

LETTER FROM A NEVADAN TO NEVADANS: ABOUT RURAL NEVADA

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A familiar breeze moves against the sagebrush.
Rain-made aromas drift across the plain
Utter sweet and gentle salutations that please, make good memory.

Regal are your buds of gold blossoms.
Adorning your crown, a silver lining from above
Lighting our way as we travel your sands of evening.

Nightly your anthem plays from your soul.
Ears bear witness to your transcending melody
Voices of coyote and owl and cricket soothe your Sun to sleep.

All the honey in the world cannot compare to your land.
Deep within your valleys and washing from your ancient stones
A treasurable gift of your nectar slakes any thirst.

Shade of night is when you shine brightest.
Key to our place in this universe you have unveiled to us
Your sky so close we can reach out...