

Letter to Isaac from Tom

by Tom Yearnshaw

We both found something in Nevada
About a hundred and thirty years apart
You passing through, a kid afoot with a wagon train
Me an adult driving a worn out car

What did we both see in Nevada
To bring us back this way
Or did the Sacramento Valley's bustle
Simply just not allow us to stay

You chose the promise of the Humboldt Sink
Nevada's wide open spaces do have their allure
So does the green promise of water
Which drought will eventually cure

Just traveling Nevada's back roads
Dried rivers, lakes, and streams
Foundation, chimney, and root cellar ghosts
Pay witness to Nevada's broken dreams

I came at a softer time than you
Houses, towns, and water supplies
I stayed beside the snow capped Sierras
While your Great Basin desert oasis dried

You went back to the Sacramento Valley's rural western hills
Which eventually led me here
To share with you life's hopes of better things
Separated by a hundred and thirty years