

Letter to Nevada

Kira Frederick

Nevada,

You've been running through my head again
like a coyote with its loose skin hanging off
of its body, panting through a labyrinth.

Of all of the states,
I think you're the most
misunderstood.

You could be a cousin of Florida
with your tourist traps
and Elvis impersonators,

your disappointed ghosts
and shuttered motels.
Maybe you're just lonely.

Everyone is so possessive of you
but no one
could own you.

You with your glowing
pink mountains,
your indigo sierras,

your red lanterns.
Love is a wrong way sign
weathered by the dry wind.