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Las Vegas

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Las Vegas

Author Bio

Brynn Hambley is a sophomore Theater Arts major with two minors in Music and Writing respectfully. When she isn't working on a show, practicing, or writing, Brynn enjoys reading, binge watching shows on Netflix, and annoying the crap out of her friends and boyfriend (she's so thankful they put up with her). Brynn is so grateful for the wonderful opportunity The Mercury gives students like herself to be published, and would like to thank everyone involved for making this possible.

Las Vegas

Brynn Hambley

When you left, the world turned white,
blank and unfeeling, cold like your eyes.
I had long since seen rainbows pass through my skin—
I was red and blue and green and yellow until
you washed it away down the storm drain,
where it turned brown and sickly: its true nature.

The things you said cling like snow on my lashes;
my replies still caught in the back of my throat,
stinging with want of air they will never breathe.
Your voice has long since turned to ash,
my ears to coal miners, my mind to a volcano
ready to erupt, screaming into the world you left.

I was just a chain in a necklace you rarely wore anymore,
going rusty in your jewelry box as the days flew by and by,
faster and faster, running like water through my hands,
like the neighbor's dog as the leash slipped from my grip—
the hole you left was cold like space, so I slipped through.

You left, and I felt nothing.