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.