

## **For Old Reno**

Stephanie Whalen

The wind whips fiercely against my  
flesh. Invisible yet mighty.

The smells of exhaust and sage fill my nose.  
City lights so bright they hide the stars. This  
place I call home has changed and grown into  
a city that's not so little anymore. Oh, how I  
miss that small city.

When the Awful Awful was too big to eat alone.

The roads were only busy from 3 to 5 and  
people didn't rush  
as if in a race to their death.

Neighbors nodded and said hello.

Borrowing sugar was greeted with a warm  
smile. Those were the days.

No worries for the future.

Living only in the present.

The past long forgotten  
like a sofa in the desert.

The winds whip my hair all around  
and I remember.

Oh, how I miss you, Old Reno.

Fewer people, less smoke, fewer  
problems. Life was so much simpler.

I wish I could have you back, Old Reno.