I could believe the world broke along straight lines. How could I not, after seeing—full night—my home from above, city where every light shines.

My life’s pattern: the square intersection defines the grid of streets, the streets my line of sight. My eyes learned the world broke upon straight lines of subdivision and future subdivision, signs clustered (*From the low $300s!* close, despite foreclosed homes where nothing ever shines.

I have believed this place is hell, the mines and dams churning unseen, the Salt River a site for drunkenness, sharp glass, staggering lines for lost-key locksmiths. I’d swear this city resigns itself from history for the love of freeways, for the fight to be first in enjoying now, moment where light shines to erase the darkness, and I love to see it, signs and streetlights glittering orange beneath me, candle-bright and inviting, brake lights leading me in straight lines home—city that consumes itself, city that even still shines.