Letter to Nevada

Martin A. David

What can I say?
So much; so many things:
Does snow fall on deserts?
Do wild horses play where coyotes roam?
What kind of place are you?
I bubble with your flashing lights,
With the tumult of your never-ending nights.
I sing with the silence of a million stars
In the lush darkness of your many solitudes.
A hawk watches over me
As I hear the constant chorus of birdsong
In your verdant woods.
I am here and you are home.

Martin A. David