

A letter to Nevada

Paula Saponaro

So, Dear Nevada—

as an artist I see

you are

inherently abstracted

full of color

(despite lamenting visitors who don't get the "big empty"...) full of life

(despite the endless non-motion clear to the horizon) full of activity

(look at any endless sky papered with clouds, with ubiquitous geese) full of history

(look into the cannibalized cars and cleared sagebrush lots)

as an adopted daughter of forty years here

you are

maybe not so future-full

(i can't see past the sharp-color of Tyvek skin on every new building) maybe not so respected

(i can imagine a dead lake)

maybe not so biggest little anything

(can i remember the yesterday-feel of intimate wilderness) any more

Paula M. Saponaro



Photograph by Paula M. Saponaro