



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, with the heart of a jilted lover,
Fresno shivers and trembles.
Listening for spring.