

Dear Nevadans, this is what I want to tell you:

MY NEVADA

After Lee Herrick's poem, "My California"

Joan Presley

Here, winds chime, slots whirl, whips crack, bunnies ranch.
We cozy, windows open, summer solstice, slice of music,

hint of sage, or is that pot? Coyote howls full moon.
Berries bask in pre-dawn mist
of northern valleys.

Here, in my Nevada, ghosts of mustangs, miners, mobsters
confab with the WA SHE SHU,

rescind treaties, repatriate lands. Here, in my Nevada,
we flyfish, bass fish, trout fish, deer hunt, elk hunt, love hunt,

Elvis marry, day drink, serial divorce, repeat. In Reno,
we Rose ski, jet ski, water ski, skate ski, ice skate, e-skate, board skate.

In Reno, we expect early snow, late snow, summer snow, constant snow,
and stage three drought.

In my Nevada, you can watch the sun slide behind distant mountains

like in your Nevada, on the edge of a malignant
twenty-first century, with our bounty of long guns, rifles,
and handguns

for teachers, first responders, bigots, blowhards, bullies, and other christians.
Here in my Nevada, we fill potholes and empty bellies. Next day service.

We save dilapidated beauties and weekly-monthlies, the Star, El Ray,
and Mardi Gras. Sing the state song backwards.

We grow mustangs, bobcat, bighorn, bear cub, mule deer here,
in my Nevada. Everywhere is sacred, everywhere is wetland,

everywhere is bike path, by way, fly way, our way.
Everyone is poet, cowboy. Neither conspiracy,

nor book bans in our classrooms.
Better discussion, better listen.

In my Nevada, free thinkers and free spirits.
Free radicals and free markets.
Free view, blue moon, dark skies,
celestial bodies of light.

Respectfully, **Joan Presley**