

Letter to Angel Lake While Listening to Miles Davis: July 2022

If this was November and I was Robert Frost I would begin this letter with salutations and an allusion to the color of the leaves on the trees surrounding your crisp shores and how looking back into one's personal history there is always something to be found that reminds us humans the best part of us is our connection to the natural world, but this is July and I am no Robert Frost writing my neighbor. I am simply writing a note explaining my long absence, not that any excuse is ever sufficient in these moments. Let me instead say how sorry I am for not keeping in touch. The last time I wrote you was early in 2016, and so much has changed since then. It's hardly worth mentioning how much the world has changed, so I will try to keep things simple, talk about why my mind keeps coming back to you time and time again. I think you will agree everything changes, wanting or not. We all grow up, grow old, watch the world move too fast taking the people and things we love in tow towards some strange horizon, and we too must eventually step into the unfamiliar territory of the future. Even you must crawl through time moving with us, but you sit high in the East Humboldt Range, where time is a glacier and you are a heavy anchor for all of us. By that I do not mean you are holding back the progress of the world or

humans, but that you remain steadfast in our minds as a tether to the natural world. Yours is a solemn practice of stoicism and what it means to stand up and fight for identity, self, the core of what it means to carry on while remaining true to our beginnings. How Nevadan of you, to move into the future as we all must, yet stay true to your essence. You are a distant cousin to the Alpine lakes of Europe and yet you are American. You reign high above Clover Valley but you are egalitarian in your acceptance of all who come to your shores, all of us poor migrants moving through the passage of time. You are both destination and beacon; listener and herald. In you reflects everything of the sun and the human heart beating in each of us.

—All the Best, Justin.