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Lives Awash in Neon

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Lives Awash in Neon

neon flows in rivulets through the sky
superheated pink, deathly yellow, flickering blue
otherworldly glimmering gas

this is the sunset time, but falling sol
can't compare to technicolor neon blaze
its wild wavelengths bleed
like people on wonder drugs,

desperate and replete with
little swirling traces of love and death and fluorescence
and crazy and

lightning strikes
the farmhouse and the skyscraper in equal measure
like tragedies
when storms rule the evening

but then, neon parts the clouds
nightsky turns to oily fire, dripping and boiling
with alien chromas
and our anguished jubilant tragic awestruck faces
are contorted in transformation