

it's not fear and loathing
is it?

east coast reality
rubbed up against vegas
atlantic city
mecca of the fifties
a theme park
gussied up
like some old whore
riding in the front seat
but not for long
she gave it away too many times
out behind the bumper cars
new boys
strut the boardwalk
in tight white tees
combing back
greased black hair
into cresting waves
hood ornament testimonials
to the throbbing power in their jeans
they look at her with derision
as if donald trump
had showed up
with his comb-over

wikipedia gets it wrong
about hunter thompsons
big hill outside vegas
from which he could see
where the wave of the 60s
broke and never reached
the neon city
they say he was writing about acid
fuck that
acid was a tactic in hunter's strategy

he was all about politics and
the 60's was politics
the politics of us
against the politics of me
the politics of we
against the politics of greed
and we lost
so now it's gonna roll over you brother
you can't duck it
but the shame's not yours
that belongs to vegas
the poster child
for a failed human experiment
a marker for the end of civilization
we knew
where boys turned into donkeys
inviting girls up to their rooms
now they come from ukiah
and hopland
drunk
crying at neon
over slim-hipped girls
for whom they can't buy
the american dream
they walk night streets
staring at marquees
selling engelbert humperdinck
and carrot top
they sense the next attraction
coming to the strip
a vegas-style housing bust
played out this time
with hotels and casinos
where the formerly square-healed
desperately sell off
foreclosed high rises
with brown lawns
and slimy pools

vegas
you think chinese money
will make you flush
bring you a full house
instead your casinos will go dark
and the little brown guys
offering snap cards
a girl to your room in 20 minutes
will outnumber tourists
contending with homeless for the sidewalk
where rick harrison's pawn shop
is the main attraction
then you'll know fear
vegas
no longer loathing
the wave you might have ridden