

Home Is Where the Heart's At by Gabriel Sage

Los Angeles is a coin toss
that lands on both sides
and thinks of itself as the capital of the world;
it is a five-hundred square mile contradiction
hugging the coast like it's afraid to swim.
From a distance, LA promises neon dreams
but the big break turns out to be
more of a slow crumble.
LA is always pregnant but never delivers.
LA sweats and explodes.
The smog has become so thick
you can see it in postcards
and the 405 is just an extension of Twin Towers
that delivers its own name-brand of sentencing.
LA is constantly waiting;
meandering under palm trees drunk in the breeze
somewhere West of Lincoln with a soy latte
and a little dog;
or posted on a porch in Mid-City
swinging a dodger bat at an empty piñata
that spills its guts into the status quo;
or watching its beard grow through a
Silver Lake mirror drinking individuality
from a mason jar;
or leaving its car impatiently at the valet
and being the impatient valet;
or just being caught anywhere, pummeled
in the relentless grind of impossible expectations,
holding on while the carnival spins
with outrageous instability and a feeble grin
flashes across downtown billboards.
Los Angeles flies through the air like a coin toss,
never satisfied,
sending wishes to the stars
on Hollywood Boulevard.