

Letter to the Sierra Nevada

Kathy Nelson

--Carson City, March 2023

Have I already
said too much
about the weather,
the way rain sheets
across the road
into the dingy
polyhedrons of last
week's snow
and day tightens
into evening, raindrops
trapping light
along bare limbs?

Another shipment
of snow
arrives today
on the atmospheric
river. Tires
spin on ice before
engaging. Along
the galleries
of wind,
a stratocumulus
contusion.

I've borne regret
this far, watched it
stretch its fine lines
along the territories
of skin. By dusk, I'll be
a colossus hunkering
under an ice blanket
alongside all you other
hulks of the Sierra
Nevada. I am
lonely for everyone
in the world.

Kathy Nelson