

## Jeremy Hight

There are metal veins in this city

quieted in our cultural memory perhaps

(almost gone are the days of scenic family vacations by rail)

they pulse in the early hours until near evening

quieted among most photographs of this place perhaps

Los Angeles is after all a city of forgetting

(The trolleys were killed by this long ago )

This city is a botoxed face skin peels and a nuerotic fixation ..now..

The La Grande station once shone a glass domed beacon by day and in films

the grand dame of passenger stations she now is traceless after

years of ruin (in those days of dormancy and decay "Atchinson Topeka and the Santa Fe was sung by Judy Garland in its sound stage of dormancy and unuse..the irony and those words floated somewhere for a time in deflating molecules in the smog)

There are metal veins in this city

many of us use them daily humble quiet

Los Angeles was built by materials brought in by rail

the downtown freight depot

now a ghost only seen in traces holes in a dirt lot where support

beams once held twin buildings fruit,vegetables,stone and bricks

( one building is gone the other now an Architecture school and more importantly the memory is gone collectively anyway erased)

There are metal veins in this city

a quiet dignity tall as the distant hills and the ever present palms

rattling away oblivious of the surgeons knife that is this city's

perpetual history-less semiotic eraser

sense

of  
self