

# For Nevada, beauty In chaos

Natalya Ransdell

Living a life where the mountains breathe  
You can see the breeze  
Through your fingers  
Through your hair  
If it dares to be so fair  
To let itself be all around you  
Consuming the truth behind lies  
The discoloration of their eyes  
Trying to hide behind the life we live  
The life that's been so difficult  
To get through  
To understand  
To try to figure out  
The reality about  
Everything we do  
Is it true?  
The color in the air  
The way it changes with every stare  
Trying to leave everyone behind  
Because how could our city  
Our town  
Be so different than we thought  
The wisps in the shadows  
Trying to stay dark  
As if we don't see them  
As if we don't know  
What happens behind the scenes  
But how could it be  
With mountains so serene  
With rivers that run clean?

Life must be so perfect  
In the biggest little city

-Natalya Ransdell



Photograph by Natalya Ransdell