

# In City and In Wasteland

Pauline E. Rusert-Schwartz

In Early City Hours  
Everything still  
in black and gray

Color creeps in  
all Pale cheeks  
and  
Pooling eyes

Birdsong, scattered  
at first,  
begins to brighten

Cars come  
to life,  
Honking, Revving,  
Gearing up

Cacophony Grows,  
Mayhem  
Ensues.

Meanwhile,  
In the Wasteland

Long Haul Rig  
continues its  
Long Night Flight.

Light comes here  
too  
Washes of Velvet Black,  
Soft White  
and  
Gentle Rose

No  
Car dealerships  
here nor  
Fast food joints

Closely Distant  
Neighbors  
Flag Struggles in  
Building Wind

Distressed Signal  
Sent  
to No One

Light Licks up  
Beyond  
the  
Horizon

Sun  
Starting gently  
Washes the World,  
Stretches up  
toward Clouds  
and Sky

Coyotes continue  
their  
Nightly Quorum,  
then  
Quiet for the day

Birds sing here,  
too  
but fewer  
Cautiously gathering  
in pre-Conference Calls

Rustle of Owl  
Glides by,  
Silent,  
nearly

Hope of  
One Last  
Kangaroo Rat,  
or  
First Finch  
Before  
Shift Change

to  
Horses and Hawks

Sun Plods-on  
Reaching over  
Far away Mountains  
Licking what  
Little Water  
Lahonton  
Holds

Burning  
Blazing Color  
Blooms then Bleaches  
Everything  
in  
Bright, Blinding  
Light.





Photographs by Pauline E. Rusert-Schwartz