

Comfort of the Hills: About Home

Collin Miceli

First things first:

It's Ne-VAD-uh not Ne-VAH-duh.

that needs to be clear.

Hugged by mountain range,

it's unimaginable what it's like

to look out into a simply flat, endless world.

What I see is texture and layers in my sky.

When the sun meets the peaks,

the range become shadowed and black,

and the sky a rich soup of purples and

oranges, the mountains look torn from a book.

Vibrant neon lights

scream come, come here.

From busy sounds of slot machines and

the fabulous, fast paced, surreal, sleepless city,

to the quiet starry nights

with the coyotes' howl in the background.

Its bipolar weather flipping from

scorching to below freezing in only one

day. When you step outside

the state cleanses you with the smell of its sage. We're so

much more than slot machines and up all nights. For me,

living here has always meant pride.

Forget Halloween,

we celebrate our State here.

It's a little weird, but we do get the day off.

Battle born and true,

we are silver state

and we nourish our country with gold.

We travel by one-way highway

to get from city to city,

through rocky dirt and between Joshua

trees. But no matter how far I go,

or how much I can't stand the draining dry air,

there's one thing I always know

and that's

home means Nevada

and the comfort of its hills.