Palouse
CHRISTOPHER PYLE

The clouds in the azure are rippling eddies of an endless inverted sea. Gently they waltz in slow motion above the sleepy hills of copper and gold.

Fresh asphalt rushes beyond the weathered wood and tin; a toddler races past his smiling grandfather.

The aging building stands proudly like a fortress battered by time, guarding the secrets of wisdom and grace.

The gentle wind knows its secrets, whispered only to the shrubs, but they’ll never tell.