

# Home Does not Mean Nevada

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In fact I hate the sage  
And I don't much care for pine.  
This may be the place I was raised  
But it is not where I wish to stay.  
And though it will always have a place in my heart  
I don't think I will miss the biggest little city when we part.  
I won't miss the bright lights of downtown  
Nor will I miss the weather that just can't make up its mind.  
I won't forget this little place in which I grew  
But that does not mean I will be sad once I go.  
I may reminisce or think back in nostalgia  
But this place is not quite the same  
And that is a dying shame.  
So from one Nevadan to another  
I will never quite understand  
How many can love it so  
From the never-ending parties and drinking  
To the casinos and gambling  
That are constantly glorified and normalized.  
While this state has its perks  
And it will always hold a place in my heart  
I cannot say that I love it.  
So I will find a new place to be  
Because home no longer means Nevada to me.