber onto the slick white snow in dusky neighborhoods and the stoplights flash green and yellow and red all through the night like a kaleidoscope that spins: they reflect in the little orbs of stained glass that are my eyes

and yours.