

# Dear Reno: HOW YOU HAVE CHANGED

Iain Watson

Your familiar places  
have fallen and crumbled-  
the empty no longer.

Luxury apartments,  
food courts,  
and boutiques  
have chased away  
childhood hangouts.

The bowling alley,  
a pending car wash.  
Your dive bars,  
gussied up.  
Late night grease pits,  
early and made over.

*How much more  
neon must we endure?*

The university stretched  
in all directions  
boasting to us alumni.  
Your roads expanding,  
bike lanes installed,  
bare bricks and boxes  
breathing new life  
in vibrant shrouds.

I pray you adopt more  
local shops to taunt  
the corporate staleness.  
I pray you don't forfeit  
Lear into a ghost.

*What do you feel  
is worth preserving?*

Those transplants  
may leave you in ruins,  
gentrification dancing  
on rambling rubble  
graveyards.

Skepticism abundant-  
too many "I remembers"  
on native tongues.

You certainly  
have fit into  
your biggest  
little ambitions,  
wearing your  
silver linings well.

It is hard to deny your  
charm. The scenic and  
the art. The seasons and  
the sunsets.  
I still carry my five  
generations with pride.

You, still the place I call home,  
but my  
    how you have changed.