In City and In Wasteland

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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.

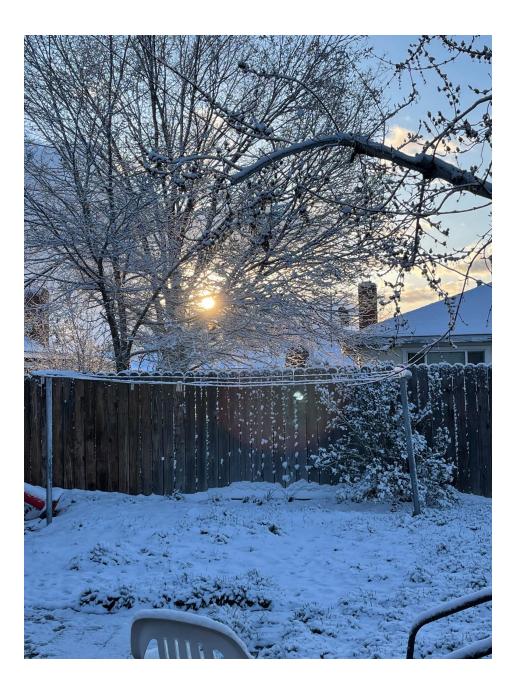
Light comes here too Washes of Velvet Black, Soft White and Gentle Rose

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