

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