

Hey, Nevada, You Don't Need to Get Got

Michael P. Branch

Hey, Nevada, believe me, I really do hear you
I know how incredibly frustrated you must be
They don't even pronounce your name right
Only loving you for being a swing state
And even then the wooing so obviously insincere.

I get it that you aren't just hookers and roulette
More than freaked burners and flour-fine alkali dust
That you never were just quick divorces and quicker weddings
Of course I've heard that nasty gossip about you being a wasteland
A dumping ground for glowing debris from someone else's old reactor.

I'm not saying some of your mining didn't get a little sloppy
And I know you forget and use too much water sometimes
And it's true that you get righteously crazy on Saturday nights
But I think we can all agree that nobody's perfect
It ain't the worst thing to know how to have a little fun.

I see that they just don't get you, maybe can't or maybe won't
But never forget that you've always been fiercely independent
Besides, you've got pronghorn and golden eagles and Lahontan cutthroat
Your colossal silences, otherworldly light, riotous splash of stars, a geography of hope
Just be yourself, Nevada, and get it good that you don't need to get got.