



Final Descent into Phoenix

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.