

## California Moods

Written by Burton Beerman

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Nancy Drew

Can't be bought

Even though her perfume repels me

All are driven to solve her puzzle

As she pretends to be someone else

I ask permission to photograph her

In all her tensil

Between the bodyguards with deep voices

In the community of Angeles of addiction

Where even sunlight refuses to touch the earth

And only neon grows as artificial grass

An entire city like a cheap hotel room

The walkers shiver in the heat

While the moon watches

Knowing its debt will be paid in time

When the shoreline slivers beneath the sand

It could have been worse

It's nice to come

But even nicer to go.