

# Wasteland: To People Considering Moving to Nevada

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The place I live is a desert in the west.  
They call it a wasteland like it's  
An open trash bin. A place to be avoided,  
A place you overlook.

Regulations are lax and people bring in  
What is unwanted, to dump it and leave it,  
Hoping no one will notice,  
Discarding their conscience as they do.

It's a place where illicit activity  
Abounds. Open, free and wild  
No holds are barred. No consequences  
Means anything goes.

They assume that deserts are barren  
Devoid of all life, just an irradiated  
Sand trap, sinkhole or deathtrap.  
Not a destination on the map.

Life-giving moisture is all but gone.  
How can anything live?  
A land of springs and meadows

Laid to waste by greed.

They discount the place's worth

And make its name a verb -

Desertification - is condemnation

From which there is no return.

The desert is on fire scorching

Living tissue and burning the rock red

Until only dust remains blowing

In vortexes piercing the ground.

What a fate for any land that devolves!

With water, vegetation and animals gone

What can be learned of humans and culture

If none of them endure?