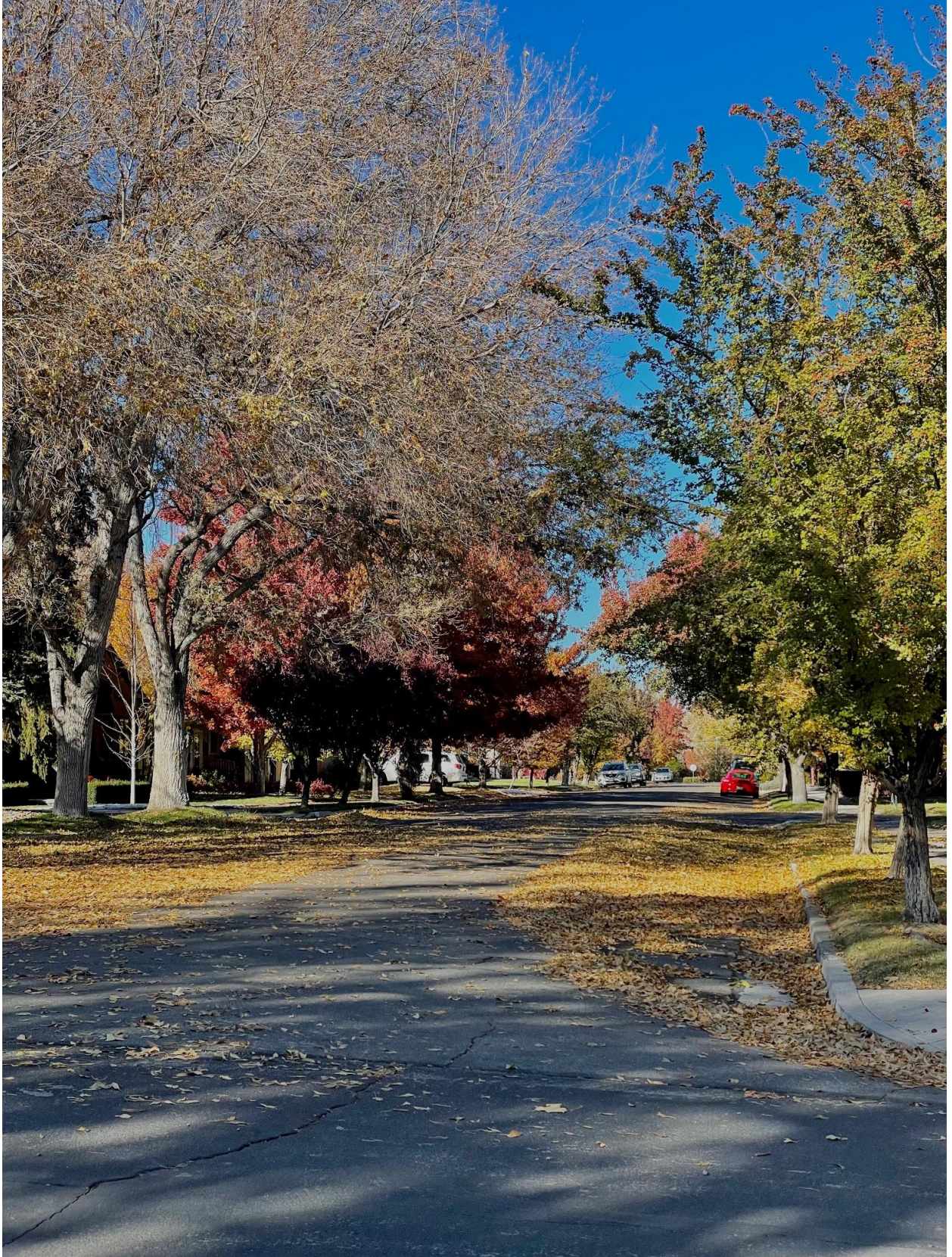


Dispatch from Reno: Autumn

Deb Hinman

Two girls laughing and sharing secrets
Walking under leafy trees showing off their autumn colors
Through narrow streets of older bungalows and cottages.
“I’m going to live here one day,” says one of them.
Just 14 but I knew what I wanted.
They call it the Old Southwest.
It took 30 years but I fulfilled that dream
And I am still here.
A very small home but with towering trees,
Sun pouring into west-facing windows and
A shady patio out back.
I still walk those streets, but a little more slowly.
The trees are even taller but the houses are still the same
And yet each is unique.
A cat follows me dodging behind bushes as I turn around.
Just like that fall so many years ago, trees are green, gold and orange
And in the air, wood smoke and a fleeting aroma of stubborn apples
Not willing to let go and give in to winter—not yet.
But I don’t mind.
Each season here is special.

Deb Hinman



Photograph by Deb Hinman