

Whispers Among the Hills

Kevin Buckley

Dear Rhyolite:

You peevish popinjay, you strutted your paved streets,

As if you owned the world.

Who boasted telephone service back then?

You did. My God, your hotels had silk sheets.

A police department, a fire department,

Opera house, and electric lights,

And on Saturday night, the occasional prize fight.

For five years you unearthed ore,

While maintaining the epitome of style.

Then, all of a sudden, it came to an end,

Hardly time to say good-bye.

Did I kick you when you were down?

Not I.

So, who do you think you are...Rhyolite.

Even your name screams pretentiousness.

Well, don't look now,

But you're in a deplorable state of undress.

The memories of you are smoldering, your buildings are moldering.

Your lifestyle no longer is one of finesse.

Better to be simple, and down to earth,

Like me, Nelson.

With my humble nature I managed to survive,

Long after the Eldorado Mine played out.

Creative, not showy, that's the ticket.

So what if you had your own train stop;
We have an alien exhibit!
Big deal, you added a ghostly Last Super,
What a pathetic attempt to stay relevant.
Who cares about your crumbling bank?
Or bottle house?
You pretend you're still a town,
Let's call you what you are, a museum.
Not alive as I am.
Granted, I've only one family,
Ever since the flood of '74.
But they keep me an attraction, not a bore.
I have: old buildings, not ruins, with signs, and antique cars.
A mine tour, and even the wreck of a plane,
The reminder of my blockbuster movie.
All right, not a blockbuster, but a gamely attempt, nonetheless.
The point is I offer attractions,
For the fishermen and kayakers
That discover Eldorado Canyon.
So, cut out your trolling,
Stop texting me comparing our pasts.
You'll only succeed in embarrassing yourself.
Face it, you're a has been.
Accept your fate, you're a mere shell - a ghost town.
Nothing remains, but the whisper of the wind
Through empty windows.