In Early City Hours
Everything still
in black and gray

Color creeps in
all Pale cheeks
and
Pooling eyes

Birdsong, scattered
at first,
begin 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