

## Fresno: The Musical

Musicians take their places,  
The oboe tunes the orchestra,  
Lights dim, and Mother Nature  
Strides to the podium, raises her baton,  
And sweet melody washes over the valley.

The arc she traces calls up springtime.  
Trees proud and tall,  
Shrubs and bushes fully robed,  
Fresno flaunts her emerald,  
Her mint, jade, and lime.

Celebrating the hours,  
Violins, violas, and cellos  
Serenade shrubs, leaves, and blossoms,  
The lushness of Mother Earth.  
Her bosom bursts with color.

In the hands of a master composer,  
Foliage reaches a crescendo.  
Strings catch fire, colors shift  
As, eyes lowered, Fresno blushes  
To purple, yellow, and red.

Mother Earth blows colder,  
And Fresno sways seductively,  
Drops a leaf or two.  
Then, more and more float  
Down into open arms,  
Leaving bare limbs outstretched  
For all the world to see,  
Naked and unashamed.

The sky darkens.  
The song turns ominous.  
Winter melds into a Russian folk tune,  
Dark and doleful,  
While Fresno shivers and trembles  
With the heart of a jilted lover  
Listening for spring.”