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