

# To Nevada Nights (From Nevada Days)

Sarah Padgett

To the Nevadan night  
Though we both occupy the same space  
In this long forgotten West  
You, who are full of neon cowboys  
Spinning tops and wet pavements  
Hidden alleyways and bullet-crested walls  
Streets forever filled with the voices  
Of starlets and rat packs  
You, who cool the air  
Hiding the creatures that lurk  
In the darkness, blowing wind through  
Sand, bones, and sagebrush  
Leaving a silhouette of ghosts  
In the shape of buildings in the moonlight

We do not occupy the same space in mind  
In this land left behind in time  
Me, whose burning sky scorches skin and grass  
Hawks hunting and snakes sidewinding  
Mice run and flies buzz  
Whose rays cannot reach the bottom of even the bluest lakes  
Me, who guides those through your streets  
Showing the histories in the light  
Festivals teeming with life and color  
People going about their lives, working through the weather  
Some waiting for you to show

Together we make up this land  
Us, who have a rich history  
One that spans before the push West  
Who has a culture so complicated  
With people so diverse  
Us, whose reach touches mountains  
Deserts, lakes, canyons, and mines  
Even our presence goes beyond borders  
Through moving pictures and song

So to the Nevadan Night  
From the Nevadan Day  
Though we are like two side of a coin  
We still exist the same