

Dear Nevadans: Tread Lightly

William J. Macauley, Jr.

The Quail Trail footings' steady as a saint.
Solemn snow squalls swarm,
Decay, deform, delete under a false
Snowy splendor smoothing, suckling
The mind's eye.

No sands of Iwo Jima jarred.
No sand and Singapore seems still.
Some steps are too long.
Staircase stuttering strides
Sends sand dunes down the spine,
Makes driftwood of the eye.





Photos by William J. Macauley, Jr.