Dear America, Nevada is better than you think
Jacob Mahe

To those who have never seen me,
What do you think when you think of Nevada?
Do you envision rolling waves of scorched sands That cover my bones of silver deposits?
Do you See my marred stomach, irradiating my skin From your nuclear testings?
Do you see Sin City lining across my Thighs, with hypnotical neon lights Telling you to spend your life savings on black? America, is this how you see me?
Then would you believe me if I said there is more Than sand, radiation, and sin. That there are fields, Fields of alfalfa that cover my once hardened flesh, Softening it so that even cattle can come to graze Upon my hair of hay and barley.
Even when it comes to gambling and drinking That isn’t all I have to offer, there are Mountains that crater across my shoulder,
Filled with your ski resorts such as Mt. Rose, or Diamond Peaks. And resting between my Shoulder's blades, is a small chunk of Tahoe and its silver blue waters.

And when time comes for winter,
Even I can’t help but smile every year for
The snow that covers me and everything
Like a second layer of skin.

Everyone who doesn’t know me will
Fumble, grasp onto me for help. Cars from California will slide off the roads because
They didn’t get snow tires this year,
Because they didn’t believe in my winters
That would make even Demeter shiver.

Yet, my children know better.
They know what I have to offer
America.