

## **Reconstructive Surgery**

Faint scraping noises down the hallway  
Gloved hands deftly working the lock  
He enters pulling a stethoscope from a black leather bag  
Kneeling by the wall, his eyes narrow as the voice comes through:

*"I'd been having this itch  
Like  
Everytime I'd take a step  
My finger would itch  
That's why I had the camera with me"*

Another man has slipped into the room  
As if taken aback he pauses  
Assessing the situation

*"And it was p-o-u-r-i-n-g!  
Which doesn't happen in Vegas"*

KRAAAK!  
On the floor  
The lockpicker is seeing white flashing lights  
He vomits on the carpet  
Drawing a reproachful look from the assailant  
Who himself has taken to probing the wall

*"And I'm sitting in my car  
Thinking to myself  
This camera, man  
It's like a gun  
About to go off"*

Up the block  
The remains of a car lie scattered  
Its chrome paint scintillating  
In red and blue lights

*"Suddenly the earth is shaking  
And all this light man,  
Warping and folding  
Like a black hole in the middle of the city"*

Commotion: In the downstairs lobby  
A guest particularly intend on checking in  
Has a bellboy in a Guillotine choke hold

*“Mind you it was pourrrrrr-i-n-g  
Everything is completely distorted  
And at this point I’m seeing several Strips  
Which doesn’t happen in Vegas”*

At the emergency unit of the Sunrise Medical Center  
A thoroughly uninsured Raúl-  
Mr. Lima has been jacked into an I.V.  
Blacked out from shock and morphine

*“For several minutes  
I’m just sitting there  
Dumbstruck  
With the camera in my hands”*

On the phone: I really apologize for everything right now  
If it's unclear at all, man  
They got my mouth wired shut for like  
I don't know the doctor said like six weeks  
You know, we had reconstru-  
I had reconstructive surgery on my jaw

*“Then suddenly  
It’s fucking Elvis Presley  
Or some Elvis Presley looking fuck,  
Which ain’t all that uncommon out here in the desert,  
Walking straight out of the vortex”*

The hotel room at dawn:  
Fluttering curtains  
Sounds of morning traffic  
Desert sun rise

*“He’s off his rocker by the looks of it  
I roll down my window  
Trying to wave him over  
And he’s fucking stumbling left and right”*

Fountain Boy and Denim Jeans Pad  
Of the Blasted Fools Gang  
Stand leaning  
On the chain like fence of a derelict basketball court

*“Singing his song:  
Down this damned and deserted Strip  
With great balls of fire in my hips  
I’m drinking to forget  
And I’m walking to forgive”*

It’s perfectly clear from where they stand  
A row of black mounds: Tar congealing along the perimeter  
Now beyond the chain link fence

*“Last night I married the slot  
Machine of my dreams  
I stuck a nickel in her crack  
And took her to my shack”*

D.J. Pad has sprawled himself out onto the ground looking rather contend  
Tar is still running, Fountain Boy still standing  
A wide gunslinger stance now  
Head turned and teeth out  
Counting the mounds with his index finger  
His face breaks into a wild smile: *Paaaaaaaddddddd?*

*“I’m watching Elvis stumble on down the street  
In the rain and  
By the time I look back  
It’s like...”*

At the dead of night: A falling sky  
It’s a revealing of faces  
A great row of them all winking and nodding,  
Diamond eyes twinkling on in the void

*“Where we’re standing now.  
That’s right.  
On my way home from work.  
The Guggenheim”*

The stargazing fools giggle rattling the chain link fence  
They're on to something now  
Further down the street they catch a bus  
Then enter a bar